Dec. 11, 1948

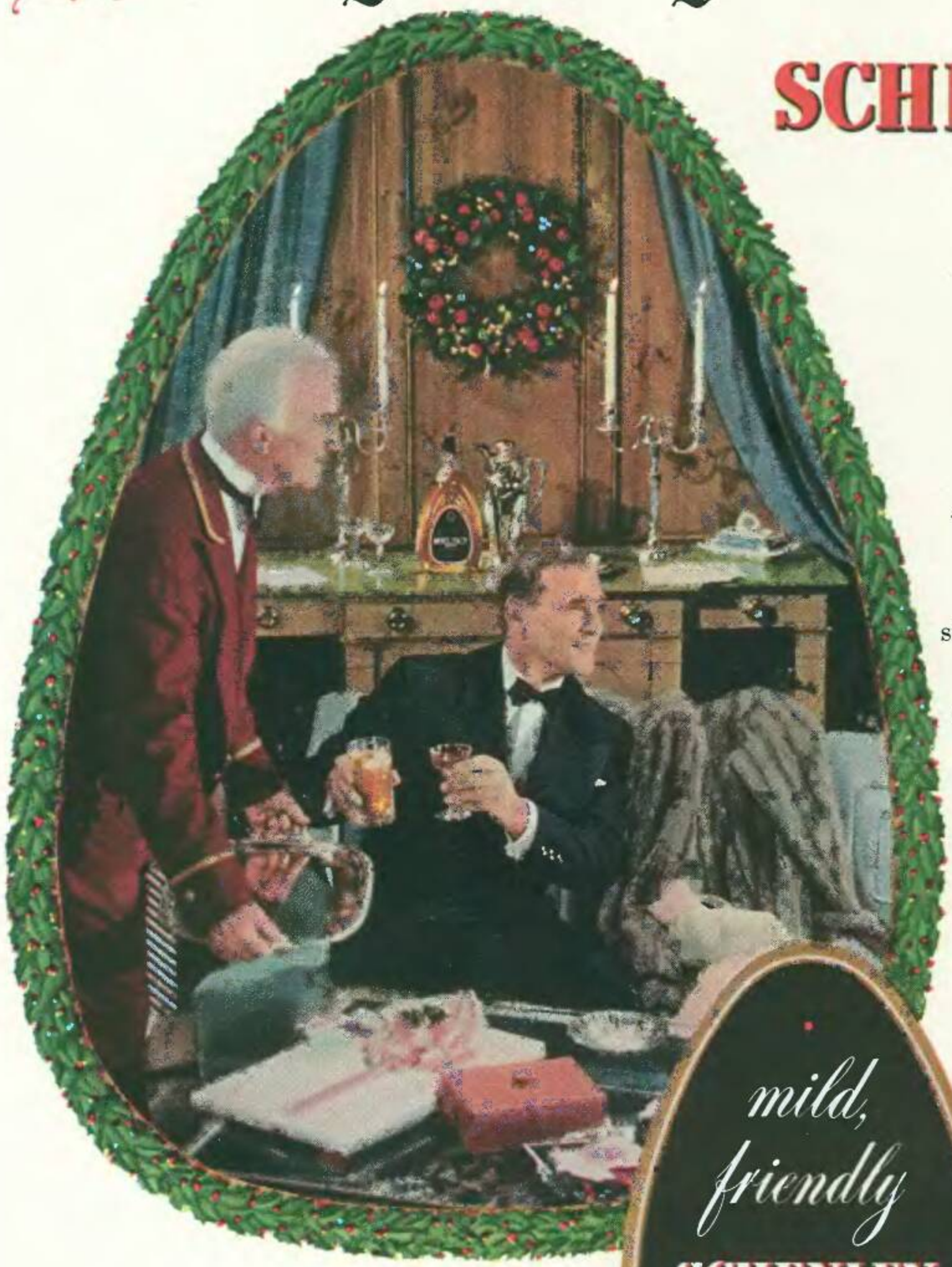
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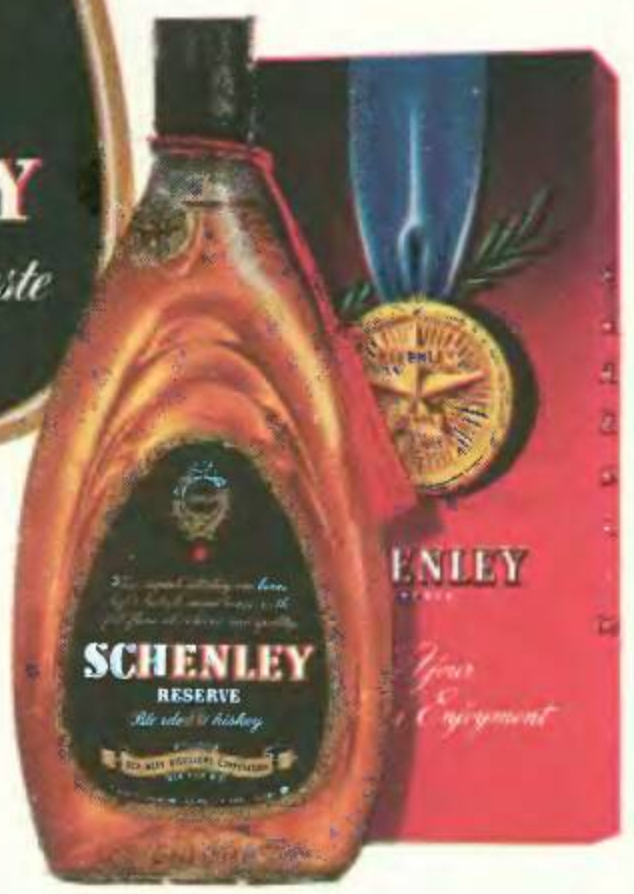
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ON THE PLAZA

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

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

PLAYS

Bravo!—Edna Ferber and George Kaufman have put everything except a talking seal into this play about the theatre, but nothing much comes of it. 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—As co-author of this brisk melodrama, Robert Morley has provided himself with a wonderful part, to which he does full justice. Adrianne Allen plays his long-suffering wife. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Goodbye, My Fancy—Fay Kanin's play concerning a college president, a famous congresswoman, and a *Life* photographer is fairly slick but still entertaining. Madeleine Carroll, Shirley Booth, Sam Wanamaker, Conrad Nagel, and Bethel Leslie all contribute superior performances. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Life with Mother—This may not be quite as good as its illustrious predecessor, but it is a very humorous and engaging show anyway. Dorothy Stickney and Howard Lindsay again play Mother and Father, and there are several other veterans of the original cast. (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 comedy about a theatrical tryout in Boston is uneven but it has some superbly funny scenes. The highly expert company includes Virginia Field, Sam Levene, Audrey Christie, Barry Nelson, Glenn Anders, Philip Ober, and Phyllis Povah. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Play's the Thing—A first-rate cast, among whose members are Louis Calhern, Arthur Margetson, and Faye Emerson, in a pleasant revival of Molnar's comedy of sex on the Riviera. Marianne Stewart will replace Miss Emerson starting Monday, Dec. 13. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special performance, for the Treasurers Club, Sunday evening, Dec. 12. Closes Saturday, Dec. 18.)

Private Lives—Tallulah Bankhead's enormous vitality is responsible for the success of this revival, but her rowdiness might conceivably startle Mr. Coward. Donald Cook serves agreeably as her sparring partner. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Red Gloves—Charles Boyer gives a powerful performance, but the mingling of political discussion and frank melodrama in this adaptation of Jean-Paul Sartre's play is not a happy one. Jed Harris is the director, and Joan Tetzel and John Dall are in the cast. (Mansfield, 47th St., W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Respectful Prostitute—Sartre's generally effective melodrama having to do with the race problem. Ann Dvorak has the leading role. "Hope Is the Thing with Feathers," by Richard Harrity, is the curtain-raiser. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:45. Closes Saturday, Dec. 18.)

The Silver Whistle—José Ferrer gives a remarkably witty performance in this comedy laid in an old folks' home, but the author's inspiration rather wanes after a fine first act. Among those in the Theatre Guild cast are Doro Merande, William Lynn, and Frances Brandt. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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Summer and Smoke—Tennessee Williams, again dealing with sexual maladjustments in the South. The play, however, is not to be compared to "A Streetcar Named Desire" or "The Glass Menagerie," despite splendid performances by Margaret Phillips and Tod Andrews. Jo Mielziner's setting is a triumph. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance for the Actors Fund Sunday evening, Dec. 12.)

The Young and Fair—Frances Starr as the disillusioned head of a girls' college in a lively but pretty naïve play, which also involves kleptomania, anti-Semitism, blackmail, and field hockey. Her young charges include Doe Avedon, Patricia Kirkland, and Lois Wheeler. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Moves or closes after Saturday, Dec. 11.)

Long Runs—born yesterday: Judy Holliday in the piece about a conniving junk dealer. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)... **harvey:** The rabbit and his best friend, currently 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:** Henry Fonda, still patrolling the deck of a Navy cargo ship. With 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' Pulitzer Prize drama concerning the tragic end of a woman's life. 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.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

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. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

As the Girls Go—William Roos's book, something about the first woman President of the United States, is on the slight side, but it doesn't matter, because Bobby Clark has never been more magnificent. Irene Rich, Bill Callahan, and Kathryn Lee are in the cast; 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.—Beatrice Lillie in an Arthur Schwartz-Howard Dietz revue that might have had more laughs but couldn't be handsomer. She is assisted by Jack Haley and a great dancer named Valerie Bettis. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Love Life—The book, which deals with a marriage that goes on for a hundred and fifty years, is a nuisance, but Nanette Fabray and Ray Middleton are attractive in the leading roles, and Kurt Weill has written a nice, original score. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

My Romance—A typical Shubert operetta, with typical Sigmund Romberg songs. Anne Jeffreys, Lawrence Brooks, and Luella Gear do all they can to make up for a stupefying story, based on Edward Sheldon's 1913 play. (Adelphi, 54th St., E. CI 6-5097. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Small Wonder—There are at least three very funny sketches in this not especially intimate revue, and Mary McCarty may easily be the discovery of the year. Tom Ewell heads a cast that includes Alice Pearce, Mort Marshall, Marilyn Day, and Hayes Gordon. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Where's Charley?—The addition of Ray Bolger and Frank Loesser's neat, fresh tunes do wonders for this old chestnut, which used to be called "Charley's Aunt." George Abbott has revised the book, and among the cast are Allyn McLerie, Byron Palmer, and Doretta Morrow. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—annie get your gun: Ethel Merman as the lady sharpshooter. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **high button shoes:** Keystone cops and bathing girls. With Phil Silvers and Joan Roberts. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)... **make mine manhattan:** David Burns and Sid Caesar are the ringleaders of this revue. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

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

Lend an Ear—William Eythe in a revue with book, music, and lyrics by Charles Gaynor. Hal Gerson is the director and Raoul Pène duBois designed the sets. Produced by Mr. Eythe, William R. Katzell, and Franklin K. Gilbert. Opens Thursday, Dec. 16. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Carmelita Maracci—With her company, in a dance recital. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9455. Sunday, Dec. 12, at 3:30 P.M.)

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 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 noted.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The good-looking Trianon Room has William Scotti's polite orchestra and a rumba band for dancing, except Sundays.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—The lofty Bowman Room, awash in the music of Leighton Noble's and Harold Nagel's orchestras. On Tuesday, Dec. 14, Blue Barron's orchestra will take over from Leighton Noble's outfit. Closed Sundays.

Café Society, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—All's well with this Village standby now that the Golden Gate Quartet and Jack Gilford are back home. Cliff Jackson plays the piano now and then, and Dave Martin's band gets real hot for the guests' dancing. Closed Mondays.

Diamond Horseshoe, 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500)—Henny Youngman, an old Broadway cowhand, surrounded by corn twice as high as an elephant's eye. Dance music by Billy Banks' band.

Larue, 45 E. 58th St. (VO 5-6374)—How to be a Yale-man-about-town, in as many easy lessons as one cares to take. Bernie Dolen's and Eddie Davis's orchestras. Closed Sundays.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—An entailed estate tightly held by a group of closely interwoven table-hoppers. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Cotillion Room has its usual small show, now involving Frakson, the magician, and a dance team. Charles Reader's orchestra. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the Café Pierre, a band plays every day for tea dancing and during dinner and supper.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, Jimmy Savo, still keeping the river away from his door, and Leni Lynn, singing. On Thursday, Dec. 16, they bow out in favor of a miniature revue animated by an assemblage of newcomers. Mark Monte's and Leo Reisman's bands. Closed

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Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, pretty as a picture, offers Nycola Matthey's and Payson Ré's orchestras for dancing after eight-thirty. Closed Mondays.

Ritz-Carlton, Madison Ave. at 46th St. (PL 3-4600)—Emery Deutsch's soft-spoken orchestra at dinnertime in the placid and decorous Oval Room. No dancing.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—At the supper hour, Rolly Rolls, whose major prop for his Gallic tomfoolery is a Steinway, considerably enlivens the Maisonette, where there is unobtrusive dance music all evening by Milt Shaw's and Pepito Arvelo's bands. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra provides the glossy clientele of the Café Lounge with music to dance to. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Populated principally by recent graduates of the Howdy Doody Club. Sande Williams' orchestra and a rumba band. Tea dancing Sundays.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Edith Piaf, ornamented only by a little black dress and sixteen hesitant words of English, demonstrating the best French method of holding an audience in the palm of one's hand. On Wednesday, Dec. 15, she will be replaced by Georges Ulmer, another Parisian troubadour. 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, having fun at suppertime in the Wedgwood Room. Songs by the mellifluous Margaret Phelan, and dancing all evening to Eddy Duchin's orchestra, aided, at the supper hour, by Mischa Borr's band. On Thursday, Dec. 16, a new show, made up of Paul and Grace Hartman and Emil Coleman's orchestra, arrives. The room closes at 10 P.M. on Sundays. . . . ¶ 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): Les Crosley (at cocktail time and dinner) and Cy Walter (later in the evening), playing the kind of piano you wish you, too, could play. Harold Cooke fills in for both technicians on Sundays. . . . **Coq Rouge**, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Dick Wilson's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba trio for dancing, after eight-thirty, in this comfortable nook. Twice a night, Gigi Durston's songs lend a good deal of sweetness and light to the proceedings. Closed Sundays. . . . **Dorset Bar**, 30 W. 54th St. CI 7-7300): Chinese Chippendale décor, and John Kelley, Jr.'s, native American piano after eight-thirty every evening but Sunday. . . . **Café Trouville**, 112 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-9234): A bustling but not folksy bar, with piano by Mary McNally at the cocktail hour and by Harry Taylor after nine. Closed Sundays. . . . **Delmonico Room**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2500): Greta Keller, after ten, being just as Continental as anyone could possibly expect. Closed Mondays. . . . **Perroquet**, Second Ave. at 58th St. (PL 5-7761): Toward the end of the dinner hour, Hugh Shannon sits down at his piano to unfurl a sheaf of pleasant songs about the merits and demerits of a pastime called love. Closed Mondays. . . . **Little Casino**, 243 Sullivan St., at 3rd St. (OR 4-9583): Jimmy Daniels, with the aid of Garland Wilson's and Norene Tate's piano and Mae Barnes' songs, lovingly turning time backward to a Paris we may never see again. Closed Mondays. . . . **Sazarac**, 716 Lexington Ave., at 58th St. (EL 5-8923): A late-evening houseparty for, and often by, show business. Ralph Strain is the resident pianist, and he is apt to be lent several helping hands before dawn. Closed Sundays. . . . **Little Club**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): A throwback to the twenties, with Shandor's violin music every evening but Monday, and Sonny Kendis and his trio after ten every night but Sunday. . . . **Chat Noir**, St. Moritz Hotel, 50 Central Park S. (PL 5-5800): A new place, wherein Alice Tyrrell and Dick Winslow sing some lively songs. Bobby Baxter (aided by most of the audience) does his magic tricks, and Mervyn Nelson clowns. Closed Mondays. . . . **Monte Carlo**, 125 E. 54th St. (PL 9-2728): A bit farther uptown than the original edition, but handsomer and more relaxing than it used to be. Dance music, after nine, by Dick Gasparre's orchestra and a rumba band. Closed Mondays. . . . **Armando's**, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): An old-timer that is still a home away from home for the Westchester and Manhasset groups. Jacques Thaler rambles along at the piano after nine-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **Madison**, Madison Ave. at 58th St. (VO 5-5000): Mondays through Fridays, from five to nine, the well-tempered pianistics of Ferrante and Teicher alternate with Peter Walters' solo piano work; on Saturdays and Sundays between the same hours, and on Sunday afternoons, Bernie Dolen's orchestra for dancing. . . . **El Chico**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Good-natured Latin-American hurly-burly, interrupted only when the patrons indulge in a spot of dancing themselves. Closed Sundays. . . . **One Fifth Avenue**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Kirkwood and Goodman and their amiable foolishment, except Mondays; Nancy Andrews' songs, except Sundays, when there are ancient silent movies. . . . **Casino Russe**, 157 W. 56th St. (CI 6-6116): This old caravansary of the steppes is resounding with guess what sort of entertainment. Dancing; closed Mondays.

BIG AND BRASSY

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Joe E. Lewis, undoubtedly an acquired taste but apt to be a persistent one. The rest of the nineteen-course show doesn't matter too much, except for the incumbent assortment of pretty girls. Michael Durso's orchestra and a rumba band for dancing. . . . **Latin Quarter**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1737): Sophie Tucker, perhaps the most durable fixture among the lights of Old Broadway, revealing one aspect of life to an Old Broadway clientele.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

Ruban Bleu, 4 E. 56th St. (EL 5-9787): Connie Sawyer, a hell of a funny girl, plus Muriel Gaines, singing about uninhibited ladies, and Michael Brown, singing about completely improbable ones. Other useful citizens are on hand, too. In the background, the Normann Paris Trio, inventing their music of the twenty-first century as they go along. Julius Monk is the ringmaster of this small carnival. Closed Sundays. . . . **Blue Angel**, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Through Wednesday, Dec. 15, the inhabitants will be Imogene Coca, now playing a furious soccer match with Fletcher and Sheidy, as brisk a combination as Tinker-to-Evers-to-Chance; Kitty Crawford, flavoring her songs with equal portions of sugar and acid; and Muriel Smith, carrying a rather spectacular torch. Roger Prince, a new humorist from the Coast, will join Miss Smith



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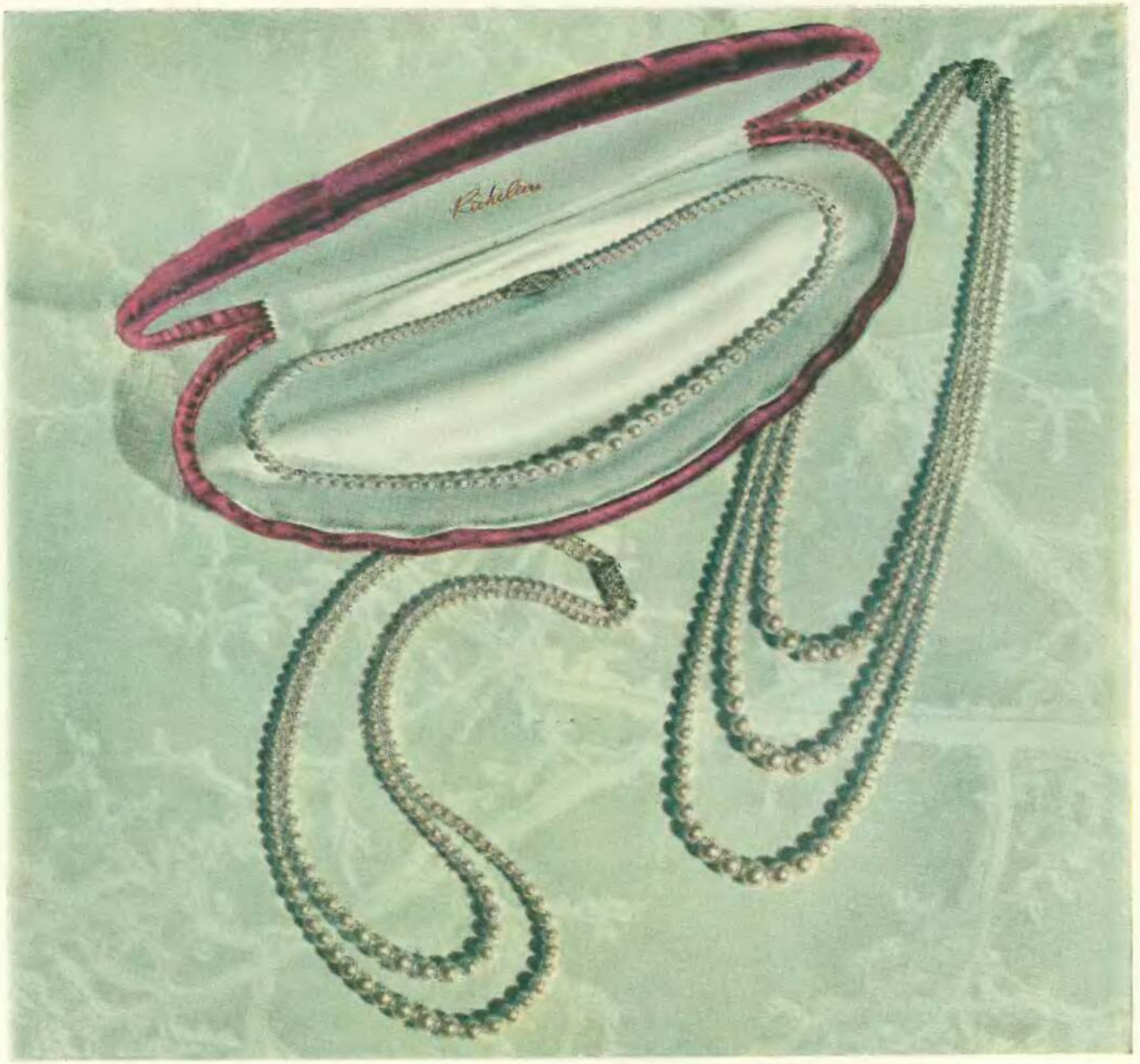
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(who stays on) on the following night. Stuart Ross's Byzantine piano and the fey tone poems of the Ellis Larkin Trio.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Delores Martin, singing under full steam, and Will Jordan, making mock of a lot of the Hollywood clan. The Cyril Haines Trio plays for dancing. Closed Sundays.... **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-9322): A sheaf of Spivy's avant-garde nursery rhymes, and plenty of chipper piano by Arthur Kent and Sam Hamilton, in this small treetop. Closed Sundays.... **BREVOORT SUPPER CLUB,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (GR 3-7306): Sheila Barrett puts her fertile mind to work on a lot of comic ideas. In between, the piano team of Jean Rose and Fred Caye, and dance music by Syd Strange's trio. A new show opens on Saturday, Dec. 11. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison and his do-or-die trumpet style, together with Georg Brunis, Jack Lesberg, Peanuts Hucko, Buzzy Drootin, and other Kilkenny cats. Ralph Sutton plays nice hot piano whenever they stop to cool their instruments. Tuesday nights are unrestrained free-for-alls, when other masters of the art drop in to take a hand. Closed Sundays.... **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Not exactly the ball of fire it once was, but Billy Butterfield and Ernie Caceres still tee off here in the evening. Sunday afternoon is jam-session time. Closed Mondays.... **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): The celebrated Max Kaminsky and his trio, which includes Dick Carey and Arthur Treppier. Chippie Hill is around and about except Sundays, when there are afternoon jam sessions. Dancing.... **CHILDS PARAMOUNT,** Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): Wilbur de Paris's exemplary septet, which includes Sidney de Paris and Buster Bailey, turning out a brand of jazz of interest to both serious thinkers and spry-legged dancers. Supper dancing only, and no music on Mondays.... **ROYAL ROOST,** 1580 Broadway, at 47th St. (CI 6-9559): Billy Eckstine and the bands of Charlie Ventura and Charlie Parker, performing here every night but Monday, in a milieu that suggests the sprint hour at the six-day bike races.... **CLIQUE,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (PL 7-6612): The most recent bedlam, with music by Sarah Vaughan; a trio composed of George Shearing, Oscar Pettiford, and Kenny Clark; and Buddy Rich's band. Closed Tuesdays.... **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): The new home of the Friday-evening jazz sessions, offering such Early American musicians as Joe Sullivan, Muggsy Spanier, and Art Hodes, who assemble a very plausible reproduction of the Battle of Jericho; dancing.

MOSTLY FOR DANCING

NEW YORKER, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000): Gardner Benedict's orchestra, and Laura Leeds, playing the piano and singing, plus an ice show. There's a fill-in band on Sundays.... **PENNSYLVANIA,** Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000): In the Café Rouge, Tommy Dorsey's band, sounding as it did in the memorable old days. 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

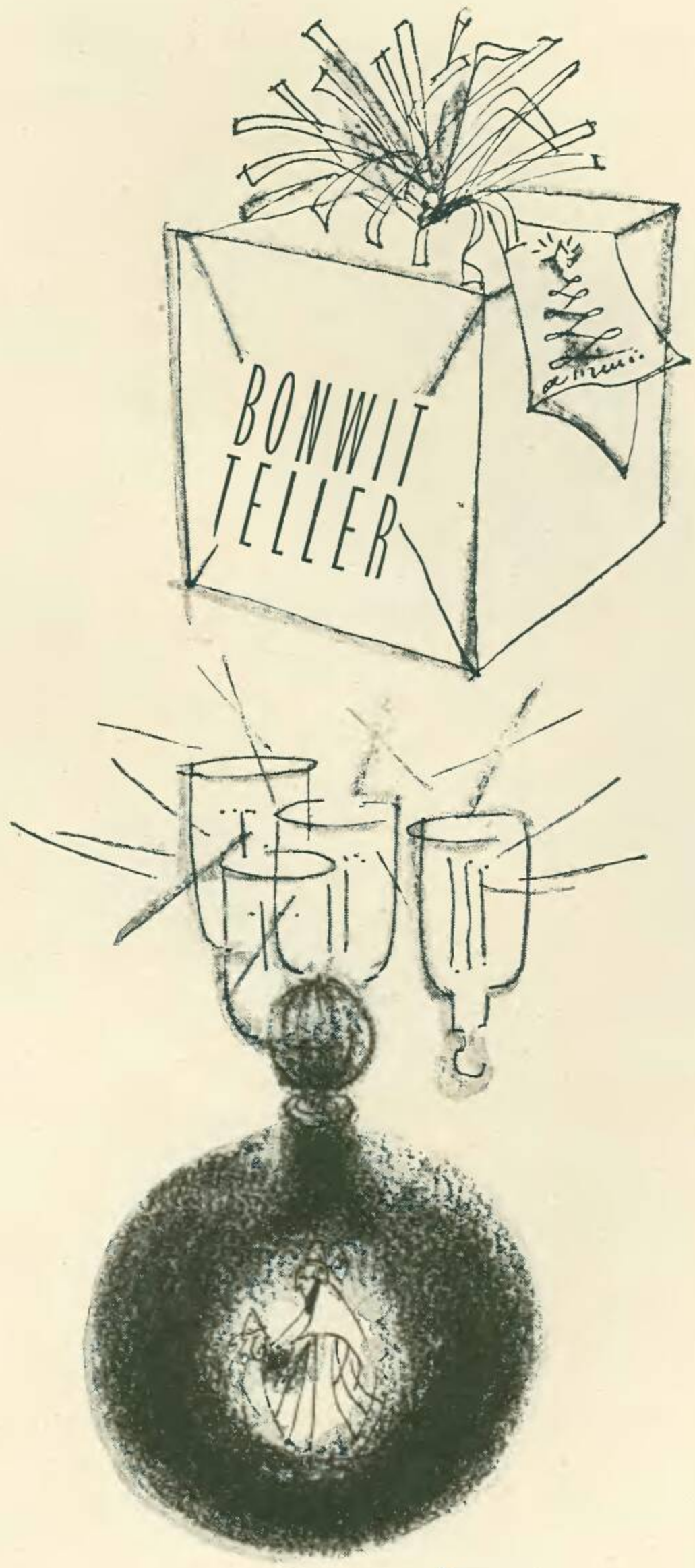
(Most galleries open around 10 A.M. and close between 5 and 6 P.M. Mondays through Saturdays.)

GALLERIES

AUDUBON ARTISTS—The seventh annual exhibition. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.; through Dec. 15.)

PIERRE BONNARD AND EDOUARD VUILLARD—A few small paintings by these two masters of the Impressionist school. (Emmerik, 662 Lexington Ave., at 55th St.; through Dec. 18.)

DAVID BURLIUK—New paintings, not as forceful



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

this year, but equally inventive and varied in style. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.; through Dec. 18.)

MARC CHAGALL—Illustrations for "Scheherazade" and other fantasies from the "Arabian Nights" in lithographs that successfully combine delicate line and lovely, exciting colors. (Kleemann, 65 E. 57th St.; through Dec. 24.)

GUSTAVE COURBET—First comprehensive showing in some years, and a good one; for the benefit of American Aid to France and the Goddard Neighborhood Center. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.; through Jan. 8.)

JEAN DUBUFFET—Deliberately childlike (almost bad-boy-like) paintings by one of the younger Frenchmen. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.; through Dec. 31.)

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 works, 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.)

GROUPS—At the 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. 31.... CONTEMPORARY ARTS, 106 E. 57th St.: A variety of new pictures, including some by Edward Betts, Thio Hios, Maureen O'Connor, and Eli Zimmer; through Dec. 30.... NIVEAU, 63 E. 57th St.: A well-chosen show of works by contemporary French painters, including Bombois, Dufy, and Utrillo; through Dec. 31.... PERLS, 32 E. 58th St.: A Christmas show, full of the effective coloring and subtlety of such painters as Darrel Austin, Suzanne Eisendieck, and Tschacbasov; through Dec. 31.... SCHAEFFER, 52 E. 58th St.: A fine collection of early drawings, strong in draftsmanship, from the German, Flemish, and Italian schools, and a few paintings including one by Cranach The Elder and one by Jan Mostaert; through Dec. 20.

CELIA HUBBARD—Vivid gouaches of delicate jungles, lost little girls, and the precise façades of old houses, revealing an illustrative quality. (American British Art Center, 44 W. 56th St.; through Dec. 24.)

JOSEPH KAPLAN—Landscapes in gouache, done by an artist with a good, if not fully developed, sense of color and form. (Salpeter, 36 W. 56th St.; through Dec. 11.)

JACK LUBIN—An attractive one-man show of gracefully painted still-lifes and interiors. (Marquié, 16 W. 57th St.; through Dec. 31.)

LUCIA—Rather determinedly exotic paintings, done by a newcomer with a flair for brilliant color. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.; through Dec. 24.)

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



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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. (Laurel, 108 E. 57th St.; through Dec. 11.)

KURT SELIGMANN—New paintings, still exploring his now familiar semi-Surrealist world of tattered heraldic figures. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.; through Dec. 24.)

EVERETT SPRUCE—Southwestern subjects, simplified and less harsh and more colorful than his previous works. (Levitt, 16 W. 57th St.; through Dec. 24.)

HEDDA STERNE—Paintings, mainly of New York, done in an odd but attractive mingling of fantasy and abstraction. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.; through Dec. 18.)

GRAHAM SUTHERLAND—Spiky palm trees and other motifs in this English artist's bristly and pungently original manner. (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.)

KEITH SHAW WILLIAMS—A group of expert, conventionally styled portraits and flower pictures. (Grand Central, 55 E. 57th St.; through Dec. 11.)

SOME OF THIS WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the DURAND-RUEL, 12 E. 57th St.: Drawings by Degas; through Dec. 31. . . . REHN, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.: Reginald Marsh; through Dec. 30. . . . ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Henry Botkin; through Dec. 26. . . . DOWNTOWN, 32 E. 51st St.: William Zorach; through Dec. 31.

MUSEUMS

JEWISH MUSEUM, 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St.—Small models of a proposed monument by Jo Davidson and Ely Jacques Kahn that will be a memorial to the victims of the Nazis in the Warsaw Ghetto in 1943. (Sundays, Mondays, and Wednesdays, 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Tuesdays and Thursdays, 2 to 9 P.M.; through Jan. 30.)

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; through Jan. 2. . . . ¶ More than a hundred and fifty lithographs, chiefly from the Museum's collection, including impressive works by such European masters as Goya, Daumier, Toulouse-Lautrec, and Matisse, and by such Americans as George Bellows, Ralston Crawford, and Grant Wood; through Dec 31. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.)

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. . . . ¶ Recent acquisitions, 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. 9, at 8: "Otello," with Licia Albanese, Ramon Vinay, and Leonard Warren. . . . ¶ Friday



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Dec. 13, at 8:30: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Bidu Sayao, Ferruccio Tagliavini, and Salvatore Baccaloni. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Dec. 14, at 8: "Carmen," with Risë Stevens, Licia Albanese, and Kurt Baum (a benefit for the Smith College Club of New York; for tickets, call PL 5-0372.) . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 15, at 8:30: "Rigoletto," with Lily Pons, Cloe Elmo, and Jan Peerce. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 16, at 8:30: "La Bohème," with Bidu Sayao, Jussi Bjoerling, and John Brownlee. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 17, at 8: "Tristan und Isolde," with Lauritz Melchior, Helen Traubel, and Herbert Janssen. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 18, at 2: "Otello," with Ramon Vinay, Licia Albanese, and Leonard Warren. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 18, at 8:30: "L'Amore dei Tre Re," with Dorothy Kirsten and Charles Kullman.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—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. . . . ¶ Bruno Walter conducting: Sunday afternoon, Dec. 12, at 2:45; no soloists. . . . ¶ Charles Münch conducting: Thursday evening, Dec. 16, at 8:45, and Friday afternoon, Dec. 17, at 2:30; both with Robert Casadesus, piano. (Carnegie Hall.)

Little Orchestra Society—Thomas K. Scherman conducting, with Fredell Lack, violin, and Frank Sheridan, piano. (Town Hall. Monday evening, Dec. 13, at 8:30.)

National Orchestral Association—Leon Barzin directing the annual Gabrilowitsch Memorial Christmas concert, with the Dessoff Choirs, Anita Zahn, and the Duncan Dancers. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday afternoon, Dec. 18, at 2:30.)

Vinaver Chorus—Chemjo Vinaver directing. (Town Hall. Thursday evening, Dec. 9, at 8:30.)

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.)

Trapp Family Singers—The first of two Christmas concerts. (Town Hall. Saturday afternoon, Dec. 18, at 5:30.)

Oratorio Society—Alfred Greenfield directing "The Messiah." (Carnegie Hall. Saturday evening, Dec. 18, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

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.)

Menahem 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.)

Ezio Pinza—Bass. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday evening, Dec. 11, at 8:30.)

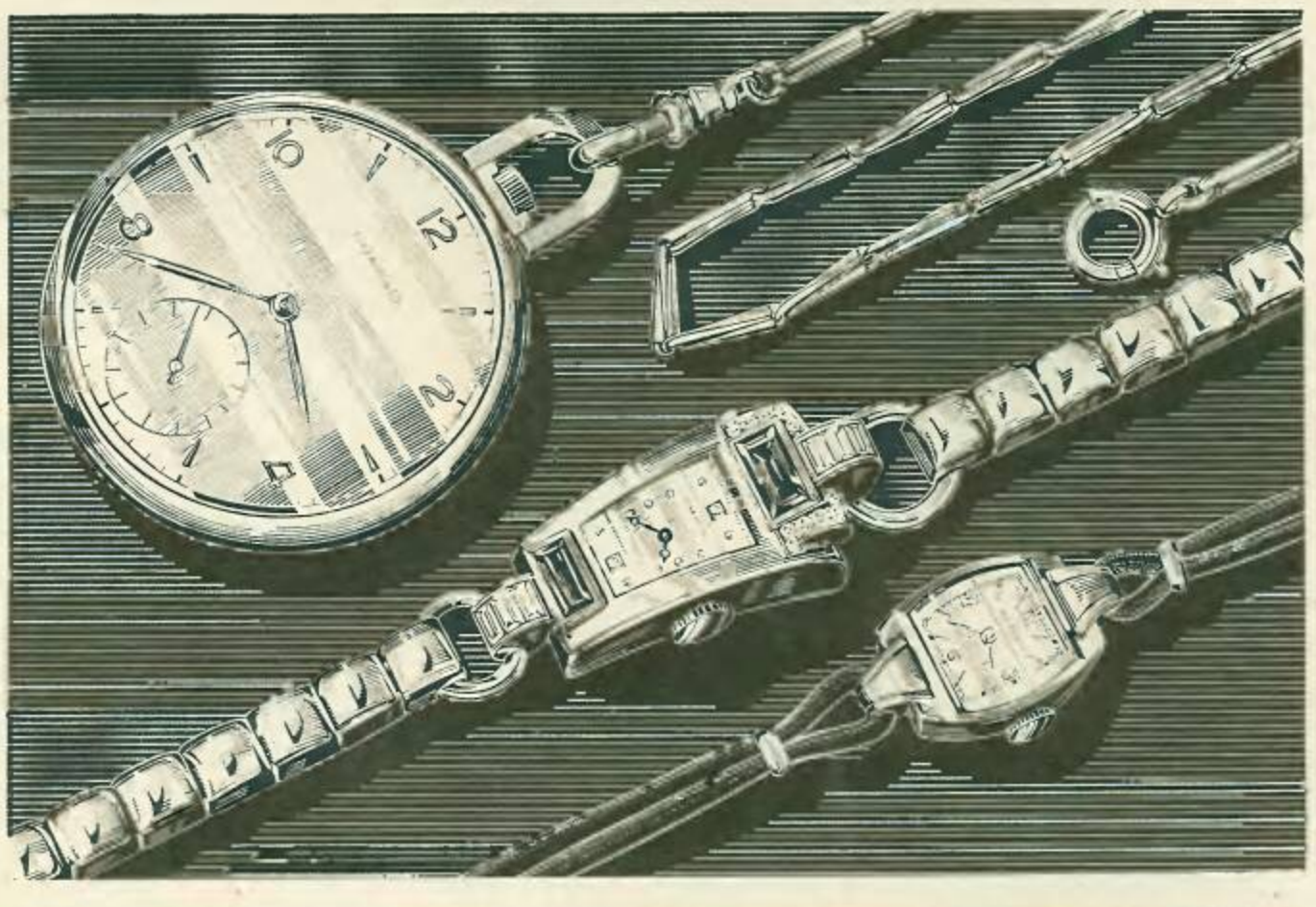
Doda Conrad—Bass. (Town Hall. Sunday afternoon, Dec. 12, at 3.)

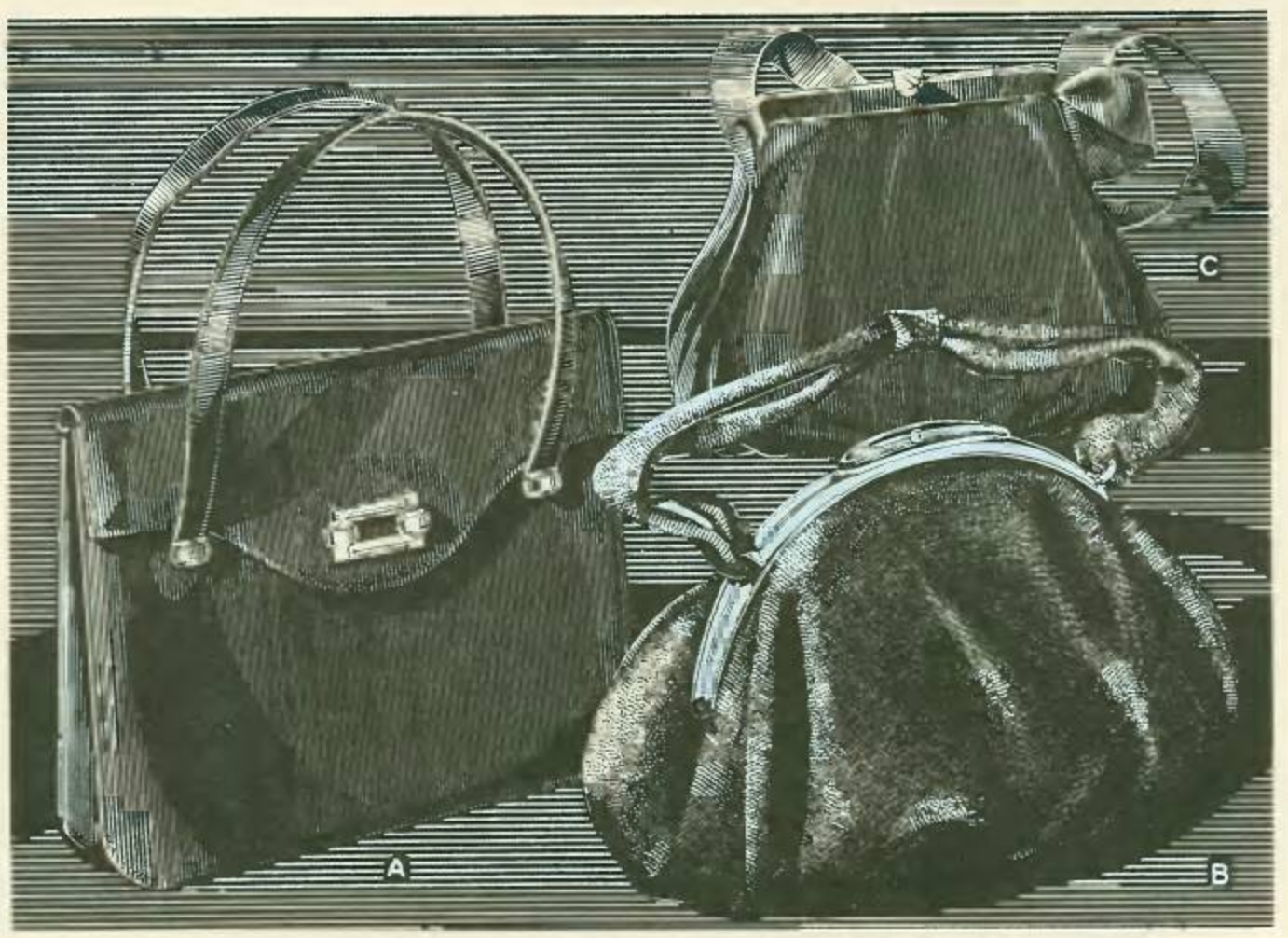
New Friends of Music—Adolf Busch, violin, and Rudolf Serkin, piano. (Town Hall. Sunday afternoon, Dec. 12, at 5:30.)

Marjorie Lawrence—Soprano. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd

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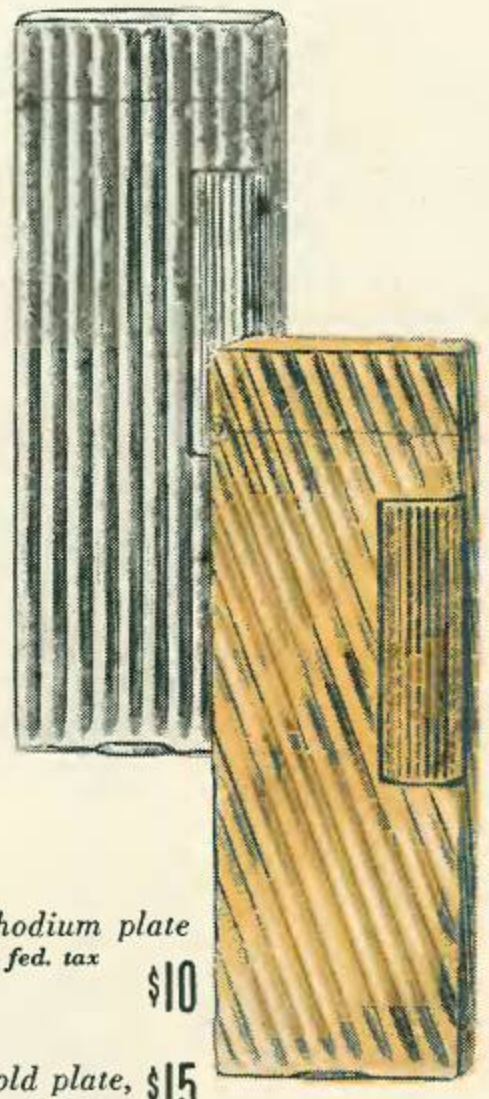
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St. AT 9-9455. Sunday evening, Dec. 12, at 8:40.)

Regina Resnik—Soprano. (Town Hall. Sunday evening, Dec. 12, at 8:30.)

Kirsten Flagstad—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday evening, Dec. 12, at 8:30.)

Ebe Stignani—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday evening, Dec. 13, at 8:30.)

Albeneri Trio—An all-Beethoven program. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9455. Monday evening, Dec. 13, at 8:40.)

Angel Reyes—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday evening, Dec. 14, at 8:30.)

Pierre Fournier—Cello. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. GR 3-1391. Saturday evening, Dec. 18, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

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

College Basketball—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. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 14: C.C.N.Y. vs. Brooklyn College, and L.I.U. vs. Oklahoma A. and M. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 16: Manhattan vs. Bradley, and N.Y.U. vs. Texas. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 18: L.I.U. vs. Kansas State, and St. John's vs. Kentucky. (Madison Square Garden. Games begin at 8 P.M.)

Boxing—Friday, Dec. 10: Joe Baksi vs. Ezzard Charles, heavyweights, 15 rounds. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 17: Sandy Saddler vs. Terry Young, lightweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bouts at 10.)

Professional Football—Giants vs. Washington. (Polo Grounds. Sunday, Dec. 12, at 2:05 P.M.)

Hockey—Sunday, Dec. 12: Rangers vs. Detroit. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 15: Rangers vs. Toronto. (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.)

FOR CHILDREN

Children's Concerts—The Philharmonic-Symphony, Igor Buketoff conducting. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday morning, Dec. 18, at 11.) . . . ¶ The American Youth Orchestra, Dean Dixon conducting, with Charles Weidman and his dance company. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday afternoon, Dec. 18, at 3.)

Children's Plays—Children's World Theatre: "King Midas and the Golden Touch." (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. Saturdays, Dec. 11 and 18, at 10:30 A.M. and 2:30 P.M., and Sunday, Dec. 12, 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 afternoon, Dec. 11, at 2:30. For tickets, call CH 4-1943.) . . . ¶ Junior Theatre: "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." (Carnegie Recital Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday afternoons, Dec. 11 and 18, at 2:15.)

Musical Play—"Simple Simon," presented by Edwin Strawbridge. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday afternoons, Dec. 11 and 18, and Sunday afternoon, Dec. 12, all at 2:30. For tickets, call PL 5-1482.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The annual supervised playroom-art gallery, where children from four to eight years old may play with mechanical toys and puzzles, paint, and commune with modern art. Fifty-minute sessions are held weekdays at 10 and 11 A.M. and 2, 3, and 4 P.M., and Sundays at 2, 3, and 4 P.M. For reservations, call CI 5-8900.

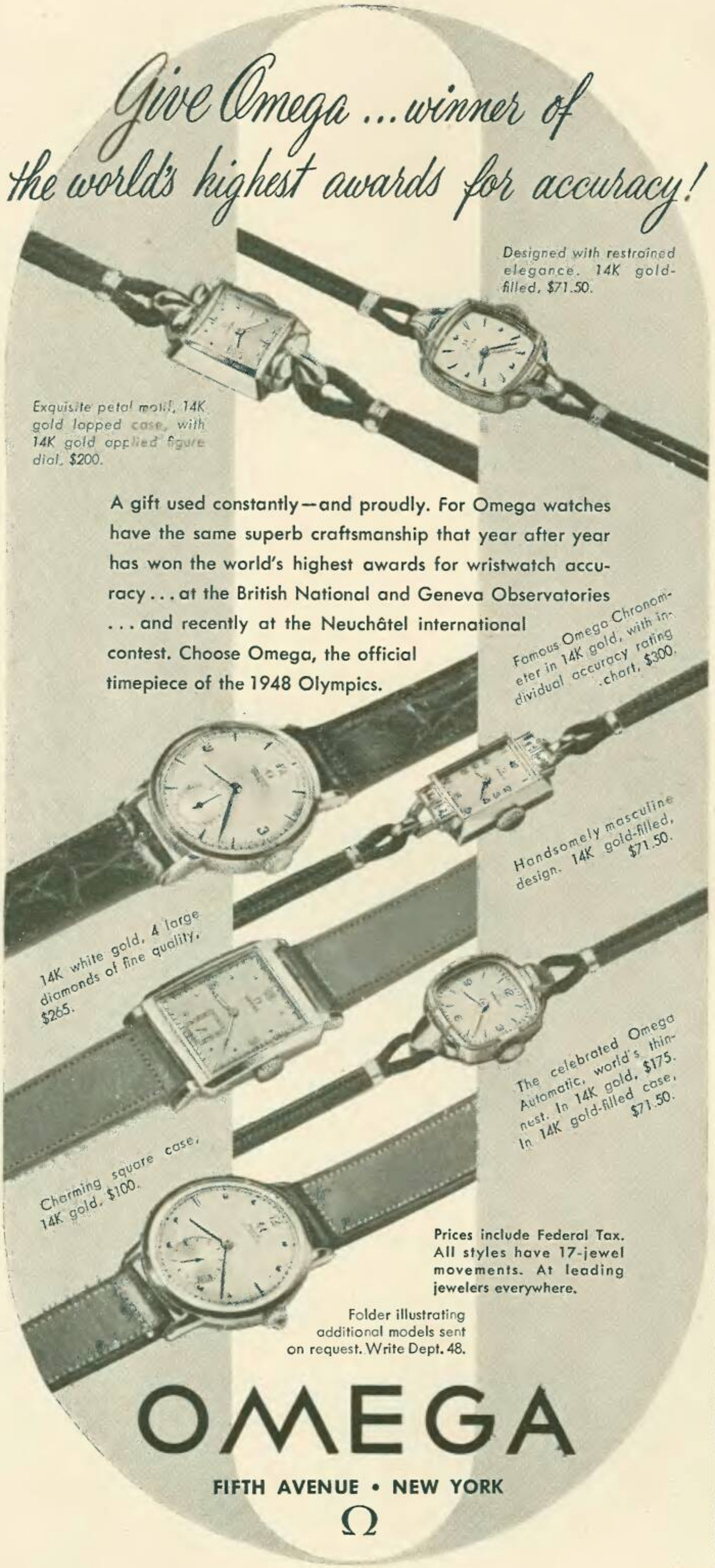
Children's Vaudeville—An hour and a half or so of clowns, puppets, trained dogs, and magic tricks. (Provincetown Playhouse, 123 MacDougal St. GR 7-9894. Saturday, Dec. 11, at 10 and 11:45 A.M., and 1:30 P.M., and Sun-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

day, Dec. 12, at 11 A.M., and 1 and 3 P.M.) . . . ¶ The Wallace puppets. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, 2 E. 90th St. AT 9-3400. Saturday morning, Dec. 11, 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.)

Flower Show—The Horticultural Society's show of Christmas plants and greens. (Essex House, 160 Central Park S. Wednesday, Dec. 15, from 2:30 to 4:30 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—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57th St.—Lithographs and etchings by such modern artists as Picasso, Rouault, Braque, and Matisse, collected by Curt Valentin. (Auction, Thursday, Dec. 9, at 8 P.M.) . . . ¶ Old English silver, from Charles II to George IV, and eighteenth-century American furniture, owned by Tristan J. M. Argenti, Joseph H. Hirshhorn, and others. (Exhibition, Thursday, Dec. 9, from 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; auction, Friday, Dec. 10, at 2 P.M.) . . . ¶ Paintings by old masters, including Tiepolo, Dürer, and Bronzino, as well as by such modern artists as Renoir and Degas, owned by the C. S. Wadsworth Trust. (Exhibition, Thursday and Friday, Dec. 9-10, from 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; auction, Saturday, Dec. 11, at 2 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: "Tristan und Isolde," with Lauritz Melchior and Helen Traubel, Saturday, Dec. 11, at 2 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Philharmonic-Symphony, Bruno Walter conducting, Sunday, Dec. 12, at 3 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ Detroit Symphony, Karl Krueger conducting, Tuesday, Dec. 14, at 9:45 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ N.B.C. Symphony, Arturo Toscanini conducting, Saturday, Dec. 11, at 6:30 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Lily Pons, soprano, Monday, Dec. 13, at 9 P.M., WNBC.

Drama—"The Old Lady Shows Her Medals," with Fay Bainter, presented by the Protestant Episcopal Church, Friday, Dec. 10, at 8 P.M., WOR. . . . ¶ Monty Woolley in "Spring Again," presented by the Theatre Guild, Sunday, Dec. 12, at 9:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Helen Hayes in "What Every Woman Knows," Sunday, Dec. 12, at 9 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ "Page Miss Glory," with Joan Blondell and Macdonald Carey, Friday, Dec. 10, at 9 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ Cornelia Otis Skinner in "The Family Circle." Monday, Dec. 13, at 8 P.M., WNBC.

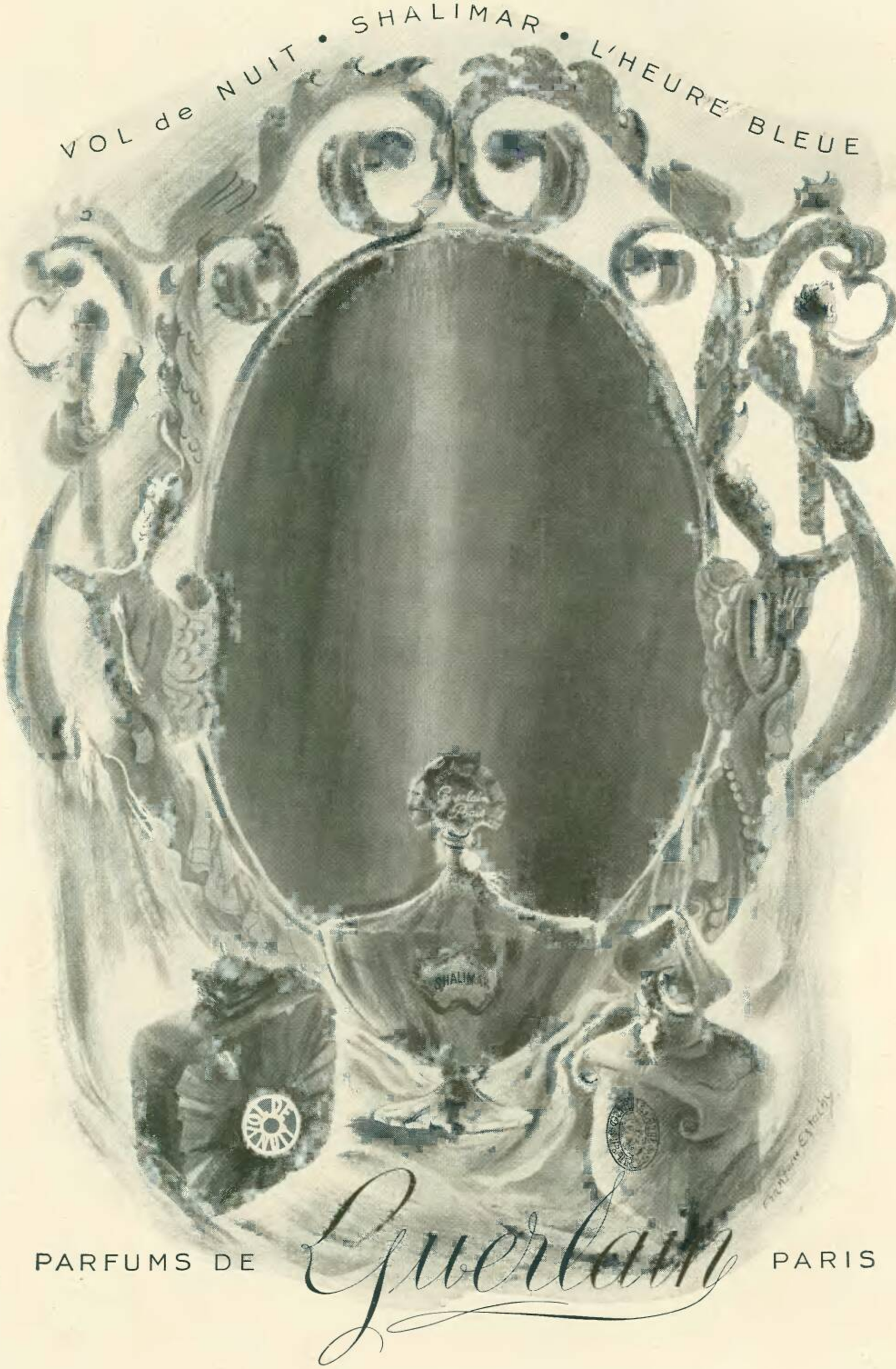
TELEVISION

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

Drama—"The Medium," with Marie Powers, Sunday, Dec. 12, at 7:30 P.M., WCBS.

Sports—Professional Football: Giants vs. Washington, Sunday, Dec. 12, at 1:45 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ College Basketball: At Madison Square Garden, Thursday, Dec. 9, and Saturday, Dec. 11, both at 8:30 P.M., and Tuesday, Dec. 14, at 9:30 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ Hockey: Rangers vs. Detroit, Sunday, Dec. 12, and Rangers vs. Toronto, Wednesday, Dec. 15, both at 8:25 P.M., WPIX. . . . ¶ Boxing: Joe Baksi vs. Ezzard Charles, Friday, Dec. 10, at 9:50 P.M., WNBT.

Miscellany—"Author Meets the Critics," Sunday, Dec. 12, at 8 P.M., WNBT. . . . ¶ Eddie Condon and some of his musicians, Monday, Dec. 13, at 8 P.M., WPIX.


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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.

The Big Clock—Weird and alarming doings in a publishing office, with Ray Milland as the editor of a detective magazine and Charles Laughton as a homicidal publisher. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; Dec. 12-14.)

César—The final installment of Marcel Pagnol's ten-year-old French trilogy about some salty residents of Marseille. As fresh and lively as if it had been made yesterday, and enhanced by the acting of Orane Démazis, Charpin, and the late Raimu. (Elysée, 202 W. 58th, PL 7-4294.)

A Foreign Affair—Some funny stuff involving a congresswoman, a Nazi siren, and an Army captain in present-day Berlin. With Marlene Dietrich, Jean Arthur, and John Lund. (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; Dec. 9.)

Four Steps in the Clouds—A diverting Italian film containing some of the features of Coward's "Brief Encounter" and Steinbeck's "The Wayward Bus." The acting is fine throughout. (Little Carnegie. 146 W. 57th, CI 6-1365.)

Hamlet—Sir Laurence Olivier as the melancholy Dane in a distinguished English picture, which he directed. The superlative cast also includes Basil Sydney, Felix Aylmer, Terence Morgan, and Jean Simmons. (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. Reserved seats only.)

Joan of Arc—An example of how a simple and moving story can be distorted into several thousand yards of celluloid balderdash. José Ferrer plays the Dauphin with huge success, but Ingrid Bergman, as the Saint, is no more plausible than the millions of dollars' worth of papier-mâché with which she is surrounded. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, PL 7-4966. . . . ¶ Fulton, 210 W. 46th, CI 6-6380; starting Dec. 14. 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. Reserved seats only.)

Johnny Belinda—The story of a deaf-mute girl who achieves a state of relative bliss through the good offices of a sympathetic young doctor. Jane Wyman gives a superior performance as the unfortunate heroine. She is supported by Lew Ayres, Charles Bickford, and Agnes Moorehead. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; and Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Dec. 9. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Dec. 12. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Dec. 13. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Dec. 15. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Dec. 10-12. . . . ¶ Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; starting Dec. 10. . . . ¶ Normandie, Park at 53rd, PL 8-0040; starting Dec. 13.)

Louisiana Story—Robert Flaherty's poetic description of Cajun life on a Southern bayou. A film that frequently shows the Old Master at his remarkable best. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, CO 5-9438.)

Marriage in the Shadows—In this German film, the difficulties of a Jewish girl married to a Gentile bring into clear focus a good many of the dreadful aspects of Nazism. (Little Cinémet, 6th Ave. at 39th, LO 4-1141.)

Paisan—An arresting Italian piece, directed by Roberto Rossellini, that surveys, in six episodes, a few of the results of the invasion of Italy. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

The Red Shoes—A lengthy British film dealing with dancers, which has as its chief distinction an admirable ballet, based on the Hans Christian Andersen fairy tale. With Moira Shearer, Leonide Massine, and Ludmilla Tcherina. (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. Reserved seats only.)

Rachel and the Stranger—Some well-rounded characterizations lift this story of Colonial Ohio quite a bit above the usual movie version of life among the pioneers. With Loretta Young, William Holden, and Robert Mitchum. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; starting Dec. 14.)

The Snake Pit—Olivia de Havilland gives an effective performance as a lady going through hell in an overcrowded insane asylum. Authentic and worth while. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633.)

Symphonie Pastorale—André Gide's story of a pastor who finds himself in love with his blind ward and, subsequently, the rival of his son for her affections. Beautifully enacted by Michèle Morgan and Pierre Blanchar, and handsomely mounted by the director, Jean Delannoy. In French. (Paris, 4 W. 58th. MU 8-0134.)

REVIVALS

Caesar and Cleopatra (1946)—G. B. Shaw's conception of the conqueror. An English film, with Claude Rains and Vivien Leigh. (Art, 36 E. 8th. GR 3-7014; starting Dec. 14.)

Dead of Night (1946)—An excursion into the supernatural. An English film, with Michael Redgrave. (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. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Dec. 15.)

The Idiot (1948)—A French interpretation of Dostoevski's novel. With Gérard Philippe. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Dec. 11-14.)

Lifeboat (1944)—Tallulah Bankhead and various other people set adrift by Alfred Hitchcock. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting Dec. 15.)

Mary of Scotland (1936)—The Anderson play, with Katharine Hepburn, Fredric March, and Florence Eldridge. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting Dec. 15.)

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; through Dec. 14. . . . ¶ Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; starting Dec. 15.)

The Philadelphia Story (1940)—Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart, and Cary Grant in the Philip Barry piece. (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., WA 7-5200; starting Dec. 15.)

San Francisco (1936)—Jeanette MacDonald. Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy, and the earthquake. (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. 15.)

South Riding (1938)—Yorkshire life, with Edna Best and Ralph Richardson. An English picture. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Dec. 11.)

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; through Dec. 11.)

To Live in Peace (1947)—Aldo Fabrizi as an Italian peasant who befriends a couple of G.I.s, one of them colored, during the war. Made in Italy. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Dec. 11-14.)

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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)
"Let's Live a Little," Robert Cummings, Hedy Lamarr.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
"Live Today for Tomorrow," Fredric March, Florence Eldridge.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-0800)
"Northwest Stampede," James Craig, Joan Leslie, Jack Oakie.

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

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Words and Music," June Allyson, Perry Como, Judy Garland.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through Dec. 14: "Kiss the Blood off My Hands," Burt Lancaster, Joan Fontaine; and "For the Love of Mary," Deanna Durbin, Don Taylor.
From Dec. 15: "Rope," James Stewart; and "Smart Girls Don't Talk," Virginia Mayo, Robert Hutton.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (BR 9-8738)
Through Dec. 14: "Miss Tatlock's Millions," Wanda Hendrix, John Lund.
From Dec. 15: "The Paleface," Bob Hope, Jane Russell.

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)
"The Decision of Christopher Blake," Alexis Smith, Robert Douglas.

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

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

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.

Fulton, 210 W. 46th. (CI 6-6380)
From Dec. 14: JOAN OF ARC.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
FOUR STEPS IN THE CLOUDS.

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)
DEAD OF NIGHT, 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. 13: "Jenny Lamour" (in French), revival, Louis Jouvet.
From Dec. 14: **CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA**, revival.

GRAMERCY PARK, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Dec. 11: **SOUTH RIDING**, revival; and **STORM IN A TEACUP**, revival.
Dec. 12-14: "The Crusades," revival, Loretta Young, Henry Wilcoxon.
From Dec. 15: **I KNOW WHERE I'M GOING**, revival; and "A Woman's Vengeance," revival, Charles Boyer, Ann Blyth.

BEVERLY, 3rd Ave. at 50th. (EL 5-8790)
Through Dec. 10: "Les Enfants du Paradis" (in French), revival.
Dec. 11-14: **THE IDIOT**, revival; and **TO LIVE IN PEACE**, revival.
From Dec. 15: **LIFEBOAT**, revival; and "Mr. and Mrs. Smith," revival, Carole Lombard, Robert Montgomery.

LEXINGTON, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through Dec. 14: **A NIGHT AT THE OPERA**, revival; and "Luxury Liner," Jane Powell, George Brent.
From Dec. 15: **SAN FRANCISCO**, revival; and **THE PHILADELPHIA STORY**, revival.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
Dec. 9: **JOHNNY BELINDA.**
Dec. 10-11: "The Imperfect Lady," revival, Ray Milland, Teresa Wright.
Dec. 12-14: **THE BIG CLOCK.**
From Dec. 15: "A Date with Judy," Jane Powell, Wallace Beery, Elizabeth Taylor.

NORMANDIE, Park at 53rd. (PL 8-0040)
Dec. 9: "To Each His Own," revival, Olivia de Havilland, John Lund.
Dec. 10-12: "Time out of Mind," revival, Phyllis Calvert, Robert Hutton, Ella Raines.
From Dec. 13: **JOHNNY BELINDA.**

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (VO 5-3577)
Through Dec. 14: "Kiss the Blood off My Hands," Burt Lancaster, Joan Fontaine; and "For the Love of Mary," Deanna Durbin, Don Taylor.
From Dec. 15: "Rope," James Stewart; and "Smart Girls Don't Talk," Virginia Mayo, Robert Hutton.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (VO 5-3320)
Through Dec. 12: "Good Sam," Gary Cooper, Ann Sheridan.
From Dec. 13: "Pitfall," Lizabeth Scott, Dick Powell.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Dec. 13: **JOHNNY BELINDA.**
From Dec. 14: **RACHEL AND THE STRANGER.**

LOEW'S 72ND ST., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through Dec. 14: **A NIGHT AT THE OPERA**, revival; and "Luxury Liner," Jane Powell, George Brent.
From Dec. 15: **SAN FRANCISCO**, revival; and **THE PHILADELPHIA STORY**, revival.

COLONY, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Dec. 9: **JOHNNY BELINDA**; and "Embraceable You," Dane Clark, Geraldine Brooks.
Dec. 10-12: "A Date with Judy," Jane Powell, Wallace Beery, Elizabeth Taylor; and "Old Los Angeles," William Elliott.
Dec. 13-15: "Hatter's Castle," James Mason, Deborah Kerr; and "Dark Journey," revival, Conrad Veidt, Vivien Leigh.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Dec. 12: **JOHNNY BELINDA.**
Dec. 13-15: "A Date with Judy," Jane Powell, Wallace Beery, Elizabeth Taylor.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Dec. 14: "Kiss the Blood off My Hands," Burt Lancaster, Joan Fontaine; and "For the Love of Mary," Deanna Durbin, Don Taylor.
From Dec. 15: "Rope," James Stewart; and "Smart Girls Don't Talk," Virginia Mayo, Robert Hutton.

LOEW'S 86TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-5566)
Through Dec. 11: "Good Sam," Gary Cooper, Ann Sheridan; and "Bodyguard," Lawrence Tierney, Priscilla Lane.
Dec. 12-15: "Pitfall," Lizabeth Scott, Dick Powell; and "Intrigue," George Raft, June Havoc.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Dec. 12: "Tap Roots," Susan Hayward, Van Heflin; and "The Secret Land," documentary film about the antarctic.
Dec. 13-14: "My Son, My Son!," revival, Madeleine Carroll, Brian Aherne; and "International Lady," revival, Ilona Massey, George Brent.
From Dec. 15: **A NIGHT AT THE OPERA**, revival; and "Luxury Liner," Jane Powell, George Brent.

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Dec. 9: "Beyond Glory," Donna Reed, Alan Ladd; and "Hazard," Paulette Goddard, Macdonald Carey.
Dec. 10-12: **JOHNNY BELINDA**; and "Embraceable You," Dane Clark, Geraldine Brooks.
Dec. 13-14: "Life Begins Anew" (in Italian), revival; and "Music on the Run" (in Italian), revival.
From Dec. 15: **MARY OF SCOTLAND**, revival; and "My Life with Caroline," revival, Ronald Colman, Anna Lee.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Dec. 11: "Good Sam," Gary Cooper, Ann Sheridan.
Dec. 12-15: "Pitfall," Lizabeth Scott, Dick Powell.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Dec. 13: "Tap Roots," Susan Hayward, Van Heflin; and "The Secret Land," documentary film about the antarctic.
Dec. 14: "My Son, My Son!," revival, Madeleine Carroll, Brian Aherne; and "International Lady," revival, Ilona Massey, George Brent.
From Dec. 15: **A NIGHT AT THE OPERA**, revival; and "Luxury Liner," Jane Powell, George Brent.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Dec. 15: **JOHNNY BELINDA**; and "Embraceable You," Dane Clark, Geraldine Brooks.

R.K.O. 23RD ST., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through Dec. 14: "Kiss the Blood off My Hands," Burt Lancaster, Joan Fontaine; and "For the Love of Mary," Deanna Durbin, Don Taylor.
From Dec. 15: "Rope," James Stewart; and "Smart Girls Don't Talk," Virginia Mayo, Robert Hutton.



TERRACE, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
Through Dec. 11: "Beyond Glory," Donna Reed, Alan Ladd; and "Hazard," Paulette Goddard, Macdonald Carey.
Dec. 12-13: "High Seas," revival, Glenn Ford, Evelyn Keyes; and "Dark Journey," revival, Conrad Veidt, Vivien Leigh.
From Dec. 14: 'Pitfall," Lizabeth Scott, Dick Powell; and "Intrigue," George Raft, June Havoc.

COLONIAL, B'way at 62nd. (CO 5-0484)
Through Dec. 14: "Kiss the Blood off My Hands," Burt Lancaster, Joan Fontaine; and "For the Love of Mary," Deanna Durbin, Don Taylor.
From Dec. 15: "Rope," James Stewart; and "Smart Girls Don't Talk," Virginia Mayo, Robert Hutton.

BEACON, B'way at 74th. (TR 4-9132)
Through Dec. 11: "A Date with Judy," Jane Powell, Wallace Beery, Elizabeth Taylor; and "Old Los Angeles," William Elliott.
Dec. 12-14: "Merrily We Live," revival, Constance Bennett, Brian Aherne; and "The Crusades," revival, Loretta Young, Henry Wilcoxon.
From Dec. 15: "Beyond Glory," Donna Reed, Alan Ladd; and "Hazard," Paulette Goddard, Macdonald Carey.

77TH STREET, B'way at 77th. (TR 4-9382)
Through Dec. 14: "Good Sam," Gary Cooper, Ann Sheridan; and "Bodyguard," Lawrence Tierney, Priscilla Lane.
From Dec. 15: "Canon City," Scott Brady; and "Raw Deal," Marsha Hunt, Dennis O'Keefe.

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Dec. 14: **A NIGHT AT THE OPERA**, revival; and "Luxury Liner," Jane Powell, George Brent.
From Dec. 15: **SAN FRANCISCO**, revival; and **THE PHILADELPHIA STORY**, revival.

YORKTOWN, B'way at 89th. (SC 4-4700)
Through Dec. 10: "Only Angels Have Wings," revival, Jean Arthur, Cary Grant; and "Shady Lady," revival, Ginny Simms, Charles Coburn.
Dec. 11-14: "Men Are Not Gods," revival, Miriam Hopkins, Gertrude Lawrence; and "The Challenge," revival, Robert Douglas.
From Dec. 15: "Canon City," Scott Brady; and "Raw Deal," Marsha Hunt, Dennis O'Keefe.

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (RI 9-9861)
Through Dec. 14: "Kiss the Blood off My Hands," Burt Lancaster, Joan Fontaine; and "For the Love of Mary," Deanna Durbin, Don Taylor.
From Dec. 15: "Rope," James Stewart; and "Smart Girls Don't Talk," Virginia Mayo, Robert Hutton.

CARLTON, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-3862)
Dec. 9: **A FOREIGN AFFAIR**; and "Lulu Belle," Dorothy Lamour, George Montgomery.
From Dec. 10: **JOHNNY BELINDA**; and "Embraceable You," Dane Clark, Geraldine Brooks.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (AC 2-1019)
Through Dec. 14: **A NIGHT AT THE OPERA**, revival; and "Luxury Liner," Jane Powell, George Brent.
From Dec. 15: **SAN FRANCISCO**, revival; and **THE PHILADELPHIA STORY**, revival.

NEMO, B'way at 110th. (AC 2-9406)
Through Dec. 14: "Kiss the Blood off My Hands," Burt Lancaster, Joan Fontaine; and "For the Love of Mary," Deanna Durbin, Don Taylor.
From Dec. 15: "Rope," James Stewart; and "Smart Girls Don't Talk," Virginia Mayo, Robert Hutton.

LOEW'S 175TH ST., B'way at 175th. (WA 7-5200)
Through Dec. 14: **A NIGHT AT THE OPERA**, revival; and "For the Love of Mary," Deanna Durbin, Don Taylor.
From Dec. 15: **SAN FRANCISCO**, revival; and **THE PHILADELPHIA STORY**, revival.

COLISEUM, B'way at 181st. (WA 7-7200)
Through Dec. 14: "Kiss the Blood off My Hands," Burt Lancaster, Joan Fontaine; and "For the Love of Mary," Deanna Durbin, Don Taylor.
From Dec. 15: "Rope," James Stewart; and "Smart Girls Don't Talk," Virginia Mayo, Robert Hutton.

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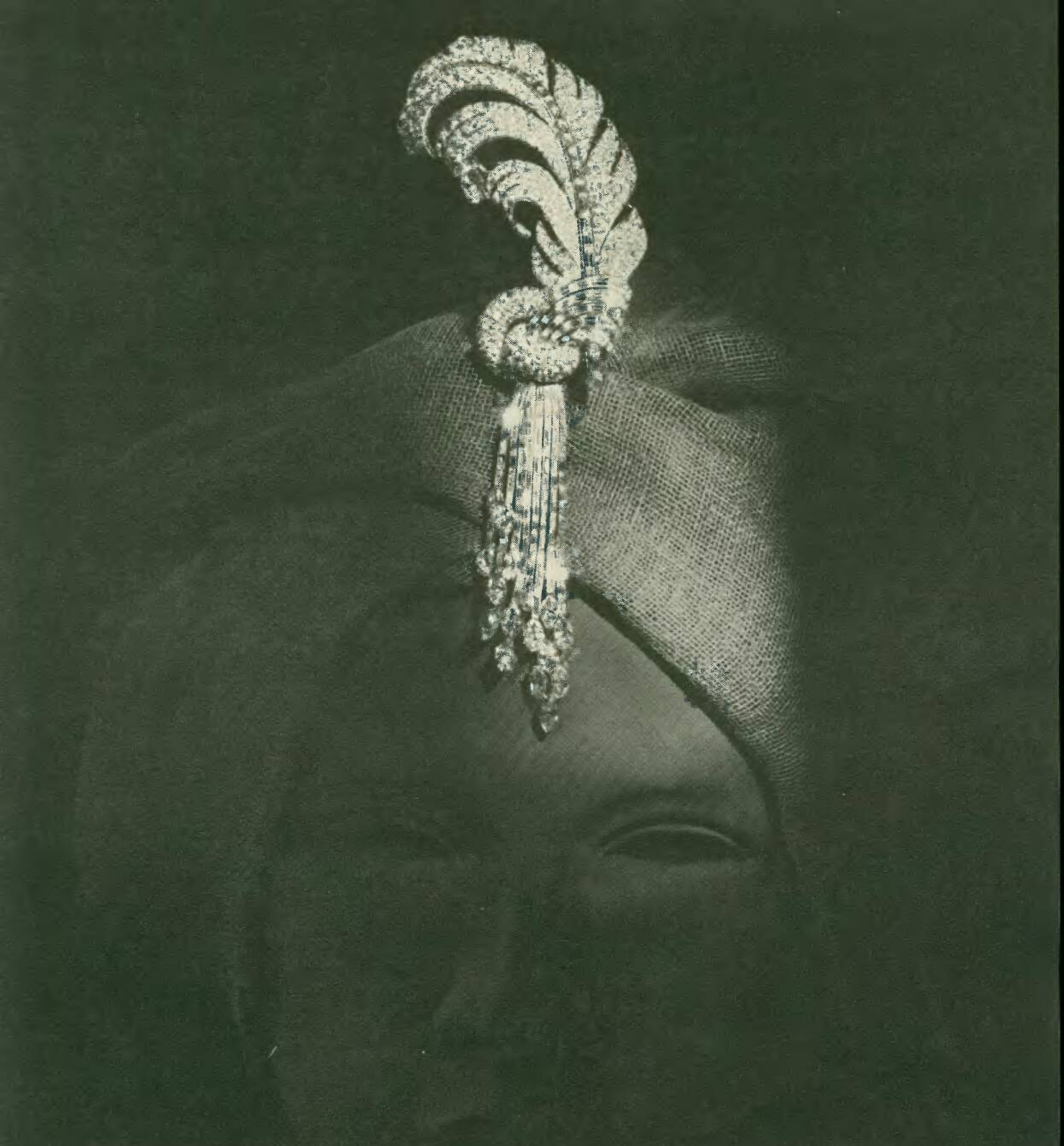
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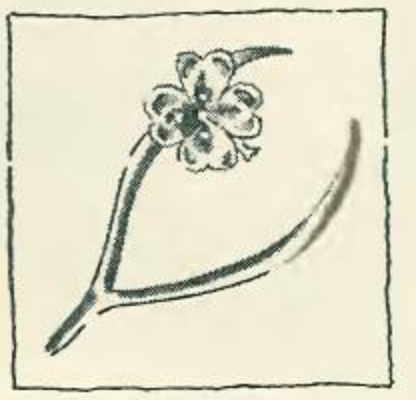
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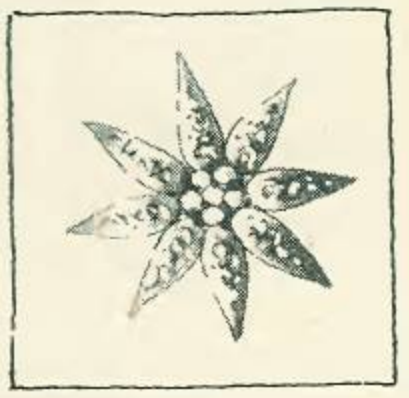
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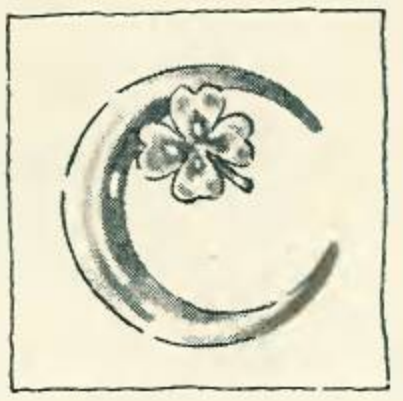
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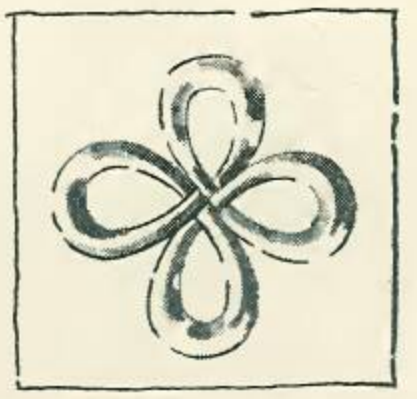
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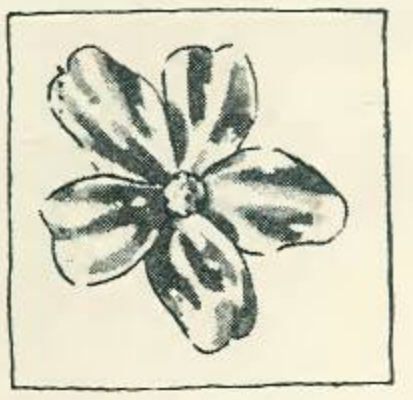
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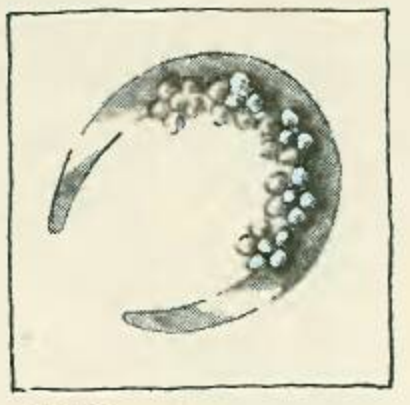
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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

PERMUTATIONS AND WIDE VISTA NOTE: A child's set of plastic blocks, containing the twenty-six letters of the alphabet, says on the box, "Spells hundreds of words."

THE foibles of the week are two in number: a gadget called Beau Alarm, to be carried by women as a distress signal, and a Schiaparelli hat cut to follow the wearer's profile. We see no future in either of these frivolous devices. The Beau Alarm will soon lose its warning power, because women, being impatient creatures, will use it for improper purposes—such as summoning cabs or entertaining fractious



children. Moreover, there is some doubt whether it has any warning power anyway; it emits a siren sound, and could easily be mistaken for a passing dignitary or a Flower Hospital ambulance. The profile hat (which is garnished with a jewelled eye and an earring to give it verisimilitude) will almost certainly get into trouble when it goes into the ready-to-wear field. A woman will select the hat that most closely resembles her profile and then walk out into the street and see someone wearing not only *her* hat but *her* face. No girl will go for that.

THIS is the moment in the year when the members of Christmas savings clubs reap their golden harvest. Of course, there's a wide variation in the thrift of these forehanded people; some of them do pretty well, others don't. We are proud to say, however, that banks never discriminate—they treat all club members the same, as a mother tries to treat her children. We know one woman who, in a burst of high resolve last January, opened a savings account with a modest sum and ten minutes later forgot the whole affair. The other day she got her check from the bank, the check with which she was to do her 1948 Christmas shopping. It was for two dollars. Attached was the bank's commendatory message, in green ink: "Our congratulations on the foresight and perseverance that enabled you to save the sum represented by this check. We hope that you will use a part of it to start or add to a fund for your future security, and the balance to provide The Merriest Christmas ever, for yourself, for your family, and for your friends."

The document was shown us not by the lady but by her husband—a man who carries things like that around in his pocket.

BEFORE a book can be published in Czechoslovakia, the publisher must submit an outline of it to the government for approval. Accompanying the outline must be written opinions of "responsible literary critics, scientists, or writers." (We are quoting from a dispatch to the *Times*.) The question of who is a responsible critic or writer comes up in every country, of course. It must have come up here when the Algonquin Hotel advertised special weekend rates for "accredited writers." We often used to wonder just how the Algonquin arrived at the answer to the fascinating question of who is an accredited writer, and whether the desk clerk required of an applicant a rough draft of an impending novel. It seems to us that the Czech government is going to be in a spot, too. No true critic or writer is "responsible" in the political sense which this smelly edict implies, and in order to get the kind of censorship the government obviously wants, the government will need to go a step further and require that the critic himself be certified by a responsible party, and then a step beyond that and require that the responsible party be vouched for. This leads to infinity, and to no books. Which is probably the goal of the Czech government.

The matter of who is, and who isn't, a responsible writer or scientist reminds us of the famous phrase in Marxist doctrine—the phrase that is often quoted and that has won many people to Communism as a theory of life: "From each according to his ability; to each according to his needs." Even after you have contemplated the sheer beauty of this concept, you are left holding the sheer problem of accreditation: who is needy, who is able? Again the desk clerk looms—a shadowy man. And behind



the clerk another clerk, for an accreditation checkup. And so it goes. Who shall be the man who has the authority to establish our innermost need, who shall be the one to approve the standard of achievement of which we are capable? Perhaps, as democracy assumes, every man is a writer, every man wholly needy, every man capable of unimaginable deeds. It isn't as beautiful to the ear as the Marxian phrase, maybe, but there's an idea there somewhere.

Imaginary Playmates?

AN enterprise known as Santa's Helpers, Inc., has just been launched in the four-story igloo at 33 West Fifty-eighth Street, for the purpose of providing personal visits by Santa Claus to individual children, children's parties, clubs, schools, and so on. For a simple visit to a Manhattan home, Santa's Helpers is charging fifteen dollars. It is believed that the pressure on



"... and so, Flavian, in recognition of twenty years of loyal service ..."

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the firm's two dozen Santa Clauses will be severe after the nineteenth, however, and on that date the price will go to twenty-five. Rates for parties are somewhat higher. If a child has a birthday party after Christmas and isn't bored stiff with Santa Claus, the Helpers will be glad to oblige.

This new Christmas boon, if it proves to be such, is presided over by two energetic young men named Jack Barry and Robert Strauss, whom we've called upon in their tinselly quarters. Barry is a quizmaster well known in radio circles, and Strauss is a former actor and clown, and an old hand at playing Santa. Strauss tried out the Santa's Helpers idea in Hollywood last year and brought it East this season to team up with Barry; New York is his home anyhow. With the possible exception of a similar concern rumored to be operating somewhere in the icy wastes of Connecticut, they, Barry believes, have the whole world to themselves. They also have any number of distinguished sponsors, among them Louis Calhern and John Carradine (neither of whom has been asked to play Santa Claus), and half the profits are earmarked for the McCosker-Hershfield Cardiac Home. The whole squad of Santas are professional actors. They were screened for age (twenty-eight to sixty is the range), height (a minimum of five feet eight), and weight (bay windows preferred), and are expected to be unafraid of children, if not downright friendly with them.

"They're supposed to make themselves the embodiment of what Santa meant to them when they were six," Mr. Strauss told us. "They're supposed to treat everybody like a long-lost brother. They stand around with their hands on their hips, throw their heads back, yuk every now and then, put their fingers alongside their noses, twinkle their eyes, twirl their mustaches, and measure the chimney from time to time to make sure they'll be able to come down it on Christmas Eve. That goes over big—that is, it goes over big where there's a chimney. Where there's no chimney, they just got to put more yuk into it." Santas who smoke are warned to be careful not to set their beards on fire. (The costumes cost a hundred dollars apiece.) Santas who drink are warned not to.

Parents who sign up for a home visit by Santa fill in an elaborate questionnaire, giving their child's name, age, sex, identifying characteristics, and favorite toys, and the names of intimate friends, relatives, pets, teachers, and imaginary playmates, if any. The parents also list what the child wants for Christmas and what, alas, he is actually going to get. The Santas are expected to handle *that*. They are also expected to be able to recite "A Visit from St. Nicholas," to sing "Jingle Bells," and to deliver a homily on the importance of everybody's loving everybody. As we were taking leave of Santa's Helpers, Inc., the telephone rang, and Mr. Strauss's secretary informed him that a little girl was on the wire. Strauss picked up the telephone and, in a bass voice that seemed to come straight out of the I.R.T., said, "Yes-s-s-s, this is Santa speaking. I see. . . . Hmm. . . . Hmm. . . . Hmm. . . . I tell you what, honey, I'll try to get all those things for you, but you won't be disappointed, will you, if—. . . . Hmm."

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FAR EAST INTELLIGENCE: Patrons of some of the better restaurants in Hong Kong are currently using plastic chopsticks, manufactured in the United States.

Shock

IT seems that half the people who open the door of a taxicab these days complain of getting an electric shock from the door handle. We've done our best to delve to the bottom of this awesome and apparently growing hazard of urban life, and have found that the folklore on the subject is already running "The Golden Bough" a close second. The cabdrivers with whom we have spoken are about evenly divided into those who get a kick out of the reactions of their passengers and those who fear that a continuation of the unexpected shock treatment will ruin the hacking business. One driver thinks the fault is in the way taxis are being built these days. "Never had any such trouble before the war," he said. "Then we

had bodies of real steel, most of them with stout wood somewhere in the frames. It's cab bodies stamped out of this damned tinfoil that draw the electricity." Other drivers blame the radios in their cabs, on the theory that they leak electricity. Still others lay the shocks to the atmosphere. "It's been an unusually electrical fall," one of these told us. "And 1942 was the same way." Finally, there's a cabdriver school of thought that holds the passengers themselves to blame. "They're getting too much electricity in them," one veteran driver said. "It's this worrying about the future that does it—builds up a heavy charge under the skin."

The remedies the cabmen propose are scarcely less varied than their explanations. We've been instructed never to touch a cab while standing on a manhole cover, never to touch a cab while it's in motion, never to wear crêpe-soled shoes, always to wear crêpe-soled shoes, always to touch the glass in the door before touching the handle, always to touch the handle with our elbow before turning it with our hand, always to throw a glove at the handle before touching it, and always to wear rubber gloves. The element of sexual discrimination enters the picture, too; women, we've been assured, never get shocked. Matter of hormones, one hackie, from Vienna, informed us.

Having assimilated all this lore, we sought a technical opinion from Professor Robin Beach, of Brooklyn, recommended to us as perhaps the only consulting engineer on static electricity in the country. He was for twenty-five years head of the electrical-engineering department of Brooklyn Polytechnic before setting up an office, in 1944. He was named Robin because he was born on Robins Island, in Great Peconic Bay. Most of his work is with industrial engineers, who are constantly running up against the problem of static electricity in the operation of industrial plants, and who are as baffled by the subject as the cabdrivers. He made some dots on a piece of paper and told us that static electricity is often called friction electricity but there is no such phenomenon as friction electricity. He then explained that static electrical charges are brought into being when any two dissimilar substances are in contact. Negative charges migrate to one of the substances, leaving positive charges behind them. When a car is driven along a street, its tire treads pick up negative charges, which work their way along the surfaces of the tire casings and the hub structures, and into the body of the car. Cold, dry days are most favorable for the accumulation of such charges. If the humidity is eighty per cent or more, no electricity will build up in a car, a moist pavement providing an automatic short circuit. "I've measured charges up to twenty thousand volts in pleasure cars," Professor Beach told us. "In one of those underslung cross-country buses, a charge will build up to thirty-five or forty thousand volts. I've heard of two deaths that were blamed on static electricity in buses. One of them occurred right here in Brooklyn a few years ago. A bus made a fast stop and the first man to board it got such a jolt that he was thrown down on the steps. He got up and went inside and sat down, but collapsed, was taken to a hospital, and died."

Professor Beach said that drag chains hanging from the bottom of gasoline trucks are almost wholly ineffective, asphalt and concrete being such good insulators that they don't conduct charges away from the end of the chain. Some states have outlawed the chains, on the ground that the sparks they kick up are more likely to create an explosion than static electricity is. Some time ago, one of the big tire companies had the notion of making conductive tires, to keep static electricity from getting started. This is impossible, in Professor Beach's opinion. Another tire company has been experimenting with a powder to be poured into inner tubes. "Since a charge builds up inside the inner tube," Professor Beach said, "the theory is that by means of the powder a high negative charge could be established opposite the point where the tread touches the road, and thus inhibit the collection of negative charges on the casing. This is a sound idea, and if anybody ever finds the right powder, it will be wonderful. The present powder gives very erratic results. The solution to the whole business would be metal highways, but I suppose that would create all sorts of *new* problems."

Professor Beach said that of all the suggestions we'd been given on how to avoid shocks, only the wearing of rubber gloves would be helpful. He's at a loss to understand why more people are getting shocked this year than, say, five years ago, and is inclined to think that it's simply a matter of more people talking about it. "The basic conditions don't change," he said. "Moving cars just naturally store up electricity. That's why those little flexible metal upright rods are embedded in the pavement at toll stations. Most people think they're automatic counters, but they're not. They're put there to draw off the electricity from cars and keep the toll-takers from getting shocked every few seconds all day long." According to Professor Beach, the human body is an effective condenser, and a person can accumulate as much as twenty thousand volts just by shuffling across a thick rug on a dry day. We inquired as to how much likelihood there is of anyone's electrocuting himself by touching a taxi or not picking up his feet while crossing the lobby of the Music Hall. "Almost none," Professor Beach said. "It isn't the volts that kill you, it's the amperes. It's a case of watch out for the amperes and the volts will take care of themselves."



Coincidence

A LOCAL lady reports that during a recent stay in Atlanta she visited a department store and obviously enchanted a salesgirl with her odd accent. The girl inquired whether she was from New York and, when the lady said she was indeed, remarked that this was an interesting fact. "We're associated with a store up there," she said. "Have you by any chance heard of Macy's?"

Cricket to Fleas

MR. NORMAN COLLINS, the Controller of B.B.C. Television, a tall, precise, high-collared, heartily self-sufficient man of forty-one, is in town to check up on local video progress, and we have had a Scotch-and-very-little-water with him. "Been whirling about with a gentleman who rather rocked me back with talk of plans for a television breakfast club," he told us. "Think of it! As for the sort of television you have here, as compared to the sort we have at home, it is surely safe to say that they're very different. Ours, you know, is two years older than yours. We got started in 1936. We've got over most of our growing pains and have reached a state of adult complicatedness." We drew from Mr. Collins the information that he is the author of nine novels, four of

which have been, or are being, made into films, and that one of the novels, "I Shall Not Want," which concerns the rise and fall of the founder of a department store, is a best-seller in Berlin. At nineteen, Mr. Collins went from secondary school to the Oxford University Press. He remained in publishing until 1941, when he joined B.B.C. He became Controller of B.B.C. Television last year. "I should equate myself somewhere between your vice-president in charge of television and your director in charge of television operations," he said, weighing his words. "I find my job utterly engrossing. I have a yearly budget of a million pounds, a staff of six hundred, and a completely independent network. Please do not call B.B.C. a state monopoly. It is a public corporation. Our listeners pay one pound yearly for an ordinary radio license and two pounds for a license that includes television."

At the moment, B.B.C. has but one television station, in north London. This has a sixty-to-seventy-mile radius and a potential audience of eleven million viewers, of whom only sixty-one thousand have television sets so far. Mr. Collins told us that the demand for sets is enormous; the South of England is crying for a million. Only from five thousand to six thousand a month can be produced. B.B.C. plans to open a second station next summer, in Sutton Coldfield, near Birmingham, to serve the Midlands, and, later, a third station, near Manchester, to serve the North. Scotland and Wales will follow. One of the most expensive television sets sold in England, a Murphy, costs around a hundred and fifteen pounds, installed, and has a screen measuring ten by twelve inches. The cheapest set, a Pye, which has a screen six by nine, sells for forty-seven pounds. Mr. Collins has a Pye in his office and a Murphy in his home. The set in his residence has the effect of drawing a large number of people to his hearth. His greatest annoyance in this respect came during an important cricket match. He went into his darkened drawing room, and a man he had never seen before called out furiously, "Shut that door!"

Practically no British pubs have television. "The idea would be singularly shocking to us," Mr. Collins said. "Television simply does not belong in an atmosphere of solid dark mahogany and flowers across the mirrors, where, as Jack Priestley says, you get a glass of weak beer and a handful of wet change." British television has no sponsors to worry about. A while ago, Mr. Collins presented part of "King Lear" for almost two hours, without a single break for a song-and-dance about headache pills or deodorants. His organization and the British film industry have agreed to exchange programs, with films broadcast over television and television projected on screens in the theatres. B.B.C. Television shows a newsreel film twice a week and has covered such events as the Olympic Games and the wedding of Princess Elizabeth. "I had a *hell* of an evening with the King about the wedding," Mr. Collins told us. "The King had watched a couple of newsreels of royal processions on the royal television set, and he had an idea that the royal coach had come out a bit too dark. We had quite an involved conversation about electrical engineering, the King and I."

B.B.C. Television has a newly perfected apparatus that makes it possible to televise the night sky, and it turns out that people like very much to sit and look horizontally at the stars. On one occasion, B.B.C. Television filled the screen with a magnified view of the beating heart of a sand flea. "That was satisfactory, too," Mr. Collins said. "On the children's level, we have an opposite number of Howdy Doody, a puppet called Muffin the Mule. The high point of his performance is reached each week when his heavy, tramping feet upset his cup of tea."

Behind the Scenes

ONE of our inquisitive lady agents, proceeding along Fifty-second Street the other morning, came upon that fancy brougham used in the delivery of Rosemarie candy, standing unattended at the curb. She'd always wanted to have a look at the inside of it, and she took advantage of this opportunity and had a good one. She saw a neat little wine-colored seat but no milady's fan, not even a box of bonbons—just a copy of *Range Rider's Western* lying there.

Rehearsal

BY way of preparing for one of its semiannual dinners, the American Confrérie des Chevaliers du Tastevin, a group of knowing and specialized winebibbers, recently ran off a black-tie rehearsal, and to this we repaired, on the invitation of Richard de Rochemont, a Chevalier in good standing and the producer of "March of Time." We found ourself in a kind of cocktail room on the St. Regis Roof, in the company of fifteen men—some





"It was an awful letdown. He only mentions Kay Summersby once."

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Chevaliers, some guests—and two lady reporters, from the *Times* and the *Herald Tribune*. During the hors-d'œuvre-and-Byrrh-or-sherry prelude—described on the menu as "Les Bonnes Choses Chaudes et Froides Bourguignonnes (Chaud: Barquettes of Lobster, Quiche Lorraine, Crab Flakes Mornay; Froid: Canapés Foie Gras, Smoked Salmon)"—we fell into conversation with Gordon Brown, of the Bakelite Corporation, a scholarly man wearing, like the other Chevaliers, a small silver cup affixed to a red-and-yellow ribbon around his neck. This, he told us, was a *tastevin*, or wine-taster's cup. One is presented to each Chevalier after his election. "Our parent organization, in France, dates from around 1690," Mr. Brown said. "It was founded in Burgundy. There are about a thousand of us, all over the world, mostly in France, Belgium, and Switzerland. In America, we are forty-five, chiefly in New York and Washington, and have a waiting list of fifteen. Candidates, to warrant election, must prove that they use the wines of Burgundy and must demonstrate, in the course of a severe oral examination, a proper knowledge and appreciation of these wines." Mr. Brown introduced us to two other members—Michel Dreyfus, a wine importer, and Fred Hotchkiss, of the Westrex Corporation, Western Electric's export subsidiary. Mr. Hotchkiss spends four months a year in Europe and had an apartment in Paris before the war. He saved his wine cellar of five hundred bottles by evacuating it to Marseille early in the war. "My doctor says that wines are good for me," he told us, happily jiggling his *tastevin*. "I suffer from a rare affliction, which is alleviated by the consumption of wines. I don't deserve any credit for it, but I'm certainly taking advantage of it."

The company trooped into the dining room, where, in mid-soup—"L'Essence de Racines au Madère (strong chicken-and-beef broth, vegetable roots, red beets dominating, blended with old Madeira wine, garnished quenelles and cerfeuil, served with cheese straws)"—the Chevalier on our right observed that food is subordinate to wine. "France owes her remarkably diversified cuisine to the fact that each region has developed dishes to fit the local wines," he said. "In Germany, which produces fewer wines, there's little variety in cooking. As for England, which produces only whiskey and beer . . ." Further words failed him. He was still silent when a rotund Chevalier rose and admonished all present not to smoke until the coffee was served. "What amazes me," the *Times* lady said to Dreyfus, "is how they get this soup so crystal-clear. It just sparkles!" "Probably made from stock the St. Regis had left over from its Thanksgiving turkeys," said Dreyfus jocosely. Pierre Bultinck, the St. Regis' general manager, who was one of the guests present, gave a short laugh. "*Ça commence à marcher*," Mr. de Rochemont said to Frank Paget, the manager and president of the Pierre, after taking a sip of wine—the first of four varieties served—during a course entitled "La Paupiette de Sole Anglaise Belle-Dijonnaise." "*Il faut demander l'opinion de M. Brown*," said Paget. "*Bouchonné*," said Brown, crinkling his nose. "I smell corkage. *Absolument bouchonné!*" Several Chevaliers held their glasses up to the light. "*Il est trop fort*," one said. "*D'ici trois ans, ça sera un vrai vin.*"

The rest of the meal, the progress of which was intermittently recorded by a "March of Time" camera manned by a crew of six, was punctuated by such worldly remarks as: "Truffles and lettuce! Two kinds of bitterness fighting each other." "The partridge is a little on the red side. I would have hung it longer." "Of the Côte de Beaunes, I prefer Pommard in point of strength, warmth, and aftertaste." "The 1940 Bordeaux developed beautifully the last six months." "We mustn't talk about the Bordeaux—we are a Burgundian organization." "I have seen the *deuxième sommelier chez Fouquet's*, at one sitting, identify the year and brand of twelve different glasses of wine. *Un type formidable!*"

At one point, Mr. Paget asked if he might have some water, and this drew looks of dismay from Brown and Dreyfus. "Just *pour rincer la bouche*," Paget pleaded, gazing hopelessly at his partridge. "Otherwise, I can't eat any more." Dreyfus turned to Brown. "A *rince-bouche* of Vichy?" he asked. Brown shook his head. "You should clean your palate with wine," Dreyfus told Paget. "We cannot countenance frivolity."

Foreign Affairs

A LESSER functionary in the State Department advises us that last week an informal memorandum crossed his desk concerning some Christmas shopping one of our diplomats in South America had asked a colleague in this country to attend to for him. Our man's attention was attracted by a pencilled notation on the paper: "Doll house won't go in diplomatic pouch."



"Charles! Pratt & Whitney have alerted Theodora!"

THE RETURN OF THE GODS

THERE seems to be no question but that something decidedly out of the ordinary happened to Ralph Everett, and the explanation that he gave only served to heighten the mystery. Indeed, it was not until some months later, and after a number of other incidents similar to his own experience had occurred, that his story assumed any credibility at all, and even then the incidents themselves were so widely scattered and so obscure in their implications that very little serious attention was paid to them.

At all events, in Ralph Everett's case the known facts are, briefly, these: He had gone out to Jones Beach for the day with a party of friends—three girls and two men, all of them, like Everett himself, in their early twenties, and all residents of the Ozone Park section of Queens—and he was swimming with two members of the group, Bessie Martin and Harold Lotz, when, abruptly, he disappeared. It was early of a sunny Saturday afternoon in July; the sea, except for a gentle swell that broke harmlessly as the water shallowed, was calm. But both the beach and the waters close inshore were swarming with people, and the three, with Everett some yards in the lead, had swum out to the fringes of the crowd when the accident, if such it may be called, happened.

Both the men were fairly strong swimmers—Ralph himself, a Navy destroyer man during the war, had survived being washed overboard in the South Pacific—but Miss Martin was less confident, and it appears that once they had left the more populous waters, she decided that she had best turn back, and Lotz, treading water for an instant, raised his head to shout the news to Everett. It was then that he noticed that his friend was no longer visible.

As Lotz expressed it later, "one minute he was there and the next minute he wasn't," and at first he suspected that some practical joke was afoot, for there had been a good deal of horseplay among the group during the day. Some moments were lost while Lotz and Miss Martin waited cautiously, on their guard against whatever underwater onslaught Everett might be preparing for them. No such onslaught occurred, however, and Lotz, worried now, swam out a little way to investigate. He even dived a few times, gingerly, but without result, and in the end—Miss Martin, much perturbed, had already started in—he was forced to swim in to shore and report the disappearance to a lifeguard.

It was fully two hours before Ralph Everett was seen again, and in the meantime all the lifesaving facilities the beach could offer had been brought into action. A rowboat search having failed, a motor launch with a dragnet was called in, and when this, too, turned up no trace of the vanished swimmer, the air patrol was alerted; from then on, to the fascination of the other bathers, Coast Guard planes dipped and swooped along the beach while a helicopter from the same command, its rotors clattering in the sunny air, moved methodically back and forth above the water just offshore.

In spite of all this purposeful activity, it was Miss Martin who saw Ralph Everett first. By that time, the little group of which Everett had been a member had begun to disintegrate. One young lady, Miss Evelyn Felling, had become so unnerved that she had had to go home, with one of the young men as an escort, and another girl, Gladys Casey, discouraged, had gone in to the bathhouse to dress. Miss Martin and Lotz were standing dispiritedly on the beach when the former cried suddenly, "There he is! There's Ralph!"

There, indeed, he was. Still in bathing trunks, he was walking through the crowd as if looking for someone. He seemed dazed and worried, and his eyes lit up with obvious pleasure when Harold Lotz ran up to him.

"Hello, Harry!" he cried before the other could speak. "Gee, I'm glad to see you. D'ja get in all right?"

"Did *I* get in all right?" said Lotz, astonished. "Listen, Ralph, what the hell are you talking about? Where you been?"

But Everett went on as if he had hardly heard. "Yeah. I mean you and Bessie. I was worried, you know. I thought maybe they'd got you, too."



"Got *us*?" Lotz again repeated. "What you talking about, anyway? Who'd get us?"

For the first time, Everett seemed to hesitate. "Well—" he said, and glanced oddly at Lotz. "Well—the mermaids," he said, and then, noticing his friend's expression, he threw back his head defiantly. "Yes, the mermaids, damn it! The same mermaids that got hold of me."

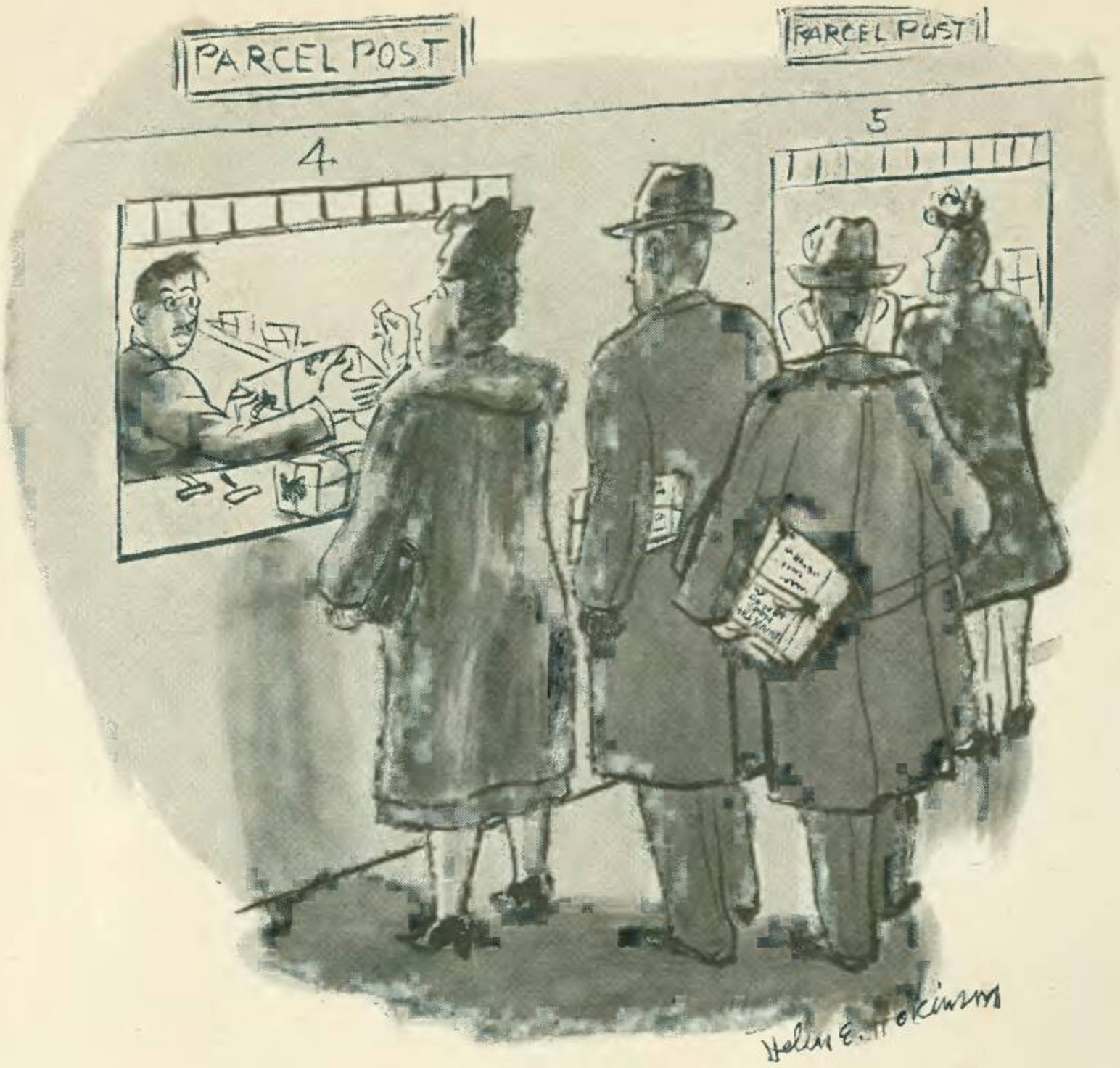
Everett later was the subject of considerable interest to the psychiatrists at Queens General Hospital and Bellevue, where he was taken, successively, for observation, and, later still, though more whimsically, to his friends around Ozone Park. In the end, faced with disbelief, clinical or ironic, on all sides, he abandoned his original story completely and "admitted" that it had all been a fabrication. Until then, though, his accounts of what had happened to him were substantially as follows:

He had been swimming along when suddenly a cold arm brushed against his and he felt a powerful disturbance in the water beneath him. Looking down through the greenish dimness, he had had just time to glimpse a blond, white-skinned girl, or the upper half of her, quite nude, swimming easily on her back a few feet below. "She was looking right up at me and smiling," he told Lotz dreamily. "Like a girl that was ready for a pickup, sort of. Only, it was funny, out there in the water. Except that even then—I don't know, even then I could tell she belonged there."

As he told it, things, after that, happened fast. He made some move, possibly of escape—he didn't remember. But on the instant, and with a swiftness and ease that astonished him, she glided up to him, seized him, and, quite simply, swam off with him. There was, it seemed, no possibility of resistance. She swam down, down, down, at first, till the light from above disappeared almost entirely, and then out, or somewhere; in the horizonless water he had soon lost all sense of direction. "And, I don't know, it was like she was showing off, or something. She kept darting me this way and that, and spinning, and spiralling. Boy! Could that mermaid swim!" By that time, he had noticed her tail.

"You had no difficulty in breathing, I take it?" inquired one of the psychiatrists, a Dr. Pritzen, when Ralph told his story at the hospital, and Ralph looked at the man with disarming candor.

"No, you know, I didn't!" he ex-



"Do you lick or do I lick?"

• •

claimed innocently. "I never thought of that till now, either. But I didn't. Do you suppose it was just because I didn't think of it, or something? What do you think, Doc? Could that be possible?"

Dr. Pritzen stared at him for a moment, and coughed. "I rather doubt it," he said. "But go on with what you were telling us."

There was, it seemed, not a great deal more to tell—though there might have been more if the consistent incredulity that Ralph encountered hadn't led him to curtail the latter part of his recital. They swam down, and out, and then down again; they were skimming what seemed to be the ocean floor when, at last, they came to the cave.

"The cave?" Someone—first, among the doctors who examined him, and then among his friends—was sure to ask the question.

"Yes, damn it, the cave!" Ralph finally took to saying. "I know you probably don't believe me, and those doctors didn't either, so with them I just decided to shut up about it. But just the same there was a cave there, somewhere, and full of—well, what anyway looked like diamonds. And she swam me right into it. There was maybe a dozen other mermaids, just sitting around there, only they paid no attention to us. And my mermaid, she took me right over to a corner and we sat there. I didn't like it."

"No?" the friends would ask soberly, saving their mirth for later.

"No, I didn't. You can talk about these mermaids all you want to, and I must say this one had a good build, too—what there was of it. But her face—well, it was sort of broad and flat and—well, fishy. Like a cod's, if you get what I mean, only prettier. And cold! Boy! Was that gal's skin cold! You know that girl they had out at the World's Fair years ago, the one they froze in the block of ice? Well, I bet this gal's skin was as cold as that one's. I bet if you touched them, you wouldn't be able to tell the difference."

"Well, what happened?"

"Well, hell, didn't I tell you? She wanted me to stay."

"Well, then, how did you get away?"

"Well, I told her. I just told her my interests was elsewhere. And you know how it is when a gal gets sore at you. When we came back, we came back fast! Funny thing, though," he used to add. (This was before he had abandoned all efforts to make anyone believe anything.) "She knew all about me. About the Navy, anyway, and that time when I got washed overboard. I don't know, it seemed like she was interested in me from way back."

ALL the notice that the Ralph Everett episode got was a few minor items in the New York and Long Island newspapers, under some such heading as the *World-Telegram's* "Jones Beach Bather, Hunting Mermaids, Ires Lifeguards Hunting Him," and all of them more or less discreetly suggesting that he was drunk—a belief that, incidentally, the hospital psychiatrists eventually came to concur in.

Other episodes got, on the whole, even less attention. A truck driver named Eddie Gallatin, later in that month, was making the night run from Newark to Scranton, Pennsylvania, when he was astonished to see, as he came up Route 46 on his way to the Water Gap, a man dressed in what looked like white kilts and a silver derby coming out of the woods at the side of the road just ahead of him. The apparition, understandably, aroused his interest.

"I slowed down, d'you see," he said. He was sitting at the counter of an all-night diner in Stroudsburg, much frequented by truckmen, where he had stopped to get his wits together after the incident. "I slowed down and, you know, he was on the wrong side of the road to me. As I passed, I leaned out a bit to give the lad the once-over. And, with that, I'll be damned if he didn't jump right up onto the running board, looking in at me. And me travelling—well, maybe thirty-five or forty at the time. I can tell you, it was surprising. But that was nothing, at that, to what come later."

Eddie took a sip from the cup of coffee before him while the other drivers stared at him intently.

"Well, you know, I'm as strict as any about no riders, and by rights I should have ordered him off right there. But I didn't, and for that reason I'd be obliged if the rest of you would say as little as possible about all this. 'Where you headed for?' he says, with a kind

of sly grin, and I told him Scranton. 'What's the kilts for?' I asked. 'And that hat? You know, you look like a clown?'

" 'Oh, I am. I am,' says he, laughing a little. He was a great one, all through, for not answering questions. He asked them. And then, before I knew it, he had whisked into the cab and was sitting right there beside me. 'Where you from?' he says next, and from then on it was question, question, question—the job, the wife, the pay, everything. But you ain't heard the end of it yet." He took another sip of his coffee. "I did get the name out of him, though, though it mayn't have been the real one. 'Call me Mercury,' he said when I asked him. 'Mr. Ford's Mercury?' says I. 'Mr. Jupiter's,' he says, and he burst out laughing.

"But, you know, I was getting a little tired of him and his questions, and I could see that he knew it—I felt it. 'You're a smart one, aren't you?' he says, and he wasn't grinning at me the same way he was before. 'I can take care of myself, I guess,' says I back to him. 'Like you did in the Marianas?' he says, and, you know, that surprised me.

" 'How'd you know I was out there?' I says, but he just laughed and laughed. He was a smart-looking fella, for all his queer getup, and although he was small, he was wiry. 'Oh, I know. I know,' he says. 'Oh, the Seabees! The fighting Seabees! And the next one?' he said to me suddenly. 'Can you take care of yourself in the next one?'

" 'I sure can, if one comes,' I said, quick, and now here comes the part—well, I must say if you don't believe it, I can hardly blame you. But it happened. He just sat there for a minute, looking at me. 'Don't you know?' he said, soft. And then, 'Well, then, maybe you can, Edward Gallatin. Maybe you can. I thought I could help you,' he says. 'But perhaps—' And then, quick as a wink, he was out of the cab and down running on the road again. And here, now, may God help me, it's true, but I was going along maybe forty or forty-five, and he looked back at me once and he waved and then—whoosh! Like a racing car putting on speed, he was gone up the road ahead of me."

" 'Whoosh'?" said one of the drivers gravely.

"Yes, 'whoosh,' damn you, Tom Cleary, and I can tell from your looks that you don't believe it. But it happened, by God! It happened. And the one thing that sticks with me, how did he know my name?"

A YOUNG farmer, fishing up one of the streams off the Wesserunsett River, below Athens, Maine, was accosted by a young lady who suddenly appeared among the trees, so pretty, so scantily clad, and so boldly flirtatious in her manner that he figured she must be one of the actresses from the summer theatre at Skowhegan, down the line. Being married, and a devout Congregationalist to boot, he would have none of her, but a friend of his, a young ne'er-do-well named Rob Whittlesey, to whom he told the story, went out early next morning to fish the same stream and was never heard from again.

There were a number of unexplained disappearances that summer, and in the fall, after the hunting season started, there were even more of them. It is likely, too, that a good many others went unrecorded. A garbled version of the case of the Whittlesey youth got a notice in the Bangor *Intelligencer*. But the mounting pressures of international events, with their graver and more massive menaces, made the loss of a single individual seem of small importance, and it was only the most unusual instances that got anything more than the narrowest local attention.

Such a one, though in this case no missing persons were involved, was the curious incident that occurred at the opening of the garden-vegetables exhibit at the Danbury Fair, when a fairly large body of spectators stood ready to swear that as Mr. Arthur B. Gerber, of the Danbury 4-H Club, made some reference to the Goddess Ceres in his opening address, the Goddess herself appeared beside him for an instant on the platform.

"He said something about wishing that Ceres was with us," Mrs. Asa J. Burgess, of Brookfield Center, told a reporter later, "and no sooner had he spoken than, my goodness, there she was! She looked real nice, too, kind of rosy and plump and cheerful. She looked something like Eleanor Roosevelt, only not so—well, Democratic, and the only thing out of the way with her was the dress she had on, which was white, and all folded and loose and just wrapped around her. You could see she hadn't anything on underneath it at all. We all saw her. We all gave a sort of gasp, you know, and I guess it was that that startled her. Anyway, she looked startled and kind of embarrassed, like a person that has got into the wrong room, or something, by mistake. Then she backed away a step or two, and then—just like that—she vanished! I told my husband about it, and he thought at first I must have been dreaming. But he changed his tune later on, when he heard all the others talking about it. We all talked about it afterward. We all saw her."

This case, incidentally, was the first one involving more than one witness, and though a good many editors strongly suspected it to be no more than a cleverly devised publicity stunt to ad-

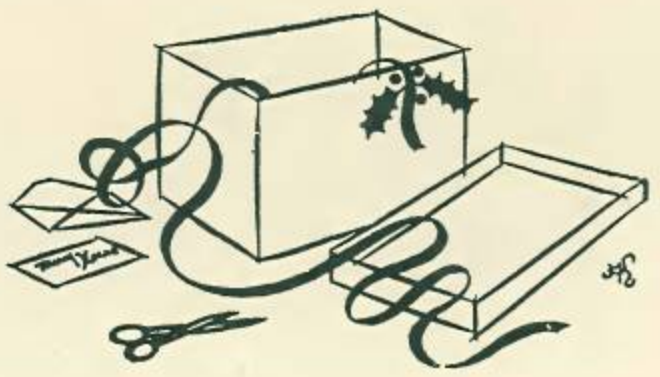


vertise the Fair, it was duly reported, not only in Eastern papers but throughout the country. It was followed a few weeks later by an item from upstate New York, first appearing in the Rochester *Democrat & Chronicle*, in which members of the First Baptist Church at Penn Yan, while picnicking on the shores of nearby Seneca Lake, were reported to have been disturbed by what appeared to be fauns.

Not all the details of this last affair were clear, for the confusion caused by the irruption was apparently tremendous, and the conduct of the invaders toward certain ladies of the party seems to have been such as to dictate discretion in the recital. But the fact that again a large number of presumably responsible persons were willing to swear to the truth of so wildly improbable an occurrence was enough to excite more than passing interest. Obviously, something unusual in the way of either physical or psychic phenomena was afoot, and the result was, on the one hand, to set a number of research students in the field of mass psychology busily to work writing treatises for the scientific journals and, on the other, to give rise to an even greater number of sometimes whimsical magazine and newspaper articles on the same events.

One of these, which appeared in the Sunday magazine section of the New York *Herald Tribune*, is of interest to us here, since at one point it oddly foreshadowed the experiences, something like a month later, of one Ensign Alfred J. Smalley, U.S.N.

"Ye Gods and Subconscious Wishes" was the article's rather desperately punning title, and beneath its humorous approach the author seemed to subscribe to the general theory that the manifestations witnessed by large numbers of witnesses could be explained by mass hypnosis, like the Indian rope trick or the "flying discs" scare of the mid-nineteen-forties, only these later phenomena were on a broader scale, and complicated by the world's ever-growing fears for its future. "That, at least, is what the psychologists would say," he remarked at one point, "and who are we to disagree with them? 'People just want to get away from it all,' they might add. (It's hard to stop these psychologists, once they get started.) 'And they turn to the Gods to help them do it.' But just because I'm a born disagreer, here I come with another theory. Men need Gods, to be sure, but has it ever occurred to you that Gods also need men? Just as any pretty blonde walking down the street needs a truck driver or two to whistle at her, so Venus would hardly be Venus if no mortals were left to admire her. Where would Jove be, with all his thunderbolts, without a few men to aim them at? It strikes me that if *we're* worried, maybe the Gods are, too!" And he ended, "If that's the case, Venus, and it's a man you want, please look no longer. Just be at the corner of Broadway and Fortieth at eight tonight. I'll be waiting." It was slightly over three weeks later that the Ensign Smalley already referred to met—or at least said he met—Venus herself.



Here, again, the circumstances were peculiar. Smalley, who was taking a course in carrier-based-plane techniques at the Naval Air Station at Quonset Point, Rhode Island, set out early one morning with two other planes on a routine navigational flight. Some forty-five minutes after the takeoff, when the group was on the second leg of its flight, his plane suddenly fell off into a spin and, still spinning, crashed in a field about a mile and a half north of Guilford, Connecticut. The plane, oddly enough, did not burn, though it was pretty thoroughly demolished, and since no trace of Smalley's body was found in the wreckage, a search was instituted for his remains, on the theory that he must have tried to bail out at some point on the way down.

DEATH AT SUPPERTIME

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupation,
That is known as the Children's Hour.

Then endeth the skipping and skating,
The giggles, the tantrums, and tears,
When, the innocent voices abating,
Alert grow the innocent ears.

The little boys leap from the stairways,
Girls lay down their dolls on the dot,
For promptly at five o'er the airways
Comes violence geared to the tot.

Comes murder, comes arson, come G-men
Pursuing unspeakable spies;
Come gangsters and tough-talking he-men
With six-shooters strapped to their thighs;

Comes the corpse in the dust, comes the dictum
"Ya' better start singin', ya' rat!"
While the torturer leers at his victim,
The killer unleashes his gat.

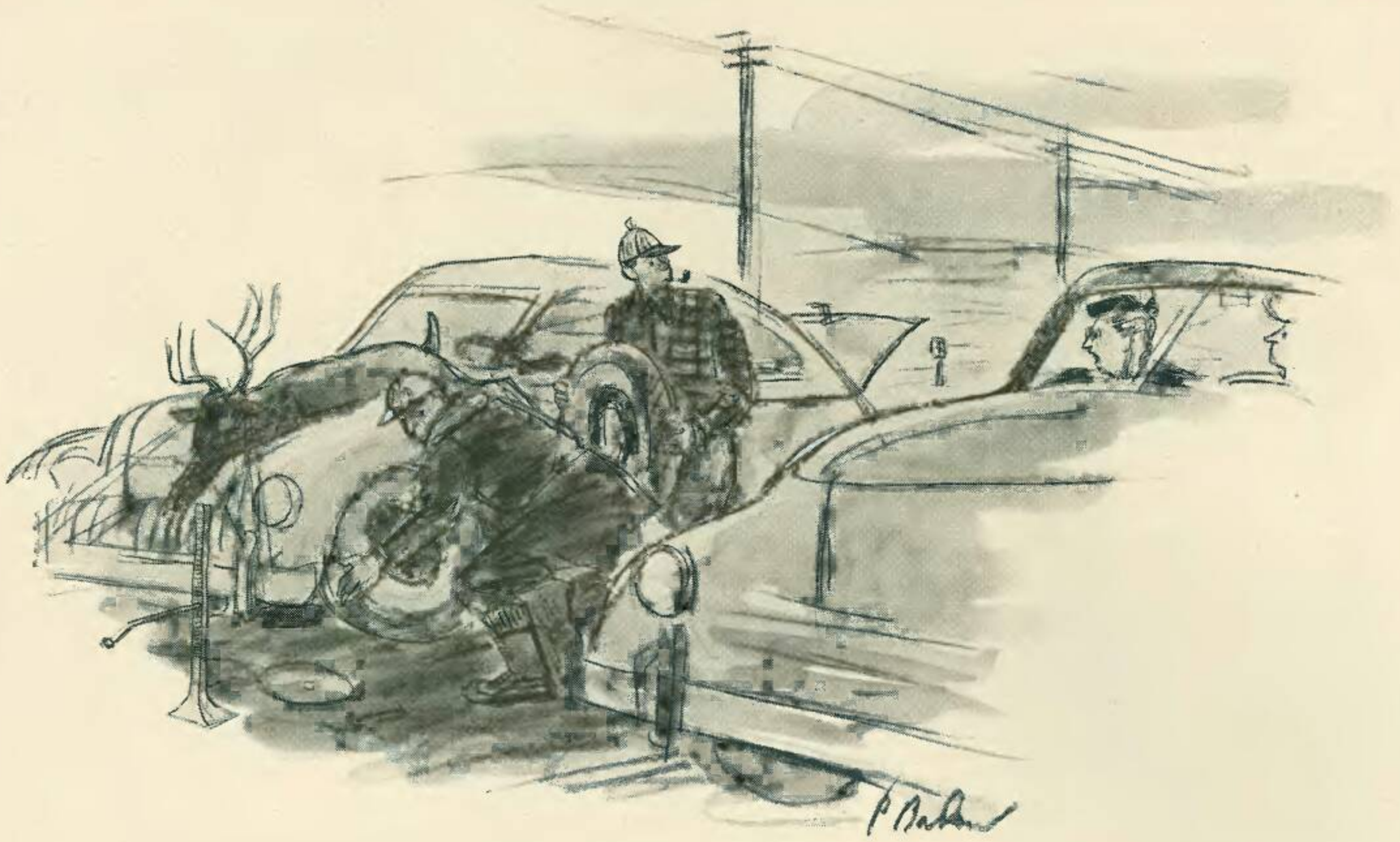
With mayhem the twilight is reeling.
Blood spatters, the tommy guns bark.
Hands reach for the sky or the ceiling
As the dagger strikes home in the dark.

And lo! with what rapturous wonder
The little ones hark to each tale
Of gambler shot down with his plunder
Or outlaw abducting the mail.

Between the news and the tireless
Commercials, while tempers turn sour,
Comes a season of horror by wireless
That is known as the Children's Hour.

—PHYLLIS MCGINLEY

• •



"Serves you good and right!"

• •

The search was still under way when, some six hours later, to the intense surprise of some half-dozen onlookers, Smalley parachuted gently to earth on the grounds of a golf course near Taunton, Massachusetts; what lent mystery to the affair was the fact that no plane, or any sound of one, had been noticed at the time. But the officers who examined him, on the old-established military theory that anything unusual is, in itself, dangerous, tended to treat him all the more harshly for that, and Ensign Smalley got a fairly rough going over before his case was finally disposed of. His own story, of course—that he had been wafted from his plane in mid-flight and had spent the rest of the time in a cave in the clouds with Venus—was dismissed as an impertinent fabrication.

Meantime, Smalley himself insisted that all he wanted to do was resign from the Navy.

"That's the only thing I came back for, damn it," he protested to the advocate assigned to defend him, just before his court-martial. "Can't they let me resign?"

"You'll resign yourself right into Portsmouth if you don't change your story," replied the officer.

"But it's true! Damn it, I tell you it's true!"

"About the clouds, and the angels, and all that?"

"Yes. All that. Only, they weren't angels. As I told you before, they were nymphs, or something. And the clouds weren't like real clouds, either." Ensign Smalley was a personable youth of about twenty-three, with a good service record until this incident, and his face always got rhapsodic at this point. "Or they were clouds, I guess, except that they were all shiny and glistening. Like mother-of-pearl, if you know what I mean. And the floor of the place—well, I mean it was cloud, too, probably, but you could walk on it."

The advocate glanced at his notes. "You had no difficulty breathing?" he asked suddenly.

"Breathing?" Smalley repeated.

"Yes, breathing. You said they took you up pretty high. Didn't you feel the need of oxygen?"

Smalley stared at the man for a moment. "Oxygen!" he repeated. "Listen, man, can't you get it through your head that this was supernatural? Didn't I tell you it was Venus I talked to? And here you talk about oxygen!"

"The court is likely to talk about it, too."

"Let them talk."

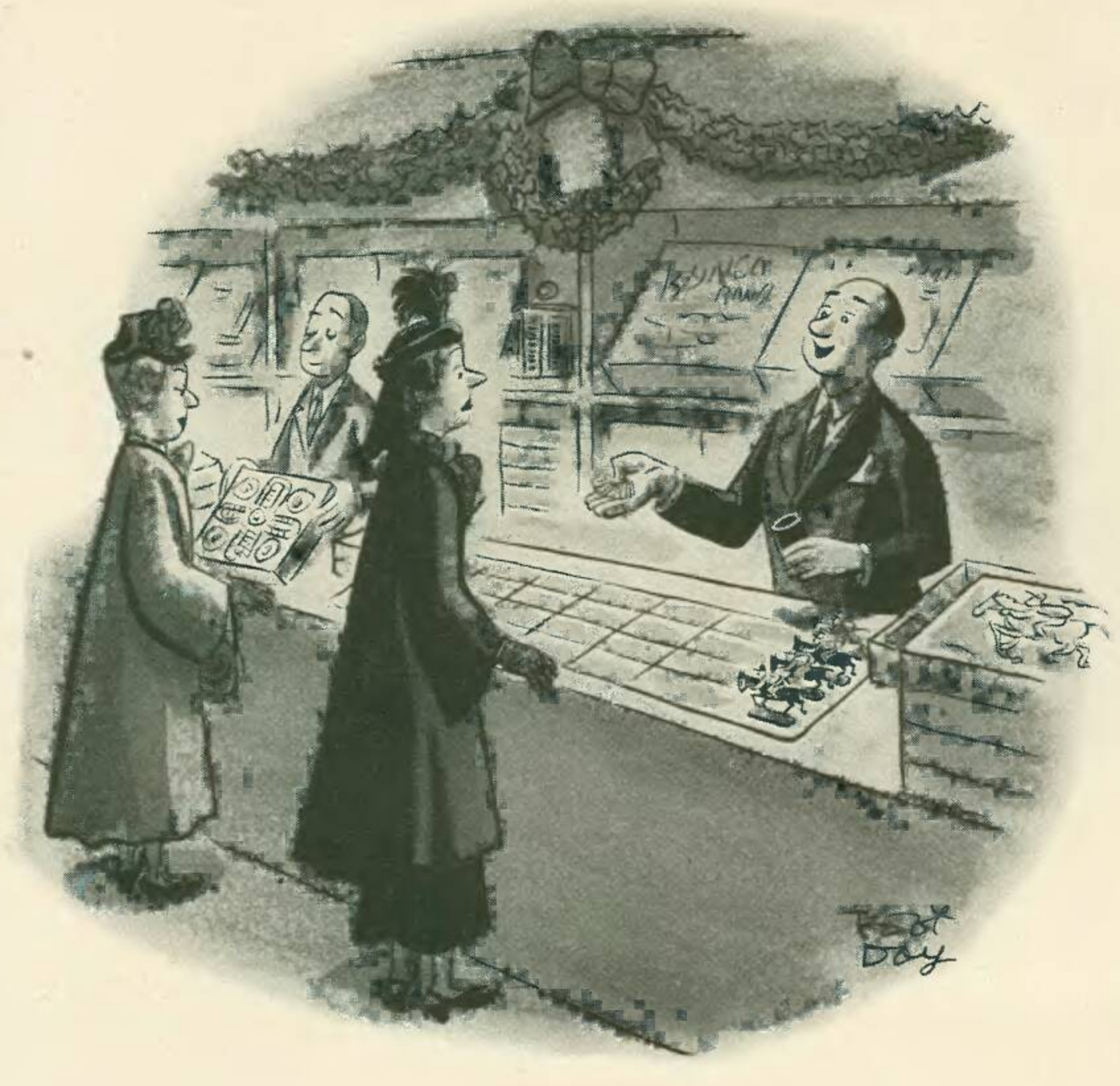
"And the loss of a perfectly good forty thousand dollars' worth of airplane."

"Sure. I know. It's too bad about the plane. But, still—"

Venus had been wonderful, Smalley said, though a bit unpredictable. In her way of talking, she had alternated between a sort of stilted classical diction and that of a somewhat etherealized Mae West. But there had been no question about her beauty. When he had first landed in the cave, she had not been there, and he had been taken in charge, so to speak, by some four or five playful nymphs; his first knowledge of her arrival had been when one of them cried to him suddenly, "Bow down, the Queen enters! Bow down!"

All the others bowed down. Smalley, conscious of his uniform and its obligation, had at first determined to hold himself staunchly erect, offering, if anything, a salute. But when, turning, he saw her before him, snowy-browed, damask-cheeked, azure-eyed, he could feel his strength melting within him, and when she smiled at him—actually smiled at him—he was brought almost literally to his knees.

"This, then, is the young man you brought us, Nicandia?" she asked, and the nymph who had told him to bow down answered, "Yes." Venus put out her hand and took his and—for a mo-



"And these are little pari-mutuel tickets, for ripping into shreds when the race is over."

•

ment, Smalley was vaguely reminded of certain urgent ladies he had encountered at cocktail parties—began leading him over toward a sort of billowy white dais at one side of the cave. "Come, let's talk. You must tell me about yourself," she said.

The burden of her talk was that she wanted him to stay, and when young Smalley tried to show her the impossibility of that—after all, he was an officer, with an officer's responsibilities; even now he was technically absent without leave—she grew blandishing at first, and then, like any other woman, petulant. "I had thought of you for one of my nymphs. For Nicandia, here, who discovered you," she said once. (Nicandia, at the moment, and somewhat to Smalley's embarrassment, was quite unconcernedly serving them sweetmeats.) Then, with one of her surprising lapses into slang, "But, you know, now that I've seen you, I could almost go for you myself." And she leaned toward him in a way that—well, Smalley said he had a hard time resisting her.

He did resist her, though, and for a while he tried to figure out a course that would please her and still be consonant with his duty. "I could come back," he offered once. "I think they'd let me resign if they knew the circumstances. And then after I'd cleared that up—"

At that, she grew suddenly haughty. "One does not *leave* Venus—and then come back!" she cried imperiously. Then she paused. "I could save you, you know," she said more softly, and her eyes grew entreating. "It's not all one-sided. And all you'd need is belief. I could save you."

"Save me from what?" Smalley asked, and she looked at him strangely.

"Don't you know? You, a soldier, an officer in the Army?"

"In the Navy, Ma'am," Smalley corrected her, and for some reason she simply glared at him. In the end, it was poetry that won her around. Trying still to make clear his predicament, Smalley remembered a passage from a poem he had had in Sophomore English, and when he said it—and he said it earnestly: "I could not love thee, Dear, so much, Loved I not Honor more," he said—it was as if she had suddenly, really, melted. Anger vanished, and with it that slight jittery tension of vanity and desiring. Instead, suddenly, she was all kindliness, and it was with an odd, almost impersonal fondness that she reached forward and touched his cheek.

"Go, then, child. Yes, go," she said. "I had forgotten how young you are. And come back, if you can. It may even be that Venus will help you. We do need you, you know. We need you."

Smalley, as he told the story, grinned a bit embarrassedly and glanced at his advocate. "And, you know, it was funny. But when she said that, for the first time I really believed in her. I mean *really* believed in her. So, you see, I've just got to go back."

"I think it must be about time for the court to convene," said his advocate.

For reasons of security, the whole episode, including the trial, was kept secret (Smalley, incidentally, got off with the fairly lenient sentence of ten years at hard labor), and the version officially given out was that he had been killed in his plane in the crash. This required some maneuvering, in view of the fact that there were at least a dozen persons in and around the station who knew different, and there might have been a problem, too, about what to do with the living Smalley—save that, in the end, there was no living Smalley to dispose of. Though his quarters had been more than usually heavily guarded, Smalley disappeared from them, quite inexplicably, the very night after his sentence was handed down.

—Robert M. Coates

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During night games, the curtain went up late and intermissions were stretched out. As players came on stage they hissed bulletins to Tallulah ("The Giants are a run ahead") and Tallulah would hiss back: "What inning?"—*Time*.

Surely not the sibilant seventh?

THE OTHER ANGLE

I SUPPOSE that the most discomfortable moments of my childhood were those I spent in Miss Gregory's class mastering the rudiments of ballroom deportment and the dance. Nature had equipped me meagrely for the sexual competition of the Atlantic seaboard. At ten, I was a thin child, with a high forehead and lank black hair, singularly unsuited to the white ruffles and pink sash that were the accepted dancing costume of the day. Moreover, my mother felt, quite accurately, that my steel-rimmed spectacles added little or nothing to my general powers of seduction and wouldn't let me wear them at Miss Gregory's. In consequence, I never had more than the vaguest notion of what I was doing with my feet, and what I gained at the top in social prestige, I lost at the bottom.

In the intensity of my longing for male approval, I could not speak a word —not even so much as "Oops, I'm sorry," as I trod the toes of my unfortunate partners. But I smiled. I remember how first my cheeks and then the sides of my neck would ache with that immobile smile, which, together with my abject and devouring looks, must have given me quite a singular appearance—an ineffable blend, I suspect, of Peter Lorre and a mousing cat. My success was limited.

Things panned out eventually. I never fluffed up much, but I filled out. We were finished off, the year I was fourteen, by one Mr. Edmonds, and I remember his class with unmixed pleasure. I had not become a swan, but I was at least a perfectly adequate duck.

IF he can only hold up for that long, I thought as I went to break the news to my son, it will be worth it to him, too.

I stood at the door of his room, and when I saw his happy, abstracted face, my heart winced.

"Darling," I said, "you've got to go to dancing school."

He didn't hear me. He never does, the first time. We both have almost pathological concentration at our chosen jobs. Since his fourth birthday, Tom has been given over, mind and soul, to electricity and the machine, and he is regularly to be found in a maze of wires, gears, and guy ropes, using, within the limitations of a fifth-grader gently bred, the language of an irate lineman. As his father, his sisters, and I are the least mechanically disposed of creatures, and as his infernal contraptions always perform exactly as he has predicted, we regard his room with awe, frequently instructing the cleaning woman to give it a miss, lest some stray bolt, some tangle of wire, turn out to be a thing of moment and irreplaceable. As an outcome of this superstitious respect, his room is usually not only confused but dirty, and so, I regret to say, is he.

Tom wears jeans in summer and corduroys in winter, and their pockets bulge strangely. He gets seven shirts a week, but you wouldn't know it half an hour after breakfast. His hands, which are larger than mine, are seamed with machine grease, and his straight, wiry hair grows phenomenally fast, advancing almost overnight from a close crew cut to its typical look of a haystack in a tropical hurricane. And while he is tender and protective with his sisters and me, his uttermost word of scorn is "Women!," ejaculated with venom. He is not, in short, the picture of a little gentleman.

He is, however, a profoundly endearing child, and as I stood in the door of his Faustus cell and saw him so happy and lost, I felt like a criminal.

"Dancing school," I said. "Beginning Friday, at the Country Club."

He was too taken aback to protest. He could only stare at me in horror.

"You'll need a blue serge suit," I said. "And black oxfords. And a good haircut."

He straightened up, pliers in hand, and his mouth worked. Then, at last, he got his voice. "You're kidding," he said flatly.

I tried to tell him that it would be fun, that he'd love it, but you have to be honest with people as honest as Tom, and the words wouldn't come. "I want Weezie to go to this class in a year or two," I said, "but there's always a glut of girls and not enough boys. If her brother'd gone before her, she'd have a preference."

"All right. All right, you win. You don't have to yak-yak-yak about it." He returned to his wiring, but the heart had clearly gone out of it. As I closed the door, I could hear him saying, "Women! *Women!*"

That he would be awkward, a misfit, a butt for laughter, that every drop of his natural male self-confidence would be drained off and spilled on the ground; that he faced humiliation and despair, I did not for one moment doubt. The

diversity of our gifts aside, Tom and I are singularly like, and, being blessed, or cursed, with total emotional recall, I foresaw in the minutest detail the suffering to which I was about to consign him. They would be so knowing, those other little boys; their hair would part so neatly, the little girls would lavish such looks upon them. I prayed that some drab, mouselike creature, bespectacled, perhaps, or with her teeth in braces, might be grateful for his attentions. Anyone, I remembered, would do. Anyone at all.

THE following afternoon, I had my victim in the boys' department of a large store. The suit we bought was a navy worsted with pleated pants. Tried on over a lumberjack shirt, topped by that incredible hair, it hardly seemed worth a sum so staggering to a mind geared to jeans and corduroys. Especially as its wearer's sole comment was "Well, I suppose it's all right if you want to look like a monkey's uncle."

We went next to boys' shoes, but after we had waited our turn, a sad-faced clerk said, "Oh, no, Ma'am, we couldn't fit that foot *here*." And we proceeded to men's shoes, street floor. I reviewed in my mind a procession of patent-leather ankle ties with dented toes.

In the haberdashery department, the glaze left Tom's eyes for a moment, and they warmed with love at the sight of a ready-made bow tie fitted with small electric bulbs and wired to a battery: "Light Up and Give Your Pals a Charge." But I was adamant, and we left in dejection with a conventional foulard.

"And now," I said, "the barber."

I had done considerable polling of our limited acquaintance of men of distinction to find that barber, but at the first glance I knew that I had been guided. He was a tall, stooped man, gray-headed, with the face of a wise and whimsical abbé as conceived by Hollywood. However, I must say that as we approached, his jaw dropped.

I moistened my lips. "Listen," I said. "I know it's hopeless, but just do what you can."

I sat down with my back to his chair and lit a cigarette. Over the sound of shears and clippers, I could hear him behind me breathing through his teeth, like a groom currying a horse. And once he addressed himself aloud. "Not so much the thickness and the stiffness," he said abruptly, "and not the looks in places like she'd trimmed it with manicure scissors to put off bringing him in" —I felt my color change—"as the not one, not two, but three cowlicks. *That's* what makes it a proposition."

Then it was over. The barber was shaking a bottle of pomade on the wild ends and massaging them.

"Lady," he said, "I was apprenticed at fourteen years of age, I seen everything. I had this man once his hair grew out like kind of felt, I got enough laid by I could of retired six years back if I wanted, it's no more to me now than a hobby; well, what I'm trying to tell you is—this kid, I wouldn't of missed it."

And with three incisive strokes of a comb, he passed a miracle.

"Tom!" I said. "Why, Tom, you look like anybody!"

"Hair in my collar," he replied. "My neck tickles."

However, I noticed that as we left he put his cap on carefully, from front to back.

ON Friday, I was looking through the window as Tom came home from school. I saw him walk up the long drive very slowly, his head down, as if he were looking for something he had lost. The front door, which he habitually slams, closed quietly.

"Got the stuff laid out?"

"Take a bath first, dear. And don't just lie in the tub. *Wash.*"

"Do you want to do me?"

His voice, so unwontedly humble, broke my heart. "No, I don't," I said crossly. "Do you think you're a baby? And use the brush on your nails." A few minutes later, I heard the water begin to run in the bathtub, and I went into the library, extremely unhappy. But I picked up a book, and I was even following the gist of it a little when a low voice from the doorway said, "Have I got this dee tie right?"

I lifted my eyes and stared at the unfamiliar child before me—a neat, gloomy, handsome boy in conventional clothes. And suddenly I was startled by a queer, open feeling that was both a sharpness and a melting, an intensity of love and of letting go. Yes, it's almost out of my hands now, my mind said; he's begun to grow up.

"Well, what's the matter? I scrubbed my skin off."

"Nothing," I answered. "Your tie's fine. Come on."

AS we got out of the car, I thought, as I had already thought again and again, The others will know all about everything. If there were only some boy, some friend of his . . .

And then, on the Country Club veranda, he was casually greeting a child whom I had never seen before.

"Hi, Fred."

"Hi, Tom."

"Where do I go?"

"Show you."

As I joined the mothers, I met a friend, too, and fell into talk, so I did not see Tom come into the room. When I looked up, he and the other boy were sitting at the far end, midway in the row of navy blue. The piano started to play (have they been using that same tune for the past thirty years?); the teacher, ruddy and smart, snapped his little cricket.

"Partners for the opening march."

The boys rose, and, with a look of Androcles hearing that first, unrecognized roar, Tom rose with them. Oh, my poor lamb, my darling!

And then I saw it happen. My eyes followed his to the row of little girls—so passive, so hopeful, so carefully,

FLOWERS OF RHETORIC

I grant you there is much excuse
  For simile and metaphor,
But moderation in their use
  I'd wage a small vendetta for.

They gleam amid the puffing prose
  Of Art's advanced minorities
(As on the maiden's bosom glows
  The symbol of sororities
(Which bind with bonds like linkèd brass
  (As sturdy as austerity
(Which irritates like mustard gas
  (Which spreads like insincerity

(Elusive as a synonym
  (Which flees away like Saracens
(Who fought in battles vague and dim
  As most of these comparisons)))))))).

So everything's like something else
  In these newfangled rhetorics.
But I'll resist 'em (like the Celts
  And hopeless Vercingetorix).

—Morris Bishop





"Personally, I'll be satisfied if they only strike water."

• •

eagerly dressed, no two alike—in competition for the superior uniformity of that casually advancing line. They went back to his face, where the judgments were forming: too tall; freckles; yes, that one there.

And, abruptly, I laughed aloud.

"What in the world?" said my friend.

"Nothing. Thought of something funny. Tell you later."

I saw him stop before a pretty little girl with short curls, glance from the corner of his eye, and bow in a reasonable approximation of the performance of the boy beside him. I saw the little girl jump up, smiling the smile of pure triumph; for six little girls would have to march together, two and two, at the end of the procession. But she would not be among them, not she!

And if he steps on her toes, I thought, she will say, Oh, my fault. And if he dances to his own time, she will close her ears to the piano. Her whole life long. Or, at least, until she gets a husband of her own, and a home, and children, and says, comfortably, that she never really cared much for dancing anyway.

But Tom doesn't know that. Smiling and calm, he doesn't know a thing about it, and he never will. Blue serge and black oxfords—they shall inherit the earth.

I glanced down the row of mothers. Of course, of course. You could almost call it, boy or girl, by the degree of peace in their faces. My toes were relaxing and uncurling in my shoes, my shoulder blades yielded pleasantly to the back of the chair. I fetched a long sigh and felt wonderful.

"Well," I asked as we got into the car, "how was it?"

"O.K." said Tom. He pocketed his hands and sat quiet for a minute or two, staring before him. Then he smiled, a big, slow smile. "Pretty good," he said. "Sort of fun."

—Victoria Lincoln

•

Don't shoot duck hunters, too late in the afternoon!—*Rutland (Vt.) Herald.*

Too late nothing. We're not a *bit* tired.



PROFILES

THE TALKING STOCKHOLDER—I

LEWIS DUSENBERY GILBERT is a confident, well-dressed crusader who has dedicated his life to improving the condition of the moderately well-to-do. The people he wants to help out are the fifteen million small stockholders of American corporations, who, he believes, comprise an underprivileged group, because, although they are the actual owners of most of big business, they have almost nothing to say about the way it is run. Gilbert became convinced of this in 1933, when he attended an annual stockholders' meeting of the Consolidated Gas Company, which has since become a part of Consolidated Edison. "I had inherited some common stocks, including a few shares of Consolidated, and I thought I'd see what the company was like," he recently recalled. "I'd never attended a stockholders' meeting, so I expected to be welcomed cordially and to be treated like one of the owners. You can see how naïve I was. The meeting was a disgrace. After the chairman had wasted an hour reading the annual report, which, of course, had already been mailed to the stockholders days before, I got up to ask a question, but before I had a chance to say anything, one of the officers sitting in the back of the room made a motion to adjourn. It was seconded and passed in no time. I was still standing there when the chairman said, 'And now a delightful collation awaits you in the adjoining room,' and everybody went for the free lunch. There I was, a part owner—I held ten shares—and I had been treated like a tramp by these people, who were my employees. I was horrified." Gilbert, a bachelor of independent means and temperament, concluded that the business world was sadly out of joint and that it was up to him to set it right. He decided to devote his remaining years to attending the annual meetings of corporations and crusading for what he calls "stockholder democracy." He was then twenty-five.

Today, at forty-one, Gilbert is the country's most celebrated minority stockholder. Largely through inheritances from his grandparents and gifts from his parents, he has acquired, in addition to other investments, from five to two hundred shares of stock in some three hundred corporations. He owns an average of thirty-one shares in each of them. For the last fifteen years, his sole occupation, aside from military service, has been attending their annual meetings. In that time, he has been present, and vocal, at approximately a thousand meetings. He would have attended and been heard at a few hundred more but for circumstances beyond his control. Most corporations hold their annual meetings during the first six months of the year, and there are many days when the stockholders of two or more of Gilbert's companies are in session. Gilbert deplores this situation, and has done something about it. Until recently, both the Chase National Bank and the National City Bank held their meetings on the morning of the second Tuesday in January. Gilbert is one of the owners of both these institutions (a hundred and forty-two shares of Chase and thirteen of National City), and he feels obliged to put in an appearance at both meetings. He used to have to show up first at the Chase meeting, ask a few questions, give the bank's chairman, Winthrop W. Aldrich, a little advice, and then take off at high speed for the National City gathering, three blocks away. There he would again make himself heard. The strain was considerable. On one occasion, Gilbert forgot to change his lines for his second appearance, and the National City officers sat in fidgety silence while he made a short address on the subject of Mr. Aldrich. In 1946, the Chase bank changed the date of its meeting from the second Tuesday in January to the last. Gilbert, who had often proposed this change, takes credit for it, and so does the management of the bank. "It's immaterial whether Lewis Gilbert or Winthrop Aldrich receives the honor," Gilbert says. "It was obviously a Gilbert reform, but Gilbert is willing to share the kudos."

Like many other men who feel that they have a rendezvous with history, Gilbert has a habit of referring to himself in the third person. He also has a tendency to link himself with important men and events. In speaking of his paternal and maternal grandparents, who migrated to the Pacific Northwest in the eighteen-fifties and subsequently operated, respectively, woollen mills and a chain of general stores, Gilbert has said, "They were pioneers who figured in the Western movement around the time of the gold rush in '49. They went into business, like the Rockefellers." Gilbert's father, who is retired and during his working years was interested mainly in real estate, practically retired when he was in his thirties, and moved to California. "I was born in Palo Alto, the home of Herbert Hoover, whom Gilbert has never supported," Gilbert says. With his parents, Lewis, who was the first of three children—two boys and a girl—moved to New York in 1909, but spent most of the next two years travelling in Europe. "I was about two when we went over," he recalls. "A bit too young to notice signs of the impending war." He attended private schools in New York, graduating from prep school in 1923, and did not go to college. "Nineteen twenty-three was the year before Lenin died—another man Gilbert has never supported," he says. "The fact that I find fault with the way corporations treat their stockholders makes a lot of people think I'm a Communist. That's asinine. I'm a capitalist. I live exclusively on dividends and interest. That hardly makes me a hero to the *Daily Worker*."

Gilbert doesn't look much like the *Worker's* conception of a capitalist. In appearance and manner, he reminds many people of Milton Berle. Like Berle, he is a sharp-looking, fast-talking, supercharged performer, with all the dash and pert assurance of a seasoned trouper. A few years ago, as he rose to speak at a special stockholders' meeting of one of his companies, the president of the corporation, who was presiding, took out his watch and laid it on the table before him. "I trust that you will make

your remarks brief," he said. "I have exactly seven minutes to get started for the races." "I am sure," Gilbert replied equably, "that our stockholders will be glad to learn that their president is more interested in horse races than in the company's business." He then spoke for exactly seven minutes. Gilbert is of medium height and has a large mouth, a long, pointed nose, black eyes, a high forehead, and black hair that he keeps slicked down with a faintly perfumed pomade. His features are mobile, and his movements are as graceful and liquid as a ballet dancer's. He usually wears double-breasted pin-striped suits, bright silk ties, and, in his breast pocket, a white handkerchief. He never wears a hat and, in his haste to get to a meeting, often forgets to put on an overcoat. "Lewis is so intent on his work," his mother says, "that he wouldn't know whether he's wearing a black hat or a white hat or whether he's riding in a bus or an airplane. He's terrific." Gilbert walks as if he were in a heel-and-toe derby and talks a little faster than Walter Winchell. He has a compulsive smile, a polite though by no means obsequious air, and an ardent desire to make people understand his point of view and agree with it. After explaining some aspect of his work, he almost always says, "Get the idea?" If his listener indicates, by repeating the substance of Gilbert's remarks, that he has indeed got it, Gilbert smiles, bobs his head, and says, "*Eggs*-actly." Being of independent means, he can spend as much time as he pleases at his chosen work. "Brooks Atkinson enjoys the theatre," he says. "Lewis Gilbert enjoys annual meetings. It's as simple as that."

THE year 1948 has been a big one for Gilbert. He has broken his own record by attending seventy-nine meetings of stockholders ranging alphabetically from Acro Chemical (in which he owns ten shares) to F. W. Woolworth (seventy-five), and including American Chicle (thirty), Bankers Trust (twelve), Bethlehem Steel (ten), Canada Dry (thirty), du Pont (ten), General Motors (twenty-four), Krueger Brewing (ten), Loft Candy (a hundred and five), R. H. Macy (twelve), National Dairy (six), Otis Elevator (forty-seven), Pan American Airways (fifty-six), Pepsi-Cola (sixteen), Norwalk Tire (ten), Remington Rand (thirty-two), St. Joseph Lead (ten), A. G. Spalding (ten), Standard Oil of New Jersey (thirty-two), U.S. Potash (twenty), Union Carbide (a hundred and eight), and Western Union (ten). He attended the meetings of eight aircraft and aviation concerns, in which he owns an average of fifty-four shares, and of six banks, in which he holds an average of sixty-five shares. Aside from these two categories, his portfolio is notably varied.

This year, Gilbert has also been represented at twenty-six meetings by his brother, John, who is thirty-four, married, and New York born. John graduated from the Franklin School, a private institution on Central Park West, after which he took a two-year course at the Packard Commercial School, on Lexington Avenue. Like his brother, he did not go to college. "I was afraid it would spoil my initiative and vision," John says. In explaining why *he* didn't go to college, Lewis says, "I prefer to learn from absorption and to study what interests me, not what others think I should study. I have never considered formal education the alpha and omega of all things. Get the idea?"

When Lewis's school days were over, he decided he needed some business experience, and took a job at Brentano's as a clerk during the Christmas rush. He was kept on after the holidays, but three months later he quit. That completed his business experience. "I discovered that merchandising was not my forte," he says. "I then decided to go into newspaper work." Between 1924 and 1933, he was, off and on, a reporter on several weekly newspapers in and around the city, including the New York



"To whom do I complain about a surly Santa Claus?"

Democrat, the Hudson (New Jersey) *News*, and the Brooklyn *Chat*. His progress was not meteoric. He was doing occasional reporting for the Flushing *Journal* when he attended his first stockholders' meeting, the event that cost journalism his services. After the meeting, he told John of his decision to start a crusade, and John said he would join it as soon as he was able to. He couldn't start attending meetings and giving advice to corporations right away, because he was tied up all day at business college. After his graduation, a year later, he began to accompany Lewis to stockholders' gatherings and soon became his most devoted disciple. As Lewis expanded his operations and encountered conflicts in the times of meetings, he sent John to handle a few on his own. John's stock holdings are approximately the same as Lewis's and were acquired, like his brother's, through inheritances and gifts from relatives. John, who is stocky and has large features, close-cropped hair, and a tendency to giggle, talks with about the speed, intensity, and confidence of Lewis. Speaking of Tide Water Oil, in which each of the brothers owns ten shares, John says, "They're doing an outstanding job, as a result of listening to us." He does not feel at all handicapped by the fact that he has never met, or even been on, a payroll. "Business has always been in my bones," he says. "Two years before the '29 crash, I began hollering about the railroads. I didn't like their debt situation, and I advised my parents to get rid of their railroad stock. I kept hollering until they finally got out. I gave a couple of uncles the same advice, but they didn't think I was old enough to know what I was talking about—I was around thirteen. They were so mad, they wouldn't even speak to me. Of course, they got caught. It's the same way with the corporations. When they listen to us, they have nothing to worry about. When they don't, they get into trouble. It pays to listen to the Gilberts."

THE Gilbert crusade, the rousing slogan of which is "Divided, the Management Rules—United, Stockholders Participate," has a number of objectives, all involving getting stockholders into the corporate act. One aim is to have stockholders' meetings held in easily accessible locations, preferably where the executive business of a corporation is transacted. The F. W. Woolworth Company has its headquarters in the Woolworth Building but, for sentimental reasons, holds its annual meetings in Watertown, New York, near the birthplace of the company's founder. Lewis, as the owner of seventy-five shares of Woolworth, never misses one of its meetings or fails to introduce a motion to amend the company's bylaws so as to provide that the meetings be held in Manhattan. His resolution has been defeated eight times. The vote on the last occasion was 297,213 for and 6,723,023 against. Lewis feels, however, that, since the number of favorable votes was the highest yet, he is making headway, and he has no intention of giving up. If corporations persist in holding their meetings in unhandy places, the Gilberts are sometimes willing to settle for free transportation to the meetings. In 1946, for the first time, the American Tobacco Company, which, like a great many other large companies, was incorporated in New Jersey, and which holds its meetings in the Jersey country town of Flemington, announced in the call for its annual meeting that the company would furnish a free round-trip railroad ticket from New York to Flemington to all stockholders who requested one by mail. Along with about twenty-five other stockholders, Lewis and John, who own eighty shares of American Tobacco apiece, rode happily to the meeting on the company. "*Definitely* a Gilbert victory," Lewis says.

The procedure at a typical, or non-Gilbert, annual meeting is as formalized as a gavotte, though not as lively. The minutes of the previous meeting are read by the secretary, the annual report, or a summary of it, is read by the president or some other official, and officers for the ensuing year are quickly elected. Few stockholders attend, and any who do usually sit silent, as though mesmerized. No questions are asked. As a rule, the meeting can

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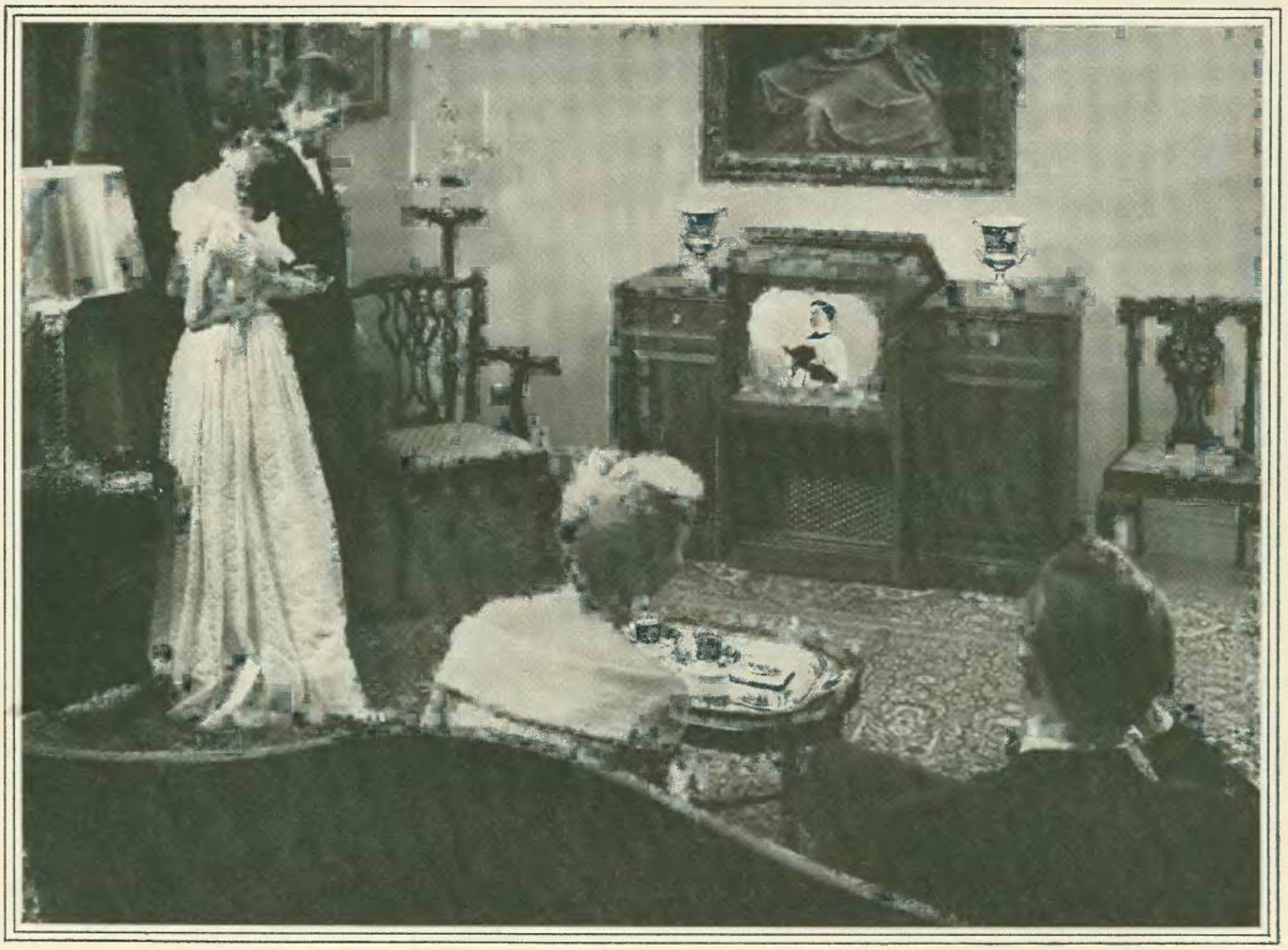
be wrapped up in an hour or so. The Gilberts feel that stockholders should be able to turn annual meetings into forums for the discussion of all aspects of a corporation's affairs. They set a good example. Their questions range from one at an R. H. Macy meeting as to why the store discontinued its stamp-collectors' department to one at a du Pont meeting as to the explanation of a footnote to the financial statement to the effect that the company had set aside $20,900,000 from Net Operating and Other Income for "excessive construction costs." Not all the Gilberts' questions are considered searching by corporation officials. One vice-president who has dealt with the Gilberts for years considers them no more profound than those that might be asked by an alert widow or orphan. "Also," this man added, "I have a feeling that the boys are more concerned with asking their questions than listening to my answers." At many meetings, however, the Gilberts' interrogation creates a climate conducive to discussion, so that other stockholders are encouraged to have a go at the question-and-answer game. Meetings in which the Gilberts have taken a particular interest have lasted for as long as six hours.

The Gilberts believe that a corporation's auditors should be elected, or at least approved, by its shareholders and that the auditors should attend the annual meetings to answer questions; that no official's pay should exceed two hundred thousand dollars a year; that directors should own a minimum of a hundred shares of stock in their corporations; that corporations selling new stock issues should be compelled to give their stockholders the first chance to buy these securities; that stockholders should be allowed "cumulative voting rights," which would enable them, under a system not unlike proportional representation, to cast all their votes in a directors' election for one man or to distribute them among the candidates as they please; and that corporations should send a "reasonably complete and impartial" account of their annual meetings to all stockholders. "Before Gilbert came along," Lewis says, "nobody had ever heard of a post-meeting report. Only the handful of stockholders who attended the meeting knew what had gone on. The rest were kept in the dark, which, of course, is just what management wanted. Now, thanks to Gilbert, all stockholders, whether they go to the meeting or not, can be fully informed. Get the idea?" Gilbert had reference to some seventy-five corporations that, largely as a result of his efforts, today send out post-meeting reports. A collection of these Gilbert has accumulated includes items ranging from a skimpy four-page leaflet issued by du Pont, entitled "Stockholders' Questions and Management's Answers Thereto at Annual Meeting of Stockholders," to a forty-eight page illustrated booklet, containing the complete stenographic report of an annual meeting, sent out by Standard Oil of New Jersey.

Even better than this complete report, Lewis feels, is the one put out by A. G. Spalding covering this year's annual stockholders' meeting. This leads off with a statement by the firm's president, Charles F. Robbins, containing the following declaration: "For the past four or five years, one stockholder has shown a particularly active interest in the affairs of the company, relating principally to the field of stockholder relations and stockholder interest. This stockholder, Mr. Lewis D. Gilbert, has made several suggestions, the majority of which the company has been very happy to adopt. At our stockholders' meeting a year ago, Mr. Gilbert strongly advocated the advantages of a larger stockholder attendance at this meeting, and he urged the management to take steps to obtain such an attendance. When we see the number present here today compared with the attendance in the past, we feel sure Mr. Gilbert is as gratified as we are that his suggestion was adopted. I am not going to ask Mr. Gilbert to make any remarks at this time, but I am going to ask him to stand so that you can all greet him and ask him to accept this expression of our appreciation. (Applause.)" Although Lewis wasn't invited to make any remarks at the time, he found occasion later in the session to address the chair eight times, and what he said is duly recorded. Three sets of remarks by John are also reported. The pamphlet contains a picture of Lewis addressing the meeting, a picture of John



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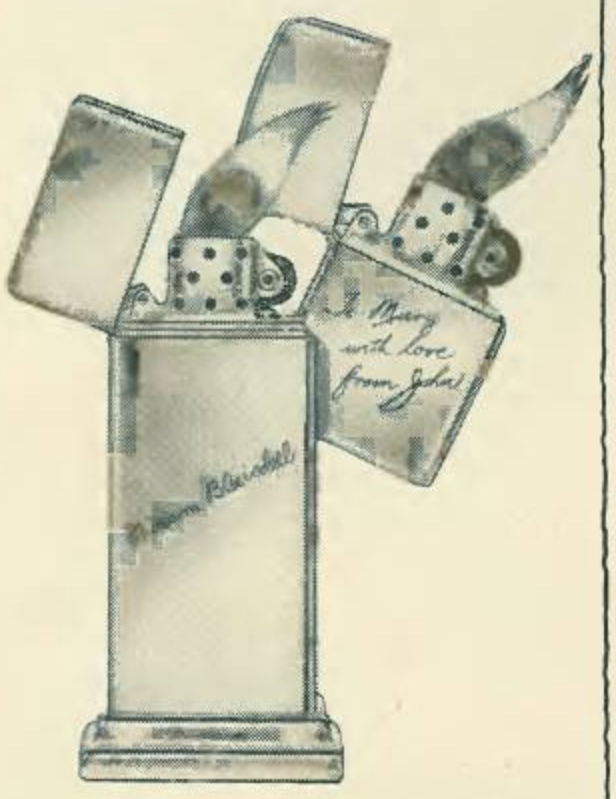
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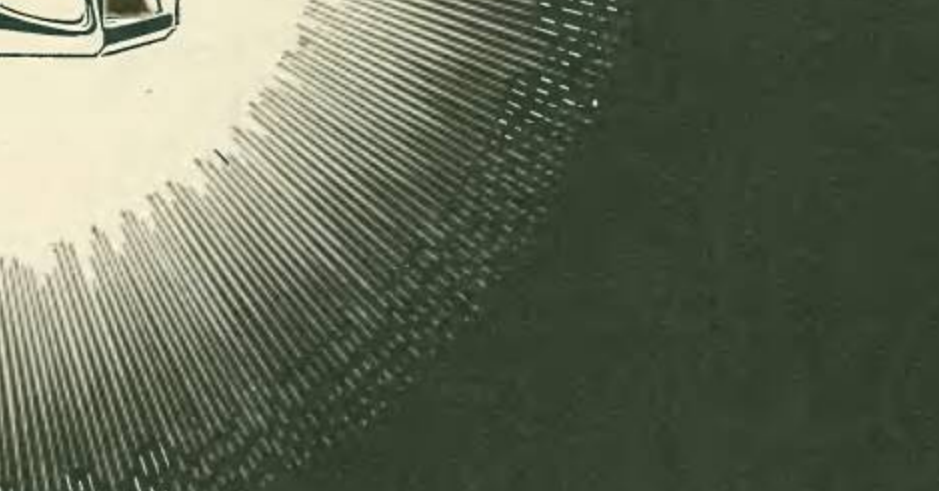
addressing the meeting, and a picture of Lewis and John together passing out miniature baseballs, souvenirs of the day, to other stockholders on behalf of the company. Thumbing through the Spalding booklet, Lewis recently said, "I consider this perfection in a report."

The most effective weapon in the Gilberts' crusade is a regulation set up by the Securities & Exchange Commission known as Proxy Regulation X-14, which Lewis has hailed as "the small stockholders' Magna Carta." Before X-14 went into effect, if an ordinary stockholder wanted to introduce a resolution at an annual meeting, he had to circularize all the rest of the stockholders in advance of the meeting himself, and at his own considerable expense. This discouraged ordinary stockholders from introducing resolutions. Under X-14, a corporation is obliged to stand the expense of bringing a stockholder's resolution to the attention of all its security holders in its proxy statement. A couple of months before the 1948 meeting of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, Lewis sent to the secretary of the company the text of three motions he intended to make at the meeting. The first was a resolution requiring the company to send out post-meeting reports, the second was one to limit the pensions of officials to twenty-five thousand dollars a year, and the third was one to require certain of the corporation's top men to waive some of the pay due them under the company's "incentive-compensation" plan. Gilbert also furnished the company's secretary with three statements, of about a hundred words apiece, presenting his reasons for advancing the proposals. Bethlehem was obligated by Regulation X-14 to publish both the resolutions and the statements supporting them in its proxy statement mailed to all stockholders, and to provide a proxy on which the stockholders could indicate whether their stock was to be voted for or against the proposals. There is nothing, of course, to prevent management from giving in the proxy statement its reasons for opposing the resolutions, or from recommending that stockholders vote against them. The Bethlehem officials went exhaustively into their reasons for opposing Gilbert's resolutions and advised the stockholders to vote "No" on all of them. All were defeated. Gilbert polled his biggest vote on the proposal to limit pensions; eighty-three hundred stockholders, holding more than three-quarters of a million shares, supported it, but thirty-nine thousand stockholders, owning six million shares, opposed it. The

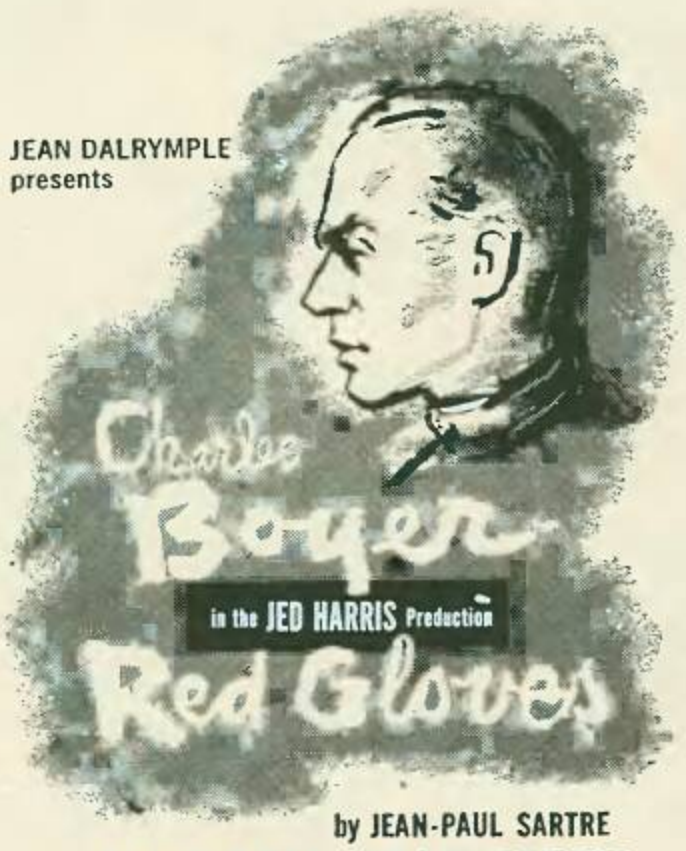
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resolution calling for post-meeting reports, which he had introduced the year before, was defeated again, but he was set up by the fact that nearly twice as many stockholders voted for it in 1948 as had in 1947. He's bringing it up again next year.

The Gilberts have been criticized for introducing, year after year, at the same corporation meetings, the same resolutions, even though they have polled only a small vote before. Under a recent S.E.C. ruling, if a resolution gets less than three per cent of the stock voted, it cannot be introduced again until two years have elapsed. The American Society of Corporate Secretaries, whose members are uncomfortably close to such matters as this, has expressed the official opinion that if a resolution does not get at least five per cent of the vote, it should not be reintroduced for three years. The Gilberts do not consider this proposal reasonable. If one of their resolutions draws three per cent of the vote, they feel justified in reintroducing it the next year. It is safe to say that nobody is more attached to Regulation X-14 than the Gilberts are. This year, they have introduced forty resolutions. As a weary corporation secretary has said, "It's getting so that a meeting without a few Gilbert resolutions is like a ball game without peanuts."

ONE of the corporations on which the Gilberts have lavished a great deal of attention is the American Tobacco Company. Since 1940, they have introduced ten resolutions at the company's annual meetings. All have been defeated. Four of these proposed a reduction in pay for various top officials, one called for the compulsory attendance of the president at annual meetings, and the others called for standard Gilbert measures. The Gilberts would no doubt have introduced at least a half-dozen more resolutions if they had not both been in the Army from 1942 to 1945. John was a private in a Military Police outfit assigned to guarding airfields in the Middle East. "It's funny how I was only a private," John has said. "On the boat going over, we didn't have enough men to police the ship, so I solved the problem by suggesting to the officers that they deputize some of the men in the other outfits. That's the way it was all the way through—I was the brains." Lewis, who rose to the rank of corporal, was a chaplain's assistant, assigned to hospitals in the Marshalls and the Solomons. "My job was to take care of the library and

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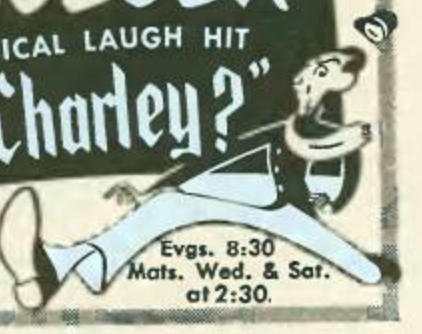
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GILBERT MILLER & HENRY SHEREK present
ROBERT MORLEY • ADRIANNE ALLEN • IAN HUNTER
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by ROBERT MORLEY and NOEL LANGLEY
with LEUEEN MACGRATH
MARTIN BECK, W. 45 St. Eves. 8:25 Sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

let everybody weep on my shoulder," he says. "Of course, the *Wall Street Journal* followed me everywhere, and so did the financial magazines and all my corporation mail. I was reading proxy statements in the middle of the jungle." From the Pacific Theatre, Lewis frequently sent lists of questions and comments to a number of his corporations, with the request that they be read at annual meetings. He took special pains to keep an eye on American Tobacco. He asked a friend, James Fuller, whose business is managing a restaurant in Hartford and whose hobby is being an active minority stockholder, to attend the American Tobacco meetings and introduce a few resolutions to forward the Gilbert program. Fuller introduced an average of one a year. All were defeated. Since their discharge from the Army, Lewis and John feel that they have made progress with American Tobacco. In addition to providing free transportation to the meeting, the management agreed to send out reports of last year's meeting to all stockholders who requested them. Of twenty-nine thousand stockholders, twenty-five did, counting Lewis and John.

The Gilberts have always derived much enjoyment from their attendance at the American Tobacco Company's meetings, but they looked forward to this year's gathering with the eagerness of Boy Scouts going on a camping trip. They knew that there was ferment in the company. A few weeks before the meeting, George Washington Hill, Jr., the vice-president in charge of advertising, and son of the man who made the company famous in fact and fiction, had dramatically resigned. Not long after that, Foote, Cone & Belding, the agency that for years had handled the tobacco company's advertising, decided to give up the twelve-million-dollar-a-year account (and nearly two million in commissions). Furthermore, the Gilberts had learned that the president of the company, Vincent Riggio, was planning to show himself for the first time to the stockholders, and they were set to give him a grilling. They also, of course, were going to put a couple of resolutions up for consideration. Lewis was in a state of high glee when he arrived, hatless and coatless, at the Pennsylvania Station to take the train to the meeting in Flemington, which was to be held in the afternoon. John had left for Flemington earlier, to attend a morning meeting of another of the Gilbert companies. At the station, Lewis was joined by an acquaintance who was going along to Flemington for the ride and by

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a friend and fellow-American-Tobacco-Company-stockholder, John Campbell Henry, a wealthy young bachelor who lives with his widowed mother and occupies himself with managing his father's estate and taking part in the Gilbert crusade. He attends many meetings with Lewis and John, and always seconds their motions. While waiting for the gates to the train to open, Lewis mentioned to his acquaintance that John Henry is a Republican. "I am a Democrat," he added, "so you see our movement is non-political. It appeals to all, conservatives and liberals, rich and poor—to everybody who believes in corporation democracy. Get the idea? Look! there's Riggio!" He pointed out a small, white-haired, mustached man who was carrying a cane and smoking a cigar. "We finally got him to a meeting. *Another* Gilbert victory! American Tobacco Company presidents have been particularly shy about coming to meetings. That's Paul Hahn with him. He's the vice-president who presides at the meetings. Say, he looks worried. I'll bet he wonders what Gilbert's got up his sleeve this time." "He probably didn't sleep a wink last night from worrying," John Henry said. "Have you got plenty of questions for him, Lewis?" "*Definitely*," Lewis said.

On the train, Lewis discussed his plans for the meeting and complained about the travelling accommodations furnished by the company. "It's typical —the management up there in the Pullman and the stockholders back here in the coaches," he said. "Jim Crow is good enough for the owners." At the Union Hotel in Flemington, where lunch was provided for the stockholders by the company, Lewis and his com-



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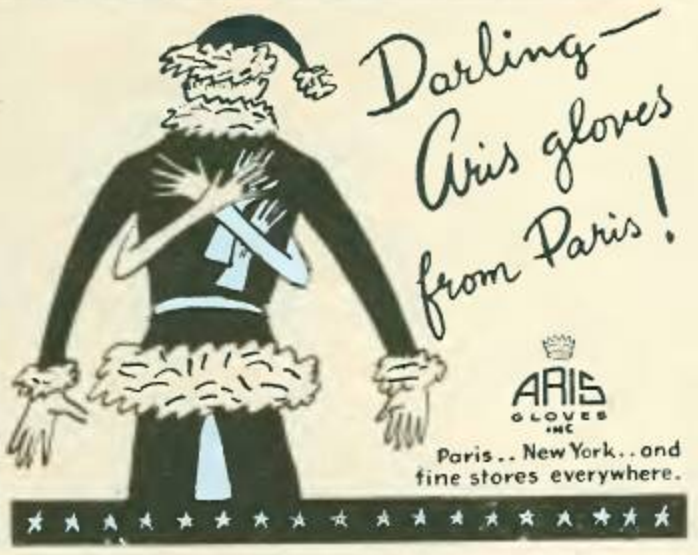
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panions were joined by John, who had just left the annual stockholders' meeting of the Niles-Bement-Pond Company, one of the world's largest tool-manufacturing concerns. "They had a couple of new officers there," John said. "I had to give them a little indoctrination." Turning to Lewis's acquaintance, he continued, "On the whole, we get along very well with that company. In 1939, I complained about their sending equipment to Japan. I told them it wasn't a good idea. A year later, F.D.R. also came out against it."

The American Tobacco meeting was to begin at one o'clock, in the auditorium of the Flemington Women's Club. The Gilberts, John Henry, and Lewis's acquaintance, who were among the earliest arrivals, took seats in the third row center. About two hundred of the company's other seventy-three thousand stockholders showed up, each helping himself as he entered to a package of Luckies or a couple of Corona Perfectos, a supply of which had been placed on a table near the door. A dozen company officials took seats on the platform. While waiting for the session to open, Lewis and John calculated that the combined pay of President Riggio and the four vice-presidents on the stage came to one and a half million a year. "Outrageous," said Lewis. "Ridiculous," said John. "Second the motion," said John Henry. Just before the meeting began, Paul Hahn, a small, suave, knowledgeable man who draws a quarter of a million dollars a year from American Tobacco, came down from the platform and shook hands with the Gilberts and John Henry. "I trust I can count on your usual coöperation," Hahn said to Lewis, smiling faintly. "*Definitely*," Lewis replied. John giggled.

After Hahn had made a speech welcoming the stockholders and Riggio had made a short speech, in which he said that the company was doing fine and that he hoped everyone would feel free to drop in at his office to see him at any time—a remark that put the Gilberts and John Henry in stitches—Lewis jumped to his feet. "Mr. Chairman," he said, "the first thing I'd like to bring up is the case of George W. Hill, Jr. This is a very important thing. Our main objection to George W. Hill, Jr., was that we didn't want him, as vice-president, getting the high salary he did, and I'm speaking for the largest number of individual shareholders of this company." He went on to take credit for Hill's resignation, to the obvious puzzle-

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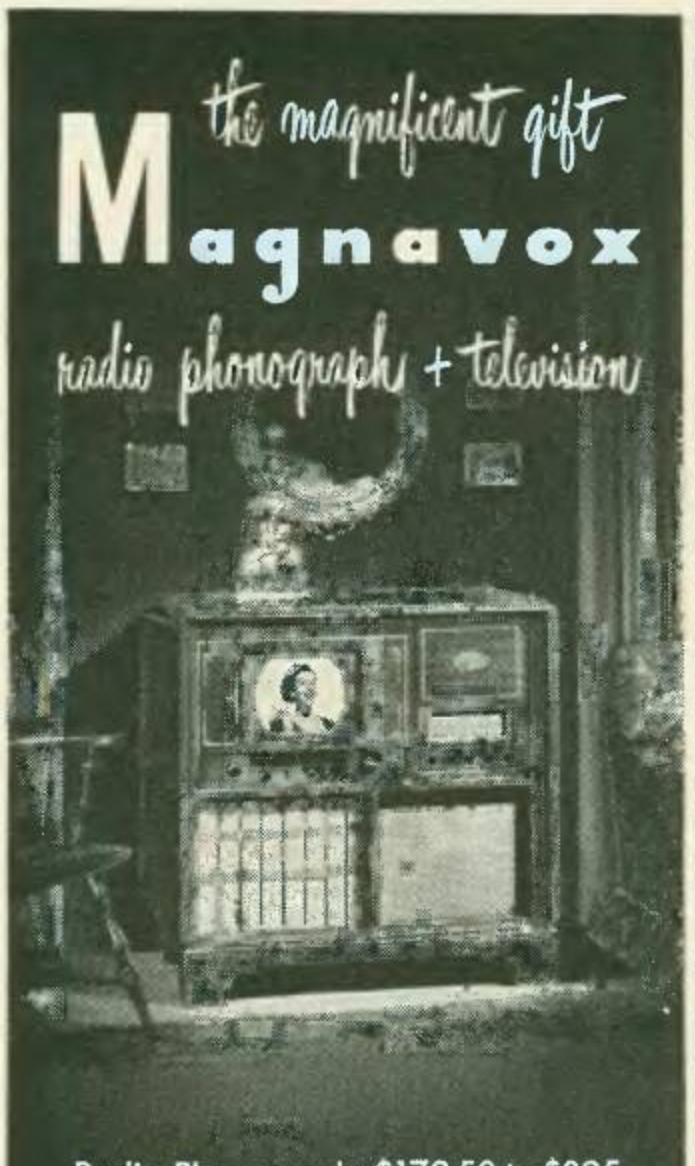
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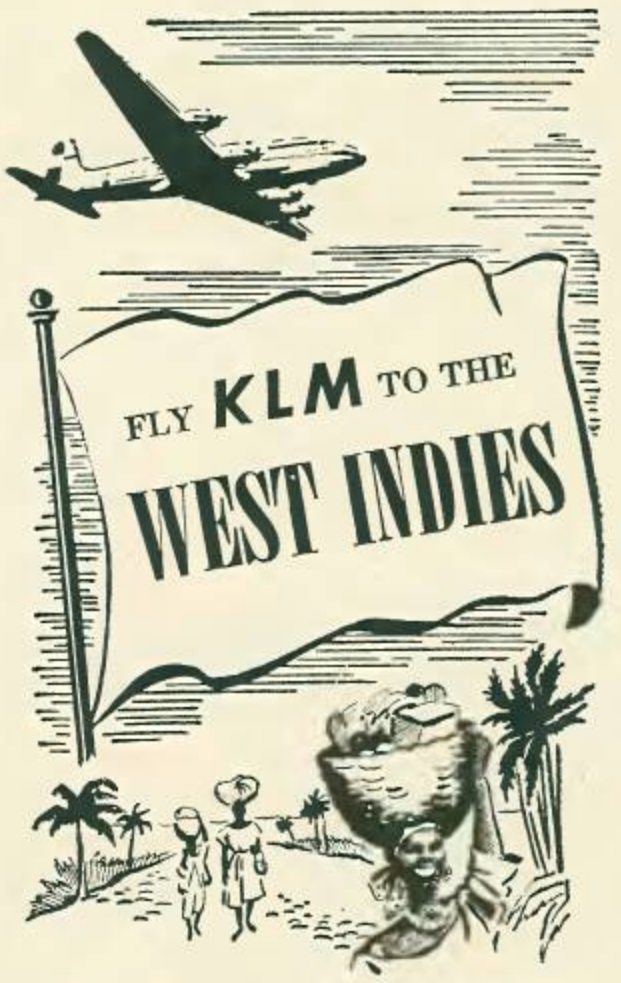


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ment of most of the men on the platform, and wound up by asking Hahn to explain the effect of Hill's resignation on the company's advertising and to make a statement on the future advertising policy of the firm.

"When Mr. Hill, Jr., resigned," Hahn said calmly, "it did not appear to us to be a good thing to engage in public argument. We do not intend to engage in argument today. This is a public meeting. Some of those present are not stockholders. Some hold stock in competing companies." Hahn added that he would, however, make a brief reply to Gilbert's questions. This consisted of reading the company's press releases announcing the resignation of Hill and the withdrawal of Foote, Cone & Belding, as well as a copy of a letter written a few days before by Mr. Riggio to a stockholder who had asked for much the same information that Gilbert wanted. Then, according to the record, Hahn and Lewis continued as follows:

MR. HAHN: Now, I want to make it very clear that, as far as this meeting is concerned, any further discussion of Mr. Hill's resignation and the discussion of advertising policies—the discussion of any of these questions which have been brought up by Mr. Gilbert—will be confined, so far as the management is concerned, to the statement that the management has no comment to make.

MR. GILBERT (Rising): I'm going to make a statement on *that*. If a stockholder goes personally to the offices of the company, none of the other stockholders knows what's going on. We're a collective body, organism, and if we don't have accurate information before us jointly, we can't act to protect our interest. This is the place to ask questions, and if the management refuses to answer our questions about the affairs of the company, that's your privilege, but it will be noted on the record that you've refused.

MR. HAHN: It will be noted on the record.

MR. GILBERT: I again ask you about this ad about United States tobacco experts smoking Luckies two-to-one. You have refused to answer that, and I think we should know about it.

MR. HAHN: I will tell you again that I would be delighted, or Mr. Riggio would be delighted, to have you come into the office and talk to us about that, but there will be no statement at the meeting which takes any part in this controversy.

MR. GILBERT: Does the management refuse to discuss the questions that we have?

MR. HAHN: The management refuses nothing. The management takes the position that the time and place for these discussions is at the office of the company.

MR. GILBERT: And we of the opposition have taken the position that this is the time and place to discuss matters, and we therefore press for the answers that you refuse to give. I want the shareholders to know that when we get cumulative voting in this company we will have a director



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who will stand up and tell us these things that this management, which is composed exclusively of officers, refuses to tell. What about television?

MR. HAHN: I'll be glad to comment on it, if you think it's important enough to speak of at this time.

MR. GILBERT: I definitely do.

MR. HAHN: What is it that you wish to know?

MR. GILBERT: What are your plans with regard to television?

MR. HAHN (To the assemblage): I'm sorry to have to interrupt the meeting at this time to discuss . . .

MR. GILBERT: I see nothing to be sorry for, Mr. Chairman.

MR. HAHN: You will permit me to be sorry, Mr. Gilbert.

After Hahn spoke briefly about the company's current television programs and its plans in this field, Gilbert asked for a statement on some Federal Trade Commission proceedings against the company. The chairman again obliged. Then:

MR. GILBERT: I'd like to point out that there has been a nice improvement in the format of the annual report, and there's no criticism, except one thing: you still lump your real estate, machinery, and fixtures into one item. I think that should be subdivided and ask the management to give attention to that. Now, will you tell us something . . .

MR. HAHN: May I interrupt *you* for a moment, Mr. Gilbert?

MR. GILBERT: Certainly.

MR. HAHN: Mr. Kenny is collecting ballots from those stockholders who are ready to sign and submit their ballots. Mr. Gilbert is ready, Mr. Kenny. (Laughter).

After the balloting had been completed, Gilbert moved for a ten-minute recess. John Henry seconded the motion, and it was carried without opposition. While the recess lasted, Gilbert was as busy as an orangeade salesman in a theatre during an intermission. Stockholders, reporters, and photographers





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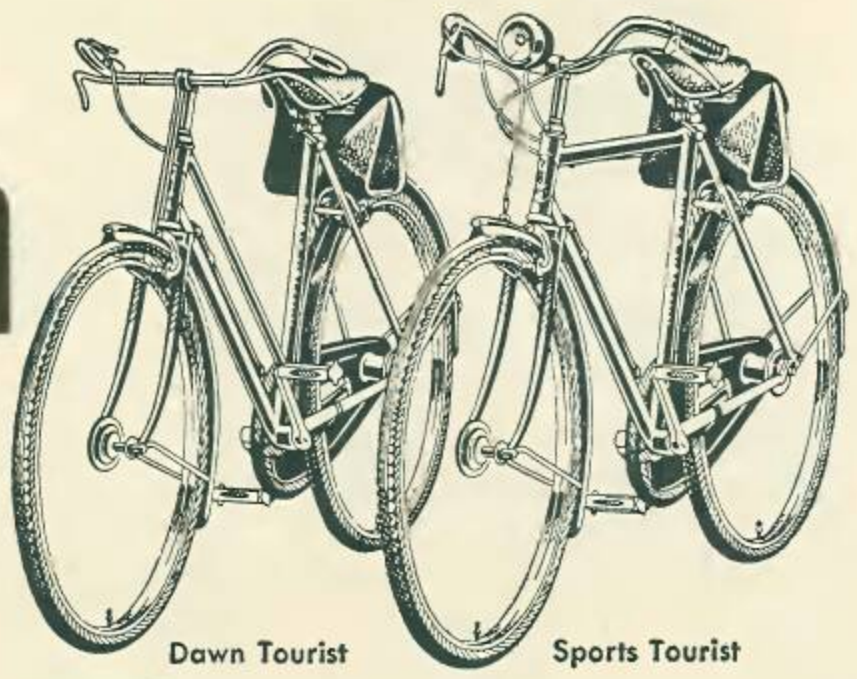
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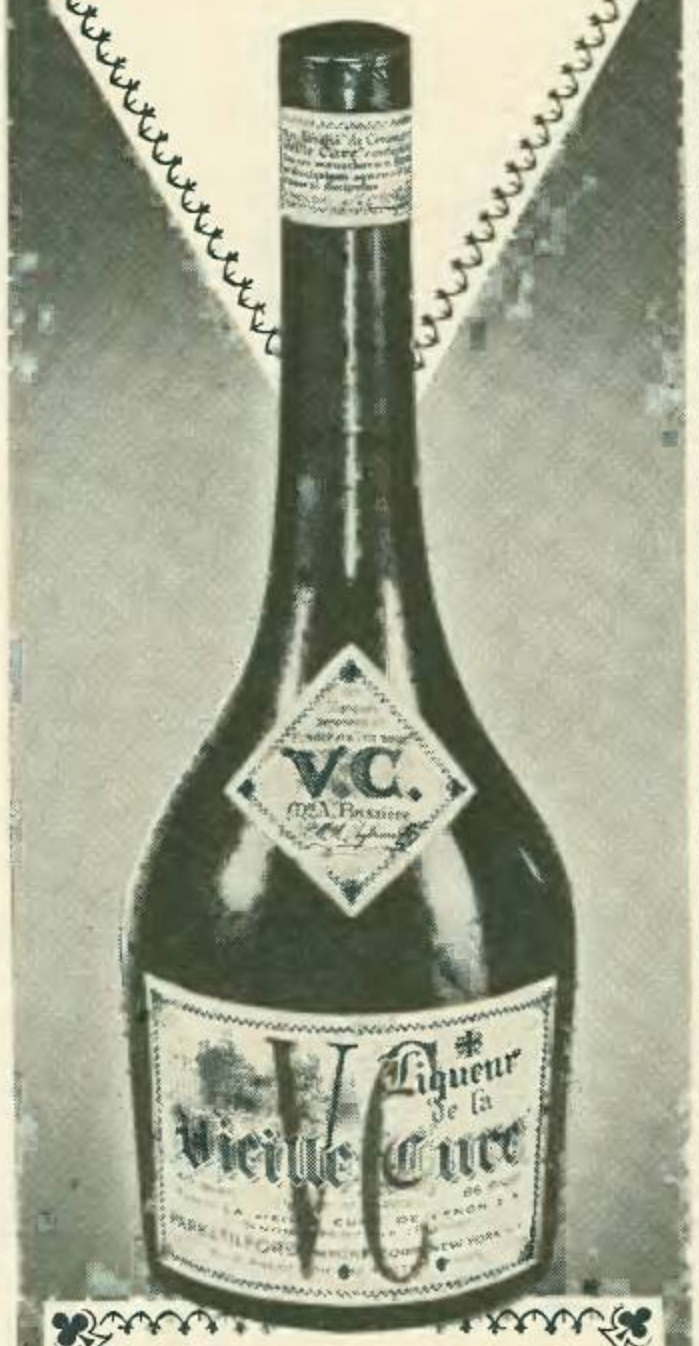
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gathered around him. One elderly stockholder, wearing glasses on a black silk ribbon, said, "I know curiosity killed the cat, but would you mind telling me your vocation?" "Protecting the interests of the stockholders of the country," Gilbert replied. "Here, this will explain everything." He handed the man a mimeographed folder listing the objectives of the Gilbert crusade. "What's he giving away?" a woman who had been knitting throughout the meeting said to her companion, and they both came up to him to find out. By the time Hahn called the meeting to order again, Gilbert had run out of mimeographed leaflets. "I'm in the phone book!" he shouted to those who had not received copies. "Lewis D. Gilbert—Park Avenue!"

The rest of the meeting was taken up mainly with voting on two Gilbert proposals—one to limit the number of the company's vice-presidents to five, the other to limit the president's pay to $200,000 a year and that of each of the vice-presidents to $150,000. Gilbert spoke in favor of their adoption, and he was not brief. He pointed out that in 1947 President Riggio had received salary and incentive-compensation payments totalling $484,202, while the five vice-presidents had received $268,521 apiece. "In 1946," he went on, "Liggett & Myers, one of our competitors, paid its officers and directors a total of $650,478, while American Tobacco paid *its* officers and directors a total of $2,073,822. That's an increase of exactly $1,168,392 over the preceding year. And all this when American Tobacco had to prepare to issue more stock to provide money for additional working capital. Since the proxy statement went out, the company has again asked for more money. It has been handed another $75,000,000. If we're hard up and need money, one of the places to cut down is on incentive compensation." While Gilbert took a breather, four other stockholders rose, one after another, to say that they, too, thought the company's officials were getting too much money. Two stockholders said they felt that the executives were getting no more than they deserved. "I think our officers know how to run the business perfectly well," one of them said. While ballots on the two proposals were being counted, Gilbert gave the stockholders a last-minute pep talk. "I'm going to ask every independent stockholder who has not voted to vote for us today, so that we'll have a big minority vote," he said. "Don't worry about the size of the majority vote, because that comes from banks, insurance companies, and so forth, which always vote at management's call. Next year, when we have the B stock voting, we'll have a bigger total, and these resolutions will be introduced each year until the management realizes that it's in our employ."

The vote was approximately two and a half million against the resolutions to a hundred and eighty thousand for them. "It's going to take a few more years to get this American Tobacco business straightened out," Gilbert said on the train back to New York.

—JOHN BAINBRIDGE

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

• •

SONNET OF MISFEASANCE

(*Life*, in its issue of November 8, 1948, reporting on the University of Chicago's tests for the placement of entering students, says, "Tests are varied and tough," and quotes samples of the test questions, with answers that the University—and *Life*—presumably considers to be correct. Question 12 reads, "True or False: Shakespeare's sonnets contain four quatrains and a couplet."... Answer 12: "True.")

Alas, in this Life false is falsely true,
And truly false Chicago's learning is.
When three is four, then fourteen's eighteen, too,
'Spite schoolboys' frowns and tears, whom schoolmen quiz.
Those petty wrongs that editors commit
Too easily in Life may find condoners.
Ah, what avails a course in English Lit?
What needs my Shakespeare such dishonored boners?
So do we see by Life's fell hand defac'd
The rich-proud heritage of Shakespeare's sonnet,
And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd
By foisting still another quatrain on it.
In this misfeasance Life's as false as Iago,
And so's the University of Chicago.

—MICHAEL JOEL

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THE THEATRE

COMMUNISM IN GRAUSTARK

"Red Gloves," by Jean-Paul Sartre, which arrived Saturday night at the Mansfield, is, roughly, two-thirds advanced political theorizing and one-third old-fashioned and rather contrived melodrama. The peculiar nature of this combination is, I should say, best illustrated by a line that turns up toward the end of the evening and that strikes me as the most arresting specimen of unconscious humor we've had for a long time. The conversation is between a desperately tangled young idealist named Hugo and a professional firebrand, a sort of blond Marxist torpedo, named Johanna. "Do you remember," she says, playfully tugging at the buttons on his shirt and employing a tone that a less socially conscious woman might reserve for her memories of the speakeasy era, "the night you joined the Party, up at my old place?" This kind of inadvertent comedy, the sudden, lunatic blending of the accents of Karl Marx and Mae West, is to be found all through "Red Gloves," and though I went to the theatre in a respectful, attentive, and vaguely Existentialist spirit, I'm sorry to say I left it with a strong feeling that a lot of usually intelligent people had just been terribly silly. Before the opening, there was a good deal of talk in the papers to the effect that M. Sartre considered that his American colleagues —Daniel Taradash, the adapter; Jed Harris, the director; and Jean Dalrymple, the producer— had been guilty of deliberately sabotaging his play, of turning a serious work of art into a Red-baiting atrocity, shamelessly designed for the commercial theatre. Not knowing what "Red Gloves" was like when it was shown in Paris, under the title of "Les Mains Sales," or in London, where it was called "Crime Passionnel," I can't say to what extent this complaint is justified. On the evidence submitted at the Mansfield, I find it hard to believe that the play was ever much good in any form, the faults and absurdities in it seeming too basic to be the result of any misdemeanors of translation, editing, or direction. This, however, is obviously an uninformed opinion, and I think we'd better get down to the facts.

The action of "Red Gloves" takes place in an unidentified European country, now occupied by the Germans but facing imminent liberation by the Red Army. The principal characters are a Communist leader named Hoederer, who has been a practicing revolutionary all his life; his secretary, the Hugo mentioned above, who has renounced his aristocratic family and a rich inheritance because of his innocent zeal for the cause; and the latter's wife, a conspicuous political illiterate, who apparently demonstrates the eternal superiority of sex over ideology, since she triumphantly survives both men. After a cryptic prologue, taking place somewhat later in time than the subsequent scenes and constituting, I should say, a remarkably good argument against writing plays backward, we come to the central story. Hugo, it seems, has been persuaded by a faction in the Party that he has to assassinate Hoederer, who advocates a temporary coalition with the royalists and liberals in the country as the most realistic method of insuring eventual Communist control, after the Soviet troops are withdrawn. It is not explained where Hoederer got hold of the notion that Russia is in the habit of withdrawing troops from occupied countries. Anyway, I don't think we need to go too deeply into this theory of strategy, which is, of course, essentially that the end always justifies the means and that policy has to be a matter of immediate expediency rather than of archaic bourgeois morality. It has been debated a good many times before, notably in Arthur Koestler's "Darkness at Noon," which remains the most coherent and dramatic statement of the case, possibly because it involves no blondes. In any event, Hugo, a dilettante agitator at best, is horrified by the idea of collaborating with the enemies of the working class under any circumstances, and he spends the better part of two acts fingering a revolver, while Hoederer goes on with his paraphrase, or parody, of Koestler. In the end, Hugo shoots his employer, but, ironically enough, it is not because he regards him as a traitor to the cause but because he catches him in a compromising situation with his wife. By a further irony, there is an epilogue in which it appears that the Party line has made another of its unpredictable switches, so that Hoederer's position has come to be accepted as the correct one, and it is necessary for



"PRIVATE LIVES"

The extremely formidable lady in the foreground here is Tallulah Bankhead, resting up for another wrestling match with Donald Cook, who looks as if he'd won the last one. The revival of Noel Coward's comedy is at the Plymouth.



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Hugo's erstwhile comrades to liquidate him as the assassin of a popular martyr. You had enough irony? So have I.

The production given this piece is just as exasperating as the text. As the Communist leader, Charles Boyer will doubtless dismay his moving-picture admirers by appearing as a bald, stout, middle-aged man, looking not unlike Mussolini out of uniform, but he gives an extremely strong and intelligent performance, often making his speeches sound like much more than the rehash of stale ideas and labored analogies that they most certainly are, and even convincing me that he might easily be sexually irresistible to a young and beautiful girl, more or less immune to his political charm. There are also satisfactory contributions by Joan Tetzel, who is both decorative and touching as the young wife, and by Francis Compton, who does a nice, restrained job as a scheming prince, in his own icy way at least as formidable as Hoederer. The others, however, seemed to me much less satisfactory, especially John Dall, whose Hugo, except for a tendency to accent words like "cigarette" and "disappear" on the first syllable, suggested nothing quite so much as an earnest Princeton graduate confronting a minor crisis in the advertising business. For some reason, probably having something to do with irony, Mr. Harris has felt obliged to cast a sudden, unearthly beam of light on a photograph of Hoederer as the final curtain falls, a device that struck me as unfortunate several years ago when he employed it in "The Green Bay Tree," but otherwise his direction is sound, if not particularly inspired, a remark that also applies to Stewart Chaney's sets. The confusion that existed backstage on opening night, casting sinister, irrelevant shadows through the windows during important scenes, has presumably been cleared up by now, but I'm afraid that isn't going to help much. —Wolcott Gibbs

•

One of the happiest cargoes of the season is due in port here tomorrow. The British freighter Egidia will dock with 60,000 cases of Scotch. This breaks down into 720,000 bottles or 12,960,000 highballs. —*The Star.*

The Anchor Line offered a note of Christmas cheer yesterday. John A. Hanssler, freight traffic manager, said the British freighter Egidia is due in New York tomorrow with 60,000 cases of assorted Scotch liquors. This amounts to 720,000 bottles and is equivalent to 18,000,000 drinks. —*The Herald Tribune.*

All right, *Tribune*, let's put a little liquor in those drinks.

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THE nation owes a debt of gratitude to Whittaker Chambers for devising a new method of preserving State Department secrets. You keep them where Peter, Peter kept his wife, in a pumpkin shell.

•

Contrary to predictions, there is to be no big shakeup, apparently, in the President's Cabinet. The long losing streak of the political prophets remains unbroken.

•

Chairman Hugh Scott, of the G.O.P. National Committee, urges the faithful to slug it out with the Truman administration and make no compromise with the New Deal. This is the time-honored policy that for sixteen years has kept the Party way up there in second place.

•

An investigation of the divorce racket in New York has revealed many cases of synthetic sin. Our husbands are not as wicked as they pretend to be, the District Attorney is shocked to learn.

•

The President has set a fifteen-billion-dollar ceiling on the defense budget. The Army, Navy, and Air Force are now facing the painful fact that they may have to live within our means.

•

The United Nations General Assembly is about to adjourn without having made any progress on the Berlin problem. In fact, there are now twice as many Berlins as there used to be.

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Some Republicans feel that there should be a checkup on the vote in the close states of Ohio, Illinois, and California. You can never stop people from talking about the big ones that got away.

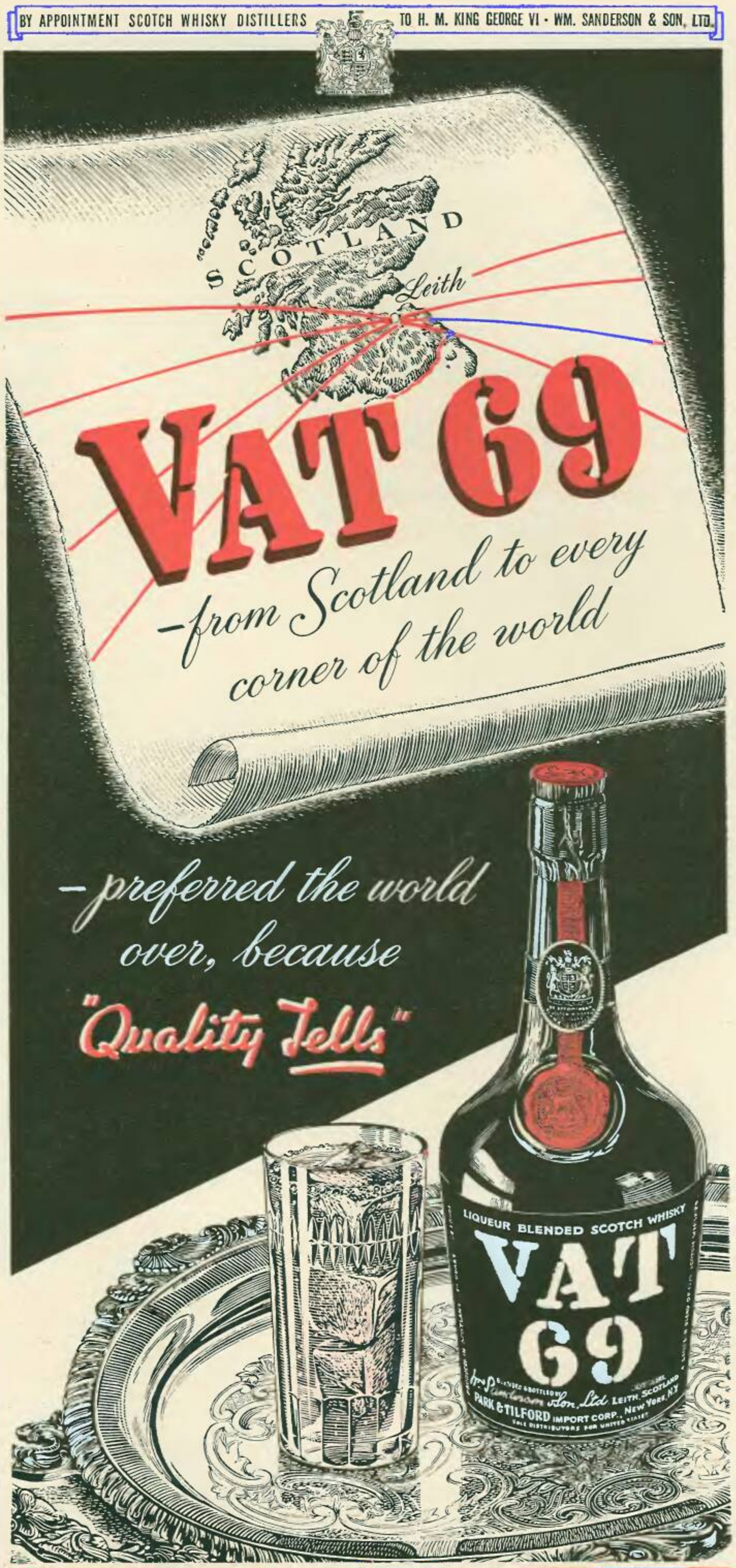
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Jawbones found in South Africa are believed to be those of an ape man who was more than nine feet tall. It may be that the paleontologists have dug up the original basketball player.

•

A pamphlet issued by the Un-American Activities Committee tells about Communist infiltration in educational institutions. It is some comfort to know that the Reds have never been able to get into the Electoral College.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER





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LETTER FROM PARIS

DECEMBER 2

FOR the past fortnight, Paris has been enduring the most Anglican fogs within the memory of living Frenchmen. The fogs have been spectacular, uncomfortable, smelly, and handsome. In the same period, Paris has also been partaking of more public entertainments than it has in any other autumn since before the war. Like crowds of picturesque phantoms materializing out of thick air, Parisian silhouettes, mixed with occasional exotic shapes from the United Nations delegations, have drifted together through the blanketed boulevards toward the shrunken lights of theatres, concert halls, and cabarets. Some excellent novelties have been on tap. The Comédie-Française revival of Jean Cocteau's classical rhymed drama "Renaud et Armide" was fatiguing, but the just completed cinema version of his perennial play "Les Parents Terribles" was brilliant. At the Théâtre des Champs-Elysées, old Furtwängler, teetering like a praying mantis over the Conservatoire Orchestra, directed a flamboyant, thrilling performance of Richard Strauss's "Don Juan." The Club de la Rose Rouge, a basement cabaret near the Place St.-Germain-des-Prés, has been featuring a hilarious French takeoff of our early saloon days, called "Terreur de l'Oklahoma." On Saint Catherine's Day, which fell on our Thanksgiving, the Paris Catherinettes—all the young unmarried girls in the dressmaking trade—roamed the town rigged up in the traditional yellow-and-green Catherine bonnets and giddy fancy dress, just as they did in the good old prewar times. Each of the big couturier houses gave its girls and their beaux a party with a spot of champagne, which was also like the genial bygone days.



THE French Communist Party has just suffered the most damaging assault in its dazzling postwar career. After six days of parliamentary invective, the Queuille government finally obtained a vote of confidence on an anti-Communist resolution that the majority of French citizens had long taken for granted—that the French Communist Party is unpatriotically taking orders, and financial help, from Moscow. In addition to the main accusation—that the late Andrei Zhdanov, one of the secretaries of the Central Committee of the Communist Party in the Soviet Union, had arranged in July for this season's wave of strikes by French miners, dockworkers, and metalworkers, which has duly broken over France—there is a charge of "provocation of crimes against the safety of the state." As a result, the Minister of Justice has now ordered proceedings against three Communist papers—the famous, belligerent Paris daily *L'Humanité;* the obscure weekly for young people, *Avant-Garde:* and the latter's bimonthly supplement for soldiers, *Conscrit.* This trio alone is cited for having published the recently devised Communist slogan, also quoted by many other Party publications, which declares, "The French People Will Never Make War on the Soviet Union." This slogan, the French government has solemnly stated, is "hypothetical encouragement to desertion from the French Army," if and when. *Conscrit* also published some even odder unmilitary advice to French rookies. It told them flatly to agitate for one night a week at home for all soldiers who are married.

Since the coming of peace, France has gradually been saddled with the biggest Communist press of any country on earth except the Soviet Union itself. For Moscow, just as for Washington, France has become the most precious European political plum in the struggle for world power. In a recent number of the Party's very interesting policy monthly, *Cahiers du Communisme*, Lenin is significantly quoted as saying, "Without journals, all propaganda and all systematic agitation is impossible." (Only three Communist publications here are "official." These bear in their mastheads the mystic phrase "*Organe Central du Parti Communiste Français.*" All the rest are unofficial, though they rarely act like it.) Besides the official *Humanité*, which has the largest circulation of any morning paper in all France, and the official, hardboiled *Ce Soir*, edited by the poet Louis Aragon, there are the seventy-five unofficials—weekly and daily papers scattered through the country. There are also about twenty-five national Communist or *Communisant* magazines, some as lowbrow as capitalism's worst, headed by the sole official weekly, *France Nouvelle*, an inferior review dealing with international politics. The most rarefied of these magazines is *Pensée*, which is devoted to modern rationalism and contributed to by noted scientists, like Comrade F. Joliot-Curie, and professors and scholars, most of

them with cold, Marxian minds. This intellectual group is projecting an encyclopedia of French revolutionary thinking which will take twenty years to complete. The monthly *Europe* is usually heavily literary, though it not long ago devoted itself entirely to the Lysenko-Michurin, or Soviet, side of the Marxist-vs.-Mendelian quarrel about biology, a controversy the Party considers to be such important Moscovite propaganda that it has been doling it out everywhere except in its rotogravure sports magazine, *Miroir-Sprint*. There is a kiddy comic magazine, *Vaillant*, featuring a little bear named Placid, who does not act Russian. There is also *Regards*, which is a very poor *Look*. The weekly *Action* is like a super week-end *PM*. *Démocratie Nouvelle*, currently devoting itself to the German question, would resemble our own *Foreign Affairs* if ours were pro-Soviet.

Les Lettres Françaises, the Party's gaudy eight-sheet *Saturday Review of Literature*, is far more talented than any of its non-revolutionary rivals. It is contributed to by the Leftist intelligentsia, which includes France's most pungent minds. It slants its propaganda either by ignoring bourgeois brains or else by bloodily dissecting them. For example, when the Monarchist Anglo-Catholic poet T. S. Eliot was awarded the Nobel Prize, *Les Lettres* treated him to one distinguished, subtle analysis of his "sterile social despair," whereas on the thirtieth anniversary of the death of the rebel poet Apollinaire there were three articles praising his vigor, with quotations, early photographs, and portraits by Marcoussis and Le Douanier Rousseau. There was a recent article on Howard Fast; his "Freedom Road," or "Route de la Liberté," was praised principally as an indictment of American civilization. The star contributors are Les Quatre Notables, the Party's most publicized quartet, whether on speakers' platforms or in print—Picasso, Eluard, Aragon, and Aragon's wife, Elsa Triolet, who is now *Les Lettres's* vigorous, unvenomous theatre critic.

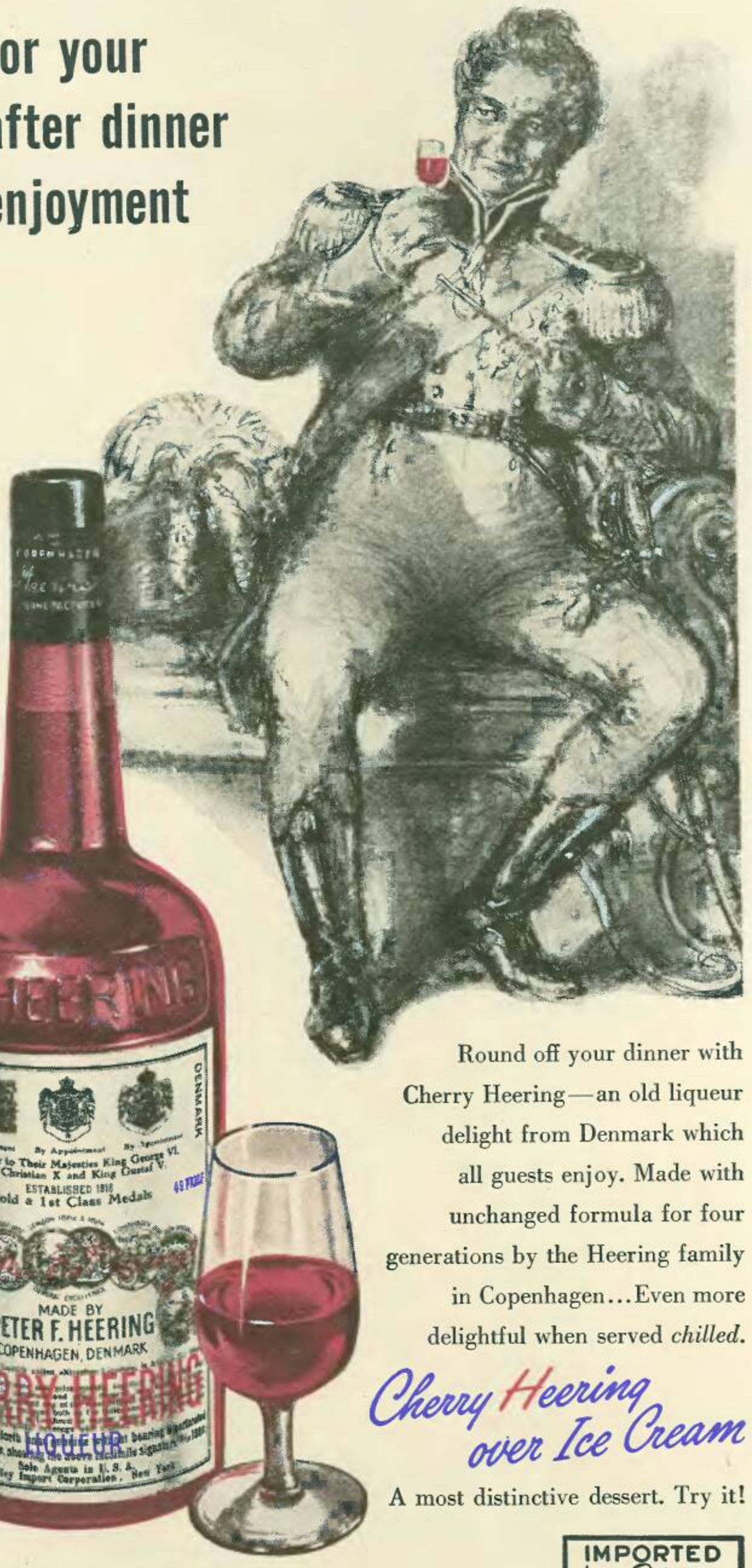
Communism's printed propaganda in France is costly and concentrated. It is the vital essence of the elaborate, destructive, farsighted, anti-democratic plan.

THE meeting of the United Nations General Assembly here will soon be over. The delegates want to leave in time to spend Christmas at home, where peace on earth may seem more credible than it does amid the

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One important international body has already moved from the Paris scene —the long, lanky person of Dr. Julian Huxley, who, in accordance with the voting in the recent Beirut meeting, has been replaced by Jaime Torres Bodet as the director-general of Unesco, the headquarters of which, of course, is here. Huxley had the most difficult role in Unesco. As it got under way, in 1946, everyone jammed it full of idealisms, and for the past two years it has been his job to unload, to bring what was worth saving to the surface and try to find takers for it. Unesco's Mass-Communication experts—four men well known for their professional brilliance—have offered this year some interesting, workable ideas to "contribute to peace and security," which is Unesco's aim. These ideas are intended to be used as themes for the movies or for radio broadcasts. Has Hollywood or any national radio hookup nibbled? Unesco's latest idea is a World's Fair to be called "Challenge to Civilization," with appropriate attractions and horrors. Will anybody sponsor and build it? A remarkable Unesco report, signed by eight distinguished international scientists, treats of the causes of the social tensions that lead to war. To date, apparently, no distinguished generals or admirals or parliamentarians anywhere have troubled to read it. Last summer, three hundred curators from museums all over the world were invited by Unesco to come to Paris and talk. Did they come? Almost all of them did, including Prince Dhani-Nivati, representing the Museum of Bangkok, and several dozen American art curators. Art seems to be the only simon-pure basis for the kind of spirit that readily draws delegates of all nations together without bathos, desperation, or sentimentality.

Unesco has been literally under machine-gun fire, as a result of merely happening to sit in assembly in Lebanon. This noisy advice from the world of men was pertinent and illuminating. As long as men continue of a mind to shoot at each other to settle things, Unesco or something like it—or the U.N. or something like it—will continue talking, one hopes. Between the two of them, we might eventually be talked into a United States of Everybody, all tired out and at peace. —GENÊT

•

It has detachable shoulder straps, which may be removed. —*The New Yorker.*

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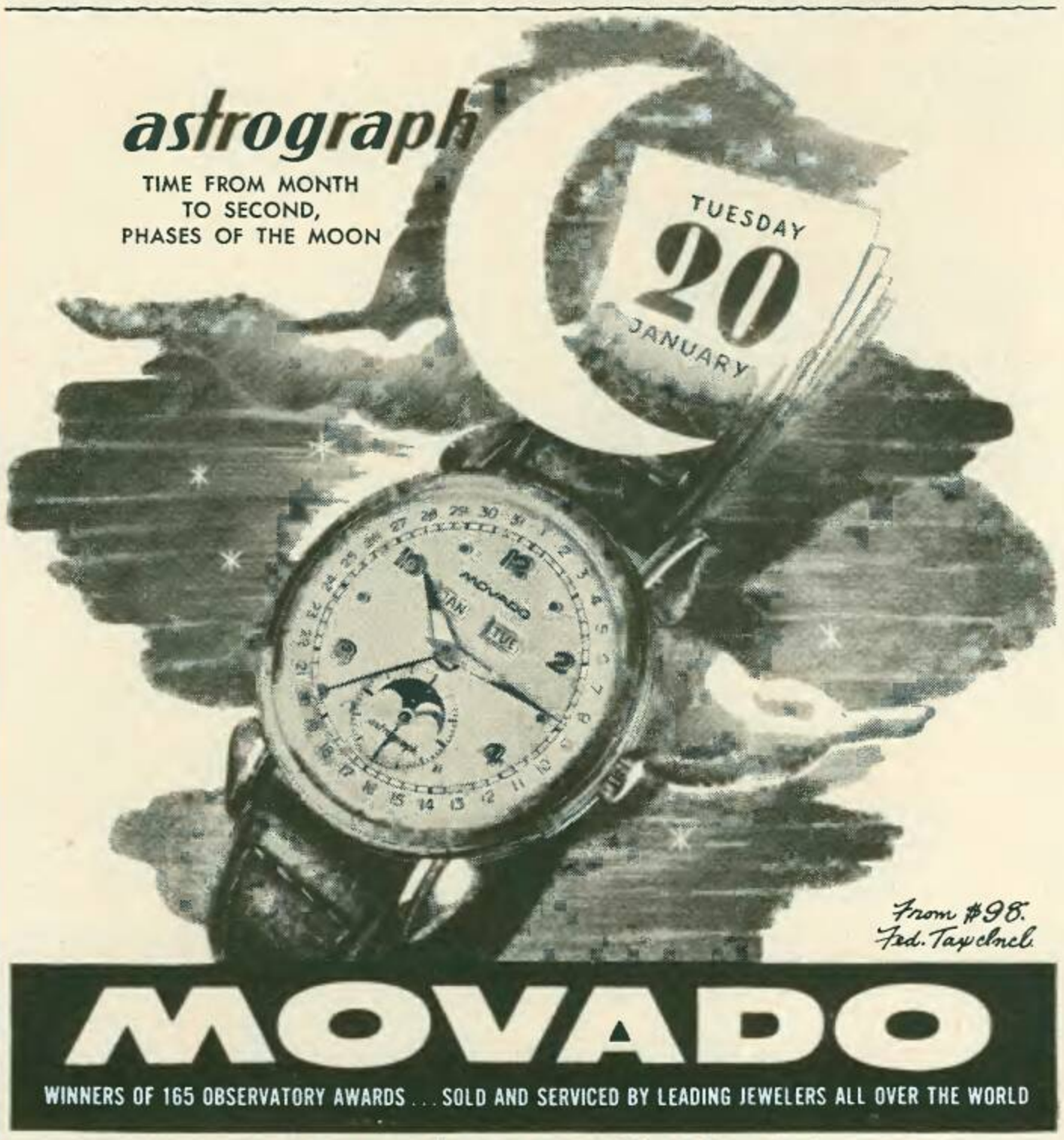
"Otello," Maybe



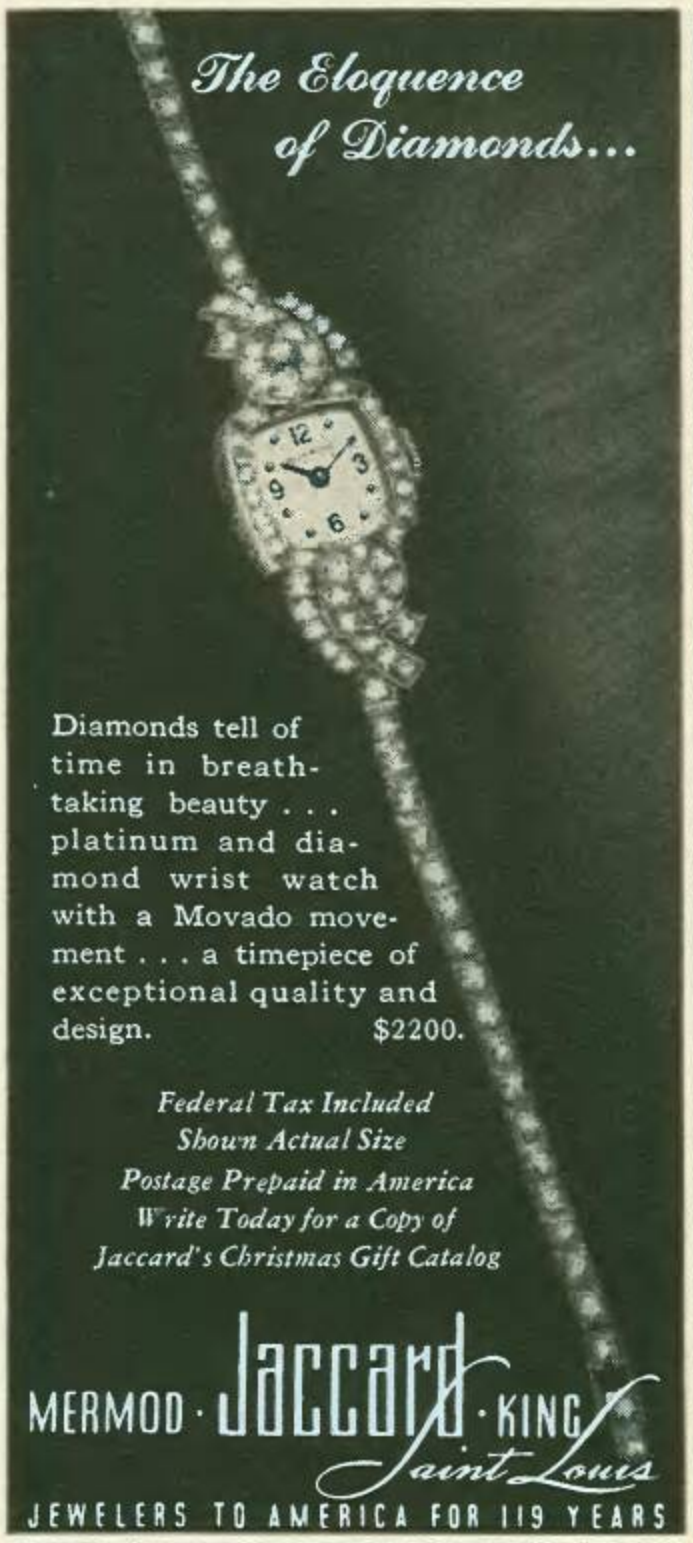
THERE is very little that can be said about the opening opera. There is a good deal to be said about the Opera Opening. I hope that someday Mr. Edward Johnson, or his successor at the Metropolitan, will meet the problem head on and open the Opera one night before the Opera opens. In other words, the evening before the singing starts, throw open the Opera House to the hand-painted dowagers and their red wigs, to the prancing young bucks in their tails, to the pails upon pails of iced champagne which Sherry's so conveniently places at the red tables in the Buffet on the Grand Tier. Move the Buffet to the stage for the evening, put the Audience on the stage, raise the Great Golden Curtain, and let everybody wander about to his heart's content, drink, even sing if he likes, but, for God's sake, have no opera. Dinner music in the pit might be quite suitable, but no selection more profound than "Carry Me Back to Biarritz, Baby" should be attempted.

The opera at this year's Opening was, I am told, Verdi's "Otello," and, to be candid, there *were* isolated moments during the evening when, through cracks in the wall of bodies moving in and out of seats in front of me, I was able to identify the voices as those of fair Desdemona, wicked Iago, and poor old Othello. For the rest of the time, it might have been "Aïda," or possibly "Sweethearts." Serious criticism of the performance would be an insult to the performers, since they were engaged practically throughout in what amounted to a pitched battle with the audience. Not until the stirring and tragic last act did Othello and Desdemona have even half a chance, the frivolous elements among the patrons by then having either departed the building or nestled down in the Buffet with their champagne. Mr. Vinay, the Othello, seemed to get a grip on himself and on his voice, and Miss Albanese, the Desdemona, sang with touching beauty. Mr. Warren's Iago was, I imagine, the only completely satisfactory performance. Iago is such an evil man that not even an Opening can faze him, and Mr. Warren was admirably evil and in good voice. The décor





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of the last act had elements of style, if only in contrast to the earlier acts, which displayed the type of scenery one often encounters at summer camps for little boys and girls.

The Opera came into its own on the second night, perhaps proving my point. The presentation was Donizetti's gem "L'Elísir d'Amore," and it was difficult to believe that the same Opera Association that had been in charge on Night One was in control on Night Two. For me, the evening was one of sheer pleasure. Even the scenery was bright and fresh and engaging. Mr. Antonicelli conducted with enormous relish. He quite obviously loves the music with a passion. The audience was composed of people who had come to enjoy an opera rather than to admire a tiara, and they were infected with the joy of the singers. I have nothing but praise for Miss Sayão, Mr. Tagliavini, and Mr. Valdengo, and for that tremendous compound of outlandish comic gesture and superb bass voice that is known as Salvatore Baccaloni.

VIRGIL THOMSON's "Louisiana Story" suite was given its first local presentation by Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra last week. I was at a slight disadvantage, I suppose, because I had seen the Robert Flaherty motion picture for which the music was composed, and could not help visualizing the scenes accompanying the four parts of the suite. But so powerful and engrossing is the music that I had the fleeting thought that Flaherty's film was merely a libretto for the score, and that Mr. Thomson's contribution must have come first.

BRUNO WALTER returned to the Philharmonic-Symphony on Thursday night to give us Mahler's Second Symphony, aided by the Westminster Choir, Miss Nadine Conner, and Miss Jean Watson. Mahler's Second is a whole week—even a month—of music. The first movement seems somewhat maniacal to me, but the four other movements, as interpreted by Mr. Walter and his talented colleagues, provided an evening that will be remembered for a long time. Mr. Walter is, of course, a profound student of Mahler, and he conducted with the assurance of true understanding.—PHILIP HAMBURGER

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RUDI

THE old runabout chugged into our driveway on the campus of Wesleyan University one September afternoon in 1938. The brakes squeaked, the tires chewed the gravel, and the engine died with a pop. My husband, who at that time was president of the university, came out of his study as I hurried downstairs. "That must be Rudi," he said, and together we went out to greet him.

Rudi was a young Viennese, and he and his wife had come to work for us. His runabout, with a red, white, and blue sign saying "God Bless America" on its front bumper, stood in a cloud of dust. It was piled with boxes and luggage, and Rudi's wife was wedged beside him, close to the steering wheel.

Rudi's chubby face looked cheerful. He was wearing glasses, and he took them off and carefully put them in his pocket. Then he opened the door of the runabout, stepped to the ground, clicked his heels, and bowed from the waist. His eyes shone with cordiality. We felt that we were the ones being welcomed. He smiled graciously, then turned on his heel and helped his wife out of the car. I felt as if the curtain had just gone up on a comic opera. A strain from a Viennese waltz floated through my head and I half expected them to do a dance and a duet, but she sneezed instead, fanned the dust away from her face, and smiled shyly. I loved her at once. I had never seen eyes so nearly the color of violets.

"Marie!" exclaimed Rudi, by way of introduction, and his bow could not have been more magnificent if he had been announcing an empress.

Rudi was my husband's find. He had been a steward at the Litchfield Country Club, where Jim played golf. One day toward the end of the summer, Jim had stepped from the shower after a game and Rudi, who had followed him into the locker room, had bowed and proffered a Turkish towel.



"Excuse me, Doctor," he'd said when Jim had dried his face and could see who was talking. "My wife and I should like to honor ourselves by applying for a position in your household."

"It wouldn't be *a* position," Jim explained. "It would be *the* position. You and your wife are all there would be."

"I understand, Doctor. We are Americans now. We are naturalized. My wife and I wish to learn all sides of American life. We wish to learn to please all kinds of people. Someday I shall have my own hotel. Already Marie and I know the rich. In your home, we shall learn to know the intelligent."

Jim nodded, and Rudi and Marie were ours.

LESS than an hour after they arrived at the house, Rudi brought tea, unrequested, to the study on a big, painted tray. He was all in white, like an interne. He carried the tray high, and he set it down with a flourish. He had polished the silver teakettle and teapot, and found tea napkins and my company cups. Never before in our house had bread been cut so thin or butter so evenly applied. There were little English cakes with raisins in them. "I took the liberty of making these this morning, before we left Litchfield," Rudi said. He moved close to me and whispered, "I could not find the silver tea tray," showing by his manner that he didn't wish to burden Jim with the mechanics of housekeeping.

"We haven't one," I said.

"We have several expensive children and no silver tea trays," explained Jim, who had heard Rudi's whisper.

Rudi laughed respectfully and understandingly, like a headwaiter. Then he looked at the painted tray. "It is a beautiful tray," he said. "Of its kind." Then he was suddenly businesslike. "Will there be anything else, Mom?" The "Mom" startled me; I realized that he intended it as "Ma'am," but it sounded exactly like what the children called me.

"Well, about dinner—" I began.

"Marie and I will take care of dinner, Mom." He spun on his heel and was gone before I could tell him about the cold lamb in the icebox. Jim looked at me.

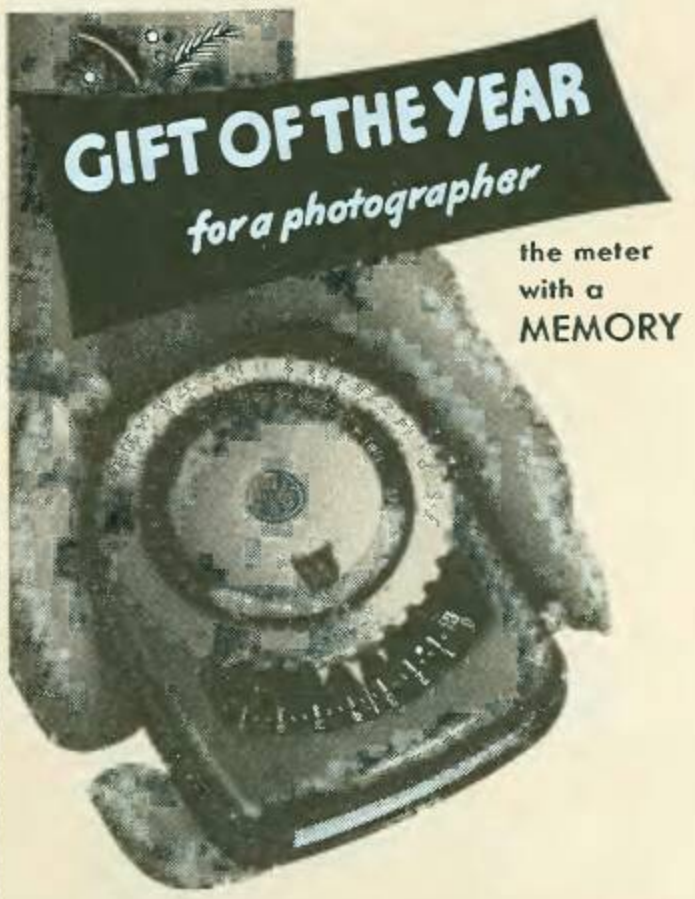
"Well?" he asked.

"If we can live up to him!" I said. "But he was disappointed about that tray. He seems to think we ought to have a silver tray. Why did he pick *us* to work for?"

"Well, I'm president here, after all," Jim said. "Anyway, he can lift the tin tray higher than he could a silver one. Can you stand a steady diet of comic opera?"

"When it's as good as this. But what is it that makes me want to cry while I'm laughing at him?"

Jim looked serious. "I wonder if he knows how lucky he is to be an American citizen. The Austrian quota is so small it hardly exists right now. It's



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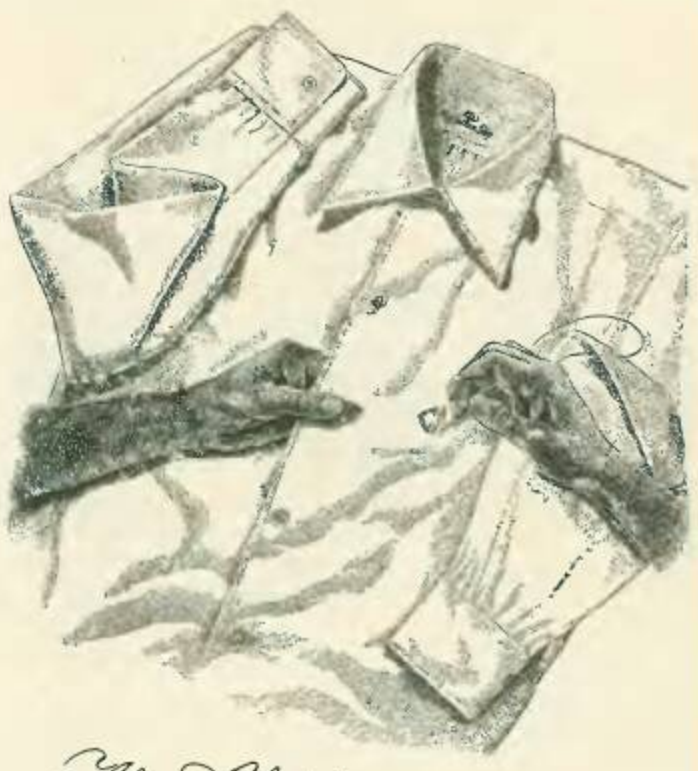




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Dinner that night was not American, though.

"I thought you said we were going to have cold lamb," Jim remarked to me.

"That's what I left in the icebox."

Jim took another mouthful and sighed happily. We ate everything Rudi brought us.

The next morning, when I went to see Rudi and Marie, I found a new gaiety hanging about the big New England kitchen. Something flavored with that celebrated soupçon of garlic simmered on the stove. There were red geraniums on the window sill, and on a shelf was a row of books in red oilcloth covers. Marie, in a crisp pink cotton dress, was shredding celery leaves and mushroom stems. Rudi had just stepped out, she told me. He would be back soon. The kettle bubbled, and Marie began to sing softly. She sang "The Star-Spangled Banner."

"How long have you been married?" I asked.

Her cheeks grew pinker and her eyes more like violets. "Since May."

Rudi came bustling in then. He had been shopping. His arms were full of paper bags, and the whiff of aromatic herbs came with him. I had a hunch that he would kiss Marie when I left. He held the door for me. "Mom," he said, "I will join you after a few minutes, at your desk."

He was wearing his white clothes when he joined me, and he was looking very businesslike. He preferred to market early and for cash, he said. If I had a preference among the shops, he would try them out. He then presented the day's bills, reading each one aloud before handing it to me. He wasn't wearing his glasses, and he had to hold the slips close to his eyes to read them. I had heard of efficient women who did their entire housekeeping in ten minutes a day; I could see such efficiency in prospect for me.

RUDI took over our house. He worked upstairs and downstairs, in the cellar and in the attic. Once I found him washing a pair of my gloves. He fished our shoes from the closets and had them shined and cobbled. He called the cleaners, sent out suits and dresses, and, without consulting me, commandeered a college janitor to wash all the windows.

"He'll make a lady of me yet," I told Jim.

Marie seemed to spend most of her

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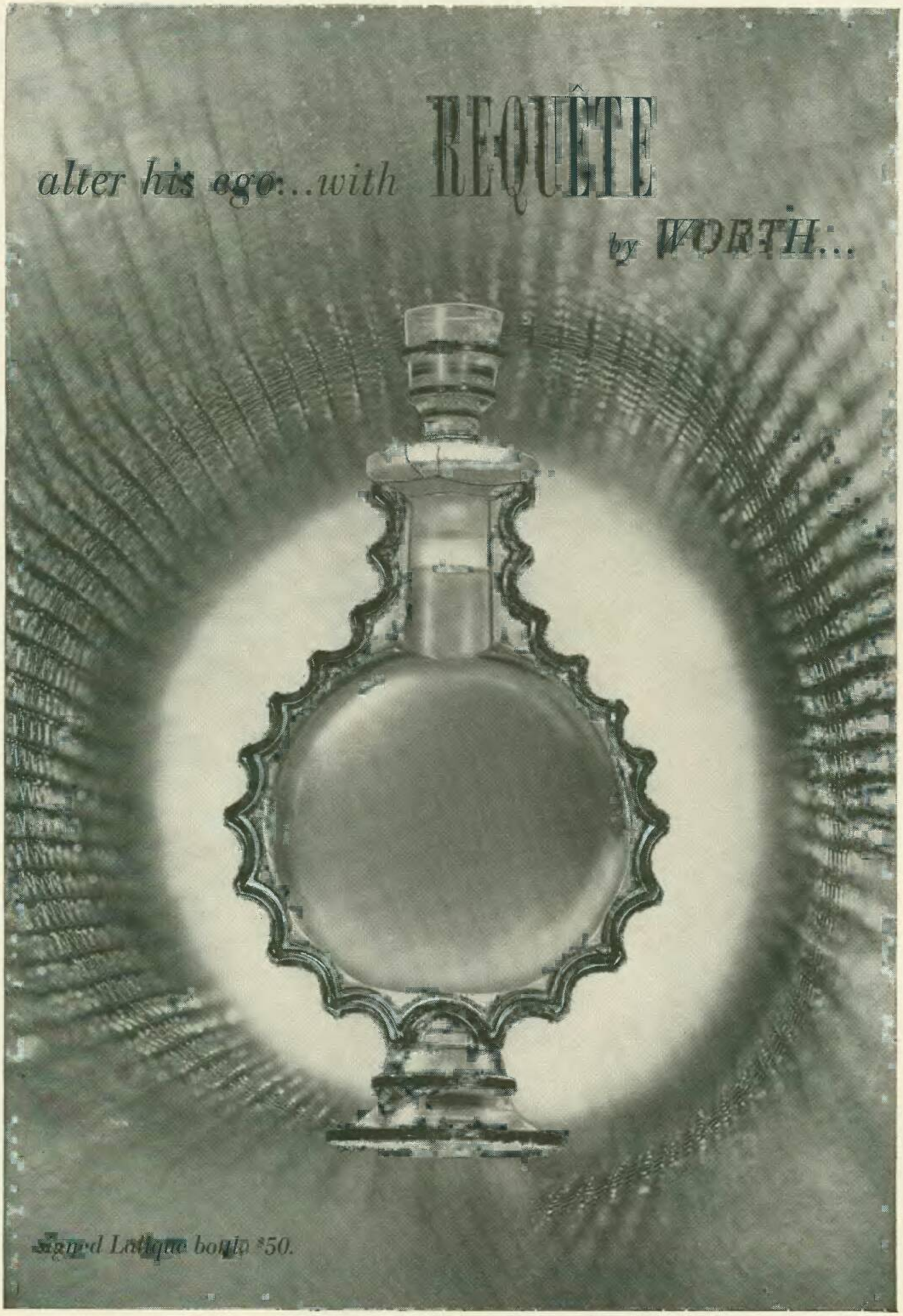
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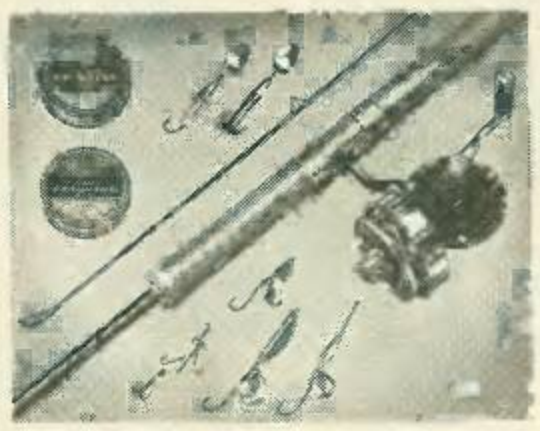
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time shredding vegetables under Rudi's direction. Shredded vegetables, he explained, play a large part in first-class cooking. When he had first come to America, a few years before, he had shredded vegetables at the Waldorf, he told me. Then he had worked up to being a waiter. Later he had tried his hand as assistant chef in a little restaurant. He had catered to small parties. He had taken university extension courses in hotel management and American government. Those red books on the kitchen shelf were his textbooks. Escoffier was also there, I had noted, and Emily Post and the New York *Social Register*.

Jim and I came to loathe Emily Post. Our faculty guests always annoyed Rudi because they asked for cream in their after-dinner coffee, which was anti-Emily. Rudi, trying tactfully to educate the professors and their wives, never brought cream until they asked for it, and then frowned as he served it. Jim finally gave Rudi a copy of *Who's Who in America* for the kitchen shelf. Rudi read up on the faculty and at last came to treat cream-in-after-dinner-coffee as a foible rather than as a cardinal sin.

"Why don't you wear your glasses?" I asked, as patiently as I could, one evening at dinner when he knocked off the only knob that remained on the cover of any of my china vegetable dishes.

"Mom, in the hotel business it is not done. Did you ever see a waiter wear glasses?"

"Why not be the exception?" Jim asked.

Rudi grinned affably but he didn't put on his glasses.

Rudi's life was made up of little crises. His breath came in gasps when he opened the oven door to see how a cake was behaving. When he answered the doorbell, he was agog with anticipation. When he discussed with me the day's plans, he made me feel that the whole future of the family depended upon the menus for lunch and dinner.

Rudi never got over his dislike for the painted tray. Every time he used





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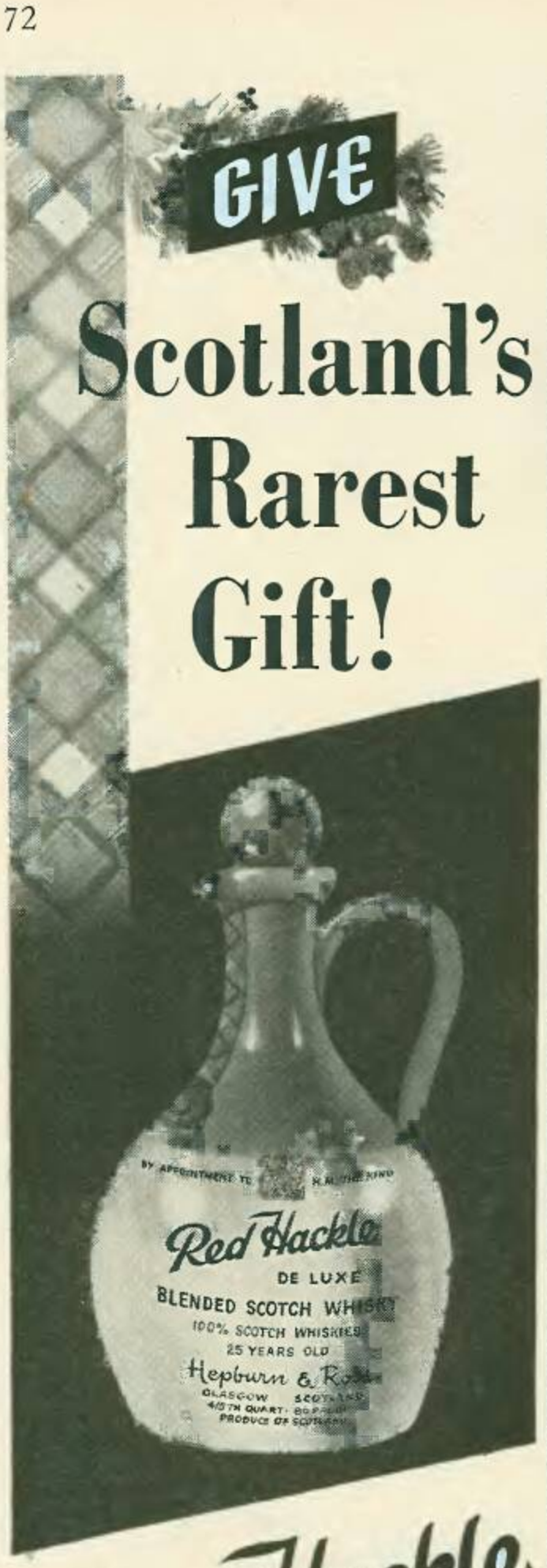
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it, I could detect a pained reservation in his eye. I discussed it with him finally. "It's a handsome tray, really," I told him.

He nodded. "Yes, Mom. It's just"—his reserve was suddenly gone—"it's just that in an American family like the Doctor's—" He broke off.

Rudi was economical. We lived better than we ever had lived before, and for less. "What's the matter with the bills?" Jim asked me when Rudi had been with us for a couple of months.

"Nothing," I said. "There aren't any, that's all. Rudi pays cash."

Once in a while, Rudi's economy led to mild embarrassments. There was the episode of the asparagus, for instance, the day after we had had tiny rolled sandwiches, an asparagus tip in each, for a big tea.

"We could have what's left of the asparagus for lunch, if it's all right with the Doctor," Rudi said the next morning.

"Asparagus?" I said. "The Doctor? Why not?"

President Beneš, who had an honorary degree from Wesleyan, stopped off on his way through Middletown that morning, and Jim brought him home.

I was proud when the asparagus appeared, an enormous green mound with a golden band of hollandaise that Oscar himself might have devised. But I was startled when I burrowed under the hollandaise and found only stalks. They were tender, but there wasn't a tip on the platter.

"Do you suppose President Beneš thinks it's an old American custom?" I asked Jim afterward.

"I don't suppose President Beneš would miss asparagus tips," Jim said. "Not with things the way they are in Czechoslovakia today."

EVERY three weeks, Rudi and Marie took their days off in a lump and went to New York. They chugged down in their runabout and came back loaded with groceries bought wholesale, and with gadgets for the house. Rudi would make out businesslike slips showing how little these things had cost. There were also small gifts for all of us, for which no slips were presented. Rudi and Marie always made elaborate preparations for their absences. He roasted meats and made bowls of stew for me to warm up. Once, the day before they were to leave, he asked Jim what he would have for lunch the next day. Jim hadn't had a simple lunch at home since Rudi came. He tried to

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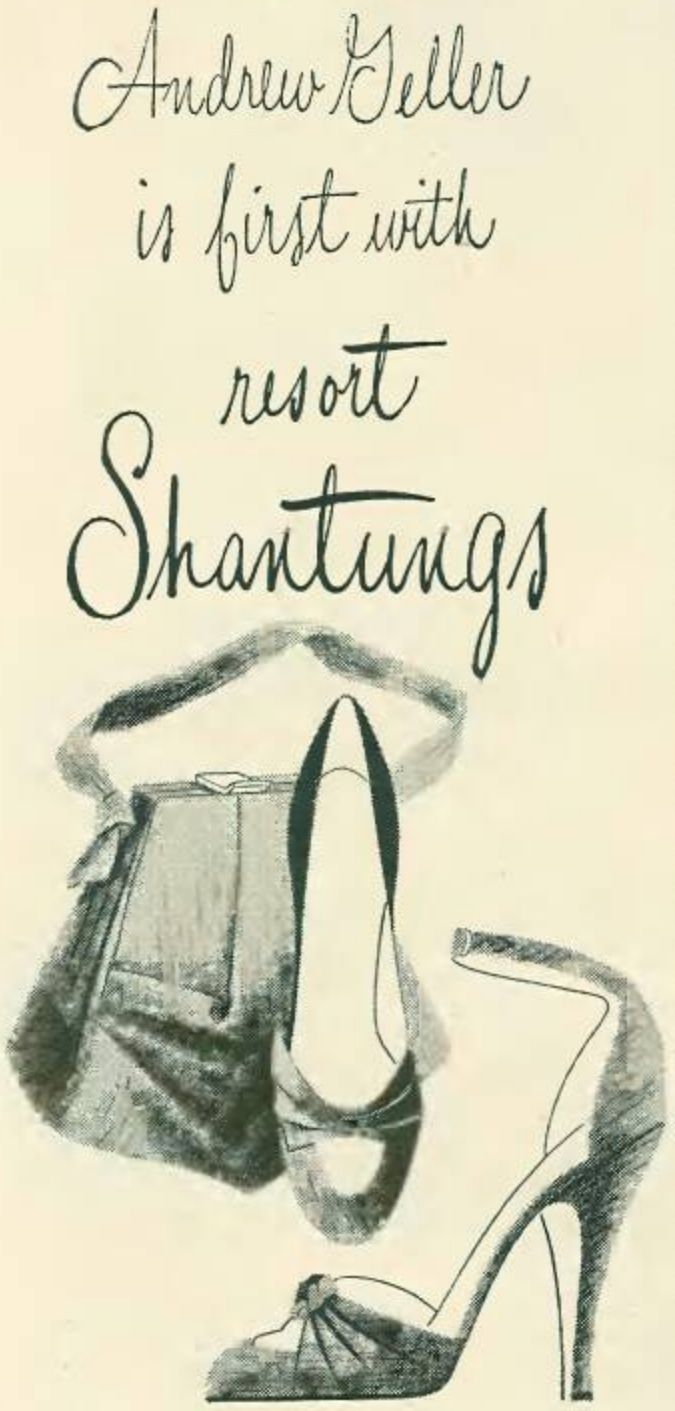


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keep the eagerness out of his voice when he said, "Crackers and milk."

Rudi nodded gravely. "The favorite lunch of the Union League Club," he said. "Followed by apple pie." He squinted off into the distance. "There will be just time to make the pie before we go."

Never had we had such a gay Christmas as the one Rudi prepared for us. He created so many Christmas confections that I had to smuggle cookies out of the house and give them to the neighbors to protect the family digestion. From cellar to attic, the house was covered with holiday greens.

"Are those within the law?" Jim asked Rudi. "Or are they stolen from our neighbors' woods, and will a state policeman be waiting at the fireplace when Santa comes down the chimney?"

Rudi laughed loudly, and for an instant I thought I saw a look of embarrassment on his face. "Rudi has respect for everything American, even the law," Jim said to me, and I was sure now, as Rudi laughed again, that he was troubled about something. I knew it was not the greenery, which he had bought legally and economically in the Bronx on his latest trip to town. It was something else.

During the next week or so, both Rudi and Marie seemed to grow more and more disturbed and preoccupied. After the holidays, when Jim and I came home about midnight one evening, we found Rudi waxing the kitchen floor. Another midnight, we found him making cookies.

"What in the world!" Jim exclaimed. "Do you think you're working for slave drivers?"

"I was awake," Rudi explained feebly.

"What's the matter with Rudi and Marie?" I asked Jim later. "What do you suppose is worrying them?"

"That's none of our business until they want to tell us," Jim said. "Don't pry."

Marie's lovely eyes grew clouded. She was absent-minded and seemed startled when we spoke to her. One cold night when Rudi brought us our dinner coffee, it was not the rich, fragrant liquid we had come to expect but crystal-clear hot water. Jim and I looked at the pale mixture it made with the cream in the bottom of his cup and began to laugh. But Rudi grabbed the percolator, dashed for the kitchen, and spoke to Marie in a voice of tragedy. "My God, don't you put in no coffee?"

There was silence for a while and then we heard Marie's sobbing and



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Rudi's muffled attempts to comfort her. He came back with the coffee, white-faced and apologetic. "Poor Marie!" he said. "She is worried."

A little later, as we left the dining room, Jim said to Rudi, "Hadn't you better tell us what is worrying Marie? Maybe we can help you."

Rudi nodded miserably. "I call Marie," he said, and brought her to the study.

"I wish to make a trip," Rudi said, choosing his words carefully. "I wish"—he avoided our eyes—"to see America. I wish to see Niagara Falls, the Grand Canyon."

"And Marie?" I asked. "She will go with you?" I wondered suddenly whether they had quarrelled.

"Marie will stay here," Rudi said. "She will be safe with you. To travel in the winter weather will be hard for her—"

"And not too sensible for you," Jim said. "The national parks are closed. This is the off season."

"Then I will go to Florida," Rudi said quickly. "Or to Mississippi, or to Texas. I wish to take a trip. Alone!" He looked at Marie, and it was a look of pure devotion.

"*Na, na*, Rudi," Marie said gently. "Tell the Doctor the truth."

Rudi squared his shoulders. He was calm now.

"I am an Austrian," he said. "I must return to Austria, and leave Marie. That is the trip I must take. It is not to see America. Always, that woman in New York says she will expose me, always she asks me for money, which I must give her so that she will not tell."

"Tell what?" Jim asked.

"That I am not American."

"But I don't understand," Jim said. "You *are* American. You have been naturalized. You are a citizen."

"No," Rudi said. "I am a cheat. I am Austrian. Marie, only, she is American. Marie can stay."

It was a brief story, and Jim's direct questions quickly laid it bare. The quota had been full, and Rudi had come to America on a six months' visa. He had renewed his visa as often as he could and was preparing to go back to Austria when a waiter acquaintance in New York told him he could arrange for him to stay. "Bring me your passport and a hundred dollars," the waiter had said. "I will fix things." A few days later, he had told Rudi everything was fixed. "You are O.K., like the rest of us," he had said. "Here is your certificate."

Rudi had believed him and had treas-





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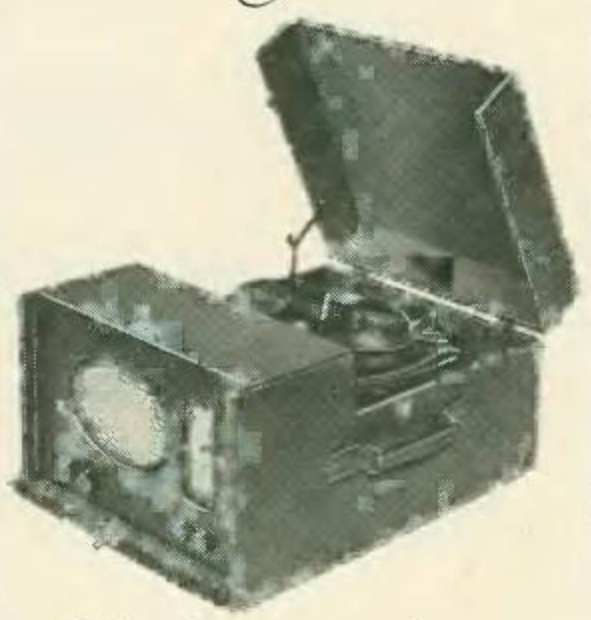


scarves and stoles . . . for men and women . . . distinctive, original designs on fine silk . . . $3 to $25

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for Christmas



Libertyphone
AC-DC
Portable Phonograph-Radio

The "Libertyphone" reproduces your finest records or radio programs with console tone quality. Features the Garrard automatic record-changer and 9" speaker.

A variety of finishes in genuine leather — $249.50 (AC only — $199.50).

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LIBERTY MUSIC SHOPS
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795 Madison Avenue at 67th Street
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Ballantine's
LIQUEUR BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
86 Proof



The Crest of Quality

P. Ballantine & Sons Inc.
THE HOUSE OF BALLANTINE
NEW YORK
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS IN THE UNITED STATES

ured the certificate. Rudi had worked and saved money. He had made the most of the opportunities his beloved new country offered him and had taken those university extension courses. Then he had learned that the waiter had lied, that the certificate was bogus.

"I tried to find that waiter," Rudi said. "I would have killed him. But I could not find him."

"Thank God!" Marie murmured.

"I could only wait to see what would happen to me," Rudi said.

Time passed, he told us, and nothing happened. He began to feel safe. He met Marie, and loved her. And then the woman turned up.

"What woman?" Jim asked.

A woman who had been on the steamer with Rudi, he said.

"She would not have been a trouble to him if he had married her instead of me," Marie interrupted.

"Hold your tongue," Rudi said tenderly.

For fifty dollars, the woman had offered not to tell. She knew of a "patriotic society" that would pay her the same amount for information leading to the deportation of an alien illegally in the United States. Rudi paid. He felt safe again. He married Marie.

Then the woman had wanted more money. Rudi had paid her, and paid her again. Then he and Marie had come to Wesleyan to hide from her. Our home had become their retreat. On their trips to New York, Rudi worked in kitchens and tried to make back the money he had paid out. The woman had tracked him down through mutual acquaintances in New York and was again asking for more money. She had been threatening him since just before Christmas.

"I have five thousand dollars," Rudi said to us. "Gladly will I pay it all. I know a lawyer."

Jim got up, walked over to Rudi, and looked earnestly down into his eyes. "Five thousand dollars will not change the law," Jim said. "Or allow you to break it. What does this lawyer say?"

"If I will give him five thousand dollars, he says, he can get me into Austria. And on the quota. *Na, na*, Marie, do not cry. I will come back."

Jim told them he would try to help them, and they went off to the kitchen.

JIM sat for a moment at his desk, playing with a pencil. The evening paper lay before him. "Judge Inglis

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casual music at the piano
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NEW snack sensation from Texas! Crisp, tender Fritos are golden chips of corn. Wonderful with drinks, sandwiches, sea foods, salads. Made fresh daily. Sold fresh at better stores.

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"You Drive it"

THEODORE'S
4 E. 56th St. PLaza 3-6426
Luncheon • Cocktails • Dinner
CONTINUOUS ENTERTAINMENT
9 P.M. to 4 A.M.
LE RUBAN BLEU

Spends Day Making New Citizens" read a headline.

"Well, I guess we'll start at the top," Jim said. He picked up the telephone and gave the operator the Judge's number.

"Send him around," I heard a kind voice say at the other end of the wire. "Or—wait. If his wife's there, I'll come over in the morning. They'll talk better in their own surroundings."

The Judge asked Rudi the questions all over again while Jim thumbed an Alumni Directory, hesitating over each class, trying to identify someone who had experience or influence that might help Rudi. "I'm not above using influence, if we can find some, in this case," Jim said.

The Judge shook his head. "Brains is what we're looking for," he said. He looked from Rudi's pale face to Marie's. Then he took the Directory. "Here he is," he said after a minute's search, and with pleased excitement in his voice. "Here's the fellow we want. Absolute tops." I recognized his name—a young lawyer with a spectacular record.

They reached him by telephone at his office in New York. "Send him down tomorrow, Prexy," the lawyer said, "with all the data you can scrape up. And rest your conscience. We don't need influence. Facts will do it."

It was easy from then on. American law, the Judge explained to Rudi, protects people when they have respect for it. The lawyer sent Rudi to the Office of Immigration in Hartford. In a few weeks, papers came through, and he went to Montreal and reëntered the country as the husband of an American citizen. Marie drove up and back with him.

It was just after Easter when they chugged into our drive again, even the



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Why not—

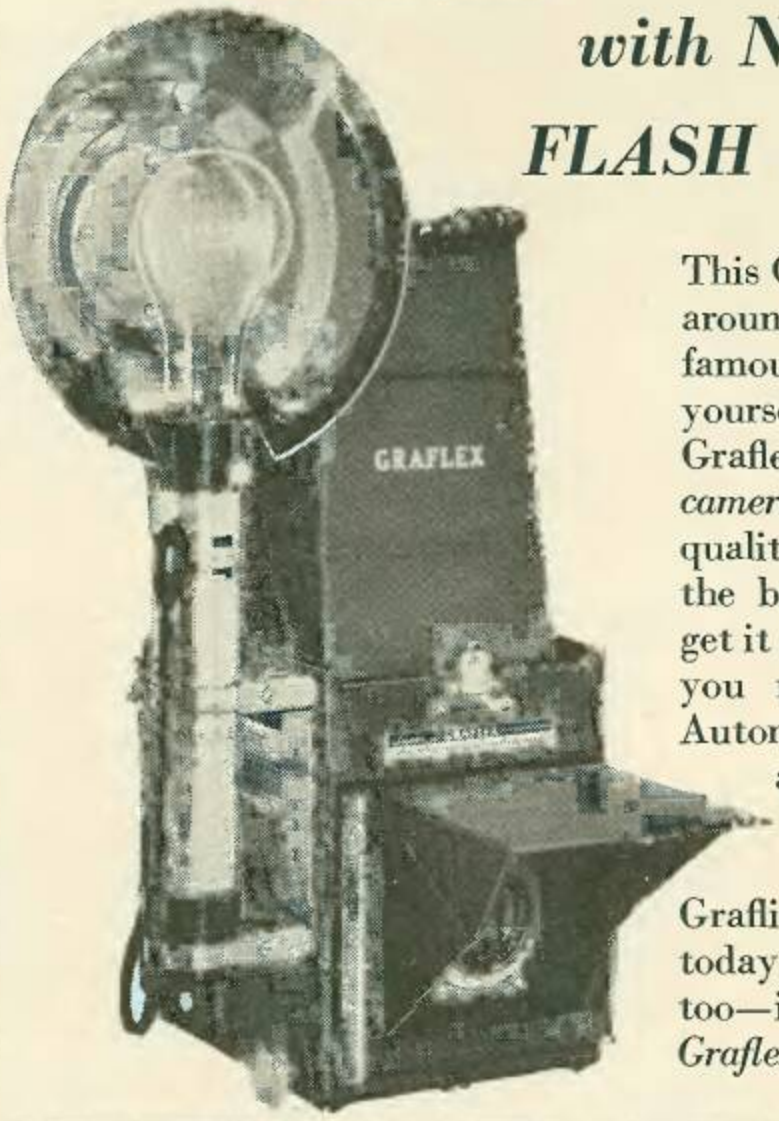
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Two New Ties
'Vendome' & 'Lombardy'
designed by
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RAWLINGS

YOUR *Super Gift*..the SUPER D GRAFLEX
with NEW GRAFLITE
FLASH SYNCHRONIZER!



This Christmas drop some broad hints around that your real wish is for a famous Super D Graflex . . . or treat yourself right and visit your local Graflex dealer! This is the *dream camera* for pictures of prize-winning quality . . . easy to focus . . . you see the brilliant image exactly as you'll get it on film—right up to the moment you make the exposure. Exclusive Automatic Diaphragm automatically adjusts to your pre-set f/ stop as you trip the shutter!

The Super D Graflex with new Graflite flash is a *wonderful gift.* See it today! See the RB Series B Graflex, too—it's the most moderately priced! *Graflex, Inc., Rochester 8, N. Y.*

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Fragrant Toast

to every couple you know



Cocktails for Two

by GOURIELLI

Helena Gourielli created bewitching Five O'Clock Eau de Parfum for the woman who understands the subtle power of a truly great fragrance! An exquisite blend of imported essential oils . . . precious and long-lasting! Domestically compounded and bottled.

Artchil Gourielli created the masculine companion-piece of good grooming for the discriminating man . . . distinctive new Here's How Cologne! Spirited . . . fresh . . . very man's man!

Paired in handsome cocktail shakers . . . hers capped with "gold," his with "silver." 9.00

Individual—Five O'Clock
Eau de Parfum 5.50
Here's How Cologne 3.50
plus tax

GOURIELLI

16 East 55th Street
New York 22, N.Y.

engine sounding merry. After that, happiness shone in everything they did. Rudi's cleaning of the house was loving, and he tenderly prepared salads that looked like wedding cakes. He was also much at Jim's elbow, proffering services Jim did not want.

We were sitting down to lunch one day in May when Rudi came into the dining room followed by Marie. He carried the painted tray and glasses and a bottle of sherry. Marie seemed prettier than ever. Rudi led her to a chair in the far corner of the room and seated her. He poured out four glasses of sherry.

"With your permission," he said. "To the bride. It is the first anniversary of our wedding."

We toasted her and we toasted him. They toasted us. Then, with the broadest smile I had ever seen on any face, Rudi proposed another toast. "To the blessed event!" That was how he announced it. They were going to have a baby. This meant, Rudi explained, that they could not come back to us in the fall, after the summer vacation, which we had arranged that they take off.

Rudi kept us posted. He wrote us when the baby came. It was a boy, and they gave him Jim's name. Rudi wrote again when he became a full-fledged citizen. Later on, after Pearl Harbor, he sent us his picture in the uniform of the Coast Guard Reserve. He wore a petty officer's insignia. "I had hoped to bear arms for America," Rudi wrote, and Jim read it aloud to the family. "I volunteered, but my eyes kept me out of the service. The Coast Guard Reserve took me. At night, I patrolled in an open boat. One night, I stopped at the station galley. It was terrible! It was horrible! There was the most beautiful piece of filet mignon, and the cook ground it into hamburg." Unconsciously, Jim's voice aped Rudi's. "As a taxpayer, I demanded the right to examine the garbage in the G.I. can. As a citizen, I called on the commandant. Now I no longer patrol. I am commissary steward. I plan menus, buy food for the Coast Guard Reserve. They live better, for less."

When the war was over, Rudi came to see us in the same small runabout. Marie was with him, and Jim's namesake, with eyes like his mother's. Rudi had bought, with all the cash he could raise, a little hotel at an all-season resort. He had taken advantage of a brief lull in business to make this good-will pilgrimage and to further the hotel's

Stop Worrying

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The gem of the portables. Jewel-box case of garnet plastic houses a powerful, full-toned Aviation Quality radio with built-in antenna. Handy to carry, and a decorative table-top radio operating on battery or AC-DC current. Without battery $39.95

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public relations. "There will be special rates for the faculty," Rudi said. "They give an intellectual air."

"They'll want cream in their after-dinner coffee," Jim said, and Rudi grinned. He wore his glasses openly now. As a hotel owner, he could afford to, he said. When the call was over, Rudi crammed himself into his overcoat in the hall. Then, solemnly, he presented to us a large, flat box, which he had placed behind the door when he came in. "To the McConaughy Family," Rudi had written on it in the handwriting of the household slips of that prewar year he and Marie had spent with us.

We watched them drive away, waving till they rounded the corner, and then went back into the hall. I hung over Jim as he opened the package. There was layer after layer of tissue paper, and then, at the bottom of the big box, our present gleamed, a silver tray. —ELIZABETH MCCONAUGHY

•

POESY DEPARTMENT
(BLUE SAP DIVISION)

[*From a folder of the Colonial Dames of America*]

REPORT FOR 1947-1948
To F.V.R.

The Herald's office in London town
Holds Miss Van Rensselaer in high renown.
She had given us Dames international stance
In England, Italy and France.
Baltimore, Philadelphia, Pa.,
New York and our capital, U.S.A.,
Are just as well trained as Shrevesport, La.
Danville and Nashville, Dallas, the Coast
Know that claims without lines are an idle boast!

The verdant leaves of her family trees
Are umbrageously thick and fine
And she prunes and clips and grafts and snips
Any twig that grows out of line.
The saplings whose roots have such promising shoots
Are Colonial wood to the core,
With sap that never runs red but *blue*
And stems into generals and governors too;
With ladies fair—an occasional mayor;
Lords of the Manor, esquires and peers;
Bishops, burghers and brigadiers;
Patroons and all worthies who lived *before*
Seventeen hundred and seventy-four.

Archivist rare and Recorder of Claims,
Miss Van Rensselaer accomplished all aims
And her resignation now leaves us Dames
With saddest regrets but great gratitude
For all she has done for the common good.
Her wit and her wisdom are counterpart
But what we love best is her warm, loyal heart!

A Man's Problem:

How to give every woman on his list just exactly what she wants for Christmas



Answer: *A HATTIE CARNEGIE GIFT CERTIFICATE lets each lady have the pleasure of choosing just what she likes from Carnegie's famous collections*

Mail us a list of names, addresses, and amounts ...we do the rest!*

Hattie Carnegie

**from $3.00 up* *42 East 49th Street, New York*


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London


New York

BOLS Creme de Menthe—each sip in "mint condition." 60 proof.

BOLS Creme de Cacao
Incomparably smooth, creamy liqueur with a full rich flavour.—54 proof.

BOLS Triple Sec—78 proof.

Connoisseurs order by Name-the Name in liqueurs is BOLS

People who know their liqueurs, know the name to ask for—**BOLS.**

For 373 years this famed Dutch firm has created liqueurs tasted and approved by every nation. So exquisite in bouquet, so rich and mellow in taste, that **even the novice can distinguish BOLS when he tastes it!**

Impress guests with a selection of **BOLS** served as a liqueur, highball or frappé.

BOLS liqueurs

Since 1575

Produced in the U. S. A. by Erven Lucas Bols, Inc., Englewood, N.J.
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Say it once and you'll say it again

NUYENS
CORDIALS
...are America's Finest!



Dry, fragrantly flavored with the Curacao orange. One sip of Nuyens Triple Sec tells why Nuyens Cordials are "America's finest!" They're made domestically by a guarded, 145-year-old French formula.

Triple Sec
80 proof

SOLE DISTRIBUTOR CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, Inc. NEW YORK, N.Y.

Also 11 other fine flavors

Say it once and you'll say it again

NUYENS
CORDIALS
...are America's Finest!



Try Nuyens Blackberry Liqueur. Get the full flavor of rich, real fruit juice. Enjoy "America's finest cordials!" They're made domestically by a 145-year-old French formula.

Blackberry
60 proof

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Say it once and you'll say it again

NUYENS
CORDIALS
...are America's Finest!



Sip . . . or mix delightful cocktails with . . . Nuyens Creme de Menthe. You'll say again—"America's finest cordials" are Nuyens! They're made domestically by a guarded, 145-year-old French formula.

Creme de Menthe
60 proof

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Also 11 other fine flavors

OUT OF TOWN

Choose Your Cruise



WITH few exceptions, I believe, the only people who got to go on cruises or tours last winter were those who had made all their arrangements the previous June, or even earlier, or who had a hold on the board chairman of a steamship line. At that time, the postwar reorganization of the cruise-and-tour business had just begun. There weren't many bottoms, as they say in shipping circles, and it seemed as if half the population of North America was trying to get aboard those there were. The result, of course, was a seller's market to end all seller's markets and, I am happy to report, it *did* end that seller's market, at any rate. Now the buyers are in again—or almost in. Scores of cruises, tours, and cruise-tours are scheduled for 1949, with calls at just about every place one could possibly want to visit. In most cases, as you might expect, prices are considerably higher than before the war—average cruise rates on passenger vessels run a little better than $30 a day, without extras—but there are also a good many cargo boats, with accommodations for from twelve to twenty passengers, on which one can travel quite comfortably, and slowly, for as low as $12 to $18 a day.

It will be necessary to journey quite a distance overland to make connections with two of the very fanciest cruise ships, a negligible handicap these days from some points of view. Very likely the most elaborate cruise of this or any other season is the one announced by the Pacific Cruise Lines on the "redesigned, rebuilt, redecorated, and refurnished" Corsair, once the private ocean liner of the late J. P. Morgan. The Corsair is a sort of seagoing super-Ritz-Carlton, with forty-two rooms, forty-two baths, and a crew of seventy-six for eighty-two passengers. All beds—nothing so plebeian as a berth in sight—and ship-to-shore telephone service in every room, and, what's more, a cuisine that the line unequivocally declares to be the best in the world. Room service round-the-clock; if food and drink at 4 A.M. are in order, they'll be ready. Rather different from the days of Prince Henry the Navigator, and possibly more expensive. At any rate, a fifteen-day,

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Life is Beautiful

It starts off with a big broad smile from the doorman! It continues when you first spy your room, newly designed in a sophisticated manner, with a picture frame view of the Atlantic and the beach at its WIDEST.

And when it comes to food (that important 50% of any vacation) the Ritz achieves a high rating of excellence in 3 unusually beautiful restaurants.

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ATLANTIC CITY

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WE DELIVER COMPLETE DINNERS IN CASSEROLES TO YOUR DOOR
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"BELIEVE IT OR NOT, HOPE HAS AN INTELLIGENT IDEA!"

says CROSBY



CROSBY:

Folks, this is fantastic, but old Hope has a great idea. He thinks *everybody* ought to give U. S. Savings Bonds for Christmas presents!

HOPE:

Thanks for the kind words, son. But no kidding, ladies and gentlemen, those Bonds are sensational. They're appropriate for *anyone* on your list. On Christmas morning, nothing looks better in a stocking—except maybe Dorothy Lamour.

CROSBY:

Old Ski Nose is correct. And don't forget how easy it is to buy bonds—you can get 'em at *any* bank or post office.

HOPE:

How about it, Mr. and Mrs. America? This Christmas let's *all* give U. S. Savings Bonds!



Give the Finest Gift of all...

U.S. SAVINGS BONDS

3 Smart Gift Suggestions

So Appealing that You'll Want Them for Yourself!

1 SOUTHERN COMFORT'S COMBINATION
COCKTAIL SHAKER
And BOTTLE HOLDER
It's a stainless steel Shaker—and also a Bottle-Protector that holds any standard size Fifth. Pours like a bottle. Only $4.00.

2 A FIFTH OF DELICIOUS
SOUTHERN COMFORT
100 PROOF LIQUEUR
The Grand Old Drink of the South
Manhattans, sours, collins, highballs—Southern Comfort mixes all those drinks and dozens more! The sure-to-please gift for all your friends.

3 **THE COMBINATION**
GIFT SUPREME
The Cocktail Shaker-Bottle Holder with a Fifth of Southern Comfort tucked inside! Truly an invitation to gracious living. Two great gifts for under $10.



To: Southern Comfort Corp.,
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St. Louis, Mo.

Please send me full information about your Southern Comfort Cocktail Shaker that doubles as a Bottle holder. And also include the Southern Comfort recipe booklet. Send to:

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Southern Comfort Corp.
ST. LOUIS, MO.



Women at our
WINDOW

From random observation, we'd say three out of five women who pass our window *stop, look* and long for its radiant contents. These ladies seem magnetized by our resplendent array of old treasures. What woman would not stare yearningly at our ancient Viennese gold-and-silver pendant, studded with rubies and rose-cut diamonds, delicately framing the Annunciation (in enamel under crystal)! $244 tax included. Or our scatter pins, wondrous whirls of gold and pearls, $79.30 tax included. But enough of this window gazing. Step inside—many other allurements await you—for self-glorification or as unique Christmas gifts.

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Distinctive Christmas Gift
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PHEASANTS
A gift of rare good taste—one that will long be remembered! Treat, too, for your own Christmas table. Beautifully plumed birds (or oven-dressed if you prefer). Large plump, meaty. Cooking directions included.
SHIPPED IN ATTRACTIVE KNOTTY PINE UTILITY BOX.

Brace of Pheasants Hen & Cock Prepaid . . . **$12.50**

MALLARD DUCKS
$9.50 per Brace



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DOES YOUR TABLE RHUMBA?
Fix it or any wobbly furniture in 5 minutes with a set of 4 Levelors, which positively levels anything on 4 wooden legs weighing up to a ton! Send 59¢ per set to Dept. 34, Levelor Corp., White Plains, N.Y.

one-way voyage leaving Los Angeles March 31st for Havana, with stops at Acapulco, Panama, Cartagena, and Kingston, costs from $690, for one person in a single room, to $2,450, for the most elegant suite for two. If passengers want to make the return trip, the line is philanthropically prepared to deduct ten per cent of the total fare. The present owners of the Corsair are also offering four-and-a-half-day foretastes of this pampered existence during January, February, and March, in the form of runs from Los Angeles to Acapulco and back, at a $195 minimum.

A somewhat larger and slightly less elaborate version of the private-yacht type of cruise ship is the Stella Polaris, sailing out of New Orleans. Her owners have come up with an excellent set of cruises for the new year. I say "less elaborate" only because some of the rooms don't have baths and I doubt that passengers are encouraged to ask for room service at four in the morning. On the other hand, there is a fine, big swimming pool, which has its advantages when one is off the coast of South America in February or March. Among the Stella's cruises are a twenty-eight-day Caribbean one leaving January 8th and stopping at most of the Antilles—Havana, Port-au-Prince, St. Lucia, Barbados, Trinidad, Curaçao, and so on—and a forty-seven-day trip to Rio and back that starts February 7th and includes stops at all the above-mentioned ports as well as at several others and a four-day stopover in the Brazilian capital. Her most interesting voyage, though, to my mind, is another forty-seven-day one, scheduled to start April 26th, that covers the inevitable Caribbean stops (Havana and Cap Haitien), and continues on to Madeira, Casablanca, Málaga, Algiers, Tunis, Tripoli, Malta, Sicily, Naples, Corsica, Monte Carlo, Barcelona, Majorca, Oran, Gibraltar, Lisbon, and London—whew! Rates for these pleasures start at about $21 a day, for one passenger in a single inside room without a bath, and go as high as $128 apiece a day, for a "suite de luxe" for two.

THE itineraries of most of the large ships providing cruise service out of New York this season seem to be pretty much alike, as do the prices. The Cunard White Star's Mauretania, to begin with one of the biggest, has scheduled nine cruises to Havana and Nassau and return, with sailings about every ten days, starting January 5th. Stop-

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NEW "ROCKET" ENGINE!

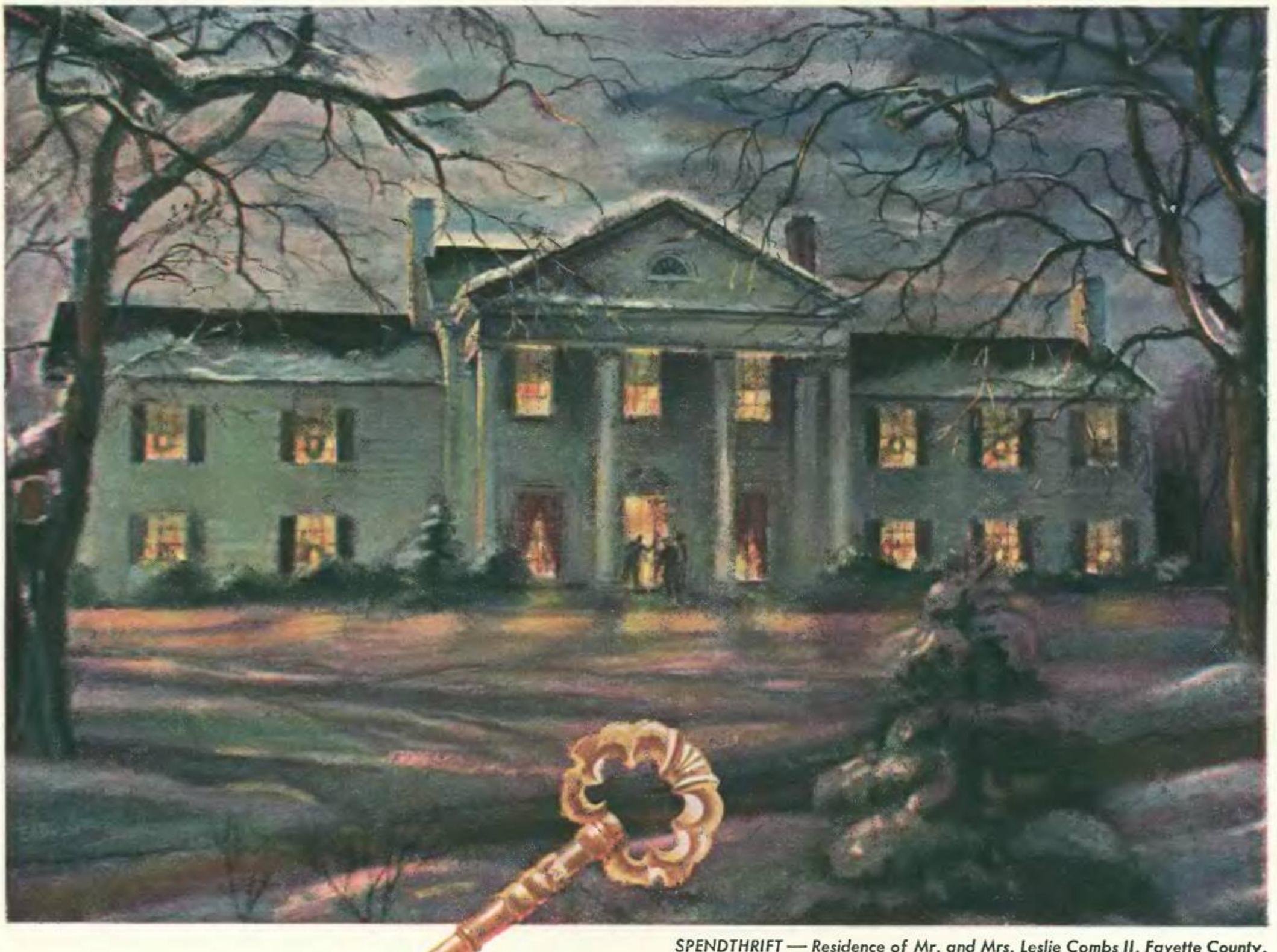
First, it was Hydra-Matic Drive. Then, Futuramic styling. And now—the newest and latest forward step in Oldsmobile's Futuramic program—the Oldsmobile "Rocket"! . . . Yes, those rumors were true. Oldsmobile does have a new super-octane engine—based on entirely new engineering principles—built in the world's newest, most modern engine plant.

Oldsmobile's "Rocket" Engine opens up a new vista of high-compression efficiency for the future. Even today, it's so Futuramic in performance—so amazingly smooth and quiet, so incredibly quick in response—that you've got to *drive* it to believe it! And you can do that *soon* when your Oldsmobile dealer shows the *new* 1949 Oldsmobile. The car that brought you the New Look in Futuramic Styling, now brings you "The New Thrill" in Futuramic Driving . . . the Oldsmobile "Rocket"!



Oldsmobile's "Rocket"—a rugged, super-octane, valve-in-head eight. 135 horsepower—7:25 to 1 compression ratio. It's "The New Thrill"!

TRY IT SOON! IN THE NEW 1949 OLDSMOBILE



SPENDTHRIFT — Residence of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Combs II, Fayette County, Kentucky — Home farm of "Jet Pilot," 1947 Kentucky Derby Winner

TWO KEYS TO HOLIDAY HOSPITALITY



100 Proof • Bottled in Bond
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey

The latch string's out and so is the OLD FITZGERALD cork when bourbon-wise hosts entertain.

For in Kentucky, where true hospitality and moderation are one, this favorite Bottled-in-Bond is most often the Bottle-in-Hand.

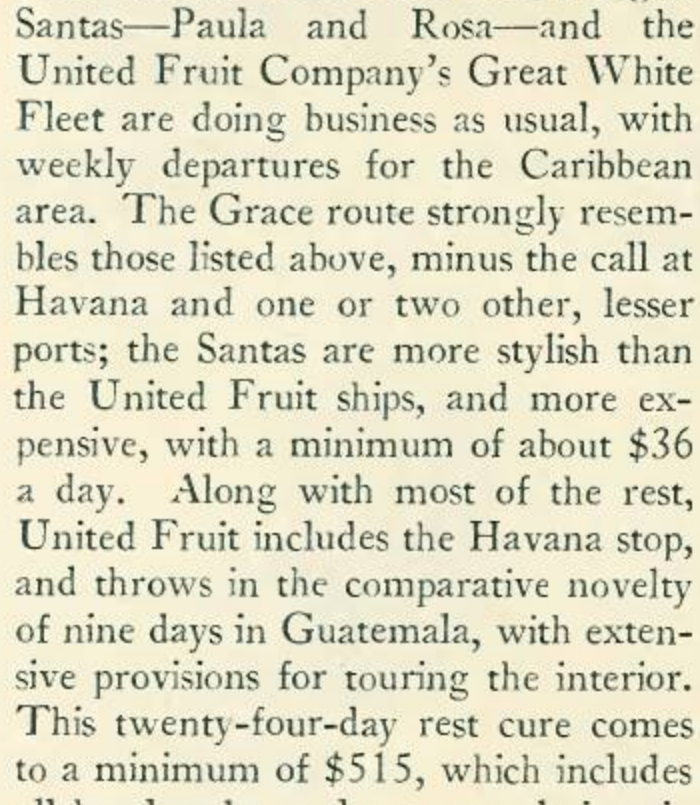
For flowing bowl or friendly toddy, you'll find OLD FITZGERALD'S nut-sweet flavor and old-fashioned bouquet perfect partners to enhance the enjoyment of your holiday hospitality. For gift or guest, you select the finest when you send or serve Kentucky's Key Bourbon.

OLD FASHIONED... *but still in style*

OLD FITZGERALD

Stitzel-Weller Distillery, Inc., Louisville, Ky.

overs for anything up to a couple of months are permitted, but it's best to make such arrangements before sailing. The minimum one-way fare to Nassau for two persons, in a double room, is $125, just to give you an idea of how prices are running in these parts. A late-December southern cruise of the United States Lines' America has just been cancelled so that she can help take care of the pile-up of transatlantic passengers who were stranded by the recent shipping strike, but on January 29th the ship will start out on a sixteen-day cruise that calls for stops at San Juan, Port-of-Spain, La Guaira (Venezuela), Curaçao, the Panama Canal, and Havana. The Holland-America Line is putting both the Nieuw Amsterdam and the smaller Veendam on temporary cruise duty. Between January 5th and March 29th, the line will offer five voyages, following very nearly the same path as the America. The Veendam, one of my favorites, will also make two cruises to Bermuda: a six-day one, leaving January 5th, for $140 minimum, and a seven-day one, starting February 16th, for a minimum of $155 (bargains, in these times). The Grace Line's largest Santas—Paula and Rosa—and the United Fruit Company's Great White Fleet are doing business as usual, with weekly departures for the Caribbean area. The Grace route strongly resembles those listed above, minus the call at Havana and one or two other, lesser ports; the Santas are more stylish than the United Fruit ships, and more expensive, with a minimum of about $36 a day. Along with most of the rest, United Fruit includes the Havana stop, and throws in the comparative novelty of nine days in Guatemala, with extensive provisions for touring the interior. This twenty-four-day rest cure comes to a minimum of $515, which includes all hotel and travel accommodations in Guatemala. Here, as elsewhere, mini-



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at distinguished jewelers

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FOR MEN





at $1
Cologne
Deodorant
Shave Bowl
Shave Lotion
Soap, box of four $1.25

an outdoor fragrance...
captured from windswept woodlands, and superbly blended into grooming essentials that men prefer— and women admire. For you, Sir!



at $2
Gift-box sets:
Shave Lotion, Talc
Shave Lotion, Cologne
Shave Lotion, Shave Bowl
Shave Lotion, Lock-top Shave Bowl, Talc $3

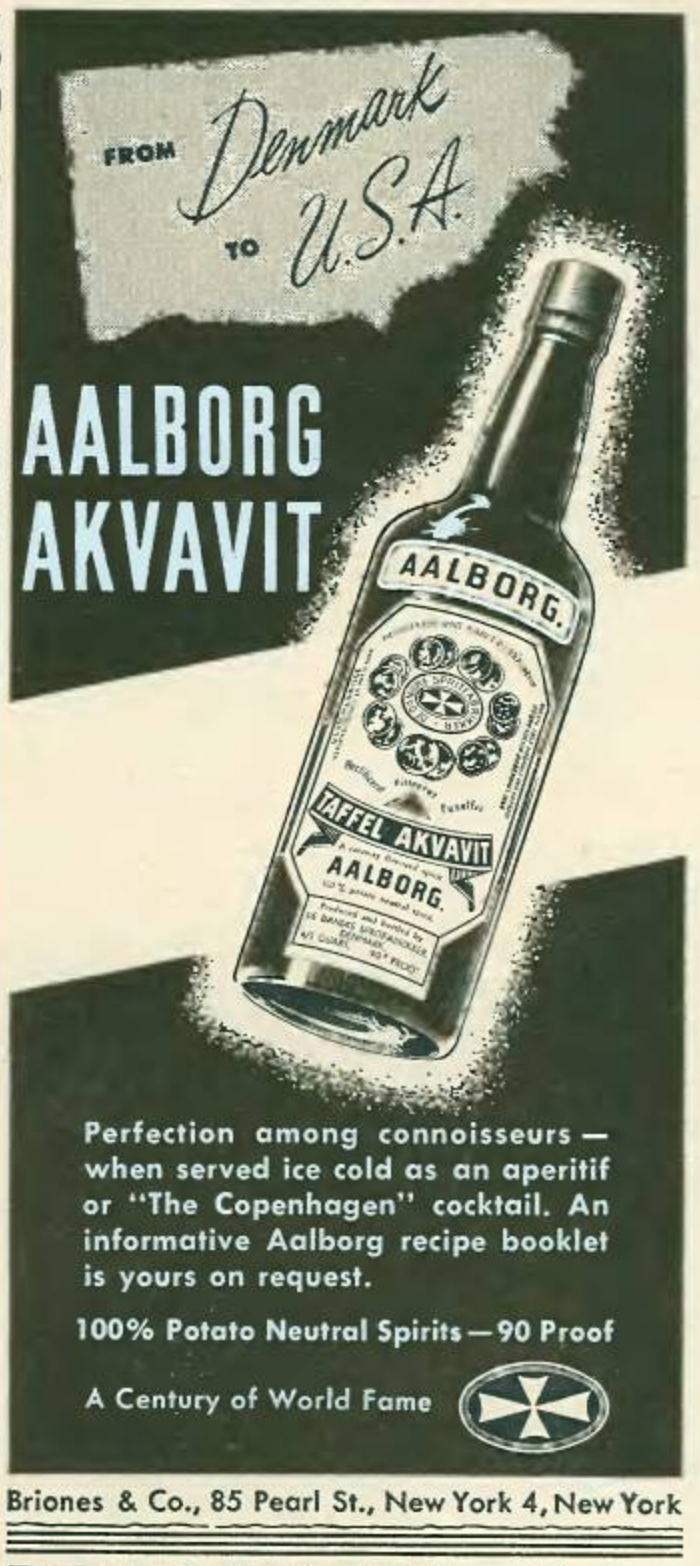
Ideal for any gift occasion!



mum prices mean sharing a two- or even three-berth room.

AS for tours, good old faithful Raymond-Whitcomb and the Exprinter Travel Service, among others, have blossomed forth with a galaxy of visits to most parts of the visitable world. For $2,835, R.-W. are prepared to escort travellers safely and comfortably, beginning January 22nd, on a seventy-five-day jaunt to Paris, the western Mediterranean, and much of North Africa, by boat, train, and private automobile. For those who can't get away that soon, they recommend their European Spring Tour through the Benelux countries, Switzerland, Italy, the Riviera, and on to Paris and London—sixty-nine days, starting March 24th, for $2,585. Exprinter has scheduled twenty-six, no less, tours through Latin America, ranging from a nine-day dash through Mexico (daily departures from Mexico City), at a little under $400, to a seventy-one-day grand tour of Central and South America, at a little more than $3,000 from New York. Exprinter makes use of practically every form of transportation known to man in some of its more out-of-the-way tours, including horses, mules, and, no doubt, llamas.

In the unlikely event that anyone is planning to put up a prize for the most indefatigable traveller of 1949, he will have to divide it, I guess, among the members of the Cape to Cairo pilgrimage organized by Hemphill's World Cruises, of Los Angeles. By a resourceful employment of three airlines and countless railroads, automobiles, river steamers, lake steamers, and whatnot, Hemphill has contrived to pack what must be nearly every square foot of Africa—and a bit of Spain as well—into a hundred and eight days of exciting, if breathless, sightseeing. The energetic people who sign up for this adventure will emplane for Lisbon January 7th, then fly to Dakar and the African Gold Coast, and then on to the Belgian Congo, Johannesburg, the Kimberley mines, and, finally, for a four-day breather, Capetown. Some high spots, but not *nearly* all of them, from there on include Victoria Falls, Nairobi, a seventeen-day drive through Kenya, Uganda, and the Belgian Congo (we're back again), with overnight stops at towns with such names as Nyeni, Molo, Jinja, Namasagali, and Ruindi. Next, if you're still with me, come two days split between Khartoum and Omdurman, a Nile River steamer to Shallal, and a train to Luxor and then



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Forbear to remark "Apple Sauce" as a flippant ignominy, for VB Old Fashioned Apple Sauce is used in tones of endearment by gourmets everywhere.
Old Fashioned
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Convenient for theatregoers—
Luncheon • Dinner
Specialites
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Cairo. The tour can end there, and eager travellers can rush right home to have their films developed, but if any are still game, Hemphill is, too, and will guide them on through Tunisia and Spain. The whole package comes to $4,880, without extras. The agency will knock off $530 for those who don't take the final fling.

THE rates I quoted earlier on cargo-boat travel may seem high compared to what they were before the war, but cargo boats have for the most part grown dressier lately. Among the more attractive listings I've heard about in this category are those of the Waterman Line, from either New Orleans or New York to the eastern Mediterranean (fifty-eight days, round trip, for something like $650), and those of the Delta Line, which has trim new boats running between New Orleans and South American ports. These are really more like passenger boats than cargo boats and have such refinements as beds, an elevator, a deck café, and air-conditioned cabins. Prices are higher, too; a forty-seven-day cruise, if reservations are to be had (northbound space is especially scarce), comes to a minimum of $900.

All the cruises and tours I've gone into here can be further investigated through your travel agent. If you have none, I can recommend, to name two, Vacation Advisers, 9 East 46th Street, and the Clara Laughlin Travel Services, 38 East 57th Street, both of which are operated by people who have a good understanding of the personal preferences of the people who consult them.

—R. S. P.

•

If winter comes, can John L. Lewis be far behind, to paraphrase a much quoted line from Keats.—*Marquis Childs in the Wilmington (Del.) News.*

The one who's behind in this race is Percy Bysshe Shelley.

•

Air pollution by smog is a problem of such desperate, and possibly fatal, urgency here that the City Council and the head of the air pollution control agency today made tentative arrangements to talk about it next Friday.—*Los Angeles Daily News.*

Forenoon or afternoon?

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From the Beverly (Mass.) Times*]

Coast Guard headquarters said a helicopter was dismantled and crated at Elizabeth City, N. C., early this morning, and took off for Westover Field, Mass., with both technicians and crew aboard.

YES, THE IMPORTANT 4/5ths OF YOUR DRINK IS CLUB SODA!



SO BE SURE OF BETTER DRINKS . . . USE THE ONLY ONE THAT GIVES YOU ALL FIVE!

1. PIN-POINT CARBONATION
—means longer-lasting sparkle.

2. EXCLUSIVE FORMULA
—makes your drinks taste better.

3. SPECIAL PROCESSING
—assures purity, balance, clarity.

4. SUPERIOR QUALITY
—uniform the world over.

5. ECONOMICAL
—no waste, sparkle lasts in open bottle.



CANADA DRY WORLD FAMOUS WATER

World's Most Popular Club Soda



THE CURRENT CINEMA

Fast Start, Weak Finish



FOR about half its length, "Live Today for Tomorrow" is an interesting film. At the outset, it concerns itself with a hanging judge, presiding in a small town outside Philadelphia, whose views on law conflict sharply with those of a young attorney who frequently appears before him. The lawyer irritates the judge not only by preaching that the letter killeth but by falling in love with his daughter. While this fairly typical situation is being established, the picture begins to shift its attention to the judge's wife, a lady who dismisses as annoying headaches the symptoms of an incurable brain disorder. The nature of her illness is first pointed up in a scene showing a quiet cocktail party at the judge's residence. After wandering around the room for a while, the camera concentrates on the lady's uncertain hand wavering toward a cocktail glass that swims before her unfocussed eyes. As the lady, who has not been tippling, knocks over the glass it makes a crash that is as startling as a pistol shot. This is quite exciting stuff, and when, before long, the judge becomes aware of his wife's illness, "Live Today for Tomorrow" does a good job of contrasting the placid externals of his life with glimpses of his private woes.

The scenes between the judge and his wife are admirably enacted by Fredric March and Florence Eldridge, and as long as the two are together on the screen the picture moves along in fine style. But then, regrettably, the plot calls for the elimination of Miss Eldridge, so that Mr. March can accuse himself of having done her in out of sheer kindness. From this point on, the film gets all tangled up in a footless discussion of "mercy killings." It sidles around the topic nervously, and at last, having resolved nothing, announces that justice ought to be tempered with kindness, on which conclusion it makes its departure. Although the burden of keeping "Live Today for Tomorrow" alive is borne mostly by Mr. March and Miss Eldridge, Edmond O'Brien and Geraldine Brooks are helpful, as the liberal lawyer and the judge's daughter.

"FOUR STEPS IN THE CLOUDS" is a gentle and diverting Italian film that combines some of the features of



Just nothing like

TOM and JERRY

made with

MYERS'S

"Planters' Punch" Brand

JAMAICA RUM

HERE'S HOW:

In a large cup, mix 1 tbsp. sugar and 1 egg. Whip stiff. Add 2 ozs. Myers's Rum. Fill cup with boiling water, and sprinkle grated nutmeg on top.



For That Extra Wealth of Flavour The Rum MUST be MYERS'S!

Write for free recipe booklet of delicious drinks made with Myers's Jamaica Rum.

97 PROOF

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Noel Coward's movie "Brief Encounter" and John Steinbeck's novel "The Wayward Bus." Here we have a sentimental candy salesman who lives in a dreary apartment with a nagging wife. On a trip one day, the salesman gives his seat in a crowded train to a forlorn girl, whom he later meets again on a bus operated by a driver distracted from his duties by the fact that he has just become a father. In the course of a merry, drunken ride with the new papa, the salesman discovers that the girl, with whom he has struck up an acquaintance, is pregnant and desperately in need of a man to pass off as her husband when she gets home. Having agreed to put in an appearance at her door for a moment, the salesman presently finds himself being fêted by her family. The celebration over, he is whisked by a rueful camera back to his dreary apartment and his nagging wife. The photography in "Four Steps in the Clouds" is nothing extraordinary, but the performances of all the actors are warm, ingratiating, and persuasive.

IN "Let's Live a Little," a good many standard Hollywood characters are assembled. There is, for instance, the high-strung young advertising executive. Then there is the beautiful lady psychiatrist. And finally there is the aging *femme fatale*, whose beauty-shop account the high-strung young advertising executive must obtain if his firm is to stay in business. For an actor to overcome the handicaps intrinsic in a script made up of such ingredients takes a hell of a lot of talent, and I am happy to report that Robert Cummings, who figures most prominently in "Let's Live a Little," has precisely that. In situations as stale as last week's bread, he manages somehow to find several crumbs of first-rate comedy. He projects so much good humor, in fact, that it is almost possible to forget that the ladies who play opposite him, Hedy Lamarr and Anna Sten, are not only unlikely as the psychiatrist and the beauty-shop magnate, respectively, but also as comediennes. Almost, I said, but not quite. —JOHN MCCARTEN

•

NEW COMET
DISCOVERED IN
SOUTH AFRICA

VISIBLE TO THE NAKED
IN SOUTH AMERICA

—*Headlines in the Buenos Aires Herald.*

Just as one heavenly body to another, eh?



ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ON, DONDER AND BLITZEN!



TO judge by the state of traffic on the Avenue these days, we can relax now and stop sounding general alarms about the advent of Christmas. Everyone seems to know. This week finds us within hallooing distance of our goal, which is, of course, to see to it that every gift you wrap up this year is exactly the right one. We've covered a lot of ground in the last month, namely:

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, including television.
December 4.... Gifts for women, including perfumes.

Next to seeing the young ones unwrap their presents on Christmas morning, the most fun of the whole season is shopping for toys. That has been our happy chore for some days past, and our findings are listed below. Furthermore, in the Books department, which begins on page 119, there is a report on books for children. Next week, we'll retrace our steps, hurriedly, to pick up odds and ends we overlooked the first time around.

Toys

THE toy departments this year are fuller and livelier than ever. True, the emphasis on child psychology and the educational value of playthings is a little heavier than heretofore, but what can you expect of a three-hundred-million-dollars-a-year industry—fun? The big idea seems to be to produce toys that, no matter how bright and cheerful they appear, are shrewdly calculated to develop a child mentally and socially while he isn't looking. Crafty advantage is taken of instinctive likes and dislikes, and of human orneriness. How this works out in the case of a child who discovers that Santa Claus has brought him a shining red truck that demolishes *itself*, repeatedly, and with more satisfactory violence than the kid could achieve with an axe, we can't say. There is such a truck on the Christmas counters. It is called the Crasher, and it comes in fourteen metal parts, which, when assembled, constitute a strong and trustworthy pushing toy. When a trigger under the body is set, however, and the truck is rolled head-on into something solid, like a wall, it explodes into its components. This came out just before last Christmas, and it's available everywhere this year, for $5.

The industry has done very well by older children, whose destructive inclinations have presumably given way to a creative urge. There are construction sets with which a boy can build just about anything he wants, and chemistry sets that seem to be looking with a hard, unblinking eye toward Bikini. Ready-made trains, boats, canal systems, road graders, concrete mixers, and steam engines all work as faithfully as the real things. And so do little girls' vacuum cleaners, washing machines, carpet sweepers, kitchen sinks, sewing machines, and doll baths.

THE dollmakers seem agreed that motherhood is a profitable form of employment for little girls, and realistic infants, dressed in actual baby clothes (some of the dolls are large enough to use wardrobes handed down from their young owners), are, as always, crowding the shelves of the shops. An eleven-inch baby with an elaborate layette that includes a christening dress is $27.95; with much simpler clothes, the doll is around $8.50. The maternal theme is carried even into the menagerie. Tiger, lion, zebra, horse, bear, cat, dog, and panda mothers are among the creatures that are accompanied this year by their offspring.

Inevitably, England's latest prince and his mother have turned up as dolls. Gimbel, it seems, was waiting for the young man's appearance almost as eagerly as the Royal Family was. A ten-inch Elizabeth wears a silvery crown and an embroidered sheer white dress over a pink slip. Elastic bands hold the baby, who is about four inches long and dressed in a christening robe, fast in his mother's arms. The pair of them are $8.98. Dolls resembling—and named for—notable characters are not as prevalent as they have been, however. Margaret O'Brien seems to be the headliner; you get her and a change of clothes at



"Or do you think it might depress him?"



1 BATH DUET: Miracle Bouquet Lenthéric and Bath Powder; also in Tweed, Shanghai, A Bientôt and Confetti $3.00

2 BEAUTY BATH SET: Tweed Bouquet Lenthéric, Bath Powder and Bubble Bath Salts; also in Miracle and Shanghai $6.00

3 TWEED PERFUME . . . . . $1.75 to $57.50

4 "THREE SILENT MESSENGERS": flacon each of Bouquet Tweed, Confetti and Miracle or Shanghai $2.50

5 MIRACLE PERFUME . . . . . $2.00 to $75.00

6 "CRITICS' CHOICE," flacon of Bouquet Dark Brilliance and Tweed $2.50

7 "FOLK DANCE": flacon each of Bouquet Tweed, Miracle and Confetti $3.75

8 SHANGHAI PERFUME . . . . . $2.00 to $75.00

9 CONFETTI PERFUME . . . . . $1.75 to $57.50

10 DARK BRILLIANCE PERFUME (Made in France) . . . . . $5.00 to $75.00

11 "TRIPLIKIT"* VANITY, in black or white enamel with gold tone design $7.50

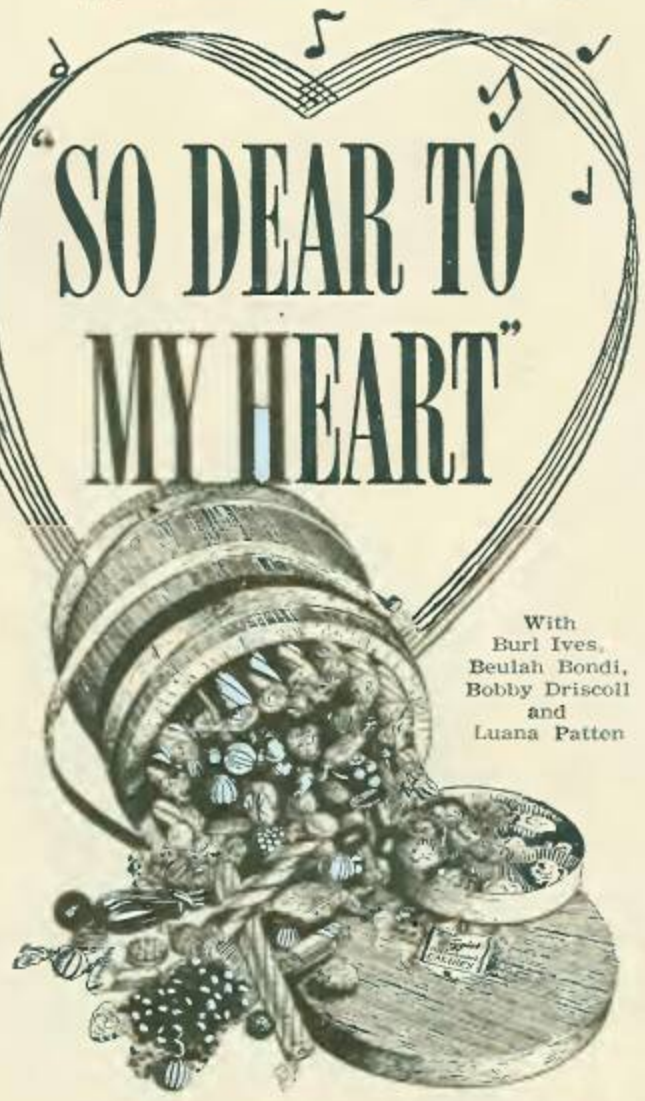
12 "GOLDEN FRIEZE" VANITY: Single, loose powder, in black or white enamel with gold tone design $5.50

All prices plus taxes

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Don't miss **WALT DISNEY'S**
wonderful **NEW PICTURE...**

"SO DEAR TO MY HEART"



With
Burl Ives,
Beulah Bondi,
Bobby Driscoll
and
Luana Patten

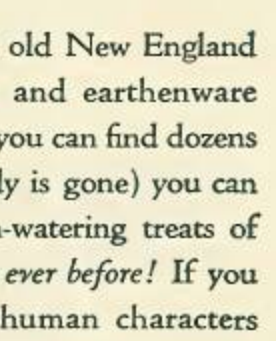


Here they are!—those wonderful old-time candies so dear to everyone's heart! Yes, those very same jawbreakers, peppermint sticks, sugar hearts, chicken corn—and heaps more—that Bobby Driscoll and Luana Patten and all of us loved in those golden barefoot boy days that are a part of every one of us!

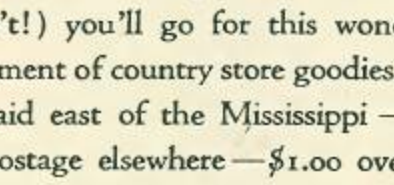
Packed in genuine old New England maple-finish Firkins and earthenware Bean Pots (for which you can find dozens of uses after the candy is gone) you can have all those mouth-watering treats of childhood, *better than ever before!* If you like Disney's warm human characters in "So Dear To My Heart" (and 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

GET WISE TO THESE WONDERFUL COUNTRY STORE CANDIES!



WIGGINS COUNTRY STORE

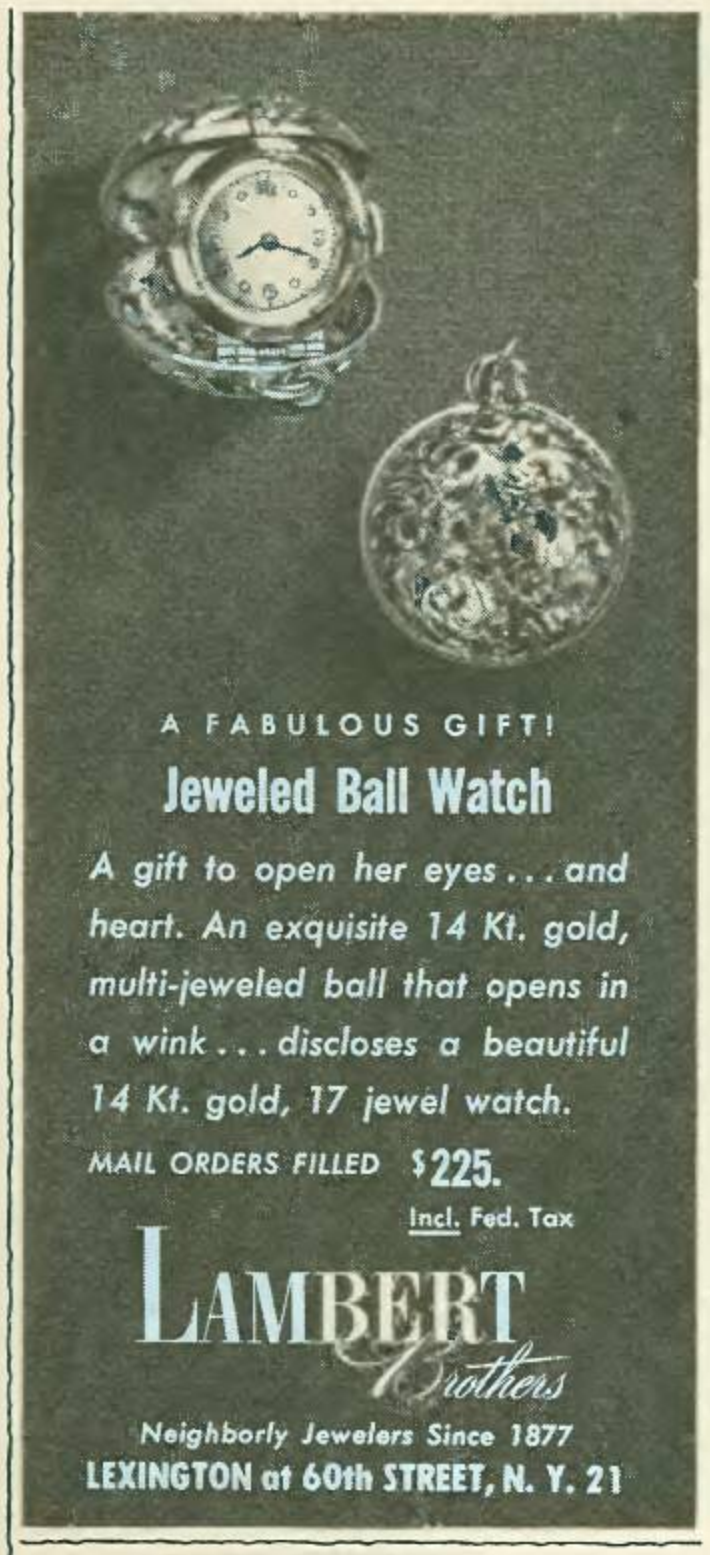


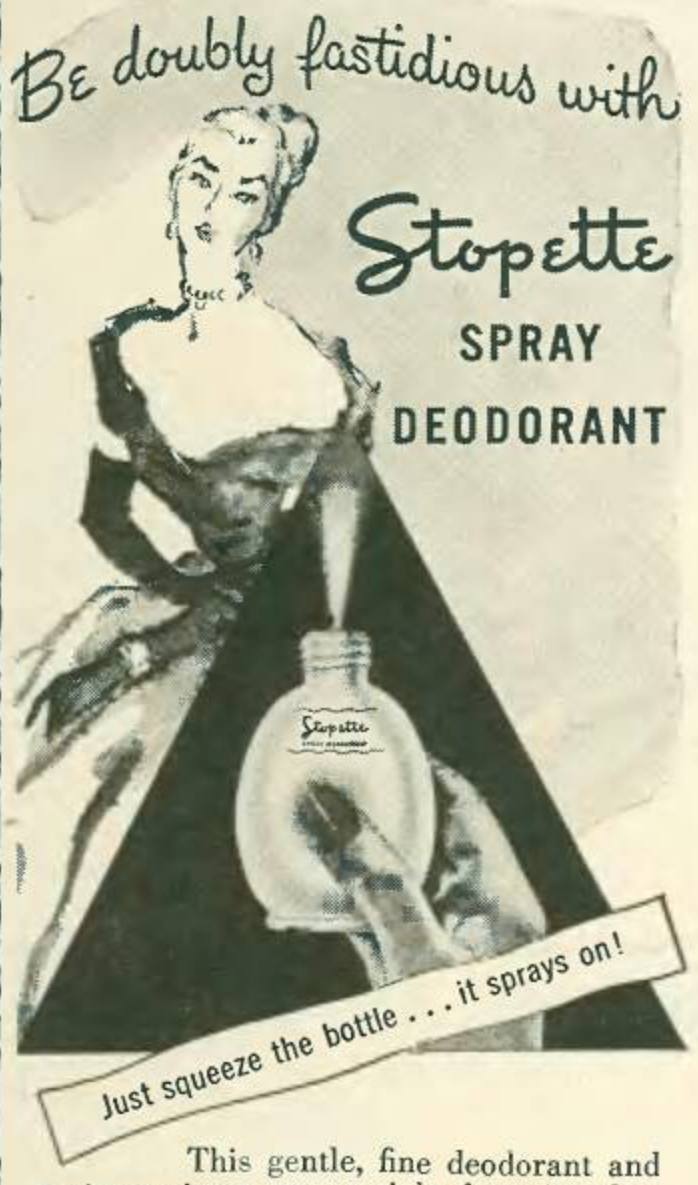
49 TOWN LANE, NORTHAMPTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Schwarz, among other places, for $11.95. There are Roy Rogers and Gale Evans cowboy and cowgirl dolls at Gimbel, and television is represented in the persons of Tizzy and Howdy Doody, a couple of puppets that browbeaten owners of television sets can hardly fail to be aware of. The comic strips have given us the obliging Shmoo this season; when it is blown up, it is as big as a child. It is made of plastic and can be batted around without harm to it or Junior; $3, anywhere.

BRITISH and American manufacturers of model trains are full of ideas this year, and miniatures of famous trains of Europe, England, and America are all over the place. The newest thing in electric ones is a pair with entirely independent controls, so that they can run on the same track at the same time—even in opposite directions (boy!). A British separate-control set, the Trix Twin Railway, at Schwarz, is made up of a passenger train and a freight train—a locomotive and three cars in each case; it costs $71.95, and works on any transformer. The same separate-control arrangement is possible with the Gilbert American Flyer trains, but you will need a special transformer, which costs $10.50, and a locomotive that operates on both A.C. and D.C. (you can get one for $26.50). There is also a model station ($14.95) in which is hidden a sound-reproduction device that, against a background of authentic railway noises (chuffing, clanging, and the hissing of steam), announces trains and the tracks they are coming in on, and finally calls "All aboard!" in the very tones you hear in railroad stations. Tiny freight yards are alive with electric loaders for coal, steel, and logs, and any kind of rolling stock you can think of you can buy.

Another neat mechanical contraption is a horse that really gallops—that is, it moves forward with a bounce that is as much of a gallop as a six-year-old jockey will want. This animal comes from England, the saddle is nineteen inches from the floor, and the simple machinery that moves it is operated by the child himself, as he rises up in the stirrups and sits down again in the saddle. Most toy stores have it; $39.95. Metal soldiers are back—whole armies of them, American, British, French, German, and, surprisingly, Irish. Generally speaking, the British are the most impressive-looking. There are sets that include representatives of the Horse Guards, Fourth Hussars, Grenadier Guards, Black Watch, Capetown





This gentle, fine deodorant and anti-perspirant sprays right from its plastic bottle. Just give it a quick squeeze, and STOPETTE gives you sure, lasting protection! A joy to winter vacationers . . . the plastic bottle won't break or leak. Harmless to skin or clothing. At better cosmetic counters. $1.25 *plus tax*

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PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL HESSE

COSTUME DESIGNED FOR MISS RHEINGOLD BY SOPHIE OF SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

"Season's Greetings"

says **PAT QUINLAN, Miss Rheingold 1948**

Rheingold
EXTRA DRY
Lager Beer

BREWED BY *Liebmann Breweries,* BREWERS FOR 111 YEARS. EST. 1837—IN NEW YORK 1854.

You can't miss on this . . .



TABU, EMIR, 20 CARATS, PLATINE

the four perfume masterpieces by

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All together in a case of golden kid!

Original dram sizes of all four $10.50, tax extra.

But if you wish to go "all out",

give her a large bottle of one or several!

Jewels by Trabert-Hoeffer-Mauboussin • Photo by Carlson

Copyright 1948 Dana Perfumes, Inc.

Highlanders, Togoland warriors, Life Guards, Northwestern Mounties, United States Cavalry in service and dress uniforms, United States Cadets, American and French Marines, and Evzones. Altman, Rappaport's Toy Bazaar (Third Avenue at 79th), Schwarz, Bloomingdale, and Macy are a few of the shops that have some or all of them. Prices, of course, vary considerably; a set of thirteen Life Guards, for instance, costs $4. The state coach of England, drawn by four matched grays, is a splendid reproduction at $11.50, and the whole troop that takes part in the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace—band, redcoats, bearskins, and everything—is $32, at almost any toyshop.

A STIMULATING companion for a boy who likes a roughhouse now and then is an overgrown, inflated tumbling toy, five and a half feet tall, in the shape of a clown. He serves as a punching bag, wrestling partner, and tackling dummy, being heavily weighted at the bottom, so that he always bounces back when knocked down; he is covered with washable Vinylite, and painted in bright colors. His name is Puncho, and he is yours for $10, practically anywhere.

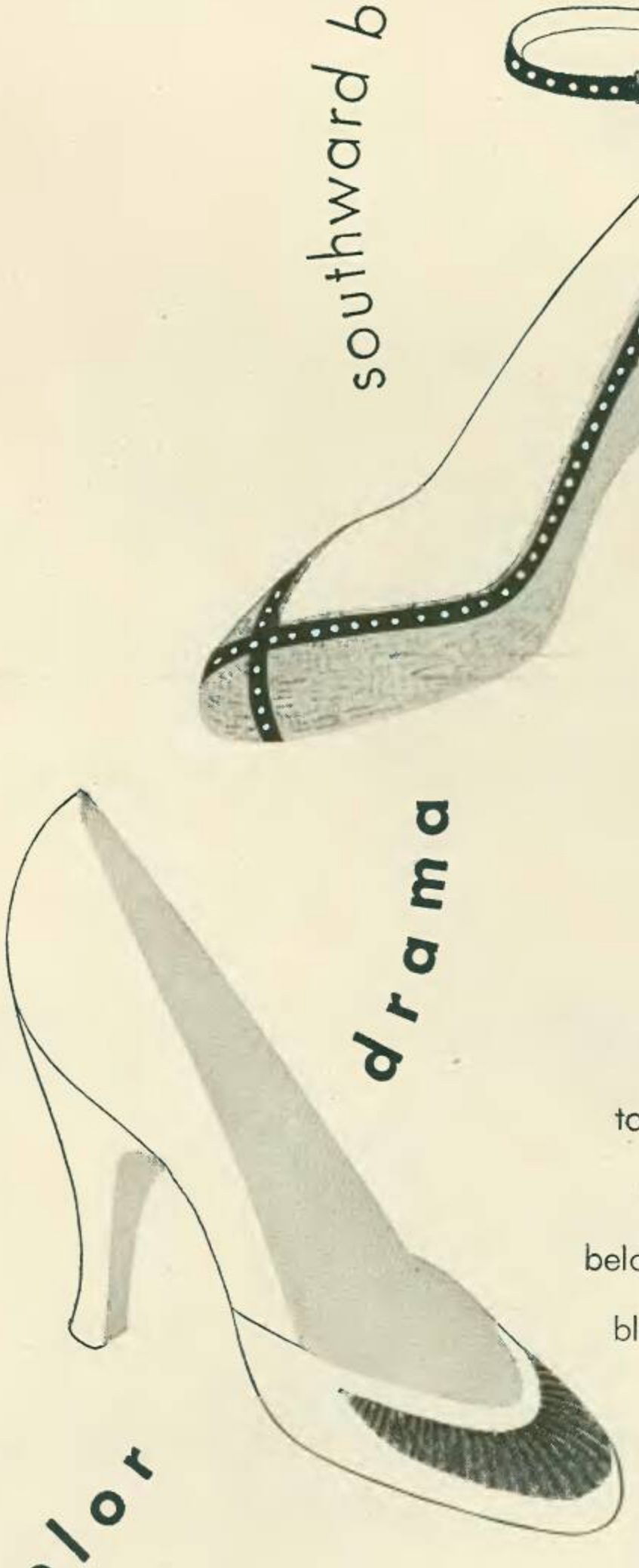
Thrift and, unfortunately, the chewing of bubble gum are simultaneously encouraged by a combination savings bank and vending machine that holds twenty-five packages of gum and works when a penny, a nickel, or a dime is put in the slot—one piece of gum, though, no matter what coin goes in, which is a dirty trick on young misers. It costs $1.95. The Bing Crosby Juke Box, a small version of the real thing, comes in gaudy plastic with a grillwork front, and lights up and changes colors as the phonograph plays. It takes ten- and



southward bound



drama



color

two new

shoes designed

by **Evins**

inspired silhouettes

keyed to your gayest,

smartest resort clothes...

top: natural linen, with red,

green, or blue trim, 29.95

below: white suede with red,

blue, green, or brown inset,

32.95

exclusive with

I.Miller

Fifth Avenue at 54 Street



Copper

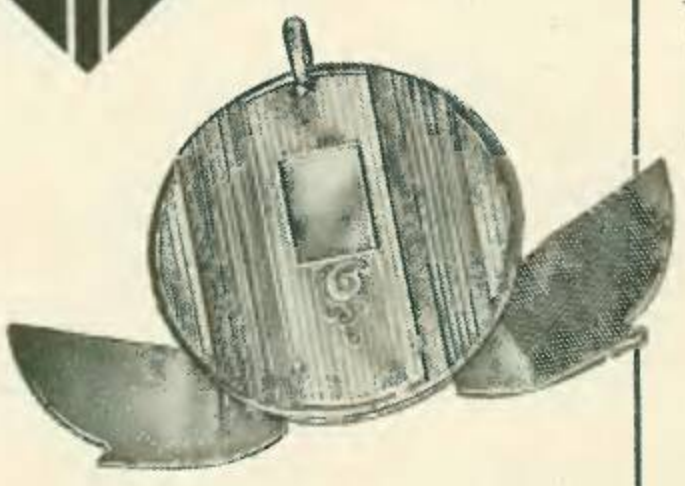
HAS A CHRISTMAS GLOW

. . . and so does brass, and these exclusive Jensen designs come in both bright metals. Planter to fill with your favorite greens, 14¾ x 5 x 4 inches, 22.50. Same shape in 20-inch length, 28.00. Many other sizes and shapes at various prices. New leaf design hors d'oeuvres or candy dish, 15 inches handle to tip, 10.50.

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HICKOK KOIN KNIFE
Remarkable value in these famous knives! Two blades – a cutter and file – in a wafer thin, dollar size, beautifully embossed good luck charm of France. Design in two styles:

1. Sterling silver, gold stripe or 14k. gold inlaid – normally $7.50 – *now* only $3.95.
2. Sterling silver or rolled gold plate –normally $5.00–*now* only $2.95. Plus 20% Fed. Tax.

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Write for free gift catalog

HOFFRITZ for CUTLERY
FIVE CONVENIENT NEW YORK STORES

50 W. 34th ST.
551 FIFTH AVE.
331 MADISON AVE.
GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL
33rd ST. UNDERGROUND PASS

twelve-inch records (one at a time), and, thank goodness, has a volume control. It costs around $30, and is all over the place.

OF a number of record albums assembled by Victor for young listeners, and available at the Liberty Music Shops, Schirmer, and Haynes-Griffin, 391 Madison Avenue (47th), among other places, a couple that stand out are "Sylvester the Seal," by Eddie Mayehoff, and "Christopher Robin," by Alec Templeton. Decca offers "A Tale of Two Cities," recorded by Ronald Colman and a supporting company, and "Sinbad the Sailor," done by Claude Rains and a company.

THE yuletide pageantry in the department stores may seem a trifle less spectacular this year than in the past, but in many cases the working-model displays of the toys themselves are so arresting and full of movement that they are a good show in themselves. The construction-set people have shot the works in demonstrating their wares, particularly at Macy, where they have set up a whirling, perforated world in which rather ominous little Gilbert robots stalk around and Erector amusement-park rides—the roller coaster, the Whip, the merry-go-round, and the airplane—all work with dismaying precision.

Santa Claus, you may be sure, is enthroned in very nearly all the big shops, and Macy has *three* of him (the pilgrims here are shepherded into a maze—off by itself on the seventh floor—that is arranged so that one child meets up with one Santa, and no more). At Bloomingdale, Santa Claus is ensconced in his reindeer sled on the sixth floor; the toy department, on the seventh, is brightened up by storybook figures perched on columns. At Gimbel, for thirty cents out of his life savings, a youthful visitor gets a prize package, a ride on a merry-go-round, and a consultation with Santa Claus. Downstairs, in a show window at the corner of Thirty-third Street and Sixth Avenue, another white-bearded gentleman climbs up the side of a house and goes down a chimney. As you would imagine, large and clamorous flocks of kids gather around to see him and listen to him; he talks to them through a public-address system, which probably won't seem odd to this generation. At Lord & Taylor, McCreery, and Altman, among other places, youngsters can climb right up on Santa Claus's knee and state their cases. Down at Wanamaker, where Saint Nick holds

Six Charming Ladies and an old duffer with a white beard

HAVE COMBINED THEIR TALENTS TO MAKE THIS A HAPPIER, EASIER CHRISTMAS FOR YOU!

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.

Call today and discuss your situation with a member of our staff, you'll see how easy it is to use either one or both these services.

Presents Unlimited

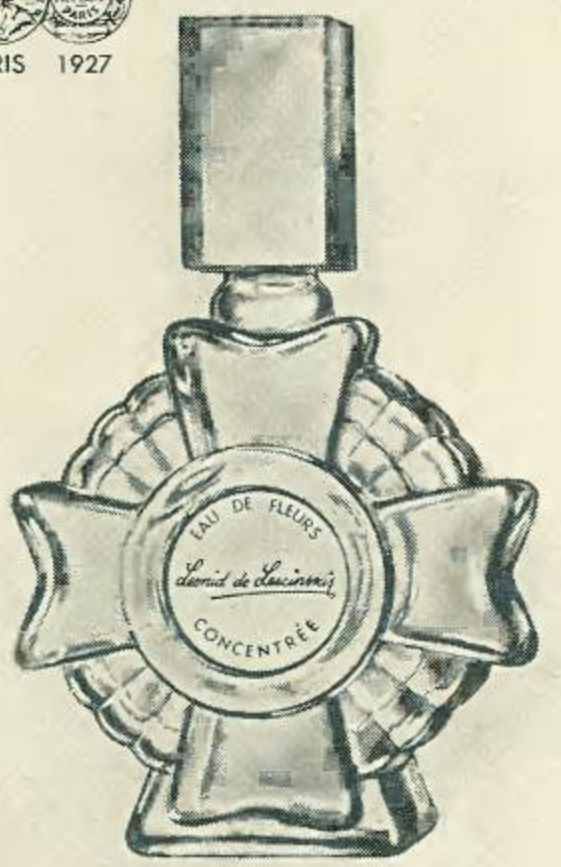
Hotel Plaza

Our booths in the lobby of the Plaza or Waldorf are chock full of the most beautiful and unusual gifts you'll find anywhere.

ELdorado 5-1130
10-5:30

Leonid de Lescinskiy presents

GRAND PRIX GOLD MEDAL PARIS 1927



EAU DE FLEURS
CONCENTRÉE
The Ultimate in Perfumery
4 oz. $2.50 Plus Fed. Tax

court in front of a gigantic open book ("The Story of Santa Claus"), there is also a mailbox for reserved children who want no part of a bewhiskered man they haven't been properly introduced to and would prefer to conduct their business with him by mail. Hidden somewhere around Santa Claus's throne at McCreery and Bloomingdale are alert candid photographers, who record forever your child's expression, whatever it may be, when he encounters the fabulous bringer of gifts. You can buy these, if you like, for a dollar a single print, or three dollars for half a dozen.

NOW let's see what the individual stores offer, one by one:

ALTMAN: Boys who have reached the age at which they want to haul stuff around in wagons will have a fine time with one called a chore truck. It is a stout wooden thing with a metal undercarriage, and the sides and tail gate are removable, so a boy can get a knee aboard it comfortably when he feels like scooting; $16.95. A young cowhand will find life on the living-room range much more satisfactory if he is dressed up in tan suède chaps and vest, a plaid shirt and kerchief, and a ten-gallon felt hat; $13.95 for the lot, with a lariat thrown in. A rotary printing press, complete with rubber type, ink, paper, and rubber engravings for illustrations, costs $8. One-of-a-kind handmade Lenci dolls, from Italy, are back in stock, as alluring as ever in their beautifully made clothes. They include a blond maiden in a gay peasant costume, who carries a rake ($18.95); a wide-eyed miss dressed in a party frock and toting a carriage parasol, the type that bends in the middle to ward off the late-afternoon sun ($36.75); and a tall coquette of the eighteen-seventies, who wears a plumed hat, a polonaise, and an elaborately ruffled and flounced skirt ($69.95). To get back to more conventional playthings, a well-made mechanical train from England, with three cars and a wind-up locomotive that runs both forward and backward, costs $13.95, with fourteen sections of track. In the pull-toy group is a duck whose beak comes together with an angry snap as he trundles along, and an elephant who tinkles; $2.25 each.

AMERICA HOUSE, 485 Madison Avenue (52nd): Among sturdy wooden toys, intended to be towed by children who are just beginning to get

ESTABLISHED 1845
MARK CROSS
TRADE MARK



If you like them well enough . . .

give them a length of

Éadaċ áluinn Gaeḋealaċ

('WILD IRISH' TWEEDS TO YOU)

An unusual man or woman, seeking a gift for an equally unusual man or woman, will do well to come at once to Mark Cross. We have imported, specially for you, a wide selection of these wonderful tweeds loomed entirely by hand in Eire (known there as 'crazy cloth' because of their unconventional, fascinating patterns). In lengths suitable for jacket or coat. **$5.75** a yard. And please look at the matching leather accessories including our heart shaped elbow patches, our belts and bags.

Gift Catalogue on request.

MARK CROSS

Fifth Avenue at 55th

the perfect gift
for all your friends
who have a
television set

give them *New Television Pleasure*



for contrast without glare for clearer, sharper pictures that won't tire the eyes!

® by Polaroid Corp.

Sure your friends will be pleased with a Polaroid Television Filter. It truly works wonders! It gives the picture new sparkle and vigor . . . improves contrast, gives richer blacks, clearer whites. Takes away harsh glare without color distortion. Everyone watches television for hours and there's no eyestrain or discomfort. Easily attached. A perfect gift: **$6.50** for 7" sets, **$10.00** for 10", **$12.50** for 12", **$16.00** for 15", **$25.00** for 20". Model for projection sets also available.

Be sure it's a Polaroid Television Filter—look for the name and trade mark, Polaroid — **at your dealers now!**

A Product Created By

PIONEER SCIENTIFIC CORPORATION
295 Lafayette Street, New York 12, New York

about under their own steam, is a flat wagon loaded with eight brightly painted blocks; $4. The blocks are held in place by wooden pegs but can be removed. A wooden rabbit or Scottie on a string is $1.50, and a wooden pony is $2.50. A group of handsome stuffed felt animals, made by hand, includes a gray horse with a saddle ($15); a gently savage lion with shiny green glass eyes, a lolling red tongue, and a bright-yellow-fringe mane and tail ($17); and a stalwart Shetland pony, caparisoned with a plaid saddlecloth and leather headstall and reins ($18.50). Crocheted mitten cords, which run through one sleeve of a child's sweater, back of his neck, and out the other sleeve, have a wool boy doll on one end and a wool girl doll on the other. Mother pins a mitten to each doll and *then* the mittens are reasonably certain to come home from the park with their owner; $1.

MARY ARNOLD, 962 Lexington Avenue (70th): Children who seem determined to grow up into financiers can be kept occupied for hours at a time with a cash register that is a reasonable enough imitation of what I.B.M. started out with. It is full of play money—gold the like of which Fort Knox never saw, silver, and big, crisp greenbacks. The price is $6.50, in honest coin. This store has lovely, well-cut clothes for almost all sizes of dolls, and for all doll occasions, of good materials. Many of them are hand-sewn. Smocked frocks of organdie or dotted swiss begin at $2.25; perky pinafores, of the same materials, start at $1.25, and slips at $1.50. A glamorous evening gown, not handmade, but elegant just the same, is $2.75. A musical toothbrush holder, great for encouraging at least one good habit, starts playing a tune when the brush is removed and keeps right on until the brush is replaced—or, at least, until Buster squirts toothpaste into the works; $3.95. A toy bridge that will support its owner's weight is accompanied by two boats (so the bridge will have something to go over), and a miniature cop is posted on the span itself to take care of traffic; $3.95. Young climbers should appreciate a firm set of steps, held up by tubular chromium steel, that will enable them to do a Bill Robinson some day, maybe; $5.95 in blue, pink, or white. Paper costumes for all kinds of parties come in sizes 4 through 14. No end to the characters they represent, from

GIFT CENTER



for the HORSEMAN

"HORSEY" GIFTS FOR THE ENTIRE FAMILY

Miller's, known the world over for ***CORRECT*** *riding clothes and equipment, invites you to come in and see for yourself the hundreds of wonderful gifts priced surprisingly low. For example:*

Riding Crops	from $1.50
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English and Western Saddles, Bridles, Spurs, Stock Ties, Lamps, Book Ends, Pony Carts, Seat Canes.

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DISCOVER
dining at its brilliant best . . .
LUNCHEON
DINNER OR
SUPPER
The Barclay
111 East 48th Street
New York 17

Mother Goose to a Hawaiian hula girl; any of these is $2.75, and flameproof.

BERGDORF GOODMAN: Stuffed playthings turned out with considerable style and dash; a silky black dachshund, for instance, plays Brahms' "Wiegenlied" when wound up ($12.50), and a pink baby bear who doesn't play anything has a felt lollipop to console himself with ($4.50). Big, soft balls that look like parrots' heads are $2.25.

BLOOMINGDALE: If you have a feeling that the emotional outlets of a child of your acquaintance are somehow inadequate, you can fix *that* up by simply giving him a steam roller, just like the one that Daddy would like to have, only operated by hand instead of by steam; $7.50. As a matter of fact, the toy department here has accurate reproductions of almost any kind of machine or truck a boy might want, and they are strong enough to be sat upon but light enough to prevent wholesale demolition around the house. Parents who have despaired of ever again finding nested blocks that won't disintegrate after ten minutes in the hands of a child will be grateful for a set of five sturdy ones, made of wood, and bright with storybook characters and the alphabet—the kind children have been playing with for half a century; $2.25. Teddy bears of cinnamon plush have heads that turn, and bright-red tongues; $1.98. Angora cats—floppy beasts that purr not, neither do they squeak—are $3.49, in pink, white, or marmalade color. Little girls will no doubt be entranced with a number of dolls dressed for a wedding. They're about sixteen inches tall, the bride in traditional white satin and the bridegroom in traditional cutaway, striped pants, and glazed expression; $22.98 each. Bridesmaids are gorgeous creatures and run to $24.98. Baby dolls, with



DALE
FIFTH AVENUE
THE MOST DISTINGUISHED LABEL ON LUGGAGE

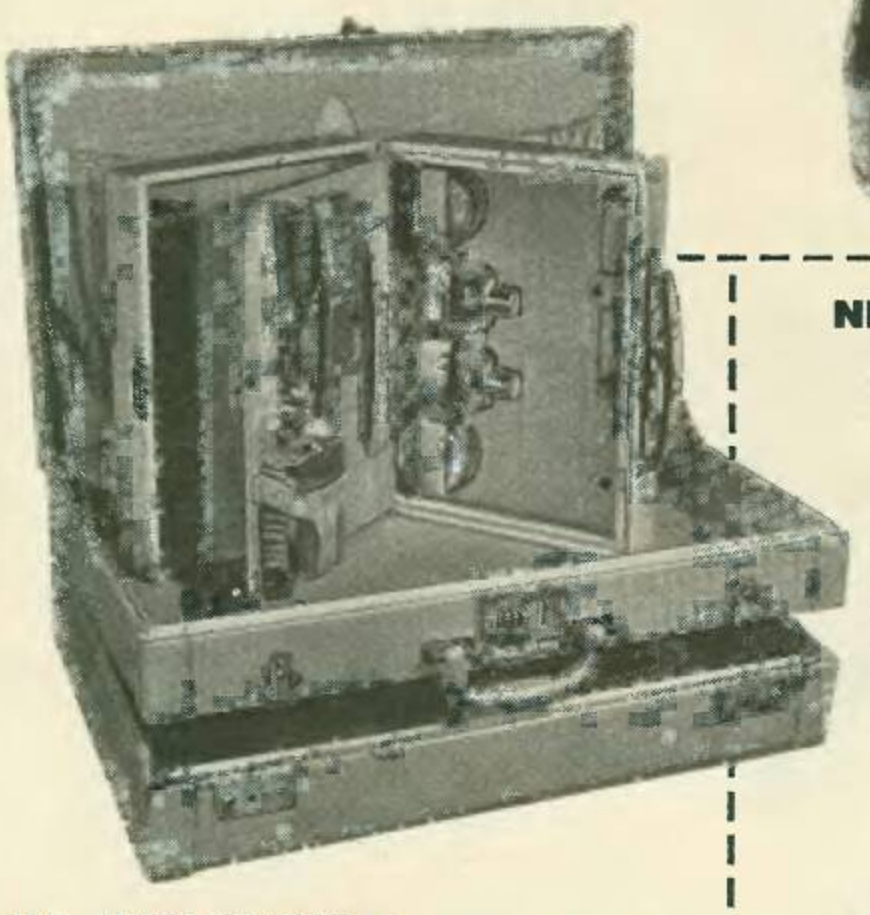


FOREVER ON THE GO!

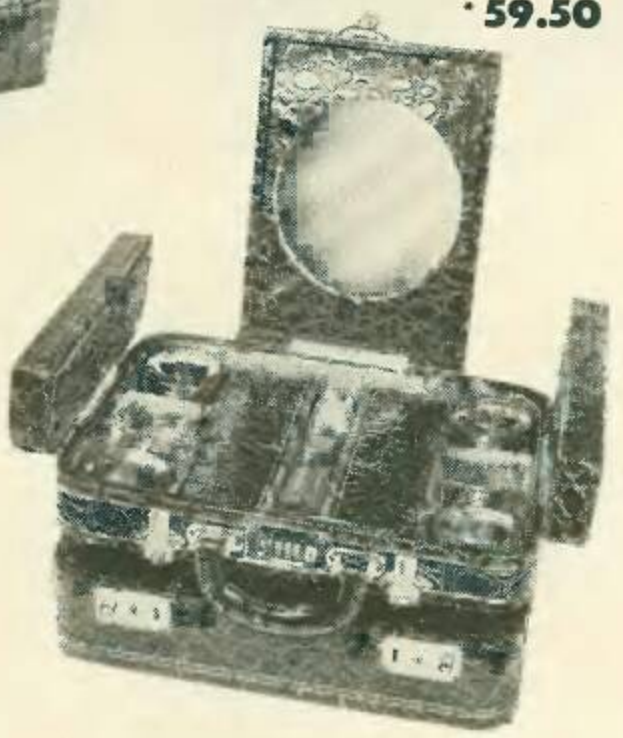
The safe, convenient way to carry your beauty aids — in luxurious cases by Herbert Dale.

NA. BEAUTY OVERNIGHT
Fitted cosmetic case with room for overnight wardrobe. Sesamee Keyless combination lock. Natural Tufraw rawhide. Smooth suntan cowhide. Brown, blue, red top grain alligator cowhide. 14" x 10" x 5¾" *29.50





NB. BEAUTY PLUS JEWELS
Fitted top section, jewel case, too. Generous packing space in bottom section. Sesamee Keyless combination lock. Natural Tufraw rawhide. Smooth suntan cowhide. Brown, red, blue top grain alligator cowhide. 14" x 10" x 6½" *59.50



NC. TWO IN ONE. Case with 2 packing sections has removable, fitted overnight case, covered and lined to match. Sesamee Keyless combination lock. AAA 1 Tufraw rainbow rawhide in natural, grey, brown, red, blue, green. Suntan, ginger, black, russet steerhide. 22" x 13¾" x 7¼" *198.50

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Rare Gifts



To present with pride: this pair of George III Sheffield Wine Coolers, circa 1810. They bear the arms of Ashfordby-Trenchard of Stanton House, Wiltshire. $475, Fed. tax included. Many other unique gifts to suit every taste.

James Robinson INC.
716 FIFTH AVE., AT 56TH, N.Y. 19
Antique English Silver & Reproductions

skin like real skin—pinchable—are appropriately dressed, and cry and sleep; they cost $10.98. The Bubble Rocket Pistol is loaded with a fluid that turns into a cloud of small bubbles when you blow into a hole at the breech; $1. Light, strong plastic balls that almost any child can blow up have self-sealing valves. The balls are painted with nursery characters and ABCs; $1.50 for a large one. A springy jack-in-the-box clown is a childhood classic; $1.49.

De Pinna: The very young get most of the attention in the toy section here. Big horns or stockings, filled with a dozen small toys, are made of polka-dotted calico and decked with jingle bells. The horns are $3.95, the stockings $5.95. A container eighteen inches long, in the shape and colors of a peppermint-candy stick, is crammed with toys; $3.95. A miniature plush rocking horse, with red wool tail and reins, conceals a music box that plays "Rockabye Baby;" $8.95. A comforting rag doll with a laughing face on one side of her head and a crying face on the other can be depended on to sympathize with either of her owner's dominant moods. She is eighteen inches tall and costs $5.95. A hobbyhorse with a realistic head of felt and a stick body that terminates in a pair of wheels is four feet long and fine for small horsemen to straddle and gallop about on; $5.95.

Educational Center, 20 East 69th Street: This establishment, formerly called Educational Playthings, which supplies equipment to kindergarten and nursery-school teachers, also has a department where mere parents may shop. Many of the toys here are of rather serious intent, but others are just for fun. Five beanbags and an easel-backed target, which, luckily, is practically indestructible, are $6. Toy buildings from Finland are handsomely made of white pine. You buy these knocked down, and they can be put together without undue difficulty by any kindergarten-age child. A house is $6.50; barns and windmills are $5 each. Wheeled wooden animals that will bear up under rough treatment from young hellions are $2 each for horses, ducks, and rabbits, and $2.30 each for giraffes and camels. A skipping rope with bells on it is $1.35. Just as noisy are simple musical instruments called metalophones, which are xylophones, sort of, and come in the key of E or F, for $4 each; a pair of steel

Warm Friend FOR COLD FEET



For feet that just won't get warm on cold nights, General Electric's **automatic foot warmer** is a friend indeed. Placed between top sheet and blanket, it provides warmth around the feet all night long. Three thermostatic controls assure perfect heat. Size: 36" x 17" right for all beds . . . in blue, rose, green. Launders easily. AC-DC **$9.95**

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FREE DELIVERY *within 150 miles. In N.Y.C. add 2% sales tax. Shipping charges on COD's are collect.*
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The GIFT OF DISTINCTION
Sparklet
REFILLABLE SYPHON



At all better stores—$10
SPARKLET DEVICES, INC., Division of Knapp-Monarch Co., St. Louis 16, Mo.

cymbals costs eighty-five cents, as does a triangle with a striker and a holder; tambourines are $1.90 each. Flents are thirty-five cents a box at any drugstore.

GIMBEL: For children whose Wild West yearnings are not taken care of by the Roy Rogers and Gale Evans cowboy dolls, which are $4.98 apiece in their rodeo regalia (Trigger is $3.98), there are Lone Ranger cowboy boots, with high heels, made by people who turn out full-size ones, too; from $5.98 to $7.98. Among the musical toys here—and there are a good many of them—is Mother Goose Musical Tots, a variation of the xylophone. It has a nice tone and is easy to play; $2.98. Plain, out-and-out xylophones range from $1.98 to $3.98, and accordions with ten keys are $3.98. Harmonicas run from a sixty-nine-cent one to a fine Hohner, which costs $4.98. Pianos that really play start at $1—for a tinkler—and end with an upright that has sharps and flats, at $24.95. A car six inches long, called the Forty-Niner, is a miniature new Ford, and it comes in the same pastel shades as the model it is copied from; $1.95. Youngsters with invaluable documents like atomic-energy formulas or cereal-box tops to care for will delight in the Magic Safe, which in clumsy, adult hands could probably never be opened; very mysterious. It has a hidden compartment and works with a magic key, and even then only opens when a combination that is a dead secret to everyone but the owner has been worked; $2.98.

HAMMOND MAPS, 1 East 43rd Street: These people have, as you might expect, maps. One is a wooden jigsaw puzzle of the United States, with each state cut out along its borders. The





Pure Silk
CRAVATS

UNIQUE DESIGNS

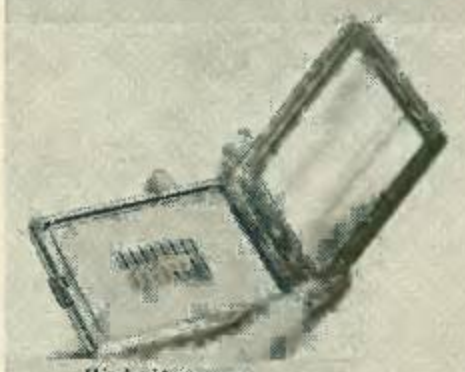
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powder your nose—
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with this new
spill-proof compact



flick it open,
no powder shows...

It's magic! It's the MAJESTRY—the only compact that banishes forever the over-loaded puff, the powder-fogged mirror, the snowdrifts in your handbag. A bright thought for Christmas in gold-toned metal—in Basketweave or other classic designs. $5.95 Also in sterling silver.



press back top,
one puff-full appears...



fill in back...

See the MAJESTRY—
at fine stores everywhere.
a MAJESTIC exclusive

majestic metal specialties, inc., 292 fifth avenue, new york 1, n. y.



IMPORTED TARTAN SLACKS

in authentic Black Watch and Gordon plaids. **$29.50.** Sizes 12-18.

Classic Cashmere Sweaters imported from Scotland.
Short-sleeved pull-over **$16.95,** Cardigan **$22.95.** Sizes 34-40.

ON YOUR BERMUDA HOLIDAY, VISIT THE BERMUDA SHOP IN HAMILTON

The Bermuda Shop
Madison Ave. at 55th St.
New York City

Now, Basil, shall we try Oklahoma





Drueke GAMES

From Hollywood stars to "knights of the road," Gin or Oklahoma is enjoyable with Drueke's Oklahoma & Gin Rummy Box. Solid Walnut, holding two decks, this attractive box conceals discards, allowing only one card draws. $3.50 at all leading stores.

WM. F. DRUEKE & SONS
GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

names of the state capitals, but not of the states themselves, are inscribed on the pieces—often far from obvious clues; $1.50. Other jigsaw puzzles come with a set of stickers that depict the wildlife, commerce, and history of each section; upon assembling the puzzle, ambitious geographers paste the stickers on where they belong; $1.50. A ten-inch globe, on which the principal trade and air routes are marked, is accompanied by a book full of facts about the world—and there are an awful lot of facts; $5.95.

GEORG JENSEN: Here you'll find those fine, polished-wood Boysen toys, which are perfect for young rapscallions. Small motorcars are $1.50; a large sightseeing bus is $4.75, and a passenger bus $6.75. Little dogs of unfinished wood are fifty cents. Boy and girl dolls, of wood except for their clothes, are as unbreakable as dolls can be; $5.50 each. A scooter is $9.50, and a hobbyhorse is $10. A stout, good-looking straight chair, painted with a youngster's name (three days for this), costs $11. A cereal bowl of imported English china plays a nursery tune; $10.

LORD & TAYLOR: The occupants of cradles still seem happily engrossed with the sort of stuffed creatures that parents and relatives have been showering on them for generations. You'll find an uncommon selection of such gifts in this store, as well as toys designed to please children up to eight years old or so. A set of drowsy animals that fit into the infantile milieu includes a pink or blue bear ($4.95) and a black-and-white pup ($3.95); a coal-black mare and her wobbly-legged black colt are $7.95. For a somewhat older citizen there's the Playskool Postal Station, a street-corner mailbox of the type that takes second-class matter. It's peppered with holes, some of them square, some of them round, and comes with pegs, some of them ditto. Its object, which has nothing to do with the Postal Department, is to teach a child not to try to put a square peg in a round hole—probably just as important as teaching him how to spell; $3. Big, bright jigsaw puzzles that are easily arranged into pictures of such things as a panda, a locomotive, a duck, or a cat and a fiddle are nicely painted and cannot be readily broken; $1.50 each. The Fairyland Express, a six-car train about eighteen inches long, has its own passengers and trainmen, who are nothing but pegs to be put in their

Classics in Crystal

No finer gift—to give or to receive—than an exquisite piece of Verlys. This decorative crystal, created by leading designers, is hand-moulded and hand-signed . . . Available at leading stores . . . Write for booklet.

Verlys



Verlys of America, Inc., 342 Madison Ave., N. Y. 17

JAMES MSTER INTERIORS YARD 215 E. 49th ST.



Choose your favorite setting of fine Danish Sterling table silver from 16 different pieces. 6-piece place-setting (dinner size) with monogram and tarnish-proof bags: $46, Fed. Tax incl. Matching service pieces available. Write for gift folder.

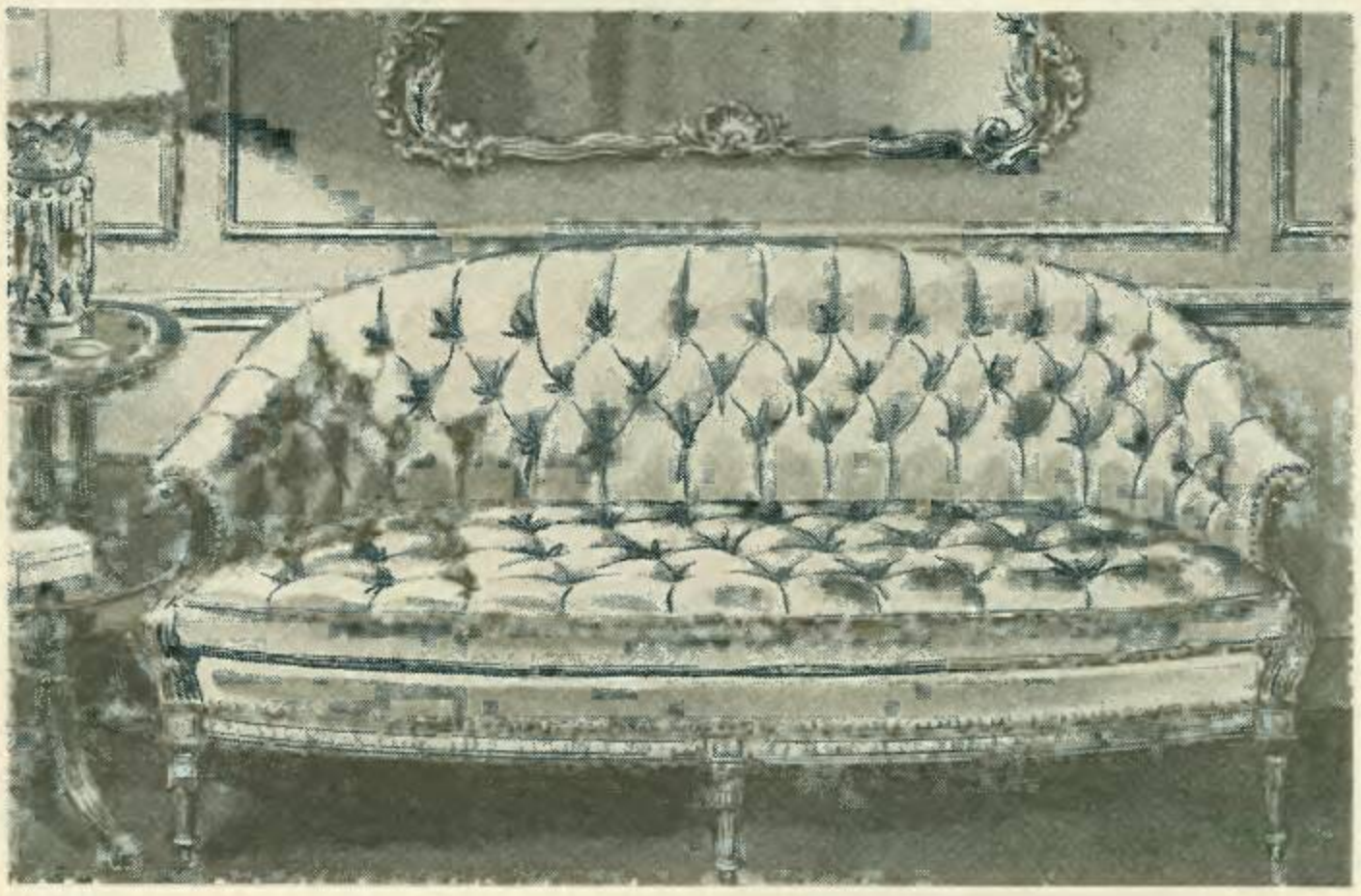
H. NILS HANDWROUGHT DANISH SILVER
1 East 58th St., New York City. *At the Savoy-Plaza.*

places. The engine is a shoe—the one that belonged to the Old Woman—and it has eyelets in its back for lacing and unlacing; what this will do to a toddler whose own shoes lace at the *front*, we wouldn't like to imagine. Anyway, it's $7.50, and each car represents a different Mother Goose jingle and can be uncoupled and shoved around by itself.

MACY: Dolls are everywhere; in fact, they are displayed on an endless conveyor belt—dolls that sleep and cry; dolls from England, France, Italy, Switzerland, Spain, Hungary, and, of course, America; dolls an inch high that cost a dime, and a doll three feet tall that costs $25. Mme. de Pompadour, probably as lovely as anything Louis XV ever saw, is a blonde in an exquisite gown; $39.50. A collection of twenty-one handmade dolls, dressed in the costumes of the Central and South American republics, is $349. Appealing little pixies from England are $2.29. Twenty-five species of animals with music boxes tucked away inside them include zebras, horses, dogs, and giraffes; $4.98 to $12.98 each. A big traffic light that shines red and green and works on batteries can be moved anywhere—excellent for policing Sunday drivers in the living room; $10.98. A tool chest full of implements selected by a manual-training expert contains a good, practical set of instructions for serious workers; $3.98. A gay lamp with a painted merry-go-round shade that revolves, somehow, by means of the heat that comes from the bulb is $7.89. Doll carriages, made by a real baby-carriage man, are almost large enough for a real infant; these start at $14 and go much higher. An easel blackboard is fastened to a comfortable seat, which a child can straddle. The seat has a small chest under it for storing toys; $6.49. A drum-shaped toybox, in pink, red, or blue, which also can be used as a seat, disposes of a lot of clutter; $11.98.

MCCREERY: There's a general store here where cowboys from either north or south of the border can find appropriate hats. The junior *vaquero* will wear one that has a chin strap, and lacing around the brim, and the North American cowhand will prefer a four-gallon job. Each comes in red, black, or tan and costs $1.98. A talking, sleeping doll, seventeen inches tall, has Vinylite arms and legs, and blond, brown, or red hair to match that of her new mother;

Flint & Horner • Flint & Horner • Flint & Horner



You have only to check Mac Quoid's Dictionary of English Furniture to know how faithfully we've reproduced this famous Hepplewhite sofa. We switched, of course, to a tufted, hair-filled cushion—but only with your comfort foremost in mind! The lovely, carved frame is of solid mahogany and satinwood, and the price in muslin is $379.00. The covered prices—in a range of exquisite fabrics—start at $415.00. One of the many unusual period pieces you'll find today throughout our famous Connoisseur's Gallery!

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Not just Television but SCOTT TELEVISION



No key-hole peeking . . . Scott's "Big Screen" presents distinct, 12" x 16" pictures, which can be clearly viewed in a fully lighted room.

Scott's new television receiver is a space-saver . . . convenient to place on top of your present combination, or in any strategic spot in the room. A money saver, too, because you DO NOT PAY FOR A LARGE CABINET . . . just $645, plus installation charges.

We will demonstrate this video miracle for you in our Scott Salon . . . come in anytime.

The Scott Salon HAYNES • GRIFFIN Plaza 9-7235

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Serving you with the best in radio for over 25 years.

Kumfortites

Snug Winter Comfort
from waist to instep



This unique garment goes wherever active girls go in cold weather—providing unequalled comfort from waist to instep with perfect freedom of action and trim appearance. Wear Kumfortites under skirts, slacks or ski pants . . . Beautiful nylon and wool fabric, seamed like fine full-fashioned hosiery—suntan or scarlet, sizes 8 to 20.

If you don't find Kumfortites at some convenient sportswear department or shop,—sporting goods store or department, write us.

Kumfort Shorts

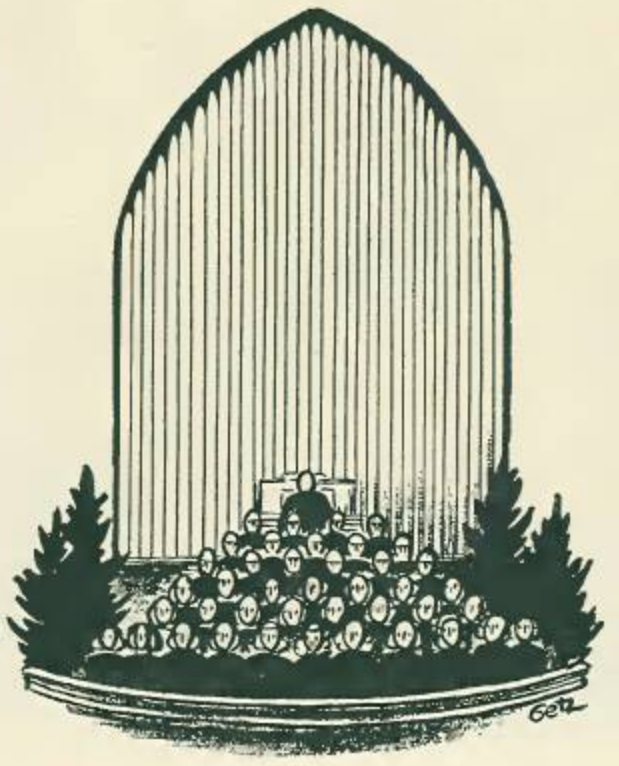


KUMFORT SHORTS also available—same fabric and colors. Used as a snug, warm separate pantie or in matching or contrasting combination with Kumfortites.

*T. M's Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Minneapolis Knitting Works
MINNEAPOLIS 11, MINNESOTA

$4.98. A collapsible doll carriage is constructed on a steel frame and has a chromium handle, a hood, and brakes—just like the one its owner used to occupy; $7.98. Young Dachés who have already mastered the thimble and needle will have an elegant time with a gold-and-white striped hatbox containing six basic felt hats for dolls, blocked and ready to trim with the ribbons and feathers that are included; $1.98. Parents with a young one who must still be pulled about on a sled will approve of a strong wooden seat, to be clamped on the conveyance. It has handrails at the sides, will fit a Flexible Flyer or any other sled of the same width, and costs $2.49. Some Kingston roller skates have no ball bearings and thus won't go too fast; they're for beginners to clump around on until they are safe on their pins, and they cost $1.98. Other Kingston skates, for experts, have plenty of ball bearings; $3.59. A metalwork set with materials for building bridges and windmills and things is $4.95, and a larger set, with an electric motor to turn the windmill or whatever, is housed in a dovetail-cornered wooden box that won't come apart; $19.95. NEW YORK DOLL HOSPITAL, 1021 Third Avenue (60th): You, or Santa Claus, can sometimes make more of a hit with a newly spruced-up cherished old doll than with a fancy new one. The doll hospital can reproduce a late-lamented head or build a whole new body; $12 to $15. Minor repairs can be taken care of up to three days before Christmas. Real-hair wigs—brown, titian, or blond—are priced at from $2.25 to $9.50 (the latter sum gets you one for a large doll who would like to have long curls). Mohair wigs, which look very much like the real-hair wigs, cost from eighty-five cents



14 KT. GOLD
CUFF LINKS



$55.00 pair*

with sapphires
$90.00 pair*

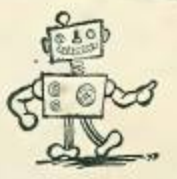
$37.50 pair*

Olga TRITT
589 MADISON AVENUE
AT 57th STREET
NEW YORK 22, N. Y.
*Federal excise tax included.

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The RADI-OFF
Shuts off Radio when phone rings, turns it on again when you hang up.



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"Always something new"



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Cheese that has aged but not declined. Tangy Wisconsin cheddar, a *natural* cheese and *rindless!* Every crumb of this rare cheese is edible, delectable. Our cheddar ages so gracefully — like a fine wine it improves with the years.

Your check for $3.00 will bring postpaid a colorful, two pound box of this taste treat. Pliofilm wrapped to preserve the delicate flavour.



Georges' CHEESE HOUSE
Dept. N Shawano, Wis.
REFERENCE: Shawano National Bank

to $3.75. Imported doll-house dolls are for sale here, at $1.50 each for mothers, fathers, grandmothers, and more kinds of maids and nurses than the average child has ever seen; children are $1 and babies seventy-five cents.

NEW YORK EXCHANGE FOR WOMAN'S WORK, 541 Madison Avenue (55th): Boys who are concerned with bathtub navigation ought to like a well-turned-out, push-about ferryboat, the Jamestown, which is loaded with small wooden vehicles, including a jeep, a limousine, a coupé, and several trucks; $9. Most of the toys here, though, are for even younger children. Among some imaginatively designed stuffed animals and beanbags are a monkey with a long, braided-wool tail ($1.30), and a Humpty-Dumpty with a stiff, pointed collar ($1.15). You'll find dolls of all sizes here; a tiny one, dressed like Little Red Riding Hood, is $4.25.

RAPPAPORT TOY BAZAAR, 1381 Third Avenue (79th): Lilliputian autos with key-winding engines are just as popular in certain circles as sixteen-cylinder Cadillacs are in others, and this store has a fine lot of imported ones. A sporty white roadster about eight inches long starts when its brake is released and has a horn that honks; $2.98. Another roadster has four speeds forward and one in reverse, and a gearshift that controls them; $2.98. A little car that can be set to run in a circle, or made to do figure eights, is also $2.98. A convertible from France breezes along for eight feet and stops itself; then the doors and the engine cover open automatically, close automatically, and the car starts off again. It travels in this erratic way for about fifty feet before it has to be wound up; $3.50. A long-distance—well, room-to-room—telephone outfit has hand mikes to talk through, and no batteries or anything else that can get out of kilter; $2. A radio assembly set, which is so simple that a butterfingers can put it together to make a one-tube receiver that will bring in stations as far away as Newark, on a clear day, is $5; the two batteries necessary to operate it are about a dollar each at any hardware store. Fledgling scientists, who are at home among laboratory apparatus, ought to like a photoelectric kit from which such things as a smoke detector or a burglar alarm can be produced. What's more, they work; $8.95. For less erudite children,

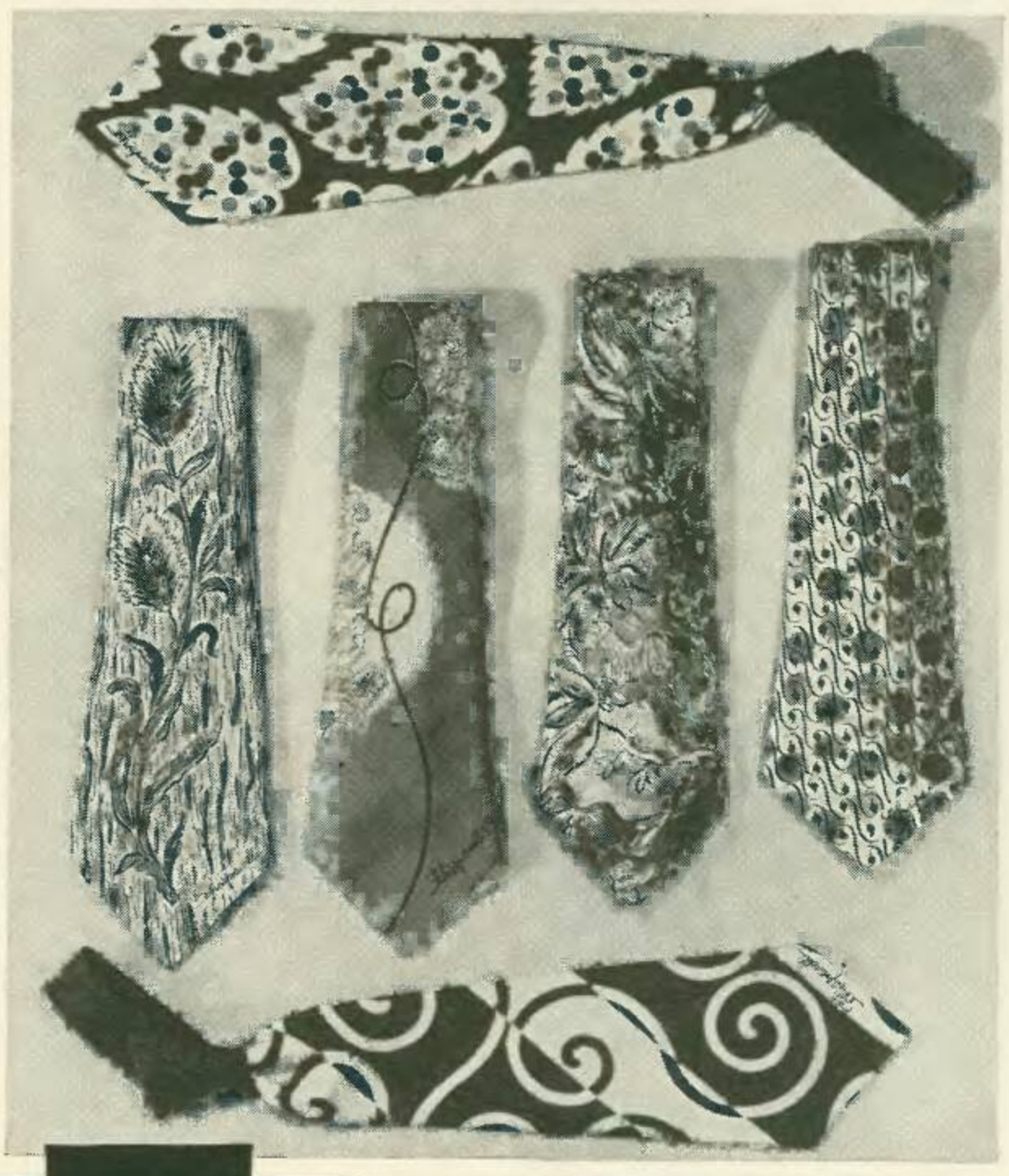
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Carson's Men's Store, Chicago

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The Men's Store was first to announce the American debut of this Schiaparelli neckwear. Startlingly unique designs, created in Paris, have been executed in a host of spirited colors. Elegantly tailored in the finest of American silk twills and silk satins, each tie bears Mme. Schiaparelli's signature. A most memorable gift for the man of particular taste.

7.50 and 10.00 each.

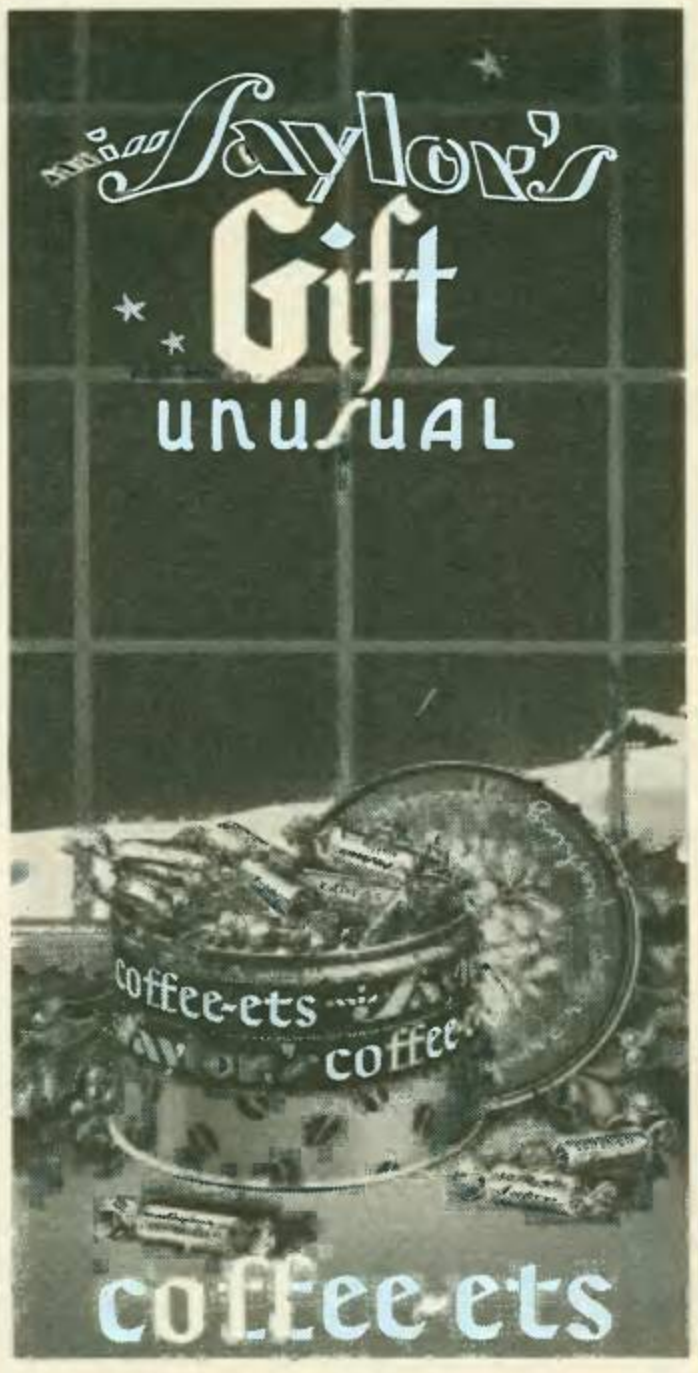
The Schiaparelli ties come in a shocking pink gift box with Schiaparelli's signature on the cover.

■ **Men's Neckwear, first floor**

The Men's Store

MONROE AT WABASH • CHICAGO





pogo sticks in two sizes are $4.95 and $6.95, and wooden stilts are $2.98. A speedboat from England has an alcohol motor and is nothing for a bathtub; it is meant for a lake or a swimming pool, and costs $24.50. Boxes of various-size marbles start at nine cents and stop at $1.25. None of the old-time aggies, though; those have become collectors' items now and can be found only in antique shops.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE TOY SHOP, 14 East 50th Street: Dolls, stuffed animals, doll houses, and a bookshop for small fry from play-pen size on up to twelve years are on the ground floor. More rugged items—bicycles, wagons, playroom furniture, and the like—are on the floor above. A tricycle with a platform at the back for carrying a passenger is $19.95. Schwin bikes, two-wheelers, for big boys or girls, have horns and light-baggage carriers; $49.95. A pool table that seems to be regulation, except that it is built for small-size players, is $89.95. Flexible Flyer sleds start with a thirty-seven-inch model, for $6.95, and go up to a five-and-a-half-foot one, for $15.95. Mechanical animals from France run into money but are wonderful playthings. They are made of a hard composition and covered with fur. A cat with a fan and a lorgnette, which she uses flirtatiously when she is wound up, costs $29.95. A walking bear is $34.95, and a monkey who plays an accordion, or a cat shoemaker who pounds a shoe on a metal last, is $27.95. A housekeeping set for a nursery housekeeper consists of a mop, a dustpan, a brush, and the like, plus a rickrack-trimmed linen apron; $4.50. At the same price, there is a baby-tending set; it has an apron, a sponge, a bar of soap, a washcloth, and so on. There is a first-aid kit, too, with an appropriate apron; also $4.50. Tiny Christmas stockings for dolls are crammed with fourteen infinitesimal playthings that dolls are sure to like; $1.95. A lively collection of tin mechanical toys includes a soldier who beats a drum ($1.95), a monkey who races madly about on a bike ($1.35), and a kitten who chases a ball ($1). A pale-pink outdoor playhouse with blue shutters, large enough for several children to fool around in, is $395, not including the children.

SCHIRMER, 3 East 43rd Street: Everything musical that a youngster would want to play or listen to. A plush

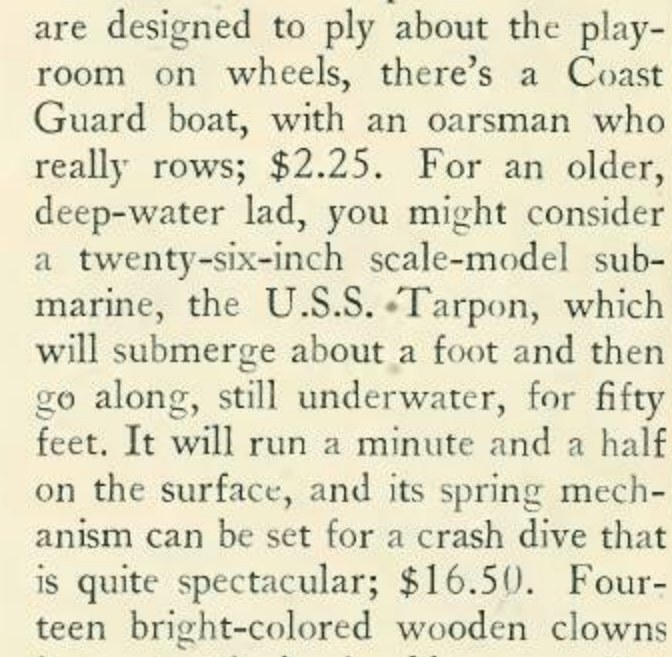


EAST OR WEST
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* WEST
141 WEST 72nd ST.
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Stollen, traditional Christmas Cake, especially *Eclair's* Original Dresden Stollen. Made with creamy-rich butter, filled with tasty almonds and delicious orange and citron peel and soaked in hot butter to keep it fresh for an age! 1½, 2 lb. sizes and larger $1.25 per lb. Open Sundays. Prompt delivery.
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FIRST AVE. at 54th ST.
PL 9-5355

MENEMSHA
BAR
The salty tang and romance of Martha's Vineyard and this snug fishermen's harbor—at New York's new bar and cocktail lounge.
130 East 57th Street, New York


puppy with a stubby tail that serves to wind up the music box inside him is $5.95, and a brother-and-sister team of melodious elephants costs $13.90. A ballerina who dances to her own music is $11.95. If your problem is providing instruments for a flock of children all at once, there is a set that will take care of sixteen, for $8.65. This is nothing to interest the Trapp family, but it contains a fine assortment of rhythm sticks, sleigh bells, cymbals, and such. A director's baton is twenty-five cents, a nightingale whistle (the kind you put water in) is $1.35, and, for young Saint Cecilias who take their music seriously, there is a Junior Estey organ, which is electric and costs $212.50.

SCHWARZ, 745 Fifth Avenue (58th): You know Schwarz—any toy you can name, and a lot that you won't find anywhere else. The Bones Brothers Ranch, with a corral, a ranchhouse, a bunkhouse, a barn and outbuildings, snake fences to keep the critters in, and, naturally, cowboys and horses, all laid out in an area four feet square, costs $22.50. An outpost of the Canadian Mounties, with barracks, stable, and twenty-five men, some mounted and some afoot, sells for $18.95. Among a whole fleet of small plastic craft that are designed to ply about the playroom on wheels, there's a Coast Guard boat, with an oarsman who really rows; $2.25. For an older, deep-water lad, you might consider a twenty-six-inch scale-model submarine, the U.S.S. Tarpon, which will submerge about a foot and then go along, still underwater, for fifty feet. It will run a minute and a half on the surface, and its spring mechanism can be set for a crash dive that is quite spectacular; $16.50. Fourteen bright-colored wooden clowns have notched shoulders so that they can be arranged in pyramids and other acrobatic circus formations;





Golf Balls by "U. S."

Don't waste time wondering what to give your golf-playing friends. A dozen or half-dozen U. S. True Blue golf balls in handsome blue silver-beaded holiday packages will get a swell reception. You can also give a dozen or half-dozen U. S. Three Star golf balls, in a similar red Christmas package. Both U. S. True Blue and U. S. Three Star have the famous Silicone "Magic" Center, liveliest ever used in a golf ball. Another good buy is the U. S. "444," Christmas-wrapped in silver and red striped foil.

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Stangl



Mountain Laurel

The fragile, Springtime elegance of sylvan Mountain Laurel captured to fascinate your guests. Hand-carved and hand-painted, *under* the protecting glaze. On sale at leading gift, jewelry and department stores.



Send 10c for booklet in color, "Attractive Settings for Your Table." 658 New York Ave., Trenton 4, N. J.

Stangl dinnerware

One of America's Oldest and Finest Potteries



this set is called Bill Ding and costs $2.50. An elaborate canal system, electrically controlled, starts off with a plastic, doughnut-shaped canal, about two feet in diameter, in which a plastic boat floats around on water that is kept in circulation by a simple electric pump. This section is $18, and can be extended as far as the limitations of space and your pocketbook will permit by the insertion of two-foot lengths of canal, at $7 a pair. The troughs that hold the water can be bolted together in the same general manner that a model-railroad track is assembled. They are reasonably leakproof but not at all splashproof. Lucite canal locks, big enough to accommodate a six-inch vessel, are $15 each; a drydock, of the same size, is $12; and a water wheel is $20; all of them work. Girls who have outgrown baby dolls will be happy with Cindy, a junior miss who is eleven inches tall and looks a good deal like the girls who will play with her. She has real blond, brunette, or red hair; dressed in a school frock and nice underclothes, she costs $16.95, and in a sports costume—underclothes, pleated skirt, jumper blouse, and an over-the-shoulder bag—she costs $18.95. The clothes may be bought separately.

STERN: The panda, which seems to be taking over the toy-animal world, appears here in a plush version with a music box in it, for $5.98. A panda that will keep quiet is a dollar less. A cherubic baby doll that sleeps and talks—its vocabulary is "Mama"—is almost indestructible; $5.98. A ski set, including the poles, isn't what you would take to Lake Placid, but it's practical enough for the back yard; $2.98. White shoe figure skates come in all sizes, for $14.95. Small cardboard magic-lantern theatres, with six rolls of films on such subjects as "Peter Rabbit," "The Night Before Christmas," and an episode in the life of one Rocky Craig, are $2.98. There is nothing fragile about a hammer-and-peg table, on which a youngster can bang away as much as he wants; this is $3.29, with a stool and a batch of brightly painted pieces of wood that can be nailed into various designs.

WANAMAKER: Perhaps the most cryptic Merry Christmas note of this season is a Chemcraft set with which a young hopeful can conduct experiments in atomic research. A sample of uranium ore—it may be a minute sample, but, by golly, it has *uranium*

A magnificent Christmas gift



PORT-O-MATIC

AUTOMATIC PORTABLE RADIO PHONOGRAPH

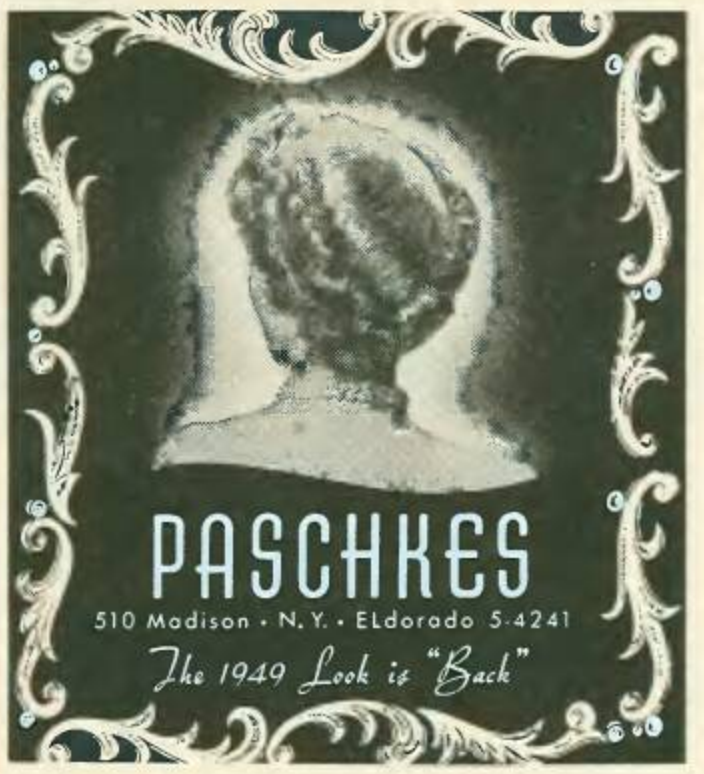
This remarkable portable plays automatically the new "long playing" as well as standard records—*four hours of continuous music.* Powerful 8 tube radio for standard and short wave. Magnavox speaker. Superb tone. A gift for the years. **$175**

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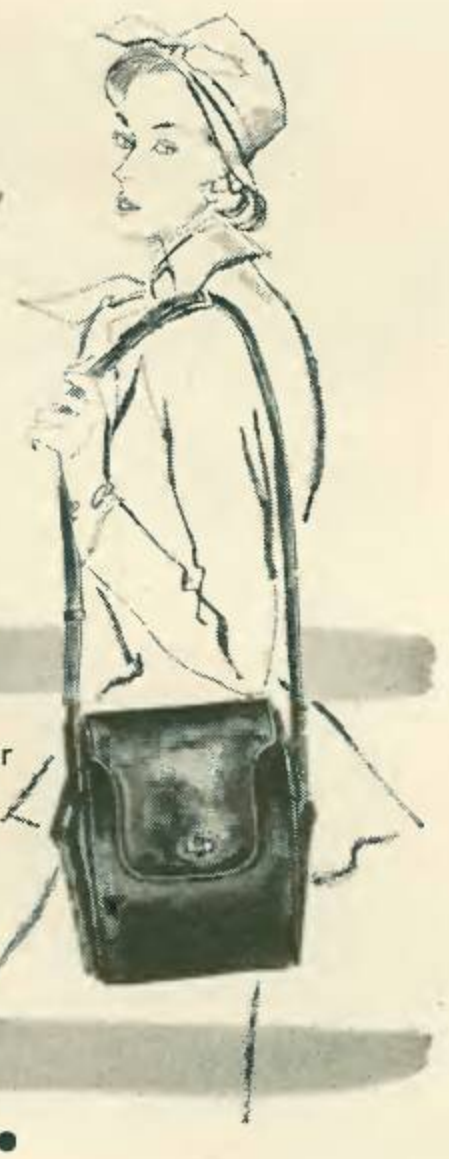
50th St. & 1st Ave. N. W. Corner PL. 8-0554

in it—is provided, along with a book that tells about nuclear fission, and some photographic paper that reacts to the uranium. This costs $25, and if you think you would feel uneasy with a cache of uranium ore around the house, you can, for $1.50, get a much more elementary chemistry set, which only smells bad. A model-railroad system that has just about everything except trains would be a fine surprise for a boy who already has a train that runs on the popular-gauge, inch-and-three-quarter track. It comes in a strong wooden case that opens out flat to a size of three by five and a half feet, revealing a landscaped countryside, a siding, a bridge, and a curved track, to say nothing of a 90-watt transformer, a whistle control, and two uncoupling units. When floor space is needed, the whole thing can be closed up and whisked under a bed or into a closet; $89.50 is the price. For considerably smaller boys, who are satisfied with a simpler sort of railroading, a polished-walnut freight train, ready to be pushed or pulled around, has an engine, a boxcar, a lumber car, and a caboose, and costs $4.95. Girls as well as boys should like a projector for 16-mm. film; $12.95. A flying model of a P-51 Mustang, made of aluminum, with a fifty-foot control wire and a reel to feed it out, has an engine that runs on a thimbleful of gas; $35. For a younger, gentler trade, there are Raggedy Ann and Andy, in two sizes ($3.50 and $5.95); a lightweight baby doll with dimpled hands and an organdie dress ($12.95); and lots of well-dressed little-girl dolls, at from $5 to $49.50.

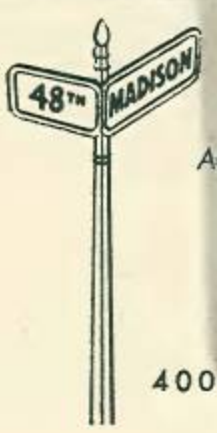
Young Books, 746 Madison Avenue (65th): Here you will come upon Pooh and his companions out of the Milne books; $4.50 for Owl, $3 for Piglet, and $7.50 for both Kanga and Roo; all of them stuffed. Pooh himself costs $5.50. Brownies, also stuffed, from the Palmer E. Cox books are $1.50 each, in either the traditional brown or flighty pink, blue, red, or yellow. Prancy pink-and-black French poodles have tiny feet and sequin collars; $7.50. Soft, wide-



CROUCH & FITZGERALD
introduces
handbag drama



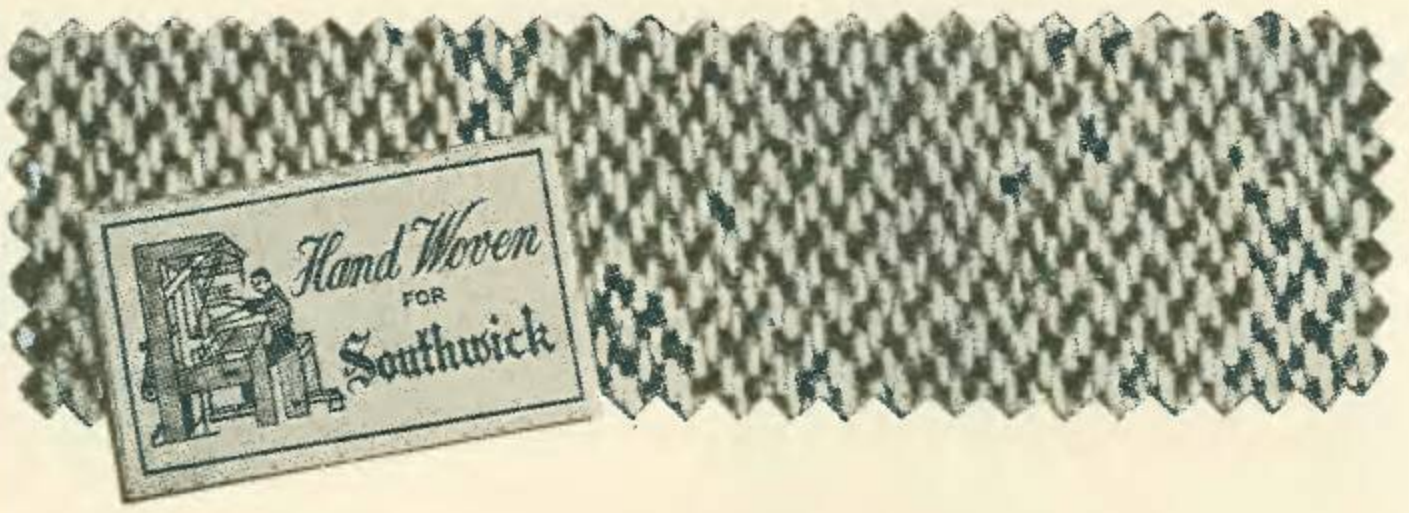
A **dual personality** handbag! Distinctively designed for arm or shoulder. The simple adjustment of a strap does the trick. Beautifully bench-turned, luxuriously leather lined in red, black, beige and tobacco, full inside zipper pocket, leather change purse, gold plated lock . . . in **Calf, Suede** (Antelope finish) and genuine **Cobra.** Exciting fall shades including Smoked Grey, Continental Green, Mink Brown, Black, Navy, Brown, Red. **Only** at Crouch & Fitzgerald.



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A Southwick sport jacket makes the ideal Xmas gift. Suits $65. Jackets $42.

Fabulously soft, our superb new *handwoven* tweeds are loomed of finest imported wools. We've had these choice fabrics meticulously tailored by SOUTHWICK, masters of *soft construction* and *natural lines*. The resulting suits and sport jackets are truly outstanding in gentlemanly distinction and value.

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18 East 45 St., New York

Christmas Suggestions



★ TWO-TIER RACK holds 24 pipes, solid walnut or mahogany finish, $15. Three-tier (36 pipes) $20. One-tier (12 pipes) $7.50.
★ SHEFFIELD PEWTER 16 oz. tobacco jar, $18.
★ SMOKER'S KNIFE $5.

★ WILKE Slim Billiard long round shank $10.

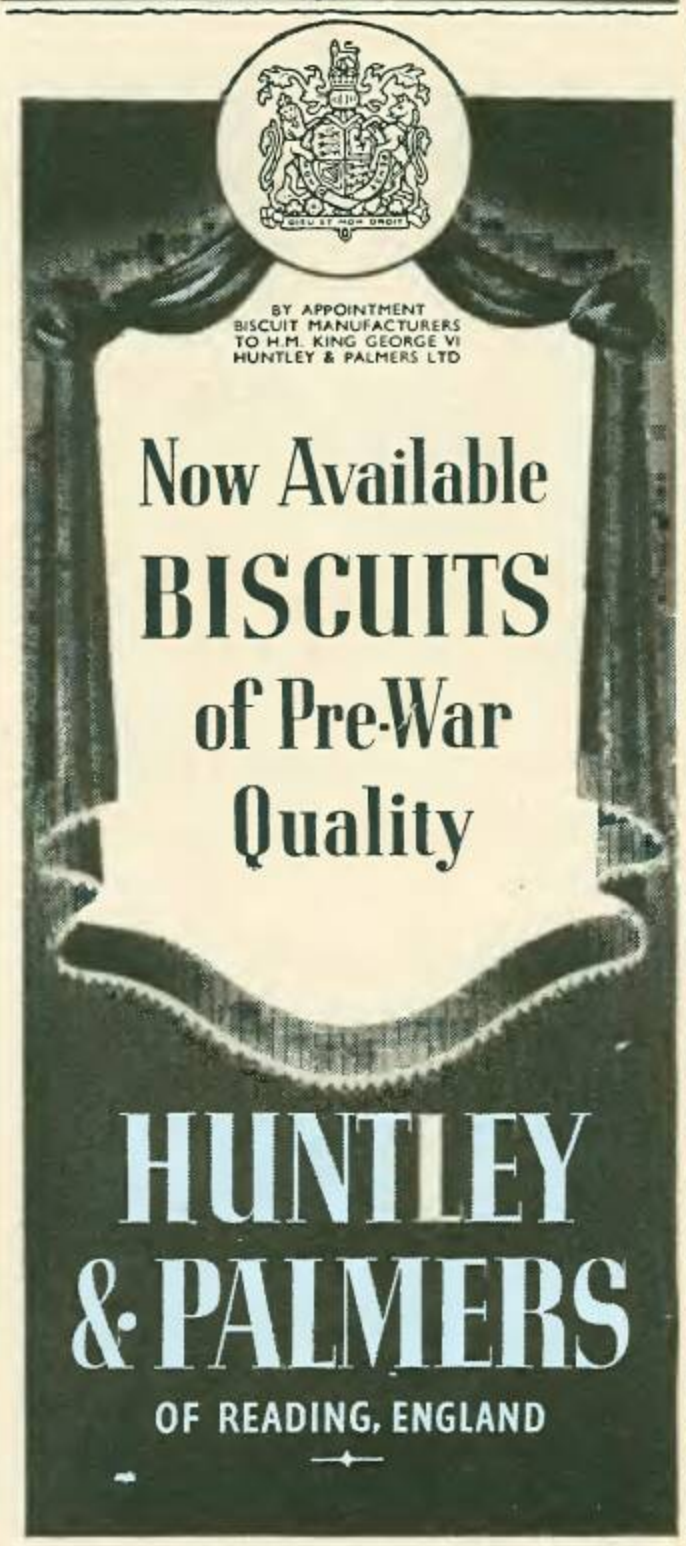
wilke pipe

★ WILKE Medium Apple special saddle bit $10.

Personal attention to mail orders. Send for catalog N.

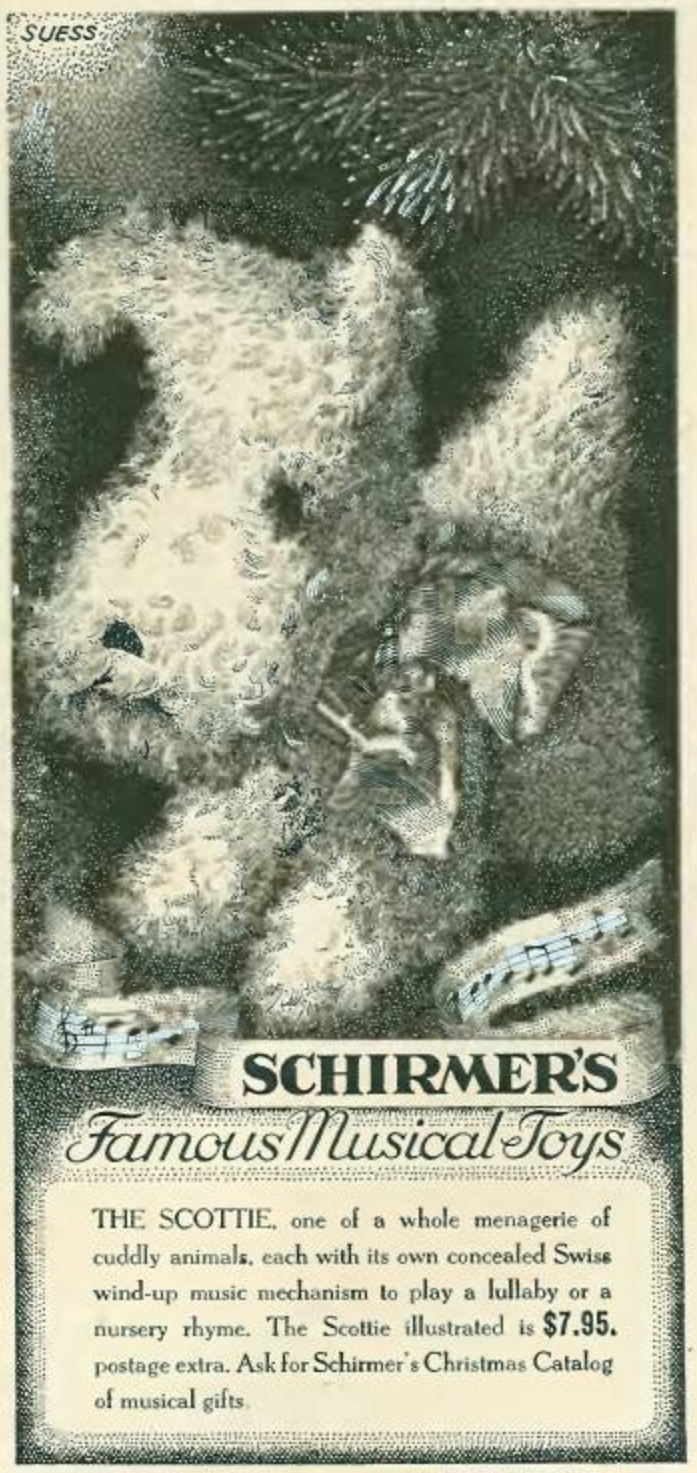
Established 1872 shop

400 MADISON AVENUE at 45th NEW YORK 17, N. Y.



eyed dolls, beautifully made and dressed in crinoline, cost $6.50 for a very small one, and $15 for one sixteen inches tall. A minute English motorcar operates by remote control—a rubber ball and a three-yard rubber tube do the trick; $7.95. A German tractor winds up with a crank, like an early Ford, and has a trailer; $5. For $2.50, there's an automatic bank, in which deposits are made by a mechanical sharpshooter, who fires coins in. Rubber nursery toys are back, a good deal more expensive than they used to be but just as nice; $3.25 will buy a sprightly ewe and three baby lambs. A set of necessities for a young woodsman—binoculars, compass, flashlight, magnifier, and a scouting knife—costs $10.

ROUNDABOUT: Youngsters who can't make up their minds which is more fun, a sled or a pair of skis, may find the precise solution to their problem at Abercrombie & Fitch in the Sked, which is a combination of both. Two long runners, with provisions for the feet similar to the ones on skis, are held rigidly parallel by a kind of shield, from which two handle bars protrude, for steering. The contraption also has a brake, and the whole business costs $13.95. . . . Mark Cross has a two-strap handbag in red or brown calfskin for the pocket money of a little girl or a big doll; $3.60. . . . A nursery lamb, at Hammacher Schlemmer, is shaped like a clown and is lit by a twist of his bright-red nose; $8.50. . . . At Lewis & Conger, for girls who like to work off steam in a constructive and ladylike way, there is a pint-size vacuum cleaner, thirty-two inches over-all, which has a headlight for dark corners, and works well enough to be borrowed by Mother in an emergency; $9. . . . At the Librairie de France, 610 Fifth Avenue (49th), some captivating dolls are dressed in more or less authentic French provincial clothes—a girl from Plougastel ($6); a boy in the rather sober male dress of Quimper, at the same price; a large girl doll in the intricately embroidered petticoats and lace headdress of Pont-Aven ($22.50); and so on. . . . Meyrowitz, 520 Fifth Avenue (43rd), has a fine stereoscopic glass, about the size of small opera glasses, for $2. Color reels to go with it—pictures of animals, or fairy tales and other familiar stories—are thirty-five cents or three for a dollar. . . . Doll-house proprietresses will certainly welcome a make-believe turkey dinner, for $1.65, and a miniature flowered-china tea set, for $2.75, from the



Marseilles, France

LETTERS FROM SUZIE

Dear Augustine:

I have a new hero!

Yesterday Anne and I were on the Paris-Marseilles train. They announced lunch and Anne went right back to the diner to nab a table. I followed a few minutes later.

Just as I crossed the platform of the second car the train suddenly lurched. I went flying around like an old maid at a church supper. I grabbed frantically for anything handy. Guess I pulled a vital cord or something, for the train screeched to a sickening stop, and I was thrown to the floor.

An angry-faced conductor dashed out and yanked me to my feet. He spurted mile-a-minute French which, of course, I couldn't understand. And when he shoved me toward the baggage car I figured I was in real trouble.

I was picturing mother scurrying over with a battery of lawyers to save me from the guillotine, when a young man suddenly jumped up. He talked to the conductor in French. Finally he explained to me that I had pulled the emergency brake—a heinous offense against citizenry and the railroad. But he had gotten me released. What a man! I asked him where he learned his life-saving French. "Why at BERLITZ, of course," he said. "If you're free for dinner in Marseilles tonight I'll tell you all about BERLITZ and their dandy language courses." I *was* free.

Love,
Suzie

(*Advertisement*)

Neveloff Twins Toy Shop, 816 Madison Avenue (68th). The same store has a gaily painted canvas playhouse, designed to fit over a card table; $3.95. . . . At Southern Highlanders, 610 Fifth Avenue (49th), a collection of toys made at Berea College, Kentucky, includes Hänsel and a brunette Gretel, firmly stuffed, amiable, and artless ($1.50 each), and a number of fairly difficult puzzles, made of wood and employing marbles. One, called Nine Men's Morris, is mentioned in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and is said to date back to ancient Greece and Rome. Anyway, it's a sticker; $1.75. . . . Marion Sawyer, 350 East 55th Street, makes dolls with lavish wardrobes. These, packed in wicker hampers, cost from $25 up to about $85. One doll, in a pin-wale corduroy play suit with hand-knit skating cap and cardigan, may be had for $18, and for $7 more you can buy her a change consisting of a school frock, slip, and pants. . . . Spalding, 518 Fifth Avenue (43rd), has a tennis racket designed for youngsters. It has a standard head, but is lighter than an adult's racket and has a smaller grip; $6.95. Here, also, you'll find regulation softball equipment—balls ($2.35 and $2.65), bats ($1.15 to $2.75), and catcher's mitts ($13). . . . The Uncle Sam Umbrella Shop, 110 West 45th Street, offers a well-made checked silk umbrella with a straight plastic handle, just the right size to keep the rain off a doll, and a similar bigger one, for the little girl who goes around with her; $5.50 for the two.

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ORR'S ISLAND, Nov. 13—Ragged Island, which is a small Maine coast spot in Casco Bay and not far east of Orr's, attained some distinction several years ago when the Maine-born poet, Edna St. Vincent Millay, bought it for a summer home. It has remained little publicized since, as access to it is hazardous, and only skillful boatmen can negotiate its one approach. Recently it was in the news for the reason that it has been burned over under the supervision of the Orr's Island fire department. The poet was not there.—*Boston Sunday Post.*

Missed the approach, probably.

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MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the San Francisco Examiner*]

NEW YORK—For nearly a year Miss Tillie Zmurko toiled in the Bronx Municipal Building, typing marriage license applications—nearly 5,000 of them.

Then one morning when Clerk Dan Vona opened his wicket there, smiling at him was Tillie.





POSTSCRIPTS TO THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE

VIDEO VERBIAGE

WHEN the movies began to develop into a lush, idealistic, and predatory industry, along about 1910, they borrowed a large part of their technical vocabulary, as they borrowed a large part of their personnel, from the stage. Thus they acquired *set*, *flats*, *drapes*, *props*, *producer*, *bit*, *script*, and *spot* (light). When the radio followed into the money, perhaps a decade later, it filched words and phrases right and left from the movies, and thereby got, for example, *fade-in*, *fadeout*, *scenario*, *continuity*, *corny*, and *schmalz*. And now television, muscling in, is making a grand collar from both radio and the movies, and among the lovely terms heard in the open-hearth furnaces whence it issues are *fishbowl*, *blast*, *gabber*, *white meat*, *angle shot*, *close-up*, *frame*, *gobo*, and *montage*.

Most of the stage terms here listed are old in English and their meaning is familiar to nearly everyone, and the same is true, though to a lesser extent, of those originating with the movies. But those that come from the radio are still a little strange and maybe need glosses. What, indeed, is a *fishbowl*? A *fishbowl*, comrades, is the glass pen in which an advertiser (or his goon) sits during a performance he is paying for. And a *gabber*? A *gabber* is anyone who talks, but especially one who does so in a strained, hurried voice, as if his message were alarming or revolting. And a *blast*? A *blast* is a loud and unpremeditated gush of sound, fit to bust the microphone. And so to *gobo*, a screen used to cut off a too intense light, and, finally, to *white meat*, an actress.

The television boys, as yet, have not added much of their own to this repertoire, but they have at least made a beginning, and as their art recruits more and more press agents and other such intellectuals, they will, no doubt, go a long way. They have already borrowed and worn out *blizzard head*, for an actress so blond that they have to tone down their lights in mugging her, and I have yet to hear a caveat from the movie lots. *Ike*, for the iconoscope, which changes light into electrical impulses, is perhaps obvious, but nevertheless it has its points. So far, there is no stable name for the kinescope, which changes the electrical impulses back to light, but you may be sure that one is coming. *Ghost*, on the stage, means the treasurer who pays off the hired hands, but in television it has already acquired the new meaning of a secondary image formed by an impulse reaching the screen by two paths—the one direct and the other interrupted, say, by a bounce off a tall building. A *noise*, in the movies, means simply a noise, but in the new pictures it means spots of bright light caused by an electronic disturbance. When a concentration of negative ions (whatever they may be) in the center of the screen produces a discoloration, it is an *ion burn*, but that now happens only with an obsolescent type of tube. *Negative ghost*, which means an image in which the blacks and whites are reversed, is almost too obvious to last; it will be improved, without a doubt. And so will *tear* (to rhyme with *bear*, not with *ear*), which means a disturbance in the image so violent that the picture seems to be flying apart. Some better ones are already coming in. A background strongly lighted is said to be *hot*, which it undoubtedly is in fact. A glare as from a white shirt front is a *bloom* or *womp*. A picture showing too much scenic detail is said to be *busy*, and one that is too dark is *in the mud*. Spots on the screen, whether black or white, are *snow*. A sharp contrast between black and white is *snap*. A program originating outside the studio is *remote*. A walk-through rehearsal in street clothes is a *dry run*. Televised vaudeville is *vaudeo*. Irregular changes in the brightness of a picture are *bounce*.

I take some of these from a pioneer television glossary by Eugene Goodwin. Others are to be found in the work of lexicographers who have followed him, and *Variety*, always forward-looking in language, is contributing yet others in a steady stream. The most refined thought in the new art appears to favor *video* for the picture and *audio* for the sound, but *Variety* believes that *tele* or *TV* is good enough for both, and destiny is probably on their side, though which of the two will wipe out the other, I do not venture to prophesy. *Tele*, on the one hand, chimes harmoniously with *movie* and *talkie*, but *TV* is supported by the fact that the letters are already used to differentiate a television station from an AM or FM station, as in WMAR-TV. The somewhat derisory vocabulary that *Variety* has long used in dealing with dirt radio and the movies is turning out to be applicable also to *tele*. A singer is a *groaner*. A sound-effects man is a *gaffoon*. Makeup is *gilding*. The first performance of an actor, an actress, or a serial is a *preem*. The content of an act is its *routine*. If it pleases the fans, it is a *boff* or a *natural*. An artist's agent is a *ten-per-center*.

WHAT are the fans to be called? General Electric, which is enormously influential in the new art and mystery, seems to favor *televiewer*, but *Variety* has chopped it down to *viewer*. Various other terms have been proposed—for instance, *looker* and *looker-in*—but they do not flourish. I suggest trying *gawk*. And if *gawk* is not elegant enough, then *eye* or *neck*. I'd add *gook*, from the German (and Yiddish) *gucken*—to look, to peep or peer—but the Marines long ago adopted it (though by some other etymological route) to designate a Filipino, and during World War II it was extended to include any indigene of the South Pacific. I





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MAGGI'S SEASONING

also think of *scryer*, from the verb *to scry*, an aphaeretic form of *to descry*, borrowed originally from the Old French *descrier* but in use in English since 1300 or thereabouts. Unhappily, *scryer* was collared, about 1550, by the crystal-gazers, and they still object to applying it to the sweating, suffocating folk who watch wrestling matches in saloons. They would also, I suppose, object to the use of *gazer*, and in the latter case they would probably be joined by the astronomers, a generally vain and snooty class of men. *Necker* has also been preëmpted by a large and influential body of persons, and *neck stretcher* is plainly too long for the headlines, especially the sententious headlines of *Variety*. John Crosby, of the *Herald Tribune*, reports *videoscanner* and *telelooker*, but he dismisses them, I think justly, as "feeble and misguided." He seems to think better of *videophil* and its antonym, *videophobe*, but to me, alas, they smell of the lamp.

A good many television terms remain in the formidable forms in which they issued from the laboratory, but it is hard to imagine that they will continue so. I have already mentioned *kinescope*, which is not to be confused with the now obsolete *kinetoscope*. If it fails to end as *kin* or *kine*, it will probably end as *scope*, like *telescope* and *horoscope*. I also look for a material shortening of *metacycle*, and for the complete obliteration of *coaxial cable*. A *microwave-relay transmitter* is already a *garbage can*, and a *microwave reflector* is a *dish*. *Satellite station* is clear enough, but I predict formally that it will be supplanted soon or late by something on the order of *branch office*, *farm*, *whistle stop*, or *outhouse*. Also, I see nothing ahead but trouble for *mental punch*, which some of the brethren are trying to introduce, in the sense of a powerful intellectual, ethical, or aesthetic program appeal, designed to fetch the higher I.Q.s. My guess is that this sort of stuff will fade out of *tele* as precipitately as it faded out of radio and the movies, and that the shadow of it surviving will come to be known as *hoke*, *wham*, or *gonk*.

The verb appertaining to the new art is now *to telecast*, but its conjugation is yet to be settled by the learned. They are still, in fact, scratching their heads over the related and precedent *to broadcast*. The parent verb, *to cast*, which has been in common use since the fourteenth century and has analogues in all the other West Germanic tongues, has been invariable in polite language in all

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SOCIETY LEADER

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situations throughout its history. One does not say that a Broadway manager *casted* a play but that he *cast* it, and one does not say that a bronze statue has been *casted* but that it has been *cast*. To be sure, Shakespeare, in "Henry V" (1599), ventured to use *casted*, but it was as an adjective rather than as a verb, and besides, Shakespeare had very little respect for grammar and was often guilty of slips that still annoy the schoolma'am. In the American common speech, however, there has been a growing tendency during the past century to turn irregular verbs into regular ones, and the discourse of the vulgar is heavily besprinkled with such preterits as *drawed*, *growed*, and *throwed*.

To broadcast in the sense of to scatter seeds has been in use since the eighteenth century, always with *broadcast* as its preterit, but in the new sense of to disseminate caterwauling it was quickly brought into accord with the genius of the American *sermo vulgus*, and thus *broadcasted* was born. The lexicographers, at the start, held their noses when they heard it, but by 1933 the editors of the Supplement to the Oxford Dictionary were admitting it, in its radio senses, as allowable in both the past tense and the participial form, and a year later the editors of Webster's New International were doing the same, despite the continuing doubts of the more backward-looking grammarians. Since then, it has been making steady progress in the dictionaries, and in the American College of 1947 it is given without comment. *To telecast*, though it is only a few years old, has already hatched *telecasted*, and there seems to be no complaint. The dictionary boys, in truth, have been taking many beatings of late and are pretty well worn out. They have grown so soft that they now let in almost anything, and one of the new word books before me, dated 1946, lists and defines *peach*, *skiddoo*, *yeah*, and *vamp*, though they were all obsolescent by that time.

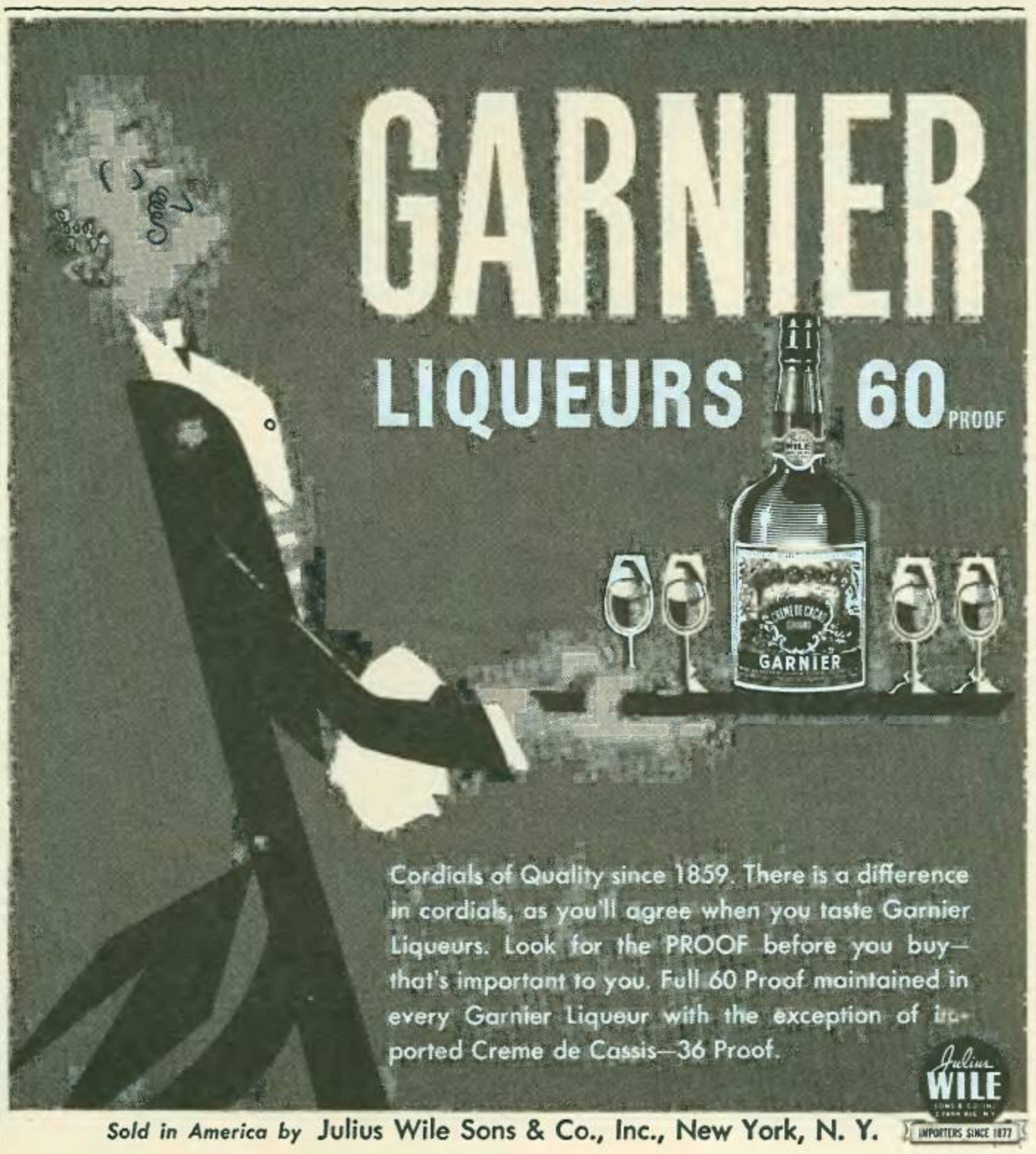
The new adjectives *telegenic* and *videogenic* are now fighting it out, with the odds, I think, in favor of the former, for *tele* appears to be destined to oust *video*, just as *radio* ousted the English *wireless*. Both are imitations (probably by television reviewers or press agents) of the movies' *photogenic*, which was lifted by some other publicity engineer





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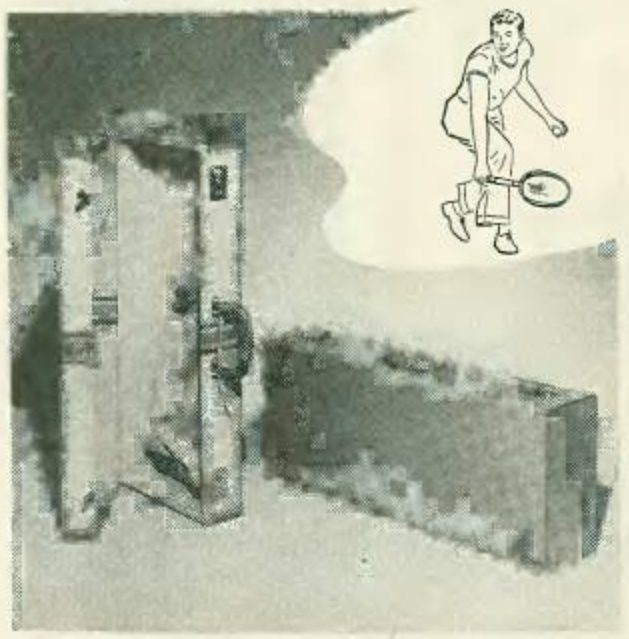
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from the vocabulary of the entomologists, where it signifies the capacity to emit light, as in a firefly. When it came in, I don't know, but it is in all the later dictionaries, and the editors thereof endure it without wincing. *Telegenic*, if it survives, will differ in meaning from *photogenic*, for being photographed under television lights is something far more onerous than being photographed under ordinary lights, even ordinary movie lights. The glare is so powerful that it brings out blemishes hitherto unrevealed save by an electron microscope or the searchlight of a battleship. Without the aid of heavy pigments and unguents, brunettes fade into mottled blondes, and blondes produce the startling effect noted under the lovely term *blizzard head*. Just as many a prancing movie star, when the talkies came in, turned out to have an alarming voice and had to go back to the ten-cent store or the filling station, so many of the radio stars now storming television are being rejected because they are unphotographable, or, as the new word has it, *untelegenic*. They clown and croon acceptably, but on the *tele* screen they look like hell. Some may be salvaged by the art of the *grease pusher*, as a few movie stars were saved by that of the voice culturist, but many another, I fear, is doomed to yearn in vain.

—H. L. MENCKEN

•

The men were in uniform or full evening dress with decorations, and the women wore jewels with their evening gowns. The exception was Mr. Bevan, Minister of Health, who had a double-breasted lounge suit.

Lady Munnings, wife of Sir Alfred Munnings, President of the Royal Academy, brought a small black and tan pekinese to the dinner, carrying him in a dark cloth bag. From time to time she gave him an assortment of titbits from the table, including a lick of sherry, several sips of turtle soup and some champagne.

When the toast of the King was honoured Lady Munnings stood with the dog under her right arm with his paws held up as if in salute.—*London Daily Telegraph.*

Bevan must have felt pretty silly, standing there in that lounge suit.

•

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THE ART GALLERIES

A Courbet Revival

GUSTAVE COURBET, the nineteenth-century French realist, whose works are now being shown in a big benefit exhibition at the Wildenstein Gallery, was, like Rubens, Tintoretto, and Michelangelo, one of those men who just seem to be natural-born artists, and his work had the easy exuberance, the vitality, and also the unevenness that such painters often display. He was born in the town of Ornans, in the mountain country near Besançon, and studied mainly in Paris. A huge, vain, handsome, gregarious, cheerfully obstreperous fellow, with the rugged physique and the stubborn nature of the mountaineer, he was involved in the revolt against the academic classicism of the day by the time he was twenty-five. He made himself its leader during the Paris Exposition of 1855, when, excluded from its art exhibition, he set up a pavilion outside the grounds for his paintings (a practice a number of the Impressionists later adopted) and labelled the show "Realism: Gustave Courbet."



Realism, or the right to depict real people in natural surroundings, was what he strove for all his life, and it's a measure of how far we have progressed in our acceptance of it that when we look at such early pictures as "A View at Ornans," the "Demoiselles de Village," and the slightly later "The Amazon," it is difficult to understand why they enraged the contemporary critics. But the art of the times was so bound up with allegory and historical allusion, and it was so generally accepted that landscape should be used to enhance the mood of central figures, that Courbet's unromantic and unallegorical approach seemed crude and deliberately offensive, and though he later achieved a comfortable success, it was on the artists of a generation or two after him that he had his greatest influence.

The new show, the first really large-scale exhibition of Courbet's works in almost twenty years in these parts, comprises some forty canvases, ranging from a youthful and very Spanish "Le Guitarrero," of 1844, to the ruddily autumnal, boldly handled "The Forest" and the unusually poetic "Château de Chillon," both done only a few years before his death, in 1877. One great value of the show is that it brings to light aspects of Courbet's achievement that have not been emphasized in this country. His fame here still rests mainly on his big "museum pieces"—the landscapes and hunting scenes and the nudes—and this has obscured the fact that his talent had other, equally important outlets.

Several of the big set pieces are in the show, notably "After the Hunt," "La Baigneuse," "Midday Dream," "Demoiselles de Village," and the study of a woman gathering flowers, called "La Treille." There are others, however, that broaden our concept of the man. Courbet, not so much because of his technique as because of the honesty of his approach to nature, was one of the great precursors of Impressionism. The reasons for his influence in this direction are suggested by such paintings as "Two Boats on a Beach," "Cliffs at Etretat," and the magnificently executed "The Isolated Rock," in each of which the scene is portrayed objectively, powerfully, and with complete concentration on its elements. In others there are slight stylistic touches—the flaky dapplings of color in "The Fringe of the Forest" and the clashing, daring blues of "The Mediterranean"—which Manet and Renoir and the other Impressionists must have studied. Again, our habit of thinking of Courbet as a static painter, concerned mostly with the fixed patterns of rocks and ridges and other immutables, is confounded by such pieces as "Seascape" and "The Wave," in which his interest is transferred quite successfully to the depiction of watery motion.

In his later years, Courbet became almost as radical politically as he had been artistically. He served as a sort of art administrator under the short-lived Commune, was imprisoned when more reactionary forces took over, and finally fled to Switzerland, where he died in exile. No trace of his stormy life, however, appears in his canvases, and the paintings of his last period are, in fact, gentler and more suave than his earlier ones. Otherwise, his style and his approach remain pretty much unchanged.

There is a certain heavy-handedness that occasionally mars Courbet's work, and he had fundamental defects in taste that led him to concoct some fairly dreary pictures. His strength lay in a love of the natural scene that was as warm and uncomplicated as it was profound, and when he gave himself to



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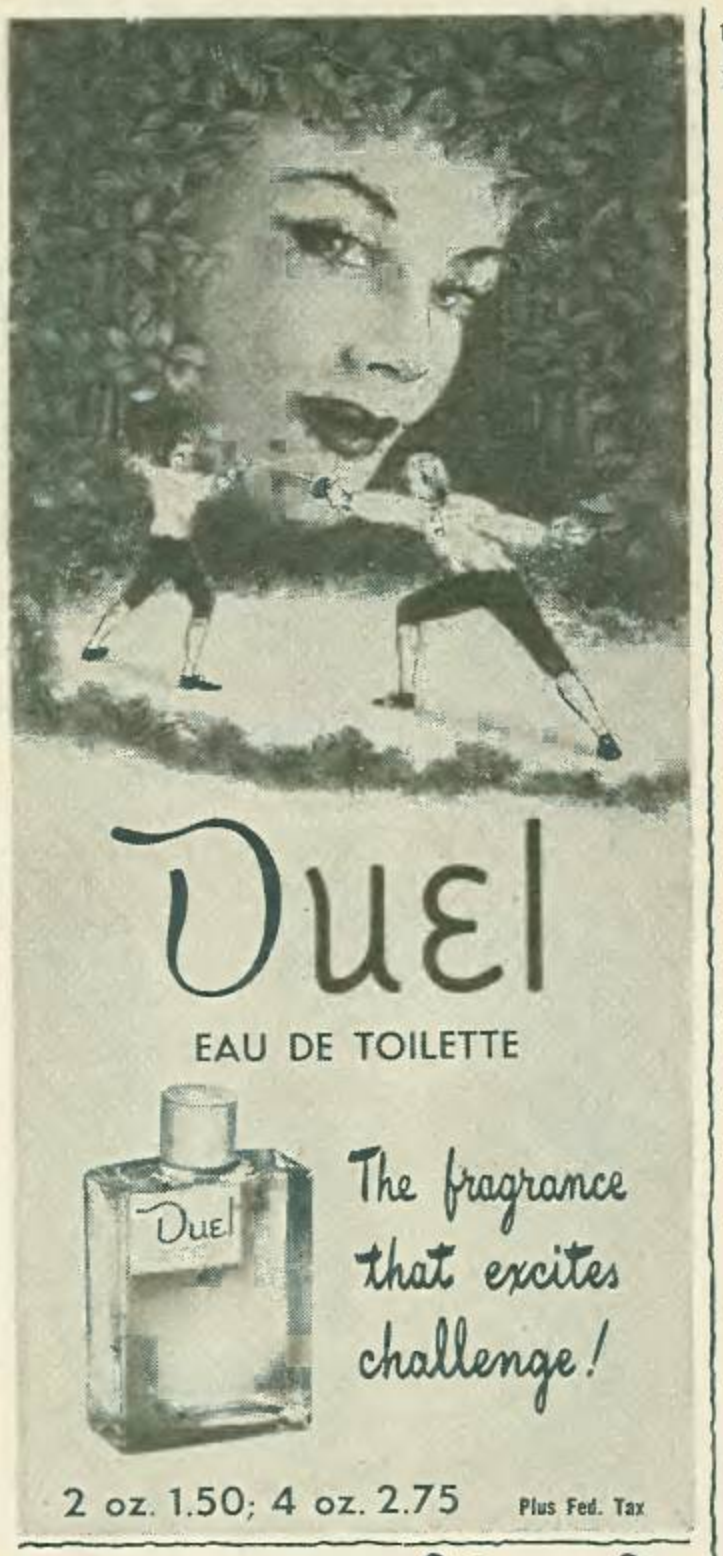
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that, he produced paintings that must rank him with the very best landscapists.

AT the Mortimer Levitt, there is a showing of new paintings by Everett Spruce, the Southwestern artist, which represent a signal advance over anything else he has done. There had previously been a disagreeable chalkiness in his paint texture that brusquely accentuated the blockiness of his design. Now, however, his design, though still forceful, is less harsh in outline, and his palette is much broader in range and deeper and richer in value. There is also a coruscating quality that reminds one of such colorists as Abraham Harriton and Abraham Rattner, but his attack is his own and his choice of subjects remains typically Western. I liked particularly "Pigeons on Roof" and the still life called "Fish" (in both of which he has worked out skillful variations on a difficult basic pattern of squares within squares), in addition to the sensitive "Desert" and the brilliantly colorful "Big Turtle."

KURT SELIGMANN, in his new paintings, on view at Durlacher, continues to develop his strange, semi-Surrealist, romantic mythology, of a vague, horizonless world peopled by bony, elegant scarecrows clad in bright, tangled ribbons and almost always in mysterious, agitated motion. Such a concept, to be successful, demands pertinacity and a philosophic outlook of some scope, and Mr. Seligmann, I think, has both. He has, too, inventiveness and a command of color that, at first rather limited, he has steadily strengthened through the years. When his painting fails—as in such pieces as "Penelope" and "Prophet Walking by Night," in the show—it is because his concept fails him, and these pictures seem meaningless, or at best only studies for a larger canvas. At times, too, the agitation is carried to the point of chaos. But these are only lapses, and in such items as "Pythonissa," "Dutch Settler," the antic "Harlequinade," and the more ambitious "The Virtue of Alexander" he has produced magnificent expressions of his peculiar fantasy. —ROBERT M. COATES

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How Dear to This Heart

A FOLLOWER of children's books becomes absorbed in watching how tastes in reading change from year to year and how society's attitudes toward children change from generation to generation. Perhaps this is why I was so much interested in a scholarly volume by Monica Kiefer, called "American Children Through Their Books—1700-1835" (University of Pennsylvania Press).

In Colonial days, Miss Kiefer tells us, children occupied "a submerged position" in an adult world, and the only books provided for them were pious theological treatises calculated to save their infant souls and to keep ever present in their innocent minds the fear of death. The period from the Revolution to the middle eighteen-thirties introduced a more practical note, and children's books started to preach good habits, teach a few facts, and even offer the child some entertainment "en route to his heavenly home." The first storybooks came to America from France and England; Perrault's fairy tales made their way here from France through England, and Benjamin Franklin began to import great bundles of amusing English juveniles from John Newbery of London while he himself was writing little lessons in diligence and thrift for the young in *Poor Richard's Almanack*.

According to Miss Kiefer, it was not until 1822 that the first original American children's story of lasting merit was written, and this, to my surprise, turns out to have been Clement Moore's inadvertent masterpiece "A Visit from St. Nicholas." Meanwhile, children themselves helped make up for their lack of fiction by adopting as their own books written for adults —"Gulliver's Travels," "Robinson Crusoe," and the Munchausen stories. Though Miss Kiefer does not say so, it occurs to me that children, by their own irrepressibility and gaiety, hastened the decline in Puritanism. I thought of this in connection with the "New England Primer," which, next to the Bible, Miss Kiefer says, was *the* juvenile of the Colonies, and was so enduring that it went into several editions as late as the first half of the nineteenth century. To show the trend from the theological to the informational, she quotes one revision in a late edition, by which

Whales in the sea
God's voice obey

became

By *Washington*
Great deeds were done.

But she does not mention the children's own naughty addendum to one stanza of the Primer's alphabet that my New England father liked to recite to me when I was a child. (I am not sure whether he himself ever actually studied the Primer or whether, as seems more likely, the whole thing was handed down to him from *his* father.) You remember the original:

Zaccheus he
Did climb the Tree
Our Lord to see.

To which, according to my father, the children irreverently added:

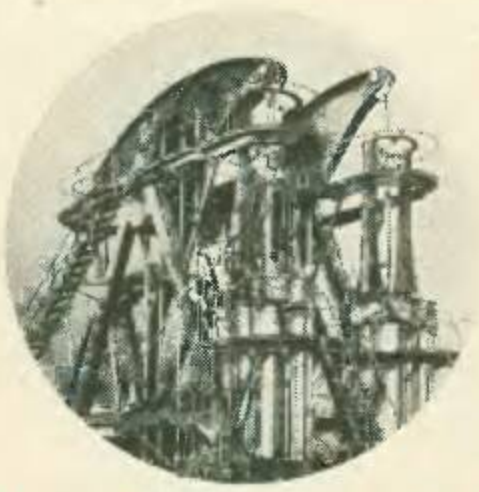
The Tree did break
And he did fall
And never saw
His Lord at all.

The Kiefer volume is really a sociological study, not a literary history, but I commend it to anyone interested in children's reading. For all its research, it is lively, and its countless curious facts and its reflective overtones have a good deal of bearing on the strange, canny world of children's books today. I hope that Miss Kiefer will continue her researches and will, in another book, bring us right up to date on American children as seen through their literature.

No one who has examined five hundred and more juveniles, as I have this year, could say that the American child now occupies a submerged position in an adult world. There can surely be no childish taste, good, bad, or indifferent, that the eager publishers have not tried to satisfy. In fact, at the moment I feel that the parent (or the critic) who has to pick the better books from such a bumper crop is the one who is likely to become submerged.

It would be footless to suggest that fewer juveniles be written and published, but it does seem to me that publishers could be a bit more responsible about what they do print. In at least two instances this year, I think they have failed to do their duty. There is, for example, a new picture book, by Hardie Gramatky, about a postwar farm jeep—a good subject, since modern children have a natural affection for clever machines. Mr. Gramatky has a pleasant imagination, and





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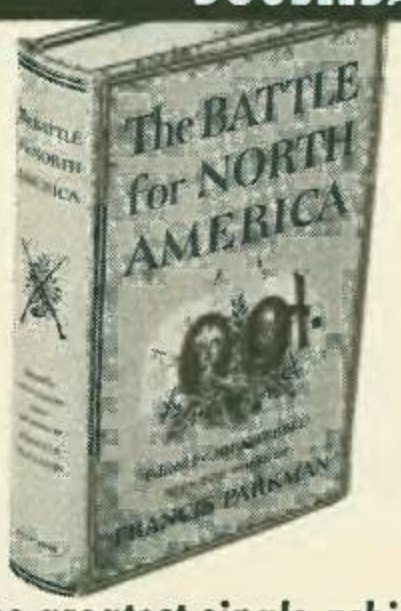
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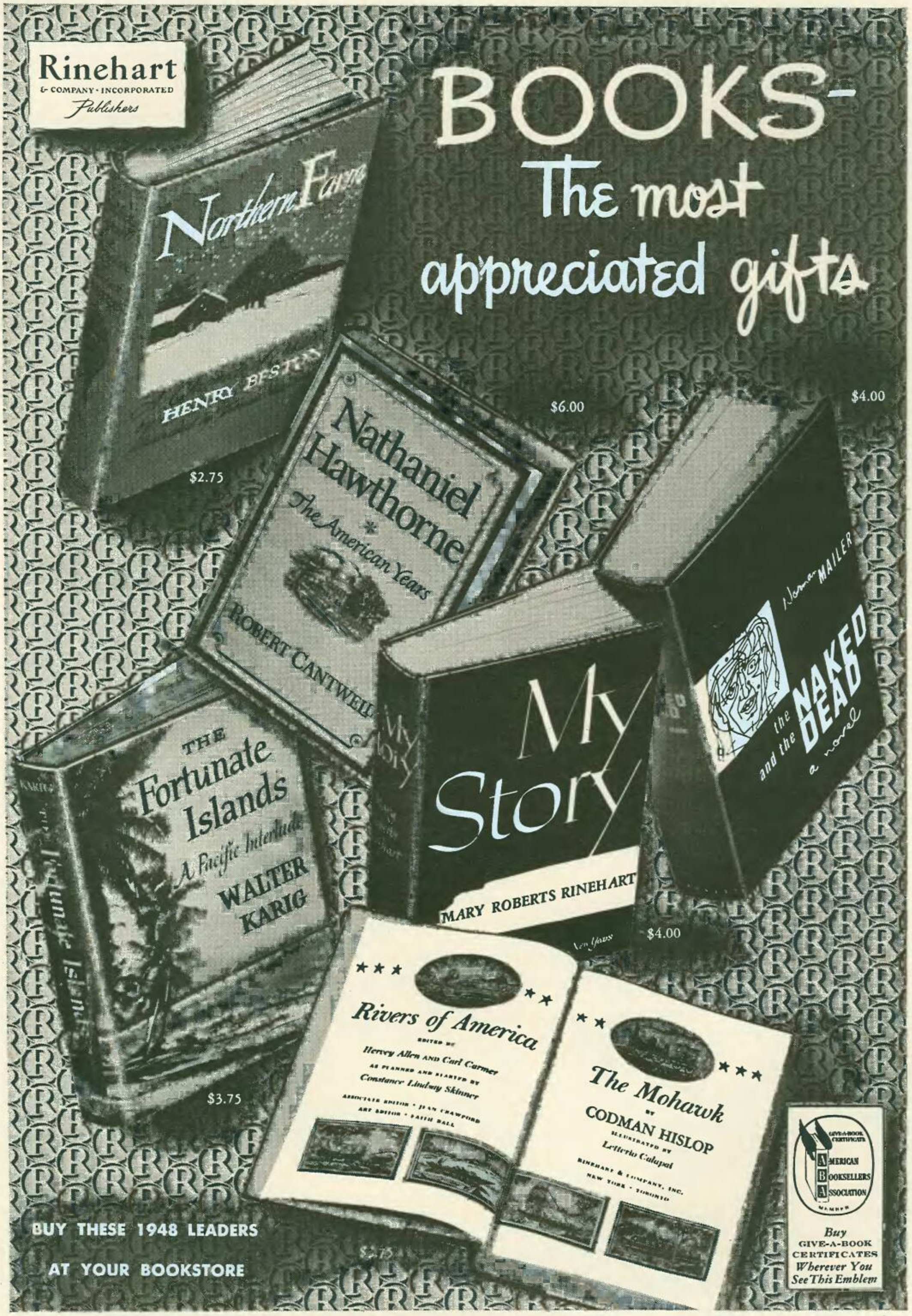
his earlier books have been popular. Unfortunately, he calls his new book "Creeper's Jeep," a title that is both corny and offensive. If the author had forgotten the original meaning of "Jeepers Creepers," it seems as if the publishers could have been trusted to remind him. Then, there is the odd lapse of judgment by the publishers of Elisabeth Kyle, a British author who writes well. This year, her book, "Lost Karin," advertised as a "mystery" for eight-to-twelve-year-old readers, narrates the attempted kidnapping of an American child from a Scottish village. Possibly the idea of kidnapping holds less horror for the British than for us; in any case, the author writes her story of pursuit and escape as gaily as if she were describing a paper chase. I name this book because I honestly believe it would give American eight-year-olds very bad nightmares indeed. I intend to drop my copy into Loch Lomond.



Having got these complaints out of my system, I can report that there are scores of good books and that I can hardly remember a season with so many lovely picture books. I have included, in the list of recommendations that follows, only a few of the many worthwhile books of information, because so many of them cater to special interests. Besides, I've been wary of giving nonfiction to young children at Christmas time because of a sad Christmas in my childhood when one of my presents was a repellent little volume called "Ten Boys on the Road from Long Ago to Now." I think the first boy was Xerxes, but I have forgotten the others. You may remember Clarence Day's chapter in "Life with Mother" on a similar volume, entitled "Noble Boys." We have come a long way since then, and if there is less literary inspiration among writers for children than one could wish, at least they have learned to give information in palatable form.

There is a better-than-average anthology of poetry for children this fall—"An Inheritance of Poetry," collected and arranged by Gladys L. Adshead and Annis Duff, with decorations by Nora S. Unwin (Houghton Mifflin). The editors have made an imaginative selection from sources ranging from Chaucer and the Bible to James Weldon Johnson and Robert Frost. There are no section headings, but the poems are roughly divided into classifications introduced by full-page symbolic drawings instead of titles, and within these groupings one poem seems to lead the reader quite naturally on to the next. The volume is rich in ballads and other traditional verse, in songs and lyric poetry, but it is stronger in fancy and gaiety than in humor or gusto. For instance, there are fourteen de la Mares to two Lears, ten James Stephenses to one Walt Whitman, no Longfellow, Whittier, or Poe, and the only Ogden Nash is a sombre one. The book seems to me feminine and charming rather than robust, and I am certain that girls will enjoy it more than boys will. I also think that the editors have perhaps tried too hard to avoid familiar poems—hardly a good plan for children, to whom everything is fresh and who need to know the classic standbys and are at the age to enjoy them. The volume is dedicated to Walter de la Mare, and his influence is pervasive; there are next to no lapses in taste, but it is, I'm afraid, a somewhat precious taste. The book has several indexes, among them an index of musical settings, but it has no table of contents, which is an inconvenience. By and large, it's a good book, one I'd be glad to give to a child, even knowing that the bath of charm and sweetness that engulfs so many children's books has here slopped over just enough to dilute their "inheritance of poetry."

The family book of the year is certainly "The St. Nicholas Anthology," a five-hundred-and-forty-two-page volume containing Henry Steele Commager's selections of the best prose, verse, and pictures from the magazine during its sixty-six years of publication. It is a book above all others to evoke the scenes of one's childhood. Mr. Commager has assembled all the familiar nostalgic ingredients: a Frances Hodgson Burnett story illustrated by Reginald Birch, a story by Howard Pyle with his own illustrations, a Kipling, a Louisa M. Alcott, a Joel Chandler Harris, a Richard Harding Davis, a couple of Western stories with Remington illustrations, a group of Rackham pictures, some selections from the St. Nicholas League, and even a few riddles. I suspect that the book will be read more eagerly by elders than by children, because, except for a few indestructible pieces like the Fourth of July Peterkin Paper and a Frank Stockton fantasy, there is a faint antique glaze over most


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of the volume. Mr. Commager has leaned over backward, as most editors, perhaps, would have in his place, to include as many famous names as possible. Certainly the Tennyson and Longfellow poems that he reprints are not much fun for readers of any age. The factual pieces seem to have stood the test of time better than the fiction—he-man stories like Theodore Roosevelt's astonishing article on the part his brother played in the extinction of the buffalo; accounts of battles; and other blood-and-thunder items. As the twelve-year-old son of one of my colleagues grimly put it, after reading the book, "war stories don't get stale." Young children, accustomed to the simple declarative sentences of modern juveniles, may find the short stories too slow, as well as too full of dialect, for comfort, but older children will probably like to explore the strange literary fare of their elders, just as I liked, as a child, to read the crumbling bound volumes of *Harper's Young People* that I found in my grandparents' home. It is annoying that the editor has not given the publication dates of his selections and has not placed them in chronological order. I wanted to know the date of the Louisa Alcott story because it sounded like a rehash of a chapter of "Little Women" and I was curious to learn how many years she waited before rewriting herself; "Little Women" antedated the magazine by several years.

St. Nicholas was the best juvenile magazine we ever had in this country, and I agree with May Lamberton Becker, one of its editors, when she says in a foreword that it owed its distinctive character "to the constant coöperation of youth and maturity." It was the League, the contribution of youth, that mattered most to me and, I suspect, to all of us (presumably the entire subscription list) who were trying to earn badges for our own creative works. Mr. Commager has frankly chosen the contributions of the young literary hopefuls who made good. Adults will be amazed and amused. There are two girlish efforts by Honor Member E. Vincent Millay, a pious poem by Cornelia Otis Skinner, verses in heavy Negro dialect by E. Babette Deutsch, a Corey H. Ford poem built around a pun, and many more. John C. Farrar (age 17), with a serious poem, and Morris G. Bishop (age 11), with a humorous diary of a dragon, come off better than most.

Another nostalgic note this fall, from a still earlier period, is the Oxford Press's new edition of Juliana Horatia

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I venture the opinion that the wine lover doesn't exist in this country who could not read with profit and pleasure Julian Street's book.

For the amateur, the person who likes wines, or who would like to like them, but doesn't know much about them, there is no better introduction. At the same time, since Julian Street was a widely traveled man of the world, a great reader and a first-rate writer, his book is equally acceptable to, and makes just as good reading for, anyone who is, or thinks he is, a wine expert.

I suppose that I have read *Wines* at least four times in its various incarnations, and have re-read parts of it as many as twenty times. But always I find fresh charm, entertainment, information, and delight in its pages.

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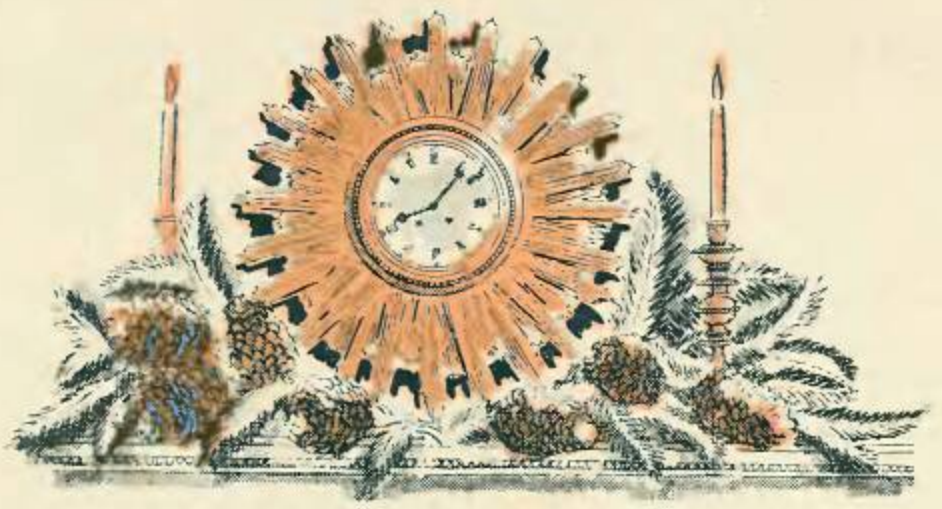
Ewing's "Jackanapes," the romantic story that our grandmothers and great-grandmothers used to weep over. As a girl, I read my mother's copy and shed many tears over Jackanapes' death at Waterloo. I reread it more than once. I think it was in another, and less heart-rending, book of Mrs. Ewing's that I came across a character named Traveler's Joy, who made a habit of planting flowers along the dusty English highways to cheer the weary wayfarer. The nobility of this scheme made so deep an impression on me at the age of eight that I determined to be a Traveler's Joy myself, stealthily dug up three or four shabby perennials from my aunt's garden, and transplanted them to a Connecticut country lane alive with wild flowers, where the only wayfarers were cows. Mrs. Ewing had power. My own children and their children, brought up on less romantic and uplifting books, would be more realistic. I've just reread "Jackanapes" again; it's well written in a flowery way, and bookish children may even now enjoy it as a sentimental period piece. The new Tasha Tudor illustrations, in delicate color, are very Kate Greenaway and charming in the village scenes, very dashing and tragical in the battle scenes.

"Mother Goose" is here again, a rather uneasy old lady in two showy new editions. Simon & Schuster have collected almost four hundred of the rhymes in a Giant Golden Book, gaily illustrated, in the conventional manner, by Alice and Martin Provensen. Quantity and size bring their own ills; huge as the pages are, they seem crowded. On a page where there are as many as nine poems and three pictures, a child will be puzzled about which picture goes with which rhyme. Then there is "Toni Frissell's Mother Goose" (Harper), an edition that to me is quite wonderfully ridiculous. Miss Frissell, a talented society photographer, illustrates the nursery classic with full-page photographs of well-bred children acting out the ancient jingles against Bermuda, Connecticut, and Long Island backgrounds. Little Johnny Stout, in tennis cap, shirt, and shorts, pulls pussy out of a cistern in Bermuda, where his family is presumably paying eighteen dollars a day on the American plan. Little Tom Tinker's dog is a dachshund who must surely have his Kennel Club papers. And pretty little girls, dressed by Miss Brogan, play Pease Porridge Hot. Of course, some of the children wear "casual clothes"—Best's blue jeans, I guess.

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of necessity, an arbitrary and limited selection from the year's juveniles. For convenience, books are grouped under headings, and within each group the titles start with books for younger readers and work up.

Picture Books

Mr. and Mrs. Noah, written and illustrated by Lois Lenski (Crowell). A charming version of the story of the Flood, for the very young. The book is pocket-size, and the pictures show Noah and his family and the animals in the bright colors and wooden postures of the figures in a toy Noah's Ark.

Big Farmer Big and Little Farmer Little, by Kathryn and Byron Jackson, illustrated by Feodor Rojankovsky (Simon & Schuster). Though the trick format of this volume is unfortunate (a tiny, narrow book, about a tiny farmer, is inserted in a pocket on the front cover of a tall, narrow book, about a big, tall farmer), young children are likely to laugh at the story of the huge farmer's troubles, which are caused by his oversize proportions. The Rojankovsky pictures are cheerful.

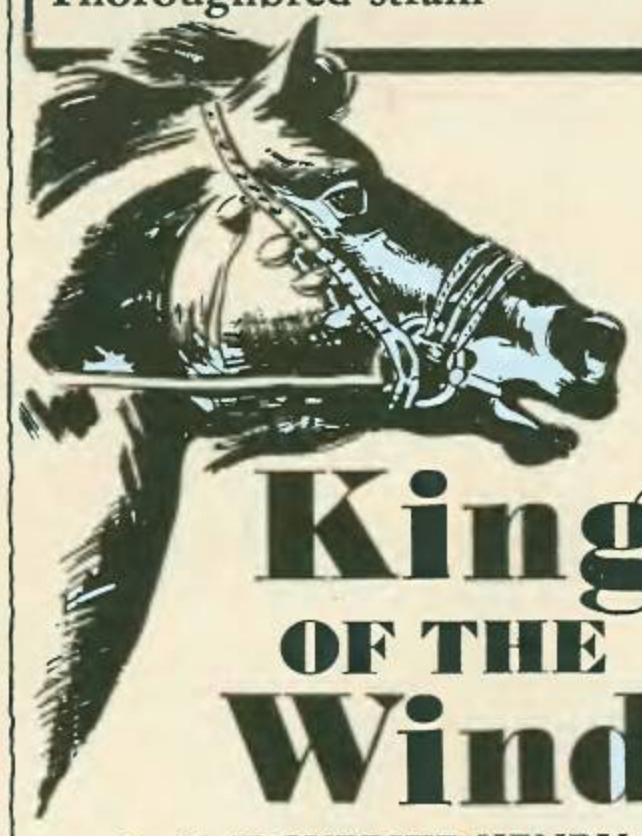
Fish in the Air, written and illustrated by Kurt Wiese (Viking). A gay story of a small Chinese boy, a big kite, and a gale of wind. The spirited pictures, in clear colors, are Wiese at his best.

Smudge, written and illustrated by Clare Turlay Newberry (Harper). This year, the famous Newberry Persian kittens are younger than ever before, and more mischievous. The book is well designed, and the reproduction of the red chalk and black charcoal drawings is so perfect that you almost expect the pictures to rub when you touch them.

The Big Snow, written and illustrated by Berta and Elmer Hader (Macmillan). A gentle, peaceful book that shows how the wild animals and birds prepare for a long, snowy winter. The setting is the Hudson River valley, and the pictures, in soft grays or delicate color, are both beautiful and accurate.

Wait Till the Moon Is Full, by Margaret Wise Brown, illustrated by Garth Williams (Harper). A most engaging picture book about a baby raccoon and his mother. The story is tender, if a trifle slim; the pictures make the book. Garth Williams has a gift for humanizing animals, and his raccoons deserve a small niche in

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BLUEBERRIES FOR SAL, written and illustrated by Robert McCloskey (Viking). A mother and her child, a bear and her cub, one day go berrying on the same hillside in Maine, and the two families become entangled in a comical way, with no harm done. McCloskey's quietly humorous text and clear-cut pen-and-ink pictures (done in blueberry-blue ink) complement each other perfectly.

JUANITA, written and illustrated by Leo Politi (Scribner). About a little Mexican girl who takes her pet dove to the Easter Blessing of the Animals in old Los Angeles. The many big pictures are subtle in color and style, and, combined with a warmhearted, simple story, make a distinguished book.

LITTLE OLD AUTOMOBILE, written and illustrated by Marie Hall Ets (Viking). The black-and-white illustrations of this picture book are drawn to look as if they were views seen through the big, oblong windshield of an old-fashioned automobile. The story, about a headstrong, rickety old car that runs away, demonstrates the sad consequences of always saying "I won't!" Young children will laugh at the author's whimsey, for whimsey it is, and more successful than most.

HUSTLE AND BUSTLE, written and illustrated by Louis Slobodkin (Macmillan). Hustle and Bustle are two sleepy hippopotamuses, who live in adjoining cages in a zoo and are dear friends until a mysterious quarrel arises between them. Just as mysteriously, they make friends again. The story is as simple as that, but Slobodkin's pictures are very funny indeed. With three or four strokes of the pen, he makes the huge, empty countenance of a hippopotamus ex-



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THIDWICK THE BIG-HEARTED MOOSE, written and illustrated by Dr. Seuss (Random House). A pleasantly absurd story in rhyme about an overhospitable moose, who housed more creatures in his antlers than ever nested in the beard of Lear's famous old man. Every page has a big, nonsensical picture.

NILS, written and illustrated by Ingri and Edgar Parin d'Aulaire (Doubleday). The d'Aulaires' glowing lithographs illustrate a story about an American youngster who wants to be a cowboy. The other children do not laugh when he wears his cowboy boots to school, but they do when he proudly sports the wonderfully fancy stockings knitted for him by his Norwegian grandmother. Happily, Nils learns that he doesn't mind being "different"—a useful lesson for small Americans.

ALL AROUND THE TOWN, by Phyllis McGinley, illustrated by Helen Stone (Lippincott). A book of graceful verse on the city things, places, people, events, and moods that have most interest and meaning for a young child. The verses are arranged in alphabet order, with a double page of pictures and text for each letter, but older children—and parents, too—should get real pleasure from Phyllis McGinley's poems, which have both humor and emotion, and from Helen Stone's impressionistic water colors of New York.

COCOLO, written and illustrated by Bettina (Harper). This delightful volume, from England, is a find for five-to-eight-year-old readers. The feeling of the story and the beauty and comedy of the big water-color and wash pictures make a book of rare quality. In Cocolo, a shabby little Italian donkey, the author-artist has created a truly lovable character. Children will want to look again and again at the lovely pictures of the blue Adriatic seacoast and the amusing ones of Cocolo's various owners, rich and poor.

FANCIFUL STORIES

EAGLE IN THE WIND, by Carl Carmer, illustrated by Elizabeth Black Carmer (Aladdin). A fantasy, in poetic prose, about an iron weather-vane eagle who frets because he cannot fly, like other birds. One day, a hurricane carries him away—he thinks to freedom, but he ends up in an antique shop, and eventually is sold and

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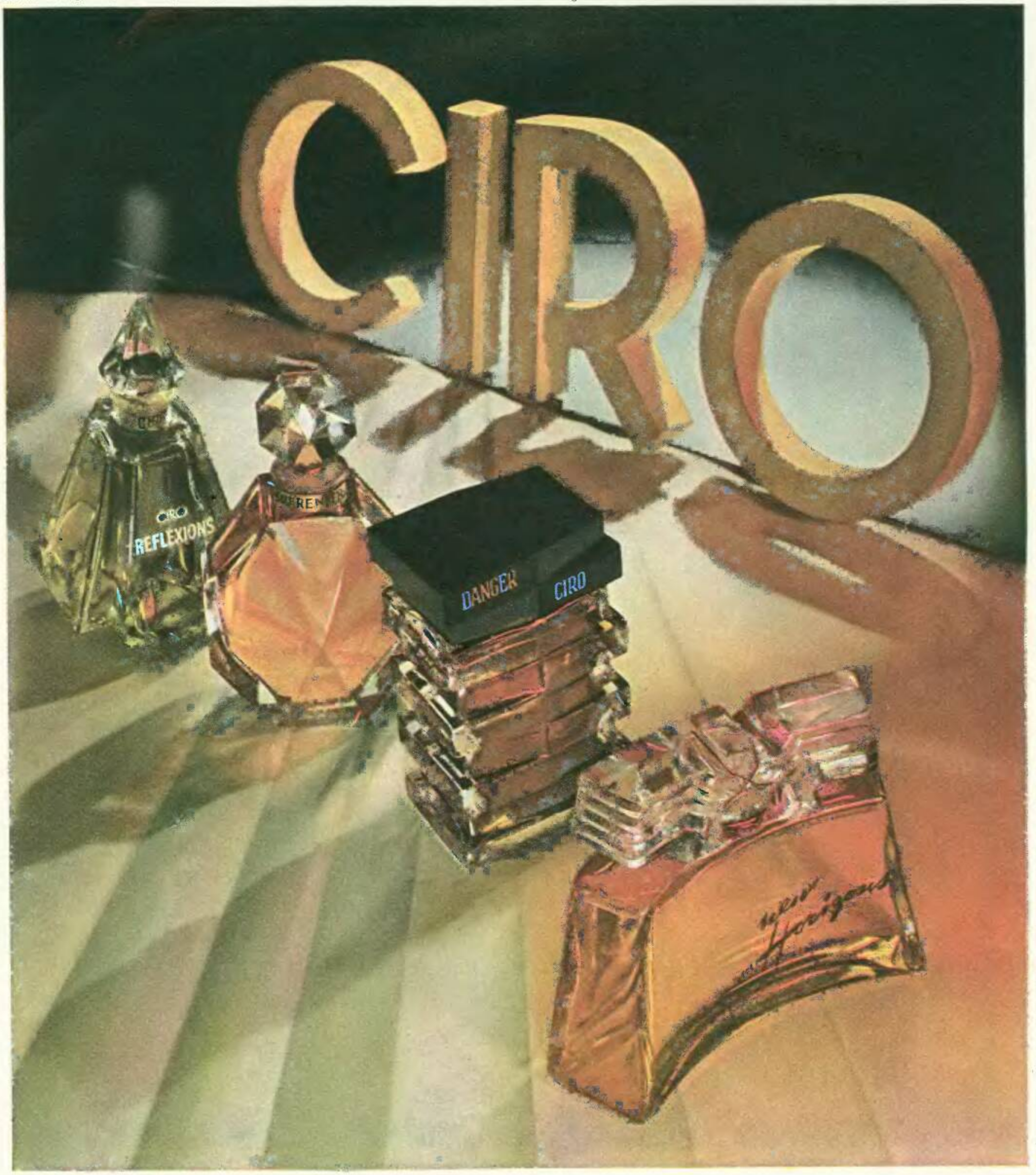
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restored to his old barn rooftop, which he finds is not, after all, a bad place to be. The illustrations, in wash and clear, strong colors, are exceptionally effective.

THE SLEEPING GIANT, written and illustrated by Eleanor Estes (Harcourt, Brace). The author knows how to tickle a child's fancy, and two of the three imaginative short stories that comprise this book are first-rate effortless humor. One of them is about a little girl who lost her shadow—it got packed in a suitcase by mistake and sent off to Florida—and the other is about a wandering giraffe who took up residence in a high-ceilinged Victorian parlor. The title story isn't quite as successful.

MY FATHER'S DRAGON, by Ruth Stiles Gannett, illustrated by Ruth Chrisman Gannett (Random House). Here is a real delight—a nonsense tale in which the ingenuity of the humor and the logic of the nonsense are irresistible. The text and the decorative and amusing black-and-white pictures tell the story of a small boy's trip to rescue an overworked dragon from a jungle island bristling with wild beasts. He pacifies crocodiles with lollipops and tigers with chewing gum, and tames a lion with burrs in its mane by lending it his comb.

ROBBUT: A TALE OF TAILS, written and illustrated by Robert Lawson (Viking). Though not as felicitous as Mr. Lawson's "Rabbit Hill," this new book, another story about a rabbit, is agreeably fanciful and amusingly illustrated. Robbut is dissatisfied with his cotton tail and is envious of the fox, the skunk, and the other animals with showy, active tails. A little old man has the magic to help Robbut try out a few new tails, with laughable results.

GO WEST, YOUNG BEAR, by Elizabeth Hamilton, illustrated by Kurt Wiese (Coward-McCann). An extravagant tale of two bears who work their way west from eastern Canada to the bear haven of Yellowstone Park. The author strains for laughs in making her analogy between bears and human beings, but children of six to ten whose sense of humor is not too sophisticated will find it all very comical. The pen-and-ink pictures are genuinely funny and appealing.

THE DOLLS' HOUSE, by Rumer Godden, illustrated by Dana Saintsbury

THE NEW YORKER

LISTS AT THIS SEASON SOME VOLUMES BY ITS CONTRIBUTORS

(All or a considerable part of the contents of each of these books first appeared in this magazine.)

The Beast in Me and Other Animals, by James Thurber (*Harcourt, Brace, $3*).

The latest assortment of fauna from Mr. Thurber's private preserve, including his "New Natural History" and a wide array of other recent articles, stories, and drawings. There are, for instance, a couple of sharp pokes at Henry James's prose style, and "Soapland," the author's exhaustive survey of the dreary daytime radio landscape. Several pieces Mr. Thurber wrote for the Talk of the Town department in the twenties and thirties are also included.

The Best of Clarence Day (*Knopf, $3.75*).

A satisfying compendium of Mr. Day's prose and art. All the "Father" and "Mother" pieces are here, as well as "This Simian World"—some piercing and unhopeful reflections on man's evolution and whether it has served any useful purpose—and "Thoughts Without Words," a series of illustrated verses that point up some of the more terrible human dilemmas.

Old Mr. Flood, by Joseph Mitchell (*Duell, Sloan & Pearce, $2*).

Three pungent studies of a number of the rarer inhabitants of the Fulton Fish Market area, by the author of "McSorley's Wonderful Saloon." The central figure is, of course, the wry and intractable Mr. Flood, whose devotion to the virtues of sea food is equalled only by his store of folk wisdom.

It Gives Me Great Pleasure, by Emily Kimbrough (*Dodd, Mead, $2.50*).

Twelve accounts of the manifold perils the author has run into on, and en route between, lecture platforms around the country. Definitive pictures of Miss Kimbrough's travails with clubwomen and others have been supplied by Helen E. Hokinson.

Doctor, Lawyer, Merchant, Chief, by Robert Lewis Taylor (*Doubleday, $3*).

This collection of Mr. Taylor's lively prose consists mostly of sketches of people in and out of the public eye, ranging geographically from the Solomon Islands to the Arctic Circle and vocationally from a king to a streetcar motorman. The book also includes several short stories, two of them not previously published.

The House Without a Roof, by Joel Sayre (*Farrar, Straus, $2.75*).

A long look behind the rubble of Berlin, brought into focus by the author's interrogation of a German family, which gives, perhaps for the first time, a comprehensive view of what life was like there during the war years. The family's struggles against the malefactions of the Nazis and the terrors of Allied bombings make a tense and absorbing narrative.

When Were You Built?, by Helen E. Hokinson (*Dutton, $2.75*).

A new gallery of Miss Hokinson's well-bred ladies, most of them, as usual, vaguely perturbed by some minute crisis, but all doing their redoubtable best.

Early Tales of the Atomic Age, by Daniel Lang (*Doubleday, $2.75*).

Intricacies of the post-Hiroshima world, made more lucid, if not less frightening, by Mr. Lang's straightforward reporting. He has covered the doings of atomic scientists and others, in kindred fields, who have been working on lethal surprises for mankind. Introduction by Carl Van Doren.

That's Me All Over, by Cornelia Otis Skinner (*Dodd, Mead, $3.50*).

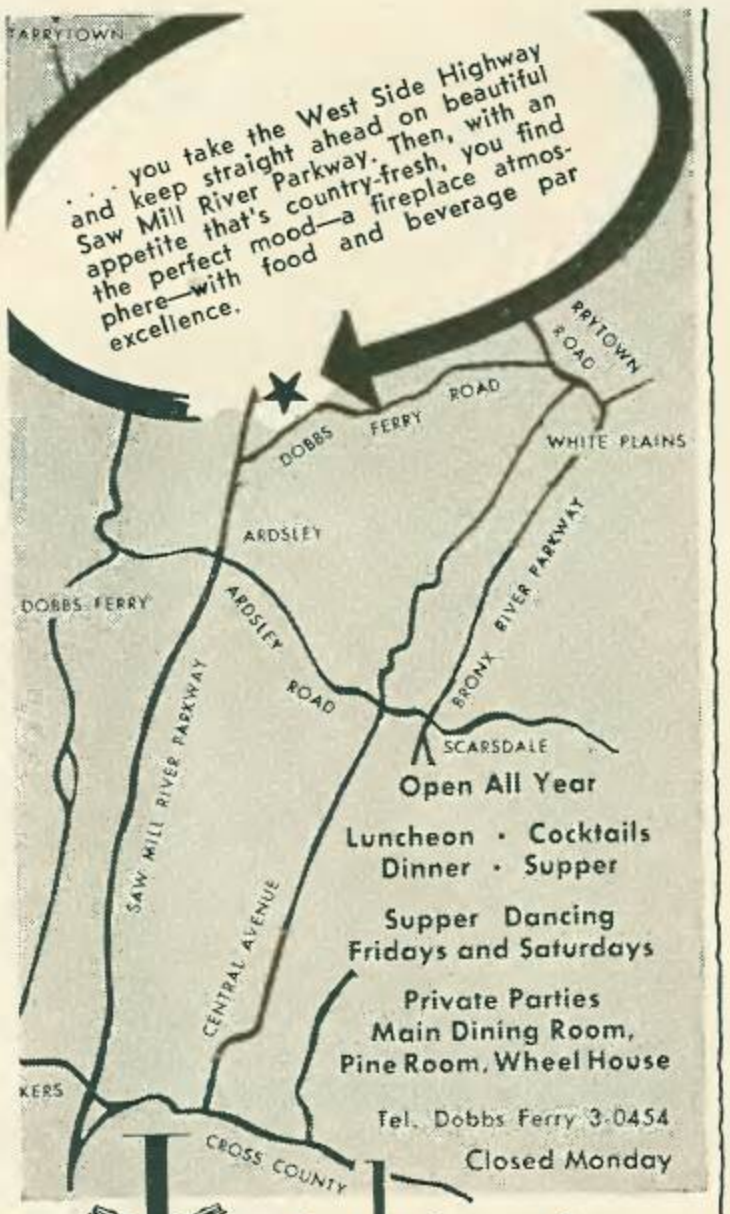
An anthology of Miss Skinner's sprightly reflections on numerous contretemps she has encountered over the past twenty-odd years. Favorites from four previous volumes are included. Decorations by Alajálov.

Sweet and Sour, by Joseph Wechsberg (*Houghton Mifflin, $2.75*).

Memories of Europe between the two World Wars, mostly tending to prove that although life there may not always have been of the abundant sort, it was seldom dull. Stories on such subjects as the claque at the Vienna Opera and the perennial bureaucrat who finally migrated to Washington will be remembered from these pages.

I Never Saw an Arab Like Him, by James Maxwell (*Houghton Mifflin, $2.50*).

A series of perceptive stories dealing with intrigues and personal frictions on and around a Tripolitanian air base at which the author was stationed during the war, usually finding himself occupied with the mediation of differences between various Arabs, Jews, Italians, British, and Americans.



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(Viking). This captivating book, one of the subtlest and best written of the year, is made for little girls who like to play with dolls. It begins, "This is a novel written about dolls in a dolls' house." The characters of the novel are a doll family and the English children who activate them, and the setting is a Victorian dolls' house the children have inherited from their grandmother. Tottie Plantaganet, a battered "farthing doll," is Miss Godden's great-spirited heroine. Pure pleasure for any mother to read aloud to her daughter.

THE WITCH OF SCRAPFAGGOT GREEN, by Patricia Gordon, illustrated by William Pène du Bois (Viking). The talkative ghost of an amiable seventeenth-century witch turns up in a British hamlet in 1944 to tease an American sergeant who accidentally disturbed her grave with his bulldozer, and to delight two children, who discover that they are her descendants. Well-written fantasy and imaginative sepia illustrations make a pleasing book for seven-to-ten-year-olds.

STORIES OF AN EARLIER AMERICA

RIDING THE PONY EXPRESS, by Clyde Robert Bulla, illustrated by Grace Paull (Crowell). This short, vivid story about a lonely boy who lived at one of the Nebraska stations of the Pony Express while his father rode the mail and who, one day, had to carry the mail himself is permeated with a sense of history. Boys of six to nine will find the big type and simple writing easy to read, and there are many lively black-and-white illustrations.

SALLY TAIT, by Frances Clarke Sayers, illustrated by Eileen Evans (Viking). Family gaiety and affection are the keynotes of this chronicle of a memorable year in the life of a little girl in Texas, in 1912. Sally was nine when she had diphtheria and went to a new school, and when an enchanting young aunt came for a long, eventful visit full of parties. The author, ably supported by her illustrator, gives these slender events a delicate period flavor, yet everything that happens to Sally will surely interest little girls of 1948.

THE TRAIL OF COURAGE: A STORY OF NEW AMSTERDAM, by Virginia Watson, illustrated by Marcia Brown (Coward-McCann). An unusual tale of Manhattan in the days of Peter Stuyvesant. Young Ulrica lands in the New World alone and

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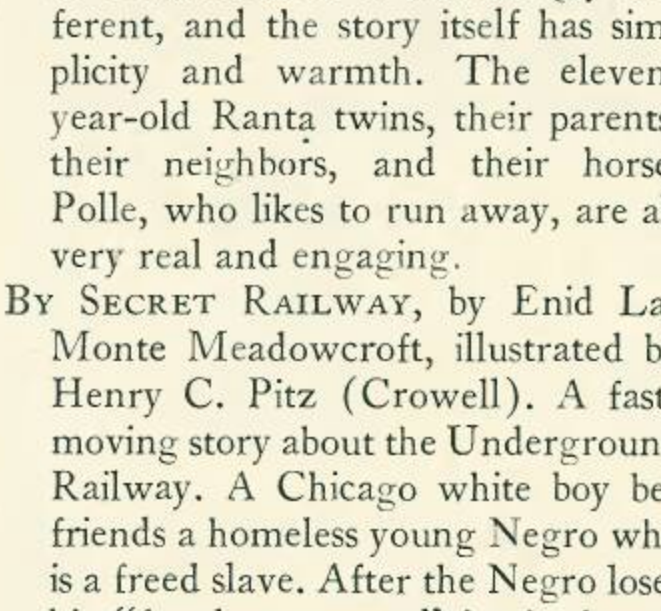
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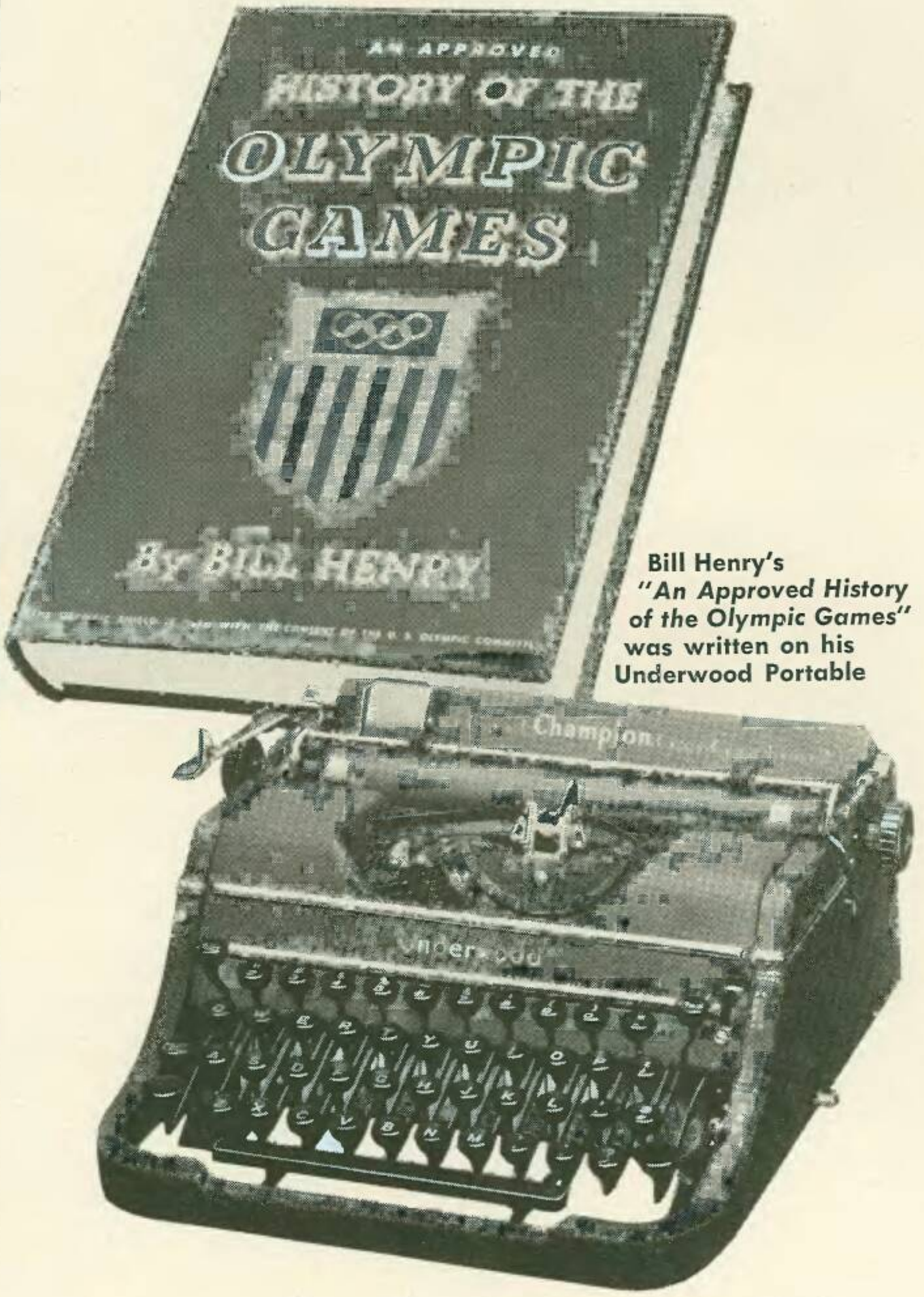
is handed over to cruel guardians. How she escapes, is befriended by Indians, and finally establishes her independence makes a stirring story of a child's search for freedom of the spirit. The writing has both vigor and restraint.

BOOM TOWN BOY, written and illustrated by Lois Lenski (Lippincott). The fifth book in Miss Lenski's excellent regional series. This one is about the oil boom in Oklahoma in the twenties. Ten-year-old Orvie Robinson watches the derricks go up on his grandfather's farm, and soon learns a great deal about rigging and drilling, and about the men, women, and children who crowd into the boom town. He and his family are at first beside themselves with the excitement and sudden wealth, but eventually the Robinsons reject the new life and the easy money, and go back to farming. The illustrations are as good as the substantial, well-written text.

THE ROCKY SUMMER, by Lee Kingman, illustrated by Barbara Cooney (Houghton Mifflin). A story of a Finnish granite-worker's family on Cape Ann in 1905. The background of the quarries and the Finnish colony in Massachusetts is refreshingly different, and the story itself has simplicity and warmth. The eleven-year-old Ranta twins, their parents, their neighbors, and their horse, Polle, who likes to run away, are all very real and engaging.

BY SECRET RAILWAY, by Enid LaMonte Meadowcroft, illustrated by Henry C. Pitz (Crowell). A fast-moving story about the Underground Railway. A Chicago white boy befriends a homeless young Negro who is a freed slave. After the Negro loses his "freedom papers," he is shanghaied and sent back to slavery in Missouri, but his friend from the North helps him escape, via the Underground. The Chicago background at the time of Lincoln's first nomination is interesting, and the two boys' adventures in the South will be full of





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suspense for eight-to-twelve-year-olds.

RIVER OF THE WOLVES, by Stephen W. Meader, illustrated by Edward Shenton (Harcourt, Brace). An exciting, honest tale of the period of the French and Indian Wars. An American boy of fifteen is captured during an Indian raid on the Hampshire Grants and carried off to an Abenaki village in Canada, together with a girl of his own age and two other prisoners. After a hard winter of living like Indians, the boy and girl escape. This sounds like old stuff, but the author, whose research has obviously been thorough, gives many new sidelights on Indian customs and never pulls his punches on Indian savagery. Red meat for readers of eleven to fourteen.

GENTLEMEN, HUSH!, by Jere Wheelwright, illustrated by Ralph Ray (Scribner). A rattling good story, for older children, about the Reconstruction of the South after the Civil War. Three young Confederate soldiers who have been separated from their units join forces and fortunes just before Appomattox, and after the surrender make their way back to the home of one of them, in Virginia, only to find the house razed, the farm destroyed. How they pick up life again, starting from nothing, is an absorbing tale, in which the fabulous Confederate Colonel John Singleton Mosby plays a role. The book covers a period seldom touched on in juvenile fiction.

CHILDREN FROM FAR LANDS

THREE LITTLE CHINESE GIRLS, written and illustrated by Eleanor Frances Lattimore (Morrow). Miss Lattimore's books about Chinese children have an individuality that derives both from her clean-cut line-drawing illustrations and from her affectionate understanding of children. The three sisters of this story are Jade, who is nine; Pearl, who is seven; and mischievous Jasmine, who is five. In spite of their foreign background, they will seem to young Americans of the same age like little girls from next door.

DAUGHTER OF THE MOUNTAINS, by Louise Rankin, illustrated by Kurt Wiese (Viking). A six-year-old girl makes a lonely journey on foot through the Himalayas from Tibet to Calcutta in pursuit of her Lhasa terrier, which muleteers have stolen. Improbable as the tale is, it is likely to be convincing to children of eight



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to eleven. The writing is above average and the background unusual.

A CLUB OF SMALL MEN: A STORY OF BALI, by Colin McPhee, with decorations and photographs by the author (John Day). A true story of how nineteen small boys in a Balinese village formed a music club, built a clubhouse, and worked hard to learn to play their gongs, cymbals, and drums, so that they, like the men of their village, could have an orchestra. They did so well that they were invited to play in the temple and, later, at the Rajah's wedding. The author writes agreeably, and his photographs of the earnest little boys are delightful.

LITTLE GIRL FROM THE CITY, by L. Voronkova, translated from the Russian by Josef Berger, and illustrated by Ruth Steed (Atlantic-Little Brown). A very pleasant book from Soviet Russia, and one that has no heavy propaganda motif. It tells how a war orphan is taken into a family who live on a farm—a collective farm, to be sure—and how she finally learns to love country life and her new mother. The odd ways of Russian farm children (baths in the oven, rye biscuits in the shape of larks, and so on) should interest American readers of eight to twelve.

THE BIG WAVE, by Pearl Buck, illustrated with prints by Hiroshige and Hokusai (John Day). A parable, with a Japanese setting, of courage in the face of tragedy and of the enduring will to live. The rather terrifying story of a boy who lost his parents and home when a tidal wave wiped out a fishing village is unsuitable for children under thirteen, but it is well enough written not to seem merely a preachment to those in their early teens. The Japanese prints (reproduced in black-and-white) make particularly happy illustrations for a generation of young Americans who grew up thinking that nothing good comes from Japan.

STORIES OF TODAY

PINTO'S JOURNEY, written and illustrated by Wilfrid S. Bronson (Messner). Because the young men of the Pueblo village were away, nine-year-old Pinto had to make a dangerous trip alone into the mountains, to find turquoise for his grandfather's jewelry-making. The author is knowing about both Indians and wild animals (in this case, bears and mountain lions), and he tells a touching story of a child's courage. His black-and-



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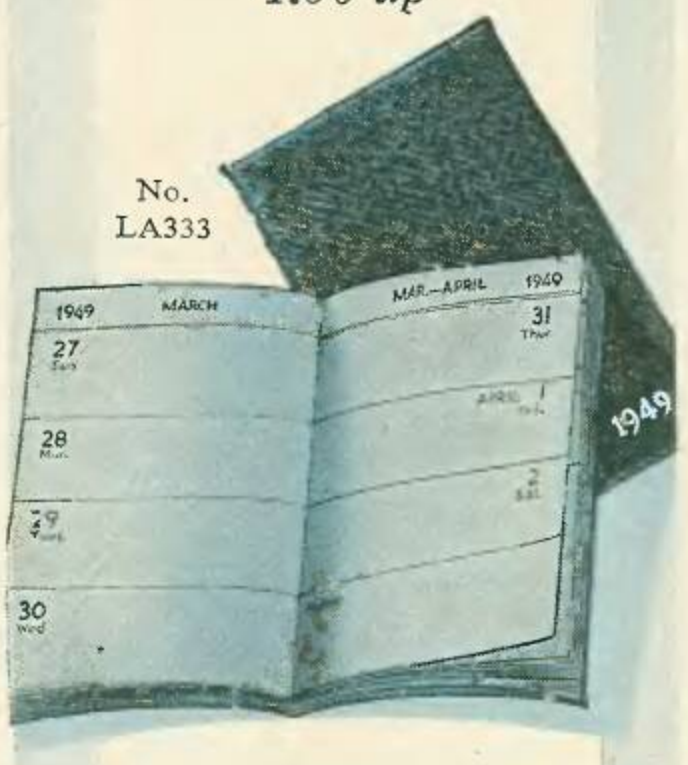


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white illustrations are an important addition to his text, but his four garish full-color pages are the one jarring note in a good book.

THE INVISIBLE ISLAND, by Dean Marshall, illustrated by Christine Price (Dutton). Most children will envy the four young Guthries, whose coöperative parents allow them to be "cast away on a desert island" for a wonderful summer week. The island, to be sure, is in their father's Connecticut woods, the surrounding waters are shallow, and rations come from home, but the children find a cave, build a stone hut, and are visited by mysterious invaders. The story emphasizes the theme of family solidarity, and the book has all the right ingredients for imaginative children.

SLEIGH BELLS FOR WINDY FOOT, by Frances Frost, illustrated by Lee Townsend (Whittlesey House). A sequel to "Windy Foot at the County Fair" that will be welcomed by the eight-to-twelve-year-old admirers of that popular book, even though it is on the familiar theme of Christmas in the country. Children like sequels, and the book gives a genuine feeling of happy family life on a New England farm.

PEACHTREE ISLAND, by Mildred Lawrence, illustrated by Mary Stevens (Harcourt, Brace). A story with a new background, which is written with freshness and humor. When homeless nine-year-old Cissy went to visit her uncle who owned a big peach orchard on an island in Lake Erie, she was determined to be as useful as a boy would be on a farm. She succeeded so well that at the end of a year her uncle wanted her to stay there always. Cissy is a natural little heroine, both in the story and in the illustrations, and the book has more merit than many more ambitious ones.

CANADIAN SUMMER, written and illustrated by Hilda van Stockum (Viking). A sequel to "The Mitchells," and another spirited chronicle of life in a big family. The Mitchells have moved to Canada, and the six indefatigable youngsters are as much of a handful for their parents in a faraway cottage in the woods as they were in Washington during the war. There are black-and-white illustrations that are full of brisk Canada air.

GREAT NORTHERN?, written and illustrated by Arthur Ransome (Macmillan). This is one of the best books yet about those seafaring British children, the Swallows, Amazons, and

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Scarabs. It logs a voyage among the Outer Hebrides and exciting expeditions ashore when the ship's young naturalist makes an important ornithological discovery—the nest and eggs of the Great Northern Diver (our American loon), which had never before been found nesting in Scotland—and outwits a villainous egg-collector, who wanted to rob the nest. The nautical details and the bird lore are equally accurate. Mr. Ransome writes for eight-to-thirteen-year-olds, but his readers never really outgrow their addiction.

BLUE SPRING FARM, by Claire Huchet Bishop (Viking). A good story about a group of talented young pianists who dedicate a summer vacation to farming and music under a gifted teacher. The book is sure to arouse the interest of girls and boys between ten and fourteen, especially those who are studying the piano.

GREEN TREASURE, by M. I. Ross, illustrated by Anne Merriman Peck (Harper). An unusual story about an ambitious fifteen-year-old boy who is lucky enough to be taken along on a scientific expedition to the tropics in search of fruits and other plants to transplant to the United States. From the moment he starts for the South, in an empty hearse, the book is full of unconventional adventures, in which a pet monkey plays an important role. The book also gives many interesting facts on the relatively new profession of "plant exploration."

A GOOD PARTNER, by Kathrene Pinkerton (Harcourt, Brace). Many boys of twelve to fourteen will like the authentic background of this tale of mink farming in northern Wisconsin. The story itself, about a fifteen-year-old boy and his guardian, who become partners and develop a new strain of platinum mink, is by no means first-rate fiction, but the details of how to raise mink, and the elementary genetics involved in producing a new fur color, are thoroughly interesting.

THE SECRET OF THE BURIED TOMB, written and illustrated by Clayton



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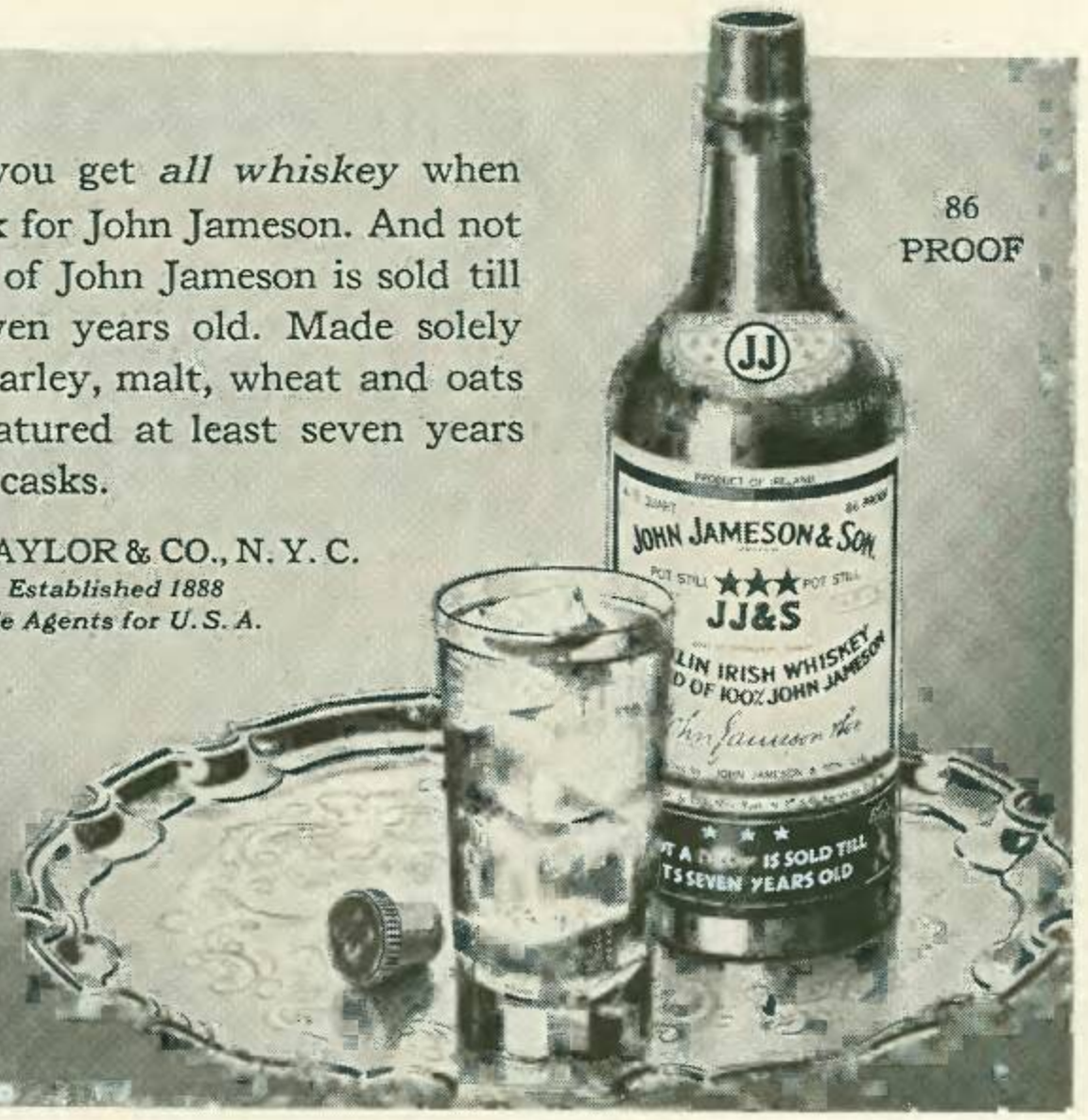
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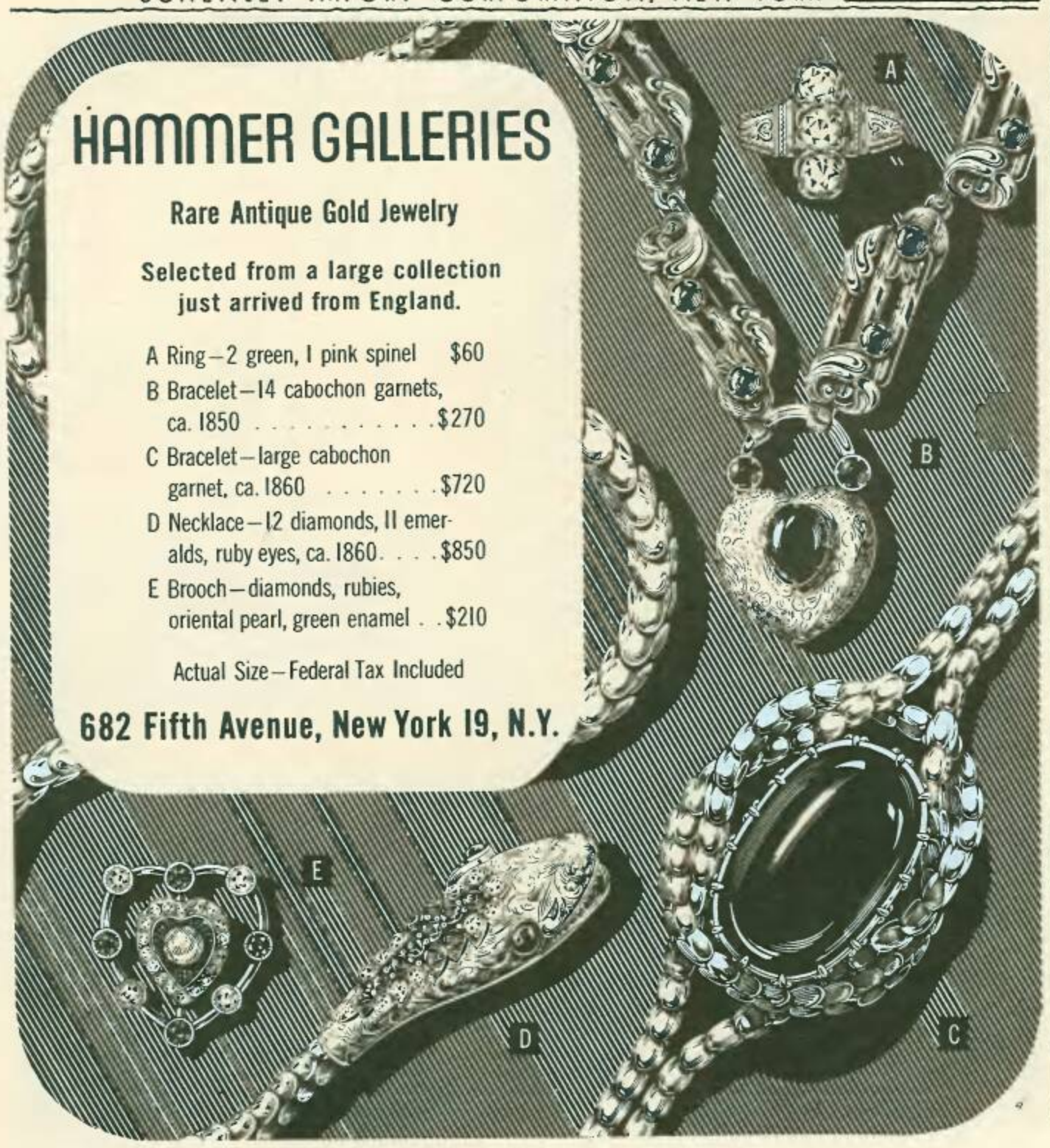
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Knight (Knopf), and THE CRIMSON ANCHOR, by Felix Riesenberg, Jr. (Dodd, Mead). These are two of the better mystery-adventure stories for boys in their early teens. They are alike in their virtues—action, suspense, excitement—and unfortunately alike, too, in the implausibility of their plots. Good diversion, though, for a dull Saturday. The first concerns the extracurricular adventures of a young gob on Okinawa during the war, the second postwar skulduggery in the merchant marine.

FOLK STORIES AND FOLKLORE

CATS FOR KANSAS, written and illustrated by Le Grand (Abingdon-Cokesbury). It seems that there were no cats in Kansas until a trader named Gabe Slade brought in a crateload of them from the East. How Gabe and the cats travelled by train, steamboat, and prairie wagon, and how he wound up his journey in possession of a hundred and seven plowed acres, a tame buffalo, and a calico cat, makes a pretty good tall tale. It purports to be a bit of regional folklore.

A ROCKET IN MY POCKET: THE RHYMES AND CHANTS OF YOUNG AMERICANS, compiled by Carl Withers, illustrated by Susanne Suba (Holt). A rich anthology of the sayings, taunts, tongue twisters, and counting-out rhymes of American children today. The collection is a segment of contemporary folklore that will interest adults and entertain children of ten and under. Excellent pen-and-ink illustrations.

JOE MAGARAC AND HIS U.S.A. CITIZEN PAPERS, by Irwin Shapiro, illustrated by James Daugherty (Messner). A whopping tall story about the Slovak Joe Magarac, the Paul Bunyan of the steel mills, who was so much a man of iron that he rusted when it rained. The story is apparently not so much a genuine folk tale as the author's extension of the legends about a little-known American folk hero, and it points the fine moral that "foreigners" should not be scorned. Children with a taste for exaggeration will enjoy the author's uproarious style.

GRANDFATHER TALES, collected and retold by Richard Chase, illustrated by Berkeley Williams, Jr. (Houghton Mifflin). Like the author's earlier "Jack Tales," this is an assortment of American folk stories from North Carolina, Virginia, and Ken-



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tucky. The first chapter sets the scene—a Christmas gathering in Crockett County—and then come the gusty tales, told by various guests at the party. Some of them are of purely American origin; others are local versions of familiar fairy stories from Grimm and other traditional sources. Even the old ones have freshness, because the author is an experienced storyteller and knows how to write as if he were talking. His use of dialect is never overwhelming.

MORE FOLK TALES FROM CHINA, by Lim Sian-tek, illustrated by William Arthur Smith (John Day). To read this Chinese collection after the Chase volume offers an interesting comparison between the Oriental and the Western character. It is the author's second collection of Chinese legends and stories of Chinese heroes and sages. The fable-like tales are brief and poetic; occasionally they are quite violent or sad. Probably too much blood is spilled to make all of them happy reading for the very young, but even little children will like the early chapters, which explain such matters as the origin of snow and why the cat and dog are enemies.

AMERICAN FOLK SONGS FOR CHILDREN, by Ruth Crawford Seeger, illustrated by Barbara Cooney (Doubleday). This big book of simple folk songs will be invaluable for parents and teachers who sing with young children. Mrs. Seeger has collected the words and melodies of nearly a hundred traditional American songs, the greater number of them familiar only to folklorists, has given them easy accompaniments, and has added footnotes on how to improvise new words, clap out or make a play of each song. In a foreword, she gives her theories of how the book should be used, and there are several useful indexes.

HORSE STORIES

PONY FARM, written and illustrated by Paul Brown (Scribner). All children who hope to convince their parents that they should own a pony should manage to get hold of this book, because its pencil-drawing illustrations of Shetland ponies are appealing enough to soften the heart of the most obdurate adult. (Did you know that a two-weeks-old Shetland pony is no bigger than a coach dog and twice as playful?) The story concerns a lucky boy and girl who

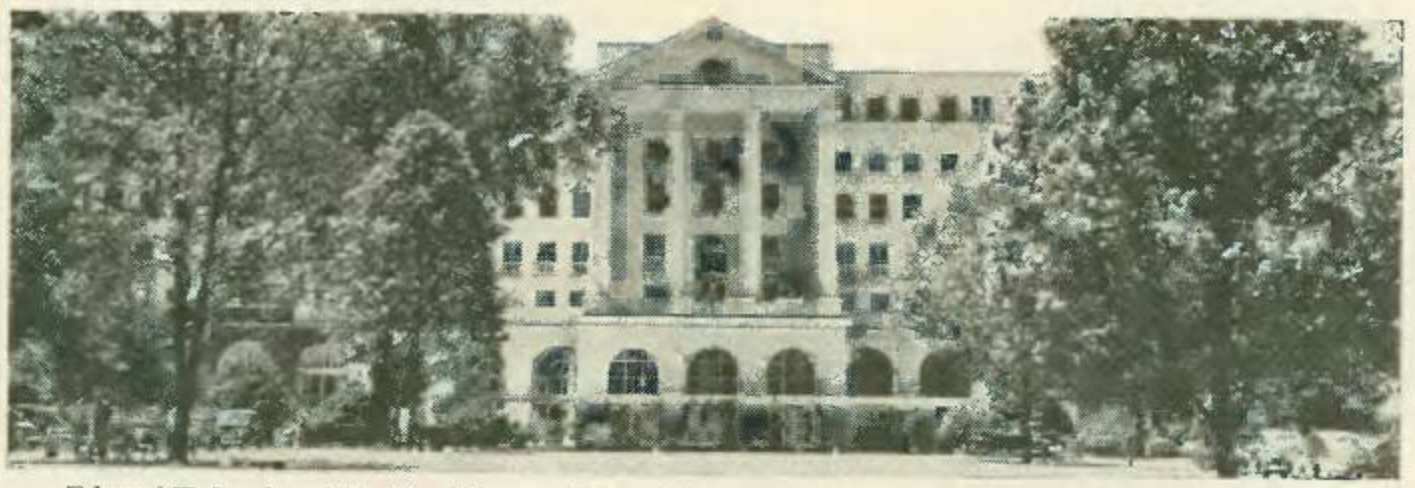


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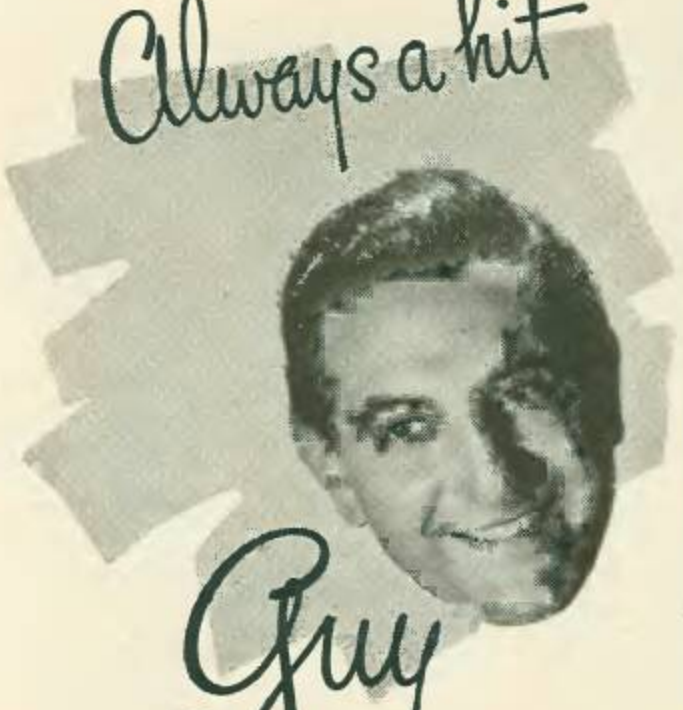
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KING OF THE WIND: THE STORY OF THE GODOLPHIN ARABIAN, by Marguerite Henry, illustrated by Wesley Dennis (Rand McNally). A romantic—one might almost say a noble—horse story, based on the life of the Arabian stallion whose descendants are among the great racing thoroughbreds of today. The Sultan of Morocco sent the young stallion and his faithful horseboy as a gift to King Louis XV of France, but they were spurned at the French court, and suffered many misfortunes and cruelties before the little Arabian horse became the pride of the Earl of Godolphin's stables and the most honored horse in England. Ably written and beautifully illustrated.

STOLEN PONY, written and illustrated by Glen Rounds (Holiday). Horse thieves steal a cow pony and turn him loose when they find he is blind. The dog who has always watched over the pony follows the thieves and manages to guide the horse back to the home ranch after weeks of wandering through the South Dakota Bad Lands. That is all there is to the story, but it is written with so much restraint and with such exact knowledge of the West and of the ways of horse and dog that it is convincing and touching.

NATURE AND SCIENCE

STARLINGS, written and illustrated by Wilfrid S. Bronson (Harcourt, Brace). All about the city and country habits of the starlings, those pesky, useful, and thoroughly diverting birds. Mr. Bronson's formula of giving facts of natural history in humorous, cartoon-like drawings and simple text is surefire for anyone under ten.

RABBITS, by Herbert S. Zim, illustrated by Joy Buba (Morrow). Next to mice and rats, rabbits are the commonest animals on earth. This attractive little book, printed in big type and clearly illustrated, is a scientific primer that tells the most important facts about both the wild and the tame varieties of rabbits and hares, and it is also a handbook on how to raise rabbits as pets. A vade mecum for a young rabbit breeder.

ANIMAL SOUNDS, written and illustrated by George F. Mason (Morrow). The naturalist author of "Animal Tracks" and "Animal Homes" has written another excellent nature book, this time on the sounds that animals, birds, and in-



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sects make, and he explains with diagrams and pictures how they make them. He tells his readers what to listen for outdoors at different times of the year and gives many odd facts, such as why the owl, who can detect the slightest squeak of a mouse, cannot hear the loud drumming of his archenemy, the ruffed grouse. A book for all ages.

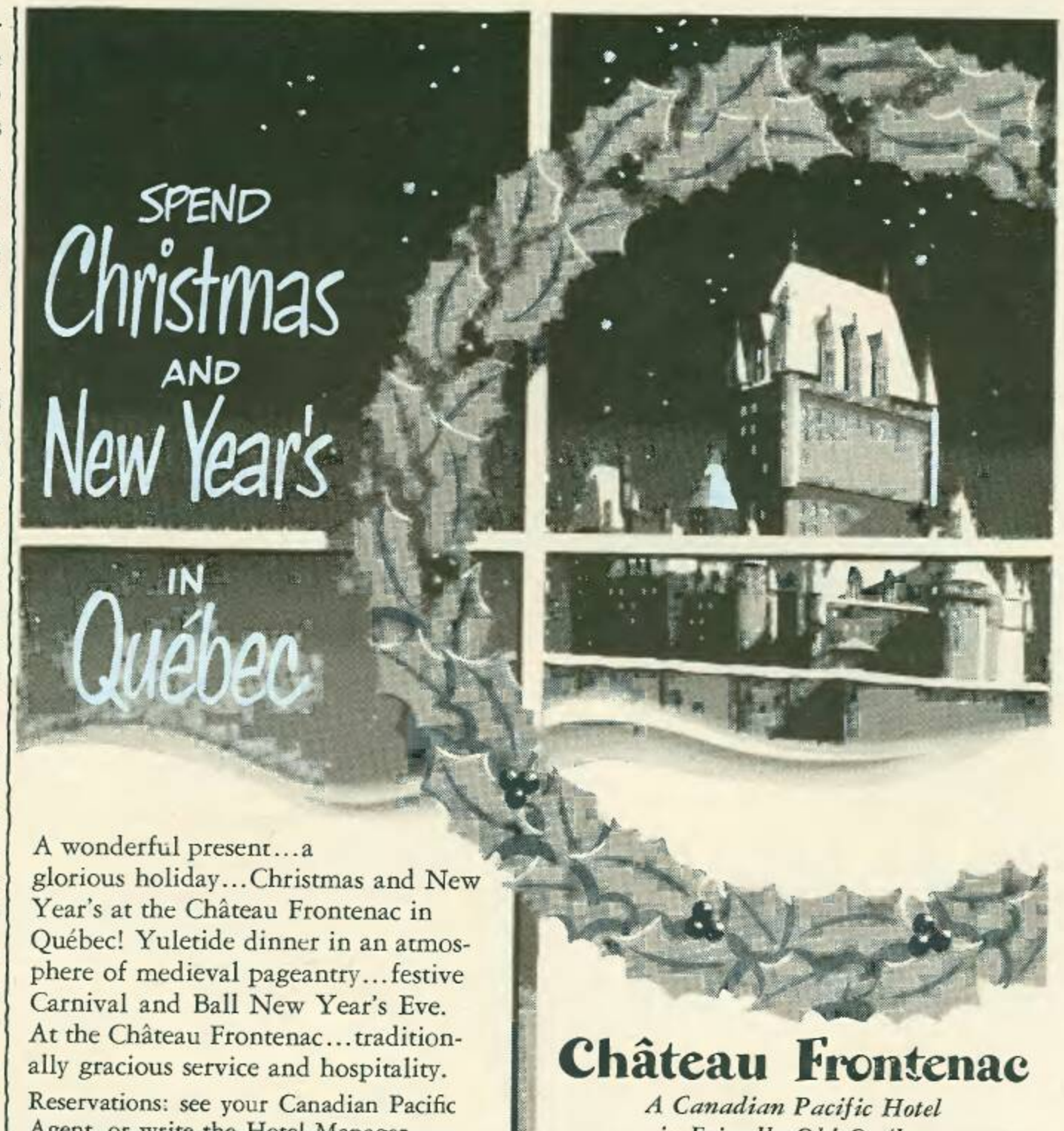
STORIES IN ROCKS, written and illustrated by Henry Lionel Williams (Holt). A well-written introduction to geology that tells how the earth began and how, over the eons, melting rock and moving earth, wind and water, and animal and vegetable matter prepared the world we live on. Illuminating, even exciting, reading for anyone of junior-high-school age or more.

THE STARS IN OUR HEAVEN: MYTHS AND FABLES, by Peter Lum, illustrated by Anne Marie Jauss (Pantheon). An impressive assemblage of the legends about the stars—not merely the familiar myths of the Greeks and Romans but also those that were handed down to us from the Chinese, the American Indians, the Norsemen, the Chaldeans, and other ancient peoples. The stories, delightful in themselves, will give meaning to the star patterns in the night skies and, too, will throw light on man's earliest beliefs and religions. Though not an astronomy, the book contains many astronomical facts, clearly presented. In general, it is too solid and scholarly for young children, but it should open a whole new field to readers of high-school age. There are twenty-four decorative white-on-black line drawings, which map the stars and trace the outlines of the mythical figures of the constellations.

HISTORY AND GEOGRAPHY

RIDING THE RAILS, written and illustrated by Elizabeth Olds (Houghton Mifflin). A picture book about the history of United States railroads and railroading. The text is elementary





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and brief, yet completely factual; the pictures, which alternate black-and-whites with color spreads in blues, tans, and reds, are charmingly naïve without being self-conscious. An admirable book.

THE STORY OF THE SOUTH WEST, lithographs by C. H. DeWitt, text by May McNeer (Harper). The newest volume in the Regions of America series. In the brilliant colors of the DeWitt lithographs, children can see the Zuñis, Hopis, Navajos, and Spaniards, the mountains and mesas, the trading posts and rodeos of Arizona and New Mexico. The text is a bit sketchy and episodic, but the book is worth owning for its pictures.

THE WILD WILD WEST, written and illustrated by James Daugherty (McKay). Big, flowing pictures and spirited couplets tell the story of the Western frontier from the days of Boone to the age of steam and air. Both text and pictures are atmospheric rather than factual. The book would be fun to read aloud to a young student of American history, since Daugherty's trappers, plainsmen, settlers, forty-niners, and cattlemen are a colorful procession.

SEABIRD, written and illustrated by Holling Clancy Holling (Houghton Mifflin). This author-illustrator has a gift for opening geographical vistas and making vivid the progress of the years. His new book tells the story of an ivory gull that was carved by a boy on a whaling schooner and passed on as a mascot from generation to generation of a seafaring family. Thus the whole panorama of travel on and above the sea is unrolled from the days of sail to the modern age of air travel. There are twenty-six full-color pages, but, for most boys (and a few girls), the book's greatest fascination will lie in its detailed marginal pencil drawings and diagrams that explain such things as the equipment and layout of a whaleboat, the formation of a coral island, and the construction of an anchor.

INDIANS ON HORSEBACK, by Alice Marriott, illustrated by Margaret Lefranc (Crowell). A well-planned book on the Plains Indians that tells where they came from, how they used to live, and how they live today. There are chapters on Indian cooking and handicraft (with diagrammatic illustrations) and on other matters of vital interest to children of grade-school age, who quite often go through a period when the

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life of an Indian village seems more absorbing than the goings on in Main Street or Washington Square. The author is an ethnologist who knows how to write for children.

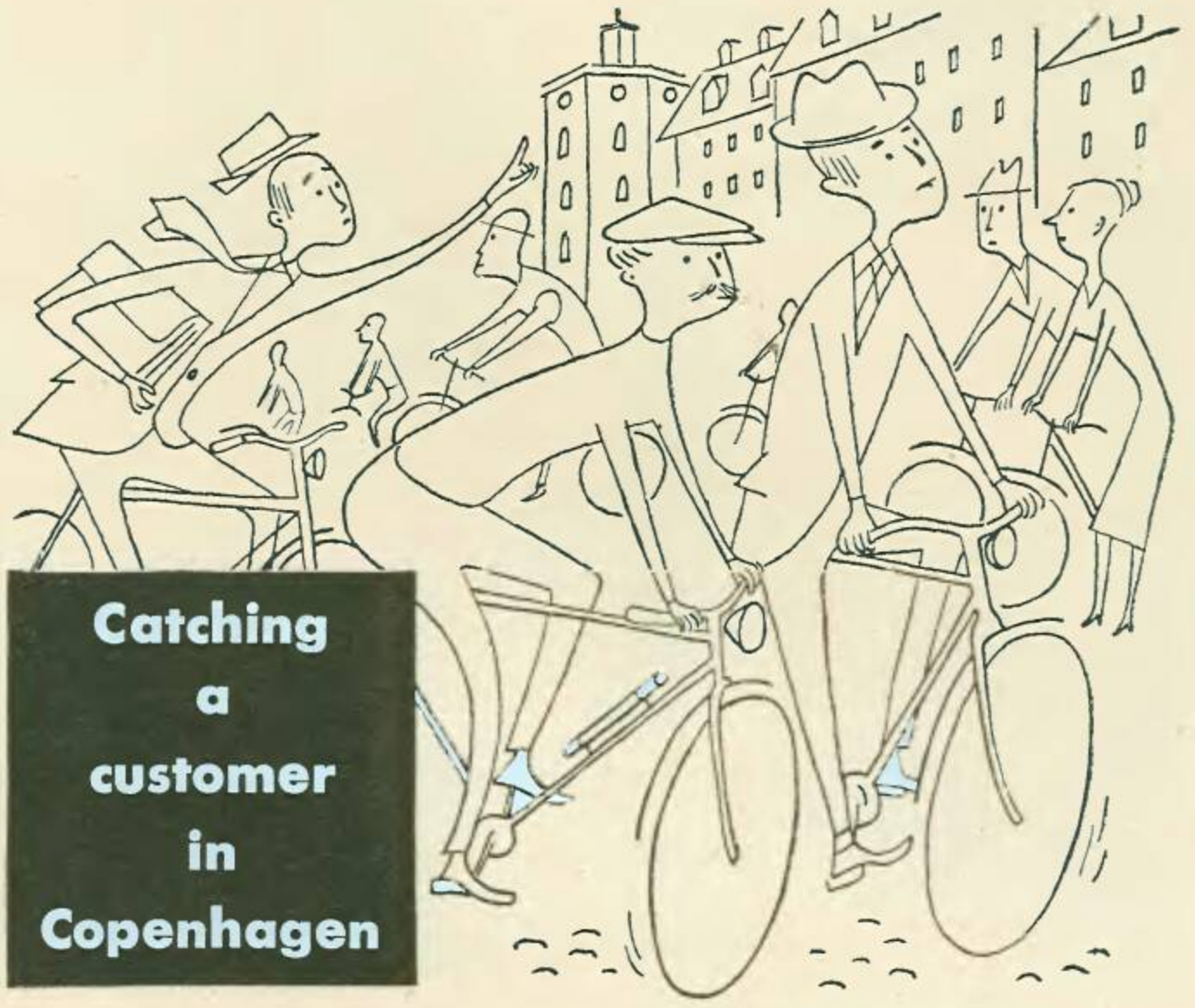
THE FOUR CORNERS OF THE WORLD: THE UNBELIEVABLE ADVENTURE OF FRANCISCO PIZARRO, written and illustrated by Roger Duvoisin (Knopf). This book could with equal justice be termed a history of the conquest of Peru or a life of the Spanish swineherd who, after years as a foot soldier, became an explorer and conqueror. However you label it, the book is a dramatic yet solid story for nine-to-thirteen-year-old readers. It describes the Spaniards' search for gold in the New World and the tragic end of the great empire of the Incas. Duvoisin's distinguished illustrations, in black-and-white and color, extend and illuminate his text.

IN NORWAY, by Gudrun Thorne-Thomsen, illustrated by Eyvind Earle (Viking). A sensible and interesting book on Norway, its heritage and past, its present way of life, its government and people, for the twelve-to-fifteen-year-old reader. The volume is exceptionally good in design and typography, and the strong black-and-white illustrations are beautiful.

BIOGRAPHY

FREDERIC CHOPIN, SON OF POLAND, by Opal Wheeler, illustrated by Christine Price (Dutton). Opal Wheeler's lives of the composers, written in story form for children who are beginning to study music, have had so much recognition that this newest volume in the series hardly needs to be recommended. It covers Chopin's childhood on the estate of Count Skarbek, in whose household Frederic's father was tutor; the boy's studies in Warsaw; his début as a pianist in Vienna. The author succeeds in conveying the alternately gay and grave atmosphere of feudal Poland. The book contains excerpts from some of Chopin's earlier compositions, and there are many spirited black-and-white illustrations.

THAT LIVELY MAN, BEN FRANKLIN, by Jeanette Eaton, illustrated by Henry C. Pitz (Morrow). Miss Eaton is one of our most competent writers of history and biography for children. Here she has written, for nine-to-thirteen-year-old readers, an admirably selective yet well-rounded



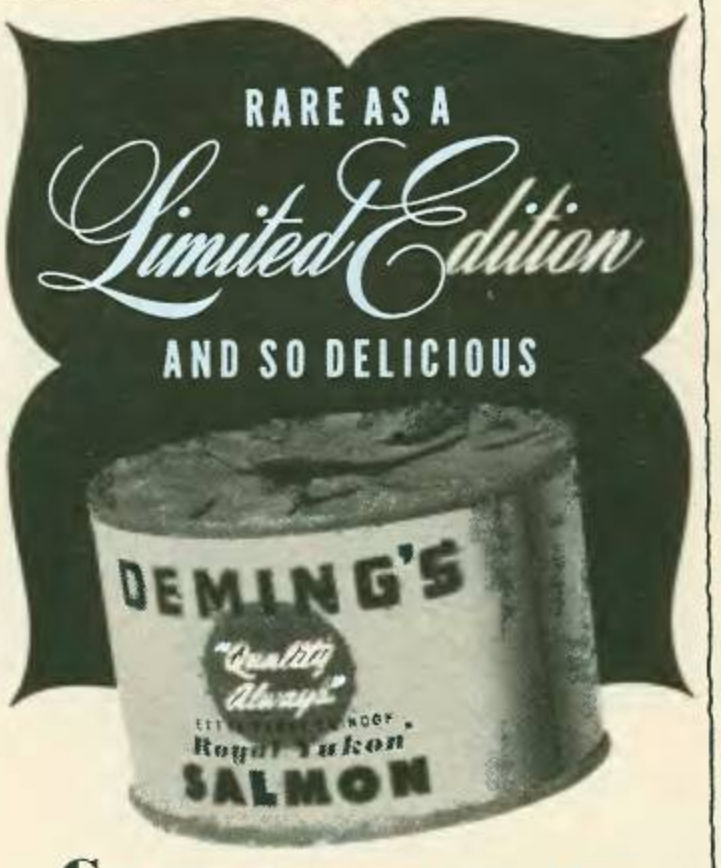
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life of the versatile Franklin, "that lively man," and her book deserves the adjective with which she describes her hero.

GILBERT STUART, by Ruth Langland Holberg, illustrated by Lloyd Coe (Crowell). Pleasing in format and illustration, and ably and unassumingly written, this biography of Stuart should appeal to readers of ten to fourteen years, who for the most part know of Stuart only as the painter of the popular portraits of Washington. The author shows how young Gilbert persisted in his art in a period when artists were thought to be a rather poor sort, and she makes no attempt to gloss over her hero's spendthrift ways in the days of his success; she even lists his assets ($375) and his debts ($1,778.34) at his death. An honest job.

REAPER MAN: THE STORY OF CYRUS HALL MCCORMICK, by Clara Ingram Judson, illustrated by Paul Brown (Houghton Mifflin). A satisfactory life of the Virginia farmer who invented the reaper that changed the pace of agriculture all over the world. The method is fictional but not obnoxiously so, and readers of twelve and more may find it interesting to learn some of the problems that beset an inventor and manufacturer. The pen-and-ink illustrations are particularly fine.

FIGHTING FRONTIERSMAN: THE LIFE OF DANIEL BOONE, by John Bakeless, illustrated by Edward Shenton (Morrow). There have been several good books on Boone for younger children, and here, for readers of high-school age, is an excellent biography, which is based on Mr. Bakeless's previous life of Boone, written for adult readers. Without fictionizing or talking down, he tells a straightforward, invigorating version of one of the great American stories. The illustrations and book design are also first-rate.

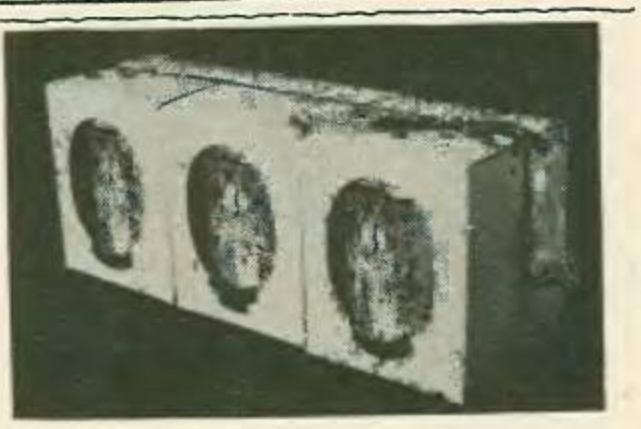
THE GENTLE WARRIOR: THE STORY OF DOROTHEA LYNDE DIX, by Corinne Lowe, illustrated by William Sharp (Harcourt, Brace). In spite of its rather uncontrolled style, this fictional life of the New England humanitarian whose investigations of prisons and insane asylums changed our whole attitude toward the treatment of mental invalids may be of interest to girls of high-school age. There are revealing chapters on Boston in the middle of the last century and glimpses of Boston personages, like Dr. Channing, Dr. Howe,

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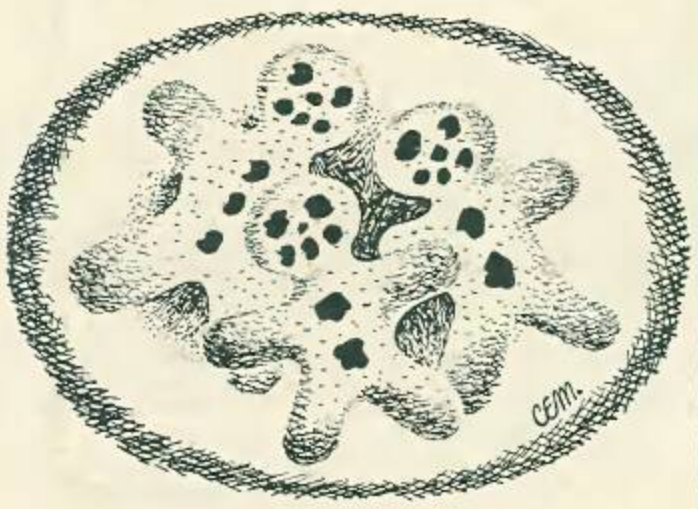


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MINORITY REPORT: Two juveniles that have been hailed as publishing events and praised by reviewers should be added for the record. The first one marks the return of Babar, the beloved little elephant of Jean de Brunhoff's five picture books, in a volume called "Babar's Cousin: That Rascal Arthur" (Random House), written and illustrated by de Brunhoff's son, Laurent. The pictures are almost perfect imitations of the originals, but the spark of the first two or three Babar books seems to me to be missing. Hugh Lofting's posthumous volume, "Dr. Dolittle and the Secret Lake" (Lippincott), takes the famous Doctor and his animal friends to Africa, where they rescue an ancient turtle. I found the story so long-winded as to be almost unreadable, but Dr. Dolittle aficionados will surely think differently.

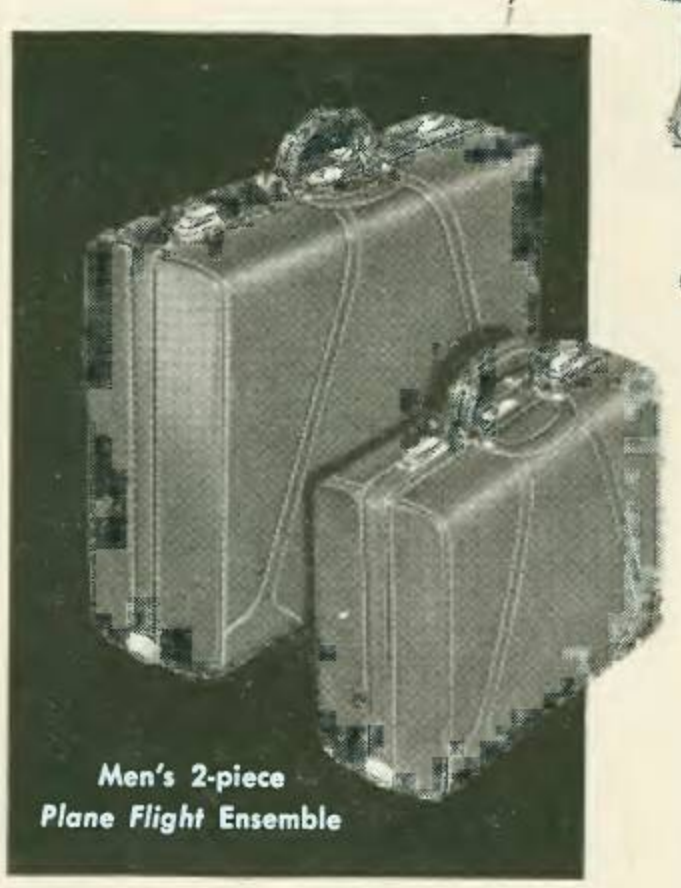
NEW EDITIONS: The most welcome reprints of the year may well prove to be the three books that comprise the remarkable saga of the Bastables, that delightful family of British children described, in the late nineties and early nineteen-hundreds, by E. Nesbit in "The Treasure Seekers," "The Would-Be-Goods," and "The New Treasure Seekers;" the books are now reprinted with new line-drawing illustrations, which exactly suit the text, by C. Walter Hodges (Coward-McCann). . . . A good new series of reprints of familiar favorites is the Lippincott Classics; the titles include "Treasure Island," "Pinocchio," "Heidi," "Robinson Crusoe," and "Robin Hood." The books are substantially made and well designed, and each has a preface by Angelo Patri and new illustrations, in black-and-white and color. I especially like Charles Banks Wilson's illustrations for "Treasure Island" and Agnes Tait's for "Heidi." (The books are $2.50 a volume.) . . . The Rainbow Classics, although less good typographically, continue to be a bargain at







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$1.25, and six titles have been added this year: "Eight Cousins," "Jack and Jill," "The Prince and the Pauper," "Gulliver's Travels," "The Little Lame Prince," and "The Rainbow Book of Bible Stories." There are new illustrations, in line and in color, and forewords by May Lamberton Becker. . . . The Grosset & Dunlap Junior Library comes in three editions, at $1.25, $2, and $3, of which I prefer the medium-priced. The new titles are "A Tale of Two Cities;" "The Little Lame Prince" and "The Adventures of a Brownie," in one volume; "Five Little Peppers and How They Grew;" and "Kidnapped," which, with illustrations by Lynd Ward, seems to me outstanding in this particular set of reprints. . . . Longmans, Green continue their reprints of the Andrew Lang Color Fairy Books with "The Red," "The Green," "The Yellow," "The Blue," and one called "The Rose," which is a collection of romantic tales from several of the Lang volumes not yet reprinted. All the books are re-illustrated, and I miss the original H. J. Ford illustrations; the new ones are closer to being decorations than illustrations and do not extend the text and stretch the imagination as Ford's did. . . . It is pleasant to see Robert Davis's stories of "Padre Porko," the gentlemanly Spanish pig, again in print with the Eichenberg pictures; Mr. Davis has added two chapters that are as good as the old ones. . . . Doubleday has brought out a two-volume set of "The Jungle Books," illustrated by Aldren Watson. . . . "The Favorite Uncle Remus" (Houghton Mifflin) contains stories from all the Uncle Remus books, selected by George Van Santvoord and Archibald Coolidge; the original A. B. Frost illustrations are used, which is just as it should be.

—K. S. WHITE

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