Aug. 5, 1950

THE NEW YORKER

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

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

PLAYS

The Cocktail Party—T. S. Eliot's arresting play is both funny and profound, and its occasional obscurity probably won't bother you too much. Now with Henry Daniell and Margaret Phillips, as well as Eileen Peel. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

The Happy Time—A comedy about a high-spirited French-Canadian family and the effect its uninhibited behavior has on an adolescent boy. It is somewhat in the tradition of "I Remember Mama," but neither the wit nor the sentiment is on anything approaching that level. Claude Dauphin heads the cast. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

The Member of the Wedding—Carson McCullers' adaptation of her novel about a young girl's desperate need to identify herself with something or somebody has unusual humor and pathos. Ethel Waters is enormously compelling as a warmhearted old Negro woman, Julie Harris is extremely touching as the loneliest little girl in the world, and eight-year-old Brandon De Wilde gives a remarkable performance as one of her young playmates. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—death of a salesman: The tragic windup of a man who suddenly comes to realize that he can't go on any more. Albert Dekker is now playing 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. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

The Consul—Gian-Carlo Menotti's one-man achievement is an opera in the true sense of the word. Neither the score nor the libretto is particularly distinguished by itself, yet in combination they are tremendously powerful. With Marie Powers, Gloria Lane, and Patricia Neway. Vera Bryner substitutes for Miss Neway at the Monday-evening and Wednesday-matinée performances. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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

Michael Todd's Peep Show—Mr. Todd has resurrected burlesque in a big, rough show that features six former practitioners of the art, as well as some of the handsomest and most lightly clad girls you ever saw. Bobby Clark directed the sketches; the music is the work of many hands, among them those of the King of Thailand; and the cast includes Lina Romay. Not recommended for the overly fastidious. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Peter Pan—Jean Arthur is Peter, Marcia Henderson is Wendy, and Boris Karloff is both Mr. Darling and Captain Hook in this stylish and intelligent revival of the Barrie fantasy. Also, Leonard Bernstein has contributed some excellent incidental music. A first-rate production, though the play itself may call for a somewhat indulgent attitude. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays and Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2:40.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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Tickets, Please!—Except for a few sketches entrusted to its stars, Paul and Grace Hartman, this revue seems a little lacking in humor. Among the other performers are Dorothy Jarnac, Roger Price, Jack Albertson, Tommy Wonder, and Patricia Bright. Nine people collaborated on the music, the lyrics, and the sketches, which may be just a few too many. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—kiss me, kate: "The Taming of the Shrew" as Shakespeare might have written it if he had had a hand from Cole Porter. Now with Anne Jeffreys and Ted Scott. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **south pacific:** Anybody here doesn't know about "South Pacific"? Ray Middleton has replaced Ezio Pinza. but we still have Mary Martin. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.) . . . **where's charley?:** Ray Bolger's version 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.)

MISCELLANY

Parisienne—A comedy by Ashley Dukes adapted from a play by Henry Becque, the first in a series of four classic plays to be produced by Sam Wanamaker and Terese Hayden, in association with Harriett Ames, and directed by Mr. Wanamaker. Faye Emerson, Francis Lederer, and Romney Brent play the leading roles. Closes Saturday, Aug. 5. The second production will be Henrik Ibsen's "The Lady from the Sea," with Luise Rainer. Opens Monday, Aug. 7, and will run through Saturday, Aug. 19. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain, Aug. 7, at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Medium and The Telephone—A double-bill theatre-in-the-round production of Gian-Carlo Menotti's operas, with Zelma Watson George, Edith Gordon, and Paul King. Produced by David Heilweil and Derrick Lynn-Thomas, in association with Chandler Cowles. Directed by Mr. Menotti. (Arena, Hotel Edison, 234 W. 47th St. PL 7-1093. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Aug. 26.)

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THE SUMMER CIRCUIT

(A more or less arbitrary listing of summer theatres and their program schedules. Dates and billings are subject to frequent revision.)

Abingdon—Through Saturday, Aug. 5: "The Corn Is Green." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 7-12: "Born Yesterday." (Barter Theatre, Abingdon, Va. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:15. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Beverly—Through Saturday, Aug. 5: Raymond Massey in "Our Town." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 7-12: Hildegarde in a song-and-piano recital. (North Shore Playhouse, Beverly, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:45.)

Cape May—Through Saturday, Aug. 5: Gloria Jean in "Strictly Dishonorable." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 7-12: Eddie Dowling and Joan McCracken in a new comedy, "Angel in the Pawnshop." (Cape Theatre, Cape May, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Saturdays at 3.)

Chatham—Through Saturday, Aug. 5: "The Petrified Forest." Wednesday through Saturday, Aug. 9-12: "Miranda." (Monomoy Theatre, Chatham, Mass. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Clinton—Through Saturday, Aug. 5: "Clutterbuck." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 7-12: "Harvey." (Music Hall Summer Theatre, Clinton, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40.)

Cohasset—Through Saturday, Aug. 5: Meg Mundy and Dorothy Sands in "Misalliance." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 7-12: Ernest Truex in "Androcles and the Lion." (Cohasset Playhouse, Cohasset, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Friday, Aug. 11, at 2:30.)

Coonamessett—Through Saturday, Aug. 5: Eve Arden in "Over 21." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 7-12: Stuart Erwin in "Harvey." (Falmouth Playhouse, Coonamessett-on-Cape Cod, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Danbury—Through Sunday, Aug. 6: Mimi Benzell in "Naughty Marietta." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 8-13: Hal LeRoy in "Rosalie." (Melody Fair, Danbury, Conn. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30.)

Dennis—Through Saturday, Aug. 5: Gertrude Lawrence and Dennis King in a new play by Arthur Macrae, "Traveller's Joy." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 7-12: Brian Aherne in "Dear Brutus." (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

East Hampton—Through Saturday, Aug. 5: Edward Everett Horton and Vicki Cummings in a new play, "His French Wife." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 7-12: Victor Jory in "The Spider." (John Drew Theatre, East Hampton, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturday, Aug. 5, at 2:40.)

Fayetteville—Through Saturday, Aug. 5: Bea-

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XXVI, No. 24, August 5, 1950. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1950, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Philippines, Latin America, and Spain, $7.50; Canada, $8.00; Other Foreign, $10.00.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

trice Pearson in "Arms and the Man." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 7-12: Claire Luce, Francis L. Sullivan, and Bela Lugosi in "The Devil Also Dreams." (Country Playhouse, Fayetteville, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:45.)

FITCHBURG—Through Saturday, Aug. 5: "Separate Rooms." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 7-12: "The Silver Whistle." (Lake Whalom Playhouse, Fitchburg, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:20.)

HYANNIS—Through Sunday, Aug. 6: "The Vagabond King." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 7-12: "Naughty Marietta." (Cape Cod Music Circus, Hyannis, Mass. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturday, Aug. 12, at 2:30.)

LAMBERTVILLE—Through Sunday, Aug. 6: "No, No, Nanette." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 8-13: "Sari." (Lambertville Music Circus, Lambertville, N.J. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

MARBLEHEAD—Through Saturday, Aug. 5: Fran Warren in "Finian's Rainbow." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 7-12: Scott McKay in "The Live Wire," a new comedy by Garson Kanin. (Marblehead Playhouse, Marblehead, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40.)

MATUNUCK—Through Saturday, Aug. 5: Sylvia Sidney in "Goodbye, My Fancy." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 7-12: Jane Kean in "Born Yesterday." (Theatre-by-the-Sea, Matunuck, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

MILLBURN—"Naughty Marietta." (Paper Mill Playhouse, Millburn, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MOUNTAINHOME—Through Saturday, Aug. 5: Nancy Carroll in "Goodbye, My Fancy." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 7-12: Arthur Treacher in "Clutterbuck." (Pocono Playhouse, Mountainhome, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MOUNT KISCO—Through Saturday, Aug. 5: Estelle Winwood in "Hay Fever." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 7-12: J. Edward Bromberg and Lee Grant in "Born Yesterday." (Westchester Playhouse, Mount Kisco, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

MOYLAN—Thursday, Aug. 3: "Thunder on the Left." Friday and Saturday, Aug. 4-5, and Tuesday, Aug. 8: "The Cherry Orchard." Wednesday, Aug. 9: "Skipper Next to God." Thursday and Friday, Aug. 10-11: "Ladies in Arms." Saturday, Aug. 12: "Uncle Vanya." (Hedgerow Theatre, Moylan, Pa. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30.)

NEW HOPE—Through Saturday, Aug. 5: Victor Jory in "The Spider." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 7-12: "Harvey." (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

NEWPORT—Through Saturday, Aug. 5: Lillian Gish in a new play, "Miss Mabel." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 7-12: Zasu Pitts in "Post Road." (Casino Theatre, Newport, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

NORWICH—Through Saturday, Aug. 5: Eddie Albert in "The Show-Off." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 7-12: Zachary Scott in "Blind Alley." (Norwich Summer Theatre, Norwich, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OGUNQUIT—Through Saturday, Aug. 5: "Just Around the Corner," a new musical. Monday through Saturday, Aug. 7-12: William Eythe in "The Silver Whistle." (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

OLNEY—Through Sunday, Aug. 6: Luise Rainer in "The Lady from the Sea." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 8-13: Basil Rathbone in "The Winslow Boy." (Olney Theatre, Olney, Md. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40.

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Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

PAWLING—Through Sunday, Aug. 6: "You Can't Take It with You." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 8-13: "See How They Run." (Starlight Theatre, Pawling, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

PETERBOROUGH—Through Saturday, Aug. 5: "The Glass Menagerie." Starting Wednesday, Aug. 9: "The Fatal Weakness." (Peterborough Players, Peterborough, N.H. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:40.)

PRINCETON—Through Saturday, Aug. 5: Jack Whiting and Carol Stone in "The Gay Divorce." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 7-12: Raymond Massey in "Our Town." (Princeton Summer Theatre, Princeton, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

PROVINCETOWN—Through Saturday, Aug. 5: "Anna Christie." Starting Monday, Aug. 7: "The Golden Cuckoo," a new play. (Provincetown Playhouse, Provincetown, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30.)

SARATOGA—Through Saturday, Aug. 5: Burl Ives in "Knickerbocker Holiday." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 7-12: Nancy Walker in "On the Town." (Spa Theatre, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

SEA CLIFF—Through Saturday, Aug. 5: Nigel Bruce in "Yes, M'Lord." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 7-12: Laraine Day in "Angel Street." (Sea Cliff Summer Theatre, Sea Cliff, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

SKOWHEGAN—Through Saturday, Aug. 5: Fay Bainter and Ian Keith in "Nothing Serious," a new comedy by P. G. Wodehouse. Monday through Saturday, Aug. 7-12: "Goodbye, My Fancy." (Lakewood Theatre, Skowhegan, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Wednesday, Aug. 9, at 2:30.)

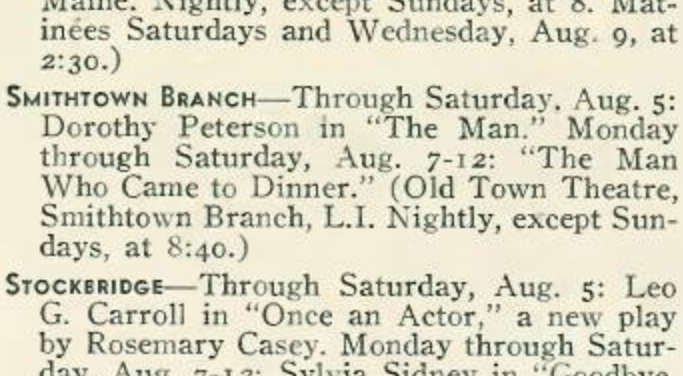
SMITHTOWN BRANCH—Through Saturday, Aug. 5: Dorothy Peterson in "The Man." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 7-12: "The Man Who Came to Dinner." (Old Town Theatre, Smithtown Branch, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40.)

STOCKBRIDGE—Through Saturday, Aug. 5: Leo G. Carroll in "Once an Actor," a new play by Rosemary Casey. Monday through Saturday, Aug. 7-12: Sylvia Sidney in "Goodbye, My Fancy." (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

WESTPORT—Through Saturday, Aug. 5: Florence Reed in "The Long Days," a new play by Davis Snow. Monday through Saturday, Aug. 7-12: Gertrude Lawrence and Dennis King in a new play by Arthur Macrae, "Traveller's Joy." (Westport Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:40.)

WOODSTOCK—Through Sunday, Aug. 6: "On Approval." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 8-13: "Dandy Dick." (Woodstock Playhouse, Woodstock, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45. Matinées Saturdays at 2:45.)

WORCESTER—Through Sunday, Aug. 6: "The Silver Whistle." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 8-13: "Born Yesterday." (The Playhouse, Worcester, Mass. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:20. Matinées Saturdays at 2:20.)



NOTE—JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL: Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, Aug. 5: La Meri and Peter di Falco, Bocchino and his company, and Myra Kinch. . . . ¶ Wednesday through Saturday, Aug. 9-12: Ted Shawn, La Meri, and others. (Lee, Mass. Wednesdays at 9, Thursdays at 4, and Fridays and Saturdays at 4 and 9; through Saturday, Sept. 2.) . . . AMERICAN DANCE FESTIVAL: Dance programs, including several new works, with the Dudley-Maslow-Bales Company, José Limón and his company, Pauline Koner, Merce Cunningham, and others. (Palmer Auditorium, New London, Conn. Fridays at 8:30, Saturdays at 2:30 and 8:30, and Sundays at 4:30; through Sunday, Aug. 20.)

NIGHT LIFE

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

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Jules Lande's band is spending the summer in the subterranean but pleasant Garden, where it plays for dancing every night but Sunday.

ASTOR ROOF, Broadway at 44th St. (CI 6-6000)—Through Saturday, Aug. 5, Tommy Dorsey's orchestra, perfectly suited to the small fry who are fond of dancing on this lofty ceiling. Starting on Monday, Aug. 7, Xavier Cugat and his Latin-American tub-thumpers will do the honors. Closed Sundays.

BILTMORE, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Harold Nagel's orchestra plays for cocktails in the Palm Court except Sundays, and, except Saturdays and Sundays, for dinner on the Cascades Roof, where, after ten, Dr. Sydney Ross, a local prestidigitator, passes a few miracles. No dancing anywhere.

BOSSERT, Montague and Hicks Sts., Brooklyn (MA 4-8100)—The Marine Roof, a crow's-nest far above New York Harbor, is open once more for dinner and (after nine) dancing to the music of Bob Collum's band. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

CAFÉ SOCIETY, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Billy Daniels' rhapsodic rendezvous with passion. Cliff Jackson is, as always, the interlude pianist. Dancing.

DIAMOND HORSESHOE, 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500)—Billy Rose's reminiscences of early New York café life as it probably never was. The most entertaining mementos are Walter Dere Wahl and the Rigoletto Brothers. W. C. Handy and Harry Armstrong, ancient and heartwarming, are also around. Noble Sissle and Billy Banks are the bandmasters. Dancing.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Nothing is so amusing to the denizens of this year-round resort as the things they say to one another. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing. Closed Sundays.

NEW YORKER, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—The Terrace Room again has an ice show at dinner and supper, looking like all other ice shows but demonstrating how much can be done with a cake of ice, a dozen pairs of skates, and six pairs of beautiful legs. Jean Arlen has the best pair of each. Bernie Cummins' big band, happily, is softer-voiced than most. Peter Kent's orchestra helps out. Closed Sundays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Stanley Worth's orchestra plays for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing in the elegant Café Pierre. Bernice Byres sings and Pancho Pistolas plucks at his guitar from six on.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Rendez-Vous Room, a rapturous idealization of "Wien, Wien," has (after eight-thirty) Maximillian Bergere's and Emery Deutsch's dance orchestras. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's music tinkles in the Palm



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Court at the cocktail hour. No dancing. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—In the Grill, Teddy Powell's lush and lyric dance music. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Roof, handsome and serene and débutante, where the orchestras of Milt Shaw and Horace Diaz lope steadily along hour after hour. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra is on tap in the Café Lounge at dinner and supper. Tea dancing every afternoon.

STATLER, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—In the Café Rouge, through Wednesday, Aug. 9, Shep Fields' orchestra will ripple rhythmically almost all evening, from dinnertime on, for the neighborhood athletes. Next night, Jan Garber's orchestra moves in. Closed Sundays.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—The lamps in this cramming school, now halfway through its summer session, burn until all hours as the youngsters try hard to make up for lost time. Suzy Mulligan is on hand every evening to sing her little charges to sleep. Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band supply the customary dance music.

TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN, Central Park W. at 67th St. (SC 4-8100)—Every night, except when the angels are weeping, there is dancing under the trees and the stars from seven on. Inner nourishment, too, after a fashion.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—A gilded cage with a good deal of wing space. Emile Petti's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band take up most of the evening, and Don Cornell, a newcomer, sings a couple of times. On Wednesday, Aug. 9, Bernice Parks will replace Mr. Cornell.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Phil Spitalny's Hour of Charm (Constance and her carefree contra bassoon, and all the others) and Griff Williams' dance band are unveiled at dinner and supper on the Starlight Roof. On Sundays, no show, but Mischa Borr's band plays until midnight.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): After nine every evening but Sunday, Eadie and Rack, seated mostly at their twin pianos, conduct a lively series of at-homes for light-sleeping Thespians. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): The bubbly and inviting dance music of Eddie Davis after eight. Phil D'Arcy's trio plays, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Some of the boys are in Saratoga now, of course, but enough have stayed behind to keep this home fire burning. Nicolas Mathey's string trio prowls from table to table from dinnertime on, and Ernie Warren's trio lends a hand later in the evening. Sundays, Nancy Reed's piano is the only obbligato to the small talk. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Subdued piano and fiddle after nine-thirty for a not especially subdued audience. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 85 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spain on a folksy, neighborhood level, with furious indigenous dances by both cast and clients. Closed Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Things are fairly quiet on this Greenwich Village front, but those old reliables, Bob Downey and Hazel Webster, play piano and some newcomers sing. Antique movies on Sundays. . . . **NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): In the bar of this busy bit of 1960 décor, Rudy Timfield's dinner and supper piano. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 137 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4759): Except Sundays, up over the tumultuous Show Spot bar, Mabel Mercer's eloquent songs about the love life of the moderns. Sam Hamilton is her pianist. . . . **LA COMMEDIA,** 59 W. 52nd St. (PL 9-3477): Laurie Brewis starts his transatlantic piano repertory at nine, and later Nancy Eliot, a small redhead, adds her sad songs. Closed Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Jimmie Daniels, flanked by three of his lifelong co-workers—Mae Barnes, who can single-throatedly shout down the walls of

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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6	7	8	9	10	11	12

Jericho; Norene Tate, singing and playing piano; and Garland Wilson, playing piano and clowning—takes off around ten-thirty. Alice Ghostley and G. Wood, two up-and-coming humorists, also have plenty to say for themselves. Closed Mondays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND CAFÉ,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Don Abney's piano from seven to one, except Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): The major trimming for the lackadaisical prancings of the Copa dolls is Betty Reilly, quite a doll herself, who sings with considerable verve. Dancing by the customers, too. . . . **RIVIERA,** Fort Lee, N.J. (Fort Lee 8-2000): Zero Mostel is being thrown to the lions twice nightly in this amphitheatre. Jack Cole, a bundle of nervous energy, and his ballet dancers go through a series of gyrations that may or may not be chock-full of symbolism. Pupi Campo's and Walter Nye's orchestras are on the gliding bandstand.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison emptying his fabled horn of plenty to the rousing accompaniment of Cutty Cutshall, Peanuts Hucko, Buzzy Drootin, Gene Schroeder, and sometimes Mr. Condon. On Tuesdays, visiting firebrands compound the chaos. Monday, Aug. 7, Ralph Sutton comes back home to resume his piano interludes. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's Dixieland band, with Andy Russo on trombone, is working here. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Jimmy Archey, Tommy Benford, Pops Foster, and Dick Wellstood, experimenting with their pet brand of mechanical therapy. Don Frye plays piano while they're out wiping their brows. Jam sessions Monday nights; closed Sundays. Dancing. . . . **BOP CITY,** 1619 Broadway, at 49th St. (JU 6-3170): Ella Fitzgerald's freewheeling voice lights up the Broadway sky, aided by some useful piano by Hank Jones and occasionally slightly smothered by Illinois Jacquet's band, which doesn't quite know its own strength. The quiet intricacies of Cy Coleman's trio are more restful. Ray Perry, by the way, plays a wonderful jazz fiddle for Mr. Jacquet. On Thursday, Aug. 10, Louis Jordan's Tympany Five, Lester Young's band, and the Les Paul Trio move in. Closed Mondays. . . . **PARK SHERATON,** Seventh Ave. at 55th St. (CI 7-8000): Joe Bushkin's trio, revolving high above the bar on a flying saucer, is definitely the life of the party in the big Mermaid Room. All quiet Sundays. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (CI 7-9134): Through Wednesday, Aug. 9, Coleman Hawkins, whose saxophone is not often heard in these parts nowadays; Dizzy Gillespie, who frequently seems to be playing a dentist's drill; Charlie Parker's string (yes, string) bebop band. Jam sessions Mondays. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO,** 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): Those Friday-night rigadoons. On Aug. 4, Wild Bill Davison's band (Benny Morton, Edmond Hall, and George Wettling) and Oran Page's band (Rex Stewart, Wilbur de Paris, Buster Bailey, and James P. Johnson) will attempt to find out who has the heavier artillery. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Another carbarn for the young ones' Friday flings. On Aug. 4, Sid Catlett, Willie the Lion Smith, and Kansas Fields will be among those present. Dancing.



IN THE COUNTRY

DANCING—GLEN ISLAND CASINO, New Rochelle, N.Y. (New Rochelle 6-6500): Gene Williams' orchestra; closed Mondays. . . . **CHANTICLER,** Millburn, N.J. (Millburn 6-1454): Bill Cooper's orchestra; closed Mondays. . . . **BOWDEN SQUARE,** Southampton, L.I. (Southampton 788): Irving Fields' trio, except Mondays.

DINNER—Places to dine (without dancing, unless noted) while out motoring—**BETHPAGE, L.I.:** Beau Sejour (Hicksville 3-0091); closed Tuesdays. . . . **CLOSTER, N.J.:** Closter Manor (Closter 5-0277); closed Mondays. . . . **COLD SPRING HARBOR, L.I.:** Mooring-on-the-Sound (Cold Spring Harbor 998). . . . **CONGERS, N.Y.:** Jean's (Congers 8-6178); closed Mondays. . . . **CROTON FALLS, N.Y.:** Massé's (Croton Falls 7-8560); closed Tuesdays. . . . **DANBURY, CONN.:** White Turkey Inn (Danbury 3-2726); closed Mondays. . . . **DOVER PLAINS, N.Y.:** Old Drovers Inn (Dover Plains 2781). . . . **EAST HAMPTON, L.I.:** Sea Spray Inn (East Hampton 475). . . . **EAST NORWICH, L.I.:** Rothmann's Inn (Oyster Bay 6-0266). . . . **FISHKILL, N.Y.:** Boni's Inn (Beacon 167). . . . ¶ Gertrude Hart's (Beacon 979). . . . **GARRISON, N.Y.:** Bird and Bottle (Garrison 4-3342); closed Tuesdays. . . . **GLENWOOD LANDING, L.I.:** Swan Club (Roslyn 3-0037); dancing every evening except Monday. . . . **HAMPTON BAYS, L.I.:** Cruiser Club (Hampton Bays 342); closed Tuesdays. . . . ¶ Canoe Place Inn (Hampton Bays 150); dancing on Saturday evenings. . . . **HARTSDALE, N.Y.:** Tordo's (White Plains 8-0597). . . . **LAKE SUCCESS, L.I.:** Mori's (Great Neck 2-3600); closed Tuesdays. . . . **NEW HOPE, PA.:** Tow-Path House (New Hope 3784). . . . **NORWALK, CONN.:** Silvermine Tavern (Norwalk 6-2588). . . . ¶ Stirrup-Cup (Norwalk 6-5044); dancing on Saturday evenings. . . . ¶ Jolly Fisherman (Norwalk 8-3246). . . . **PORT WASHINGTON, L.I.:** Miramar (Port Washington 7-1829); Ralph Strain at the piano after ten, except Tuesdays. . . . **POUND RIDGE, N.Y.:** Emily Shaw's Inn (Pound Ridge 4-9371); closed Mondays. . . . **RIDGEFIELD, CONN.:** Hearthstone Outpost Inn (Ridgefield 1120). . . . ¶ Stonehenge (Ridgefield 232); Peter Walters at the piano, except Mondays. . . . ¶ Fox Hill, on Route 7 between Ridgefield and Danbury (Ridgefield 870). . . . **ROSLYN, L.I.:** Blue Spruce Inn (Roslyn 3-3300); closed Mondays. . . . **SMITHTOWN, L.I.:** Riverside Inn (Smithtown 1016); closed Tuesdays. . . . **SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.:** Round Hill (Huntington 1371); closed Mondays. . . . **SYOSSET, L.I.:** Stockholm (Syosset 6-1798); closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Villa Victor (Syosset 6-1706). . . . **TARRYTOWN, N.Y.:** Tappan Hill (Tarrytown 4-3031); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . . **WAPPINGERS FALLS, N.Y.:** Wendover Farms (Poughkeepsie 8100); dancing on Saturday evenings. . . . **WESTBURY, L.I.:** Westbury Manor (Westbury 7-2184). . . . **WESTHAMPTON BEACH, L.I.:** Dune Deck (Westhampton 1400). . . . **WESTPORT, CONN.:** Red Barn (Westport 2-3971). . . . **YORKTOWN HEIGHTS, N.Y.:** Croton Heights Inn (Yorktown Heights 2-4090); closed Mondays.

ART

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

GALLERIES

GROUP SHOWS—At the **BABCOCK,** 38 E. 57th St.: Works by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans, from Winslow Homer and Albert Ryder to Jean Liberte, Sol Wilson, and John McCoy; through Sept. 8. . . . **CONTEMPORARY**

ARTS, 106 E. 57th St.: A nicely varied collection of canvases and sculptures by Philip Pieck, Beatrice Cuming, Joseph Konzal, Ellis Wilson, and others, plus a group show centered on 57th Street scenes and personalities. Weekdays. 10 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 10:30; through Aug. 31.... **FERARGIL,** 63 E. 57th St.: A pleasant group of oils and other works by such gallery artists as Paul Klee, Maxwell Mays, and Lucius Crowell; through Aug. 31.... **KRAUSHAAR,** 32 E. 57th St.: Contemporary painters, among them John Sloan, William Kienbusch, and Karl Schrag, in a showing of oils; through Aug. 31.... **MILCH,** 55 E. 57th St.: Oils and water colors by Childe Hassam, John Twachtman, Leon Kroll, and other Americans of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries; through Sept. 1.... **SALPETER,** 36 W. 56th St.: New paintings, in several mediums, by Maurice Sievan, Shirley Hendrick, and Charles Heidenreich, among others. Weekdays, noon to 6; through Sept. 30.... **WELLONS,** 43 E. 50th St.: Sculptures and paintings by Gaston Lachaise, Henry Lee McFee, Paul Manship, William Harnett, and others; through Sept. 30. Open Saturdays.

LANDSCAPES—A small selection of French, Dutch, and English scenes, with examples by Courbet, Ruysdael, Constable, artists of the Barbizon school, and other famous exponents. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.; through Aug. 31.)

PRINTS—An exhibition spanning the last half century. Artists of several countries are represented, among them Renoir, Picasso, Rivera, and Hayter. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Weekdays. 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10; through Oct. 21.)

THE WOMAN IN FRENCH PAINTING—As seen through the eyes of painters of the more or less ascetic sixteenth century, the frivolous seventeenth and eighteenth, and the Impressionistic nineteenth. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.; through Sept. 1.)

MUSEUMS

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Recently acquired American Indian, pre-Columbian Mexican, and Egyptian material. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; through Sept. 4.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibition taken from the permanent collection of American paintings, drawings, and prints, and covering, roughly, the last fifty years. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; through Oct. 29.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of the work of the late Norwegian Edvard Munch, one of the forerunners of Expressionism; through Aug. 13.... ¶ In the Museum garden (entrance at 4 W. 54th St.), a one-story house, designed by Gregory Ain; through Oct. 29. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A showing by the Museum's regulars, among them Hilla Rebay, Josef Albers, and Alice Mason, as well as by some Europeans who are new exhibitors here. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6; through Aug. 31.)

NEWARK MUSEUM, 49 Washington St., Newark—Twenty-seven pieces of sculpture by such contemporaries as Calder, Lachaise, Zorach, Epstein, and Maldarelli. (Weekdays, noon to 5; Thursday evenings, 6:30 to 9; Sundays, 2 to 6; through Sept. 30.)

IN THE COUNTRY

ANDOVER, MASS. Addison Gallery of American Art: Student work from a number of art schools and universities throughout the country. Weekdays, 9 to 5; Sundays, 2:30 to 5; through Sept. 24.... **CANAAN, N.Y.** Berkshire Art Center: John Marin, Jean Liberte, Julian Levi, and others. Daily, 3 to 6; through Sept. 4.... **EAST HAMPTON, L.I.** Guild Hall: Oils and water colors by several artists associated with the Knoedler gallery, among them Wing Howard, Ernest Fiene, and Eugene Berman; through Aug. 9. Starting Aug. 11, an exhibition by Guild Hall members. Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 3 to 6.... **ESSEX, CONN.** Essex Art Association: A members' group show. Daily, 1 to 5; through Aug. 20.... **GLOUCESTER, MASS.** North Shore Arts Association: Gordon Grant, Henry Gasser, Anthony Thieme, and others. Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; through Sept. 17.... **MYSTIC, CONN.** Mystic Art Association: Robert Brackman, Jacques

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Maroger, and others. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5; through Sept. 4. . . . NORWALK, CONN. Silvermine Guild of Artists: "Summer in the Country," a group show; through Aug. 5. Starting the next day, a new theme, "Religion in Art." Daily, except Tuesdays, 1 to 6. . . . OGUNQUIT, MAINE. Ogunquit Art Association: Thirtieth annual exhibition of paintings. Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 1 to 5:30; through Sept. 4. . . . OLD LYME, CONN. Lyme Art Association: Forty-ninth annual summer showing. Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6; through Aug. 20. . . . PITTSFIELD, MASS. The Berkshire Museum: Sculpture by Daniel Chester French. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5; starting Aug. 5. . . . PROVINCETOWN, MASS. Provincetown Art Association: Hans Hofmann, John Whorf, Maurice Sterne, and others. Daily, 10 to 10; starting Aug. 6. . . . ROCKLAND, MAINE. William A. Farnsworth Art Museum: Oils, water colors, and drawings by about forty artists who have worked on Monhegan Island, among them George Bellows, Revington Arthur, and Milton Avery. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; through Aug. 30. . . . ROCKPORT, MASS. Rockport Art Association: A new showing by Stow Wengenroth, Gifford Beal, and others. Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 2:30 to 6; starting Aug. 5. . . . SALISBURY, CONN. George Baer Gallery: Paintings by "The Eight," among whom are Luks, Prendergast, and Sloan, along with work by such younger artists as Karl Schrag and William Kienbusch. Weekdays, 10 to 5; through Sept. 5. . . . SOUTHAMPTON, L.I. Parrish Museum: A group exhibition by local artists. Mondays, 2 to 5; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Thursday evenings, 7 to 9; Sundays, 3 to 5; through Aug. 13. . . . STONY BROOK, L.I. Suffolk Museum: A loan show of oils and water colors by Winslow Homer. Wednesdays through Sundays, 12:30 to 5:30; through Aug. 13. . . . WOODSTOCK, N.Y. Woodstock Artists Association: Eugene Speicher, Henry Matson, Alfeo Maggi, and others. Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5 and 7 to 9; Sundays, 2 to 5; starting Aug. 5.

MUSIC

IN TOWN

STADIUM CONCERTS—The final performances of the season by the Philharmonic-Symphony at Lewisohn Stadium. In case of rain, last-minute plans are broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M., over WNYC. Thursday, Aug. 3, at 8:30: Vladimir Golschmann conducting, with Isaac Stern, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 5, at 8:30: Salvatore Dell'Isola conducting an all-Rodgers-and-Hammerstein program, with Gladys Swarthout, mezzo-soprano; Annamary Dickey, soprano; Thomas Hayward, tenor; and Robert Weede, baritone. (Tickets are available at Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St., AD 4-5800, and at the Steinway Bldg., 113 W. 57th St., CI 7-5534.)

JUILLIARD CONCERTS—Final performances of the season—Thursday, Aug. 3: Juilliard Summer Symphony, Walter Hendl conducting, with Beveridge Webster, piano. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 8-9: Programs of opera excerpts presented by the school's Opera Workshop and directed by Fritz Mahler. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 10: Juilliard Summer Symphony, Walter Hendl conducting. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. All at 4. For information about tickets, call MO 3-7200, Ext. 33.)

CENTRAL PARK MALL CONCERTS—Edwin Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in the final performances in this year's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8:30; through Sunday, Aug. 13.)

IN THE COUNTRY

BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL—Final performances of the season by the Boston Symphony—Thursday, Aug. 3, at 8:15: Victor de Sabata conducting; no soloist. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 5, at 8:15: Victor de Sabata conducting; no soloist. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 6, at 3: Leonard Bernstein conducting and acting as piano soloist. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 10, at 5 and 8:15: Serge Koussevitzky conducting Bach's B-Minor Mass, with Adele Addison, soprano; Eunice Alberts, contralto; David Lloyd, tenor; and James Pease, baritone. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 11, at 6: The annual "Tanglewood on Parade" program, with Serge Koussevitzky conducting the Boston Symphony and Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt narrating "Peter and the Wolf." Waltzing on the lawn and door prizes, too. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 12, at 8:15: Eleazar de Carvalho conducting, with Joseph de Pasquale, viola. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 13, at 3: Serge Koussevitzky conducting; no soloist. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass.)

BERKSHIRE QUARTET—A series of chamber-music concerts. (Music Mountain, Falls Village, Conn. Sundays at 4.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. Pittsburgh, Thursday, Aug. 3, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Cincinnati, Friday, Aug. 4, at 8:30; Saturday, Aug. 5, at 2; and Sunday, Aug. 6, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, Tuesday, Aug. 8, at 8:30, and Wednesday, Aug. 9, at 1:30. . . . ¶ POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Friday, Aug. 4, at 8:30; Saturday, Aug. 5, at 2:30; and Sunday, Aug. 6, at 2:05 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Giants vs. Boston, Monday, Aug. 7, at 8:30. . . . YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Boston, Tuesday, Aug. 8, at 8:30, and Wednesday, Aug. 9, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Thursday, Aug. 10, at 2:30; Friday, Aug. 11, at 8:30; and Saturday, Aug. 12, at 2.

BOXING—Ray Robinson vs. Charley Fusari, 15 rounds, for the World's Welterweight Championship. For the benefit of the Damon Runyon Memorial Cancer Fund. (Roosevelt Stadium, Jersey City. Wednesday, Aug. 9. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

GOLF—John G. Anderson Memorial Tournament. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck. Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 3-6.) . . . ¶ Sectional qualifying rounds for the U.S.G.A. Amateur Championship. (Montclair Golf Club, Montclair, N.J. Tuesday, Aug. 8.) . . . ¶ Long Island Golf Association Scotch Foursomes Championship. (Piping Rock Club, Locust Valley, L.I. Wednesday, Aug. 9.) . . . ¶ Westchester County Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck. Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 10-12.)

MOTORBOAT RACING—National Sweepstakes. (Red Bank, N.J. Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 5-6.)

POLO—At BOSTWICK FIELD, Westbury: Sundays at 3:30. The first match in the National Twenty-Goal Tournament, Sunday, Aug. 6. . . . BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase: Sundays at 3:30.

RACING—At SARATOGA SPRINGS: Weekdays at 2:30; through Saturday, Aug. 26. The Test, Friday, Aug. 4; the United States Hotel and the Whitney, Saturday, Aug. 5; the Schuylerville, Wednesday, Aug. 9; and the Saratoga Special and the Travers, Saturday, Aug. 12. . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2:30; through Wednesday, Aug. 9. The Molly Pitcher Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 5. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 12:25, and Saturdays at 11:55. Weekdays, a boat leaves Pier 80, W. 40th St., at 11, and Pier 1, Battery Pl., at 11:45; it is met by buses for the track.)

TENNIS—Eastern Grass Court Championships. (Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N.J. Through Sunday, Aug. 6.) . . . ¶ Men's Invitation Tournament. (Newport Casino Lawn Tennis Club, Newport, R.I. Monday through Sunday, Aug. 7-13.) . . . ¶ Davis Cup Inter-Zone Final. (Westchester Country Club, Rye. Friday through Sunday, Aug. 11-13.)

TROTTING—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:40; through Saturday, Sept. 23. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Thursdays at 7:03, and Fridays and Saturdays at 6:49 and 7:03.). . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Aug. 26. . . . GOOD TIME TRACK, Goshen: Daily at 1:30; from Monday, Aug. 7, through Friday, Aug. 11. The Hambletonian, Wednesday, Aug. 9.

YACHTING—Marblehead Race Week. (Marblehead, Mass. Saturday, Aug. 5, through Saturday, Aug. 12.) . . . ¶ Hyannis Yacht Club

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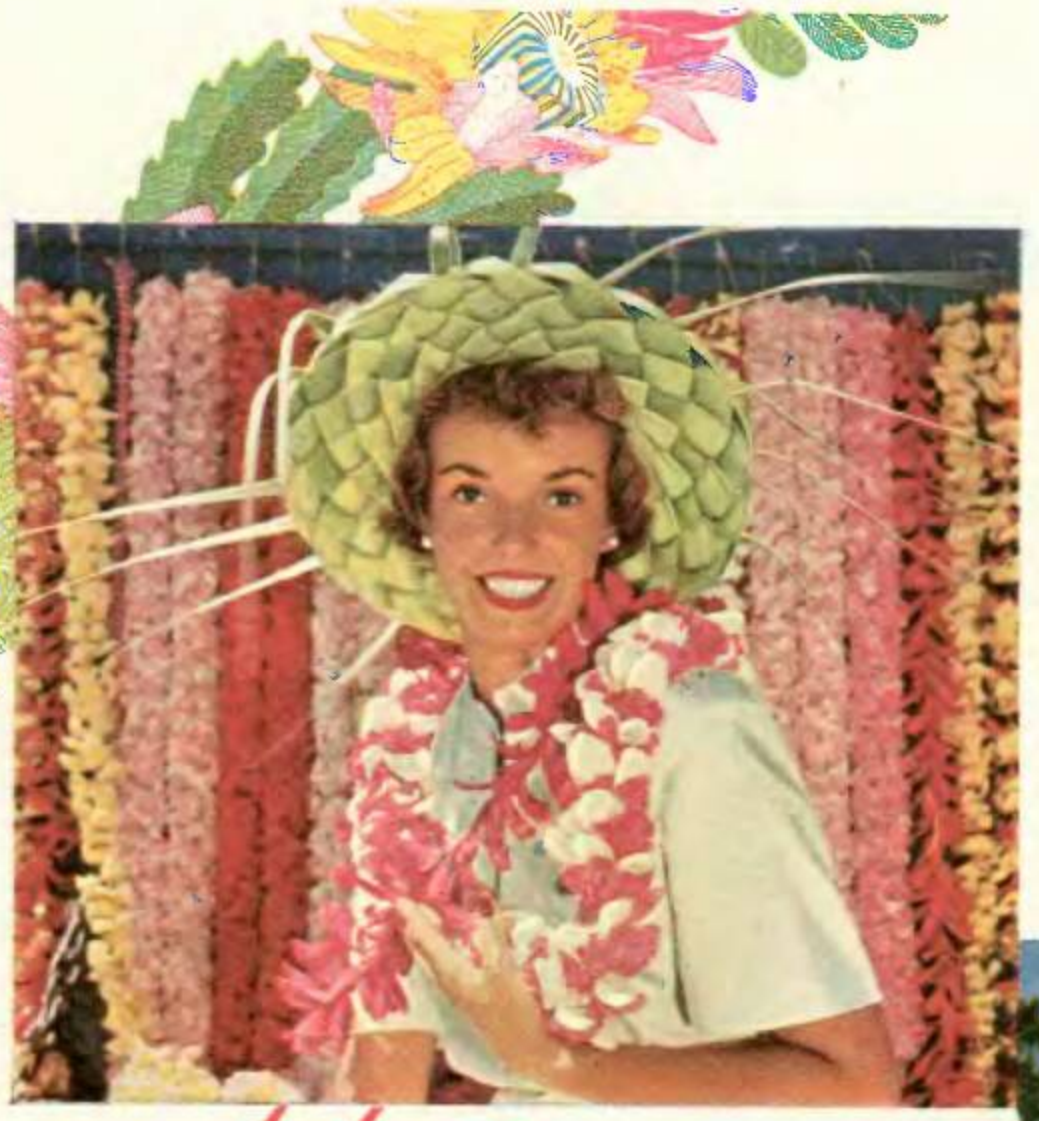
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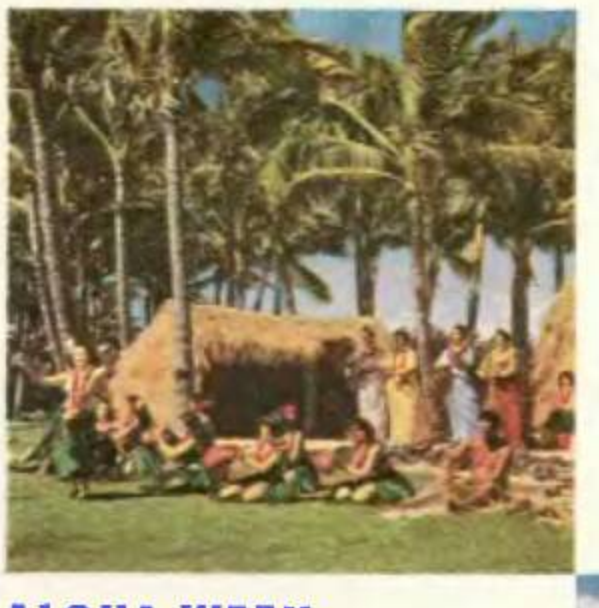
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Regatta. (Hyannis, Mass. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 11-12.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—At Lake Success, visitors are admitted Mondays through Fridays to meetings of the Security Council, the Interim Committee of the General Assembly, the Atomic Energy Commission, the Commission on Conventional Armaments, and various commissions of the Economic and Social Council. 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, questions about the United Nations can be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 535 Fifth Ave., at 44th St., MU 7-0877.

Hayden Planetarium—The summer show is called "A Trip to the Moon." (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)

Transatlantic Liners—Ile-de-France: Sails Thursday, Aug. 3, at 4 P.M. . . . ¶ Media: Sails Friday, Aug. 4, at 3:30 P.M. . . . ¶ Caronia: Arrives Friday, Aug. 4; sails Saturday, Aug. 5, at 3:30 P.M. . . . ¶ Queen Elizabeth: Arrives Sunday, Aug. 6; sails Tuesday, Aug. 8, at 3 P.M. . . . ¶ Nieuw Amsterdam: Arrives Friday, Aug. 11. . . . ¶ Parthia: Arrives Saturday, Aug. 12.

COMING EVENTS

(A check list for readers who plan ahead.)

Baseball—At **YANKEE STADIUM:** Aug. 13, and Aug. 22-Sept. 4. . . . **POLO GROUNDS:** Aug. 15-20, and Sept. 6-21. . . . **EBBETS FIELD:** Aug. 18-20, Aug. 31-Sept. 3, and Sept. 12-21.

Boxing—Willie Pep vs. Sandy Saddler, 15 rounds, for the World's Featherweight Championship. (Yankee Stadium. Sept. 6.)

Dog Show—Westchester Kennel Club. (Rye. Sept. 10.)

Golf—Westchester County Golf Association Open Championship. (Bonnie Briar Country Club, Larchmont. Aug. 16-17.) . . . ¶ U.S.G.A. Amateur Championship. (Minneapolis Golf Club, Minneapolis. Aug. 21-26.)

Horse Shows—Warrenton Horse Show. (Warrenton, Va. Sept. 2-4.) . . . ¶ North Shore Horse Show. (Stony Brook, L.I. Sept. 7-9.) . . . ¶ Helping Hand Horse Show. (Syosset. Sept. 10.) . . . ¶ Piping Rock Horse Show. (Locust Valley. Sept. 14-16.)

Motorboat Racing—Harwood Trophy. (New York. Sept. 10.)

Professional Football—Giants vs. Los Angeles; for the benefit of the *Herald Tribune* Fresh Air Fund. (Polo Grounds. Sept. 7.)

Racing—At Aqueduct, Aug. 28-Sept. 16.

Tennis—U.S.L.T.A. Doubles Championships. (Longwood Cricket Club, Chestnut Hill, Mass. Aug. 14-20.) . . . ¶ U.S.L.T.A. Singles and Mixed Doubles Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Aug. 28-Sept. 4.) . . . ¶ Davis Cup Challenge Round. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills, Aug. 25-27.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway, Yonkers, Aug. 15-28. . . . ¶ Saratoga Raceway, Saratoga Springs, Sept. 11-Oct. 14.

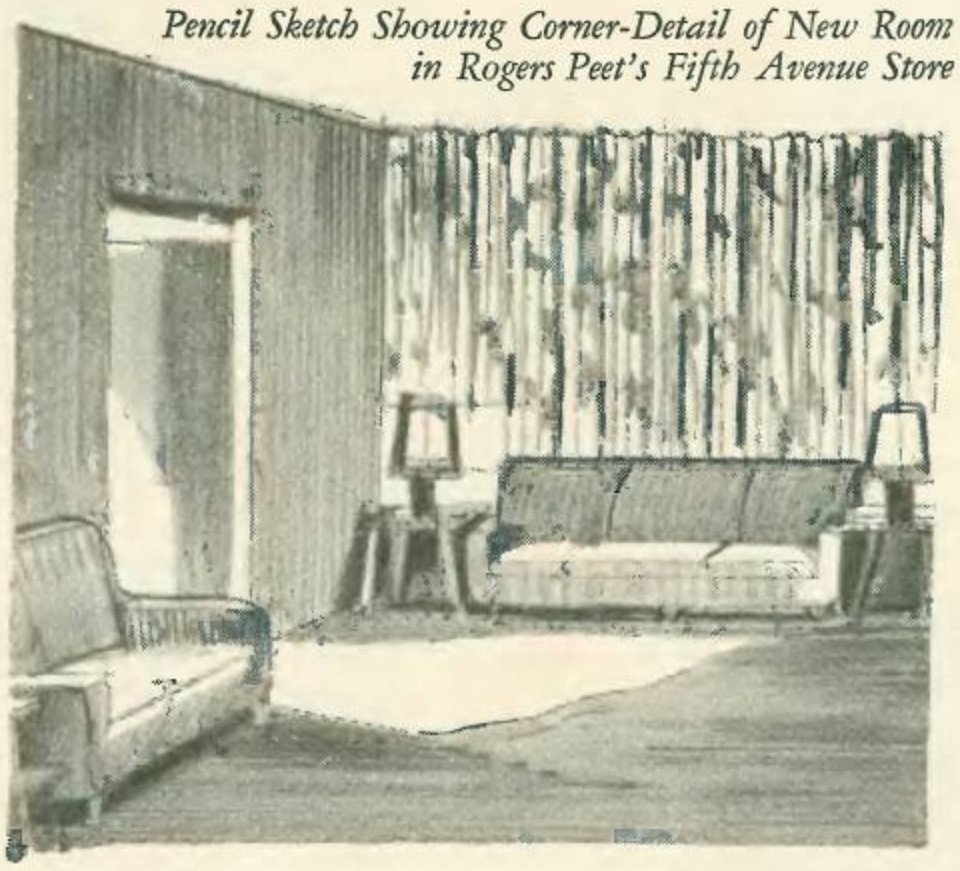
Yachting—New Bedford Yacht Club Regatta. (New Bedford, Mass. Aug. 18-19.) . . . ¶ Manhasset Bay Race Week. (Manhasset. Sept. 6-10.)

Ballet—Sadler's Wells Ballet, at the Metropolitan Opera, Sept. 10-Oct. 1.

Theatre—Scheduled to open sometime during the next several weeks—"The Live Wire," a comedy by Garson Kanin, with Scott McKay, Sheila Bond, Murvyn Vye, and Jack Gilford. Produced by Michael Todd.

Other Dates—Salzburg Festival, Salzburg, Austria; through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ International Festival of Music and Drama, Edinburgh, Scotland, Aug. 20-Sept. 9. . . . ¶ Labor Day is Monday, Sept. 4. . . . ¶ Mineola Fair, Sept. 12-16. . . . ¶ United Nations General Assembly convenes Sept. 19.

Pencil Sketch Showing Corner-Detail of New Room in Rogers Peet's Fifth Avenue Store



ROGERS PEET IS A PLEASANT PLACE FOR A BOY AND HIS FAMILY TO SHOP

The opening of a new and attractively decorated Customers' Room in our Fifth Avenue Shop re-emphasizes the advantages of School and College Outfitting at Rogers Peet.

The room is soundly planned in a handsome contemporary decor. A pleasant meeting place and an effective shopping-point for younger boys and their mothers, for older school boys with or without their families, and for experienced under-graduates on their own!

Comfortable chairs and couches upholstered in colorful materials . . . sparkling mirrors to reflect one's best self . . . soft, deep carpeting and cheerful draperies . . . air-conditioning for cool, calm decisions:

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Tremont St. *at* Bromfield St.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Annie Get Your Gun—Show business, Wild West division. A lively translation to the screen of the Irving Berlin musical. With Betty Hutton, Howard Keel, Louis Calhern, and Keenan Wynn. (State, B'way at 45th, LU 2-5070; through Aug. 8.)

The Asphalt Jungle—Jewel thieves involved in a caper in a Middle Western town. A picture distinguished by the direction of the astute John Huston and by the highly satisfactory performances of the actors, among them Louis Calhern, Sam Jaffe, Barry Kelley, and Sterling Hayden. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Aug. 3.... ¶ York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-9350; through Aug. 4.... ¶ Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; through Aug. 5.... ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Aug. 4-7.... ¶ Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; starting Aug. 9.)

The Bicycle Thief—An Italian film that makes the search for a stolen bicycle by a workman and his son something of a screen masterpiece. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

The Big Lift—Montgomery Clift and Paul Douglas, supported by a cast made up mostly of legitimate Air Force personnel, demonstrating how the Russians were frustrated in their attempts to blockade Berlin. A fair enough picture when it sticks to shots of the Air Force in action, but one that grows rather dismal when it goes in for some foolish romantic doings strongly reminiscent of the usual Hollywood stuff. (Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; Aug. 6-8.... ¶ York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-9350; Aug. 8-9.)

The Fallen Idol—A brilliant English job about a small boy's muddled attempts to prevent his hero, a butler, from being charged with the murder of his wife. Bobby Henrey is marvellously apt as the boy, and Sir Ralph Richardson is impeccable as the butler. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; through Aug. 6.... ¶ Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, AC 2-1019; through Aug. 8.)

In a Lonely Place—Murder in Hollywood, involving Humphrey Bogart as the suspected killer. Pretty overwrought, but not without some taut scenes. Mr. Bogart operates in tandem with Gloria Grahame. (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; through Aug. 5.)

The Men—Marlon Brando being utterly convincing as a paraplegic veteran. Mr. Brando is assisted by Everett Sloane, Teresa Wright, and forty-five men from a government hospital in California. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600; through Aug. 9, tentative.)

The Red Shoes—A stylish ballet is the chief asset of this long-drawn-out English picture, which deals with life among the dancers. With Moira Shearer, Ludmilla Tcherina, and Leonide Massine. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30, and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Third Man—A fast melodramatic tour of postwar Vienna on the heels of Joseph Cotten, Orson Welles, and Alida Valli. A Carol Reed-Graham Greene collaboration that has its moments. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; through Aug. 6.... ¶ Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, AC 2-1019; through Aug. 8.)

Three Came Home—Ladies in the Japanese prison camps of Borneo. A film made worth while by the excellent performance of Claudette Colbert as the internee around whom most of the action revolves. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Aug. 3.... ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Aug. 4-6.)

A Ticket to Tomahawk—A merry burlesque of practically all the Western films that have rolled out of Hollywood since William S. Hart hung up his guns. Dan Dailey is quite funny as a *Saturday Evening Post* subscription man caught up in some desperate doings in Colorado in 1876. (Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; Aug. 6-8.... ¶ York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-9350; Aug. 8-9.)

Tight Little Island—A comical English film that tells of how some Scots in the Hebrides go about solving the difficulties of a whiskey shortage. With Basil Radford. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-1365; through Aug. 4.)

The Winslow Boy—A competent adaptation of the Terence Rattigan play about a father's struggle to clear the name of his son, unjustly accused of theft. An English film, with Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Robert Donat, and Margaret Leighton. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

REVIVALS

All Quiet on the Western Front (1930)—Remarque's grim description of what the common soldier was up against in the war to end wars. Louis Wolheim and Lew Ayres. (Park Avenue, Park at 59th, PL 9-7242.)

The Baker's Wife (1940)—A Rabelaisian French film, with Raimu. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 8.)

Chaplin Comedies—"The Paper Hanger," "Shanghaied," and "Triple Trouble." (Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; Aug. 4.)

City Lights (1931)—The old, familiar Chaplin, again, plus a blind flower girl and an alcoholic millionaire. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Crime and Punishment (1935)—Harry Baur in a French screen version of Dostoevski's novel. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; through Aug. 9.)

A Day at the Races (1937)—The Marx Brothers rampant around a race track. (Globe, B'way at 46th, JU 6-5555.)

Dead of Night (1946)—An excursion into the supernatural. An English film, with Michael Redgrave. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Aug. 8.)

His Girl Friday (1940)—"The Front Page" warmed over. Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Aug. 6-7.)

The Idiot (1948)—A French interpretation of another of Dostoevski's novels. With Gérard Philipe. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; through Aug. 9.)

Major Barbara (1941)—The screen version of Shaw's Salvation Army comedy. An English picture, with Wendy Hiller. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Aug. 4-7.)

Mutiny on the Bounty (1935)—Villainy at sea. Charles Laughton, Franchot Tone, and Clark Gable. (Globe, B'way at 46th, JU 6-5555.)

Night Train (1940)—Carol Reed's thriller about spies, the Gestapo, and such. A British film, with Margaret Lockwood and Rex Harrison. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Aug. 7.)

Pygmalion (1938)—More G.B.S. A British film, with Leslie Howard and Wendy Hiller. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Aug. 4-7.)

The Scarlet Empress (1934)—Who but Catherine the Great? Played on this occasion by Marlene Dietrich. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Aug. 6-7.)

The Seventh Veil (1945)—Good music and a dash of psychiatry. An English film, with James Mason and Ann Todd. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-1365; through Aug. 4.)

Thunder Rock (1944)—The dreams of a disillusioned journalist in a Lake Michigan lighthouse. A British film, with Michael Redgrave. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Aug. 8.)

The Well Digger's Daughter (1946)—Raimu, in a French comedy having to do with a village seduction. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 8.... ¶ Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; Aug. 8-9.)

The Window (1949)—About a persistent young fibber who happens to witness a real murder and can't get anybody to believe him. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting Aug. 8.)

The Woman of Dolwyn (1949)—Dame Edith Evans as the heroine of a doomed Welsh village. An English picture. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; Aug. 6-7.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Aug. 6: "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise" (1931), with Greta Garbo, Clark Gable, and Jean Hersholt.... ¶ Starting Aug. 7: "Pépé le Moko" (1938), with Jean Gabin. (Showings are daily at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Edge of Doom," Farley Granger, Dana Andrews, Joan Evans.

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

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
"A Lady Without Passport," Hedy Lamarr, John Hodiak.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
Aug. 3: "So Young, So Bad," Catherine McLeod, Paul Henreid.
From Aug. 4: "Abbott and Costello in the Foreign Legion."

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY, revival; and A DAY AT THE RACES, revival.

Little CinéMet, 6th Ave. at 39th. (LO 4-1141)
Through Aug. 7: "Il Trovatore" (in Italian), Enzo Mascherini; and "Mad About Opera" (in Italian), Beniamino Gigli, Tito Gobbi.
From Aug. 8: "The Dream of Madame Butterfly" (in Italian), revival; and "Elisir d'Amore" (in Italian), revival.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Destination Moon," John Archer, Warner Anderson.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
Through Aug. 9 (tentative): THE MEN.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"My Friend Irma Goes West," Marie Wilson, John Lund.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Underworld Story," Dan Duryea, Gale Storm, Herbert Marshall.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
Aug. 3: "Broken Arrow," James Stewart.
From Aug. 4: "Panic in the Streets," Richard Widmark, Barbara Bel Geddes.

State, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
Through Aug. 8: ANNIE GET YOUR GUN.
From Aug. 9: "Three Little Words," Fred Astaire, Vera-Ellen, Red Skelton.

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
Aug. 3: "The Flame and the Arrow," Burt Lancaster, Virginia Mayo.
From Aug. 4: "Kiss Tomorrow Goodbye," James Cagney, Barbara Payton.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Our Very Own," Ann Blyth.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
THE BICYCLE THIEF (in Italian).

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

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

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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6	7	8	9			

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Aug. 7: **NIGHT TRAIN**, revival.
From Aug. 8: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Aug. 3: **THREE CAME HOME.**
Aug. 4-7: **THE ASPHALT JUNGLE.**
From Aug. 8: **DEAD OF NIGHT**, revival.

EMBASSY CINEMA, 74 E. 42nd. (MU 7-8723)
(Mondays through Fridays, features are shown only after 5.)
Through Aug. 4: "Sleeping Car to Trieste," revival, Jean Kent.
From Aug. 5: To be announced.

BEVERLY, 3rd Ave. at 50th. (EL 5-8790)
Aug. 3: "Cheaper by the Dozen," Clifton Webb, Myrna Loy.
Aug. 4-7: **PYGMALION**, revival; and **MAJOR BARBARA**, revival.
From Aug. 8: **THE WINDOW**, revival.

LEXINGTON, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through Aug. 8: **THE THIRD MAN**; and **THE FALLEN IDOL.**
From Aug. 9: "Crisis," Cary Grant, José Ferrer; and "The Skipper Surprised His Wife," Robert Walker, Joan Leslie.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
Aug. 3: "No Sad Songs for Me," Margaret Sullavan, Wendell Corey.
Aug. 4-5: "Clouds Over Europe," revival, Sir Laurence Olivier, Sir Ralph Richardson.
Aug. 6-8: "I Met a Murderer," revival, James Mason.
From Aug. 9: **THE ASPHALT JUNGLE.**

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
THE WINSLOW BOY.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Aug. 7: "The Secret Fury," Claudette Colbert, Robert Ryan; and "Wagonmaster," Ben Johnson.
Aug. 8: "Destination Murder," Joyce MacKenzie, Stanley Clements; and "Armored Car Robbery," Charles McGraw, Adele Jergens.
From Aug. 9: "Winchester '73," James Stewart, Shelley Winters; and "Peggy," Diana Lynn, Charles Coburn.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through Aug. 8: "Father of the Bride," Spencer Tracy, Elizabeth Taylor.
From Aug. 9: "Night and the City," Richard Widmark, Gene Tierney.

PARK AVENUE, Park at 59th. (PL 9-7242)
ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT, revival.

TRANS-LUX 60TH ST., Madison at 60th. (PL 5-2746)
"Kind Hearts and Coronets." Alec Guinness, Valerie Hobson.

YORK, 1st Ave. at 64th. (RH 4-9350)
Through Aug. 4: **THE ASPHALT JUNGLE**; and "Please Believe Me." Deborah Kerr, Robert Walker.
Aug. 5: "The Valiant Hombre," Duncan Renaldo, Leo Carrillo; and "Little Women," revival, June Allyson, Elizabeth Taylor.
Aug. 6-7: "House by the River," Louis Hayward, Jane Wyatt; and "Three Kids and a Queen," revival, May Robson, Frankie Darro.
Aug. 8-9: **THE BIG LIFT**; and **A TICKET TO TOMAHAWK.**

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Aug. 4: "Champagne for Caesar," Ronald Colman, Celeste Holm.
From Aug. 5: To be announced.

LOEW'S 72ND ST., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through Aug. 8: **THE THIRD MAN**; and **THE FALLEN IDOL.**
From Aug. 9: "Crisis," Cary Grant, José Ferrer; and "The Skipper Surprised His Wife," Robert Walker, Joan Leslie.

TRANS-LUX 72ND ST., 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Aug. 5: "Dulcimer Street," revival, Alastair Sim, Fay Compton.
Aug. 6-7: **THE WOMAN OF DOLWYN**, revival.
Aug. 8-9: **THE WELL DIGGER'S DAUGHTER** (in French), revival.

TRANS-LUX COLONY, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through Aug. 5: **THE ASPHALT JUNGLE**; and "Please Believe Me," Deborah Kerr, Robert Walker.
Aug. 6-7: "Song of Love," revival, Katharine Hepburn, Paul Henreid; and "His Butler's Sister," revival, Deanna Durbin, Franchot Tone.
Aug. 8-9: "Spring in Park Lane," revival, Anna Neagle, Michael Wilding; and "Broken Journey," revival, Phyllis Calvert.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Aug. 3: **THE ASPHALT JUNGLE.**
Aug. 4-5: "Ride the Pink Horse," revival, Robert Montgomery.
Aug. 6-7: **THE SCARLET EMPRESS**, revival.
From Aug. 8: "Father of the Bride," Spencer Tracy, Elizabeth Taylor.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Aug. 7: "The Secret Fury," Claudette Colbert, Robert Ryan; and "Wagonmaster," Ben Johnson.
Aug. 8: "Destination Murder," Joyce MacKenzie, Stanley Clements; and "Armored Car Robbery," Charles McGraw, Adele Jergens.
From Aug. 9: "Winchester '73," James Stewart, Shelley Winters; and "Peggy," Diana Lynn, Charles Coburn.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Aug. 6: **THE THIRD MAN**; and **THE FALLEN IDOL.**
Aug. 7-8: "Lucky Losers," the Bowery Boys; and "Adventures of Gallant Bess," revival, Cameron Mitchell, Audrey Long.
From Aug. 9: "Crisis," Cary Grant, José Ferrer; and "The Skipper Surprised His Wife," Robert Walker, Joan Leslie.

GRACIE SQUARE, 1st Ave. at 89th. (SA 2-2478)
Aug. 3: **THE ASPHALT JUNGLE**; and "Please Believe Me," Deborah Kerr, Robert Walker.
Aug. 4: **CHAPLIN COMEDIES**, revival; and "A Southern Yankee," revival, Red Skelton.
Aug. 5: "Fury at Sea," revival, Franchot Tone, Carol Bruce; and "Burma Convoy," revival, Charles Bickford, Frank Albertson.
Aug. 6-8: **THE BIG LIFT**; and **A TICKET TO TOMAHAWK.**
From Aug. 9: "Father of the Bride," Spencer Tracy, Elizabeth Taylor; and "Singing Guns," Vaughn Monroe, Ella Raines.

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Aug. 3: "Father of the Bride," Spencer Tracy, Elizabeth Taylor; and "Guilty Bystander," revival, Zachary Scott, Faye Emerson.
Aug. 4-6: **THREE CAME HOME**; and "House by the River," Louis Hayward, Jane Wyatt.
Aug. 7-8: "Invisible Chains" (in Italian), Alida Valli; and "The Twins" (in Italian), revival, Beniamino Gigli.
From Aug. 9: "No Man of Her Own," Barbara Stanwyck, John Lund; and "The Eagle and the Hawk," John Payne, Rhonda Fleming.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Aug. 3: **THE ASPHALT JUNGLE.**
Aug. 4-7: "Father of the Bride," Spencer Tracy, Elizabeth Taylor.
From Aug. 8: **THUNDER ROCK**, revival.

5TH AVE. PLAYHOUSE, 5th Ave. at 12th. (OR 5-9630)
Through Aug. 9: **THE IDIOT** (in French), revival; and **CRIME AND PUNISHMENT** (in French), revival.



SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Aug. 8: **THE THIRD MAN**; and **THE FALLEN IDOL.**
From Aug. 9: "Crisis," Cary Grant, José Ferrer; and "The Skipper Surprised His Wife," Robert Walker, Joan Leslie.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Aug. 5: "Champagne for Caesar," Ronald Colman, Celeste Holm; and "D.O.A.," Edmond O'Brien.
Aug. 6-8: "Love Happy," the Marx Brothers; and "Passport to Pimlico," revival, Stanley Holloway, Margaret Rutherford.
From Aug. 9: "The Hidden Room," Robert Newton; and "Once Upon a Dream," revival, Googie Withers.

R.K.O. 23RD ST., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through Aug. 7: "The Secret Fury," Claudette Colbert, Robert Ryan; and "Wagonmaster," Ben Johnson.
Aug. 8: "Destination Murder," Joyce MacKenzie, Stanley Clements; and "Armored Car Robbery," Charles McGraw, Adele Jergens.
From Aug. 9: "Winchester '73," James Stewart, Shelley Winters; and "Peggy," Diana Lynn, Charles Coburn.

TERRACE, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
Through Aug. 5: "Father of the Bride," Spencer Tracy, Elizabeth Taylor; and "Guilty Bystander," revival, Zachary Scott, Faye Emerson.
Aug. 6-7: **HIS GIRL FRIDAY**, revival; and "Brute Force," revival, Burt Lancaster.
From Aug. 8: "The Eagle and the Hawk," John Payne, Rhonda Fleming; and "No Man of Her Own," Barbara Stanwyck, John Lund.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (CO 5-9438)
Through Aug. 8: "Confessions of a Rogue" (in French), revival, Louis Jouvet; and "Jenny Lamour" (in French), revival, Louis Jouvet.
From Aug. 9: To be announced.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
Through Aug. 4: **TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND**; and **THE SEVENTH VEIL**, revival.
From Aug. 5: To be announced.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
CITY LIGHTS, revival.

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Aug. 8: **THE THIRD MAN**; and **THE FALLEN IDOL.**
From Aug. 9: "Crisis," Cary Grant, José Ferrer; and "The Skipper Surprised His Wife," Robert Walker, Joan Leslie.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Aug. 7: "Rules of the Game" (in French); and "Love Story" (in French), revival.
Aug. 8: **THE BAKER'S WIFE** (in French), revival; and **THE WELL DIGGER'S DAUGHTER** (in French), revival.
Aug. 9: "The Human Beast" (in French), revival, Jean Gabin; and "Rasputin" (in French), revival, Harry Baur.

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (RI 9-9861)
To be announced.

CARLTON, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-3862)
Through Aug. 5: **IN A LONELY PLACE**; and "Kill the Umpire," William Bendix.
Aug. 6-8: "Love Happy," the Marx Brothers; and "Quicksand," Mickey Rooney, Jeanne Cagney.
From Aug. 9: "No Sad Songs for Me," Margaret Sullavan, Wendell Corey; and "The Big Hangover," Van Johnson, Elizabeth Taylor.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (AC 2-1019)
Through Aug. 8: **THE THIRD MAN**; and **THE FALLEN IDOL.**
From Aug. 9: "Crisis," Cary Grant, José Ferrer; and "The Skipper Surprised His Wife," Robert Walker, Joan Leslie.

NEMO, B'way at 110th. (AC 2-9406)
To be announced.

COLISEUM, B'way at 181st. (WA 7-7200)
Through Aug. 7: "The Secret Fury," Claudette Colbert, Robert Ryan; and "Wagonmaster," Ben Johnson.
Aug. 8: "Destination Murder," Joyce MacKenzie, Stanley Clements; and "Armored Car Robbery," Charles McGraw, Adele Jergens.
From Aug. 9: "Winchester '73," James Stewart, Shelley Winters; and "Peggy," Diana Lynn, Charles Coburn.



nostalgia

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Not just for a moment—

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A Forty-sixth Street bookseller has marked down a volume entitled "We Can Do Business with Russia" from two dollars and a half to twenty-five cents.

AN American basking in connubial bliss, thrift account started, libido secure, is, roughly, ten per cent more susceptible than his celibate counterpart to gall-bladder trouble, bone infections, arthritis, varicose veins, hydrocele, sudden onslaughts of strabismus, and other infirmities requiring hospital care. Once the vows have been exchanged, the honeymoon started in languorous old Bermuda, a fellow's standing as a medi-



cal risk slumps sharply. So, too, does his bride's. We got our dope from a group-hospital-insurance prospectus of the Blue Cross, an outfit with a sound reputation in actuarial circles. Its monthly premium for an individual is $1.24; for a husband and wife, $2.72. Thus, when two Blue Cross individuals marry, the monthly charge to each goes up twelve cents. They have lost a little something in health, their powers of resistance to disease have been lowered. On the other hand, married people live longer. The life-insurance companies are all agreed on that. You live longer if you're married, but you spend more time in the hospital.

The Watchword Is Courtesy

IN spite of the situation in Korea, the number of Americans travelling to Europe this summer has not diminished; indeed, it promises to break all records, and in anticipation of the return of the voyagers, heavily laden with purchases, declared and undeclared, Harry M. Durning, the Collector of Customs of the Port of New York, has been adding reinforcements to his staff of inspectors. The new men are being given an intensive six-week training course at the Customs School, 54 Stone Street, near the Battery, and we repaired to that address the other day for a talk with Joseph A. Kennedy, director of the school. We found him, a large, white-haired man, seated at a desk in the midst of a pile of assorted luggage, and in the hearty, outdoor manner of one who has spent most of his life beside the sea he told us that he had just presided over the graduation of a batch of forty inspectors and was getting ready to start a new class the next morning. He noticed that we were staring at the scuffed bags and trunks heaped in profusion about him, and he explained that they were his exhibits. "We go in big for visual training here," he said, and tapped a large trunk with a large forefinger. "If you're after smuggled goods, don't listen for a solid sound. Solid sounds are O.K. It's when you hear a *hollow* sound that you figure something's wrong." Kennedy opened the trunk, pulled out the drawers, and knowingly pried away a false rear wall. "Nice storage space there for a few hundred Swiss watch movements," he said with an admiring smile. "Nothing amateurish about that trunk, or about the kind of traveller who'd be using it."

Kennedy has been connected with the Customs School for twelve years. Before that, he filled practically every job involved in the collection of customs. He has a staff of three instructors assisting him. "Courtesy is our watchword," he told us. "We don't want the public running around claiming that they've been mistreated by customs inspectors. Look." He swung a suitcase onto his desk and, opening it, delicately inspected several layers of wholly imaginary clothing. "There's no need to disarrange everything while inspecting a bag," he said. "We teach our men how to look in all the corners without spoiling the packing, and we warn them not to embarrass the ladies by holding up bits



of lingerie. We're after efficiency *and* courtesy. But"—he shook his head slowly—"anything that goes wrong in the confusion of debarkation is always blamed on us."

Kennedy said that inspection of cargo is actually the more important part of an inspector's job, inasmuch as cargo provides most of the revenue, but that inspection of passenger baggage provides most of the headaches. Much of the curriculum of the Customs School is devoted to such matters as the one hundred and ten forms used in clearing cargo, the measurement of lumber, the gauging of olives, and the like. "The incoming tourist thinks a hundred and fifty inspectors have been waiting on the dock all day to look at his bags," Kennedy said. "As a matter of fact, we have only five hundred inspectors, all told, and none of them are assigned exclusively to passenger ships. When a passenger ship is ready to unload, we have to pull inspectors off cargo duty all over the port. We'd like to assign one inspector to every eight or ten passengers, but these days it's closer to one to every fifteen. We've cleared as many as fifty-five hundred passengers in a single day, and that takes doing."

The only incoming passengers whose baggage isn't inspected are those who enjoy diplomatic immunity or are classified by the State Department as "distinguished persons." These fortunate people are entitled to free entry and can bring in anything they want without

paying duty. There is a tacit understanding, though, that they won't abuse the privilege, and they are on their honor to reveal anything they have that is on the restricted list, such as quarantinable plants. A common nuisance to customs men is the traveller who considers the inspection of baggage a challenge to his ingenuity and tries to smuggle in articles that could have been brought in free under the allowance for goods purchased for personal use. "Women often sew New York labels onto Paris clothes," Kennedy said. "The trouble with that scheme is that most women don't sew as well as they think they do. It doesn't take much skill to spot the switch." Kennedy keeps his hand in by serving on the docks now and then. Occasionally, he takes charge of the baggage of distinguished persons. "I handled the Duke and Duchess of Windsor on one of their recent debarkations," he said. "They were classified as distinguished persons, and all I had to do was slap labels on their things. Otherwise, imagine what I'd have been up against, poking my way through ninety-five pieces of luggage!"

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: Just east of Newark, visible from the Pennsylvania Railroad tracks, is a large sign advertising the current production of "Peter Pan." "By Jim Barrie," says the sign.

Easthampton, Massachusetts, is southwest of Northampton.

Unframed Space

WE improved a shining weekend on eastern Long Island by paying a call on Jackson Pollock—an uncommonly abstract abstractionist and one of seven American painters whose work was tapped for inclusion in the Twenty-fifth International Biennial Exhibition of Figurative Arts, now triumphantly under way in Venice—at his home, a big, gaunt, white clapboard, Ulysses S. Grant-period structure in the fishing hamlet of The Springs. Pollock, a bald, rugged, somewhat puzzled-looking man of thirty-eight, received us in the kitchen, where he was breakfasting on a cigarette and a cup of coffee and drowsily watching his wife, the former Lee Krasner, a slim, auburn-haired young woman who also is an artist, as she bent over a hot stove, making currant jelly. Waving us to a chair in the shade of a huge potted palm, he remarked with satisfaction that he had been up and about for almost half an hour. It was then around 11:30 A.M. "I've got the old Eighth Street habit of sleeping all day and working all night pretty well licked," he said. "So has Lee. We had to, or lose the respect of the neighbors. I can't deny, though, that it's taken a little while. When'd we come out here, Lee?" Mrs. Pollock laughed merrily. "Just a little while ago," she replied. "In the fall of 1945."

"It's marvellous the way Lee's adjusted herself," Pollock said. "She's a native New Yorker, but she's turned into a hell of a good gardener, and she's always up by nine. Ten at the latest. I'm way behind her in orientation. And the funny thing is I grew up in the country. Real country—Wyoming, Arizona, northern and southern California. I was born in Wyoming. My father had a farm near Cody. By the time I was fourteen, I was milking a dozen cows twice a day." "Jackson's work is full of the West," Mrs. Pollock said. "That's what gives it that feeling of spaciousness. It's what makes it so American." Pollock confirmed this with a reflective scowl, and went on to say that at seventeen, an aptitude for painting having suddenly revealed itself to him in a Los Angeles high school, he at once wound up his academic affairs there and headed East. "I spent two years at the Art Students League," he said. "Tom Benton was teaching there then, and he did a lot for me. He gave me the only formal instruction I ever had, he introduced me to Renaissance art, and he got me a job in the League cafeteria. I'm damn grateful to Tom. He drove his kind of realism at me so hard I bounced right into non-objective painting. I'm also grateful to the W.P.A., for keeping me alive during the thirties, and to Peggy Guggenheim. Peggy gave me my first show, in 1943. She gave me two more, and then she took off for Europe, and Lee and I came out here. We wanted to get away from the wear and tear. Besides, I had an underneath confidence that I could begin to live on my painting. I'd had some wonderful notices. Also, somebody had bought one of my pictures. We lived a year on that picture, and a few clams I dug out of the bay with my toes. Since then things have been a little easier." Mrs. Pollock smiled. "Quite a little," she said. "Jackson showed thirty pictures last fall and sold all but five. And his collectors are nibbling at those." Pollock grunted. "Be nice if it lasts," he said.



We asked Pollock for a peep at his work. He shrugged, rose, and led us into a twenty-five-by-fifty-foot living room furnished with massive Italianate tables and chairs and hung with spacious pictures, all of which bore an offhand resemblance to tangles of multicolored ribbon. "Help yourself," he said, halting at a safe distance from an abstraction that occupied most of an end wall. It was a handsome, arresting job—a rust-red background laced with skeins of white, black, and yellow—and we said so. "What's it called?" we asked. "I've forgotten," he said, and glanced inquiringly at his wife, who had followed us in. " 'Number Two, 1949,' I think," she said. "Jackson used to give his pictures conventional titles—'Eyes in the Heat' and 'The Blue Unconscious' and so on—but now he simply numbers them. Numbers are neutral. They make people look at a picture for what it is—pure painting." "I decided to stop adding to the confusion," Pollock said. "Abstract painting is abstract. It confronts you. There was a reviewer a while back who wrote that my pictures didn't have any beginning or any end. He didn't mean it as a compliment, but it was. It was a fine compliment. Only he didn't know it." "That's exactly what Jackson's work is," Mrs. Pollock said. "Sort of unframed space."

Direct Hit

WE'RE told of a local architect, a lieutenant commander in the Navy during the Second World War and now in the Naval Reserve, who was approached last week by his head draftsman, also in the Reserve, with the



"Hello, Ma and all you guys at Joe's."

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news that a lieutenant commander at Navy headquarters downtown had just telephoned and urged the draftsman to volunteer for active duty. The architect said he'd handle *that*, promptly got in touch with the lieutenant commander at headquarters, introduced himself, and, as one lieutenant commander to another, pleaded that his head draftsman was absolutely essential to the firm and couldn't be spared under the circumstances. The lieutenant commander at headquarters replied that he had been given a list of Reserve officers to call and that, after all, the Navy did need men. They got to arguing back and forth, and it might have gone on for hours if the lieutenant commander at headquarters hadn't suddenly asked, in a changed voice, "By the way, what did you say your name was?" With a sinking heart, the architect repeated it. "I thought so," said the lieutenant commander. "*You're* on the list, too."

Noncompetitive

THE opening sneeze of the hay-fever season hereabouts is due around the fifteenth of the month, when ragweed begins to pollinate, and we're glad to report that the appropriate city officials are already well along in their annual campaign to destroy every stem of ragweed growing in the five boroughs. Having arranged with the Department of Health to observe the extermination of a few choice patches of this weed, we showed up at the Department offices, at 125 Worth Street, on a sunny morning last week and met, in rapid succession, Mr. William Sauer, acting director of the Bureau of Sanitary Engineering of the Department; Mr. William Winder, chief of the Division of Planning and Special Activities of the Bureau (the offensive against ragweed is a special activity); and Mr. Paul Kupreeff, supervisor of the campaign, who goes out and sees that the ragweed actually does get killed. Sauer told us that the campaign, now in its fifth summer, is a joint operation, the Department of Health providing some inspectors and the money for chemicals and laborers, the Department of Sanitation contributing trucks, drivers, and spraying equipment, and the office of each borough president furnishing laborers and additional inspectors and equip-

ment. "Our aim is to eliminate all ragweed permanently from the city," Winder said. "Our method is simply to spray any vacant lot that has ragweed in it with 2,4-D, a weed-killer. There are something like thirty-three hundred acres of ragweed-infested lots in the city." The campaign runs from mid-June through mid-September, requires fifteen trucks and drivers and forty-five laborers, and uses up a million and a half gallons of spray solution.

Leaving Sauer and Winder, we set out by car with Kupreeff for Queens. "We've finished spraying Manhattan," he said. "There are only about forty acres of ragweed on the whole island, mostly in the Inwood and Washington Heights sections. Queens is our biggest problem. We've got six trucks working in Queens." Ragweed, Kupreeff informed us, is a noncompetitive plant, and in nature is squeezed out by many other plants, including hardy grasses. Its seed, however, is prodigiously abundant and fantastically perdurant. It can remain underground forty years and then sprout. It actually finds encouragement in cities. "People take short cuts through a vacant lot, or kids play ball in it," Kupreeff said. "They kick up the topsoil, disturbing the dormant seed, and next season there's a new patch of ragweed. You often see ragweed growing alongside new roads and excavations. If you pull it up by the roots, you disturb the soil still more, making matters worse for the following year. 2,4-D is the perfect weed-killer for our purpose, because it's selective. It kills broadleaf plants but no grasses. A city ordinance gives us the right to spray any property where there is ragweed, whether the owner wants it done or not. Our men are always careful to keep away from trees, ivy, tomato plants, and the like, and we've had only three complaints of damage in five years."

At the corner of Northern and Francis Lewis Boulevards, Kupreeff spotted one of the spray trucks and pulled in behind it. It was an enormous Department of Sanitation street-flusher with a rubber hose attached to each of its two front sprayers. A couple of husky young men were uncoiling a hose and drawing it into a vacant lot, thick with spiky ragweed. "Ever take a good look at the stuff?" Kupreeff asked us. "There are two kinds, both objectionable. The dwarf ranges from a foot and a half to two feet in height and is known as *Ambrosia artemisiæfolia*. The giant, which grows from four to twelve feet high, is called *Ambrosia trifida*. Can you imagine anybody naming this stuff ambrosia?" The two men had drawn the hose to the far end of the lot. Through a length of pipe and a wide nozzle, the 2,4-D solution was sent out in a flat spray. One worker, as though watering a garden, sprayed back and forth, retreating toward the truck; the other handled the hose. It took just over two minutes to spray the whole lot.

"Under ideal conditions, the ragweed begins to react within an hour," Kupreeff said. "2,4-D is not a poison, you know. It causes excessive growth of the stem of the plant, which then fails to get sufficient nourishment and dies, usually in from two to five days." Kupreeff drove us to a vacant lot a few blocks farther on, which had been sprayed the preceding week. All over the lot, dead ragweed stems were curled up like corkscrews. "They just grew themselves crazy," Kupreeff said. "Now look at that empty lot across the street. Last year, it was nothing but ragweed." We looked, and saw a lot covered with bright-green grass. "A fine stand of witch grass," Kupreeff said. "Wouldn't that make a pretty sight for a hay-fever sufferer?"



Proof

LITTLE girls, we're told, tend to identify themselves with cowboys these days as much as little boys do. At any rate, we set down a conversation that took place between Amy, a little girl of eight; Dotty, her sister, a l.g. of six; and their mother, a b.g. of twenty-nine.

AMY: Gene Autry wears two guns on his holster belt, and the guns' butts face inward.

DOTTY: They do *not!*

AMY: Yes, they *do!*

MOTHER: Amy, how can you be so sure you're right about Gene Autry?

AMY: Mother, I've *been* Gene Autry for two weeks!

Quick Work

AS an aid to visualization, the seven-thirty edition of "C.B.S. Television News" has been employing a three-dimensional clay map of the battle area in South Korea, which is believed to be the only one in town. It is ninety inches long and seventy-five inches wide, and weighs a hundred and fifty pounds. Fifty pounds of clay went into its mountains and foothills alone. The tallest mountains are two and a half inches high. This is about five



"If you can spare just a moment, I'd like to explain our special introductory offer of the twenty-four-volume Encyclopædia Britannica, at half price."

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times as high as they would be if the vertical scale were the same as the horizontal scale, which it isn't, for technical reasons. The fact is the tallest mountains in Korea are around seven thousand feet. The map mountains are yellow on the west side and green on the east side, so they'll stand out; yellow televises as white and green as gray. It took two C.B.S. news artists six days to make the map, as a rush proposition. We learned this when we had a look at it one afternoon last week in Columbia's Studio 44, in the upper recesses of Grand Central Station, and had a talk with Don Hewitt and Charles Fremd, the director-producer and associate director of the show, respectively, and Jim Egleson, the senior artist involved. Egleson, a cheerful fellow with a crew haircut, told us that one of his problems had been finding the right kind of clay. An earlier map, made of clay with a water base, worked out all right for one broadcast, but overnight it dried up and cracked. "It looked like the surface of the moon," said Egleson. "Then we got hold of some industrial-designing clay and it worked out fine. More oil in it." "Speed was of the essence," said Hewitt. "The North Koreans were coming south fast and we wanted to finish the parts they were overrunning as soon as they got there. Speed was of the essence, so we had everybody in the office kneading, kneading. The place sounded as though an artillery barrage were going on, because after kneading awhile people would get playful and throw gobs of the clay against the walls—whap!" "Whap!" said Fremd. "The map is made in sections," Egleson said, "so we can move it. Every time we move it, some of the sections have to be retouched." "When we finally got it done," Hewitt said, "the damn thing looked just like a clay model. So what we did, we took my secretary's toothbrush and roughed the mountains up a bit. Now they televise like mountains."

Egleson told us that he was in the special-devices division of the Navy's Bureau of Aeronautics during the war, and that one of his jobs was turning out an accurate relief map of Japan, to help night-fighter pilots. Before the war, he was a mural painter. He worked with Orozco on frescoes in Mexico, did a series of frescoes for Swarthmore College, and sold a silk-screen print to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. We asked him what the horizontal scale of the map is, and he whipped out a rule and measured the distance from Masan to Pusan. "Scale doesn't make any difference," Hewitt said, "because some viewers see the map on a nineteen-inch screen and some see it on a seven-inch screen." "One inch equals three miles," Egleson announced, and pocketed the rule. "Tell him about the tanks," Hewitt said to Fremd. "Well," said Fremd, "we had the devil of a time with the tanks. We didn't want such big ones that they'd look like locusts on a living-room wall, so I pounded the pavements all over town, looking for small tanks. Nobody had them—Macy, Woolworth, nobody. Finally, a man at Schwarz steered me to the Comet Metal Products Company. It specializes in making small, exact-scale models of military equipment, for collectors. Comet fixed us up with T-34s, T-70s, and so on. We use them as symbols for the North Korean troops. I got some scale-model jeeps from Comet, too. We use them to represent the Americans and South Koreans."

Service de Luxe

LATE for a wedding reception at the Park Lane, a brother of the bride grabbed a cab at Penn Station and urged the driver to go full speed ahead, explaining his rush. "Those lucky people!" said the driver. "My wife and I had *our* reception at home, and it was a hell of a mistake. Now, at the Park Lane, when a fight starts, there's somebody around to throw the bastards out."

THE SONG IS ENDLESS, BUT THE MALADY LINGERS ON

HEAVEN knows, nobody wants to bring the whole medical profession down around his ears like a swarm of B_1, and yet, judging from a couple of indications that have filtered through to me recently, I may have to tie up the old family physician and fall back on herbs and simples. I realize that in saying so I am deliberately courting a scalpel between the ribs in a dark alley; nevertheless, it looks as if the layman might well brace himself against some sizzling surprises that the boys in the crisp white tunics are preparing. It might be a very good idea not to swallow any chicken bones until the emergency passes, and if a cinder lodges in your eye, get your neighborhood jeweller to extract it. Personally, I intend to ask my insurance counsellor whether he can't rig up a temporary floater to protect me against Dr. Kildare during the next few months. Nothing elaborate, just some sort of medical collision-and-proximity damage to keep the healers away.

The first inkling of what lies in store for the unwary patient comes from a report, in the New York *Times*, of a recent meeting of the New Jersey Medical Society. At the close of the session, the members were presented with three-minute hourglass egg timers as ammunition in an all-out fight against socialized medicine. Directions for their use ran as follows:

> Place the timer on your desk in the consulting room. When the patient enters, up-end the glass without offering an explanation for your actions. After approximately three minutes, the sand has run through the glass and the consultation usually will have just begun. At this point explain to the patient that had he or she been in England or had we socialized medicine here, the consultation would be over. Another application of the plan is by way of showing that socialized medicine in the United States, based on an estimate of $15,000,000,000 per year, would cost $90,000 for the period it takes the sand to run through the timer.



An admirable propaganda scheme, especially with the patient paying admission to the lecture; all it lacks is the added refinement, overlooked by its sponsors, that he supply free sand as well. A further intimation that tempests may lurk in the path of the laity henceforward is contained in an article by Brian P. Flanagan, M. C., in the *Current Medical Digest* for March. Making a plea for more interesting case histories, the author urges doctors to couch their medical narratives in a vigorous literary style, to combine drama with clarity and conciseness. He furnishes three samples, the second of which demands quotation at some length to do it justice:

> *Name of Patient:* John Everyman. *Age:* 39. *Operation:* Appendectomy. *Operative Note:* Nervous and distraught, Emily paced up and down the sterile, comfortless hospital waiting room. Would John love her after the operation as much as he had before? She had been a good and faithful wife. What about Cecelia Bronson—that calculating, scheming scrub nurse? Emily knew that Cecelia was after John's money and would stop at nothing to get John away from her. In her distraught mind Emily could picture Cecelia up there in the operating room—her smooth cold face half-hidden by a surgical mask, her soft but cold eyes watching the operation as the white robed surgeon made the usual McBurney's incision, separated the muscles transversely in layers and exposed the peritoneum. She could hear his slow regular breathing as John lay unconscious while the anesthetist watched the pentothal oxygen and curare. She could see the flashing Kelly clamps as the appendiceal blood vessels were clamped and sutured, as the appendix was clamped, ligated, touched with phenol and inverted with a purse-string suture. She could see Cecelia handing the surgeon the sutures as the peritoneum and muscles were closed in layers with double 0 chromic catgut and the skin closed with B.S.S. What would it mean to John that Cecelia was there in this moment of suffering, while she—his own wife—was forced to wait, nervous and distraught in the waiting room? "Patient returned to room in good condition," the chart would read—yes, his body in good condition, but what about his heart? Would it still belong to her—post-op?

It is hard to foretell what impact the suggestions put forward by the New Jersey Medical Society and Dr. Flanagan will have on the average practitioner; the impact on the average patient—specifically, me—is numbing. Under the rosiest conditions, a visit to the doctor's office is no picnic, and I suspect that these Gothic touches, if they meet with professional favor, may transform it into a tolerably bloodcurdling experience. In the absence of formal laboratory equipment, I have been steeping the potentialities in an old earthenware crock sutured to the top of my spinal column and have distilled a vignette that outlines the dimensions of the problem:

CRYSTAL LAIDLAW snapped the elastic over the cover of her stenographer's notebook, tucked back a ribbon on her starched nurse's cap, and, smothering a yawn, peered furtively at her wristwatch. Inured as she was to the eccentricities of Dr. Fergus Culpepper, his growing tendency to interrupt dictation and hash over his literary output with colleagues on the phone was fast undermining her. The morning before, ignoring an anteroom full of patients, he had wasted a full half hour recapitulating to Trefflich, the orthopedist, the stirring disposition he had made of a fractured tibia. Trefflich, not to be outdone, had countered with an effort of his own, provisionally dubbed "The Adventures of a Clavicle," in which a collarbone detailed the sensations attendant upon its owner's being flung off a motorcycle. To Crystal, fidgeting restlessly in her chair, the two sounded like a pair of journalism majors in Schrafft's recalling their themes and exulting over purple passages. Now her employer was off again, she noted with despair, this time on the saga he had composed about Mrs. Wainwright's dyspepsia.

"Of course, I knew it was only heartburn from the start, Ned," he was explaining volubly into the mouthpiece. "Cripes, you'd have to be a Zola to get any conflict or characterization out of a puny subject like that. Well, just as I was at my wit's end, the patient laid the plot right in my lap—got up in the middle of the night for bicarbonate, missed her footing, and rolled down a flight of stairs. . . . No, merely a few contusions, worse luck. . . . Well, anyway, it gave me the story line I was desperate for, and everything fell into place. Want to hear a dynamite opening? Get this: 'Writhing with pain whose origin was clearly psychosomatic, Emma Wainwright tossed about in her disordered bed. In her equally disordered mind, there was no vestige of pity for the luckless husband tossing beside her, or for the long-suffering physician she was about to awaken and plague with her symptoms.' Pretty suspenseful stuff, what? . . . Well, I haven't decided yet, but *Argosy's* clamoring for it and I promised to let them have first crack. How's that pancreas serial coming along? . . . Splendid. See you soon." He hung up, and his face, as he swivelled back toward Crystal, was creased by a frown. "Jealous old dodo," he said testily. "He knows I can write rings around him. Oh, well . . . Where'd we leave off?"

"You were just comparing Mr. Folwell's liver to the Rose Window at Chartres," replied his nurse. "But don't you think you'd better see Mr. Duve-

neck? He's been waiting outside almost an hour."

"Blast," growled Culpepper. "The minute I get really creative, these damn patients begin milling around here in droves. O.K., send him in." Reaching into a drawer, he brought forth an hourglass egg timer, an electric toaster, and a coffee percolator, which he ranged on the blotter before him. He was hacking off a slice of bread from a stale loaf when Duveneck, a pale, haggard man of forty with a day-old beard, sidled into the room nervously twisting his panama.

"Hello, Doc," he said, with a wan, conciliatory smile. "Gee, I didn't mean to interrupt your breakfast."

"You're not," Culpepper replied, upending the hourglass. "I ate it four hours ago."

"Then why are you setting up all those things? It looks as if—"

"Don't pry, Duveneck," the Doctor said severely. "Remember, curiosity killed a cat, and he was a lot nimbler than you, brother. Hmm, that's rather neat; may as well jot it down. I can use a nifty or two in that Folwell yarn to lighten it up. All right, now, what's ailing you?"

"Well, I'm not exactly sure," faltered Duveneck. "It started last night at my summer place up in Mahopac. You see, a fuse blew out and I went down cellar to fix it."

"Hold your horses," commanded Culpepper. "Stop right there. Do you realize," he asked impressively, holding up the egg timer between his thumb and forefinger, "that if you and I were in England now, this interview would be over?"

"Why, yes," said his caller uncertainly. "It's five hours later over there than it is here."

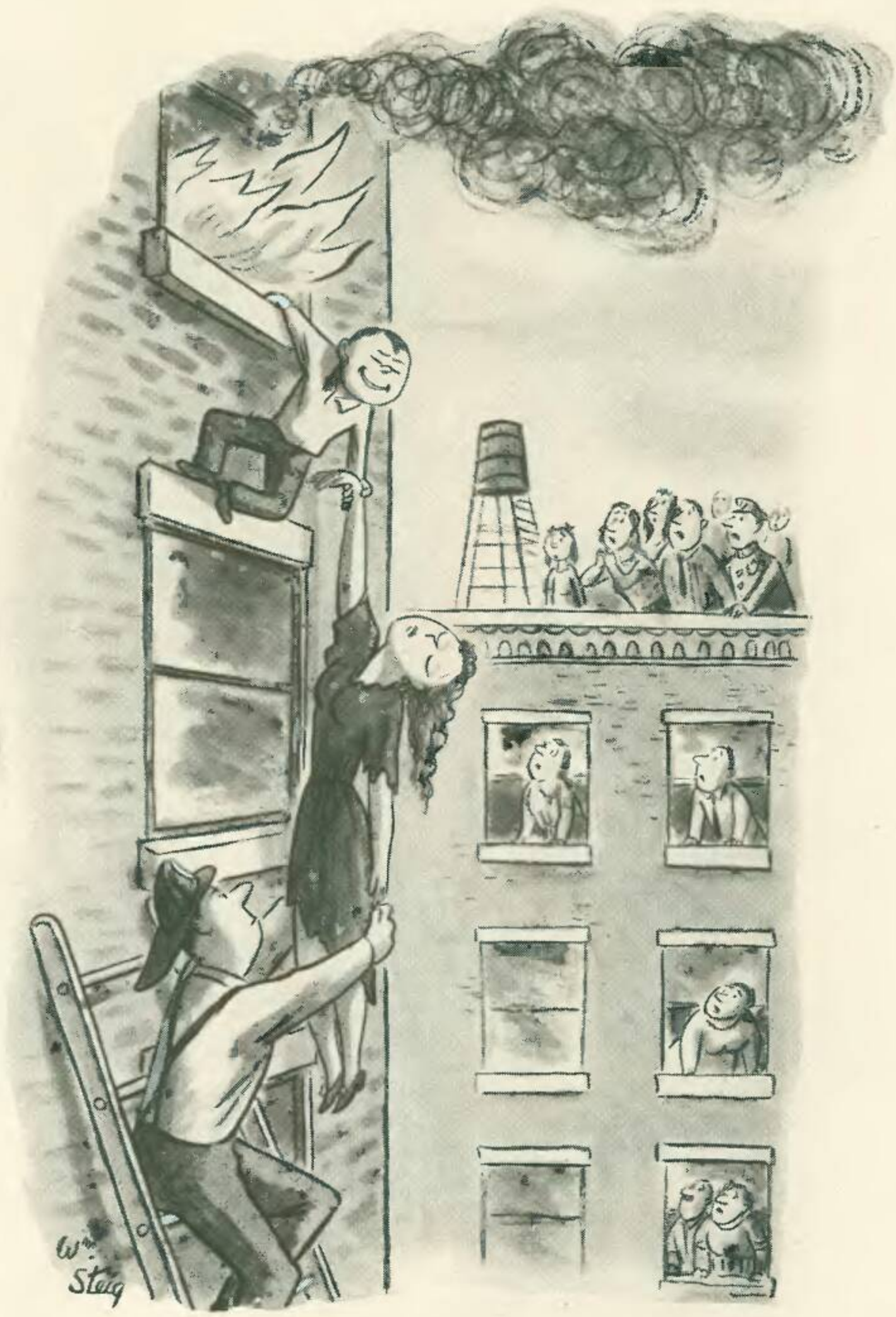
"So it is," said the Doctor, thunderstruck. "Blow me down. The Society didn't think of that when they dreamed up this hourglass to illustrate the wastefulness of socialized medicine."

"Is—is that what the toaster and percolator are for, too?" inquired Duveneck.

"Search me," admitted the other. "I figured the idea needed some kind of production—window dressing, you might say. Well," he said, rising and extending his hand, "so long, and remind me to try out the patter on you the next time you come in. I'll have the right answers by then."

"But listen," protested Duveneck, "you haven't even heard my story."

"Something about a fuse, wasn't it?" observed the Doctor perfunctorily.



DREAMS OF GLORY

Rescue

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"Here, take two of these capsules before each meal; the tingling ought to subside in about three days. How's Mrs. Duveneck?"

"Look, Doc," pleaded Duveneck, piteously indicating the crown of his head. "A whole carton of Mason jars fell off the shelf on me. I've got a lump the size of a walnut—it might be a concussion—"

"Nonsense," said Culpepper brusquely. "It's only a little tertiary swelling, nothing to speak of. You don't expect me to base a readable case history on that, do you?"

"No, but couldn't you just feel it and give me an opinion or something?" Duveneck implored. "I wouldn't tell anybody, I promise."

"I'm afraid not, old man." The Doctor's lips compressed into a thin line. "There *is* such a thing as medical ethics, you know. Now, if it was a colorful injury, a gunshot wound or whatnot, I'd be delighted to help—always provided it had a good exciting background, naturally."

"Honest, our cellar'd make a peach of a setting, Dr. Culpepper," insisted Duveneck. "You could do a great job on









all those cobwebs and dark corners. No kidding, it's the spookiest place you ever saw. They—they say it used to be a station on the Underground Railroad."

"Kind of an Edgar Allan Poe slant, eh?" pondered the Doctor, chewing thoughtfully on his pencil. "We-e-ll, it might be the basis for a short short, though hardly the way it stands. I'd have to rearrange most of the action and dialogue."

"Oh, sure, sure, whatever you say," said Duveneck quickly. "I mean if you'd rather lay it in the attic, where I knock my head against a rafter—"

"One moment, Duveneck," Culpepper interrupted, with hauteur. "I wasn't aware we were collaborating on this. I'm perfectly capable of handling it without any outside assistance."

"Of course you are," agreed the suppliant, cringing. "Gosh, I hate people who tell professionals how to write, don't you? Oh—er—to get back to this bump again—"

"There's no necessity to," said Culpepper crisply. "I'll probably use an entirely different motivation; I might decide to have you stumble over a shovel or wrench your back colliding with the furnace. The device is unimportant. What I've got to capture and convey to the reader is a man's panic and isolation at an instant of crisis." He sprang up and described a wide, sweeping gesture. "By George, I might even climax with you lying there slowly gasping out your life while scarcely fifteen feet away your wife rocks placidly over her knit-









ting, unaware of your predicament. Think of that for irony!"

"I am—I mean I will," Duveneck assured him, "but in the meantime isn't there anything I could put on my head? It throbs something awful."

"Yes, try a cold poultice or a knife blade," said the Doctor indifferently. "And take my card. In case you fall down senseless in the street, I can be reached either here or at the Authors League." Picking up his patient's hat, he escorted him to the door. "Ta-ta, now," he said with an abstracted smile. "Drop in any old time." For a minute after Duveneck had gone, he stood absorbed in thought. Then he darted to his desk and dialled a number.

"Lucas?" he asked. "Fergus Culpepper. . . . First-rate, how are you? . . . Say, you once treated Hammerstein or Rodgers, I forget which. . . . Yes, I *knew* I was right. . . . Well, could you arrange to introduce us? I've got a melodramatic musical comedy all worked out, and, if I do say so, it's a humdinger. . . . I know that, but do me a favor and listen to the first scene. It's the cellar of a Long Island mansion, see, and the owner, a chap on the order of Rex Harrison, has just left a very gay dinner party to replace a fuse . . ."

—S. J. PERELMAN

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Your complete satisfaction is our main strife.—*From a menu of a hotel in Charlestown, N.H.*

Relax, we're utterly miserable.

THE OLD PEOPLE

THE Darlingtons had not been in the hotel a day before the other guests began to look at the younger Mr. and Mrs. Darlington queerly, with commiseration or veiled amusement or a touch of indignation, as though they had brought with them a large, unruly dog whose presence was likely to embarrass and upset the community. The eccentric member of their party was, of course, old Mr. Darlington, who from the start had behaved as awfully as Cecily had predicted he would. As though her father-in-law were indeed a dog who was not housebroken and might disgrace them on the rug at any time, she said angrily to Lance when they met briefly in their room the day after their arrival, "I told you what would happen! He's going to be impossible in a hotel. He'll make himself a nuisance to everybody, and probably break a leg, too."

"Why should he break a leg more easily here than in Oxford?" Lance asked. He was hunting in a suitcase for his second pair of bathing trunks; the pair he had worn that morning was wet and he had promised to take the children swimming again before tea. The three of them, Julia, Frances, and little George, were waiting for him in the lounge.

Lance had appeared at breakfast that morning in shorts and an open-necked blue shirt, but the holiday garb sat on him strangely, with the look of a carefully planned fancy dress that would win its wearer a prize at a dance on board ship. His short legs, unveiled once a year, had a curious air of still being covered by a species of spiritual tweed. Although his clothes proclaimed him lounger, committed for two idle weeks to problems connected with prawning nets and thermos flasks, he looked too brisk to relax his real personality for an instant. Now, on his already inflamed face, his glasses made a tiny reservation of pale, town-dweller's skin from which his small, intelligent eyes looked out sharply. And sharply he said, "I see no reason for such an unfortunate occurrence, dear."

He had found the bathing trunks. He stood up, rolling them into a towel, and tucked the neat little package under his arm, where immediately it looked tamed and urban, like a book or a folder of papers.

"The stairs are very dangerous," Cecily said. "Your father has fallen twice already."

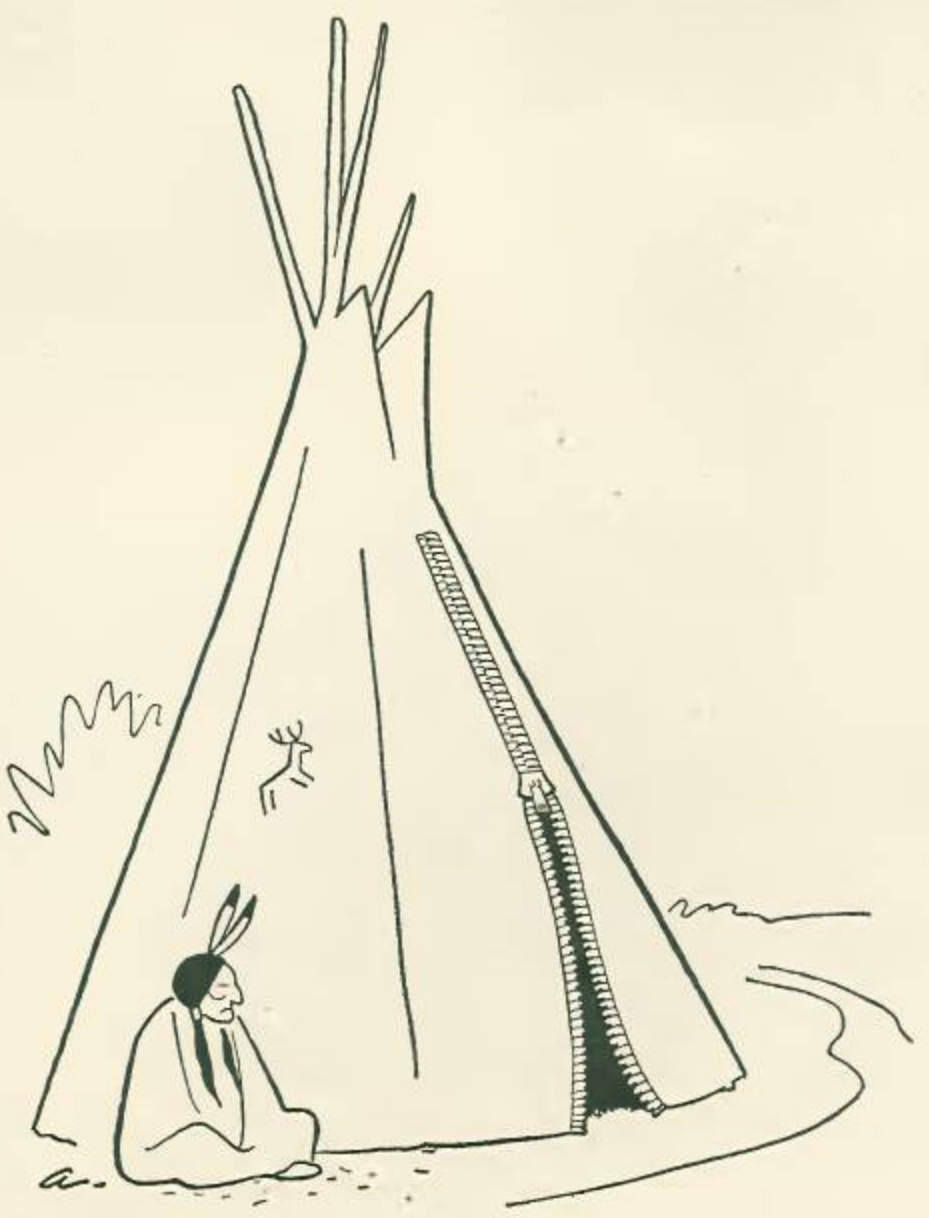
"Against that we can balance the absence of undergraduates on bicycles," Lance said as he started for the door.

"Your mother said he didn't sleep well last night, and you know what *that* means. I shudder to think what the people next door must have suffered."

"Well, dear, the old people are here, and we must make the best of it. After all, we couldn't very well have abandoned them, could we?"

Cecily did not answer. Lance came back, slipped his hand under her chin, and kissed her good-humoredly. His kisses were apt to be literary. This one was, recognizably, a jolly buss, straight out of the Elizabethans. Then he went off to the beach with the children.

LANCE's old parents had come to stay with him in Oxford after they sold their house, which had become too big and too difficult for the senior Mrs. Darlington to manage any longer. They were trying to find a small flat in Oxford. Meanwhile, their presence made an uncomfortable squash for Lance, Cecily, and the children, especially during the holidays, when Julia and Frances were home from school. In the busy university household, the grandfather and grandmother sat about aimlessly. Cecily found them almost unbearable. Their room was a nostalgic junk heap of clocks, books, papers, felt slippers, tea caddies, medicine bottles, biscuit crumbs, and shawls, on which reposed the old man's Siamese cat, another and equally unwelcome émigré. The three visitors moped visibly, Mr. Darlington missing his study, the Siamese his old scratching ground under the back-garden lilacs, and Mrs. Darlington sighing as she sat and knitted socks for Lance. When the summer vacation for which Cecily had been praying arrived, Lance had insisted that it would do his parents good, take their minds off things, if they went along to the seashore, too. Under his hearty manner—all the little quips that put themselves sadly into quotes the moment he made them—he was stubborn and impossible to budge when he had decided on a course of action. So here they were at the hotel, the entire family, minus only the cat, over whose happiness Lance felt no filial qualms.



Mr. Darlington was a big, shambling old man with a wild, scholarly head made more alarming by a tufty white beard. Inquisitive as a squirrel, he frightened the other guests considerably by opening their bedroom doors and peering in, then backing out again with a muttered "Sorry, sorry." And away he would go, plunging and stumbling down the passage with his curious walk, as though he had iron legs and were pitching forward toward an invisible precipice.

The hotel provided no private baths, so old Mr. Darlington took his morning tubs in the bathroom nearest his room. He bathed slowly, a process accompanied by a seal-like grunting, loud, inexplicable crashes, and a heavy sloshing of water. Young Mr. Kent, who sat with his bride at the next table to the Darlingtons' in the dining room, had only tried the bathroom door gently on the first morning when he was frozen in his tracks by a trembling roar from within: "What is it? *Who* is it?"

Cecily had hurried out of her bedroom, opposite, and, smiling charmingly, had said, "My father-in-law won't be more than a minute or two now. I'm afraid he's rather slow."

"Oh, it's quite—" Mr.



"Now, when you see a sign like that, you yell at him to slow down and be careful."

• •

Kent had murmured, and through the door he'd called politely, "Please don't hurry, sir. I'll go along to another bathroom."

There was no answer—only some violent gargling—and the young man had fled.

MEALTIMES, especially lunches and dinners, would have been extremely painful to Cecily if it had not been for Lance and the children. Lance talked incessantly, with the monotonous, grating sound of a piece of chalk moving over a blackboard, imparting a flow of information—local geological, botanical, and ornithological facts that he had imbibed before they'd been twenty-four hours in the place. With the uncontrollable habit of a lifetime, he reduced nature to an orderly card index. Most of his observations were addressed deferentially to his father, admiration of whom was another habit, which even the old man's senility could not break. Mr. Darlington, although he was quite deaf, usually seemed to hear him and would nod, dribbling beer down his beard, and suddenly shout some question like "See any gannets?"

A startled hush would then descend on the other tables, and the back of Mr. Kent's neck turn red, and his young wife bow her head. Mostly, Mr. Darlington muttered and attended to his food, but every now and then, with the lack of control over the vocal organs shared by the deaf and the adolescent boy whose voice is changing, he boomed out a remark that sounded immediately as portentous and terrible as the utterance of a prophet. "*See any gannets?*" and thunderbolts were poised, the dining room quivered, and pretty Mrs. Kent choked over a mouthful of food.

At breakfast, however, when the old gentleman was apt to be silent, the Darlingtons made quite a pleasant family picture—the old couple, the son and daughter-in-law, the children. Julia and Frances were strapping girls in their teens, and they kept up a cheerful babble. Little George took after his father; every subject was explored clearly and calmly to its furthest limit, and filed in the card index already maturing under his thatch of sandy hair.

"Stop talking and eat your fish," Cecily would say to him.

"Eating their fish helps little boys to swim well," old Mrs. Darlington would probably add. At every meal the grandmother contributed the usual fond, tremulous whoppers, which George always considered for a long time, chewing slowly, before he finally gave the skeptical little cough like the one that preceded Lance's demolishing arguments. The likeness was really absurd.

Old Mr. Darlington said almost nothing, merely sighing, slopping coffee into his mouth, and staring fixedly before him with his fierce faded-blue eyes while his wife made little dabs at him with her napkin.

"Oh, *look* what you are doing, Edward!" she would say. "Oh dear, all down your tie! Oh dear, oh dear, what a pity!"

"And now, Mother, what would you like to do today?" Lance would ask punctiliously, as though he did not know.

THE grandparents did not go down to the beach. They had tried that only once, on the first morning, a gusty day when the wind, blowing strongly off the Atlantic, shook their frail old bodies as if they were cutout paper figures. Lance had settled his mother on a campstool in the shelter of a rock, where she sat uncomfortably erect, her feet together, her gloved hands in her lap, and her hat perfectly straight on her white hair, as though she were paying a call in a vast, roaring, glistening drawing room. She looked a perfect mound of clothes—a thick little edifice of hairy cloth, scarves, watch chains, and strong shoe leather—among all the unclothed bodies lying on the sand at her feet.

Mr. Darlington had gone careering off to the very edge of the water, stumbling and pitching so perilously that Cecily thought he was going to fall in. But he had stopped in time, leaning on his stick and glaring out at the great green swells capped with white feathers. The waves seemed to spring hungrily toward him and then slink back again

over the glittering sand, while their thunder filled the air. He had stayed there for some minutes, immovable. Then he came shambling back, sat down on a copy of the London *Times*, and said not a word.

After that, Cecily had insisted that the old people would be happier in the hotel garden. On fine days Lance installed them there, near the tennis court, where the other guests skirted them warily, or, if the weather was dull, he left them indoors in the lounge, where they waited until he came to move them elsewhere. The beach and the sea were too big, too boisterous for them. And as Cecily bitterly commented, it made a break for the rest of the family to be without them for a few hours.

After a day or two in the sun, Lance's nose had begun to peel, so that he looked more than ever a professor in fancy dress, with a cardboard beak as the final carnival touch. He took all the most strenuous walks to the surrounding beauty spots, sometimes alone, sometimes accompanied by his daughters or the young Kents (usually a panting quarter of a mile in the rear). In no time at all, he had tidily filed away in his mind every notable view, church brass, and Celtic earthwork, and would shout a full description of them to Mr. Darlington at dinner. Lance had taken a fancy to Mr. and Mrs. Kent. By the happiest chance, Mr. Kent was flatteringly excited to learn who old Mr. Darlington was—or, rather, had been, for it seemed impossible to reconcile the celebrated Oriental scholar with this restless, wispy ghost creaking and muttering around the hotel all day, and wandering around half the night with a flapping of slippers and a midnight rushing of toilet flushes.

"Why, I have his translation of early Chinese love lyrics," little Mrs. Kent had exclaimed to Lance, looking reverently at the old man hunched in his garden chair.

"What a magnificent head!" she'd said, and Lance, pleased, had begun to tell her about the Augustus John portrait of his father.

After that, the Kents must have spread the word around the hotel. To Cecily's relief, the other guests affected not to notice the old man's behavior—distinguished old age was, after all, privileged—and they were brightly, tactfully blind when they caught Mr. Darlington barging out of the wrong bedroom, or leaving the bathroom with his trousers erratically buttoned. Cecily sometimes noticed Mr. Kent gazing at her father-in-law with romantic respect, as though he detected on the old man's food-spotted waistcoat a plaque that said, "In this building, now ruined, Edward Munroe Darlington lived for many years."

FOR their last afternoon, Cecily and the children had planned a picnic tea on the beach, but at the last moment Lance said they would have to go without him; he had decided to hire a taxi and take the old people for a drive.

"You know they're far better sitting quietly here in the lounge," Cecily said.

"All the same, dear, I intend to take them," Lance had insisted. "I want Father to see that very unusual inscription in the church at Mandeville Comfrey. I was telling him about it last night."

Exasperated, Cecily cried, "Really, what utter nonsense! You know very well that he takes in practically nothing now. It's an absolute waste of money and your last afternoon!"

Lance had finished collecting his usual equipment of compass, maps, and guidebooks. He did not stir anywhere without them, and was presumably prepared to pioneer his way back to Oxford if necessary. On a bench in the garden, Mr. and Mrs. Darlington were already waiting, staring patiently before them, coated and scarved, rugs over their laps. They resembled a couple of stoutly wrapped parcels put out on the steps for collection.

"We shall meet at dinner," Lance said to Cecily, and departed.

As the party rolled off, Lance sitting facing the two inanimate parcels, his voice could be heard, like the voice of a guide in a tourist bus, raised in invincible explanations.

The others went down to the beach. Cecily lay in the sun while the children scrambled among the rocks. It seemed impossible that tomorrow they would all be back in Oxford. She would walk into the familiar hall; her brown hand, now curled indolently on the warm sand, would take the letters and telephone messages off the brass tray in its customary firm way. Everything would be as usual, including Lance's shrouded legs. The Siamese cat, with his peculiar melancholy cry, would dart out and wipe his head welcomingly against old Mr. Darlington's baggy tweed trousers.

And once more, in fancy, Cecily could smell the curious stale, almost medicinal smell—the compounded whiff of cat and Petit-Beurre biscuits, of musty books and wintergreen, and the debris of two long lives laid up in mothballs—that would float out at her



PLUMBER SONG AT EVENING

I heard the plumber calling to his mate
At eventide, when bats were on the wing;
Still was the air, and it was ten past eight—
Thursday it was, but I forget the date—
And oh! I heard a plumber sing.

I listened with my finger to my lip,
As burglar strains to hear the fell police;
Sweet came his song, that seemed a golden drip,
"Jug-jug!" he cried, and then again, "Pip-pip!"
And all the world was peace.

But where his mate? Still, still he silent seemed
As plumber cried "Tu-whoo!"—a silvery tone.
And still the summer world in silence dreamed.
A distant boiler burst, a woman screamed,
And oh! I fear his mate had flown.

Long, long ago it seems, and long it is,
Yet still I think I hear that plumber call
At evening, when the leaky faucets fizz,
And Mrs. Figgins shrieks at little Liz
Across the garden wall.

—R. P. LISTER

• •



"This is the big one, folks. . . . Now he's sighting the putt. . . . Now he's bending over and addressing the ball. . . . Now he's glaring in my direction . . ."

•

all winter whenever she passed the guest-room door. Mr. Darlington's Siamese would be there to welcome him home. There was no doubt of that, for Lance had said nothing of any change in plans. Cecily felt terribly depressed.

But the sound of the sea was soothing. The waves seemed like a voice, sighing on and on, endlessly repeating the same story, which rose to a climax, then subsided in a gentle, plaintive whisper. Cecily dozed off. When she woke, the children were chattering and splashing in the pools not far from where she lay. Drowsily, she listened to George's calm treble; he was dropping shells into his tin bucket.

"When I'm grown up, I shall live here always," he said. "I shall live here with all my children. We shall bathe four times a day, and *never* go to school."

"Goodness!" Frances giggled in an elder-sister way. "Will you ask us to stay with you, George?"

"No."

"Little beast! Will you ask Mummie and Daddy?"

"No." Cecily heard him drop some more shells carefully into the bucket—one, two, three, four. "They'll be dead by then, I expect."

Frances exploded with surprised laughter.

"George!" Julia, a serious girl, was shocked.

"Well, they will," piped George, pleased with the sensation he had made.

"That's not funny, really," Julia said. "Let's go and bathe now. I'm roasting."

Cecily lay for a few minutes longer, listening to the sea. The eternal story that it was sighing to itself was sad, after all, in its cadence of strong rise and dying fall. She had the impulse to do something vigorous and assertive to prove that she and Lance would be able somehow to change that ending, and she picked herself up and hurried after the children, calling to them to wait for her.

They were just capering into the sea, and they paused, turning their heads toward her.

"Don't go out too far!" she called.

To her own ears, as she stood on the wet sands and watched them nod and plunge away into the surf, her voice sounded thin and supplicating.

—Mollie Panter-Downes

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Winchester—Speaker at the meeting of the Winchester Kiwanis club held at the Winchester hotel, Tuesday evening, was Dean H. Dwight Carle of Keene Teachers College. His subject was "Snakes of New Hampshire." Twenty-six were present.—*Keene (N.H.) Evening Sentinel.*

Big ones?

LETTER FROM BERLIN

JULY 26

I DON'T know who it was who, some fifty years ago, wrote a silly song about Berlin beginning "*Du bist verrückt, mein Kind. Du musst nach Berlin, wo die Verrückten sind*" ("You're crazy, my child. Go to Berlin, where the crazy are"), but whoever it was must have had the gift of prophecy. Arriving in Berlin from the relatively normal Western world is like entering a cheerful, bustling, extremely interesting insane asylum, where everything works fine, although—or possibly because—nothing makes sense. "Nobody here except the streetcar conductors knows where he's going," a Berliner said to me amiably and helpfully soon after I arrived, "but that doesn't keep us all from going there as fast as we can." Within the limits of Greater Berlin are a hundred and four miles of street boundaries between West Berlin, made up of the American, British, and French sectors, and East Berlin, the Soviet sector, officially called by the Russians the "democratic" sector. The word "democracy" is prominently displayed all over East Berlin; if, after becoming lost in the vast, bleak accumulation of rubble and ruins that constitutes the city, you see a poster that has the word on it, you can be pretty sure that you are somewhere in the Soviet sector. Americans are permitted to move freely in East Berlin—though few care to do so—but they are not permitted to go beyond, into the Soviet Zone of Germany. It's as difficult for an American citizen to get into Eastern Germany as into the "people's democracies" behind the Iron Curtain, except on special occasions, such as the Leipzig Fair or a sensational trial, when the East German government bundles a group of foreign correspondents together and takes them on a conducted and extraordinarily well-guarded tour into its bailiwick.

Of the city's total estimated population, 2,500,000 live in West Berlin and 1,000,000 in the Eastern area. Many of these people cross the boundary between the two areas ten or twelve times a day, for business or other reasons, and they don't forget for a moment that economically and politically the distance is as great from one side of a boundary street to the other as it is from Moscow to, say, Chicago. Each area has its own administration, police force, political philosophy, economy, and, most important of all, its own currency. Yet physically the city is still one city, in which streets, car tracks, subway lines, sewers, and gas pipes all ignore the border. Within the past six weeks, East and West Berlin have set up separate electric-power and water systems, and West Berlin no longer has to rely upon the whims of somebody in East Berlin who used to turn the power on and off as he pleased. The East and West police forces don't coöperate, except in big murder cases, when their *Mordkommissionen* get together to hunt down the murderer. It isn't surprising that after two years of this abnormal state of affairs, a sort of border psychosis has grown up among the people, perhaps the greatest mass schizophrenia of all time.

ONE day, in the course of familiarizing myself with Berlin, I hired a cab on Leipzigerstrasse, in East Berlin, and told the driver to go to the Städtische Oper, west of the boundary. I tried to engage the man in conversation but noticed at once the furtive look, the lowered voice, and the generally uncomfortable attitude I have found to be standard behavior in Communist-dominated countries. All this changed as soon as we passed a sign on Potsdamer Platz reading, "End of Berlin's Democratic Sector," and entered the American sector. The driver turned to me and explained apologetically that nowadays it isn't wise to be seen talking to strangers "back there," and he proceeded to talk a lot and with evident pleasure. He said he lived in Karlshorst, a suburb fourteen kilometres out of town, where the Soviet Military Administration of Germany has had its headquarters. "The S.M.A. is moving to Potsdam," he continued. "The East Berlin city administration has had to supply three thousand workers for the transfer. The S.M.A. is taking along everything, just like the Russians always do—telephone poles, wooden fences, a whole hospital, two movie theatres, barracks, and garages. Maybe I'll get my apartment back when the Russian officer who has it now moves out. Then I'd have a decent place to live, at least. What else have I got in the world? I'm broke. We East Berlin cabdrivers are all broke. We get paid in cheap East marks, but we have to buy parts for our cabs in West Berlin and pay West marks for them. The shops in East Berlin are empty. Last week, I paid sixty West marks for a new axle. That's three hundred and sixty East marks. It'll take me more than four weeks' work to pay for that axle."



When we arrived at the Städtische Oper, I discovered that in addition to my fare, I was expected to pay the estimated fare back to the East-sector boundary. My driver told me that the inexpensive East Berlin cabbies are not permitted to pick up passengers in West Berlin, since this would give them an unfair advantage over West Berlin drivers. West

Berlin cabbies, on the other hand, don't like to drive into East Berlin, where they will almost certainly be paid off in East marks. My driver took the money and said goodbye, and even as he drove off, I saw the open, friendly look vanish from his face and the old worried one replace it.

THE so-called currency reform of June 24, 1948, has affected life in Berlin more deeply than any post-war conflict of ideologies. Within a single year, the people of Berlin were confronted with five different currencies—the old Reichsbank notes; the bills put out by the Allied Military Government; the "coupon" marks of the Soviets; the German marks of the Deutsche Notenbank, in the Soviet sector, or DM-Ost; and the German marks of the Deutscherländerbank, in the Western sectors, or DM-West. Now the only valid currency in Eastern Germany and East Berlin is DM-Ost. In the West, it is DM-West. Officially, the East mark and the West mark have the same value. A factory job that is worth sixty West marks in West Berlin is worth sixty East marks in East Berlin. That would be all right if prices, too, were identical, but they aren't. On the black market, which sets the exchange rate, a West mark is now worth 6.2 East marks. At one time it was worth as much as nine.

The resulting confusion is worse than anything that the currency-confused people of Central Europe have ever before gone through, including the astronomical inflation after the First World War. A passenger takes a streetcar from West Berlin to East Berlin and pays twenty West pfennigs, and then returns on the same streetcar and pays twenty East pfennigs, which is only three and a quarter West pfennigs. (At the border stop on the eastbound trip, the West conductor gets off, taking his money with him, and an East conductor comes on, and on the westbound trip the process is reversed.) A haircut on the West side of a boundary street is six times as costly as a haircut on the East side. Naturally, many West Berliners cross over to the East side to have their hair cut, their clothes washed, their stomachs X-rayed, and their suits made and shoes soled (but they take good cloth and leather with them from the West), and to make phone calls and mail food packages to relatives in Germany's Eastern Zone. Other East Berlin bargains are hats from the city of Guben, vegetables, fruit, beer, and schnapps, and girls and other amusements. On weekends, the beerhouses and cabarets along Friedrichstrasse, in East Berlin, are crowded with West Berliners. It isn't considered patriotic for them to go there, and it doesn't exactly help the serious unemployment problem in West Berlin, but, as a West Berliner said to me, "Six glasses of schnapps are better than one, and where has patriotism got us in the past?"

This summer, when many Berliners are taking their first vacation since 1939, quite a few people from West Berlin have been going to the Baltic Sea resorts in the Eastern Zone, where they get a room and board for 7.8 East marks a day. That's thirty cents, and certainly reasonable enough, if they don't mind too much having the Russians and the German Volkspolizei, uncomfortably reminiscent of Himmler's S.S. guards, around. But, inexpensive though it seems to West Berliners, it's far from that for people whose wages are paid in East marks. A worker in West Berlin can live fairly well on his weekly sixty West marks (fourteen dollars and twenty-eight cents), but the worker in the Soviet sector who also makes sixty marks—but East marks (two dollars and thirty cents)—is facing slow starvation. For East Berliners who have the money, the food situation has improved considerably in the last year, although many items are still rationed and every day unhappy East Berliners, carrying battered valises, trudge over into West Berlin to supplement the supplies in their larders. They have to be careful about the change they accept; while the East mark circulates freely in the Western sectors, possession of the West mark in East Berlin is a crime.

All along the hundred-and-four-mile boundary, one encounters scenes that should be a delight to Western propagandists. On the West side of a street, small, patchwork shops and market stands, put up almost overnight by free-enterprise merchants, sell choice products of what the Russians refer to contemptuously as the "Marshall Plan slave economy"—Danish butter, Italian cheese, American canned goods, Dutch cocoa, Swiss chocolate, bacon, poultry, fresh meat. (Actually, such goods usually reach Berlin not through the operation of the Marshall Plan but by way of dollar-grasping Soviet-aided black-marketeers, whose automobiles—costing



"The front office got suspicious when a year went by and I didn't ask for a raise."

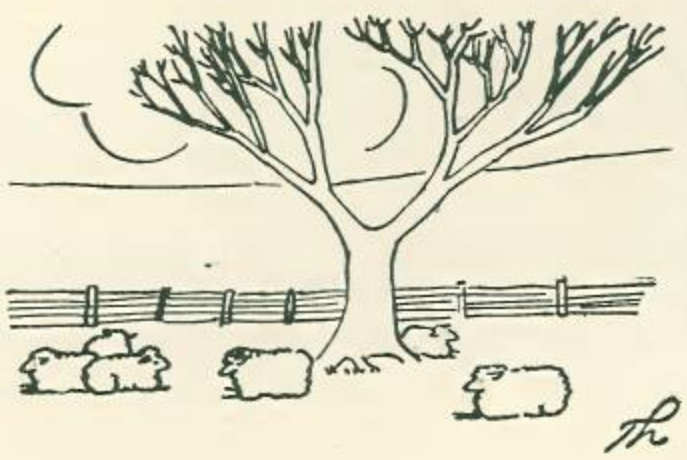
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fifteen hundred dollars and up—with Swiss, Dutch, or Belgian license plates can be seen all over the Russian sector.) On the East side of boundary streets are desolate, state-owned Konsum shops offering rationed foods and things like iron sieves and Persil laundry powder, shoe stores that have shoes in their display windows but only empty shelves inside, and schnapps shops. And just in case one should absent-mindedly forget which side of the street is which, on the East side there are the blue-shirted, black-uniformed men and women of the Volkspolizei. All the Volkspolizei, including the women, are armed.

Although it is just as safe to walk on one side of a boundary street as on the other, most people seem to prefer the West side, even when there are no shops there. I asked several passersby about this phenomenon, and they looked surprised; they hadn't been conscious of it. "The West side is just *freundlicher* [more cheerful], I guess," one East Berlin woman said. West Berliners are, on the whole, shabbily dressed, but the majority of the people crossing over from the East side are conspicuously more shabby. They anxiously scan the prices in the windows of the shops, to be confronted by such temptations as half a pound of butter for the West-mark equivalent of twenty-nine cents, which at the H.O. (Handels Organization) stores, in East Berlin, would have cost them the East-mark equivalent of thirty-eight cents. But they are also confronted by the fact that no bargain is a bargain if one can't afford it.

Trade in East Berlin is all but monopolized by the Russian-owned H.O. stores, which require no ration cards and charge higher prices than the Konsums and are the German equivalent of Moscow's Mostorg shops and of the "commercial," unrationed stores in the "people's democracies." Among the wares I have seen on H.O. counters were fine Meissen china and beautiful glassware. I have also seen textiles and shirts and other clothes of poor quality, all very expensive. One of the strange accomplishments of the Soviet occupation authorities in Germany—attained by setting work norms and production quotas—is the lowering of the once high standard of the German worker's output to the mean standards of the rest of the Soviet sphere of influence; a great many East Berlin Communists buy their shoes, shirts, furniture, and other manufactured goods in West Berlin, because the quality is so much better there. Another peculiar aspect of the Russian occupation, and one that no amount of Marxist dialectics can refute, is that here in Berlin, where East and West meet, labor is much cheaper in the workers'-society area than in the capitalistic-society one.

Tension is continuous in the streets that mark the boundary between East and West Berlin. In certain ones that run through tough districts, where everybody loves a good fight and nobody stops to consider that the smallest scuffle may develop into an international incident, free-for-alls are common. Most of those started by West Berliners occur in the French sector, where the people pay less attention to their military police (French) than the residents of the American and British sectors pay to theirs. Some of the incidents are undoubtedly initiated by *agents provocateurs;* others are a result of the West Berliners' emotional urge to get in a lick at the hated regime on the other side of the street. I was a witness to one such melee on Bernauerstrasse, which is part of the boundary, not far from a big sign on the East side of the street reading, "PEOPLE OF WEST BERLIN! HERE BEGINS THE SECTOR WHERE EVERY CITIZEN CAN SET DOWN, FREELY AND UNOPPOSED, HIS SIGNATURE FOR THE OUTLAWING OF THE ATOMIC BOMB." The rumpus started, for no apparent reason, about six one evening, while both sides of the street were crowded with peaceful strollers. Suddenly, hostile groups formed, there were angry shouts, and then stones were thrown. Near me, a ten-year-old boy picked up a stone that must have weighed ten pounds. An elderly man told him sharply to drop it, and the boy obeyed reluctantly. The man said to me, "We're always the ones who throw the first stones." He looked at the Volkspolizei across the street and added, "But they're the ones who fire the first bullets. Most of the people you see here have gone through two wars in their lifetime, but they will never grow up politically."



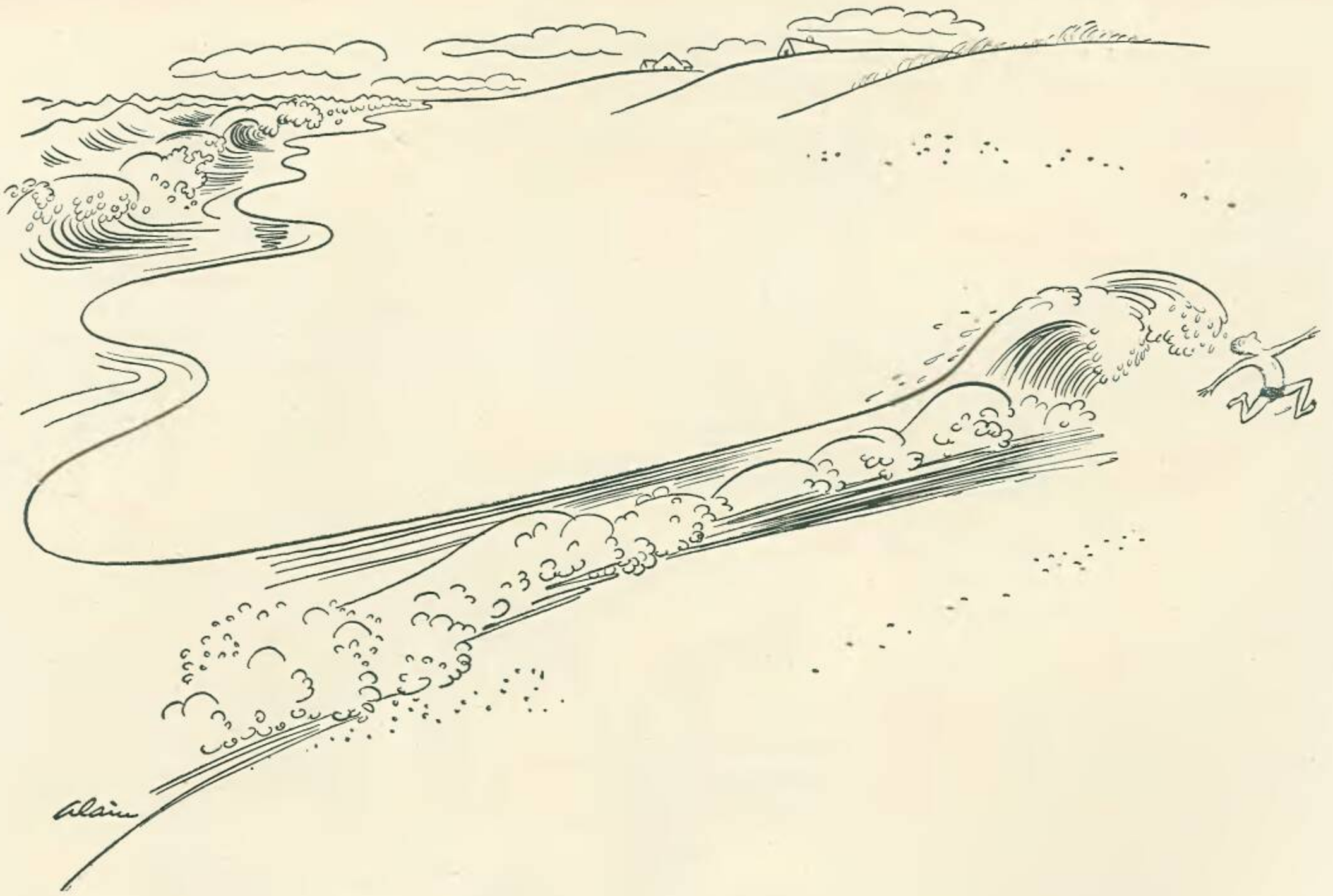
THE propaganda battle for the minds of Berlin's inhabitants is waged with much enthusiasm by both sides, to the great amusement of the cynical Berliners, who believe neither one nor the other. Considering, however, that the Americans are relatively new at a game of which the former *Gauleiter* of Berlin, Dr. Joseph Goebbels, was the undisputed master, they are not doing badly. The American-edited Berlin edition of *Die Neue Zeitung* is certainly better and far more popular than its Soviet counterpart, the *Tägliche Rundschau*, which looks very much like Goebbels' old *Völkischer Beobachter*. Berliners say that they regard the *Tägliche Rundschau* as extremely useful for wrapping up ration-free fish. (Berlin, by the way, has been spared the small, vicious Nazi newspapers that are cropping up all through the American Zone of Germany, right under the eyes of the occupation authorities.) No one can ignore the considerable abilities of Professor Gerhart Eisler, Eastern Ger-

THE GHOST OF AN EDUCATION

Muzzy with drink, I let my humor recline
By the river border, watching satire dip,
First as a summer streamer, next a whip
Cracked at the surface, then a fishing line
Pulling the past reluctant from its bed
In vague and tangled shapes. Odd fish, half-dead
Bogies, and old disguises worn no longer
Dripped up, now honest scarecrows. Admiration
Saw last an ancient horrifying conger,
The long lie that was my education.

Assurance gone, satire began to quiver
Till it broke, and the thing hauled up fell back in the river,
Where it lives, with the price of my freedom on its head,
Scaring strangers, slowing the current, fouling the bed.

—JAMES MICHIE



• •

many's propaganda chief, who is credited here with the authorship of the Great Potato Bug Mystery, which has made Colorado the most talked-about state in the Union, but even Eisler has not succeeded in persuading East Berliners to read their own papers, even though Western papers are strictly *verboten* in East Berlin. The East Berliners cross the boundary and read the American sector's nonpartisan *Tagesspiegel* or the British sector's Socialist *Telegraf*, which has taken over the plant, though not quite the mass circulation, of the defunct *Morgenpost*, which at one time exceeded eight hundred thousand. (The *Telegraf's* circulation is more than three hundred thousand, however, or one copy for every eight West Berliners.) Everybody in East Berlin listens to the excellent programs of RIAS, West Berlin's American radio station. The American-sponsored monthly literary magazine, *Der Monat*, ably edited by Melvin J. Lasky, of New York, has within two years come near realizing its ambitious program—"to be a forum of open-minded discussion, based on free exchange of opinions from the most divergent groups of thought in Germany and all parts of the world." The Congress for Cultural Freedom has demonstrated to Berliners the value of open-minded discussion, and the Free University, in the suburb of Dahlem, a part of the American sector, is another step toward achieving it.

The Free University was established, with American assistance, on December 4, 1948, after it became evident that the once great University of Berlin, on Unter den Linden, in the Soviet sector, would soon have no more freedom than it had under Hitler. From an initial enrollment of twenty-one hundred and forty, the student body of the Free University has grown to more than five thousand, and it would be much larger if it were not restricted by lack of space—it is temporarily carrying on in what were several small private residences—and by lack of money. The university has departments of medicine, law, philosophy, political economy, and social science. Thirty-six per cent of its students were born in what is now the Soviet Zone of Germany, and another five per cent in the Russian sector of Berlin. Twelve hundred students and twenty-six professors have shifted to the Free University from the University of Berlin, and hundreds of other students have come from the formerly renowned universities of Jena, Leipzig, Halle, Greifswald, and Rostock, all now under Russian domination. The purpose of the Free University was clearly outlined last year in a speech made by Professor Theodor Heuss, the President of the West German Federal Republic, when he received an honorary degree from the institution. "The universities must not be drilling grounds for one-sided convictions, as they were at one time," he said. "Do we want this to happen again? The Free [meaning "independent"] University was created in order to display a contrast to such tendencies. This is its real significance." Whether this noble purpose will be fulfilled remains to be seen. The Free University has its share of professors with a doubtful political past. Several students have pointed out to me that one professor, whose presence on the faculty has been explained by various functionaries as being "practical" and "necessary," was well known only a few years ago for such utterances as "National Socialism is no science but a matter of character and of the heart." This professor is not thought highly of by most of the students, which is probably a healthy sign.

There is more positive criticism of ideologies in Berlin than in other German cities. The Berliners' enthusiasm for imperialism and militarism and, suc-

cessively, Junkerism and Hitlerism, as well as for democracy, has always been mingled with a good deal of skepticism. Close to a hundred thousand big-time Nazis are still hiding underground in Germany, but it is unlikely that many of them are in Berlin. Denazification was less of a comedy here than in other cities. A *Gauleiter* who had held one of the highest positions in the Nazi hierarchy was tried before a denazification court in Hamburg and placed in Category 4, meaning that he had been found not guilty. His wife had the bad luck to be denazified in Berlin; was consigned to Category 3, which meant that she had been adjudged a *Nutzniesser*, or beneficiary; and was sentenced to eight months in prison. The Berliners are an industrious, wide-awake, cynical folk, whose favorite saying is "*Det kof' ich nicht*" ("I won't buy that"). There are many things that the Berliner won't buy. He is inclined to believe only what he sees for himself. He is thoroughly unsentimental. "How can you afford to be sentimental when you've been here in the years before the war, during the war, and after the war, and know that the Russians are only three miles away?" a young musician asked me.

Unlike the people of Vienna, who have made a postwar career out of complaining and self-pity, the Berliners are not sorry for themselves. On the contrary, they like to laugh at their own shortcomings, which, they admit, are not few. Currently, they are laughing at themselves while watching a motion picture called "Herrliche Zeiten" ("Wonderful Times"), an ingenious montage of newsreel shots of the past fifty years, put together by the German director and composer Erich Neumann. Due credit is given to the cameramen all over the world "who have been working on this picture since 1900, although they didn't know it." All the familiar faces are there—the Kaiser and Caruso and Greta Garbo and Hitler and Charlie Chaplin and Josephine Baker and Mussolini—but the mood of the running commentary that accompanies the film is one of ridicule and sarcasm, not nostalgia. This is spoken by a wise-guy type named, for the occasion, August Schulze, who is supposedly speaking for Berlin at large. Schulze knows everything, and invariably turns out to be wrong. He knows that the newfangled automobile, radio, and sound film won't last; he knows that Germany will win the wars of 1914 and 1939; he believes the Kaiser and Hitler when they promise to lead the German nation toward Wonderful Times.

MILLIONS of words have been written about the courage and defiance of the Berliners in the days of the airlift, but, looking back now, quite a few of them frankly say that they stuck it out and declined to register for rations in the Russian sector *in spite of* the fact that they were fighting the battle of Western democracy. They stuck it out partly because they didn't want to give in to anybody, least of all to the feared Russians, and even more because they have a deep, unromanticized attachment for their city. Berlin has never been a beautiful city. Even at its undestroyed best, it could not compete with the gracefulness of Paris, the classic elegance of Rome, the nobility of London, or the magnificence of New York. Yet a Berlin girl who had just spent three weeks at her mother's house in an idyllic, undamaged town in the Rhineland told me that she had been impatient to get back to her cellar room in a bombed house. "I was afraid that something might happen while I was away and I would miss it," she said. "And I



"I'll be glad when Bill and I are married and I can stop pretending I don't know anything about baseball."

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was bored there. Life is never boring here. Something is always happening."

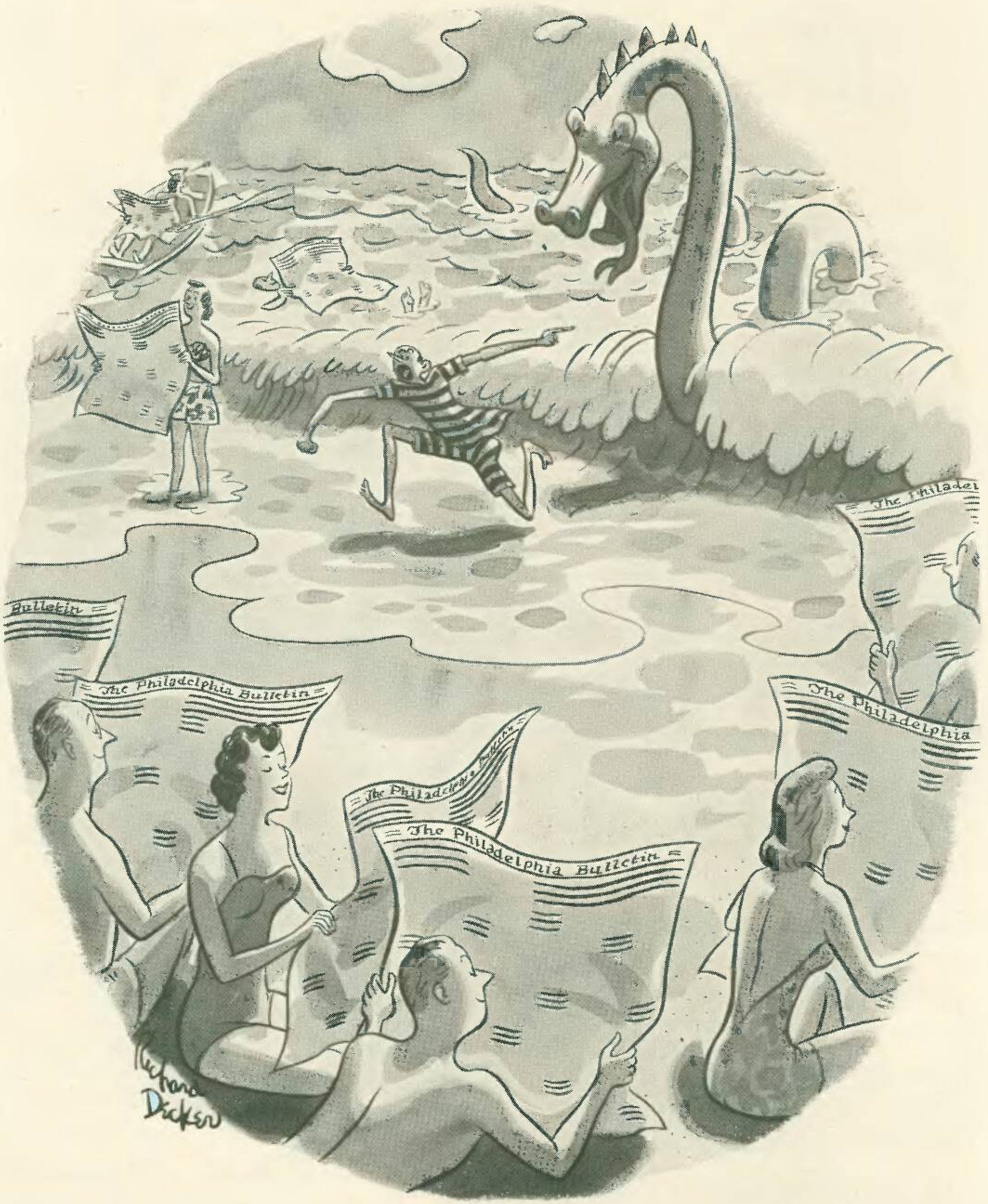
The girl, I learned, could have got married and settled down in the Rhineland, but she prefers to stay in Berlin, even though she has little chance of finding a husband here. When Hitler came into power, Berlin had four hundred and thirty-two thousand marriageable men between the ages of twenty and fifty; today there are only a hundred thousand. As a result, three hundred thousand women in Berlin will not succeed in getting married, no matter how hard they try. And some are certainly trying hard. The newspapers are flooded with advertisements proposing rendezvous, and cafés and dance halls announce on billboards that their male clientele consists of "the more mature youths." Getting a husband, or even a man, is a serious business here.

An air of fatalism prevails among Berliners. "We may as well have as good a time as possible today," a youthful bachelor remarked to me. "You know what they say about tomorrow." The tomorrow-we-die spirit is very much in evidence on Berlin's Fifth Avenue, the Kurfürstendamm, in the British sector, where the window displays and the neon lights may remind the traveller of Zurich, that smug citadel of a solid economy. But the buildings on the Kurfürstendamm are much like those on a street in a Hollywood movie set—sumptuous façades with nothing behind them. For Berlin's economy is anything but solid. Of the eight hundred and fifty thousand potential workers in West Berlin, two hundred and eighty thousand, or one out of every three, are unemployed. Berlin's industries are all but standing still. The big blockade is over, but the Russians still have their hands on the doorknob, and every once in a while they close the Autobahn between Berlin and the West just long enough to make businessmen in the Allied zones outside Berlin leery of trading with the city. The Berliners feel bitter toward these compatriots, who they are convinced are letting them down by not buying the output of their factories. The answer of the West Germans is "We can't give orders to Berlin. They may not be able to deliver. Haven't you heard that the Russians are building sixteen Army control points around the city?"

There is a great need for houses in Berlin, but building materials are mostly sold in the black market. Hundreds of people are living in slum conditions in the Anhalter Bunker, a wartime air-raid shelter, while cafés and luxury restaurants are going up on the Kurfürstendamm because their owners can afford to pay scandalous prices for wood, glass, and concrete, and those in the rest of the city can't. Quite naturally the propagandists in East Berlin make the most of this situation. They also point out that everybody in the Soviet sector is employed. They don't, of course, bother to add that the pay there is in East marks, that a worker can't quit or change his job, or that once a person goes to work in the Soviet sector, he may find himself personally helping to supply Russia's seemingly insatiable manpower needs, created, in large measure, it is said, by the uranium mines Moscow is thought to be operating somewhere behind the Iron Curtain. In consequence of these drawbacks, many Germans who would like to work prefer to draw unemployment insurance in West Berlin rather than risk an uncertain and hazardous future in the East. A typical Berlin joke concerns a man whose two older sons are working in East Berlin, each making four hundred East marks (fifteen dollars and thirty-six cents) a month—one in the Soviet Military Administration and the other in the East German government—while a younger son is unemployed in West Berlin. "What's the matter?" a friend says to the old man. "Can't your older sons get the boy a job in the East?" "Are you crazy?" the old man answers. "The boy supports us all." Actually, an unemployed unmarried worker in West Berlin receives a relief payment of only about thirty West marks (seven dollars and fourteen cents) a month, and on that he can't very well support other people or shop along the Kurfürstendamm, where prices are not much lower than in the States.



YET, while Berlin is wondering whether it's going to die tomorrow, it certainly has a good time—a much better time, at any rate, than "victorious" London. On any evening, one has a choice of three fine opera houses—the Staatsoper and the Komische Oper, in the Soviet sector, and the Städtische Oper, in West Berlin. (The boundary cuts straight through the center of the city's cultural life.) The Städtische Oper's orchestra is slightly inferior to that of the Staatsoper but tickets for it cost four times as much, because they



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have to be paid for in West marks. One can attend either a Western, capitalist version of "The Marriage of Figaro" or an Eastern one, in which the poor barber is shown as an underdog exploited by the wealthy classes. A dozen theatres offer a wide choice of drama, from "Endstation Sehnsucht" ("A Streetcar Named Desire") and "Tod des Handelsreisenden" ("Death of a Salesman") to André Gide's dramatization of Kafka's "The Trial." The current movies include the latest American products, as well as such Russian epics as "Meeting on the Elbe" and "The Battle of Berlin," in which the Americans are shown as far more villainous than any characters a B-picture writer in Hollywood could conceive of. There are cabarets with clever, satirical shows, and places where members of both sexes perform strip teases. The menus of the better restaurants list as many as eighty dishes, and the cafés serve enormous heaps of whipped cream, hereabouts called *Schlagsahne*, which is eaten on cake or put in coffee. A lot of people who can't afford *Schlagsahne* are ordering it these days. After watching a thin, poorly dressed woman in a West Berlin restaurant devour two portions—quite an achievement—I struck up a conversation with her. She was a refugee from the Eastern Zone and had come to Berlin the day before, with a few marks in her pocket and no luggage. (Every day, some three hundred people from Soviet Germany arrive in West Berlin, seeking the Western concept of freedom.) "For eight years, I've dreamed of *Schlagsahne*," the woman said. "I promised myself I'd eat two portions if I ever got here. There's no whipped cream in Eastern Germany. Have you heard the new version of '*Deutschland, Deutschland, Über Alles*' they're secretly singing there? It goes, '*Deutschland, Deutschland, ohne alles, Ohne Butter, ohne Speck. Und das bisschen Marmelade Frisst uns die Verwaltung weg.*'" ("Germany, Germany, without all, without butter, without bacon. Even our little marmalade is taken away by the government.") I asked the woman what she was going to do now that she was here. She gave a tired shrug. "I don't know," she said. "I'll look around tomorrow. All I care about today is that I'm in the West."

The most interesting eating places in Berlin are the restaurants in the two Intourist hotels in the Soviet sector, which the Russians set up to dine and wine their business friends from the West and their political friends from the

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East. Until a few months ago, diners other than Germans and Russians had to pay in dollars or Swiss francs. Now all prices are in East marks, which makes these restaurants the cheapest in the world for fine, unsalted Malossol caviar. On the evenings I have frequented one or the other of them, the guests were a mixture of high-ranking German Communists; black-marketeers from Switzerland, Sweden, and Holland; Russians wearing civilian suits, in which they didn't seem to feel too comfortable; and West Berliners with a taste for genuine *shashlik* and *bœuf Stroganov*. The service was good, in a casual way; the waiters wore clean tuxedos; and there was a fine Liebfraumilch '29 and a Zeller Schwarze Katz, in case one didn't care for vodka. The weight of each dish was marked on the menu. Thus I knew that I was being served sixty grams (two ounces) of Malossol caviar for twelve East marks (forty-six cents) and a hundred-and-seventy-gram (six-ounce) filet mignon, with a fried egg, for thirteen and a half East marks (fifty-two cents). No one asked for my passport or demanded to know what I was doing there, and I was glad no one did, for how could I have explained to a Russian—any Russian—that I had come there not to spy but simply because I like caviar?

—Joseph Wechsberg

•

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Trottie True, daughter in a middle-class British family, prepares to join a vaudeville troupe when a balloon crashes in the garden of her home and she meets the pilot Sid Skinner. He flies his balloon around the country to see her on tour. Trottie is a big hit and moves upward into musical comedy, where she has to resist the propositionings of the show's backer and some assorted lords, among them the duke of Wellwater. Since Sid seems chiefly interested in his gas bag, she becomes a duchess. The duke gets innocently involved in an intrigue with a friend, Lord Maidenhead, and his actress girl friend, and Trottie makes a scene in public. She takes a balloon ride with Sid, who conveniently appears, but in the end there is a reconciliation.—*Movie synopsis in Boxoffice, trade magazine for film distributors.*

With everyone but those who paid to get in.

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SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Milford (Pa.) Dispatch*]

Mrs. D—— S—— spent several days last week in New York on a shop-lifting tour. Several interesting articles were obtained.



Big-Evening

GLAMOUR

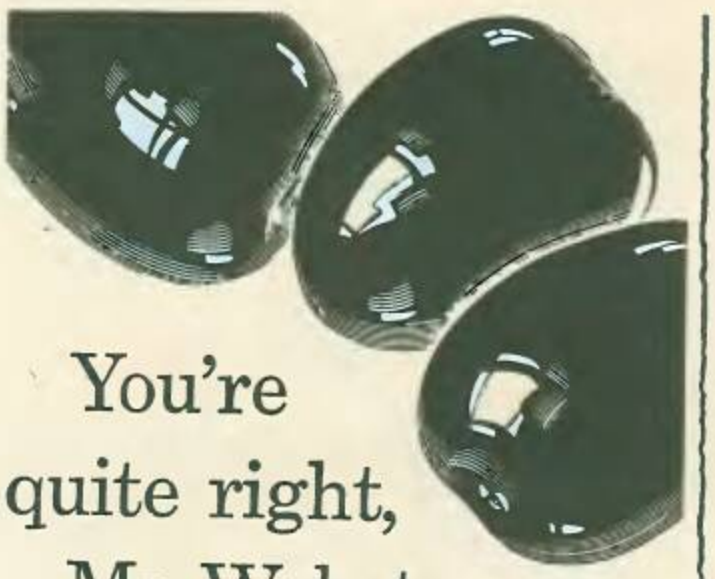
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Still Lively



THERE'S nothing around this week that could conceivably interest you more than a revival of "All Quiet on the Western Front," a film that was first released in 1930, when Hitler and his pluguglies were just three years away from control of Germany; reissued in 1934, two years before the outbreak of the Spanish Civil War; and reissued again in 1939, on the eve of the Second World War. Any Nostradamus among us might well conclude that the reappearance of the picture at this time possibly indicates the imminence of Armageddon. However that may be, "All Quiet on the Western Front," with or without prophetic overtones, still packs a momentous wallop, and its battle scenes are right up there with the best ever made. In all probability, its pacifistic message will carry as little weight now as it carried in the past, for although it has been estimated that a hundred million people have had a look at it, wars still seem to be very much with us. But I guess it's a good thing for us to be permitted to hear a few flutters in the dovecote along with the martial racket of our day, and I trust there won't be any attempt here to squelch the piece as it was squelched in Berlin in 1930, when mobs of Nazi Brown Shirts picketed the theatre at which it was playing on opening night and let white rats loose among the seats. (The second night, it was snakes.)

There are, of course, flaws in "All Quiet on the Western Front" that have become more conspicuous with age. The sound track is uncertain, the editing often abrupt, and the scenes sometimes monotonous, as when a doorway is used over and over again to frame the figures of marching men. But in describing the horrors of actual combat, Lewis Milestone, the director, got down on celluloid a great deal of impressive stuff. There is no love interest, and false heroics have been avoided almost entirely. In the person of Louis Wolheim, the picture presents a fine example of an ordinary soldier, to whom food is more important than cosmic issues, and life a hell of a lot more valuable than the suc-

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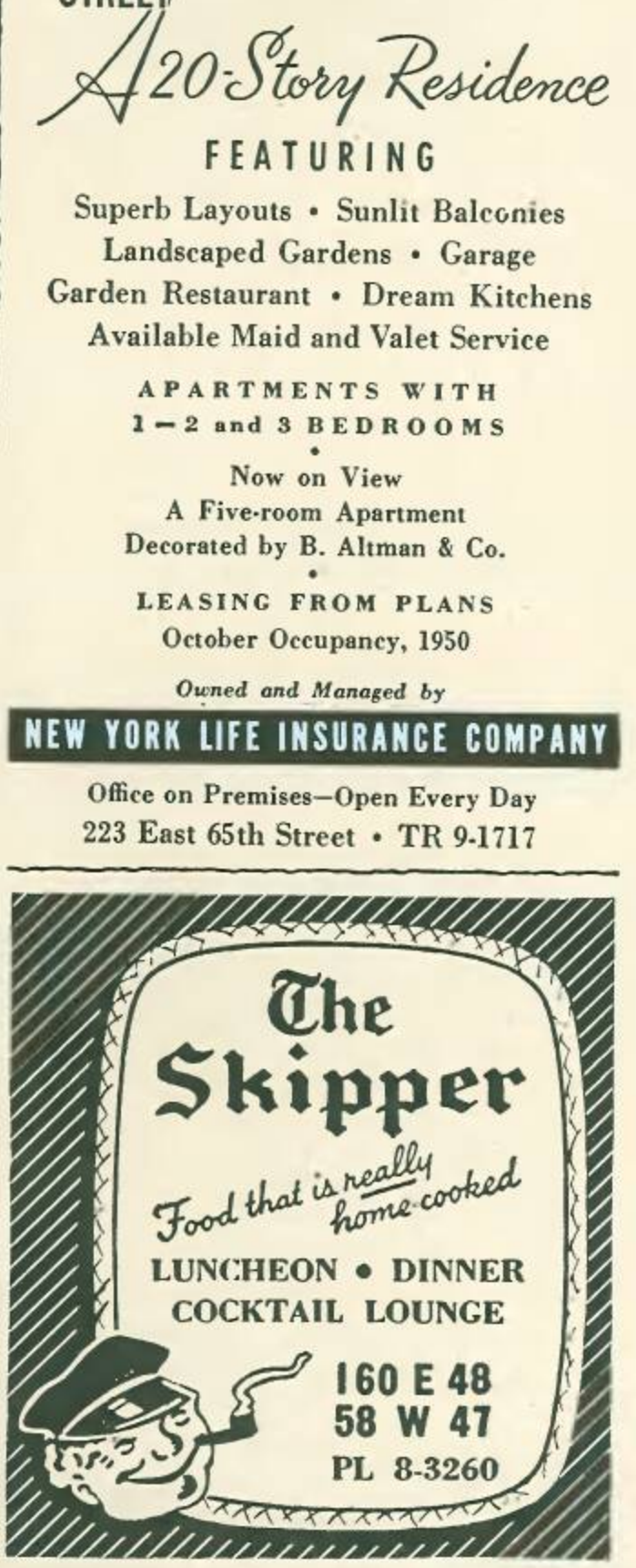
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cess of the plans of the General Staff. Among those who look to Mr. Wolheim as their provider and their refuge you may remember Lew Ayres, Raymond Griffith, Slim Summerville, and Russell Gleason, as well as John Wray, who plays Himmelstoss, the martinet. Their acting isn't always up to the standard set by Mr. Wolheim, but compared with some of the histrionics we're subjected to in the movies today it seems remarkable. The script, put together by Maxwell Anderson and George Abbott, gives all hands a good bit to work with.

THE one contemporary offering I will report on is called "The Underworld Story." It is thronged with dozens of low-life characters, including a tittering gangster (Howard da Silva), a corrupt reporter (Dan Duryea), and a wicked publisher (Herbert Marshall). They are all somehow involved in a murder, but it's not the sort of killing that's worth biting your nails about. As a matter of fact, the thing charges off in so many directions that it becomes a nuisance before you've worked up any interest in the homicide.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

SAILING
(ON THE S.S. DE GRASSE)

Exploding over the sheer crevice,
These comets with carnival tails
Are caught between rail and rail,
A net under the row of faces,
By which the event is thwarted,
  Holding the departed.

The crevice widens; the bay
Unravels under the tugs. The paper
Streamers ribbon from the deck's
  camber—
Castaways, cobwebs at the liner's side,
  Brushed by a seaslide.

—JOHN PLUM

•

Charles F. Adams, 30, of Ft. Bliss was fined $100 by Judge C. M. Lanier in Police Court yesterday on charges of being a "peeping Tom."

Police reported that Adams was caught in an alley in back of the Hotel Campbell at 415 West Franklin street. Roomers complained that he was peering into first floor windows.

Adams said that he was only trying to get in a window of a girl friend on the first floor of the St. Regis Hotel.—*El Paso paper.*

And you can't expect a man to do that with his eyes shut.



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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

MARKETS AND MENUS



ONE of the many blessings the repeal of prohibition brought with it, and one that has taken longer than some of the others to be fully appreciated, is the privilege of not feeling obliged to drink spirits when you don't want to. Europeans, at certain prosaic moments not dedicated to the apéritif or sherry or beer, have always derived refreshment and a mild satisfaction from non-alcoholic beverages without identifying themselves with any soft-drink Cause, and many Americans are following their lead, if one may judge by the numerous fruit syrups—some good, some bad—appearing among us. Since these syrups are by their nature extremely sweet, even when diluted with the requisite water, the extent of their usefulness is limited. They would, of course, be rather horrid with meals or with any food more substantial than pastry, but they do take up the sag of midmorning or very early afternoon quite pleasantly on a hot summer day, and for children they are heaven-sent and, I should think, vastly to be preferred to the carbonated lord-knows-what they ordinarily take to.

One of the best of these syrups, made entirely of fresh raspberries and sugar, according to an old German recipe, is bottled by a Mrs. Bauer and sold at Maison Glass, 15 East 47th Street; Macy; Joseph Victori, 164 Pearl Street; Altman; many of the Gristede stores; and a lot of delicatessens. Mixed with five or six parts of water and served with plenty of cracked ice, it has the delicious flavor of ripe berries and one of the prettiest and freshest colors imaginable—the delicate pink of *vin rosé*. For some reason, the syrup doesn't accommodate itself to soda, as you might expect it would, and the raspberry aroma is impaired by the addition of lime or lemon juice, but with plain tap water and ice, it's as nice a hot-weather drink as you could wish, provided, that is, that your wishes were confined to syrups, or something of the kind, in the first place. The price varies all over town, but in no place does it go over seventy-five cents for a sixteen-ounce bottle. Another raspberry syrup, which is—to me, at any rate—indistinguishable from the Bauer product, is put up under the DuBarry label and sold, at seventy-five cents for a sixteen-ounce bottle, by DuBarry Foods, at 332 West 21st Street. Then, there is the Leco-brand syrup, not quite as pretty a pink but equally pure, sold by C. Henderson, at 52 East 55th Street (sixteen ounces, seventy-five cents).

England has recently started sending us a black-currant syrup called Ribena, made only of the fresh fruit and sugar. It has, I am told, all the flavor of ripe black currants. The flavor of ripe black currants comes very near the top of that long list of things I don't know about, so I am not prepared to say whether or not this is true. Unquestionably, though, the syrup makes a fine drink, with a fresh, tart tang. It tastes very like—only fresher and less doctored than—the *crème de cassis*, also produced from black currants, that goes into a vermouth-cassis, which is as near as I have come to black currants, a fruit that isn't imported into this country because of its bad name as a carrier of some tree disease or other. Ribena has, besides its flavor, the advantage of being extraordinarily rich in Vitamin C; it seems you could give up oranges tomorrow if you went on a diet of black currants. Unlike the raspberry syrup, Ribena is a good mixer and goes well in soda or limeade—and, obviously, it is capital with vermouth. It's to be had, in thirteen-ounce bottles (around seventy-five cents each), at Vendôme, 415 Madison Avenue (49th); Charles & Co., 340 Madison Avenue (44th); Maison Glass; Bloomingdale; Hammacher Schlemmer; Macy; Altman—just about everywhere.

BLOOMINGDALE'S grocery department has had the perfectly brilliant idea of importing little baskets of *fraises des bois*, fresh from the woods along the Loire. These most exquisite of all berries, which are as much a sentiment and a perfume as a food, are picked in the early morning and arrive, via Air France, at Bloomingdale on the following morning. They come in on Wednesdays and Fridays, are on sale by noon,



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and cost $1.50 an eight-ounce basket. They seem to me to have lost nothing of their fragrance and flavor on the trip. Yet am I being an incurable old stick-in-the-mud in wondering if maybe they hadn't better have stayed where they were? After all, Bloomingdale should leave us *something* to go to Europe for. I can't give you any really helpful suggestion as to what cream to eat with this lovely fruit; our variety of heavy cream isn't the right thing at all, and sour cream, which looks so like the French *crème fraîche*, certainly doesn't taste like it. Probably the best accompaniment is a mixture of the sour, for consistency, and the sweet, for taste. Or maybe Macy someday will bring over the right *crème d'Isigny* to go with the Bloomingdale berries.

IT is my contention that peppery foods make good hot-weather fare, but among my neighbors I find myself in such a small minority on this point that I might be shaken if I did not reflect that all those residents of India and Mexico simply can't be wrong. To them, as to me, it seems that the fiery and the spicy give as effective a fillip to midsummer appetites as the chilliest aspic. If you are on my side about this, or if you are on no side at all but just want to serve an occasional uplifting curry dish in the coolness and comfort of your own dining room or terrace, you should know that the East India Restaurant, at 52 East 55th Street, has recently started delivering its specialties to the home. The restaurant, a small, attractive place, is run by three women, one of whom lived in India for many years and improved her time there by learning to build the most dazzling curry dishes. These are now delivered anywhere in Manhattan, either to be eaten at once by people stuck in the city or, packed in dry ice, to be transported to the country by a lady in town for a day's shopping or by an obliging husband. Deliveries are also made to hospitals, where the curries have been a great success with patients (presumably those with broken legs rather than stomach ulcers) who see no reason to resign themselves to the dullness of hospital menus if they don't have to. Among the various authentic curries the restaurant is prepared to send out are lamb, duck stewed with chestnuts (both dishes are very dark and rich and fierce), an excellent shrimp concoction, chicken in a mild yellow sauce lightened with coconut milk, and, in much the same innocuous dressing, a Malay combination of eggs and mushrooms. Then, there are spicy *kufta*—



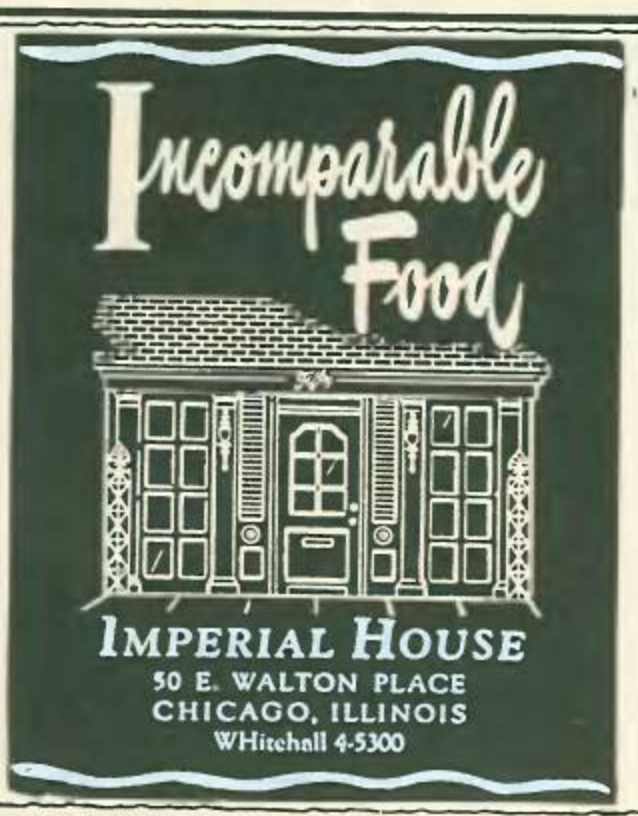
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little balls of chopped chicken and beef and Indian peas—and red-hot curried okra, green bananas, eggplant, and so on. All orders include a couple of very unusual chutneys; a homemade version of Bombay duck; onion salad, rosy with paprika; freshly grated coconut; roasted peanuts; an exotic lemon pickle; and, of course, plenty of beautifully cooked rice, lightly colored with turmeric. If a mixed company of whose tastes the hostess is uncertain is to be fed, the restaurant will make mild curries and send along a small jar of extra-hot sauce for those who like liquid fire. Most of the dishes—shrimp, lamb, chicken, and so on—are $2, for an extremely generous portion; eggs with mushrooms and the *kufta* are $1.50 each; duck is $2.50; and a very mild lobster curry, cooked with green ginger, bamboo shoots, and water chestnuts, is $3. The lobster and the duck, I had better mention, must be ordered twelve hours in advance. There is no delivery charge to hospitals, or for orders of two or more portions elsewhere, but if the containers of curry are to be packed in dry ice, that's twenty-five cents extra for each order. The restaurant has found that while one portion is hardly enough for two serious curry fanciers, two portions will provide amply for three.

Besides the made-to-order curry dishes, the restaurant sells a concentrated curry sauce, which, although it isn't as exceptional as the fresh dressings, is probably a great deal better than what you or I could turn out. It is packed in ten-ounce bottles ($1.25), and when it is diluted with broth, the cook has only to add the fish or meat or vegetables of his choice. Along with all this rich, spicy food, you can order a wonderfully bland and cooling dessert—a small round of cake covered with barely sweetened whipped cream and sprinkled with fresh coconut. This inspired ending to a pungent meal comes packed in dry ice and should be thawed out to a half-frozen consistency before being served; the price is seventy-five cents for a portion that is quite enough to serve two.

I AM, I fear, known in these columns as a grumbler of long standing about the quality of the pastry to be had in most New York shops, so it is a duty as well as a pleasure to report that a Mrs. George Gilliland makes and delivers from her home in Queens (Illinois 7-0544) a number of quite delicious cakes. The old-fashioned sponge and angel food that I have had from her are as good as anything of the kind I



How to FLATTEN a drink!

Be careless about your club soda. Sabotage your highball with *ordinary* club soda or carbonated tap water. You'll start out with a flat drink and wind up with a complete dud.

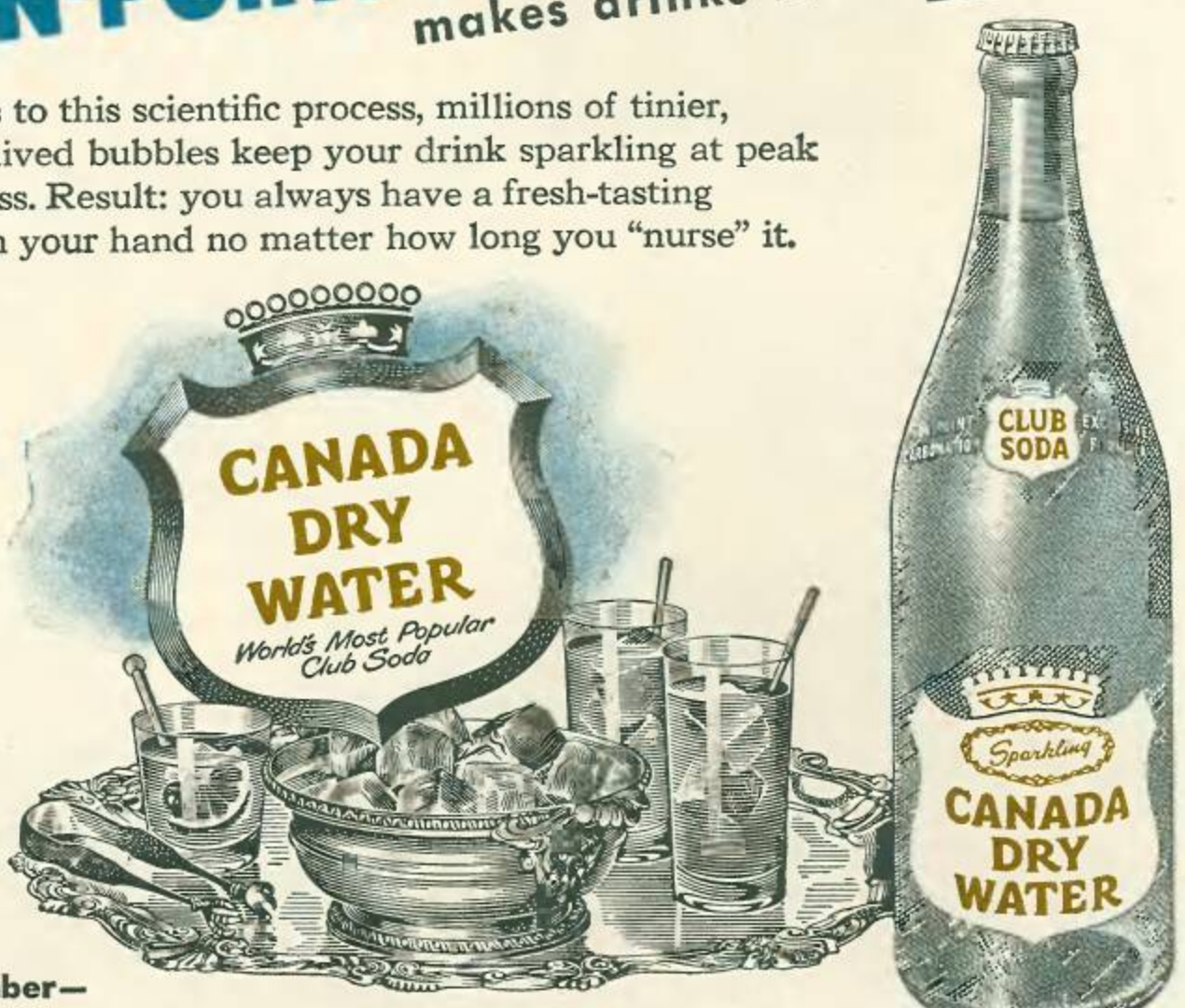


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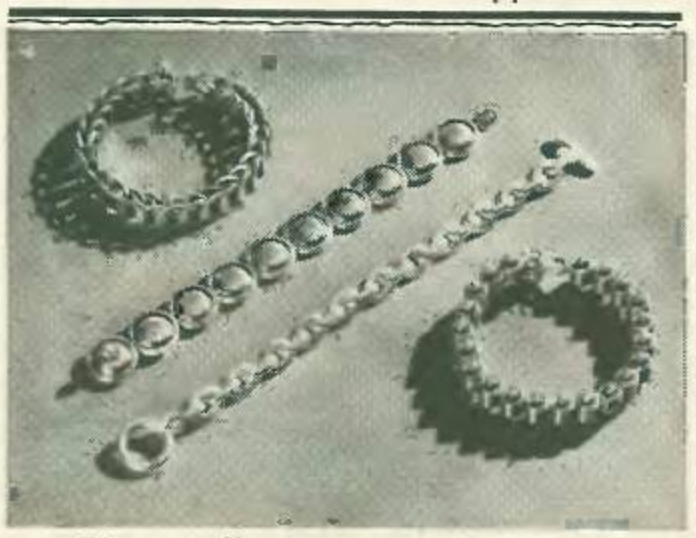


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have ever tasted—very moist and light, with a wonderful crusty top and the inimitable flavor of fresh eggs and, what too many bakers are apt to consider of small importance, the finest vanilla. A high eight-inch sponge or angel-food cake is $2.50, and a ten-inch one is $3.50. A chocolate roll ($2), made according to the classic formula of five eggs and no flour, has a filling of whipped cream and is iced with chocolate; it serves six and simply couldn't be better. Various butter cakes (and they are made of the *best* butter, and plenty of it), including a notable chocolate that is rather more interesting than a devil's food, and a fresh-coconut layer with boiled white icing, cost from $2 to $3.50 each. There are several other cakes, which I haven't tried, but on the evidence I think it's safe to say that here is a pearl among bakers. Orders must be given twelve hours in advance, and there is a charge of thirty-five cents for delivery. No mail orders are taken.

ENDLESSLY useful, and certainly among the handsomest pieces of kitchen equipment that have appeared lately, are the combination cooking vessels and serving dishes imported from Sweden and sold at Lewis & Conger, Hammacher Schlemmer, and Altman. At first glance, these utensils seem to be made of china that rather resembles old Canton, and it is only when one hefts them or examines them closely that one realizes they are of the finest enamel on exceedingly heavy cast iron. There are two kinds, both shaped like octagonal boats; one is fairly deep, with a cover, and the other, not quite so deep, is an uncovered platter. Both are off-white in color and have freehand borders of gray, green, or a bright light blue; some of them are further decorated with what I guess are abstract ships, in the same colors. The covered dishes range from seven and a half to about ten inches in length, and the uncovered ones from nine and a quarter to twelve inches. They can be used over direct heat, for frying or stewing, as well as for baking, which makes it possible to cook and serve practically anything in a single pot—and a good-looking one, at that. For outdoor dining, the advantages of serving dishes that hold heat almost indefinitely are obvious, but this should not be taken to mean that they are the least bit rustic-looking or that they wouldn't be at home in a formal dining room. The covered dishes cost from around $6.50 to $9.50, and the platters from around $4 to $6. One of these charming things

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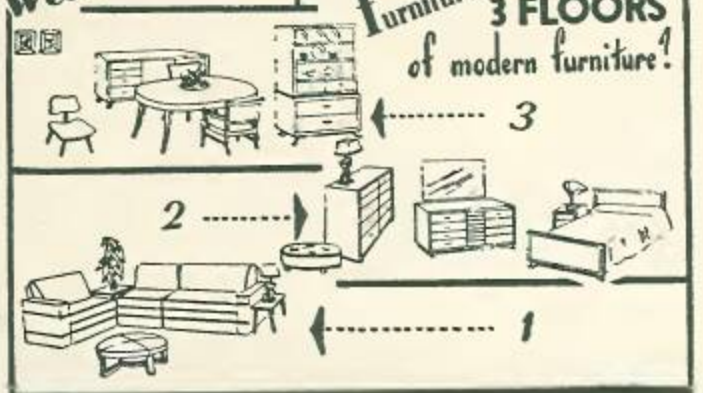
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would make a wonderful wedding present for a girl in whose immediate future a kitchen range and a dishpan loom large.

FOR some time now, you have probably seen in the housefurnishings shops those affable ladies demonstrating how to make a carrot or cranberry cocktail in the Waring Blendor, and if the process inspires in you the same lack of interest it does in me, you may, like me, have passed on. I might have continued to pass on if it hadn't come to my attention recently that the Blendor is also capable of mixing cake batter—something worth looking into. The result of my investigation leads me to conclude that either the Waring people greatly overestimate the public's interest in carrots and cranberries or they simply have no idea of the possibilities of their own appliance. In the short time I have had the thing, I have used it not only for mixing cakes but for making a fish mousse without the messy business of running the raw fish through a sieve, for whipping up a great number of sauces, and for concocting some of the best soups I've ever achieved—all in a matter of effortless minutes. I can't say that I think the Blendor-made cakes are up to those mixed in the old way, but they are certainly easy. Better try the thing for yourself. It comes in three models and costs from $34.95 to $39.50. —S. H.

•

(Q)—"My problem is undoubtedly unusual, but let me assure you that it is a very real problem to me. My wife is a registered nurse and has been nursing in an institution for the insane. For her own protection, she was given a course in jujitsu. Now it amuses her to use jujitsu on me. She has thrown me twice and uses a large repertory of twists and holds to demonstrate her skill. This is bad enough in private but several times, notably when her mother was present, she has made me her unwilling victim in front of others. I have tried to explain the effect this has on my male ego. Her reaction is that I was boss for 10 years and now it is her turn. Please suggest an argument I may use to convince her she is wrong."

PERPLEXED HUSBAND.

—*Letter in the Long Island Star-Journal.*

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•

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THE RACE TRACK

No Million



THE most important horse news we have to consider this week is that Citation went lame the other day after a workout at Chicago's Arlington Park. According to his stable, Calumet Farm, the trouble is in the ankle of his left forefoot, the one that plagued him late in 1948 and brought about his retirement for a year. His stable still hopes for the best, but chances are that he won't run again. (It was decided some time ago that this would be his last season of racing anyway.) If he were younger, or if this latest affliction had developed in another ankle, he might be patched up for a race or two. After all, he is only $61,370 short of that million he has been trying for, and he could do the trick easily by taking a couple of the richer stakes in the autumn. But he's five years old, which is downright elderly for a racer nowadays, and it would take months to recondition him, so I must be allowed to doubt whether Ben Jones, the major-domo and mastermind of the stable, who occasionally works small miracles, can bring one off this time.

Even though Citation may not make his million, he is at the top of the winning list, with a very grand total of $938,630, and I wouldn't be surprised if he remained there a long time. If anyone asked me, I'd say that Citation was as good a horse as I've ever seen. And, if you must know, I saw Man o' War. Take Citation's record when he was three: He won nineteen out of twenty starts—at least half a dozen of them against older runners, to whom he gave weight—and earned $709,470, more prize money than any other racer, except Stymie and Armed, amassed in a lifetime. Of course, Noor is good—we'll see how good when he runs at Belmont this fall—and he beat Citation four times out of five this season, but I stick to the notion that Citation never was at the top of his form this year, not even in the Golden Gate Mile, which he ran in 1:33⅗, a world's record. Perhaps the bad ankle always bothered him a little, or maybe he had been away from the races too long. The best horses are the most brittle, they say.

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end was worth $46,800 to the winner, the stable, naturally, wanted to win it with Citation, but, in Citation's absence, Ponder obliged. I picked up the broadcast of the race, and I must say that it was well done—the description of the running, I mean. It certainly was exciting to listen to, for after Oil Capitol and Cochise had led for a mile of the mile and a quarter, Ponder, who had plodded along up to that point, came through with a great rush and won comfortably from Aegina, a three-year-old filly, who was also closing fast. Inseparable was third. For a moment, I thought Aegina was going to take the big money. Incidentally, she is worth remembering for the Alabama Stakes at Saratoga later on this month, for the Beldame at Aqueduct, and for the Ladies Handicap at Belmont. Aegina's owner, Price Headley, named her for one of Zeus's girl friends. It's a tough name for horseplayers and radio announcers to kick around.

NOW that Citation is resting, I guess it was inevitable that old Stymie would be brought back for another million-or-bust try. He is actually limbering up in Virginia right now, is going into serious training soon, and may be out at Jamaica in October. As you doubtless remember, Stymie ran last autumn, and while he didn't win any of his five starts, he managed to add $7,150 to his earnings, which now total $918,485. So, if he can do as well this fall and in the years to come—he's only nine and has run a hundred and thirty-one times—he may make his million.

THERE isn't much to say about the Merchants' and Citizens' Handicap at Jamaica last Saturday, except that My Request, one of this department's favorite horses, made a runaway race of it. My old pet never looked better—but then, he's always well turned out—and the sloppy track was just what he liked, so he romped from start to finish. Well, racing is over on Long Island until Aqueduct opens, on August 28th. See you at the Red Spring in Saratoga.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

Other facts summarized by Mrs. Pearl Srigley on her report to the meeting on the School of Narcotics held last month at Saskatoon were that three out of 10 moderate drinkers become addicts, and that training to avoid these dangers should begin in the home.—*Edmonton (Alberta) Journal.*

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

JULY 27

ONE perplexing and diplomatically important question about the Korean hostilities is what to call them. All week long here, in Congressional hearings on legislation growing out of our involvement in Korea, administration witnesses and congressmen have been arguing over whether the present state of affairs should be officially described as a war, a national emergency, or a limited emergency, or by some new title. (The work of our forces in Korea is usually spoken of as a "police action," but this describes their role, not the country's.) The congressmen see the question as an important one because they feel that unless we get an accurate designation for whatever it is that is happening, we shall never be able to tell when it has come to an end, if it ever does. It is a fairly simple matter, though not as simple as it used to be, to tell when a war is over. Technically, we are still at war with Germany and Japan, because no treaties have as yet been drawn up, and the state of national emergency declared by President Roosevelt in 1941 has never been formally rescinded, but, generally speaking, a war is over when the enemy has surrendered, and to all intents and purposes President Truman terminated the emergency by giving up most emergency powers in 1946 and 1947. At this time, we are not at war in Korea, and no new emergency (which would, in fact, be an emergency on top of an emergency) has been declared, and the powers that Congress seems about to confer on the President, which include the right to establish controls over almost everything but labor and which entitle him to seize for the government any production facilities he thinks he needs, will be granted him not for the duration of a war or for the duration of a national emergency or for the duration of anything else but "for the national security, and for other purposes." In some parts of the Maybank-Spence bill, which would give him all this authority, the term "national defense" is used interchangeably with "national security," and this has led several Republican members of Congress, notably Senator Capehart, of Indiana, to point out—quite soundly, in the view of most people—that "national defense" is something we always have with us and that every nation is or should be constantly attending to its "national security." If powers are to be handed out in the name of "national defense," not to mention the "other purposes," how will anyone know when to terminate them? To be sure, the bill carries a termination date—June 30, 1952—but it will almost certainly be renewed then, if the President requests it; the tendency in such matters is for Congress to go on and on renewing.



No one, with the possible exception of Senator McCarthy, assumes that the President ordered the use of devious language because of any indecent urge to acquire new authority for himself and the office he holds. The fact is that deviousness is forced upon him by the peculiarities of the situation. There is no word or phrase in the vocabulary of foreign relations to describe our present role in Korea, and until something good is worked up, it will be necessary to get along with the old terms. Actually, according to the President's advisers, one of the several reasons why he is now resisting the pressure from Congress, from Bernard Baruch, and from various factions in the military establishment to declare a new national emergency or to ask Congress for a declaration of war is that he himself is anxious *not* to be given more authority than he feels he requires for coping with whatever it is that we are presently engaged in. If Mr. Truman were to get from Congress, as he easily could, a declaration of war, he would immediately find himself vested with a great many powers he now has no use for—largely in the field of manpower control—that President Roosevelt acquired in the last war and that are still on the books in such profusion that no one in Washington is quite sure what all of them are. The same thing, on a smaller scale, would be true if the President declared the existence of a national emergency. The unneeded powers among these would be no hindrance to him in his personal conduct of affairs, but they would force him to have other people set up the machinery for administering them, and they would also, in the opinion of his legal and administrative aides, be a considerable hindrance to the rest of the

government at a moment when the principal need is not for new machinery but for accelerated use of the machinery we now have.

There is another and weightier reason for a cautious approach to the question of finding a proper designation for what is obviously a war but cannot officially be called one. The President's advisers in both the White House and the State Department believe that if the most important job of the government today is to mobilize with the speed and efficiency necessary to meet our present commitment, the second most important job is, in all probability, to avoid giving the world, and in particular the Soviet Union, the impression that we consider a general war inevitable. It is believed that to announce total mobilization now—and a declaration of a national emergency would be tantamount to doing so—would have either of two consequences, both of them bad. One, perhaps the less likely of the two, is that total mobilization, accompanied by a determination not to fight Russia unless we were directly provoked by her, would be welcomed by Stalin as a further drain on our strength and wealth. If Stalin thought that by jabbing through the Iron Curtain here and there he could keep us totally mobilized for the next fifteen or twenty years, he might well consider that a safe and highly expedient way of wearing us down. The more likely consequence of total mobilization, however, and the one more widely feared here, is that it would, in the jargon of modern diplomacy, "freeze the course of events" and make total war inevitable. The feeling is that the most likely Russian reaction to the spectacle of total mobilization in this country would be to assume that we had abandoned our intention to limit the scale and area of hostilities and had decided to bring about a general war ourselves. In that case, Russia, sensibly enough, would proceed to get the jump on us by seizing strategic bases and, no doubt, by pouring her own troops into Korea.

One group in the administration holds that calculations such as these are probably meaningless, because Russia is governed only by her own ambitions and nothing we do or don't do now will cause her to alter her course appreciably. There is still a group, though, that believes Stalin is eager to avoid a general war, and that if he gets himself into one, it will be because he has accepted a bum steer, similar to the one Hitler accepted in 1939 when he was told that England would never fight over Poland. Many







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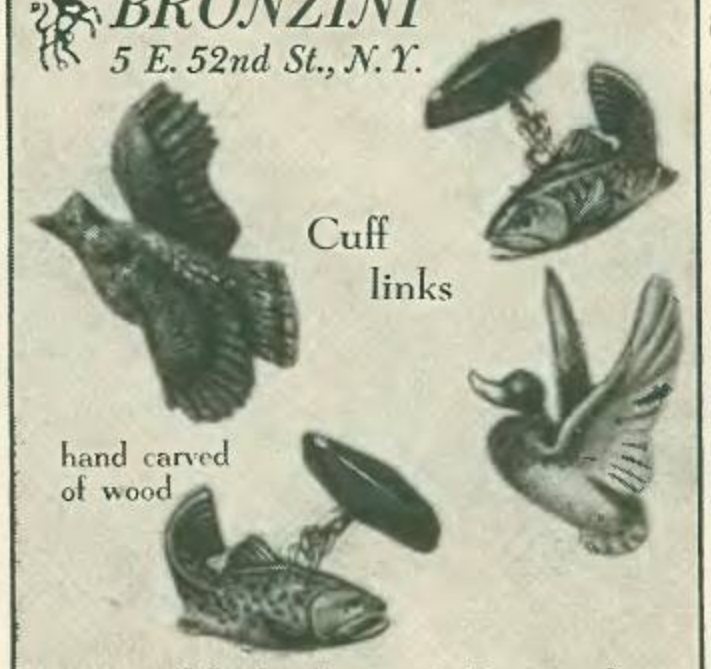


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people have changed their views one way or the other in recent weeks, and it would be hard to say which group has the more adherents today. Actually, however, this is a matter of very slight importance, since the adherents of both views are agreed that for the time being we have little choice but to act as if the second theory were the sounder one, whether it is or not. This policy, it is reasoned, must be accepted not only because it is one that envisages hope but also because if we took the view that Stalin is bent on war, there is almost nothing we could do about it for several months. It is all very well, in the opinion of administration economists, for Bernard Baruch to speak of the "inadequacy" of the present program, but they believe that even if we announced that we were working toward a state of total mobilization, the effect would be almost purely psychological—not only on Russia but on ourselves. That is, it would be extremely difficult in the next few months to spend more money on rearmament than the ten and a half billion the President will get from Congress, and there would be no way of using much new equipment until a far larger military establishment was built up. Meanwhile, our diplomats can busy themselves with the task that one of them described to Joseph Harsch, of the *Christian Science Monitor*, as "protecting Stalin from a fatal political miscalculation."

The hope that this may be accomplished has been somewhat strengthened this week by the apparent cancellation of the Chinese Communists' plans for an assault on Quemoy and by reports from the Defense Department that, as far as our Intelligence has been able to learn, no new planes or tanks have been coming to the North Koreans from Russia. Another good reason for hope, or so it is felt here, is one that so many people in the last few years have taken to be the world's principal cause for despair—the absence of any international agreement for control of the atomic bomb. A number of people around Washington are arguing that if we now had the kind of atomic agreement such a large number of Americans were willing to settle for—one outlawing the bomb in warfare and providing for some system of periodic inspection of reactors—we would be in an immeasurably worse position than we are in. For, this line of reasoning goes, as long as our supply of bombs exceeds theirs, it would be greatly to the interest of the Russians to live up to their part of the bargain. Since we would undoubtedly live up to ours, the Russians would be

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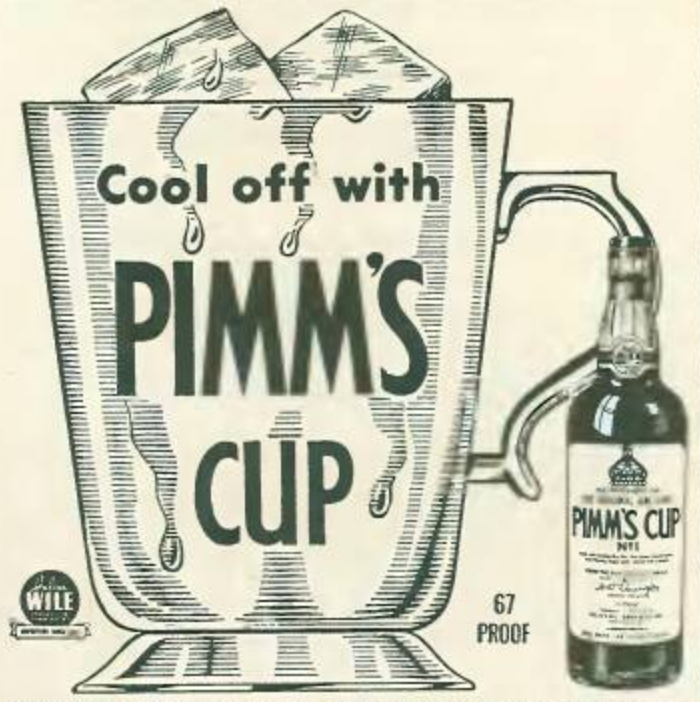
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relieved of any fear of atomic attack, the only kind they could possibly fear from us in our present state of military dishabille, and there would be nothing to prevent them from encouraging their satellites to trespass wherever they pleased and from giving them all the wherewithal they needed.

THE common expectation at the moment is that Congress, which before the Korean crisis had been aiming at an adjournment next week or the week after, will continue in session until some time in October. Hearings on the Maybank-Spence bill have only just got under way and will go on for several days—even if there are no more interruptions of the sort caused by Senator McCarthy last Tuesday, when a quorum call to provide him with an official audience for the renewal of his attack on the State Department broke up several important hearings, among them that of the Senate Banking and Currency Committee, which was listening to testimony by Secretary of Commerce Sawyer on the Maybank-Spence bill. Once the bill is through the House and Senate committees, it will be debated on both floors for perhaps as long as six weeks. Besides this, there must be further debate on the appropriations bill (only a fair start has been made in this direction), and on the President's request for an immediate five-billion-dollar increase in taxes. A certain amount of domestic legislation will be pushed aside for the time being, but it is felt that the plan for increasing social-security benefits is too good a thing from the vote-getting point of view to be allowed to slide in an election year, war or no war.

Naturally, there has been plenty of speculation on how, and how much, the events of the past few weeks will affect Congressional politics and the voting in the fall elections. Several things are already plain about Congress itself. One is that a good many congressmen regard it as the better part of discretion not to press too hard for an adjournment lest they give the voters the impression that they are placing private considerations above national ones. During this week's senatorial runoff in Oklahoma, for example, both candidates—Representative Monroney and the incumbent Senator Thomas—stayed conspicuously on the job in Washington, each one feeling, evidently, that a personal appearance in Oklahoma would do him more harm than good, since it would give the other an opportunity to accuse him of abandoning his station in a moment



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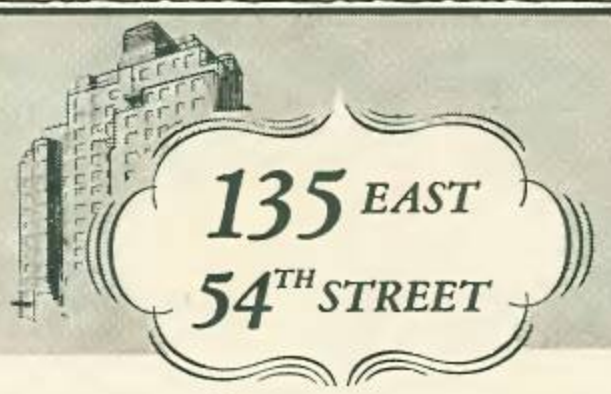
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of national need. Another sure consequence of the nation's dilemma is that, with the bipartisan elimination of domestic issues that do not have bipartisan support, both parties will attempt to win whatever credit there may turn out to be for financing military operations as we go along. Senator Taft has already established himself as the leading advocate of increasing taxes now sufficiently to cover the President's estimate of current needs, and his action has been welcome not only to the administration but to most of his fellow-Republicans. As things look at the moment, the tax increase will be opposed only by the handful of extreme isolationists in the Senate, one of whom—Senator Malone, of Nevada—followed Senator Taft's tax speech on Monday with the suggestion that our Korean undertaking could immediately be put on a pay-as-you-go basis without raising taxes at all. This could be done, he said, simply by ditching the Marshall Plan, the Mutual Defense Assistance Plan, the Voice of America, and other implements of our foreign policy that cost money and using the money thus saved to finance the fighting in Korea.

How the elimination of most domestic issues and the Republican turnabout on taxes will affect the November voting, no one is ready even to guess. Before Korea, it was pretty well taken for granted that, as is normally the case halfway between Presidential elections, the out party would make gains in both Houses. On this familiar line of reasoning, it was felt that the Republicans might capture just enough seats in the Senate to give them an actual majority, but it seemed quite unlikely, even to the most optimistic Republicans, that they could hope to overcome the Democratic lead of ninety-two seats in the House. One man who came up with a rather special approach to the question was Louis H. Bean, the author of "How to Predict Elections," whose stock as a political wizard rose to great heights in 1948 when he accurately forecast the extent of President Truman's victory. Mr. Bean, who got his training analyzing potato prices in the Department of Agriculture, thought he could foresee circumstances in which the Democrats might go so far as to increase their majority this year. It is at least conceivable that under present conditions neither the traditional assumption about midterm elections nor Mr. Bean's inscrutable appraisal of trends will be valid and that the outcome of the election will depend largely on the progress of the fighting. If our troops in Korea are



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forced to make a Dunkirk withdrawal, it will probably go hard with administration supporters, who will have to answer some of the difficult questions that are already coming their way about the fitness of Defense Secretary Johnson, whereas if the tide of battle turns in our favor before November, and if at that time Korea is still our only battlefront, then administration candidates may well get added support, their constituents being grateful for the end of defeats and for the success, as it might appear to be by then, of the administration's policy of taking action designed to limit the extent of open hostilities.

Although interest in the political consequences of recent military and diplomatic developments is high and still mounting, it is fixed less on possible changes in the relative strength of the parties in Congress than on what the voting figures may reveal of the mood and temper of the country. In terms of legislation, it is difficult to see how it matters very much one way or the other whether the administration gains or loses friends in Congress. Right now, both sides are fairly well agreed on what basic extensions must be made in the President's powers, and the debate over the Maybank-Spence bill, though it will be protracted, will be mostly taken up with minor details and with the release of steam by the intransigent isolationists in both parties. For as long as the crisis lasts, most domestic legislation will be on the shelf. In the unlikely event that the crisis should end at some point during the term of the Eighty-second Congress, the chances are that under almost any imaginable distribution of power the situation on domestic legislation would be just about the same as it has been for the last year and a half. In the present Democratic Congress, the administration has succeeded in passing only such domestic legislation as the Republicans have allowed it to pass. It was by courtesy of Senator Taft that the housing bill became law. When the bill extending social-security coverage is passed, the beneficiaries will have Republican opponents of the Welfare State to thank no less than Democrats; the extension will be authorized because no congressman in his right mind will wish to appear before the voters as a man opposed to a happy and secure old age for farmhands, domestics, and bakers.

If the outcome of the elections is unlikely to have much effect on legislation, it may have a good deal of effect on the next Presidential campaign. The view is taken in some quarters here that while it is clearly in the interests of each



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candidate for Congress to win in his own district, it may also be in the interests of the national leaders of both parties to have their candidates lose in 1950. If the results of President Truman's campaign in 1948 show anything, they show that it can be good strategy for a Presidential candidate to run against Congress rather than against his opponent. If the Democrats retain their control of both Houses this year, the President, or whoever his party nominates to be his successor in 1952, will have no scapegoat and so will have to wage his campaign against the rival candidate, at the same time explaining why it is that a Democratic Congress behaves so remarkably like a Republican Congress. This would be particularly difficult for Mr. Truman, who is always at his best and most appealing when he presents himself as an unfortunate and much put-upon man. On the other hand, many people here feel that the Republican leadership will be well advised to reason that since the Republican Eightieth Congress proved such a heavy cross for Governor Dewey, the next Republican Presidential candidate might stand a better chance if this burden were removed and he were given the demonstrable advantage of being able to campaign against Congress. It is hardly likely that the national figures in either party will make any overt efforts to throw the games in November, but it is probable that they will use the foreign situation to conceal a certain lack of zest for the success of their own candidates. It has already been announced by the White House that the President will not make the campaign tour he had planned for the early fall, and he may well be relieved not to have to.

THIS has been a week in which Washington has bristled with economic facts and figures. In the House and Senate hearings on the Maybank-Spence bill, the Secretary of Commerce, Chairman Symington of the National Security Resources Board, and other witnesses have been building up a detailed picture of the national economy at the present time, and in the President's Midyear Economic Report there are a hundred and sixty pages of charts, diagrams, and close-packed facts relating to our wealth and productive capacity. In the midst of so much distressing news from Korea, it may be cold comfort to learn the present level of business-transfer payments, but if it is not downright callous to talk about the long view at the moment, some of the figures are moderately reassuring, and a good many of them have come as quite a sur-

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prise to a lot of people in the capital. Among these is the fact, brought out in Secretary Sawyer's testimony, that we now have five times as many merchant ships as we had just before the Second World War. Our steel production is very nearly double what it was then; aluminum production is four times as great; production of electric power is about two and a half times what it was in 1939 and twenty-eight per cent higher than in 1944; pipeline capacity is up twenty-two per cent in the last ten years; production capacity of general industrial machinery is up two hundred and fifty per cent. The trouble, of course, is that the pipelines don't run to Korea and that the steel is here, not there, but the knowledge that we have them here and that our merchant fleet has been multiplied by five suggests that some arrangements may be made to rectify matters.—RICHARD H. ROVERE

•

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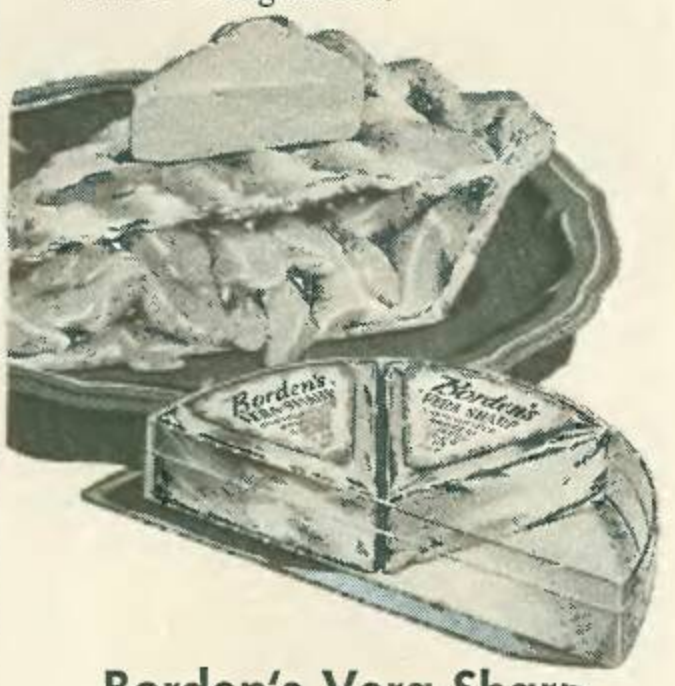
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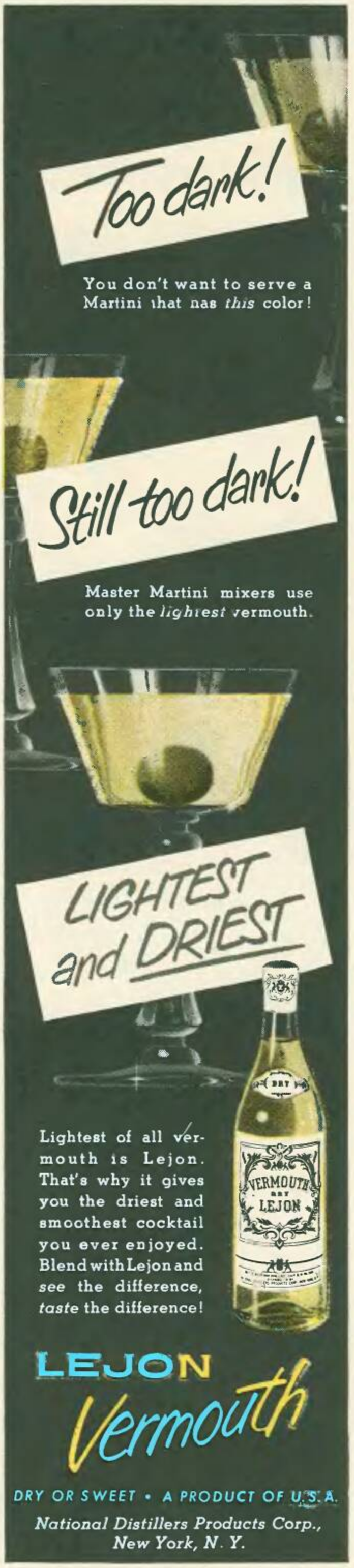
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MARGINAL CRITICISM

THE discussions that appear in the pages of the *Saturday Review of Literature*, the ideological controversies explored by the *Nation* and the *New Republic*, and the debates that Bernard De Voto and his various opponents stage in *Harper's* are all, I suppose, vital factors in our intellectual life, but somehow they seem too judiciously phrased, too coolly developed, to be spontaneous outbursts of deeply felt conviction. To get the full, hot flavor of true critical fervor, it is necessary to go to the works of those anonymous margin, gutter, and bottom-of-the-page disputants who impulsively jot down their comments while the page is still before them.

As a considerable part of my library has been assembled by zealous shopping in second-hand bookshops, I have an extensive collection of the work of these unidentified critics, whose spirit is dauntless in the underground war they wage against published writers. Even when their comments aren't entirely comprehensible, the high fury of an outraged mind is almost invariably apparent.

Not long ago, for example, I bought a second-hand copy of Lincoln Barnett's "The Universe and Dr. Einstein," and I knew before I had finished the first chapter that I was to witness a battle. Mr. Barnett says early in his work that most contemporary physicists believe man will never know what certain physical forces "really" are, and that therefore science must content itself with merely ascertaining how these forces behave. "Until recently," Mr. Barnett writes, "scientists would have scorned such a thesis." Mr. Barnett's unknown adversary, whom I will call Mr. X, had put a bracket around this sentence and in the margin had written, "Not H. Spencer. Never!" At the end of the first chapter, the author voices a doubt whether "scientific man is in touch with reality at all." Here Mr. X had again taken issue with Mr. Barnett, crying, "Read Spencer, you fool, read Spencer!"



I hurried on, my interest whetted, and I was not disappointed. At one place, Mr. Barnett says that scientists are finding it increasingly difficult to explain certain phenomena without admitting the existence of God. Mr. X has written with bitter disdain, "Theology, last refuge of exhausted minds!" Without sharing his appraisal of the physicists' mental faculties, I couldn't suppress a grudging admiration for his intrepidity.

Many of Mr. X's annotations are hardly more than brief explosions: "Arrant nonsense! Spencer!" "Spencer 50 years before!" "No!!!!!!!!" (Like most members of his fraternity, Mr. X is strongly addicted to the exclamation point, using it sometimes singly and sometimes in groups, the size of which suggest the degree of his dissent.) Sometimes a curt and contemptuous "Ha" suffices to show his discontent. The fact that Mr. X is obviously certain he understands all the ideas in the book—which I do not—especially aroused my respect for him. He is ready with a rejoinder whenever he thinks Barnett or Einstein has strayed from the path of true science. The text covers only half of the last page of the book, a circumstance that might have tempted a lesser man to an extended final judgment. Mr. X remains faithful to his laconic style. "More metaphysics than physics," he writes tersely and icily. "Spencer's our hope."

IT is interesting to note that these tense, unpublished critics devote their attention almost entirely to nonfiction. They apparently feel that most novels and short-story collections are too frivolous for consideration. I do have an ancient and battered copy of "War and Peace" that bears on the title page the entry "Napoleon's fame will live on despite this Russian slander," but there is no other marginal comment in the book. I also have a volume of H. G. Wells' novels that has a grim "Wait! Wait!" written on the title page of "The War of the Worlds." But these two books are exceptions. The true marginal critic prefers, like Mr. X, to take issue with undiluted ideas.

R. H. TAWNEY's "Religion and the Rise of Capitalism" is evidently a book that causes certain of its readers to reach for a pencil the moment they open it. Mr. Tawney has annoyed one previous owner of the copy I now have by starting his first chapter with a quotation in French. "Speak English, damn it!" this critic has written in bold strokes in the margin, and I confess that—emotionally, at least—I am on his side. For years, I have undergone acute frustration at the hands of writers who blandly assume that the two years I spent in Miss Baehr's French class enable me to handle any passage in which they decide to show off their knowledge of the language.

Mr. Y, as I'll call this second critic,

is no mere carper, however. He soon comes to grips with the basic theme of the book, and he battles the author all the way. Mr. Tawney writes, "What is true of religion and political thought is equally true of economic doctrines." Mr. Y underlines that sentence and then observes, "Impossible dialectics." Farther on, he has encircled a complete paragraph and printed "Neo-Trotskyism!" beside it. But he is not a wholly destructive critic. At the bottom of several of the pages in the chapter dealing with Calvin, he writes "Excellent!" or "Keen insight," and once, in a burst of enthusiasm, "Hit them again, the idiots!" But Y's judgment becomes more reserved after he passes the middle of the book. There is a chapter about the Puritan movement on which he makes no marginal comment at all. At the bottom of its concluding page he writes simply, "Debatable."

MR. Z, the third critic I shall take up here, turned up in Volumes I and II of a set of Carl Sandburg's "Abraham Lincoln: The War Years" that a friend of mine bought at auction some years ago and later passed on to me. Mr. Z followed the North's long succession of military defeats with a sinking heart, and before many pages he began inserting "Get Grant" at regular intervals, like a football fan exhorting the coach to put the star halfback into the game. Mr. Z was especially unhappy about McClellan. "He's hopeless, get Grant" appears every time McClellan meets a reverse. You can almost hear Mr. Z's sigh of relief when Lincoln finally does put Grant at the head of the Union Armies. "Thank God!" he has lettered in large capitals in the margin.

As a student of marginal criticism, I feel that I must voice the warning that an unhealthy influence, rooted in the literary quarterlies, is at work upon its practitioners. I refer to the criticism of criticism. In a third-hand (at least) paper-backed copy of William Bolitho's "Twelve Against the Gods," I found that one previous reader had taken issue—in black pencil—with the author, and that a subsequent reader had quarrelled—in red crayon—with the first critic. What had started out to be a heated but intelligible discussion was reduced to a dissonant squabble. In my opinion, these secondary critics are debasing the art. Let them join battle with the author himself, not with each other. There are plenty of fresh margins for all.

—JAMES A. MAXWELL



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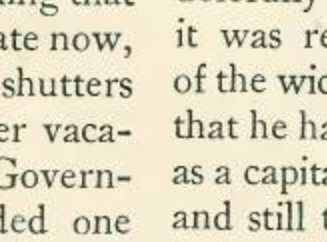
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LETTER FROM LONDON

JULY 25

THE uneasy mood of the moment is being matched here by suitably uneasy weather, with claps of thunder and gusty squalls of rain that have flattened the flowers in country gardens, spoiled much of the fruit crop, and sent the holidaymakers off on their annual trek gloomily armed with raincoats and sou'westers instead of sun-tan oil. While keeping one eye on the temperamental heavens, the British are keeping the other eye on the cloud over Korea, wondering, with the rest of the world, whether it will move westward—and if it does, what do they reach for then, besides sou'westers?



This week's Parliamentary debate on defense may give a few sketchy answers to anxious citizens, who have had to get along so far on such hardly encouraging scraps as the recent denial by the Secretary of State for Air of the assertion that Britain's air defenses are "deplorable." As far back as March, Mr. Churchill was asking for and being refused a secret session on defense, and it is persistent Conservative needling that has brought about the public debate now, before Parliament puts up the shutters and goes off for its own summer vacation. It seems as though the Government could hardly have avoided one anyhow, after President Truman's message to Congress and the Prime Minister's followup declaration about seeing what could be done by this country to match the United States' "high purpose and resolve." Plenty of English fervently hope he will tell the House tomorrow that troops are being sent from Hong Kong to Korea, if only as a resolved and purposeful token. The political view of the extreme Left, of course, is that Formosa is the real danger spot of the Far East, and one the United States ought to get out of and Britain ought to stay out of. A handful of Labour "rebels" presented a motion making some of these points to the House of Commons, but eight of the original twenty-three have now withdrawn their names from it, following the Prime Minister's stern demand that they all do so.

People hope that certain of the topics now being universally and worriedly discussed will be cleared up by Mr. Shinwell, the Minister of Defense, whatever else he may shroud in security silence. For instance, will the present term of eighteen months' national service be pushed to two years? Will more money be voted for defense, and if so, how is it going to be squeezed out of an economy already so tight, as the experts have warned, that there is hardly room to swing a kitten in it? Since Britain is already forking out between one-quarter and one-fifth of her national income on defense, it doesn't look as though any more could be budgeted at the moment, but a couple of hints on possible ways and means, should they prove necessary, were recently dropped in a couple of public utterances. The first came from Sir Stafford Cripps, who, after admitting that the screws of direct taxation probably wouldn't stand an extra twist, let fall in Parliament the confusing tipoff that "in an emergency, some of the taxes reduced or removed since 1945 could be put back, and new forms of taxation can be devised." About the possible alternative of cutting down on the Government's home program, the Chancellor said sweet nothing. Some nervous Britons feel that more than a hint was given by Mr. Strachey, whose exit as War Minister was confidently and not really dolefully predicted by many people after it was reported (a slipup on the part of the wicked press, he later maintained) that he had described the Schuman Plan as a capitalist "plot." Still War Minister and still talkative, he promised a recent Labour Party meeting that if heavier defense spending became necessary, it would be spread "justly among all classes," so that "the well-to-do classes pay their full proportion and share in any burden which has to be undertaken," instead of what has "often been the case" in the past, when "almost the entire burden has fallen on the people of this country." This fairly breathtaking statement, implying that the "well-to-do" hid their money in a sock under the bed—and probably themselves with it—in former national emergencies, and that "the people of this country" include only Labour voters and holders of trade-union cards, may or may not have echoed Cabinet policy. Lots of infuriated Britons, when they got their voices back, discussed the possibility of Strachey's having given muffled advance notice of a new armaments tax or another "special contribution," which will have its unpopular première in the autumn budget. As a siren song to lure the floating middle-class vote, on which Labour candidly sets store, this was hardly a tactful Ministerial performance, though Korea has apparently postponed the election to a date that no



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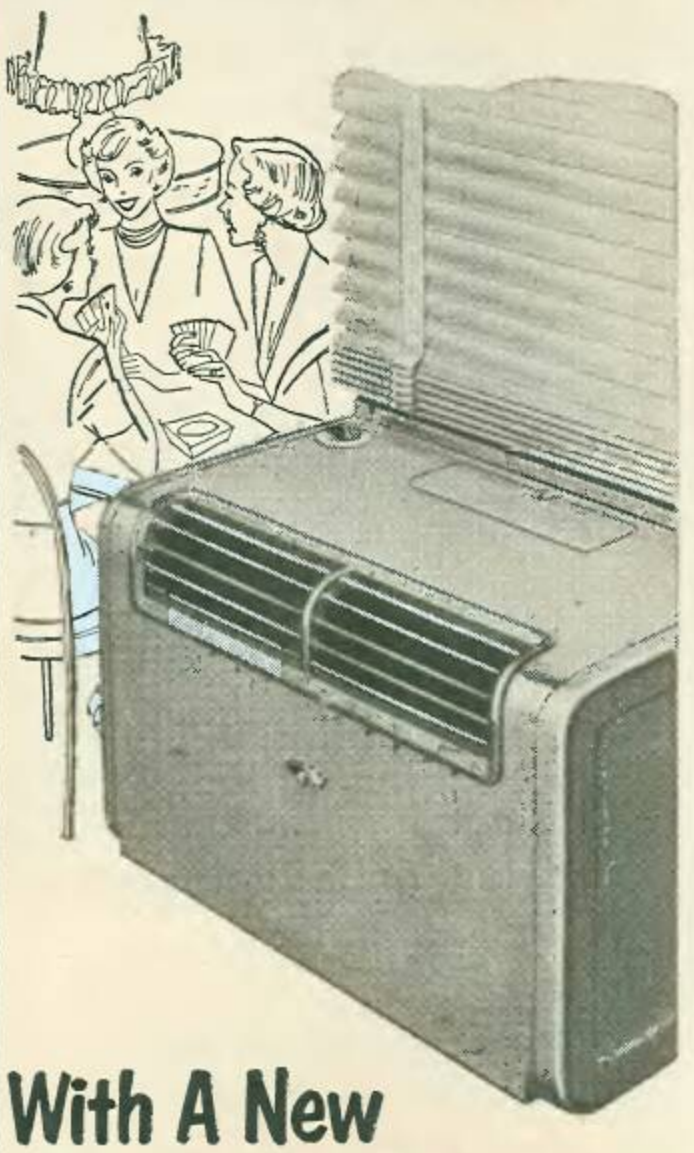
one seems inclined to guess about. As a call for national solidarity, it sounded even queerer.

THE Government has just issued for good hammock reading during the vacation a manual on atomic warfare, which is based on the findings of the British mission in Japan and aims at putting the atomic bomb "in perspective"—meaning, presumably, introducing into every home the idea that it may not necessarily be as lethal as was thought. The mission reported that about twenty to thirty per cent of the deaths in Japan were from heat flash, fifty to sixty per cent from blast, and only fifteen to twenty per cent from the unknown death-dealing agencies of radioactivity—"so that it is not as though we had been thrust into a field in which we are totally ignorant," the Under-Secretary for the Home Office said comfortingly in bringing the manual to the attention of the House of Commons, a thought that may bring comfort to some. The publication is part of a general whipping up of recruits for the Civil Defense services, which are badly in need of them. Citizens are being told that if they give up two hours a week to being trained in the new methods, they will be fully proficient in six months and given a dandy blue battle dress and beret. To date, there has certainly been very little enthusiastic rallying to the call for volunteers, which local authorities all over England were told to put out some time back, but the Government's sudden talk of extreme urgency may alter things.

Another thought-provoking news item was the Germans' sudden refusal to send over their treasures for the big show of German art that was to follow the recent exhibition of French landscapes and was scheduled for Burlington House this autumn. The disappointed official explanation spoke of difficulties in insuring the priceless and, in some cases, perilously frail travellers. One or two news reports, though, came slap out with another reason—that the German museums and galleries were nervous about piling all their precious eggs in a basket that might in certain circumstances prove unsafe. In spite of such alarmed and alarming opinions, there is a sort of reassuring steadiness in the atmosphere here that makes this country feel, oddly enough, like the safest patch of ground in Europe.

AS a bright background to the sombre news, the season has been providing some highly civilized delights. The New York City Ballet is having a great

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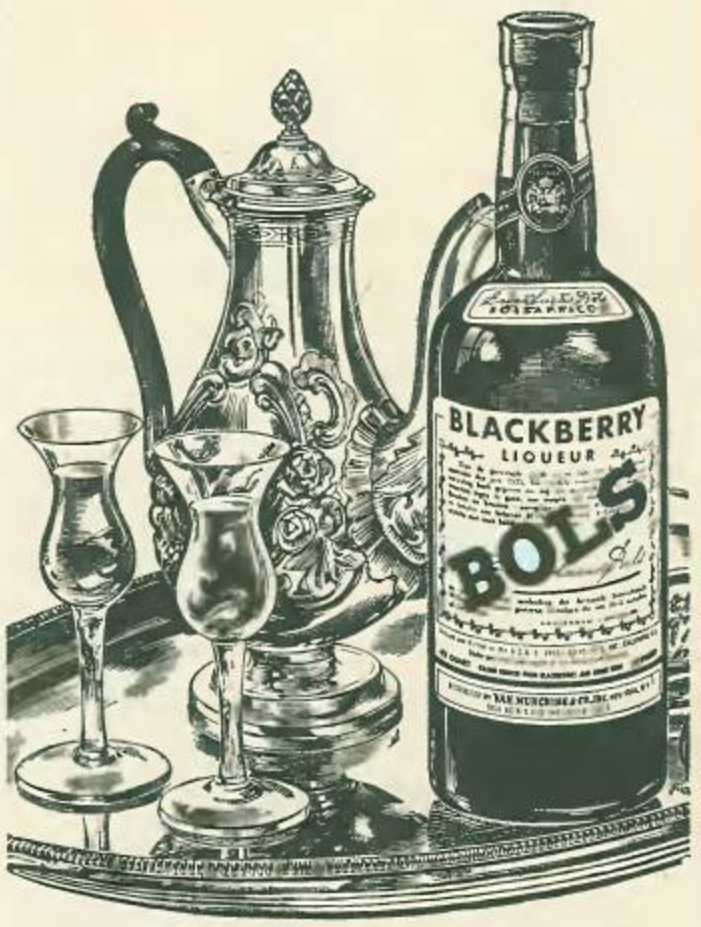
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success at Covent Garden. On the first night, most of the Sadler's Wells stars were there to greet Maria Tallchief, Jerome Robbins, and the rest, whose ecstatic welcome included the novelty (to Covent Garden) of earsplitting American whistles cheerfully resounding from the red-plush stalls. Benjamin Britten's version of "The Beggar's Opera" is at the little Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, for a short season. His ingenious new score has startled the admirers of Frederic Austin's melodic traditional arrangement, and Tyrone Guthrie's production gives an equally startling picture of eighteenth-century London as a stewing, unsavory hodgepodge that Gay would immediately recognize.

Music-lovers have also been turning out, bravely attired in evening clothes in the cold afternoon light of Victoria Station, to travel down by special train to the Glyndebourne Festival, which ended two days ago. This year, Mr. John Christie, the owner of Glyndebourne, offered a three-week season of two Mozart operas, "Entführung" and "Così Fan Tutte;" the old, inimitable combination of Carl Ebert as producer and Fritz Busch as conductor; the famous gardens (somewhat bedraggled by this sour summer); and, at supper during the intermission, a new wine list, which it was promised would revive nostalgic memories of Glyndebourne's famous prewar cellars. The vintage Mozart was superb, anyway. In "Così Fan Tutte," which was the same production the Glyndebourne company gave at the Edinburgh Festival last year, the American Blanche Thebom beautifully sang and looked Dorabella to Sena Jurinac's enchanting Fiordiligi, both of them framed, as in a stylish eighteenth-century valentine, by the appropriately witty designs of Rolf Gerard. The Festival was made possible this year apparently only by the financial backing of the John Lewis partnership, a particularly go-ahead combine of London department stores, which has thus given a graceful leg up to the arts. In a program note expressing Glyndebourne's gratitude, John Christie stated stoutly, "The more drab the ordinary world conditions the more necessary the finest intellectual qualities." This year's Festival was certainly a fine, gay antidote.

—Mollie Panter-Downes

•

Miss Ansley James Newman of Pasadena, Calif., will be interested to learn of her engagement to Mr. Robert G. Thomas, Jr.—*Seattle Times.*

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BOOKS

Mixed Americana: Dime Novels, Weir Mitchell, Ezra Pound



THE cult of Americana has been pushed to what are perhaps its most preposterous lengths in "The House of Beadle and Adams and Its Dime and Nickel Novels," by Albert Johannsen. This handsome work in two volumes, published by the University of Oklahoma Press, runs to over nine hundred enormous double-columned pages. The first volume contains a short history of the publishing house that invented and exploited the dime novel and a relentlessly complete bibliography of the thousands of paper-covered romances and other works of popular literature published in the United States between 1860 and 1897; the second volume, equally relentless, provides biographies of all the authors who contributed to these series about whom it has been possible for Mr. Johannsen to find out anything. The contents of every book are summarized, and except in the case of the few classics and other respectable works that were occasionally included, the stories are idiotic. There are photographs and cuts of the writers, who mostly look rather sordid, and specimens of their style. There are reproductions in color of the covers, and the various sections are introduced with coy quotations in Greek, Latin, German, and English.

Mr. Johannsen is a professor of petrology, and dime novels are merely his hobby, but he has studied them with a thoroughness that might be impressive if it did not seem completely pointless. There might be something valuable to write about them if one analyzed and criticized their contents. But Mr. Johannsen says he has no space for this. His work opens dreary vistas—for the age that will follow ours—of bibliographies of detective stories and of the thrillers and comics that small boys now read instead of "Deadwood Dick."

IF the cheap literature of the post-Civil War period has here been taken much too pedantically, the serious writing of that time has not been explored enough. A biography of Dr. Weir Mitchell—"S. Weir Mitchell: Novelist and Physician," by Ernest Earnest (University of Pennsylvania Press)—is the first full-length study of this remarkable man since 1929. Mr. Earnest has produced a book that is undistinguished but not unintelligent. The earlier biography apparently included more personal documents. The new one is on a small scale, and it gives a certain impression of a job done merely in passing. It does not really take us into the late-nineteenth-century American world and the special Philadelphia milieu in which Weir Mitchell flourished. There is a story here that has still not been told, a chapter of intellectual history that has not been adequately written. The Philadelphia of the Mitchells and the Wisters, of Horace Howard Furness, of Thomas Eakins and Mary Cassatt, of the days when Walt Whitman used to visit the parents of Logan Pearsall Smith, has not yet had much attention from the historians of literature, but it must have been at least as alive as the Boston of the same period.

Weir Mitchell was one of those first-rate men who, trained in austere ideals and dedicated to the higher professions, had taken part in the Civil War and then passed from its terrible realities and its heroic sacrifices into a world where their republican ideals were discounted by an unscrupulous commercialism and where attention to reality in every field was discouraged by a cult of gentility. He belongs with Justice Holmes and John De Forest, the New Haven novelist. Weir Mitchell did not serve as a soldier, but, as a doctor and an organizer of military hospitals, he knew the worst of the war. He was the first to observe and describe what was afterward known as shell shock, and he wrote a book on the effect of gunshot wounds that was still accepted as an authority in the war of 1914-18. He studied also the effects of snake venom and made discoveries that were of fundamental importance to the whole field of immunology. But his principal work was done in the department of what was then called neurology. He brought a new insight to the type of hysteria by which the women of that period were sometimes able to convince others and themselves that they were chronic invalids, and thus to achieve a household tyranny. He presented neurotic women in novels that, though less well known than his successful historical romances, such as "Hugh Wynn" and "The Adventures of François," are, Mr. Earnest says, a good deal more interesting; and he indicated the effects on men of the puritanical sex repression that was still one of the features of American life. He tried to understand neurotics and to keep them from being sent to asylums. He invented the "Mitchell rest cure," which allowed such people to relax from the pressures and conflicts of a trying age. But "neurology" meant studying derangement from the physiological point of view of the brain areas that control the nervous system, and when the revelations of Freud were published, Dr. Mitchell was unprepared for them. Though he sometimes complained in ribald terms of the prudery of the editors of magazines, one of whom wrote to him, in connection with a story of his that dealt with miscegenation, "It's awful . . . lots of heads of families would think it gross in suggestion," he himself sometimes complained of the horror of the confessions that his patients made to him, and when he had finally found in a medical library a



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book on psychoanalysis, he exclaimed, after reading it awhile, "Where did this filthy thing come from?" and threw it into the fire, from which, however, it was immediately rescued by a nephew who was also a doctor.

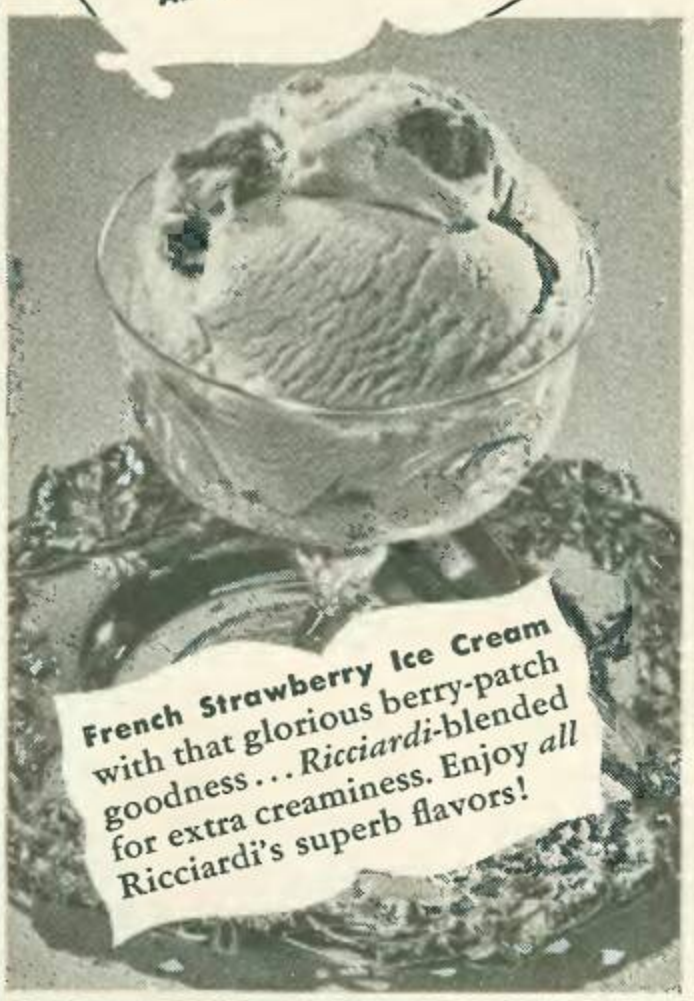
Mitchell's social and intellectual position may amusingly be plotted on the graph of his time by means of the coördinates supplied by his relations with Walt Whitman. When Whitman, on one occasion, came to the Doctor for medical advice, Mitchell told him to take no physic but to spend more time out-of-doors, and when his patient, much pleased, asked the fee, said, "The debt was paid long ago; it is you who are still the creditor." "Walt thanked him and left the room, only to reappear without knocking a moment later. Placing two large hands on the table, he stated, 'That, sir, I call poetry.'" But Whitman's unedited impression of Mitchell came out later in Horace Traubel's book, "Walt Whitman in Camden": "Weir," he is reported to have said, "is of the intellectual type—a scholar, writer, and all that: very good—an adept: very important in his sphere—a little bitter I should say. . . . touched just a touch by the frosts of culture, society, worldliness—as how few are not! . . . It is true Mitchell has written poems—a volume at least or two—I am moved to second you when you say they don't come to much (I guess they don't)—they are non-vital, are stiff at the knees, don't quite float along freely with the fundamental currents of life, passion." And in the course of another conversation, "He is my friend—has proved it in divers ways: is not quite as easy going as our crowd—has a social position to maintain yet I don't know but he's about as near right in most things as most people. I can't say that he's a world-author—he don't hit me for that size—but he's a world-doctor for me—leastwise everybody says so and I join in." When, in 1906, Mitchell read this, he made the following entries in his diary: "He thought lightly of me and J.K.M. [Mitchell's son] but says no word of the fifteen dollars a month I paid for more than two years to keep him alive nor of the care I gave declining all fees—nor of a hundred dollars I gave him to buy a pony or wagon. . . . I thought him self-pleased as a god and with no good opinion of any but those who flattered or admired a poetic tramp."

"Patria Mia," by Ezra Pound, is a manifesto written in 1912 as a blast against the domination of Ameri-

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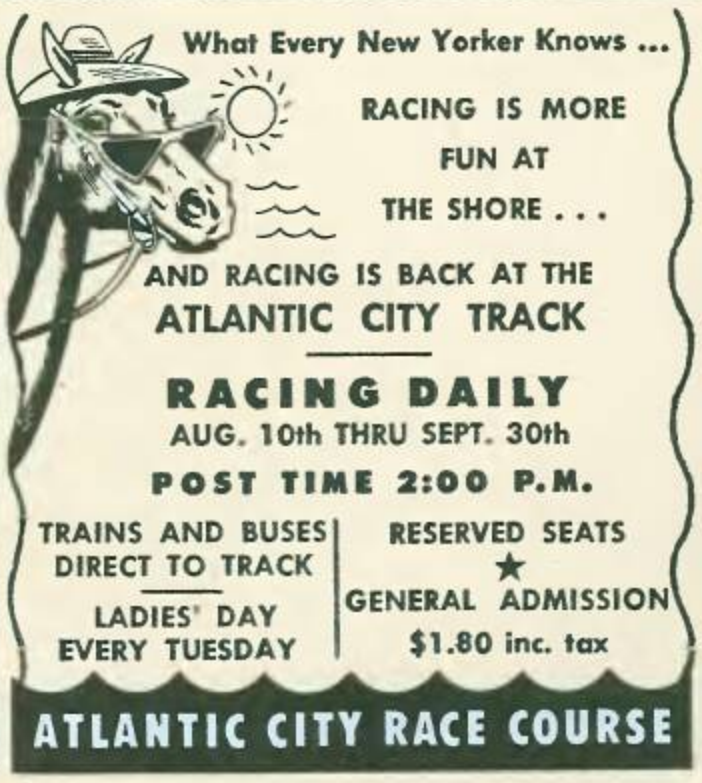
can cultural life by those standards of the colleges and magazines against which Mitchell had chafed. Its publication had been arranged with Mr. Ralph Fletcher Seymour of Chicago, then the publisher of *Poetry*. The manuscript was lost by the publisher and has only just now turned up, and has been brought out in Chicago under the imprint of Mr. Seymour.

"Patria Mia" was well worth rescuing even at this late date, but one regrets that it could not have been printed in the era for which it was written, for it is comparable in eloquence and courage to the similar declarations that were issued at that time by H. L. Mencken and Van Wyck Brooks, and it fills in a missing chapter in the history of Ezra Pound. The Pound of 1912 is more lucid as well as more sympathetic than the Pound of the nineteen-forties. He here succeeds in criticizing the United States in a notably generous spirit, quite different from his later cantankerousness, and in formulating his artistic principles with a fullness which, so far as I know, is not elsewhere to be found in his writings. The essay lacks structure and outline, as most of his writing does, but it contains some acute observations about social as well as literary phenomena. Of the differences between England and America, he writes, "So far as I can make out, there is no morality in England which is not in one way or another a manifestation of the sense of property," whereas "I do not say that the American is wholly without sense of property, but his sense of play and of acquisition are much keener than his sense of retention." Of New England and the South, he notes that their decadence has not yet been fully realized: "Once these divisions were a good two-thirds of the animal, and suddenly it is perceived that they are no more than the ears of some new monster that is almost unconscious of them." (He could not, though he was right about the country as a whole, foresee how the old South was to nourish a new literary movement, or that the best of the New England writers, hardly differentiated then from the lesser ones, were to mean more to Pound's successors than they evidently did to Pound.)

Pound says truly that the cultural conventions established in 1870 have been maintained in the United States through the first decade of the twentieth century—though he adds that he knows of one instance of a man whose intellectual development has, before being definitely arrested, gone as far as









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1890. This is all an old story now, but Pound states the case of the rebel against *Scribner's* and the *Century*, the thinness of Henry Van Dyke and the futility of the Ph.D. thesis, with a freshness and a candor that may give this essay a place as a classical formulation of the challenge of its generation. Pound's position among rebels and expatriates was, however, in certain ways peculiar. He had gone to Europe to live, but he did not believe that the American in Europe ought to allow himself to become Europeanized. He explains how the examples of Whistler and Whitman have sustained his self-confidence in exile, and he prophesies an American Renaissance that will make us a center of civilization. There is at this time, he asserts, hardly anyone in the United States, and nobody in a position of importance, who is able to tell good art from bad; but in questions of industrial efficiency the Americans insist on the best and quickly discard inferior methods, so why may we not conclude that from the moment that they are given facilities for acquainting themselves with the best in art, they will have no further use for the brummagem goods with which the country is flooded? Yet the cultivated must not be encouraged to regard themselves as a caste set apart from the rest of the community: "I detest an education which tends to separate a man from his fellows. For the humanities rightly taught can but give more points of contact with other men."

This sounds very different, of course, from the Pound of the Fascist broadcasts, yet the Pound of the "Cantos" has kept the faith that, as a poet, he professes in this essay, and he has contributed, since, so much to the revival he here predicts that such words of his surely will far outweigh the tirades of the shrill old small-town crank, always agin the government, who has convinced himself that a currency reform can end economic conflicts, that Jefferson and Mussolini were equally estimable as statesmen, and that the Jews—Pound's idea of a Jew is a cross between the old-fashioned Jewish comic and the devilish medieval usurer—were responsible for the last war. After all, in the early nineteen-hundreds it took a crank of the contrariest kind to stand up to the whole polite world and make a new beginning for poetry in England as well as here.

It is a pity that the text of this essay is exceedingly badly presented. One gets the impression that it has been set up straight from Pound's manuscript, with all his misspellings and omissions of words, to which have been added the

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printer's errors. The book is disfigured by such blunders as "Crafy" for "Crapy Cornelia," a story by Henry James, and "Sorbourne" for "Sorbonne." Several sentences seem to be garbled. There ought to be a revised edition.

—EDMUND WILSON

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

A TABLE NEAR THE BAND, by A. A. Milne (Dutton). Thirteen assorted scraps of entertainment about well-bred English people in the city, in the country, and abroad. The stories, like their subjects, are cool, faintly humorous, and entirely lacking in surprise. In addition, they exude a rather engaging atmosphere of gentle nostalgia, which is probably due to the ingenuous and somewhat old-fashioned manner in which they are written.

BEYOND DEFEAT, by Hans Werner Richter (Putnam). A first-person account of a disillusioned young soldier, first at the front, then in defeat, and finally in captivity. The soldier is a German, fighting in the Second World War. Mr. Richter's book has all the expected characteristics—a clipped style, a certain amount of matter-of-fact brutality, a lack of hope, a longing for personal comfort, and the enveloping sense of helplessness that seems to be the keynote of so many books written about men at war.

TWO LOVELY BEASTS, by Liam O'Flaherty (Devin-Adair). Twenty boyishly portentous sketches of Ireland and the Aran Islands. Mr. O'Flaherty's observations on old age, madness, and death are never anything but trite, except in the case of the title sketch, which is a genuinely emotional account of a poor widow's vain efforts to save herself and her children from the poorhouse.

GENERAL

ORDEAL BY SLANDER, by Owen Lattimore (Atlantic-Little, Brown). A full account of the author's fight to disprove the accusations made by Senator Joseph McCarthy that he was the top Soviet agent in the United States and the Communist architect of our Far Eastern policy. Mr. Lattimore relates his story chronologically and, all things considered, with surprising calm and objectivity. He tells of how he first heard the news that he was Russia's master spy for America—he was on a United Na-

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tions mission in Afghanistan at the time—how he flew back to Washington and prepared for his rebuttal in the hearing rooms of the Tydings Committee, and how he proved, to the satisfaction of a majority of the committee, not only that the charges of disloyalty brought against him by Senator McCarthy were baseless but that in many instances the exact opposite of those charges was the case.

A disturbing and illuminating book, KOREA TODAY, by George M. McCune (Harvard). Professor McCune, who died in 1948, after completing nine-tenths of this useful and lucid work (the book was finished by his wife and Arthur L. Grey, Jr.), was a State Department adviser at the end of the war and helped shape United States policy at that crucial time in Korean history. The book provides a thorough background for a comprehension of the present struggle and gives a first-rate history of the country, including the thirty-five years of cruel Japanese occupation. It is a bitter story of a people who never seem to have had much luck, and it makes one wonder that the Koreans have any fight left in them. Professor McCune is most informative in his study of the two rival Korean governments and how they were set up, and in his account of the difficulties the United Nations Commission had in finding presentable anti-Communists to fill government positions in South Korea. He is not, however, too good a prophet. "There is little to suggest," he concludes, "that Korea might be in the vanguard of either rapprochement or further tension in the United States-U.S.S.R. relations."

•

What was the maiden name of Betsy Ross, flag maker? (L. C. A.)

She was born Elizabeth Griscom in this city January 1, 1752, and married three times. Her first husband was John Ross; her second, Joseph Ashburn and her third, John Claypoole. The first two died.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

And how is old Mr. Claypoole these days?

•

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