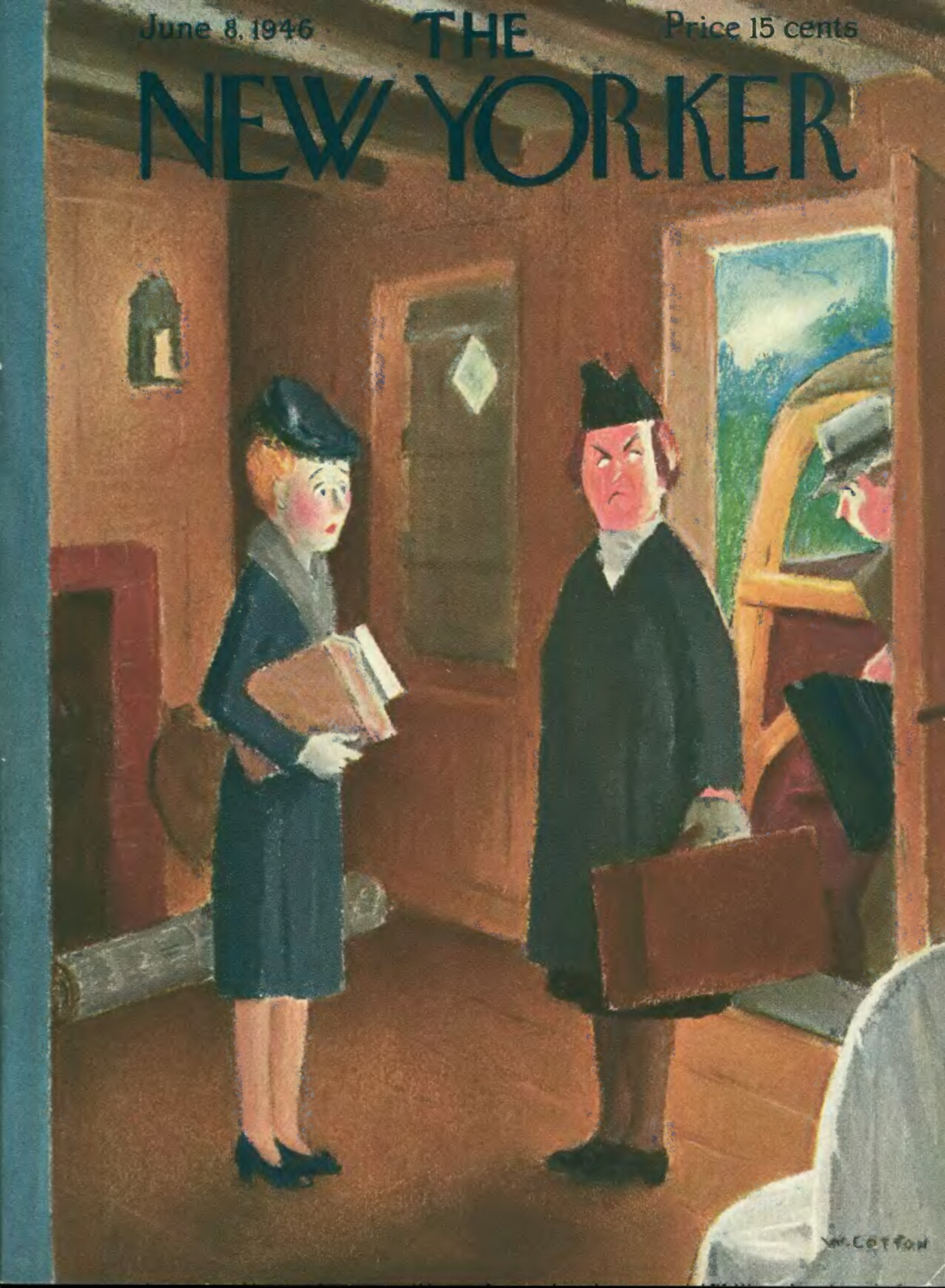
June 8, 1946

THE NEW YORKER

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

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

PLAYS

ANNA LUCASTA—Philip Yordan's stirring 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.)

BORN YESTERDAY—Garson Kanin's very funny and expert comedy about a big-time crook and the little girl who ruins his racket. Judy Holliday is superb as a current Lorelei Lee, and Paul Douglas makes a most convincing malefactor. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

DEAR RUTH—A comedy about a girl and a soldier that is a good deal like a lot of others, but quite agreeable just the same. Second year. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

DEEP ARE THE ROOTS—The authors of "Tomorrow the World" have taken up the Negro problem, but the result, while a satisfactory melodrama, doesn't contribute much to its solution. The cast includes Barbara O'Neil and Gordon Heath. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

DREAM GIRL—Elmer Rice describes the secret and public life of a rather dreamy young woman in a great many scenes, of which about half are extremely amusing. Haila Stoddard has the principal role. Produced by the Playwrights' Company. (Coronet, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

THE GLASS MENAGERIE—A tremendously moving story about a mother who tries to bully her whole family into happiness. Beautifully played by a cast consisting of Eddie Dowling, Julie Haydon, Anthony Ross, and Margaret Wycherly. 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—Maurice Evans and his excellent company, back for a brief engagement. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30. Closes Sat., June 15.)

HARVEY—About a man who takes up with a six-foot rabbit, and one of the most engaging fantasies in years. Frank Fay and Josephine Hull are magnificent in this winner of the 1945 Pulitzer Prize. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

I REMEMBER MAMA—John van Druten's appealing and humorous adaptation of the Kathryn Forbes novel about a Norwegian family in San Francisco. Mady Christians and Oscar Homolka head the cast, and Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II are the fortunate 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 high-spirited comedy, based on the late Clarence Day's stories, is in its seventh year. Donald Randolph and Mary Loane play Father and Mother. (Bijou, 45, W. CO 5-8215. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

THE MAGNIFICENT YANKEE—Emmet Lavery's play covers thirty fairly undramatic years in the life of Mr. Justice Holmes, but it is a conscientious effort and Louis Calhern's portrayal is really admirable. With Dorothy Gish. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly at 8:30. Mat. Sat. at 2:30. Closes Sat., June 8.)

O MISTRESS MINE—The performances of the Lunts in this play by Terence Rattigan would be an important event in any season. The plot has to do with one of those fashionable British adulteries, but you can just forget about it. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

OLD VIC THEATRE COMPANY—The double bill composed of "Oedipus" and "The Critic" is by far the most rewarding evening offered by these talented visitors, and certainly a personal acting triumph for Laurence Olivier. The other programs—"Henry IV," in two parts, and "Uncle Vanya"—while usually handsomely acted by a company which includes Ralph Richardson, Margaret Leighton, and Joyce Redman, are perhaps a little on the soporific side. The schedule of performances for this week and next is: "Oedipus" and "The Critic," Thurs., Fri., Mon., Tues., and Sat. Eves., June 6, 7, 10, 11, and 15, and Sat. Mat., June 15; "Uncle Vanya," Sat. Mat., June 8, and Sat. and Fri. Eves., June 8 and 14; "Henry IV, Part I," Wed. Mat., June 12, and Thurs. Eve., June 13; "Henry IV, Part II," Wed. Eve., June 12, and Thurs. Mat., June 13. (Century, 7 Ave. at 59. CI 7-3121. Eves. at 8:30. Mats. at 2:30. The engagement closes Sat., June 15.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JUNE 6, THROUGH SATURDAY, JUNE 15.

ON WHITMAN AVENUE—Maxine Wood has an important theme in this play about a Negro family that moves into a white neighborhood, but her treatment is by no means sure enough. Canada Lee heads the cast. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

STATE OF THE UNION—A fine, funny play, by Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay, concerning a man who has to choose between his conscience and the Presidency. Ralph Bellamy, Ruth Hussey, Minor Watson, Margalo Gillmore, and Myron McCormick head an excellent cast. Winner of the 1946 Pulitzer Prize. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

SWAN SONG—You might call this Hecht-MacArthur play about dark doings in the musical set a psychological thriller, but you'd be pretty optimistic. Twelve-year-old Jacqueline Horner, however, plays the piano remarkably well. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE—John van Druten's light, expert play about a girl who entertains a sergeant on his weekend pass is in its third year. Beatrice Pearson, Alan Baxter, and Vicki Cummings are the whole cast. (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.

THE DANCER—A new play by Milton Lewis and Julian Funt, produced by George Abbott and directed by Everett Sloane. The cast includes Anton Dolin and Colin Keith-Johnston. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

SECOND BEST BED—A comedy with an Elizabethan background, by N. Richard Nash. Produced by Ruth Chatterton and John Huntington and directed by Mr. Nash and Miss Chatterton. The cast is headed by Miss Chatterton, Barry Thomson, Ralph Forbes, and Richard Dyer-Bennet. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

ANNIE GET YOUR GUN—Ethel Merman is an earsplitting delight in this saga of Little Sureshot. Irving Berlin wrote the excellent music and lyrics, Herbert and Dorothy Fields did the book, and the very competent cast includes Ray Middleton, Marty May, and Harry Bellaver. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

ARE YOU WITH IT?—A musical comedy, centering around a carnival, that seems far too short on both humor and song. Johnny Downs, Lew Parker, and a rather stirring blonde called Dolores Gray do their best to ginger things up, but without much success. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

AROUND THE WORLD—This collaboration between Jules Verne and Orson Welles has produced one of the funniest and battiest shows you ever saw. An enormous cast, wandering through thirty-four scenes, is headed by Arthur Margetson and the surviving author. Cole Porter's music is rather disappointing but it doesn't matter much. (Adelphi, 54, E. CI 6-5097. Nightly, except Fri., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

BILLION DOLLAR BABY—A very engaging satire on the late twenties, when practically anything could happen, by Adolph Green and Betty Comden. Joan McCracken and Mitzi Green are extremely fetching as a couple of noisy girls of the period. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

CALL ME MISTER—A lot of ex-G.I.s and their girls have put together the happiest military offering since "This Is the Army." Arnold Auerbach wrote the sketches. Harold Rome provided the songs, and the cast includes Betty Garrett, Jules Munshin, and Bill Callahan. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

CAROUSEL—A musical adaptation of "Liliom" which is another triumph for Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II. Agnes de Mille arranged the dances, Jo Mielziner designed the sets, and Rouben Mamoulian is the director. A Theatre Guild production, now in its second year. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

LUTE SONG—An old Chinese legend decked out in Robert Edmond Jones' most spectacular trappings. Big, beautiful, and perhaps a bore. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly at 8:30. Mat. Sat. at 2:30. Closes Sat., June 8.)

OKLAHOMA!—This splendid musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," contrived by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II, is in its fourth year. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

THE RED MILL—A revival of the great Montgomery and Stone vehicle of 1906. Victor Herbert's score is still enchanting and Eddie Foy, Jr., is a highly satisfactory comic, but the total effect is disappointing. With Dorothy Stone, Jack Whiting, and Odette Myrtil. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

ST. LOUIS WOMAN—Though it is slightly overburdened with plot, this all-colored musical is generally a treat. Harold Arlen's music and Lemuel Ayers' costumes and sets are both first-rate, and the cast, which includes Ruby Hill, Harold Nicholas, and Pearl Bailey, could hardly be better. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

SHOW BOAT—Edna Ferber's little book turns up again, this time in a very fine revival with Carol Bruce, Kenneth Spencer, Ralph Dumke, Charles Fredericks, and Buddy Ebsen. The physical production is brilliant and the old songs sound

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Is my mother in there?

WATCH IT, DUCK—mama is so bemused by our new beach lure that even that high wire act doesn't rate a glance. Those turn-of-the-century beach things of ours manage, miraculously, to have no coyness, great charm. This fine quality, for which all mamas are truly grateful, is shared by other sun trifles, some baby-bare, some gracefully muffled.

Mama is also intrigued (as who wouldn't be) by something called "Summersaults" — play dresses that are practically nothing — but wonderful any way you look at them. So keep those little limbs intact — you'll need them later when you're a hubba hubba beach queen yourself, dressed of course, by S. F. A.'s Beachwear Salon.

—where else but at
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE at Rockefeller Center

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

lovelier than ever. (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—The life of Grieg, set to arrangements of some of his own music. Good-looking and agreeable to listen to, but the story is moderately foolish. With Irra Petina, Lawrence Brooks, and Robert Shafer. Second year. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

THREE TO MAKE READY—Ray Bolger does his nimble and comic best, but even he is not quite enough to save this successor to "One for the Money" and "Two for the Show." The cast includes Brenda Forbes, Jane Deering, and Rose Inghram. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

BENEFIT—Paul Robeson, Judy Holliday, Katherine Dunham, Mary Lou Williams, and other entertainers, doing their stint at a rally sponsored by the Council on African Affairs. (Madison Square Garden. Thurs. Eve., June 6, at 7:30; for tickets call MU 4-6140.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A listing of some places at which you'll find dance music and/or other entertainment. Several of them are closed or have fill-in entertainers on Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those nights.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR GARDEN, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—More of a grotto than a garden, but it's cool and quiet, with cool and quiet music by Jules Lande's orchestra.

BILTMORE, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—The spacious and comfortable Bowman Room, which closes Tues., June 11, has Dick Stabile's orchestra as well as a dance team and, as you might guess, a rumba band. The Cascades (the Biltmore's way of saying "roof") will open on Wed., June 12, with Dunninger, who reads—God forbid—people's minds, and Nat Brandwynne's orchestra, along with Ralph Font's rumba band.

CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Beatrice Kraft and those humorous dances of hers; lesser contributions by Pat Flowers, Vicente Gomez, and Susan Reed. Edmond Hall's orchestra is on hand for dancing.

EMBASSY, 149 E. 57 (PL 3-8998)—Charles Trenet and his engaging French repertory, making his American début before a very worldly audience. Ralph Lane's orchestra is abetted by José Curbelo's rumba band.

LARUE, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—A small, elaborate pleasure dome, providing 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)—Handsome, in a faintly foolish way, but with a lot of the atmosphere of an Earl Carroll opening night. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and a rumba band.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—That late-evening version of Peacock Alley, set to the dance music of Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

PIERRE, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The lofty and baroque Cotillion Room has Myrus, the ingenious mind reader, and a dance team, as well as Stanley Melba's enterprising orchestra. . . . A Melba trio is in the Café Pierre, where it plays for tea dancing daily as well as at dinner and supper.

PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Hildegarde is at large in the Persian Room, and you know what that means. Somewhat overawed, the orchestras of Arthur Ravel and Mark Monte play now and again for dancing. On Tues., June 11, the place will quiet down with a new show that includes the ventriloquist Paul Winchell, the dance team of Beatrice and Gomez, and Pancho's orchestra. Mark Monte's band stays on.

ST. REGIS ROOF, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The world looks better from the windows of this well-appointed aerie. Dance music by the bands of Paul Sparr and Theodora Brooks.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Ernie Warren's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band playing lush dance music in the Café Lounge for a semi-Continental clientele. Tea dancing daily.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—A fashionable finishing school with some rather interesting courses in the social sciences. Lester Lanin's orchestra and a rumba band are on the night shift, and Joe Carroll's orchestra plays for tea dancing every afternoon.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—Evelyn Knight, singing in that withdrawn but enticing manner of hers, along with Emil Petti's orchestra and a rumba band.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—The Starlight Roof has Xavier Cugat's orchestra (which is entertaining, in its Latin fashion, when it doesn't get elaborate) at dinner and supper, and Mischa Borr's band helps out around midnight. On Mon., June 10, Leighton Noble's orchestra

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will replace Mr. Cugat's, and Dorothy Shay and Frakson, the magician, will start appearing at dinner and supper. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Flamingo Room.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): Josh White's now slightly stylized (and Significant) songs; Cliff Jackson's and Pete Johnson's plain hot piano playing. For dancing, the band of J. C. Heard. . . . 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. . . . DRAKE, 71 E. 56 (WI 2-0600): in the stylish Drake Room, there's subdued and subtle piano by Cy Walter during cocktails and supper, and by Paul Berlin in between; no dancing. . . . MADISON, Madison at 58 (VO 5-5000): Sonny Kendis's dance orchestra until nine; at the supper hour, diverting entertainment by Patricia Bright and others. . . . 1-2-3 CLUB, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns, at his piano, provides a muted obbligato for the clients' table talk; no dancing. . . . ARMANDO'S, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): Jacques Thaler playing the piano, after nine-thirty, in this jovial old cranny; no dancing. . . . CASINO RUSSE, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Russia as it exists in Glinka operettas, with just the sort of merry-villager entertainment you'd expect; dance music by a gypsy orchestra. . . . EL CHICO, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): a fairly Spanish retreat, with a fine Spanish band. . . . VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a small cave inhabited, after ten, by Don Frye (hot piano), Hank Duncan's trio (also hot, with Freddie Moore at the drums), and a rather comic young man named Phil Leeds; dancing.

BIG AND BRASSY

CARNIVAL, 8 Ave. at 51 (CI 6-4122): gags by Milton Berle, some of which will leave welts on your psyche, and scary but rather wonderful circus-trapeze work by Elly Ardelty, in this tumultuous train shed. Dance music, too. . . . COPACABANA, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060): a musical-comedy adaptation of Lindy's, with dances by Raul and Eva Reyes and a show of little or no consequence. Ernie Holst's orchestra and Desi Arnaz's rumba band for dancing. . . . ZANZIBAR, B'way at 49 (CI 7-7380): Maurice Rocco, the King Cole Trio, and Claude Hopkins' band, operating under certain environmental difficulties.

SUPPER CLUBS

(Entertainment but no dancing.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): the customary bland and entertaining Blue Angel mixture, with, among others, such old favorites as Eddie Mayehoff, Rose Murphy, and Stuart Ross. . . . SPIVY'S ROOF, 139 E. 57 (EL 5-9215): a merry little bird's nest, in which Spivy presents her findings on the love life of the higher mammals. Decorative music by Daphne Hellman on the harp and Bart Howard on the piano; jump music by the Three Flames. . . . RUBAN BLEU, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Mervyn Nelson, whose humor knows no inhibitions, troubling the midnight air.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless otherwise indicated.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3 (GR 3-8736): some of hot music's most rugged individualists, among them Joe Dixon, Wild Bill Davison, Dave Tough, and now and then Mr. Condon. James P. Johnson is the piano recitalist during intermissions. On Mondays, another band, comprising Bud Freeman, Joe Bushkin, George Wettling, and others of the same mark. . . . NICK'S, 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): Muggsy Spanier, Pee Wee Russell, Miff Mole, and their helpmeets, all blowing good and hot. . . . 400 CLUB, 1 E. 43 (MU 2-3423): Benny Goodman's orchestra (through Wed., June 12) in an underground Coney Island; dancing. . . . JIMMY RYAN'S, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Georg Brunis and Tony Parenti making a fairly satisfying racket in this old standby. . . . DOWNBEAT, 66 W. 52 (EL 5-8773): Billie Holiday, hot and blue in about equal proportions, and music by Tiny Grimes' band, which has Trummy Young as trombonist; dancing. . . . SPOTLITE, 56 W. 52 (EL 5-8148): Dizzy Gillespie's trumpet which is sometimes on the shrill side, and his orchestra. . . . THREE DEUCES, 72 W. 52 (EL 5-9861): Slam Stewart, the eminent bassist, breaking in his new quartet.

MOSTLY FOR DANCING

ASTOR ROOF, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): a great big upstairs playroom for the younger generation, with music by Alvino Rey's orchestra. . . . COMMODORE, Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Sindell Kopp's orchestra. . . . ESSEX HOUSE, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Pancho's orchestra, to be replaced by Hal Saunders' on Tues., June 11. . . . PENNSYLVANIA, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): George Paxton's orchestra. . . . ROOSEVELT, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Joe Reichman's orchestra.

ART

BARTOLDI—Minutely detailed drawings by a young Spaniard. (American British Art Center, 44 W. 56. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 8.)

GEORGE BIDDLE—On-the-spot drawings of figures, both major and minor, in the Nuremberg trials. (Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., June 15.)

DONALD BURNS—A water-colorist turns to oils. (American British Art Center, 44 W. 56. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 8.)

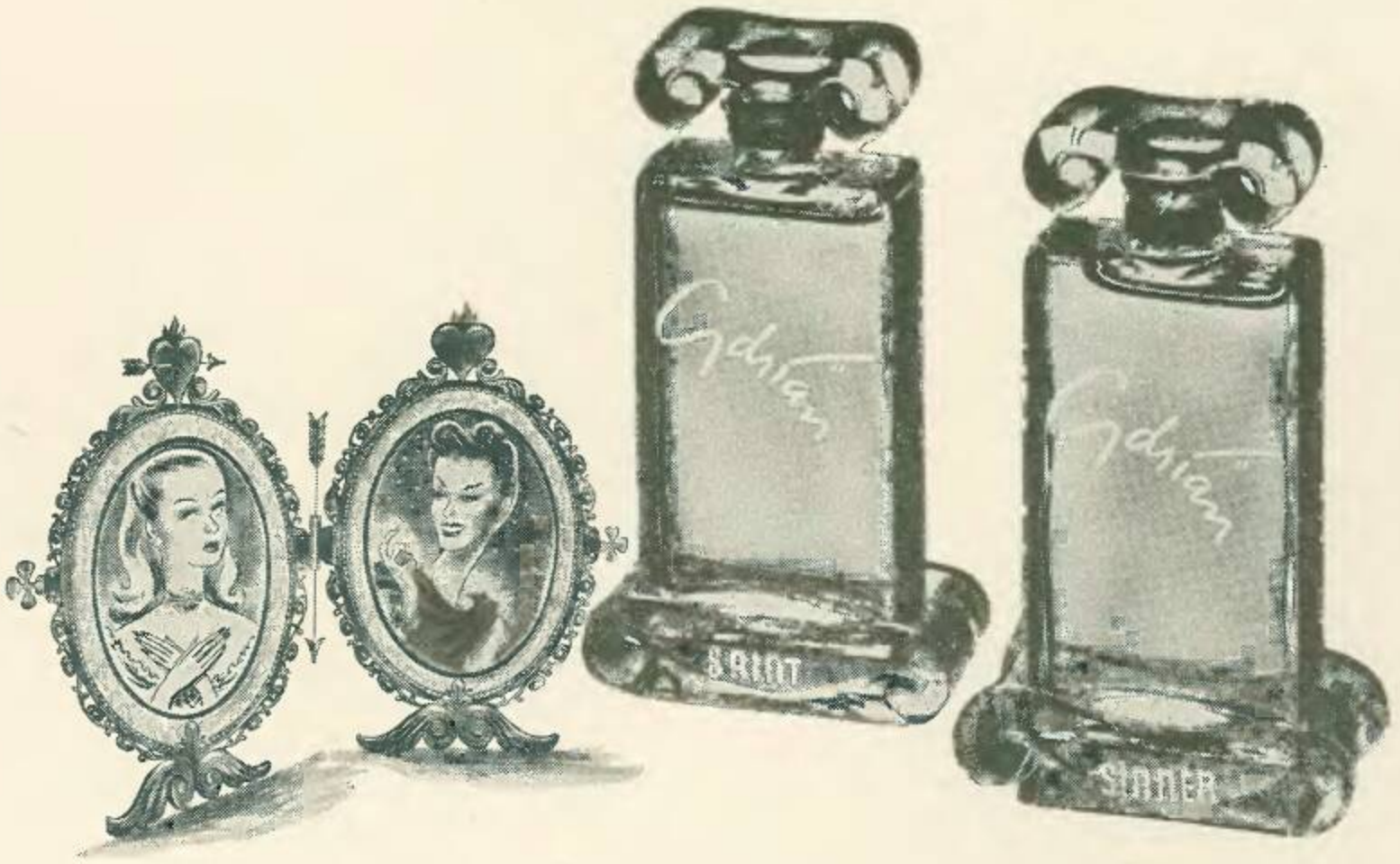
ARTHUR G. DOVE—Eight new paintings, as well as some done a few years ago. (An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Wed., June 12.)

FRENCH—First sizable shipment of post-1939 French paintings, including recent canvases by such people as Matisse, Picasso, and Rouault, plus a couple by relative newcomers. (Matisse, 41 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., June 7.)

SIDNEY GROSS—The second show of an artist who works in tempera glaze. (Contemporary Arts, 106 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., and Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 11; Sun., 2:30 to 5:30; through Fri., June 14.)

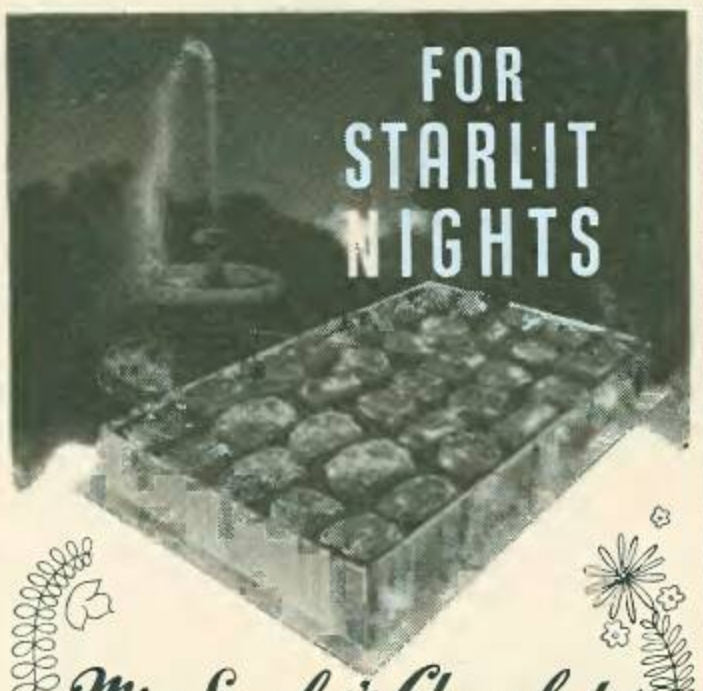
GROUPS—At the BIGNOU, 32 E. 57: paintings by Soutine, Rouault, and other Frenchmen, along with work by the gallery's group. (Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through June 21.) . . . DOWNTOWN, 32 E. 51: new paintings by Yasuo Kuniyoshi, George L. K. Morris, William Zorach, and others. (Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 28.) . . . EGAN, 63 E. 57: abstract paintings by Josef Albers, Charles Demuth, and others. (Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 8.) . . . FEIGL, 601 Madison, at 57: mostly oils, but some water colors, too, by Soutine, Vlaminck, Hofer, and other Europeans. (Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 30.) . . . KRAUSHAAR, 32 E. 57: canvases by a few newcomers, as well as by regular members of the gallery. (Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., June 14.) . . . LEVITT, 16 W. 57: paintings by Leon Zouté, Virginia Berresford, Denny Winters, and others. (Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 15.) . . . LILIENFELD, 21 E. 57: a painting apiece by Derain, Utrillo, Chirico, and others. (Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through July 31.) . . . MILCH, 108 W. 57: more or less realistic oils and water colors by a small group of American painters. (Thurs. and Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 9 A.M. to 12 noon; through Sat., June 8.) . . . NATIONAL SERIGRAPH SOCIETY, 38 W. 57: fifty prints dealing with life and scenes in Manhattan. (Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., June 8.) . . . NEW ART CIRCLE, 41 E. 57: a summer show of oils by José Clemente Orozco, Maurice Becker, Lee Gatch, and other gallery members. (Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 29.) . . . NIERENDORF, 53 E. 57: early paintings by Chagall, Derain, Juan Gris, and others, together with some work by younger artists. (Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 8.) . . . PERLS, 32 E. 58: work by eleven gallery regulars, among whom are Luis Martinez-Pedro and Nahum Tchacbasov. (Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 30.) . . . REHN, 683 5 Ave., at 54: a big exhibition by artists who customarily show at this gallery, among them Reginald Marsh, Edward





Saint . . . to be loved and adored
Sinner . . . as mischievous as a sidelong glance

Adrian



Miss Saylor's Chocolates

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Hopper, and Charles Burchfield. (Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through June 29.) . . . ROSENBERG, 16 E. 57: paintings by Milton Avery, Max Weber, and Abraham Rattner. (Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 29.)

STANLEY WILLIAM HAYTER—Abstract paintings by a man who now brings as much fluency to his oils as he does to his etchings. (Hugo, 26 E. 55. Mon. through Fri., 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 11 A.M. to 2 P.M.; through Sat., June 15.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82—The opening of the rearranged medieval collection coincides with the showing of a Michelangelo bas-relief, an Early Christian statue, and a Delacroix painting, all on loan from Europe. . . . A show called "The Taste of the Seventies," or Victorianism in art both here and abroad. (Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—A comprehensive show of oils, drawings, and water colors by Georgia O'Keeffe; through Aug. 25. . . . A retrospective show of paintings by Chagall; through June 23. (Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M., and Thurs. Eves. until 10; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.)

PHILIP PIECK—Six-year retrospective of paintings by a missionary to the Philippines. (Contemporary Arts, 106 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., and Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 11; Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 15.)

RICHARD POUSETTE-DART—Abstract paintings, full of arabesques and rococo feeling. (Willard, 32 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 8.)

LIONEL S. REISS—A consecutive series of paintings of Fifty-ninth Street, from the Hudson to the Queensborough Bridge, showing obvious contrasts and ironies. (Associated American Artists, 711 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Wed., June 12.)

RALPH ROSENBORG—New paintings and gouaches on a variety of subjects, by an Abstractionist. (Chinese, 38 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 24.)

ROUAULT—Color aquatints. (Kleemann, 65 E. 57: Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 1:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 15.)

SCULPTURE—At the BUCHHOLZ, 32 E. 57: pieces by pretty nearly everyone of importance in the abstract school. (Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 2 P.M.; through June 22.) . . . CLAY CLUB, 4 W. 8: small sculptures by Alexander Calder, David Smith, Hugo Robus, and a lot of others. (Mon. through Fri., 2 to 5 and 7 to 10 P.M.; Sat., 2 to 5 P.M.; through Sat., June 15.)

GAR SPARKS—An odd combination of serenity and Surrealism in a first one-man show by a New Jersey painter. (Julien Levy, 42 E. 57. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 15.)

TOULOUSE-LAUTREC—Some rarely shown lithographs, in a sizable exhibition of his work in this medium. (St. Etienne, 46 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., June 15.)

NOTE—The semiannual outdoor art exhibit in Washington Square is now on, and will continue daily, through June 16, from 11 A.M. until dark.

MUSIC

CARNEGIE HALL POP CONCERTS—A series of informal concerts presented nightly at 8:30 by seventy members of the Philharmonic-Symphony and a variety of soloists. Smoking is permitted in the boxes, where sandwiches and beer are available. The schedule of the conductors and soloists who will perform this week and next follows: Jonathan Sternberg conducting, with Muriel Smith, Angel Reyes, and others, Thurs., June 6. . . . David Broekman conducting, with Doris Stockton, Jacques Margolies, and others, Fri., June 7. . . . Milton Katims conducting, with Thomas Hayward, Anne McKnight, and others, Sat., June 8. . . . André Brummer conducting, with Irra Petina, Robert Shafer, and others, Sun., June 9. . . . The weekly jazz concert, with a group of hot musicians substituting for the Philharmonic-Symphony, Mon., June 10. . . . Bert Shefter conducting, with Frank Parker and Virginia MacWatters, Tues., June 11. . . . David Broekman conducting, with Selma Votipka, Ivan Petroff, and others, Wed., June 12. . . . Artur Kreutz conducting, with Natalie Bodanya, Teddy Wilson, and others, Thurs., June 13. . . . Eugene Plotnikoff and Antin Rudnitsky conducting, with the Radischev Dancers and others, Fri., June 14. . . . Sydney Baron conducting, with William Horne, Paula Lenchner, and others, Sat., June 15. (CI 7-7460.)

ORATORIO—The American première of "The Resurrection of Christ," by Don Lorenzo Perosi, performed by a seventy-piece orchestra under the direction of Don Leonardo Pavone, along with the John Harms Chorus, Frederick Jagel, tenor, and others. (Hunter College Auditorium, Park at 69. Sun. Eve., June 9, at 8:15; for tickets, call CU 6-4166.)

GOLDMAN BAND—Edwin Franko Goldman conducting the annual series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Central Park Mall. Wed. and Fri. Eves., June 12 and 14, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At the YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Chicago (Thurs., June 6, at 2:30 P.M.); Yankees vs. Cleveland (Fri., June 7, at 2:30 P.M., Sat., June 8, at 2 P.M., and Sun., June 9, doubleheader, at 2 P.M.); Yankees vs. Detroit (Mon. and Tues., June 10-11, at 2:30 P.M., and Wed., June 12, at 8:45 P.M.) . . . . POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. St. Louis (Fri. and Sat., June 14-15, at 2:30 P.M.) . . . . EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. Chicago (Fri., June 14, at 8:30 P.M., and Sat., June 15, at 2:30 P.M.).

BOXING—Willie Pep vs. Sal Bartolo, for the featherweight title, 15 rounds, Fri., June 7; Chuck Taylor vs. Tony Janiro, welterweights, 10 rounds, Fri., June 14. (Madison Square Garden. Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bouts at 10.)

DOG SHOWS—North Westchester Kennel Club. (Katonah, N.Y. Sat., June 8, at 10 A.M.) . . . Bryn Mawr Kennel Club. (Narberth, Pa. Sat., June 15, at 10 A.M.)

FENCING—National Championships—Three-Weapon Team, Sat., June 8, at 2:30 P.M.; Women's Team, at 8 that evening. Three-Touch Epée semi-finals, Sun., June 9, at 2:30 P.M.; finals, at 8 that evening. Men's Foil, semi-finals, Mon., June 10, at 6:30 P.M. Sabre, semi-finals, Tues., June 11, at 6:30 P.M. Women's Foil, Wed., June 12, at 6:30 P.M. Men's Foil, finals, Thurs., June 13, at 7:30 P.M. Sabre, finals, Fri., June 14, at 8 P.M. (All matches at the Fencers Club, 320 E. 53, except for the sabre finals, which will be held at the Roosevelt Hotel.)

GOLF—New Jersey State Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Plainfield Country Club, Plainfield, N.J.; through Sun., June 9.) . . . Metropolitan Golf Association Senior Championship. (Seawane Harbor Club, Hewlett, L.I. Thurs., June 13.) . . . Member-Guest Invitation Tournament. (Cherry Valley Club, Garden City, L.I.; starting Sat., June 15.)

HORSE SHOWS—Upperville Colt and Horse Show. (Grafton Farm, near Upperville, Va. Fri. and Sat., June 14-15.) . . . Greenwich Horse Show. (Yale Farms, Greenwich, Conn. Sat., June 15.)

POLO—At the MEADOW BROOK CLUB, Westbury, L.I., Sats. at 3:30 P.M. . . . BOSTWICK FIELD, Westbury, L.I., Suns. at 3:30 P.M.

RACING—At Aqueduct-at-Belmont: weekdays at 1:30 P.M. The Astoria Stakes and the Carter Handicap, June 8; the Dwyer Stakes, June 15. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station Mon. through Fri. between 11:15 A.M. and 1:10 P.M. and Sat. between 11 A.M. and 1:25 P.M.)

TENNIS—New Jersey State Championships. (Berkeley Tennis Club, Orange, N.J.; starting Sat., June 15, at 2 P.M.) . . . Westchester County Championships. (White Plains, N.Y.; starting Sat., June 15, at 2 P.M.)

TRACK—Metropolitan A.A.U. Senior Championships. (Triboro Stadium, Randall's Island, N.Y. Sat., June 15, at 1:30 P.M.)

TROTTING RACES—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, L.I., weekdays at 8:40 P.M. (A special train leaves Penn Station at 7:03 P.M.)

YACHTING—Manhasset Bay Yacht Club championship regatta on the Sound. (Sun., June 9, at 2 P.M.)

OTHER EVENTS

FRENCH FASHION DOLLS—A collection of nearly two hundred and fifty miniature mannequins, representing most of the famous old Paris dressmaking houses, exhibited in a benefit for French relief. The dolls, dressed, coifed, and bejewelled to the nines, are shown in stage settings designed by Jean Cocteau and Christian Bérard, among others. (451 Madison, at 50. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through June 30.)

SPORTS LITERATURE—An extensive collection of fourteenth- to nineteenth-century manuscripts, books, and drawings dealing with fishing, wrestling, parlor games, and sundry other amusements, both sedate and boisterous. (Morgan Library, 29 E. 36. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 29.)

TRIBAL MASKS—All sorts of elaborate false faces, arranged in an exhibition showing their use in ritual dances, pageants, and other social functions of the busy citizens of Burma, Ceylon, the Congo, Sumatra, and such places. (Museum of Natural History, Central Pk. W. at 79. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 30.)

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

ON THE AIR

OLD VIC THEATRE COMPANY—Ralph Richardson and a good many other members of the group, in "Peer Gynt," Sun., June 9, at 3 P.M., WABC.

UNITED NATIONS MEETINGS—All open sessions of the Security Council, at the Bronx Branch of Hunter

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

College, are broadcast in their entirety over WNYC.

Music—N.B.C. Symphony, Fabien Sevitzky conducting, Sun., June 9, at 5 P.M., WEAF. . . . Ford Sunday Evening Hour, Wilfrid Pelletier conducting, Sun., June 9, at 8 P.M., WJZ. . . . Carnegie Hall Pop Concerts, Thurs., June 6, at 8:30 P.M., Fri. through Tues., June 7-11, and Fri. and Sat., June 14-15, at 8:45 P.M., WNYC. . . . Josh White, Pete Johnson, Sarah Vaughan, and J. C. Heard's orchestra in a musical program typical of Café Society Downtown, which happens to be where it originates, Tues. and Thurs. at 11:30 P.M., WMCA.

News Commentators—Elmer Davis, Mon. and Tues. at 7:15 P.M., and Sun. at 3 P.M., WJZ. . . . Fiorello LaGuardia, Sun. at 12 noon and at 9:30 P.M.. WJZ. . . . Raymond Swing, Wed. through Fri., at 7:15 P.M., WJZ.

Sports—Boxing: Willie Pep vs. Sal Bartolo, for the featherweight title, Fri., June 7; Chuck Taylor vs. Tony Janiro, Fri., June 14; both at 10 P.M., WJZ. . . . Racing: the Astoria Stakes, Sat., June 8, and the Dwyer Stakes, Sat., June 15; both from Aqueduct-at-Belmont, at 4:30 P.M., WOR.

MOTION PICTURES

Colonel Effingham's Raid—Charles Coburn doing a nice turn as a Southern newspaperman battling against civic evildoers in a Georgia town. Joan Bennett provides a decorative touch to the piece. (77th Street, B'way at 77; through Wed., June 12. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Fri. and Sat., June 7-8. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Sun. and Mon., June 9-10.)

It Happened at the Inn—The peasants who scurry through this French film are always entertaining, if somewhat incredible, and it's good to have people like them around. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; through Fri., June 14.)

The Kid from Brooklyn—A milkman becomes welterweight champion in this one. There's a good deal of drollery furnished by Danny Kaye and some mighty fine dancing by Vera-Ellen. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

The Lost Weekend—Even if you drink nothing stronger than ginger ale, you should find this account of five days in the life of an alcoholic continuously impressive. Ray Milland heads a superb cast. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Tues., June 11. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sun. through Wed., June 9-12. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Sat., June 11-15. . . . Waverly, Ave. of Americas at 3; Wed. through Fri., June 12-14.)

One More Tomorrow—Philip Barry's "The Animal Kingdom," done over with a lot more finesse than you might expect. With Dennis Morgan, Ann Sheridan, and Jack Carson. (Strand, B'way at 47; through Thurs., June 13.)

Open City—With this one film, the Italians have made up for a good many of the egregious pictures they turned out when Mussolini was boss. Put together just after the liberation of Rome, it describes the functioning of the Italian underground in a taut, intense fashion, and has a cast that is uniformly remarkable. You shouldn't miss it. (World, 153 W. 49.)

Portrait of a Woman—A demonstration of versatile acting by Françoise Rosay, the French star, who appears, in sequence, as an aging actress, a mildly demented peasant, a hysterical schoolmistress, and a ferocious water-front *femme fatale*. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57.)

The Seventh Veil—A new-day version of Trilby, with a bit of psychiatry to liven things up. Excellent acting and an impressive musical accompaniment offset the hoariness of the plot. With Ann Todd and James Mason. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Sat. through Tues., June 8-11. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Tues. through Sat., June 11-15.)

Spellbound—Psychoanalysis and suspense, the former a bit elementary, the latter as good as Hitchcock can make it. The cast includes Ingrid Bergman, Gregory Peck, Michael Chekhov, and Wallace Ford. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Fri. through Mon., June 7-10. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Fri. through Thurs., June 7-13. . . . Waverly, Ave. of Americas at 3; Mon. and Tues., June 10-11.)

Vacation from Marriage—A drab little English couple are converted by the impact of war into a pair of stimulating people. Robert Donat and Deborah Kerr effect the transformation with the greatest possible felicity. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Fri. through Mon., June 7-10.)

A Walk in the Sun—Harry Brown's novel of a platoon in Italy moving a bloody six miles from a beachhead to a farmhouse, faithfully transcribed into a film that matches in excitement the best that have come out of the war. With Dana Andrews, Richard Conte, and George Tyne. (77th Street, B'way at 77; through Wed., June 12. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Fri. and Sat., June 7-8. . . . Art, 36 E. 8; Fri. through



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Mon., June 7-10. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Sun. and Mon., June 9-10.)

ZIEGFELD FOLLIES OF 1946—A dozen variety acts in glorious Technicolor, most of them gloriously boring. There's some fine dancing, though, by Fred Astaire and Gene Kelly, and Victor Moore is comical in an old Weber and Fields sketch. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; through Sat., June 8. . . . Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; and Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; through Mon., June 10. . . . Stoddard, B'way at 90; starting Wed., June 12.)

NOTE—"Hymn of the Nations," a half hour with Toscanini, is a good bit more stimulating than most recent films. The conductor, leading an orchestra and a choir through Verdi's "Hymn," is as dramatic as any actor around today. Jan Peerce is the tenor soloist. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57.)

REVIVALS

ALEXANDER NEVSKY (1938)—Eisenstein's film of medieval warfare. In Russian. (Stanley, 7 Ave. at 41; through Fri., June 14.)

BALL OF FIRE (1942)—Professors, gunmen, and American slang. Barbara Stanwyck and Gary Cooper. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Sun. and Mon., June 9-10.)

CHAPAYEV (1935)—Russian melodrama of a minor revolutionary hero. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; through Fri., June 7.)

COLONEL BLIMP (1945)—The life of a professional British soldier. Roger Livesey. (Normandie, Park at 53; Wed. and Thurs., June 12-13.)

DARK WATERS (1944)—Creepy doings in the Louisiana bayou country. Merle Oberon and Franchot Tone. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., June 11-13.)

DEAD END (1937)—The Sidney Kingsley play. Sylvia Sidney, Joel McCrea, and Humphrey Bogart. (Alden, B'way at 67; Tues. and Wed., June 11-12.)

GOLDEN BOY (1939)—Barbara Stanwyck, Adolphe Menjou, and William Holden in the Odets drama. (Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; Wed., June 12.)

HAVING WONDERFUL TIME (1938)—A screen version of Arthur Kober's play. Ginger Rogers and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Alden, B'way at 67; Sun. and Mon., June 9-10.)

LOVE ON THE DOLE (1945)—The troubles of the unemployed in an English mill town. George Carney, Deborah Kerr, and Clifford Evans. (Thalia, B'way at 95; starting Tues., June 11.)

THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS (1942)—Orson Welles' tricky treatment of the Tarkington novel. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Tues. and Wed., June 11-12.)

MARIE LOUISE (1945)—A story about French refugee children in Switzerland. (Thalia, B'way at 95; starting Tues., June 11.)

MOONLIGHT SONATA (1938)—Ignace Paderewski as actor and musician. Also with Marie Tempest. (Alden, B'way at 67; through Sat., June 8.)

MY SISTER EILEEN (1942)—Taken from Ruth McKenney's stories dealing with Greenwich Village life. Rosalind Russell, Brian Aherne, and Janet Blair. (Art, 36 E. 8; Tues. through Thurs., June 11-13.)

NINE DAYS A QUEEN (1936)—About Lady Jane Grey. With Nova Pilbeam and Sir Cedric Hardwicke. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Sun. and Mon., June 9-10.)

THE SILVER FLEET (1945)—Ralph Richardson as a Dutch shipbuilder during the Nazi invasion. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., June 6.)

STRIKE ME PINK (1936)—Eddie Cantor and Ethel Merman in an amusement park. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Tues. and Wed., June 11-12.)

THE TALK OF THE TOWN (1942)—Jean Arthur and Cary Grant train Ronald Colman for the Supreme Court. (Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; Wed., June 12.)

THUNDER ROCK (1944)—The dreams of a disillusioned journalist in a Lake Michigan lighthouse. Michael Redgrave and Barbara Mullen. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., June 7-10.)

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

THE YOUNG IN HEART (1938)—Sentimental age-and-youth comedy. Minnie Dupree, Janet Gaynor, Paulette Goddard, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., June 6.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is presenting the following films as part of a series of wartime documentary pictures—THURS., JUNE 6: "Swinging into Step" (1944) and "Psychiatry in Action" (1944). . . . FRI. THROUGH SUN., JUNE 7-9: four films produced by the O.W.I. for distribution overseas. . . . MON. THROUGH THURS., JUNE 10-13: "Capital Story" (1945), "The Cummington Story" (1945), "The Library of Congress" (1945), and "A Better Tomorrow" (1945). . . . FROM FRI., JUNE 14: "San Francisco" (1945), "Our Navy after the War" (1945), and "World of Plenty" (1945). The films are shown weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M.; Thurs. Eves. at 8:15; Sun. at 1:30, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M.

cool as coral Why not—when her complexion
affects that delicate, coral-like glow . . .
when her mouth is one smooth,
coral-bright curve. . . . She looks,
feels, *is* completely beautiful—and
why not, indeed, when clearly
she's learned to "Color-light"





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AT THE MOVIE HOUSES



THURSDAY, JUNE 6, THROUGH WEDNESDAY, JUNE 12

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 8.

THE BIG HOUSES

ASTOR, B'way at 45 (CI 6-4642)—**THE KID FROM BROOKLYN,** Danny Kaye, Virginia Mayo, Vera-Ellen.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51 (CO 5-1250)—"Two Sisters from Boston," Kathryn Grayson, June Allyson.

CRITERION, B'way at 44 (BR 9-3839)—"Night in Paradise," Merle Oberon, Turhan Bey.

GLOBE, B'way at 46 (CI 6-0800)—"Make Mine Music!," full-length Walt Disney film.

GOTHAM, B'way at 47 (CI 5-9516)—"O.S.S.," Alan Ladd, Geraldine Fitzgerald.

HOLLYWOOD, B'way at 51 (CI 7-5545)—"A Stolen Life," Bette Davis, Glenn Ford.

PALACE, B'way at 47 (BR 9-4300)—Thurs., June 6: "Heartbeat," Ginger Rogers, Jean Pierre Aumont. . . . From Fri., June 7: "Without Reservations," Claudette Colbert, John Wayne.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43 (BR 9-8738)—"The Bride Wore Boots," Barbara Stanwyck, Robert Cummings.

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL, Ave. of Americas at 50 (CI 6-4600)—"To Each His Own," Olivia de Havilland, John Lund.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49 (CI 7-1633)—"Cluny Brown," Charles Boyer, Jennifer Jones.

ROXY, 7 Ave. at 50 (CI 7-6000)—Through Tues., June 11: "Do You Love Me," Maureen O'Hara, Dick Haymes, Harry James. . . . From Wed., June 12 (tentative): "Somewhere in the Night," John Hodiak, Nancy Guild.

STATE, B'way at 45 (BR 9-1957)—Through Wed., June 12: "Tangier," Maria Montez.

STRAND, B'way at 47 (CI 7-5900)—**ONE MORE TOMORROW,** Ann Sheridan, Dennis Morgan.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46 (CI 6-7429)—"Badman's Territory," Randolph Scott, Ann Richards.

WINTER GARDEN, B'way at 50 (CI 7-5161)—"The Runaround," Ella Raines, Rod Cameron, Broderick Crawford.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

BELMONT, 121 W. 48 (CH 4-3441)—Spanish films, no English titles—Through Fri., June 7: "El Monje Blanco." . . . From Sat., June 8: "Capullito de Aleli."

5TH AVENUE PLAYHOUSE, 5 Ave. at 12 (GR 5-9738)—Revivals—Through Fri., June 7: **CHAPAYEV** (in Russian); also "L'Orage," formerly called "Confessions of a Bride" (in French), Michèle Morgan, Charles Boyer. . . . From Sat., June 8: "Greece Lives Again," documentary film.

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)—**PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN** (in French), Françoise Rosay; also **HYMN OF THE NATIONS,** short O.W.I. film, with Arturo Toscanini.

STANLEY, 7 Ave. at 41 (WI 7-9686)—Russian films, revivals—**ALEXANDER NEVSKY;** also "A Greater Promise."

WORLD, 153 W. 49 (CI 7-5747)—**OPEN CITY** (in Italian).

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8 (GR 3-7014)—Thurs., June 6: "Courageous Mr. Penn," Clifford Evans, Deborah Kerr. . . . Fri. through Mon., June 7-10: **A WALK IN THE SUN,** Dana Andrews. . . . From Tues., June 11: **MY SISTER EILEEN,** revival, Rosalind Russell, Brian Aherne, Janet Blair.

GRAMERCY PARK, Lexington at 23 (GR 5-1660)—Through Sat., June 8: "Tomorrow Is Forever," Claudette Colbert, Orson Welles, George Brent. . . . Sun. through Wed., June 9-12: "Gilda," Rita Hayworth, Glenn Ford; also "Blondie's Lucky Day," Penny Singleton, Arthur Lake.

LOEW'S 42ND STREET, Lexington at 42 (AS 4-4865)—Through Sat., June 8: **ZIEGFELD FOLLIES OF 1946,** Fred Astaire, Judy Garland, Gene Kelly; also "Strange Impersonation," Brenda Marshall, William Gargan. . . . Sun. and Mon., June 9-10: **A WALK IN THE SUN,** Dana Andrews; also **COLONEL EFFINGHAM'S RAID,** Joan Bennett, William Eythe, Charles Coburn. . . . Tues. and Wed., June 11-12: "The Phantom Thief," Chester Morris; also "Along the Navajo Trail," Roy Rogers.

BEVERLY, 3 Ave. at 50 (EL 5-8790)—Revivals—Through Sat., June 8: "Spitfire," Katharine Hepburn, Robert Young; also "They Met in the Dark," James Mason. . . . Sun. and Mon., June 9-10: **NINE DAYS A QUEEN,** Nova Pilbeam, Sir Cedric Hardwicke; also **BALL OF FIRE,** Barbara Stanwyck, Gary Cooper. . . . Tues. and Wed., June 11-12: **THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS,** Dolores Costello, Joseph Cotten; also "Mister V," Leslie Howard.

LEXINGTON, Lexington at 51 (PL 3-0336)—Through Wed., June 12: "Getting Gertie's Garter," Dennis O'Keefe, Marie McDonald; also "Abilene Town," Randolph Scott, Ann Dvorak.

TRANS-LUX 52ND STREET, Lexington at 52 (PL 3-2434)—Through Fri., June 7: "The Sailor Takes a Wife," June Allyson, Robert Walker. . . . Sat. through Mon., June 8-10: "Tomorrow Is Forever," Claudette Colbert, Orson Welles, George Brent. . . . From Tues., June 11: **THE SEVENTH VEIL,** Ann Todd, James Mason.

NORMANDIE, Park at 53 (PL 8-0040)—Thurs., June 6: "San Antonio," Errol Flynn, Alexis Smith. . . . Fri. through Sun., June 7-9: "The Alibi," revival, Margaret Lockwood. . . . Mon. and Tues., June 10-11: "The Bells of St. Mary's," Ingrid Bergman, Bing Crosby. . . . From Wed., June 12: **COLONEL BLIMP,** revival, Roger Livesey.

SUTTON, 3 Ave. at 57 (PL 3-5520)—Thurs., June 6: "And Then There Were None," revival, Barry Fitzgerald, Walter Huston, Louis Hayward. . . . Fri. through Mon., June 7-10: **VACATION FROM MARRIAGE,** Robert Donat, Deborah Kerr. . . . From Tues., June 11: "Adventure," Clark Gable, Greer Garson.

R.K.O. 58TH STREET, 3 Ave. at 58 (VO 5-3577)—Through Wed., June 12: "From This Day Forward," Joan Fontaine, Mark Stevens; also "Joe Palooka, Champ," Joe Kirkwood, Leon Errol.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58 (VO 5-3320)—Through Wed., June 12: "Gilda," Rita Hayworth, Glenn Ford.

68TH STREET PLAYHOUSE, 3 Ave. at 68 (RE 4-0302)—Thurs., June 6: "Sentimental Journey," Maureen O'Hara, John Payne. . . . From Fri., June 7: **SPELLBOUND,** Ingrid Bergman, Gregory Peck.

LOEW'S 72ND STREET, 3 Ave. at 72 (BU 8-7222)—Through Wed., June 12: "Getting Gertie's Garter," Dennis O'Keefe, Marie McDonald; also "Abilene Town," Randolph Scott, Ann Dvorak.

COLONY, 2 Ave. at 79 (RH 4-9888)—Through Thurs., June 6: "No Time for Love," revival, Claudette Colbert, Fred MacMurray; also "Hostages," revival, Luise Rainer, Paul Lukas. . . . Fri. through Mon., June 7-10: **SPELLBOUND,** Ingrid Bergman, Gregory Peck. . . . From Tues., June 11: "Tomorrow Is Forever," Claudette Colbert, Orson Welles, George Brent; also "Dark Alibi," Sidney Toler.

TRANS-LUX 85TH STREET, Madison at 85 (BU 8-3180)—Through Fri., June 7: "Tomorrow Is Forever," Claudette Colbert, Orson Welles, George Brent. . . . Sat. through Tues., June 8-11: **THE SEVENTH VEIL,** Ann Todd, James Mason. . . . From Wed., June 12: "The Bride Walks Out," Barbara Stanwyck, Gene Raymond.

R.K.O. 86TH STREET, Lexington at 86 (AT 9-8900)—Through Wed., June 12: "From This Day Forward," Joan Fontaine, Mark Stevens; also "Joe Palooka, Champ," Joe Kirkwood, Leon Errol.

LOEW'S 86TH STREET, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-5566)—Thurs., June 6: "The Glass Alibi," Paul Kelly; also "Johnny in the Clouds," Michael Redgrave. . . . Fri. and Sat., June 7-8: **A WALK IN THE SUN,** Dana Andrews; also **COLONEL EFFINGHAM'S RAID,** Joan Bennett, William Eythe, Charles Coburn. . . . Sun. through Wed., June 9-12: **THE LOST WEEKEND,** Ray Milland, Jane Wyman.

ORPHEUM, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-4607)—Through Mon., June 10: **ZIEGFELD FOLLIES OF 1946,** Fred Astaire, Judy Garland, Gene Kelly; also "Strange Impersonation," Brenda Marshall, William Gargan. . . . Tues. and Wed., June 11-12: "The Phantom Thief," Chester Morris; also "Along the Navajo Trail," Roy Rogers.

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, Ave. of Americas at 3 (CH 3-9019)—Thurs., June 6: "Gilda," Rita Hayworth, Glenn Ford; also "Blondie's Lucky Day," Penny Singleton, Arthur Lake. . . . Fri. through Sun., June 7-9: "Tomorrow Is Forever," Claudette Colbert, Orson Welles, George Brent; also "Dark Alibi," Sidney Toler. . . . Mon. and Tues., June 10-11: **SPELLBOUND,** Ingrid Bergman, Gregory Peck. . . . From Wed., June 12: **THE LOST WEEKEND,** Ray Milland, Jane Wyman.

8TH STREET PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8 (GR 7-7874)—Through Mon., June 10: "Johnny in the Clouds," Michael Redgrave. . . . From Tues., June 11: "Gilda," Rita Hayworth, Glenn Ford.

SHERIDAN, 7 Ave. at 12 (WA 9-2166)—Through Mon., June 10: **ZIEGFELD FOLLIES OF 1946,** Fred Astaire, Judy Garland, Gene Kelly; also "Strange Impersonation," Brenda Marshall, William Gargan. . . . Tues., June 11: "The Phantom Thief," Chester Morris; also "Along the Navajo Trail," Roy Rogers. . . . From Wed., June 12: "Getting Gertie's Garter," Dennis O'Keefe, Marie McDonald; also "Abilene Town," Randolph Scott, Ann Dvorak.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12 (WA 9-3350)—Through Thurs., June 6: **THE YOUNG IN HEART,** revival, Minnie Dupree, Janet Gaynor, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; also "Valley of the Sun," Lucille Ball, James Craig. . . . Fri. through Mon., June 7-10: "Tomorrow Is Forever," Claudette Colbert, Orson Welles, George Brent; also "Dark Alibi," Sidney Toler. . . . From Tues., June 11: **DARK WATERS,** revival, Merle Oberon, Franchot Tone; also "Lady of Burlesque," revival, Barbara Stanwyck, Michael O'Shea.

R.K.O. 23RD STREET, 8 Ave. at 23 (CH 2-3440)—Through Mon., June 10: "From This Day Forward," Joan Fontaine, Mark Stevens; also "Joe Palooka, Champ," Joe Kirkwood, Leon Errol. . . . Tues. and Wed., June 11-12: "How Do You Do," Bert Gordon; also "Crime of the Century," Stephanie Bachelor.

TERRACE, 9 Ave. at 23 (CH 2-9280)—Through Sat., June 8: "Gilda," Rita Hayworth, Glenn Ford; also "Blondie's Lucky Day," Penny Singleton, Arthur Lake. . . . Sun. and Mon., June 9-10: "Princess O'Rourke," revival, Olivia de Havilland, Robert Cummings; also "Tall in the Saddle," revival, Ella Raines, John Wayne. . . . From Tues., June 11: **THE LOST WEEKEND,** Ray Milland, Jane Wyman.

ALDEN, B'way at 67 (SU 7-6280)—Revivals—Through Sat., June 8: **MOONLIGHT SONATA,** Marie Tempest, Ignace Paderewski; also "The Adventures of Marco Polo," Gary Cooper. . . . Sun. and Mon., June 9-10: **HAVING WONDERFUL TIME,** Ginger Rogers, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; also "Phantom Lady," Franchot Tone, Ella Raines, Alan Curtis. . . . Tues. and Wed., June 11-12: **DEAD END,** Sylvia Sidney, Joel McCrea, Humphrey Bogart; also "Flesh and Fantasy," Charles Boyer, Betty Field, Barbara Stanwyck, Edward G. Robinson.

77TH STREET, B'way at 77 (TR 4-9382)—Through Wed., June 12: **A WALK IN THE SUN,** Dana Andrews; also **COLONEL EFFINGHAM'S RAID,** Joan Bennett, William Eythe, Charles Coburn.

R.K.O. 81ST STREET, B'way at 81 (TR 7-6160)—Through Wed., June 12: "From This Day Forward," Joan Fontaine, Mark Stevens; also "Joe Palooka, Champ," Joe Kirkwood, Leon Errol.

LOEW'S 83RD STREET, B'way at 83 (TR 7-3190)—Through Wed., June 12: "Getting Gertie's Garter," Dennis O'Keefe, Marie McDonald; also "Abilene Town," Randolph Scott, Ann Dvorak.

SCHUYLER, Columbus Ave. at 84 (EN 2-0696)—Thurs., June 6: "The Great Man's Lady," revival, Barbara Stanwyck, Joel McCrea; also "Saboteur," revival, Priscilla Lane, Robert Cummings. . . . Fri. through Mon., June 7-10: "The Bells of St. Mary's," Ingrid Bergman, Bing Crosby. . . . Tues. and Wed., June 11-12: **STRIKE ME PINK,** revival, Eddie Cantor, Ethel Merman; also "Splendor," revival, Miriam Hopkins.

STODDARD, B'way at 90 (SC 4-9601)—Through Tues., June 11: **THE LOST WEEKEND,** Ray Milland, Jane Wyman. . . . From Wed., June 12: **ZIEGFELD FOLLIES OF 1946,** Fred Astaire, Judy Garland, Gene Kelly; also "Strange Impersonation," Brenda Marshall, William Gargan.

THALIA, B'way at 95 (AC 2-3370)—Revivals—Thurs., June 6: **WUTHERING HEIGHTS,** Merle Oberon, Laurence Olivier; also **THE SILVER FLEET,** Ralph Richardson. . . . Fri. through Mon., June 7-10: **THUNDER ROCK,** Michael Redgrave, Barbara Mullen; also "Jeannie," Michael Redgraye, Barbara Mullen. . . . From Tues., June 11: **LOVE ON THE DOLE,** George Carney, Deborah Kerr, Clifford Evans; also **MARIE LOUISE** (in French and German), Josiane.

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96 (RI 9-9861)—Through Wed., June 12: "From This Day Forward," Joan Fontaine, Mark Stevens; also "Joe Palooka, Champ," Joe Kirkwood, Leon Errol.

CARLTON, B'way at 100 (AC 2-3862)—Thurs., June 6: "The Enchanted Cottage," revival, Robert Young, Dorothy McGuire, Herbert Marshall; also "Battle for Music," revival, documentary film of the London Philharmonic. . . . Fri. through Mon., June 7-10: "Miss Susie Slagle's," Veronica Lake, Sonny Tufts, Joan Caulfield; also "The Enchanted Forest," Brenda Joyce, Edmund Lowe. . . . From Tues., June 11: "Cinderella Jones," Joan Leslie, Robert Alda; also "People Are Funny," Jack Haley.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107 (AC 2-1019)—Through Wed., June 12: "Getting Gertie's Garter," Dennis O'Keefe, Marie McDonald; also "Abilene Town," Randolph Scott, Ann Dvorak.

NEMO, B'way at 110 (AC 2-9406)—Through Wed., June 12: "From This Day Forward," Joan Fontaine, Mark Stevens; also "Joe Palooka, Champ," Joe Kirkwood, Leon Errol.

LOEW'S 175TH STREET, B'way at 175 (WA 7-5200)—Through Tues., June 11: "Getting Gertie's Garter," Dennis O'Keefe, Marie McDonald; also "Abilene Town," Randolph Scott, Ann Dvorak. . . . Wed., June 12: **GOLDEN BOY,** revival, Barbara Stanwyck, Adolphe Menjou, William Holden; also **THE TALK OF THE TOWN,** revival, Jean Arthur. Cary Grant, Ronald Colman.

COLISEUM, B'way at 181 (WA 7-7200)—Through Wed., June 12: "From This Day Forward," Joan Fontaine, Mark Stevens; also "Joe Palooka, Champ," Joe Kirkwood, Leon Errol.

Skylark...the happy
light hearted fragrance
that gaily says
"it's all in fun!"



Barbara Gould
New York

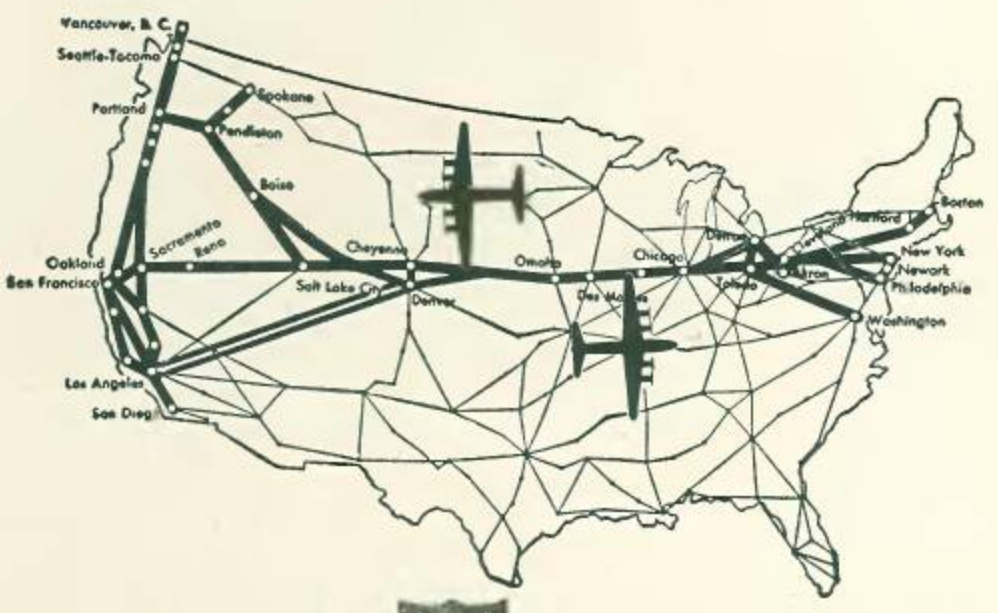
Perfume, $1.50—$3.75
Lilting Fragrance, $1.25
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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

NOTE ON THE ATOMIC AGE: The Golden Star Valet Service, in Washington, D. C., advertises that it not only cleans but completely vaporizes clothes in thirty minutes.

RECONVERSION NOTE: There's a sign on a counter up at F. A. O. Schwarz that reads, "Generals—10c."

NOTE ON THE SPREADING INFLUENCE OF THE THEATRE: In New South Wales, rabbits are now being trapped with rum and brandy, which they love. They get drunk on a mere eye-opener and pass out almost at once, since they are of average height and have no philosophy to sustain them.

STEAM FROM A BUBBLING CALDRON: A pet rabbit in Armonk, which had *not* been drinking, chased a dog, cor-



nered it, and kicked the hell out of it. In Lancaster, Pennsylvania, a woman threw her wrestler husband twice, then divorced him. Twentieth Century-Fox changed the title of its film about the O.S.S. from "32 Rue Madeleine" to "13 Rue Madeleine" because "13 is a much more provocative number than 32." An Indianapolis bird club that spends its time teaching birds to sing celebrated its first anniversary. In this year's Paul Revere ceremony in Massachusetts, the man playing Revere's unsuccessful companion, William Dawes, hitched a ride in a van for himself and his horse, and beat Revere by five minutes. A policeman in Windsor, Connecticut, put a nickel in a pay phone to call headquarters and found himself talking to Guadalcanal. A man in South Dakota left fifty thousand dollars to be paid for the answer to a riddle that he had composed, and the *American Vegetarian*, a monthly magazine, offered to pay for the meals of any members of the United Nations Security



Council who live on an exclusively vegetarian diet during their stay in New York. A sailor expecting a twenty-three-dollar refund on his income tax received a check for $555,555.55, which a spokesman for the Internal Revenue Bureau said was probably the result of an error. A tank containing five thousand gallons of water burned down in Idaho. A couple in Syracuse petitioned the court to change their name from Woycieszyn to Woyciesjes. A man in Brooklyn discovered that the electric wires in his house had been tapped by the landlord to get free current, and a veteran in Philadelphia complained that his artificial foot was being held by his landlord as security for unpaid rent. A man wrote to the *Times* suggesting that the way to open hard clams when they get nervous and taut is to let them relax for ten or fifteen minutes and then knife them.

FOR the benefit of future historians of this as yet unnamed decade, we present a brief account of what we believe to be the first postwar transatlantic apartment swap. It involves the exchange of a small studio apartment on Gay Street, in the Village, for a twenty-room apartment at 10 Rue de Pomereu, in Paris, and gives, we believe, an accurate and awesome picture of the extent of the current world housing shortage. The story begins with Mrs. Edna Lewis, of 555 Madison Avenue. Mrs. Lewis isn't a real-estate agent, but, along with a good many of the rest of us, she has of late developed a certain knack in real-estate affairs. When we dropped in to see her the other day, she told us that, since she has lived in the same apartment building for eleven years, people always know where to find her, and that is why she knows so many people. We found this reasoning obscure, but we urged her to proceed. She said she'd been sharing her apartment for several years with some friends, a couple named Ritt. When her son had got out of the Army and, with his wife, had looked in vain for an apartment in town, Mrs. Lewis naturally decided that she would have to take them in. This was bad news for the Ritts. "I offered to help them find another place," Mrs. Lewis said, "but of course I hadn't the least idea how I was going to do it."

Providence stepped in at this point. Through a friend of a relative of Mrs. Lewis (a fairly direct connection by today's standards), the Ritts learned that a Mrs. Schmidt, on Gay Street, was considering taking her two children to Paris to join her husband, who is there with the Joint Distribution Committee. The Ritts hurried down and introduced



themselves to Mrs. Schmidt, talked up the cultural benefits of Paris for the children, and said that they would be willing to take over her apartment. Mrs. Schmidt was swayed, but the next day Dr. Schmidt radioed to her that after months of effort he was still unable to find an apartment in Paris, and to hold onto the Gay Street place as a possible means of barter. The Ritts sadly reported this to Mrs. Lewis. "I recalled then,"

Mrs. Lewis told us, "that a friend of mine in Pennsylvania—he doesn't like to be talked about, so I mustn't mention his name—had an apartment in Paris that he'd lived in before the war. He moved out of it about two days before the Germans moved in. I got in touch with him and he said he'd just been wondering what to do with the place. During the war, it was occupied by members of the German General Staff, who paid a hundred and twenty-five dollars a month rent for it. Seventeen months' back rent is still due my friend from the French administrator of the property. When the Germans cleared out, my friend invited General Eisenhower to move in. The General said he didn't need it but American Embassy personnel and Army Special Services would be glad to make use of it. Well, they did use it, but they've given it up now, and my friend said he'd consider making a deal with the Schmidts."

Egged on by Mrs. Lewis, the Ritts again dashed down to see Mrs. Schmidt. She was startled to learn that an apartment was available in Paris and further startled at the fact that it had twenty rooms, four baths, and a fifty-foot terrace; the Gay Street apartment has two rooms, one bath, and no terrace. Her husband went to have a look at 10 Rue de Pomereu, liked it, and radioed Mrs. Schmidt to go ahead and make a deal for it, if possible. This is the way things have worked out: the Ritts have a lease for fifteen months at a hundred and twenty-five dollars a month on the Gay Street apartment, and the Schmidts have a lease for the same length of time and the same amount on the Paris apartment. The Schmidts had paid their total Gay Street rent in advance, so the Ritts pay their rent directly to Mrs. Lewis's anonymous friend. No international financial transactions. Mrs. Schmidt and her children sailed for Paris on a recent morning, the Ritts moved into the Gay Street apartment at noon, and that afternoon Mrs. Lewis's son and daughter-in-law moved in with *her*. Mrs. Lewis has received several appeals for aid from other unsatisfactorily housed friends but, for the moment, is leaving well enough alone.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: There are two neat little signs in the window of the Janet Meisner hat shop, at 397 Madison Avenue. One reads, "No Connection with Any Other Shop," and the other, "No Connection with Any Other Shoppe."

The *Annual Directory of Syndicates and Features*, put out by *Editor & Publisher*, lists Dorothy Thompson's "On the Record" among the syndicated music columns.

The hot and cold faucets in the bathrooms of the Metropolitano Hotel in Quito, Ecuador, are marked "Fria" and "Cold."

Treasure

AN enterprising family with whom we're acquainted took advantage of a sunny Saturday a few weeks ago to drive out to Jones Beach for a picnic. The father, a model of good behavior, spread a blanket on a smooth stretch of sand, brought the hamper from the car, and lay alternately reading and dozing while the mother went off for a brisk hike on the boardwalk and the children played about at the edge of the surf. After a short while, the children grew bored with skipping shells and decided to play pirate. They asked their father what they ought to use for a pirate's chest—after all, you can't play pirate without a chest. The father, that excellent man, said sleepily that the hamper looked about the right size and shape but that they were to be sure not to open it. When the mother came back and announced that it was time for lunch—that's right, the children couldn't for the life of them remember where they'd buried the hamper. They'd marked the place with a shell, a blue clamshell, but it was like all the others along the beach, and . . .

New Toys

NERVOUS? Depressed? Nostalgic? Impatient of the present? Apprehensive of what's to come? Treat yourself to a jaunt to the New York Central's Kingsbridge freight yards at 230th Street, just east of Spuyten Duyvil, and watch the shiny new autos being unloaded for delivery to dealers at the rate of two hundred and eighty cars a day. We witnessed this heart-warming spectacle one day last week in the company of Mr. John H. Wambough, automobile agent for the New York Central System and a former associate of the Fleet Carrier Corporation, an outfit that transports new cars from factory to dealer on tremendous truck trailers. "Around 1936, they were moving dozens of cars to each one the railroads moved," Mr. Wambough told us, "but even then I felt the freight car was the better carrier—call that disloyalty if you want to." We said we'd think it over, and Mr. Wambough went on to say that the trailer companies got somewhat disorganized during the war, that the Central is the only railway with a through overland freight route from Detroit right into New York, and that it now disgorges at its Kingsbridge yards ninety per cent of the new cars arriving in the metropolitan district. "Just about every new Chevrolet, Hudson, Nash, Packard, Buick, Oldsmobile, Pontiac, Chrysler, and Plymouth that comes into Greater New York is unloaded here," Wambough said, "and we hope that Kaisers, Frasers, and Bobbi-Kars will come this way when they start coming. A few Cadillacs are being routed to the Central's Sixtieth Street freight station, near the Cadillac warehouse."

Mouthing these wonderful names to ourself, we stood on a wooden platform between two tracks and watched a crew of Central men unload, with many a happy clang of hammer, a shipment of immaculate Chevrolets from a string of steel boxcars. The Chevvies were stowed in tiers—two Chevvies to a tier and two tiers to a boxcar. Cars of the lower tier were fastened to the floor by clamps and chains. Upper-tier cars were hung from the roof in steel frames held by cables and were lowered by electrically driven jacks. Off, as we gazed in mounting excitement, came their clamps, chains, frames, and cables, and onto the platform they were driven, motors droning, chromium gleaming. Every time six had been disengaged, the freight men drove them, horns tooting, into an adjacent warehouse, which has 300,000 square feet of floor space, room for 1,700 cars. These statistics were provided by Mr. Dominic Cretelli, the Central's Kings-





"A very dear friend gave me some wonderful old Scotch, and there just happened to be a bottle of papaya juice in the icebox."

• •

bridge freight agent, to whom Mr. Wambough had presented us. "My boys can unload a freight car in twenty-five minutes," Mr. Cretelli told us. "Most of them are war veterans with mechanical experience." A few of Mr. Cretelli's boys were wearing Army fatigues. One had on a sharp checkered odd coat and slacks, bow tie, and porkpie hat—doubtless a Princeton man. "Came in to work right from some dance hall, I judge," said Cretelli. "They're all good, fast, hard-working boys, and just like a bunch of kids with a new toy. You can always count on them to treat a shiny new car with loving care."

All incoming cars are supposed to have just under a gallon of gas when they get here, but occasional empties turn up, and the boys push them along the platform, at these moments looking like a bunch of kids with an *old* toy. A few flats have to be pumped up. No car, no matter how earnestly bespoken, is delivered to a new owner at Kingsbridge. All are claimed there by dealers, who send over trailer trucks or a bunch of men either to haul or to drive them away.

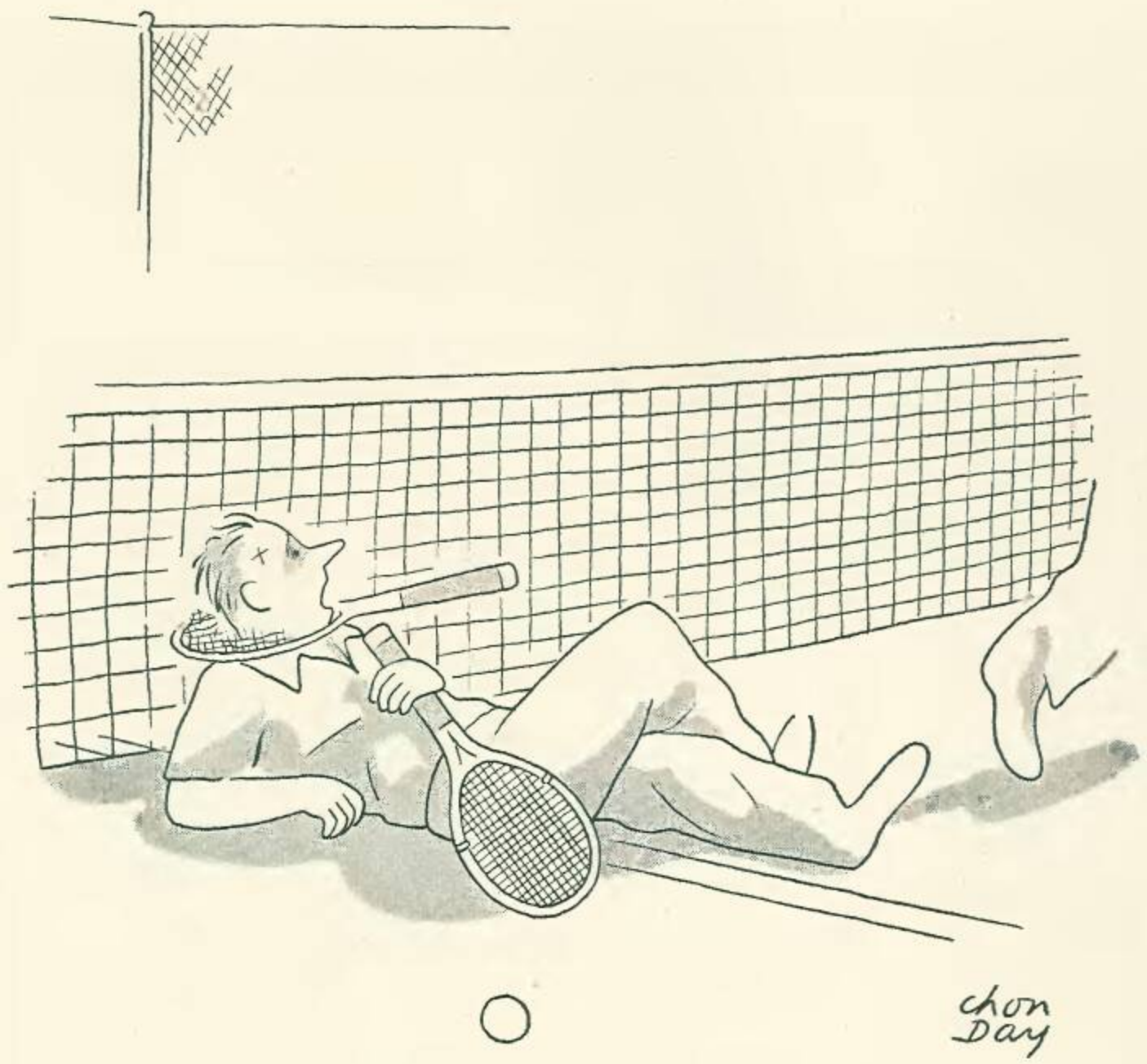
Connoisseur

A LADY was shopping in Woolworth's the other day, and as she passed the book counter on her way from clothespins to cookie cutters, she heard a customer demand of the salesgirl, "Are these all best-sellers, or just books?"

Still at It

SOME of our older subscribers may recall that ten or twelve years ago we devoted several paragraphs to a Mr. Thomas D. Storie, a map draughtsman with a passion for walking city streets, who had then traversed every thoroughfare in Manhattan (503 miles) and was well along toward covering the other boroughs of New York and the environs of the city—had, in fact, already walked the principal streets of the Bronx, Brooklyn, Queens, Staten Island, Jersey City, Newark, Hoboken, Elizabeth, Hackensack, and Paterson, and, during vacations, some of the streets of Boston, St. Louis, Philadelphia, and Chattanooga. Recently we heard that Mr. Storie has resumed his local walking after an interlude in the Army, and we called on him to check his record. All things considered, it is perfectly splendid. The Stories—for Catharine Storie loyally accompanies her husband on almost all his jaunts—finished up the Bronx (752 miles) toward the end of 1935 and, on the memorably hot day of July 16, 1938, at a point somewhere out in Canarsie, finished Brooklyn (1,472 miles) and repaired by subway to the St. George Hotel for mint juleps.

The Stories were deep in Queens when, in January, 1941, Storie was called into the Army, in which he held a commission in the Reserve. He was on duty at Fort Hamilton and Governors Island for more than a year, so he was near Queens, but his duties were such that he and his wife were able to walk, in a serious way, only on occasional Sundays. In 1942 he was ordered to an Army school in Chicago. He was there



"Sorehead!"

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for a month and managed to walk every evening. "With Catharine not with me," he told us, "I really struck out, and for the first time I walked after dark." Storie, who always wears a pedometer, had rolled up a hundred and ninety-two miles in Chicago when he was transferred to Fort Du Pont, near Wilmington, Delaware, where he was appointed provost marshal. He and his wife spent two years there. Army routine cut cruelly into their walking time, and it took them more than a year to pace Wilmington's hundred and twenty-two miles of streets. This stint completed, Storie found himself in a state of near panic. He likes only city streets, and there was no other city that he could reach after a day's provost-marshalling. He and Mrs. Storie took to moody rural strolls. In the summer of 1944, he was, happily, transferred to Fort Custer, Michigan, from which he and his wife were able to check off a few dozen miles of nearby Battle Creek. Then they moved, even more happily, to Fort Dix, from which they were able to polish off the unfinished sections of metropolitan New Jersey.

Mr. Storie was separated from the service in March of last year. Before he returned to his old job—civilian draughtsman with the Army Engineers, at 120 Wall Street—and his wife to her old job as a librarian at Teachers College, the Stories spent two months walking in cities in fourteen Western states in which they had never before set foot. As a result, Storie now holds the family record of having set foot in all forty-eight states. They stopped off in forty-six places and got in some good walks in El Paso, San Antonio, Santa Fe, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Reno, Portland, Seattle, Salt Lake City, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Milwaukee, and other towns. They departed from their urban routine to poke through the Carlsbad Caverns. The most interesting thing they saw on the whole tour was a sign in Butte, Montana, reading, "Apartment for Rent." They are now back on their Queens beat (2,360 miles), which they expect to finish up next year. Their schedule then calls for Staten Island and Westchester. Storie expects to have walked, eventually, the principal streets in every American city of over a hundred thousand population, of which there are ninety-one. Only nine of these are now virgin to his tread.

The Stories are victims of the law of diminishing terrain, since their present field of action—the extreme southeast section of Queens—is too far off for the weekday after-work walks they used to indulge in. And, like so many people, they are advancing in years—he is forty-four—and they have cut their weekend hikes from ten miles a day to eight. They walk in all manner of weather, eschewing rubbers. They wear overshoes in snow and slush, though, and, winter or summer, they wear wool socks. Storie plans to retire in 1956, buy a powered sailboat, and move aboard. "We'll skirt all the coasts in the world," he says, "stopping to walk a little in the main cities. If anything interferes with this plan, we'll move from one American city to another, in order of population, and do, or redo, all the streets in each one. As it happens, I like the cities in order of population."

Ray of Light

ABOUT this time of year, parents with children in progressive schools look forward uneasily to the receipt of conscientious, highly personal reports on their offsprings' development that bear no resemblance to the old-fashioned report cards, in which grades are given for spelling, arithmetic, and so on, and deportment is marked as good, fair, or bad. One couple of whom we've heard has already received a report on its small son that makes depressing reading indeed; apparently, he hasn't been very successful in group play, in woodworking, or even in rhythm. The last sentence of the report takes a new and slightly encouraging tack, however, and both parents cherish it hopefully. It reads, "Michael is interested in rats and likes to play with them."

Hospitality

THE Officers Service Committee, which since the beginning of 1942 has been servicing officers with theatre tickets and the like at a desk of its own in the Commodore, handed over its space last week to the United Nations Hospitality Committee of New York and the American Theatre Wing, which will henceforth offer a similar service to all the U.N. people and their families. Officers, who are dwindling, will continue to be serviced, dwindlingly. Mr. Charles C. Auchincloss, chairman of the O.S.C., celebrated the occasion of the change-over with a terrific blowout in the West Ballroom of the Commodore. We attended this, along with several

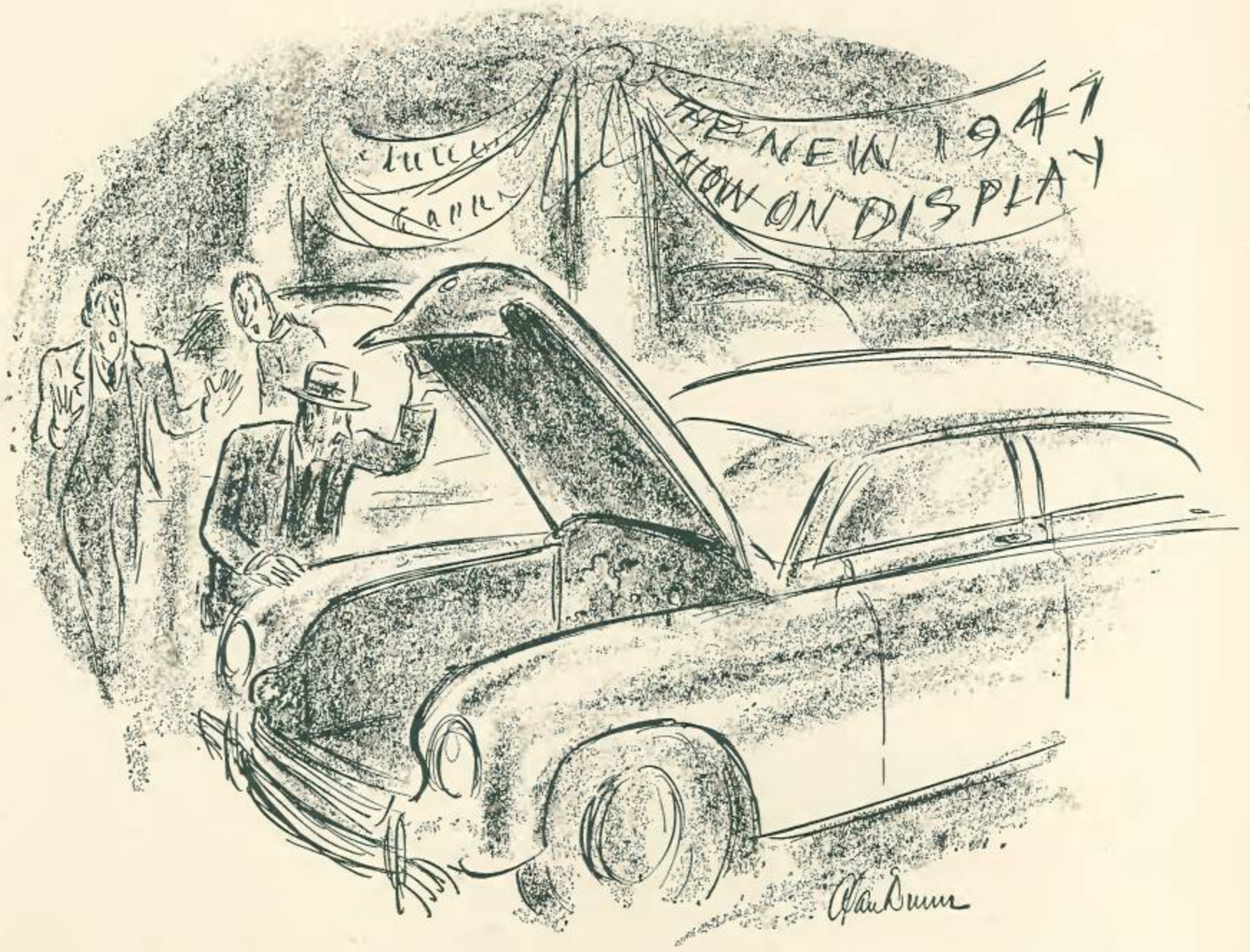
hundred U.N., O.S.C., and A.T.W. officials, delegates, secretaries, relatives, and volunteer workers, and soon found ourself conversing with Frank Crowninshield, present unofficially as a friend of Chairman Auchincloss. "What's really curious about this thing," Mr. Crowninshield said, "is that Charlie Auchincloss looked around for some agency to make officers happier, more comfortable, and—ah—more amused. They thought this thing up, and it became one of the warmest, most moving, and most affectionate of all war enterprises. . . . Brock!" said Mr. C., beckoning to Brock Pemberton, the producer. "How many theatre tickets were obtained for officers here?" "Over a million," said Mr. Pemberton. "Ah, yes," Mr. C. said blandly, "nearly two million theatre tickets," and introduced us to Mr. Auchincloss, who was standing in the middle of the ballroom floor, busily shaking hands with guests. "Thomas J. Donovan, of the New York Defense Recreation Committee, really had the idea," Mr. Auchincloss said, indicating a tall, handsome man nearby. "He got me in on it. We've helped two and a half million officers—or officers two and a half million times—with tickets, information, housing, and so forth." "It's a combination goodbye-and-hello party," said Mrs. Herbert Carlebach, one of Mr. Auchincloss's co-chairmen. "I've never known a nicer organization than the O.S.C. There's Nancy Bourne—she's divine, ran our parties every Saturday. There's Martin Sweeny, president of the Commodore, who gave us all this light, air, and whatnot. Here's another of our loveliest hotel men—Mr. Stack!" she exclaimed, pointing to a milling group. "James O. Stack, of the Ritz?" we asked, out of a wealth of urban background. "There *is* a Stack at the Ritz," said Mrs. Carlebach, "but this one's John Stack, of the Henry Hudson."

An orchestra played briskly beneath a large American flag, several couples danced, O.S.C. Co-Chairman Mrs. Franklin Field and Mrs. Howard Cullman (Theatre Tickets Committee Chairman) bustled about, radiant in hats festooned with daisies, and we had a word or two with Miss Isadora Bennett, publicity director for the American Theatre Wing. "We're trying to restore Grandfather Knickerbocker's hospitality," she said. "All these pretty girls you see are O.S.C. volunteer workers who will carry on in the new setup." At this point, Mr. Auchincloss stepped up to a microphone. "I take no pleasure whatever in introducing to you Mr. Charles C. Auchincloss," he began, and went on for some time. "O.S.C. just loves Martin Sweeny," he was saying when a man whispered something to him. He wound up his speech rather abruptly and gave way to Ray Bolger, who said, "We have in our midst some of the world's greatest people. Let's show them what we can do," and, suiting the action to the word, executed a lively parody of the male half of a ballroom dancing team.

Mr. Sweeny read a speech inaudibly and shook hands with Grover Whalen. Miss Bennett's assistant, a girl with a lovely South Carolina inflection, said to us, "Mr. Auchincloss is very serious and efficient. He's a cute thing. Mr. Stettinius and Mr. Trygve Lie disappointed us—some other U.N. engagement—but Mr. Lie is being represented by Jean Herbert, president of the U.N. Secretariat staff." "Our peak month was October, 1945," said Mrs. Field at this point, "with sixty-five thousand, five hundred, and eighty-two people, or was it sixty-five thousand, five hundred, and ninety-two?" "Want to meet a Chinese general?" Mrs. Carlebach asked us, and introduced us to two—General Shang Chen, chief of the Chinese delegation of the Military Staff Committee of the U.N., and Major General Yeh Nan, military attaché to the Chinese Embassy in Paris. "I have moved from the Ambassador to Long Island, in the Port of Washington," General Shang told us, "in a big compound named Harbor Acres. The house belongs to Mrs. Seesee Patterson." Shang, a full general, wore three stars, but Yeh, a remarkably youthful major general, was starless. A red-haired American Army captain came up to him and said, "What outfit you with, bud?"

Praise

HAVING become bewitched while in Lilly Daché's last Wednesday afternoon, a normally conservative Bronxville matron departed with a frilly white fifty-dollar ball of fluff perched over her starboard ear. On her way home from the Bronxville station, she stopped off at a store to pick up a hatpin. The salesgirl who waited on her admired the creation greatly. "It's not a bit like some of the hats that come in here," she said. "Yours really *does* look homemade."



STORY OF A PATRON

SO brief was Horace Rump's notoriety as a Genuine English Primitive that Mr. Haberdine, who discovered him, never received his due as a connoisseur. Mr. Rump was a retired policeman, the husband of the village postmistress, and a large, pale man, mute as a mushroom. Mr. Haberdine was also retired, but had no wife to obscure him from the public eye. He had retired from a business which traded on the London Stock Exchange, and some said he had been a passive agent in the process, the impulse for leisure and a quiet country life having been forced on him by circumstances. But no scandal touched him in Dogbury. He lived in a tidy house with a very tidy garden. He owned, and preserved carefully, a stretch of trout stream. He was a churchwarden and went to church at every possible opportunity.

Mr. Rump went to church only at Christmas, at Easter, for Harvest Festival, and on the Sunday (a Sunday in Advent) which came closest to the date of his birthday. For some years he was no more to Mr. Haberdine than an impression of a tenor voice and a correct demeanor—an impression deepened on every occasion of Mr. Rump's attending public worship. Then, one Easter morning, Mr. Rump approached his churchwarden and asked him if he had noticed that the jam pot at the north corner of the font, containing daffodils, was an earthenware jam pot.

Mr. Haberdine thanked Mr. Rump for drawing his attention to the lapse. He would see to it.

"Yes, Mr. Haberdine. Pray do. I have always understood that clear glass is permissible. Earthenware, no." Had Mr. Rump been speaking in the Court of Arches, he could not have spoken with more authority. Mr. Haberdine thanked him again and told Mrs. Baggs, the church charwoman, to return the earthenware jam pot to a secular life.

A little while after, when Mr. Haberdine was buying stamps, Mr. Rump appeared from the parlor behind the post-office counter and said that if Mr. Haberdine had the time to step into the parlor, he would like his opinion on a cactus. The cactus proved to be fine and fleshy, but only, it seemed, a pretext. Before it was an easel, and on the easel a portrait of the plant, one of those portraits one sees in seedsmen's catalogues, irrefutably accurate and yet strongly laudatory.

"I didn't know you painted," said Mr. Haberdine. At the time he did not know, either, that he was a connoisseur.

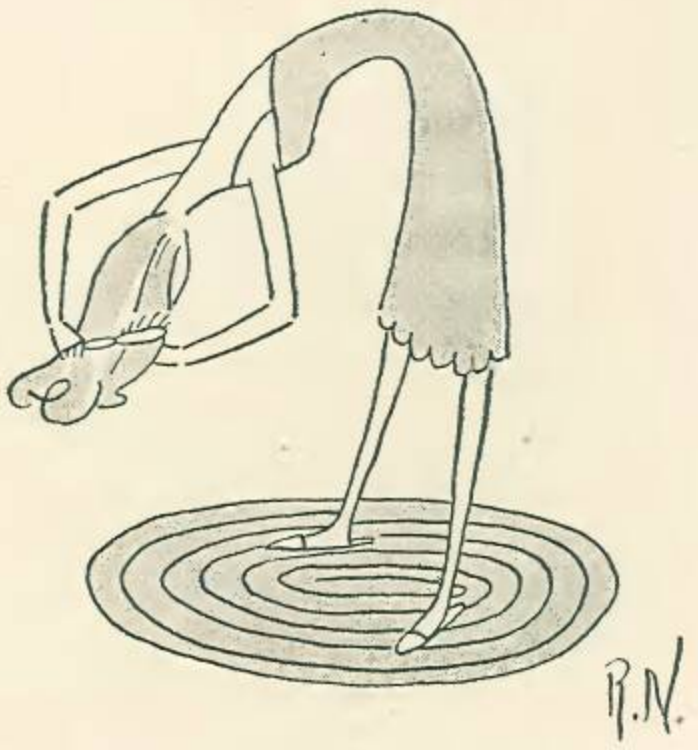
"Being retired, I looked round for a little hobby," said Mr. Rump. "I don't and never have approved of idleness. Correspondingly, I took up art."

Mr. Haberdine asked to see more examples of Mr. Rump's art, and Mr. Rump produced a portrait of Mrs. Rump. It was a remarkable likeness, quite as accurate as the portrait of the cactus but more dispassionate, as though Mrs. Rump had been grown by a rival seedsman. After praises, Mr. Rump brought out a larger canvas. " 'Harvest Festival,' " said he.

At first glance it was a still life of apples, tomatoes, beets, carrots, and a pumpkin, painted in the same seedsmanly spirit. But in the bottom left-hand corner was a minute clergyman (about half the size of a carrot), surpliced and on his knees—a very discriminating presentation of Mr. Aubrey, the rector. And emerging from the top right-hand corner was a Hand (much larger than the pumpkin), manicured and extended in a gesture of ownership. Mr. Haberdine examined the picture with pleasure. Its symbolism was immediately clear to him, and the kind of symbolism he approved of. He asked Mr. Rump if he had ever seen an American film in which the Deity was represented in the same reverent manner. With the calm of the artist, Mr. Rump answered that he had not seen such a film.

These were all the canvases he would reveal. Later, he said, if Mr. Haberdine cared to step round, there might be more.

Mr. Haberdine went home in a fever of connoisseurship. It was a scoop, he told himself, already a patron of the arts, and then thought quickly, Provided no one else gets hold of him! His impatience was great, but the feeling for negotiation which he had learned during his business career taught him not to show it. Outwardly calm, he waited for another summons from Mr. Rump. It came in just about a week.



The new picture was more animated than "Harvest Festival" but just as symbolical. A public house was suspended like a phoenix in a bouquet of flames. Its windows showed a lighted interior, where debauchees were revelling with cards and mugs, and a clockface registering ten minutes after the official time of closing. At the summit of the composition, floating in a calm night sky, was a gigantic, highly articulated Ear.

Mr. Rump took Mr. Haberdine's encouragements calmly and said he had another piece in mind, to do with a funeral. This also took about a week and enforced the same teaching of the proportional relations of God and man. An Arm, draped in a dark blue sleeve, stretched across the center, and along it went a funeral procession iced with white flowers, like a wedding cake. Beyond the blue cuff, a Hand, stately, and manicured as before, negligently let fall a manikin draped in a shroud.

Mr. Haberdine realized that in Mr. Rump he had found not only a natural but a reliable genius. He asked if anyone else had seen the pictures, and was pleased to hear that Mr. Rump was keeping them to himself.

"Quite right, quite right! It would never do if they got into the wrong hands."

"They won't. There's no larceny where I'm about."

"But you would not mind an expert opinion? Just a professional opinion, binding you to nothing. A valuation—"

"I don't need a valuation. I know their value right enough. Five pounds apiece, and I wouldn't take a penny less. Not that, either, unless they go where they'll be appreciated as they ought to be appreciated."

Agonized at the thought of some five-pound tourist chancing on his Unknown Master, Mr. Haberdine exhausted himself in persuasions. Finally, and on an understanding that Mr. Rump would be bound to nothing, he won permission to introduce an expert for a few minutes.

LEAVING nothing to chance, Mr. Haberdine went to London on the breakfast train and spent nine pounds fifteen shillings and ninepence in entertaining Mr. Esme Bosworth-Griggs. Mr. Bosworth-Griggs was renowned for having a flair. He also excelled in what his friends called handling. So gifted a man was not to be wooed



"Together?"

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in a couple of sentences. Repeatedly, Mr. Haberdine explained what a remarkable artist Mr. Rump was and how much more remarkable for being also a retired policeman. "Think of that Swiss fellow," said he. "Rousseau. Why shouldn't an Englishman do it, too?"

Mr. Bosworth-Griggs did not answer this. He spoke of the intricate nature of art, the long apprenticeship that is needed to become a connoisseur, the enormous odds against spotting a winner. It would be hazardous, too, he said, to stake much on putting over a name like Rump.

Mr. Haberdine said that Rump was no worse as a name than Botticelli, and easier to remember.

In tones warmed by whiskey and old acquaintance, Mr. Bosworth-Griggs begged Mr. Haberdine to keep out of art. "You'll only get overenthusiastic, Habbie, like you did that other time. Take a friendly tip and keep out of it."

"But these things have got more than art. Much more. They've got appeal. Think of the American market! Why,

the first thing they notice about London is the police force."

"No, Habbie. Definitely no. Speaking as a friend, I can't in conscience go into it."

"Very well. Then I'll take it on alone."

Suddenly melting, Mr. Bosworth-Griggs said he would come down for a weekend's fishing.

It was a triumph for Mr. Haberdine. Yet, when the weekend came, he began to wish the triumph unwon and Mr. Rump his undisputed darling. Though Mr. Bosworth-Griggs said little and made no promises, it was patent that his flair had told him that Mr. Rump would repay handling. "You must get him into the Church," he pronounced. "There's always room for a genuine religious artist. Simple faith, the eye of a child, calendars, and all that. I suppose he's reliable? Won't go off on vegetables?"

"Can't stop him if he does, can I?" inquired Mr. Haberdine pettishly. "Art's chancy—you said so yourself."

Mr. Bosworth-Griggs mused on. "It's a pity about his name. The Free Churches would never hear of a religious artist called Rump. It'll have to be those progressive chaps that go in for Socialism and processions and popery. Well, I'll have a look round. Meanwhile, you must nurse him."

Mr. Rump was a quiet nursling. Fed with paints and canvas, he produced a picture weekly, and, except for an anxious interval when he went off on dogs, his productions continued to express simple faith and the eye of a child. In one respect his childishness was inconveniently more manifest than his faith. He was exceedingly secretive. Even when the Dean of Jude's came to inspect the new master, he refused to exhibit more than three canvases, and then only with the blinds down.

The Dean was Mr. Bosworth-Griggs' first catch. There could not be —so he wrote Mr. Haberdine—a better one. And he added that, provided Mr. Haberdine steered clear of religion and put forth a good lunch, he could say pretty much what he liked, as the Dean was one of these Thomists.

PRESENTLY commissions began to come in: two banners and a sign to hang outside a hostel. Mr. Rump took the first breaths of fame on an even keel and utilized his excursion into dogs for one of the banners, which was commissioned by a Guild of St. Bernard.

"But shouldn't it be the Saint?" ventured his patron. "I'm afraid it was the Saint they wanted."

"I paint what I know," replied the artist. "There's the dog. There's God." He pointed to a monumental Leg, encased in dark blue, against which the dog, with a trustful expression, was leaning.

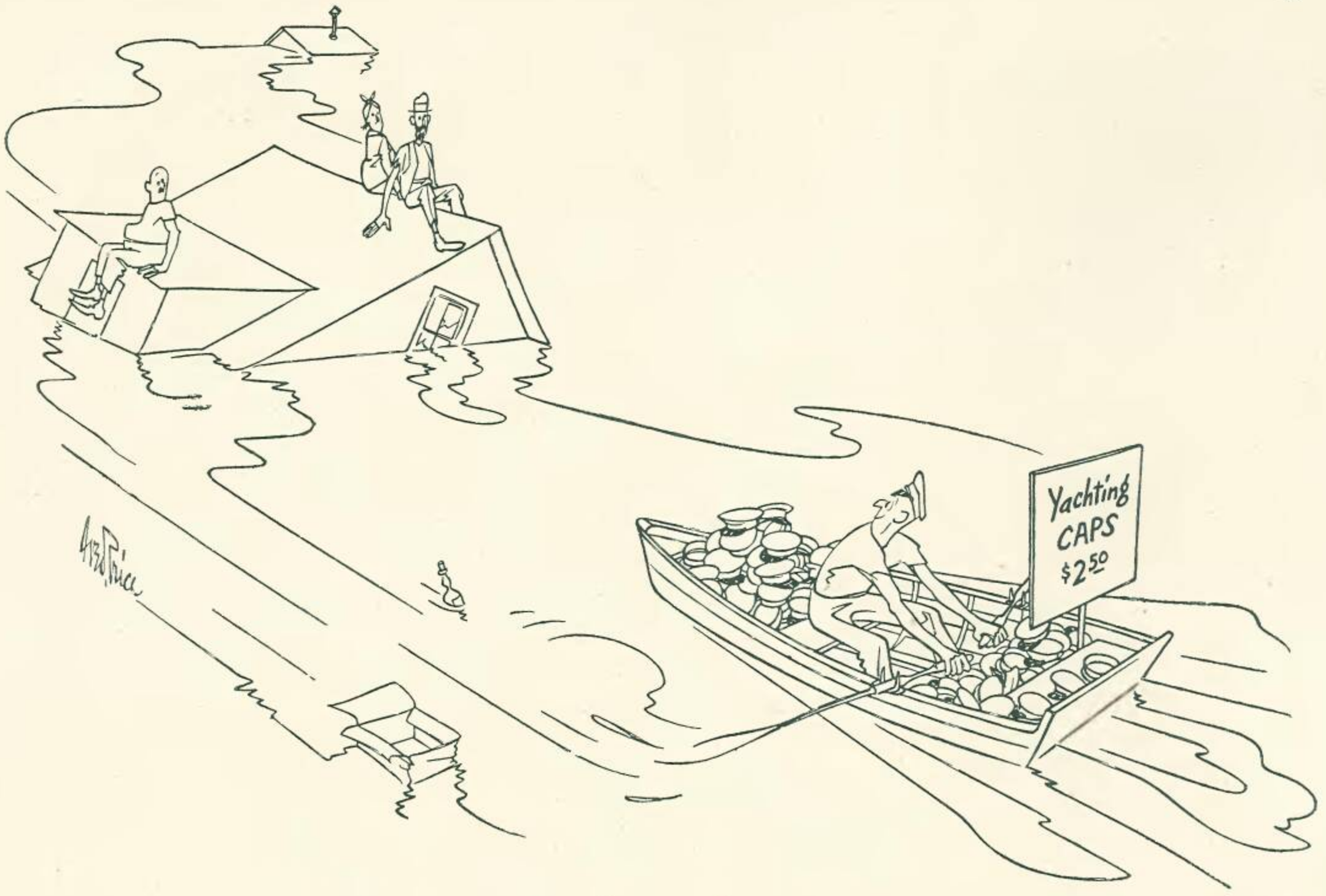
At this period, Mr. Rump was still limiting himself to representing only sections of the Deity—sections always vast and smooth and, where flesh, of a rich, creamlike pallor, and, where covered, covered in dark blue. Sometimes the dark blue covering was embellished with silver full moons, and this convention was noted by Lady Cuthberta Wugley (a friend of the Dean's and, so far as a woman may be, a Thomist herself) as typical of Rump's stylization, which marked him a Genuine English Primitive. For by this time the name of Rump was on many cultured lips and spoken with confidence.

Throughout the autumn, Mr. Rump went on producing, and on the second Sunday in Advent he went to church for his birthday. During the sermon, Mr. Haberdine observed, the artist gazed steadily and somewhat critically at a stained-glass window, and he was not much surprised when the next work of art, entitled, with majestic plainness, "The Almighty," turned out to be a full-length. This warranted a letter to Mr. Bosworth-Griggs, in the course of which, after mentioning that the new work was very fine and full of genuine English Primitive feeling, Mr. Haberdine ventured to query whether it was all right for the First Person of the Trinity to be clean-shaven.

ROUND about Christmas, Mr. Bosworth-Griggs paid a second visit to Dog-



"Do you know horses?"



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bury. Everything, he said, was coming on nicely, and he had hit on the right word for Mr. Rump's art. "Theo-realism! Links him up with Dali, you see, and yet shows why he's a step up. Now we've about got to the stage when we can discover him. The question is, who's to do it?"

"Didn't I?" cried Mr. Haberdine.

"Not advisable, dear Habbie. It really would not do. I did think of the Dean, but something's come over the Dean. He says he'll open an exhibition but that's as far as he'll go. There's that Wugley woman—"

"If you think I'm going to be elbowed out of this, you're mistaken!" exclaimed Mr. Haberdine.

"Dear boy! Nobody's elbowing you. I said fifty-fifty at the start, and—"

"I'm not talking about fifty-fifty. I'm talking about art. Who discovered Rump? I did! And I mean to have the credit of it."

"You can't, Haberdine. You'd sink it. You can't, unless you change your name."

"And what about Rump? You've got Rump to reckon with. Rump's a retired policeman, he knows the law, he isn't going to sit by and let himself be discovered by whoever you please to send "

"Damn Rump! He's got nothing to do with it."

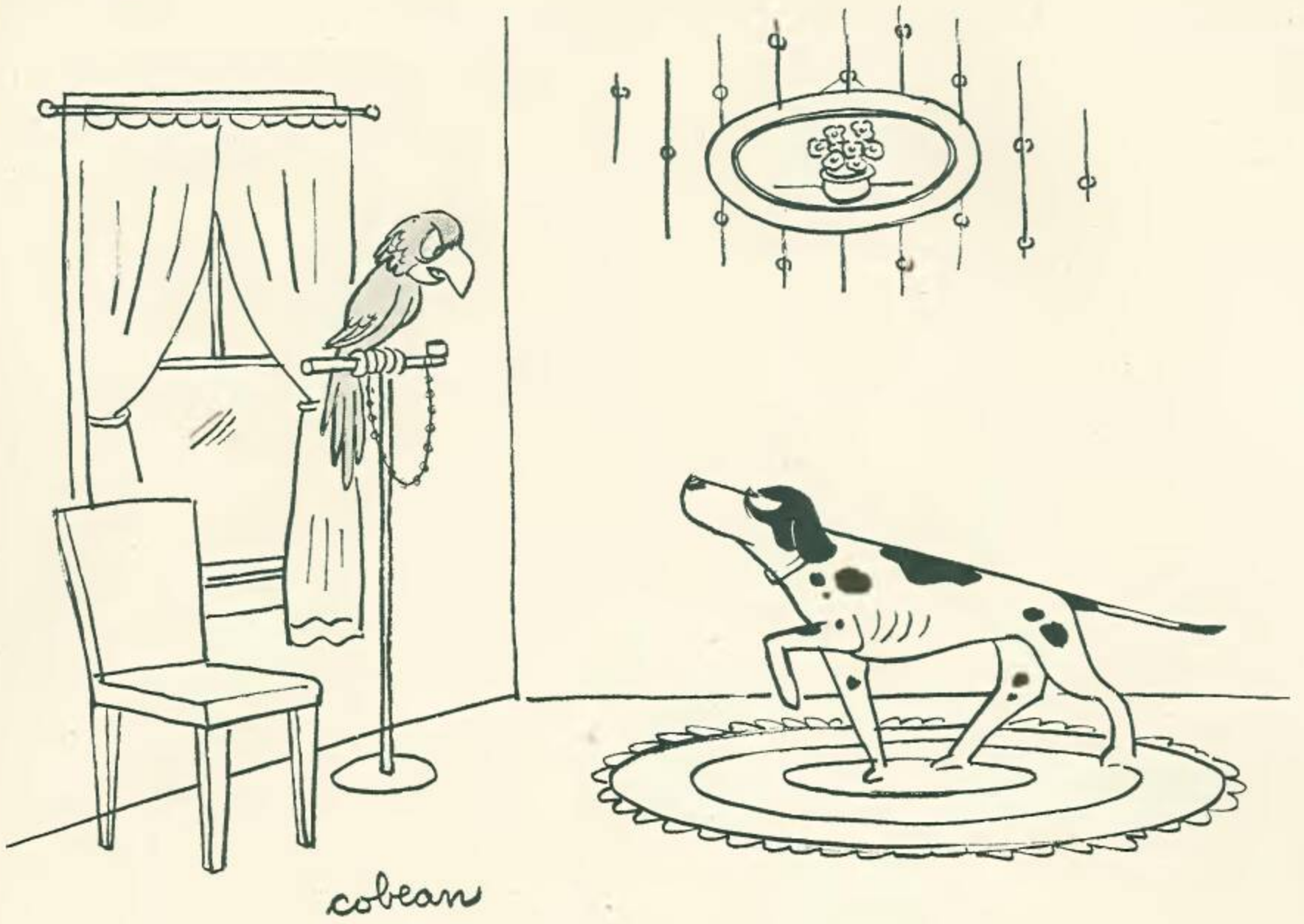
"*What?*" Mr. Haberdine's yell expressed a genuine reverence for art. Mr. Bosworth-Griggs' quick ear recognized something new and incalculable. He gazed thoughtfully at Mr. Haberdine and said in a mild voice that quarrels between old friends were abhorrent to him and that for the present it would be best to postpone everything. Mr. Haberdine agreed.

That same evening, Mr. Haberdine began to establish his copyright. He visited Mr. Rump and bought for five pounds the picture called "Harvest Festival." Then he posted a bill on the church notice board announcing that a remarkable specimen of local talent was on show at his house. There would be an entrance fee of sixpence a head and the proceeds would go to the Church Roof Restoration Fund. Soon one pound nineteen shillings had been raised for the fund, and Mr. Haberdine was known everywhere in Dogbury as the man who had discovered Mr. Rump.

The artist took his fame very modestly. Indeed, there was something austere in the way he received congratulations and put by inquiries as to how much Mr. Haberdine had paid for the painting and whether the foremost carrot was taken from life. So reserved was he that he did not think fit to mention that another art lover had visited him, introducing himself as a friend of Lady Cuthberta Wugley's. So nothing befell to prepare Mr. Haberdine for the shock of receiving a card inviting him to the private view at the Damon Galleries of an exhibition of Theo-realistic paintings by Horace Rump. And as the card reached him only the evening before the date named, he had little time for reproaches or inquiries.

Seated in the breakfast train, Mr. Haberdine was not sure whether he was going to the Damon Galleries in order to demonstrate a disinterested love of art or to have it out there and then with Bosworth-Griggs—if indeed that serpent dared show himself. As for Mr. Rump's part in the outrage, he could not bear to think of it. To be diddled by a serpent was bad enough; to be deceived by a simple religious artist was beyond all.

The serpent was present, and came forward blandly enough to greet him, and had the effrontery to set about introducing him as another of Rump's admirers. Blinded with rage, Mr. Haberdine could hardly distinguish between the people he was introduced to, all of them speaking in art-loving tones and all of them, it seemed, established admirers of Rump and devotees of Theo-realism. As for the canvases, he could not look at them, so deeply was he chagrined at discovering how many of them, and those



"Aw, nuts! Why don't you grow up?"

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the gaudiest and most full-lengthed, he had never set eyes on. He did, however, recognize the Dean, whose slightly withdrawn manner and occasional coughs made it clear that he was keeping to his promise to introduce the new English Primitive.

"Quite a throng, isn't it? Quite a throng," said Mr. Bosworth-Griggs, bustling around and seeming to love everyone present—even, such was his audacity, Mr. Haberdine. "Excuse me, Avery. I'm sure I oughtn't to drag you from your prey, but I must just introduce my old friend Haberdine. He lives in the same village as Rump and knows him well." A man who had been going round the pictures with a sad, conscientious face and whom Mr. Haberdine had assumed to be a gallery attendant, or the picture framer, or perhaps a private detective, turned at these words, and was therefore undoubtedly Timon Avery, the celebrated art critic. He now examined, with the same sad conscientiousness, Mr. Haberdine's quietly patterned cravat.

"What sort of man is Rump? Does he lead a regular life?" he said.

"Oh, yes, very."

"Hmm. Is he a religious man?"

"Oh, yes. He goes to church."

"Hmm. Is he ever violent?"

"Never," replied Mr. Haberdine, surprised but confident.

"Hmm." Mr. Avery turned back to the pictures.

"He's enthralled by them," whispered Lady Cuthberta Wugley. "Look, he can't leave them."

That was quite true. Even when the Dean moved to the center of the room, as to a pulpit; even when everyone else became fixed and hushed and gazed with determination at some chance object, as though they were members of a congregation; even when the Dean proclaimed that he had been asked to say a few words, Timon Avery continued to mouse among the pictures, staring with the sad, pale eyes of a cat preoccupied with some private consideration.

The Dean spoke as a Thomist should, displaying a heavenly intelligence armored in knowledge of the world, and for exactly five minutes. He explained the necessity for Theo-realism, and how the development of Europe's finest thinking called for it, and how Horace Rump had answered the call. He also explained how fitting it was that the European demand should be answered by an Englishman who had served his country as a guardian of law and order and how the guardianship of law and order would be prevenient to the grasp of theological conceptions. He then bade those present observe the acumen of Mr. Rump's simple formulae and compared the somewhat repetitive quality of the pictures to the sameness of the solar system. Penultimately, he acknowledged himself obliged to the artist for a deepened insight into the Nicene Creed. Finally, he announced that it would give him pleasure to introduce Mr. Rump to this first gathering of his admirers, and called on him to come forward.

Mr. Rump came forward, emerging from behind a heavy curtain. He wore a dark blue suit and looked even smoother and more clean-shaved than usual. His pale face was inscrutably composed. He did not bow, speak, or offer any indications of being human. Under his arm he held a canvas, and this he suddenly thrust into the hands of the Dean, using that gentleman as an impromptu easel.

"My latest," he said, speaking at last. "Portrait of myself."

There was, with model and painting thus juxtaposed, no doubt of it. Though the style of the picture was timeless and the dark blue suit disassociated from any mere tailoring by a hierarchic severity and symmetry, the portrait was of Mr. Rump. It was also, even to the silver-moon police-uniform buttons, an exact facsimile of all the other portraits around the room, portraits, according to Mr. Rump and the Dean, of the Almighty.

Folding his arms, wrapped in schizophrenic calm, Mr. Rump stood surveying the first gathering of his admirers, surveying them with the authority of the Creator examining the creation and not yet absolutely convinced that it was good.

The admirers, glancing from Mr. Rump to Mr. Rump's Theo-realistic works, stood silent and confused. Only the Dean, obscured behind the self-portrait, displayed no realization that something rather awkward was taking place. Only Timon Avery, slipping away like the serpent from Eden, seemed at peace with himself and the world.—Sylvia Townsend Warner

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HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the Detroit News*]

To step up production, France is studying American coal mining methods.

SIX-THIRTY SUPPER

PETER FINDLAY had spent the afternoon at a friend's seventh-birthday party, and though his place was laid at the family dinner table, he could take no interest in food. A question about what he had had to eat at the party elicited such a list—popcorn, Pepsi-Cola, ice cream, cake, and peanut-butter sandwiches—that Mrs. Findlay freely gave him permission to get down from his chair and wander whither he would. He had a souvenir of his afternoon—a cardboard Mickey Mouse, suspended on a string between two sticks, that could be persuaded to jump up and turn somersaults. In his short gray flannel suit, Peter was looking very well brushed and handsome, if also a trifle flushed and glassy-eyed. He strayed about the dining room, jumping his mouse, getting in the way generally, leaning on the table too near the flickering candle flames, and hampering the maid.

Adam, eleven, had no excuse to leave his place, and his face darkened when the maid started around the table with a casserole of scalloped potatoes. Adam loathed them. He watched the casserole approaching him inescapably by way of his mother, his father, and his sister Jane, none of whom had any special feeling, one way or the other, about scalloped potatoes, and when his turn came, he took an infinitesimal helping, a teaspoonful, and looked quickly at his mother's face and then up into the face of the maid. Her long arms, holding the dish down so he could get at it, stiffened. He put the fork and spoon in the dish, leaned back, and looked away.

"Adam!" Mrs. Findlay said sharply.

"But I simply despise it," he said.

"I can't help that. Now take a decent amount and don't keep everybody waiting." How handsome he is, his mother thought; how unbearable when he's like this.

Adam took another tiny spoonful and then, darting the same provocative look at his mother, laid the fork and spoon in the dish. The others at the table descended on him with upbraiding: "Perfectly ridiculous," "Perfectly good scalloped potatoes," "Very rude," "Very unpleasant." "*Early to bed*," contributed Mrs. Findlay finally, and glanced across at her husband for confirmation. "No question about it," came the immediate support from the head of the table.

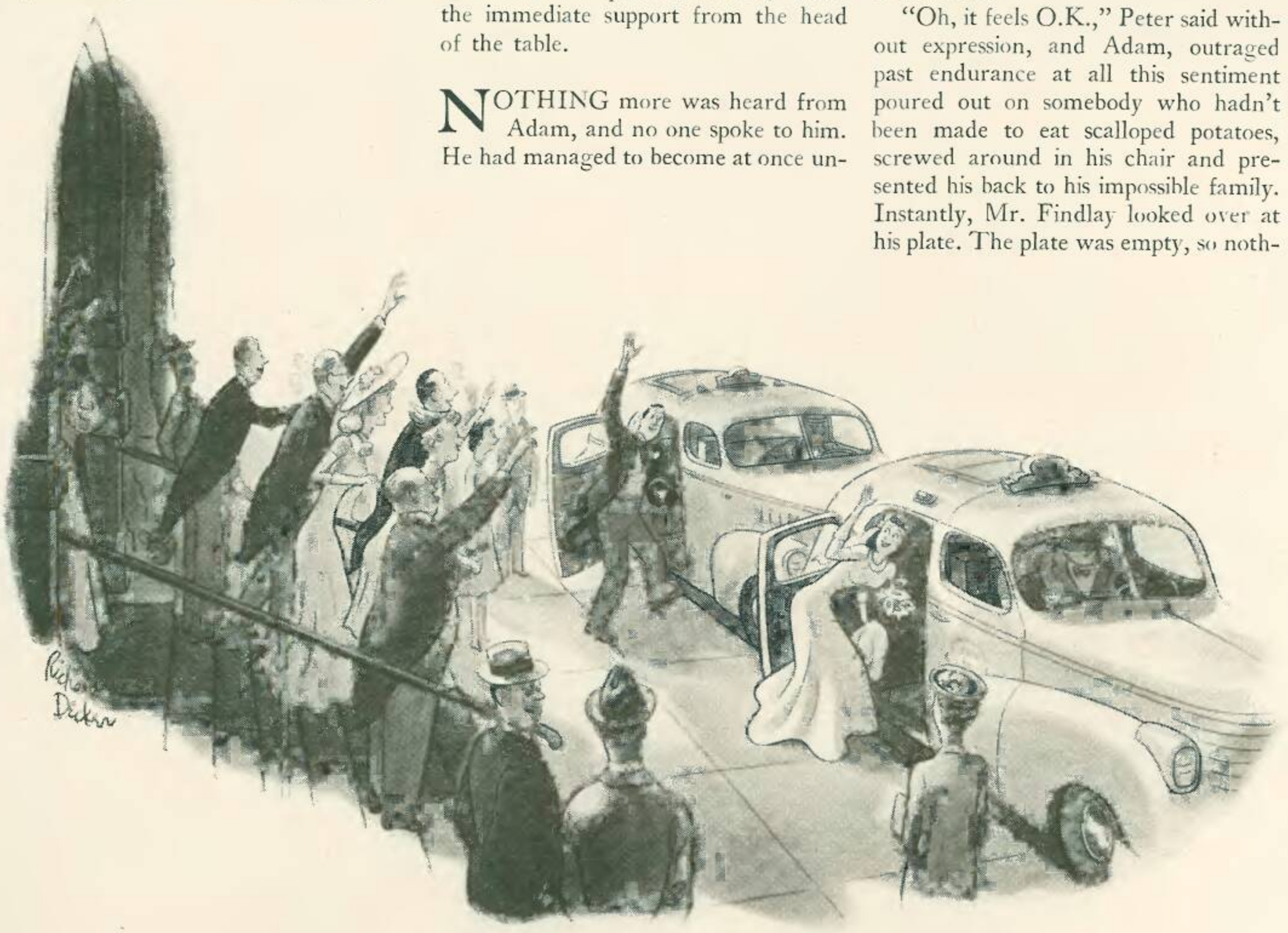
NOTHING more was heard from Adam, and no one spoke to him. He had managed to become at once unpopular and forgotten. He was busy ostracizing his family, and his family remembered not to pass him the jelly; anybody who won't eat his potatoes can scarcely *expect* . . . What dinner he ate was from a point far outside the pale of affability and candlelight.

"Tell us some more about the party," Jane suggested to Peter. She had long outgrown children's afternoon parties; she couldn't imagine how she had ever thought they were fun, and she had quite forgotten the beautiful, jaded, fin-de-siècle weight in the stomach that follows after. Peter detected the perfunctory nature of her kind question.

"Oh, we played," he said. He climbed into his mother's lap, jumping his mouse.

Even with as close a haircut as Mrs. Findlay could bear to permit the barber, his light hair still had ripples at his neck, and when he turned, the candlelight ran along them. Mrs. Findlay slid a finger through the short hair. "What does it feel like to be you?" she asked fatuously. Peter was absorbed in Mickey Mouse's acrobatics; could he be made to somersault backward? He manipulated the sticks. "Tell me," Mrs. Findlay said, "because I've forgotten what it feels like to be seven."

"Oh, it feels O.K.," Peter said without expression, and Adam, outraged past endurance at all this sentiment poured out on somebody who hadn't been made to eat scalloped potatoes, screwed around in his chair and presented his back to his impossible family. Instantly, Mr. Findlay looked over at his plate. The plate was empty, so noth-



"Probably one of those marriages of convenience you read about."

ing was said, and Adam was allowed to continue to brood on life and justice, his chin on the back of his chair.

Mrs. Findlay gazed, entranced, at the candle-haloed head of her younger son, at the small curves, the lowered lashes. What if some of that bloom must be attributed to the febrile goings on of the afternoon, the Pepsi-Cola and the cake? It still was very beautiful. She ran her fingertip through the short hair above one of his ears and continued her maundering. "Is it fun to be seven? What's it like, inside you?"

"Hot and stuffy," came Adam's voice, deep and melancholy and unexpected, and everybody shouted with sudden laughter. Adam himself whirled around to face them, all smiles all at once because he had put himself right with them again. No one was more surprised at what he had said than he was, but he threw back his head and laughed with them; everybody loved Adam now and he loved everybody. But Mrs. Findlay, feeling dissidence sitting heavy in her lap, peered around into Peter's bent face. Peter, everybody suddenly realized, hadn't laughed. He hadn't thought Adam was funny at all and he was in the most terrible throes of trying not to burst out crying. His eyebrows were moving and tortured, his mouth a struggling tightness; he tried and tried not to let it happen, but in spite of desperate effort, two tapioca tears sprouted out and rolled down. His family leaned over the table to console him. His mother hugged him tenderly, but he remained stiff in her arms. Jane said, mercy, Adam hadn't *meant* anything! They all said over and over that Adam absolutely hadn't meant *anything*, but their reassurances were laced with irrepressible jets of laughter.

"*Then why did he say it!*" Peter howled. Tapioca tears now were falling freely on the front of his party suit.

"Everybody's hot inside—didn't you know that?" Jane asked.

"*But why did he say I was stuffy!*"

Adam leaned forward into the moving candlelight, as full of happiness as it is possible for a human being to be at any one time. "Peter," he said, "when summer comes, do you want me to take you on a merry-go-round at a park?" He would not have admitted any need to apologize for his observation about the probable conditions in Peter's insides; after all, science would very likely entirely corroborate him. But he was so happy himself that he was willing to make an attempt to stem his brother's noisy and unreasonable woe. "The horses go up and down and up and down, and the thing itself, that they're *on*, goes around faster and faster and faster. They clang a big bell," he said, "and there's music." Peter hiccoughed and shook, and though his eyes never left the toy in his hand, he was listening. "Round and round, faster and faster!" Adam said. "They have gold manes and tails and red and pink roses painted all over their saddles with illuminous paint. Of course, there *are* some that stay still," he added more slowly, speculatively eying his cadet. "You just sit on them and hold the pole. Anybody can ride on them if they *want* to. If they're scared, or anything."



Mickey Mouse gave a convulsive leap, and Peter looked up quickly. "*I* wouldn't be scared!" he said. In the candlelight he saw the wheel of flying steeds revolve, saw their streaming hair and tossing heads. They were not paint and plaster but leaping, living animals, pawing the ground, shaking their harness. Peter saw himself, riding, and he heard the music.

"I'm going to have one that runs," he said. "But you'll stay with me, Adam, won't you?"

"Oh, sure," Adam said.

"Yes," Peter sighed with contentment. He collapsed backward against his mother, and the others at the table leaned back again in their places. "Yes." He was tired, but he was dignified. "Because we mustn't forget that this is going to be my first time on a horse."

—Louise Field Cooper

NOBLESSE OBLIGE

My lord and lady, whose ancestral titles
  Are, it may be, Her Grace,
And His Serene, or His Most Tranquil, Highness
  In the abundant space

Of their estate, part company for moments,
  For hours. Each entertains,
With separate welcome, common guests who visit
  Their green and rich domains.

Each with a group, by waterfall or fountain,
  Below majestic trees,
By path or pool, they stroll, converse, and gesture,
  Extending courtesies,

Or seated, overlooking lawn and garden,
  They hear musicians play
The strings and flutes, concealed in bower or arbor,
  Airy, sedate, and gay,

Haydn or Mozart. And a strain of music
  Carries across the space
Between them, so that His Most Tranquil Highness
  Smiles, thinking of Her Grace.

Neither unduly anxious for the other,
  Along their ways they move
With a more active graciousness than patience,
  Secure in wealth and love.

Patrician in their habit and composure,
  Serene and sure, they know
Each guest, however fair the entertainment,
  Will rise, and bow, and go,

Even those lingerers like Time and Absence
  Regretfully depart,
And they may be, again, alone together,
  Discoursing, heart to heart.

—Rolfe Humphries





Ferenc Molnar

PROFILES

PLAYWRIGHT

III—SCENE: A ROOM AT THE PLAZA

SINCE January 12, 1940, Ferenc Molnar, the Hungarian author of more than fifty volumes of plays, novels, short stories, essays, war correspondence, and children's stories, has spent most of his time in one long, narrow room at the Plaza, with an incomplete collection of his own works. On the bookshelves beside his one window, which looks out on the fountain in the Plaza, are a mere twenty of the fifty volumes in the Hungarian set of "Molnár Ferenc Müvei." He managed to find room for these twenty in his luggage when, a few short jumps ahead of the Nazis, he fled Budapest; the rest he had to leave behind. On his shelves he also has some French, Italian, German, Finnish, and Serbian translations of his novels. Molnar is apologetic when he shows you his bookshelves; he is aware that their contents are somewhat monotonous. The library in his abandoned apartment in Budapest contained five thousand volumes, some of them by other authors. All but a few of the books were eventually confiscated by the Nazis. On the walls of the room at the Plaza are Gauguin prints. Behind a massive and polished desk is an armchair with a deflated balloon cushion. Molnar has long since given up the attempt to keep it pumped up and has allowed it to relax permanently in flat discouragement. On the floor beside the desk, like a faithful mastiff, is his unabridged Webster, given to him last Christmas by his compatriot Sir Alexander Korda.

Leading off this room is what Molnar calls his "combination library-kitchen;" this contains a small electric stove and a set of shelves intended for kitchenware but bulging with manila envelopes stuffed with manuscripts and piled compactly to the ceiling. The detritus of a long and international career trickles out of the manilaed walls: caricatures of Molnar clipped from German, English, Hungarian, and Italian magazines, commentaries on his work by Central European critics, notes on the backs of Berlin and Vienna hotel menus, clippings of interviews with him in several languages, and playbills of countless Molnar productions. Of these last, one has a particularly sad aura. The late Joseph Goebbels, before his intolerance hardened, permitted the Jews of Berlin a ghetto theatre in which they could put on plays, provided all the participants, including the author and the audience, were Jewish. One looks at this playbill and sees the actors in a performance of Molnar's "Delilah." There they are, in the cheap newsprint, being seductive and winning, flirtatious and amatory. Pinned to this playbill is a long and serious review of the play, clipped from a ghetto newspaper. It is written as though the critic were unaware that he, as well as the actors he admonished, would soon be swept away.

Molnar's theory of hotel life is simple: get the cheapest room in the best hotel and eat in the best cheap restaurant in the neighborhood, preferably in a "grocery," his name for a delicatessen. His favorite locally, a small but excellent delicatessen with booths in the back, is at Fifty-eighth Street and Sixth Avenue. There he lunches almost every day and dines several times a week, often with his devoted Hungarian secretary, Miss Wanda Bartha, who, he says, is his best literary adviser and best friend. Molnar is well satisfied with the Plaza. It provides him, he figures, with a staff of twenty-six well-trained servants. For Molnar, who is an exceptionally frugal playwright, there is an added advantage to hotel life. He suffers from insomnia and has been an addict of sleeping powders for thirty years. He usually goes to bed with a book rather early, takes his powders, and waits for sleep to overcome him. Often he falls asleep without turning out the light. This negligence, he says, would be very expensive if he lived in a flat of his own. There is, however, one flaw in his Plaza existence. Telephone calls from this hotel cost eleven rather than ten cents, and he is irritated by the sociability of some of his Hungarian visitors, who are very casual about using his telephone.

Molnar has always hated walking, but his American doctor has prescribed this form of exercise and he does his stint by walking around and around the block on which the Plaza is situated. A methodical man, he notes down in a book at the end of each walk the number of times he has circumnavigated the block and how long he has been outdoors. Whether afoot or in a car, he rarely gets more than a few blocks from the Plaza. Sometimes he will go out of his orbit to dine in one of the fashionable restaurants his friends patronize, but it is a wrench for him to forego his regular booth in the Fifty-eighth Street delicatessen. In whatever restaurant or private house he finds himself, he does not rely on the cutlery set at his place; he carries a sharp penknife, which he uses to cut his meat.

On the way to his delicatessen, Molnar usually passes Bergdorf Goodman, and he usually stops to gaze at the mannequins in its windows. They have perhaps a special interest for him because one of his plays, "Riviera," was laid in a fashionable shop; its plot revolved about the weary and underpaid shopgirls and clerks at the moment when they were putting Riviera costumes on their mannequins. By watching the Bergdorf Goodman windows, Molnar follows the changes of season and fashions. He prefers this to the more direct method of attending dinner parties, because an engagement to attend a dinner party, even if it is several weeks off, destroys for him the entire interim period. He knows that no matter what happens, he will still have to squeeze through the funnel of that dinner party. A few years ago, Molnar found out, by way of Bergdorf Goodman's windows, that Christmas was coming; an elegant mannequin, unharassed by the turmoil of Christmas shopping or any other pressures, held his attention until she disappeared to change for New Year's Eve. Molnar wrote a children's story about this mannequin and called it "The Blue-Eyed Lady." It was published by the Viking

Press. "Just think what he could do if he ever got as far as Radio City," a Hungarian friend of his remarked afterward.

In further obedience to his doctor's instructions, Molnar, who is sixty-eight, has lately given up smoking, drinking, and rich food. This asceticism, he says, is a tribute less to will power than to a fear of dissolution. The mortuary customs in America, which smear death with the obscenities of makeup, revolt him, and he wishes to delay the event as long as possible. Like many men who live in their imaginations, Molnar is, as he admits himself, cowardly. In 1944, after one of Hitler's most threatening secret-weapon speeches, Molnar became convinced that the bombing of New York was imminent. When a less cautious friend suggested that he might at least wait for more tangible evidence, Molnar said, "Tomorrow one million people will be leaving the city. The stations will be crowded. I must leave tonight." With his secretary and two impressionable friends, he departed that night for Lake Placid. The quartet sat the blitz out there.

Owing to his timidity, Molnar is a nervous motorist. When he had a car and chauffeur in Budapest, he tried the experiment of installing a horn in the back, so that he could blow it in tight situations. The division of command did not work out; it resulted one day in the chauffeur's getting rattled and running into another car. Molnar was only mildly shaken up, but he lost confidence in his chauffeur and eventually switched over to cabs. During the odd and dangerous episode of the revolution of Bela Kun, following the first World War, the streets of Budapest were not safe. Molnar had a little seat built on the running board of the cab he regularly used, and rode around sitting on that and talking to nonexistent passengers inside to give thugs an impression of numbers. During that period, Molnar rarely went out, however; he used to telephone desperately to his friends to come to see him. One night a newcomer was brought along—a man of enormous stature. At the end of the evening, Molnar went up to the giant and shook his head with a worried expression. "You're so tremendous. You're so strong," he said. "Aren't you afraid to go home alone? Aren't you afraid you'll attack somebody?"

Molnar tells a story about the Bela Kun days that is a tribute to the tenacity of playwrights. A Communist author of that time was trying to peddle a play around Budapest. He went to producer



"Something I can do for you, Madame?"

after producer, but no one would put it on. When the Bela Kun regime was established, this playwright became a member of the cabinet. The play went into rehearsal. But the regime didn't last long enough for it to open. Time, as they say, passed. In 1945, the Communists came back to Budapest as conquerors. The play is on.

THOUGH scattered in Paris, London, Hollywood, and New York, the Hungarian émigré colony is a closely knit community. At its center is Molnar. For all the Hungarian exiles, Molnar, whom they call Feri, is the wise man and elder statesman. Most of the Hungarians who shuttle busily between London and Hollywood visit him when they arrive here and go to say goodbye to him when they leave. There are not only theatrical and film people but also novelists and journalists. His leadership of the Budapest group known as the New York Crowd—its headquarters was the New York Café—has survived the transposition to New York itself.

In Molnar's revolving circle are Sir Alexander Korda, who put the British film industry on the map when he produced "Henry VIII," and was knighted for it; Michael Curtiz, the Hollywood director; Dr. Albert Sirmay, now music editor of Chappell & Company, who was in charge of the music for a cabaret Molnar ran in his youth; Gabriel Pascal, the conduit between Bernard Shaw and the movies; Emmerich Kalman, the composer; Alexander Ince, the producer and publisher; Erno Vajda, the author of "Fata Morgana;" Geza Herczeg, the author of "The Wonder Bar;" and a great many others, including several Austrians and Germans, such as Kurt Weill, Ludwig Bemelmans, Ernst Lubitsch, Otto Preminger, and Alfred Polgar (the Viennese critic who supervised the translation of most of Molnar's plays into German), who have been taken into the group as honorary Hungarians. Today the circle includes a great many people who didn't know Molnar in his younger days, and a newcomer still considers an invitation to sit down at Molnar's table an accolade, even though the table is not in the New York Café but in the Fifty-eighth Street delicatessen. Molnar's routine is so definite that his friends can reach him at any hour. They know when to go to the Plaza and when to go to the delicatessen. Some one of them is always asking him for advice. A few weeks ago, the Hungarian director of a play written by another Hungarian came to him and complained that he was unable to cast the leading role properly. "What type do you want?" asked Molnar. "I need an actor who looks like Oscar Karlweis," the director said. "I need someone with Karlweis's comic intonation, with Karlweis's charm, with his walk, with his timing, with his gestures." "Why, then, don't you get Karlweis?" inquired Molnar, not unexpectedly. The director recoiled. "For this part, Karlweis!" he said. That is the kind of thing Molnar has to handle all the time.

The Hungarian émigrés are bound together, it would appear, by a kind of invidious camaraderie. They coöperate in the face of a common calamity, but they relish telling stories about one another's duplicities. A Hungarian will recount to you, as though describing a skillful piece of legerdemain, how a Budapest husband, separated from his wife and ordered by the courts to pay her fifty dollars a month, faithfully paid her every time and then called on her, enjoyed an excellent dinner at her house, and won the fifty dollars back from her at pinochle. "This was Budapest!" the Hungarian will say ecstatically. Or there will be the story of the composer whose long and unsatisfactory pursuit of an ambassador's wife was interrupted when her husband was suddenly transferred to Berlin. The composer packed his bags and prepared to follow, but his impresario, anxiously awaiting delivery of a score, counselled restraint. "What will you gain?" he argued. "Supposing you succeed? What then? After all, you will admit, the chief benefit you will derive will be from telling about it in the café. Well, tell it anyway and save the trip!" The composer found the argument irrefutable and rushed to a café.

In their new environment, with its naïve standards, the more exuberant Hungarian refugees seem to have acquired a zestful perspective on their national traits. "If you have a Hungarian for a friend," an objective Hungarian will say, "you don't need an enemy." Another will tell you that a recipe in a Hungarian cookbook starts with the brisk injunction "Steal two eggs . . ." Another will say, "Hungarians are enemy aliens even in peacetime." They will go as far as to quote the German saying "A Hungarian will sell his country out, but he won't deliver it." When a friend of Molnar's was asked whether it was true that Molnar was writing his memoirs, the friend replied, "He'll never do that, because he can't attack himself." Another Hungarian, contemptuous of the otiose existence led by his luckier compatriots in Hollywood, says that a movie producer finally had to put up a sign in the writers' building saying "You must work here. It is not enough just to be Hungarian." This man also tells a story about Emmerich Kalman, who, a while back, arrived in Hollywood to write the score for an M-G-M musical and was received with a maximum of graciousness by Louis B. Mayer. The studio, Kalman was informed, was prepared to do its utmost to make his stay on the lot happy. He was offered, among a great many other things, a choice of librettists from his native Hungary. "If you like," said Mayer, "you may have Melchior Lengyel." Kalman was transported. It didn't seem possible; to come to Hollywood and to work with Lengyel, for whom he had had, since his childhood, an admiration amounting to worship—it was too much to expect. "Or would you prefer Erno Vajda?" Mayer asked. It appeared that to work with Vajda had been the secret ambition of Kalman's life. Was it to be achieved at last? Beaming, Mayer kicked open still another door in the fabulous Metro stables. "How would you like Bus-Fekete?" Kalman was overcome. His admiration for Bus-Fekete was inexpressible. "Of course, Mr. Kalman," Mayer went on, "if you wanted to, you could have an American Hollywood writer." "Good," said Kalman quickly. "I'll take the Hollywood writer."



All the backbiting and self-criticism among the expatriate Hungarians seem to fall into a design of mutual aid. When a Hungarian actor is after a part in a play, other Hungarian actors do everything they can to see that he gets it, and the journalists, playwrights, and producers are helpful in the same way. When an important Hungarian scientist was mentioned in the papers in connec-



"It's three minutes after one."

• • •

tion with the development of the atomic bomb, there were ripples of satisfaction all through the colony. Perhaps it is because each success by a compatriot serves as a hopeful augury. Another cause of their closeness is that they all speak the language of exile. And they all look back on Budapest as the happy hunting ground where naughtiness was conventional and a keystone of manners, and, shuddering a bit in the more astringent atmosphere in which they now find themselves, laughingly adapt themselves to the quaint regime.

Even Hungarians who could not tolerate one another at home stick together remarkably well in exile. There is the Hungarian editor of a scandal magazine who for fifteen years bedevilled Molnar, Korda, and other well-known Hungarians. Molnar says that this editor was almost as effective as the oncoming Nazis in driving him out of Budapest. Molnar alone supplied the mephitic publication with enough copy to keep it going for years; his marriages and his romances were the editor's lifeline. Whenever the magazine languished, Molnar gave it nourishment. This editor spared nobody; in one issue he attacked Gundel, the thoroughly respectable proprietor of the most famous restaurant in Budapest. The restaurateur, distressed, came to Molnar and said, "I must answer this man. I must write a letter of denial to the papers. I must do something!" "I advise you to ignore this scorpion," Molnar said. "But if you must reply to him, print your statement on the back of your own menus. They have a far larger circulation than his paper." When, a couple of years ago, the editor came to New York, lost without his vehicle of vilification, bereft of his sheaf of poisoned arrows, Molnar, Korda, and a few other distinguished Hungarian exiles invited him to dinner. They don't know why; they just did. At this dinner, says Molnar, the unemployed executioner experienced such an expansion of the soul that he forgave them all.

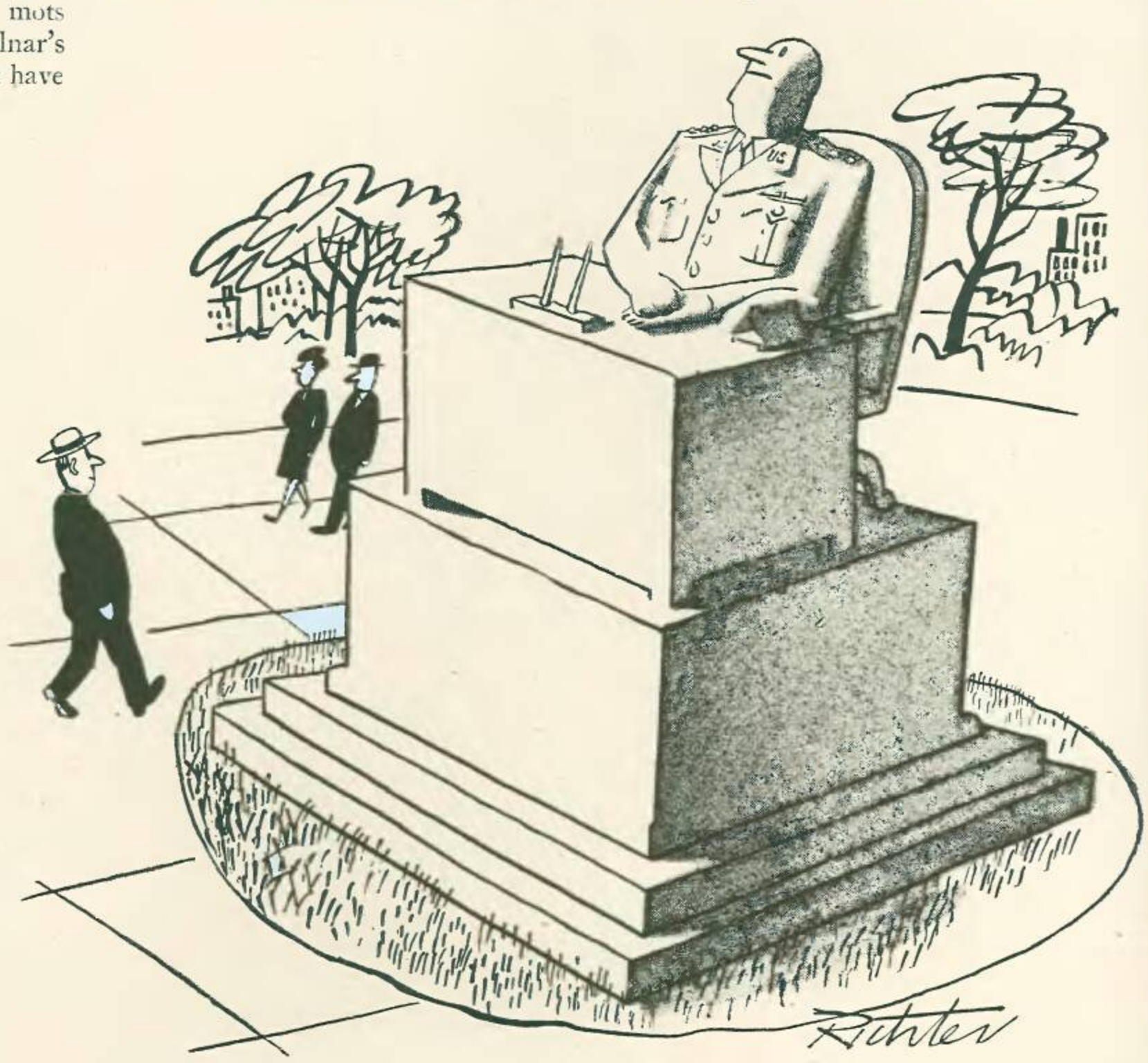
Molnar's émigré disciples have to derive what comfort they can from the edged benevolence of his humor. Unsuccessful young compatriots come to him with their hopes, successful ones with their accomplishments; he is openly skeptical about both. Young or old, they also come to him with their disputes. Then he quotes one of his favorite lines, which is from Saint Augustine: "If two friends ask you to be judge in a dispute, don't accept, because you will lose one friend; on the other hand, if two strangers come with the same request, accept, because you will gain one friend." It was so worldly of a saint, Molnar remarks appreciatively, to notice this. He is pessimistic about the state of the world and about the individual destinies of his countrymen. "We are all dead, we refugees," he says. "We walk around, shadows among shadows, ghosts of what we were, in a world that does not know us and that we only faintly comprehend." But most of the refugees feel far from dead; the successful ones swim lustily in the stream of artistic activity, the unsuccessful ones exert themselves mightily to get into the stream. Molnar's own moribundity is highly active; since his arrival here he has written half a dozen plays, two nov-

els, and one juvenile, and has found the time, besides, to be extremely helpful in converting "Liliom" into the immensely successful "Carousel." This success affords Molnar only a mitigated pleasure. The fact is that Puccini wanted to use "Liliom" for an opera libretto. Molnar refused, on the ground that "Liliom" would disappear as a Molnar and survive as a Puccini, the same fate that befell Murger's "Vie de Bohème." Later the Theatre Guild tried to persuade him to allow George Gershwin to do an operetta version, and again he refused. Would it have been better to let Puccini have it? Was it a mistake to turn down Gershwin? Will "Liliom" survive "Carousel"? From the contemplation of such questions, Molnar suffers a certain erosion.

INEVITABLY, Molnar's thoughts now hover about the past. He sits in the Fifty-eighth Street delicatessen, surrounded by his Hungarian friends, and one reminiscence leads to another. Soon they are all back in Budapest, in the great days of the New York Café and of the Gaiety Theatre, where Molnar opening nights were major events. Old dramatic criticisms are recalled, bygone performances are analyzed, Gundel's wonderful menus are recited, old quarrels are refought, and forgotten mots scintillate again. Many of Molnar's fondest reminiscences of Budapest have New York associations. He tells about the time Eva Le Gallienne went to Budapest after playing Julie in the original New York production of "Liliom." Molnar took her to see the amusement park around which he had written the play. When she saw the merry-go-round, with its barker high-pressuring customers—when she beheld the actuality behind the illusion—she wept. Another American star, Bertha Kalich, who also visited Budapest, was even more tenderhearted. In his overoptimistic youth, Molnar had fallen wildly in love with a well-known actress. Without being unduly encouraged, he confidently set about finding a rendezvous, so that, when the moment came, he would be prepared. He went to Buda (Budapest's "old town") and there, on a dark alley, he found what appeared to be the ideal place. It was a noisy, dingy two-room flat, but since it was on the dark alley, one could get in or out of it without being noticed. Molnar engaged this flat at once. The rendezvous never materialized, but he lived in the flat for twenty-two years. When Miss Kalich came to Budapest, she expressed a wish to see the place he lived in and Molnar took her to his flat. She tried, while she was there, not to show her horror, but after she returned to America, Molnar was touched to hear that she was attempting, overcome by pity for his manifest poverty, to arrange a benefit for him.

When Margaret Perry, a daughter of Antoinette Perry, the theatrical director, visited Budapest, she took with her a letter of introduction from her mother to Molnar. Molnar responded by inviting her to dinner and at the appropriate time he called for her accompanied by a dark and younger man, who, he explained, was a gigolo who danced much better than he could. The three of them had a happy evening in an open-air restaurant. The gigolo would give Miss Perry a whirl, then bring her back to the table, and Molnar would pick up the conversation where he had left off.

Molnar likes to recall his first visit to this country, in the winter of 1927. He came over principally to be with his third wife, Lili Darvas, who was playing in Reinhardt's repertory company here. Molnar remembers an audience with Calvin Coolidge. Gilbert Miller escorted him to Washington and, to fortify him for the White House call, took him to breakfast with a friend who had an excellent library and the kind of cellar specialists collected during prohibition. Miller's friend handed Molnar simultaneously an excellent brandy and a copy of a Molnar play to autograph. Molnar drank half a dozen brandies and signed half a dozen of his plays. When the man's collection of Molnar plays was exhausted, there was a lull in the hospitality, and Molnar, glancing at the shelves, saw a beautiful volume of Shakespeare. "I have the knack of imitating Shakespeare's autograph," he told his host. He quickly found himself inscribing "Hamlet." By the time he and Miller, who had been joined by the Hungarian Minister, Count Szechenyi, arrived at the White House, they were relaxed. Coolidge was not talkative. Molnar remembers a prolonged silence after the introductions. Finally, behind his hand, the President inquired of Miller, "What does this man do?" (Molnar spoke no English, but Coolidge didn't know it until Miller told him.) Miller described Molnar's activities. "Yes," said Coolidge, "but how does he earn his living?" When this was made



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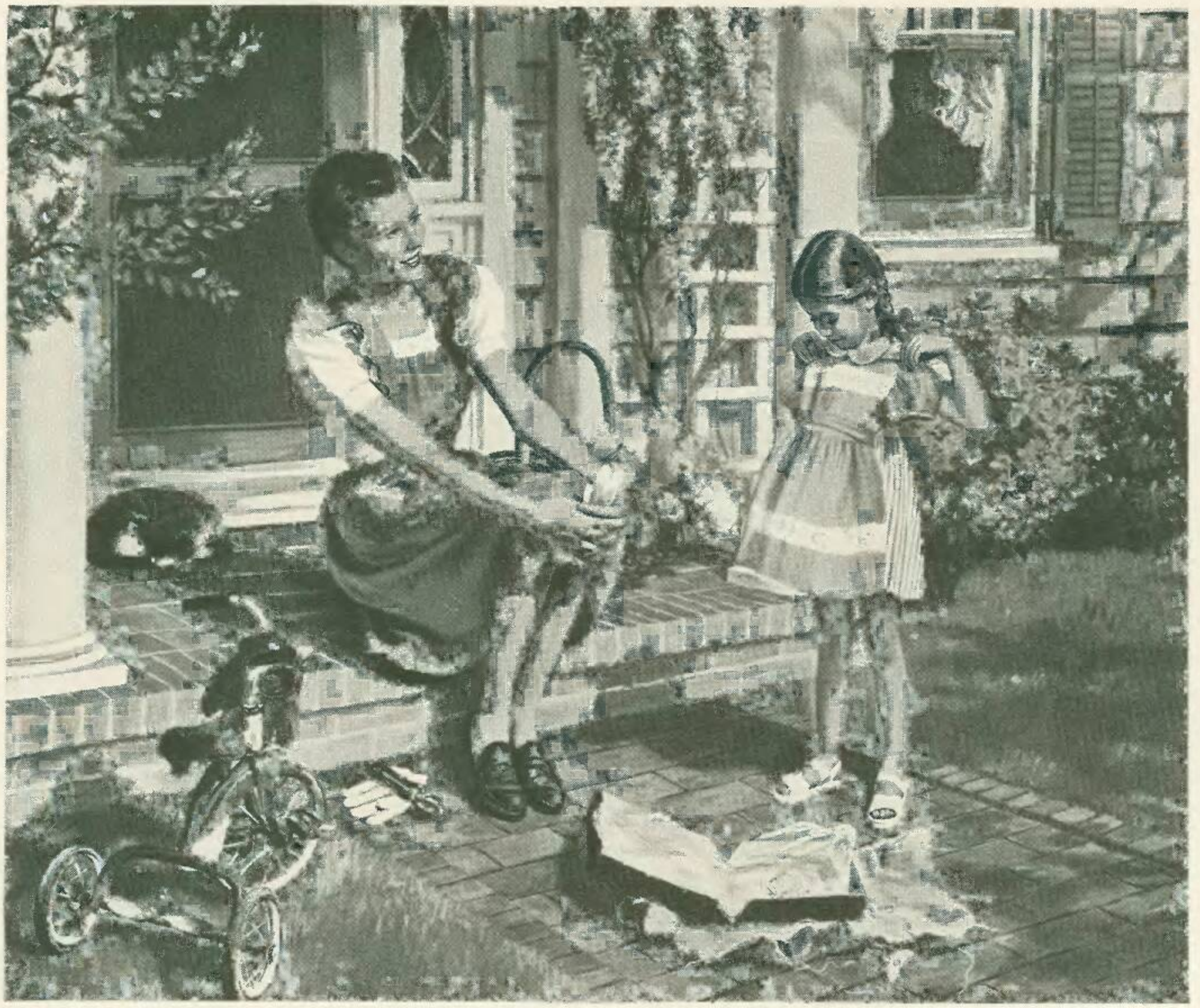
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clear, the President inquired of Molnar, "What is the political and economic situation of Hungary at the moment?" Count Szechenyi translated the query to Molnar. Molnar said to the Count, "As you know, my knowledge of these matters is limited. But I will keep talking to you for a few minutes as if I were explaining the political and economic situation of Hungary to you exhaustively and with authority. You can tell him anything you like as coming from me." Molnar then recounted to Szechenyi a few choice items of Budapest gossip and the Count presently transmuted them, for the President, into a discourse on politics and economics. By the time Molnar left, Mr. Coolidge was impressed by the fact that a man whose livelihood depended on activities so marginal should have so acute an insight into graver matters.



Molnar was in this country six weeks on that visit, during which he celebrated his fiftieth birthday. He remembers his stay mainly as a blur of parties and theatregoing. The only tranquil occasions were when he went to Reuben's at three o'clock every morning to meet Max Reinhardt. They would sit there talking until dawn. "It is very healthy to get a few hours' sleep before breakfast," Molnar once remarked, and after these nightly sessions with Reinhardt he was always careful to get them. The graph of the relationship between Molnar and Reinhardt was extremely angular. Reinhardt was the first person Molnar had told about his idea for "Liliom," years before. Reinhardt was very enthusiastic and implored Molnar to write the play. Reinhardt, says Molnar, had immense charm and was a wonderful listener, but he never actually heard what you said. He had a remarkably mobile face, which registered keen attention; his absorption was complete, but it was in what he was thinking rather than in what you were saying. As Molnar outlined the story of "Liliom," the dancing light in Reinhardt's eyes and the mobility of his expression doubtless followed the parade of some private drama of his own. At any rate, a year or so later, after Molnar had written "Liliom," he sent it to Reinhardt, who was then the leading producer of Europe. For a period of two years he got no answer. Finally, Molnar sent him a telegram which said, "It is a great honor to be produced by you, but not to be produced by you is no honor at all." Molnar turned the play over to a more responsive producer, and Reinhardt and he did not speak to each other for thirteen years. Then, after they were on good terms again, there was the matter of Lili Darvas's contract to play the Nun in "The Miracle," when Reinhardt's company was first coming to this country, in 1923. Darvas, then a radiant young actress who had made a great success in Budapest, seemed to Reinhardt the ideal Nun. He offered her a handsome salary to go to America with him and offered, besides, to pay for English lessons, to help her establish herself as an actress here. The contract was signed, the departure date set. But Molnar was very much in love with her, and he persuaded her into thinking she was ill. A confirmed hypochondriac, he was able to create a valetudinary atmosphere at will. Darvas went to a hospital. Molnar, having deprived Reinhardt of his star, was not to be mollified; he broke off with Reinhardt again, this time for three years. That was not difficult; Molnar, on occasion, has found it possible to break even with a friend he has not inconvenienced. The Hungarian playwright Heltai was a close friend and the distinguished author of serious plays in verse. One night Molnar had a horrid nightmare; he dreamed that he was being publicly executed. Just as the hangman was about to slip the noose around his neck, he looked down at the crowd milling around the foot of the scaffold. Right in front, looking up at him with an expression of uncontrollable glee, was Heltai. When Molnar woke, the memory of this look of joy on Heltai's face remained with him. Molnar, churning with anger, did not speak to Heltai for five years.

There are only two periods of his life that Molnar remembers as completely blissful. One of these lasted two weeks and the other six. The first was spent in *custodia honesta*, the second in a hospital. This *custodia honesta* was a form of punishment that only Budapest could have devised. It was not common imprisonment; it was more like being a house guest. For certain minor infractions of the law, a man was put into a room in a municipal building and told to stay there for a specific period. The door was left unlocked; he was on his honor. When Molnar was a young man, he fought a duel, with pistols. He and his antagonist emerged without the least



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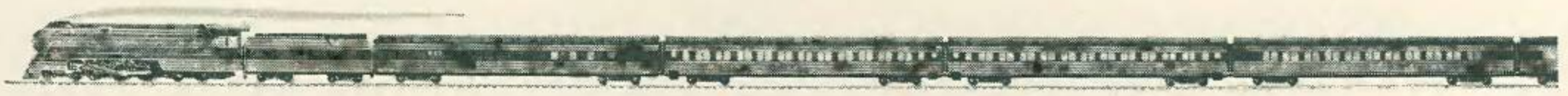
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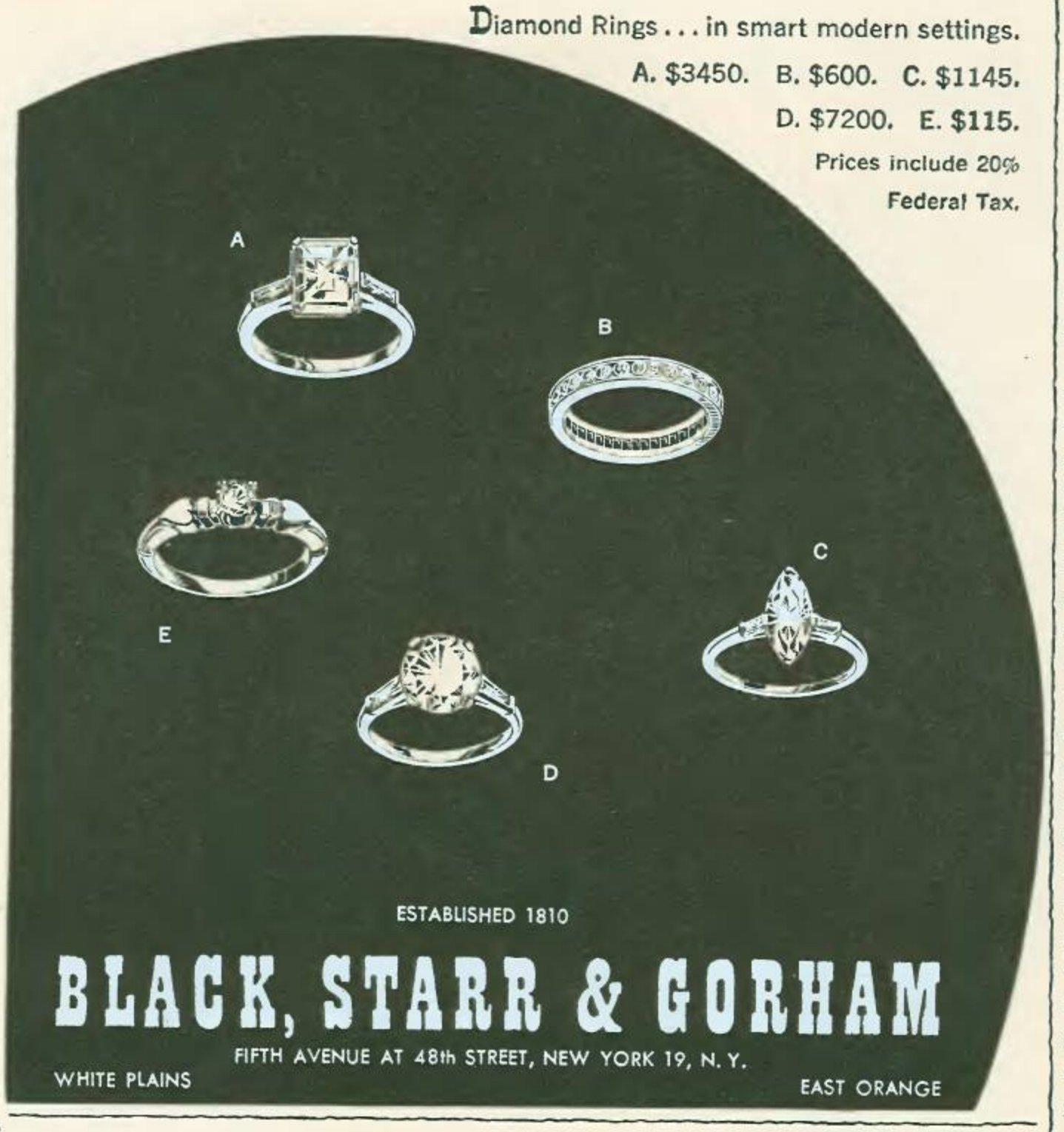
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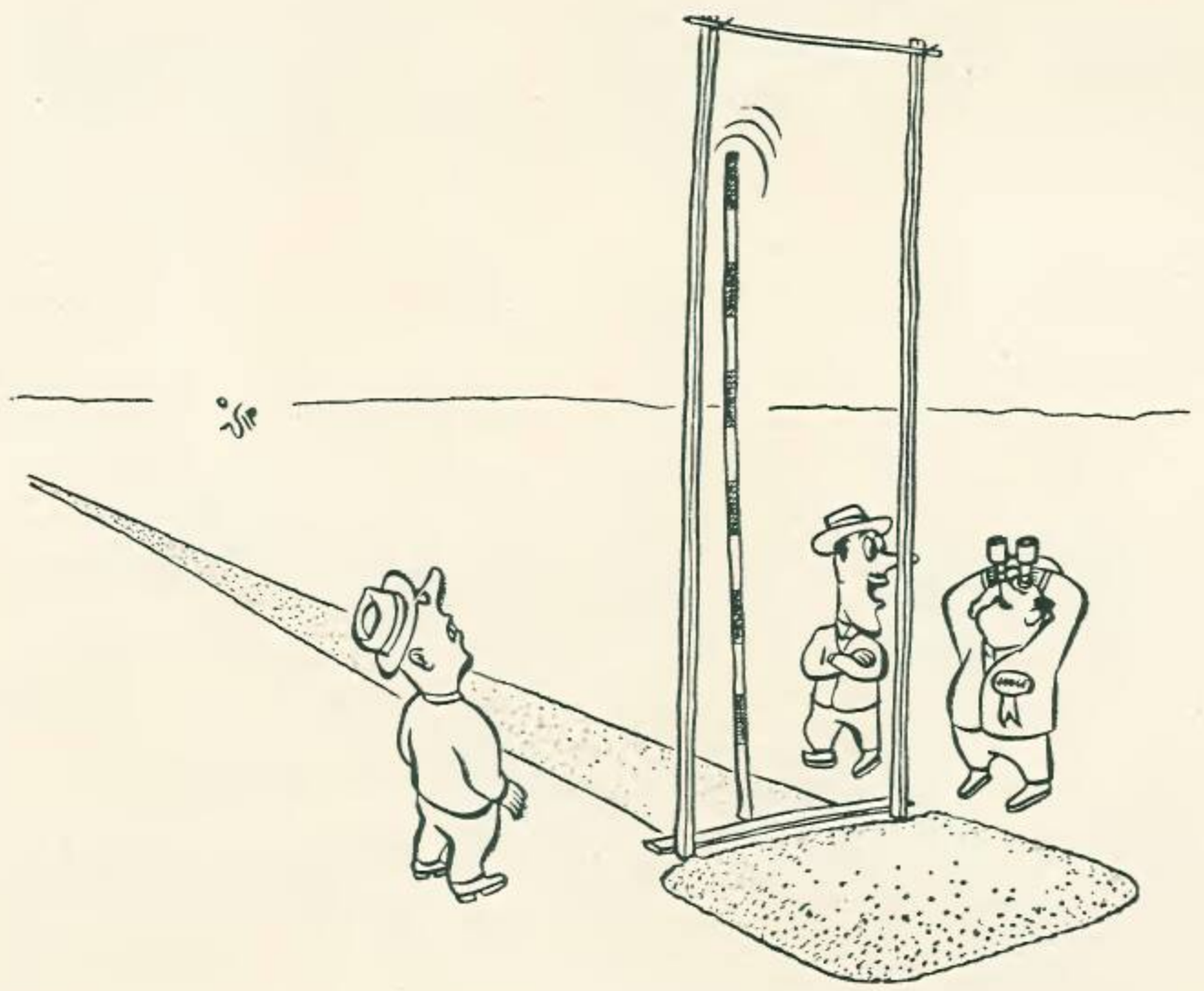
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injury. Swords were not customarily used in Budapest duels, because with swords you might get hurt, whereas with pistols you could make an impressive noise and all you had to do was miss. Duelling of any sort was against the law, however, and Molnar was sentenced by the chief magistrate of the city, who was a companion of his and a great admirer of his plays, to spend two weeks in *custodia honesta*, the regulation penalty. Molnar kept putting off serving his sentence, but finally a pained and peremptory message came from his judge. "This time, my dear Molnar, you really have to go," it said. Once incarcerated, Molnar was dismayed because the sentence was so brief. His room overlooked the Danube and a rose garden. From the sentries walking up and down outside, he got an unparalleled sense of security. There were no telephones. No one could get at him, and he was free of all obligation to do anything himself. It is a jewelled fortnight in his memory. Once Molnar was out, the tribulations of love beset him again and he took an overdose of veronal. It was the fashion then in Budapest to commit mild suicide, and Molnar succumbed to it. He had been drinking heavily and he rather overdid it. He was rushed to a hospital and his arrival caused a romantic flurry among the nurses. "This is the boy who tried to kill himself for love," the nurses whispered, and for six exquisite weeks they pampered him. "It was the only failure that I ever enjoyed to the hilt," Molnar once said.

Like many other wits, Molnar remembers his own mots word for word. He frequently recalls his reply when he was asked how he happened to become a playwright. He said, "In the same way that a woman might become a prostitute. First I did it just to please myself, then I did it to please other people, and now I do it just for money." He has written over forty plays, and he continues to turn them out by a kind of automatism. He has just finished a new one—based on an old notion—that is in his earlier comedic, ironic vein. It is about a nonexistent character, like Harvey, and is full of minute comic invention. One of his favorite plays is one that he has never got around to writing but to which he keeps adding amusing scenes in his head. It is concerned with Napoleon, about whom Molnar has accumulated a vast lore. It supposes that in his youth, in Corsica, Napoleon fell madly in love with a girl whose father put up a great resistance to the match. Napoleon, to show that he can overcome opposition, marries her. He settles down

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and becomes a successful cloth manufacturer, eventually engaging in a fierce textile war with England. His wife deceives him and, in a rage, he denounces her. "I am only a provincial businessman," he shouts, "but had I followed the impulse I had before I married you, to enter the world arena—had I become a great soldier or a great figure in Europe—you would not serve me so!"

Molnar even likes to recall other people's mots. He generously points out that many famous remarks made by others have been attributed to him, attracted by the centripetal force of his reputation as a wit. There was a Berlin banker named Fürstenberg, whom Molnar never met but whom he knew well because of three celebrated mots, which were all the man possessed that was not confiscated by the Nazis. Fürstenberg telephoned another Berlin banker, whom he did not like but had to see on a business matter. The man said he would have to look through his engagement book before he could make an appointment. Fürstenberg heard the surf of the pages being ruffled in the man's book. No free time in January, February, or March. The third of April was his first free afternoon. "On April third," said Fürstenberg, "I have a funeral." On the overnight express from Berlin to Vienna, the understanding was that you could, if you wished, have a first-class sleeping compartment to yourself; the upper was simply not made up. One night when the train was crowded, the conductor implored Fürstenberg to surrender his upper to an elderly baron, who otherwise would not be able to get on the train. "Give me the night," Fürstenberg countered, "to think it over." On one of his birthdays, Fürstenberg received a present of a huge, silver-framed group photograph of his family, including all his cousins and in-laws. He found the ideal use for it. He gave it to the porter of his apartment building. "Study this photograph well," he said, "and whenever any of these people show up, I am out."

There was, Molnar also enjoys recalling, a dreadful man in Vienna named Haas, an inveterate first-nighter and a fountain of malice. At one opening, just before the curtain rose, somebody asked him a question, involving some esoteric family relationship, which he couldn't answer. The moment the first curtain came down, he rushed to his questioner. "Your question cost me a sleepless first act," he said. The remark killed the play.

Opening nights in Budapest and



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"Yes, it's cut on trimmer lines. But try again, Madame Zaza—there's a *bigger* reason."

"Let . . . me . . . see. It's not . . . no, it *couldn't* be—"

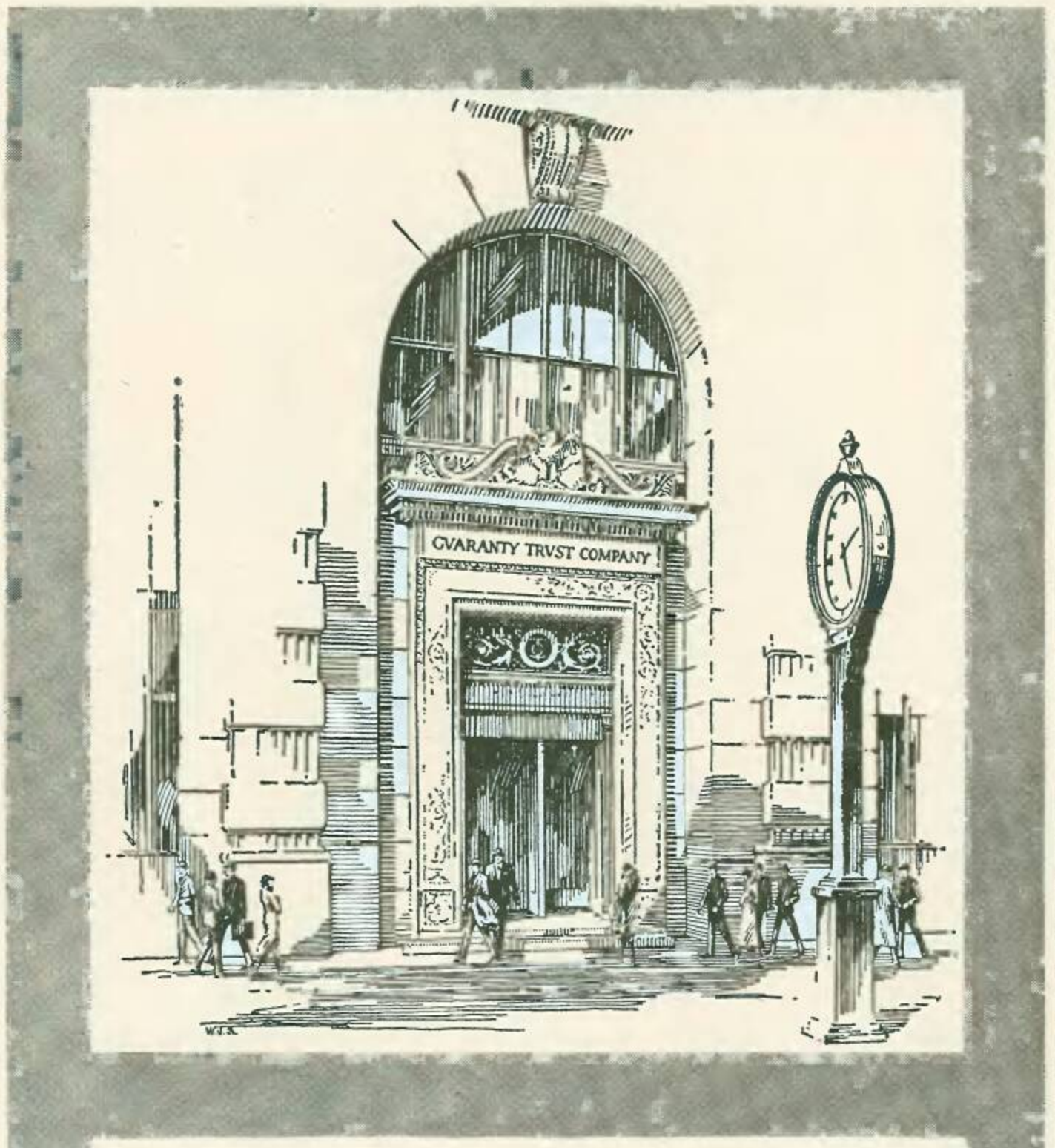
"But it *is*, my love. Almost all of these new Arrow sports shirts—plaids, checks, solid colors—are positively WASHABLE! No need for special treatment—just wash 'em like a regular Arrow shirt. Isn't that great news? Hey—where are you? You're on the phone . . . telling your dad . . . telling your brother. Wait, Helen, wait!"



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Vienna were festive; the boxes would glitter with uniforms and tiaras. A Frau Baroness von Pollack was always present on these occasions. One time, after the curtain fell on a dingy play about poor people, the Baroness, according to Molnar, felt let down. "It's no play for a première," she said.

Molnar adapted an enormous number of French plays into Hungarian. Once he was given a comedy by de Flers and de Caillavet to work on, and was asked to hurry; he started on it late in the afternoon, worked all night, and had the adaptation finished by morning. Of the many plays he adapted, he remembers only one distinctly, and that one only because of a line in it which, he says, illustrates perfectly his notion that the theatre should exist for entertainment. The line came in the course of a courtroom scene; a young Frenchman from the provinces was up before a Paris judge for examination. He gave all the standard data—birth, date of marriage, and so on—and the judge asked him if he had any children. "Nine," said the defendant. The French birth rate was then rapidly falling, and the judge showed considerable astonishment at this statement. "Nine!" he exclaimed. "Did you say nine?" "Yes, Your Honor," the husband explained glibly. "You see, there was no theatre in our town."

AMONG the contents of Molnar's combination library-kitchen is a copy of the London *Graphic* for August 22, 1931, which has a full page of caricatures by Autori, a popular artist of the period, gently lampooning the celebrities attending that summer's Salzburg Festival. There are Reinhardt, A. P. Herbert, Anita Loos, Moissi, C. B. Cochran, Bruno Walter, and Molnar, who looks very elegant leaning against a pillar and staring impersonally at his surroundings through his monocle. Somehow or other, the world it calls up seems remoter than Spy's; the near past has been so irremediably splintered by events that it is farther away than the more distant one. Molnar, already white-haired when Autori sketched him, was plump, cool, assured, foppish; now he is much thinner, and though he still wears the monocle, his expression is mellowed and kindly, and his sharp brown eyes, still young and vivacious, are lit with a tragic impishness. His skin is clear and his face almost unlined. Today, Molnar is a grandfather. His daughter, his only child, who lives in Budapest with her two sons and a daughter, is a widow; her husband was put into a concentra-

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Dear Ruth
A New Comedy
by NORMAN KRASNA
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tion camp by the Nazis and died there. Her children were taken in and protected by a family of peasants. Molnar is very much moved by this. The nobility and the peasants, he says, did not join in the persecution of the Jews in Hungary; it was largely the work of the middle class. Molnar's first wife, and the mother of his daughter, is Margit Veszi, who is now in Hollywood and a successful film writer. His second wife, Sari Fedak, who was a great stage star when Molnar married her, became a violent Nazi and is now a prisoner of the government in Budapest. His third wife, Lili Darvas, from whom he is amicably separated, is on the road in this country, playing the Queen in the Maurice Evans production of "Hamlet."

When summer comes now, it brings Molnar no suggestion of Salzburg Festivals; he simply leaves the Plaza for Montauk Point, where he spends the season in modest lodgings. His wife and his friends visit him there. Except for these trips, he has left New York only a few times since coming to live here. He went to New Haven for the opening of "Carousel," and once he ventured to Mount Kisco for a weekend at Billy Rose's. Packing is for him a long and elaborate ritual. He has a special medicine case for his pills and sleeping powders. When he went to Rose's, he declined a dinner invitation for the preceding Thursday night because he had already started packing. Every spring used to find him in Venice, in a small corner room in the Danieli Hotel, looking out toward the Campanile. His favorite people in the world are the Italians and his favorite city in the world is Venice. His niche in the Danieli was one of the rooms of what he called his "five-room apartment," which he maintained in hotels in Budapest, Vienna, Karlsbad, Venice, and Nice. Venice was a dead city, a mercifully silent city, and every night he would come back to his room, look out over the motionless canal, then get into bed and wait for the midnight bell. It would come, twelve liquid strokes, the last a pianissimo, a lullaby. In Venice, he recalls, he gave excellent advice to Gilbert Miller, who visited him there almost every spring. The plague of Venice, as of all Italy, was the beggars. Mussolini abolished that plague, but he automatically created another. All the beggars became peddlers. They legitimatized themselves by selling something. When you sat in St. Mark's Square with your apéritif, they bedevilled you to buy corn to feed the pigeons,

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dark glasses to shield you from the sun, and maps of the city. Molnar advised Miller to supply himself with these commodities before he arrived at the café. This worked magnificently; they sat in peace, a map of the city unrolled on the table, a bag of corn at their feet, and dark glasses handy. When, this spring, it was suggested to Molnar that now, with the war at an end, he could return to his beloved Venice, he dismissed the idea. The time for that is past, he thinks. He feels that he can no longer afford to spend his strength in travel.

Molnar regards this country as a fascinating experiment, and he is glad to be permitted to watch its operation. He has taken out his citizenship papers. He adored Roosevelt. Last summer, while he was at Montauk, he satisfied the masochism that is one side of his complicated nature by reading the tabloid columnists. "Every day," he remarked, "they disinter him so that they may once more spit upon him." His friends mildly reproach him for reading the newspapers so much; his preoccupation with political news, they say, interferes with his work. Asked one day whether he was quite happy here, Molnar said, "Yes, I am happy, but quite happy, that I am not." He has the poise of a man who, in spite of wars, persecutions, and imperious personal drives, among them the almost searing dualism of the impulse to suffer and the impulse to impose suffering, has yet managed to make his life, on the whole, pretty much what he has wanted it. He manages still. The five-room apartment is now reduced to one, but its window looks out on the lovely back of a graceful girl. On moonlit nights the Plaza fountain murmurs in silver and the spring evenings filter in, soft, beguiling, and without memory. —S. N. BEHRMAN

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

•

ANNIVERSARY ON
EAST 88TH STREET

[*Note shoved under a door*]

Two years ago, General Eisenhower
started the big offensive in Normandy.
The Nation was requested for coöperation.
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THE THEATRE

NICE AND FOOLISH

ORSON WELLES has utilized practically everything that has chanced to amuse him in the long history of the American stage for "Around the World," a fine musical cheese dream conceivably suggested to him by something once written by a man called Jules Verne. Still stunned by the prodigies at the Adelphi, I can only say that most of it is stuff that has always amused me, too, and I hope Mr. Welles will be able to keep it open for the entertainment of other happy adolescents at least until another spring. There are mischievous rumors, however, that the thirty-four scene changes (requiring the presence and this time, it may even be, the actual services of fifty-five stagehands), the incredible profusion of mechanical devices, and the employment of a cast that must include every fascinating character Mr. Welles has ever met make the cost of "Around the World" literally prohibitive—the idea of conducting an enterprise that can't possibly make money would, of course, have an almost irresistible charm for that rich, unusual mind—and it could be that the spectacular roughhouse on Fifty-fourth Street isn't altogether practical from a commercial point of view. Perhaps, therefore, you'd better make arrangements to see it soon, if you think you'd be delighted, as I was, by an evening that shifts wildly from primitive moving pictures to burlesque melodrama (Mr. Welles has avoided the usual irritations of this form by substituting some genuine humor for the customary whimsy) to maniacal borrowings from circuses and vaudeville shows and sleight-of-hand exhibits.

I don't know what the author himself admires most among all these peculiar treasures, but my own list, in no particular order, would certainly include:

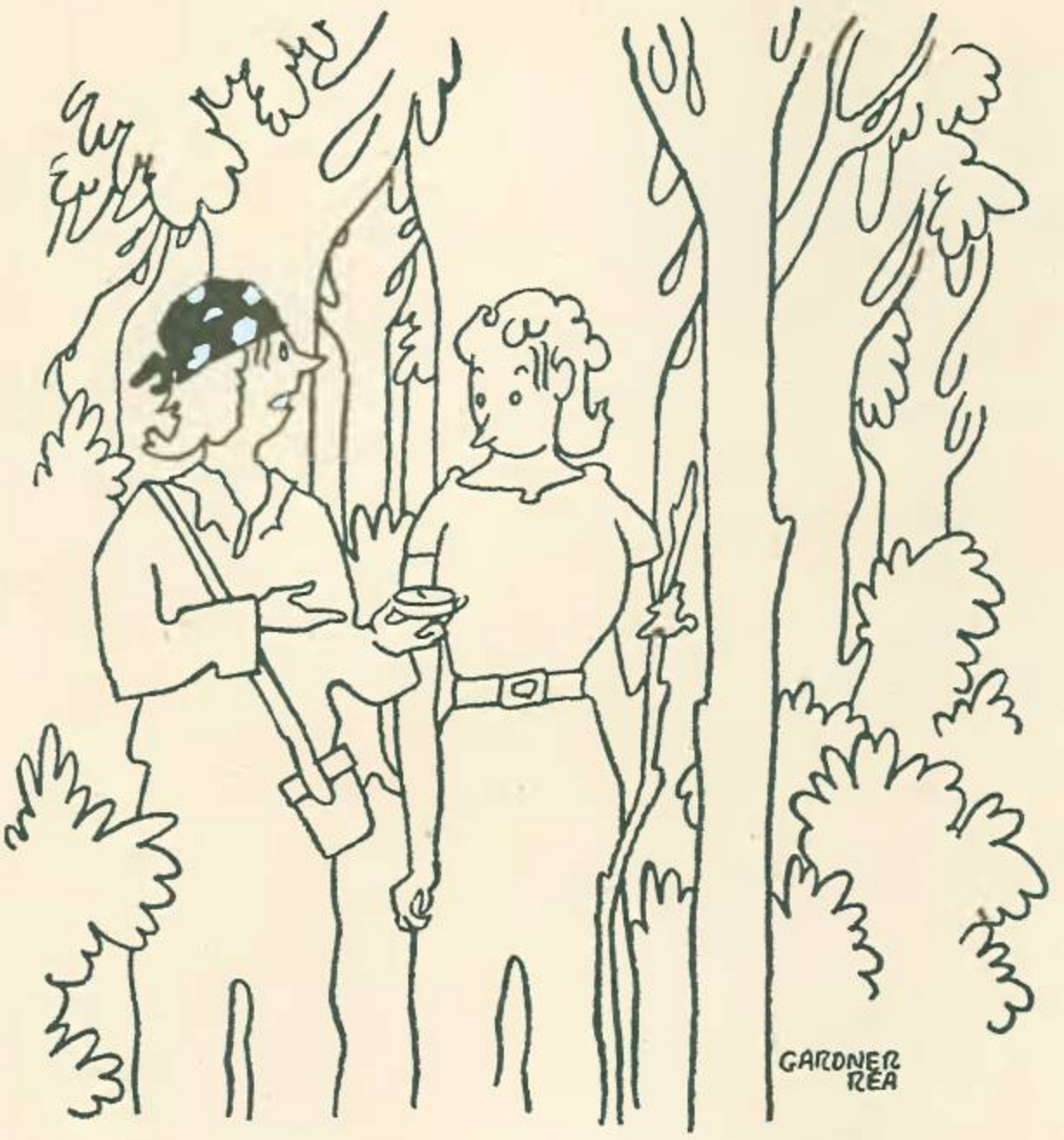
The highly ingenious fusing of two mediums, by which characters frequently step out of the terrific goings on in the flickering old films—bank robberies, storms at sea with the heroine firmly lashed to the mast, horrible scenes of debauchery in a Chinese opium hell—to take part in the equally terrific action on the stage.

The finale of a circus in Japan, which is a whirling confusion of trapeze artists, tightrope walkers, jugglers, and acrobats, and also a hilarious comment on the superabundance of activity in almost any circus.

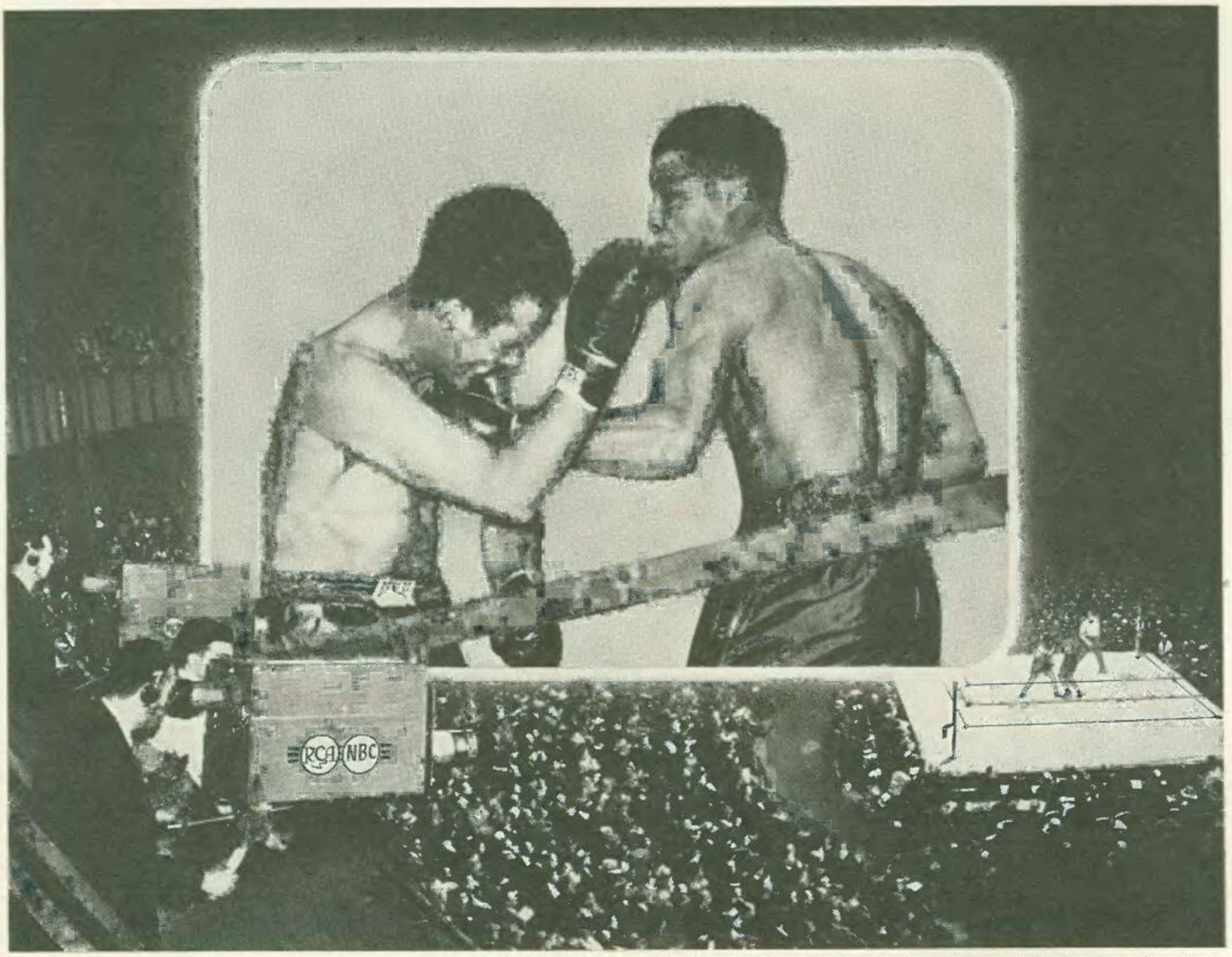
Mr. Welles' own magic act, the outgrowth, apparently, of an old enthusiasm of his for sawing his wife in two in public, which involves the vanishment of a good many ducks and actors. This, incidentally, has an air of being a genial, offhand parody of all such performances, and it must be somewhat irritating to professional workers in the field.

The behavior of Arthur Margetson, who makes Phileas Fogg a very winning combination of Clarence Day's father and the finest flower of the British upper classes. In Egypt, when the sordid purveyors of vice offer him their wares, including a dancing girl who looked O.K. to me, his manner is a credit to the Empire. "No, *thenk* you," he says, with just the correct mixture of formality and distaste. Again, in the American West, when he is confronted by an Indian warrior bent on his destruction and wearing a mask of hideous design, he also keeps his poise. "Ah, how do you do, sir?" he says curtly. All through the play, in fact, Mr. Margetson finds himself mixed up in situations that would test any man of breeding, but his urbanity never deserts him, not even in a very singular scene when he is carried off by a gigantic eagle while a detachment of United States Marines and a group of young women dressed up in Union Jacks shout patriotic anthems from the stage. It is a wonderful performance, though undoubtedly somewhat wearing on the actor.

While these were the features of "Around the World" that pleased me most, I also like to remember a tiny train that sped across a canyon just before the bridge collapsed; a rather nice moment when Mr. Margetson gallantly rescued the beautiful Mrs. Aouda (Mary Healy) from her husband's funeral pyre (I see no point in trying to *explain* any of this nonsense); a sort of noisy scene in Lola's, described temperately in the program as "a low place," when Mr. Welles, who happily gets himself up in a new and horrible disguise for practically every scene, impersonated a bad man of the plains; and, I'm embarrassed to say, a few vaudeville gags, notably the one about the ancient club member who had been dead for two days, that would have been indignantly rejected as



"Now we <u>are</u> lost! The needle's supposed to point to north and it's pointing to west."



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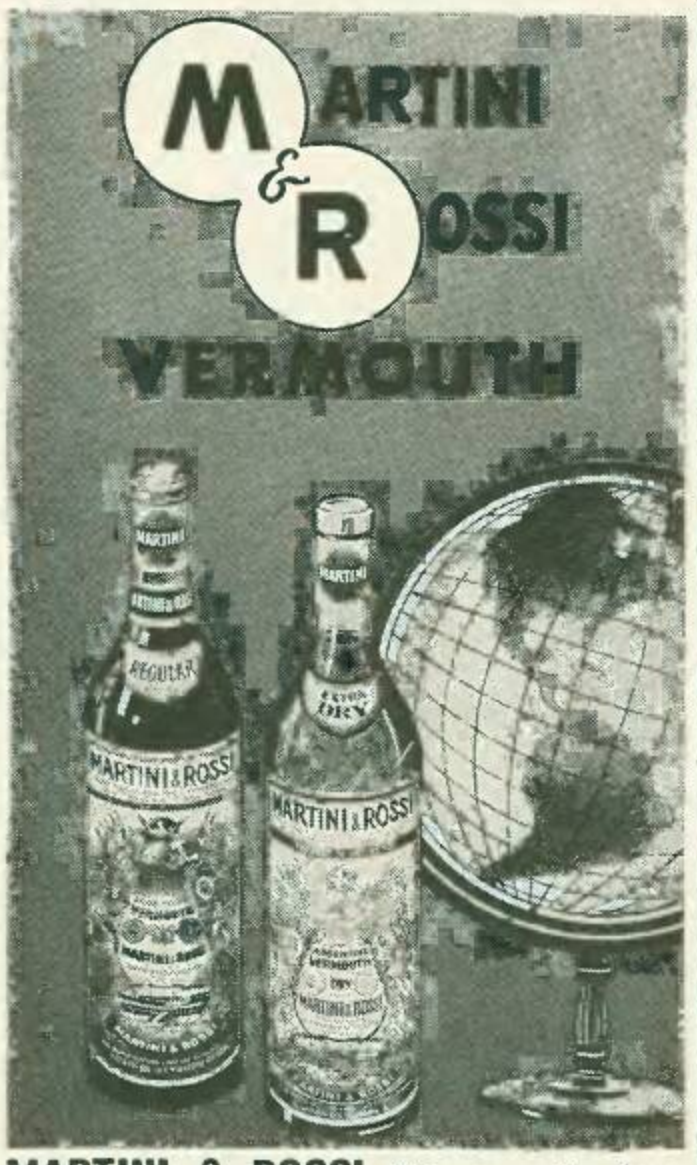
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PRODUCT OF THE ARGENTINE

moth-eaten by the producers of "Hellzapoppin."

Since not even Mr. Welles is quite up to two and a half hours of sustained comic improvisation (William Saroyan, a not altogether different artist, isn't either, for that matter), there are dull spots in "Around the World." His own frequent appearances as the villain of the piece, for instance, are perhaps rather too much in the spirit that made Christopher Morley's revival of "The Black Crook" a little trying after the first half hour; a subordinate love affair involving Julie Warren and Larry Laurence is something of a nuisance; with the exception of a stylish Egyptian number led by Dorothy Bird, the dances seem fairly routine; and, if God will forgive me, Cole Porter's music and lyrics are hardly memorable at all. However, I think that most of it is a damn good show and certainly like nothing you've ever seen before.

—Wolcott Gibbs

•

POESY DEPARTMENT

[*Mary Ann Sleeper in the Minnesota Legionnaire*]

Bringing home Membership BACON is no easy task
But our national chairman did this of us ask;
So to our dear president, Jennie Craven, so fair,
Minnesota pays tribute in verse with a flair!

Mrs. Knoblauch and all to the last district president,
Membership chairmen and others did work; that is evident!
So Minnesota sends you our story of work
Twelve "good eggs" and not one ever did shirk!

Grace of First district all the trophies did seek
But Neva in Second holds spotlight; a new unit each week!
Rose in the Third is hustling along in the game
Christie of Fourth, our president's home, does the same!

Dorothy in Fifth; two hundred over last year
Makes Dorothy in Sixth climb; watch her, my dear!
Seventh with Helen rules areas great
Keeping Florence in Eighth on her toes and awake!

So this leaves dear Karl in Ninth with quads to her credit
And Tillie in Tenth working hard! Now you've sed it!
Mary Ann beams with joy, cause Minnesota's done her part—
Causing Justine's approval, for she thinks we're right smart!
So, we're bringing membership, totaling 31,253 in the basket;
Some bacon, 416 quota units; could we do more—we ask it?

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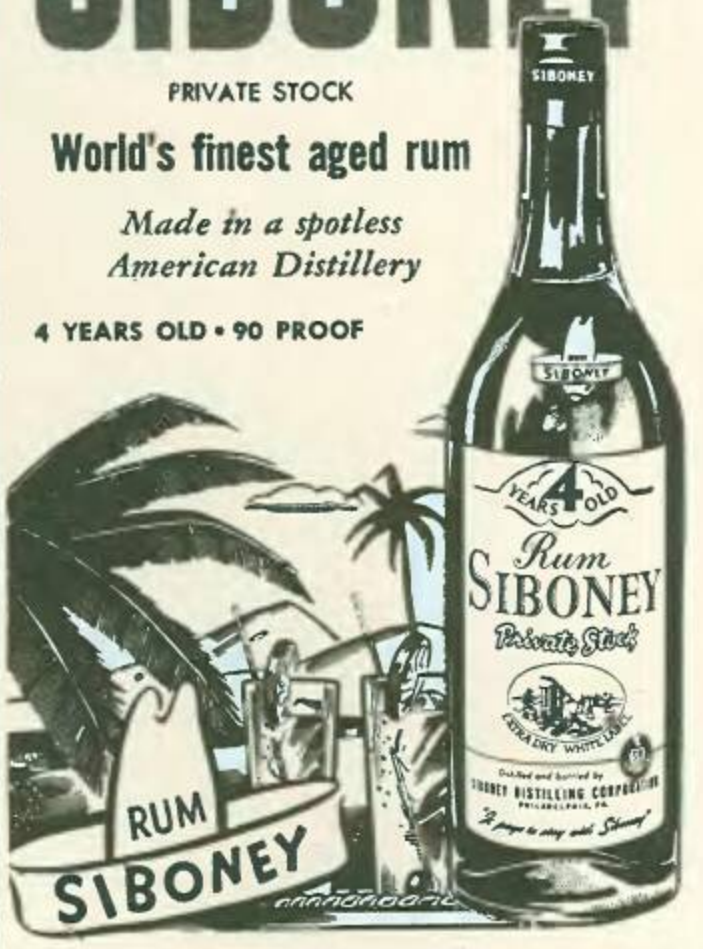
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"The edification, the fearlessness, and the fair, firm moderation which has characterized George V. Denny's selection and conduct of 'America's Town Meeting of the Air' was never more urgently needed by conscientious listeners. To Mr. Denny, to his able staff, and to the American Broadcasting Company, we take pleasure in presenting the Peabody Award for the outstanding educational program of 1945. Mr. Denny has the distinction of being the first double winner: 'Town Meeting' received the medal in 1943, and is still the irresistible leader in its field."

This program, typical of ABC's policy of presenting all sides of vital issues, was sponsored during 1945 by *The Reader's Digest*. At present it is being carried as one of the network's top public service features and is available for sponsorship by a company acceptable to the trustees of Town Hall.

ABC congratulates these other winners of Peabody Awards:

Edgar Bergen, Charley McCarthy and Mortimer Snerd, for many laughs (NBC).

Arch Oboler, in the field of drama (MBS).

CBS and Paul White for outstanding reporting of the news.

Station KRNT, for its coverage of the atom bomb trial in New Mexico (ABC affiliate).

The NBC Symphony of the Air, in the field of music.

Dr. Howard Hanson, the Eastman School of Music, and Station WHAM, for contributions to music education (NBC affiliate).

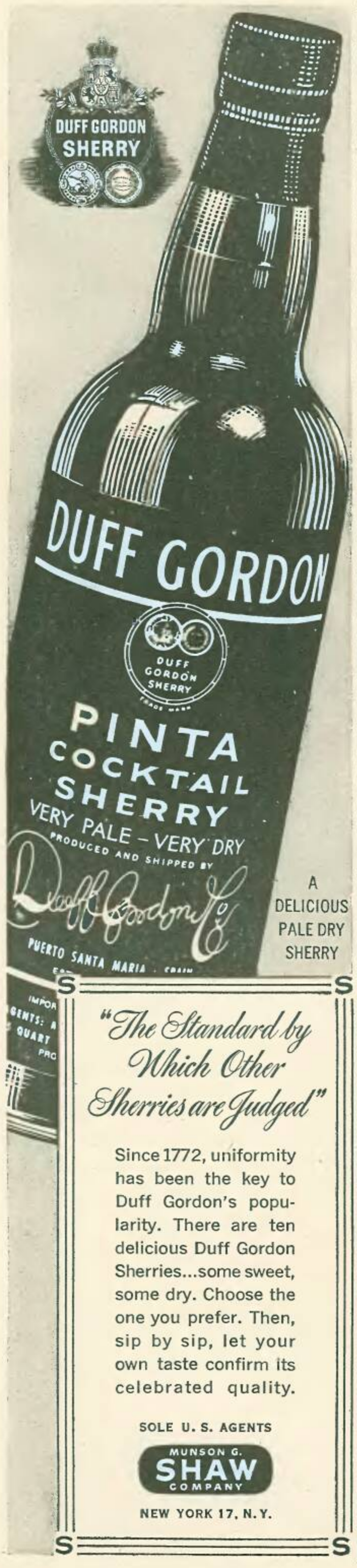
Station KFWB, for its program "Toward a Better World" as an outstanding public service feature by a regional station.

Station KOMA, for its "Save a Life" series as an outstanding public service feature by a local station (CBS affiliate.)

Station KOWH, for the outstanding children's program (ABS affiliate).

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THE RACE TRACK

The Belmont and the King's Plate

I'M afraid that Assault is not going to get all the credit due him for winning the Belmont Stakes so decisively at Belmont Park last weekend. Horseplayers will go on expecting him to be beaten because he hasn't as long a tail as Whirlaway, or isn't as sleek as War Admiral was, or for some other, equally plausible reason. Anyhow, he has now won all three of the spring classics and pretty close to $300,000 in prize money. He could stand on that record, but the season is still young. His performance last Saturday was obviously and easily his best, and I might add that he was perfectly trained and very well ridden. There was one anxious moment when he stumbled slightly at the start, and another when he bumped Hampden a furlong from home and it looked as though an objection might be lodged against him. I daresay that Arcaro, who rode Hampden, would have made one had he finished in the money instead of fourth. Arcaro, by the way, tried to run up the same sort of unassailable lead that he did a year ago with Pavot, but he couldn't bring it off this time. As for Lord Boswell, the favorite, I don't think that I ever saw him look so well or run more disappointingly.



By the way, I hope you noticed that Jet Pilot, the two-year-old I spoke so well of weeks ago, won the National Stallion Stakes.

IF you've ever gone racing at Woodbine Park, in Toronto, you know that it has a charm and an atmosphere rarely found at race tracks nowadays. I discovered this recently, when I went up to see the eighty-seventh running of the King's Plate, which was won by Kingarvie. The Woodbine—in Toronto, the track is always referred to as the Woodbine—is one of the oldest courses on this continent. It was opened in 1881, and this is antedated only by Saratoga, Pimlico, the New Orleans Fair Grounds, and Churchill Downs. My first glimpse of the place reminded me pleasantly of Saratoga, Keeneland, and particularly of Belmont Park Terminal, the sporting old course of the United Hunts, now almost forgotten. The Woodbine has a spacious paddock shaded by fine old trees, there are lawns of good, green turf to walk on, and there is no concrete underfoot except in the betting ring, which is the place for it. What's more, the spectators call the runners by name, not by mutuel number. The Ontario Jockey Club may not have really superior horses, but it puts on a good show. It has only fourteen days of racing a year, which seems not half enough to me, and the pari-mutuel turnover is about a tenth of the handle here. Horses run well on the Woodbine track. In fact, they fairly bound over it. The reason, I'm told, is that a lot of hemlock sawdust has been mixed into the top dressing. Keeping a racing strip even and resilient is an achievement; all sorts of unusual ingredients have been tried (I won't go into them now), but, so far as I can learn, this is the first time that sawdust has been used, and it's apparently working out fine. Several years ago, after a series of experiments, Palmer Wright, the clerk of the course at the Woodbine, discovered that a judicious mixture of hemlock sawdust, sand, and clay provided the kind of safe footing he wanted. Unfortunately, he has deprived trainers of a favorite alibi; the ground never breaks out from under horses at the Woodbine.

There is something very Empire about the conditions of Canada's classic race, which, incidentally, is the oldest fixture run on this side of the Atlantic: "The King's Plate (50 guineas, the gift of His Majesty the King), with $10,000 added by the Club. The first horse to receive the guineas, stakes, and 65% of the added money. . . . For Canadian-bred three-year-olds, the property of a British subject resident in Canada. . . ." The first royal donation was made by Queen Victoria in 1859, upon the petition of the Toronto Turf Club for a plate "to be run for at Toronto or such other place in Upper Canada as Her Majesty might appoint." The race was first run the following summer at Carleton, now West Toronto, four years before Kentucky won the first Travers at Saratoga.

One of the cherished customs of the Woodbine, dating back to its opening, is that on King's Plate Day the Governor-General rides down the stretch in an open landau drawn by four white

horses and accompanied by postillions, just as the King does at Royal Ascot. This year, however, because of rain and because the Royal Canadian Dragoons, the traditional escort, have been mechanized, Field Marshal Viscount Alexander, the new Governor-General, and Lady Alexander rode down the stretch to the weighing-in enclosure in a closed convertible, with five of Toronto's mounted policemen, in slickers, as outriders. Although the downpour was a nuisance—somebody guessed that more gray top hats were drenched at the Woodbine than would be worn at Epsom for the Derby Stakes—nobody seemed to mind very much, least of all the Governor-General, who presented the prizes standing in the open without benefit of the yellow carriage umbrella his naval aide was trying to get him to use.

Ten horses ran for the King's Plate, and Kingarvie won it by four lengths. He is a chestnut gelding by Teddy Wrack out of an English mare named Forsworn, and he was bred by R. S. McLaughlin, his owner, at Oshawa, Ontario. Last year he won ten out of twelve races, and this season he has won both his starts. If he didn't have leg trouble, he would go well in Class C company here. —AUDAX MINOR

•

TAKE NOTICE THAT JASON DAIRY PRODUCTS Co., 692 East New York Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y., has registered its trademark, "Cheeses That Pleases," with the Secretary of State of New York.—*Adv. in the Brooklyn Eagle.*

Noted. We don't anticipate any trouble.

•

Shirley Wanat of Terryville was flower girl. She wore a miniature outfit of the bridesmaids. Joseph Lizowski of Patchogue, godchild of the bride, carried the pillow of rings. He wore a full dress suit of tuxedo and tails.—*Smithtown Branch (L.I.) Star.*

Well, a man doesn't carry a pillow of rings *every* day.

•

DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT

[*From "Count Frontenac and New France," by Francis Parkman*]

The fifteen traders who held the place were all asleep at night in their blockhouse, when the Canadians burst the gate of the stockade and swarmed into the area. One of them mounted by a ladder to the roof of the building, and dropped lighted hand-grenades down the chimney, which, exploding among the occupants, told them unmistakably that something was wrong.

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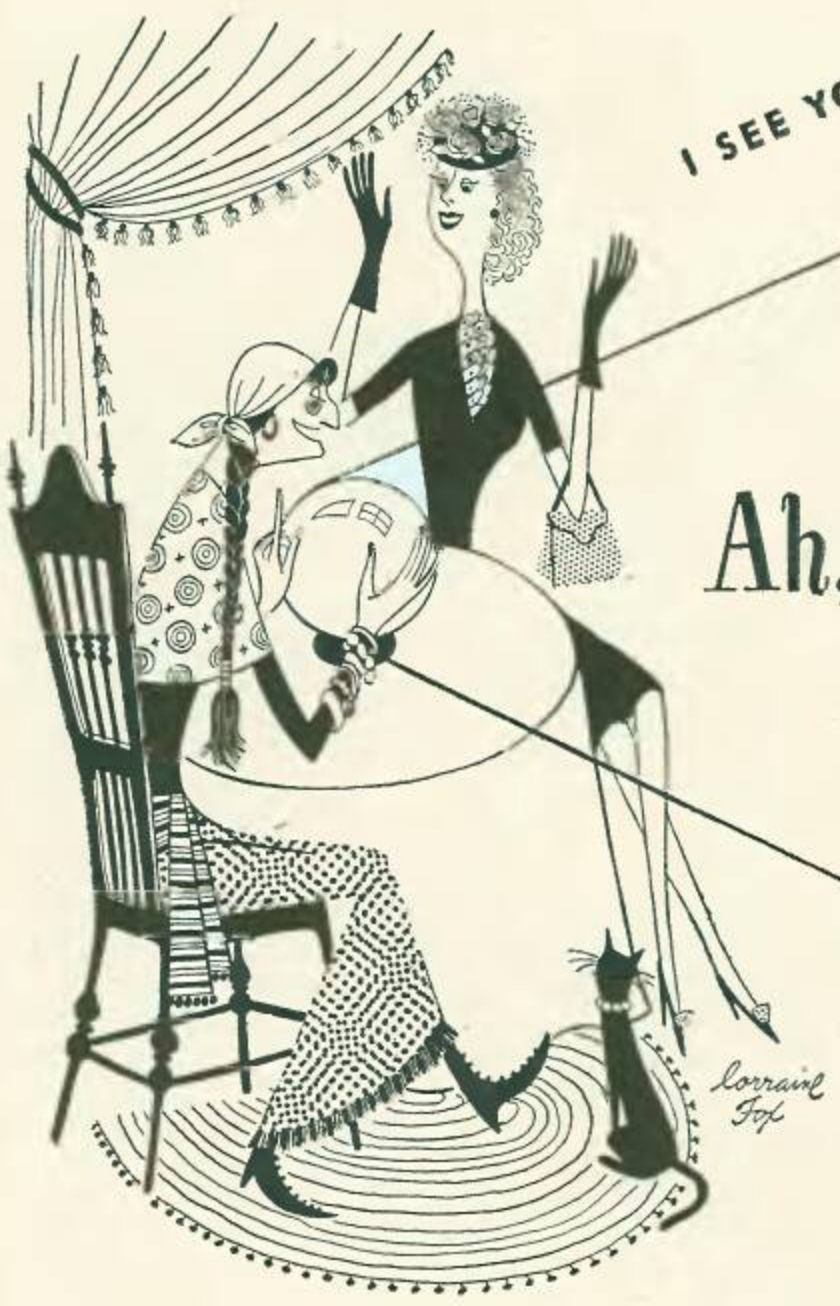
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THE OCTOPUS

THE other day, at a cocktail party, I heard someone refer to the late John D. Rockefeller, Sr., as the Octopus. I hadn't heard anyone call Mr. Rockefeller that in a long time and I felt as angry and resentful as I had when I first heard the epithet, many years ago. When I was a child—from the time I was nine until I was fifteen —my family spent the winters three doors from Mr. Rockefeller in Ormond Beach, Florida, and I knew him not as an octopus but as a kindly, somewhat pitiful old man.

There have been so many stories about the elder Rockefeller that I sometimes find it hard to sort out the things I have heard about him from the things I know. When he was in his eighties and early nineties, he made a habit of giving dimes to strangers; that is one of the stories about him that are true. The winter I was nine I used to hang around outside the gate to his house, and when he came out to the street, I would start to walk past him nonchalantly.

"Hello, boy!" he would always say.

I would stop and answer primly, "Hello, sir." His face was already wizened with age, and even in Florida he wore a tweed cap with ear flaps. He was so old that it took a little courage for me to look at him.

"Do you want a dime, boy?" he'd ask me then, in a voice that sounded as though it came from the grave.

"Yes, sir," I'd say, honestly.

After this invariable conversation, Mr. Rockefeller would put his hand into his pocket. When I saw him do this, I'd begin a sort of sidewise motion toward him, in the manner of all shy children, and he'd wait for me, as a man with a peanut waits for a squirrel to approach. My shyness with Mr. Rockefeller was partly the result of an overpowering sense of guilt. Out of family pride, my parents had forbidden me to take money from Mr. Rockefeller, but I was quite willing to take a dime from anybody fool enough to offer it to me. As my fingers touched the dry, velvety skin of Mr. Rockefeller's hand to take the coin, a little shiver of guilt would pass over me, and once the dime was clenched in my fist, I'd whirl and run away. I was not, however, without manners. Upon reaching a safe distance—say, fifty feet—I always stopped and turned around. Usually, I would see Mr. Rockefeller on the point of stepping into his high, hearselike Lincoln, which even then was out of fashion.

"Thank you, sir!" I'd call. "Thank you very much!"

Mr. Rockefeller would wait until he was in the car before he answered. When he was seated, he'd lean out the window and scrutinize me carefully for a moment.

"It's all right, boy!" he'd say, and then the car would drive off and I would be left alone with the shiny dime in my hand.

It came as something of a surprise to me to learn, as I grew older, that people kept Mr. Rockefeller's shiny dimes as valued souvenirs and rarely spent them. I always used them at once to buy candy, and the dimes I got from the old gentleman that year and the two following winters bought me three Baby Ruths and several ice-cream sodas a week. Ice-cream sodas cost five cents in those days.

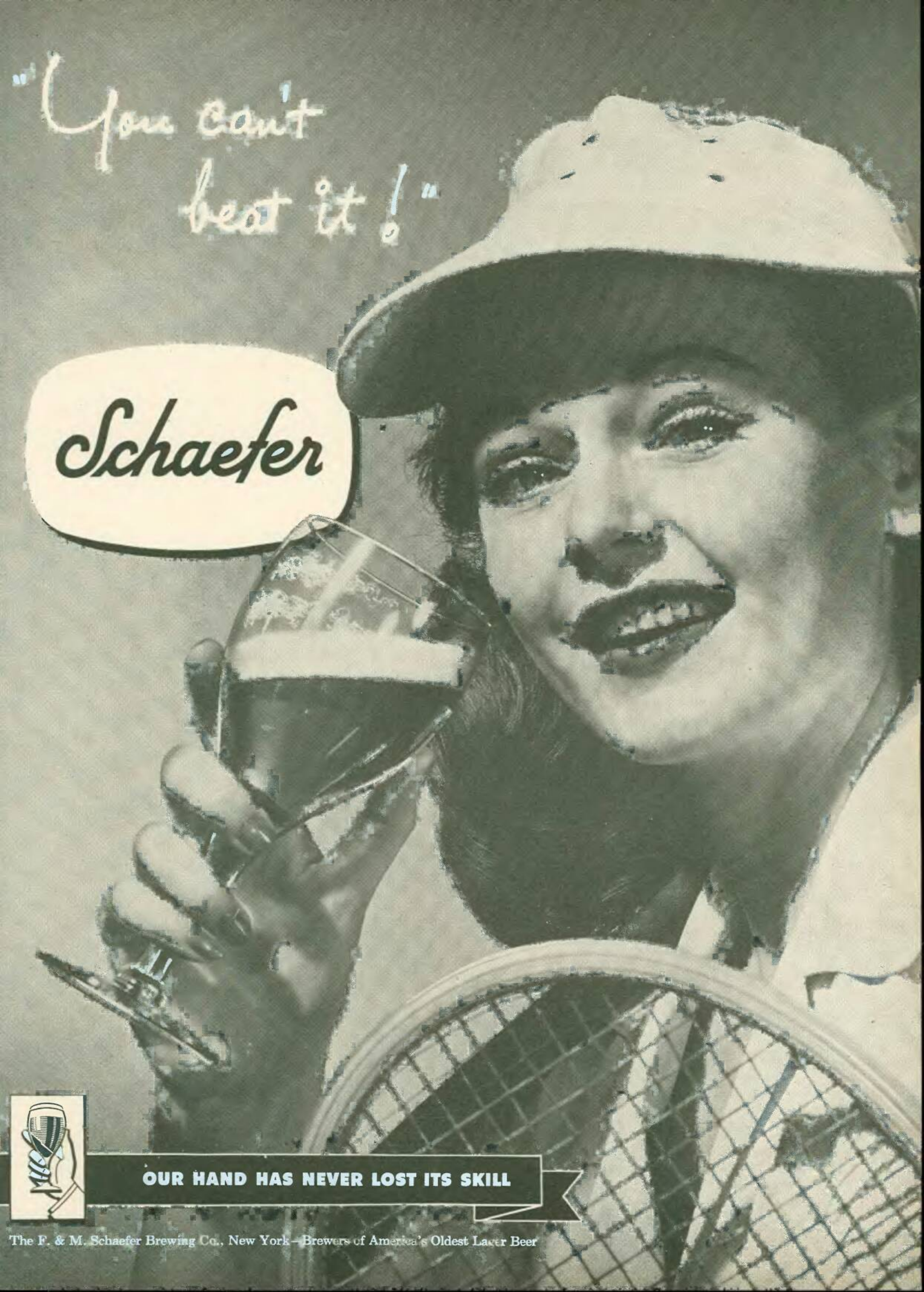
THE dimes were not the only gifts I received from Mr. Rockefeller. Every year, he gave a lavish Christmas party to which he invited all the neighboring gentry and their children. These parties were formal, and at seven o'clock my father in his dinner coat, my mother in a long gown, my sister in organdie, and I in a blue coat and white flannel pants walked past the guard at the gate and knocked at Mr. Rockefeller's door. Inside, two people always stood by the door—the butler and Mr. Rockefeller. The butler would take our hats, and Mr. Rockefeller, making a point of not recognizing me in my finery (though I knew perfectly well that he remembered our encounters), would put his hand on my head and say, "God bless you, child!" I was thankful that he didn't expose me as the dirty little boy who hung about his gate to be given dimes. Sometimes he repeated his blessing several times before he took his hand from my head.



The Christmas parties at Mr. Rockefeller's followed the same pattern. The children were left by the Christmas tree in the front drawing room with the butler, and the adults went into an ad-

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joining room to sing Baptist hymns. The butler was a fat man who, I always thought, hated children, and he didn't relish his job of handing us the presents that were piled under the tree. Perhaps I did the man an injustice, for his job was not an enviable one. Unlike the presents under our tree at home, the presents under Mr. Rockefeller's tree were not labelled for any one child. About twenty children were usually asked to the party, and the procedure was simply to have enough packages under the tree to go around several times. These packages, of course, were of different shapes and sizes, and it was maddening to watch the butler pick one up and, purely by chance, choose a child to whom to give it. Some of the children, not trusting fate, did not wait for the butler to present the gifts, and simply seized the bigger packages. Others, more polite but just as calculating, tried to engineer trades after the packages had been opened. All of this, of course, involved considerable shouting, scuffling, and occasional tears, which was trying for the butler, since he had been ordered to keep us children quiet while the singing was in progress. During the loudest of the hymns he relaxed a little, but there was one point in the ceremonies at which silence was absolutely necessary—the time when the singing stopped and Mr. Rockefeller read aloud religious poems that he had written. During these crucial moments, the butler thought nothing of clapping his hand over the mouth of a child.

It was in the middle of this sanctified part of the Christmas party, one year, that I fell into disgrace. I still say it wasn't my fault. I was twelve years old, I had been to several of Mr. Rockefeller's Christmas parties, and I knew the procedure as well as the butler did. When the singing stopped in the other room and I heard the quavering voice of Mr. Rockefeller reciting his verses, I took my toys to a solitary corner and sat down to admire them in silence. There was one square package I had not opened. Taking care not to rustle the paper, I slipped off the wrapping and was confronted by a wooden, cloth-bound box. The lid of the box was secured by an ordinary hook latch. I released the latch carefully and, to my horror, the lid flew open, a great, green dragon jumped out at me, and the box gave forth a loud, mechanical shriek. A jack-in-the-box. In the other room, Mr. Rockefeller paused in his reading. Panic-stricken, I tried to stuff the dragon back into the box, but all I managed to do

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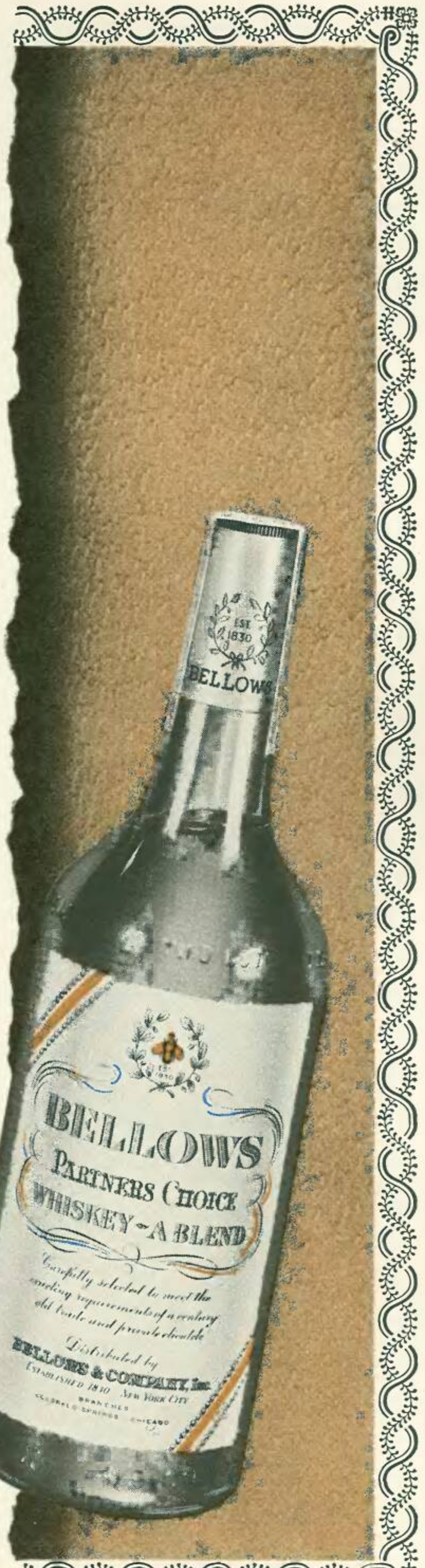
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was start off the sound device and produce more mechanical shrieks. Suddenly, I was picked up from behind by the seat of my pants and lifted, kicking, into mid-air by the butler. I tried to shout, but his hand covered my mouth, half suffocating me. He carried me quickly into a bedroom, dumped me on the bed, and left the room, shutting the door behind him. Lost in humiliation and despair, I covered my face with a blanket that lay folded over the foot of the bed, and wept. It was not long before I heard the door open. I looked out from under my cover and saw my parents and Mr. Rockefeller standing in the doorway. My mother rushed to the bed and tried to comfort me. It was not comfort I wanted but justice. Sitting up on the bed, I explained to Mr. Rockefeller, between sobs, that I had had no way of knowing that the opening of the box would produce such a noise. He listened to me carefully.

"It's a hard world, boy!" he said. "Don't worry about it." He smiled when he spoke, and I felt that justice had triumphed.

THE next three winters, I went to boarding school in the North and didn't get to Mr. Rockefeller's Christmas parties. When we met again, he at ninety-five and I at fifteen, we were both at an age when the passage of three years makes a visible difference, yet as we met—again outside his gate—he recognized me.

"Hello, boy!" he said.

"Hello, sir," I replied.

"I suppose you want a dime?" he said.

At fifteen, I did not have the candor I had had at nine, and I lied. "Oh, no, sir," I said. "I don't want a dime."

"Well, I don't have one on me," he said. "Look and see." He held his arms away from his body like a man prepared to be searched.

"Oh, I believe you, sir!" I said.

"Look and see," he repeated sternly.

He reiterated his order again, and fumblingly, with all the embarrassment of adolescence, I went through his pockets. They were all empty.

"See?" he said triumphantly. "I don't have a dime!"

"Yes, sir," I said, and in confusion walked off up the street.

Later, I told my father that Mr. Rockefeller had made me go through his pockets. My father said that the old gentleman had recently stopped giving away dimes and had acquired a fixation that everyone was trying to get



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money from him. "After all, he's in his nineties," my father said. "It's not an age that allows criticism."

"No," I said. "Of course not." But I shuddered, remembering the sensation I had had when my fingers, going through his pockets, had felt the aged body beneath his jacket.

After that, I saw Mr. Rockefeller only a few times before he died. Sunday mornings, I sometimes saw him climb into his Lincoln to go to church. The only Baptist church in the region was a little church which Negroes attended. I was told that Mr. Rockefeller sat there among the Negroes with bowed head, the only white man in the place except for an occasional tourist who came to stare at him for a few moments and depart.

When Mr. Rockefeller died and the local paper ran the front-page obituary that had for so long been prepared and ready for use, I know that many of the simple people in the little Florida town were surprised to read about the sensational life of their unostentatious old neighbor.

The last time I went to Florida, I drove by Mr. Rockefeller's house and saw that it had been turned into a school for young ladies. I understand that only the nicest young ladies go there, but I doubt whether the big, quiet house contains any more innocence now than it did when the wicked Octopus lived there, in all the innocence of his old age.

—Sloan Wilson

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CORONER'S REPORT

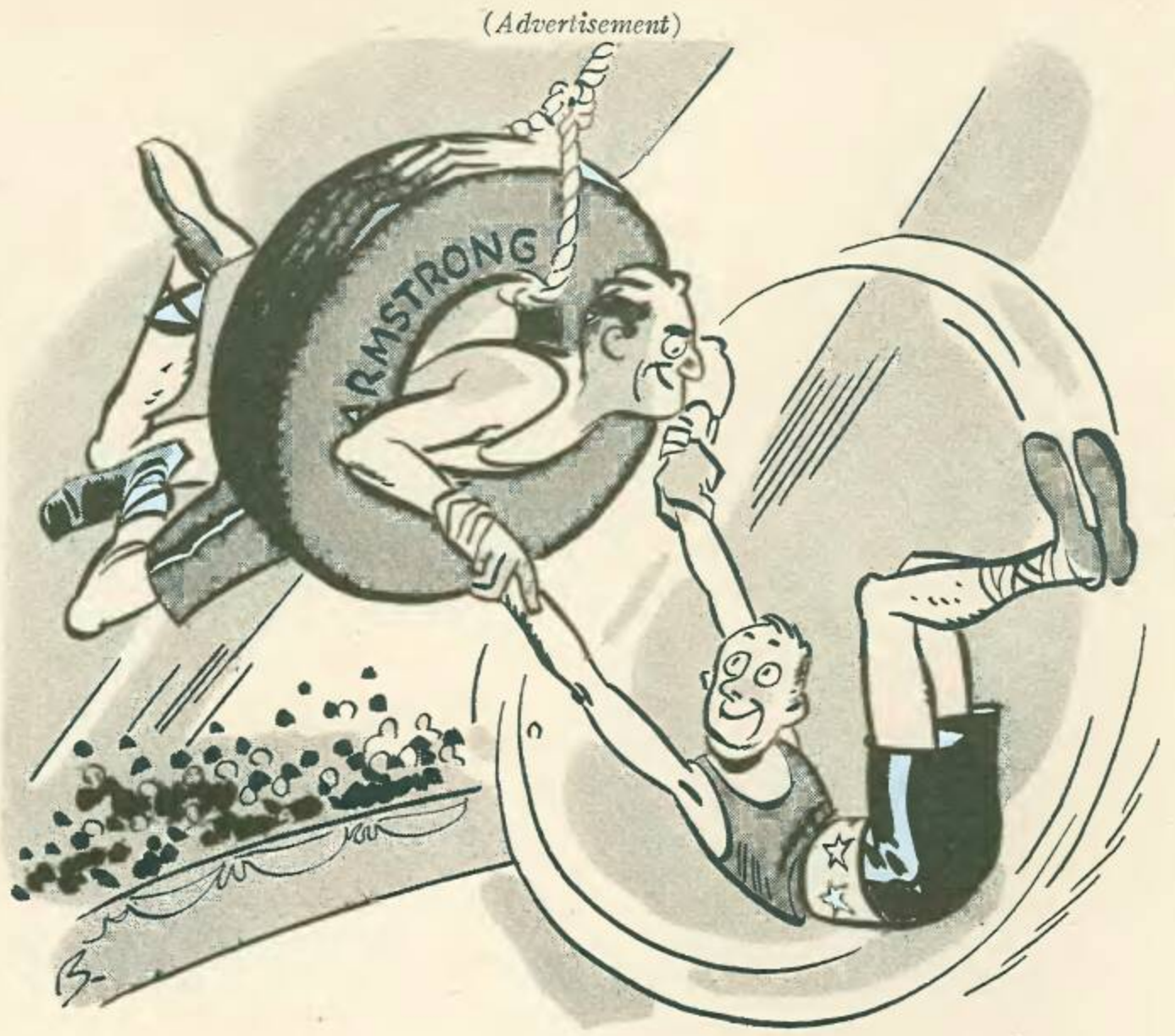
DUCHESS OF ALBA NOT
SLAIN OVER GOYA PAINTING

All . . . proved to have been dreamed up, largely by French writers.—*The Herald Tribune.*

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When Goya drew his lady with no
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The French made French assumptions
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And spikes with Truth the rumors of
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Rude science now finds Alba's lady cold,
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Makes all this clear. Somehow the loss
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A REPORTER AT LARGE

A FINE MORAL POINT

MORE than thirty-five thousand observers are expected to be on hand a few weeks from now to see what happens during the atomic-bomb tests at Bikini, and after the smoke has cleared away, a lot of them will spend many days checking on various aspects of the demonstration. It will be quite a turnout compared to our first overseas mission to determine the effects of an atomic bomb—the bomb the Superfortress Enola Gay released over Hiroshima last August 6th. Only twelve men made that trip, they didn't reach their destination until thirty-one days after the bomb had fallen, and they stayed there less than twenty-four hours. Most of the members of the mission didn't even start out as such when they left the United States. They were part of a group of physicists and radiologists who, when Hiroshima was attacked, happened to be stationed on Tinian, one of the islands in the Marianas, where they were supervising the assembling of atomic bombs. They felt sure that the bombs were going to shorten the war, but they believed that the end was a matter of months, not days. Indeed, they were all set to stay on Tinian until fall, when they expected to be relieved by another group of scientists. When Japan quit, eight days after the Enola Gay's visitation, they were hastily mobilized and sent on their way under the leadership of Brigadier General Thomas F. Farrell, who, along with a few physicians, had himself been rather hastily mobilized in Washington by his boss, Major General Leslie R. Groves, the War Department's big atom man. Later on, missions sent to both Hiroshima and Nagasaki stayed longer and did more thorough investigating of the damage. This first group, however, was sent to make only a spot check.

The purpose of the mission was not wholly scientific. The Tokyo radio was claiming that Japanese relief workers who had entered Hiroshima some days after the bomb had been dropped on the city were dying mysteriously, the obvious implication being that the place was still contaminated by radioactivity. Our War Department contended that only a small percentage of Hiroshima's hundred and seventy-eight thousand casualties were the result of radioactivity and that any injuries caused by it must have been inflicted within a few seconds after the bomb burst, because the dangerous gamma rays released by the detonation of an atomic bomb soon lose their power unless the bomb is exploded too near the earth. Stories elaborating on the Japanese broadcasts were printed all over the world. One American scientist who had been associated with the Manhattan District expressed the opinion that for the next seventy years anyone who visited Hiroshima would in effect be committing suicide. There seemed to be a tendency in all this to question the humaneness of American methods of warfare, and the Army, sensitive to such criticism, felt called upon to prove as soon as possible that the new bombs were entitled to the same degree of respect accorded by the civilized world to rockets, mines, incendiaries, and sixteen-inch shells. As Dr. Philip Morrison, a member of the mission, explained to me at dinner the other evening, "A fine moral point was involved."

Morrison had been telling me about his trip to Hiroshima, a trip that seems to have been an unusual mixture of tourism, scientific exploration, and public-relations work. The night I had dinner with him, he had just arrived from Los Alamos, the New Mexican center of atomic experimentation, on business for the Manhattan District, to which he has been attached for the past three years and which he is about to leave to teach at Cornell as an assistant professor of physics, a position he formerly held at the University of Illinois. He is a congenial, stocky man of thirty who looks no more like a scientist than the next fellow.

MORRISON and twenty-five of his colleagues on Tinian learned about the mission shortly after the Japanese gave up. They were told that they, together with General Farrell and some other experts who were coming on from Washington, were going to Hiroshima. Actually, only twelve of the men reached their destination. "A snafu," Morrison said. "Most of the others were put on the wrong LSTs or found themselves sitting in some place like Zamboanga waiting for a naval port director to let them loose." The twelve who reached Japan arrived in Yokohama the day after MacArthur and followed him to Tokyo. What with one mixup and another, the trip had been a strenuous one, and they were pretty well bushed—all except General Farrell, who, realizing that the heat was on in Washington, was eager to shove right along to Hiroshima, four hundred and fifty miles to the southwest. "General Groves was sending him indignant cables," Morrison said. Farrell's zeal was not shared by MacArthur's headquarters, which



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On behalf of the Government of the United States I take pleasure in attesting the abiding gratitude of America to the Gripsholm and her complement.

Done at the City of Washington this twenty-seventh day of March in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and forty-six and of the Independence of the United States of America the one hundred and seventy-first.

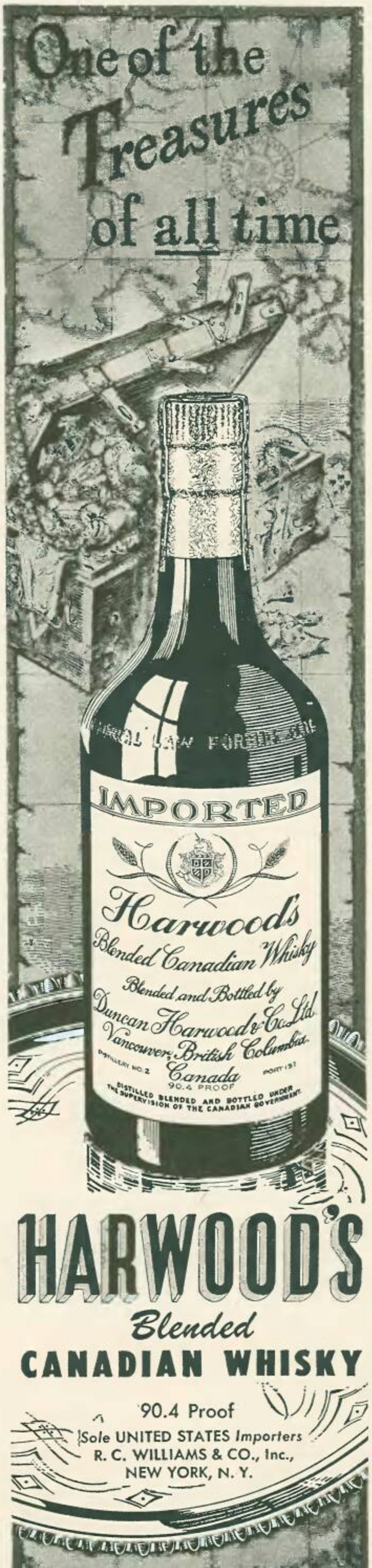
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told him that American occupation troops had not yet moved into Hiroshima and that the mission would have to wait until they got there, because the theatre commander would be responsible for anything that might happen to the scientists while they were in Japan. Farrell replied that his mission ought to make sure the bombed area was safe before the troops moved in. Headquarters, however, couldn't see it that way, and during the delay which followed the members of the mission killed time as best they could.



"I ran into a Japanese scientist named Ryokichi Sagani one day and asked him around to dinner," Morrison told me. "We had K rations, for which he seemed grateful. He hadn't had any meat for fifteen months. Before the war, Sagani spent a year at the University of California, doing some research in nuclear physics, and two of my colleagues on Tinian—Luis Alvarez and Robert Serber—and I had met him there. As a matter of fact, we had tried to communicate with him while we were still on Tinian. When we finished tailoring the Nagasaki bomb there, we decided to send Sagani a note with it, hoping someone would find it and pass it along to him. 'Please make every effort to inform the Japanese government that this is an atomic bomb and that we have more,' we wrote, and signed it 'From Three Former Colleagues.' We addressed it to him and Scotch-taped it to an instrument box that was to be parachuted to the ground at the same time the bomb was dropped." The box contained a device designed to record the force of the bomb's explosion and the altitude at which the explosion took place, as well as an automatic radio to transmit this information to the plane that had dropped the bomb. "Well, Sagani and I talked physics a bit," Morrison went on, "and then he mentioned that the note had been found and that he had been questioned about it by officials of his government. He didn't ask me if I had been one of the authors, and I didn't tell him."

While the members of the mission were waiting around, Dr. Marcel Junod, the Swiss chief of the International Red Cross delegation in Japan, gave them some idea of the conditions they could expect in Hiroshima. "Junod," Morrison told me, "has a sober disposition, and with good reason. For eleven years he had been following all sorts of disasters for the Red Cross—Abyssinia, China, the Spanish Civil War, Poland, and Japan. Now he had an atomic disaster on his hands. It was something new for him, and he was up to his neck in it." Junod fixed things so the mission could look over a file the Japanese had compiled of affidavits made by people who had been in Hiroshima at the time of the explosion. "They were beautifully inscribed on rice paper," Morrison said. "Twenty affidavits with a string around them tied in an elegant bow. An interpreter translated them for us. We always had an interpreter with us." The delicate calligraphy on the sheets of rice paper seemed to indicate that no radioactivity had lingered in Hiroshima.

Through Dr. Junod, the members of the mission met Masao Tsuzuki, a professor of radiology at the University of Tokyo's medical school. "An urbane man of sixty-five," Morrison said. "Very dignified and with an air of gravity, but he could be biting. The first time he came to see us, he brought along his papers to establish his professional position. Among them was a thesis he had published in 1926 while he was doing research at the University of Pennsylvania. It was called 'Deaths Induced by Severe X-Ray Radiation in Laboratory Animals,' or some such, and it described in detail the hemorrhages, oozing of blood through the pores, and other disorders brought on by X-ray radiation. What Tsuzuki had described twenty years ago had now happened to his countrymen. When I handed the thesis back to him, he slapped me on the knee and said, 'Ah, but the *Americans* —they are wonderful. It has remained for them to conduct the *human* experiment.' "

AFTER a week of finagling, General Farrell succeeded in moving his mission out of Tokyo by having its members appointed temporary International Red Cross representatives (who are evidently regarded in Army circles as more expendable than scientists) to accompany thirteen tons of medical supplies that were to be flown to Hiroshima in five C-47s. "Theoretical delivery boys we were," Morrison said, with a smile. "Clinching that deal was a moment of triumph for Farrell, but it was another kind of moment for me. It oc-

curred to me that once we got beyond the protection of our troops, it would be logical for the Japanese to kill us, or at any rate lock us up, and that in either case they would probably steal some secret documents I had on me. So I carefully sealed them up and gave them to an enlisted man who'd been assigned to look after us while we were in Tokyo, with instructions about what to do with them if I didn't get back. Then I sat down and wrote my wife a letter in which I was deliberately cheerful. Just like in the movies. Then we got in those C-47s and took off."

The minute Morrison stepped out of his plane at the Iwi Kuni airport, twenty miles north of Hiroshima, he realized that his anxiety had been needless. Word that the Americans were coming had preceded them, and there, at the edge of the field, was a long table covered with a white cloth on which bottles of beer and pots of tea had been laid out. Seventy-five Japanese soldiers and naval cadets stood at attention on either side of the table, and in front of them was a Japanese colonel, who advanced and invited the visitors to sit down and refresh themselves. General Farrell was, however, in no mood for dillydallying, especially when he learned from an airport employee that a batch of American war correspondents, fresh from a look at Hiroshima, had taken off for Tokyo only a few minutes before in a B-17 put at their disposal by an enterprising Air Forces public-relations officer. What General Groves (two stars) would say when their stories appeared in the press back home while the War Department was still without its own first-hand information, General Farrell (one star) could painfully imagine. He brusquely declined the colonel's beer and tea and herded his party into a bus that the Red Cross had ordered to be ready at the field.

"Poor Farrell," Morrison said. "That bus made ten miles in something like four hours." Sitting beside the Japanese driver was a kind of co-pilot, an assistant whose job it was to fill the machine's makeshift half-gallon fuel tank with gasoline from a big jug, and since he naturally found it impossible to do this while the bus was in motion, it was necessary to make a dozen or so lengthy stops. The trip was further prolonged by a call that the driver decided must be paid on the Japanese commander of the Hiroshima military district. This involved a detour through a Japanese Army camp, where Morrison received further reassurance that he was not going to be killed. "We drove past thou-

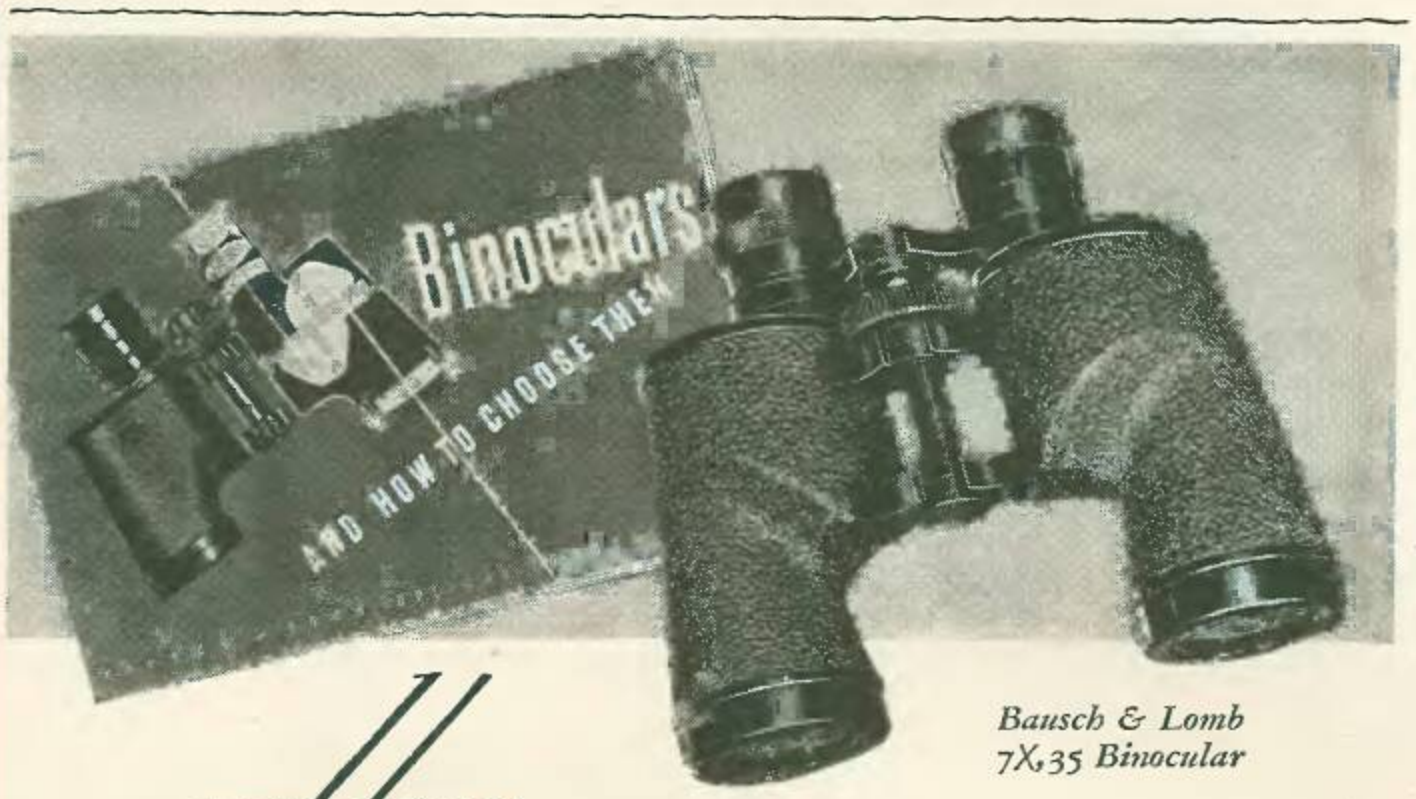
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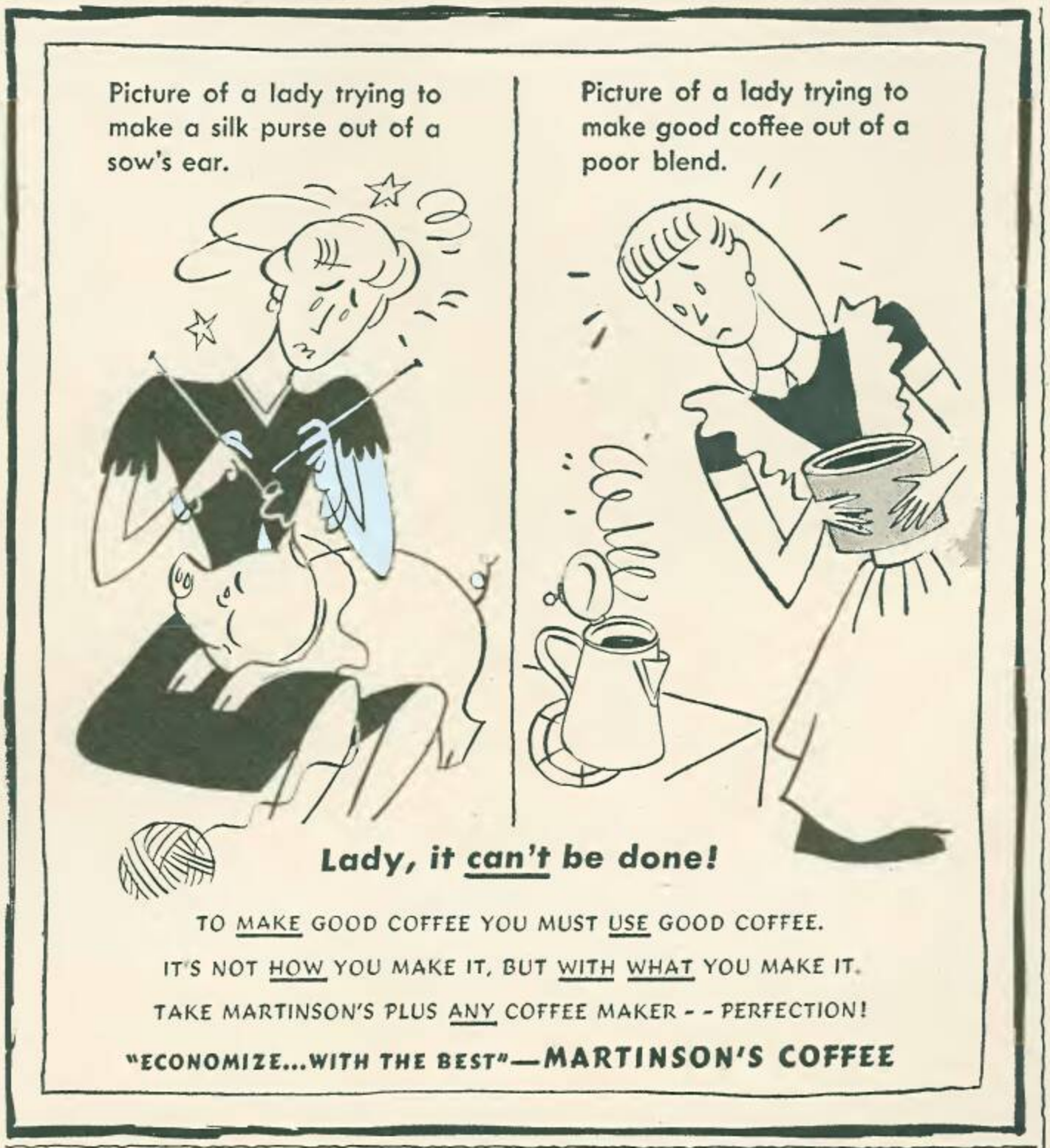
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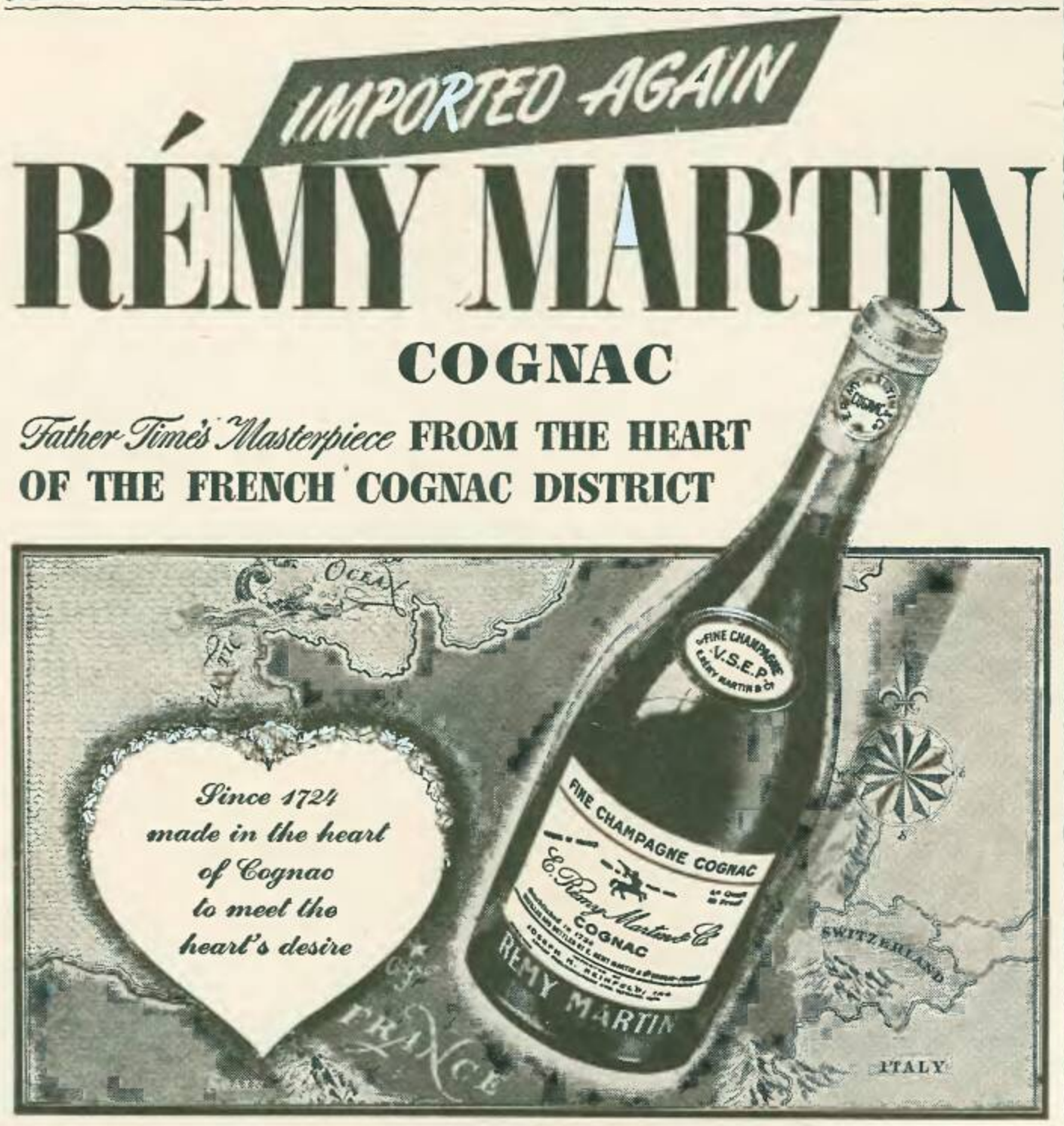
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sands of soldiers who were cleaning their rifles and they hardly noticed us," he told me. "Things were going to be ironic, I could see." The commander, a sourpuss Bushido product whom they found in his headquarters, offered doleful and elaborate apologies for not personally guiding his visitors into Hiroshima. His excuse was that he didn't know the way very well because he had been assigned to this post only recently, his predecessor having been killed by the bomb. Farrell got his group moving again as quickly as he could, but the mission might as well have stayed around listening to more of the commander's apologies, for as soon as it had resumed its limping journey, the driver announced that, in view of the lateness of the hour and the lack of suitable billets in Hiroshima, the party would have to spend the night at Mia Jima, an island resort about a dozen miles from the city. He forthwith dumped the scientists at a pier, where a ferry picked them up and took them to the island.

"Mia Jima was simply sybaritic," Morrison said. "It was the place where couples used to go for their honeymoons —the Banff of Japan." The Americans were installed in bridal cottages in a cypress grove next to a brook. A hostess handed them white kimonos and directed them to a bathhouse, where attendants scrubbed their backs. They were then served a pretentious but not very good meal of soup, rice, fish, seaweed, gamy meat, and a bottle of Scotch. "The Scotch, I'm reasonably certain, was synthetic," Morrison told me. "The reason I think so is that the label said, 'Made in Japan.' "

WHEN the scientists reached the mainland early the following morning, the bus was waiting to take them into Hiroshima. Morrison naturally looked forward to seeing what was left of the city, but he had an idea that he was going to find it anticlimactic. "For me," he said, "the first and main impact of Hiroshima's destruction had come the day before, when we were flying down there from Tokyo. First we flew over Nagoya, Osaka, and Kobe, which had been bombed in the conventional manner, and they looked checkered—patches of red rust where fire bombs had hit intermingled with the gray roofs and green vegetation of undamaged sections. Then we circled Hiroshima, and there was just one enormous, flat, rust-red scar, and no green or gray, because there were no roofs or vegetation left. I was pretty sure then that nothing I was going to see

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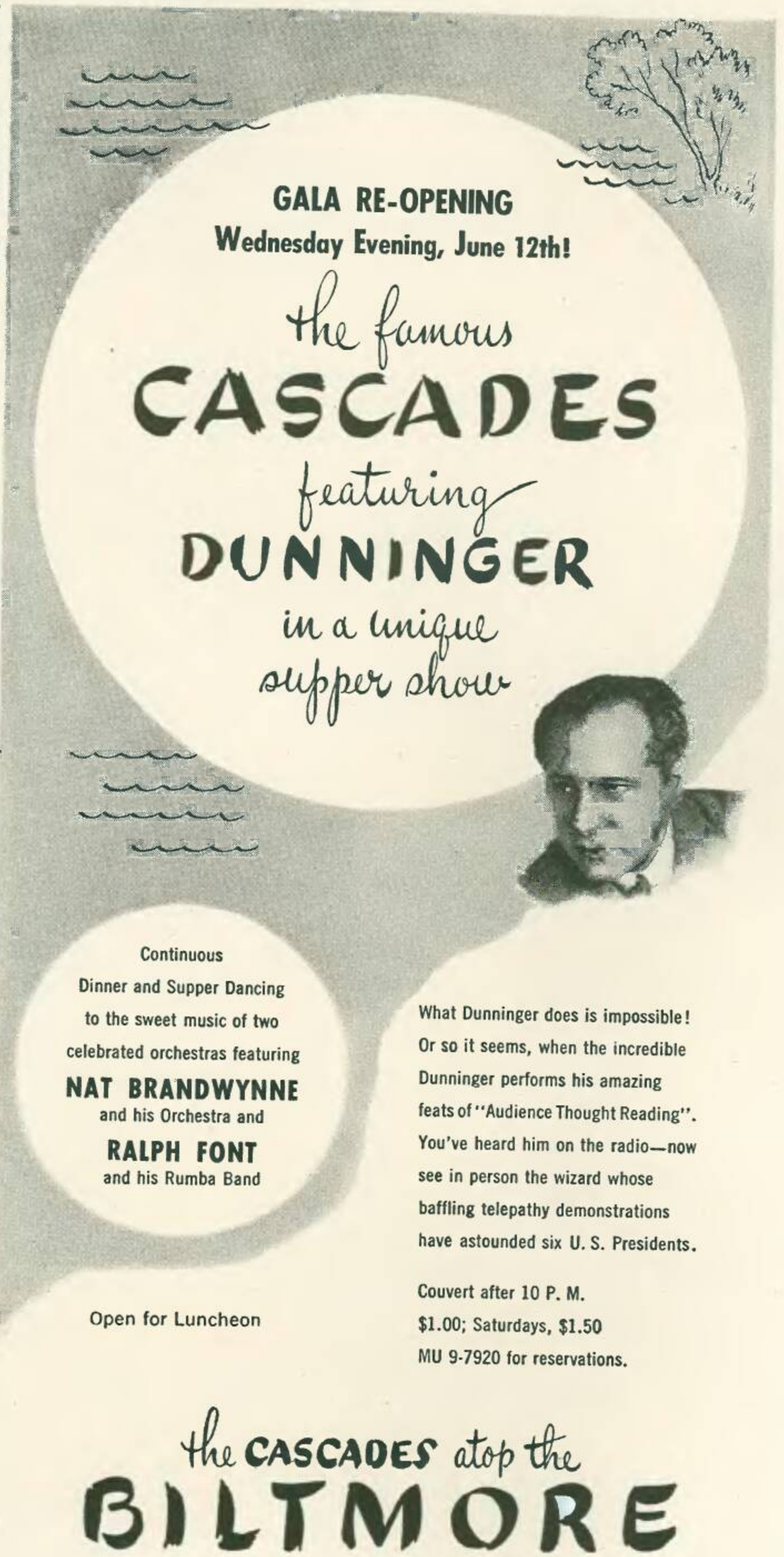
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later would give me as much of a jolt. The rest would be just a matter of details." The bus was still eight miles from Hiroshima when the scientists began to notice that the roofs of some of the flimsier houses were missing. As they got nearer, roofless houses became more common. They entered Hiroshima by crossing the Otagawa River, which winds in and out of the city seven times, over a bridge whose heavy stone balustrades had been blown to pieces. Up to this point there had been vegetation along the road, but now the earth looked seared. Hiroshima is on a delta whose flatness accentuated the effect of the wholesale levelling of the buildings. It was raining. The bus passed several cyclists pedalling along determinedly, and at one point swung out to avoid a small queue in front of a soup kitchen. "What is there to say about damage?" Morrison asked rhetorically. "Perhaps the same dreadful feat could have been achieved by other means and we had simply used a labor-saving device. To Major de Seversky what I saw might have looked as though a thousand B-29s had hit the place. To me it looked as though a small atomic bomb had exploded."

Hiroshima's port facilities, three miles from the center of the city, were outside the bomb's range, and Morrison noticed that the cargo cranes were still standing. "But the Enola Gay sure got the target," he told me. "You mean," I asked, "that there was a specific target in Hiroshima? Precision atomic bombing?" "Certainly," he replied. "The Japanese Fifth Division, the so-called invincible masters of Singapore, were using the grounds of a castle in the city as their headquarters. They were planning the defense of Kyushu there. That was the official justification for the bombing."

The bus finally stopped in front of a sideless shed with a raised floor, a rough structure that had obviously been hurriedly thrown together but that looked remarkably sturdy compared to the ruins around it. Morrison gathered that it was a kind of official center for directing rescue and salvage work. The commander of the military district had managed to find his way to the town and was waiting in the shed for the mission, together with several other Japanese, including Professor Tsuzuki, the radiology professor whose remark about American experimental methods had impressed Morrison in Tokyo. The group had been assembled by the Red Cross, at the request of General Farrell, to tell the mission what had taken



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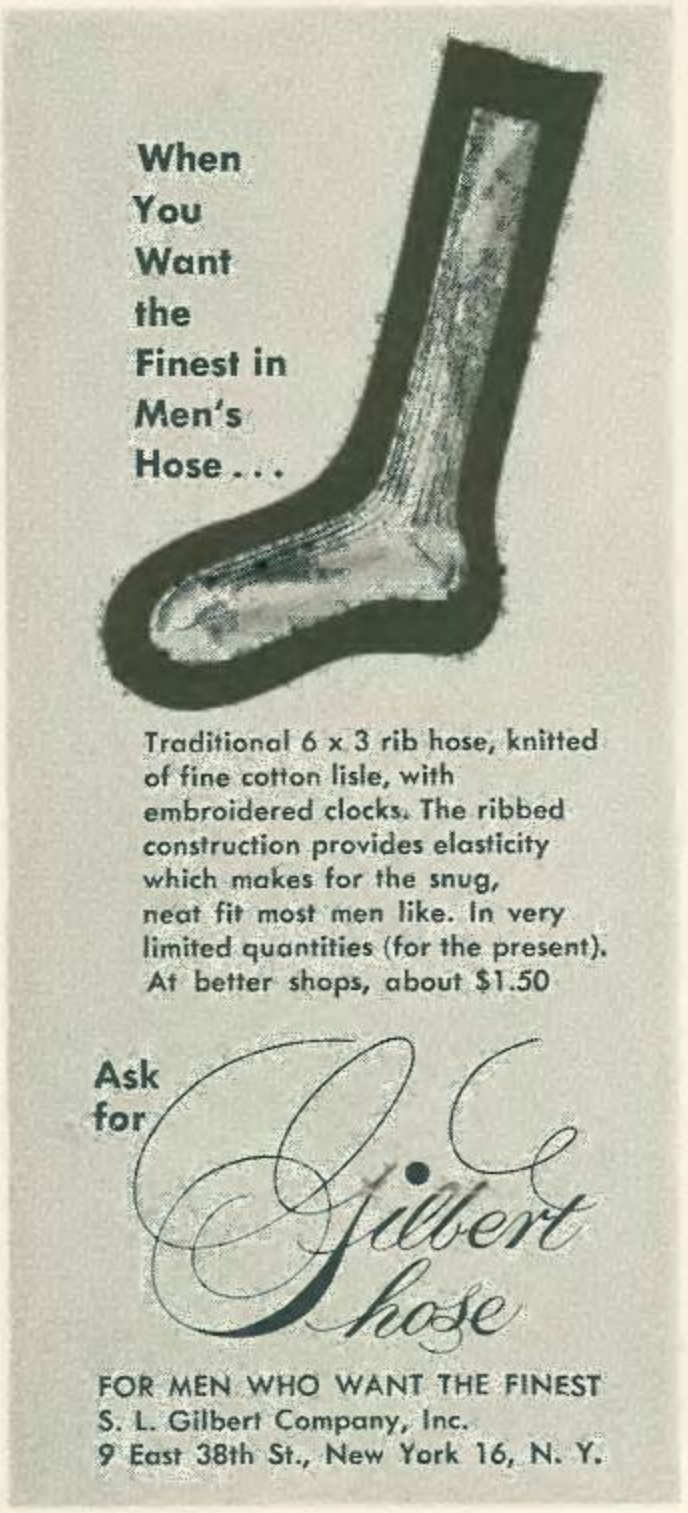
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place in Hiroshima after the bomb exploded. The Americans sat down on a bench along one side of a plain wooden table, and the Japanese seated themselves on the other side. The commander started things off by gravely explaining that he had asked one of his aides, a young major, to tell the Americans the "facts of the disaster." "They always referred to it as 'the disaster,'" Morrison said. "It made me feel as though I were a member of an earthquake commission."

THE Japanese major stood up and told the mission that on August 6th, the day of the bombing, he had been in Tokyo, where he was attached to the General Staff. At seven-fifteen that morning, he said, the Japanese radar system picked up some approaching enemy aircraft, apparently bound for southern Honshu. Radio stations in various cities, including Hiroshima, were alerted and went off the air. By eight o'clock the radar operators had fixed the number of planes at no more than three, and their superiors concluded that the Americans were just doing a little reconnaissance. Accordingly, the alert was lifted and broadcasting resumed. Sixteen minutes later, the Hiroshima station went off the air again, and the Japanese Broadcasting Corporation's headquarters in Tokyo attempted to reach it by telephone to find out what was wrong, but got no response. Other means of communicating with Hiroshima were equally useless. The telegraph line had gone dead a little north of the city; the military in Tokyo tried repeatedly to get in touch with the Army's wireless station at Hiroshima but had no more luck than the civilians. Presently, railroad telegraphers at whistle stops a few miles out of Hiroshima began sending Tokyo frantic, incoherent messages about a tremendous explosion nearby. The General Staff was unable to understand how such a thing could have happened, since presumably only three American planes had come over, and even if a few bombs had been dropped, there was no store of munitions or other explosives near Hiroshima capable of producing a big blast.

The major was ordered to take off in a plane and find out what had happened. He was still a hundred miles from Hiroshima when he saw a thick, billowing cloud of smoke rising in the distance. He flew over the city in dazed bewilderment; below him there seemed to be "one great magnesium flare." The smoke made it impossible for him to



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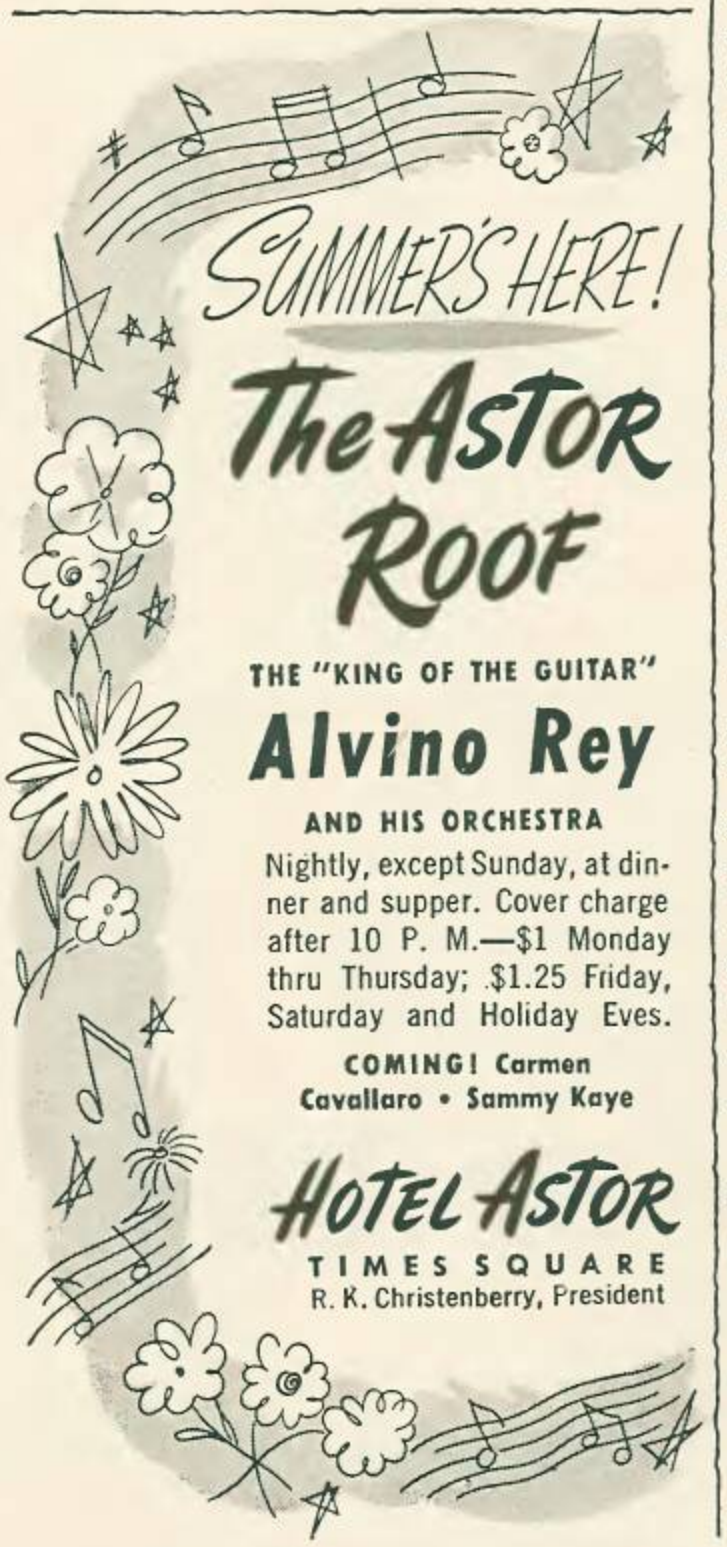
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get anywhere near the Fifth Division's airstrip, so he flew on to the Kure naval-base field, thirty miles south, where he found that the Navy people were still in the dark about what had happened. Sailors, they said, had been sent to Hiroshima, but a mass of fires had prevented them from entering it. Victims of the explosion had staggered out of the flames, their clothing ablaze, and told disjointed stories of a wind of incredible velocity that had blown through the streets. The Navy placed two thousand sailors under the major's command, and ten hours after the explosion he managed to get them into the city. In the next few days they repaired the railroad line and restored communications. The major also arranged for medical units to come into the city. When Japan surrendered, the major said, he had decided to stay on in Hiroshima, as he thought he could be more useful there than back at headquarters. He then thanked the Americans for listening, bowed stiffly, and sat down.

Next, Professor Tsuzuki got up and, after formally going through the business of reidentifying himself to the Americans, mentioned the heavy casualties. Not all of them, he thought, could be attributed to the explosion itself, the fires, or the falling buildings; some, he believed, were the result of radiation burns as well as what he called "unknown factors." Many of Tsuzuki's observations ended in discreet questions. For instance, he said that many residents of the city had detected a peculiar odor after the bomb exploded and a great number of the deaths had resulted from respiratory trouble, which made him wonder whether, just possibly, poison gases had been released. General Farrell, alarmed at the implications of such a suggestion, authorized one of his scientists to give Tsuzuki enough of an idea about the bomb so that he could see for himself that gas was out of the question. Finally, Tsuzuki asked if Hiroshima was safe to live in. The Americans answered that they wouldn't know for certain until they'd checked up, but that if they hadn't thought so, they wouldn't have risked coming there to discuss the point. Tsuzuki, looking relieved, bowed and sat down.

AFTER hearing from a couple more of the Japanese, the members of the mission, with Farrell snapping at their heels, put in an active morning. The sixty per cent of the city that was destroyed by the bomb was a circular area about two and a half miles in diameter. Standing at its approximate cen-

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ter, the scientists split it up into segments and then each began working his way toward the circumference along a different route, toting Geiger counters and Lauritzen electroscopes, instruments used for detecting radioactivity. Each was accompanied by an interpreter, a guide, and a policeman.

Morrison's route led him out toward a cemetery. A number of the pedestrians he encountered on the way appeared to have been burned only superficially, and in an odd way. "Their faces looked all red and sunburned, only unevenly so," he said. "One cheek might be burned but not the other, depending on which way they'd been facing when the bomb went off." The Hiroshimians showed no interest at seeing an Occidental walking their streets. Morrison, through his interpreter, talked with several of them. Each was convinced that the bomb had scored a direct hit on his home. One man said that the atomic bomb was more humane than fire bombs because it usually destroyed whole families instead of leaving some members alive. "I didn't dare ask him what had happened to *his* family," Morrison told me. Another native thought that the atomic bomb had made it possible for the Japanese to surrender with honor. A third, an architect, who was apparently capable of a detached attitude, said that the bomb had simplified this planet's future, though in what way he didn't explain. The most frequent question the townspeople asked the visitors was whether Hiroshima would be safe to live in if it were rebuilt. "The Japanese were very worried about that problem because their country doesn't have many good sites for cities," Morrison said. "Japan has a long range of mountains close to its west coast, with only occasionally a flat coastal plain like the one Hiroshima was built on. Nobody knew who would do the rebuilding, if there was any. Perhaps a whole new set of people from some other city."

On the way out to the cemetery, Morrison passed the wreckage of the castle which had been the Fifth Division's headquarters. The four thousand soldiers there had been killed. Morrison's guide went into a melancholy lament for the castle, part of which had been used as a military museum, where some souvenirs of an ancient victory had been preserved. The loss of these treasures distressed the guide. So did the fact that a tree planted by Hirohito's father had been burned black and leafless. Some water lilies in the moat of the castle had turned black, too, the guide

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added, but he was happy to say that they had begun to grow again. "I wanted to make sure of that," Morrison said, "and I asked him to show me the lilies. They were growing, all right." From a mound beside the moat, Morrison was able to get a good view of the city. "It was the magnitude of the damage that was so appalling," he said. "For a moment, I felt the same sense of shock I'd felt the day before, when I got my first glimpse of the place from the plane. Then I looked at the ruins of the castle, and I could see, here and there, a burned body, or maybe a hearthstone or a dish. Most of us who hadn't dropped out of this atom project during the last two or three years had developed our own private justifications for staying with it. I know I had done so. They helped me in Hiroshima."

THE members of the mission met for lunch at the Police Prefecture, a practically undamaged concrete building a mile and a half from the center of the blast area. Morrison spent most of the afternoon at the Red Cross Hospital, an earthquake-proof building constructed only ten years ago. Like the Chichibu Department Store, the Hypothec Bank, the Post Office, and other earthquake-proof buildings in Hiroshima, it was pretty badly battered. Most of its interior partitions had been crumpled by the explosion, but its walls and some of its flooring were still in place and there were still patients quartered there. Its skylight roof had, of course, been smashed, and rain was pouring in. Electrical and plumbing fixtures were broken. Floor tiles, flipped from the neat patterns they had formed in cement, were scattered all around. Heavy pieces of X-ray equipment had been ripped from their foundations and the steel sashes of casement windows had been wrenched this way and that. Morrison noticed that the crisscross pattern of one of these window sashes had been burned into the canvas back of a nearby deck chair. "A little blurred, but a good enough image," he told me, cryptically. "It was worth remembering."

One of the patients Morrison saw in the hospital was a man who had lost the hair on the forepart of his head. As soon as the alert had sounded on the day of the bombing, this man had gone down into a strongly built air-raid shelter some six hundred yards from the point above which the bomb subsequently exploded. He stayed there after everyone else left on hearing the premature all-clear signal, because he had formerly lived in a



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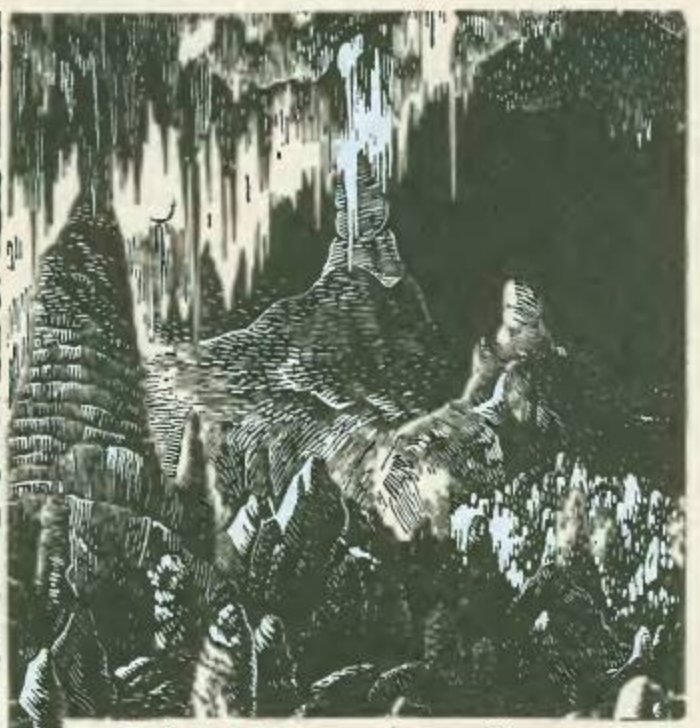
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city that had been repeatedly bombed and he had developed an extremely cautious attitude toward B-29s. When he heard the Enola Gay approaching Hiroshima that morning, he crept to the entrance of the shelter and took a peek up at the sky. At that instant the bomb exploded and the blast tumbled him over backward into the empty shelter. At first he thought he was unharmed, but two weeks later he began to feel weak and his hair started to fall out. "Superficial radiation burns," Morrison said. "He was going to recover."

A doctor in the hospital told Morrison that an average of thirty people a day in Hiroshima were still dying of radiation injuries; how many of those who had left the city were dying, he naturally couldn't say. The doctor also told Morrison about Miss Naka, who was one of the bomb's most prominent victims. "She was the country's best-known dancer, its Martha Graham," Morrison explained to me. She had come to Hiroshima from Tokyo to visit the city's provincial museum, where some ancient costumes she was thinking of having copied for a ballet were on exhibition. When the bomb went off, Miss Naka was on the first floor of the museum, a concrete structure which, being on the fringe of the blasted area, pulled through all right. She thought she hadn't been injured and somehow made her way to a railroad station a short distance north of Hiroshima, where she took a train for Tokyo. She felt nauseated when she arrived in the capital, twenty-four hours later, but assumed that was because of the horrifying things she had seen. Ten days afterward, blood started oozing through the pores of her hands and feet. She died four days after that. "Respiratory failure was put down as the direct cause," Morrison said.

THE scientists left Hiroshima late that afternoon and were taken back to their honeymoon island, where they spent the evening doing a good deal of talking. The doctors, in particular, seemed to have a lot to say. "I never can understand what doctors are talking about," said Morrison, the nuclear physicist. Almost everyone in the party had brought along prized bits of fogged X-ray film, or pieces of copper and glass, which he had picked up in the ruins and planned to analyze when he got to a laboratory. Morrison stayed up most of the night making entries in a notebook. "I guess my colleagues did, too," he said. The next morning the



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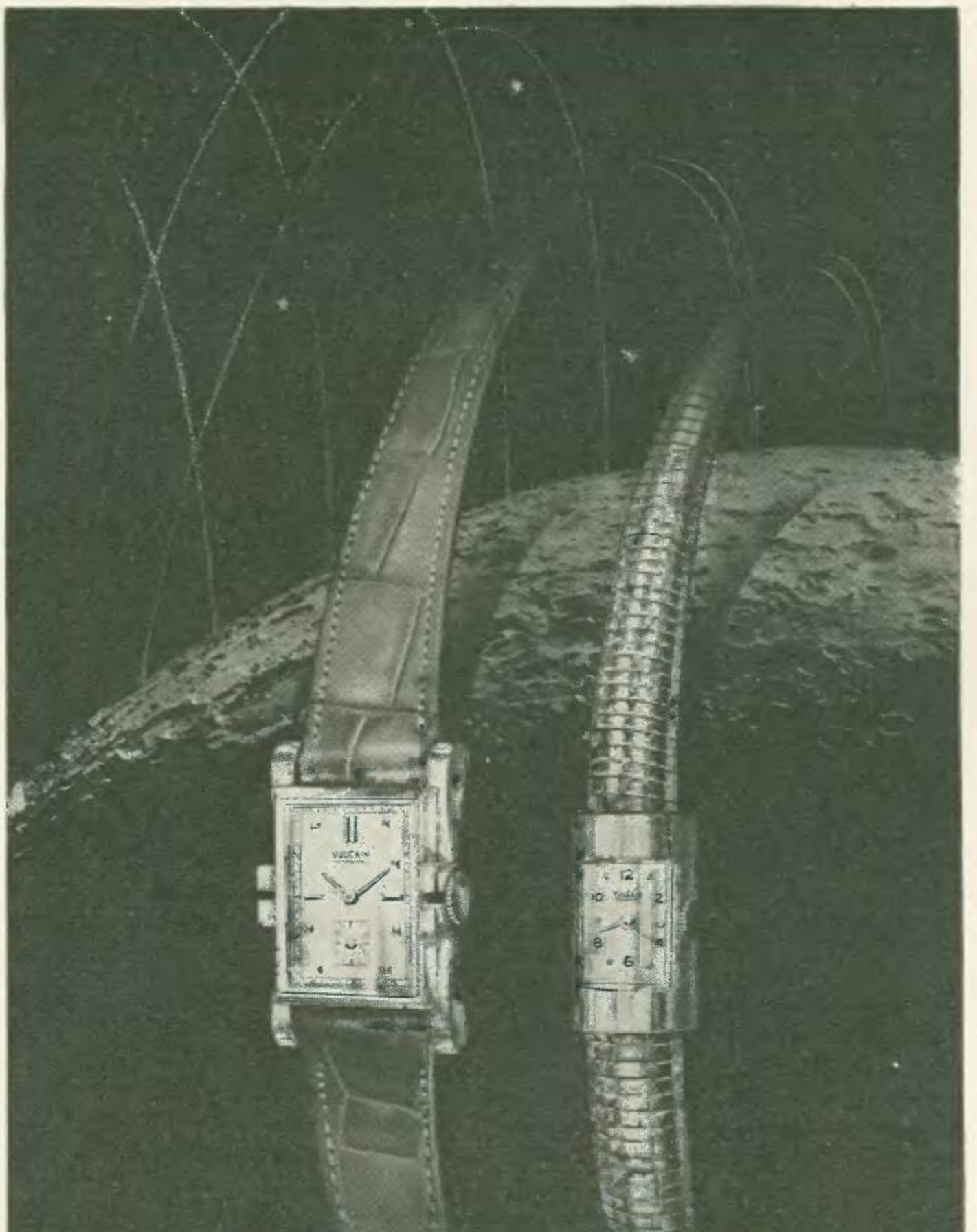
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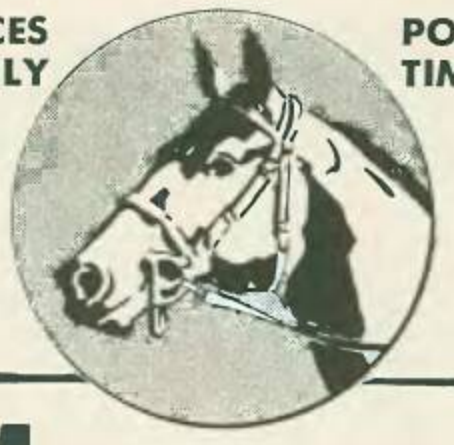
mission returned to Hiroshima to thank the Japanese who had helped them and to say goodbye. After the amenities, the scientists piled into a truck that was to take them to the airport. As the truck got under way, some children ran after it, and the Americans tossed them candy. General Farrell was feeling better about things. A plane was waiting at the airport to take the mission to Tokyo to meet the press that afternoon. At last, he and his men would be able to assure the world that Hiroshima was free of radioactivity.

"Between us, we'd found a fair amount of data with which to answer those Japanese broadcasts," Morrison told me. When I asked him if he couldn't give me at least some idea of what had been found, he looked at me with surprise. "But I've already mentioned a couple of significant things," he said. I replied that I wasn't sure what they were. He sighed, and then, in a tone that implied he felt he was telling me the story all over again, he said, "You remember about the water lilies in the castle moat?" I nodded. "Well," he continued, "they wouldn't have been growing if any radioactive elements had remained in the target area. Then, there were those two thousand Japanese sailors who went into the city ten hours after the explosion. None of them suffered burns. Circumstantially, one could argue that the place must have been safe by that time. Besides, we had our electroscopes and Geiger counters; naturally, if they'd picked up signs of radioactivity, we'd have issued a warning.

"The thing we most wanted to know, though, was how high up the bomb was when it exploded. I'm not at liberty to tell you the exact altitude at which it was designed to burst, but from previous calculations we knew that if it went off at the point we wanted it to, the gamma rays would have become harmless within a few seconds after the explosion. On the other hand, if it had exploded nearer the ground, radioactivity would have remained in Hiroshima for a long time. The New Mexico bomb, for instance, exploded only a hundred feet up and radioactivity is still present there. Of course, the reports from the instrument box dropped from the Enola Gay indicated that the bomb had burst where we'd planned it to, but there was always the possibility that something had gone wrong with the gadget. So what counted most of all was that pattern of the casement window I saw scorched on the deck chair, or, rather, some other patterns like it. Mine wasn't



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particularly good, but my colleagues found others that were better, including an exceptionally clear one in the Post Office. All we had to do was figure the position and size of those casement-pattern burns in relation to the casements themselves and apply a little trigonometry and we were able to calculate the altitude at which the bomb exploded to within fifty feet." Morrison smiled, and I almost expected him to address me as "my dear Watson." Instead, he said, in a tone of quiet triumph, "The bomb had burst at precisely the spot we wanted it to, high over Hiroshima. There had been a minimum of radioactivity in the city. And, as I was saying, that was what we had all been wanting to know."

—DANIEL LANG

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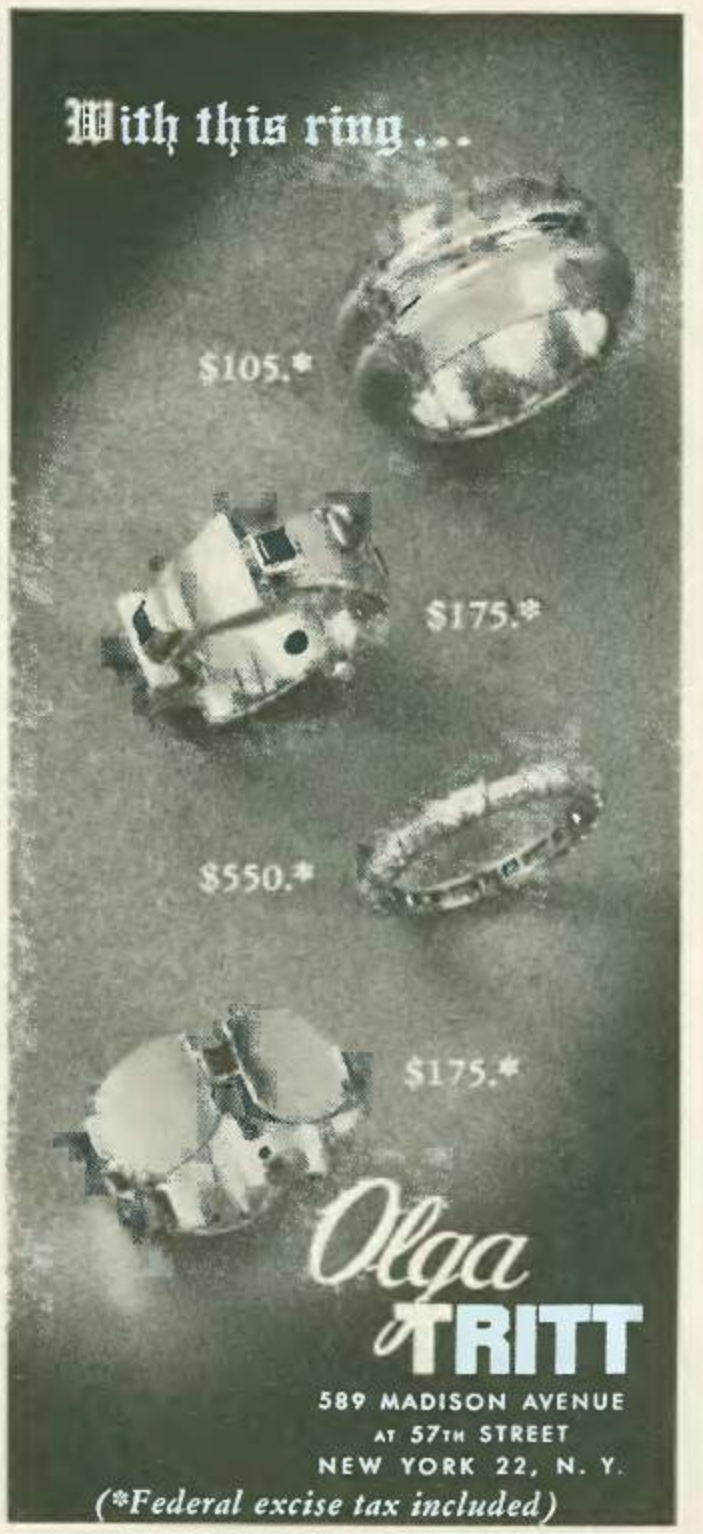
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[*From Writers' Journal*]

One of the red-letter events of the holiday season in Los Angeles was the literary "coming-out party" staged by Patricia Barham in honor of her new book "Pin-up Poems" (Caxton Press) in the shape of a cocktail party at the home of her mother, Princess Jessica Meskhi-Gleboff, wife of Dr. Frank Barham and publisher of the "Herald-Express." Miss Barham, who has conducted her column "Through Eyes of a Gadabout" for eight years in that newspaper, now tries her hand at satirical verse.

There were about 250 guests present, representing many of the social and literary figures of the Southland. Among them were Ben Arid, President of the Manuscripters: Charles Carson, author of two books on writing and the forthcoming "King of the Prairie;" Frank Cunningham, author of "Sky Master—The Story of Donald Douglas;" Joe and Mary Thielmann, authors of "Suzy Goes to Mexico;" George Rony, film producer and author of 14 books the latest of them "This, Too, Shall Pass Away;" Jack Greenhill, poet, and President of the League of Western Writers; Andy Rosenbaum, author of "Poems with a Punch;" Will Strong, noted California Poet; Kay Idso, public relations writer, Pan-American Airways; Dora May Priester, associate editor, "The Calbanker;" Patti Brook, publicity department 20th Century-Fox. Also Don Todd, Hollywood publicity expert; Marge Daniels, "Round Town" columnist on the "Santa Monica;" Pat Thielmann, columnist on the Westwood Hills "Press;" Jessie Jean Marsh, society writer, Los Angeles "Times;" Betty Ann Stevens, society editor, Santa Monica "Outlook;" Peggy Harford, staff writer, Hollywood "Citizen-News;" Charles Blake, co-author New York musical "Crazy With the Heat;" Bob Fisher, "Ozark Party Line" columnist; Gurney Lowe, "World of Words" lecturer; Howard E. Hill, author "What's the Big Idea," and Georgia Nicholas, literary agent and critic.

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THE ART GALLERIES

Standard Museum Practice



AS everyone who reads must know by now, the Metropolitan Museum is celebrating its seventy-fifth, or diamond, anniversary, and I'm afraid that I'm a little late in reporting on it. It probably doesn't matter much, for the festivities apparently are to go on and on. In the case of so massive an institution as the Metropolitan, a celebration of this sort is no one-day affair, finished and on its way to being forgotten once the dinner is eaten and the fruit cake cut. At the Museum, there have already been an exhibition of early accessions, called "The Taste of the Seventies," and a collection of prints (both still current), in addition to a showing (just opened) of three loans from important European sources—an Early Christian statue from the Lateran Museum in Rome, a Michelangelo relief from the Bargello Museum in Florence, and a Delacroix painting from the Louvre. These last, the Museum announces, are the first of a series of loans by European museums in tribute to the anniversary, and since their showing coincides with the opening of the newly refitted and rearranged Medieval section, it seemed to me time to go up and look around.

I was most interested, though for rather negative reasons, in the Medieval section. "The Taste of the Seventies," a hodgepodge which ranges from Rosa Bonheur's "The Horse Fair" and Meissonnier's "Friedland, 1807," to the awful but wonderful Daniel Huntington "Mercy's Dream" and Pierre Auguste Cot's "The Storm," is fun if you don't take it seriously, and I hope no one does. Of the three foreign loans, the Delacroix, called "La Barricade," was to me by far the most exciting. The Michelangelo sculpture, a study of the Madonna and Child, done in high relief, and boldly modelled and yet tender in its treatment of the Infant, is nice enough, and the Roman statue, called "The Good Shepherd," is, though a bit florid in style, nevertheless important historically, for it is one of the earliest pieces of Christian sculpture in existence. The Delacroix, however, is a good

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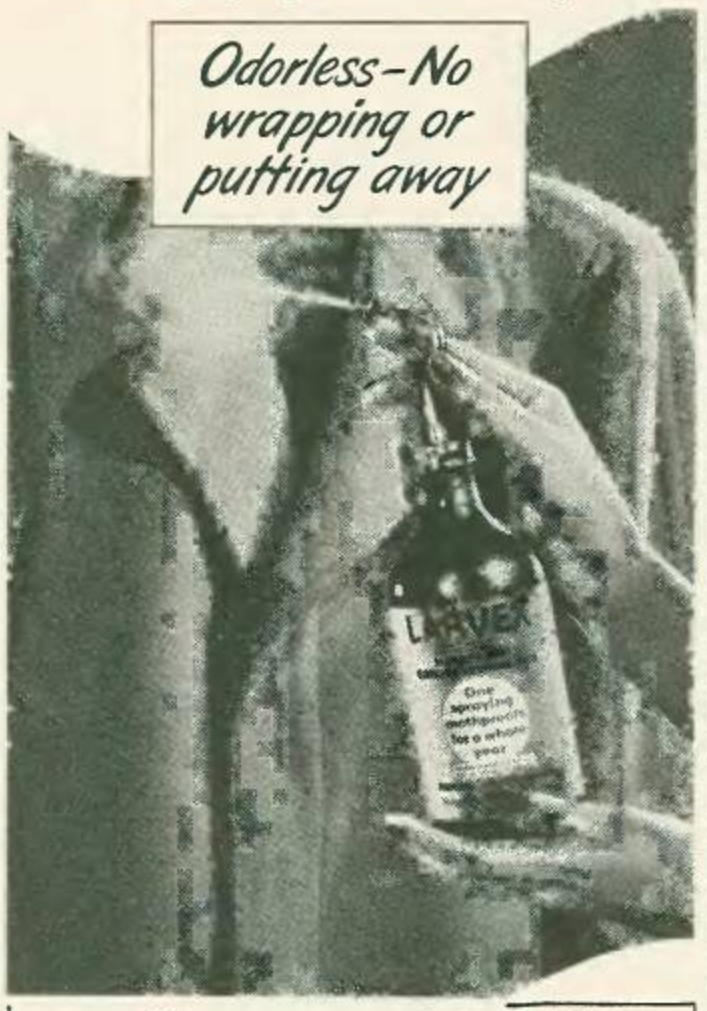
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piece of work in its own right—vivid, vigorous, and colorful, and so forthright in the handling of its theme (Liberty leading the populace over the barricades) that I couldn't escape a wry notion that if its background had been contemporary instead of the French revolutionary disorders of 1830, it would have been frowned on by both the Metropolitan and the Louvre as being too propagandist and therefore "bad art."

My main feeling about the new treatment of the Medieval section—the total effect is stunningly unsuccessful—was one of frustrated exasperation, mixed with a weary disillusionment that can be summed up in the words "Well, museums are like that, and I suppose there's nothing that can be done about it." Medieval art, at least as it is customarily exhibited, is admittedly a dull thing. It runs largely to sculptures and carvings, and the angularity of design and the preponderance of gloom in the Gothic mood are likely in the end to make it seem both chilling and monotonous to the spectator. Yet the period was one of intense interest, for the pullings and haulings between Church and State and feudalism gave it drama, and the gradual refinement of artistry and intelligence gave it color, and I have always felt that some museum could, by playing up the interrelations of these conflicting forces, convey something of the combination of violence and creativeness that characterized the time.

It would have to be done by suggestion and selection, and both these would be violations of the first rule of museum practice, which is to get as many items on display as you can, in as undifferentiated a fashion as possible. It would also entail a certain amount of unconventionality in the arrangement—say, the juxtaposition of armor and altar figures, or the display of a series of statues of the Virgin, of progressive periods, illustrating the changing treatment, from the uncouth but truly devout style of the earliest eras to the ornate, stylishly gowned figures of late French Gothic.

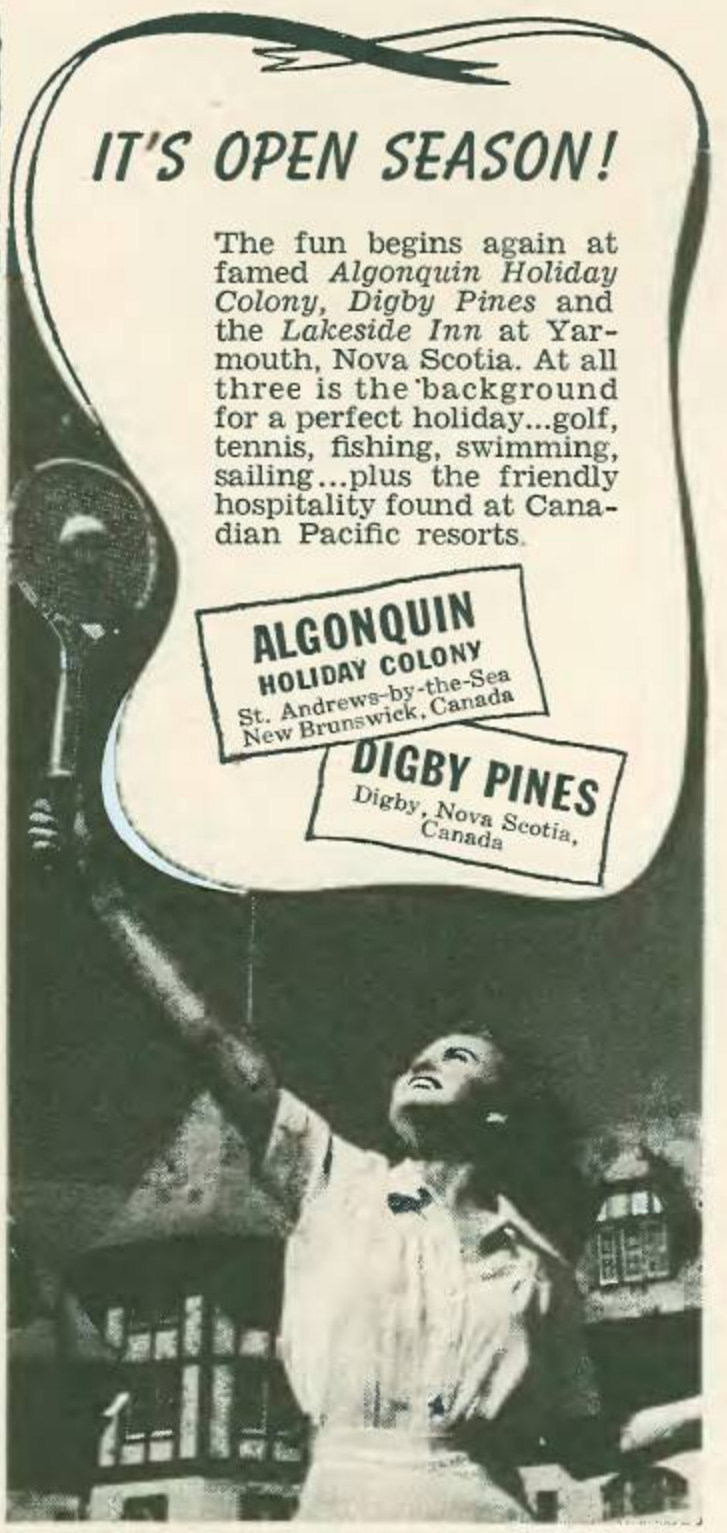
The principal thing to report at the moment is that the Museum has done almost none of this, though there are, to be sure, a few feeble efforts in this direction. By intermingling items from collections that had always been kept rigidly separate, the exhibit has at last been made chronological—an outcome which, while it may lessen the prestige of the donors, will be a boon to students. The Morgan ivories—small religious

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carvings, some of them of almost unbelievable delicacy and grace—are tellingly displayed, and in an alcove off one of the galleries, in a niche by itself, there is a twelfth-century French "Virgin and Child," carved in oak, in a marble tabernacle of the same period, which, in its calm isolation, gives a hint of how effective the whole showing might have been if it had been handled with equal imagination.

There are, naturally, excellent pieces throughout. The trouble is that you have to hunt for them, and there is no attempt to give a feeling of their context in the life that produced them. The emphasis is always on those twin museum fetishes, abundance and "importance," and the result, as usual, is pretty much a wilderness. The new chronological arrangement, I have neglected to say, was made possible because the old installation was upset when a good many of the pieces (some of which are of really impressive rarity) were taken off and stored during the war. Now that everything is embedded in the Museum's framework again, approximately in the same position as before, I suppose we shall have to wait for another war to produce any further progress.

SOMETIMES an artist makes such an advance between shows as to fill the critic with amazement. This is the case with William Stanley Hayter, now showing abstract oils at the Hugo Gallery. Hayter, an extremely accomplished etcher, had his first exhibition of paintings two years ago, and though he revealed, even then, a considerable strength in design, his use of color was awkward and irresolute. Now, however, he has succeeded in integrating the two, and since he has lost none of that talent for rapid and fluent movement which characterizes his etchings, the result is a peculiarly fortunate one. I liked particularly his "Victim," in which the broad bands of yellows and reds give a great sense of spaciousness to the picture. —ROBERT M. COATES

WHICH ISSUE OF "TIME" D'YA READ?

CURRENT & CHOICE

THE SAILOR TAKES A WIFE. June Allyson and Robert Walker in a tender, hilarious honeymoon.—*Time, April 1, 1946.*

CURRENT & CHOICE

THE SAILOR TAKES A WIFE. June Allyson and Robert Walker on a bender, hilarious honeymoon.—*Time, April 8, 1946.*

The story of the 14 bare feet, etc...

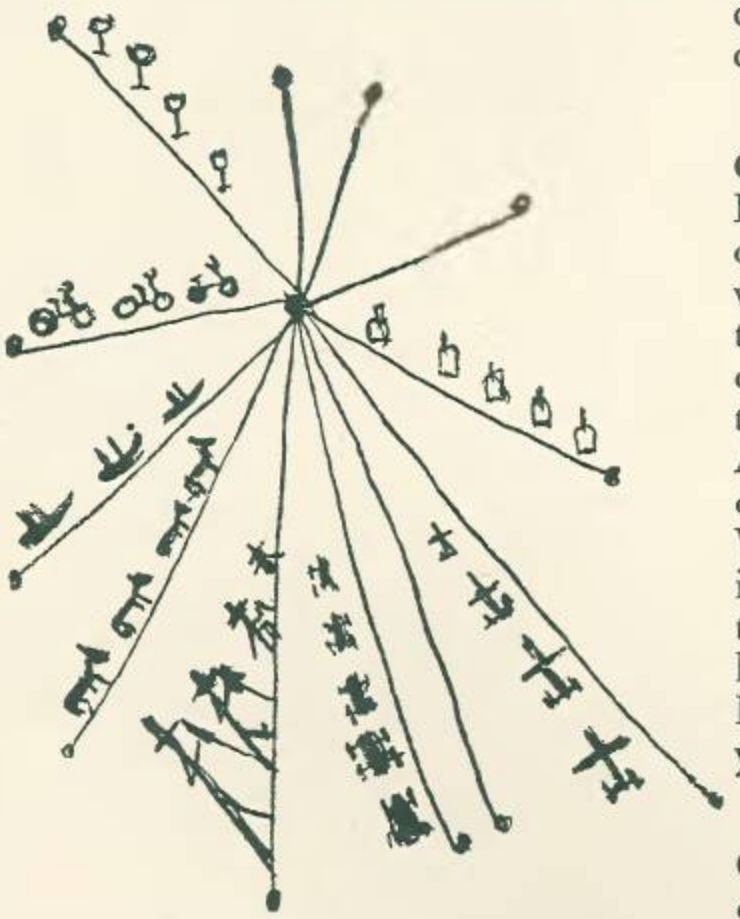
Seven barefoot passengers boarded the *Constellation* not long ago, eastbound from Honolulu to the Mainland. The situation was not as primitive as it sounds. The barefoot boys were members of the Punahou School track team, en route to the Penn Relays in Philadelphia. Coach Robert Paris explains that they go around like that all the time, and asks, with devastating logic, "Since when does anybody need shoes on to fly 300 miles an hour?"

☆ ☆ ☆

The *Constellation* is currently involved in a rather tricky literary squeeze play, with Franklin P. Adams as the victim. In his highly readable column, "This Little World," he laments as follows: "If these *Constellations* retain their present speed..... this department will have to call itself 'This Infinitesimal World'."

☆ ☆ ☆

Harriet Woods, an Army Nurse who sweated out two years in India, curled up comfortably in the Chicago-New York *Constellation* recently and remarked, with more than the necessary feeling, "The medical world has to know about this plane. It took a lot to stump the Army Nurses overseas, but one thing had them licked: that peculiar physical distortion caused by riding in a bucket seat. The only remedy I've ever seen is the sittable seats in the *Constellation*."



Here's a piece of art work, unsigned by Olivia DeHavilland, which has been acquired by the *Constellation* Gallery of Fine Art. Olivia did it on Flight 3 recently, flying from Los Angeles to New York. With a salute to the plane she was riding in, she entitled her drawing "The Shortest Distance Between Two Points."

☆ ☆ ☆

Anita Colby, deservedly known as The Face, has the curious title of "Feminine Director" at David O. Selznick studio.



This means that she's confessor, fashion designer, Emily Post and ringmaster for its stable of beautiful fillies. On the Los Angeles-New York *Constellation* the other day, she relaxed and took a holiday, letting the beautiful air hostesses do as they pleased.

☆ ☆ ☆

On the Barcelona-bound *Constellation*, Leo Katz opened his briefcase and pulled out a Hotcan. One word. The Hotcan, which Katz invented, is a combination tin can and stove. You open one end (A), chemicals start reacting like anything (B), thereby heating food (C) in can (D). The Army used a lot of Hotcans. "But only on special missions," Katz hinted darkly. When asked why he didn't uncork his invention up over the Atlantic, he said the food on the *Constellation* was so good he didn't have to. He was saving it for Barcelona, where you can't tell what you'll run up against.

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS



AT this season, more than at any other time of the year, you are likely to be frustrated to the point of madness if you start shopping with a specific item in mind. Just why this is it is hard to say, but nothing in the shops seems to be exactly what you are looking for. Fortunately, this annoying quality of the season also brings out a streak of nonchalance and gaiety in women who are otherwise very solemn planners, and I think that this is all very fine. Often, when you are in this mood, a gay, casual dress that you go and buy for no particular reason (except what-the-hell) turns out to be the mainstay of your summer months. This report will deal with a number of stray bits of nonsense that may cheer you if you're beginning to think that the sturdier elements of your wardrobe look pinched and doleful.

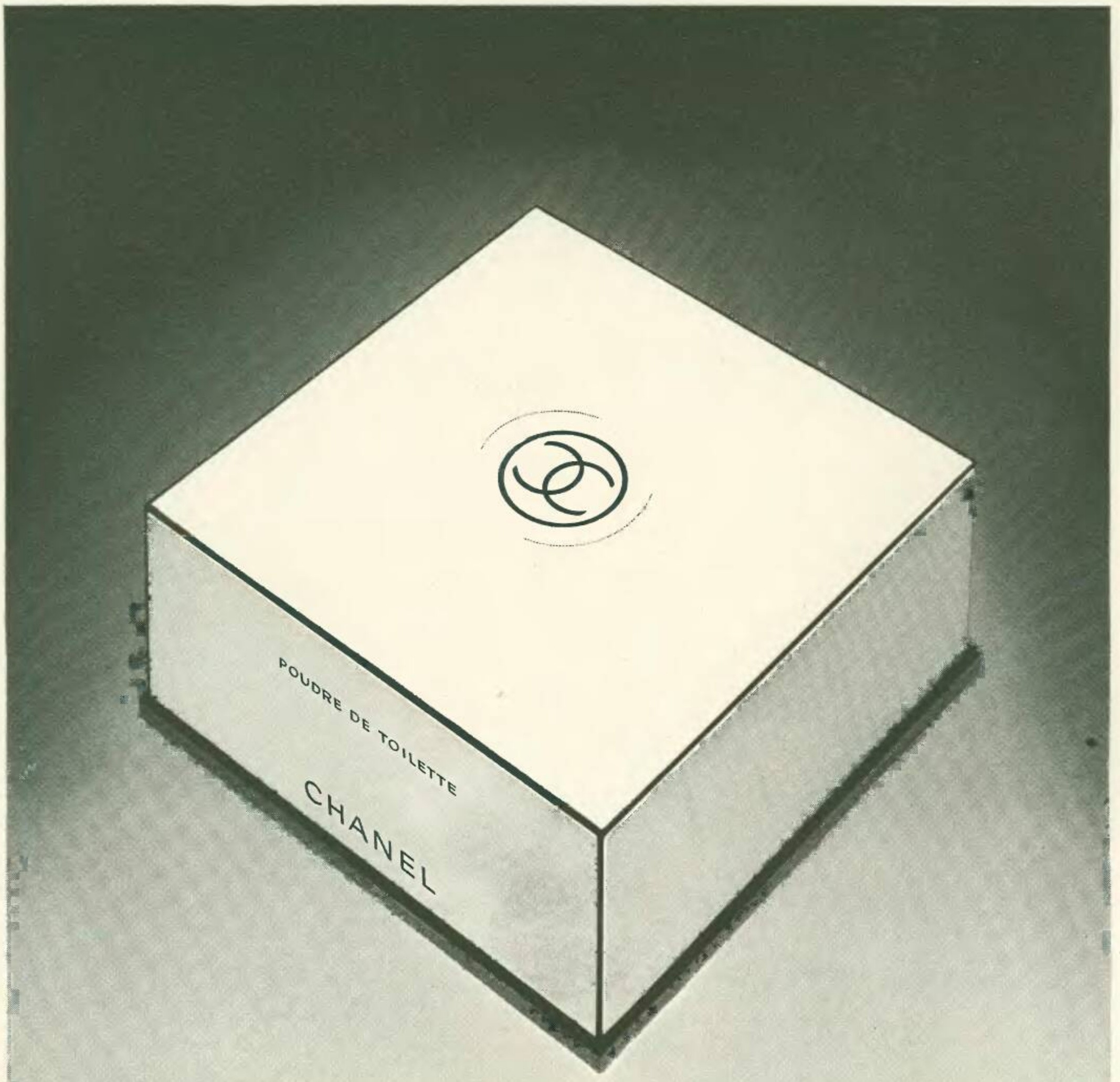
Altman has come up with some cotton broadcloth clothes in wheat, light brown, gray, navy, and emerald green, with matching or contrasting stitching as trimming. There's an exceptionally nice button-down-the-front tailored dress with long sleeves, a wide, turnover collar, Hans Brinker hip pockets, and a narrow belt. And there is a suit which has a jacket that is waist length in front, has full sleeves with deep armholes, and shoots out into a tiny peplum in back. The skirt is gathered, and the complete outfit is $22.95. In the lolling-about class, Altman has bathing suits with flippant skirts and halters that look like narrow shawl collars. There are matching play dresses to go with them. Next, we come to a play suit that is nothing more than a halter bra top, short shorts, and a Dutch-boy jacket with a deep collar that comes way, way down on you. The whole thing is very nice. The store dotes on a startling innovation—a sun dress with what seems to be known as a "barrel back." In the hand, it looks like an old-fashioned petticoat with a ruffle; when you put it on, the elasticized ruffle goes underneath your arms, and the entire business is supported by a narrow halter. Below, there's a wrap-around sash to hold in the fullness. No other way to describe it, I'm afraid. There is no law that says you have to wear it; I just thought I'd keep you informed. For afternoon, the dresses in this cotton broadcloth group are likely either to have low necks—there's a nice one with a square décolletage and long sleeves that you are supposed to shove up—or to be Empire in style, with short sleeves, a wide waistband, and a full skirt. Prices range from around $18, for a play or sun dress, up to $35, for more fussy affairs.

BRIGANCE—a designer, not a material—is at last out of the Army and back in his old Lord & Taylor routine, at which he is, as the trade has it, a dream pigeon. He seems to have lost none of his knack for making women look like somewhat amused pinup girls. His new lot of bathing suits includes a simple white piqué one-piece number, ending in shorts, that has a heart-shaped neckline, along with slot seaming that conceals the pleats down the front and back. A tan-and-white canvas belt, which is probably but a negligible factor in the price of $25, goes with it. Then, there is a stark two-piece job with a halter top of lemon rayon banded with white. It buttons down the back and winds up with a pair of skin-tight white rayon Lastex shorts. The nice long lines through the torso make it one of the few suits flattering to women so contrarily built as to be bulkier above the waist than below. You'll also find linen bathing dresses, princesse style, in Brigance's favorite color combination of gray and yellow, the yellow appearing in a huge bowknot appliquéd across the back; $39.95. And there are crisp white piqué suits whose bodices and skirts are trimmed with plaid gingham.

JAY THORPE's Casual Shop has beautifully tailored silk clothes, as well as an assortment of weekend ensembles



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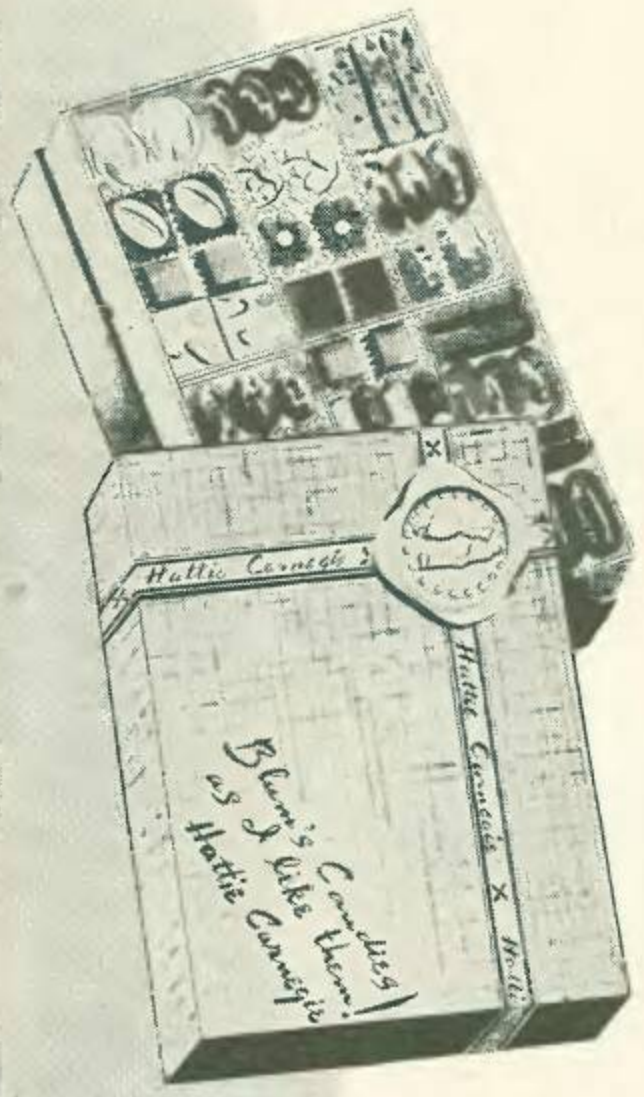
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(slack suit for the country, suit for town) in natural, navy, or black rajah silk. The town suit is a bolero jacket and plain skirt, and costs $45; the country suit is a cardigan top and slacks with stitched-down pleats, and costs $65. There are separate slacks and skirts, at $25 each, to supplement these ensembles and let them do double duty. And that button-down-the-front dress that I constantly yammer about as the perfect hot-weather pattern is here in silk shantung, with a round, collarless neck and a narrow sash. It's in plain colors—wine, Mexican pink, bright green, navy, and black—or in Paisley prints. Strictly for the country are white silk shirting dresses that fasten down the front with smoked-pearl buttons. They have pleats down the sides of the skirt, and are $39.95. Jay Thorpe also have shirts, splendidly cut, in the same material, with long sleeves and convertible collars, and more formal blouses that can be worn either inside or outside the skirt band. The blouses have slit cap sleeves and high, collarless necks. Both varieties are $22.95.

MARTHA WEST, always full of agreeable stratagems in devising tailored clothes, has some cotton dresses, many with great big pockets that are supposed to be only for decoration—they're not to be stuffed with a magpie collection of gewgaws that will ruin the lines of the dress. There are striped cottons, in bright red and white or mint green and white, that have round, collarless necks, sloping shoulders with shirred, pushed-up sleeves, and enormous shirred pockets; $25. Two-piece striped cottons, which come in such combinations as pink and navy or yellow and blue, have tuck-in tops with collarless necks that can tie high or low; there are cap sleeves and the skirts have shirring across the center front; $14.95. A very nice one-piece cotton job is of blue and white or Shocking and white vertical stripes, with self frills at the wrists, in its round neckline, and on its slashed pockets. Then there is a startling country affair in a violent plaid in which blue or red predominates. This one has huge patch pockets, cap sleeves, and a keyhole slash down the back; $15.

KATHLEEN, at 118 East 60th Street, has excellent summer clothes too. Her version of the button-down-the-front idea comes in linen and has a square neck trimmed with appliquéd scrolls; $40. A white rayon jersey with

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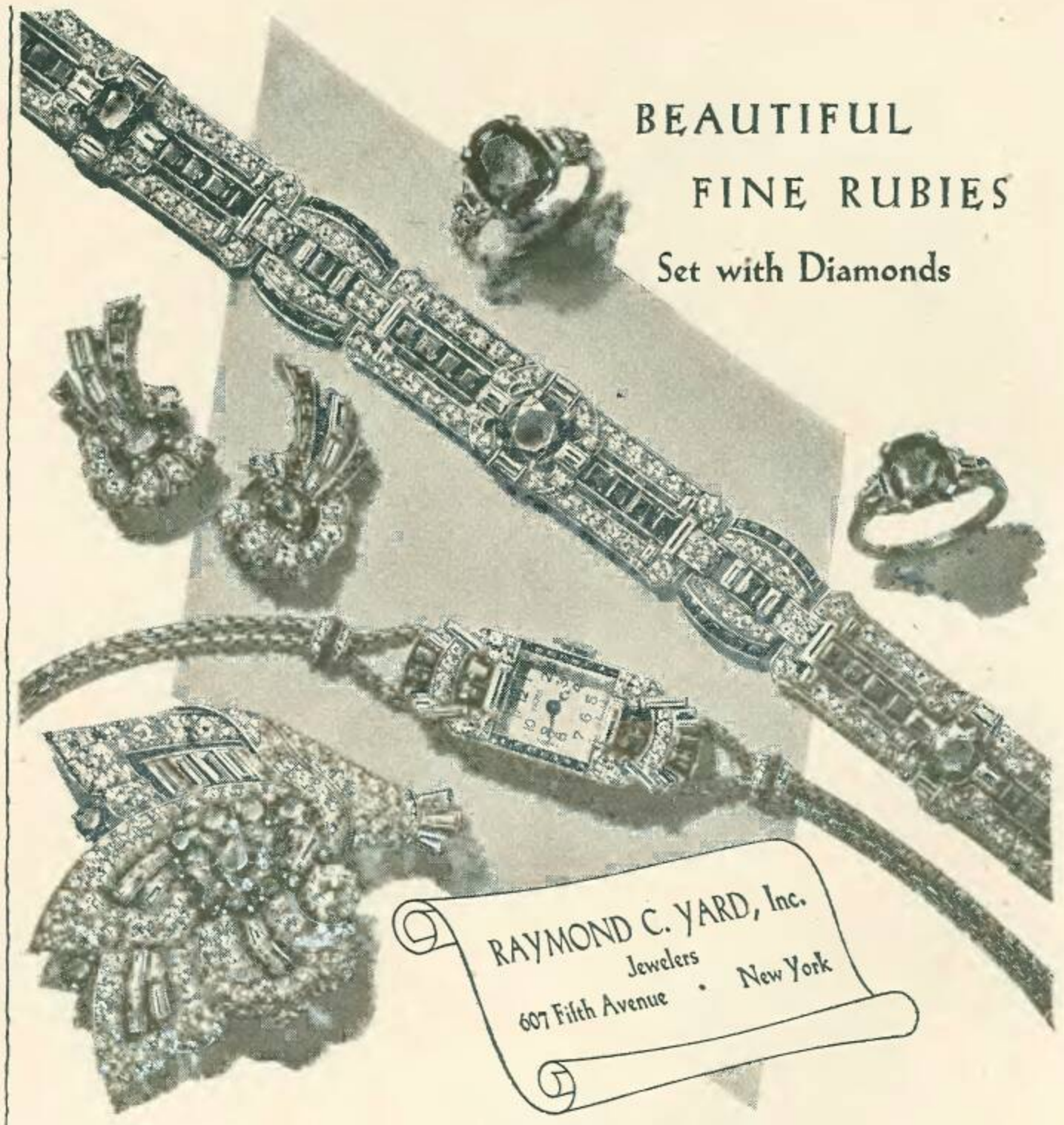
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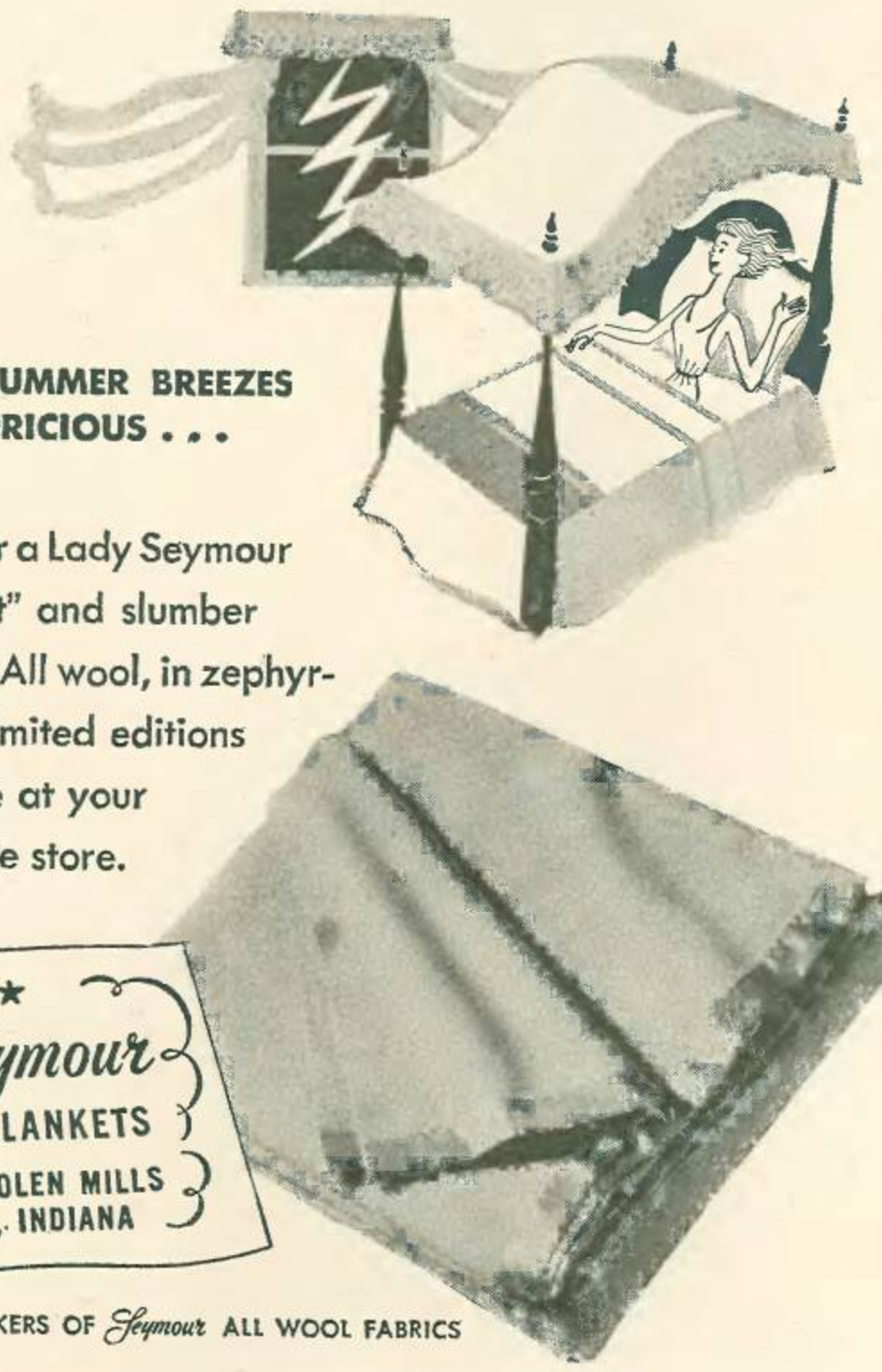
BERLITZ

turquoise, gray, or tan stripes is used to make a tailored dress with a turnover collar and a bow on the chest. This one has gathered panels down the sides of the skirt and a white straw belt; it's an endlessly useful item for $20. Kathleen also has good navy or black spun-rayon dresses for town, equipped with standing collars and appliquéd red bandings; a very deep slash down the front is made less astounding by a white ascot.

THE Mannequin, at 8 East 54th Street, has a small but perfect selection of clothes for willowy types. They have the requisite long torso lines and cater to the momentary passion for round, collarless necks. They are also designed to make a girl look quite impressive. One entrant is a black rayon faille taffeta suit with a long, fitted jacket, a gathered peplum, and a straight skirt; $65. A raw-silk two-piece dress or suit has a slim skirt and a jacket with loose sleeves, turn-back cuffs, and a set-in belt; it comes in pale blue, lilac, beige, cinnamon, and chartreuse, as well as in plain black. You'll also find here some dresses of a spun rough silk, in solid colors—lime or tomato or beige—or in neutral colors with a harlequin print; $35.

THE negligees at Bergdorf Goodman have always been praised a good deal, but even so you might like to know about some of the newest arrivals. Pastel cotton house coats with pearl buttons down the front and white eyelet-embroidered medallions on the short sleeves and over the hips strike me as being wonderful at $23. There is a bright blue, raspberry, or dusty pink wool surplice wrap-around with dolman push-up sleeves that will be a comfort at $18. Thin wool-and-rayon bouclé tailored robes come in white and pastel colors for $30, and if you're not the tailored type, you can have, at the same price, a negligee in white or tearose rayon sheer, princesse style, with pleated ruffles down the front. Or you may want to venture into Victorian. If you do, there are some things in robin's-egg-blue linen with a black rayon velvet bow beneath the turnover collar, and details like self buttons down the fitted bodice and a gathered skirt; $95. Even more fancy are a striped chambray in Empire style and a flame-colored tea gown with a rayon crêpe bodice and a rayon sheer skirt with a jewelled belt. If you move any way except languorously, the split skirt shows tapering rayon crêpe trousers. A







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bit too overpowering for me. There is cotton lingerie, too, and sort of enchanting, but I shan't go into details now.

KNICKKNACKS: Peck & Peck are having fun with play shoes—pigskin sandals, with a slanting toe strap and twisted ankle ties, at $10.95, for instance, or alligator calf sandals, in green or red as well as black, with suède platforms. Or Mexican lightweight leather moccasins in natural-and-brown or navy-and-red combinations. There are also ballet slippers (I usually loathe the flatfooted things, though they do look fine on lawns, sand, or carpets) that come in chamois-colored suède, with self lacing that runs through the sides and ties at the instep. These are $5.50. Copies in colored duck are $3.95. All I ask is that you don't wear them around the city within shooting distance of me. Peck & Peck have beach bags, too—white leatherette drawstring pouches with red or blue tops and bases and rubberized linings; $4.20, including tax. Plastic bathing caps that feel like thin rubber are around—silver or gold ones (both $1.50) or untinted, transparent ones ($1). If you still like the old-fashioned rubber kind, the shop has some synthetic jobs that feel real enough; seventy-five cents in a smooth finish and fifty-four cents in a pebbled one. . . . Whimsy, when practiced by florists, who are essentially a sentimental and solemn crew, is apt to get pretty heavy-handed. Jack Kelly, a rather recent arrival in the profession, at 180 East 80th Street, can, however, be commended to the attention of people who feel that flowers and frivolity should go hand in hand, but in reasonable proportions. He fills vases with lighthearted seasonal flowers—mountain laurel, stock, and sweet William—at prices that start at $5. Hospital patients can be sent flowers arranged in covered market baskets that also contain magazines, cigarettes, or whatever. The shop takes note of the present fondness for geraniums in corsages, and makes them up to create quite a splash for $5; the people here like to wrap the bouquets in colored tarlatan. . . . Women who find it almost impossible to get their hats cleaned and blocked may as well be reminded of the old, trustworthy Empire Hatters, 520 Eighth Avenue (37th). —L. L.

•

MINES SEIZED
Plus an Editorial by Ralph Ingersoll.
Page 2
—Headlines in PM.

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OF ALL THINGS

THE President had strong support from the public when he demanded emergency powers to deal with strikes, but it has been melting away rapidly ever since. Americans do not like to stay angry about anything for more than a week or two.

•

Many of our citizens will agree with Sir Walter Citrine, here on a visit from England, who holds that strikes cannot be prevented by legislation. Sir Walter has always found that if the men won't work, the law won't, either.

•

Mr. Truman says that he prefers small colleges, small industries, and small towns. He would probably admit, though, that the big cities produce the best Democratic news on election night.

•

The new Ambassador from Great Britain, Lord Inverchapel, got off on the right foot by declaring that cricket is a dull game. Americans have every reason to believe that this is the beginning of a beautiful friendship.

•

It appears that our system of coin values should be revised to fit the needs of modern economics. What this country clearly needs is a good eighteen-and-a-half-cent piece.

•

James C. Petrillo has called a strike against a small Chicago radio station, in order to test the constitutionality of the Lea Act. If he loses his case he may have to face quite a lot of music.

•

Park Commissioner Moses predicts that New York's housing problem will be pretty well reduced by 1950. Meanwhile, four years of clean, outdoor living shouldn't hurt anybody.

•

Retail butchers here have practically no meat, and many of them say that, under the present ceiling prices, they do not want any. They have lost interest in this tiresome subject and wish that the customers would stop bringing it up.

•

It is not necessary to look at the almanac to know that this is the year for congressional campaigns. Good old reliable Joseph W. Martin, of Massachusetts, has made his biennial prediction of a Republican victory.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER



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BROTHERHOOD OF MAHN

WHEN I opened the door of my walkup apartment, I was not sure I was in the right place. At the end of the living room that doubles as a dining room, the mahogany chest of drawers I use as a sideboard was massed with laurel, and on either side, tall tapers were burning in huge silver candelabra. The light flickered softly across my copy of Renoir's "Two Milliners," which was almost hidden among the shining leaves.

At the door of the kitchenette stood Ann, the portly West Indian who was once my mother's maid up in Boston and is now my part-time maid here in New York. I share her with Rebecca Lowndes, whose apartment is around the corner, on Forty-ninth Street, and with a Russian couple named Starossky, who live across the hall from Rebecca.

"Do you like it, Mistress?" Ann asked. "I think the green is suited to the little picture. You cahn just see they eyes peepin' through."

"It's lovely, Ann," I said. "But I only told you I was having two people for dinner. And whose candlesticks are they?"

I knew the answer before she told me. The candelabra belonged to my friend Rebecca, and probably the laurel had come from her house, too. I had long since given up trying to cure Ann of her artless habit of borrowing from Rebecca in my behalf, for Rebecca and I had discussed it often and had decided that as long as Ann returned the things in good order, it was all right. The system worked both ways, too. When Rebecca's iron was broken, mine travelled from Fiftieth Street to Forty-ninth, and everyone was happy. If we hadn't agreed to the arrangement, in fact, Ann would have been upset. "People who don't help their friend these days very on-Christian," she was in the habit of saying. "Very unmahnnerly."

But Rebecca's best candelabra! I looked at them in some alarm. Standing there so massive on top of the mahogany bureau, among the green leaves, they looked frightfully valuable. I thought of how many robberies there are in walkups.

"Does Mrs. Lowndes know you brought those candlesticks over here, Ann?" I asked.

She shook her head. "No. I left she a note. She was over at the Starosskys'."

Ann doesn't care much for the Starosskys. The work is not easy, for Mrs. Starossky is a dress designer—"she fahshion everything sheself"—and it is hard to get all the infinitesimal scraps off the floor, even with the Starosskys' vacuum cleaner, an instrument of which I have often heard, as Ann is in the habit of borrowing it to do Rebecca's rugs. Ann feels that Captain Starossky, an ex-Red Army officer with a black beard, doesn't like lending his vacuum cleaner. "When he see me carry it off," she says, "he scowl very deep. He hahve such a bold eye."

She has reported other outlahndish goings on there: an assortment of pink and purple enamelled Easter eggs on the mantel, a barbaric collection that must be dusted constantly; mysterious callers with red or black beards; wild, on-Christian records on the phonograph; "thaht brahs tea jug always on the table;" and a deplorable diet of bread and cheese.

"Thaht's the way they want us all to eat in this country," Ann says. "I've read about it in the paper. They old Communists. They think everything belahng to everyone else."

The night Ann had endowed my dinner party with silver and laurel was a Friday. My friends thought the place looked beautiful and the party was a huge success.

Saturday morning I went to the office for the half day. Before I left the apartment, I put the massive candelabra in the clothes closet, along with my own silver. There was no returning them to Rebecca that day; she was out in Connecticut for the weekend and Ann wouldn't be back until Monday. She was taking her sister's children on a picnic to Bear Mountain. So, prayerfully, I shut the clothes-closet door and went away.



MY heart pounded as I went up the three flights of stairs that noon. Would the candelabra still be there? Would they?

They weren't. Not only that, but my chest of flat silver also had vanished. It had been my mother's, complete with six of everything from cream soups to wonderful spoons with pointed gold bowls for grapefruit—things you never use but cherish.

I lit a cigarette and sat down to



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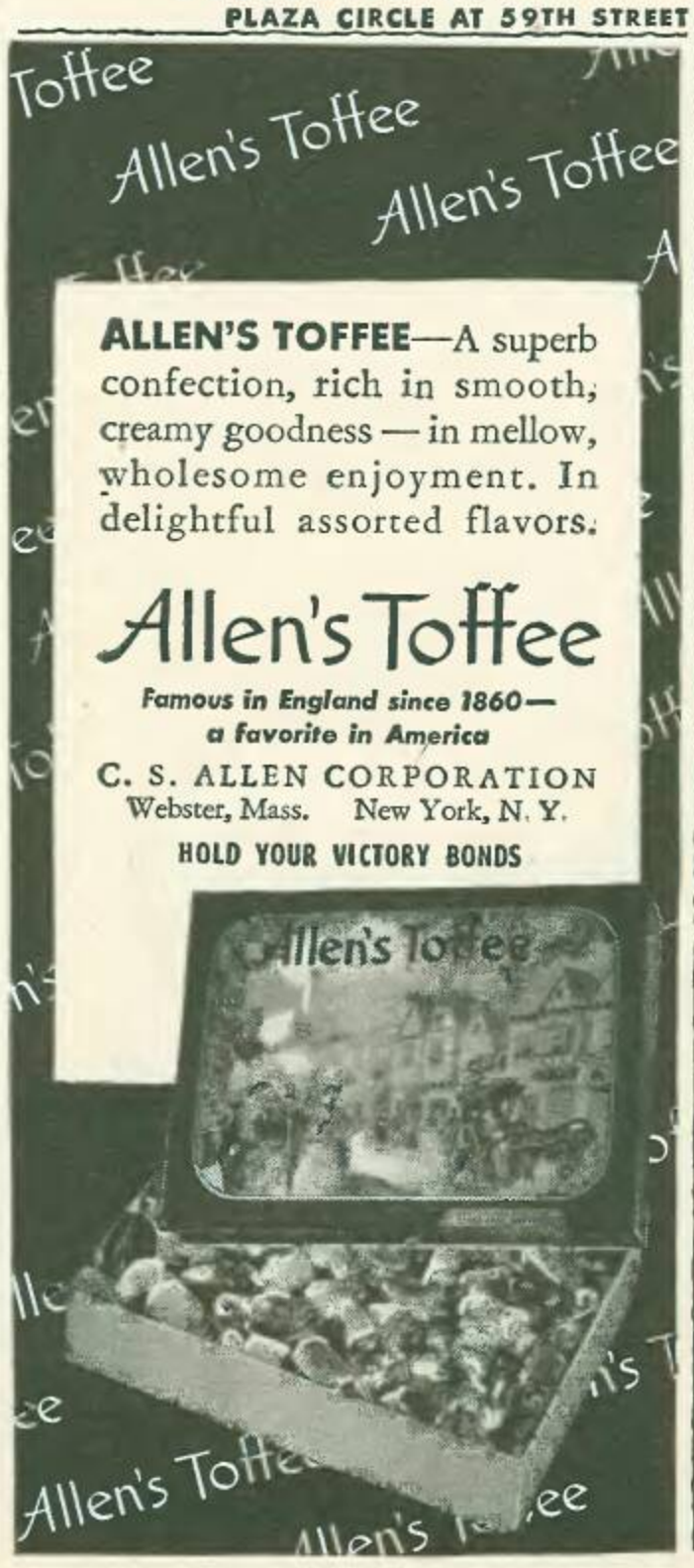
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think. Of course I should call the police. But I knew the first thing they would say: "You have a maid? What is her name? Colored. Her address?" I couldn't have Ann subjected to that, for if there was one thing she was strong on, besides friends being mahnnerly in these times and lending their things to one another, it was honesty. Her years with my mother in Boston had proved this beyond question.

Also, she had the perfect alibi. Even at this minute she was on the Bear Mountain boat, steaming upstream between the green banks of the Hudson with her sister's children, Eileen and Martha, and giving them sahndwiches. Yes, Ann had plainly gone off before this thing had happened to me.

Even so, I didn't want to call the police. I knew how dreadfully under suspicion she would be. I did, however, call the janitor. No, he didn't see no one go up, he said, but of course he was around on Forty-ninth Street at his other buildings. "That maid of yours," he said, "that nigger woman—was *she* around?"

That was the way it was going to be. And the more fuss I made, the worse it would get. The wisest thing, I decided, would be to take the insurance money for my silver and try to pay Rebecca back for the candelabra. But the insurance people would probably call the police themselves.

I must get in touch with Ann before Monday. She lived somewhere way up near 200th Street and had no telephone. There was a neighbor's number where she could be reached, but of course I had mislaid it, and her address, too. She was always so faithful that there had never been any necessity of reaching her.

I remembered how we had once got hold of her in Boston, where she lived somewhere with no telephone, when my mother needed her badly for something. The West Indians there all know each other and a lot of the redcaps at the South Station are West Indian. So my mother had simply gone there and found a boy from St. Kitts whose mother knew Ann, and we had got a message to her in a few hours.

But to do that at Grand Central! It seemed worse than hopeless. You didn't try that kind of thing in New York. I smoked another cigarette, and another. Every minute my silver and Rebecca's candelabra were getting farther and farther away. As I sat there thinking, the telephone rang.

I crossed the room and lifted the phone. "Hello," I said, and heard

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Ann's voice, warm, confident, reassuring.

"Miss Henry?"

"Oh, Ann," I began. "Ann, it's terrible. Somebody—"

"I knew you'd worry about the silver," she said. "I don't know how I come so careless. I was so rush' I jus' remember I forgot to leave you a note."

"Ann!" I shouted, "*Ann!* You *have* it! But I thought you were at Bear Mountain!"

She sighed. "I was to be," she said. "I was to be, but I hahd to put it off to tomorrow. The Starosskys are giving a party and they just hahd to have me."

But the silver, I asked. Was it all safe? Particularly Miss Rebecca's candlesticks?

"Oh, yes," Ann said. "They so unmahnnerly. They old Communists about lending they vahcuum to do Miss Rebecca's rugs, so I just brought them yours and Miss Rebecca's silver to use for their party. I wanted to show them how mahnnerly Christian ladies act. They old Communists, thinking everything—"

"Belong to everyone else," I said.

"Yes," said Ann. "That's what they think. Miss Henry," she hurried on, "did you know your iron was broken?"

"No I didn't," I said.

"Now don't you bother, Miss Henry," Ann said. "Don't you bother, because I have work in a new fahmily. I just start with them this week. And they hahve a fine iron. I'll bring it Monday."

I remonstrated. Maybe the new employer wouldn't like it so much.

"Oh, she won't mind," said Ann. "She Christian! She mahnnerly! Not like they old Communists, thinking everything belahng to everyone else."

—HENRIETTA FORT HOLLAND

•

V-E Day and V-J Day each represent important milestones in the history of the New York Foreign-Trade Zone for the reason that total victory indicated that it was only a matter of time until the Foreign-Trade Zone would again be restored to its original location at Stapleton, Staten Island.—*Foreign-Trade Zones Board annual report to Congress.*

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THE WAYWARD PRESS

MAMIE AND MR. O'DONNELL CARRY ON

THE editorial column of the *Daily News* for Monday, May 27th, had both an explicit and an implicit importance for the connoisseur of newspapers, a hobby at least as defensible as railroads or majolica.

"Joseph Medill Patterson, publisher of this newspaper and the man who directed this page from the day the *News* began, June 26, 1919, is no longer with us," a notice midway down the page said, which was the column's explicitly important part. "The story of his death will be found in the news columns." Patterson had died the previous day at Doctors Hospital of a diseased liver.



"Those who are left behind will do their best to keep this page and the paper what we believe he would want them to be," the notice continued and ended. The rest of the editorial column was blank. That was the part of the column that had implicit significance. There was nobody left to tell the highly paid editorial writer what to think.

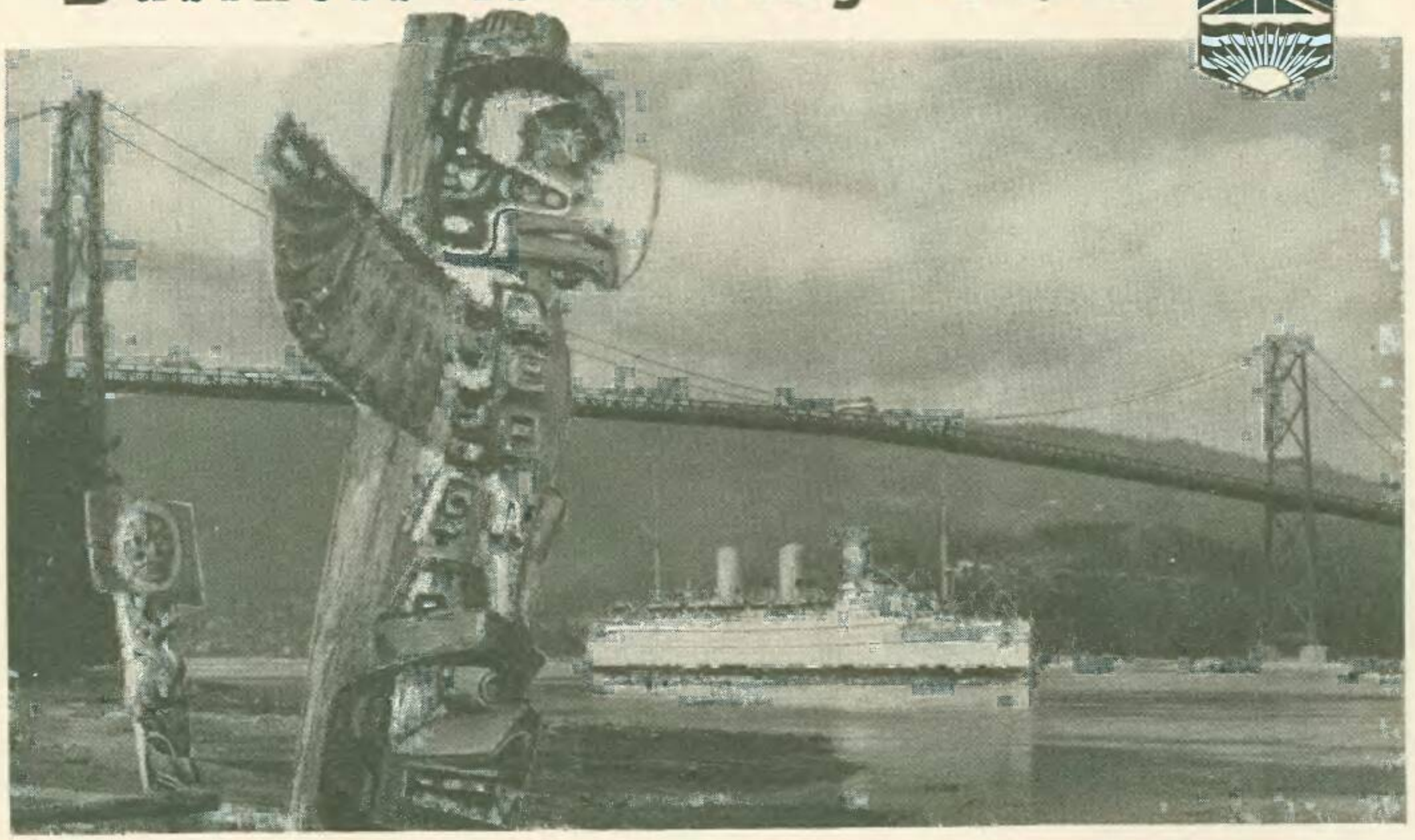
IT will be particularly hard to interpret the wishes of the late publisher because there is no way to be sure that Patterson in 1948, or in 1947 or even late 1946, would favor the same policies he did on the day of his death. He had made an abrupt shift, in the early thirties, from sexy buffoonery to earnest plugging for the New Deal, and another, in 1941, from supporting Roosevelt to opposing him, a switch based primarily on foreign policy. Economically, Patterson had moved from the N.R.A.'s position to the N.A.M.'s, and he was still in motion when he died. Since he had carefully discouraged independence of expression among his subordinates, nobody outside the News Building can even suspect what *their* ideas may be. So the paper with the largest circulation in America (over two and a quarter million weekdays and twice that Sundays) was left like a steam roller with full way on whose operator has gone off for a beer and forgotten to come back.

Even the *Times*, printing a properly respectful, although noncommittal, editorial on the departure of so prosperous a competitor for advertising, evinced a certain timid curiosity about the *News's* future. It said, "The *Daily News* was so peculiarly Captain Patterson's individual creation from day to day that it will be interesting to watch what changes, if any, his death will bring."

A convention has grown up among newspaper publishers that public discussion of a newspaper's mundane affairs is slightly sacrilegious. So, although what happens to the *News* will affect the lives of New Yorkers more than, for example, the freedom of Rumanian elections, most of the papers said little or nothing about the oversized orphan's future. Only *PM* was sufficiently impolite to speculate in detail about it. On Wednesday, May 29th, *PM* listed a number of possibilities: that Mrs. Eleanor (Cissy) Patterson, the dead man's sister, who publishes the Washington *Times-Herald*, or Robert R. McCormick, his first cousin, who publishes the Chicago *Tribune*, might come to New York to take charge of the *News*; that the publisher's widow, his daughter Alicia, and the Washington Mrs. Patterson might administer it jointly; or that a board of *News* executives might be set up to run the property as a sort of crown colony. "One thing, however, seems certain," *PM* announced. "With control both of the parent Chicago Tribune Co. and the News Syndicate Co. [which handles the *News* cartoon strips] in the hands of the Patterson-McCormick clan, the New York *Daily News* will remain a family affair." The majority of the stock in the Chicago Tribune Co. is inalienably vested in the Medill Trust, which is shared by the Washington Mrs. Patterson; the estate of the late Mrs. Ruth McCormick Simms; the *Tribune* McCormick, generally known as the Colonel; and Joseph M. Patterson's heirs. They enjoy the income from the trust but have no right to sell their shares in it.

The catch is that none of the survivors even remotely resemble the strange and fearsome man who built the *News* from scratch during a period in which the total number of major New York dailies dropped from thirteen to nine. He did it without throwing in any great amount of money, either, although he potentially had the backing of his family's great newspaper fortune. During the same stretch, William Randolph Hearst had to fold his morning newspaper, the *American*, and Roy Howard succeeded in converting three papers (one of them excellent), with a combined circulation of eight hundred thousand, into a single, mediocre survivor

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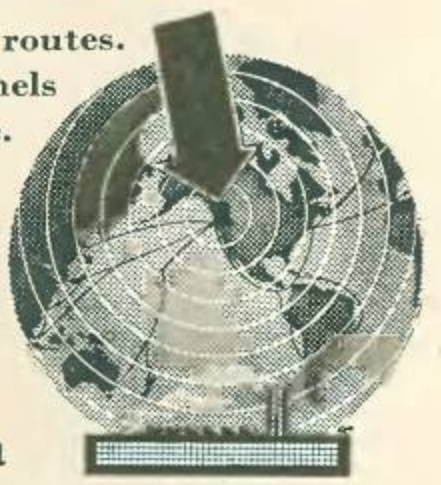
What is your business—does its future depend on a thriving world trade? Are you interested, for instance, in trade with Sydney, Australia; Batavia, Java; Shanghai, China; Vladivostok, Russia; Manila, Philippines; or Lima, Peru? If so, consider the shift of North American industry, capital and manpower to the West Coast and locate your plant in British Columbia —Canada's fastest growing industrial province and Pacific Trade gateway to the world.

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with three hundred and eighty thousand. Mr. Hearst and Mr. Howard have sometimes been mentioned as dragon rivals of the late Mr. Patterson, but in the New York field he made them look like the boxed salamanders children buy at the circus.

THE *News*, not unnaturally, took a sentimental view of Mr. Patterson's demise. Ed Sullivan, one of the paper's two Broadway columnists, wrote, "Walt Whitman's 'Captain, My Captain' sums up this reporter's feelings at the death of Capt. J. M. Patterson, who engaged me for this post 14 years ago, with a handshake as the only contract." (Mr. Patterson was frequently called Captain from the time of the first World War, in which he commanded a battery in the 149th Field Artillery. He never gave writers contracts, because he believed it made them feel too important.) Carl Warren, a byliner chosen to write the *News's* obituary, turned out a tuberose of a story, using the device of an obit within an obit, a kind of play-within-a-play idea, as in "Pagliacci" or "Hamlet."

"Joseph Medill Patterson once wrote the obituary of his best friend," Warren began. "It was a three-line memo to Max Annenberg [*News* circulation manager, who died in 1941] which said in part: 'Good-by. I am going to miss you a lot. . . . Hope to be seeing you some day. J. M. Patterson.' Perhaps he would have liked some such unpretentious farewell written to him now. It was typical of the man who, to himself, was an humble person. To others he was a genius who possessed and used the magic gift of human understanding." If Mr. Patterson would have liked a three-line obit, he didn't get it. Warren's piece ran five columns.

Writers on other New York papers, while feeling perhaps as bad as Mr. Warren, exercised a commendable restraint. The *Times* and *Herald Tribune* detailed the 1906-1910 phase of the late publisher's career, when, turning his back on the family wealth and retaining only a modest allowance of ten thousand dollars a year, he went in for Socialism and fiction writing. Warren mentioned the fiction but not the Socialism. The *Times* indicated that the *News's* switch to America First isolationism before Pearl Harbor, although it brought Mr. Patterson into line with his sister and cousin, had not reflected the unanimous sentiment of his countrymen. The *World-Telegram*, the *Sun*, and the *Journal-American* were, if not brusque, perfunctory in their

Father, dear Father

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Men's Cologne
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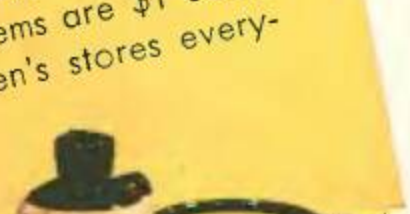
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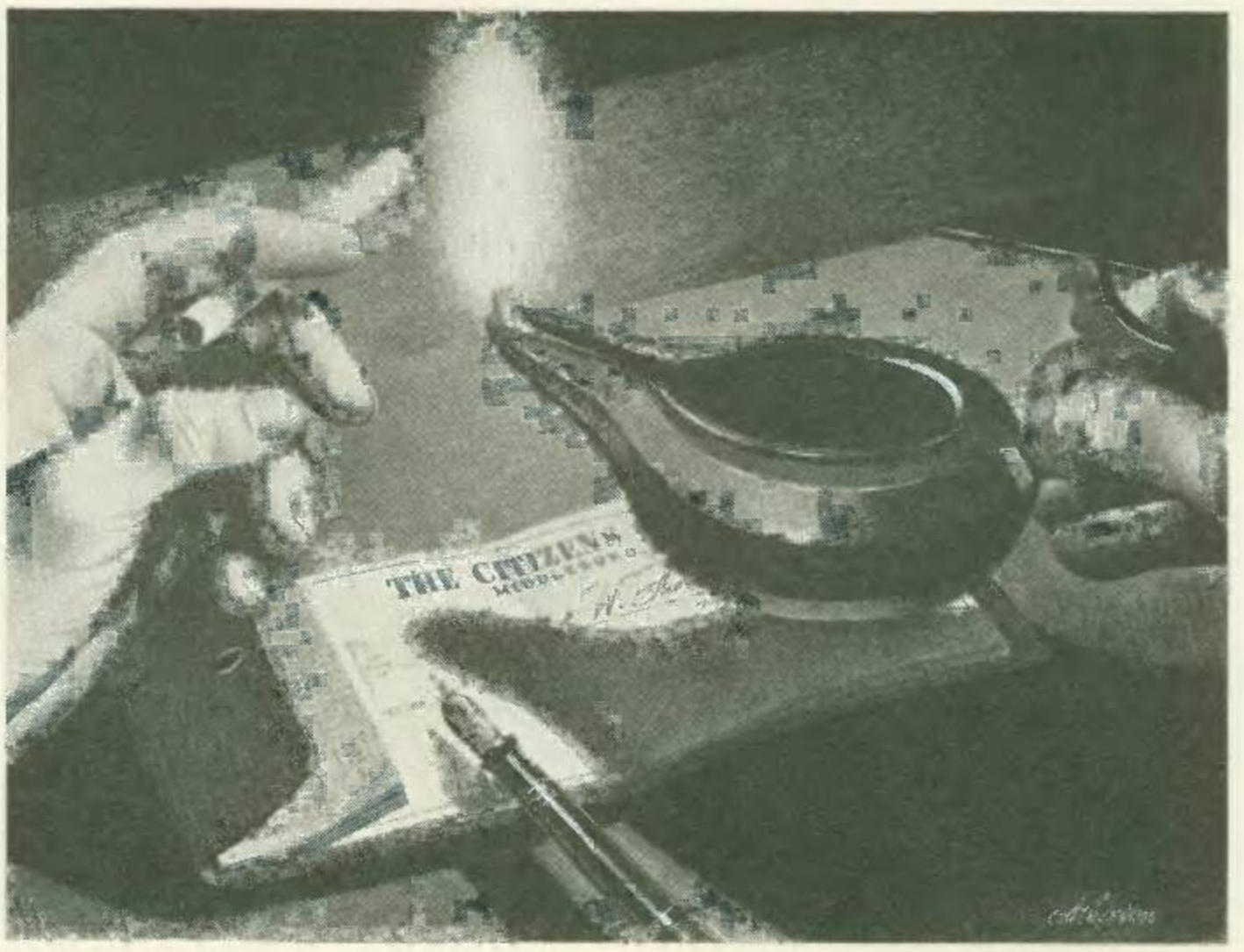
Seagram's V.O. CANADIAN

CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND....OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES

treatment of what the *News* called a "newsprint-and-ink saga." *PM* moralized and oversimplified a bit. A young woman named Eleanor Morehead, the author of its Patterson obit, wrote, "The *News's* phenomenal growth is easily explained: it played up the gaudiness of the post-war period, purveying the forbidden thrills of sex and homicide, squeezing the last drop of scandal from every divorce, murder, kidnapping, and movie case." The *Graphic*, which purveyed and squeezed just as gaudily as the *News*, never got anywhere, and expired, and the *Mirror*, as uninhibited as Mr. Patterson's relict ever was, has never been able to give it a rub.

BUT Mr. Patterson did not have to depend entirely on the pages of his own newspaper for a good press. The Washington *Times-Herald* received the Warren story by wire and printed it in full, without changes, inside black borders. The Chicago *Tribune* made a few interesting changes in it and also added to it. One of the *Tribune* additions was: "Patterson was the eldest of a family trio of publishers whose exploits, leadership, and genius for success made history in 20th century journalism. . . . Surviving members of the famous trio are his sister, Eleanor M. Patterson, publisher of the Washington *Times-Herald*, and Col. Robert R. McCormick." McCormick was also in the field artillery during the first World War. The *Tribune* relegated the discreditable fiction-writing interlude to the tail of the story, saying in its chronology of Patterson's life that he "worked on the *Tribune* intermittently during this period [1906-11]." It also buried far down in its text an anecdote that Warren had played pretty near his opening—about Patterson's affection for the common people, which caused him to have chiselled across the front of the *News's* skyscraper the last six words of a quotation attributed to Abraham Lincoln: "God must have loved the common people, because He made so many of them." The *Tribune* inserted a long new anecdote, though, about how Patterson insisted on being boss. "The fact that I decide against you is no proof that I'm right and you're wrong," it quoted Patterson as telling an editor. "It's purely because of an accident of birth that I happen to be in a position where I get my way. But, I do get my way and don't ever forget that." And, added the *Tribune*, he banged his fist on the desk to help the man understand.

The *Tribune* naturally omitted a bit



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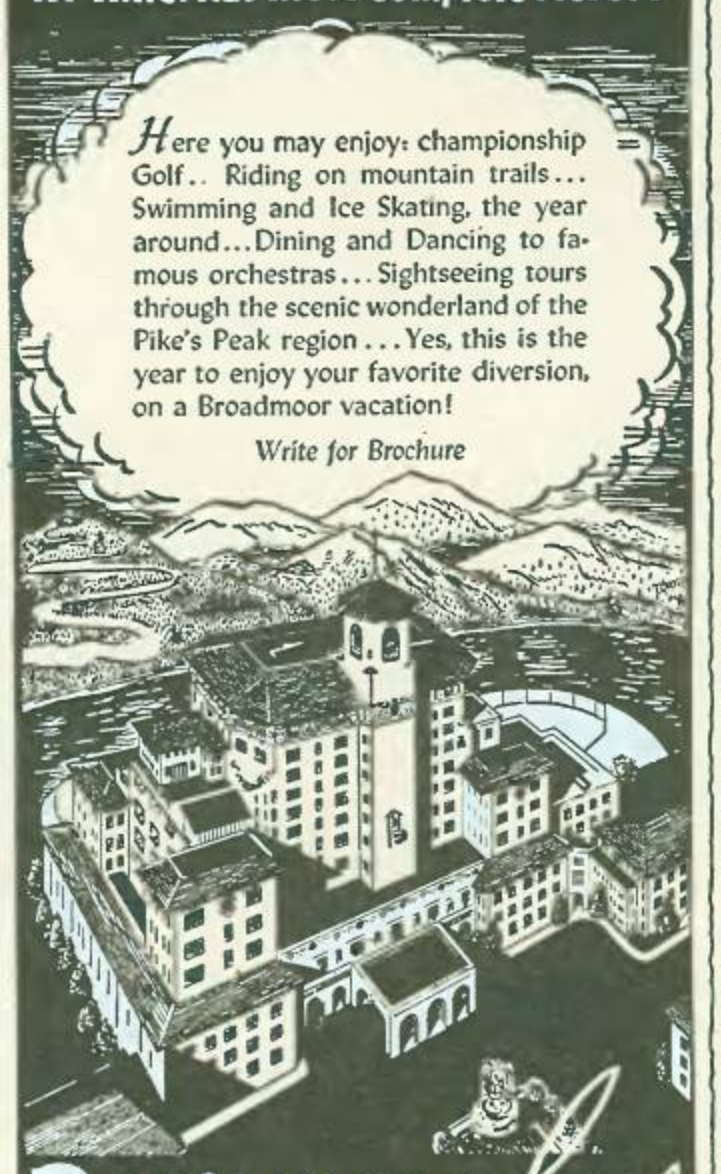
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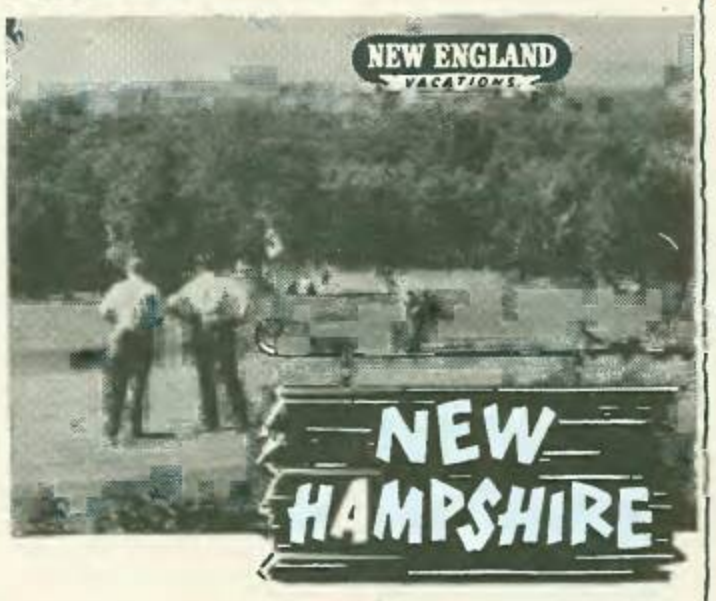
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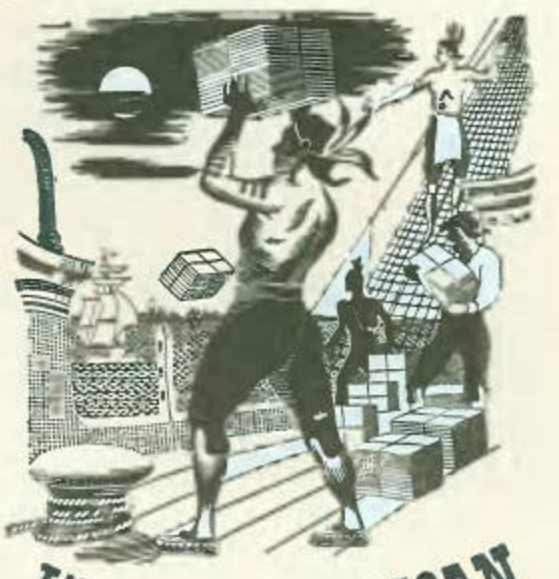


that Warren had slipped into Captain Patterson's military saga, as distinguished from his newsprint-and-ink saga. "After the [first] War," Warren wrote in the *News*, "Gen. Douglas MacArthur, his former division commander, referred to Patterson as 'the most brilliant, natural-born soldier that ever served under me.'" Everybody on the *Tribune* knows that Colonel McCormick is the most brilliant, natural-born soldier that ever served under anyone. To appease Patterson's sprite for the omission, the *Tribune* ran a subhead, "WAR HEROES PLAN FUTURE," over a paragraph describing a business conference the cousins had held in France in 1918. The *Tribune* also devoted nearly a column to anecdotes about Patterson's part in originating cartoon strips—such as "The Gumps," "Gasoline Alley," "Orphan Annie," "Smilin' Jack," "Dick Tracy," and "Smitty"—that the Tribune-News Syndicate peddles. These strips, besides being immensely profitable merchandise, are formidable assets of the *Tribune* and *News* in their respective competitive fields.

On the editorial page, the same day, the *Tribune* mused, "You can't wholly explain genius. A very few men—and Capt. Patterson was one of them—have it and the great majority don't. Somebody, some day, may find out why this is so. The best we can do now is to say that he was born of the right parents, in the right place [Chicago], and at the right time. He inherited the blood of the founder of this newspaper, the grandfather for whom he was named [who was Mr. McCormick's grandfather, too], and he inherited also an interest in the ownership of the *Tribune*. . . . These circumstances, surely, are not the whole explanation of the man and his career, but they are a most important part of it."

The *Tribune* editorial acknowledged what the *News* had not dared to mention—the defunct genius's early sins—and gave him a cousinly absolution for them. "In early manhood he was a Socialist," it stated, "because, as he once said, he couldn't find answers to the arguments of his Socialist friends. When he did find the answers he quit the movement. He had joined because he saw Socialism as the hope of the common man. Years later, in much the same spirit, he supported Mr. Roosevelt thru two terms. He broke with him dramatically over foreign policy. Capt. Patterson, who knew war and history better than Mr. Roosevelt did, couldn't believe that the common man's lot in

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America was going to be improved on European battlefields."

There is a tone in the *Tribune* treatment of the obit that presages ill for the *News* if Chicago takes over its editorial operation. Patterson would never have told the common man, from whom the *News* makes something like five million dollars a year, that an "accident of birth" had happened to bestow on him, Patterson, the right to bang his fist and have his way. Under his direction, *News* editorials were sweetly reasonable even when they didn't make sense, and superficially simple even when their motivation was complex. His Harun-al-Rashid sojourns in Bowery flophouses and two-bit movie theatres were not eccentricities; he studied people as closely as the Plains Indians studied the buffalo herds—and for much the same reason. The *Tribune* editorialist, trying to account for the *News's* success, probably hit nearer the truth than Miss Morehead of *PM*, although the truth he hit near is enough to drive you crazy. "Patterson had no formula," he wrote. "What he had was something infinitely more precious, and that was a sense of what the masses of the people, rich and poor, smart and dumb, were interested in and how to tell it to them. The *Tribune-News* comic strips display this understanding . . ."

AS I write this piece, the stricken tabloid seems to have recovered its aplomb, if not its sense of direction. The paper looks pretty normal, anyway. In the number in front of me, Mr. Sullivan reports that New York restaurant waiters are using their war earnings to fly to Europe to see parents and relatives. He does not say how they get visas. Doris Blake, the lovelorn-column editor, heads her piece, "WHEN HE WALKS OUT, GIRLS, GET ANOTHER. DON'T PINE." Elinor Ames, the "Correct Thing" editor, says, "Try to keep conversation general. It's tactless to ignore completely the man present while you chat about styles, shopping, and such feminine subjects." This is accompanied by a photograph of a bored young man being ignored by two young women looking at each other with their mouths open. Jimmy Jemail, the Inquiring Fotographer (why not "Fotografer," or "Photografer"?), has asked six people whether the State should award $140,000 to Bertram M. Campbell, who was unjustly imprisoned for four years (four said he should get it). The headlines run about as usual: "HIS REFLAMING YOUTH BURNS HER, SAYS WIFE" (middle-aged husband acting

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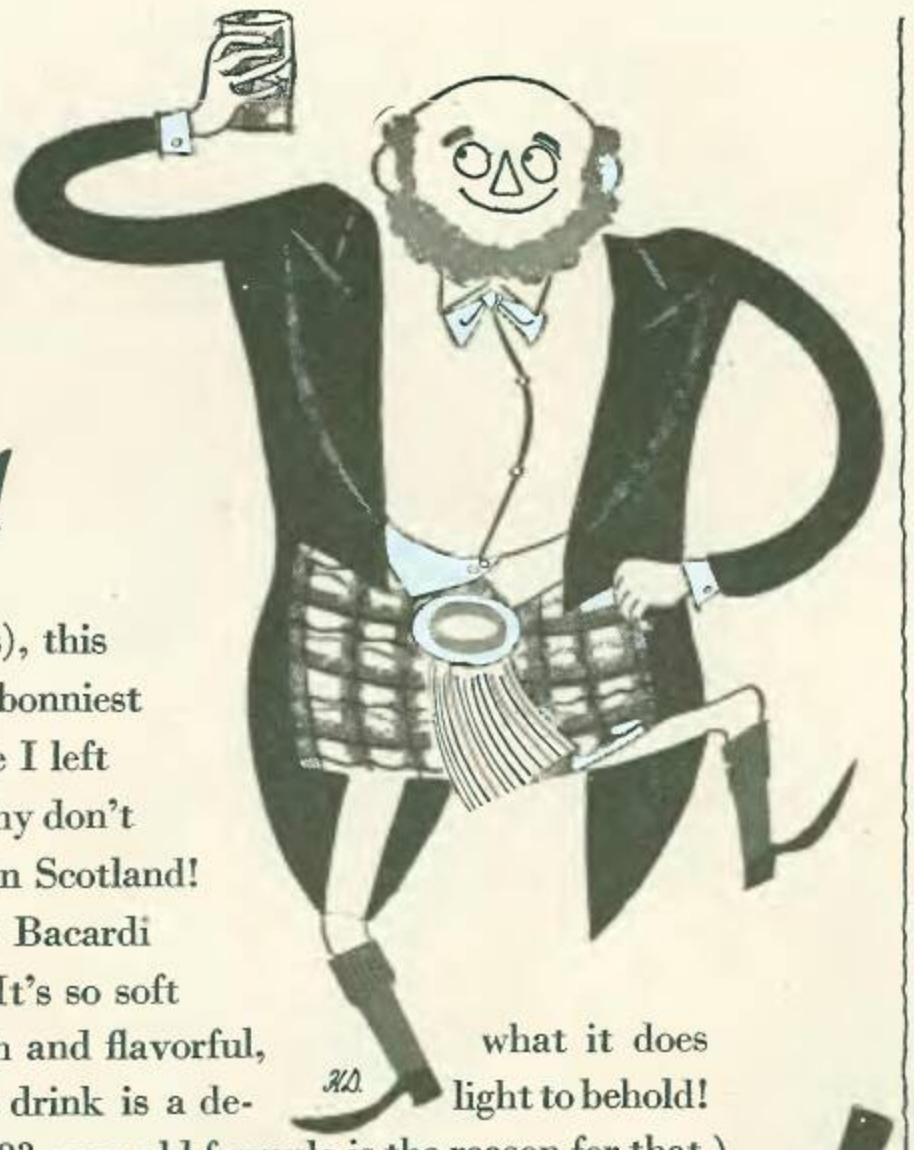
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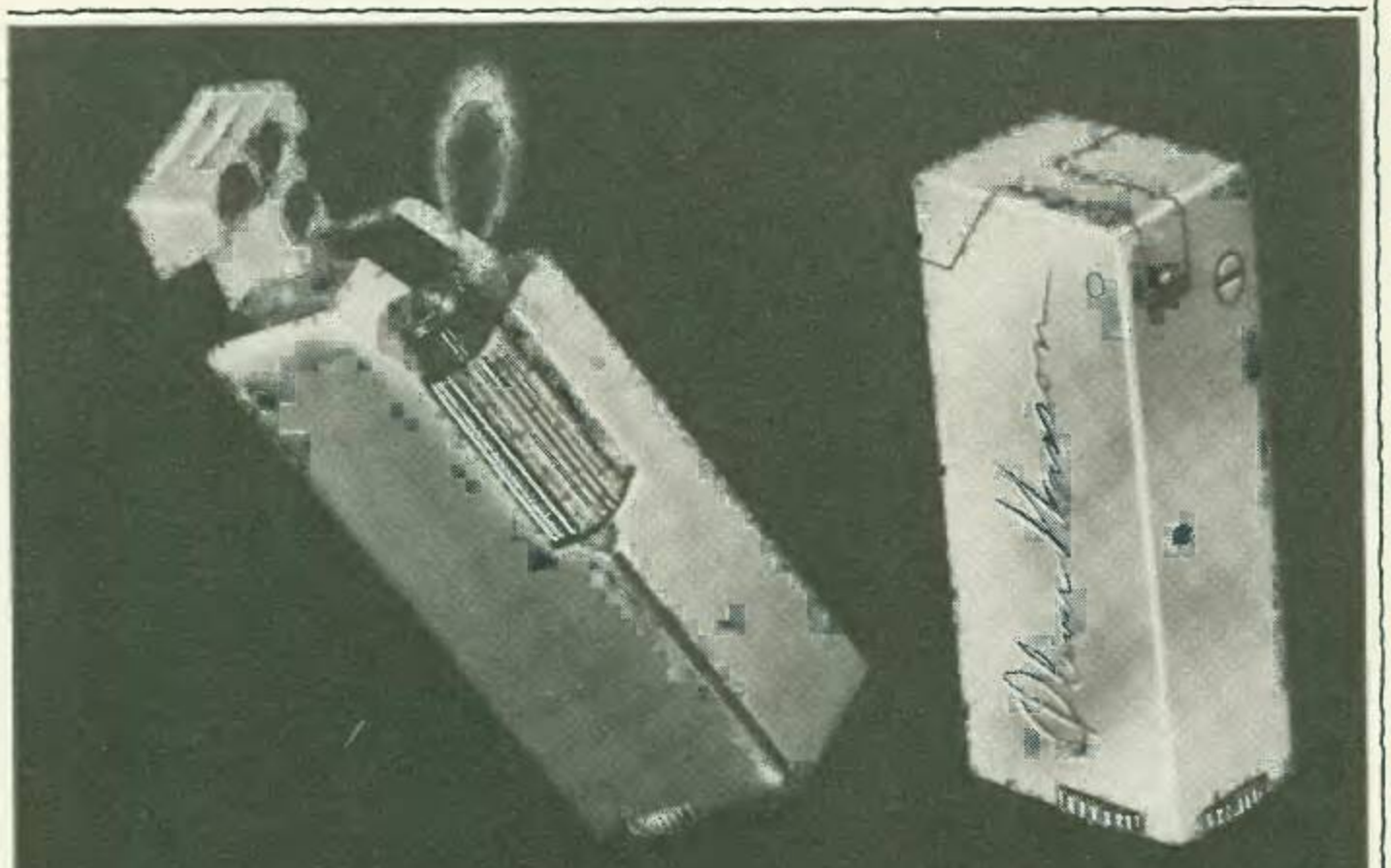
The Hon. Scotch Delegate is not whistling Annie Laurie when he says . . .

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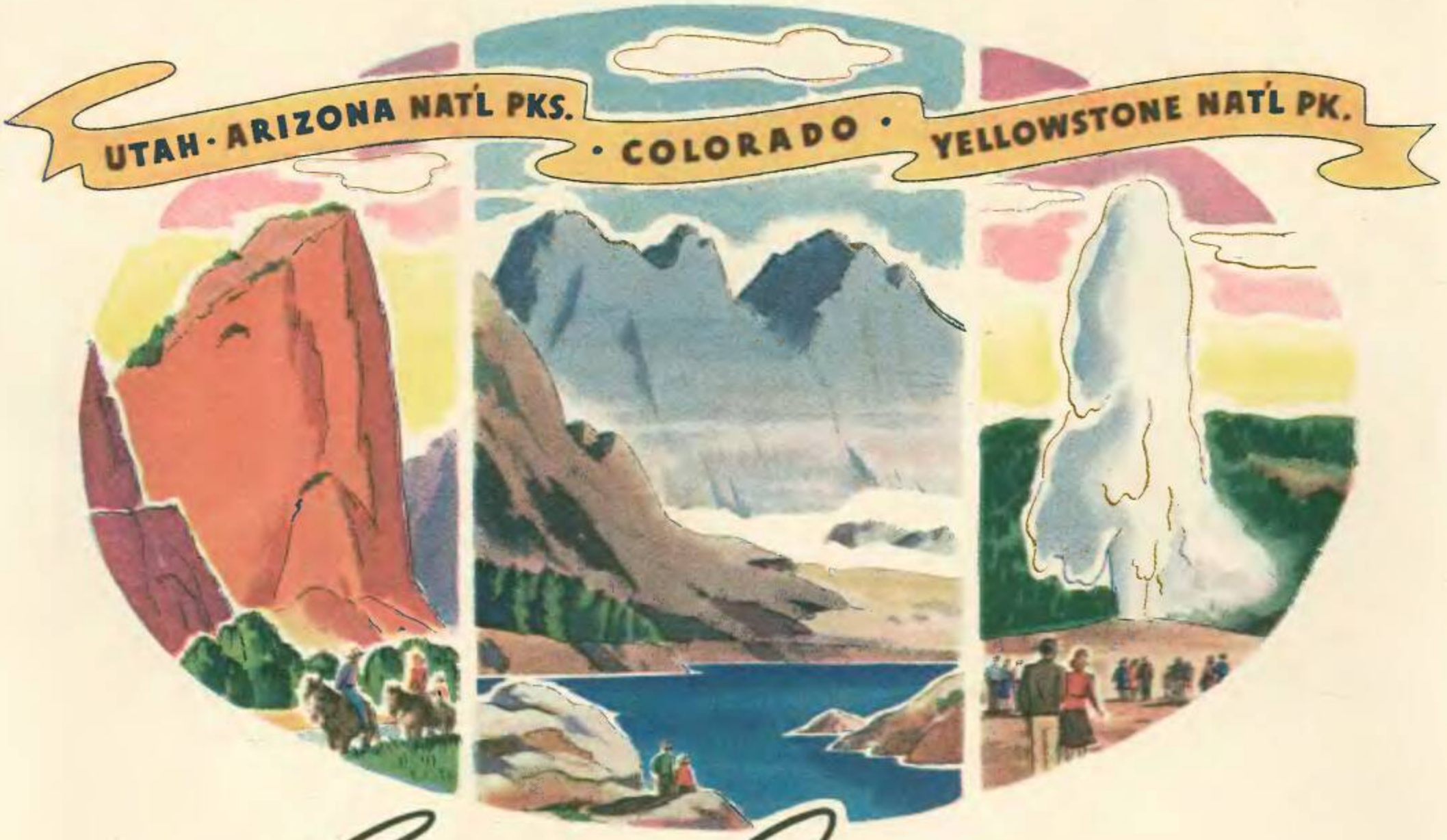
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up); "TOWN'S AILING GOLDEN GIRL, 4, DIES IN SLEEP;" "2 HELD IN RAPE MURDER, PAL SAYS CONVICT DID IT;" "BLUM FLIES HOME WITH U.S. CREDIT;" "WHO KILLED BUMMY? HEARING SLATED;" "MP SOCKS TWO RED OFFICIALS." Bill the Bumblebee, the nom de plume of a correspondent of the "Voice of the People" department, says, "It's about time the propertarians and libertarians woke up and put these shirkers in their proper place. You don't find any strikes in Russia, the worker's paradise. Uncle Joe won't stand for any of that nonsense. . . ." C. D. Batchelor, the editorial-page cartoonist, has done a conventionalized but sexy figure of Columbia kneeling at a soldier's grave, which is decorated with a cross marked "Unknown." It is Memorial Day. Columbia is saying, "Your best memorial and most durable is a country made free from enemies without and within." The same figure, with a skull for a face, used to be labelled "World War II" by the cartoonist. There is a Memorial Day editorial, which says, "The only ending we can think of for this editorial is: God save us all from any more 'idealistic' Presidents." Only John O'Donnell, the Washington columnist, seems a little off his feed. He writes about Roosevelt in a vein that is almost nostalgic: "Since the by-gone days of Roosevelt press agentry, the old magic of bemusing the people of the Republic has lost its touch." A practiced *News* reader can tell what he means. O'Donnell then goes on to explain how useful Roosevelt's sense of timing would be to Mr. Truman.

As for the cartoon strips, a character named Rex, in "Smilin' Jack," is drifting downstream toward the falls while a girl named Cindy is trying to rescue him. Baron De Plexus, a rather new character in "Terry," is plotting against the Dragon Lady. A little girl named Honey, who has befriended Orphan Annie, is about to be dispossessed from her homestead. Nilon, the latest in the long series of murderous females apprehended by Dick Tracy, shrieks, "It's no use. *I'll tell everything.*" Andy Gump is being hoodwinked by a French countess. Skeezix, in "Gasoline Alley," is attempting to get a garage job for a legless war veteran. A short man in "Harold Teen" is trying to impress a tall girl whom he calls Dream Dust from Dixie. A horrible talking infant in "Smitty" is lisping about giving his dog to a blind boy. And Mamie is making Uncle Willie stand with his face to the wall, so he won't see Moon Mullins' new girl friend, Dodo Van Dazzle.

—A. J. LIEBLING



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More sparkle tomorrow!



White Rock *keeps you sparkling, too!*

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Hark to the Trumpet's Call



SOMEDAY, God willing, a young lady with a liking for classical music will meet a hot-jazz man in the movies and, instead of being seduced by his caterwauling, will bend a trumpet around his ears. This might serve as a kind of rebuttal to the Hollywood adaptation of Gresham's law, which, as the filmmakers lay it down, calls for the substitution of bad art for good. While I have nurtured this hope for quite a while now, I never wished so devoutly for its realization as I did while watching "Do You Love Me." The picture tells the tired tale of a girl in charge of a musical foundation who suddenly wakes up to the fact that Beethoven, Mozart, and Bach just can't send her like Harry James, after the last lets go with a few febrile toots on his horn. In weaning the heroine from her addiction to classical music, Mr. James is aided by Dick Haymes, who periodically moos a tune equipped with lyrics that are, in their small way, a triumph of economy in songwriting. "Do you love me?" the ballad begins, and then goes on, "Do you love me, do you love me, do you love me, tell me, do you?" Although the question is indubitably an important one, its incessant reiteration eventually becomes as maddening as the Pepsi-Cola jingle, and just about as difficult to dismiss from the mind. Hours after seeing "Do You Love Me," I found myself mumbling the title, regrettably with none of the lowing charm of Mr. Haymes.

The plot of "Do You Love Me" requires Maureen O'Hara, the heroine, to try to look homely for a while, an obviously impossible feat. Miss O'Hara sets about being unattractive by wearing glasses and combing her hair straight back, which is the usual approach to this problem. It comes as quite a surprise to her to discover that when she removes her glasses and lets her hair fluff around her shoulders, she is beautiful. How she managed to live so long without taking a look at herself minus spectacles is one of the small mysteries of the film. Another one is Miss O'Hara's ignorance of the word "titivate." "Titivate, titivate," she murmurs in a puzzled fashion when she first hears it, and then

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starts leaping about like Rima, the bird girl, when she finds out what it means. What do they teach them in colleges these days?

IT'S been fourteen years since I saw Philip Barry's "The Animal Kingdom," but I still remember it with relish, although it involved some rather ridiculous notions about the dangers of being rich. Mr. Barry, you may recall, was preoccupied with a wealthy young scamp who loved a woman with Ideals but married a lady with Sex. The Ideal woman wanted the hero to do something with himself; the Sexy lady simply wanted him to take it easy. Mr. Barry fattened the bare bones of this plot with some fine, literate dialogue and created one of his funniest characters—a combination butler and buddy—to add a dash of gaiety to the business. Now, under the title of "One More Tomorrow," "The Animal Kingdom" is with us again, and it's a whole lot easier to watch than most of the pictures that have come along of late. As the young man full of wealth and woe, Dennis Morgan is perhaps not quite up to the standard set by Leslie Howard, who first played the role, but as the Ideal woman, Ann Sheridan is eminently satisfactory. Miss Sheridan is cast as a photographer in this version, and she leads Mr. Morgan to the light by getting him to back a magazine called *Bantam*, which most of his friends associate with the Kremlin. Between *Bantam* and his wife, played by Alexis Smith, Mr. Morgan is presently relieved of his cash, and happiness promptly ensues—a course of thought I find somewhat difficult to follow. Pacing Mr. Morgan and Miss Sheridan, Jack Carson, as a fighter turned butler, is a hell of a funny fellow, and Reginald Gardiner, as a magazine editor, is quite funny, too.

YOU'D think that any area populated by the Daltons, the James boys, Belle Starr, and a lot of other trigger-happy citizens would be a pretty lively place, but "Badman's Territory," which includes all the foregoing, isn't much livelier than Philadelphia.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

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BOOKS

Somerset Maugham and an Antidote



IT has happened to me from time to time to run into some person of taste who tells me that I ought to take Somerset Maugham seriously, yet I have never been able to convince myself that he was anything but second-rate. His swelling reputation in America, which culminated the other day in his solemn presentation to the Library of Congress of the manuscript of "Of Human Bondage," seems to me a conspicuous sign of the general decline of our standards. Thirty or thirty-five years ago the English novelists that were read in America were at least men like Wells and Bennett, who, though not quite of top rank, were at least by vocation real writers. Mr. Maugham, it seems to me, is not, in the sense of "having the métier," really a writer at all. There are real writers, like Balzac and Dreiser, who may be said to write badly. Dreiser handles words abominably, but his prose has a compelling rhythm, which is his style and which induces the emotions that give his story its poetic meaning. But Mr. Maugham, whose use of words is banal, has no personal rhythm at all, nor can he create for us a poetic world.

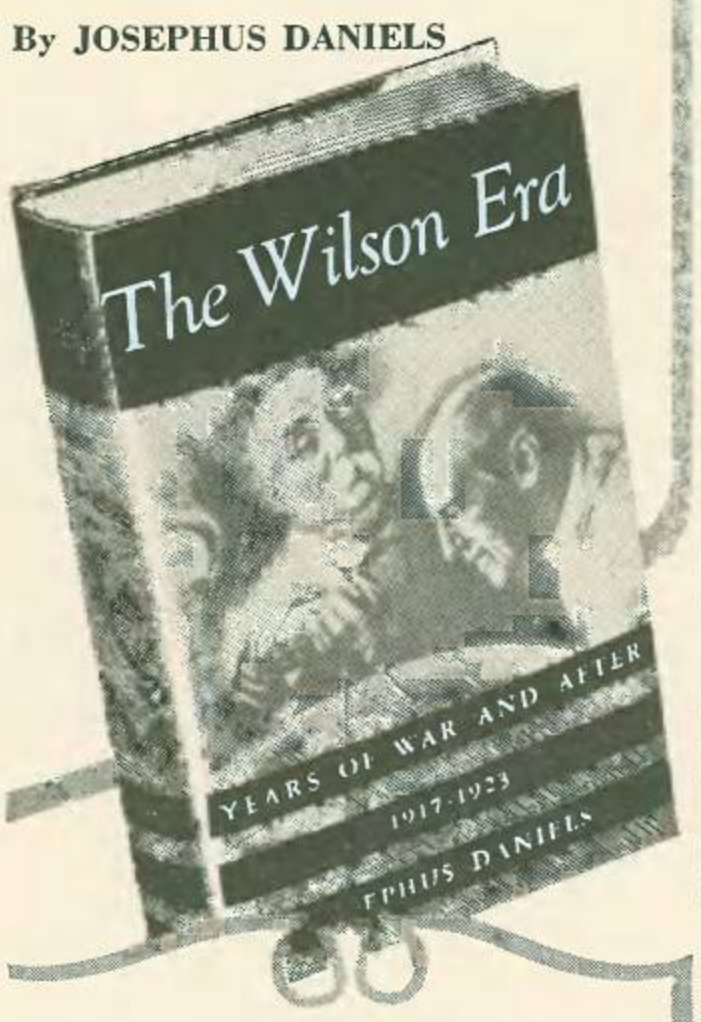
Now, unless I read for information, I find it extremely difficult to get through books that are not "written." I can read Compton Mackenzie, for example, of the second rank though he is, because he has, as a writer, real gifts of a not too common kind. But my experience has always been with Maugham that he disappoints my literary appetite and discourages me from going on. His new novel—"Then and Now" (Doubleday)—seemed to me, all through its first half, one of the most tasteless and unreadable books from which I had ever hoped to derive enjoyment, and nothing but the necessity of supplying this review could ever have taken me through it. "Then and Now" is a historical novel: it deals with Machiavelli and tells the story of his mission, as envoy from Florence, to the headquarters of Caesar Borgia, when the latter, in his campaign of domination, appeared to be at his most effective and most menacing. The way in which this promising subject is handled suggested, I was shocked to discover, one of the less brilliant contributions to a prep-school magazine. Here are Machiavelli and Borgia confronting one another: "Although he had but briefly seen him at Urbino, Machiavelli had been deeply impressed by him. He had heard there how the Duke Guidobaldo da Montefeltro, confiding in Caesar Borgia's friendship, had lost his state and barely escaped with his life; and though he recognized that Il Valentino had acted with shocking perfidy he could not but admire the energy and adroit planning with which he had conducted the enterprise. This was a man of parts, fearless, unscrupulous, ruthless and intelligent, not only a brilliant general but a capable organizer and an astute politician. A sarcastic smile played upon Machiavelli's thin lips and his eyes gleamed, for the prospect of matching his wits with such an antagonist excited him." This narrative from time to time is obstructed by the introduction of thick chunks of historical background that sound as if they had been copied out—so compressed and indigestible are they, so untouched by imagination—from some textbook in the history classroom: "In June of the year with which this narrative is concerned, Arezzo, a city subject to Florence, revolted and declared itself independent. Vitellozzo Vitelli, the ablest of Il Valentino's commanders and bitter enemy of the Florentines because they had executed his brother Paolo, and Baglioni, Lord of Perugia, went to the support of the rebellious citizens and defeated the forces of the Republic," etc., etc. As will be seen from the above sentence, in which, if we glide over the comma, we are at first misled into supposing that Baglioni was executed, before we find that he went with Vitelli, the writing is amateurish. The book is



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full of ill-composed sentences, bulging with disproportionate clauses that prevent them from coming out right, or confused by "he"s, "him"s, and "his"s that apply to different antecedents: a kind of thing that an English master would have been sure to bluepencil in the young student's themes. The language is such a tissue of clichés that one's wonder is finally aroused at the writer's ability to assemble so many and at his unfailing inability to put anything in an individual way: "But Il Valentino appeared to be well pleased. It looked as though he were prepared to let bygones be bygones and restore the repentant rebels to his confidence. . . . But whatever sinister plans he turned round in that handsome head of his, the Duke was evidently not ready to resort to more than veiled threats to induce the Florentines to accede to his demands. . . . The Duke gazed at him thoughtfully. You might have imagined that he was asking himself what kind of a man this was, but with no ulterior motive, from idle curiosity rather. . . . The truth, the unpalatable truth, stared him in the face. . . . He had taken him on this trip from sheer good nature, he had done everything for him, he had introduced him to persons worth knowing, he had done his best to form him, to show him how to behave, to civilize him, in short; he had not spared his wit and wisdom to teach him the ways of the world, how to make friends and influence people. And this was his reward, to have his girl snatched away from under his very nose." This dullness is only relieved by an occasional dim sparkle of the Wildean wit that made comedies like "Our Betters" amusing without investing them with that distinction which, in Wilde, is the product of style: "If only she knew as much about life as he did she would know that it is not the temptations you have succumbed to that you regret, but those you have resisted." But even this kind of thing would not be beyond the competence of a schoolboy.

About halfway through the book, however, we find that what the author has been doing, in his tiresome piling up of dead incident, is introducing the elements of a plot. This plot is pretty well contrived; it could hardly have been worked out by a schoolboy, for it shows a practiced hand, and it carries us through the rest of the book. We find here, furthermore, that the scheming of Caesar to accomplish his political ends is connected, not merely through ingenuities of plot but also by moral implication, with Machiavelli's scheming to make a conquest of the wife of a

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friend. Machiavelli as well as Borgia is cynical about human motives; Machiavelli (though politically a patriot working for republican Florence) is aiming in his personal relations at power for the sake of power, just as Borgia is. And the victims of both are equally cynics, equally double-dealers. The upshot of the whole affair is that Machiavelli, returning home with a certain admiration for Borgia but in a rage over the duplicity practiced on him by the young wife and her associates, meditates upon his experience and finds in it the material for "Il Principe," his treatise on Realpolitik, and for his comedy "La Mandragola." This, too, shows more knowledge of the world than a schoolboy would have been likely to acquire, but that schoolboy, grownup and much travelled and somehow diverted from his normal career of law, medicine, diplomacy, or parliament, might have written—did, in fact, write—such a novel as "Then and Now." With a certain amount of interest in the drama of human behavior, he had no special talent for literature, and he ought really to have stopped with the school magazine, but for some reason he kept on writing, and the result has been Somerset Maugham.

The admirers of Mr. Maugham will tell me that he is "old and tired" now, and that historical novels are not his forte—that it is quite unfair to judge him by "Then and Now," which is one of the least of his books. I know that he has done better stories, but I am not sure that it *is* quite unfair to judge his quality by the quality of "Then and Now." This quality is never, it seems to me, that either of a literary artist or of a first-rate critic of morals; and it may be worth while to say this at a moment when a tendency seems to be prevalent to step up Mr. Maugham's standing into the higher ranks of English fiction. What stirs one particularly to protest is a certain disposition on the part of Mr. Maugham himself to take advantage of his popularity for the purpose of disparaging his betters. Though Mr. Maugham's claims for himself are always carefully and correctly modest, he usually manages to sound invidious when he is speaking of his top-drawer contemporaries. In an anthology which he edited a few years ago, "Introduction to Modern English and American Literature"—a mixture of good writing and tripe that sets the teeth on edge—we find him patronizing, in what seems to me an insufferable way (and with his customary buzz of clichés), such writers as Henry James, James Joyce, and W. B. Yeats. "His influence on fiction,"



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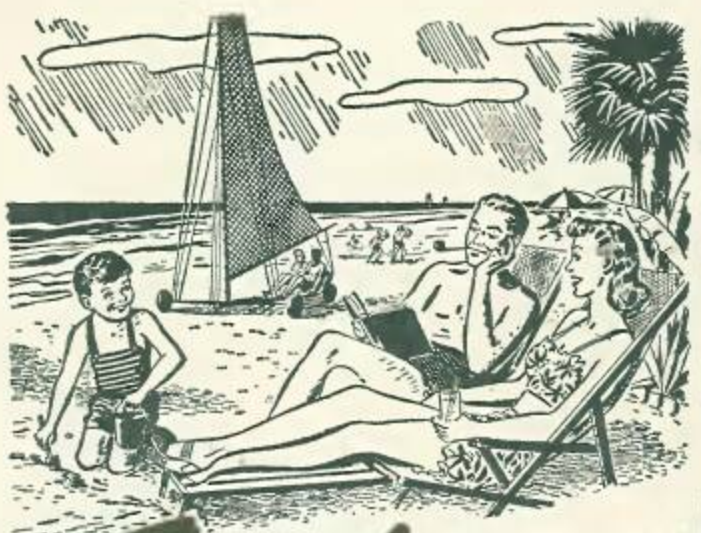
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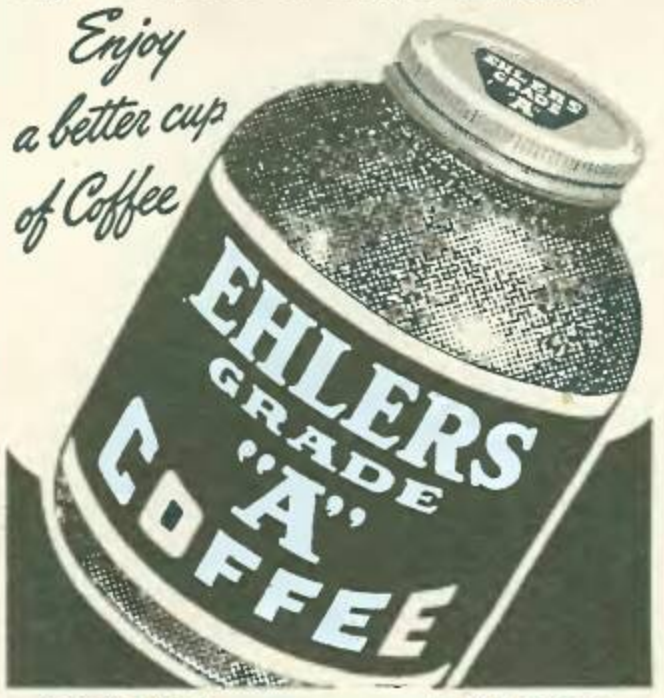
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he writes of James, "especially in England, has been great, and though I happen to think it has been a bad influence, its enduring power makes him an important figure. . . . He never succeeded in coming to grips with life. . . . This story ["The Beast in the Jungle"] reads to me like a lamentable admission of his own failure." Of "Ulysses": "I have read it twice, so I cannot say that I find it unreadable, but . . . like many of his countrymen, Joyce never discovered that enough is as good as a feast, and his prolixity is exhausting." Of Yeats: "Though he could at times be very good company, he was a pompous, vain man; to hear him read his own verses was as excruciating a torture as anyone could be exposed to." Well, it is quite true of Henry James that his experience was incomplete and that he wrote about his own deficiencies, and that Joyce is sometimes too prolix, and it may be true that Yeats was sometimes pompous. And Mr. Maugham mingles praise with his detraction, but, from reading this "Introduction," you would never be able to discover that all these men belong to a different plane from that of Michael Arlen and Katharine Brush, whose work is also included—a plane on which Somerset Maugham does not exist at all. Mr. Maugham would give us the impression that all novelists are entertainers who differ only in being more or less boring (though he grants, with a marked lack of enthusiasm, that Henry James supplied, "if not an incentive, at least an encouragement to those who came after him . . . to aim consciously at giving fiction the form and significance that may sometimes make it something more than the pastime of an idle hour"). We get the impression of a malcontent eye cocked up from the brackish waters of the *Cosmopolitan* magazine, and an insistent and peevish grumbling. There is something going on, on the higher ground, that halfway impresses and charms him, but he does not quite understand what it is, and in any case he can never get up there.

Even when Mr. Maugham is able to admire more cordially the kind of work that is done on this higher plane, his way of talking about it betrays his lack of real appreciation and almost always gives the impression of impertinence. So, in his speech at the Library of Congress, we find the following remarks about Proust: "Proust, as we know, was enormously influenced by the now largely discredited philosophy of Henri Bergson and great stretches of his work turn upon it. I suppose we all read with a thrill of excitement Proust's volumes as they



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came out, but now when we reread them in a calmer mood I think what we find to admire in them is his wonderful humor and the extraordinarily vivid and interesting characters that he created in profusion. We skip his philosophical disquisitions and we skip them without loss." Now, it is perfectly obvious here that Mr. Maugham does not know what he is talking about. Some aspects of Bergson's philosophy are still taken very seriously by first-rate philosophers of certain schools; and even if Bergson's whole system were regarded with universal disapproval, that might not affect the validity of the artistic use that Proust has made of one of its features. This feature—the difference between "time" and "duration": how long something takes by the clock and how long it seems while it is going on—is itself only one of the features of Proust's metaphysical picture, which in general has more in common with the implications of relativistic physics than with the Creative Evolution of Bergson. It is this exploitation of the principle of relativity in the social and personal fields that gives Proust his philosophical interest and that makes his novel, I suppose, the greatest work of philosophical fiction ever written. In "A la Recherche du Temps Perdu," the philosophy so pervades the narrative that it is difficult to see how you could skip it: if you jumped over the "disquisitions," you could still not escape from Proust, in a thousand intimations and asides, expounding his relativistic theory; and since the unexpected development of the characters, the astonishing reversals of relationships, all the paradoxes and contrasts that provide the main interest of the story, are dramatizations of this theory, it is difficult to understand how a reader can "admire" the former and yet disregard the latter. The inability of Mr. Maugham to realize what there is in Proust helps to explain why he has not put more into a novel like "Then and Now."

THERE has been lately such a swarming of shoddy jobs of the type of Mr. Maugham's "Introduction," anthologies in which the editor pretends to popularize good literature and only succeeds in putting the good writers in bad company or in taking liberties with them which, if they were living, they would certainly resent, that it is pleasant to find a book of this sort in which the anthologizer is worthy of the anthologized. "Hawthorne's Short Stories" (Knopf), edited by Newton Arvin, contains an interesting and at-

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tractive selection from a department of Hawthorne's work which, when explored, sometimes proves disappointing; and a critical introduction which is absolutely a triumph of its kind. In a dozen pages, closely printed, Mr. Arvin succeeds in giving a scholarly account of the genesis of these tales, and, by the study of Hawthorne's vocabulary as well as of the purport of his stories, in bringing into focus with unusual clarity the peculiarities of Hawthorne's psychology and the components of his point of view. The book is also well designed and well printed.—EDMUND WILSON

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE UNFORESEEN, by Dorothy Macardle (Doubleday). The record (which the author says is based on fact) of an eventful summer in the life of a likable Irishwoman who has a supernormal gift for foretelling disaster. Only a reader with some knowledge of psychic phenomena can say how good the book is as a case history; as light fiction, though, it is very readable, even if you don't believe a word of the lady's visions.

GENERAL

THE MAHATMA AND THE WORLD, by Krishnalal Shridharani (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). An informal portrait of India's beggar saint, by a man eminently fitted to do the job, as was proved by his "My India, My America." Mr. Shridharani's subject is obviously close to his heart and he believes that without an understanding of Gandhi one cannot understand India, but this study is presented so soberly and quietly that the reader can form his own opinion of the Mahatma and the momentous movement he started over fifty years ago. A fine, discerning picture of the man.

RESTLESS INDIA, by Lawrence K. Rosinger (Holt). Another book about India—this one by an American—which covers, very briefly, practically every important aspect of the country's history and contemporary life. Mr. Rosinger, who believes that an "unprecedented" explosion is coming in India, has written this book mainly to furnish a background against which to place future events as they occur.

PUSHKIN: POET AND LOVER, by Lydia Lambert (Doubleday). This life of the man who fathered modern Russian literature has been somewhat embellished by the creative literary impulses of the author, who, in making the most of the Byronic circumstances of her hero's birth, life, and death, has just about written a historical novel. Despite the dual subtitle, Mlle. Lambert has concerned herself chiefly with Pushkin the lover. Her skimping of Pushkin the poet may be just as well, because most English-speaking readers will have to take the Russians' word for it that he was a magnificent writer of verse.

GAUNTLET TO OVERLORD, by Ross Munro (Macmillan). A comprehensive account of the Canadian Army in the war, by an Ottawa newspaperman who covered most of the Canadians' major engagements. For the American reader, the account may be too comprehensive; the author has felt obliged to list names of soldiers, give full credit lines to military units, and, in general, overload with detail an otherwise excellent text. Photographs.

NEW YORK! NEW YORK!, by Ruth McAneny Loud and Agnes Adams Wales (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). An illustrated pocket guide to the five boroughs of the city, compiled in the interests of the junior, or home-from-school, sightseer. The material has been very competently handled, but the writing—well, never mind the writing. A good prescription for those interminable Sunday afternoons when the young fry are hanging around the house and yammering to go to the movies.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

HONOLULU STORY, by Leslie Ford (Scribner). Mrs. Grace Latham, visiting in Honolulu, undertakes to straighten out some of the problems besetting her friends the Steve Cathers. The problems include a prowler, who hides out in the shrubbery, making noises like a redbird, and three young men, all of whom seem to be attached to the Cathers' pretty daughter. The prowler is murdered and Miss Cather's troubles get more and more complex, but eventually Colonel Primrose, Mrs. Latham's perennial suitor, clears things up in his practical fashion. The pattern of the story will be familiar to the author's admirers, but this time it does have some handsome tropical scenery.

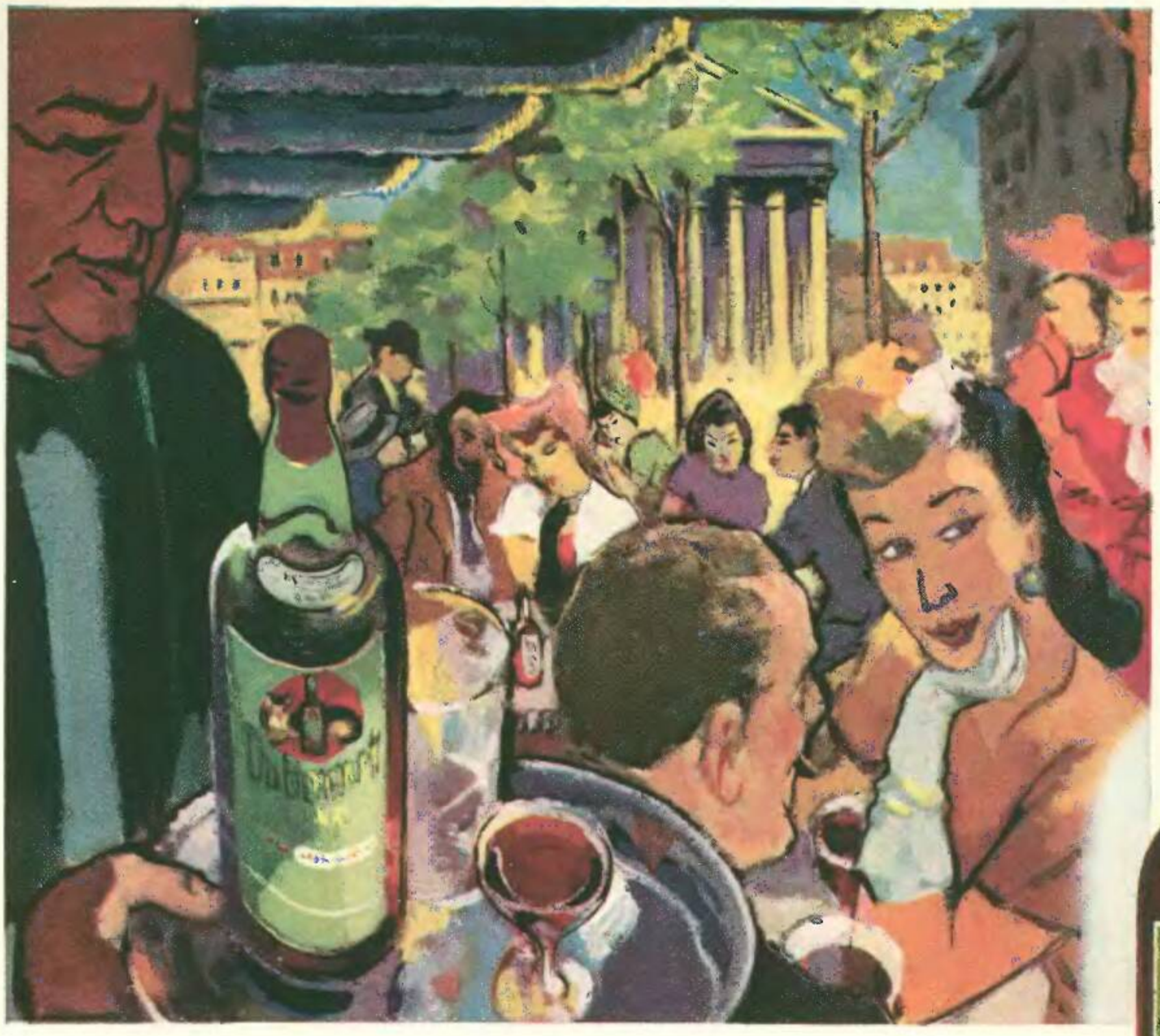
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