June 30, 1951

THE NEW YORKER

Price 20 cents

COLUMBIA

EDNA EICKE

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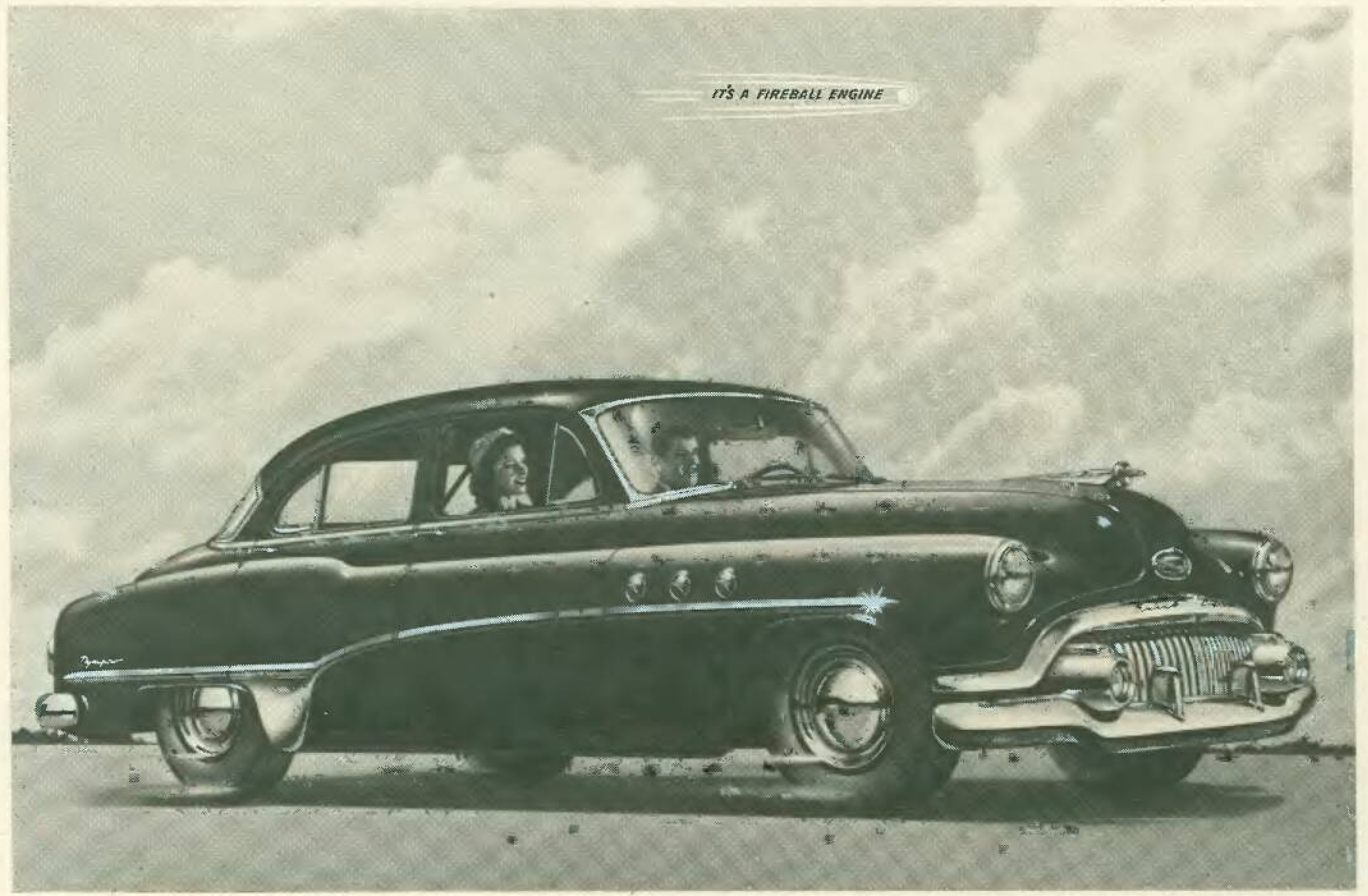

Where Have You Been all its Life?

THIS ad is addressed to the fellow known as "the man on the street."

From that vantage point, you must have noticed that a lot of folks are driving 1951 Buicks.

You must have noted that you can spot one of these beauties—by its sparkling forefront — its gleaming fender ports—(three for the SPECIAL and SUPER, four for the ROADMASTER) — and by its fluent grace of lines and contours.

You've probably noticed, also, that these Buicks give a good account of themselves in traffic—ease to a gentle stop—get away to a nimble start when the light says, "Go."

You may even have noticed that these cars have a level-gaited stride that traces, as we've said before, to the fact that each wheel rides beneath its own coil spring.

But what we'd like to know is—when are you going to try one?

It's about time you climbed in the driver's seat.

It's about time that you sensed for yourself the thrill that comes from feeling your shoulders sink back in the cushions, when your toe gives the gas treadle a gentle nudge.

It's about time for you to be on the receiving end of those admiring glances which are the due of folks smart enough to pick the smart buy of the year.

What's holding you back? It can't be prices—for as you can quickly discover for yourself, you can own a SPECIAL for less than the price of some sixes — and SUPERS or ROADMASTERS are just as smart a buy in their fields.

So why not end the suspense? The welcome mat is out—and we hope to greet you soon.

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WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

SEE YOUR NEAREST BUICK DEALER

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				28	29	30
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

THE THEATRE

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

PLAYS

Gramercy Ghost—John Cecil Holm's comedy about a Revolutionary wraith and a contemporary young lady. The play itself has no more substance than the spook who figures in it, but Sarah Churchill is charming as the lady. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Moon Is Blue—Barbara Bel Geddes, Donald Cook, and Barry Nelson in a comedy that is as smooth, and about as startling, as satin. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Rose Tattoo—Unlike the doomed and addled ladies who have concerned Tennessee Williams in the past, his heroine this time is a fiery Sicilian, who comes out all right in the end. On the whole, a very engaging play, and the performances, especially those of Maureen Stapleton and Eli Wallach, are extremely persuasive. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Stalag 17—If you like rough jokes and simple melodramatic action, this play about a group of American airmen in a German prison camp may be just the thing for you. José Ferrer has directed a large and spirited company, which includes John Ericson, Robert Strauss, Harvey Lembeck, Laurence Hugo, and Frank Maxwell. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Twentieth Century—Robert Preston and Binnie Barnes now head the cast of this revival of the rowdy comedy, by Hecht and MacArthur, about some queer doings on a famous train. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:45.)

Long Runs—**affairs of state:** Love and politics in Washington, D.C. June Havoc now has the lead, and Reginald Owen, Barbara O'Neil, and Shepperd Strudwick are in it, too. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the happy time:** A portrait of a breezy and irresponsible French-Canadian family. Roger Dann is currently in the leading role. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **season in the sun:** Wolcott Gibbs' Fire Island comedy. With Nancy Kelly, Victor Jory, Anthony Ross, and Joan Diener. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Call Me Madam—Ethel Merman's strange, brassy charm has never been more effective than it is in this piece about a lady ambassador. The book is by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse, Irving Berlin wrote the songs, and in the cast are Paul Lukas, Alan Hewitt, Russell Nype, and Pat Harrington. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Courtin' Time—Joe E. Brown heads a good, game cast in the attenuated kind of musical show that usually happens only at this time of year. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Guys and Dolls—One of the fastest, toughest, and funniest musical comedies you ever saw has been assembled by Abe Burrows and Jo Swerling, who based their story on one by Damon Runyon. Frank Loesser wrote the delightful music and lyrics, and Sam Levene, Isabel Bigley, Robert Alda, and Vivian Blaine are just right in the principal roles. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The King and I—Rodgers and Hammerstein in notable form again, along "South Pacific" lines. Gertrude Lawrence and Yul Brynner play the leading parts in this adaptation of a novel about Siam. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

Make a Wish—Preston Sturges hasn't contributed much humor to this version of Molnar's "The Good Fairy," but Hugh Martin's music and lyrics are nearly always first-rate. Gower Champion has done some superior dances, including a wonderfully funny ballet, and Nanette Fabray, Melville Cooper, Stephen Douglass, Harold Lang, and Helen Gallagher are all very pleasant to watch. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Oklahoma!—A return engagement of this Rodgers and Hammerstein musical, by the company that has been presenting it on the road for eight years. With Ridge Bond and Patricia Northrop. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:20. Matinées Thursdays, except July 5, and Saturdays at 2:20; special matinée Wednesday, July 4.)

Seventeen—More in the spirit of routine Broadway musical comedy than of Tarkington's famous story, but in summer weather you might do worse. With Ann Crowley, Kenneth Nelson, Frank Albertson, and Doris Dalton. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A Tree Grows in Brooklyn—George Abbott and Betty Smith collaborated on this adaptation of her novel, Arthur Schwartz and Dorothy Fields wrote the music and lyrics, and Shirley Booth is at the top of a talented cast, which includes Johnny Johnston, Marcia Van Dyke, and Nathaniel Frey. The result is an unusually lively and moving show. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**gentlemen prefer blondes:** Anita Loos's girls, Lorelei Lee and Dorothy Shaw, brought back to life and set to music. Carol Channing, Bibi Osterwald, and Jack McCauley are prominent in the large cast. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **kiss me, kate:** Anne Jeffreys and Robert Wright currently have the leads in this Cole Porter show. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **south pacific:** Ray Middleton is playing the cultured Frenchman to Martha Wright's Nellie Forbush these days. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

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, June 30: "Sun-Up." Monday through Wednesday, July 2-4: "Light Up the Sky." Thursday through Saturday, July 5-7: "Two on an Island." (Barter Theatre, Abingdon, Va. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Andover—Through Saturday, June 30: Mady Christians in "Papa Is All." Monday through Saturday, July 2-7: Carol Bruce in "Pal Joey." (Grist Mill Playhouse, Andover, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Cape May—Through Saturday, June 30: "The Man Who Came to Dinner." Monday through Saturday, July 2-7: To be announced. (Cape Theatre, Cape May, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40.)

Chatham—Through Saturday, June 30: "Clutterbuck." Wednesday through Saturday, July 4-7: "Ten Little Indians." (Monomoy Theatre, Chatham, Mass. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Clinton—Monday through Saturday, July 2-7: Lillian Gish in "Miss Mabel," a new comedy. (Clinton Playhouse, Clinton, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

Cohasset—Through Saturday, June 30: "Show Boat." Monday through Saturday, July 2-7: "The New Moon." (South Shore Music Circus, Cohasset, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Coonamessett—Monday through Saturday, July 2-7: John Garfield in "Golden Boy." (Falmouth Playhouse, Coonamessett-on-Cape Cod, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Dennis—Monday through Saturday, July 2-7: Olivia de Havilland in "Candida." (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

Fayetteville—Tuesday through Sunday, July 3-8: Sylvia Sidney in "Goodbye, My Fancy." (Country Playhouse, Fayetteville, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Fitchburg—Through Saturday, June 30: John Garfield in "Golden Boy." Monday through

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

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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

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KIMBERLY-CLARK CORPORATION, NEENAH, WISCONSIN

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Saturday, July 2-7: "Brigadoon." (Lake Whalom Playhouse, Fitchburg, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:20.)

HYANNIS—Monday through Saturday, July 2-7: Lois Hunt in "The Great Waltz." (Cape Cod Music Circus, Hyannis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

IVORYTON—Monday through Saturday, July 2-7: "The Chocolate Soldier." (Ivoryton Playhouse, Ivoryton, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LAMBERTVILLE—Through Sunday, July 1: The Metropolitan Opera version of "Fledermaus." Tuesday through Sunday, July 3-8: "The Vagabond King." (Lambertville Music Circus, Lambertville, N.J. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

MAHOPAC—Saturday, June 30, through Saturday, July 7: "Amphitryon 38," by S. N. Behrman. (Putnam County Playhouse, Mahopac, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40.)

MATUNUCK—Through Saturday, June 30: Judy Holliday in "Dream Girl." Monday through Saturday, July 2-7: "Brigadoon." (Theatre-by-the-Sea, Matunuck, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:40.)

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

MOUNTAINHOME—Through Saturday, June 30: Ruth Hussey in "The Royal Family." Monday through Saturday, July 2-7: Lawrence Tibbett in "Rain." (Pocono Playhouse, Mountainhome, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MOUNT KISCO—Monday through Saturday, July 2-7: Betty Field in "See Naples and Die." (Westchester Playhouse, Mount Kisco, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40.)

MOYLAN—Thursday, June 28: "Androcles and the Lion." Friday, June 29: "The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg." Saturday, June 30: "No Exit." Tuesday through Saturday, July 3-7: To be announced. (Hedgerow Theatre, Moylan, Pa. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30.)

NEW HOPE—Through Saturday, June 30: "Alice in Wonderland," a new musical. Monday through Saturday, July 2-7: "The Animal Kingdom." (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

NEWPORT—Monday through Saturday, July 2-7: Ruth Hussey in "The Royal Family." (Casino Theatre, Newport, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

NORWICH—Through Saturday, June 30: "Brigadoon." Monday through Saturday, July 2-7: "A Streetcar Named Desire." (Norwich Summer Theatre, Norwich, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OGUNQUIT—Through Saturday, June 30: Edward Everett Horton in "Springtime for Henry." Monday through Saturday, July 2-7: "See How They Run." (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

OLNEY—Through Sunday, July 1: Eve Arden in "Here Today." Tuesday through Sunday, July 3-8: Arthur Treacher in "Clutterbuck." (Olney Theatre, Olney, Md. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

PAWLING—Through Sunday, July 1: "The Barker." Tuesday through Sunday, July 3-8: "Over 21." (Starlight Theatre, Pawling, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

PETERBOROUGH—Through Saturday, July 7: "The Bishop Misbehaves." (Peterborough Players, Peterborough, N.H. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:40.)

PRINCETON—Through Saturday, June 30: "A Streetcar Named Desire." Monday through Saturday, July 2-7: Basil Rathbone in "The Gioconda Smile." (Princeton Summer Theatre, Princeton, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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PROVINCETOWN—Saturday, June 30, through Saturday, July 7: O'Neill's "The Straw." (Provincetown Playhouse, Provincetown, Mass. Nightly at 8:30.)

SARATOGA—Monday through Saturday, July 2-7: "Clutterbuck." (Spa Theatre, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

SEA CLIFF—Through Saturday, June 30: Veronica Lake in "The Curtain Rises." Monday through Saturday, July 2-7: Melvyn Douglas and Signe Hasso in "Glad Tidings," a new play. (Sea Cliff Summer Theatre, Sea Cliff, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

SKOWHEGAN—Through Saturday, June 30: "Peg o' My Heart." Monday through Saturday, July 2-7: "Tobacco Road." (Lakewood Theatre, Skowhegan, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Wednesday, July 4, at 2:30.)

SMITHTOWN BRANCH—Through Saturday, June 30: "Clutterbuck." Monday through Saturday, July 2-7: "A Streetcar Named Desire." (Old Town Theatre, Smithtown Branch, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40.)

SPRING LAKE—Tuesday through Saturday, July 3-7: "Charley's Aunt." (Ivy Tower Playhouse, Spring Lake, N.J. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:45. Matinées Tuesdays at 2:30.)

STOCKBRIDGE—Through Saturday, June 30: Lillian Gish in "Miss Mabel," a new comedy. Monday through Saturday, July 2-7: John Loder in "Second Threshold." (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

WESTHAMPTON BEACH—Monday through Saturday, July 2-7: Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn in "The Fourposter," a new play. (Westhampton Playhouse, Westhampton Beach, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 3.)

WESTPORT—Through Saturday, June 30: "Love Revisited," a new play. Monday through Saturday, July 2-7: Tom Helmore in Shaw's "The Philanderer." (Westport Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:40.)

WOODSTOCK—Saturday, June 30, through Sunday, July 8: "The Live Wire." (Woodstock Playhouse, Woodstock, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

WORCESTER—Through Sunday, July 1: "Stars in Your Eyes," a new musical. Tuesday through Sunday, July 3-8: Eve Arden in "Here Today." (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. Friday and Saturday, June 29-30: Nora Kaye, Hugh Laing, Diana Adams, Hadassah and her company, and Richard and Flora Stuart. Friday and Saturday, July 6-7: Annabelle Lyon and the Jacob's Pillow Ballet, La Meri and her company, and Ronne Aul. (Lee, Mass. Fridays and Saturdays at 4 and 9.)

NIGHT LIFE

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

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—In the subterranean Garden, halfway to China, Jules Lande's orchestra plays quietly for dancing at dinner and supper, except Sundays.

ASTOR ROOF, Broadway at 44th St. (JU 6-3000)—Through Saturday, June 30, Freddy Martin will provide the music in this huge upstairs playground. On Monday, July 2, Sammy Kaye's band will take over. Dancing after nine. Closed Sundays.

BILTMORE, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Mischa Raginsky's orchestra puts forth sweet music during dinner on the Cascades Roof and during cocktails in the Palm Court. No dancing in either place, and utter silence on Sundays and on Wednesday, July 4.

CARLTON HOUSE, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000)—The ceilings of this lineal descendant of the Ritz are too low for a really fancy takeoff, but Emery Deutsch's musicians are still on hand at dinner, except on Sundays, in the big restaurant here. No dancing.

GOGI'S LARUE, 45 E. 58th St. (EL 5-6374)—The grandeur that was Rome, set to the festive music of Ted Straeter's dance band and the nostalgic strains of Sam Ray's choir of parading violinists. Closed Sundays.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—A fashionable photographer's studio, open evenings for the convenience of those who have to sleep during the day. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band play for dancing. Closed Tuesday and Wednesday, July 3-4.

NEW YORKER, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—In the Terrace Room, there's a new show at dinner and supper on the disappearing ice rink. The guests perform more sedately, on solid ground, to Bernie Cummins' music. Closed Sundays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Stanley Worth's quartet plays for dancing from cocktails through supper in the Café Pierre, and, except Sundays, Page Morton sings there to her own piano.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Rendez-Vous Room, which is restfully period-piece, the waiters still do their military drill with those flaming swordfuls of *shashlik*. Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's dance orchestras after eight-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's music during the cocktail hour in the Palm Court. No dancing. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Guy Lombardo completes his three-thousandth tour of duty in the Grill on Saturday, June 30, and the room will then be closed until Monday, July 9.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Roof is a beautiful pink cloud, just far enough out of town. The dance bands of Horace Diaz and Milt Shaw noodle around all evening, and the customers waltz like mice. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—The Café Lounge is filled with Irving Conn's dance music every afternoon and evening. At cocktail time, Myra Kingsley, the astrologist, is housemother to all the Geminis and Tauruses.

STATLER, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Shep Fields' band performs for the guests' setting-up exercises in the Café Rouge at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—If your problems are little ones, you're more than likely to find them dancing their young hearts out here, almost any evening. Closed Sundays.

TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN, Central Park W. at 67th St. (SC 4-8100)—Escapists in a hurry might try the terrace, which is surrounded by trees, grass, fireflies, and other natural phenomena. Dancing for non-escapists.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—It's hard to tell whether Mel Tormé, still a very young man, is a balladier, a hypnotist, an elf, or just an enthusiastic conversationalist. Anyway, he's here, and in good voice. Emile Petti and his orchestra alternate with Panchito's rumba band for dancing after nine.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—On the Starlight Roof, Frankie Carle's and Mischa Borr's bands, at both

dinner and supper. On Sundays, though, Mr. Borr's outfit is the only amusement, and even he knocks off at eleven. Dancing.

NOTE—The town's most romantic view of far-away old Manhattan is just outside the windows of the Rainbow Room, now a cocktail lounge, open from four-thirty to nine, except Sundays. Incidental music, too. The address, 30 Rockefeller Plaza; the phone, CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): On Saturday, June 30, Cy Walter's well-tempered conference with a Steinway will come to an end for the summer. After that, dinners in silence.... LE COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, who remembers when Wall Street was considered way uptown, displays his indestructible grin and bouncy dance band here from eight-thirty on. Phil D'Arcy's trio assists. Closed Sundays.... LA VIE EN ROSE, 123 E. 54th St. (MU 8-8420): A revue of sorts, and sometimes of fits and starts, but amusing enough, on the whole, takes place every evening in this good-looking but oddly illuminated bandbox, where Sonny Kendis and cohorts play for dancing after seven-thirty.... NINO, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): Rudy Timfield does the dinner and supper piano in the bar, a glittering example of the Roman-candle school of décor. Harry Meyerowitz does the cocktail-time piano. Closed Sundays and Wednesday, July 4.... TONI'S CAPRICE, 112 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-6255): A calm, cool, and collected oasis where someone is always toying with the piano from cocktails until very late at night. After the theatre, through Friday, June 29, Hugh Shannon will uncork some songs. Next evening, Alex Fogarty will take over at the keyboard. Closed Sundays and Wednesday, July 4.... ARMANDO'S, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Piano-and-violin music after nine-thirty for a nimble collection of table-hoppers. Closed Sundays and Wednesday, July 4.... LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): The listening around here has improved since Les Crosley's trio went to work after dinner. It functions except Sundays, and there's piano music during dinner and supper, except Mondays.... EL CHICO, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spanish jive, with dancing to match by both cast and clients. Closed Mondays.... LA ZAMBRA, 127 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9131): Vicente Gomez, the Latin Eddie Condon, treats his dinner and supper guests to some deft guitar, song, dance, and banter. Closed Tuesdays.... CELESTE, 28 W. 56th St. (JU 6-9063): Jim Mahoney plays an excellent grade of drawing-room piano from nine o'clock on. Closed Sundays.... CAFÉ MADISON, Madison Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-5000): Piano music from six-thirty to eight Mondays through Fridays. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.... CAFÉ GRINZING, 323 E. 79th St. (RE 4-9117): Fritzi Scheff's annual visit to the schnitzel-and-Tokay circuit winds up on Saturday, June 30.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dancing, unless otherwise noted.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Luba Malina, a statuesque wielder of torch songs, is the principal player in a complex Arabian Nights charade.... CAFÉ SOCIETY, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): Ella Fitzgerald, an authoritative and yet relaxing exponent of the art of jazz singing. Cliff Jackson is, as ever, the interlude pianist.... RIVIERA, Fort Lee, N.J. (Fort Lee 8-2000): If you drive all the way out here, you can have dinner with the same boys you rubbed elbows with at the race track. The Ritz Brothers will be waiting, too, to give you an extremely noisy reception.... OLD KNICK MUSIC HALL, Second Ave. at 54th St. (PL 9-2724): Those parody melodramas have been replaced by the real thing—full-length movies, of the Clara Bow era, embellished by Paul Killiam's puns and supplemented by singing waiters, dancing, and other audience-participation folderol. Closed Sundays.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): In the back room (which closes for the summer Saturday, June 30), Josh White brings the roster of backwoods music up to date, Jane Dulo impersonates a lady wrestler and other raucous fauna, Orson Bean tells his humorous fables, and Ellis Larkin's trio plays its subtle blues behind Joan Nichols' carols. Interlude piano by Stuart Ross and Bart Howard. The lounge, where Ralph Strain plays piano after the theatre, also closes June 30, but it will reopen soon after the Fourth.... LE RUBAN BLEU, 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Julius Monk's school of high comedy has its commencement ceremonies on Saturday, June 30. Ronny Graham, the blithe new team of Dorothy Louden and Colin Romoff, and the Three Riffs all graduate *summa cum laude.* No summer classes. Unique background music will be supplied by the Norman Paris Trio. ... VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Maxine Sullivan, that gay little skylark, and Richard Dyer-Bennet, the poker-faced folk singer, make for some fairly enchanted evenings. The room will close Saturday, June 30, and reopen Thursday, July 5, with Shoshana Damari, one of Israel's best-known nightingales, and Orson Bean, the funnyman now at the Blue Angel. Clarence Williams' trio, which includes Karl Lynch on guitar, will, as usual, play for dancing. Closed Sundays.... ONE FIFTH AVENUE, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, headmasters and piano duettists of this Village academy, present Jack Friend, whose spirit is one of mockery. Hazel Webster is the solo pianist. Ancient movies Sundays.... BON SOIR, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Mae Barnes clowns at the top of her potent lungs while Norene Tate and Garland Wilson romp on their baby grands. Jimmie Daniels doubles as soloist and Miss Barnes' leading man, and Alice Ghostley and G. Wood chant their own ditties about who knows what. Closed Mondays.... BYLINE ROOM, 137 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4759): Upstairs over the Show Spot bar, except Sundays, Mabel Mercer's portfolio of songs on the how-can-I-go-on-living theme. Sam Hamilton is her pianist.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison, Cutty Cutshall, Buzzy Drootin, Edmond Hall, Bob Casey, Gene Schroeder, and Mr. Condon—seven hearts that never beat in waltz time. Ralph Sutton tears off some pyrotechnic piano in between their sessions of mass therapy. On Tuesday nights, the racket is increased by fire-breathing visitors. Closed Sundays.... THE EMBERS, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): The gospel according to Bushkin sounds better than ever now that young Master Joseph, seated at the piano of this comfortable chophouse, has Jo Jones back on drums. Buck Clayton is his stalwart trumpet. Eddie Heywood's trio plays, too. Closed Sundays.... NICK'S, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's Dixieland band is still in residence. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays.... JIMMY RYAN'S, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Jimmy Archey's loyal supporters here are Henry Goodwin, Pops Foster, Benny Waters, Tommy Benford, and Dick Wellstood. Don Frye still plays solo piano. Jam sessions Monday nights; closed Sundays. Dancing.... BIRDLAND, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): Through Saturday, June 30, Duke Ellington, deep in one of his celebrated blue studies. Next evening, George Shearing and his quintet will start unloading their beguiling abstract music.... STUYVESANT CASINO, 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): Those Friday-night travelogues from Natchez to Mobile. On June 29, the caravan will include Wild Bill Davison, Max Kaminsky, Bud Freeman, Lou McGarity, Jimmy McPartland, and similar traditionalists.... CENTRAL PLAZA, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Another scene of Friday-night rioting. This week (June 29), Willie the Lion Smith, Kansas Fields, Big Chief Russell Moore, Sol Yaged, and Joe Thomas will sound off. Dancing.

DINNER IN THE COUNTRY

(Places to dine while out motoring. Telephoning ahead is always wise; a few places insist on it. No dancing, unless noted.)

BANKSVILLE, N.Y.: La Crémaillère (Bedford Village 4-9311); closed Mondays.... BETHPAGE, L.I.: Beau Sejour (HIcksville 3-0091); closed Tuesdays.... CITY ISLAND, N.Y.: Lobster Box (CIty Island 8-1952).... ¶ Ryan's (CIty Island 8-9807); dancing on Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday evenings.... ¶ Thwaite's (CIty Island 8-1023); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings.... DANBURY, CONN.: White Turkey Inn (Danbury 3-2726).... EAST NORWICH, L.I.: Rothmann's Inn (OYster Bay 6-0266).... FISHKILL, N.Y.: Boni's Inn (Beacon 167); closed Mondays.... GARRISON, N.Y.: Bird and Bottle (Garrison 4-3342); closed Mondays and Tuesdays.... GLENWOOD LANDING, L.I.: Swan Club (ROslyn 3-0037); dancing every evening except Monday.... LAKE SUCCESS, L.I.: Mori's (GReat Neck 2-3600); closed Tuesdays.... NORWALK, CONN.: Silvermine Tavern (Norwalk 6-2588).... ¶ Stirrup-Cup (Norwalk 6-5044); dancing on Saturday evenings.... POUND RIDGE, N.Y.: Emily Shaw's Inn (Pound Ridge 4-9371); closed Mondays. ... RIDGEFIELD, CONN.: Stonehenge (Ridgefield 6-6511); Peter Walters at the piano, except Mondays.... ¶ Fox Hill, on Route 7 between Ridgefield and Danbury (Ridgefield 6-7628). ... ROSLYN, L.I.: Blue Spruce Inn (ROslyn 3-3300); closed Mondays.... SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.: Round Hill (Huntington 1371); closed Mondays.... SYOSSET, L.I.: Villa Victor (Syosset 6-1796).... WESTBURY, L.I.: Westbury Manor (WEstbury 7-2184).

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 to between 5 and 6, and will be closed Wednesday, July 4.)

GALLERIES

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS—The yearly showing of works by new members, recipients of art grants, and such. Among the artists represented are Peter Blume, Xavier Gonzàlez, and Peppino Mangravite. (Broadway at 155th St. Daily, 2 to 5; through June 30.)

AMERICAN FOLK ART—Early-nineteenth-century portraits, still-lifes, and religious and historical paintings, as well as trade signs, weather vanes, cigar-store figures, and other primitive art objects. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.; through June 29.)

AUDUBON—A loan exhibit of portraits, which have been shown only rarely, by the nineteenth-century artist-naturalist. (Audubon House, 1000 Fifth Ave., at 81st St.; through July 13.)

LUDWIG BEMELMANS—A set of his oils, gouaches, and water colors, the majority of which have been reproduced in *The New Yorker, Holiday,* or other magazines. (Ferargil, 63 E. 57th St.; through July 30.)

BERMUDA ART ASSOCIATION—Oils, water colors, and sculptures, in the first exhibition of work by native artists to be sent out from the island. (Grand Central, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.; through June 29.)

DAUMIER AND DELACROIX—A compact, well-selected array of oils, water colors, and other works by these two nineteenth-century contemporaries. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.; through Sept. 28. Open Saturdays.)

MODERN FRENCH—A selection of paintings by Modigliani, Dufy, Picasso, the Paris primitives, and others. (Perls, 32 E. 58th St.; through June 29.)

CARL RABUS—His first New York showing of water colors and woodcuts, many of them based on his experiences in Nazi prison camps. (Artists', 851 Lexington Ave., at 64th St. Daily, 11:30 to 5:30; through June 30.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the BABCOCK, 38 E. 57th St.: Paintings by such American artists as Hassam, Inness, and Ryder, of the nineteenth

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

century, and Sol Wilson, Will Barnet, and Henry Botkin, of the twentieth; through Aug. 31.... BORGENICHT, 65 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Louis Schanker, Jimmy Ernst, Peter Grippe, and other contemporaries; through June 30. Open Saturday.... CONTEMPORARY ARTS, 106 E. 57th St.: Summer exhibition of oils and other works by Louise Pershing, Virginia Cuthbert, and numerous others. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5:30, and Monday evenings, 8:30 to 10:30; through July 20.... DURLACHER, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings by Tchelitchew, Demuth, and other gallery artists; through July 27.... FEIGL, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: Oils by Europeans and Americans, chiefly Expressionists, among them Soutine, Kirchner, Feininger, and Vytlacil; through July 27. Open Saturdays.... KRAUSHAAR, 32 E. 57th St.: A crisp, summery showing of water colors by Cecil Bell, Mahonri Young, and others; through July 6.... LEVITT, 559 Madison Ave., at 56th St.: Virginia Berresford, Charles Umlauf, Lawrence Kupferman, and others, in an exhibition of water colors; through July 6.... MIDTOWN, 605 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Paintings by Gladys Rockmore Davis, Dong Kingman, and others, plus sculptures by Maldarelli and by Arline Wingate; through June 30. Open Saturday.... MILCH, 55 E. 57th St.: Oils and water colors by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans, including Chi de Hassam, Ernest Lawson, and Stephen Etnier; through Sept. 28.... NEW GALLERY, 63 W. 44th St.: Works, in several mediums and ranging in price from $35 to $600, by modern artists, among them Orozco, Alfred H. Maurer, Henry Moore, and Max Weber. Weekdays, 10 to 7; through June 30.... PASSEDOIT, 121 E. 57th St.: Oils by Morris Davidson, B. J. O Nordfeldt, J. M. Hanson, and others; through July 13.... ROSENBERG, 16 E. 57th St.: Oils and pastels by Max Weber, Karl Knaths, Marsden Hartley, and Abraham Rattner; through July 6.... SALPETER, 36 W. 56th St.: New landscapes and still-lifes by the gallery group which includes Joseph Kaplan, Harry Crowley, and Shirley Hendrick. Weekdays, noon to 6; through July 31.... BERTHA SCHAEFER, 32 E. 57th St.: The gallery's annual exhibition called "Fact and Fantasy," which this year comprises paintings by Ben-Zion, Alfred H. Maurer, Ary Stillman, and others; through July 27.... SCULPTURE CENTER, 167 E. 69th St.: A selection of pieces, in various materials, by Hugo Robus, Leo Amino, Cleo Hartwig, José de Creeft, and others. Weekdays, 2 to 5 and, except Saturdays, 7 to 10; through June 30.

SOME OF THIS WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the GRAND CENTRAL, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.: Marine paintings; through July 13.... NEW ART CIRCLE, 41 E. 57th St.: Group show; through Aug. 31. Open Saturdays.

MUSEUMS

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Prints of Parisian scenes and personalities by Degas, Toulouse-Lautrec, Dufy, Villon, and other French artists. (Weekdays, from 10 to 5; Sundays and Wednesday, July 4, from 1 to 5; through Sept. 16.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Seventy of Winslow Homer's water colors, drawings, and prints. (Weekdays, from 10 to 5; Sundays and Wednesday, July 4, from 1 to 5; through Aug. 31.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A small and generally interesting loan exhibition of works from the Alfred Stieglitz collection, featuring early pieces by such moderns as Picasso, Severini, Marin, Hartley, and O'Keeffe; through Aug. 12.... ¶ Twentieth-century reliefs by Arp, Maillol, Lipchitz, Mary Callery, and others; through July 15.... ¶ A loan show of paintings and sculptures from various New York collections; through Sept. 12. (Weekdays, from noon to 7; Sundays and Wednesday, July 4, from 1 to 7.)

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A show of recent additions to the permanent collection, including paintings by such men as Moholy-Nagy, Kandinsky, Mondrian, Vantongerloo, and Delaunay,

plus a Pevsner construction and other works. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, from 10 to 6; Sundays and Wednesday, July 4, from noon to 6; through Sept. 30.)

IN THE COUNTRY

BLUE HILL, MAINE. Rowantrees Pavilion: Water colors by Francis Hamabe; through June 30. Paintings, sculptures, and drawings of cats, by Klee, Motherwell, Zorach, and others, as well as a set of gouaches by Reuben Tam; starting July 1. (Weekdays, 10:30 to 5:30; Sundays and Wednesday, July 4, noon to 6.) ... **CANAAN, N.Y.** The Berkshire Art Center: Contemporary American artists, among them Hopper, Marsh, B. J. O. Nordfeldt, and Sol Wilson. (Daily, 2:30 to 6; starting July 4.) ... **EAST HAMPTON, L.I.** Guild Hall: A survey of American art, ranging from the primitives to such moderns as Pollock and Balcomb Greene. (Weekdays, 3 to 5; through July 17.) ... **ESSEX, CONN.** Essex Art Association: An invitation group show, along with a selection of African sculptures. (Daily, 1 to 5; through July 8.) ... **HARTFORD, CONN.** Wadsworth Atheneum: Forty-five portraits, covering the past five centuries. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays, 9 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5; starting July 6.) ... **MANCHESTER, VT.** Southern Vermont Art Center: A memorial exhibition of work by eight deceased artists of this region, including John Lillie and Frank Osborn. (Daily, 2 to 9; through July 7.) ... **MYSTIC, CONN.** Mystic Art Association: Robert Brackman, Jacques Maroger, and others, in the Association's twenty-seventh Annual. (Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 2 to 5:30; starting June 30.) ... **NEWPORT, R.I.** Art Association of Newport: Fortieth Annual Exhibition of Contemporary American Art. (Weekdays, from 10 to 5; Sundays and Wednesday, July 4, from 2 to 5; starting June 30.) ... **NORWALK, CONN.** Silvermine Guild of Artists: Work by New England artists. (Daily, 1 to 6; through July 6.) ... **OGUNQUIT, MAINE.** Ogunquit Art Association: Ernest Fiene, Chris Ritter, Edward Betts, and others. (Weekdays, 10 to noon and 1 to 5:30; Sundays, 2 to 5:30; starting July 1.) ... **OLD LYME, CONN.** Lyme Art Association: The twenty-seventh spring group showing. (Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6; through July 8.) ... **PROVINCETOWN, MASS.** Provincetown Art Association: Work in various mediums by Hans Hofmann, George Biddle, Karl Knaths, and others. (Weekdays, 10 to 10; Sundays 2 to 6 and 7 to 10; starting July 1.) ... **ROCKLAND, MAINE.** William A. Farnsworth Art Museum: There are several exhibitions here currently, among them a group show by Maine artists and a set of wood sculptures by William Muir. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Wednesday, July 4, from 10 to 5; Sundays, from 1 to 5.) ... **ROCKPORT, MASS.** Rockport Art Association: A jury show of works by Gifford Beal, Ted Kautzky, and others. (Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 3 to 6; through July 31.) ... **WOODSTOCK, N.Y.** Ganso Gallery: Paintings, sculptures, and ceramics by Ethel and Jenne Magafan, Frank Gebhart, and others, plus drawings by Edward Chavez, William Pachner, and others. (Weekdays, 10:30 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 5; through July 14.)

MUSIC

STADIUM CONCERTS—The Stadium Symphony Orchestra—Thursday, June 28: Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting, with Mischa Elman, violin.... ¶ Saturday, June 30: Dimitri Mitropoulos directing Verdi's "Requiem," with Herva Nelli, soprano; Eunice Alberts, mezzo-soprano; Joseph Laderoute, tenor; Norman Scott, bass; and the chorus of the Schola Cantorum.... ¶ Monday, July 2: Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting, with William Kapell, piano.... ¶ Tuesday. July 3: Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting (no soloist).... ¶ Wednesday, July 4: Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting, with Jeanne Mitchell, violin.... ¶ Thursday, July 5: The Metropolitan Opera version of "Fledermaus," Max Rudolf conducting, with Patrice Munsel, soprano; Regina Resnik, soprano; Charles Kullman, tenor; Hugh Thompson, baritone; and Jean Madeira, mezzo-soprano.... ¶ Saturday, July 7: André Kostelanetz conducting, with Dorothy Kirsten, soprano. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St., AD 4-5800. Tickets are also available at the Steinway Bldg., 113 W. 57th St., CI 7-5534. Evenings at 8:30; through Wednesday, Aug. 8. In the event of rain, last-minute plans are broadcast

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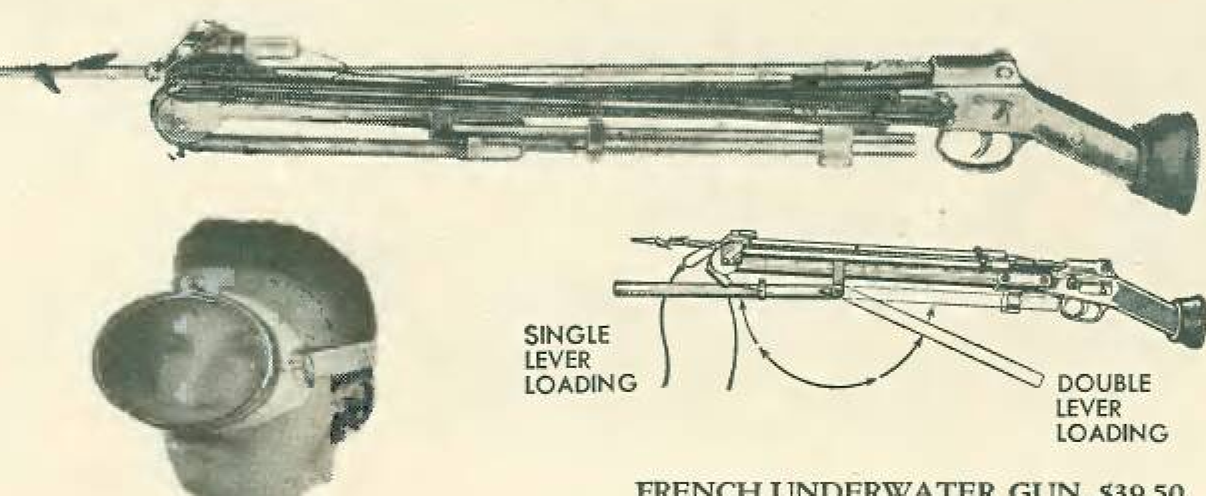

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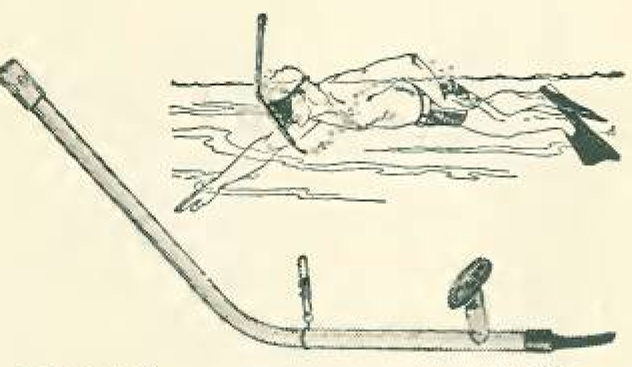

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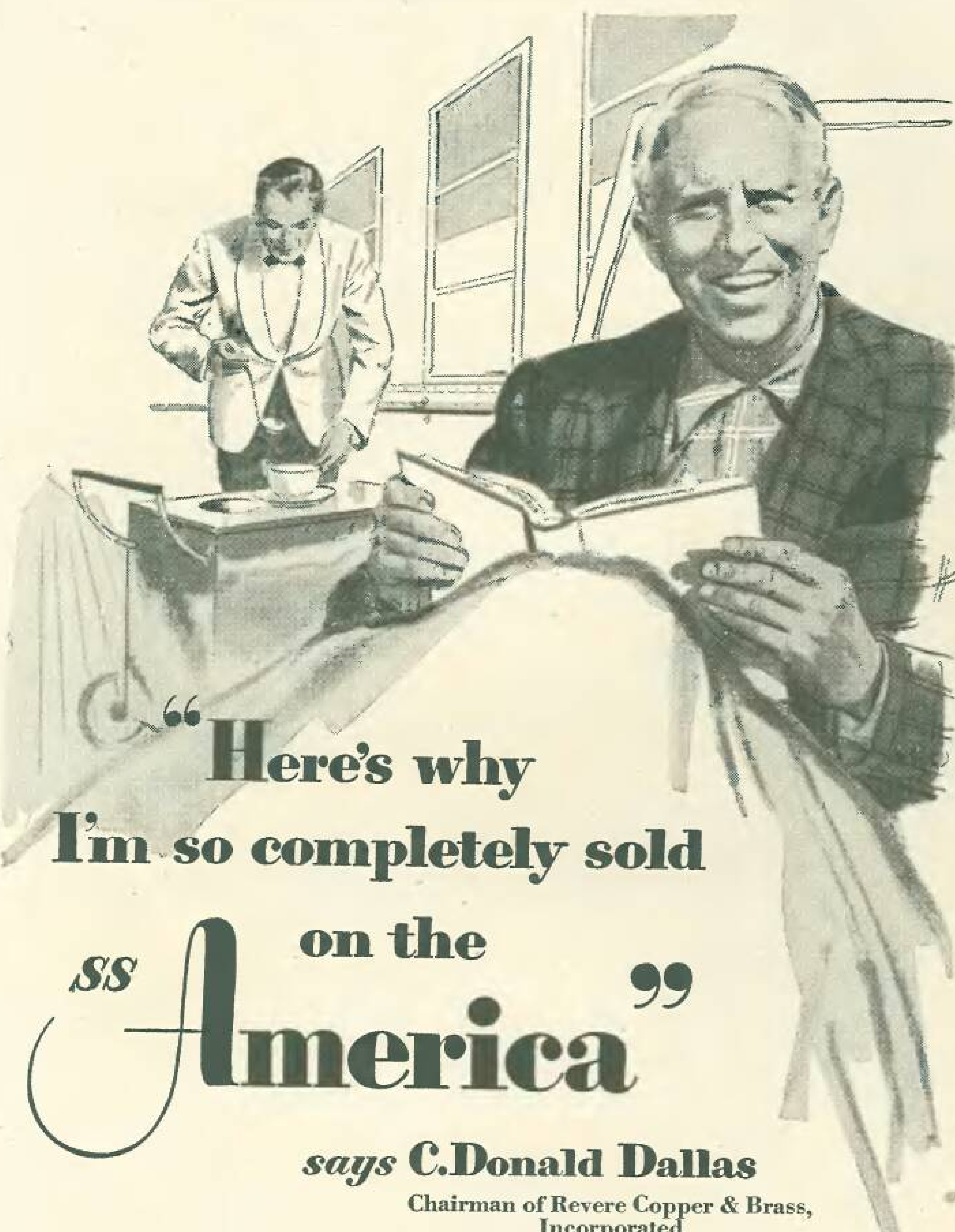

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC and at 7:05 P.M. over WQXR.)

JUILLIARD CONCERTS—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Thursday, Aug. 9—Monday, July 2: Beveridge Webster, piano. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 3: Juilliard String Quartet. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 5: Lonny Epstein, piano. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. All concerts at 4. For information about tickets, call MO 3-7200, Ext. 38.)

CENTRAL PARK MALL CONCERTS—Edwin Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays—except July 4—and Fridays, at 8:30; through Sunday, Aug. 12.) . . . ¶ City Amateur Symphony, Leopold Prince conducting. (Saturdays at 8:30; through July 28.) . . . ¶ Naumburg Memorial Concert, Simon Asen conducting, with Seymour Benstock, cello. (Wednesday, July 4, at 8:30.)

BENEFIT—Margaret Bonds, piano; Lawrence Davidson, bass; and Muriel Landers, soprano, in a program to help the Community Church's Homestead Family Camp. (Community Church, 40 E. 35th St. MU 3-4988. Friday, June 29, at 8.)

IN THE COUNTRY

BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 12—Charles Münch conducting the Boston Symphony in two all-Bach programs. (Theatre-Concert Hall, Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Saturday, July 7, at 8:15, and Sunday, July 8, at 3.)

LOCUST VALLEY MUSIC FESTIVAL—The New Music String Quartet and Rey de la Torre, guitar. (Mrs. Alma Morgenthau's residence, Lattingtown Estates, Locust Valley, L.I. Sunday, July 1, at 4. For tickets, call Glen Cove 4-5951J.)

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

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At the POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. Dodgers, Thursday, June 28, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Philadelphia, Monday, July 2, at 8:30, and Tuesday, July 3, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Boston, Friday and Saturday, July 6-7, at 1:30. . . . YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Boston, Friday, June 29, at 1:30 and 8:30; Saturday, June 30, at 2; and Sunday, July 1, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Washington, Wednesday, July 4, at 1:30 (doubleheader), and Thursday, July 5, at 8:30. . . . EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, Friday, June 29, at 8:30; Saturday, June 30, at 1:30; and Sunday, July 1, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Giants, Wednesday, July 4, at 1:30 (doubleheader), and Thursday, July 5, at 8:30.

GOLF—Metropolitan Golf Association Junior Championship. (Siwanoy Country Club, Bronxville. Thursday through Saturday, July 5-7.)

POLO—At BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase: Sundays at 3:30. . . . MEADOW BROOK CLUB, Westbury: Sundays at 3:30. . . . BOSTWICK FIELD, Westbury: Sundays at 4:30.

RACING—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:15; through Saturday, July 14. The Shevlin, Saturday, June 30; the Carter Handicap, Wednesday, July 4; and the Dwyer, Saturday, July 7. (Trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:45 and 1:25.) . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2:30; through Wednesday, Aug. 8. (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 11:15; it is met by buses for the track.)

TENNIS—National Professional Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Thursday through Sunday, June 28-July 1. Tickets can be obtained at Spalding's, 518 Fifth Ave., at 43rd St., and at the West Side Tennis Club.) . . . ¶ New York State Men's Championships. (Seminole Club, Forest Hills. Saturday, June 30, through Sunday, July 8.) . . .

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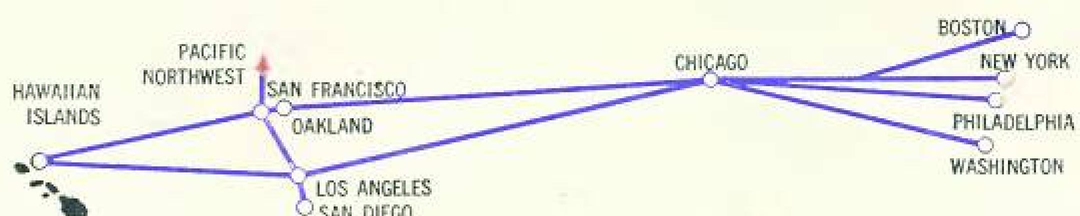

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

¶ New York State Women's Championships. (New Rochelle Tennis Club, New Rochelle. Monday through Saturday, July 2-7.)

TROTTING—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:40; through Saturday, Sept. 22. (Trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:49 and 7:04.) . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Aug. 25. . . . HISTORIC TRACK, Goshen: Monday through Friday, July 2-6, at 2.

YACHTING—New Bedford Yacht Club Regatta. (New Bedford, Mass. Wednesday, July 4.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—At Flushing Meadow, Mondays through Fridays (except Wednesday, July 4), the Trusteeship Council is in session, in a room accommodating about sixty onlookers. In addition, the Security Council, the Commission on Conventional Armaments, the Atomic Energy Commission, and the Interim Committee of the General Assembly hold occasional meetings to which the public is admitted. For information about tickets and transportation, call FLushing 8-2000, Ext. 92, the day before you want to go. Incidentally, questions about the United Nations can be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 220 W. 45th St., JU 2-0233.

FLOWER SHOW—An exhibition of lilies, sponsored by the North American Lily Society in coöperation with the Horticultural Society of New York. (Essex House, 157 W. 58th St., Thursday, June 28, from 11 to 10.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM—The summer show is called "The Beginning and End of the World." It deals with several theories of the earth's origin, as well as with some of the non-atomic ways it might come to an end. (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays, Sundays, and Wednesday, July 4, at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)

TRANSATLANTIC LINERS—Ile-de-France: Sails Thursday, June 28, at 4 P.M. . . . ¶ America: Arrives Thursday, June 28; sails Tuesday, July 3, at 4 P.M. . . . ¶ Queen Mary: Sails Friday, June 29, at 3 P.M. . . . ¶ Nieuw Amsterdam: Sails Friday, June 29, at 4 P.M. . . . ¶ Caronia: Arrives Saturday, June 30. . . . ¶ Gripsholm: Arrives Sunday, July 1; sails Friday, July 6, at 11:30 A.M. . . . ¶ Liberté: Arrives Monday, July 2; sails Tuesday, July 3, at 11 P.M. . . . ¶ Washington: Arrives Monday, July 2; sails Saturday, July 7, at noon. . . . ¶ Independence: Sails Tuesday, July 3, at 11 A.M. . . . ¶ Queen Elizabeth: Arrives Thursday, July 5; sails Saturday, July 7, at noon. . . . ¶ DeGrasse: Arrives Saturday, July 7. . . . ¶ Britannic: Arrives Saturday, July 7.

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NOTE—Volunteers are still sorely needed in each of the city's civil-defense departments, among which are Transportation, Medical Emergency, Public Health, Public Welfare, and the Fire and Police Auxiliaries. Telephone operators, messengers, air wardens, hospital aids, clerical workers, and such are wanted to fill jobs in nearly a hundred and fifty different categories. Some of these posts involve technical or professional skills, but for most of them the qualifications are merely time, heart, and, possibly, muscle. All hospitals, precinct police stations, and district firehouses are prepared to take applications, and additional recruiting centers are being opened in motion-picture theatres, libraries, and other public buildings. Further information can be had from the five borough recruiting offices: 500 Park Ave., at 59th St. (MU 8-6940), in Manhattan; 2 Court St. (MAin 4-7681), in Brooklyn; Borough Hall, 120-55 Queens Blvd. (BOulevard 3-2324), in Queens; Bronx County Court House, 161st St. and Grand Concourse (LUdlow 8-9634), in the Bronx; and Borough Hall, St. George, S.I. (GIbraltar 2-8836), in Richmond. . . . ¶ Blood donations for the armed forces are, of course, also urgently sought. To make an appointment, call the Manhattan Red Cross Chapter, 70 W. 40th St., MU 9-1000, or the Brooklyn Chapter, 57 Willoughby St., MAin 4-6001.

ROGERS PEET SPORT JACKETS AND SLACKS ARE NOTED EVERYWHERE

Noted for their Good Materials . . . which are all of our own selection and include many of the finest Woolens and Worsteds that Britain and America produce! Noted for their Good Style... all cut on the patterns of our own Master-Designer! Noted for their Good Workmanship . . . all tailored in our own workrooms!

Prices, nevertheless . . . thanks to the fact we are Makers-and-Merchants-in-one . . . offer outstanding values in a wide and sensible range.

In New York: Fifth Ave. *at* 41st St. Thirteenth Street *at* Broadway

Warren Street *at* Broadway

And in Boston: Tremont St. *at* Bromfield St.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

BITTER RICE—Extravagantly active ladies in the rice fields of the Po Valley. An Italian film, in which Silvana Mangano is outstanding as the most tempestuous of the harvesters. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

BORN YESTERDAY—Judy Holliday in the role of a junkman's plaything who gets so smart in the hands of a tutor that she becomes an expert on democracy and kindred subjects, and says to hell with Daddy. A solid adaptation of the Garson Kanin comedy, skillfully acted by Miss Holliday, Broderick Crawford, and William Holden. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through June 30. . . . ¶ Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; through July 1. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through July 2. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through July 3. . . . ¶ Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; July 1-4, tentative.)

THE EMPEROR'S NIGHTINGALE—A pleasant little Czechoslovakian picture that employs a myriad handsome dolls to tell the Hans Christian Andersen fairy tale. The piece includes a commentary written by Phyllis McGinley and delivered by Boris Karloff. (Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th, PL 5-2746.)

FOUR IN A JEEP—M.P.'s of Russia, England, France, and the United States on patrol in the International Zone of Vienna. There isn't as much amity as one might desire between the Russian and his cohorts, but the film indicates that in the long pull good fellows can always get together. Interesting enough, especially when describing the homecoming of Austrian prisoners of war. With Viveca Lindfors and Ralph Meeker. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

FOURTEEN HOURS—Concerning a troubled young man who may or may not jump from a hotel ledge high above Manhattan. An extremely dramatic film, in which Richard Basehart, in the part of the undecided youth, gives an estimable performance. Agnes Moorehead, Robert Keith, Paul Douglas, and Barbara Bel Geddes are fine, too. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through June 30. . . . ¶ Murray Hill, Park at 42nd, MU 2-1431; July 1-2.)

GO FOR BROKE!—How the Japanese-American soldiers functioned in the last war. A first-rate job, long on fireworks and plausible dialogue. Veterans of a Nisei combat team figure in it, along with Van Johnson and Warner Anderson. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; starting July 3. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting July 4.)

THE GREAT CARUSO—Mario Lanza, who plays the mighty Enrico in this venture, has a lot of scales to climb before he'll be in the same class with the Master, but he's nevertheless a diverting fellow to have around, and the music here is uniformly excellent. Dorothy Kirsten and Blanche Thebom help Mr. Lanza line out a few duets. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600; through July 4.)

KON-TIKI—The documentary account of a journey from Peru to Polynesia on a primitive raft. The six Scandinavian travellers hoped to prove that Peruvians had settled Polynesia. Whether they proved this or not, they assuredly had a fascinating voyage. The narration that accompanies the picture was written by Thor Heyerdahl, leader of the expedition, and is delivered by him. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

M—David Wayne in a remake of the chilling old German film that was directed originally by Fritz Lang. As a lunatic who devotes himself to killing children, Mr. Wayne is often frightening, but the script of the film is a very wordy business. (Globe, B'way at 46th, JU 6-5555; June 28.)

TALES OF HOFFMANN—Opera, ballet, pantomime, and what-have-you, all stirred up into a big British batter that never really rises. With Robert Rounseville, Moira Shearer, Ludmilla Tcherina, Leonide Massine, and Robert Helpmann. (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 THING—A mock-scientific account of the arrival on this planet of a Martian or some such interstellar traveller. At once funny and exciting, and capably acted by a cast that includes Kenneth Tobey, Robert Cornthwaite, Douglas Spencer, James Young, and Dewey Martin. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; June 28. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through June 30. . . . ¶ Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; June 29-30. . . . ¶ York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-9350; June 1-2. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; July 1-3. . . . ¶ Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; July 2-4.)

TONY DRAWS A HORSE—English whimsey exploiting a number of the more peculiar facets of British society. A bit too broad to be entirely satisfactory, but amusing nevertheless. With Cecil Parker and Anne Crawford. (Park Avenue, Park at 59th, PL 9-7242.)

REVIVALS

ADAM'S RIB (1949)—Fun in the law courts, with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, and Judy Holliday. (Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; July 3.)

ALL ABOUT EVE (1950)—Bette Davis and Anne Baxter in a comedy dealing with some of the foibles of the theatre. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; starting June 29, tentative.)

THE AWFUL TRUTH (1937)—Nonsense about divorce. With Irene Dunne and Cary Grant. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through June 30, tentative. . . . ¶ Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; July 1-2. . . . ¶ Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; July 1-3. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting July 4.)

BAMBI (1942)—Walt Disney's deer. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; July 1-2.)

THE HAPPIEST DAYS OF YOUR LIFE (1950)—Margaret Rutherford and Alastair Sim in a British comedy about the merger of a boys' school and a girls' school. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting July 4.)

A LETTER TO THREE WIVES (1949)—A pair of tough citizens, Paul Douglas and Linda Darnell, who love but never trust each other. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; starting June 29, tentative.)

THE LIVES OF A BENGAL LANCER (1935)—Gary Cooper, Franchot Tone, and Richard Cromwell facing the hazards of India. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; starting July 4.)

NIGHT TRAIN (1940)—Carol Reed's thriller about spies, the Gestapo, and the like. A British film, with Margaret Lockwood and Rex Harrison. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; July 1-3.)

ODD MAN OUT (1947)—James Mason as a fugitive hunted by all the cops in Belfast. An English film. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; June 28, tentative.)

THE OX-BOW INCIDENT (1943)—A lynching in the West. With Henry Fonda and Dana Andrews. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting July 4.)

A ROYAL SCANDAL (1945)—Tallulah Bankhead as Catherine, Empress of All the Russias. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through June 30, tentative.)

THE SEVENTH VEIL (1945)—A dash of psychiatry and an earful of classical music. A British film, with James Mason and Ann Todd. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; June 28, tentative.)

STATE FAIR (1945)—Champion pigs, youthful romance, and songs. Dick Haymes, Jeanne Crain, and Charles Winninger. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting June 29.)

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU (1938)—The Kaufman-Hart comedy. Jean Arthur, Lionel Barrymore, and James Stewart. (Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; July 1-3. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; starting July 4.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Through July 1: "It Happened One Night" (1934), with Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert. . . . ¶ Starting July 2: "Ruggles of Red Gap" (1935), with Charles Laughton, Charles Ruggles, and Mary Boland. (Showings are 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.)

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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)
June 28: "Valentino," Anthony Dexter, Eleanor Parker.
From June 29, at 8:30: "Hard, Fast and Beautiful," Claire Trevor, Sally Forrest. (Opening night is a benefit for the *Journal-American's* Disabled War Veterans Fund. Tickets may be obtained at the box office.)

BIJOU, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
TALES OF HOFFMANN.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Excuse My Dust," Red Skelton, Sally Forrest.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
Through June 29: "Native Son," Richard Wright, Jean Wallace.
From June 30: "The Prowler," Van Heflin, Evelyn Keyes.

GLOBE, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
June 28: **M.**
From June 29: "Ace in the Hole," Kirk Douglas, Jan Sterling.

HOLIDAY, B'way at 47th. (CI 5-5530)
Through July 2: "Goodbye, My Fancy," Joan Crawford, Robert Young.
From July 3: "I Was an American Spy," Ann Dvorak, Douglas Kennedy.

MAYFAIR, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
June 28: "Star Spangled Rhythm," revival, all-star cast, including Bing Crosby, Paulette Goddard, Bob Hope, and Veronica Lake; and "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek," revival, Betty Hutton, Eddie Bracken.
From June 29: To be announced.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
Through July 4: **THE GREAT CARUSO.**

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Through July 3: "He Ran All the Way," John Garfield, Shelley Winters.
From July 4: "Dear Brat," Mona Freeman.

ROXY, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
June 28: "Half Angel," Loretta Young, Joseph Cotten.
From June 29: "The Frogmen," Richard Widmark, Dana Andrews.

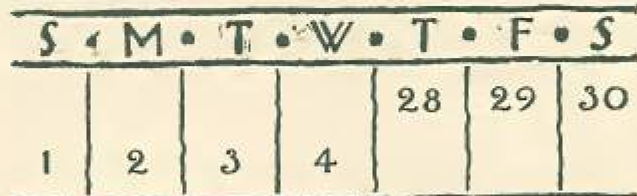
STATE, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
Through July 3: "Samson and Delilah," revival, Hedy Lamarr, Victor Mature.
From July 4: "The Prince Who Was a Thief," Tony Curtis, Piper Laurie.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Mask of the Avenger," John Derek.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
From July 4: "Strangers on a Train," Farley Granger, Ruth Roman.

WORLD, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
BITTER RICE (in Italian).

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES



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

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
June 28: **THE THING**.
From June 29: **STATE FAIR**, revival.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through June 30: **FOURTEEN HOURS**.
July 1-3: "The Smugglers," revival, Michael Redgrave, Jean Kent.
From July 4: **GO FOR BROKE!**

Murray Hill, Park at 42nd. (MU 2-1431)
Through June 30: "Rawhide," Tyrone Power, Susan Hayward; and "Lucky Nick Cain," George Raft, Coleen Gray.
July 1-2: **FOURTEEN HOURS**; and "The Cariboo Trail," revival, Randolph Scott, Bill Williams.
July 3-4: "I Was a Communist for the F.B.I.," Frank Lovejoy; and "Eye Witness," revival, Robert Montgomery, Leslie Banks.

Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th. (EL 5-8790)
Through June 30 (tentative): **A ROYAL SCANDAL**, revival; and **THE AWFUL TRUTH**, revival.
July 1-4 (tentative): **BORN YESTERDAY**.

Lexington, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through July 2: "Sirocco," Humphrey Bogart, Marta Toren; and "Santa Fe," Randolph Scott, Janis Carter.
July 3: "The Iroquois Trail," revival, George Montgomery, Brenda Marshall; and "A Kiss for Corliss," revival, Shirley Temple, David Niven.
From July 4: "Air Cadet," Stephen McNally, Gail Russell; and "Samson and Delilah," revival, Hedy Lamarr, Victor Mature.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Teresa," Pier Angeli, John Ericson.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
KON-TIKI.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through June 30: "Fabiola," Michèle Morgan, Michel Simon; and "The Man with My Face," Barry Nelson.
July 1-3: "Apache Drums," Stephen McNally, Coleen Gray; and "Hollywood Story," Richard Conte.
From July 4: "On the Riviera," Danny Kaye, Gene Tierney; and "Mystery Submarine," Macdonald Carey, Marta Toren.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through June 30: "Eye Witness," revival, Robert Montgomery, Leslie Banks.
July 1-3: "Follow the Sun," Glenn Ford, Anne Baxter.
From July 4: **GO FOR BROKE!**

Park Avenue, Park at 59th. (PL 9-7242)
TONY DRAWS A HORSE.

Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th. (PL 5-2746)
THE EMPEROR'S NIGHTINGALE.

York, 1st Ave. at 64th. (RH 4-9350)
Through June 29: "Appointment with Danger," Alan Ladd, Phyllis Calvert; and "Quebec," John Barrymore, Jr., Corinne Calvet.
June 30: "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now," revival, Mark Stevens, June Haver; and "The Girl from San Lorenzo," revival, Duncan Renaldo.
July 1-2: **THE THING**; and "The Sword of Monte Cristo," George Montgomery.
July 3-4: "Ma and Pa Kettle Back on the Farm," Marjorie Main, Percy Kilbride; and "Under the Gun," Richard Conte, Audrey Totter.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through July 2: **BORN YESTERDAY**.
From July 3: To be announced.

Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through July 2: "Sirocco," Humphrey Bogart, Marta Toren; and "Santa Fe," Randolph Scott, Janis Carter.
July 3: "The Iroquois Trail," revival, George Montgomery, Brenda Marshall; and "A Kiss for Corliss," revival, Shirley Temple, David Niven.
From July 4: "Air Cadet," Stephen McNally, Gail Russell; and "Samson and Delilah," revival, Hedy Lamarr, Victor Mature.

Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through June 30: **BORN YESTERDAY**; and "Stage to Tucson," Rod Cameron, Wayne Morris.
July 1-3: **THE THING**; and "The Sword of Monte Cristo," George Montgomery.
From July 4: **YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU**, revival; and **THE LIVES OF A BENGAL LANCER**, revival.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through June 30: **THE THING**.
July 1-3: **NIGHT TRAIN**, revival.
From July 4: **THE AWFUL TRUTH**, revival.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 8-8900)
Through June 30: "Fabiola," Michèle Morgan, Michel Simon; and "The Man with My Face," Barry Nelson.
July 1-3: "Apache Drums," Stephen McNally, Coleen Gray; and "Hollywood Story," Richard Conte.
From July 4: "On the Riviera," Danny Kaye, Gene Tierney; and "Mystery Submarine," Macdonald Carey, Marta Toren.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through July 2: "Sirocco," Humphrey Bogart, Marta Toren; and "Santa Fe," Randolph Scott, Janis Carter.
July 3: "The Iroquois Trail," revival, George Montgomery, Brenda Marshall; and "A Kiss for Corliss," revival, Shirley Temple, David Niven.
From July 4: "Air Cadet," Stephen McNally, Gail Russell; and "Samson and Delilah," revival, Hedy Lamarr, Victor Mature.

Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th. (SA 2-2478)
June 28: "Appointment with Danger," Alan Ladd, Phyllis Calvert; and "Quebec," John Barrymore, Jr., Corinne Calvet.
June 29-30: **THE THING**; and "The Sword of Monte Cristo," George Montgomery.
July 1-2: "The First Legion," Charles Boyer, William Demarest; and "The Scarf," John Ireland, Mercedes McCambridge.
July 3: **ADAM'S RIB**, revival; and "Pacific Adventure," revival, Ron Randell.
July 4: "Dante's Inferno," revival, Spencer Tracy, Claire Trevor; and "A Message to Garcia," revival, Barbara Stanwyck, Wallace Beery.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through June 30: **BORN YESTERDAY**; and "The Flying Missile," Glenn Ford, Viveca Lindfors.
July 1-2: **BAMBI**, revival; and "Gilda," revival, Rita Hayworth, Glenn Ford.
July 3-4: "Down to the Sea in Ships," revival, Richard Widmark, Lionel Barrymore; and "The Saxon Charm," revival, Robert Montgomery, Susan Hayward.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through June 30: **FOURTEEN HOURS**.
July 1-3: "Eye Witness," revival, Robert Montgomery, Leslie Banks.
From July 4: **GO FOR BROKE!**

5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th. (OR 5-9630)
June 28 (tentative): **THE SEVENTH VEIL**, revival; and **ODD MAN OUT**, revival.
From June 29 (tentative): **ALL ABOUT EVE**, revival; and **A LETTER TO THREE WIVES**, revival.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through July 2: "Sirocco," Humphrey Bogart, Marta Toren; and "Santa Fe," Randolph Scott, Janis Carter.
July 3: "The Iroquois Trail," revival, George Montgomery, Brenda Marshall; and "A Kiss for Corliss," revival, Shirley Temple, David Niven.
From July 4: "Air Cadet," Stephen McNally, Gail Russell; and "Samson and Delilah," revival, Hedy Lamarr, Victor Mature.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through July 3: **BORN YESTERDAY**; and "Stage to Tucson," Rod Cameron, Wayne Morris.
From July 4: **THE HAPPIEST DAYS OF YOUR LIFE**, revival; and **THE OX-BOW INCIDENT**, revival.

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through June 30: "Fabiola," Michèle Morgan, Michel Simon; and "The Man with My Face," Barry Nelson.
July 1-3: "Apache Drums," Stephen McNally, Coleen Gray; and "Hollywood Story," Richard Conte.
From July 4: "On the Riviera," Danny Kaye, Gene Tierney; and "Mystery Submarine," Macdonald Carey, Marta Toren.

Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
Through June 30: "The First Legion," Charles Boyer, William Demarest; and "The Scarf," John Ireland, Mercedes McCambridge.
July 1-2: **THE AWFUL TRUTH**, revival; and "The Fallen Sparrow," revival, Maureen O'Hara, John Garfield.
From July 3: **GO FOR BROKE!**; and "Cause for Alarm," Loretta Young, Barry Sullivan.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Hills of Ireland," a documentary film.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
FOUR IN A JEEP.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through July 1: "Sirocco," Humphrey Bogart, Marta Toren; and "Santa Fe," Randolph Scott, Janis Carter.
July 2-3: "The Iroquois Trail," revival, George Montgomery, Brenda Marshall; and "A Kiss for Corliss," revival, Shirley Temple, David Niven.
From July 4: "Air Cadet," Stephen McNally, Gail Russell; and "Samson and Delilah," revival, Hedy Lamarr, Victor Mature.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
"The Secret of Mayerling" (in French), Jean Marais, Dominique Blanchar; and "Dream Ballerina" (in French), Violette Verdy, Romney Brent.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (RI 9-9861)
Through June 30: "Fabiola," Michèle Morgan, Michel Simon; and "The Man with My Face," Barry Nelson.
July 1-3: **THE AWFUL TRUTH**, revival; and **YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU**, revival.
From July 4: "On the Riviera," Danny Kaye, Gene Tierney; and "Mystery Submarine," Macdonald Carey, Marta Toren.

Carlton, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-3862)
Through July 1: **BORN YESTERDAY**; and "Stage to Tucson," Rod Cameron, Wayne Morris.
July 2-4: **THE THING**; and "The Sword of Monte Cristo," George Montgomery.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (AC 2-1019)
Through July 2: "Sirocco," Humphrey Bogart, Marta Toren; and "Santa Fe," Randolph Scott, Janis Carter.
July 3: "The Iroquois Trail," revival, George Montgomery, Brenda Marshall; and "A Kiss for Corliss," revival, Shirley Temple, David Niven.
From July 4: "Air Cadet," Stephen McNally, Gail Russell; and "Samson and Delilah," revival, Hedy Lamarr, Victor Mature.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (AC 2-9406)
Through June 30: "Fabiola," Michèle Morgan, Michel Simon; and "The Man with My Face," Barry Nelson.
July 1-3: "Apache Drums," Stephen McNally, Coleen Gray; and "Hollywood Story," Richard Conte.
From July 4: "On the Riviera," Danny Kaye, Gene Tierney; and "Mystery Submarine," Macdonald Carey, Marta Toren.

Coliseum, B'way at 181st. (WA 7-7200)
Through June 30: "Fabiola," Michèle Morgan, Michel Simon; and "The Man with My Face," Barry Nelson.
July 1-3: "Apache Drums," Stephen McNally, Coleen Gray; and "Hollywood Story," Richard Conte.
From July 4: "On the Riviera," Danny Kaye, Gene Tierney; and "Mystery Submarine," Macdonald Carey, Marta Toren.

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

CIVIL DEFENSE NOTE: A pair of yellow warblers now resident, with their offspring, in Van Cortlandt Park are occupying a nest built entirely out of fireproof home-insulation material.

THE June issue of *House & Garden* contains the suggestion that the reader send that issue of the magazine to his European friends "to help make known our American way of life." It's a nice idea but not necessarily a sound one. Magazines, it seems to us, are concerned with America's dream life as well as with its life; in many an issue the two lives are interwoven, like a sock. This is true of *The New Yorker*, and we suspect it is true of *H. & G.*, whose June issue shows an American scene so tastefully arranged, so fully glass-enclosed, as to throw Europe off the scent. There's a good deal about slimming diets in the issue, and several of the characters are just getting into, or out of, private pools of water. Such a view of American life falls short of the full panorama, just as the picture in a recent *Harper's Bazaar*—the one of a girl kneeling in a large basket of tomatoes—was a curiously imperfect glimpse of American fashion, as well as of American tomato culture. Probably the safest way for Europeans to learn about life over here is through the movies, particularly Westerns. No slimming diets, swimming pools, or glass houses there; just the loud, simple story of our workaday existence, with our horses that seldom tire, and our guns that seldom miss, and the constant fear of ambush.

"CONFUSED MARKET PUTS STOCKS DOWN" and "FURNITURE BUYING FAILS TO IMPROVE," two headlines on a *Times* financial page said on Wednesday of last week, and distressed us when we saw them, but our spirits soared and our disposition improved a few minutes later, when, picking up the current number of the *Cleveland Trust*

Company Business Bulletin, one of the best business bulletins *anywhere*, we read, in its opening paragraph:

> Business observers are likely to find themselves floundering in a sea of uncertainties when attempting to forecast the course of general business over the next six months. That is because predictions involve guesswork on unpredictable world events. There are various possibilities ranging from those which would increase world tension to those which would lessen it. In considering the future trend of business, one must select some fairly definite premise in order to avoid being lost in a wilderness of "if"s.

If business observers, floundering in a sea of uncertainties in one sentence, can find themselves in a wilderness of "if"s only three sentences later, they are doing all right, and the trends they're observing can't be *too* unpredictable. The flounderers surely sloughed off those uncertainties the moment they got to dry land, and as for the "if"s, we bet the boys threatened with them will be out of the woods altogether in another jiffy, relaxed in a meadow of reassuring "undoubtedly"s.

Off Holiday

THE question of how many people customarily use the main branch of the Public Library on the Fourth of July—a question that had never bothered us much before—unexpectedly engaged our attention last week. We had stopped in there for a talk with Robert W. Henderson, chief of the Main Reading Room, on the third floor, who, we'd been told, is a demon statistician, and before we knew it, there we were, getting the lowdown on the Fourth of July. We found Mr. Henderson, a gray-haired man with a Scotch burr, at his desk, just behind the delivery desk and number board of the Main Reading Room's North Hall. As soon as we mentioned statistics, he set aside the 1951 *Official Baseball Guide* he was reading, reached into a drawer, and produced a mess of charts, graphs, and lists having to do with attendance, quantitative and qualitative use of books, and hourly meteorological observations in the room he is charged with. "Generally speaking, the Fourth, Christmas, and Thanksgiving are 'off' holidays for us," he said. "All the other holidays are 'on,' by which I mean that traffic goes up sharply—oh, thirty or forty per cent on Lincoln's and Washington's Birthdays—because of research projects that can't be carried out on regular days. New Year's Eve is often a particularly lively time here right up to ten o'clock, when we close. Let's

see, on the Fourth last year we had sixty people at ten A.M., ninety-two at eleven, and so on up to a high of three hundred and thirty-five at three P.M. The afternoon temperature peak was eighty-six in the South Hall and eighty-five in the North. The South Hall gets a bit more sun, the North a bit more summer attendance. One thousand nine hundred and ninety-five books were drawn out during the day. That's about thirty per cent off for a summer weekday. The average daily book count for last July was two thousand seven hundred and ninety-nine. Our biggest July Fourth ever was in 1940—three thousand four hundred and sixty-three books. There's been a gradual slump in Fourths since then."

Mr. Henderson said that the attendance counts and the temperature

readings in the North and South Halls are made unobtrusively, every hour on the hour, by the head floormen of his staff. The count of books, subdivided according to the Library's classification letters, is recorded at the end of each day. Setting aside the holiday chart, Mr. Henderson produced a Reading Room traffic chart, which showed a steady climb from a total of about 1,300,000 books in 1931 to 1,700,000 in 1939, then an abrupt drop to under a million in 1943 and 1944, then a rise to about 1,200,000 in the first postwar years, followed by a slight drop in 1950. He explained that Reading Room traffic is in inverse ratio to the business cycle, and that the current slight drop is probably connected with the Korean war. Still another chart showed the relative strength of economics and what is termed "literature," the two most popular classifications in the Reading Room. In the twenties, literature enjoyed a wide edge, but after 1929 the two converged. They changed places in 1932, and by the mid-thirties economics was far in the fore, where it remained until 1944. From 1944 to 1947, the two ran neck and neck, and since 1948 literature has forged ahead again. The third most popular classification is history, and the fourth is philosophy, which, under the Library's system, includes psychology. Both history and philosophy have climbed sharply in the past couple of years. The biggest day the Main Reading Room ever had was December 30, 1929, when 8,939 books were charged out.

Mr. Henderson is the author of a book called "Ball, Bat, and Bishop," in which he authoritatively debunks the Cooperstown-Abner Doubleday legend of the beginning of baseball, and he told us that his calculations on Reading Room traffic are occasionally interrupted by sportswriters who ask him questions about the history of baseball. He is also the inventor of the "cubook," a unit of shelf-space measurement based on the average space occupied by a book in the New York Public, Yale, Harvard, and Princeton Libraries. A cubook amounts to 291.6 cubic inches, and having such a unit of measurement is a help to library architects. We asked Mr. Henderson the purpose of his Reading Room statistics, and he replied that traffic predictions, obtainable by extension of the curves on the charts, are useful in adjusting the staff—particularly for holidays, when routine duties are suspended and the staff devotes itself entirely to serving readers. "I'm predicting eighteen hundred books for this year's Fourth," he said, peering at a couple of curves. "Well, make that seventeen-fifty."

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CARIBBEAN INTELLIGENCE: A Havana outpost of Arthur Murray's gives rumba lessons.

Massachusetts Life's Ginkgoes

FOR the past several weeks, whenever we have had occasion to walk past the new Sinclair Oil Building, at Forty-eighth Street and Fifth Avenue, two large ginkgo trees, also newcomers to the area, have attracted our admiration and curiosity, so we got in touch with the man responsible for their presence—Mr. Robert Carson, of Carson & Lundin, the building's architects. We interviewed him in his Rockefeller Center office and found him to be an old dendrological hand, and in charge of designing the Center's plant exhibits. "The building is named after Sinclair Oil, its biggest tenant," he said, "but it was put up by the Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Company. I had been thinking of using ginkgoes in front of it for a long time, because I was interested in their shape and liked their character. I recommended them to the life-insurance people, who said to go ahead. We could have had elms, pin oaks, or Oriental planes, which are more commonly planted on city streets, but elms are vulnerable to the Dutch elm disease, pin oaks are so symmetrical that they don't have much character, and plane trees are so low-spreading that you have to mutilate them to get clearance for buses. You can't have chestnuts, the way they do on the broad sidewalks of the Champs-Elysées in Paris, because they're even more low-spreading. In any event, we decided on ginkgoes, and big ones—the Sinclair Oil is a tall building. I hesitated between two forms of ginkgo: one that grows upright, like a poplar, and another that branches horizontally and irregularly. I decided on the latter; I sort of felt the upright kind wouldn't *do* enough on Fifth Avenue."

Mr. Carson ordered two irregular ginkgoes from the Syosset Nurseries, which had no suitable ones on hand but finally spotted a couple on the place of an insecticide man in Glen Cove. These were obtained and transplanted in April. They are approximately fifty feet high and as many years old, with a caliper of seventeen inches, a life expectancy of a hundred years, a height expectancy of a hundred feet, and a caliper expectancy of thirty inches. "We had to dig holes fourteen feet by fourteen feet, and four feet deep, to plant them," Mr. Carson said. "We've installed a method of watering that is new around Rockefeller Center—a circle of buried pipe, with spouts several inches apart, which is turned on several times a week. This waters the roots slowly. The usual watering method—the one used for the elms in front of the International Building, for example—is to have a hose run out on the sidewalk. This means you have to do your watering late at night, when there are few pedestrians, and even then you have to have someone to warn people not to trip on the hose. There are some wonderful big ginkgoes in Central Park, and on Central Park South, but I think ours are the first big ones ever to have been planted on a main avenue in New York. They're an experiment, of course, but the Parks Department people, whom I naturally consulted—we had to get a permit from them—think they have a good chance of thriving. They ought to, really; the ginkgo is one of the few plants that survived the Ice Age. It has existed essentially unchanged for millions of years, probably for a longer period than any other living tree, tracing back to the fossil Cordaitales of the Paleozoic era. It is sometimes known as a living fossil. Used to be considered a sacred plant in China."

We expressed astonishment at the range of Mr. Carson's knowledge, and he pointed to a volume of the Encyclopædia Britannica, opened to "Ginkgo," on a shelf behind his desk. "Been studying up on it," he said.

Logical Occupant

RESERVE officer who recently reported to Fort Dix for a physical examination advises us that dental inspection there is done by a dentist who sits in a dentist's chair that he raises and lowers, by push button, so as to be able to peer with a minimum of effort into the mouths of the men as they pass before him.

Mr. Know-How

THE barbershop in the lobby of our building is owned by a couple of capable fellows named Angelo Copertino and Pat Spagnuolo. Angelo called us up the other day and, in a voice choked with excitement, announced that a script written by Miss Hilda Withrow, one of three manicurists in the shop, had just won a five-hundred-dollar second prize in the Dr. Christian

"Remember, now, we're not in business for our health."

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radio contest. "Nice girl, nice manicurist, nice prize," Angelo said, and invited us to have a talk with her. To the best of our knowledge, this is the first time the lightning of radio fortune has ever struck the premises, and we went straight downstairs to interview Miss Withrow. Slender, pleasant-faced, and in her middle thirties, Miss Withrow gave our cuticles a disapproving glance and said at once that she was sure she had never done *us*. We confessed that though we had our hair cut in the shop regularly, we didn't get manicures. "Some men don't. Lawyers are the neat ones," she said, and then, as if to show that she forgave us, stated that except for our cuticles it would be easy to mistake us for a lawyer. Thus flattered and fortified, we asked Miss Withrow whether she had been writing radio scripts for long. "I've been writing them for years, and never had a single one accepted," she said. " 'Mr. Know-How,' which won the prize, was the tenth script I'd submitted in the Dr. Christian Contests. I also write essays and short stories. I especially like writing short-shorts—not the gimmick ones, the mood ones—but I haven't sold any."

Miss Withrow told us that she is a native of Middletown, Ohio, and has been on her own since she was thirteen. On graduating from high school in Middletown, she got a job in a paper-bag factory, where she spent six unfruitful years. She took a night-school course in "beauty," and in 1940 moved to Cincinnati, where she found work as a hairdresser in a beauty salon. She spent her Cincinnati nights at dramatic school, with the intention of going on the

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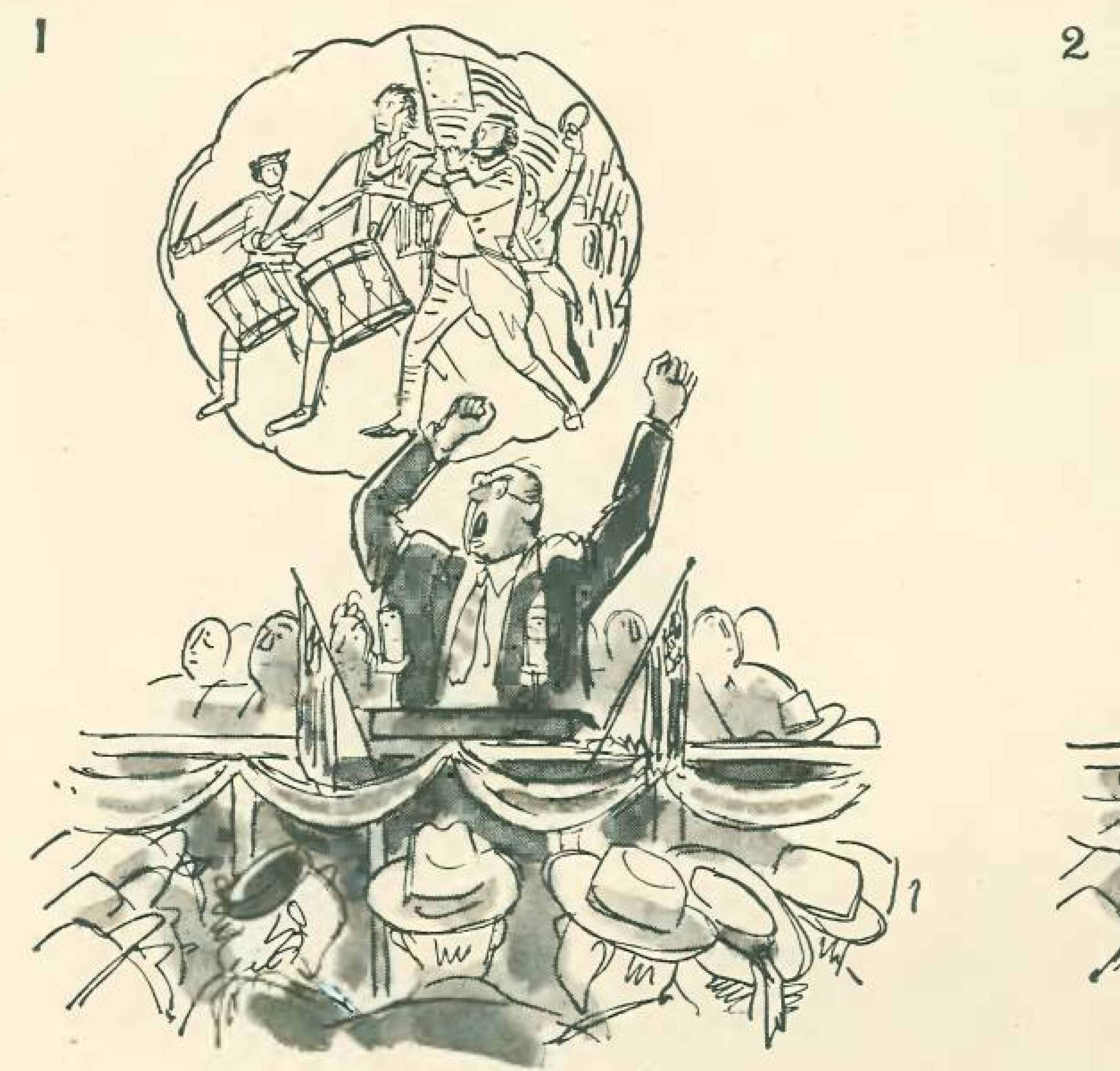

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stage. Rehearsals proved boring, however, and it struck her that playwrights are more to be envied than actors. "The man who writes a play only has to do it once," she said to herself, "but the actor has to do it over and over." This epiphany led her to sit down and dash off a comedy entitled "All in a Day." She mailed it to the New York office of Samuel French, who returned it so fast that it might almost have been intercepted in Pittsburgh. "Mr. French was absolutely right," Miss Withrow said. "I was new to playwriting, and I didn't realize you had to have a plot."

In 1944, Miss Withrow came East, in order to be close to the literary market. For the past five years she has been working as a manicurist in our building during the day and writing every night. She gave up hairdressing in favor of manicuring because she finds men easier to please than women, and more interesting to talk to. She is not married. When we indicated our surprise, she said that the reason she hadn't married was that she had yet to find a man willing to share all her varied interests, which, besides writing, include music (she is currently taking mandolin lessons at the New York School of Music), intensive reading in philosophy (her favorite authors are Emerson, William James, and Kahlil Gibran), and millinery (she makes her own hats).

Miss Withrow took a correspondence course in radio-script writing, and credits the course with having taught her how to build a story in dialogue and with having trained her in the proper use of radio vernacular, such as "bridge," "sustain to flashback," and "segue to sound." She informed us that the Dr. Christian radio show is broadcast every Wednesday evening over C.B.S. and is the only show on the air that is written by the listening audience. "Most of the scripts are by writers like me, outside the profession," she said. "Every year, a contest is held, and you're supposed to slant your script to fit the homely, small-town philosophy of Dr. Christian, who is Jean Hersholt in real life. Dr. Christian is an old-fashioned family physician and believes that *every*body has something of value to give in this world. The first prize in the contest is two thousand dollars. There are three second prizes of five hundred dollars. Other scripts are bought for a minimum of two hundred and fifty dollars." The winner of the first prize this year was a Mr. Fred McWhorter, an insurance man in Kansas City, Missouri. His script, which has already been broadcast, was entitled "The Homecoming," and Miss Withrow described it as emphasizing patriotism, religion, and tolerance.

Miss Withrow's script, "Mr. Know-How," which will be broadcast later this year, tells of an old man, retired because of a cardiac condition, whose habit of giving unasked-for advice makes him a nuisance to everyone; Dr. Christian straightens him out so deftly that in the end he is the highly paid writer of a newspaper column of advice to perplexed persons. When Miss Withrow went to the broadcasting studio to receive her prize, she found that her two bosses had sent baskets of flowers on ahead of her. Afterward, Angelo and Pat, dressed to the nines, called for her in a chauffeur-driven Cadillac. "They looked beautiful—just like Polish diplomats," she said. "I was so proud. Everybody wondered who I was. I took my flowers home and put them in the icebox, and they kept just fine."

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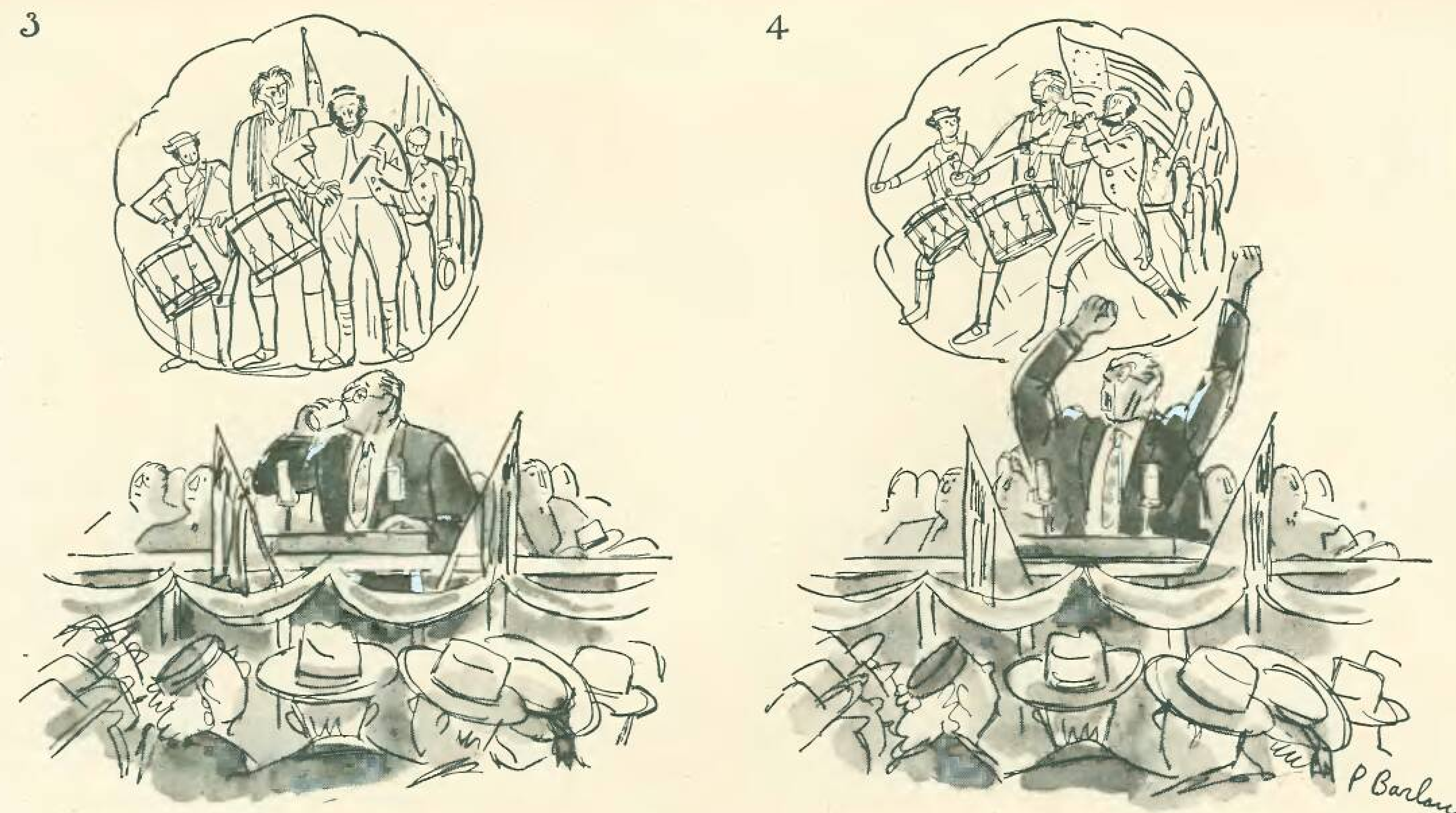
OVERHEARD at Hammacher Schlemmer's, one salesman to another: "I haven't sold a single snail tongs all day long."

No Bumps

STUDENTS of air travel predict that within ten years our urban sky will be loud with the buzzing of hundreds of helicopters. Whether or not this prediction comes true, there are at the moment four helicopters regularly tooling about above the city; three of them belong to the Police Department and the fourth was lately acquired by the Port of New York Authority, to help executives of the Authority keep in touch with the outer marches of their wide domain. We arranged to have our man Stanley accompany an Authority executive on his helicopter rounds the other morning, and here are Stanley's notes on the voyage:

"Reached Port of New York Authority Building, Fifteenth Street and Eighth Avenue, 10:02 A.M. Weather warm, with threat of drizzle. Shown



to heliport on roof. Heliport a raised steel platform about half the size of tennis court. Helicopter perched in middle. Seemed fine toy for child on ground, no toy for grown man in air. Met Fred Glass, Director of Airport Development for Port Authority. Suggested to Glass not much of day for flight. Glass said great day for flight. Glass tall, lean, thirty-seven. Lawyer, former Air Forces colonel, former vice-president Capital Airlines. Introduced me to helicopter pilot, cheerful sprout named Ted Leopold.

"Glass informed Leopold he had business at Idlewild, LaGuardia, and Newark Airports. Also wanted to check Teterboro Airport and Jersey Turnpike construction. Glass said helicopter grand time-saver—do whole trip in maybe two hours, used to take a day and a half by car. Said helicopter a Bell 47D1, cost $24,850, has pontoons, can land on land or water, is housed at LaGuardia. All three of us scrambled into Plexiglas bubble in prow of helicopter. Make that nose, not prow. Helipilot switched on helimotor, made hell of noise. Fastened safety belts, then—yipes! Thirty feet straight up in air. Fifty feet. A hundred. Still climbing, headed for North River, followed docks to Battery. Altitude seven hundred, visibility good, speed ninety miles. Wonderful view, but scary. Can see everywhere out of Plexiglas bubble, including straight down. Sailed out over Upper New York Bay, over Governors Island, over Narrows. Saw liner steaming up Lower Bay. Leopold shouted, 'Queen Mary,' dipped down for closer look. Mary, all right. Circled her at two hundred feet, waved to passengers, passengers waved back. Veered inshore over Coney Island. Nobody swimming. Drizzling is why. Near Floyd Bennett Field, Leopold suddenly dropped to one hundred feet. Glass explained it necessary because of Floyd Bennett traffic pattern. 'Lots of trainers use field,' Glass said. 'Smack right into you if you don't stay low.' Stayed low.

"Idlewild ahead. Glass pointed out building Authority put up to house government air agencies. Cost five million. Pointed out three big hangars. Cost three million apiece. Pointed to where new terminal will be built. Will cost ten million. Glass mighty fast man with a million. Helicopter landed by present dinky old three-million-dollar terminal. George McSherry, Idlewild manager, came out to helicopter, talked with Glass. Conference over, we took off across Flushing Meadow for LaGuardia. At LaGuardia, greeted by Vincent Carson, LaGuardia manager. Glass inspected new terminal for nonscheduled airlines. Shoptalk with Carson, then back to helicopter and away we go.

"Over Hell Gate and down East River. Helicopter steady as tricycle. Steadier. No bumps. Glass said rotating blades eliminate air pockets. Past Queensboro Bridge to U.N. Building. Hovered alongside as office girls flocked to windows, waved like crazy, blew kisses. Blew kisses back. Zowie! On down river, past ferry slips to Bedloe's Island. Circled Statue of Liberty. Old gal in excellent shape—eyes clear, torch high. Waved to people in crown. No kisses. On to Jersey, picked up turnpike now under construction all the way from George Washington Bridge one hundred and eighteen miles south to new bridge connecting New Jersey, Delaware. Glass said Port Authority coöperating with New Jersey on turnpike job. Will cut New York-Newark Airport trip down to twenty minutes. Landed at airport, talked to Archie Armstrong, Newark manager. Armstrong said new terminal building about ready to go up. Glass pleased. Said whole job will cost twenty-six million.

"Up and on to Teterboro. Inspected field from air, headed home over Jersey Meadows. Met Queen Mary berthing at Fiftieth Street. Spotted heliport on top of Authority building. Now noticed yellow circle in center of platform. Eased down onto circle like bee on sunflower. Time, 12:23. Glorious trip."

No Sluggards

NOW, *this* seven-year-old boy has a passion for answering the telephone, and the other Saturday morning, when a friend of his parents rang up, he said yes, his father was home; no, he couldn't come to the phone. "Why not?" asked the caller, and, upon being advised "He's asleep," inquired about the mother and got the same reply. Very well, said the caller, he'd phone them on Monday. "My God!" said the lad. "They'll be awake before that."

EXIT PAGLIACCI, BEEFING

DO you suppose I'd get anywhere if I made a timid suggestion to the New York *Times*, a publishing enterprise that has managed to keep its head above water for ninety-nine years without my suggestions? I have a wrinkle that may not have occurred to its directors, an all-purpose hunch guaranteed to swell their coffers, fatten the take-home dividends, and delight the readership, all at the outlay of not so much as a bent farthing, and I'd like to see the efficiency engineer who could score a comparable triple play. Nutshell-brief, the idea is this. At present, the *Times* appears in four different forms: There is the ordinary newsstand, or bloodcurdler, edition; the international edition, for overseas subscribers; the microfilm edition; and the permanent, rag-paper version, beamed at libraries and cornerstones. What I contemplate is a fifth form, of a volatile nature, which would disappear instantly upon being read and thus hamstring children from using it to humiliate their parents. It might even be printed on some edible substance like tortillas or Swedish health bread, so you could swallow the pages as you finished them. I'll leave flavor and physical details to the composing room; my only interest is in checkmating juvenile initiative at the source. If I can just prevent items like "Proud Father" from falling into the hands of my young and kindling their imagination, the sceptre is mine again. In other words, God and Sulzberger willing, the *Times* will be slightly invisible to adolescents; there'll be no petards, and nobody hoist.

"Proud Father" was a dispatch contained in the *Times* Sunday movie section and was concerned with an acute case of paternal love that had stricken a wealthy sawmill operator named Dan Gunn, Jr. This worthy, the report stated, "came up to Hollywood from his home town, Woodville, Texas . . . to see about putting his 9-year-old daughter Judy on the screen. But," the dispatch continued, "Gunn had no ambitions to make her a film star. All he wanted was to get her into a picture so that people—'lots and lots of people'—could hear her play the piano. Moreover, he had no foolish notions about convincing some producer that he ought to risk his own money on such a project, arriving fully prepared to spend his own dollars for the purpose. So last week, as Papa Gunn looked on proudly and producer-director Wes Beeman had everything in order, the first scenes of a two-reel musical short in Ansco color entitled 'Fantasy for Judy' went before the cameras at the Eagle-Lion studio. As a showcase for the little pianist, it will bring her to the screen playing three numbers, Mozart's 'Turkish March,' Grieg's 'Nocturne,' and Chopin's 'Ecossais,' while a troupe of ballet dancers directed by Michael Panaieff enlivens the scene in pantomime. This little venture into the world of the cinema will cost Judy's father between $25,000 and $30,000. 'But shucks,' he said, 'if it does what I want it to do, that will be cheap. Definitely,' he added, 'I'm not raising no movie star. This is a case of genius—musical genius—coming out in a 9-year-old child, and I just can't hoard it. But I'm glad I got money enough so that no one else can own so much as one of her fingernails.' "

Snatching at an opportunity to draw a vivid moral lesson, I clipped the story, scrawled a disdainful "Fulsome" in the margin, and left it on my twelve-year-old daughter's vanity, together with a bag of sweets. There, I reflected, this will demonstrate that one needn't spend thirty grand on a valentine to prove his fatherly affection. Faugh on parvenus who subsidize their children's love with bread and circuses. I made no further reference to my magnanimity other than to mention it to my wife and intimate several times to the child that the confections had cost ten cents, throwing in a homily decrying the folly of parvenus who subsidize their children's love. I can conscientiously say that up to that juncture I was boss man of the family and big wheel, and that no domestic sparrow fell without my cognizance.

OVER the next couple of months, though, I began detecting a chain of suspicious eddies in the smooth current of our household life. A strange acquisitiveness suddenly possessed my daughter and her fourteen-year-old brother. They demanded increased allowances, liquidated for a sizable quantity of cash the stamp collections they had amassed, economized on their lunches, and banked every penny. They had both been earning substantial salaries from part-time work, soldering cheap jewelry after school hours in a closet I had fitted up for them with a real electric bulb. To my chagrin, I discovered they were diverting the money, which had permitted me Havana cigars, massages, and other small luxuries I could not otherwise have afforded, into their own savings account. I remonstrated with them, denouncing such avarice as indicative of a contemptible meanness of spirit, but they countered with double-talk and evasive fleers. Undoubtedly they were emboldened by my temperate approach, for they now spread their wings. Taking advantage of the reputation for probity I had built up across the years in rural Pennsylvania, they secretly negotiated a second mortgage on our farm—a chilling instance of the guile youngsters conceal under a cloak of innocence. Just as they were about to

pawn my studs at Simpson's, my patience evaporated and I lowered the boom on them.

"What in Tophet's going on around here?" I shouted. "You little devils are cooking up some mischief, and, by the Eternal, I'll root it out if it's the last—"

I stopped short as my son withdrew a letter from his jumper and extended it to me. "This just came for you," he said. "We were going to surprise you after dinner, when you're logy, but you're bound to know anyhow."

Blinking, I unfolded and read the note. It was a blunt, matter-of-fact message from Iris Productions, Inc., a documentary-film group with studios located on Tenth Avenue. Shooting on "Fantasy for Sidney," the one-reel novelty featuring my chalk-talk specialty, would commence the following morning at nine, and I was instructed to report in full makeup on the set with my easel, smock, and a change of Windsor ties.

"Good grief, I'm no movie actor!" I sputtered, overwhelmed. "Why, I haven't given a chalk talk since the Older Business Boys' Get-Together at the Providence Y in 1919!"

"No, but you've been gassing about it ever since," said my wife, a woman afflicted with total recall. "Two drinks and you start browbeating our friends with that stale patter of yours. The evenings I've spent—"

"One moment, Mrs. James Gibbons Huneker," I said crushingly. "If I'd wanted to exploit my talent, I could have had my name in lights."

"And you still will, Daddy," chimed in my son loyally. "This is a case of genius—artistic genius—coming out in a forty-six-year-old man, and we just can't hoard it. Promoting the geetus for your celluloid bow has tested us tads to the utmost, but we deem it measly for a progenitor which he's gifted beyond mortal ken."

Hot salt tears welled up at the spontaneous tribute that had sprung from a candid heart, and I resolved on the instant to vindicate his faith. Long after the family had retired that night, I paced the floor composing graceful sallies to refurbish my routine, cultivating the ironical raised eyebrow that had boosted Jan Kiepura to fame, and practicing deep, pear-shaped tones. Silly as I knew it to be, there nevertheless kept recurring in my mind's eye a vignette of myself in a vicuña coat, piloting a sleek yellow Jaguar into Romanoff's amid envious whispers. I didn't know how I was going to get it through the front door, but I felt certain Mike would have a table ready for the town's foremost Thespian. I envisioned myself dancing with taffy-haired starlets at the Mocambo, trading punches with Humphrey Bogart at Chasen's over some trifling insult, responding to toasts at Academy dinners. Come hell or high water, I determined to raise a hairline mustache.

"See, Grouchy? We haven't missed a thing—the score is still nothing to nothing."

"THEATRICAL HISTORY" is not a phrase to bandy about, but I know no other to describe what I made the next forenoon at the Iris studio. Mustard-keen and as poised as Lowell Sherman, I showed I was that rare player who can surmount a disastrous head cold, a jealous director, and bungling technicians, and deliver a virtuoso performance. After a slow start, due to straying into a production that dealt with cross-pollination, I quickly picked up momentum. With lightning strokes, I limned a hundred amusing conceits: a profile of William Jennings Bryan, his hair curled into a bird's nest full of eggs; a bag of money that transposed astonishingly into a silk-hatted capitalist; a simple hieroglyph of a bayonet and a canine tail that represented a soldier leading a dog past a fence. This repertoire, deftly interthreaded with witticisms that ran like quicksilver, tickled every funny bone; even the electricians, inured to the antics of professional comedians, unashamedly held their sides. In stealing the spotlight from the director, naturally, I incurred his undying enmity. He cunningly tried to inveigle me into accepting a Hawaiian singing ensemble in the background, on the plea that the

audience would welcome intervals of musical relief, and, when rebuffed, proposed to cut in flashes of Smith & Dale, the old Palace favorites, belaboring each other with pig bladders. The poor chap did not realize that you do not enhance the beauty of the Venus de Milo by setting a clock in her stomach. Philistine that he was, he doubtless had never seen sheer perfection before, and it blinded him.

"When d'ye think the thing'll be ready to preview?" I asked him carelessly as the cameras quit grinding. "I'd like to ask a few friends." He made some inarticulate remark about giving them corrosive sublimate instead and stalked off. I saw at once that my screen career hung on the whim of a madman, and might well end on the cutting-room floor. Yet when I got home I gave no hint of disquiet to the children, who were waiting eagerly. Their faces glowed with anticipation at the thought of my film début; I knew that in their naïve pantheon I already outshone even such gods as Red Skelton and Donald O'Connor.

PERHAPS the tryout of the picture would have been more auspicious had I not intrusted it to my offspring but instead arranged it in person. It was unveiled at an owl show in a Forty-second Street flea bag, complementing an Italian sex thriller called "Vesuvio," in which Anna Magnani kept erupting from her shirtwaist, and "Cuties in Bondage," a sociological study of Hollywood high-school girls shanghaied into white slavery. An audience of sailors and dice hustlers, while visibly impressed, received it quietly, according me the respect of muting their laughs so that my every syllable emerged distinctly. Indeed, at times I seemed almost *too* audible; whenever I cleared my throat, a reedy noise like a musical saw issued from the sound track, inspiring a gang of toughs in the balcony to reply with catcalls. The reactions of our guests, two couples we had entertained at a small dinner party prior to the showing, were of necessity fragmentary, since they had to leave in the middle to judge some beagles at Fishers Island. The children, who had been allowed to stay up late as a special treat befitting producers, gave the short an unhesitating accolade. They stamped their feet and applauded wildly, alerting everyone around them to the presence of the star and the fact that he was available for autographs. Peacockery of that sort, however, has always been distasteful to me, and I arose, muffling my face in my coat collar. The whole family, with the exception of my wife, besought me to remain for the vulture show, at 2:30 A.M., but Sardi's called to the actor's blood in my veins, and the summons could not be ignored.

Nothing is ever left undone to stifle a masterpiece, and one day posterity will agree that "Fantasy for Sidney" shared the usual fate. The jackals of the press, aware that it presaged a revolution in the flicker industry, united in a ruthless campaign of silence. Finally, one exhibitor more courageous than his fellows released it in his art cinema below Fourteenth Street, in concert with two experimental subjects depicting a Meccano set interpreting a Sibelius symphony and Jean Cocteau shaving his right eyeball. "Morpheus Rides Again," as the package was styled, opened of a Friday night. By Saturday morning, six pickets from the Children's Aid Society were patrolling the sidewalk. They flaunted placards condemning parasites who use child labor to forward their careers, and urged a boycott and a police investigation. Midway through my sequence in the evening performance, a bomb planted by some fanatic exploded, but as there was nobody in the theatre at the time, the damage was relatively minor. On Sunday, the management announced the return of "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" by popular demand, and the Wizard of the Chalk Talk was as extinct as the passenger pigeon.

Since then, I've rather lost touch with pictures and, in fact, with my children. I understand they're out on the Coast currently, trying to interest a Texan (a sawmill tycoon, I believe) in producing "Sappho," with his nine-year-old daughter in the part created by Olga Nethersole. They'll probably want me for a character bit, but, frankly, it's not my medium. I'll take an armchair at the Lambs, a tin of Velvet Joe, and the ephemeral edition of the New York *Times*. All the rest, for my dough, is illusion.

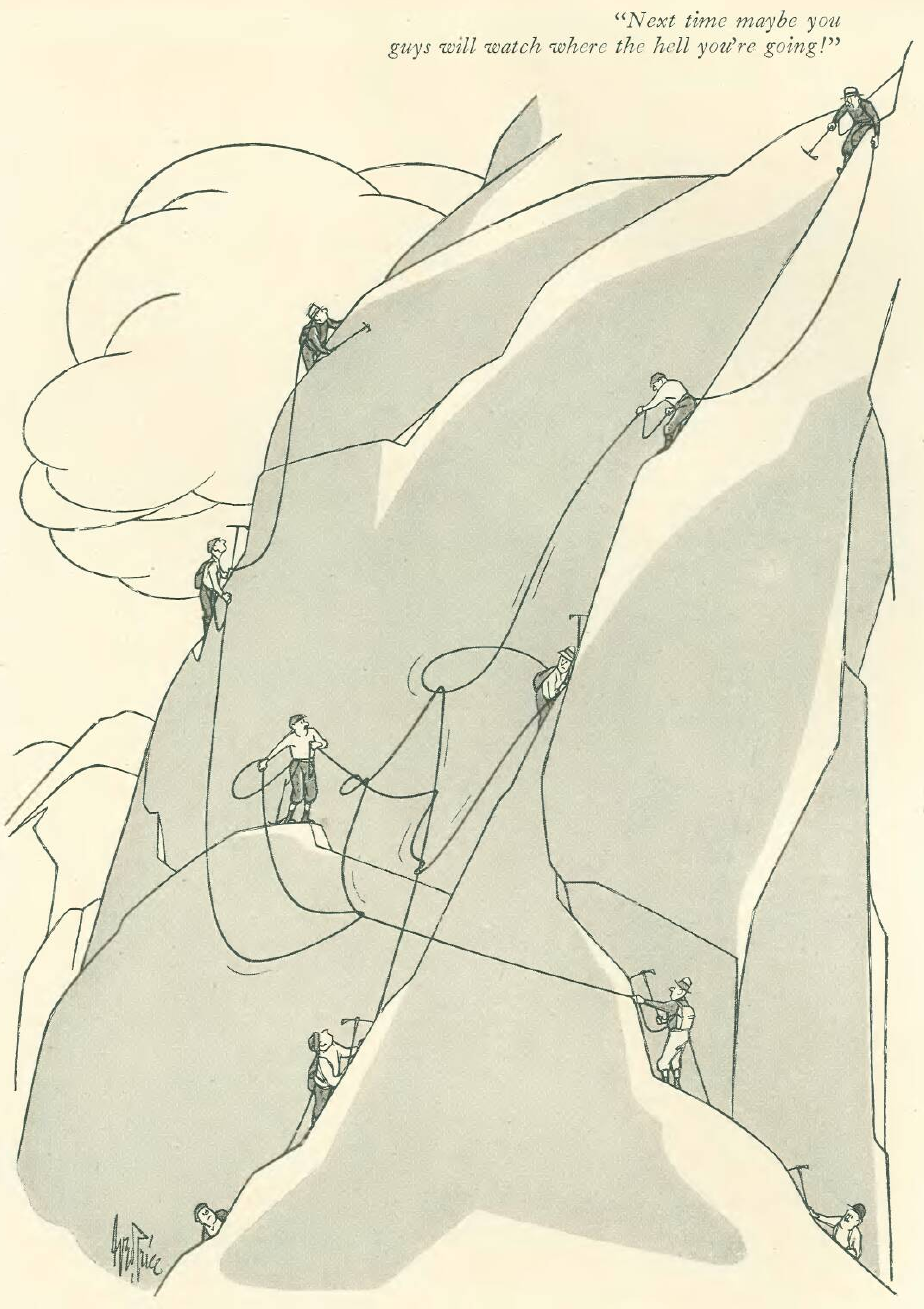
—S. J. PERELMAN

THE SAINT TO THE CHIMNEY SWALLOW

At the streaking of the sky
The fledglings wake, and so do I,
To the tumult echoing
From the ruffle of your wing,
And gape their cavern-throats above:
Is it hunger? Is it love?
In my garden you will spy
Droning beetle, drowsy fly.
Welcome to whatever meat
Hungry swallow-babies eat,
Welcome to the transient nest:
We are both Another's guest,
Who drops the fruit about my door,
And sings with your impatient four,
And teaches them to cling and crawl,
Breast against the blackened wall,
And the morning they are gone
Whispers "Dare to fly alone."

Then hark the hymn in Eden sung,
Hark the rapture of their tongue:
The canticle of brotherhood
High above the budding wood
To the bird that bred and hatched them
And the man who fed and watched them.
Amen: If but a sparrow fall,
He sees within my cobbled wall.
I kneel below the empty flue,
I meet His mercy's eye of blue,
I worship His eternal throne
Through the telescope of stone.

—GEORGE HOWE



"Next time maybe you guys will watch where the hell you're going!"

THE UNBORN GHOSTS

EACH time the Piersons moved up to the country for the season—when their children were young, and they were still renting summer houses—the unaccustomed silence kept them awake the first few nights. Clare and Alan would joke about it at breakfast, lingering with the children and laughing behind their coffee cups, before she drove him down to his train. They had a way, in those days, of laughing at jokes without looking at each other, which, as they grew older, became more and more a dispassionate, lonely habit. Sometimes, years later, when other silences with the uneasy ghosts time had evoked shook her in the dark, Clare would remember those summer nights that had been haunted only by the voices of insects, small, yet interminable as life itself; and she would listen for the children to call, forgetting that Linda was grown up, living on the West Coast with children of her own, and that Davy, whose plane had gone down off Pusan, could never call her now. And she would reach out and touch Alan's impassive back and lie awake for a long time, trying to recall whether the road in front of a house they had stayed in, all of them, one summer in the thirties had been paved.

In 1938, the house that the Piersons rented for the season in Greens Farms seemed far out in the country. Weekend guests, driving up on the Post Road (for at that time the Parkway went only as far as Norwalk), thought they did well if they made it in two hours. But, as they never failed to tell their hosts, the quiet and the green shadows on the grass and the trace of salt in the air made the trip worth all the time and the traffic. Clare felt as if she had found a sanctuary for Alan and the children and their friends and relatives. For, after all, it was she who had discovered the Adams house, tall, white, with narrow blue shutters.

To the children, the Adams place seemed even more remote. Early mornings, when they looked out of their bedroom window across the tar-papered porch roof, spangled with dew, the silence was the silence of the wilderness. Smoke from imaginary tepees rose and lost itself in the mist, a scent of seaweed crept from the tide flats across the road. In front of the house, like a dense green wall hiding it from the road, and posted like a row of sentries down either side of the back lawn, stood pines that had been growing long before the house was built. Under their shaggy arms, the children gathered ancient scalloped cones and found the cast-off skins of locusts clinging to the bark, like brittle spectres of earlier summers. For Linda and Davy no other trees would ever seem as tall, no other lawn would have such mysterious shadows as that which spread, behind the house, out to the three stone walls, shiny with poison ivy, that bounded their "property." On the far side of the walls lay the widest meadows under the longest days.

Summer then was no hotter than it is now, but it may have been closer in temperament to the scorchers older generations recall nostalgically, along with parasols and homemade ice cream. In the Adams house was a japanned paper sunshade, left behind by some former tenant, but Alan's mother, who had been spending summers with them since old Mr. Pierson's death, refused to use it, and instead sat on the pebbly beach under a man's umbrella. It was not chic, yet Clare thought that Mrs. Pierson's erect black figure under the black silk shell gave the seascape an Old World air. (At that time, the beach was neither smart nor popular, deserted until the mothers and children arrived in the afternoon, desolate, with its unpainted wooden bathhouses, except on weekends, when the men were around and Star boats sparkled, racing out on the Sound.)

Then, as now, the season did not really begin until the Fourth of July. Days ahead, Alan and the children got in their supplies of fireworks. Whenever Clare went into the garage to find a trowel or a pair of clippers, she saw the tissue packages—red, green, and yellow, with Chinese markings—lying on the workbench among the bags of bone meal and the soiled cotton gloves. She eyed them with what she intended to be an amused scorn—the crackers, the snakes and sparklers, and the big cylinders of powder that smelled of danger and that only Alan was allowed to light. Actually, they frightened her. So long as they remained unexploded near the house, they seemed to threaten to blow them all (as Davy, who was eleven, loved to proclaim) to smithereens.

THAT year, the Piersons had guests for the holiday, which perversely managed to fall on Alma the maid's weekend off. There were Alan's sister, Barbara, and her daughter, Gaby; "Uncle Adrian," who was not the children's real uncle but the junior partner in Alan's law firm; the Macys, who were summer neighbors, and their nine-year-old son, Ed; and, of course, Alan's mother, who was deaf and carried her hearing instrument from breakfast table to beach and all around the house. Whenever she was addressed, she would take out the small black box that held the batteries, set it on a table or the arm of a chair, unravel the wires, and hold the receiver to her ear, while her eyes followed the speaker's lips and her straight, frail body seemed to listen.

By late afternoon, the women, sitting on the screened back porch, felt as if their dresses had turned to limp, dull rags. The men had taken off their Palm Beach jackets. Their pink, sunburned shoulders shone through their soft white shirts. The air smelled of burnt powder. The oily ash of snakes festooned the driveway. The children had set off all the firecrackers. Tin cans had been detonated. Gaby, the youngest, the perpetual cousin, had screamed and held her ears, and all the birds had flown, terrified, into the safety of the sky.

Then, in the renewed silence, time dribbled slowly through the pine branches. There was nothing left for the children to do but listen to the diminishing reports from neighboring lawns and wait for the daylight to die. They lolled, bored, about the porch, their bodies sticky and redolent of sarsaparilla. "Darlings," Clare pleaded, "why don't you do something? Go down to the beach and see if your castle is still there."

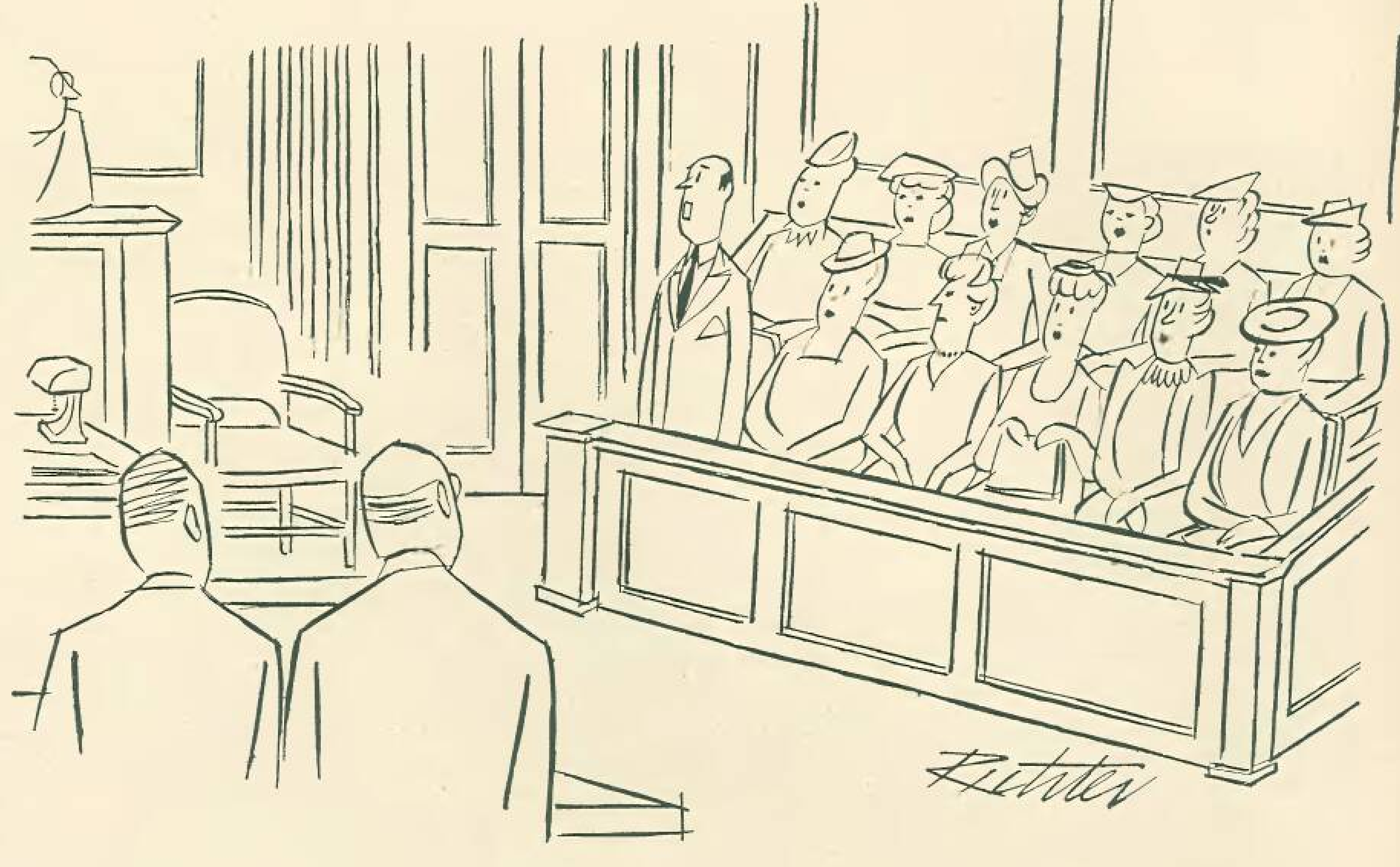
Linda, her hair ribbon tipsy over one ear, sighed with the impatience of an eight-year-old. "Mother, you know perfectly well the tide's been in and washed it away ages ago."

Davy and Ed refused to go swimming (too many jellyfish, they claimed), afraid that darkness might catch them unprepared. Uncle Adrian looked out at the sky that burned behind the copper screening and insisted that he smelled rain. So much gunpowder in the air was sure to bring it on before evening, he said, and they would have no fireworks after all. Gaby, who was only six, believed him and began to cry.

"Don't listen to him, silly pet," said her mother. "He's always teasing." She leaned across the unravelling wicker table and slapped Adrian's bare arm. There was a blue serpent tattooed on his hard brown muscle, which the children believed gave him a magic power. It seemed bold of Barbara to touch it, and they stared. She bit her lip and turned away quickly when Adrian

grabbed at her, spilling her highball down the front of her blue dirndl skirt. Gaby sniffled on the back of her wrist and stopped crying.

Clare, pitying them all and feeling responsible, as usual, sent the children off to pick some mint for iced tea. They left the porch reluctantly. Single file, they crossed the back lawn, watching for clouds in the azure sky, their bare feet soundless on the turf. They passed the cement birdbath and the swing, hanging motionless from the arm of a beech tree, and disappeared among the currant bushes, where the mint grew wild, along with sour grass and Queen Anne's lace. As soon as the four of them were out of sight, the men stirred and stretched their arms, the women sighed with relief.



"They find the defendant guilty."

IRENE and Tom Macy, who had left their cottage baking on the beach to spend the afternoon in the Piersons' shade, swung like lovebirds in the canvas glider. Tom fanned Irene's round, powdered neck with his green visor. He was a research physicist—a burly, beetle-browed man who drank copiously without a spark of inebriation; he rode down to the city weekdays with Alan on the seven-fifty-two. It had been Alan's idea to invite the Macys. He was impressed by scientists and admired Irene's likeness to a Renoir lady. This afternoon, she was wearing her peasant outfit—green-blue batik skirt and a white blouse that showed her firm, rosy shoulders. In winter, Irene would most likely wither, thought Clare, and she considered her own tanned arms, her pink golf dress, and her muscular legs, which still looked sensible in slop socks and sneakers, though she seldom wore them. She and Irene stood at opposite poles.

Clare glanced at her husband. He was stretched out in a deck chair, one knee drawn up in his most boyish fashion, describing a case he had handled when he first began to practice—telling the story a little pompously, she thought, as if it had happened fifty years before, in a dim, rich past. But no one was paying much attention. Mrs. Pierson had switched off her hearing aid. Her eyes were closed, and, impervious to heat as well as noise, she had drawn her black-scrolled chiffon scarf up around her withered neck. Adrian, who had found a clean handkerchief in someone's coat pocket, was dabbing at Barbara's skirt, trying to dry the overturned drink.

"Oh, let it be," Barbara said coldly. All afternoon, thought Clare, Barbara had been entranced, listening, rushing to be the first to answer the phone each time it rang. ("That's not our ring," she had been told again and again. "Ours is three.") Even now, she was listening, her cool, straight features so like Alan's, but smaller and tense and wary.

"Listen!" she said. "What was that?"

"Nothing at all," snapped Alan, annoyed at the interruption.

"But I could have sworn I heard a bell," said Barbara. "I guess I'm hearing things."

"Maybe the place is haunted," said Irene Macy.

"It's not old enough." Alan had lost his story now. "Thirty years is all, I'd say. No real class."

"Poor house," said Clare. "Its ghosts are still being born." Her drink had turned warm in her hand. There were specks of sawdust in it. As usual, without Alma to remind him, Alan had forgotten to wash the ice that came from the icehouse.

"The humidity," complained Irene. Tom stopped fanning her. "You should fuss," he said.

"It's like the jungle," Clare murmured. Mrs. Pierson switched on her earphone, which then emitted an insistent whine, as if it were demanding, inhaling sound. Her head, with its wreath of twisted yellow-white hair, was tilted toward Clare, waiting.

Clare looked at Alan, thinking, Must I? The most inane remarks had to be repeated if Mrs. Pierson demanded it. Alan leaned forward and tapped his mother's black-silk knee. "Clare said that it seems like the jungle," he said.

Mrs. Pierson's lips followed his. "The what?"

"The jungle," shouted Alan.

His mother nodded.

THE children came back much too soon, grumbling about prickers and mosquitoes. They dropped their bunches of mint, crushed and darkened already, in Clare's lap. *Now* what time was it, they wanted to know.

"Twenty to six," Barbara answered, without glancing at her wristwatch.

"You'd better wash," Clare said to Davy. He scowled. A mint leaf pasted on his brown cheek gave his face, under his indefinite, pointed brows, the look of a faun.

"And put a shirt on for supper. And shoes," Alan said, never able to resist a final admonition.

Davy scratched his smooth, round stomach. "C'mon," he said to Ed

Macy. They ran inside, and in only a moment they could be heard shuffling on the floor upstairs. Bedsprings banged and bureau drawers were scraped in and out.

"For God's sake!" yelled Alan. "Cut it out! We've had enough noise for one day!"

Clare shook her head at him. How could he lose his temper over a trifle? How would the children ever learn? He rose and scooped the mint out of her lap, not meeting her look, and went off into the house to get some more whiskey and ice and soda.

Linda stood by Adrian's chair. Her dress, white and sprigged with cherries, which had belled out with starch a few hours before, had wilted, and her knees were stained with grass. Gingerly, she put out a finger and touched the cerulean serpent on his arm. Adrian looked at the ruffled top of her head, confused, not quite paternal. Then he offered her his glass. "Here, have a taste."

A blush mottled her transparent temples. She took a sip from his glass, staring at him in solemn adoration.

"Well?"

"It feels funny going down," she said, trying not to grimace. "As if it weren't me drinking it."

"That's only because it's the first time," said Adrian. "How do you suppose you'll feel the first time you wear high heels?"

Linda sat down on the wicker settee beside her grandmother. Her face was crimson.

"Gaby?" said Adrian, offering his glass to her. But Gaby, who was as shy and unpredictable as a fritillary, turned from him and flung her arms around her mother's waist and buried her head in her lap.

"Look out," said Barbara. "Can't you see my skirt is soaked? You'll crease it." Gaby ran away across the porch, her brown hair fanning out on either side of her pale, mauve-shadowed face. She squatted in the corner where the butterfly nets were hung, licking a mosquito bite on the back of her hand, glowering, trying, thought Clare, to look like her father, whom Barbara had divorced in Europe that spring.

Adrian drank the rest of his highball. "I wonder how many people are dead by now," he said.

"Don't be so gruesome," snapped Barbara.

"Well, it *is* gruesome," he persisted. "All the way up in the car this morning, I had the radio on, and they were announcing accidents like baseball scores."

Mrs. Pierson lifted her whining black box. "Who's driving up?"

"Death toll," Clare mouthed.

"Traffic accidents!" shouted Adrian, leaning forward, his thigh muscles strained under his tight duck trousers. "Death on the highway!"

Mrs. Pierson switched off her machine. "Terrible," she said.

Barbara's face had blanched beneath her tan. Her soft underlip trembled. Whoever was supposed to telephone, Clare decided, must be coming in a car. Perhaps Adrian knew. There was something a bit sly and spurious about him, she thought—an artificial flavor, like spearmint gum. He stared at Barbara. His young, square face, under its sun-bleached cap of hair, wore a look of triumph.

"Think of something pleasant," said Clare. "Think of snow."

"It melts too quickly," said Irene Macy.

"We've never been here when it snowed," said Linda. "Could we come and see it sometime, Mummy?"

"Maybe," said Clare. But they never would.

The blood had come back into Barbara's face, but now there was a line between her eyes, which were always faintly pink and bleary, as if she had been crying or had swum too long underwater. "I suppose," she said, tapping her long red nails on the peeling arm of her chair, "if it were winter, you would sit around with your feet on the stove and talk about how cold it was."

"Of course we're dull," said Adrian. "I suppose—"

"Oh, come," Clare sighed.

"When in the world are we going to have the fireworks?" asked Gaby, from her corner. She had scratched the back of her hand so that it bled. "Couldn't we each do just one sparkler, Aunt Clare?"

"It seems a shame to waste them on the daylight," said Clare.

"But, Mummy, it lasts forever!" cried Linda.

And, truly, it was as if time had stopped, as if this scene had all been fossilized ages before—the figures on the porch, and, beyond, the meadows of timothy and clover, and the black pine trees, like hands raised in prayer, all bathed in amber sunlight. Was it this summer or last?

"Pretty little girls," said Mrs. Pierson. Gaby sucked at the blood on her hand.

Alan came back carrying a tray of bottles and a yellow mixing bowl full of ice chips. " 'In Dublin's fair city, where the girls are so pretty . . .' " he sang softly in his sweet tenor voice as he gathered the empty glasses from table edges and the guests' lazy hands. His mouth is weak, like Barbara's, thought Clare, with a pang of disloyalty, watching him lean over to bestow a kiss on his mother's forehead. (Mrs. Pierson never touched a drop—just a thimbleful of wine against her papery lips on birthdays.) But he was tall, and hard, still, with only the least beginning of a paunch—to keep his trousers up, he would say, hiking his belt over his narrow hips. He had been helping himself in the kitchen, she knew. Soon he would be singing all his songs and telling all his stories.

" 'Crying cockles and mussels, alive, alive-o.' " Alan gave her a glass, and pulled at the curls that had slipped out of her combs and down her neck. She pushed his hand away. It was hard enough to keep her hair up without that. Barbara's eyes, half closed, watching, seemed to say, "How satisfying to be leaving this domestic scene, to be meeting someone tonight beside the cannon under the elms on the village square!" Or wherever he might wait. And Clare imagined the white turnpike leaping under the tires of the car, and the evanescent neon roadhouses that lit the shore road.

A horsefly hit the screen and bounced off erratically into a bed of phlox. The chains of the glider complained as the

Macys pushed themselves idly with their feet. Barbara stood up. She brushed past Adrian and went into the house. Mrs. Pierson rose also, but fragilely, gathering the wires of her instrument and her webs of silk about her. "Come along, lambs of the world," she said to the children. "Grandma will read to you while we're waiting for supper." She herded them off the porch in folds of black crêpe de Chine, and Clare felt her disapproval of the lengthening hours of drinking float back like a wake.

"When do we eat?" asked Alan. "Just because Alma's left us stranded, must we starve? And when it gets dark, you know, we'll want to be done with supper."

Irene Macy leaned confidentially toward Clare. Her powder had melted in the pink hollow between her breasts. "Just like a man, isn't it? Can't wait to be exploding things." They smiled together. "What can you do?" asked Irene.

Clare pulled herself up from her deck chair. "No," she said, as the others gestured limply. "I don't want any help. It just has to be put on the plates." From the door, she looked back at them. Alan was holding his long head in his hands, trying to remember how a certain tune began. The other three stared up at the cobwebbed porch beams, with helpful expressions on their faces.

IN the living room, Clare was conscious of the stifling smell of paper window shades toasted by the sun, and the ineradicable odors that seasons of strangers had left behind. At the far end of the room, Linda and Gaby and Mrs. Pierson were examining the books on the shelves. All the ashtrays were filled with the white worms of butts (she had been too sleepy last night and too busy all day to empty them), and there were rings made by glasses on the top of the upright mahogany piano. Upstairs in the bedrooms, there would be damp towels and bathing suits lying in pools of moisture on the floors, and tennis balls in clots of dust under the beds—as if, she thought, rubbing her finger along the fretwork of the music rack, as if we ran an eternal houseparty. How lovely it would be when the weekend was over and everyone had gone! She and the children would go down to the village at noon, when the stores were empty, and have tuna-fish sandwiches and sodas for lunch in the drugstore, under the soothing circling of the electric fans.

Clare looked at herself in a round mirror that hung above the cretonned sofa. The sun had drawn fine lines at the corners of her eyes, but her skin glowed in the shaded room and she smiled at herself. Deep in the mirror she could see the grandmother and the two little girls. Linda's pure, straight profile, lowered over a book, the lashes demure and secret on her cheek, gave Clare a premonition of the stranger she would become. A grievance against time that was so contrary—time that passed so slowly but would not stay—claimed her, and she glanced restlessly about the room, at the student lamps on the end tables and the Italian landscapes in brown frames that she had been meaning to put away, as she had put away the photographs of families in ladder-back chairs and of shy, cold couples in high collars. On the mantel were candle stubs and someone's pipe, fairy shells, dried starfish, a nest with a freckled turquoise egg, stones specked with mica, and a sea-gull feather. She could no longer tell which of these Davy and Linda had found and which had been gathered and forsaken by other children, other summers.

" 'Heidi'!" cried Linda. "It has colored pictures." The grandmother took the book from the shelf, sat down in a leather armchair, and lifted the eyeglasses that hung on a silver chain around her neck.

Books in rented houses were only the ghosts of books, thought Clare, watching the three heads, one white, two tawny, bent beside the green glass lampshade. Shopping lists and postcards of blue-and-orange beaches secreted between their pages had much more life, and pressed, brittle rosebuds marked someone else's passionate afternoons.

"If you won't stop fidgeting, Gaby, I simply cannot read," chided Mrs. Pierson.

It was then that the telephone rang. On the third ring, Clare lifted the receiver from the hook. "Hello," she said softly. There was no reply, only a smattering of interference on the line. She imagined a phone booth in a bar, heat lightning flickering in the atmosphere between it and herself. Whoever was calling, not sure whether she was Barbara or not, was waiting for another sign. Clare waited, too. She heard Barbara's mules clopping along the upstairs hall. On the cover of the telephone directory Clare read, "Plumber, call 237. Butcher—South Main Street."

"Is Mrs. Colter there?" The man's voice was unfamiliar. She was about to reply when Barbara, wrapped in a beach

towel, her face lucid with cream and almost blank without lipstick, appeared beside her. Clare handed her the receiver of the long-necked phone, with its intrusive voice, and went off to the kitchen.

She took a lemon from the ice chest and sliced it on the wooden drainboard. From the glass-doored cupboard above the one-legged sink, her own face glimmered back at her, a ghostly reflection, indefinitely limned but quite at home among the pink willow china that someone with doubtful taste had chosen for this shelf years ago, and the thought occurred to her that in some summer yet to come another tenant might see that wavering ghost of a face still prisoned in the glass and wonder who she was and how life had seemed to her.

Out on the porch, Alan was leading the others in bibulous laughter, and Clare could hear Mrs. Pierson's voice, in the living room, going steadily across the page. (Barbara's hand would be cupping her mouth at the phone to hide her lover.)

"The best one I've heard in a long time," Alan was saying, "is the one about the man who went to the doctor—"

Clare put her hands over her ears. Davy and Ed ran past the kitchen window. (How could they bear to run?) Intent on some secret errand, they circled the lawn, a cloud of midges at their heels, and ran under the beech tree. Clare saw the swing move as they went by. Empty, it rocked and seemed to set the air in motion, as on some future day the wind might stir up memories of children's games. The boys' shadows flitted hugely over the grass and lost their heads on the far side of the wall. The sun must be going down at last. But by the time supper was ready it was still not dark enough to light the lamps.

"IF this is like the jungle . . ." said Alan, buttering a roll. "I was led to believe that in the jungle the sun went down quickly."

"You mean the dawn," said Clare. "Coming up like thunder."

Unlit candles stood on the long table like pale, headless sentinels. Coral slabs of salmon in marbled skin, lettuce, black olives, gold-leafed wands of celery, and early ears of corn, with rows of green pearls steaming, all seemed to float in the half light, the faces of the diners poised above. For a short while, the children, with napkins tucked beneath their chins, were silent, and the grown people (all but Barbara, who was upstairs, still dressing for what she had chosen to call "a sudden little dinner party") sat in a quiet that was marked only by the sounds of silver and the children's chewing, and requests for butter.

"Aunt Barbara's going to miss a good show, isn't she, Dad?" Davy spoke with his mouth full. Beside him, Ed drove his teeth into his fourth ear of corn. Linda and Gaby sat opposite, their arms around each other, whispering feverishly.

"Wherever Barbara goes, she'll make her own fireworks," said Adrian.

"She was smart to get out of Europe," said Tom Macy, brandishing his celery.

"That's one thing. Everyone's coming home."

"Like birds before a storm," said Adrian. "Or is it rats?"

"A few years ago, when Hitler was mentioned, nobody'd ever heard of him," said Irene. "Remember?"

"But we won't have another war," said Clare. "I refuse to believe it."

"Would you go, Daddy, if there was one?" Ed asked. It was his first remark at the table. His face was cherubic, like his mother's, under a feather of orange hair.

"No," Irene said, laughing. "He's too old. And you're too young."

"Adrian will have to fight our war," said Tom.

Adrian saluted across his empty plate.

"Ah, that's not fair," said Davy.

Adrian lit a cigarette. "You can have the next one," he told Davy.

"Stop talking like that," said Clare. "You've no right. As if wars would go on forever."

"No use, my dear," said Alan. "We'll always have wars. You can't—"

"You can't change human nature," Davy interrupted, in a singsong. They all laughed uneasily, except for Mrs. Pierson, who had hidden her little black box in her lap and sat in her place of silence picking at her salad.

Gaby jumped up from her chair and ran to the window. She pressed her face against the screen and lifted her arms. "Look!" she cried. A firefly winked chartreuse and gold above her head. The other children went and stood beside her. Outside, on the darkening lawn, a host of pale-green stars came and went minutely. A hot, wet breeze bellied the curtains into the room, as if,

STRAW-HAT BLUES

When my porch-sitting spirit will not sit,
Toward summer's playhouses I shepherd it;
And yet to what avail? Begins Tonight:
Springtime for Henry. Coming: *Candle Light.*

When, tired of sun, too long in country pent,
Old Thespis makes me restless as Peer Gynt,
What mummery greets me in the circus tent?
Tonight: *Blithe Spirit.* Next Week: *Charley's Aunt.*

Through fogs and will-o'-wisps and over moors,
Up mountain trails and round ten-mile detours,
With what wild heart I've reached those magic doors!
Return Engagement: *Three Men on a Horse.*

To renovate my psyche and my soma,
I'd rather sail in a dead calm, or climb a
Rock that's sheer. O stars of summer drama,
Who *can't* remember *I Remember Mama*?

Although, in August, I could hardly bear
The weight of Pirandello or Molière,
Is there no season and no repertoire
Sans *Claudia* and *George Washington Slept Here*?

Playbills are posted Delaware to Maine:
The Man Who Came to Dinner. Next Week: *Rain.*
O sweet producer, not again! I've *seen*
Green Grow the Lilacs and *The Corn Is Green!*

Yet still must dimming footlights call me thither
When kind hands stay me, voices ask, "Why bother?"
Still do I hope for some change in the weather.
Tonight: *Dear Ruth*. Tomorrow: *Life with Father.*

—JOHN MALCOLM BRINNIN

far away, some monster had exhaled.

"Come back to your seats!" said Alan. But the children did not move. Clare looked at his thin, exasperated face at the far end of the table. Darkness had deepened in the room now. It hung its veils between them, obscuring the expressions of their eyes. (What color are your husband's eyes? she asked herself. No, really now, think. What does he look like? He wears horn-rimmed glasses and a puzzled smile.)

"Where is Barbara?" asked the grandmother. No one answered her. A roulade of explosions sounded from the direction of the beach.

"It's the yacht club! They're starting!" Davy and Ed hurled themselves out of the room. Linda and Gaby followed, screeching. The screen door slammed.

No one wanted dessert. (The children would have to eat watermelon all week.) The grownups drifted out of the house into the evening scents of phlox and honeysuckle, and wandered about in pairs, Alan and Irene, Tom wrapping Mrs. Pierson's shawl around her shoulders, Adrian with Clare. It seemed to her that they were like the audience at a play, strolling between acts, or perhaps the actors themselves, and she was reminded of carnival interludes at school, the kings and princesses lifting their robes as they went along the corridors, showing sneakers and Argyle socks. The light was theatrical, impartial on their faces, roseate still from the vanquished sun that bled behind the pines.

Barbara, ready at last, came out of the house and joined them. She had put on a flowered silk dress and she carried a white coat. Adrian put his arm around her. "So you desert us for a foolish grown-up party," he chided.

She smiled up at him, her face transformed by something more than makeup. The diaphanous folds of her dress fluttered against her thighs and over her breast. "Gaby!" she called. "Come and kiss me good night!"

But the children had climbed up into the pines to get a better view. "I'm blowing you kisses, Mommy. Can't you see them?" The kisses flew unseen among the pine needles.

Barbara went to her mother and put her arms around her and kissed her good night on the cheek, just as she must have done when she was a child. Then she patted Alan's jaw and waved to the rest of them. "Good night! Take care!" they called as she went off toward the garage to get her car, her ankles unsteady above spike-heeled sandals. In a moment, her blue coupé slid down the driveway, Barbara's braceleted wrist dangling from the window. Clare shivered, thinking it would be cooler with the wind rushing around the car, chaperoning it like time itself, which was the enemy as well as the friend of lovers.

"Couldn't you take into consideration that I've never been caught before?"

THE men brought chairs from the porch and set them on the lawn. The children came down from the pine trees, and Tom distributed sparklers and sticks of punk. Adrian lay down on the grass at Clare's feet. "I'm too old for such nonsense," he complained. "Or too young, maybe."

Clare looked down at his hard china-blue eyes. What a self-conscious young man he was! She wondered what would become of him. Nothing at all, probably. Wherever he was, he became such a part of the local scene that it was hard to believe he could belong to any other.

The little girls were dancing with their sparklers, their feet on the turf as rapid, as resilient as the vibration of their hearts. Gaby had taken off her dress, and her slip, with its buttoned shoulders and ruffles, gleamed in the dusk. A tremolo of bats dashed through the upper air. "My hair!" Irene screamed, and buried her head in her arms.

The bats were gossamer shadows, teasing each other. Off in the meadow, armies of insects were singing, and from lawns far down the road the artificial thunders rose and fell.

"Now, do be careful, Alan," said Mrs. Pierson. He was trying to read the directions for a fountain of fire. In the flare of his match, Clare saw the shape of his face, which she had almost forgotten—the hollows around the nostrils, the knotted muscles of his mouth. "Don't you remember, Alan," his mother was saying, "the time your father burned his hand so badly? We used to drive along the ocean at Asbury Park. My, they had pretty displays!"

"Do you remember the clambakes?" "Do you remember the dances at the country club?" The voices of Alan and his mother floated back and forth. The punk wafted a delicate smoke. The children's faces, their immature bones, shone through it. Clare saw Davy kneel to light the fountain, his small head lowered ceremoniously. He held his breath. Remember—remember? Would she remember this?

Now there seemed to be many more children, and unfamiliar dogs, bounding about the lawn, like released shadows. With a rush, then, the fountain put forth a tree of light.

"Oh!" cried the children.

"Lovely!" said someone. Adrian reached for Clare's hand, which lay in

"Could you have misplaced it somewhere around your apartment? I'd be glad to come up this evening and help you look for it."

her lap, and held it against his cheek. He must be feeling sorry for himself because Barbara has gone off, she thought. Still, something touched her, too, as if the night deepened as the fountain died.

A pinwheel spun its arms of gold. Alan sprang from light to light, shouting orders like a brilliant child. Somewhere in the dark, Irene was laughing. She laughed, thought Clare, as if she had a secret understanding with life, the way one might have had an understanding with a boy long ago. Mosquitoes were plaintive. There was the sound of slapping and Tom's voice, jubilant—"Got him full of blood!"

Alan stood with his feet wide apart, swinging the Roman candles. Blossoms of light flew upward from his hands. All the cords in his neck stood out. Clare leaned forward in her chair. A lost tenderness suffused her, and she thought of the years when she had not known him, of the little boy walking along a side street in a Jersey town, sitting between his parents in a carriage at Asbury Park, sailor-hat ribbons tickling his ear; she thought of the young man, earnest with ambitions that would not be realized.

Suddenly the candles sputtered out and left him standing in the darkness, lonely, only his white shirt and trousers showing. She would have to remember to tell him how beautiful the Roman candles were.

The children clapped their hands. "The rockets!" they cried. "Now let's have the rockets."

Streams of fire ripped far into the sky and dropped their globes of color. "Where do they go?" asked a child. The luminous girandoles leapt above them. On the lawn, the wondering faces were flooded and frozen in light. Even after the last rocket had sailed away, a brilliance seemed to linger.

"That's all there is," said Alan ruefully. "Next summer, we'll get more big ones. They're the best of all."

THE darkness crept back into every hollow, every crevice of the world. The strange children and their dogs disappeared as swiftly and mysteriously as they had come, their voices echoing down the dew-drenched roads. Linda and Gaby, drooping with sleep, were kissed and sent off to bed with their grandmother, for it was terribly late, Clare told them, later than they had ever been allowed to stay up before. The Macys said good night and went off, holding hands with Ed. Alan and Adrian decided to take Davy and drive down along the shore to see if anything might still be going on. Clare waved goodbye to them from the lawn, blinded for a moment when the headlights hit her.

How quiet it was! The dew had washed the smell of powder away. There was not a trace of all that light and sound. But she knew that in the morning there would be pieces of singed cardboard in the grass and soaking in the birdbath, and for weeks to come the children, foraging in the fields, would find treasured husks of rockets that had not, after all, fallen leagues and centuries away.

The lamps in the house were dimmed. Clare knew how the little girls would whisper upstairs in bed, their heads turned toward each other on the soft, brushed wings of their hair. The grandmother would be lying with her dry eyes open, listening to her memories, which were all she could really hear now, unable to sleep till everyone else was safe in bed.

We must remember to leave a light burning for Barbara, thought Clare. She sat down on the wet grass, wrapping her skirt about her knees. Nothing disturbed the night. There were the Pleiades up in the sky, and the Big Dipper, balanced above the points of the pines. Below, on the lawn, around the deserted chairs, a mist had gathered, like a trace of garments, the wraiths of all of them, spellbound still. It was impossible to believe that anything could change, that summers would not always be the same, that anyone would grow old, or go away, or die. (In those days, no one believed the world could possibly end.)

She waited, half asleep, for Alan and Adrian and Davy to come home. Not that she thought anything could happen to them, but it was pleasant to wait, with the sound of insects weaving a web of comfort over the night. Once, from the shadows of the trees, an animal cried out as if in pain. Or it might have been a bird. Then the katydids resumed their shimmering argument: she did, she didn't, she did, she didn't, she did.

—NANCY CARDOZO

LIFE IN MECCA DEPARTMENT
(WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DIVISION)

[From a form letter sent to an American publisher by a mercantile and banking firm in Mecca]

Hoping to hear in English language & Currency with samples registered; because herein the officials are no better than thieves & robbers. All kinds of parcels & ordinery samples are pilfered & stolen by them under the false pretexts of examinations.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

BOXING WITH THE NAKED EYE

WATCHING a fight on television has always seemed to me a poor substitute for being there. For one thing, you can't tell the fighters what to do. When I watch a fight, I like to study one boxer's problem, solve it, and then communicate my solution vocally. On occasion, my advice is disregarded, as when I tell a man to stay away from the other fellow's left and he doesn't, but in such cases I assume that he hasn't heard my counsel, or that his opponent has, and has acted on it. Some fighters hear better and are more suggestible than others—for example, the pre-television Joe Louis. "Let him have it, Joe!" I would yell whenever I saw him fight, and sooner or later he would let the other fellow have it. Another fighter like that was the late Marcel Cerdan, whom I would coach in his own language, to prevent opposition seconds from picking up our signals. "*Vas-y, Marcel!*" I used to shout, and Marcel always *y allait.* I get a feeling of participation that way that I don't get in front of a television screen. I could yell, of course, but I would know that if my suggestion was adopted, it would be by the merest coincidence.

Besides, when you go to a fight, the boxers aren't the only ones you want to be heard by. You are surrounded by people whose ignorance of the ring is exceeded only by their unwillingness to face facts—the sharpness of your boxer's punching, for instance. Such people may take it upon themselves to disparage the principal you are advising. This disparagement is less generally addressed to the man himself (as "Gavilan, you're a bum!") than to his opponent, whom they have wrongheadedly picked to win. ("He's a cream puff, Miceli!" they may typically cry. "He can't hurt you. He can't hurt nobody. Look—slaps! Ha, ha!") They thus get at your man—and, by indirection, at you. To put them in their place, you address neither them nor their man but your man. ("Get the other eye, Gavilan!" you cry.) This throws them off balance, because they haven't noticed anything the matter with *either* eye. Then, before they can think of anything to say, you thunder, "*Look at that eye!*" It doesn't much matter whether or not the man has been hit in the eye; he will be. Addressing yourself to the fighter when you want somebody else to hear you is a parliamentary device, like "Mr. Chairman . . ." Before television, a prizefight was to a New Yorker the nearest equivalent to the New England town meeting. It taught a man to think on his seat.

Less malignant than rooters for the wrong man, but almost as disquieting, are those who are on the right side but tactically unsound. At a moment when you have steered your boxer to a safe lead on points but can see the other fellow is still dangerous, one of these maniacs will encourage recklessness. "Finish the jerk, Harry!" he will sing out. "Stop holding him up! Don't lose him!" But you, knowing the enemy is a puncher, protect your client's interests. "Move to your left, Harry!" you call. "Keep moving! Keep moving! Don't let him set!" I sometimes finish a fight like that in a cold sweat.

If you go to a fight with a friend, you can keep up unilateral conversations on two vocal levels—one, at the top of your voice, directed at your fighter, and the other a running *expertise* nominally aimed at your companion but loud enough to reach a modest fifteen feet in each direction. "Reminds me of Panama Al Brown," you may say as a new fighter enters the ring. "He was five feet eleven and weighed a hundred and eighteen pounds. This fellow may be about forty pounds heavier and a couple of inches shorter, but he's got the same kind of neck. I saw Brown box a fellow named Mascart in Paris in 1927. Guy stood up in the top gallery and threw an apple and hit Brown right on the top of the head. The whole house started yelling, 'Finish him, Mascart! He's groggy!' " Then, as the bout begins, "Boxes like Al, too, except this fellow's a southpaw." If he wins, you say, "I *told* you he reminded me of Al Brown," and if he loses, "Well, well, I guess he's no Al Brown. They don't make fighters like Al any more." This identifies you as a man who (a) has been in Paris, (b) has been going to fights for a long time, and (c) therefore enjoys what the fellows who write for quarterlies call a frame of reference.

It may be argued that this doesn't get you anywhere, but it at least constitutes what a man I once met named Thomas S. Matthews called communication. Mr. Matthews, who is the editor of *Time*, said that the most important thing in journalism is not reporting but communication. "What are you going to communicate?" I asked him. "The most important thing," he said, "is one man on one end of the circuit saying 'My God, I'm alive! You're alive!' and the fellow on the other end, receiving his message, saying 'My God, you're right! We're both alive!' " I still think it is a hell of a way to run a news magazine, but it is a good reason for going to fights in person. Television, if unchecked, may carry us back to a pre-tribal state of social development, when the family was the largest conversational unit.

Fights are also a great place for adding to your repertory of witty sayings. I shall not forget my adolescent delight when I first heard a fight fan yell, "I hope youse bot' gets knocked out!" I thought he had made it up, although I found out later it was a cliché. It is a formula adaptable to an endless variety of situations outside the ring—a primary contest between Mr. Taft and Mr. Dewey, for example, or a circulation war between Colonel Robert R. McCormick and William Randolph Hearst. The only trouble with it is it never works out. The place where I first heard the line was Bill Brown's, a fight club in a big shed behind a trolley station in Far Rockaway.

On another night there, the time for the main bout arrived and one of the principals hadn't. The other fighter sat in the ring, a bantamweight with a face like a well-worn coin, and the fans stamped in cadence and whistled and yelled for their money back. It was thirty years before television, but there were only a couple of hundred men on hand. The preliminary fights had been terrible. The little fighter kept looking at his hands, which were resting on his knees in cracked boxing gloves, and every now and then he would spit on the mat and rub the spittle into the canvas with one of his scuffed ring shoes. The long-

er he waited, the more frequently he spat, and I presumed he was worrying about the money he was supposed to get; it wouldn't be more than fifty dollars with a house that size, even if the other man turned up. He had come there from some remote place like West or East New York, and he may have been thinking about the last train home on the Long Island Railroad, too. Finally, the other bantamweight got there, looking out of breath and flustered. He had lost his way on the railroad—changed to the wrong train at Jamaica and had to go back there and start over. The crowd booed so loud that he looked embarrassed. When the fight began, the fellow who had been waiting walked right into the new boy and knocked him down. He acted impatient. The tardy fellow got up and fought back gamely, but the one who had been waiting nailed him again, and the latecomer just about pulled up to one knee at the count of seven. He had been hit pretty hard, and you could see from his face that he was wondering whether to chuck it. Somebody in the crowd yelled out, "Hey, Hickey! You kept us all waiting! Why don't you stay around awhile?" So the fellow got up and caught for ten rounds and probably made the one who had come early miss his train. It's another formula with multiple applications, and I think the man who said it that night in Far Rockaway did make it up.

BECAUSE of the way I feel about watching fights on television, I was highly pleased when I read, a few weeks ago, that the fifteen-round match between Joe Louis and Lee Savold, scheduled for June 13th at the Polo Grounds, was to be neither televised, except to eight theatre audiences in places like Pittsburgh and Albany, nor broadcast over the radio. I hadn't seen Louis with the naked eye since we shook hands in a pub in London in 1944. He had fought often since then, and I had seen his two bouts with Jersey Joe Walcott on television, but there hadn't been any fun in it. Those had been held in public places, naturally, and I could have gone, but television gives you so plausible an adumbration of a fight, for nothing, that you feel it would be extravagant to pay your way in. It is like the potato, which is only a succedaneum for something decent to eat but which, once introduced into Ireland, proved so cheap that the peasants gave up their grain-and-meat diet in favor of it. After that, the landlords let them keep just enough money to buy potatoes. William Cobbett, a great Englishman, said that he would sack any workmen of his he caught eating one of the cursed things, because as soon as potatoes appeared anywhere, they brought down the standard of eating. I sometimes think of Cobbett on my way home from the races, looking at the television aerials on all the little houses between here and Belmont Park. As soon as I heard that the fight wouldn't be on the air, I determined to buy a ticket.

On the night of the thirteenth, a Wednesday, it rained, and on the next night it rained again, so on the evening of June 15th the promoters, the International Boxing Club, confronted by a night game at the Polo Grounds, transferred the fight to Madison Square Garden. The postponements upset a plan I had had to go to the fight with a friend, who had another date for the third night. But alone is a good way to go to a fight or the races, because you have more time to look around you, and you always get all the conversation you can use anyway. I went to the Garden box office early Friday afternoon and bought a ten-dollar seat in the side arena—the first tiers rising in back of the boxes, midway between Eighth and Ninth Avenues on the Forty-ninth Street side of the house. There was only a scattering of ticket buyers in the lobby, and the man at the ticket window was polite—a bad omen for the gate. After buying the ticket, I got into a cab in front of the Garden, and the driver naturally asked me if I was going to see the fight. I said I was, and he said, "He's all through."

I knew he meant Louis, and I said, "I know, and that's why it may be a good fight. If he weren't through, he might kill this guy."

The driver said, "Savold is a hooker. He breaks noses."

I said, "He couldn't break his own nose, even," and then began to wonder how a man would go about trying to do that. "It's a shame he's so hard up he has to fight at all at his age," I said, knowing the driver would understand I meant Louis. I was surprised that the driver was against Louis, and I was appealing to his better feelings.

"He must have plenty socked away," said the driver. "Playing golf for a hundred dollars a hole."

"Maybe that helped him go broke," I said. "And anyway, what does that prove? There's many a man with a small salary who bets more than he can afford." I had seen a scratch sheet on the seat next to the hackie. I was glad I was riding only as far as Brentano's with him.

The driver I had on the long ride

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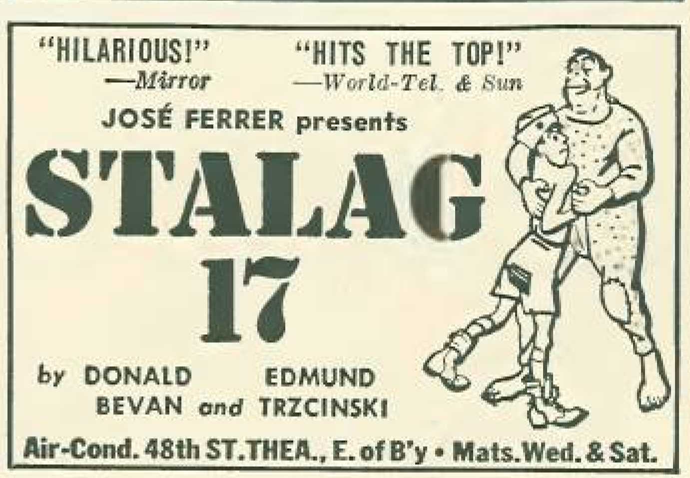

home was a better type. As soon as I told him I was going to the fight, which was at about the same time that he dropped the flag, he said, "I guess the old guy can still sock."

I said, "I saw him murder Max Baer sixteen years ago. He was a sweet fighter then."

The driver said, "Sixteen years is a long time for a fighter. I don't remember anybody lasted sixteen years in the big money. Still, Savold is almost as old as he is. When you're a bum, nobody notices how old you get."

We had a pleasant time on the West Side Highway, talking about how Harry Greb had gone on fighting when he was blind in one eye, only nobody knew it but his manager, and how Pete Herman had been the best infighter in the world, because he had been practically blind in both eyes, so he couldn't afford to fool around outside. "What Herman did, you couldn't learn a boy now," the driver said. "They got no patience."

THE fellow who drove me from my house to the Garden after dinner was also a man of good will, but rather different. He knew I was going to the fight as soon as I told him my destination, and once we had got under way, he said, "It is a pity that a man like Louis should be exploited to such a degree that he has to fight again." It was only nine-fifteen, and he agreed with me that I had plenty of time to get to the Garden for the main bout, which was scheduled to begin at ten, but when we got caught in unexpectedly heavy traffic on Eleventh Avenue, he grew impatient. "Come on, Jersey!" he said, giving a station wagon in front of us the horn. "In the last analysis, we have got to get to the Garden sometime." But it didn't help much, because most of the other cars were heading for the Garden, too. The traffic was so slow going toward Eighth Avenue on Fiftieth Street that I asked him to let me out near the Garden corner, and joined the people hurrying from the Independent Subway exit toward the Garden marquee. A high percentage of them were from Harlem, and they were dressed as if for a levee, the men in shimmering gabardines and felt hats the color of freshly unwrapped chewing gum, the women in spring suits and fur pieces—it was a cool night—and what seemed to me the prettiest hats of the season. They seemed to me the prettiest lot of women I had seen in a long time, too, and I reflected that if the fight had been televised, I would have missed them. "Step out," I heard one beau say as his group swept past me, "or we won't maybe get in. It's just like I told you—he's still one hell of a draw." As I made my way through the now crowded lobby, I could hear the special cop next to the ticket window chanting, "Six-, eight-, ten-, and fifteen-dollar tickets only," which meant that the two-and-a-half-dollar general-admission and the twenty-dollar ringside seats were sold out. It made me feel good, because it showed there were still some gregarious people left in the world.

Inside the Garden, there was the same old happy drone of voices as when Jimmy McLarnin was fighting and Jimmy Walker was at the ringside. There was only one small patch of bare seats, in a particularly bad part of the ringside section. I wondered what sort of occupant I would find in my seat; I knew from experience that there would be somebody in it. It turned out to be a small, frail colored man in wine-red livery. He sat up straight and pressed his shoulder blades against the back of the chair, so I couldn't see the number. When I showed him my ticket, he said, "I don't know nothing about that. You better see the usher." He was offering this token resistance, I knew, only to protect his self-esteem—to maintain the shadowy fiction that he was in the seat by error. When an usher wandered within hailing distance of us, I called him, and the little man left, to drift to some other part of the Garden, where he had no reputation as a ten-dollar-seat holder to lose, and there to squat contentedly on a step.

My seat was midway between the east and west ends of the ring, and about fifteen feet above it. Two not very skillful colored boys were finishing a four-rounder that the man in the next seat told me was an emergency bout, put on because there had been several knockouts in the earlier preliminaries. It gave me a chance to settle down and look around. It was ten o'clock by the time the colored boys finished and the man with the microphone announced the decision, but there was no sign of Louis or Savold. The fight wasn't on the air, so there was no need of the punctuality required by the radio business. (Later, I read in the newspapers that the bout had been delayed in deference to the hundreds of people who were still in line to buy tickets and who wanted to be sure of seeing the whole fight.) Nobody made any spiel about beer, as on the

"A vastly enjoyable musical comedy—Lavish and uproarious."—*Atkinson, Times*

"Carol Channing's Lorelei Lee is the most fabulous comic creation of this generation."
—BROOKS ATKINSON, N. Y. Times

home screen, although a good volume of it was being drunk all around. Miss Gladys Gooding, an organist, played the national anthem and a tenor sang it, and we all applauded. After that, the announcer introduced a number of less than illustrious prizefighters from the ring, but nobody whistled or acted restless. It was a good-natured crowd.

THEN Louis and his seconds—what the author of "Boxiana" would have called his faction—appeared from a runway under the north stands and headed toward the ring. The first thing I noticed, from where I sat, was that the top of Louis's head was bald. He looked taller than I had remembered him, although surely he couldn't have grown after the age of thirty, and his face was puffy and impassive. It has always been so. In the days of his greatness, the press read menace in it. He walked stiff-legged, as is natural for a heavy man of thirty-seven, but when his seconds pulled off his dressing robe, his body looked all right. He has never been a lean man; his muscles have always been well buried beneath his smooth beige skin. I recalled the first time I had seen him fight—against Baer. That was at the Yankee Stadium, in September, 1935, and not only the great ballpark but the roofs of all the apartment houses around were crowded with spectators, and hundreds of people were getting out of trains at the elevated I.R.T. station, which overlooks the field, and trying to loiter long enough to catch a few moments of action. Louis had come East that summer, after a single year as a professional, and had knocked out Primo Carnera in a few rounds. Carnera had been the heavyweight champion of the world in 1934, when Baer knocked him out. Baer, when he fought Louis, was the most powerful and gifted heavyweight of the day, although he had already fumbled away his title. But this mature Baer, who had fought everybody, was frightened stiff by the twenty-one-year-old mulatto boy. Louis outclassed him. The whole thing went only four rounds. There hadn't been anybody remotely like Louis since Dempsey in the early twenties.

The week of the Louis-Baer fight, a man I know wrote in a magazine: "With half an eye, one can observe that the town is more full of stir than it has been in many moons. It is hard to find a place to park, hard to get a table in a restaurant, hard to answer all the phone calls. . . . Economic seers can explain it, if you care to listen. We prefer to re-

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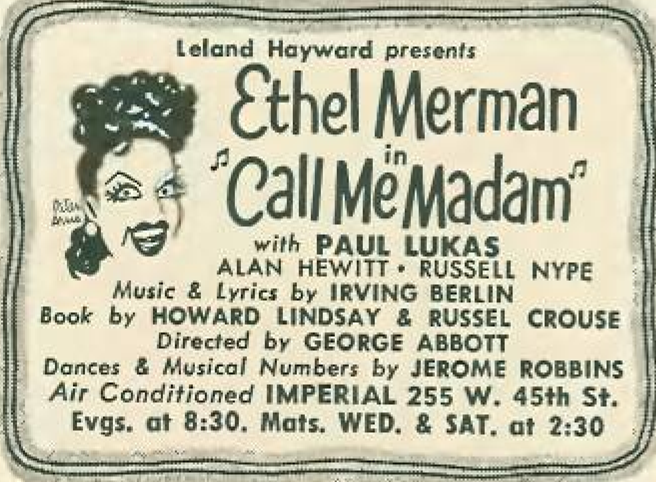

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member that a sudden inflation of the town's spirit can be just as much psychological or accidental as economic." I figured it was Louis.

SAVOLD had now come up into the other corner, a jutty-jawed man with a fair skin but a red back, probably sunburned at his training camp. He was twenty pounds lighter than Louis, but that isn't considered a crushing handicap among heavyweights; Ezzard Charles, who beat Louis last year, is ten pounds lighter than Savold. Savold is thirty-five, and there didn't seem to be much bounce in him. I happened to have seen him fight twice in the winter of 1946, and I knew he wasn't much. Both bouts had been against a young Negro heavyweight named Al Hoosman, a tall, skinny fellow just out of the Army. Hoosman had started well the first time, but Savold had hurt him with body punches and won the decision. The second time, Hoosman had stayed away and jabbed him silly. An old third-rater like Savold, I knew, doesn't improve with five more years on him. But an old third-rater doesn't rattle easily, either, and I was sure he'd do his best. It made me more apprehensive, in one way, than if he'd been any good. I wouldn't have liked to see Louis beaten by a good young fighter, but it would be awful to see him beaten by a clown. Not that I have anything against Savold; I just think it's immoral for a fellow without talent to get too far. A lot of others in the crowd must have felt the same way, because the house was quiet when the fight started—as if the Louis rooters didn't want to ask too much of Joe. There weren't any audible rooters for Savold, though, of course, there would have been if he had landed one good punch.

I remembered reading in a newspaper that Savold had said he would walk right out and bang Louis in the temple with a right, which would scramble his thinking. But all he did was come forward as he had against Hoosman, with his left low. A fellow like that never changes. Louis walked out straight and stiff-legged, and jabbed his left into Savold's face. He did it again and again, and Savold didn't seem to know what to do about it. And Louis jabs a lot harder than a fellow like Hoosman. Louis didn't have to chase Savold, and he had no reason to run away from him, either, so the stiff legs were all right. When the two men came close together, Louis jarred Savold with short punches, and Savold couldn't push him around, so that was all right, too. After the first round, the crowd knew Louis

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would win if his legs would hold him.

In the second round, Louis began hitting Savold with combinations—quick sequences of punches, like a right under the heart and a left hook to the right side of the head. A sportswriter I know had told me that Louis hadn't been putting combinations together for several fights back. Combinations demand a superior kind of coördination, but a fighter who has once had that can partly regain it by hard work. A couple of times, it looked as if Louis was trying for a knockout, but when Savold didn't come apart, Louis returned to jabbing. A man somewhere behind me kept saying to a companion, "I read Savold was a tricky fighter. He's got to do *something!*" But Savold didn't, until late in the fifth round, by which time his head must have felt like a sick music box. Then he threw a right to Louis's head and it landed. I thought I could see Louis shrink, as if he feared trouble. His response ten years ago would have been to tear right back into the man. Savold threw another right, exactly the same kind, and that hit Louis, too. No good fighter should have been hit twice in succession with that kind of foolish punch. But the punches weren't hard enough to slow Louis down, and that was the end of that. In the third minute of the sixth round, he hit Savold with a couple of combinations no harder than those that had gone before, but Savold was weak now. His legs were going limp, and Louis was pursuing him as he backed toward my side of the ring. Then Louis swung like an axeman with his right (he isn't snapping it as he used to), and his left dropped over Savold's guard and against his jaw, and the fellow was rolling over and over on the mat, rolling the way football players do when they fall on a fumbled ball. The referee was counting and Savold was rolling, and he got up on either nine or ten, I couldn't tell which (later, I read that it was ten, so he was out officially), but you could see he was knocked silly, and the referee had his arms around him, and it was over.

THE newspapermen, acres of them near the ring, were banging out the leads for the running stories they had already telegraphed, and I felt sorry for them, because they never have time to enjoy boxing matches. Since the fight was not broadcast, there was no oily-voiced chap to drag Louis over to a microphone and ask him stupid questions. He shook hands with Savold twice, once right after the knockout and

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We wish we could reprint her whole letter here. For that matter, we'd also like to reprint the detailed reply our Research Department sent Mrs. Lang, because it was typical of the painstaking care that Research gives to the questions of thousands of people who write us every month asking for an objective opinion about what they should do with either their present investments or their money—a little or a lot. If you'd like to see that correspondence—what we recommended buying "for a beautiful baby girl"—we'd be glad to send it to you.

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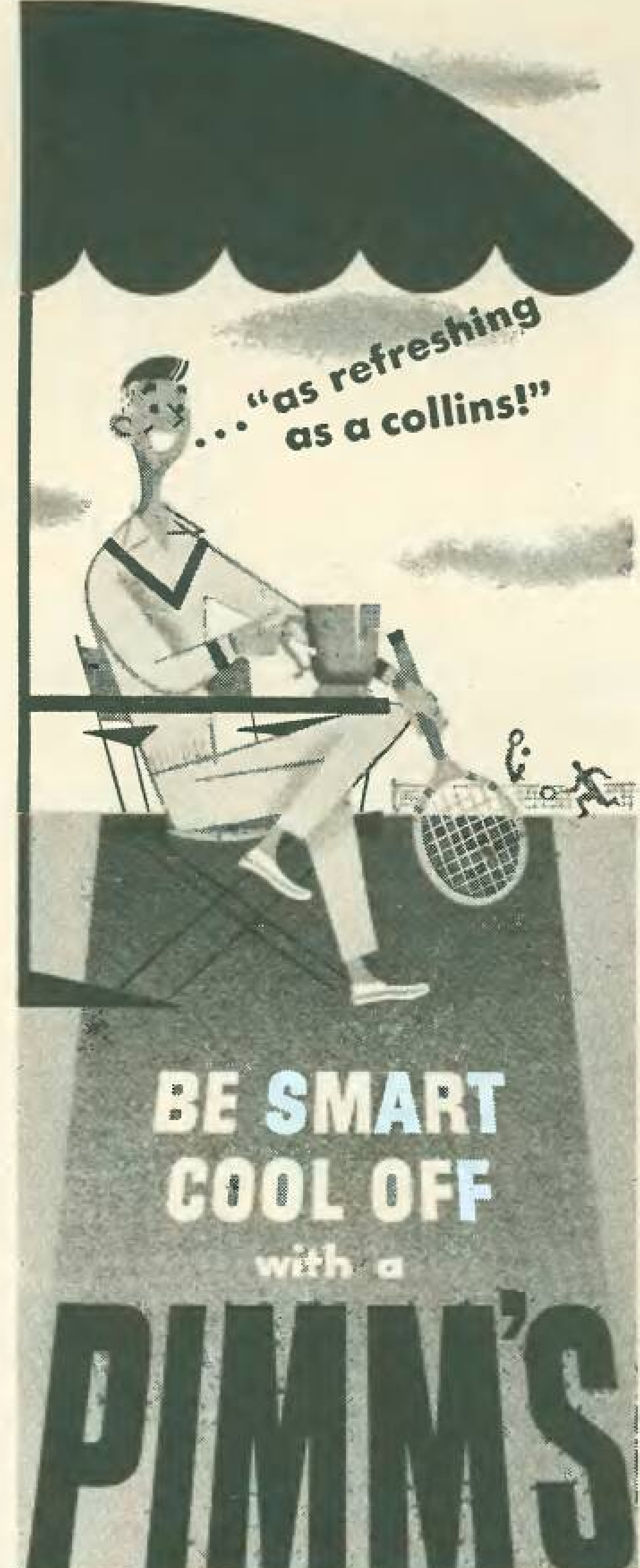

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again a few minutes later, when Savold was ready to leave the ring, as if he feared Savold wouldn't remember the first handshake.

I drifted toward the lobby with the crowd. The chic Harlem people were saying to one another, "It was terrific, darling! It was terrific!" I could see that an element of continuity had been restored to their world. But there wasn't any of the wild exultation that had followed those first Louis victories in 1935. These people had celebrated so many times—except, of course, the younger ones, who were small children when Louis knocked out Baer. I recognized one of the Garden promoters, usually a sour fellow, looking happy. The bout had brought in receipts of $94,684, including my ten dollars, but, what was more important to the Garden, Louis was sure to draw a lot more the next time, and at a higher scale of prices.

I walked downtown on Eighth Avenue to a point where the crowd began to thin out, and climbed into a taxi that had been stopped by the light on a cross street. This one had a Negro driver. "The old fellow looked pretty good tonight," I said. "Had those combinations going."

"Fight over?" the driver asked. If there had been television, or even radio, he would have known about everything, and I wouldn't have had the fun of telling him.

"Sure," I said. "He knocked the guy out in the sixth."

"I was afraid he wouldn't," said the driver. "You know, it's a funny thing," he said, after we had gone on a way, "but I been twenty-five years in New York now and never seen Joe Louis in the flesh."

"You've seen him on television, haven't you?"

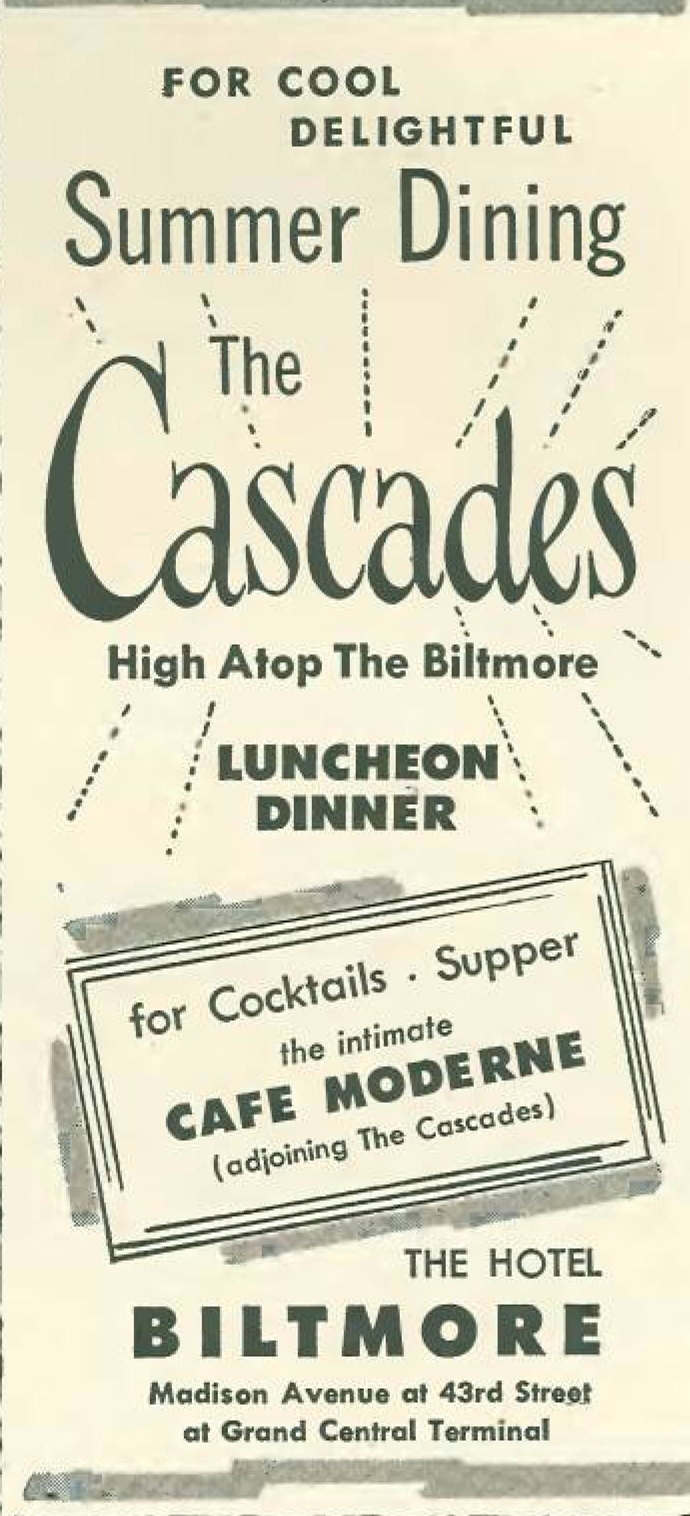
"Yeah," he said. "But that don't count." After a while, he said, "I remember when he fought Carnera. The celebration in Harlem. They poisoned his mind before that fight, his managers and Jack Blackburn did. They told him Carnera was Mussolini's man and Mussolini started the Ethiopian War. He cut that man down like he was a tree."

—A. J. Liebling

•

. . . As a model he cited the American annual six-week summer school at Tanglewood, Texas, which is attended by students from all parts of the Continent.—*London Daily Telegraph.*

Up thar in that Massachusetts panhandle.



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"SEVENTEEN," BUT DOESN'T EXACTLY LOOK IT

IT'S an article of belief with many people in this part of the country, including the children of the undersigned, that Middle Westerners remain wet behind the ears anywhere from five to ten years longer than do the natives of other regions. Prolonged adolescence, these Easterners figure, is a condition of life as familiar out there as the daily appearance of the Chicago *Tribune* or the visitations of the corn borer. To a large extent, the theory is based—at least by the subscribers to it whom I know best—on a reading of certain books by Booth Tarkington, such as "Penrod" and "Seventeen." The latter, in particular, has filled the opportunists in my home with a hungry conviction that a sales trip, with a line of retreaded didy dolls from their own back files, among the teen-agers of the Middle West would be like finding the money. As an alumnus of the area, who saw a good deal of Mr. Tarkington's Indiana, I am pretty sure that there is something wrong with the notion. In my time, the boys of shaving age in that neighborhood did not quote Voltaire or smoke an awful lot of marijuana, but I don't remember that any one of them was quite as wholesomely callow as Willie Baxter.

Since Mr. Tarkington has described this undercooked phenomenon in a very entertaining way, and since an air of good-humored unreality is by no means a bad thing in a musical show, "Seventeen" would seem to be a promising subject for musical-comedy treatment. Some years ago, I've heard, the experiment was squarely muffed in a show called "Hello, Lola." The musical comedy "Seventeen," which opened last week at the Broadhurst, is almost certainly a more expert piece of work than "Hello, Lola" was. The songs, by Walter Kent and Kim Gannon, are adequate Broadway songs. The direction, by Richard Whorf, is adequate Broadway direction. The performers are personable people who sing well or dance well, or both. I had a feeling, though, that neither the songwriters, nor the director, nor the actors had made any special attempt to soak up the mood of Mr. Tarkington's novel or to differentiate between the behavior of young men and maidens of high-school age in Indiana in 1907 and that of, say, a party of beaux and belles in a Southern mansion before the Civil War, or of a cargo of summer vacationers on a seagoing cruise. Theirs is a standard Broadway exercise in mass calisthenics. The show's book, by Sally Benson, while it is neatly written, does not do a great deal to stimulate Miss Benson's fellow-artists to unusual efforts. It is an outline—a somewhat watery outline—of the main points in the Tarkington story, rather than a good, rich, cohesive staging of Mr. Tarkington's tender salute to arrested development in the human male.

Those of you who remember the novel "Seventeen"—and it is not an easy one to forget—will recall that the cause of Willie Baxter's papooselike contortions was, significantly, a young lady given to the use of baby talk, a Miss Lola Pratt, from the city. She spent a summer visiting a girl friend in Willie's home town in Indiana, where she electrified the young members of the community, and revolted the middle-aged ones, and left Willie for dead, or thereabouts. Ann Crowley, as Lola Pratt, is highly scenic in the musical "Seventeen;" she looks, I'd say, speaking from some distant and probably undependable recollection, like a strawberry sundae with vanilla ice cream. She sings pleasantly, and completely fails to make it seem plausible that anyone should be annoyed with her, as the older members of the cast are required to be, for saying "ess" instead of "yes" and for carrying about with her a dog the size of a cockroach. Kenneth Nelson, who plays Willie, suffers a little from the fact that he looks and sounds more like a musical-comedy juvenile than a Hoosier schoolboy. (The truth is, according to the program notes, that in private life, until not very long ago, he was neither one nor the other, but a clerk in a New York City dime store.) Miss Crowley and Mr. Nelson sing together, among other things, the song I liked best in "Seventeen's" trite but not unpleasing score, "This Was Just Another Day." In another well-executed number, "I Could Get Married Today," Mr. Nelson teams up with Maurice Ellis (who, incidentally, in the part of the colored handyman, Genesis, gets closer to the spirit of the Tarkington original than the other players are able to) and Alonzo Bosan (who earlier this season was involved, with fine comic effect, in "The Green Pastures," in the role of Noah, and here plays the part of the handyman's father). Frank Albertson, Doris Dalton, King Calder, and Penny Bancroft give competent performances as parents, Ellen McCown is nice as the disillusioned friend of Miss Lola Pratt, and Harrison Muller increases the pace of the show perceptibly by his dancing and his impersonation of a worldly Yale undergraduate. It's quite possible that you will enjoy "Seventeen;" the only important count against it, to my way of thinking, is that it is a rigidly orthodox musical comedy, whereas the novel "Seventeen" is a gaily heterodox book. The musical "Seventeen" sticks so close to the pattern of most musical shows of the last few years that it even has one of those songs with a one-word polysyllabic title—in this case "Reciprocity." "Reciprocity" sounds something like "Necessity" and other recent outcroppings of the same sort, and when "Lubricity," "Rugosity," and "Contiguity" come along, they will undoubtedly sound like "Reciprocity."

—JOHN LARDNER

•

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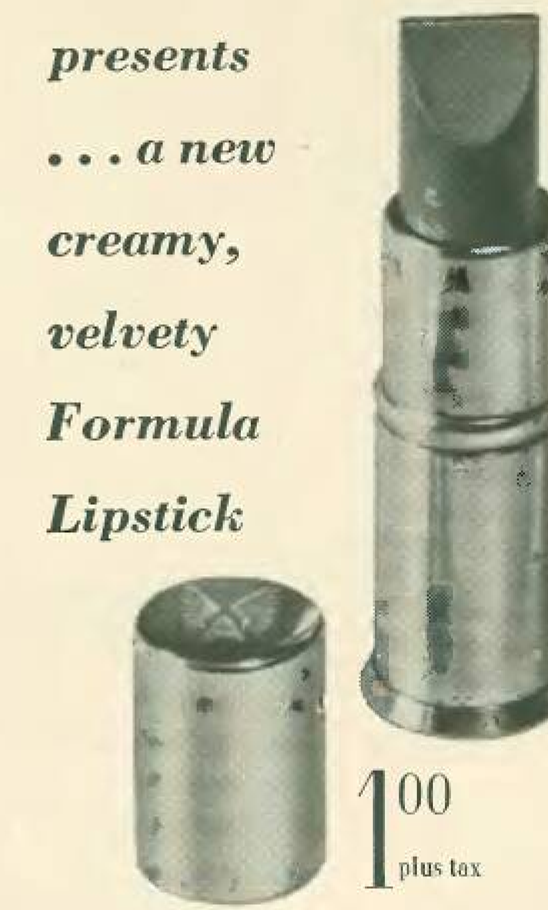

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LETTER FROM PARIS

JUNE 20

IN the elections just held, the first French national elections in five years, the citizens have voted in six and a half different directions, everybody hoping to get, from one direction or another, some things he wants very badly. Studying what it is the people want and how many of them, according to the urns, want it, is perhaps the easiest method of reading the election results. There were six winning parties, or groups, figured on the basis of seats gained in the National Assembly, and of these General Charles de Gaulle's Rassemblement du Peuple Français is on top, with a hundred and seventeen deputies sitting for him among the Assembly's six hundred and twenty-seven. De Gaulle's victory, much feared and much hoped for, has been achieved, but it is no landslide, and, since it may turn out that the government will be formed by a coalition of Center parties, his extreme Right-wing party may not even participate. Moreover, because he owns no daily French newspaper to come out with headlines saying he won, no paper has said it; in fact, all the papers noted his winning total obscurely—the conservative *Figaro* putting him at the bottom of the heap. The things badly wanted by the fifth of the French electorate that voted for de Gaulle are order, a chance to put France back on her feet (and on a pedestal), a strong hand against pressure from the United States, the suppression of the Communists in the French government (his party, in its special language, calls them "separatists"), and, above all, that *mystique* of single, male leadership that European history has so often recorded and that this century has had considerable sad experience with. Indeed, what de Gaulle's voters want from him is precisely what he has, so far, offered—history and himself. In an electoral radio speech, he spoke of History's, with a capital "H," having imposed on him "the responsibility of intervening to show the path and lead the nation. . . . After the difficult victory of 1945, I gave the republic back to the people. . . . The R.P.F. is formed around me for the good of the people." Something his working-class followers also want is his Capital-Labor Association program, despite the fact that he has never told them much about it, and despite the fact that at the first hint of it capital knew enough to dissociate itself from him in horror. An R.P.F. booklet presents the Capital-Labor Association (it opens by mentioning first the French phalansterian Fourier and then Pope Leo XIII's famous encyclical on social justice, "Rerum novarum") as being against the class struggle and in favor of profit sharing by employees, as a "new" wrinkle in employer-employee relations, but with strict managerial authority and with protection of capital investment. His voters also appear to want, as part of their *mystique*, the picture they get, at a distance, of his very exceptional character, including his egotism (to them it seems a distinguished inheritance rather than a parvenu acquisition), his personal probity, his majestic vocabulary (taken from the religious orator Bossuet), his heavy, dynastic-looking face, and his reiterated views on legitimate republicanism, according to which, if he had won his landslide, he would have aspired to be elected, through the legal devices of referendum and dissolution, President of France and to function also as Premier, a combining of offices that is now forbidden.

Like President Truman in his 1948 election, de Gaulle had the press against him. The Parisian dailies *L'Aurore* and *Le Parisien Libéré* favored him slightly for a while but cooled off in the course of the campaign. Currently, his party's only Paris press consists of two ill-edited weeklies, *Le Rassemblement* and *Carrefour*. His followers want to see some newspaper make an editorial prognostication of how his deputies will affect the coming government setup, but the papers only talk coolly of a continued Center-parties Assembly majority made up of the old Third Force (Socialists, Radicals, and Popular Republicans), plus the new Fourth Force, the popular term for the recent union of the Independent Republican, Peasants, and other Rightist parties. *Le Monde* did go so far as to say that "the new National Assembly will certainly have a different physiognomy from the old," and then added, "But there will be no *bouleversement*." The *bouleversement* de Gaulle could occasion in the Assembly is one of the chief things a fifth of the electorate voted for.

The Communists won the largest number of votes, a fourth of the total, but, owing to the recently passed electoral-reform bill, they won only the third-largest number of seats, one hundred and one. The thing they wanted

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most was to see France turned—by votes, if necessary—into a Soviet satellite. The other important things they want are an end to the Atlantic Pact, an end to the generally unpopular Viet Minh war, an end to the atomic bomb, and a national budget that would be used not for armaments but for the construction of low-rental apartment houses and of schools and hospitals, in places they specifically named in their Paris campaign—Boulevard Murat and the Rue de Moscou (*Da!*). The Communist voters also want the Soviet-patented brand of peace. Now that the French Communist Party is again winner of the largest number of votes, it is too late to pretend that some of the important things its voters want are not wanted also by millions of anti-Communist voters in Western Europe, although their party programs have never mentioned them—increased housing, for instance, and no atomic bomb (not even Russia's), and, most of all, peace, which is every West European's gnawing preoccupation.

The thing the Socialist voters want most (and their coming in second, with one hundred and four deputies, was the big surprise of the election) is the application of their classic law of gradualism—or evolution, not revolution. They also want free speech, as the English Labourites practice it, and they are the one Leftist French party that does; only the Socialists allowed time at the end of their campaign meetings for opposition hecklers to speak up. Socialists want increased social security and insurance for the old, the sick, and so on, and they want higher minimum wages, which, heaven knows, French workers need. The Fourth Force, appealing to those who want free enterprise and retrenchment in government spending, elected ninety-nine deputies, thereby making itself numerically as well as nominally the fourth group in the Assembly. The things wanted most by voters for the R.G.R. (Rassemblement des Gauches Républicaines), which is more or less the old Third Republic Radical Socialists—who vote anticlerically Left but keep their pocketbooks to the Right—and which, oddly, allied itself locally in the elections with the Rightist Fourth Force, are traditionalism, experienced politicians, and business as usual. The first point in the Radical Socialist program was liberty, and the second was preservation of private property. The R.G.R.s elected the fifth-largest number of deputies. The things wanted most by voters for the sixth-place M.R.P. (Mouvement Ré-

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publicain Populaire), whose heavy poll was the second election surprise, are the benefits of its Church connection (the M.R.P. is the only big Christian party), its invaluable M. Robert Schuman at the Quai d'Orsay, and the maintenance of its position as a balance wheel between the extremist parties.

These are the six main winning parties, or groups, and, roughly speaking, the main things their voters want. And these are the six, of the six and a half, directions the French voting took. As for that half direction, that was toward a number of fantasy political "parties," all losers and vote-wasters, like the party earnestly named the Family List for the Defense of the White Collar Workers, the Middle Class, and the Economically Feeble, and the one named the Discontented Party. Eight hundred lists were offered in the elections, some with only a single candidate. So French individualism must still be figured on in the political scene, even though it won't have a single deputy seat to sit on. One more general comment should be made. The campaign meetings were mostly small and lethargic, and about a fifth of the electorate didn't bother to vote at all.

THE liveliest part of the campaign was the battle of the billposters—a political-advertising technique new to everyone but the Communists and really an imitation of the very successful posters that have been put up since early this spring by the anti-Communist organization calling itself Paix et Liberté. That organization's prize campaign poster was a vivid, Dufy-colored one of the Tour Eiffel, shown rocking under the weight of a hammer-and-sickle flag flying atop, and bearing the warning *"Pas ça!"* The Communists considered it such effective anti-Communist propaganda that they hastily printed American flags to paste over the Soviet emblem. De Gaulle's tricolor posters were the noblest-looking and the most artistic typographically, his publicity man being the novelist André Malraux, recently turned art authority. One showed the tortured, handsome face of La Marseillaise (from one of the François Rude statues of the Arc de Triomphe), with the words *"De Gaulle vous appelle, pour que la France soit la France."*

The elections were held on Sunday, June 17th. Exactly eleven years before—on Monday, June 17, 1940—Maréchal Pétain announced to the French over the radio that France had fallen. Paris newspapers did not mention the significance of the election date, and most of the voters seemed to have

Coming Soon "FLAHOOLEY"—ORIGINAL CAST of the Broadway Show Featuring YMA SUMAC

forgotten it. They remembered the Maréchal himself on Sunday night, though, when the radio announced that the very ill prisoner was to be transferred from the Ile-d'Yeu fortress to a mainland *résidence surveillée*, where he would be hospitalized. On the anniversary of what he tragically began then—the dilapidation of French republicanism—nearly half the electorate voted for the two political extremes of authoritarianism.

THE Paris bimillenary celebration, or two-thousandth birthday party, has so far been a struggle between hedonistic outdoor fêtes, arranged against historical architectural backgrounds, and the grim weatherman. The magnificently conceived Louvre Court concert was called on account of rain, like a baseball game. (It was given ten days later.) The Henri IV concert, held in his Place des Vosges, with its *souper* under the arcades, for living French nobles personifying their own or somebody else's ancestors, was interrupted by the worst thunderstorm in even the common people's long memories. The historical art shows, which are being held indoors, have proved safer. The expositions have been extraordinary in their variety, their specialties and oddities interesting both residents and tourists, and the organizing imaginations behind them deserve a vote of thanks. The following is a sketchy listing of what one can see if one's eyes and feet hold out: Charpentier's rich Plaisir de France paintings; the Palais de Glace's First Salon of Hunting and Venery, which is fascinating; pre-Gobelins tapestries, shown at the Musée des Gobelins; the art of glass, at the Pavillon de Marsan, which is fine; Conquests of Photography, at the Muséum d'Histoire Naturelle; the Palais de New-York's show of women painters and sculptors, which is only pretty good; chefs-d'œuvre of the Louvre's French school, at the Petit Palais; Napoleon and his Family, in a show of arms, trophies, uniforms, souvenirs, and so on, at the Invalides; Sèvres table services, in Sèvres; a great Toulouse-Lautrec show, including unfamiliar early, serious works, at the Orangerie; and, if one can get to the suburban Sceaux between showers, an exposition of water colors of "the environs of Paris," beginning with Corot and coming down to the present. Horse racing and steeplechasing have started, hotels are jammed (principally with North and South Americans, most of whom have brand-new Paris umbrellas), the great Paris buildings and squares and

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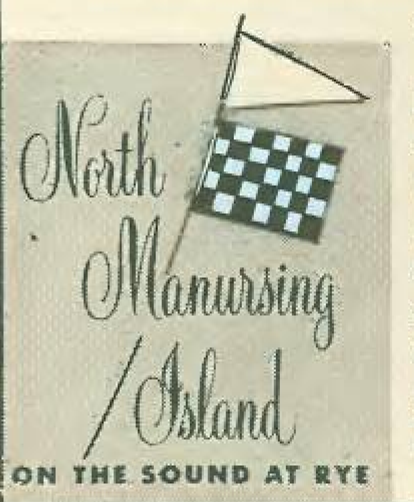

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fountains are floodlit every night, prices are high, and it's a big tourist season.

Jean-Paul Sartre's new play, "Le Diable et le Bon Dieu," at the Théâtre Antoine, is the season's "must" play. It takes four hours to perform. Sandwiches are sold between acts, as if the Antoine were Bayreuth. Sartre's theme is the antique one of man's terrible indecision about whether to be good or evil, combined with the more modern one of where good and evil themselves come from, and he did well to put the Devil first in his title. For Goetz, his rich-fleshed, rich-minded German warrior protagonist, fighting with men in battles near the city of Worms and with his conscience on the edge of the Reformation, is more alive as a man, more interesting as a character, wittier to listen to, and far better as a stage figure when the Devil is leading him, in the first act, than he is, after he has turned to God—literally on the throw of dice, in the spirit of a gambler changing his system—in the subsequent two acts, which are lifeless, loquacious, and argumentative, and include eleven tableaux. Goetz is really a dialogue in himself—Shavian, shocking, blasphemous, coarse, and human in Act I, and then, in the following acts, talkative in the dreary medieval, Maeterlinckian theatrical manner as he hunts for the good. Goetz is never Faustian, at least; there is no mean merchandising of an old soul for youth and pleasure. Goetz is apparently meant to be a premature modern, with an outstanding talent for doing and enjoying evil, who, as the result of a cerebral whim, changes his métier to following godliness, for which he lacks the genius that is faith. He returns, finally, to the Devil and butchery, with the excuse that goodness does not pay on earth and that God has not let him work a miracle—like a trick of legerdemain—and this top-ranking blasphemy seems the only conclusion that could bring the curtain down. It is admirable that the philosopher Sartre has been able to put into a theatre the Manichaean problem of good and evil in man, but certainly something is the matter with the play as a play. It arouses outspoken dissatisfaction in everybody, and everybody goes to see it. Pierre Brasseur, as Goetz, gives one of the greatest Act I performances of our time. —Genêt

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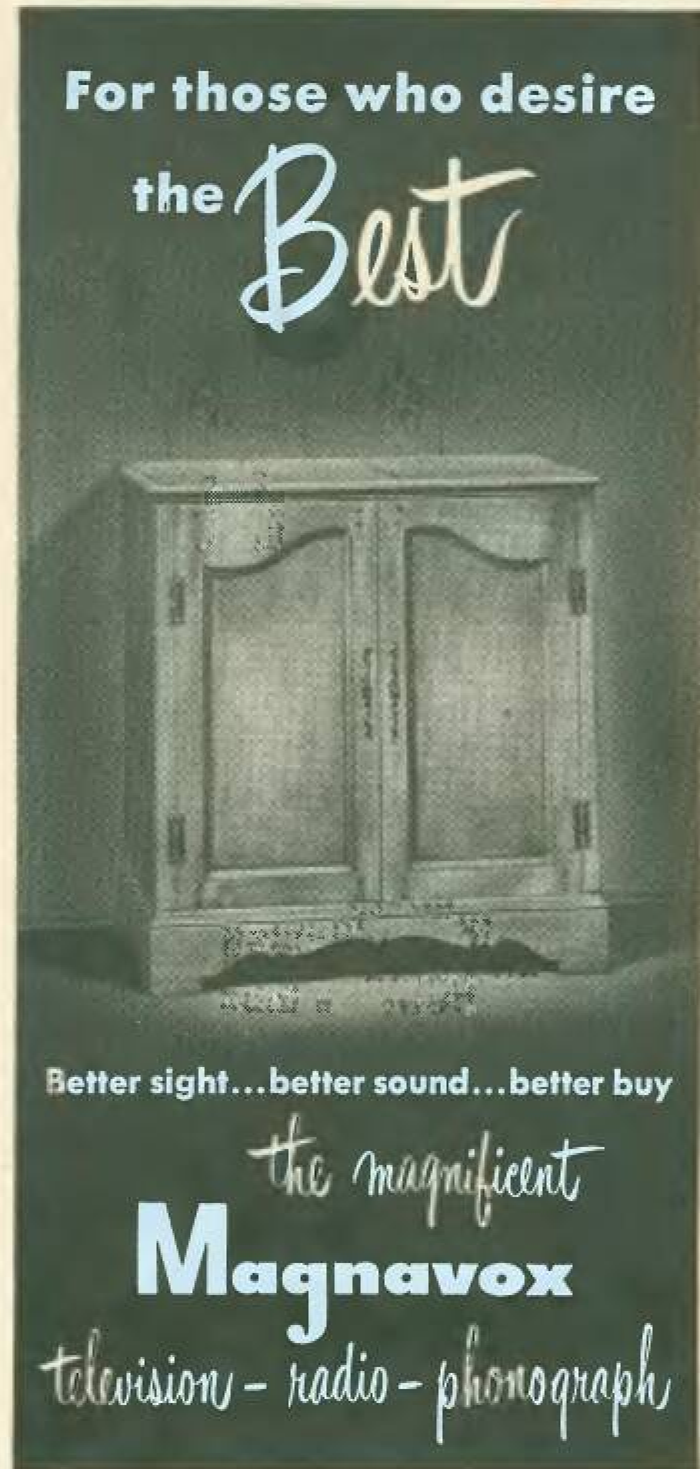
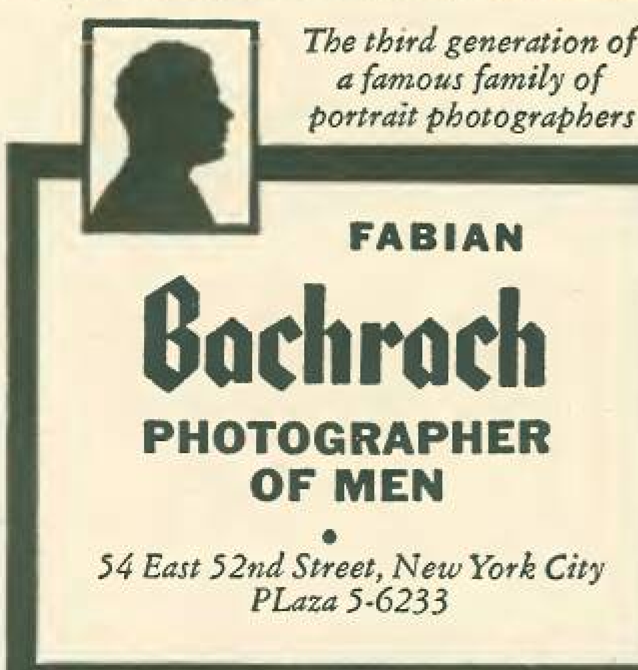
Miss Chookasian's contralto is sumptuous at its roots and plangent in flight. —*Irving Sablosky in the Chicago Daily News.*

Well, it's her problem, not ours.





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THE RACE TRACK

Scattered Returns

NO Gallup Poll was taken on the subject, but I expect there are several schools of thought as to what was the most interesting race on Long Island last week. One school might single out the Queens County Handicap, won by Sheilas Reward at Aqueduct on Saturday. Another might plump for the Tremont Stakes there on Friday, in which Pintor beat Jet Master. My choice would be the Top Flight Handicap, won by Busanda at Belmont on Wednesday. Busanda carried eighteen pounds more in the Top Flight than she did last month when she took the Suburban, and she won this time with a lot less effort. Also, and I'm sure it isn't just a case of handsome is as handsome does, she seems to improve in looks as she improves in performance. Well, neither Ogden Phipps, her owner, nor Jim Fitzsimmons, her trainer, has had much success in the last few years. Perhaps they've turned a corner.

It was a matter of considerable regret—to me, at any rate—that How didn't run for the Belmont Stakes, in which I felt she would have had an exceptional chance; taking one thing with another, however, I was surprised that her stable picked as tough a spot for her as the Top Flight, in which she had very much the worst of the weights. At that, she finished second, although Arcaro certainly didn't handle her as cleverly in this race as he did early this month in the Coaching Club American Oaks, which she won. Be that as it may, Busanda and How will meet again this weekend, in the New Castle Handicap at Delaware Park, and Kiss Me Kate will be thrown in for good measure. I'll still string along with How.

THERE is, as most horseplayers know, an apothegm of racing that says sprinters can run farther in the mud than on a fast track. I am sure more people believe it since the Queens County Handicap. As I hardly need tell you, Sheilas Reward is one of our better sprinters; in fact, one day last week he popped down to Monmouth Park and, carrying a hundred and twenty-four pounds, did six furlongs in 1:09⅘, an achievement that earned

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him an unusually high rating from the professional betting men, most of whom base their calculations entirely on speed. ("He got as big a figure with me as Count Fleet," one fellow confided.) On the other hand, Sheilas Reward had never tried to go a mile and a sixteenth, the distance of the Queens County Handicap. But, as luck would have it, a heavy rain turned the Aqueduct racecourse into the kind of footing he liked, and when it came to running over it, he took the lead quickly and won comfortably. As you may have guessed from his payoff price, which was only $7.20, he was well backed in the right quarters.

Now to consider a less happy incident at Aqueduct. Months ago, George Odom declared that Jet Master was the fastest horse he had ever trained, and everybody who saw the colt win the National Stallion Stakes thought this was entirely possible. In the Tremont, however, Jet Master had none of the extraordinary speed he showed at Belmont, and Pintor wore him down in the last furlong. When this was written, the soundest explanations I had heard were that maybe Jet Master didn't like the track and that maybe he had shin trouble. If it was the latter, he'll be on the shelf for some time.

THIS week's discussion would be incomplete without some reference to what went on out of town. You can count on the fingers of one hand the races Greentree Stable has won at home this season—two at Jamaica and one at Belmont. Still, it hasn't done badly elsewhere. Recently, its One Hitter took the Massachusetts Handicap, worth $25,000, at Suffolk Downs, and last weekend the stable brought off a double: Hall of Fame galloped away with the twenty-five-thousand-dollar Kent Stakes at Wilmington's Delaware Park, and later in the afternoon Northern Star led home a small field in the ten-thousand-dollar Select Handicap at Monmouth. . . . And from California comes word that all is not well with Citation. Leg trouble, of course. I'll bet he starts in the hundred-thousand-dollar Hollywood Gold Cup next week just the same. —AUDAX MINOR

•

Nick Schenck, head of Loew's Inc., is at work now drafting the letter of acceptance of L. B. Mayer's resignation—to make it so fulsome that even Mr. Mayer will like it.—*Leonard Lyons in the Post.*

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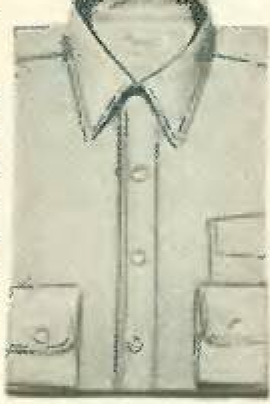

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A VOICE IN MID-AUGUST

THE summer that Pino Baca was thirteen, he was troubled by loneliness. It was also that summer that his father gave him the Remington .22. After nine months of exile in an Eastern boarding school, Pino came home in June to his father's ranch in a high mountain valley of northern New Mexico. The First World War had already begun, but it was still merely "the war in Europe." It in no way disturbed the blissful eternity of a long vacation at Rociada.

I did not visit Rociada until many years later, but I know about it as it was then, for Pino's sister Consuelo is my wife. It had open, rich pasture lands over which one could ride fast with a slack rein. Rapid streams full of unsophisticated trout came out of the side canyons and wound through the pastures in the main valley to join the rushing Río Manuelitas. On all sides, the mountain slopes led away and upward, inviting exploration and hunting; behind the immediately enclosing heights were more valleys and then higher peaks, full of mystery and challenge. In the rough, forested country and in the intricate system of valleys of the home area and beyond the ridges, Pino's father, Don José, grazed several hundred head of cattle and close to twenty thousand sheep. In the wide horse pasture was a *caballada* of a hundred and fifty horses. The villages of Rociada and Upper Rociada, which lay within the boundaries of the ranch, and Gascón, which Pino could reach in about an hour and a half on horseback, had their full share of eccentric and interesting characters. One would have said that a boy who had the freedom of all the land dominated by Don José's Wineglass-2 brand and of all the country into which that land led had just about everything a boy could ask for. It seems strange, on the face of it, that Don José Baca's only son—the princeling, as it were, of his domain—should have found any cause for discontent.

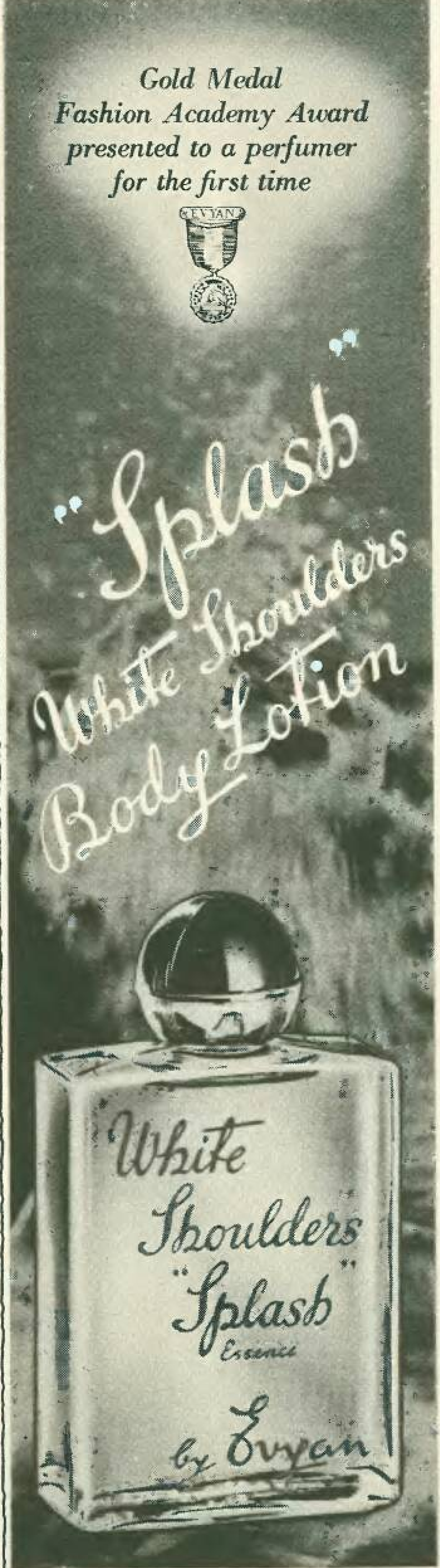
At the beginning of summer, Pino had the wonderful feeling that summer would never end. School, in the lowlands of the Mississippi Valley, remained in his mind only to the extent that, recurrently, the assurance of being not there but back at Rociada caused floods of conscious happiness to course through his system. Even so, he had periods when he felt at a loss. Not all the time but too often he needed, and did not have, a companion.

Besides Pino, his father, and Doña Marguerite, his mother, the family consisted of five sisters. Five sisters is a load for any boy. One of them, Emilie, was older than he; Pino had to be watchful and resistant or he would find her assuming authority over him. The four others, ranging from Marie, who was eleven, down to Pepita, still a cradle baby, were, to his mind, just plain useless. Girls as a class and of a reasonable age he was beginning to find not entirely uninteresting, but sisters were a headache.

He got on well with his father's sheepherders, wranglers, and cowpunchers. They were almost all Rociada people; their families and his had lived side by side for two generations, ranch and villages forming one community. The men accepted Pino naturally, but, after all, they were grownups.

That year, while Pino was away, a newcomer had been added to the staff, Cayetano the Mexican, whom the others often spoke of as *El Chihuahueño*, although he came not from Chihuahua but from the distant tropics of Veracruz. Cayetano was an ex-revolutionary. He had impressive bushy, drooping mustaches; he was short and very dark. He had ridden with Varela, who rose against Porfirio Díaz even before Madero led his revolution; then Varela threw in with Madero and was shot when Huerta took over. Cayetano fled to the States, and wound up that spring working for Don José. He turned out to be, as Señor Juan, the major-domo, remarked, "*tan payaso como nosotros*" ("just as much a hick as any of us"). For a time, he fascinated Pino with his tales of warfare, but eventually they palled on the boy, as they had on the men, and Pino ceased listening to him.

In the three villages there were plenty of boys. Their usefulness as companions was limited; up to a point they served, and then they failed. Pino was not especially conscious of the difference in their manner of speech and he was no snob, but that difference typified deeper, more important separations that prevented true companionship. Pino, like his father, was bilingual. He spoke an English free of the localisms and dialect elements of the ordinary Anglo-American cowpuncher's or rancher's; similarly, his Spanish was of the correct Latin-



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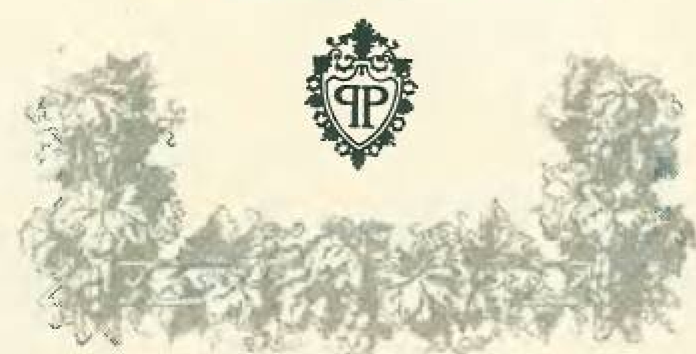

American variety, distinctly different from his neighbors' archaic, seventeenth-century speech. Also, the beginnings of maturity and the influence of his year at boarding school had made Pino less naïve in his relations with people. All in all, he was thrown a good deal upon himself, and there were times when being just with himself left him incomplete.

It was by no means always up to the boy to figure out what to do with his time. His father assigned him a fair amount of responsible work, and paid him for it. Since these assignments kept him out-of-doors, involved activities at which he wanted to excel, and usually required riding, Pino did not mind them, although he would have felt easier had his father's standards been less exacting. Don José's idea of what his son's education should embrace covered a lot of territory. The boy should have a good general education, with Latin, and a sound grounding in the Catholic faith. He should speak correct English and Spanish, and know some French. He should be familiar with the English classics and enjoy the use of books. He should be able to ride, shoot, rope, train horses, and manage sheep and cattle at least as well as any of the men who would someday work under him, and he should master the many aspects, commercial and agricultural, of running a great ranch. Along with this knowledge and these arts, he must have the manner and manners of a gentleman, according to both the English and the Spanish standards. Don José's ambition for his son was saved from unreasonableness by the fact that he himself had all these accomplishments.

For a while that summer, Pino was foreman of a fence-repairing crew, with four workmen under him. One of the men, Epifanio Gutiérrez, was elderly, gray-haired, and experienced. Don José considered that he would offset any weaknesses of extreme youth in his foreman. Epifanio and Pino often varied the monotony of fencing by playing a game of mumblety-peg, with a can of Prince Albert tobacco as stake. As Epifanio won two times out of three, the boy pretty well kept him in tobacco, and this, in turn, presented problems.

Pino was saving his earnings, or trying to save them, to buy a wonderful knife that Lobato, who ran the store in Rociada village, was holding for him. The knife had three blades, a can opener, a screwdriver, a gimlet, and a hook for taking stones out of horses' hoofs. The cost of the Prince Albert cut into his savings. And then, obvious-

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ly, he could not be always buying tobacco, whether from Lobato or from his father's commissary, without causing awkward questions to be asked. His father would approve neither of the mumblety-peg during working hours nor of the betting. Pino had to steal the cans from the commissary and slip money into the till when no one was looking. It was a complicated procedure, but it had its sporting aspects.

In August, Don José gave him the Remington .22. It was a reward for a good first year at boarding school, and compensation for exile. It was a repeater, chambered for long cartridges, and better than any gun Pino had been allowed to use theretofore. It had a good balance and solid weight, so it held steady. With this weapon and a horse, the half-understood uneasiness of solitary expeditions vanished.

One day, while the rifle was still a fresh delight, Pino's horse developed a saddle gall. Señor Juan showed it to Don José with disapproval, and Pino's father told the boy simply that he couldn't ride his horse or any of the others until his animal was cured. Don José was generous—he had given Pino a rifle, and the following summer he gave him a Model T—but no fault in his son was let pass unpunished.

The temporary loss of the use of the horse, combined with the knowledge that his father was displeased and considered him negligent, depressed Pino. That afternoon, he set out on foot with his rifle. He felt vaguely resentful and abused, although he knew that saddle galls are caused by carelessness. He wanted to be alone; he wanted to lose himself. He knew that he lacked something, but he didn't know what. He needed someone who matched him, with whom he could talk.

The afternoon was hot and still. Stopping on the wooden bridge over the river, behind the stillness he thought he heard a voice. Or was it a voice? He looked up to the mountains east and west of the valley; he looked at the bright-blue sky where it met the bald, rounded peak of El Ermitaño, from which the last snow was gone. He smelled the hot sun on ripe grass, and remembered that as he was leaving the house, he had heard the clackety sound of the mowing machines in the meadow downriver and the voice of a man guiding a team. He knew suddenly what he had just heard behind the sunlight and the silence: it was September, autumn, coming.

At that moment, the long vacation ceased to be endless. Mid-September

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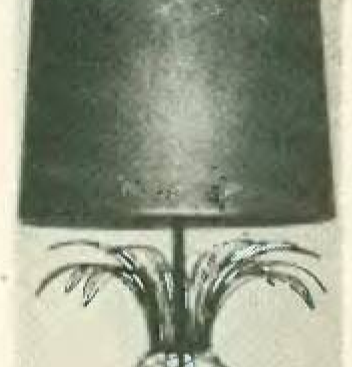

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would come, and he would leave Rociada for another nine endless months, another whole lifetime. School was real once more, menacing him from halfway across America. He saw that the sprinkling of wild yellow blooms, sunflowers and chamiso, had increased greatly in the past few days. The smell of the grass was a late smell, different from that of June; the stalks were drying, ready for cutting. Soon, he knew, he would find asters. He studied the mountain slopes and saw with relief that as yet there was no sign of the aspen or the oak brush turning.

He thrust the sense of hurrying time away from him. For a few weeks yet, he would generally be successful in closing off the foreknowledge of ending and of school; at moments he would really forget about it. Now, with that realization pushed away for the first time, he was violently restless.

He tried hunting gophers. He was a good shot, but gophers are wary; the sport was not much fun. He wandered, seeking targets. He needed the satisfaction and minor violence of bullets striking their targets. He made a wide circle from north of the ranchhouse westward, then went back across the river, west and south between the ranch and the main village, then easterly, shooting at, in turn, a rabbit, a tree stump, a tobacco can thrown away long ago and faded from scarlet to dull rose. Finally, stalking and taking cover, he made his way through the orchard, coming out not far from the miscellaneous sheds beyond the barns.

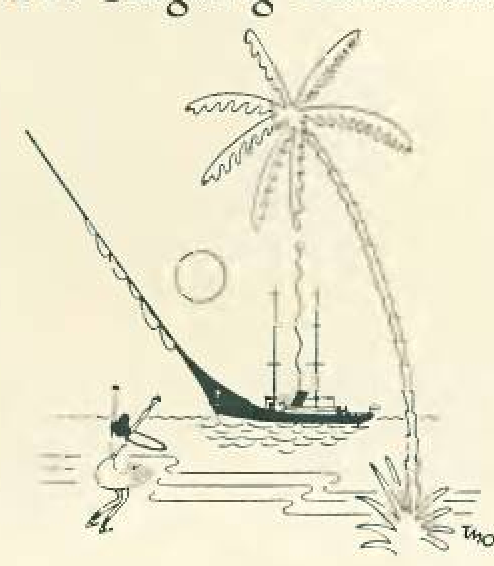
He scouted the outbuildings, seeing no one. Someone had been washing his father's carriage, the best one, of bright, varnished wood, with the wheels, spokes, and whiffletrees picked out with lines of deep blue and the seats upholstered in heavy brown leather. The carriage was in a semi-retired status, Don José having taken to motorcars, but it was still well cared for, kept bright, and occasionally put to use. This afternoon, it had been pulled out, washed, and left standing in the open. Pino reflected that it ought to be put back under protection from sun and dust. He noticed how the sunlight gleamed on the varnish. On the side that enclosed one end of the front seat, a large knot, around which the grain swirled, stood out and made a small, distant, clear bull's-eye.

He drew a bead on the knot, pretending. It showed up sharply defined in his rear sight; the bead of the front sight, low in the notch, covered its lower half. Without intending to, without volition,

LIFE'S LITTLE LUXURIES

NO. 8

The Seagoing Houseboat



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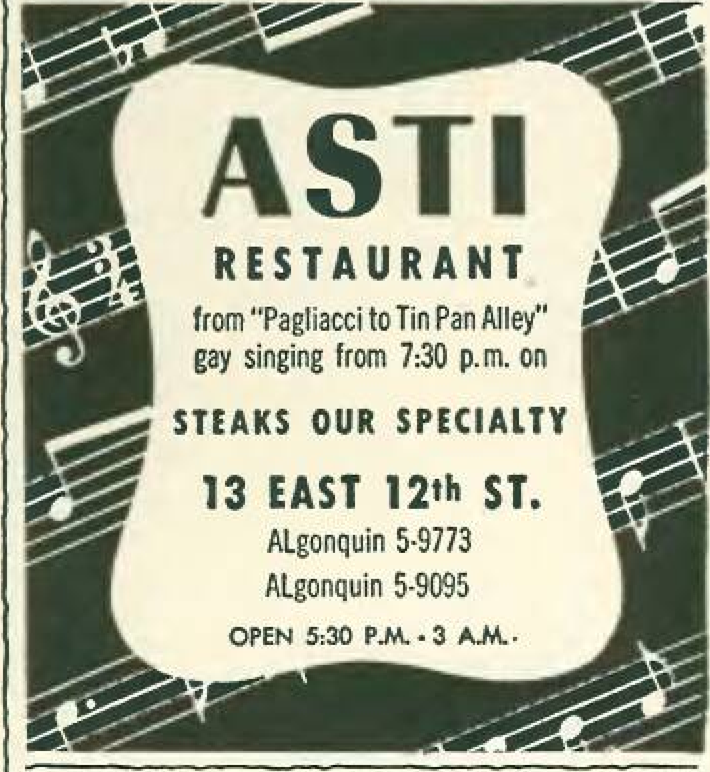

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he squeezed the trigger and the rifle cracked. Instantly, horror seized him. Now he *was* in trouble. Hiding the gun behind a tree, he went forward, hoping against hope that he had made a wild miss, watchful lest anyone appear to witness his actions. The bullet had plugged the knot neatly, loosening it, and, glancing upward, dragged a long scar across the leather of the seat. He had made the shot of his life. Turning, he ran back to the shelter of the orchard, and there he lay flat in the long grass, wondering what to do. Punishment would be inescapable and painfully adequate.

Someone moved near the barn over to the far right. It was Cayetano, who now strolled diagonally toward the orchard and leaned against a shed, in the shade, to roll a cigarette. Cayetano didn't work steadily unless he was watched. Pino studied him. He really was *payaso;* he was curiously simple for a man with so adventurous a past. Desperate inspiration came to the boy.

He emptied his rifle quietly. With his pocketknife, he pried the bullet out of a cartridge and stuffed the end with a scrap of paper he found in his pocket. He inserted the homemade blank directly into the chamber. He picked up the other cartridges, rose, and sauntered over to Cayetano, who, as he drew near, looked quickly over his shoulder. You could see the knot from there, but you couldn't see the bullet hole, or that the knot had been loosened.

"*Buenas tardes, Cayetano,*" Pino said politely.

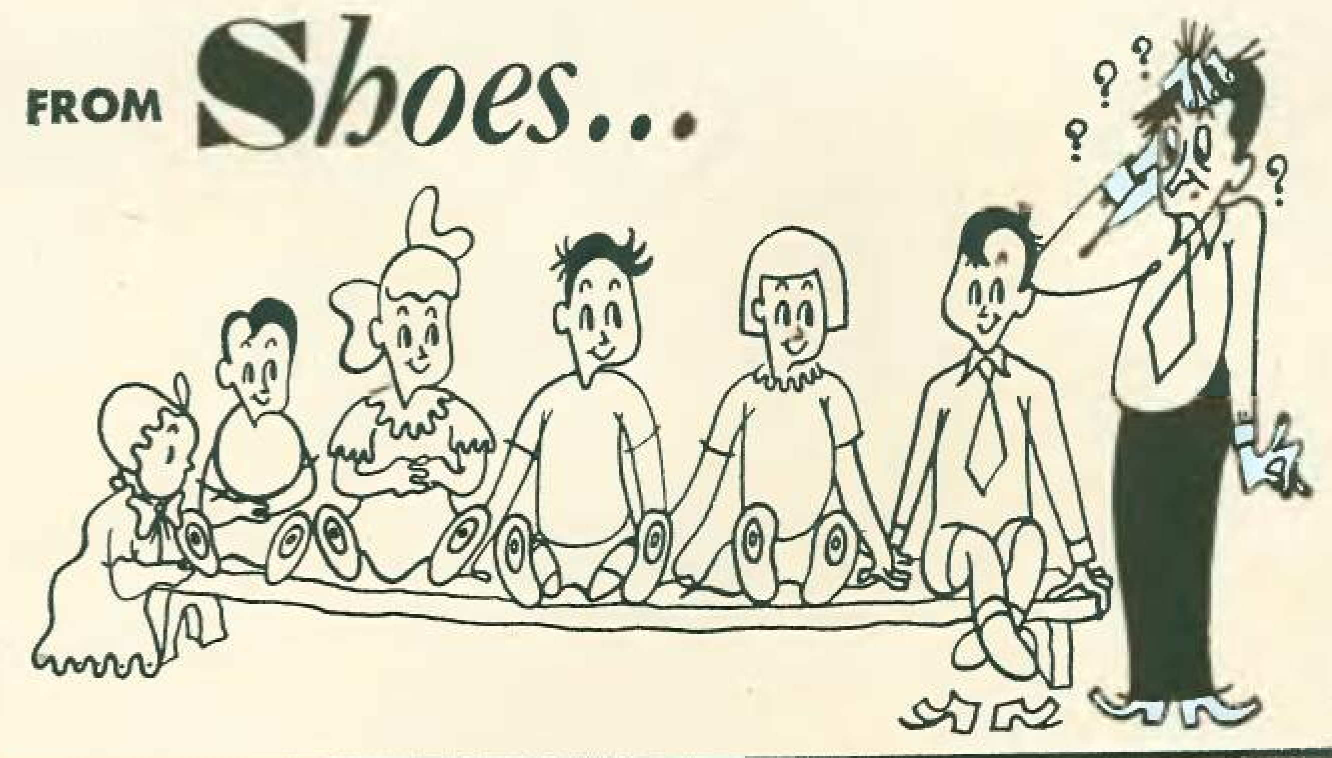
"*Buenas tardes, hijo.*" Old training in Mexico made Cayetano address his *patrón's* son somewhat more courteously than the native North American workmen did, but he refrained from addressing a thirteen-year-old boy as "*Don.*"

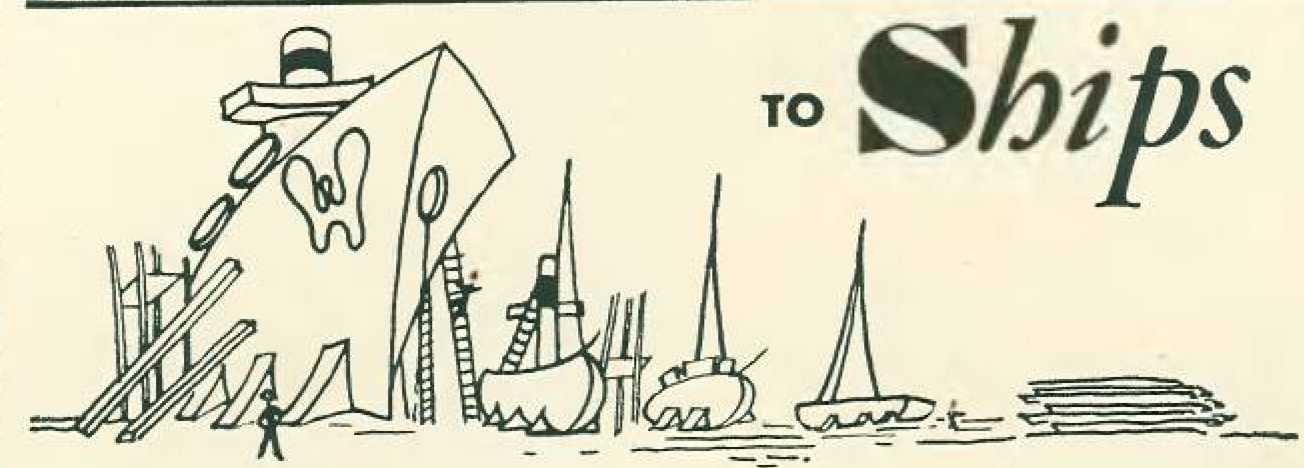
Pino made idle talk. The Mexican's eyes studied the rifle. He asked about it. Pino saw that he was approaching the bait and encouraged Cayetano to talk of his own skill with rifles, of the weapons he had carried in battle, and so to spacious, happily unverifiable tales of his marksmanship. As the Mexican talked of those days and drew upon the brilliance of distance and imagination, his dark eyes brightened, his face became animated.

"Between the eyes, man—here, *en punto*—at forty yards, and all I had to sight on was the gleam of his eyeballs in the light of the stars."

The boy said that had been good luck. The Mexican said no, it was constant practice and the true domination of one's arm. They talked on, half argu-

FROM **Shoes...**





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ing, Pino skeptical, Cayetano insisting.

"Here, if you're so expert," Pino said. "I bet you two reals I know a target equally big that you can't hit at half the distance, and in the light of day."

"Where is it? Show me."

"Over here," Pino said. He led Cayetano to a point between the carriage and where he had stood in the orchard. "Have you two reals?"

The Mexican felt in his pocket and brought out a quarter. "Here, see." His manner was offended. "And you?"

"Here." Pino brought out his own quarter, glanced at it, thinking of the knife in Lobato's store, and then said quickly, "You bet?"

"Surely. How not? Show me the target."

Pino put the rifle into Cayetano's hands. "I bet you two reals you can't hit that knot there. Very well I know you can't."

Cayetano did not answer. He was angry. He threw up the rifle, aimed, and fired. The report was of a blank cartridge, but Cayetano didn't notice.

Pino said, "Let's go to see." They walked up to the carriage. "You win," Pino said. "What a shot! Here you are." He handed over his quarter.

"*Ay*, look what I've done!" Cayetano cried out. "Look you that which you have made me do!"

"Ooh! That my papa will be angry! You'd better go and tell him."

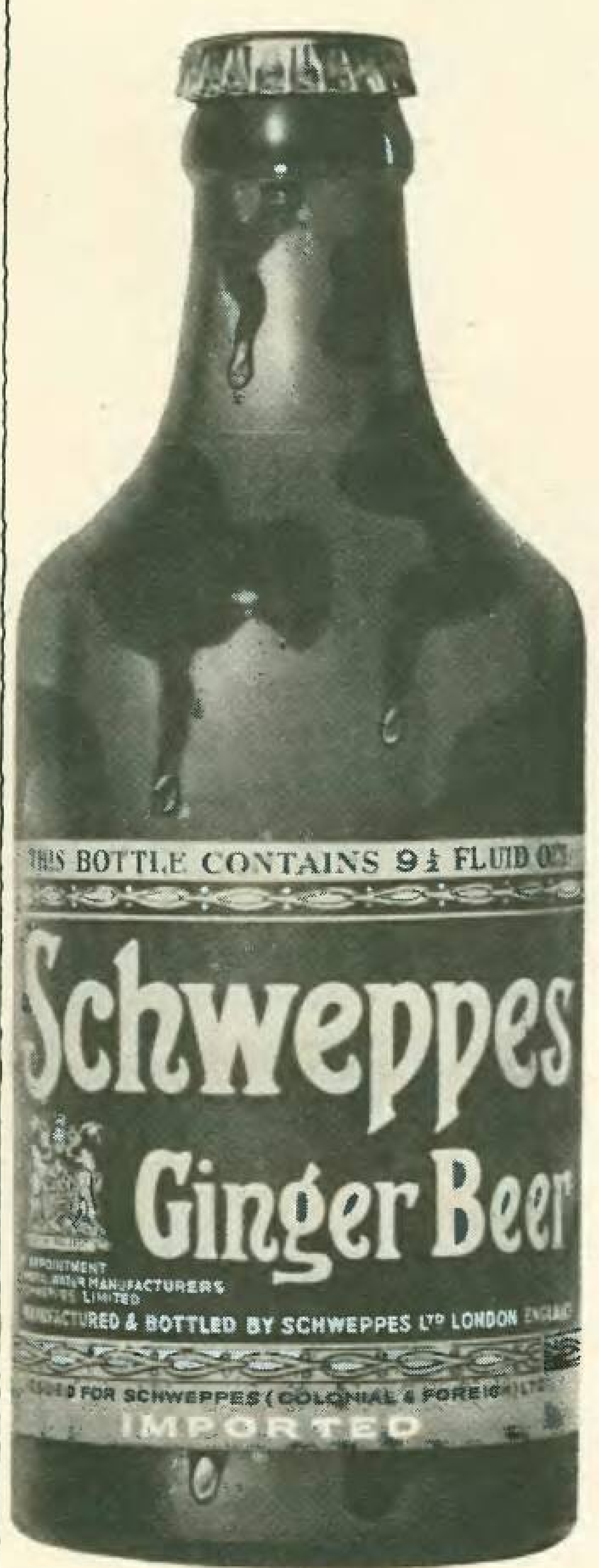
"No, that you tell him. Please!" Cayetano begged. "That you say a word for me—that I was not thinking, that I did not mean . . ."

Pino could not well refuse, although he would have preferred to stay completely out of the affair. That evening, he explained to his father that he had never dreamed the Mexican would actually shoot at the carriage; he hadn't thought anyone could be as dumb as that. He made his bet sound casual, as if it had been purely rhetorical. He could see that his father was displeased again, and baffled, as though he felt that there was more here than showed on the surface but did not know where to look for it.

Don José went out to the bunkhouse and had a talk with Cayetano. The man was a really fine *vaquero*, too useful to fire even for an imbecility, as long as it had nothing to do with his performance of his work. The *patrón* left him humble, penitent, and full of admiration for a magnificent dressing-down. The following day, Cayetano thanked the boy profusely for having spoken in his behalf and saved his job.

The incident was closed, but Pino

Schweppes



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still felt uneasy, not because of the device by which he had got himself out of trouble and not because he had involved Cayetano, for nothing serious had happened to Cayetano. It was Cayetano's being so grateful on such false grounds that made the boy uneasy. It took him till the end of the vacation to figure out what to do. On the morning of the fifteenth of September, the day before he was to leave Rociada, he bought the knife, at last. As a possession, he esteemed it second only to the rifle, and it had the advantage that it could go with him to school. That night, lying in bed, he remembered that the sixteenth of September was the Mexican equivalent of the Fourth of July, and that Cayetano had permission to celebrate. He would probably be drunk by noon and spend the rest of the day pleasantly sleeping it off in the orchard.

Before breakfast on the fatal day of departure, Pino sought him out. He spoke of the occasion, said that he knew Cayetano must think with longing of his home on this day, and added some graceful words about sister republics, lifted from an editorial in the Santa Fe Spanish-language paper, *El Nuevo Mexicano*. Then he presented Cayetano with the knife. Cayetano was so overwhelmed that he lifted his hat and addressed the boy as Don Pino.

PINO left for school most unwillingly but with a clear conscience. In mid-November, his mother wrote him that Cayetano had quit the ranch in disgust when he learned that the snow and cold that had come upon them would continue into April.

The carriage slept in its shed. The injury it had received was forgotten. In time, the leather became dry and cracked, and the same year that Don José bought the Paige touring car, the carriage was sold.—OLIVER LA FARGE

•

RAPTURE

Sweet lovers lie around the bay
Lapped in each other's arms
(Mrs. Beleek with Dr. Gay,
Joad with Miss Descharmes),
Snug in their cabins tucked away,
Sleeping the early hours of day.

Fishes within the burnished bay
Dimple the face thereof,
Leaping to enter, as they may,
The mirror world above.
Delicate fishes, how they play!
Rapture is in the air today.

—GEORGE JOHNSTON

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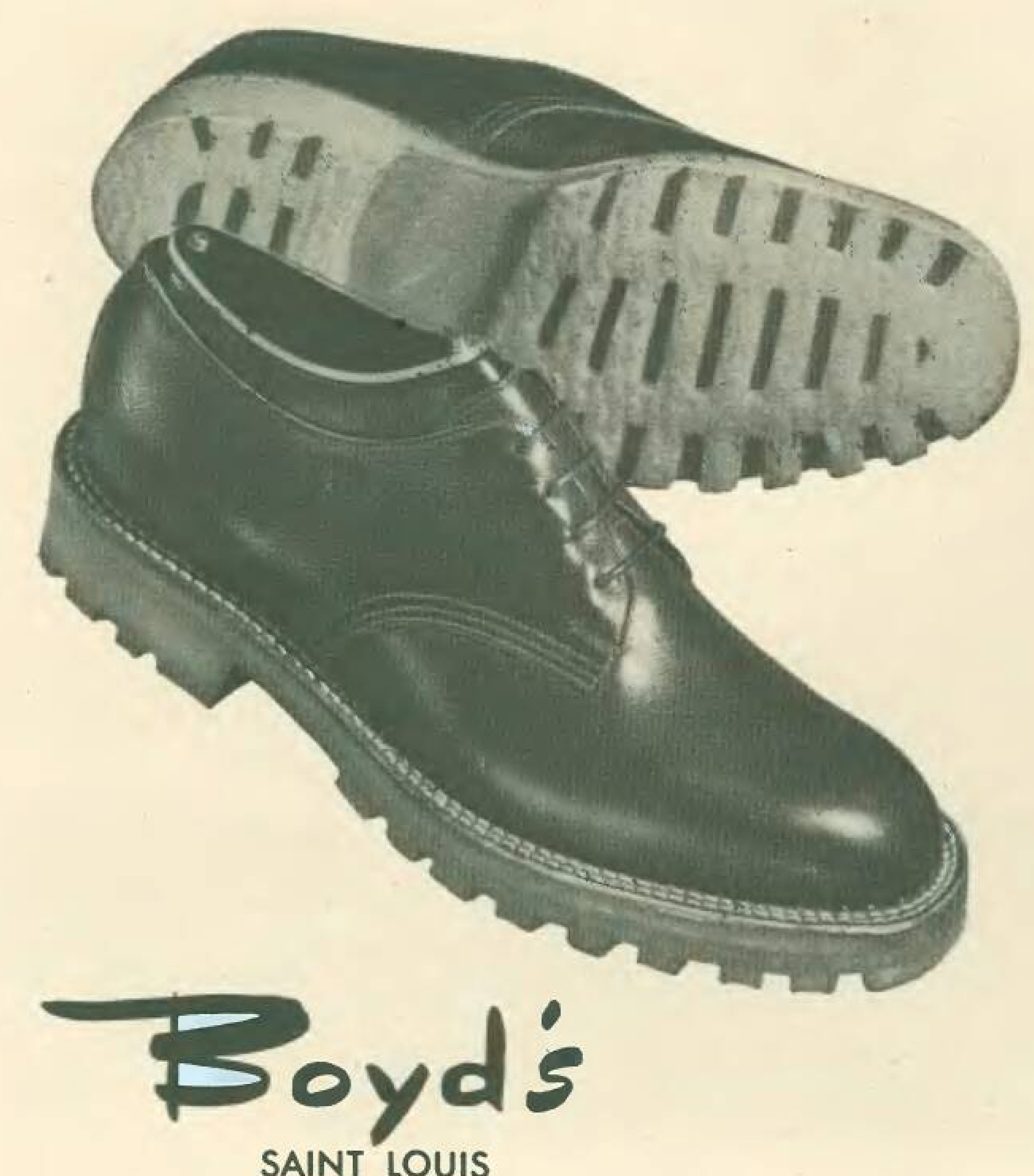

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TELEVISION

No Germs

"THE FRED WARING SHOW," which has been turning up each Sunday night, over C.B.S., from nine to ten, is, I suppose, television at its most antiseptic. In fact, it is even more wholesome, double-enriched, and vitaminized than its spiritual cousins, those stage shows at the Radio City Music Hall. Now, there is nothing wrong with an occasional hour of antiseptic television, since during what we might generously call the past "season," the bacilli have been knocking themselves out. There is no doubt in my mind that most of the fellows running television today are sick in the noodle, and that the programs they place before us—the lunatic quizzes, the mad variety hours, the deranged and terrible mysteries—reflect their own inner turmoil and their own galloping and seemingly uncontrollable hysteria. Placed alongside the circus of ailing freaks who appear night after night on the tiny screen, Mr. Waring and his little troupe of round-cheeked associates are as healthy and refreshing as a 4-H marshmallow roast. The fact that they do not strike me as being especially entertaining is, at the moment, beside the point.

Since almost every program of Mr. Waring's is like almost every other program of Mr. Waring's, a recent one I saw will do as an example. The hour opened with an arresting shot of Mr. Waring standing on a small podium and leading his Pennsylvanians and Glee Club, who were banked behind and beside him. Mr. Waring is an orchestra leader of the this-hurts-me-more-than-it-hurts-you school, and he pulls the sounds from his instrumentalists by moving his hands up and down in an agonized manner and by wearing an expression of damn near unbearable pain. Since musicians have hearts of butter, I guess Mr. Waring knows what he is doing. In any event, when his orchestral flourishes had been concluded, Mr. Waring spoke to the unseen audience in his traditionally cozy and dulcet tones. He informed us that we would hear a song involving "daydreaming, drama, and domestic happiness," and within the twinkling of an eye a young lady, seated at a window

R. TAYLOR

SOLID CINCINNATI READS THE CINCINNATI ENQUIRER

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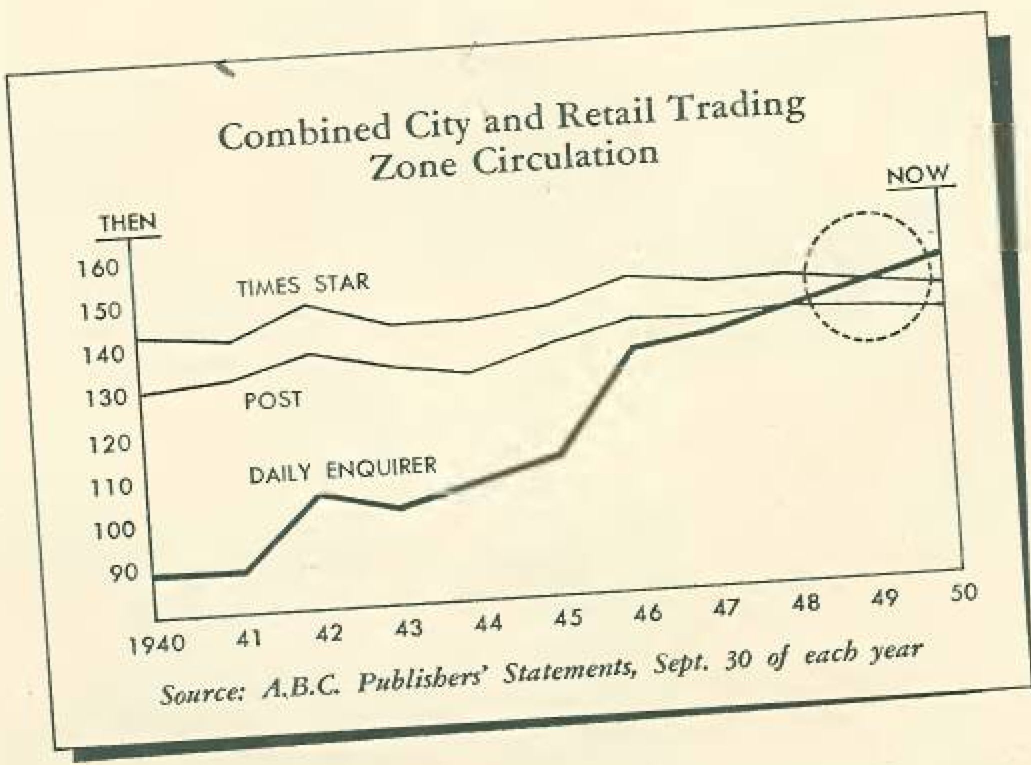

Dusted off these facts, lately? More and more and more . . . Cincinnati is a *morning-newspaper* town! Today, the Daily Enquirer has the largest combined city and retail trading zone circulation of any Cincinnati daily.

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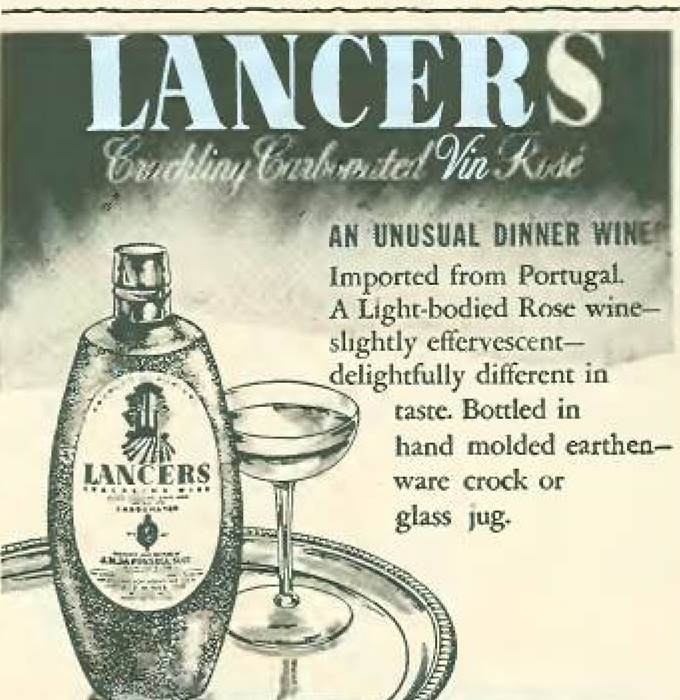

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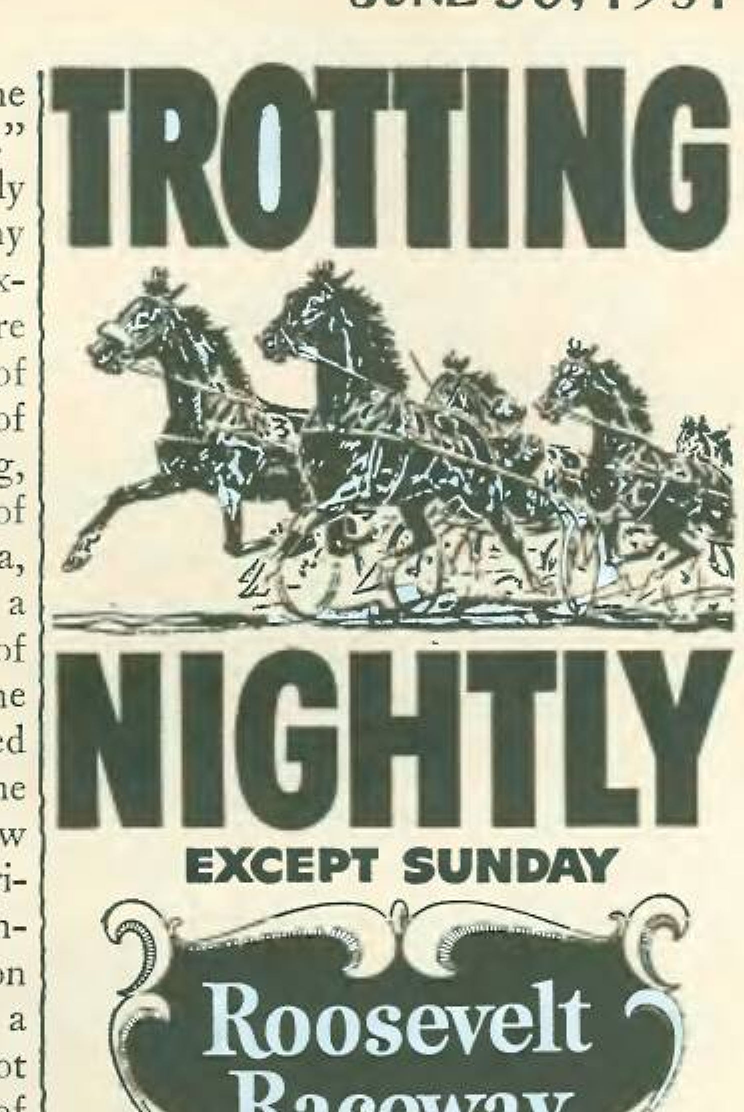
and holding a feather duster in one hand, burst into "Faraway Places." This girl, it turned out, was really travel-hungry. She dreamed of many faraway places. She dreamed, for example, of Santo Domingo, and we were privy to her dream, which consisted of a group of people engaged in one of those shagging, but not too shagging, Caribbean dances. She dreamed of London and its fog, and of China, where a young woman stood on a fragile Chinese bridge. She dreamed of Paris, too, and of a dashing gendarme who flirted with *les nurses*. She dreamed of Indiana (someone sang "Back Home in Indiana"), and finally a fellow identified as Home-Run Harry materialized to watch a ball game on a seventeen-inch General Electric television screen. Thus, within the space of a very few minutes, Mr. Waring not only had given us a sanitary tour of Santo Domingo, London, Paris, China, and Indiana but had taken us to Schenectady, where the bill for the program is paid. As a matter of fact, the transition to the commercial was executed with such skill and swiftness that for a moment I thought that I was still in some fascinating Old World spot.

Before the hour was over, Mr. Waring's show had covered a good deal of ground. Miss Jane Wilson sang, and quite prettily, "I'll See You Again," from "Bitter Sweet." A huge production number, with the massed orchestra and choristers again in evidence (incidentally, the camerawork on the Waring show is fairly spectacular), was devoted to a hymn dedicated to, of all places, Detroit. It was Detroit's two hundred and fiftieth birthday, or something. "That's how Detroit was born, that's how Detroit was born!" shouted the choristers. Miss Sarah Churchill came along, with Jeffrey Lynn, in a sketch entitled "Lines for a Lady." I will not burden you with the plot, beyond stating that it dealt with a celebrated actress who, while acting in a play written for her by her husband, is attracted to the leading man. "But, Keith, *you* chose him for the part," the actress says at one point. "Yes. Ironical, isn't it?" says her husband. Toward the close of his program, Mr. Waring turned to folk melodies, and we were privileged to hear three homespun young women, who were introduced as the McSharry Sisters—Janis McSharry, Rita McSharry, and Maralyn McSharry. They indulged in a number entitled "On Top of Old Smoky," but for my money it could



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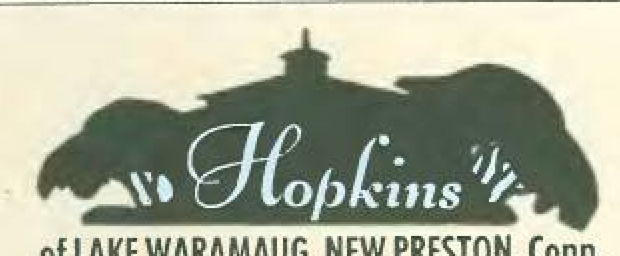

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The Surf Room
MACE IRISH AND ORCHESTRA
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have been called "Yippee-Eye-O, Rainier" or "Giddyap, Li'l Ole Mount Whiteface." There were several more of the slyly injected commercials, and the program ended with a rousing rendition of the spiritual "Dese Bones Gwine to Rise Again." Personally, I doubt it.

MR. WORTHINGTON MINER, the producer of "Studio One," is quite evidently a superior figure in the slum world of television. He early graduated, in a sense, from the cold-water flat, installed hot running water, fireproofed his place, and put in one or two modern conveniences. Comparatively speaking, his presentations are intelligent and in good taste. I am told that a couple of years ago he mounted an engrossing modern-dress version of "Julius Caesar," which is still referred to among the conjunctivitis set as "a tee-vee classic." A week or so ago, in the hope, no doubt, of making another classical splash, Mr. Miner presented Shakespeare's "Coriolanus," a drama never before produced in this country, television or no television. Within a matter of minutes, it was fairly obvious why "Coriolanus" is not as popular as, say, "Pericles, Prince of Tyre." The play unquestionably reads like a gem, but it had a tendency to get out of hand while being acted. I am not completely clear as to what was going on the other night. There *were* some stirring crowd scenes, and a good many congested alleyways swarming with masses of people elbowing one another in some sort of municipal frenzy, and I gathered that Coriolanus got too big for his boots, but the net impression was one of great noise and no substance. Too bad, for it was a nice try.

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

•

CHUCKLES WE DOUBT EVER GOT CHUCKLED

[*From the Marquette* (*Mich.*) *Mining Journal*]

"There is a saying in Mexico City, that visitors who look at the country's two volcanoes will not be really happy until they return to the country. I did not look at the volcanoes, but I had hardly gotten settled there, when I began to plan for returning some summer in the future," chuckled Miss Shirley Husby in an interview a few days ago.

•

EXPERIENCED tree climbers. Must be willing to travel.—*Adv. in the Norwich* (*Conn.*) *Bulletin.*

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- With the Captain's compliments: a smart overnight bag and, for the ladies, an orchid corsage and Lanvin's bewitching "Arpège."
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- Berths available for only $25.
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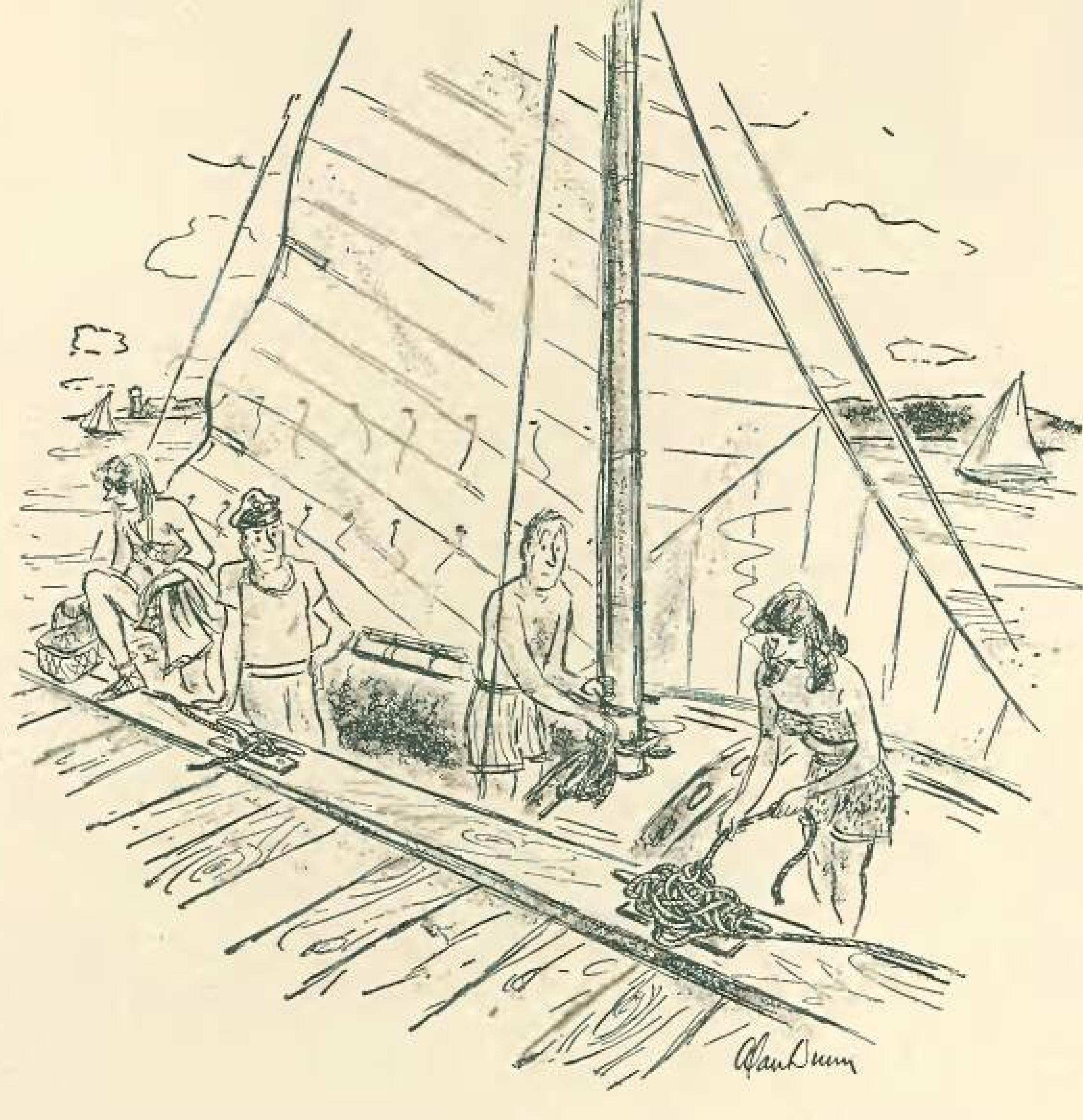
LETTER FROM KOREA

PUSAN,
JUNE 20

PRACTICALLY all roads in Korea lead, however bumpily, to Pusan, a seaport that not so many months ago seemed on the point of becoming an Oriental Dunkirk. Pusan, at the southeast tip of the peninsula, and Taegu, slightly over a hundred miles to its north, are the only large cities of Korea physically undamaged by the war. Taegu, which had a prewar population of around two hundred thousand, now houses, in a manner of speaking, about three times that number. Pusan, which had a prewar population of around half a million, now contains about twice that. It is almost impossible to arrive at more precise figures; estimates of the number of refugees who have come here from the north, for instance, range, even in supposedly informed circles, all the way from two hundred thousand to more than a million. Lately, nearly everybody involved in this country's anguished current history has moved through or into Pusan. The government of the Republic of Korea, with its attendant embassies and legations, has been in residence there since its evacuation from Seoul at the start of the year. A Northwest Airlines agent who had to flee Seoul himself at that time, and in doing so lost track of a limousine he had used to ferry passengers to and from the airport, was not terribly surprised a few weeks ago to discover that the missing vehicle had also migrated to Pusan; stripped of its wheels and its engine, it was serving as a home for two refugee families. There are streetcars running in Pusan that used to ply the tracks of Atlanta, Georgia; they were shipped here by courtesy of E.C.A. There are also rare private automobiles, some of them so aged and decrepit that their wheels seem to wobble sidewise as much as they roll forward. There are busy rail yards and a fine, spacious harbor—a bay flanked by handsome hills. The city's southerly location and its ample piers—which, like almost all other important facilities in prewar Korea, were constructed by the Japanese—have made it the chief funnel for the United Nations forces' seaborne logistic support. Fresh troops being shipped to the combat areas, and tired ones being rotated out, generally pass through here. Since, despite the attractiveness of its setting, this is a dingy, dusty, and unpleasantly fragrant community, the men are usually delighted to get beyond it, whichever way they are heading.

Clinging to the sides of the hills that rise in the center of the city are hundreds of shacks, built out of cardboard and paper by refugees who have been unable to find more substantial shelter. Many of these people are from Seoul, and they were much relieved to hear recently that their government and the Eighth Army are committed more firmly than ever to a policy of allowing no refugees to settle in Seoul. This restriction means, for one thing, that the permanent residents of Seoul now temporarily located elsewhere can hope to find their homes, on their eventual return, if not in awfully good shape, at least not occupied by squatters, who might invoke the old argument about possession's being nine points of the law.

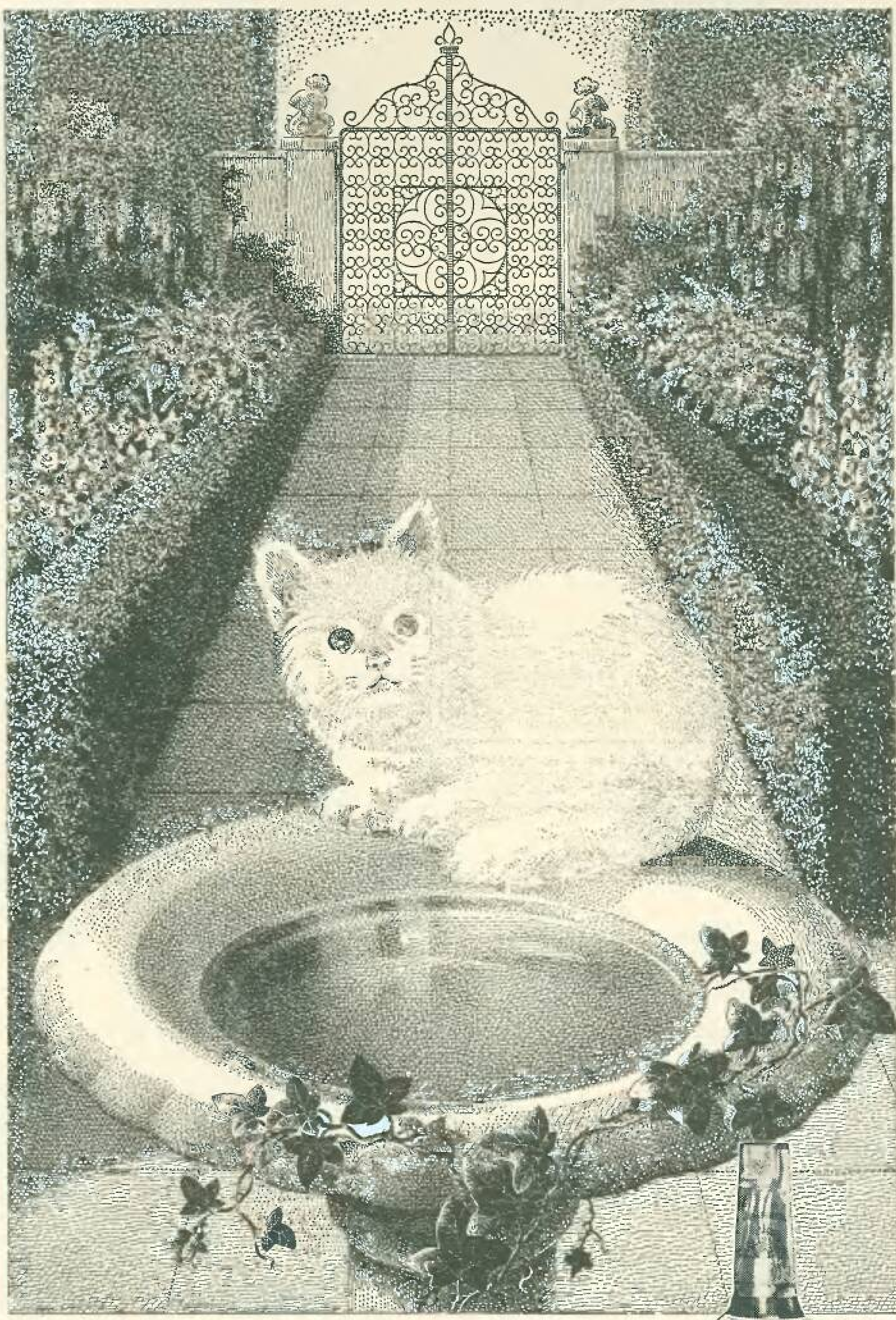
Throughout Korea there are now somewhere between three million and six million people who are adrift from their homes. In many instances, they are absolutely destitute, although they are on the whole much better off now than they were last winter, when subzero temperatures were added to their other formidable discomforts. The allotment of such succor as they have had—principally, a pound of rice daily apiece—has been handled in large measure by their own federal, provincial, and village officials, under the supervisory eye of the United Nations Civil Assistance Command for Korea. UNCACK, which operates under Army control, is composed about half and half of military and civilian personnel, many of the latter recruited from the World Health Organization, the International Refugee Organization, and the various global branches of the Red Cross. A typical UNCACK field team might consist of an American Army officer, a Scottish doctor, a Swedish welfare man, and a Peruvian sanitary engineer. Partly because of the philanthropic travels of such units as these, partly because of the natural hardiness of the Korean people, and partly because of the admirable resistance displayed by many local officials to the human temptation to skim off a little of whatever material aid comes their way, there has been no serious malnutrition in this country since the fighting began, and, what is perhaps even more remarkable, none of the diseases endemic to this part of the world has yet become pandemic. The lengths to which the government and UNCACK have gone to head off widespread illness were demonstrated not long ago in Pusan, where within three months seven hundred thousand Koreans were vaccinated against smallpox. "That's nowhere near as impressive statistically as what you did in New York a few years back," one UNCACK doctor, a Mexican, told me in Pusan the other day. "But in New York practically everybody understood what vaccination was all about, and went willingly to have it done. Here, where we have to cope with ignorance, we were obliged to seek out the population block by block and house by house. The mountain wouldn't come to us. We had to go to the mountain."



All over the southern Korean mainland, and on several of the islands to the south of it, refugee camps have been set up to provide shelter for those homeless folk who have failed to find it with friends or with hospitable

strangers. I looked in on one such installation in Pusan, on the site of what used to be the National Veterinary Quarantine Station, an asylum for indisposed cattle. Five thousand refugees were quartered there at the time of my visit, but their residential status was uncertain, for their particular governmental patron, the Minister of Social Affairs, was currently at odds with the Minister of Agriculture over the question of whether the place should continue to be made available to them or should revert to suspect cows. The accommodations I saw were of a sort that a fastidious dairy farmer in Wisconsin would certainly reject as sub-par. In one fifty-foot-long, sunless mud hut with a dirt floor and a thatched roof, surrounded by ditches buzzing with flies, ninety-seven people were living. Families of six were jammed into compartments measuring eight feet by six and separated from adjacent ones only by rice-sack curtains. There was no screening for the community kitchens—a couple of iron pots sitting over open fires—or for the community latrines, which were, to put it mildly, primitive. In the midst of such disadvantages, the inhabitants of the camp were doing their best to keep their huts tidy and to carry on some sort of social life. In one cattle shed, a school was in session, with a student body of four hundred and a faculty of four. The teachers, themselves refugees, had hardly any textbooks, but they did have a few blackboards, and the lessons they had chalked on these were being diligently copied by their pupils into notebooks made from the cardboard sides of ration cartons. The camp contained a hospital, too, consisting of a ward set up in the headquarters building of the quarantine station, and fifteen tents scattered around outside. Within each tent were some two dozen patients, arrayed on the ground on litters. During the last few weeks, the hospital's staff—six Korean doctors, with extremely scanty equipment—has had to care for as many as two hundred and forty-five incoming patients a day, many of them civilians who had been caught in an artillery barrage or a bath of napalm.

IN unavoidably striking contrast to that hospital was one I visited the following day, in another camp for displaced persons—the persons in this case being North Korean and Chinese prisoners of war. Behind the ring of barbed wire that encloses this camp is a huge hospital with considerable equipment and facilities, including a dental clinic



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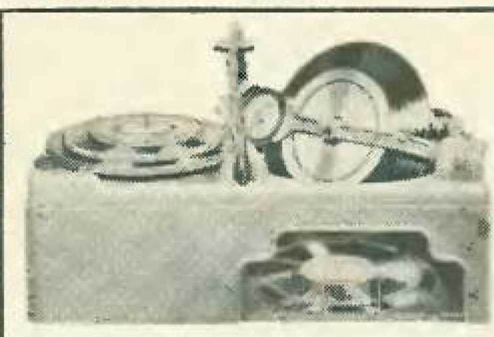

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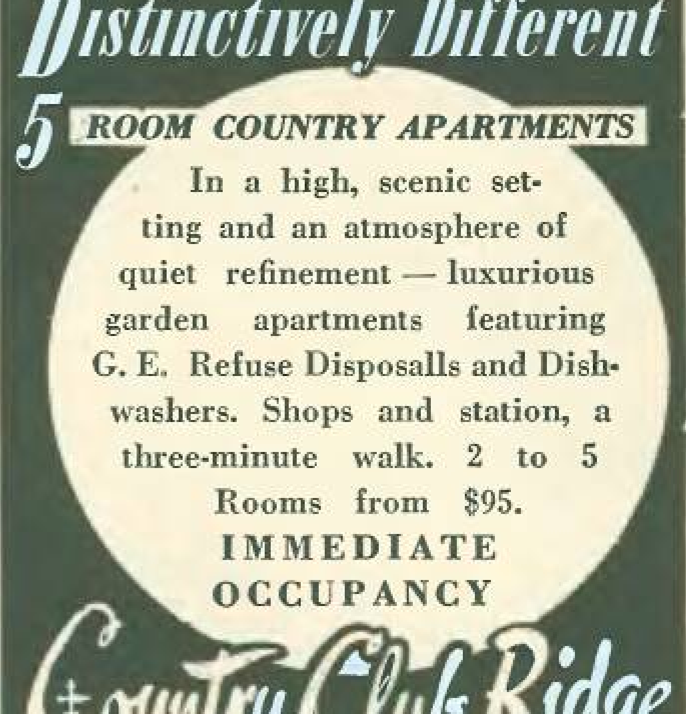

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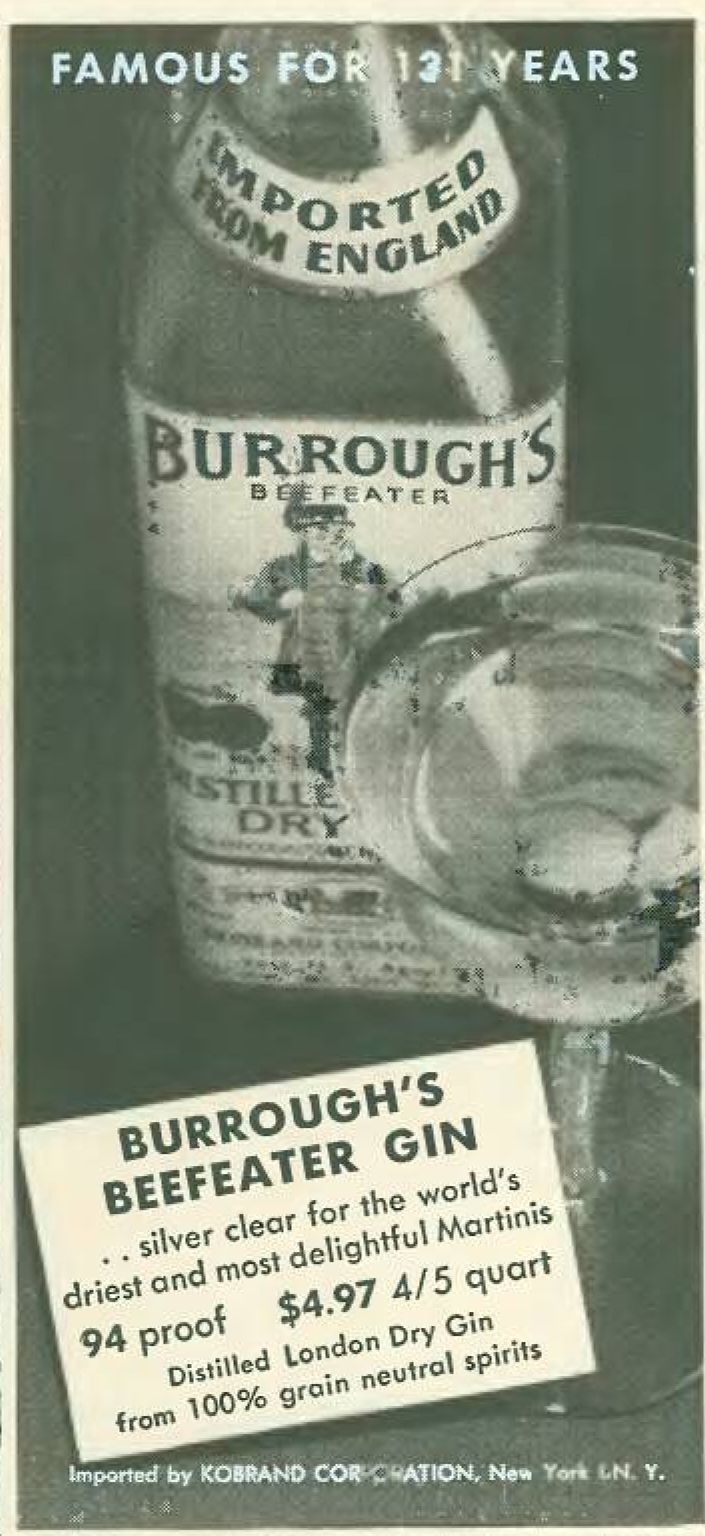
and an eye, ear, nose, and throat clinic, the latter complete with illuminated vision charts bearing Korean characters, got up by the American Army administrators of the place. Twenty-three American doctors were on duty when I dropped in, and I found that most of them, regardless of their feelings about their charges' previous activities, were pleased with at least one aspect of their assignment—it was giving them the chance, enjoyed by few physicians in the United States, to observe at first hand the symptoms of such interesting ailments as hemorrhagic smallpox and leprosy. About the only thing the prison hospital has in common with the refugee hospital, aside from the universality of pain, is that head cases requiring especially delicate surgery are referred from both places—as are similar cases among United Nations soldiers—to a specialist from Copenhagen who is based aboard a Danish hospital ship and who operates with impartial skill on damaged brains that in their sounder state have entertained all kinds of dissimilar notions about the causes and probable effects of this war.

A singular feature of the prisoner-of-war camp—where the living conditions provided for the healthy inmates by the United Nations command are likewise incomparably better than those the South Korean government can afford to furnish its refugees—is the presence in it of Sino-Red women prisoners, many of them accompanied by their children, and some of them nursing infants born in the camp after unusually confined confinements. A number of these women, who range in age from schoolgirls to grandmothers, explain their situation by claiming to be Army nurses. Others claim to be soldiers' wives who couldn't refrain from following their husbands into combat, or to be plain civilians, either North or South Korean in origin, who just happened to be taking a trip through the battle lines. The word "nurse" is apparently used rather elastically in the Orient; some of these captive nurses, while not markedly adept at adjusting bandages, have admitted to a good deal of experience in toting ammunition. It is an odd experience, after walking through the main part of the prison camp and seeing thousands of male Chinese and North Koreans—who are kept segregated, inasmuch as they seem to have little affection for each other—to come suddenly upon the women's compound, where children play animatedly in the dirt while their mothers sew or crochet to pass the time away.



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Some of the women are fairly tough characters who, during intracamp spats, have shown themselves less apt to scratch or pull hair than to go after one another with rocks. But others, more in the tradition of their sex, have made ladylike efforts to pretty up their tents; over one prisoner's cot I noticed two colored pictures tacked up—a drawing of a Madonna and Child with Asian features, and an advertisement, clipped from an American magazine, in which a handsome young couple were clinging together in a fervent embrace.

Many of the male prisoners devote hours to creating objets d'art out of beer cans, surely not the most pliable of materials. They have turned out ornamental wastebaskets, ashtrays, and cigarette cases, as well as flowerpots with tin flowers in them. Some of the tin flowers even have tin butterflies perched on their stiff petals. The United States Brewers Foundation may not be aware of it, but quite a few Koreans, no matter which side of the Thirty-eighth Parallel or the barbed wire they hail from, are addicted to fashioning things out of beer cans. In several Korean cities, I have seen shops in which children's sand pails made from beer cans were displayed. While calling at a Catholic orphanage in Taegu a few weeks ago, I was taken to the dining hall, where two long tables had been set for the evening meal. There were about a hundred places at the tables, and at each was a plate and, as a cup, a Ballantine's beer can with its top sliced off. I don't know why this orphanage goes in for that brand exclusively; there may be other institutions hereabouts partial to Schlitz or Pabst.

AMONG the people blended into the melting pot of Pusan are a great many who are preoccupied with the problem of what is going to happen to Korea when, if, and however hostilities cease. For example, the Ministry of Social Affairs, in view of the fact that from two hundred and fifty thousand to four hundred and twenty thousand dwellings have already been demolished in the Republic (it is just as difficult to get an exact count of ruined homes as of ruined human beings), has had blueprints drawn up for three kinds of house—urban, village, and farm—whose construction the government proposes to subsidize as soon as possible. (It is expected that a Korean farmer, given window sills, doorframes, tools, and plans, will be able

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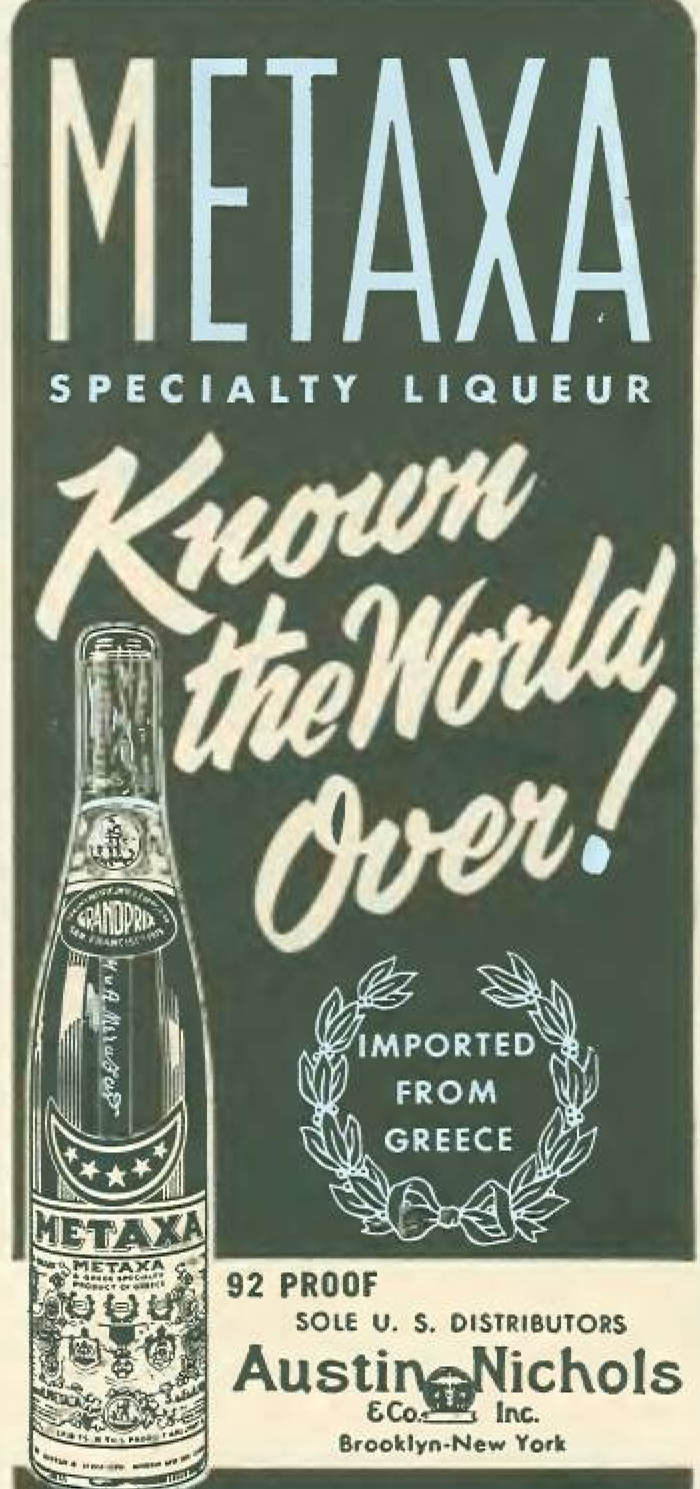

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to build an adequate stone-and-earth lodging for three hundred thousand *won*, or fifty dollars.) No one is more deeply concerned about the resurrection of this land than the representatives of the United Nations now in Pusan, for the U.N. was not only responsible for the birth of this nation but seems likely to have it as a rather helpless ward for some time. Korea has plenty of natural resources (coal and gold among them), good ports, and, by Oriental standards, a good road network. The country's economy is primarily agrarian, sixty per cent of its annual income in normal times being derived from its rice crop; even in 1950, South Korea exported a hundred thousand tons of rice to Japan. But the country is woefully short of citizens with industrial experience. The Japanese, during their occupation, allowed few Koreans to be initiated into the mysteries of running a business enterprise. Under the present constitution, practically all the major industries that the Japanese once supervised have been nationalized, but there aren't enough competent Koreans to manage them, and not many of them were self-sustaining even before the fighting began. Today, seventy per cent of South Korea's industrial potential has been shattered. The war, furthermore, has contributed to a serious inflation. Prices are now more than eight times what they were three years ago. The government is badly in debt and will probably go in deeper, partly because of a tax system that is regarded by visiting economists as inadequate and poorly administered. South Korea has already received substantial non-military aid from the outside world, including more than a hundred million dollars' worth of goods and services from the United States. And there have been gifts from other nations, too—five thousand metric tons of sugar from Denmark, about the same amount of salt from England, two thousand cases of laundry soap from Greece and eight thousand cases of it from New Zealand, a hundred tons of raw rubber from Liberia, and so on. But the country will need a great deal more help in the years to come.

At the moment, two United Nations agencies besides UNCACK are on the scene to give what help they can. One is the United Nations Commission for the Unification and Rehabilitation of Korea, or UNCURK, which functions mainly in the political sphere; the other is the United Nations Korean Reconstruction Agency, or UNKRA, whose province is economics. UNCURK, a

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seven-nation commission composed of representatives from Australia, Chile, the Netherlands, Pakistan, the Philippines, Thailand, and Turkey, has been in Korea since last November, when its members arrived at Seoul with the heady impression that the war was about finished and that their principal task—achieving unification—could be tackled almost immediately. Two days after their arrival, they were compelled to lower their sights as a result of General MacArthur's revelation that the Chinese had entered the war. Consequently, UNCURK's efforts toward unification have had to be mostly reflective. There has been the question to ponder, for example, of whether Communists should be permitted to vote in any elections that may be held jointly in North and South Korea, and, if so, whether the Communist Party, now understandably outlawed south of the Thirty-eighth Parallel, should be permitted to participate in the government. On a more practical and less remote level, UNCURK, like UNCACK, has been busying itself with such matters as the procurement of food and fertilizer and the rehabilitation of certain branches of the R.O.K. government. The United Nations has no direct authority over the government—after all, South Korea's sovereignty was proclaimed with the special blessing of the United Nations—but it has tactfully proffered some ameliorative suggestions, which have been adopted. Last December, for instance, after R.O.K. soldiers and police in Seoul executed some other Koreans "in a little too great quantity and a little too visibly," as one UNCURK man discreetly put it to me, the commission persuaded President Rhee's government to modify its disciplinary practices, with the healthy result that there have been few visible executions since. UNCURK has also succeeded in establishing and maintaining more cordial relations with the American military forces here than prevailed under General MacArthur, who was occasionally inclined to take a paternal rather than a filial view of the organization under whose banner his troops were deployed. The rapport between the United Nations and General Ridgway, who for a couple of years served at the head of the American Army staff mission at Lake Success, has been what a usually reserved UNCURK man described to me as "super-excellent."

The United Nations Korean Reconstruction Agency is still in the planning stage. The General Assembly has prom-

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ised it a budget of two hundred and fifty million dollars (part cash and part gifts in kind) for its first year of operations, but to date not all the forty-two nations that offered to contribute to this fund have actually come across. Indeed, the scheduled American appropriation of a hundred and sixty-two and a half million dollars has still to be authorized by Congress. According to Sir Arthur Rucker, the Deputy Agent-General of UNKRA and its highest official now in Korea, the job of repairing Korea, even with the aid of that robust contribution, will depend mainly on the Koreans. "All we can do," he told me the other day, "is to try, intelligently and generously, to help them help themselves. If we accomplish that, it will be a partial fulfillment of the United Nations charter." To the end of obtaining the right kind of help, the South Korean government recently asked UNKRA to enlist and import expert advisers in fifty-three specialized fields, among them harbor dredging, bridge building, water supply, tungsten refining, fish canning, pharmaceutics, telephone and telegraph communications, finance, and prison supervision. A few of these advisers have already arrived, a few more are on the way, and the rest of the panel will be filled as rapidly as UNKRA can find people who are suitable and available. One specialist whose presence the Koreans have requested but who may not be too easy to dig up is an expert in a field described by the petitioning government as "decommunization." Whoever he might be, a man with proved ability in that line would undoubtedly be considered handy by quite a number of uncertain governments today.

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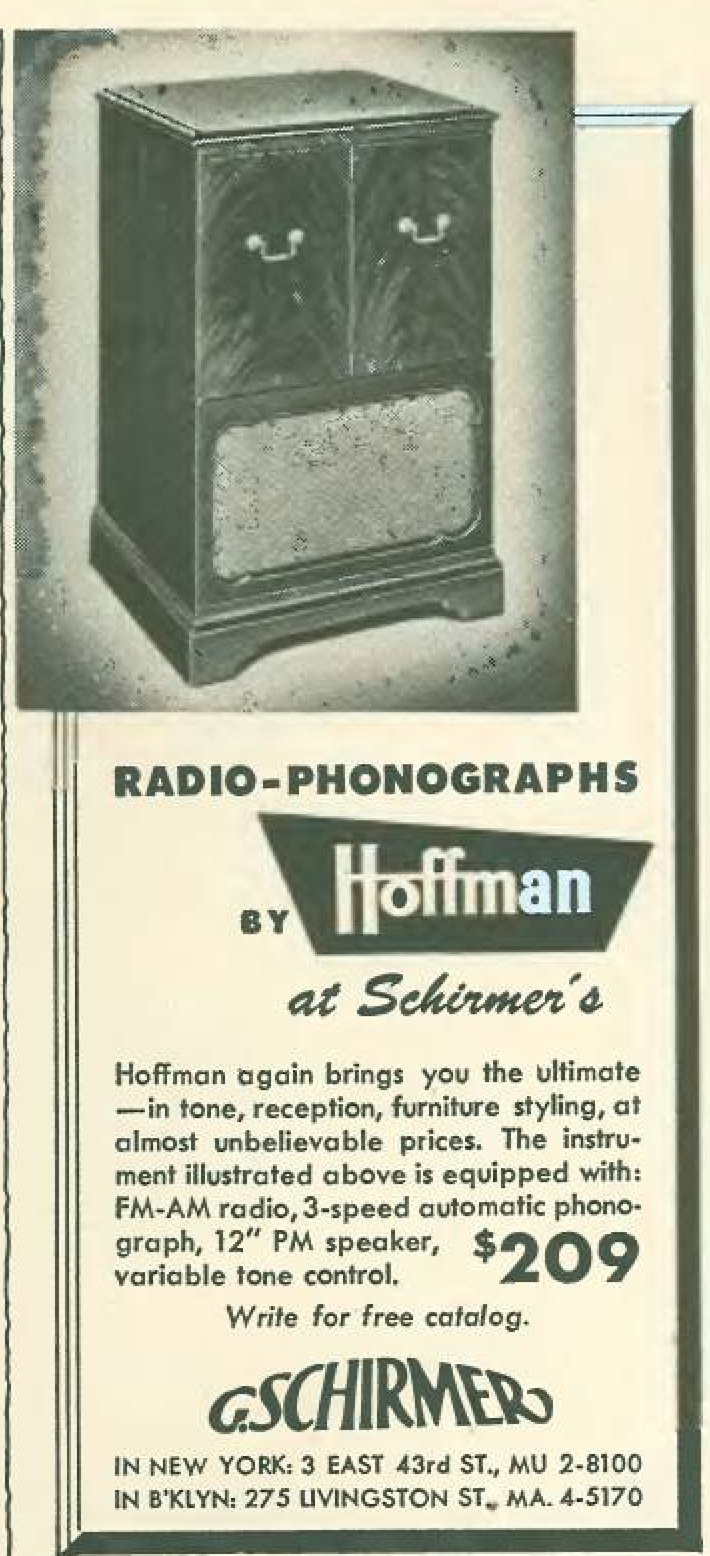

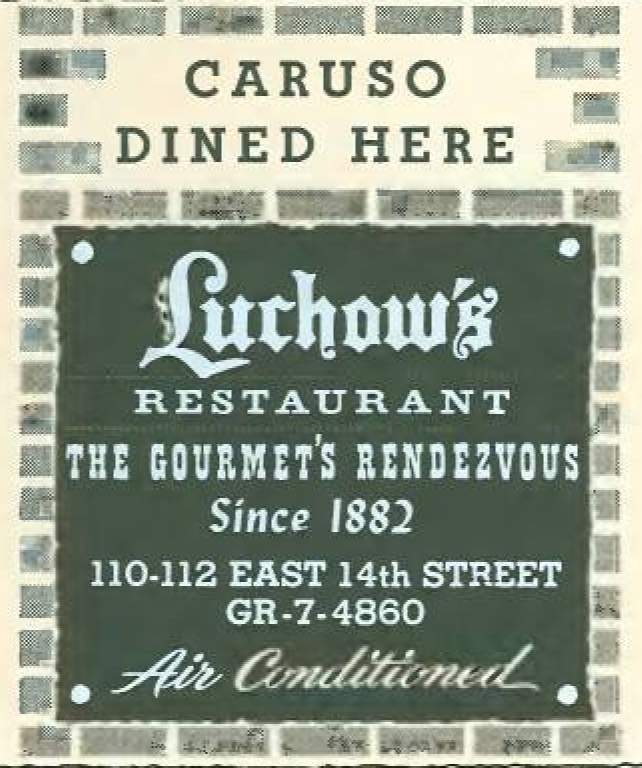

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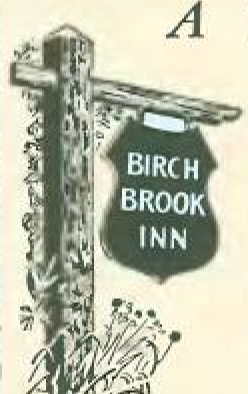

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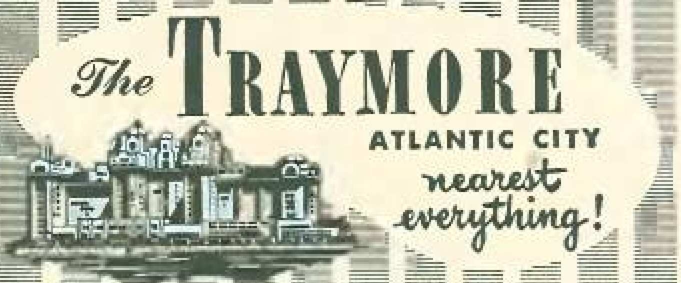

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

IN the face of the unreserved enthusiasm that designers, women's magazines, housefurnishings stores, and, apparently, country and suburban householders themselves lavish on the built-in barbecue grill, which every season grows more wondrous in structure, I can't hope to awaken a very widespread interest in that agreeable but rather outmoded entertainment, the picnic. Under the impression, though, that there are still a few ardent picnickers who would like to dissociate themselves from the smug crowd around the grill, I have gone to some pains to hunt down the sort of equipment that I feel sure they will instantly recognize as invaluable. I realize that I may be spoiling some of the fun, for the fact that such equipment is relatively hard to find is one of the charms of collecting it, and may, indeed, point to the superiority of the picnic over the home barbecue, which is catered to with such great and depressing thoroughness by the shops that nothing is left for the pleasures of inventive makeshift. (You must have noticed, also, how the built-in grill brings out the worst in shopkeepers, if not in the grillers—chefs' aprons with comic mottoes, salt shakers meant to look like colored mammies, and so on.)

As all good picnickers know, the first step in planning this sort of diversion is the selection of exactly the right basket, and I make bold to say that, no matter what your picnicking problem is, the right basket is to be found at the Basket Bazaar, 133 West 3rd Street. It has baskets from Hungary, Italy, Poland, China, Japan, Haiti, and Madeira, and some from right here at home; all of them are remarkably pretty and most of them are suitable for packing a lunch, some for such unwieldy provender as a roast of beef and half a dozen lobsters, others for just a few sandwiches and a thermos. Perhaps the most useful of these hampers, and certainly the most decorative, is one woven of a tough but soft and pliable Florentine straw in an exquisite lacy pattern that belies its strength and durability. The basket is rectangular, and deep and capacious enough to hold lunch for a large family. It has a fitted cover and woven, straplike handles, which encircle the basket and reinforce its bottom. It costs $7, and just looking at it makes your mouth water, because you can't help imagining it filled with extravagant delicacies—a lobster salad, a meat pie, a truffled chicken, and such. The Piazza, 217 East 49th Street, has this same item at the same price, and also has a companion piece, in a similar weave, shaped like those leather bags sold to carry thermos bottles; it costs $2.50 and is endlessly serviceable for transporting jars of spillable provisions like chowder, a shaker of cocktails, or a carton of milk.

Back at the 3rd Street bazaar, you will find any number of less elegant and less costly items that inspire equal confidence. There is, for example, at $4.50, a varnished brown basket from Poland that looks like those comfortable standbys French cooks take to market and bring home crammed with the makings of an entire meal. It is made of full willow—the trade term for unsplit willow—it is some fifteen inches long, eleven wide, and seven deep, and it is so magnificently sturdy that it will probably last a lifetime. A large, rather shallow number (twenty inches long, twelve wide, and six deep), made in Madeira of split willow, wouldn't be much good for carrying jars or bottles, but it would be fine for a big supply of sandwiches, three or four roast squabs, and a batch of such traditional picnic fare as stuffed eggs; $1.75. Another one of split willow, this from Japan and of only moderate size, has the typical market-basket form and would do well as a supplementary container; $2.50. As an old hand at packing picnic lunches, I am not greatly in favor of the suitcase type of basket. I prefer the flat-bottom variety, in which a cake or a bowl of salad will stay right side up. The suitcase hamper, though, has the undeniable advantage of being handy to carry, and there is an exceptionally well-made one of full willow at the bazaar, with very strong handles and fasteners; it would serve excellently for transporting wine bottles, canned goods, cutlery, and the like ($7.25). For a large company that can be counted on to cope with half a dozen bottles of wine, a special hamper ($9.50), called a steward's basket, which used to be imported from France by high-class housefurnishings stores before the war, not only will add a luxurious touch to the lunch but will be found extremely convenient. You

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may have encountered this impressive piece of equipment at French country inns, where it is used to bring up wine from the cellar. It is a particularly stout, boxlike container made of full willow, fitted with an extra-strong handle, and divided into six sections, each big enough for a quart of champagne, yet not so big that a claret bottle or even a Moselle bottle would be lost in it. I have hardly skimmed the surface of this shop's abundant collection, and whether you are casting about for something to pack a lunch in or just have a weakness for baskets, you should take a look. While I am on the subject, perhaps I should mention an old and valuable recipe for the preservation of all straw and willow: a soaking in water three or four times a year will prolong the life of such things incalculably.

Southern Highlanders, 610 Fifth Avenue (50th), have numerous fine hampers of hand-woven split white oak, at prices that range from $3, for a medium-size open basket, to $6.50, for a perfectly splendid deep, rectangular one with a tight-fitting cover. Fred Leighton, 15 East 8th Street, has an assortment of Mexican and West Indian baskets suitable for picnicking, and at the Pan American Shop, 822 Lexington Avenue (63rd), there is, among a lot of pretty hampers that are either too fragile or not the right shape for our requirements, a large covered market basket in brown and white split cane ($5) that is both practical and beautiful. Macy, Stern, and probably other stores have a new basket designed especially for carrying two pies in safety and comfort; it's square and just six inches deep, and contains a small removable shelf set on four legs; $3.98. Of course, Abercrombie & Fitch, Mark Cross, Lewis & Conger, and Hammacher Schlemmer, as well as other fancy shops, have the most sumptuous fitted lunch baskets and boxes that the heart of an affluent picnicker could desire, but everybody knows about these anyway, and as they haven't been changed since the beginning of time, except by the suppression of the spirit lamp and kettle in favor of the thermos, we shan't go into them here.

EVEN people who don't in general approve of tables at picnics will almost surely agree that something of the kind is necessary for a lunch on the beach. Macy has the perfect table for this purpose, a slatted, folding one that is twenty-six inches long and twenty wide, and costs $2.29. It stands only fourteen inches high, which is high enough to keep the sand out of the butter and low

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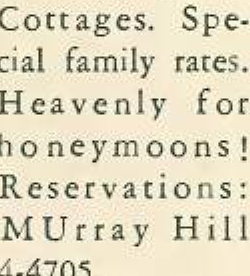
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enough to let picnickers sprawl around the table instead of sitting stiffly in chairs. These low beach tables were common before the war, but the Macy specimen is the only one I have come across this season. Abercrombie & Fitch have a very good-looking table of standard height that could easily be sawed down for use on the beach. It has a masonite top, which folds in the middle, and wooden legs, which fold, too, the whole package being about the size of a suitcase and equipped with a handle; $8.75.

For ordinary country picnics, where sand isn't a menace, a red-and-white checked cotton tablecloth is surely the most cheerful thing to spread on the ground, but if you think it's easy to come by such a simple item, except in a Third Avenue *bistro*, you are mistaken. Macy, which seems to be feeling exceptionally sympathetic toward picnics this year, has exactly the right cloths, fresh and countrified-looking, in clear red-, blue-, or yellow-and-white checks. A fifty-two-inch square costs $2.89, and a cloth fifty-two by sixty-eight inches is $3.09. Stern has even cheaper cottons in the same colors and in green and white, but these have rather less forthright charm than the simple Macy checks. Both stores guarantee that the colors are fast.

ALTHOUGH individual trays are a great convenience at a picnic, where a bowl of chowder, say, and a drink are to be juggled, they are by no means a necessity, and that's a good thing, because if you hold out for the light and inexpensive kind, you'll have a hard time locating them. Lewis & Conger have tin trays about eleven inches square, which are painted in a fairly harmless conventional design, for forty cents, and some of the Woolworth stores—notably the one at Fifth Avenue and 39th Street, where much of the picnic equipment is downright sensational—have a not too stridently decorated tray of about the same size, at thirty-nine cents. What kind of plate goes on these trays will most likely depend on how often you expect to picnic. Plastic-coated paper plates, which are to be had everywhere, are unquestionably adequate for an occasional jaunt, even if they do have a tendency to bend under a heavy load, but inexpensive ware that is more pleasing and just about as light is available for those who want dishes they can use summer after summer. This season's crop of dull-finish plastic plates, soup bowls, and cups comes in particularly pretty colors—a blue-gray, a brownish pink, and

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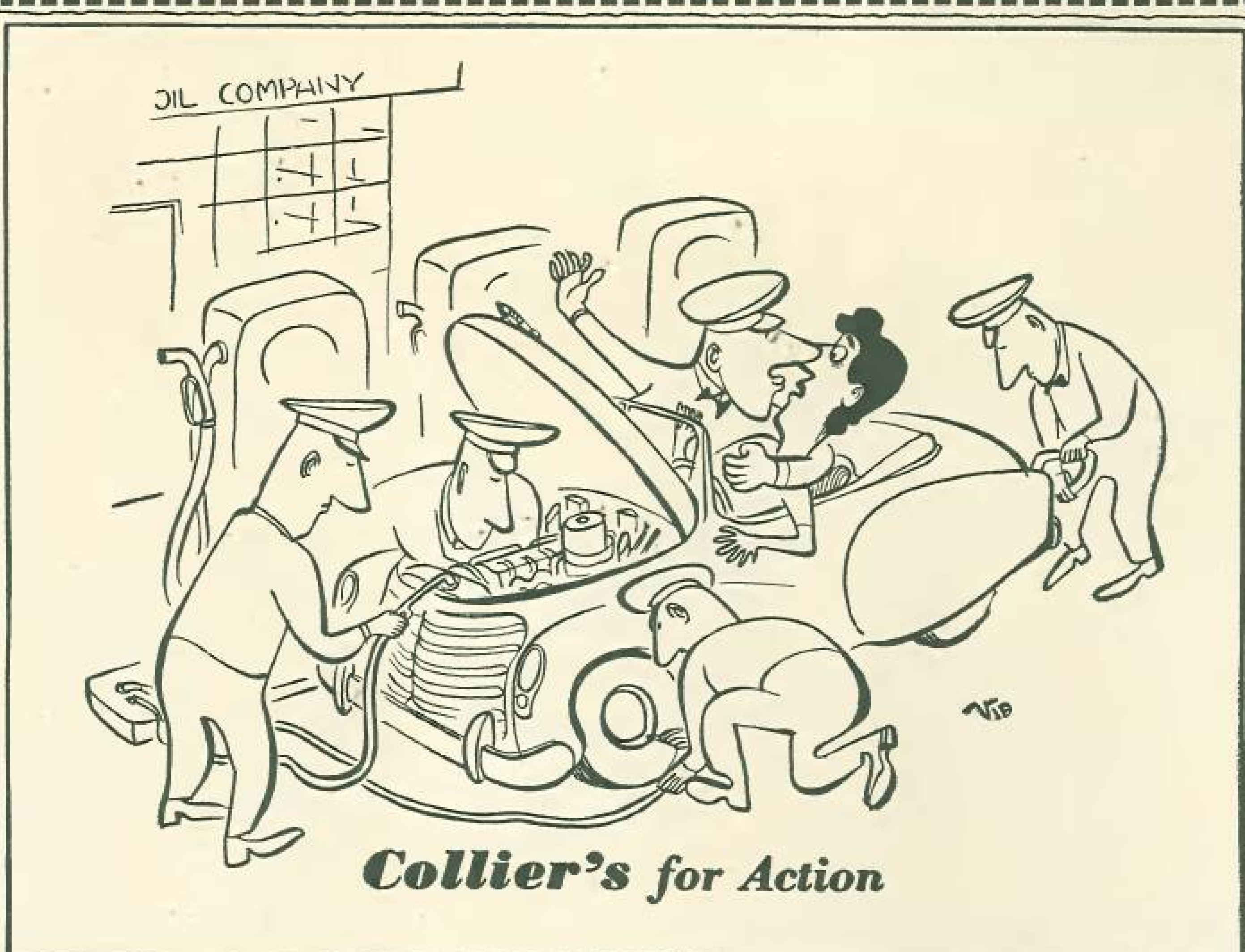

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so on—and there are, in the same shades, big, saucerless mugs that are dandy for picnic coffee. Most of these articles are to be had at Woolworth stores; soup bowls and mugs, for example, are around a quarter each. At the Pan American Shop and at Fred Leighton, Mexican tin plates with etched borders can be picked up for a dollar each. They are quite as light as plastic and, of course, last forever. I know a picnicking family that has used them for years, and they always lend a festive air and a touch of elegance to a basket lunch.

THERE are, needless to say, dozens of portable grills on the market, most of them elaborate and expensive and, moreover, too cumbersome to pack into the back of a car. One of the simplest and best is the Hi-Lo—a collapsible affair with a broiler large enough for two beefsteaks, and a charcoal pan that can be set at any height; this grill is sold at Abercrombie & Fitch, for $4.25. Abercrombie has an even more primitive grill, which costs a dollar; it is just a wire broiler on folding legs, and is exactly what a great many picnickers want to set over a driftwood fire on the beach.

SIMPLICITY is desirable not only in grills that are to be hauled around but in portable ice chests, of which there are a bewildering number in every housefurnishings store. To my mind, the most serviceable thing of the kind (it's also one of the least expensive) is a well-insulated metal box some thirteen inches high, twenty-one long, and twelve wide, with a removable galvanized-steel ice container that won't leak, a hinged top with a rubber gasket that is virtually airtight, and two handles for carrying. Sandwiches, salads, and the like keep admirably when the ice compartment is filled, and if still more effective refrigeration is wanted, the ice compartment can be taken out and ice packed directly in the box around jars, bottles, and such. This type of box is made by several manufacturers; Macy's version is called Ar-Maid and costs $7.98, but you will find chests that are just as satisfactory at Bloomingdale, Lewis & Conger, Abercrombie, Hammacher Schlemmer—practically everywhere.

For casual refrigeration, Lewis & Conger have plastic envelopes, called Thermo-Paks, filled with a mysterious gelatinous substance that, after being frozen in a deep freeze or refrigerator, will stay cold for several hours, much

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longer than a piece of ice the same size will last. They are six inches long, about four wide, and quite flat, and are packed, like ice, around anything to be kept chilled; unlike ice, they won't melt into things, weigh almost nothing, and can be used over and over. They come in sets of three, for $2.95.

THOSE convenient Tupperware containers, which are made of a pliable plastic and have so many uses, seem to be temporarily off the retail market, but the ten-cent stores have come up with a line of similar jars that will do very well for the picnic basket. Most useful of these are the quart size, at forty-nine cents, and the fifty-ounce size, at fifty-nine cents, both with tops so tight-fitting as to be entirely spill-proof. (I've tested this.) Tumblers, bottles for French dressing, and so on are available in the same plastic. At some of the grander Woolworths, there are also short-bladed table knives with good cutting edges and blond wood handles, spoons and forks of stainless steel, dark-blue plastic spoons in a variety of sizes, and all kinds of plastic boxes.

FOR some reason, one of the pieces of picnic paraphernalia most often overlooked is a good corkscrew, so, before bringing this check list to an end, I had better call to your attention a corkscrew that is the most efficient thing of its kind (I say this advisedly) yet invented. This is an Italian import, which, with the least possible effort on the part of the operator, draws out the most crumbling-with-age cork with never a mishap. Its principal difference from conventional corkscrews is that it has two winglike levers that stand up when the bit is embedded in the cork and fetch it with a steady pull when they are pushed down. It is to be had at the Piazza, Hammacher Schlemmer, the Hoffritz stores, and the Bar Mart, 62 West 45th Street, among other places, at from $1.95 up. This, along with some generous-size lobster bibs that are hand-stencilled with a pattern of lively red lobsters and might be useful for a shore supper—they cost $1.25, at the New York Exchange for Woman's Work, 541 Madison Avenue (54th)—ought to get any picnic started happily on its way. —S. H.

•

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I Want to Be Loved

"HE RAN ALL THE WAY" is a deceptive title for a film that permits its protagonist only a brief sprint in the open air before confining him to an indoor set where there isn't room enough for him to do even a dogtrot. This lack of mobility is troubling, and so is the insistence on the part of the picture's producers that we assume an ambivalent attitude toward their hero. One moment, we learn that he is a killer as carefree in his handling of firearms as the boys in Cicero used to be; a few frames later, we are asked to work up a bit of sympathy for the lad because, no matter how often he threatens to let somebody have it, fundamentally he just wants to be loved. The originality of his approach to the business of winning affection is not to be gainsaid, but somehow, even with the best will in the world, it's hard to entertain really warm sentiments toward a youth who keeps interrupting his search for love by pulling a .38 out of his belt and drawing a bead on the handiest person—man, woman, or child—in his vicinity.

"He Ran All the Way" starts out by involving its leading character in a payroll holdup, during which a policeman is killed. Richer by ten thousand dollars as a result of the foray, but rather at loose ends for secure accommodations, the gunman solves his housing problem by taking up with a simple, romantic maiden whose eyes are full of misty dreams, and possibly a few flecks of flour, since she is employed as a pie packer in a bakery. With little or no difficulty, our man persuades this young lady to invite him home with her, and presently she, her parents, and her younger brother are being held captive in their dreary apartment by the bandit. Despite feeling a tendency to fidget when the picture was inevitably hobbled by the limitations of this setting, I must say I was brought to attention every now and then by such scenes as one in which the gunman tries to force his prisoners to join him in a turkey dinner he has had sent in after they have resolved to eat nothing but their own honest stew.

I guess a good part of the effective-

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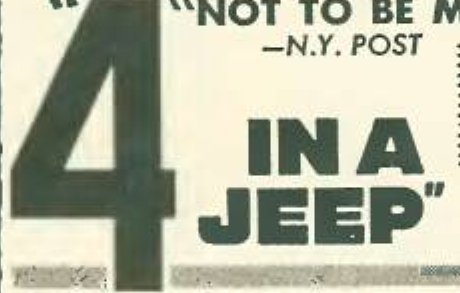

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ness of isolated episodes in "He Ran All the Way" is due to the performances of actors like John Garfield, Wallace Ford, and Selena Royle. As the killer, Mr. Garfield almost succeeds in convincing the spectator, against his better judgment, that the character is a plausible one, and he threads his way with more skill than the producers had any right to expect through the emotional jungle in which he finds himself. Mr. Ford and Miss Royle, as the parents of the pie packer, complement Mr. Garfield's activities most ably, and Bobby Hyatt, who plays the young brother, adds a nice bit. I'm not so sure, though, about Shelley Winters, as the susceptible bakery girl. At times, she seems to be confusing idiocy with innocence, and while I'd be the last man in the world to deny the possibility of love at first sight, I don't think the dawning of that rich feeling can account for the elimination of *all* common sense. In the interests of realism, Miss Winters plays her role devoid of makeup. For my money, there's no reason whatever for attempting to make a drab out of a pretty girl in the movies.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

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MID-ATLANTIC ISLAND

(AZORES)

There being no music here,
The eye translates her images
To feed the starving ear:

The mountain, heavy and slow,
Is a dark bass; deployed,
On the shore below,

Is a bright treble coming
Thinly up the sands;
It sets the mind humming

A thing that the eye sees
And so equates in sound,
Having a starved ear to please.

—DAVID MORTON

•

The new cabinet has four drawers which are capable of holding 5 x 8 cards. The card will hold the following information: name, address, class, date of birth, prep school, pledged, initiated, affiliated, course, fraternity offices, and occupation. When a brother dies his card will be pulled out of the alumni file and put in a deceased file so that brothers who have passed on will not receive fraternity information as has happened several times in the past.—*Marquis Fiji, a Phi Gamma Delta publication.*

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BOOKS

Plays, Ploys, and Gambits

AN Englishman named Stephen Potter has written, in "Lifemanship; or, The Art of Getting Away With It Without Being an Absolute Plonk" (Holt), the second of what might turn out to be, if we're lucky, a series of books on the subject of success. In 1948, Mr. Potter came up with one of the few really original comic ideas of the past ten or fifteen years and produced a manual on a special kind of misbehavior, which he called "The Theory and Practice of Gamesmanship; or, The Art of Winning Games Without Actually Cheating." In it, he issued instructions on how to make various types of sportsmen uncomfortable, thereby putting them at a disadvantage and insuring their defeat at golf or cricket or whatever. He classified his methods and devices under such headings as plays and counterplays, gambits, and ploys. ("Subplays or individual manoeuvres of a gambit are usually referred to as 'ploys.' It is not known why this is.") He amplified them with footnotes and learned references, and he illustrated them with anecdotes—some of which were probably true, though it's hard to be sure—about the outrageous exploits of people he claimed as fellow-Gamesmen, including Sir Francis Meynell, John Strachey, and Professor C. E. M. Joad. He also used, as he has done again in his newest book, elaborately technical diagrams, drawn with considerable humor by Frank Wilson. It wasn't absolutely necessary, though it helped, for the reader to have met a few serious sportsmen and to have at least thumbed through a few serious sporting handbooks in order to see that Mr. Potter had hit on a neat method of parodying both of them at once, and that he also had a great deal on his mind besides sports. Now, in "Lifemanship," he has demonstrated both as a humorist and as a strategist that his methods work just as well off the playing field as on it. Like "Gamesmanship," "Lifemanship" is a handbook, and Mr. Potter has again used numerous footnotes and numerous stories about his cronies, and has outlined his strategy in the same sporting vocabulary. He has also defined, in a brief foreword, the principle on which this strategy is based: "In one of the unpublished notebooks of Rilke there is an unpublished phrase which might be our text: '. . . if you're not one up (*Blitzleisch*) you're . . . one down (*Rotzleisch*).' *How to be one up*—how to make the other man feel that something has gone wrong, however slightly. The Lifeman is never caddish himself, but how simply and certainly, often, he can make the other man feel a cad, and over prolonged periods."

The Lifeman is, of course, the Gamesman in a different setting. "You will find [him], I hope, genial, encouraging, and provided you are willing to accept the One Down condition, sometimes apparently genuinely helpful," says the author, treating us to a self-portrait. The Lifeman operates most frequently in situations in which getting One Up amounts to making a better impression than anyone else around. His opponents include weekend guests, world travellers, and psychiatrists. The most effective gambits Mr. Potter has thought up for him come under the great heading of Conversationship, and the almost equally important one of Writership, whereas some gambits enabled the Gamesman to unnerve his opponents without the use of words—for example, wearing either terribly suitable or terribly unsuitable clothes, or hitting a tennis ball with a racket in which a piece of piano wire tuned to high G had been substituted for one of the strings. Mr. Potter is at his most helpful when he is suggesting—if a voice as peremptory as his can be said to suggest—the words that he feels will produce the results he has in mind. His disciples must be prepared to make all other contenders for the limelight feel ill-bred (by employing Bad Taste gambit in Counter Funny Story Play), or awkward about their religion, or badly educated (by Quotationship—"The quotation of two or three lines of a stanza from Spenser's 'Faerie Queen' is probably as good an all-round silencer as anything"—and Languaging Up, which means "to confuse, irritate, and depress by the use of foreign words, fictitious or otherwise, either singly or in groups"), or stuffy (Lowbrowmanship, the two standard phrases of which are "Oh, I don't know" and "I'm awfully sorry," as in "Oh, I don't know, I rather like a bit of old-fashioned vulgarity. And, I'm awfully sorry but I like leg shows"). A Lifeman must always refer to another man's country house as "a cottage," a device that almost automatically puts him one up on the owner, because it's "impossible to reply 'My *what*?' " If the owner

happens to be a Lifeman, too, he will let the remark go unchallenged, and later say something like "We've had to close the south wing altogether" (Counter-Cottaging).

If Lifemen are writers, they must be able to compose a dedication so embarrassing and intimate that no critic will have the face to give their books unfavorable reviews, and if they are critics, they must be able to condemn a book, without bothering to study its contents, by the canny use of "O.K. words" (mystique, classique, catalyst, diathesis) or "O.K. names," such as Rilke, Kafka, and Lorca (Rilking), and conceal their envy of its author by making his information seem unimportant and pedantic ("the 'for God's sake' branch of the 'After all' section of Writership"). Lifemen must be able to get the better of any man who is sounding off on any topic at all by saying something obvious in a dogmatic and hollow voice (Plonking) or by asking a foolish question. "There is no finer spectacle than the sight of a good Lifeman, so ignorant that he can scarcely spell the simplest word, making an expert look like a fool in his own subject, or, at any rate, interrupting him in that stupefying flow."

"Lifemanship" is not quite so tidy a book as "Gamesmanship," and it doesn't hang together as well (it is a collection of pieces that appeared in British magazines), but it has more variety, and, except for a few fumbles and an occasional dull stretch, in which the author (quite apart from his wonderful swagger as the Grand Old Gentleman of Gamesmanship) sounds a little too pleased with himself, it manages to be funnier. Mr. Potter is serious about his performance, both as a Gamesman and as a humorist. He has become an expert at this peculiarly English kind of fooling, in which a writer ridicules behavior that strikes him as silly or excessive but that doesn't really offend him. By means of the disciplined and straight-faced style he has devised, he has been able to express great wit and exuberance, and a point of view that is rooted in shrewd observation and good will and common sense.

—EDITH OLIVER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE TEAHOUSE OF THE AUGUST MOON, by Vern Sneider (Putnam). A story of the rehabilitation of a small Okinawan village called Tobiki. Mr. Sneider's crudely drawn characters and thin, obvious humor would be

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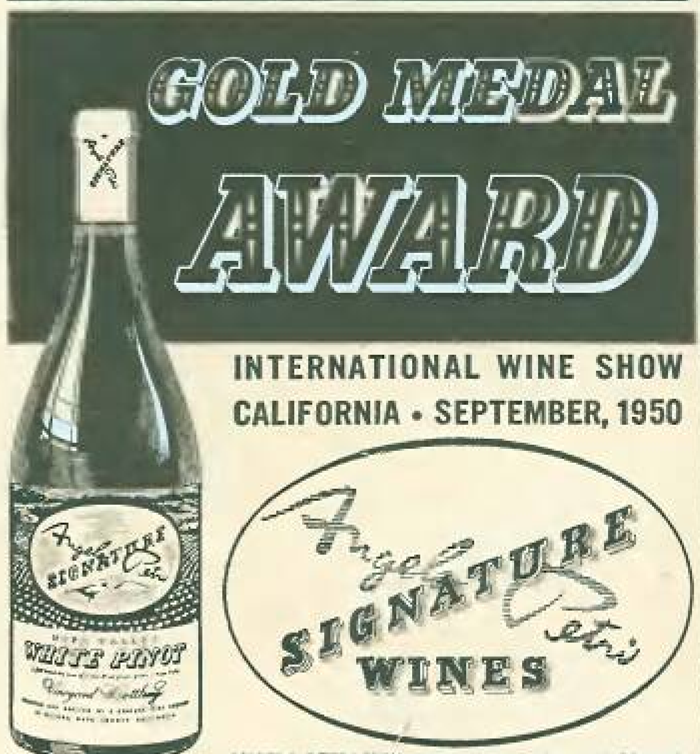
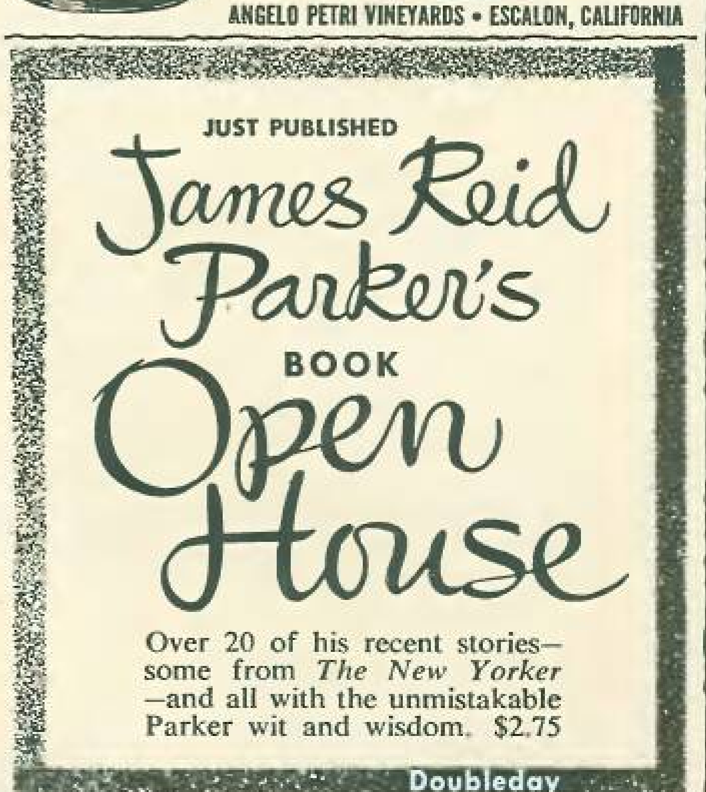




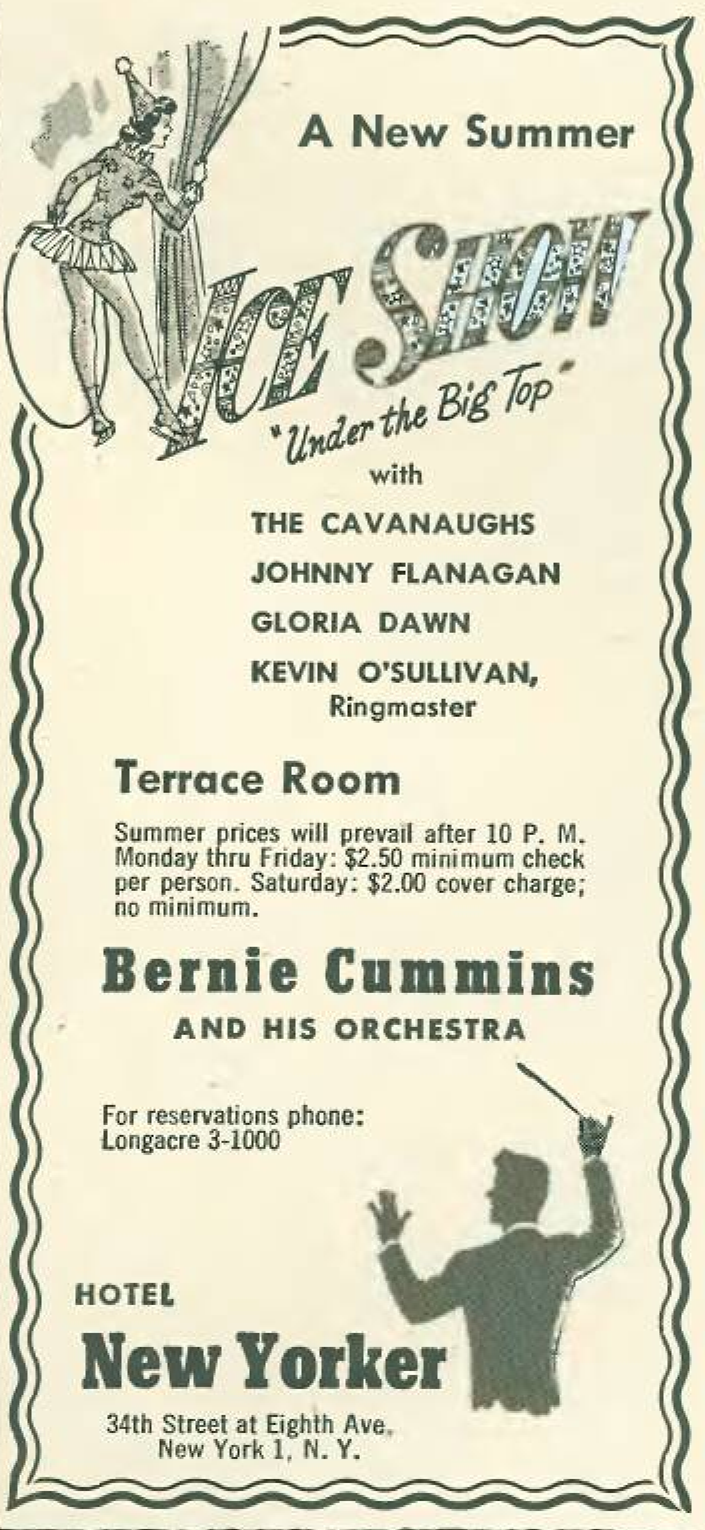
fine in a comic strip but show up poorly in a full-length novel. He concentrates on a good-hearted Army captain named Jeff Fisby, who owns a drugstore back in Napoleon, Ohio, and does his best to give the inhabitants of Tobiki the sort of life they want, in defiance of Army regulations. Interfering authority is represented by a bombastic Colonel Wainright Purdy III, and romance by a pretty geisha girl named First Flower, who is in love with an impecunious Okinawan artist.

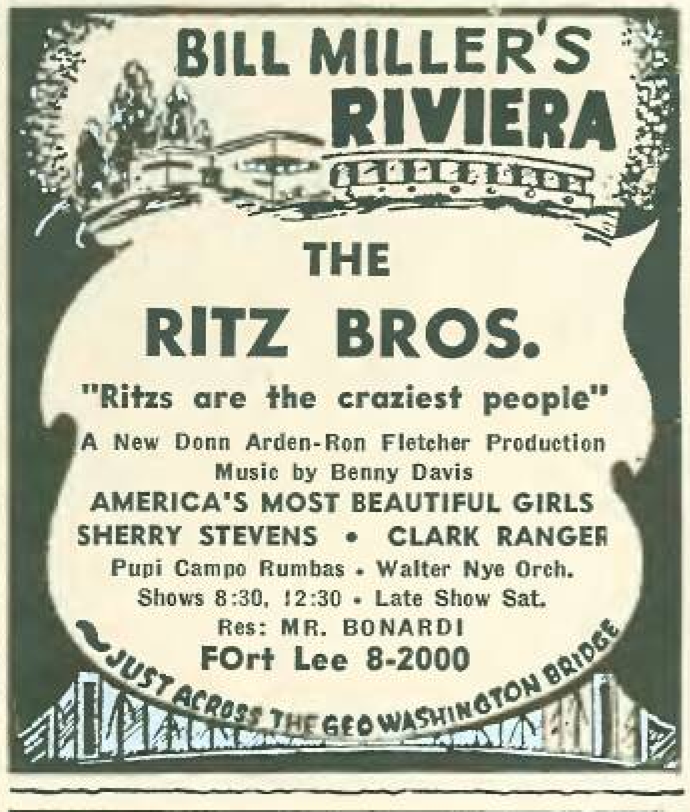
THE FAR WHISTLE, by Warren Beck (Antioch). A collection of sensitive and observant, but rather dull and overwritten, short stories, most of them concerned in one way or another with the regret, guilt, or uneasiness of the narrator at having attained a degree of wisdom still withheld from others. Mr. Beck likes to write father-and-son stories, and these fit particularly well into his favorite device, which is to set up a situation and let his narrator comment on what goes on, a device that might be all right if what we heard were less sententious and trite than it is.

GENERAL

DEAREST ISA, edited by Edward C. McAleer (University of Texas Press). A collection of letters written by Robert Browning to Isabella Blagden, a literary lady of some mystery, who first met the Brownings in Florence in 1850 and who became the poet's closest woman friend and confidante after Elizabeth Barrett Browning's death. Browning and Miss Blagden made a pact to write to each other once a month, and apparently it was faithfully kept until her death, in 1873; he insisted that the correspondence should be a private one and burned her letters to him, but Miss Blagden saved his, and the hundred and fifty-four known to be in existence are in this book. They are warm and intimate in tone, and full of amiable gossip about their mutual friends in the Florentine foreign colony and in England; of opinions, literary and personal; and of the homely details of a famous man's life. Dr. McAleer has appended a note to each letter, explaining what needs to be explained, and has produced a first-class piece of scholarship that only Robert Browning himself could fail to appreciate.

CAREER AMBASSADOR, by Willard L. Beaulac (Macmillan). The unpre-





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tentious autobiography of a Foreign Service officer who started his career as vice-consul in the oil town of Tampico, Mexico, and, in twenty-seven years of what he calls "routine American diplomacy," rose to become ambassador to Paraguay and Colombia. Mr. Beaulac was in Arica, Chile, during the Tacna-Arica trouble of 1925, and he was in Nicaragua in 1928-33, when the United States Marines were on the hunt for Sandino. During the Second World War, he served under Ambassador Carlton Hayes in Madrid (he writes a closely reasoned and convincing brief in favor of our wartime policy toward Spain), and afterward, as Ambassador to Colombia, he was the man on the spot during the notorious Bogotázo, the mass uprising in the Colombian capital that was staged—by Communists, he thinks—during the Ninth International Conference of American States in 1948, and resulted in the burning of the city and the death of more than a thousand persons. The author writes with ease and humor, and succeeds in giving a pretty good idea of what life in the Foreign Service is like, although one might question his use of the word "routine."

MY LIFE IN MUSIC, by John Erskine (Morrow). This is a charming first-person record of how the late John Erskine grew up with music and how musical culture grew up in America. Mr. Erskine had a hand in an amazing number of musical institutions, one of the most important being the Juilliard School of Music, of which he was the first president, and which he made into a kind of Johnny Appleseed conservatory that provided its first-rate graduates with funds, so they could scatter all over the country to found local music schools and to train orchestras. His efforts, as a trustee, to "Americanize" the Metropolitan Opera were less successful, but he is honest and very funny in telling about them and describing how the Met is run. Above all, his book is delightful in its ability to convey the matchless pleasure its author derived from playing the piano during his incredibly busy lifetime.

AN ISLAND SUMMER, by Walter Magnes Teller (Knopf). A record of a vacation spent in a summer cottage on Martha's Vineyard by the author, his wife, and their four young sons. Some of Mr. Teller's entries are no more than jottings commemorating such phenomena as a bunch of sea

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gulls, a deer, a stand of butterfly weed, or a visitor from the mainland; others are extended accounts of fishing expeditions, cooking experiments, conversations with local residents, excursions into the works of Thoreau, and so on. From the book as a whole it may easily be deduced that the author is an unusually devoted, but not indulgent, parent; that he's remarkably handy around the house, which is fortunate for Mrs. Teller, who is an artist; that he admires fine, velvety prose, with an occasional dash of salt, and is addicted to the incomplete, or verbless, sentence; and that Martha's Vineyard is just about an ideal vacation spot, as long as one is equipped with a notebook at all times. Illustrations by Donald McKay.

EXILE'S RETURN, by Malcolm Cowley (Viking). A new edition of Mr. Cowley's biography of the Lost Generation, which was first published in 1934. He has written a new foreword and a new concluding chapter, and has made some revisions in between that reflect changes in his political opinions. The book is partly autobiographical (but only to the extent that the author's doings had a bearing on the actions and attitudes of American intellectuals in the nineteen-twenties) and partly a chronicle of the Jazz Age in literature and the great letter-of-credit migration of American writers to Paris. It is good to have it back in print again.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE CASE OF THE FRIGHTENED MANNEQUIN, by Christopher Bush (Macmillan). Practically every member of his family has an excellent reason for disliking Peter Wesslake, a middle-aged perpetrator of adventure and mystery fiction, and eventually one of them gets around to doing something about it. Mr. Bush provides an extensive and varied cast, ranging from an eighty-year-old matriarch to the ex-model of the title, but the action is leisurely and rather more complex than exciting. The problem of who disposed of Wesslake and left his corpse in the woods is finally cleared up by Ludovic Travers, a stylish sleuth who has certainly handled more fascinating cases.

•

Ted Williams, Boston Red Sox star, is the subject of RKO Pathe's latest Sportscope short subject, "Ted Williams."—*R.K.O. news release.*

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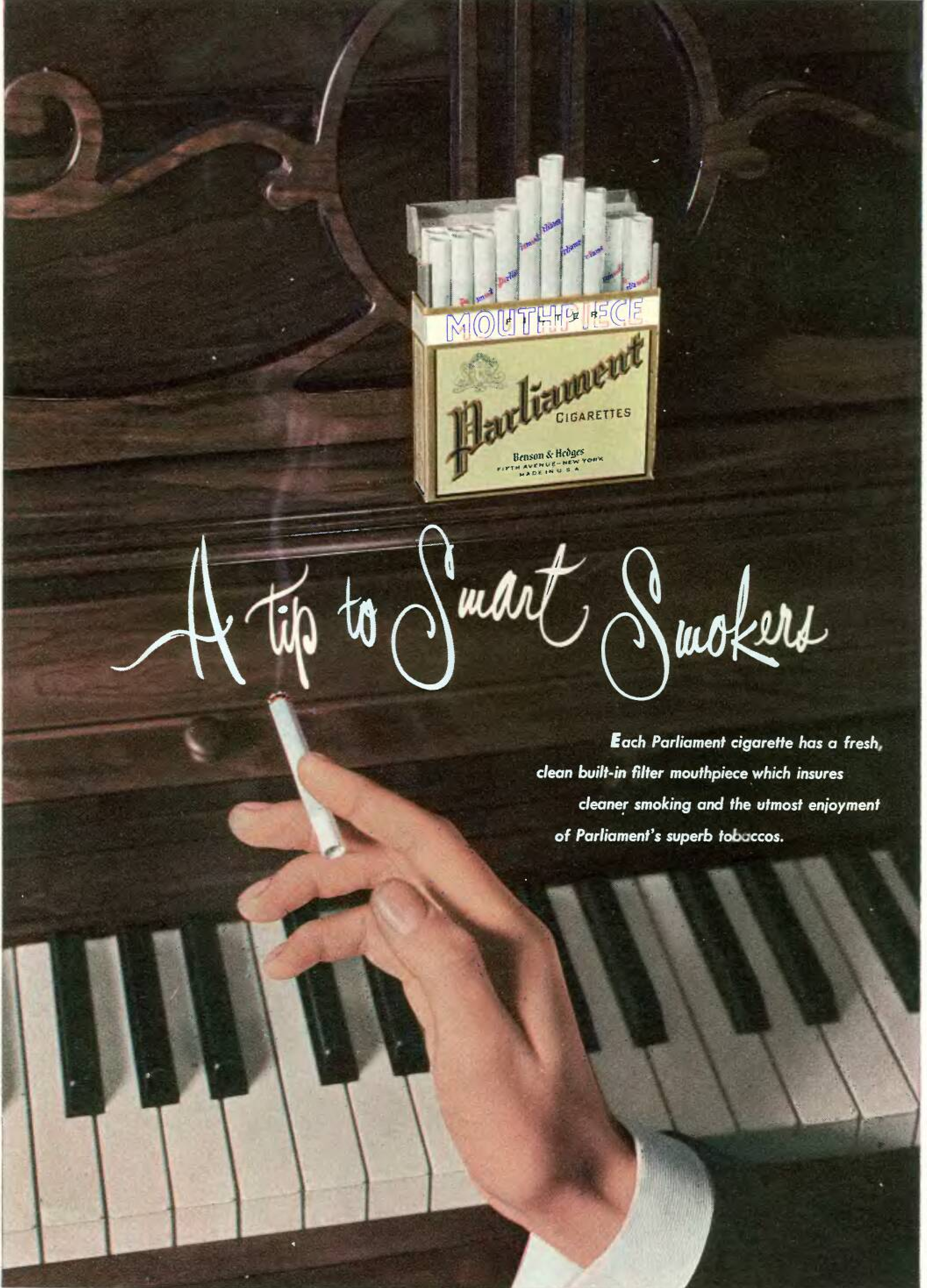

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