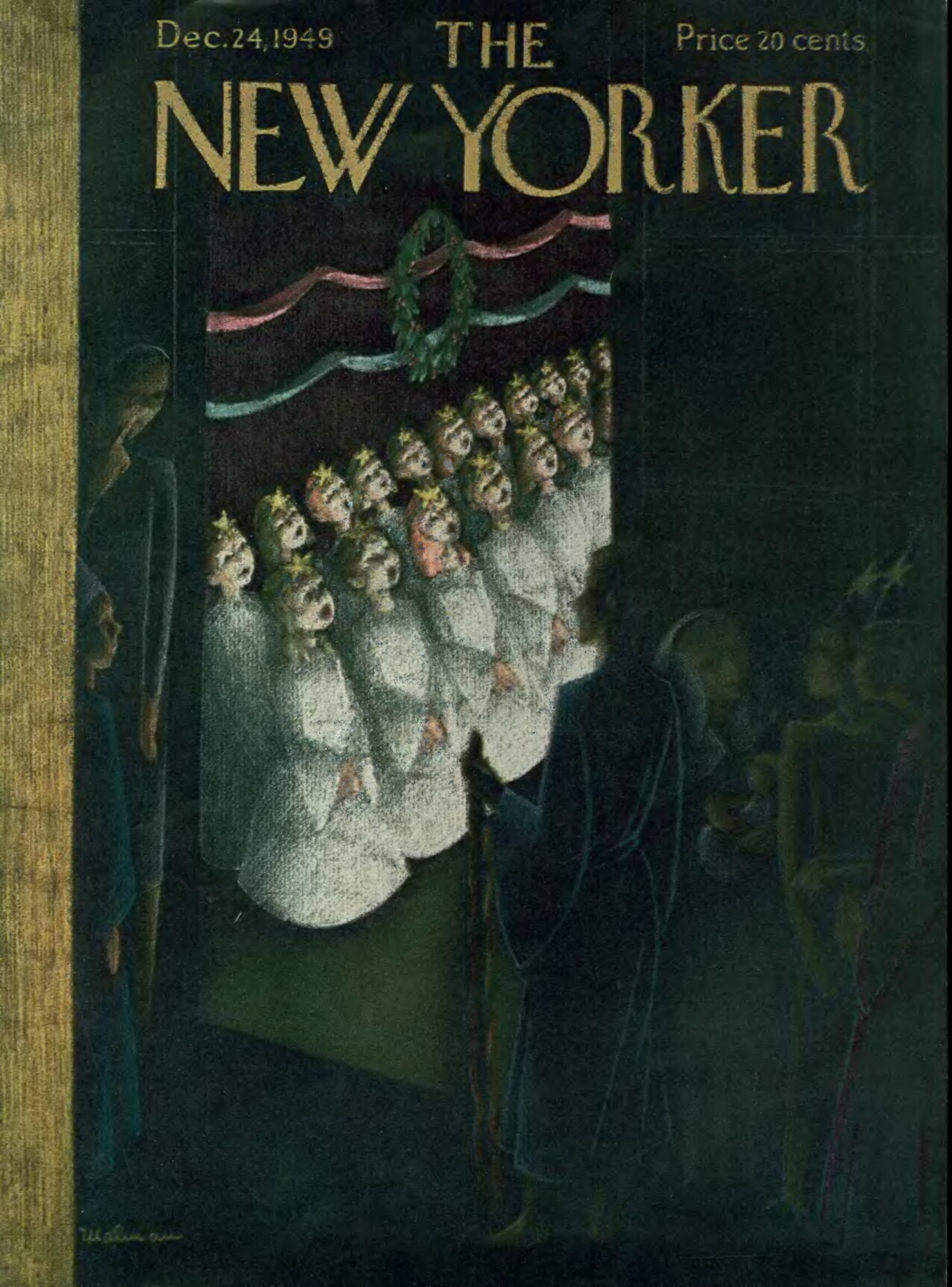
Dec. 24, 1949

THE NEW YORKER

Price 20 cents





LEJON has the aroma
to grace the crystal snifter...



LEJON has the brilliance
to adorn the pony glass . . .



LEJON has body
to keep a long drink glowing . .

For quality to match any occasion . .

LEJON

has all three



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HARVARD
written by R. D. S. H.



Probably every new and eagerly expected garment ever put on since clothes came in, fell a trifle short of the wearer's expectation.
Charles Dickens — *Great Expectations*

'Tisn't true today, Mr. Dickens!

Rogers Peet Clothes have that Style, Quality and Fit that leave nothing to be desired in wearability and distinctive looks.

What's more, the Values offered in Rogers Peet's University Shop go far beyond your own *great expectations.*

PHILLIPS EXETER
written by R. T.



Just as the "Big Three" are recognized as the leaders in clothing styles for college, so is Rogers Peet a recognized authority in school and college clothes.

YALE
written by A. P. L., Jr.



Scylum virum arguit — our style betrays us.

It is just as true today as when Democritus, an ancient Greek philosopher, said it.

Style reveals a man's taste, sense of values, character . . . style is the man himself.

CHOATE
written by D. S. C., Jr.



The French have a word for it—*Savoir Faire!*

It's what you have when you put on a Rogers Peet Suit.

That wonderful feeling of

PRINCETON
written by R. E. I.



Meet the Champs!!!

Princeton—football champion of the *Big 3!*

Rogers Peet — champion of the *Big 3* in clothes —

Style
Quality
Value

PHILLIPS
written by J. E. B., III



The latest notes in fashion . . . the careful harmony of colors . . . tailoring as smooth as a waltz . . .

All these go into the skillful composition of a Rogers Peet Suit.

And prices are pianissimo! —very soft on a young man's pocketbook.

WILLIAMS
written by P. S. C.



REUNION!

It's a proud day for every college man when he brings his family back to the old Alma Mater.

Rogers Peet, too, is the scene of many a proud reunion.

Year after year customers return, knowing they will find the same smart styling

COLGATE
written by E. E. S.



Eat to please thyself, but dress to please others. Benjamin Franklin

If Ben lived today he would know that in a Rogers Peet Suit you not only please others — but you also please yourself!

HILL
written by L. D. B., Jr.

LAWRENCEVILLE
written by W. P. W., Jr.



BOSTON COLLEGE
written by G. B.



BELMONT HILL
written by R. S. R.



STOP sometime to observe your classmates!

LOOK at the clothes they're wearing!

LISTEN to your friends!

You're likely to find that many of your classmates who get the compliments for a neat appearance get their clothes at Rogers Peet.

So r
Peet's
mont

asier than an open am to see that St. has hit the mark Rogers Peet. years St. Georgians en satisfied with the

ST. JOHN'S PREP
written by S. J. B.



Don't "B-flat"— "B-sharp" and "B-natural" with Rogers Peet Clothes!

You don't have to be musically inclined to know that natural looking clothes have the most eye appeal.

Rogers Peet Clothes have t natural look with its in-

ST. PAUL'S
written by E. C.



Recipe for a Good Suit!

Take smart university style, add to it good woolens and good workmanship, pour in lots of comfort, flavor with the colors and patterns young men like, spice it with value, mix well

BLAIR
written by J. V.



V.B.W.—Very Big Wheel!

Are you a V.B.W.? Or just a B.W.?

The one V.B.W. ab a V.B.W. k right all th

He learn Peet — Sty for Very Bu

ST. GEORGE'S
written by T. T. T.



DARTMOUTH
written by T. H. H.



A big factor in a man's success is the way he looks. So take a look at yourself! Rogers Peet Clothes al- *s look* right and *feel* t on you.

WESLEYAN
written by W. A. S



You are always going to be able to use the f learn in college, be in History, En Clothes.

KENT
written by A. B. H.

M.I.T.
written by A. J. G.

DINNER SUITS *for the* YOUNGER MAN *Sizes 34 to 42*

$59.50



Approved University-Styling with the same Good Taste and Dependable Workmanship that distinguish all Rogers Peet Clothes for the Younger Man.

Rogers Peet
UNIVERSITY SHOP
NEW YORK
BOSTON

CORNELL
written by H. I.



Its fame rings out all over the land!

And so does the Value of ogers Peet Clothes!

N. Y. U.
written by G.



L. I. U.
written by B. W.



PEDDIE
written by J. C. S., Jr.



"You stole my heart away in that Rogers Peet Suit"

ALLEN STEVENSON
written by K. McI.



Rogers Peet has got the (1 correct) It will win you friends and make them smile.

POLY PREP
written by W. B.



Hunt for this character you want clothes of Style, Good Woolens

PREP SCHOOL AND COLLEGE MEN WROTE THESE ROGERS PEET ADS!

A few of the ads written this year by Prep School and College Men for their own School and College Papers are reproduced on this page. Rogers Peet is a recognized authority in School and College Outfitting.

IONA
written by P. C

UNIV. of PENN.
written by E. O. H., Jr.



"I dare ya . . ."

We're not quite so pugnacious about it, but we have a friendly dare, too!

We dare you to try on one of our university-styled suits . . . dare you to compare its style, quality, fit, workmanship . . . and then try to guess its price!

We'll wager it will be less than you guess!

Rogers Peet rates *tops* at many of the country's leading colleges.

Rogers Peet
UNIVERSITY

BROWN
written by S. C



ST. MARK'S
written by P. B. F.



POMFRET
written by H. D. K.



Grand Slam!

RUTGERS
written by J. B. F.



You are sure to ring

LOOMIS
written by S. N. A.



Naturally, F

FORDHAM
written by W. H. M.



SOUTH KENT
written by P. D.



Down through the years a man's clothes have been his badge of distinction as well as his protective covering.

One of the best examples today is Rogers Peet Clothes.

Besides protection, they speak for your good taste, your appreciation

DEERFIELD
written by S. B.



O. S. is a distress s t not when you th rs Peet!

he first "S" stan e. Rogers Peet h t styles.

he "O" stands for Rogers Peet sa bliging, courteo ful.

he last "S" star ings. Rogers hes are sensibly a young man's b wonder Roger *tops* at many try's leading sch

CHESHIRE
written by F. L.



"Gosh, he's elegant!"

TRINITY-PAWLING
written by T. H.



Enjoy yourself; it is later than you think. Chinese Proverb

Why not start right no to enjoy the lasting wearin

RIVERDALE
written by D. L. A.



No adjectives are neede

WESTMINSTER
written by J. B. K., Jr.



MILTON
written by H. L. C.



Seeing RO-PE-CO in

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

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

PLAYS

Clutterbuck—Arthur Margetson is superb as a simple-minded Briton in Benn W. Levy's comedy about promiscuity among the upper classes. Others in the cast whose love affairs are thoroughly discussed are Tom Helmore, Ruth Matteson, Ruth Ford, and Claire Carleton. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Diamond Lil—Mae West inviting her friends to come up and see her sometime just as engagingly as she did in 1928. Among the members of the saloon society she dominates are Billy Van, Richard Coogan, and Walter Petrie. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 28, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Monday, Dec. 26.)

The Father—Strindberg's 1887 tragedy of a man whose wife plots relentlessly against his sanity is still interesting, though time and a not especially inspired production have somewhat diminished its original impact. Raymond Massey and Mady Christians lead the warring sexes. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

I Know My Love—The Lunts contribute their usual high spirits and S. N. Behrman his usual polished complexity to this play about a marriage that goes on for fifty years. A standard brand, probably very satisfactory for those who admire the product. With Geoffrey Kerr, Betty Caulfield, Katharine Bard, and Henry Barnard. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Montserrat—A fairly contrived and monotonous play asking whether a man is justified in betraying his country and causing the death of six innocent people in the pursuit of a revolutionary ideal. Lillian Hellman adapted it from the French and also directed the cast, which includes Emlyn Williams, William Redfield, Reinhold Schunzel, Francis Compton, and John Abbott. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. May close Saturday, Dec. 24.)

That Lady—Katharine Cornell is the producer and star of this rather listless play about a Spanish princess who takes a lover, to the considerable irritation of her king. Henry Daniell, Joseph Wiseman, Henry Stephenson, and Torin Thatcher are among those who do their best to suggest a regal atmosphere. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—born yesterday: The piece about a conniving junk dealer. Now with Joan Morgan and Jesse White. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.) . . . **death of a salesman:** The tragic windup of a man who suddenly comes to realize that he can't go on any more. Gene Lockhart plays the man. (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 roughhouse in a New York police station, with Ralph Bellamy cast as a tough cop. (Hudson, 44th St., E. LU 2-1087. Mondays through Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 8:40; Fridays at 9. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **the madwoman of chaillot:** All about a loony old Parisian lady (Martita Hunt) and her good works. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **mister roberts:** Henry Fonda, Henry Hull, and William Harrigan patrolling the deck of a Navy cargo ship.



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

(Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. No performances through Saturday, Dec. 24.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Caesar and Cleopatra—Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Lilli Palmer in a revival of G. B. Shaw's play. Produced by Richard Aldrich and Richard Myers, in association with Julius Fleischmann, and directed by Sir Cedric. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursday and Saturday this week and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes—Lorelei Lee may not be quite the girl she was in Anita Loos's novel, but she and her peculiar friends still provide a nice rowdy evening. Miss Loos and Joseph Fields have collaborated on the book, Jule Styne did the music, and Leo Robin wrote the lyrics. Carol Channing, Yvonne Adair, and Jack McCauley head the large and animated cast. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Lost in the Stars—Perhaps too much of the spirit and atmosphere of Alan Paton's novel "Cry, the Beloved Country" has been lost in this adaptation for the stage, but Maxwell Anderson's libretto is frequently moving, and Kurt Weill has written a distinguished score. Todd Duncan and Leslie Banks lead the cast. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Miss Liberty—The Berlin-Sherwood-Hart musical concerning a girl who may or may not have posed for that statue in the Harbor. It has a few pretty tunes and some fair dancing, but otherwise it is a distinct disappointment. Eddie Albert, Allyn McLerie, and Mary McCarty head the cast, but Ethel Griffies unquestionably provides most of the fun. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly. except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

South Pacific—Richard Rodgers, Oscar Hammerstein II, and Joshua Logan have collaborated triumphantly on this musical about the war in the Pacific. Ezio Pinza's singing and acting are remarkable, and Mary Martin is delightful in the other leading role. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

Texas, Li'l Darlin'—This musical about the editor of a magazine that might well be *Life* and a political campaign in Texas is intended to be a satire, but the authors are never quite witty enough to bring it off. However, Johnny Mercer has written some bright lyrics, and Kenny Delmar, Loring Smith, Fredd Wayne, and Mary Hatcher turn in pleasant performances. (Mark Hellinger, Broadway at 51st St. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Touch and Go—Jean and Walter Kerr have worked up some nice, lively sketches for this agreeable revue, and Jay Gorney has turned out some cheerful songs. The talented young cast includes Kyle MacDonnell, Pearl Lang, Dick Sykes, Nancy Andrews, and George Hall. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—as the girls go: The Bobby Clark commotion about life in a fortunately imaginary White House. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **kiss me, kate:** "The Taming of the Shrew" as Shakespeare might have written it if he had had a hand from Cole Porter. With Alfred Drake and Patricia Morison. (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 bunch of chipper youngsters running through Charles Gaynor's sketches, lyrics, and music. (Mansfield, 47th St., W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 28, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Monday, Dec. 26.) . . . **where's charley?:** Ray Bolger's resurrection of "Charley's Aunt." (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. No performances through Saturday, Dec. 24.)

OPENINGS

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

The Rat Race—A new comedy by Garson Kanin, produced by Leland Hayward. Betty Field heads the cast. Opens Thursday, Dec. 22. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Velvet Glove—Grace George and Walter Hampden in a comedy by Rosemary Casey. Produced and directed by Guthrie McClintic. Opens Monday, Dec. 26. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

How Long Till Summer—A new play by Sarett and Herbert Rudley, with Josh White and

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

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Josh White, Jr. Directed by Mr. Rudley, and produced by Leon J. Bronesky and Edward M. Gilbert. Opens Tuesday, Dec. 27. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

New York City Theatre Company—A group of prominent actors and actresses, headed up by Maurice Evans, in a series of four plays, of which the first, Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer," with Celeste Holm, Brian Aherne, Burl Ives, and Carmen Mathews, opens Wednesday, Dec. 28. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8:15. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

BALLET AND DANCE RECITALS

Les Ballets de Paris—Roland Petit's French ballet troupe, presenting "Le Rendez-Vous," "L'Oeuf à la Coque," "Le Combat," and "Carmen." (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40; special matinée Wednesday, Dec. 28.)

New York City Dance Theatre—A new American dance group, which includes Valerie Bettis, the Dudley-Maslow-Bales company and the New Dance Group, and Charles Weidman and José Limón and their associates. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly at 8:40. Closes Saturday, Dec. 24.)

Uday Shankar—With his company, presenting a limited engagement of Hindu ballet. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; starting Tuesday, Dec. 27. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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. Mondays through Saturdays at 8:40; Sundays at 8:15. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3; special matinées Monday through Friday, Dec. 26-30, at 2:40.)

Harvard University Hasty Pudding Club—Presenting this year's production, "Heart of Gold." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Monday through Thursday, Dec. 26-29, at 8:30. For tickets, call MU 2-4600, Ext. 121.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music 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 Trianon Room, Jules Lande's orchestra and Nino de Moraes' rumba band for dancing. No music on Sundays.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Harold Nagel's orchestra plays during dinner in the Madison Room, and for cocktails and supper in the Palm Court, except Sundays and New Year's Eve. No dancing. New Year's Eve, the band will perform from supper on in the Bowman Room.

Café Society, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—A nice bundle of Christmas cheer: Sarah Vaughan's celebrated vocal obbligatos, Roger Price's errant merriment, and J. C. Heard's band. Cliff Jackson is the interlude pianist. Dancing. Closed Mondays.

Diamond Horseshoe, 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500)—Ninety minutes of old-fashioned minstrel-show tumult, in which Walter Dere Wahl's mock acrobatics, the Rigoletto Brothers' mock prizefight, W. C. Handy's honest trumpeting, and Harry Armstrong's honest singing stand out as the principal good deeds. Dancing.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—One of those story-book kingdoms, full of remarkably well-dressed peasants. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58th St. (VO 5-6374)—Country-club life in all its luxuriousness, right at your doorstep. Bernie Dolen's and Van Smith's bands produce the traditional sequence of fox trot, waltz, and Latinism, and Jane Harvey, a pretty child, sings animatedly at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

New Yorker, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—In the Terrace Room, the reliable James MacColl is an amusing Cole Porter in an amorphous and sleepy extravaganza about the life and works of Yale's best-known alumnus. Kenneth MacKenzie and Betta St. John dance a couple of the numbers. Don McGrane's and Peter Kent's dance bands.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Cotillion Room has Mimi Benzell, demonstrating, sometimes a trifle self-consciously, that opera stars sometimes unbend, just like anybody else. Also, a bit of ballroom dancing, plus Stanley Melba's orchestra and Ralph Lane's rumba band. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's music every day for tea dancing and during dinner and supper in the Café Pierre.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Through Wednesday, Dec. 28, Tito Guizar and guitar will be in the Persian Room, and Artini and Consuelo will prance at the drop of a hat. The following night, Jimmy Savo will take over, appearing at both dinner and supper, and Lisa Kirk will look in after the theatre to contribute some of her specialties. Bob Grant's and Mark Monte's orchestras for dancing. Closed Monday, Dec. 26. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, a throwback to a beloved and probably apocryphal Vienna, offers Nicolas Matthey's and Payson Ré's dance music after eight-thirty. . . . ¶ In the Palm Court, Leo LeFleur's cocktail-hour music. No dancing.

Ritz-Carlton, Madison Ave. at 46th St. (MU 8-3000)—The Oval Room hums to the flowing strains of Emery Deutsch's orchestra at dinner every day but Sunday, when Harold Sandler's band fills in. . . . ¶ In the Palm Court, the Sandler orchestra runs through pleasant period-piece cocktail music from four to seven, except Sundays. No dancing in either room.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Martha Wright, a perky and amiable lass with sunset hair, sings a clutch of truly fetching songs at dinner and supper in the Maisonette. Dancing to the music of Milt Shaw's and Laszlo and Pepito's bands. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every afternoon and evening Irving Conn's orchestra supplies the clientele of the Café Lounge with music to dance to.

Sherry-Netherland, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2800)—In the opulent Carnaval Room, Jan Brunesco's gypsy ensemble and a small posse from Lester Lanin's stable of musicians for dancing. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—This old, established hostelry for everlastingly homeless children has Paul Rickenbacker's



orchestra and a rumba band downstairs, as well as (on Fridays and Saturdays) an upstairs barn dance offering Ernie Warren's dance music and Suzy Mulligan's ingénue singing.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Even the most abstruse French colloquialism or state of mind seems crystal clear when Edith Piaf walks onstage. Emil Petti's orchestra and a group of French choristers and musicians lend a valiant hand. There is also Panchito's rumba band.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Wedgwood Room, at supper, Margaret Phelan's handsome soprano and Liberace's pianistics. Emil Coleman contributes sonorous dance music at dinner and again, assisted by Mischa Borr's band, at supper. On Sundays, no show, but the Borr band plays until ten o'clock. . . . ¶ Michael Zarin turns out dinner and supper dance music in the Flamingo Room, where Dr. Sydney Ross unveils some of his sleight-of-hand trickery. Tea dancing Saturdays; closed Monday, Dec. 26.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

Drake Room, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): In this leafy bower, at cocktails and dinner every day but Sunday, Les Crosley's inventive pianoforte arabesques, followed, later in the evening, by Cy Walter's fancywork. . . . **Coq Rouge**, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, dean of night-life band leaders, starts bowing over his violin at the customers at eight-thirty, and twice a night Inga Anderson sings blithely. The Phil D'Arcy Trio makes an appearance now and then. Closed Sundays and Monday, Dec. 26. . . . **Café Trouville**, 112 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-9234): Mary McNally plays cocktail piano and Harry Taylor and Page Morton play after-dinner piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **Little Club**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): A plausible harking back to upper-bracket speakeasy days, with Joe Bushkin's trio, after ten, and Harold Sandler's violin music every evening but Sunday. . . . **Monte Carlo**, 125 E. 54th St. (PL 9-2728): A sumptuous boudoir wherein one of Dick Gasparre's bands and the highly Latin Playa Sextet are on tap all evening for audience participation, and there is a bit of extra divertissement at dinner and supper. Closed Mondays. . . . **Armando's**, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): The denizens of Radio Row uneasily taking their ease. Piano and violin after nine-thirty. Closed Sundays and Monday, Dec. 26. . . . **One Fifth Avenue**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Louise Howard is revisiting her old neighborhood with her caustic portrait gallery of North American songbirds. Harold Fonville and Bob Downey contribute chipper double piano, and Hazel Webster plays solo piano. Sunday is old-movie night; Monday is young-amateur night. . . . **El Chico**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): A friendly Latin-American rumpus room, providing a plethora of song and dance, some of it by the house guests. Closed Sundays. . . . **Nino**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): In the bar, a resounding example of the Benzedrine school of interior decorating, Rudy Timfield's dinner and supper piano. Closed Sundays and Monday, Dec. 26. . . . **Madison**, Madison Ave. at 58th St. (VO 5-5000): At cocktail time, there's Peter Walters' piano Mondays through Fridays and Bernie Dolen's dance band Saturdays and Sundays until nine. . . . **Shelburne Lounge**, Lexington Ave. at 37th St. (MU 9-5200): Juanita Hall, "South Pacific's" Bloody Mary, taking a busman's holiday late in the evening; Patricia Bright, skinning a few celebrities alive; the South African folk songs of Marais and Miranda; and Cy Coleman's bustling trio. Closed Sundays. . . . **Byline Room**, 137 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4759): Upstairs in her new parlor, which is over the Show Spot bar, Mabel Mercer sings, every evening but Sunday, the special collection of ballads lovingly invented for her by our modernist composers. Sam Hamilton provides her piano accompaniment. . . . **L'Aiglon**, 13 E. 55th St. (PL 3-7296): Louis Hawkins has resumed his familiar series of piano séances, at cocktail time in the street-floor bar and at dinner and supper in the neat little Empress Room upstairs. Closed Christmas and the day after. . . . **Café Grinzing**, 323 E. 79th St. (BU 8-7607): Fritzi Scheff, sur-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

rounded by such Viennese props as *Schnitzel nature* and bottles of Tokay, stirring up a satisfying potpourri of the songs that made her famous. Closed Mondays. . . . OLD KNICK MUSIC HALL, Second Ave. at 54th St. (PL 9-2724): A slapdash replica of Gay Nineties saloon life—sawdust, singing waiters, and the like—plus a sometimes humorous travesty of old melodrama and films from the days when movies were even deeper in their infancy. Paul Killiam is commentator and Janie Stevens is the major decorative theme. Closed Mondays.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Jimmy Durante, owner and operator of midtown's noisiest sound track, indiscriminately cracking jokes and eardrums with the best will in the world. Someone named Alan Dale sings his head off, the firm of Copsey & Ayres dance in their bare feet, and the Copa girls dance in their bare midriffs.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Mae Barnes, that three-alarm fire from Harlem, has been injected into the already vigorous proceedings—Connie Sawyer's and Stan Freeman's vapors and humors, Andy Williams' and Kitty Crawford's singing. Stuart Ross and the Herman Chittison Trio provide an ermine-inlaid musical background. Sunday nights, visiting performers are interspersed among the regulars. Harold Cooke is master of ceremonies. . . . ¶ In the lounge, John Kelley, Jr., is at the piano weekdays during dinner, and from suppertime until all hours (except Saturdays), Eadie and Rack operate their twin pianos and the town's happiest greenroom. . . . RUBAN BLEU, 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Julius Monk's new assemblage of rapid-fire humor, comprising Bibi Osterwald's mixture of hog- and pterodactyl-calling, Michael Brown's poems in praise of extroversion, the Three Riffs' buffoonery, and Mervyn Nelson's peculiar soliloquies. Jo Hurt contributes some nice sad songs. In the background, the music of the unique Norman Paris Trio. Closed Sundays. . . . VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): A new and diverting group of singers called the Weavers, and Clarence Williams' new trio. 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. Closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): This small Hall of Fame offers Wild Bill Davison and his ride-of-the-Valkyries trumpet, together with Peanuts Hucko, Gene Schroeder, Cutty Cutshall, Buzzy Drootin, and other Kilkenny cats. Ralph Sutton plays hot piano while they cool their instruments. Tuesday nights, when other sharpshooters drop in for target practice, are often sheer madness. Closed Sundays. . . . NICK'S, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Bobby Hackett and demolition party noisily at work. Sunday afternoon is jam-session time. Closed Mondays. . . . JIMMY RYAN'S, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Wingy Manone's band, which makes use of Bob Casey, Sandy Williams, and Art Trappier, in full blast. Don Frye is

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

at the piano between sets. Jam sessions Monday nights. Dancing. . . . RIVIERA LOUNGE, Seventh Ave. at 4th St. (WA 9-9663): A cozy bungalow in which Art Hodes presides over a perpetual jam session involving Sammy Price, Tony Parenti, Herb Ward, and assorted friends of *le jazz primitif*. Ann Lewis's songs are in keeping with this background. . . . BOP CITY, 1619 Broadway, at 49th St. (JU 6-3170): George Shearing, with the aid of Margie Hyams on vibraharp and Chuck Wayne on guitar, making bebop sound like music. There is also Lionel Hampton's enormous road-show band, which does a good, rousing job. Starting Thursday, Dec. 29, Frankie Laine, who should bring all the old bobby-soxers out of hiding, and Elliott Lawrence's orchestra. Closed Tuesday, Dec. 27. . . . BIRDLAND, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (CI 7-9134): Loud sings a mighty cuckoo, its theme the history of jazz, which is enacted by such geniuses as Max Kaminsky, Oran Page, George Wettling, Lester Young, Stan Getz, Charlie Parker, Harry Belafonte, and Lenny Tristano. . . . THREE DEUCES, 72 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9861): Of interest mainly because of Errol Garner's splendid ideas about what to do with a piano. . . . CENTRAL PLAZA, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Those Friday-night straw rides are in season. This time (Dec. 23), the rioters will include Sidney Bechet, Eubie Blake, Billy Butterfield, Benny Morton, and Tony Sbarbaro. Dancing.

MOSTLY FOR DANCING

STATLER, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000): Through Saturday, Dec. 24, in the Café Rouge, Ray McKinley's orchestra. On Monday, Dec. 26, Frankie Carle's band replaces it. Closed Sundays. . . . ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra, the Roosevelt Grill's hardiest perennial. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries open around 10 and close between 5 and 6 Mondays through Saturdays. They all will be closed on Monday, Dec. 26.)

GALLERIES

CHARLES BASKERVILLE—Oils and water colors, thin and dry in style, most of which are the product of a visit the artist made to Nepal. (Ferargil, 63 E. 57th St.; through Dec. 31.)

RAINEY BENNETT—Skillful water colors of scenes along the Gulf Coast. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.; through Dec. 24.)

AARON BOHROD—New oils, in which he turns quite successfully from his familiar Chicago scenes to those of the Wisconsin countryside. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.; through Dec. 24.)

PAUL CADMUS—Paintings that display a close-to-embarrassing preoccupation with the male and the female nude, in his first one-man showing since 1937. (Midtown, 605 Madison Ave., at 58th St.; through Dec. 31.)

WILLIAM H. CALFEE—First solo show in New York of his semi-abstract paintings, in oil and tempera, done with a good feeling for rhythmic design. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.; through Jan. 4.)

HY COHEN—Landscapes mostly, in simple but effective patterns. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.; through Dec. 31.)

JOSEPH CORNELL—A new set of his gently fanciful constructions, these centered around the motif of birds and more austere in style than usual. (Egan, 63 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 7.)

FLOWERS AND FRUIT—A group show of paintings by Lamar Dodd, Revington Arthur, Dorothy Andrews, and others. (Luyber, 112 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 14.)

MARCEL GROMAIRE—The first New York exhibition in many years of works by one of the earlier French Cubists. (Carré, 712 Fifth Ave., at 56th St.; through Dec. 31.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the ARTISTS, 851 Lexington Ave., at 64th St.: Paintings and sculptures by, among others, Akiba, Golubov, and Meierhans; through Dec. 29. . . . FEIGL, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: Kokoschka, Krauskopf, Vytlacil, and others; through Jan. 14. . . . LEVITT, 16 W. 57th St.: New paintings by such artists as Herbert Barnett, Virginia Berresford, and Seymour Fogel, and some sculptures; through Dec. 31. . . . NIVEAU, 63 E. 57th St.: French moderns, including Dufy, Braque, and Utrillo; through Dec. 31.

HALLMARK INTERNATIONAL COMPETITION PRIZE-WINNERS—The top hundred paintings, half of them French and half of them American, in the Hallmark Christmas-card company's recent prize contest. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.; through Dec. 31.)

DAVID HARE—New sculptures, combining Surrealism with his own baroque fantasy. (Kootz, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.; through Dec. 24.)

WING HOWARD—Water colors and caseins, painted from remembered impressions of Paris. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.; through Dec. 31.)

VASSILY KANDINSKY—Paintings from the collection of his works owned by his widow. None of them have ever been shown here before. (Sidney Janis, 15 E. 57th St.; through Dec. 24.)

GUITOU KNOOP—Airy abstractions in sculpture, plus some strongly individualized portrait heads. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.; through Dec. 31.)

KAETHE KOLLWITZ—Drawings, etchings, lithographs, and woodcuts dated between 1894 and 1945. (St. Etienne, 46 W. 57th St.; through Dec. 23.)

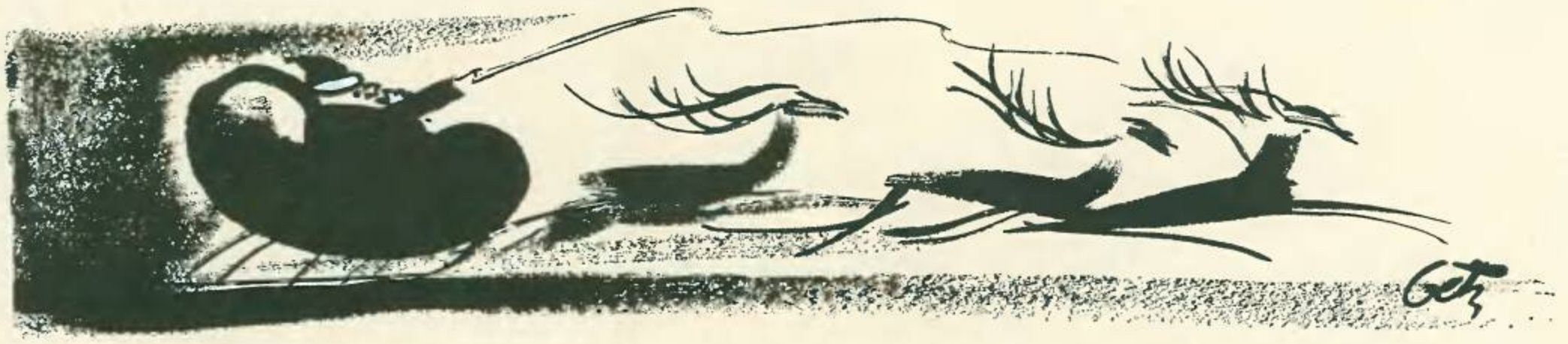
ALFRED H. MAURER—A small but well-chosen show of paintings by this pioneer American abstractionist. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.; through Dec. 30.)

JOAN MIRÓ—Pastels, gouaches, and other pieces, in a small retrospective spanning the decade from 1933 to 1943. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.; through Dec. 31.)

C. S. PRICE—Semi-abstract and abstract oils, rather dark in mood and color. (Willard, 32 E. 57th St.; through Dec. 23.)

PIERRE ROY—First showing in fifteen years of works, mostly recent, by this French painter. (Carstairs, 11 E. 57th St.; through Dec. 31.)

SCULPTURE—Annual exhibition of works by members of the Clay Club and others, in-



cluding some agreeable pieces by Milton Hebald, Cleo Hartwig, and Edgar Negret. (Sculptors Gallery, 4 W. 8th St. Weekdays, 2 to 5 and, except Saturdays, 7 to 10; through Jan. 14.)

SIDNEY SIMON—First one-man exhibition of oils by an artist with an unusual gift for conveying the different qualities of light. (Niveau, 63 E. 57th St.; through Dec. 31.)

WALTER STUEMPFIG—New paintings, full of Renaissance sombreness and sobriety. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.; through Dec. 24.)

GERALD WEISSMANN—Abstractions, done with the heavy outlines and something of the glow of stained glass, in a promising first one-man showing. (Salpeter, 36 W. 56th St. Weekdays, noon to 6; through Dec. 31.)

SOME OF THIS WEEK'S OPENINGS—AT AN AMERICAN PLACE, 509 Madison Ave., at 53rd St.: John Marin, 1949 paintings; through Feb. 4.... BUCHHOLZ, 32 E. 57th St.: Group show of paintings and sculpture; through Jan. 13.... DURAND-RUEL, 12 E. 57th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century French painters; through Jan. 31.... KNOEDLER, 14 E. 57th St.: Prints from the fifteenth century to the present; through Jan. 21.... ROKO, 51 Greenwich Ave.: Herbert Kallem, sculpture; through Jan. 12.... VILLAGE ART CENTER, 224 Waverly Pl.: Group show of paintings by the four prize-winners in the Center's recent watercolor competition. Fridays through Wednesdays, 1 to 5; Thursday evenings, 8 to 10; through Jan. 6.

MUSEUMS

(Unless otherwise noted, all museums will be closed Christmas Day and Monday, Dec. 26.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A comprehensive and spirited showing of American folk sculpture of the past century or so, covering the ground from bowsprit figureheads to decoy ducks. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; through Jan. 8.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An extensive and revealing exhibition of Vincent van Gogh's drawings, oils, and water colors, ranging from his early studies, which show the influence of Millet, to the swirling landscapes of his last, irrational years. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Wednesday evenings until 9; Christmas Day and Monday, Dec. 26, from 1 to 5; through Jan. 15. An admission charge of fifty cents is being made, except on Mondays, to help meet the expenses of the exhibition.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of more than two hundred paintings, drawings, and prints by Paul Klee is now on view here. This is the first showing in America of the bulk of these works. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Monday, Dec. 26, from 1 to 7; through Feb. 19.)

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A group show of paintings by, among others, Josef Albers, Jordan Belson, and Hilla Rebay. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; through Feb. 15.)

RIVERSIDE MUSEUM, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—An exhibition of paintings and sculptures by members of the Pyramid group, all of them young artists. (Daily, 1 to 5; through Dec. 23.)

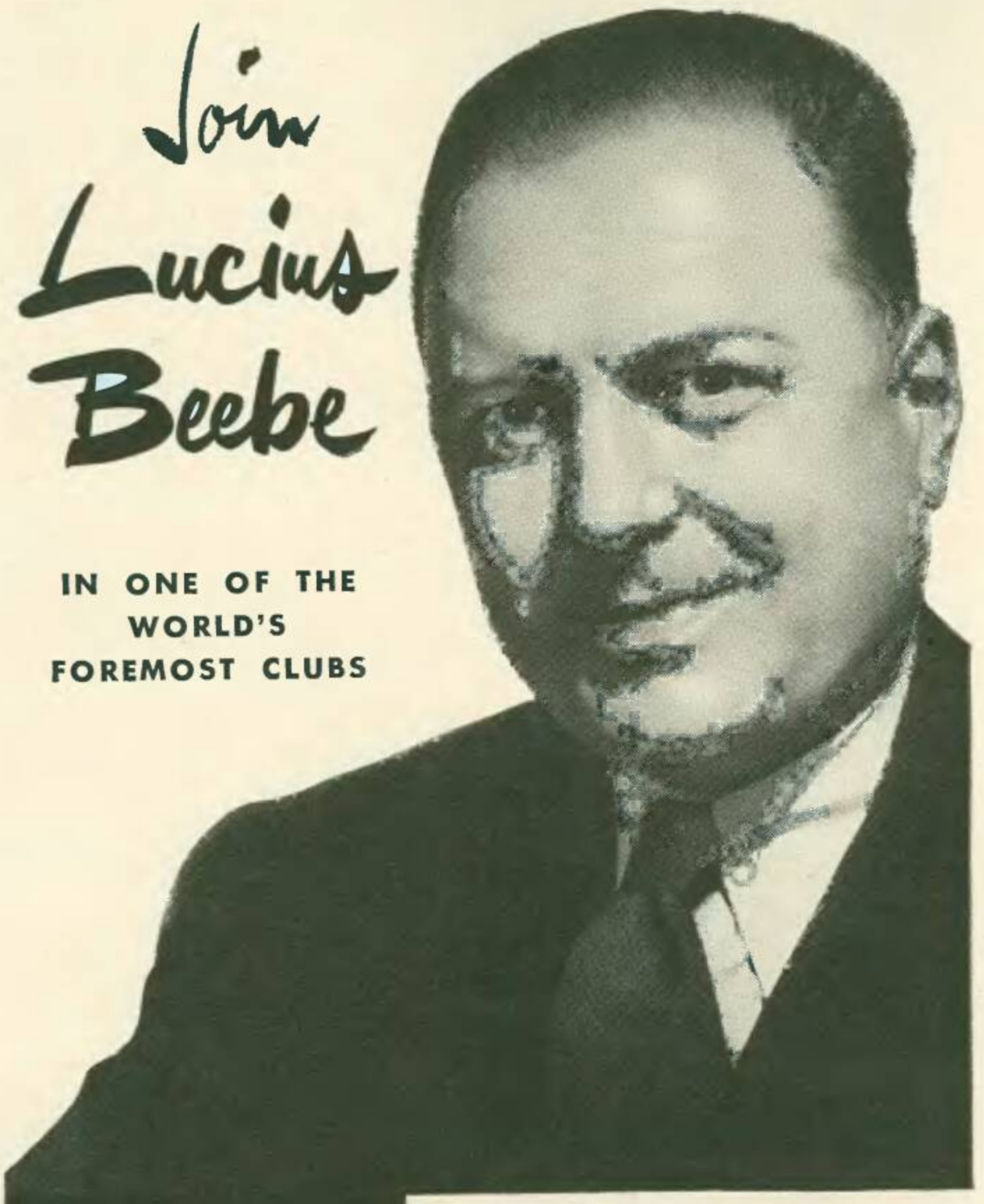
WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8th St.—The annual showing of contemporary American painting. (Tuesdays through Sundays, 1 to 5; through Feb. 5.)

NOTE—Two major loan exhibitions of Persian art are on display, one at the Metropolitan Museum (weekdays, 10 to 5; Christmas Day and Monday, Dec. 26, from 1 to 5; through Jan. 31), the other at the Asia Institute, 7 E. 70th St. (daily, 1 to 5; through Jan. 15). The first, a loan from the Iranian government, is, though the smaller, perhaps the handsomer; the second, containing exhibits from many sources, is particularly rich in its displays of rugs and textiles. Both range in date from a couple of thousand years ago almost to the present. (An admission charge of fifty cents is being made at the Asia Institute to help meet the expenses of the exhibition.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall LU 2-4536, and

Lucius Beebe, distinguished columnist and arbiter of good taste, is a member of the Aqua Velva After-Shave Club.



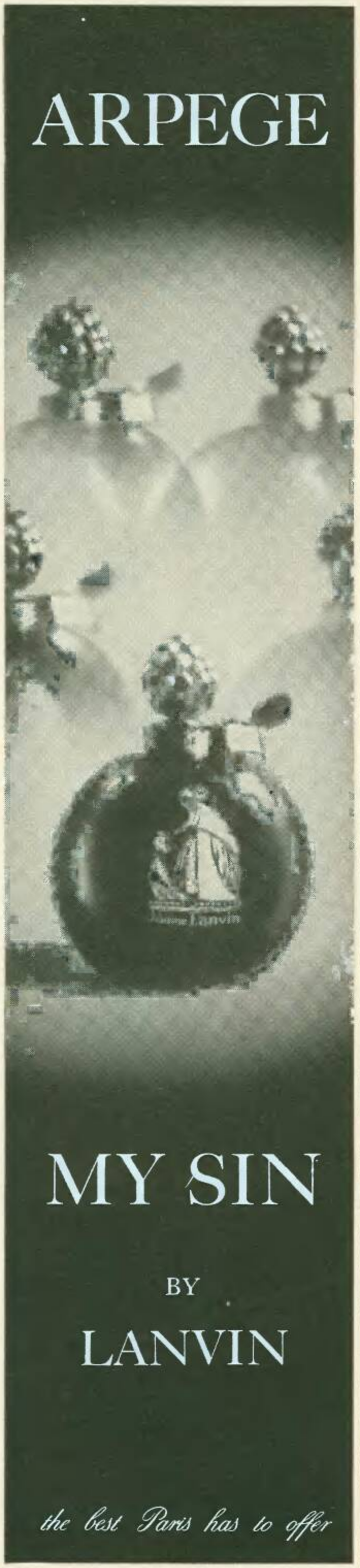


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A FEW OF THE MEMBERS

James Thurber — John Erskine
Albert Spalding — Ely Culbertson
Sir Cedric Hardwicke



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Dec. 22, at 8:30: "La Traviata," with Licia Albanese, Thelma Votipka, Jan Peerce, and Enzo Mascherini. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 23, at 8:15: "Faust," with Dorothy Kirsten, Giuseppe Di Stefano, Italo Tajo, and Leonard Warren. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 24, at 2: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Bidu Sayao, Ferruccio Tagliavini, Giuseppe Valdengo, and Salvatore Baccaloni. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 24, at 8:15: "Simon Boccanegra," with Stella Roman, Alexander Sved, Richard Tucker, and Mihaly Szekely. . . . ¶ Monday, Dec. 26, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Licia Albanese, Richard Tucker, Enzo Mascherini, and Salvatore Baccaloni. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 27, at 2:15: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Lily Pons, Jan Peerce, Francesco Valentino, and Jerome Hines. (A benefit for the Near East College Association.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 28, at 8: "Carmen," with Irra Petina, Nadine Conner, Ramon Vinay, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 29, at 8:30: "Madame Butterfly," with Elisabetta Barbato, Lucielle Browning, James Melton, and John Brownlee. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 30, at 8: "Lohengrin," with Helen Traubel, Astrid Varnay, Kurt Baum, and Dezso Ernster. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 31, at 2: "Faust," with Dorothy Kirsten, Inge Manski, Giuseppe Di Stefano, and Italo Tajo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 31, at 8:30: "La Bohème," with Licia Albanese, Frances Greer, Ferruccio Tagliavini, and Hugh Thompson.

After Dinner Opera Company—Three modern one-act operas: "In a Garden," by Gertrude Stein and Meyer Kupferman; "Savitri," by Gustav Holst; and "The Boor," by Anton Chekhov (adapted by Eugene Haun) and Mark Bucci. With Ellen Faull, soprano; Leon Lishner, bass; Howard Jarratt, tenor; and others. (Finch College Theatre, 52 E. 78th St. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 29-31, at 8:30. For tickets, call CO 5-8643.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—At Carnegie Hall—Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting: Thursday, Dec. 22, at 8:45; Friday, Dec. 23, at 2:30; and Sunday, Dec. 25, at 3 (Richard Strauss's opera "Elektra" in concert form, with Astrid Varnay, soprano; Elena Nikolaidi, contralto; Frederick Jagel, tenor; Herbert Janssen, baritone; and others); Thursday, Dec. 29, at 8:45, and Friday, Dec. 30, at 2:30 (both with Oscar Levant, piano).

Collegiate Chorale—Alfredo Antonini directing the fifth annual Christmas Festival concert. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 27, at 8:30.)

Vienna Choir Boys—Hans Hedding directing. (Town Hall. Saturday, Dec. 31, at 3, and Sunday, Jan. 1, at 8:40.)

Note—About a hundred and forty choristers will present the annual candlelight concert of Christmas carols in the plaza below the Rockefeller Center Christmas tree on Thursday, Dec. 22, at 5:30.

RECITALS

Helen Alexander—Soprano. (Town Hall. Thursday, Dec. 22, at 8:30.)

Marilyn Meyer—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 28, at 8:30.)

John Ranck—Piano. (Town Hall. Friday, Dec. 30, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Jazz Concert—Sarah Vaughan, Errol Garner's trio, George Shearing's quintet, and others. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 25, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Boxing—Dick Wagner vs. Nick Barone, light-heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Dec. 30. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

College Basketball—Madison Square Garden—Thursday, Dec. 22: C.C.N.Y. vs. California, and St. John's vs. San Francisco. . . . ¶ Monday, Dec. 26: Manhattan College vs. Santa Clara, and L.I.U. vs. San Francisco. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 27: C.C.N.Y. vs. U.C.L.A., and St. John's vs. Utah. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 29: L.I.U. vs. Western Kentucky, and N.Y.U. vs. Yale. (Games begin at 8.)

Hockey—Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Dec. 25: Rangers vs. Toronto. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 28: Rangers vs. Chicago. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 31: Rangers vs. Boston. (Games begin at 8:30.)

Indoor Polo—Two matches on Wednesday, Dec. 28. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Matches begin at 8:30.)

FOR CHILDREN

Music—"Hänsel and Gretel" (in English), presented by the Salmaggi Opera Company. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Monday, Dec. 26, at 3.)

Drama—By the **junior theatre**: "Tom Sawyer." (Carnegie Recital Hall. CI 7-7460. Monday through Friday, Dec. 26-30, at 2:15.) . . . **children's world theatre**: "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp." (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. Tuesday through Friday, Dec. 27-30, at 2:30; extra performance Friday morning, Dec. 30, at 11:15. For tickets, call PE 6-5536.) . . . **young people's theatre**: Maeterlinck's "The Bluebird." (Master Institute Theatre, Riverside Dr. at 103rd St. UN 4-1700. Tuesday through Saturday, Dec. 27-31, at 2:30; extra performances Thursday morning, Dec. 29, at 11, and Friday evening, Dec. 30, at 8:30.) . . . **y playhouse**: "The Glass Slipper." (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 28-30, at 3.)

Sue Hastings Marionettes—A variety show, with Edith Whiteman, folk singer; for the benefit of the John Haynes Holmes House. (Community Church, 40 E. 35th St. MU 3-4780. Thursday, Dec. 29, at 3.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The annual supervised-playroom-and-art-gallery, where, while absorbing modern art, children from four to eight can paint, make collages, manipulate puppetlike figures, and work a device, similar to a piano, that projects color patterns on a screen. Fifty-minute sessions are held Tuesdays through Fridays at 10, 11, 2, 3, and 4. For reservations, call CI 5-8900, Ext. 335.

Movies—Children's films, cartoons, and short subjects. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—At Lake Success, visitors are admitted Mondays, except Dec. 26, through Fridays to meetings of the Security Council, the Atomic Energy Commission, and the Commission on Conventional Armaments. For tickets, call Fieldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2156, the day before you want to go. Frequent trains leave Penn Station for Great Neck, where they connect with buses for Lake Success. Incidentally, any hard questions about the United Nations can be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 535 Fifth Avenue, at 44th St., MU 7-0877.

Hayden Planetarium—The current show is called "The Christmas Star." (Central Park W. at 81st St. Special holiday schedule: Thursday and Friday, Dec. 22-23, at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Saturdays, Dec. 24 and 31, at 11, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Christmas Day and Monday, Dec. 26, at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; and Tuesday through Friday, Dec. 27-30, at 11, 2, 3, 4, and 8:30.)

ON THE AIR

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

RADIO

Christmas Programs—Vienna Choir Boys, Hans Hedding directing, Thursday, Dec. 22, at 11:30 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Branscombe Choral, Gena Branscombe directing, Friday, Dec. 23,

at 5:30 P.M., WNYC. . . . ¶ Rosary College and Notre Dame University Glee Clubs, Saturday, Dec. 24, at 2:30 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ President Truman's Christmas message and the lighting of the White House Christmas tree, Saturday, Dec. 24, at 5 P.M., WOR, WNBC, WCBS, WJZ. . . . ¶ Candlelight Service at St. James Protestant Episcopal Church, Saturday, Dec. 24, at 5:30 P.M., WOR. . . . ¶ Robert Shaw Chorale, directed by Robert Shaw, Saturday, Dec. 24, at 9 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Christmas music, played on the carillon of the Riverside Church. Also, the Music Hall Chorus, Lauritz Melchior, tenor, and an orchestra directed by Milton Katims. Saturday, Dec. 24, at 11:45 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Midnight Mass at St. Patrick's Cathedral, Saturday, Dec. 24, at midnight, WOR. . . . ¶ Midnight Service at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Saturday, Dec. 24, at midnight, WJZ. . . . ¶ King George's Christmas message, Sunday, Dec. 25, at 10:15 A.M., WOR. . . . ¶ Columbia University Choir, Jacob Avshalomoff directing, Sunday, Dec. 25, at noon, WOR. . . . ¶ Pope Pius XII proclaiming the start of Holy Year, from Rome, Sunday, Dec. 25, at 2 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Lionel Barrymore reading Dickens' "A Christmas Carol," Sunday, Dec. 25, at 3 P.M., WOR.

Music—Metropolitan Opera: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Bidu Sayao, Ferruccio Tagliavini, Giuseppe Valdengo, and Salvatore Baccaloni, Saturday, Dec. 24, at 2 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ N.B.C. Symphony, Guido Cantelli conducting, Saturday, Dec. 24, at 6:30 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Grace Castagnetta, piano, Saturday, Dec. 24, at 9:30 P.M., WQXR. . . . ¶ Philharmonic-Symphony, Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting a performance of Richard Strauss's opera "Elektra" in concert form, Sunday, Dec. 25, at 3 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ Zino Francescatti, violin, Monday, Dec. 26, at 9 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Jan Peerce, tenor, and Leonard Warren, baritone, Tuesday, Dec. 27, at 8 P.M., WJZ.

Drama—"Alice in Wonderland," Thursday, Dec. 22, at 9 P.M., WOR. . . . ¶ June Allyson and Peter Lawford in "Little Women," Thursday, Dec. 22, at 9 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Glenn Ford in "Thou Bethlehem," Saturday, Dec. 24, at 11:30 P.M., WOR. . . . ¶ Frank Sinatra in Paul Gallico's "'Twas the Night Before Christmas," Sunday, Dec. 25, at 5 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Jack Benny, Rosalind Russell, and Gregory Peck in "The Man Who Came to Dinner," Sunday, Dec. 25, at 5 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ Paulette Goddard and Sir Cedric Hardwicke in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," presented by the Theatre Guild, Sunday, Dec. 25, at 8:30 P.M., WNBC.

TELEVISION

Christmas Programs—President Truman's Christmas message and the lighting of the White House Christmas tree, Saturday, Dec. 24, at 5 P.M., WCBS-TV, WNBT. . . . ¶ Candlelight Service at Grace Church, Saturday, Dec. 24, at 8 P.M., WABD. . . . ¶ "According to Joseph," the story of the Nativity, Saturday, Dec. 24, at 10:30 P.M., WNBT. . . . ¶ Christmas Eve services at Bethlehem, Pa., with a Bach choral group, directed by Robert Knox Chapman, and the Trombone Choir playing from the tower of the Central Moravian Church, Saturday, Dec. 24, at 11 P.M., WNBT. . . . ¶ Midnight Mass at St. Patrick's Cathedral, Saturday, Dec. 24, at 11:45 P.M., WNBT.

Music—Lois Hunt, soprano, and John Baker, baritone, Tuesday, Dec. 27, at 8 P.M., WOR-TV.

Drama—Franklin Pangborn in "Alice in Wonderland," Saturday, Dec. 24, at 7:30 P.M., WJZ-TV. . . . ¶ Alfred Ryder in "In Beauty Like the Night," Sunday, Dec. 25, at 9 P.M., WNBT. . . . ¶ Mary K. Wells in "Four Callers," Monday, Dec. 26, at 8 P.M., WCBS-TV. . . . ¶ Margaret Phillips in "The Inner Light," Monday, Dec. 26, at 10 P.M., WCBS-TV. . . . ¶ Dorothy Sands in "Country Full of Swedes," Tuesday, Dec. 27, at 9 P.M., WCBS-TV. . . . ¶ George Reeves in "New Brooms," Wednesday, Dec. 28, at 9 P.M., WNBT.

Miscellany—A British film of Dickens' "A Christmas Carol," Saturday, Dec. 24, at 9 P.M., WJZ-TV. . . . ¶ "Meet the Press," with Senator Joseph C. O'Mahoney, of Wyoming, Saturday, Dec. 24, at 9:30 P.M., WNBT.



IMPORTED FRENCH LIQUEURS: APRY ("Soul of the Apricot") 80 proof; ANISETTE, 46 proof; CREME DE MENTHE (Green or White) 60 proof; BLACKBERRY, 60 proof; CREME DE CACAO, 50 proof; CURACAO, 78 proof. Schenley Import Corporation, New York, N. Y.

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.

ALL THE KING'S MEN—An excellent adaptation of the Robert Penn Warren novel about a politician very similar to the late Huey Long. Broderick Crawford's portrayal of the would-be dictator is superb. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540.)

BATTLEGROUND—The difficulties around Bastogne, worked into a war film that has its moments, even if it is often reminiscent of a good many other war films. With Van Johnson, John Hodiak, George Murphy, and Ricardo Montalban. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240.)

THE BICYCLE THIEF—A chronicle of the quest of a stolen bicycle by a workman and his son, transformed by Vittorio De Sica into just about the best picture that has ever come out of Italy. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

DEVIL IN THE FLESH—The story of an adolescent's love affair with a married woman, presented with great skill in a French film. Gérard Philipe and Micheline Presle head the cast. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

THE FALLEN IDOL—A small boy's introduction to a bewildering adult world of illicit love and violent death. A British picture, and one of the best. Bobby Henrey, Ralph Richardson, and Michèle Morgan are the participants. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 3-5520.)

FAME IS THE SPUR—Another résumé of the career of a politician, this one patterned along the lines of Ramsay MacDonald. An English film, with Michael Redgrave, Rosamund John, Bernard Miles, and Hugh Burden. (Little Cinémet, 6th Ave. at 39th, LO 4-1141.)

GIVE US THIS DAY—A rugged account of the career of an Italian bricklayer in New York. Based on the Pietro di Donato novel "Christ in Concrete." Made in England, with a cast headed by Sam Wanamaker and Lea Padovani. (Rialto, B'way at 42nd, WI 7-0206.)

HAMLET—Sir Laurence Olivier and William Shakespeare in fruitful collaboration. A British picture. (Park Avenue, Park at 59th, PL 9-7242. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturday evenings at 11:30, and daily, starting Saturday, Dec. 24, at 5:30. Reserved seats only.)

INTRUDER IN THE DUST—A screen version of William Faulkner's novel about an independent Negro and the troubles he's seen in Mississippi. Not up to the book, but worth while for several melodramatic scenes. (Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th, CI 5-9800.)

ON THE TOWN—Pleasant singing and dancing by Gene Kelly, Frank Sinatra, and Vera-Ellen, among others, in a musical graced with a Leonard Bernstein score. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

QUARTET—An English picture based on four Somerset Maugham short stories. A couple of the episodes add up to fairly entertaining stuff, and the large cast is exemplary. (Broadway Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2407.)

THE RED SHOES—Tucked away in this interminable study of life among devotees of the dance is a stylish ballet. Moira Shearer, Leonide Massine, and Ludmilla Tcherina are in the cast. A British film. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturday evenings at 11:30, and daily, starting Saturday, Dec. 24, at 5:30. Reserved seats only.)

SAINTS AND SINNERS—A merry romp through a modern Irish village with the Abbey Theatre Players. Written by Paul Vincent Carroll and made in England. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting Dec. 23.)

THEY LIVE BY NIGHT—A grim little film about the tribulations of an escaped convict, with notable performances by Howard da Silva and Jay C. Flippen as a pair of crooks. (Yorktown. B'way at 89th, SC 4-4700; starting Dec. 28.)

TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND—A comical English film that demonstrates how some Scots in the Hebrides go about solving the problems presented by a whiskey shortage. With Basil Radford, Joan Greenwood, Bruce Seton, and Catherine Lacey. (Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th, PL 5-2746; starting Dec. 25.)

THE WOMAN OF DOLWYN—Dame Edith Evans is outstanding in this Welsh tale, written and directed by Emlyn Williams, who also turns up—and quite frighteningly, too—in the cast. An English picture, formerly known as "Dolwyn." (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, VO 5-3320.)

REVIVALS

THE BANK DICK (1940)—W. C. Fields as a bank dick. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Dec. 26. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Dec. 23-24.)

ROBERT BENCHLEY ONE-REELERS—The master bumbler in "An Evening Alone" (1938), "A Night at the Movies" (1937), and "How to Sleep" (1935). (Embassy Cinema, Park at 42nd, MU 7-8723; through Dec. 23. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Dec. 26.)

A FAREWELL TO ARMS (1932)—Helen Hayes and Gary Cooper in the Hemingway story. (Normandie, 51 E. 53rd, PL 8-0040; Dec. 23-25.)

HOLIDAY INN (1942)—An Irving Berlin score sung by Bing Crosby and danced to by Fred Astaire. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; through Dec. 23. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; and Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Dec. 25-26. . . . ¶ Normandie, 51 E. 53rd, PL 8-0040; Dec. 26-27. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting Dec. 27. . . . ¶ 77th Street, B'way at 77th, TR 4-9382; starting Dec. 28.)

MAJOR BARBARA (1941)—The film version of Shaw's Salvation Army comedy. An English picture, with Wendy Hiller, Rex Harrison, Robert Morley, and Emlyn Williams. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; Dec. 22.)

MISSISSIPPI (1935)—W. C. Fields. Bing Crosby, and a memorable score by Rodgers and Hart. (Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th, PL 7-4295.)

MY LITTLE CHICKADEE (1940)—W. C. Fields and Mae West gambolling around in a most unusual Western. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Dec. 26. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Dec. 23-24.)

SHADOW OF A DOUBT (1943)—A Hitchcock job about a mild little family and a mysterious uncle. Teresa Wright and Joseph Cotten. (77th Street, B'way at 77th, TR 4-9382; through Dec. 23. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Dec. 25-26. . . . ¶ Yorktown, B'way at 89th, SC 4-4700; Dec. 25-27.)

TILLIE AND GUS (1933)—Fields again, this time with Alison Skipworth. (Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th, PL 7-4295.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Through Dec. 24: "Nothing Sacred" (1937), with Carole Lombard and Fredric March. . . . ¶ Starting Dec. 26: "The Mikado" (1939), with the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company. (Showings are on weekdays 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.)

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THE BIG HOUSES

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
BATTLEGROUND.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
Through Dec. 24: "The Red Danube," Walter Pidgeon, Janet Leigh, Ethel Barrymore.
From Dec. 25: "Adam's Rib," Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
Dec. 22: "A Dangerous Profession," Pat O'Brien, Ella Raines, George Raft.
From Dec. 23: "Bagdad," Maureen O'Hara, Paul Christian.

MAYFAIR, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
INTRUDER IN THE DUST.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
ON THE TOWN.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (BR 9-8738)
"Samson and Delilah," Hedy Lamarr, Victor Mature.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Samson and Delilah," Hedy Lamarr, Victor Mature.

ROXY, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
From Dec. 22, at 8:30 P.M.: "Prince of Foxes," Tyrone Power, Orson Welles, Wanda Hendrix. (Opening night is a benefit for the United Hospital Fund.)

STATE, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
Dec. 22: "Holiday Affair," Robert Mitchum, Janet Leigh.
From Dec. 23: "East Side, West Side," Barbara Stanwyck, James Mason, Van Heflin.

STRAND, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
"The Lady Takes a Sailor," Jane Wyman, Dennis Morgan.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
ALL THE KING'S MEN.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

AVENUE PLAYHOUSE, 6th Ave. at 47th. (PL 7-4295)
MISSISSIPPI, revival; and TILLIE AND GUS, revival.

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

BROADWAY EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2407)
QUARTET.

EMBASSY CINEMA, Park at 42nd. (MU 7-8723)
Through Dec. 23: "The Facts of Love," Gordon Harker, Betty Balfour; and a trio of ROBERT BENCHLEY ONE-REELERS, revivals.
From Dec. 24: "No Room at the Inn," Freda Jackson, Joy Shelton.

5TH AVE. PLAYHOUSE, 5th Ave. at 12th. (OR 5-9630)
"Love Me Tonight" and "One Hour with You," both revivals, with Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (CO 5-9438)
"Love Me Tonight" and "One Hour with You," both revivals, with Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
Through Dec. 23: "Anna Karenina," revival, Vivien Leigh, Ralph Richardson; and "Escape," revival, Rex Harrison, Peggy Cummins.
From Dec. 24: "The Amazing Mr. Beecham," A. E. Matthews, Cecil Parker.

LITTLE CINÉMET, 6th Ave. at 39th. (LO 4-1141)
FAME IS THE SPUR; and "Birth of a Ballet," Robert Helpmann, the Sadler's Wells Ballet.

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.

RIALTO, B'way at 42nd. (WI 7-0206)
GIVE US THIS DAY.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 3-5520)
THE FALLEN IDOL; and "The Life of Vincent van Gogh," short documentary film.

TRANS-LUX 60TH ST., Madison at 60th. (PL 5-2746)
Through Dec. 24: "Passport to Pimlico," Stanley Holloway, Margaret Rutherford.
From Dec. 25: TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND.

WORLD, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
THE BICYCLE THIEF.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

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

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Dec. 22: **MAJOR BARBARA**, revival.
From Dec. 23: **SAINTS AND SINNERS.**

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Dec. 25: Theatre closed.
From Dec. 26: "The Facts of Love," Gordon Harker, Betty Balfour; and a trio of **ROBERT BENCHLEY ONE-REELERS**, revivals.

LEXINGTON, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through Dec. 24: "The Doctor and the Girl," Glenn Ford, Gloria De Haven; and "The Fighting Kentuckian," John Wayne.
From Dec. 25: "The Great Lover," Bob Hope, Rhonda Fleming; and "The Secret Garden," revival, Herbert Marshall, Margaret O'Brien.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
Through Dec. 23: **HOLIDAY INN**, revival.
Dec. 24-27: "Flesh and Fantasy," revival, Charles Boyer, Barbara Stanwyck.
From Dec. 28: "That Midnight Kiss," Kathryn Grayson, José Iturbi.

NORMANDIE, 51 E. 53rd. (PL 8-0040)
Dec. 22: "Lost Boundaries," Beatrice Pearson, Mel Ferrer.
Dec. 23-25: **A FAREWELL TO ARMS**, revival.
Dec. 26-27: **HOLIDAY INN**, revival.
From Dec. 28: "My Friend Irma," Marie Wilson, John Lund.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (VO 5-3577)
Through Dec. 28: "She Wore a Yellow Ribbon," John Wayne, Joanne Dru, Victor McLaglen; and "The Judge Steps Out," Ann Sothern, Alexander Knox.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (VO 5-3320)
THE WOMAN OF DOLWYN.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Dec. 26: **MY LITTLE CHICKADEE**, revival; and **THE BANK DICK**, revival.
From Dec. 27: "Everybody Does It," Paul Douglas, Linda Darnell, Celeste Holm.

LOEW'S 72ND ST., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through Dec. 24: "The Doctor and the Girl," Glenn Ford, Gloria De Haven; and "The Fighting Kentuckian," John Wayne.
From Dec. 25: "The Great Lover," Bob Hope. Rhonda Fleming; and "The Secret Garden," revival, Herbert Marshall, Margaret O'Brien.

TRANS-LUX 72ND ST., 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Dec. 23: "Lost Boundaries," Beatrice Pearson, Mel Ferrer.
From Dec. 24: "The Facts of Love," Gordon Harker, Betty Balfour.

TRANS-LUX COLONY, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through Dec. 24: "That Midnight Kiss," Kathryn Grayson, José Iturbi; and "The Great Sinner," Gregory Peck, Ava Gardner.
Dec. 25-26: **SHADOW OF A DOUBT**, revival; and "Flesh and Fantasy," revival, Charles Boyer, Barbara Stanwyck.
Dec. 27-28: "Beyond the Forest," Bette Davis, Joseph Cotten; and "The House Across the Street," Wayne Morris.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Dec. 22: "Lady Eve," revival, Barbara Stanwyck, Henry Fonda.
Dec. 23-26: "That Midnight Kiss," Kathryn Grayson, José Iturbi.
From Dec. 27: **HOLIDAY INN**, revival.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Dec. 28: "She Wore a Yellow Ribbon," John Wayne, Joanne Dru, Victor McLaglen; and "The Judge Steps Out," Ann Sothern, Alexander Knox.

LOEW'S 86TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-5566)
Dec. 22: "Red, Hot and Blue," Betty Hutton, Victor Mature; and "Song of Surrender," Claude Rains, Wanda Hendrix.
Dec. 23-24: "Everybody Does It," Paul Douglas, Linda Darnell, Celeste Holm; and "Fighting Man of the Plains," Randolph Scott, Jane Nigh.
Through Dec. 28: "The Doctor and the Girl," Glenn Ford, Gloria De Haven; and "The Fighting Kentuckian," John Wayne.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Dec. 24: "The Doctor and the Girl," Glenn Ford, Gloria De Haven; and "The Fighting Kentuckian," John Wayne.
From Dec. 25: "The Great Lover," Bob Hope, Rhonda Fleming; and "The Secret Garden," revival, Herbert Marshall, Margaret O'Brien.

GRACIE SQUARE, 1st Ave. at 89th. (SA 2-2478)
Through Dec. 28: "She Wore a Yellow Ribbon," John Wayne, Joanne Dru, Victor McLaglen; and "The Judge Steps Out," Ann Sothern, Alexander Knox.

TERRACE, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
Through Dec. 24: "Tokyo Joe," Humphrey Bogart, Sessue Hayakawa; and "Make Believe Ballroom," Jerome Courtland.
Dec. 25-26: **HOLIDAY INN**, revival; and "Lady Eve," revival, Barbara Stanwyck, Henry Fonda.
From Dec. 27: "Red, Hot and Blue," Betty Hutton, Victor Mature; and "Song of Surrender," Claude Rains. Wanda Hendrix.

COLONIAL, B'way at 62nd. (CO 5-0484)
Through Dec. 28: "She Wore a Yellow Ribbon," John Wayne, Joanne Dru, Victor McLaglen; and "The Judge Steps Out," Ann Sothern, Alexander Knox.

77TH STREET, B'way at 77th. (TR 4-9382)
Through Dec. 23: **SHADOW OF A DOUBT**, revival; and "Flesh and Fantasy," revival, Charles Boyer, Barbara Stanwyck.
Dec. 24-27: "Everybody Does It," Paul Douglas, Linda Darnell, Celeste Holm; and "Fighting Man of the Plains," Randolph Scott, Jane Nigh.
From Dec. 28: **HOLIDAY INN**, revival; and "Lady Eve," revival, Barbara Stanwyck, Henry Fonda.

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Dec. 24: "The Doctor and the Girl," Glenn Ford, Gloria De Haven; and "The Fighting Kentuckian," John Wayne.
From Dec. 25: "The Great Lover," Bob Hope, Rhonda Fleming; and "The Secret Garden," revival. Herbert Marshall, Margaret O'Brien.

YORKTOWN, B'way at 89th. (SC 4-4700)
Through Dec. 24: "Everybody Does It," Paul Douglas, Linda Darnell, Celeste Holm: and "Fighting Man of the Plains," Randolph Scott, Jane Nigh.
Dec. 25-27: **SHADOW OF A DOUBT**, revival; and "Flesh and Fantasy," revival, Charles Boyer, Barbara Stanwyck.
From Dec 28: **THEY LIVE BY NIGHT**; and "Bride for Sale," Claudette Colbert, George Brent.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Dec. 22: "Marked Girls" (in French), Viviane Romance; and "The Country Girl" (in French), revival. Fernandel.
From Dec. 23: "It Happened in Europe" (in Hungarian); and "Strangers in the House" (in French), Raimu.

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (RI 9-9861)
Through Dec. 28: "She Wore a Yellow Ribbon," John Wayne, Joanne Dru, Victor McLaglen; and "The Judge Steps Out," Ann Sothern, Alexander Knox.

CARLTON, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-3862)
Through Dec. 23: "Father Was a Fullback," Fred MacMurray, Maureen O'Hara; and "Thieves' Highway," Richard Conte, Lee J. Cobb.
Dec. 24-27: "Lost Boundaries," Beatrice Pearson, Mel Ferrer; and "The Dude Goes West," revival, Eddie Albert, Gale Storm.
From Dec. 28: "That Midnight Kiss," Kathryn Grayson, José Iturbi; and "The Great Sinner," Gregory Peck, Ava Gardner.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (AC 2-1019)
Through Dec. 24: "The Doctor and the Girl," Glenn Ford, Gloria De Haven; and "The Fighting Kentuckian," John Wayne.
From Dec. 25: "The Great Lover," Bob Hope, Rhonda Fleming; and "The Secret Garden," revival. Herbert Marshall, Margaret O'Brien.

NEMO, B'way at 110th. (AC 2-9406)
Through Dec. 28: "She Wore a Yellow Ribbon," John Wayne, Joanne Dru, Victor McLaglen; and "The Judge Steps Out," Ann Sothern. Alexander Knox.

LOEW'S 175TH ST., B'way at 175th. (WA 7-5200)
Through Dec. 24: "The Doctor and the Girl," Glenn Ford, Gloria De Haven; and "The Fighting Kentuckian," John Wayne.
From Dec. 25: "The Great Lover," Bob Hope, Rhonda Fleming; and "The Secret Garden," revival, Herbert Marshall, Margaret O'Brien.

COLISEUM, B'way at 181st. (WA 7-7200)
Through Dec. 28: "She Wore a Yellow Ribbon," John Wayne, Joanne Dru, Victor McLaglen; and "The Judge Steps Out," Ann Sothern, Alexander Knox.

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Dec. 22: "Christopher Columbus," Fredric March, Florence Eldridge; and "Abbott and Costello Meet the Killer, Boris Karloff."
Dec. 23-24: **MY LITTLE CHICKADEE**, revival; and **THE BANK DICK**, revival.
Dec. 25-26: **HOLIDAY INN**, revival; and "Lady Eve," revival, Barbara Stanwyck, Henry Fonda.
Dec. 27-28: "Red, Hot and Blue," Betty Hutton, Victor Mature; and "Song of Surrender," Claude Rains, Wanda Hendrix.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Dec. 25: "Everybody Does It," Paul Douglas, Linda Darnell, Celeste Holm.
From Dec. 26: "The Facts of Love," Gordon Harker, Betty Balfour; and a trio of **ROBERT BENCHLEY ONE-REELERS**, revivals.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Dec. 24: "The Doctor and the Girl," Glenn Ford, Gloria De Haven; and "The Fighting Kentuckian," John Wayne.
From Dec. 25: "The Great Lover," Bob Hope, Rhonda Fleming; and "The Secret Garden," revival, Herbert Marshall, Margaret O'Brien.

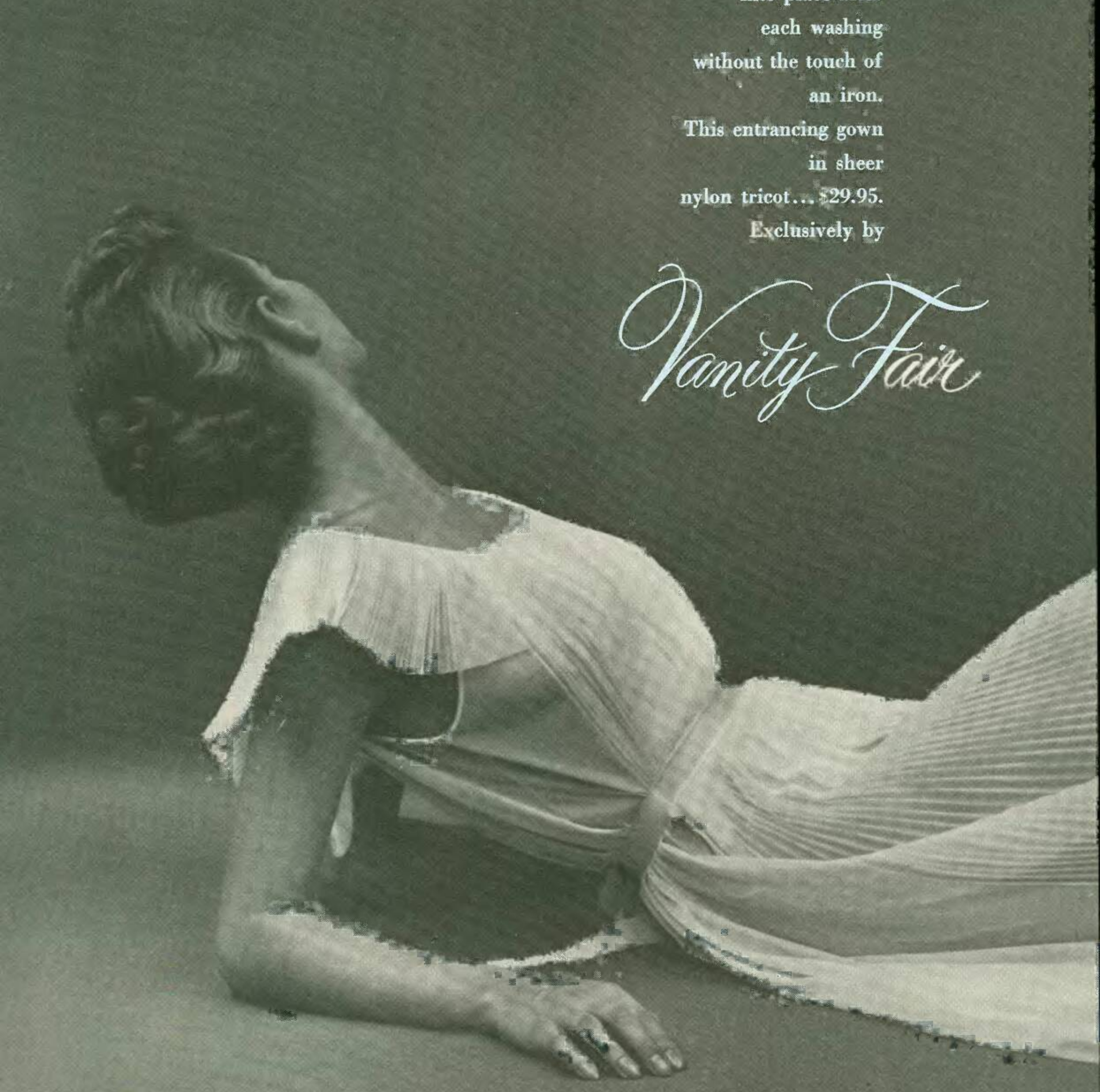
GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Dec. 24: "Black Magic," Orson Welles, Nancy Guild; and "The Great Dan Patch," Dennis O'Keefe, Gail Russell.
Dec. 25-27: "The Paradine Case," revival, Gregory Peck, Ann Todd; and "The Ghost and Mrs. Muir," revival, Gene Tierney, Rex Harrison.
From Dec. 28: "Beyond the Forest," Bette Davis, Joseph Cotten; and "The House Across the Street," Wayne Morris.

R.K.O. 23RD ST., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)



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CLEANSING CREAM and **SKIN FRESHENER** free your skin from daily grime; rouse it to living loveliness.

NIGHT and **ROSE SKIN CREAM** soothe and lubricate your skin while you sleep.

ASTRINGENT and **PLASTIC CREAM** — foundations for classic beauty.

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Germaine Monteil



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

TO perceive Christmas through its wrapping becomes more difficult with every year. There was a little device we noticed in one of the sporting-goods stores—a trumpet that hunters hold to their ears so that they can hear the distant music of the hounds. Something of the sort is needed now to hear the incredibly distant sound of Christmas in these times, through the dark, material woods that surround it. "Silent Night," canned and distributed in thundering repetition in the department stores, has become one of the greatest of all noisemakers, almost like the rattles and whistles of Election Night. We rode down on an escalator the other morning through the silent-nighting of the loudspeakers, and the man just in front of us was singing, "I'm gonna wash this store right outa my hair, I'm gonna wash this store . . ."

The miracle of Christmas is that, like the distant and very musical voice of the hound, it penetrates finally and becomes heard in the heart—over so many years, through so many cheap curtain-raisers. It is not destroyed even by all the arts and craftiness of the destroyers, having an essential simplicity that is everlasting and triumphant, at the end of confusion. We once went out at night with coon-hunters and we were aware that it was not so much the promise of the kill that took the men away from their warm homes and sent them through the cold shadowy woods, it was something more human, more mystical—something even simpler. It was the night, and the excitement of the note of the hound, first heard, then not heard. It was the natural world, seen at its best and most haunting, unlit except by stars, impenetrable except to the knowing and the sympathetic.

Christmas in 1949 must compete as never before with the dazzling complexity of man, whose tangential desires and ingenuities have created a world that gives any simple thing the look of obsolescence—as though there were something inherently foolish in what is simple, or natural. The human brain is about to turn certain functions over to an efficient substitute, and we hear of a robot that is now capable of handling the tedious details of psychoanalysis, so that the patient no longer need confide in a living doctor but can take his problems to a machine, which sifts everything and whose "brain" has selective power and the power of imagination. One thing leads to another. The machine that is imaginative will, we don't doubt, be heir to the ills of the imagination; one can already predict that the machine itself may become sick emotionally, from strain and tension, and be compelled at last to consult a medical man, whether of flesh or of steel. We have tended to assume that the machine and the human brain are in conflict. Now the fear is that they are indistinguishable. Man not only is notably busy himself but insists that the other animals follow his example. A new bee has been bred artificially, busier than the old bee.

So this day and this century proceed toward the absolutes of convenience, of complexity, and of speed, only occasionally holding up the little trumpet (as at Christmastime) to be reminded of the simplicities, and to hear the distant music of the hound. Man's inventions, directed always onward and upward, have an odd way of leading back to man himself, as a rabbit track in snow leads eventually to the rabbit. It is one of his more endearing qualities that man should think his tracks lead outward, toward something else, instead of back around the hill to where he has already been; and it is one of his persistent ambitions to leave earth entirely and travel by rocket into space, beyond the pull of gravity, and perhaps try another planet, as a pleasant change. He knows that the atomic age is capable of delivering a new package of energy; what he doesn't know is whether it will prove to be a blessing. This week, many will be reminded that no explosion of atoms generates so hopeful a light as the reflection of a star, seen appreciatively in a pasture pond. It is there we perceive Christmas—and the sheep quiet, and the world waiting.



Inspection

BRIGHT and early last Thursday morning, we showed up at Room 2420 of the Municipal Building, the point from which water inspectors of the Department of Water Supply, Gas, and Electricity set out on their daily rounds. There we found Murray Blum, the supervising inspector, seated at a desk in one corner of the room, where, in the intervals between dispatching inspectors, he was engaged in composing save-water slogans. With an author's depreciatory smile, he pushed his latest composition across the desk to us: "It's tasteless, odorless, and colorless, so what are you missing?" Blum told us that his inspectors, who number ninety, rarely cross the paths of the thousands of emergency water inspectors currently at work under the direction of the Police Department. "In normal times, our big job is revenue—assessing the proper water charges, and the like of that," Blum said. "But now we're spending most of our time on waste and leaks. Our inspectors go out in response to complaints, most of which come from tenants in apartment and rooming

houses. These days, we're flooded with complaints." He gave us a look. "*Flooded* with them. And some are pretty hard to handle. A man called the other day to report a leaking water tank on a roof. I asked him where it was. 'About a block to the southeast of me,' he said."

Mr. Blum introduced us to Thomas Kehoe, an inspector whose regular job is resurveying water facilities but who is at present covering leaks and waste in Section 4—between Forty-second and Ninety-sixth Streets, west of Sixth Avenue. Kehoe was just starting out and invited us to go along with him. We accepted eagerly, and the two of us took the Eighth Avenue subway uptown, Kehoe thumbing through a sheaf of yellow slips and occasionally tapping one, shaking his head, and saying, "E.P. job." E.P., we learned, stands for Entire Premises, and means that an inspector must give a whole building a thorough once-over. "We have to check every water outlet and every possible point of leakage in the place," Kehoe explained. "If we find anything out of order, we send the landlord a notice. He has three days to make repairs. After that, he's subject to a fine of five dollars a day, which is added to his regular water bill."



We followed Mr. Kehoe off the subway at Eighty-sixth Street and through a converted brownstone—an E.P. job—nearby. The superintendent of the building went ahead of us, alerting tenants if they were present and unlocking doors if they weren't, and Kehoe turned a powerful flashlight on crucial points in the piping from basement to roof. In an apartment on the second floor, he found a slowly dripping faucet and made a notation on the appropriate yellow slip. "Ten thousand gallons a year—that's what a slow leak like that costs," he said. On another floor, in an apartment from which the tenant was absent, he found a faucet, which turned out to be mechanically in good order, that had been left running full blast. "Modern life for you," said the superintendent. "Hurry, hurry, hurry. People don't even take time to turn their faucets off." Out on the street again, Mr. Kehoe told us that, aside from the outrageous turned-on faucet, he considered that particular building above the average. As for the faucet, he said that while there is a law against gross waste of water by individuals, the inspectors don't try to invoke it in such cases, which are rare. We asked him how buildings get to be reported. "Maybe grudges," he said. "Lots of E.P. complaints come from people who don't like their landlords, or maybe from neighbors. Of course, we have to track all of them down."

The next stop was to inspect a single apartment on Ninety-second Street. A lady greeted us and announced that the leaky faucet she had complained about had unaccountably stopped leaking that morning—had, in fact, stopped working altogether. Kehoe asked her how long it had been leaking, and she replied, "Six years." Kehoe looked stunned. "And not just a drip, either," the lady said. "It's been a regular current. The landlord wouldn't do a thing about it." Kehoe made a note and asked her why she hadn't complained before. She said that she hadn't known whom to call. In recent weeks, she said, she had telephoned several radio commentators she had heard fervently pleading for the conservation of water and *they* hadn't known whom to call. Kehoe said softly, "Six years. A wide-open tap might use almost seven million gallons of water a year. That leak probably wasted eight hundred thousand gallons a year, for six years."

We accompanied Mr. Kehoe up to Ninety-third Street, where he checked on a complaint concerning a leaking water tank on the roof of an old eight-story apartment building. Protesting that the tank didn't leak, the superintendent led us up onto the roof. Incriminating daggerlike icicles hung along the tank's bottom, and there was a telltale frozen pool directly below it. "Rain didn't make those icicles," Kehoe said. "Get that tank calked, and fast." He wrote something on one of his yellow slips and hurried back down onto the street. Lifting his face to the sun, he sighed and said, "Beautiful day. I walk around the streets a lot, going from house to house, and though I know it's wrong to be thinking of it at a time like this, I do enjoy a nice, bright day."

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The management of Bear Mountain State Park has posted a sign reading, "Caution. Grove Under Construction."

New Star

CAROL CHANNING, the substantial, throaty-voiced blonde who is the star of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," was born in 1921 in Seattle, where her father was city editor of the *Star*, she told us during a pre-matinée dressing-room talk we had with her last week. She added that she was an only child, and her maid, Esther, looked up from a dress she was mending in a corner of the room and observed that only children are spoiled. We asked whether she included Miss C. in this generalization, and she said, "Yes. She's negligent about her clothes." "If I'd had my mind on keeping my little housecoat cleaned, I'd never have got on the stage," Miss Channing said. When she was sixteen, and living in California, she continued, she won first prize—a month's trip to Honolulu—in a high-school oratorical contest sponsored by an organization called the California Crusaders. "The subject was 'What American Citizenship Means to Me,' and there were ten thousand contestants," she said. "I spoke terribly seriously, and I guess it was the characterization, rather than the content, that clinched it for me. It was *so* wholesome! I had wonderful fun in Honolulu, except that reporters kept asking me for my opinion of the foreign situation, and, of course, I didn't have any."

Miss Channing came East and attended Bennington College, which she left after two years of drama, dancing, and liberal arts. "I didn't like all those high I.Q.s all trying to out-intellectualize one another," she said. She moved to Manhattan, settled in the Village, and, after a period of theatrical job-hunting she described as "tearing up the town," landed with an experimental Marc Blitzstein opera, "No for an Answer," which was given on three Sunday nights. She next worked up some satirical impersonations of Ruth Draper, Tallulah Bankhead, and others, and the proceeds from these, executed at benefits, Café Society, and the Village Vanguard, along with an allowance from her father, kept her going. One summer, she held forth at Camp Tamiment, in the Catskills. "I had a *miserable* time there," she told us. "Other entertainers would say 'You big, fat cow,' and I didn't even know enough to reply 'Ah, shet up!'" In the winter of 1941-42, she understudied the principal female role in "Let's Face It!" She played the part only at one matinée, but gained some stage experience by being thrown in frequently as a chorus girl. More night-club work followed, and then a part in "Proof Thro' the Night," of which Miss C. observed, "It was real type-casting. I played a Polish peasant girl,

and kept mincing around the stage real dainty."

Now and then, when Miss C.'s allowance and Thespian earnings seemed inadequate, she worked as a salesgirl in Gimbel's. She was homesick every minute she was so engaged, and when her father drove East and looked her up, she impulsively jumped into his car and rode back to California with him. "I thought, Well, it's all over and I don't belong in show business," she said, "so I got a job in the French Salon of the I. Magnin store, in San Francisco, as a model. I'd traipse around stepping through lace hems and gabbing to the customers so much that the store people kept saying, 'Please don't talk—just stand there and look like alabaster,' and finally they made me hostess in the Salon. I changed water in the flower vases, opened and closed windows, and greeted customers when they came in. I memorized the San Francisco *Social Register*, and I'd say, 'How do you do, Mrs. Zellerbach?' I made such fast friends in the *Social Register* and talked to some of them so much that I'd miss the next customer, so the management demoted me to the stockroom. Well, I laughed and yakked it up in the stockroom for a while but I kept thinking about the theatre, and one day, after a talk with Daddy about a bigger allowance, I quit and went to Los Angeles, where I did imitations for the Elks and the Shriners, and at all kinds of dives there and in Pasadena and Santa Barbara." Miss C. eventually got a role in "Lend an Ear," and was highly commended for her handling thereof on both West and East Coasts. She was tapped for her present vehicle by Oliver Smith, one of "Gentlemen's" producers. "She's so big, and she thinks she's so little!" he said appreciatively after auditioning her. Miss C. is five feet nine in her stocking feet. She lives in the West Seventies with her husband, Al Carson, whom she married here a year ago. Mr. C. is a Canadian professional football player who, between seasons, works on the staff of the Gramercy Detective Bureau. Every fall, he beats it for Ottawa, where he is center on the Rough Riders.

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OVERHEARD at the Metropolitan Opera House, matron of fashion speaking: "I'm definitely giving up finger bowls for the duration."

Transparent

THE Department of Justice is currently prosecuting du Pont on the ground that it is a monopoly in the cellophane business. That's something we don't intend to go into, but as this year marks the twenty-fifth anniversary of the introduction of cellophane to the American public, and as, without cellophane and kindred products, civilization as we know it today—moistureproof, transparent, flavor sealed in—would practically disappear, we've had a look into the origins of the stuff. The bare facts are as follows: The ball (a billiard ball, in this case) was set rolling back in 1868, by an American inventor named John Wesley Hyatt. A big New York billiards-equipment concern had offered a handsome cash prize for the



"Human beings only, damn it! Human beings only!"

invention of a cheap and satisfactory substitute for ivory, which was then the only material out of which billiard balls could be made, and Hyatt came up with celluloid, a cellulose-nitrate compound, now commonly regarded as the first plastic. It did not go far as billiard-ball material (balls made of the stuff had a habit of exploding with a loud pop), so Hyatt developed a method of turning out transparent celluloid sheeting, and in 1889 George Eastman started using this film in cameras, in place of glass plates. By 1892, it was possible to manufacture celluloid in long strips, which led straight to motion pictures and thus, in due course, to Fatty Arbuckle, Rudolph Valentino, and Betty Grable.

Meanwhile, European chemists were also developing synthetic materials out of cellulose, and in 1908 a Swiss chemist, Dr. Jacques Edwin Brandenberger, produced a thin, clear cellulose sheeting, which he named cellophane. His idea was to use it as a pliable, easily cleaned coating for tablecloths and the like, but he couldn't get it to laminate with fabric. After several years, Dr. Brandenberger licensed his process to Le Comptoir des Textiles Artificiels, the big French rayon-manufacturing combine, and when, in 1920, du Pont took over the North American rights to the Comptoir rayon process, it also became interested in cellophane, as a novelty wrapping material. In 1924, du Pont opened the first American cellophane plant, in Buffalo, under Brandenberger's direction. The price of cellophane was set at $2.65 a pound, and for several months the chief purchaser was the Whitman candy company. After a year, when the price dropped to $1.75 a pound, a baker in Cleveland started packing cookies in cellophane. His sales skyrocketed, and other cooky-makers, and makers of other commodities, sensed a good thing. The boom was on. The country was suddenly overrun with cellophane, and soon thereafter with cellophane gags—crumpled-up cellophane, instead of ice, was dropped into people's highballs, Hollywood starlets appeared in cellophane bathing suits, and magazines (present company included) printed innumerable cartoons in which the boffola depended on something being, or not being, wrapped in cellophane.

Cellophane was made moistureproof in 1927, and cigar, cigarette, bread, cake, and chewing-gum makers promptly fell in with the trend. The price by then had dropped to $1.45 a pound. In 1938, du Pont lost its exclusive right to the word as a trademark, the courts ruling that it had passed into the language as a generic term; up to then it had been, or was supposed to be, capitalized. The price of cellophane is now down to forty-five cents a pound, and du Pont has seven big cellophane factories going. The transparent-plastic-wrapping business is not, of course, limited to du Pont, though there seems to be no argument that du Pont has most of it. Among the competitors of cellophane are Kodapak sheet, produced by the Eastman company; Saran film, produced by Dow Chemical; Pliofilm, produced by the Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.; and Lumarith, produced by the Celanese Corporation. All these are said to have certain handy and more or less exclusive characteristics that fit them for some particular purpose. Saran, which is derived in part from petroleum and brine, is especially good for packaging pickles. This odd attribute is spoken of with awe in both pickle and plastic circles.

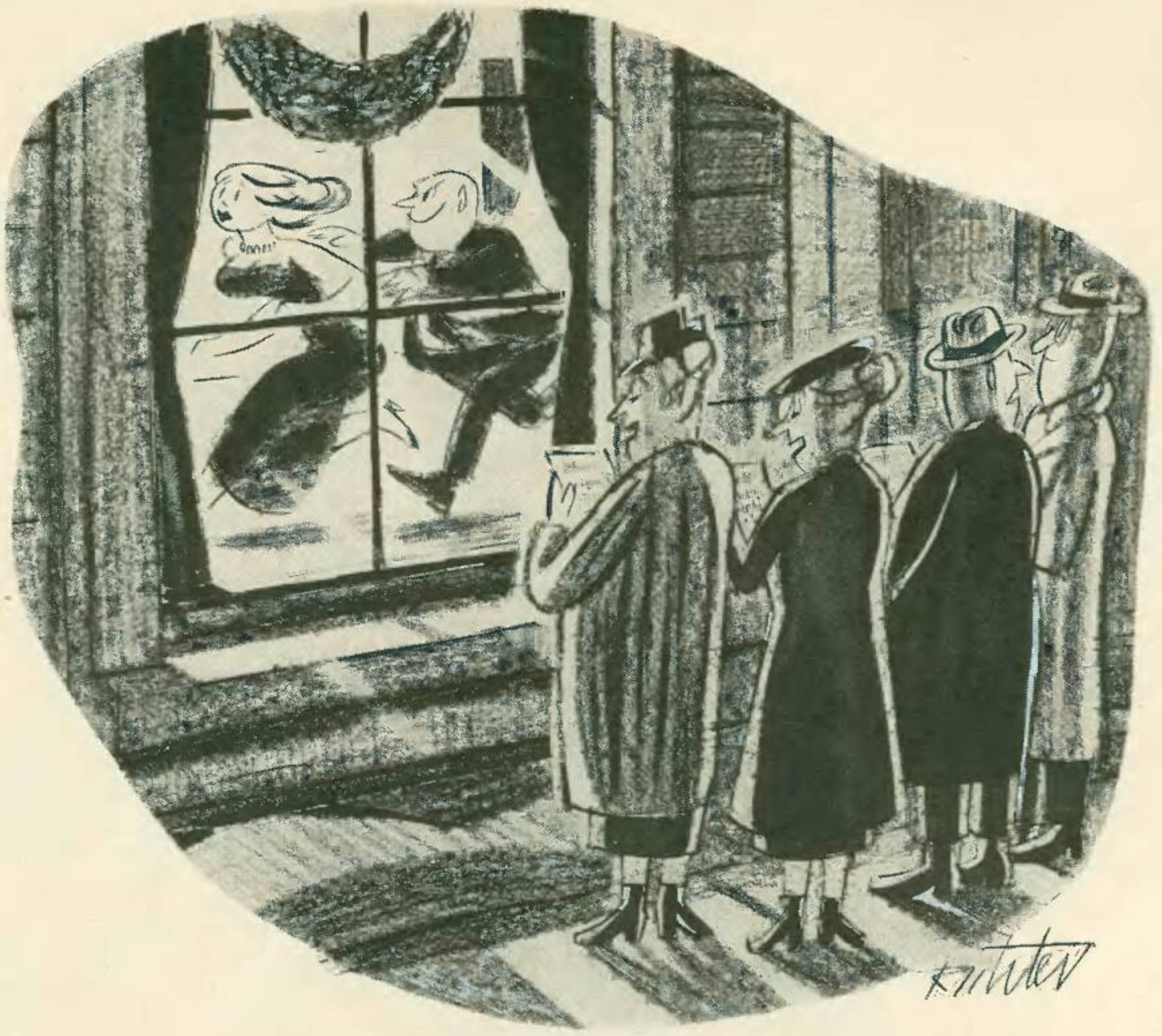


Warning

FOR the benefit of householders with radiant heating, we outline the procedure one such will follow this Christmas Eve. She is going to screen all incoming parcels carefully and *not* place on the floor under the tree any boxes containing candy. Last year, she put the candy there and it got so hopelessly gooey she had to throw it all away.

Bake-Off

THE redoubtable Minneapolis flour people who operate corporately as Pillsbury Mills took over the grand ballroom of the Waldorf one day last week to celebrate their eightieth anniversary with the windup of a national baking contest, or "bake-off." We dropped in on it at 10:30 A.M., when it had been under way a couple of hours, and, sniffing pleasurably, watched a hundred contestants—ninety-seven aproned ladies and three aproned men—cooking away at a hundred gleaming white General Electric Stratoliner Ranges, marked with red numbers from 1 to 100. Pillsbury officials, identifiable by lapel tags, scurried past us, as did a dozen or so ladies dressed much like nurses—General Electric home economists, it turned out, there to advise contestants on the use of G.E. ranges. A publicity lady we sought out told us that the contestants were the winners of a qualifying-recipe competition held by mail last fall, and that each was working on her (or his) entry for the final; that they hailed from thirty-seven states, the District of Columbia, and Alaska; that every woman jill and man jack who had been invited had shown up; that six categories of concoction were permitted them (breads, cakes, pies, cookies, entrées, and desserts), the only provisos being that no alcoholic liquids be used and that each recipe require not less than half a cup of Pillsbury's Best Enriched Flour; that all entries had to be in by five o'clock; and that they would be evaluated—in



"If you ask me, we're just butting our heads against a stone wall here."

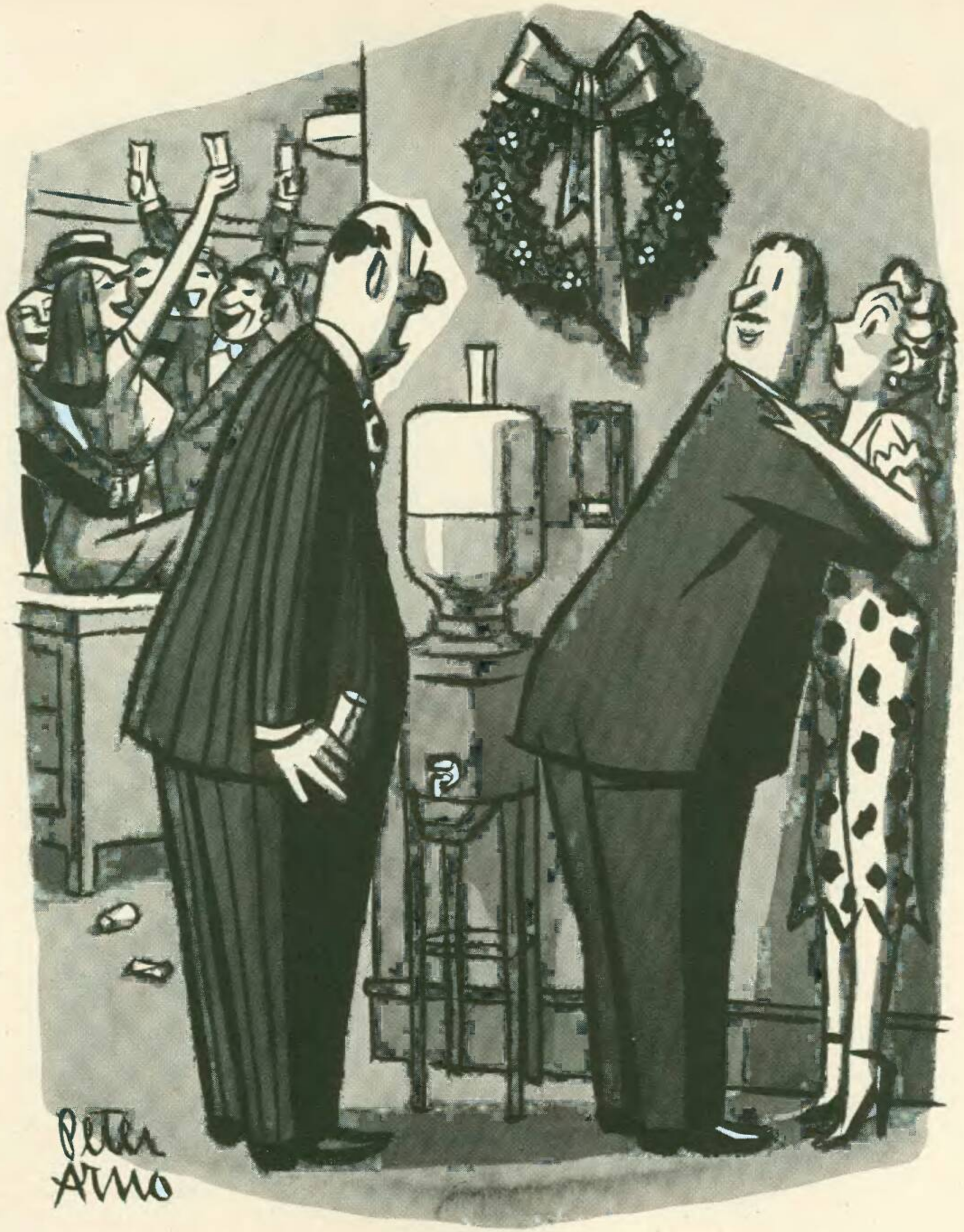
fact, at that moment some were being evaluated—by a committee of seven judges, who would award prizes ranging from fifty thousand dollars to five hundred. "Talk with any of the contestants you want, as long as you don't disturb them while they're busy," said the publicity lady. "You know what baking is."

Thus admonished, we introduced ourself to No. 75, a dark-haired lady we found gazing into space, who told us that she was Mrs. Martin Stevlingson, of Menomonie, Wisconsin, and showed us a golden loaf of Thanksgiving Bread, full of cranberries, orange segments, and nuts. "We're allowed any number of tries," she said, "but my first one turned out like it always does, so I'm not going to do it over." A waiter with a tea wagon came up, put Mrs. S.'s loaf on it, clapped a silver bowl over it, and wheeled it off to the judges, who were sitting in a room off the ballroom balcony. We turned next to No. 65, a pretty young lady who also seemed to be resting on her oars. She proved to be Mrs. Joseph F. Frewer, of Savannah. "I have a marble cake in the oven," she said. "It's from a recipe from a great-aunt who lived to be ninety-eight. She'd be a hundred and twenty if she were alive today. She got it from her mother, and I don't know *how* old it is. The Pillsbury people have been perfectly wonderful—they're putting us up at the Waldorf here, paying all our travelling expenses, and giving us each two hundred dollars in cash. I walked around town yesterday and saw an *enormous* Christmas tree." No. 64, idling at an adjacent range, let us peek at her Cashew Nutlicious Pie, and identified herself as Mrs. Hazel Frost, a former schoolteacher, of Chicago. "I'm just waiting for the whipping cream," she said. "I had a Pennsylvania Dutch grandmother who used to make a hickory-nut pie, and I modified it. It's popular with people who like rich desserts. I don't care for them myself. I have to watch my figure, you know, and I'd rather have a fruit compote." A Pillsbury man at our elbow looked at Mrs. Frost sharply and we moved on to No. 68, a disconsolate but beautiful blonde who revealed herself as Mrs. David A. Rainey, of Denver. "I'm supposed to make a French Mint Pie," she told us, "but I need peppermint extract and there doesn't seem to be any in New York. You can get it in *any* Denver grocery." She told us that she had got her recipe over the bridge table and changed it to her own liking. A Pillsbury official rushed up with a small bottle. "Pure mint and peppermint," he said. "The nearest thing I could get. Just use a smidgen less than you usually do and you'll be all right." Mrs. Rainey smiled bravely. "I'll sure try," she said.

We spoke to one more contestant, Mrs. Hayes E. Willis, a handsome young matron from Portsmouth, Virginia, who said she had completed the batter for a Holiday Upside-Down Cake and was waiting for a pan. We had it in mind to talk with one of the male entries, but all three of them looked terribly busy. On our way out, we buttonholed Mr. John S. Pillsbury, the seventy-one-year-old chairman of the Pillsbury board, and his nephew, Philip W. Pillsbury, the company's president, and learned that the business was founded by the elder Mr. Pillsbury's father, who took in *his* father and his uncle. "This anniversary contest originated in the fertile minds of our advertising people," the elder Mr. Pillsbury told us. "I've visited around among the contestants and I must say they're a swell bunch." Mr. Philip Pillsbury nodded, and, under severe questioning from us, exposed himself as Yale, class of 1924, whereupon we besought him for a college reminiscence. "Well, I was voted the second best-natured man in my class," he said, smiling good-naturedly.

Urgent

IN the sixth-floor (Santa Claus, radio and television sets) last-minute pre-Christmas confusion of Bloomingdale's, a lady made for a counter of radios, plugged one in, tuned it in, and removed from her purse a racing chart clipped from the *Mirror*. Surrounded by kiddies clinging to mothers and balloons, she listened tensely as the results of the third race at Tropical Park were announced.



"See here, Pottsman! That happens to be my secretary!"

CHRISTMAS IS A SAD SEASON FOR THE POOR

CHRISTMAS is a sad season. The phrase came to Charlie an instant after the alarm clock had waked him, and named for him an amorphous depression that had troubled him all the previous evening. The sky outside his window was black. He sat up in bed and pulled the light chain that hung in front of his nose. Christmas is a very sad day of the year, he thought. Of all the millions of people in New York, I am practically the only one who has to get up in the cold black of 6 A.M. on Christmas Day in the morning; I am practically the only one.

He dressed, and when he went downstairs from the top floor of the rooming house in which he lived, the only sounds he heard were the coarse sounds of sleep; the only lights burning were lights that had been forgotten. Charlie ate some breakfast in an all-night lunchwagon and took an Elevated train uptown. From Third Avenue, he walked over to Park. Park Avenue was dark. House after house put into the shine of the street lights a wall of black windows. Millions and millions were sleeping, and this general loss of consciousness generated an impression of abandonment, as if this were the fall of the city, the end of time. He opened the iron-and-glass doors of the apartment building where he had been working for six months as an elevator operator, and went through the elegant lobby to a locker room at the back. He put on a striped vest with brass buttons, a false ascot, a pair of pants with a light-blue stripe on the seam, and a coat. The night elevator man was dozing on the little bench in the car. Charlie woke him. The night elevator man told him thickly that the day doorman had been taken sick and wouldn't be in that day. With the doorman sick, Charlie wouldn't have any relief for lunch, and a lot of people would expect him to whistle for cabs.

CHARLIE had been on duty a few minutes when 14 rang—a Mrs. Hewing, who, he happened to know, was kind of immoral. Mrs. Hewing hadn't been to bed yet, and she got into the elevator wearing a long dress under her fur coat. She was followed by her two funny-looking dogs. He took her down and watched her go out into the dark and take her dogs to the curb. She was outside for only a few minutes. Then she came in and he took her up to 14 again. When she got off the elevator, she said, "Merry Christmas, Charlie."

"Well, it isn't much of a holiday for me, Mrs. Hewing," he said. "I think Christmas is a very sad season of the year. It isn't that people around here ain't generous—I mean I got plenty of tips—but, you see, I live alone in a furnished room and I don't have any family or anything, and Christmas isn't much of a holiday for me."

"I'm sorry, Charlie," Mrs. Hewing said. "I don't have any family myself. It is kind of sad when you're alone, isn't it?" She called her dogs and followed them into her apartment. He went down.

It was quiet then, and Charlie lighted a cigarette. The heating plant in the basement encompassed the building at that hour in a regular and profound vibration, and the sullen noises of arriving steam heat began to resound, first in the lobby and then to reverberate up through all the sixteen stories, but this was a mechanical awakening, and it didn't lighten his loneliness or his petulance. The black air outside the glass doors had begun to turn blue, but the blue light seemed to have no source; it appeared in the middle of the air. It was a tearful light, and as it picked out the empty street and the long file of Christmas trees, he wanted to cry. Then a cab drove up, and the Walsers got out, drunk and dressed in evening clothes, and he took them up to their penthouse. The Walsers got him to brooding about the difference between his life in a furnished room and the lives of the people overhead. It was terrible.



Then the early churchgoers began to ring, but there were only three of these that morning. A few more went off to church at eight o'clock, but the majority of the building remained unconscious, although the smell of bacon and coffee had begun to drift into the elevator shaft.

At a little after nine, a nursemaid came down with a child. Both the nursemaid and the child had a deep tan and had just returned, he knew, from Bermuda. He had never been to Bermuda. He, Charlie, was a prisoner, confined eight hours a day to a six-by-eight elevator cage, which was confined, in turn, to a sixteen-story shaft. In one building or another, he had made his living as an elevator operator for ten years. He estimated the average trip at about an eighth of a mile, and when he thought of the thousands of miles he had travelled, when he thought that he might have driven the car through the mists above the Caribbean and set it down on some coral beach in Bermuda, he held the narrowness of his travels against his passengers, as if it were not the nature of the elevator but the pressure of their lives that confined him, as if they had clipped his wings.

He was thinking about this when the DePauls, on 9, rang. They wished him a merry Christmas.

"Well, it's nice of you to think of me," he said as they descended, "but it isn't much of a holiday for me. Christmas is a sad season when you're poor. I live alone in a furnished room. I don't have any family."

"Who do you have dinner with, Charlie?" Mrs. DePaul asked.

"I don't have any Christmas dinner," Charlie said. "I just get a sandwich."

"Oh, Charlie!" Mrs. DePaul was a stout woman with an impulsive heart, and Charlie's plaint struck at her holiday mood as if she had been caught in a cloudburst. "I do wish we could share our Christmas dinner with you, you know," she said. "I come from Vermont, you know, and when I was a child, you know, we always used to have a great many people at our table. The mailman, you know, and the schoolteacher, and just anybody who didn't have any family of their own, you know, and I wish we could share our dinner with you the way we used to, you know, and I don't see any reason why we can't. We can't have you at the table, you know, because you couldn't leave the elevator—could you?—but just as soon as Mr. DePaul



has carved the goose, I'll give you a ring, and I'll arrange a tray for you, you know, and I want you to come up and at least share our Christmas dinner."

Charlie thanked them, and their generosity surprised him, but he wondered if, with the arrival of friends and relatives, they wouldn't forget their offer.

Then old Mrs. Gadshill rang, and when she wished him a merry Christmas, he hung his head.

"It isn't much of a holiday for me, Mrs. Gadshill," he said. "Christmas is a sad season if you're poor. You see, I don't have any family. I live alone in a furnished room."

"I don't have any family either, Charlie," Mrs. Gadshill said. She spoke with a pointed lack of petulance, but her grace was forced. "That is, I don't have any children with me today. I have three children and seven grandchildren, but none of them can see their way to coming East for Christmas with me. Of course, I understand their problems. I know that it's difficult to travel with children during the holidays, although I always seemed to manage it when I was their age, but people feel differently, and we mustn't condemn them for the things we can't understand. But I know how you feel, Charlie. I haven't any family either. I'm just as lonely as you."

Mrs. Gadshill's speech didn't move him. Maybe she was lonely, but she had a ten-room apartment and three servants and bucks and bucks and diamonds and diamonds, and there were plenty of poor kids in the slums who would be happy at a chance at the food her cook threw away. Then he thought about poor kids. He sat down on a chair in the lobby and thought about them.

They got the worst of it. Beginning in the fall, there was all this excitement about Christmas and how it was a day for them. After Thanksgiving, they couldn't miss it. It was fixed so they couldn't miss it. The wreaths and decorations everywhere, and bells ringing, and trees in the park, and Santa Clauses on every corner, and pictures in the magazines and newspapers and on every wall and window in the city told them that if they were good, they would get what they wanted. Even if they couldn't read, they couldn't miss it. They couldn't miss it even if they were blind. It got into the air the poor kids inhaled. Every time they took a walk, they'd see all the expensive toys in the store windows, and they'd write letters to Santa Claus, and their mothers and fathers would promise to mail them, and after the kids had gone to sleep, they'd burn the letters in the stove. And when it came Christmas morning, how could you explain it, how could you tell them that Santa Claus only visited the rich, that he didn't know about the good? How could you face them when all you had to give them was a balloon or a lollipop?

On the way home from work a few nights earlier, Charlie had seen a woman and a little girl going down Fifty-ninth Street. The little girl was crying. He guessed she was crying, he knew she was crying, because she'd seen all the things in the toy-store windows and couldn't understand why none of them were for her. Her mother did housework, he guessed, or maybe was a waitress, and he saw them going back to a room like his, with green walls and no heat, on Christmas Eve, to eat a can of soup. And he saw the little girl hang up her ragged stocking and fall asleep, and he saw the mother looking through her purse for something to put into the stocking— This reverie was interrupted by a bell on 11. He went up, and Mr. and Mrs. Fuller were waiting. When they wished him a merry Christmas, he said, "Well, it isn't much of a holiday for me, Mrs. Fuller. Christmas is a sad season when you're poor."

"Do you have any children, Charlie?" Mrs. Fuller asked.

"Four living," he said. "Two in the grave." The majesty of his lie overwhelmed him. "Mrs. Leary's a cripple," he added.

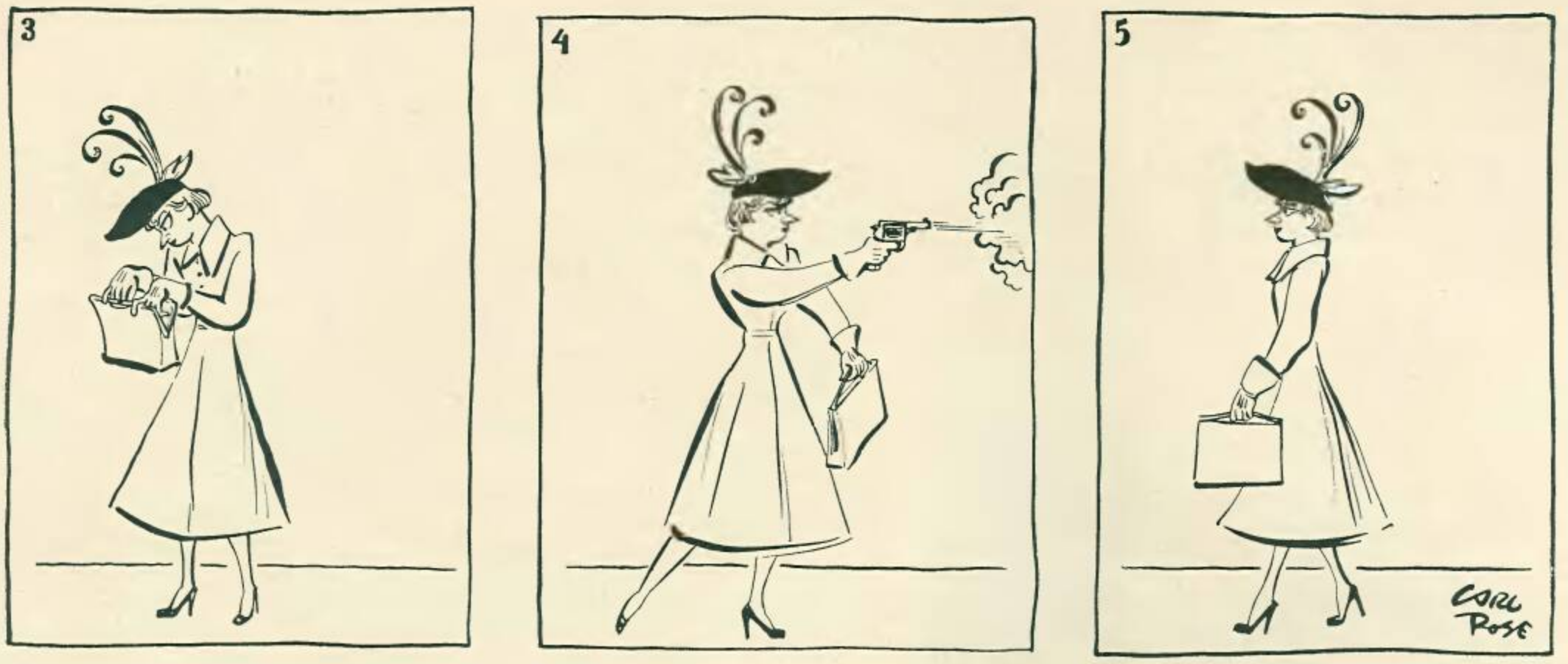
"How sad, Charlie," Mrs. Fuller said. She started out of the elevator when it reached the lobby, and then she turned. "I want to give your children some presents, Charlie," she said. "Mr. Fuller and I are going to pay a call now, but when we come back, I want to give you some things for your children."

He thanked her. Then the bell rang on 4, and he went up to get the Westons.

"It isn't much of a holiday for me," he told them when they wished him a merry Christmas. "Christmas is a sad season when you're poor. You see, I live alone in a furnished room."

"Poor Charlie," Mrs. Weston said. "I know just how you feel. During the war, when Mr. Weston was away, I was all alone at Christmas. I didn't have any Christmas dinner or a tree or anything. I just scrambled myself some eggs and sat there and cried." Mr. Weston, who had gone into the lobby, called impatiently to his wife. "I know just how you feel, Charlie," Mrs. Weston said.

BY noon, the climate in the elevator shaft had changed from bacon and coffee to poultry and game, and the house, like an enormous and complex homestead, was absorbed in the preparations for a domestic feast. The children and their nursemaids had all returned from the Park. Grandmothers and aunts were arriving in limousines. Most of the people who came through the lobby were carrying packages wrapped in colored paper, and were wearing their best



furs and new clothes. Charlie continued to complain to most of the tenants when they wished him a merry Christmas, changing his story from the lonely bachelor to the poor father, and back again, as his mood changed, but this outpouring of melancholy, and the sympathy it aroused, didn't make him feel any better.

At half past one, 9 rang, and when he went up, Mr. DePaul was standing in the door of their apartment holding a cocktail shaker and a glass. "Here's a little Christmas cheer, Charlie," he said, and he poured Charlie a drink. Then a maid appeared with a tray of covered dishes, and Mrs. DePaul came out of the living room. "Merry Christmas, Charlie," she said. "I had Mr. DePaul carve the goose early, so that you could have some, you know. I didn't want to put the dessert on the tray, because I was afraid it would melt, you know, so when we have our dessert, we'll call you."

"And what is Christmas without presents?" Mr. DePaul said, and he brought a large, flat box from the hall and laid it on top of the covered dishes.

"You people make it seem like a real Christmas to me," Charlie said. Tears started into his eyes. "Thank you, thank you."

"Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!" they called, and they watched him carry his dinner and his present into the elevator. He took the tray and the box into the locker room when he got down. On the tray, there was a soup, some kind of creamed fish, and a serving of goose. The bell rang again, but before he answered it, he tore open the DePauls' box and saw that it held a dressing gown. Their generosity and their cocktail had begun to work on his brain, and he went jubilantly up to 12. Mrs. Gadshill's maid was standing in the door with a tray, and Mrs. Gadshill stood behind her. "Merry Christmas, Charlie!" she said. He thanked her, and tears came into his eyes again. On the way down, he drank off the glass of sherry on Mrs. Gadshill's tray. Mrs. Gadshill's contribution was a mixed grill. He ate the lamb chop with his fingers. The bell was ringing again, and he wiped his face with a paper towel and went up to 11. "Merry Christmas, Charlie," Mrs. Fuller said, and she was standing in the door with her arms full of packages wrapped in silver paper, just like a picture in an advertisement, and Mr. Fuller was beside her with an arm around her, and they both looked as if they were going to cry. "Here are some things I want you to take home to your children," Mrs. Fuller said. "And here's something for Mrs. Leary and here's something for you. And if you want to take these things out to the elevator, we'll have your dinner ready for you in a minute." He carried the things into the elevator and came back for the tray. "Merry Christmas, Charlie!" both of the Fullers called after him as he closed the door. He took their dinner and their presents into the locker room and tore open the box that was marked for him. There was an alligator wallet in it, with Mr. Fuller's initials in the corner. Their dinner was also goose, and he ate a piece of the meat with his fingers and was washing it down with a cocktail when the bell rang. He went up again. This time it was the Westons. "Merry Christmas, Charlie!" they said, and they gave him a cup of eggnog, a turkey dinner, and a present. Their gift was also a dressing gown. Then 7 rang, and when he went up, there was another dinner and some more toys. Then 14 rang, and when he went up, Mrs. Hewing was standing in the hall, in a kind of negligee, holding a pair of riding boots in one hand and some neckties in the other. She had been crying and drinking. "Merry Christmas, Charlie," she said tenderly. "I wanted to give you something, and I've been thinking about you all morning, and I've been all over the apartment, and these are the only things I could find that a man might want. These are the only things that Mr. Brewer left. I don't suppose you'd have any use for the riding boots, but wouldn't you like the neckties?" Charlie took the neckties and thanked her and hurried back to the car, for the elevator bell had rung three times.

BY three o'clock, Charlie had fourteen dinners spread on the table and the floor of the locker room, and the bell kept ringing. Just as he started to eat one, he would have to go up and get another, and he was in the middle of the Parsons' roast beef when he had to go up and get the DePauls' dessert. He kept the door of the locker room closed, for he sensed that the quality of charity is exclusive and that his friends would have been disappointed to find that they were not the only ones to try to lessen his loneliness. There were goose, turkey, chicken, pheasant, grouse, and pigeon. There were trout and salmon, creamed scallops and oysters, lobster, crabmeat, whitebait, and clams. There were plum

puddings, mince pies, mousses, puddles of melted ice cream, layer cakes, *Torten*, éclairs, and two slices of Bavarian cream. He had dressing gowns, neckties, cuff links, socks, and handkerchiefs, and one of the tenants had asked for his neck size and then given him three green shirts. There were a glass teapot filled, the label said, with jasmine honey, four bottles of after-shave lotion, some alabaster bookends, and a dozen steak knives. The avalanche of charity he had precipitated filled the locker room and made him hesitant, now and then, as if he had touched some well-spring in the female heart that would bury him alive in food and dressing gowns. He had made almost no headway on the food, for all the servings were preternaturally large, as if loneliness had been counted on to generate in him a brutish appetite. Nor had he opened any of the presents that had been given to him for his imaginary children, but he had drunk everything they sent down, and around him were the dregs of Martinis, Manhattans, Old-Fashioneds, champagne-and-raspberry-shrub cocktails, eggnogs, Bronxes, and Side Cars.



His face was blazing. He loved the world, and the world loved him. When he thought back over his life, it appeared to him in a rich and wonderful light, full of astonishing experiences and unusual friends. He thought that his job as an elevator operator—cruising up and down through hundreds of feet of perilous space—demanded the nerve and the intellect of a birdman. All the constraints of his life—the green walls of his room and the months of unemployment—dissolved. No one was ringing, but he got into the elevator and shot it at full speed up to the penthouse and down again, up and down, to test his wonderful mastery of space.

A bell rang on 12 while he was cruising, and he stopped in his flight long enough to pick up Mrs. Gadshill. As the car started to fall, he took his hands off the controls in a paroxysm of joy and shouted, "Strap on your safety belt, Mrs. Gadshill! We're going to make a loop-the-loop!" Mrs. Gadshill shrieked. Then, for some reason, she sat down on the floor of the elevator. Why was her face so pale, he wondered; why was she sitting on the floor? She shrieked again. He grounded the car gently, and cleverly, he thought, and opened the door. "I'm sorry if I scared you, Mrs. Gadshill," he said meekly. "I was only fooling." She shrieked again. Then she ran out into the lobby, screaming for the superintendent.

THE superintendent fired Charlie and took over the elevator himself. The news that he was out of work stung Charlie for a minute. It was his first contact with human meanness that day. He sat down in the locker room and gnawed on a drumstick. His drinks were beginning to let him down, and while it had not reached him yet, he felt a miserable soberness in the offing. The excess of food and presents around him began to make him feel guilty and unworthy. He regretted bitterly the lie he had told about his children. He was a single man with simple needs. He had abused the goodness of the people upstairs. He was unworthy.

Then up through this drunken train of thought surged the sharp figure of his landlady and her three skinny children. He thought of them sitting in their basement room. The cheer of Christmas had passed them by. This image got him to his feet. The realization that he was in a position to give, that he could bring happiness easily to someone else, sobered him. He took a big burlap sack, which was used for collecting waste, and began to stuff it, first with his presents and then with the presents for his imaginary children. He worked with the haste of a man whose train is approaching the station, for he could hardly wait to see those long faces light up when he came in the door. He changed his clothes, and, fired by a wonderful and unfamiliar sense of power, he slung his bag over his shoulder like a regular Santa Claus, went out the back way, and took a taxi to the lower East Side.

The landlady and her children had just finished off a turkey, which had been sent to them by the local Democratic Club, and they were stuffed and uncomfortable when Charlie began pounding on the door, shouting "Merry Christmas!" He dragged the bag in after him and dumped the presents for the children onto the floor. There were dolls and musical toys, blocks, sewing kits, an Indian suit, and a loom, and it appeared to him that, as he had hoped, his arrival in the basement dispelled its gloom. When half the presents had been opened, he gave the landlady a bathrobe and went upstairs to look over the things he had been given for himself.

NOW, the landlady's children had already received so many presents by the time Charlie arrived that they were confused with receiving, and it was only the landlady's intuitive grasp of the nature of charity that made her allow the children to open some of the presents while Charlie was still in the room, but as soon as he had gone, she stood between the children and the presents that were still unopened. "Now, you kids have had enough already," she said. "You kids have got your share. Just look at the things you got there. Why, you ain't even played with the half of them. Mary Anne, you ain't even looked at that doll the Fire Department give you. Now, a nice thing to do would be to take all this stuff that's left over to those poor people on Hudson Street—them Deckkers. They ain't got nothing." A beatific light came into her face when she realized that she could give, that she could bring cheer, that she could put a healing finger on a case needier than hers, and—like Mrs. DePaul and Mrs. Weston, like Charlie himself and like Mrs. Deckker, when Mrs. Deckker was to think, subsequently, of the poor Shannons—first love, then charity, and then a sense of power drove her. "Now, you kids help me get all this stuff together. Hurry, hurry, hurry," she said, for it was dark then, and she knew that we are bound, one to another, in licentious benevolence for only a single day, and that day was nearly over. She was tired, but she couldn't rest, she couldn't rest.

—JOHN CHEEVER

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A HARVEST TO SEDUCE

Upon the tree of time
The fruit looms high,
The fruit so fair to pluck!
The hour's late and black.
The time-tree quivers,
Loosens, and delivers
The midnight crop.

Twelve drop,
A harvest to seduce,
Lacking joy or juice.

Beware the vain lament,
The hunger for what's spent.
This is dead-sea fruit
And ashes to the taste.
Quash it with your foot.
What is past is past.

—MELVILLE CANE

TO A LITTLE GIRL AT CHRISTMAS

(HOW A FAMOUS QUESTION MIGHT BE ANSWERED IF IT WERE ASKED TODAY AND MR. WESTBROOK PEGLER HAPPENED TO BE WRITING EDITORIALS FOR THE "SUN")

YOU'RE damn right there is a Santa Claus, Virginia. He lives down the road a piece from me, and my name for him is Comrade Jelly Belly, after a poem composed about him once by an admiring fellow-traveller now happily under the sod.

In a manner of speaking, this Jelly Belly is in the distributing end of the toy business, and I guess the story of how that came about has its points for the social historian. Mr. Claus is understandably a reticent man, but the facts would seem to be that he was born quite a while back in the Red Hook section under the appetizing monicker of Sammy Klein. His mother was employed in a celebrated bucket of blood known as the Haymarket, also in what you might call the distributing end, and his father was any one of a number of slick operators, though the weight of evidence would seem to point to Police Lieutenant Becker of fragrant memory. How his mother happened to name him Sammy Klein is not known to this deponent, but there is a suspicion that she got it off the front of a clothing store she was in the habit of looting. It is not my way to speak ill of the dead, Virginia, but you'd have to go a long way to find a scurvier pair than the two who spawned the tot we're discussing.

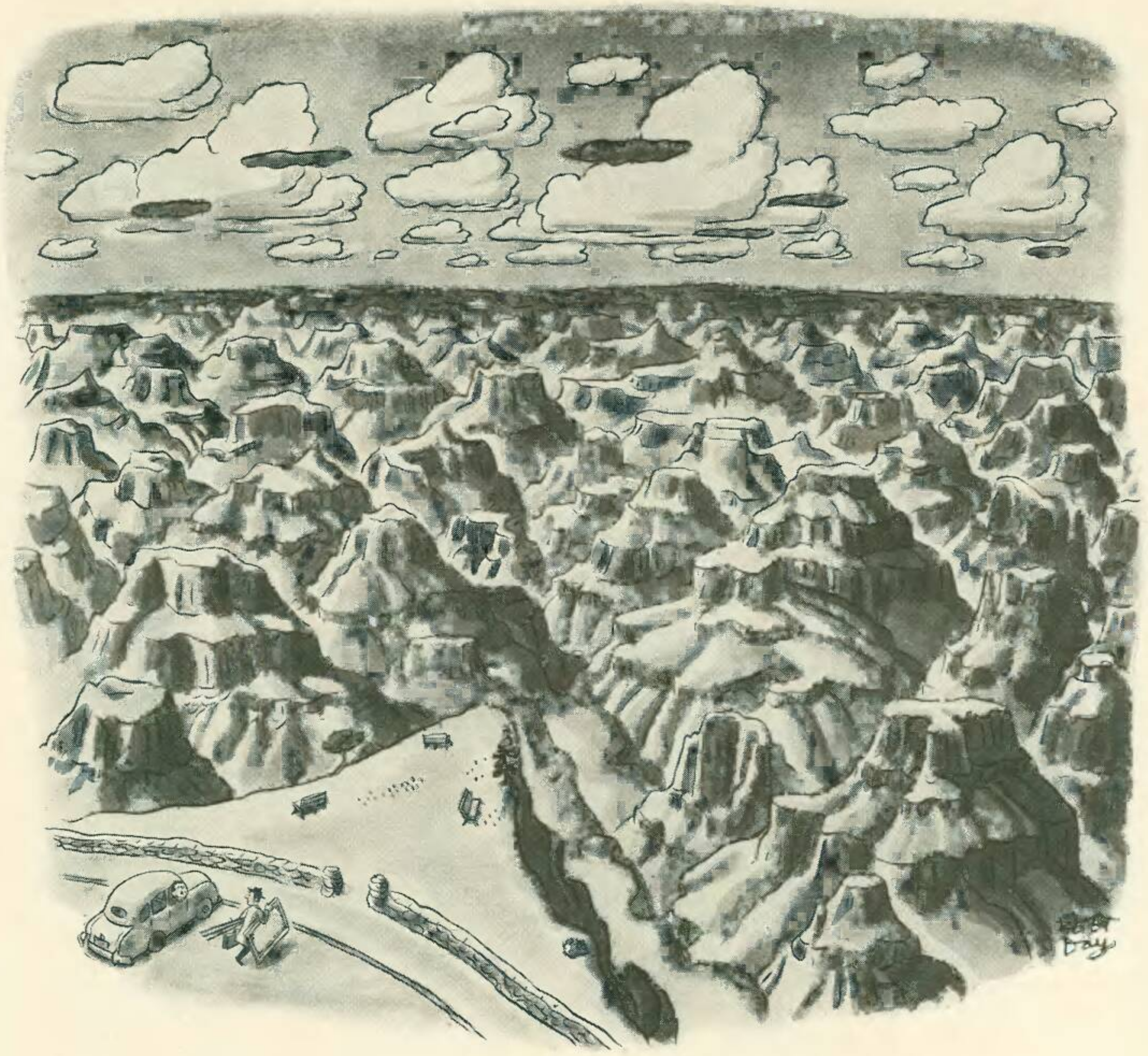
In his youth, Jelly Belly did a short stretch of military service with the Hudson Dusters and the Dead Rabbits, two pinko front organizations of the period, and then passed on to the less perilous profession of rolling lushes in the subway. According to surviving court records, an operative in this classification, variously known as Sid Kline, Saul ("Fingers") Klem, and K. Stein, was arrested no less than thirty-seven times between 1908 and 1916, and stored in the poky for periods ranging from ninety days up. This was presumably Santa Claus.

So much, Virginia, for our hero's boyhood. In 1917, as you probably remember, a sick college professor in the White House ranted us into what he called a war to make the world safe for democracy, and Jelly Belly had one of the first numbers they pulled out of the bowl. This, however, was one rap he knew how to beat, and young Klein sat out World War I in a hospital for the criminally insane, having prudently assaulted a six-year-old girl on the very day his draft board invited him to call. He was pardoned in 1919 at the special request of the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, whose name happened to be Franklin Delano Roosevelt, and who even then displayed a strong affinity for the unbalanced.

It was at this time that Jelly Belly changed his name to Santa Claus, partly to escape from his too vivacious past and partly because he had just become a full member of the Communist Party and needed an alias with a sanctimonious flavor. His affiliation with the toy business began soon after that. When F.D.R. sprung Jelly Belly, or Santa Claus, from the loonybin, he went to work for the New York *Times* as a bushwhacker in the circulation department, his job being to mess up delivery boys from the rival *Herald*. This was naturally an employment highly to his taste, but when one boy died as the result of his attentions, it seemed sagacious to move on. It was in this manner that he came to F. A. O. Schwarz, where they made him first a shipping clerk and then the driver of a truck. The rest of the story—the prearranged hijackings that proved profitable enough to set Santa Claus up in the toy business for himself, the deals with Henry Agard Wallace, Felix Frankfurter, and his old friend Roosevelt that permitted him to pick the taxpayer's pocket to the tune of about eighty million dollars a year—is too complicated and dirty for a lady of your tender years. The important fact is that there *is* a Santa Claus, Virginia—a fat old party, with nasty habits and a dirty white beard,



"What time do you play 'Baby, It's Cold Outside'?"



"Will you be very long, dear?"

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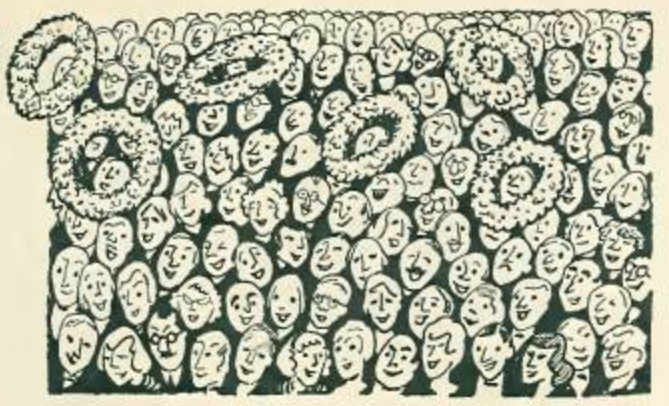
who, for reasons best known to himself, likes to go around either wholly undressed or else in an ill-fitting red suit.

TODAY, Jelly Belly enjoys what is sometimes called the odor of sanctity, being generally regarded as a hell of a fellow by little children, soft-headed women, and the kind of deep thinkers who openly profess their opposition to the sterilization of all Communists. My own information is somewhat different. Jelly Belly gets around even more than Eleanor the Great, and I can't speak for his activities in other parts of the country. In my neighborhood, however, it is a matter of common knowledge that the burglary rate never fails to hit its peak at Christmas. No one has ever been caught for any of these misdemeanors, but the evidence in each case is always the same—a few shoddy toys in a stocking on the mantelpiece, and a mink coat or a pearl necklace missing from the hostess's effects. One victim I know said she wouldn't mind so much if the toys were any good, but they are just the cheap, tasteless junk that crooked labor unions have been turning out ever since the Great Brain decided to sell out his country to the lazy and incompetent.

I could go on for a long time telling you about Jelly Belly, Virginia. I could tell you, for instance, how the gross old slattern who passes herself off as his housekeeper would be described in less respectable pages than these by quite another word. Or I could tell you how he is a member of the Westchester Commuters Association, the National Association of Dahlia Growers, the Society for Improving the Condition of the Poor, and any number of other thinly disguised Communist organizations. Or I could even tell you with what drooling pleasure he beats his eight undersized reindeer, whose cruel whip sores I have seen with my own eyes. But these are probably not good things for a little girl to know. Youth is a time for innocent dreams and illusions, Virginia, and I don't believe I could live comfortably with myself if I destroyed yours. Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. There is old Jelly Belly. —WOLCOTT GIBBS







GREETINGS, FRIENDS!

Another Christmas, another year,
And quite a few of us still here?
Well, so much velvet. . . . Friends, wassail!
Noël! What ho! Here's how, and hail!
Now is the time for us to greet
Philosopher Harry Overstreet,
And now is the time for all good men
To hoist a goblet to Ray Vir Den,
Lillian Ross, Bus Bronson,
Jack Binns, and Gerald Johnson.
Call up Dorothy Canfield Fisher,
Get her on the phone, and wish her
Merry You-Know-What from Sull,
Then do the same for Josephine Hull.
My thoughts upon this holiday eve
Dwell fondly on Harla Holmes and Steve,
On Joe Page, Gisela Grimm,
Cony Sturgis, and Mary Prim,
And as the days of cheer approach
My heart enlarges for Jim Roach,
For Jean Dixon, Mary Healy,
Ted Atkinson, Ted Ely,
Catherine and David Burke,
And Burt Shotton, and Lisa Kirk.
I drink to the health of Merlin Fife,
And Joseph Bolton and his wife,
To Ethel Griffies, Rod Sutton,
Joe Costa, and Richard Button.
The smoking Christmas bowl I raise
In toast to Grace and Herbert Mayes.
Mrs. Barach—Frederica!
To you I lift the selfsame beaker!
Hail to thee, Steve Hannagan!
Peace be with Hap Flanigan!
And a jovial alumnal beam
At Lefty James's Big Red Team!
Buon Natale, Anna Magnani,
Max Gordon, Willy Pogany,
Susan Pulitzer, Cyrus Ching,
Edward Johnson, and Rudolf Bing!
Love to the Spewacks, Sam and Bella;
Joy to the Noonans, Joe and Stella!
We'll sound a lusty Christmas chime
To greet Alicia Guggenheim,
And festively we'll bang the bell
For Robert Cushman, of Cornell.
The Season's kindest to John Lardner,
Ethel Waters, Ava Gardner,
Governor Driscoll, Michael Milton,
Gene Buck, and Conrad Hilton.
Presents, wassail, and all sorts o'
Christmas fun, Sforzino Sforza!
Similar treats to Emanuel Celler,
Bill McMillen, and Charley Keller;
A rich and bountiful yuletide feast
For Mildred Dunnock and Rudy Triest;
And a blithe and carefree New Year bun
For Steward Francis Patrick Dunne.
Ring out the old, ring in the new,
For capital chaps like Tom Sugrue,
Jim Stanley, Samuel Chew,
And Harry Agganis, of Boston U.
Kind spirit of the Christmastide,
Shed joy on the Veep and his pretty bride,
And let your magic incense drop
On the Christmas dinners of Betty Knop,
Father Sheeran, Father Fox,
Myron Woolley, and Sydney Box.
Attention, if you please, Frank Yerby,
Mary Cheever, Rollin Kirby,
Bert Colborne, Mary Hinton,
Ernst Seute, and Justice Minton—
Here's loving Christmas mud-in-your-eye,
And the Season's best to you all, from I!
Pax tecum, Jane Pickens,
And a Christmastime right out of Dickens!
Pax to you, too, Leslie Banks;
Pax to Ambassador Oliver Franks,
And the top of this *gemütlich* Day
To Pete Dorset and Pamela May!
Mrs. McCormick—Anne O'Hare!
Regards to you and Janet Blair,
And Genevieve Travers, Jussi Bjoerling,
Fred Eaton, and E. V. Durling.
We'll ask a special Christmas grace
On Dr. Mary Ellen Chase,
And fasten mistletoe in the arch
For Florence Eldridge and Freddie March,
For Lilli Palmer, Carmel Snow,
Moira Shearer, and Preacher Roe.
Ring out, if you don't mind, wild bells,
For Fred Foster and Jimmy Wells,
For Oran Page, Martita Hunt,
And Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt.
(A special silver kind of buss
To Lynn and Alfred, from all of us.)

Waits, if you're waiting, why not wait on
Don Newcombe and Alan Paton?
Minstrel, tune your concertina
And hymn a carol for Judge Medina,
Mely Tasker, Richmond Gale,
And Mrs. Girard Van Barkaloo Hale.
Noël, and possibly tantivy,
Or something of the sort, to Spivy;
The Season's best, Roy Campanella;
The same to you, Fred Capossela;
And a sumptuous feed this coming Sunday
For Yardbird Parker, Meg Mundy,
Kendall Clark, Louisa Horton,
Master Gregory Sheppard Morton,
Billy Dunham, Louis Ball—
In fine, *God Jul* to one and all!

—Frank Sullivan



Shirley Spencer

PROFILES

T-BARS AND I-DOTS

A COUPLE of months ago, Miss Shirley Spencer, who for the past fourteen years has been helping build circulation for the New York *Daily News* by serving as its graphologist, took stock of her achievements and discovered that during that time she had analyzed, in the interests of her employer and her employer's readers, almost a million specimens of handwriting. As she mused over this impressive testimony to her energy and graphological enthusiasm, it occurred to her that, on the theory that turn about is fair play, the present was as good a moment as any to submit a sample of her own script for professional examination. To be sure, she already knew, in a general way, what the result of the analysis was likely to be. Some research she had once done had led her to the discovery that the calligraphies of all the foremost graphologists of history, her own included, show similar and very significant traits—small, forward-slanting, and harmoniously executed letters, with a predominance of angular connections; an excellent balance between the upper, middle, and lower zones of both the capitals and the small letters; i-dots in the form of swift dashes or V-strokes, placed relatively high; even pen pressure; and a rather cryptic over-all letter formation. These are characteristics, Miss Spencer is well aware, that denote not only complete graphic maturity but a well-developed personal philosophy, both of which qualities are, she believes, absolutely essential to the successful practice of her profession. On the basis of these and a few subsidiary traits, Miss Spencer some time ago classified herself, along with her fellow-analysts, as a thinking extrovert, which is one of the eight graphological types into which she believes mankind can be divided—or, at least, the portion of mankind that writes in Greek- or Phoenician-derived characters, preferably with a split-nibbed pen, and doesn't mind putting out three pennies for the *News*.

The selection of an analyst sufficiently qualified to probe more deeply into Miss Spencer's calligraphy was a delicate matter, for she outranks all other practicing graphologists in this country in seniority and, it is generally conceded, in abundance of knowledge and experience. She is also reputed to be the only person in America who has been able to earn a living for a quarter of a century solely by "the deduction of character from handwriting"—the definition of graphology commonly used to distinguish it from handwriting *expertise*. (Practitioners of the latter skill—the study of handwriting for the purpose of identification in cases of questioned documents—maintain that followers of their profession are almost always able to earn enough to get by on.) In addition to her other distinctions, Miss Spencer has even been given faint but perceptible nods of approval by her French and German confreres, a notoriously chauvinistic crowd. One of them, not long ago, flattered her tremendously by writing her that in Europe she is "more or less considered a pillar of U.S.A. graphology."

After consulting with friends, Miss Spencer finally selected as her analyst Dr. Max Pulver, an elderly resident of Zurich, who is referred to by his admirers as "the greatest living handwriting psychologist." Pulver's monograph "Symbolik der Handschrift" is, in the opinion of those who lean toward a Jungian interpretation of both handwriting and personality, the definitive work in its field, which possibly establishes its author as even more of a graphological pillar than Miss Spencer herself. Having made her choice, Miss Spencer sent the eminent Doctor several specimens of her handwriting, together with the basic information that she is fifty-two years old, unmarried, and a fellow-graphologist, and in due course received his analysis of her character—two single-spaced typewritten pages in German. A delay then ensued while a translator sweated over the document, muttering from time to time that the old fellow in Zurich appeared to be *trying* to be both archaic and obscure. When the translation at last reached Miss Spencer, however, she found it provocative enough to make her wait seem well worth while.

"The writer is strongly ambivalent," Dr. Pulver's analysis starts off portentously. It then goes on to state that because of the *Selbstwidersprochenheit*, or contradictory nature, of her *Grunddynamik*, or mental makeup, Miss Spencer has often been assailed by varying impulses. The situation thus created has, according to Dr. Pulver, resulted not only in inner conflict but in great adaptiveness, an attribute that has led her to do social-service work—in other words, to become a graphologist. Many people, the Doctor deduced, assume that Miss Spencer is not a complicated person, which, in his opinion, she is. She is at her most complicated in "the sphere of emotions brought about by love turmoil," he noted, and added, perhaps a trifle grumpily, "This part of her she veils in secrecy." He moodily pondered this point for several sentences, and then, exasperation evidently getting the better of him, he wrote peremptorily, "*Was da los sei?*," which Miss Spencer's translator colloquially set down as meaning "What's cooking here?" To the layman, it might seem that Dr. Pulver never quite got around to giving a clear answer to his own question, but all turns out for the best, since the analysis comes to the conclusion that Miss Spencer "will remain in life's stream, on the one hand open to the world, and on the other reserved and secretive."

Contemplating Dr. Pulver's effort, Miss Spencer felt that on the one hand he had hit her off with impressive accuracy, but that on the other many of his deductions might have to be described as intuitive, an adjective that for many graphologists has derogatory connotations. She is currently carrying on a lively correspondence with him in an effort to pin him down as to exactly which of his pronouncements were based upon the physical appearance of her script and which upon its *Symbolik*. Meanwhile, copies of the Pulver opus, made by

Miss Spencer for her friends, have been circulated in local graphological circles as assiduously as a letter from a young man is passed around a girls' boarding school. One or two of them have fallen into the hands of foes of graphology lurking in the ambush of handwriting *expertise*. Almost without exception, these heretics have found the analysis entirely satisfactory. "That stuff of Pulver's just confirms what we've been saying for years about the close resemblance between the utterances of modern-day graphologists and those of the Delphic oracle or maybe the Cumaean sibyl," one of them has said.

IT so happens that there is much about Miss Spencer's appearance that suggests the massive serenity often associated with the prophetesses of classic antiquity. She is a bit over medium height and amply proportioned, and her features are very regular. Her hair is worn short, but conservatively so. When she dons a hostess gown and seats herself in a large armchair to receive guests in her three-room London Terrace apartment, an impressionable visitor is apt to find himself looking around for a crystal ball. The mere mention of a crystal ball, however, or of any of the rest of the traditional apparatus of fortune-telling, throws Miss Spencer into a stately rage. Whenever one of the dubious individuals who hover on the fringes of the cosmos over which she presides turns up at her apartment and tries to enlist her services in some project she considers undesirable—a lecture, say, in which she would ascertain the future of civilization by an examination of Stalin's handwriting—she shows him briskly to the door. Miss Spencer declines a great many professional propositions that her less squeamish graphological confreres would leap at. "Sometimes I think Shirley might even be called *stuffy*," an associate said the other day. "But I suppose that's really all to the good."

Miss Spencer is entirely frank in admitting that the graphologist's standing in the world of science is none too secure. "I've been on the defensive about my profession for twenty-five years," she wrote a friend recently, in a fairly breathless effort to explain a combativeness that creeps into her manner, despite herself, whenever she feels that the scientific impeccability of graphology is being questioned. "I make no sensational claims (as some do) that graphology is this and that, and that handwriting reveals everything. It is a branch of psychology, a limited empirical science in that difficult study of human nature. If I'd wanted to make money and be smart, sophisticated, etc., I certainly would never have chosen a subject to pioneer in which was practically an outcast when I heard of it."

If Dr. Pulver was right about Miss Spencer's strong ambivalence, it seems probable that it is the result of her being at once attracted by the enormous amount of popular interest in graphology and repelled by the equally enormous number of what she regards as



misconceptions concerning it. "Mitt reading, bump reading, and the allied arts invariably command an audience," *Variety* was so unkind as to state last year when Miss Spencer made her début over WPIX, the *News* television station. "This scribble session should be no exception." The fact that the program, on which Miss Spencer analyzed blown-up specimens of the handwritings of such celebrities as Nijinsky and a pair of Toni twins, was described by *Variety* as "an okay session" did nothing to lessen Miss Spencer's revulsion at seeing graphology mentioned in the same paragraph with palmistry and phrenology. She felt especially let down by the *Variety* review because she and her colleagues had not long before succeeded in persuading the National Association of Broadcasters to strike from its code a passage advising its member stations to refuse advertising for all "fortune-telling, mind-reading, or character-reading by handwriting, numerology, palm-reading, or astrology." Commenting recently on her opposition to this discriminatory attitude, Miss Spencer said, with a fine display of indignation, "They not only linked us up with those borderline ologies but, on top of that, they allowed Dunninger, of all people, to go on broadcasting while we were off the air."

Like many other graphologists, Miss Spencer has armed herself with a number of pertinent quotations that she uses liberally in support of the dignity of her profession, and she peppers her prose with such cullings from the works of the great as "Handwriting is frozen movement" (Dr. Alfred Adler), "Handwriting infallibly shows us whether it comes from a noble-minded or a vulgar person" (Kuo Jo-hsu, Chinese philosopher and painter of the Sung Period), "*C'est par l'écriture qu'on pénétre le mieux les gens*" (Maupassant), "*Etiam modus scribendi plerumque, nisi a magistro pendet, habet aliquid naturalis temperamenti*" (Leibnitz), "If you give me six lines written by the hand of the most honest of men, I will find something in them which will hang him" (attributed to Richelieu), "*Docti numquam bene scribunt*" (anon.), and "Handwriting interpretation is most interesting" (J. Edgar Hoover).



It is the constant lament of graphologists that few established psychologists string along with Kuo Jo-hsu, or even with J. Edgar Hoover. "Graphology . . . is still the stepchild of psychology," A. A. Roback, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, wrote not long ago in an introduction to "Graphology—A Handbook," by Henry A. Rand. "Were graphology known by some grandiose name like graphodiagnostics, it might have called forth some respect." The official mouthpiece of psychology's stepchild is the mimeographed monthly *Bulletin* of the American Graphological Society, an amorphous organization that Miss Spencer has headed up at intervals during the past twenty years. "I find professors still consider graphology in the same category as the cold; it is only a theory," Miss Maud Mosher, a member of the society, complained in the *Bulletin* last winter, in describing an attempt she had made to establish some sort of rapport between graphologists and the psychology departments of several colleges and universities. "Sit in a draught and you will catch cold, so Mother said years ago, but science has just discovered this. For nineteen hundred years the cold was only a theory." Most of Miss Mosher's article was dispiriting from a graphologist's point of view, but she was able to brighten it up at one point with a prospectus of the missionary work she was planning to do at a Bible college. "I am [going] to demonstrate two opposite forms of handwriting," she wrote. "First, what indicates stubbornness and causes loss of church members. Second, what reveals softheartedness and causes preachers to starve, regardless of degrees and knowledge. Naturally, I shall add what such writers need to win the necessary money from their congregations."

This homely and pragmatic approach to graphology is the one favored by Miss Spencer herself. She has thought occasionally of writing a book based on the thousands of handwriting specimens that she has stashed away in filing cabinets, both at the *News* and in her apartment, and she is also considering composing a modest dissertation on the striking graphic eccentricities of people residing in Germantown, Pennsylvania, but on the whole she finds the scholarly approach uncongenial. "I'm like a busy physician who has handled just as many obscure ailments as the top men in his field have but who has *cured* them, instead of capitalizing on them in print," she once replied to someone who asked her how she felt about mixing science and tabloid journalism. "A lot of people have criticized me for being with the *News*, but I have the greatest possible laboratory there. Doctors get their experience in big hospitals, or go down into the poor sections to do clinical work. That is where they know they will get a cross-section of humanity."

Thanks to her *News*, or clinical, experience, Miss Spencer feels she can afford to be indulgent toward psychologists, some of whom have assured her that what she needs to put her work on a sound scientific footing is a frame of reference in which a graphological evaluation of a personality could be measured against some more generally accepted yardstick. "But there's your catch!" she exclaimed triumphantly not long ago, after listening to an exponent of this line of reasoning. "*Nobody* can put a yardstick to human personality, not even with all these pluses and minuses, and chi-square tests, and so forth and so on. Why, at Harvard a few years ago they asked a top-notch graphologist and a psychologist to fit fifty specimens of handwriting into five of the ideal personality categories defined by Spranger, the famous philosopher—the political, the economic, the theoretical, the religious, and the aesthetic. Well, our man ended up with a pretty good score, but naturally enough, his political type got mixed up with the psychologist's economic one at times, and his religious with the psychologist's theoretical one. It just goes to show. All this so-called science, science, science seems *most* unreliable to me."

Miss Spencer's impatience with scientific men, especially those who pontificate in professional journals, may be traced, in part, to the circumstance that as a young girl she served as assistant in a doctor's office, where her work included the ghosting of a number of articles for medical journals under her employer's name, an accomplishment that convinced her that there isn't anything particularly occult about the stuff that appears in those publications. She wanted a career that would entitle her to write medical articles under her own name—which, until she became a top-rank graphologist, was Florence Spence—but practical considerations ruled that out. Her father, Harry Spence, was an expert machinist, a Yorkshireman who had migrated to



"Would you mind telling my husband dinner is ready?"

• •

the town of Sanford, Maine, where he found work in a textile mill and married a Yorkshire girl he met in this country. A short while later, in the hope that he could get a better job, he and his wife moved to Lawrence, Massachusetts, and there, in 1897, the future graphologist was born. Lawrence proved a disappointment, so the family moved on to Jamestown, New York, and then, upon discovering that the prospects there were no brighter, back to Sanford. Florence was by that time four. After she had graduated from grammar school and briefly attended a small local business school, she got a job with a Sanford dentist, and soon switched to the doctor. In her spare time, she developed into something of a civic whirlwind, organizing Girl Scout troops, putting on plays for worth-while causes, and writing poetry and short stories. Her energy and enterprise so impressed the local businessmen that when, at the age of twenty-one, she let it be known that she wanted to enlarge her horizon, several of them clubbed together and raised a hundred dollars to send her to New York, where she hoped to talk the officials of Columbia University into admitting her as a student, despite her lack of a high-school diploma.

Within two or three days after her arrival here, in February, 1919, Miss Spencer had persuaded the English Department at Columbia to accept her as a part-time student and had talked the manager of Gimbel's millinery department into giving her an afternoon job as a salesgirl. Her studies at Columbia dragged on for the better part of six years, during which she was almost as active in an extracurricular way as she had been in Sanford. She wrote a number of poems, a few of which were printed in the *Sun*, and, having attended some drama courses at Columbia, she became an amateur actor and playwright with such little-theatre groups as the Morningside Players and the Cherry Lane Players. As a volunteer, she also took on the task of supervising Sunday-night suppers at the Intercollegiate Cosmopolitan Club, now International House. There her most challenging assignment came when she was asked to dish up a meal that John D. Rockefeller, Jr., would find so tasty that he would finance a new building for the organization, a gesture he had been mulling over for some time. Miss Spencer thinks of herself as having been then an ingenuous country girl, but she was worldly enough to plan an unusually inviting menu; however, she balked at giving Mr. Rockefeller larger portions than the other diners. "I don't see why he should have more lettuce leaves on his plate than the rest of us," she said flatly to apprehensive fellow-clubworkers, and served Mr. Rockefeller just a modest portion of salad, as well as democratic shares of the other dishes. He, in turn, put up the money for International House—as much as anything, Miss Spencer believes, because her supper appealed to his love of thrift as well as to his taste buds.

In 1925, Miss Spencer had her first encounter with graphology. This came about when the head of the Columbia University employment bureau, with which she kept in touch, called her up one day to ask if she would like a part-time job as an assistant to Louise Rice, who was preparing graphological analyses for buyers of stationery made by the firm of Eaton, Crane & Pike. So many purchasers of E. C. & P. letter paper proved eager to avail themselves of Miss Rice's services that she had found it impossible to put the proper literary

polish on the analyses she sent out and had therefore called upon the Columbia bureau for literary help. The bureau, aware that Miss Spencer was taking a short-story course in which the students were required to turn in character sketches as part of their classwork, thought the job might be right up her alley. So did Miss Spencer.

Louise Rice not only was the first mass-production graphologist in America but she was one of those individuals around whom legends (many of them carefully self-generated) have a way of clustering. It was rumored, for example, that she was a gypsy princess, and that once, shortly after she had embarked upon a career as a newspaper feature writer, she had been tossed out of the Hotel Astor for smoking a cigar while interviewing Lillian Russell. Whatever the truth behind such tales, Miss Rice was definitely one of the most enthusiastic members of the original American Graphological Society, which was organized around 1900, flourished for a while in the old World Building, and then dissolved. She was also the author of a popular manual on graphology and of a singularly inept detective story entitled "By Whose Hand," and she contributed a number of articles on fingerprinting and other aspects of criminology, as well as on graphology, to magazines of large circulation, the *Saturday Evening Post* among them. Nowadays, Miss Rice is often fondly referred to as "the mother of American graphology" by members of the revived Graphological Society, some of whom, though not Miss Spencer, are inclined to forget about or gloss over the more flamboyant accounts of her early life.

"Miss Rice was smoking a corncob pipe the day I went to be interviewed by her," Miss Spencer recalled not long ago. "After we'd settled the details of the job—I snapped it up, of course—we sat and talked till four in the morning. Louise was an *absorbing* person. You can see all that energy and emotion coming out in the long, sweeping strokes of her handwriting and in her loops and extensions. Those capital 'I's and 'r's of hers—gracious! It's the least disciplined script of *any* of the famous graphologists, but I always tell people that while Louise may have been a little—well, untrammelled—she inspired the rest of us to dig hard for the gold that she'd spotted." Miss Spencer dug hard with Miss Rice, part time, for a year or so, and also studied graphology with her, laying the foundations for her present substantial accumulation of knowledge of the subject, as well as for her next job. That came one day in 1926 when Miss Rice, in a gypsy moment, tore up her contract and the officials of Eaton, Crane & Pike appointed Miss Spencer their handwriting expert in her place.

About the same time, Miss Spencer took on a second graphological chore, that of writing long analyses of handwriting for Street & Smith, which offered these character dissections free to readers of its numerous pulp magazines. This job had also once been the property of Miss Rice. Some years before, she had proposed such a service to Frank Blackwell, then one of the editors of Street & Smith, and he engaged her to put it into effect. In 1923, Miss Rice left Street & Smith, which then dropped its handwriting department until Miss Spencer came along. One of the first things Blackwell did after hiring Miss Spencer was rechristen her, on the rather odd ground that Spence was "too usual a name" and on the probably sound one that Shirley combined more euphoniously with Spencer than did Florence. (If there was any association with Spencerian penmanship, he doesn't remember it.) Blackwell has said that the Street & Smith graphological service was one of the best circulation-building stunts the firm has ever tried.

THE deeper Miss Spencer became involved in graphology, the fonder she became of the theatre. She began to realize that sooner or later she was going to have to choose between the two professions, but she put off making the decision as long as she could. During the mid-twenties, she studied for a while at George Pierce Baker's Workshop at Yale, arranging to have her graphological mail forwarded to New Haven. It arrived in such quantities that the play she was trying to write—a fantasy about the distant future of aviation—got bogged down. She was also, for a couple of seasons, a member of the cast of the summer theatre at Ogunquit, Maine, and there her mail became even more of a problem. "The other actors used to sit down with me each morning and help slit open the envelopes, so that we could all get to rehearsal on time," Miss Spencer said recently. "There were always at least eight hundred letters a week to answer, and sometimes a thousand. After a while, the official rating of the Ogunquit post office was raised a whole class."

In the autumn of 1929, Miss Spencer decided to break with graphology and dedicate herself to the stage. She announced her intention one night at a party in Washington Square attended by a number of literary and theatrical figures, all of whose handwritings she had analyzed in the course of the evening. To her chagrin, it was unanimously agreed that she would do better to stick to handwriting analysis, at which, it was pointed out, she had proved herself a whiz. William Beebe,





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the bathysphere man, had more to say along this line as he drove her home from the party. "Mr. Beebe told me I'd become frustrated and unhappy in the theatre," Miss Spencer says of that momentous ride. "He also told me I'd most likely go broke, too, and I guess he was right. When I went back to New Haven a couple of years ago, for a reunion of Workshop people, I ran into Donald Oenslager, who was there in my time and teaches stage design there now. He told me I was the only prosperous-looking character in the whole place. It was an exaggeration, of course, but no more than a slight one." Mr. Beebe's practical advice, coming on top of the opinions voiced at the party, was enough for Miss Spencer. She renounced the stage and concentrated thereafter on a steadily growing number of graphological enterprises, while the Ogunquit post office presumably subsided to its old rating.



IT wasn't until 1935, the year Miss Spencer joined forces with the *News*, that she was able to undertake a project in which Miss Rice had got her interested—the classification of literate mankind according to various basic types. "Some amateur and self-styled 'scientific' graphologists have complained that such classifications are not possible," Miss Spencer wrote in a recent issue of the Graphological Society's *Bulletin*. "In this age of the assembly lines, it is being stupidly ostrichlike to ignore mass production." Not even an ostrich could have ignored the tens of thousands of handwriting samples that came flooding in on Miss Spencer once the extremely mass-produced *News* called attention to her readiness to serve its public. For a while, in addition to sending out analyses through the mail, she wrote a daily column, consisting mostly of interpretations of the handwriting of the great and near-great, but after a few years she dropped this to give her full time to her personal service to readers. Followers of the *News* are now reminded daily, in a two-inch notice that appears back among the beauty ads and household hints, that Miss Spencer is in a position to guide them. "Your Handwriting Analyzed," the notice is headed, and then, under a facsimile of Miss Spencer's rather wispy signature, appears a come-on line that is changed from time to time ("Don't be a square peg" or "Are you an introvert?"), followed by instructions to the reader about sending in a sample of his or her handwriting, a stamped, self-addressed envelope, and a dime. The dime, incidentally, goes to the *News*, which pays Miss Spencer a salary.

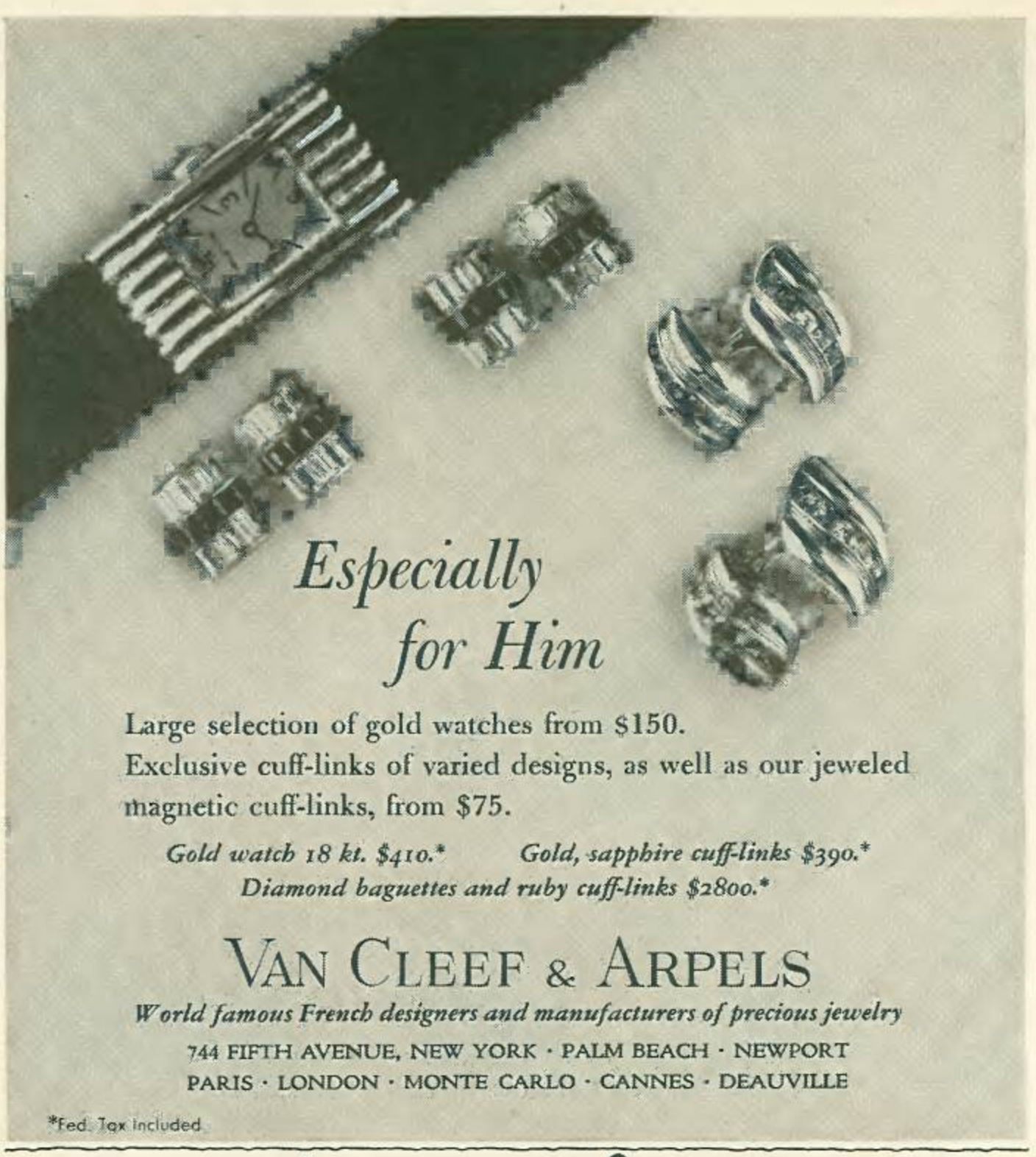
During her early days on the *News*, Miss Spencer occasionally used her column to expound her views on the classification of people by handwriting. At first, she dealt with the manifestations of only three characteristics—extroversion and introversion as indicated by, respectively, forward- and backward-slanted scripts, and a certain sinister quality inherent in a calligraphy that slants *both* ways, alternately. ("Beware of a man whose writing sways as a reed in the wind"—Confucius.) Toward the end of 1936, she expanded her three-pigeonhole system, and began to comment in her column on such complex varieties of personality as the constructive introvert, the variable introvert, the quasi-extrovert, the female objective extrovert, the male objective extrovert, the mobile (also called the spastic, or nervous), the scientific, and the intuitive. The number of basic varieties of *Daily News* readers continued to increase until at one point Miss Spencer had something like two hundred standard analyses from which to choose after studying a customer's handwriting. ("Vim and vigor are two terms which truthfully can be applied to you!" she would inform an extroverted reader whose writing showed a pronounced forehand and heavy pen pressure. "You don't let much grass grow under your feet. . . . With that force and energy you ought to be able to come out on top easily.") In time, however, since Miss Spencer, unlike most other newspaper and magazine graphologists, has always done all her own analyzing, instead of turning part of the job over to a staff of assistants, the two-hundred-niche system became too unwieldy, and she set about whittling mankind down to the eight graphological categories she favors at present—the emotional introvert, the constructive introvert, the thinking extrovert, the mobile (or spastic), the mental-vital, the light-vital, the supervital, and the material-vital.

While thus engaged in reorganizing her categories, Miss Spencer devised a color-code system, the secret of which her competitors have long been trying to crack. A *News* reader who submits a handwriting sample to Miss Spencer receives, if he has remembered to enclose the requisite envelope and dime, a copy of one of eight four-page pam-

phlets she has prepared with an eye to taking care of all possible combinations of personality traits. The pamphlet, in which she boldly checks off with a red or blue crayon the traits she considers pertinent, enlightens the reader not only about his character but about his vocational aptitudes and the hobbies he should take up, and on the final page there is a series of leading questions alerting him to his possible failings. ("ARE YOU AFRAID? Perhaps not of any one thing, but . . . you desire security and become upset when that is endangered. You like to know exactly what is expected of you and what you may expect of others. What, no surprises?") The pamphlets are variously tinted—three shades of yellow, two of blue, and one each of white, orange, and pink. Miss Spencer has never divulged, even to her intimates, which color corresponds to which of her eight basic types. A couple of Miss Spencer's rivals have been urging friends with widely divergent personalities to submit handwriting specimens to her, in the hope of assembling a collection of all eight pamphlets and then, by checking back on the handwriters' known characteristics, working out the key to the code. Evidently, however, at least one of the pamphlets is designed for a very unusual type of *News* reader, for, as far as is known, no complete set of them exists outside Miss Spencer's files.

One enterprising skeptic went to the trouble of submitting, a few days apart, two samples of his own undisguised handwriting under different names. He felt that it was most significant that in response to the first one he received a pink pamphlet stating that he was, among other things, careful, logical, precise, punctual, and set in his habits, and therefore best fitted for detail work, research, or science, and that the second try brought forth a white pamphlet informing him that he was ardent, emotional, impatient, passionate, and vigorous, and that he ought to go into the law or the ministry, or possibly buy a hotel. "There is a tendency to overindulgence in food, drink, or pleasure to be found among the highly extroverted type to which you belong," this pamphlet warned him on the final page. There was no indication of just why, under these conditions, the subject should take up the ministry.

Careful students of Miss Spencer's technique suspect that the personality described in the white pamphlet is the super-vital and that she is apt to associate it with a form of handwriting technically known as "*l'écriture pâteuse*," a



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Nicholas JOY Bertha BELMORE Ivan SIMPSON

term familiar to every admirer of Crépieux-Jamin, who a quarter of a century ago produced a landmark in handwriting analysis, "Les Eléments de l'Ecriture des Canailles." Miss Spencer will, of course, neither confirm nor deny this suspicion, and is likely to parry questions on the subject by expressing her own strong feelings about *l'écriture pâteuse*. "It's a *pasty* writing," she told a couple of neophyte graphologists who called on her at her apartment one afternoon. "It gives the effect of a track of a wagon wheel that's just gone down a muddy lane." She rose, went to a filing cabinet in one corner of the room, and returned with a sheet of paper. "When I see this kind of writing on a page," she said, "I hardly need to study the secondary elements of the script—slant, t-bars, i-dots, size of capitals, and so on. I just say to myself, 'Aha! Drink, or women, or both!' You can't distinguish drink from women in *l'écriture pâteuse*, unfortunately." After shaking her head dolefully over the specimen of pasty writing, Miss Spencer replaced the paper and took out a different one. "Here's another type of disturbed writing," she said. "It's a crank letter from a man who wrote in to the *News* at the time of the Hauptmann trial. One of my treasures. This writing is a vital type, too, but not *super*-vital. Look at those initial adjustments, where his pen rested before he started a word. You can just *feel* his mind going round and round. That punctuation, too—it's conspicuous, a very ominous sign. There's tremendous vanity in the size of his 'm's. In this type of writing, the t-bars are usually good, but his are bad. *Very* bad."



Miss Spencer often comes across equally alarming calligraphy in preparing the analyses she makes for a dozen or so local businessmen who, in spite of the withering skepticism of their colleagues, ask her interpretation of the handwriting on blanks filled out by candidates for jobs. Her fee for this service is ten dollars a head, which is paid willingly enough, but she has learned that these clients do not always heed her advice. Indeed, one or another of them has, on occasion, even hired an applicant who writes like a wagon wheel in the mud. This saddens her. As an example of the perils confronting an executive or a personnel director who thinks lightly of graphology, she cites the instance of a man who was selected for an important sales post with a lumber concern notwithstanding her warning that he was undesirably supervital. Almost immediately after he was hired, he disappeared. Three weeks later, he was run to earth in a Midwestern hotel, in a deplorably untidy physical condition and in the company of a young lady who seemed to remember helping him dispose of the car lent him by his employers, although the details of the transaction eluded her, as they did him. "If graphology were accepted by American businessmen as matter-of-factly as it is by businessmen on the Continent, this kind of thing would seldom occur," Miss Spencer says. "In most European countries, handwriting analysis—my kind, not *expertise*—is used regularly in personnel work and even in banking, where it determines the reliability of people applying for loans. It is also admitted in some courts as evidence of a witness's honesty or dishonesty. We are *very* backward over here."

WHILE awaiting the graphological dawn in America, Miss Spencer plugs away optimistically at her *News* job. She has a desk and several of her handwriting files in the News Building, on East Forty-second Street, but as far as is practicable she makes her home her office. Like a doctor, she does much of her most important work late at night, but in her case this is a matter of inclination, rather than necessity. In the daytime, she is likely to be out prowling around second-hand bookshops, in search of graphological rarities and books relating to cats or Mayan culture—her two other principal interests. As a result of this activity, her apartment has attained a notable degree of bookish disarray. Her living room, a basically chintzy spot dominated by a large oil painting of the Maine coast, is given over to works on graphology, cats, and Mayan civilization. Some of these volumes are on shelves, but a large number are in precarious stacks on the floor. Her most prized item, a photostatic reproduction of the first known detailed graphological work, "Trattato come da una lettera missiva si cognosca la natura e qualità dello scritore," by Camillo Baldo, circa 1622, rests in a desk drawer, awaiting the day when its owner can

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get around to whipping up a parchment binding for it. The overflow of reading matter, consisting of the mimeographed publications of the American Graphological Society, of which Miss Spencer is at the moment librarian, and a few novels and biographies, has seeped into her bedroom.

Ever since Miss Spencer's doctor told her, a few months ago, that she'd have to take things easier, she has allowed herself a period of rest each afternoon, under the supervision of her large white cat, Pooka, during which she indulges in the kind of research she loves best—digging up graphological references in fiction and poetry. Conan Doyle, she has found, was remarkably sound on the subject, and she alludes significantly to "The Sign of Four," in which he quoted Sherlock Holmes as saying, "There is vacillation in his 'k's and self-esteem in his capitals." Elizabeth Barrett Browning, according to Miss Spencer, knew her way around graphologically, too. In "Aurora Leigh," for example, appears the line "I know your writing, Romney . . . recognize the openhearted 'A,' the liberal sweep of the 'G,' " which was, quite possibly, the source of inspiration of a poem Miss Spencer once wrote. It contains this quatrain:

> I can tell by the loop of your "L,"
> The way you dot your "I"s,
> I can see you're obviously an angel
> Playing hooky from Paradise.

The literary figure who strikes Miss Spencer as the most captivating of all is Edgar Allan Poe, a man who, though his everyday handwriting was, unfortunately, *pâteuse* in the extreme, made what she considers one of the most unusual graphological and editorial coups of all time. In Poe's early years, while he was working on the *Southern Literary Messenger*, he conceived the idea of writing to the leading authors of his day asking for contributions to the magazine. His requests were made with an ulterior motive. When the answers came in, some in the form of contributions, some as letters, Poe analyzed not only the authors' literary merits but their calligraphies, and published his findings from time to time in the *Messenger*. "Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson belongs to a class of gentlemen with whom we have no patience, the mystic for mysticism's sake," Poe wrote, on one occasion. "His manuscript is bad, sprawling, illegible, and irregular, although sufficiently bold. This latter may be, and no doubt is, only a portion of his general affectation."

"I'm afraid Poe was a little intuitive

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in his judgments," Miss Spencer is likely to say after quoting this testy bit. "But he did have the genuine pioneering spirit. And his signature, at least, did show a *mental*-vital hand."

—Angelica Gibbs

•

CLARION CALL DEPARTMENT

[*A letter received by employers in the State of Washington and Alaska from the United States Treasury Department, Office of the Collector of Internal Revenue, Tacoma, Washington*]

December 5, 1949

My Dear "Associate Collectors" of Withholding Tax:

Cometh now that hour for the speeding of Yule messages to all our 53,456 "Associates"—you Washington and Alaska employers who withhold tax monies from those who toil and spin, and, with prompt remittances, help to replenish the federal exchequer.

And jolly old Uncle Sam, ever the good Santa Claus, hastens to join in sending greetings of the season unto all his non-professional collectors.

Once more, as in Decembers past, we humbly yet earnestly plead for cooperation in this enterprise of early income tax filing and refunding, albeit we take due cognizance of the fact that many are bedeviled sorely by the holiday rush with attendant countinghouse grief.

Your ready response to our appeal last year resulted in a steady flow of income tax returns from early January to mid-March, enabling us to schedule more than $27.000.000 in refunds for 466.000 individuals by April 15. Incidentally, this represented a substantial saving to the government through reduction of interest payments.

And could you but see the faces of our mail-room eager beavers light up at sight of those jumbo tubs chock full of fat returns so early in the filing period, your heart would fairly burst with pride for having had a part in expediting such a program!

In hearty appreciation whereof, Dear Unk has resolved to reward all "Associate Collectors" good and true by presentation of Form 941, designed to do the work of two—Form W-1 and Form SS-1a. In other words, come next April, you can report Withholding tax and FICA tax on one combined return. Easy as that!

Here, in a nutshell, is today's pitch:

From *employers* we ask cooperation through *early preparation and delivery of Form W-2*, giving employees their wage and withholding figures as soon as possible.

From employees we request (1) filing of returns in the slack period from January 16 to February 24, and (2) preparation of their own returns, freeing more deputies for other work.

So come, fellow taxgatherers, let us be of right good cheer, each and every one! Merry publicans all, forsooth!

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MUSICAL EVENTS

The Violin and Szigeti

AS a musical instrument, the violin has its limitations. To begin with, it is incomplete. Except in a handful of musical works, like the Bach solo-violin sonatas, it needs an orchestra or, at the very least, a piano to back it up. The number of great concertos written for it hardly exceeds a dozen, and the number of great sonatas in which it shares honors with the piano or the harpsichord is not very much bigger. It is, moreover, one of the most awkward of all musical instruments, in that its bow is an unevenly balanced affair that, unless firmly controlled, plays louder at the heel than it does at the point, and hence has a tendency to distort, with all sorts of inappropriate swoops and swells, the niceties of musical phrasing. A good violinist (and by this I mean a musical violinist) should be judged to a large extent, I believe, by the skill with which he defeats this tendency and forces his instrument to conform to the principles of fine melodic style. Unfortunately, there are very few good violinists.



In general, our particular generation of violin playing has been dominated by what might be called the glamour violinist. I use this term because to me it conveys the quality of surface finish (comparable to the faultless makeup of the female movie star) that is characteristic of the type. Mr. Heifetz, Mr. Elman, and Mr. Milstein, for example, have developed luscious tone and accurate agility of the left hand to a point of perfection probably unmatched in the history of the instrument. Yet I do not find them interesting violinists. The reason is that, for all their cosmetic glitter, they almost never interpret music with a real understanding of its deeper dramatic and emotional content. They shine magnificently in showy concertos by such composers as Tchaikovsky and Glazunov, but the purity and subtlety of style required in a simple Mozart sonata seem to be beyond them. There exist, of course, plenty of unglamorous but musically sensitive violinists, many of whom are members of string quartets, concertmasters of symphony orchestras, and so on. The trouble with these men is that they lack the individuality, dash, and brilliance of the true virtuoso. In surveying the subject of contemporary performance on stringed instruments, one is led to the conclusion that the only entirely satisfying artist in the field is not a violinist but the cellist Pablo Casals.

All this is by way of a preamble to a discussion of Joseph Szigeti's performance, with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony last Thursday night, of the Alban Berg Concerto for Violin and Orchestra and the Bach G-Minor Concerto. Mr. Szigeti is not a glamour violinist. He is a large man who crouches over his violin, and he occasionally draws from it sounds that scratch and whistle. He lacks the formidable and immaculate polish of Mr. Heifetz. But he is, despite his mechanical faults, my favorite violinist. He never allows the unwieldiness of the bow to interfere with the justness of his phrasing. He never wallows in beautiful tone for the sake of beautiful tone. He is always intent on communicating the inner substance of the music he interprets, and he accomplishes this task with the most scrupulous regard for emphasis and other subtleties of melodic contour. When listening to him, one can forget that one is listening to a violin and listen to the music.

Nothing could have offered a more convincing test of Mr. Szigeti's qualities than the juxtaposition on the program of Bach's serenely classical concerto and Berg's modern, expressionist score. Mr. Szigeti's playing in the first work was here and there a little thin in tone, but he gave both pieces performances of great musical insight, providing each with its own spectrum of musical coloring and making evident the two centuries of change in violin style that separate them. Dimitri Mitropoulos, who conducted, kept the Philharmonic players in unusually intimate rapport with Mr. Szigeti, and the result of this collaboration was, in the case of the Berg concerto, among the most memorable events the musical season has thus far offered.

The Berg violin concerto is, I think, one of the few important symphonic compositions written since the First World War. Finished in 1935, just before Berg's death in Vienna, it has most of the technical features of the





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atonal style that was popular there at the time, but, unlike most atonal music, it seems to have a sense of poetry that lies beyond its interest as a mere collection of notes. The lack of propulsion that is characteristic of atonality has been compensated for here by a gloomy and intensely dramatic atmosphere that gives the work continuous momentum and excitement. A good deal of this atmosphere is created by Berg's uncanny artistry as an orchestrator and by a stream of dour romantic passion that breaks through the abstract formality of the idiom and brings it to life. Berg has proved in this work that a composer of sufficient genius can make even atonality convey a human message.

LAST week, two symphonies by the contemporary British composer Ralph Vaughan Williams were presented here. One of them, the Fourth, was included on the Philharmonic program I have been discussing; the other, the Sixth, was played earlier in the week by the Philadelphia Orchestra, under Eugene Ormandy. To me, both symphonies are respectable, dignified, and slightly dull compositions, written with obvious sincerity but exhibiting the outward gestures of tragic emotion rather than the true substance. Mr. Ormandy also brought along the well-known violinist Erica Morini, who played the Brahms Concerto for Violin with great sturdiness, fine tone, and impeccable technique but without that understanding of purely musical values that I found in the performances of Mr. Szigeti. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

The gutted carcass of a deer was found yesterday afternoon in a field on Foothill road. According to State Trooper Howard Johnson, there was no evidence to show how the animal had been killed.

While investigating this call, Johnson was bitten on the left arm by a dog owned by Miss Ann Lacko of Foothill road.

Police at the local sub-station said the dog would be let loose and Johnson tied up for 10 days.—*Somerville (N. J.) Somerset Messenger Gazette.*

Well, it's a fresh approach, anyway.

•

ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[*From the Times*]

Also on board were George Guisman, French Counselor of State, Secretary General of the Presidency of the French Republic and director of the Beaux Arts Institute in Paris, and Raymond Cogniat, inspector-in-chief of the Beaux Arts and president of the French Association of Art Critics. They came here to serve as judges in a greeting card company's art contest.

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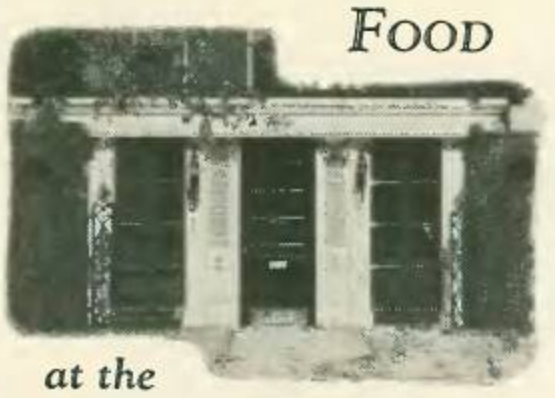
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•

New York faithfully observed Dirty Friday, but the reservoirs continue to shrink and Manhattan is slowly becoming a desert island. At last, everybody can benefit from all those lists of ten books to have along.

•

Some people are suffering from the effects of the coal miners' three-day week, but the Democrats are leading the way to a solution. If you feel chilly, go to Florida.

•

The revival of the Alger Hiss trial in New York has failed to attract public interest because of its lack of novelty. Same leading characters, same Ford roadster, same Woodstock typewriter.

•

Consul General Angus Ward expresses no bitter resentment against the Communists for putting him out of Manchuria. On the contrary, the Reds managed things so cleverly that he was glad to go.

•

Representative Clarence J. Brown, of Ohio, feels that census takers should be forbidden to ask people how much money they make. A freeborn American citizen should not be compelled to tell this to anybody—except the Bureau of Internal Revenue.

•

The volume of holiday trade in this area may run as much as ten per cent over last year. In addition to this cash business, one notices quite a lively traffic in used ballplayers.

•

Leaders of the British Labour Government complain that the Tories sit around and poke fun at their earnest efforts to improve conditions. It's the same way over here—one party has jobs and the other has jokes.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER



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A PIG FOR CHRISTMAS

"YOU'RE late," said Charles Belden. "What happened?"

James Allen put a pile of gaily wrapped packages on the bar and motioned to the bartender. "The God-damned lunch didn't start until two," he said. "I got away as quick as I could."

"Office parties ought to be abolished," said Belden. "All they do is get the employees in trouble with their families." He looked at Allen's packages. "Do you people get favors at your parties?"

"We do not," said Allen. To the bartender he said, "Scotch-and-soda," and then he continued, "This is loot from the press agents."

"I wish we dealt with press agents," said Belden. "All we got was a lousy bonus. I've already cashed mine." He slid his empty glass toward the bartender and lit a cigarette.

"I wouldn't kick," Allen said. He looked around the bar. It was only a little after four, but the place was already crowded with people whose offices had closed early or who had been to Christmas parties, and everyone seemed festive and red-faced. The bar mirror was decorated with holly and greenery, and there were many packages on the tables and on the bar itself. Allen lifted his drink in salute and said "Cheers," and he and Belden drank.

"I suppose we ought to be getting home pretty soon," Belden said. "The girls may need some help."

"There's nothing to do today," said Allen. "The tree's all ordered, and they're going to deliver it tomorrow. Tomorrow's when we do the work." The Allens and Beldens lived in adjoining houses, and it was their custom to set up a tree in one of the houses and, the Saturday night before Christmas, have a community tree-trimming party, to which thirty or forty people were invited. Food was served around midnight, and the party usually lasted well into Sunday. This year the party was at the Allens'.

"I guess you're right," Belden said. "I told Virginia I'd be home early, though. . . . Oh, well." He took another drink and rested his elbows on the bar.

Allen inspected the holly over the mirror and sipped his highball thoughtfully. "Christmas has changed," he announced at last. "It's not what it used to be." Belden looked at him and said nothing, and Allen continued, "What I mean is it's too modern. There ought to be more things like yule logs, and sleighs, and candles, and—well, the atmosphere should be different. I don't know."

"Show me what you can do with a yule log in the city and I'll buy you one," Belden said. "Or a sleigh, for that matter."

"I know. There ought to be something different we could do, though. Something more Christmassy." He took another drink and frowned at the holly.

Belden stared into his drink and jiggled it slowly. "Well," he said, "let me think. We could . . ." He looked at the mirror for a while, then his gaze shifted to the bartender. "I saw a suckling pig in a market the other day. We could cook a suckling pig. You know—with an apple in its mouth, and all that."

Allen brightened. "Where?" he asked. "Where'd you see it?"

"I forget just where. It was on Madison Avenue—up around Sixtieth, Sixty-first. Some place around there."

"I wonder if it's still there," Allen said. He signalled to the bartender for two more drinks. "That might be just the thing. Have it with an apple in its mouth, and holly all around the plate . . ." He looked at Belden and smiled. "By God, that's a wonderful idea! They make damned good eating, too."

"I know," said Belden. He felt pleased with himself. "Better than turkey, certainly."

"Better than turkey any day." Allen finished his drink and put some money on the bar. "Come on," he said, picking up his packages. "Let's go look."

Belden gulped his drink, then gave a ten-dollar bill to the bartender. "Merry Christmas," he said. The bartender thanked them and wished them Merry Christmas, and Allen and Belden buttoned their overcoats and went out into the sharp evening air.

THEY found a taxi, and Belden told the driver to go over to Madison Avenue and then north until he said to stop. Then he settled back and looked out the window. The traffic was heavy and the sidewalks were crowded with hurrying people, and all the stores and bars and drugstores had Christmas decorations of some sort in their windows. There were red wreaths and there were green wreaths, sprinkled



"If I'm going to plead guilty, what do I need you for?"

with imitation snow; there were red candles and big red ribbons; and there were clusters of holly and big cardboard Santa Clauses holding up cartons of cigarettes. As they crossed Fifth Avenue, the motif was slightly different; the two or three store windows they saw appeared to be filled with silver branches and icy lace and blue ribbons. And now the air was full of the sound of chimes, slowly beating out the notes of a Christmas carol. Then they were across the Avenue and approaching Madison, but the sound of the chimes stayed with them.

They turned up Madison, and after a few blocks they came to the store. They paid the cabdriver and got out in front of a window full of pigs and geese and game and Christmas decorations. The store was big and high-ceilinged and brightly lighted. Inside, a deer's head was mounted high on one wall. Holly and greenery were strung over the meathooks on the walls and crisscrossed out to motionless ceiling fans. Allen, who was having a little trouble with his packages, stood behind Belden when they got to the counter.

"We'd like to see a pig," Belden said to the butcher. "A suckling pig."

"Yes, sir," the butcher said. "What size would you like?"

"Like the ones in the window, I guess."

The butcher went back into the refrigerator room, and reappeared with a naked-looking pig more than two feet long. He set it on the scales, and it registered twenty-five pounds. "That about right?" he asked, taking the pig and holding it up for Allen and Belden to see. The pig's face looked as though it were having a bad dream.

"That looks just right," Allen said. "How many people will he feed?"

"Oh, twelve or fifteen," the butcher said. "No more than that."

"My God," said Belden. "We're having thirty-five or forty. I guess we'll need two pigs, then."

The butcher hesitated, and Allen said, "How about a goose? You got some geese?"

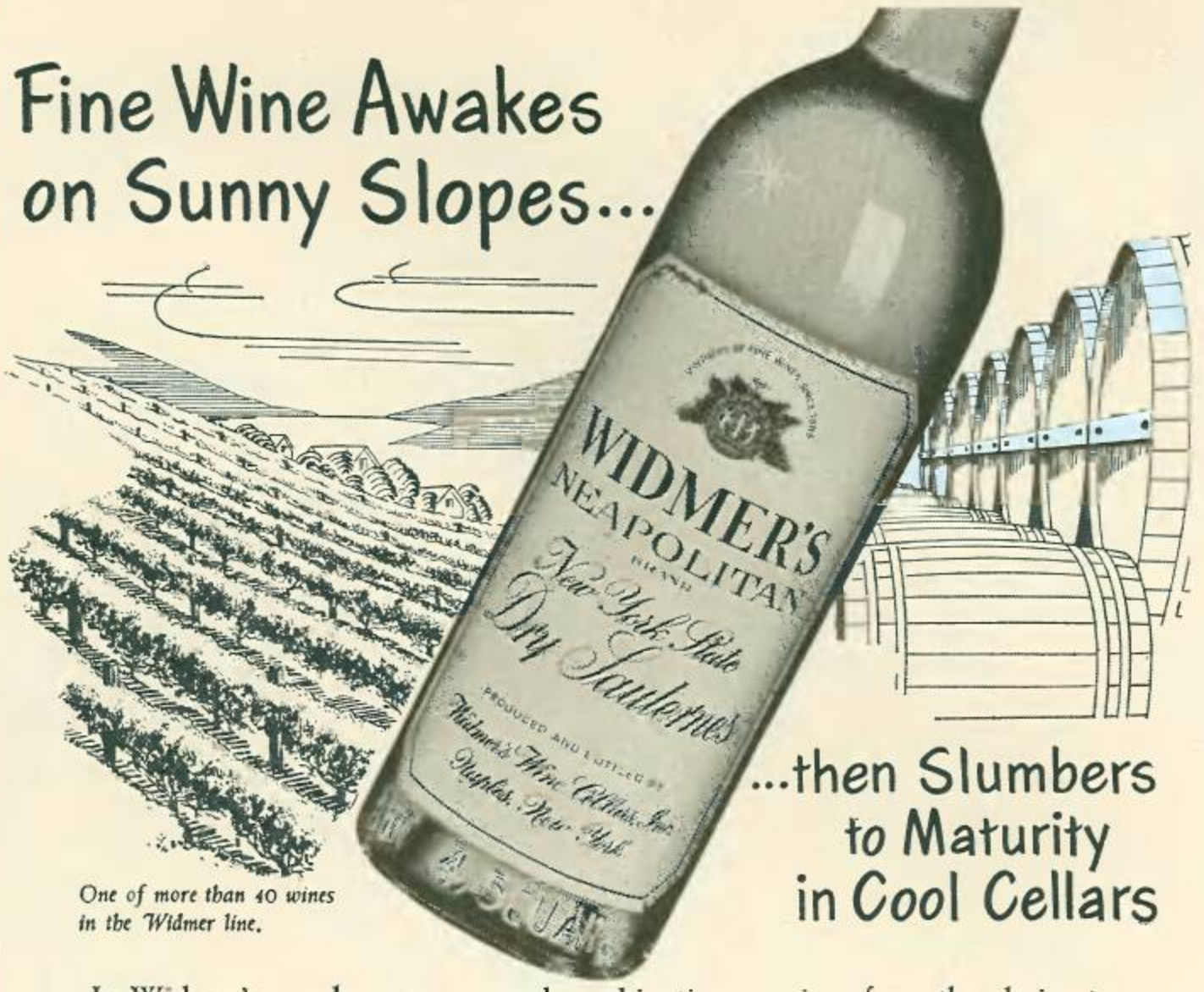
"Sure," said the butcher. "How many would you like?" He realized that he was not dealing with two ordinary customers.

"Well, how many people does a goose feed?" Allen asked.

"That depends on the size of your goose," said the butcher. "If you're taking a pig, then a pig and two geese ought to feed forty people."

Allen and Belden were quiet for a

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moment, and the butcher looked from one to the other.

"What else have you got that's Christmassy?" Allen asked, finally. "We might get a pig and a goose and something else."

The butcher blinked and slowly surveyed the store. "Well," he began, "you could—"

"The hell with it," Belden cut in. "Let's get two pigs and let it go at that."

"I think we ought to have a goose, too," said Allen.

The butcher, who had started back toward the refrigerator, stopped. "Two pigs and a goose, then?" he asked.

"Let's look at it this way," Belden said. "How much is one pig?"

"Dollar fifty a pound," said the butcher.

There was a stunned silence while Allen and Belden calculated the price of a twenty-five-pound pig.

"Je-sus!" Belden said.

Allen shifted his packages. "Maybe we'd better just get one pig and forget about the rest," he said.

"I guess so," said Belden. "The girls have already ordered a ham and a turkey."

"We'll just use the pig instead of the ham," Allen said. "We can send the ham back."

The butcher laid his hand on the pig. "That does it, then?" he asked. Both men nodded, and the butcher wrapped the pig up.

A few minutes later, they were on the sidewalk again and whistling for a taxi. Belden was carrying the pig as though it were a baby, and Allen, whose arms were growing numb, was constantly shifting his packages. A cab drew up and they stepped clumsily inside, then sat back and breathed deeply.

BY the time Allen and Belden reached their houses, between Lexington and Third Avenues, they had thought of five people whom the pig resembled, had decided that it was better-looking than any of them, and had grown a little sentimental about it and named it Henry.

"Come on, Henry," Belden said as they got out of the cab. "Let's give the girls a surprise."

Allen opened his kitchen door and dropped the packages on a table. Kay, his wife, had just finished feeding supper to their two small children.

"I have a surprise for you," Allen announced. "I've brought Henry home for dinner." He smiled brightly, and Kay stared at him.

"That's great," she said, and then turned toward the door, through which Belden had just appeared.

Belden tore open one end of the package and exposed the pig's face. "Boo!" he said.

"For the love of God!" said Kay. "Where did you get that?"

"At a market." Allen beamed happily. "We got it for the party," he explained. "Instead of the ham."

Kay said nothing.

"He'll look better with an apple in his mouth," Belden said, unwrapping the pig. "You won't know he's the same person."

Kay stared at the two men. "How are you going to cook it?" she asked.

"The cookbook should tell us how," Allen said. "Hell, it ought to be easy. Just like roast pork."

"What I mean is what are you going to roast it *in*?" Kay asked.

"The oven," said Allen. "What else?"

Kay looked at the pig. "It won't fit."

"Oh, sure it will."

Kay shook her head, and Allen picked up the pig, opened the oven door, and shoved it inside. Its head and forelegs stuck out beyond the oven rack. Allen set the pig crosswise, but it was still too long. He closed the door slowly, until it jammed against the pig's snout; then he opened the door again and stared at the pig. Then he looked at Belden.

Belden shrugged.

A moment later, they heard footsteps in the back garden shared by the two houses, and Virginia Belden came and stood in the doorway between the dining room and the kitchen. "Well," she said to her husband, "I thought I'd find you here."

"You did," said Belden. He looked back at the pig, and Virginia came into the kitchen.

"Oh, no!" she said. "Not a pig! Who got it?"

Allen and Belden were silent, and Kay said, "You guess."

"Let's not get excited, now," Allen said. "I'm sure there's some way we can work it."

"You can always take it back," Kay said. "We've got enough food as it is."

"Don't be silly," said Allen. He went to the refrigerator, got out two bottles of beer and opened them, and handed one to Belden. "This just requires a little thought, that's all."

"We could cut a section out of his



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middle and sew him together again," Belden said. "Cook the section on the side." Nobody said anything, and Belden added, "I guess that would look pretty awful, though."

"Well, you two figure it out," Kay said. "Virginia and I are going upstairs and have a drink." The women left the kitchen, and Allen and Belden stood in front of the oven, staring at the pig.

"This is a hell of a situation," Allen said at last.

"It sure is." Belden took a drink of his beer, then set the bottle down and lit a cigarette. "I know!" he said suddenly. "We can cook him in a pit, the way they do in Honolulu. Dig a hole in the garden and cook him in that."

Allen's eyes widened in admiration. "Of course!" he said. "That's a sensational idea. And he'll taste twice as good as he would in the oven. Why didn't we think of that before?"

They ran up to the living room, on the second floor, where Kay and Virginia were sitting with highballs at their sides.

"Charlie's solved it!" Allen said. "We're going to cook him in a pit in the garden!"

Kay picked up her glass. "Wonderful," she said. "Do you know how?"

"We can find out," said Allen. "Whom do we know that's been to Honolulu?"

Everybody thought, and Virginia said, "You might try Bruce Gissing. He used to live there."

Allen went to the telephone and dialled a number, and they heard him say, "Hello, Bruce? Jim Allen. . . . Fine, thanks. Say, Bruce, do you know how to cook a pig in a pit? . . . A pig in a pit—p-i-g in a p-i-t. The way they do in Honolulu. . . . Yeah. Could you check me out on it? We're going to try one. . . . Yeah. . . . Yeah. . . . Flat rocks— Wait a minute. Let me get a pencil. O.K. Flat rocks. . . . What kind of leaves? . . . Oh. Could you use anything else? . . . I see. Just any kind of mud? . . . O.K. Clay, then. . . . Yeah. . . . Charcoal. . . . Yeah. . . . Oh. . . . Wait a minute." He turned away from the phone. "Has our pig been cleaned?" he asked Belden.

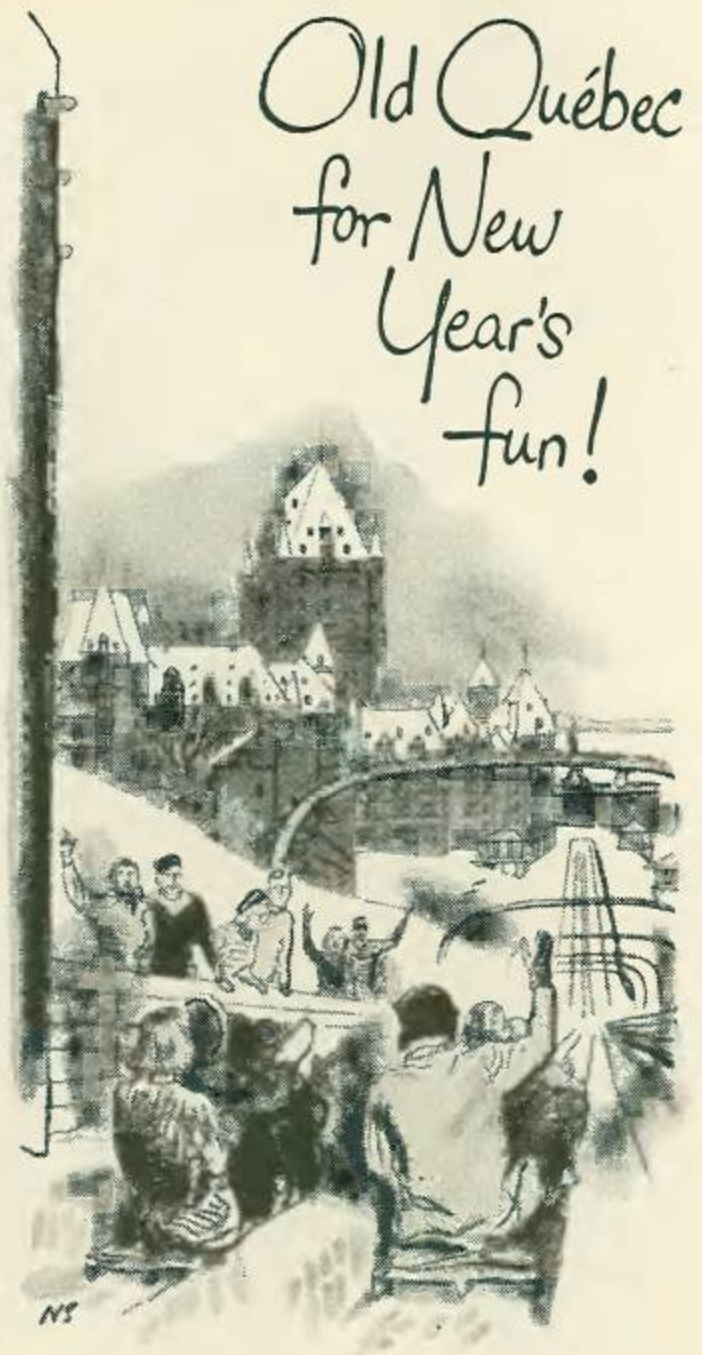
"I think so. I'll see." Belden got up and ran downstairs.

"Just a minute," Allen said. "We're finding out. . . . No, how long does it cook? . . . Twenty-five pounds. . . . I see. . . . O.K. . . . Yeah."

Belden came back upstairs. "Clean as a whistle," he said.

"It's been cleaned," Allen said into the phone. "I see. . . . Well, we thought

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of onion dressing— Oh. Fruit, eh? Yeah. . . . Nuts, apricots, oranges, grapefruit, cornstarch— Uh-huh. . . . Yeah, I got it. . . . Uh-huh. . . . Sure. . . . I see. Well, thanks a lot, Bruce. You saved our lives. . . . Yeah. . . . Same to you. G'bye."

Allen hung up and looked at his list. "He says to make a fruit dressing," he said. "A fruit-glacé dressing. Do you know how to do that?" he asked Kay.

"I think so," she said. "I can find out."

"I'm not quite sure of all he gave me here. He was talking pretty fast." Allen looked at his list again. "We need flat rocks and charcoal," he said to Belden. "And it cooks for four hours after the rocks are hot. He said it ought to be wrapped in palm leaves, but clay will do just as well."

"Fine," said Belden. "That sounds easy."

THE next day was Saturday, the day of the party. Belden got up at nine, and after breakfast went through the garden to the Allens'. Allen was sitting in the dining room with a cup of coffee. Belden sat down and Allen poured a cup for him.

"It occurred to me," Belden said, "that this may take longer than we first thought. I think we ought to get started pretty soon."

"I know. We can get the charcoal from the wood man on the corner, and some potter's clay from that place on Third Avenue. About the rocks . . ." Allen looked out the window at the garden, the center part of which was covered with gravel; a flagstone walk bounded the gravel. "Those flagstones would be too big," he said. "We need something smaller."

"There's an excavation down across Third," Belden said. "We could send Larry down there with his express wagon." Larry was the Beldens' nine-year-old son.

"O.K.," said Allen. "Why don't you do that, and order the charcoal and get the clay, while I get a shovel from the basement."

Belden went back to his house, sent Larry off for the rocks, walked to the corner and wrote an order for six bags of charcoal on the pad hanging from the wood man's pushcart, then went on a few blocks to an artists' supply store and bought two pails of clay. By the time he got back to the garden, Allen had cleared the gravel away from a small section of ground and was trying to stab his shovel into the earth.

"The God-damned ground's frozen," Allen panted. "It's like rock."

Belden watched him for a minute. "Here, let me try," he said, and Allen handed him the shovel. He chopped at the hard ground and a few chips flew up, but he could not get the shovel in deep enough to lift out any earth. At last, he gave up. "Do you have a pickaxe?" he asked.



"No," said Allen. "I have a post-hole digger, though. We might try that."

Allen got the post-hole digger, and they stabbed it at the ground a few times, but could make only small nicks.

"The hell with it," Belden said. "I'll borrow a pickaxe." He went around the corner to the hardware store, then returned to the garden, where Allen was still stabbing at the ground with the post-hole digger. Belden swung hard with the pickaxe, and the point sank into the earth. Allen smiled and tossed the digger aside.

Before going ahead with the hole, they got the pig out of the Allens' deep freeze, where it had spent the night, and measured it. Then, leaving it on the drainboard of the kitchen sink to thaw out, they went back to the garden and started to work. They took turns digging, and after a half hour had got down below the frost line and were able to use the shovel. But it was slow work, and their hands developed sore spots before they had dug down two feet. Once or twice they went into the Allens' for coffee.

"I wonder what's become of Larry," Belden said as they went back into the garden after a short rest period. "He should be back by now."

Allen peered into the hole and picked up the shovel. "Well, we're not ready for him yet," he said. "We've still got about a foot to go."

From the Beldens' house, there came a loud, rumbling crash, and then silence.

"There's Larry now," said Allen, tossing up a shovelful of earth. "Tell him to wait a minute."

Belden went into his house, and there, in the dining room, was Larry, looking wild-eyed at his overturned express wagon and a pile of rocks on the floor. "The wheel came off," Larry explained as Virginia came downstairs and into the room.

"That's all right," Belden said. "Just toss them in the garden. I'll help you." The doorbell rang. "I'll get that," he said.

He went to the door and was greeted

by the wood man, a short, stocky Italian who wore a blue knitted cap.

"You want that charcoal today?" the man asked.

"I should say I do," Belden said. "As soon as possible."

"I don't have any right now. Maybe I can find some." The man turned and left, and Belden closed the door slowly. He went back to the dining room, where Virginia and Larry were picking up the rocks and putting them back in the express wagon.

"Everything's going to be all right," he said. "Don't worry."

Virginia glanced up at him. "Why do you say that?" she asked. "Who said it wasn't?"

"I don't know." Belden opened the garden door. "I just wanted to hear someone say everything would be all right." He went out and closed the door behind him.

BY early afternoon, the pit had been dug to the proper depth and lined with stones, but the man had not returned with the charcoal, so Allen and Belden set up the Christmas tree in the Allens' living room and strung the lights on it. Then they went down into the kitchen, where Kay and Virginia were preparing the rest of the food. The kitchen was cluttered with groceries, cups, glasses, crockery, and hardware. The two women moved quickly and surely amidst the apparent confusion.

"How're you coming?" Allen asked, going to the refrigerator and taking out two beers. "You got the pig's stuffing made yet?" He opened the bottles, handed one to Belden, and looked around the kitchen. "Where *is* the pig, by the way?"

"It's in the dining room, and the dressing isn't done but will be by the time you're ready for it," said Kay, chopping onions and celery in a wooden bowl.

"He has to cook for four hours, remember," said Allen, and he and Belden drifted into the dining room with their beers and examined the pig. There was no response from the kitchen, and after a couple of minutes they went to the Beldens' to see if the man had arrived with the charcoal, and found that he had just delivered it. They took one bag of charcoal outside, where John, the Allens' five-year-old, and Chris, their three-year-old, were playing in the newly dug earth. The men got some paper and kindling and built a fire in the pit. When the wood had caught, they sprinkled some char-



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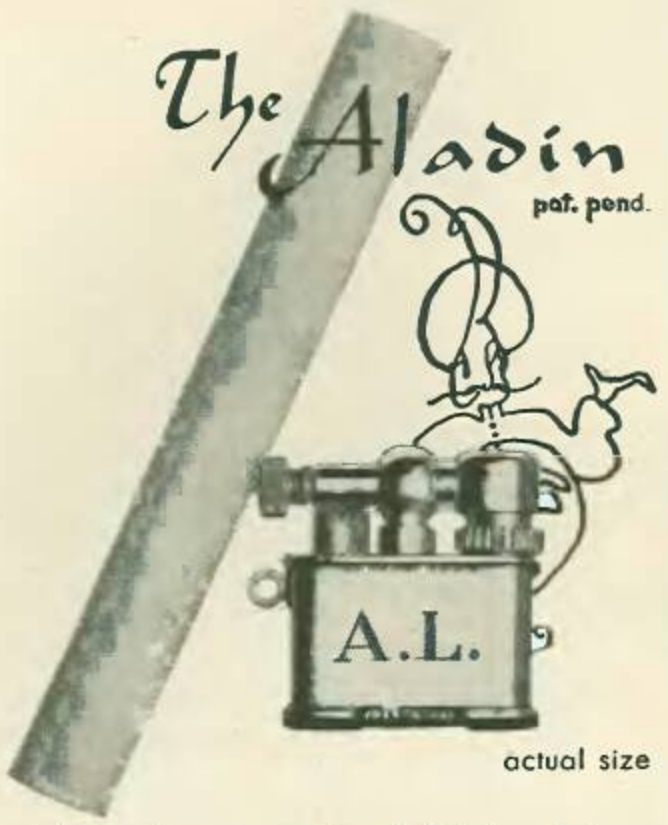
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coal on it, and then, as that caught, they put on more, until they had emptied the entire bag into the pit.

"Now, we'll just let that simmer," Allen said, "and the stones will get good and hot. In the meantime, we can get to work on the punch."

They went inside, taking the two children with them. "You'd better keep an eye on the kids," Allen said to Kay. "The fire's going in the pit now. Don't let them get out of your sight." He and Belden went down into the basement to make the punch, and they heard John say "Mommy, can I play with the pig?" and Kay answer "By all means."

BY six o'clock, Allen and Belden had made the punch and had sampled enough to be sure that it was right; they also had opened the two pails of clay and had tracked a certain amount of dirt through the dining room, and they had put two more bags of charcoal on the fire and had left smears of clay and charcoal on the refrigerator every time they opened it for beer. John and Chris had done everything possible to and with the pig, such as riding it like a horse, but, although it was smeared with dirt and lint and had a few scratches, its shape was essentially unchanged. Virginia and Kay had prepared all the food, including supper for the children and something for themselves, and were on the verge of hysterics by the time Allen and Belden started to stuff the battered pig. It was dark outside, so the stuffing and the clay-packing had to be done in the kitchen, and in spite of the fact that Allen and Belden kept the pig in the express wagon, a great deal of clay went on the floor. Belden had considerable trouble making the clay adhere to the apple in the pig's mouth, and succeeded only after forcing the pig's jaws so wide open that the apple went almost completely inside.

The party was scheduled to start at nine-thirty. At eight o'clock, Allen and Belden gently lowered the clay-caked pig onto the brightly burning coals, then piled more charcoal around and over it and sprinkled a layer of dirt over that. They then bathed and changed, and by the time the first guests arrived, they had gone outside four times to test the fire and make sure it had not gone out. The last time, they had added some more charcoal, just to be safe.

Even after the party was well under way, Allen was unable to relax. He talked with people and pretended to listen to what they were saying, but all the time he was thinking about the pig



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and wondering if the fire was all right and whether he ought to put on some more charcoal. Belden was in the same state, and two women told Virginia that her husband looked tired and overworked. Virginia—and Kay, too—laughed a little too easily, but otherwise appeared in good shape.

IT was about eleven o'clock when one of the guests, who was sitting near a window, pulled back the curtain and gave a little shriek. "Oh, it's snowing!" she cried. "How wonderful!" Two or three other people looked out the window and made appreciative noises, and Belden put his hand to his head and said, "No! No! *No!*" He ran to Allen, who was across the room, and said "Jesus Christ, Jim, it's *snowing!*" and while the people nearby stared in amazement, Allen and Belden ran headlong down the stairs and out into the garden.

The small, silent flakes whirled down out of the darkness and shone in the light that came from the windows. The ground was white, but the heat from the pit had melted the snow that fell near it, and the pit stood out as a long, black patch. Belden poked a stick into it and saw the coals glowing dimly. "We'd better build another fire over it," he said. "Just in case."

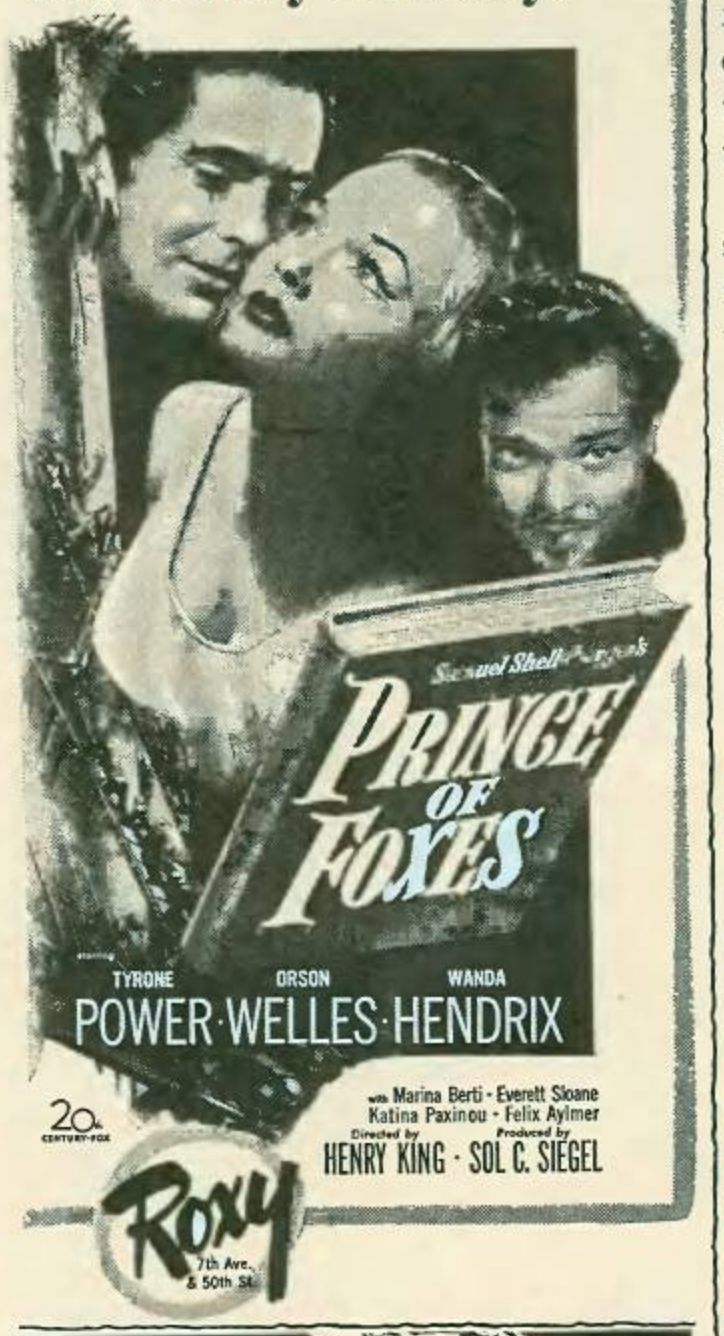
They built a fire over the pit and covered it with charcoal, and by the time that was burning brightly their feet were wet and they were trembling. They went inside and watched the fire from the dining-room windows until exactly twelve o'clock, when they got the shovel and went outside. Allen scattered the top fire and gingerly dug into the lower coals. He got all the coals away from the pig, but he couldn't get the shovel under the pig to lift it out. Belden got a length of clothesline, and burned two fingers quite badly while tying the line around the pig's feet, which stuck up in the pit like bits of ancient statuary. With its feet tied, they were able to lift the pig from the pit, and they staggered into the house with it and set it down on the drainboard of the sink. The clay was hard and was smoking hot. Allen got a hammer, and while Belden held the pig with two hot-pan holders, he chipped the clay off, into the sink. They had just finished when Kay came into the kitchen. She got a platter for them, then looked at the pig admiringly.

"He's beautiful," she said. "And you two are wonderful. What happened to his mouth, though?"

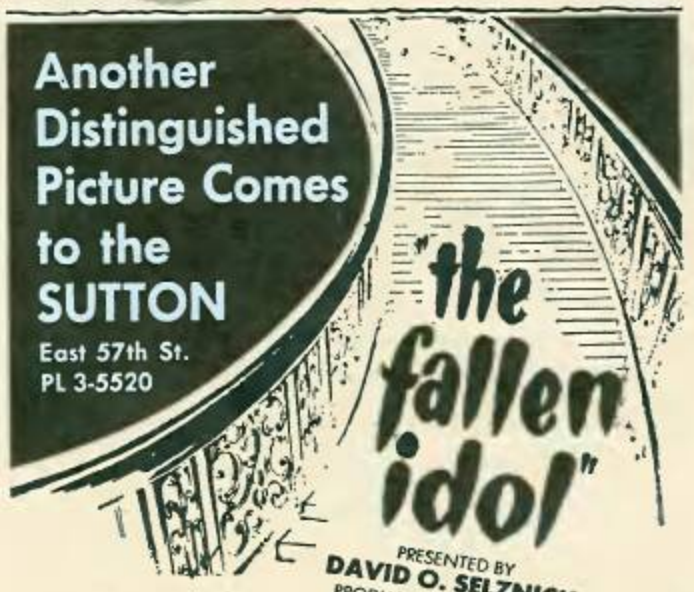
They looked at the pig's mouth, and saw that the apple had been cooked


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almost entirely away, leaving the pig looking as though it were about to sneeze. While Kay got the turkey from the oven, Allen and Belden put a new apple in the pig's mouth, stuck cranberries in its eyes, and decorated the platter with holly and took it into the dining room.

"I think we'd better wash up," Allen said as he stood back to admire the effect of candlelight on the pig. "I'm a wreck."

"I want to put something on my fingers, too," said Belden. "They're killing me."

As they were going upstairs, Kay announced supper, and several people started down to the dining room.

"There's a surprise for you down there," Allen said. "An old-fashioned Christmas surprise."

UP in Allen's room, the two men took off their shirts, which were covered with dirt and charcoal smudges. They washed their faces and hands and arms, and Allen put some petroleum jelly on Belden's fingers and bandaged them for him. Then Belden borrowed a shirt of Allen's, and Allen tied Belden's tie for him, and after examining themselves in the mirror they started downstairs.

"Now maybe we can relax," Belden said. "I feel better already."

A number of guests had brought their plates back to the living room and were eating with obvious enjoyment. "That pig is marvellous, Jim," somebody said. "Best thing I've had in a long time."

"Good," said Allen. He and Belden went to the punch bowl and ladled themselves a couple of drinks, and more people came upstairs and congratulated them on the pig. After finishing their drinks, Allen and Belden went down to the dining room and elbowed their way through the crowd standing and sitting around the table. They picked up plates and napkins, and then on the platter they saw part of the pig's head, and nothing else except a few sprigs of holly and the remains of the pig's feet. Even the apple was gone from its mouth. For a full minute they stood motionless, looking at the platter, and then slowly, and without a word, they reached out to the turkey and began to fill their plates.

—NATHANIEL BENCHLEY

•

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LETTER FROM PARIS

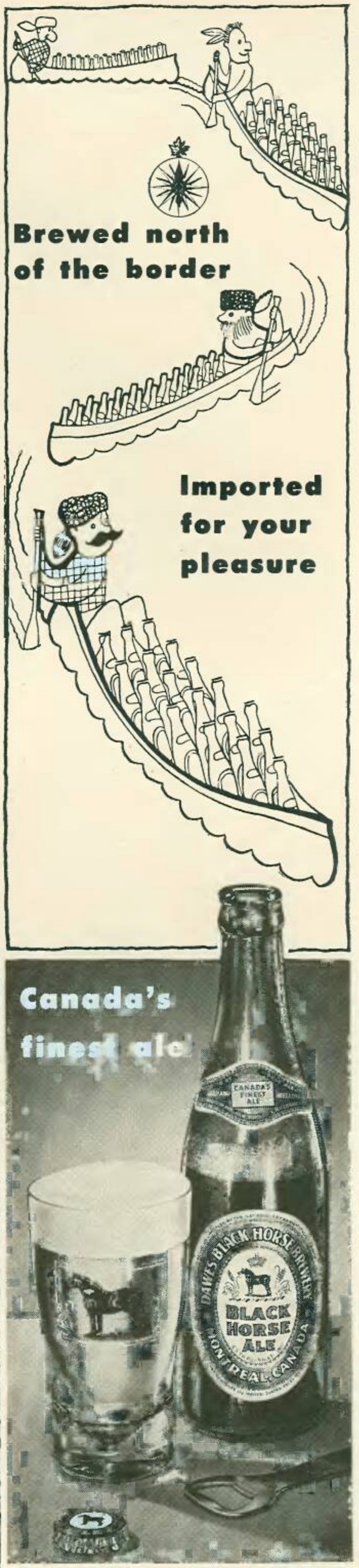
DECEMBER 15

THE most appreciated holiday gifts for French writers are obviously the literary prizes awarded at this time of year. Of these, the Prix Goncourt is taken most seriously, though readers and writers often wonder why. It brings literary prestige to the writer who wins it but usually offers to the reader no assurance of literary merit. And for the writer, its prize money of five thousand francs, once paid in silver and worth a thousand dollars, has shrunk, on paper notes, to about fourteen dollars—the smallest of all the major awards. However, the Goncourt makes even a minor book, such as the jury too frequently selects, if not a best-seller, at least a better seller than if it had not won. This year, just before the Goncourt jury's vote over the traditional annual luncheon of oysters and white wine at Drouant's, French literary circles rumbled once more with complaints that since 1903, the date of the first award of sensitive, perceptive Edmond Louis Antoine Huot de Goncourt's prize for the year's "most remarkable work of the imagination in prose, preferably a novel," only Marcel Proust, who won it in 1918 with "A l'Ombre des Jeunes Filles en Fleurs," had really filled the bill. And his triumph was largely the Paris literati's embarrassment over the fact that his work had been snubbed when first offered in print. Otherwise (as critics of the Goncourt have been pointing out), from the elderly, Immoralist Gide down through the youngish, Existentialist Camus, the outstanding French novelists, whose works and innovating imaginations have filled the best portions of the fiction shelves of modern France, have not won the Goncourt laurel—have, indeed, won nothing but fame and sometimes fortune.



Ceci dit, this year's Goncourt prize novel, "Weekend à Zuydcoote," is an exceptionally good choice, if only because its subject matter has not been used before. It is the first novel of Robert Merle, aged forty-one, born in North Africa, prisoner in Germany for four years (during which he tried one escape), now professor of English at Rennes University, and onetime student at Cleveland's Western Reserve. Zuydcoote is a beach suburban to Dunkirk, and the weekend in question is the epochal Saturday and Sunday in May, 1940, when the British Army retreated onto Zuydcoote's sands and out into the Channel and waited for the miracle of the boats from home. In this dreadful melee were also defeated French soldiers (including the author), and his book concerns four of them who during those two days were waiting, watching, hoping, cooking, eating, arguing, and housekeeping in a deserted French ambulance on the beach. One is a conscripted Jesuit priest, who survives; one is a brawny bourgeois husband, who, in memory of happy domesticities, cooks for the lot and is decapitated by a German shell while fetching water to wash the dishes; one is a businessman, who finally pops off to get ready to collaborate with the Nazis; and the fourth, Julien Maillat, is a magnet, over the weekend, for such dramas, and all in such haste, that the reader wonders—as does the cook husband—"How can such odd things happen, and always to you?" Because Maillat, like his author, speaks English perfectly, on Saturday he wangles his way with some British onto an English boat, which is immediately shelled into flames. His swim to the shore and his subsequent attempts to transport burned Tommies to the beach form a terrible and thrilling sequence. Sunday, he kills two French soldiers whom he surprises violating a French girl, and that night, in a bombing, he dies with her in her bed. As is the case with nearly all soldier books of this war, in no matter what tongue, its language is coarse, but it is humane in its comprehension. "Weekend à Zuydcoote" is an exciting small French literary deposit, a handful of sand scooped up from the scene of Dunkirk.

BOTH French Left political parties have just given themselves a severe raking over the coals. At the Palais de la Mutualité, a two-day Socialist *congrès extraordinaire* (the equivalent of one of our Democratic or Republican caucuses) has been wrangling, for the ninth time since Socialism was invented by the so-called utopians of the last century, over what is termed "participation." The squabble is between the Socialist group of Parliamentary deputies, some of whom are, hot or cold, "participating" as ministers of the present government, and the militant Socialists, or strict theo-



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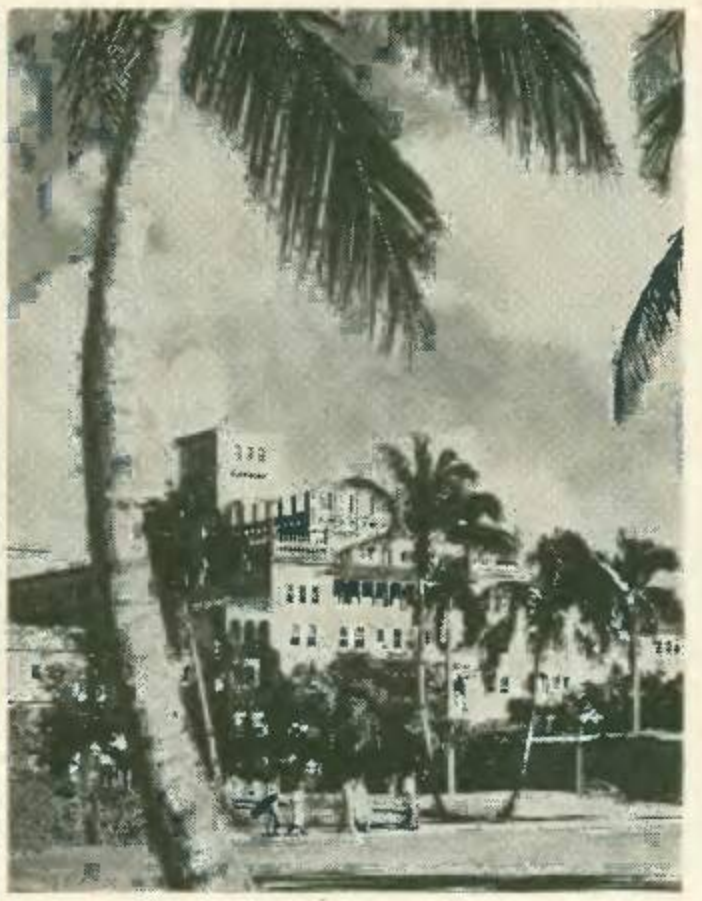
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rists of the Party, who think that their ministers' being yes men to such a government is ignoble and that they should resign and go back to the Socialist benches as no men. In other words, it is a struggle between pragmatists who think they can work with and influence an anti-Socialist government and purists who think that pragmatism soils those in contact with such an outfit. An important aspect of the quarrel is that if the pragmatists are forced by the purists to resign their ministerial appointments, they may pull the government of France down into dissolution—not a pleasant way for the country to begin the new year. The government has been skating on thin ice anyway, because of increasing prices, especially the price of the new "free," or unrationed, gasoline, the first in France since 1939. One newspaper has run a confused, earnest headline asking, "WILL THE INCREASED PRICE OF SUGAR BEETS MAKE GASOLINE MORE EXPENSIVE?" Probably.

The other Left party's self-searching took place at a recent meeting in St. Denis, the Communist suburb, of the Party's central committee of sixty-one members. The following day, the Communist paper *L'Humanité* published a report consisting of *autocritiques* on such subjects as Titoism, Trotskyism, and the lack of gumption among Party workers in provincial districts like Bordeaux, the Marne, and Brittany. This has doubtless already been commented on with glee in newspapers all over the Western capitalist world, but the Paris papers took it with odd calm. *Le Monde*, French capitalism's bitterest opponent of *L'Humanité*, sagely remarked that the once eager Communists seemed to be suffering from the lassitude that has seized the adherents of *all* political faiths in France. After stating that "a Communist Party is always in a state of crisis," the Socialist *Populaire*, which is in a special position to gather Leftist gossip, then spread some of it, about the Communist press apparatus. *Le Populaire* said that the staff of *L'Humanité* had lately been considered to be dangerously close to intellectualism—the crime just below the dialectic sin of cosmopolitanism—and that Georges Cogniot, *L'Humanité's* editor-in-chief, who made the autocritical St. Denis report, is being sent "for a year's period of formation," or toughening, to Bucharest; that his assistant editor, André Carrel, has been sent to the sticks, to work on the Party paper in Marseille; and that two editorial writers, Pierre Courtade and Pierre Hervé, are being sent to Budapest and Sofia, respectively, to do



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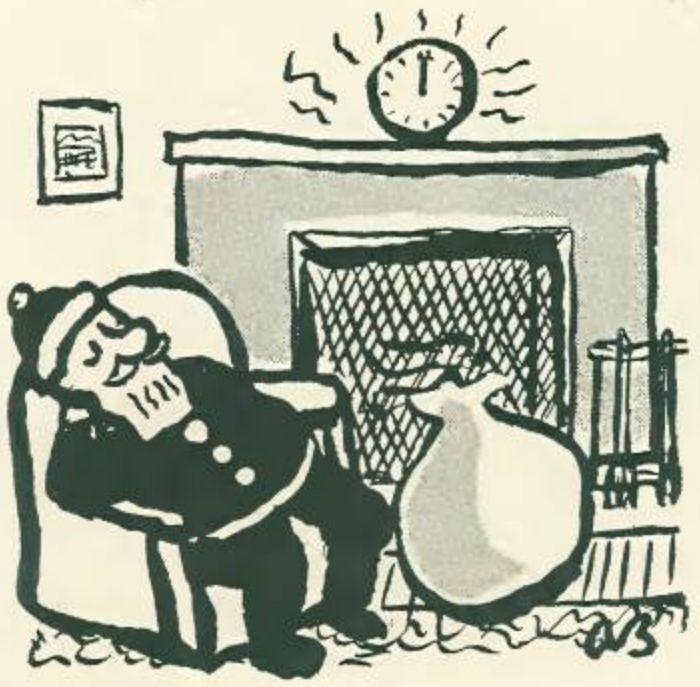
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follow-up stories on the Rajk and Kostov trials, which will show whether the two writers know how to conduct themselves sternly and dialectically. But, added *Le Populaire*, "None of this is very grave. The apparatus directing the Party seems in no way menaced in its most essential elements. It would be underestimating the adversary perilously if one were to think so."

Cogniot made a comic slip in his breast-beating article. While complaining of the light response in the French Communists' Partisans of Peace "vote" this autumn (at the time, *L'Humanité* said millions had voted), he made favorable mention of the poet Jean Cassou, who last spring was still O.K., as a fellow-travelling Peace Partisan, but has since been to Yugoslavia and expressed a liking for it. To a still faithful and outraged Communist poet in Paris, Cassou is reported to have said of Tito, "He is like Dreyfus. Once we thought Dreyfus was guilty, too." Now Cassou has just come out in print with an attack on Communism, one more sign of the recent indisputable weakening of Communist faith among certain intellectual *compagnons de route*. Under the general title "Don't Try to Fool the People," the review *Esprit* published not only the Cassou article, which is called "Revolution and Truth," but also an article called "Answers," by Vercors, author of "The Silence of the Sea." Cassou says that "Yugoslavia seems to me a federation of peoples who in one blow accomplished their social revolution and national liberation," and sourly adds that this does not mean he is pro-American by a long shot. Of the Rajk trial, Vercors says, "I protest not against the judgment but against the lies and the suspicion that hide the truth from us as if we were irresponsible children. To vilify justice this way is to wound the faith of people, and their derision helps rot the world." Cassou and Vercors are well-known writ-



(*Advertisement*)



by CEDRIC ADAMS

MINNEAPOLIS STAR AND TRIBUNE COLUMNIST

BACK AWAY BUT FAST from somebody else's sneeze. A rip-snorting sneeze can project a common cold germ as far as eight feet. In ordinary conversation cold germs will travel a full yard . . . A sign in the powder room of a tavern: "This rest room is for the use of ladies only. In case of emergency, use fire escape" . . . Add these to your collection of Indian names: Henry Big Boy, Jr. and Augusta Pretty Back. Both have come in as check endorsements to a Minneapolis bank . . . You can thank, of all people, Mr. Benjamin Franklin for your bifocals. It was he who invented them as a matter of convenience. He grew weary of trying to keep track of two kinds of glasses . . . Full illumination will be instantaneous in fluorescent lamps very soon, thanks to a self-starting ballast which will minimize the delay in the lighting . . . Life Can Be Beautiful: An oyster may be a father one year and a mother the next.

★

IF YOU'RE A DRINKING person, you're apt to see a bundle of sticks inside your whiskey bottle some of these days. The sticks will be oak and the bundle, after insertion in the bottle, will age the liquor so it will no longer be necessary to keep whiskey in kegs for aging . . . Don't think the family doctor is out of the picture in this age of specialists. The Minneapolis Tribune's Minnesota Poll reveals 81% of all Minnesotans have their own family doctor . . . Just found out what a true squab is. It's a specially fed young pigeon that's never flown—usually three or four weeks old.

★

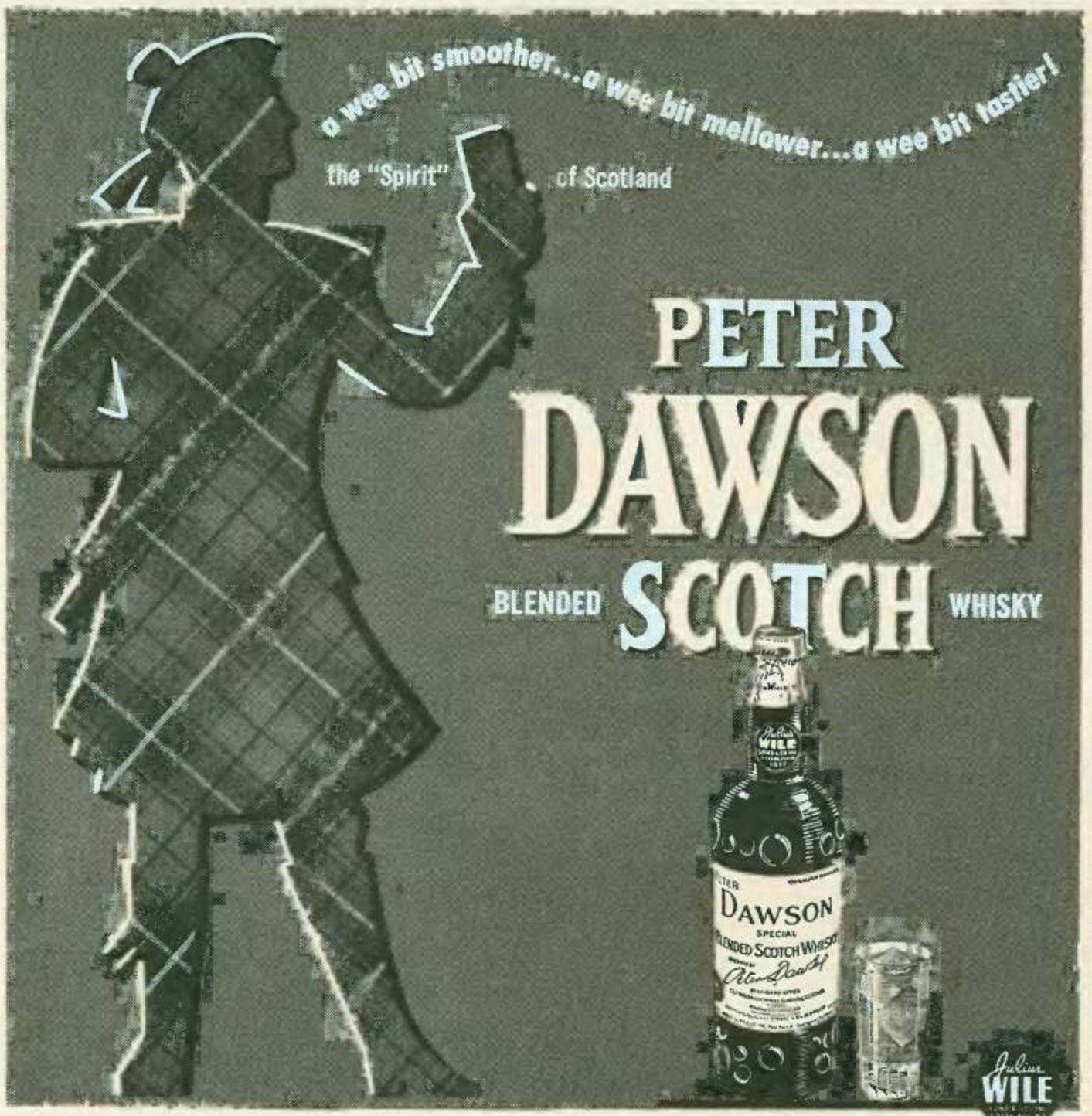
HOPE YOU'RE NOT squeamish, because this next paragraph is on mice. Mice are polyphagous. Their terrific appetite is the price they must pay for being small and warm-blooded at the same time. They need more food for each ounce of body weight than larger mammals. They have a greater surface exposed to the elements and therefore more loss of warmth. A mouse weighs only about three-fifths of an ounce, yet a mouse's stomach contracts 40 times a minute and a mouse's heart beats from 520 to 780 times a minute. Mice have been found with an infection resembling polio. Mice are good-natured animals, despite the fact they contaminate food and damage buildings and goods. All their senses are keen except their sight. They can climb, jump, swim and are extremely fast. Mice prefer in this order barley, hamburger, bread, liverwurst and bacon.

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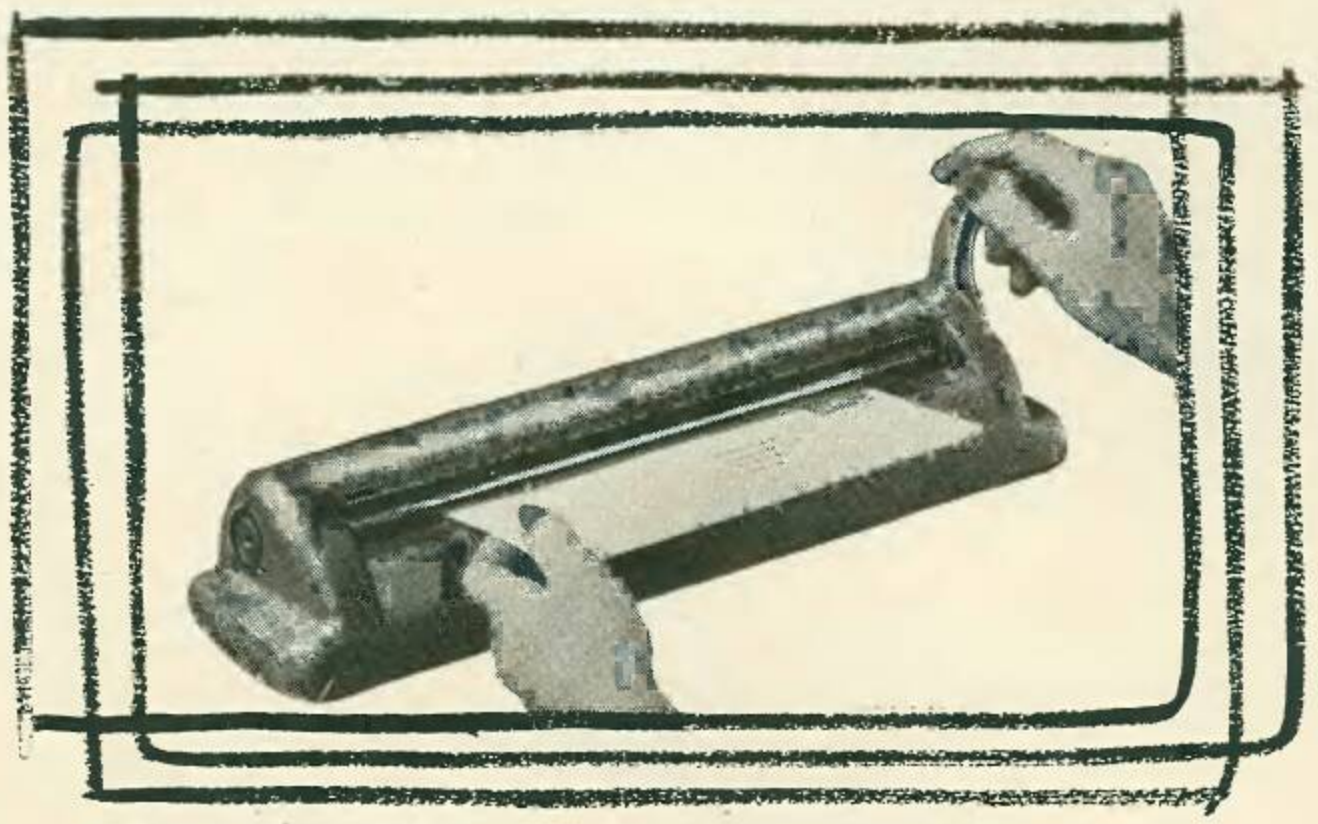
THE THREE SUNS, top-ranking instrumental trio, are two brothers and a cousin. It takes a two-ton truck to haul their instrumental equipment around the country. They have duplicate sets of all instruments, including the Hammond organ and its speakers, just in case . . . Most important word in the vocabulary of any prison inmate is "when" . . . Wonder just what it is that makes us feel so good when we laugh . . . The hotel industry is now the seventh largest in the United States . . . Car makers have long noted that when the economic outlook is good more people want light colors on new cars. Green shades are leading now, grays and blues follow. Maroon has dropped and black is way down.

★

A JOB FOR PAUL BUNYAN—that's what I'd call a speaking schedule that adds up to 83 engagements in 120 days in 56 different communities throughout the Upper Midwest. But George Grim, Minneapolis Tribune globe-trotting columnist, is doing just that in order to tell people what he recently saw and learned behind Yugoslavia's iron curtain. The frequent neighborly visits of staff members to cities and towns throughout the Upper Midwest comprise one more reason why the best-liked, most-respected newspapers of the prosperous four-state region are **The Minneapolis Star and Tribune** (combined daily circulation: more than 470,000) and **The Minneapolis Sunday Tribune** (circulation: more than 590,000).



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ers, have been well-known fellow-travellers, and will now undoubtedly be spoken of in Communist circles as well-known Fascists.

FOR the first time since 1939, there is plenty of fine French game for the holiday table. French pheasants and partridges multiplied happily during the war years, when men were shooting only at each other. Until two seasons ago, sportsmen could not get the shells to kill enough birds to count. The heavy prewar supply of pheasants from the Hungarian estates and of woodcock from the Polish estates—the nobles in both countries operated their shoots for export as a means of making their land pay—has naturally been shut off by the Iron Curtain. The French birds are accordingly without competition in the market and high-priced, but, being fresher, less high in taste than the imported birds were. Because of the summer drought, Ile de France parent wild hogs have been coming down from the hills with their piglets to forage in village gardens. A succulent sow was recently shot, marinated, and dined on, with mashed chestnuts, in the village of Orgeval, a half-hour drive from the Champs-Elysées. The fat wretch made a lavish holiday dinner—a rare event these carefully budgeted days, and costly everywhere but Orgeval. Elsewhere, only good will and good wishes are still free. *Un heureux Noël et une bonne année.*

—GENÊT

•

A Norwegian jumper recently made skiing history when, after losing one ski in the air, he made a perfect landing with both skis on the other ski, one behind the other.—*Albuquerque Tribune.*

It may be history, but it isn't clear.

•

The coldest official temperature ever recorded in North America was a reading of 81 degrees below zero taken in February, 1947, at Snag, a small Yukon Territory outpost near the Algebra border.
—*Boston Globe.*

That's why we'd rather live near the Equation.

•

The collaboration of orchestra and conductor on the Strauss Tone Poem was a high spot. Here the instrumental furnace, well-heated from the preceding symphony, but well-banked at all times, received an opportunity to glow although the damper was skillfully applied when necessary.—*Buffalo (N.Y.) Courier-Express.*

Any smell of coal gas?

ON AND OFF THE ROAD TO RUIN

ABSOLUTELY FINAL MERRY CHRISTMAS!



NOT that what you do between this late hour and Christmas is my business, but if you still want to shop, I'd like to be of some help to you. There are other Christmas-shopping services—good ones, too—but no single guide can cover all the possibilities there are this year for gifts both useful and lovely. And at a time when $200 will go a long way toward a payment on a hearthrug of Iowa corn silk, when $150 will give a friend almost full possession of a trout fly, you can't afford not to know everything.

For years, I've gone to Renée's at Christmastime, but only for pestles. Well, the pestles are still there—an entirely fresh line, I mean, of course—with caricatures of stage stars stamped on them by the new young Mexican stamper Lopez; $19.95. But there is something else, something I hadn't caught sight of before.

"What are those things?" I asked Fernand. (They have a Fernand at Renée's, and a Kelly.)

As it turned out, Fernand didn't know, but Kelly was able to tell me that they were boxes—nearly rectangular boxes—in different shades. Short of the perfectly rectangular box, this type, at $40, is about as close as you can come to the *cassetta* of your dreams. Your husband or your teen-age son can keep his new brace-and-bit in a Renée box—or, rather, in two Renée boxes, since each of them is built to hold just one part of anything. The rest of my searchings and pryings had better be catalogued, shop by shop, before I forget whose fifty-dollar soapstone umbrella stand is whose:

HAMMACHER-LATZ: Beautiful egg coddlers of real New Jersey stucco; $28 each. Their seaweed has to be seen to be believed.

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WINIFRED'S CRANNY: Toast racks with the crest of the President of Panama on both sides. In blue, $48; in yellow, $56. No blue models available.

THE BEAGLE SHOP: You cannot beat this place. As usual, they have turned up with the novelty of the season—crisp, new ten-dollar bills for $12.50 apiece.

LOG CABIN: Five to one, somewhere on your list is a man who owns a private railroad car, and here is a shop that does nothing but cater to his needs. Porters, beginning at $2,000; conductors, beginning at $3,000; timetables, beginning at 12:01 A.M.; and—for 1950 only—the right of way of the Baltimore & Ohio for six months, beginning May 1st.

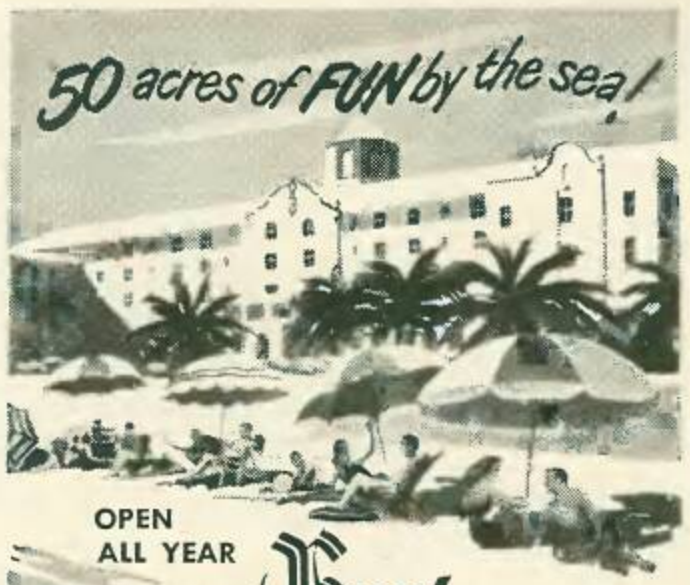
BAGBY: What are you looking for? They have it. Glamorous pudding molds, horseshoeing kits, snakeskin covers for telephone books, the flags of seventy different yacht clubs, marshmallow-roasters of English pewter, fungo bats—anything you see for $90.

THE ALBATROSS: If you've put off getting a lie detector till now, perhaps this place has the one you want—a Duncan Phyfe design; $598. Here, also, are dog collars chewed to softness by women in the hills of southern Nebraska ($10) and northern Nebraska ($15).

LAVINIA O'TOOLE: One of the finds of the year is a little *tour de force*, or *point d'appui*, run up exclusively by this house—decanter labels, $30 each, with anagrammed lettering. "Hreysr," for instance, is sherry; "yer" is rye. The guest must work it out for himself. If, of course, he really should want yer, instead of rye, you



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—JOHN LARDNER

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

(PROFOUND SIMPLICITY DIVISION)

[*From a book review in the Daily Worker*]

What White only intermittently indicates and frequently in a diffused manner, Engels before him stated with scientific clarity and profound simplicity: "The economic situation is the basis, but the various elements of the superstructure—political forms of the class struggle and its consequences, constitutions established by the victorious class after a successful battle, etc.—forms of law—and then even the reflexes of all these actual struggles in the brains of the combatants: political, legal, philosophical theories, religious ideas and their further development into systems of dogma—also exercise their influence upon the course of historical struggles and in many cases preponderate in determining their form. There is endless interaction of all these elements, in which, amid all their endless host of accidents (i.e. of things and events whose inner connection is so remote or so impossible to prove that we regard it as absent and can neglect it) the economic movement finally asserts itself as necessary."

•

It is almost impossible for a person who has owned and driven a Cadillac to find complete satisfaction at the wheel of any other motor car. A Cadillac is one of the most difficult material possessions in the world for which to find a completely acceptable substitute.—*Cadillac adv. in The New Yorker, September 10, 1949.*

We've been told that it is almost impossible for a person who has worn the Warwick to find complete satisfaction with anything less. It seems that a pair of Frank Brothers Shoes is one of the most difficult apparel possessions for which to find a completely acceptable substitute. —*Frank Brothers adv. in the Herald Tribune, November 18, 1949.*

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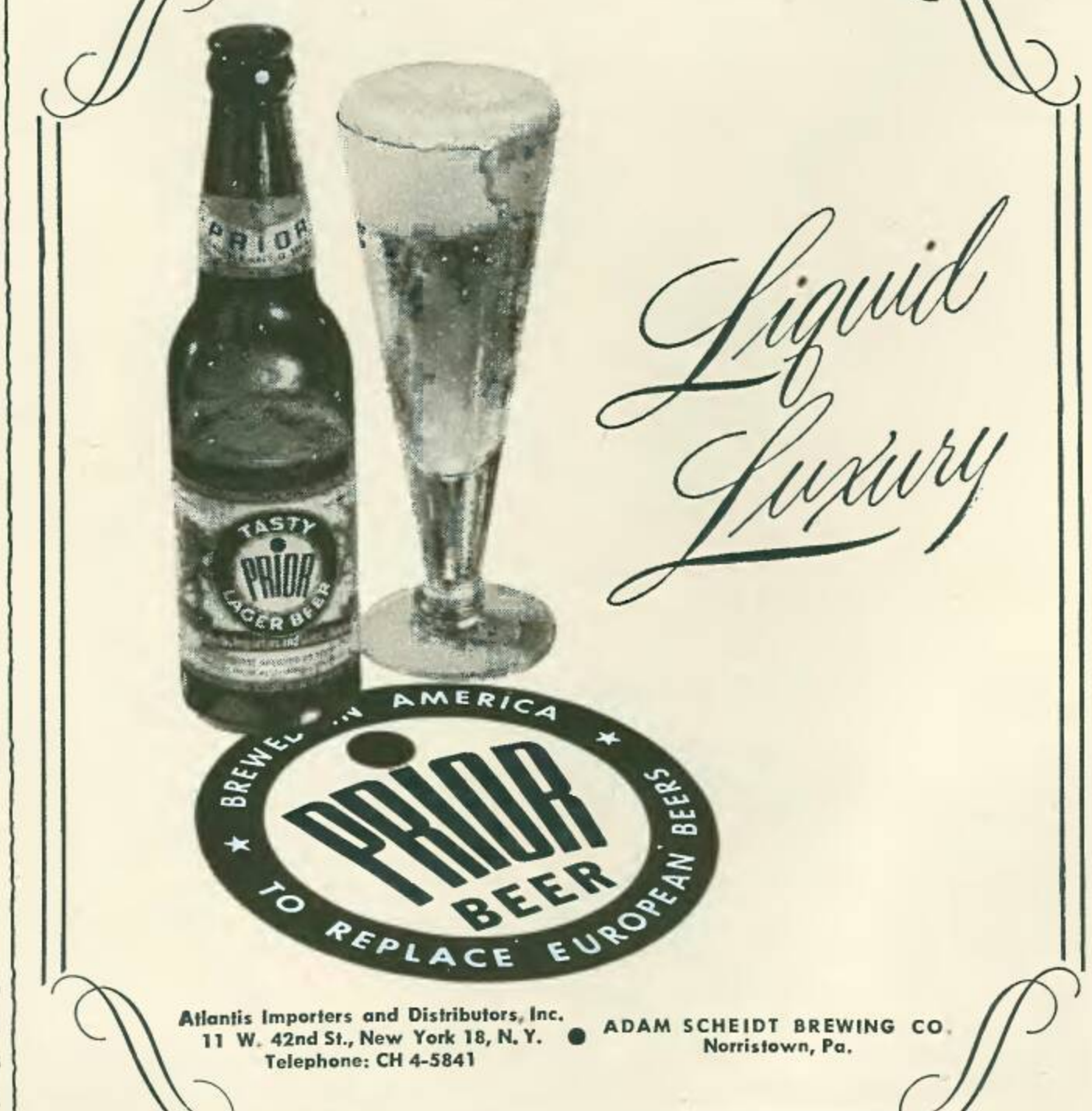


"TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND" is a very funny English film that depicts the wartime sufferings of a community of Scots in the Hebrides when their whiskey supply is cut off. At the outset of the picture, a commentator tells, in accents as earnest as those that accompany the "March of Time," of the plight of these people, while the camera examines their faces, which are as morose as any that ever filled an Eisenstein closeup. By a God-sent stroke of luck, a ship burdened with fifty thousand cases of whiskey is presently wrecked off the shores of this dry island, and if that should strike you as a coincidence too miraculous to credit, I can only say that something like that is supposed to have actually happened in this locale during the war. With fifty thousand cases of whiskey within rowing distance of their village, the Scots prepare forthwith to do a bit of plundering, and the picture from here on occupies itself with their efforts to frustrate assorted customs agents and an officious English commandant of the Home Guard, none of whom understands the gravity of their situation. After all the Scots have enjoyed an enormous toot, and a couple of romances have been successfully developed, the islanders wind up just where they started—out of whiskey. The commentator, having talked rather bibulously through the more alcoholic part of the film, then announces that since everybody is as glum as ever, the story has a serious moral indeed. The cast, which is a delight, includes Basil Radford, Catherine Lacey, Bruce Seton, and Joan Greenwood.

"GIVE US THIS DAY" is a ragged but often penetrating adaptation of Pietro di Donato's novel "Christ in Concrete," which was summed up in this magazine ten years ago as a work "sometimes almost incoherent, but for the most part real and touching." As directed by Edward Dmytryk, the movie, which was made in England, gets under way slowly, with the hero darting wildly along dark, deserted streets overshadowed by grim, ominous tenements. This scene is a familiar one, having often been tossed into pictures



RAWLINGS



feinman

to forecast moody doings or to give the cameraman a chance to put in some heavy artistic licks. Fortunately, it is concluded before the spectator's patience is stretched too thin, and the film gets to work describing the life and times of an Italian bricklayer in Manhattan and Brooklyn from the early twenties, when things looked fairly prosperous, until the depression, when despair settled down upon the country and engulfed the bricklayer and practically everybody else. It is in its treatment of the days of the depression that "Give Us This Day" works up a full head of steam. Before reaching that period, it has dwelt overzealously on the bricklayer's camaraderie with his fellow-workers, his wedding to a girl from the old country, his futile struggle to buy a house in Brooklyn, the birth of his children, and the dreariness of his leisure hours in his walkup in an East Side tenement. These are assuredly important aspects of his career, but I've a feeling that a little condensing of them would have livened things up. Once the film plunges its protagonist into the depression, however, it moves swiftly and purposefully to a startling and tragic climax.

For a picture made in England, this one certainly comes up with sets of New York that look highly authentic, and the fact that the bricklayer's children, played by English youngsters, frequently speak in accents remote from Rivington Street doesn't prevent them from registering some good performances. As the hero, Sam Wanamaker is handicapped by a tendency to throw himself around as if he were warming up for "The Great Train Robbery," but for all its flaws the picture should make an interesting evening for you.

—John McCarten

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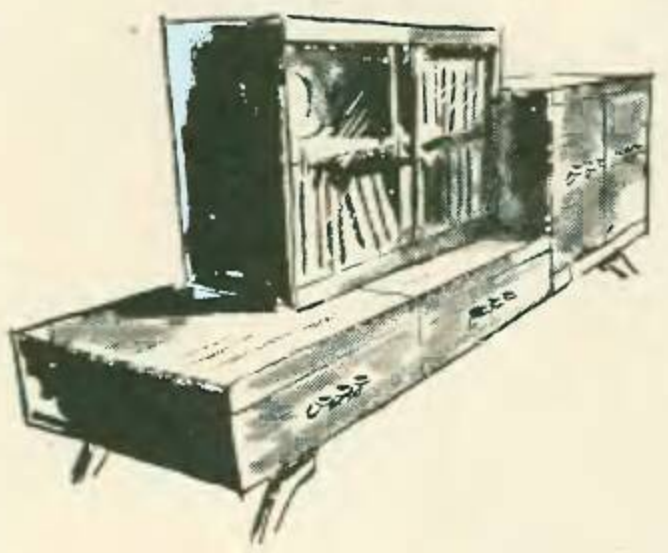
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I long for time to pass so I
Can think of all this with nostalgia.

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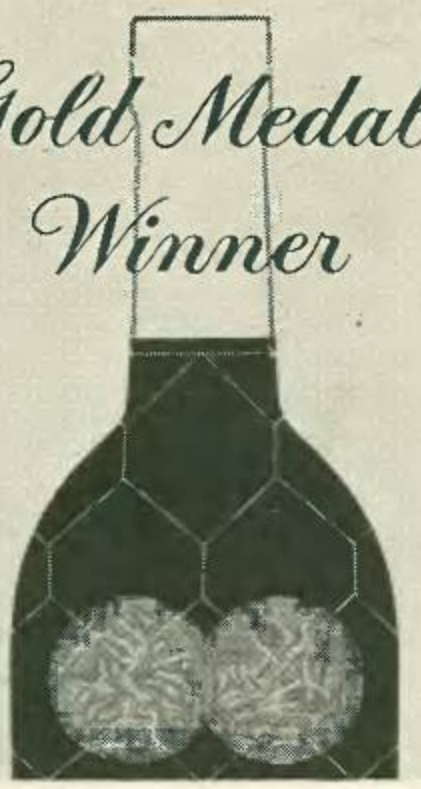
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BOOKS

Henley and Faulkner Not at Their Best



ONE had been aware of W. E. Henley as a solid literary landmark in the background of the eighties and nineties. One knew that he had had some importance as the editor of a series of magazines and had recruited as contributors what were known as the "hearties," of whom Kipling was the principal example, as distinguished from what were known as the "aesthetes;" that he wrote some pioneer vers libre about unconventionally realistic subjects, such as his experiences while ill in a hospital, and a conventional poem called "Invictus," which has become as hackneyed as Kipling's "If—"; that he helped compile a dictionary of slang and translated a ballad of Villon's into English underworld jargon; that he was an early friend of Stevenson, collaborated with him on several plays, and published, after the latter's death, an article on the official biography of Stevenson which horrified those sentimental devotees who had been turning "R. L. S." into a saint. When Henley appears in the memoirs of the period, it is invariably as a crippled giant behind an editorial desk, cursing and berating his visitors. One had the impression that he was a difficult man but a stout character, with a certain dignity.

The new biography of Henley by John Connell—"W. E. Henley" (Macmillan)—is disillusioning in its effect. Though the biographer seems to be doing his best to induce us to sympathize with his subject, we get a most unpleasant picture of Henley. We learn that he brought on his great quarrel with Stevenson by writing him a nasty letter that involved a slur on Stevenson's wife, and that he went on letting Stevenson help him out with money even after he had quarrelled with him; that he behaved equally badly with Oscar Wilde, who had also at one time been his friend and who had treated him with special kindness but who got nothing in return but sadistic jeers at the time of his public humiliation. The extracts included here from Henley's obtuse editorials and his dull magazine correspondence display him as an underbred Tory, a Grub Street imperialist, and an invalid apostle of force, who writes the swearwords in his letters with dashes for the vowels and gives the impression of having a sneaking admiration for the opponents and causes he is vilifying, from Parnell and nationalist Ireland to Wilde and the aesthetic movement. We know that the men who knew Henley often found in him enough to respect to induce them to forgive his faults. George Saintsbury is quoted here as saying that it was strangely impossible to dislike him even when he did reprehensible things. And it was true, as Saintsbury added, that Henley had suffered from heavy disabilities and had had to bear shattering blows. It was true that the head that, in "Invictus," he had boasted was still "unbowed" was "bloody" from the blows of "the bludgeonings of chance." He had been crippled ever since boyhood—he had a tubercular leg, which had to be amputated—and his schooling had been ended by poverty; he was ill off and on all his life, and he had to see his daughter, an only child, who was undoubtedly the being he cared for most, die of meningitis at five. It is also true that nothing can rob him of the rather rare distinction which he shared in that age with Frank Harris: that of being a magazine editor who could write and who cared about literature. Henley, though he denounced the Pre-Raphaelites, had enough taste to print the unknown Yeats as well as the popular Kipling—and to introduce Conrad and Wells.

Is it the fault of Mr. Connell, his biographer, that Henley, as we see him here, affects us as a distasteful figure? This is hardly an inspired book: it is untidy and often arid, at once too long and rather insubstantial. Yet one is left with the feeling that the author has himself been discouraged by the documents. It is not he who has made Henley depressing. The fault of the book is rather that it does not focus Henley clearly. Mr. Connell does not know quite how to handle him. He suggests certain promising ideas for interpreting Henley's mixed character and his chronically uncomfortable career, but he either fails to develop them fully, as in the case of



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his theory that Henley could never make any real contact with the aristocrats whom he was serving, or develops them to implausible conclusions, as in the case of his notion that Henley, in youth, had had a romantic passion for Stevenson from which he never recovered. Mr. Connell is able neither to analyze Henley's personal relations nor to criticize his work satisfactorily, and if we want a more organic conception of the writing and personality of this bearish yet touchy man, we must go to Yeats's "Autobiographies." (It may be true, as Mr. Connell says, that Yeats's accounts are in some respects "inaccurate," but why on earth should he call Yeats "ungenerous"? Yeats makes Henley seem a good deal more attractive than Mr. Connell does.) Says Yeats: "He, too [that is, like Shaw], an ambitious, formidable man, who showed alike in his practice and in his theory . . . that he never understood how small a fragment of our own nature can be brought to perfect expression, nor that even but with great toil, in a much divided civilization . . . He would be, and have all poets be, a true epitome of the whole mass, a Herrick and Dr. Johnson in the same body, and because this . . . is no longer possible, his work lacks music, is abstract. . . . I think he was content, when he had called before our eyes—before the too understanding eyes of his chosen crowd—the violent burly man that he had dreamed, content with the mere suggestion, and so did not work long enough at his verses."



"INTRUDER IN THE DUST" last autumn had the effect on this reviewer of stimulating him to read up William Faulkner in bulk—as the result of which he came to the conclusion that, in the department of creating through fiction a complete imaginary community, the inventor of Yoknapatawpha County was the greatest American novelist and perhaps the best novelist living. Faulkner's new book—"Knight's Gambit" (Random House)—does not, however, provide a particularly favorable opportunity for enlarging on this idea. The volume includes six stories about Gavin Stevens and Charles Mallison, the clever lawyer and his clever young nephew, who figure in "Intruder in the Dust." But two of these stories have been copyrighted by the Curtis Publishing Company, and they all have a flavor of magazine fiction that has not been characteristic of Faulkner. They are really detective stories—with Gavin Stevens as the Sherlock Holmes or Nero Wolfe, and Charles as the stooge who narrates. They are implausible and, for Faulkner, a little cheap, but they depend on very much less obvious and more amusing devices than ordinary detective fiction.

The first five of these stories seem to have been done before "Intruder in the Dust," but the last and longest one sounds as if it had been written after. This last one, the title story, provides Gavin Stevens with a charming romance and leaves him pleasantly married. The Mallison-Stevens household represents the only family in Faulkner which is not either going to pieces or flourishing on unscrupulous crimes, and Gavin and Charles are, I think, the only benevolently disposed and intelligent people in his novels who ever triumph over the forces of degeneration. But one hardly knows whether to take them as a true part of Faulkner's picture of life or as a sign that the writer is weakening, giving in to sentimental melodrama, the values of the movies and the commercial magazines. This process of popularization of the content of Faulkner's fiction has been accompanied, rather incongruously, by an increasing complication and obscurity of style. We find in "Knight's Gambit" not only Faulkner's inveterate misuse of words ending in "-ate," such as "postulate" and "aberrate," and his long clauses that are hung on "whiches" with which they have no syntactical connection: we find also a made-up word that sets our teeth on edge, "surviven," and more than the usual allowance of passages as to which it is impossible to tell whether they are what Faulkner really wrote or something that has been garbled by the printer. The most annoying of the tricks of writing that Faulkner has lately developed is the stringing together of synonyms. In some cases these may be defended as progressions or amplifications; but in others they seem utter-

ly pointless. What, for example, is the purpose of writing "It was beside the road, the highway," or "but above all the blue, the color the shade," or "just standing there in the dusk the twilight" (I follow Faulkner's inconsistent punctuation)? The author of an excellent parody of Faulkner in a recent London *Punch*—called "Faulknerian Coils"—has described the effect of this habit as follows: "Because his uncle always got the William Faulkner novels to review, not because he knew about the South or Negroes or lynching or even memories of the war between the states but just simply because he was known to have the patience to work his way through some of those sentences that were written, some of them, the way a man feeling exploring for a meaning will write, a hundred or two hundred words or more with discarded corrected substituted words crossed out here and there only in these Faulkner sentences what you seem to get is the whole thing just as it was written without a single thing crossed out, and you have to read to concentrate on to assimilate it all." The Faulkner of "Knight's Gambit" has even reached a point of recklessness where he can write, in connection with the game of chess which is one of the main motifs of the story that gives its name to the book: "He made the move without even looking, moving the pawn which exposed his, Charles's, castle to the rook which his uncle had probably been convinced even longer back than the plan that he, Charles, had forgotten to watch . . ." A rook *is* a castle. Does Faulkner mean some other piece, or is this another case of gratuitous synonyms?

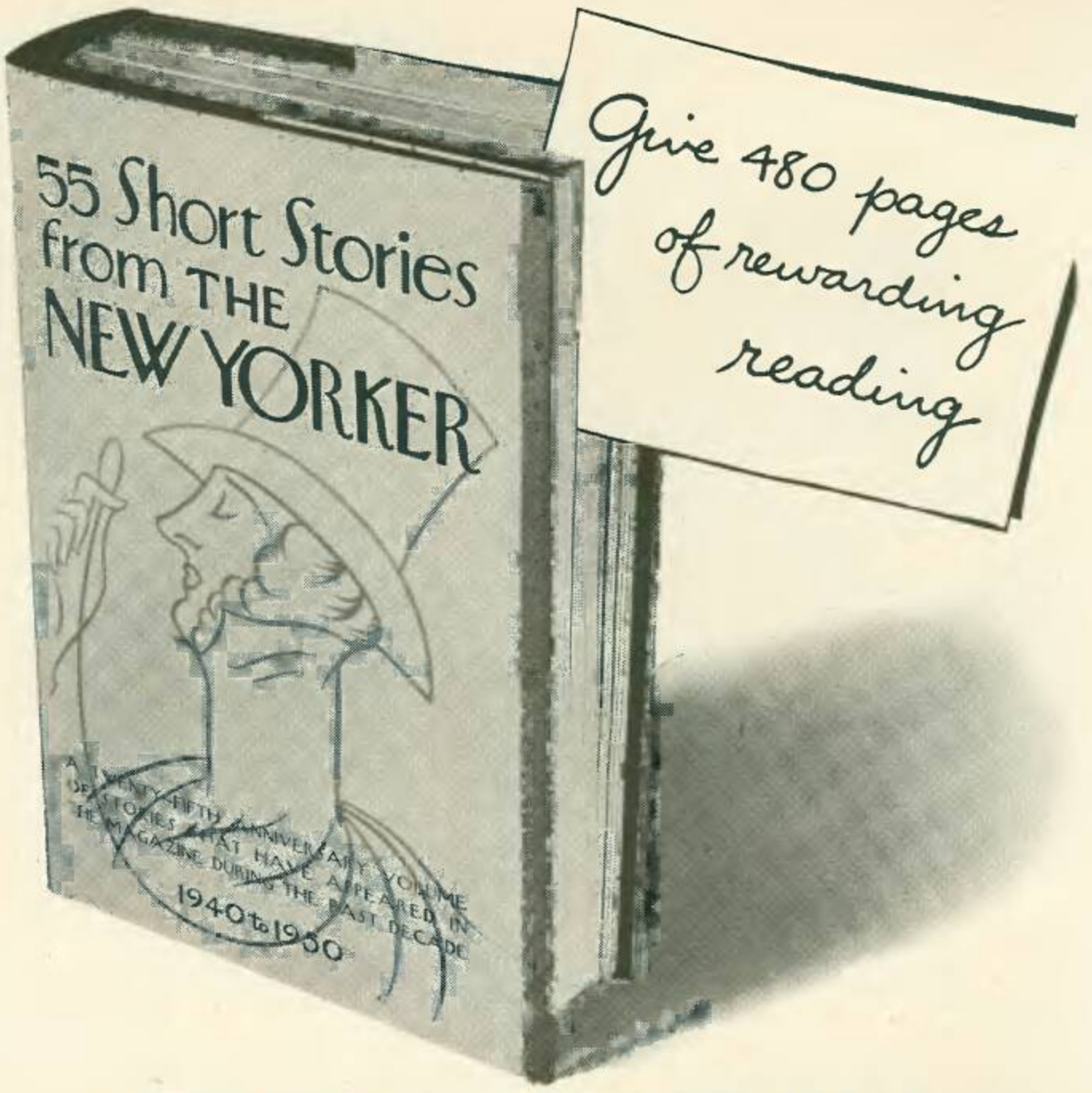
Yet, in spite of all one can say against this book, certainly very inferior Faulkner, none of these stories, however farfetched, fails to awaken that anxious suspense as to what is going to be revealed, to summon that troubled emotion in the presence of human anomaly, which make the strength of his finer fiction. So "Knight's Gambit" does give me a chance to pay a tribute to Faulkner's genius.

—Edmund Wilson

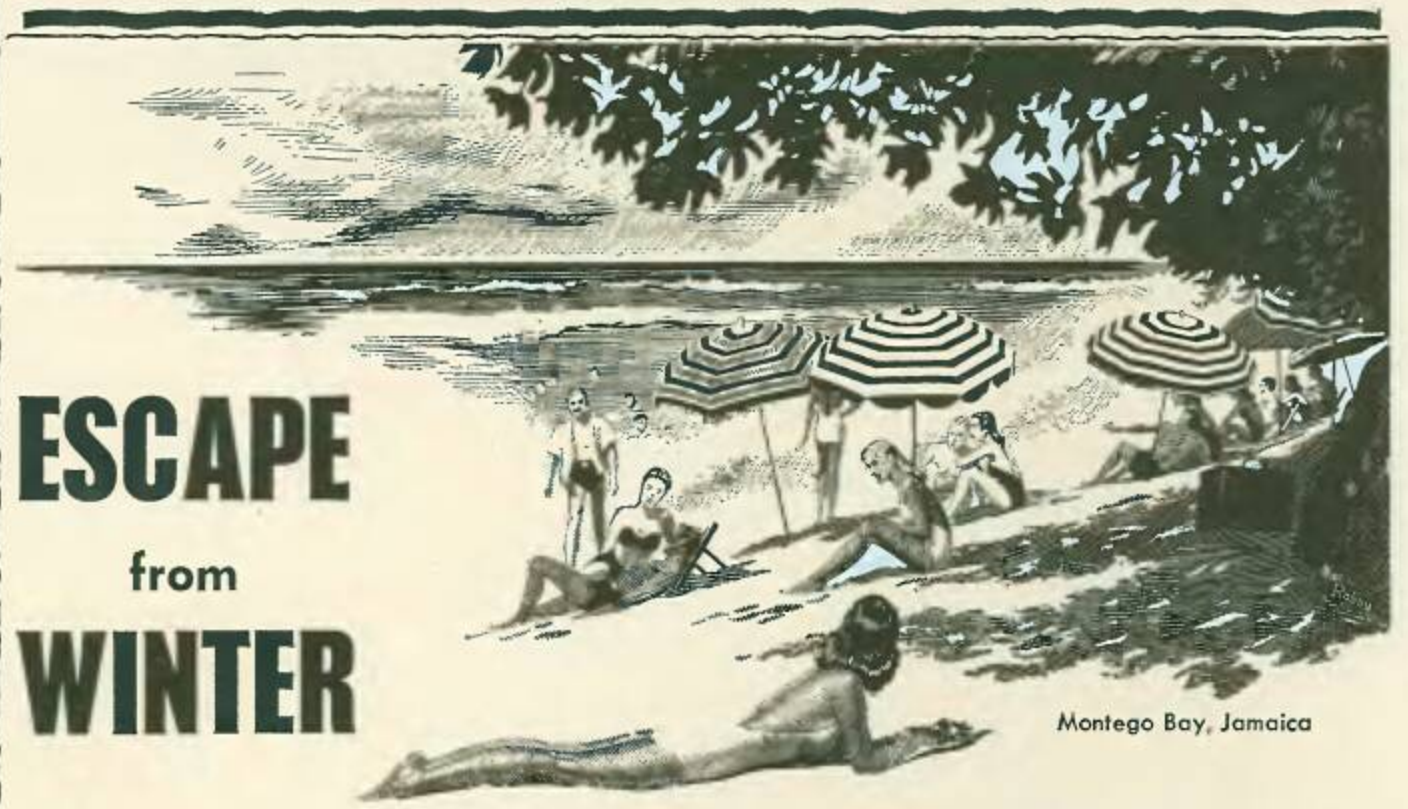
BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Little Boy Lost, by Marghanita Laski (Houghton Mifflin). Hilary Wainwright, a young Englishman very much given to self-pity, sets rather reluctantly about the job of finding his little son, lost in France during the war. He finds a boy who



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may or may not be his, and is faced with deciding whether to accept this child or give up the search for good. The story can't help but be touching, but Hilary is such an unattractive character that it's difficult to have patience with him or his self-indulgent meanderings.

THE MATING SEASON, by P. G. Wodehouse (Didier). Bertie Wooster and his valet, Jeeves, again try to help several of Wooster's friends whose love affairs are badly snarled. This time they find it particularly hard to work things out satisfactorily, possibly because Wooster has lost much of his old resilience and the artful Jeeves has slipped to the point where he has to solve one problem by blackjacking a policeman. Yet it is pleasant, in spite of these disappointments, to watch any entertainer as courteous to his audience and as skillful as this author still is perform a familiar routine, even though the laughs don't come as frequently as they used to. Perhaps Mr. Wodehouse expresses and defines his peculiar quality best in a comment by Bertie Wooster, which may seem amusing or tiresome, depending on where you sit: "In dishing up this narrative for family consumption, it has been my constant aim throughout to get the right word in the right place and to avoid fobbing the customers off with something weak and inexpressive when they have a right to expect the telling phrase. It means a bit of extra work, but one has one's code."

GENERAL

BATTLE REPORT, by Captain Walter Karig, Lieutenant Commander Russell L. Harris, and Lieutenant Commander Frank A. Manson (Rinehart). The fifth, and final, volume of one of the best histories that have come out of the late war. Captain Karig and his colleagues have had access to official Navy records, and a good deal of their material is information that was classified "Secret" (including some fascinating stuff about how the first atomic bomb got to the island of Tinian). Their history is written in a breezy, popular, and literate style that avoids technicalities and general fustiness. It covers the last phase of the war in the Pacific, from the amphibious landings on Luzon to the surrender aboard the battleship Missouri. Many first-rate photographs.

THE CASE OF GENERAL YAMASHITA, by A. Frank Reel (University of



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Chicago Press). An impassioned and indignant review of the trial of General Tomoyuki Yamashita for war crimes supposedly committed by members of his command in the Philippines. The author was appointed to General Yamashita's legal staff and stayed with the case through the appeal to the Supreme Court (denied, 5–2, Justices Murphy and Rutledge dissenting). Among the charges Mr. Reel makes against the American military authorities are denial of sufficient time to prepare an adequate defense (scored by both Justice Murphy and Justice Rutledge), failure to prove any of the serious counts against him, making a man stand trial for actions classified as criminal only after he has entered the prisoner's dock, and acceptance by the trial judges (among whom there were no lawyers) of hearsay evidence. Like Justice Murphy, the author questions the entire theory of "command responsibility," especially when the commander in question is a general officer who, through his enemy's successful efforts, has lost all contact with, and control of, his command. Mr. Reel is clearly pretty angry, but he has prepared this book with care, giving full attention to progressive logic.

I Attacked Pearl Harbor, by Kazuo Sakamaki (Association Press). A curious book that, under its Japanese title "Four Years as Prisoner of War No. One," has been a best-seller in Occupied Japan. Mr. Sakamaki, formerly an ensign in the Japanese Navy, tells of his mission in a midget submarine loosed from a "mother" submarine ten miles from Pearl Harbor on the night of December 6, 1941, and of his capture, two days later, by the Americans. The author, who had perfumed himself in anticipation of an honorable death, suffered a considerable psychological shock when he found he was the first Japanese captured in the war. His narrative of his imprisonment in the United States and of his soul-searching effort to disabuse his mind of the peculiar military mystique under which he had lived is arresting. It is also significant that Mr. Sakamaki, who did not emerge from his American experience either a Christian or a democrat, wrote this book for Japanese readers and seemingly had no thought of ingratiating himself with anybody in particular, which may account for the traces of honest ruefulness he

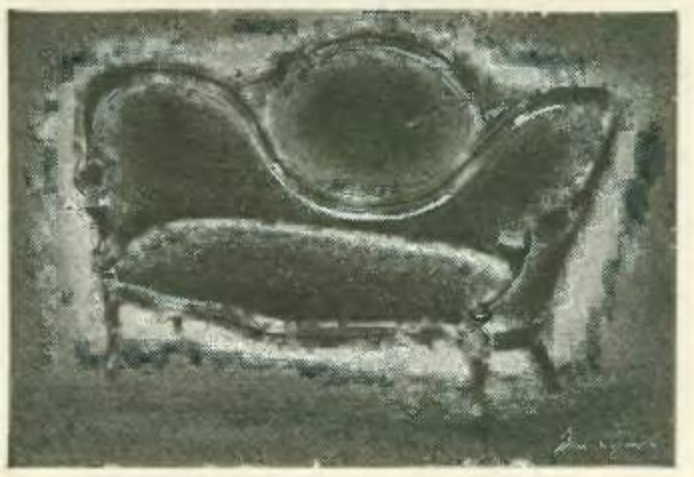
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shows over the collapse of his and his country's ambitions.

THE IRONING BOARD, by Christopher Morley (Doubleday). A selection of his favorite essays, by a man who has developed writing about nothing to an art. Among the subjects Mr. Morley appears to be discussing are Max Beerbohm's style, the sister of Sherlock Holmes who was never mentioned by Conan Doyle, and weeding beets. (In this last essay, Liberator bombers, the attempt on Hitler's life, Joseph Stalin, and Ernie Pyle all creep in, somehow.) The book has its quota of the unforgivable kind of pun that Mr. Morley has taught his public to expect of him, and unless you are familiar with his special references, you may not always know just what he is talking about. He claims he has given up amusing himself in public, but that is not yet apparent. A lot of it is entertaining stuff, however.

KARAMOJO SAFARI, by W. D. M. Bell (Harcourt, Brace). All about big-game hunting in Africa in the days before its jungle fell to Abercrombie & Fitch. Mr. Bell is an expert on the subject by reason of a safari he made some fifty years ago to the Karamojo territory, an amalgam of buffalo grass, swamp, and bacteria that can be reached by striking out from Lake Victoria toward the northeast. Mr. Bell was so taken with the place that he stayed for five years, stocking up on the facts of native life and, with the aid of his Rigby Mauser .275, putting the fecund bush to what must have been the supreme test. His account of the adventure is very readable and is bracketed by end papers designed by the ever-resourceful author himself.

THIS I SAW, by Antonina Vallentin, translated by Katherine Woods (Random House). A biography of Francisco Goya. The author's adroit use of collateral material about the times in which the artist lived and the people who surrounded him gives the book a good deal of the freshness of a novel, but she is careful to separate myth from fact, and the whole work combines liveliness with the authority of conscientious documentation. There are sixteen pages of gravure illustrations—too few, unfortunately, to implement properly the discussions of his paintings in the text.

THE CROOKED CORRIDOR, by Elizabeth Stevenson (Macmillan). A mannerly critical search for the essential Henry James. Miss Stevenson de-

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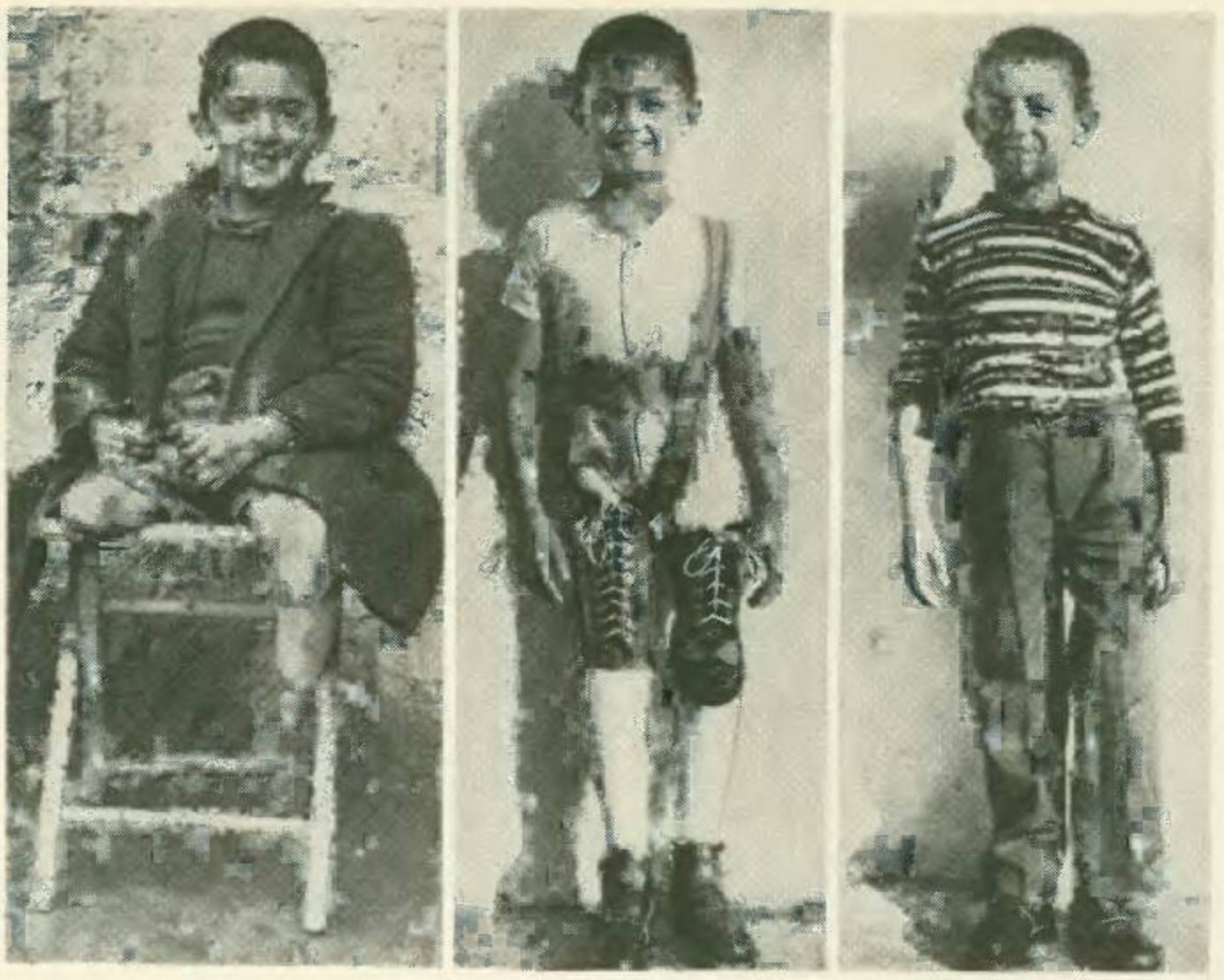
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votes only slightly more than one hundred and fifty pages to the hunt, but it leads her into many of the more interesting out-of-the-way areas of both James's life and work, and at its end she has by the velvet collar a writer whose distinguishing characteristic was his lifelong concern with the enmity that exists between society and the man of sensibility. Pending final word from the academy, where it may be decided that the writer Miss Stevenson has run to earth isn't James at all, one can say only that, viewed from the critical middle distance, the fellow looks awfully like him.

A Little Treasury of American Prose, edited by George Mayberry (Scribner). In fewer than a thousand pages, Mr. Mayberry has done about as complete a job as seems possible in that space. He has printed one selection from almost every American prose writer of importance, two apiece from a whimsically chosen handful (among them Thomas Jefferson and Heywood Broun), and six from Mark Twain. Some readers may quarrel with the preponderance of recent prose (more than half the book is devoted to the twentieth century), with the failure to include a single Negro writer, with the decision to represent Henry James by a chapter from "The Wings of the Dove" rather than by one of his great short stories, and with the strange idea of printing Vanzetti's "Remarks to the Court" in Henry Armetta dialect. Two sections are particularly weak—that of literary criticism, which is full of inexplicable gaps and even odder choices, and that covering the novelists of the past decade. Nevertheless, most of Mr. Mayberry's selections were wisely made, and a few of them, like Austin Regier's statement to the court on his refusal to register for the draft this year, are major discoveries.

New Road, edited by Wrey Gardiner (New Directions). A volume that impels one to say of the British that anthologies of avant-garde writing just aren't their thing. This book, which is the fifth of its line to appear in England since 1943, purports to be an exhibit of new and adventurous prose and verse. What it turns out to be, however, is a mixture of prevailingly undistinguished critical essays, derry-down Irish poetry, and translated scraps of Cocteau, Michaux, and St. John Perse. In sum, the book is predominantly dull, and where not dull (as in the case of



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the French writers), distressingly delayed, and where not delayed (as in the case of most of the poetry), not new but simply Irish.

TRANSITION WORKSHOP, edited by Eugene Jolas (Vanguard). Another anthology. *Transition* was a groundbreaker, of course, and there are many writers represented here whose works were first printed in that magazine—Ernest Hemingway, Kay Boyle, Henry Miller, Franz Kafka, and Hart Crane among them. This book includes the now famous manifesto of the Revolution of the Word, in which some of *Transition's* leading writers came out for an end to the banal kind of writing that makes sense, and which ends with the resounding sentence "The plain reader be damned." (The manifesto, by the way, was written in plain English.) There are also other curiosities, the most bemusing of which, perhaps, is a poem called "priimiititttiii," almost every line of which consists mostly of that word; under the poem is the information that it was translated from the German.

LITERARY ESSAYS and BIOGRAPHICAL ESSAYS, by Lytton Strachey (Harcourt, Brace). It is a good thing to have Strachey's essays collected in small, well-printed, and good-looking volumes, but it was a mistake to break up the author's original arrangements, to group the pieces under these two heads, and to sort them out chronologically according to the dates of the subjects. Strachey's "portraits in miniature" of the historians, which made a significant series and set one another off, are, for example, thus senselessly scattered, and are not even all to be found in the same volume. One hitherto uncollected essay, a study of Charles Greville, has been included in the biographical collection.

GREENWICH VILLAGE, TODAY & YESTERDAY, by Berenice Abbott and Henry Wysham Lanier (Harper). The story, with accompanying photographs, of this celebrated precinct's growth from a bed of muck and clamshells into whatever it is today. Both Miss Abbott, who contributed the pictures, and Mr. Lanier, who wrote the text, are obviously of the opinion that the Village is one of the sacred places of the world and have so expressed themselves—Miss Abbott by concentrating on atmospheric shots of artists at work and of fine old walkups lashed by big-city rain, Mr. Lanier by availing himself of a prose which, as in the following example, is frequently marked by a heady blend of fact and muted woodwinds: "There was a Village. It lounged on the west shore." The whole can probably be counted on to uproot half the adolescent population of Kansas.

AN ALPHABET FOR GOURMETS, by M. F. K. Fisher (Viking.) Within an arbitrarily arranged framework (A is for dining Alone, and so on), a variety of subjects is considered from the vantage point of one well entrenched at table. If Mrs. Fisher doesn't come right out and say that gastronomy is the key to the most pressing of mankind's problems—love, ill temper (X is for Xanthippe), abstinence, wantonness, and nostalgia, among others—she makes it seem highly probable. In spite of an aura of not really unpleasant smugness about the book, it is an entertaining and knowledgeable one, well written whenever the author is not self-consciously turning out a beautiful paragraph.

TANTE MARIE'S FRENCH KITCHEN, translated and adapted by Charlotte Turgeon (Oxford). "'*La Véritable Cuisine de Famille*,' *par Tante Marie*" has, as the blurb on the dust jacket of this translation truly states, "long been a familiar household phrase in France"—often, as the blurbist does not mention, in households where the respected volume was never opened. Tante Marie is no inspired *cordon bleu*, but in reading her sensible formulas for the innumerable dishes that constitute the honorable, if not thrilling, *cuisine bourgeoise* one is struck by the soundness of her instruction and the excellence of her taste. A guide that the beginning cook can trust to lead her into the way of culinary righteousness.

•

Crowe spoke of a noticeable trend in female attire this fall and how it obviously points to an increase in [student] drinking parties. More and more women are noticed, Crowe said, in "blue jeans and other informal attire which means they're going to drinking parties."—*Michigan State News.*

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•

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