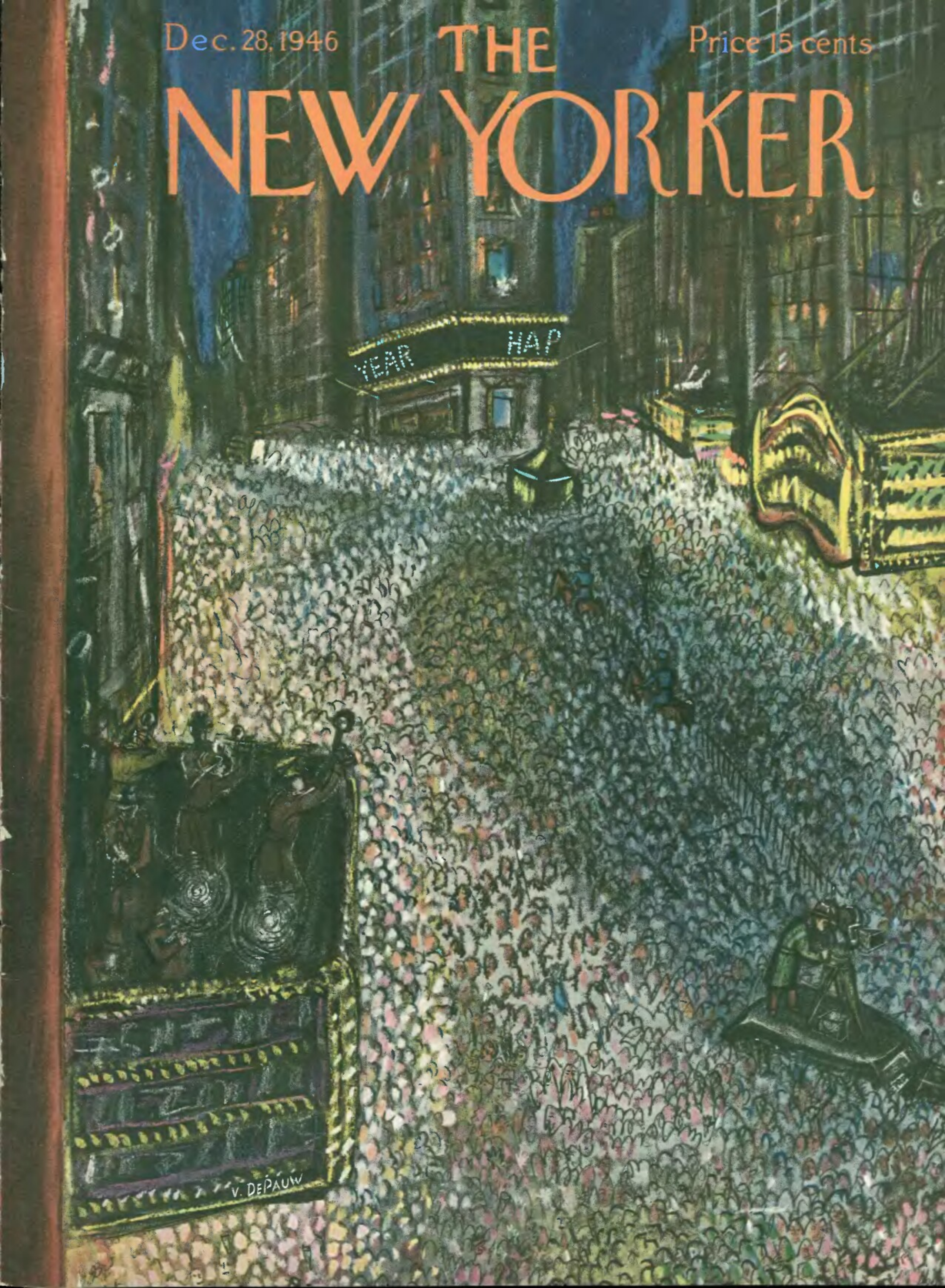
Dec. 28, 1946

THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(This week and next, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their matinée schedules because of the holidays. There may be still further changes, so you'd do well to check with the newspapers before making plans. . . . E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

American Repertory Theatre—Not entirely satisfactory productions of "Henry VIII," "What Every Woman Knows," "John Gabriel Borkman," "Androcles and the Lion," and "Pound on Demand." The company includes Eva Le Gallienne, Walter Hampden, Margaret Webster, and Ernest Truex. The schedule for this week and next follows: "Pound on Demand" and "Androcles and the Lion," Thursday evening, Dec. 26, at 8:30. . . . ¶"Henry VIII," Friday evening, Dec. 27, at 8:30, and Saturday matinée and evening, Dec. 28, at 2:30 and 8:30. . . . ¶"Pound on Demand" and "Androcles and the Lion," Sunday matinée and evening, Dec. 20, at 2:30 and 8:30. . . . ¶"Henry VIII," Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, Dec. 31-Jan. 1, at 8:30. . . . ¶"What Every Woman Knows," Thursday evening, Jan. 2, at 8:40. . . . ¶"John Gabriel Borkman," Friday evening, Jan. 3, at 8:50. . . . ¶"Pound on Demand" and "Androcles and the Lion," Saturday matinée and evening, Jan. 4, at 2:30 and 8:30. (International Theatre, at Columbus Circle. CO 5-1173.)

Another Part of the Forest—Lillian Hellman's educated Jukes family at an earlier though by no means more attractive stage than the one she described in "The Little Foxes." Miss Hellman is always worth your attention, of course, but this is certainly one of her lesser works. With Patricia Neal, Margaret Phillips, and Leo Genn. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 26.)

Christopher Blake—Moss Hart's somewhat overemotional and not quite convincing study of the effect of divorce on a twelve-year-old boy. The young hero's secret fantasies are much better than the realistic portions of the play. Richard Tyler is very impressive in the main part. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Cyrano de Bergerac—José Ferrer, starring in his own revival of the Rostand play, is perhaps more subtle than Walter Hampden used to be, if not quite so romantic. Also with Frances Reid, Ernest Graves, Paula Laurence, and Hiram Sherman. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Fatal Weakness—Ina Claire, the star, is far more successful than George Kelly, the author, in this comedy about divorce. With Margaret Douglass and Howard St. John. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Happy Birthday—What might easily happen to a girl if she just chanced to wander into a bar on a rainy afternoon. Helen Hayes is really superb at the head of a cast that includes Lorraine Miller, Louis Jean Heydt, and Enid Markey. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 26.)

The Iceman Cometh—Eugene O'Neill's four-hour drama demonstrating that men need hope to survive. Interesting and sometimes powerful, but by no means up to his best level. With James Barton, Dudley Digges, Carl Benton Reid, and Nicholas Joy. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30.)

Joan of Lorraine—Ingrid Bergman is altogether magnificent as an actress who plays the Maid of Orleans and also seems to share a good many of her opinions. Maxwell Anderson has done a fine job with a rather complicated



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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idea, and the rest of the cast is excellent. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

Lady Windermere's Fan—Oscar Wilde's comedy in probably the most stylish revival it has ever had, thanks largely to Cecil Beaton's brilliant scenery and costumes. Cornelia Otis Skinner, Penelope Ward, and Estelle Winwood help deliver the famous old epigrams. (Cort, 48th St., E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 26.)

Made in Heaven—Donald Cook in a comedy by Hagar Wilde about the breaking up and reestablishment of a marriage that seems to have very little importance anyway. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 2:50.)

The Playboy of the Western World—Burgess Meredith in a fairly disappointing revival of Synge's Irish comedy. Also with J. M. Kerrigan, Mildred Natwick, Eithne Dunne, and J. C. Nugent. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45. Matinées Saturdays at 2:45; special matinées Thursday, Dec. 26, and Wednesday, Jan. 1. Closes Saturday, Jan. 4.)

Present Laughter—A comedy concerning a man who has far too many girls. Expertly played by Clifton Webb, but much less handsomely written by Noel Coward. Also with Evelyn Varden, Doris Dalton, and Marta Linden. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Years Ago—Ruth Gordon's loving and witty reminiscences of her days in Boston when she dreamed of being an actress. Fredric March is almost perfect as her eccentric father, and Florence Eldridge and young Patricia Kirkland are very nice as the ladies in the family. (Mansfield, 47th St., W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—born yesterday: Paul Douglas, as a scheming junk dealer, gets crossed up by Judy Holliday, who plays a lady tramp. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **harvey:** The invisible rabbit. With Frank Fay and Josephine Hull. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 26.) . . . **life with father:** The oldest living inhabitant. With A. H. Van Buren and Mary Loane. (Bijou, 45th St., W. CO 5-8215. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.) . . . **o mistress mine:** Well, it has the Lunts, and that should be enough for anybody. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **state of the union:** Ralph Bellamy almost becomes the Republican candidate for President. With Minor Watson and Edith Atwater. (Hudson, 44th St., E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 26.) . . . **the voice of the turtle:** A sergeant on a weekend pass. Alan Baxter, Beatrice Pearson, and Vicki Cummings. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 26.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Burlesque—Bert Lahr and Jean Parker in a revival of the play by Arthur Hopkins and George Manker Watters. Directed by Mr. Hopkins and produced by Jean Dalrymple. (Belasco, 44th St., E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Wonderful Journey—A comedy by Harry Segall, with a cast headed by Sidney Blackmer. Frank Emmons Brown is the director, Theron Bamberger and Richard Skinner are the producers, and Raymond Sovey is the stage designer. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Annie Get Your Gun—Ethel Merman, singing Irving Berlin's songs in her wonderful, brassy way, is the high spot of this attractive comedy about the celebrated Miss Oakley. With Ray Middleton, Marty May, and Harry Bellaver. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Call Me Mister—Practically everything is fine in this revue, written, acted, and produced almost entirely by veterans. Harold Rome did the songs and Arnold Auerbach is responsible for the sketches. Betty Garrett, Jules Munshin, and Bill Callahan. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

Park Avenue—A musical by George S. Kaufman and Nunnally Johnson that could have been better. Arthur Schwartz wrote the music and Ira Gershwin the lyrics. With Leonora Corbett and Arthur Margetson. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—carousel: "Liliom," taken in hand by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein

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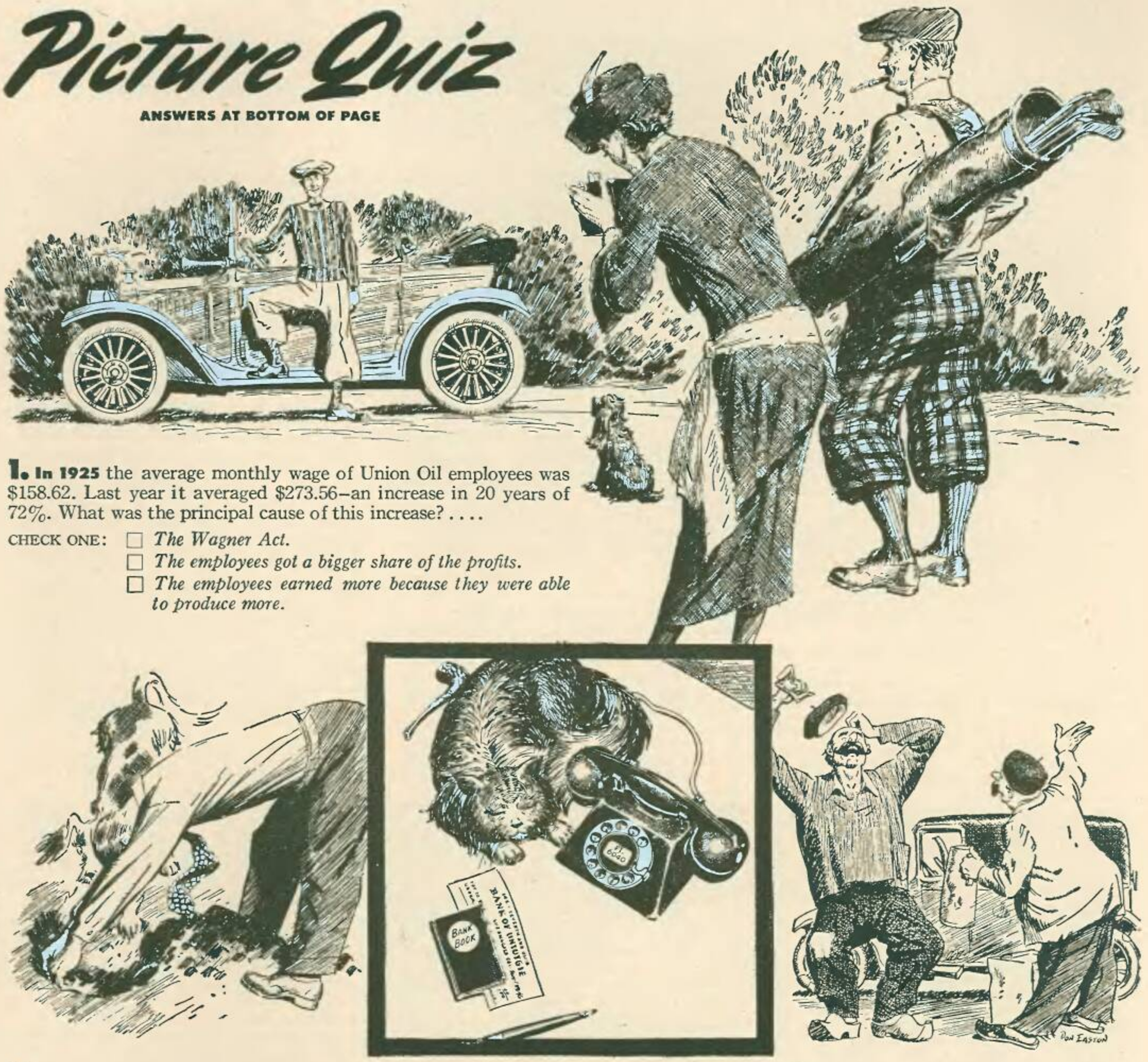
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Picture Quiz

ANSWERS AT BOTTOM OF PAGE



1. In 1925 the average monthly wage of Union Oil employees was $158.62. Last year it averaged $273.56–an increase in 20 years of 72%. What was the principal cause of this increase? . . . .

CHECK ONE:

- ☐ *The Wagner Act.*
- ☐ *The employees got a bigger share of the profits.*
- ☐ *The employees earned more because they were able to produce more.*

2. You can't dig an oil well with your bare hands. Someone has to provide the employees of an oil company with "tools" –drilling rigs, trucks, service stations, etc. In America this is done by stockholders. How much would you estimate the stockholders of Union Oil have invested in "tools" for each Union Oil employee? . . . .

CHECK ONE:

☐ *$40,886* ☐ *$15,206* ☐ *$1,232*

3. Union Oil Company made a total net profit last year of $8,747,992–6% on gross sales, 5.9% on the capital invested in the company. What would you estimate this net profit averaged per stockholder-owner? . . . .

CHECK ONE:

☐ *$10,432* ☐ *$25,000* ☐ *$258*

4. During the last peacetime year in Europe (1938) the retail price of gasoline was 59¢ a gallon in Berlin, 45¢ in Istanbul, 31¢ in London, and 81¢ in Rome. In America it averaged 18¢–one-half as much (excluding taxes) as it sold for in 1920. What accounts for this difference? . . . .

CHECK ONE:

- ☐ *U. S. Government regulation.*
- ☐ *Competition between oil companies.*
- ☐ *U. S. had larger oil resources.*

ANSWERS

1. *The employees earned more because they were able to produce more.* Last year Union Oil employees worked 35% fewer hours than they did in 1925 and had more vacation, health and pension benefits. But they had *twice* as many "tools" to work with. Consequently they could produce more with less work. Production per employee went up 76% and wages went up 72%.

2. The average Union Oil employee has $40,886 worth of "tools" with which to do his job.

3. 8¾ million dollars is a lot of money, but it was divided among a lot of people. For Union Oil is owned, not by 1 man or 2, but by 33,938 individual Americans, the largest of whom owns less than 1¼% of the total shares outstanding. So the net profits averaged just $257.76 per stockholder-owner.

4. *Competition*–Less than ⅛ of the "favorable oil producing areas" in the world are located within the boundaries of the U. S. Other countries had more governmental regulation of gasoline prices than we. But no other country in the world has as much competition in the oil industry and no other country in the world has as low gasoline prices.

UNION OIL COMPANY

OF CALIFORNIA

This series, sponsored by the people of Union Oil Company, is dedicated to a discussion of how and why American business functions. We hope you'll feel free to send in any suggestions or criticisms you have to offer. Write: The President, Union Oil Company, Union Oil Bldg., Los Angeles 14, Calif.

AMERICA'S *FIFTH* FREEDOM IS FREE ENTERPRISE

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

II. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays, except Jan. 2, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Wednesday, Jan. 1.) ... OKLAHOMA!: Mr. R. and Mr. H. again. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays, except Jan. 2, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Wednesday, Jan. 1.) ... THE RED MILL: The revival of the old Victor Herbert piece. With Dorothy Stone, Jack Whiting, and Odette Myrtil. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3; special matinées Thursday, Dec. 26, and Wednesday, Jan. 1, at 2:40. May close on Saturday, Jan. 4.) ... SHOW BOAT: Edna Ferber's and Jerome Kern's Cotton Blossom, refloated and refurbished. With Carol Bruce, Kenneth Spencer, and Buddy Ebsen. (Ziegfeld, Ave. of Americas at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Jan. 4.)

OPENINGS

(Before hailing a taxi to go to the theatre, you should be sure that there have been no last-minute changes in dates and curtain times.)

TOPLITZKY OF NOTRE DAME—A musical comedy with a book and lyrics by George Marion, Jr., and music by Sammy Fain. William Cahn is the producer and the cast includes J. Edward Bromberg and Betty Jane Watson. Opens Thursday, Dec. 26. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

BEGGAR'S HOLIDAY—A musical comedy based on "The Beggar's Opera," with a book and lyrics by John Latouche and music by Duke Ellington. Alfred Drake, Libby Holman, Zero Mostel, and Avon Long are in the cast. Directed by John Houseman and produced by Perry Watkins and John R. Sheppard, Jr. Opens Thursday, Dec. 26. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

TEMPER THE WIND—Blanche Yurka and Reinhold Schunzel in a play by Edward Mabley and Leonard Mins. Directed by Reginald Denham and produced by Barnard Straus and Roland Haas. Raymond Sovey designed the settings. Opens Friday, Dec. 27. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. BR 9-3565. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

LOVE GOES TO PRESS—A comedy by Martha Gellhorn and Virginia Cowles, directed by Wallace Douglas and produced by Warren P. Munsell and Herman Bernstein. Ralph Michael and Joyce Heron head the cast, and Raymond Sovey designed the settings. Opens Wednesday, Jan. 1. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thursday, Jan. 2.)

MISCELLANY

PAUL DRAPER AND LARRY ADLER—In a series of dance-and-harmonica recitals. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly at 8:30.)

CHARLES WEIDMAN—With his company. (Central High School of Needle Trades, 225 W. 24th St. ST 9-1391. Saturday evening, Dec. 28, at 8:30. ... ¶ Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400, Ext. 22. Sunday afternoon, Dec. 29, at 3:30.)

ICE SHOW—"Icetime," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, Ave. of Americas at 49th St. CO 5-5474. Sunday evenings at 8:15; other evenings, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3; special matinées Thursday and Friday, Dec. 26-27, and Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 30-31, at 2:40.)

CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENT

CHILDREN'S PLAYS—The Clare Tree Major Children's Theatre presenting "Under the Lilacs." (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Saturday morning, Dec. 28, at 10:30. For information about tickets, call EN 2-6984.)

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... ¶ "The Magic Purse," "A Mortal in Fairyland," and "The Princes Behind the Throne," presented by the Children's Drama Guild. (Children's Center Theatre, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Saturday afternoon, Dec. 28, at 2:30. For tickets, call CH 4-1943.) ... ¶ "The Land of Oz," presented by the Emily Hadley Studios. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44th St. LA 4-1000, Ext. 362. Saturday afternoon, Dec. 28. at 3.)

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Presenting "Hansel and Gretel" in English. (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1210. Sunday afternoon, Dec. 20. at 2:30.)

CHILDREN'S VAUDEVILLE—Larry Adler and Paul Draper as the mainstays of a show for young fry that brings on a magician, puppets, and even trained dogs. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Thursday through Tuesday afternoons, Dec. 26-31, and Saturday and Sunday afternoons, Jan. 4-5, at 2:30.)

TOY THEATRES—Alfred Lunt's collection of miniature stages, set with scenes from "Jack and the Beanstalk," "Robinson Crusoe," and other plays. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Weekdays, except Mondays and including New Year's Day, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.)

ANTIQUE TOYS—An exhibition of nineteenth-century dolls, music boxes, and other toys, as well as old Christmas cards and the manuscript of Clement C. Moore's "A Visit from St. Nicholas." (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 76th St. Saturdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; other days, except Mondays and New Year's Day, 1 to 5 P.M.)

CHILDREN'S CONCERTS—The American Youth Orchestra, Dean Dixon conducting. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday afternoon, Dec. 28, at 2. For tickets, call AU 3-2681.) ... ¶ Fifty members of the N.B.C. Symphony in a program for the benefit of refugee children in France. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Monday afternoon, Dec. 30, at 2:30.) ... ¶ The Philharmonic-Symphony, Rudolph Ganz conducting. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday morning, Jan. 4. at 11.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A supervised playroom-art gallery where four- to eight-year-olds can make fine creative hashes and be subjected to elevating artistic influences at the same time. Fifty-minute sessions are held weekdays at 10 and 11 A.M. and 2, 3, and 4 P.M.; Sundays at 2, 3, and 4 P.M.; through Jan. 5. For reservations, call CI 5-8900.

PLANETARIUM—The current demonstration, "The Wise Men's Star," will be succeeded on Wednesday, Jan. 1, by a new show, called "Winter Constellations." (Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. Thursday through Sunday, Dec. 26-29, New Year's Day, and Saturday, Jan. 4, at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; other days at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M. Extra performance Saturdays at 11 A.M.)



MOVIES—Films of interest to youngsters are shown on Saturday mornings at the Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre (Madison Ave. at 85th St., BU 8-3180), starting at 11.

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 Sundays, Mondays, or Tuesdays, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those nights.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR, Park Ave. at 51st St. (WI 2-1000)—William Scotti's orchestra and a rumba band play for dancing in the regal Trianon Room.

BILTMORE, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—The calm and spacious Bowman Room is livened up by Ted Straeter's dance orchestra.

CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN, 128 E. 58th St. (PL 5-9223)—Good entertainment by Imogene Coca, who combines singing and squeaking in a comical way; Django Reinhardt, the rare, imported French guitarist; and Pete Johnson, the artful piano player. Edmund Hall's orchestra, if you care to dance.

EMBASSY, 149 E. 57th St. (PL 3-8435)—A pair of south-of-the-border dancers and two noisy singers in a south-of-the-average floor show. Ralph Font's rumba band and Arthur Ravel's orchestra.

LARUE, 45 E. 58th St. (VO 5-6374)—On Saturday nights, it's indistinguishable from the Princeton campus; the rest of the time there are plenty of waiters and mannerly, well-dressed people. Eddie Davis's and Bernie Dolen's orchestras play for dancing.

MONTE CARLO, Madison Ave. at 54th St. (PL 5-3400)—Madison Avenue's dream of Hollywood. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and a rumba band.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (RE 4-5900)—The sumptuous Cotillion Room has an unpretentious show, and dancing to the music of Charles Reader's orchestra and a rumba band. ... ¶ In the Café Pierre, a small orchestra plays for tea dancing daily and during dinner and supper.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 3-1740)—Hildegarde again, arranging her hair, trotting around and around, and hallooing graciously to people in the Persian Room at dinner and supper. Hal Kanner's and Mark Monte's dance orchestras.

RITZ-CARLTON, Madison Ave. at 46th St. (PL 3-4600)—Larry Siry's string orchestra garnishes the dinner hour in the Oval Room, until ten-thirty, with an excellent variety of music; no dancing.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The ice show in the Iridium Room is pretty and spirited, and knows when to go away to let the customers dance. Paul Sparr's and Theodora's orchestras.... ¶ The Maisonette has two small dance orchestras.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2600)—In the urbane Café Lounge, Barry Winton's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band play non-stop music. Tea dancing every afternoon.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Payson Ré's orchestra and an alternating rumba band.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Jean Sablon, who, like the best perfume, was compounded, distilled, and wrapped up in Paris, France. Emile Petti's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Pat O'Malley and other entertainers are in the Wedgwood Room around midnight; Emil Coleman's orchestra plays at dinner and supper, with Mischa Borr's band helping out after the theatre.... ¶ Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Flamingo Room.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

DRAKE, 71 E. 56th St. (WI 2-0600): Under a spreading fake magnolia tree in the com-



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All prices include 20% Federal Tax

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

fortable Drake Room, there's neat, unobtrusive piano playing after nine o'clock by Cy Walter, and at cocktails and supper by Paul Berlin.... COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Sprightly music by Dick Wilson's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band in this brisk little corner.... 1-2-3 CLUB, 123 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9131): Through the insistent hum of conversation, you can detect the agreeable piano of Roger Stearns; no dancing.... CASINO RUSSE, 157 W. 56th St. (CI 6-6116): Musical-comedy Russians, stamping on the floor and dancing with flaming daggers in an enthusiastic, if often unintelligible, show.... MADISON, Madison Ave. at 58th St. (VO 5-5000): An easygoing place, offering Sonny Kendis's orchestra for dancing until nine.... ST. MORITZ, 50 Central Park S. (WI 2-5800): Mild and restful, with Ford Harrison's orchestra in case you feel like a few gentle turns.... ARMANDO'S, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Jacques Thaler at the piano, after nine-thirty, in this familiar hideaway; no dancing.... EL CHICO, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): A very pleasant and un-Sheridan Square mixture of Latin atmosphere and Latin music.... CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): A show of sorts, and dance music by J. C. Heard's orchestra.... VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Maxine Sullivan and Pete Seeger, brightening this sportive mushroom cellar.

BIG AND BRASSY

CARNIVAL, Eighth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 6-4122): Milton Berle, or Absolutely Anything for a Laugh, plus a dizzying trapeze act by Elly Ardelty and lots of less interesting stuff, including dancing by the customers. After New Year's Eve, the place will be closed until Jan. 9.... COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Sid Caesar and the dance team of Raye and Naldi will relieve Joe E. Lewis on Friday, Jan. 3. The indomitable floor show will go right on, and so will Michael Durso's orchestra and Frank Marti's rumba band.... ZANZIBAR, Broadway at 49th St. (CI 7-7380): One of those flamboyant Broadway pleasure domes, but it has Ethel Waters and the orchestras of Sy Oliver and Claude Hopkins.

SUPPER CLUBS

(Entertainment but no dancing.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): An extensive and engaging evening at the hands of Vicente Gomez, Stuart Ross, and the Ellis Larkin Trio.... RUBAN BLEU, 4 E. 56th St. (EL 5-9787): The Four Notes, Judy Magee, and other energetic young people to keep you out longer than you had intended.... SPIVY'S ROOF, 139 E. 57th St. (EL 5-9215): Spivy is around, late at night, with her special brand of inspirational message, and the Three Flames contribute lively music.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 3-8736): A convenient combination of chophouse and hot-music hall, offering Max Kaminsky, Pee Wee Russell, Joe Sullivan, and others of the same cut; jam sessions every Tuesday night.... NICK'S, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Miff Mole, Muggsy Spanier, and their associates, all working at what can truthfully be called full blast.... DIXON'S, 131 W. 52nd St. (CO 5-0572): The Joe Mooney Quartet running through some remarkably neat arrangements in a very comfortable environment.... AQUARIUM, 711 Seventh Ave., at 47th St. (BR 9-8884): The surroundings may sometimes be distracting, but Lionel Hampton and his orchestra go industriously about their work.... JIMMY RYAN'S, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Tony Parenti heading a five-piece band that includes Marty Marsala.... DOWNBEAT, 66 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-8773): Billie Holiday and Art Tatum.... THREE DEUCES, 72 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9861): Slam Stewart's Trio.

MOSTLY FOR DANCING

COMMODORE, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (MU 6-6000): Ray McKinley's orchestra.... ESSEX HOUSE, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Pancho's orchestra.... PENNSYLVANIA, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000): Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra.... ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra.

ART

(Most galleries open around 10 A.M. and close between 5:30 and 6 P.M. on weekdays; some, as indicated below, are open in the evenings and/or on Sundays as well. Unless otherwise noted, galleries will be closed on New Year's Day.)

BEN-ZION—A small show of oils and gouaches on Biblical themes. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 4.)

CHRISTIAN BÉRARD—First showing in years of paintings by an artist who, in the twenties, was one of the most promising of the Paris Surrealists; also, constructions by Joseph Cornell. (Hugo, 26 E. 55th St.; through Jan. 4.)

PIERRE BONNARD—Fifteen paintings brought over from France for this exhibition. (Bignou, 32 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 25.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A memorial show of paintings by Theodore Robinson, an American disciple of Monet. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays and New Year's Day, 1 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 5.)

DAVID BURLIUK—New paintings, done, as usual, in his bewildering mixture of Impressionism, Surrealism, and Expressionism. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 11.)

CHINESE WOODCUTS—Work by contemporary Chinese artists. (Norlyst, 59 W. 56th St.; through Dec. 28.)

CRITICS' SHOW—Paintings by thirty-nine artists, more or less overlooked until now, who were chosen by a number of newspaper and magazine art critics to exhibit in this show. (Grand Central, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.; through Dec. 28.)

PAUL DELVAUX—One of the early Belgian Surrealists, in his first full-scale showing here. (Julien Levy, 42 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 11.)

BURGOYNE DILLER—Paintings and constructions that may remind you of Mondrian. (Pinacotheca, 20 W. 58th St.; weekdays, 2 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 18.)

DAVID ELLINGER—Naïve paintings by a modern primitive from Pennsylvania. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.; through Jan. 2.)

FRENCH—A two-week exhibition of French art, held concurrently at seven galleries for the benefit of American Aid to France. At the BIGNOU, 32 E. 57th St.: Five gouaches and three oils by Rouault, shown for the first time in this country.... CARSTAIRS, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Dufy, Derain, Pissarro, and others.... DURAND-RUEL, 12 E. 57th St.: Nine paintings by Renoir, including several never shown here before.... DUVEEN, 720 Fifth Ave., at 56th St.: French eighteenth-century Sèvres porcelain and inlaid furniture.... KNOEDLER, 14 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Watteau, Ingres, and Cézanne, as well as by some contemporary artists.... ROSENBERG, 16 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Manet, lent by private collectors.... WILDENSTEIN, 19 E. 64th St.: Medieval and Renaissance paintings.

LILLIAN FREIMAN—Figure paintings in oils and pastels. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.; through Dec. 28.)

GROUPS—At the AMERICAN BRITISH ART CENTER, 44 W. 56th St.: Water colors, drawings, and prints by Picasso, Dufy, Braque, and many others; through Jan. 4.... ARGENT, 42 W. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by members of the National Association of Women Artists; through Dec. 28.... BABCOCK, 38 E. 57th St.: Oils and water colors by Will Barnet, Sol Wilson, and others; through Jan. 4.... BUCHHOLZ, 32 E. 57th St.: Prints by such modern artists as Max Beckmann, Giorgio di Chirico, and Juan Gris; through Dec. 28.... CHINESE, 38 E. 57th St.: Drawings and small sculptures by members of the Federation of Modern Painters and Sculptors; through Jan. 3.... CONTEMPORARY ARTS, 106 E. 57th St.: Oils, water colors, serigraphs, and sculptures by gallery members; weekdays, including New Year's Day, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., and Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 27.... KLEEMANN, 65 E. 57th St.: Prints, drawings, and paintings by Cézanne, Toulouse-Lautrec, Picasso, and others; through Dec. 31.... KRAUSHAAR, 32 E. 57th St.: Drawings and water colors by John Sloan, John

Heliker, and others; through Jan. 4.... LEVITT, 16 W. 57th St.: Work by this gallery's group, including Everett Spruce, José de Rivera, and Isaac Muse; through Jan. 4.... MATISSE, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings by twentieth-century artists, including Matisse, Rouault, and Miró; through Jan. 4.... NEW AGE, 138 W. 15th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and prints by Zoltan Hecht, Helen Ratkai, and other gallery members; weekdays, 11 A.M. to 5 P.M., and Thursday evenings, 7 to 10; through Dec. 31. ... NIVEAU, 63 E. 57th St.: Oils and gouaches by Dufy and Utrillo, as well as other paintings recently acquired by the gallery; through Jan. 15.... PARSONS, 15 E. 57th St.: Oils, water colors, and gouaches by Hedda Sterne, Hans Hofmann, Ad Reinhardt, and others; through Dec. 31.... PERLS, 32 E. 58th St.: Work by this gallery's artists, including Darrel Austin and Mario Carreño, along with prints and drawings by seven School of Paris artists; through Dec. 28.... JACQUES SELIGMANN, 5 E. 57th St.: Prints by Will Barnet, John Taylor Arms, Stow Wengenroth, and others; through Dec. 28.... WILLARD, 32 E. 57th St.: Small sculptures in brass by Richard Pousette-Dart; through Dec. 28.

RICHARD GUGGENHEIMER—Summer on an island in the Bay of Fundy, recorded in pastels. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 4.)

EMIL J. KOSA, JR.—Landscapes in oils and water colors. (Macbeth, 11 E. 57th St.; through Dec. 28.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Mansfield Collection of Japanese prints; through Jan. 5.... ¶ An extensive display of antique costumes and finery; through Feb. 28. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays and New Year's Day, 1 to 5 P.M.)

ERNEST MUNDT—Graceful little constructions in wire and plastic. (Nierendorf, 53 E. 57th St.; through Dec. 31.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Sculptures and drawings by Henry Moore; through March 16.... ¶ Lithographs by Toulouse-Lautrec and aquatints by Picasso; through Jan 12. (Weekdays, 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Thursdays until 10 P.M.; Sundays and New Year's Day, 1 to 7 P.M.)

WOLFGANG PAALEN—Abstract paintings. (Nierendorf, 53 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 6.)

I. RICE PEREIRA—A retrospective show of her abstractions. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.; through Dec. 28.)

ANNE RYAN—Colored woodcuts. (Marquié, 16 W. 57th St.; through Jan. 18.)

SCULPTURE—At the AMERICAN BRITISH ART CENTER, 44 W. 56th St.: A sculpture apiece by forty-seven contemporary Americans; through Jan. 4.... CLAY CLUB, 4 W. 8th St.: This gallery's annual roundup of small sculptures; Mondays through Fridays, except Dec. 31, 2 to 5 and 7 to 10 P.M.; Saturdays, 2 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 15.

KURT SELIGMANN—Ragged knights and other odd creatures in well-balanced Surrealist fantasy. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.; through Dec. 28.)

FREDERIC TAUBES—Landscapes and ladies, dreamily Italianate in style. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.; through Dec. 28.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8th St.—The Museum's annual show of work by contemporary Americans. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 16.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447; and for the Metropolitan Opera House, it's PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—"Lohengrin," with Astrid Varnay and Torsten Ralf; Thursday evening, Dec. 26, at 8.... ¶ "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Patrice Munsel and Salvatore Baccaloni; Friday evening, Dec. 27, at 8:15.... ¶ "Aida," with Stella Roman, Set Svanholm, and Blanche Thebom; Saturday matinée, Dec. 28, at 2.... ¶ "Madama Butterfly," with Licia Albanese, Charles Kullman; and John Brownlee; Saturday evening, Dec. 28, at 8:30.... ¶ "Hansel and Gretel," with Nadine Connor, Martha Lipton, and Thelma Votipka, Sunday matinée, Dec. 29, at 2:30.... ¶ "Der Rosenkavalier," with Irene Jessner, Emanuel

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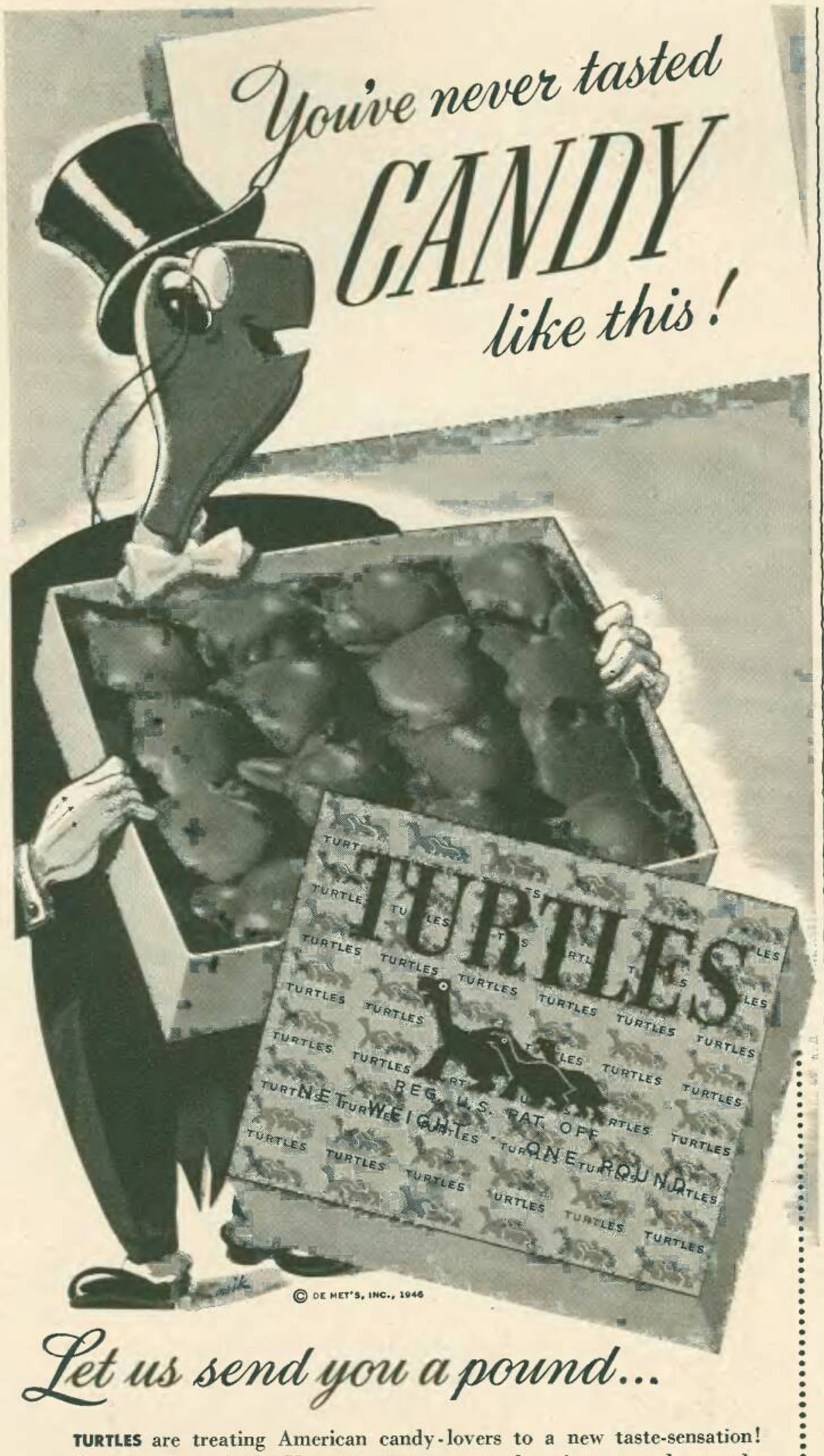
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

List, and Risë Stevens; Monday evening, Dec. 30, at 8.... ¶"Rigoletto," with Jan Peerce, Patrice Munsel, and Lawrence Tibbett; Tuesday evening, Dec. 31, at 8:30.... ¶"Il Trovatore," with Stella Roman, Jussi Bjoerling, and Leonard Warren; Wednesday evening, Jan. 1, at 8:15.... ¶"Le Nozze di Figaro," with Ezio Pinza, Bidu Sayao, and Salvatore Baccaloni; Thursday matinée, Jan. 2, at 2 (a benefit for the Near East College Association.) ... ¶"Carmen," with Risë Stevens, Raoul Jobin, and Licia Albanese; Thursday evening, Jan. 2, at 8.... ¶"Lucia di Lammermoor," with Lily Pons, Thelma Votipka, and Jan Peerce; Friday evening, Jan. 3, at 8:30.... ¶"Faust," with Jussi Bjoerling, Ezio Pinza, and Renée Mazella: Saturday afternoon, Jan. 4, at 2.... ¶"Tristan und Isolde," with Torsten Ralf, Astrid Varnay, and Joel Berglund; Saturday evening, Jan. 4, at 8.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Carnegie Hall—Leopold Stokowski conducting: Thursday evening, Dec. 26, at 8:45; Friday afternoon, Dec. 27, at 2:30; Sunday afternoon, Dec. 29, at 3; and Thursday evening, Jan. 2, at 8:45, and Friday afternoon, Jan. 3, at 2:30, both with Jacques Thibaud, violin.

LEAGUE OF COMPOSERS—Darius Milhaud directing a vocal quartet and two chamber ensembles in four of his own cantatas. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Sunday evening, Dec. 29, at 8:30; for information about tickets, call CI 6-7474.)

JAZZ CONCERTS—Town Hall—Mary Lou Williams, Hot Lips Page, Don Byas, and others. (Saturday evening, Dec. 28, at 11:30.) ... ¶Mezz Mezzrow, Sidney Bechet, Art Hodes, Baby Dodds, and others. (Wednesday evening, Jan. 1, at 8:30.) ... ¶Eddie Condon (this seems to be the week for these quilting parties), with, among others, Max Kaminsky, Joe Sullivan, and Bud Freeman. (Saturday, Jan. 4, at 5:30.)

RECITALS

RALPH KIRKPATRICK—Harpsichord. (Town Hall. Saturday afternoon, Dec. 28, at 3.)

GLAUCO D'ATTILI—Piano; a benefit for the Musical Education Fund for Orphans and Deprived Children. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday evening, Dec. 28, at 8:30; for tickets, call CI 7-5314.)

RICHARD DYER-BENNET AND YELLA PESSL—Folk singer and harpsichordist. (Town Hall. Saturday evening, Dec. 28, at 8:40.)

BENEFIT CONCERT—Patrice Munsel, soprano; James Melton, tenor; and Robert Casadesus, pianist, in a program for the benefit of the Musicians' Emergency Fund. (Carnegie Hall. Monday evening, Dec. 30, at 8:30.)

EUGENE CONLEY—Tenor. (Town Hall. Monday evening, Dec. 30, at 8:30.)

ALEXANDER BRAILOWSKY—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday evening, Jan. 3, at 8:30.)

JANOS SCHOLZ—Cello. (Town Hall. Friday evening, Jan. 3, at 8:30.)

LOUISE BERNHARDT—Contralto. (Town Hall. Saturday afternoon, Jan. 4, at 3.)

NOTE—Raya Garbousova, cello, will give a concert at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St., BU 8-0700), on Sunday afternoon, Jan. 5, at 3. Tickets will be issued on Tuesday, Dec. 31, in order of written application. Applications must be received on Tuesday morning, and a separate request must be made for each ticket.

SPORTS

COLLEGE BASKETBALL—L.I.U. vs. Oregon State, and N.Y.U. vs. Colorado, Thursday, Dec. 26. ... ¶St. John's vs. Utah, and C.C.N.Y. vs. Wyoming, Saturday, Dec. 28.... ¶L.I.U. vs. Southern California, and N.Y.U. vs. U.C.L.A., Monday, Dec. 30.... ¶L.I.U. vs. Brigham Young, and C.C.N.Y. vs. Oklahoma, Wednesday, Jan. 1.... ¶St. John's vs. Rhode Island State, and N.Y.U. vs. Southern Methodist, Saturday, Jan. 4. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Games begin at 8 P.M.)

BOXING—Rocky Graziano vs. Ruben Shank, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Friday, Dec. 27; pre-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

liminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bout at 10.)

HOCKEY—Rangers vs. Boston, Sunday, Dec. 29.... ¶ Rangers vs. Detroit, Tuesday, Dec. 31.... ¶ Rangers vs. Toronto, Thursday, Jan. 2. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Games begin at 8:30 P.M.)

HORSE SHOW—Westfield Horse Show. (Westfield, N.J. Saturday, Dec. 28.)

INDOOR POLO—Squadron A vs. Long Island, and Ramapo vs. Bethpage. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Saturday, Dec. 28, at 8:30 P.M.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS MEETINGS—The Security Council will resume its sessions on Tuesday, Dec. 31. If you are thinking of attending a meeting at Lake Success, it is a good idea to call FIeldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2126, around 3 in the afternoon of the day before you want to go, to find out when and where the next meeting is to be held. Fifty-odd unofficial spectators are permitted to attend the open meetings. Trains to Great Neck are met at regular intervals by buses to Lake Success.

ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPTS—Medieval miniatures on vellum, illustrating the story of Christmas. (Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St. Weekdays, except New Year's Day. 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.)

NATIVE CARVINGS—A display showing the use of decorative carvings by such primitive peoples as the Maoris and the Northwest Coast Indians, as well as by the highly cultivated Chinese. The articles range from a purely functional earplug to a more frivolous totem pole. (Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St. Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays and New Year's Day, 1 to 5 P.M.)

BROWNING COLLECTION—Memorabilia of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, in a show commemorating the hundredth anniversary of their marriage. (Room 318, New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Wednesdays, except New Year's Day, 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—The Museum (11 W. 53rd St.) is showing old movies from its collection on the following schedule: "Two Tars" (1928), with Laurel and Hardy; and "Hands Up!" (1926), with Raymond Griffith and Marion Nixon; Thursday, Dec. 26.... ¶ "The Black Pirate" (1926), with Douglas Fairbanks; Friday through Sunday, Dec. 27-29.... ¶ "Beau Geste" (1926), with Ronald Colman and William Powell; Monday through Thursday, Dec. 30-Jan. 2 (shown at 4 and 8 P.M. only on Thursday, Jan. 2).... ¶ "Moana" (1926), directed and photographed by Robert Flaherty; starting Friday, Jan. 3. Showings, except as noted above, are held weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M., Thursday evenings at 8, and Sundays at 1:30, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M.

NOTE—Rockefeller Plaza is rigged up with its usual elaborate Christmas decorations, including a seventy-five-foot tree lit at night by ultraviolet rays.

ON THE AIR

UNITED NATIONS—The most important open sessions of the Security Council are broadcast over WNYC.

MUSIC—Metropolitan Opera: "Aïda," with Stella Roman and Set Svanholm, Saturday, Dec. 28; "Tristan und Isolde," with Torsten Ralf and Astrid Varnay, Saturday, Jan. 4; both at 2 P.M., WJZ.... ¶ Philharmonic-Symphony, Leopold Stokowski conducting, Sunday, Dec. 29, at 3 P.M. WCBS.... ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra: Alexander Hilsberg conducting, Saturday, Dec. 28; Eugene Ormandy conducting, Saturday, Jan. 4; both at 5 P.M., WCBS.... ¶ N.B.C. Symphony, Fritz Reiner conducting, Sunday, Dec. 29, at 5 P.M., WNBC.

SPORTS—Football—New Year's Day games: Rice vs. Tennessee, in the Orange Bowl, at 2 P.M., WCBS; Georgia vs. North Carolina, in the Sugar Bowl, at 2:45 P.M., WJZ; U.C.L.A. vs. Illinois, in the Rose Bowl, at 5 P.M., WNBC.

NEWS COMMENTATORS—Elmer Davis, Mondays, Tuesdays, and Saturdays at 7:15 P.M., WJZ.... ¶ Fiorello LaGuardia, Sundays at 12 noon, WJZ.... ¶ Raymond Swing, Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:15 P.M., WJZ.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

Brief Encounter—Noel Coward has expanded his short play "Still Life" into one of the most adult films in years. It is the story of an affair between a respectable British matron and a doctor. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th.)

Cloak and Dagger—Gary Cooper, an aging boy spy working for the O.S.S., turns the trick against the Fascists in Italy. Reasonably interesting, mostly because of Fritz Lang's direction. (Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th; Dec. 26.)

Henry V—Laurence Olivier's Technicolor presentation of Shakespeare's historical drama, which you can put down as one of the best films you ever laid eyes on. (Golden, 252 W. 45th; weekdays at 2:30 and 8:30; Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Jericho—This account of the French Resistance movement assays a high melodramatic content, but it provides a fine troupe of French character actors with a chance to strut their knowing stuff. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th.)

The Killers—Ernest Hemingway's tense fragment, cleverly lengthened to make one of the most successful of recent gangster films. (Waverly, Ave. of Americas at 3rd; Dec. 27-29.... ¶ Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th; and Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th; Dec. 27-30.... ¶ Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd; Dec. 31-Jan. 1.)

A Night in Casablanca—Not top-drawer comedy by a long shot, but the Marx Brothers come through with jokes enough to lift the pall of an unnecessarily involved story. (Schuyler, Columbus at 84th; through Dec. 27.... ¶ Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd; Dec. 29-30.)

Notorious—Ingrid Bergman and Cary Grant in a Brazilian spy story directed by Alfred Hitchcock. (Schuyler, Columbus at 84th; Dec. 28-30.... ¶ Normandie, Park at 53rd; Dec. 30-31.)

Open City—A superlative account of the Italian underground. (World, 153 W. 49th.)

Smoky—Burl Ives with his ballads and Fred MacMurray with a herd of handsome horses in a pleasant adaptation of the Will James novel. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd; and Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th; Dec. 26.... ¶ Waverly, Ave. of Americas at 3rd; Dec. 30-Jan. 1.)

Two Years Before the Mast—A good interpretation of the Dana book but not quite up to "Mutiny on the Bounty" as a sea film. Howard da Silva leads a highly competent cast through its salty routine. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th; through Dec. 30.... ¶ Plaza, 42 E. 58th; starting Jan. 1.)

The Well Digger's Daughter—The late Raimu in a French film that takes an airy attitude toward the perils of seduction and succeeds in being not only persuasive about its theme but also quite hilarious. (Avenue Playhouse, Ave. of Americas at 47th.)



FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION AND APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE IN THE THEATRE SCHEDULES THAT FOLLOW

REVIVALS

Blithe Spirit (1945)—Ghostly doings cooked up by Noel Coward. Rex Harrison, Kay Hammond, and Constance Cummings. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th; through Dec. 28.... ¶ Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd; Dec. 29-Jan. 1.... ¶ Carlton, B'way at 100th; Dec. 31-Jan. 1.)

Bringing Up Baby (1938)—With Katharine Hepburn (a rich girl), Cary Grant (a scientist), and two leopards. (Normandie, Park at 53rd; Dec. 26.... ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th; Dec. 27-30.... ¶ Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd; through Dec. 28.)

Crime et Châtiment (1935)—Harry Baur in a French screen version of the Dostoevski novel. (Thalia, B'way at 95th; Dec. 31-Jan. 1.)

Hangmen Also Die (1943)—Fancy guesswork about the assassination of Hangman Heydrich. Brian Donlevy, Walter Brennan, and Anna Lee. (Thalia, B'way at 95th; Dec. 26.)

Hymn of the Nations (1946)—Toscanini conducting Verdi's "Hymn." (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th; through Dec. 27.)

The Magnificent Ambersons (1942)—Orson Welles' tricky treatment of the Tarkington novel. Dolores Costello and Joseph Cotten. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th; Dec. 31-Jan. 1.)

Man of Aran (1934)—A Robert Flaherty documentary film about Irish island life. (Alden, B'way at 67th; Dec. 29-30.)

My Favorite Wife (1940)—Irene Dunne as a female Enoch Arden and Cary Grant as her husband. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd; starting Jan. 1.)

Night Train (1940)—Carol Reed's thriller about spies, the Gestapo, and all. Margaret Lockwood and Rex Harrison. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th; Dec. 26.)

Over 21 (1945)—Ruth Gordon's comedy dealing with the rigors of an Officer Candidate School. With Irene Dunne, Alexander Knox, and Charles Coburn. (Alden, B'way at 67th; Dec. 29-30.)

Portrait of a Woman (1946)—In French, with Françoise Rosay playing four parts. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th; through Dec. 27.)

The Prisoner of Zenda (1937)—Madeleine Carroll, Ronald Colman, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in another version of the old number. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th; Dec. 27-30.)

Rebecca (1940)—Hitchcock's adaptation of Daphne du Maurier's novel. Joan Fontaine and Laurence Olivier. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th; Dec. 29-Jan. 1.)

Thunder Rock (1944)—The dreams of a disillusioned journalist in a Lake Michigan lighthouse. Michael Redgrave and Barbara Mullen. (Thalia, B'way at 95th; Dec. 27-30.)

Tom, Dick, and Harry (1941)—Ginger Rogers and boy trouble; namely, George Murphy. Burgess Meredith, and Alan Marshal. (Schuyler, Columbus at 84th; Dec. 31-Jan. 1.)

The Westerner (1940)—Plains, homesteaders, saloons, gun fights, and Gary Cooper. (Loew's 86th St., 3rd Ave. at 86th; Dec. 26.)

Wonder Man (1945)—Danny Kaye as twins. Also with Allen Jenkins. (Studio, B'way at 65th; Dec. 26-27.... ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th; starting Dec. 30.)

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THE BIG HOUSES

Astor, B'way at 45th. (CI 6-4642)
Dec. 26-Jan. 1: "The Best Years of Our Lives," Myrna Loy, Fredric March, Dana Andrews.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
Dec. 26-Jan. 1: "The Secret Heart," Claudette Colbert, Walter Pidgeon, June Allyson.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (BR 9-3839)
Dec. 26-Jan. 1: "Temptation," Merle Oberon, George Brent.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-0800)
Dec. 26-Jan. 1: "It's a Wonderful Life," James Stewart.

Golden, 252 W. 45th. (CI 6-6740)
Dec. 26-Jan. 1: HENRY V.

Gotham, B'way at 47th. (CI 5-9516)
Dec. 26-Jan. 1: "Abie's Irish Rose," Joanne Dru, Richard Norris, Michael Chekhov.

Hollywood, B'way at 51st. (CI 7-5545)
Dec. 26-Jan. 1: "Humoresque," Joan Crawford, John Garfield.

Music Hall, Ave. of Americas at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
Dec. 26-Jan. 1: "Till the Clouds Roll By," all-star cast, including Robert Walker, Judy Garland, and Van Johnson.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (BR 9-4300)
Dec. 26-Jan. 1: "Song of the South," full-length Walt Disney film.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (BR 9-8738)
Dec. 26-Jan. 1: "Cross My Heart," Betty Hutton, Sonny Tufts.

Rialto, B'way at 42nd. (WI 7-0206)
Dec. 26-Jan. 1: "The Overlanders," Chips Rafferty, Daphne Campbell.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
Dec. 26-Jan. 1: "My Darling Clementine," Henry Fonda, Linda Darnell.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
Dec. 26-Jan. 1: "The Razor's Edge," Tyrone Power, Gene Tierney.

State, B'way at 45th. (BR 9-1957)
Dec. 26-Jan. 1: "Undercurrent," Katharine Hepburn, Robert Taylor.

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
Dec. 26-Jan. 1: "The Time, the Place, and the Girl," Jack Carson, Dennis Morgan, Janis Paige.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-7429)
Dec. 26-Jan. 1: "The Beast with Five Fingers," Peter Lorre, Robert Alda.

Winter Garden, B'way at 50th. (CI 5-4878)
Dec. 26-Jan. 1: "The Wicked Lady," Margaret Lockwood, James Mason, Patricia Roc.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

Avenue Playhouse, Ave. of Americas at 47th. (BR 9-2659)
Dec. 26-Jan. 1: THE WELL DIGGER'S DAUGHTER.

5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th. (GR 5-9738)
Dec. 26-27: PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN, revival; and HYMN OF THE NATIONS, revival.
Dec. 28-Jan. 1: "Queen for a Night" (in Swedish), Jussi Bjoerling; and "First Love" (in Swedish), revival, Ingrid Bergman.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (CO 5-9438)
Dec. 26-Jan. 1: JERICHO.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
Dec. 26-Jan. 1: BRIEF ENCOUNTER.

Republic, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-9647)
Dec. 26-Jan. 1: "The Story of the Pope," documentary film.

Stanley, 7th Ave. at 41st. (WI 7-9686)
Dec. 26-27: "The Taras Family" (in Russian).
Dec. 28-Jan. 1: "Stone Flower" (in Russian).

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
Dec. 26-Jan. 1: OPEN CITY.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

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29	30	31	1			

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Dec. 26-27: "Sister Kenny," Rosalind Russell, Dean Jagger.
Dec. 28-30: "On Approval," revival, Beatrice Lillie, Clive Brook.
Dec. 31-Jan. 1: "Three Little Girls in Blue," June Haver, George Montgomery, Vera-Ellen.

GRAMERCY PARK, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Dec. 26-28: BRINGING UP BABY, revival; and "Chance at Heaven," revival, Joel McCrea, Ginger Rogers.
Dec. 29-31: "Gallant Journey," Glenn Ford, Janet Blair; and "The Thrill of Brazil," Evelyn Keyes, Keenan Wynn.
Jan. 1: MY FAVORITE WIFE, revival; and "The Big Street," revival, Lucille Ball, Henry Fonda.

BEVERLY, 3rd Ave. at 50th. (EL 5-8790)
Dec. 26-28: BLITHE SPIRIT, revival; and "Toast of New York," revival, Edward Arnold, Frances Farmer.
Dec. 29-Jan. 1: REBECCA, revival.

LEXINGTON, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Dec. 26-30: "Undercurrent," Katharine Hepburn, Robert Taylor; and "Shadowed," Anita Louise, Michael Duane.
Dec. 31-Jan. 1: "No Leave, No Love," Van Johnson, Keenan Wynn, Pat Kirkwood; and "White Tie and Tails," Dan Duryea, Ella Raines.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
Dec. 26: SMOKY.
Dec. 27-28: "Mr. Ace," George Raft, Sylvia Sidney.
Dec. 29-30: A NIGHT IN CASABLANCA.
Dec. 31-Jan. 1: THE KILLERS.

NORMANDIE, Park at 53rd. (PL 8-0040)
Dec. 26: BRINGING UP BABY, revival.
Dec. 27-29: "My Life with Caroline," revival, Ronald Colman, Anna Lee.
Dec. 30-31: NOTORIOUS.
Jan. 1: "There Goes My Heart," revival, Virginia Bruce, Fredric March.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 3-5520)
Dec. 26: "Monsieur Beaucaire," Bob Hope, Joan Caulfield.
Dec. 27-Jan. 1: "I Met a Murderer," revival, James Mason; and "A Diary for Timothy," documentary film, with Myra Hess and John Gielgud.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (VO 5-3577)
Dec. 26-30: "Night and Day," Cary Grant, Alexis Smith, Monty Woolley.
Dec. 31-Jan. 1: "Nocturne," George Raft, Lynn Bari; and "They Were Sisters," James Mason, Phyllis Calvert.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (VO 5-3320)
Dec. 26-28: "Claudia and David," Dorothy McGuire, Robert Young.
Dec. 29-31: "Three Little Girls in Blue," June Haver, George Montgomery, Vera-Ellen.
Jan. 1: TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST.

PARK AVENUE, Park at 59th. (PL 9-5087)
Dec. 29-Jan. 1: "Stairway to Heaven," David Niven, Kim Hunter, Roger Livesey. (Showings, Mondays through Fridays, at 2:30, 7:15, and 9:30 P.M.; Saturdays at 2:30, 5, 7:30, and 10 P.M.; and Sundays at 2, 4:30, 7, and 9:30 P.M.)

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Dec. 26-29: "Anchors Aweigh," revival, Frank Sinatra, Kathryn Grayson, Gene Kelly.
Dec. 30-Jan. 1: WONDER MAN, revival.

LOEW'S 72ND ST., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Dec. 26-30: "Undercurrent," Katharine Hepburn, Robert Taylor; and "Shadowed," Anita Louise, Michael Duane.
Dec. 31-Jan. 1: "No Leave, No Love," Van Johnson, Keenan Wynn, Pat Kirkwood; and "White Tie and Tails," Dan Duryea, Ella Raines.

COLONY, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (RH 4-9888)
Dec. 26: CLOAK AND DAGGER; and "Genius at Work," Lionel Atwill.
Dec. 27-30: THE KILLERS; and "The Cockeyed Miracle," Frank Morgan, Keenan Wynn.
Dec. 31-Jan. 1: "The Duke of West Point," revival, Joan Fontaine, Louis Hayward; and "Marriage Is a Private Affair," revival, Lana Turner, John Hodiak.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Dec. 26: SMOKY.
Dec. 27-30: THE KILLERS.
Dec. 31-Jan. 1: "Claudia and David," Dorothy McGuire, Robert Young.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Dec. 26-30: "Night and Day," Cary Grant, Alexis Smith, Monty Woolley.
Dec. 31-Jan. 1: "Nocturne," George Raft, Lynn Bari; and "They Were Sisters," James Mason, Phyllis Calvert.

LOEW'S 86TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-5566)
Dec. 26: THE WESTERNER, revival; and "Sister Kenny," Rosalind Russell, Dean Jagger.
Dec. 27-30: "Rage in Heaven," revival, Ingrid Bergman, Robert Montgomery; and "Three Wise Fools," Margaret O'Brien, Lionel Barrymore.
Dec. 31-Jan. 1: "Three Little Girls in Blue," June Haver, George Montgomery, Vera-Ellen; and "My Pal Trigger," Roy Rogers.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Dec. 26-30: TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST; and "Faithful in My Fashion," Donna Reed, Tom Drake.
Dec. 31-Jan. 1: "Undercurrent," Katharine Hepburn, Robert Taylor; and "Shadowed," Anita Louise, Michael Duane.

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, Ave. of Americas at 3rd. (CH 3-9395)
Dec. 26: "Gallant Journey," Glenn Ford, Janet Blair; and "The Thrill of Brazil," Evelyn Keyes, Keenan Wynn.
Dec. 27-29: THE KILLERS; and "The Cockeyed Miracle," Frank Morgan, Keenan Wynn.
Dec. 30-Jan. 1: SMOKY; and "Shadow of a Woman," Helmut Dantine.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Dec. 26: NIGHT TRAIN, revival.
Dec. 27-Jan. 1: "I Met a Murderer," revival, James Mason; and "A Diary for Timothy," documentary film, with Myra Hess and John Gielgud.

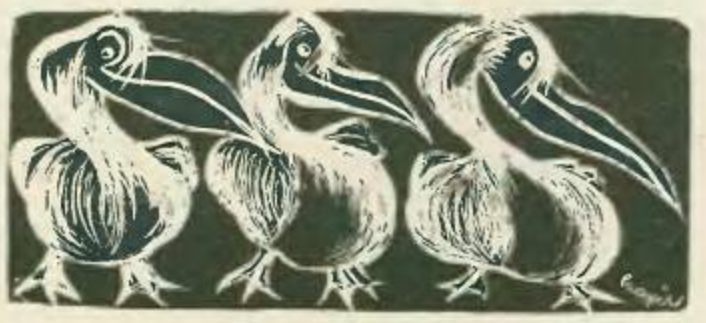
SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Dec. 26-30: TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST; and "Faithful in My Fashion," Donna Reed, Tom Drake.
Dec. 31-Jan. 1: "Undercurrent," Katharine Hepburn, Robert Taylor; and "Shadowed," Anita Louise, Michael Duane.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Dec. 26: "The Bandit and the Lady," revival, Akim Tamiroff, Fay Bainter; and "Chance at Heaven," Joel McCrea, Ginger Rogers.
Dec. 27-30: BRINGING UP BABY, revival; and THE PRISONER OF ZENDA, revival.
Dec. 31-Jan. 1: THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS, revival; and "The Cowboy and the Lady," revival, Merle Oberon, Gary Cooper.

R.K.O. 23RD ST., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Dec. 26-29: "Night and Day," Cary Grant, Alexis Smith, Monty Woolley.
Dec. 30: "Tarzan and the Leopard Woman," Johnny Weissmuller; and "Tarzan and the Amazons," revival, Johnny Weissmuller.
Dec. 31-Jan. 1: "Nocturne," George Raft, Lynn Bari; and "They Were Sisters," James Mason, Phyllis Calvert.

TERRACE, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
Dec. 26-28: "Gallant Journey," Glenn Ford, Janet Blair; and "The Thrill of Brazil," Evelyn Keyes, Keenan Wynn.
Dec. 29-Jan. 1: BLITHE SPIRIT, revival; and "Out California Way," Roy Rogers.

STUDIO, B'way at 65th. (EN 2-4660)
Dec. 26-27: WONDER MAN, revival.
Dec. 28-30: "On Approval," revival, Beatrice Lillie, Clive Brook.
Dec. 31-Jan. 1: "Diamond Horseshoe," revival, Betty Grable, Dick Haymes.



ALDEN, B'way at 67th. (SU 7-6280)
Dec. 26-28: "Keep 'Em Laughing," revival, Jack Benny, Patsy Kelly; and "San Antonio," revival, Errol Flynn, Alexis Smith.
Dec. 29-30: OVER 21, revival; and MAN OF ARAN, revival.
Dec. 31-Jan. 1: "Jealousy," revival, John Loder; and "Her Highness and the Bellboy," revival, Hedy Lamarr, Robert Walker, June Allyson.

77TH STREET, B'way at 77th. (TR 4-9382)
Dec. 26-30: "Sister Kenny," Rosalind Russell, Dean Jagger; and "Spook Busters," Leo Gorcey, Bobby Jordan.
Dec. 31-Jan. 1: "Three Little Girls in Blue," June Haver, George Montgomery, Vera-Ellen; and "My Pal Trigger," Roy Rogers.

R.K.O. 81ST ST., B'way at 81st. (TR 7-6160)
Dec. 26-30: "Night and Day," Cary Grant, Alexis Smith, Monty Woolley.
Dec. 31-Jan. 1: "Nocturne," George Raft, Lynn Bari; and "They Were Sisters," James Mason, Phyllis Calvert.

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Dec. 26-30: "Undercurrent," Katharine Hepburn, Robert Taylor; and "Shadowed," Anita Louise, Michael Duane.
Dec. 31-Jan. 1: "No Leave, No Love," Van Johnson, Keenan Wynn, Pat Kirkwood; and "White Tie and Tails," Dan Duryea, Ella Raines.

SCHUYLER, Columbus at 84th. (EN 2-0696)
Dec. 26-27: A NIGHT IN CASABLANCA; and "Suspense," Belita, Albert Dekker.
Dec. 28-30: NOTORIOUS; and "Vacation in Reno," Jack Haley, Anne Jeffreys.
Dec. 31-Jan. 1: TOM, DICK, AND HARRY, revival; and "My Favorite Spy," revival, Ellen Drew, Kay Kyser.

STODDARD, B'way at 90th. (SC 4-9601)
Dec. 26-28: "Gallant Journey," Glenn Ford, Janet Blair; and "The Thrill of Brazil," Evelyn Keyes, Keenan Wynn.
Dec. 29-Jan. 1: "Rage in Heaven," revival, Ingrid Bergman, Robert Montgomery; and "Three Wise Fools," Margaret O'Brien, Lionel Barrymore.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Dec. 26: HANGMEN ALSO DIE, revival; and "None Shall Escape," revival, Marsha Hunt, Alexander Knox.
Dec. 27-30: THUNDER ROCK, revival; and "Jeannie," revival, Michael Redgrave.
Dec. 31-Jan. 1: CRIME ET CHÂTIMENT, revival; and "The Brothers Karamazov" (in German), revival, Anna Sten.

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (RI 9-9861)
Dec. 26-30: "Night and Day," Cary Grant, Alexis Smith, Monty Woolley.
Dec. 31-Jan. 1: "Nocturne," George Raft, Lynn Bari; and "They Were Sisters," James Mason, Phyllis Calvert.

CARLTON, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-3862)
Dec. 26: "The Cowboy and the Lady," revival, Merle Oberon, Gary Cooper; and "Cynara" (now called "I Was Faithful"), revival, Ronald Colman, Kay Francis.
Dec. 27-30: "Monsieur Beaucaire," Bob Hope, Joan Caulfield; and "Swamp Fire," Johnny Weissmuller.
Dec. 31-Jan. 1: BLITHE SPIRIT, revival; and "Shadow of a Woman," Helmut Dantine.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (AC 2-1019)
Dec. 26-30: "Undercurrent," Katharine Hepburn, Robert Taylor; and "Shadowed," Anita Louise, Michael Duane.
Dec. 31-Jan. 1: "No Leave, No Love," Van Johnson, Keenan Wynn, Pat Kirkwood; and "White Tie and Tails," Dan Duryea, Ella Raines.

NEMO, B'way at 110th. (AC 2-9406)
Dec. 26-30: "Night and Day," Cary Grant, Alexis Smith, Monty Woolley.
Dec. 31-Jan. 1: "Nocturne," George Raft, Lynn Bari; and "They Were Sisters," James Mason, Phyllis Calvert.

LOEW'S 175TH ST., B'way at 175th. (WA 7-5200)
Dec. 26-30: "Undercurrent," Katharine Hepburn, Robert Taylor; and "Shadowed," Anita Louise, Michael Duane.
Dec. 31-Jan. 1: "No Leave, No Love," Van Johnson, Keenan Wynn, Pat Kirkwood; and "White Tie and Tails," Dan Duryea, Ella Raines.

COLISEUM, B'way at 181st. (WA 7-7200)
Dec. 26-30: "Night and Day," Cary Grant, Alexis Smith, Monty Woolley.
Dec. 31-Jan. 1: "Nocturne," George Raft, Lynn Bari; and "They Were Sisters," James Mason, Phyllis Calvert.



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POWDER swiftly vanishes, leaving only beauty in its wake.

LIPSTICK animates your own skin tone with the very pulse of color.

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

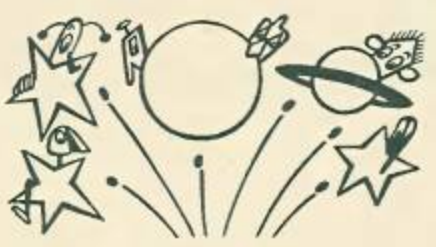
THIS is the last issue that will be reproduced in a pony edition and sent overseas to the services. Before retiring from the theatres of war and settling down again with our knitting, we want to say farewell to our pony readers, wish them a Happy New Year, and thank them for their letters. As near as we can make out from reports that have come in, the pony *New Yorker* was a success. Held together by only one staple, it was a quick disintegrator, but its fugitive little pages were studied by homesick men and



women all over the uncivilized world, and under a bad light. The small type was calculated to destroy what might be left of a soldier's vision; nevertheless, the pony was hungrily read—some copies by a dozen or more people. At one time, what with the copies of the regular edition mailed second-hand by soldiers' families, our service readers outnumbered our civilian readers ten to one. Thank God that is no longer the case, and thank God for the reason why it isn't.

THE year 1946 was such a thundering year, so wholly memorable, it is hard to pick out any single memorable thing. We do recall that the 1946 F. A. O. Schwarz catalogue listed a cocktail shaker and that Dr. Gilson C. Engel, of the University of Pennsylvania, stated, "It is altogether untrue that a normal person's sense of well-being and ability to perform work can be improved greatly by the addition of vitamins to the diet." Hearn's department store put a nine-thousand-dollar houseboat on sale during 1946. And in Nuremberg, when the condemned Streicher, on his way to the gallows, cried *"Heil Hitler!,"* an American colonel, true to the generations of American officers who had preceded him, said sharply, "Get that man's name!"

THE year ends on a note of pure experimentation. Dr. Fritz Zwicky last week tried to hurl some metal slugs out into space, free of the earth's gravitational pull. Dr. Zwicky stood in New Mexico and tossed from there. He was well equipped: he had a rocket that took the slugs for the first forty-mile leg of the journey and then discharged them at high velocity to continue on their own. The desire to toss something in a new way, or to toss it a greater distance, is fairly steady in men and boys. Boys stand on high bridges, chucking chips down wind, or they stand on the shore of a pond, tossing rocks endlessly at a floating bottle, or at a dead cat, observing closely every detail of their experiment, trying to make every stone sail free of the pull of past experience. Then the boys grow older, stand in the desert, still chucking, observing, wondering. They have almost exhausted the earth's possibilities and are going on



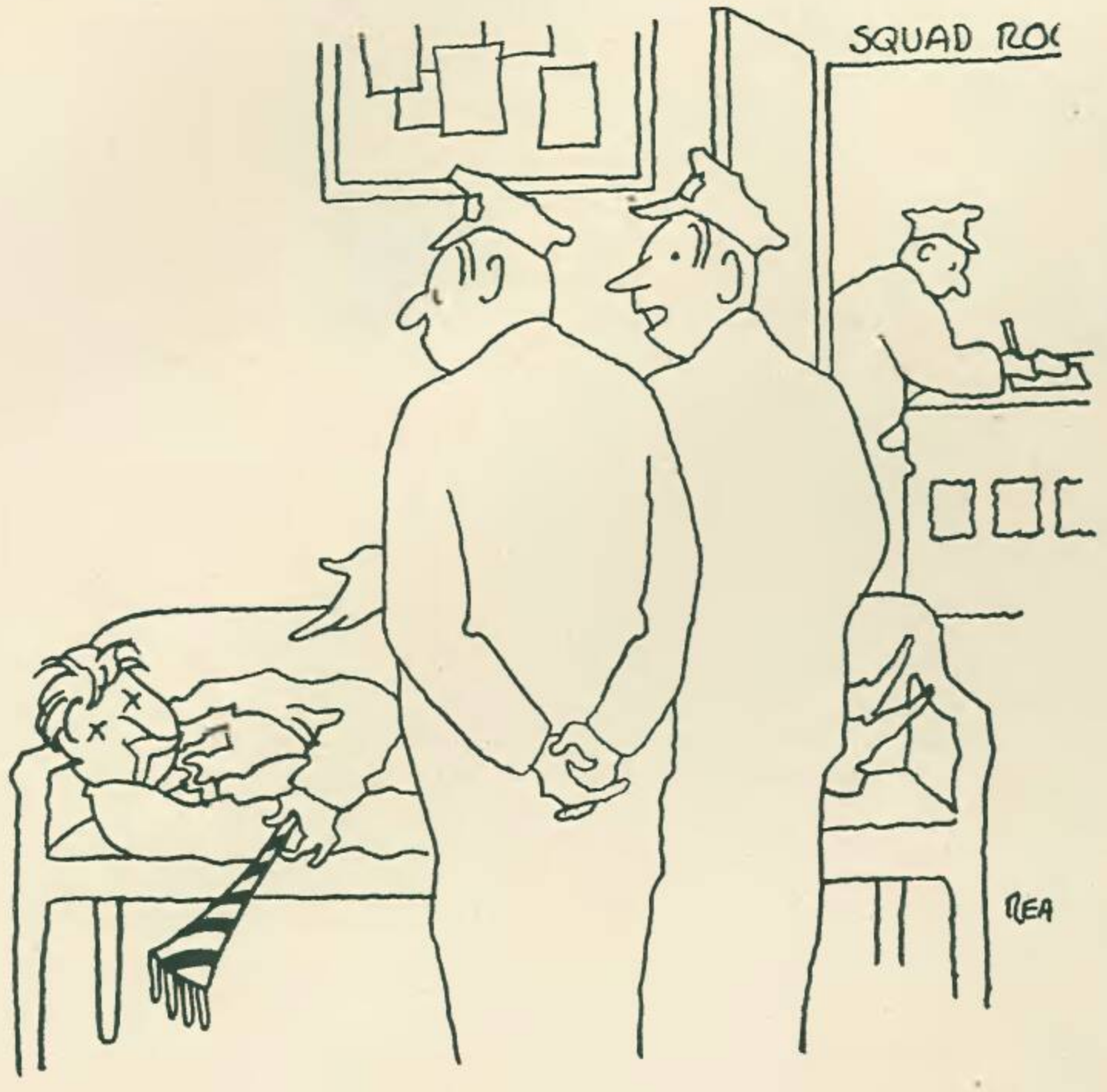
into the empyrean to throw at the stars, leaving the earth's people frightened and joyless, and leaving some fellow-scientists switching over from science to politics and hoping they have made the switch in time.

WE have resolved to accomplish more in 1947 than we did in 1946. Our goal is to establish friendly intercourse between East and West, abolish the balance of power in favor of the power of universal law, get a constitution adopted converting the United Nations into the United (*sic*) Nations, persuade people that you cannot control atomic energy by controlling atomic energy, save the free-enterprise system by seeing that everybody gets paid on a wage-plus-royalty basis, so that profits reach all the people instead of some of the people, win a Magic Desk



Set from "Information Please," and then make the set disappear by magic, leaving our desk clear. We also plan to live more deliberately, improve our health by rising above it, and defend liberty.

IMPELLED by a Christmas-list shopping tip to top-income-bracket readers of this magazine that jigsaw puzzles can be bought from a firm called Par, on East Fifty-third Street, for as much as fifteen hundred dollars, we called on Par's owners, two men in their early forties named Frank Ware and John Henriques. The fifteen-hundred-dollar jigsaw turned out to be a sore subject with them. "We keep hearing about that from nettled social thinkers," Ware said. "We agree it's absurd to spend that much on a game, but look at court tennis!" We tactfully asked for an account of their jigsaw career, and Ware told us it began in 1932. "Henriques had been in real estate and I had been in advertising," he said. "We'd both worked jigsaw puzzles all our lives, and we got so sick of all those hunting scenes and Hathaway cottages that we started the business to keep from going crazy. Our first puzzle was a Matisse, and since then we've done everybody, from Dali to Norman Rockwell, but we had very little success try-



"You'd think some loved one would have phoned by now."

• •

ing to steer people away from junk, and now we make mostly hunting scenes."

Par Puzzles—the box in which each one comes bears a label indicating the par time for working it, and hence the name—are all made by hand. They are constructed of three-ply, mahogany-backed wood, to which the picture is glued. The pieces, hand-cut by prewar German saws whose blades are seven-thousandths of an inch thick, interlock tightly, so that when they are assembled they will hold together. Every now and then a customer wants some of the pieces cut in a special design. In a puzzle ordered as a present for Bing Crosby, for example, a number of the pieces were shaped like horses. Each puzzle has at least one sea-horse piece, the firm's trademark. It takes nine months to train an apprentice to cut a puzzle Par fashion, and no outsiders are allowed in the workshop, which is on the roof. "We've developed a few tricks we like to keep secret," Henriques told us. "No cutting pattern is ever duplicated, though the picture often is. One wrong cut can spoil the whole thing. This creates a terrific mental strain, which, of course, has to be reflected in our prices." These start at $12.50, for small puzzles involving a comparatively mild creative mental strain. Par teasers may, however, be rented for as little as $1.10 a week. "Please don't get the idea our customers are stupid," Ware said. "Many are great bridge players and some read detective stories. We've rented puzzles to people like Norman Bel Geddes, Mary Roberts Rinehart, the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, and Eugene Goossens." Edsel Ford used to order Par puzzles for his yacht. Par's most avid local fan is Mrs. George D. Woods, wife of an executive vice-president of the First Boston Corporation. She sometimes does five a week, the hardest Par can supply. Some people send Par photographs of their grandmothers to cut up in jigsaw form, and an old buzzard in Florida has a standing order for a naked woman once a week. The most competent puzzlers, we learned, separate the pieces by color; dabblers work the borders first, sorting out all the straight edges. Ware and Henriques often make things difficult by constructing circular puzzles, with no straight edges, and by cutting straight-edged pieces inside a puzzle. "We've pulled every dirty trick known to puzzle cutting, and we're proud of it," said Ware.

Having warmed our subjects up with a discussion of a relatively general nature (an old journalistic dirty trick), we returned to the fifteen-hundred-dollar number, and found them a shade more responsive. It turned out they've actually made only one sale at this fetching price. It was a puzzle of about ten thousand pieces, adding up to a picture found in England by a Par agent. It was irregular in shape, without a single stretch of straight edge. "Biggest jigsaw ever made," said Ware. "We couldn't figure par time for it, so we just stamped the box 'days and nights.' We can't tell you the customer's name and we don't remember the artist or title of the picture, but the party who ordered it has come around for more, though not at the same price. He said he'd done it in four and a half months of steady work." "Jigsaws go back to ancient Egypt," said Henriques in a lightning historical review. "In 1870, an English clergyman decried the cutting up of Biblical pictures to make them. They may be an escape, but they're also constructive, because all the time you're doing one, you're *building*."

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: Among the outdoor books on display at the Stoeger gun shop, on Fifth Avenue, is "The Universe Around Us," by Sir James Jeans.

The Automats have posted signs reading, "Cream Not Served with Black Coffee."

A door in the State Department Building in Washington is labelled "Opening and Closing of Offices Section."

Birthday to Barbiturates

ALMOST twenty years ago, when Anita Loos's "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" was the most popular light reading matter in the country and was doing fine as a stage adaptation, put together by the author and her husband, John Emerson, Miss Loos retired. "My God, I was rich," she recalled enthusiastically the other day. "No income taxes to speak of. Just so much money it was silly to keep on working." Her recollecting was done at her suite in the Plaza, over Coca-Colas. She advised us that the nearest she comes to heavy drinking is to toss off a Dubonnet on rare occasions and that she got all the ideas about the drinking in "Happy Birthday" from watching other people

drink. After her retirement, she shuttled back and forth between this country and England and enjoyed herself thoroughly until a still, small voice from Wall Street murmured "More margin" so incessantly that she found herself broke. "Then it was a breadline or Hollywood," she told us, "and I headed West to that ermine-lined rut. Lord knows, I wasn't a stranger out there. I wrote my first picture for D. W. Griffith when I was twelve and was living in San Diego. My father had a stock company there, and between the acts he used to show Biograph movies that ran half a reel. I was an actress then and I soon became a writer. I contributed paragraphs to a column in the New York *Morning Telegraph*. Figuring that what was good enough for the *Telegraph* was good enough for Biograph, I wrote a movie called 'The New York Hat' and sent it to an address in New York that I read on a film can. Right off, Griffith bought it for fifteen dollars and made it into a picture, with Mary Pickford and Lionel Barrymore, that's now among the antiques the Modern Museum puts on. For years after that, I wrote an average of three stories a month for Griffith."

Although Miss Loos didn't escape from her parents and San Diego until she was in her mid-teens, she had such a head start on rival screen writers that she was far ahead of the pack before she reached twenty. From Griffith, she went on to write for Douglas Fairbanks, and from Fairbanks she graduated to the payroll of Joseph Schenck, who thought nothing of passing out fifty-thousand-dollar bonuses when a picture made more money than he had expected. While with Fairbanks, Miss Loos wrote "His Picture in the Papers," which had some comic subtitles. The film was denounced as too revolutionary by almost everybody except John Emerson, then not yet Miss Loos's husband, and was about to be scrapped when failure to complete a scheduled picture compelled the Fairbanks outfit to shove it into a Manhattan movie house. The laughter of the audience was one of the first clues the movie makers had that some of their customers could read. Miss Loos effected another small miracle when she returned to Hollywood after her retirement. In adapting a novel called "Red Headed Woman" for a picture with Jean Harlow, she made the script a rather slapstick affair. Miss Harlow was then rated a serious siren and directors who saw the script were aghast. "People will laugh at her in this," they announced glumly, and it was only by assuring one of the directors of absolute immunity from punishment by the business management that Miss Loos and Irving Thalberg, her producer, finally got him to put Miss Harlow through her first comic paces. Miss Loos was still busy in Hollywood when, in 1943, she got the idea of transforming Helen Hayes into a knockabout comedienne. "Helen's an old friend of mine," she told us, "and she came out to see me one day in Santa Monica after doing 'Harriet,' just after I'd got the idea. She said she was fed up with being noble. 'I'll fix you,' I said. 'You want to hit the gutter and, by God, I'll get you there.' "

When we had polished off the dregs of our Coca-Cola, we asked Miss Loos about her future plans. "Warners'," she announced, and not happily. "I signed up with them in case the play was a flop, and now the deal puts me in such a high tax bracket that I'll be working for ten cents on the dollar. My first picture for them will have Joan Crawford in it; it's called 'White Nights' and will be an attack on sleeping dope. Joseph Than and I are working on it, and we hope to get Cole Porter to write some music for it. Down with barbiturates!"

Lag

AN ex-G.I. who spent several years overseas went to the University of Pennsylvania this fall and, as a means of catching up on what he felt he'd been missing in the world of letters, enrolled in a course in the contemporary English novel. It was a profound disappointment to him to discover, too late, that the course dealt entirely with the works of Meredith, Hardy, Moore, Gissing, Blackmore, Stevenson, Hewlett, Conrad, Wells, and Galsworthy.

Progress

OUR readers have been wondering, doubtless, what we were going to do about the New York Telephone



Company's new mobile radio-telephone service. Well, we have taken a pioneering auto-*cum*-phone spin as the guest of Mr. Henry Himmell, vice-president and treasurer of the Baldwin Paper Company, and a bug for progress. He is one of the twenty-one local charter subscribers to this new public utility, whose ultimate contribution to highway mortality we do not care to prophesy. "I remember seeing my mother, when I was a little boy, put on the earphones of the radio and a beatific smile spread over her face," Mr. Himmell said when we called for him, in duster and goggles, at his Spring Street office. "This auto phone is expensive. The installation charge for the radio gear is only twenty-five dollars, but before that you have to put in a heavy-duty battery and generator, which come to around two hundred. Then, there's a fifteen-dollar monthly charge for the rent of the radio equipment, and a seven-dollars-a-month minimum for a hundred and twenty 'message units.' A call may use from six to eight units, depending on how far you are from the person you're phoning. I've already called the head of the Howard Paper Company in Urbana, Ohio. He got so excited he called the mayor of Urbana—not from a car, of course—to tell him about it. I've also made mobile calls to my office from Union and Whippany, New Jersey. The reception was lovely in Whippany, but I had a little trouble in Union until I realized I was parked under some high-tension wires. They can make the phone go dead."

We took off in Mr. Himmell's 1946 Chrysler, from the roof of which an antenna sprouts. "That's what does it," Mr. Himmell said of this. He started uptown and we peered at the telephone, an ordinary cradle-type instrument, except for a button on its belly. It rests in a metal slot below the dashboard, to the left of the heater. Just as we passed under the arch in Washington Square, the phone rang and an amber light flashed on. Mr. Himmell entered Fifth Avenue, pulled over toward the curb, and slowed down. "Incoming call," he said. "Always slow down when I'm talking. It's like driving with your arm around someone." He picked up the phone, depressing the button expertly with his middle finger, and said into it, "Hello. Can you hear me?" He released the button and smiled as he listened. Then he pressed the button again and said, "Yes, I can hear you fine. We're cruising up Fifth Avenue." He released the button, listened, pressed it again, and said, "No, the traffic's not bad at all." Quite a number of pedestrians stared at us. "My secretary," Mr. Himmell explained after hanging up. "I told her to call us." Mr. Himmell presently picked up the phone again and made an outgoing call. He began by saying, "Mobile Operator, this is WJ6-2258 and I'm calling WAlker 5-4740." His secretary answered and he told her he'd be at the Commodore for lunch. We had stopped for a traffic light and a little crowd had collected. Mr. Himmell told us this was routine. "I get completely surrounded sometimes," he said. "Especially by women. There's something about a telephone that gets women. Never been so popular in my life. My wife's friends try to call me in transit, but they giggle so they can't talk." We started off again, and at about Forty-fourth Street the phone rang once more. "You take it," said Himmell, generously. "WJ6-2258, Chrysler Imperial," we said, and we'll give you one guess who it was. Yep, Mr. Himmell's secretary, with a request: "Would you please tell Mr. Himmell that his wife would like him to bring some ice cream home for dinner?" "Mr. Himmell has just stepped out," we said, for the hell of it. "We'll give him the message."



Rush

AN agent of ours rode up on an escalator at Altman's behind a couple of wan and worn middle-aged ladies last Thursday. As they reached the second floor, one of them turned to the other and said, "Oh, dear, I've lost track. *Now* what store are we in?"

Wildcats

FUTURE historians of American jazz may well thank us in due course for having provided them at this early date with a few data on Bob Wilber's Wildcats, a fledgling musical aggregation some habitués of Fifty-second Street are currently hailing as amazing. ("Those amazing Wildcats . . ." —*American Jazz Review*.) The Wildcats have been playing a conspicuous part in local jam sessions for the last two months. They range in age from sixteen to twenty-one and—jazz is one of the few professions in which color may be discussed with propriety—are all white. Like Bix Beiderbecke, Eddie Condon, and other last-generation white idols of the hot-music world, the Wildcats trace their occupational lineage to the talented Negroes who played in New Orleans early in the century—Louis Armstrong, Pops Foster, Sidney Bechet, and so forth. Wilber, an eighteen-year-old office boy employed by Textron, Inc., has been taking lessons from Bechet, the eminent wind-instrument artist, and all the Wildcats have spent so much of their adolescence reverently listening to records of jazz classics and to the surviving high practitioners of the art in person that when they go into action (according to the jazz critics, that is), they sound as if they were playing in New Orleans or Chicago a couple of decades ago. Amazing, seemingly, and perhaps an indication that jazz is perpetuating itself.

We had an informative talk last week with Wilber and his bass player, Charles Traeger. Wilber is serious, soft-spoken, and meek-looking, and has unruly blond hair. Traeger, a sophomore at Columbia and a student at the Juilliard School, is the only legal adult in the band, and accordingly acts as its business manager. He is, incidentally, the son of Dr. Cornelius H. Traeger, whom we mentioned several weeks ago in this column as the president and chief bass fiddler of the Doctors' Orchestral Society of New York. "Father plays bass differently from me," Charles told us. "I play a basic bass—a Pops Foster-style bass. I go in for rhythmic syncopations. Father goes in for melodic syncopations." "You know," amplified Wilber. "Koussevitzky style."

There are seven Wildcats at the moment, including two drummers. One of the drummers, Denny Strong, who is twenty, is in the Army, stationed at Valley Forge, but manages to get enough weekend passes to keep his hand in. The other is Ed Phyfe, seventeen, who takes over when Strong can't make an engagement. Then there are Johnny Glasel, sixteen, on the cornet; Ed Hubble, nineteen, trombone; and Dick Wellstood, nineteen, piano. The Wildcats have played together for three years. They met in, of all unlikely cultural settings, Westchester County, where, in 1943, there occurred a pos-



"One of ours?"

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sibly historic merger of three groups of downy-cheeked musicians—from Greenwich, Larchmont, and Scarsdale —who were drawn together irresistibly, as if by the beat of a suburban tom-tom. Wilber was one of the Scarsdale gang. He had taken up the clarinet, in a classical way, early in life, and at thirteen became attracted to jazz. He began to hang around some older jazz fans who, like himself, attended Scarsdale High School (the Wildcats have been unofficially and erroneously known as the Scarsdale High Jazz Band), and they let him listen to records of standard old tunes, like "Willie the Weeper," "Winin' Boy Blues," and "China Boy"—the type of number that now comprises the bulk of the Wildcats' repertoire. Wilber soon started to commute after school to Fifty-second Street, and particularly to Jimmy Ryan's café, where Art Hodes' trio, featuring Mezz Mezzrow on the clarinet, was on display. In time, Wilber got to know Mezzrow, and Mezzrow heard him play. Mezzrow introduced him to Sidney Bechet, who was looking for a gifted pupil, and there you are. Bechet and Wilber are among the few contemporary jazz musicians who play the soprano saxophone, a nearly obsolete cross between a saxophone and a clarinet. Wilber first laid eyes upon a soprano sax at Denny Strong's house. "He had an old one lying around, and I picked it up and tried to blow it, and I got a kick out of it," Bob told us. That's how Wildcats are born.

Wilber and his colleagues are union men. They have performed at several jazz concerts, at a number of afternoon musicals on Fifty-second Street, on the radio, and at private dances. "For dancing, we sort of temper it," Wilber said. The last couple of months, their earnings from music have run from fifteen to twenty dollars a man a week, which explains why Wilber works for Textron. None of the executives there, he said, are aware that he is a band leader, but a few of the other office boys are hep to him. He has high hopes for the future. "Public appreciation of real jazz is growing all the time," he told us. "We plan to develop a style of our own and stick together for years."

Isolated

A MEMBER of one of the European delegations to the United Nations was in Chicago last week and during his stay found it necessary to send a telegram to a colleague at Lake Success. The Western Union girl with whom he dealt was rather uneasy about the whole thing. "Have they got a telephone out there," she asked, "or will we have to deliver the message by hand?"

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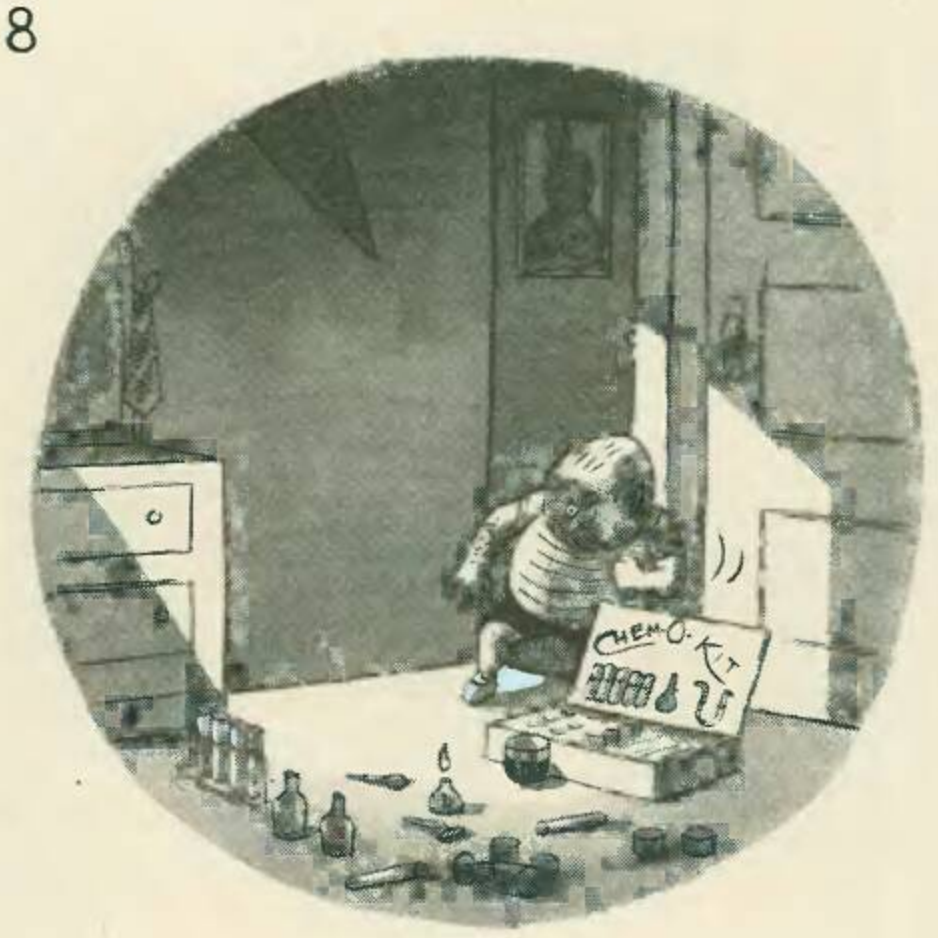
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PARTY AT THE WILLIAMSONS'

IT turned out to be quite a party, but no matter how many people came up the stairway, Kate, pushing the button and looking over the railing to see who it was, found she knew them all. She knew them by their first names, although they were people she never thought of at all. They were friends of her mother and father, and they had all been around while she had been growing up. She couldn't remember not knowing them. They were the people who had houses next to her family's on the Cape; people who were the parents of the children she had gone to school with or of the children who went to school with her seven-year-old brother, Joe; people with whom her mother and father would reminisce about gay times that had happened before she was born or when she had been too little to know anything about them.

"Hi, Kate!"

Bert and Paul Devries came up the stairs, and instantly Joe appeared in the doorway of his room. The apartment was a duplex in a brownstone house; the bedrooms were on the lower floor, and every time Joe heard the doorbell ring, he would get out of bed and stand half in the hallway, his eyes black and shining in the sudden light, twisting his bare feet, waiting to be noticed.

Bert was hatless, her gray hair fastened in a casual knot. Even for a party, she wore a heavy tweed suit, careful not to seem in competition with women who worried about looking pretty.

"How do you like the new school?" Bert asked Kate. Paul disappeared into the back room to leave their coats.

"Oh, I'm crazy about it," Kate said.

"Barbara's on her vacation, too." Bert leaned over and rubbed the top of Joe's head. "Hello, honey, you ought to be in bed. Come over tomorrow," she added to Kate as she started up the stairs to the living room.

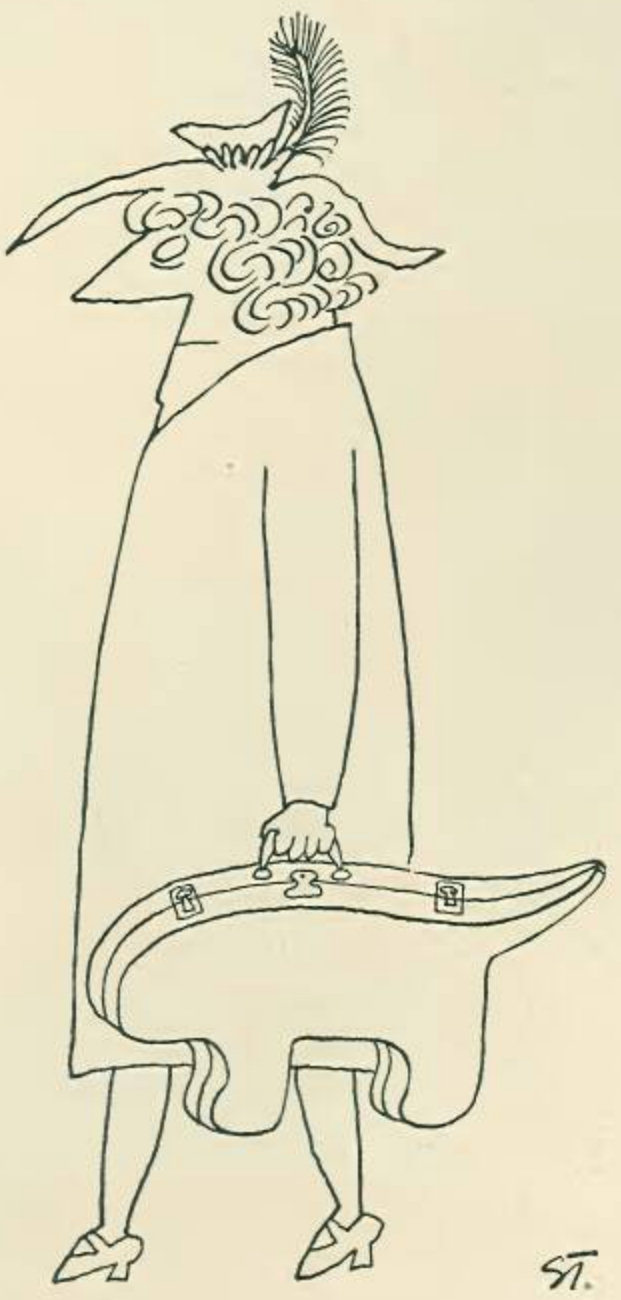
"I'd love to," Kate said, watching Bert's broad, heavy body going up the stairs. She felt that Bert had disposed of her as though she were ten years old again. For a moment, she wished she hadn't come home for Christmas vacation. She was sixteen and she had known ever since she had been back that she was grown up. Until this fall, she had never been away from home, and from the moment she had waked up in her old room again, seeing the familiar pink curtains and the snapshot of Bandy sitting up begging on the beach, and underneath the snapshot, carefully arranged on the bureau, the little Indian dolls she had brought back from the summer in the West, she had felt alone, as though she were no longer a part of her family.

Her getting older had been going on for years, she thought curiously, but she would never have known it if she hadn't gone away. When she had been a child, grownups had just seemed like a different race. Now she knew the real difference was a difference of time, and it was like knowing a terrible secret. Their time was passing; soon it was going to be her time.

Kate turned suddenly and glared at her brother. There was something degrading about his willingness to accept the crumbs of the party. "Will you get back into bed, Joe!" she said. Then she went down the hall into the linen closet, almost pulling the door to on herself, and dug toward the back, where the case of Scotch was stored. "All these people!" she whispered fiercely. "These old people!" She took out the two bottles her father had asked her to get, and stood in the dark for a second before she stepped out, a bottle held in each hand, her face remote and gentle. At the landing, she pressed back against the wall to let Max and Elsie Ganes pass.

"Hello, Kate!"

They greeted her loudly, as though amazed to see her there. Then, suddenly unable to think of anything else to say, they continued up the stairs. Max hesitated and looked over his shoulder with a little wave. "My, what a sight," he said. Kate didn't know whether he was referring to her or to the bottles she was carrying. They were both a little high already, she thought.



UPSTAIRS, the sound of people was everywhere. Someone was playing records in the dining room. "Jada, jada jada jing jing jing" rang through her head, and then, as she went by the living room, she heard her mother say clearly, "But that's been discredited."

Politics, Kate thought. "Don't ask any Trotskyites," her father had said. "They get so intense." And Kate had meant to ask him what the word really stood for. Trotskyite. It didn't sound political; it had a gay sound, like the kind of dance people would do in black leather boots.

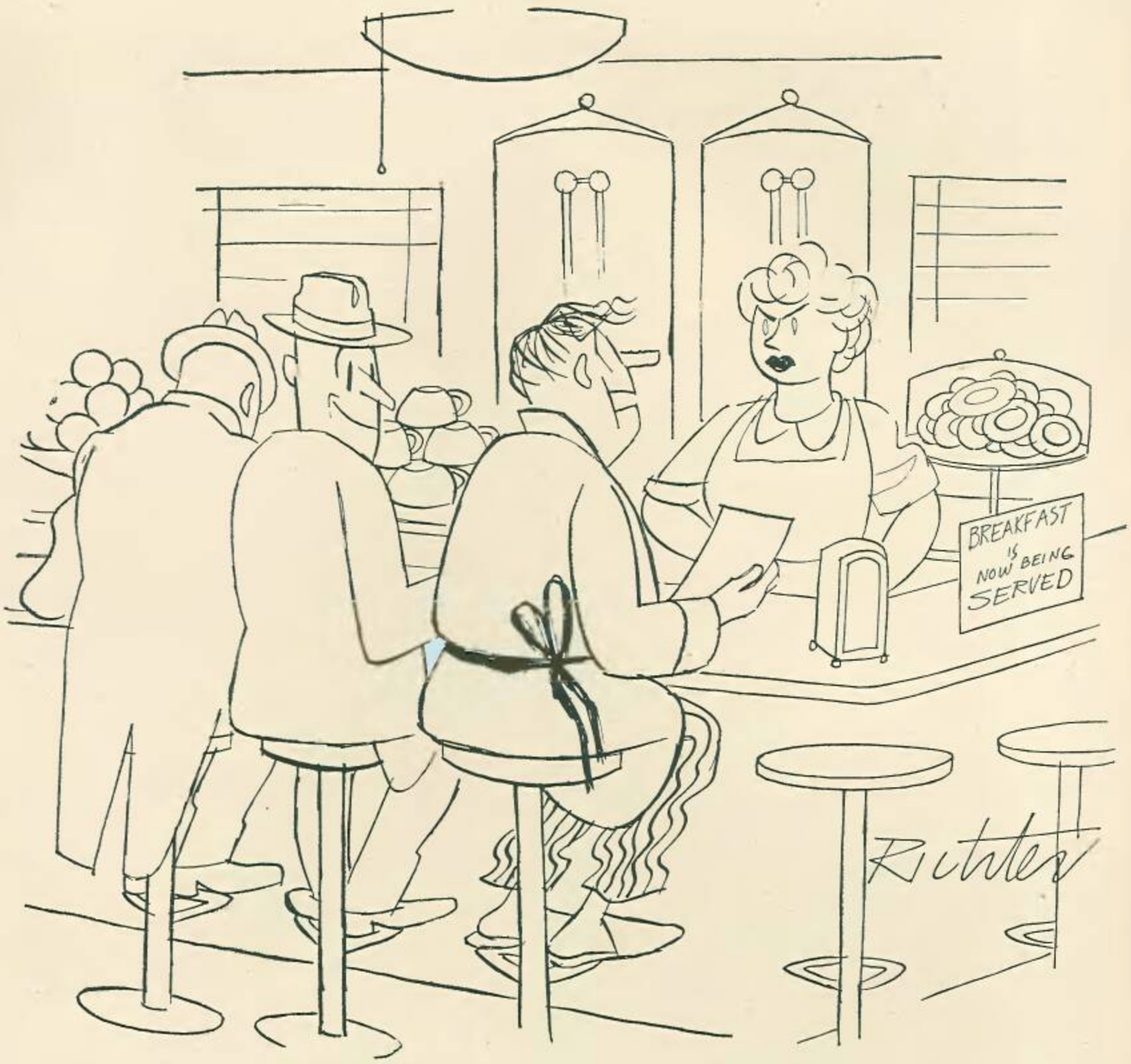
In the kitchen, her father, his high, bald forehead shining with perspiration, was making drinks. Helen McLean stood beside him. She was hitting herself on her behind with one hand and with the other she was holding out a tray of ice cubes. "It's like iron," she was protesting. "I've been playing so much tennis that I haven't an ounce of fat on me!"

Kate could tell by her father's face that he had been kidding Helen. She knew the look so well, even when it was just beginning—the funny stiffness around his nose, as though only by looking haughty, only by trying to look like someone else, could he keep from laughing.

"Honestly, Hank. Feel it. It's like iron!" Helen said, and Kate's father, still with one hand gripping the neck of a bottle, reached around and patted her gently. "Like iron," he said gravely, and poured another drink.

"Oh, you're just a stinker," Helen said, and when she laughed, her brown face and big white teeth made such a merry pattern that Kate started to laugh without volition, the way one is won to laugh at something in a movie. Helen, suddenly aware of her, turned around. "Isn't he a stinker, Kate? Am I fat or flabby?"

"You're not fat at all," Kate said warmly. "Why, you're thin. Here's the Scotch, Hank." She leaned against the coolness of the refrigerator and watched him fill the glasses, so many with soda, and then, turning to the sink, so many with water. She wished he would never



"Now, don't you start nagging me."

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get through, so they could just stay in the kitchen forever.

He straightened up. "Do you feel like trying a highball, Kate?" he said casually. "I'll make you one if you want it."

"No!" she said, and then, trying to soften her vehemence, "Not now, thanks, Hank. I ate too much dinner. I may take a coke later."

Suddenly she looked right at him and they smiled at each other. She never took a drink, but he had asked her this time because she had been away. For a moment, her love for him welled up inside her as though there was no hope for it.

She turned to Helen. "You do look really wonderful, and you're so brown. May I have one?" She took a cigarette from the pack Helen offered and for a second leaned close to her, getting a light. Then Kate's father picked up the tray of glasses and they followed him out to the hall. "See who needs a drink in the dining room for me, will you, Kate?" he said.

The dining room looked bigger than usual, with the long white table pushed against the wall, and the vase of Christmas greens and magnolia leaves made shadows that stretched out the wall as they went up to the ceiling. "Dearly belovèd," someone sang sweetly, and then hummed with the record. The Poores and the Lavines were talking earnestly in a corner, but everyone else was around the phonograph. Sarah Kellogg was sitting cross-legged on the floor and Paul Devries was on one knee beside her. They were going through a pile of old dance records. " 'Hindustan'—remember that one?" she asked. "And here's 'The Sheik of Araby.' In school, we used to add, 'Without a shirt.' "

Kate took little nervous puffs at her cigarette and then put it out. There were glasses scattered on the table, some half full but deserted among the ashtrays. She picked up as many as she could carry and took them to the kitchen. When she came back, she brought a cloth and wiped the table. Then she emptied the ashtrays and wiped them clean.

In the corner, Ann Poore was talking very fast. She had a long, thin face, with a nose that reached down too far and a chin that came out to a point. Kate thought she was very ugly in a sad, frightened way, but from her neck down she was willowy and always very elegant in the latest fashion. As she talked, the soft tip of her nose quivered and shook like the nose of a mouse. She took little, quick gulps of her drink and talked like a person running for safety. Kate turned away, so as not to feel too sorry for her. She picked up the rest of the glasses, and when she came back from the kitchen, the Poores and the Lavines were gone.

Jack Crawford and some girl were trying to do a Lindy Hop, except that Jack wouldn't really try. He just improvised, twirling the girl around and waving his hands in the air, but the girl danced seriously, with a steady, even beat, accommodating herself to his fooling without ever breaking the rhythm.

"Remember the long, swooping steps and how close one used to dance?" Sarah Kellogg said. She was still sitting on the floor, and when Paul Devries leaned down to help her to her feet, she took his hand. But instead of her jumping up, they both stayed quite still, as though frozen in that position, looking at each other so expressionlessly that Kate wanted to cry out, "Be careful, you'll step on the records." Then suddenly the moment was past and they were up dancing. Looking at Paul's face, Kate was reminded of the way her brother Joe sometimes looked when she helped him get dressed. He would sit very quietly on the edge of his bed watching her, his lips parted, intensely concentrated on the little, mothlike sensations of having his shoes tied. Paul's face had the same look of willful helplessness. When the record came to an end, he and Sarah stayed for a second in the middle of the floor, and again they looked at each other with a strange lack of expression before they dropped their arms to their sides and walked back to the phonograph. Sarah went ahead of him primly, holding herself



"I expect my brother-in-law this afternoon, Miss Wellman. Would you mind turning the chart sidewise?"

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stiff and straight, as though to make up for all the movement before.

As Kate watched, Phil Burry came up in back of her and put his hand on her arm. "How about a twirl, Miss Katydid?" he asked archly. She shook her head, startled. "Oh, no, thank you," she said clearly, and his hand slid off her arm. She stood uncomfortably beside him without looking at him. She didn't know whether he had meant it as a joke or not. When her father came in the room, she turned to him gratefully.

"Anybody need a drink?" he called out. "How are you fixed, Phil? I think you could do with a little something there." He dropped his arm casually on Kate's shoulders. "Come on in the kitchen and help me, Baby," he said.

Then Jack Crawford came up with a little hopping step, waving an empty glass in one hand and shaking the forefinger of the other. "I'm a jitterbug, I'm a hepcat, I'm a crocodile," he announced, his sparse gray hair standing up in a wispy halo, and he hopped and bounced up the hall after them. Kate looked back. Over his head, Sarah and Paul looked stately as they passed in front of the darkness of the big window. They were dancing again.

The kitchen was full of people all talking at the same time, and Kate stayed out in the hall. One place was the same as any other now. While she had been in the dining room, the party seemed to have grown bigger. The people she saw were all the same, but now they seemed to take up more space. A boyish-looking man talking to Helen McLean kept sliding off the corner of the kitchen table. Every time he had edged himself up on it, he would slowly start sliding until he was standing again. When he threw his head back, Kate could see his face, looking tired and wizened. It was Allen Franklinker, and under the bright light he didn't look boyish at all. "He was a great man," she could hear him say. "I used to tell him that. 'You're a great man, Scott,' I'd say, but of course he wouldn't pay any attention to me." His voice sounded as though he were going to cry.

"It was a swell piece," Helen said soothingly. "It was time somebody wrote a piece about him."

"You think so?" he asked. "You really think so?" He looked at Helen intently and slid off the table again, and this time he caught her arm to steady himself.

Why, he's really drunk, Kate thought. It seemed odd for a poet to be drunk. She looked at her father, but if he thought anything of Allen Franklinker's drunkenness, he gave no sign.

"Kate, dear," her mother called to her, coming up the stairs. "Will you run down and stay with Joe a few minutes? He won't go back to sleep." She waved both hands in the air. "There's just too much noise, I suppose."

"Wait a minute, Libby," Kate said. She reached up, and her mother bowed her head docilely as Kate tucked in a lock of hair that was straying down. Marian Holbrook came up beside them, and Kate's mother, looking a little like a bird, with her head on her chest, said, "Did you get her all right?"

"Yes," Marian said. "They're both sound asleep and Johnny hasn't coughed once." She opened her eyes wide in a look of speculation. "I think—I'm going to have another drink!" The two women smiled at each other almost conspiratorially and her mother called out to the kitchen door, "Two Scotch-and-water!" "Coming up!" Kate heard her father answer as she started down the stairs.

IN the hall, she passed the Morrisons with their hats and coats on. "Good night!" they called. "Good night, Kate!" A second after they had disappeared, Mike Levy came up the stairs from the front door. "Hello," he said. He gave a half salute and, dumping his coat over the banister, kept on up the second flight to the party. He must have come in when the Morrisons went out, Kate thought.

The big bed in her parents' room was piled high with coats and hats, a soft mountain of fur and cloth, with an occasional glove looking creamy against the darkness. The bathroom door was open and she could see Sarah Kellogg standing in front of the mirror, putting on lipstick. As Kate passed, Sarah turned and suddenly smiled blindly—as though she didn't really see her at all, Kate thought. She went through the passage-way to Joe's room and opened the door, but before she could say his name in the dark, she heard his breathing and tiptoed across the floor, feeling her way through the toys. He was lying with his arms flung over his head, and she took the two trucks that were on top of him and put them on the chair beside his bed. Before she went out, she stood still and listened once more to the sound of his breath, like a little pulse in the room; then she shut the door gently behind her.

The sounds of the party upstairs were

all mingling together, and hearing them now, when she was alone in the passageway, made her feel that there was something sad in people talking and laughing, making so much noise, unaware that all the time she could hear them. She went down the passageway to her room, opening the door without putting on the light. Bandy looked like a dark shadow on the blanket she had put on the floor for him. He was getting old and he hated parties; whenever they had one, he was always shut up in her room, because the door to the terrace could be left open without freezing the house.

The room was cold and the air felt wonderful, as though she must have been gasping before. After a moment, it didn't seem dark—not as dark as she would have liked it to be. The light from the night outside was almost like moonlight. When she passed Bandy to go onto the terrace, he didn't raise his head, but he thumped his tail softly on the floor and she could see the water in his bowl gleam.

She was just about to step out on the lumpy crust of snow when she heard someone speak and she moved back from the door, "Oh, darling, oh, darling!" someone mortally wounded said.

At first, it looked like a big, thick person with blurred edges; then Kate saw it was two people with their arms around each other. They looked as if they were in some kind of combat, pressing and burrowing fiercely at each other. Kate felt a physical shock, like being hit in the stomach from inside. She knew at once who it was and she stood there watching, her heart pounding so she could feel it shake her with each beat.

Paul lifted his head for a second. "I love you," he said clearly to the night, and leaned down again. "My dear, my love!" Sarah said quickly, and they broke apart, so there was space between them, and stood looking at each other. Then, with a little groan, they kissed again, but finally this time, and hard, like a blow. Then they turned to go in the door to Kate's parents' room. She heard Sarah say, "Lipstick!" and saw a flutter of white. "No, use mine," Sarah whispered imperatively, and they leaned against the door a moment. Then they were gone.

Kate put her head out the door cautiously. Then she went back and sat on the edge of her bed. Why, they had been in love when they had been upstairs dancing. She tried to remember just exactly the way they had looked, and she thought it was as though she had known it before without knowing she knew. All the time she had watched them dance they had known they loved each other—and they were dancing in front of everybody!

What would they do, she wondered. Would they go upstairs and tell Bert and Mr. Kellogg? Were they telling them now? She looked up at the ceiling. No, she thought, not now, at the party. But for a second she could see the living room filled with people moving in violent confusion. It couldn't be true. She had known Paul and Sarah all her life, and it hadn't been at all like watching people make love in the movies. Paul and Sarah had looked so clumsy, and as though it hurt them, standing out in the cold on the grimy snow, surrounded by the bleak back yards and all the lighted windows.

Suddenly, she remembered looking at Sarah a long time ago. She had wanted to touch Sarah's stomach. Sarah had been very big, and even Kate had known that she was waiting to have twins born. It was queer to think that somebody who had had twins could be in love. And Paul had gray hair.

She sat slumped on the bed, shivering from the cold. She knew her mother must be wondering why she was so long and if Joe was still awake, but she felt, all at once, so stricken with tiredness that it was difficult to make herself move. Before she left the room, she glanced out the door at the terrace again. It looked empty and mysterious, and somehow larger, at night. She thought she could never look at it again without seeing Sarah and Paul holding onto each other as though they would fall if they let go.

GOING up the stairs, Kate wondered that the sounds of the party were the same as they had been when she came down. She heard the brittle crash of a glass breaking, and as though it might be some kind of sign, her foot hesitated on the top step and her breath



quickened. But the laughter and talk went right on. When she came to the door of the living room she heard another crash and someone said, "My God, that's the second."

Allen Franklinker stood by the fireplace, gazing down at the broken glass at his feet. As she watched, he leaned back against the mantel disdainfully; then his foot reached out searchingly and pawed the pieces into the ashes in back of him. He was going to scorch his clothes if he stood so close to the fire, Kate thought.



She looked around for her mother and saw her on the sofa, and, beside her, sitting on the arm of the sofa, resting one hand lightly on her mother's shoulder, was Sarah Kellogg. The two women were talking and Sarah was swinging one leg idly back and forth, her foot just clearing the floor. Kate could see only her back, but she could see her mother's face smiling, and as she started down the hallway, she heard her mother's soft laugh.

She didn't want to face anyone right now, and she walked past the kitchen, which was full of people, and went down the hall to the dining room. No one was playing the phonograph. Her father was talking to Helen McLean. They were both standing, and Helen had her hat on and her coat dangling from her shoulders. When Kate came up, she kissed her.

"I've had such a lovely time, darling. I just stand here and don't go home," she said. She was just being obstinate, Kate's father told her. The evening was young, and as for going home, she hadn't even finished her drink. Helen looked at the drink in her hand speculatively, then tossed it down with such a flourish that it spilled on her chin, and Kate's father lent her his handkerchief. "See?" Helen said. "I'm drunk. I've got to go home."

But she wasn't at all drunk, Kate thought. She was just joking. The three of them walked down the hall together, Kate on one side and her father on the other, pretending to hold Helen up, and they walked straight into Paul Devries.

"There you are, Hank," he said. "I've been looking for you. We've got to go home. Bert's down getting her coat on." He had come up so suddenly that Kate found she was looking right at him and it was too late to look away. He had no trace of lipstick on his mouth, she noticed. He said good night, touching them all on the hand or the shoulder —little, reassuring gestures of friendliness to take away from the bare good night—and then Kate's mother, seeing them from the living room, came out.

"Good night, Libby," Paul said. He leaned over and kissed her. "You give awfully nice parties." Sarah stood in back of her mother and she, too, said good night. "Good night, Paul," she said, and while she was saying something formal, about getting together soon, Paul suddenly stuck his hand out. They had been looking politely at each other, but now Sarah stared down at his hand as though she were going to cry, and Paul started to pump both their hands up and down violently.

Kate turned quickly to her parents. "Libby—" she began, without knowing what she was going to say.

"Darling," her mother interrupted, "did Joe go to sleep all right?" She was leaning dreamily against her husband. "I forgot. Oh, poor, poor Joe!" she exclaimed, as though, because she had forgotten, Joe was cold and naked out in the snow.

"He was sound asleep before I even got there," Kate said. No one knew, no one saw anything—no one except herself, she thought despairingly. Then Sarah asked the time. "Oh, it *is* late!" she said, and gave an artificial laugh, which stopped abruptly, as though she had heard herself. "It is *not* late," Kate's mother said firmly, and as the rest of them went down the stairs, Kate looked over her shoulder and saw her mother herding Sarah back into the living room.

When Kate and her father had given the last wave over the banister and called good night to Paul and Bert, her father turned to her and grinned. "Around this time," he said softly, "I always wish to hell everybody would go home."

Kate leaned against the wall. "How old is Paul, Daddy?" she asked.

"About my age," he said.

"Your age!" she said, startled.

"Sure, why?"

"Oh, nothing," she said. Her father looked at her alertly. "Why don't you go to bed, Baby? You must be tired."

"No!" she said crossly, but suddenly she knew she couldn't go upstairs again. The thought of the party horrified her, as though it were a scene of wild disorder. "I'm not tired, Daddy." Her head drooped and she felt she couldn't move.

"What's the matter, Kit?" It was the pet name he used to call her when she was little, and she lifted her head and smiled. "You go to bed," he said. "This minute!"

"Yes, Daddy," she said gratefully, and put her face up to be kissed.

"Good night, dear," he said. He rubbed her cheek with the back of his hand and she leaned against it. "Good night, Daddy," she said, and waited till he started her with a little pat down the hall.

KATE got undressed quickly and dropped into bed without washing her face or brushing her teeth, but after the light was out, she sat up in the dark. "Bandy!" she called.

When she was little, she had always refused to go to sleep unless Bandy slept on her bed, but as she had grown older, the habit had somehow been forgotten. It had been years since she had thought of it. Now, without knowing why, she wanted him to be there. "Bandy," she called again, and after a moment she heard his laborious movements as he got to his feet.

"Here, boy."

She patted the bed. Obediently, he heaved himself up beside her. "Lie down, boy," she whispered, and he turned around and then flopped down heavily. She slid lower under the covers, so she could get her arm around his neck. His fur was deep and silky. After a second she could feel the warmth of his body and she put her head against him.

From upstairs she heard the detached sounds of the party. Why, they're still going on, she thought sleepily.

—ASTRID PETERS

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THEY'D BE SO NICE TO COME HOME TO

[*From the Wisconsin Alumnus*]

Prof. Arthur D. Hasler of the University zoology department, who spent part of the war in Germany as a member of a government panel studying the effects of psychological warfare, is now back at peacetime pursuits, particularly an analysis of the habits of perch in Lake Mendota during the winter months.

HANDS NO GOOD

THE big, husky man standing at the bār didn't belong in this saloon any more. There was a time when he might naturally have been there, straggled in like anybody else, but the way this saloon had changed, he didn't fit into it now.

This saloon used to be ordinary enough and on the level. Neighborhood people came in and had their drinks and fights and arguments and talks, and most of them knew one another, and nobody was acting roles like actors. Whatever was wrong with this one or that one, nobody paid any attention to it, because everybody went his own way and was himself, or herself, and let it go at that. Then the place got its name in the paper, and gradually a new kind of people came there—people from fancier neighborhoods and from fancier jobs and business buildings that are full of advertising agencies and the like. The old kind of people felt out of place, and they gradually went somewhere else. The new mob spent more money, and the grogshop got famous. It was always full of people who were trying either to be picturesque themselves or to find other customers who were picturesque, and succeeding in neither. Anyway, few natural people like the people who always used to be in there were ever in there any more.

The big, husky guy might have fitted into the place the way it used to be, but he didn't now. He had broad shoulders on him, made broader by padding. It wasn't a real Billy Taub suit he had on, the kind that Taub makes for leading prizefighters—a "draped" long coat with big shoulders, and flowing pants that taper down to the cuffs —but it was a kind of imitation Taub suit.

The husky ordered a beer, and as luck would have it, there was one old-timer who was standing next to him, an old-timer who had been around a lot and who came in once in a while despite this new mob that was like people wrapped in cellophane.

Even if he was big and battered, the big guy had a sad face on him. His face looked as if it couldn't figure out where the guy would be taking it next.

The old-timer was tight enough to talk to anybody. "You a fighter?" he asked the big man.

"Yeh, a kind of a fighter," the man said. He had a crumbly voice and spoke with queer spaces between the words, as if his throat hurt.

"Was you any good?" the old-timer asked.

The big guy looked down at his hands, folded on the bar in front of the beer glass. He had taken only a little dab of the beer and didn't seem interested in it. He didn't seem interested in anything, only puzzled about everything. "No, I wasn't," he said, crumbly-voiced. "I wasn't much good. I was just a fighter. Club fighter, they call them."

"You ain't old," the old-timer said.

"I'm thirty-three—wait a minute—thirty-four now. I near forgot that birthday I had—I didn't get nothing. Nobody gave me anything for my birthday," the big guy said. He picked up the beer but took only a little sip of it, then put it down and folded his hands on the bar again.

"How the hell could you be a fighter? Look at them hands!" the old-timer said. "I never see such little, skinny hands on a grown-up guy."

"What's the matter with them?" the big fellow asked, as if he were trying to be resentful but couldn't. "Never mind," he went on before the old-timer could say anything. "I know what's the matter. They're no good, my hands. I know it. They used to hurt me when I hit anybody."

"Could you hit at all?"

"I could hit pretty good. Only, my hands hurt. Sometimes I pulled back after I got one sock in on a guy. My hands hurt."

"Whyn't the manager do something?" the old-timer asked. "They're little, but maybe he coulda toughen 'em up at that. Soak 'em in salt water, maybe brine them tough, something like that."

"I never told him they hurt," the big guy said. "He didn't care a hell of a lot anyway. He just threw me in there with different guys. I think sometimes he thought I was yellow. I don't know, though. I never talked to him about it. I can't fight any more anyway. My cousin says maybe he can get me an ordinary job. I'm living with my mother. She didn't want me to be a fighter."

"Them hands is wrong for a fighter," the old-timer said.

"That's what I say," the big guy said. "But, say, you ought to see my kid brother's hands. Jeez! Big as hams. He can box, too. Maybe he'll be a good one. He's a good kid. I got an idea he'll be a hell of a fighter. You ought to see his hands!"

"Have another beer?" the old-timer asked.

"No, I'm going home," the big guy said. He looked into the mirror as if he couldn't understand his own face, and then he went out.—JOHN MCNULTY



"Have you heard of our Pen-of-the-Month Club? Every month we send you our judges' choice of the latest ball-point pens."

A REPORTER AT LARGE

FRIENDS TALKING IN THE NIGHT

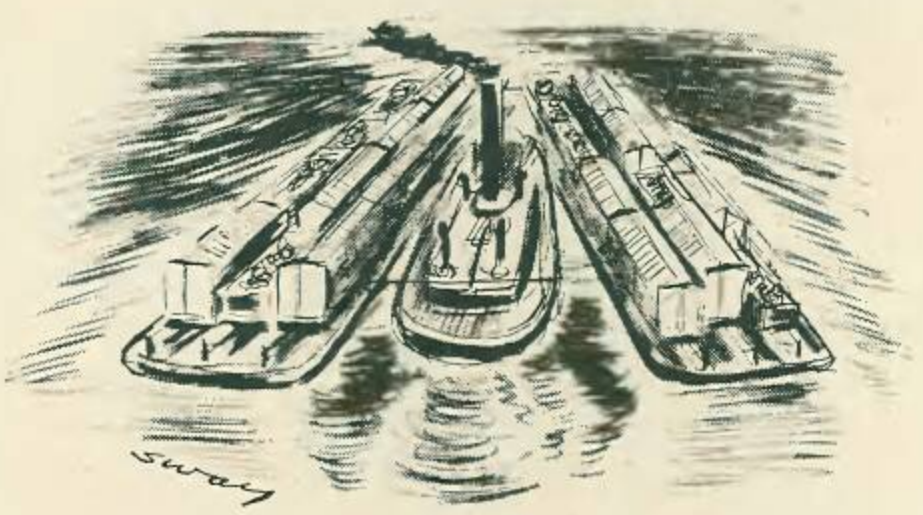
EVER since Mayor O'Dwyer took office, I have been curious about what sort of person he is, and not long ago, thanks to a mutual friend and to a breathing spell between municipal crises, I had a chance to find out a little of what I wanted to know. My friend arranged for me to have dinner with the Mayor and a couple of his close associates. "One of those long, relaxed, and talky evenings that the General enjoys most," my friend said. Mayor O'Dwyer, he added, is unusually shy and introspective for a man in public life, but I would find that among cronies he talks freely and gaily. My friend set a date and said that the Mayor would expect me at City Hall between six and six-thirty.

I got down to City Hall about a quarter after six. It was my first visit since the last days of the LaGuardia administration, and the change in atmosphere was noticeable. Under LaGuardia, the Hall seemed electric. Secretaries addressed one another hurriedly, in low tones, the way spies talk in Hitchcock movies. Everybody gave the impression that he was carrying a message to Garcia, and everything appeared to be a matter of life or death. The other night, the people working in City Hall seemed just as busy as their predecessors but not so nervous. Secretaries walked, rather than ran, down the corridors and through the doorways, and held, rather than clutched, papers in their hands.

I found the Mayor's executive secretary, a short, red-headed, jovially pugnacious-looking young man named William Donoghue, at a huge desk covered with papers in a room next to the Mayor's office, and introduced myself. He said that the Mayor still had several people waiting to see him but that they wouldn't take very long. "Lord knows, the plans may change," Donoghue said, "but as of this minute the three of us will eat at the New York Athletic Club with Dave Martin, in his private office. Dave is one of the General's oldest friends, and he's the manager of the club, and the General really enjoys going there. Relaxes him." I sat down with a newspaper in a corner of Donoghue's office. It was dark outside, and a high wind was blowing through City Hall Park. I could see the trees swaying, and every now and then a heavy gust rattled Donoghue's windows. Then it began to rain very hard and big drops splashed against the glass.

After five or ten minutes, Mayor O'Dwyer stuck his head in the door. His coat and tie were off, his sleeves were rolled up, and he was smoking a big cigar. He seemed shorter, and a good deal broader, especially in the shoulders, than his pictures indicate. He looked like a man who had put in a hard day at the office. At first glance, his face appeared fleshy and somewhat worn, but when I glanced a second time, particularly at his sensitive eyes and mouth, I could see a youthful, humorous expression. "In the clear, Bill," he said to Donoghue. "I'll be ready in a minute. Just have to put on my coat and tie." He walked over and shook hands with me. "I could stand a good meal and a good chin," he said. He went back into his office and reappeared wearing a hat and a trench coat. He called to Donoghue and me, and we started down the corridor. I noticed what looked like ragged pin holes in the shoulder straps of his coat, and I asked if it was the one that he had worn in the Army. "The very same," he said. "Best coat I ever owned, so I just took the stars off the shoulders." A guard told the Mayor that, because it was raining, his car was parked at a basement door at the east end of the building. "We don't want you to get your feet wet," the guard said. "And many thanks," said the Mayor. We went down a flight of stairs, left the building by a side door, and got into a black seven-passenger Cadillac. A man wearing a gray felt hat was sitting stiffly at the wheel.

As we started uptown, the Mayor sat back and looked out at the glistening wet streets. "Nothing gloomier on a night like this than a jail," he said after a while, "unless it's a ballpark. Oh, but a jail is gloomy on a rainy night!" The Mayor's voice seems both hard and soft. At first, it sounds somewhat rasping and declamatory, but as you listen, it gradually assumes a pleasant, dreamy, far-off, rhythmic quality.



"Bill," he said, "you remember I was telling you the other day how I was sitting at my desk—some people had just left the office—and for some reason or other, I can't figure why, I started to think of Big Matty Cullane, who was on the force when I was."

"I do, General," said Donoghue.

"Well," said the Mayor, "I have just this minute thought of Big Nell Flaherty—the thought comes right down the years—and that brings Big Matty to mind again. Matty Cullane," he said to me, "was one of the sweetest, gentlest, loveliest men that ever lived. He was six feet two, and loose. Not tight and knotted, like some big men, but loose. When I knew Matty, I was a rookie cop along the Brooklyn waterfront—Forty-third Street and Fourth Avenue—and it was tough, with the Kid Cheese Gang and all the rest making life uncomfortable. Lots of cops had been beaten up by the Kid Cheese Boys. They lured them into doorways or staged fake fights in barrooms or turned in false alarms, to bring the cops running, and then they'd jump them. Well, Matty Cullane was put on the beat and informed of the difficulties of the route. So he starts down the street one day and a young tough steps up on a corner and snaps his fingers in Matty's face and says, 'Why, you great big Irish flatfoot!,' and then ducks into a doorway, Matty right behind. Of course, the gang is waiting in the doorway for Matty, and you're thinking he's stupid, but hidden in his pocket is the short billy, not the long one, and a murderous weapon, and in about seven minutes there is a considerable pile of young men lying in the street and several lads crumpled on the stairway and one or two legging it across the roof of the building, Matty in hot pursuit. Next thing, Matty has them by the ears and is dragging them down the stairs, clippity-clop, clippity-clop, and he throws them onto the pile of their colleagues on the street. At this point, a gentle old lady walks past and notices the debris and says, 'Officer,' she says, 'please do not be unkind to these boys,' and Matty says, 'Pardon me, lady, but at this moment I am not interested in the emo-



tion of sympathy.'" The car stopped outside the Athletic Club. "When we get upstairs, I'll tell you about Nell Flaherty," the Mayor said.

Dave Martin, a solemn, grayish man of fifty, was waiting for the Mayor outside his offices, on the twelfth floor. We followed him into a room looking west over Columbus Circle. It contained a flat-top desk, several floor lamps, and a few easy chairs. The Mayor instantly removed his suit coat and tie, settled into a large chair near a window, and leaned back, putting his feet on the sill. The rest of us sat down around the room. A waiter entered, went right to the Mayor, and shook hands with him.

"Paddy, at the bar, wants to mix you one of his Martinis," the waiter said.

"One of Paddy's Martinis is like two of anyone else's," said the Mayor. "Tell him to take it easy."

Donoghue and I ordered a drink, and Martin said he'd pass.

"Now, for supper," said the waiter, "why not eat steak for a change, instead of filet of sole all the time?"

"That's right," said Martin. "A steak will do you good."

The Mayor pondered the matter a moment. "Well, it's a party," he said. "I'll take a steak." The rest of us said we'd have the same.

As the waiter left the room, the Mayor turned to Martin. "Dave," he said, "I've been talking about Matty Cullane and Big Nell Flaherty." Martin smiled and nodded. "Now, Big Nell Flaherty also lived in Brooklyn," continued the Mayor, "and she also was six feet two, but that's not so good for a woman, and as a result Nell took to drink. One drink, and Big Nell was flat in a doorway, where she slept like a pure, pink, newborn babe, and dreamed, I should imagine, of love and affection. All the cops knew Big Nell, and a cop would walk up and try to wake her and get her on her feet, and she'd reach up and bop! down he'd go. Another cop would hear the commotion and come running, and bop! down he'd go." The Mayor sat up straight and made a broad gesture with his cigar. "Police records reveal," he said, "that Big Nell was never taken into custody by less than six officers of the law until her seventy-fourth year, when, one night, it required merely two policemen to bring her to court, and one of the two was Big Matty Cullane. She stood before the magistrate, who inquired, 'Do you desire justice, Nell, or do you wish to go to Special Sessions?' 'Last time you told me that,' said Nell, 'it resulted in thirty days.' Well, Matty speaks up and says, 'Your Honor, I will take care of the lady,' and the judge says, 'Case dismissed.' Matty takes her out and he says, 'Nell, you're not getting any younger. Witness the fact that it required only two cops to bring you in. I'm taking you over to the hospital and getting you a good cleaning out.' 'I want no sympathy from no cop,' says Nell. But Matty prevailed and Nell went to the hospital for a good cleaning out, and two days later she died. Matty was told about it and he felt very bad. 'I killed her,' he always said. 'It wasn't the humiliation of having two cops bring her in, it was the cleaning out.'" The Mayor was silent for a moment or two. "But I don't know why I should be thinking about Big Nell tonight," he said. "Or Big Matty, either, for that matter."

The waiter brought us our drinks and wheeled in a table all set for dinner. The Mayor sipped his Martini. "Oh, but that Paddy makes a lethal Martini," he said. "My compliments to him. Speaking of bartenders," the Mayor said to me, "I was one myself once, you know—several years after I came here from Ireland and before going on the force. I was mostly at the service bar in hotels, working downstairs in my shirtsleeves and mixing drinks to be sent to the rooms. Well, I was working at the Plaza one night—I can see it now, a night just like tonight, the city a sheet of rain—and I was substituting at the

big bar upstairs, in the Oak Room. Hardly anybody in the place, a few quiet drinkers drifting through, the Park outside like a melody in the rain. Now, there were three people seated at a table in one corner, and they were Arnold Daly, the actor; Jim Corbett, the fighter; and John McGraw, of the Giants. The evening droned along, every now and then a waiter coming over to the bar and asking for two more glasses of alcoholic beverage and one non-alcoholic —that was for Jim Corbett—and the three of them just chinning away, the way we are now, just the quiet hum of friends talking in the night, when suddenly there was a hullabaloo, the way a summer storm roars up, with thunder and lightning, and I look across and the peaceful scene has become animated. Daly is standing up and waving his arms and shouting at the top of his lungs, 'Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow, creeps in this petty pace from day to day,' and John McGraw eyes him and says, 'Aw, *shut up!*,' and Jim Corbett, the pugilist, rises and stretches out his hands and cries, 'Gentlemen, gentlemen!' "

"Dinner's ready, General," said the waiter, "and I've brought some clams for a starter." We moved over to the table.

"Another Martini?" asked the waiter.

"Oho, no," said the Mayor, "but I'd like a glass of beer."

We finished our clams and went to work on the steaks. The Mayor ate slowly, and talked a good deal between bites. "Wish you could have seen the *nouveaux riches* swarming into this town when I was tending bar," he said. "The cattlemen, the copper kings, the big plainsmen, the sports, all with buckets of money, and they didn't know how to behave in a great city, especially toward the help. I fell to thinking about some of those snoots just the other day, when I went into the Vanderbilt Hotel for lunch. I worked there once, and some of the people I worked with are still there. The hat-check woman, Mary, came out to say hello, and made a fuss over me, and then, my God, if old Barney wasn't still there! Today he's head elevator starter, but in my time he was checking hats and coats, and seeing him reminded me, as I say, of the snoots, and especially of Diamond Jim Brady. I'd like to get my hands on the fellow who wrote that movie about Diamond Jim, because he was a beglittered, overstuffed pig, with his diamond-headed canes, and his cuff links and stickpins all in little animal shapes. One night he marches into the Vanderbilt with the famous Dolly Sisters in tow. One of these Dolly Sisters always wore a live monkey around her neck in place of a fur piece, and she stands in front of Barney at the hat-check window and says, 'Boy, check this,' and Barney says, 'Madam, it would please me to oblige, but there is no guarantee this monkey is housebroke and I cannot place it on the rack with all these fine furs. It will have to be put in the basement, where the dogs are kept.' At the sound of the word 'dogs,' the Dolly Sister looks as though she will fall back on the lobby floor in a faint, and Diamond Jim waves his diamond-headed stick and hollers for the management. Lord bless him, that manager sat in his office and wouldn't stir until he had analyzed the facts as brought to him, and he decides for Barney. Then he goes into the lobby. 'Fire that man!' shouts Brady, pointing at Barney, and the manager bows from the waist and says, 'Yes, sir,' and then he whispers to Barney to lay low in the basement and keep off the upper floors for a day or two, until the storm blows over. Now, the funny thing is that years later, when I'm a magistrate in Brooklyn, who comes before me but old Barney. Parked his car on a bridge. Had a ticket. I looked at Barney and thought the Lord God in Heaven has



BALLADE

IN COMMEMORATION OF CERTAIN POPULAR GRAFFITI, WHICH TESTIFY TO THE ARDOR, PERSISTENCE, INDESTRUCTIBILITY, AND OMNIPRESENCE OF THE DETERMINED SPIRIT OF THE HEART OF MAN IN THE FELL CLUTCH OF CIRCUMSTANCE

Now is the world in a terrible way
Under the gathering clouds of gloom:
Love is a sorrowful émigré
Vainly hunting a furnished room;
The crash will surely follow the boom;
Mourners will trail behind the bier.
What can be done about this? by whom?
Look! it is written—*Kilroy was here.*

What has become of the Celtic Yea,
The affirmation of Molly Bloom?
Who is intrepid enough to say,
"Dr. Livingstone, I presume"?
Everyone delves in the depths of the tomb,
And only rubble and shards appear;
Everyone wants to go back to the womb:
Look! it is written—*Kilroy was here.*

Where are the bonny, the blithe, the gay?
Gone with the wind, or down the flume
With the snows and roses of yesterday.
The bride's unable to find the groom.
Statesmen bicker and piddle and fume
While Death rides high in the stratosphere.
What we need is a brand-new broom;
Look! it is written—*Kilroy was here.*

ENVOI

Prince, when the peal of the crack of doom
Breaks on the apprehensive ear,
Buckle the armor; up with the plume—
Look! it is written—*Kilroy was here.*

—ROLFE HUMPHRIES

been waiting for years for a chance to reward you for telling that Dolly Sister to put the monkey with the dogs, and I found extenuating circumstances and dismissed the case, and I've always felt that justice was done."

THE Mayor pushed his chair back from the table, lighted another cigar, and blew several clouds of smoke toward the ceiling.

"You're looking well," Martin said to him.

"You know," said the Mayor, "I think I'm on top of this job—out of the woods. Came out of the woods six months after I took office."

"General," said Donoghue, "I think you came out of the woods long before six months."

"You're wrong, Bill," said the Mayor. "I came into the clear around July. At the beginning, so many things happened all at once. I was afraid of a postwar crime wave, and the force was sadly depleted. Other city departments were understaffed, and not all due to draft shortages, either. We had the tugboat strike, the transport workers' problem, the whole business of Idlewild Airport, a Health Department that wasn't everything it was cracked up to be." He rose and started walking slowly around the room. "I'm far from satisfied," he said, "but we haven't had the postwar crime wave. We've added to the force. Wallander is a good man, and I leave him alone; don't tell him how to run his business. The department's clicking *these* days, all right."

"Swell," said Martin.

"Moreover," said the Mayor, "we've got raises for some city employees. I sat up all one night working over raises, and later some of my so-called friends insisted I had been kicked into it, never would have had the idea on my own."

"That sort of talk comes along with everything else," said Donoghue.

"Right," said the Mayor. "Same as when we were getting a new Health Commissioner. I'll not forget one of the papers in this town going after me savagely, saying I didn't want an honest, unpolitical Health Department, accusing me of turning down one of the best public-health men in the country. Well, a simple phone call to the man in question would have proved how really anxious I had been to make him Commissioner. He turned down the job for reasons of his own. Later, when a group of public-health men gave me a panel of selected names, I looked over the list, and most of them were from out of



"Gracious! I certainly <u>am</u> at the wrong window!"

town, and I said, 'Hell, gentlemen, why can't we have a Commissioner who knows how to drop a nickel in the slot and reach Flatbush?' A man, in other words, who in addition to scientific knowledge knows something of this city and its particular problems. You need honesty and more to run a good city department. Why, when I came into office, bread was being made for school children by prisoners on Riker's Island, but there wasn't a cake of soap on the Island and nobody was washing his hands. The restaurants all over town were filthy! The city cannery was a pigpen! Well, we've cleared up these things, and our Commissioner knows how to reach Flatbush, and we spent sixty thousand dollars exploding that stinkweed, ragweed."

THE Mayor moved his chair back to the table, sat down, and took several sips of coffee. His cigar, I noticed, had gone out. "Those first days in office," he said. "They were uneasy for all concerned." He relighted his cigar. "But that's water over the dam," he said suddenly. "Over the dam. We want a happy city. Better schools. Those old Civil War firetraps are ghastly. We want textbooks that give children a sense of their city and a practical understanding of what democracy is all about. Racial discrimination has plagued our maturity, and we just can't have it. You

know, Dave, some of the old neighborliness has gone. That's natural growth in a town, I guess, but there's a large area of tolerance left and it must be retained. God, we've got our faults, but they're not inhuman ones. Nobody's dragged from his bed at night, nobody's told what to think, no secret police. It must be left that way, for black and white and Jew and Gentile."

"What else makes a happy city?" I asked.

"Well-run departments," said the Mayor. "Good sanitation. Plenty of playgrounds. Cheap transportation to and from work, and plenty of it. Good labor-management relations. Room to park cars. And friendliness. Lots of people would have us believe this town is loaded with thugs, racketeers, gamblers. I say it's a friendly city. It's been friendly to me."

"Remember what you were saying to that jewellers' convention the other night?" said Donoghue.

The Mayor laughed. "Came to me on the spur of the moment," he said.

"What was it?" asked Martin.

"Nothing," said the Mayor. "I just said that we people who live here in New York like to pull out our tray, with all our good things on it—our people and parks and museums—pull it out just like a jeweller, I told them, and show off our beauties."

"I like that," said Donoghue.

"Well," said the Mayor, "it's not the fashion to be sentimental, but I've seen a good many places on this earth—I've seen the cities of the Old World, and I've shipped to South America as an ordinary seaman, and I've been to every state in this union except Washington—and I come back here every time, because it's one hell of a town. Moreover, it's a waterfront town, and waterfronts and waterways are part of our heritage, and part of our future, too. I've no quarrel, God knows, with big airplane runways and the like, but show me the town with a great, wide harbor and a river navigable to Troy. Baltimore almost stole our thunder in the old days, but the smart old boys understood the situation and built the Erie Canal."

The Mayor put his elbows on the table and his chin in his hands. He sighed. "I'm fifty-six," he said, "and when you're fifty-six, you're headed down the other side of the slope. I often turn to Yeats and Sean O'Casey for comfort. But it's hard to tell what counts, what's important, and you certainly can't tell at the time. Years back, when I was a young lad, I was a hod carrier working on the McAlpin Hotel, and we all joined a small hod carriers' union, and who could have predicted it would become very important in this community? So it all adds up to this—you want to give the kids a chance to grow in their own way, in a democratic world, to make their own choices, to live out their lives without regimentation, and to transmit that heritage to their kids. I'm not fooling myself. It's a fluke when a youngster comes here with a couple of bucks in his pocket and people are friendly and he becomes Mayor. But the chance must be left open." Martin and Donoghue nodded vigorously.

"One thing I do know," the Mayor went on. "I don't want to be one of those ex-Mayors, with people looking down the street and saying, 'My God, here comes old Bill O'Dwyer, once was Mayor of New York, what job does *he* want from us?,' and then ducking into an alley or an ashcan. No, I'll take to the highway of the world or follow the sun across the horizon."

The Mayor got up and began to put on his tie and coat. "It's time to go home," he said. "I've talked a good deal, and yet there's a good deal still to be talked about. Sometimes I think the human values are the only real values. Thought about that one night a couple of weeks ago, when I was out with some dear friends—J. Fred Coots, who wrote



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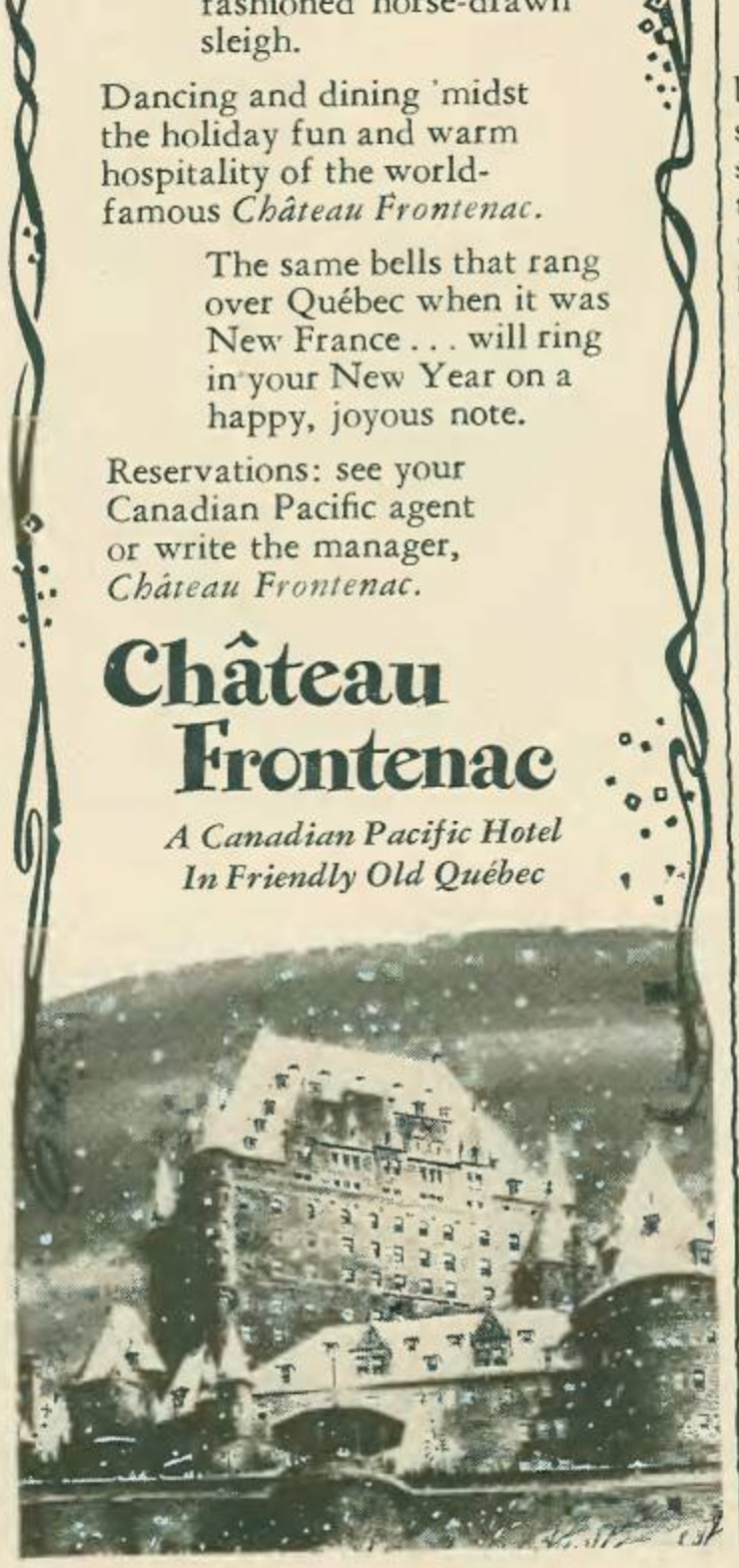
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'She Walks in Beauty,' and Walter Shirley, the real-estate man. We were in the country and we walked onto a lawn. It was a clear and beautiful night and the sky was a bright bowl of stars. The moon was a thin sliver behind the trees. The wind blew a bit and the boughs of the trees were outstretched, as the poet said, in prayer. And we got to talking about the olden times, when we were young fellows together in Brooklyn, and Coots said, 'Say,' he said, 'do you remember Mike O'Sheehan, old O'Sheehan that played the violin and had the big ears?' And everybody nodded and said, 'Do *we* remember old O'Sheehan that played the violin and had the big ears!,' and it was like yesterday and we were youngsters again and you couldn't figure how the years had passed. But none of us *really* remembered old O'Sheehan, wouldn't know him if we saw him. We knew him and we didn't, and yet we knew he must have played the violin and had big ears, and what more do you need to know?"

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

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THE GOOD OLD DAYS DEPARTMENT

[*Editorial in the Salt Lake Tribune, August 23, 1896*]

LADY CYCLISTS

The fact of so many accidents to female bicyclists is causing a good deal of discussion in the East. The Chicago Chronicle says it is true that "a woman beginner is the terror of the road. She plunges and wabbles from curb to curb with a charming indifference to wheelmen and pedestrians alike, and cautious riders invariably turn down side streets at her approach." But when once she has mastered the wheel, "she is as fully able to take care of herself as any of the sterner sex. The trouble seems to be that she won't do it. She will ride upon the wrong side of the road. She will cut between two riders going the same direction, and she will dispute the right of way with anything from a baby carriage to a locomotive."

As to the handling of the wheel, they can do that as well as anybody, but the more we see of the bicycle, the more we are convinced that it ought to have highways of its own, because the bicycle among vehicles is what the comet is among heavenly bodies; it comes with a great light; it is followed by flying hair, but the most expert mathematician cannot tell how many kinks it will take in making a passage from one planet to another. In Denver they have an ordinance which compels bicyclists to take the right hand side of the street, which enables pedestrians to know that they will only be run over one way, and in dodging the bicycle that is coming behind them they know they are not in danger of being run over by the one coming in front. But in Denver they will not permit bicycles on the sidewalk at all. And still, the bicycle has come to stay; it is a fixed institution; we do not believe it is going to be given up.

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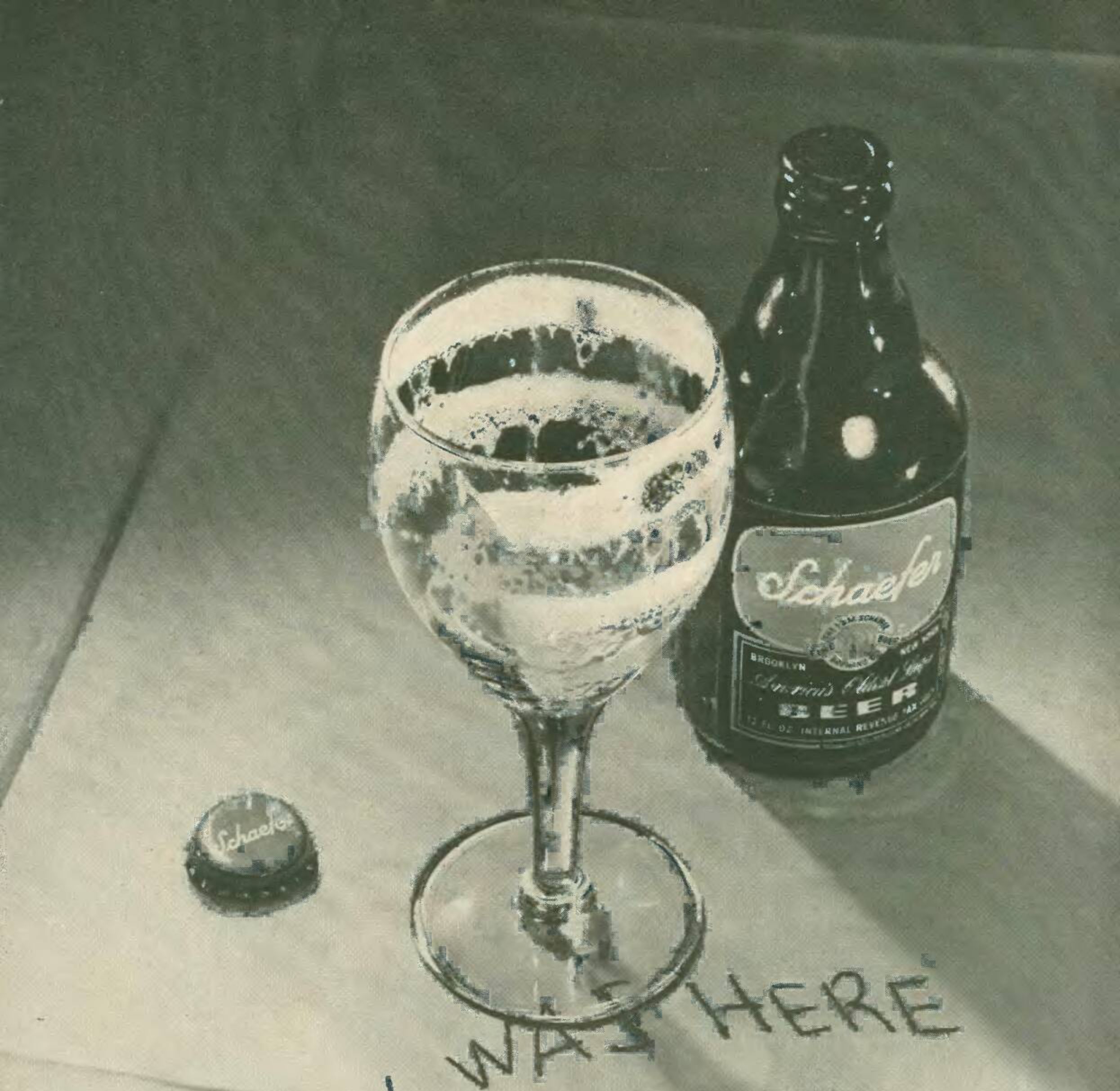
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THE THEATRE

FOURTH DOWN

SHAW'S "Androcles and the Lion," which, along with an innocuous curtain-raiser by Sean O'Casey, is the fourth bill to be presented by the American Repertory Company at the International, is a quaint combination of low, almost abysmal comedy and a neat, sardonic, and sometimes rather moving discussion of comparative religion. The comedy, based largely on such matters as the hero's dealings with another actor, masquerading as a lion; the effeminacy of a Roman emperor and his court; and whatever humor there may be in a muscular Christian who strong-arms his victims into the true faith, combines, I should say, the most dismaying features of A. A. Milne and Shakespeare's notorious clowns. In the prologue, to give only one example of the kind of thing that Mr. Shaw appears to regard as gaiety, we have Androcles addressing the lion with the following as he pulls a thorn out of its paw: "Did um get an awful thorn into um's tootsums wootsums? Has it made um too sick to eat a nice little Christian man for um's breakfast? Oh, a nice little Christian man will get um's thorn out for um; and then um shall eat the nice Christian man and the nice Christian man's nice big tender wifey pifey." "Androcles" was last offered here in 1925, when I was occupied elsewhere, so I had never seen it on the stage. However, Mr. George Jean Nathan, a colleague who sometimes manages to give the impression that he was present at the original performance of "Our American Cousin," informs me that he has observed it several times and that, properly played, such passages as that above can be as funny as the great Joe Jackson and his collapsing bicycle. I can't argue with this proposition, lacking sufficient evidence; I can say only that in the current production it strikes me as the sort of stuff that ceased to amuse my seven-year-old daughter when she was six.

The parts of the play, however, that give us Mr. Shaw in the happier role of a lecturer on human faith are often very rewarding. He is arguing for his own version of Christianity—an unshakable belief in some supernatural benevolence, that is, rather than in a collection of inspirational myths and primitive superstitions—and he keeps the discussion on a high level of urbanity and intelligence, scrupulously presenting both sides of the case. It is possible, in fact, that the most attractive figure on the stage is the Roman Captain, who, anxious to rescue the heroine from her rendezvous with the lions, pleads with her to make at least a perfunctory concession to the customs of the day. "I suggest to you that if you cannot burn a morsel of incense as a matter of conviction," he says, "you might at least do so as a matter of good taste, to avoid shocking the religious convictions of your fellow-citizens. I am aware that these considerations do not weigh with Christians, but it is my duty to call your attention to them in order that you may have no ground for complaining of your treatment."

Throughout the evening, he preserves this reasonable attitude, and somehow I prefer him to the lady, who often seems to suffer from the peculiar smugness that afflicts so many martyrs and also from a rather untidy mysticism. The best sample of their conversation comes somewhere near the end, when she again announces her high-minded determination to be eaten by the lions and he asks her what specifically she imagines she is dying for:

LAVINIA: I don't know. If it were for anything small enough to know, it would be too small to die for. I think I'm going to die for God. Nothing else is real enough to die for.

THE CAPTAIN: What is God?

LAVINIA: When we know that, Captain, we shall be gods ourselves.

THE CAPTAIN: Lavinia, come down to earth. Burn the incense and marry me.

On the whole, I suppose the moral advantage in this passage lies with





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Christianity, but I can't help feeling that the Roman Empire comes off a little better on logic. Anyway, in this play, as in most of his others, Mr. Shaw is always stimulating when his subtle, ironic, and wonderfully ingenious mind is engaged with ideas that interest him (though it was written thirty-four years ago, incidentally, the script contains an impressive foreshadowing of several Fascist principles). It is only when he gets into the baby talk and the pie-throwing that you are apt to wish the company at the International had selected something a trifle less roguish for your entertainment.

With the exception of a fine, crisp performance by Richard Waring, as the Captain, a rather appealing one by Ernest Truex, as Androcles, and a decorative one by June Duprez, as Lavinia, the acting in "Androcles" is not distinguished, though such eminent talents as Victor Jory and Philip Bourneuf are also engaged. Remo Bufano has equipped the actor who plays the lion with a remarkably expressive face, and Wolfgang Roth's scenery and costumes are probably O.K., though a little stylized for my taste.

O'Casey's "Pound on Demand," which raises the curtain, is about a couple of drunks and their difficulties with the red tape in an Irish post office. There is a suggestion of humor in a spinster who is both alarmed and fascinated by their irresponsible behavior, but essentially it is a vaudeville act and not an especially elevated one. Margaret Webster, Mr. Truex, and Mr. Bourneuf are the principal actors this time, and I don't think they were really trying.

—Wolcott Gibbs

•

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Reformers rant
And scold the town
For practices
On which they frown.
They lambaste sin
And loathe excess,
With just a hint
Of wistfulness.

—Ethel Jacobson.
—October 19, 1946, issue.

Reformers

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•

That gift to the United Nations of six blocks of East River frontage came just in time for the holidays. Mr. Rockefeller undoubtedly brought off the biggest piece of last-minute Christmas shopping on record.

•

The State Department announces that we shall send no relief supplies to any country that is diverting manpower from agriculture to armaments. Our motto is "Millions for ploughshares but not one cent for swords."

•

Nehru says that when India is free, there will be plenty of room for the British there. The Englishman will simply have to change himself from an unwelcome host to a welcome guest.

•

Harold E. Stassen has shattered political tradition by announcing that he will run for the Presidential nomination in 1948. For some reason, it is considered very bad form for a candidate to be candid.

•

The attempted bribery of members of the New York Giants football team has been wrongly attributed to a group of gambling men. Actually, these parties are conservative financiers, interested only in safe, sound investments.

•

The Johns Hopkins discovery that a tiny strip of columbium nitride chilled to 435 degrees below zero makes a good radio set won't be of much value in this country. It seldom gets as cold as that, even in Buffalo.

•

The rocketeering scientists in New Mexico have been trying their hand at producing artificial meteorites. Thus far they have cooked up nothing as good as Mother Nature used to make.

•

Officials of the Fifth Avenue Coach Company are enthusiastic about their new method of operating double-deck buses with one-man crews. In fact, everybody likes the arrangement except the drivers and the passengers.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

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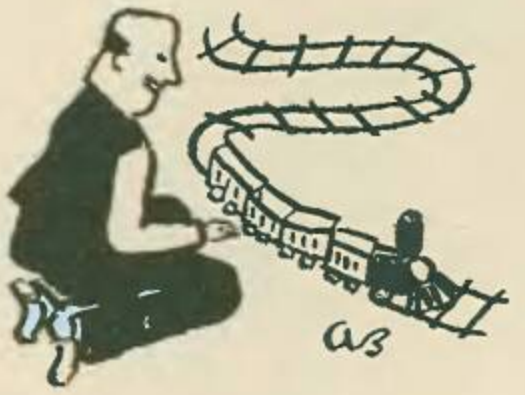
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THURSDAY AFTERNOON

IT was a sunny afternoon. Squirrels chased each other through the bushes in the warm air, and here and there dirty water trickled from the thawing ground onto the macadam walks. Standing by the penguin pool, Mrs. Foster decided that the afternoon had been a positive success. She had felt some qualms about her first trip to the Bronx Zoo with Jamie (that subway ride from Seventy-second Street was really too long for a six-year-old), but it had all gone very well. She had managed to keep him outdoors most of the afternoon; the bears had been a godsend in *that*. She had carefully read aloud the labels in front of the cages in the bird house, explaining how the toucan's long bill helped him get food, and how the birds of paradise were more brilliant in winter than in summer. The monkey house, she decided in retrospect, had been a small mistake. Monkeys were—well—so demonstrative. But fortunately there had been that sweet baby gibbon just across the aisle from the chimp, and then she had taken Jamie right out for the big event of the afternoon—the ride on a llama's back. Really, zoos were so much better than they had been when she was a child. In the spring, some Sunday, she and Cliff could very well give Mrs. Brennan an extra day off and bring Jamie up here for a picnic. She felt sure that it was better for Jamie to take such trips with his parents than with the whole first grade and that self-assured Miss Pritchard.

For the first time, Mrs. Foster was decidedly happy about Jamie's Christmas vacation. She looked down at her son, who was unsuccessfully trying to divide his attention between the penguins and a small paper cup of chocolate ice cream that had become semi-liquid and was spilling on his leggings and shoes. Mrs. Foster started to get out her handkerchief and wipe it off, but then she checked herself. The ice cream had been a suggestion of hers, which Jamie had accepted after a rather stubborn insistence on popcorn; she decided to let him enjoy it. As she watched, he licked up the last spoonful, looked in the cup, and then threw cup and spoon on the walk.



"Now the snakes, Mother?" he asked.

"Not on the ground, Jamie," she said, stooping to retrieve the empty cup. "Remember we saw those little boys who threw those paper bags around and how messy it looked?" She found a wire basket by a bench and dropped the sticky cup inside. "All right," she said, sighing. "Now the snakes, and then home. Home and supper."

The snake house was very warm, and she stopped inside the door to open the front of Jamie's heavy, gold-buttoned sailor coat. They spent some time with the tortoises and then moved steadily past the glass-fronted cages until Jamie stopped in front of a huge and violently striped python, whose pale eyes stared blindly out at them.

"Ugh!" Jamie exclaimed. "He's *awful*!" He peered at the motionless snake with interest.

Mrs. Foster stopped her slight pressure on Jamie's arm, little alarms about childhood neuroses ringing in her mind. "No, he's not," she said gaily. "He's really very pretty. Look at those colors in his skin." She kept her eyes slightly averted from the python. "Many snakes are useful animals," she said, quoting a sign she had just read. "They eat rats and other animal pests."

Three large boys in sweatshirts and ragged pants ran by, shouting, and she put her hand on Jamie's back to keep him out of the aisle.

"What does *he* eat?" Jamie asked.

"I'm sure I don't know, dear," she said, taking his hand. (The heat in the place was really oppressive.) "But now we've *got* to go home. We have a long walk to the subway, and then I've got to make your supper."

THE cool air felt refreshing as Mrs. Foster and Jamie walked toward the gate and the subway. Mrs. Foster was a little tired, and she decided that she would deserve a highball when they got home. Then, as they reached the top of a hill, going up a walk lined with benches, it happened. If she hadn't been thinking about home, she would have seen that something was wrong and turned back. But as it was, they walked right up on it. There was a little knot of men and women around one of the benches, and a policeman and one of the park attendants were bending over something on the bench. She knew, just before she saw it, what it was, but then it was too late to turn back, and Jamie was staring. In her swift glance, as she



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tried to hurry him past, she saw an old felt hat on the ground, some wispy white hair above a newspaper that had been laid over the face, and the feet, in scuffed, broken shoes, lying neatly side by side on the end of the bench. One arm hung down from the front of the bench, and as the policeman lifted it and put it across the chest, the three boys from the snake house ran up.

"Gee!" one of them exclaimed after a moment. "A stiff!"

"Jeez*uss!*" said one of the other boys.

"Awright," the policeman said, straightening up and turning to face the little crowd. "Awright, let's break it up, hunh? Let's move along here."

Mrs. Foster wanted to pick up Jamie and run, but the sidewalk was narrow and for a moment she couldn't get him past the crowd. A fat woman in a red coat was directly in front of her.

"He just keeled over," the fat woman said to her. "Just sitting there and off he went. Tchk, tchk!"

"Hey, is he really dead?" one of the boys asked in a shrill voice. "Is he really dead?"

"Yeah," the policeman said. "He's dead. Now, don't stand there looking at him. Haven't you got no respect? Break it up. You kids beat it out of here."

The fat woman moved out of the way and Mrs. Foster hurried by, dragging Jamie. She felt weak and suddenly exhausted, but she almost ran down the little hill, half carrying the boy by one arm. As they turned the bend at the bottom, she looked around desperately. There was a signpost at the edge of the walk, and she pointed to it. "Look!" she said gaily. "Look, Jamie. We're going the right way! This is the way to the subway. This path goes to the gate. And we pass the African Plains, too. You remember them, don't you, dear?"

Jamie didn't answer, and finally his mother stole a glance at him as they hurried along. He was frowning slightly, his face thoughtful. She suddenly realized she was walking so fast that he had to



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run to keep his balance, so she slowed up.

"What are you going to tell Dad about tonight, Jamie?" she asked. "Can you remember what you're going to tell him about? Remember the birds, Jamie? And the lions? And what else?"

"Bears," he said at last.

"Yes, dear," she said, relieved. "Those funny bears."

"Sea lions," Jamie said quickly. "The llama, and the dead man. Mother?"

There was nothing she could say.

"Mother, was that bear we saw dead, that one on top of the rocks?"

"No, Jamie. He was asleep. That bear wasn't dead."

"But bears die, don't they?"

"Yes, Jamie. Bears die." She walked him along, without hope or plan. If only, she thought, if only Mrs. Brennan weren't off today. If only she didn't have to face it all through his supper. Then, suddenly, she decided to call Cliff. She would phone from a drug-store and ask him to come home early. She wouldn't tell him about it over the phone; she'd just ask him to come home. And she and Jamie would go home in a cab. Anything to avoid that horrible subway.

"Look, Jamie," she said slowly. Her voice was no longer bright and gay. "Here are the African Plains. See that big African house with the pointed roof. Isn't that funny?"

But Jamie, his small face still concentrated, didn't answer, and the two walked the rest of the way to the gate in silence, each filled with his own thoughts and fears.—ROGER ANGELL

•

The Gripsholm sailed yesterday for Scandinavian ports with six Christmas trees, 243 rare mink, ten foxes, and 1,376 passengers who will enpoy the trees but will windly stay away from the animals, which are valued at $60.000. The Christmas trees will be set up on Dec. 13 for the festival og St. Lucia, the virgin and martyr of Syracuse, and girls wearing lighted sandless on their hears will serve coffee and some special cakes baked in the form of a cat, a ceremony whose meaning has been lost in antiquity.—*The Herald Tribune.*

Let it go.

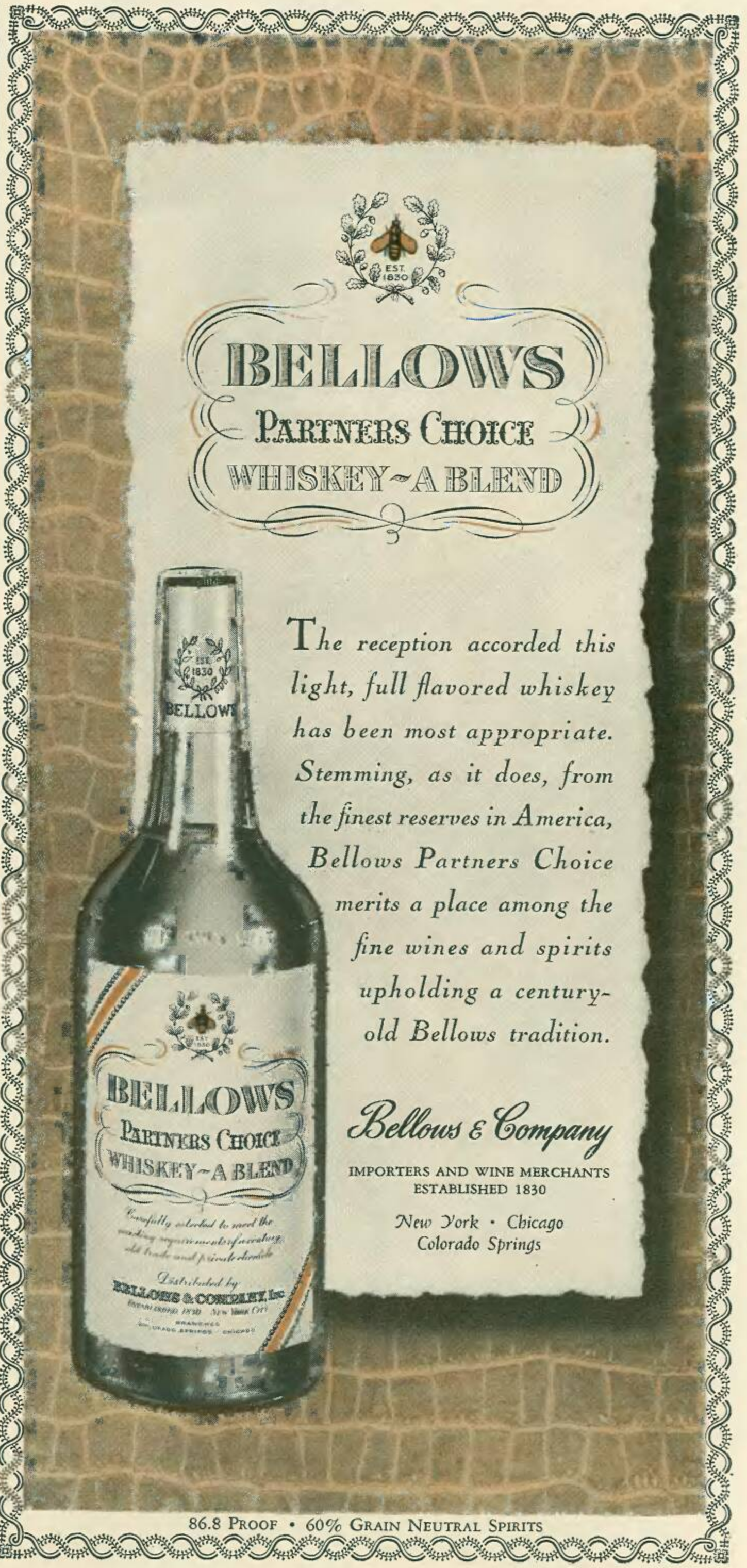
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[*Adv. in the Saratogian*]

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DURING one gloomy scene in "Humoresque," the heroine remarks to her lover, "We don't laugh enough—that's our trouble." I find myself in thorough accord with this diagnosis, for I have seldom observed a more cheerless pair than the lady and gentleman whose surly extramarital romance provides the dominant theme of the picture. It is hard to tell just what is eating the gentleman, who is a stunningly successful violinist, but the lady in this adaptation of Fannie Hurst's lachrymose story unquestionably has a lot to worry about. She is myopic, dipsomaniacal, dissatisfied with her marriage, older than her lover, and given to brooding heavily about the futility of a life devoid of everything but sables, limousines, Napoleon brandy, town houses, seashore estates, and enough liquid assets to make a Morgan partner's eyes pop. This lady, played by Joan Crawford, bears her burdens gallantly, and when she realizes that her career as a social butterfly has not prepared her adequately to be the helpmate of her violinist, she bravely wades out into the ocean and gurgles to her doom, wreathed in seaweed and clamshells.

Until Miss Crawford comes along in "Humoresque," the film is a fairly straightforward outline of the struggles of a poor violinist whose father runs a grocery store on the East Side. The dialogue, which was put together by Clifford Odets and Zachary Gold, is sharp and amusing in the early sequences, even though frequently interrupted by big, yeasty passages on the meaning of life, art, love, and other formidable matters. John Garfield, in the role of the violinist, saws away impressively, and Oscar Levant, as a neighborhood pal, plays the piano and makes jokes. Other characters in "Humoresque" get off stylish remarks, even when under stress, and I thought it very sportsmanlike of Paul Cavanaugh, as Miss Crawford's husband, to say of her lover's playing that it "has fire—rather like what you'd feel in a van Gogh painting." Whatever it has, you hear a great deal of it in this picture,

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which breaks loose with a violin concerto at any, or no, provocation.

THERE are some wildly melodramatic incidents in "Jericho," a French film about the Resistance movement, but, for all that, it demonstrates once again the nice eye for character that seems to be a specialty of the French cinema. In this picture, a German commander, fearful of the underground activities of the French townsfolk he's in charge of, locks up fifty hostages to ensure the safe passage to the front of a trainload of gasoline. Forthwith, the train is blown up, and the reactions of the hostages—among them cowards and collaborationists as well as patriots—are studied with care, as are the reactions of their German jailers, who are all shown to be horrible, with the single exception of the chaplain. As long as it sticks to observing the hostages, the film is full of interest, but when it delivers them from their captors through the agency of a British bombing squadron, it comes close to being incredible, even though some such miraculous jailbreak, I have been told, actually was effected by the British during the war. Except for this episode, which, true or false, smacks of a typical Grade B finale, the film is mature and exciting.

FOR the past few weeks, various groups have been pleading with United Artists not to release "Abie's Irish Rose," on the ground that it caricatures a couple of very sensitive races. But United Artists has gone right ahead and released it anyway. Feeling that my heredity might interfere with an objective and sober judgment of the film, I dispatched a colleague of undeviating Anglo-Saxon ancestry to view this latest version of Anne Nichols' masterwork. "It should never have been released" was her considered opinion. "The Jews and the Irish just can't be that dull."

"CROSS MY HEART," in which Betty Hutton plays a young lady who confesses to a murder in order to give her boy friend, a lawyer, a chance to star in court, was a better film all round when it was called "True Confession" and had Carole Lombard to keep things sprightly. —JOHN MCCARTEN

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[*Adv. in the Madison (Wis.) Capital Times*]

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LETTER FROM FRANKFURT

DECEMBER 16

FOREIGN service of the sort that to most Americans, familiar with it only through the works of Mr. Kipling, has always seemed as exotic as lotus eating has now become a way of life for the approximately two hundred and fifty thousand soldiers and civilians who are over here as representatives of the United States Government. Indeed, it seems likely that if these Americans, a fair number of whom have been joined by their wives and children, stay on for another year or so, few will ever feel quite at home again in what they have come to call the Z.I., or Zone of the Interior—a place they used to think of as the good old U.S.A. If that happens, it will probably be because the Americans are being made to feel so much more comfortably at home here than a lot of them ever felt in the States. American civilization—or, at any rate, all such important manifestations of it as the juke box, the Baby Ruth candy bar, the package of Kleenex, and the Elizabeth Arden lipstick—is being transported to Germany by the shipload, apparently in the hope that before long every American installation in the Occupied Zone will look exactly like Wauwatosa, Wisconsin. Already it seems safe to say that the only reason the Americans don't dress for dinner in the jungle of Germany is that they weren't in the habit of dressing for dinner back in Wauwatosa. Whether all this will help to make the American occupying forces more efficient at rooting out Nazism and stabilizing Europe's political future has not yet become clear.

The native population of Frankfurt am Main, a city whose place in the German economy once might have been compared to Philadelphia's in ours, understandably doesn't much enjoy the sight of Americans striding in and out of the I. G. Farben administration building, formerly one of the local show places and now, having oddly escaped damage in this otherwise shattered community, the natural choice for American headquarters. The Germans are not too pleased, either, by the fact that "*Eintritt Verboten*" signs bar them from all the city's important motion-picture theatres, that Frankfurt's one desirable residential section is occupied only by Americans and surrounded by barbed wire and sentry boxes—in case there should be any doubt about the matter—and that certain of the town's streetcars are reserved for the occupying forces and rumble around almost empty, while natives have to claw their way aboard the trams on which they are allowed to travel. The Americans, however, are not inclined to have much sympathy for their unwilling hosts or to worry about such matters as conditions on the trolleys the Germans have to ride on. "After all," a second lieutenant from Manhattan said to me the other day, "if they'd won the war, we wouldn't even have got to ride on the shuttle."

The only times I've seen the glum faces of the citizens of Frankfurt display so much as a trace of admiration for the Americans have been during the occasional changing of the guard in front of the Bahnhof, a deliberately showy ceremony. The Germans have always thronged to see this. They also turn up in considerable numbers—not to admire but merely out of curiosity—whenever a train arrives from Bremerhaven with a new contingent of dependents from the States. There is invariably a G. I. band on hand at these generally nocturnal events to play "I Got Rhythm" or "Beer Barrel Polka" as a greeting to the good-looking American girls who, dressed in their best and holding onto their youngsters, step from the train and embrace their waiting husbands beneath the bright lights of the bombed-out station. As the cars empty, the crowd surges forward to get a better look, the M.P.s push the people back, the band swings into "Happy Days Are Here Again," and altogether it's not hard to see why the newcomers get the feeling that the best is none too good for them, even to the point of making formal complaint, as a group of them did a while ago, because a shipment of nylons hadn't arrived and milk wasn't being delivered direct to their doors.

IT would undoubtedly surprise these young wives if, while standing there on the platform, they were told that this was going to be the nearest most of them would ever come to "getting to know the German people," but that's the way it seems to be. Once here, Americans quickly become a part of a Germany that often appears to have nothing in common with the Germany of the Germans except the chronic bad



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weather. The day-to-day activities of a large proportion of the Americans engaged in the occupation consist of little more than moving about between their guarded offices and their government-issue hotels or billets, between the PX and the movies provided by Special Services, or now and then from one Army installation to another. Over a weekend, they may, if they care to and can wangle the necessary orders, take a train to Garmisch or Heidelberg or Berchtesgaden, riding in Army coaches and stopping at Army rest centers, where, for thirty-five cents, they are served steak dinners.

The fact is that the average American over here has no need—and usually, after a time, little inclination—to have any dealings with Germans except in such matters as the washing of his clothes, the serving of his meals, and, now and then, a black-market operation. Even Military Government officers, for the most part, keep pretty aloof, fenced in by indifference or by the language barrier, or often by both. I talked not long ago with a young Military Government captain stationed in a small town near the Czech border. He was living there with two other Americans, a lieutenant and a corporal, and seemed to be working conscientiously to understand the natives and to make them aware of the advantages of representative government. "Of course," he said, "I could do much better if I knew any German." He had lived in the town fourteen months and had learned only seven German words, two of which were *"Wäscherei"* and *"Tabak."*

Since it is clear that the Germans aren't starving and that, in fact, thanks to all the years they spent looting the storehouses of other nations, most of them are not as shabbily clothed as the British, a number of the Americans here, men not especially given to taking the long-range view of things, feel free to concentrate on their personal problems and to let their former enemies shift for themselves. The majority of the Americans in Germany today, particularly those in positions of authority, are here either because the Regular Army is their chosen profession or because, as civilians, they elected to come. Inevitably, there are among them a number of those traditional candidates for peacetime foreign service—people who have turned out to be misfits back home. Some of them were pushed out of their jobs after the war by returning service men; others, returning service men themselves, found life in America



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today a little too rugged, as they would put it, for their taste. In either case, having sought to solve their problems by coming overseas, they seem not to have been able to shake off the feeling of resentment and discontent that brought them here.

There is, in fact, a general atmosphere of intramural animosity among the Americans. The civilians spend much of their time hating the Army because of the special privileges the military always appropriates in territory under its jurisdiction, and the Army men fritter away hours hating the civilians for making more money than they do. Then, too, some of the civilians are ex-G.I.s anxious to show their contempt for their former superior officers in particular and for all commissioned officers in general, and this doesn't help matters any. Army men and civilians alike take further time out to resent the presence of the dependents (unless one or more of these dependents happen to be their own) because of the special privileges they claim are accorded them. Everybody writes letters to the gripe column of the *Stars & Stripes* complaining about everybody else, the staff of the weekly *Occupation Chronicle* writes long editorials earnestly advocating that everybody start coöperating with everybody else, and all in all it often seems remarkable that there is any time left for wrestling with the question of what to do about Germany.

THROUGHOUT the American Zone, the sense of violence and impermanence that was so noticeable after V-E Day still exists to a certain extent, but the arrival of the dependents has had a considerably sobering effect on some of the more exuberant ways in which our forces enjoyed themselves during the first year of the occupation. Now a soldier and his wife who go to spend a weekend at Kronberg Castle, in the outskirts of Frankfurt, a fine old building which the Army has converted into a hostelry and from whose wine cellar the celebrated Hesse ducal jewels were filched about a year ago, are detained in the foyer until the man has signed a paper swearing that he is married to the lady with him.

In the cramped and noisy bar of the Carlton, the officers' hotel in Frankfurt, important members of the occupation forces gather nightly to speculate on who will be the next of their number to "civilianize," which is one of those Army words that only an Army-toughened man could use without wincing. Among their other pet expressions

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Interesting case history, that of Miss X. Aggravated Museum Mania was her malady i.e. she haunted museums and pined for jewels she couldn't possibly afford were they for sale (which they weren't). Her spirits drooped, she suffered severe frustrations, so her psychiatrist put her on the Harris Jool Treatment.
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are several that had grown musty even while the war was still on, a particular favorite being "I take a dim view of that." The Carlton is surrounded by ruins, but they are not the ruins of buildings the occupation forces ever knew, and American officialdom, ambling through them from one officers' club to another, seems soon to forget that they are there. It is only occasionally, and usually by accident, that one comes across a reminder of the past too sharp to be put aside under a paperweight—a reminder, say, like the 1,775 near-skeletons dug up from a common grave in the vicinity of Schomberg a while back because they hadn't been buried deep enough. These were the remains of Frenchmen, Czechs, Poles, Russians, and Germans who had been put to work as slave labor in a nearby shale-oil factory after the Nazis lost the Russian oil fields, and who had died of gunshot wounds or malnutrition in just one period of ten months in 1943 and 1944. When such unpleasant facts are brought to the attention of the men in the Carlton bar, they do, there is no doubt about it, take a dim view of the matter, a very dim view indeed. —ANDY LOGAN

•

Q. We were almost strangers when we married. We saw each other three times and were engaged. We have been married six months and are very happy. (1) Will it always stay this way? (2) I became pregnant shortly after we were married. We're anxious of a baby. Do you think after the baby is born it will cause any difference? (3) We know several fellows that cash their checks before giving them to their wives. Is there a possibility of these men having other "girl friends"?

A. (1) Not necessarily. It may get worse, better, or stay the same. (2) Not necessarily. It may get worse, better, or stay the same. (3) There is a possibility. It may become stronger, weaker, or stay the same. MR. FIXIT.

—Minneapolis Times.

Next question.

•

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Denver Post*]

Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Emrich of Washington, D.C., who are visiting in Denver for a few days, will be the guests of honor at one of the most unusual parties of the season at which Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Johnston, Miss Caroline Bancroft and Dr. Campton Bell will entertain Friday, Dec. 13, in Miss Bancroft's home. The party will carry out the traditional theme of superstition, and the guests will be invited to handle black cats, spill salt and break mirrors. As Mr. Emrich is curator of American folklore at the congressional library, the party has been termed a "folklore cocktail party."



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THE ART GALLERIES

Introducing Mr. Moore and Mr. Delvaux



THOUGH he has risen to the point where he must now be considered one of the world's top modern sculptors, Henry Moore, the English abstract artist, is still largely unknown here. To be sure, he has exhibited here rather regularly since 1942, when he had his first one-man show, at the Buchholz. But that affair was a curiously roundabout introduction for a sculptor, since it consisted only of drawings, and the drawings (especially those mummylike bomb-shelter sketches he made during the war for the British Ministry of Information) were so spectacularly successful that for a long time they overshadowed his other work.

Because of the war, and the difficulty of transportation, his sculpture was slow in getting over to this country. It was not till a year or two later that any of it arrived in the galleries, and then it came mainly in driblets—mid-career pieces, rather randomly selected, and the more tantalizing because one couldn't help suspecting, despite their scatteredness, that a thoroughly original and quite logical mind was behind them. The broad view, however, was lacking, and it has remained for the Museum of Modern Art, in its current retrospective of Moore's work, to give us the first comprehensive survey we have had.

The show reveals him not only as an original mind but also, and perhaps more particularly, as an inquiring one—creating new forms (you have merely to look at his "Reclining Figure" of 1933, the large, flowerlike "Carving" of 1935, and the abstract study of a female torso called "Composition," done in African wood and dated 1932, to see that) as well as experimenting, in extremely adroit and perceptive fashion, with old ones, when the old ones can be adapted to suit his uses.

In this, of course, he is like that other, more famous adapter, Picasso, and there are many other odd resemblances between the two—not so much in subject or in style as in basic approach—that are likely to strike you as you walk through the show. Like Picasso, Moore



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has shown a tendency to go far afield for his inspiration—in his case, it runs all the way from Hans Arp and Archipenko to Aztec carving and the sculptures of the South Pacific—and, again like Picasso, he has shown a peculiar ability to assimilate his influences and to make their styles his own. There is, too, a certain intellectual boldness, a sort of willingness to go all the way with an idea once he has started on it, which sets him above most other modern sculptors and which, regardless of the differences in medium, links him again with Picasso. But I think it is time that I dropped this comparison, for Moore is, after all, an important enough artist to be considered in his own right. This the show amply proves.

It is a good-sized collection, well planned and well selected, with some sixty sculptures and an almost equal number of drawings and water colors on display, and the range in dates is from 1922, when Moore was only twenty-four, to the present—enough to give an excellent perspective on the man's whole artistic development. It is clear that from the first there was little fumbling in his approach. He zigzagged for a while in style (compare, for instance, the Archipenko-esque angularities of his "Head and Shoulders" of 1923 with the blocky archaism of his "Mother and Child," done just two years later). But this, no doubt, was a part of his tendency to experiment, and there was, even then, a feeling for mass and sculptural balance that gave strength to his work.

It was not, though, till around 1930 that his work took on real direction, moving first toward the abstract and then toward the Mayan, and finally toward an amalgamation of the two. There are fine pieces all through these later sections. Note particularly his "Square Form" (numbered 34 in the catalogue), his small "Reclining Figure" of 1938, and the larger one, in elm wood, of 1939-40, as well as his small, elegant "Family Group" of 1946. Moore has faults, certainly. There are times when he stoops to the merely tricky, and times when his facility in his medium leads him simply to play with an idea instead of trying really to plumb it. But his technical address is truly enormous, and when he is at his best, his work has an authentic air of monumentality that makes him one of the major sculptors of our time.

PAUL DELVAUX, the Belgian painter now showing at the Julien Levy, is another of those important unknowns of

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modern art. Despite his prominence abroad—till the war he was one of the leaders of the Surrealist movement in France and in his native Belgium—he, too, has been in the main ignored in this country, by both the collectors and the galleries, and, as far as I know, this exhibition is the first full-scale one here of his works. It is worth seeing, for Delvaux has a sound and sensitive talent, and though there are some obvious debts to Chirico—in his frequent use of open squares with repetitive façades and lonely figures, and in his emphasis on the monotony and mystery of space—he has for a long time deserved to be better known than he is.

Like Chirico's, Delvaux's Surrealism is of the old-fashioned, representational style, in which the objects portrayed are rendered quite naturalistically and what fantasy there is resides in the oddities of their relationship. The show contains a dozen of his paintings, dating roughly from shortly before the war to the present, and if a few of them are unquestionably failures, there are others—such as his "Le Chemin de la Ville," with its winding procession of incongruous figures, "La Rencontre," the nocturnal "Le Tramway," and the wholly wonderful "Le Village des Sirènes"—which have a quality of the enigmatic that is truly haunting. His "Squelettes," incidentally, shows how precisely he can paint in the academic fashion when he has a mind to.

—Robert M. Coates

•

Persons indicted and the charges are as follows:

Clarence Throckmorton, 4324 East New York street, bigamy and failure to stop after an accident.—*Indianapolis Star.*

That's what carelessness does for a man.

•

The hind half of one earthworm can be grafted successfully to the front half of another.

If it weren't for its mysteries how dull life would be.—*Geneva (Ill.) Republican.*

Yes, and it has its low moments even so.

•

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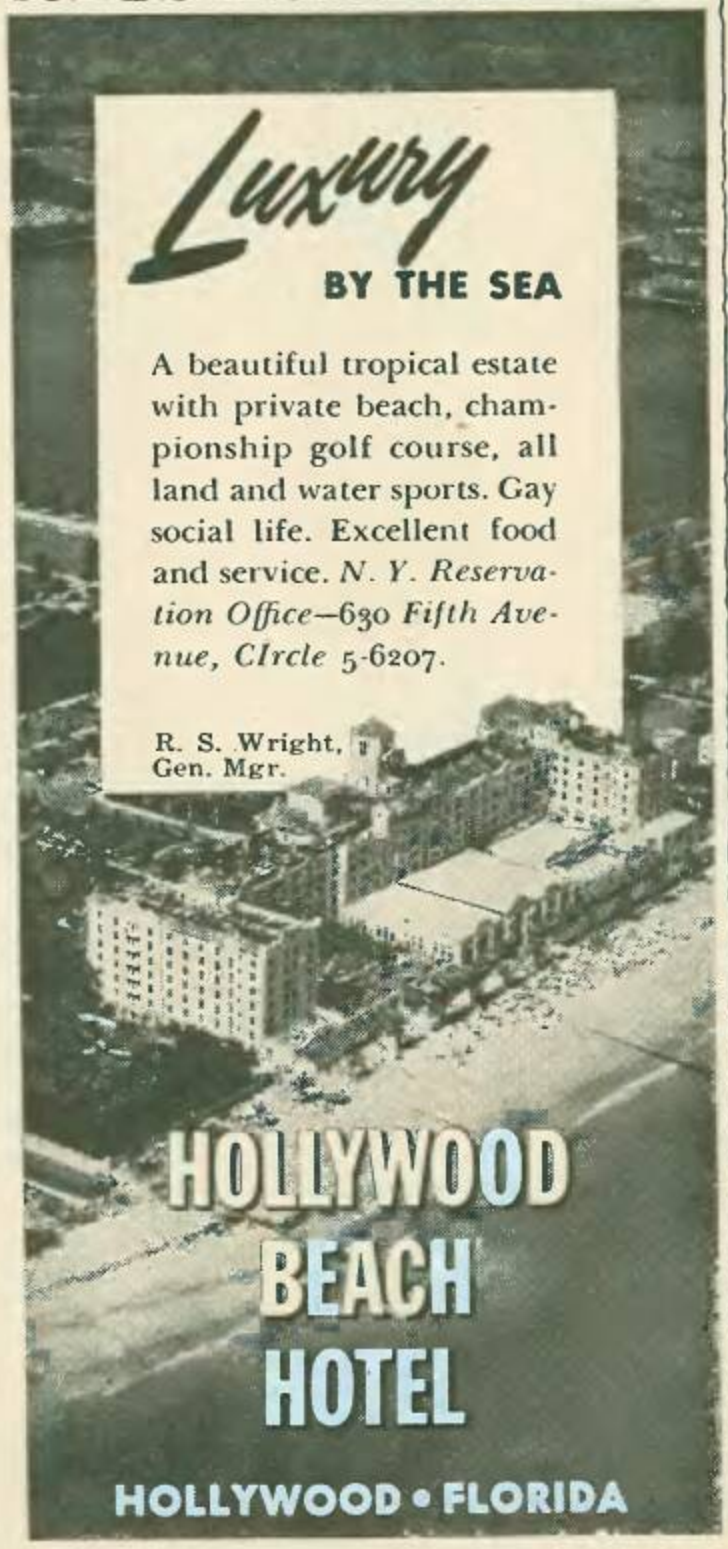
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MUSICAL EVENTS

Popular Records



THOSE who take an interest in the widespread attempts being made to revive the musical atmosphere of the twenties may be pleased with four new albums devoted to the jazz of that period. Bud Freeman, the tenor saxophonist, is the star of one of them, "Jazz Concert" (Keynote 127). He is heard in all six selections—"Tea for Two," "Honeysuckle Rose," "Midnite at Eddie Condon's," "Town Hall Blues," "Inside on the Southside," and "Sentimental Baby." In view of the fierce attachments jazz fans have for their favorites, I had probably better list the other musicians who take part in these recordings, in various small combinations: Joe Sullivan and Gene Schroeder, pianists; Edmond Hall, Ernie Caceres, and Peanuts Hucko, clarinettists; Billy Butterfield, Wild Bill Davison, and Charlie Shavers, trumpeters; Sid Weiss, Bob Haggart, Bob Casey, and John Simmons, bass players; Dave Tough and George Wettling, drummers; Vernon Brown, trombonist; and Carmen Mastren and Carl Kress, guitarists. Freeman's solo variations are attractive and, unlike so many tenor-sax men, he avoids making his instrument snarl—a mannerism that I find extremely unpleasant. Altogether, I'd say the set is moderately entertaining, without offering anything exceptional.

Some even less inhibited performances, with many of the same musicians participating, turn up in an album called "Jazz Concert at Eddie Condon's" (Decca A-490). The set has some special lures, among them Jack Teagarden's vocal-and-trombone treatment of "The Sheik of Araby," a version that Teagarden recorded with Red Nichols in 1930 for Brunswick. Then, John W. Bubbles, the Sportin' Life of the original "Porgy and Bess" and half of the vaudeville team of Buck and Bubbles, exercises his hoarse but agile singing voice in "Atlanta Blues." Some nimble right-hand (I can't detect any left-hand) piano playing by James P. Johnson trickles through "Just You, Just Me," and I trust nobody will mind if I remark that in this piece Johnson sounds almost exactly like Vincent Lopez. The boys should have stayed clear of "The Way You Look Tonight,"



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which in my opinion is not yet ready for this kind of noisy homage. "Impromptu Ensemble No. 1," "Stars Fell on Alabama," "Farewell Blues," and "Some Sunny Day" are the titles of the other selections. West Third Street, take it away.

An album called "Barrelhouse Blues" (Circle S-2) is a different thing entirely. It features the piano playing of Arthur (Montana) Taylor, who, the notes on the album's cover explain, recorded a few of his pieces in 1928 and then disappeared. Circle, a new recording firm, has announced that its policy is "finding the great players and singers who have been lost." It found Montana working as a roofer in Cleveland. Five of the six numbers in the set, all of them new, are fancies of his own, entitled "In the Bottom," "Indiana Avenue Stomp," "Low Down Bugle," "Fo' Day Blues," and "I Can't Sleep," the only one that he also sings. The sixth is the standard "Sweet Sue," in which Montana, working in a minor key, is assisted by a washboard player named Almond Leonard, a Cleveland short-order cook. Whatever charm these pieces have lies in the fact that they are primitives. They are done in the barest of piano styles and with a seeming reluctance, on Montana's part, to bother very much about any of them. He may have been happier as a roofer.

Circle has also gone to the trouble of assembling an outfit that calls itself the Original Zenith Brass Band, composed of musicians of various ages living in New Orleans, and of presenting some of their spirited street-parade pieces in an album of "Marching Jazz" (S-1). "Salutation March," "Bugle Boy March," "If I Ever Cease to Love," " 'Tain't Nobody's Biz-Ness If I Do," "Fidgety Feet," and "Shake It and Break It" are the titles. The performances have little appeal for me, but they may be just right for students of the genre.

IT is probably too late to do anything about an uneasy suspicion that the purpose of the André Kostelanetz orchestra is to adapt all the music ever written to the Kostelanetz style, a fluttery thing that sometimes makes me feel I am in a ladies' beauty salon that is carrying on at full halloo. Kostelanetz and his fellow-beauticians, who have already slimmed and manicured and fretted over the *maquillage* of Gershwin, Tschaikowsky, Kreisler, and Kern, among others, have just finished up an album of Sigmund Romberg, who, I must say, seems more acceptable



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than usual in his present guise (Columbia M-635). You'll find, touched up with innumerable added graces, "Will You Remember?," "One Kiss," "The Desert Song," "Romance," "Deep in My Heart, Dear," "When I Grow Too Old to Dream," "Auf Wiedersehen," and "Song of Love" ("... the sympho-nee that Schubert wrote and never fin-ished"). All seem pretty much alike, as, of course, they are.

MARY LOU WILLIAMS, who, in addition to being a pianist and composer, has done some arranging for the Duke Ellington band, has formed the Mary Lou Williams Trio, whose first recording (Victor 20-2025) is now available. Assisted by June Rotenberg, a bass player with the St. Louis Symphony, and a drummer identified as Bridget O'Flynn, Mary Lou offers Dvořák's "Humoresque," with piquant rhythmic and harmonic alterations, and "Waltz Boogie," an idea of her own, in which Mrs. Rotenberg establishes a kind of loping three-quarter time by picking out the first six notes of the familiar boogie rhythm instead of the full eight. The girls are certainly capable, and I look forward to their next recording.

"I HAVEN'T GOT A WORRY IN THE WORLD," the wide-eyed Rodgers-and-Hammerstein song that Helen Hayes sings in "Happy Birthday," has been recorded by Larry Green and his orchestra (Victor 20-2010). Green is a pianist in the Joe Reichman-Carmen Cavallaro tradition, and his orchestra backs him up in the simplest possible manner. The pace is sprightly, however, and the playing is well adapted to the uncomplicated outlook of the song. Gilbert Phelan sings the words pleasantly. The piece on the other side is "Sonata," the latest expression of the French songwriter who calls himself Alstone and who wrote "Symphony." "Sonata" is melodically about on a par with that one. —D. W.

•

Mrs. Egan received the guests in a brown crepe jacket frock with a hat of snakeskin, and matching accents. Sweetheart roses and freesias made up her corsets. —*Calgary* (*Alberta*) *Herald.*

Dainty, but impractical.

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[*Archer Winsten in the Post*]

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ON WITH THE NEW

DECEMBER 31, 1944, was the strangest New Year's Eve I've ever spent. At that time, the Air Force outfit I was attached to had been stationed for nearly a year in the dull little Italian town of Cerignola, which is about two hundred miles south of Rome. With true rear-echelon luxury, we were living in the town's high school, using the upper floor for our barracks and the first floor for a mess hall, recreation room, and dispensary.

About the end of November, some of the eager beavers in the outfit thought we ought to have a New Year's party. Since getting girls for a social affair or dance was out of the question—no "respectable" girl in Cerignola would ever be seen dancing with a G.I.—it was finally decided to get a small orchestra and two Italian strip teasers from Bari. This cost us about two hundred dollars, and we spent another hundred on wine and cherry brandy. Each soldier in our small headquarters squadron was taxed about five bucks.

We worked up something that almost could be called enthusiasm for the shindig and were quite upset when, on the morning of the thirty-first, the chaplain suddenly announced he would not allow such an "indecent spectacle." What made us angry was that we had set the party for New Year's Eve rather than for Christmas night because Christmas was a religious holiday, and we were really steamed that the chaplain had waited until the last day to call the party off. It meant we would lose our dough.



There was some argument as to just what the hell business it was of the chaplain's anyway, and the chaplain promptly took the matter to our wing commander. Fortunately, our C.O. was a combat veteran, and one of the few West Pointers I ever found to have something above their shoulders besides brass. He told the chaplain to mind his own goddam business, or words and music to that effect. Being a captain, the chaplain couldn't argue with a one-star general, but he did instruct the "religious boys" not to attend the party.

We had one guy, Art, a short, stocky Pfc., who had the swarthy, tough face of a movie gangster but was a mild sort, very religious, and sincere about it. We asked Art, who was a sort of spokesman for the religious boys, if they wanted their dough back, and he said no, it was O.K. for us to keep it. Even Art agreed that the chaplain shouldn't have waited till the *last* minute to call the shindig off.

AT nine New Year's Eve, we gathered at our homemade bar at one end of the recreation room—as we did every evening—and started to get juiced. The mess sergeant broke his heart and brought out some cheese and chipped-beef sandwiches, and the evening began to shape up as a real holiday. At eleven-thirty, the truck we had sent for the entertainers returned. Art and six or seven others immediately wished everybody a Happy New Year and went up to their sacks.

We took the long ping-pong table apart, pushed it aside, and the four-piece Italian band set up their instruments and gave out with a loud "Pistol Packin' Mama," which all Italians seemed to sing and play with much enthusiasm, and other classics.

We formed a drunken but quiet audience around them, applauding politely, waiting for the girls. Presently, two really pretty girls came into the room from the dispensary, which they were using as a dressing room. They were wearing very short dresses that were sleeveless and low cut. Italians haven't the faintest idea of our belly dances or how to bump or grind, and the girls went through a clumsy routine of what they thought was hot American dancing, finishing by pulling each other's dress off. The dresses were especially made for this kind of act and came completely off with one pull, leaving the girls nude.

Having been raised on the slow, American strip tease, we were startled. There was a deep silence; the girls bowed awkwardly, their faces very serious. Then one girl went back to the dispensary through a door near the band. The other girl, for some unknown rea-

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son, walked through the crowd of drunken soldiers to a door at the other end of the room.

She was a tall, slender girl, with full breasts and a lovely, clean skin. It was amazing that only a few soldiers tried to pat and touch her as she went by. Of course she was frightened, but she finally made the door and got back to the dispensary.

The band played another number, then packed up and went to join the girls. We looked at each other, and somebody called out, "You mean it's all over?"

The committee that had hired the entertainers went into the dispensary and had a snappy, mixed English-and-Italian conference with the band leader, who pointed out that the girls had "danced." What more could they do?

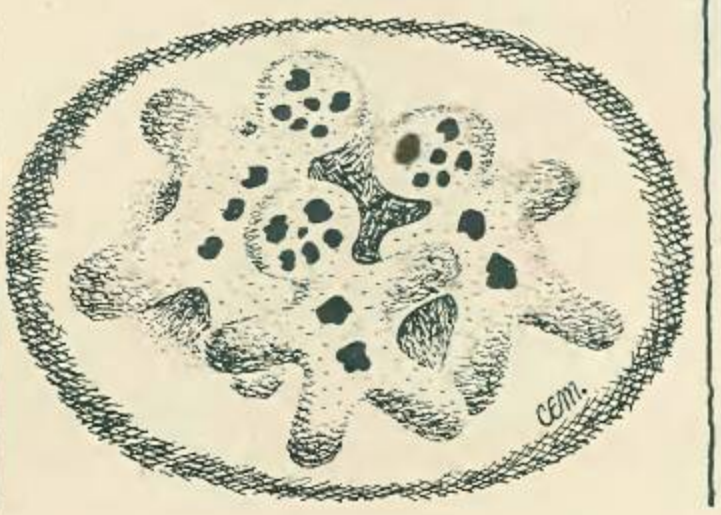
"Look," a Texas sergeant drawled. "This hasn't taken more than ten minutes. Nobody gets two hundred bucks for ten minutes, even in the States."

The musicians refused to budge, but it was finally agreed that the girls would do their number again and we'd call it quits. Before they began, the girl who had waded through the American Army was told to come back through the door she went out.

Some of the G.I.s had gone upstairs to their sacks, and before a smaller audience—and without music—the girls stepped out, bowed, then neatly pulled each other's dress off and stood there for a few seconds, striking a clumsy pose. There was a weird silence in the room, and I'm sure we were more embarrassed than anything else.

The girls ran back to the dispensary and a few men waited outside, hoping to get their addresses in Bari. At the bar, there was an earnest discussion as to whether or not a corporal on our committee had correctly understood the band leader to say one of the girls was his wife.

Somebody realized that the new year had started, and a few guys shouted a half-hearted "Happy New Year!" and went on with their drinking. The ping-



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pong table was set up and two drunks started to play.

I WATCHED a poker game for a while and finally went upstairs. Underneath his mosquito netting, Art was reading *Yank* by flashlight. As I undressed, he put the light out, and when I climbed into my wooden bunk, I said, "Good night, Art."

"Good night," he said. "The boys have a good time?"

"Not bad. Went kind of quickly, but it was interesting."

"What a way to spend New Year's Eve," Art said. "Say—were they good-looking girls?"

"Very pretty."

"Strip all the way?"

I said, "To their shoes."

There was a pause, then he asked, "Were they really pretty?"

"Yes."

Art was quiet for a long time. As I was dozing off, he said, "Happy New Year."

I said, "Happy New Year." Then we both went to sleep.

—LEN ZINBERG

•

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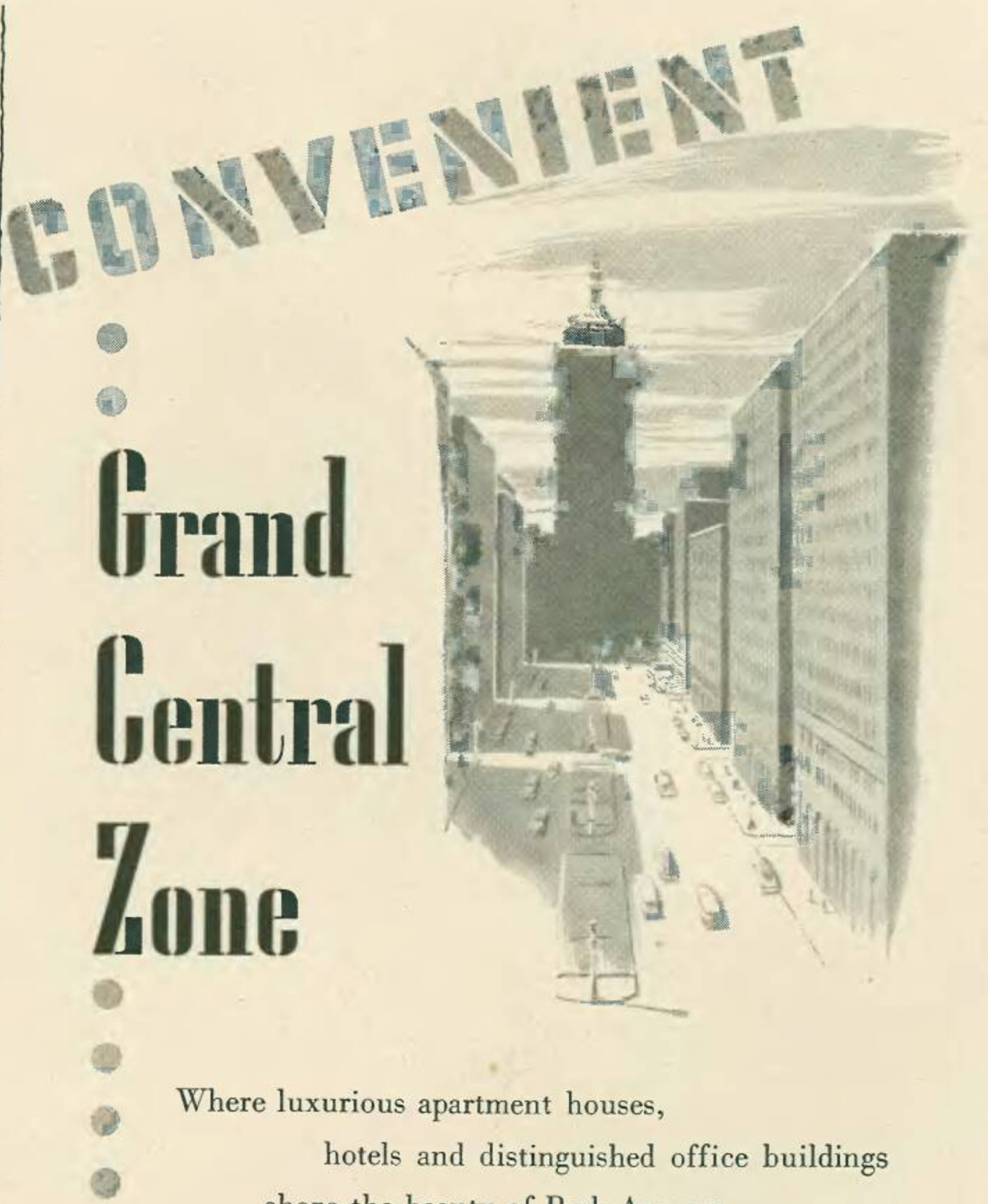
Seek not to ape O. Henry's trick ones,
For these, it seems, have had their day.
Praise God, who sendeth no more quick ones
Like those of Ernest Hemingway.

—JAMES GIDNEY

•

The council is sponsoring several tours of this kind with the hope that their committees may express intelligent opinions on U.S. foreign policy and exercise influence along constructive lines, should the occasion arise.—*Cornell Sun.*

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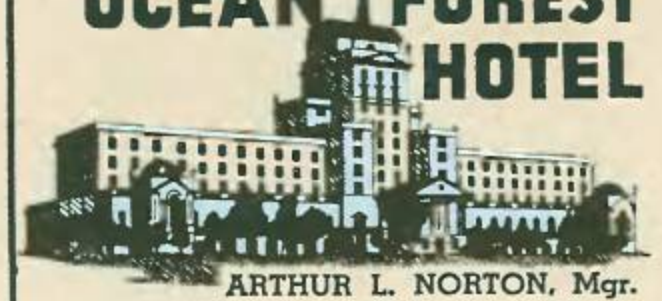
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DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

NEW YORK CITY
DECEMBER 18, 1946

The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
SIRS:

AFTER reading your series of articles on William F. Howe and Abraham H. Hummel, by Richard H. Rovere, I am moved to write you about an incident connected with Hummel's part in the Stokes-Fisk case. The principal character is probably dead, but relatives of his are living in this country, and I think it best not to call him by his real name. You will readily understand why from what I am going to relate. I shall refer to him as Dr. X.

I once lived in Japan for a number of years. In 1910 or thereabouts, I happened to be at the Oriental Hotel, in Yokohama. In the lobby, a friend introduced me to a Mr. Hummel, who had just arrived in the city. During the conversation, it turned out that he was the famous Hummel of the law firm of Howe & Hummel, and as I was acquainted with the course of events back home, I realized that he must have just finished serving his term in a penitentiary after his conviction in New York City. Hummel made no bones about this fact, and told us he was on a world tour to recuperate from his incarceration. He was an extremely affable little chap, a splendid raconteur, and we became very well acquainted. He stayed in Yokohama for weeks, and asked me to show him some of the sights in the city and around Tokyo Bay, which I was pleased to do. He spoke to me freely about his various activities, and I found him a very interesting personality. One day, we were walking along a street when a rickshaw passed by in which sat Dr. X. This man, an American, had settled in Japan many years before. He lived quietly but well. He was married and had several daughters. He had never taken out papers entitling him to practice medicine in Japan, but he did hold a rather unimportant position in the United States Consulate that gave him a small income. He would go on board vessels clearing for American ports and oversee the fumigation, after which he would issue health-clearance papers. Aside from that, no one knew much about him. The Doctor had one very noticeable peculiarity. He had an enormous red bulbous nose, something on the order of the famous nose of Mr. J. P. Morgan, Sr. This was the indi-

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vidual who was riding in the rickshaw that passed Hummel and me. As he went by, Hummel grabbed my arm and said, "My God, that was a ghost that I never expected to see."

I said to him, "Why?"

"Well," he said, "you know this man?"

I said, "Yes. He is Dr. X. He has lived here for a long time."

"Yes," said Hummel. "What else do you know about him?"

I said, "Nothing. Nobody around here knows much about him."

Hummel laughed and said, "Well, well, well! I'll tell you who he is. Did you ever hear of the murder case in which Edward S. Stokes killed Jim Fisk in the Grand Central Hotel?"

I said, "Yes, of course."

"Well," said Hummel, "that was one of the most sensational murders ever perpetrated in New York City. Stokes shot Fisk in the lobby of the hotel as he was going up the stairway, but they were not able to get a first-degree conviction against him, for one reason. They couldn't produce an eyewitness to the shooting. But actually there was one man who had seen it all. We got to him quickly and paid him a huge amount of money to clear out of the country, on the understanding that he would never set foot again on American soil and wouldn't let us know where he had gone. And so this is where he landed! The Doctor kept his bargain. That is why they weren't able to hang Stokes. Certainly strange things happen. I never thought I would see this man again, and now, as a result of my having been in a penitentiary, I see him on the streets of Yokohama."

I remain sincerely yours,

EDGAR SALINGER

•

Dear H: For anke simming as we as caves and thighs: With the eft eg fat on the foor kick the right eg up vigorousy with a quick jerking movement, toes pointed out and try to touch that imaginary piow that just seems to evade you. Drop the right eg and then kick with the eft eg. Repeat this forty times with each eg—R. R.—*Honolulu Star-Bulletin.*

Don't put 'em all in one basket, either.

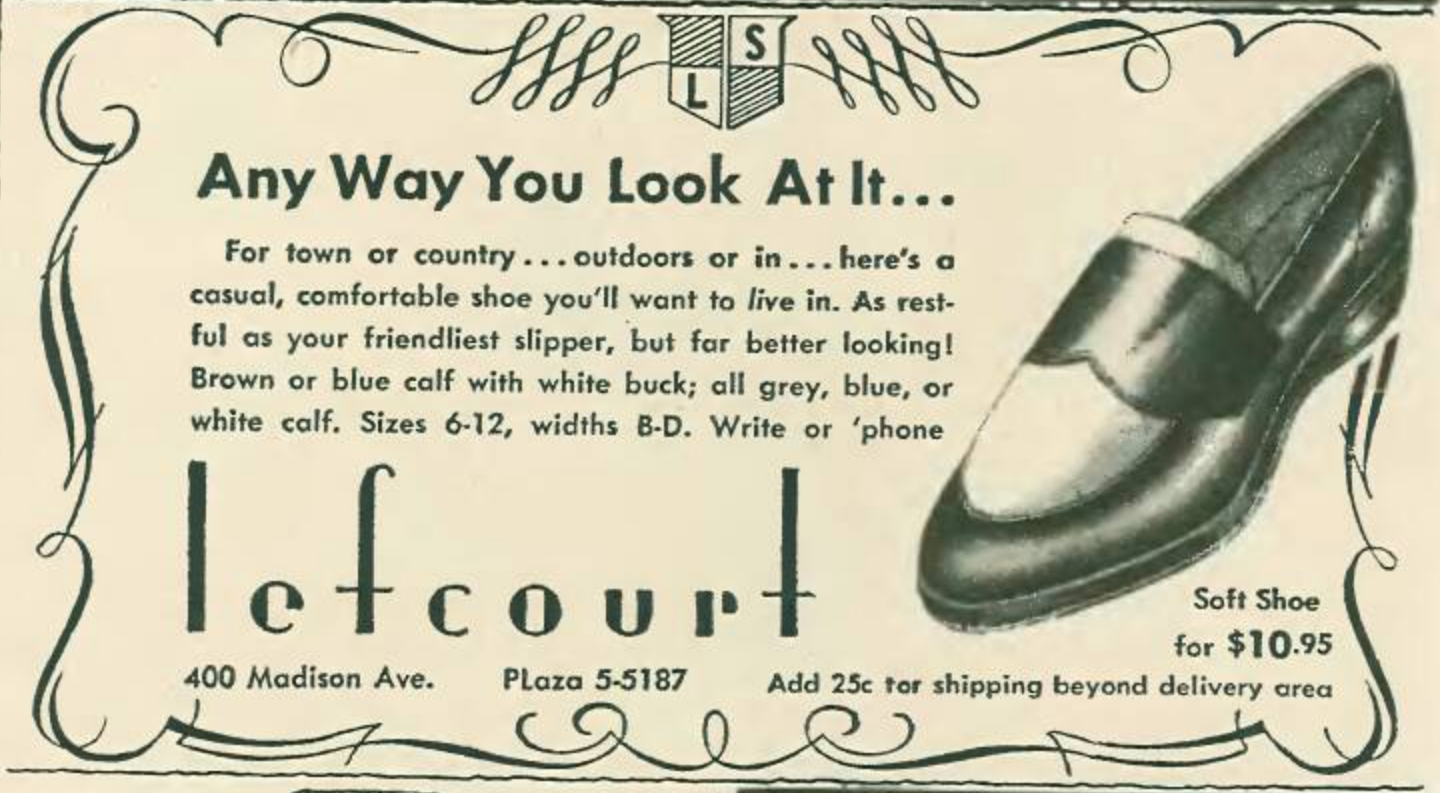
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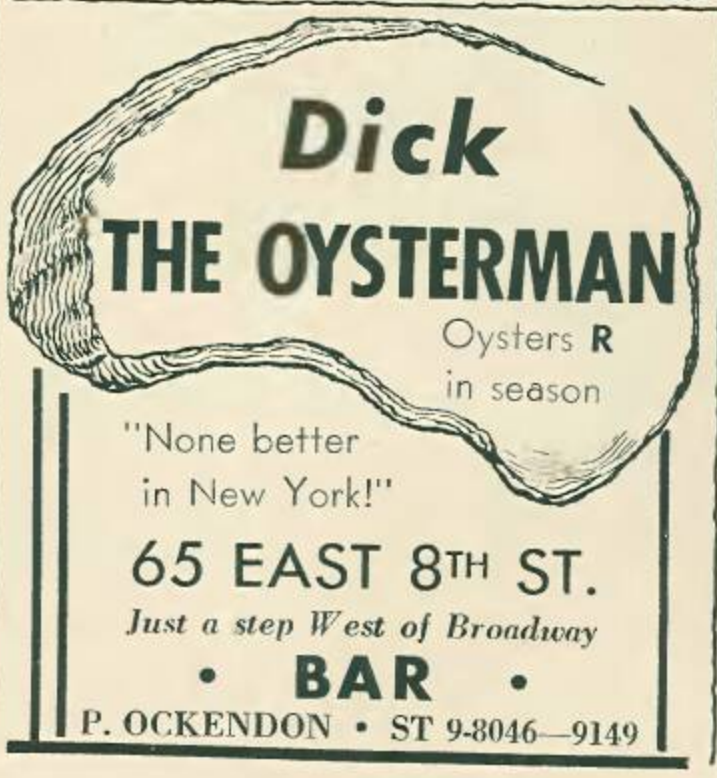
HIGHER MATHEMATICS DEPT.

[*From the Times*]

René Cassin of the French delegation proposed a middle figure of $7,500,000, which he arrived at by adding $550,000 to the original $430,000 set aside for relief and rehabilitation.









BOOKS

A Camera in the Concord Woods



THE most recent edition of "Walden" is a Dodd, Mead book containing a hundred and forty-two photographs by Edwin Way Teale. It is an amusing specimen for hard-shelled Thoreauvians. In it they can hear one naturalist speaking to another across a hundred years. Mr. Teale supplies, in addition to the pictures, an excellent introduction and some background notes for each chapter. Carrying a camera, and probably bent on elevating his life by a conscious endeavor, he went out to the pond to make a photographic record of where Thoreau lived and of what he lived for. Mr. Teale rose early to catch the mists above the water. He lay in wait for the ice to break up in spring. He went out and took pictures of Brister's Spring and of Fair Haven Hill. He walked the tracks of the Fitchburg. He closed in on groundnut and swamp grass, on johnswort and wild grape. He even fired point-blank at a bean row and scored a direct hit.

"Walden" is, of course, not a book that can be illustrated. The Concord woods are both tamer and wilder than they were in 1845, and besides, Thoreau was writing not about beans but about the meaning of beans—which is hard to photograph. A person who is about to encounter the text of "Walden" for the first time should buy a small, unadorned edition, such as the pocket Oxford, which will allow him to travel light and on a high plane. I rather imagine that Henry Thoreau would feel that Mr. Teale, roaming the Concord woods on his second-hand errand, was not fronting the essential facts, not living deliberately. Nevertheless, it is easy to understand why Mr. Teale was there, easy to share his vicarious excitement and to enjoy his tardy and beautiful photographs. (I was glad to learn from one of the notes that Thoreau was thirty-six years old before he discovered that he was tying his shoes with a granny knot. A man must take courage from something these days, while tying his shoes, and that is as buoyant a thought as any.)

A book of this sort is a personal tribute rather than an illustrative work. Thoreau is the naturalist's philosopher. The extraordinary thing about him was that he so strangely combined the curiosity, the patience, and the literalness of the scientist with the poetical and critical faculty of the artist. His contribution to limnology (the study of fresh-water ponds) is recognized by scientists. And even when he was voicing man's highest aspirations in sentences of great power and intensity, a muskrat would somehow work its way into the thing. As long as there are men and muskrats, there will be readers who will ache to identify themselves with the spirit and the sense of this revolutionary book, this solid and everlasting book; and they will be drawn to Deep Cove in all weather and in all seasons, armed with



whatever they can substitute for a borrowed axe. Teale took a camera.

—E. B. White

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The Rise of Henry Morcar, by Phyllis Bentley (Macmillan). An old-fashioned novel, from which you will learn a great many facts about the textile trade of Yorkshire during the last half century. Henry Morcar begins at the bottom of the wool business, before the first World War, and by the end of the last war (and of the book) he has worked his way up to the top. He has also changed from a shrewd and aggressive young man into a mellow and big-hearted patriot. Miss Bentley is relentless about telling all, and not the smallest detail in her hero's highly successful business career and very unsatisfactory emotional life escapes her attention. A novel that is almost certain to be labelled "conscientious"—perhaps as civil a way as any of saying that it is intelligent and painstaking and more than a little dull.

GENERAL

Under the Red Sea Sun, by Commander Edward Ellsberg (Dodd, Mead). Shortly after Pearl Harbor, Commander (now Captain) Ellsberg was sent by the Navy to Massawa, the captured Italian naval base on the Red Sea. He was given no men, no equipment (not even a wrench), and the assignment of salvaging the ships, cranes, and floating docks sabotaged and sunk by the retreating Italians, and of putting the harbor back in commission for the Allies, then sorely harassed by Rommel. He did it, with the aid of a score of American civilians, a swarm of native laborers, and some improvised machinery, in intolerable year-round heat and constantly hampered (this part may sound familiar) by British and American red tape and high-echelon incompetence. The author describes complicated operations in simple, untechnical language, and his account of this struggle of man against inert machines is often stirring.

As They Were, by Lieutenant Colonel A. Peter Dewey (Beechhurst). The early days of the war in France, as reflected in the letters and journal of a very young and thoughtful American who was in and out of the salons of the Parisian *haut monde*



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during the winter and spring of 1939-40 and who was killed in an ambush in Saïgon after a brilliant military career in several theatres. His disconnected and occasionally lush paragraphs often show an intuitive understanding of a nation that was disintegrating, in a bored way, before the first Panzer division ever crossed the border.

KATHERINE DUNHAM'S JOURNEY TO ACCOMPONG (Holt). A day-by-day account of a sojourn in a Maroon village in the mountains of Jamaica, where Miss Dunham, the dancer and anthropologist, went some years ago to study native dances. The Maroons, a remnant people descended from African slaves who rebelled against the Spaniards in the sixteenth century, are reputed to be taciturn and unfriendly with white visitors, and they accepted Miss Dunham as perhaps they would not have accepted a white person. She writes of them simply and effectively, and her book is enhanced by deft and spirited drawings by Ted Cook.

TWICE A YEAR, edited by Dorothy Norman (Twice a Year Press). The latest issue of this biannual devoted to literature, the arts, and, oddly, civil liberties. Like its predecessors, it contains much interesting and out-of-the-ordinary reading matter, notably a diary kept by Thomas Mann in the thirties, reminiscences by the late Alfred Stieglitz, some musings on art by John Marin, a chapter from a new and as yet unpublished novel by André Malraux, and an account of the obliteration of Hiroshima, by a Jesuit who was a fellow-missionary of Father Kleinsorge, the priest in John Hersey's report on the same disaster. Also like its predecessors, the book includes a good bit of very fancy cerebration about one thing and another, but you needn't bother with that.

NIJINSKY, edited by Paul Magriel (Holt). A collection of photographs, plus a group of essays on the dancer by various authors. Nijinsky has long since retired into his own world, of course, but these pictures of him in his famous roles manage to suggest his once-celebrated mastery of mind over muscle, as well as his talent as an actor and his pagan quality. The book is also of historical interest; it is too bad that there is no such record of, say, Rachel, or Paganini, or David Garrick and Mrs. Siddons.

A TREASURY OF FISHING STORIES, collected by Charles E. Goodspeed

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(Barnes). The author of "Angling in America" has gathered together more than a hundred readable fishing tales by such diverse authors as Saint John the Apostle, Richard Franck (a trooper of Cromwell's), and Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings. Drawings.

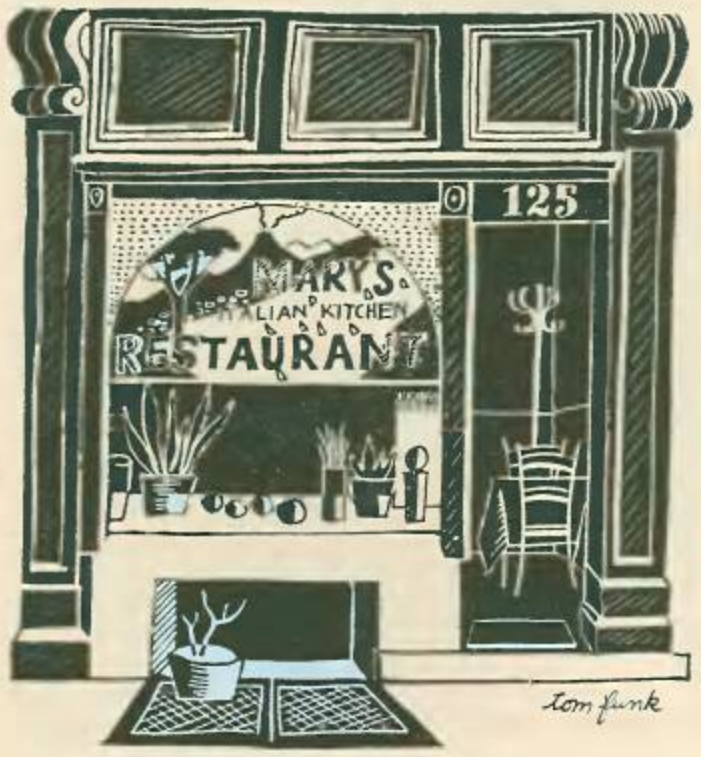
THE FISHERMAN'S BEDSIDE BOOK, edited by "B. B." (Scribner). Another anthology for anglers, this one mostly concerned with British waters, where fishermen prize as trophies not only salmon and trout but also carp and roach. An interesting account both of fishing in England and of the English fishing country, especially some of the old inns. Drawings.

OUTDOOR LIFE'S GALLERY OF NORTH AMERICAN GAME, compiled by the staff of *Outdoor Life* (Grosset & Dunlap). Thirty of our more familiar birds and mammals in pleasing, full-page color illustrations by Francis Lee Jaques. The accompanying text is by a group of experts, who have written some unhackneyed, anecdotal descriptions of the creatures under examination.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

ROLL, JORDAN, ROLL, by Dorothy Park Clark (Doubleday). Singular activities among the curb-and-snaffle set in Kentucky, a bunch of people given to tantrums, bourbon, and family intrigue. Young Mrs. Jordan is accused of murdering her sister-in-law, and complications arise when Mrs. Jordan's husband topples dead out of his sulky after the appearance of one of her former beaux. The local law manages to straighten everything out. The background makes the book a bit special, but it will probably be entertaining to anyone who can distinguish between a canter and a rack.

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IN THE JANUARY ISSUE:

THE A. B. C. OF A NEW ERA— Should Americans, British and Canadians set up a combined Congress-Parliament Committee? This proposal of FREEDOM & UNION is the subject of this month's Forum discussion by Congressmen, members of British and Canadian Parliaments and other prominent leaders.

IS UTOPIA BEHIND US? Did you know that men once knew 1000 years of peace? Read Lt. Col. Patrick Welch's "Once There was a Millennium."

ALSO "Free Enterprise Makes for Peace"—"Poor Adam's Almanack"—"The New Federalist"—"State of the Free"—"The Little Dog Laughed" and many other features.

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Margot Bennett (Doubleday). John Davies, the bright and easily bored young man who did his first amateur detection in "Time to Change Hats," resumes operations, this time in a town near London to which the Ministry for which he works has been moved. Things there seem just as tedious as ever to Davies until a cadaver pops out of a chest put up at an auction, giving him a chance to indulge his talents for gossip and snooping. The evidence in the case is rather slim, but if you feel savage about life in the suburbs, you ought to find plenty to keep you entertained.

•

Will you tell me the correct procedure for serving a guest. Also should the maid proceed from the guest's right or left after serving the guest? In a discussion I contended that the guest should always be served first. Am I right? J. C. C.

Seating the table goes this way: The guest of honor on the host's right, the second lady in rank on his left; the most distinguished or oldest gentleman on the right of the hostess and other guests filled in between.

The guest is served first. Direction of the service depends upon the number at dinner and the hostess' preference. For instance at a dinner of 18, three dishes exactly alike are often presented simultaneously like this, (1) to the lady of honor, (2) to the lady sitting in the sixth seat to the right, and (3) to the lady in the sixth seat around the end of the table. Thus the service would move to the left.

The lady at the foot of the table is generally served first at smaller dinners, with dishes passed to the right, or passed alternately right and left in order that the same person may not always get the last piece on the dish. In some houses the lady at the first gentleman's right is served first if she is more important than the lady at the end of the table. Then the service goes around to the right, or reverses for different courses, just as the hostess chooses.

—*Washington Post.*

And just before the dessert is served, everybody gets up and runs around the table.

•

HOOPLA DEPARTMENT

(DIVISION OF FEMININE FOREHANDEDNESS)

[*From the Herald Tribune*]

2 WOMEN TAKE DONKEY TOUR

Two European women who traveled hundreds of miles across the Union of South Africa by donkey power recently got back to their home in the Transvaal. They left by donkey cart and stayed with the parents of one of the women in Robertson before returning home with the same pair of donkeys. One donkey fell down a crevice and the travelers waited a month for its recovery. They slept in the cart which was fitted up with medicine chest and cocktail cabinet and had no food ration problems.

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Michaele Fallon

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The annual Miss Rheingold contest, in which greater New York elects from 6 lovely contestants its favorite to be featured in Rheingold Beer advertising, is over—and here is the winner—pretty red-haired Michaele Fallon of New York City.

With 1,416,956 votes cast, Miss Fallon won by a lead of more than 100,000 votes.

As in the past, ballots were carefully checked and double-checked for Liebmann Breweries by Horace H. Nahm Company.

Michaele wins a $2000 prize and also more than $1000 in model fees. Look for her in your favorite newspapers and newspaper supplements, in magazines, on billboards, car cards, and window displays all during 1947.

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