June 18, 1949

THE NEW YORKER

Price 20 cents



How to Take a Bath and Enjoy Life

REQUISITES EARLY AMERICAN Friendship's Garden® FOR THE BATH



Soften and perfume the water with flower-fragrant, water-softening Bath Salts . . . 1.00



Caress your skin with the mild purity of fragrant, long-lasting Soap . . . . . 3 toilet-size cakes 1.00
3 bath-size cakes 1.50



Sprinkle on soft-as-mist Friendship's Garden Talcum . . . 50¢ and 1.00, Dusting Powder 1.00



Splash on fresh-as-dew Friendship's Garden Toilet Water . . . . . 4 oz. 1.00, 8 oz. 1.75
(4 oz. with Atomizer 1.50)



A bright booklet on Bathing for Health, Looks and Pleasure is yours for the asking —at your favorite store—or write to

SHULTON
Dept. Y, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N. Y.

PRICES PLUS FEDERAL TAX EXCEPT SOAP

P. S. To try them all first in small sizes, buy the Bath Box 1.25



KAY BELL

BERGDORF GOODMAN
5th AVE. at 58th ST. • NEW YORK 19
ON THE PLAZA

Exclusive Coin-of-the-Realm Coat, **$50**

Fashionable fortune for your immediate inheritance—
dollar-size dots of rayon satin on rayon and wool faille, in a well-rounded coat
with bat-wing sleeves, tight push-up cuffs, black only, sizes 12 to 18.
Climaxed by our black Beanie-Beret in rayon velvet, starred twice with rhinestones, **$20**

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

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

PLAYS

Anne of the Thousand Days—Maxwell Anderson's tribute to Henry's second wife is magnificently acted, especially by Rex Harrison and Joyce Redman, but except for that it is not particularly distinguished. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, June 25, for two months.)

At War with the Army—Any number of actors run about the stage at great speed, but to no important purpose, in this wisecracking play about life in an Army camp in the latter stages of the war. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Death of a Salesman—In this solid tragedy about a man who has come to the end of his rope, Arthur Miller more than fulfills the promise he showed in "All My Sons." Lee J. Cobb heads the excellent cast. Winner of the Pulitzer Prize and the Drama Critics' Award. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Detective Story—Sidney Kingsley's message about totalitarian government vs. democracy interferes only intermittently with this roughhouse in a police station. Ralph Bellamy plays a tough cop to perfection. (Hudson, 44th St., E. LU 2-1087. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Goodbye, My Fancy—A beautiful congresswoman, a college president, and a *Life* photographer are those principally involved in Fay Kanin's expert, if not terribly profound, play. The unusually capable cast includes Madeleine Carroll (who will be replaced by Ruth Hussey after Saturday, June 18), Shirley Booth, and Conrad Nagel. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Madwoman of Chaillot—Martita Hunt is brilliant and moving as a batty old lady who condemns a bunch of rich malefactors to death in the Paris sewers. Others in the cast are Estelle Winwood, John Carradine, and Nydia Westman. (Belasco, 44th St., E. LU 2-1567. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, June 25, for two months.)

Two Blind Mice—A nimble and funny comedy dealing with a defunct federal agency in Washington. Melvyn Douglas, Mabel Paige, and Laura Pierpont. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—born yesterday: An enlightened tramp and a scheming junk dealer. With Jan Sterling and King Calder. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **mister roberts:** The one about a Navy cargo ship during the war. With Henry Fonda, Robert Keith, and William Harrigan. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **a streetcar named desire:** Tennessee Williams' big job, concerning a woman's withdrawal into a world of illusion. With Uta Hagen, Ralph Meeker, and Karl Malden. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Along Fifth Avenue—This review is very thin on comedy and wit, but the dancers are often energetic and the singers sometimes melodious. With Betty and Jane Kean, Hank Ladd, and Jackie Gleason. Gordon Jenkins wrote the music and Tom Adair the lyrics. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, June 18.)

As the Girls Go—Bobby Clark at the top of his form as the husband of our first woman President. He gets commendable assistance from Irene Rich. Bill Callahan, and Kathryn Lee. 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 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Kiss Me, Kate—Alfred Drake and Patricia Morison in an exemplary fusion of William Shakespeare and Cole Porter. They are given some very lively aid by Bella and Samuel Spewack, who wrote the parts of the book that Shakespeare didn't; by Lemuel Ayers, who designed the scenery and costumes; and by Hanya Holm, who arranged the dances. With Lisa Kirk and Harold Lang. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Lend an Ear—A collection of sharp, witty sketches by Charles Gaynor, who also wrote the music and lyrics, makes this revue one of the most cheerful things in town. Among the talented young people in the cast are William Eythe, Dorothy Babbs, Carol Channing, and Yvonne Adair. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

South Pacific—Romantic love, miscegenation, and a lot of good, rowdy comedy are mingled in this superlative adaptation of James A. Michener's stories. Richard Rodgers wrote the music, Oscar Hammerstein II handled the lyrics and collaborated with Joshua Logan on the libretto, and the cast, headed by Ezio Pinza and Mary Martin, also includes Myron McCormick, Juanita Hall, Betta St. John, and William Tabbert. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

Where's Charley?—Ray Bolger is chiefly responsible for the success of this musical version of "Charley's Aunt," by George Abbott and Frank Loesser. With 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—high button shoes: Some nonsense concerning the 1913 Rutgers football team, among other things. With Carol Stone and Joey Faye. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Howdy, Mr. Ice of 1950," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 49th St. CO 5-5474. Tuesday through Saturday evenings at 8:40; Sunday evenings at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

NIGHT LIFE

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

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—In the subterranean Garden, which is down among the New York Central's tracks, Jules Lande's dance orchestra. No music Sundays.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Harold Nagel's and Jack Edwards' orchestras provide dance music in the Cascades roof garden at dinner and supper every evening but Sunday. Kathryn Duffy's dancers bounce about while the customers rest.

Café Society, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Juanita Hall, one of "South Pacific's" mainsprings, and Jane Dulo, one of our local calliopes. Tony Scott's band plays for dancing, and Cliff Jackson is, as always, the interlude pianist. Closed Mondays.

Diamond Horseshoe, 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500)—Pearl Bailey, Gil Lamb, W. C. Handy, and some delectable ballet girls add a certain verve to the sometimes sedate proceedings here. Dance music by Billy Banks' band.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8760)—An elegant gathering place for a number of well-dressed inventors of perpetual motion. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Cotillion Room, a mannerly show involving dancing by Artini and Consuelo and singing by Betty Jane Watson. Stanley Melba's orchestra and Ralph Lane's rumba band take care of the guests' exercises. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the Café Pierre,

	Page
BOOKS	78
THE CURRENT CINEMA	52
LETTER FROM PARIS	69
MUSICAL EVENTS	73
POPULAR RECORDS	74
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:	
ABOUT THE HOUSE	44
THE RACE TRACK	42

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address.

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XXV, No. 17, June 18, 1949. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.

Copyright, 1949, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker

Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Philippines, Latin America, and Spain, $7.50; Canada, $8.00; Other Foreign, $10.00.

Cartier

Internationally Renowned Jewelers Since 1847



From a Unique Selection of Cartier Timepieces

Distinguished for fine movements and beautifully designed cases. . . The sun-ray clock with gold engine-turned case, hands and numerals, $435; lady's 18Kt. gold flexible bracelet watch with emeralds and diamonds, $1350; lady's 18Kt. gold link bracelet watch, $645. Men's 18Kt. gold watches: square design, $380; watch with two-toned dial, $160. . . Prices include Federal Tax

Watch booklet sent on request

FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY-SECOND STREET

PARIS NEW YORK LONDON

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Stanley Worth's music every day for tea dancing and during dinner and supper, and songs by Margaret Scott.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Persian Room is filled to brimming with Hildegarde—in person, not an imitation. Mark Monte's and Salvatore Gioë's bands for dancing. Closes for the summer Saturday, June 18. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, luxurious as can be, offers Nicolas Matthey's and Payson Ré's orchestras, playing for dancing, after eight-thirty. Closed Mondays.

RITZ-CARLTON, Madison Ave. at 46th St. (MU 8-3000)—Cocktail music in the Palm Court, through Saturday, June 18, by Harold Sandler's band. No dancing.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Roof, handsome and breezy as ever, has dinner and supper dancing to the music of Milt Shaw's and Laszlo and Pepito's bands. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra provides the clientele of the Café Lounge with music to dance to every afternoon and evening.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—School is out—every evening from about eight o'clock on. An orchestra and a rumba band.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—After nine, Bob Grant's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band play for dancing, and Jimmy Carroll sings.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—On the Starlight Roof, dancing all evening, except Sundays, to Eddy Duchin's orchestra, aided, at the supper hour, by Mischa Borr's band. The room closes at ten on Sundays, when Mischa Borr is in charge. . . . ¶ 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): Except Sundays, Les Crosley (at cocktail time and dinner) and Cy Walter (later in the evening), playing the kind of piano we mortals play only in our dreams. . . . **COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis's orchestra, as sprightly as it was back in 1776, for dancing after eight-thirty; Ernie Warren plays interlude piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ TROUVILLE**, 112 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-9234): Cocktail conversation to Mary McNally's piano; supper conversation to Harry Taylor's piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): A plausible reminder of upper-bracket speakeasy days, with Paul Barron's violin music every evening but Monday, and Marshall Grant's trio after ten every evening but Sunday. . . . **MONTE CARLO**, 125 E. 54th St. (PL 9-2728): A lavish drawing room, with dance music, after eight-thirty, by Dick Gasparre's orchestra and a rumba band. Closes for the season on Saturday, June 18. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Still a home away from home for the Westchester and Manhasset groups. Easy-going piano and violin after nine-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB**, 30 Central Park S. (PL 9-3561): After the theatre, except Sundays, William Tabbert, a native of "South Pacific," sings about love, tropical and North American; Kurt Maier at the piano. . . . **MADISON**, Madison Ave. at 58th St. (VO 5-5000): Piano music Tuesdays through Saturdays from five to nine. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Nancy Andrews does well by her meaningful songs, and Alan Ross has fun with some of the better show tunes. Harold Fonville and Bob Downey contribute chipper double piano. Sunday is old-silent-movie night. . . . **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. . . . **NINO**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): In the sumptuous bar, a Joseph's-coat example of interior decorating, Harry Meyerowitz's cocktail piano and (except Tuesdays) Rudy Timfield's dinner and supper piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **OLD KNICK MUSIC HALL**, Second Ave. at 54th St. (PL 9-2724): An industrious effort to revive the night life of the possibly

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

Gay Nineties. Paul Killiam's haphazard commentary on bits of old movies is especially worth attention. . . . **CAFÉ GRINZING**, 323 E. 79th St. (BU 8-7607): In this Viennese restaurant, Fritzi Scheff, a well-remembered voice indeed. Closed Mondays. . . . **L'AIGLON**, 13 E. 55th St. (PL 3-7296): In the bar, quiet suppertime piano by Karl Pallant.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Those busy dialecticians, Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, colliding nightly onstage, to the understandable delight of their followers. Those large and lavish Copa showgirls exert a more subtle appeal. Dancing. . . . **RIVIERA**, Fort Lee, N.J. (Fort Lee 8-2000): The kind of show you'd expect at this bustling country club—Tony Martin and a lot of females—but there's also the dance team of Marge and Gower Champion, who are a bit less formula.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): The music of two new little stars—Irene Williams and Stan Freeman—now adorns this old firmament. Rose Murphy and Louise Howard turn handsprings, and Hayes Gordon and Martha Wright sing fetchingly. Stuart Ross's baroque piano and the Herman Chittison Trio are in the background. At dinner and from one-thirty to four in the morning (except Saturdays), the piano nocturnes of Eadie and Rack. . . . **RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): The modernist chamber music of the Norman Paris Trio sets a fast pace for the owlish humor of Kirkwood and Goodman, the barrel-house songs of Bibi Osterwald, and the close harmony of the Three Riffs. Michael Brown, the master of revels, chips in with some odd lyrics of his own devising. Closed Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CASINO**, 243 Sullivan St., at 3rd St. (OR 4-9583): Montmartre in miniature, an illusion induced by Jimmy Daniels, with the aid of Garland Wilson's and Norene Tate's bright-eyed piano and Mae Barnes' flamboyant songs. Closed Mondays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Josh White's unique interpretation of American folk songs, Josephine Premice's antic way with Haitian folk songs. The Gene Fields Trio plays for dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-9322): Spivy, spinning out those ageless ditties about people who are awfully bad citizens but awfully good company. Tony Craig is a singer with a more romantic point of view.



MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison and his hold-on-to-your-hat trumpet style, together with Jack Lesberg, Peanuts Hucko, Gene Schroeder, Cutty Cutshall, and other Kilkenny cats. Ralph Sutton plays hot piano whenever they stop to cool their instruments. Tuesday nights are unrestrained free-for-alls, when other sharpshooters drop in for target practice. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Phil Napoleon and his Memphis Five, a vigorous collection of torpedoes. Sunday afternoon is jam-session time. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Sidney Bechet, Kansas Fields, and Sammy Price, making a great to-do. Chippie Hill shouts the blues over the weekend. Jam sessions Monday nights. Dancing. . . . **CHILDS PARAMOUNT**, Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): Now and then, Wilbur de Paris's talented septet, which includes Sidney de Paris, breaks away from its waltzes and rumbas and gets real primitive. Supper dancing only, and no music Mondays. . . . **RIVIERA LOUNGE**, Seventh Ave. at 4th St. (WA 9-9663): A neat bandbox, in which, except on Mondays, Willie the Lion Smith, equipped with an ancient cigar and an ancient Steinway, makes mad, mad music. Herb Ward (bass) and Frank Orchard (valve trombone) help out now and then. . . . **BOP CITY**, 1619 Broadway, at 49th St. (JU 6-3170): A centrally located ice-cream parlor, where the bebop talents of George Shearing's quintet, Illinois Jacquet's band, and Sarah Vaughan are on display. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR DANCING

NEW YORKER, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000): Nat Brandwynne's orchestra, and Laura Leeds, playing the piano and singing, plus a spate of pretty ladies on ice skates. Charlie Peterson's band fills in on Sundays. . . . **STATLER**, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000): In the Café Rouge, Dick Jurgens' band. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROOSEVELT**, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200): Paul Sparr's orchestra and the Three Suns. Closed Sundays.

SUMMER SPOTS

TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN, Central Park W. at 67th St. (RH 4-4700): In fair weather, dinner and supper dancing on the outdoor terrace, which looks and feels a lot like the open country. . . . **ASTOR ROOF**, Broadway at 44th St. (CI 6-6000): Carmen Cavallaro's languishing dance music. Bill McCune's band is also on the premises. Closed Sundays.

OUT OF TOWN

DANCING AT NEARBY PLACES—GLEN ISLAND CASINO, New Rochelle (New Rochelle 6-6500): Claude Thornhill's orchestra, which will be replaced on Friday, June 24, by Joe Sudy and his band; closed Mondays. . . . **CHANTICLER**, Millburn, N.J. (Millburn 6-1454): Maximillian Bergere's orchestra; closed Mondays.

DINNER IN THE COUNTRY—Places to dine (without dancing, unless noted) while out motoring—**BETHPAGE, L.I.**: Beau Sejour (Hicksville 3-0091); closed Tuesdays. . . . **CLOSTER, N.J.**: Closter Manor (Closter 5-0277); closed Mondays. . . . **CROTON FALLS, N.Y.**: Massé's (Croton Falls 960); closed Tuesdays. . . . **DANBURY, CONN.**: White Turkey Inn (Danbury 2667). . . . **EAST NORWICH, L.I.**: Rothmann's (Oyster Bay 6-0266). . . . **FISHKILL, N.Y.**: Boni's Inn (Beacon 167). . . . **GARRISON, N.Y.**: Bird and Bottle (Garrison 342); closed Tuesdays. . . . **HAMPTON BAYS, L.I.**: Canoe Place Inn (Hampton Bays 150); dancing on Saturday evenings. . . . **NEW HOPE, PA.**: Tow-Path House (New Hope 3784). . . . **NORWALK, CONN.**: Silvermine Tavern (Norwalk 6-2588). . . . **POUNDRIDGE, N.Y.**: Emily Shaw's Inn (Bedford Village 9371); closed Mondays. . . . **RIDGEFIELD, CONN.**: Hearthstone Outpost Inn (Ridgefield 1120). Stonehenge (Ridgefield 232). . . . **ROSLYN, L.I.**: Blue Spruce Inn (Roslyn 3-0253); closed Mondays. . . . **SOUTHAMPTON, L.I.**: Bow-



"This ring," he whispered, "is a perfect symbol of my love for you."

An enduring symbol. For this engagement ring is palladium. Rare . . . precious . . . beautifully white palladium. The jewelry metal that accents the brilliance of diamonds and the beauty of colored gems.

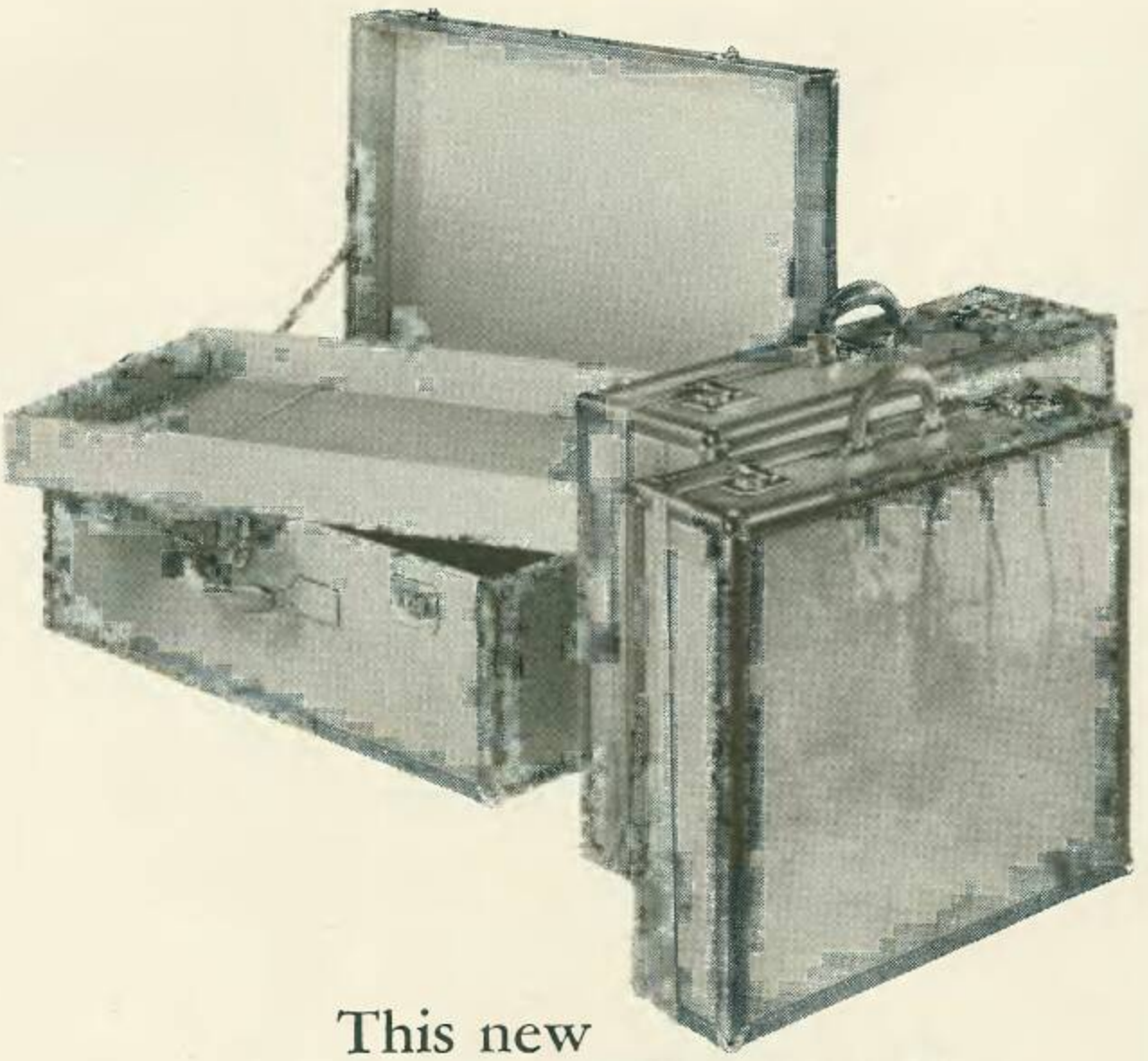
See palladium creations at your jeweler. Or, write us for a nearby source. A booklet telling the interesting story of palladium is available on request.

Diamonds set in palladium

PALLADIUM

A PRECIOUS METAL FOR FINE JEWELRY

PLATINUM METALS DIVISION • THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY, INC., 67 Wall Street, New York 5, N. Y.



This new

Hartmann

SKYMATE LUGGAGE

has countless advantages . . .
many you'll see at the start,
your clothes will show others
on arrival

The distinctive appearance, the reinforced construction, the solid brass hardware, the careful detailing inside and out . . . these advantages of Hartmann Skymates are obvious at first glance. And the expert attention Skymates give your clothes will be just as obvious when you travel. Shown here in rawhide: the Aerobe (cradles a full two-suit wardrobe, the suits on hangers) $150, the Singleton (for a one-suit wardrobe) $120, and the capacious Carry-all Pullman Tray Case $210. Other models from $30. Prices include Federal tax.



Hartmann

HARTMANN COMPANY · RACINE, WISCONSIN

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

den Square (Southampton 788); dancing. . . . WESTBURY, L.I.: Westbury Manor (Westbury 7-2184). . . . WESTON, CONN.: Cobb's Mill Inn (Westport 2-4330); dancing on Saturday evenings. . . . YORKTOWN HEIGHTS, N.Y.: Croton Heights Inn (Yorktown Heights 490); closed Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, most galleries open around 10 and close between 5 and 6 Mondays through Fridays.)

GALLERIES

GLADYS WERTHEIM BACHRACH—A rather naïve first show. Some of the pictures are handled with poetic evocativeness. (St. Etienne, 46 W. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, and Saturdays until 1; through June 30.)

ANDRÉ BEAUDIN—First showing in America of paintings by a talented, if unsensational, French artist. (Buchholz, 32 E. 57th St. Weekdays; through June 18.)

VOLDEMAR BOBERMAN—Venetian scenes, and some still-lifes, in gouache. The Venetian ones, showing mainly the less frequently visited parts of that mysterious city, are particularly interesting. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.; through June 30.)

BRITISH PROVINCIAL PAINTINGS—A number of paintings by early-nineteenth-century journeyman artists, most of them anonymous. Chiefly notable for their similarity to our post-Colonial painters of about the same period. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.; through June 30.)

DRAWINGS—An exquisitely selected collection, covering pretty nearly every school from the sixteenth century to the late nineteen-hundreds. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Weekdays; through Oct. 1.)

PERLE FINE—Big, broadly patterned abstractions, full of gravity and repose, in her first solo exhibition in several years. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.; through June 17.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the KRAUSHAAR, 32 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by John Sloan, Louis Bouché, Richmond Barthe, and others, as well as several pieces by some less well-known artists; through July 1. . . . DURAND-RUEL, 12 E. 57th St.: A small, sunny-looking show that concentrates on the Impressionists Renoir, Sisley, Pissarro, and Monet; through July 29. . . . MATISSE, 41 E. 57th St.: Chagall, Matta, Miró, Masson, and other moderns; through June 17. . . . PERLS, 32 E. 58th St.: French paintings and drawings, including a couple apiece by Picasso, Matisse, Rouault, and other French moderns. Also, two especially nice Utrillos, some delightful examples of the modern primitives Vivin and Bombois, and one beautiful little Braque; through June 30. . . . MACBETH, 11 E. 57th St.: Water colors and oils by eight Americans, among them Joseph DeMartini, Andrew Wyeth, and Raphael Gleitsman; through July 29. . . . LUYBER, 112 E. 57th St.: Mostly semi-abstract works by this gallery's group, including some good things by Dorothy Andrews, Leon Karp, and Nicolas Mordvinoff. Weekdays; through July 30. . . . SERIGRAPH, 38 W. 57th St.: A large, diverse collection of silk-screen prints, sensitively executed; through Sept. 16. . . . LEVITT, 16 W. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by John Haley, Everett Spruce, José de Rivera, and others; through June 30. . . . BABCOCK, 38 E. 57th St.: A show combining the work of a number of noteworthy American painters of several decades ago—Albert P. Ryder, Ralph Blakelock, and George Luks among them—with that of some contemporary artists, including Jean Liberte and Sol Wilson; through Sept. 9. . . . MILCH, 55 E. 57th St.: Another exhibition of American artists of the turn of the century (John Twachtman, Childe Hassam, J. Alden Weir, and others), lined up with some more recent painters of the American scene; through July 1. . . . DOWNTOWN, 32 E. 51st St.: Paintings by Julian Levi, Charles Sheeler, Niles Spencer, and others; through July 1. . . . MIDTOWN, 605 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: A retrospective show of the sea-

son, with pictures by Lenard Kester, William Palmer, and Miron Sokole, among others; through July 1. . . . SALPETER, 36 W. 56th St.: A group of small pictures, uneven in quality, by this gallery's painters. Weekdays, noon to 6; through Sept. 10. . . . FEIGL, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: Two Utrillos, and some new canvases by Vaclav Vytlacil, in a lively and graceful show. Weekdays; through July 30. . . . JACQUES SELIGMANN, 5 E. 57th St.: Third annual exhibition of works by artists twenty-five years of age or less. Interesting, but, as usual, more promise than accomplishment is revealed; through June 24.

LEBDUSKA—New paintings, a little less inspired this year than formerly, by one of the better-known American modern primitives. (Carlebach, 937 Third Ave., at 56th St. Weekdays; through June 18.)

LEONARD—A first show in New York of his Expressionist sculpture, in terra cotta and stone. The stone pieces, especially, are handled with power and feeling. (Peridot, 6 E. 12th St. Weekdays; through June 25.)

JOHN CHAPMAN LEWIS—First one-man show of landscapes and city scenes, executed with perceptiveness and taste. (Contemporary Arts, 106 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 10 to 6, and Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11; through June 17.)

KEITH MARTIN—First exhibition in some years of paintings by a young modernist from Nebraska. (Hugo, 26 E. 55th St. Weekdays; through June 25.)

GERTRUDE O'BRADY—Crisply unsentimental small paintings of Paris. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.; through June 17.)

RAPHAEL PRICERT—Fluently painted but rather routine examinations of the pictorial high spots of Paris, Venice, Florence. and Rome. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St. Weekdays; through June 24.)

IAKOV VOLOVICH—Paintings, ranging from abstract to quite realistic, done with a sure, if slightly heavy, hand. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St. Weekdays; through June 18.)

SOME OF THIS WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the PINACOTHECA, 40 E. 68th St.: V. B. Petersen. Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5; through June 30. . . . ¶ Group shows at the BERTHA SCHAEFER, 32 E. 57th St.; through July 29. . . . ROSENBERG, 16 E. 57th St.; through July 1. . . . WEYHE, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Mondays through Fridays. and Saturdays until noon; through July 29.

MUSEUMS

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Its Biennial International Water Color Exhibition, this time featuring Cuban, Belgian, and Mexican artists, in addition to Americans. A very animated show throughout. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; through June 19.)

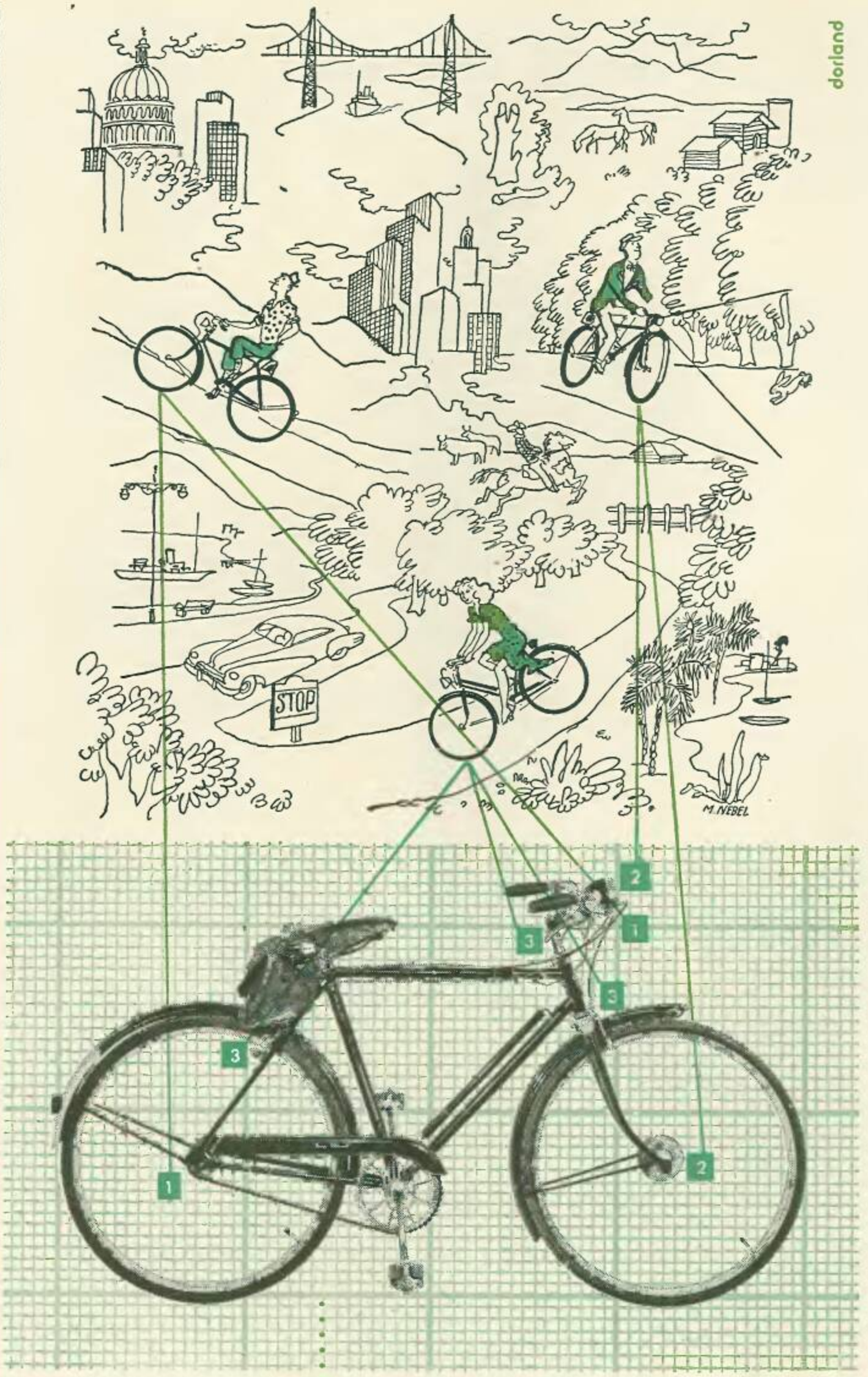
METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A fairly jumbled but quite entertaining exhibition tracing the classic influence in art from early Greek times to Picasso. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—In the Museum garden, a one-family house, designed by Marcel Breuer; through October 30. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

MUSIC

STADIUM CONCERTS—The yearly Philharmonic-Symphony concerts at Lewisohn Stadium, held on most clear nights at 8:30, are slated to begin on Monday, June 20. In case of rain, last-minute plans will be broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M., over WNYC. Following is the schedule for the first week. Monday, June 20: Fritz Reiner conducting, with William Kapell, piano. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 21: Fritz Reiner conducting. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 22: Fritz Reiner conducting, with Jeanne Mitchell, violin. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 23: Fritz Reiner conducting, with Astrid Varnay, soprano, and Herbert Janssen, baritone. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 25: Enrico Leide conducting, with William Lincer, viola; and the Philharmonic Piano Quartet. (Tickets are available at Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St., AD 4-5800, and at the Steinway Bldg., 113 W. 57th St., CI 7-5534.)

OPERA—The LEMONADE OPERA: Haydn's "The Man in the Moon," in English. (Greenwich Mews Playhouse, 141 W. 13th St. CH 2-



Sturmey-Archer variable speed gears to make "molehills out of mountains"—to give the Rudge the aid a car gets from its gear box.

Rudge Dynohub Lighting Set Sealed-in generator provides light as the Rudge moves, without wear on tires, without loss of energy through friction.

Finger-controlled, two-wheel brakes for quick, safe stops "on a dime" downhill or in heavy traffic; the slightest pressure brings them into play.

THE ONE AND ONLY

RUDGE

Britain's Best Lightweight

Rudge Cycles are scientifically designed to save every ounce of energy without the slightest sacrifice of strength.

Rudge Cycles are serviced by dealers from coast to coast. For the name of the one nearest you—for free illustrated booklet—write to

RUDGE CYCLES • Dept. H • 12 Warren Street • New York 7, N. Y.

TAILORED BY ROGERS PEET



FINE TROPICAL WORSTEDS

No Summer Suit meets a businessman's requirements more effectively than a fine Tropical Worsted... or continues to meet them longer, season after season:

Cool, crisp comfort with all the business-like good looks of a cold-weather woolen.

Hand-tailored in our own workrooms of the finest light-weight weaves America and England produce.

The style-genius of our Master-Designer shows in every line.

Rogers Peet Company

Makers of fine clothes

In New York: Fifth Avenue *at* 41st Street Thirteenth Street *at* Broadway
Warren Street *at* Broadway
And in Boston: Tremont St. *at* Bromfield St.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

9360. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30.) ... SALMAGGI OPERA: "La Traviata," Saturday, June 18; "Carmen," Saturday, June 25. (Triborough Stadium. Both at 8:45. For tickets, call ST 3-6700.)

MALL CONCERTS—Edwin Franko Goldman conducting this year's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Central Park Mall. Sunday, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday evenings at 8:30.)

OUTDOOR CONCERT—Leonard Bernstein conducting the Philharmonic-Symphony, with Regina Resnik, soprano; Nathan Milstein, violin; Artie Shaw, clarinet. A benefit for a number of Palestinian institutions. (Ebbets Field, Brooklyn. Thursday, June 16, at 8:30.)

OUT OF TOWN—Anahid and Maro Ajemian, violin and piano. (South Mountain, Pittsfield, Mass. Sunday, June 19, at 3:30.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Chicago, Thursday, June 16, at 1:30 (doubleheader).... ¶ Yankees vs. Cleveland, Friday, June 17, at 2:30; Saturday, June 18, at 2; and Sunday, June 19, at 2:05.... ¶ Yankees vs. St. Louis, Monday, June 20, at 8:30, and Wednesday, June 22, at 1:30 (doubleheader).... ¶ Yankees vs. Detroit, Thursday, June 23, at 8:30; Friday, June 24, at 2:30; and Saturday, June 25, at 2.

CREW—Harvard-Yale Race. (New London, Conn. Friday, June 24; varsity race at 6:15.) ... ¶ Poughkeepsie Regatta. (Poughkeepsie. Saturday, June 25; varsity race at 5:30.)

DOG SHOWS—Bryn Mawr Kennel Club. (Wynnewood, Pa. Saturday, June 18.) ... ¶ Monmouth County Kennel Club. (Rumson, N.J. Sunday, June 19.)

FENCING—National Championships—Thursday, June 16, at 10:30 A.M.: Men's Foil Individual. (New York Athletic Club, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-5100.) ... ¶ Thursday, June 16, at 7 P.M.: Semifinals of the Men's Foil Individual and the Electrical Epée Individual. (Henry Hudson Hotel, 353 W. 57th St. CO 5-6100.) ... ¶ Friday, June 17, at 8:30 P.M.: Final Individual, all weapons. (Hotel Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. MU 6-9200.)

GOLF—Long Island Golf Association Open Championship. (Willow Brook Golf Club, Baldwin. Tuesday and Wednesday, June 21-22.)

HORSE SHOWS—Ox Ridge Hunt Club Horse Show. (Darien, Conn. Saturday and Sunday, June 18-19.) ... ¶ Fairfield County Hunt Club Horse Show. (Westport, Conn. Friday through Sunday, June 24-26.)

POLO—Sundays at 3:30—At BOSTWICK FIELD, Westbury.... MEADOW BROOK CLUB, Westbury. ... BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase.... FAIRFIELD COUNTY HUNT CLUB, Westport, Conn.

RACING—At Aqueduct: Weekdays at 1:15. The Gazelle and the Astoria, Saturday, June 18; the Tremont, Wednesday, June 22; the Dwyer and the Carter Handicap, Saturday, June 25. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11:10 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:47 and 1:25.)

TENNIS—Eastern Intercollegiate Championships. (Montclair, N.J. Thursday through Sunday, June 16-19.) ... ¶ National Professional Grass Court Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Monday through Sunday, June 20-26. Tickets may be obtained at Spalding's, 518 Fifth Ave., at 43rd St., and at the West Side Tennis Club.)

TROTTING—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:40. (Special trains leave Penn Station Mondays through Thursdays at 7:03 P.M., and Fridays and Saturdays at 6:49 P.M. and 7:03 P.M.) ... SARATOGA SPRINGS: Weekdays at 8:15, starting Monday, June 20.

YACHTING—New York Yacht Club overnight race from Newport to Annapolis. (Saturday, June 18, starting at 2 P.M.) ... ¶ Sea Cliff Yacht Club championship races. (Rye. Sunday, June 19.) ... ¶ Indian Harbor Yacht Club Cruise races. (Greenwich. Sunday through Thursday, June 19-23.) ... ¶ Indian Harbor Yacht Club championship races. (Greenwich. Saturday, June 25.) ... ¶ Noro-



MARTEX TOWELS — A PRODUCT OF WEST POINT MANUFACTURING CO. ★ WELLINGTON SEARS CO. • SELLING AGENTS • 65 WORTH ST., NEW YORK 13, N. Y.



Studebaker Commander convertible

Studebaker's the '49 buy word

for out-ahead thrift as well as smart looks

WHY do you suppose so many smart car buyers are switching to Studebakers today?

People want to save real money on their driving—that's one important reason.

Operating economy speaks out to everyone from every graceful, low-swung Studebaker line.

You don't see a trace of gas-wasting excess poundage in a new Studebaker's trim, sleek structure.

A new Studebaker's an all-out thriller of a car in performance, too—a marvel in restful ride—easy to park—easy to maneuver in tight traffic.

No other automobile dollar buys you what a Studebaker dollar does—in style, in thrift, in solid value!

White sidewall tires and wheel discs available on all models at extra cost



Superbly styled interiors! It's a lift to anyone's spirits just to look inside the door of a beautiful new Studebaker. Pictured here is an interior of a new Commander Starlight coupe with distinctive decorator-fabric upholstery.



Gas mileage that amazes everyone! You like the way they say, "Welcome stranger!" at the gas pumps, when you drive up in a low-swung Studebaker. You find this easy-handling dream car a '49 stand-out in oil thrift, too.



The extra safety of extra vision! Your "inside outlook" is marvelous in a '49 Studebaker. You "see everything" in front, at the sides, in back. Land Cruisers and Starlight coupes have one-piece-windshield vision.



Wear-resisting craftsmanship adds a world of extra value to a Studebaker. Men of conscience and competence—unique father-and-son teams—build these cars enduringly.

Studebaker, South Bend 27, Indiana, U.S.A.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ton Race Week. (Noroton, Conn. Starting Saturday, June 25.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—At Lake Success, about five hundred visitors are admitted to open meetings of the Security Council, the Atomic Energy Commission, the Commission on Conventional Armaments, the Commission on Human Rights (through Monday, June 20), and the Trusteeship Council. For tickets, call FIeldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2126, the day before you want to go. Frequent trains leave Penn Station for Great Neck, where they connect with buses for Lake Success.

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

Theatre Caricatures—About two hundred caricatures and cartoons dealing with the New York theatre in the past century. Among the modern ones are some by Irma Selz, Alfred Frueh, Miguel Covarrubias, William Auerbach-Levy, and Saul Steinberg. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Transatlantic Liners—America: Arrives Thursday, June 16; sails Tuesday, June 21, at 4 P.M. . . . ¶ Media: Arrives Sunday, June 19; sails Friday, June 24, at 3:30 P.M. . . . ¶ Queen Mary: Arrives Monday, June 20; sails Tuesday, June 21, at midnight. . . . ¶ Vulcania: Arrives Wednesday, June 22; sails Friday, June 24, at noon. . . . ¶ Caronia: Arrives Friday. June 24.

Other Dates—College commencements: Yale, Tuesday, June 21; Harvard, Thursday, June 23.

ON THE AIR

(Since programs are often changed at the last minute, the newspapers should be consulted as final authority.)

RADIO

Music—C.B.S. Symphony, Bernard Herrmann conducting, Sunday, June 19, at 3 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ Patrice Munsell, Sunday, June 19, at 7:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ N.B.C. Symphony, Fritz Reiner conducting, Sunday, June 19. at 8:30 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Gladys Swarthout, Monday, June 20, at 9 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Lewisohn Stadium concert, Fritz Reiner conducting, Wednesday, June 22, at 8:30 P.M., WNYC.

Drama—Agnes Moorehead in "The Trap," Thursday, June 16, at 9 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ Irene Dunne and Walter Pidgeon in "Together Again," Thursday, June 16, at 10 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ "Peg o' My Heart," Friday, June 17, at 9 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ "What Makes Sammy Run?," Saturday, June 18, at 6:30 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Ralph Bellamy in "Ridin' Shotgun," Monday, June 20, at 8 P.M., WNBC.

Sports—Racing: At Aqueduct, the Gazelle, Saturday, June 18, at 4:15 P.M., WNBC, WCBS.

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

TELEVISION

Sports—Baseball: All home games of the Yankees are shown on WABD. . . . ¶ Racing: At Aqueduct, the Gazelle and the Astoria, Saturday, June 18, at 3:30 P.M., and the Tremont, Wednesday, June 22, at 3 P.M.; all on WNBT.

Miscellany—The seventh installment of the film of General Eisenhower's book, "Crusade in Europe," Thursday, June 16, at 9 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Eddie Condon, with Count Basie, Lee Wiley, and others, Saturday, June 18, at 8:30 P.M., WNBT. . . . ¶ "Things to Come," with Raymond Massey and Sir Cedric Hardwicke, a Korda film, Sunday, June 19, at 7:30 P.M., WPIX. . . . ¶ "Easy Street," an old Charlie Chaplin film, Monday, June 20, at 7:40 P.M., WPIX.

TIFFANY & CO.

FIFTH AVENUE & 57TH STREET, NEW YORK 22



COPELAND SPODE EARTHENWARE "ASTER" PATTERN

TEA PLATES . . $23. (PER DOZEN) — TEA CUPS AND SAUCERS $34.50 (PER DOZEN)
GOBLETS . . . . 36. " " — CHAMPAGNES . . 36. " "
STERLING SILVER TEAPOT $160. — MATCHING SUGAR $77. — CREAMER $55.



LENOX CHINA "DAYBREAK" PATTERN

TEA PLATES . . $54. (PER DOZEN) — TEA CUPS AND SAUCERS $78. (PER DOZEN)
GOBLETS . 22. " " — CHAMPAGNES . . 22. " "
STERLING SILVER TEAPOT $250. — MATCHING SUGAR $140. — CREAMER $110.

STERLING SILVER PRICES INCLUDE FEDERAL TAX

Silverware, Glass, China and Earthenware available in a wide Range of Design and Price.

MAIL INQUIRIES RECEIVE PROMPT AND CAREFUL ATTENTION

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 Bandit—A lively Italian gangster picture that reveals some of the activities of the post-war Italian underworld. With Anna Magnani and Amadeo Nazzari. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

Champion—A film that is nowhere near as trenchant as the Ring Lardner story from which it derives, but one that contains a lot of pretty terrifying action in the ring. Kirk Douglas makes a fine Midge Kelly, and the others in the cast are all right, too. (Globe, B'way at 46th. JU 6-5555.)

Devil in the Flesh—The story of an adolescent's love affair with a married woman, presented with great skill in a French film based on the Raymond Radiguet novel. Gérard Philipe and Micheline Presle head the capable cast. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Hamlet—Sir Laurence Olivier as the melancholy Dane, in a distinguished English picture, which Olivier directed. (Park Avenue, Park at 59th, PL 9-7242. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturday and Sunday afternoons at 5:30 and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

Home of the Brave—Race prejudice and its effect on a colored G.I. in the South Pacific. One of the best films on this subject that has come along. James Edwards, as the Negro, does a first-class job. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540.)

A Letter to Three Wives—A funny one, mostly because of the excellence of Paul Douglas and Linda Darnell as a pair of tough lovebirds, whose mating calls range from a roar to a scream. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th. VO 5-3320; June 16.)

Quartet—A translation to the screen of a group of Somerset Maugham's slickly confected short stories, two of which make pleasant entertainment. A British film. (Sutton. 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 3-5520.)

The Quiet One—The pitiful odyssey of a ten-year-old colored boy from a poverty-stricken flat in Harlem to a New York institution devoted to relieving the problems of small fry. An often powerful film, done in documentary style and produced by amateurs. (Art. 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through June 20.)

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

Sorrowful Jones—Bob Hope in a funny remake of a film that was known as "Little Miss Marker" when it first appeared in 1934. (Paramount, B'way at 43rd, BR 9-8738; through June 21, tentative.)

Woman Trouble—Anna Magnani again, this time in a comical Italian film concerned with the difficulties of disposing of a hot car in the environs of Naples. (Little Cinémet. 6th Ave. at 30th. LO 4-1141.)

REVIVALS

The Adventuress (1947)—An English comedy about the anti-British activities of an excessively patriotic Irish girl during the war. With Deborah Kerr. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through June 18.)

The Beachcomber (1938)—A Somerset Maugham story of carryings-on in the South Seas. A British film, with Charles Laughton and Elsa Lanchester. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; June 16.)

The Brothers (1948)—Illicit whiskey distillers on a Scottish island. An English picture, with Patricia Roc and Maxwell Reed. (77th Street, B'way at 77th, TR 4-9382; June 19-21.)

Dear Murderer (1948)—An account of marital laxity spiked with sudden death. A British film, with Greta Gynt and Eric Portman. (77th Street, B'way at 77th, TR 4-9382; June 19-21.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—About four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790. . . . ¶ Loew's 86th St., 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-5566; starting June 22.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers mixed up with the musical world. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through June 18.)

Pygmalion (1938)—The G.B.S. business. A British film, with Leslie Howard and Wendy Hiller. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; June 19-22. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; starting June 20.)

Rebecca (1940)—Hitchcock's adaptation of Daphne du Maurier's novel. Joan Fontaine and Laurence Olivier. (Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th, PL 5-2746.)

Sidewalks of London (1940)—English stage people. A British film, with Vivien Leigh, Rex Harrison, and Charles Laughton. (5th Ave. Playhouse. 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-0630; June 16.)

Torment (1947)—The machinations of a psychopathic teacher who attempts to frustrate a juvenile love affair. In Swedish. (Thalia. B'way at 95th. AC 2-3370; through June 20.)

Wuthering Heights (1939)—Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier on the Brontë moors. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-0468; June 19-20.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through June 19: "Way Down East" (1920), with Lillian Gish. . . . ¶ Starting June 20: "The Big Parade" (1925), with John Gilbert. Showings are daily at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only if applied for in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd. after noon on the day of the showing.

• • •

THE BIG HOUSES

Astor, B'way at 45th. (CI 6-4642)
"We Were Strangers," Jennifer Jones, John Garfield.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
"Neptune's Daughter," Esther Williams, Red Skelton.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
Through June 22 (tentative): "Illegal Entry," Howard Duff, George Brent.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
CHAMPION.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," revival, Fred MacMurray, Sylvia Sidney, Henry Fonda.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Edward, My Son," Deborah Kerr, Spencer Tracy.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through June 22: "Roughshod," Robert Sterling, Gloria Grahame.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (BR 9-8738)
Through June 21 (tentative): SORROWFUL JONES.
From June 22: To be announced.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Johnny Allegro," George Raft, Nina Foch.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"It Happens Every Spring," Ray Milland, Paul Douglas.

State, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
"The Barkleys of Broadway," Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers.

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
"Night Unto Night," Viveca Lindfors, Ronald Reagan.

Victoria, B'way at 46th (JU 6-0540)
HOME OF THE BRAVE.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th. (PL 7-4295)
"My Little Chickadee," revival, W. C. Fields, Mae West; and "The Bank Dick," revival, W. C. Fields, Una Merkel.

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

Embassy, Park Ave. at 42nd. (MU 7-8723)
Through June 21: "Don't Take It to Heart," Richard Greene.
From June 22: To be announced.

5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th. (OR 5-9630)
June 16: THE BEACHCOMBER, revival; and SIDEWALKS OF LONDON, revival.
From June 17: "The Chips Are Down" (in French), Micheline Presle, Marcel Pagliero; and "The Eternal Return" (in French), revival, Jean Marais.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (CO 5-9438)
"Operetta" (in German), Willy Forst.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
"Saraband," Stewart Granger, Françoise Rosay.

Little Cinémet, 6th Ave. at 30th. (LO 4-1141)
WOMAN TROUBLE.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
DEVIL IN THE FLESH; and "A Visit with Maillol," short documentary film.

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

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 3-5520)
QUARTET.

Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th. (PL 5-2746)
Through June 22 (tentative): REBECCA, revival.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
THE BANDIT.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				16	17	18
19	20	21	22			

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 June 20: **THE QUIET ONE**; and "Murder in Reverse," revival, William Hartnell.
From June 21: "Sleeping Car to Trieste," Albert Lieven, Jean Kent.

GRAMERCY PARK, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through June 18: **A NIGHT AT THE OPERA**, revival; and "The Paradine Case," revival, Gregory Peck, Ann Todd.
June 19-22: **PYGMALION**, revival.

BEVERLY, 3rd Ave. at 50th. (EL 5-8790)
GONE WITH THE WIND, revival.

LEXINGTON, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through June 21: "Take Me Out to the Ball Game," Frank Sinatra, Esther Williams; and "I Shot Jesse James," Preston Foster, Barbara Britton.
From June 22: "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," Bing Crosby; and "Northwest Stampede," James Craig, Joan Leslie.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
Through June 17: "Mother Is a Freshman," Loretta Young, Van Johnson.
June 18-20: "This Land Is Mine," revival, Maureen O'Hara, Charles Laughton.
From June 21: "Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill," David Farrar, Greta Gynt.

NORMANDIE, Park at 53rd. (PL 8-0040)
June 16: "Anna Karenina," revival, Vivien Leigh, Ralph Richardson.
June 17-19: "That Wonderful Urge," Gene Tierney, Tyrone Power.
June 20-21: "A Woman's Vengeance," revival, Charles Boyer, Ann Blyth.
From June 22: "Mother Is a Freshman," Loretta Young, Van Johnson.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (VO 5-3577)
Through June 21: "Flamingo Road," Joan Crawford, Sydney Greenstreet; and "The Clay Pigeon," Bill Williams, Barbara Hale.
From June 22: "My Dream Is Yours," Jack Carson, Doris Day; and "The Younger Brothers," Wayne Morris, Janis Paige.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (VO 5-3320)
June 16: **A LETTER TO THREE WIVES.**
June 17-19: "Alias Nick Beal," Ray Milland, Thomas Mitchell.
June 20-22: "Apartment for Peggy," revival, Jeanne Crain, William Holden.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through June 19: "Mother Is a Freshman," Loretta Young, Van Johnson.
From June 20: **PYGMALION**, revival.

LOEW'S 72ND ST., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through June 21: "Take Me Out to the Ball Game," Frank Sinatra, Esther Williams; and "I Shot Jesse James," Preston Foster, Barbara Britton.
From June 22: "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," Bing Crosby; and "Northwest Stampede," James Craig, Joan Leslie.

TRANS-LUX 72ND ST., 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through June 18: "My Dear Secretary," Laraine Day, Kirk Douglas.
June 19-21: "A Woman's Vengeance," revival, Charles Boyer, Ann Blyth.
From June 22: "Alias Nick Beal," Ray Milland, Thomas Mitchell.

TRANS-LUX COLONY, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through June 18: "Little Women," June Allyson, Elizabeth Taylor; and "State Department—File 649," Virginia Bruce, William Lundigan.
June 19-20 **WUTHERING HEIGHTS**, revival; and "The Perfect Marriage." revival, Loretta Young, David Niven.
From June 21: "My Dear Secretary," Laraine Day, Kirk Douglas; and "Impact," Brian Donlevy, Ella Raines.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through June 18: **THE ADVENTURESS**, revival.
June 19-21: "Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill," David Farrar, Greta Gynt.
From June 22: "Little Women," June Allyson, Elizabeth Taylor.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through June 21: "Flamingo Road," Joan Crawford, Sydney Greenstreet; and "The Clay Pigeon," Bill Williams, Barbara Hale.
From June 22: "My Dream Is Yours," Jack Carson, Doris Day; and "The Younger Brothers," Wayne Morris, Janis Paige.

GRACIE SQUARE, 1st Ave. at 89th. (SA 2-2478)
Through June 17: "Little Women," June Allyson, Elizabeth Taylor; and "State Department—File 649," Virginia Bruce, William Lundigan.
June 18: "Sea Spoilers," revival, John Wayne, Nan Grey; and "Lady in a Jam," revival, Irene Dunne, Ralph Bellamy.
June 19-20: "My Dear Secretary," Laraine Day, Kirk Douglas; and "Impact," Brian Donlevy, Ella Raines.
June 21-22: "Live Today for Tomorrow," Fredric March, Florence Eldridge; and "The End of the River," revival, Sabu.

LOEW'S 86TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-5566)
Through June 18: "South of St. Louis," Alexis Smith, Joel McCrea; and "A Kiss in the Dark," Jane Wyman, David Niven.
June 19-21: "Knock on Any Door," Humphrey Bogart, John Derek; and "The Untamed Breed," revival, Sonny Tufts, Barbara Britton.
From June 22: **GONE WITH THE WIND**, revival.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through June 21: "Take Me Out to the Ball Game," Frank Sinatra, Esther Williams; and "I Shot Jesse James," Preston Foster, Barbara Britton.
From June 22: "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," Bing Crosby; and "Northwest Stampede," James Craig, Joan Leslie.

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
June 16: "Alias Nick Beal," Ray Milland, Thomas Mitchell; and "El Paso," John Payne, Gail Russell.
June 17-19: "Mother Is a Freshman," Loretta Young, Van Johnson; and "Bad Boy," Audie Murphy, Jane Wyatt.
June 20-22: "Mamma" (in Italian), revival, Beniamino Gigli; and "Forbidden Music" (in Italian), revival.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
June 16: "Little Women," June Allyson, Elizabeth Taylor.
June 17-19: "Alias Nick Beal," Ray Milland, Thomas Mitchell.
June 20-22: "Knock on Any Door," Humphrey Bogart, John Derek.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through June 21: "Take Me Out to the Ball Game," Frank Sinatra, Esther Williams; and "I Shot Jesse James," Preston Foster, Barbara Britton.
From June 22: "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," Bing Crosby; and "Northwest Stampede," James Craig, Joan Leslie.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through June 19: "Mother Is a Freshman," Loretta Young, Van Johnson; and "Bad Boy," Audie Murphy, Jane Wyatt.
June 20-22: "Sea Spoilers," revival, John Wayne, Nan Grey; and "Lady in a Jam," revival, Irene Dunne, Ralph Bellamy.

R.K.O. 23RD ST., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through June 21: "Flamingo Road," Joan Crawford, Sydney Greenstreet; and "The Clay Pigeon," Bill Williams, Barbara Hale.
From June 22: "My Dream Is Yours," Jack Carson, Doris Day; and "The Younger Brothers," Wayne Morris, Janis Paige.

TERRACE, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
Through June 18: "Alias Nick Beal," Ray Milland, Thomas Mitchell; and "El Paso," John Payne, Gail Russell.
June 19-20: "Streets of San Francisco," Robert Armstrong; and "Singapore," revival, Fred MacMurray, Ava Gardner.
From June 21: "Knock on Any Door," Humphrey Bogart, John Derek; and "The Untamed Breed," revival, Sonny Tufts, Barbara Britton.

COLONIAL, B'way at 62nd. (CO 5-0484)
Through June 21: "Flamingo Road," Joan Crawford, Sydney Greenstreet; and "The Clay Pigeon," Bill Williams, Barbara Hale.
From June 22: "My Dream Is Yours," Jack Carson, Doris Day; and "The Younger Brothers," Wayne Morris, Janis Paige.

77TH STREET, B'way at 77th. (TR 4-9382)
Through June 18: "South of St. Louis," Alexis Smith, Joel McCrea; and "A Kiss in the Dark," Jane Wyman, David Niven.
June 19-21: **THE BROTHERS**, revival; and **DEAR MURDERER**, revival.
From June 22: "Canadian Pacific," Randolph Scott, Jane Wyatt; and "Chicken Every Sunday," Celeste Holm, Dan Dailey.

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through June 21: "Take Me Out to the Ball Game," Frank Sinatra, Esther Williams; and "I Shot Jesse James," Preston Foster, Barbara Britton.
From June 22: "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," Bing Crosby; and "Northwest Stampede," James Craig, Joan Leslie.

YORKTOWN, B'way at 80th. (SC 4-4700)
Through June 18: "South of St. Louis," Alexis Smith, Joel McCrea; and "A Kiss in the Dark," Jane Wyman, David Niven.
June 19-21: "A Double Life," revival, Ronald Colman, Signe Hasso; and "Lady in a Jam," revival, Irene Dunne, Ralph Bellamy.
From June 22: "Chicken Every Sunday," Celeste Holm, Dan Dailey; and "Canadian Pacific," Randolph Scott, Jane Wyatt.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through June 20: **TORMENT**, revival; and "Passionnelle" (in French), revival.
From June 21: "Tevya" (in Yiddish), revival, Maurice Schwartz; and "Mamele" (in Yiddish), revival, Molly Picon.

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (RI 9-9861)
Through June 21: "Flamingo Road," Joan Crawford, Sydney Greenstreet; and "The Clay Pigeon," Bill Williams, Barbara Hale.
From June 22: "My Dream Is Yours," Jack Carson, Doris Day; and "The Younger Brothers," Wayne Morris, Janis Paige.

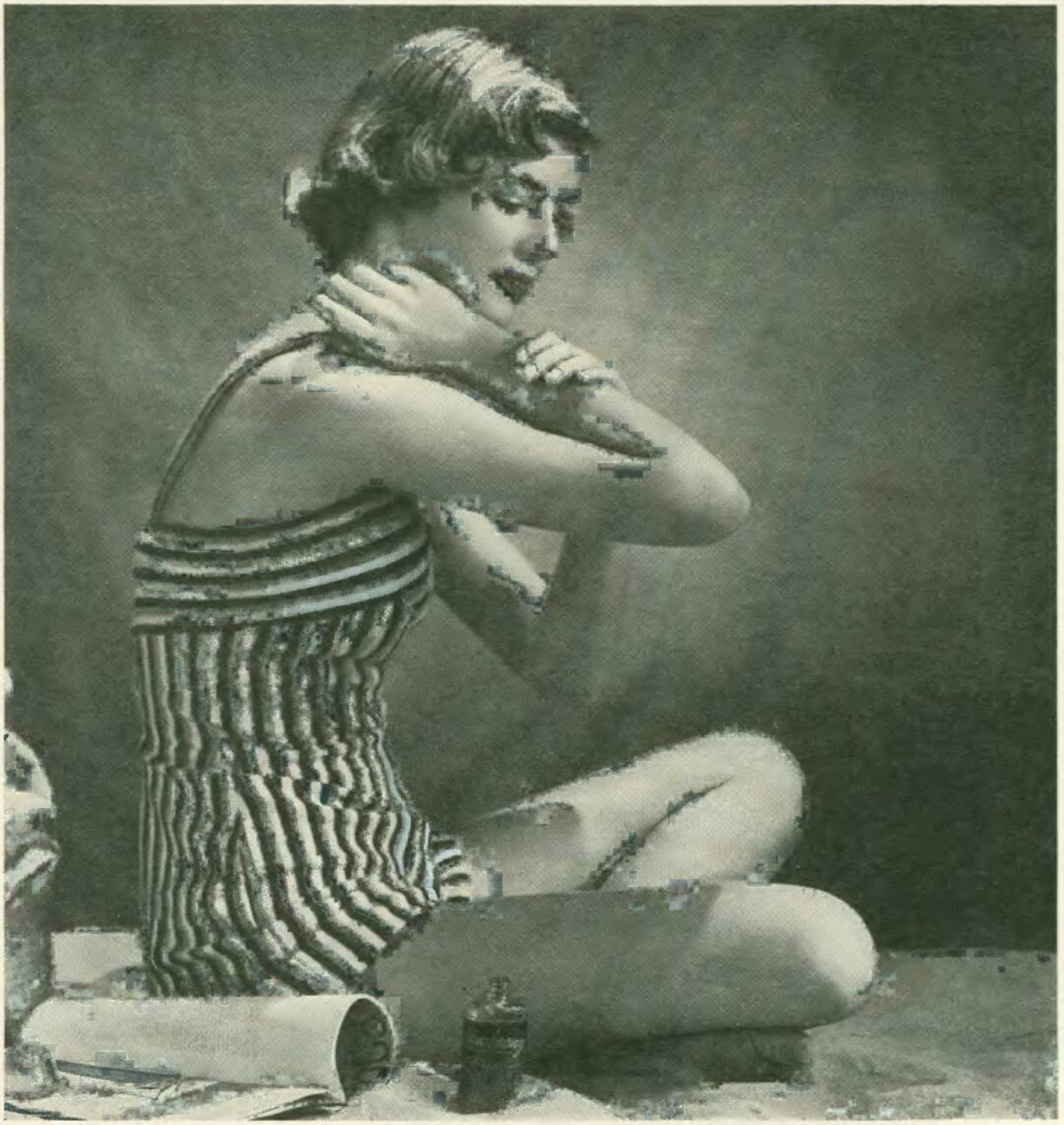
CARLTON, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-3862)
Through June 19: "Mother Is a Freshman," Loretta Young, Van Johnson; and "Bad Boy," Audie Murphy, Jane Wyatt.
June 20-22: "He Walked by Night," Richard Basehart; and "Let's Live a Little," Hedy Lamarr, Robert Cummings.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (AC 2-1019)
Through June 21: "Take Me Out to the Ball Game," Frank Sinatra, Esther Williams; and "I Shot Jesse James," Preston Foster, Barbara Britton.
From June 22: "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," Bing Crosby; and "Northwest Stampede," James Craig, Joan Leslie.

NEMO, B'way at 110th. (AC 2-9406)
Through June 21: "Flamingo Road," Joan Crawford, Sydney Greenstreet; and "The Clay Pigeon," Bill Williams, Barbara Hale.
From June 22: "My Dream Is Yours," Jack Carson, Doris Day; and "The Younger Brothers," Wayne Morris, Janis Paige.

LOEW'S 175TH ST., B'way at 175th. (WA 7-5200)
Through June 21: "Take Me Out to the Ball Game," Frank Sinatra, Esther Williams; and "I Shot Jesse James," Preston Foster, Barbara Britton.
From June 22: "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," Bing Crosby; and "Northwest Stampede," James Craig, Joan Leslie.

COLISEUM, B'way at 181st. (WA 7-7200)
Through June 21: "Flamingo Road," Joan Crawford, Sydney Greenstreet; and "The Clay Pigeon," Bill Williams, Barbara Hale.
From June 22: "My Dream Is Yours," Jack Carson, Doris Day; and "The Younger Brothers," Wayne Morris, Janis Paige.



Charles of the Ritz' Sun Bronze *{with Revenescence}*

THE BEAUTIFYING "BEACH COAT"! Prettifies as it protects, with the wonderful Revenescence added to keep a fresh, dewy look after hours in the sun. A vacation supply, 2.40. A season's supply, 4.20. Prices include 20% Federal tax.

Altman Charles of the Ritz' toiletries, main floor

Mail and phone {MU. 9-7000} orders filled on purchases over 2.00, excluding tax.

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



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

AN investor has sent us a report of the proceedings of the fifty-seventh annual meeting of the General Electric Company, mailed to stockholders thereof. The meeting was held in Schenectady and was presided over by Philip D. Reed, chairman of the board. The report, handsomely printed, and illustrated with a number of photographs of smiling stockholders, over captions whose colorful style called to our mind the *National Geographic* ("200-ton crane lifting hook interests Stockholder S. L. Gokhale, noted Hindu physicist, and Mrs. Gokhale," one of them reads), contains a section headed "Typical Questions and Answers," from which we quote:

A STOCKHOLDER: I am an employee of the General Electric of the lower order, on an hourly rated basis. You have in your Statement what is known as extra compensation given to directors and the President, etc. How far down the line does that go? Does it extend to the foreman?

MR. REED: It includes a group of approximately 2500 people who are in the extra compensation category, so-called. Those are people in important, supervisory, or managerial positions in the Company who have reached a certain salary grade and are recommended by their managers to be put into that group.

STOCKHOLDER: What do you mean by manager? For instance, the manager of the Lighting and Rectifier Department?

MR. REED: A manager is not necessarily an individual with the title of manager. He may be a very important engineer who has no managerial responsibility at all.

STOCKHOLDER: Does a foreman get it? Does my foreman get compensation?

MR. REED: There are a limited number of foremen who are in that category.

And, again:

A STOCKHOLDER: Frankly, my experience in getting here is something. I had to leave New York yesterday and stay at the Ten Eyck way in Albany because I couldn't get any accommodations in Schenectady. I had to get up at 6:00 A.M. to leave Albany, take a bus, in order to get over here in time.... Since I had to start so early, I didn't have any breakfast....

MR. REED: Thank you very much.... We will learn things from the meeting that we have had here today and we will try, in the future, to profit by it and to provide transport and other facilities that will make it easier and stimulate your interest in coming to these meetings.

We find these passages reassuring, because they indicate (1) that General Electric is intellectually equipped to reply to questions without answering them (that employee is still wondering whether his boss got a bonus); (2) that the limitations of the English language don't faze General Electric (when is a manager not a manager?); (3) that one stockholder can talk as pretty as another can talk colloquial ("of the lower order" is a phrase the late Frank Crowninshield might have used, and "way in Albany" isn't); and (4) that at least one great corporation is



out-and-out motherly, right down to dishing out the same sort of good-natured cryptograms that indulgent parents are wont to feed hopelessly inquisitive children, along with lollipops, air rifles, and irrevocable trust funds. We have only one suggestion, and that is that in future reports the questioning stockholders be identified by name. This might reconcile uneasy interlocutors to corporate syntax and even to breakfastless stopovers in darkest Albany.

No Ghosts

STATION WOR is putting up a seven-hundred-and-sixty-foot television-and-FM-broadcasting tower in North Bergen, New Jersey, just across the river from Eightieth Street. It will be surmounted by a fifty-foot antenna mast and will be the tallest structure in New Jersey (the present titleholder is the National Newark Building, four hundred and sixty-five feet) and the sixth-tallest structure in the metropolitan area. Because the tower is being built on two-hundred-and-forty-foot



Palisades, the tip of the antenna mast will be 1,050 feet above sea level, higher than the tip of any other local antenna except that of N.B.C. on the Empire State Building (1,359 feet above sea level). It will project television images forty miles.

Last week, as the tower was reaching the six-hundred-and-sixty-foot mark, we went over to North Bergen and had a groundling's look at it. Its four spidery legs straddle an area ninety-six feet square, and at its base is a low, flat-roofed building of concrete and glass brick, which will house most of the transmitting equipment—already does, in fact. A technician in the building volunteered to show us around, and with a display of technical language—"distribution amplifiers," "Rack Eight and the mixing console," and such phrases—pointed out the various beknobbed and bedialled wonders of the control room and informed us that the building will be artificially cooled in summer and will be heated in winter by the warmth of the transmitter tubes. The entire installation will cost about six hundred thousand dollars.

"We hope to be telecasting from here by August," the technician told us. "As everybody knows, the higher the point you telecast from, the better the reception. Actually, there'll be two antennae on the mast—one for television, on top, and another, farther down,

for FM. At the five-hundred-and-fifty-foot level, a small safety-glass cubicle will contain microwave-relaying apparatus, which will pick up local events televised from our trucks. The trouble with telecasting from Manhattan is that the big buildings bounce the signals back and forth and cause a lot of ghosts, or double images, on the receiving sets. That's why we're building over here. The people in North Bergen aren't too sure they like the tower, but what *I* say is wait till it's painted bright orange and white, according to the Civil Aeronautics Administration's requirements. Then it's bound to appeal to their civic pride."

Outside, when we looked up, the tower seemed to bend over our head at its top, where we could make out the moving figures of workmen. An elementary stairway zigzagged up to about the two-hundred-foot level, and a ladder attached to the outside of the steel girders went on giddily from there. A man in a plastic helmet came over and said mildly, "There's never much trouble building a tower if you start at the bottom and work up." We learned that he was in command of the electricians on the project. "Fine view from on top," he said. "So far, we can see Hackensack, all of New York City, and the Statue of Liberty. Soon we'll be able to see right up into Connecticut. When we get this baby grounded against electrical storms, it'll act as a lightning rod for the whole North Bergen area. There'll be a two-hundred-and-ten-foot-high electric sign on the Manhattan side of the tower, reading 'WOR-TV.' The 'TV' will blink on and off. Mighty pretty." We asked the electrical man if his crew had run into any special difficulties working at high altitudes. "One of my men put his hand on an electrical unit a week or so ago—got eleven hundred volts," he replied. "Sparks came out of the backs of his hands and knees. Shook him up a little but didn't knock him off. If you just start at the bottom and work up . . ."

Joseph Eder, Sr., builder of the tower, came along at this point, and we were introduced to him. He told us he's been building towers for twenty-five years. "My son and I put up the towers for WNEW, WTIC, WJZ, and WEAF," he said. "We put up the WJZ tower in Bound Brook, but during the war it interfered with an O.W.I. short-wave station in the neighborhood, so my son Joe took it down and put it up again, in a place called Lodi. Those were all guy towers, of course—anchored with guy wires. This is what we call a stiff tower—self-supporting. Enough steel is going into her to build a ten-story apartment house." Mr. Eder also told us that the tower is anchored to the Palisades by thirty-two bolts, each thirteen feet long and weighing eight hundred pounds, and that it is capable of withstanding a wind of a hundred and twenty miles an hour without flinching. Once the tower is finished, Eder plans to take a few months off, and one thing he's going to do is make a few drops from the parachute jump at Coney Island. He put it up for the World's Fair, in 1938, rebuilt it at Coney, and has never got tired of riding it. Relaxes him.

•

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: A fairly ominous sign is posted at the entrance to the library of the New England Historic Genealogical Society, in, naturally, Boston: "Use Library at Own Risk."

One of Three

AFTER promising not to ask him about *any* of his patients, we obtained an interview with Lord Horder, Senior Physician to the King of England, following his arrival in this country to attend the International Congress on Rheumatism, at the Waldorf, and the annual meeting of the American Medical Association, in Atlantic City. We found him to be a short man with a determined chin and an air of energy belying his seventy-eight years. He is the founder and chairman of the Empire Rheumatism Council, a group promoting treatment of chronic rheumatic patients on a national basis. This involves local centers, for early treatment, and specialized centers—"at the level of a teaching college," he explained to us—for complex cases. Lord Horder told us that one out of every fifty Englishmen is a chronic rheumatic, and that in working time lost, sick pay, etc., rheumatic afflictions cost England seventeen million pounds a year. We murmured something sympathetic about the English climate, but Lord Horder stopped us with the statement that rheumatic diseases probably cost America a hundred million dollars a year. "The economic loss they cause Massachusetts is as much as that caused by cancer, tuberculosis, and heart disease put together," he said.



Thomas Jeeves, Baron Horder, was born in Shaftesbury, Dorsetshire, and got his M.D. at the University of London, in 1897. For seven years, he was in charge of the post-mortem rooms at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, in London. "It was gruelling work," he said. "Four autopsies a day, twelve hundred a year. I kept thinking that it was an awful grind, but it taught me more medicine than anything else would have. Autopsies are the bedrock of diagnosis." He taught at St. Bartholomew's until 1912, when he went into consulting practice. A pioneer clinical pathologist, he was one of the first general practitioners to lean heavily on an examination of body fluids. He invented a small case in which he carried test tubes, slides, a collapsible microscope, and blood-counting apparatus on his professional calls. The late Sir William Osler once introduced him at a medical meeting as "the man who took the laboratory to the bedside." As chairman of the Shelter Hygiene Committee of the Ministries of Home Security and Health, Lord Horder was responsible for maintaining good health conditions in London's underground shelters during the war. "At first," he told us, "people lay about, night after night, in unbelievable filth, but we cleaned things up and put in three-tiered bunks." He is an ex-president of the Medical Society of London, president of the Eugenics and Cremation Societies, and a Freeman of Shaftesbury, an honorary post. "It was also held by Thomas Hardy, another Dorsetshire man," Lord Horder said. "It carries certain archaic privileges. My horses are exempt from service in the local fire brigade, and my wife may peddle on the streets without a license. I have no horses." He favored us with a quizzical look. He and Lady H. have a country place in Hampshire, where they raise flowering shrubs.

Knighthood came to Lord Horder in 1918; he was made a baronet in 1923 and raised to the peerage in 1933. There are only two other living medical peers. "I have no political color," Lord Horder said. "I sit on the cross-benches in the House of Lords." These, he explained, are warmed by peers who



"Not enough eggs."

• •

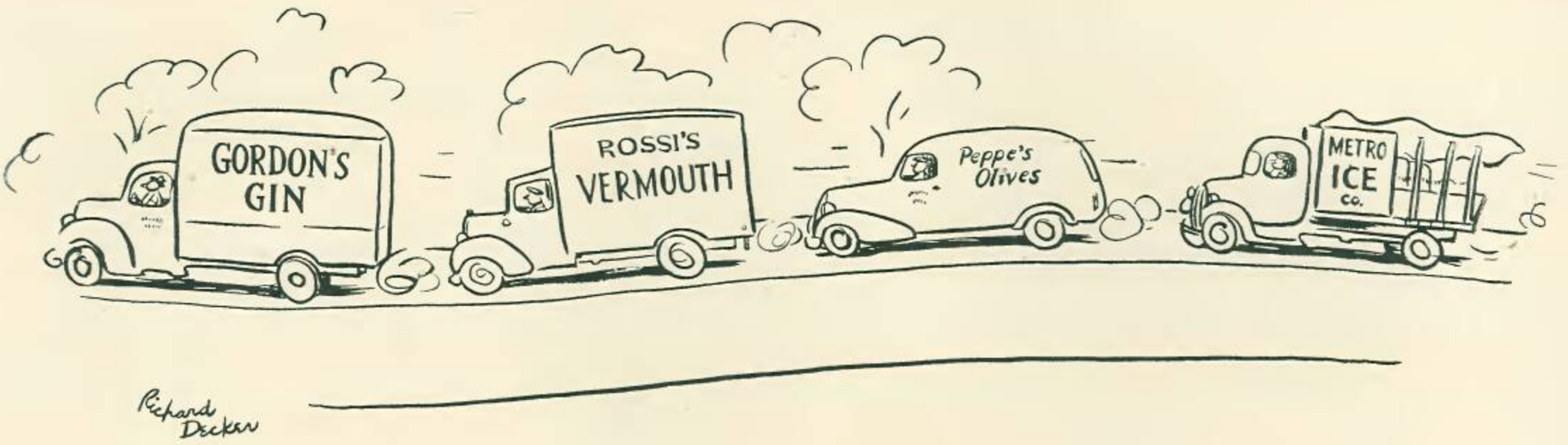
belong to neither the Labour nor the Tory Party. He is a conservative in his profession, however, and last year founded the Fellowship for Freedom in Medicine, to "examine anomalies which have arisen in medical practice as a result of the National Health Service Act" and to plump for amendments to the Act. One anomaly that he cited to us is that patients of practitioners in the Service do not have to pay druggists for filling prescriptions, whereas patients of doctors who haven't joined up do. "The Minister of Health has brought about a regionalization of the hospital system, which was overdue," he said, "but by removing the whole voluntary element of the system, and by regimenting the doctors, he's penalized private practice. He's enunciated a series of ipse dixits."

Lord Horder is chairman of the Noise Abatement League, and he told us that this group, which was also founded by him, has produced considerable silence in London by getting a law passed making it a criminal offense to sound horns between 11 P.M. and 8 A.M. He was here in 1936, and Mayor LaGuardia wrote him that he wanted to make New York a quiet city, and would Lord Horder visit City Hall to give him the benefit of his anti-noise experience? "When the time came, the Mayor offered to have me escorted in a car by two motorcycle policemen with sirens," Lord Horder told us. "I said I didn't want to be thrown out of my job as Noise Abatement League chairman, and he sent a car without an escort."

Horror Story

WE are in receipt of a composition dictated but not read by a four-year-old whose mother is—unfortunately, we should say—an expert in shorthand. It follows in its entirety:

Garden may I grow from the sweet flowers I smell down by the old mill stream where I first saw a white house. She sailed where it was very nice, through twinkles. Her eyes were closed. She had glasses on where she sat, in a chair all covered up with bones on her head. And she cut her ears off with a jackknife and she cut her eyes out and she cut her hair off and skinned it and picked her nails and



• • •

she cut her head off and she first knew she was dead when she cut her stomach open. She went like this, pop up the hill of the weasel and she went popping through the air and she flied around through the air to see if she had anything to eat.

Fame

THAT august and venerable financial institution at Fifth Avenue and Forty-fourth that most people still think of as just the Fifth Avenue Bank, but which, since one of those mergers a year or so ago, is really the Fifth Avenue office of the Bank of New York and Fifth Avenue Bank, has become an object of conspicuous interest to the multitudes for the first time since it was founded, in 1875, thanks to figuring, in the thinnest possible disguise, as the Stuyvesant Bank in John Marquand's latest novel, "Point of No Return." Like the Stuyvesant, the Fifth Avenue Bank discreetly cherishes the wealth of many of New York's oldest and most retiring families, and until Marquand's book came out, it had never occurred to us to do more than peep through the open doorway into its dim but rich interior. The veil having been lifted, we were emboldened to walk right in, the other day, and ask how it has been affected by its adventitious fame. We were graciously made welcome by Mr. Richmond P. Gardner, one of the vice-presidents, into whose hands, we quickly decided, we would gladly commit our fortune, if we had one. White-haired, slow-speaking, wearing a dark-blue suit and a small-figured tie, Mr. Gardner sat at one of several roll-top desks in a roomy alcove to the right of the entrance. Three large windows shed remarkably little light over the desks, and golden fleurs-de-lis glinted dully on the high, brown walls. "There can be no question but that this is the bank Marquand was describing," Mr. Gardner said, weighing his words as carefully as a Marquand banker. "We are architecturally quite distinctive. The structure was originally two non-matching private residences. As for Marquand's characters, they are from his fertile imagination and represent no one in the bank. A most enjoyable novel, I thought."

Glancing toward another roll-top desk, Mr. Gardner called out, almost inaudibly, "Ed! Do you have a minute?," and we were joined by a second white-haired gentleman wearing a dark-blue suit and small-figured tie. He proved to be Edward Streeter, who not only is a vice-president of the bank but, having written "Dere Mable," published more than thirty years ago, and the current "Father of the Bride," is a best-selling author in his own right. Mr. Streeter turned out to be an old Harvard friend of Marquand's. "We're very happy about the sort of attention the book has brought us," he said, "although, of course, we haven't gained a depositor because of it. We haven't lost one, either. Everyone reads John's books, and this one gives an accurate picture of the way the bank functions. John is not a depositor here, but he has been in and out for years, and he didn't have to make a special study of us for his novel." We asked whether publication of the book had resulted in any peculiar reactions on the part of depositors. Mr. Streeter shook his head. "The reactions of our depositors are never peculiar," he said.

Mr. Gardner then took us on a brief tour of the premises, introducing us first to Edgar Stephens, floorman of the bank. "People drop in all the time now to have a look around," Stephens said. "Lots of Canadians among them, lots of people from Red Bank. All fine people. They ask me if I'm Joe, who's the floorman in the book, and I tell them I suppose I am. Then they want to know if I can actually tell what people are like the first time I see them, the way it says in the book, and I say, 'Yes. That's my job.' I retired from the police force as a detective, first class, you know." Gardner next introduced us to Paddy Walsh, the pink-faced man who has served as doorman and guard at the bank for sixteen years. Walsh told us that strangers keep coming up to him on the sidewalk now and asking him if he knows he's in a novel. "I always say, 'I've heard about it but I haven't read it,' " Walsh said. "The fact is I *do* intend to read it, as soon as I can borrow a copy." Mr. Gardner led us to a lounge in the rear of the bank—a handsome room with gold-brocaded walls, reserved for lady customers. Mrs. Annabel Saunders, who has been an attendant in the room since 1905, told us that "Point of No Return" has caused a storm of excitement among her ladies. "They come in and exclaim, 'Oh, Annabel, isn't it thrilling? The Fifth Avenue is in a book!' " she said.

Gordian Knot

WHAT with so many people going to France this summer, and the linguistic gender-of-inanimate-objects problem that that country presents to most of them, the following episode may prove instructive. A Vassar graduate, having refreshed herself with tea and a sandwich at a certain Paris café run on the honor system, sustained, on approaching the cashier, a terrible feeling of gender-engendered indecision. The sandwich—was he masculine or was she feminine? Its consumer went back to her table, ordered another sandwich, ate it, and marched up to the cashier with a confident "*Le thé et deux sandwiches.*"

Handy

IN the course of a visit last week to one of the most entertaining affairs we've attended in months, the Interna-

tional Inventors Exposition, at Grand Central Palace, we reached the conclusion that necessity, far from being the mother of invention, is probably no more than a cousin by marriage, twice removed. Of the five hundred-odd apparatuses and devices we looked over, at least four hundred and fifty appeared to have been invented out of sheer exuberance. They didn't seem to be intended to fill a need or even to make their inventors' fortunes. This may not be entirely true, however, in the case of M. Albin de Laage de Meux, a Parisian engineer, who is so convinced that the problem of feeding one's pets *in absentia* is a pressing one that he has made a trip to these shores to exhibit an automatic pet-feeding device. His invention consists of a wooden box with an alarm clock affixed to the top. On leaving home, the pet owner sets the alarm to go off sometime in the next twelve hours. When the alarm rings, the winder on the back of the clock turns and comes in contact with a steel pin, which releases a catch inside the box; the front of the box drops down, revealing a stainless-steel bowl containing the pet's food. "*Voilà!*" cried M. de Meux, demonstrating the device. "Of course, there is one problem I have not yet solved. What if you wish to stay away two days? I give you my answer—you must have somebody to wind the clock."

A distinguished-looking inventor was pushing an elaborate contrivance on wheels slowly up and down the varnished floor of his booth. The core of the gadget was a snow shovel, but to it had been added a number of grips, gears, and levers, and we called for an explanation. "Every winter, thousands of people drop dead shovelling snow," the inventor said with a sunny smile. "Why? Because of lifting the snow. What is the solution? Not lifting it. Let's pretend that we have a foot of snow here. Well, sir, I just push my shovel along until I have a pretty good load on it, then press this pedal, here, with my foot; disengage this gear, here; swing the shovel to one side; turn this grip; and there's your snow over on one side and your path as clean as a whistle." Perspiration ran down the inventor's face, and he was breathing hard. We thanked him for the demonstration and investigated a booth across the way, where a nattily dressed man was presiding over a display of small, many-colored lamps, set in large plastic bases. "A triple invention," he told us. "What happens to table lamps in night clubs, restaurants, even in homes? They get knocked over—right? Now, this lamp is practically all base. You *can't* knock it over. Then, there's an ashtray built right into it, and under the ashtray is an electric outlet, for testing defective wires and old fuses. Three inventions in one!"

In the next booth, a man was demonstrating a mechanical mattress-turner, by means of which housewives of the future will be able to turn their mattresses with a flick of a finger. It works, too; we flicked our finger, and over went the mattress. "The greatest household invention since the invention of the bed," the demonstrator said, and we agreed. We were about to examine further prodigies—a combination concrete and fertilizer mixer, a magnetic soap-holder, a portable seat back for use in bleachers—when our attention was attracted by a deafening noise from an unusual automobile parked against one wall. The chassis was that of an old Chevvy, and on it were mounted a couple of heavy black tanks, a compressor, a battery, and hundreds of feet of rubber hose. A sign proclaimed this to be the one and only Bergermobile, the invention of Joseph M. Berger, of the Bronx. The sign also explained that the car runs on compressed air and can thus dispense with starter, carburetor, sparkplugs, radiator, and gearshift. Mr. Berger himself was seated at the controls, and every so often he pressed down on a pedal and generated a roar like that of a herd of outraged elephants. The principle of the Bergermobile is as follows, if we've got it right: A battery starts an air compressor, which turns a wheel, which runs a generator, which charges the battery, which propels the compressor. Something like perpetual motion. Cost of maintenance: forty cents for an occasional can of oil. We asked Mr. Berger when we could expect delivery. "Just put your name in that little box, there," he said, indicating a receptacle deep in the complicated works of his car. A dreamy look came into his eyes, he pressed the pedal, and the compressor roared; fortunately, it was disengaged from the running gear. We went off to investigate one of the less practical inventions, an oblong checkerboard, but couldn't find its inventor.

Verdict

OPINIONS on the fundamental point of "Death of a Salesman" vary so widely that we are pleased to present an obviously professional one, voiced by a member of the audience as he left the theatre the other night: "That damned New England territory never *has* been any good."



"Any giggling, young man, will come out of your tip."

UNDER GEMINI

IT was their condition that lay at the heart of the matter. But to be able to explain their state—this double identity—to anyone who had not undergone the unique intimacy and awareness of a similar experience was out of the question. And for them to think that Eustace could comprehend anything so inconceivable was, of course, ridiculous. Naturally, having been born to it, conditioned from the first to the music and vibration of their sameness, it had taught them all they knew of joy and sorrow, pity and love. There was something absolute in this knowledge that whatever they experienced when together came to them through an uncanny communion, each knowing that the other twin (the other self, you might as well say) was undergoing simultaneous response, the same necessity of nerves imposing upon them the same words and actions—what amounted, in short, to practically similar behavior, so that they were hardly able to recognize which of them had done or said this, that, or the other thing. With them, it was always what was taking place in the realm of the spirit that seemed to have significance.

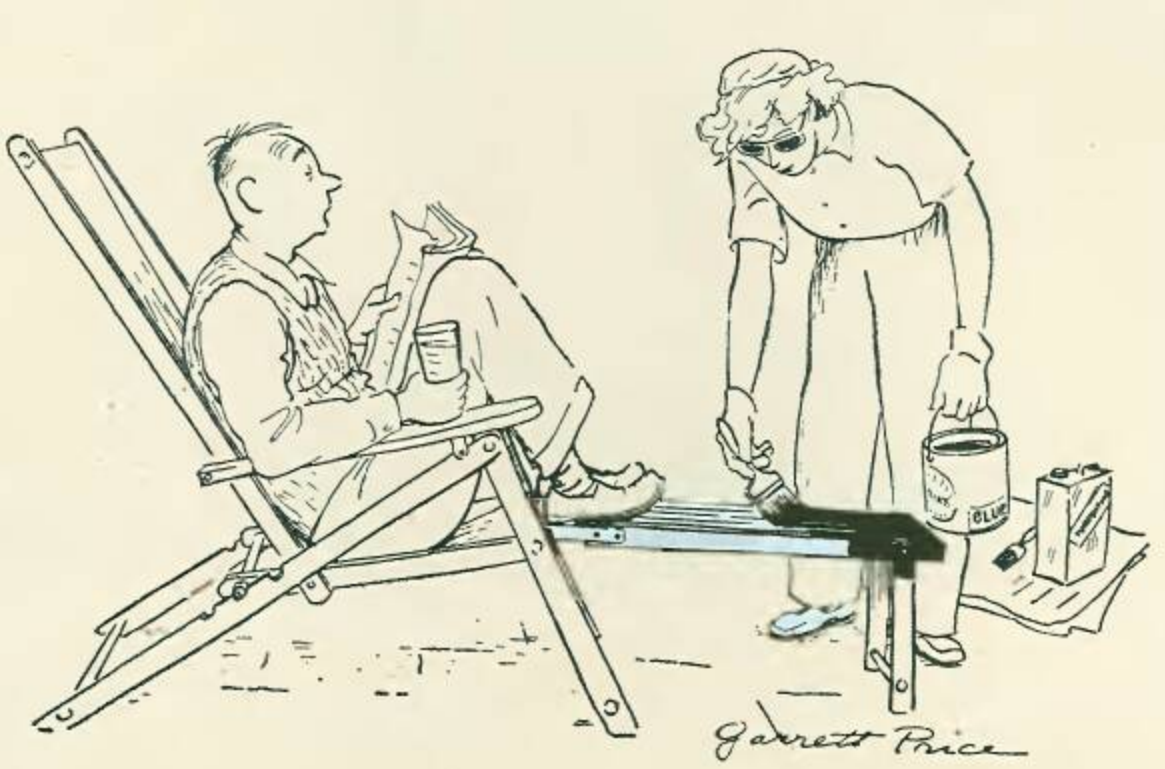
Well, as they used to say, they had their memories of childhood. Nobody could deprive them of those—their common joy in bird and flower and cloud, their running over lawn and meadows, happy in their twin response. Their mistake had been to try to carry over into their adult years their inseparability; that was dangerous—sure to bring disaster. And for them to have come to New York, of all places on earth, determined to stick together, with this queer feeling they had of possessing a single personality and but one soul between them! Here they got in each other's way, stood in each other's light. It couldn't be expected that both of them would get the same breaks. And since Katherine had been the one to find the really enthralling job, she should have gone it on her own. They should never have taken that apartment together (never in the wide world!), trying to fool themselves into a belief that they were two girls, each capable of making her own little conquests—having her own little triumphs.

How delighted they'd been when they had made the neighborhood their own, a neighborhood, too, that was so full of color and atmosphere, with the views and skyscapes from their windows so entrancing—to the north the dome and cross of the big Italian church, rooftops, tenements, gables, chimneys, clotheslines (wash flapping in the wind, pigeons flying off the roofs), and to the south the outlook private and enclosed, the facing rows of red brick houses, with their back yards and little gardens, and the big ailanthus tree that almost brushed their windows. An appropriate setting for their artistic temperaments; here, they'd thought, they could express themselves.

Poor Kathy! She had certainly done her level best, bringing down first one and then another of her new-made friends, wanting desperately to share them with Christene. It hadn't seemed to work, somehow, but then why should it have worked? It must have been disconcerting enough for anyone a bit gone on Kathy to come down to her apartment and find ensconced another girl, who resembled her in every particular. She and Chris, try as they might to avoid it, had the most disastrous way of expressing the same opinion at exactly the same moment ("Mozart? Oh, absolutely, he's our favorite!" "We adore Chekhov." "No, we *don't* like modern art"), never able, somehow, to say "I" or "me" or "mine" but, instead, always "we" and "us" and "ours." Why, anyone at all observant must have noticed, when there was general conversation or when they were listening to the victrola or the radio, that the same expressions were recorded on their faces. Then there was that unfortunate habit they had of jumping up and exclaiming, in practically one breath, "Come and see our tree of heaven!," and the two of them, presently, at the window, sharing Kathy's friend between them, and something in their voices—the slight Southern drawl, maybe, or just their talking there together—that must have suggested to the poor fellow that they expected him to make love to both of them at once. It was disconcerting, very much on the queer side. One of the young men had invented names for them—"Tree of Heaven" and "Mississippi Blues"—but the trouble was he never knew which name belonged to which girl. The situation had been impossible, utterly impossible! Each knew just how the other felt about it. And if Kathy frequently resented working so hard for both of them without appreciable results, and if Christene tried in vain to suppress her envy of Kathy's better luck, it shouldn't, even so, have seemed so awful to them. It was only human.

Had Katherine not felt such concern for Christene, she would have found life in New York a succession of happy events and daydreams. As assistant to an older woman who had set up a successful agency for writers, she found herself on the fringes of the literary world. What with writers coming in and out of the office, manuscripts received, manuscripts sent off, rejected or accepted, the whole big city, under the spell of these excitements, seemed to hold out to her the most wonderful gifts and possibilities. She loved her work and came to her office every morning and left it every evening in a state of the highest exhilaration.

As for poor Chris, her situation was exactly the opposite. She hated her job and regarded it as so much drudgery that had to be undergone day after day, sitting in that office high up in the Cunard Building, taking down letters, pencil poised ("Ready, Mr. Furkins," "Yes, Mr. Furkins," "Yours of the fifteenth received," etc., etc.), yet caring not a red cent for invoices or exports or imports and having, later, to sit for long, backbreaking hours at the typewriter, transcribing the hateful dictation, and not entirely unaware that her employer's somewhat lecherous eye went frequently a-roaming over her face, her costume, and her exceedingly pretty figure.

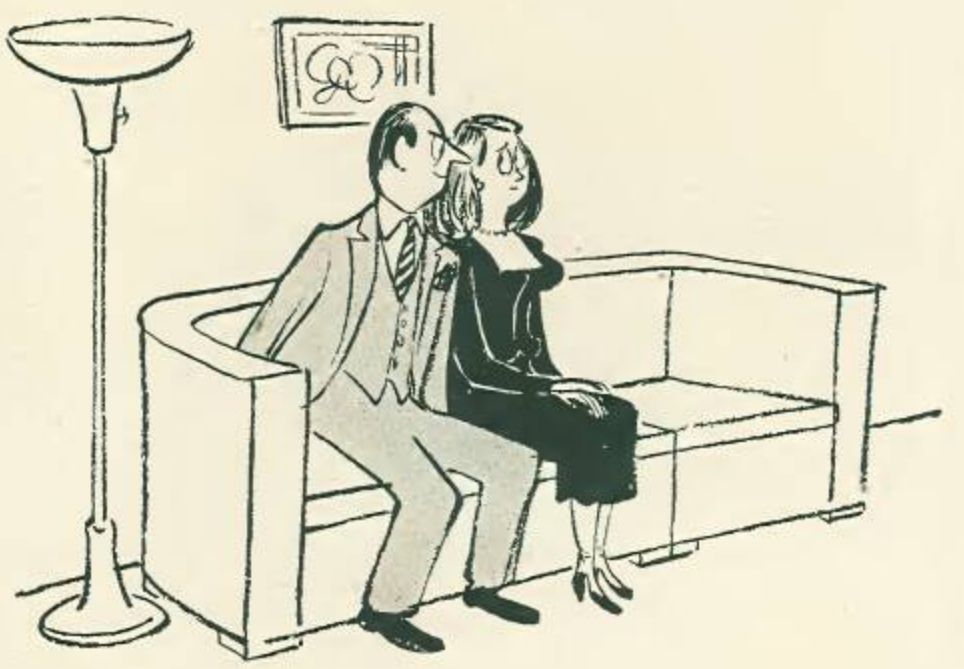


KATHERINE in love with life and Christene bored and disconsolate—each could nonetheless be relied upon, at all times and in all places, to keep in mind the

1



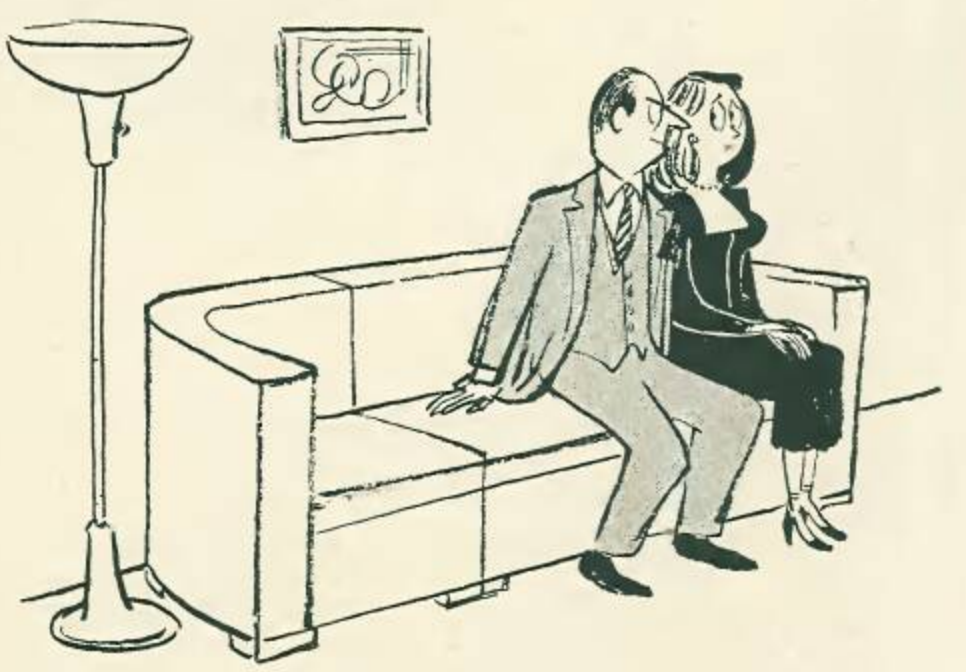
2



3



4



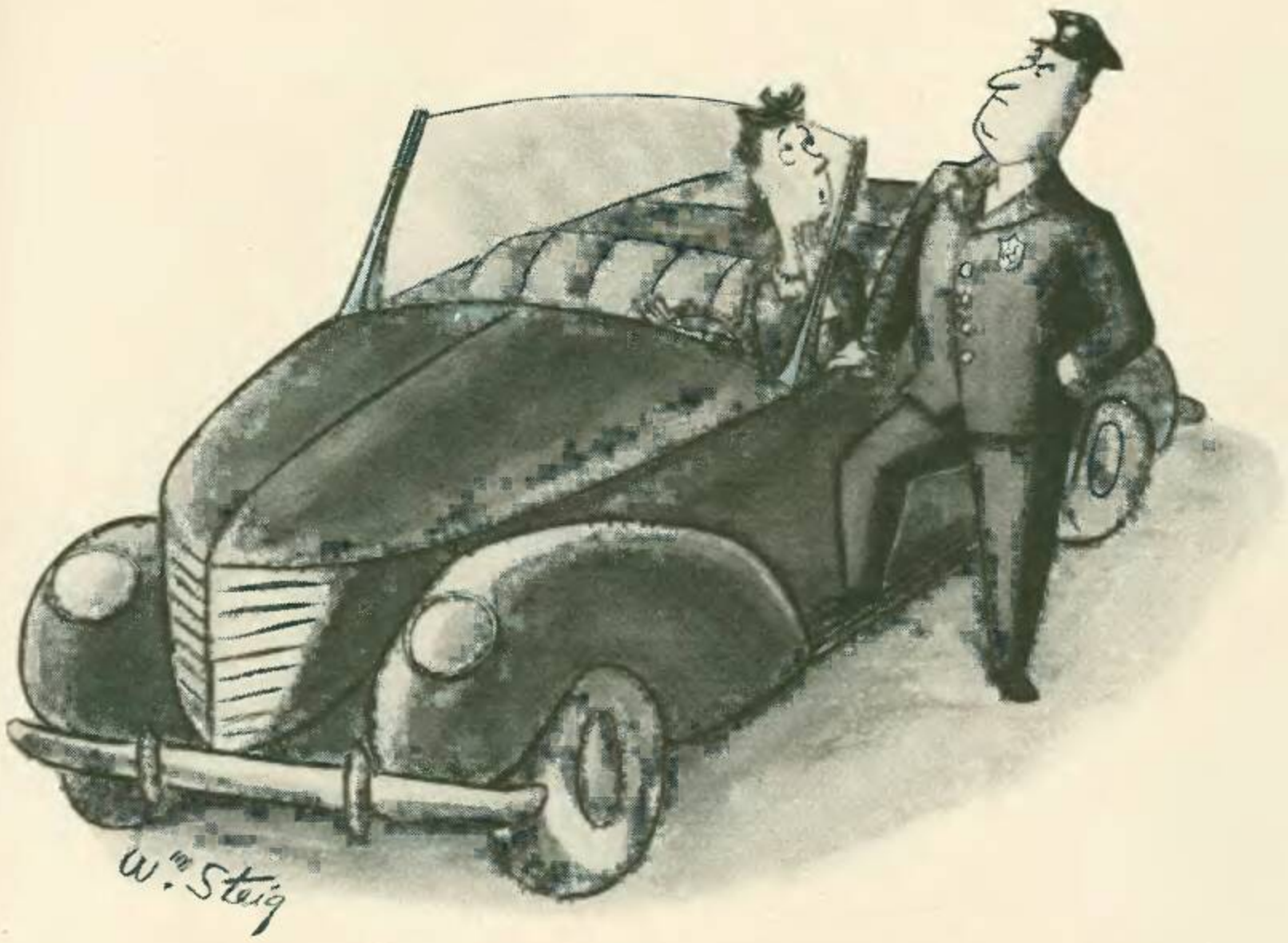
other's condition. And so it happened that on a certain evening in December, as they were leaving their offices, at just that magic moment when the city seems to shake and shine with a sudden incandescent brightness, they experienced—one of them in midtown, the other at the foot of Wall Street—a crisis of affection and regret. Katherine, in the highest of spirits, crossed Fifth Avenue, stopped a moment to have a look at the great central shaft of light at Rockefeller Plaza, and then, wanting further glimpses of the wonderful town, hastened up the Avenue and west through Fifty-third Street, glancing across at the terrific concrete cliffs of Radio City, wildly exhilarated, thinking of her job, of her good fortune. Why, if she didn't have poor, darling Chris hanging around her neck, she might make her own terms with this formidable town! She had the weirdest sensation of flying, rather than walking, over to Sixth and on down Sixth to Bryant Park, with all those skyscrapers glittering and glamouring away at her. Finally, boarding a bus, her spirits fell. She dropped from her giddy heights. She decided that she hated New York, with all its unnatural excitements, and vowed with tears in her eyes that if she couldn't procure for Chris as good a time as she was having herself, she wouldn't give a tinker's damn for anything. And Chris, hurrying to the Battery in the very depth of the doldrums, presently found herself standing in the shabby little park amid the little leafless trees, the dwarfed benches, the midget people. Staring up at the stupendous flights of lighted windows erecting their bright, incredible cities in the air, she

5



was suddenly overwhelmed by a great wave of jealousy of Katherine that almost resembled hatred. It rushed at her. She fought it down, realizing all the while that underneath her temporary anger and envy her love was strong and indestructible, that it was all she had, that without it she was a creature with neither heart nor soul.

When they met that night, their mood was one of tenderness and affection; they didn't want to be out of each other's sight a minute, and both of them seemed almost on the brink of tears. They decided not to dine at home but to give themselves a treat, so they went to their favorite Italian restaurant, where they ordered cocktails and Chianti and, presently, began to discuss their situation. They wept a little, laughed a lot, were determined not to be tragic, but they would, they resolved, *do* something about their plight. No, they wouldn't separate. They couldn't possibly do that, but they would make a genuine effort to change their be-



EVERYDAY HISTRIONICS

Naïveté

• •

havior. No more coming out with the same remarks at the same moment—not, at least, if they could help it. They'd be different. They would, in the first place, put an end to the silly, romantic habit they had clung to so long of dressing just alike. They would dress as much unlike as possible. Each would have a style of her own. Kathy would affect the boyish and severe; she'd take on a new line of talk as well, and try to be slangy, modern, sophisticated. As for Chris, she'd remain as they had been before—feminine, a bit provincial. It would be difficult—they admitted it—but nonetheless they would pay strict attention to acting out their roles as well as they could. They wouldn't waver.

If they hadn't made those crazy resolutions, what then? That was the question each girl frequently asked herself. However, the promises had been made, and, after their fashion, they had tried to put them into practice. But when, a few weeks after Kathy's stupendous change of personality, Eustace came into her life, fate began to play a hand in both their destinies. Kathy had fallen dead in love with him the instant she'd clapped eyes on him. Why, he had everything—everything! He was so handsome, in that lovely, not too emphatic way, so modest and intelligent, and, moreover, she'd heard him discussed before she ever met him and knew about the slender book of poems he'd published and the novel he was writing, with half the publishers in town aware of it. She hadn't run after him; she'd made no advances; she'd just worshipped from a distance and had hardly been able to believe that he was falling for her. But there had been many signs of it—his asking her out so many times for lunch, and then the day he'd told her, in that charming way he had of giving compliments, as though he were ruminating about them before he offered them, that she had the most remarkable eyes he'd ever seen, perfectly astounding eyes. "You're kidding," she'd said, trying out the new line. Oh, no, he wasn't kidding, he'd assured her; her eyes had haunted him for days. She had locked that remark up in her heart all right, and she used to take it out and say it to herself and lock it up again. She hadn't told Chris a word about him but simply allowed herself to get more and more implicated in the enthralling business of being dead in love, of doting on him. And then when she'd asked him down for dinner that fatal Saturday night, she hadn't prepared Chris for it until that afternoon, when she'd just let it slip out, in the most casual, offhand manner she could muster, that she'd invited a young man she had met to dine with them—a man named Eustace Barr.

CHRIS guessed Kathy's secret at once. Something about the way she looked, everything about the way she acted, gave her away—the expressions of her face, the excitement of her manner, so nervous and particular. The dinner must be cooked to perfection, the table set just so; then, at the last moment, flushed and exhilarated, she insisted on rushing off to buy flowers to put the final touch to her arrangements.

Eustace arrived earlier than expected. "Oh," Chris said, "you're Eustace. Kathy told me. We didn't think you'd be here yet. Kathy will be back in a minute." The admiration in his face was startling. He made no effort to disguise it. It was just as though he'd exclaimed, "God, what a beautiful girl!" Apparently, it didn't occur to him that she was Kathy's twin. She was a creature entirely unique, staring at him, calling him Eustace.

Then out she came with it: "Don't you want to see our tree of heaven?" And in a few minutes there the two of them were, leaning out the window, looking at the back yards, the small gardens, the ailanthus tree. It was spring. The windows in all the houses across the way were open. Curtains blew in the breeze. Someone was playing the piano very professionally. "Oh!" she cried. "Chopin! That's our favorite nocturne. Listen! Isn't it beautiful?," and she began to hum it in perfect tune, keeping just ahead of the notes that floated over the air. Eustace couldn't restrain himself; something took possession of him. He placed his hand over hers and said, "What wonderful eyes you have—remarkable eyes—the most astounding eyes I've ever seen!" Then he leaned over and kissed her very lightly—oh, very lightly—on the lips. "Why," he said, "you're the loveliest girl I ever saw!" It was all so quickly over, before she could even protest, and that ineffable sweetness began filling her heart, and the nocturne floating across the back yards, the air so soft and filled with spring. Then in came Kathy, her arms filled with spring flowers—tulips and lilacs and apple blossoms.

The treachery of it, Chris thought, the awful treachery of her heart! She knew how Kathy felt. She knew that Kathy was on to everything. But this did not prevent her, all the evening, from feeling little, fiery shocks of pleasure and delight each time she exchanged a

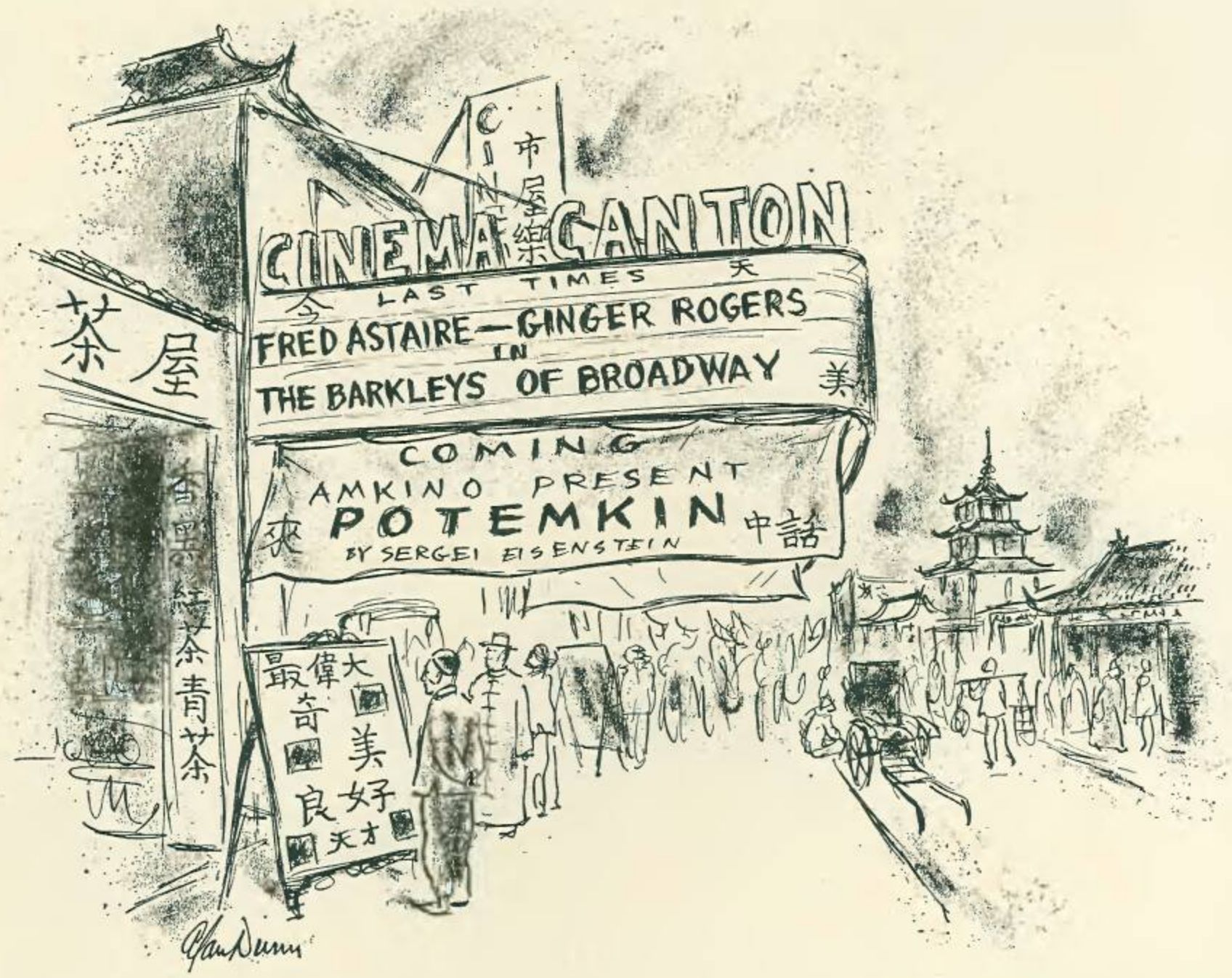
glance with Eustace. They were in love with each other. It was electrifying.

EUSTACE stepped right into Chris's heart. Queer thing, the way he took it all so much for granted, sensed no complications in the situation whatsoever. He seemed to think they weren't so much alike, and loved to declare that he could have told them apart even if their clothes had been identical. Didn't Chris have some tiny freckles on the bridge of her nose? Weren't her dimples deeper than Kathy's when she smiled? In almost no time, he assumed they were engaged and went so far as to persuade his mother (just to make the whole thing an official family affair) to invite both girls for a weekend with her in the country. He didn't have the ghost of an idea, though, what they went through before deciding to accept and come along together.

It wasn't that Kathy really blamed Chris for it. How can the heart, she used so often to ask herself, be blamed for its behavior? But what she couldn't quite forgive, what caused her frequently to lose her self-control and lash out against her sister, was that Eustace could have forgotten all there'd been between them at the start. He acted as though he'd never cared for her, just brushing aside all those luncheons and the lovely things he'd said to her. She did her best to suppress her jealousy, but it would flash out all of a sudden and when she least expected it. Then there would be scenes that caused them anguish and heartbreak. "Remember, Chris!" she'd cry, "I knew him first—I introduced him to you!" "Oh, yes, I know," Chris would retort. "You think he's your Eustace. You knew him first. I took him away from you." "You took him away from me. You simply snatched him and no qualms about it, either!" Kathy would come back at her. Then they'd break down and weep and ask each other's forgiveness. Each girl would assert she didn't really care for Eustace. Chris would want to break with him altogether. Nothing mattered, she'd say, but to keep their love—hers and Kathy's—unimpaired. Then Kathy would kiss her and say it *was* absolutely unimpaired and how foolish Chris was, for, after all, one of them must marry first. If it happened to be Chris, so much the better, since she, Kathy, was completely recovered from her infatuation. She liked Eustace—that was all. However, when it came to accepting Mrs. Barr's invitation, her courage failed her. She insisted that Chris should go without her. Chris immediately trotted out the same old threat; she would break the engagement. "Really, Kathy, let us both break with Eustace. Let's act as though we'd never known him. We'll forget about it altogether."

THEY'D had it back and forth. But now here they were, sitting beside each other on the train, Kathy dressed in a dark-blue suit, very strict and tailor-made, and a rough blue sailor hat not too becoming to her, and Chris in a light summer dress with a large leghorn hat, looking exceedingly soft and feminine. They talked but little—mostly looked out of the window and spoke of the scenery and how lovely it was to see the country again. They had not been out of the city for many months, and this sense they had of coming all at once into full possession of summer added a queer, uneasy rapture to the distress that filled their hearts. Houses standing deep in shade, elm trees, maples arrayed in full, broad leaves, lawns covered with shadows, vegetable gardens, rambler roses—how lovely to look at them again! Long Island Sound appeared, disappeared. There were creeks and winding estuaries, marshes and meadows. The fields were starred with buttercups and daisies. The tenderness between them was excruciating. They regretted the angry words they'd said to one another. To Chris, the all-embracing realization was that Kathy bore her no bitterness and seemed aware only of the twinship that bound them together. Kathy's heart was filled with the inevitability of their plight. Chris loved Eustace, too. How could it be otherwise? The heart cannot be blamed for its behavior, she kept repeating to herself.

When they left New Haven and approached the end of their journey, their excitement grew upon them. They should not, they felt keenly, have accepted Mrs. Barr's invitation—not, at least, together. But here they were, and this sense they had of sharing the nearness of the sea, the mild blue afternoon, increased their expectation. Perhaps because they had never lived near the water, the little creeks and estuaries winding inland from the Sound, the blue-white sky, the mist blown in from the horizon seemed to open and invade their hearts. "Won't it be wonderful," said Kathy, "being in the country—seeing the sea?" "Wonderful," said Chris, "and summer here already. Think of that!" Both girls thought, naturally enough, of Eustace. "Soon



we'll be there. Soon we'll see him," they kept saying to themselves. Chris slipped her hand into her sister's. Kathy returned its gentle pressure. They seemed, somehow, to reassure each other. And when, finally, the conductor called out Saybrook, they got their bags from the rack and walked down the aisle with considerable increase of courage, smiling and peering through the windows of the car.

They stepped off the train. The conductor handed them their bags. They stood together on the station platform, drinking in the salt air, the space and freshness of the scene; saw the Connecticut River widening and flowing to the sea, the great reach of broad blue estuary, the strong rip of the tides, the waves and whitecaps in the distance. They had a sense of sudden happiness, as though they might now be able to share everything. "Oh, look," they cried, "the sea!"

EUSTACE was waiting for them in a station wagon, and, along with him, a young man named Francis Tyler, who was small and made both girls immediately think of a monkey on a string, all nerves and little jumps and gestures. He said "Righto" and "I should jolly well say so." He assisted Kathy into the back seat and climbed in beside her. She winked at Chris; they knew why he'd been brought along. They turned sharply seaward and drove for several miles through woods (stunted oaks and pointed cedars, pines and junipers, the air smelling of resin and sandy soil and fresh, salt breeze), then suddenly emerged in full view of the sea, very calm and the color of gray hyacinths. Presently, they were driving along a rocky shore to a point where there were several pleasant houses near a strip of beach. In front of one of them, they stopped. Mrs. Barr came out to greet them. The girls liked her immensely, and her manner, both cordial and casual. They had the most extraordinary feeling that each was congratulating the other on having such a satisfactory mother-in-law.

They all had tea and then they changed into their sports clothes, and presently the girls appeared, as like as two peas, in their white shirts and shorts and tennis shoes. Twice, Eustace mistook them, and on each occasion Chris looked at him with an expression of out-and-out hostility and said defiantly, "We told you so!" At dinner, however, they resumed their separate identities, Chris in a long chiffon dress of horizon blue, with a full skirt and a pretty pleated bodice, and Kathy in a somewhat peculiar dress, of dark-green taffeta, that fitted her tightly and made her look severe and older than Chris.

They dined on the veranda, with candles on the table, which flickered and frequently went out and had to be relighted. It all seemed very romantic—the tide coming in and the waves lapping the pebbles on the beach, the air rifted with honeysuckle and nicotiana, the sea breeze fresh, and, off in the distance,

CAPE BRETON

Out on the high "bird islands," Ciboux and Hertford,
the razorbill auks and the silly-looking puffins all stand
with their backs to the mainland
in solemn, uneven lines along the cliffs' brown grass-frayed edge,
while the few sheep pastured there go "Baaa, Baaa."
(Sometimes, frightened by aeroplanes, they stampede
and fall over into the sea or onto the rocks.)
The silken water is weaving and weaving,
disappearing under the mist equally in all directions,
lifted and penetrated now and then
by one shag's dripping serpent-neck,
and somewhere the mist incorporates the pulse,
rapid but unurgent, of a motorboat.
The same mist hangs in thin layers
among the valleys and gorges of the mainland
like rotting snow-ice sucked away
almost to spirit; the ghosts of glaciers drift
among those folds and folds of fir: spruce and hackmatack—
dull, dead, deep peacock-colors,
each riser distinguished from the next
by an irregular nervous saw-tooth edge,
alike, but certain as a stereoscopic view.

The wild road clambers along the brink of the coast.
On it stand occasional small yellow bulldozers,
but without their drivers, because today is Sunday.
The little white churches have been dropped into the matted hills
like lost quartz arrowheads.
The road appears to have been abandoned.
Whatever the landscape had of meaning appears to have been abandoned,
unless the road is holding it back, in the interior,
where we cannot see,
where the deep lakes are reputed to be,
and disused trails and mountains of rock
and miles of burnt forests standing in gray scratches
like the admirable scriptures made on stones by stones—
and these regions now have little to say for themselves
except in thousands of light song-sparrow songs floating upward
freely, dispassionately, through the mist, and meshing
in brown-wet, fine, torn fish nets.

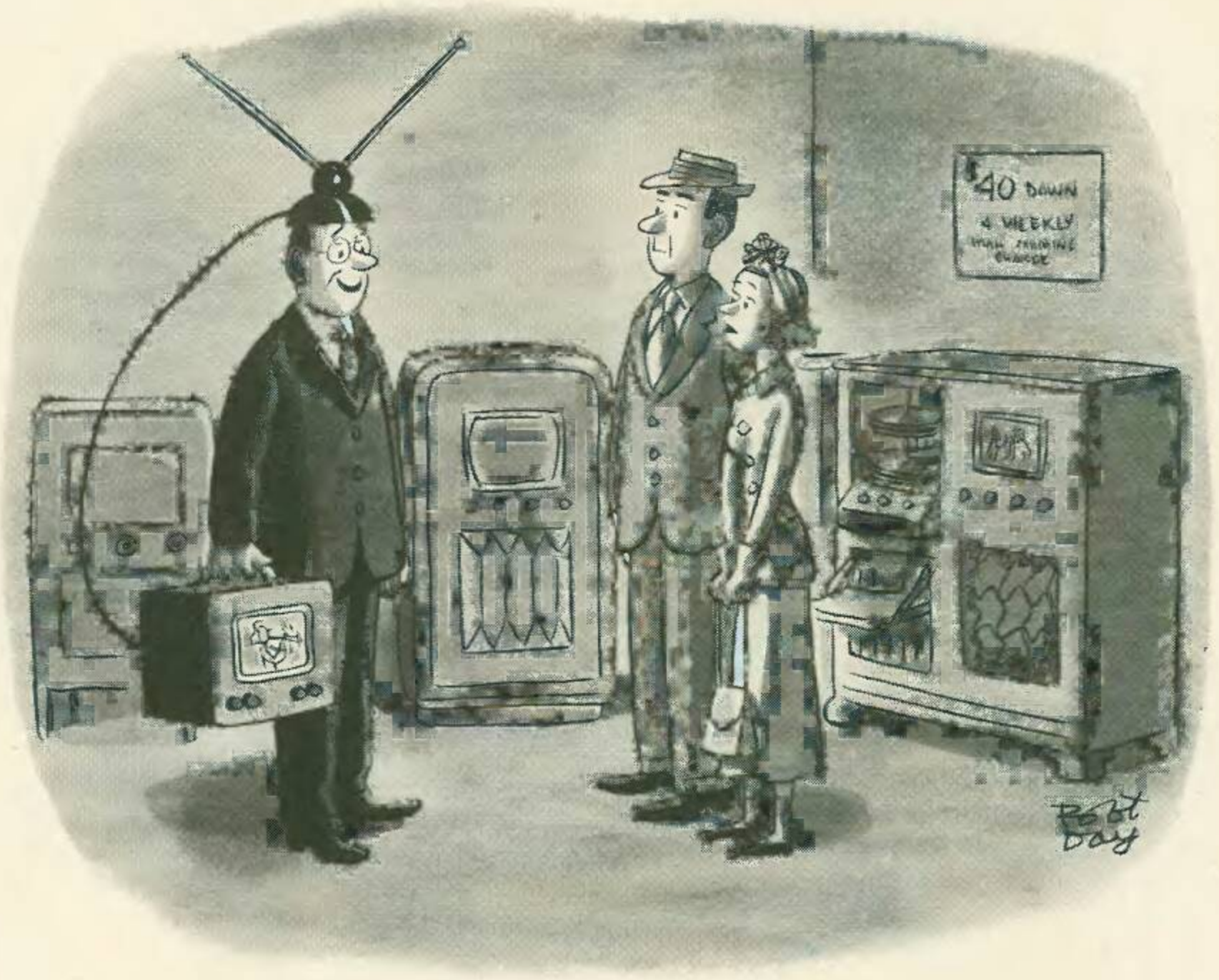
A small bus comes along, in up-and-down rushes,
packed with people, even to its step.
(On weekdays with groceries, spare automobile parts, and pump parts,
but today only two preachers extra, one carrying a frock coat on a hanger.)

It passes the closed roadside stand, the closed schoolhouse,
where today no flag is flying
from the rough-adzed pole topped with a white china doorknob.
It stops, and a man carrying a baby gets off,
climbs over a stile, and goes down through a small steep meadow,
which establishes its poverty in a snowfall of daisies,
to his invisible house beside the water.

The birds keep on singing, a calf bawls, the bus starts.
The thin mist follows
the white mutations of its dream;
an ancient chill is rippling the dark brooks.

—ELIZABETH BISHOP

• •



"And, of course, it comes in especially handy right now, during vacation time."

•

the light on Montauk Point flashing white, flashing white, and, directly across the waters, Fishers Island, strewn and strung with little chains and galaxies of light. The girls were terribly conscious of each other, and their exchange of tenderness and reassurance was unremitting, Kathy trying to say silently to Chris, "I'm so happy for you, dear," and Chris feeling in the depths of her heart that she couldn't possibly go on with it but attempting to say, "I'm so happy. Everything's delightful. Aren't you glad we came?"

AFTER dinner, they separated. Eustace took Chris off in the station wagon, and Kathy remained on the veranda with Francis Tyler, who began at once to flirt with her in a manner she thoroughly deplored. She didn't know how she managed to put up with it—heading off his ardor, stringing him along. Soon after midnight, she pleaded a headache and said she'd have to go to her room. When she got there, she sat on the window seat confronted by the sea and the big, starry sky. Suddenly, she seemed to be dressed in Chris's pretty chiffon frock; she seemed, indeed, to be Chris. Nothing could stop her now from running to Eustace's embrace, for was he not her lover? He was Chris's, he was hers. Swiftly, she ran to him. The words she knew he was whispering to Chris he whispered to her. His lips were on hers. In her secret flesh, she felt the fiery tracks and traceries of her response to his kisses, to his words. "Oh, no! It can't go on like this," she cried in her heart. "We've always shared, but not now—not this, not this!" Sitting there alone, she fought her jealousy and her desire. Presently, she heard Francis Tyler come upstairs, and, almost immediately after, Mrs. Barr came up, put out the lights in the hall, and went to her room.

"When the house is quiet," Kathy said to herself, "when they've gone to sleep, before Chris comes back with Eustace." She waited, repeating the words, which seemed to reverberate within her, like a dirge. Finally, she got up and crept as silently as possible downstairs. All the lights in the big living room were off, but the door onto the veranda was open. She went out, descended the steps, crossed the garden, and cautiously felt her way down the dunes to the beach. The tide was high, and she walked slowly, close to the dunes, in the direction of the dock, which she could see, standing stark against the sky, some distance down the beach. When she reached the dock, she walked to the end of it and onto the float that was anchored in the water, and then, with some difficulty, climbed the diving platform fastened to the float. It did not seem too terrifying now; she was thankful that she could not swim.

The water lapped and gurgled under the float. The night was serene. She wondered whether she had ever seen so many stars. Yes, yes, she had, she thought, remembering, one summer night, running with Chris across a lawn where there were trees and mist, and stars and fireflies upon the air—simply flying off with Chris, not at all certain whether they were treading earth or sky, or whether they were trying to catch the stars or the fireflies (not even certain whether there was one little girl or two), bowing to Chris, changing places with her, pirouetting so delicately on the air—and, at the same time, remembering also that clear December evening when she'd run alone through Fifty-third Street, over to Sixth Avenue, and down to Bryant Park, looking up at the skyscrapers and all the windows filled with light. The two memories seemed to balance each other perfectly and to give her calm and fortitude in her resolve. "Now," she said to herself. "Now I will do it—now, now."

Suddenly, she heard Chris calling, "Kathy, Kathy!," and she turned and saw Chris on the float, trying to climb up to the diving platform. She leaned down; she helped her up.

"My darling," she whispered.

"Oh, my darling Kathy," whispered Chris.

Solemnly they kissed. And then, without a word, an impulse was upon them that needed no explanation, that could not brook delay. Each took the other's hand. They jumped together into the dark waters crowded with the stars.

—ISABEL BOLTON

•

"Definitely," he said, rolling his R's without any noticeable strain.—*London Sunday Graphic.*

Or any noticeable R.

SLURVIAN SELF-TAUGHT

LISTENING to a well-known Hollywood radio commentator some time back, I heard her say that she had just returned from a Yerpeen trip, and had had a lovely time nittly. I at once recognized her as an accomplished Slurvian linguist and, being a student of Slurvian, readily understood that she had just returned from a European trip, and while there (in Yerp) had had a lovely time in Italy.

Slurvian is coming into common use in the United States, but I am, so far as I know, the only scholar to have made a start toward recording it. There is no official written Slurvian language, but it is possible, by means of phonetic spelling, for me to offer a brief course of instruction in it. In a short time, the student can learn enough to add immeasurably to his understanding and enjoyment of conversation wherever he travels in the country.

I first heard pure Slurvian fluently spoken by a co-worker of mine who told me that his closest friend was a man named Hard (Howard). Hard was once in an automobile accident, his car, unfortunately, cliding with another, causing Hard's wife Dorthy, who was with him, to claps. Dorthy didn't have much stamina but was a sweet woman—sweet as surp.

I soon discovered I had an ear for Slurvian, and since I began to recognize the language, I have encountered many Slurvians. At ballparks, they keep track of hits, runs, and airs. On farms, they plow furs. In florist shops, they buy fiars. When hard up, they bar money from banks, and spend it for everything from fewl for the furnace to grum crackers for the children.

When Slurvians travel abroad, they go to visit farn (or forn) countries to see what the farners do that's different from the way we Murcans do things. While in farn countries, they refer to themselves as Murcan tersts, and usually say they will be mighty glad to get back to Murca. A Slurvian I once met on a train told me he had just returned from a visit to Mexico. He deplored the lack of automobiles down there, and said that the natives ride around on little burrs.

A linguistic authority of my acquaintance, much interested in my work in Slurvian, has suggested to me the possibility that the language may be related to, or a variation of, the one still spoken in England of which such a contraction as "Chumley," for "Cholmondeley," is a familiar example. However, I think the evidence insufficient for drawing such a conclusion. Surnames cannot be considered subject to the ordinary rules of pronunciation. In fact, the only one I have positively identified in Slurvian is Faggot, the name of the American admiral who won the Battle of Mobile Bay.

THE name Faggot brings me to a discussion of what I designate as "pure" Slurvian. This includes those Slurvian words that, when spelled exactly as pronounced, also make good English words (such as "Faggot," "burr," and "claps"). The day I can add to the lexicon such a word, hitherto unrecorded, is a happy day for me. Here are some examples of pure Slurvian, alphabetically listed:

bean, *n.* A living creature, as in *human bean.*
cactus, *n. pl.* The people in a play or story.
course, *n.* A group of singers.
fiscal, *adj.* Pertaining to the body, as opposed to the spurt.
form, *n.* Gathering place of the ancient Romans.
gnome, *n.* Contraction for *no, Ma'am. Colloq.*
line, *n.* The king of beasts.
lore, *n.* The more desirable of the two berths in a Pullman section.
myrrh, *n.* A looking glass.
par, *n.* An attribute of strength, as in *the par and the glory.*
plight, *adj.* Courteous.
sears, *adj.* Grave, intent.
sport, *v.t.* To hold up, to bear the weight of.
wreckers, *n. pl.* Discs on which music is recorded for phonographs.

I AM presently engaged in compiling a dictionary of Slurvian words, which I hope will prove to be the definitive work on the subject. The help of any interested students is welcomed, but I must caution such students to be certain the words are genuine Slurvian, and not merely regional speech, such as that of Alabama, Texas, or New England.

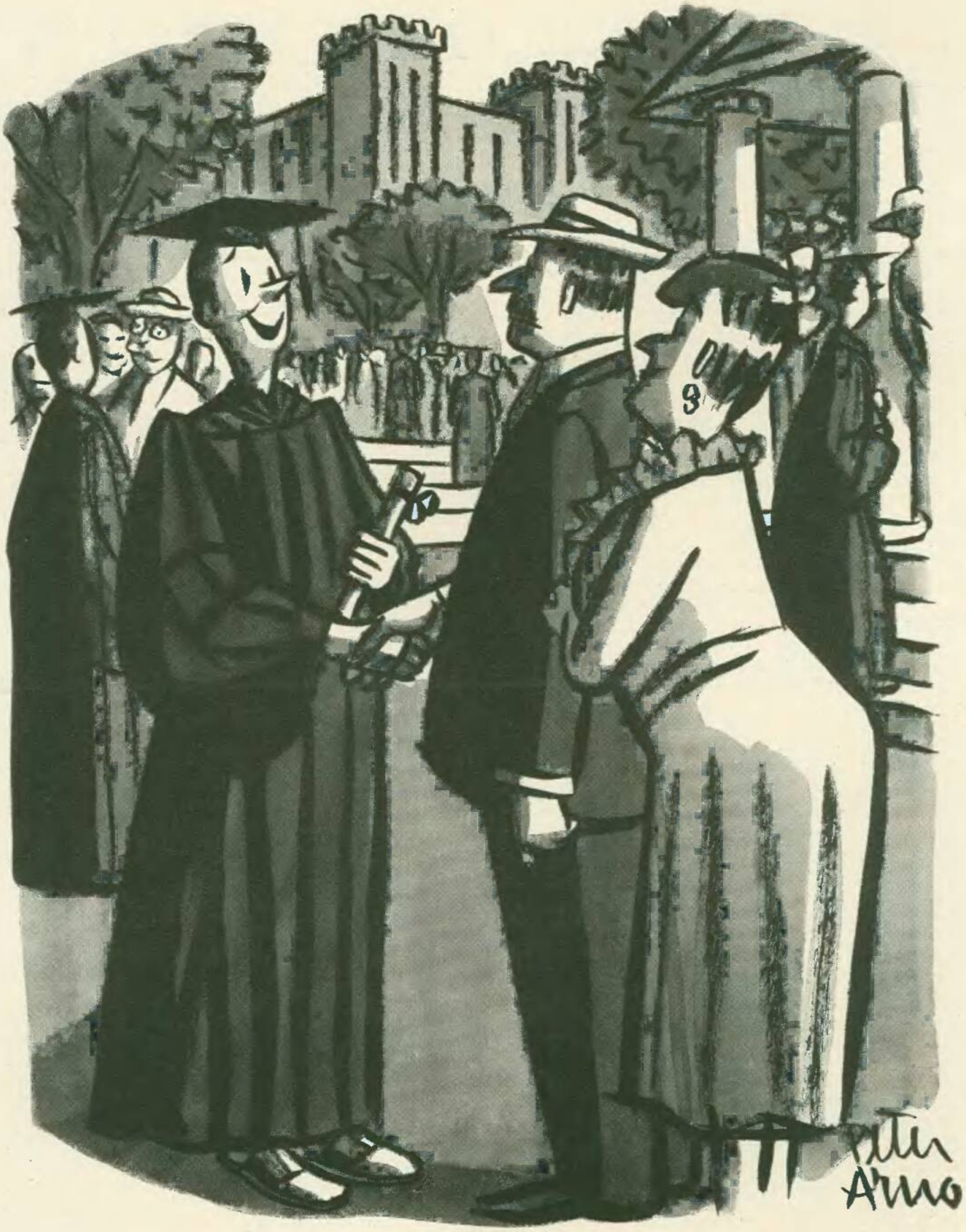
Let me close with a final example, to make my meaning clear. Wherever you may be in the United States, if you hear the word "tare," the speaker probably is not referring to a Biblical weed growing in the wheat. More likely, he is describing the sensation of extreme fear experienced by a movie fan watching Borse Karloff in a harr picture. —JOHN DAVENPORT



•

This week I am passing along a few of the aqua resistance exercises which are to be taken in water. A swimming pool is not necessary in order to do all of the exercises. Many can be taken by merely standing in water shoulder level.
—*Tulsa (Okla.) Tribune.*

You had us worried for a minute there.



"Gee, Dad, it's going to be swell being home and not having to write for money all the time."



Robert J. Flaherty

PROFILES

MOVIEMAKER

II—HUDSON BAY TO SAMOA

THE world's first documentary film, "Nanook of the North," which was made in 1920 and 1921 by Robert J. Flaherty, was underwritten by Revillon Frères, a family of French fur merchants who were trying to compete with that colossus of the North, the Hudson's Bay Company. When Flaherty made his touch for a subsidy, he was living with his wife and two daughters in New Canaan, Connecticut, after spending much of his thirty-two years in subarctic Canada, grubbing for gold and iron, looking for codfish, and mapping untracked lands. His only venture with the motion-picture camera, an episodic travel record that was accidentally destroyed by fire, had given him a violent compulsion to make an interpretive study of Eskimo life. Though unopposed to earning an honest dollar, Flaherty was, and is today, repelled by the gross taint of commercialism; ignoring the Hollywood moneypots, he searched for a private patron. In New York, where Revillon Frères had a branch, he met Captain Thierry Mallet, a high officer in the company, at a cocktail party. Flaherty explained his dream, breathing ice, snow, and subsidiary Northern glamour. One of his principal characteristics, his friends have always felt, is his ability to kindle in others enthusiasm for his pet projects. After an hour and a half, and a quantity of dry Martinis, Captain Mallet was bawling hoarsely at the lead dog. So lively was the Captain's zest that, besides agreeing to put up thirty-five thousand dollars for a film, he insisted on accompanying Flaherty part of the way north.

Flaherty bade his family goodbye, then, with Captain Mallet, hurried off in pursuit of his incomprehensible star. Arriving at Moose Factory, a trading post at the southern tip of Hudson Bay, which was the scene of some of his earlier activities, he left Mallet and boarded a Revillon Frères steamer that made a quick dash northward each summer. His equipment, in addition to the usual cold-weather paraphernalia, included a generator, an outfit for processing films, a portable phonograph, and two cameras that had been designed by Carl Akeley for use in Africa. His destination was Port Harrison, an outpost in "the barrens," the treeless wastes of frozen northern Canada. Indians populate northern Canada as far as the Little Sticks Country, where the trees thin to gnarled scrub; Eskimos occupy part of the barrens beyond. When the steamer neared Port Harrison, going in through a light, chill mist, Flaherty noticed that the port's flag was at half-mast and hanging upside down. Also, no Eskimos ran out, as they ordinarily did when a ship arrived. Aha, Flaherty thought (as he reported later), the factor died during the winter. But when they reached shore, the factor, M. Duval, emerged from his house wearing a Palm Beach suit and a straw boater. He was carrying a box camera of the tourist variety, and he snapped several pictures of the landing party and the surrounding seascape. It developed that during the winter he hadn't died at all but had become a little addled, or gone off his rocker. He had not been aggressively sound, Flaherty learned, since he had gone on a long foxhunting trip, two winters before, with two Eskimos and had been stranded by a blizzard. Duval eventually returned from the foxhunt minus the Eskimos, concerning whose whereabouts he was extremely furtive. The general assumption was that he had eaten them, an occurrence not uncommon in the North under starvation circumstances. If the assumption was true, the Eskimos had not agreed with Duval; they had given him a form of mental indigestion. His Palm Beach suit was replaced by a Harris tweed, and he was returned to civilization.

Flaherty set right to work on the film. Mallet's parting words, "Grind till your arm breaks," rang in his ears. He began to scout around for a good cinema Eskimo. One of his first steps with "Nanook," as with all his movies, was to "get the feel of the neighborhood"—studying the natives, learning their habits, breaking down their diffidence. He fitted out a hut and set up his generator; then he invited the Eskimos to drop in and poke fun at the white man's machines, including his portable phonograph, which he kept going continually. Of his recordings, his guests, displaying a neat catholicity of taste, favored Harry Lauder's job on "Stop Your Ticklin', Jock!" and some of the damper sections of "Pagliacci." The best hunter of the area, a short, affable, sturdy fellow named Nanook, which means "The Bear," was away after seal meat, but he returned one day when Flaherty had the phonograph outdoors and his camera handy. Nanook's ungovernable mirth over "Pagliacci," a reaction that many civilized persons have restrained, provided Flaherty with a scene that has since become immortal. Flaherty has always regretted that he stopped the camera when the music ended, because Nanook seized the record and tried to eat it, getting a portion of it—an unimportant recitative—down before he could be headed off.

Flaherty spent a month trying to convey the idea of photography to Nanook, who, like the other actors, was paid a small salary. The hunter was shown numerous still pictures, but at first he was unable to understand them. Since he had previously seen his image only when standing at the edge of pools, he held all the pictures upside down. Gradually, he got used to both stills and movies. Although he could speak no English, and Flaherty's Eskimo vocabulary totalled about a hundred words, he was good at taking direction. "An Eskimo's face is comparatively immobile," Flaherty says. "Our faces to them seem wonderfully expressive." Nanook made suggestions himself as time wore on. He sponsored a walrus hunt, on a rocky, surf-bound island twenty-five miles out in the Bay. Flaherty and a party of five Eskimos, including his star, made the trip in a whaleboat, landing with difficulty on the lee shore. Like Kipling's beaches of Lukannon before the sealers came, it was a silent spot of awesome, primi-

tive grandeur and had what Flaherty was seeking—"a look and feeling almost prehistoric." He was delighted. The walruses came, the Eskimos stalked them on the beach, and, as the camera ground, Nanook harpooned a good-sized male. The ensuing titanic struggle to beach it resulted in, besides walrus meat, another memorable sequence for Flaherty. They went back to Port Harrison, where he processed the film of the scene and had everybody in for a showing. In his most imaginative humor, he could scarcely have prepared himself for what happened. His hut was, to all intents and purposes, wrecked. The Eskimos, seeing the struggle, with its promise of food, scrambled over the chairs and tried to grab the harpoon rope. Their cries—Eskimo versions of "Hold it!" and "Pull!"—were deafening. After being floored a couple of times, Flaherty switched off the projector and surveyed the rubble. The place was a ruin, but his spirits were high. He was so pleased with the walrus shots that he urged another trip to the island immediately. Scanning the sky and smelling the wind, Nanook looked dubious, but he agreed to give it a try. The party made it to the island, and then a real rouser of a storm broke, bringing the surf up to mountainous heights. For nearly a month, they squatted, half starving, on the rocks. Their rations, a few cans of pork and beans, went in the first two weeks, counted out bean by bean. There was no other food available, and Flaherty began to feel that, in the prehistoric line, the island had overdone it a little. Their strength ebbed away. They were lucky, Flaherty figured, that a party of walruses didn't turn up hunting *them*. By the time the sea had calmed, they were too feeble to use the oars in their boat and could only rig a makeshift sail, which at length took them back to the mainland. Flaherty convalesced for twenty-four hours, then organized an expedition after bear.

Nanook, who was picking up scraps of English, said, "We go north—hundred fifty miles." Cape Smith, a long finger of land, thrust far out into the Bay there, he said, and its nose was in open water all winter. "Big bear and seal," he added. Winter had properly set in by the time he and two other Eskimos and Flaherty left, with a sled and a fourteen-dog team. They carried meat for two weeks for themselves, thinking this would allow them plenty of time to reach game, and the usual corn meal and seal fat for the dogs. En route, Nanook explained that in winter bears go to cover in big snowdrifts, and can be detected by the plume of vapor issuing from their breathing holes. "I must be careful," he said (as translated by one of the other Eskimos, who spoke fair English), "for the bear may be saucy." Their way was precarious, and the visibility was poor. A sharp wind blew, and "snow smoke" rose everywhere from the barrens. In a few days, the wind stopped—a certain forerunner of low temperatures—and the cold became so intense that Flaherty and the Eskimos vomited frequently. In a week, a "drifter," a Northern storm of such ferocity that the flying snow can choke dogs to death, stopped them entirely. They built an igloo and holed up in it for eight days. The Eskimos kept Flaherty from freezing by holding his bare feet against their bare stomachs.

"The trip really didn't go awfully well," Flaherty said recently. When the cold lifted, they continued, weakly, to the base of the cape. The Bay, they found, was frozen as far as the eye could reach. "We forgot about photographing the bears," Flaherty says. "The idea now was to keep alive." Nanook and the other Eskimos left Flaherty in an igloo and, with the dogs, which were starving and fighting savagely, mushed out on the cape in search of open water. They were gone two days; then they returned, to report no luck. After resting a few hours, Nanook insisted on trying again, in another direction. "He was a scrappy little fellow," Flaherty says. "One of the kindest,



bravest, decentest men I've ever known." Three days later, Flaherty, lying in bed in the igloo, heard shouts, and crawled out through the tunnel to investigate. Nanook, a monster seal on his sledge, was approaching with all speed, uttering joyous cries. Flaherty roasted a seal steak, ate it, and went back to bed. The Eskimos fed the dogs, fighting them off with clubs, and ate all through the night. "They were still at it when I woke up," Flaherty says. "It was an orgy, a Roman banquet. They slept for thirty-six hours, and their bodies were so warm they steamed like ice cakes on a summer day." The party packed in a hurry and headed back toward Port Harrison. The seal meat lasted half the way. To keep the dogs going the remaining miles, Nanook would stagger on ahead, lie down in the snow, and wave his hands in imitation of a seal. When the dogs sprinted after him, he would move farther on. The party got home in a state of advanced emaciation. Flaherty had got no footage out of the trip after bears.

Some of the noteworthy scenes in "Nanook" taxed everybody's ingenuity. Camera in hand, Flaherty followed Nanook around for two months hoping to get a picture of the Eskimo harpooning a squareflipper seal through a breathing hole. At last, he got a dead seal, rigged lines to it fore and aft, and pulled it under the ice to a breathing hole. The battle that followed, with Nanook, together with his wife and three children, tugging on the harpoon rope while another group of Eskimos, at a nearby hole, out of camera range, yanked on the aft rope, made a scene of unforgettable realism. The fact that it was a fake does not disturb Flaherty. "One often has to distort a thing in order to catch its true spirit," he says, voicing one of his main tenets of artistic creation.

Flaherty spent sixteen months making "Nanook." It was a period of rigorous hardships. He is often amused at reports, by what he calls "explorer-tourists," of the "friendly" far North. He feels that his twenty years in Canada have removed him, in a sense, from the tourist class. "The place is about as friendly as a kicked rattlesnake," he said the other day. "I know of one fellow who spent a winter up North living on another white man's cache and then came down and told everybody what a fine, easy life he'd had 'going native.' " Flaherty loves the North, but he also remembers the times he nearly froze, the long periods without food, the endless fight for survival. "An Eskimo lives with menace," he says. "It is always ahead of him, over the next white ridge. A storm may be waiting, the game may be gone. His trip on sea ice may leave him on drifting pans. His dogs are dangerous. Eskimo Huskies are like wolves, of course, and they'll round on children that fall down within reach. The wife of a Northwest Mountie was torn apart and killed one year when I was up there. She just slipped. Indians are the Eskimos' constant enemy. Up to a few years ago, the Indians, who had guns first, used to hunt Eskimos for sport, as we hunt bear or deer. I came across an entry in an old journal at one post: 'Party of Indians in canoes passed going north at 11 A.M. today hunting Eskimos.' When eventually the Eskimos got guns, the Indians left them alone. In those days, one Eskimo was worth about twenty Indians. I like Eskimos. They were always dependable, helpful, and loyal. Nanook was my friend. He starved to death, you know. It was about two years after I finished the movie. His family were hungry, he went after game, and a drifter caught him. I felt terrible about it. Nanook was a great man."



WHEN Flaherty finished "Nanook," he left the icebound land where he had spent so much of his adulthood and came down to New York. He has never been back. "Maybe it's got civilized," he says. "If so, I wouldn't want to see it." He edited his picture and showed it to Mallet and to John Revillon, who was head of Revillon Frères. The Frenchmen, both of whom were prepared for the fact that neither Douglas Fairbanks nor Rudolph Valentino was in it, were overwhelmed. "It's a masterpiece," Revillon said. The Hollywood movie companies, whom Flaherty approached about distributing it, were appalled. After a showing for the First National officials, he was unable to get them on the telephone for an opinion. "I think they took it as a personal affront," he says now. Only one company, Pathé

BLUES FOR AN OLD BLUE

Beneath this tent, clutching this glass of beer,
Wearing pajama pants and a funny hat,
I, Buzzy Bigelow, class of '24,
Tilt on a folding chair and mourn my fate.
Though never one to moan to hell or heaven,
I mourn here, on a camp chair in New Haven.

My sentiment has justice. Note the paunch
Under these purple stripes, or cite the dead
They said could not be here today for lunch.
Such ironies are cheap. Is it I who died,
Too young for one war, too old for another?
Why did I ever come? Why did I bother?

It was to ogle the class millionaire,
Sneer at the failure, shake the Senator's hand,
Though a stranger. The class crook did not appear.
But gone! gone is the one I came to find,
Mature at twenty, perpetually at leisure,
Witty, athletic, smart in a blue blazer.

There are the customary offerings:
Parade to the ball game, the boys slightly stiff,
And after that the Singing of Old Songs—
But Bigelow, '24, has had enough.
Perched on a rickety chair, he wipes his glasses,
Watches the hours go by, and mourns his losses.

—WALKER GIBSON

• •



"Has it occurred to you that if everybody paid their bills promptly, you'd be out of a job?"

• •

Frères, had anything hopeful to offer; they suggested that "Nanook" be split into fragments, and that these be presented as educational shorts. Flaherty is a persistent man, and in 1922 he finally wangled a public showing at the then new Capitol Theatre, on Broadway, of which Samuel L. Rothafel, or Roxy, was manager. Roxy was more or less hoodwinked into signing a contract for a week's showing and was almost fired by the theatre's director, Major Bowes, who was later to become a popular arbiter of radio culture. The picture opened during a hot spell in New York, and most of the critics were kind, possibly influenced by a claque that Flaherty hired, out of his own pocket, for the first three days.

"Nanook" caused widespread talk. It did only a fair business at the Capitol, but it caught on instantly in Europe. At the New Gallery Kinema, in London, and at the Gaumont Theatre, in Paris, it ran for six months. It has been going pretty steadily here and there ever since. A recent showing at the Sutton was enthusiastically welcomed by today's New York critics, who brought out the word "epic" and shook it fearlessly. Revillon Frères, who own a controlling interest in "Nanook" and whose name appears modestly among the credits, have always considered their patronage of Flaherty a first-rate investment. It was inevitable that Hollywood, informed that Flaherty was a genius, should come forward with contracts. Jesse Lasky, of Paramount, said, "Go where you please, do what you will. I'll foot the bills." Flaherty, meanwhile, was enjoying his sudden fame. He and his wife made many new friends, most of them in the Village, and he found them almost as agreeable as Eskimos. With three of his friends—Grace Moore, then a struggling singer; George Biddle, an artist who was manfully trying to overcome the discouraging handicap of a family fortune; and Frederick O'Brien, whose book "White Shadows in the South Seas" had caused a sensation a year or so before—Flaherty forgathered to discuss his plans. "You'll go south, to Polynesia," said O'Brien. "Study the islanders. You'll make a beautiful film." He recommended Samoa, as the only place that still had a true Polynesian culture. Flaherty listened and was convinced. He discussed the idea with his wife, whom he wanted to take along. A third daughter had been born to the Flahertys not long after he went north to make "Nanook." "What about the children?" asked Mrs. Flaherty. "Why, they're going, of course," said her husband, his spirits high. "And their schooling?" Mrs. Flaherty went on, recalling her pleasant stretch at Bryn Mawr. Flaherty's brief attempts at formal education having caused both him and the institutions he attended intense suffer-

ing, he replied lightly, "They'll be schooled in the ways of nature. They'll pluck the sweet-scented *tiare*, hunt goats, and weave baskets underwater. They'll be grateful all their lives."

Mrs. Flaherty capitulated, and she and her husband organized their expedition. One of Flaherty's younger brothers, David, joined them. They sailed from San Francisco, on an ancient, creaky steamer, and finally brought up at Safune, on the small island of Savaii, in the New Zealand mandate of Samoa. It was a pristine fleck on a rarely travelled part of the Pacific, and had been endorsed as a particularly good camp site by O'Brien, who had been there himself. He had given them a letter of introduction to an eccentric old trader, Felix David, who had moved there from Germany many years before, when his father, a stiff-necked Junker, had nipped in the bud his career as an operatic baritone. David's father, the Flahertys soon learned, had an excellent discrimination in music. David *fils* lived, in Safune, in an operatic world bounded largely by his mind, which was a mechanism of some curiosity to the Flahertys. His establishment, a green, two-story frame building with a veranda above—of the sort much favored later on by road companies of "Rain"—was cluttered with musical mementos, such as throat sprays, metronomes, statuettes of the masters, and busty chromos of the divas. In his upstairs apartment, he had a pipe organ, somewhat crippled by the climate, upon which he performed with remorseless energy. In addition to the weather, termites had been at work on the pipes, and as he played, small, unmelodic spurts of dust issued from various portions of the instrument. For quite a long time, it had been David's custom to regale the natives vocally each evening from his veranda. It was a standard island rite and may have accounted, Flaherty believes, for the scarcity of tourists in those parts. Despite his training in Germany, the trader's repertoire was slight, leaning principally on Siegfried's death scene from "Götterdämmerung." As has been noted from time to time, this is tough fare for many people, about six renditions being a good-sized lifetime dosage for the average male, and there were men in the village, grown old beyond their years, who had heard it upward of five thousand times. It was a remarkable tribute to a hardy race.



David greeted the Flahertys with Old World punctilio and tuned up, on schedule, the evening of the day they arrived. "The simple folk look upon me as a great white god," he told them. "It's on account of my voice. Take a seat on a mat down toward the front." The visitors were soon acquainted with details of his magic sway over the natives. It was due, he had said, to his voice, for which the village chiefs had a phrase—"the big wind from all sides strong," or cyclone. Stentorious, discordant, croupy, it rang out over the island like Gabriel's horn. Small children whimpered and crept into their mothers' arms; the lower vertebrates howled pitifully in the nearby jungle. David had a beard—a rather bushy one—and he dressed in upper-class German splendor

Know how good television can be

Maybe you feel the finest in television is beyond your reach . . . but don't be sure till you have seen DuMont. See how clear, how brilliant, how steady is the picture on DuMont's huge, direct-view screen. Delight in the power and richness of tone that swells out of its deep throat. Compare performance. Compare value. See if the best isn't also your best buy.





The Du Mont Colony—116 square-inch direct-view television screen. AM and FM radio, and dual-speed automatic record player. One of a complete line of television receivers.



DUMONT *First with the finest in Television*

Heart of television is the cathode ray picture tube. It was Dr. Allen B. DuMont's development of this device that made electronic television commercially practical. DuMont was first to market a television receiver; first with postwar receivers: and operates the world's first television network. DuMont is a leading maker of telecasting equipment. The superb quality of your DuMont receiver is the natural result of DuMont's long experience in all phases of television—and only in television. Allen B. DuMont Laboratories, Inc. . . . General Television Sales Offices and Station WABD, 515 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. . . . Home Offices and Plants, Passaic, N. J.

Cabinets designed by Herbert Rosengren

Copyright 1949, Allen B. Du Mont Laboratories, Inc.



for the recitals. During his song, as it were, he stamped and capered over the veranda, now clutching the posts, now rending his beard, sniping in vain at the restless note. As Siegfried, he died slowly and he died hard. At the first performance the Flahertys attended, musical rigor mortis did not set in until around midnight. The Flahertys arose stiffly, thanked David, and turned in at the bungalow they had rented.

The next morning, Flaherty began the preliminary work on his movie, with David's full coöperation. Among his first activities was the construction of an open-air theatre where, at night, he and the natives could view the "rushes" and see a few European films he had brought along. Feeling his way slowly, as he had done with "Nanook," he photographed parts of the island and several Samoans in informal poses. The night Flaherty ran these scenes off, David appeared for his usual vibrant tooting from the veranda. But the natives, he soon realized, had found a competitive entertainment. The word had gone out that Flaherty was showing a free movie in his theatre. The simple folk left David's place in droves, some of them clipping through the palms, with occasional backward looks over the shoulder, at a dangerous gait. They seemed to regard Flaherty's dancing pictures as bigger magic, and they stuck around all evening.

David was distant the next day. By the end of the week, he had sequestered himself, with bottles, in his quarters and was producing noises that made his work on the veranda sound like the blandest tones of a shepherd's pipe. He was drinking papaya beer, which has been mentioned as one of the main sources of Samoan vigor and longevity. On an evening shortly afterward, when Flaherty was showing what was to become the village's favorite film, "The Golem," David suddenly pranced into the light beam near the screen. His eyes were ablaze and his beard was flying; he shrilled curses and harangued the natives, invoking their wrath against "the devil with the box of tricks." The natives were undisturbed. Their only reaction was to tell him, in Samoan, to get down in front. David retired, crushed. After the Flahertys had gone to bed that night, they heard a racket in the living room of their bungalow and investigated. The trader, in a terrible state, was smashing the furniture. He had come, he said, to kill them, and he drew a rusty, antediluvian revolver. Flaherty spoke placatingly and persuaded him to go home. For a while thereafter, the visitors lived in apprehension. Almost nightly, David sent native knife-dancers to cavort in the moonlight near the Flahertys' bungalow. He even stirred up an intertribal feud, which finally involved the Flahertys' houseboys, who filled up on beer and killed a man in a neighboring village.



Conditions became so tense that Flaherty went to see the Administrator of Western Samoa, whose headquarters were on another island. He left his brother, shotgun in hand, sitting in the living room on a camphorwood chest containing the film they had finished so far. Mrs. Flaherty and the three children crouched in a bedroom. As it happened, the New Zealand government had been wondering what to do about David for some time. He was at length removed to the island of Upolu and placed under mild surveillance. He died there several years later, deep in beer, racked by song, a noble ruin, felled by Wagner. The natives continued loyal to Flaherty. They had had, as one educated chief expressed it, a "bellyful of 'Siegfried,'" and they resented David's interruption of "The Golem." So affectionate did the natives feel toward this German film that many mothers named infants after it. It is not uncommon today, Flaherty says, to run across men in Safune named Golem. "They stand high, too," he adds. "As far as I know, there isn't a failure among them."

FLAHERTY spent nearly two years in Safune, putting together a chronicle of Samoan life that he called "Moana of the South Seas." It had a semblance of a story line, with a love interest—a concession that he didn't mind making to the public taste, since love did, in truth, play an important part in Samoan life. However, in a land noted for the high voltage of its passion, Flaherty had exceptional difficulties with the romantic end of his movie. The trouble was, briefly, that he couldn't keep a leading lady coiffured and on the job. Samoan belles use their hair as a sort of amorous barometer, altering it to conform with the changing status of their current attachments. After months of search and tests, he found one girl, a beauty named Leana, who had long, blue-black locks and a natural camera presence, and he got



For a world of service...

travel Canadian Pacific

From the picturesque Eastern Coast...to the inspiring Canadian Rockies...Canadian Pacific trains carry you smoothly, comfortably, across Canada. Special service en route—and on Canadian Pacific's White Empress ships, sailing the sheltered St. Lawrence River to the open ocean and Europe!



Australia—the land down-under! Soon 4-engined pressurized Canadian Pacific airliners will fly from Canada to Hawaii, Fiji, New Zealand and Australia. Aloft...enjoy superb service, comfort! Later, Canadian Pacific will fly you to the Orient—from Vancouver via the Aleutians to Tokyo and Hong Kong.

On Canada's west coast in Victoria, British Columbia, visit the gracious Empress Hotel. Here, or at any one of Canadian Pacific's nineteen hotels and lodges across Canada...there's wonderful service, food, comfort! Canadian Pacific also offers travelers' checks...telegraph, cable and express services.

Canadian Pacific

SPANS THE WORLD
Railways • Steamships
Air Lines • Hotels
Communications • Express



FOR INFORMATION: APPLY TO YOUR LOCAL AGENT OR CANADIAN PACIFIC IN PRINCIPAL CITIES IN U. S. AND CANADA

THE NEW DE SOTO



THE CAR DESIGNED WITH YOU IN MIND

No matter what car you thought of buying, don't decide until you've seen the new De Soto

What do you want most in a new car? Good looks or comfort? Smart new lines or added roominess? Smooth riding or economical operation?

Isn't the answer that you want them ALL? You don't want to compromise. You want style and comfort and roominess and safety and economy . . . and you don't want to pay any penalty for any of them. *And now there is no reason why you should.* The new De Soto gives you everything!

The engineers and artists who designed this new De Soto knew exactly what you wanted. Here is a car with a new wide, low look. But there's *more* room inside . . . not less. There are big wide doors that you *walk* into . . . not creep into. And the steering wheel doesn't hit your knees or obstruct your view.

Here's an instrument panel that curves forward to give front-seat passengers real stretch-out comfort. Here are luxurious chair-high seats that mean more *real* visibility through the bigger windshield and larger windows.

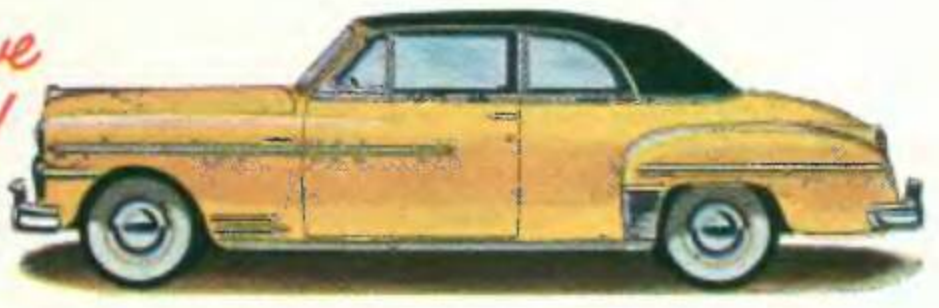
Here's the famous De Soto "ride" made smoother than ever. And De Soto *lets you drive without shifting*. Its Tip-Toe Hydraulic Shift with gýrol Fluid Drive has a record of *billions* of miles of effortless driving.

See this new De Soto at your dealer's as soon as possible. Compare it feature by feature with any other car on the market at any price. Then decide.

Tune in "HIT THE JACKPOT"
every Tuesday night over all CBS stations

DE SOTO DIVISION, CHRYSLER CORPORATION

De Soto lets you drive without shifting!



things moving in a hurry. He did a lot of shooting, bringing her through several scenes, up to a climactic point of the story, at which she and her lover, after a goodbye nose-rub, were to part temporarily. The following morning, she appeared on location with her hair trimmed to a frazzle. Her explanation was that during the night her real swain had taken to the timber with an unattractive grub from the next village—a girl who, she said, besides being hideous, had no knowledge of weaving and was helpless in the kitchen, scarcely knowing a breadfruit from a mango. Flaherty tried a couple of wigs on her, then started over, with another ingénue, a kind of moral leper, who had been declared out of bounds for all the men within thirty or forty miles. She lasted through two or three scenes, then, finding things dull, moved to a distant island, where she settled in a community known for its all-round tolerance. Eventually, he discovered a girl who went the route.

"Moana" offered additional complications. Flaherty wanted a conflict of some kind in it. Nature had presented the inhabitants with no worries except the innocuous burdens of fishing and plucking fruit from the trees, but the Samoans, he found, had sensed this lack in their lives themselves, and had manufactured a conflict. After the dubious fashion of men, they had saddled themselves, gratuitously, with an ordeal by fire, in the form of tattooing. A native dye compounded of soot of the candlenut, oil of coconut, and a couple of spices to enhance stinging is pounded under the skin with hot shark bones. When a youth comes of age, he is, if everything goes well, tattooed, with thoroughness, from his waist to a point below his knees. If he can stand this, he's a man, though a tolerably sick one, and if he can't, he's discarded as a permanent adolescent, a village butt. Flaherty set up his cameras for the tattooing rite. The natives danced in the background, the prospective voter writhed in the foreground, and an anxious maiden wept in her hut. Flaherty got it all, in what have since been described as some of the most beautiful motion-picture scenes ever made. He and his wife and his brother edited the film, and they were ready to return to America.

During the two years in Safune, Flaherty's children had thrived. They had gone without clothing, save for a scrap of *lava lava*, or sarong, and a pair of sandals, to avoid hookworm. By the end of the South Seas stint, the daughters were four, six, and eight, and they spoke

"Welter-weight" *not* "Swelter-weight"

SUMMER BUSINESS SHIRTS

of batiste madras . . . tailored by Hathaway for

Carson's Men's Store, Chicago



CARSON

PIRIE

SCOTT & CO.

As fine and thin as a shirt can be without publicizing a man's undershirt. Strictly-business shirts of breezy batiste madras . . . so smooth and cool to the touch. Tailored with precisely the same shirtmaking finesse as a regular ten dollar Hathaway . . . but weighing only about half as much, and at less than half the price. 4.95

In white, maize, grey, and blue. Regular low-slope collar with bi-angle stays. Sizes 14 to 17, with 32 to 35 inch sleeves. 36 inch sleeve length in white only, sizes 15 to 17½.

Mail orders carefully and promptly filled.

■ FIRST FLOOR

The Men's Store

MONROE AT WABASH • CHICAGO

CRITICS' AWARD FOR BEST MUSICAL
RICHARD RODGERS & OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
present in association with
LELAND HAYWARD & JOSHUA LOGAN
MARY MARTIN · EZIO PINZA
In A New Musical Play
South Pacific
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Book by
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd & JOSHUA LOGAN
Adapted from JAMES A. MICHENER'S Pulitzer Prize Winning "TALES OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC"
Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN
Scenery & Lighting by Jo Mielziner
with MYRON McCORMICK
MAJESTIC THEA., 44th St. W. of B'way
AIR-COND. Eves. 8:25. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:25

PULITZER PRIZE and CRITICS' AWARD
IRENE M. SELZNICK presents
A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE
by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS
Directed by ELIA KAZAN
NEW YORK • BARRYMORE THEATRE
UTA HAGEN
Ralph Meeker • Karl Malden • Carmelita Pope
NATIONAL COMPANY—ON TOUR
LOS ANGELES, BILTMORE Thea.—June 20 to July 16th
JUDITH EVELYN ANTHONY QUINN
Russell Hardie • Mary Welch

"Incomparably the finest comedy of the season." — Atkinson, Times
ALFRED de LIAGRE, Jr. presents
MARTITA HUNT in
THE MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT
JEAN GIRAUDOUX'S Comedy
Adapted by MAURICE VALENCY
JOHN CARRADINE • ESTELLE WINWOOD
Nydia Westman—Doris Rich—Jonathan Harris
BELASCO 44th St. E. of B'way. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.
Last Performance this Spring, June 25th, Reopens August 22nd

"AN EVENING FULL OF WONDERFUL NONSENSE!" —Wolcott Gibbs, The New Yorker
A MICHAEL TODD PRODUCTION
BOBBY CLARK
IN THE MUSICAL SMASH
"AS THE GIRLS GO"
with IRENE RICH
Air-Cond. WINTER GARDEN, B'way & 50 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"A Delightful Comedy." Barnes, H. Trib.
Archer King & Harrison Woodhull present
MELVYN DOUGLAS
in
"TWO BLIND MICE"
A New Comedy by SAMUEL SPEWACK
CORT Thea. W. 48 St. Mats. Wed., Sat.

both English and Samoan, with a trace of accent on both sides. Most of their time in Safune had been spent with the family of Chief Tanane, who lived near their bungalow. The Flaherty children were a light mahogany in color, they could swim like natives, and they were educated beyond their contemporaries in civilized lands. The Flahertys had painstakingly instructed them every day, and the islanders had provided numerous sidelights. Like many other people, Flaherty has reservations about the American educational system; he believes, for instance, that learning how to plait a flower lei may be as useful to a child as combing the similes out of "Lochinvar." He was somewhat less comfortable in Polynesia than his children, though he had a wonderful time. Periodically, he came down with dysentery, and, after his twenty years in the North, he found the climate vexatious. Often, as he broiled beneath the fiery Samoan sun, his mind skipped back to the refrigerated Arcadia of Eskimoland. He, his wife, his brother, and his children had formed strong friendships in Safune, and they left to a moving, tearful ovation. The natives turned out en masse. There was much dancing and feasting. Flaherty sportingly hit the papaya beer, then made a speech, which was received with tremendous enthusiasm, in a language bordering on Samoan, with occasional lapses into Eskimo and Indian dialects. He tendered the place a sort of omnibus tribute, touching on the natives, the huts, the palm trees, the demented trader, hookworm, dysentery, the sound of the surf at night, and, toward the end (by which time he was nearly prostrated by the heat), the climate. There was an abrasive round of nose-rubbing, and the visitors left, loaded with flowers, film, and memories.

PUTTING "Moana" over, Flaherty found when they returned to the West Coast, was more difficult than making it. Paramount, hazy about geography, had been expecting another "Nanook," and also thought the tattooing scene distasteful. Flaherty spent months trying to get "Moana" released. The studio heads at last consented to try it out in what they considered the six toughest movie towns in the country: Lincoln, Nebraska; Pueblo, Colorado; Austin, Texas; Jacksonville, Florida; Asheville, North Carolina; and Poughkeepsie, New York. To Flaherty's great glee, the audiences in all six towns liked it. Paramount then wanted to "road show" it, with a stupendous exploitation job. Flaherty protested vig-

Would you like 2 tickets for "Mister Roberts" in your morning mail?
Tickets for "Mister Roberts" are not hard to get, if you plan ahead. Sit down at your desk and write us a note, enclosing a check or money order for the locations and dates you want. It's that simple.
HENRY FONDA stars in "MISTER ROBERTS"
with Robert Keith, William Harrigan and Murray Hamilton
Evenings: $4.80, $4.20, $3.60, $3, $2.40, $1.80, $1.20. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday: $3.60, $3, $2.40, $1.80, $1.20. Tax Included.
Please give alternate dates and enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope.
ALVIN THEATRE 244 W. 52nd St. N. Y. 19
If you are going to Chicago, make your reservations for the National Company at the Erlanger Theatre.

Saint Subber & Lemuel Ayers present
ALFRED DRAKE
PATRICIA MORISON
in
"KISS ME, KATE"
Music & Lyrics by COLE PORTER
Book by SAM & BELLA SPEWACK
Production staged by JOHN C. WILSON
Century Theatre, 7th Ave. & 59th St. • Mats. Wed. & Sat.

Pulitzer Prize 1949 Critics' Award 1949
death of a Salesman
Morosco Theatre West 45th St., N. Y.

HOWARD LINDSAY & RUSSEL CROUSE present
RALPH BELLAMY in
"DETECTIVE STORY"
By SIDNEY KINGSLEY
with ANNE BURR
HUDSON Thea. 44th St. E. of B'way. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"PERFECT."—Chapman, News
"IDEAL."—Atkinson, Times
Lend an Ear
The Happy Musical Hit
BROADHURST, W. 44th St. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

RAY BOLGER
IN THE MUSICAL LAUGH HIT
"Where's Charley?"
ST. JAMES THEA. 44 St. W. of B'way Mats. Wed. & Sat.

the STARLIGHT ROOF
DINNER AND SUPPER
EDDY DUCHIN
and his Orchestra
•
MISCHA BORR
and his Orchestra
alternating at Supper
Cover from 10:30, $2
•
LUNCHEON...DAILY
•
THE PALM BAR
Music for the Cocktail Hour
•
SUNDAY DINNER-DANCE
(no cover)
Mischa Borr and his Orchestra
THE
Waldorf-Astoria
PARK AVENUE
AT 50TH

The Playwrights' Company
and LELAND HAYWARD present
REX HARRISON JOYCE REDMAN
in
"Anne of the Thousand Days"
by MAXWELL ANDERSON
Directed by H. C. POTTER
SHUBERT Theatre • 44th St. W. of B'way
Evgs. 8:40, Matinees Thurs. & Sat. 2:40

"A TERRIFIC HIT"—MOREHOUSE, SUN
RUTH HUSSEY in
Goodbye, My Fancy
A New Comedy by FAY KANIN
with CONRAD NAGEL • SHIRLEY BOOTH
RICHARD HART
FULTON W. 46th St. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

MOTION PICTURE
RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Rockefeller Center
SPENCER TRACY · DEBORAH KERR
"EDWARD, MY SON"
Ian Hunter • Leueen MacGrath • James Donald
Mervyn Johns • Harriette Johns
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
SPECTACULAR STAGE PRESENTATION

SELL'S LIVER PÂTÉ
YOUR GROCER HAS IT!
IT'S SIMPLY DELICIOUS!
SELL'S LIVER PATÉ

orously; he wanted, he said, "to go about showing it carefully and develop a spontaneous audience." A compromise was reached, and "Moana" was presented in the ordinary way. It flopped. Flaherty concedes that Paramount may have been right; with noisy tub-thumping, "Moana" might have caught the public eye. In spite of its commercial failure, the film was hailed by many critics as another artistic gem. Laurence Stallings, writing in the *World*, said, "I do not think a picture can be greater than this Samoan epic," and William Allen White wrote, "In 'Moana' the motion picture has developed a new art medium."

For the second time, Flaherty was professionally exalted but financially depressed. He went back, with his family, to New Canaan and cast about for a livelihood. He made two or three experimental shorts for the Metropolitan Museum of Art and other museums, one of them featuring Mrs. George Custer, the widow of the General. Then Flaherty was approached by Maude Adams, who had the rights to "Kim." She had seen "Nanook" and "Moana" and was violently desirous of collaborating with Flaherty on a film treatment of the Kipling book. "We've got to make this story!" she kept telling him, and he kept saying, with a gloominess born of experience, "The project calls for cash." Finally, impatient, Miss Adams cried "Bah!," threw a shawl loosely around her shoulders, and headed for the financial district, pulling her collaborator along in her wake. She stormed through the offices of several rich men she knew, declaimed the merits of both Kipling and Flaherty, did a few snatches from some of her old plays, and wound up by sticking her hand out. She didn't collect a dime. Four of the fellows had never heard of Flaherty, two had never heard of Kipling, and another tried to sell them some highly questionable-looking Peruvian bonds. "We laid 'Kim' aside," Flaherty says. "It's too bad. Miss Adams is a woman of real integrity."

Flaherty had little time to brood about the new failure before an anonymous sponsor, working through an intermediary, came forward with plans for a film about New York City. "Patron wishes a different-type picture," said the intermediary, a bearded man wearing spats and sun goggles. "Get right at it. Patron wants the job wound up in a couple of weeks or so." Despite the push for time, Flaherty was jubilant. He unlimbered his cameras, got permission to deploy over the roofs of several tall buildings, and began to work,

A&F



"Yes, sir!"

When you choose luggage for a one-night stay, a week-end or a round-the-world trip, then a visit to "the greatest sporting goods store in the world" will supply whatever you need. There is no question of quality on luggage that bears the A&F trademark.



Colonel & Little Colonel
Perfect travel combination—for as long or as short as you want to stay. Men's two-suiter and smaller overnight companion are made of brown cowhide, with sturdy sand twill colored lining. Made by Wheary.
Two-Suiter. With 2 hangers . . $78.00
Overnight Bag $60.00
20% Federal Excise Tax included.

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH CO.
MADISON AVE. AT 45TH ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
CHICAGO STORE:
VON LENGERKE & ANTOINE
9 NO. WABASH

Year in and year out you'll do well with the HARTFORD



—all forms of fire, marine and casualty insurance and fidelity and surety bonds.

See your Hartford agent or insurance broker

HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY
HARTFORD ACCIDENT AND INDEMNITY COMPANY
HARTFORD LIVE STOCK INSURANCE COMPANY
HARTFORD 15, CONNECTICUT



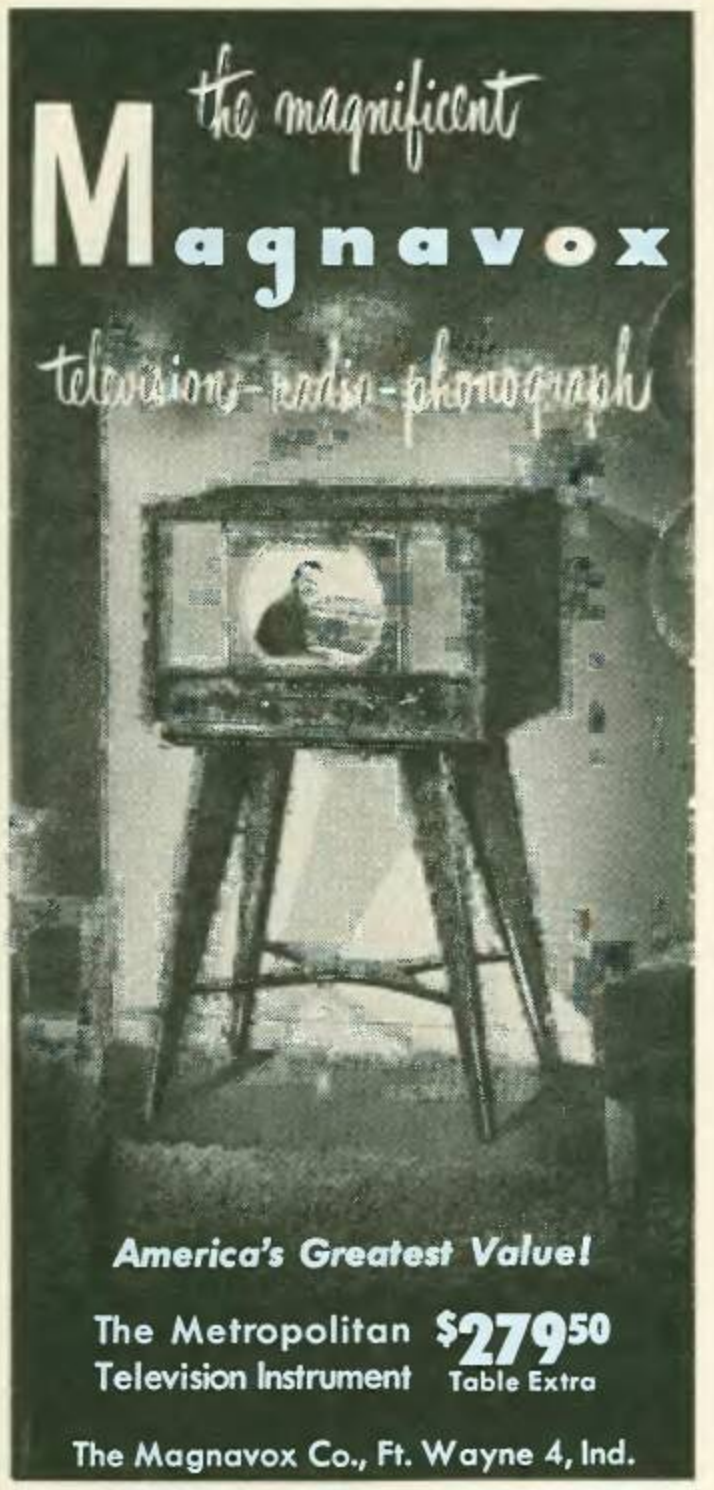
a novel idea having taken shape in his mind. For weeks, he clambered, focussed, and cranked whenever he had sufficient light. "I made a movie of New York from the rooftops," he says. "It was a study of the 'germ life' in the streets—another documentary, I suppose you'd call it, though the word hadn't been coined then. I rushed it to my sponsor." The intermediary telephoned Flaherty a few days later.

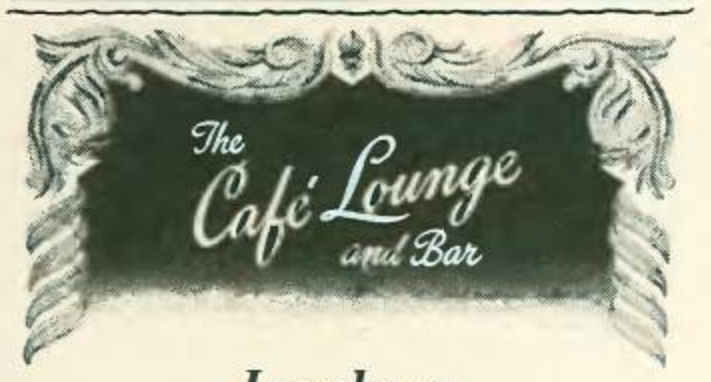
"How did it go?" Flaherty shouted. "Pretty different, hey?"

"Patron said it was entirely too different," the intermediary replied. "Said it hasn't got any glamour and wants a lot of closeups of West Point cadets marching."

Flaherty does not recall his specific reply, but it ended all communication between him and Patron. He has no idea what became of his film. "I suppose nobody ever saw it," he says. "Rooftop views of New York became very popular a few years later."

At this low ebb in his fortunes, Flaherty was due for an agreeable surprise. Hollywood, his old nemesis, sent out the call. Irving Thalberg, then in command of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, had decided to film "White Shadows in the South Seas" and wanted Flaherty to act as co-director with W. S. Van Dyke II. After many prolonged and affectionate sessions on the long-distance telephone, Flaherty reported the situation to his wife, who stood by with a look of vast suspicion. It was autumn, and she called his attention to the polychromatic splendor of the leaves. "New Canaan's lovely, especially this time of year," she said. "Tahiti," replied her husband. "We must pack up directly. I haven't a minute to lose." Mrs. Flaherty decided that, with three children, packing for Tahiti in a minute would be difficult, and she promised to join him later, when he'd got comfortably established. Again Flaherty bade his family a tender goodbye, and rushed off to Hollywood, where he met the departing unit. The word "unit" was only a courtesy term for the crusade that was about to embark upon the seas. "There seemed to be an awful lot of assistants," he says. "It was a very confusing hierarchy." The unit bundled into a ship, steamed to Papeete, in Tahiti, and set up shop. Shortly afterward, Flaherty's troubles began. In the first place, he refused a megaphone and a blazer, which injured unit morale. In the second, he kept trying to film his old pal O'Brien's book. "I distinctly heard Thalberg mention 'White Shadows' on the telephone," he said. Flaherty had





SEEKING A SPECIAL CAREER?
INSTRUCTOR TRAINEE COURSES
July 5 to August 30 $350 / October thru May $1500
MON AMI LE CHEVAL
School of Horsemanship West Cornwall, Conn.
Graduate Courses in English, French, Literature, World History and Current Events available.



some idea of keeping the movie simple. Van Dyke and most of the others wanted to make it "big."

From the moment the unit arrived in Tahiti, Flaherty had been saddened by its manifest distaste for the place. He loved it. Whenever possible, he rented a bicycle in Papeete and rode to the spots he liked best—up the mountainside to the pool of Pierre Loti, or along the winding seaside road. Each day, when the shooting was done, his colleagues clustered near a radio and tried to get the Cocoanut Grove, in Hollywood. It was a paradoxical situation, and he often turned it over in his mind. He was still working on it when the time came for a scene in which a native boy was to shinny up a palm tree in quest of a coconut. Flaherty expounded his ideas about the scene modestly. "We ought to get detail into it," he said. "Let's move the camera up and study this thing. How's it done? Is it as dangerous as it looks? We have a chance here to introduce a pretty little piece of Polynesian lore." There was a moment's silence; then one of the assistants said, "Chief, how's about we have *six* boys climbing *six* coconut trees and singing 'Ol' Man River'?" "Son," said Van Dyke, "it's great—it's big. I like it. But I think we can beat it." That evening, Flaherty picked up his fat, rich contract and rented an outrigger canoe from a boy fishing near the Quai du Petit Thouars. He paddled slowly toward the reef, upon which the surf was crashing, half a mile away. The twilight was dying, and the purple peaks of Moorea, Tahiti's sister island, were faintly rimmed in orange by the sun's last rays. When he reached the reef, he slid alongside it until he found a good-sized break, through which the ebb tide was flowing from the lagoon to the sea. With funereal deliberation, he tore his contract into tiny pieces and scattered them over the rushing water. Then he paddled back to shore, refreshed in body and spirit.

—Robert Lewis Taylor

(*This is the second of a series of three articles.*)

•

Horse Show Ball

If, through an error in mailing, you received an invitation to a Memorial Service instead of the Horse Show Ball, please advise us and we will send you the proper invitation.

Yours regretfully
The Rogers Press

—*Postcard received by a man in Dedham, Mass.*

Thanks, but our mood doesn't change that easily.

For your pre-dinner pleasure...say

Dubonnet



Serve Dubonnet straight;
well chilled with twist of lemon...
or Dubonnet Cocktail:
1/2 Dubonnet, 1/2 gin.
Stir and serve chilled
with twist of lemon.



Whenever you drink...

drink Dubonnet

Dubonnet Aperitif Wine, Product of U.S.A., Dubonnet Corp., Philadelphia, Pa.



Every
Charles of the Ritz
operator has earned an

S.O. . . . skilled operator,
is the degree we
confer upon members of
our Salon staffs everywhere
before they ever touch a hair
on your head—or use
an emery board on your
fingernails! It's part of the
CHARLES OF THE RITZ service
you expect, along with
the comfort and convenience
of a quiet, private booth,
and the personalized advice
and attention you prefer.

Charles of the Ritz

NEW YORK, The Ritz-Carlton
The Ritz Tower
B. Altman & Co.
Fifth Avenue
White Plains
Manhasset
East Orange
BOSTON, The Ritz-Carlton
PHILADELPHIA, John Wanamaker
MILWAUKEE, T. A. Chapman Co.
MINNEAPOLIS, The Young-Quinlan Co.
SALT LAKE CITY, Makoff
HOUSTON, The Fashion
SAN FRANCISCO, I. Magnin & Co.
LOS ANGELES, I. Magnin & Co.

THE RACE TRACK

Dollars to Doughnuts

IT'S a pleasure to let fly with a few superlatives for Capot, this department's favorite three-year-old colt, who won the Belmont Stakes last weekend. It would be too much to say that the race was the most exciting Belmont I ever saw; nevertheless, it had its moments. One was the set-to between Capot and Palestinian, who ran third. Another was the dramatic rush through the stretch by Ponder, who finished second, beaten by half a length. (Two strides past the winning post, Ponder was in front, but, as your bookmaker will tell you, they don't pay off on that.) All week, people were wondering whether Capot's recent effort in the Peter Pan Handicap, in which he ran himself to pieces and finished seventh, had taken too much out of him. There were even greater doubts about his ability to go the mile and a half of the Belmont, but none whatever about the stamina of Palestinian or the speed of Ponder. The shamans were wrong.



I must say that Atkinson handled Capot cleverly in the Belmont, setting a surprisingly slow pace for nearly six furlongs. Capot is a hard horse to ride in a long race, because he simply won't reserve his strength if he is headed by another runner. He can't stand seeing a horse in front of him. That was evident when Palestinian passed him, half a mile from home. In no time, Capot was in the lead again, and a bit farther on Palestinian began to weaken. Now, I daresay, everyone will have to admit that on the record Capot—second in the Kentucky Derby, and the winner of the Preakness and the Belmont—is the best of his age. He is also the leading money winner. The Belmont purse—$60,900—gave him a total of $181,735 for the season. Altogether, it was a pleasant weekend for the Greentree Stable. In addition to Capot's triumph, Androcles, Greentree's good-looking two-year-old chestnut, who has a blond tail, won at Belmont, and Wine List picked off the Kent Stakes and a purse of $22,400 at Delaware Park.

As for Ponder, who was the favorite, a good many disappointed horseplayers insist that if he had started his run a second sooner, there would have been a different ending to the Belmont. The players who back favorites didn't find much consolation in the easy gallop Coaltown had with four Class C animals at Narragansett Park. He paid ten cents on the dollar.

I'D like to pin a few stars and ribbons on Elkridge, who won the Meadow Brook Steeplechase, at Belmont, the other afternoon. It always gives me a warm glow to watch this veteran run. He's eleven years old, you know, but he has such a vigorous way of going that horsemen find him either entertaining or wonderful, depending on the boiling point of their enthusiasm. Whether or not he's the best jumper since Jolly Roger, he certainly is as hard-working a one as we have ever had, and he's by far the biggest money winner in the annals of steeplechasing. He has started ninety-eight times, finishing first twenty-six times, second fifteen, and third eleven. What is even more remarkable, I think, is the fact that he has fallen only once.

Elkridge, a rangy, medium-sized bay gelding by Mate, was developed by the late Thomas Hitchcock, who turned out so many famous jumpers. (Incidentally, Elkridge is the last Hitchcock jumper still in steeplechasing.) He was bought by Kent Miller, for $7,000, at the dispersal of the Hitchcock stable, in the autumn of 1942. Since then, he has won nearly every jumping race of importance and earned $178,055. Elkridge, who is something of a family pet, has a hankering for sugar-covered doughnuts, a habit he acquired from being fed bits of them by Miller's little daughter, Phyllis. Come to think of it, some racers have the most extraordinary tastes. There was once an animal—I can't recall his name at the moment—who was crazy about beef stew. Goldie F., a fast runner of other days, doted on Bermuda onions. Alsab liked grapefruit. Anyway, lots of sugared doughnuts to Elkridge. He has earned them.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

6:30 SUPPER
7:30 IMMORTALITY
—*Sign in front of the Young Adults' Club, West Fourth Street.*

Just time for a brandy.

The pride of Willow Run



The most distinguished value in the luxury car field... the hand-crafted*

Frazer Manhattan The ultimate in beauty with a purpose... a superbly luxurious "custom-fashioned" car. Suavely powered to transport you anywhere, at all times, with no semblance of strain or effort. Only an industrial miracle could make such luxury available to so many at such moderate cost. Your inspection is cordially invited. KAISER-FRAZER SALES CORP., *Willow Run, Mich.* **Recently revised downward to $2595 at the factory; only transportation, local taxes (if any) additional. Hear! Hear! Walter Winchell Sunday night ABC.*

FRAZER

Manhattan

Paul Rand

©1949 KAISER-FRAZER SALES CORP., WILLOW RUN, MICHIGAN

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE



IT would be a fine thing if all deserving gardeners could retire to the chaise longue on the terrace now that flower beds are at their loveliest and vegetable patches are yielding the first succulent rewards of early labor. However, as everyone knows who has put heart and weeding fork into so much as a window box of petunias, the battle against the bugs and the weeds is just beginning, and this is a time not for smug relaxation but for a girding of loins.

This summer, happily, things should be easier for gardeners who have been making do, for lack of available replacements, with worn-out prewar tools or—what is even worse—with the flimsy stuff that was practically all you could buy when aluminum and well-tempered steel were war essentials. The displays of first-rate garden tools in the stores this year are almost *too* big. (There's no pleasing some people.) Customers faced with an assortment the like of which they haven't seen in years are apt to grow dizzy. I can't remember ever before seeing so many varieties of weeders, hoes, and hand cultivators. They run from every size and sort of conventional hoe or claw to combinations of the two, which the wielder, working along his vegetable rows, has only to turn in his hand to switch from shallow weeding with the hoe to deep cultivating with the claw. If I had to get along with just one garden tool this summer, I'd take the combination kind that incorporates a sizable five-fingered claw and a hoe blade, set at an angle, that cuts weed roots cleanly and easily and throws up a nice dust mulch as it chops. Every garden store has one make or another of these dual-purpose helpers. Choosing one is simply a matter of finding which feels the most comfortable in your hand.

OF all manual devices for working the ground, there is nothing quite like a good wheel hoe, and among good wheel hoes there is none (that I know of, anyway) quite like the Walkbuck garden plow and cultivator. The Walkbuck has the usual single wheel in front, wheelbarrow-style, and the usual plow and five-point-cultivator attachments to hook on behind it. What is different about it is that it also has, attached by springs between its two handles, a curved, padded horizontal bar, against which the operator leans as he walks. The bar, which is at hip height, takes the burden off the shoulders and arms by utilizing a propelling power that in ordinary wheel plows is almost entirely wasted—the natural push of the body in walking. Of course, the more you have to push with, the easier it is to use the Walkbuck, but it's the proud claim of the makers that any woman gardener can operate one. It may be tried out at Peter Henderson, 35 Cortlandt Street, where it sells for $14.95.

NOW that there are some forty-odd kinds of garden tractor on the market, ready for immediate delivery, the time seems to have come for a reminder about these stalwart machines. A garden tractor can take care of just about any chore the grounds of a small-to-middling estate may demand, and do the work infinitely faster—and in most cases perhaps even better—than the same thing could be done by hand. (I still prefer hand forking to any other method of digging a vegetable patch, but I don't know many gardeners who agree with me.) Gasoline-motor tractors, with their attachments that plow, harrow, and cultivate gardens, roll and mow lawns, cut field grass, rake hay, and clear away snow, also have another major advantage. People who own them soon discover that there is seldom any trouble about finding a willing operator. House guests and the young of the family can be depended upon to fight for the privilege of mowing the lawn or opening up a snowbound driveway—especially if the owner invests in a sulky seat, so that the operator can ride behind. In addition to the attachments already mentioned, trailers can be purchased for most makes; a few have seeders, fertilizers, and the like; and at least one, the Gravely, will have (by Labor Day, the local distributor promises) a woodcutter and a posthole digger, both of which should be invaluable on a large place. As it happens, this particular tractor, which has two pneumatic-tired wheels, is one I can vouch for personally. You have probably seen this make yourself, for that matter; the tractor that Tiffany uses to clear snow from its sidewalk is a Gravely. These tractors are sold at Gravely Eastern,





A VERY FINE EAU DE COLOGNE

WITH THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME

CHANEL

Reception is excellent. May I say that anyone waiting for improvements in television before purchasing is missing a great deal each day.

Charles D. Kistner
Pontiac, Michigan

The Kistners are one of the hundreds of thousands of families who own and enjoy RCA Victor Eye Witness television.

What are YOU waiting for?

See your RCA Victor television dealer for a demonstration and free booklet!

RCA VICTOR
DIVISION OF RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

WORLD LEADER IN RADIO... FIRST IN TELEVISION

NUT-BROWN DELICIOUSNESS!

You'll like it... everyone does!

At leading bars and grocers



Brewed from the finest British malt, MACKESON'S MILK STOUT chills perfectly and is fully 50% better in flavor when served cold. Try it and see for yourself...today!

The Original & Genuine
MACKESON'S
Milk Stout
Brewed and bottled in England by
WHITBREAD & CO., Ltd.,
Brewers of Stout since 1742
General U.S. Importers
VAN MUNCHING & CO., INC., NEW YORK

ABBEY RESTAURANT

For *Gracious Dining* in
AIR-CONDITIONED COMFORT
Superb Food and Liquors
LUNCHEON • DINNER • SUPPER
COCKTAIL HOUR SNACKS

Table d'Hote DINNER de Luxe
Daily, including Sunday
Priced from $1.50

Abbey Hotel
151 W. 51st St. (Bet. 6th & 7th Aves.)
Telephone: Circle 6-9400

Nick and Arnold present
JIMMY CARROLL
AT DINNER AND SUPPER
Versailles
151 E. 50TH • PL 8-0310

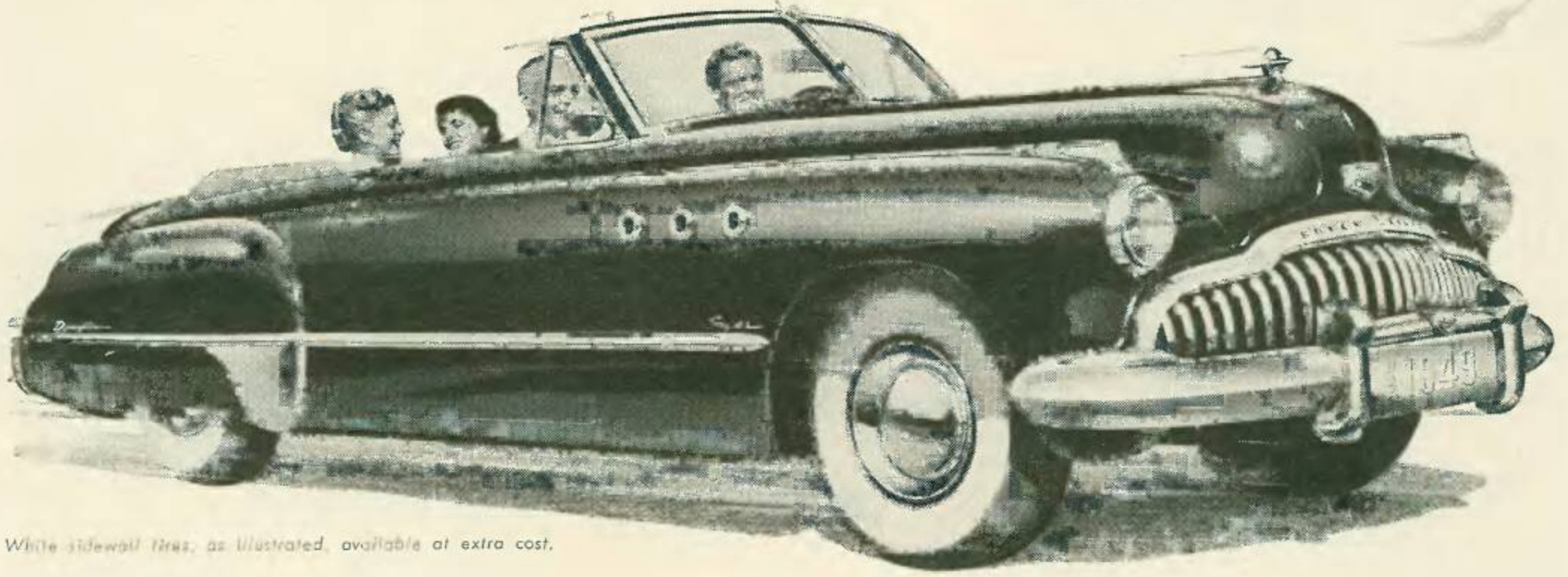
Inc., 685 Third Avenue (44th). The Model L, which has five horsepower, and is my favorite, costs $309.25 delivered anywhere in the metropolitan area. A sulky seat for this model is $42; a lawnmower attachment is $138; a sickle bar, for cutting rough grass, is $81.75; and a snowplow is $45.

At Stumpp & Walter, 132 Church Street, there is another garden tractor that is highly thought of—the Bready. It appears to be a good, hefty job and is available in two sizes—one and a half horsepower and two and a half horsepower. As the onetime owner of a single-horsepower mower that would throw in the sponge when confronted with a stand of grass any higher than an inch and a half, I'm all for as much horsepower as you can get. The Bready machines cost $199.50 and $274, respectively. A snowplow for either is $39.50, a lawnmower $67.50, and a sulky seat $52.50, all delivered in this vicinity. Peter Henderson and the National Farm Equipment Company, 142 Greene Street, offer the Gardenaid, which also comes in one-and-a-half- and two-and-a-half-horsepower models. They cost $195 and $230, respectively, F.O.B. Kingston, New York. Henderson sells a less versatile machine, called Reo-Trimalawn, which is designed for a small place that has only mowing and snow-plowing to bother about. The Reo-Trimalawn will set you back $194, and the snowplow attachment is $29.50.

FOR years and years now, power-lawnmower people have been assuring me that you can buy a machine that will cut long grass and you can buy a machine that will cut short grass but you can't buy a machine that will cut both long and short grass. Well, they're wrong. As a particular boon to weekenders who don't get out to their places in the country until the grass has got a hopeless head start on them, let me recommend the Whirlwind mower. It is on sale at the Park and Golf Supply Company, 494 Main Street, White Plains. This mower has a rotary-scythe cutting apparatus that not only will take care of ordinary lawn duties but will eat its way through the toughest weeds and shrubs. The whirling scythe, which is safely encased, creates a suction that draws weeds and tall grass up to its level, where they are chopped into tiny fragments. Model H-20, a Whirlwind that has served a neighbor of mine well, is mounted on four pneumatic tires. It weighs ninety-five pounds, although

What's so fair on a day in June





White sidewall tires, as illustrated, available at extra cost.

THE day is bright. the company good, the long ribbons of road smooth and inviting.

Giant power purrs under a long bonnet. Wheels step lightly over dips and bumps. Your foot on the throttle controls the silken luxury of Dynaflow Drive.†

Is the breeze a bit strong? A finger-touch runs up the door windows.

Is the seat just right? Another control adjusts it as easily.

Does a cloud show? In seconds you can swing up a snug top if needed.

†*Standard on ROADMASTER, optional at extra cost on SUPER models.*

So you're free. Free to make the most of fair days and pleasant companions. Free to take it easy, find adventure in thrilling pace or the solid content in loaf-along gait.

Free to have fun!

But — what's keeping you out of a Buick Convertible? Is it price? Delivery? Or just not looking into such things?

Correct the last — by seeing your Buick dealer—and you'll find demonstration yours for the asking, the price easier to manage than you thought and deliveries so prompt you'll quickly get an order in.

BUICK alone has all these features: *Silk-smooth* **DYNAFLOW DRIVE*** • **FULL-VIEW VISION** *from enlarged glass area* • **SWING-EASY DOORS** *and easy access* • **"LIVING SPACE" INTERIORS** *with Deep-Cradle cushions* • *Buoyant-riding* **QUADRUFLEX COIL SPRINGING** • *Lively* **FIREBALL STRAIGHT-EIGHT POWER** *with* **SELF-SETTING VALVE LIFTERS** *plus* **HI-POISED ENGINE MOUNTINGS** • *Cruiser-Line* **VENTIPORTS** • *Low-pressure tires on* **SAFETY-RIDE RIMS** • **DUREX BEARINGS,** *main and connecting rods* • **BODY BY FISHER**

**Standard on ROADMASTER, optional at extra cost on SUPER models.*

Tune in HENRY J. TAYLOR,
ABC Network,
every Monday evening.

YOUR KEY TO GREATER VALUE

MORE CLEARLY THAN EVER

"Buick's the Buy"

When better automobiles are built BUICK will build them

SEE YOUR NEAREST BUICK DEALER

not high hat...



high standards

To make an impression, we don't adjust our pince-nez to look a customer over. Nor do we posture or talk with the sad superiority of the senior. But we do make an impression with the quality and craftsmanship, the beauty and functional value of our LEATHER GOODS, LUGGAGE, TRUNKS and HANDBAGS, unexcelled for more than a century. Let others vie for the shallow ornament called "HIGH HAT"— we'll stick to "HIGH STANDARDS"



CROUCH & FITZGERALD
Fine Luggage Since 1839
400 Madison Ave.,
Cor. 48th Street, New York City

you wouldn't think so pushing it around; it handles almost as easily as a baby buggy. The price is $188 delivered anywhere in the metropolitan area. If you like, you can buy, for $34, an attachment that makes it self-propelled.

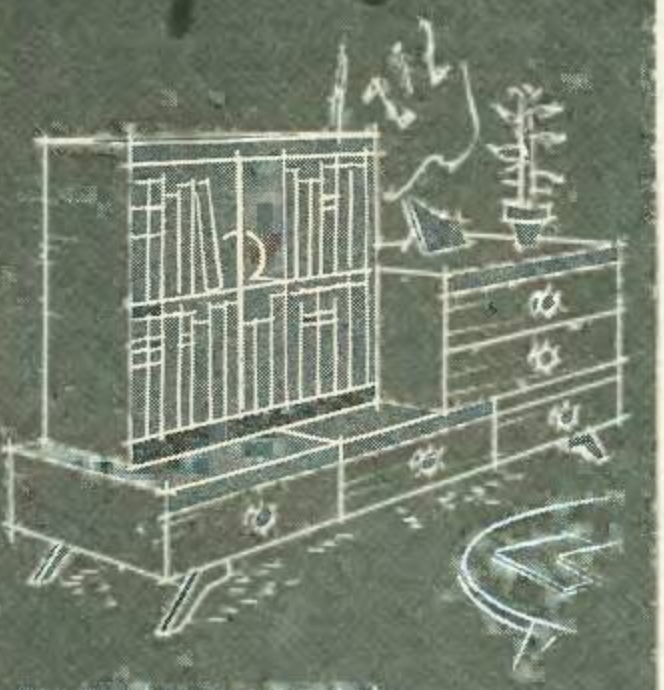
EVERYONE must have heard by this time that real rubber hose is back in the stores, but it may come as a shock to some to learn that it now costs just about as much as plastic hose, which seemed so outrageously expensive when it was introduced as a wartime expedient (one of the few, by the way, that have proved themselves in use and may permanently replace their predecessors). Gardeners who are torn between a conviction that there never was any hose like the old-time rubber kind and a grudging respect for the good qualities of plastic hose must now make a choice without even a price consideration to help them. For my money, there's no question about it whatever; plastic hose is much lighter and cleaner to handle and is far less of an eyesore when it is left lying around on the ground, as of course it shouldn't be. (Hose reels will be dealt with in just a moment.) My first plastic hose, a fifty-foot length of transparent Amepco, which I cheerfully undertook to test out in 1943, the year of its introduction, is still in active use in my garden, showing not the slightest sign of wear. It stiffens in cold weather, but it never fails to limber up again in the spring and is always ready for work before I am.

The newest thing in plastic hoses is one that has outlets every ten feet that can be turned on and off individually. Extended across a lawn with all stops open, this hose constitutes an effective irrigating system. It is made of Goodrich's remarkable Koroseal, which seems to be almost indestructible; is guaranteed for five years; and costs $17.95 for fifty feet, at Lewis & Conger. I might as well mention here that the price of fifty feet of any kind of good hose will run from $10 to $15 this year.

As for those reels, anybody who has ever had to unwind a whole length of hose from an old-fashioned reel in order to connect the hose to a hydrant will readily understand the advantage of the improved type, which has its own water connection. The water flows through a pipe on the side of the drum, and there is an outlet in the center of the drum to which the hose connects. With this type of reel, you unwind only as much hose as you need, turn on the water, and let fly. When you're finished with the hose,

a fine Multiplex* finish... platina

grey



you may have our vaunted, versatile Multiplex* mahogany units in bisque (blond), cordovan (dark), ebony or platina grey!

*designed by Martin Feinman ©1947

Modernage
16 East 34th St.
daily till 6, Thurs. till 9

Incomparable
Vacation Facilities
Good fun and relaxation rule at this smart 1,000 acre resort. The finest food, service and accommodations, and every outdoor sport are all yours to enjoy . . . including one of America's Championship Golf Courses. Advance reservations necessary. American Plan. Season—May to Nov. Ask for booklet G.
EDWARD FLATHER, JR.
Gen. Mgr.
Shawnee Inn
SHAWNEE-ON-DELAWARE
PENNSYLVANIA
Tel. Stroudsburg 140

LUCIUS BEEBE says...
Coffee Southern is my favorite liqueur



TRY COFFEE SOUTHERN
55 PROOF LIQUEUR
Southern Comfort Corp.
St. Louis, Mo.
The after-dinner coffee liqueur

you wind it back on the reel with a crank. A portable variety, mounted on a two-wheel carriage, connects to any standard outdoor hydrant by means of a five-foot length of hose. It is sold by every garden shop I know of, for around $15, which includes the connecting length of hose. A stationary reel, which I found at Hammacher Schlemmer, is designed for attachment to a wall outlet. You take the faucet off the outlet and screw the reel, which has a faucet of its own, to the water pipe, where it hangs flat against the wall and neat as a pin. This dandy reel costs $6.95, and even I could install it. Both reels, perambulatory and stationary, accommodate fifty feet of hose.

ONE piece of man-powered equipment that I think should be required by law on every place that has a big lawn and big trees is the lawn sweeper. There isn't much variation in the style of lawn sweepers; they all work on the same general principle as lawnmowers, having revolving brushes mounted between wheels on the front end of a metal framework that holds a canvas bag. Lawn debris collects in the bag as one pushes the sweeper along. A sweeper makes light labor of transferring leaves from lawn to compost piles, a formidable task when done with rake and broom. Lewis & Conger sell one called the Clean Sweep, for $37.50. Peter Henderson has the Parkerette, for $29.95. The main difference between them that I can see is that the Clean Sweep is larger. I could be content with either.

NOW that gardens hereabouts are harboring the new Oriental, as well as the old Japanese, beetles, and more and more orchards and shade trees are succumbing to a hundred and one kinds of blight (the latest one, unnamed so far, attacks weeping willows, of all things), large-scale, motorized spraying equipment begins to seem a worth-while investment for even the small-scale farmer. The spraying machine for me (the Department of Agriculture and the Navy like it, too) is called the Mist Blower, and it is sold by the Feller-Jones Company, at 303 Fourth Avenue (23rd). I like this one particularly because the mist it blows is made up of insecticide or fungicide plus not water but air—the mixing takes place at the nozzle. With no water tank to add tonnage, the whole thing, including a one-and-a-quarter-horsepower engine, weighs less than a hundred pounds and can be set up on a wheelbarrow and



CANASTA!

This new Argentine Rummy Game is sweeping the country!

Carotti offers a set containing everything needed to play it. Ottilie H. Reilly, acknowledged as the leading exponent of Canasta in the United States, says of Carotti's Canasta Set:

"Canasta is too important a game to play with makeshift equipment. Carotti has developed the complete answer — a set especially designed for Canasta players, from beginners to experts."

This official Carotti Canasta Set includes two packs of Congress Quality Canasta Cards with exclusive design by Carotti, a clear plastic tray, quality score pads, extra soft pencils, and a copy of POINTERS ON CANASTA by Ottilie H. Reilly.

Players Set — Caribbean Blue Box . . $6.50
DeLuxe Set (suggested as a hostess gift) beautifully boxed in gray suede . . . $7.25

At your dealers, or order direct. No C.O.D.'s please! Add sales tax to your check where necessary. Items sold separately; send for list

CAROTTI *Write for dealer arrangements.*
SAG HARBOR, LONG ISLAND, N. Y.

Sapphire Beauty

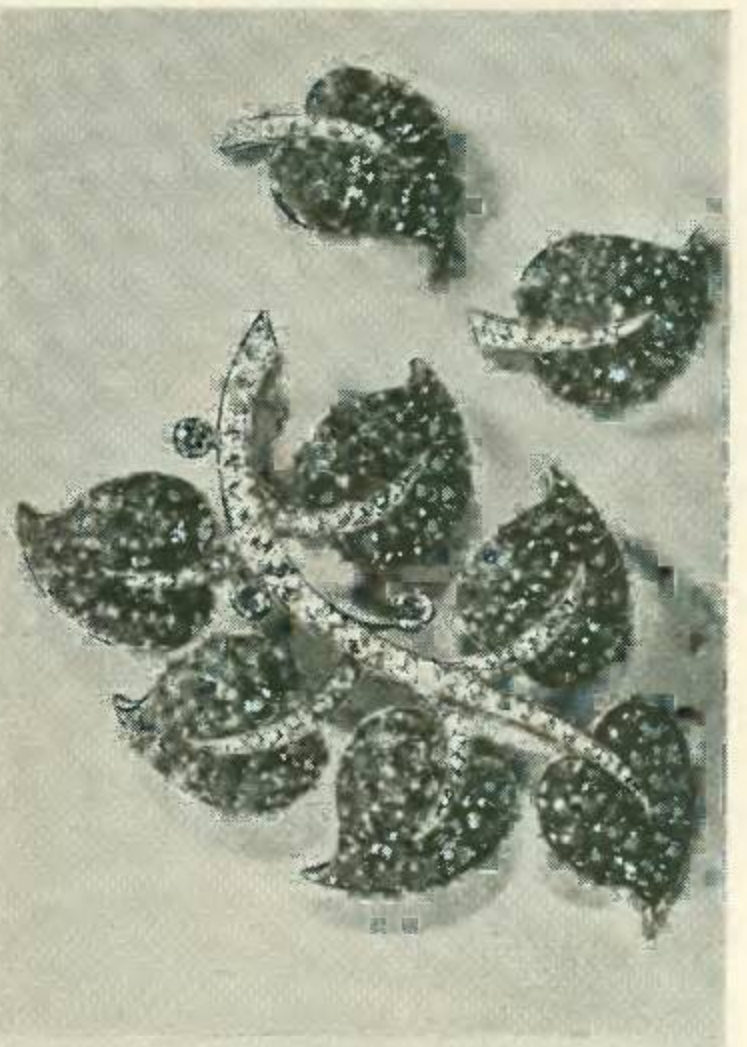
•

Delicate young leaves, sprinkled with sapphire dew drops that gleam with heaven's own blue . . . each diamond, poised glistening on the stalks.

Van Cleef & Arpels originals—

The Clip $2450*

The Earclips $725* the pair



VAN CLEEF & ARPELS

World famous French designers and manufacturers of precious jewelry

744 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK · PALM BEACH · NEWPORT
PARIS · LONDON · MONTE CARLO · CANNES · DEAUVILLE

*Fed. Tax included

Barbecuists extraordinaire:

Wow your mob with

Ac'cent®



You outdoor chefs with reputations to hold and heighten . . .

You wizards with the charcoal . . .

You geniuses of the gauntlets and the long fork—*listen to this:*

In the scheme of your gentle art is *Ac'cent*. Just you touch THE steak with Ac'cent. Just you compose THE hamburger, mix THE salad with Ac'cent . . . and see what happens.

What you're thinking now *won't* happen. Ac'cent will not add a new flavor, aroma or color. It simply, but wonderfully, *intensifies* the NATURAL flavor of foods you dote on. You salt and pepper as usual, cook as usual—and only add a bit of this amazing Ac'cent that makes food flavors sing!

But reputation is a fragile thing, not to be hastily risked. Better *try* Ac'cent first in the privacy of your kitchen. One try will do it. Just sprinkle some in one of your meat gravies, and taste that gravy!

And forever after *you'll* take along Ac'cent to the woods and fields and barbecue pits.

At fine food stores. Or send the coupon and a dollar.

MSG



NOT A FLAVORING! NOT A CONDIMENT! NOT AN ORDINARY SEASONING! *Ac'cent is a 99+% pure mono sodium glutamate in crystal form.*

NEW AND SPECIAL . . . Ac'cent also comes in an attractive glass shaker with plastic measuring spoon.

Amino Products Division, Dept. NY-18
International Minerals & Chemical Corporation
20 North Wacker Drive, Chicago 6, Illinois

Enclosed is one dollar. Please send me one of the four-ounce shakers of Ac'cent.

(Name).....

(Address).....

(City & State).....

Trade Mark "Ac'cent" Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. Printed in U.S.A.

propelled and operated by one man. (By the way, have you seen the new featherweight wheelbarrows? They're wonderful. Of magnesium, at Stumpp & Walter, for $29.95; of aluminum, at Peter Henderson, for $28.50.) The Feller-Jones people love to demonstrate the sprayer on one's home grounds, free. They did it for me, and I can testify that the contrivance actually does, as its makers claim, blow mist, from any given point, over an area five hundred feet long, thirty-five feet wide, and thirty feet high. It costs $350, delivered anywhere in Greater New York, or you can enjoy its benefits without buying it by engaging Feller-Jones to do your spraying; they'll give estimates on request.

For the ordinary spray job, such as driving the beetles out of ornamental vines (woodbine and certain ampelopsis and climbing roses are Bali Ha'i to beetles), I still like a bucket-pump sprayer as well as anything, even if fancier sprayers are all over the place now. With this type, the insecticide you want to use (my favorite is DDT until my Farm Bureau says no, and it hasn't said it so far) is pumped right out of the bucket in which it's mixed, so there's no business of funnelling the stuff into another container; besides, while you're using the spray, the bucket's weight is on the ground, not on you. Max Schling Seedsmen, at 618 Madison Avenue (58th), have a trombone-slide bucket pump, for $6.25, that is a beauty. You supply the bucket.

AFTER these dismal reminders of chores and plagues, it's a relief to turn to a cheerful little item like the portable water-lily-and-fish pool that is being distributed by S. Scherer & Sons, an aquatic-plant nursery in Northport, Long Island. The pool is made of Koroseal and comes knocked down—or, rather, folded up—looking like a green, leathery tarpaulin. Unfolded, it's a circular mat, into which one blows enough air (there's a valve for this purpose) to inflate the rim, which rises like the edge of a lotus pad; a dozen puffs will do it. Fill the middle of the thing with water and there is the pool. It can sit right on top of the ground (or grass, or terrace floor) or be set in. To look its best, it needs a low planting, such as ivy or pachysandra, around it. The price ($19.95 for one fifty-five inches in diameter and ten inches deep, and $29.95 for a seventy-inch size, twelve inches deep) includes floating and underwater plants, a few plants that grow above the water's surface—arrow-



The new address for distinctive precious jewels
+
18 East 57th Street, New York

Olga TRITT

BROWNLEY *dining room*



Write for free illustrated booklet

UNION-NATIONAL, INC. • JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

On the Cool Eastern Point of Cape Ann

The famous, spacious Hawthorne Inn

On the ocean's edge

at historic Gloucester, Mass.

30 Scenic Miles from Boston.

All summer sports & activities available.

Sensible rates. Write for booklet.

Max Arnold, Pres.; Lind Weber, Mg. Dir.



head and pickerelweed, for instance—a water lily, and some scavenger snails, and if you want to drive out to Northport and pick up the pool yourself (Route 25A to Waterside Avenue, Northport), Scherer's will add a few goldfish; the concern is open on Sunday. One of the best things about this pool is that it can be brought indoors in winter, either to store, folded, or to set up as a winter garden, if there is a suitable place for it. The fish (but not the plants) can winter in it in the cellar. Scherer's will provide a refill planting each spring for around $5. —B. B.

•

SLIGHT HEADACHE DEPARTMENT
(SMALL ANIMALS DIVISION)

[*Press release for immediate publication, and we didn't lose a minute*]

A poodle named Masterpiece is really "putting on the dog." The Champion canine, owned by one Count Alexis E. Pulaski, is having a banquet for his four-legged friends, champions all, on the eve of his departure for Paris on an Air France Comet for Paris and the chef of the French airline has been asked to prepare a special menu for the occasion. It is as follows:

Consommé Masterpiece
Canapés Filet Mignon Parmentier
Délices AIR FRANCE
Vin Château La Source 1949

Masterpiece is truly a champion and according to those who have "interviewed" him he has "personality, charm and savoir-faire, undisputed gallantry and a positive attraction for the gentler sex."

Born August 4, 1946, Champion Masterpiece is reputed to be the first poodle to be bred in rare chinchilla color. He stands 9 and a half inches high and weighs seven and a half pounds. He is a television star.

In Paris he will be met by officials of the French Kennel Club and will be shown in the French capital and Deauville. Later he will be taken by his trainer to the French Riviera in an Air France Comet and he will visit Rome, Florence, Venice and Bologna in Italy, flying then to Switzerland and Belgium before returning via Air France to the United States. Cocktail parties, canine banquets and receptions are planned in his honor.

Air France's chef is preparing a special menu for Masterpiece's flights, but, of course, there will be crystal pure water, instead of champagne for the champion who has more than 100 progeny, each of which is priced at more than $500.

•

Joseph T. Edgar, speaking for the Merchants Committee, announced that a 4th of July celebration will be held here with a display of fireworks and Senator Brewster (Senator Brewster will probably speak.)—*Bar Harbor (Maine) Times.*

Touch him off—maybe he'll sparkle.



FLOWERING VIOLETS...
Violet and Leaf Brooch delicately fashioned in 14K Gold with center Diamonds . . . . $310.
Matching Violet Earrings . . . . $195.
Federal Tax Included · Shown Actual Size

BLACK, STARR & GORHAM
White Plains · FIFTH AVE. AT 48th ST. · NEW YORK 19 NEW YORK · East Orange

DENMARK . . . NORWAY . . . SWEDEN
SEE ALL THREE ON YOUR TRIP TO EUROPE

You can make a "Grand Tour" on a 2 weeks' vacation when you *fly* to Scandinavia. **SAS** saves you *weeks* of travel-time, stretches your summer holiday (only 17 hours to the Northern Countries).


Elsinore—Hamlet's castle

Nine flights a week, and the *only* **DC-6** planes to Scandinavia. You can name your departure day. Meals, smörgasbord and refreshments are free. No tax, no tipping, no extras.

Scenic wonder in Norway




Famed City Hall, Stockholm

Before you travel, consult a travel expert—Your Travel Agent

SCANDINAVIAN AIRLINES SYSTEM
New York • Chicago • Minneapolis
Seattle • Los Angeles



THE CURRENT CINEMA

Baseball Tricks and Royal Woe

"It Happens Every Spring" consists of variations on one joke, which has to do with a chemical solution that makes baseballs skitter away from bats. This formula is discovered accidentally by a professor of chemistry—an earnest type, of course—who promptly vacates his Middle Western halls of learning to head for St. Louis, where he becomes an overwhelmingly skillful pitcher. An occasional romantic contretemps is introduced into the film in an attempt to keep the customers from getting eyestrain trying to follow the gyrations of souped-up baseballs, but such distractions are fleeting. Despite its tendency to harp on one note, "It Happens Every Spring" has an air of such bland good humor that it isn't at all hard to take. The comedy is supplied mostly by Paul Douglas, who is excellent as a neolithic big-league catcher. Ray Milland, who plays the professorial pitcher, is also helpful.



"We're not to haff hearts, we're not to haff feelings—we're royalty," says a German dowager in "Saraband," but she is plainly talking through her tiara, because every one of the noble gang that throngs this picture is as emotional as a hat designer. Made in England, with the sort of carefree lavishness that comes over our own Cecil B. de Mille when he communes with the past, the picture undertakes to explain what happened to Sophie Dorothea, wife of the Hanover prince who became George I of England, after she started billing and cooing with a Swede named Count Philipp Königsmark. In the film, this Swede is a busy fellow, for he not only has to grapple with Sophie when she forgets about being royal but has to keep his forty-four-year-old mistress, Countess Platen, reasonably contented. This Countess is a bad one—always scheming and plotting against Sophie, as if that poor girl didn't have enough to contend with, being married to an oaf with a shaved head, deplorable manners, and a liking for batting his bride about the ears. Sparing no expense, J. Arthur Rank, who produced "Saraband," has permitted his operatives to run wild in Technicolor. Set after set is flashed on the screen just to create the atmosphere of Hanover in the late seventeenth century, and practically every extra in England must have been called upon to join the mobs in the German streets. As in most of these costume affairs, fiesta time inevitably rolls around, but this blowout is really spectacular. The cast, whose faces constantly fluctuate between the pallor of anemia and the flush of insupportable indignation, includes Stewart Granger, as the beloved Swede; Joan Greenwood, as the mournful Sophie; Flora Robson, as the despicable Countess Platen; and Françoise Rosay, as the Electress of Hanover. All of them seemed rather stilted to me, but considering the costumes in which they are swaddled, I guess that not much else could be expected.

In "Night Unto Night," a lady who can't forget the husband she lost in the war and a gentleman who has fits decide to share their miseries. Viveca Lindfors and Ronald Reagan are the afflicted pair, and they are just about as chipper as you might imagine.

—John McCarten

•

ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[*From the Guam News*]

Proclamation

WHEREAS, there is need for added entertainment on the Island of Guam, and

WHEREAS, Mardi Gras season is the time for fun, frolic and laughter, and

WHEREAS, conditions on Guam warrant a Mardi Gras, I therefore proclaim that Friday, Saturday, and Sunday June 3, 4, and 5, 1949, shall be set aside for the celebration of the FIRST ANNUAL MARDI GRAS on the Island of Guam, in the Marianas.

ONLY FUN WILL PREVAIL DURING THIS CELEBRATION; everyone MUST get into the Mardi Gras spirit and SMILE;

Beware, all ye who wear a frown; all those who do so, shall suffer the wrath of Rex!

I HEREBY FURTHER DECREE THAT, costumes will be worn;

I HEREBY INVEST in the Girl Scouts of U.S.A.. Guam Council, the power and authority to act as host of the Mardi Gras.

(Signed) Neptunis Rex
King of Fun



The new double-decked Clipper* "America"—One of a fleet of twenty. Pan American is first to fly these luxury liners because Pan American was first to order them—*four years ago!*



The only plane in the world where you can relax in a club lounge on the lower deck! Here are 14 luxurious, overstuffed seats. You can meet people . . . have your choice of tea, coffee or other liquid refreshments.

Fastest 13 HOURS

MOST LUXURIOUS SERVICE EVER OFFERED TO

London!

. . . AND YOU GET SOMETHING PRICELESS BESIDES

You have the secure knowledge that you're aboard the WORLD'S MOST EXPERIENCED AIRLINE

. . . FIRST to pioneer air passenger service across the North Atlantic (1939)

. . . FIRST to offer 13-hour New York-to-London flights with your choice of lounge chairs or full-size berths.

*Trade Mark, Pan American Airways, Inc.



No need to spend hours on a boat train when you go by Clipper! You're only 45 minutes from Trafalgar Square (above) when you "touch down," as the English say, at London Airport. From London, other Clippers fly to Brussels, Frankfurt, Prague, Vienna . . . or to Istanbul, India and around the world.

PAN AMERICAN
WORLD AIRWAYS

SYSTEM OF THE FLYING CLIPPERS
WORLD'S MOST EXPERIENCED AIRLINE

Is there another sofa bed that keeps its secret like this?



It's hard to believe—but this decorator-styled sofa is an "extra bedroom" too! That's the secret of Hide-A-Bed!*

And what a secret it is! At night, like magic, this daytime beauty is transformed into a *double* bed . . . with a *full-size,* full-thickness Simmons innerspring mattress!

No other sofa bed can match the striking good looks of Hide-A-Bed! It's an exclusive Simmons product.

You choose from many styles and fabrics. Illustrated: Hide-A-Bed *Modern,* in Goodall Satin Mohair Print, designed especially for Simmons—and priced at $269.



It's easy to open your Hide-A-Bed—it's scientifically counterbalanced. See how you can get into bed from *either side,* too! As for bedding—look! In the morning, make up your Hide-A-Bed, then fold it away, ready for night! *Important:* Hide-A-Bed has a *steel* frame for durability!



Sleep is wonderful on a Hide-A-Bed, because you sleep on a Simmons innerspring mattress! Hide-A-Bed prices start at $198. Now available—the famous Beautyrest* mattress in *any* Hide-A-Bed you choose! All prices slightly higher West of Rockies.

Only SIMMONS makes HIDE-A-BED

ALSO FROM THE HOUSE OF SIMMONS—the greatest name in sleep: Beautyrest—America's "luxury comfort" mattress. Deepsleep mattress—a fine Simmons mattress at a lower price. Babybeauty crib mattress—made to doctors' specifications. Ace Spring—the modern spring for the modern mattress.

A STYLE FOR EVERY TYPE OF ROOM



Lawson



Modern Tuxedo



New Yorker



Modern

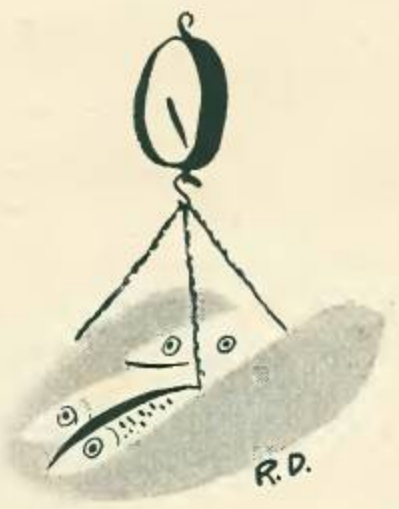
*TRADE-MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
COPR. 1949 BY SIMMONS CO., MDSE. MART, CHICAGO, ILL.

BYGONES

WHEN John Connor came home to his apartment from work, Penny, his two-year-old daughter, rushed to show him the bedroom slippers her mother had bought her that morning. While he was admiring them, Helen, his wife, said, "A letter from Germany came for you this morning. I put it with the rest of the mail on the mantelpiece."

With Penny dancing around him, John went to the mantelpiece and found the letter. He glanced at the typewritten return address on the envelope and put the letter in his pocket, unopened. "It's from one of my old friends who reenlisted," he said. "I'll read it in a little while." Getting down on the floor, he started to play with his daughter.

Half an hour later, while his wife was putting Penny to bed, John opened the envelope. Inside it, he found a pencilled note and a smaller envelope. The note said, "Johnny boy: Long time no see. I wish to hell I were writing you now for a better reason than sending you the enclosed letter. Far be it from me to get mixed up in your love life, but this dame has been pestering me for months to give her your address. I haven't done it, of course, but to get rid of her I finally promised to send you this thing she wrote." The note was signed "Bill." John looked at the smaller envelope. Across the face of it, in a foreign script, was written his name. As he tore the envelope open, a snapshot fell out. Picking it up, he saw a picture of a forlorn and ragged little boy three or four years old. The child's face, in spite of the fact that it was very thin, bore a definite resemblance to pictures of John himself as a child. His hands began to shake. Putting the snapshot in his pocket, he took the letter from the smaller envelope. At the top of the page was written an address that was still familiar—the address of a candlelit room in a half-destroyed Berlin apartment house with elevators that hadn't worked and steep, dark stairs sprinkled with broken plaster. His eye skipped to the text.



"Dear Johnny," the letter said, "I did not think ever to write you, and I do not like doing it now, after the things you have said to me that last time we were with each other. When your son was born, I remembered you had said you would not help me, and I did not write you, for you knew about it anyway and would do about it what you would. But now my need is great, and I have decided to try and appeal to you. I thought you might have thought things over more and be willing to send some money or some food and clothing for your son. He is in his fourth year now and needs much. I am sending a photograph of him, and I do not think you can doubt any more that you are his father. I do not ask anything for myself, but I thought that you would like to do something for your son, who is your own. More than anything else he needs canned milk, and canned meat, and some shoes, and . . ."

John stuffed both letters and their envelopes into his pocket, felt nervously for the photograph, found it, and examined it again. The curious image of himself as a child, dressed in rags, as if for some sort of masquerade, stared back at him. Then he heard his wife closing Penny's door and concealed the photograph in his pocket once more.

"What's the matter?" Helen asked when she saw him.

"I just heard a friend of mine was killed," John said. "That letter told me about it."

"A friend? Who?"

"A guy called Bill Brown—I knew him real well during the war. You never met him."

"Oh!" Helen said. "That's too bad. How was he killed?"

"Some kind of a fight, in Berlin."

"What a shame!" Helen said, and went to the dining room and started setting the table for dinner. "Why don't you get yourself a drink?" she called.

"I guess I will," he said.

Armed with a drink, John sat near the door to the kitchen and watched his wife prepare dinner. They were having baked beans, because she came from Boston and liked them, and because they were cheap.

"I didn't know you had a friend called Bill Brown," she said. "What was he like?"

"Don't ask me about it now," he said.

She straightened up and looked at him. "Johnny!" she said. "You're really shaken up!"

"I guess I am," he said. "It'll take a little while to wear off."

Helen bustled about the kitchen and dining room silently for a few moments. "You're awfully sensitive, Johnny,"



BERMUDA SHOP



Charming bathing suit
in crisp Celanese Prospector rayon. Very smart in white, navy, yellow, grey, dark green. Sizes 14 to 20. $10.95.

The Bermuda Shop
Madison Avenue at 55th Street, New York

Vacation in Bermuda and visit The Bermuda Shop in Hamilton

she said suddenly. "It makes me love you." Then she kissed him and added, "Dinner's ready."

JOHN got through the meal all right, but when it was over, he had an overpowering desire to be alone, and he told his wife he had to go to an American Legion meeting. He headed for the nearest bar, ordered a double Scotch, and started to think.

The girl's name was Erika. He had never been in love with her, really; she had not been pretty, and although she had known English better than the others, she had not been clever, or especially understanding, or anything in particular but nearby. When she had told him she expected a child, he had been worried, but an officer had assured him it would be extremely difficult for one of the enemy to make a legal claim against him. This had relieved him, and, indeed, he had felt a little raffish about the affair. As his friends had advised him, he had told the girl he was not sure he was responsible for the child and had ordered her not to bother him. He had been twenty-three years old at the time, and she had been eighteen.

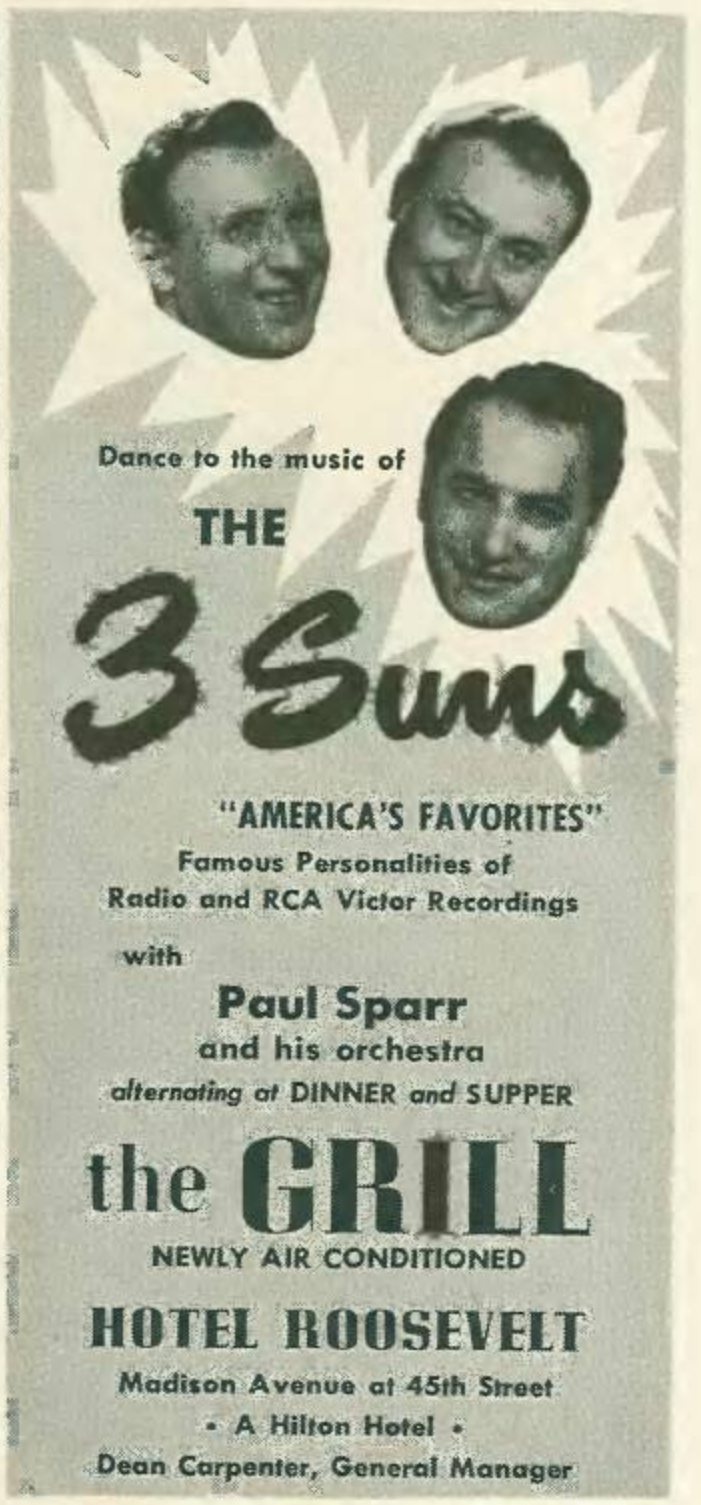
The child itself John had never visualized or thought about until the photograph had brought him abruptly into being. Now, surreptitiously, there in the bar, John took the photograph out of his pocket and examined it once more. The small face, so like his own, made him think of his own comfortable boyhood, but the cobblestones under the child's miserably shod feet looked cold and alien. He put the photograph back in his pocket.

After the second drink, John was able to come to grips with the problem. He could do nothing much to help his son without his wife's knowing about it; they didn't have enough money for that, and she supervised the budget. As the liquor fanned his emotions, he began wondering if he couldn't do more than just send money anyway. Mightn't it even be possible to adopt the child and bring him over here? He wanted a son.

By nine-thirty, John had reached a decision. He must tell Helen, and then they could decide together what to do. He left the bar and went home, thinking that the sooner he got it over with the better. He found Helen sitting up in their big double bed reading. He sat down on the edge of the bed and lit a cigarette.

"Feeling better?" she asked.

Involuntarily, he shut his eyes a moment. "Look, Helen," he said, "I've



Only safety razor with a

lifetime blade



Shaves the master-barber way

...with thick, super-keen Sheffield steel. Hand-forged, truly hollow-ground, kept sharp for every shave by automatic Speed-Strop and Hone. Made by English craftsmen. At your favorite store, $15.

The Finest Gift is the Finest Razor

ROLLS RAZOR

Service Depts.: 338 Madison Avenue, New York 17
336 S. LaBrea Avenue, Los Angeles 36

Hopkins
of LAKE WARAMAUG, NEW PRESTON, Conn.

THE CASE OF THE SULKING STEAKS

This is easy to solve. Our sizzling steaks are merely piqued that *all* our vacation dishes are as delicious as they are.

2½ hours from New York City. Restaurant. Bar. American Plan. Weekly rates. Reservations suggested. Write for Booklet.

Phone: Washington, Conn. 2198

Henri CONFISEUR
A BIT OF PARIS IN NEW YORK
FRENCH RESTAURANT
LUNCHEON • DINNER
Also A la Carte all day
COCKTAIL BAR
AIR CONDITIONED
15 EAST 52nd ST.

Sea-Fare
1033 - 1st Ave. Sutton Place
41 W. 8th St. Greenwich Village
THE ARISTOCRAT OF SEA FOOD RESTAURANTS



Very thin
PERSONAL PORTABLE
Ideal lady's gift! Only 2¾" deep, 7½ lbs. complete. Lies flat, packs easily in suitcase. 3-way: AC, DC, batteries. Beautiful maroon plastic case. Model 145.
(less batteries) **$44.95***
*Slightly higher West and South —subject to change without notice.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

THIS OLD PRINT SHOP



is like no other. Visit us. Write us. We issue PORTFOLIO each month. Send 25c.
The OLD PRINT SHOP
Harry Shaw Newman
150 Lexington Ave. *at* 30*th* St., *New York*

A NEW YOU!
Ships go into dry dock. Smart women go to Margery Wilson's (remember the Charm School?) country house for a week, or more, for a personality "going-over". May be just what *you* need.
Booklet on request
Address BROOKSTONE
OXFORD, CONN. Tele. Seymour 587

got to tell you something pretty difficult."

She was startled by the tone of his voice, and suddenly he didn't know how to proceed.

"Yes, Johnny?" she said.

He had an impulse just to shove the letter and the photograph into her hand, but he knew that wouldn't be fair. "When I was in Germany," he said, "before I met you, I knew a girl."

"Yes, Johnny." She was staring at him, and he got stuck again. "I think that's understandable," she said.

"I didn't love her," he continued, and stopped once more. Oddly, he felt exactly as though he were trying to propose to Helen.

"Go on, Johnny," she said.

"We had a child," he blurted out, and then, driven by some insane reflex action, he smiled vacuously. She looked back at him without saying anything. "A son," he said. "I didn't know it till I got that letter today. I mean I didn't know it was a son."

"I see."

He went on, "What I mean is—I mean— Oh, hell, darling, look at this."

He brought letters, photograph, and envelopes out of his pocket in a single handful and gave them to her. First, she read Bill's note. Next, she examined the photograph. She still said nothing. Then she read Erika's letter. It seemed like a long time before she was through. Finally, she folded it neatly, put it, with the photograph, in the small envelope, and that, with Bill's note, in the larger one, which she placed on the bedside table.

"What do you think?" he asked.

"You should have told me before, Johnny."

"I know it," he said.

"You know I would have—that is, if you'd only said . . ." She broke off helplessly, and after a moment added, "I feel awfully sorry for the poor little kid."

"What do you think we should do?" John asked.

"I guess there's not much we can do now," Helen said slowly. "I don't want a divorce or anything like that, if that's what you mean."

"Well, thank you," he said lamely, and there was a long pause. Then he added, "I wondered if we mightn't arrange to bring him over here."

She had been staring at the foot of the bed, but now she turned to him abruptly, with astonishment. "Oh, no!" she said. "Johnny, are you joking? We can't do that. We can't afford it. Be-

For manicure perfection...
La Cross
Cuticle Nippers



So easy to use...
razor keen yet gentle,
La Cross nippers
frame your nails
cleanly, evenly. $4.00

Smart hands are reaching for

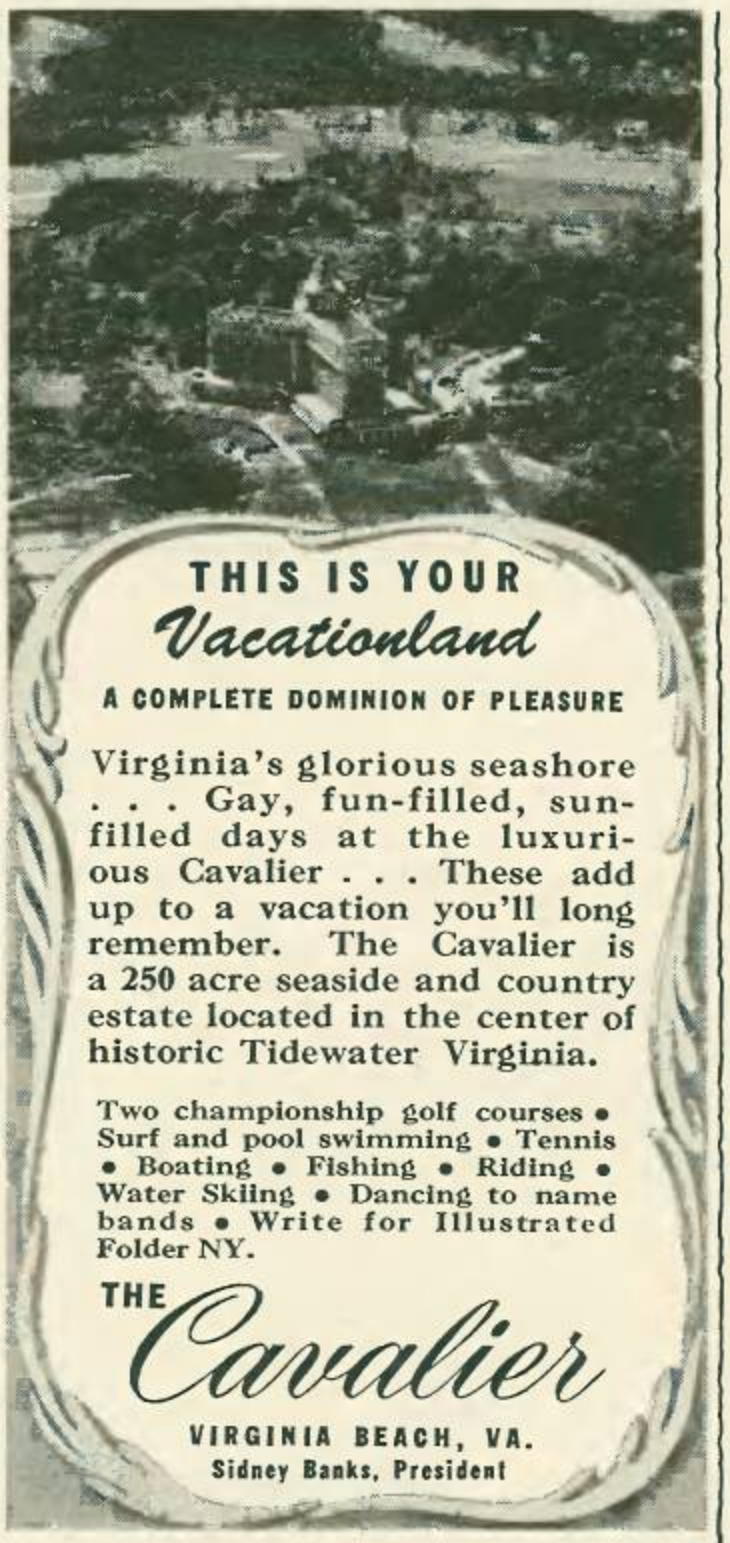


THE BEAUTIFUL HANDS OF ALICIA MARKOVA

the season's
most flattering shade,
Wild Strawberry—
a sun-kissed strawberry tone.
Delectably fresh in
Naylon nail enamel, 60¢,*
and matching shades of
Naylon lipstick, or Slimstick,
*$1.00**

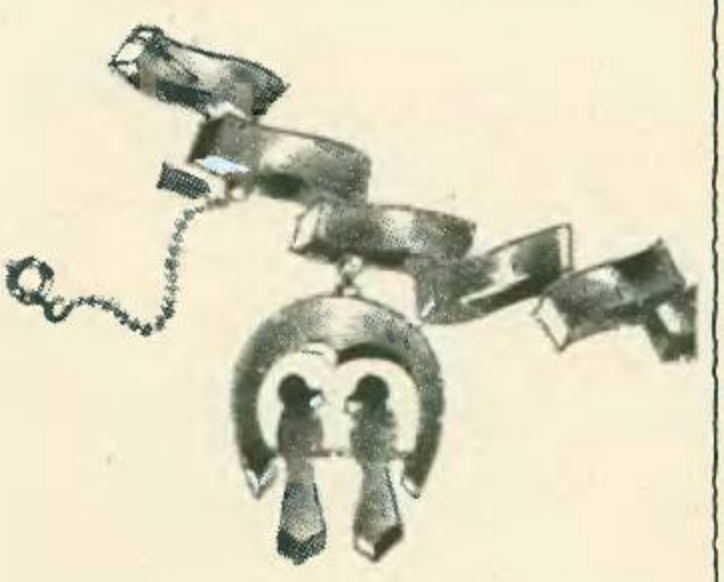


naylon
for complete lip
and fingertip beauty
* PLUS FED. TAX





IN THE GOLDEN MANNER OF MONET



Whirling lovebirds charm bracelet to dramatize your summer costume $15 (plus tax)

by Monet
master jeweler

At Better Dept. Stores. Monet, 6 West 32 St., N.Y.

sides, it's impossible. We've got Penny to look out for. You can't ruin *her* life."

"How would I ruin it?"

"I don't want to be trite," Helen said, "but what would people say? Suddenly a nice little boy looking just like you turns up at our house. No, thanks."

He thought a minute, and then said, "Well, the least we can do is send him some money every month. If I get a raise, we could manage pretty well."

"If you get a raise, we'll still have barely enough to get along on. And if you start sending that woman money, you'll never be able to stop. If she once got your address, she'd never give you a minute's peace."

"I've got to do something."

"You can't answer that letter," Helen said. "Things aren't as bad as she makes out in Germany, and there are agencies for children like hers. And how do you know that photograph isn't a fake? Even if it's not, we can't get tied up with a thing like this. I can be understanding and all that, but we've got our own child to look out for. Don't expect me to be a martyr."

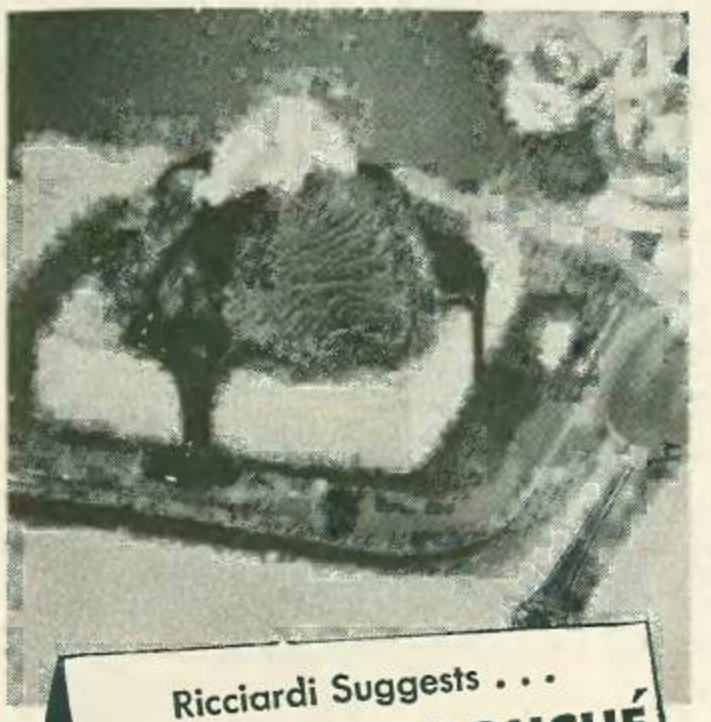
"I don't expect that," he said.

"All right," Helen said. "Now, let's not talk about it any more. Just forget it ever happened."

There didn't seem to be anything more to say. John went into the kitchen for a drink. He thought of making some dramatic gesture, like burning the child's photograph, but he had left it in the bedroom. I'll keep it in my wallet, he thought, and when a bunch of the boys are showing pictures of their children, I'll make my contribution. "This is my son," I'll say. "Lean as a hound, he is, but bright."

The thought of his son, the image of himself, stealing and panhandling, as he had seen other urchins do in Europe, came to him. The outstretched hands, the white face, the mouth twisted with hunger, the sunken eyes seemed to waver before him. In a strange reversal of time, he saw himself, at the age of four, cavorting and gesticulating on the streets of a ruined city, and he heard a high, piping voice say, "How about it, Joe? Chew-chew gum? Cigarettes? Hey, Joe! You got candy?"

All at once he wanted to go to bed, but he knew Helen would still be awake, and he decided to wait until she was asleep. He poured himself another drink. An hour later, he went into the bedroom. Leaving the door open, he stood in the dim light from the hall and stared at Helen's quiet face. Then he shut the door, undressed in the dark,



Ricciardi Suggests . . .
CHOCOLATE TOUCHÉ

Toast individual slices of pound cake to a light, golden brown. Serve hot, topped with generous servings of Ricciardi French Chocolate Ice Cream, hot fudge sauce and a dollop of whipped cream.

Wherever gourmets gather, richer, creamier Ricciardi is the *favored* ice cream. Served in better hotels and restaurants . . . sold at better drug and confectionery stores.

Ricciardi FRENCH ICE CREAM
An Ice Cream of Rare Excellence



THE MONMOUTH at Spring Lake Beach, N. J.
A Luxury Hotel of Distinguished Reputation; 57 miles from New York
DIRECTLY ON THE OCEAN FRONT
Attractive June and Early July Rates
Private Bathing Beach—Air Conditioned Bar & Grill
Smartest Resort on the Jersey Coast
OPENS June 24th JAMES J. FARRELL, Managing Dir.
FELIX H. STANDEN, Resident Mgr.: Spring Lake 3-0330

"Care of Fine Homes"
A COMPLETE SERVICE



DECORATING • CLEANING • RESTORING
JOSEPH A. McANERNEY CO.
INCORPORATED
315 EAST 91ST STREET • AT 9-8861

REDUCE
Scandia Massage Salon
can take off 2 to 5 inches in three short weeks
MU 8-1450 44 E. 52nd St.

and edged rigidly under the warm covers.

WHEN John awoke in the morning, the sun was shining normally on the familiar print of the wallpaper. He heard his wife preparing breakfast in the kitchen and was glad to have a few minutes alone. As he lay there, he found he wanted to reread the letter from Germany and to look again at the picture of his son. First casually and then with great thoroughness and growing anxiety, he searched for the envelope among the mail and the magazines on the bedside table. It was gone. Helen apparently had got rid of it. Somehow, it seemed shockingly indecent to him that anyone but himself should have assumed the right to destroy the photograph of his son. He lay for a few minutes thinking, then got up, dressed slowly, and went to the dining room.

He found Helen, with her hair still uncombed, sitting at the table buttering toast for Penny. She looked up and smiled. "Good morning, dear," she said.

He had the peculiar sensation that he was not married to her and that he was meeting her for breakfast after a disreputable night. "Good morning," he said, and sat down and carefully poured a cup of coffee. As soon as he had finished it, he got up and said he had to hurry to work. Helen went to the door with him and kissed him goodbye. "Everything's forgotten, Johnny," she whispered. "Bygones are bygones."

"We'll manage," he said.

He had intended to walk to the corner where he usually caught the bus to go to his office, but now, with sudden determination, he turned and went to a grocery store that specialized in mailing food to Europe. Inside it, he stood by a pile of oranges, wondering what Helen would say if she could see what he was doing. Then he took out his wallet and, using almost all his pocket money, ordered ten dollars' worth of canned goods sent to Erika for his son. As he wrote his return address on the label, he felt the dual satisfaction of performing an act both of conscience and of spite, and he was perfectly certain that he and Helen would never hear the end of it. —SLOAN WILSON

•

The time has come finally for the University and I to part company.—*Vera Kratky in the University of Illinois student newspaper.*

How did you ever get involved in the first place?

. . . only Hale's has the Simmons custom deluxe Hide-A-Bed!

by day a superb, beautiful-to-behold sofa . . . covered in exclusive Hale fabrics . . . with Hale's wonderfully soft DOWN CUSHIONS for daytime comfort.

by night a luxurious full-sized bed with Simmons famous Beautyrest mattress • Choose from six distinctive styles—only at Hale's.



Hale's Beds • 605 Fifth Avenue (at 49th) New York

The Classic Vacation
OF THE AMERICAS

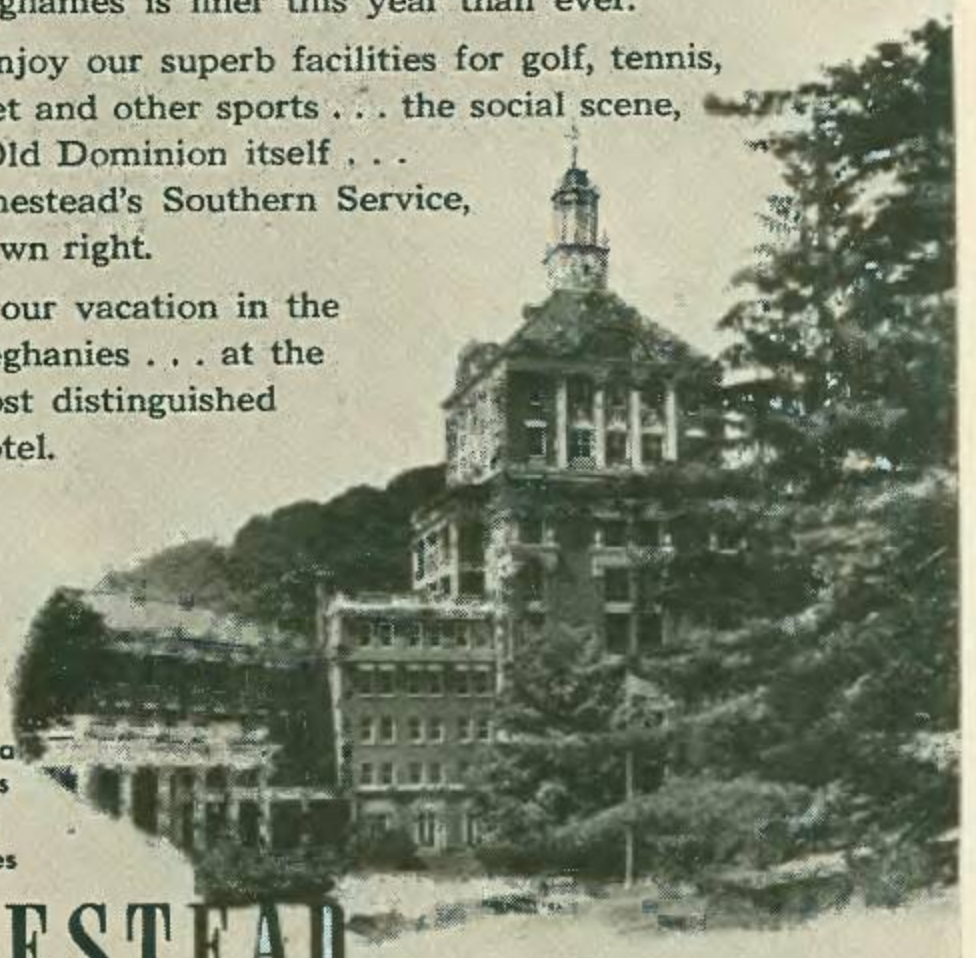
Celebrated for generations as the most delightful vacation locale in the Americas, the Homestead's 17,000-acre estate in the Virginia Alleghanies is finer this year than ever.

Come and enjoy our superb facilities for golf, tennis, riding, skeet and other sports . . . the social scene, gay as the Old Dominion itself . . . and the Homestead's Southern Service, famous in its own right.

Plan now for your vacation in the beautiful Alleghanies . . . at the nation's most distinguished country hotel.

★

Now on sale—
"The Valley Road"
by Fay Ingalls
The fascinating informal history of Virginia's famous Hot Springs
$4.00 at all bookstores



The HOMESTEAD
VIRGINIA HOT SPRINGS
FAY INGALLS, *President*

Illustrated folder on request. In New York, address our office in the Waldorf-Astoria, PLaza 8-2289

OUR FOOTLOOSE CORRESPONDENTS

OH, IT'S WILD!

INDIANAPOLIS, JUNE 1

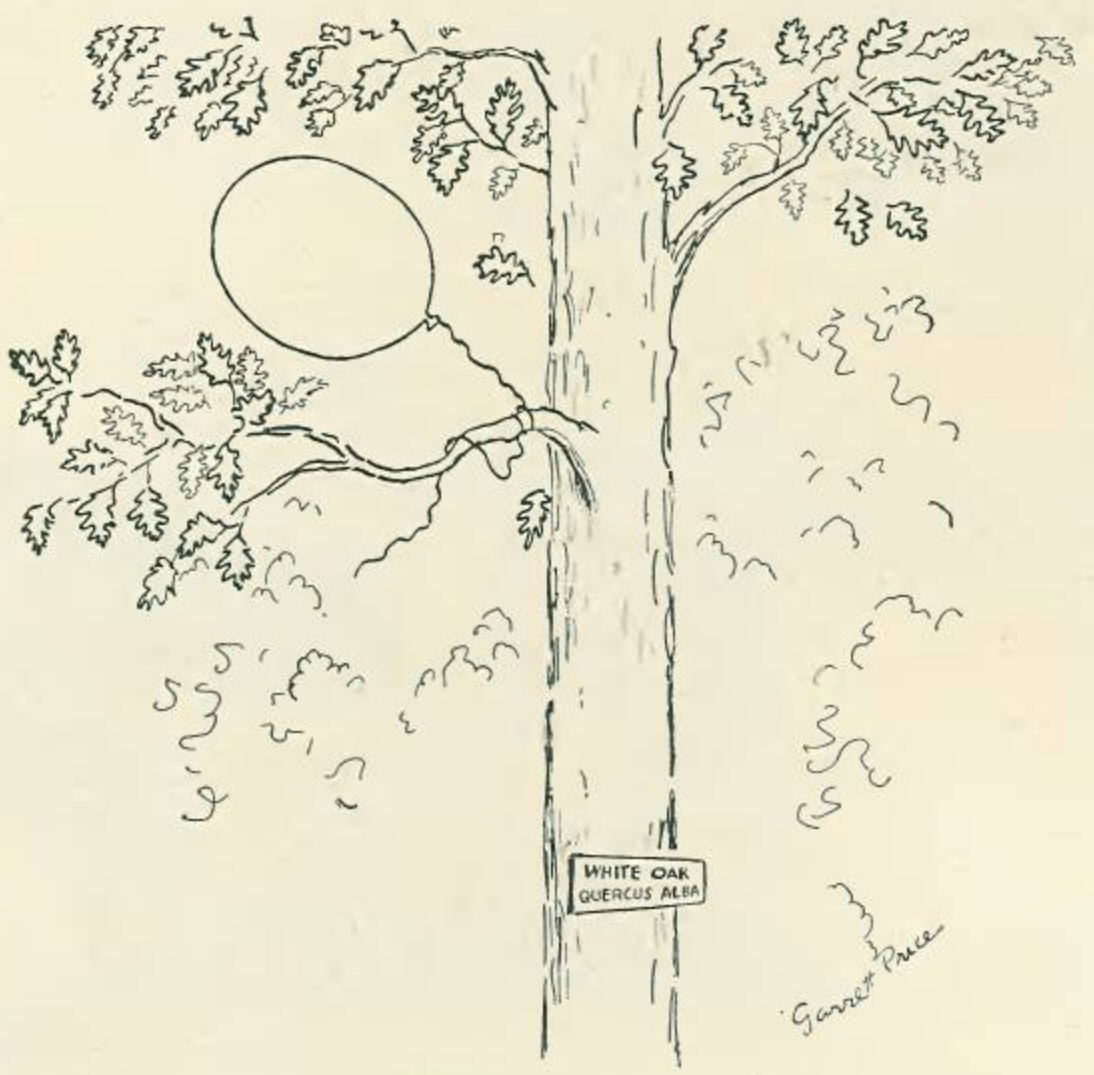
THE annual five-hundred-mile automobile race at the Indianapolis Motor Speedway on Memorial Day is, I believe, one of the few truly indigenous folk festivals this country has produced. Although its rites are of relatively recent origin, dating only from 1911, they are mysterious and enthusiastically native, and it is not inconceivable that millenniums hence, when this civilization has long been gone, men and women will gather on the Indiana plain every year toward the end of May to drink ritual beer, eat ceremonial fried chicken, and perform atavistic dances in honor of whatever obscure idol the motorcar will by then have become. These weighty thoughts occurred to me during the long week I spent in Indianapolis watching the preparations for this year's race, and then watching the race itself. The contest was exciting enough, but the attendant celebrations conducted by the crowd were completely fascinating.

In point of attendance, the festival at Indianapolis is the biggest sporting event in the United States. The crowd runs from a hundred and fifty thousand to two hundred thousand. This year, it was somewhere between the two figures. It is a curious mixture of people, brought together partly by an almost mystic feeling for motors, wheels, camshafts, drive shafts, pistons, sparkplugs, and all the other exquisitely machined bits and pieces that make up a powerful motorcar, and partly by the desire to be in on one hell of a big party. These spectators have great respect and affection for the drivers as human beings who have for the moment mastered remorselessly contrary machines, but they also know that the race affords them an unparalleled annual opportunity to let everything go and carry on in a high old way.

Everybody in Indianapolis starts to run a fever a week or so before the race, but the people in whom the fever nearly reaches delirium are what is locally called "the Speedway crowd." In this group are the Speedway officials and their friends, automotive-accessory salesmen, wealthy racing-car fans, men down from the manufacturing plants in Detroit, engineers, retired racing drivers, and the automobile editors of various newspapers. I had never thought of an automobile editor as anything but a space-rate man who comes to life only on Sundays until I met a number of them here. They were enormously knowledgeable about everything that is moved on four wheels by an internal-combustion engine.

During Race Week, the Speedway crowd meets and communes almost entirely at parties—at parties-before-parties, at parties-after-parties, at elaborate affairs held by the Borg-Warner or Champion sparkplug people at one of the town's big clubs, at small dinners given by private enthusiasts in the town's best hotels. I was astonished to find that some owners of fine houses in Indianapolis open them only at race time. At each successive party I went to during Race Week—and I went to many—the tension and excitement were progressively greater, and, indeed, there was much to be tense and excited about. Out at the track, men were trying desperately to qualify their cars. Only thirty-three automobiles are allowed in the race, and this year about sixty were entered. Among the ones that had to be ruled out were those that simply couldn't go fast enough, and those that had the speed but not the mechanical stamina. A lot of heartbreak and hairbreadth defeats were involved, furnishing an inexhaustible source of conversation at the parties.

At one of the pre-race gatherings, I met Joseph L. Quinn, a tall, sardonic fellow with a vivid flow of language, who is the Speedway safety director and a lieutenant of Anton Hulman, Jr., who bought the track after the war from a group headed by Eddie Rickenbacker. I also met a girl who told me that I wouldn't believe what I would see on Sixteenth Street, one of the thoroughfares that lead to the track. "People come from all over the country in their cars, trucks, and jalopies, and start lining up on Sixteenth Street days beforehand, so they can get in early and find a good place in the infield to park and see the race," she said. "And while they're waiting, they get drunk and argue about cylinder heads, and dance in the street, and—oh, it's *wild!*" She drifted away, and I asked Quinn, who was standing nearby, if she had not exaggerated. He told me that if I would come out to the track very early on the morning of the race, I would get an idea of the odd way the human animal behaves at an automobile race. "You may think people who go to a football game make a lot of complicated preparations—tickets, transportation, blanket, flask, and maybe a chrysanthemum," he said. "Well, that's nothing compared to what goes on around here. There are folks in this town who have portable iceboxes they use once a year, for cooling beer in the grandstand. A good part of the chicken population of Indiana is killed and fried for people to take to the race in cardboard boxes. Forty men have to spend four weeks cleaning the place up after a race; people throw beer cans, Coke bottles, chicken bones, devilled eggs, whiskey bottles, and waxed paper anywhere it suits them. It'll be an experience for you, pal."

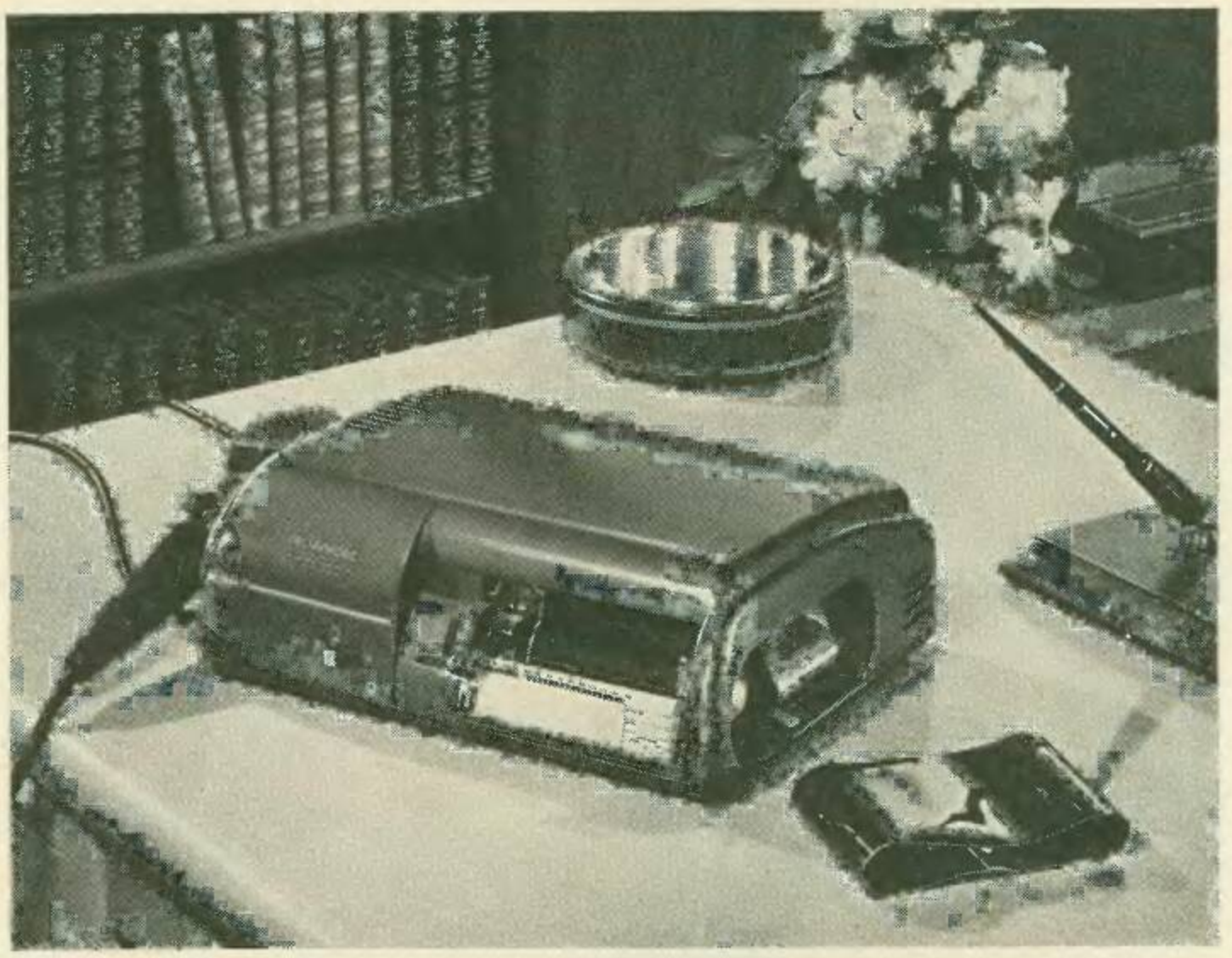


THE Indianapolis Speedway covers four hundred and thirty-three verdant, parklike acres, five miles from the center of town. The track is a brick-and-asphalt-paved rectangle with banked and rounded turns, two and a half miles around. Along the outer rim of the track on one side are nine grandstands, seating eighty thousand people. Along the inner rim, facing the stands, are the repair and refuelling pits—sort of one-car service stations. The infield, the Promised Land of the hordes of intensely expectant spectators waiting outside the gates, is an im-

mense, flat area, covered in part by nine holes of a golf course. Another part is taken up by a rigidly guarded garage area containing millions of dollars' worth of automobiles and tools and secret fuel mixtures. On one edge of the infield, near the finish line, is a six-story, ramshackle, Chinese-looking structure called the Pagoda. This contains rooms for the press and other offices and lounges; from the top floor, the whole track can be seen. There are eleven gates to the grounds, five of which open onto roadways leading across the track to the infield, and six into tunnels under the track. Altogether, looking at the infield on any day but Memorial Day, one can hardly believe that such a serene and efficiently laid-out spot can become the scene of such a celebrated ruckus.

On Sunday night, the evening before the race, I decided to skip a barbecue being given by the Firestone Tire & Rubber Co., take a nap, and then go out to the track. Quinn had told me to be there very early, and had indicated that that meant around four o'clock in the morning. I thought I might as well make a night of it. At twelve-thirty, I started out from my hotel in a cab. Traffic was heavy, and almost all of it was going my way. Many of the cars had makeshift platforms, resembling lifeguard towers, on their tops, and others were loaded with knocked-down scaffolding. There were some dilapidated old cars and trucks, and many new Cadillacs, Chryslers, and Buicks. The license plates were from all over; in the space of a few minutes I saw cars from Michigan, California, Arizona, New York, Pennsylvania, and Nebraska. At one red light, my cab stopped alongside a sedan from Kentucky. Two young men and a girl were sitting on a bench on its roof, drinking beer out of cans. All of them were in their stocking feet. One of the men leaned over and yelled at me, "Where we come from, Mister, nobody ever wears shoes!" His companions thought this exceedingly funny.

When we were still several blocks from the Sixteenth Street Speedway entrance, I decided to pay off the driver and walk. (He charged me five dollars for a dollar-and-a-half ride, according to an old and honorable Indianapolis Memorial Day custom.) It was not hard to imagine oneself at a county carnival. Cars were parked in a seemingly endless triple row (more than two miles long, I later learned) on one side of the wide roadway, and on the other side were hamburger stands, concessions where



This amazing NEW invention will make you a better executive!

—by stepping up your ability to get things done!

The new Dictaphone Time-Master changes all previous conceptions of dictating machine usage.

Completely revolutionary, the TIME-MASTER is finding its way into offices that *never* before used mechanical dictation! Here's why:

Never before has any method or instrument offered so quick, so easy, so inexpensive a means of getting your thinking on paper!

So easy to use! The streamlined TIME-MASTER lets you concentrate on your thoughts. Just think out loud—TIME-MASTER does the rest—lets you cash in on those moments between phone calls, interviews, and conferences! You *instantly* record your thoughts without calling for secretary-and-notebook.

Records on plastic MEMOBELT! The exclusive plastic MEMOBELT is the most versatile of dictating media. It records clearly and uniformly . . . it's easily mailable (in a standard business envelope) . . . and it's so inexpensive that it can be discarded or filed after one use.

Secretaries love TIME-MASTER! It helps them get their work done faster, with less effort. MEMOBELT clarity and the tiny new Magic Ear make transcription unbelievably easy, pleasant.

Test the Dictaphone TIME-MASTER in your own office. No obligation. Call your local DICTAPHONE representative or fill in the coupon.

Only the Dictaphone TIME-MASTER offers all this:

1. Uniformly clear recording and reproduction. **2.** Easily mailable, fileable plastic belt records. **3.** Streamlined design. All-metal sturdiness. **4.** Uniform back-spacing, rapid place finding. **5.** Fool-proof simplicity of operation. **6.** Dictaphone dependability, nationwide service.

Dictaphone Corporation
Dept. G69, 420 Lexington Ave., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

☐ Please show me the new TIME-MASTER.
☐ Please send TIME-MASTER literature.

Your Name_____

Company_____

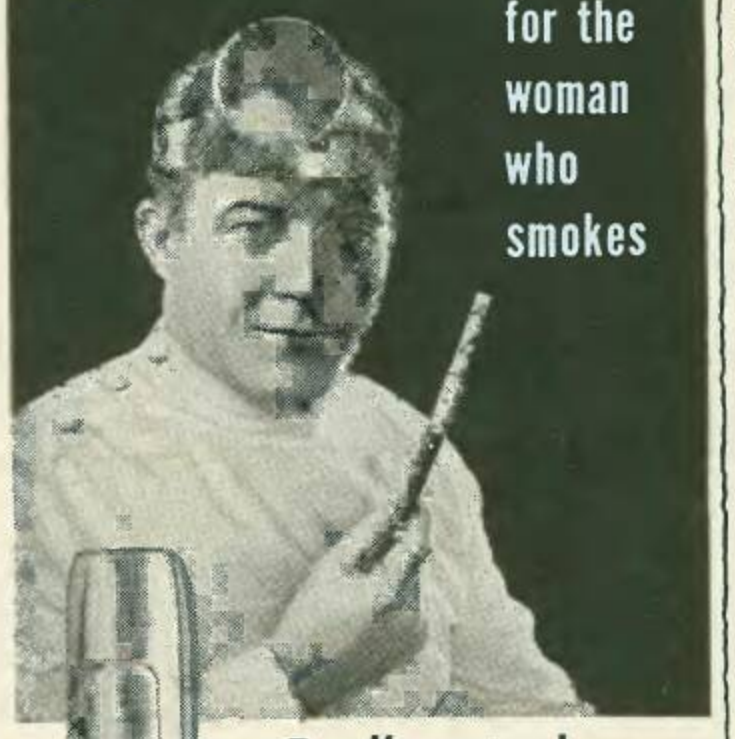
Street Address_____

City & Zone_____ State_____

DICTAPHONE
Electronic Dictation

Only Dictaphone Corporation makes Dictaphone* Machines
(*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

now! a long, slim
Lady De-nicotea
for the woman who smokes



Really cuts down nicotine and throat irritants



Enjoy a cleaner, cooler, smoother smoke with Lady Denicotea. Many doctors recommend it! The nicotine and irritants trapped by the Denicotea crystal filter *never reach* your nose and throat!

$3.50 *with gold tone ejector; in a choice of smart costume colors. At stores everywhere.*

Lady De-nicotea by dunhill

strollers could throw baseballs at wooden milk bottles or try to ring a bell by hitting a lever with a sledge hammer, travelling exhibits of medical marvels, and so on. Throngs of people were shuffling up and down this ragtag midway; the men, in sport shirts, slacks, and fancy hats, were much more flamboyantly dressed than the women, who mostly stuck to dark, sober clothes. As I joined the sluggish stream of people moving toward the Speedway, a young man in a white shirt and a pair of dungarees handed me a slip of pink paper. On one side was a picture of Wilbur Shaw, three times winner of the race and now president of the Speedway Corporation, sitting behind the wheel of his Maserati; on the reverse was a tract, entitled "Who Will Win the Race?" and concerned with the Race of Life. I noticed that the youth who had given me the tract had quit proselyting for the moment; he was standing bemused in front of a tent with a big sign on it that advertised a two-headed cow. A public-address system mounted on the center pole of the tent was playing some old Bix Beiderbecke records. A fat fellow, in shirtsleeves and wearing a white linen cap sidewise on his head, stopped in front of the sign with his companions—a thin man in a gray suit and two rather sedate-looking young women—and the four of them began to dance in the roadway to the music from the two-headed cow's tent. The man in the white cap was one of those fat men who dance with a quick, bubbling grace. "Ah'm from Lou'siana!" he would yell at intervals, and then take a long pull at a pint bottle of whiskey. "Ah'm from Lou'siana, and we got a hoedown! C'mon, eve'body, let's dance!" He had collected quite a crowd, many of whom were dancing, when a state trooper came along and broke it up. The trooper was polite and even sympathetic, but there was to be no dancing in the roadway.

I moved on. Next to the two-headed cow's tent was a large aluminum trailer, bearing the sign "Ella Webb, the Girl in the Iron Lung." A prim-voiced barker stood outside urging people to augment their knowledge of the world by going in and looking at Miss Webb. A loudspeaker was evidently attached to the machinery that worked the lung, because the hiss and whoosh of the apparatus as it inflated and deflated were clearly audible. A lot of people were filing through the trailer, but a fellow standing beside me discouraged me from following suit. "You think you're getting in free, but at the other end



THE 150th ANNIVERSARY OF THE HOUSE OF ATKINSON
is celebrated with pride in 1949—
pride in their privilege of supplying colognes
to people of taste and culture
through eight English reigns—
and pride in their own superb skill
in the perfumer's art.

Gold Medal
EAU DE COLOGNE
&
English Lavender
&
Royal Briar
EAU DE COLOGNE

Made in England by
ATKINSONS
24 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1
IMPORTED BY
PAUL K. RANDALL
299 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK 17, N.Y.

CROTON AQUAMEDICO
DOUSE IT! DRENCH IT! IT'S WATERPROOF
Always bring it here for service



In natural yellow 10 kt. gold $71.50 Fed. Tax Included
17 jewels
$36.85
Order by mail or phone
TIME MART
425 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK CITY
Near 49th St., PLaza 3-9284

SILVAPLATE
INSTANTLY RESTORES SHEFFIELD SILVER—RUBS ON WITH CLOTH!
Amazing liquid also silver-plates any article of brass, copper or bronze. 8 oz. economy size $7.00. 4 oz. $3.75. 2 oz. trial size $2.25 postpaid. MONEY BACK GUARANTEE! Available only at
LITTLE GREY GIFT SHOP
1350-D Madison Ave. (95th) N. Y. 28
ATwater 9-4020

"Cuisine of Rare Excellence"
Copain
A la carte • Bar • Table d'Hote
At Truly Moderate Prices
INTRODUCING
The Gallery and Lounge
Luncheon till 3 p.m. • Dinner till Midnite
50th St. & 1st Ave. N. W. Corner PL. 8-0554

Get Yourself this
GENUINE THERMOS



AND KEEP ICE CUBES FIRM FOR HOURS AND HOURS!

This big, beautiful tub holds a full ½ gallon...looks handsome in any setting. Has a permanent lustre, because it's chrome on brass. Black plastic knob and handles. A summer blessing and a real buy...$15.00

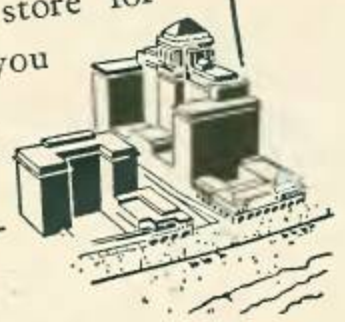
MAIL ORDERS FILLED
Delivery Free within 150 miles.
In N.Y.C., add 2% sales tax.

Hammacher Schlemmer
145 East 57 St., New York 22, EL 5-4700

Send for Spring Housewares and Summer Furniture Catalogue "N-1"

SAD ADIEU

There's one *unpleasant* experience in store for you—the day you must leave us.



CHALFONTE-HADDON HALL
1128 Boardwalk, Atlantic City, N. J.
Leeds and Lippincott Company
Ownership-Management for more than 50 years



BIGWIN INN
FAMOUS SUMMER RESORT
Accommodations 600 • Fire Proof
For those who appreciate the finest!
Write or Wire **BIGWIN INN**
Lake of Bays, Ontario, Canada
Phone—Huntsville 740

they hit you for four bits or a buck," he told me. A little farther along, I stopped at a mobile dogwagon called the Travelling Ritz for a hamburger, and watched a bunch of young fellows testing their throwing arms at a tent next door. Each customer was given six baseballs to throw at a target of which the bull's-eye was a round piece of metal attached to a trip lever. When the bull's-eye was hit, a bell rang and a girl on a trapdoor platform high in the back of the tent was dumped into a slide and delivered to the feet of the sharpshooter. The girl was dressed in a white shirt and blue jeans, and was holding a cheap whip, the prize bestowed on the triumphant ball thrower. She was about thirteen, very pretty, and nervous. The first pitcher on the line hit the bull's-eye with his fourth ball, the trapdoor was sprung, and the girl, with a despairing look, tumbled into the slide. After she had handed over the whip, she turned to a slim man presiding over the cashbox and said, "Daddy, the bump in that slide is getting worse." He adjusted the slide with some ropes, and she climbed back to her perch.

Perhaps the most successful dodge being worked along the thoroughfare was that of a raspy-voiced fellow who was demonstrating a gadget to be put on the distributor head of an automobile engine. He had an old Packard with the engine hood off, and there were dials and lights stuck here and there on the motor. As he carried on his spiel, he would adjust the spark and choke, and the engine would light up like a pinball machine. The device he was peddling was named the Atomic Condenser. The pitchman had a very complicated sales talk, which seemed, nevertheless, entirely intelligible to his audience. Once a fellow asked him, "Where is the gauge?" The salesman looked at him witheringly and said, "A gauge is for building a barn." A number of people laughed. I put it down as an occupational joke.

ABOUT this time, I noticed that the crowd along the midway was thinning out; people were going back to their parked cars for a nap before the gates to the track opened. I looked at my watch and was surprised to see that it was after three—time for me to head for the track. At the gate to the Speedway, I met one of the track's regular employees, who was giving directions to some men who had been hired for the day as guards. The Speedway staff, which ordinarily consists of about sixty persons, expands to nearly three thousand on the day of the race. Most of

Elizabeth Arden
introduces
Eye-Stopper



the only
eye make-up pencil
with the perpetual
point!

ELIZABETH ARDEN—perfectionist that she is—gives you the perfect eye make-up pencil... EYE-STOPPER!

Beautiful... everlasting as a jeweler's piece, with its golden-banded case.

Maintains a pin-point tip... the real secret of perfect eye make-up.

Trouble-proof... for Eye-Stopper has its own sharpener cunningly concealed yet mechanically simple.

The Result: for the first time, your eyebrows can be shaped or etched in perfectly, yet softly. And lashes underscored almost impereceptibly.

The crayons come in black, dark brown, light brown, and a beautiful blue.

Start using EYE-STOPPER today.

Ask for it at your favorite store $2.25

2 crayons for .75 (plus taxes)

Elizabeth Arden



Try our Gibson

This very DRY MARTINI is very very good!

The whole town's talking about Professor Hugh Bline's *Gibson Cocktail* – the *dryest* Dry Martini ever put in a bottle. All you do is ice and serve with a pearl onion. *75 PROOF.*

HEUBLEIN'S *Club* COCKTAILS

G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc., Hartford, Conn.



Home with a Magnificent View

STARWOOD

A country home of 150 acres of good farm land—1000 ft. elevation—in picturesque Sussex County "at the top of New Jersey". Conveniently located —1½ hours from New York. Comfortable Colonial house of 10 rooms, fully improved: stone servants' house, guest apartment, large recreation room in converted barn, stalls for 5 horses, tack room, swimming pool and shower house. Farmer's cottage, usual farm and estate buildings. Completely furnished and equipped.

Broker cooperation invited—full protection.

A. N. LOCKWOOD REALTOR

17 Main St., Newton, N. J. Phone Newton 213

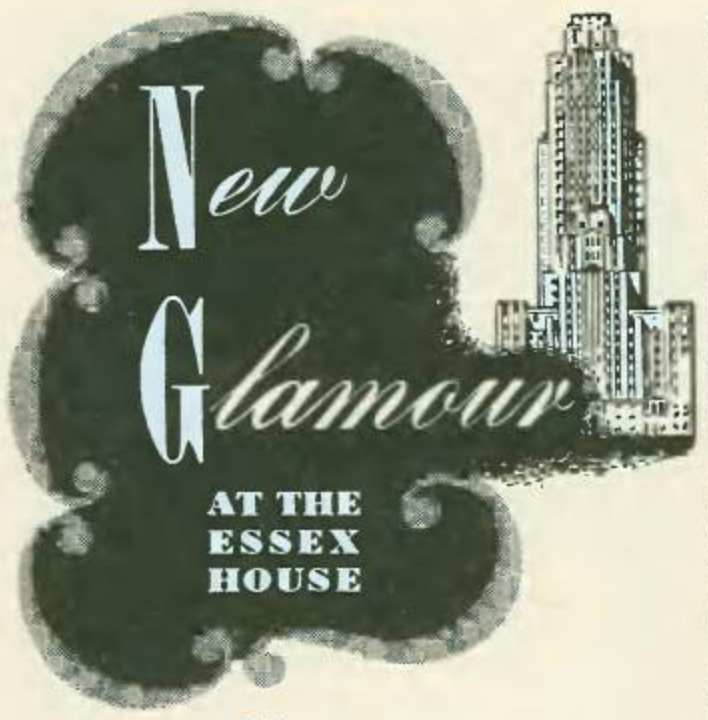
or contact our N. Y. office:
American Listings, Inc., MU 8-3824

the ticket money is handled by Indianapolis bank employees, who, of course, have Memorial Day off. I had been told that if it rained on Memorial Day, so that the race had to be held on a business day, the banks would have to close. I was permitted to pass through the barrier and walked on to the Safety Director's office, a small wooden building a few yards inside the gate, where Quinn had told me to meet him. I had just got there when he drove up. He swung out of his car, yelled hello to me, and bounded into the office. I followed, and found him talking to a stocky police captain in uniform. The captain was saying something about a bomb man, and Quinn, the coat of his double-breasted suit open and flapping, and his panama hat on the back of his head, was walking up and down angrily. "Goddam the bomb man!" he said loudly. "I'm going to fire that son of a bitch. We're going to get a goddam new bomb man next year." It took me a couple of minutes to discover what the fuss was about. All eleven gates to the track are opened simultaneously when an aerial bomb is detonated. It takes some skill to set off the bomb, and the man responsible for the job had insisted on bringing several women to the track with him to admire him at his work. "He knows better than that. He's going to get himself fired the hell out of here," Quinn said. Then he laughed. "After he shoots off his goddam bomb."



A little while later, I went to the door of the office and looked out to see how close it was to dawn. The night sky was still only a shade lighter than the heavy green trees that edge the outer reaches of the park, but apparently the birds were aware of a slight blush of dawn, because they were chattering and swooping about. Behind me, Quinn and the police captain were discussing the weather. Because of the year-long publicity buildup for the race, the importance of the traditional event, and the thousands of people waiting outside the gates, and the other thousands still at home, rain would be a calamity. The phone rang, and Quinn answered it. He listened for a moment and then said to the captain, "It's a Three-A man. He says people are pegging rocks over the gate onto the track." (The American Automobile Association supervises the Indianapolis race, as well as most of the others in the country.) Quinn listened a little more and then said into the phone, "Look here, fella, goddam it, *I'll* tell the guy when to shoot off the bomb. Just keep your shirt on!" He came over to the doorway and looked out. The sky was beginning to light up now, but the ground was still in semi-darkness. "By God," he said, "I think I'm going to shoot her off early this year! We'll shoot her off at daybreak, son, we'll shoot her off at daybreak, and the hell with this waiting until five o'clock!" He took me by the arm and hustled me to his car. We drove across the track to the infield and parked in front of the Pagoda. Quinn told me to get up to the top floor in a hurry if I wanted to see what went on. He ran off toward the center of the infield, and I ducked into the building. When I got to the top, I raced to a window. Down below, I saw Quinn wave his arms. There was a pop as a propulsive charge shot the bomb into the air, and a deafening bang as the bomb exploded, high overhead. A man I hadn't noticed before, who was standing not far from me, said, "Oh, oh, oh, here they come!" Suddenly, from every direction could be heard the rumbling of thousands of motors. The scene was like one of those old photographs of the opening of the Cherokee strip. The eleven gates to the track had been opened the instant the bomb went off, and through them poured a torrent of cars—clanking wrecks, brand-new machines, trucks, and midget foreign makes. They roared into the infield, churning up a vast cloud of dust, blowing their horns, and in general raising a clangor that was indescribable. Cars rocketed out of the six tunnels under the track, and over the roadways across it, and careened in wild zigzags toward some favored spot in the infield. It was impossible to believe that there wouldn't be a dreadful accident, but there wasn't.

I was still watching the scramble, holding my breath and waiting for a crash, when Quinn stomped upstairs and came into the room. "Goddam it, boys, that's the way to do it!" he shouted. "Gates open at quarter to five! First time ever at daybreak!" A tall man in a state-police uniform came in, and Quinn introduced him as Major Robert O'Neal, in charge of supervising the flow of traffic onto the track. Major O'Neal told me that this annual job is an enormous problem in mass movement, which has to be handled like the deployment of an army. Traffic maps of the adjacent areas are prepared long beforehand; city, county, and state police cars, equipped with two-way radio sets, are stationed at all intersec-



New York's smart Essex House, overlooking famous Central Park. has been redecorated and refurnished in a decor of modern elegance. Many of the guest rooms are now equipped with Television.

Rooms with bath from $7 to $12. 2 Room Suites from $15. All suites have complete serving pantry

ESSEX
on-the-park HOUSE
160 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH • NEW YORK
Vincent J. Coyle, Vice-President & Managing Dir.

so Refreshing!

Delightful Dannon Yogurt is the *different* milk food. Custard smooth, zestful in flavor—all the benefits of pure, fresh milk in easy-to-digest form. Watching your figure? Dannon contains no more calories than ordinary milk.

at better food stores, 17c a jar



For free sample coupon and folder write Dept. C3

DANNON MILK PRODUCTS, INC.
21-20 45th Road, Long Island City 1, N. Y.

The HEARTHSTONE
OUTPOST INN
Rt. 35 • RIDGEFIELD, CONN. • Tel. 1120
Luncheon • Cocktails • Dinner
Overnight Accommodations
HEARTHSTONES in TOWN
15 E. 48th St. 102 E. 22nd St.
Cocktails at 48th Street
Closed Sundays in town
AIR-CONDITIONED

tions and at possible bottlenecks in the surrounding network of roads; and a state-police plane is assigned to keep an eye on traffic movement from above. "Stick your head in the next room, and you'll hear them reporting in to headquarters here," Major O'Neal said. I did so, and heard a flat Indiana voice on the loudspeaker saying, "Traffic moving slowly on Lafayette Road. North Meridian clear. Fifty-nine jammed." "That's one of the fellows in the plane," O'Neal said. "Now the dispatcher here will start switching traffic streams around, so as to keep everything moving. Last year, a man came up to me after the race to apologize for what he had been saying about the police while he was on the roads trying to get here. He thought they'd gone crazy, sending him up one road and down another, but he got to the infield from five miles out in twenty-five minutes. Years ago, there were still lines of cars a mile long outside the track an hour after the race had started." O'Neal shook his head at the recollection of those regrettable days. "We get them in a lot quicker than we used to, all right," he said, "but just wait until this afternoon. They'll know who won, and they'll want to go home. They wait three days—maybe even three weeks—to get in here, and then they want out in three minutes. Well, the winner may have been flagged down, but the race isn't over; the officials have to see who comes in second and third, and so on. Sometimes it takes quite a while, and it seems like nobody in the crowd wants to wait. As you saw, there are only six tunnels under the track. Eleven ways in and six out—that is, until the last race car has crossed the line. All these people that want to go home are tired, sunburned, drunk, and ornery. A guy is in a line of traffic and the line stops, so he begins honking his horn. That makes the guy in front of him mad. They both get out and argue. Then the line starts moving again, but these two guys don't give a damn—they're still having an argument. So everybody behind *them* starts honking."

BY six o'clock, five hours before race time, the first rush had subsided, and orderly parking of new arrivals was being directed by the police. The track officials feel that the early comers are entitled to fight for their places, often spots they have been in each Memorial Day for many years, but that the leisurely latecomers should park where they are told. Steady streams of automobiles were being directed into place in the in-



Men like

Bachrach Portraits of Women



Because...

They're naturally beautiful

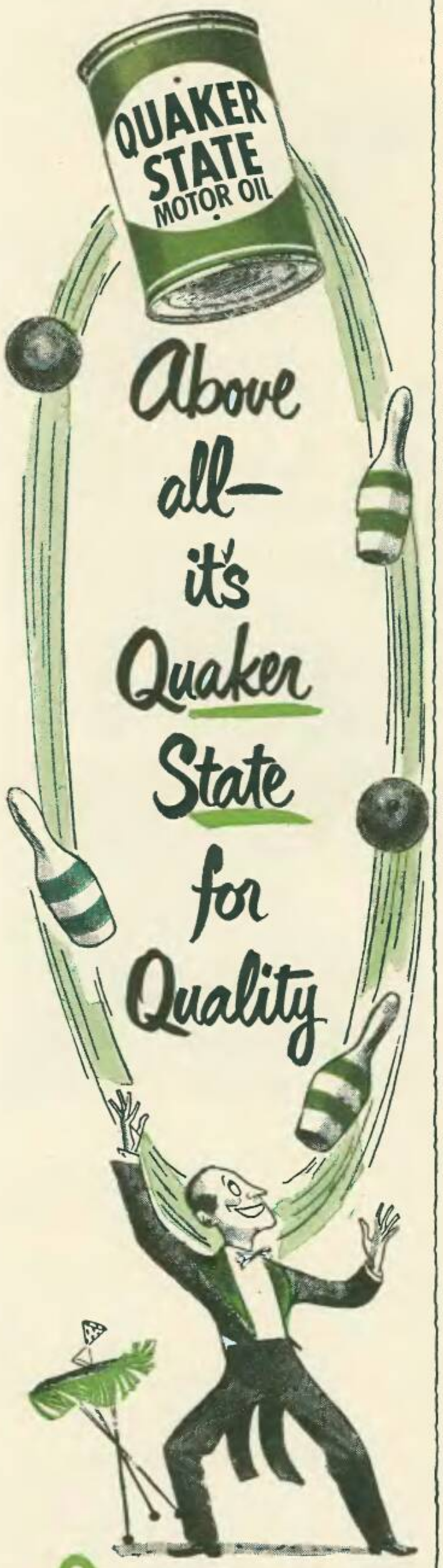
Women like them because...

They're made by photographers who understand women • A stylist suggests clothes and make-up that accent personality • MEN LIKE THEM.



Bachrach
BRADFORD BACHRACH
Photographer of Women
54 EAST 52ND STREET
Air-Conditioned
PLAZA 5-6233

Fabian Bachrach • Photographer of Men



Quaker State Motor Oil is refined from 100% pure Pennsylvania grade crude oil. It is the finest motor oil, we believe, that is produced anywhere in the world.

40¢ per U. S. Quart including Federal Lubricating Oil Tax

QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING CORP., OIL CITY, PA.

Member Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association

field by men wearing sun helmets and waving clubs. Thousands of spectators were milling about on foot, looking here and there with that intent but vague curiosity that one sees in people at state fairs. Operators of hot-dog and soft-drink stands had quickly set up for business, and salesmen were peddling toy racing cars, balloons, pennants, and huge lollipops called 500-Mile All-Day Suckers. I left Quinn and Major O'Neal on the balcony and went down to wander through the crowd. The whole area was terribly packed now. Women were fixing up portable stoves, feeding babies, and riding herd on their children, and men were busy erecting platforms and scaffolding. Some of these homemade grandstands were expertly constructed, and others were extremely amateurish. One fat man, who had built a crazy tower of boards nailed together every which way, was having a hard time getting down off his creation without tipping it over. Passersby watched and cheered him, but nobody offered to help. Nearby was a big farm truck with high, slatted sides, on top of which had been built a good, solid platform. On the platform, thirty-two folding chairs had been neatly arranged. The proprietor of this edifice, clearly a farmer, was talking to a blond youth in a sweater, who was shaking his head. The boy walked over to two other youngsters. "The old miser wants five bucks a seat," he said. "My God! He ain't out to make much money, is he?"

Cars were still coming through the entrances, their drivers goaded, bedevilled, and urged on by hundreds of cops. I stopped to watch one of the cops in action. He had a lean and angry face and looked like a hard-boiled Texas top sergeant. He waved his club as though he were trying to hit somebody with it, and issued a steady, corrosive stream of instructions: "Get going, get going! Straight on down! Come on, come on, roll 'er on down! Come on, Pappy, get 'er in gear! See what she'll do in second, Mac! Come on, boy, roll 'er on down!" Twice while I was watching, cars came to a dead stop as their drivers tried to figure out what he wanted them to do.

The majority of the spectators were clustered around the turns, where the toughest feats of driving take place, and especially around the southwest turn—the first after the starting line—which is reputed to be particularly dangerous. A driver may push his car up to a hundred and seventy-five miles an hour on one of the long straightaways; shut the gas down, making the



The Funniest Show in Years

DEAN JERRY

MARTIN & LEWIS

In The Copa's Gay New Revue with

MARY RAYE & NALDI

For Dinner at 8 • Then at 12 • Again at 2

MONTE PROSER'S

COPACABANA

10 E. 60 • PL 8-0949

DINNER $2.50



motor act as a brake for the turn; gun the car up again for the succeeding short straightaway; throttle down for the next turn; and then tie the accelerator down for the second long straightaway. A man piloting a front-wheel-drive car throttles down going into the turn and puts the power on coming out of it, and a man in a rear-wheel-drive car does the opposite. The crowd is aware and appreciative of all these niceties of driving, but it is not unlikely that an expectation of disaster also leads the spectators to set up their scaffolds and platforms near the turns. This year, the most hair-raising crackup of the race took place at the northeast turn, when Duke Nalon's Novi Mobil Special, an eight-cylinder car with front-wheel drive, lost a wheel, crashed into the outer retaining wall, and burst into flames. Nalon, miraculously, survived.

IF anyone had bothered to make a graph of the excitement of the Indianapolis race, it would show very sharp peaks and valleys. At eleven o'clock, when Wilbur Shaw, driving a stock passenger car, led the pack of contestants around the course to get them off to a flying start, the clamor from the grandstands and the infield was tremendous. It increased a trifle when Shaw ducked his car onto one of the pit aprons near the starting line and a green flag was dropped to signal that the race was on. Tension was undiminished during the first couple of laps while the drivers jockeyed for position and the deafening blat of thirty-odd engines filled the air. From that point, the graph would show a general drop, as car after car ran into mechanical trouble and lap after lap was clocked off; this decline, however, would be interspersed with sharp jumps, marking each accident or close shave. It is probably impossible for any crowd to sustain a state of nervous exaltation during a two-hundred-lap race that lasts more than four hours. In the last hour, excitement quickened again. Bill Holland, the eventual winner, was in the lead, and Mauri Rose, who had beaten Holland the two preceding years, was picking up ground. Then Holland had to stop at his pit for more gasoline and a change of tires, but since he was out of the race less than a minute, he did not have to yield his lead. Rose was doggedly cutting down Holland's advantage, though, until the hundred-and-ninety-second lap, when his car stalled with magneto trouble and he had to drop out. After that, it was only a question of whether Holland could last the final eight laps

RACING JUNE 17 thru AUGUST 10



POST 2:30
Daily Double
Closes 2:15

MONMOUTH Park

OCEANPORT, N. J. • Between Red Bank & Long Branch

4 EASY WAYS TO GO!

By Special Trains Direct to Grandstand (DST):
Penn. RR—Lv. Penn Sta., NY 12:25 (Sats. & July 4, 11:55); Newark 12:40 (Sats. & July 4, 12:09)
Jersey Cent.—Lv. Liberty St., NY 12:30 (Sats. & July 4, 12:20); Newark 12:40 (Sats. & July 4, 12:30)
Also Certain Regular Trains to Race Track.

By Car: Route 35, turn at Eatontown to Race Track.

By Special Race Boats (DST):
Leave Pier 80 (West 40th St., N. Y.), 11:15 AM Daily
Leave Pier 10 (Cedar St., N. Y.).....12 Noon Daily
Leave 69th St. Pier, Brooklyn.....12:30 PM Daily
Connecting Buses at Atl. Highlands Direct to Track.

By Buses: Departures until 12 Noon DST from Consolidated Bus Terminal, 203 W. 41st St., New York.

8 Races Daily except Sunday • Children not admitted.



AT MACY*S
Herald Square, N.Y.C. (1)

Emerson's new portable TV

Take it any place—compact; weighs only 26 pounds.
Play it any place—AC-DC; with detachable antenna.

Big set enjoyment with this Tom Thumb TV traveler. 30 sq. inch image held steady by "miracle" picture lock. Telescopic antenna, extra extension cord. Simulated leather covered cabinet, gold color plastic front. Brown suedine fabric carrying case, with pockets for portable base and extension line for antenna. 16"x13½"x9¾". Write, phone (LA. 4-6000). Music Centre, 5th Floor——179.95†*

Buy yours on Macy's convenient Cash Time. 10% down, balance in 12 months.

*Add 1.15 Fed. Exc. Tax. †Price fixed by Mfgr. under the Feld-Crawford Act.

Also at Macy's-White Plains, Parkchester, Jamaica, and Flatbush

GIVING A PARTY?



SERVE

Stahl-Meyer

COCKTAIL SAUSAGES AND FRANKFURTS

There's nothing like these tempting morsels of goodness. Serve sizzling hot on toothpicks or try them wrapped in piecrust and baked.

Send for Free Folder — Canned Meat Recipes!
STAHL-MEYER, 172 East 127th Street, New York 35



MONARCH SAPHIN

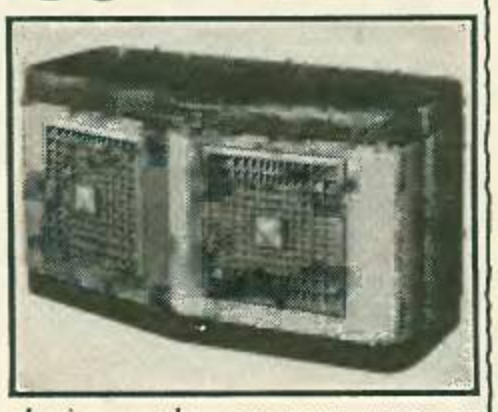
• FOR COOL SUMMERS!
• FOR HAY-FEVER SUFFERERS!

PHILCO SINGLE-ROOM AIR CONDITIONER

As low as **$35** down

•

As long as **24** months to pay



Does hot, sweltering weather put your nerves on edge? . . . aggravate your hay fever? . . . bring discomfort to you and your family in office or home? Then fill in the coupon below and let a Monarch-Saphin Air-Conditioning expert explain to you how to enjoy soothing, cooling weather all summer long. These single-room air conditioners bring you perfect ventilation. Pulls in fresh outside air, cools and purifies it . . . circulates without draft . . . shuts out street noises . . . reduces airborne pollens and gives relief to hay-fever sufferers. 2-tone cabinet, hermetically sealed, ½ h.p. motor, quiet, efficient.

Model illustrated only **349.50**

MAIL COUPON or PHONE MU 2-1470

MONARCH-SAPHIN, 56 W. 45 St., N. Y. Dept. N-1

Please send representative without obligation to explain air-conditioning to me.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

PHONE.....

BEST DAY & TIME.....

at his pace of a bit more than a hundred and twenty-one miles an hour to win.

When there were only five laps to go, I hurried through the crowd to the Pagoda, to get a good view of the finish. Already some of the spectators were getting ready to leave. Women were swabbing off children, packing stoves and beer coolers, and throwing refuse away. A lot of people were asleep, lulled by beer, the roar of the racing motors, the sun, and the weariness that follows a wakeful night. The climax of the folk gathering had been reached, and the reaction was setting in even before Holland was flagged down as the winner. At the entrances to the tunnels under the track, drivers yelled and honked at each other, and tempers flared.

FOUR hours later, the field was clear. I looked for Quinn, to say goodbye, and discovered him in the Pagoda. He was listening to the complaints of a bedraggled, shirtsleeved man who had only one shoe on, so I went over to one of the windows and leaned out to look at the track while I waited. The infield, so pretty and calm and neat in the dawn, was now a sea of rubbish. I heard Quinn saying, "Well, goddam it, there's nothing *I* can do about it." A door slammed, and I pulled my head back in. "Can you imagine it?" Quinn said to me. "This dumb Illinois farmer gets loaded with beer and crawls under his truck to take a snooze, and some wise guy comes along and swipes one of his shoes. His left shoe. And he thinks I'm going to find it for him!"

That night, crawling into the inviting white sheets of my bed in the Lincoln Hotel, I thought about the miserable farmer, red-eyed, dirty, hung-over, sore as a pup, driving hundreds of miles through the night with only one shoe. He was, I thought, a figure of almost as much consequence in this year's observance of the annual ceremonial rites as Bill Holland.

—MARK MURPHY

•

As it is, Mr. Dykema told the group, our English grammer, based on the written language, represents the usage of a limited group, perhaps even a minority. The conventions of this written language are learned late, mostly in school, often unwillingly, and hence imperfectly, he said.

"What we call English grammer gives us very little reliable knowledge of the grammer of spoken English."—*The Herald Tribune.*

Are there any questions at this point?

The Boardwalk's Most Delightful Location!



Spacious rooms, with picture windows, high above the sea. Lido Beach cabana colony. Sun decks. Sea water baths. Splendid meals. Coffee Shop. Television. Garage.

IN THE

Submarine Room, Bar and Lounge

LENNY HERMAN • JOSE MELIS with Nancy Niland

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLANS

The TRAYMORE

ATLANTIC CITY

KENNETH W. BAKER
General Manager

LEONARD G. RUNDSTROM
Resident Manager

Telephone Atlantic City 4 3021

CAPE COD'S LARGEST AND MOST MODERN HOTEL

DIRECTLY ON THE OCEAN

Most romantic spot on the Cape. New salt water swimming pool and luxurious beach club — golf — dancing — cocktail lounge — sprinkler system protection.

NOW OPEN

FROM $10 DAILY, ROOMS and MEALS

BOOKLET

Capt. J. J. Peterson
Host

CAPE CODDER HOTEL *and* BEACH CLUB



FALMOUTH • *Cape Cod* • MASS.

SELL'S LIVER PÂTÉ

YOUR GROCER HAS IT!

IT'S SIMPLY DELICIOUS!



ENGINEERS!



• Bound for Arabia, Venezuela, Mexico? Special engineering vocabularies are available in every spoken language. Rapid progress, easy fluency. Open 9 to 9.

BERLITZ

630 Fifth Ave. (at 50th St.)
Circle 6-0110

LETTER FROM PARIS

JUNE 9

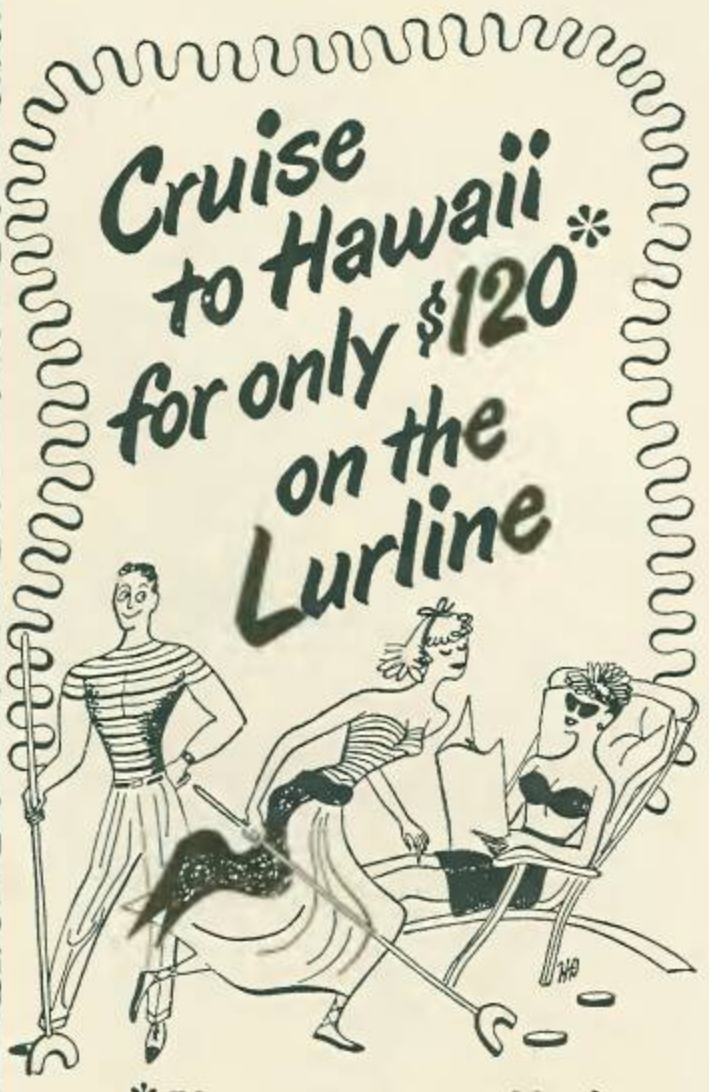
IT is unlikely that the discovery of a prose poem by Edgar Allan Poe—especially if it turned out to be bad and spurious—would be treated as sizzling news by the entire New York press, including the *Daily Worker*. Here, however, a front-page question for ten days was whether a version of "La Chasse Spirituelle" that recently turned up was a literary spoof or a long-lost manuscript of the French symbolist poet Arthur Rimbaud. *L'affaire Rimbaud* provided Paris with the biggest literary mystification since Pierre Louÿs palmed off his "Les Chansons de Bilitis" as Greek originals. In the Rimbaud case, the Hellenic touch was furnished by Mlle. Akakia Viala, of Greek descent, who is librarian of the Cinematographic Institute. With an obscure actor named Nicolas Bataille, she staged a little-theatre performance last January of Rimbaud's "Une Saison en Enfer," which critics said showed that they did not know beans about Rimbaud. Wounded, and knowing at least that Rimbaud's manuscript of "La Chasse Spirituelle" had been lost in 1872, when he and Verlaine scandalously decamped from the country together, Mlle. Viala and M. Bataille began jocosely to concoct a pastiche "Chasse" on the lady's typewriter. "I did it just the way I type off my library cards," she has since explained. "Bataille thought up the literary images, and I supplied the philosophic structure." In March, they handed what they whispered was a copy of the lost Rimbaud poem to a young, foolish, friendly Rue Gustave Flaubert bookstore clerk named Billot, because, as they said later, "We knew he could not keep a secret." Late in May, the two *farceurs* contentedly read in the daily newspaper *Combat's* noted literary page some impassioned quotes from a Rimbaud discovery, then came upon the alarming news that it would be appearing almost immediately in book form as the bona-fide "Chasse," published by the famous, sedate Mercure de France. Terrified, they hustled over to *Figaro*, where they confessed—in installments.



It took days for the public to piece the story together, backward. Apparently, the garrulous little bookseller had confidentially shown their script to *Combat's* Rimbaud expert, who showed it to a Rimbaud expert in the bookshop of Adrienne Monnier (herself an expert on and friend of Joyce, Valéry, and Gide), who showed it to Mercure's Rimbaud expert, who rushed it into print as a find. Instantly, *l'affaire Rimbaud* turned into a first-class political squabble, the conservative *Figaro* jeering at the discomfited Leftist *Combat*, the press and all the literary savants airing their Rimbaldian views, and the fracas culminated in a mass meeting of pro- and contra-Rimbaldians at the Brasserie Lipp, in St. Germain des Prés, which was also attended by the police. *Figaro* finally won, with a signed confession by the guilty pair. The Leftist literary weekly *Les Lettres Françaises* belatedly hopped aboard with a scholarly fifteen-thousand-word exegesis of the fake manuscript, wherein the *farceurs* had mourned "the gas lights in neighborhoods without hope." "This in an epoch," said *Les Lettres*, expert not only on Rimbaud but on materialistic history, "when Paris street lamps still burned oil." Another false Rimbaud line read, "I do not believe in family or duty." It is now the duty of Mercure to hand over to the Rimbaud family all the royalties on the bogus "Chasse," which is still selling like hot cakes, including its de-luxe three-thousand-franc edition. After all, the book was printed under the poet's name. It will be the biggest windfall his poor family has ever enjoyed.

THE French radio usually receives, and deserves, few compliments. However, it has recently given a fine and appreciated first hearing in France of Richard Strauss's score for his opera "The Day of Peace," which celebrates the ending of the Thirty Years' War, in 1648, and which was not presented, as scheduled, at the Paris Opéra in October, 1939, owing to the outbreak of a six years' war. The music has the exciting, melodic youthfulness that marks the old man's writings, with a spectacular lovers' duet and a sumptuous finale that contains everything, including church bells. Strauss's "Der Rosenkavalier" has just benefited by three very high-priced Paris Opéra galas, with Risë Stevens, of the Metropolitan, and Vienna's Hilde Konetzni singing splendidly, in German, as Octavian and the Marschallin, and the opera's minor characters obstinately sticking to French.

It is sad to note that on Miss Stevens' and Frau Konetzni's opening day,



* *Plus tax, one way, cabin class*

So much fun! Cabin class on the Lurline gives you exhilarating shipboard living...includes Lounge, Smoking Room-Veranda, Swimming Pool, Sun and Promenade Decks, Dining Room.



So comfortable! Your stateroom is a living room by day, bedroom by night . . . air-conditioned, spacious. Your meals are included, and service is superb.

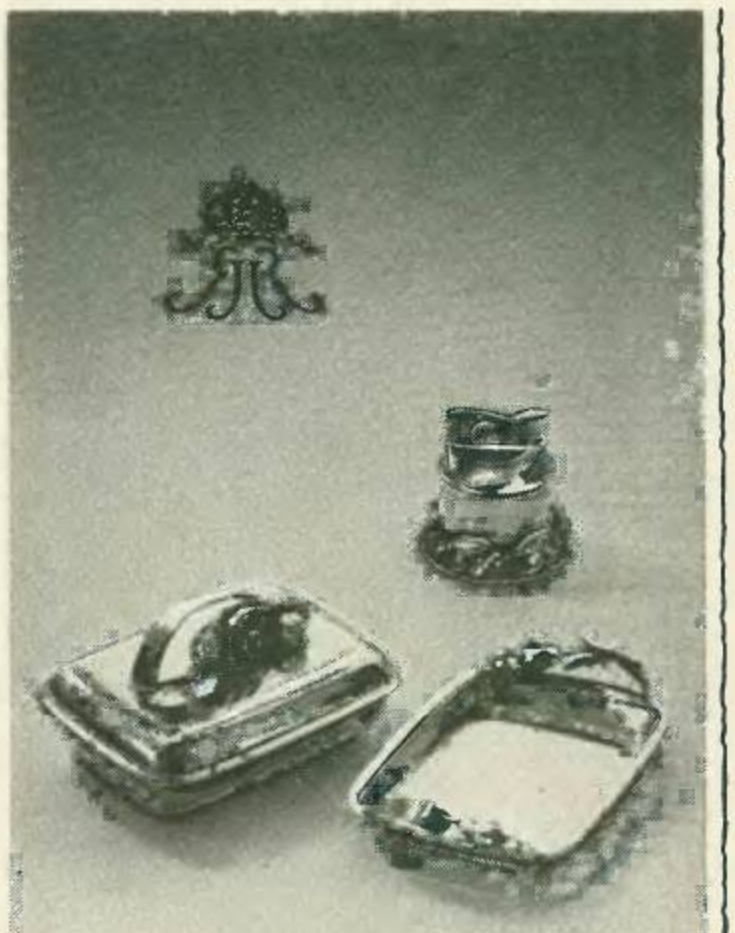


So delightful! Hawaii in all its beauty can be yours at far less cost than you might have thought. Let your travel agent help you plan your trip . . . now.



San Francisco and Los Angeles **TO HAWAII**

Matson Line Offices: New York · Chicago · San Francisco
Los Angeles · San Diego · Seattle · Portland · Honolulu



Hostess's Pride

Crafted in sterling with unusual floral motif...

Cigarette Box, 60.00
Table Lighter, 25.00
Ash Tray, 27.50

PRICES INCLUDE FEDERAL TAX

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



"Oh, for the carefree life at Mont Tremblant"

Vacationists long remember gay times at this famous French village in the Laurentian mountains. Swimming, sailing, cruises daily on the *Tremblant Islander*. Riding, golf, tennis. Excellent cuisine. Bars, lounges. Dancing. Cottages. Free from black flies and mosquitoes. No hay fever. Rates $8-$14 a day with meals. Overnight from New York. Early reservations suggested.

Mont Tremblant Lodge
Mont Tremblant P. Q., Canada
Famous year 'round resort

Mme. Germaine Lubin, formerly the Opéra's great star and famous as its loveliest Octavian and, later, Marschallin, was undergoing her second trial for collaboration. During her earlier trial, in Orléans, two and a half years ago, she was followed on the street by mobs clamoring for her handsome head. The Minister of Justice has just proposed closing the special courts set up after the Liberation to deal with collaborators, though an estimated five thousand cases still remain untried. Many moderate French, sick of four years of collaborationist trials, eleventh-hour patriotism, revenge, and omissions of justice, now feel that amnesty alone can heal French society. Only the Communists, who collaborated dutifully until 1941, still scream for death to the collaborators. They have now protested the sentence of a mere "ten years of national indignity" imposed on Alfred Fabre-Luce (whose family, to make his case worse, owns the Crédit Lyonnais) for his strange series of books, "Journal de la France," which were written during and about the Occupation and for which he was once arrested by the Germans. As mimeographed manuscripts (they have since been published in conventional form), they were at first secretly handed about by his concierge, are now bibliophile's curiosities, and constitute, as many Parisians admit, an invaluable, unpleasant record of what Paris and too many Parisians were like under conquest.

The recent trials of German war criminals here have brought forth equally few dire punishments and even more dissatisfaction. The village of Oradour-sur-Glane, which is France's Lidice, has just contemptuously refused the Légion d'Honneur, because the long-imprisoned Germans who burned most of its inhabitants alive in their little church have not yet been tried. The trial of Otto Abetz, the Nazi High Commissioner of Occupied France, has at last been set for next month, in Paris. Cynics have been saying that he would never reach court, because he could damn more high-up collaborating French than could damn him. Most Parisians hope that the Abetz *procès* will be, as they say, "the last abscess to break." As de Gaulle more nobly put it, in the bittersweet moment of Liberation, when he vainly and too soon proposed amnesty, "France now needs all her sons, even those who erred."

THE June season being on, there have been a number of fatuous entertainments, such as Maxim's fif-

bra relief



Praxiteles' Aphrodite

for you, Berlé creates a DELINEATOR exactly fitted to your individual contours. You'll hardly know you're wearing it. Your figure-personality will be lovely! For 27 years, the DELINEATOR has remained a unique principle in comfort and beauty. From $16.50 in the finest materials. One-year guarantee. —Berlé Salon, 26 West 58th St., New York 19. Call Mlle. Audrey for appointment: PLaza 5-6250. Write for booklet N.

On the Coast— I. MAGNIN, Dallas— NEIMAN-MARCUS Chicago—28 SHOP, MARSHALL FIELD.

F. Berlé
Paris-New York

BEFORE YOU LEAVE
GET OUR FREE ESTIMATE FOR
EXQUISITE CLEANING AND FINISHING OF ALL YOUR HOUSEHOLD FURNISHINGS

FREE STORAGE THROUGH FALL

DRAPES, SPREADS AND SLIPCOVERS
Individually French cleaned according to color and fabric—we specialize in satin, damask, taffeta, chintz.

ELABORATE CURTAINS—very wide and crisscross—in lace, ninon, Beauvais, net hand washed and finished to measure. Also pleating, fluting, dyeing, reheading.

RUGS AND FURNITURE EXPERTLY CLEANED AT HOME.

Comforters, afghans, lampshades cleaned.

TAKING DOWN AND REHANGING

We serve the finest homes in the city, Westchester, L. I., N. J., Conn.

CHEVY CHASE TROUSSEAU CLEANERS
163 East 53rd St., N. Y. C. PL 5-1708

The most comprehensive selection in America... made exclusively for us on our own patterns.

SEERSUCKER AND CORD SUITS
$20.50 to $32.50

ESTABLISHED 1818
Brooks Brothers
346 MADISON AVE. COR. 44 ST • NEW YORK 17, N.Y.
BOSTON • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO

tieth-anniversary dinner, at a fortune per plate, with probably respectable ladies got up to represent the old girls from Maxim's—Emilienne D'Alençon, Liane de Pougy, and other serviceable favorites of better days. A private, high-society fancy-dress ball has been given for what was called "the upholders of the great traditions." The host was disguised as "a witty frog," Comte Etienne de Beaumont went as a mushroom, the twelfth Duc de Brissac went as a little deer, and one scion wore a donkey's head. No one had the bad taste to dress as a Russian bear. A commoner pleasure, for the public, has consisted of looking at what is said to be the largest philatelic show ever held, offered by the Post Office to honor France's first postage stamp—orange-colored, ten centimes, 1849. There is also the beginning of a year-long celebration of Honoré de Balzac, which will end next spring, on the hundred-and-fifty-first anniversary of his birthday, and which has already involved tourist excursions to Touraine to visit the scene of "Le Lys dans la Vallée," and a fascinating exposition of Balzacciana at the Bibliothèque Berès, in Paris. One of his documents begins, "As soon as I was born, I was put to nurse in a policeman's house. At six, I was sent to Vendôme, where I stayed till I was fourteen, having seen my mother only twice. At eighteen, she made my life at home so hard that I left to live in a garret." And started what became the "Comédie Humaine."

THE painter Mme. Nora Auric, wife of Georges Auric, one of the composers in the group that named itself Les Six, has just had a large show at the Galerie Charpentier. She paints human beings, mostly young ones—not abstractions. Her style intelligently grows out of Manet, through Degas, into Picasso's blue period and, to one side, into the late Christian Bérard. Best are her portraits from the Midi salt-lake regions—romantic, lonely country youths, perched like birds against the pale, saline landscape. The season's most notable retrospective exhibition has been the showing of the sculpture of the Russian-born Ossip Zadkine, at the Musée d'Art Moderne, which, instead of the Luxembourg, is now headquarters for the major living artists. Jean Cassou's catalogue preface calls Zadkine's style "baroque Cubism;" several French critics have called it epic. His majestic group "Les Ménades" has been purchased by the museum. All



CANADA'S FINEST



SOLE UNITED STATES IMPORTERS:
CARILLON IMPORTERS, LTD., NEW YORK, N.Y.

This advertisement is in no way an endorsement by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police

in all, Zadkine's is a remarkable assemblage, in bronze, granite, pearwood, and humble plaster, of one angle of contemporary beauty—the vision, angular indeed, that filled the imaginations of those Ecole de Paris artists, of whom he was one, and that created *l'art moderne*. —GENÊT

•

MONOGRAPH ON THE GRASSHOPPER

I've studied them in various media,
including the encyclopedia,
and gained, from many a thoughtful chapter, a
devotion to the brisk Orthoptera.

The grasshopper has skin to fit
until he grows too big for it.
In danger grasshoppers produce
what children call "tobacco juice."
In grass grasshoppers lay their eggs;
they wear their ears upon their legs.

Now, keep your eyes acutely focussed.
Your grasshopper may be a locust.
(If so, he carries short antennae.)
Saint John the Baptist gobbled many,
though what he gobbled, some have said,
was locust beans, or Saint-John's bread.

In China locusts come in handy;
the Chinese sugar them for candy.
The Arabs grind them, heel and head,
and mix them in their flour for bread.
(It well may be that what the Arob
grinds is the locust bean, or carob.)

Now, men devour the locust form.
But locusts sometimes, in a swarm,
blacken the sky and lick their chops
and vengefully chew up the crops.

Grasshoppers eat young grass and leaves,
bathing suits, play shoes, socks, and sleeves.
True grasshoppers have braided thighs,
they have enormous compound eyes,
they rub the bases of their wings
until they shriek like fiddlestrings.
Half troubadours, half armored knights,
they croon aloud of love's delights.
Each tells his lass the task is hers
to give next spring new grasshoppers.

When spring returns, all thawed and crocused,
katydid, grasshopper, and locust
will prove the claims of the above song
and start rehearsing summer's love song.
—DILYS BENNETT LAING



"You're not mad anymore, Hatter?"



"Not since I discovered delightful Rose's Lime Juice for mixing drinks. Observe, sir, no tiresome squeezing is needed—yet here I have the natural whole juice of selected West Indies limes, all ready to use. A *great* time-saver, sir. Truly something to Carroll about!" (As is the price, Old Topper, at your nearest quality food shop.)

ROSE'S LIME JUICE

Both Unsweetened (Dry) and Sweetened (Cordial)
Bottled in England by L. Rose & Co., Ltd.
Sole U. S. Agents: McLeer & McLeer, Inc.
90 West Broadway, N. Y. C.

Rosti Lamps
exhibited by museums here and abroad



"Inspiring" says United Press

•

"A master of abstract design", Design magazine

•

A magnificent collection of lamps . . . at prices you can afford.

ROSTI – 343 East 21st Street, New York City

Air Conditioned
MIRAMAR
French Cuisine
Famous Cocktails
COCKTAILS
Luncheon · Dinner
Va 6-1096
10 EAST 46th Street. Opposite the Ritz

AIR CONDITIONED
La Zambra
Spanish-American Restaurant
Open 11 A.M.-4 A.M.
LUNCH • DINNER • SUPPER
Guitarist VICENTE GOMEZ
Plays Nitely
127 W. 52nd ST. CI 7-9131

MUSICAL EVENTS

Fresh Lemonade



THE Lemonade Opera opened its third season in Greenwich Mews last week, with the first American production of Joseph Haydn's opera "The Man in the Moon." It was a delightful performance—gay, imaginative, and, except for an occasional coy touch, captivating. Down at the Lemonade Opera, opera is not only good but fun. There was no pomp about the proceedings. There was no Great Golden Curtain. In fact, there was no curtain. "The Man in the Moon" was performed on a platform in the basement of the Village Presbyterian Church, at 141 West Thirteenth Street. (Greenwich Mews is the official, antiquarian name for the alley alongside the church.) There was no large orchestra to project Haydn's lovely melodies. There was no orchestra. Two pianists, the Misses Phyllis Rappeport and Antoinette Vigliotti, provided the sole accompaniment for the singers, and did a remarkable job of it. There was no intense conductor dressed to the nines and wending his way through a darkened pit as though he were a pallbearer at the funeral of a friend. The conductor of the evening, Mr. Herbert Grossman, turned up briskly in his shirtsleeves, sat down on a chair in front of the platform, and led his charges with skill and verve. There was no buffet on the Grand Tier, dispensing sandwiches on stale bread at Aly Khan prices. Outside, in the alley—or Mews—lemonade was sold during the intermissions, at twenty cents a cup, and cookies were available at a nickel apiece. I have been off the stuff for some years now, but my companion, who is something of a lemonade buff, testified that it was of the first rank. Ditto for the cookies.

Haydn composed "The Man in the Moon" in 1777, and from the sound of it the other night he had a fine time doing it. There is an enchanting moonbeam quality to the music that can make one momentarily forget the dreary, inquisitorial, intrigue-and-suspicion-filled world through which we are stumbling. The libretto is one of those silly fancies that opera so often concerns itself with, but on a hot sum-



338 Park Avenue—New York 22, N. Y.



Mail Math!

. . . can be costly when postage is *over*paid, embarrassing when *under*paid . . . and no problem at all when an office has a PB mailing scale! . . . Automatic pendulum mechanism weighs exactly—fast! . . . prevents embarrassing "Postage Due" letters from getting through, saves wasteful overpayment of postage . . . The wide-spaced markings show precise postage necessary at a glance . . . And the PB scale is built to last for years! . . . Also available: a 70 lb. Parcel Post model . . . Write for illustrated booklet and free chart of new postal rates . . .

PITNEY-BOWES
Mailing Scales

PITNEY-BOWES, INC.
1687 Pacific St., Stamford, Conn.
Originators of the postage meter
. . . offices in 93 cities.



mer night I can see no compelling reason to avoid a scenario merely because it deals with a sixteenth-century Venetian curmudgeon who, on gazing through the telescope of a local quack and magician, thinks that he perceives scenes of perfect harmony on the moon. What the curmudgeon actually sees are some puppets, hastily placed in operation by the quack. The curmudgeon, who, incidentally, will not sanction the marriage of his daughter Clarissa to one Leandro, is seized with a childish desire to own the telescope. Next thing we know, the quack has talked him into downing a draught of what is invariably referred to in opera as a potion, and the curmudgeon thinks that he is on the moon. Life there, from what I observed of it the other night, is not especially attractive, since it involves considerable leaping about, in the name of lunar romance, but one could do worse, I suppose. In the end, the quack is exposed but forgiven, the curmudgeon acquires the telescope, and the young lovers are united. John Gutman has provided a literate and humorous English libretto based on both the Italian original, by Goldoni, and a subsequent German version, by W. M. Treichlinger. Mr. Gutman has seen fit to inject a few contemporary allusions into his script, and I could not help feeling that although they were apt, why make them. Not the least charm of "The Man in the Moon" is its utter irrelevancy to the world of today.

The cast, without exception, sang and acted with enthusiasm and talent. Miss Ritter, as the heroine, and Mr. Goss, as Cecco, a Figaro-type fellow, were outstanding. Mr. Brooks, the telescope admirer; Mr. Cosmos, the quack; Mr. Jarratt, the young hero; and Miss Kobart, who assumed the role of a lady called Lisetta, were splendid. A group of sprites, dressed in clown costumes and billed as the quack's zanies, not only jumped up and down a good deal but moved Paul Rose's ingenious scenery with dispatch, and in full view of the audience. On the opening night, both those onstage and those on the hard chairs seemed to be enjoying themselves, and that in itself is a high recommendation. —PHILIP HAMBURGER

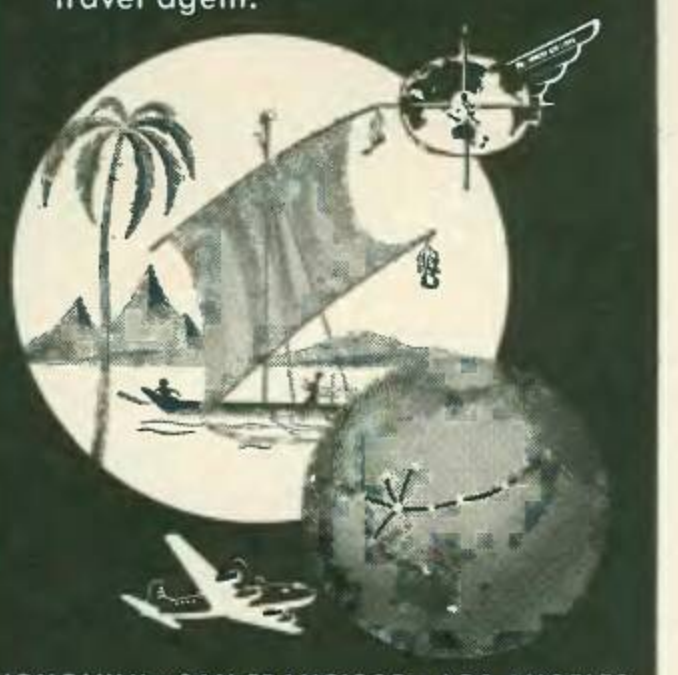
POPULAR RECORDS

The Rover Boys on an Island

"SOUTH PACIFIC" (Columbia album MM-850 and long-playing single ML-4180), the fourth Rodgers-and-Hammerstein score to find its way onto

IF TIME IS THE ESSENCE—
AND COMFORT ESSENTIAL
go by
PHILIPPINE AIR LINES

- San Francisco to Manila in 30 hours flying time, only 36 hours elapsed time, with five-mile-a-minute DC-6's.
- Full sleeping berths—pressurized cabins—personalized service.
- Connections to major Orient cities and Australia. Fortnightly service to Europe via India, Saudi Arabia, Egypt.
- For full particulars, consult your travel agent.



HONOLULU • SAN FRANCISCO • LOS ANGELES
SEATTLE • CHICAGO • NEW YORK • WASHINGTON, D.C.

One-Man Ranch



Enjoy your vacations ...and make a profit

Want to enjoy your vacations in a lovely valley in Montana—and make a profit on a reasonable investment at the same time? This 640-acre ranch is beautifully located. Perfect climate. Mild winters. Wonderful fishing, hunting. Small cattle operation produces $5,000 yr. income.

Everything you need: MAIN RANCH HOUSE (6 rooms, bath). OWNER'S CABIN (3 rooms, bath) with garage. New farm buildings. Fenced pasture, stream for irrigation, swimming. Near small modern city. Asking price $44,000. Reasonable terms. Write for illustrated brochure #70186. **PREVIEWS, INC., 49 E. 53rd St., New York 22, N.Y. PLaza 8-2630.**

THE NEW YORK WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

"Meet me at the Exchange!"

LUNCHEON • BAR • DINNER

541 Madison Ave. (near 55th St.), PL 3-2330

THE Newport

Superlative French Cuisine

18 EAST 60th STREET • EL.5-8427





SAYS WILLIE THE WHALER,
"Shooting the sun with this consarned contraption puts the bark *Wanderer* and a panikin of three water grog just hull-down due southeast."

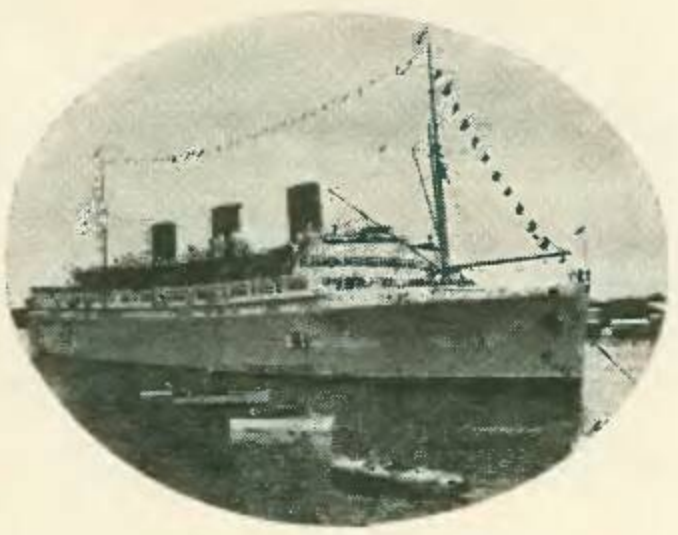
Whaler Bar
MIDSTON HOUSE
MADISON AVE., AT 38th ST.



records in a performance by the original cast and orchestra, brings us up to date on the accomplishments of this remarkable songwriting team. All the songs in the show are included, though some of the extra choruses have been omitted. By now, I presume, at least half the pieces are fairly familiar to everyone. Innumerable recordings have been made of "Some Enchanted Evening," "Bali Ha'i," "A Wonderful Guy," "Younger Than Springtime," and a few of the other songs. The score is engaging and varied, but I have the feeling, born at first hearing and undiminished through repeated playings, that it is a somewhat labored musical work, and it seems to me that its thinness is most apparent when Ezio Pinza, the story's "cultured Frenchman," is called upon to sing. This, surprisingly, is not often. Aside from a passage in which he keeps up his end of the "Twin Soliloquies," with Mary Martin, the erstwhile Metropolitan Opera singer has only two solos, "Some Enchanted Evening" and "This Nearly Was Mine," and, although it is certainly pleasant, for a change, to hear a basso doing the love songs, neither number is anything that might not have been allotted just as well to a standard musical-comedy tenor or baritone. I suppose it is a mark in the producers' favor that they did choose a basso. On the other hand, hearing Pinza's big, booming voice toss these trifles around, particularly the monotonous "This Nearly Was Mine," made me think of a fullback called upon to kick a field goal with a tennis ball. The score lacks a work of real substance that would give this rich voice an opportunity for full expression. Despite the impressive contours of Pinza's voice and his grand manner of using it, I felt that Mary Martin's persuasive singing most admirably caught the spirit of the music. In "A Cock-Eyed Optimist," "Twin Soliloquies," "A Wonderful Guy," "Honey Bun," and, to a lesser extent, "I'm Gonna Wash That Man Right Outa My Hair," she is captivating. I can't say as much for William Tabbert. Whatever the virtues of his stage performance, his cruelly erratic tenor is like an abrasive on the tender texture of a rather pretty song entitled "Younger Than Springtime," and it is unconvincing in an unsteady number about racial prejudice, called "Carefully Taught." I didn't find much more enjoyment in the work of Juanita Hall, a singer whom I usually like, in the seductive but slightly sticky "Bali Ha'i" and a loony item called "Happy Talk." The piping of children in "Dites-

SHOP IN BERMUDA

TRADITIONAL...



The luxurious *Queen of Bermuda* arriving in Hamilton Harbor is a traditional part of the Bermuda scene.

There are many fine Bermuda traditions, and each in its own way lends added charm to this unparalleled vacation land. Among them is the adventure of shopping for articles of rare quality and craftsmanship.



In our shops you will find a warm welcome—and a notable selection of the world's finest importations, which have been carefully gathered together for your immediate pleasure and lasting enjoyment.

H.A.&E. Smith Ltd.
HAMILTON
BERMUDA

OUR 60TH YEAR

Write us for a free copy of "Key To Bermuda". This colorful folder, with map of the Islands, will help you plan a more enjoyable visit.

SHOP AT SMITH'S

SHE'S LOVELY!



She's Educated!

She's your sweet girl graduate demurely displaying her diploma! Match her shining hour with her first real jewel, from our collection of appealing and appropriate rings, necklaces, pins, charms, charm bracelets, etc. Every piece is genuine, every price moderate. A ruby-garnet ring in an enchanting antique mounting, $18.30. A witty charm for her bracelet is our 14-kt. gold horse and rider—the equestrian posts as his steed gallops, $14. In our exquisite gold locket, an 8-pointed star, outlined in black enamel on stippled gold, is filled with a lustrous cluster of pea-size pearls, $79.30. Our garnet earrings, lovely on young ladies' lobes, $30.50. Yes, Harris U. gives a liberal education in how to proffer the proper present. Prices include tax.

B. HARRIS & SONS

Jewelers since 1898

25 East 48th Street · PLaza 5-6455

FOX HEAD "400" BEER



Wisconsin's Lighter Beer
Brewed with Waukesha Water

Fox Head Brewing Co., Waukesha, Wis.



miller's FOR SAVINGS IN CORRECT RIDING CLOTHES



RIDING BREECHES from $6.95

JODHPURS from $4.50

Miller's is that fascinating shop where correct riding clothes cost LESS...



RIDING BOOTS from $14.95

JODHPUR BOOTS from $5.95



Send for FREE Catalog "N"

Come Visit **MILLER'S**

123 East 24th St. bet. Fourth & Lex.

GRamercy 3-6638 · FREE PARKING

MILLER HARNESS CO., INC., 123 EAST 24th ST., N. Y. 10

Moi," a jingle, I found endurable, and the efforts of the male chorus in "There Is Nothing Like a Dame" and "Bloody Mary" were, I thought, rousing and extremely attractive. Finally, Robert Russell Bennett's arrangements are superb.

It is hard to guess how many people who are interested in this album will see the show eventually—all of them, possibly. After they have, the songs may bring special associations to mind, but to judge these recordings solely as another show album, "South Pacific" seems to me to offer the listener far less than either "Oklahoma!" or "Carousel," though considerably more than "Allegro." From the evidence available on records, I should say that "Carousel" is the best-integrated and most mature score from Rodgers and Hammerstein, and that "Oklahoma!" is the most spontaneous and freshly beguiling.

As a concluding explanation of these somewhat churlish comments on recordings from a triumphant show, I can say only that the team of Rodgers and Hammerstein has improved the quality of the Broadway musical so drastically and I am so deeply attentive to the careful and joyous labors of these men that I am, perhaps, unduly sensitive to their shortcomings.

IN addition to this major effort in the popular field, there are a number of singles of interest. Let's get on with them:

OO-BLA-DEE and KNOWLEDGE—Mary Lou Williams playing piano with a small group in two of her own bop compositions. There is nothing noteworthy about "Knowledge," but "Oo-bla-dee," equipped with some wonderfully fanciful words by Milton Orent, which are handled by one Pancho Hagood, is an enchanting little fairy tale, setting a unique mood. The ensemble playing is first-rate. (*King 15003*)

HOW MANY IS DER OF YA? and PATTERN IN LACE—Skitch Henderson and his orchestra. The first, a Henderson original, is an unusual and broodingly effective composition, with a few sordidly pertinent remarks, half spoken and half sung, at the beginning and end, by a lady identified on the label as Mau Taki. The other piece, an instrumental, consists largely of piano traceries and is moderately entertaining. (*Capitol 57-619*)

FATHER'S DAY and AS THE GIRLS GO—Bobby Clark, with the orchestra and chorus from the Broadway musical "As the Girls Go." Clark, who is a living object that should be studied in motion, nevertheless bears up quite well on records. His raucous, free-style delivery lends considerable appeal to a pair of show tunes that are good examples of conventional musical-comedy songs fetching back to the twenties. The first, and more entertaining, is a comedy song, the second a big chorus number. (*Victor 20-3451* and *45-r.p.m. 47-2916*)

DO IT NOW! and COLE SLAW—Jesse Stone

METAXA

SPECIALTY LIQUEUR



IMPORTED FROM GREECE

KNOWN ALL OVER THE WORLD

92 PROOF

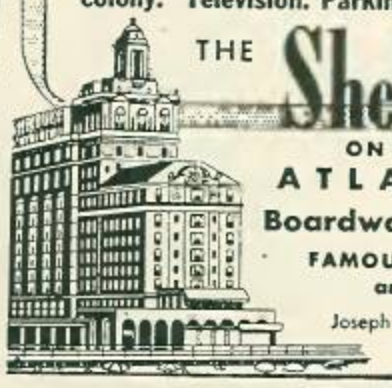
SOLE U.S. DISTRIBUTORS

Austin, Nichols & Co. Inc.

BROOKLYN—NEW YORK

Vacation - Shelburne Style!

Large airy guest rooms. Fresh and ocean water in baths. Ship's deck. Private beach cabana colony. Television. Parking adjacent to Hotel.



THE **Shelburne**

ON THE OCEAN

ATLANTIC CITY

Boardwalk Cocktail Lounge

FAMOUS SHELBURNE GRILL and SHELL BAR

Joseph M. Hitzel, Jr., Mgr. • Atlantic City 4-8131



The STOCKTON at Sea Girt, N. J.

A Distinguished American Plan Hotel
Direct Ocean Front—no intervening street

20 Minutes from MONMOUTH PARK RACE TRACK
Golf • Tennis • Fishing • Riding
Orchestra Concerts Dinner Dances
Buffet on Sea Deck for Bathers
PRIVATE BEACH and BOARDWALK
Reservations: Phone Spring Lake 3-2300

Herb McCarthy's

Bowdoin Square

LUNCHEON • DINNER • SUPPER
FAMOUS FOR LOBSTERS • STEAKS
SOUTHAMPTON, L. I.

DALE
FIFTH AVENUE
at 56th St.

SUMMER
SALE

UP TO 50% OFF

VERY FINE LUGGAGE

HANDBAGS • TRUNKS
ACCESSORIES

DALE FIFTH AVENUE'S ONLY NEW YORK STORE
719 FIFTH AVENUE Plaza 3-9790
corner 56th St.

and his orchestra, with vocals by the leader. Based on the blues formula, "Do It Now!" boasts music by a serious American composer named Gail Kubik. The other is a primitive piece. Both are notable mainly because of the vigorous behavior of Stone & Co. (*Victor 22-0026* and *45-r.p.m. 50-0010*)

BLACK COFFEE and AS YOU DESIRE ME—Sarah Vaughan, with orchestra. "Black Coffee" is a torch song of fair quality, and the other is, of course, a popular song of the past. They are artfully sung by Miss Vaughan, and the orchestral backgrounds are splendid. (*Columbia 38462* and *Microgroove 1-199*)

BABY, IT'S COLD OUTSIDE and I NEVER HEARD YOU SAY—Margaret Whiting and Johnny Mercer, with Paul Weston's orchestra. The first is an engaging novelty song, and the second is a tiresome one. This is the best of the several recorded performances I've heard of "Baby." (*Capitol 57-567*)

GEORGIA ON MY MIND and YOU'RE JUST THE KIND—Frankie Laine, with orchestra. Some restrained shout-singing, giving fresh impetus to the Georgia number but wasted on the second tune, a dull thing. (*Mercury 5293*)

ORPHEUS TAKES A HOLIDAY and DREAMS DO COME TRUE—David Rose's orchestra. A flavorsome mélange of Offenbach, as arranged by Rose, in his usual stringy style, and, on the reverse side, an adulterated version, with vocal, of a popular Jewish song. (*M-G-M 30199*)

FINE AND DANDY and THE LADY IS A TRAMP—Eddie Le Mar and his orchestra. Spirited, highly danceable performances, featuring piano, of a couple of favorite show tunes. The playing is of the East-Side-supper-club variety—not musically distinguished, perhaps, but cheerful and infrequently taken up by the recording companies, who have the rest of the country to contend with, too. (*Capitol 37-594*)

THEY CAN'T TAKE THAT AWAY FROM ME and THE BEAUTIFUL BLONDE FROM BASHFUL BEND—Tex Beneke and his orchestra, with vocals. I am afraid that neither the orchestra nor the vocalist fully appreciates the Gershwin song. Both try their utmost to reduce it to the status of just any old song, but it is too good and manages to get away from them. The other, a painfully arch and awkward piece, is more to the band's style. (*Victor 20-3446* and *45-r.p.m. 47-2012*)

BRAN' NEW DOLLY and CHEEK TO CHEEK—Count Basie and his orchestra. The composer, Bobby Troup, is the vocalist in the first, an ingratiating blues number, and he sings it convincingly. The other side bears an attractive new band arrangement of the Irving Berlin tune. (*Victor 20-3449* and *45-r.p.m. 47-2915*)

BARGAIN DAY and A ROSE WAS A ROSE—Doris Drew, with orchestra. This was my introduction to Miss Drew, whom I found to be a sound technician with a husky voice and a fine rhythmic sense. "Bargain Day" is in the "Love for Sale" genre but far less accomplished, both musically and lyrically, than the Porter song. It is, however, well suited to Miss Drew's voice. The other piece is embarrassingly inept. (*M-G-M 10449*) —D. W.

•

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Long, city, have returned from New Orleans, La. While there they witnessed the Kentucky Derby. —*Wilkes-Barre (Pa.) Times-Leader.*

Good, clear image, or flickering?

In Britain
TRAVEL MEANS
BRITISH RAILWAYS

LAND—Swift, comfortable train service everywhere in the British Isles . . .

SEA—Railway-operated cross-channel services to Ireland and the Continent . .

AIR—British Railways are official agents for British European Airways Corporation routes in Britain . . .

HOTELS—47—all conveniently located, operated by The Hotels Executive, British Transport.

Be sure to purchase tickets and secure reservations for these services before you leave!

STAY LONGER—SEE MORE!
Plan your tour of Britain—and purchase transportation in advance. That way you'll save the 25% on tour fares granted Americans from British port of entry!

CONSULT YOUR LOCAL TRAVEL AGENT
or any of the British Railways offices shown below for tickets, reservations and authoritative travel information on the British Isles:
NEW YORK 20, N. Y., 9 Rockefeller Pl.
CHICAGO 3, ILL., 39 So. LaSalle St.
LOS ANGELES 14, CAL., 510 W. 6th St.
TORONTO, ONT., 69 Yonge Street
For British Isles Travel Literature with color map, write Dept. 28 at any of these offices

BRITISH RAILWAYS



Follow the open road to
The ***White Turkey Inn***
U. S. #7, DANBURY, CONN.
You'll enjoy the delicious food served in a truly grand Colonial setting. Fine cocktails and wines. Phone Danbury 2667.
Open Every Day
ALSO VISIT 3 WHITE TURKEYS IN NEW YORK



Kiss Me, Kate

or 'Ods bodikins! better still — let's away to a nightcap and midnight supper at the King Cole Bar, where everybody goes after the theatre.

King Cole Bar
HOTEL St. Regis
FIFTH AVE. at 55th ST., N.Y.

The new address for distinctive precious jewels
18 East 57th Street, New York
Olga TRITT

BOOKS

Orwell on the Future



GEORGE ORWELL's new novel, "Nineteen Eighty-four" (Harcourt, Brace), confirms its author in the special, honorable place he holds in our intellectual life. Orwell's native gifts are perhaps not of a transcendent kind; they have their roots in a quality of mind that ought to be as frequent as it is modest. This quality may be described as a sort of moral centrality, a directness of relation to moral—and political—fact, and it is so far from being frequent in our time that Orwell's possession of it seems nearly unique. Orwell is an intellectual to his fingertips, but he is far removed from both the Continental and the American type of intellectual. The turn of his mind is what used to be thought of as peculiarly "English." He is indifferent to the allurements of elaborate theory and of extreme sensibility. The medium of his thought is common sense, and his commitment to intellect is fortified by an old-fashioned faith that the truth can be got at, that we can, if we actually want to, see the object as it really is. This faith in the power of mind rests in part on Orwell's willingness, rare among contemporary intellectuals, to admit his connection with his own cultural past. He no longer identifies himself with the British upper middle class in which he was reared, yet it is interesting to see how often his sense of fact derives from some ideal of that class, how he finds his way through a problem by means of an unabashed certainty of the worth of some old, simple, belittled virtue. Fairness, decency, and responsibility do not make up a shining or comprehensive morality, but in a disordered world they serve Orwell as an invaluable base of intellectual operations.

Radical in his politics and in his artistic tastes, Orwell is wholly free of the cant of radicalism. His criticism of the old order is cogent, but he is chiefly notable for his flexible and modulated examination of the political and aesthetic ideas that oppose those of the old order. Two years of service in the Spanish Loyalist Army convinced him that he must reject the line of the Communist Party and, presumably, gave him a large portion of his knowledge of the nature of human freedom. He did not become—as Leftist opponents of Communism are so often and so comfortably said to become—"embittered" or "cynical;" his passion for freedom simply took account of yet another of freedom's enemies, and his intellectual verve was the more stimulated by what he had learned of the ambiguous nature of the newly identified foe, which so perplexingly uses the language and theory of light for ends that are not enlightened. His distinctive work as a radical intellectual became the criticism of liberal and radical thought wherever it deteriorated to shibboleth and dogma. No one knows better than he how willing is the intellectual Left to enter the prison of its own mass mind, nor does anyone believe more directly than he in the practical consequences of thought, or understand more clearly the enormous power, for good or bad, that ideology exerts in an unstable world.

"Nineteen Eighty-four" is a profound, terrifying, and wholly fascinating book. It is a fantasy of the political future, and, like any such fantasy, serves its author as a magnifying device for an examination of the present. Despite the impression it may give at first, it is not an attack on the Labour Government. The shabby London of the Super-State of the future, the bad food, the dull clothing, the fusty housing, the infinite ennui—all these certainly reflect the English life of today, but they are not meant to represent the outcome of the utopian pretensions of Labourism or of any socialism. Indeed, it is exactly one of the cruel essential points of the book that utopianism is no longer a living issue. For Orwell, the day has gone by when we could afford the luxury of making our flesh creep with the spiritual horrors of a successful hedonistic society; grim years have intervened since Aldous Huxley, in "Brave New World," rigged out the welfare state of Ivan Karamazov's Grand Inquisitor in the knickknacks of modern science and amusement, and said what Dostoevski and all the other critics of the utopian ideal had said before—that men might actually gain a life of security, adjustment, and fun, but only at the cost of their spiritual freedom, which is to say, of their humanity. Orwell agrees that the State of the future will establish its power by destroying



"We haven't anything right now, but you might try us again in a week or so. There's a rumor that the gentleman in 8-A may not pass his loyalty test."



MANCHESTER—Home of Mr. and Mrs. Duval A. Headley,
Fayette County, Lexington, Kentucky

BOTTLED IN BOND
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT
BOURBON WHISKEY
100 PROOF



KENTUCKY'S KEY TO HOSPITALITY

A heart-warming experience awaits you as the key turns in a gracious Kentucky home. For next, the cork usually turns in the friendly bottle of OLD FITZGERALD, a bourbon as genial as your host.

Robust flavor and rich bouquet make this the Key Bourbon of Kentuckians, naturally distilled and aged on one genuine sour mash formula since 1870.

Unhurried as hospitality itself, the OLD FITZGERALD recipe requires far more time, yields far less whiskey. Yet only this age-old method gives our traditional Kentucky bourbon its matchless character. Next bottle, enjoy OLD FITZGERALD.

OLD FASHIONED... *but still in style*

OLD FITZGERALD

Stitzel-Weller Distillery, Inc. Louisville, Ky.

Streamliner

"CITY OF LOS ANGELES"

SWIFTLY, smoothly . . . past the twinkling lights of towns . . . verdant valleys . . . rolling hills. Train travel is stimulating, pleasurable. On the "City of Los Angeles" it reaches a high peak of enjoyment.

Daily . . . between Chicago and Los Angeles.



COACH OR PULLMAN

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD



For the big moments in your life

try Passion

Life's high spots call for Passionade . . . an exotic new golden nectar to make golden moments even more memorable! ***Mynor's Passion Fruit Nectar*** comes to you all the way from Australia to make "spirits" still more "spirited". Or, if you prefer your drinks soft—add water or soda. Once you've tasted Mynor's Passion Fruit . . . you'll make it the Grand Passion of your entertaining life! At finer food shops everywhere.

Available at: Abraham & Straus, Inc.; B. Altman & Co.; L. Bamberger, Newark; Bellows & Co.; Bloomingdale Bros., Inc.; Charles & Co.; Gimbel Bros.; Hammacher Schlemmer & Co.; Maison E. H. Glass, Inc.; Martin's Fruit Shop; Vendome, Inc.



MYNOR
Passion
FRUIT NECTAR

Produced in Australia by
Mynor Pty. Ltd., Mosman, N.S.W.
U. S. Agents—PERRY H. CHIPURNOI, INC.
Dept. G, 101 Hudson St., N. Y. 13





Pass Creek Ranch

In the Big Horn Mountains of Wyoming

Well and favorably known for many years by discriminating families and young people. All of the exciting and interesting activities of an active operating cattle and "dude" ranch. You have your own horse, fishing, swimming, rodeos, etc. Excellent food, modern conveniences, references. Write for descriptive folder and schedule of rates showing special family discount.

PASS CREEK RANCH H5 Parkman, Wyoming

Robert Neidig Adult Level Instruction

POPULAR PIANO PLAYING

Internationally famous Neidig methods. Expert instruction for beginners or experienced. Fine musical style thru chord improvisation.

For relaxation or professional purposes.

STEINWAY HALL 113 W. 57 ST. Ci 6-1339

souls. But he believes that men will be coerced, not cosseted, into soullessness. They will be dehumanized not by sex, massage, and private helicopters but by a marginal life of deprivation, dullness, and fear of pain.

This, in fact, is the very center of Orwell's vision of the future. In 1984, nationalism as we know it has at last been overcome, and the world is organized into three great political entities. All profess the same philosophy, yet despite their agreement, or because of it, the three Super-States are always at war with each other, two always allied against one, but all seeing to it that the balance of power is kept, by means of sudden, treacherous shifts of alliance. This arrangement is established as if by the understanding of all, for although it is the ultimate aim of each to dominate the world, the immediate aim is the perpetuation of war without victory and without defeat. It has at last been truly understood that war is the health of the State; as an official slogan has it, "War Is Peace." Perpetual war is the best assurance of perpetual absolute rule. It is also the most efficient method of consuming the production of the factories on which the economy of the State is based. The only alternative method is to distribute the goods among the population. But this has its clear danger. The life of pleasure is inimical to the health of the State. It stimulates the senses and thus encourages the illusion of individuality; it creates personal desires, thus potential personal thought and action.

But the life of pleasure has another, and even more significant, disadvantage in the political future that Orwell projects from his observation of certain developments of political practice in the last two decades. The rulers he envisages are men who, in seizing rule, have grasped the innermost principles of power. All other oligarchs have included some general good in their impulse to rule and have played at being philosopher-kings or priest-kings or scientist-kings, with an announced program of beneficence. The rulers of Orwell's State know that power in its pure form has for its true end nothing but itself, and they know that the nature of power is defined by the pain it can inflict on others. They know, too, that just as wealth exists only in relation to the poverty of others, so power in its pure aspect exists only in relation to the weakness of others, and that any power of the ruled, even the power to experience happiness, is by that much a diminution of the power of the rulers.

The exposition of the *mystique* of

Exhilarating
unique
dazzling
superhumanly
articulate
indescribably
witty —says Charles Rolo in *The Atlantic*

Not only the finest but the most original English novelist writing today—cheers Richard McLaughlin in the *Saturday Review of Literature*

Critics and authors alike are leaping to their feet with even greater praise for Miss Compton-Burnett's newest book than that with which they showered *Bullivant and the Lambs.* If you want to be excited by a book, here's the one that will do it.

Two Worlds and Their Ways

by

I. COMPTON-BURNETT

$3.50 wherever books are sold

Alfred A. Knopf, *Publisher*

Recommending

The best of his long-out-of-print writings—241 selections from the six of the *Prejudices* series, *A Book of Burlesques, In Defense of Women, Notes on Democracy, Making a President, A Book of Calumny, Treatise on Right and Wrong*, and from magazines and newspapers. 643 pages.

\$5.00 wherever books are sold

ALFRED · A · KNOPF, Publisher

A Mencken Chrestomathy

JUST PUBLISHED

power is the heart and essence of Orwell's book. It is implicit throughout the narrative, explicit in excerpts from the remarkable "Theory and Practice of Oligarchical Collectivism," a subversive work by one Emmanuel Goldstein, formerly the most gifted leader of the Party, now the legendary foe of the State. It is brought to a climax in the last section of the novel, in the terrible scenes in which Winston Smith, the sad hero of the story, having lost his hold on the reality decreed by the State, having come to believe that sexuality is a pleasure, that personal loyalty is a good, and that two plus two always and not merely under certain circumstances equals four, is brought back to health by torture and discourse in a hideous parody on psychotherapy and the Platonic dialogues.



Orwell's theory of power is developed brilliantly, at considerable length. And the social system that it postulates is described with magnificent circumstantiality: the three orders of the population—Inner Party, Outer Party, and proletarians; the complete surveillance of the citizenry by the Thought Police, the only really efficient arm of the government; the total negation of the personal life; the directed emotions of hatred and patriotism; the deified Leader, omnipresent but invisible, wonderfully named Big Brother; the children who spy on their parents; and the total destruction of culture. Orwell is particularly successful in his exposition of the official mode of thought, Doublethink, which gives one "the power of holding two contradictory beliefs in one's mind simultaneously, and accepting both of them." This intellectual safeguard of the State is reinforced by a language, Newspeak, the goal of which is to purge itself of all words in which a free thought might be formulated. The systematic obliteration of the past further protects the citizen from Crimethink, and nothing could be more touching, or more suggestive of what history means to the mind, than the efforts of poor Winston Smith to think about the condition of man without knowledge of what others have thought before him.

By now, it must be clear that "Nineteen Eighty-four" is, in large part, an attack on Soviet Communism. Yet to read it as this and as nothing else would be to misunderstand the book's aim. The settled and reasoned opposition to Communism that Orwell expresses is not to be minimized, but he is not undertaking to give us the delusive comfort of moral superiority to an antagonist. He does not separate Russia from the general tendency of the world today. He is saying, indeed, something no less comprehensive than this: that Russia, with its idealistic social revolution now developed into a police state, is but the image of the impending future and that the ultimate threat to human freedom may well come from a similar and even more massive development of the social idealism of our democratic culture. To many liberals, this idea will be incomprehensible, or, if it is understood at all, it will be condemned by them as both foolish and dangerous. We have dutifully learned to think that tyranny manifests itself chiefly, even solely, in the defense of private property and that the profit motive is the source of all evil. And certainly Orwell does not deny that property is powerful or that it may be ruthless in self-defense. But he sees that, as the tendency of recent history goes, property is no longer in anything like the strong position it once was, and that will and intellect are playing a greater and greater part in human history. To many, this can look only like a clear gain. We naturally identify ourselves with will and intellect; they are the very stuff of humanity, and we prefer not to think of their exercise in any except an ideal way. But Orwell tells us that the final oligarchical revolution of the future, which, once established, could never be escaped or countered, will be made not by men who have property to defend but by men of will and intellect, by "the new aristocracy . . . of bureaucrats, scientists, trade-union organizers, publicity experts, sociologists, teachers, journalists, and professional politicians."

> These people [says the authoritative Goldstein, in his account of the revolution], whose origins lay in the salaried middle class and the upper grades of the working class, had been shaped and brought together by the barren world of monopoly industry and centralized government. As compared with their opposite numbers in past ages, they were less avaricious, less tempted by luxury, hungrier for pure power, and, above all, more conscious of what they were doing and more intent on crushing opposition. This last difference was cardinal.

The whole effort of the culture of the last hundred years has been directed toward teaching us to understand the economic motive as the irrational road to death, and to seek salvation in the rational and the planned. Orwell marks a turn in thought; he asks us to consider whether the triumph of certain forces of the mind, in their naked pride and excess, may not produce a state of

things far worse than any we have ever known. He is not the first to raise the question, but he is the first to raise it on truly liberal or radical grounds, with no intention of abating the demand for a just society, and with an overwhelming intensity and passion. This priority makes his book a momentous one. —LIONEL TRILLING

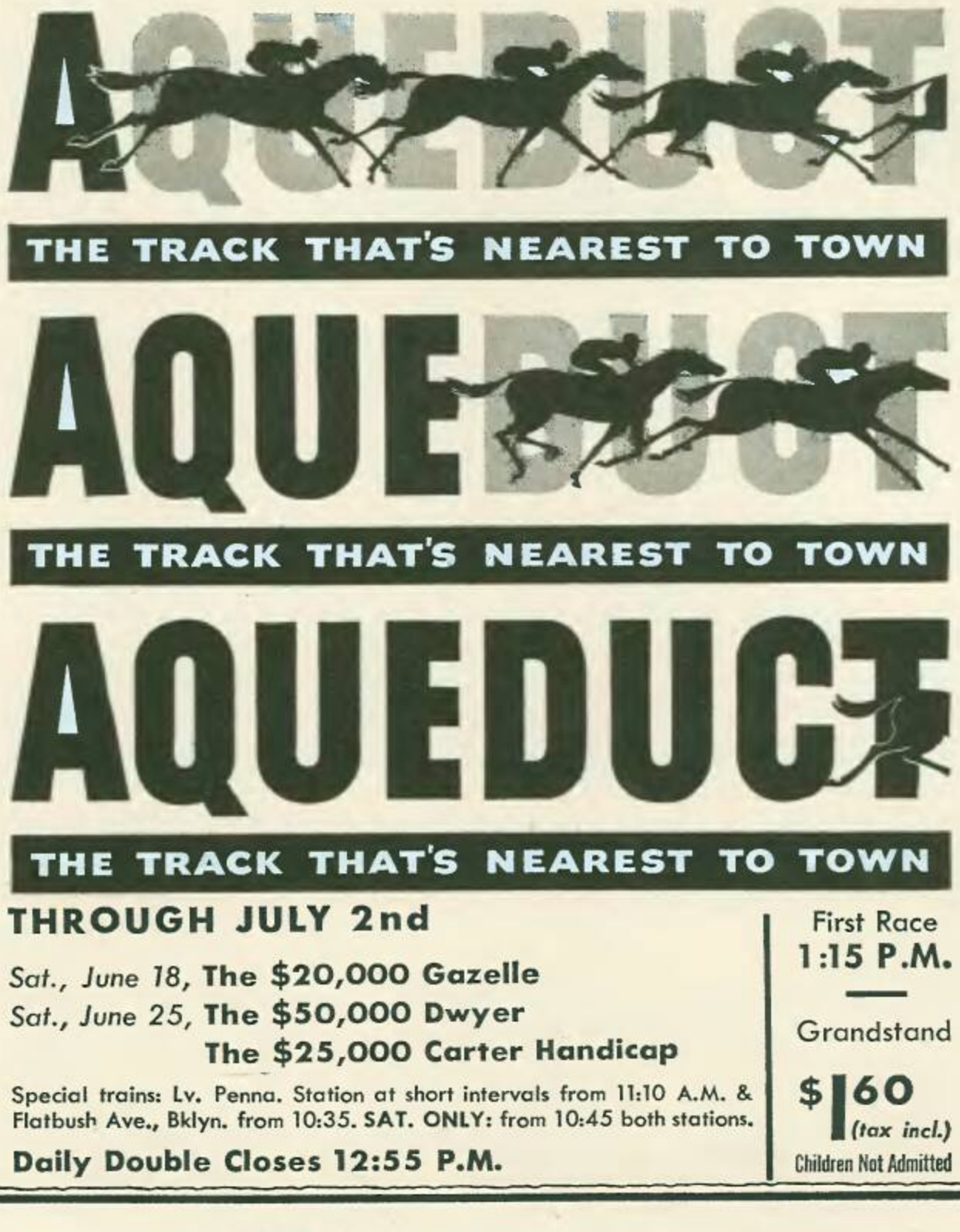
BRIEFLY NOTED

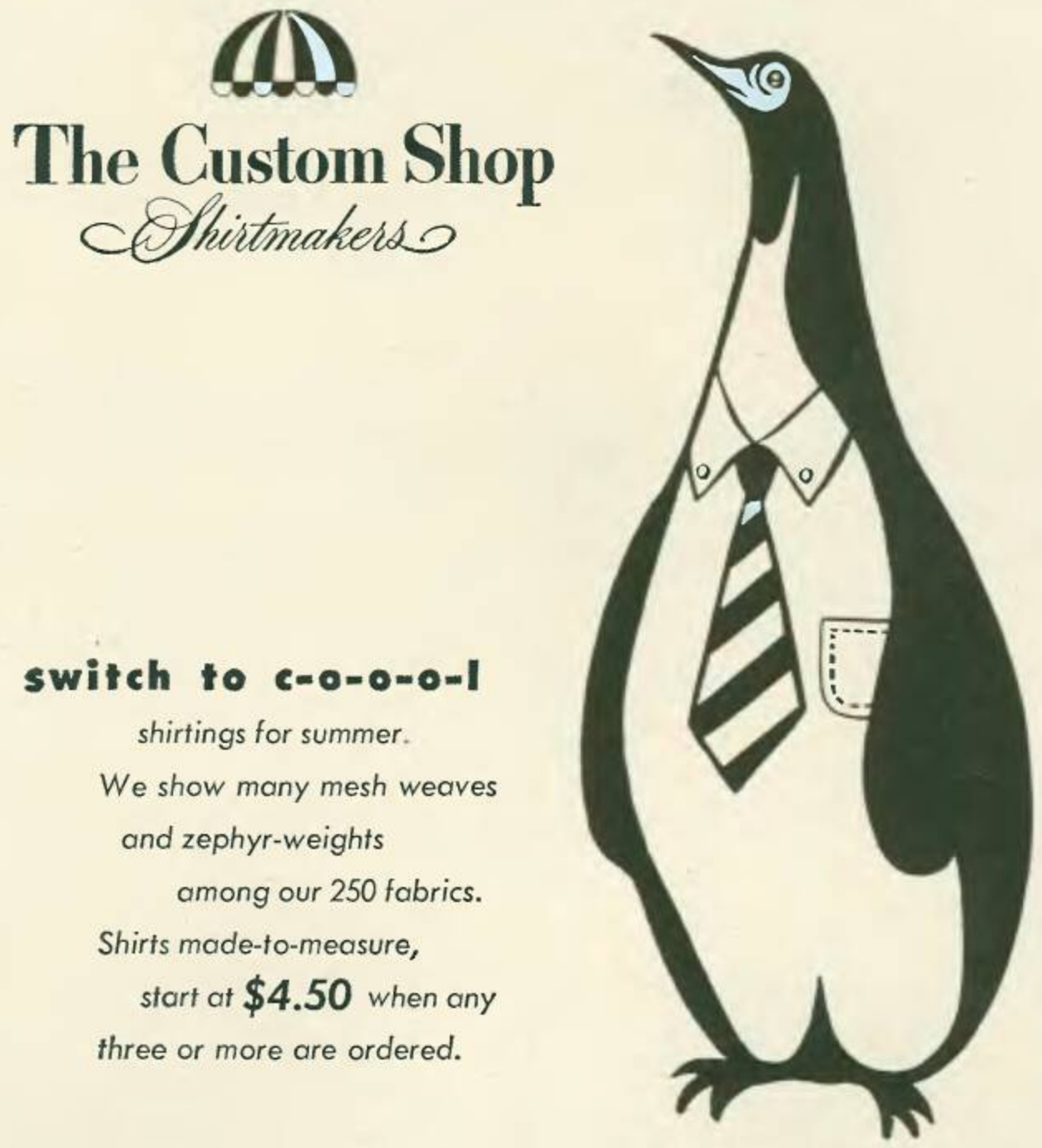
FICTION

JOURNEY INTO SPRING, by Winston Clewes (Knopf). A quiet and effective homily about a troubled British veteran's assumption of his duties as a village squire. The ex-soldier, who is, with good reason, feeling quite unsociable after a long imprisonment at Sachsenhausen, finds when he returns to Britain that he has unexpectedly inherited a title, a crumbling Gothic manor house, and the traditional social leadership of the hamlet around his estate. Being indifferent to all these prerogatives, he angrily rebuffs his fellow-townsmen. His involvement in the affairs of an unhappy young couple at last drives a sense of civic and personal responsibility into him. Although the unwilling peer's misanthropy seems overdrawn at times, Mr. Clewes' treatment of the returning-soldier theme and of contemporary Britain is thoughtful and precise.

CANNON HILL, by Mary Deasy (Atlantic-Little, Brown). Intricately dovetailed relationships in an Ohio Valley city during the second and third decades of this century, set forth with no unnecessary dramatics and in exemplary prose. Among Miss Deasy's more interesting people are a moody former coal miner who doggedly puts himself through medical school, a sympathetic but aloof spinster who can never quite bring herself to a complete emotional surrender, and the miner's daughter, whose childhood and adolescence are traced with care and feeling. The activities of these three and of the spinster's family are followed at a pace that seldom accelerates but almost never flags. The author's style and characters are vaguely and attractively reminiscent of D. H. Lawrence, but in a politely urbanized way that that master would undoubtedly have scorned.

PLAYTIME IS OVER, by Clyde Brion Davis (Lippincott). An old sergeant muses lengthily and philosophically on his picaresque career. Having







The Columbia School of Journalism never prepared its graduates for this. It's one of the totally unexpected surprises in a book that's full of them

The Man Who Could Grow Hair or Inside Andorra

by WILLIAM ATTWOOD

The cockeyed misadventures of an American reporter in post-war Europe and Africa . . . a chronicle gusty with guffaws, spiced with humor of a subtler sort—and carefree drawings by Roger Duvoisin.

$2.75 wherever books are sold

ALFRED A. KNOPF, *Publisher*



"IT'S SO CONVENIENT!"

Baltimore's Finest Hotel is close to everything in town, yet far from city noise and traffic!

Teletype No. BA-370

Sheraton Belvedere
Baltimore's Finest Hotel

IN NEW YORK
enjoy this exclusive "On-the-Park" location
at these attractive rates
from $5.50 single
from $7.50 for 2 persons

Famed Continental Cuisine
Write for Booklet "E"



ST. MORITZ ON-THE-PARK
New York's Only Truly Continental Hotel
Charles G. Taylor, *President*

been invalided out of the American Army in the course of the Second World War, he acquires a lonely Arkansas farm and begins work on a memoir of his robust but seemingly aimless life, which has included stretches as a seaman, a Marine, a coffee planter, and a South American revolutionary. Into his dry and rambling accounts of these episodes, he splices details of his current attempts at agriculture, which makes for a pleasant combination of salty reminiscence and unhurried bucolic incident. An apt characterization.

THE MAN WHO MADE FRIENDS WITH HIMSELF, by Christopher Morley (Doubleday). This inconclusive tale about a literary agent in search of his better self displays some of its author's flair for lush epigram and also reveals the scars the co-editorship of "Bartlett's Familiar Quotations" has left upon him. The dialogues and meditations of the hero and his acquaintances are made up, by turns, of material from that volume (always properly attributed), original doggerel, and catchy-sounding pronouncements on such matters as sex, literature, human nature, and suburban life. On the first of these subjects, the author usually sounds self-consciously naughty, and on the others he is sometimes amusing, seldom profound, and occasionally just cute.

FLUTE OF THE SMOKING MIRROR, by Frances Gillmor (University of New Mexico Press). A conscientious fictional venture into the pre-Columbian history of the Aztecs. Miss Gillmor, who approaches her topic with more scholarship than literary guile, presents a straightforward version of the times of Nezahualcoyotl, a fifteenth-century Mexican ruler who was equally distinguished as soldier, scholar, and lawgiver. The monarch comes through as a fairly admirable type, but his subjects, as the author describes them, bear out the historic impression that they were one of the most humorless and least humane peoples that ever existed. Their fondness for proper names even longer than Nezahualcoyotl also complicates the job of glorifying them. There are footnotes, a bibliography, and many good reproductions of Aztec decorations.

STRANGER IN THE LAND, by Ward Thomas (Houghton Mifflin). An overlong but intensely written New England tragedy about a maladjusted

THE rich beauty of rolling countryside...the warmth of summer sunshine... competent human skill born of long experience...are all part of the superb goodness which you'll find in all Widmer's Wines.

WIDMER'S
NEW YORK STATE
WINES



WIDMER'S WINE CELLARS, Inc., NAPLES, N.Y.

The new address for distinctive precious jewels
18 East 57th Street, New York

Olga **TRITT**



Matchless STEAKS, ROAST BEEF, ENGLISH MUTTON CHOPS, SEA FOOD . . . doubly enjoyable in the unique atmosphere of this famed tavern.

Keen's
ENGLISH CHOP HOUSE
72 West 36th St.

high-school teacher and his uneasy acquaintance with an amoral but personable young tough. The instructor, who feels himself entirely isolated by the warped religiosity of his mother and by the callousness of his faculty-mates and students, finds companionship in this amusing and opportunistic no-good, who presently starts blackmailing him. The teacher, after much introspection, decides that his only escape lies in murdering his sometime friend. Mr. Thomas's plot doesn't justify all the wordage he expends, but his analyses of a small town and of his hero's dilemma are most perceptive.

THE EVENING WOLVES, by Marie McCall (John Day). The witchcraft scare in seventeenth-century Massachusetts, given a competent, if somewhat cinematic, treatment. The case Miss McCall concerns herself with is that of a Puritan minister's wife who is accused of putting a hex on an old flame of his. The supposed victim of the hex has, of course, concocted the evidence, in an effort to get the wife out of the way, a fact that the elders of the colony are remarkably slow to grasp. There is nothing unusual about the motivations, but the author's report of the hysteria attendant on the matter is relevant to our times.

GENERAL

BEHIND THE CURTAIN, by John Gunther (Harper). Mainly a report on the Soviet satellite countries, including Yugoslavia, which, the author says, is in the Russian orbit for all serious purposes of argument, despite Marshal Tito's defection. At his best, Mr. Gunther is both a thoughtful writer and a tireless leg man, and this book is one of his best. In working on it, he had the advantage of covering ground in Middle and Eastern Europe that has long been familiar to him, and he managed to talk to all the new rulers—not only the Communist presidents and premiers but men like Mátyás Rákosi, in Hungary, and Jakub Berman, in Poland, who really run their own shows. In general, he found that the famous curtain is a flimsy piece of drapery, not very difficult to penetrate, and that the countries behind it are alike only in their presses' transparently stupid lying about the United States. Hungary, he says, is the best-run and most prosperous state, Czechoslovakia the most cowed and beaten down, Poland the most dar-



SUBSCRIPTION BLANK



THE NEW YORKER

25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK CITY 18, N. Y.

Please enter my subscription to your magazine for ☐ 1 YEAR; ☐ 2 YEARS. My remittance is enclosed.

U. S. and Possessions	1 year—$7.00;	2 years—$11.00
Canada	1 year— 8.00;	2 years— 13.00
Latin America and Spain	1 year— 7.50;	2 years— 12.00
Other Foreign	1 year—10.00;	2 years— 17.00

Subscribers ordering a change of address are requested to notify us at least four weeks in advance and to give us their old address as well as the new.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

(Please include postal zone number)

portable, plug-in, 110 volt A-C



Electric Stoves for Camps Trailers Summer Homes

$12.95

7 BIG FEATURES

1. 30 oz. plug-in chrome-plated cup for tea, coffee, soup, stews.
2. Heavy grill with removable top and drip pan.
3. Two 3-quart, hinge-top enamel hot pots heat food piping hot—keep it at 140°.
4. Fitted with salt, pepper and sugar shakers.
5. 30 x 15 x 9½ steel case with gleaming white inside finish and handles for carrying.
6. Heavy canvas cover with snap fasteners.
7. Weight, complete, 38 pounds.

Originally made for airplane kitchens, these beautiful, efficient stoves are brand new and in perfect working condition. The hot cup alone—the kind you see at lunch bars—is worth more than you pay for the complete stove. Small size and light weight are combined with generous cooking capacity—the stove easily serves a family of eight. It boils, fries, grills—keeps a complete meal hot.

Just slip it in the luggage compartment of your car and take it along. Sent shipping charges collect. Send cash, check or money order—No C.O.D.'s.

ORDER NOW

CANTON SALES CO., CANTON 7, MASS.

Telephone CANTON 6-0182

Mexico's famous gardenia resort

invites you to vacation in the fresh summer tropics; swim in the renowned gardenia-filled pool, golf, ride. Good food, luxurious service, stupendous scenery! All for only $ 6.50 (US) a day American plan. Train, plane, car service from Mexico City.

Hotel Ruiz Galindo

The Gardenia Resort

Box "N"

Fortin de las Flores, Ver., Mexico



PORTRAITS, Inc.

PORTRAIT CENTER OF AMERICA

460 PARK AVENUE NEW YORK

Lois Shaw Helen Appleton Read

ingly intransigent (from Moscow's standpoint) and most vital, Bulgaria the nearest to a prison state, and Rumania the most inaccessible. Although the writing and organization show some evidence of haste, the book is valuable because it makes a start at disentangling the vast mass of contradictions about the countries that comprise Russia's security belt.

AMERICA AND COSMIC MAN, by Wyndham Lewis (Doubleday). Ourselves as seen by a recent English visitor. Mr. Lewis is all for us; peering beneath our modest pork-pies, he unhesitatingly identifies us as the Romans of this century, and in support of his evaluation makes brilliantly free with our history, which he interprets—with special attention to the administrations of Woodrow Wilson and the two Roosevelts—in such a way that we emerge with the future already at least fifty per cent in our possession. One may be of two minds regarding the author's estimate of the American psyche, but on the question of Mr. Lewis's current standing in this country there can be no disagreement whatsoever; with this book he takes his place as the keenest, the best-mannered, the most extravagantly charming British guest we've ever had.

LAST CALL FOR COMMON SENSE, by James P. Warburg (Harcourt, Brace). The fifth book on foreign relations that Mr. Warburg has written since the end of the war, and, like the others, a résumé of opinions and facts he has gathered while travelling in Europe. The author, a deeply disturbed citizen, has dedicated himself to changing our foreign policy, which he maintains is based on a false interpretation of the existing world situation and has made the government a prisoner of its own errors. He thinks that the Marshall Plan has been diverted into pure politics from its initial purpose of bringing an end to European hunger, poverty, and chaos, and that the Atlantic Pact is unrealistic, in that it cannot provide adequate defense for the signatory nations; will be ruinously costly; and may provoke the very attack it seeks to prevent. His main argument is that our fear of Russian military strength has blinded us to the real threat of the Soviets—the exploitation of misery in Western Europe. He believes that the way to remove this threat is not by force but by promoting economic stability and social jus-

Delicate mellow taste so delicious and distinctive—well worth the price if you would drink the internationally famous

EUROPE'S MOST DISTINGUISHED BEER





Carlsberg Beer

THE ROYAL COURT BEER

You may now obtain this superb brew from Coast to Coast from Boston to Miami at your favorite hotel, restaurant or better retail food stores.

FINE FOOD deserves Carlsberg

Imported by

THE EAST ASIATIC CO., Inc.

NEW YORK, N. Y., Phone WH 3-7321







PRESENTING
The Rendez-vous
AIR-CONDITIONED
IN ITS NEW
SUMMER DECOR



Truly reminiscent of gay Vienna. Here in a cool pleasant atmosphere you may enjoy fine food and drinks throughout the summer season.

THEATRE DINNER
Served from 6:30 *to* 8.
No Entertainment Tax.

PAYSON RE
AND HIS ORCHESTRA

NICOLAS MATTHEY
AND HIS ROYAL TZIGANES

THE PLAZA
FIFTH AVENUE AT 59th ST.

NEW YORK'S PAGE ONE DINING SPOT
PRESS BOX
PrESS box
STEAKS
LOBSTER
CHOPS
139 EAST 45 ST.
EL 5-8297
AIR CONDITIONED

the charm of
country dining . . .
the rare delight
of superior food . . .
Beau Sejour
Bethpage, L. I. Phone · Hicksville 3-0091
closed Tuesdays

tice according to a new, positive policy, which will be pro-democratic instead of merely anti-Soviet.

THIRTEEN WHO FLED, edited by Louis Fischer (Harper). A volume of personal histories written by Russian displaced persons who were dragooned into Germany by the Nazis during the war and who, since the war's end, have stood off their government's every offer of free transportation back home. The unique feature of the book is the preëminent unimportance of the authors, all of whom were hand-picked by Mr. Fischer for their utter lack of consequence as Soviet citizens and for their unusual inability to express themselves in writing, the idea being that their artless accounts of why they don't want any more of the Soviet Union would be more trustworthy and revealing than the stories we've been getting from the Kravchenko type of disaffected Soviet, who generally takes sanctuary in a publisher's office. Recommended, with the full realization that from these virtually asyntactical compositions a vogue of the political primitive could conceivably spring.

FRANCIS THE GOOD, by Walter Consuelo Langsam (Macmillan). A study of the young manhood of Francis II, last of the Holy Roman Emperors—a rather specialized bit of scholarship, at first glance, but a very interesting book nonetheless. Francis, who was a nephew of Marie Antoinette and an unwilling father-in-law of Napoleon, is usually given short shrift in history books; he has long been considered a small-minded royal bureaucrat who was one of the mainstays of the great reactionary movement in Europe after the Bourbon restoration. Dr. Langsam claims that this is an unjust generalization; he says that Francis was a sensitive and intelligent ruler, who sincerely believed in the divine right of kings, and that his opposition to political change is understandable in view of the excesses of the French Revolution and the Napoleonic Wars. At any rate, Francis was a link between two momentous periods in history, and this story of his coming of age provides a lively footnote to his times.

JESSE JAMES WAS MY NEIGHBOR, by Homer Croy (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). Mr. Croy was born in the Jesse James country a year after the desperado's death, and was shrilling about the "dirty little coward that



ROOSEVELT RACEWAY
WESTBURY, LONG ISLAND

Watch the breakers roll in . . . while the sea air stimulates your appetite
in the beautiful beachside
BOARDWALK RESTAURANT
JONES BEACH STATE PARK WANTAGH, L.I.
Enjoy a real old-fashioned
SHORE DINNER
WHOLE JUMBO MAINE LOBSTER
with all the trimmings
$3.50
OTHER DINNERS FROM $2
FREE PARKING AT RESTAURANT

AIR CONDITIONED
Cotillion room
ARTINI & CONSUELO
Dansation
BETTY JANE WATSON
Singing Star from "As The Girls Go"
Stanley Melba
and his orchestra
RALPH LANE—*Latin Rhythms*
Closed Mondays
Hotel Pierre
PLAZA CIRCLE AT 61st STREET



THE *Astor Roof*

presents

THE POET OF THE PIANO

Carmen Cavallaro

AND HIS ORCHESTRA

Featuring **BOB LIDO**

Nightly, except Sunday, at dinner and supper. Special "Theatre Dinner." Cover charge (after 10 P.M. only) $1 Mon. thru Thurs.; $1.25 Fri., Sat. and Holiday Eves.

Reservations: Circle 6-6000

HOTEL *Astor*

TIMES SQUARE

R. K. Christenberry, Pres.



SOOTHING GREEN ACRES

. . . Just 45 minutes from Grand Central

. . . A charming, colonial estate in a New England setting which appeals to quiet, cultured people. Outstanding cuisine and service. Excellent commuting. American plan from $10.00. Booklet "E" on request.

LUNCHEON • COCKTAILS

DINNER

KENT HOUSE

(Recommended by Duncan Hines)

GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT

Phone 8-0500



GAGE AND TOLLNER'S

A famous Sea Food house for more than 65 years

Closed on Sunday

Established 1879

374 Fulton St., Brooklyn

shot Mr. Howard" while still in knee pants. In this book, he sets out to round up the whole story of the James boys, from the Civil War days, when Jesse and Frank were riding with Quantrill's guerrillas, to Jesse's death, at the hands of Bob Ford, while the outlaw was dusting a picture on the wall. It is an exceedingly thorough job of winnowing facts from the apocrypha, impostures, myths, and plain lies that make up the James legend. The author names every one of his sources and has traced all the surviving members of the James family, in addition to visiting the scenes of many of Jesse's crimes and talking to eyewitnesses, and he even gives a necrology of the twenty-eight bandits who at one time or another rode with the gang. Although Mr. Croy does not gloss over Jesse's cold-blooded murders, he is still pretty indignant about the craven way he was brought to earth, and it is obvious that Jesse is still a hero to him. The writing is deplorable.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

BLOOD AND THIRSTY, by Francis Bonnamy (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). An island off the coast of Maine becomes a stamping ground for more sinister characters than one would assume offhand could be accommodated in what is described as a very small area. Their activities, which include a couple of drownings and a great deal of nocturnal skulking, are finally explained away by a Chicago criminologist named Shane, who has appeared to better advantage in Mr. Bonnamy's previous mysteries. The preliminary snooping, however, is done by Bonnamy, Shane's Watson, who is honeymooning there and gets understandably irate when somebody knocks his bride on the head and hangs her up in a tree. Madly overcomplicated.

•

WHAT PAGE OF THE WASHINGTON "TIMES-HERALD" D'YA READ?

Annette, Emilie, Yvonne, Cecile and Marie have reached the age of 15 without being spoiled, their nurses and teachers say, despite the world attention that has been heaped upon them. . . .

They still are not interested in dates, fine clothes, rouge and lipstick.—*May 29th issue, page 5.*

Yvonne Dionne, one of the famous quints, is squabbling with her mother. . . . She wants to "go steady" with her favorite beau, and Mrs. Dionne thinks 15 is too young.—*Dorothy Kilgallen, same issue, page 8.*



It Costs No More . . . To

STORE YOUR

FURS

AT LINCOLN

World's Finest Warehouse

14 Air-Conditioned Refrigerated Vaults

Repairing • Restyling

Don't Make a Move Without Calling

LINCOLN

WAREHOUSE CORPORATION

RHinelander 4-0100

69th to 70th on 3rd Ave, N.Y.C.

T·O·DEY

makes last Summer's shoes like new again

• Custom-factory Rebuilding
• Re-Napping and Refinishing
• Dyeing • Spiking for golf

We Mail Everywhere. Visit our workroom or write for Free Booklet "Y"

T. O. DEY *The Shoe Craftsman*

509 FIFTH AVE. at 42nd St. (3rd Floor)

MU 2-4790



They all speak well of it

The DEWITT CLINTON

ALBANY, N. Y.

traditional KNOTT HOTEL hospitality

John J. Hyland
Manager

Parking Lot and Garage Adjacent



EDGARTOWN

ISLAND OF MARTHA'S VINEYARD

For bathing—fishing—golfing—sailing—horseback riding

(Amer. plan) $14 per person per day

Phone Edgartown 415 now for reservations

Leo J. Convery HARBORSIDE INN

Edgartown, Martha's Vineyard, Mass.

Dewar's
"White Label"
and "Victoria Vat"

The Medal **SCOTCH** *of the World*

Famed the world over are the Tartans of the Clans, still proudly worn on festive days by every true Scot. There you'll likely find another tradition—Dewar's White Label and Victoria Vat, forever and always a wee bit o' Scotland in a bottle!



The Tartan of Cameron of Lochiel

for distinguished service

White Label
Medal Scotch for more than 80 years

Victoria Vat
"None Finer"
—Liqueur Scotch



Both 86.8 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky

Copyright IMPORTED by Schenley
Schenley Import Corp., N.Y.

Do you like heartiness in a whiskey?

This whiskey is
5 years old
100 PROOF



If the answer is "yes," you'll like Old Overholt.

For here is a whiskey whose popularity is based on its rich, robust taste; its warm, real rye flavor.

Next time, order Old Overholt. One sip will tell you. If it's your whiskey, you have made a discovery!

National Distillers Products Corp., New York, N. Y.

UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT
BOTTLED IN BOND



Its Good Taste Always Stands Out