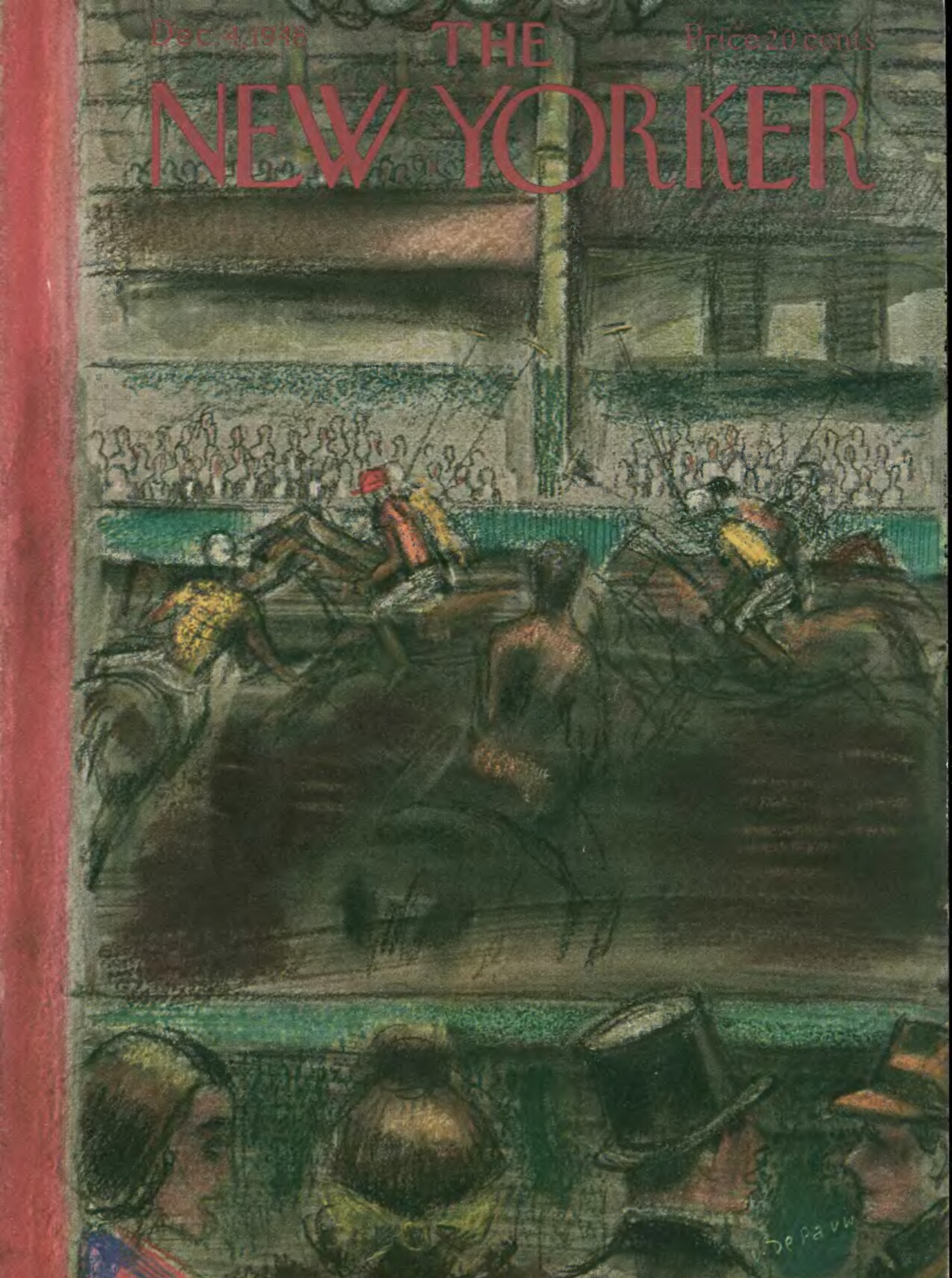
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THE NEW YORKER

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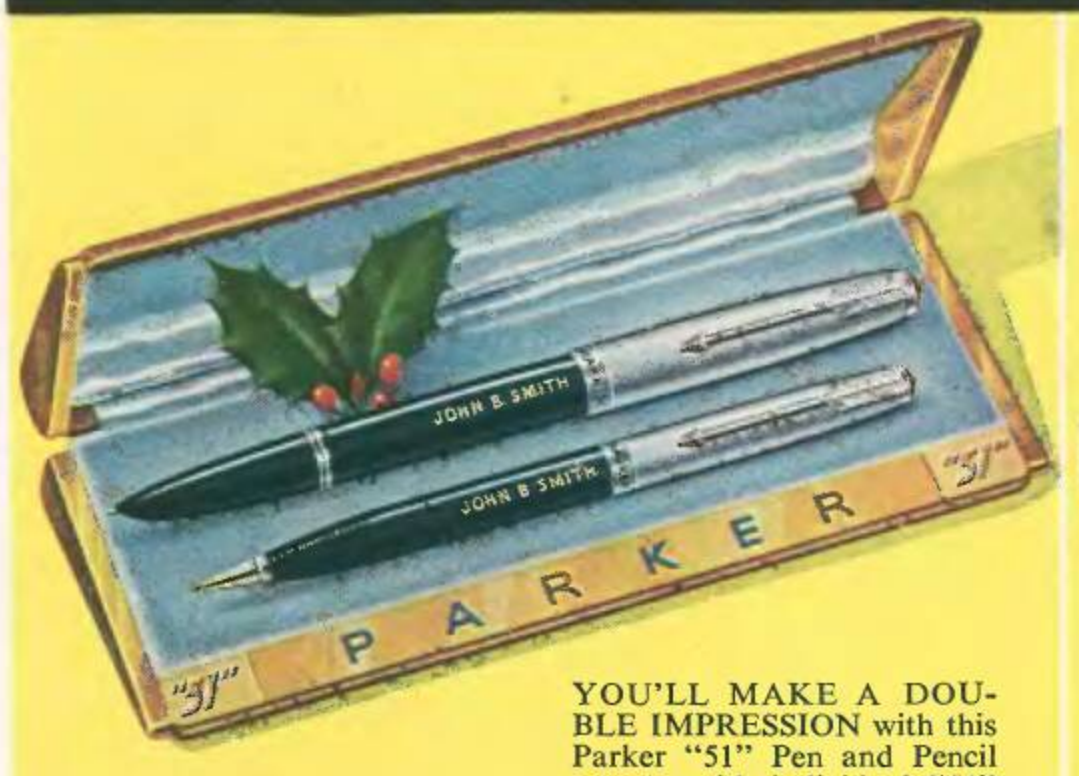
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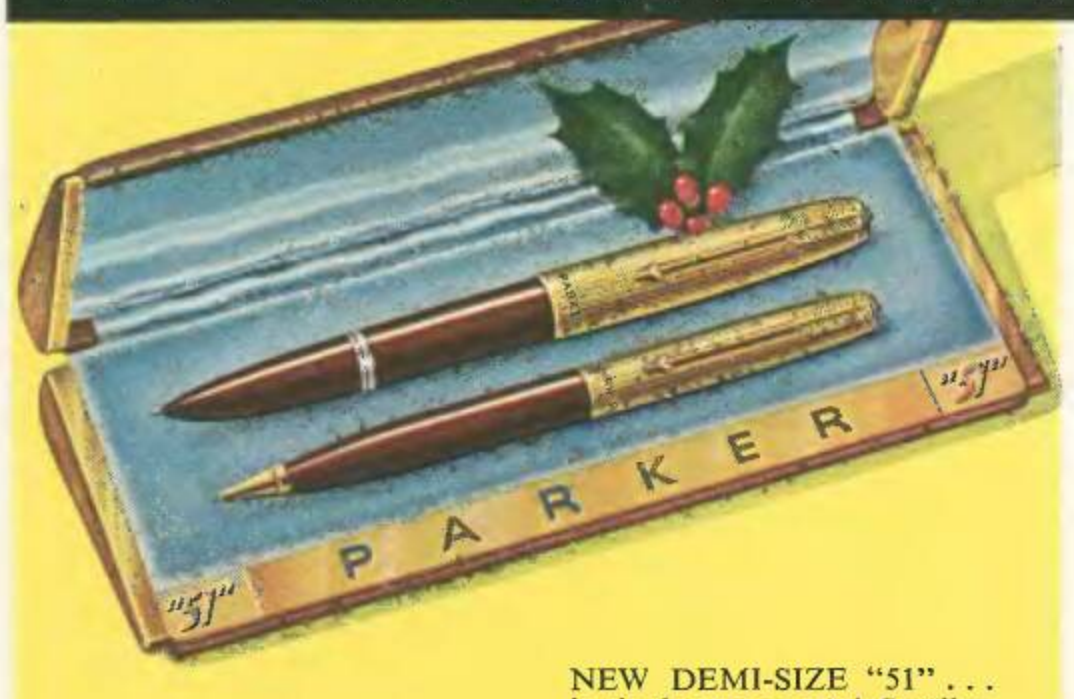


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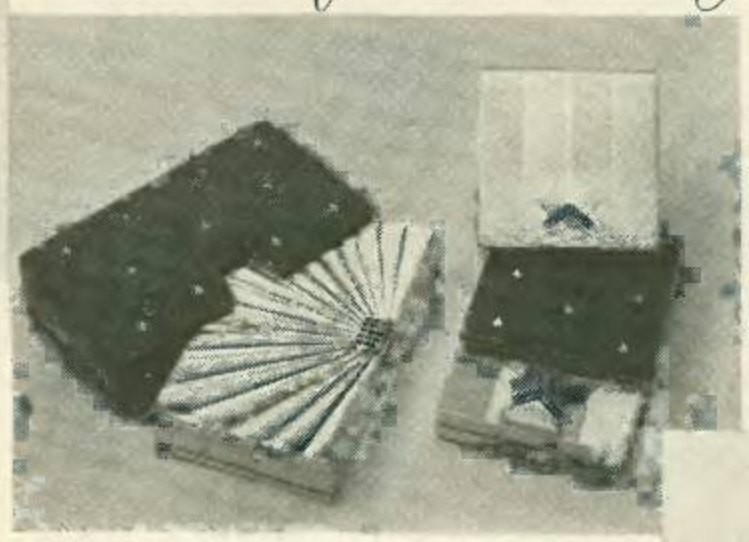
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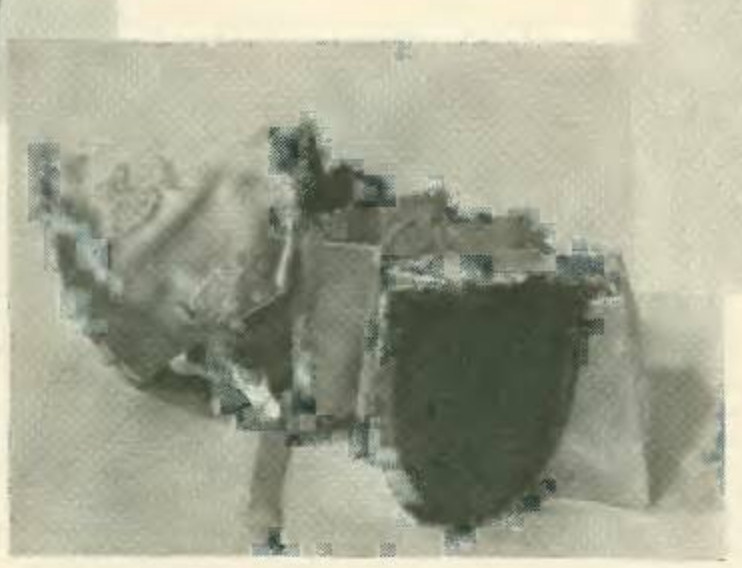
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5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

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

PLAYS

Bravo!—A somewhat contrived and dated play by Edna Ferber and George S. Kaufman, having to do with European refugees and the American theatre. Oscar Homolka and Lili Darvas head the cast. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Edward, My Son—A wonderfully sinister performance by Robert Morley makes this otherwise routine melodrama something you'll surely want to see. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Goodbye, My Fancy—A beautiful congresswoman, a college president, and a *Life* photographer are those principally involved in Fay Kanin's expert, if not particularly profound, play. The unusually capable cast includes Madeleine Carroll, Sam Wanamaker, Shirley Booth, Conrad Nagel, and Bethel Leslie. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Life with Mother—Dorothy Stickney and Howard Lindsay are enchanting as Father and Mother in this second adaptation of some of Clarence Day's stories. Dorothy Bernard, Ruth Hammond, A. H. Van Buren, and John Drew Devereaux are also on hand from the original company, while among the newcomers are Robert Emhardt and Gladys Hurlbut. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Light Up the Sky—Moss Hart's slight, special, but hilarious enough comedy about a theatrical tryout in Boston. Virginia Field, Sam Levene, Audrey Christie, Glenn Anders, and Phyllis Povah are in the talented company. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Play's the Thing—A rather fetching revival of Molnar's comedy about sex on the Italian Riviera. Louis Calhern, Arthur Margetson, Faye Emerson, Ernest Cossart, and Claud Allister are in the highly satisfactory cast. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Private Lives—Noel Coward's comedy suffers from the effect of its years, but, thanks to Tallulah Bankhead's splendidly rowdy carryings-on, it is still a very funny show. Donald Cook supports her courageously. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Respectful Prostitute—Sartre's melodrama concerning a harlot who is driven to betray a Negro and, consequently, herself has its weaknesses, but it has more to say than most plays on the subject of lynching in the South. Ann Dvorak has the leading role. "Hope Is the Thing with Feathers," by Richard Harrity, serves as a curtain-raiser. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:45.)

The Silver Whistle—This fantasy laid in an old people's home pretty much goes to pieces after a fine first act. However, José Ferrer gives a noteworthy performance, and the supporting cast, which includes Doro Merande, William Lynn, and Frances Brandt, is excellent. too. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Summer and Smoke—Tennessee Williams' play about a sexually repressed girl and her uninhibited lover is too cloudy and monotonous to be altogether successful, but Margaret Phillips and Tod Andrews are appealing in the major roles. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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The Young and Fair—Anti-Semitism, kleptomania, and several other dark matters are discussed in this melodrama, which takes place in a girls' college, but nothing very interesting is said. With Frances Starr, Patricia Kirkland, Doe Avedon, and Lois Wheeler. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—born yesterday: An enlightened tramp and a scheming junk dealer. With Judy Holliday. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.) . . . **harvey:** The invisible rabbit. His pal is now Joe E. Brown. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:35. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:35.) . . . **mister roberts:** The one about a Navy cargo ship during the war. With Henry Fonda, David Wayne, Robert Keith, and William Harrigan. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **a streetcar named desire:** Tennessee Williams' big one, about a woman's withdrawal into a world of illusion. With Jessica Tandy, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

As the Girls Go—Bobby Clark at the top of his form as the husband of our first woman President. He is given commendable assistance by Irene Rich, Bill Callahan, Betty Jane Watson, and Kathryn Lee. The book is by William Roos, and the music and lyrics are by Jimmy McHugh and Harold Adamson, respectively. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Inside U.S.A.—In spite of fairly uninspired material, Beatrice Lillie is extremely comic in this big, handsome Arthur Schwartz-Howard Dietz revue. She is aided by Jack Haley and by Valerie Bettis, one of the most accomplished dancers you ever saw. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Love Life—Nanette Fabray and Ray Middleton are most engaging as a couple whose marriage goes on for a hundred and fifty years, and Kurt Weill has written a nice score, but in the end the burden of the story is just too much for them. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Magdalena—A lamentable plot makes this South American spectacle pretty hard to endure, despite Heitor Villa-Lobos' lovely music; a lot of good singing by Irra Petina, John Raitt, and Dorothy Sarnoff; and some colorful scenery and costumes. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Dec. 4.)

My Romance—Rowland Leigh's adaptation of Edward Sheldon's old play is something less than inspired, and so are Sigmund Romberg's tunes. Anne Jeffreys, Lawrence Brooks, and Luella Gear all do their best, but it is uphill work. (Adelphi, 54th St., E. CI 6-5097. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Small Wonder—Several really first-rate routines, especially one about magazine advertising, result in a revue well worth seeing. Tom Ewell is more or less in charge of the activities, and the cast also includes Alice Pearce, Mort Marshall, Marilyn Day, Hayes Gordon, and Mary McCarty, who is quite a show all by herself. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance, for the Actors Fund, Sunday evening, Dec. 5.)

Where's Charley?—Ray Bolger is chiefly responsible for the success of this musical version of "Charley's Aunt," by George Abbott and Frank Loesser. With Allyn McLerie, Byron Palmer, and Doretta Morrow. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—annie get your gun: The renowned Miss Oakley, polished to a shine by Ethel Merman and Irving Berlin. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **high button shoes:** Some nonsense concerning the 1913 Rutgers football team, among other things. With Joan Roberts, Phil Silvers, and Joey Faye. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **make mine manhattan:** The leading comedians of this revue are David Burns and Sid Caesar. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Red Gloves—Charles Boyer, with Joan Tetzel and John Dall, in Daniel Taradash's adaptation of the Jean-Paul Sartre play "Les Mains Sales." Produced by Jean Dalrymple and Gabriel Pascal, and directed by Jed Harris. Opens Saturday, Dec. 4. (Mansfield, 47th St., W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Mondays,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

ANNE OF THE THOUSAND DAYS—A play by Maxwell Anderson, produced by the Playwrights Company and Leland Hayward, and directed by H. C. Potter. The cast is headed by Rex Harrison and Joyce Redman. Opens Wednesday, Dec. 8. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

THE MEDIUM AND THE TELEPHONE—A brief return engagement of Gian-Carlo Menotti's two musical plays. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, starting Tuesday, Dec. 7, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

ICE SHOW—"Howdy, Mr. Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 49th St. CO 5-5474. Tuesday through Saturday evenings at 8:40; Sunday evenings at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you'll find dance music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, unless otherwise indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Trianon Room offers William Scotti's orchestra and a rumba band for dancing, except on Sundays.

BILTMORE, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Leighton Noble's and Harold Nagel's orchestras supply dance music all evening in the lofty Bowman Room. Closed Sundays.

CAFÉ SOCIETY, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—This joint is jumping again in its original style, all on account of Jack Gilford's monologues, the Golden Gate Quartet's part singing, and (through Sunday, Dec. 5) Pearl Primus's African ballroom dancing. Dave Martin's red-hot little band for the customers' dancing. Cliff Jackson's piano in between times. Closed Mondays.

DIAMOND HORSESHOE, 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500)—The entire violin choir of Musicians' Local 802, at work on a relentless hearts-and-flowers repertoire. Henny Youngman's remarks serve to remind everyone that Broadway is just around the corner. Billy Banks' band for dancing.

LARUE, 45 E. 58th St. (VO 5-6374)—Eddie Davis, complete with bland grin and bland dance music, is on the podium of this elaborate country club, assisted now and then by Bernie Dolen's band. Closed Sundays.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—A celebrated greenhouse specializing in rare Manhattan flora, such as lilies of the field. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Cotillion Room show, headed by Roger Dann and the dance team of Hoctor and Byrd, will be replaced on Tuesday, Dec. 7, by a new one, involving the services of Frakson, the magician, and others. Charles Reader's orchestra. Closed Mondays.... ¶A small orchestra plays daily for tea dancing and during dinner and supper in the Café Pierre.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, Jimmy Savo at his wistful best, and Leni Lynn, singing pretty songs. Dance music by Mark Monte's and Leo Reisman's bands. Closed Sundays.... ¶The Rendez-Vous Room, a great big beautiful period piece, has the flowing dance music (after eight-thirty) of Nycola Matthey's and Payson Ré's orchestras. Closed Mondays.

RITZ-CARLTON, Madison Ave. at 46th St. (PL 3-4600)—Emery Deutsch's orchestra plays sedately for dinner in the equally sedate and regal old Oval Room. No dancing.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the Maisonette, at suppertime. Rolly Rolls. getting himself thoroughly involved with his piano. Milt Shaw's and Pepito Arvelo's bands play for dancing. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra, playing for

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a rather Continental audience, in the Café Lounge. A small show every day but Sunday, and tea dancing every afternoon.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—The Battle of the Sexes in its earliest and most innocent stage. Sande Williams' orchestra and a rumba band. Tea dancing Sundays.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—The eloquent Edith Piaf, making the most of her classic portfolio of Parisian tears-in-your eyes songs. Bob Grant's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band for dancing after nine.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Gene McCarthy and Tommy Farrell for laughter, and Margaret Phelan for languishing lyrics, in the Wedgwood Room at suppertime. Eddy Duchin's orchestra is around all evening, and Mischa Borr's helps out at supper. On Sundays, the room closes at 10 P.M.... ¶Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Flamingo Room. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Just about as ducal a spot as you could want for listening to the instructive piano arabesques of Les Crosley, at cocktail time and dinner, and of Cy Walter, later in the evening. Harold Cooke does both turns on Sundays.... **COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Dance music, after eight-thirty, in this pleasant corner, by Dick Wilson's orchestra and Oscar Calvet's rumba trio. Gigi Durston, that cheerful little earful, is the principal motif of the décor. Closed Sundays.... **DORSET BAR**, 30 W. 54th St. (CI 7-7300): A high-style background for (after eight-thirty every night but Sunday) John Kelley, Jr.'s piano music.... **CAFÉ TROUVILLE**, 112 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-9234): A well-known ivory tower, in which Mary McNally plays piano at cocktail time and Harry Taylor obliges during the evening. Closed Sundays.... **DELMONICO ROOM**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2500): After ten, Greta Keller, still dreaming of Wien, Wien, Wien, and other accoutrements of Continental nostalgia. Closed Mondays.... **PERROQUET**, Second Ave. at 58th St. (PL 5-7761): As the dinner hour here ends, a casual supper show begins; the main events are Hugh Shannon's happy-go-lucky piano and his equally *dégagé* songs, about love and its environs. Closed Mondays.... **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): A halfway house between Broadway and Park Avenue, with Sonny Kendis and his trio after ten, except Sundays, and Shandor, playing prowler violin music, every evening except Monday.... **LITTLE CASINO**, 243 Sullivan St., at 3rd St. (OR 4-9583): Jimmy Daniels, the old Left Bank maestro, overseeing the pranks of Garland Wilson and Norene Tate at the pianos, and of Mae Barnes and her thoroughly worldly songs. Closed Mondays.... **SAZARAC**, 716 Lexington Ave., at 58th St. (EL 5-8923): Show business taking a leisurely stirrup cup on the way home. Nice, thoughtful piano by Ralph Strain and whatever coworkers happen to drop by. Closed Sundays.... **CHAT NOIR**, St. Moritz Hotel, 50 Central Park S. (PL 5-5800): A comfortable little hideaway, with comic sleight-of-hand by Bob-



by Baxter, gags by Mervyn Nelson, and some very entertaining songs by Alice Tyrrell and Dick Winslow. Closed Mondays.... **MONTE CARLO**, 125 E. 54th St. (PL 9-2728): The pretty new home of this erstwhile Madison Avenue landmark offers Dick Gasparre's orchestra and a rumba band for dancing after nine. Closed Mondays.... **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Jacques Thaler at the piano after nine-thirty in this prehistoric but amiable glade. Closed Sundays.... **MADISON**, Madison Ave. at 58th St. (VO 5-5000): Ferrante and Teicher play piano Mondays through Fridays, from five to nine; on Saturdays at the same hours, and all afternoon on Sundays, Bernie Dolen's orchestra plays for dancing.... **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spain on a folksy, neighborly level, with spirited indigenous dances by both cast and customers. Closed Sundays.... **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Off-hand entertainment, of which the main features are the humor of Kirkwood and Goodman (except Mondays) and the songs of Nancy Andrews (except Sundays). Old silent movies, too, on Sunday nights, but no basket parties.... **CASINO RUSSE**, 157 W. 56th St. (CI 6-6116): There's still the traditional dagger dance, and much the same sort of entertainment in general. Dancing; closed Mondays.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Joe E. Lewis, a very up-to-date edition of Peck's Bad Boy when he gets really wound up. The show also includes a set of brand-new Copa dolls, with and without dresses. Dance music by Michael Durso's orchestra and a rumba band.... **LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1737): Sophie Tucker, the old Broadway Thunderer, at play in this almost too lifelike replica of the Mermaid Tavern.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing. unless noted.)

RUBAN BLEU, 4 E. 56th St. (EL 5-9787): The strange, enchanted music of the Normann Paris Trio, the sharp-edged comedy of Connie Sawyer, the smoldering songs of Muriel Gaines, and the instructive piano parlor tricks of a young man named Michael Brown. Julius Monk is the curator of this interesting collection. Closed Sundays.... **BLUE ANGEL**, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Stuff and nonsense by Imogene Coca and her new henchmen, Fletcher and Sheidy; songs (sad and sassy) in Kitty Crawford's cool little voice; some 1948 folk music by Baldwin Bergerson and William Archibald; and the uninhibited puppets of George Prentice. In the background, the sumptuous piano of Stuart Ross and the off-to-the-races chromatics of the Ellis Larkin Trio.... **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-9322): Spivy and her grown-up's garden of verses. Arthur Kent and Sam Hamilton at the piano. Closed Sundays.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): A small bolt of lightning called Dolores Martin sings from time to time, and a new impressionist, named Will Jordan, pins Hollywood's shoulders to the mat. Dance music by the Cyril Haines Trio. Closed Mondays.... **BREVOORT SUPPER CLUB**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (GR 3-7306): In the Café, an unassuming show, made up mainly of Sheila Barrett's jaunty bull's-eye comments on life as it is lived in these parts. The piano team of Jean Rose and Fred Caye; Syd Strange's trio for dancing. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison and his ride-of-the-Valkyrie trumpet style, whooping it up in this twentieth-century Malamute Saloon. Jack Lesberg, Georg Brunis, Peanuts Hucko, and others help out, and Ralph Sutton plays some fine piano between sets. On Tuesday nights, visiting virtuosos add to the uproar. Closed Sundays.... **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Ernie Caceres, Billy Butterfield, and their colleagues, stampeding the customers all night long. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays.... **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Max Kaminsky's trio, which includes Dick

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Carey and Arthur Treppier, hopping up what looks like the last of the hot-music stands on this once-celebrated blockfront. Chippie Hill sings nightly, except on Sunday, when there's a jam session in the afternoon. Dancing.... THREE DEUCES, 72 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9861): A band headed by Red Allen and J. C. Higginbotham; Johnny Guarnieri's piano-playing.... CHILDS PARAMOUNT, Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): The Harlem rhythms of the inventive band headed by Wilbur de Paris and involving Buster Bailey and Sidney de Paris are on tap all evening. Supper dancing only, and no music on Mondays.... ROYAL ROOST, 1580 Broadway, at 47th St. (CI 6-9559): It's like the night the Hesperus went wrong, but above the gale you can sometimes hear Ella Fitzgerald and Lester Young's band. On Thursday, Dec. 9, they will give way to Billy Eckstine and the bands of Charlie Ventura and Charlie Parker.... STUYVESANT CASINO, 142 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-9742): Every Friday evening, jazz with the bark left on, by such Early American primitives as Albert Nicholas, Baby Dodds, and James P. Johnson. Dancing.

MOSTLY FOR DANCING

NEW YORKER, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000): Songs by Laura Leeds, dance music by Gardner Benedict's orchestra, and an ice show by a lot of people. On Sundays, Charlie Peterson's band replaces Mr. Benedict's.... PENNSYLVANIA, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000): In the Café Rouge, Tommy Dorsey's band. Closed Sundays.... ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo and his band. Closed Sundays.... COMMODORE, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (MU 6-6000): Tommy Ryan's orchestra for dinner dancing; dancing at supper, too, on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Most galleries open around 10 A.M. and close between 5 and 6 P.M., Mondays through Saturdays.)

GALLERIES

WILLIAM M. CHASE—Paintings by this late-nineteenth-century American, adroitly executed but overwhelmingly academic in style. (American British Art Center, 44 W. 56th St.; through Dec. 4.)

EARLY AMERICAN PORTRAITS OF CHILDREN—An entertaining assemblage of two hundred years of portraits depicting wise-eyed children in the rich, romantic manner of Peale, Copley, and Stuart and in the austere, primitive manner of the anonymous itinerant painters of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 76th St. Weekdays, except Mondays, 1 to 5 P.M.; Saturdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 16.)

MAX ERNST—Recent Surrealist and non-objective paintings, done in Arizona by an important leader of the Paris Surrealists. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.; through Dec. 11.)

FRENCH—Three paintings apiece by seven modern French masters, all beautifully chosen, in a benefit show for the Public Education Association. (Rosenberg, 16 E. 57th St.; through Dec. 18.)

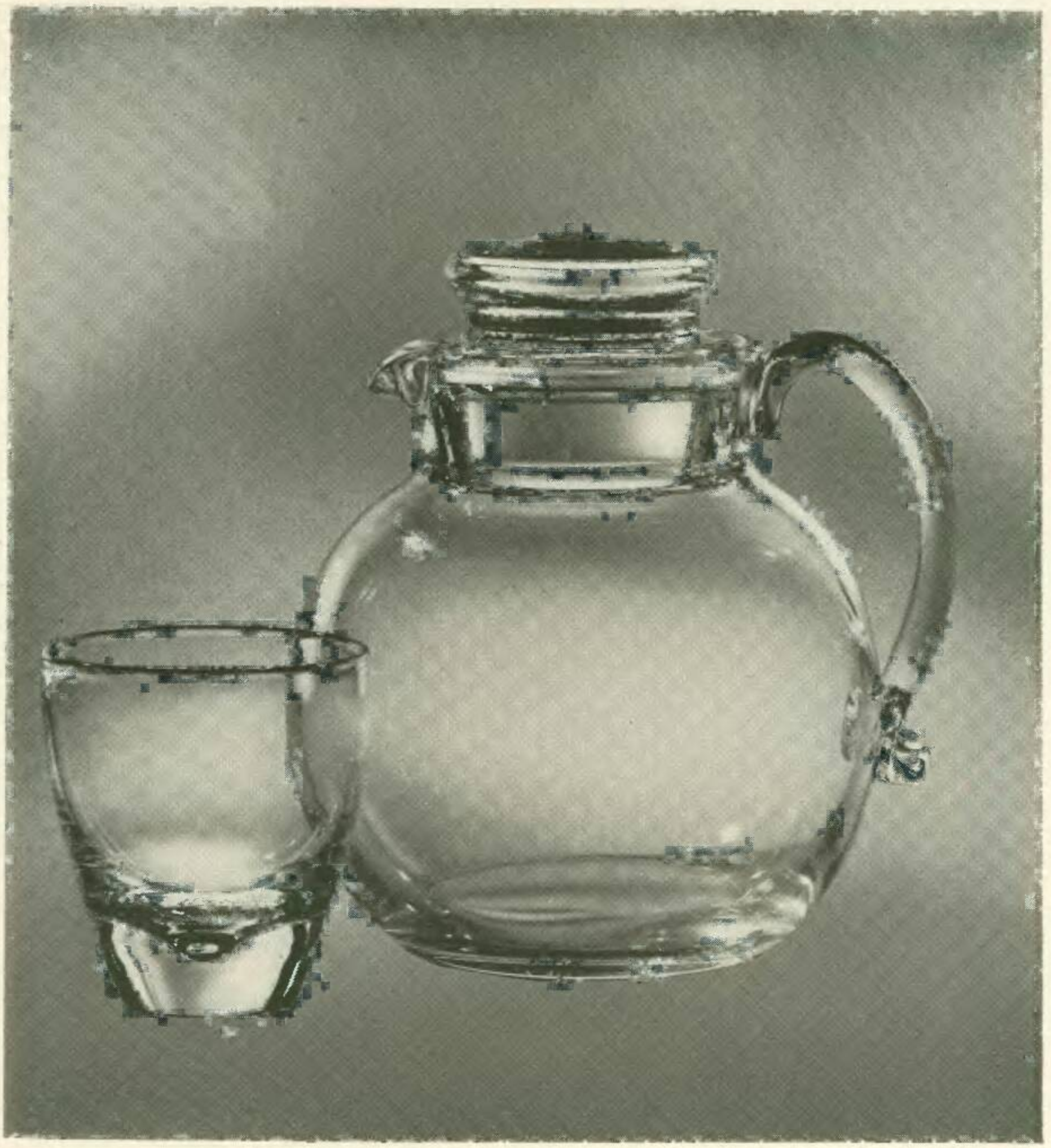
ANDRÉ GIRARD—A French painter, whose intensely colored still-lifes and landscapes show the influence of the Impressionists. (Lipton, 791 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.; through Dec. 30.)

ARSHILE GORKY—Oils and drawings, in a small memorial exhibition of the works of this promising abstract Expressionist, who died last summer. (Julien Levy, 42 E. 57th St.; through Dec. 4.)

HARRY GOTTLIEB—New paintings, much maturer in feeling than his previous ones, in his first showing in three years. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.; through Dec. 4.)

MORRIS GRAVES—More of his well-known abstract birds, this time in drawings and temperas. (Willard, 32 E. 57th St.; through Dec. 4.)

GROUPS—At the ARGENT, 42 W. 57th St.: Oils by Mary Gerstein, including some nicely col-



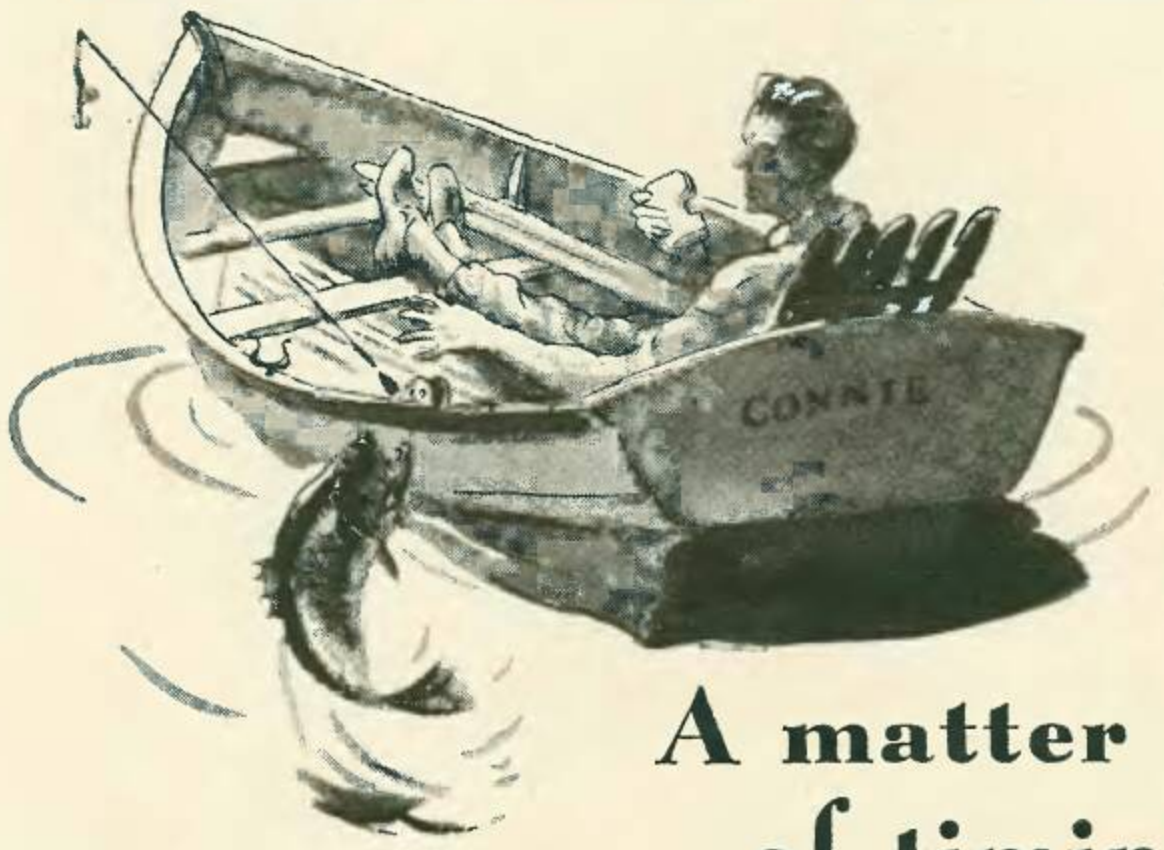
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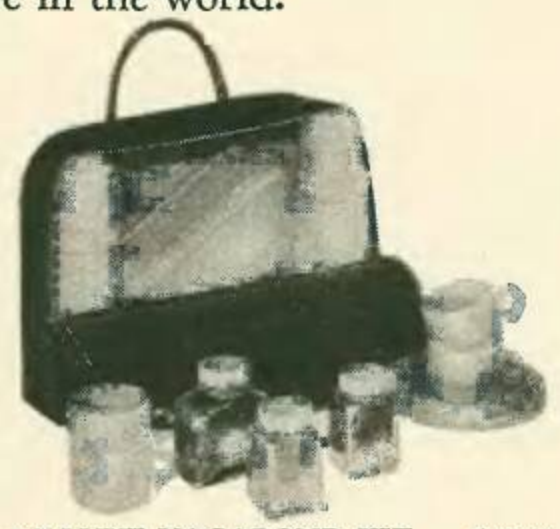


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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ored ones of summer woods; also, decorative tiles by Sonia Sadron, and realistic oils and water colors by Mabel Scott Georgi; through Dec. 4. . . . FEIGL, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: Contemporary French and American paintings, among them a number of Utrillo street scenes in dulcet pinks and grays, and a few dashing harbor scenes by Vytlacil; through Dec. 18.

WELDON KEES—Linear designs and some good color in a first one-man show of abstractions. (Peridot, 6 E. 12th St.; through Dec. 2.)

WALT KUHN—His fiftieth year as a painter, celebrated in an exhibition of recent oils that depart little from his customary range of clowns and still-lifes. (Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57th St.; through Dec. 4.)

JACQUES MAROGER—Pears, goblets, and other still life, in a meticulous, classical manner. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.; through Dec. 4.)

EDWARD MILLMAN—Decorative modern paintings and drawings inspired by this former muralist's diary of the war in the Philippines. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.; through Dec. 4.)

GRANDMA MOSES—A comprehensive show of the old lady's enthusiastically painted farm landscapes of the last ten years. (St. Etienne, 46 W. 57th St.; through Dec. 24.)

BETTY PARSONS—Gay water colors of Cape Cod, executed with freedom of line. (Midtown, 605 Madison Ave., at 58th St.; through Dec. 11.)

PORTRAITS OF NEW YORKERS—A loan collection of forty-five portraits, including some by Bellows, Brockhurst, and Brackman, showing how a lot of prominent old-time railroad magnates, philanthropists, and social lions really looked; a benefit for St. Barnabas Hospital. (Portraits, 460 Park Ave., at 57th St.; through Dec. 21.)

ANDRÉ RACZ—Paintings, somewhat Expressionist in style, on religious themes, by a man with an apt feeling for color. (Laurel, 108 E. 57th St.; through Dec. 11.)

GRAHAM SUTHERLAND—Spiky palm trees and other motifs in this English artist's bristly but pungently original style. (Buchholz, 32 E. 57th St.; through Dec. 11.)

FRANKLIN WATKINS—Paintings and drawings, all done as preliminary studies for two large murals on the theme of death and resurrection. (Rehn, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.; through Dec. 11.)

ALAN WOOD-THOMAS—A small collection of rather stark paintings by a young artist. (Carlebach, 937 Third Ave., at 56th St.; through Dec. 4.)

ANDREW WYETH—A one-man show of genre paintings, including some smoothly expert oils and some less successful water colors. (Macbeth, 11 E. 57th St.; through Dec. 4.)

SOME OF THIS WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the WILDENSTEIN, 19 E. 64th St.: Gustave Courbet; through Jan. 8. . . . MATISSE, 41 E. 57th St.: Jean Dubuffet; through Dec. 30. . . . KLEEMANN, 65 E. 57th St.: Marc Chagall; through Dec. 24. . . . A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.: David Burliuk; through Dec. 18. . . . DURLACHER, 11 E. 57th St.: Kurt Seligmann; through Dec. 24. . . . PARSONS, 15 E. 57th St.: Hedda Sterne; through Dec. 18. . . . ¶ Group shows at the PERLS, 32 E. 58th St.; through Dec. 31. PASSEDOIT, 121 E. 57th St.; through Dec. 31. NIVEAU, 63 E. 57th St.; through Dec. 31. CONTEMPORARY ARTS, 106 E. 57th St.; through Dec. 30. SCHAEFFER, 52 E. 58th St.; through Dec. 20.

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A large and slightly jumbled survey of our naval history from the Revolution onward, comprising everything from paintings and sculptures to ships' models. A bit tedious, except for the models, which are fascinating. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A loan show of modern paintings and sculptures juxtaposed with related earlier examples, called "Timeless Aspects of Modern Art;" through Jan. 23. . . . ¶ A compact exhibition of collages; through Dec. 5. . . . ¶ Recent ac-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

quisitions, including five modern British paintings, a Braque, and some sculptures; through Jan. 23. (Weekdays, 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 7 P.M.)

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Water colors and collages by Hilla Rebay. (Weekdays, except Mondays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sundays, 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 31.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8th St.—This year's Annual of Contemporary American Painting, as big, authoritative, and interesting as usual. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 2.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall it's LU 2-4536; and for the Metropolitan Opera House it's PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday evening, Dec. 2, at 7:30: "Götterdämmerung," with Helen Traubel, Lauritz Melchior, and Dezso Ernster. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 3, at 8:15: "Il Trovatore," with Stella Roman, Cloe Elmo, and Jussi Bjoerling. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 4, at 2: "Mignon," with Risë Stevens and James Melton. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 4, at 8:30: "Rigoletto," with Patrice Munsel, Jan Peerce, and Leonard Warren; a benefit for the Hebrew National Orphan Home. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Dec. 6, at 8:30: "L'Amore dei Tre Re," with Dorothy Kirsten and Charles Kullman. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 8, at 8:15: "Mignon," with Risë Stevens and James Melton. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 9, at 8: "Otello," with Licia Albanese, Ramon Vinay, and Leonard Warren. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 10, at 8: "Louise," with Dorothy Kirsten, Charles Kullman, and John Brownlee. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 11, at 2: "Tristan und Isolde," with Lauritz Melchior, Helen Traubel, and Herbert Janssen. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 11, at 8:15: "Il Trovatore," with Stella Roman, Cloe Elmo, and Jussi Bjoerling.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Bruno Walter conducting: Thursday evening, Dec. 2, at 8:45; Friday afternoon, Dec. 3, at 2:30; and Sunday afternoon, Dec. 5, at 2:45; all with Nadine Conner, soprano; Jean Watson, contralto; and the Westminster Choir. . . . ¶ Walter Hendl conducting: Saturday evening, Dec. 4, at 8:45, with Szymon Goldberg, violin. . . . ¶ Bruno Walter conducting: Thursday evening, Dec. 9, at 8:45, and Friday afternoon, Dec. 10, at 2:30; no soloists. . . . ¶ Walter Hendl conducting: Saturday evening, Dec. 11, at 8:45, with Hilde Somer, piano. (Carnegie Hall.)

DESSOFF CHOIRS—With the Bennington College Choir, Paul Boepple directing. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday evening, Dec. 5, at 6.)

BENEFIT CONCERT—Charles Münch conducting the Philharmonic-Symphony, with Artur Rubinstein, piano, and Gregor Piatigorsky, cello; a benefit for the American Fund for Palestinian Institutions. (Grand Ballroom. Waldorf-Astoria. Tuesday evening, Dec. 7, at 8:30. For tickets, call TR 3-2700.)

DE PAUR INFANTRY CHORUS—Leonard de Paur directing. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 4-3200, Ext. 543. Saturday evening, Dec. 11, at 8:30.)

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY AND VASSAR GLEE CLUBS—In a joint concert. (Town Hall. Saturday evening, Dec. 11, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

TRIESTE TRIO—Chamber music. (Town Hall. Thursday evening, Dec. 2, at 8:30.)

JORGE BOLET—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday evening, Dec. 3, at 8:30.)

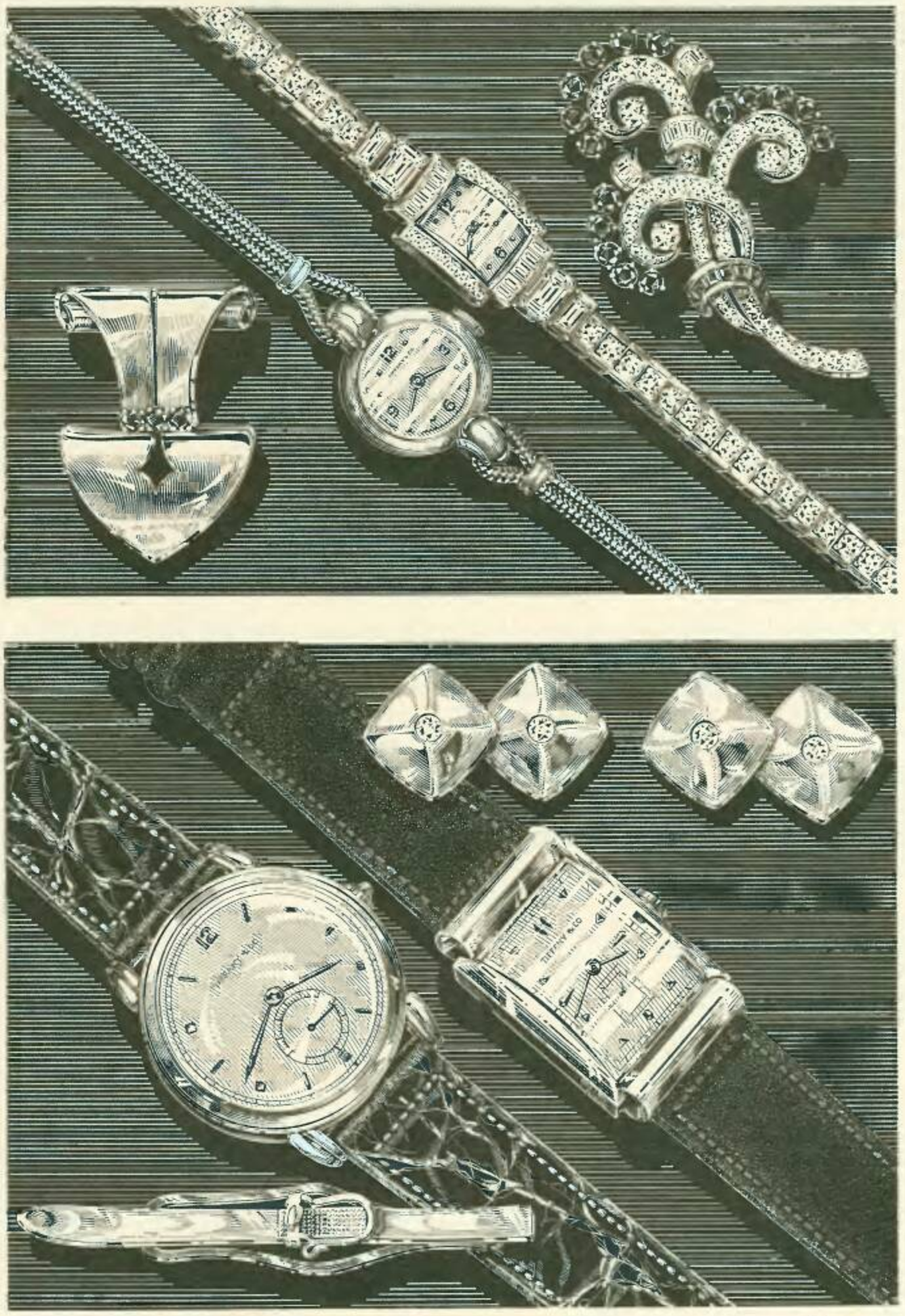
BENNO AND SYLVIA RABINOF—Violin and piano. (Town Hall. Saturday afternoon, Dec. 4, at 5:30.)

NESTOR CHAYRES—Tenor. (Town Hall. Saturday evening, Dec. 4, at 8:30.)

CHAMBER ENSEMBLE—Marilyn Cotlow, soprano;

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the Galimir String Quartet; and others. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44th St. LA 4-1000, Ext. 502. Saturday evening, Dec. 4, at 8:30.)

KARIN BRANZELL—Mezzo-soprano. (Town Hall. Sunday afternoon, Dec. 5, at 3.)

NEW FRIENDS OF MUSIC—Hortense Monath, piano, and others. (Town Hall. Sunday afternoon, Dec. 5, at 5:30.)

RICHARD DYER-BENNET—Folk singer. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9455. Sunday evening, Dec. 5, at 8:40.)

ANIA DORFMANN—Piano. (Town Hall. Monday evening, Dec. 6, at 8:30.)

ALBENERI TRIO—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9455. Monday evening, Dec. 6, at 8:40.)

MUSICIANS' GUILD—The Kroll Quartet; Joseph Fuchs, violin; Frank Sheridan, piano; and others. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44th St. LA 4-1000, Ext. 502. Monday evening, Dec. 6, at 8:30.)

MIKLOS SCHWALB—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday evening, Dec. 7, at 8:30.)

EZIO PINZA—Bass. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Tuesday evening, Dec. 7, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday evening, Dec. 11, at 8:30.)

ROSALYN TURECK—Piano. (Town Hall. Wednesday evening, Dec. 8, at 8:30.)

RALPH KIRKPATRICK AND ALEXANDER SCHNEIDER—Harpsichord and violin. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9455. Wednesday evening, Dec. 8, at 8:40.)

MARO AND ANAHID AJEMIAN—Piano and violin. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9455. Thursday evening, Dec. 9, at 8:40.)

MENAHAM PRESSLER—Piano. (Town Hall. Friday evening, Dec. 10, at 8:30.)

LOUIS KAUFMAN—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Friday evening, Dec. 10, at 8:30.)

MARYLA JONAS—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday afternoon, Dec. 11, at 3.)

LEAGUE OF COMPOSERS—Francis Poulenc, piano; Pierre Bernac, baritone; and others, in a program of M. Poulenc's compositions. (Museum of Modern Art Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. Saturday evening, Dec. 11, at 8. For tickets, call CI 7-8232.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811. Other numbers are included in the listings.)

COLLEGE BASKETBALL—Thursday, Dec. 2: N.Y.U. vs. Baylor, and St. John's vs. Tennessee. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 4: C.C.N.Y. vs. Brigham Young, and L.I.U. vs. Bowling Green. . . . ¶ Monday, Dec. 6: N.Y.U. vs. Colgate, and St. John's vs. Denver. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 9: L.I.U. vs. Arkansas, and C.C.N.Y. vs. Southern Methodist. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 11: N.Y.U. vs. Georgetown, and St. John's vs. Rhode Island State. (Madison Square Garden. Games begin at 8 P.M.)

BOXING—Friday, Dec. 3: Jake LaMotta vs. Tommy Yarosz, middleweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 10: Joe Baksi vs. Ezzard Charles, heavyweights, 15 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bouts at 10.)

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Dodgers vs. Cleveland. (Ebbets Field. Sunday, Dec. 5, at 2:05 P.M.)

HOCKEY—Sunday, Dec. 5: Rangers vs. Detroit. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 7: Rangers vs. Boston. (Madison Square Garden. Games begin at 8:30 P.M.)

HORSE SHOW—Brooklyn Show. (Teevan Riding Academy, Caton Place, Brooklyn. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 10-11.)

INDOOR POLO—Two matches every Saturday. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Matches begin at 8:30 P.M.)

FOR CHILDREN

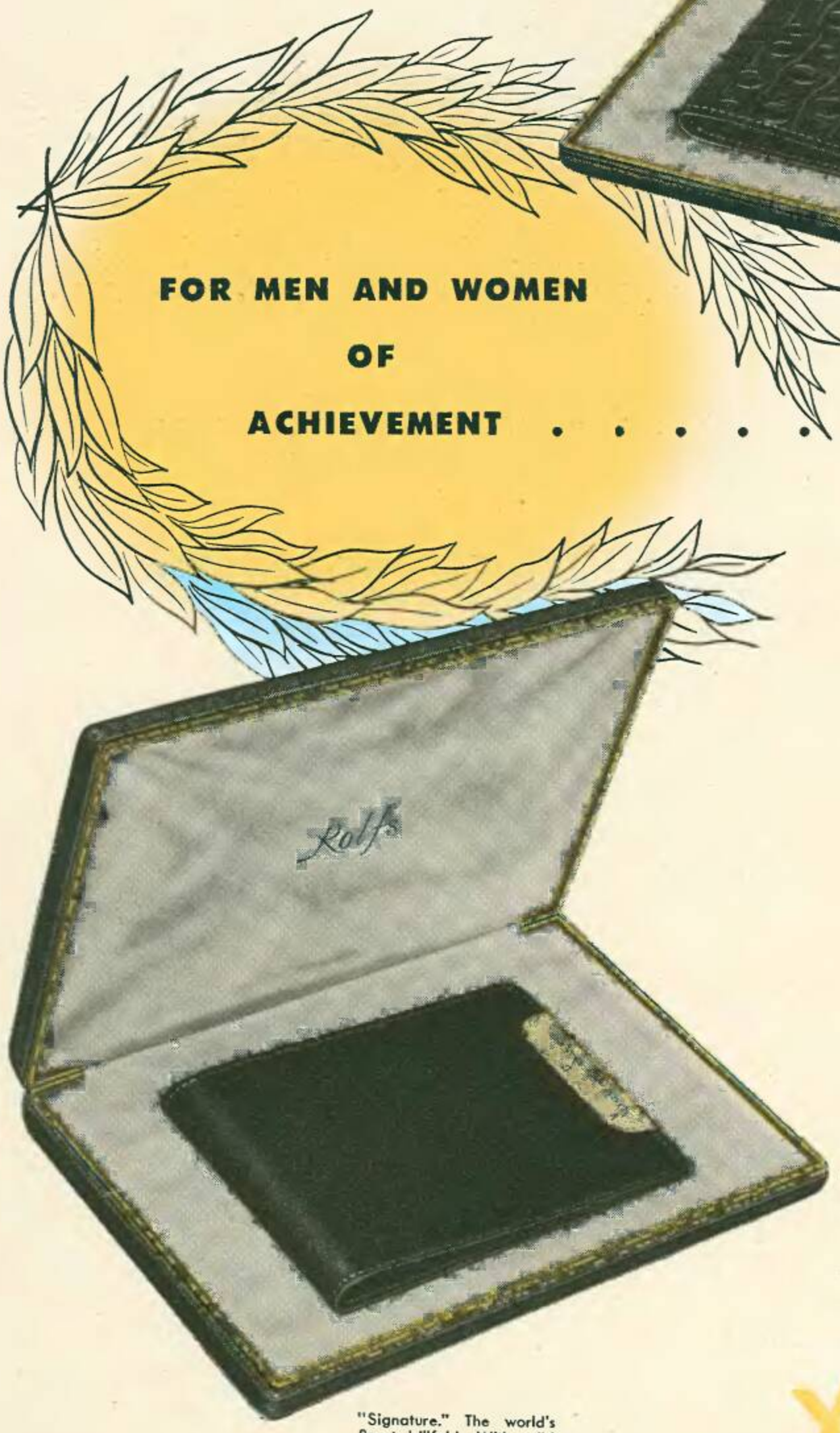
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday morning, Dec. 4, at 11. For tickets, call CI 5-5160.)

Children's World Theatre—"King Midas and the Golden Touch." (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. Saturdays, Dec. 4 and 11, at 10:30 A.M. and 2:30 P.M., and Sunday, Dec. 5, at 2:30 P.M. For tickets, call WA 4-0722.)

Children's Drama Guild—"Rumpelstiltzkin," "Hiding a Prince," and "The Enchanted Spring." (Turn Hall Theatre, Lexington Ave. at 85th St. Saturday afternoons, Dec. 4 and 11, at 2:30. For tickets, call CH 4-1943.)

Musical Play—"Simple Simon," presented by Edwin Strawbridge. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday afternoons, Dec. 4 and 11, and Sunday afternoon, Dec. 5, all at 2:30. For tickets, call PL 5-1482.)

The Junior Theatre—"Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." (Carnegie Recital Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday afternoons, Dec. 4 and 11, at 2:15.)

Miniature Circus—An hour and a half or so of clowns, puppets, trained dogs, and magic tricks. (Provincetown Playhouse, 123 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Saturdays, Dec. 4 and 11, at 10 and 11:45 A.M.. and 1:30 P.M., and Sunday, Dec. 5, at 11 A.M., and 1 and 3 P.M.)

Children's Movies—Films and short subjects of interest to small fry are shown at the Trans-Lux 85th St. Theatre (Madison Ave. at 85th St., BU 8-3180) on Saturday mornings at 11.

OTHER EVENTS

New York Public Library—The Gutenberg Bible, the Bay Psalm Book, and a galaxy of first editions, a hundred books in all, displayed in celebration of the Library's hundredth anniversary. (Main Hall, weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M., and Sundays, 1 to 10 P.M.; and Room 318, weekdays, 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.)

Theodore Roosevelt Exhibition—Pictures, personal letters, and manuscripts outlining Roosevelt's career as a soldier, rancher, family man, and explorer, as well as in politics. (Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St. Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.)

Cat Show—Cats, plain and elaborate, in a two-day stand. (Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 2-3, from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.)

Hayden Planetarium—The current show is called "The Star of Bethlehem." (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M. Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)

Auctions—Etchings and engravings by Dürer, Rembrandt, Van Dyck, and others, collected by the late Joseph H. Seaman. (Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57th St. Auction, Thursday, Dec. 2, at 8 P.M.) . . . ¶ English furniture and clocks of the eighteenth century, from the collection of the late Henry P. Strause. (Parke-Bernet Galleries. Exhibition, Thursday, Dec. 2, from 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; auction, Friday and Saturday, Dec. 3-4, at 2 P.M.) . . . ¶ First editions and manuscripts, from various collections, sold for the benefit of the Wellesley College Seventy-fifth Anniversary Fund. (Parke-Bernet Galleries. Exhibition, Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 2-4, from 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; auction, Monday, Dec. 6, at 8:15 P.M.) . . . ¶ French illustrated books of the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries, collected by the late Cortlandt F. Bishop. (Kende Galleries, 119 W. 57th St. Exhibition, weekdays, starting Wednesday, Dec. 1, from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M., and Sunday, 2 to 5 P.M.; auction, Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 7-8, at 8:15 P.M.) . . . ¶ Lithographs and etchings by modern artists, including Picasso, Rouault, Braque, and Matisse, collected by Curt Valentin. (Parke-Bernet Galleries. Exhibition, Friday and Saturday, Dec. 3-4, and Monday through Wednesday, Dec. 6-8, from

9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; auction, Thursday, Dec. 9, at 8 P.M.)

ON THE AIR

(Programs, as you know, are often changed at the last minute; your newspaper should be consulted as the final authority.)

RADIO

Music—Metropolitan Opera: "Mignon," with Risë Stevens and James Melton, Saturday, Dec. 4, at 2 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Philharmonic-Symphony, Bruno Walter conducting, Sunday, Dec. 5, at 3 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ Detroit Symphony, Karl Krueger conducting, Tuesday, Dec. 7, at 9:45 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ N.B.C. Symphony, Arturo Toscanini conducting, Saturday, Dec. 4, at 6:30 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Patrice Munsel, soprano, Sunday, Dec. 5, at 7:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Fritz Kreisler, violin, Monday, Dec. 6, at 9 P.M., WNBC.

Drama—"The Devil and Daniel Webster," with Raymond Massey, presented by the Protestant Episcopal Church, Friday, Dec. 3, at 8 P.M., WOR. . . . ¶ Walter Pidgeon and Madeleine Carroll in "Lovers and Friends," presented by the Theatre Guild, Sunday, Dec. 5, at 9:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Helen Hayes in "Dark Victory," Sunday, Dec. 5, at 9 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ Lucille Ball and John Garfield in "The Big Street," Friday, Dec. 3, at 9 P.M., WCBS.

News Commentators—Elmer Davis, Mondays through Fridays at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Edward R. Murrow, Mondays through Fridays at 7:45 P.M., WCBS.

TELEVISION

Newsreels—Daily at 7:30 P.M., WPIX. . . . ¶ Daily, except Saturdays, at 7:50 P.M., WNBT.

Sports—Professional Football: Washington vs. Los Angeles, Sunday, Dec. 5, at 1:45 P.M., WJZ; Dodgers vs. Cleveland, Sunday, Dec. 5, at 2 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ College Basketball: At Madison Square Garden, Thursday, Dec. 2; Saturday, Dec. 4; and Monday, Dec. 6; all at 8:30 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ Hockey: Rangers vs. Detroit, Sunday, Dec. 5, and Rangers vs. Boston, Tuesday, Dec. 7, both at 8:25 P.M., WPIX.

Miscellany—"Author Meets the Critics," Sunday, Dec. 5, at 8 P.M., WNBT. . . . ¶ "Four Feathers," a Korda film, with Ralph Richardson, Monday, Dec. 6, at 8:30 P.M., WPIX. . . . ¶ Eddie Condon and some of his musicians, Monday, Dec. 6, at 8 P.M., WPIX.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan about a month in advance.)

College Basketball—At Madison Square Garden every other evening or thereabouts.

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden on Dec. 17, and Jan. 7 and 14.

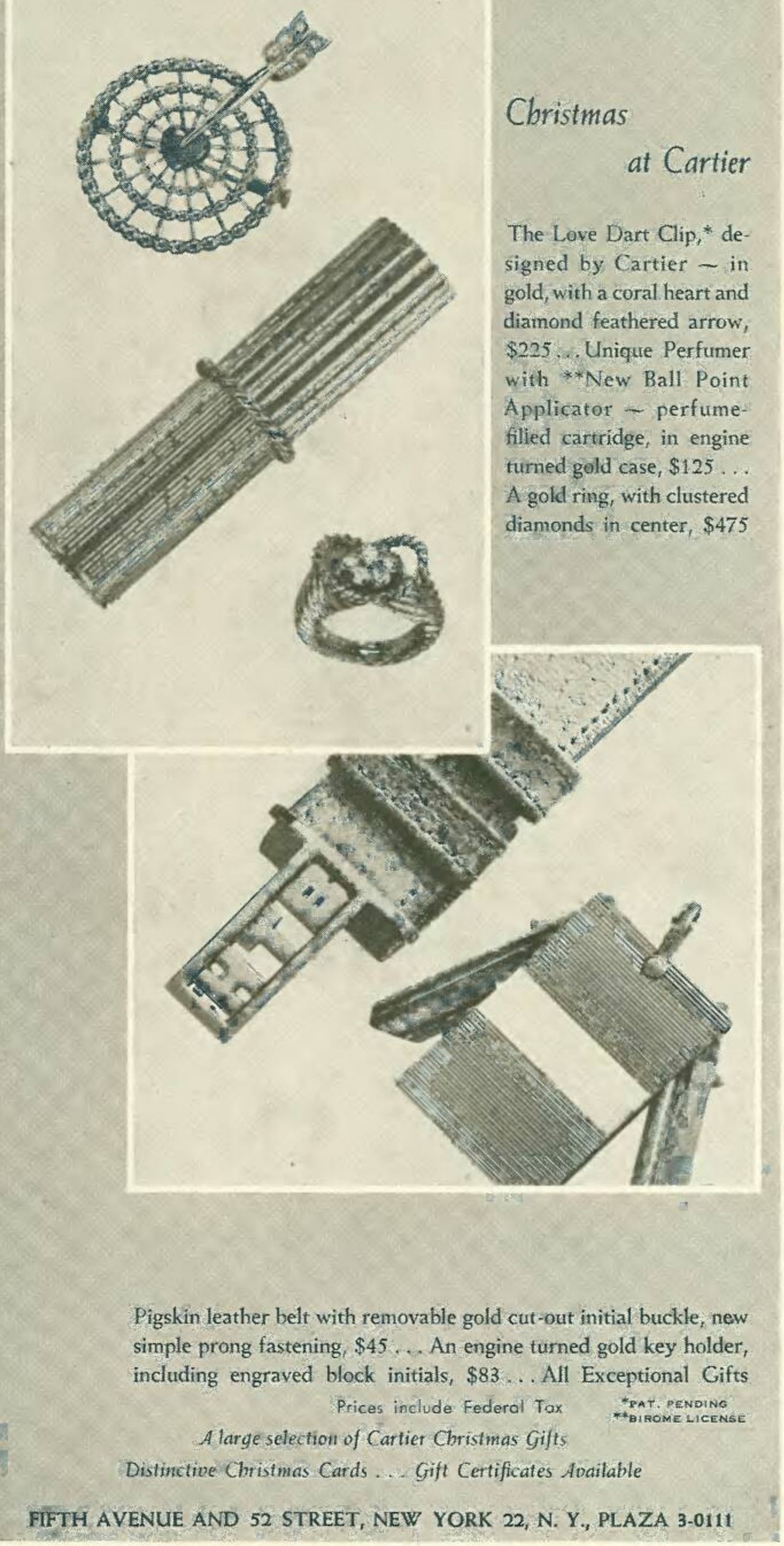
Chess—International Chess Masters' Tournament. (Manhattan Chess Club, 100 Central Park S. Dec. 24-Jan. 2.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden on Dec. 12, 15, 19, 26, and 31, and Jan. 2, 5, 9, and 12.

Music—At **Carnegie Hall**: Kirsten Flagstad, Dec. 12; National Orchestral Association, Leon Barzin conducting, Dec. 18 and Jan. 10; the Collegiate Chorale, Robert Shaw directing, Dec. 21; Oratorio Society, presenting "The Messiah," with Alfred Greenfield directing, Dec. 18; Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Jan. 4; Alexander Brailowsky, Jan. 9; Boston Symphony, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Jan. 12 and 15. . . . **Town Hall**: New Friends of Music, Dec. 12 and 19; Little Orchestra Society, Thomas K. Scherman conducting, Dec. 13 and Jan. 3; Mount Holyoke College Glee Club, Dec. 16.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open in the next six weeks or so—"Along Fifth Avenue," a musical comedy starring Willie Howard, Nancy Walker, Hank Ladd, and Carol Bruce. The music is by Gordon Jenkins and the lyrics are by Tom Adair and Milton Pascal. . . . ¶ Ernest Truex in "Oh, Mr. Meadowbrook!," a comedy by Ronald Telfer and Pauline Jamerson. . . . ¶ "Make Way for Lucia," a play by John van Druten, adapted from E. F. Benson's stories. The cast is headed by Isabel Jeans, Cyril Ritchard, and Catherine Willard. . . . ¶ Leo G. Carroll in "Jenny Kissed Me," a play by Jean Kerr. . . . ¶ "Kiss Me Kate," a new Cole Porter musical, with a book by Bella Spewack. Alfred Drake and Patricia Morison lead the cast.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

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

CÉSAR—The concluding chapter of the Marcel Pagnol trilogy about Marseille, which was made over ten years ago and stacks up as a better film than most present-day ones. Raimu, Charpin, and Orane Démazis are excellent as the leading figures. A French picture. (Elysée, 202 W. 58th, PL 7-4294.)

THE EMPEROR WALTZ—A genial saunter with Bing Crosby through the court of Franz Josef, in Old Vienna. Mr. Crosby is accompanied by Joan Fontaine. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; and Beacon, B'way at 74th, TR 4-9132; through Dec. 3. . . . ¶ Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Dec. 4-6.)

A FOREIGN AFFAIR—A visiting congresswoman's difficulties in postwar Germany. Jean Arthur. Marlene Dietrich, and John Lund. (Normandie, Park at 53rd, PL 8-0040; Dec. 2. . . . ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Dec. 6. . . . ¶ Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; starting Dec. 7.)

HAMLET—Sir Laurence Olivier's version of the Shakespearean tragedy, which has sufficient virtue to overcome the inevitable handicap, for the movies, of static situations. An English film. (Park Avenue, Park at 59th, PL 9-7242. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.; extra performances Saturday and Sunday afternoons at 5:30 and Saturday evenings at 11:30. On Dec. 8, the evening performance will be a benefit for the Outdoor Cleanliness Association; for tickets, call PL 9-4262.)

JOAN OF ARC—A multimillion-dollar attempt to reproduce the life and times of the Saint of Lorraine, adapted—to use the word recklessly—from the Maxwell Anderson play. Ingrid Bergman is the most conspicuous of a cast of thousands, and José Ferrer is the only actor in the piece whose performance is better than mediocre. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, PL 7-4966.)

JOHNNY BELINDA—A picture about a deaf-mute girl and a doctor that is rewarding because of its apt characterization. Jane Wyman's performance as the deaf-mute is exceptional. She is supported by Lew Ayres, Charles Bickford, and Agnes Moorehead. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Dec. 4. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; starting Dec. 4. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; starting Dec. 7. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting Dec. 8.)

LOUISIANA STORY—A splendid film about oil drilling in the South, created by Robert Flaherty, who could not make a bad picture if he tried. The principals, all of whom were hired on the spot by Mr. Flaherty, are first-rate. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, CO 5-9438.)

MARRIAGE IN THE SHADOWS—A talented German cast in a German film concerning some of the hardships of marriage between Jew and Gentile in the Third Reich. With Ilse Steppat. (Little Cinémet, 6th Ave. at 39th, LO 4-1141.)

NOT GUILTY—In the role of a doctor regarded by most people as somewhat less bright than the average, Michel Simon has a hard time in this movie trying to prove that he is smart enough to have committed three perfect murders, as, indeed, he has. A nice bit of lethal triviality, done in French. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through Dec. 6.)

PAISAN—A top-flight Italian picture, directed by Roberto Rossellini, who made "Open City." It strings together six episodes showing how the Italian people reacted to the Germans, English, and Americans during the war. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

RACHEL AND THE STRANGER—A film about pioneers that relies on characterization rather than endless bloodletting and becomes, therefore, quite an interesting item. Loretta Young, William Holden, and Robert Mitchum participate. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, VO 5-3320; through Dec. 3. . . . ¶ Loew's 86th St., 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-5566; through Dec. 4. . . . ¶ 77th Street, B'way at 77th, TR 4-9382; through Dec. 5. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Dec. 7.)

THE RED SHOES—Tucked away in this interminable study of life among the devotees of the dance is a stylish ballet, based on the Hans Christian Andersen story. With Moira Shearer, Leonide Massine, and Ludmilla Tcherina. A British film. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.; extra performances Saturday and Sunday afternoons at 5:30 and Saturday evenings at 11:30.)

THE SNAKE PIT—A survey of the workings of a state insane asylum, in which Olivia de Havilland gives what seems to be an authentic portrayal of a young lady whose mind has collapsed. As a sympathetic psychiatrist, Leo Genn is highly convincing. Capably directed by Anatole Litvak. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633.)

SYMPHONIE PASTORALE—A superb adaptation of the André Gide story about a pastor whose charity for a blind girl he has befriended is suddenly transformed into love. Michèle Morgan and Pierre Blanchar are admirable in the main roles. A French picture. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

REVIVALS

BRIEF ENCOUNTER (1946)—A British cinema expansion of Noel Coward's one-act play "Still Life." With Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard. (Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th, PL 7-4295; through Dec. 5.)

EXTENUATING CIRCUMSTANCES (1946)—A retired judge involved with a gang of crooks. In French, with Michel Simon. Now called "Hideout for Love." (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Dec. 7.)

FANTASIA (1940)—The Disney mixture of Bach, Beethoven, and Mickey Mouse. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 2nd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

I KNOW WHERE I'M GOING (1947)—Wendy Hiller and Roger Livesey stormbound in the Hebrides. An English film. (Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th, PL 7-4295; starting Dec. 6.)

LIFE WITH FATHER (1947)—William Powell, Irene Dunne, and Zasu Pitts in a Technicolor adaptation of the play. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; Dec. 4-6. . . . ¶ Normandie, Park at 53rd, PL 8-0040; Dec. 6-7.)

LOVE AFFAIR (1939)—Romance starts at sea. Irene Dunne again, and Charles Boyer. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Dec. 6-8.)

A NIGHT AT THE OPERA (1935)—The Marx Brothers, mixed up with the musical world. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; Olympia, B'way at 107th, AC 2-1019; and Loew's 175th St., B'way at 175th, WA 7-5200; starting Dec. 8.)

ROOM SERVICE (1938)—Again, the Marx Brothers. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Dec. 6-8.)

SHADOW OF A DOUBT (1943)—A Hitchcock job about a mild little family and a mysterious uncle. Teresa Wright and Joseph Cotten. (Gramercy Park. Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Dec. 5-7.)

SOUTH RIDING (1938)—Yorkshire life, with Edna Best and Ralph Richardson. An English picture. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Dec. 8.)

STORM IN A TEACUP (1938)—A Scottish village and a flock of dogs. A British comedy, with Vivien Leigh, Rex Harrison, and Sara Allgood. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Dec. 8.)

TAWNY PIPIT (1947)—An English piece that deals with bird watchers. With Bernard Miles. (Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th, PL 7-4295; starting Dec. 6.)

THIS HAPPY BREED (1947)—Noel Coward's hymn of praise to the British middle classes. An English film, with Celia Johnson. (Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th, PL 7-4295; through Dec. 5.)

VOLPONE (1947)—Harry Baur and Louis Jouvet in a French version of the Jonson comedy. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Dec. 7.)

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THE BIG HOUSES

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (CI 6-4642)
"A Song Is Born," Danny Kaye.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
"The Kissing Bandit," Frank Sinatra, Kathryn Grayson.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
Through Dec. 3: "A Southern Yankee," Red Skelton.
From Dec. 4: "Live Today for Tomorrow," Fredric March.

GLOBE, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-0800)
"Blood on the Moon," Robert Mitchum, Barbara Bel Geddes.

MAYFAIR, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Road House," Ida Lupino, Richard Widmark.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Hills of Home," Janet Leigh, Tom Drake.

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through Dec. 7: "Canon City," Scott Brady; and "Raw Deal," Marsha Hunt, Dennis O'Keefe.
From Dec. 8: "Kiss the Blood off My Hands," Burt Lancaster, Joan Fontaine; and "For the Love of Mary," Deanna Durbin, Don Taylor.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (BR 9-8738)
"Miss Tatlock's Millions," Wanda Hendrix, John Lund.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
THE SNAKE PIT.

ROXY, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"When My Baby Smiles at Me," Betty Grable, Dan Dailey.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (BR 9-1957)
"The Three Musketeers," Lana Turner, Gene Kelly, June Allyson.

STRAND, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
"Fighter Squadron," Edmond O'Brien, Robert Stack.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-4966)
JOAN OF ARC.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

AVENUE PLAYHOUSE, 6th Ave. at 47th. (PL 7-4295)
Through Dec. 5: BRIEF ENCOUNTER, revival; and THIS HAPPY BREED, revival.
From Dec. 6: TAWNY PIPIT, revival; and I KNOW WHERE I'M GOING, revival.

BIJOU, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
THE RED SHOES.

ELYSÉE, 202 W. 58th. (PL 7-4294)
CÉSAR.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (CO 5-9438)
LOUISIANA STORY.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
"Four Steps in the Clouds" (in Italian).

LITTLE CINÉMET, 6th Ave. at 39th. (LO 4-1141)
MARRIAGE IN THE SHADOWS.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
SYMPHONIE PASTORALE; and "A Visit with Henri Matisse," short documentary film.

PARK AVENUE, Park at 59th. (PL 9-7242)
HAMLET.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 3-5520)
"Blanche Fury," Valerie Hobson, Stewart Granger.

TRANS-LUX 72ND ST., 2nd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
FANTASIA, revival.

WORLD, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
PAISAN.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Dec. 6: **A FOREIGN AFFAIR.**
From Dec. 7: "Jenny Lamour" (in French). revival, Louis Jouvet.

GRAMERCY PARK, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Dec. 4: **JOHNNY BELINDA;** and "Embraceable You," Dane Clark, Geraldine Brooks.
Dec. 5-7: **SHADOW OF A DOUBT,** revival; and "Hatter's Castle." James Mason, Deborah Kerr.
From Dec. 8: **STORM IN A TEACUP,** revival; and **SOUTH RIDING,** revival.

BEVERLY, 3rd Ave. at 50th. (EL 5-8790)
Through Dec. 6: **NOT GUILTY;** and "Laugh. Pagliacci" (in Italian), revival, Beniamino Gigli.
From Dec. 7 (tentative): "Les Enfants du Paradis" (in French), revival.

LEXINGTON, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through Dec. 7: "Tap Roots," Susan Hayward, Van Heflin; and "The Secret Land," documentary film about the antarctic.
From Dec. 8: **A NIGHT AT THE OPERA,** revival; and "Luxury Liner," Jane Powell, George Brent.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
Through Dec. 3: "The Searching Wind," revival, Sylvia Sidney, Robert Young.
From Dec. 4: **JOHNNY BELINDA.**

NORMANDIE, Park at 53rd. (PL 8-0040)
Dec. 2: **A FOREIGN AFFAIR.**
Dec. 3-5: "Temptation," revival. Merle Oberon, George Brent.
Dec. 6-7: **LIFE WITH FATHER,** revival.
From Dec. 8: "To Each His Own," revival. Olivia de Havilland, John Lund.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (VO 5-3577)
Through Dec. 7: "Canon City." Scott Brady: and "Raw Deal," Marsha Hunt, Dennis O'Keefe.
From Dec. 8: "Kiss the Blood off My Hands," Burt Lancaster, Joan Fontaine; and "For the Love of Mary," Deanna Durbin, Don Taylor.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (VO 5-3320)
Through Dec. 3: **RACHEL AND THE STRANGER.**
Dec. 4-8: "A Date with Judy," Jane Powell. Wallace Beery. Elizabeth Taylor.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Dec. 3: "The Naked City." Barry Fitzgerald.
Dec. 4-6: **LIFE WITH FATHER,** revival.
From Dec. 7: **JOHNNY BELINDA.**

LOEW'S 72ND ST., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through Dec. 7: "Tap Roots," Susan Hayward, Van Heflin; and "The Secret Land," documentary film about the antarctic.
From Dec. 8: **A NIGHT AT THE OPERA,** revival; and "Luxury Liner," Jane Powell, George Brent.

COLONY, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through Dec. 3: "The Years Between," revival, Michael Redgrave, Valerie Hobson; and "A Woman's Vengeance." revival. Charles Boyer, Ann Blyth.
Dec. 4-6: **THE EMPEROR WALTZ;** and "I, Jane Doe," Ruth Hussey, John Carroll.
From Dec. 7: To be announced.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Dec. 3: **THE EMPEROR WALTZ.**
Dec. 4-7: "Hatter's Castle." James Mason, Deborah Kerr.
From Dec. 8: **JOHNNY BELINDA.**

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Dec. 7: "Canon City," Scott Brady; and "Raw Deal," Marsha Hunt, Dennis O'Keefe.
From Dec. 8: "Kiss the Blood off My Hands." Burt Lancaster, Joan Fontaine; and "For the Love of Mary," Deanna Durbin, Don Taylor.

LOEW'S 86TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-5566)
Through Dec. 4: **RACHEL AND THE STRANGER;** and "Tarzan and the Mermaids," Johnny Weissmuller.
Dec. 5-8: "Beyond Glory," Donna Reed, Alan Ladd; and "Hazard," Paulette Goddard, Macdonald Carey.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Dec. 5: "Pitfall," Lizabeth Scott, Dick Powell; and "Intrigue," George Raft, June Havoc.
Dec. 6-7: "High Tide," Lee Tracy; and "Louisiana," Jimmy Davis, Margaret Lindsay.
From Dec. 8: "Tap Roots." Susan Hayward, Van Heflin; and "The Secret Land," documentary film about the antarctic.

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through Dec. 3: "Hatter's Castle," James Mason, Deborah Kerr; and "Northwest Outpost," revival. Nelson Eddy, Ilona Massey.
Dec. 4-6: "A Date with Judy," Jane Powell. Wallace Beery. Elizabeth Taylor; and "Old Los Angeles," William Elliott.
From Dec. 7: "Beyond Glory," Donna Reed, Alan Ladd; and "Hazard," Paulette Goddard, Macdonald Carey.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Dec. 7: **RACHEL AND THE STRANGER.**
From Dec. 8: "Good Sam," Gary Cooper, Ann Sheridan.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Dec. 6: "Pitfall," Lizabeth Scott, Dick Powell; and "Intrigue," George Raft, June Havoc.
Dec. 7: "High Tide," Lee Tracy; and "Louisiana," Jimmy Davis, Margaret Lindsay.
From Dec. 8: "Tap Roots," Susan Hayward, Van Heflin; and "The Secret Land," documentary film about the antarctic.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Dec. 5: "The Luck of the Irish," Tyrone Power, Anne Baxter; and "Cry of the City," Richard Conte, Victor Mature.
Dec. 6-8: **LOVE AFFAIR,** revival; and **ROOM SERVICE,** revival.

R.K.O. 23RD ST., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through Dec. 7: "Canon City," Scott Brady; and "Raw Deal." Marsha Hunt, Dennis O'Keefe.
From Dec. 8: "Kiss the Blood off My Hands," Burt Lancaster, Joan Fontaine; and "For the Love of Mary." Deanna Durbin, Don Taylor.

TERRACE, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
Through Dec. 4: "A Date with Judy," Jane Powell, Wallace Beery, Elizabeth Taylor; and "Old Los Angeles," William Elliott.
Dec. 5-6: "Mr. Reckless," William Eythe, Barbara Britton; and "Johnny O'Clock," revival, Dick Powell, Evelyn Keyes.
From Dec. 7: "Beyond Glory," Donna Reed,



Alan Ladd; and "Hazard," Paulette Goddard. Macdonald Carey.

COLONIAL, B'way at 62nd. (CO 5-0484)
Through Dec. 7: "Canon City," Scott Brady; and "Raw Deal," Marsha Hunt. Dennis O'Keefe.
From Dec. 8: "Kiss the Blood off My Hands," Burt Lancaster, Joan Fontaine; and "For the Love of Mary," Deanna Durbin, Don Taylor.

BEACON, B'way at 74th. (TR 4-9132)
Through Dec. 3: **THE EMPEROR WALTZ;** and "I, Jane Doe," Ruth Hussey, John Carroll.
Dec. 4-7: "Hatter's Castle," James Mason. Deborah Kerr; and "Follies Girl," revival, Wendy Barrie.
From Dec. 8: "A Date with Judy," Jane Powell, Wallace Beery, Elizabeth Taylor; and "Old Los Angeles," William Elliott.

77TH STREET, B'way at 77th. (TR 4-9382)
Through Dec. 5: **RACHEL AND THE STRANGER;** and "Tarzan and the Mermaids," Johnny Weissmuller.
Dec. 6-7: To be announced.
From Dec. 8: "Good Sam," Gary Cooper, Ann Sheridan; and "Bodyguard," Lawrence Tierney, Priscilla Lane.

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Dec. 7: "Tap Roots," Susan Hayward, Van Heflin; and "The Secret Land," documentary film about the antarctic.
From Dec. 8: **A NIGHT AT THE OPERA,** revival; and "Luxury Liner," Jane Powell, George Brent.

YORKTOWN, B'way at 89th. (SC 4-4700)
Through Dec. 4: "High Seas," revival, Glenn Ford, Evelyn Keyes; and "Dark Journey," revival, Vivien Leigh, Conrad Veidt.
Dec. 5-7: "The Strange Woman," revival, Hedy Lamarr, George Sanders; and "Paris-Underground," revival, Constance Bennett, Gracie Fields.
From Dec. 8: "The Years Between," revival, Michael Redgrave, Valerie Hobson; and "A Woman's Vengeance," revival, Charles Boyer, Ann Blyth.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Dec. 6: **VOLPONE,** revival.
From Dec. 7: **EXTENUATING CIRCUMSTANCES** (now called "Hideout for Love"), revival; and "The Room Upstairs" (in French), Marlene Dietrich, Jean Gabin.

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (RI 9-9861)
Through Dec. 7: "Canon City," Scott Brady; and "Raw Deal." Marsha Hunt, Dennis O'Keefe.
From Dec. 8: "Kiss the Blood off My Hands," Burt Lancaster, Joan Fontaine; and "For the Love of Mary." Deanna Durbin, Don Taylor.

CARLTON, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-3862)
Dec. 2: "The Luck of the Irish," Tyrone Power, Anne Baxter; and "Cry of the City," Richard Conte, Victor Mature.
Dec. 3-6: "Christmas Eve," revival. George Raft, Joan Blondell; and "On Our Merry Way," revival, Paulette Goddard, Burgess Meredith.
From Dec. 7: **A FOREIGN AFFAIR;** and "Lulu Belle," Dorothy Lamour, George Montgomery.

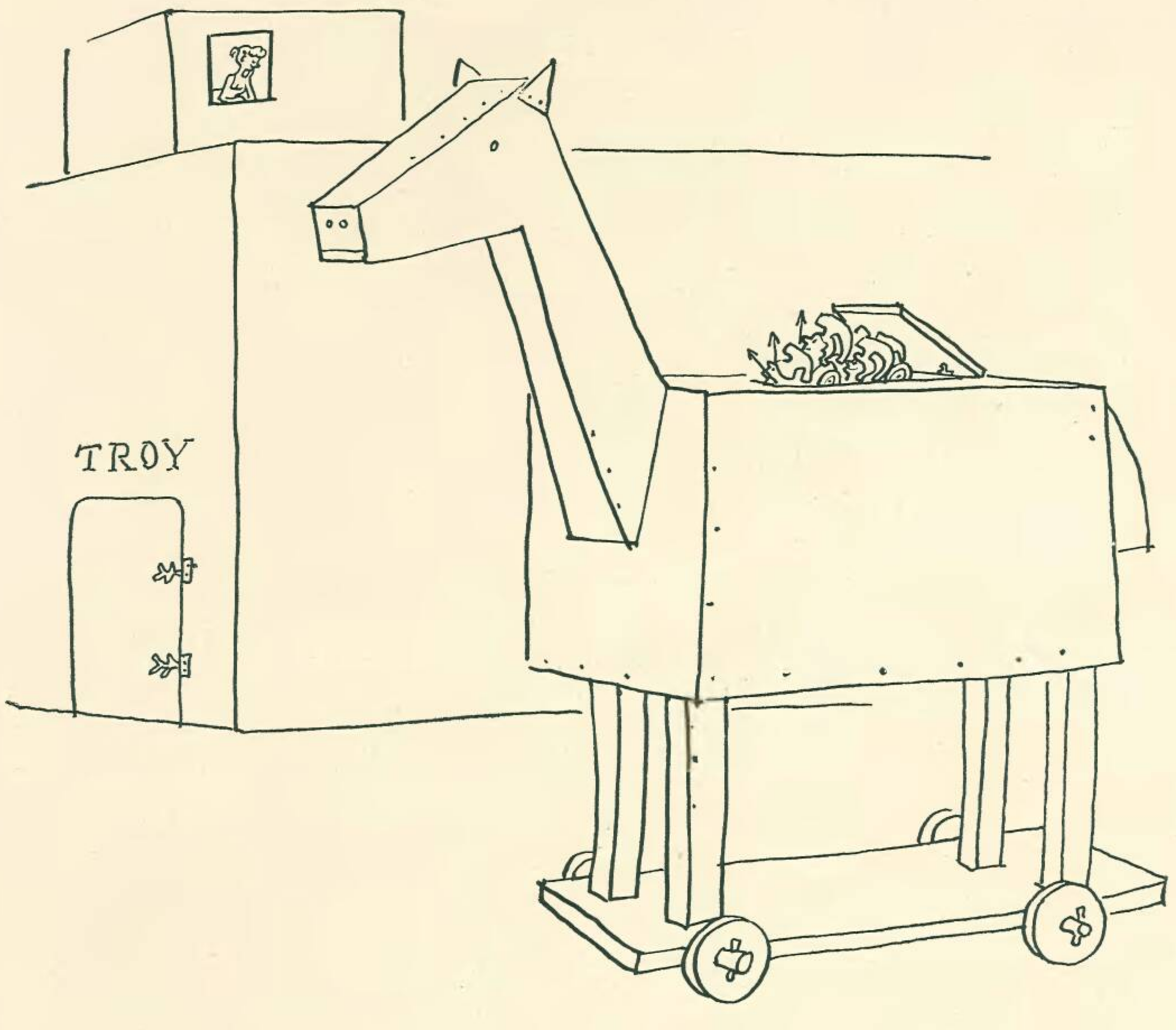
OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (AC 2-1019)
Through Dec. 7: "Tap Roots," Susan Hayward, Van Heflin; and "The Secret Land," documentary film about the antarctic.
From Dec. 8: **A NIGHT AT THE OPERA,** revival; and "Luxury Liner," Jane Powell, George Brent.

NEMO, B'way at 110th. (AC 2-9406)
Through Dec. 7: "Canon City," Scott Brady; and "Raw Deal," Marsha Hunt, Dennis O'Keefe.
From Dec. 8: "Kiss the Blood off My Hands," Burt Lancaster, Joan Fontaine; and "For the Love of Mary," Deanna Durbin, Don Taylor.

LOEW'S 175TH ST., B'way at 175th. (WA 7-5200)
Through Dec. 7: "Tap Roots," Susan Hayward, Van Heflin; and "The Secret Land," documentary film about the antarctic.
From Dec. 8: **A NIGHT AT THE OPERA,** revival; and "Luxury Liner," Jane Powell, George Brent.

COLISEUM, B'way at 181st. (WA 7-7200)
Through Dec. 7: "Canon City," Scott Brady; and "Raw Deal," Marsha Hunt, Dennis O'Keefe.
From Dec. 8: "Kiss the Blood off My Hands," Burt Lancaster, Joan Fontaine; and "For the Love of Mary," Deanna Durbin, Don Taylor.

Never Underestimate the Power of a Woman!



Nor the Power of the Magazine Women Believe In

The Journal's advertising pages are powered by editorial vitality so compelling that, month after month, it attracts more women buyers than *any* other magazine with audited circulation.

Ladies' Home JOURNAL

Jewels
Van Cleef
& Arpels

Lenthéric's newest perfume . . . made in Paris

dark Brilliance de Lenthéric

Languid splendour set to fragrance

Copyright 1948, Lenthéric, Inc. · Made in France.

Here's where your heart skips a beat!



The modern design for '49

A magnificent New Hudson Convertible ready for your inspection

HERE, beyond all doubt, is the most elegant convertible American motor-car artistry has ever conceived for assembly line production!

The long, sweeping lines of this magnificent automobile, its gorgeous interior appointments, rich leather or special combination of leather and fabric upholstery, mark it as a car you can own and drive with deep and enduring pride.

Over and above its beauty and luxury, you will find many notable and fundamental advances in convertible construction in this remarkable car.

This convertible has unexcelled riding qualities, largely resulting from the fact that it has the lowest center of gravity in any American stock car—yet road clearance is ample!

Even with this lower center of gravity and the car's new, low silhouette, there is *generous head room* with the top up, because Hudson floors are recessed down within a base frame. Hudson is the only car you step *down* into!

Outward vision with the top up is greatly increased, not only through a wide, curved windshield and generous side windows, but also through a new type "FOLDAWAY"‡ rear window that is 100 per cent larger than usual, and is invisibly hinged across its plate-glass area so that it folds down into the body with the top.*

There is a beautifully symmetrical new windshield header that not only contributes to the remarkable over-all rigidity of this convertible, but also nests a Pullman-type interior map light, twin sun visors, and a radio antenna control knob, all instantly available for use, yet protected and out of the way.

Everything possible is provided for your convenience and ease. A touch of your finger on a button automatically raises or lowers the top and windows*, and the top well is enclosed with leather-fabric panelling, and carpeted for parcel storage when the top is up.

Among the many options available in this new convertible, is Hudson's Drive-Master automatic transmission**, which provides the easiest of all ways to drive. At the turn of a button on the instrument panel, you have your choice of three driving methods . . . conventional drive, manual shifting without use of the clutch, or fully automatic gear shifting in forward speeds.

This outstanding motor car was conceived and built to thrill you right down to your toes! Hudson dealers will gladly show it to you at your earliest convenience. Hudson Motor Car Company, Detroit 14.



New Safety through a large, newly developed, plate-glass window, which gives 100 per cent more rear vision and is invisibly hinged so that it folds snugly down into the body with the top when not in use! No other convertible offers the advantages of this "FOLDAWAY"‡ window, which is built into a cloth section that is "zippered" into the top*. Top materials are black, red or gray to harmonize with your choice of several sparkling new body colors.





Both Commodore Eight and Super-Six upholstered in rich, antique red leather, with an optional choice at no extra cost of leather and cloth combination—the cloth being a new, specially treated, water-repellent, worsted Bedford Cord in two selections of three-tone colors. Unique windshield header described in the text of this advertisement is illustrated above. Super-Cushion, low-pressure tires standard; white sidewalls an optional extra.

The only car you step down into

Hudson

*Standard on the Commodore, an optional extra on the Super

**An optional extra available on all new Hudson models

Copyright 1948, Hudson Motor Car Co.

‡Patents applied for


M'SOUKO
PARFUM DE
Guerlain
PARIS

BRONZINI

15 East 53rd Street, New York



PURE SILK PRINTED ROBE . . . $165.00
Dark Green on Gold
Black on Blue or Wine
Wine on Bronze Gold



HAND-WOVEN PURE WOOL MUFFLERS . $18.50
Grey with Blue or Terra Cotta Medallion
Mulberry with Scarlet Helmet
Gold with Plum Greek Key



SOFT LEATHER DUFFLE BAG
Hand stitched. Brown leather. 18 Inches high
Contains 4 inner pockets . . . $72. tax incl.



UNUSUAL STERLING SILVER SNAKE KEY RING
with Amethyst Tail . . . $10.20 tax incl.



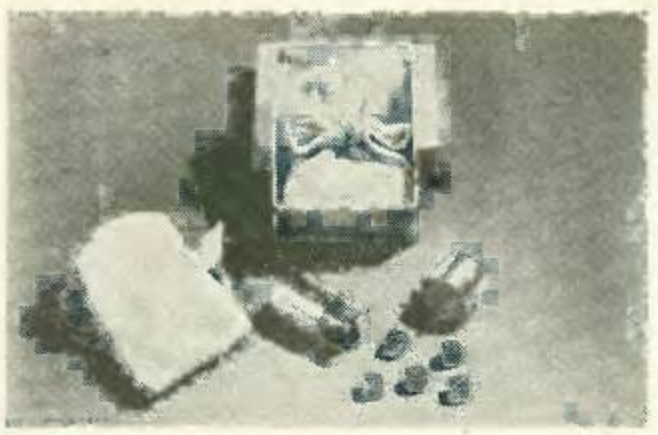
A HANDSOME GIFT CERTIFICATE



DRESS SUSPENDERS
with 14 kt. Gold Clasps . . . $245. tax incl.
MATCHING CUFF LINKS . . . *$135. tax incl.*



BRONZINI AFTER-SHAVE COLOGNE
—the Tang of Rum—the Spice of the Tropics
$12.50 tax incl.
Chamois wrapped in basket . . . . $14. tax incl.
Chamois wrapped in basket with
two cakes toilet soap . . . . . $17. tax incl.



SMALL VIAL, STERLING SILVER,
Containing Six Dice,
To Settle Who Takes the Check
for the Next Round of Cocktails
wrapped in Chamois Bag . . . $10.20 tax incl.



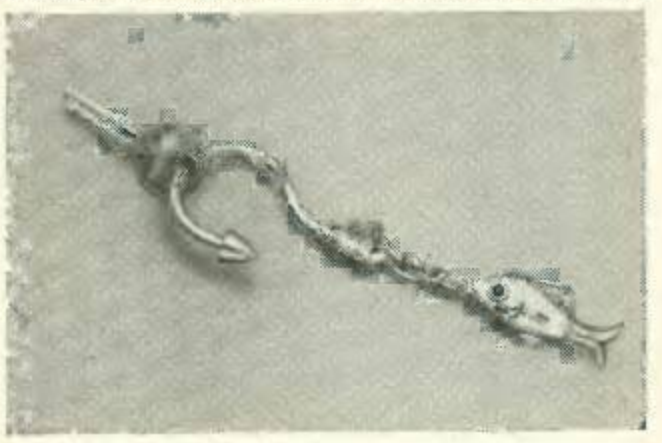
PURE SILK PRINTED TIES—*left to right*
Victory . . $7.50 *Trumpet . . .* $6.50
Imperial Crown . . . $6.50



MOROCCO LEATHER HANDKERCHIEF CASE
Silk Moire Lined 11" x 11". . . $28.50



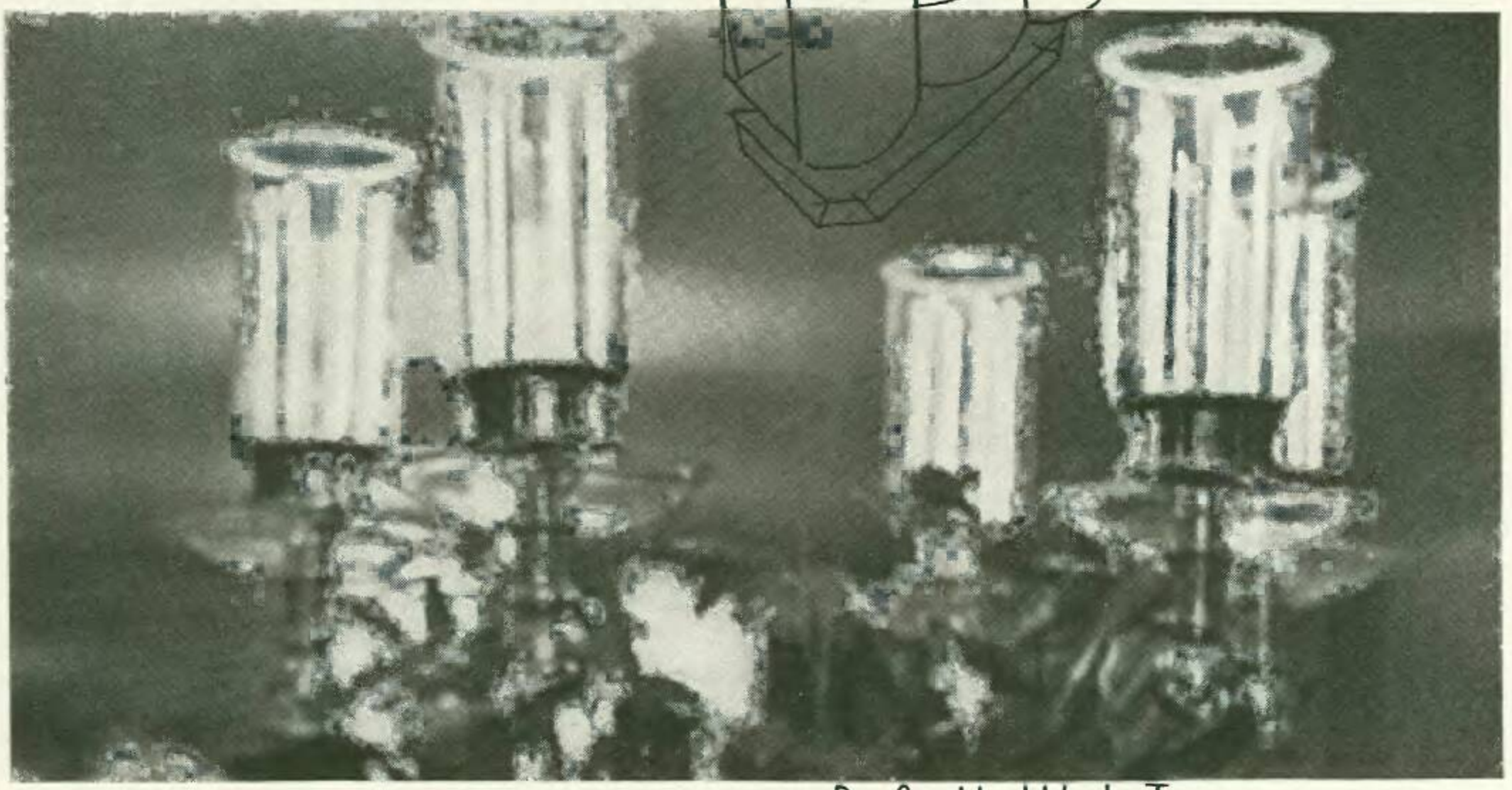
PURE SILK SCARVES
54" long in Original Prints
"Torchere"—black on wine, blue, or grey.
Wine on bronze gold $19.50
"Plain Colors"—blue, bronze gold, wine $16.50
"Medallion"—black on white, black on wine or blue, green on gold, wine on bronze gold. $19.50



NOVEL KEY RING
Sterling Silver . . . $12.60 tax incl.

Emir by Dana...
a delicate fragrance
to complete the picture
of a lovely woman.
Perfume, 10.00, 18.50
Cologne, 2.25, 4.00
(plus Federal tax)
one of the gifted
ideas from Bonwit's
treasure aisles,
first
floor





BONWIT TELLER

New York Boston
White Plains
Palm Beach

B. ALTMAN & CO.
FIFTH AVENUE *NEW YORK*



Our Balta-Lav Gloves

For a beautiful Christmas gift . . . soft washable mocha gloves in rich shades of beige, brown, navy, black or white. Sizes 6 to 7 1/2. *pair 8.50*

Altman gloves, main floor

. . . and at East Orange, White Plains and Manhasset

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE two most noticeable changes in New York are the increasing dryness of its Martinis and the increasing irritability of its hackmen. Maybe the two have a common factor, but we can't put our finger on it. At any rate, only the most delicate chemical test would reveal traces of vermouth in the Martinis that the bartenders are stirring up these days. We don't know what's going to happen to the makers of dry vermouth—some of them probably family men, with wives to support and kids to put through college. We don't know, either, what's going to happen to cabdrivers if the congestion of the streets gets worse. The tension, the discouragement, mounts by the minute. We got out of a cab the other night and while we were settling our account (it took twenty seconds) the car that



had halted directly behind us sounded its horn continuously from sheer petulance at being blocked. When we left, we looked back and saw that the two drivers had stepped out and were locked in mortal combat. Their mood was straight gin, not even a touch of vermouth.

A LESS noticeable change in New York, but a change all the same, is the sudden popularity of the word "personalized." This crummiest of all adjectives attempts to express an idea that is both vague and silly. The latest use of it we encountered was in a Schenley's ad, mentioning a "personalized bottle." Who for? A bottleized man?

THE thing that may solve the traffic problem is television. Television sets will soon be in every car and cab, and this should greatly decrease the population of the city in a relatively short time, as traffic accidents will be not mere fender rubbing but full-bodied, wholesale carnage. Another encouraging thing about television, which we have just learned from an exceedingly well-informed source, is that some housewives who try to do housework and watch television at the same time get seasick. They pick up a few video acts while dusting the living room, and then have to run retching to the kitchen sink. It's a matter of the eyes moving one way, the hands another. If we were the television people, we'd try for a Mothersill's program, with a well-integrated commercial.

LIKE radio, television hangs on the questionable theory that whatever happens anywhere should be sensed everywhere. If everyone is going to be able to see everything, in the long run all sights may lose whatever rarity value they once possessed, and it may well turn out that people, being able to see and hear practically everything, will be specially interested in almost nothing. Already you can detect the first faint signs of this apathy. Already manufacturers are trying to anticipate it, by providing the public with combination sets that offer a triple threat: radio, record playing, and television—all three to be turned on at once, we presume.

Television, when it gets going, will almost certainly pick up and throw into one's home scenes it didn't reckon on when it set up its camera. There have already been examples of this. In



London not long ago, a television broadcaster was giving his impressions of the zoo when a big lizard bit him on the finger. The technicians in charge of the broadcast, delighted at this turn of events, kept their camera trained on the spurting blood. Thus what had begun as a man's impressions of an animal ended as an animal's impressions of a man, and a few drops of private blood gained general currency and became a great pool of public blood, and the world immediately contained more persons who had seen a lizard bite a man.

In Mufti and Brogans

ATTORNEYS for William W. Remington, who is currently suing Elizabeth T. Bentley, the so-called spy queen, for slander, were stumped a couple of Sundays ago in their attempt to serve a summons on her, because such a paper cannot legally be handed out on a Sunday, and that was the only day on which she was willing to show herself. Having read about this, we decided to delve into the abstruse subject of summonses and similar papers. The first thing we learned was that the inviolability of Sunday goes back to an early canon of the Church, which was, successively, adopted by the Saxon kings and approved by William the Conqueror, thereby becoming part of the common law of England. Under our Constitution, English common law is the rule of action for the courts of this country, and there you are. It is entirely legal to serve papers on Christmas, Thanksgiving, the Fourth of July, and other such holidays; these occasions are, in fact, the process-server's happiest time, for most people assume they are safe then and are likely to be off their guard anyhow. Nor does darkness provide immunity, although there has long been a belief along Broadway that it does, with the consequence that certain characters in that region have been known not to set foot on pavement until after sundown for considerable periods.

A summons is a written notice from a court or an attorney informing its re-

cipient that a legal action has been instituted against him and requiring that he answer the claim within a specified time; if he doesn't, the plaintiff is entitled to a judgment by reason of default. Unless a summons is properly served on a defendant, a court has no right to try the case. A subpoena, another instrument people have been known to fear and shun, may be defined as a writ or process summoning a person to appear and give testimony, or to submit himself to what the court may order.



We've had a talk with a couple of our leading local process-servers, the proprietors of the Adelphi Judicial Service Company, of 150 Nassau Street—Jack Steinberg, who believes that he has served papers on fifty thousand people, and Max Becker, who estimates *he* has served them on sixty thousand. The firm employs twenty-five operators, who handle show-cause orders, warrants, and citations as well as summonses and subpoenas. (Citations are easy to serve, because for the most part they concern benefits left by will, and the prospective recipients of the benefits have already been notified by mail to stand by for good news.) The operators are instructed not to antagonize defendants and to get away fast. If a defendant locks himself in his room to avoid being served, an operator may not legally knock down the door, but he may use any amount of guile, cajolery, subterfuge, and deception to get him to open up. The Adelphi men all wear heavy brogans, so they won't get their feet mashed by slammed doors. "I almost got my hand taken off at the wrist one time," Becker told us. "You have to be nimble." Becker had a paper to serve on Gene Autry the last time he was riding in the Rodeo, at Madison Square Garden. There were too many doors in the Garden basement for Becker to meet him coming out, but he got a tip one night, after the show, that Autry was at a certain night club, and served him there.

Becker once walked up fifteen apartment-house flights of stairs because the elevator operators had instructions not to take him up. Another time, Steinberg fixed it with an elevator operator to help him nail his man. He put on the elevator man's coat and rode up and down with him all day, pretending to be breaking him in on the job. This misled the defendant, who, feeling quite secure, boarded the elevator toward evening. Steinberg took off the operator's coat and handed his prey a summons. "We're supposed to be in mufti when we serve a paper," he said. "It would be all right to invent a uniform of our own, but we're not allowed to wear somebody else's uniform." The only people immune to service, Steinberg told us, are voters going to and from the polls on Election Day; soldiers, when they're on federal territory; and persons claiming bankruptcy who have been granted an order from a court to the effect that all actions against them are to be discontinued until the disposition of the bankruptcy proceeding is made. Orthodox Jews and Seventh-Day Adventists are immune on Saturdays (*and* Sundays) if they explain their status to the process-server.

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West Coast Intelligence: A nursery school has opened in Los Angeles, called the Tot-orium.

New Librarian

Mr. Frederick B. Adams, Jr., who has just succeeded Miss Belle da Costa Greene as director of the Pierpont Morgan Library, is a happy and well-connected librarian. To take this post, he resigned as head of the appliance-manufacturing division of the Air Reduction Company, a firm dealing in gases used in welding and cutting metals. "It's a good, lively company," he told us the other day, "and I had various interesting jobs with it for fifteen years, but my major interest for twenty years has been collecting books, along with manuscripts and literary correspondence. I've now brought my vocation and my avocation into focus. Imagine doing exactly what you want and getting paid for it!"

Mr. Adams, who is thirty-eight and keen-faced, started to collect Thomas Hardy when he was a Yale freshman, and went on to specialize also in Virginia Woolf, E. M. Forster, and Mary Webb, among English writers, and Willa Cather, Robert Frost, and E. A. Robinson, among American writers. He graduated from Yale in 1932 and then attended Corpus Christi College, at Cambridge, where, aided by the depreciated pound, he really got going as a collector. He recalls one satisfactory deal he made in those days. He saw a three-volume set of "The Dynasts," with the first volume in first-issue state, bearing a 1903 title page instead of a 1904. The set was priced at seventy-five pounds, which he thought was too high for him. Ten nights later, he had a dream that it had been sold. When he got out of bed, he paused only to brush his teeth before making for the bookstore. An order had just been received for the set, all right, from a man in California, and the books were being wrapped for shipment at that moment, but Adams talked fast and got them unwrapped and into his possession. He thinks no such set has sold for so little since.

Mr. Adams left Cambridge after a few months, because he wanted to get married and hence needed a job. He made his connection with the Air Reduction Company, the founders of which included his father and an uncle, and a year or so later a curious dovetailing of his business and bibliographical interests led to his forming one of the finest collections of Karl Marx and Left Wing political-economy Americana in existence. He was supposed to watch New Deal legislation and figure out the best way in which his company could comply with it. This led him to decide that he ought to know more about the past, sociologically, and he began to read up on Socialism in the United States. This led, in turn, to the collecting. Among the many items he amassed are "Das Kapital" in the original wrapper; two 1848 printings of the Communist Manifesto (he believes he's the only person in the United States who owns both); the first Marx pamphlet published in America ("The 18th Brumaire of Louis Napoleon," New York, 1852), probably the only copy in this country; and a number of publications put out by the Brook Farm, Oneida, and New Harmony communities. Perusal of such literature, Mr. Adams suspects, caused New Deal developments to come as less of a shock to him than they did to some of his colleagues. On his mother's side, he is a first cousin once removed of Franklin Roosevelt, and he has a collection of privately and publicly printed speeches, Christmas pamphlets, historical documents, logs of cruises, etc., written by the late President, which he has catalogued. "It was sort of a joke between us that I was his bibliographer," he said.

The Morgan Library's new director is the father of four girls; the possessor of a farm in the Berkshires; president of the Grolier Club; an editor of the *New Colophon*, a bibliophiles' quarterly; first vice-president of the Bibliographical Society of America; and assistant secretary of the Walters Gallery, in Baltimore, an art museum presented to that city by his great-uncle, Henry Walters.

His father is a director of the Atlantic Coast Line, and he himself is a nephew of Roland Redmond, president of the Metropolitan Museum and a trustee of the Morgan Library.

"I guess collecting is in my blood," Mr. Adams said, "but I've had to do it in a minuscule way. The old-timers could do it big. I'm not sure people realize how useful the Morgan Library is. It contains the crowning achievements—what you might call the crests of creativeness—of mankind for several thousand years. Unless we preserved these great feats of humanity in the past, we wouldn't know of mankind's past capabilities—we'd be starting everything from scratch. That's the main reason I'm so excited about going there."

Leak

THE last belated election return has trickled in—from an outlying precinct to the north, where they haven't got voting machines yet. A lady there noted with approval, when she arrived at her polling place, that a class of school children was in attendance, having been brought by a teacher to see democracy in action. The only trouble was that after the lady had repaired to a cloistered booth, thoughtfully filled out her paper ballot, folded it, and handed it to an election official standing beside the ballot box, he smiled at the young visitors, unfolded the document, and said, "Now, this, children, is what a marked ballot looks like."

SOrry

ON learning that our contemporary the *Saturday Review of Literature* had been much distressed recently when its telephone number was changed from BRyant 9-4275, with its elegant echo of William Cullen, to LUxemburg 2-0220, which sounds foreign, looks like a misspelling, and has no literary connotations, we stopped in at the Telephone Company's office down on West Street and called on the man in charge of such matters, Mr. John C. Doughty, supervisor of the Traffic Methods Department. Mr. Doughty is appropriately named. For eleven years now, he has been selecting, discarding, and reassigning exchange names, has borne the brunt of many an expostulation from outraged telephone subscribers, and, with one exception, has yet to go further than say, politely but firmly, that he's sorry, but . . . Mr. Doughty is also remarkable as being perhaps the only man alive who can pronounce the first two letters of an exchange name in unmistakable capitals. When he says "PLaza," a listener can have no doubt whatever that the "P" and the "L" are upper-case.

As for the *Saturday Review*, Mr. Doughty told us that on hearing of its grievance he sent a man up to explain that the BRyant exchange had been



"You let go of me! I'm only temporary, for the Christmas rush."

carrying too heavy a burden and that the LUxemburg exchange was going to mean better service all around. The *Saturday Review* was mollified; at any rate, it's answering the phone. LUxemburg is neither a brand-new exchange name nor a misspelling, Mr. Doughty assured us. It was used for an exchange in Queens in the late twenties, and English-language reference books give plenty of authority for the "burg" ending. "All of a sudden, it appears there should be an 'o' in LUxemburg." Mr. Doughty sighed. "What difference does the spelling make, as long as it's easy to say? [Subsequent to our talk with Mr. Doughty, we learned that at the New York World's Fair, in 1939, the spelling was "Luxembourg," at the insistence of the local consulate of that country, and that later the American State Department adopted the "o."] Of course, I could have used LUxor, which is a city on the Nile, but we don't like to give people free advertising. There are lots of Luxors in the phone book—Turkish baths, shirt companies, and the like of that." Mr. Doughty had another reason for preferring LUxemburg to LUxor, or LUxton, or any other two-syllable combination. He thinks names of three syllables sound better than names of two syllables—have a pleasanter ring to them. "I'm a three-syllable man," he said. "Always have been. Sometimes people ask why we don't use APple instead of APplegate, or TEmple instead of TEmpleton. I reply that three-syllable names have rhythm and that, having rhythm, they're more easily remembered and less likely to be misunderstood. CLoverdale, for example," he said, rolling out the capitals with relish. "BUtterfield. RIverside. MOnument." Rather than depend on inspiration to provide him with exchange names, Mr. Doughty consults a large book of possibilities put out by A.T.&T. for the use of subsidiary companies throughout the country. He has dismissed most of these as mechanically unsuited to local dialling conditions, as too difficult to spell, or as lacking in rhythm. The New York Telephone Company has been adding about ten exchanges a year lately, and at that rate will run out of name possibilities in ten years, Mr. Doughty estimates. Then a change in the dialling system will have to be worked out.

The Telephone Company occasionally shifts the area covered by an exchange name, and this is almost certain to arouse protests. When the PLaza exchange was extended to include a section of the West Side, a good many old PLaza subscribers to the east were fit to be tied. On the other hand, there was no complaint when the CAthedral exchange, noble as the name sounded, had to be scrapped to make room for BAyside numbers and MOnument was put in to take its place. When ORchard numbers began to appear in the Gramercy Park area, supplementing those of the GRamercy exchange, the whole neighborhood kicked so hard that the name was eventually changed to ORegon. ORchard had long been an exchange on the low-down East Side. "My one defeat," Mr. Doughty said. "At that, I managed to supplant a two-syllable name with a rhythmic, three-syllable one."

Herring-Do

A NAVAL RESERVE lieutenant commander who saw considerable North Atlantic service during the war, and who ever since has been made apprehensive by the sight of an official government envelope, spotted just such an object on his desk when he got to the office the other morning and immediately envisioned himself back in uniform, rocked on the bounding main. He tore the envelope open before he'd even taken off his hat and was enormously relieved to find that it contained a letter saying that the Chief of Naval Operations was anxious to obtain information about the winter herring run at Hvalfjördur, Iceland, and would he please send along, "with all promptness, any information you may have that would be particularly helpful to the Icelandic Government in plotting the probable time of the occurrence and the course of future runs."



Fan

AT eighty-nine, Mr. Henry Duffield, treasurer emeritus of Princeton, is barely young enough to be included in our series of spry octogenarians. He is a hearty, blue-eyed, big-boned man, and he has just wound up another season of faithful attendance at Princeton football games, of which he has been an ardent fan ever since 1869, the year the first intercollegiate football game was played. The contestants on that historic occasion were Princeton and Rutgers, the ball was round, and there was no system of first downs, no tackling below the waist, and no passing. Each team numbered twenty-five. We visited Mr.



"What do they call it when they take everything out of a lobster and then put it all back again?"

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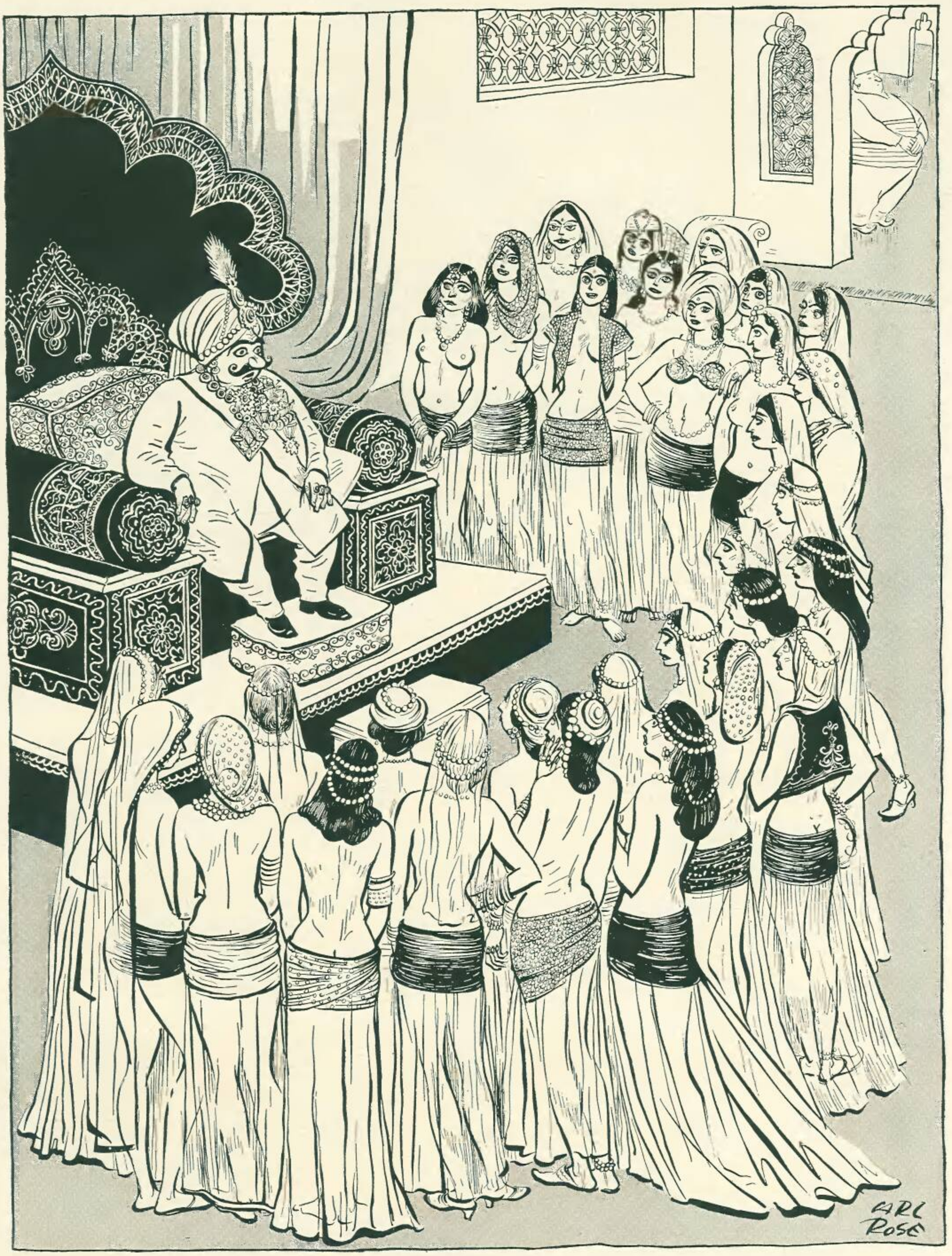
Duffield one morning last week at his pleasant, high-gabled house in Princeton, which he and Mrs. Duffield built as newlyweds forty-nine years ago, and found him in rollicking spirits over the successes of the current Princeton team. He has missed only two Yale-Princeton (or Princeton-Yale) football meetings since 1879, both on account of sickness, and he particularly enjoyed this year's game. "We won handily, twenty to fourteen," he said, "and, at that, Yale was playing over its head all the way. Made a most exciting game. Beating Harvard forty-seven to seven was *too* one-sided. One thing in favor of the new rule permitting unlimited substitutions is that it tends to make two teams equal. It also makes a game more interesting for the spectators. There's so much deception in football these days that it's a wonder to me the players know what's going on, much less the rest of us. Seventy or eighty years ago, the emphasis was on weight and strength, not brains. No matter what anyone says, this is a better game. Fact is it's more like baseball. But, my goodness, don't let me get started on baseball."

Mr. Duffield's father, we learned, entered Princeton in 1838, and after graduating was a professor of mathematics in the college for sixty years. His son duly matriculated there and—Mr. Duffield *did*, with our connivance, get started on baseball—played right field on the college nine, never, to the best of his recollection, letting a ball pass him that it was humanly possible to catch. In 1881, he batted .318, leading the Ivy League. He graduated that year. Four years later, he returned to the college, as a clerk in the treasurer's office. Finding that he was badly needed on the baseball team, he attended a one-hour-a-week course in Roman law, which, according to the casual protocol of the time, made him eligible for the teams of 1886 and 1887. He recalls with pleasure that he got two home runs off Alonzo Stagg, now, at eighty-six, football coach at Susquehanna and then a notable Yale pitcher. "I hit them with a dead ball," he pointed out. "I often wonder what I could have done with the modern jack-rabbit ball. We'd given up pitching underhand by then but weren't allowed to raise our arm above the shoulder. We pitched real curves then. Nowadays, most pitchers just shoot the ball in. It's no wonder they wear out their arms in a year or two."

The Princeton-Yale football series began in 1873, and for the first few years the matches were played on the St. George cricket ground, in Hoboken. In the eighties, the games were moved to the Polo Grounds, which were then at 110th Street and on which polo was then actually played; after 1900, they were played on college grounds. Mr. Duffield still feels pretty strongly about the Princeton-Yale game of 1884, in which the referee, a Harvard football player, claimed not to have seen a Princeton field goal that, if allowed, would have won the game. Shortly after this, the practice of having an undergraduate player from one college referee a game between two other colleges was abandoned, and disinterested outsiders were engaged as officials. Mr. Duffield was in the midst of describing a particularly bloody and bone-shattering game that took place in 1889 when Mrs. Duffield came in with some Old-Fashioneds and a warning that lunch would soon be ready. Sipping his cocktail with a critical air, Mr. Duffield whispered to us that, with all respect to his wife, if the matter had been left to him, he would have made Martinis. "There's nothing better than a good Martini," he said. "And nothing worse than a bad one. It's all fiddle-faddle, this theory that Martinis must be stirred, not shaken. *I* shake them, and shake them hard—not over my head, the way we used to do in prohibition, but with a certain twirl of the wrist that gives them real authority. But to get back to football . . ."

Identification

JOHN DREW DEVEREAUX, the young actor who has been playing one of Clarence Day's sons for almost a decade, was introduced the other night to a distinguished British actor, recently arrived. "This is John Drew Devereaux," said the intermediary, "the grandson of that great American actor John Drew, of whom you have doubtless heard." "Of course, of course!" said the Englishman warmly. "The man who shot Booth."



"Any of you girls seen my glasses?"

PIGSKIN POSTVIEW

AS far as the East is concerned, football is over now until next spring, and the attention of the fans will be riveted on the forthcoming grid classics at the various Rose, Sugar, Rice, Dust, and Cotton Bowls of the West and South. Pardon, I don't mean next spring. Football is over until next fall. It's baseball that is over until next spring. Now comes the moment when the sports expert must set himself the task of reviewing the football season and picking an All-America eleven, thus inviting the traditional shower of brickbats from disgruntled alumni.

First, a word in my own defense. Fans! Of the 1,788 football contests on whose outcome I have hazarded predictions since that humid September afternoon when St. Teresa kicked the pants off St. Bonaventure, I have correctly guessed the outcome of nineteen games, or a percentage of approximately .0106. This, I submit, is not bad for an expert; in fact, it is several points better than the score made by Fulton Lewis, Jr., in the recent political campaign. And with all due modesty I should like to point out that I was the first to predict the untie between Duke and Rubirosa.

In reviewing the season, the sports analyst is bound to ask himself certain key questions. For instance, why did we experts underrate the Princeton Institute for Advanced Study? Might not the crack eleven of Oneonta Grammar be speeding westward at this moment to champion the East in the Rose Bowl had not the mother of Savonarola, Oneonta's one-man quarterback, made him stay home and help her put up chowchow on the afternoon of Oneonta's crucial game with Trumansburg High? Why are so many football games called crucial? And where was Xavier Methodist? They never even showed up for their crucial game with Loew's State. It is imponderables like these that give intercollegiate football its drama, color, and excitement.

There were gaps in the various schedules that do not make the task of the expert easier. For instance, William and Mary, though they held supposedly invincible North Carolina to a 7–7 tie, failed to play either Franklin and Marshall, Alfred and Lynn, or Pegeen and Ed. What gives here? And why didn't Biff Jones or Tuss McLaughry or Pop Warner arrange a game between Brigham Young and Sarah Lawrence? Or, for the matter of that, why didn't Sarah Lawrence arrange a game between Biff Jones and Tuss McLaughry? Schedule-makers are in a rut, that's the trouble with them.

FRANKLY, it is difficult to say just which eleven merits top billing in this year's football honors. Notre Dame? Well, this expert never saw an eleven that for offense, defense, offensive-defense, defensive-offensive-defense, defensive-pastoral-historical-offense, and historical - offensive - pastoral - defense could compare with Pop Leahy's Longhorns this fall. Yet they won only all the games they played. Surely the South Bend Jongleurs should do better than that.

The verbs most applicable to California and Michigan this season were, as any fair-minded copyreader will testify, "win," "crush," "trounce," "wallop," "rout," "smite," "subdue," "romp," "down," "defeat," "top," "upset," "trip," "conquer," "halt," "check," "crush," and "triumph." The same goes for Army. The North Carolina Mustangs, the Illinois Buckeyes, the Muhlenberg Mules, and the Princeton Gophers are fine, upstanding specimens of young American manhood, and there isn't a man on any of those teams you wouldn't be proud to introduce to your sister. The same is true of Randolph-Macon, Tougaloo, Juilliard, Antioch, Carthage, Claflin, Slippery Rock Teachers, Troy Conference Academy, and Upsala. Of course, your sister is going to be awfully busy if we go through with this.



Northville Tech might have figured in our calculations except for its fiasco in the game with Adler Poly, in which Northville suffered penalties totalling seven furlongs. While this certainly entitles Northville to enter the Preakness next spring, it hardly renders them eligible for a Bowl bid. Columbia suffered this season from Longine lassitude, the dread occupational malady of football, prime symptom of which is a tendency on the part of the afflicted eleven to lose the game in the last minute of play. Most grid strategists now believe that Tuss Little made a mistake in switching the Nittany Lions from daylight-saving time.

Melancthon Poly lost its crucial game with Gonzaga because Pocatello, crack guard for the Fighting Lutherans, got only fifty-two in trig in the October exams and, with the ball on his own five-yard line, was yanked out of the game by the Dean of Studies. This incident focusses attention on an ominous trend observable of late years in the Ivy, Woodbine, Sumac, and other deciduous leagues—to put far too much emphasis on studies. If this trend continues unchecked, football as we have known it will simply degenerate into football.

When all is said and done, I really believe I shall cast my vote for Cornell. Those who know me will doubtless accuse me of nepotism and of being preposterously out of my field. But there are untold thousands who *don't* know me.

IT now becomes your oracle's precarious duty to select the knights of the helmet who are to comprise the mythical All-America eleven. So here I go, off the deep end:

LEFT END—Edgar Montillion Woolley, sensational new baritone, for his fine performance as Fafnir in last summer's Berkshire Festival performances of the Ring.

LEFT TACKLE—Sam—Sam—oh, what's his name? You know—his mother was a Purdy. No, no, don't tell me—it'll come to me.

LEFT GUARD—Mrs. Fanny Blankers-Koen, of Holland.

CENTER—Mrs. J. Bryan, III, of Doylestown, Pa.

RIGHT GUARD—Dominick Rubeola.

RIGHT TACKLE—Toolittle of Tulane.

RIGHT END—Doak Walker, or the equivalent.

QUARTERBACK, and Most Likely to Succeed—Harry S. Truman.

SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY—It is hard to say here. Snyder may remain or he may elect to take a job he has been offered with the Bank of America. At any rate, those close to the White



"She went down the north slope with the skiing instructor, and that was the last I ever saw of her."

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House—and this does not include Governor Strom Thurmond, of South Carolina—say that Tom Clark will remain as Attorney General.

LEFT HALFBACK—Charlie Justice.
RIGHT HALFBACK—Choo-Choo Justice.
FULLBACK—Justice of North Carolina.
REFEREE—Notre Dame.

A few words of comment concerning some of the above selections:

Mrs. Fanny Blankers-Koen, of Holland—Lou Boudreau certainly deserves to share in any nosegays or group compliments being tossed about this fall, but the way I look at it is this: If we gave Lou a place on our All-America team, then, in all fairness, we'd have to make room for Gene Bearden, for, after all, it was due fully as much to the heroic pitching of the Manassa Mauler as to the brilliant hitting of Boudreau that that final game at Boston went to Tuss Leahy's Indians. So one vote for Mrs. Fanny Blankers-Koen, the magnificent Dutch girl who carried Queen Juliana's colors to victory in three events at the Olympics.

Mrs. J. Bryan, III—At no time since she became eligible to play has Mrs. Bryan been mentioned for All-America honors by any expert. It is high time this unsportsmanlike conspiracy against the plucky little Doylestown matron was ended. One vote for Katharine Bryan.

Harry S. Truman—Oak-hearted quarterback of the Electoral College. Against fantastic odds, he singlehandedly scored a TD over T. D. So 23,671,479 votes for H.T.

Dom Rubeola—This fast little football compet carried water, parkas, and benzedrine for the Poly Prep eleven throughout the season and as a result was deservedly crowned assistant manager of football for 1949. One vote for Rubeola.

WELL, Mr. and Mrs. America and all the ships at sea, we know the above may not be the perfect All-America team, but we have done the best we could, according to our lights. Possibly we should have included Satchel Paige. By George, we *will* include Satchel Paige. Take Toolittle of Tulane out and give his uniform to Satch. Friends in Alabama will probably write in demanding to know why we omitted Steckeldrucker, 'Bama's crack one-man powerhouse. Well, we *would* have included Steckeldrucker had it not been for the tendon he pulled in the game between 'Bama and 'Ssippi. That benched him for the rest of the season. In spite of the tendon, he might have got into later games but for the two broken legs and the skull fracture he suffered in that same game with 'Ssippi. He also had a condition in eighteenth-century English prose, and the girl he was engaged to ran off and married a drummer from Tampa. It was certainly tough luck and we sincerely hope that the Sho' Nuff Sharecropper will come into his own next season, when 'Bama plays not only 'Ssippi but also 'Tucky, 'Tana, 'Zona, 'Chusetts, 'Sconsin, 'Raska, and 'Xas.

And now for the brickbats.

—FRANK (BIFF) SULLIVAN

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The legend is bull's-eye, part of a local scene,
That boys and guns and alchemy make men.
The fastest gent on the draw, the coolest eye
Left museums by trailsides. Time and a toy
Still play at death; that boy in every wood
Intent on squirrels, magazine of manhood,
Calibre of a culture, stock of success,
Perfects his legend—never to miss
The sudden flag of chance from any bush.
Though some have yet been stopped by the bright rush
Of rare wings into sun—cardinal, thrush—
Tommy guns have sprayed most plausibly
Among the bird notes of old history
Behind his practice, behind a foreign shrine,
The schoolhouse, and the jungle. Time
Is all oak's way, elm's way; unalarmed,
It vegetates, knows every age came armed
Where a legend's child walked with his national toy—
Stone, axe, or arrow—learning the huntsman's joy.
Death was once a barefoot boy. —JOHN CIARDI

YONDER PEASANT, WHO IS HE?

WHENEVER we children came to stay at my grandmother's house, we were put to sleep in the sewing room, a bleak, shabby, utilitarian rectangle, more office than bedroom, more attic than office, that played to the hierarchy of chambers the role of a poor relation. It was a room seldom entered by the other members of the family, seldom swept by the maid, a room without pride; the old sewing machine, some cast-off chairs, a shadeless lamp, rolls of wrapping paper, piles of cardboard boxes that might someday come in handy, papers of pins, and remnants of material united with the iron folding cots put out for our use and the bare floor boards to give an impression of intense and ruthless temporality. Thin white spreads, of the kind used in hospitals and charity institutions, and naked blinds at the windows reminded us of our orphaned condition and of the ephemeral character of our visit; there was nothing here to encourage us to consider this our home.

Poor Roy's children, as commiseration damply styled the four of us, could not afford illusions, in the family opinion. Our father had put us beyond the pale by dying suddenly of influenza and taking our young mother with him, a defection that was remarked on with horror and grief commingled, as though our mother had been a pretty secretary with whom he had wantonly absconded into the irresponsible paradise of the hereafter. Our reputation was clouded by this misfortune. There was a prevailing sense, not only in the family but in storekeepers, servants, streetcar conductors, and other satellites of our circle, that my grandfather, a rich man, had behaved with extraordinary munificence in allotting a sum of money for our support and installing us with some disagreeable middle-aged relations in a dingy house two blocks distant from his own. What alternative he had was not mentioned; presumably he could have sent us to an orphan asylum and no one would have thought the worse of him. At any rate, it was felt, even by those who sympathized with us, that we led a privileged existence, privileged because we had no rights, and the very fact that at the yearly Halloween or Christmas party given at the home of an uncle we appeared so dismal, ill clad, and unhealthy, in contrast to our rosy, exquisite cousins, confirmed the judgment that had been made on us—clearly, it was a generous impulse that kept us in the family at all. Thus, the meaner our circumstances, the greater seemed our grandfather's condescension, a view in which we ourselves shared, looking softly and shyly on this old man—with his rheumatism, his pink face and white hair, set off by the rosebuds in his Pierce-Arrow and in his buttonhole—as the font of goodness and philanthropy, and the nickel he occasionally gave us to drop into the collection plate on Sunday (two cents was our ordinary contribution) filled us not with envy but with simple admiration for his potency; this indeed was princely, *this* was the way to give. It did not occur to us to judge him for the disparity of our styles of living. Whatever bitterness we felt was kept for our actual guardians, who, we believed, must be embezzling the money set aside for us, since the standard of comfort achieved in our grandparents' house—the electric heaters, the gas logs, the lap robes, the shawls wrapped tenderly about the old knees, the white meat of chicken and red meat of beef, the silver, the white tablecloths, the maids, and the solicitous chauffeur—persuaded us that prunes and rice pudding, peeling paint and patched clothes were *hors concours* with these persons and therefore could not have been willed by them. Wealth, in our minds, was equivalent to bounty, and poverty but a sign of penuriousness of spirit.



Yet even if we had been convinced of the honesty of our guardians, we would still have clung to that beneficent image of our grandfather that the family myth proposed to us. We were too poor, spiritually speaking, to question his generosity, to ask why he allowed us to live in oppressed chill and deprivation at a long arm's length from himself and hooded his genial blue eye with a bluff, millionairish gray eyebrow whenever the evidence of our suffering presented itself at his knee. The official answer we knew: our benefactors were too old to put up with four wild young children; our grandfather was preoccupied with business matters and with his rheumatism, to which he devoted himself as though to a pious duty, taking it with him on pilgrimages to Ste. Anne de Beaupré and Miami, offering it with impartial reverence to the miracle of the Northern Mother and the Southern sun. This rheumatism hallowed my grandfather with the mark of a special vocation; he lived with it in the manner of an artist or a grizzled Galahad; it set him apart from all of us and even from my grandmother, who, lacking such an affliction, led a relatively unjustified existence and showed, in relation to us children, a sharper and more bellicose spirit. She felt, in spite of everything, that she was open to criticism, and, transposing this feeling with a practiced old hand, kept peering into our characters for symptoms of ingratitude.

We, as a matter of fact, were grateful to the point of servility. We made no demands, we had no hopes. We were content if we were permitted to enjoy the refracted rays of that solar prosperity and come sometimes in the summer afternoons to sit on the shady porch or idle through a winter morning on the wicker furniture of the sun parlor, to stare at the player piano in the music room and smell the odor of whiskey in the mahogany cabinet in the library, or to climb about the dark living room examining the glassed-in



"Do you have one 'To all of you from all of us'?"

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paintings in their huge gilt frames, the fruits of European travel: dusky Italian devotional groupings, heavy and lustrous as grapes, Neapolitan women carrying baskets to market, views of Venetian canals, and Tuscan harvest scenes—secular themes that, to the Irish-American mind, had become tinged with Catholic feeling by a regional infusion from the Pope. We asked no more from this house than the pride of being connected with it, and this was fortunate for us, since my grandmother, a great adherent of the give-them-an-inch-and-they'll-take-a-yard theory of hospitality, never, so far as I can remember, offered any caller the slightest refreshment, regarding her own conversation as sufficiently wholesome and sustaining. An ugly, severe old woman with a monstrous balcony of a bosom, she officiated over certain set topics in a colorless singsong, like a priest intoning a Mass, topics to which repetition had lent a senseless solemnity: her audience with the Holy Father; how my own father had broken with family tradition and voted the Democratic ticket; a visit to Lourdes; the Sacred Stairs in Rome, bloodstained since the first Good Friday, which she had climbed on her knees; my crooked little fingers and how they meant I was a liar; a miracle-working bone; the importance of regular bowel movements; the wickedness of Protestants; the conversion of my mother to Catholicism; and the assertion that my Protestant grandmother must certainly dye her hair. The most trivial reminiscences (my aunt's having hysterics in a haystack) received from her delivery and from the piety of the context a strongly monitory flavor; they inspired fear and guilt, and one searched uncomfortably for the moral in them, as in a dark and riddling fable.

LUCKILY, I am writing a memoir and not a work of fiction, and therefore I do not have to account for my grandmother's unpleasing character and look for the Oedipal fixation or the traumatic experience which would give her that clinical authenticity that is nowadays so desirable in portraiture. I do not know how my grandmother got the way she was; I assume, from family photographs and from the inflexibility of her habits, that she was always the same, and it seems as idle to inquire into her childhood as to ask what was ailing Iago or look for the thumb-sucking prohibition that was responsible for Lady Macbeth. My grandmother's sexual history, bristling with infant mortality in the usual style of her period, was robust and decisive: three tall, handsome sons grew up, and one attentive daughter. Her husband treated her kindly. She had money, many grandchildren, and religion to sustain her. White hair, glasses, soft skin, wrinkles, needlework—all the paraphernalia of motherliness were hers; yet it was a cold, grudging, disputatious old woman who sat all day in her sunroom making tapestries from a pattern, scanning religious periodicals, and setting her iron jaw against any infraction of her ways.

Combativeness was, I suppose, the dominant trait in my grandmother's nature. An aggressive churchgoer, she was quite without Christian feeling; the mercy of the Lord Jesus had never entered her heart. Her piety was an act of war against the Protestant ascendancy. The religious magazines on her table furnished her not with food for meditation but with fresh pretexts for anger; articles attacking birth control, divorce, mixed marriages, Darwin, and secular education were her favorite reading. The teachings of the Church did not interest her, except as they were a rebuke to others; "Honor thy father and thy mother," a commandment she was no longer called upon to practice, was the one most frequently on her lips. The extermination of Protestantism, rather than spiritual perfection, was the boon she prayed for. Her mind was preoccupied with conversion, the capture of a soul for God much diverted her fancy—it made one less Protestant in the world. Foreign missions, with their overtones of good will and social service, appealed to her less strongly; it was not a *harvest* of souls that my grandmother had in mind.

This pugnacity of my grandmother's did not confine itself to sectarian enthusiasm. There was the defense of her furniture and her house against the imagined encroachments of visitors. With her, this was not the gentle and tremulous protectiveness endemic in old

ladies, who fear for the safety of their possessions with a truly touching anxiety, inferring the fragility of all things from the brittleness of their old bones and hearing the crash of mortality in the perilous tinkling of a teacup. My grandmother's sentiment was more autocratic: she hated having her chairs sat in or her lawns stepped on or the water turned on in her basins, for no reason at all except pure officiousness; she even grudged the mailman his daily promenade up her sidewalk. Her home was a center of power, and she would not allow it to be derogated by easy or democratic usage. Under her jealous eye, its social properties had atrophied, and it functioned in the family structure simply as a political headquarters. Family conferences were held there, consultations with the doctor and the clergy; refractory children were brought there for a lecture or an interval of thought-taking; wills were read and loans negotiated and emissaries from the Protestant faction on state occasions received. The family had no friends, and entertaining was held to be a foolish and unnecessary courtesy as between blood relations.

Yet on one terrible occasion my grandmother had kept open house. She had accommodated us all during those fatal weeks of the influenza epidemic, when no hospital beds were to be had and people went about with masks or stayed shut up in their houses, and the awful fear of contagion paralyzed all services and made each man an enemy to his neighbor. One by one, we had been carried off the train—four children and two adults, coming from distant Puget Sound to make a new home in Minneapolis. Waving goodbye in the Seattle depot, we had not known that we had brought the flu with us into our drawing rooms, along with the presents and the flowers, but, one after another, we had been struck down as the train proceeded eastward. We children did not understand whether the chattering of our teeth and Mama's lying torpid in the berth were not somehow a part of the trip (until then serious illness, in our minds, had been associated with innovations—it had always brought home a new baby), and we began to suspect that it was all an adventure when we saw our father draw a revolver on the conductor who, in a burst of sanitary precaution, was trying to put us off the train at a small wooden station in the middle of the North Dakota prairie. On the platform at Minneapolis, there were stretchers, a wheelchair, redcaps, distraught officials, and, beyond them, in the crowd, my grandfather's rosy face, cigar, and cane, my grandmother's feathered hat, imparting an air of festivity to this strange and confused picture, making us children certain that our illness was the beginning of a delightful holiday.

WE awoke to reality in the sewing room several weeks later, to an atmosphere of castor oil, rectal thermometers, cross nurses, and efficiency, and though we were shut out from the knowledge of what had happened so close to us, just out of our hearing—a scandal of the gravest character, a coming and going of priests and undertakers and coffins (Mama and Daddy, they assured us, had gone to get well in the hospital)—we became aware, even as we woke from our fevers, that everything, including ourselves, was different. We had shrunk, as it were, and faded, like the flannel pajamas we wore, which during these few weeks had grown, doubtless from the disinfectant they were washed in, wretchedly thin and shabby. The behavior of the people around us, abrupt, careless, and preoccupied, apprised us without any ceremony of our diminished importance. Our value had paled, and a new image of ourselves—the image, if we had guessed it, of the orphan—was already forming in our minds. We had not known we were spoiled, but now this word, entering our vocabulary for the first time, served to define the change for us and to herald the new order. Before we got sick, we were spoiled; that was what was the matter now, and everything we could not understand, everything unfamiliar and displeasing, took on a certain plausibility when related to this fresh concept. We had not known what it was to have trays dumped summarily on our beds and no sugar and cream for our cereal, to take medicine in a gulp because someone could not be bothered to wait for us, to have our arms jerked into our sleeves and a comb ripped through our hair, to be bathed impatiently, to be told to sit up or lie down quick and no nonsense about it, to find our questions unanswered and our requests unheeded, to lie for hours alone and wait for the doctor's visit, but this, so it seemed, was an oversight in our training, and my grandmother and her household applied themselves with a will to remedying the deficiency.

Their motives were, no doubt, good; it was time indeed that we learned that the world was no longer our oyster. The



happy life we had had—the May baskets and the valentines, the picnics in the yard, and the elaborate snowmen—was a poor preparation, in truth, for the future that now opened up to us. Our new instructors could hardly be blamed for a certain impatience with our parents, who had been so lacking in foresight. It was to everyone's interest, decidedly, that we should forget the past—the quicker, the better—and a steady disparagement of our habits ("Tea and chocolate, can you imagine, and all those frosted cakes—no wonder poor Tess was always after the doctor"), praise that was rigorously comparative ("You have absolutely no idea of the improvement in these children") flattered the feelings of the speakers and prepared us to accept a loss that was, in any case, irreparable. Like all children, we wished to conform, and the notion that our former ways had been somehow ridiculous and unsuitable made the memory of them falter a little, like a child's recitation to strangers. We no longer demanded our due, and the wish to see our parents insensibly weakened. Soon we ceased to speak of it, and thus, without tears or tantrums, we came to know they were dead.

Why no one, least of all our grandmother, to whose repertory the subject seems so congenial, took the trouble to tell us, it is impossible now to know. It is easy to imagine her "breaking" the news to those of us who were old enough to listen in one of those official interviews in which her nature periodically tumefied, becoming heavy and turgid, like her portentous bosom, like peonies, her favorite flower, or like the dressmaker's dummy, that bombastic image of herself that lent a museumlike solemnity to the humble sewing room and made us tremble in our beds. The mind's ear frames her sentences, but in reality she did not speak, whether from a clumsy sense of delicacy or from a mistaken kindness, it is difficult to guess. Perhaps she feared our tears, which might rain on her like reproaches, since the family policy at the time was predicated on the axiom of our virtual insentience, an assumption that allowed them to proceed with us as if with pieces of furniture. Without explanations or coddling, as soon as they could safely get up, my three brothers were dispatched to the other house; they were much too young to "feel" it, I heard the grownups murmur, and would never know the difference "if Myers and Margaret were careful." In my case, however, a doubt must have been experienced. I was six—old enough to "remember"—and this entitled me, in the family's eyes, to greater consideration, as if this memory of mine were a lawyer who represented me in court. In deference, therefore, to my age and my supposed powers of criticism and comparison, I was kept on for a time, to roam palely about my grandmother's living rooms, a dangling, transitional creature, a frog becoming a tadpole, while my brothers, poor little polyps, were already well embedded in the structure of the new life. I did not wonder what had become of them. I believe I thought they were dead, but their fate did not greatly concern me; my heart had grown numb. I considered myself clever to have guessed the truth about my parents, like a child who proudly discovers that there is no Santa Claus, but I would not speak of that knowledge or even react to it privately, for I wished to have nothing to do with it; I would not coöperate in this loss. Those weeks in my grandmother's house come back to me very obscurely, surrounded by blackness, like a mourning card: the dark well of the staircase, where I seem to have been endlessly loitering, waiting to see Mama when she would come home from the hospital, and then simply loitering with no purpose whatever; the winter-dim first-grade classroom of the strange academy I was sent to; the drab treatment room of the doctor's office, where every Saturday I screamed and begged on a table while electric shocks were sent through me, for what purpose I cannot conjecture. But this preferential treatment could not be accorded me forever; it was time that I found my niche. "There is someone here to see you"—the maid met me one afternoon with this announcement and a smile of superior knowledge. My heart bounded; I felt almost sick (who else, after all, could it be?), and she had to push me forward. But the man and woman surveying me in the sun parlor with my grandmother were strangers, two unprepossessing middle-aged people—a great-aunt and her husband, so it seemed—to whom I was now commanded to give a hand and a smile, for, as my grandmother re-

COMPLIMENTS OF A FRIEND

How many gifted pens have penned
That Mother is a boy's best friend!
How many more, with like afflatus,
Award the dog that honored status!
I hope my tongue in prune juice smothers
If I belittle dogs or mothers,
But, gracious, how can I agree?
I know my own best friend is me.
We share our joys and our aversions,
We're thicker than the Medes and Persians,
We blend like voices in a chorus,
The same things please, the same things bore us.
If I am broke, then me needs money,
I make a joke, me finds it funny.
I think of beer, me shares the craving,
If I have whiskers, me needs shaving.
I know what I like, me knows what art is,
We hate the people at cocktail parties.
When I can stand the crowd no more,
Why, me is halfway to the door.
We two reactionary codgers
Prefer the Giants to the Dodgers.
I am a dodo, me an auk.
We grieve that pictures learned to talk.
For every sin that I produce,
Kind me can find some soft excuse,
And when I blow a final gasket,
Who but me will share my casket?
Beside us, Pythias and Damon
Were just two unacquainted laymen.
Sneer not, for if you answer true,
Don't you feel that way about you?

—Ogden Nash



EVERYDAY HISTRIONICS

Martyr to insomnia

• •

marked, Myers and Margaret had come to take me home that very afternoon to live with them, and I must not make a bad impression.

ONCE the new household was running, our parents' death was officially conceded and sentiment given its due. Concrete references to the lost ones, to their beauty, gaiety, and good manners, were naturally not welcomed by our guardians, who possessed none of these qualities themselves, but the veneration of our parents' *memory* was considered an admirable exercise. Our evening prayers were lengthened to include one for our parents' souls, and we were thought to make a pretty picture, all four of us in our pajamas with feet in them, kneeling in a neat line, our hands clasped before us, reciting the prayer for the dead. "Eternal rest grant unto them, O Lord, and let the perpetual light shine upon them," our thin little voices cried, but this remembrancing, so pleasurable to our guardians, was only a chore to us. We connected it with lights out, washing, all the bedtime coercions, and particularly with the adhesive tape that, to prevent mouth-breathing, was clapped upon our lips the moment the prayer was finished, sealing us up for the night, and that was removed, very painfully, with the help of ether, in the morning. It embarrassed us to be reminded of our parents by these persons who had superseded them and who seemed to evoke their wraiths in an almost proprietary manner, as though death, the great leveller, had brought them within their province. In the same spirit, we were taken to the cemetery to view our parents' graves; this, in fact, being free of charge, was a regular Sunday pastime with us, which we grew to hate as we did all recreation enforced by our guardians—department-store demonstrations, band concerts, parades, trips to the Old Soldiers' Home, to the Botanical Gardens, to Minnehaha Park, where we watched other children ride on the ponies, to the Zoo, to the water tower—diversions that cost nothing, involved long streetcar trips or endless walking or waiting, and that had the peculiarly fatigued, dusty, proletarianized character of American municipal entertainment. The two mounds that now were our parents associated themselves in our minds with Civil War cannon balls and monuments to the doughboy dead; we contemplated them stolidly, waiting for a sensation, but these twin grass beds, with their junior-executive headstones, elicited nothing whatever; tired of this interminable staring, we would beg to be allowed to go play in some collateral mausoleum, where the dead at least were buried in drawers and offered some stimulus to fancy.

For my grandmother, the recollection of the dead became a mode of civility that she thought proper to exercise toward us whenever, for any reason, one of us came to stay at her house. The reason was almost always the same. We (that is, my brother Kevin or I) had run away from home. Independently of each other, this oldest of my brothers and I had evolved an identical project. The purpose dearest to our hearts was to get ourselves placed in an orphan asylum, for we interpreted the word "asylum" in the old Greek sense and looked upon a certain red brick building, seen once from a streetcar near the Mississippi River, as a sanctuary for the helpless and a refuge from persecution. So, from time to time, when our lives became too painful, one of us would set forth, determined to find the red brick building and to press what we imagined was our legal claim to its shelter and protection. But sometimes we lost our way, and sometimes our courage, and after spending a day hanging about the streets peering into strange yards, trying to assess the kindheartedness of the owner (for we also thought of adoption), or after a cold night spent hiding in a church confessional box or behind some statuary in the Art Institute, we would be brought by the police, by some well-meaning householder, or simply by fear and hunger, to my grandmother's door. There we would be silently received, and a family conclave would be summoned. We would be put to sleep in the sewing room for a night, or sometimes more, until our feelings had subsided and we could be sent back, grateful, at any rate, for the promise that no reprisals would be taken and that the life we had run away from would go on "as if nothing had happened."

Since we were usually running away to escape some anticipated punishment, these flights at least gained us something, but in spite of the taunts of our guardians, who congratulated us bitterly on our "cleverness," we ourselves could not feel that we came home in triumph so long as we came home at all. Our failure to run away success-

fully put us, so we thought, at the absolute mercy of our guardians; our last weapon was gone, for it was plain to be seen that they could always bring us back, however far we travelled, or that we would bring ourselves back, too soft to stand cold and hunger, too cowardly to steal or run away from a policeman; we never understood why they did not take advantage of this situation to thrash us, as they used to put it, within an inch of our lives. What intervened to save us, we could not guess—a miracle, perhaps; we were not acquainted with any *human* motive that would prompt Omnipotence to desist. We did not suspect that these escapades brought consternation to the family circle, which had acted, so it conceived, only in our best interests, and now saw itself in danger of unmerited obloquy. What would be the Protestant reaction if something still more dreadful were to happen? Child suicides were not unknown, and quiet, asthmatic little Kevin had been caught with matches under the house. The family would not acknowledge error, but it conceded a certain mismanagement on Myers' and Margaret's part. Clearly, we might become altogether intractable if our homecoming on these occasions were not mitigated with leniency. Consequently, my grandmother kept us in a kind of neutral detention. She declined to be aware of our grievance and offered no words of comfort, but the comforts of her household acted upon us soothingly, like an automatic mother's hand. We ate and drank contentedly; with all her harsh views, my grandmother was a practical woman and would not have thought it worth while to unsettle her whole schedule, teach her cook to make a lumpy mush and watery boiled potatoes, and market for turnips and parsnips and all the other vegetables we hated, in order to approximate the conditions she considered suitable for our characters. Humble pie could be costly, especially when cooked to order.

Doubtless she did not guess how delightful these visits seemed to us once the fear of punishment had abated. Her knowledge of our own way of living was luxuriously remote. She did not visit our ménage or inquire into its practices, and though hypersensitive to a squint or a dental irregularity (for she was liberal indeed with glasses and braces for the teeth, disfiguring appliances that remained the sole token of our bourgeois origin and set us off from our parochial-school mates like the caste marks of some primitive tribe), she appeared not to notice the darns and patches of our clothing, our raw hands and scarecrow arms, our silence and our elderly faces. She imagined us as surrounded by certain playthings she had once bestowed on us—a sandbox, a wooden swing, a wagon, and a toy fire engine. In my grandmother's consciousness, these objects remained always in pristine condition; years after the sand had spilled out of it and the roof had rotted away, she continued to ask tenderly after our lovely sand pile and to manifest displeasure if we declined to join in its praises. Like many egoistic people (I have noticed this trait in myself), she was capable of making a handsome outlay, but the act affected her so powerfully that her generosity was still lively in her memory when its practical effects had long vanished. In the case of a brown beaver hat, which she watched me wear for four years, she was clearly blinded to its matted nap, its shapeless brim, and ragged ribbon by the vision of the price tag it had worn when new. Yet, however her mind embroidered the bare tapestry of our lives, she could not fail to perceive that we felt, during these short stays with her, *some* difference between the two establishments, and to take our wonder and pleasure as a compliment to herself.

She smiled on us quite kindly when we exclaimed over the food and the nice, warm bathrooms, with their rugs and electric heaters. What funny little creatures, to be so impressed by things that were, after all, only the ordinary amenities of life! Seeing us content in her house, her emulative spirit warmed slowly to our admiration; she compared herself to our guardians, and though for expedient reasons she could not afford to depreciate them ("You children have been very ungrateful for all Myers and Margaret have done for you"), a sense of her own finer magnanimity disposed her subtly in our favor. In the flush of these emotions, a tenderness sprang up between us. She seemed half reluctant to part with whichever of us she had in her custody, almost as if she were experiencing a genuine pang of conscience. "Try and be good," she would advise us when the moment for leave-taking came, "and don't provoke your aunt and uncle. We might have made different arrangements if there had been only one of you to consider." These manifestations of concern, these tacit admissions of our true situation, did not make us, as one might have thought, bitter against our grandparents, for whom ignorance of the facts might have served as a justification, but, on the contrary, filled us with love for them and even a kind of sympathy—our sufferings were less terrible if someone acknowledged their existence, if someone were suffering for us, for whom we, in our turn, could suffer, and thereby absolve of guilt.



DURING these respites, the recollection of our parents formed a bond between us and our grandmother that deepened our mutual regard. Unlike our guardians or the whispering ladies who sometimes came to call on us, inspired, it seemed, by a pornographic curiosity as to the exact details of our feelings ("Do you suppose they remember their parents?" "Do they ever say anything?"), our grandmother was quite uninterested in arousing an emotion of grief in us. "She doesn't feel it at all," I used to hear her confide to visitors, but contentedly, without censure, as if I had been a spayed cat that, in her superior foresight, she had had "attended to." For my grandmother, the death of my parents had become, in retrospect, an eventful occasion upon which she looked back with pleasure and a certain self-satisfaction. Whenever we stayed with her, we were allowed, as a special treat, to look into the rooms they had died in, for the fact that, as she phrased it, "they died in separate rooms" had for her a significance both romantic and somehow self-gratulatory, as though the separation in death of two who had loved each other in life were beautiful in itself and also reflected credit on the chatelaine of the house, who had been able to furnish two master bedrooms for the greater facility of decease. The housekeeping details of the tragedy, in fact, were to her of paramount interest. "I turned my house into a hospital," she used to say, particularly when visitors were present. "Nurses were as scarce as hen's teeth, and *high*—you can hardly imagine what those girls were charging an hour." The trays and the special cooking, the laundry and the disinfectants recalled themselves fondly to her thoughts, like items on the menu of some long-ago buffet supper, the memory of which recurred to her with a strong, possessive nostalgia.

My parents had, it seemed, by dying on her premises, become in a lively sense



"When Santa asks what you want, limit your requests to three, please. When Santa asks what you want, limit your requests to three, please. When . . ."

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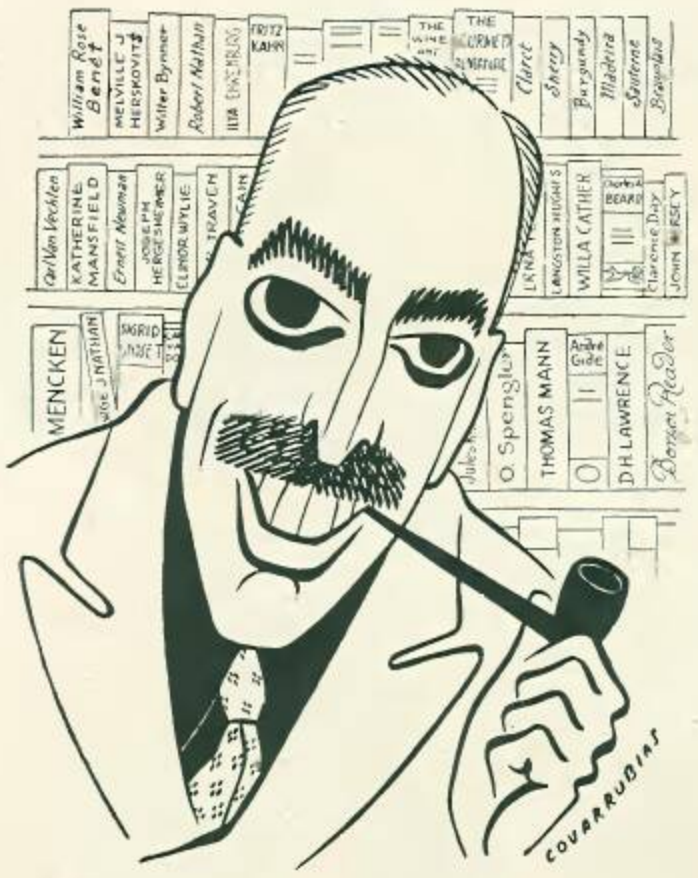
her property, and she dispensed them to us now, little by little, with a genuine sense of bounty, just as, later on, when I returned to her a grown-up young lady, she conceded me a diamond lavaliere of my mother's as if this trinket were an inheritance to which she had the prior claim. But her generosity with her memories appeared to us, as children, an act of the greatest indulgence. We begged her for more of these mortuary reminiscences as we might have begged for candy, and since ordinarily we not only had no candy but were permitted no friendships, no movies, and little reading beyond what our teachers prescribed for us, and were kept in quarantine, like carriers of social contagion, among the rhubarb plants of our neglected yard, these memories doled out by our grandmother became our secret treasures; we never spoke of them to each other but hoarded them, each against the rest, in the miserly fastnesses of our hearts. We returned, therefore, from our grandparents' house replenished in all our faculties; these crumbs from the rich man's table were a banquet indeed to us. We did not even mind going back to our guardians, for we now felt superior to them, and besides, as we well knew, we had no choice. It was only by accepting our situation as a just and unalterable arrangement that we could be allowed to transcend it and feel ourselves united to our grandparents in a love that was the more miraculous for breeding no practical results.

In this manner, our household was kept together, and my grandparents were spared the necessity of arriving at a fresh decision about it. Naturally, from time to time a new scandal would break out (for our guardians did not grow kinder in response to being run away from), yet we had come, at bottom, to despair of making any real change in our circumstances, and ran away hopelessly, merely to postpone punishment. And when, after five years, our Protestant grandfather, informed at last of the facts, intervened to save us, his indignation at the family surprised us nearly as much as his action. We thought it only natural that grandparents should know and do nothing, for did not God in the mansions of Heaven look down upon human suffering and allow it to take its course? —MARY MCCARTHY

•

Wash beets very clean, then boil. When done swim out into a pan of cold water and slip the skins off with the fingers.
—*Boston Globe.*

You show us.



PROFILES

PUBLISHER

III—THE PLEASURES, PRIDES, AND CREAM

ALFRED A. KNOPF, one of the country's most distinguished publishers and the possessor of one of the most interesting wardrobes on the Atlantic Coast, sometimes compares himself, professionally, to a hotelkeeper. "Perhaps we should have branched out more in the early days," he has said, using the plural pronoun, as he often does, to include his wife, Blanche, a fellow-director, fellow-proprietor, and vice-president of the firm. "However, we were contented with our little circle of authors. A publisher is like a hotelkeeper with just so many rooms to let; sometimes he has no accommodations left for a desirable customer." Among the more or less desirable customers turned away by Knopf were Theodore Dreiser, who he felt would be difficult to deal with, and Sinclair Lewis, who he suspected would require a companionship that a man who drinks only wines, and in strict moderation, would be unequipped to supply.

Some of the pioneer guests in the hotel recruited others. Carl Van Vechten brought in Wallace Stevens and Elinor Wylie; Max Eastman put Knopf in touch with Clarence Day; Witter Bynner drew Knopf's attention to E. M. Forster and to Kahlil Gibran, a Syrian mystic. Bynner introduced Knopf to Gibran at lunch in Greenwich Village in 1916, when Knopf, not quite twenty-four, had been in business for himself less than a year. This meeting led to one of the most bizarre episodes in American publishing. In 1918, Knopf issued Gibran's "The Madman," a series of parables about God, freedom, justice, and good and evil, illustrated by the author. It sold only a few hundred copies. The following year, Knopf published a five-dollar volume of Gibran drawings, which had an even smaller sale. In 1920, with similar lack of success, he put out "The Forerunner," another book of Gibran parables. In 1923, he published Gibran's "The Prophet," still another book of parables, adorned by the writer with drawings of struggling, naked humanity, which began, "Almustafa, the chosen and the beloved, who was a dawn unto his own day, had waited twelve years in the city of Orphalese for his ship that was to return and bear him back to the isle of his birth." Not counting book-club sales, more copies—584,000—of "The Prophet" have been sold than of any other Knopf book. (The runner-up on the Knopf list is William Shirer's "Berlin Diary," which has sold 304,000.) The message of "The Prophet" is a solacing one—"For what is it to die but to stand naked in the wind and to melt into the sun?" is a typical passage—and the frightening state of the world in recent decades has apparently created a grateful public for it. In 1923, "The Prophet" sold 1,159 copies; during the next three years, its sales doubled each year. Annual sales were between ten and eleven thousand in the late nineteen-twenties, descended to about seven thousand a year in the depression years of 1931 and 1932, and then began to climb again—8,109 in 1934, 12,539 in 1935, 13,411 in 1937, 14,472 in 1940. In 1941, sales were 15,911; in 1942, 22,471; and in the following five years 43,564, 65,263, 91,400, 74,897, and 56,822, respectively. This year, it has sold 47,486 copies to date. "The Prophet" stimulated the sale not only of the author's subsequent books but of previous Gibraniana. Gibran died in 1931, before the big money began to come in. He stipulated in his will that his royalties, which had been averaging around two thousand dollars a year, should go to his home town—Bechari, in the Republic of Lebanon. A body called the Comité National de Gibran was set up there to take charge of the unexpected income, which is used for charitable purposes; the Comité has actually received $127,886 so far. It sometimes, when the rate of exchange is poor, asks Knopf to defer payment of royalties. The publishers are currently holding $53,000. Knopf, a pragmatist who thinks that to die is to die, is noncommittal about Gibran's philosophy but says that he was very fond of him personally. "We started to advertise 'The Prophet' and its sales slowed up, so we stopped," he says. "It must be a cult, but I have never met any of its members. I haven't met five people who ever read Gibran."

Knopf is the publisher of Thomas Mann and eight other Nobel prize-winners, he puts out a much greater percentage of books by professors than most other general publishers do, and his list of books probably contains less trash than that of any publishing house of comparable size in America, so there is a certain irony in the circumstance that the chief appeal of one of the three all-time best-sellers on the Knopf roster is erotic. The book is "This Is My Beloved," a collection of forthright love poems by Walter Benton. The volume, which appeared in 1943, has sold over two hundred and twenty-five thousand copies and is now averaging nearly two thousand a month. Except for a few catalogue announcements and some very limited promotion when it first came out, Knopf has never given it any advertising. As a deterrent to censorship, he covered the jacket with solemn encomiums from Kenneth Fearing, Horace Gregory, William Rose Benét, Louis Untermeyer, and other right-thinking poets. During the war it was an enormous favorite with G.I.s, who pressed it, and then themselves, on suggestible girls, and it is now regarded in many civilian circles as the best two-dollar-and-a-half courtship buy on the market. "We launched it very quietly, with great dignity," a Knopf associate has said of it. "We never tried to appeal to those looking for a thrill. It sells by word of mouth. Sweethearts read it. It sells especially well around Saint Valentine's Day." This year, Knopf launched a second collection of Benton love poems, "Never a Greater Need," which has already sold twenty-two thousand copies, quietly and with dignity.

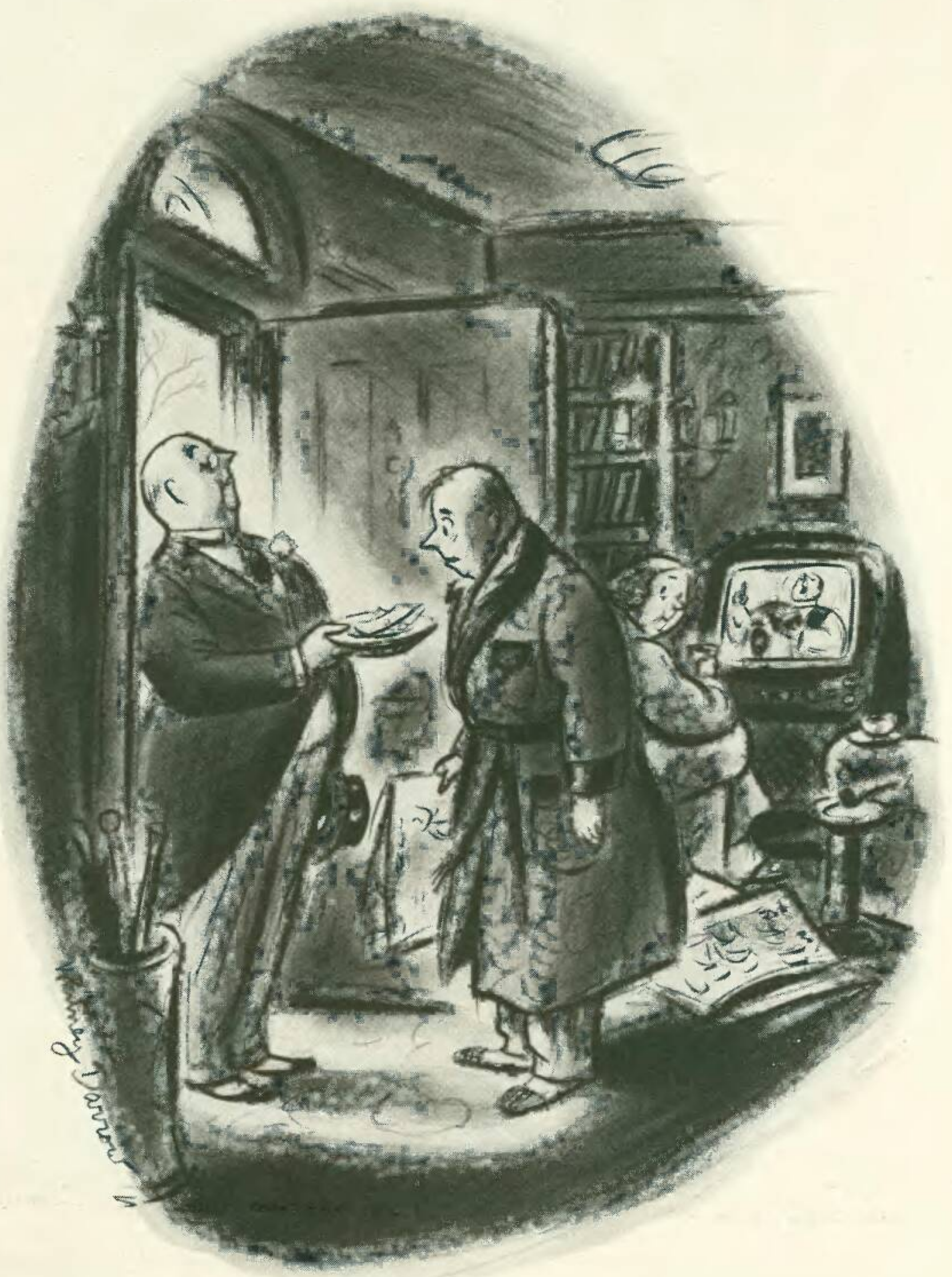
H. L. MENCKEN, an early Knopf author, never dug up a Gibran or a Benton, but he was an exceedingly useful Knopf barker just the same. As co-editor of the *Smart Set*, from 1914 until 1923, and as editor of the *American Mercury*, from 1924 to 1933,

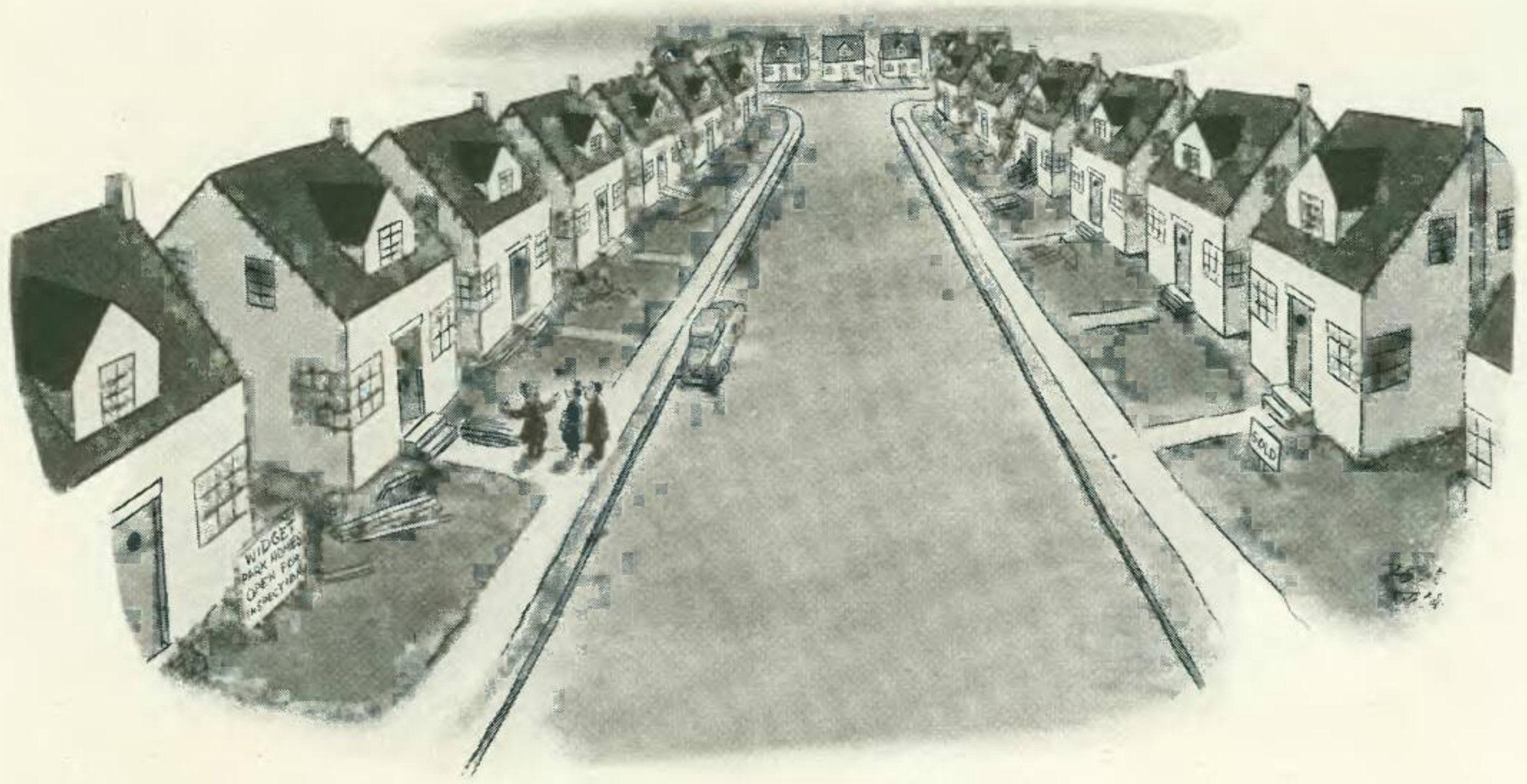
Mencken drew into the Knopf tent such contributors to these magazines as Ruth Suckow, James M. Cain, Harvey Fergusson, Julia Peterkin, Herbert Asbury, and Logan Clendening. The idea of the *Mercury* was Mencken's and George Jean Nathan's; Knopf put up the money, became its publisher, and provided space for it in his offices. Mencken, in whose hands the *Mercury* specialized in poking fun at our national foolishnesses, resigned toward the end of 1933, when most people were mainly concerned with the depression and the grave international situation. He was succeeded by Henry Hazlitt, and his editorial policies were succeeded, or were supposed to be succeeded, by more cosmic ones. These were outlined by Knopf, in the April, 1934, issue, in a statement characteristically lofty in tone:

> First, I have abandoned completely its [the *Mercury's*] preoccupation wholly with the American scene; its interests will now include the European countries and indeed the whole world. It will treat foreign topics with . . . uncompromising realism. . . .
>
> Secondly . . . [the *Mercury*] will be seriously concerned with the tremendous social, political and economic problems raised by the world crisis. In these days, a serious review cannot be devoted *merely* to the entertainment of its readers. . . . [The *Mercury*] will be less concerned with the now comparatively harmless forms of imbecility displayed by Rotarians, Babbitts, and the lower inhabitants of the Bible Belt; it will give more attention to stupidity and swinishness in high places, where they are most likely to produce disastrous results. . . .

Knopf the book publisher, flying in the face of Knopf the magazine publisher, displayed at this time a sympathy with local interests of not too serious an order. "One of the most astonishing fads of the day," he announced in the same issue of the *Mercury*, on an advertising page headed "Mr. Knopf's New Books," "is tropical fish. Pet stores and department stores that handle fish are doing a thriving business. I meet people everywhere who tell me eagerly about their aquaria and the joys of breeding 'guppies.' For those who are indulging in this most intricate of hobbies, I am publishing . . . (at $2.50) a book called Tropical Fish: and Their Care, by Dr. Norbert Lederer. . . . It tells how to set up a tank, how to breed fish, how to cure them if they get sick, etc. . . ." Around this time, too, Knopf was reminding everyone of his sympathetic attitude toward nudism. " 'Nudism' is spreading," he said in a *Mercury* ad. "I understand that there will be more nudist camps in the United States this summer than ever before. Advance sales reports on 'Adventures in Nakedness,' by Julian Strange ($3.00), show no diminution of interest in nudist books. This one, I think, may do better than any of the others I have published, for it is not too serious a book, but simply a gay and charmingly infectious account of the author's experiences in twenty nudist centers in Europe. The illustrations—from photographs by the author—are exceptionally fine and there are seventy-four of them."

After four months, Hazlitt was succeeded as editor of the *Mercury* by Charles Angoff. Nine months later,





"They're going fast. I'd advise you to buy now, while you have your choice."

• •

Knopf sold the magazine, which had made money under Mencken but was then losing it, for a nominal amount.

Mencken and Knopf, who have known each other for thirty-five years, are good friends. Mencken is a director of Knopf's firm, which does a two-million-dollar annual business. The two men attend the Bach Festival in Bethlehem together every year. Knopf, who once studied piano at the David Mannes Music School, sometimes plays the piano at his country house, in Purchase, where he has a phonograph and several thousand records. One night, when Mencken, a house guest, was tidying himself up for dinner, he heard his host playing some Chopin a little sketchily. "That was a splendid record of Chopin, Alfred," he said a few minutes later, when he came downstairs. Knopf beamed. His taste in music, which inclines toward Sibelius and Berlioz rather than Bach and Brahms, sometimes gets the better of his courtliness. "What records would you like to hear?" he may ask a guest after dinner. If the choice is one with which he disagrees, he may ignore it and put on a composer he likes. He often paces his living room, which is lined with a portion of his private library of ten thousand books, in time to records of Swedish folk songs. His interest in music occasionally takes a tangential turn. He collects stamps that have portraits of musicians on them, and he buys cigars from the estates of prominent music lovers. "These are twenty-year-old Pedro Murias," he told a companion the other day. "I bought them through S. S. Pierce, the Boston grocers, from the estate of Ernest B. Dane, an early supporter of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Have one."

MANY of Knopf's acquaintances attribute his increasingly conservative political attitude to the influence of Mencken. On the other hand, Mencken has not forgotten that Knopf was once a New Dealer. "Alfred has no political sense," Mencken recently said, in a brief, summarizing description. "He's a very emotional fellow, too irascible, gets himself up to look like Abercrombie & Fitch, is a fresh-air maniac, and his meals are gorges, but he has absolute integrity as a publisher. He's the least commercial man I ever had any business with. Blanche brings in the best-sellers, like Shirer. I don't think Alfred cares for best-sellers. He's not a merry man; he's a sad man. Not the kind of fellow who ever kicks up." Knopf plays tennis and golf with such Westchester neighbors as Mrs. Howard Cullman, wife of the theatrical angel and tobacco man, and Carl Pforzheimer, a broker and bibliophile who owns a copy of the Gutenberg Bible. Mencken thinks golf is a boob's game. He has tried to persuade his friend to give it up, but Knopf has turned a deaf ear. Knopf has also declined, despite entreaties and ribald comments from Mencken, to give up skiing, a sport he pursues in Vermont. He dislikes ribaldry. "Tell Alfred a dirty story," a friend once said, "and he'll give a short laugh, then tell you a clean one."

Knopf's other major extracurricular enthusiasms are food, wines, and rare plants. They are all tastes acquired in his mature years. In the nineteen-twenties, when the Knopfs occupied part of a brownstone house on West Ninety-fifth Street, they held fortnightly Friday soirées at which the refreshments were sandwiches and punch. The guests were mostly writers, and conversation was therefore often halting. One evening, in an effort to jack it up, Thomas Beer and Carl Van Vechten brought along a couple of bottles of gin. Knopf came to the conclusion that literary men like to drink. He has never developed a taste for hard liquor, but he has made himself an authority on, and a selective dispenser of, wines. He is a director of the Wine and Food Society, and goes to all the tastings and banquets sponsored by this knowing group. His idea of heaven is a Society dinner for which members have prepared by not smoking for a whole day, so that their taste buds will be receptive, and at which, during the soup course, they murmur, "Good soup, very good soup—but not a great soup," and, later on, rise to applaud three hundred



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10. ***After Shave Gift Set:*** After Shave Powder and pinch-bottle of After Shave Lotion **$2.25**

11. ***Duet Gift Set:*** Decanter each of "Tanbark" Cologne, After Shave Lotion . . **$5.00**

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13. ***Lenthéric Shaving Bowl*** (Refills 75c) **$1.00†**

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17. ***"Three Musketeers":*** Pinch-bottle each of "Tanbark" Cologne, After Shave Lotion and After Shave Powder or Scalp Stimulant **$2.25**

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Music by KURT WEILL
Directed by ELIA KAZAN
Choreography by MICHAEL KIDD
with
NANETTE FABRAY RAY MIDDLETON
Settings: Boris Aronson. Costumes: Lucinda Ballard
46th STREET Theatre
W. of Broadway. Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"OUT OF THIS WORLD!" Hawkins, World-Telegram
RAY BOLGER
in THE MUSICAL LAUGH HIT
"Where's Charley?"
ST. JAMES THEA.
44 St. W. of B'way
LA 4-4664
Evgs. 8:30
Mats. Wed. & Sat.
at 2:30.

individual soufflés, not one of which has fallen. Knopf's cellar, which is extensive, consists chiefly of wine. He will offer, and take, a nip of Old Overholt rye on a particularly cold and wet night but, except when his summertime neighbors the Cullmans dine with him, he serves no cocktails—just sherry and Dubonnet. Cullman, who has got him to invest in several Broadway shows, is the only man to whom Knopf has ever tendered a Martini. "After years of drinking exotic sherries, white Cinzanos, and things from perfume bottles at Alfred's," Cullman says, "I bribed his butler, Alphonse, to lay in a supply of gin and vermouth for us." Even Knopf's attitude toward wine is temperate, and it used to be more so. Years ago, lunching with Ford Madox Ford in London, he looked startled when his host ordered a quart of St. Julien. "Can we manage the whole bottle?" he asked. "I don't know about you, but I can," Ford replied.

Guests who ask Knopf for Scotch seldom repeat this act of temerity, because Knopf usually says, "Well, you're getting to be quite a toper," or something along that line. One evening, a group of dinner guests showed up in a very jovial state. "We knew you wouldn't have any Martinis," their spokesman said, waving aside the sherry and devoting himself solely to the smoked-trout pâté, "so we had some before we came." Knopf looked at his friends with distaste. "Alphonse!" he said. "No wine with dinner tonight. These people have ruined their palates for wine." He frowns upon smoking during meals and often places on his dining-room table a sign that says "No Smoking" in twenty languages. Once, lunching at the Savoy-Plaza, he ordered a glass of Spanish sherry, after a good deal of palaver with the headwaiter about the brand and the year. When it was served, he stared at the glass disapprovingly, slowly drank its contents, and asked the headwaiter for a pencil, a piece of string, and a piece of paper. He then wrote a note to the hotel manager complaining that the sherry had been served in a large cordial glass, not a sherry glass, and expressing the hope that this error would not be repeated, and tied the communication to the stem of the glass. "The function of the Wine and Food Society, of which I am a member," he told his companion, "is to keep up standards in hotels and restaurants." Knopf polices food as well as wine. He recommended to the members of the Wine and Food Society that if anyone ever gave them a cold plate

Leland Hayward presents
Mister Roberts
A play by
THOMAS HEGGEN & JOSHUA LOGAN
(Based on the novel by Thomas Heggen)
Directed by Joshua Logan
NEW YORK CITY • ALVIN THEATRE
Starring HENRY FONDA
with DAVID WAYNE
ROBERT KEITH • WILLIAM HARRIGAN
CHICAGO • ERLANGER THEATRE
with RICHARD CARLSON
JAMES RENNIE • ROBERT BURTON • MURRAY HAMILTON

"A SONG-AND-DANDY. Gayer than a Mardi Gras."—WALTER WINCHELL
HIGH BUTTON SHOES
BROADWAY Thea., B'way at 53rd St.
Evgs. incl. Sun. 8:30. Mats. Sat. & Sun.

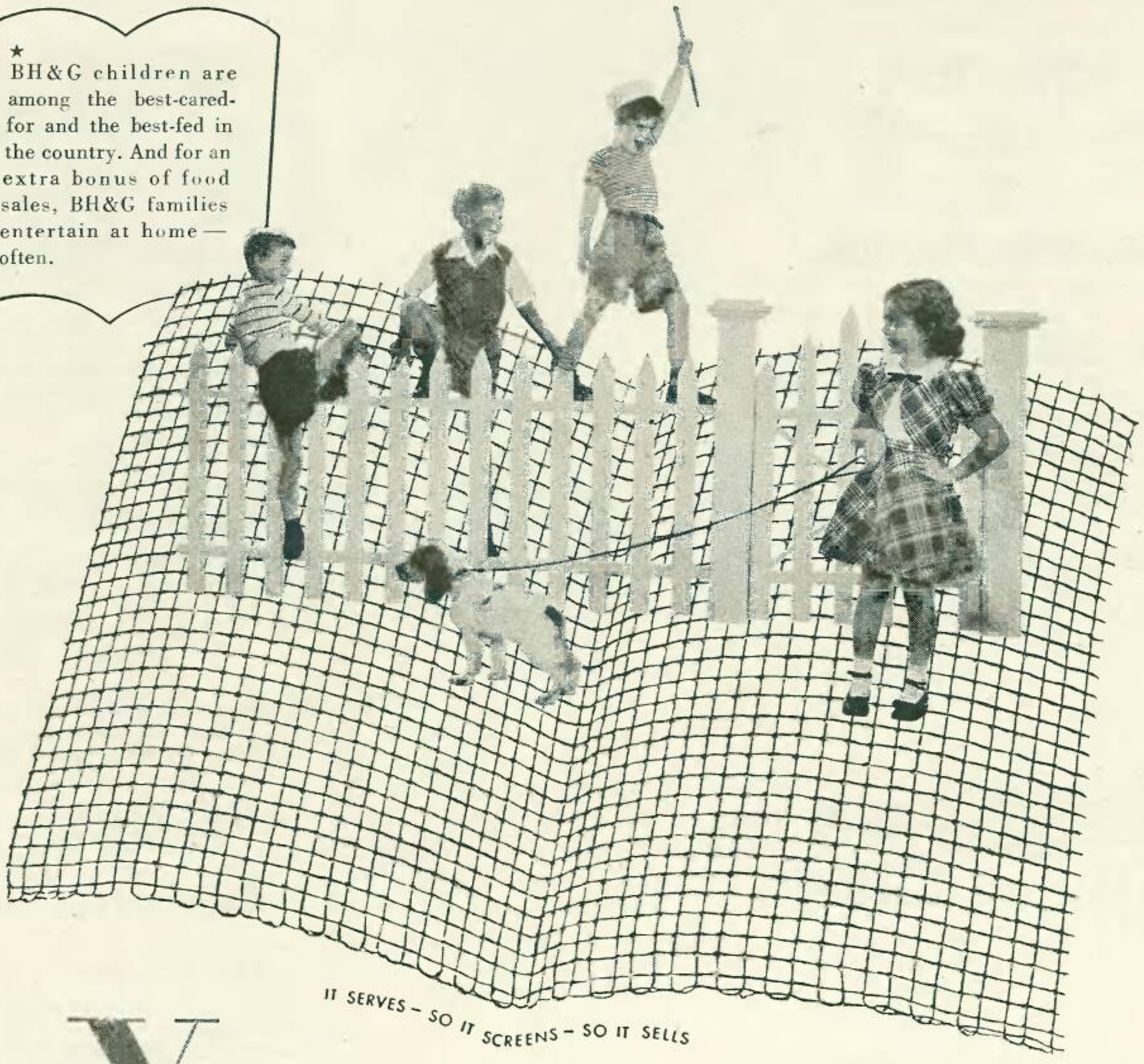
"A SMASH HIT."—Life Magazine
RICHARD RODGERS & OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
present
ETHEL MERMAN
in The World-Wide Musical Smash
"ANNIE GET YOUR GUN"
Music and Lyrics by IRVING BERLIN
Book by HERBERT and DOROTHY FIELDS
with MILTON WATSON
Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN
IMPERIAL THEA., 45 St. West of B'way
Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

small wonder
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CORONET, W. 49. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

JOHN C. WILSON
presents
TALLULAH BANKHEAD
in NOEL COWARD'S Comedy
"PRIVATE LIVES"
with
DONALD COOK
PLYMOUTH Thea., 45th St. West of B'way
Evgs. 8:40. Matinees WED. and SAT., 2:40

Life with Mother
with DOROTHY STICKNEY HOWARD LINDSAY
EMPIRE. B'way & 40th St. Eves. 8.30. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

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by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS
Directed by ELIA KAZAN
NEW YORK • BARRYMORE THEATRE
JESSICA TANDY
Marlon Brando • Kim Hunter • Karl Malden
CHICAGO • HARRIS THEATRE
UTA HAGEN • ANTHONY QUINN
Russell Hardie • Mary Welch

MAX GORDON presents
BORN YESTERDAY
The LAUGH HIT
by GARSON KANIN
with JUDY HOLLIDAY • JOHN ALEXANDER
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MICHAEL KANIN in association with ALDRICH & MYERS presents
MADELEINE CARROLL
in
GOODBYE, MY FANCY
A New Comedy by FAY KANIN
with CONRAD NAGEL • SHIRLEY BOOTH
and SAM WANAMAKER
Directed by MR. WANAMAKER
MOROSCO W. 45th St. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.



"A VIBRANT WORK OF ART."
—ATKINSON, TIMES
MARGO JONES presents
Summer and Smoke
by
TENNESSEE WILLIAMS
MUSIC BOX, 45 St., West of B'way
Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

New Stages, Inc. presents
ANN DVORAK
The in Jean-Paul Sartre's
RESPECTFUL PROSTITUTE
Directed by MARY HUNTER
Adapted by Eva Wolas
TOGETHER WITH
RICHARD HARRITY'S
HOPE IS THE THING WITH FEATHERS
Directed by JOSEPH KRAMM
CORT THEA., 48th St. E. of B'way CI. 5-4289
Evenings 8:45. Matinees WED. & SAT. 2:45

"FOUR ORCHIDS"—Walter Winchell
GILBERT MILLER & HENRY SHEREK present
ROBERT MORLEY • ADRIANNE ALLEN • IAN HUNTER
EDWARD, MY SON
by ROBERT MORLEY and NOEL LANGLEY
with LEUEEN MACGRATH
MARTIN BECK, W. 45 St. Eves. 8:25 Sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

from which hot food was to be eaten, or a warm plate for cold food, they throw the offending dishes on the floor, and that if the service continued bad, they throw the waiter on the floor. He has a special admiration for Sir Thomas Beecham, both as a musician and as a man, because one day, after a long wait for his check at a restaurant in London, Beecham *did* throw a plate on the floor and received prompt attention. Knopf grows his own corn and, of course, serves it fresh from the garden. "When you dine at Alfred's house in the summer," a friend says, "you can look out of the window during the soup and see his serfs picking the corn for the next course." This is to a certain extent apocryphal, for the cornfield is not visible from his dining room.

Knopf owes his predilection for plants, rare and otherwise, to Frank Bailey, an eighty-three-year-old banker, whose country place, in Locust Valley, is a jungle of unusual trees and shrubs. Twenty years ago, Bailey, an old family friend, invited Knopf to come out for the day and infected him with his hobby. Knopf's seven acres are now largely covered with Greek fir, Oriental spruce, Chinese columnar juniper, Norway spruce, blue spruce, umbrella pine, cedars of Lebanon, copper beech, yews, sweet gum, and so on. He employs a full-time gardener, and sometimes hires additional outdoor help, but he has planted much of his vegetation himself. He spends many spring and summer weekends working on his grounds, wearing shorts and sweating profusely. At dusk, he cools off in his swimming pool, puts on a pair of bright-orange pajamas, and lights a large imported cigar. "Gardeners work an eight-hour day and quit at four," he may grumble. "They think weeds stop growing at four." He is especially proud of a gift from Bailey—a beech whose leaves are partly green, partly pink, and partly cream—and of an extraordinarily handsome *Albizzia julibrissin rosea*, a hearty mimosa with blossoms resembling a paintbrush, which he bought from the Arnold Arboretum. Knopf is a member of the American Delphinium Society and knows the Latin names of all his plants. He occasionally stuns visitors by speaking of *Albizzia julibrissin rosea* and *Cephalotaxus drupacea sinensis*. Bailey, who has presented him with a number of valuable specimens, gives him credit for being a pretty good man with plants, despite a tendency to grow his flowers too close together. In fact, Bailey feels that Knopf is a better dendrologist than publisher. He bases this opinion on the

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—ATKINSON, TIMES
A MICHAEL TODD PRODUCTION
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IN THE MUSICAL SMASH
As The GIRLS Go
with
IRENE RICH
WINTER GARDEN
B'way & 50 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"FUNNIEST COMEDY OF THE SEASON!"—ATKINSON, Times
JOSEPH M. HYMAN & BERNARD HART present
LIGHT UP THE SKY
A New Comedy by MOSS HART
ROYALE, 45 St. W. of B'way • Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"A SOLID HIT."—Life Magazine
JOSEPH M. HYMAN presents
Make Mine Manhattan
The Gay New Musical Revue
Staged by
HASSARD SHORT
Sketches & Lyrics by ARNOLD B. HORWITT • Music by RICHARD LEWINE
BROADHURST, W. 44 St., Mats. Wed. & Sat.

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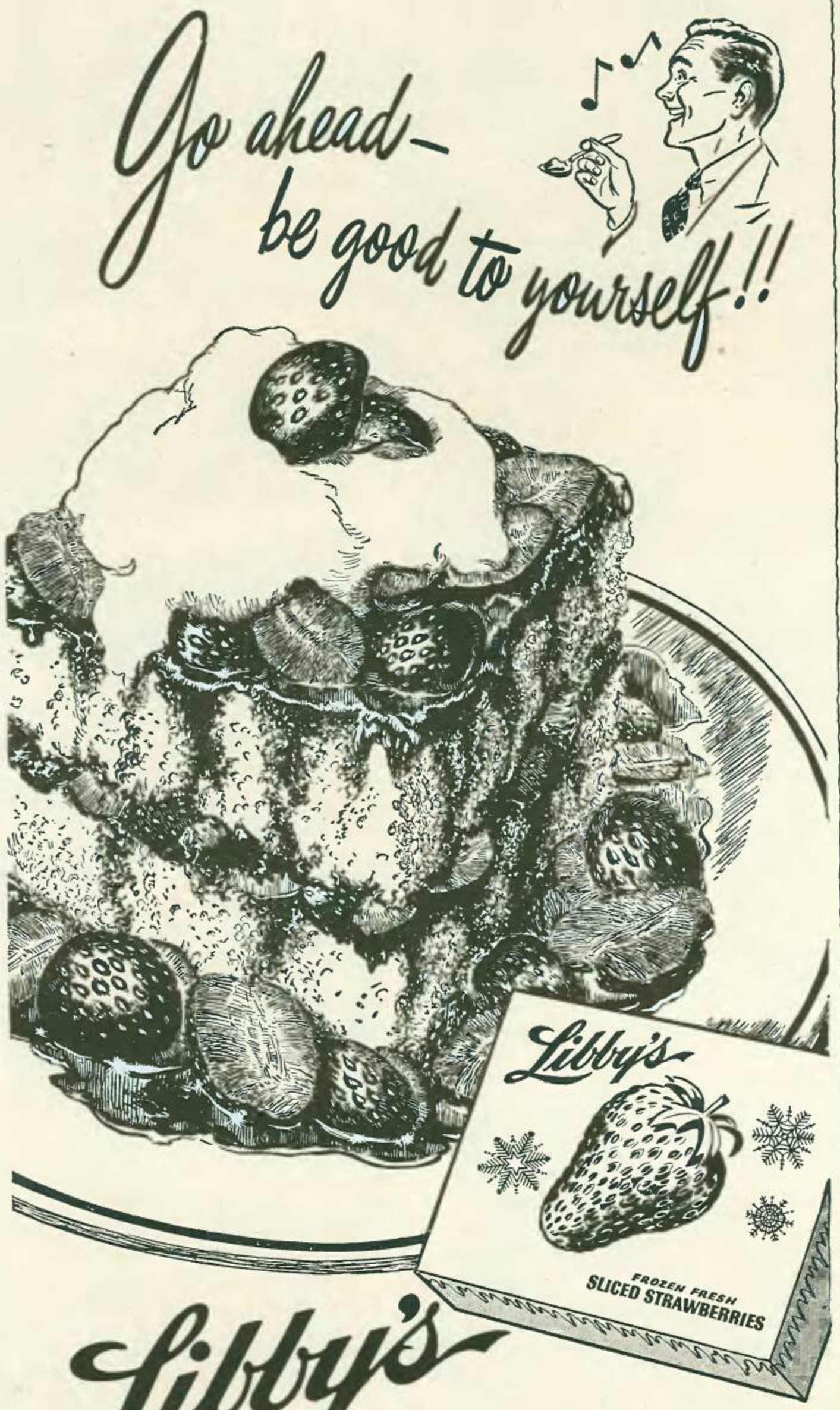
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fact that an as-told-by-Frank Bailey book, "It Can't Happen Here Again," published by Knopf in 1944, had a rather limited sale. This volume, part autobiography and part diatribe against the income-tax laws that today make it impossible to acquire fortunes such as Bailey's, was, according to the author, halfheartedly exploited by Knopf. It sold only sixteen hundred copies, many of them bought by the author.

KNOPF purchased his country house in 1928. He and Mrs. Knopf were then living in Manhattan, a borough of which she has become fonder and fonder, and he less and less fond. Although they are closely associated in business and their offices are separated only by a secretary's room, their private lives follow independent courses—Mrs. Knopf's in an apartment in the West Fifties and Knopf's in the country. This divergence is an amicable one, and Mrs. Knopf spends many weekends with her husband in Purchase. With the exception of one lady in Copenhagen, Mrs. Knopf is the only woman in the world who is a major book publisher. Aggressive, hunchy, dynamic, sociable, politically minded, and capable of exerting a very considerable charm, she courts writers the firm would like to publish, especially on her frequent trips abroad, and keeps those already on the roster happy with bright, topical conversation, celebrity-studded cocktail and dinner parties, and promises, which she is in a position to implement, of liberal advertising and other promotion. She and Knopf handle many writers jointly, but a number of them are basically her babies—Shirer, Leland Stowe, Robert Nathan, James M. Cain, Dashiell Hammett, Eric Sevareid, Lord Vansittart, Jean-Paul Sartre, Albert Camus, and Elizabeth Bowen, among others. She is a Francophile,



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with an excellent command of French, and her friends employ the French, rather than English, pronunciation of her given name. Robert Nathan, more than twenty of whose books have been published by Knopf, once had a contract with the firm stipulating that it would lapse if Mrs. Knopf should leave. He has known her since she was a girl. At a luncheon given in her honor in 1940, he read a poem he had written. It ran:

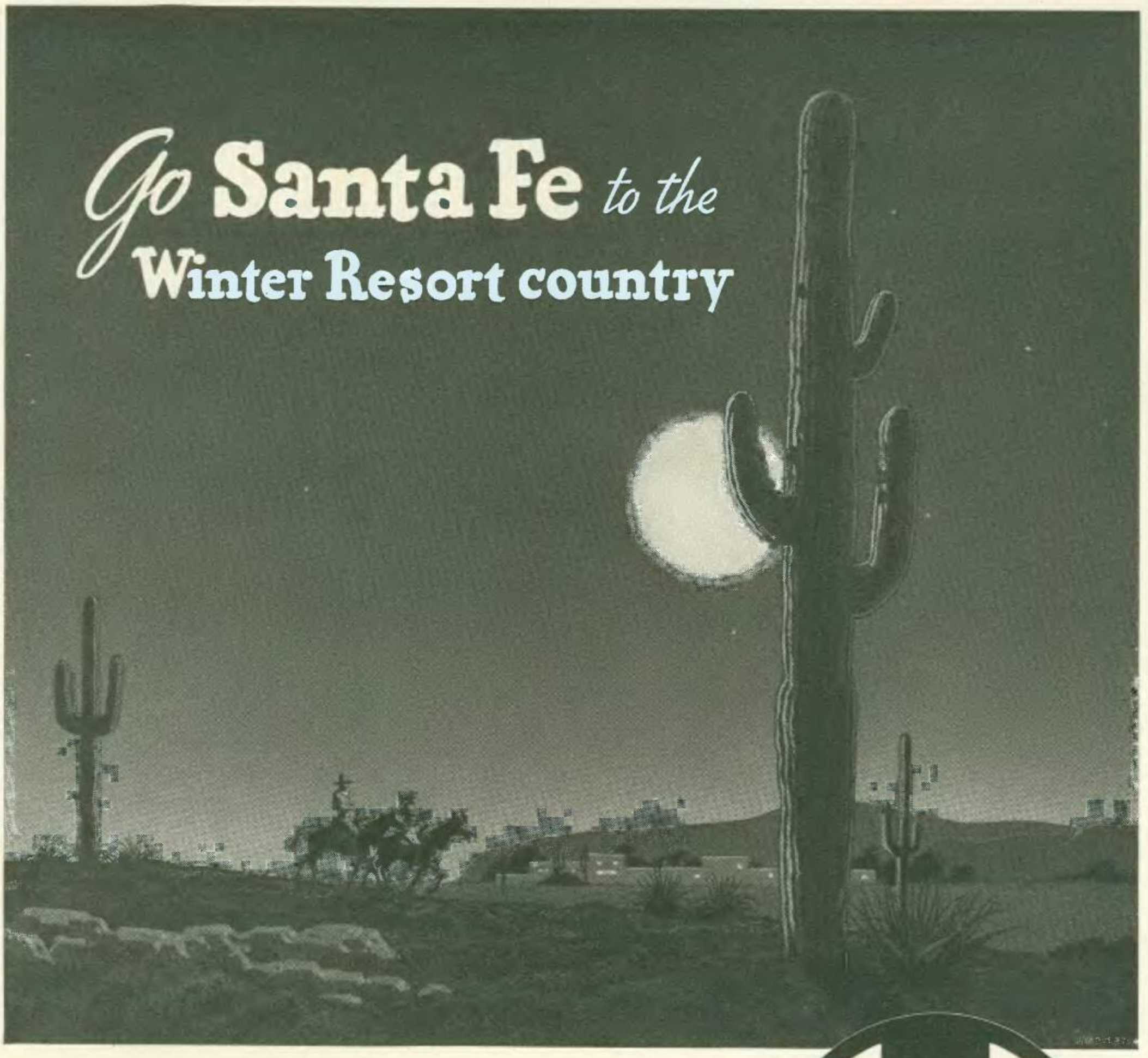
...Now, leaking fondness like a faucet,
We come to greet her at the Dorset,
And see the sauce of friendship thicken
About the peas, above the chicken.
And oh how glad I am that she
(With some vague help from Mr. K.)
Has worked to make my writing pay,
The fourth part of a century.

Mrs. Knopf ate some peas but no chicken. She is a light eater—mainly asparagus, Melba toast, and omelets—although she loves to ply her friends with huge meals and is an authority on cheeses, which she herself seldom touches.

An indefatigable woman, Mrs. Knopf sometimes works secretaries until they are exhausted and then remorsefully sends them on salaried leaves of absence. She periodically founds lunch clubs of ladies in the book-publishing and allied businesses. These usually consist of Amy Loveman, who is head of the editorial department of the Book-of-the-Month Club, and the heads of various juvenile departments of publishing houses, and they invariably have a short life. "Conversation became too specialized, so I got out," she said of one of these ventures. She is annoyed by the rules that make her sex ineligible for membership in the Publishers' Lunch Club, the Book Table, and other trade organizations to which her husband belongs, and when, several years ago, she was invited by a girls' college to talk on the future of women in publishing, she declined, on the ground that there was no future worth mentioning.

IN 1925, Fannie Hurst's admiration for Mrs. Knopf and for the Knopf firm in general persuaded her to switch from Harper's to Knopf. Knopf published three Hurst books—"Appassionata," "Mannequin," and "Song of Life," the last a collection of stories—but they did not sell as well as her "Star Dust" and "Lummox" had, and she presently returned, without rancor, to Harper's. Her experience with Knopf is sometimes cited in publishing circles as an instance of the firm's inability—and, perhaps, disinclination—to get the

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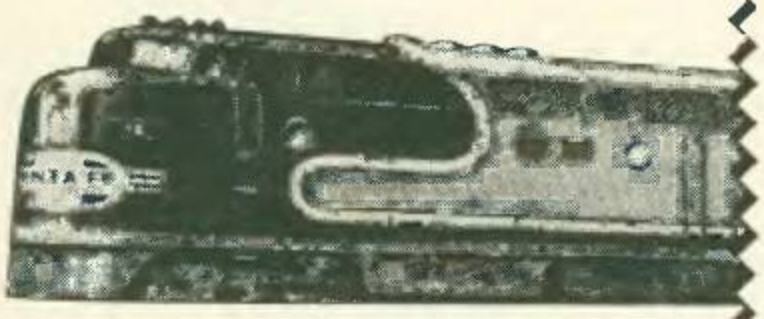
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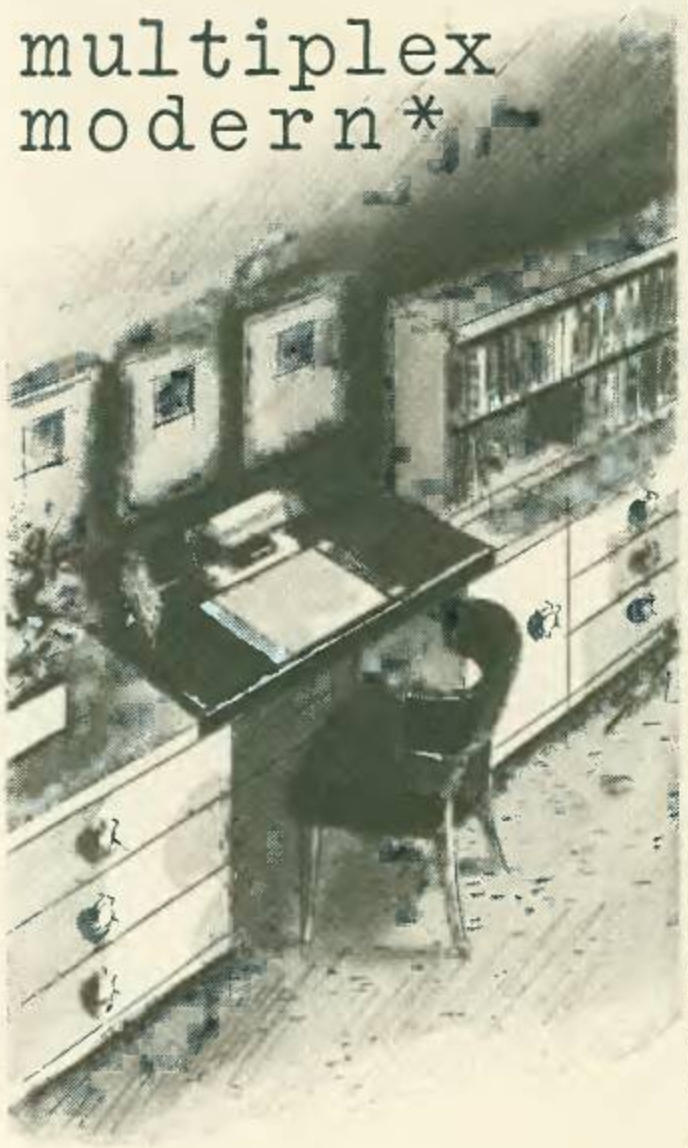
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maximum commercial advantage out of popular fiction. The Knopf atmosphere, one theory has it, is too dignified; booksellers, who have come to regard the Knopf imprint as a portent of quality, feel disoriented when it appears on a popular novel. Knopf thinks that there may be something to this theory, but he also thinks that there may be something to the theory that a kind of reverse English affected Miss Hurst, that she wrote above herself in an effort to achieve something "Knopfy."

On occasion, Knopf attempts to give his editors their head, and he has allowed them to talk him into publishing fiction that he doesn't like himself, but he has little faith in this procedure. "A publisher can't be all things to all men," he says. Twenty years ago, he had this to say of his philosophy of publishing:

> There are . . . books which give the publisher his reward in terms by no means proportionate to the number of customers. The publisher will deplore a lack of response to such a book, but he will not repent. He has gratified his own taste, or he has made a volume physically distinguished in some new way, or he has won the cordial applause of the ten or two hundred persons best qualified to appreciate his intention and its performance. . . .

Pressure from some of his editors and the mounting costs of book production have, however, caused Knopf, who is now fifty-six and affects the manner of a considerably older man, to restrict this attitude. He is beginning to let some of his authority trickle down to his thirty-year-old son and namesake, who joined the firm three years ago and is now manager of the trade-books department. Pat, as everybody calls the junior Knopf, ran an undergraduate magazine at Union College and then spent four years in the Army Air Forces, in the course of which he rose from aviation cadet to captain, flew thirty missions over Germany as a bomber pilot, and received the Distinguished Flying Cross with one oak-leaf cluster and the Air Medal with two oak-leaf clusters. He is less of a scholar and reader than his father, and, unlike his mother, he is not a discoverer of literary talent, but he is a forceful, efficient, tactful salesman and promoter, and he is well liked in the trade. Knopf, Sr., realizes that the family nature of his business imposes a ceiling upon the ambitions of his top employees. One of them, who is no longer with the house, recently touched on this in a letter to a friend:

> Alfred was aware of the fact that he would have to have some talented people around him who could carry the burden

THE
WEDGWOOD ROOM
DINNER & SUPPER
EDDY DUCHIN
AND HIS ORCHESTRA
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AT SUPPER
GENE McCARTHY
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with him, and who would therefore have to be paid well and assured of a steadily increasing income. I think he made an honest effort in that direction, but the structure of the business is such that it was impossible for him to carry through his ideas to the extent that I believe he really wanted. . . . Unlike many other publishing houses, it is a house primarily designed and developed to be stable and secure, rather than profitable. The major emphasis . . . is on a backlist; i.e., books that sell modestly but steadily, year after year. We succeeded brilliantly in developing such a house, and those of us who contributed to that development thereby gently cut our own throats, for what we did was to develop a house that would weather any depression and always take care of the Knopf family but that wouldn't ever become a big enough business to take any overwhelming care of other families. The pleasures and prides, as well as the cream, belong to the proprietors.

Knopf himself sometimes worries about this situation, along with other publishing problems. "The dilemma I see in a personal house like ours, a medium-sized business, closely held," he said not long ago, "is how to develop young editors. You have two heads, both with strong personal tastes, who often insist on publishing books that are almost sure to lose money." On another occasion, he asked, "Where does the publisher sit morally as an editor? Should he take sides on the questions of the day?" Knopf has never answered these questions to his satisfaction, but he often propounds them, more for himself than for anyone else, in the Cub Room of the Stork Club, one of his favorite lunch spots. "Alfred is fundamentally extremely humble about himself," a regular lunch companion says. "I'm sure he measures his life exclusively in terms of his service to American publishing. He likes to think of himself as a lone rider, and, in a way, he is. Still, who ever heard of a lone rider lunching in the Cub Room of the Stork Club?"

—GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

(*This is the last of a series of articles.*)

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*Adv. in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, Sunday, November 14*]

ON ELECTION DAY
The-Man-Who-Didn't-Have-a-Chance
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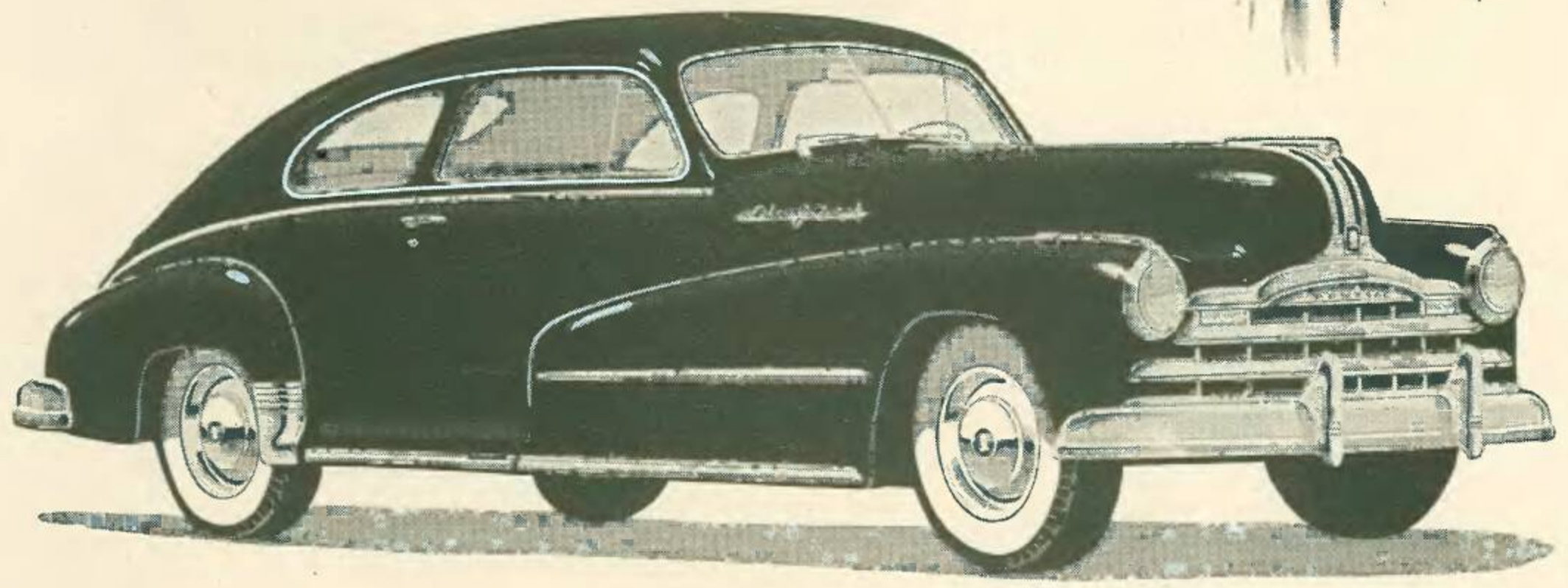
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THE THEATRE

THE CRADLE AND THE GRAVE

AT the end of the first scene of "The Silver Whistle," a Theatre Guild production, at the Biltmore, I was confident that Robert McEnroe had written a really funny and original play. In the garden of a church adjoining an old people's home, he had assembled a remarkably fascinating collection of antiques—a quavering old sport called Mr. Beebe; a terribly flirtatious girl of eighty or so called Mrs. Sampler; a Miss Hoadley, who kept a bottle hidden in a hollow tree and was, all around, the drunkest old lady I ever saw; Mr. Cherry, a rather badly preserved stamp collector; Mrs. Gross, a spirited relic who whisked about the stage in a wheelchair; and Mrs. Hanmer, a tough, suspicious sort of woman, who never hesitated to express her intense disgust with them all. Altogether, it was quite an interesting cross-section of society, and when a Mr. Erwenter dropped in, equipped with a rooster in a cage, copious quotations from Omar Khayyám, and some talk about a magic potion that would knock thirty years off all their ages, I thought the chances looked very good for a successful fantasy, that rarest of theatrical accomplishments.

I was seriously mistaken, because it soon developed that, having created so many stimulating people, Mr. McEnroe had no particularly coherent ideas about what to do with them. There were some engaging things in the following scenes, but they were essentially repetitions of the same jokes, and it furthermore, unfortunately, turned out that what the author had on his mind was not a fantasy but a fairly stupefying moral message. Instead of keeping his characters in their first, fine, disreputable state, he felt obliged to tidy them up, to infect them with some nonsense about the real secret of happiness, which lies, of course, in the heart and not in any magic potion, and to diminish their charm exactly as rapidly as he improved their morale. These inspirational goings on involved a somewhat antiseptic love affair between a cleric and a girl who seemed to be a species of social worker; a pixy who appeared from time to time on top of a wall; a church bazaar, featuring a shell game, croquet, bingo, and a considerable influx of character actors; and the total reformation of Miss Hoadley, who struck me as a moderately dull woman when deprived of her bottle. Seldom, I think, has a promising play or an author's imagination collapsed so abruptly.

In the part of Mr. Erwenter, the golden-hearted tramp who comes to brighten up the old folks' lives, José Ferrer has to deliver some of the most rococo lines ever visited on an actor. It is a tribute to his unusual resourcefulness that he manages to capitalize on their very absurdity, retaining their pseudo-poetic quality and at the same time somehow indicating that his own opinion of them is low. It is a highly stylized, notably self-possessed performance, and I can't think of anybody else in the theatre who could duplicate it. Among the others, I was especially attracted to William Lynn, Doro Merande, Frances Brandt, and Kathleen Comegys, all representing at least septuagenarians and all wonderfully picturesque old ruins. Eleanor Wilson, Robert Carroll, and George Mathews are also in the cast, the first two employed to deal with love and the last with whimsey, and I guess they handle these glum assignments as well as you could expect. Herbert Brodkin's set is suitably depressing.



"WHERE'S CHARLEY?"

The object on the left here is Ray Bolger, disguised as a Brazilian widow, and his pretty companion, who seems to have something growing up her leg, is Allyn McLerie. This musical version of Brandon Thomas's famous museum piece is at the St. James.

"THE YOUNG AND FAIR," by N. Richard Nash, covers the happenings of an almost inconceivably eventful week at a junior college for girls somewhere up around Boston. One of the students is a baby Hitler, attempting to organize her private gang of Storm Troopers; another is a Jewess, forced to lie about her faith because of the prevailing anti-Semitism; a third is a kleptomaniac; and the headmistress, once an idealist, has now, like her male counterpart in Fay Kanin's "Goodbye, My Fancy," become only the tool of her rich and reactionary trustees. Into

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this rather oppressive atmosphere come two sisters—one a recent graduate who has been hired as personnel director and the other a conspicuously wide-eyed and vocal freshman. They incur the displeasure of the young Führer almost at once, when they cause the disbanding of a senior society called The Vig (for Vigilantes), of which she is the head; she retaliates by framing the younger sister for a series of thefts that have been agitating the school; and though this conspiracy fails, the headmistress is too cowardly to punish the ringleader (I forgot to say that this girl is the daughter of the most sinister of the trustees), and the sisters leave college in a burst of indignant rhetoric.

This is just the skeleton of Mr. Nash's story—the Jewess; the real thief; and an unfortunate maid whom the president chooses as a scapegoat also figure in it prominently—but I think it is enough to show you that a fairly crowded little melodrama has moved into the Fulton. I am not sure about its merits on any other level. Its locale and its cast of sick or vicious personalities inevitably suggest to some extent "The Children's Hour," but Mr. Nash is not Miss Hellman and his case histories seem to me much too elementary, both in psychology and writing, to have any real validity on the stage. A labor-baiting father, that is, may partly explain a monstrous little Fascist, and a cruel and contemptuous mother may be wholly responsible for her daughter's kleptomania, but I'm afraid that Mr. Nash's statement of cause and effect in both instances sounds glib, oversimplified, and perhaps just a bit comic. The central theme of "The Young and Fair" is, of course, almost precisely that of "Goodbye, My Fancy"—the gradual collapse of liberal principles under the combined pressure of advancing years, fear of economic insecurity, and the wicked machinations of the trustees, a group of men who apparently have al-



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most nothing to do but tamper with scholastic discipline and corrupt educators. However, while Miss Kanin makes her college president a man of unquestionably decent instincts, Mr. Nash gives us a woman whose dishonesty somehow seems basic and probably congenital. There is a lot of talk about how noble she was in the beginning, but in view of her current behavior—her really incredible treatment of the maid and her easy, abject surrender to the trustees—it is practically impossible to believe, and the play consequently loses much of its point. Altogether, I should say that "The Young and Fair" is an earnest piece, lively enough dramatically to hold your attention, but far too innocent to stir you very much otherwise.

In spite of the difficulties presented by her part, I think Frances Starr gives a nice, honest performance as the headmistress, and there are almost equally sound and interesting contributions by Patricia Kirkland, as the personnel director's young sister; Doe Avedon, as the adolescent villainess; Lois Wheeler, as the Jewish girl; and Julie Harris, as the psychopathic thief. Harold Clurman's direction is always intelligent and well paced, and Paul Morrison's three-in-one set (a study, a bedroom, and a hall) is a handsome, ingenious piece of work. —Wolcott Gibbs

•

WHAT PAGE OF "COSMOPOLITAN" D'YA READ, ASSUMING YOU ARE STILL CONSCIOUS AND CAN READ?

If you tried to pin us down to a certain widespread weakness in writing technique that we might have noticed, we would probably point to the beginning of the average story. Many manuscripts started with pages of endless description in which nothing happened. On the other hand, just as many tried very hard to shock the shirt off you in the first sentence. "The girl left her hotel room," one story began, "and went downstairs and out the door and walked two blocks to the East River and jumped in." We feel that a middle course somewhere between these extremes might be more reliable.—*From "What Goes On at Cosmopolitan," in the September issue, page 16.*

"Hello, Millicent." said the tiger, whereupon Millicent fainted dead away. —*Beginning of a George Oppenheimer story, same issue, page 45.*

•

Washington, Nov. 10 (UP).—President Truman's controversial balcony is going to be added to the White House again—this time on the back of a new $20 bill. . . .

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—*The Herald Tribune.*

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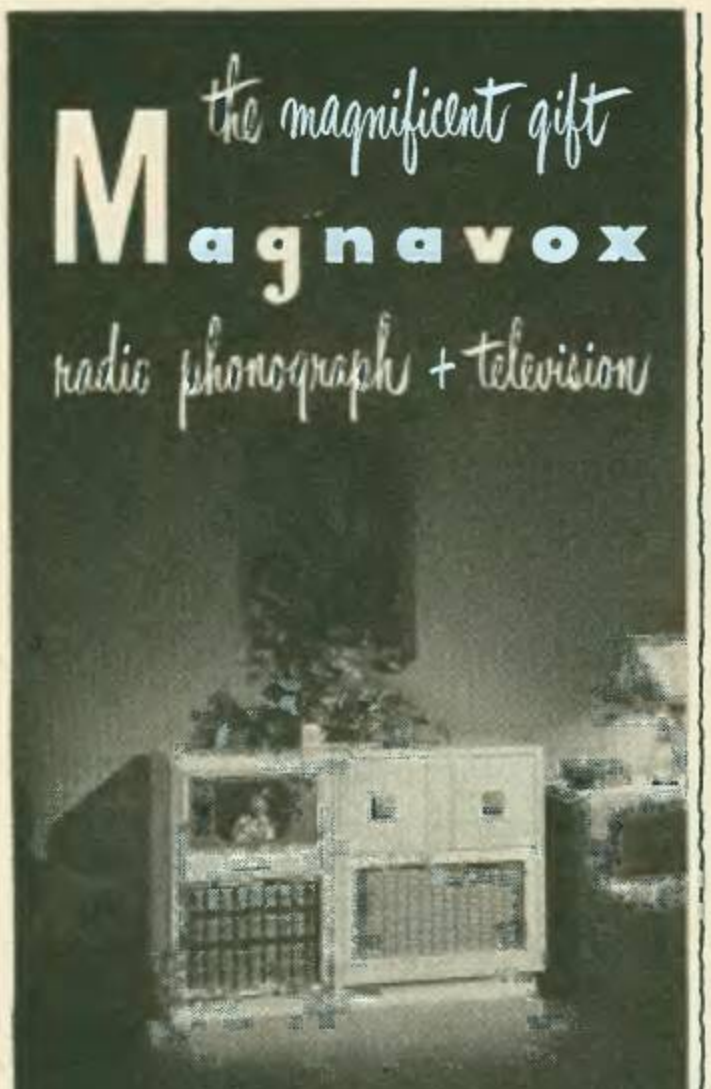
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THE RACE TRACK

Bowie Farewell



THE only trouble down at Bowie last week was that at the end things got so good you could hardly bear them. The sun shone, favorites clicked one after another, and Picou rode the final winner of the meeting. It really looks as though in Pilaster we had something to strengthen the handicap division. Recently, there was considerable cheering for Pilaster in these columns because he'd won half a dozen races in a row. Well, on Saturday he galloped off with the Bryan & O'Hara Memorial Handicap, and I'm here again waving a small flag. He carried a hundred and twenty-five pounds, giving big weight to the other runners, and he started slowly, began picking up his field halfway home, and came in a couple of lengths ahead of Big Dial. Oriole, a long shot, was third. The race was a mile and three-sixteenths, so it would seem that Pilaster is as good at middle distances as he is at long ones. Now I expect that Harry Straus, who owns him, will send him on to Tropical Park, which opens this week. For a horse who started winning rather late in his career (he's four years old), Pilaster has done quite well, earning $72,000 this season, $15,250 of it last weekend.

The surprise of the afternoon was the dismal showing of Inseparable, who had beaten Pilaster in the Prince George Autumn Handicap the week before. This time, he was last all the way. His backers blamed the muddy track, and I fancy they were right. Bowie mud is different—no doubt about it. Either horses can run well in it or they can't run at all. Inseparable couldn't.

I WAS not, I must say, exactly spellbound by the victory of Palestinian in the Endurance Handicap, for two-year-olds, on Thanksgiving Day. He led throughout the mile and seventy yards, but there was nothing startling about that, since the runners he met were a middling collection. We wouldn't advise that you go trundling off to your bookmaker looking for a future-book bet on him in the Kentucky Derby; time



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enough for that after the Flamingo Stakes, at Hialeah, next March.

THE favorite jockey of everybody at Bowie was Clarence Picou, a slender seventeen-year-old lad with the biggest hands you ever saw on a race rider; he had twenty-nine winners at the meeting. Picou attracted little attention on his arrival from Jamaica, but after he had ridden three winners a day for three days in succession, and four the next day, horseplayers began throwing away their *Racing Forms* and Jack's Little Green Cards and started betting on anything Picou rode. It wasn't a bad idea. One afternoon, he was first home with five runners. A few curmudgeons complained that his mounts usually were favorites and never paid much of a price. That was to have been expected, though, because of the play his horses were getting in the tote. Of course, there is a bit more to it than that. Trainers are as quick as anyone else to sense it when a jockey is getting into a winning streak, so a boy who is hot gets the pick of what the paddock sharps call the live horses. I figured out that if you had bet two dollars on each of Picou's ninety mounts at Bowie, you would have made $26.80.

Picou has no special tricks; horses just seem to run for him. He doesn't finish smoothly, but he'll pick that up in time. He does get his mounts off fast and has them running well at the start. This, he says, he learned when he was about twelve years old and riding quarter-horse races in Texas. (He was born on a farm near Beaumont.) In these quarter-of-a-mile dashes, a boy has to be pretty spry at the signal to go or he gets nothing. Since riding his first winner on the big tracks—an animal named Border Sis, at New Orleans, last January—Picou has run his string up to two hundred and fifty-six and is pressing Atkinson for second place on this year's winning list. Picou will be in New Orleans again this winter. Longden, though, is still way out ahead; he rode his three-hundredth winner of the season at Tanforan last week. Longden, by the way, in his spare time—and I don't know where he finds it—breeds, trains, and drives trotters. —AUDAX MINOR

•

DEPT. OF UTTER CONFUSION

[*From the Post*]

Once again his wife and I resumed, while he alternated instruction with an account of his experience. He was a friend of a marshmallow as I clung to it for reassurance.



A REPORTER AT LARGE

WINDS OFF THE PAMPAS

THE terrible notion that Hitler, Eva Braun, Martin Bormann, and other choice Nazis are alive and breathing somewhere in Argentina has been gnawing at the Argentine imagination since the end of the war in Europe. Like practically every other notion in Argentina today, it is nourished by accumulated rumors, national anxieties, and scraps of circumstantial evidence. The chances are that few of the many people who tell over and over again the same anecdotes about Hitler's presence in Argentina believe that the flesh-and-blood Hitler is literally on the premises. He is, rather, an obsessive symbol of their deepest fears and frustrations. Stories about him turn up wherever one goes, and he is unexpectedly injected into the most unlikely conversations. Not long ago, travelling in Argentina, I heard the Hitler stories. When I began to hear them again and again, from different groups in different places, their meaning became somewhat clear to me. For one thing, they serve to bring closer together segments of the population that formerly had little in common and communicated with each other hardly at all. The law student, the elevator operator, and the owner of an *estancia* (or ranch) are united by a body of Hitler lore. Through him, they all share the same fear, mainly that if he were indeed in Argentina, nothing official would be done about it. Moreover, many high-minded Argentines are uneasily aware that the wartime conduct of their country made it the sort of place Hitler might well have chosen for his postwar residence. And although the Argentina of Perón today cannot reasonably be compared with the Germany of Hitler, the very fact that the stories are told carries the painful implication that the Führer would not totally disapprove of the current course of Argentine events.

The origin of the Hitler stories is obscure. They appear to be based upon the mysterious and unheralded, and possibly legendary, arrival of two U-boats at the popular seaside resort of Mar del Plata, two hundred and forty miles south of Buenos Aires, in the latter half of 1945. Some people say that the submarines surfaced at sea before docking, while others say that they came alongside the big quay there before rising. As some tell it, the landing was made in daylight; others claim that it happened after dark. In the daytime version, knots of the curious flocked to the ocean front as word went around that U-boats had been spotted. Police prevented anyone from getting any nearer to the scene than the top of a high bluff overlooking the quay. Onlookers are said to have watched several people pop out from the submarines' hatches, scramble onto the quay, and enter waiting automobiles. All the men were wearing the type of greatcoat worn by German field marshals. One, who walked with a limp and had one arm that dangled loosely at his side, was approximately the size and shape of Hitler, while the one woman looked like Eva Braun. The group was driven away at high speed, the crowd was dispersed without getting answers to any of its questions, and no mention of the incident appeared in the newspapers. The nocturnal version has even more sinister overtones. The submarines arrived by moonlight, disgorged the same group—including the lady and the man with the limp—which entered cars and was driven away at a normal speed. A young policeman, patrolling the waterfront, observed all this, unknown to the participants. As one of the cars drove past, he saw, seated inside, a man who looked like Hitler, and beside him a lady who looked like Eva Braun. He reported the episode to his superiors, who passed it along to *their* superiors. Within a few hours, he was summoned to headquarters, discharged from the force for being intoxicated on duty, and sent, under guard, to his home. The next morning, he was removed to an institution for the incurably insane, and its doors closed permanently behind him.

In both versions, the scene now shifts to Patagonia, the Far South of Argentina. Mostly, it is barren, wind-swept, and rainy, a dreary, remote stretch of rock, thorn, and sand, of black lava and volcanic ash. Only its western part is irrigated and under cultivation. Scattered about are lonely sheep ranches, many of them owned by settlers of German descent. To an ex-Führer of *Ein Reich* and *Ein Volk*, Patagonia would presumably be an attractive refuge. The way the Patagonian part of the stories goes, shortly after the arrival of the U-boats, with their mysterious human cargo, travellers throughout this vast region



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began to hear tales of a huge *estancia*, remote almost beyond imagination and surrounded by an electrified fence. Behind the fence, fierce dogs bark continuously. Once a month, the gates of the *estancia* swing open and a large black truck races down the driveway, careens onto the main road, and heads for the nearest hamlet, many miles distant, where a dozen stalwart blond men hop down and wander through the streets for ten or fifteen minutes, purchasing a bite to eat here and a trinket there, answering no questions. Then they hop into the truck and race back to the *estancia*. Nothing but the barking of the dogs is heard for a month; then the performance is repeated. In matters of this sort, one alleged fact leads to another, and over the years the blond men have become a guard of honor pledged in blood to defend their Führer to the death. The Führer, naturally, is behind the fence. He never leaves the estate. He is unable to do so. Drugs, defeat, and the shattering of his nervous system have left him monumentally wrecked and insane. He looks like a man of over seventy. Eva Braun stays with him, for there is no other place for her to go. Martin Bormann, the man who succeeded Göring as heir apparent, is there, too. He is in better shape than Hitler, but he is certainly not having a good time. He maintains the ghostly charade by addressing Hitler as "*Mein Führer*" and adding an occasional "*Heil!*" Bormann turns up half-heartedly for the weekly reviews, when Hitler summons his honor guard, watches it goose-step past him, and then delivers a lengthy and unintelligible harangue against Roosevelt, Churchill, and the Jews.



The Hitler stories have filtered through layer after layer of Argentine society. Who is to vouch for their truth, and who is to deny it? In any country, the people can weave and twist and enlarge upon a rumor. In Argentina, which is such a curious combination of the real and the fantastic, the odder an idea is, the quicker it takes hold. After travelling about that strange country, so different from the rest of the world, so far removed and other-planetary, I was quite willing to believe not only that Hitler was there but that I, along with several million others, had actually seen him.

HITLER intruded himself into a visit I paid to Mar del Plata. I had settled down in a large, modern, impersonal hotel in the center of Buenos Aires when, one morning, a lady of my acquaintance invited me to spend several days at her villa in Mar del Plata. (For fairly obvious reasons, the identities of all the characters in this article have been disguised.) She is wealthy, the proud bearer of an old and honored name, and related to almost everyone of importance in pre-Perón Argentina. Her roots are deep in the rich, black soil of the pampas from which her money is derived. Cattle and wheat are her heritage. Her father, a Spaniard, came to Mar del Plata more than half a century ago, drawn by the soil and by the fertile warmth of the days and the bracing chill of the nights. Mar del Plata is on a point of the coast exposed to winds from the antarctic. On a map, it is parallel with the southernmost tip of land in Australia, halfway across the world. The lady's father, like other enterprising Argentines of his generation, set about conquering and molding his environment, to make it fit his needs and fulfill his desires. Inland from Mar del Plata are the pampas, and in her father's time their section of the pampas was treeless, except for a few ombús, majestic shade trees of tremendous girth, whose wood is too soft even for firewood. Their leaves, which are poisonous, were often prescribed for the very sick by herb doctors in ancient times. Wherever he settles, man requires trees, it would seem, not only for shade and shelter but to provide some sense of permanence. Her father planted non-native trees by the thousands, and his friends and their friends planted others, and millions of them now grow in and around Mar del Plata and on the great ranches that lie on the long, lonely, sometimes flat, sometimes undulating sea of plains and grazing lands that stretches inland. The sons and daughters of the tree planters and *their* sons and daughters are considerably different. Many of them have been educated abroad, in French, Italian, or English schools. The wealth from the land has brought the opportunity to pursue one's leisure and turn it into one's profession. Thus, my friend became a painter and, although possessed of a passionate fondness for the land, grew away from it and from those who work on it. She is typical of those Argentines who visit the United States—rich, cultured, sophisticated, avant-garde in a curiously laborious and defensive way, and with an extreme sensitivity that betrays itself



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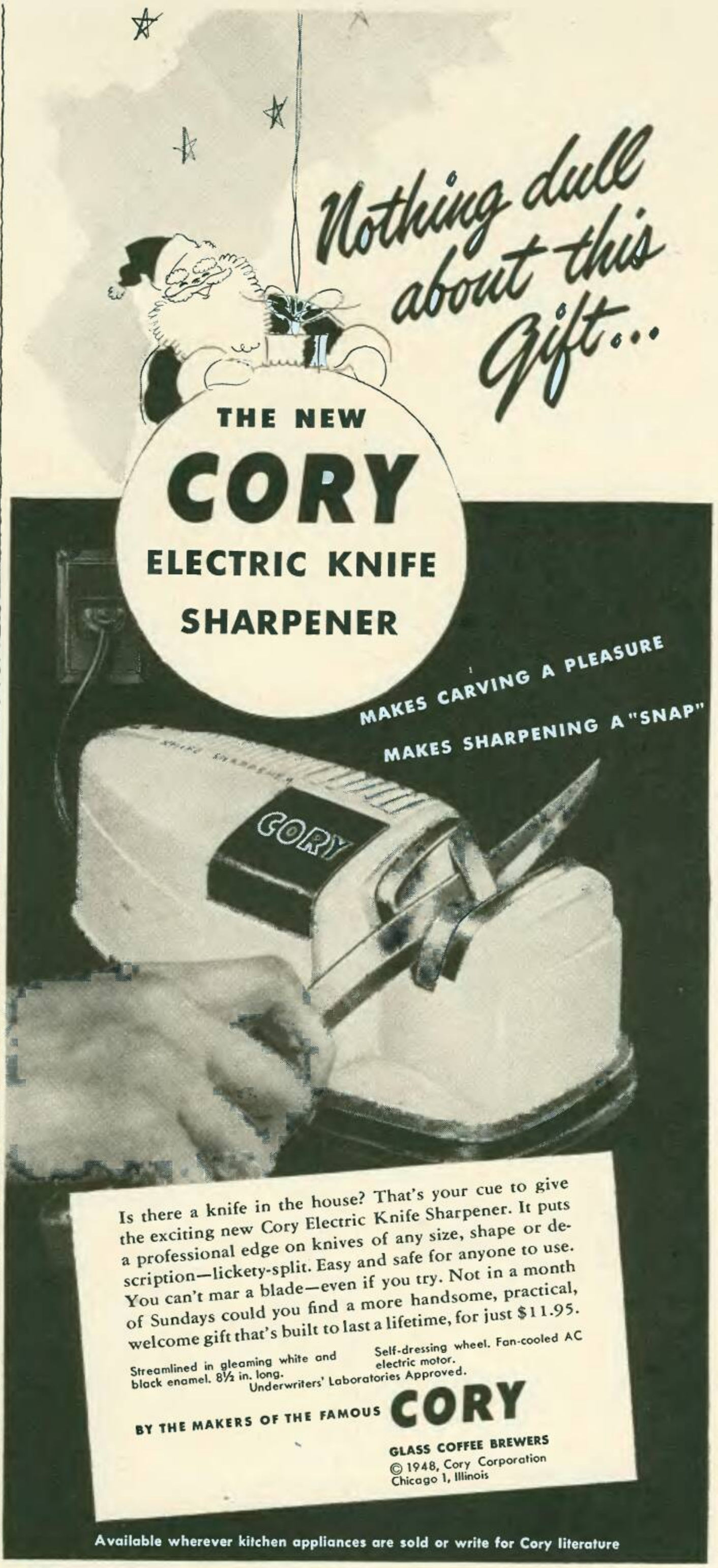
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in an intense, nervous, easily aroused pride.

Over the phone, my friend had said that two friends of two cousins of two cousins of second cousins of hers would come for me at my hotel at five-forty-five the following morning, Sunday, and drive me to Mar del Plata, six or seven hours away. They themselves were headed for a vacation spot farther south, and would drop me off. They arrived on time, in a new Buick. I had been astonished by the hundreds of new American cars I had seen on the streets of Buenos Aires. It had also been impressed on me that Buenos Aires has more than one city's share of wild and hysterical drivers. With a population of millions, it does not have a single traffic light. A trial set of lights was diffidently installed several years ago at one of the main downtown intersections, but the idea of mechanically regulating traffic so offended not only drivers but pedestrians that, in a burst of indignation, they ripped out the lights. The only regulating of traffic now is done by an occasional policeman, standing on a wooden platform, who waves the traffic on with excessive dignity, and even this happens only during rush hours. The rest of the time, it is Liberty Hall. Cars slide out from side streets, shriek to a halt, lock bumpers with each other, back up, tug, pull, and push; drivers get out and scream; pedestrians have to climb over the bumpers; and so on. Wise men in Buenos Aires wear holy medals to ward off danger and walk slowly and cautiously, looking both ways three times before crossing a street.

It was with understandable reluctance that I climbed into the back seat of the Buick. The capital was still asleep, and it seemed to me that the couple in the car were asleep too. They were husband and wife. He was middle-aged, of slight build, and had a combination of names common in Argentina; his surname was Irish, his Christian name Spanish. I shall call him Ricardo Kelly. Señora Kelly was an expressionless woman. Señor Kelly pushed the accelerator as far as it would go, and we were off. We raced over a bridge at the edge of town, dashed across a railroad track a bare second ahead of a hooting freight train, and shot down a flat stretch of road at eighty miles an hour, on the wrong side of the road. I asked Señor Kelly about this. By now, he seemed fully awake. He turned completely around to talk to me, without slackening speed. He told me that until three years before, Argentina had followed the British custom of driving on

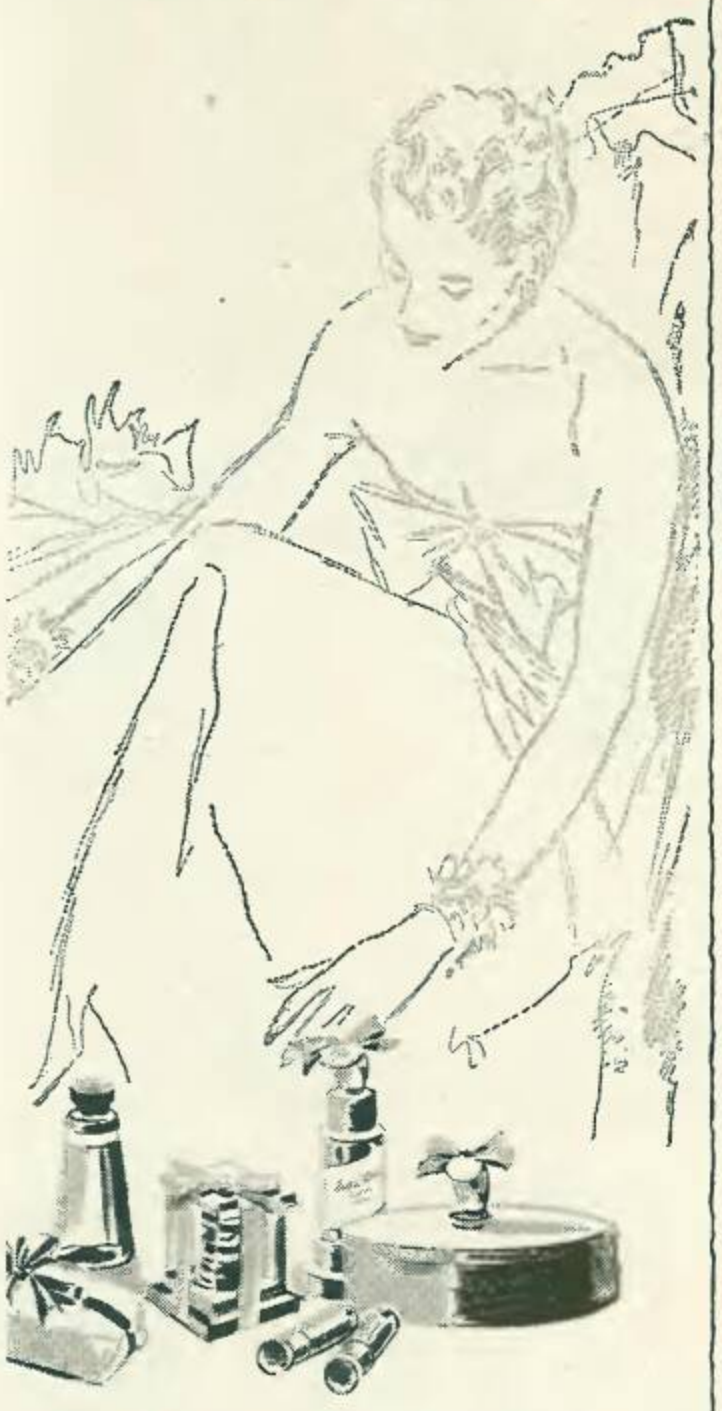


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the left-hand side of the road. Then the government had ordered a shift to the North American way of driving. "I am still adjusting to the new method," he said. Looking me in the eye solicitously, he continued, "You are a stranger in the city, and I think it only fair to warn you against travelling in the *collectivos*. They are most dangerous." A car heading our way obligingly veered into what should have been our lane. Señor Kelly was still facing me, and this incident escaped him.

"What are *collectivos*?" I asked.

"Those small buses one sees on the streets of Buenos Aires," he said. "Overcrowded. Reckless drivers. No sense of timing or direction."

"Pardon me, Ricardo," said Señora Kelly. Señor Kelly turned to face front and tore off onto the grass alongside the road; he screeched back to the pavement after a hundred feet or so.

"Stupid!" said Señor Kelly, shaking his fist at a car we had barely missed.

"Ricardo," said his wife, "at this very point you lost your teeth three years ago."

"I recall it well," said Señor Kelly.

"Could we stop for some coffee?" I asked.

"At your pleasure," said Señor Kelly. He seemed to gather that I was hinting at something, for he switched into the proper traffic lane. "Last week," he said, "two *collectivos* overturned on Avenida Roque Sáenz Peña, and the same day one *collectivo* crashed into a store front on Calle Bernardo de Irigoyen, pinning four children against the counters. Dramatically, it was a toy store." He turned around again and smiled. "So you see," he said. "Avoid *collectivos*."

We stopped at a crossroads for coffee. Our car slapped into the rear of another, whose front bumper was locked with the rear bumper of the car ahead. Seven or eight men were jumping up and down on it. They were too busy to bother about us, and since we had done no damage, we went into the restaurant, a white plaster building that was the only structure as far as the eye could see in any direction. The interior was divided into small booths containing rough wooden tables and benches. "We are on the pampas," said Ricardo, as we seated ourselves. The place was filled with large family parties. Waiters were hurrying back and forth. "Things have changed so radically in this country that one can no longer get waited on without a long interval of sitting," said Señora Kelly. She pointed to a slim, dark waiter who was peering at us from behind a

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booth and pulling at his mustache. "You see," she said, lowering her voice, "he perceives us, and knows that we are people of some elegance and breeding, and thus we will be kept waiting forever." Señor Kelly rapped on the table and looked quite severe. The waiter finally came over, took our order, and brought us some thick black coffee and some little sweet cakes.

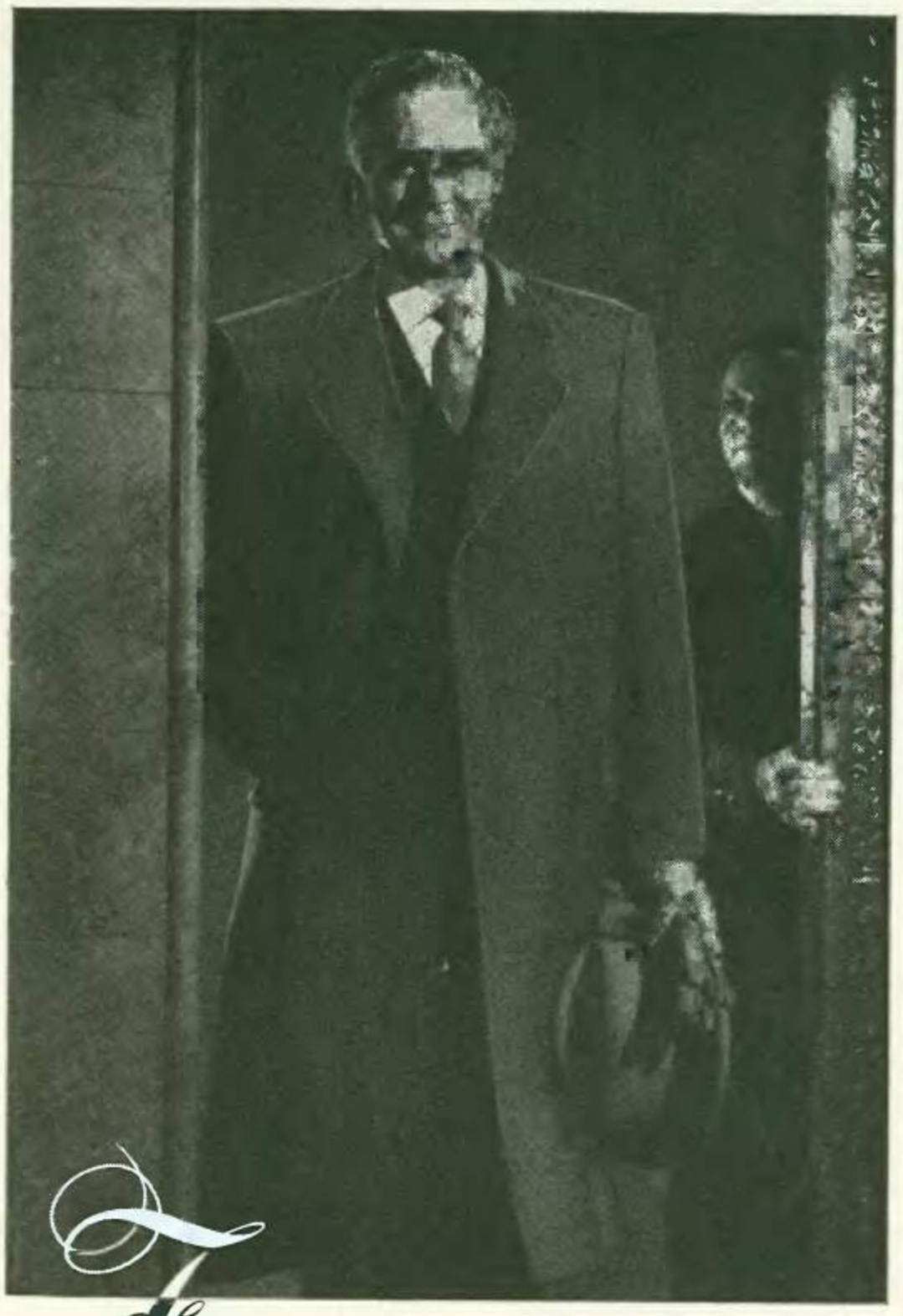
We went back to the car, and there was an interminable delay while Señor Kelly waited in a long line to get some gasoline. Then we were off again. I insisted upon sitting up front with my companions, claiming that riding in the back seat made me carsick. I figured that when Ricardo turned to talk to me, his eyes would be at least at right angles to the road. We scooted along the flat road until, at about twelve-thirty, we skidded around a curve and came in sight of the Atlantic Ocean and the roofs of Mar del Plata, far below. The town was brilliantly white in the sun and splashed with bright-red roofs. The broad sands, the pounding surf, and the crowds packing the beach under multicolored beach umbrellas gave the panorama an unnatural quality, as though it were a theatrical scene, carefully prepared and rehearsed, with every property and every member of the cast in its place. There was none of the ragged gentility of an Italian beach or the endemic democracy of Coney Island. It was simply a beach *scene* and, like much else that I saw in Argentina, an example of life's mirroring art.

"Observe the long quay—there," said Ricardo, taking both hands off the wheel and leaning out the window. I told Ricardo that I had already spotted it. He put his hands back on the wheel. "The U-boats landed there—the ones Hitler and his group are said to have come on," he said.

"I think there is something to the story," said his wife. "Do you remember 'The Great Dictator,' with Charles Chaplin? Well, we met Charles Chaplin once when we were in the States. Rather unpleasant, face to face, I thought, but he was magnificent as Hitler."

"They tell me he is in Patagonia," said her husband. "Mad as a hatter. One of Mussolini's sons races around Mar del Plata in a roadster, Fritz Mandl can be seen eating barbecued baby beef at the Plaza Grill in Buenos Aires, and there is said to be quite a shipping trade in Nazis heading this way, sent by a ring in Denmark, so why not Hitler?"

"You didn't mean that Charles



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Chaplin was in Patagonia, did you?" asked his wife.

Her husband again took both hands off the wheel. "I did not," he said. "I meant Hitler."

NOT far from the beach, we stopped in the driveway of a large wooden country house of English architecture. I had noticed a number of similar houses on the streets along which we had been driving. It had a porch running three-quarters of the way around and a trellis to the second story, covered with the largest chrysanthemums I have ever seen, all delicate pink and violet. Formal gardens stretched away from the house for some distance. They had carefully gravelled walks, bright-green grass, evenly trimmed hedges, and, scattered under clumps of trees, small white cast-iron benches. This, too, was a scene so meticulously designed, so nearly perfect, that I had the illusion that the curtain had fallen on my view of the beach and, after our entr'acte conversation about Hitler, had risen upon another set. Señor and Señora Kelly bade me a brisk farewell and sped off. I stood alone for a minute, until the front door opened and a middle-aged woman, in the starched white dress one would expect of an English nanny, bustled out. "You are expected," she said to me. "I will show you to your room. What will you have for breakfast tomorrow morning, and at what time? There is a bell behind the bed, in the event that you desire something during the night. Leave out your trousers and tie to be pressed. The bath adjoining your room is shared; therefore test the door before attempting the tub. Lunch will be served within the hour. All are presently at the beach or otherwise occupied. Follow, please."

I told her that I would have orange juice, toast, and coffee, at nine o'clock, followed her into the house, and found myself in a broad white entrance hall, which had a number of doors in it, all closed. Massive bell jars filled with artistically arranged pink-and-white coral shells stood on small tables against the walls. From one wall hung a turtle-green relief map of South America; there were tiny gashes for the minor rivers and long, deep wounds for the Amazon, the Orinoco, and the broad estuary of the Río de la Plata. Argentina, colored a light yellow, far down toward the bottom of the map—and toward the bottom of the world—seemed distant and vestigial, as though it were the fragmentary remains of

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some ancient creature's tail. It came as a shock to realize that I was standing somewhere along that tail and had come from far above the limits of that map.

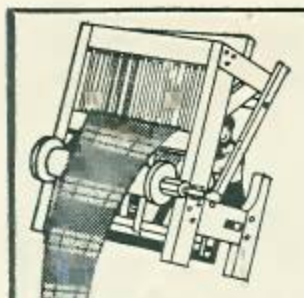
"Your room is down this corridor," said the lady who looked like a nanny. It was large and comfortable, with gaily flowered chintz draperies, a big bed, several chairs, and an extremely high wardrobe. I took a bath, first having made certain that no one was in the tub. When I had dressed, I stuck my head out into the corridor. There was not a sound anywhere. I picked up a "Life of Picasso" that was lying on my bedside table. I read a few pages, began to feel lonely, and decided to take a walk. I went down the corridor to the entrance hall and there noticed a door that was slightly ajar. Exhilarated beyond prudence at the prospect of human company, I peeked in. Half hidden by a grand piano topped by a big bowl of chrysanthemums, a very tall, thin, distinguished-looking woman with gray hair was playing solitaire at a card table near a window. I stood in the doorway for a solid half minute before I inadvertently coughed, but she did not look up—whether she was absorbed in the game or merely a firm believer in no interruptions while playing, I shall never know—and I quickly backed out.

Nobody and nothing beckoned but the formal gardens, so I strolled among them along a circular gravel walk. I made the circuit several times, past the flower beds, the white benches, the clumps of trees, and the evenly trimmed hedges. On my fourth or fifth round, I noticed a man in a butler's short white jacket standing on the porch, trying to attract my attention. He announced that lunch was ready, and I followed him to the room where I had seen the solitaire player. She was still there, but the card table and the deck of cards had been put away, and she had moved to a long sofa. In the room there were now also two women in white sports clothes and a middle-aged man wearing brown-and-white shoes, spotless white flannel trousers, and a striking brown jacket of a soft material resembling doeskin. They had evidently been talking, but at the sight of me conversation ceased, and for a moment or two before the man rose to greet me they sat in formal, erect, consciously pleasant poses, as though they were about to be photographed. They were like a group snapshot of well-to-do summer people in one of those big old wooden houses, all porch and sunlight, at a place like Sea Girt, New Jersey, circa 1908. Introductions were now made. The solitaire player turned out to be the sister of my hostess, who she said was due any moment, and the others were a young female cousin and a husband and wife who were friends of the hostess. An attractive, deeply tanned young woman entered the room, nodded to everyone, and sat down. After an embarrassing pause, she was introduced. Another cousin. My hostess arrived, tall and preoccupied, shook hands with me, and spoke earnestly and privately with her sister for several minutes. Then, at exactly two-thirty, the double doors leading to the dining room were opened by the butler, who was now wearing white gloves. He had changed to another jacket, even whiter and more starched. We moved into the dining room slowly, with the exception of the hostess, who preceded us at a fast clip, sat down at one end of the table, and instantly began to eat. Her lunch—a tremendous salad of mixed greens and tomatoes and a platter of boiled chicken—had already been put on the table. The rest of us were served a vast number of courses: soup, chicken, salad, vegetables (a separate course), beef, more vegetables, lush melons, grapes and peaches, and coffee, very thick and black. The butler was assisted by a footman, similarly gloved and coated. Throughout the meal, we drank a delicate Bordeaux-like wine, from the excellent vineyards near Mendoza, in west Argentina.



Except for a few modulated family exchanges, there was no conversation until the hostess had finished her lunch, which she did as the rest of us were still somewhere between the first vegetable course and the beef course. She then assumed the role of discussion leader and moderator, successfully encouraged conversation, firmly steered it down prescribed channels, and never permitted it to get out of hand. The man and wife were planning, I learned, to build a summer home in Mar del Plata, and a suitable period of time was devoted to a discussion of the materials to be used in its construction (mostly stone and concrete), the high cost of these materials, and the petty annoyances and irritating delays inci-



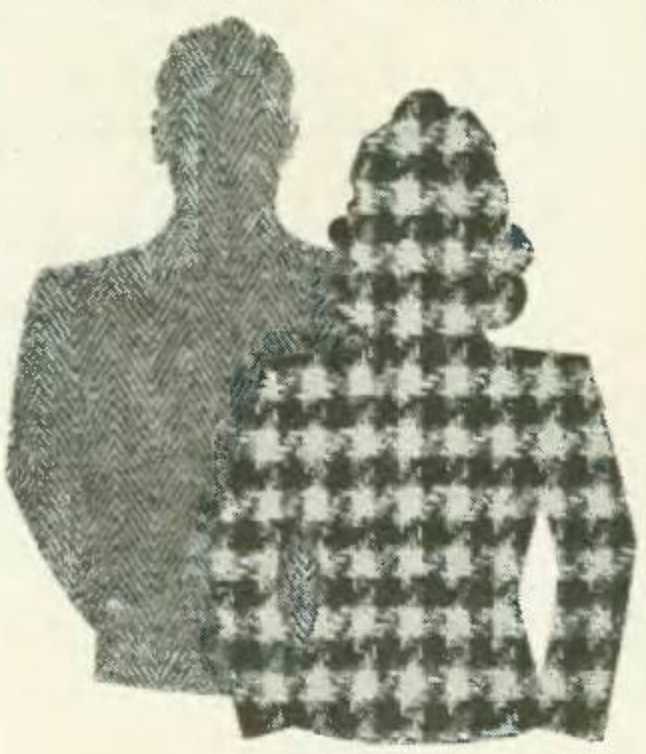


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dental to building. Almost as though she were turning the pages of a lesson book, the hostess shifted the conversation to the Mar del Plata beach. Everyone but me had been at the beach that morning, and was therefore able to contribute to the discussion. All agreed that the water had been cool and invigorating. The sunburned young lady ventured that she had been troubled by a recurring thought of late. "One seems to see so many ugly faces there," she said. "This is strange. I do not think this was so in other years." All of us automatically looked to the hostess for a reply, accepting the fact that a difficulty of this nature—its diagnosis, perhaps even the moral to be drawn from it—lay within her bailiwick. She was quite equal to the occasion. "It is not so much that the faces are *ugly*, my dear," she said, "as that there are so many *new* ones. There are hundreds of thousands of people who have never *been* on that beach before. Formerly, if one did not personally know everyone on the beach, one knew the family, or who he was. The faces were familiar, hence never questioned or examined for their varying degrees of beauty. The issue never arose. But the strange is unfortunately often ugly to us, partially because we are frightened by it. The point you have raised," she continued, rising and walking slowly up and down behind her chair, "brings into focus the entire problem of Mar del Plata today. Witness the Casino—the throngs at the roulette tables night and day, the millions of pesos crossing the board, the *anonymity* of the crowds. When Father and his circle founded the Casino, such crowds would have been considered scandalous. Even the shops on the ocean side of the Casino have changed in character. Señora Perón's favorite jeweller now occupies the place of honor—the store in the very center of the arcade—and fills his windows with glittering and worthless baubles. The crowds press against the windows and cannot tell real gems from spurious ones."

Our hostess sat down and drummed on the table with her fruit knife. The others seemed to be absorbing her remarks, and for a minute or two the silence was unbroken except for the hushed and genteel sound of crumbs being deftly swept off the table by the footman. The hostess turned toward me. "After lunch," she said, "I would be pleased to walk with you to the beach. There are things in Mar del Plata that should interest a visitor to our country. We will observe the city from the Tow-



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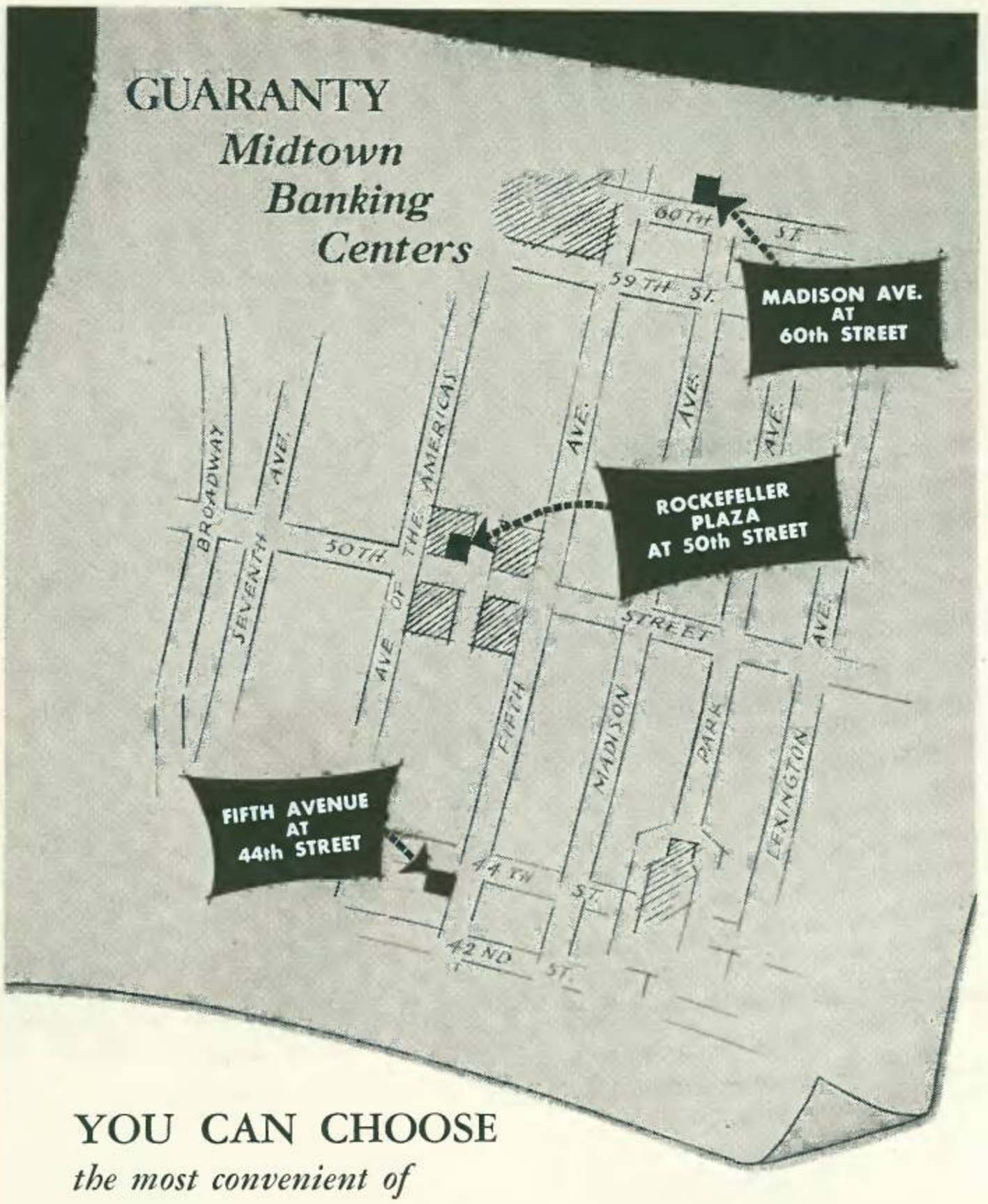
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er, and visit the Casino and the Golf Club. I think that you should walk along the beach itself. I will show you the spot where the German U-boats are said to have landed. Has anyone told you the tale of the U-boats' landing here?" I said yes, I had heard the story, and added that I wondered whether she placed any credence in it.

"I can say only this," interrupted the gentleman who was going to build a house. "Just this morning, I heard once again the story of the chauffeur." He said this with more emotion than I had thought him capable of. Two or three people nodded and sighed, the way one does when a bit of disagreeable knowledge is aired for the enlightenment of a stranger. "A gentleman who owns a large *estancia* near Buenos Aires had in his employ a trusted chauffeur," he went on. "One day, while being driven to his office by the chauffeur, his man related to him a most disturbing incident. He was certain of nothing—the incident had been fleeting, he was embarrassed even to mention it—but he could swear that while he was vacationing the week before with his wife's people in the south of Argentina, Hitler had driven past in a big closed car. It was a silly thought, too ridiculous, but he was haunted by the vision of that man speeding past. His employer laughed carelessly, thanked him for the intelligence, and returned to reading *La Prensa*. However, on the way home that evening he told the chauffeur that the story had nagged at him all day and that he felt that it might be worth some thought, perhaps even some investigation. Would the chauffeur be willing, he asked, to repeat the story, insubstantial as it might appear to be, to a trusted friend of his in one of the government offices? The man said that although this friend worked for the government, he was extremely anti-Perón and in a position to conduct a discreet inquiry into the matter. After all, one never knew these days, did one? The chauffeur agreed that one never knew these days, and he further agreed to relate the tale to his employer's friend."

The gentleman telling the story pushed his chair back an inch or two and paused for dramatic effect. "My melancholy narrative comes to an abrupt conclusion," he continued. "The chauffeur did not appear for work the morning after he had related the tale to his employer, or the morning after that. The employer had, in the meantime, arranged an interview for him with his friend in the government—without telling his friend the purpose of the inter-



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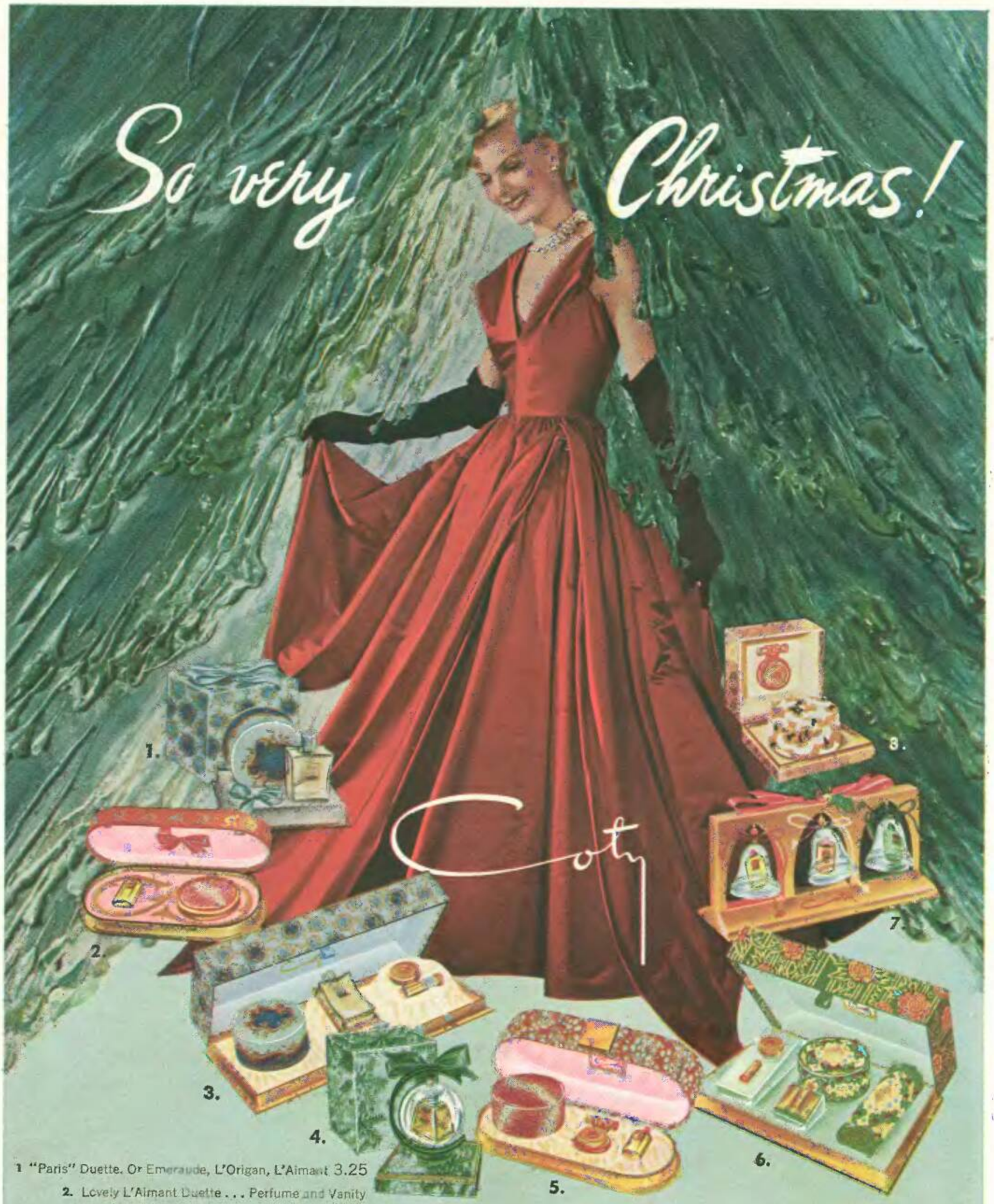
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view—but this appointment was never kept. Several days passed. The chauffeur's wife telephoned the employer's office. Her husband had not been home. Where was he? Was he driving his employer to some distant place? No one knew where he was. No one yet knows. To this day, no trace—a complete and total disappearance. Naturally, the question that arose was: Had anyone other than the employer—who had told the tale to no one—been told the story by the chauffeur? Yes, the wife of the chauffeur had heard it. Her husband had mentioned the incident while they were still on vacation. Had others been present at the time? Yes, some members of the family, but they had joked about the story. Under what circumstances had the story been told? Why, at a restaurant, during a family party, while there was much gaiety and singing. Had others overheard the tale? Yes, yes, come to think of it, people at the adjoining table had heard what her husband was saying. They had leaned over intently to listen. They did not seem amused. . . ."

SOME time later, the Führer again broke through the thin crust of conversation. I was spending an afternoon at a celebrated *estancia*. I had gone once again to my friend's villa at Mar del Plata and had expressed to her my desire to see such a place, and she had promptly and graciously arranged it for me. The *estancia*, which was owned by a cousin of hers, had been visited a quarter of a century before by the then Prince of Wales, who had spent several days around the place, admiring the high-spirited horses and riding polo ponies. During his stay in Argentina, the Prince had visited many celebrated *estancias*, and those at which he had fallen from polo ponies were thenceforth considered to be Very Distinguished. He had tumbled off a pony—no harm done—at the one I visited.

I was driven to the *estancia*, which was an hour or two away, in a chartreuse-colored limousine by one of my hostess's men, who wore a tight-fitting livery the precise color of the car. We bounced and jiggled across the dusty pampas, and along orange dirt roads, in swirls of dust. The day was painfully close, and the dust seeped in around the windows of the car and caught in my throat. Ahead of us were threatening black clouds. Before long, day turned into night, and storybook thunder and lightning boomed and crackled. Still there was no rain. Suddenly, there was a nasty, jagged flash, and the car swerved



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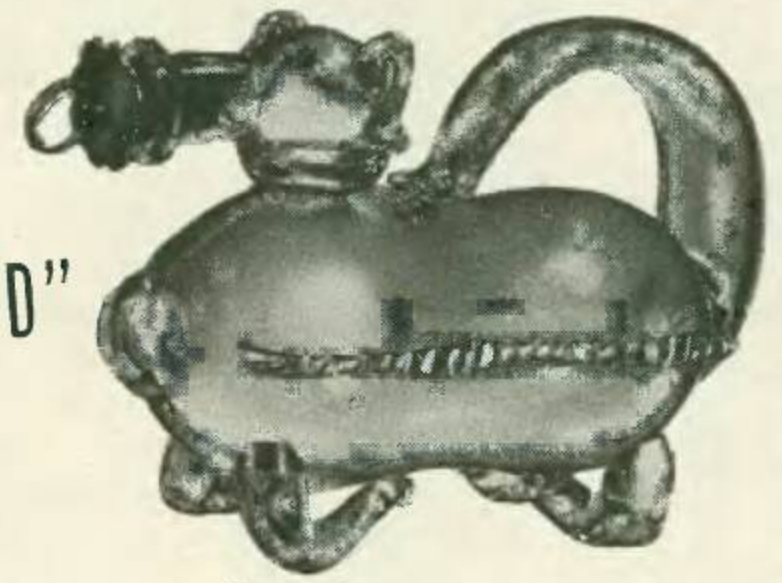
"THE BEAUTY AND DISTINCTION OF CUSTOM CAR STYLING"

and then came to a halt before a big and forbidding log gate. The stop and the flash were so close together that for an instant I thought we had been struck. To my left, just inside the gate, was a structure that was pure Humperdinck, with a slanted, colorful tile roof that might have been gingerbread trimmed with sequins. Out of the house, as in a dream, ran a little girl with long blond curls, wearing a calico dress. She swung open the big gate and we drove on. We had passed the gatekeeper's cottage, the driver said. For at least a mile, the road twisted under an archway of great oaks. We seemed to be passing through a deep forest, and yet, until we had got to the gate, there had been scarcely a tree. Soon there were breaks in the forest wall, and I could see pasture land stretching to the horizon, with cattle grazing in the distance. Then the forest closed around us again. Then more views of pasture, more forest; then the road widened, and curved gracefully past a park of lush lawn bordered with box hedges to an ivy-covered Tudor castle, complete with turrets, casement windows, a massive oak door, and a broad flagstone terrace with steps leading up to it.

At the top of the steps, where I half expected to see Henry VIII, stood an El Greco in modern dress, a singularly tall and lugubrious gentleman with a long, dark face, sunken cheeks, and a thin, high-bridged nose. He had on a brown-and-white sports jacket, gray flannel trousers, and heavy brown sandals. I got out of the car, and he descended the steps, one hand in his pocket, the other outstretched. He was the owner of the *estancia*, and he had been expecting me. The imminence of the rain, he said, had upset some of his plans for showing me around. He told me that I was about to have an encounter with a *pampero*, one of the famous southwest winds of Argentina, which blow with a cold and awesome violence, often accompanied not only by rain but by hailstones large enough to crush a man's skull. He thought that we should make a rapid tour of the grounds and then repair to the house. There was another crackle of lightning and another boom of thunder, and he said we had better get going. He dismissed my car, telling the driver to take it off to the garage behind the house. Then he pointed to a beautiful, serene willow at one end of the terrace. I noticed a maze of roots curling over the ground near it, running every which way. My host suddenly said, "Yes, it's become a troublesome tree. It

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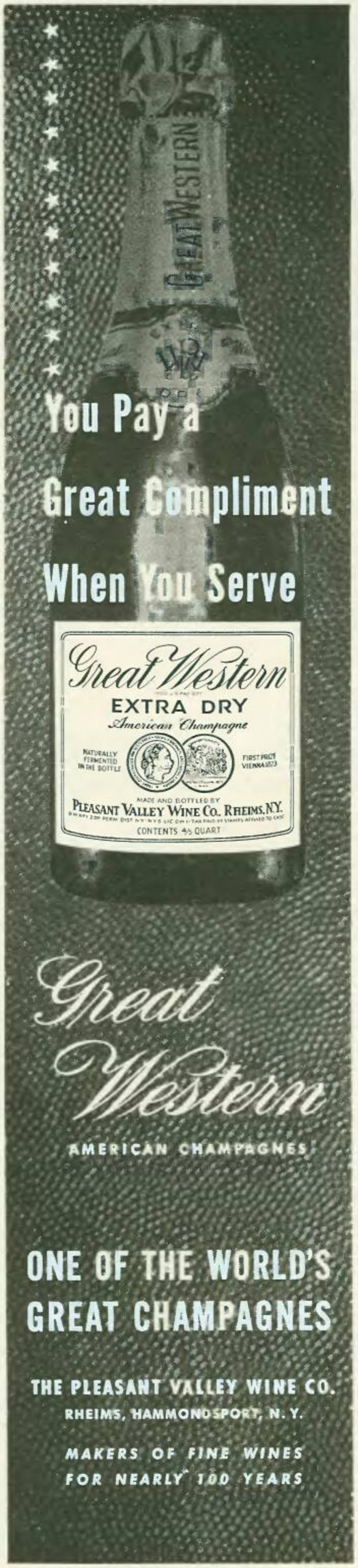
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is one of the first I planted here. It has always stood at the foot of the terrace, almost like a flagstaff. When I built here in 1902, not a tree. Now, as you can see, hundreds of thousands of trees. I imported the seeds from all over the world—from England, from North America, from Java and the Indies—and set my trees out in little pots. I set out oak and pine, blue spruce, chestnut, maple, hickory, hawthorn, Lombardy poplar, black acacia, plum, cherry, peach, paradise. I landscaped everywhere, set banks of small trees below balconies of large ones, grouped them here in a semicircular design, there in full squares of green. It took time and imagination, and, I fancy, some artistry. The small rocks directly ahead"—my host thrust out a hand—"are a perfect prospect from the terrace of my house. Those small rocks were there when I came, standing oddly among the grasses, and it was here I decided to build. Then I put the willow in its pot and it grew, and now these roots have broken through the earth around the tree and crept under the terrace, and perhaps under the house. I walked out of the house one morning several months ago and saw these roots coming out of the ground, and decided to cut down my trees, all my trees, every tree on the place." He looked at me—somewhat desperately, I thought—for some slight sign of agreement with his decision. "If I do not destroy them, they will destroy me. The willow roots are a portent. I must cut down the trees. We are at the business now. Every day, the men are out chopping them down." I have rarely seen a man look as sad as this man looked then.



We walked briskly behind the castle, crossed a rustic bridge over a small lake, and reached a wooden dock with several swan boats tied to it. "A park without a lake is no park, and I wanted my park to be complete," said my host. We skirted the lake on a path lined with trees which led to a quadrangle of low farm buildings of stucco, with red tile roofs. Beyond stretched a broad field alive with potatoes in flower. My host stopped in the middle of the quadrangle, surveyed his buildings, and then suddenly pointed skyward at a bird. "Blackbird," he said. "Many blackbirds all over the place. Came from England. On one trip back from England, I brought a whole Noah's Ark with me. My boxwood is from Holland." We walked under an archway into another courtyard, where a farmhand was exercising a handsome chestnut-brown horse. The farmhand was short and squat. He was wearing the traditional balloonlike trousers of the Argentine farmhand, and the bottom of each trouser leg was wrapped around his ankle in the manner of a cyclist's. My host nodded to the man, patted the horse, and told me that the animal was twenty-four years old and had made a distinguished record on Argentine race tracks. "This is the twilight of a life," he said. "Dotage. There is a little lamb that usually plays at the horse's feet. Together, they are two children. Our cattle are superior—best in show year after year. Once, we raised practically nothing but sheep here, but the sheep are in Patagonia now. This soil is much too good to waste on sheep. I have a bird park nearby—some rare wild specimens—but it is too much to see today. And anyway I'm weary of all the screeching. Come along."

We entered one of the farm buildings and walked through a low-ceilinged room and out a door at the other end. I had time to see only a group of farmhands huddled over a black metal pot of some bubbling gruel. My host led me to a new Chevrolet sedan parked in another courtyard, and we started off, down tree-lined roads and around tree-lined turns. After a silence of several minutes, I asked whether the contents of the black metal pot were being prepared for human or animal consumption. "Porridge soup for the stock," he said. "A thick, nourishing brew. We have oats and dirt for the chickens but thick porridge soup for the stock. See the fences. Chicken wire of the highest quality. I was laughed at when I put up my fences and strung chicken wire between the posts. Using quebracho wood from our North for the posts was quite orthodox, but chicken wire was considered extravagant. Today, one can buy it nowhere, and the wire is as good as the day it came." The road now passed through a deep, or apparently deep, forest, much like the one through which the road leading to the castle passed. At one point, we crossed a small clearing, and I saw a pile of timber and several workmen operating a power saw. And now my host began to unburden himself of some pressing thoughts.

The Perón government, it seemed,

had been eying the large estates for quite a while and had come forth with a scheme for buying up some of their acreage. My host felt that the scheme had its merits, since its purpose, so the government said, was the construction of houses and schools for those who lived and worked on the land, but if a man did not wish to sell at the price proposed, or to sell as much land as was wanted, the government set about expropriating the land on its own terms. In some cases, land had been taken from friends of his and then used not for the desirable purposes so widely advertised but for military rest homes and pleasure resorts for Perónist favorites. "The note of vengeance is the disturbing element," he said. "I and my kind understand the land and its use and power, and to a large extent the country was built up and has prospered through our skill and daring. I think the present government is misreading the history of the country. It does not know the nation's real source of wealth. My personal problem is something else again. This place is my lifework. I *am* this place. Had I been a painter, I could have done as I wished with my paintings at the close of my life. I am doing as I wish with my trees."

We drove to the clubhouse of my host's private nine-hole golf course. He said that he rarely used either the clubhouse or the course now—that he was in no mood for golf. The building consisted of a single large, damp room, with a bleak stone fireplace in the center. A long table was covered with English sporting magazines, some of them two or three years old. On the walls were hanging a few old golf clubs and several silver plaques. As we climbed back into the car, the rain came, in a thick, almost impenetrable sheet, and we drove to the castle cautiously and in silence. We went through the massive oak door into an immense great hall, panelled in dark wood and hung with portraits of my host's ancestors, and walked to the huge dining room, which had a huge table that was dwarfed by a huger sideboard. Both articles of furniture were laden with glasses, bottles of wine and whiskey, bowls of ice, platters of cold meat and sandwiches, cakes, cookies, candies, and sides of beef. Tea had been set out, my host observed. Far down at the other end of the sideboard I saw a finely wrought silver tea set. "Before tea, the trophies," my host said, and we went into a room whose walls were covered with photographs of quite obviously superior bulls, mostly shorthorns, with short, stout legs. Scat-



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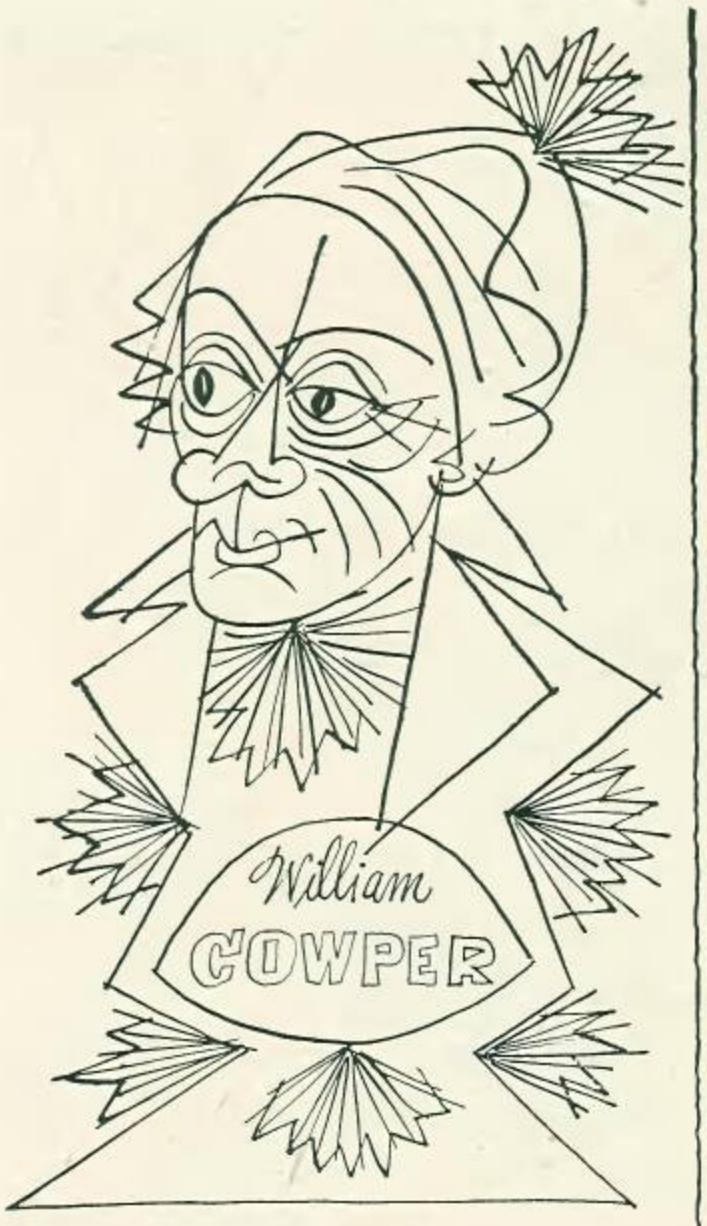
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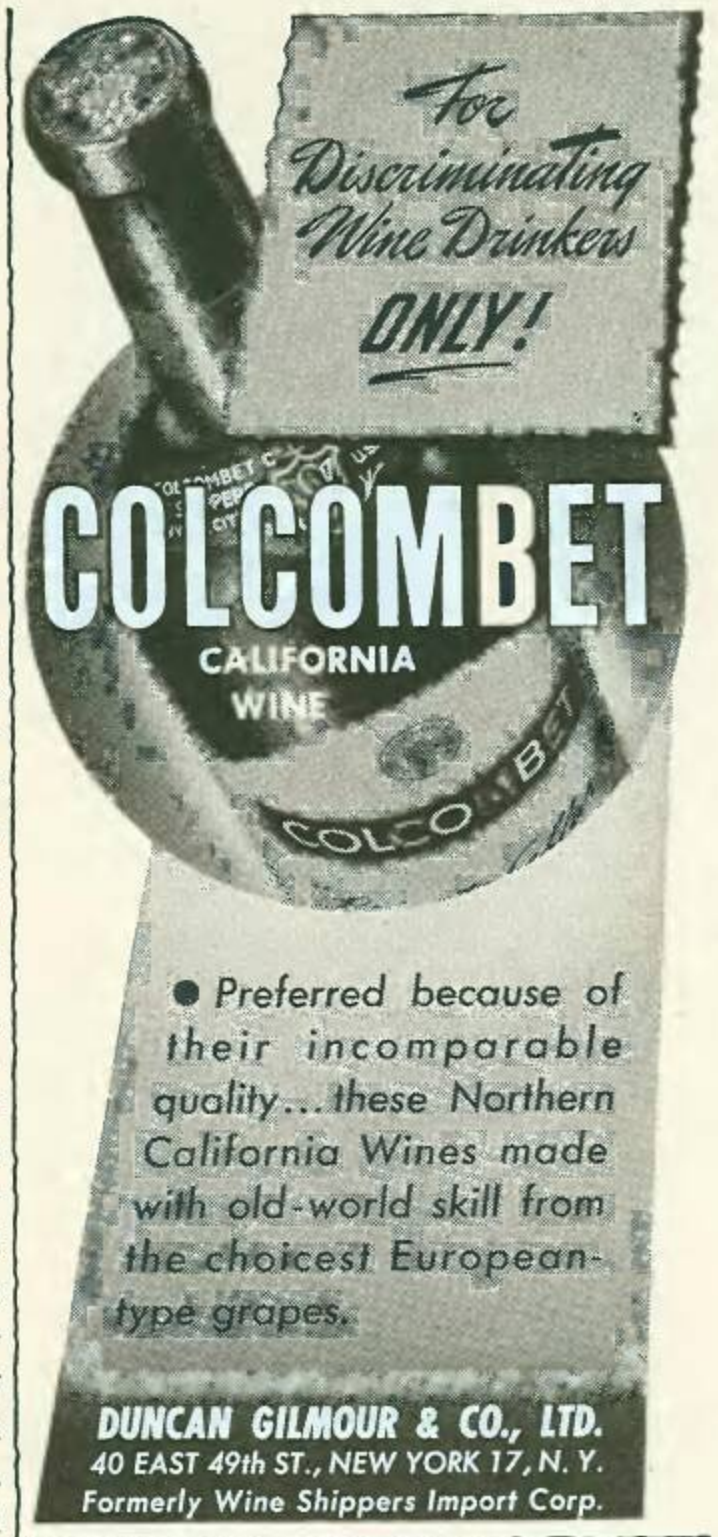
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tered on side tables were sixty or seventy trophies: tall, thin silver cups; low, fat silver cups; silver bowls the size of washtubs; and urns, medallions, and plaques. "Today, we breed for meat," he said. "Our stock is heavier, with less bone. These trophies go back to the second decade of the century. There's one from the Sociedad Rural of 1921." He swept me on into a third room, a combination salon-and-study. Books bound in red morocco filled ceiling-high bookcases. There were many Currier & Ives prints along the walls. A Renaissance table in the center of the room was piled with orderly stacks of magazines—*Punch*, the *Illustrated London News*, *Life*, the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and *Promenade*, the magazine that is presented to the guests of several New York hotels. I picked up a copy of *Promenade*, and my host said, "Ah, *that*. It fascinates my mother-in-law. She visited New York last year for the first time—it was always Europe in other years—and returned with a passion for ice water at every meal, and *Promenade*. Each morning while in New York, she would leave the Ritz-Carlton after breakfast and toddle over to Mark Cross's. She would remain there until lunch, ordering leather goods. After lunch, she would spend several hours more in Mark Cross's. My Currier & Iveses were all bought in Paris. Please sign the guestbook." The guestbook was lying on a desk beside an assortment of family snapshots in silver frames, paperweights, letter openers, cigarette boxes, and an imitation bronze key that bore the inscription "Welcome to Washington, D.C." I signed the book, and my host showed me the signature, many pages back, of the Prince of Wales. The sight of it seemed to make him even sadder.

We returned to the dining room for tea and found my host's wife, an ample, stately woman in her middle sixties, sitting at the head of the table. She was distressed. In the middle of the morning, she said, she had rung for a servant and asked him to bring the teacart to her room. The message had been passed along downstairs. By the time it reached the kitchen, it had become an order to hitch up the pony cart for the Señora so that she could ride about the estate. The pony cart had been instantly made ready, and a man had stood alongside it for several hours, waiting to help the Señora in. He had gone without lunch. In fact, he had stood beside the cart until an hour before, when the Señora's mother had gone out for her regular afternoon ride. The servant was un-



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derstandably indignant, the other servants had discussed the matter, and, all in all, the help, from top to bottom, were behaving peculiarly. She had spent the past half hour trying to patch things up. "These days, our inside people are mostly Central Europeans—Czechs and Poles," she told me. "One never knows whether the orders are misunderstood or deliberately twisted. Incidents like this, whatever the reason, are unpleasant." She was further distressed because her mother had not yet returned from her ride and had unquestionably been caught in the downpour. She had dispatched a man in a car to get her, but she was afraid that her mother would catch cold.

We chatted for several minutes. I had a glass of dark sherry and some small cucumber-and-watercress sandwiches and had just asked for another glass of sherry when through the door from the great hall came a stooped, tiny-boned woman of advanced age, dressed in black lace. Her face was a torment of wrinkles—so numerous and running in so many directions that the effect was one of cynical good humor rather than of antiquity.

"Mother!" my hostess cried. "You are soaking!"

"A Scotch-and-water, please," said the old lady. We shook hands and she sat down beside me.

"Mother," her daughter said, "you must not sit in those wet clothes."

"First my Scotch-and-water, then my story, and then I will go upstairs, like a good girl," the old lady said. Her son-in-law handed her a highball and she took a sip.

"You are a stranger here," she said to me, "and perhaps you do not know what troubles us. Many of us think Hitler is here."

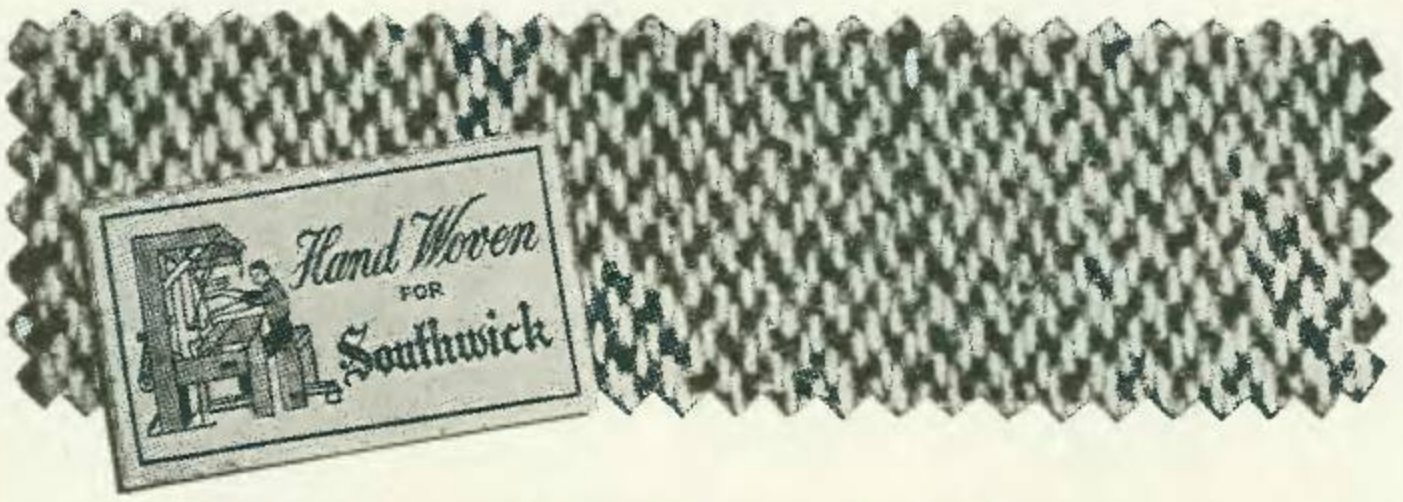
Her daughter got up and quickly walked around the table to the mother's chair. "Not that again," she said.

"It is *not* nonsense," the mother said. She patted my knee. "The old often know a great deal. They say I dwell on this, but they all feel something, too. It's only that I am willing to speak out. Just now, I was riding in my pony cart. It is my daily custom, and I went quite far with my pony today. The light was interesting and the shadows led me on, and I reached one edge of our place, far down at the end of the woods, close on the village, and I saw him."

"Saw whom?" asked her son-in-law.

"Hitler, of course," she said. "He went past in a car."

I looked at my host. His face had the



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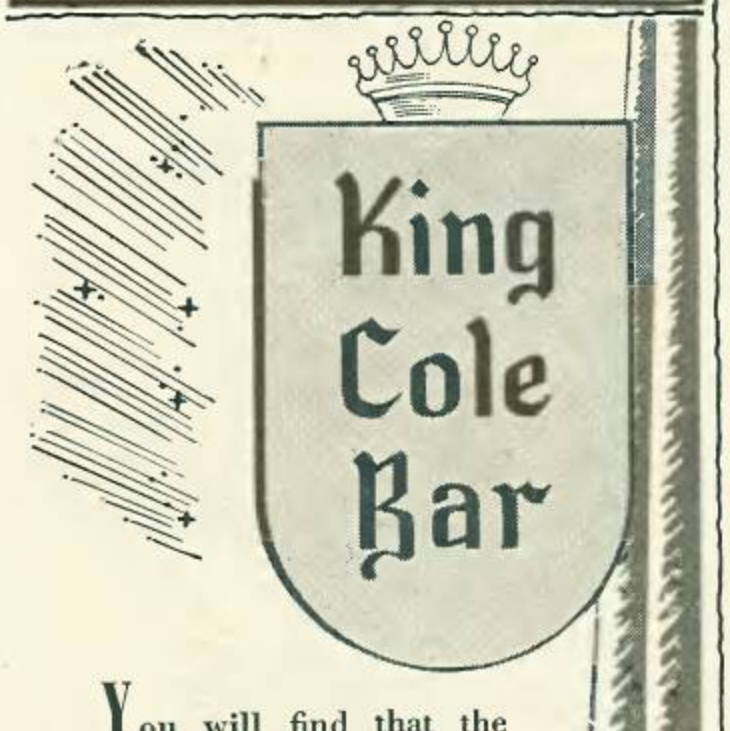


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expression I had noted when he glanced down at the roots of the willow tree beside the terrace.

"If it was not Hitler, then it was a man who looked very, very much like him," said the old lady. She patted my knee again and rose. "I have had some Scotch-and-water, I have told my story, and now I will go upstairs."

The conversation petered out, so I finished my sherry and a few minutes later was on my way back to Mar del Plata. The storm was over, but for the entire distance we plowed through ugly thick mud.

BUENOS AIRES provided small relief from the odd sense of doom I encountered on my trips to the country. It seemed an extraordinarily gloomy city. The *porteños*, as the residents of Buenos Aires call themselves (the term means "people of the port"), try anxiously to convince visitors that the city is gaiety incarnate. I had the feeling that they were trying to convince themselves, too, and not entirely succeeding. They refer to Buenos Aires, when talking to a stranger, as the Paris of South America, and then look at him wistfully, as though awaiting corroboration. The city may not be gay, but it is something of a miracle. It has a population of three and a half million, and is the seventh-largest city on earth, and the third-largest in the Western Hemisphere. Its layout is strikingly defiant. Here is no huddling along a narrow stretch beside the water, no fear of moving inland. The original settlers and successive waves of later immigrants faced broad spaces on which they could build, and they built. The city stretches back into the pampas from the brown waters of the Río de la Plata for many miles. It is wonderfully loose and uncramped. Its boulevards are long, wide, and lined with trees. The city is still growing, since there are no barriers. One can travel by subway to the counterpart of New Lots Avenue and see an occasional gaucho of the pampas buying his evening newspaper and then riding home on horseback. Hundreds of thousands of the *porteños* live in the suburbs and travel on fast and frequent railway trains to the city. Five subway lines crisscross the city. The New York subways are barbaric in comparison. Their subway trains are not as fast as ours, but also they are nowhere near as noisy. The cars have fluorescent lights of various colors. The stations are spotless and are decorated with mosaics depicting familiar scenes from Argentine history. Parks are plentiful and, to a North



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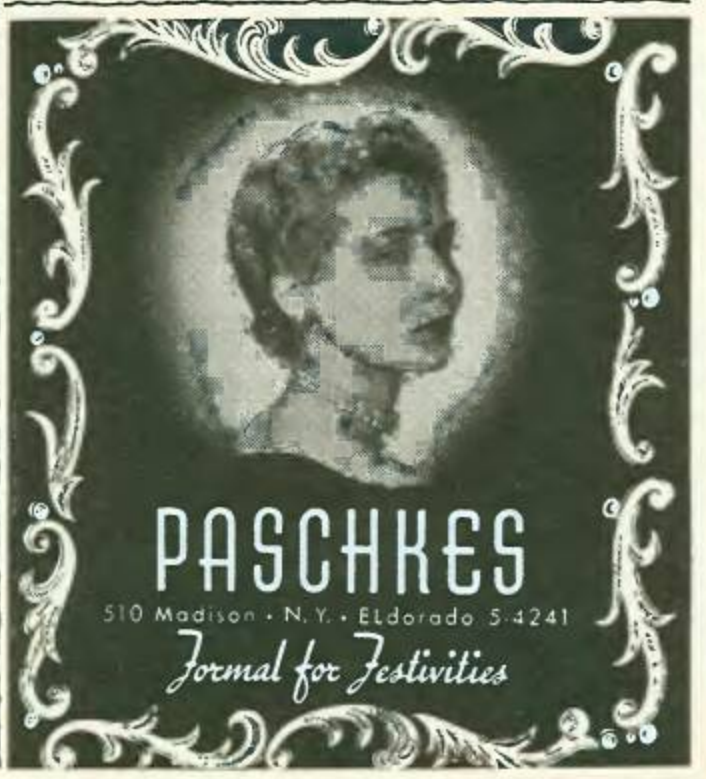
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American, unnaturally clean; the red-dirt paths are never littered with paper and debris, and look as though the groundkeeper of the West Side Tennis Club were on hand twenty-four hours a day. Even in the heart of the city the streets are so clean that they make a visitor from New York envious.

The *porteños* take an elaborate pride in their fine, clean city, but they seem to be reaching for something more. Their constant emphasis on a gaiety that does not exist gives them away. I had the impression that, having settled down and grimly and studiously created a city—again, much as one would build a stage set—they are lonely and confused in it, and dubious about the drama being enacted upon the stage. Practically all Argentines are of European stock, and Buenos Aires derives from European cities. It has the sidewalk cafés of Paris, the drawn shutters of Madrid, and the polite suburbs of London. Europe was the model, and Europe is far away. One has the feeling that, having turned their backs upon Europe, the *porteños* feel a disturbing sense of remoteness from it. I took long walks through the city at night and fancied that I *saw* their loneliness. A great deal of it is inarticulate. Argentine husbands have a habit of going out after supper and heading for a *confitería*. One sees them sitting by themselves at tiny tables on warm nights, toying with glasses of beer or vermouth, motionless and abstracted. By the act of leaving the house, they have asserted their manhood, and yet such self-conscious posturings of independence appear to bespeak a deep uncertainty. Evenings when they go forth with their families to cabarets, the sense of collective loneliness is almost unbearable, and suddenly someone will raise his voice in song. Others will join in, and a sad melody will momentarily bring them together. The professional entertainers themselves seem to be victims of the prevailing gloom. They leap to the bandstand and, in voices so sorrowful they are almost ludicrous, begin to chant the lyrics of popular tangos. One evening when I was making the rounds of some cabarets, I collected the words of three of these tangos. They translate, roughly:



All my life. I have been a good friend to everyone. I have given away everything I own and now I am alone, ill, in my dirty and gloomy small room in my neighborhood slum, coughing blood. No one comes to see me now except my dear mother. Ah, now I realize my cruelty to her. I am at the point of death and I recognize my love for her. She is the only one who really cares for me.

Do you recall, loved one, that sable coat I bought for you when we were both poor and I loved you in our neighborhood slum? Do you remember how I went without cigarettes for months and borrowed from all my friends? I even went to the usurer. Do you remember? And just last night I saw you leave a night club with a fashion plate, and I could not help but think that our love is a dead thing, but I am still paying for the sable coat.

Ah, beloved, do you recall when you were a poor seamstress, trying hard to eat every day and dodging poverty in our neighborhood slum, and you bestowed upon me tenderness and love such as you will never give another? And now you have been deceived by some stupid playboy, and you have all the money one could desire, and you play with him as a cat plays with a poor mouse. But the day will come when you will be just an old, worn-out piece of furniture. On that day, dearly beloved, should you need a friend, advice, or any kind of help, remember that you can come to me, there will always be an old friend willing to risk even his skin for you, should the occasion present itself.

The streets at night are crowded with people shuffling back and forth under bright neon signs, window-shopping, pushing into movie palaces, or stopping to drink cups of *caffè espresso* with great solemnity, in gleaming Nedick-like coffee shops. There is every sign of prosperity, even an air of aggressive superiority, and yet the air is filled with melancholy and unrest. It did not seem like the traditional melancholy of the Spanish peoples. I felt this particularly one evening when I was invited to have dinner with a group of young people, all in their twenties. They were mostly students and office workers, and their wives and girl friends, and they were all passionately, philosophically anti-Perón. They had a keen sense of the value of civil liberties and felt that to destroy them in the name of social welfare was a crime of unthinkable proportions. They were equally anti-Communist, on clearly defined humanist grounds, and resented the game the Communist Party was playing in Argentina. For example, all the newspapers of Buenos Aires, with the exception of *La Hora*, the Communist paper, and *La Prensa* and *La Nación*, two honored conservative journals, have willingly or unwillingly been stridently pro-Perón. Both *La Prensa* and *La Nación* have been constantly

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harassed by Perón, been forced to cut down the size of their issues, turn over newsprint to pro-Perón papers, and so on. But *La Hora* is published without interference. Perón allows it to continue, my friends feel, in order to give the impression that he is, after all, a truly liberal fellow. *La Hora* takes full advantage of this situation. For one thing, it scrupulously avoids personal attacks on Señor and Señora Perón and it pays lip service to the Peróns' social program. The second did not deceive my friends. One should expect this of the Communists, they said. Their thesis was that the Peróns were worth years of propaganda to the Communists, who could ask for nothing better than a regime that softens up the people and slowly destroys their capacity to think for themselves and the means by which they can redress whatever grievances they are still conscious of. My friends were disillusioned about the rich landowning families, who, they said, though often well-intentioned, had governed arrogantly for decades, had become divorced from the people and their needs, and had lost their power and their prestige. These young people were as confused as liberals the world over are today. They were, however, more aware than any group I have encountered anywhere of the struggle in which they are engaged—warding off the constant inroads on what they held dear by the extreme Right and the extreme Left.

But there was something else that disturbed these people. During the early part of the evening, they seemed unable to express what it was. After dinner, the way was cleared for an explanation. It was suggested that one of the group take me to a street-corner political meeting in an outlying part of the city, a workmen's section in the slaughterhouse district. Some local elections were coming up, and a prominent anti-Perón politician was to speak. Such meetings were not easy to arrange. The police, several days in advance, required a complete list of the expected speakers, and no substitutions were permitted. There was always the possibility that some of Perón's bully boys would attack the speakers or, as had actually happened, run a streetcar or bus into the crowd, pretending that it had got out of control.

My guide and I took a taxi to the corner where the meeting was being held. It had already started, and a short, sturdy, dynamic young man, standing in front of a microphone connected to a sound truck, was haranguing the crowd.



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The audience was grouped in an odd manner. Some ten or fifteen persons, all obviously quite agitated, were standing close to the speaker, forming a tight semicircle in front of him. They wildly applauded every statement he made. Directly behind them, sitting haughtily erect on restive horses, were four or five mounted policemen. Behind them, at a discreet distance of some fifty or sixty yards, across the street and up on the sidewalk, stood the main body of onlookers, a straggly group of perhaps a hundred and fifty people. These listened to the speaker in ostentatious silence. Every once in a while, one among them would spontaneously make the first gestures of applause, but he would quickly look around and, with feigned casualness, slip his hands in his pockets. More mounted police rode back and forth between the big clump of spectators and the little clump. The latter, my friend explained, were all hotheads, with a streak of martyrdom. They were willing to take a chance on having the cops behind them. The larger group was playing it more cautiously; in the event of trouble, they had a good chance of getting away.

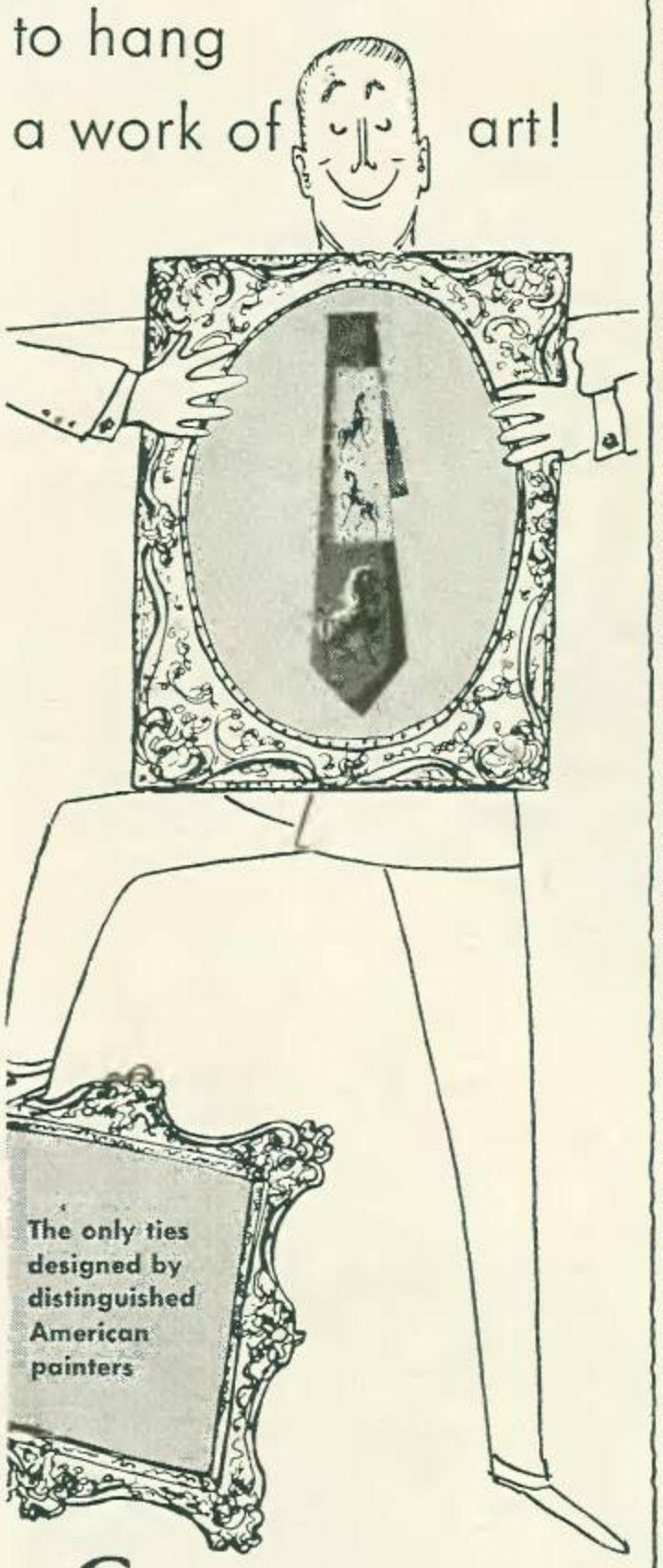
A minute or two after we arrived, the featured speaker of the evening was introduced. He was a tall, thin, tense man. My friend whispered to me that he was known for his moral and physical courage and for his pungent criticisms of the Perón regime. He lost no time getting under way. He tore into the regime with controlled fervor and mock politeness, but he spared few aspects of the government. The President, he said, paid far too much tribute to the Constitutional provision forbidding him to succeed himself at the end of his six-year term, in 1952. "Just wait and see what happens," he said. "Señor Perón will find a way to answer the call of his beloved people. He will find a way to remain among us for another six years." This brought forth shouts from the inner group. From across the street, silence. He called attention to the fact that one-third of the budget was devoted to military expenditures; that since 1943 the Army had played a major role in Argentine life; that this was a new and disquieting development, foreign to the country's traditions. He spoke of a Father Filippo, who he said had many Nazi ideas, and the evils of permitting him to advise the President and his inner circle. He asked why the President, who was so ardently pro-Franco, never dared make a speech praising Franco. He reminded his listeners that it was almost impossible for



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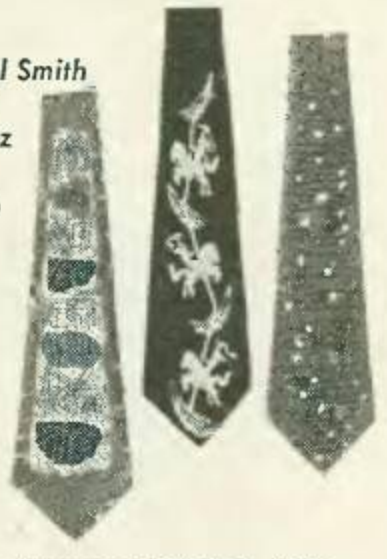


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Opposition parties to obtain radio time, so involved were the regulations, so limited the time available, and so prohibitive the cost. "We must submit every word ahead of time," he said, "pay plenty, and then *may* be granted five minutes every other day. We are forbidden to speak in full sentences. Only slogans are permitted." Even this minute concession to freedom was a rude joke, he declared, since it was in effect for only a week or two before an election, and was forbidden as soon as the election was over. Meanwhile, the government had spent during the previous year a hundred million pesos for propaganda and fifty million on cider, cakes, and small gifts to be bestowed upon the populace by the Señor and the Señora. He went on to say that the unions had lost their freedom and that the courts and universities were being brought under rigid Perónist control. "Oh, suddenly everything has become big and strange for our Argentina," he said.

"I want you to meet the speaker," whispered my friend. "Leave things to me." He ducked around behind the speaker, who was in the midst of his peroration. The veins stood out on the speaker's neck as he shouted, "My prayer is that Señor Perón will live long enough to witness with his own eyes the ruin to which he is leading our great country." The inner circle shrieked its approval, the police cantered up and down the street on their horses, and the outer crowd melted into the night.

I felt a tug on my arm. It was my friend. "Come," he said, and before I knew what was happening, I was shoved into the back seat of a small black automobile, which instantly drove off. On one side of me was my friend, on the other the man who had just finished speaking. He was leaning forward in a tense, half-crouching position. No one said anything. The car plunged ahead at something more than the usual frenetic rate of Argentine speed. We raced down a wide boulevard, swerved around a dark corner, and then around another. The driver manipulated the car as though we were being pursued by a posse, but when I turned and glanced out the back window, I saw no one following us. I asked the speaker what the speed and anxiety signified. He grunted and said that discretion was the better part of valor—one never knew what might happen these days. It was safer to make a swift getaway and avoid the possibility of an "accident."

I told him that I had enjoyed his

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speech, and he seemed pleased. My friend had apparently explained to him that I was a North American. "What I was doing this evening was an educational exercise," he said. "One must keep talking wherever one can and articulate the dark undercurrents that none of us fully understand." He glanced out the back window, as I had done a moment before. Then he sat back against the seat, in a semi-relaxed fashion. He pounded his knee with one hand. "We are obsessed with an idea," he said. "Somewhere in this government there is an evil master plan of foreign origin. One pernicious step after another is taken, each seemingly unrelated to the others. Examine them and you will find that they have been tried in another country first. I feel that the men with the plan are determined that it will not fail. They will take a roundabout route, as we are doing now in this car, but always I sense a determination to force their ideas upon us. All this is alien to us." He stiffened, and I noticed in the dim light that his face had a drawn and pained expression. "I have felt this to be true since those first stories of the German U-boats' landing at Mar del Plata," he said. "And one keeps hearing of strange arrivals of boatloads of Nazis, of elaborate undergrounds operating between Spain and Argentina. One hears and hears and hears, and yet there is no sound!" The car stopped before an apartment house on a dark side street. The three of us got out. The windows of the building were all shuttered. The speaker looked up and down the street, shook my hand, and disappeared through the front door.

IT was not yet midnight. I had arranged to turn up that night at the Plaza, one of the big hotels, to meet a friend of Señora Perón, a man who had said that perhaps he could put me in touch with her. He thought very high-



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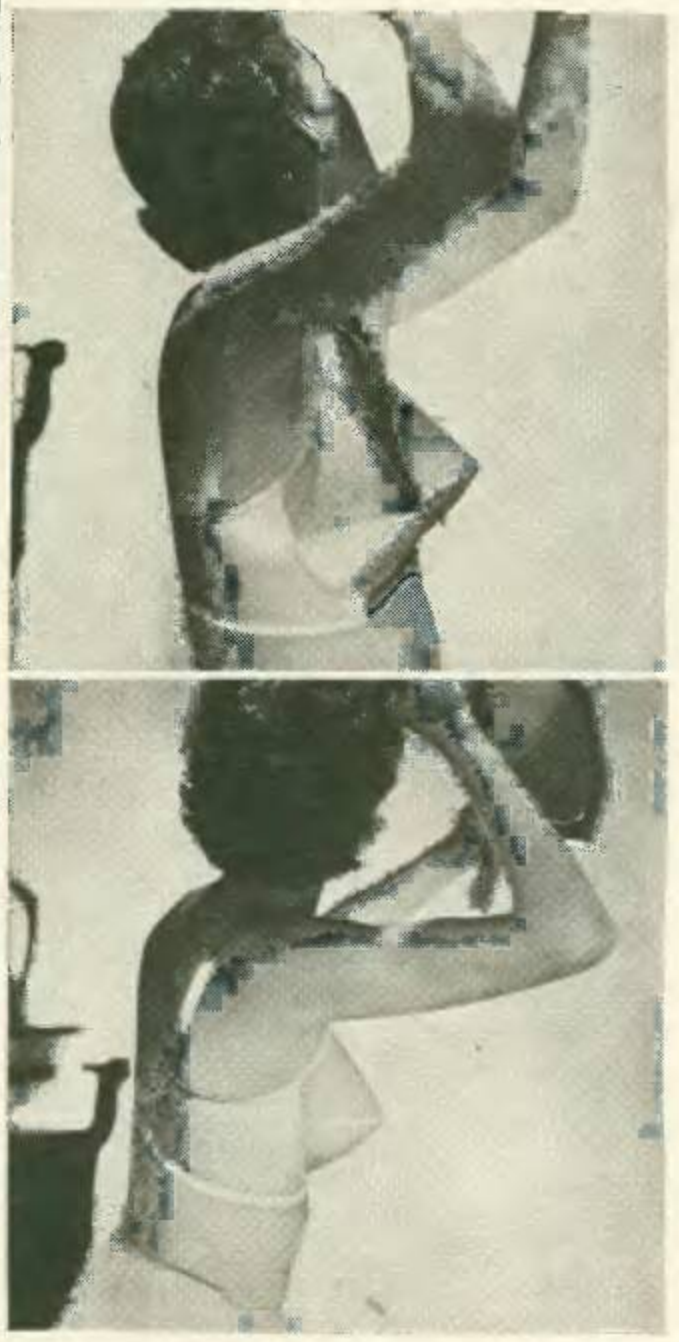
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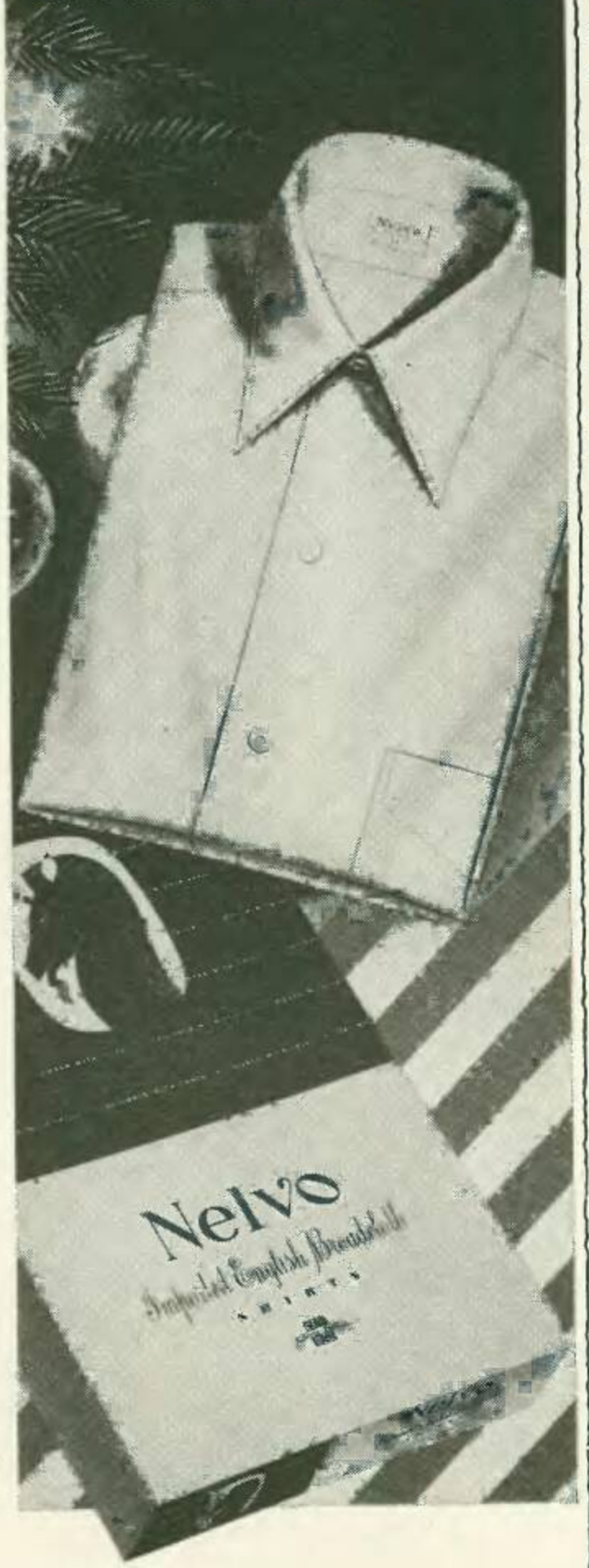
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ly of her, and was said to be associated with the foreign and domestic adventurers and speculators in her entourage. I was as suspicious of this man as he was of me, but I had decided that the game was worth playing. I explained all this to my young Argentine friend, who rolled his eyes, walked me to the corner, got me a taxi, wished me well, and bade me good night.

I went directly to the Plaza Grill, a sumptuous, brilliantly lighted, and exceedingly comfortable eating place. The room was filled when I arrived. The tables were covered with food—big steaks, large bowls of vegetables, mounds of cheese. I spotted the man I was looking for across the room. He was sitting with a man in his fifties with a bull neck and iron-gray hair, a beautiful, willowy young woman with hennaed hair, and a dumpy fellow with matted jet-black hair, a little black mustache, and outsize French cuffs. As I arrived at the table, I heard the man with the mustache snarl at a waiter, "Beast! You have brought the wrong cigarettes!" The waiter made an obsequious gesture, turned to a side table, and handed the man another pack of cigarettes, on a small silver tray. "All waiters are beasts," the man said to his companions. There were four lamb chops on his plate. I was introduced. The lady was the wife of the bull-necked gentleman; the man who had called for the cigarettes was a man I will call Count R.

I sat down beside the lady, who was eating a thick and juicy filet mignon. "Papa," she said to her husband, "what time does the yacht sail tomorrow?"

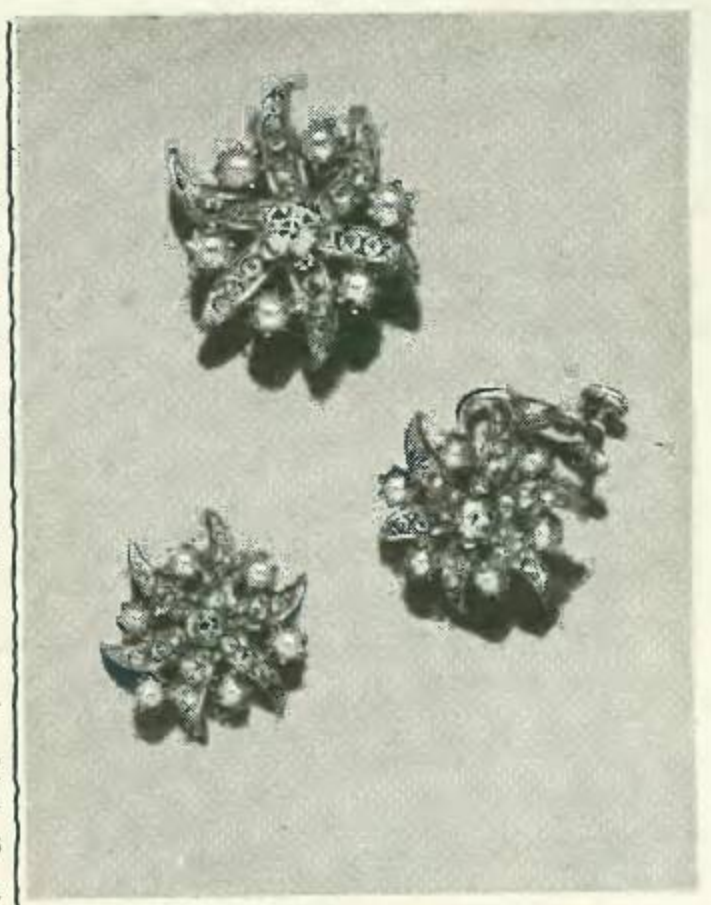
Her husband poured himself a glass of wine. "Pet," he said, with a thick German accent, "I have told you several times today that the yacht sails at eleven."

"Oh," she said. She asked him for some wine and drank it down in one gulp. "My husband is Swiss," she whispered to me, answering a question that was in my mind. "Such fine people. The Count here is remarkable. He has been telling us of Mussolini's last days. He was with the Duce toward the end." I looked at the Count, who bowed slightly over his four lamb chops and shot his cuffs.

"Life on the yacht is such fun!" said the friend of Señora Perón. "What gay sailing! So many friends of the Peróns!"

"They are charming people indeed," said the supposed Swiss.

I asked him what part of Switzerland he came from. He twisted his



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glass, blinked, and said, "Zurich." He turned toward the Count. "You were saying . . ."

The Count again shot his cuffs and swallowed a large chunk of chop. "The problem of Europe—" he began.

"*Ach, ja,*" said the Swiss.

The Count beamed. "Someday," he said, "the true story, without the propaganda, will be told, and all the world will know the real greatness of those men. I saw the Duce over the years—always a figure of stature and magnificence." There was a buzz of approval.

The lady now poured herself a glass of wine. "The Count here knew Hitler, too," she said to me. "Personally."

"Someday," the Count was saying, "*he* will assume his rightful place among the crusaders and geniuses of the world." He raised his eyebrows. "What a vision, what a program! The great unifier of Europe. A savior! How the world needs him today!" He went back to his chops.

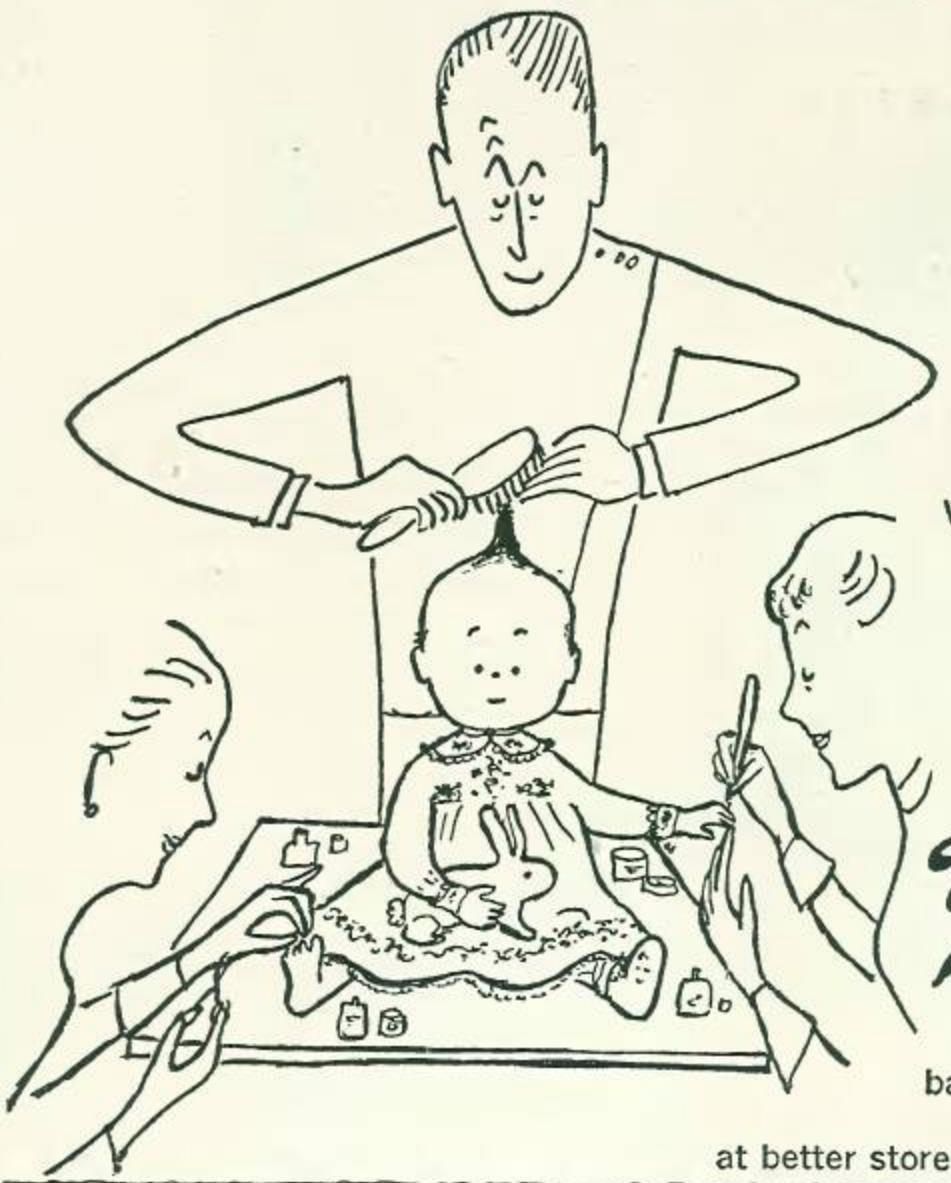
The lady poured herself another glass of wine, drank it right down, leaned toward me, and said, "My husband is what you call an international banker, a financier. Millions! Billions! Money's corrupt, so I say what's the difference how you make it? He makes so much money that he sleeps most of the day. Naps all the time. Swiss!" She began to laugh.

Her husband banged the table with his fist. "Pet!" he said. "You drink too much and talk too much!"

My friend suggested that he and I step outside the Grill for a moment, and he walked as far as the door with me. He had wanted very much for me to meet Señora Perón, he said; it would have been an educational experience; he had tried his best; she was so difficult to pin down; he must go back to the others; thank you; good night.

AT five the next afternoon, a North American friend, in Argentina on business, telephoned me to say that if I would join him right away at the Casa Rosada—the government house—I stood a chance of meeting Perón. He expected to be closeted with the President and several other North Americans for half an hour, and then he would ask the President to greet me. I walked the short distance across the broad Plaza de Mayo to the Casa Rosada, a graceful, elegant pink brick Spanish structure. My friend and his group were just arriving as I got there. We all went in together, past several

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soldiers with sabres who were standing at attention. An attendant whisked us into an elevator. When we got out, he led the way down a long, wide corridor, through several salons, and into a cream-colored anteroom with brocaded sofas and chairs. My friend and his party were ushered down another long corridor, to the President's office. A middle-aged colonel, whom I took to be some sort of protocol officer, requested that I wait in the anteroom until summoned. There were four other colonels in the room, all drinking black coffee from demitasses. I wandered into the corridor leading to the President's office. The corridor ran half the length of the building, had many big windows overlooking the waterfront, and was lined on both sides with stiff little Empire chairs and tables. Some fifteen bright landscapes hanging along the walls gave it the air of a dignified private gallery. On one small table was a framed quotation from the Argentine epic poem "Martin Fierro": "If you make a great deal of money, be modest about it—don't show off. Just be quiet and don't act like a rich man; this is a virtue." Obviously, the President was conscious of the role he felt he should play in these surroundings.

My turn came quickly. A door at the other end of the corridor swung open, and a blue-uniformed majordomo beckoned. As I crossed the threshold of the President's office, I saw Perón standing at the far end of a very long and impressive table, at which my friend and his party were seated. Perón bounded toward me and embraced me in typical South American fashion; he put one arm around my shoulder and squeezed, then pounded my back, then drew me toward him and squeezed again. Not until he had led me to a seat at the table did I have a chance to really get a look at him. He is a bit above normal height, and has thick shoulders and a red and slightly pudgy face, somewhat disfigured by what appears to be some form of acne. His eyes are small and very active. He was wearing a brown Palm Beach suit. He seemed ill at ease, and his smile seemed mechanical. Five white telephones and a small bottle of pills were at his side, and behind him, on a desk, I saw a photograph of Señora Perón, etched on glass. At one side of the room was an enormous do-or-die picture of some of Perón's *descamisados*, or "shirtless ones," in revolt. With nervous movements, Perón sat down at the head of the table, took a Chesterfield

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from a pack in front of him, tapped it several times, lighted it, and took several quick puffs. Someone asked him what he felt were his greatest accomplishments. He did not have to grope for a reply. "My social and economic reforms," he said immediately. "Close behind them are my judicial reforms. Of what use would the other reforms be without accompanying judicial reforms? Our judicial system needed overhauling. We require new laws, new judges. After all"—he paused and winked—"we are in the age of the stratosphere." He added that there was much work yet to be done before his term of office was over. He sighed. "One must have plans for all phases of life," he said. "This takes time." He told us that he was working harder than any other President of Argentina had ever worked, and that it was not all fun. Most other Presidents, he said, had come down to the office for an hour or two to sign papers and then gone back home. "Education is our next great step," he said, almost angrily. He leaned forward. Now the President of Argentina seemed about to unburden himself. "I have gone from one university to another and seen no scientific spirit of inquiry. The old professors just walk into a classroom, sit down, read from a book, and walk out. Education must mold and apply." He began to clasp and unclasp his hands. "This is not a matter of putting my own people into the universities. It is a matter of getting politics out of the universities. I am accused of dismissing professors from the universities. This is not true. A group of professors addressed insolent messages to the revolutionary government and resigned, and that was a fortunate thing, since it saved me the trouble of getting rid of them."

The President then stood up, to signify that the meeting was over. "Of

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what use is it to develop just the arm?" he asked. "One must mold and develop the *entire* organism." He reached behind him to his desk, picked up a jar of sour balls, and held it out to us. Several of us helped ourselves. I passed by his desk and saw that Señora Perón's photograph showed her in a long white "Gone with the Wind" dress, while another picture of her, ingeniously etched on the opposite side of the glass, showed her with a bandanna tied gaily around her head. The President stood fondly in front of the picture for a few moments, popped a sour ball into his mouth, led us to the door, and opened it.

There, outside, surrounded by a hushed group of officials, was Señora Perón, in a fluffy pink dress with a large bustle. Her hair was arranged in a series of golden quoits, one above another. Her skin was strikingly pale, and her eyes were heavy-lidded and lowered. I noticed that, without raising her eyes, she was glancing rapidly from one of us to another. She stood there, a figure in a pageant, as though she had just made her entrance as a young, hard, fanatical queen, poised, supremely confident, all-powerful. She played the role to perfection. She began to shake hands with us, one by one. Her expression never changed. She held out her hand to me, and I took it for an instant. It was stone cold.

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

•

Mrs. Russell Clemens, who presided at the console of the organ, played a fifteen minute prelude of music, which included "Clara De Lune" by De Bussey and "Ava Maria" by Shubert.—*Carbondale (Ill.) Free Press.*

They're cousins, you know—Clara and Ava.

•

Both Mrs. Letitia S. Wilson and Thomas E. Holland stated that a farmer's market would be one of the most important plans in their program and that such a market would not only help the farmers of the parish but would also lower the standard of living.—*Baton Rouge (La.) Morning Advocate.*

Let's get started!

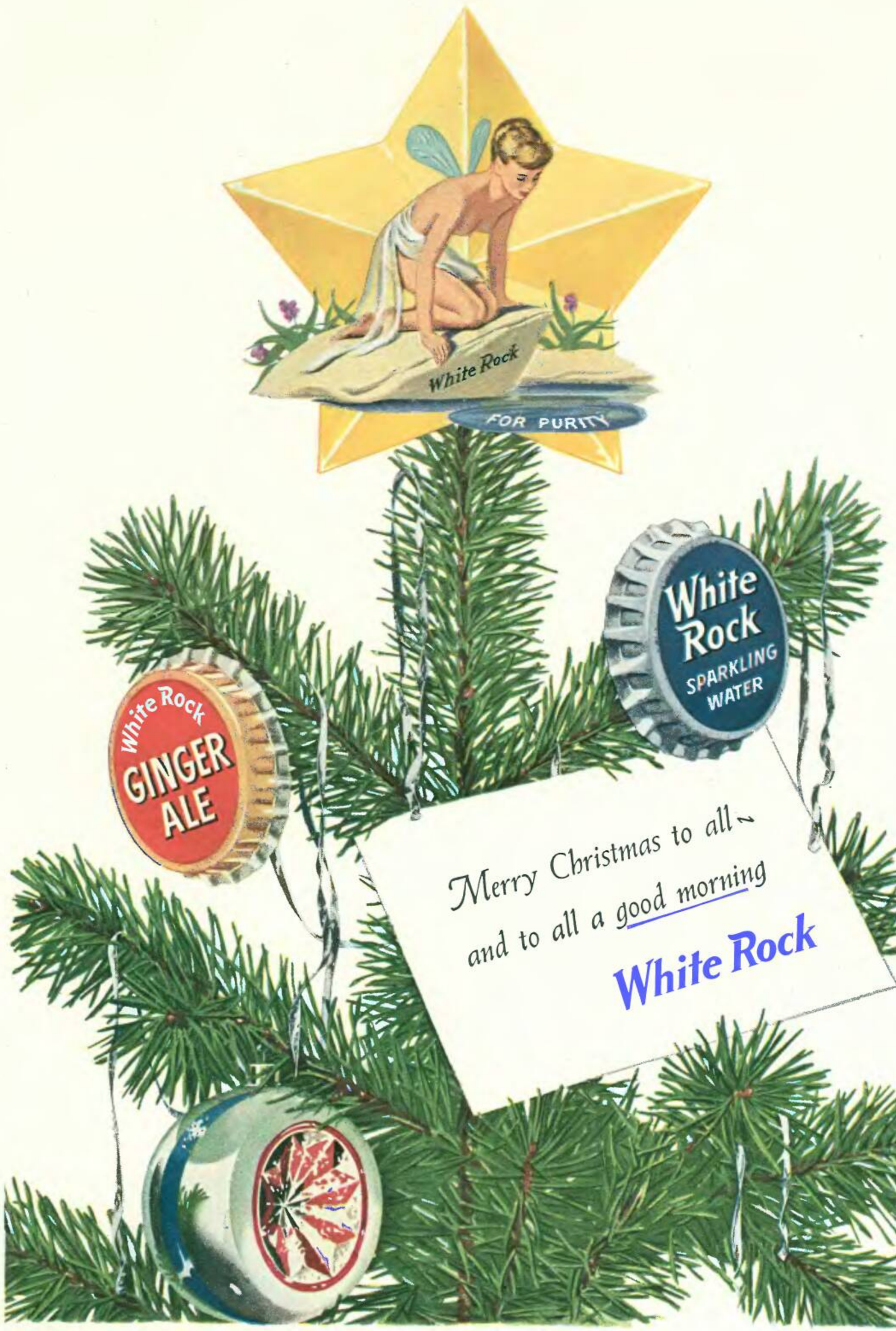
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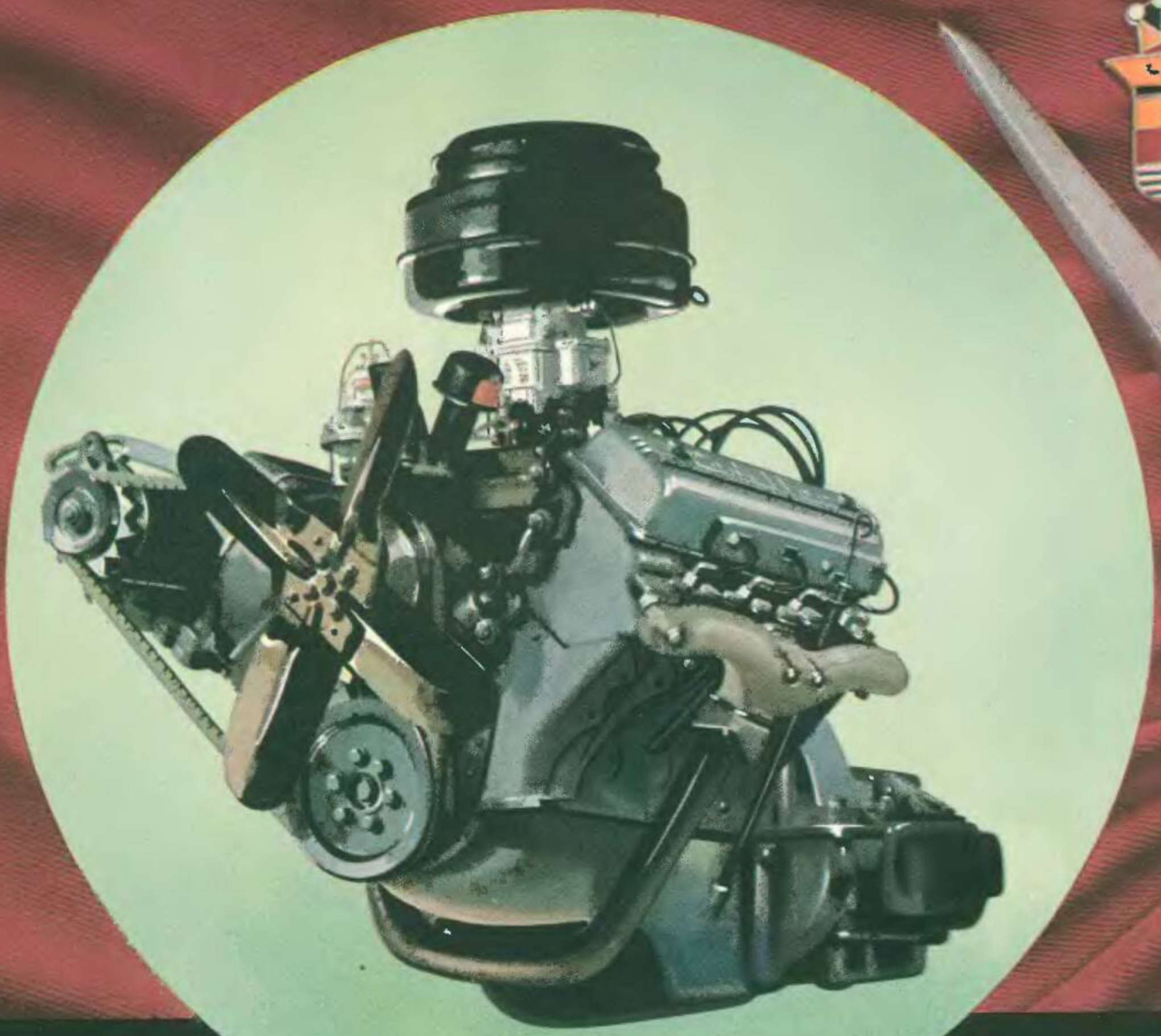
OUR FORGETFUL AUTHORS

[*From "Storm and Echo," by Frederic Prokosch*]

There's no twilight in Africa. Night falls like a curtain the moment the sun has set. —*Page 93.*

Now it was twilight—that strangely beautiful and incredibly brief interval between day and night, which in Africa is . . . —*Page 215.*


White Rock
FOR PURITY
White Rock
SPARKLING
WATER
White Rock
GINGER
ALE
Merry Christmas to all
and to all a good morning
White Rock



Cadillac PRESENTS ITS

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BECAUSE Cadillac has so long since occupied a place entirely apart from other motor cars, the announcement of a new Cadillac has become a significant automotive event. ☆ ☆ ☆ But no Cadillac announcement has ever been as significant as the one which appears on these pages. For, this year, Cadillac presents its *creative masterpiece*—a wholly new V-type eight-cylinder engine—which is, beyond all doubt, the highest development yet attained in automotive power plants. ☆ ☆ ☆ Drawing on the experience gained in thirty-five years of pioneering with V-type power, Cadillac has produced a sensational engine—one eminently befitting the world's foremost producer of fine motor cars. ☆ ☆ ☆ This great power plant has been twelve years in the building—for basic development work started in 1936. It has many unusual qualities which set it apart from all other creations of its kind. It provides an amazing increase in power—yet affords an increase in gasoline economy of approximately twenty per cent. And the manner of its performance actually challenges the imagina-



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tion. It is liquid smooth; it is quick and eager beyond all experience; yet the power application is so effortless that the driver is scarcely aware of the engine's existence. The car seems almost to move by automatic propulsion. ☆ ☆ ☆ Even experienced Cadillac owners must put aside all previous conceptions of performance when they drive the 1949 Cadillac, with this amazing new engine. It is a revelation— from silken start to silken stop. ☆ ☆ ☆ There are, of course, many other advancements in the new Cadillac in addition to its history-making engine. There is new beauty in the front ensemble; there is a newly-designed, more attractive instrument panel, with all driving controls at your finger tips; and throughout the chassis and body will be found those characteristic refinements which result from Cadillac's unceasing search for perfection. ☆ ☆ ☆ But the big Cadillac story, for 1949, is *performance*. It is not only the world's new standard—it is beyond the world's current conception.

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We don't mean a holly wreath ... *(although it wouldn't be Christmas without one).*



We don't even mean sending Christmas cards ...*(although that's a good way to let friends know you wish them well).*



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DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND
NOVEMBER 22, 1948

The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
SIRS:

IN your instructive magazine of November 6th, I had the honor of printing an article entitled "The Vocabulary of the Drinking Chamber." From it, I now quote the following:

> At the start of its journey [through Christendom] it [the cocktail] was a concoction of very precise composition—as much so as the Martini or Manhattan of today—but in a very few years it was popping up more than a thousand miles away, with an algebraic formula, $x + C_{12} H_{22} O_{11} + H_2O + y$, that can be developed, by substitution, into almost countless other formulas, all of them making authentic cocktails. Given *any* hard liquor, *any* diluent, and *any* addition of aromatic flavoring, and you have one instantly.

I was fond of this formula when I devised it, and cherished the hope that it might go down in mathematical and boozing history as Mencken's Formula. But I now discover, from the yaps of various correspondents, that it is misleading as it stands. Some of them actually accuse me of writing the chemical formula for common sugar, or sucrose ($C_{12}H_{22}O_{11}$), on the ignorant assumption that it is the formula for ethyl alcohol. Not so. I am well aware of the formula for ethyl alcohol; to wit, C_2H_5OH. I learned it in school at the age of twelve and have hugged it to my heart ever since. But in what I said after giving the formula I was surely careless beyond endurance. I should have explained that the x represented the hard liquor, the y the aromatic flavoring, and the formulae for sugar and water the diluent. But why spell out the diluent? I can think of no sensible reason. I therefore revise the formula as follows:

$$l + d + f = c$$

in which l is the hard liquor, d is the diluent, f is the aromatic flavoring, and c is the cocktail.

I am in hopes that this revision will be remembered gratefully by posterity. It will hold true for any authentic cocktail ever heard of.

Faithfully yours,
H. L. MENCKEN

•

FOR SALE—Union Fish Co., plant and fish tugs, suitable for anything except fishing.—*Adv. in the Erie (Pa.) Times.*

You found that out, eh?



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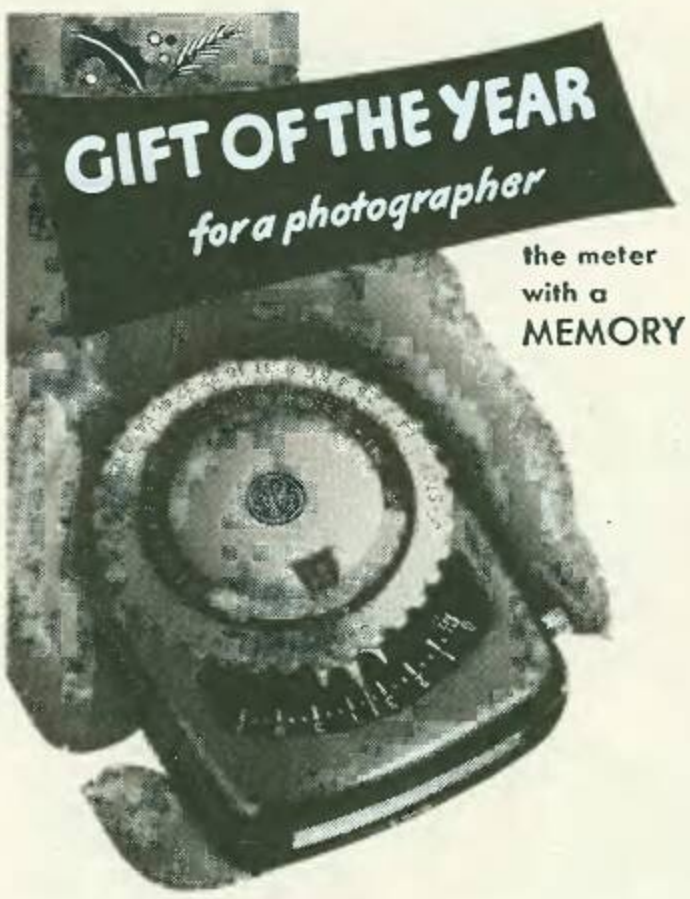
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A DRINK IS ALWAYS A GOOD IDEA

I FIRST saw the girl in the lounge of a Boston express, sitting alone. The train was due to leave New York in a few minutes. Behind the girl's head, you could see the dingy Grand Central platform, crowded with moving people, porters, and luggage trucks.

The girl had an afternoon paper, but she wasn't reading it. She just sat there, with her knees crossed, smoking and looking around her. She wore a small black felt hat; it was set well back on her head and exposed a high blond pompadour. Her dress was tight black satin, with a stubbornly short skirt. She had laid her coat—maroon with a skinny gray fur collar—across the back of her chair. Two dying gardenias tied up with wispy silver ribbon were pinned on her shoulder.

She looked about twenty-seven. She had large, light-blue eyes and the expression of a blandly crafty child. She wore a gold wedding ring, and a small diamond engagement ring above it. Her crossed legs extended into the aisle, exhibiting her net stockings and the elaborate high-heeled sandals into which her feet were crammed.

When the lounge was about half full, a tall, dark, predatory-looking man came in, and as the girl glanced up at him, he stopped beside her. "May I sit here?" he asked, and she said pertly, "Why not?" The man dropped into the seat next to her. "I've got a chair in the next car," he said immediately, "a parlor car, but I thought I might have a drink in here, before the train leaves." He kept looking sidewise at the girl as he spoke. "One for the road, as they say." He waited a minute, and then added, "Sounds like a good idea, don't you think?"

"A drink is always a good idea."

"You're not kidding."

They smiled at each other, and the man went on, in an offhand tone, "Well, then, since you feel that way about it, maybe you'll join me?"

"Why not?" the girl said again. Her voice had the tone of baby talk, though not its accent. "You're lucky to have a seat in a parlor car," she continued. "I couldn't get one myself. I tried and tried. So I'm just back in one of the dirty old coaches—unless maybe they'll let me stay right here where I am."

"We'll have to see if something can't be done about that," the man said. "We'll talk to the conductor when he comes through. It doesn't look as if they'd sold all the space in here."

He sounded responsible and capable, and the girl thanked him with an admiring glance. She allowed this to linger while he found the porter's bell at his side and rang it. "But first we'll put that drink to work," he said decisively. "I'm not sure they serve anything till after the train starts, but at least we can try."

THE man offered the girl a cigarette from an expensive-looking case, and when he had snapped the case shut, she said, "Let me see it. Oh, that's a nice one!" She held the case in her hand a minute, as if she were weighing it. There were initials on it, and she read them aloud, " 'A.K.L.' "

" 'A' for Albert," he told her. "Bert, for short. And what do I call you?"

"Vera."

"That's a nice name," he said. "I always liked Vera for a name."

He had a faintly British accent, which, for some reason, seemed adopted. His dapper look was a shade too extreme and his tie too gaudy. There was an emblem of some kind in his buttonhole. He had white, indoor skin, shrewd dark eyes, and a mustache that covered more than the usual amount of facial territory but that nevertheless was thin and sparse. He nibbled the edges of his mustache when he wasn't talking.

Both he and the girl seemed completely unembarrassed by the quiet of the lounge car and made no attempt to keep their voices low. It turned out they were both bound for New London; he was going on business and she lived there. "Well, that is," she said, "it's not really my home, thank God. I'm from Chicago. But I've been living in New London the past few years. Since during the war."



"Married," the man said with a glance at the rings.

"Mm," the girl murmured. She smiled slightly at him. "Aren't we all?"

Smiling back, he shook his head. "Some of us are smart," he said.

"Oh, I see! So that's the way you feel about it!"

"You're not kidding," he said. "I was married once myself—and that's

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the way I feel about it. Well, but go on about your husband. What does he do in New London?"

"Lives there."

The man laughed a little at this evasion. "So you won't talk!"

"No," she said, also laughing.

"Sure, you will," said the man. "Come on, now, tell me—what's his business?"

"Well, if you must know," the girl said, "he hasn't got any real business. He's still in the Navy—the Regular Navy. He stayed in after the war. So he just travels, you might say."

"Is that right?" the man said with exaggerated slowness. "Well, now, that's very interesting. And is he travelling now? Or will he be around home when you get there?"

The girl's negative was quick. "Uh-uh," she said. "I just left him—here in New York. He was in South America, and he got home thirty days ago, on leave, and now he's shipping out again, through the Canal. They're going to Honolulu. I just said goodbye to him at the gate."

"You did, eh?" the man said, and he looked at her hard.

"Yeah," the girl said expressionlessly. "I did. That's why I'm on this train. I came as far as New York with him, to say goodbye. We came down yesterday, and stayed at a hotel, and saw a show."

"Be gone long, will he?"

"Sure. I guess so. Three or four months, anyway."

"Tough," the man said sympathetically. He was still watching her.

"You get used to it," the girl said. "I got used to it long ago."

There was a slight pause, and then she added, "Can I bum another of your cigarettes?"

"Surest thing you know."

THE train had begun to move, and when her cigarette was lighted, the girl turned her head and glanced backward through the window at the slowly sliding platform. "We're off," she said aloud, but as though to herself.

She was smiling when she turned her face around again. "How long are you going to be in New London?" she asked.

"Two or three days," he said. "And I'm not looking forward to it—or at least I wasn't. I don't know the town at all, see? I won't know what to do with my evenings, unless somebody shows me around. How's the night life, anyway?"

She made a scornful little face. "In a

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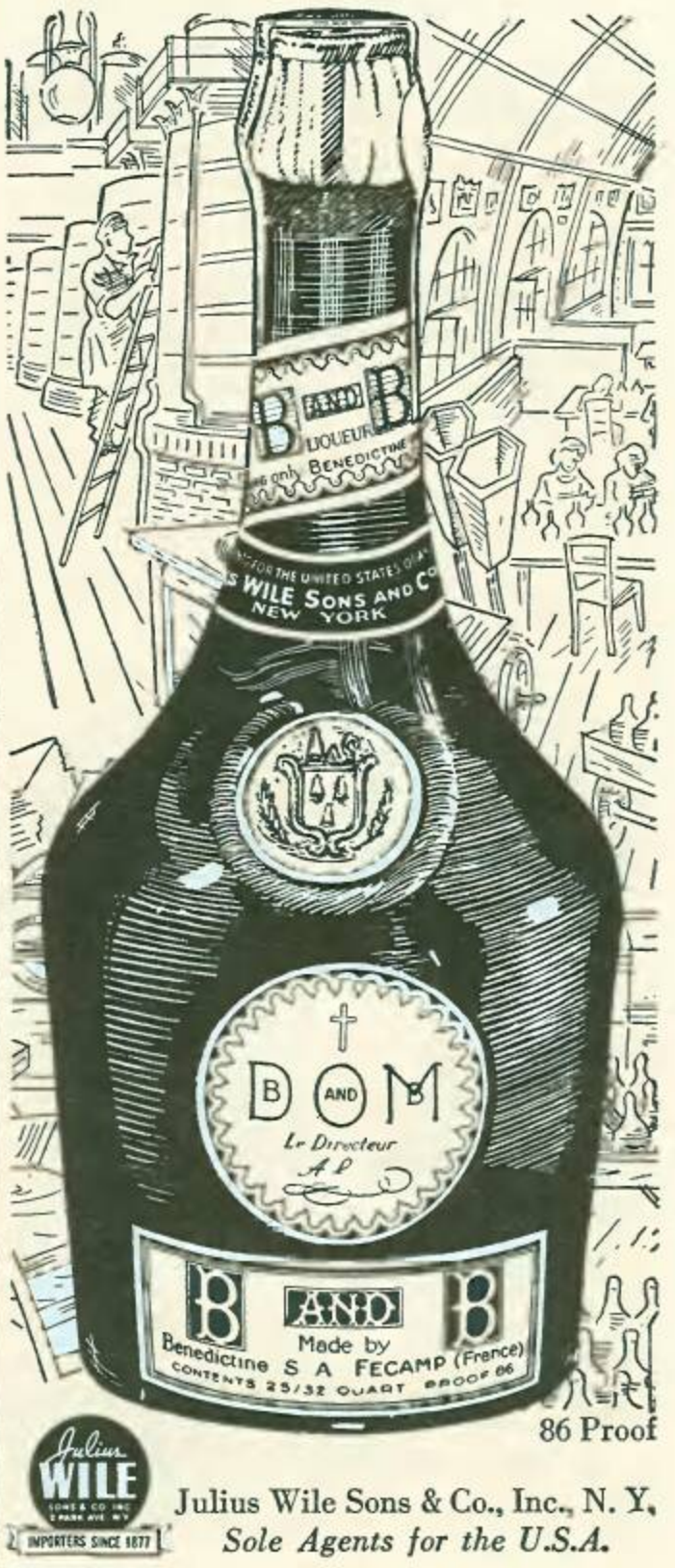
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dump like that?" she said. "You can imagine."

"Oh, well," the man said. "There's always someplace, even in a dump. You can always get a drink, or maybe several. And that reminds me . . ."

He reached sidewise again and pushed the bell on the wall a long time. "What's the matter with the service here?"

His impatience amused her, and she said, "You must be awfully thirsty."

"Is that bad?" he asked, then added cozily, "Me and who else?"

Whatever she might have answered was cut off by a commotion in the corridor—an approaching clatter of footsteps, too rapid for a porter's gait—and a sailor appeared in the doorway of the lounge. He had a cheerful, ruddy face and a crew cut, and though his body was husky, he had the narrow hips all sailors seem to have. He was wearing the insignia of a boatswain's mate, first class. He had arrived from the day-coach end of the train, which had also been the station end, and he was out of breath.

"There you are!" he cried excitedly, from just inside the door. In the next instant, he was beside her, and the girl, who had half risen, was saying incredulously, "But the train's moving! What's the matter? What's happened?"

The dark man, completely detached, sat looking through the opposite window at the passing tunnel, nibbling meditatively at the corners of his mustache. No one could possibly have told that he had ever exchanged a word with the girl, or that he had even so much as noticed her. Rousing himself from his reverie, he took a rolled-up newspaper from his pocket and began to read it. You could see his eyes move over the lines, as though he really were reading, not listening.

"I'm getting off again at a Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street," the sailor said. "I just jumped on to find you—just before the train pulled out—because do you know what I did? Jeez, am I ever dumb!" He chuckled jovially at himself. "I forgot to give you any money!"

The girl looked appalled. "That's right," she said. "I never thought of that! Well, all right, give it to me."

He produced a substantial roll of bills, which she took avidly. She had already crammed them into her handbag before the sailor, still out of breath, finished saying, "Here you are, baby." He was more conscious of the lounge-car audience than his wife and her new acquaintance had been. He glanced about self-consciously and said, "Come on,

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let's go outside till I have to get off again."

"You're nearly there," the girl said, but she rose.

The sailor led the way. Looking demure, his wife followed him, her handbag knocking against her thigh as she went. The dry, singed ends of her blond hair fanned out from under her hat in back. Everyone tried hard to seem not to be watching, but only the dark man succeeded. He remained to all appearance engrossed in his newspaper.

WHEN the girl returned, after the stop at 125th Street, she resumed her seat next to the dark man. He put his paper down, and even folded it, though he said nothing to the girl at first, or she to him. Both of them gazed ahead, instead of at each other, and they maintained a kind of courtesy silence, lasting perhaps a minute.

Then, in precise unison, they turned their heads and exchanged a welcoming smile, and the conversation began anew. "Got off all right, did he?" the man asked.

"Yeah. He made it all right."

"Seems like a nice guy," said the man. "And a good provider, as they say. Nice of him remembering the money, and coming all the way back. That's the kind of husband to have."

"Yeah," the girl said.

"Nice and thoughtful," said the man. "After all, you can't get much of anyplace without money—now, can you?"

He was smiling intimately at her, and now she smiled comfortably back.

"Oh, I don't know," she said. "I'll bet I could have managed."

—KATHARINE BRUSH

•

MY CLASS would appreciate a discussion of the wrong use of "which" in sentences like "He wrecked the car which was due to his carelessness."—Mrs. M.

Answer: The fault lies in using which to refer to the statement "He wrecked the car." When which follows a noun it refers to that noun as its antecedent. Therefore, in the foregoing sentence it is stated that the car was due to his carelessness, which is nonsense.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

What is? Carelessness?

•

LIFE IN HOLLYWOOD DEPARTMENT
(FRACTURED PELVIS DIVISION)

[*From the Hollywood Citizen-News*]

Jack L. Warner has a couple of steps leading to his private office, steps so placed that the visitor generally tumbles over them; then Warner gives out with a heehaw, for he is a man who likes to have his joke.

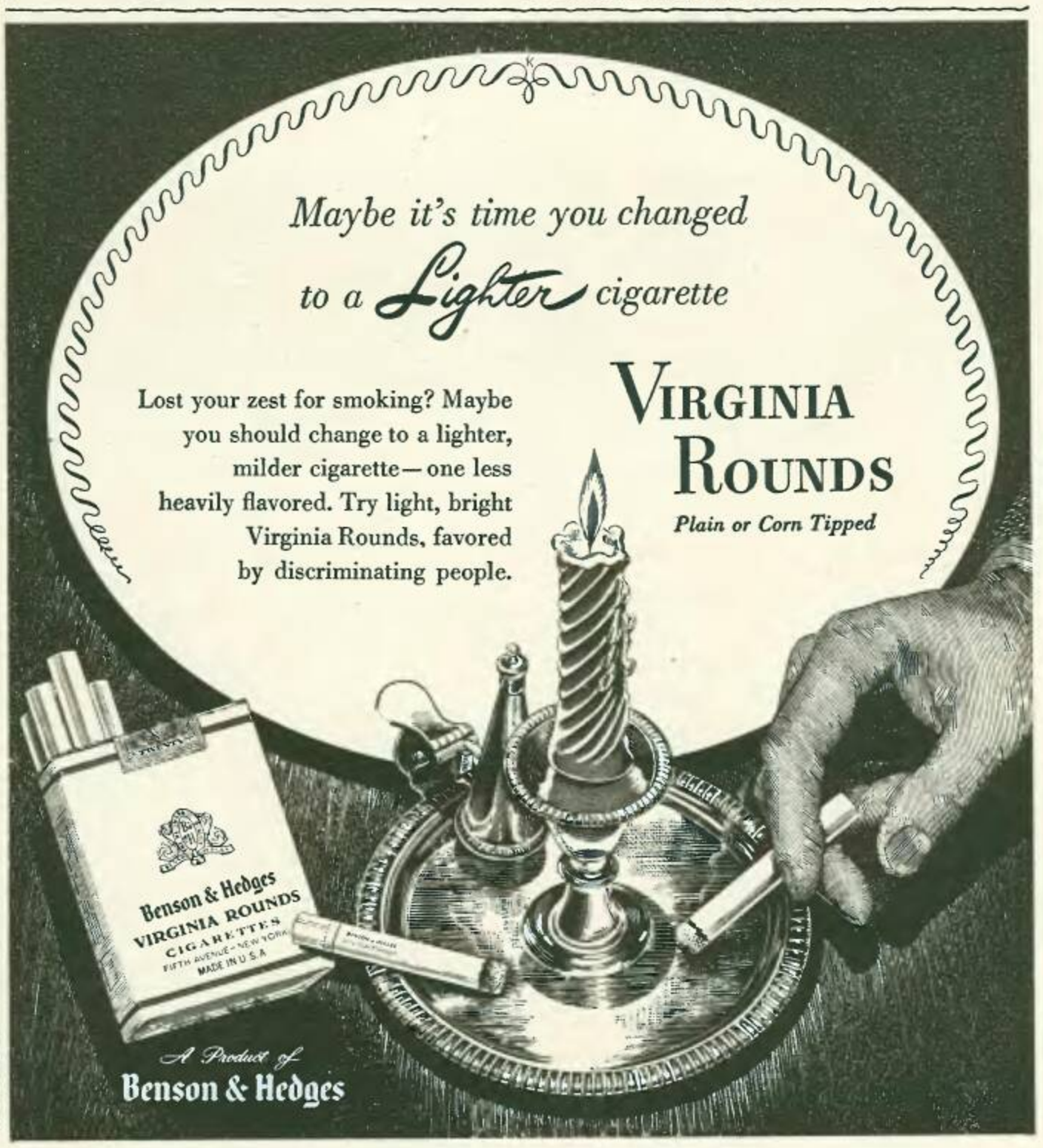


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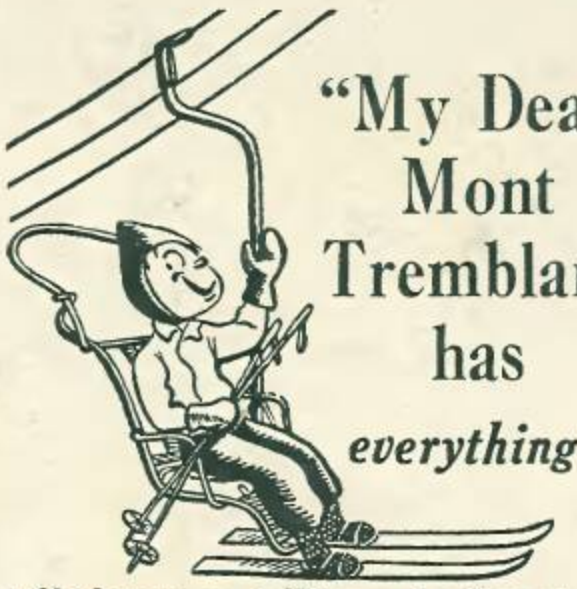
THE SKY LINE

New Faces



PERHAPS the hardest job the conscientious architect in New York faces is the partial remodelling—the doing over of a front, or as much of a front as is taken up by a show window. How much respect should the architect show for the structure as it is? How kind should his changes be to a building's neighbors? Should he keep to the material and color of the old façade and merely alter the proportions of window and wall to suit his clients, or should he assume, as a French architect recently told me one should, that no New Yorker ever looks above the second story of a building, that it makes no difference what disharmony an alteration produces?

These questions are not easy to answer. Neighborliness and modernity are sometimes in conflict. In the handful of structures I shall now discuss, the architects have either completely redone the façades or have attempted to achieve some unity between the old and the new. I think that they have lost very little wherever they have tried to maintain a moderate relation with the old instead of putting all the emphasis on the new; indeed, they have gained by lessening the shock to the eye as it roves from the lower to the upper portions of these buildings. One of the very best of these remodellings, perhaps the most brilliant design that has been executed since last year's plan for the K.L.M. airline offices, on midtown Fifth Avenue, is the one for the shop of the publishing house of Albert Bonnier, between Fifty-seventh and Fifty-eighth Streets, on the east side of Madison Avenue. The shop occupies the lower two floors of an old-fashioned brick building. Aside from the structural alterations for the shop itself, almost the only thing that has been done to the face of it is the addition of a coat of flat white paint that preserves the rough texture of the bricks; the Renaissance cornice, and the columns on the third, and uppermost, story are intact. The emphasis has been shifted, however, to the shop, which is seen through a finely proportioned recessed paned window, tall and rectangular, set in a frame of



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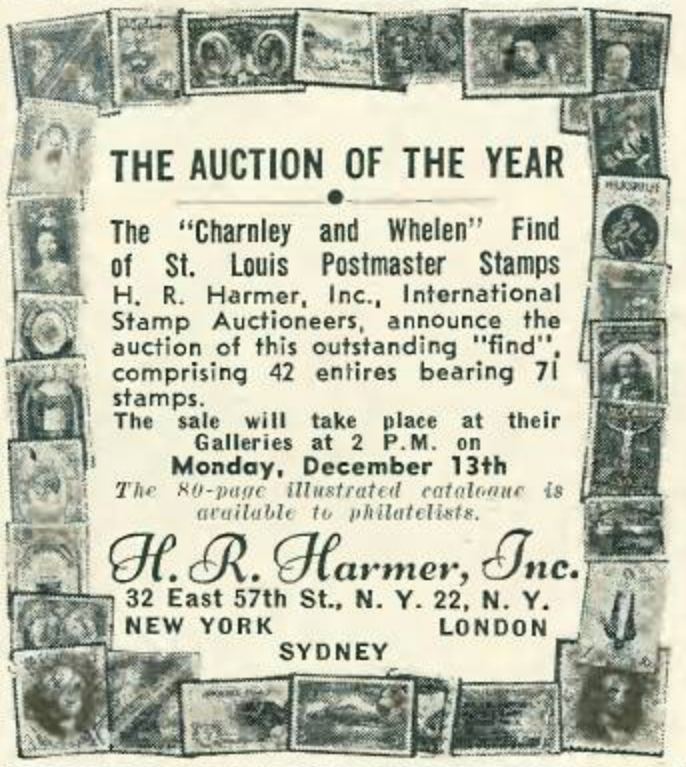
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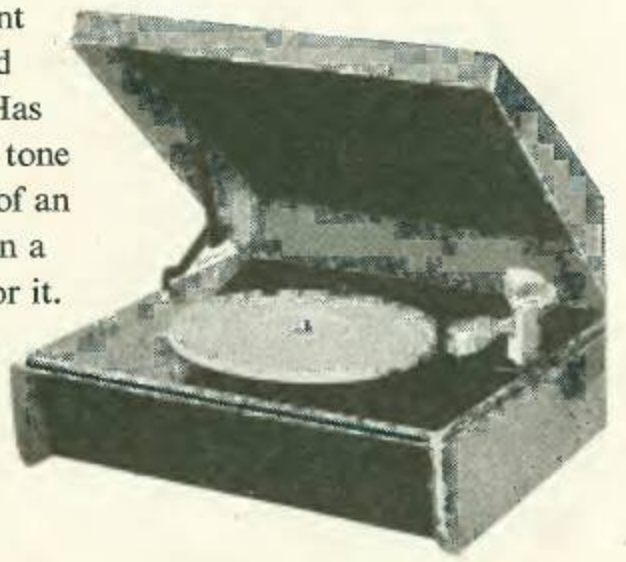
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white brick and rising so high that it discloses to the passerby not only the lower floor, where mainly books are sold, but the mezzanine, where textiles, ceramics, and other decorative furnishings are on view.

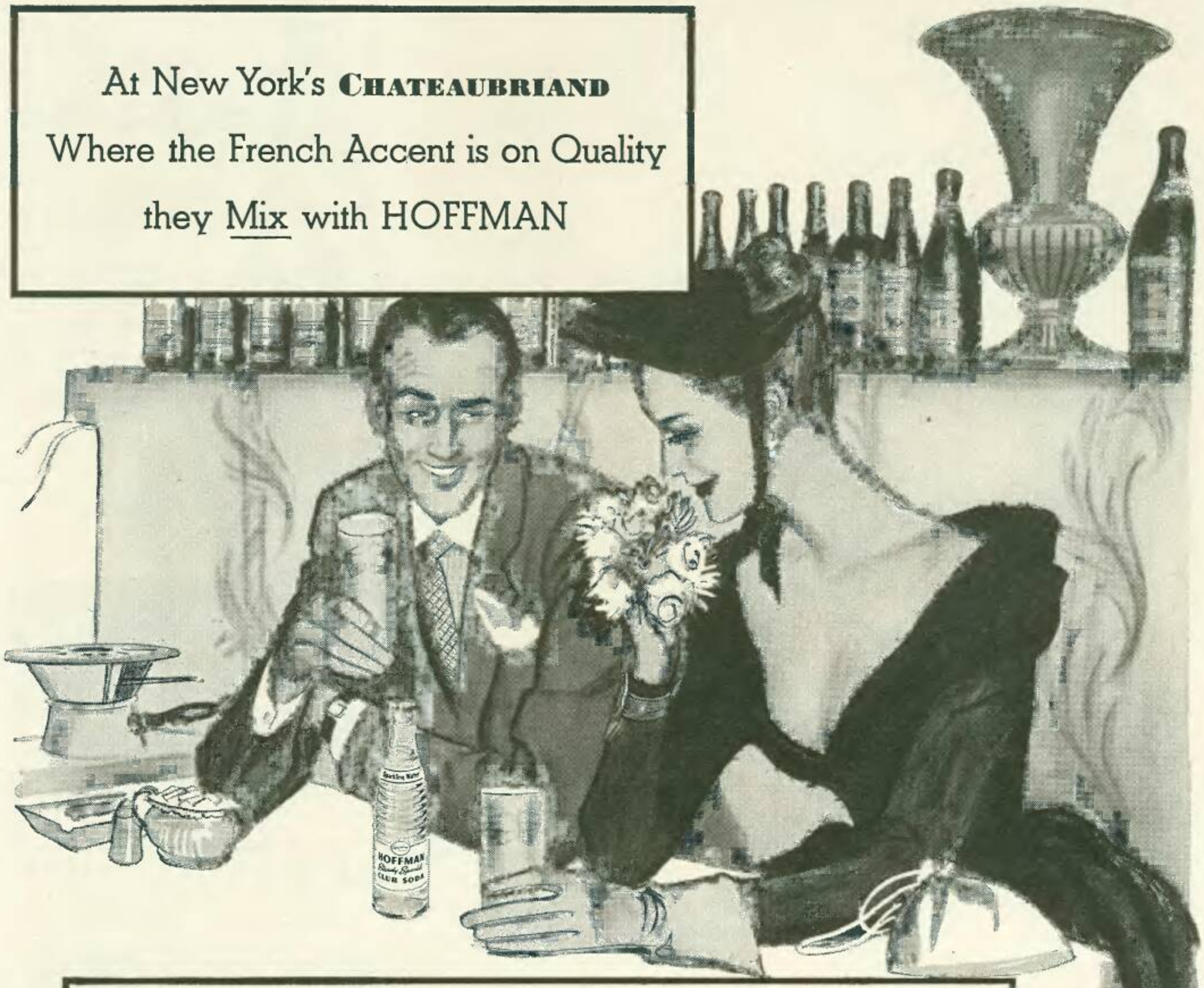
A vertical band of white brick, against one side wall, flanks the window, projecting perhaps a foot beyond it on the outside of the building and some four feet beyond it on the inside. This penetration of interior space by a form that is extended from the exterior is by now an old story in modern architecture, first boldly told in Frank Lloyd Wright's treatment of the garden area in his earlier dwelling houses. The architects of the Bonnier shop, the firm of Warner-Leeds, have made use of this device with singular felicity. Since the panes of the window are set in deep, wooden sashes, one gets an extra sense of the third dimension that an unbroken expanse of plate glass, assuming that it were actually feasible, would not give. The entrance, a glass door, is emphasized by an upright rectangle of wood, painted orange, placed above it. On the outside, the name of the shop, in bold white wood or metal letters at the upper right-hand corner of the window, is neatly underlined by its steel awning box. Within, the dominant colors are chrome yellow and gray and the light, natural hue of the wood used for the bookshelves and counters. This interplay of color and forms imparts a crisp, vivid air to an interior that might easily have been dull. The unpainted open wooden stairs to the mezzanine have a certain dramatic quality, and they also serve, like a ship's gangway, to tempt the shopper upward. Altogether, these architects have shown once again how much life is still left in the old Cubist formula when it utilizes both color and the third dimension, and allows the objects in the foreground (in this instance, the stock in the shelves and bookcases) to serve as decoration.

AROUND the corner, on the north side of Fifty-seventh Street, between Madison Avenue and Fifth, is a series of remodellings. One is that of the building occupied on the ground floor by the women's-apparel shop of B. Weinstein. Here the entire façade has been done over. The windows of the three upper stories, framed in bronze, extend clear across the front. The street-level show window is a rectangle framed in aluminum and flanked by two rectangular doors, all of which unfortunately bears no aesthetic relation to the rest of

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the façade. Neither in materials nor in shape do the upper stories tell the same tale as the shop level.

Next door is the shop of Frank Brothers—a chaste white-marble front punched with rectangular windows on the upper floors, squarish windows on the second floor, and on the street level a great expanse of windows recessed in rectangular openings. By day, the whole elevation is just respectably dull; indeed, the absence of lintels and moldings and cornices makes it seem impoverished, a sort of defrosted classic, in which the form has melted away and left only the classic material—marble—behind. But at night the façade becomes a dark frame for the great pool of light produced by the illumination of the open-faced shop on the ground level, and the change is almost as favorable as was the change from day to night architecture in the Flushing Meadow World's Fair of 1939. Perhaps we ought to have a double standard for rating New York buildings, according to the time of day they are to be viewed.

The best piece of remodelling in this row has been done on another building. Though not quite as brilliant as the Bonnier reconstruction, it does preserve the unity of the building. Here again, the shop that occupies the first two floors, the French Bootery, discloses its interior through a rectangular window two stories high. This window is framed in brass and set in an outer frame of lush pink marble—a stone first used, I believe, on a shoeshop on Fifth Avenue. By itself, this marble would look like an overrich sundae, but above the ground floor the building has been stuccoed in an orange-pink of a similar tone, which time and smoke is now slowly blending with the pink of the marble. The result is pleasant indeed, and the color scheme loses nothing by contrast with the dark brick façade of the building to the east. The architect, Hans Wormann, has employed heavy green glass for the letters of the shop name, placed above the window, and for the street number, set above the door, and, startling as the idea may seem, it is a success.

THERE are many other bits of midtown remodelling that are worth a few words, but I shall confine myself now to mentioning just two. One is the revision of Lenthéric's shop, in the six-story building on the northeast corner of Fifth Avenue, at Fifty-third Street. Here the architects, Harrison & Abramovitz, have used a travertine stone, which in rainy weather



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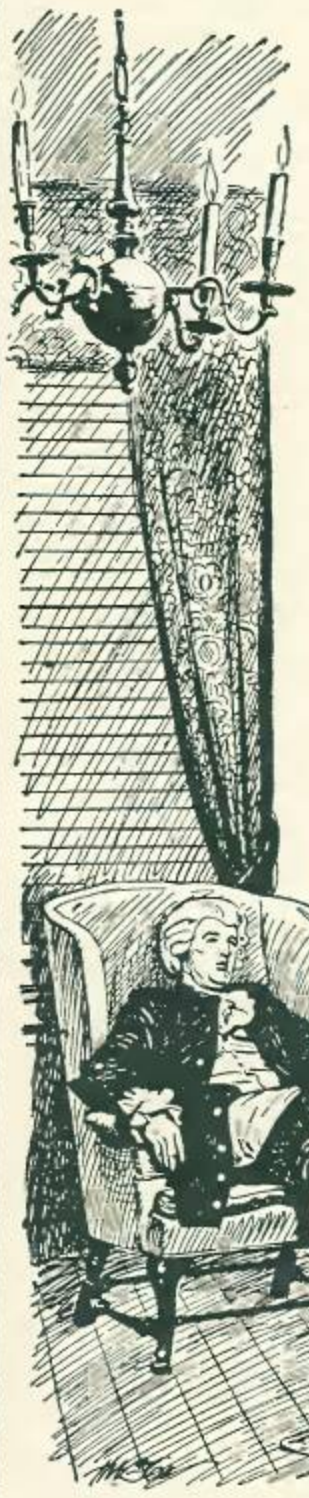
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more or less blends with the old gray brick above it but in sunlight is quite pink. Perhaps it is as well that the designers set off the retouched part of the building by a narrow but definite horizontal band of white marble. The windows, of different sizes and shapes, are spotted informally, and there is no attempt, except at the second-story level, to repeat any of them. The placement, shape, and proportion of all of them are admirable. But the success of the design depends largely upon the upkeep of the potted plants in the recessed bays on the second story. I am happy to report that even now enough of the greenery has survived the smoke and grime of New York to justify its use by the architect; when, as in the autumn, the window boxes are singing lustily with yellow chrysanthemums, the effect is stunning. More flower-filled window boxes for Fifth Avenue, and hang the expense!

ONE block farther down the Avenue, at Fifty-second Street, there is a difficult piece of remodelling that is, on the whole, successful because it manages to reconcile a most contradictory set of requirements. The new front involves two stories of the building on the northeast corner, a conventional tall structure with a limestone face. The ground floor accommodates two shops—Doubleday's new book and record store, which is on the corner, and Helena Rubinstein's beauty salon, to the north. The horizontal line of the cornice above the second floor is accentuated, on the south side, by the molding above the Doubleday shop. The Fifty-second Street front of this shop is a solid expanse of limestone, broken by small display windows of the kind invented for jewellers' wares; the







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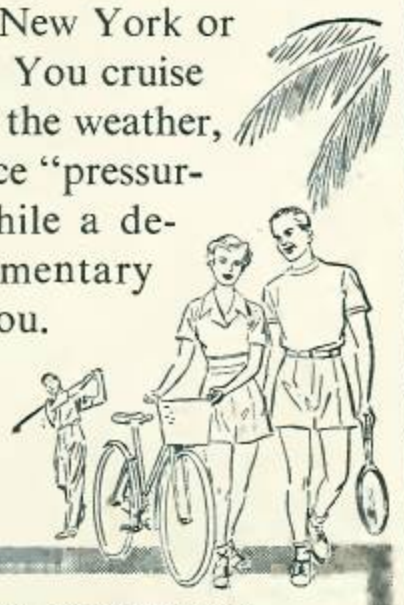
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Avenue side is an open front, slanting inward, done in a pinkish-gray granite that is repeated in the scuffle base of Helena Rubinstein's salon. The severe, rectangular pattern of door and windows used in the Rubinstein front is repeated in the windows of the second floor.

These two contrasting Avenue fronts sound like an unmixable hodgepodge, but if one takes the Fifth Avenue front as a whole, one realizes that the designer, Boris Lochak, has produced a fairly satisfactory asymmetrical yet reasonably unified composition, without committing himself to an arbitrary scheme. Should the architect have opened up the façade of the beauty salon, in order to make it conform to the Avenue frontage of the bookshop? Or should he have closed in the façade of the bookshop, to make it conform to the pattern of the beauty salon? In neither case is the answer yes, if respect for function is one of the criteria of design. The façade is not distinguished, but it is decent and urbane, and whatever virtue it has derives chiefly from the way the contrast has been handled. The best feature of the façade is the size and placement of the lettering on Helena Rubinstein's shop front; I wish that some of our too zealous sales experts would ponder for a moment the magnetism of these small letters. Oversize lettering has done as much as any other vice to ruin our metropolitan shop architecture, and it is all to no purpose. When everyone shouts, nobody can be heard.

AFTER a springtime freshet of books about Le Corbusier, it is a relieving change to come upon something about an even more ancient classic. This is Mr. James Reynolds' discursive work on Andrea Palladio, that old Renaissance architect whose influence in some ways is roughly comparable to Le Corbusier's. "Andrea Palladio" (Creative Age Press), which is part biography, part history, part criticism, and part edifying chitchat, is a very teasing performance, to be recommended without reserve only to those who like to be teased. The truth is that the author never quite decided whether he was addressing the lay or the professional public. His book is full of breezy black-and-white drawings of Palladio's work, and presents a series of diagrams simplifying the relation of ground plan and elevation, but he has provided only a handful of photographs to document it. Most of the book is devoted less to Palladio than to Palladianism as expressed in the country

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houses of England, Ireland, and the United States. Yet the diagrams do at least suggest Palladio's main historic importance as a composer of free-standing buildings.

In "The Architecture of the Old South" (Harvard University Press), Dr. Henry Chandlee Forman has filled up one of the large blank spots in American architectural history. He shows that in the South, just as much as in New England, the medieval tradition in building maintained its hold for a long time, and his researches disclose the frequency of an unusual sort of cross-shaped house plan, one projection of which contains a porch, and another a stair tower, which is a distinctive characteristic of much early Southern work. This is a significant monograph, but may heaven prevent it from setting in motion the imitative blight and curse that the Williamsburg revival has produced, not merely in the South but in other parts of the country. That, by the way, appears to be the South's revenge for the invasion of Cape Cod salt boxes, now spread from Virginia to Texas.

—Lewis Mumford

•

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RAMÓN AND THE NORTH AMERICAN ATTITUDES

IF Ramón hadn't sat beside me in English class his first day at the Shanghai American School, I might not have got myself tangled in his affairs. I was a junior in high school at the time and a boarder, my parents having decided that it was easier for me to live at school than to make the long trip from our home in the Presbyterian Mission compound, outside the South Gate of the Chinese city. Ramón walked into the classroom that first day just as the second bell rang. I was sitting at the back of the room, near the door, and he dropped into the chair next to mine. At the end of the period, I introduced myself, and he told me that his father was a newly appointed consular official from one of the Latin-American republics. Ramón spoke with a slight accent, his English correct, if not at all idiomatic. He said that he felt more at home in French if he had to speak a foreign language. I explained that my French wasn't too good and observed that he was probably being sent to the American School to perfect his English anyway. This, he said, was true, but he was also being sent there to get what he called "the North American attitudes," which his father thought would be useful to him later, especially if he, too, went into government service.

At that time, juniors and seniors in the Shanghai American School were not required to attend study hall during their free periods, and boarders were allowed to go to their rooms in the dormitory, presumably to do their studying there. When I learned that Ramón was a day student and that he had no class the next hour, I invited him up to my room, which was on the fourth, and highest, floor of the main building. One of my two roommates owned a portable phonograph, and though we were not supposed to play it during class hours, we did. When a bath towel was stuffed into the sound box, only a thin trickle of music filtered through to us. I played several records for Ramón, and discovered that he was seventeen, not quite a year older than I was. He had curly black hair and his jowls already showed a fairly heavy beard. His arms were extraordinarily hairy, and he had about him a quality that I, who was at the time searching for precise words for everything, decided was "faunlike," probably because I was just then reading through Hawthorne. Among other things, I learned that Ramón had been taught by tutors most of his life and that he considered his formal education virtually completed, though he thought it not unlikely that he would return to his own country eventually and enter a military school. After that, his family connections should be good for an Army commission—an excellent beginning, he gave me to understand, for almost any career. For my part, I told Ramón that my father was a missionary and that I had been born in Shanghai but didn't expect to live there all my life.

Ramón and I found that we had identical schedules. We got into the habit of spending most of our free time together in my room, talking and listening to the victrola.

It was during one of these conversations, when I had been telling Ramón about my family and what it was like to live in Shanghai, that he asked me, "And what about the girls, Juanito?"

"Oh, I really haven't much time for them right now," I said, not being involved at the time in a school romance. "It's more important for me to study, because I'll have to get into an American college."

Ramón looked at me in what I thought was a very stupid way and said, "You speak the truth, Juanito? You are beyond the girls?"



"Yes, for the time being, at least," I said, and changed the record on the phonograph.

Against the reedy tones of a voice singing "That's My Weakness Now," Ramón said, "Ah, how I envy! You are then a *filósofo* in these matters?"

"What's that?" I asked, and then I understood. "Oh, you mean I'm a philosopher." I laughed. "Really, I don't know about that, but it seems to me you can waste an awful amount of time and energy on girls, and in the end they're all pretty much alike. Anyway, I'm not interested right now."

"Ah, Juanito, this is wonderful!" Ramón said. "You are like my father. He, too, is a *filósofo* with the girls now, he says, and it seems to be true. But you are the same age with me, and we can



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talk. You can advise me, because you are beyond it now." He paused for a moment, frowning. "But do you plan to marry?"

"Marry?" I said, surprised at the turn Ramón had given the conversation. "Why, I suppose so, eventually, but that won't be for years."

"And until then?" Ramón asked, spreading his hands.

"Oh, I don't know that it makes much difference," I said, shrugging my shoulders.

To my surprise, Ramón was almost overcome with admiration. As he talked on, the realization came to me, but very slowly, that Ramón and I had not been talking about the same thing at all; what Ramón had meant by "the girls" was not what I had meant.

For the moment, the confusion we had plunged into entertained me, and I did nothing to clear it up. Later, each time I tried to explain to Ramón that he had really misunderstood me, he would double up with laughter as he rolled on the bed of one of my roommates. "You are so droll, so beautifully funny, Juanito," he would say, laughing and drowning out the thin stream of music coming from the phonograph. "And you look so innocent, too!" he would exclaim. "If I did not know, I could almost believe. Ah, what an American attitude! What spiritual comedy!"

Unluckily, the very first time Ramón mentioned one of his problems to me, I responded with such glibness that I not only took him in but went a long way toward taking myself in, too. Ramón had been recounting a curious adventure and mentioned an address on Tibet Road.

"Tibet Road!" I said. "Why, Ramón, I don't think anyone but junior clerks, tourists, and newspapermen go to Tibet Road any more."

"You see!" Ramón exclaimed, delighted. "You know the city so much better. You are born here."

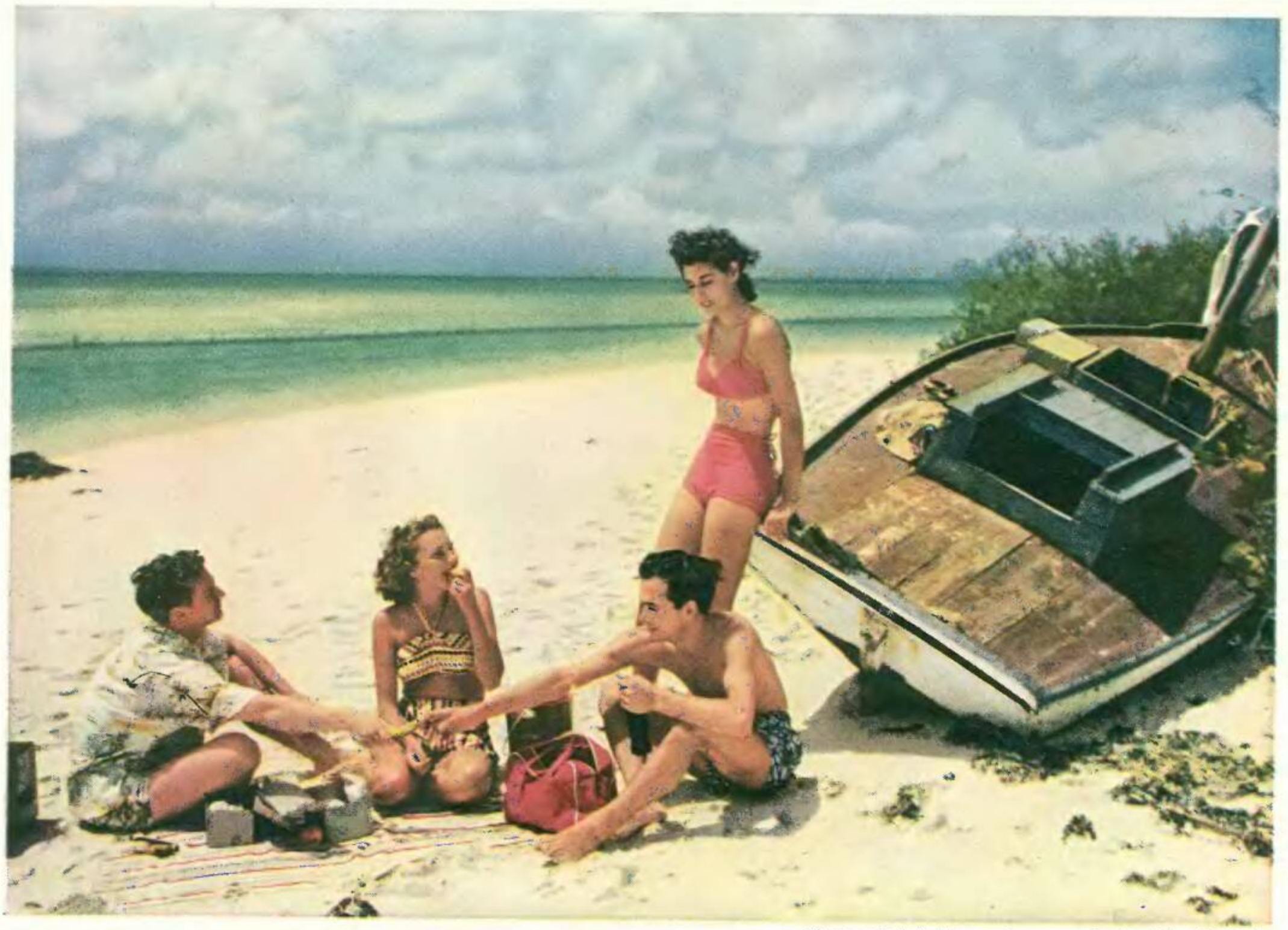
"Well, yes, of course," I said, seeing that I had got myself into a hole. "But, really, I don't know *everything* about the city."

"It is not important now, anyway," Ramón said. "Girls are one thing, but, as you yourself know, even with them there can be an end. Not that I am yet a *filósofo* like you. But still there is a monotony. I think I am ready now for my first grand passion."

"Oh?" I said cautiously.

"Yes," Ramón answered.

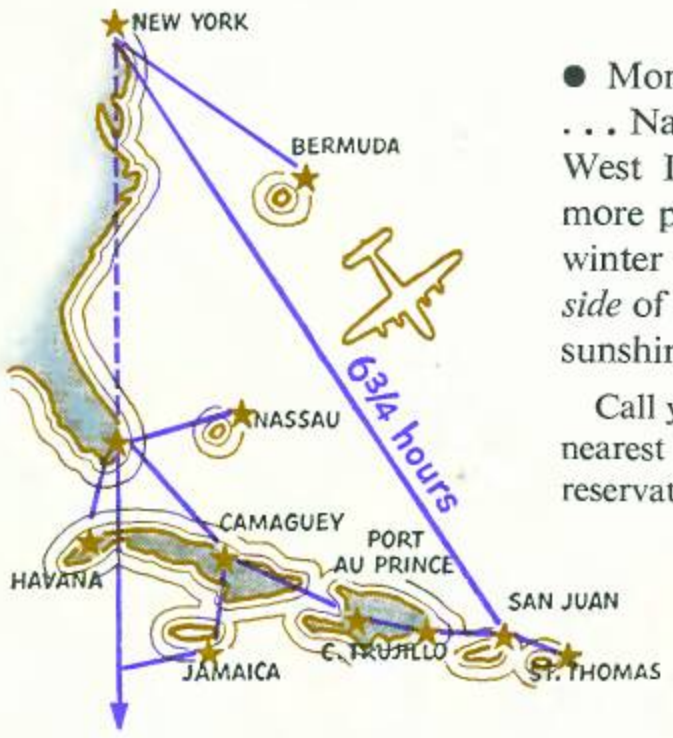
"Well," I said, gathering confidence, "if you're ready for a grand passion, I



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suppose you might as well go ahead and get on with it."

"Ah!" he said. "That is the problem. I don't know which one is to be the grand passion. You must help me."

"Which one?" I repeated, fearing Ramón had really got himself into a mess.

It appeared that he had two candidates in mind for this great experience and that he was unable to decide which should be the recipient of his ardor. Having received a large part of my own emotional education from the standard English and American novels, I felt that this was a pretty cold-blooded way of considering a grand passion, but I had had enough experience of Shanghai life not to be taken utterly aback by it, so I urged Ramón to tell me more about his possible attachments.

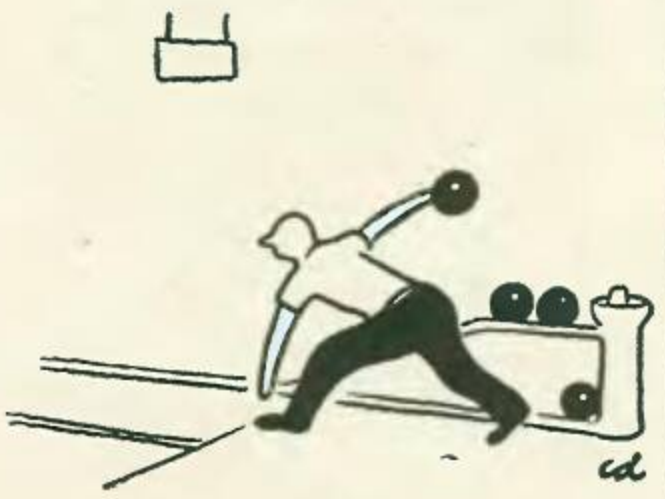
Through a series of florid sentences, I gathered that one of them, and perhaps the more convenient one, from many points of view, was Dolores. Dolores was the wife of one of Ramón's father's underlings in the consulate. She was, Ramón assured me, a classic Latin type, with fine features, bluish-black hair, smooth shoulders, and generous endowments in all important respects. There would really be no question, he felt, if he hadn't met Ursule at the French Club shortly after arriving in Shanghai.

"And just who is Ursule?" I asked.

Ursule turned out to be the widow of a minor official who had served in some capacity in the French Concession. A tall blonde, she enjoyed the distinction of possessing a pair of what Ramón insisted were purple eyes, though I accused him of exaggeration. In any case, Ursule was an exceptionally fashionable type, and "supple."

Struck by Ramón's use of such an odd and, for him, unusual word, I asked, "Where in the world did you pick that up?"

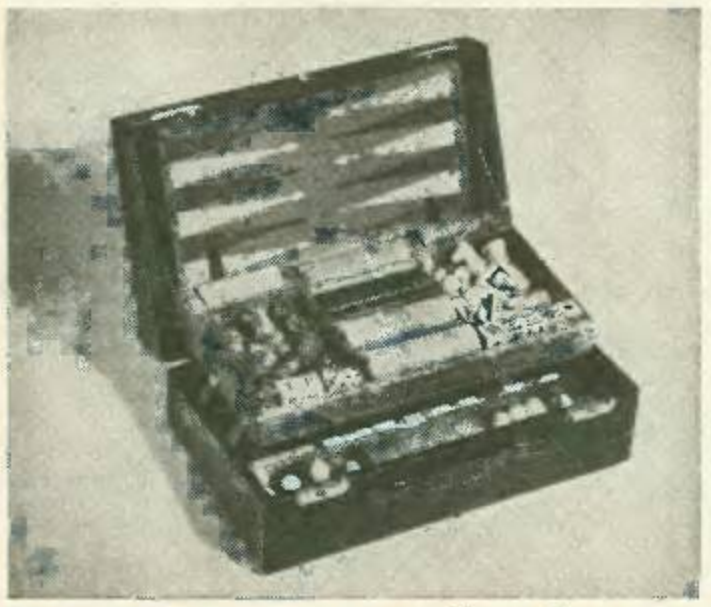
"The coach used it when we played basketball one afternoon," Ramón said, "and he explained it to me. As soon as I understood, I thought of Ursule." Seeing in my mind's eye Ramón on the



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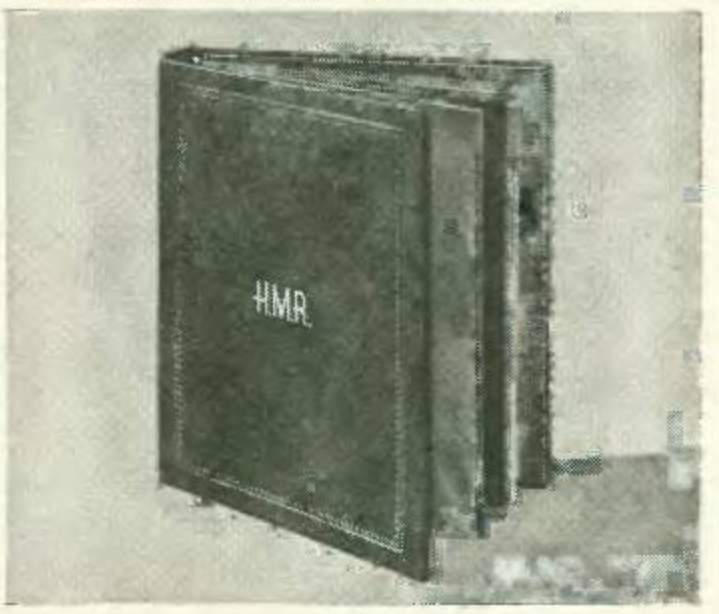
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gym floor struggling with a game he would certainly never play in later life and being transported at the thought of his supple blonde, I wondered what the coach, a somewhat Y.M.C.A.-ish, cold-shower type, would make of Ramón's reaction.

"This is all very fine," I said, my practical Presbyterian nature asserting itself, "but I should think that the measure of your success with either Dolores or Ursule might well decide which of them is to be your choice." This verbiage sounded absurd even to me, and I had to explain to Ramón more simply.

"Oh, my dear friend," he said when I had made myself clear, "you really do not understand. There is no question of doubt either way."

"What makes you think that?" I asked.

"Why, they have already spoken their willingness."

"Spoken?" I said, as close to being startled at such matters as one born in Shanghai can be.

"Oh, yes, there is no question. I am invited."

"Really, then," I said, "I don't see what you're worrying about. They don't know each other, do they?"

"I think not," he said.

"Surely you are clever enough. I mean, why choose? Why can't you be happy with both of them?"

Ramón jumped up and thrust his hands out in front of him. "Oh, Juanito!" he exclaimed, as if shocked. "Really, you are too cold. That is, I suppose, the North American attitude —*toujours pratique, n'est-ce pas*? Ah, yes, you are controlled, experienced, but I am not so advanced. And, truly, to have the grand passion, you know, I cannot have *two* first grand passions."

"Yes, I can see that," I said. "I suppose it really is a problem."

"You must help," Ramón pleaded. "You must advise."

"It's good of you to think I can," I said, "but there's not much I can do. After all, if your father gives you advice on such things and is, as you say, a *filósofo*, perhaps *he* can help you."

"Truly," Ramón said bitterly, "you are almost like what my father describes the English to be—so logical, so icelike. No, no! Perhaps *you* can ask *your* father about such a thing, and of course a father can advise on the girls, but with the grand passion—no, that is humiliating."

I had a hard time not smiling when I thought of what my own father's response would be to such a conversation, but I said soberly, "Well, Ramón,

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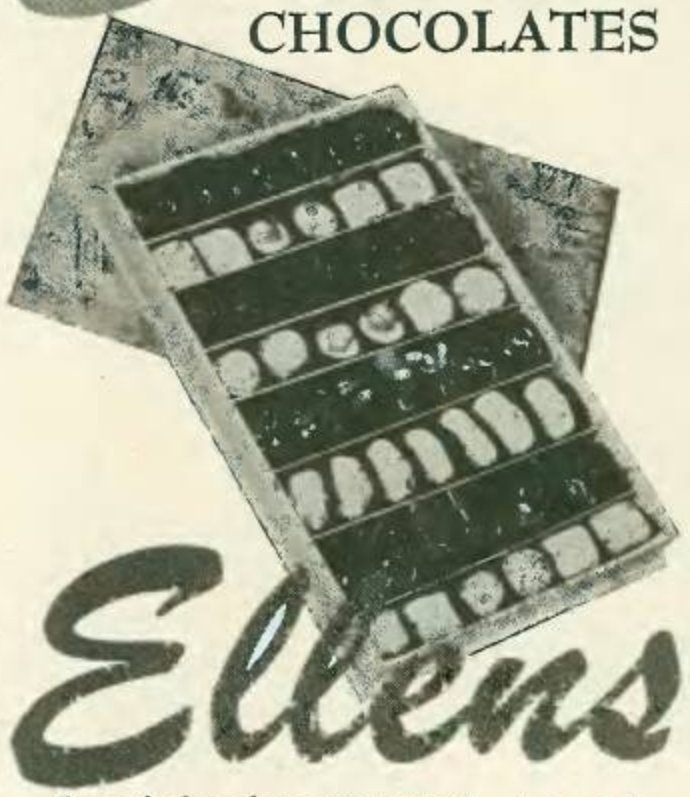
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it's generous of you to confide in me this way, and of course I'll be glad to talk it all over with you."

"That is friendly," Ramón said, smiling. "That is what I want."

RAMÓN and I had many conversations on the subject that was troubling him. His grand passion, however, did not advance, for he was quite unable to make up his mind. No change in the situation occurred until one afternoon when he proposed that since there were both Dolores and Ursule to be considered and there were two of us, perhaps something could be arranged.

"We could begin by going to a *boîte* some night," Ramón suggested, "and then, after meeting them both, you could decide."

"My dear Ramón—" I began patiently, but he interrupted me.

"Ah, I was afraid you would not be interested. I cannot understand, but I do admire you."

"You are very kind," I said. "Anyway, I'm not in the habit of going to *boîtes*. Only round-the-world people and Shanghailanders go to *boîtes*."

Ramón shook his head and grinned. "You are too experienced," he said sadly. Unwilling to give up his plan entirely, he suggested a modification of it: He proposed to introduce both Dolores and Ursule to me, one at a time, in the cocktail lounge of the Astor House.

"Really, Ramón," I said, "it isn't that my family is prominent or anything like that, but we've lived in Shanghai so long that no matter where I go downtown, I'm practically certain to run into someone who knows me, and I think this might be difficult to explain at home."

"Then some small place," Ramón insisted. "After all, the city is big."

"That's true," I said hopefully.

"And surely it is not compromising to be seen with a man and a woman. It could not be more discreet."

"I suppose not," I said.

Ramón finally persuaded me that if we went to some small teashop during the day, everything would be all right. We chose a little place on Avenue Joffre, a block or so down from the French Club. This shop, known as Olga's, served tea and first-rate French pastries.

Ramón arranged to meet Dolores the following Friday afternoon at the French Club. He and I set out from school together and rode in a taxi to Olga's, where Ramón dropped me and went on to the Club. I took a table in a corner and ordered *babas au rhum* and



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tea for the three of us. In a few minutes, the taxi pulled up in front of the teashop and Ramón handed out Dolores. They came into the shop and Ramón guided her to the table where I was sitting. I got up and bowed, and Dolores smiled at me. She was much as Ramón had described her to me, though she looked somewhat older than twenty-five. We all sat down, the tea was served, and Ramón and Dolores plunged into the *babas*, complimenting me on my taste. Since Dolores spoke almost no English and very little French, while I spoke no Spanish at all, this rendezvous, which I had looked upon as almost an assignation, proved a trifle dull. Ramón and Dolores chatted with each other, Dolores smiled at me from time to time, and now and again Ramón translated some remark of hers into English. Altogether, I might just as well have been out for tea with one of my Courtesy Aunts from the Mission at South Gate, except that it was undeniably interesting to look at Ramón and Dolores and imagine them involved in a grand passion, something that would hardly have sprung to my mind in the company of a Courtesy Aunt.

After three-quarters of an hour of this, we left Olga's. Ramón and Dolores walked back to the French Club, and I caught a bus to the school. Ramón had paid for everything, which was a relief to me, because he and Dolores had eaten a large number of *babas*.

Much to my surprise, Ramón turned up at the school early Saturday morning ecstatic over what he termed "the grand success" of our outing. Before he would let me speak, he said, "Now, before you have an opinion, you must meet Ursule. And this afternoon we do the same with her. I have already arranged it."

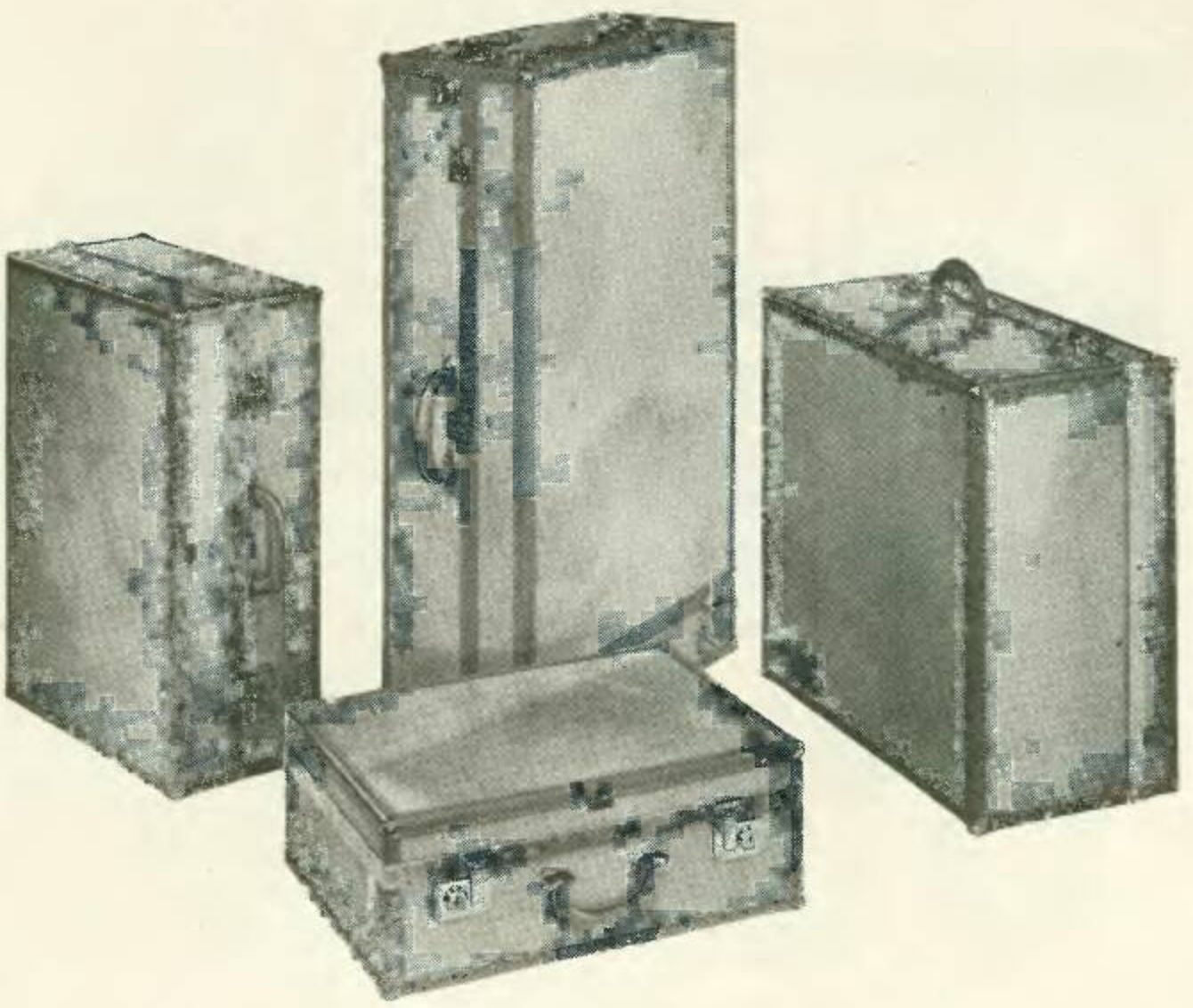
"Where, this time?" I asked.

"But at Olga's, of course," he said. "Everything must be the same, to make the comparison fair."

"You have a truly English attitude about sportsmanship," I said, but Ramón refused to be led on.

That afternoon, we went through the same routine. Instead of ordering *babas au rhum* again, I asked the waitress to bring us a tray of French pastries. This time, it was the supple Ursule who was handed out of the taxi. Ramón and his companion spoke in French, and when I tried to say something in that language, Ramón scolded me. "It would not be fair," he insisted, to the bafflement of Ursule.

Ursule was charming, I decided, though she, too, looked a little older



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than I had expected, and her eyes could be called purple only by one on the brink of his first grand passion. Her suppleness I had little opportunity to judge. She worried me somewhat after a while, for now and then she let her voice shoot out of control in a rather distressing way. By the time we were ready to leave, I felt that if Ramón must have a grand passion immediately, he would probably do better with Dolores. Ursule, I decided on the basis of my sound Presbyterian training, looked as if she might prove skittish.

When Ramón came up to my room after English class on Monday, I felt adequately prepared to advise him. Once I had explained my choice, he appeared to agree, but then he started to go over all of Ursule's merits and brought forward the argument that since he would probably not marry a Frenchwoman, perhaps it would be best to experience one for his first grand passion.

By the time he had considered all the angles of Ursule's nationality, I had begun to weary of the whole business. "Really, Ramón," I said, "I have given you the best advice I can, and I don't see that I can do any more."

"Oh, I appreciate it, very, very much," he said. "And I think you are perhaps right. But I must consider for a few days more. You still don't want to go four together? Each one thought you very charming, and they are most interested that you are an American. Everyone is interested nowadays in the North American attitudes, of course."

"No, no. That isn't for me."

Ramón shook his head. "Astonishing!" he said. "You make me feel so young."

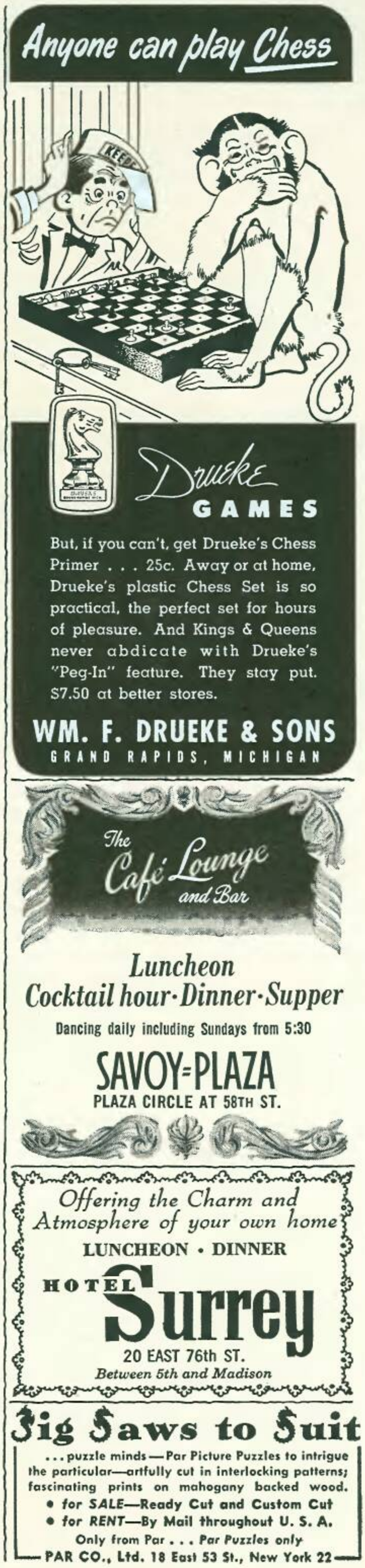
RAMÓN spent most of the next few days away from school, so I didn't see him regularly. When he did mention Dolores and Ursule, he sounded as undecided as before, and I began to think he had never been serious about his grand passion. On the Saturday three weeks after I had met Ursule, Ramón rode up to the school in a taxi and met me as I was coming out of the dining hall after breakfast. He drew me aside and said, "Ah, Juanito, it is all finished now."

"Finished?" I said. "Why, I didn't think it had even begun."

"You do not understand," he said. "I am leaving Shanghai."

"Oh, that's too bad," I said. "Has anything happened?"

"My father!" he said. I waited for him to go on. "You see, three nights





To Miss Whoozis, with sincerest apologies...

When I left Rutherford's, it was still raining pretty hard. So I decided to make some calls in the building.

The first place I went in had Feragile Specialties Co. on the door, one-room office, shabby and bare . . . not enough in it for a small fire sale. Not even if you threw in Miss Whoozis—I never did learn her name. Aside from big brown eyes like a cocker spaniel's, she was just another girl salesmen forget. And Heaven help me—she lisped!

"Mither Feragile ith out. What ith it, pleathe?"

I figured a sale in that place as likely as finding a pearl in a *table d'hote* oyster. But practice never hurt anybody. So I uncovered the RH and went into the act.

"Oh—a pothtage meter. Thath the machine that printh pothtage, ithn't it?"

I did it by the book, checked over all the advantages . . . the convenience of postage always available in the meter, protected from loss, theft or damage . . . showed her how easy it was to print a stamp for any amount, for any kind of mail right on the envelope, with a dated postmark—and have the envelope flap sealed at the same time ...how the meter did its own accounting . . . stressed the ease and speed of meter mailing . . . instead of keeping loose stamps on hand, licking and sticking ...pointed out how metered mail saved time in the postoffice because it didn't require postmarking and cancelling . . .

It was the full treatment—just as if she was The National Amalgamated with 4,000 branch offices. I must say the girl was a good listener.

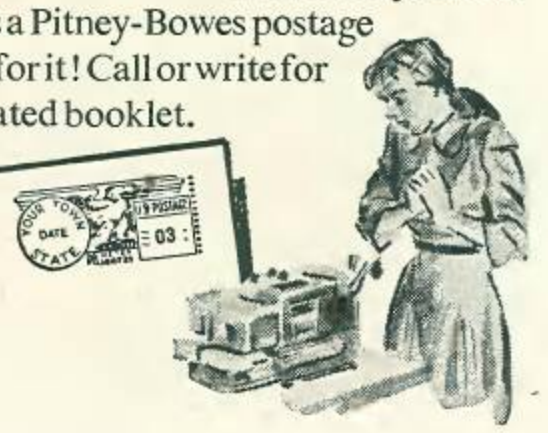
"Thankth very much. I'll tell Mither Feragile," she says, and goes back to beating the Underwood.

Just like that! So I picked up my marbles and got out. It had stopped raining and there was a really warm prospect in the next block.

Well, the next Monday morning you could have shot me for a rug! In the mail comes a requisition for one RH Model from Feragile Specialties Co. Signed Franklin F. Feragile, Pres. . . . She certainly must have told him!

When I make delivery of that meter, with it is going my sincerest apologies to Miss Whoozis—plus a flock of flowers from the flossiest florist in town! And from now on, small offices will not be passed over lightly by me . . . If you stop to think about it—nobody appreciates a postage meter more than the girl in a one-girl office!

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ago my father and I are having dinner together, and after a little of the wine I decide to talk to him of my problem. I have already told you he is practical and a *filósofo*, just like you. And with the wine I forget in a way he is my father, and it is possible to speak of the grand passion."

"Yes," I said.

"Well, he says he, too, will look at the ladies for me and give me a decision. I think this is generous, and I tell him who they are. So last night he comes to me and says, 'Ramón, my dear boy, I think it is time for you to return home and begin a career.' "

Ramón's father sounded very sensible, I thought. "Perhaps he's right," I said. "Was that all?"

"Ah!" Ramón exclaimed. "You remember you have suggested to me, you who are so experienced, that I need not make a decision, that I can have two affairs at once?"

I nodded.

"Well, my father, as I have said, is like you. Yes, just like you, Juanito."

"You mean he wanted you to have two affairs?" I asked.

"No, no!" Ramón said. "*He* is now to have two affairs at once! It is truly extraordinary, and at his age, my friend!"

Before Ramón stepped back into the taxi, he embraced me and we said goodbye. Then, tapping my chest for emphasis, he repeated, "Just like you, Juanito!" As the taxi drove off, I sensed hitherto unsuspected powers swelling within me, and I began to consider myself with new interest and respect.

—John J. Espey

•

The prayer meeting at New Canaan church was very good. Very few attended, but God was with us.—*DeKalb (Fort Payne, Ala.) Times.*

Small but select gathering.

•

Complete canary breeding outfit; oil drum, 2 five-gallon cans. 318 Earle St., 3rd floor, after 5.—*New Bedford (Mass.) Standard-Times.*

Will the birds know how to go ahead?

•

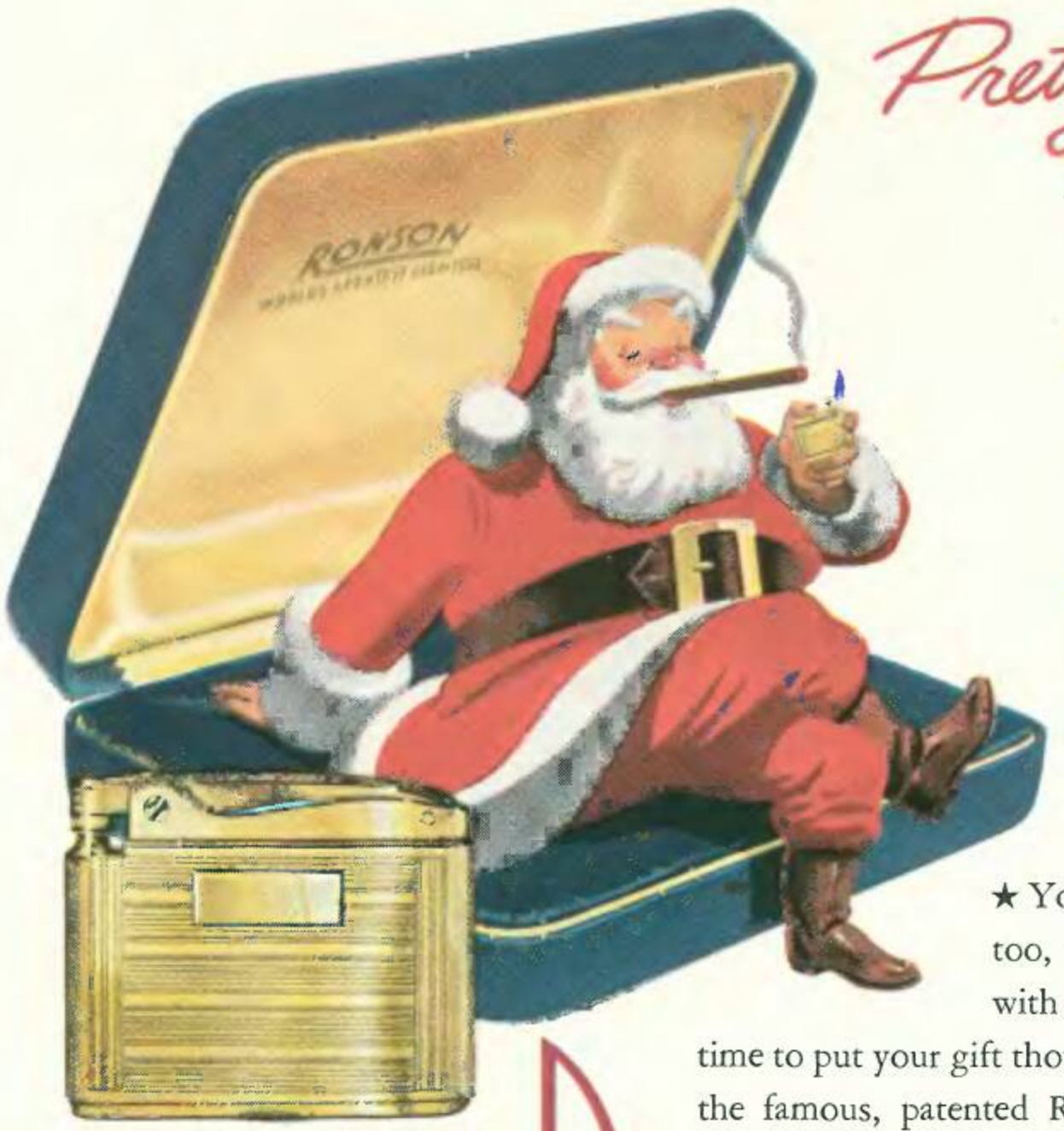
SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Potsdam (N. Y.) Herald-Recorder*]

Mrs. Harry Senter is still seriously ill in Potsdam Hospital. Mr. Senter is having dinner at night with Miss Ida Forbes, but gets his other meals himself.

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Pianos Everywhere



THERE was a great flurry of piano recitals during the week that preceded Monday's opening of the Metropolitan Opera season, and the result was a concentration of good performances and quite an exhibition of music that was either entirely or relatively new to local listeners. For example, Maxim Schapiro, in the second half of his Town Hall concert a week ago Sunday, offered Béla Bartók's imaginative "Improvisations on Hungarian Peasant Songs;" a pleasant Fauré nocturne that isn't heard often; De Falla's "Fantasía Baetica," which isn't top De Falla but is colorfully written; and Virgil Thomson's "Ten Etudes," which combine charm, wit, and an opportunity for practical technical exercise. Mr. Schapiro handled all these entries capitally. Earlier that evening, I had stopped in at Carnegie Hall, where Anatole Kitain was playing soundly and skillfully a program made up mostly of staples, ranging from Bach-Busoni to Stravinsky.

There was a doubleheader the next night, too, this one involving Robert Goldsand, at Carnegie Hall, and Heitor Alimonda, at Town Hall. Mr. Goldsand gave a stirring delivery of Nicolas Miaskovsky's taxing C-minor Sonata, a composition that is sometimes rampageous and sometimes unctuous but prevailingly virtuoso in style. Señor Alimonda, an excellent young artist from Brazil, who was making his début here, presented five fanciful pieces about children. Two of them, written by Francisco Mignone, were being heard for the first time; the others, agreeable and not very familiar, were by Heitor Villa-Lobos.

On Tuesday, Alexander Borovsky, in a highly diversified recital at Carnegie Hall, played with notable poetry and dexterity. His program included the first local performance of a compact but not very eventful Sibelius sonatina and an excerpt from Olivier Messiaen's "Vingt Regards sur l'Enfant-Jésus." There were mysticism and reverence in the Messiaen work, even though it lacked the individuality of other Messiaen music that has been heard here. Mr. Borovsky's interpretation was distinguished. On the following evening



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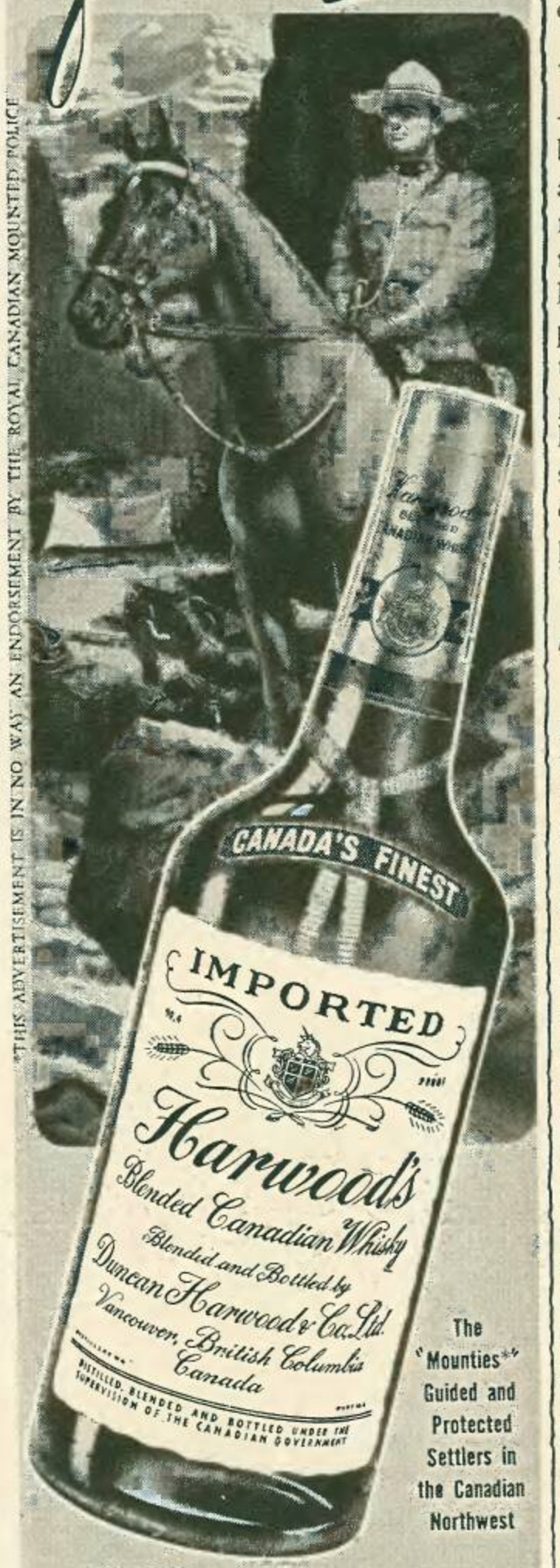


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at Town Hall, Moura Lympany, in her first New York recital, added still another fine performance to an unusually rewarding week for lovers of the piano. Miss Lympany had previously appeared here only as a soloist with an orchestra. On her own, she proved to be a striking recitalist, whose tonal and technical brilliance didn't overpower a consistently clear sense of musical design.

IT happens that the one orchestral novelty of the week was composed by a pianist—Artur Schnabel, whose atonal "Rhapsody" was presented to its first New York audience Thursday by the Philharmonic-Symphony, under the knowing direction of Dimitri Mitropoulos. This was a fascinating adventure in sound, and, regardless of its apparent abstractness, I imagine we'll be hearing more of Mr. Schnabel's compositions from now on. The soloist at this concert was Zino Francescatti, who played Prokofiev's delightful Second Violin Concerto in expert fashion.

THIS is a personal paragraph by way of valediction after having reported on music in this department since the first issue of *The New Yorker*, in February, 1925. The gradual expansion, over these years, of musical activities and of my other work makes it necessary for me to take regretful leave of the crowded night life (and matinée life) in our concert halls and opera houses. It seemed to me that a good time to turn these columns over to another reviewer would be with the opening of the current Metropolitan Opera season, when music would be popping locally as almost never before. I'd like to express my gratitude for many happy experiences to the editors, to readers of this department, and to the musicians whose work I've covered. I'll say "So long," and I hope to join you now and then as a somewhat less professional part of the audience in this musical world that has grown so greatly since *The New Yorker* and I went into writing about music, nearly twenty-four years ago. —ROBERT A. SIMON

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NOTHING quite like Ravel's "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges," a one-act opera recorded in full (Columbia set MOP-29), has come along on discs for a long while, and as it is a work of rich fancy, knowingly and artfully sung by a French cast, I am especially enthusiastic about the perform-

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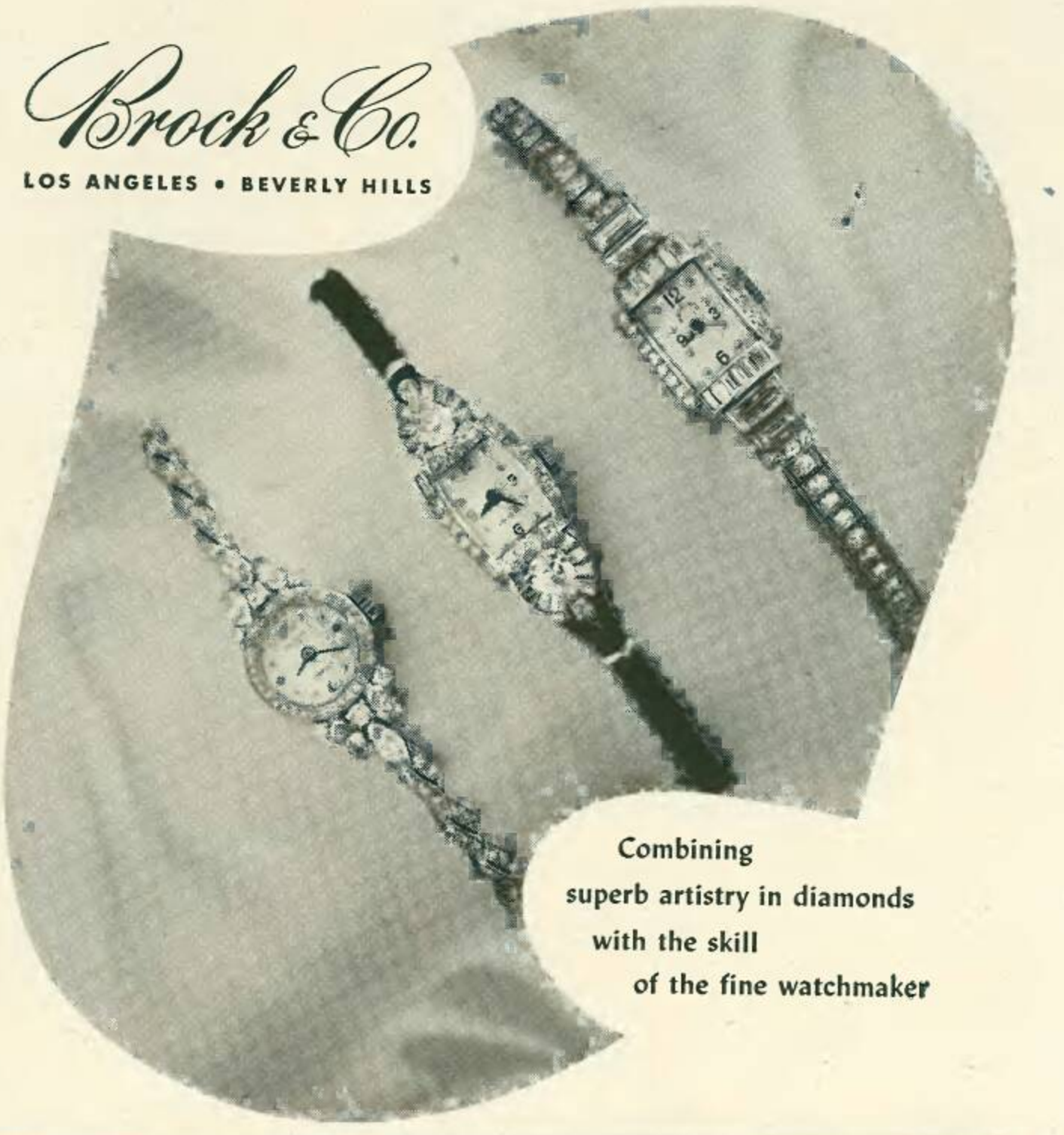
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ance. Although the libretto, by Colette, was written early in the first World War and the music fitted to it in 1924, it would seem as if both librettist and composer must have been looking ahead to the day of the animated cartoon, for I am unable to see how the opera could be completely realized in any other medium. (As a matter of fact, the composer's brother is supposed to have suggested making a cartoon picture of the opera after seeing Disney's "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs.") The story of the nightmarish ordeal of a small boy who has pushed his luck too far and is turned upon by familiar and long-suffering objects in his house and garden, "L'Enfant" introduces conversational chairs, pairs a teapot and cup in a fox trot, brings tiny shepherds and shepherdesses scampering down from a curtain design, and sends flames and trees chasing after the little fellow. There are, too, a beautiful fairy princess who rises from the covers of a book the boy has torn, and, most delightful of all, a romantic duet between two cats, which supplies a wonderful transition from an interior scene to an exterior as the house cat, leaping onto a window sill, spies a mate in the garden. The duet is composed entirely of mewing; the beasts start off with some expert crooning and quickly rise to a caterwauling finish. It's a superb bit. The child finally gets his lumps and repents, causing the animals to amble away tenderly singing, "He is a wise, a good child." On the records, there are some splendidly varied voices, none of the owners of which I have ever heard of before but all of whom know their business thoroughly. The orchestra and chorus, conducted by Ernest Bour, are the property of La Radiodiffusion Française and they, too, perform engagingly. The final side in this set is taken up by a harp transcription of Debussy's slight and pretty Arabesque No. 1, nicely played by John Cockerill.

THE current lists are heavy with arias and other chunks of more conventional opera, and in a way I suppose the most notable of these is a recording of the final scene, except for a brief and unimportant cut, of Richard Strauss's "Elektra," a short shocker generally felt to be his most advanced work in this form. I can't say that I was brought up on Sophocles, but enough of the stark, dignified quality of the old Greek tragedies seeped into my consciousness during my school years to make me almost totally unsympathetic to this psychopathic and

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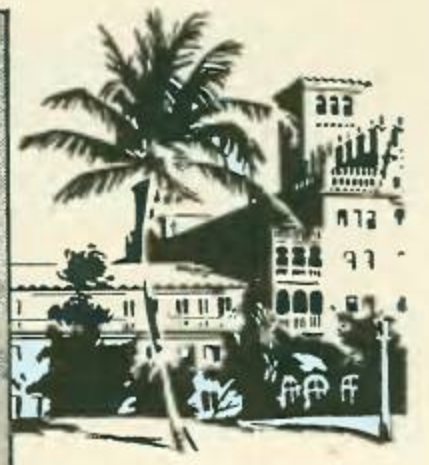
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goose-greased operatic examination of the bloody legend. We have here, in Victor album 1247, a stunning orchestral performance, in which Sir Thomas Beecham conducts the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, and some fairly good singing, which details the action from the moment of Orestes' return to the fall of the curtain, with the murders of Clytemnestra and Aegisthus and the death of Elektra taking place in between. Erna Schlüter, a soprano who sang briefly and not too well at the Metropolitan Opera House last season, sings the terribly exacting title role, and although her voice sounds much superior to the one she brought to this country, it is by nature too sweet in texture and too slow-starting to suggest the incisive and maniacal character of the dedicated wretch. The only other voices heard for any length of time on these sides belong to Paul Schoeffler, a tenor, who sings Orestes, and Walter Widdop, a bass heard as Aegisthus. Both of these gentlemen are admirably adequate to the demands made upon them. Ljuba Welitsch, a Yugoslavian dramatic soprano who is making her Metropolitan Opera début this season, is heard fleetingly as Chrysothemis. She sounded to me as though she would have been a better choice for the title role than Miss Schlüter, but there's too little to go on to be sure.

Judged purely from a technical point of view, a Victor single (No. 12-0529) containing two selections from "Mignon," sung by Giuseppe di Stefano, the Metropolitan Opera tenor, is the finest recent recording I have heard. The clarity and the instrumental balance of this record are exceptional. Not to slight the singer, he delivers Italian versions of "Adieu, Mignon! Courage," from Act II, and Wilhelm's Romance, from Act III, most gratifyingly. The recording, like several others of the current crop, was made in Europe. . . . Another of the many recordings of the Prologue to "Pagliacci" (Columbia 72642-D) is nothing to send you running, but I was impressed and pleased by the live, lyric quality of the baritone Paolo Silveri, who is accompanied by the Royal Opera House Orchestra, Covent Garden. . . . Oscar Natzka, a first-rate bass who sings with the New York City Opera Company, offers English versions of Sarastro's two arias from "The Magic Flute" —"O Isis and Osiris" and "Within These Temple Walls"—on Columbia single 72641; he, too, is accompanied by the orchestra (and chorus) of the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. It is awfully difficult to understand the

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rumbling words of a bass, even in English, and Mr. Natzka's are no exception. However, his tone is so firm, and his style so fluent and assured, that these performances are highly enjoyable. . . . Florence Quartararo and Ramon Vinay, soprano and tenor, both of the Met, do the scene between Tosca and Cavaradossi from the first act of "Tosca" effectively on Victor single 12-0531. . . . A soprano named Gabriella Gatti, about whom I know nothing except that she has an exceedingly attractive and liquid voice, sounded fine to me in three arias recorded in Italy and published here in Cetra-Soria album 112. The works are Arianna's Lament, from Monteverdi's "Arianna;" "Piangi mio cuor," from Weber's "Oberon;" and "Morro ma prima in grazia," from Verdi's "Un Ballo in Maschera." She appears to be an especially gifted lady.

Wagnerian opera is being well taken care of. A special set, on Vinylite (Victor DV-21), containing the orchestra music of the Prelude and Liebestod from "Tristan und Isolde," presents a smooth and forceful performance by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Artur Rodzinski conducting. . . . A bit more unusual is another purely instrumental version of a slice of Wagnerian opera, this time the part beginning with Wotan's Farewell and following through with the Magic Fire Music from "Die Walküre" (Columbia album 301). Leopold Stokowski leads the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York devotedly, and, the performance being as sharp-edged as it is, it's hard to say how much is lost by the absence of Wotan's deep, compassionate, inexorable voice in the early bars. A good deal, probably, but it's still a compelling presentation. . . . If you're a Wagner fan, you'll very likely want to listen also to a splendid unfolding of the Rome Narrative, from "Tannhäuser," by Set Svanholm, the Met's accomplished *Heldentenor* (Victor single 12-0528). . . . Another excellent member of the Met's Wagnerian section, Joel Berglund, a baritone, sings stirringly the recitative and ensuing air, "Wie oft in Meeres tiefsten Schlund," from the first act of "Der Fliegende Holländer," on Victor single 12-0532. This record, too, was made in Europe.

VICTOR has got out an album (No. 1273) of excerpts from Laurence Olivier's film production of "Hamlet," taken directly from the sound track. Since it's precisely the same thing you can hear from the screen, William Walton music and all, I'm not sure you'll



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care for it, unless you want it simply as a pleasant reminder, like a musical-comedy album. For one thing, without the moving pictures to go along with it, the music seems frightfully oppressive. In the "To be, or not to be" business, for example, there comes a long pause in the middle, bridged only by music on the record, during which there is time enough to develop the uncomfortable feeling that Olivier may have disappeared. Then, if you recall the filmed version of the initial soliloquy, "O, that this too too solid flesh would melt," it is presented as an inner voice, interestingly given outward expression only when Hamlet now and again realizes how short is the time that has elapsed between his father's death and his mother's remarriage. The confusing thing is that the two voices, though both belong to Olivier, are abruptly different in timbre, and a listener who hasn't seen the picture will almost certainly be both startled and bewildered. Olivier's conversational, ruminative tone in these two soliloquies may be perfectly all right, considering the medium for which it was originally adopted, but droning along on the record it began to lull me into an odd impression of listening to some friendly philosopher on one of radio's afternoon soap operas. I much preferred the actor's quick, brightly spoken, and witty delivery of the speech to the players and the conversation with the gravedigger, who is resoundingly represented by Stanley Holloway.

The two remaining sides are taken up almost entirely by Walton's music, one by the closing funeral march and the other by the accompaniment to the play within a play. I'm an admirer of Walton's, but the movies seem to do something to a man, and the march gets a little too fancy and high-flying for my taste. The light and fanciful suggestion of antiquity in the music for "The Murder of Gonzago" is pleasing, however.

—D. W.

•

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OF ALL THINGS

THE Eastern and Western Powers continue to exchange sharp words in the United Nations General Assembly, but the danger of war still seems remote. Neither side wants one, and some countries in Europe are reluctant to give us a place to hold it.

•

After a slight interruption, life has resumed its normal aspect in New York. Longshoremen are again loading ships, and Governor Dewey is again governing full time.

•

Christmas buying has been reported to be somewhat slow, but business is evidently picking up. For example, Mme. Chiang is coming all the way from China to visit Uncle Sam's Gift Shoppe.

•

Perhaps the tie in the Army-Navy football game shouldn't be regarded as much of a surprise after all. The middies had Truman sitting on their side, while the cadets had nothing but the prophets.

•

Venezuela is the latest of the South American republics to show us how to avoid the pains and discomforts of political campaigns. An aspirant for office simply calls in the Army and has himself a landslide.

•

Joe Martin says the election teaches us that the Republicans must have a thorough housecleaning. Joe doesn't say whether he is to be a cleaner or a cleanee.

•

The Air Force has discovered that it is too costly to produce rain by sprinkling dry ice on clouds. It's cheaper just to have the Weather Bureau predict a nice day.

•

The radio industry is distressed about the cold war that broke out last week between C.B.S. and N.B.C. The main point at issue seemed to be who got the custody of Jack Benny.

•

The Bureau of Labor Statistics reports that it has detected a slight decline in the cost of living. It is cheering to know that at least we have instruments sensitive enough to register such a movement.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER



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INTERN: Mitoga? Is that your name?

MR. X: No! That's Arrow's specialshirt design. That's what makes it fit so nice, see? Shaped to *my* shape.

INTERN: Look, Mystery Man — you're not gonna find a name on that little label . . .

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INTERN: Yeah, yeah, they're wonderful. I wear 'em. My brother wears 'em. My *father* wears 'em. But *your* name's not Arrow! What's YOUR name?

MR. X: Name . . . Arrow . . . I GOT IT! I remember now! I was just stopping to look at my Arrow White Shirt in a store window when I smelled flowers . . .

INTERN: Yeah — you got hit with a pot of geraniums. So you passed out and forgot your name. SO WHAT IS IT?

MR. X: It's Zyxnoplewhistle! Maximillian Octavius Zyxnoplewhistle!

INTERN: *Wow!* No WONDER you forgot it, Max.

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

CHRISTMAS, CONTINUED



NOW that every store window in town is packed with holly and Christmas goods, we suppose that even the most lackadaisical shopper is aware that the big month is here. To be on the safe side, though, we'll go ahead and point out to laggards that it is getting very late for buying gifts that have to be made to order. In earlier issues, as you will note if you will glance back at the file of copies we hope you have saved, we have taken up:

November 13.... Food for the holidays abroad, and Christmas cards.
November 20.... Gifts for men, and luggage for all.
November 27.... Gifts for the house, and television.

Our surveyors are in from the field this week with a collection of gifts for women, with a special epilogue devoted to perfumes and cosmetics. Next week —and about time, too—we hope to talk about toys, and books for children.

Gifts for Women

BEFORE we wade out into the swirling stream of Christmas traffic, we probably ought to make a few comprehensive observations that can serve as markers, so that in case you feel yourself being swept away, you'll know in which direction to head for safety. In general, then, the widespread admiration of long-handled umbrellas, which was expected to die right out, hasn't at all; they're as sought after as ever. Stoles are to be found everywhere, in every possible material, and they're just as welcome. Gloves and lingerie are the best in years, and, by golly, the prices are lower. The yen for elaborate drop necklaces—almost every department store has copies of French ones—may now be classified as a full-blown fad. All prices given include federal luxury taxes. (When are the tax people going to discover that a handbag is a necessity?) All aboard.

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH: We'll start off with something for an outdoors type: a very lightweight hunting costume of olive-drab weatherproof poplin. The pants ($10) are straight and zippered, and can be worn either tucked into hunting boots or not, and the coat ($15) has a corduroy collar, two side pockets, and a pocket for game.... Authentic English military pips, set on colored-enamel backgrounds, to wear on a lapel, are $3 each.... A roomy pigskin handbag, a fine companion for tweeds, is eleven inches long and nine inches high, with a metal plate on the flap closing that can be monogrammed; $39. With a monogram (one week), it's $2 more.... A leather eyeglass case with a metal clasp, ready for monogramming, is $5 (monogramming extra).... A white Swiss linen-and-cotton handkerchief with a hunting dog or a Pekinese embroidered in one corner costs a buck.

ALTMAN: Anyone who gives umbrellas to the same woman year after year, confident that the gift will be welcome, because last year's has indubitably been lost, ought to know that the type with the long handles that is so popular now seems to be difficult to lose; women aren't nearly so apt to overlook this kind in a taxi or forget it in a corner somewhere. One such here has a groove in the handle, to hold gloves, which should make gloves just as hard to leave behind; $18.50, in black, navy, gray, or beige rayon. Other long ones have gilt-metal whistles attached to the handles, so that their owners can keep dry and pipe a taxi at the same time; $8.95. Shorter umbrellas have mirrors at the tops of their handles; $10.95.... Old-fashioned shaggy mohair stoles, in gray, toast, or white, are seventy-eight inches long, with fringes at the ends; $22.95. A smaller stole, of black rayon velvet, fringed with jet, is $14.95.... French hand-stitched four-button-length buffed-calf gloves, in such colors as taupe, golden brown, royal blue, and gray, are $17.95. So are russet capeskin gauntlets.... Racing enthusiasts



"Now, if you want to make her very, very happy . . ."


Nº 5
CHANEL
Nº 5 GARDENIA Nº 22 RUSSIA LEATHER
THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME
CHANEL

Queen of hearts
by Trifari

The giver holds the winning hand when he bids for romance with this most charming and sentimental of Christmas Gifts.



The necklace—a chain of golden hearts, each crowned with a make-believe diamond. The graceful bracelet repeats the same design.



And to make the story complete, a pair of matching earrings.



A royal flush in hearts, worthy of your "Queen of Hearts"—and so typical of that royal house of—

Jewels by TRIFARI

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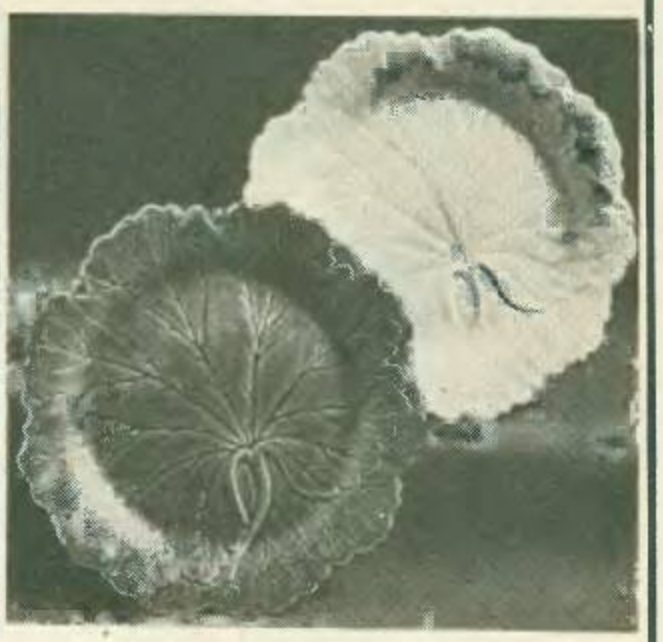
*Tax Extra

might like a carryall the size and shape of a book (historical novel), in red, green, beige, or black calf with a rayon faille lining. A change purse and zipper compartment is at one side and a betting book and pencil at the other; $12.60. . . . A flat gilt-metal sewing case, about the size of a packet of paper matches and intended to be carried in a purse, contains six bobbins of thread and one needle; $4.80. . . . A long-sleeved, high-necked flannel nightgown, rose-sprigged, and trimmed with lace, is $18.95. . . . A big help to mothers here is the Penny Bank Shop, on the fifth floor, where children can be parked while Ma goes to look at rose-sprigged nightgowns. When the kids leave, they are given penny banks (Altman craftily keeps the keys), so they can start saving for *next* Christmas.

ELIZABETH ARDEN, 681 Fifth Avenue (54th): In the ready-to-wear lingerie department, an especially beguiling place, beautiful handmade silk slips start at $13. One with scallops and circles of French knots on the hem is $23.50, and a nightgown to match is $32. For warm-blooded girls with plenty of blankets, there's a nightgown of pale-mauve chiffon and black Alençon lace that is cut to the waist in back; $47.50. In the custom department, you'll come upon a real tour de force in shell-pink ninon, edged in Val. It has a pastoral scene embroidered on the bosom —a winding lane, fluffy clouds, birds, a grazing sheep, and a cottage—all for $145. (If you can't get your order in by December 10th, which is the deadline, you can have a sketch made for the fortunate recipient to unwrap on Christmas morning; she can be fitted later on.) . . . An envelope-shaped theatre handbag, in black, brown, or navy suède with two matching satin stripes down each side, is fitted with a compact, a lipstick, a comb, a change purse, a pencil that is also the clasp for the bag, and (wait, now) a mirror with a tiny *light* over it, for reconditioning make-up in dark taxis, peering at theatre programs, and so on; all this comes to $71.40.

BENDEL: This establishment is noted for handmade lingerie—slips, nightgowns, pants, ruffled petticoats. Some, in rosebud-printed rayon sheer trimmed with Val-type lace, are $13.95 to $25. Handmade pink, blue, or white silk crêpe slips with matching satin appliqué are $19.95, and surplice nightgowns with wide,

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Wedgwood Leaf Plates

Wedgwood first made these incomparable Queensware Dessert or Salad Plates early in their history and they were welcomed so enthusiastically that demand outran supply. Modelled in natural leaf shape they are finished in a high, translucent glaze. Choice of leaf-green or white —we have enough to fill immediate orders. As durable as they are beautiful. Leaf-green, per dozen $25.00; white, per dozen $15.00. Make exceptional gifts.

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H. NILS

"Forget-Me-Not" Child's Set in Sterling with blue enamel flowers. Curved spoons.

Write for Gift Folder.

Select your favorite combination, gift-wrapped in bags. For the newborn baby, Spoon $5.00, Pusher $6.00. For the older child, Spoon $8.50, Knife $9.50, Fork $8.50. The entire set, boxed as shown: $49.50, Federal Tax included. Available only at

H. NILS HANDWROUGHT DANISH SILVER
1 East 58th St., New York City. *At the Savoy-Plaza*

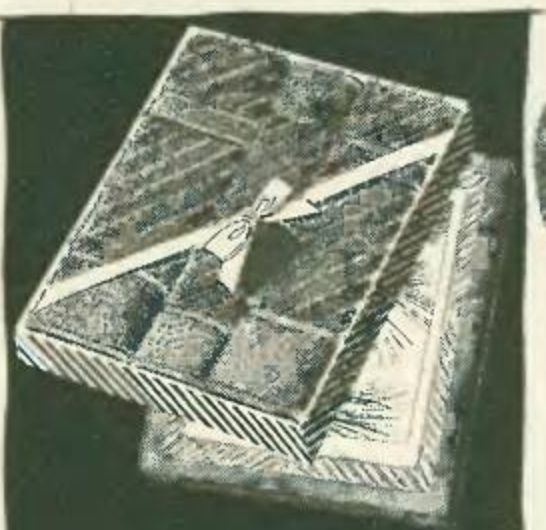
GIFTS FROM McCutcheon's



Bright holly and ribbon on white spun rayon holiday cloth printed in red and green. 62″x 108″ cloth, 12 napkins. **17.50**
First Floor



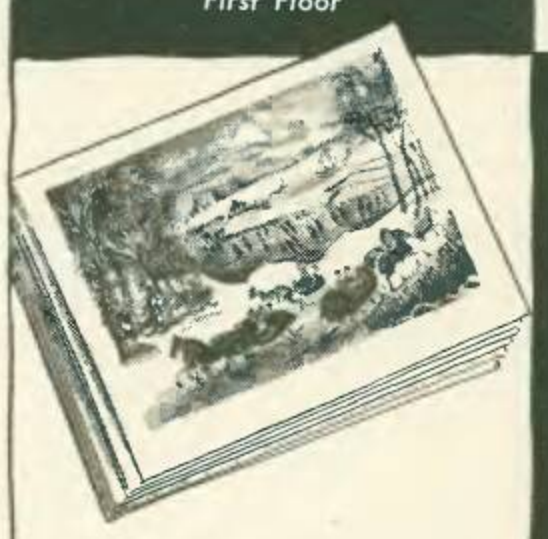
Woman's white linen hanky with cotton lace edge from Ireland. With card and stamped envelope, ready to mail! **1.00**
First Floor



"Diagonal", handsome boxed terry towel set in blue, flamingo, grey, beige, yellow, turquoise, white. Six-piece set, **12.25**
First Floor



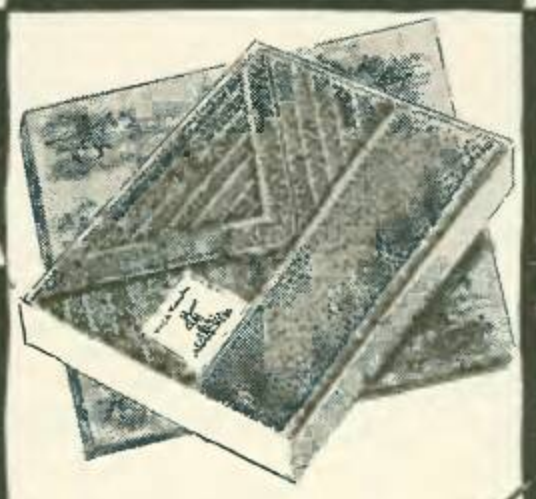
Reversible alpaca auto robes of fine virgin wool. Light yet very warm. Ideal for a great many uses. Tan or grey. **42.50**
First Floor



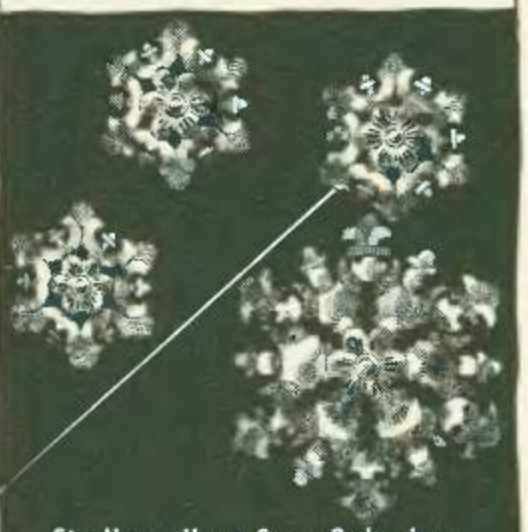
Popular Currier and Ives prints on handy luncheon mats with water-repellent faces and protective cork backs. Each, **60¢**
First Floor



Made in Ireland. Man's smart white linen handkerchief with cotton cords. With card and stamped envelope. **1.65**
First Floor



For men – rough-textured terry set in special gift box. Set includes 28″x50″ towel, 13″x13″ wash cloth. Beige or white, **4.95**
First Floor



Sterling silver Snowflake jewelry. Priced with tax. Brooch, 1″, **3.00**; 1½″, **4.80**; 2¼″, **7.20**. Earrings, **6.00**. Pin, **3.00**.
First Floor



Fleer bedjacket of warm, honeycomb weave virgin wool. Pink, blue, white with rayon satin binding. Medium, large. **5.95**
Second Floor



Earring case of rayon satin in pink, blue, rose, wine, maize, white, gooseberry or American beauty. Very new. Only **1.95**
First Floor



Rayon satin jewel case with zipper closing, Rosedust, light blue, peach, candlelight, gooseberry green. **3.95**
First Floor



Reversible helmet hood of pure wool. Black, brown, grey with contrasting lining or solid black, brown, or green. **2.00**
First Floor



Fine pure cashmere sweaters in aqua, cherry, natural, brown, black, blue, green. 34 to 40. Pullover, **12.95**; Cardigan, **16.95**
Second Floor



Faithful copies of early American porringers in pewter-like, non-tarnishable metal. Charming for gifts. **1.00 to 1.95**
Fifth Floor



Hand-made tweed mouse to bring happy squeals from the young. Shoe button eyes, bright overalls. Stands 9″ tall. **2.95**
Fifth Floor



"Striding man" doorstop, a Williamsburgh Restoration reproduction in polished brass. About 8″ high. **11.95**
Fifth Floor



"Fleur Danoise"

Designed in Sterling

Jensen's exclusive and exquisite pattern, "Fleur Danoise", gives unusual elegance to a matched set of silver jewelry.

Bracelet, 30.00

Brooch, small, 1¾ inches, 12.00; large, 2½ inches, 15.00. Earrings, pair 7.50

Choker (not shown), 60.00

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GEORG JENSEN INC.
Fifth Ave., at 53rd St., New York 22

for party or picnic all in a tub!



Party or picnic perishables are safe in this **giant ice tub** which doubles for hot foods. Ideal for carrying up to a gallon of ice cubes, this jug keeps food hot or cold for hours. Insulated and unbreakable with tough electrically welded construction. Easy-to-clean stainless steel throughout. Polished finish. Cover rigidly secured . . . **$60.00**

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Send for new Christmas Gift Book N-3 and Overseas Food Folder

1848 100th ANNIVERSARY 1948

Hammacher Schlemmer

145 East 57 St., New York 22, VO. 5-4700

shirred shoulder straps are $25. . . . For travellers, a small overnight bag—really no more than an oversize handbag—in green, red, navy, brown, or black English morocco, lined with chamois, has a zipper top and two loop handles, and should tote all the necessities for a short trip; $51. For $18, there's a much smaller but still quite roomy satchel-shaped handbag in dark suède and in black, brown, navy, red, and green calf. . . . Among the scarves you'll find short ascots of Chinese silk brocade ($10.95); long, accordion-pleated scarves of silk crêpe, tapered in the middle to accommodate themselves to the back of the neck, in black, white, or colors ($7.95); and thirty-six-inch French chiffon squares, with wide, colored borders and scattered over with amiable printed cats or giraffes ($6.95).

BERGDORF GOODMAN: Nothing like a batch of evening accessories to brighten up a woman's Christmas. Effective, though not flashy, paste-diamond necklaces, reproductions of old ones, are hung with imitation-pearl-studded flowers set in white metal; $36. In the same design, you can get a drop pin for $14.40, or a pair of small, shield-shaped pins for $12. From France, a handsome gilt-metal compact, with a carved design of charioteers, copied from an antique snuffbox, costs $23.50, in a black rayon satin case; and a smallish pink, blue, or green beaded pouch bag, which hangs from a gilt-metal chain, is $48. . . . For either day or evening, a one-skin blended Hudson Bay sable scarf, adorned with a brown taffeta bow, hugs the throat closely, and costs $150. A demure white ermine tippet with lots of tails is $210, and a matching barrel muff is $240. . . . The lingerie department here is one of the best in town. Handmade rayon slips with embroidery and appliqué on the net borders are $14.95. For $35, there is a sheer black nylon nightgown, with Chantilly-type lace and black velvet bows around the off-the-shoulder neckline and the midriff. A peignoir of pale-blue, pink, or white washable velvet, with real Val ruffles on the collar and cuffs, is $70. Even wool pants turn a little giddy here—pink or blue crocheted ones, with bows and lace ruffles, are $12.75. A tailored, fitted robe, copied from Balenciaga, has a turnover collar; the buttons button right through the revers, down to below

Kathleen Lee



Evening Magic

A sheath of gleaming satin, shoulder strap bodice. Heavenly shades — blonde, aqua, grey, wine, jungle green. Kelly, or black . . . Sizes 10 to 20 $85

The brocade jacket, black or white, tinged with rose and green . . . Sizes 10 to 16 $40

118 EAST 60 ST., NEW YORK
88 Main St., New Canaan, Conn.

This Gift Means SAFER DRIVING



Removes windshield ice quickly, easily!

One fast swoosh with this palm-fitting Plexiglas de-icer and a clear path is magically plowed through thick, blinding ice on your windshield . . . no waiting for de-froster warm-up. Doesn't scratch glass . . . so dad can use it happily for years. Equipped with key chain and reliable miniature compass, plus any specified engraved initial. Packed in individual gift box . . . $2.25 postpaid. May we send you our Gift Catalog D.

BODINE'S OF BALTIMORE

444 E. Belvedere • Baltimore 12, Md.

the waistline. This is $60, in aqua, yellow, or Kelly-green wool.

BEST: The way things look on the Avenue, there's going to be an awful lot of lingerie turning up in Christmas packages this year. Here you will come upon some tailored rayon crêpe pants ($7.95) and gowns ($12.95), in such unprecedented colors as maize and pale green, as well as the more conventional blue and pink. They are hand-embroidered with matching or contrasting flowers. A white or shell-pink rayon crêpe slip, trimmed with narrow bands of lace and hand-embroidered flowers, costs $5.95, and a matching surplice nightgown is $7.95. At the same prices, there are white rayon crêpe slips and nightgowns, piped and appliquéd in turquoise, and pink ones similarly trimmed in white. Stencilled-leopard rayon lounging robes are good-looking, too; a loose one that resembles a street-length coat—particularly nice for a young girl—is $16.95. . . . Hand-sewn, washable gloves in black, white, beige, brown, or navy lambskin-finished doeskin come to $10 (short) and $12.50 (four-button length). Suèded deerskin slip-on gloves lined with white lamb's wool may be had in red, royal blue, brown, or black; $9.50. . . . Best's own long-sleeved wool sweaters are on hand in practically every color; they're $6.95 and $7.95, for pullovers and cardigans, respectively.

BLOOMINGDALE: Some hand-crocheted lounging slippers are made of a gold metallic thread; they look like chain mail but they feel reassuringly like hand-crocheted lounging slippers. The tab is $5.95. . . . For the female skier or tobogganer, a cable-stitch sweater, hand-knit of heavy wool, is available in white, gray, yellow, or navy, or in a combination of gray, navy, and red; $19.95. . . . Teen-





WHITE

White Christmas

See the lovely, shimmering texture—feel the exquisite smoothness — of these Pepperell Peeress Sheets and Pillowcases.

Sheets, about $4.65
Pillowcases, about . . . $1.15

FLATTERING

Personality Colors

Scalloped hems, and your choice of five *most* becoming colors—peachbloom, hyacinth blue, aqua, dusty rose, maize.

Gift-Boxed Sets—2 sheets, 2 pillowcases . . about $16.00

PILLOWCASES

Colored Borders

So new, so very charming! A pair of Pepperell Pillowcases in lustrous white, bordered with her favorite color!

Gift-Boxed Set of 2 about $3.00

Give *practical* luxury for Christmas! Give Pepperell Peeress Percale Sheets—woven for finest "trousseau" texture, 204 threads of full-combed yarn per square inch! We believe you just can't buy more exquisite, longer-wearing percale sheets—at any price.

PEPPERELL

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FINEST FULL-COMBED YARN PERCALE
MORE THAN 200 THREADS PER SQUARE INCH

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AND AT OTHER LEADING STORES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY

WITH YOUR OWN INITIALS



Mary Dunhill
PERSONALIZED
COLOGNE

Your choice of four delightful fragrances, a smart bottle with your initials in Golden tone metal, put on when you buy it.
Flowers of Devonshire, Gardenia, White Hyacinth and Bewitching.

3 oz., 2 initials, $1.75
6 oz., 3 initials, $3.00
Prices plus fed. tax

AT FINE STORES

Mary Dunhill, 660 Fifth Avenue, New York

agers ought to be pleased with a frivolous pair of white, black, pale-pink, or pale-blue angora gloves, splashed with snowflake sequins; $3.95. Also for the young, in sizes 9 to 15, are pale-blue, pink, or white rayon satin slips, perked up with lace and hand embroidery ($7.95), and matching Empire nightgowns with lace beading and ribbon at the neck ($10.95).

BONWIT TELLER: If a bed jacket seems the ticket this Christmas, you're all set here. Warm and fetching hand-made ones, of pink or blue sheer wool, have either a rayon satin bow at the throat and satin appliqué trimming or a turnover collar and ruffles on the long sleeves; $15.95. For $22.95, you can carry off a lacy crocheted Shetland-wool bed jacket, imported from England and trimmed with matching marabou or ribbon. Further ethereal prettiness is provided by beautiful gray silk chiffon night-gowns, decked with red velvet ribbon; $39.95 with short sleeves and $49.95 with long ones and touches of lace here and there. A gray cotton-lace robe with cap sleeves is the proper complement for one of these; $125.... The costume-jewelry department has converted some antique Sheffield-plate buttons, marked with English, Scottish, or French coats of arms, into attractive cuff links, earrings, and pins (all $29.20), and stickpins ($30).

BRITISH TWEEDS, 727 Madison Avenue (64th): Plaid wool individual-size automobile rugs, which friends who aren't as free to travel as they once were might use to liven up a baby carriage, come in a variety of tartans, have fringed ends, and measure a yard by a yard and a half; $12.50. Also to guard against the cold are fleece-lined silk velvet scuffs, banded with chinchilla-colored rabbit. These may be had in turquoise, red, or pale pink, and they cost $6.50, up to size 6, and $7.50, to size 9.

HATTIE CARNEGIE: Well, now, what have we here? Small, book-shaped evening bags, of rayon velvet or brocade, are fitted with a glittering jewelled lipstick, a tiny compact, and a jewelled flashlight; $30 for the works.... A resplendent rhinestone necklace for evening is $18, and snowflake earrings to go with it are $6. And a beaded evening bag—covered with nothing *but* beads, in fact—to go with the whole arrangement is $125.... A rayon crêpe

STYLE AND A TOUCH OF GENIUS



Sturdy and smart for chilly days . . . Boot-y is suede, has calf mud guard, rubber sole. Cocoa tan, black and brown. Sizes to 10. Fleece lined . . . 16.95 . . . mail orders sent anywhere . . . add 25¢ for handling.

Send for Christmas gift folder B

J. & J. Slater
NEW YORK

New York: Madison at 54th St.
Garden City: 734 Franklin Ave.
Greenwich: 57 East Putnam Ave.
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18-karat gold sports watch, one of an exclusive few hand-made in France. Fine Swiss movement, $300



Prices include Federal Tax

Edmond Frisch
brings rare imports from the foremost continental goldsmiths



Imported platinum feather clip tipped with diamonds $720

336 Park Avenue at 51st, New York 22

Empire nightgown with appliquéd rayon satin tulips scattered over it is $15, and an American Beauty quilted rayon velvet bed jacket is the same price. . . . In the French Room, on the second floor, there are quantities of luxuries imported from just where you'd expect. Among them are beautiful square brocade scarves, at $18.50, and doeskin gloves, at from $15 to $22.50.

CIRO, 711 Fifth Avenue (55th): If one of your projects this season is starting —or adding to—a charm bracelet, this is your house. A miniature gold television set—what next?—complete with infinitesimal records and a record player, and apparently tuned in to some sort of travelogue about New York (you can hold it up to a light and see little black-and-white city scenes), is $33. A tiny gold oyster, with a cultured pearl inside, costs $17.70. Pearls, of course, are what Ciro is noted for; ball earrings start at $5.94 for imitation pearls, and at $17.70 for cultured ones.

M. COLLART, 581 Madison Avenue (56th): This is a good place to look for very delicate, very feminine handmade silk lingerie. A white or pastel nightgown edged with two inches of puffed net and Val-type lace costs $69.50, and matching pants are $28.50, but why pants should be matched to a nightgown we cannot say. Saw-tooth edging, which this shop delights in, circles the hem of an unusually pretty tucked petticoat; $39.50. . . . Small linen handkerchiefs edged with ruffled net or Val-type lace are $3.95 each. Real Val makes a scalloped border for some soft white linen handkerchiefs ($9.75 each), and colored linen ones that seem incomplete without monograms have cord trim and hand-rolled edges ($1.25 each). Monogram orders can be taken until December 10th; $3.60 for





5-Piece Set. Flint-Stag handles. Flint *Stainless Vanadium* blades. Packed in rich, walnut chest. At leading stores everywhere, $24.95

Give him an EKCO FLINT

STAINLESS VANADIUM **CARVING SET**

Prices slightly higher in West

Non-carving husbands carve with the savoir-faire of a "captain" at the Ritz when they have an Ekco Flint Carving Set at hand. Flint blades are made of sensational new *stainless vanadium*, world's best cutlery steel, Hi-Arc hollow ground*. And their ever-sparkling stainless finish stays bright forever. Perfect gift for any man.

*HI-ARC Hollow Ground—far up into the blade—provides extra sharpness at the start . . . and the keener edge lasts longer.

OTHER SETS FROM $5.95 TO $19.95. Choice: simulated stag, or lustrous plastic handles, in chests or handsome holders.

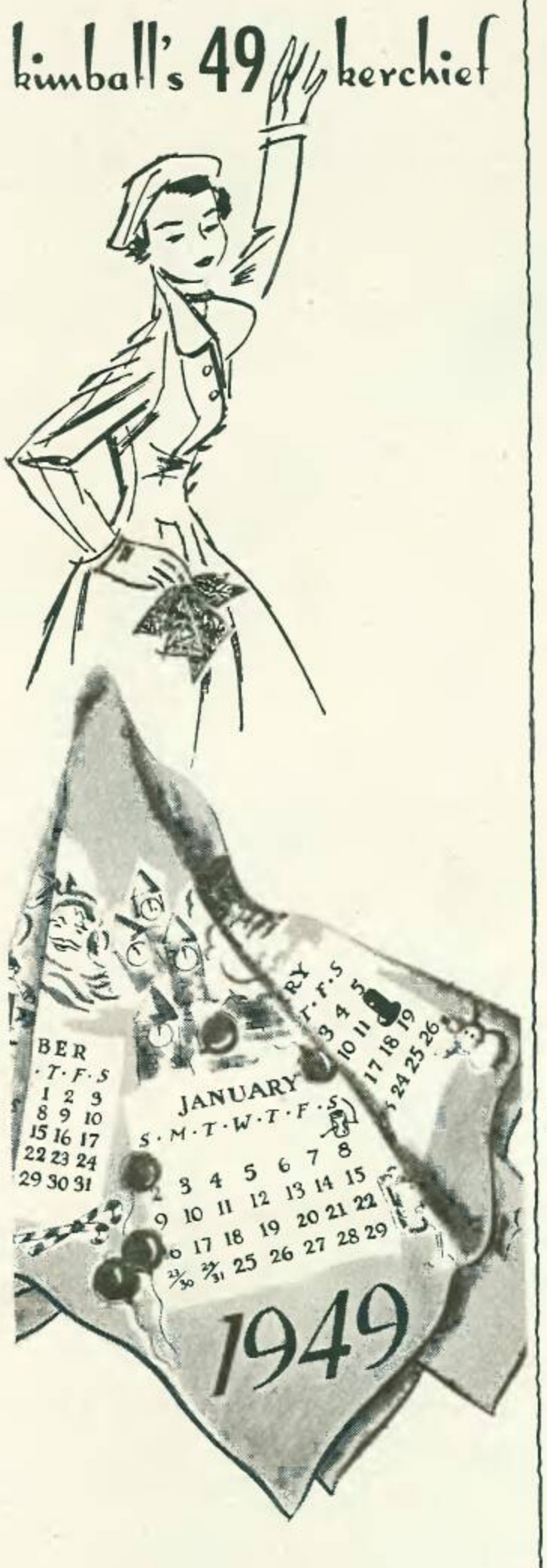
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Colorful calendar pages on a handy hanky... divine to spice a beltline, neckline, hipline, wristline. To pocket, too! Fifty cents.

At Lord & Taylor, Best & Co., and other fine stores throughout the country.

Kerchiefs by Kimball,
9 East 38th St., N. Y. 16

three initials on a half-dozen handkerchiefs.

MARK CROSS: If the pastel vistas of the lingerie counters are beginning to swim before your eyes, this shop is a good antidote. A musette bag of hand-loomed Irish tweed has a natural cowhide border, an adjustable leather strap handle, and a leather lining; the top is zippered and there is an outside slit pocket; $34.20 buys one nine inches high, and a larger size costs $42. Round pouch bags of natural or black cowhide with drawstring closings (known as Noah bags) are from $37.80 to $51, according to size. An evening version, in bright or subdued rayon satin, or in gold kid, costs $34.20. From Norway, an unlined hair seal bag, with a zipper closing, adapted from a school child's book bag, will stand the most violent wear and tear; $60. A monumental black or brown alligator handbag, eleven by seven and a half inches, is lined with cocoa-beige leather and has gold-plated corners and a plate for a monogram. Inside are a passport-size snap pocket and more secret crannies than a coal mine; the price tag reads $187.20. A similar bag, in black, brown, or navy calf or natural pigskin, comes to $82.20. . . . As for gloves, there are some short, hand-sewn pigskin ones, with scalloped edges ($6.95); some in suède, zipped at the side for a very snug fit ($12); and suède pull-ons, in a six-button length, with leather appliqué on the backs ($13.50).

DE PINNA: A little rayon brocade evening bag, fitted with a large, round, brocade-covered compact, a gilt-topped comb, and a lipstick container, is $5.35. Another brocade bag, shaped like a long, flat box, with a handle at the top, has the same contents, plus a brocade cigarette case; $22.20. . . . A gilt-metal-chain choker, strung with imitation baroque pearls, is $12; a bracelet dangling a gold-metal disc centered with a cluster of fake seed pearls is $9, and earrings to match are $7.14. . . . A two-tone rayon taffeta umbrella with a plastic crook handle that can be removed for packing costs $8.95. . . . A narrow belt, in black, bronze, red, or brown snakeskin, or gold kid—$5 either way—has a tiny, detachable purse.

DE PISA, 135 East 63rd Street: Beautiful scarves of pure China silk, with permanent accordion pleats, come in thirty different colors. They are of an elongated diamond shape, and any one of them can be tied as a very trim



SPICE SET

IDEAL FOR GIFTS



$2.50

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ascot; $5. Similar scarves in a stole length are $8.95. . . . An agreeable knickknack here is a two-inch, adjustable capeskin leather belt in a wide range of colors; the buckle is covered with leather and embellished with five brass emblems; $11.

DUNHILL, 620 Fifth Avenue (50th): For handbags that are something more than Christmas staples, this place is a good bet. An unusual long and deep one, of calf or suède, with a square gold-metal top and an upright snap clasp, is trimmed on both sides with a fold of the leather in an inverted V. It has a wide, soft strap handle and is lined with black or brown rayon satin; $47.40. For evening, there is a flat black rayon satin bag that flares from a seven-inch bottom to a nine-inch top and would make a fine background for a particularly arresting pin or clip; $20.10. French purses for change and bills ($11.40) are made of Chinese brocade, and so are a group of long, narrow purses designed to hold eyeglasses, as well as a compact and a lipstick ($6).

GRANDE MAISON DE BLANC, 745 Fifth Avenue (57th): French handkerchiefs, made of irregular linen squares and oblongs hemstitched together, and edged with an inch of Malines lace—the kind that are likely to turn into heirlooms—are $33 apiece. From Belgium, there are eight-inch linen squares, bordered with real Val ($4.50) or point de fée ($9.75). Light Shetland-wool bed jackets, with rayon satin ribbon ties, are lined with wool knit; $19.75.

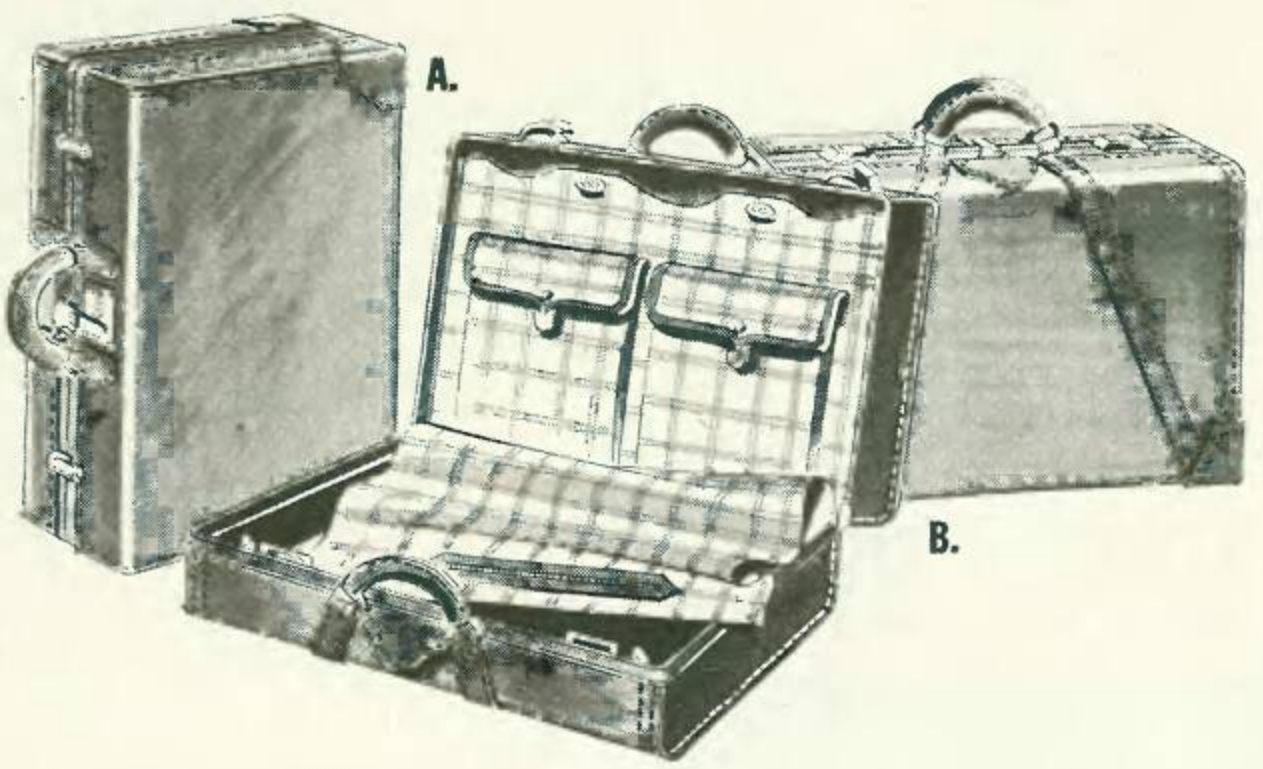
GUNTHER: A woman's closets may be teeming with blouses, but she never has enough of them—a point that knowing gift-givers keep well in mind at this time of year. Gunther has short-sleeved rayon satin blouses, with round, collarless necks, in white, ice blue, chartreuse, or beige, that are unusually nice; $25. Less formal ones, in white, beige, or gray rayon crêpe, have three-quarter-length push-up sleeves; $29.95. . . . Evening handbags include long, pouch-shaped affairs with zipper tops, made of silver, gold, and blue bugle beads ($54) and envelope bags of black or colored rayon satin, the flaps of which are studded with iridescent stones ($59.40). . . . For $12, you can get a gilt key chain from which are suspended a miniature notebook, a pencil, a powder box, a flashlight, a lipstick case, a whistle, and, oddly enough, a key.

JO HUGHES, 10 East 56th Street: This

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The strong points of these Herbert Dale exclusives are in construction—hand-picked hides, sturdy frames, protected corners, re-inforcing bands, saddle-stitching, handles, studs. The fine points show in the smart details which prove distinction—and add so much to convenience in actual use. Illustrated are but two pieces from a large Dale designed selection ranging in price from 35.50 to 650.00.

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The best value we have ever produced! Overlapping shell construction at seams for double strength. Interior has curtain with laundry pocket. Sesamee Keyless Combination Lock. Rich suntan or ginger top grain cowhide. Natural or Havana top grain pigskin.
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Extra wide—to hold 3 suits on one side, complete accessory wardrobe or 3 more suits on the other. Selected steerhide, lined with imported Irish linen. Two linen curtains, one with full zipper pocket, other with two accessory pockets and full shirt fold. In suntan or ginger 89.50
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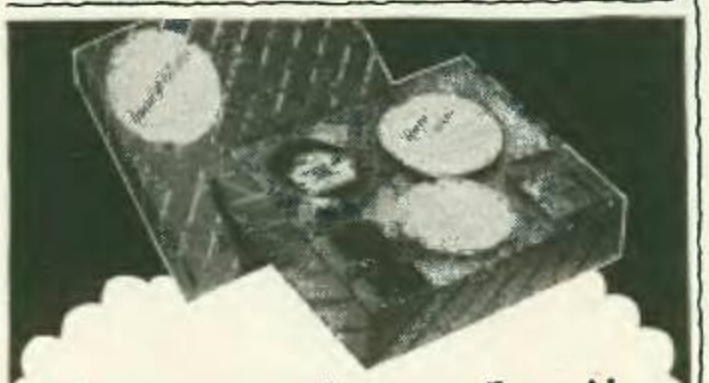


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new shop has those imported cashmere evening cardigans, trimmed with beads and sequins, that refugees from a New York winter love to toss around their shoulders of a Florida evening; they start at $45. A gay one, of pale blue, has Shocking-pink velvet shells, topped with imitation-pearl beads, appliquéd here and there; $65. There is nothing matter-of-fact about the daytime sweaters here, either. A hand-crocheted cardigan of pale-blue wool is touched up with appliquéd black felt French poodles or other Parisian motifs—you know, the Eiffel Tower and a champagne bottle, and such; $45. . . . The lingerie includes a flame silk chiffon nightgown patterned, if we heard correctly, after an angel's robe. It costs $70 and has white satin flowers appliquéd around the yoke, narrow lace around the high neck, and long sleeves cuffed with satin. A fingertip-length nightgown (maybe you'd better think about this before plunging) comes in black, white, mauve-pink, or pale-blue silk chiffon with long, cuffed sleeves, or in pink or blue sheer wool; $55. Peignoirs, in a pink or pale-blue rosebud-sprigged rayon sheer, have high, round necks, shirred yokes, and long, cuffed sleeves. They're tagged $39.50. Matching Empire nightgowns with short, puffed sleeves are $55.

JAECKEL, 10 East 57th Street: For gaiety, if not for warmth, there are some fur pieces made of mink tails, at $33; one tail encircles the throat and a cluster of tails dangles like a jabot. . . . Three pairs of 51-gauge, 15-denier nylon stockings come in a suède-like-fabric album; $6. For $1.50 more, the recipient's full name will be stamped in gold on the cover (five days). . . . Hand-knit wool ascots in black or brilliant colors ($12) are studded at the ends with gold or silver sequins. Matching gloves ($15) have sequined cuffs. Black, brown, or pastel four- or eight-button-length gloves with shirred cuffs ($8.95 and $9.95) are made of a kind of rayon jersey known as *peau de pêche*—feels like peach fuzz. . . . A small gilt-metal compact, decorated with a raised design of rhinestone-centered flowers, comes in a case of black, brown, or navy rayon satin. A gilt-metal lipstick container is attached to one end of the case; $12.

JAY THORPE: Engaging printed-silk blouses, with cap sleeves, round collarless necks, and buttons down the

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and add Peg Newton's winning way with proportioned dressmaker lines. Presto—the Tall Gal's perfect pure wool suit to be worn now under a coat —and later on its own.

Young ideas predominate in the smoothly fitted jacket and pirouette skirt with unpressed pleats. $39.95. Grey, black, brown, hunter green and cherry red. Sizes 12 to 20 T.G.*

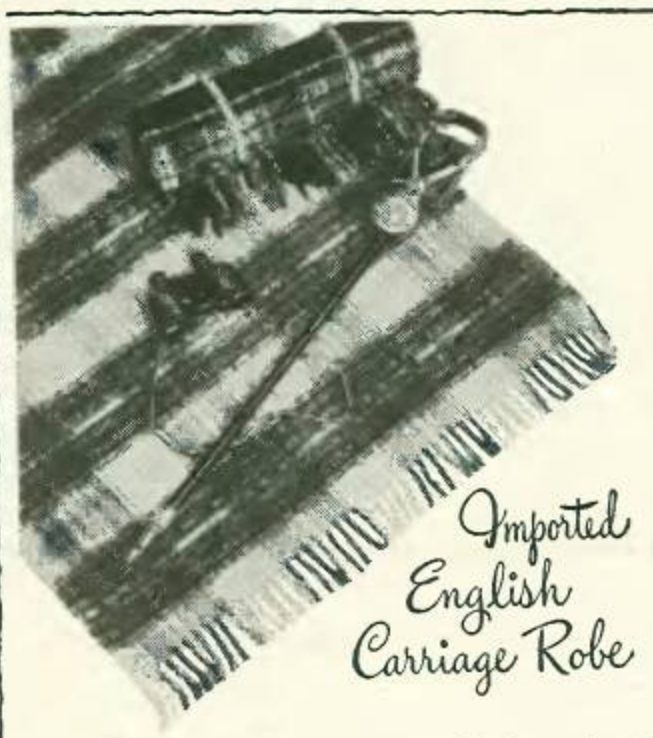
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back, are on hand here for $8.95; solid-pastel ones, at the same price, are made with or without collars. . . . Among the handbags are black, brown, or tan suède purses with flap closings of black- or brown-and-white unborn calf; these are $15.30, and matching unborn-calf belts, to which the purse may be attached, are $7.95. . . . White, black, or peach tailored satin slips with embroidered scallops cost $9.95, and a matching surplice nightgown is $14.95.

LEDERER DE PARIS, 711 Fifth Avenue (55th): A capacious calfskin shoulder bag, in russet lined with bright-green kid, not only is big enough to be useful on an overnight trip but contains a rayon plaid folding umbrella, for *rainy* overnight trips; $107.40. An address-book-and-memo-pad, made of cobra, costs $7.75, and may be had in any of sixteen colors—which would certainly startle the average cobra. A miniature clothes-brush in a cobra case is $2.50.

LENTHÉRIC, 673 Fifth Avenue (53rd): Christmas presents that are artfully designed for making women happy in the home are the chief lures here. In zenana cloth (a soft, jacquard-pattern wool), there is a double-breasted princesse breakfast coat, with a rolled rayon satin collar, and a rayon satin panel down the front of the skirt; $66.50, in pink or blue. A three-quarter-length quilted silk velvet coat, fastened with satin frogs at the throat, has bell sleeves and a flaring back; this confection—identified, regrettably, as a brunch coat—comes in pink, blue, or cerise, and costs $33.50. Full-skirted hostess gowns that might even wind up at dinner in a restaurant or at the theatre are made of gold or bright-green rayon taffeta, with push-up dolman sleeves, and tiny ball buttons down the front to the waistline, which dips low in back; $35. . . . French one-of-a-kind ornaments abound here—light-hearted necklaces, chokers, and so on—constructed of velvet, sequins, imitation pearls, rhinestones, and







No wonder "Turtles" are famous from coast to coast. The creamiest of creamy caramel, the richest of rich milk chocolate and luscious pecan halves . . . there's no other candy quite like the one and only "Turtles." An unusual and exceptional gift . . . distinctive, wonderfully delicious! If your town has no "Turtles" dealer, send $1.65 for *one* lb.; $1.55 for *each additional* lb. sent to same address, same shipment . . . DE MET'S, INC., Div. A-900, 312 West Madison Street, Chicago 6, Illinois.

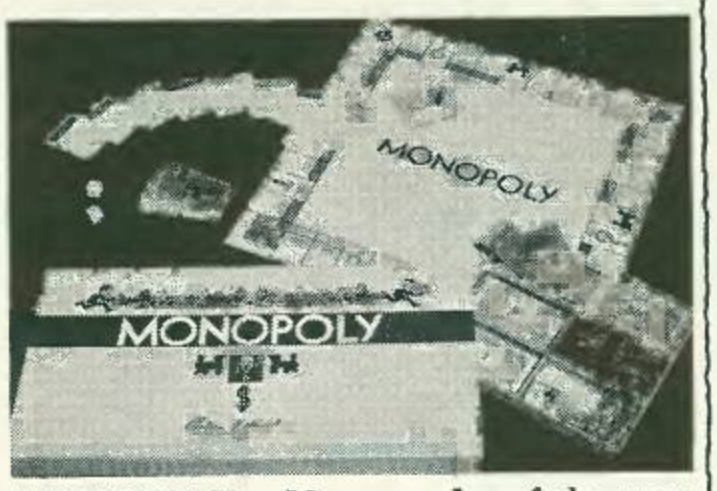
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Make-A-Million is a delightful freshener and change from bridge and poker. A surprising game of quick climaxes and exciting play from beginning to end. Absolutely different from all others previously invented, we recommend it as a stirring easily learned game every adult should play. Everybody likes it! 75c



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beads; $42 up. A woman who has fallen in with the fashion of button shoes might welcome a three-inch gold-plated buttonhook; $4.20.... A trinket to swing from a charm bracelet is a gold bird cage, containing a very small bluebird and fitted with a false bottom that holds a drop or two of perfume; $49.50.

LÉRON, 745 Fifth Avenue (58th): First, among the custom stuff and especially worth a look, are a nightgown and peignoir combination (better allow at least a week). Both are appliquéd with scrolls of pale-blue satin. The peignoir ($145), of white silk chiffon, has a Peter Pan collar and an appliquéd yoke; the gown ($89.50 and up, depending on the material, which may be silk chiffon, satin, or crêpe) has a shirred Empire top, and scroll detail under the bosom.... A white silk blouse (we're out of the custom department now) is finished with tiny pearl buttons, and Val-type lace edges the Peter Pan collar and runs in bands down the front; $19.75.... Plain white linen handkerchiefs with hemstitched edges are $15 a dozen; an eleven-inch one with hand-rolled edges and pink-and-blue embroidery is $6.75. There are a number of Belgian linen handkerchiefs here, too, at prices ranging from $5.75, for one with a Val-type-lace border, to $21.50, for a linen square edged in Binche.

LORD & TAYLOR: Gloves, for a starter. Christian Dior is represented by black suède shorties with ruffled taupe cuffs ($15.95) and some longer gloves, of gold-colored suède, with shirring above the wrists ($21.50). From domestic makers are two models of short gloves that you should look at—one is of white capeskin, with glass buttons at the wrists, for $6.95; the other is a Victorian sort of thing, of brown suède, with shirring and a black fringe at the top, for $8.95.... That Dior man has also had his effect on lingerie; to wit, a bed cape of blue or peach basketweave wool, or quilted rayon crêpe, copied from a design of his, that has an ascot tie in front and may either swing loose in the back or be anchored down with strings around the waist; $10.95. There's also a good group of handmade French nightgowns in white, pink, apricot, or navy-blue chiffon. One, with a square neck and long, cuffed sleeves, is covered in front from the shoulders to the hem with horizontal rows of

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- highly glossed African satinwood
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Prices: (postage paid)
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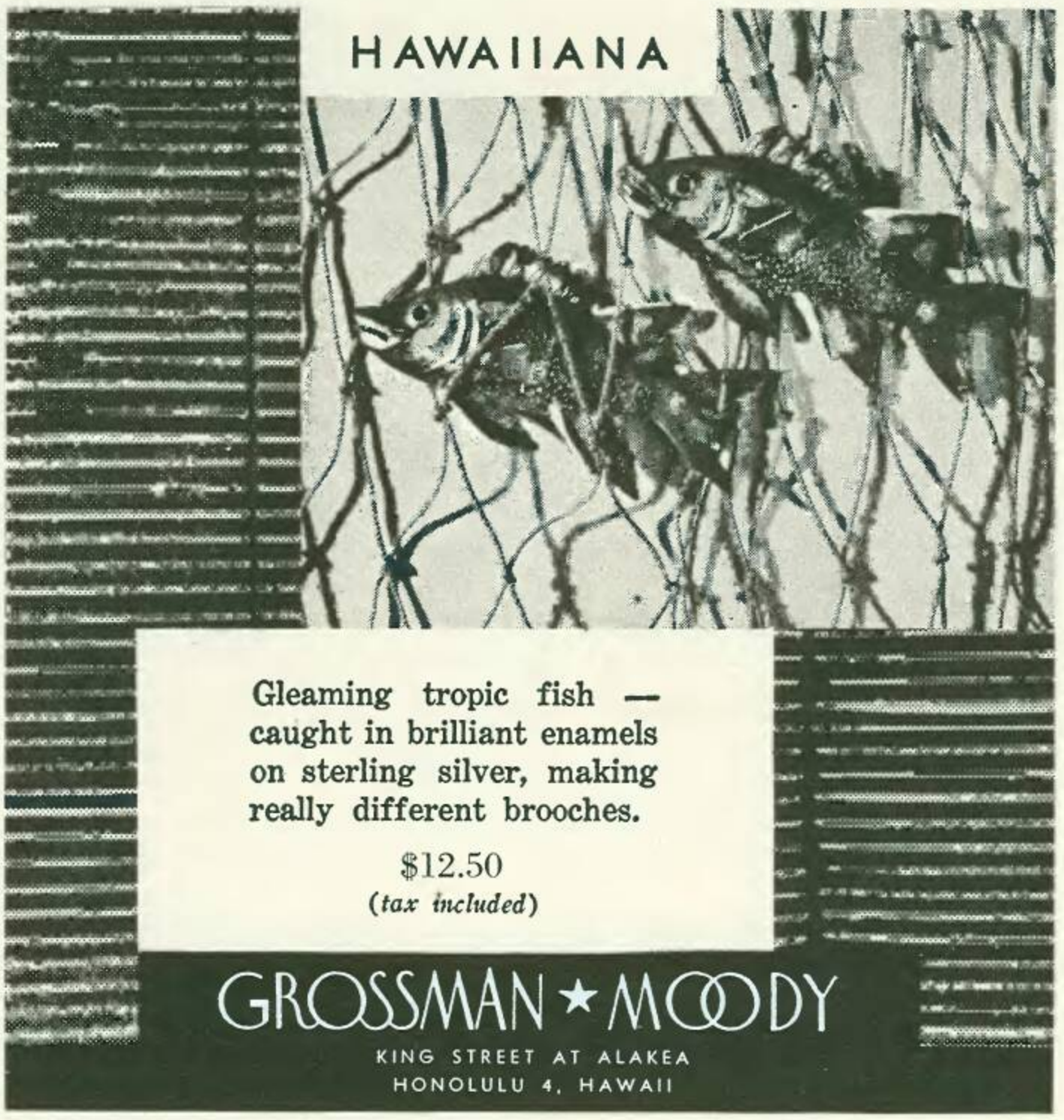
GILES 1050 Potomac St., N.W. Washington 7, D. C.
Handmade Products from Old Georgetown
(Sorry no COD's)

Alençon-type lace separated by tucks; $45. . . . And, of course, handbags. There is a nice crop of inexpensive small black leather bags for daytime. They have leather linings, double loop handles, and a fair amount of room; $12.60. For brightening up cocktail and evening occasions, there are shirred rayon satin pouches, in black, brown, navy, red, or green, at $7.14. . . . To go inside a bag, or in your pocket, or wherever, there's a gilt-metal cylinder, topped with a baroque imitation pearl, that contains not the lipstick you would expect but a diminutive whisk broom, handy for girls who have trouble with cigarette ashes; $3.54.

McCutcheon: A trifling oddment that is a fine thing to know about at Christmas time is a rayon satin container for earrings that consists of six tiny flannelette-lined pockets (a pair of earrings will fit in each) sewn one to another; it opens up like an accordion; $1.95. . . . In the handbag section, there's a small bag, of black or brown suède that won't rub off, with a springy frame that opens when you pull it and shuts when you push it. It has an arm strap, and a lining of rayon taffeta; $30. There are box-like black or brown calf bags with double cord handles, for $18. . . . Wool gloves in off-white or beige with oatmeal-colored pigskin palms, or in brown or black with cork pigskin palms, sell for $5.

Macy: Stoles, as we have said, are going like a house afire this season, and Macy has ruffled black net ones, at $2.77, and others, of French chiffon, in white, black, taupe, or pink, splashed with painted bees, at $9.98. . . . The fat, gilt-metal jewelled flies,





Gleaming tropic fish — caught in brilliant enamels on sterling silver, making really different brooches.

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Cologne 3.50
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GOURIELLI

GOURIELLI, 16 E. 55th St., New York 22

with corkscrew pins, that swarmed all over Parisian jewelry counters last summer have turned up at Macy, for $3.58. The corkscrew pins hold them fast and are supposed not to leave permanent holes in material. Imitation-amethyst jewelry, copied from Jacques Fath, includes cabochon earrings surrounded by imitation seed pearls, for $5.98, and some imposing-looking necklaces, one of them consisting of an amethyst, surrounded by pearls, suspended from a diamond-and-gold chain—all imitation, of course, for $10.78. . . .The lingerie section here is enlivened with fitted quilted calico robes—double-breasted and very gay—for $16.93, and copies of French underwear, such as pink rayon crêpe slips with voluminous skirts and fitted bodices that fasten down the front and are trimmed with Alençon-type lace ($13.98).

Emma Maloof, 444 Madison Avenue (49th): Now comes a stole of marabou, for the boudoir. It is thirteen inches wide and long enough to reach to the fingertips, and has a pocket in the lining on each side for whatever it is you customarily carry around in a marabou stole. You can have this in a number of colors, including aqua, for $49.50. Perhaps a more conventional way of getting your message across would be a white Swiss linen handkerchief with an embroidered monogram (there's still time), for $3. A handmade nightgown of pink or blue rayon crêpe has one white satin bowknot appliquéd on the bosom and two more on the skirt. It costs $17.50, and a matching slip costs $11.75.

Julia Marshall, 435 Park Avenue (56th): The specialty here is handmade linen blouses, simple and beautiful, and if you can't find exactly the color you want for somebody's Merry Christmas, the management will make it to order for you in ten days. A round-necked, short-sleeved blouse of fine Irish linen that buttons down the back and has navy embroidered scallops around the neck and down the front, costs $37.50. A somewhat similar blouse, in a rather heavy and not too crushable linen, has as its only decoration a V-shaped yoke of embroidered white polka dots and eyelets; $39.75. Another short-sleeved blouse, this one of cambric linen, has a pointed turnover collar and a yoke at the front and back that is sprinkled with embroidered red snowflakes; $32.50. The detail that this shop puts



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Ever thought how many genuine leather articles you have? Gather them for a "Leather Round-Up". Treat them with
LEXOL
LEATHER CONDITIONER
It renews their smart, new look, and greatly prolongs their life. Sold by shoe, luggage, sporting goods, department, and camera stores, or remit direct. Pt. $1.25, Qt. $2, Gal. $5.
THE MARTIN DENNIS CO.
DEPT. H-12, NEWARK 4, N. J.



into rayon crêpe blouses, which start at $14.50, and into silk ones, which cost about the same as the linens, is worth your attention.

MARTHA-RONÉE, 501 Madison Avenue (52nd): Assuming that you *still* haven't ticked off all the names you have marked down for lingerie, we lead you to this group of handmade items. Silk crêpe slips, with two hemstitched satin bands that encircle the waist and crisscross over the front, are available in black, brown, and navy, as well as in the customary pale blue and tearose; $29.95. On another silk crêpe slip, minuscule appliquéd hearts of the same color as the binding are scattered over the bosom, and there's a two-inch satin band inserted at the waist. You can get this in white with coral binding, blue with white, or all white, for $29.95. A good silk satin petticoat ($19.95) is kept slim through the waist by a zipper closing. A practical wool flannel wrap-around robe is held together with a sash, below which the skirt flares out pertly. The whole thing is scalloped and faced with contrasting colored wool. The navy version of this has a yellow, coral, or light-blue lining ($79.95), and an ashes-of-roses one is lined with gray ($75).

ALICE MAYNARD, 558 Madison Avenue (56th): Women who don't mind admitting that they're not so hot at threading a needle would probably welcome a Thread-a-Matic. You set an ordinary needle in a hole in this small device, draw the thread through a slot, press a lever, and *voila!*—the needle is threaded; $2.95. A larger model, now being perfected, will take care of camels and rich men. . . . The current mania for gold accessories is evidenced here by gilt aluminum knitting needles; fifteen sets of them are done up in a black moiré case with gilt bindings, for $10. . . . If, perhaps, you have in mind some design that you would like to see painted on a button, this firm has an arrangement with a group of disabled veterans that may solve your problem. These men will decorate buttons of pearl, leather, bone, or whatnot with anything you want—maps, portraits, coats of arms, monograms—and have them ready for you the day after you place your order. Yacht flags on pearl buttons, to give you an idea, are $2.50 each.

MOSSE, 659 Fifth Avenue (52nd): Mosse sees nothing at all unimagina-

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NEW 1948 COLLECTION
now showing.
Personal representatives
in most important social
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Silver Stars for Christmas Giving



Silver bells, cockle-shells . . . all these pieces are unusually attractive—and so simple to order by mail. Guernsey Jug, 29.50; Bell, 15.50; Porringer Ash Tray, 6.75; Shell Ash Tray, 4.25—all in Sterling silver. Cigarette Box in English silver plate, 18.50. Postpaid. *Fed. tax incl.*

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Importers, H. Hamstra & Co., New York 11

tive about giving handkerchiefs for Christmas, and, considering that they are the custodians of some hand-spun fine linen squares bordered with Appenzell embroidery, which sell for up to $50 apiece, their view is understandable. They also have pure-linen handkerchiefs, with hand-rolled edges; $9 a dozen, in twelve colors. Others, ranging in price from $3 to $8.25 each, include a white Swiss batiste one with a large floral spray embroidered in one corner and sprigs of flowers around the edge; it's about fourteen inches square, and has a one-inch corded and hand-rolled border.

PRINCESS OBOLENSKY, 417 Park Avenue (55th): A black or green suède belt, two and a half inches wide, has a squirming parade of insects, such as caterpillars and beetles, marching around it. The bugs are made of sequins and beads, and the belt sells for $13.50. . . . A catch-all bedside pocket of quilted rayon satin, which anchors under the mattress, has two pouches for eyeglasses, manicure implements, and such stuff; $4.75. A matching case for cleansing tissues is $2.25. . . . Handbags with drawstring tops are favored here—one for shopping, made of broadtail or leopard plush, is fifteen inches deep and has a rayon taffeta lining ($15.50); the evening version is six inches high and made of crocheted silver or gold metallic thread ($9.50).

PECK & PECK: It's hard to think of anything more dependable as a Christmas gift than a sweater, and P. & P. keep the old tradition pleasantly alive. White and pastel short-sleeved slipons, made in this country of imported cashmere, are $13.95, and long-sleeved cardigans, of the same material, are $16.95. Cashmere slipons from Scotland have three vertical rows of cable stitch forming a yoke, front and back, which removes them from the classic category; $22.95, in white, light blue, or yellow. . . . Rayon plush, stencilled to resemble baranduki fur, is used for a skullcap with bonnet strings, a cloche ($5.95 for either), a barrel muff ($9.54), and a large, over-the-shoulder pouch bag ($8.34). . . . Enormous drawstring carryalls of tartan canvas, with cowhide bases, tops, and handles, cost $22.20 in sixteen-and-a-half-inch heights, and $14.34 in eleven-inch heights.

PLUMMER, 734 Fifth Avenue (57th):



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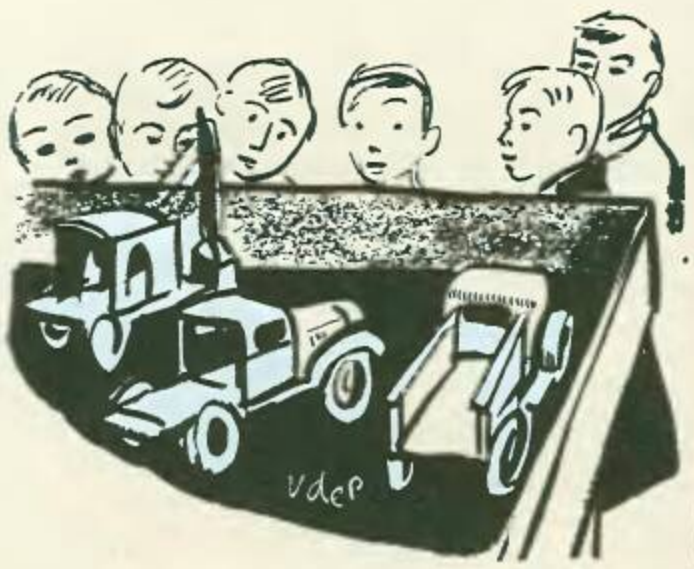
COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.

A polished-calf handbag, a foot high and eight inches wide, is a good candidate for any $48 you may have loose. Saddle stitching and old harness brass decorate the flap, and the lining is colored suède—red in a navy calf bag, and green in a brown or British tan one. . . . A rayon taffeta umbrella, of walking-stick length, has an English Malacca hooked handle and a braided thong; $13.50.

HELENA RUBINSTEIN: A small, neat satchel handbag in cherry-red, green, black, brown, or navy calf is $22.20, and matching fittings, such as key and eyeglass cases, French purses, compacts, and cigarette cases, run from $4.74 to $11.94. A miniature gold-plated pineapple turns out to contain a seventeen-jewel watch; hung on a gold-filled link bracelet and studded with fake jewels, it costs $60.50.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE: French washable suède two-button-length gloves in white, black, or pink, with fine self fringe at the wrists, are $8.50. For sterner occasions, there are domestic wool-lined natural-pigskin slipons; $7.50. . . . A velours evening bag (American Beauty, royal blue, pale green, or black) has a separate compartment underneath that contains a pair of miniature but practical opera glasses; $59.40. . . . An impressive two-tone rayon satin princesse hostess gown, in such combinations as pink and gray, and pale and teal blue, has a long attached scarf at one side of the round, collarless neck ($49.50); in all-black rayon velvet—and there's no need to stay home in this one—it's $69.50. Finally, there's a bronze silk jersey blouse with a heart-shaped neck and three-quarter-length sleeves, and an accompanying quilted gold lamé wrap-around skirt, for $190. It's a beauty.

SELECTIONS DE TANYA, 743 Fifth Avenue (57th): Voluminous (three by four feet) Italian scarves, of satin crêpe or jacquard silk, in rich, deep colors, are $25. A slightly smaller



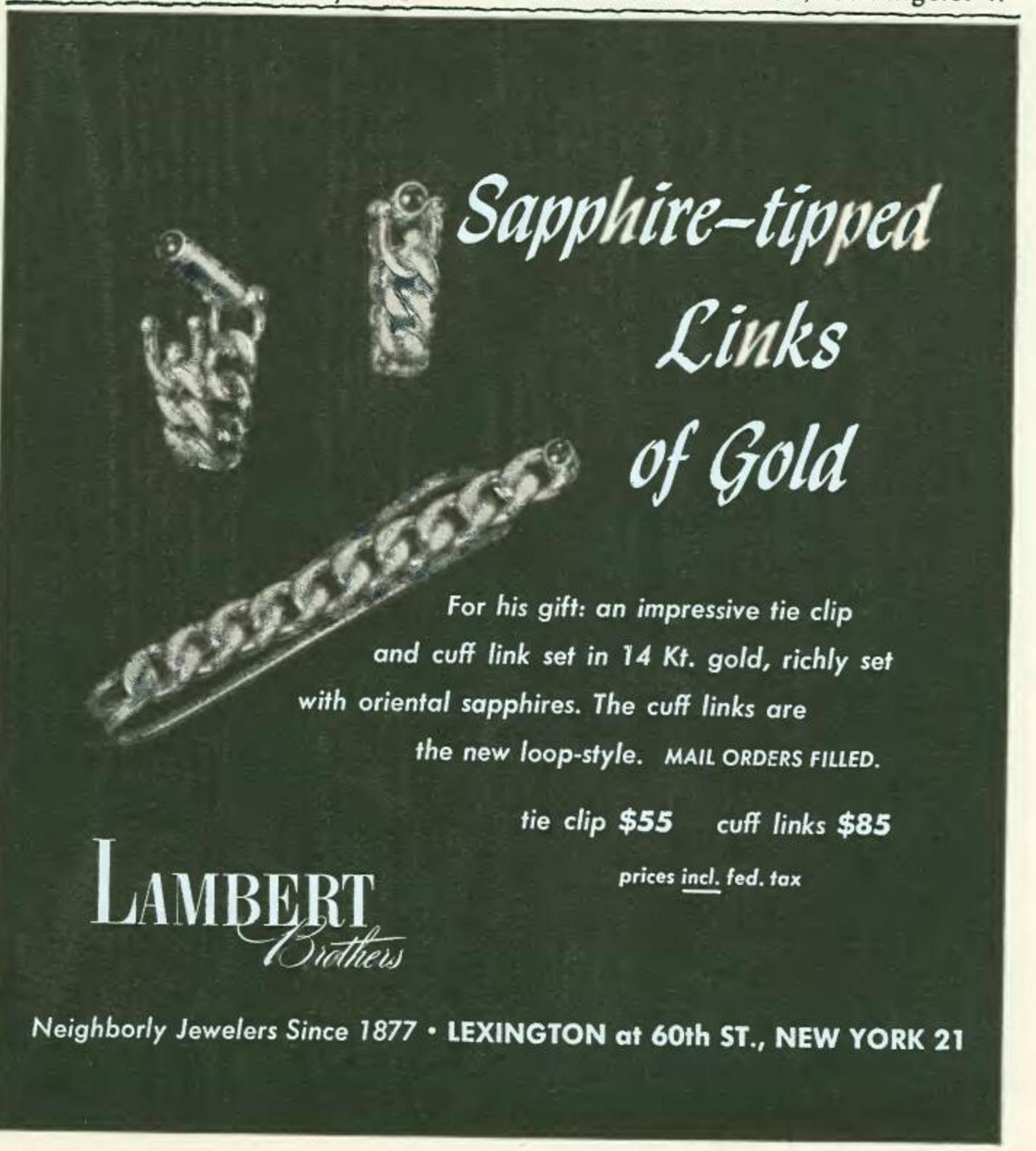


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scarf, which a girl who is handy could twist into a turban, is $18.

Perfumes

BEFORE you approach the perfume counters with your shopping list, let us say that you had better not simply rely on what you learned at this time last year, because there's nothing more fickle than women's taste in perfume, and the perfume people were never ones to stand still for long. Under the circumstances, it's not surprising that a couple of the scents that reigned last Christmas have evaporated, in more ways than one. Others, of course, are still in high favor—Marcel Rochas's revolutionary Femme, for instance, a tropical-fruit-and-flower fragrance that wafted in from France about this time last year. Rochas has tried to beat the copyists to the punch by copying it himself, in two new scents, Mousseline and Mouche. As far as we're concerned, though, the original is still his best. Femme is dressed up this year in one of the most attractive packages you will find anywhere—a fat, round, smelling-salts sort of bottle, covered with black lace, all of which is contained in a Victorian black suède pocketbook; $27 for this, and there's even a quarter-ounce of the perfume thrown in. Another survivor from last year is Lelong's Orgueil, a soft, floral type with sweet pea bobbing around in its wake; it is presented this time in fascinating little gilt-metal bottles, a quarter-ounce for $12, and three-quarters of an ounce for $30.

AMONG the brand-new scents that deserve top billing are Miss Dior and Diorama, the maiden efforts as a perfumer of the ubiquitous Christian Dior. Both these are of the school that first smells fresh, and then hangs around insistently, like the scent of tropical foliage. You get two ounces of either in a splendid obelisk of a bottle, enshrined before a triple mirror, for $78. (There are toilet waters in these fragrances, too, in lovely, lacy, four-ounce bottles, for $9.) Molyneux's new Magnificence is *brut* and moody; his suave Connu, back at Bonwit Teller after a long absence, is probably safer. Patou has turned out a bright scent, called L'Heure Attendue, that is all right—any girl would be proud to receive a vial of it for Christmas—but it will never lure people permanently away from the counters where his Joy is available. Schiaparelli's Zut, which comes in a bottle that is shaped like a circus girl's legs, is just what it sounds like; it doesn't even pretend to be subtle. Two

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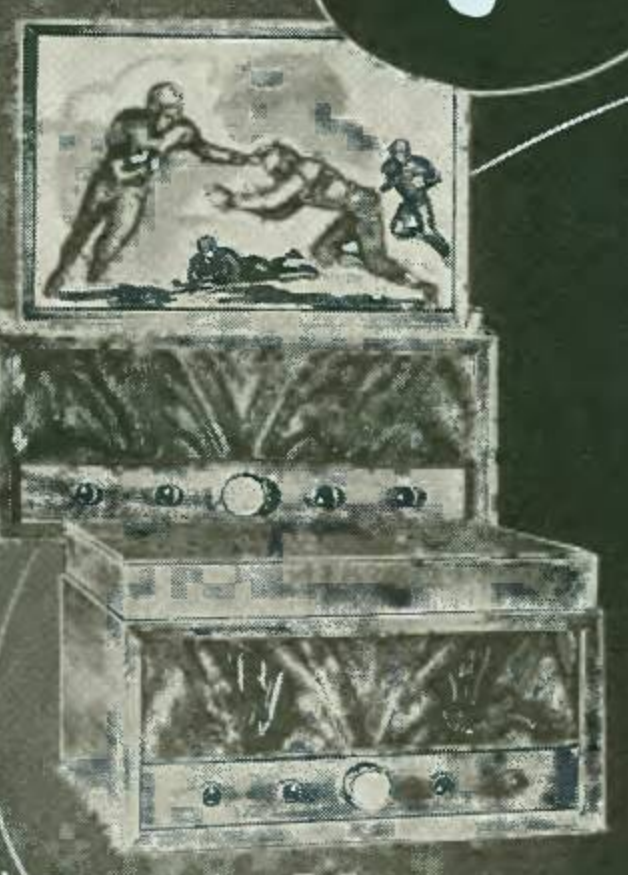
WOMRATH

ounces of this for $48. Schiaparelli's Shocking, the standby in the dressmaker's-dummy bottle, appears in a leather travelling case this season (a third of an ounce for $13.20), and her jack-in-the-box package of the same scent is here again (three one-dram bottles, for $10.80).

TO get back to less aggressive perfumes, we are happy to report that Charles of the Ritz has burst upon the scene with Directoire, a wonderful new scent, in an illustrious package. It's a floral blend, with a hint of heliotrope, that manages to be fresh and alluring at the same time. The glass container is in the shape of a Grecian urn and has two gold-metal handles; one and an eighth ounces of this for $42. In addition, there are four-ounce bottles of toilet water for $6; soaps in hexagonal shapes, which are $2.50 for four, in a gold-and-white paper Directoire box; and an appealing flacon of perfume for the purse, at $4.20. Nettie Rosenstein's entry is Tianne, a light floral, with overtones of sweet pea and a background of green moss; $22.20 an ounce. The Herb Farm's latest is London Mist, a rock-garden blend that suggests flowers after a rain. This one—like more familiar Herb Farm fragrances—is put up in miniature perfume-and-toilet-water combinations in a trunk that is old-fashioned in its shape and modern in its plastic construction; $3.30. A superb new perfume that isn't secretive about its origins is Mary Dunhill's Value, which comes right out and smells like red roses, although a touch of jasmine—at least, we *think* it's jasmine—is used to save it from being too sweet. Ann Haviland, a specialist in authentic single-flower scents, has a new Blue Hyacinth, in perfumes and bath stuff; Yardley is out with a sweet Lotus; and Caron's Farnesiana, which had its début last year, is still much admired by lovers of mimosa. Then, of course, there's D'Orsay's brand-new Divine, a very sweet floral, at $22.20 an ounce.

MORE and more of the established perfumes of France are, after far too many years, coming back to the shelves. You can buy Grenoville's Byzance again, a splendid gardenia of the sharp, tuberose kind; Corday's Romantique; Ciro's Chevalier de la Nuit; and Houbigant's Quelques Fleurs, which is waiting for a whole new generation to find it. N'Aimez que Moi, Caron's white-rose blend, is around, too, and so are Worth's delicate Je Reviens, and Guerlain's Rue de la Paix

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PRESENTS UNLIMITED, who will do all your Christmas shopping—from a mink coat to a match—at absolutely no *additional cost to you* (what a boon to busy executives, homemakers, shut-ins, etc.) has combined for the holidays with one of the most unusual services in New York—SANTA'S HELPERS, Inc.

Imagine your child's or best girl's thrill at having a *real, live* Santa visit and talk personally with them. That's what Santa's Helpers do—beautifully costumed and trained to the job.

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and Vague Souvenir, the latter as wistful as its name.

GREAT colognes can also be had again, clean and fresh and full of verbena, like Roger & Gallet's Jean Marie Farina, Guerlain's Impériale, and a Danish one that is new here (though the least melancholy of the Danes have loved it for over a hundred years), called Esprit de Roi; you'll find this at Georg Jensen. Germaine Monteil's two marvellous fragrances, Nostalgia and Laughter—the first warm and rich, the second a light floral—now appear also as colognes, in twin glass urns with colored-plastic tops; four ounces of both for $7.20.

As for soaps, Morny's giant cakes of French Fern, Wild Rose, and Rose Geranium are once more among us (three for $2.75); Guerlain's Iris and Geranium cost $4.50 and $3.75, respectively, for boxes of three. Bergdorf has struck one of the happiest ideas in years—soap sold by the yard, in a yardstick box, with the soap inside ready to be broken off into three-inch cakes. Thirty-six inches are $5.50, and, unlike so many perfumed soaps, this lathers luxuriantly.

COSMETICS are available in almost any quantity and combination, right up to the kind of fitted case that would see a girl through several years on a desert island. Jacqueline Cochran has a vast over-the-shoulder carryall for airplane travellers, made of leather that looks like alligator, with a removable case to hold Miss Cochran's —or, for that matter, anybody else's— bottles and jars; $108. Overnight cases made by De Markoff have mirrors in the center part of their lids, and sides that open out to form trays; a leather one (looks like alligator) includes, for goodness' sake, a tiny R.C.A. radio; $94.50. Women who prefer to hear nothing but the gentle swishing of Kleenex might enjoy a noiseless case; $45.... Elizabeth Arden provides a small, neat kit, intended for a working girl to keep in her desk drawer ($19.80), and a whopping alligator-grain cowhide piece, containing everything short of a masseuse ($180).... A navy airplane-cloth overnight box with rawhide bindings, made by Mary Chess, has bottle-and-jar space around the sides and would be a handy thing to have on a train; $35.40.... DuBarry has an excellent leather over-the-shoulder handbag, for $21, equipped with a fitted, removable cosmetic rack.... Revlon has some nice manicure cases, at


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from $6.55 to $28; and Joy's leather cases, filled with surgical-steel scissors, files, and so on, cost from $13.20 up. (At Saks.)

AT Christmas time, as you may have gathered, perfumes, cosmetics, and bath accoutrements come wrapped with considerable flourish, and we're only scratching the surface when we mention Elizabeth Arden's Blue Grass cologne done up in a snow man or snow woman ($4.20), and accordion-shaped case filled with all sorts of pleasant tidbits ($12.85).... Three favorite Coty perfumes, inside transparent plastic bells, swing in a miniature Gothic archway; $6.... Three of Ann Haviland's floral toilet waters (Lily of the Valley, the rosy Perhaps, and the new Blue Hyacinth) are available in a communal package for $3.60; seven of her bath oils are $5.40.... A Matchabelli package contains a small crown bottle of Duchess of York perfume, and larger ones of cologne and toilet water ($3.30).... Hattie Carnegie's bath powders and colognes, which you will find both in her own shop and at Lord & Taylor, are presented in bright satiny paper. (Four Winds, a sports cologne, is a nice one, and so is the more silky Hypnotic.) A bottle of Four Winds cologne with an atomizer top, dressed up in red-and-white or green-and-white paper, costs $3.60.... At Saks Fifth Avenue, great wicker baskets, laden with We Moderns bath and cosmetic things, start at $18.... Helena Rubinstein's warm, somewhat heavy concentrated cologne Best Seller comes in a box that looks like a tiny book; $3. ... Four ounces of Gourielli's Five O'Clock toilet water (a dreamy concoction, touched with sandalwood and



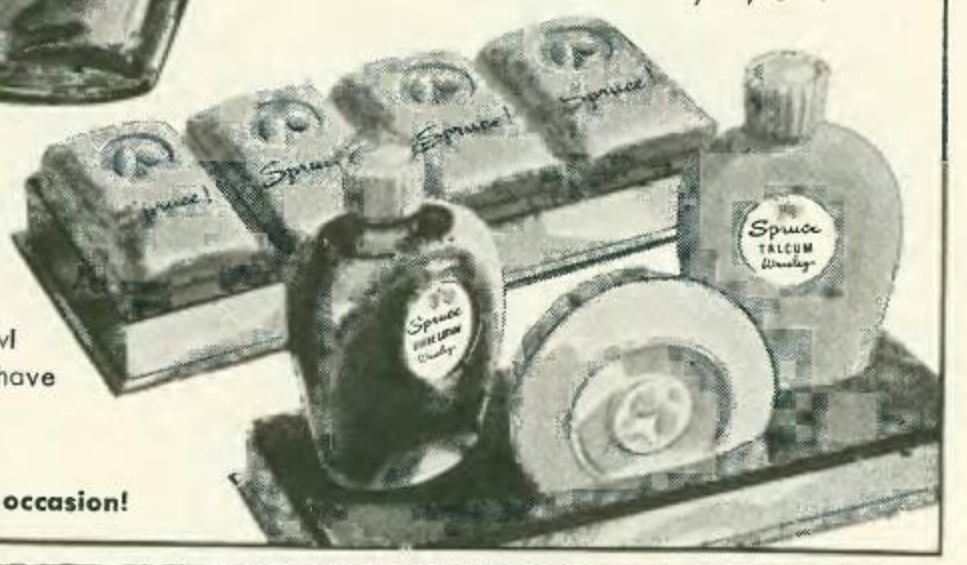
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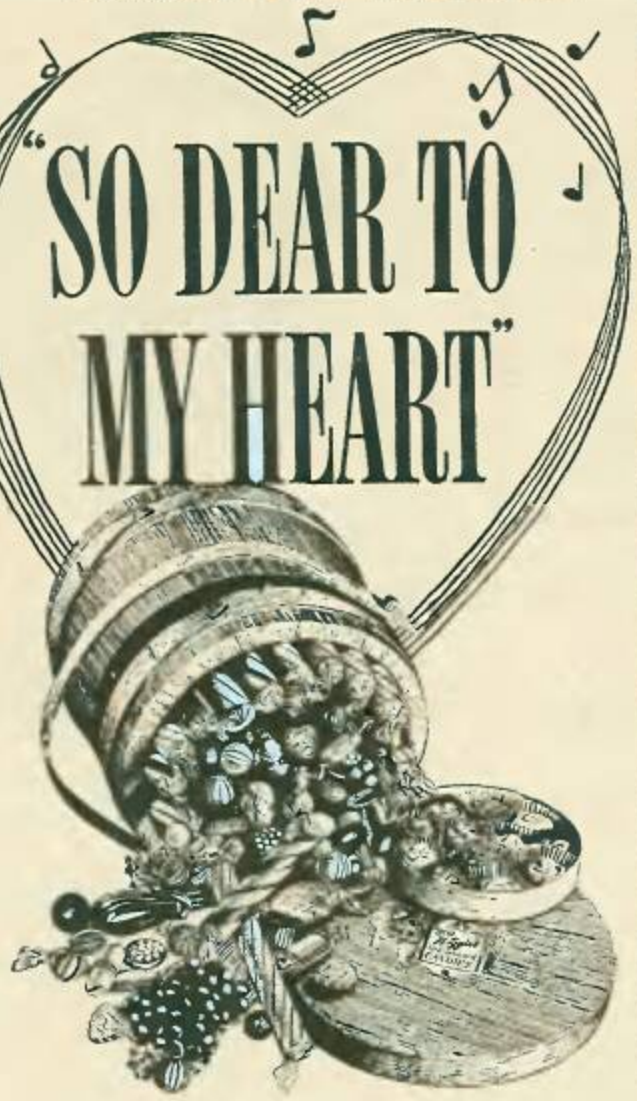
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Don't miss **WALT DISNEY'S** wonderful **NEW PICTURE...**

"SO DEAR TO MY HEART"



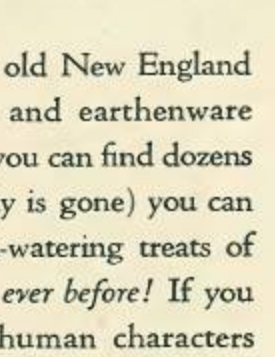


Here they are!—those wonderful old-time candies so dear to everyone's heart! Yes, those very same jawbreakers, peppermint sticks, sugar hearts, chicken corn — and heaps more — that Bobby Driscoll and Luana Patten and all of us loved in those golden barefoot boy days that are a part of every one of us!

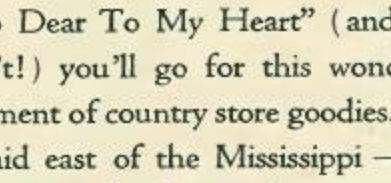
Packed in genuine old New England maple-finish Firkins and earthenware Bean Pots (for which you can find dozens of uses after the candy is gone) you can have all those mouth-watering treats of childhood, *better than ever before!* If you like Disney's warm human characters in "So Dear To My Heart" (and who doesn't!) you'll go for this wonderful assortment of country store goodies. Sent postpaid east of the Mississippi — add 40c postage elsewhere—$1.00 overseas.

8½" Firkin (about 5 lbs.) $4.95
2 qt. Bean Pot (about 2¾ lbs.) $3.25
2 lb. Nibbler's Ass't. (Postpaid) $1.50

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86 TOWN LANE, NORTHAMPTON, MASSACHUSETTS

jasmine) appear in a glass cocktail shaker with a gilt-metal top, for $6.60, and there's also a purse-size bottle, for $3.60. . . . Women travellers might like two bottles of Charbert's cologne in a black rayon faille case; $3.30. . . . At John-Frederic's, you will find toilet water, soap, and so on, in the jasminey Golden Arrow scent, concealed under a red felt Santa Claus cap ($10.20), and For Men Only (it's no such thing) soap and cologne stashed away in the pockets of a pair of real yellow cotton shorts, which, in turn, are in a red hopsacking drawstring beach bag; $12.60. . . . Bendel's perfumes and bath stuff (including the shop's famous floating bath soap, at $1.25 a cake) are all good and, as always, stylishly packed; Eau de Sachet, for instance, comes in a white crackled-glass pinch bottle with a colored-glass stopper. The eight-ounce size is $9, and sixteen ounces are $15. Bendel has handmade white or pale-blue rayon velvet stockings that can be filled with dusting powder, floating soap, toilet water, and perfume in any one of eleven scents; $24 for such a cargo.

SMALL AND SERVICEABLE: An eighth of an ounce of Elizabeth Arden's Blue Grass perfume in a red stocking, ornamented with a single ermine tail ($2.70); dram bottles of Lenthéric's Miracle, Tweed, and Confetti, mounted on tinsel stars in plastic ovals ($6.60). . . . Among any number of perfumes meant to be carried in a handbag are Coty's L'Aimant, or other scents, in a gilt-metal flacon ($2.22); Lanvin's Arpège or Prétexte, in a gold-plated flacon with a black screw top ($3.60 and $3, respectively); Fabergé's Aphrodisia, Woodhue, Straw Hat, or Tigress in something called a Fabergette ($3); and Lelong's Taglio or Tailspin in a glass bottle inside a fluted gilt-metal case ($3.60). Angelique's Black Satin, an infinitely subtle and feminine scent, comes in a matchbox-sized black metal container, with a plunger atomizer; $6. Weil has some tiny vials encased in fabric, to be crushed whenever the moment is at hand for a good dab of perfume (the fabric then serves as a sachet); a box of twelve of these vials, known as Evettes, in Zibeline scent costs $2.40. In the way of compacts and lipsticks, Coty's gilt-metal, envelope-shaped case for loose powder, a holdover from last year, is outstanding, and so is Lelong's gilt-metal tambourine, with loose rings around the edge; each is $5. . . . Harriet Hubbard Ayer offers a square, gilt-metal compact and lipstick with a black-

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and-white enamel plaid design; this, in a leather wallet, is $11.30. . . . Jewelled lipsticks are all over the lot: Gourielli's silver one, with a large birthstone (fake) at the top ($4.20); Scandia's gold-plated job, with three jewelled crowns and a shamrock attached to one side ($6); and Lelong's, studded all over with multicolored stones ($6).

SHORT SNIFFS: Vegetales, which contain vegetable oil and are therefore said to be more lubricating than ordinary toilet waters, are in demand for body rubs and for after shaving. Caron has a new series of vegetales, with the same old beloved Caron scents—Bellodgia, $9.60; Fleurs de Rocailles, $10.90; and Tabac Blond, smoky and masculine, $6.60. . . . Ann Haviland has a new set of soaps that are so highly scented you'll have to be careful what perfume you use after a bath—if, indeed, you need to use any perfume at all. You have your choice of Purple Lilac, Blue Hyacinth, Wood Violet, Carnation, and Lily of the Valley—three bars for $1.50. . . . A new trick in sachets is Lenthéric's ten-inch wool blanket with rayon satin bindings; $6. . . . Tuvaché's pink Flit gun, with an eight-ounce bottle of Perfumed Air-Mist attached, is a novel way of perfuming yourself or a room, but the scent seemed a little too sweet to us; from $2.40 to $6. . . . For little girls of five, and well on up, Mary Chess has diminutive rayon satin sachets, to go over small dress hangers; these are $3.90 and match her incomparable sachets for grownups.

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During the past year she has been a sophomore in the college of liberal rats.
—*Berkeley (Calif.) Gazette.*

A liberal rat is one that wants to give a pound of cheese to every mouse.

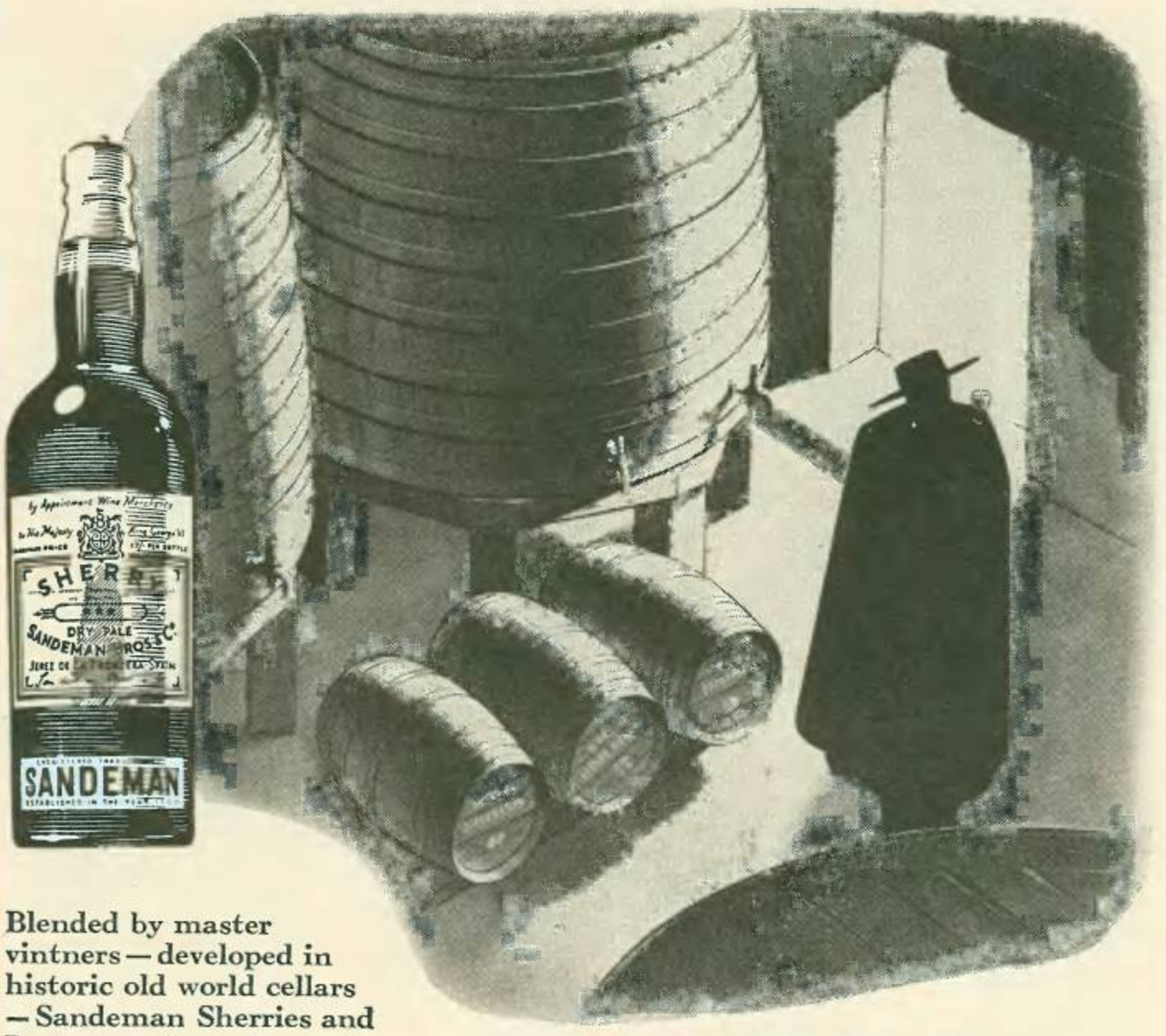
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Walking into the house unannounced, he saw Butch, Mickey and I dining in rather boisterous informality.—*From "Eisenhower Was My Boss," by Kay Summersby.*

On filets of solecism?

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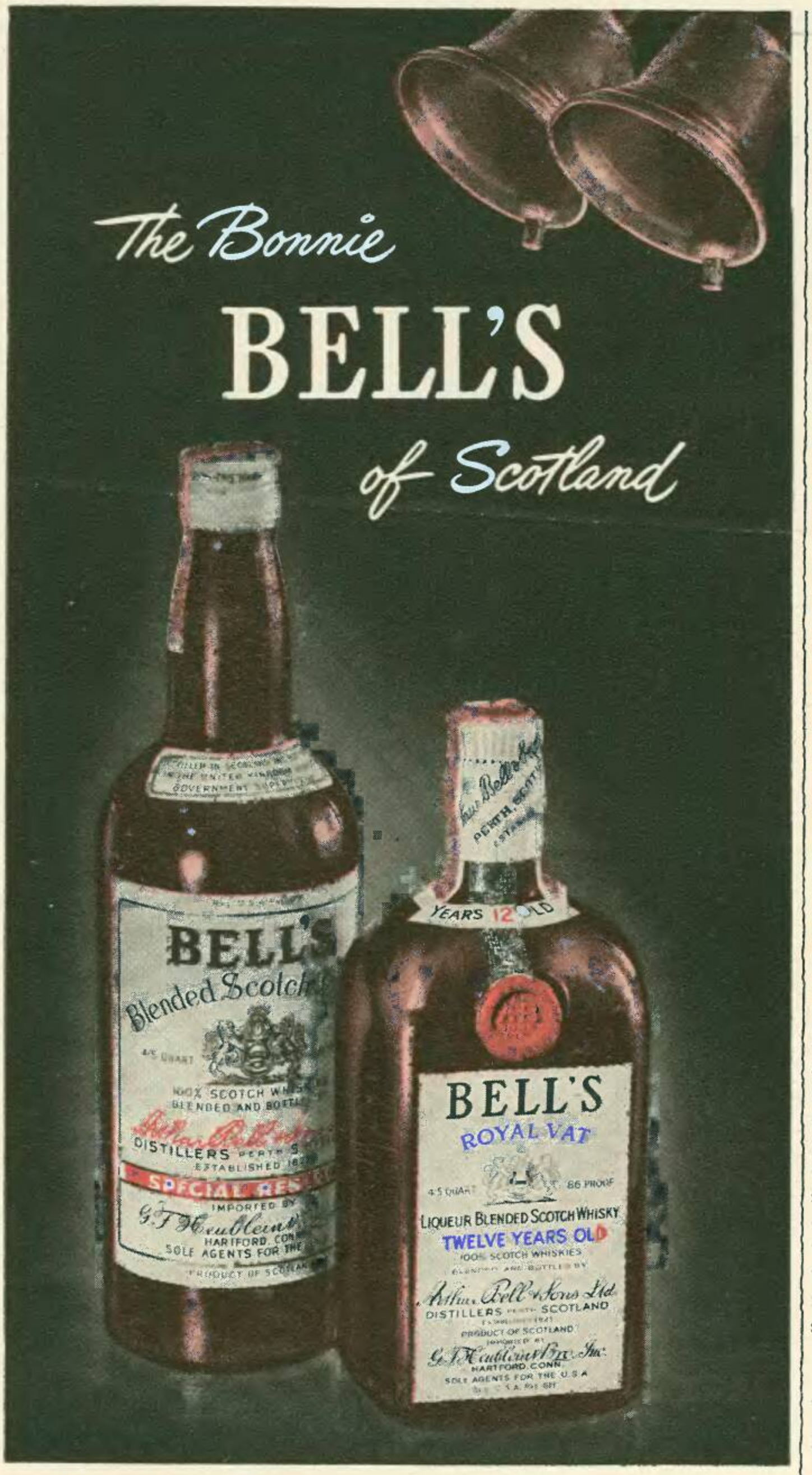
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[*Adv. in the Bloomfield (Iowa) Monday Evening Post*]
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FOOTBALL

A Very Unusual Week



FOR years, it has been the custom at both Annapolis and West Point to take a two-week break before what Army and Navy consider the most important football game of the year, the match between the two senior arms of the services. This lull is given over entirely to the devising and perfecting of special maneuvers for the mystification of the enemy and to the resting and repairing of players whose muscles and psyches have been bruised in the course of the season. This fall, the recess appeared to be a waste of time; Army had not lost a game and Navy had not won one, and it seemed impossible for Navy to improve enough. But during that holiday Navy, which had looked good only fifty minutes all season—twenty of them against California and thirty of them against Penn—got itself in shape to play the game of its career, while Army, in practice one afternoon, damaged Stuart and Stephenson, two of its cleverest ballcarriers, so badly that they had little to offer against Navy. Stuart carried the ball four times, for short gains, in the first quarter and then retired; Stephenson did a bit better than that, but he was not used until the fourth quarter. Neither man pulled away on one of the long runs for which they had become celebrated. And Foldberg, Army's great end, did not get to play at all; the game with Stanford had been a bit too hard on him. Navy, on the other hand, was simply bristling with health. All this, of course, is a very long preamble to the statement that, to the surprise of thirty or forty million American citizens, Navy held Army to a highly satisfying 21–21 tie in Philadelphia's Municipal Stadium last Saturday.

There are additional explanations for what happened. One was certainly the return to form of Bill Hawkins, Navy's best fullback, who had been out of action most of the season, because of an infection. Hawkins did not carry the ball often against Army, but he carried it to good effect. In the third quarter, when Army was leading, 14–7, he was inserted into the lineup as Navy got down near Army's goal, and punched through for the tying score on his first try. Then, a few minutes before the end of the game, when Army was again

leading, 21–14, and Navy was once more at Army's goal, Hawkins snaffled a handsome lateral pass from Baysinger, Navy's quarterback, and romped across the line to tie the score, this time permanently, as it turned out. He was badly jolted on the play, though, and had to be removed from the game. Two weeks before, Army, confronted with almost the same situation (a belated Penn touchdown that put Army behind, 20–19), rushed down the field and scored the winning touchdown, almost as the game ended, on a perfectly executed pass from Galiffa, the quarterback, to Trent, an end. Now Army started down the field again, toward what looked like another winning touchdown. It got to Navy's thirty-four-yard line a couple of minutes before the playing time ran out, and a moment later, on fourth down, Galiffa unloosed his touchdown pass. The Army man to whom it was going had a clear field all the way to Navy's goal, but Hawkins, who had unostentatiously come back into the game, suddenly arrived from nowhere and knocked the ball down.

THERE was another surprise in Philadelphia, on Thanksgiving Day, when Pennsylvania, which had been expected to beat Cornell, came out on the other end of the score, which was 23–14 in Cornell's favor. Both Penn and Cornell also have an extra-long rest period before their most important game—twelve days, in this case—but the vacation was not long enough to enable Fleischmann, a smart young Cornell back, to recover from the bumping he got in the Dartmouth game, and that fact was supposed to increase Penn's advantage. The Army-Navy match was anybody's ball game right to the end, and so was the Penn-Cornell game. And just as Navy had its Hawkins to keep Army from winning, Cornell had its Chollet to keep Penn from winning. Chollet is perhaps the most fragile man ever to play football for Cornell. He wasn't around at all last year, because of an injury the season before, and this fall, after getting off to an excellent start, he was so shaken up by a three-man tackle in the Army game, a month before the Penn game, that it appeared likely he was through for the season. He was back again, however, on Thanksgiving, but he was used sparingly, and almost entirely on the defense, though he had been best known as a receiver of passes. Cornell was ahead, 20–14, in the third quarter, when Penn's great opportunity ar-

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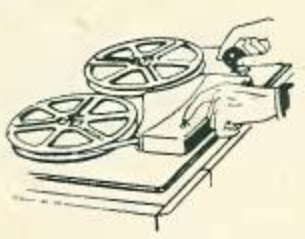
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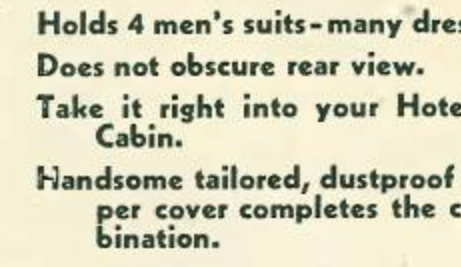
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rived. Cornell made what looked like a first down, only to be informed that it had missed by an inch. It was one of those cases in which it was the officials' privilege to be human and the injured team's privilege to be divine. Cornell, not wishing to risk losing the ball on its forty-two-yard line, punted on the next down, and Penn, taking the ball on its twenty-yard line, caught fire and moved to Cornell's twenty-yard line in five plays. Then Bagnell, Penn's most successful passer this fall, shot a bullet pass down the sidelines, and Chollet, who had been lurking near his goal, made for it. Ball and interceptor met head on at the ten-yard line, and they got to the twenty-yard line before Penn was able to halt them. Cornell could push no farther and was forced to punt again, but though Penn came right back to Cornell's twenty-yard line, Cornell was visibly more at ease. Penn, in turn, had to yield the ball to Cornell, and a while later Dean's pretty field goal, which made the score 23–14 in Cornell's favor, put the game quite beyond the reach of Penn.

THIS department's favorite roving sports commentator is now T. S. Eliot, whose reputation as a literary man and a Nobel prize-winner is not based on his football reporting. Speaking to a *Times* bookman not long ago, he said, "Football has certainly developed. I feel about it as I do about contract bridge—I stopped playing bridge when it stopped being auction. Football in America has developed to such a point that I would imagine the players find their studies a relaxation. It is a more interesting game now, but it is also a more mystifying one. So much of it is based on deception. If the players are deceived, well, so must the inexpert spectator be." Mr. Eliot made these remarks after watching Princeton beat Harvard, 47–7. They would have been even more appropriate had he made them after watching Dartmouth beat Princeton, a fortnight later, 33–14. The exhibition of ball-palming offered that afternoon by Clayton, Dartmouth's sophomore quarterback, was as good of its kind as anything I have seen in the last dozen years. —J. W. L.

•

KINGSVILLE, Nov. 3—Anastacia Gaytan, who came almost as near as anyone to having the secret of longevity, died here Tuesday at the age of 1402.—*San Antonio (Texas) Express.*

Let's not quibble. Let's just say he *had* the secret.

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(golden-roasted imported almonds!)

BUTTER
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Anything for a Laugh



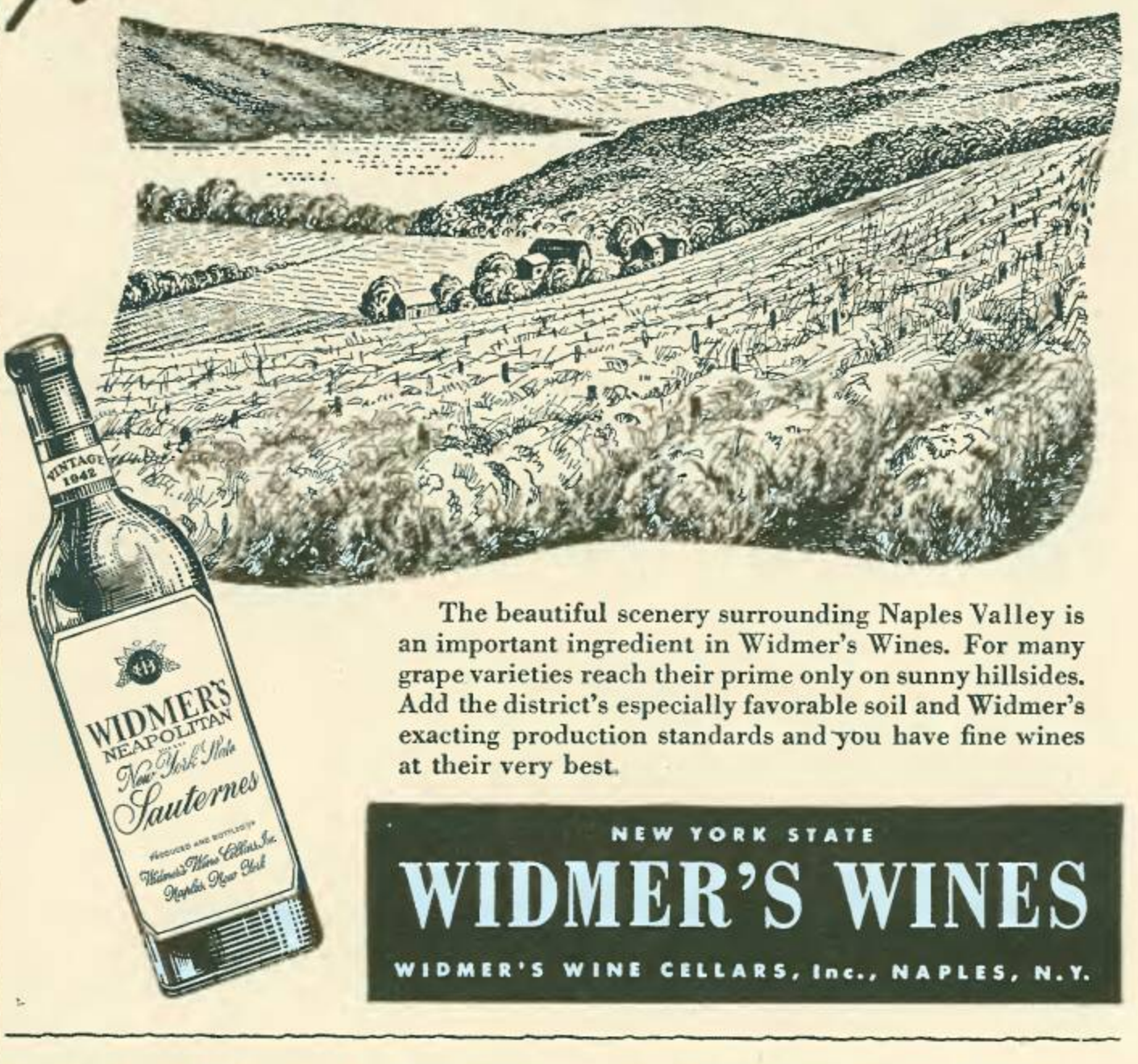
GREED, lust, lunacy, incest, and miscegenation are the chief ingredients of "Miss Tatlock's Millions." The picture isn't at all dour about these topics; indeed, it insists that they are quite comical, a proposition that is certainly original, if barbarous and in this case totally unproved. Produced by Charles Brackett and directed by Richard Haydn, "Miss Tatlock's Millions" starts off on a jolly note by informing us that Schuyler Tatlock, a demented young man, has burned to death in Hawaii. This news is first brought out by Schuyler's keeper, who hasn't told the boy's family about the matter, for fear of becoming unemployed. Unfortunately, the death of Schuyler's grandparents necessitates the young man's presence in California during the settlement of the Tatlock estate. What will the wily keeper do about *that*? He will, of course, substitute a fake Schuyler for the real one. This leads to the introduction of a movie stunt man whose resemblance to poor, daft, dead Tatlock is remarkable. From this point, the picture becomes a bit chaotic. The stunt man gibbers insanely, falls in love with his supposed sister, and is presently enmeshed in the plots and counterplots of the Tatlock heirs to get control of the family cash. Toward the end of the business, a Hawaiian lady, who seems to have married into the Tatlock group, bounces into the middle of things with a pair of half-caste children.

As you can see, the comedy is rather specialized. The keeper is played by Barry Fitzgerald, complete with brogue and bottle; among the Tatlocks we have Ilka Chase, playing her standard shrill and imperious society woman, and Monty Woolley, still talking as if he had never vacated the wheelchair in "The Man Who Came to Dinner," and, as the mock Schuyler and the overly ardent sister, there are John Lund and Wanda Hendrix, a pair of nice young people whose acting is rudimentary but sincere.

I'm not sure how much it takes to make a Hollywood trend, but "Miss Tatlock's Millions" may represent part of one. Only the other day, Preston

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Sturges, in "Unfaithfully Yours," was trying to induce us to chuckle over the spectacle of a gentleman carving his wife up with a razor, and now Mr. Brackett comes through with this terrifying package and suggests that we all have a good laugh about it. Perhaps we'll soon be asked to beam over a movie version of "Medea."

"When My Baby Smiles at Me," modelled dimly on "Burlesque," reveals Betty Grable being loyal to Dan Dailey, even though he drinks. Mr. Dailey, playing a burlesque comedian, wears a false nose, and Miss Grable wears her customary tights most of the time. There are quite a few fine old songs, such as "At Sundown," "The Birth of the Blues," and "Back in Your Own Backyard," in this film, and a couple of mildly agreeable new numbers, but the acting keeps interfering with the music.

During the first few minutes of "Hills of Home," I thought that the collie Lassie (a male, despite his name) had hydrophobia; every time he went near water, he began to whimper and carry on. My diagnosis, however, did the poor dog an injustice. What ailed Lassie was simply cowardice (though I must say it was never explained *why* the animal didn't like water). The picture takes place in Scotland, and Lassie is supported by Edmund Gwenn, in the role of a doctor, and the usual collection of Hollywood Highlanders. Incidentally, before the movie is over, the dog practically develops web feet in his enthusiasm for the tarns and lochs.

"Blanche Fury" is a none too exciting British film dealing with an argument about some property between a lady who has married a rich cousin to get it and a morose young man who is the illegitimate son of the late proprietor. The argument leads to murder and the eventual demise of most of the cast but to nothing in the way of suspense. Valerie Hobson and Stewart Granger are the principals.

—John McCarten

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SUCCESS

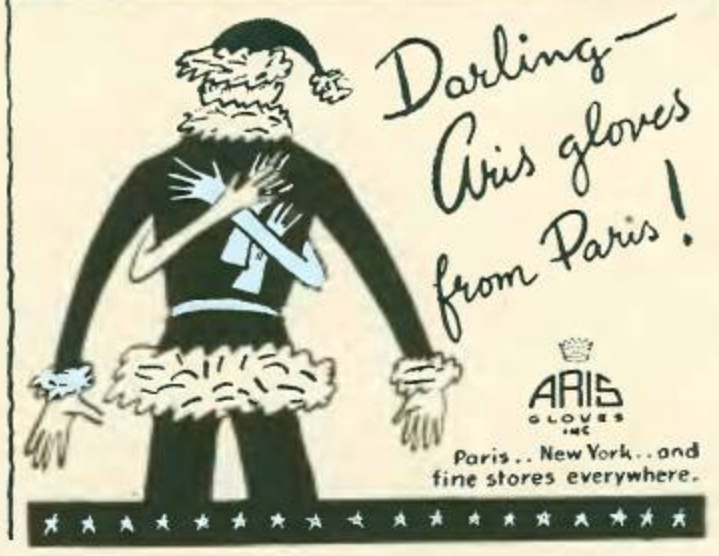
(LINES WRITTEN WHILE SITTING IN THE BACK ROW AT A CONVENTION ATTENDED BY EMINENT MEN)

There is a thing I have to say,
Though I am loath:
Success is either bald or gray,
And often both.

—John O. Beaty







A BARGAIN FOR THE NUNS

THE other day, a Mr. Takeuchi Hirano, who works in an office of Allied Headquarters in Tokyo, received a relief package from the United States, through L.A.R.A., or the Licensed Agencies for Relief in Asia. It contained soap, chocolate bars, cigarettes, a sweater, and two pairs of ladies' shoes. The shoes troubled Mr. Hirano to such an extent that he brought them to work with him, hoping to get an explanation. They were narrow black leather shoes that laced up almost to the calf, with a rock-ribbed vamp and one-inch heels.

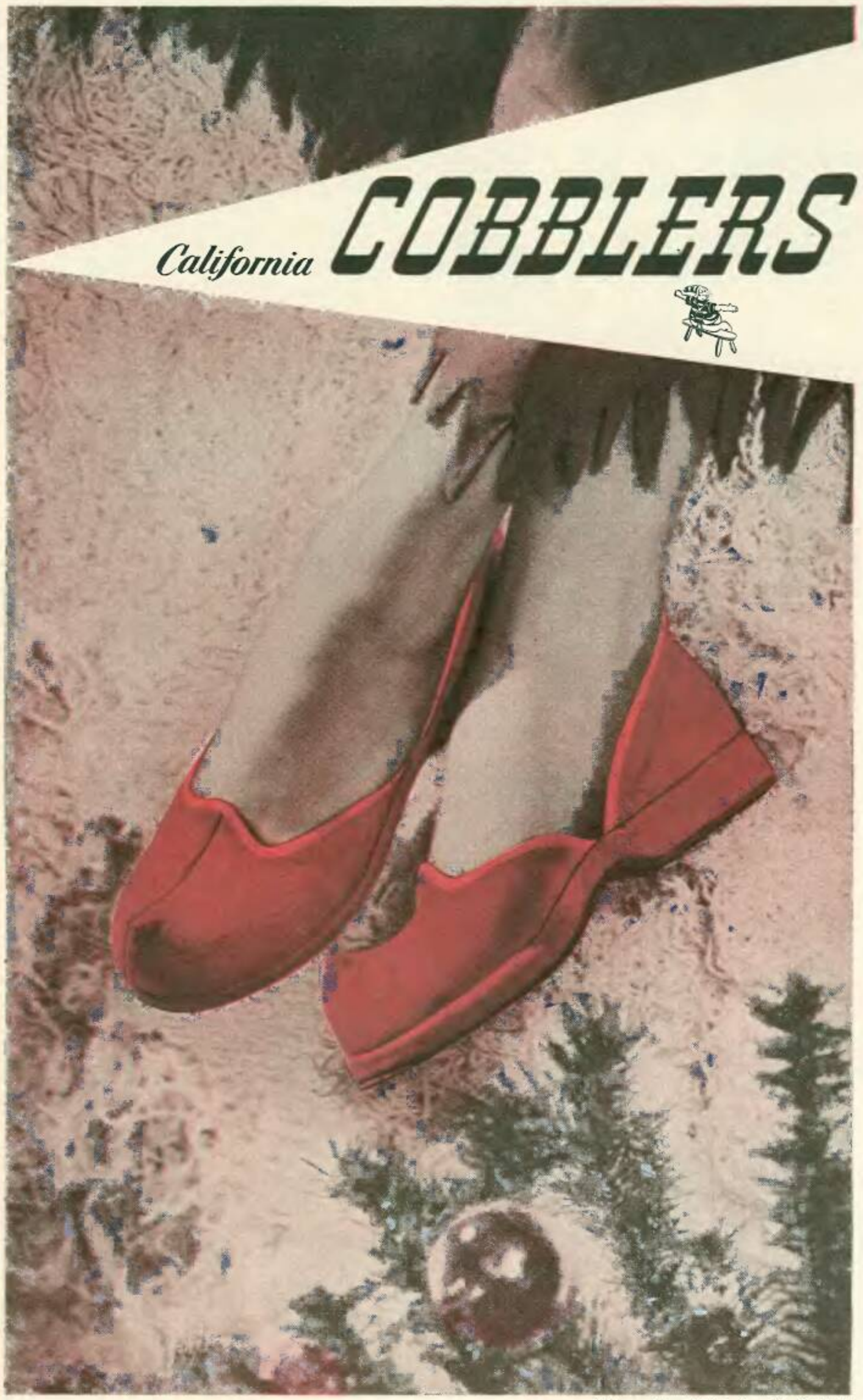
"Women were not wearing this kind of shoes when I was in Oakland, in 1935," Hirano said to me.

He needed advice, and of all the people who stopped by his desk that day, of all the people in all Asia, it so happened that I was the best qualified to give it. I looked at the shoes with a surge of emotion that astonished Hirano. They took me back ten years, to the period when my father and I were living in a two-room apartment on Fortieth Street between Broadway and Sixth Avenue. It was in the only apartment house in an otherwise solid block of office buildings, and when people tried to visualize the address, they always said, "You don't mean *Broadway* and *Sixth*, you mean . . ." But that is where it was.

The apartment was on the fifth, and top, floor, and my room had a skylight through which the sun—spring, summer, and fall—generated temperatures never before recorded in the Temperate Zone. The windows of my father's room faced Fortieth Street, and through them came all its varied noises. My windows just cleared the top of a row of Sixth Avenue tenements, and through them, whenever the wind was right—which was whenever they were open—smoke from a chimney about thirty feet away came whipping into the room in a solid blue column.

My father was passionately attached to the apartment, because, he said, it was so convenient to the big movie houses, and to Bryant Park, for Spuds, our aging terrier bitch. The rent was moderate, and whichever one of us was momentarily in funds paid it.

One afternoon, a moving man pushed open the apartment door (the latch was broken the entire time I lived there) and announced that for fifteen dollars, representing delivery charges, I could take possession of half



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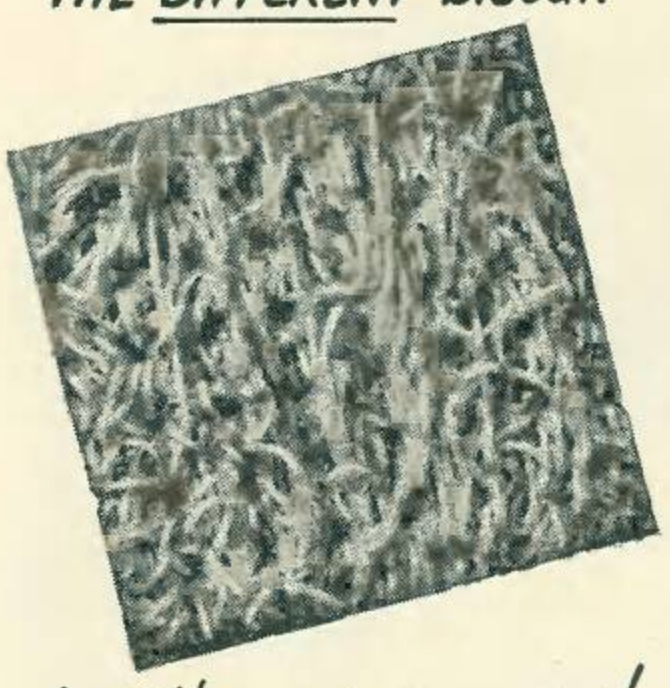
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NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

a vanload of furniture he had downstairs. I happened to be able to produce that amount, and ten minutes later he and his assistant rode up in the self-service elevator with the first assortment. There were three high-backed, unupholstered chairs of Riverside Drive Moorish, a period favored for apartment-house lobbies in which sitting is discouraged. The arms and legs were half griffin, half woman, and ended in a talon clutching a ball. There were also an ancient Atwater Kent radio cabinet, which I later found to be empty; two large imitation-walnut-veneer tables; a life-size oil painting of an unknown boy of seven; and three electrically wired logs for an imitation fireplace. (We had no fireplace, real or imitation.) The two men kept bringing in other household goods, of even less practical value, for twenty minutes. As they were leaving, the phone rang. It was Dad.

"I forgot to tell you," he said, "a friend of mine bought some furniture for his apartment, but he—ah—that is, he can't move in yet, you understand, because of the lease. I told him it would be all right to leave the stuff in our place temporarily."

"Did he give you fifteen dollars to pay the moving men?" I asked.

"I'll be home to fix you some spaghetti for dinner," he replied.

THAT night, Dad hummed tunelessly while preparing the spaghetti sauce at the folding-door kitchenette. His sauce was invariably good, made with a canned base and doctored with seasoning, mushrooms, and chicken livers. Dad was a first-rate cook, but he had fixations. During the shad-roe season, we had roe and bacon every night for a week. Another time, after he discovered an old silver chafing dish on Third Avenue, we ate nothing but creamed sweetbreads in sherry until we ran out of money. Whatever we ate Dad referred to as "a delicacy."

"Well, what do you think of it?" he asked after we had sat down and were spiralling the spaghetti around our forks.

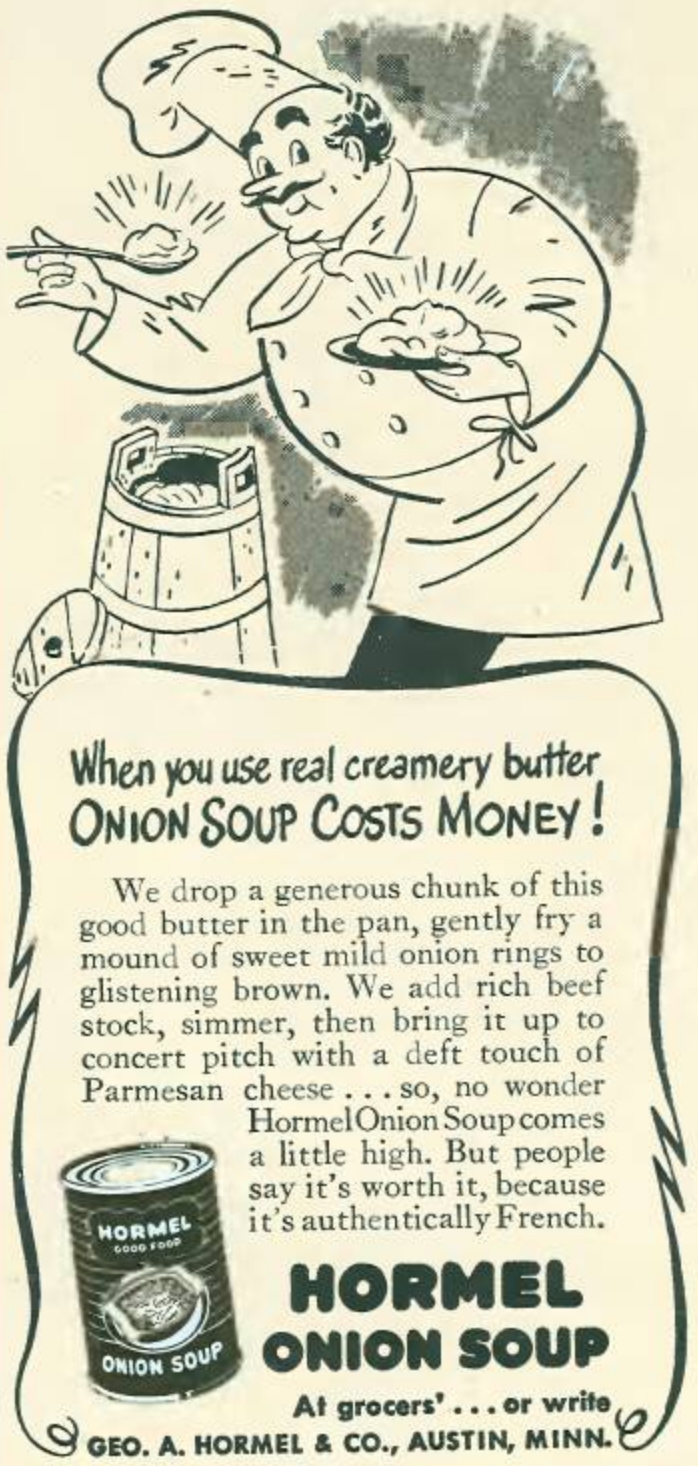
"You mean this junk?" I motioned to the furniture, which was piled where the men had left it.

"Junk! Junk!" he shouted. He laughed loud and pityingly. "It was a bargain. Now, just guess—I mean, for argument's sake, guess how much it cost, all of it."

By unspoken agreement, we both dropped the fiction of the friend with the apartment.

"If you paid—" I began.

"Fifty-five dollars," Dad interrupt-



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Voted the favorite eating place in New York.*

*"Where To Eat In America" published by Dartnell Corp.

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ed quickly. "Now, you take those mahogany chairs. You couldn't buy them alone—*alone*, you understand . . ."

Two weeks later, the furniture held no further interest for Dad. He had found it would cost sixty-five dollars to buy insides for the radio.

"Call up your Aunt Marcelle and ask her if she wants a good mahogany table," he told me. "Tell her Ben should just send the truck around to pick it up." Ben was Aunt Marcelle's husband.

Twice during the next six months I almost persuaded Dad that we should move to another apartment. The second time, I got him to say he would look at a flat in a renovated private house behind the Morgan Library.

"Well?" I asked that evening. His face darkened.

"I didn't even go in," he shouted above the rumble of the trucks on Fortieth Street. "The whole neighborhood is full of boarding houses."

It was a good thing we didn't move, because both our fortunes got simultaneously worse. Dad was a sometime manufacturer of artificial flowers. I was a press agent. The public wasn't having our brand of either just then. We had to tell our part-time maid that we couldn't afford to keep her on any more, although this meant one of us had to come home at lunchtime to walk the dog.

It was during this panic that I, one night, found Dad stacking white cardboard boxes against the walls of his room.

"What are those?" I asked with a familiar cold feeling in the pit of my stomach.

"Shoes," Dad said without turning. "Ladies' shoes. Friend of mine bought them at an auction."

I didn't say anything.

"No, really," Dad said, looking up finally, with a smile cracking one side



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"Spirit" of Scotland



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WHISKY 86.8 Proof

Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC. 2 PARK AVE N.Y.
IMPORTERS SINCE 1877

Sole U. S. Agents
Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc.
New York, N. Y.

of his face. "Jimmy Marcus bought them when this wholesale house on Broome Street sold out—old, established firm, in business eighty years. I told him I'd keep the shoes here temporarily until he makes room in his loft."

I went into my room and read a detective magazine.

The next day, at lunchtime, I came up in the elevator with a man, a red-haired woman, and a small boy. They got off with me, and the four of us practically pushed into the apartment together.

"You must be Petey," the man said, by way of introducing himself. "Murray told us to come up and see if there was any shoes Lucille wanted. We didn't know you'd be home." Murray was my father's first name.

The boy made a rush for Spuds, who disappeared under my bed, and the man and the woman went into Dad's room. I followed them and sat in one of the high-backed chairs while they pawed through the boxes.

Dad was unquestionably right when he said the shoes had come from an old, established firm. They were made of dull-black calfskin. They had tongues seven inches long and trailed about two feet of laces. Stamped on the inside of each was the trademark, in gold Spencerian script: "My Lady Shoe Co., Oswego, N.Y." Most of those I examined were size 4-AA.

"What rubbish!" the man said, tossing shoes and boxes into the middle of the room. "Murray ought to have his head examined."

There was a bark from the next room, a yowl from the boy, and the slam of the bathroom door. "Howard!" screamed the woman. Howard had locked himself in the bathroom and was crying. Spuds was planted in front of the bathroom door, barking, and showing more interest than she had in anything for years. I picked her up while Howard's mother coaxed him out of the bathroom.

"You got to watch these old dogs," the man said. "Sometimes it's better to put them to sleep." He turned to the woman. "I guess there ain't anything we want," he said. They left.

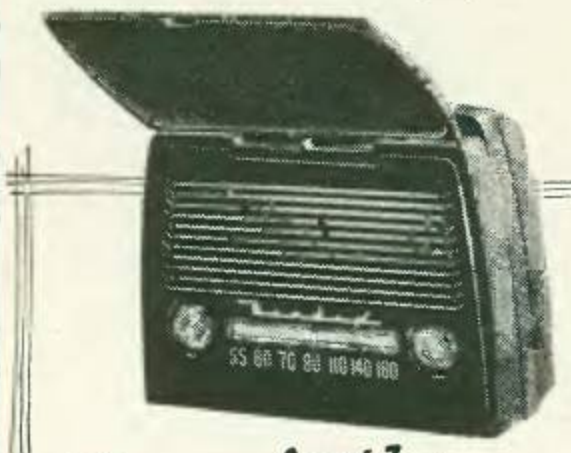
I was putting the shoes back in the boxes when Dad walked in. He was humming lightly. In his good humor he confessed that the shoes belonged to him —"Bought them for twenty-five cents a pair. *Twenty-five cents*"— and they had once sold for fifteen dollars a pair. Moreover, he knew where he could sell them for more than five dollars a pair.

"*Those?*" I asked, my voice crack-

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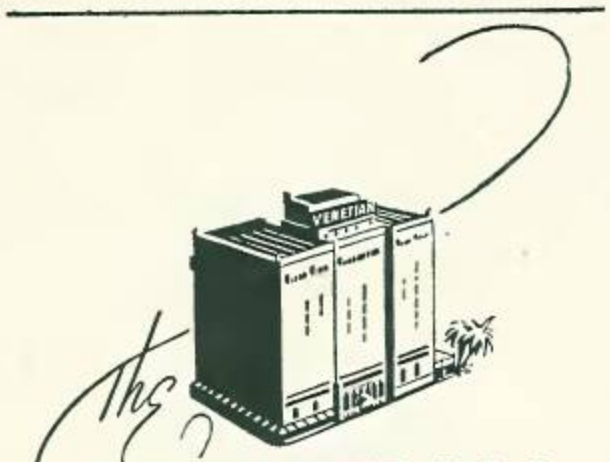


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ing. "What have you got—a concession at an old ladies' home?"

Dad was patient with me. "Don't be so smart," he said gently. "Do you know how much the nuns up at Fordham pay for shoes like that? Ten dollars. Ten dollars *a pair*."

"Just how is a nun up at Fordham, provided she needs a pair of shoes like that once every two years, going to find out you've cornered the market?" I inquired.

There was a special shoe-repair shop, Dad explained, where the nuns went to have their shoes resoled. "I've made a deal with the repairman," he said. "He gets fifty-per-cent commission on every pair I sell. I still make a thousand per cent."

That night, I ate at the Automat. I didn't speak to Dad for two days. On the evening of the second day, I walked in with a friend named Herb and found Dad frying noodles, some of which he was giving to Spuds, in lieu of Red Heart.

"Sit down and have some noodles, Herb," Dad said over his shoulder, ignoring me. "With melted cheese, they're a delicacy."

Herb thanked him and sat down. "Herb," said my father, "a shoe jobber just offered me twice as much as I paid for every pair—sight unseen. What do you think of that?"

Herb had not been briefed on the situation, but he knew my father well enough to realize he was talking to me through a proxy.

I gave in.

"Thank God," I said. "How much did you make on the transaction?"

Dad chuckled happily and brought a heaping platter of fried noodles to the table. "I turned him down, of course," he said.

To this day, I don't know whether there really was such a jobber. After a heated half hour, the subject of shoes became taboo until the following week, when Dad casually suggested I invite a few aunts over to take their pick. Some of them came, but they didn't pick any, and six months later the boxes were still stacked against the walls.

"WHY don't you have the Bundles for Britain people get these damned shoes out of here?" Dad asked one night. I telephoned Bundles for Britain, and a representative called. We got a letter from him in a few days saying that while things looked black, England was not that bad off. Neither, it developed some time later, were the Russians. The Salvation Army, Dad



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Laugh if you will, but we happen to know that our new silhouette is the height of fashion; in fact, it was designed by some of Boston's smartest department stores. They're the ones who are responsible for *The Boston Globe's* sensational 566,867 gain in department store linage during the first nine months of this year . . . *twice* the 1948-over-1947 increase of *all* other Boston newspapers *combined!*

Because department store merchandise and advertising managers are just as smart about people as figures, they make it their business to know *what kind* of readers each newspaper attracts as well as *how many*. And the above figures definitely indicate they think Globe readers are pretty swell . . . the kind of people who are quick to respond to department store advertising . . . quick to pay their sizable monthly bills.

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wrote to me while I was at Camp Ritchie, had offered to take the shoes if he would wrap and deliver them—which was, he observed, a pretty off-hand way to accept brand-new shoes that originally sold for fifteen dollars a pair.

The boxes were still stacked against the wall, next to the empty Atwater Kent cabinet, when, on my last furlough home, I told Dad I was being sent to the Pacific, and not to Europe, as I had figured. Optimists were predicting at the time that it would take only three or four years to fight our way into Tokyo. I didn't feel too good about it.

"Hell," Dad said suddenly, "you've *been* to Europe. Do you realize you're going places people used to pay thousands of dollars to visit on a luxury cruise?"

I should have known he would see it that way.

"WHAT do you think I can do with them?" Hirano asked me. I picked up a shoe and folded back the top. Over the arch was stamped, in gold script, "My Lady Shoe Co., Oswego, N.Y."

"Go to the French convent of Saint Maur over in Yokohama," I told him without hesitation. "I happen to know that nuns will pay—well, there's no telling what they'll pay for a pair of shoes like this. They used to sell for fifteen dollars in New York."

—PETER KALISCHER

•

HOLLY

It being time, I look again for holly,
Now that the woods are gray and soft
and bare,
Now that I move so easily through
silver.
Only the evergreen has tarried there—
Of all the world this little green re-
maining,
Scrub pine and cedar left forgetfully
Beyond the summer leaf. It takes small
cunning
In such a wood to find the holly tree
That in October needs more subtlety.

—HELEN BEVINGTON

•

While yet the wondering ship's company were gazing upon these strangers, Ahab cried out to the white-turbaned old man at their head, "All ready there, Fedallah?"

"Ready," was the half-hissed reply.

—*From "Moby Dick," by Herman Melville.*

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LETTER FROM LONDON

NOVEMBER 23



THE three big happenings here during the last fortnight have given the newspaper headlines the appearance of a daisy chain of fat black "B"s. The baby, the Belcher inquiry, and the bill for nationalizing the steel industry, by turning up together, offered Londoners their choice of reading, and of emotions—not, in the second two instances, quite so pleasant as those aroused by the first. The highly important passage of the steel bill by the House of Commons might have made more stir than it did if half the public had not been metaphorically cooing outside the railings of Buckingham Palace and the other half sniffing the unaccustomed heady fumes of ministerial scandal rising from the windows of Church House, Westminster, the calm, ecclesiastical setting in which a tangle of allegations against certain government officials is being examined.

The only surprising aspect of the move to bring iron and steel into line with the industries already owned by the state was the extraordinary feebleness of the Government's case for doing so. Although the Government has indignantly denied that this was an instance of nationalizing because of doctrines and not because of necessity, the weakness of its arguments in debate seemed to prove just that. Even Sir Stafford Cripps talked, with unusual vagueness, of "citadels of power" and of how, if the citadels did not capitulate now to orderly Socialist legislation, they would face the "ugly alternative" of being wrested away later from the wicked steel men by Communist violence. It fell to Sir Andrew Duncan, one of the wicked steel men himself, to point out that the record of the steel industry, unlike that of the already nationalized coal industry, shows that production has been steadily on the upgrade since the thirties, and that, furthermore, the steel men have been working right along in complete and successful coöperation with the present government.

The passage of the steel bill was the last of the big modernizing moves that Labour pledged itself to carry out during its term of office. At the next general election, Labour candidates will



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Speed Spacer! Another new Royal exclusive—with the space bar built right into the typewriter's frame. Designed and placed so that your thumb just can't miss it!



To these Royal features, add "Magic" Margin!

These time-saving, work-saving wonders go hand in hand with the famous "Magic" Margin—the exclusive Royal device that sets your margin in a split-second!

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have a handsome, uniform façade against which to pitch their booth and invite the country to step right up and return them to Downing Street again. As a matter of fact, it is doubtful how much enthusiasm nationalization arouses in the ordinary man and, perhaps more pertinently, in the ordinary woman, who may be grateful for part ownership in this or that citadel of power but would likely settle for a bit more bacon and cheaper cigarettes. The sharp rise in the Conservative vote in the recent Edmonton by-election was evidently viewed with real concern by Labour Party organizers, who put it down largely to a swing in the women's vote.

Another cause for agitated breathing in Transport House, the Labour Party's headquarters, is the inquiry into allegations against Mr. John Belcher, Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade, and other government officials, which has been pursuing its extremely complex way for three weeks now and is expected to last at least a month more. Whatever may be the findings of the tribunal of three set up by Parliament to consider the charges, the investigation has provided a thumping national shock that the Tory press, naturally, is not exactly breaking its neck to buffer. Though much of the evidence has been long-winded and difficult to follow, the public has had either to follow it or to avoid newspaper reading altogether, since some of the journals, in their anxiety that the electorate shall not miss a single edifying word, have been giving the inquiry so much space daily that their issues have read like long installments of a serial. The principal theme is the alleged acceptance of gifts by Mr. Belcher and others in return for services rendered in connection with paper allocations for football pools, licenses for the import of penny-arcade machines, and other sundries. There are also numberless side intrigues, supplied by other characters, headed by a go-between, a many-named foreign gentleman known most recently as Stanley. One of his specialties, according to witnesses, was the gag of calling up his dear pals on the Board of Trade, impressively (though unnecessarily) identifying himself by a code number, and asking them to be good to his dear pal So-and-So (who was, of course, right beside him, listening). Owing to the nature of the proceedings, witnesses have been able to drag in startling names of probably unpleasantly startled public persons, on the barest hearsay, as they would never be permitted to do in an ordinary law court. What gives the whole business

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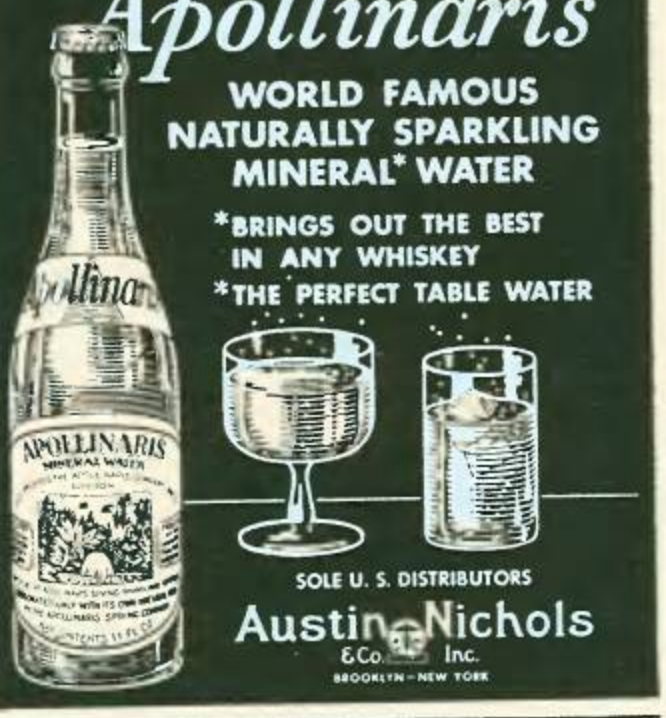
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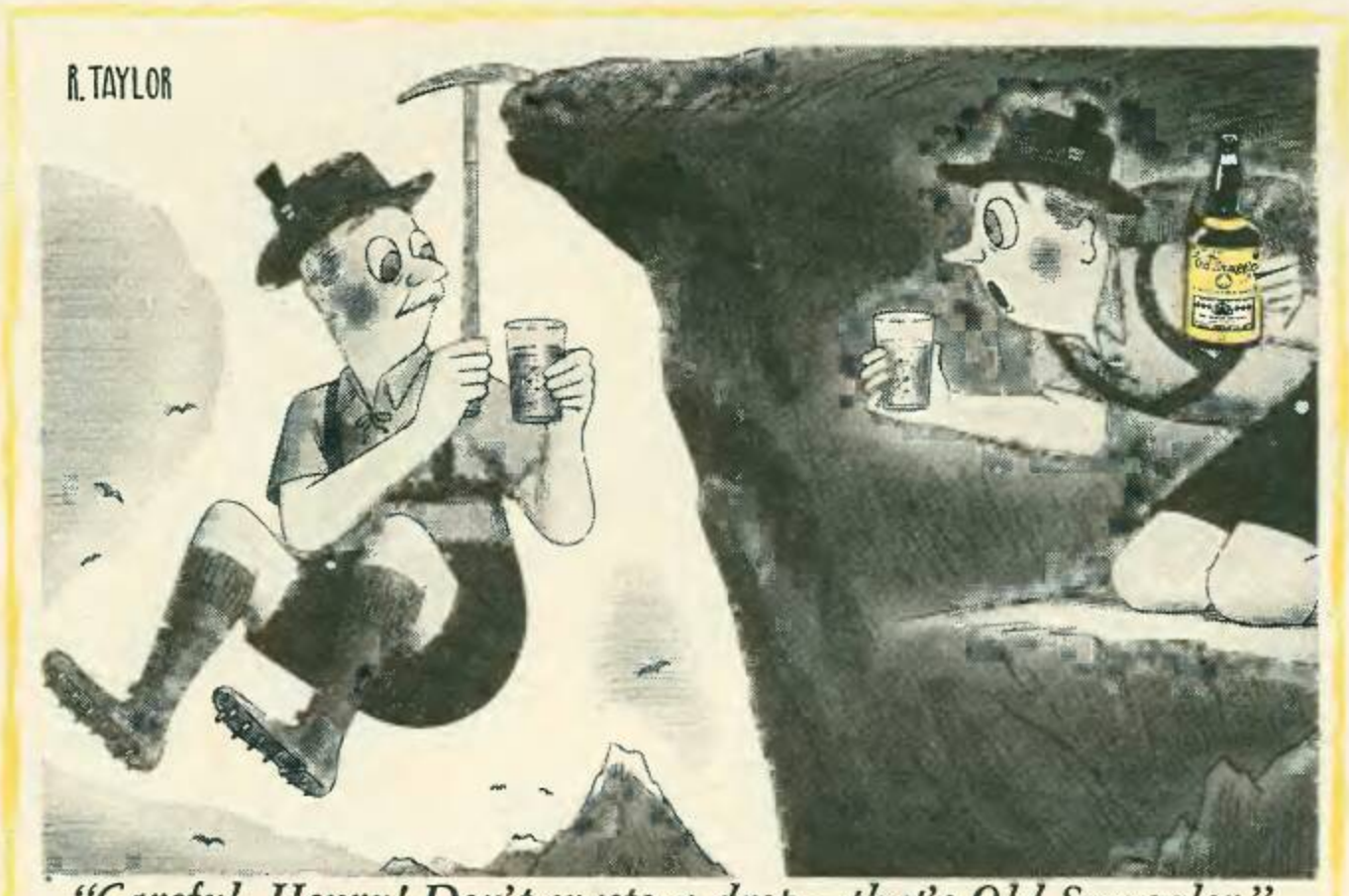
THE ARISTOCRAT OF SEA FOOD RESTAURANTS

its special flavor of lurid fantasy is the locales mentioned as the settings for cozy little discussions. These include Park Lane apartments, race tracks, and expensive tailor shops, where some of the principal characters are said to have been taken to be fitted for suits at no cost, in either money or coupons, to themselves. What will stick in the public mind, Labourites fear, are damaging and easily comprehended details—the figure of eighty-nine pounds mentioned as having been paid for a celebration in a restaurant attended by half-a-dozen or so diners, for instance, and similar small but interesting glimpses of life as it isn't lived by ninety-nine per cent of the population. Many people are going around hinting that there will be other, and bigger, shocks before the inquiry is completed.

THE birth of a male heir to the throne has been overshadowed in the press by the news that the King's health, like that of so many of his subjects, is showing signs of the wear and tear of the past gruelling decade. The happy event at the palace, however, really did seem to make people feel happy, in the same simple, oddly satisfied way that Elizabeth's wedding did. One of the most comical press reactions was that of a writer in a Left Wing weekly who suggested that if only the birth had happened before the Edmonton by-election, more people would have rushed off with a Royalist song in their hearts and voted Socialist. (Incidentally, in an equally dizzying manner, the leading political parties have managed to draw conclusions favorable to themselves from the Truman victory.)

One of the cheering signs of the celebration of the birth has been the continuing nocturnal spectacle of Trafalgar Square with the illuminated fountains spouting toward the alarmed pigeons as they have so rarely in recent years. The lovely jets of water, nightly watched by entranced crowds, were lit with blue lights, for a boy, on the great night, but those in charge of such matters have since shown that they were prepared for everything, by alternating them with pink. This touch of prewar jollification has perhaps slightly compensated for the shopwindows, which after dusk are still not permitted to have so much as a gleam of illumination on their Christmas displays.

LONDONERS are crowding to see the wonderful exhibition of Danish art treasures at the Victoria and Albert



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Museum. The Danes, in spite of their little differences with the British Government over the question of the prices of ham and eggs, have made a warm-hearted gesture toward old friends and formerly good customers (who may be good again some time) by stripping their national and private collections and sending the priceless stuff to London. For two months, there will be something missing from every museum and ancient church in the state of Denmark. Some of the most fascinating exhibits are the sad wooden and ivory Christs and the famous gilded Lisbjerg altar, in the medieval section; the superb Kronborg Castle tapestries, which turn the long gallery of the museum into a picture book of Danish kings; and the eighteenth-century Flora Danica dinner service, a magnificent botany lesson in porcelain, made for presentation to Russia's Empress Catherine II. The show also gives a proud place to some battered old luggage—a dusty top hat and umbrella, and a coil of strong rope —the prudently complete travelling outfit (the rope was in case of fire in hotels) of a much-loved Dane, Hans Andersen.

Scandinavia is also providing London with its finest play of the season, Ibsen's "The Wild Duck," splendidly performed by, among others, Anton Walbrook and a touching young actress named Mai Zetterling. The most notable aspect of the London theatre at the moment is the seemingly total absence of young playwrights with ideas, and the monotonous string of revivals, domestic and imported. The wittiest play to be seen right now, which also happens to have the wittiest playing—Edith Evans, raddled, rouged, and in perfect Restoration-comedy style—is "The Way of the World," by that promising dramatist Congreve.

—Mollie Panter-Downes

•

Kariu's exercise taken to keep hers as flat as a pancake begins in a kneeling position with back straight, hands clasped behind. Taking this stance, bend backward from knees until your hips touch your knees.—*San Diego (Calif.) Tribune-Sun.*

Mind holding it a second? We want to make a few notes.

•

LETTERS WE NEVER FINISHED READING

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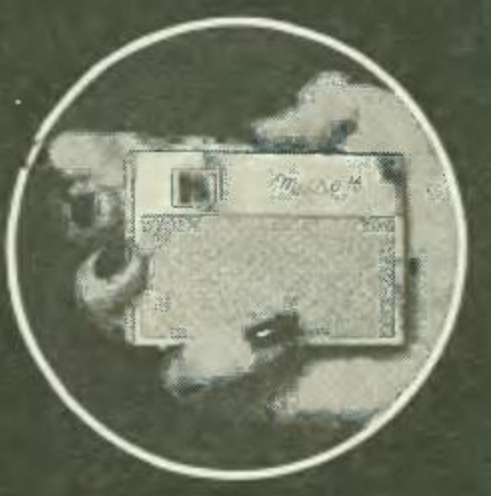
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California Vintage

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BOOKS

Journal of a Contaminated Man



AMONG the many who went out to Bikini in the spring of 1946 was a young doctor named David Bradley. He had boned up on radiation and was well equipped with instruments of detection. When the cloud from the first bomb had drifted away, he flew into the area of the explosion to sample the radioactive atmosphere. In the days that followed, he was one of the monitors whose job was to lead the crews back aboard the target fleet. Wearing galoshes, coveralls, a mask, gloves, and goggles, and carrying a black box that made a clicking noise in his earphones, he poked around in the lethal passageways of dying ships, followed by an uneasy band of Navy brass and seamen, who had to be told what stanchion they might safely sit on, what fish they might safely eat. It now turns out that the most sensitive instrument Dr. Bradley had with him at the crossroads was pencil-and-paper: he kept a log—a sort of diary of contamination, a notebook of the last days of an atoll. Excerpts from this log are available in a small book called "No Place to Hide," published by Atlantic-Little, Brown. It is no book to miss.

The days and nights of David Bradley, the monitor, in the strange summer of 1946 are like a chapter in a dream book. His laboratory was a paradise, and the experiment in which he was involved was an experiment in befouling the laboratory itself. All through June the ships of the doomed fleet swung to their anchors in the crowded lagoon, awaiting Able Day. Dr. Bradley did his waiting on a small, treeless isle called Ebeye, a hundred and seventy-five miles away, near Kwajalein. He speared fish from the barrier reef, wading about in the warm sea on nights of pure tropical enchantment. Rain squalls beat into his windowless Quonset hut, and the damp salt air kept shorting his instruments. The men in his seaplane squadron, knowing him to be a "Geiger man" and therefore acquainted with high mysteries, kept asking him whether, after it was all over, they would still have their manhood. "There is something about an approaching storm," he wrote on Tuesday, June 18th, "which gives warning though it cannot be seen: there is a new undertone to the surf, a sound not exactly ominous, but deep and persistent; the wind seems more restless and the darkness more black."

Before sunup on the morning of July 1st, Dr. Bradley arose with the others and flew toward Bikini and How Hour. While he listened to background stuff coming in on his counters (the theme song of the cosmos), a crewman of the seaplane cooked a steak in the galley. And when they sighted the white hospital ship Bountiful, the pilot, perhaps hoping to exploit the last hour of his manhood, dived sharply down and buzzed a nurse. The bomb went off on schedule. Not many ships were sunk. Boarding parties were operating soon after the cloud blew away. On Able Day plus one, Dr. Bradley wrote in his diary, "It would appear that at least for the time being we have escaped from the real threat of atomic weapons, namely the lingering poison of radioactivity." That was July 2nd.

Three weeks later, the underwater bomb went off. Again Bradley was in a Navy plane several miles away. For twenty minutes after the blast, a cloud hung over the ships; then it gradually cleared, and the ships emerged; most of the fleet was still afloat. But when the reconnaissance planes, feeling their way along with Geiger counters, started their sweeps over the target area, they met intense radiation coming up from the ships and from the water. The counters clicked and screamed, and the needles went off scale.

"It always seemed a little strange to me," wrote Dr. Bradley, "that at such a time the pilot should be calmly looking down at the fleet, or glancing over his instrument panel. . . . Something was wrong. We should be able to feel this barrage of gamma rays tearing through our bodies. It was there. It was hot."

That is the burden of the book—people should feel the rays, and they don't. It's hard for anyone to believe in something he can't see or hear or feel. It was particularly hard for the Navy, which had never before joined battle with a gamma ray and which is contemptuous of anything that isn't big and noisy and that refuses to come out in the open and fight.

On Baker Day plus one, miles from the dead fleet, Dr. Bradley's plane ran into a spot of intense radioactivity over an oil slick. The Geiger tubes jammed. On the whole, though, the sky over Bikini wasn't bad, and the Navy felt confident that the target ships would soon be got under way. Skeleton crews on some of them awaited the signal to up-anchor. This was the Navy's first major engagement with the products of atomic fission, and the Navy vastly underrated its foe.

As the radioactivity in the air diminished, the water in the lagoon got stead-



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ily worse, presumably because stuff was still coming up from the bottom. By noon of July 29th, the radioactivity was so alarming that the so-called "live" fleet—ships that had not been directly exposed to the bomb—moved off to a safer distance, fearful lest their water intakes and evaporators pick up something. On most of the target ships it was possible for the crews to work belowdecks, but topside the radiation was greater and the men could work only in short shifts if they were to keep within the established limit of one-tenth of a roentgen per day. Exasperated, the Navy tried soap-and-water—the old ritual of "a clean sweepdown fore and aft." Suds seemed to make things worse, if anything. Even in ships of the live fleet, the evaporator tanks became hot, their scaly linings acting as a sponge for radioactive particles. Toilets and fire lines showed that they had picked up fission products. The hulls of the ships became hot along their waterlines, because the algae clinging to them picked up the stuff and did not release it. Radiation from this marine growth penetrated the steel plates and stirred Geigers on the inside.

The oil slick, heavily charged, came back from sea, swept inshore over the reef, and left a gummy emulsion. Coral became radioactive, and so did fish. Some of the contaminated reef fish were eaten by bigger fish, and so passed their contamination on. In certain areas the coral turned from pink to white. Dr. Bradley, working with the U.S. Fisheries group, dredged up sand from the bottom. The first netful dumped on his boat proved to be so radioactive that it was immediately dumped overboard again. The calking in deck seams was hot. The rust spots in metalwork were hot. A seaman cut his thumb slightly on a radioactive cable, and there was a close decision as to whether his arm would have to be amputated. One experimentalist ripped up a deck plank and started planing it down to see how far he'd have to go before he struck harmless wood. He had to go almost a quarter of an inch. In laboratories, scientists sliced fish longitudinally, dried them, placed them on photographic plates, and discovered that a Bikini fish could produce a perfect radioautograph—the long intestines bright with activity, the liver radiant, the gonads showing plainly.

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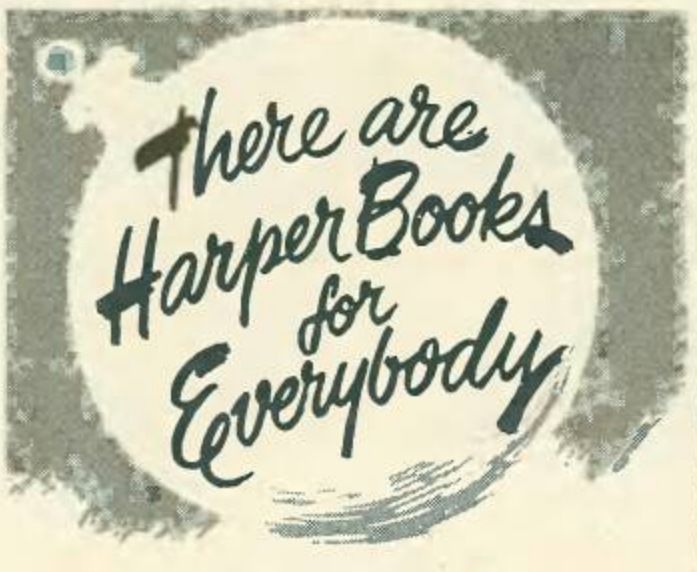
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without gas masks but which smells like all other air; water you can't swim in, and good tuna and jacks you can't eat. It's a fouled-up world."

This diary belongs, of course, to the already large body of post-bomb literature in which men of science try to warn laymen of their new environment. Dr. Bradley's is a peculiarly effective book, I think. It is casual, personal, and written by a man who seems to have the mind and training of a scientist, the eyes and ears of a poet. He probed the fringes of the hottest fire that has yet been lit and wrote down what he felt and what he wondered. Perhaps not all scientists will subscribe to his major conclusions, but few can challenge in any important respect his simple report.

It was a happy accident that caused the Navy to set the Crossroads experiment in a tropic island, where life on earth has a sort of storied goodness—the fabulous South Seas that so many caged men have dreamed of, the warm Pacific water foaming over the barrier reefs, the trades blowing endlessly. Such a setting easily forms a symbol of man's close relationship to nature, to sea and land and sky; here people actually achieved a simplicity that for most of us is unattainable—sailing their canoes, spearing their fish. Bikini was, and still is, the perfect place to test the long-range intentions and the supreme ingenuity of human beings, the perfect proving ground for controlled contamination, deliberate destruction, and the ominous antics of a race whose genius has led it to an impasse. Dr. Bradley's conclusion is simple: in a society that still accepts war as a way of life, Bikini is the world in miniature; radioactivity is the disease that can knock it out.

In one place in his diary, Dr. Bradley describes a Navy diver at work on





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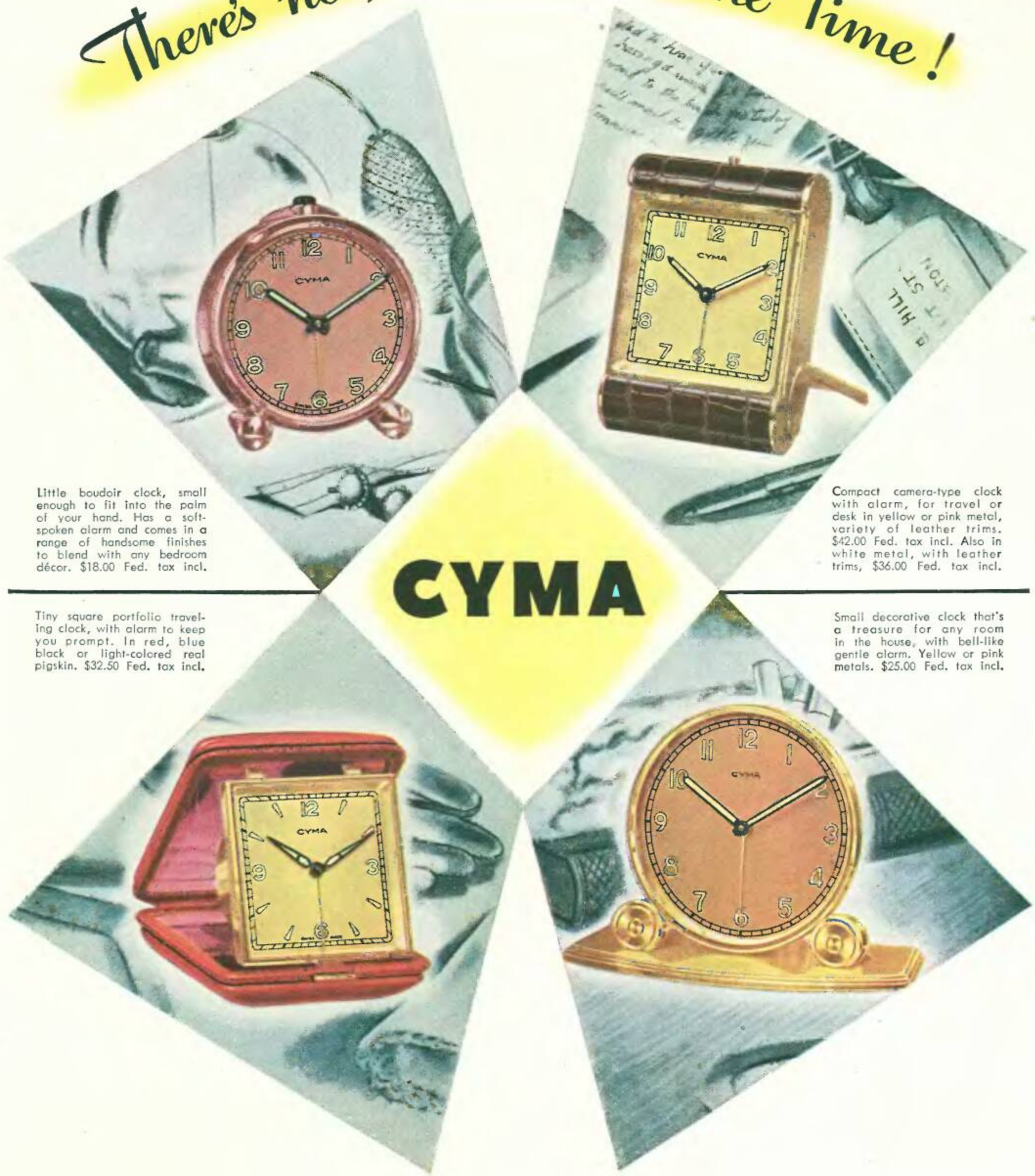
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a sunken hull at the bottom of the polluted lagoon—a man of almost comic-strip proportions, great lead shoes, great clumsy suit, escape valve throwing bubbles, all cluttered up with telephone lines and gadgets, including a watertight Geiger counter that sent messages up to somebody on deck. He was the last word in sunken man, a regular paragon of a submerged individual. When the accomplice on deck suddenly heard a warning in his earphones, he had to phone down to the poor fellow below and tell him that he must be touching something he shouldn't. One wonders, reading this true atomic fairy tale, what has happened to the world to bring this man to such a pass, this watery sailor leaning against a radioactive stanchion at the bottom of a condemned lagoon.

Before Dr. Bradley left the Pacific, he went to Rongerik and paid a call on King Juda and the little bunch of Bikinese natives who were evicted from their beloved island when the Navy took over. To a man, they wanted to return. They were running short of coconuts and were sick of eating nothing but fish. Through an interpreter, King Juda said he would like to ask when he and his people might go home. Dr. Bradley explained that things were pretty bad on Bikini—water no good, fish no good, whole place no good any more. It would be a long time, a long, long time, before they could go back.

"Oh," said the interpreter, respectfully. "We very sorry to hear this."

—E. B. White

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The Skin of Dreams, by Raymond Queneau (New Directions). M. Queneau, who has had considerable attention in France, is entitled to some here if this short and witty novel (his first to be translated on this side) is a fair sample. It studies, with rather Satanic detachment and no very visible structure, the career of an unsavory young man—the approximate French equivalent of an American drugstore cowboy—who crawls circuitously from a dreary Paris suburb to stardom in American films, only to go unrecognized by the moviegoers of his native *banlieue*. The style, which has been acutely dealt with by the translator, is a blend of argot and pseudo-stilted verbiage having some of the texture of Joyce. There are also moments of Joyce's un-

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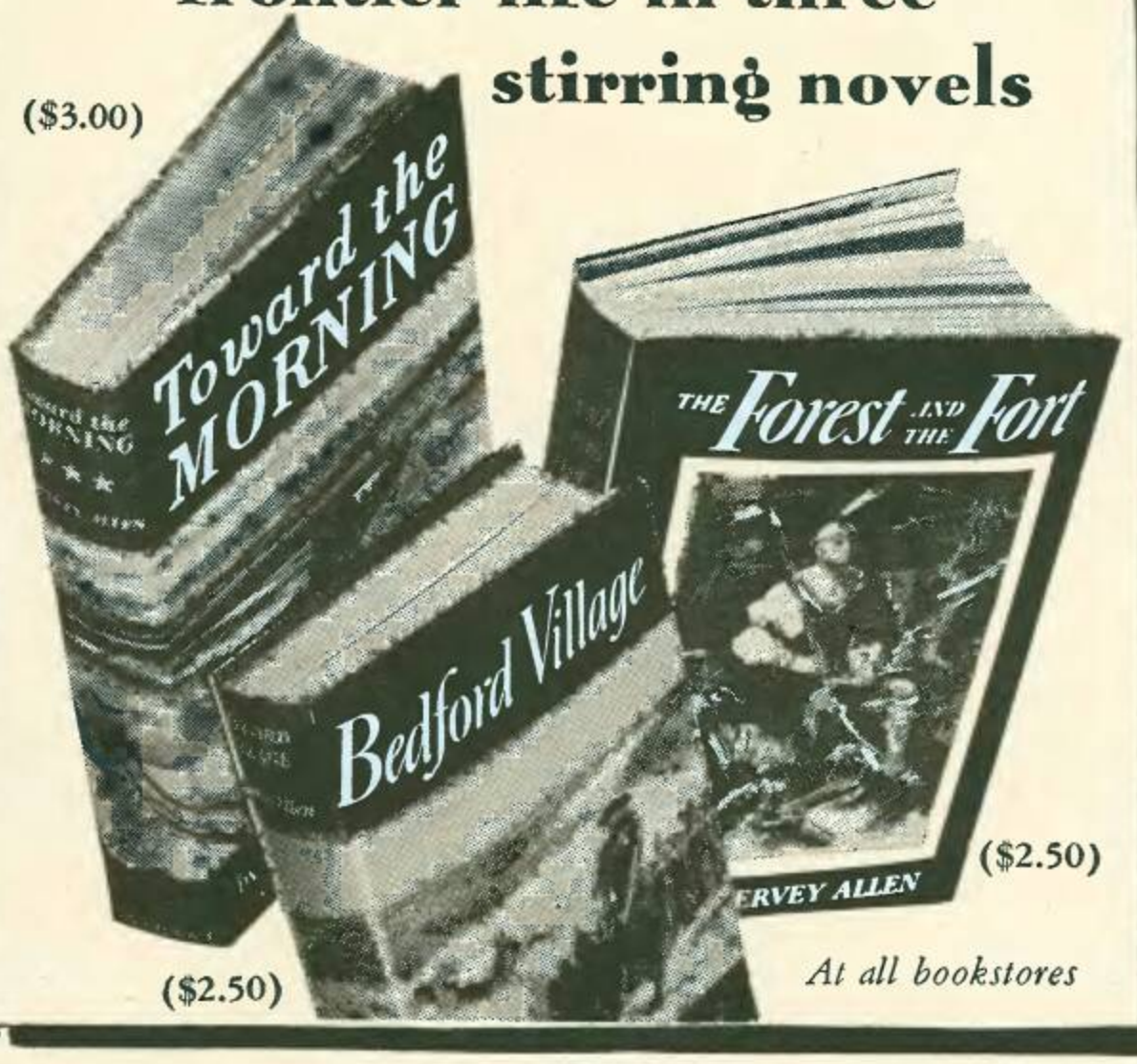
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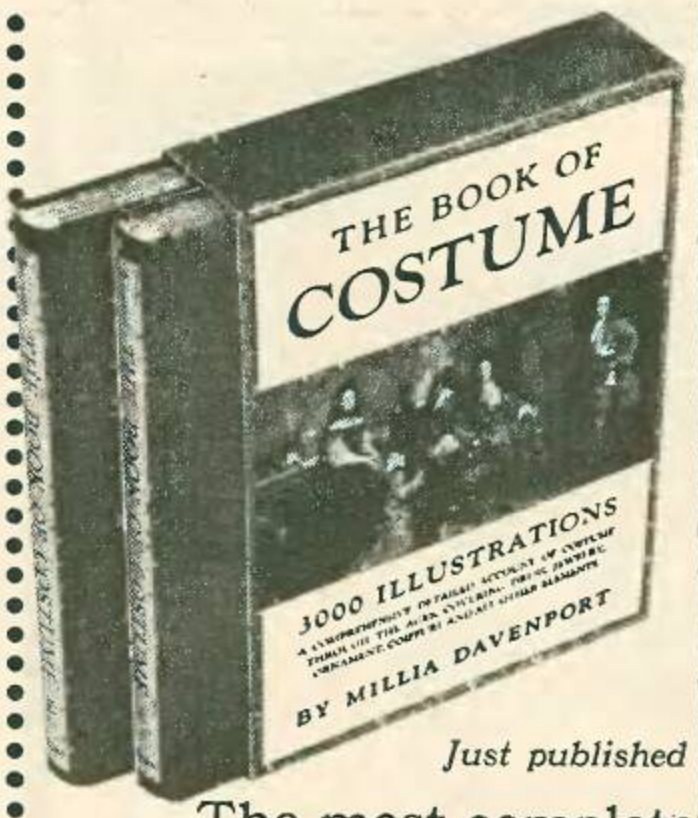
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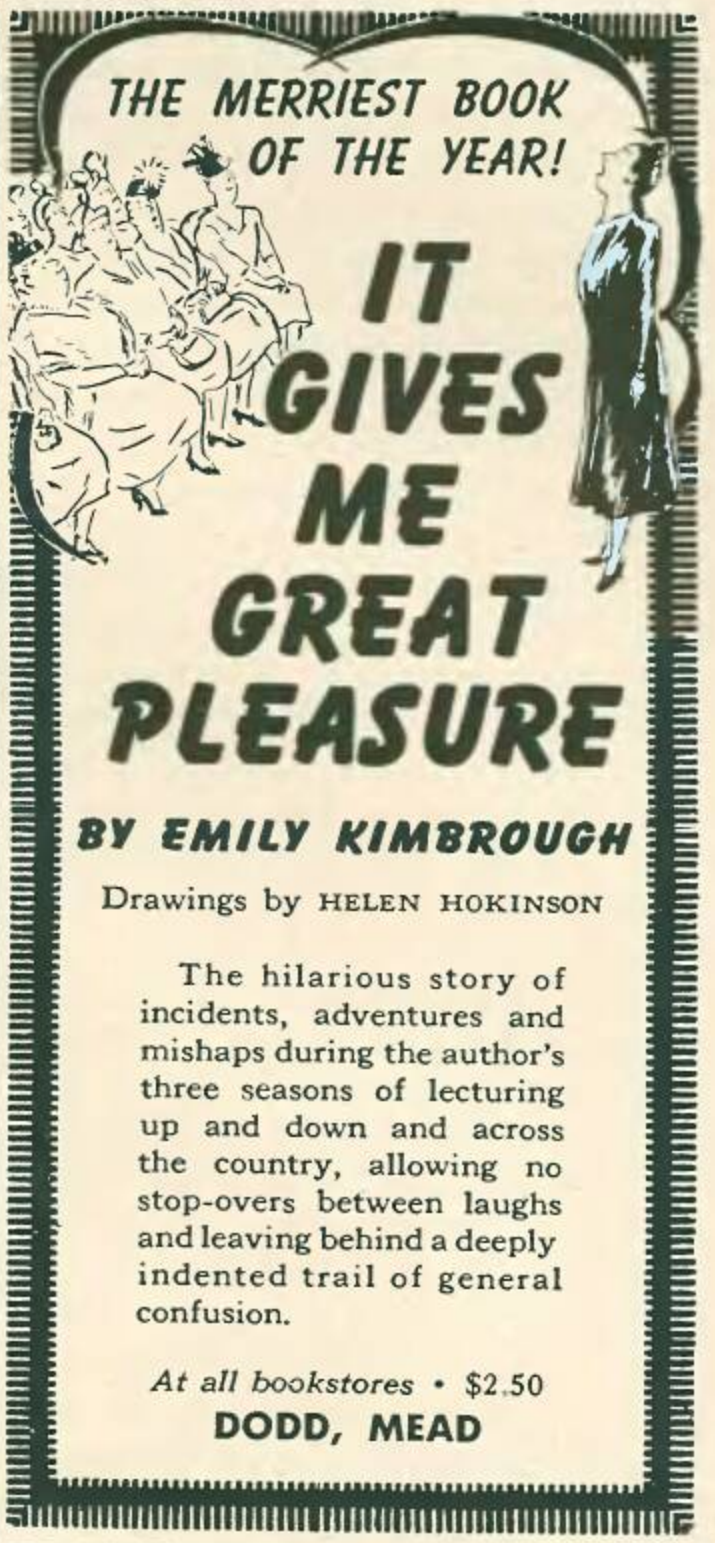
ashamed bawdiness, as well as a few descents into a grotesquerie, reminiscent of Louis-Ferdinand Céline, that is less refreshing.

ELIZABETH, CAPTIVE PRINCESS, by Margaret Irwin (Harcourt, Brace). Another historical novel, this one sketching, briefly and with no unnecessary cape swirling, the somewhat furtive existence of a future Queen during the reign of her half sister, Mary I. Despite history's sobriquet of Bloody Mary for the elder Queen, that monarch is represented as having earned her reputation less by active malignance than by her somewhat confused devotion to the cause of Catholicism in England. Elizabeth is presented as discreet and also passionate, although she never allowed passion to get in the way of her ambition for the throne. No really striking revelations about her, and no attempt at dramatization, but a sensible and concise view of a confused period.

THE CHIPS ARE DOWN, by Jean-Paul Sartre (Lear). Something of a quickie from the oracle of Existentialism. This work, originally written as the basis for a film script and now translated as a novel, follows a highly cinematic technique of skeletal description, swiftly transposed scenery, and one-dimensional characterization. M. Sartre's story line is the miraculous return to life of two murder victims, one a young man with revolutionary leanings, the other the wife of a Fascistic official in the regime the revolutionary had been trying to overthrow. The pair have met and fallen in love in the nether world, and, given their chance to come back to this one and start afresh, they rapidly proceed to prove that their previous responsibilities in life are more inescapable than their attraction to each other. All of which provides a tidy little exercise in both Sartrean morality and ingenious movie construction.

GENERAL

ANTI-SEMITE AND JEW, by Jean-Paul Sartre (Schocken). M. Sartre again, this time with an incisive analysis of anti-Semitism and some tactical advice to its victims. It is his opinion that the Jew, instead of trying to accommodate himself to the movements of the Christian crowd, should stand on his Jewishness and strike out at the two root causes of anti-Semitism—a class society and the bourgeois doctrine of private property. In



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support of his proposed battle plan, M. Sartre points out that no man's freedom is secure while anti-Semitism is abroad. One of this author's most distinguished performances.

THE FORTUNATE ISLANDS, by Walter Karig (Rinehart). Some man-to-man talk about Micronesia, by Captain Karig, U.S.N. Stripped to his wardroom syntax, the Captain, who knows Guam, Eniwetok, and most of the other Micronesian atolls almost as well as he knows the Navy Building, passes on to us everything he has learned about them and about the fifty thousand people who call them home. He also makes public his own unofficial notion of how we, as current proprietors of Micronesia, should conduct ourselves toward the natives—load them down with American medical supplies, he advises, but spare them our juke boxes. Recommended, in spite of the author's unfortunate narrative style. Photographs.

EISENHOWER WAS MY BOSS, by Kay Summersby (Prentice-Hall). A kit of anecdotes about the sounding brass, both military and civilian, who contributed to the din at General Eisenhower's wartime headquarters. Miss Summersby's stories, which she collected during her four-year tour of duty as one of the General's aides, can hardly be called essential to the postwar effort, but they make fairly amusing reading if you care to hear just one more about Churchill, Roosevelt, Patton, and the rest.

FOOTLIGHTS AND HIGHLIGHTS, by Crosby Gaige (Dutton). Memoirs of a career full of varied activities, written with an engaging sort of artlessness and brightened with anecdotes and gossip. Mr. Gaige has been a successful producer of Broadway plays, a publisher and collector of limited editions, a hard-working hedonist, and an amateur of the *haute cuisine* who, in recent years, has turned that hobby into a paying profession. His pages are crowded with personalities of the stage and literary worlds, many of whom were more prominent in the first quarter of the century than they are now. His memory of every succulent detail of long-since-enjoyed feasts is prodigious (he often obliges with recipes in mid-story); his recollection of other matters, however, is occasionally shaky, as, for instance, his account of an interview with Katherine Mansfield, which, according to

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the record, must have taken place three years after the lady's untimely death.

CHAMPLAIN, by Morris Bishop (Knopf). An account of the twelve voyages of Samuel de Champlain, "Father of Canada." "Not many of the great conquerors of our continent have been eminently good men," the author writes, and then goes on to show that Champlain, for all his human failings, was a glistening exception. Mr. Bishop portrays a devout and brave man who spent a lifetime staking out lands and other riches for his king and cardinal (and keeping on the alert for a passage to China, which he thought the St. Lawrence River might lead him to), and who was also a civilizing influence among the Indians of North America and a man whose idealism was to have a decided effect on his successors. The history is solidly based on scholarship, and benefits from the author's informed and personal style. The book, however, deserves a better index.

MANNERHOUSE, by Thomas Wolfe (Harper). A three-act play, written two or three years before the publication of the author's first novel, that suggests strongly that we lost a playwright of much imagination and talent in Thomas Wolfe. Although the work shows marks of immaturity (and what work of Wolfe's did not?), this allegorical tragedy of a Rebel Hamlet in the South of Civil War days sustains a tense and sombre mood and has some fine and moving speeches; its prose, because of the exigencies of the dramatic form, is devoid of the hyperbole encountered so frequently in his novels, and if there is a certain absurdity in some of the symbolism, it is absurdity on a grand scale.

FATHER KNICKERBOCKER REBELS, by Thomas Jefferson Wertenbaker (Scribner). Life in this city during the Revolution. Despite its title, most of Dr. Wertenbaker's book has to do with those New Yorkers—merchants and their adherents, mainly—who were least anxious to rebel, and who, once the British had driven the Revolutionists from the city, in 1776, emerged from their haymows and for the next seven years devoted themselves to raising Loyalist regiments and setting British officers up to drinks. Ultimately, of course, Cornwallis let them down, and they were compelled to seek refuge in either

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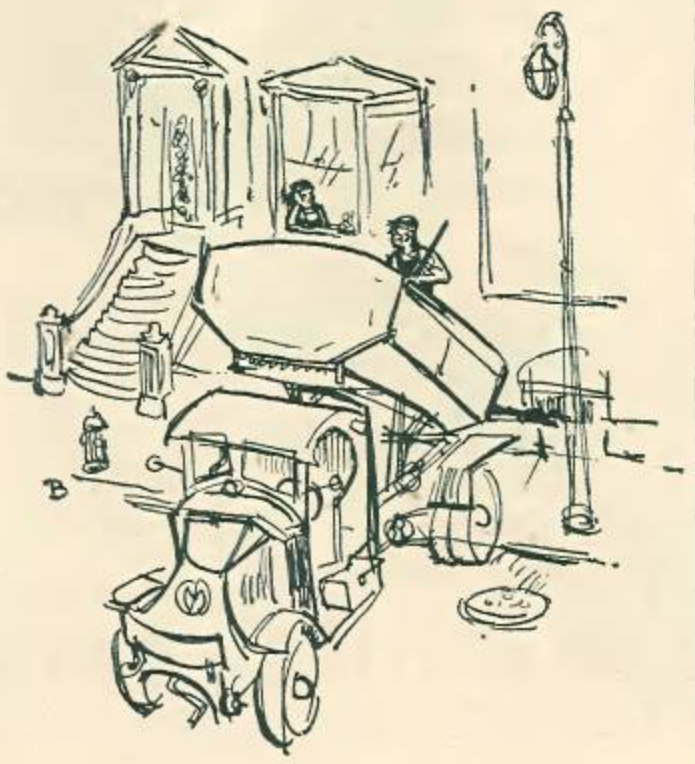
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LITERARY HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, edited by Robert E. Spiller, Willard Thorp, Thomas H. Johnson, and Henry Seidel Canby (Macmillan). An important, large-scale operation, involving the combined efforts of fifty-odd writers and critics, including all but one of the editors. The work, in three volumes (the last one is a bibliography), considers the development of American literature from both the critical and the historical vantage point, and is written to read like a prolonged and freely flowing narrative. Every conceivable form that literature with a small "l" can take—pamphleteering, journalism, oratory, and folk humor, as well as poetry and fiction—is correlated with the cultural and political evolution of the American people. The entire roster of those responsible for the work deserves commendation.

A CHILMARK MISCELLANY, by Van Wyck Brooks (Dutton). It is a little hard to account for this selection from the writings of Van Wyck Brooks, which consists of a number of passages from "The Opinions of Oliver Allston" (to which a very few new notes have been added), two essays from "Sketches in Criticism," a preface to a book by Llewelyn Powys, and a series of excerpts from the volumes of the literary history of America that began with "The Flowering of New England." There are some excellent things in the book, but the history depends for its effect on its panoramic scale and does not lend



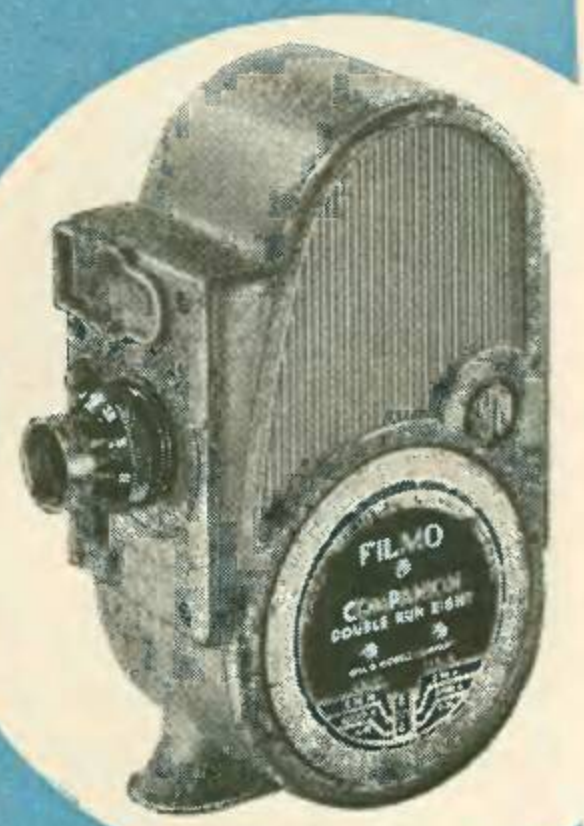
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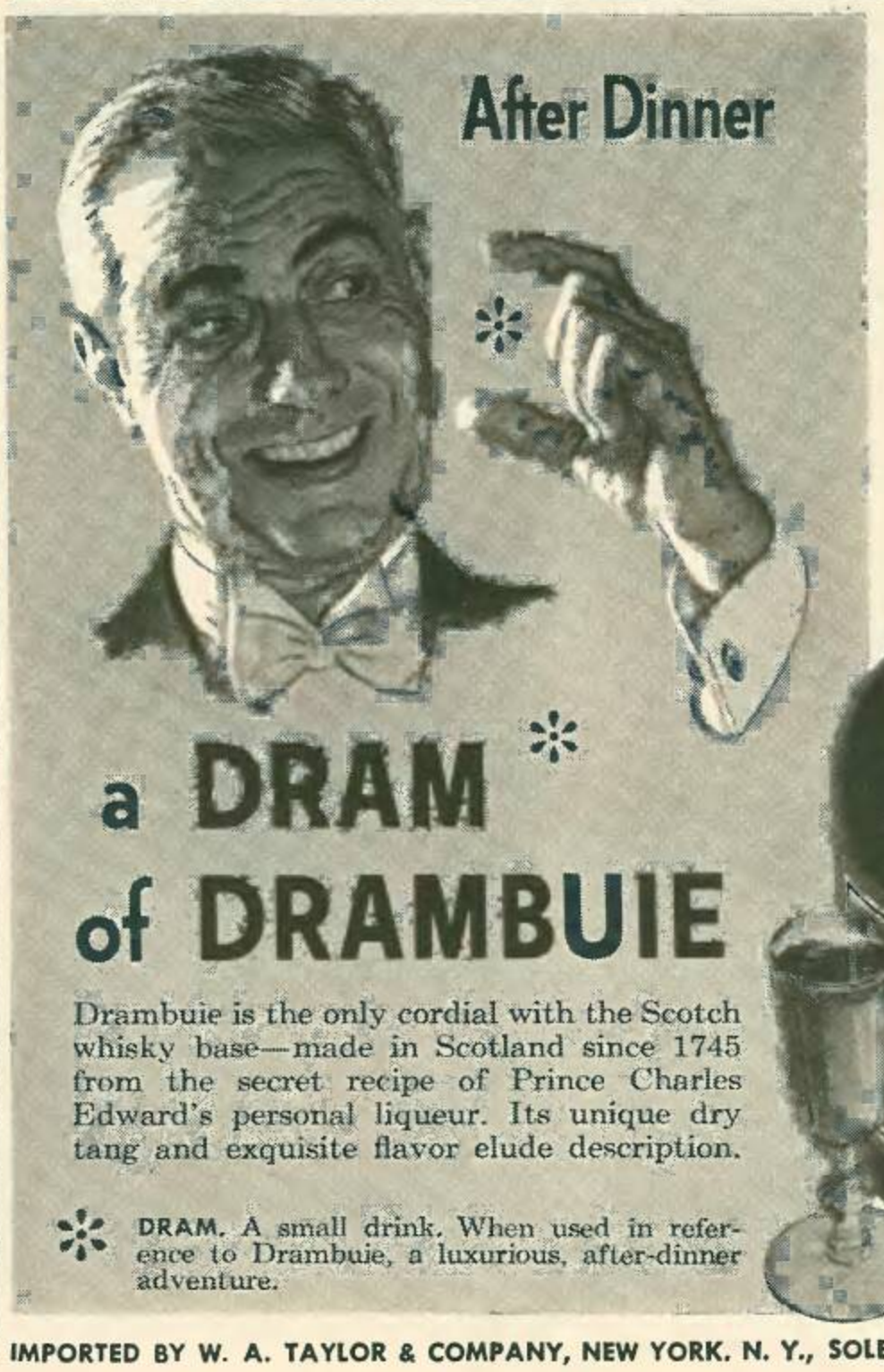
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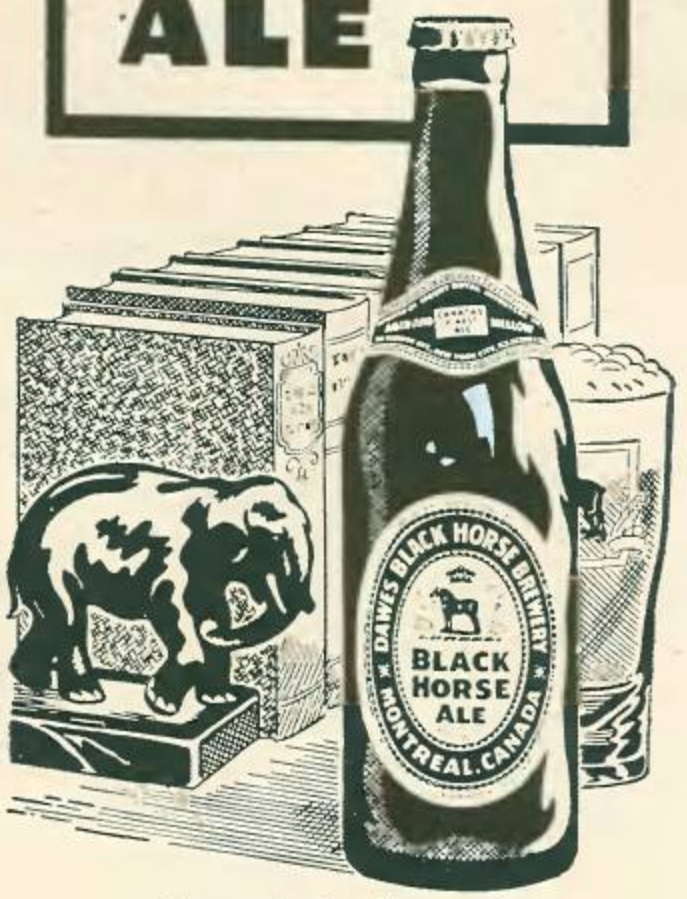
itself to abridgment. Since nothing has been included from Mr. Brooks' stimulating early books, so important for their influence on his contemporaries, the collection is not representative of his talent or his career. One has a feeling that the whole thing is intended for easy assimilation in the classroom.

THE FIRST ROMANTICS, by Malcolm Elwin (Longmans, Green). Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey, vis-à-vis one another and vis-à-vis the world. Although the author takes adequate note of the many things that Coleridge said to Wordsworth about how to write timeproof poetry, and of what Southey chipped in with, the emphasis of this study is on the trio's evolution as political thinkers. It was a journey from Deep Left to Deep Right, beginning, as Mr. Elwin shows us, with the unrealized plan of their youth, conceived at the time of the French Revolution, to emigrate to America, where they hoped to establish a colony of free spirits that would put the Jacobins to shame, and ending, some twenty years later, with all three of them screaming that the Jacobins were knaves and that the established order was not established enough. Tolerably well told.

PAGEANT OF AMERICAN HUMOR, edited by Edwin Seaver (World). A bulky package of indigenous humorous writing, including most of the famous names in the business over the past hundred and fifty years. Many of the pieces chosen, however, particularly those from the nineteenth century, are of only historical interest (if one can take any interest at all in humor that has gone flat), and even in the case of some of the selections from modern writers it would seem that the editor might have picked better. As is always the case, though, in anthologies of this sort, when it comes to what's funny and what's not, it's dealer's choice.

THE UNPREJUDICED PALATE, by Angelo M. Pellegrini (Macmillan). Fortunately, the title is entirely misleading, and you will find this little book of anecdotes and pseudo-philosophical musings on food and drink laudably full of gastronomic prejudice. In fact, Mr. Pellegrini's passionate intolerance of American bread, "the cocktail hour," and the hocus-pocus of pretentious cooks, as well as his almost mystical union with garlic, provides the liveliest material

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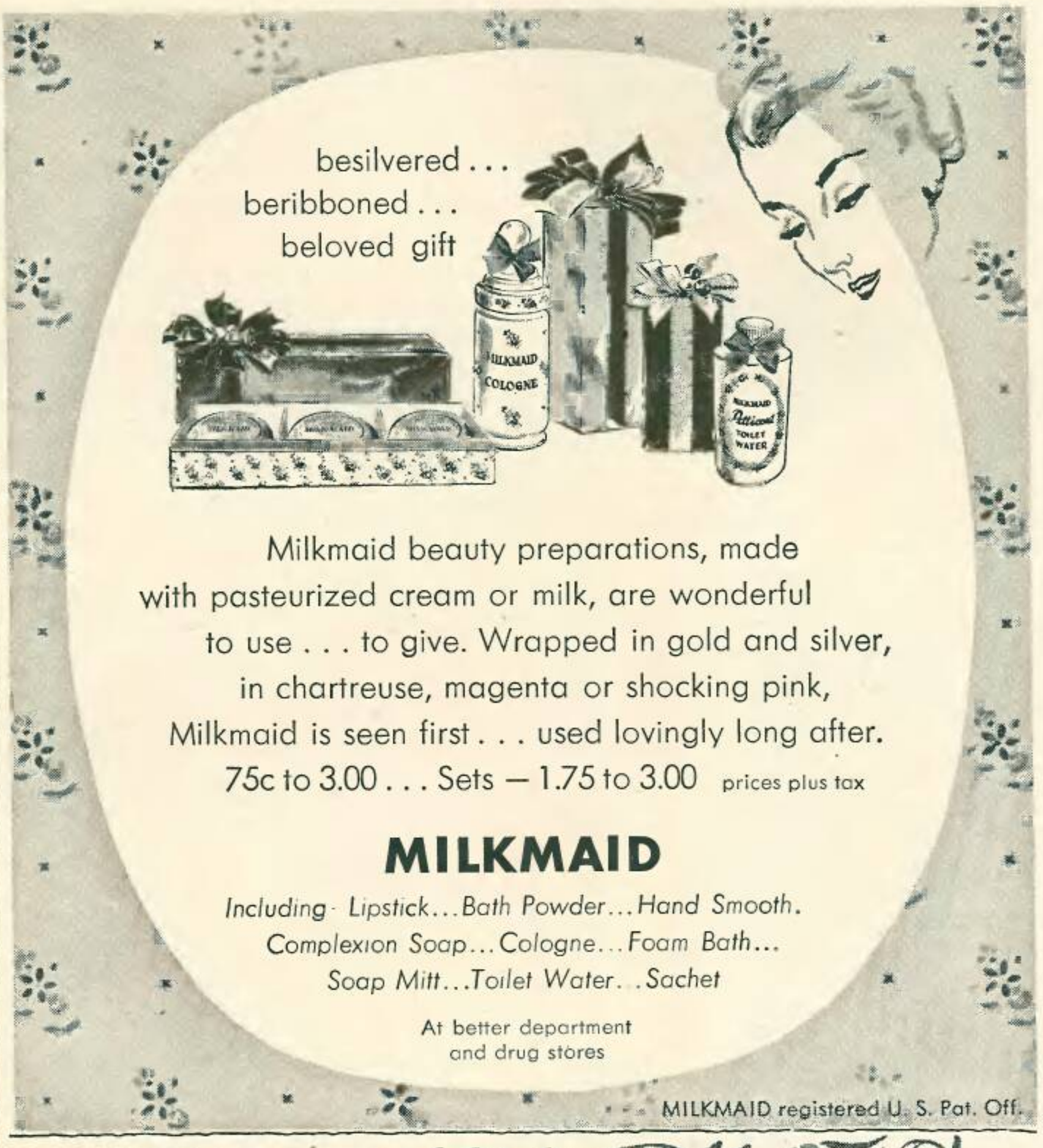
in a thoroughly sound, if not always stimulating, volume.

THE STORY OF MODERN APPLIED ART, by Rudolph Rosenthal and Helena L. Ratzka (Harper). A useful study that brings into focus the contributing influences on the hundred-year history of modern design. Beginning with the revolt of Ruskin against the smug clutter of Victorian England, the volume considers the origins and growth of experimental decoration in Europe and in this country. A lack of discrimination in the authors' appraisal of the work of contemporary designers somewhat mars an informative and well-organized book.

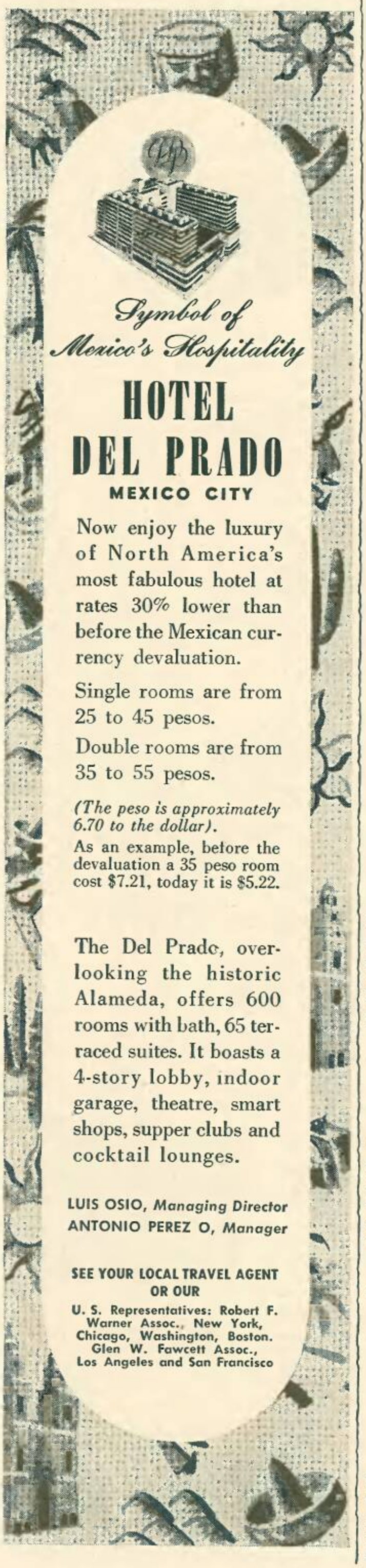
THE BOOK OF FINE PRINTS, by Carl Zigrosser (Crown). Mr. Carl Zigrosser, who has been for some years the Curator of Prints, Drawings, and Illustrated Books at the Philadelphia Museum of Art, is one of the world experts on his subject, and this book, a revision and expansion of his "Six Centuries of Fine Prints," published eleven years ago, has, of course, great authority. The long and very informative introduction has been extended to include the most recent developments in Mr. Zigrosser's field, and a much-needed chapter on Oriental prints has been added, broadening the scope of the work considerably. There are nearly six hundred illustrations, ranging from early-Gothic examples to contemporary ones.

THE SHOOTING MAN'S BEDSIDE BOOK, compiled by B. B. (Scribner). An American issue of a collection of extremely readable and adult British pieces of writing about the outdoors of woods and fields, selected by the editor of "The Fisherman's Bedside Book." Among the contributors mingling here are Gilbert White, who was the eighteenth-century curate of Selborne, and the twentieth-century Llewelyn Powys, and the more consequential offerings are interspersed with such trivia as notes on record gamebags and almost incredible shots, as well as brisk vignettes of the lives of wild animals. All in all, a delightful potpourri. Black-and-white illustrations.

FISHING IN MEXICO, by Hart Stilwell (Knopf). An exhaustive exploration of the fishing resources of Mexico, which, according to the author, are stupendous and for the most part untouched. The book covers not only the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts but the lakes and streams be-







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tween, pointing out the most likely spots for salt-water marlin, tarpon, sailfish, and snook, and fresh-water trout and bass, all of which, it seems, are available in large numbers no more than a few hours by air from this country. Hotel and boat accommodations are also discussed. Photographs.

NOTE: "It Gives Me Great Pleasure," a collection of Emily Kimbrough's stories about the wry pleasures of the lecture tour, has been published by Dodd, Mead. Many of the pieces first appeared in this magazine.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

GIFT OF DEATH, by Edward Ronns (McKay). Jerry Benedict, a New York newspaper cartoonist who has done some satisfactory amateur detection in the past, is dragooned by his boss into going to the aid of the latter's eccentric relatives, the Merritts, who are involved in a murder case in a Connecticut town. Since eccentricity of behavior isn't limited to the Merritt clan but extends to a good many others in the neighborhood, Benedict has an active time solving not one but two murders, as well as an abduction and a lot of incidental nastiness. Overelaborate, but set against a pleasant rural background.

•

Annin's even manufactures the Stars and Stripes in unorthodox shades of purple, white and orange. These are sold to movie studios for use in Technicolor films. Under light filters, the purple and orange bands become transmuted into glorious stripes of red and blue.—*This Week.*

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Keep those herbs out of this; we got no time for herbs.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

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

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