Mar. 8, 1952

# THE NEW YORKER

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ON THE PLAZA

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE THEATRE

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

### PLAYS

**CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA** and **ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA**—Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh in the Shaw play and the Shakespeare tragedy. All very eminent. "Caesar and Cleopatra": Thursday and Friday evenings, March 6-7; Monday evening, March 10; Wednesday matinée and evening, March 12; Thursday evening, March 13; and Saturday matinée and evening, March 15. "Antony and Cleopatra": Saturday matinée and evening, March 8; Tuesday evening, March 11; and Friday evening, March 14. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Through Saturday, April 12.)

**THE CONSTANT WIFE**—Somerset Maugham's 1926 comedy concerning a lady who has remarkably superior views about sex has been revived with a cast headed by Katharine Cornell and including Brian Aherne and Grace George. In spite of the efforts of these talented people and of Guthrie McClintic's direction, it shows its age. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Special matinée for the Equity Welfare Fund Thursday, March 6.)

**THE FOURPOSTER**—Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn are both excellent in Jan de Hartog's play about a not especially eventful marriage. Produced by the Playwrights' Company and directed by José Ferrer. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, March 9.)

**GIGI**—Anita Loos's spirited dramatization of the Colette novel. As the young lady whose relatives are determined to establish her as a leading demimondaine in Paris, Audrey Hepburn is altogether charming. Gilbert Miller has provided convincing period surroundings for her, and has given her the aid of such capable actors as Cathleen Nesbitt, Michael Evans, and Josephine Brown. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**I AM A CAMERA**—Julie Harris is wonderful as a high-class British tart in John van Druten's lively, if not particularly distinguished, adaptation of Christopher Isherwood's "The Berlin Stories." With William Prince, Marian Winters, and Edward Andrews. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**JANE**—Edna Best and Basil Rathbone, ably supported by Howard St. John, make this drawing-room comedy by S. N. Behrman move along more smoothly than it might otherwise have done. A Maugham story supplied the plot. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**MRS. MCTHING**—Helen Hayes and young Brandon de Wilde are both excellent in Mary Chase's fantastic comedy about contemporary witchcraft. With Jules Munshin, Enid Markey, Irwin Corey, and Lydia Reed; and directed by Joseph Buloff. The second in a series of subscription productions offered this season by ANTA. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

**POINT OF NO RETURN**—Henry Fonda as the J. P. Marquand hero who chases after success and then isn't sure he wants it when he catches it. Paul Osborn has made an ingenious adaptation of Mr. Marquand's novel, and the production is superlative. Mr. Fonda has the assistance of Leora Dana, John Cromwell, Frank Conroy, Robert Ross, and Colin Keith-Johnston. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

## A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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**REMAINS TO BE SEEN**—Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse seem to be in an antic mood in this comedy-melodrama having to do with love and homicide, and the outcome is not exactly fortunate. Among those employed in it are Janis Paige, Jackie Cooper, and James Rennie. It is rocky going for every one of them but they show few signs of strain. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**THE SHRIKE**—Joseph Kramm's play, about a man who tries to commit suicide and the woman who drove him to it, is one of the most intelligent and disturbing works of the season. José Ferrer, who is also the director and co-producer, plays the unhappy hero, and his mate is played by Judith Evelyn. Among the others involved in the action, which takes place in a hospital ward, are Philip Huston, Will Kuluva, Isabel Bonner, and Kendall Clark. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Equity Welfare Fund Sunday evening, March 9.)

**VENUS OBSERVED**—A great gust of wind through some rather frail willows by Christopher Fry. With Rex Harrison and Lilli Palmer. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Through Saturday, May 31.)

**EMLYN WILLIAMS AS CHARLES DICKENS**—Made up to look like the author, Mr. Williams gives some first-rate recitations from the novels and stories—his best being based on the opening passages of "A Tale of Two Cities." (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturdays at 2:30. Through Saturday, March 15.)

**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 around, too. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, March 8.) . . . **THE MOON IS BLUE:** Barbara Bel Geddes, Donald Cook, and Barry Nelson in a boy-gets-girl comedy. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **STALAG 17:** A group of ribald American airmen in a German prison camp. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

**PARIS '90**—Cornelia Otis Skinner in a solo performance, with music and lyrics by Kay Swift. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursday and Saturday this week, and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:30.)

**WOMEN OF TWILIGHT**—A British play, written by Sylvia Rayman. The all-female cast includes Betty Ann Davies and Mary Merrall. Produced by Joseph Kipness and Jack Hylton and directed by Anthony Hawtrey. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

### MUSICALS

**PAINT YOUR WAGON**—A piece concerning a California mining town during the Gold Rush, which suffers a bit from a rather untidy plot but has a lot of fine singing and dancing. James Barton, Olga San Juan, Tony Bavaar, Gemze De Lappe, and Scott Merrill are among the prospectors and the ladies who complicate their lives. Alan Jay Lerner wrote the book and lyrics, Frederick Loewe provided the music, and Agnes de Mille was in charge of the choreography. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**PAL JOEY**—A happy recurrence of the famous musical show that John O'Hara and Rodgers and Hart put together twelve years ago for adults of all ages. Harold Lang, Vivienne Segal, Helen Gallagher, Elaine Stritch, and Lionel Stander have a jaunty time putting it through its paces, which haven't slowed down a bit over the years. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**TOP BANANA**—A superbly funny, if elementary, musical, in which Phil Silvers demonstrates that a caricature of Milton Berle can be a lot droller than the model. He is cleverly helped out by Joey Faye, Jack Albertson, Rose Marie, Walter Dare Wahl, and Johnny Trama. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**TWO ON THE AISLE**—An up-and-down revue that gets its best elevation when Bert Lahr is running through skits involving spaceships, ball players, opera singers, and Sanitation Department men. Dolores Gray and a good


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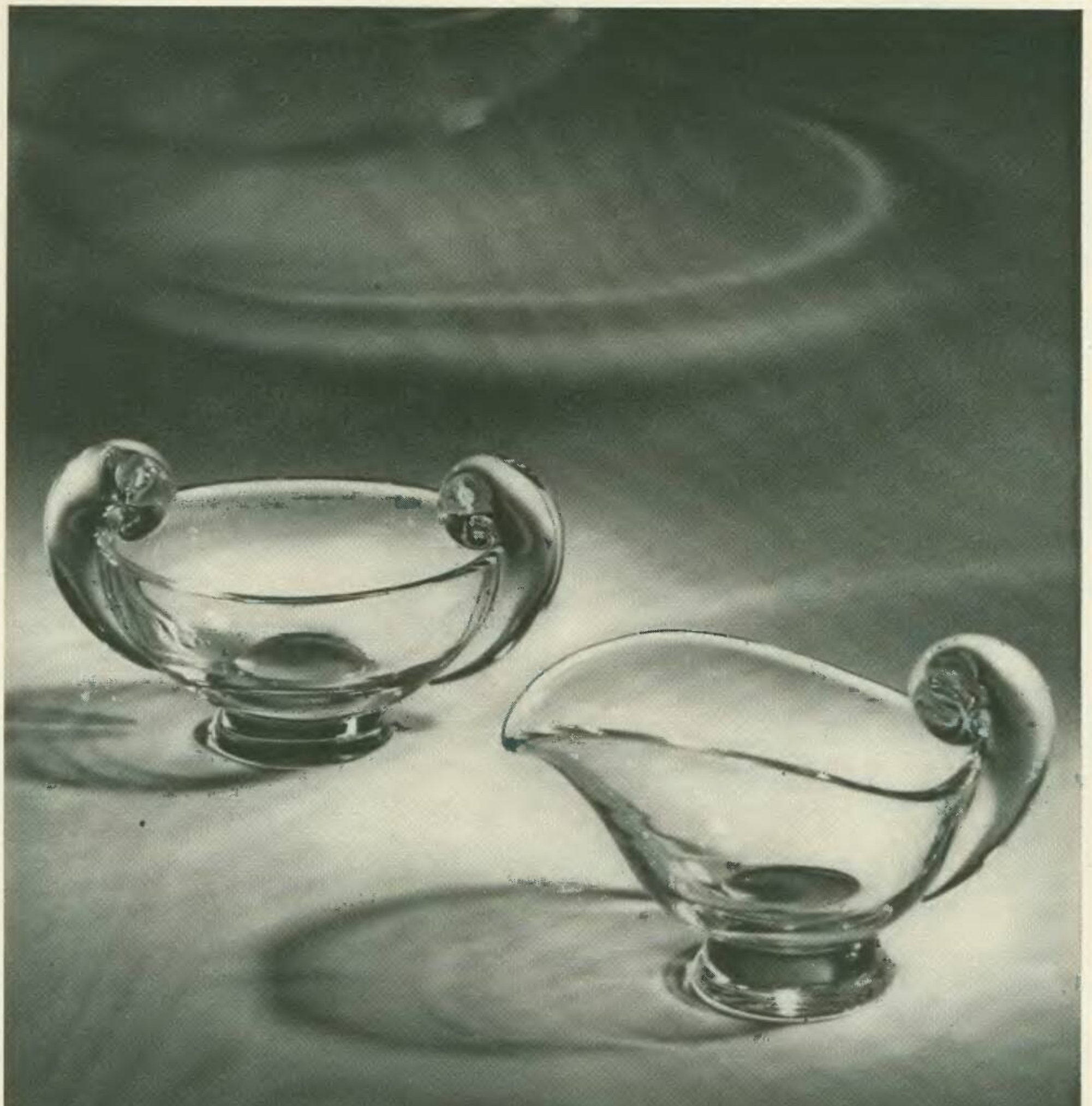

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

company support Mr. Lahr handsomely. (Mark Hellinger, Broadway at 51st St. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, March 15.)

LONG RUNS—CALL ME MADAM: Ethel Merman as a lady ambassador. Also in the cast are Richard Eastham, 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. Closes Saturday, May 3.) . . . GUYS AND DOLLS: Frank Loesser wrote the music and lyrics for this musical comedy based on a story by Damon Runyon, and Sam Levene, Isabel Bigley, Robert Alda, and Vivian Blaine are some of the Runyon characters. (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: Gertrude Lawrence and Yul Brynner still have the leading parts in this Rodgers and Hammerstein musical taken from a book about Siam. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.) . . . SOUTH PACIFIC: George Britton is now playing the cultured Frenchman to Martha Wright's Nellie Forbush. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Mondays at 7, and Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

## OPENINGS

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

GOLDEN BOY—A revival of the Clifford Odets play, with John Garfield and Lee J. Cobb. The third in a series of productions offered this season by ANTA. Opens Wednesday, March 12, and will run through Sunday, March 23. (ANTA Playhouse, 52nd St., W. JU 2-2660. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:40; opening night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

FLIGHT INTO EGYPT—Paul Lukas, Gusti Huber, and Zero Mostel in a play by George Tabori. Presented by Irene Mayer Selznick and directed by Elia Kazan. Opens Thursday, March 13. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

## BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

NEW YORK CITY BALLET COMPANY—Tentative schedule—Thursday evening, March 6: "Caracole," "Illuminations," "A la Françaix," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 7: "The Duel," "Tyl Ulenspiegel," "La Gloire," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 8: "Concerto Barocco," "Lilac Garden," "The Pied Piper," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 8: "Swan Lake," "Prodigal Son," "Bayou," and "The Pied Piper." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, March 9: "Swan Lake," "Tyl Ulenspiegel," "Picnic at Tintagel," and "Cakewalk." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, March 9: "Ballade," "The Cage," "Age of Anxiety," and "The Pied Piper." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, March 11: "Swan Lake," "Picnic at Tintagel." "A la Françaix," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, March 12: "Caracole," "Lilac Garden," "Sylvia: Pas de Deux," and "Bourrée Fantasque." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 13: "Swan Lake," "Age of Anxiety," "A la Françaix," and "Bourrée Fantasque." . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 14: "Serenade," "Prodigal Son," "Caracole," and "Cakewalk." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 15: "Swan Lake," "Ballade," "A la Françaix," and "Cakewalk." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 15: "Firebird," "Pas de Trois," "The Cage," and "Symphony in C." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, March 16.)

BALLET THEATRE—Presenting a single program: "Constantia," "Circo de España," "Till Eulenspiegel," and "Theme and Variations." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, March 6, at 8:30.)

ANGNA ENTERS—Dance-mime. A benefit for the ANTA Fund. (ANTA Playhouse, 52nd St., W. JU 2-2660. Saturday, March 8, at 2:30 and 8:30.)

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PEARL PRIMUS—With her group. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Saturday, March 8, at 8:40. . . . ¶ For the benefit of the Walden School's Scholarship Fund, at the Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Friday, March 14, at 8:30. For tickets, call SC 4-2818. . . . ¶ Central High School of Needle Trades, 225 W. 24th St. Saturday, March 15, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

## MISCELLANY

VAUDEVILLE—Through Sunday evening, March 9: Lauritz Melchior, Ben Blue, Jean Carroll, Les Compagnons de la Chanson, Chandra Kaly and his dancers, and others. . . . ¶ Starting Tuesday afternoon, March 11: Olsen and Johnson, José Greco and his Spanish Ballet, Jackie Miles, and others. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturday and Sunday, March 8-9, and daily starting Tuesday, March 11, at 2:40.)

# 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 sedate Trianon Room, except Sundays, there's dancing to Jules Lande's orchestra and Nino de Moraes' band. At cocktail time, William Adler fools around with his violin in the rotunda.

BILTMORE, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Except Sundays, Michael Kent's quartet provides string music during dinner in the Madison Room, and at cocktail time in the Palm Court. No dancing anywhere.

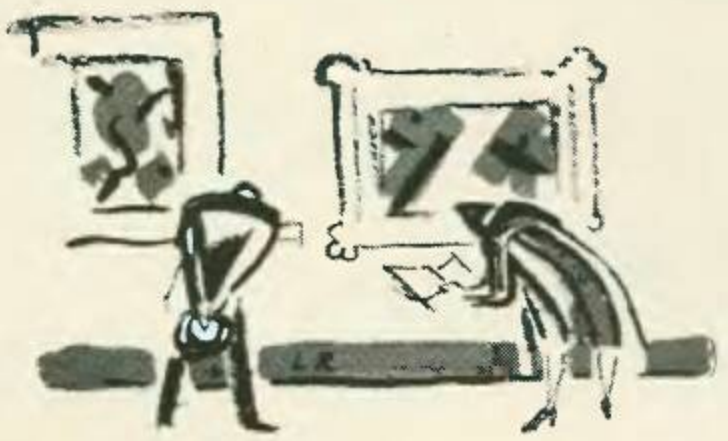
CARLTON HOUSE, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000)—It won't remind the veterans of the dear departed Ritz until they discover that Emery Deutsch's musicians are still on hand at dinner in the big restaurant. No dancing, and no music Sundays.

GOGI'S LARUE, 45 E. 58th St. (EL 5-6374)—A hanging garden that must have been left over from comfy, carefree old Babylon. Ted Straeter and his hand-picked henchmen start their rhapsodic dance music around nine-thirty. There's a rumba band, too, for addicts. . . . ¶ In the small, good-looking Plush Room, George Feyer's piano, which is European in flavor, begins at eight. Closed Mondays.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The show here is not supplied by the management. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band play for dancing.

NEW YORKER, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—In the Terrace Room's ice show, the girls are sometimes costumed as daiquiris and sometimes as Confederate pfc.s, but the discerning eye can easily penetrate these innocent disguises. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Cotillion Room has Hildegarde, the girl who made Milwaukee and Mack trucks famous. On Tuesday, March 11, she'll be replaced by Yma Sumac's supersonic voice and the adagios of Mario and Floria. Dancing to Stanley Melba's orchestra and Chico-Relli's rumba band. On Sundays, a dinner show only. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's quartet plays for dancing from cocktails through supper every night in the Café Pierre.



PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Jean Sablon, bland, benign, and beguiling, puts those old Sablon touches on a bunch of presentable ballads in the Persian Room, where the Andrea Dancers do a wonderful circus turn. On Thursday, March 13, they'll all give way to Evelyn Knight, a pretty girl with a pretty voice, and the dance team of Harriet Hoctor and Byrd. Dick La Salle's and Mark Monte's orchestras take care of the guests' exercises. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ After eight-thirty in the Rendez-Vous Room, which is restfully period-piece, Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's dance orchestras slither from one familiar tune to another. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's music during the cocktail hour in the Palm Court. No dancing.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Freddy Martin's great big band is now ensconced in the Grill. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, a practice hall for new songbirds this season, has moved Juliana Larson up from the junior varsity. She sings cheerful music at dinner and supper; the dance bands of Horace Diaz and Milt Shaw noodle around the whole evening. Thursday, March 13, there'll be a new deal: songs by Yvette, a real old-timer, at dinner, and songs by Russell Nype, a young man working his way through dramatic school, at supper. 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.

SHERRY-NETHERLAND, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800)—Hugo Pedell is again the host in the social little Carnaval Room, where his band and Jan Brunesco's play perkily from dinner through supper. Closed Sundays.

STATLER, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Blue Barron's orchestra booms away during dinner and supper in the Café Rouge. 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. An orchestra and a rumba band play for dancing.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Young people—among them Bill Norvas and the Upstarts, who sing; Chuck Brunner and Betty Lorraine, who dance; and Beverlee Dennis, who clowns—having wonderful time. Carmen Torres, also concerned in the doings, has a tremendous voice and some lively Spanish arias. Emile Petti's orchestra alternates with Panchito's rumba band for dancing.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Victor Borge, a humorist whose biggest prop gag is a concert grand, is being quite entertaining in the Empire Room at dinner and supper. Nat Brandwynne's and Mischa Borr's bands thump away all evening. On Sundays, Mr. Borr's outfit is the only amusement, and even he knocks off at twelve. . . . ¶ Michael Zarin's dance orchestra starts warming up in the Peacock Lounge at seven. Closed Sundays.

NOTE—A romantic view of New York 19, N.Y., and one or two other glamorous areas, is just outside the windows of the Rainbow Room's cocktail lounge, which is 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.)

LE COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): The moving spirit here is Eddie Davis, whose dance music is wedding-party and whose smile is all-embracing. He's in action from eight-thirty on. Closed Sundays. . . . TONI'S CAPRICE, 112 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-6255): A gathering spot for young ones who have a few hours to kill before dawn. Louis Hawkins serves as moderator, pianist, and bulletin board

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

from eleven on, and Van Wood, from the *boîtes* of Paris and Capri, serves as troubadour after nine. For a change of pace, Herman Arminski plays concert piano off and on every night, and, on Fridays and Saturdays, little Jo Hurt pipes her cheery ballads after the theatre. Mr. Hawkins is also at the piano evenings from six to nine. Closed Sundays. . . . BARBERRY ROOM, 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Ralph Strain embellishes the starlit hours between ten and one, except Sundays, with his nostalgic piano. . . . BEAU BRUMMEL, 65 E. 54th St. (PL 5-1792): Another refuge for those who find a gentle piano the best apéritif at the cocktail, dinner, or supper hour. The music is by Lynn Mullinax, and the décor and nourishment are by Daniel, the East Side caterer. Closed Sundays. . . . ARMANDO'S, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Piano-and-violin music after nine-thirty for one of the town's most energetic bunch of conversationalists. Closed Sundays. . . . LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Except Sundays, Cy Walter lays his light, fantastic fingers on the local Knabe during dinner and supper. . . . EL CHICO, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spanish jive, with dancing to match by both cast and clients. Closed Mondays. . . . CELESTE, 28 W. 56th St. (JU 6-9063): Jim Mahoney, a quiet but persuasive man with a baby grand, is here from nine o'clock on. Closed Mondays. . . . LA ZAMBRA, 127 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9131): Vicente Gomez, the Andalusian Eddie Condon, is on the podium of this regional restaurant. Closed Mondays. . . . DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Johnny Mehegan's festive piano adds a pleasant condiment to dinner and supper here. On Sundays, Harold Cooke sits in instead. . . . NINO, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): This worldly pantry and bar affords, as always, Harry Meyerowitz's piano at cocktails and Rudy Timfield's at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . HABIBI, 227 W. 46th St. (JU 6-1978): Hillel and Aviva, producers of strange and sometimes memorable Israeli mountain music, are at work here. Closed Mondays.

### BIG AND BRASSY

(Dancing, unless otherwise noted.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Jane Powell, a small but engaging girl, is the principal character (and singer) in the boisterous carnival here. . . . LA VIE EN ROSE, 123 E. 54th St. (MU 8-8420): Dorothy Dandridge dishes out her songs on the wings of a tropical heat wave, and (after the theatre) Tony Bavaar pours forth an earnest but beautifully constructed tenor. Everyone but lady torch singers will be amused by the unsparing parodies of Robert Clary. Dance music, too, by Phil Moore's and Van Smith's trios. . . . OLD KNICK MUSIC HALL, Second Ave. at 54th St. (PL 9-2724): An assortment of foolish silent movies, singing waiters, singing customers, burlesque, sawdust, hubbub, basket parties, and stupendous puns by Paul Killiam. The burlesque involves Clara Cedrone and Ernest Sarracino, who are great little helpers. Closed Sundays.

### SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Elsa Lanchester, a fey *diseuse* telling her own slyly double-edged Arabian Nights Tales; Harry Belafonte, a dedicated but diverting newcomer to the art of folk music; Marti Stevens, one of the handsomest of all the young ladies who love to sing of an evening; and Arthur Blake and his rather salty caricatures. The richly inlaid background is the product of the Ellis Larkin Trio and Stuart Ross. . . . ¶ In the lounge, except Tuesdays, Bart Howard provides piano music at the dinner hour, and, after two in the morning, except Sundays, Portia

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Nelson sings and Billy Roy plays off-the-beaten-path ballads. . . . LE RUBAN BLEU, 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Ronny Graham, an Orpheus adrift in a twentieth-century underworld; Ellen Hanley, a lyric lass; a collection of new and often refreshing comedians called the McCormicks & Bill Jacoby; and Paul Villard's terribly roguish songs of the sea. The Norman Paris Trio plays celestial music, and Julius Monk is the *conférencier*. Closed Sundays. . . . VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Eartha Kitt, a vibrant passion flower, sings about all kinds of love in all kinds of tongues, and John Carradine, the Village's answer to the First Drama Quartette, declaims prose and poetry from Brook to Baudelaire. The humorist is George Hall, a joker with an original turn of mind. Clarence Williams' trio, which has Karl Lynch on guitar, plays for dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . ONE FIFTH AVENUE, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Patricia Bright looses her slings and arrows at a few standard American types. Bob Downey and Harold Fonville play crackling piano duets, and Hazel Webster is the solo pianist. Ancient movies Sundays; amateur nights Mondays. . . . BON SOIR, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): The harebrained adventures of Kirkwood and Goodman, narrated by the authors. Also quite audible are the hurly-burly symphonics of the Three Flames and the bright vocal witticisms of the Three Riffs. There are more romantic songs by Jimmie Daniels and Norene Tate, plus Garland Wilson's piano. Closed Mondays. . . . BYLINE ROOM, 137 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4759): Upstairs over the Hogarthian Show Spot bar, except Sundays, Mabel Mercer's very special collection of songs on the how-can-I-go-on-living theme. Sam Hamilton plays piano.

### MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison, whose happy little hunting horn echoes from wall to wall, is aided in his lifework by Cutty Cutshall, Buzzy Drootin, Edmond Hall, Bob Casey, Gene Schroeder, and occasionally Mr. Condon himself. Ralph Sutton does splendid things with a piano during intermission. On Tuesday nights, the racket is increased by a hard-riding group of guest hot shots. Closed Sundays. . . . THE EMBERS, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Barbara Carroll, a Mona Lisa smile on her slim young face, plays real advanced dinner piano along with her trio. After nine, she's spelled by Erroll Garner, an eminent pianist who has John Simmons (bass) and Shadow Wilson (drums) in his entourage, as well as by Mundell Lowe's soft-spoken experimental group (guitars, bass, and drums). The Carroll group is off Monday; the others are off Sunday, when Dixieland raises its robust head. . . . NICK'S, Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Phil Napoleon's band is even noisier than the sizzling steaks. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . JIMMY RYAN'S, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Jimmy Archey's group, which includes Henry Goodwin, Pops Foster, Dick Wellstood, and Tommy Benford, performs its special brand of welkin-ringing. Don Frye plays solo piano. Jam sessions Monday nights; closed Sundays. . . . DOWNBEAT, 263 W. 54th St. (CI 5-9265): The boys around here sit in on one another's bands all the time. In the cast are eminent men like Billy Taylor, Oscar Pettiford, and J. J. Johnson, as well as such promising junior executives as Terry Gibbs, Max Roach, and Chuck Wayne. . . . STUYVESANT CASINO, 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): Those Friday-night travelogues from Natchez to Mobile. On March 7, a group of famous faces, among them Wild Bill Davison, Max Kaminsky, Oran Page, George Wettling, Lou McGarity, Bud Freeman, Joe Sullivan, Pee Wee Russell, Ray McKinley, and Georg Brunis. . . . CENTRAL PLAZA, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Friday and Saturday evenings, March 7-8, a display of old-time fireworks by (it is hoped) Red Allen, Billy Butterfield, Willie the Lion Smith, Art Trappier, Big Chief Russell Moore, and Sol Yaged, Conrad Janis's band. Sunday, March 9, at 3, tea music by the same mob. Dancing.

## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

### GALLERIES

AFRICAN SCULPTURES—At the CARLEBACH, 937 Third Ave., at 56th St.: Some excellent examples, in a group drawn largely from the collection of Paul Guillaume; through March 15. . . . SEGY, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St.: A showing of tribal sculptures from the French colonies, sponsored by the Cultural Counsellor to the French Embassy; through March 15.

WILLIAM BAZIOTES—Abstract paintings, luminous in color and pleasantly poetic in feeling; through March 8. (Kootz, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.)

ALEXANDER BROOK—Thirty paintings, the earliest dated 1920 but most of them done since 1949, plus a group of drawings; through March 15. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

DUCHAMP FRÈRES ET SOEUR—Oils by Jacques Villon (Gaston Duchamp), sculptures by R. Duchamp-Villon (Raymond Duchamp), and paintings by Marcel and Suzanne Duchamp; through March 31. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Weekdays, 1:30 to 5:30.)

PERICLE FAZZINI—Sculptures, mainly small and all remarkably adept, by an Italian artist new to this country; through March 31. (Iolas, 46 E. 57th St.)

PAUL FIENE—A memorial exhibition of sculptures, expert in execution, if at times a bit rigid in style, by an artist who died in 1949; through March 21. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. Weekdays, 2 to 5 and, except Saturdays, 7 to 10.)

FREDERICK FRANCK—Paintings, lightly tinged with the influence of Max Beckmann, in a collection that includes some fine, solid still-lifes; through March 7. (Van Diemen-Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57th St.)

FRENCH—A spirited, varied showing of oils, all dated 1901 to 1950, by a group ranging from Jean Arp to Soutine and Vlaminck; through March 22. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the BROWN, 2 W. 46th St.: Work in various mediums by Isabel Feldman, Alexander Alpert, and five other members of the New York Chapter of Artists Equity; through March 12. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9. . . . CONTEMPORARY ARTS, 106 E. 57th St.: Annual mid-season retrospective, this time featuring works done in monochrome; through March 13. Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11. . . . DELIUS, 18 E. 64th St.: Fifty small sculptures of animals in bronze by A. L. Barye, Richard Hubbard, Edgar Degas, and others; through March 10. . . . NEW GALLERY, 63 W. 44th St.: The sixteenth annual exhibition of the American Abstract Artists, with paintings and sculptures by, among others, Josef Albers, Perle Fine, José de Rivera, Richard Lippold,

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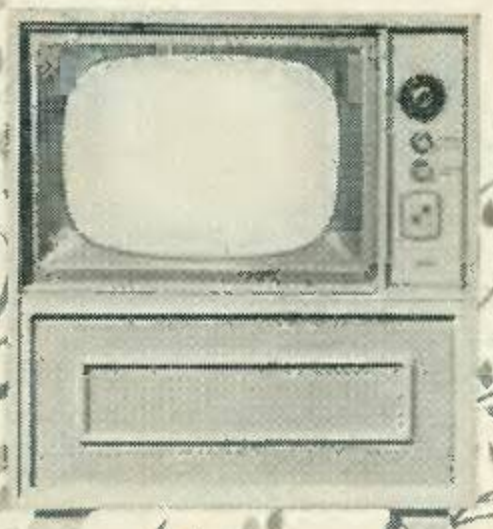

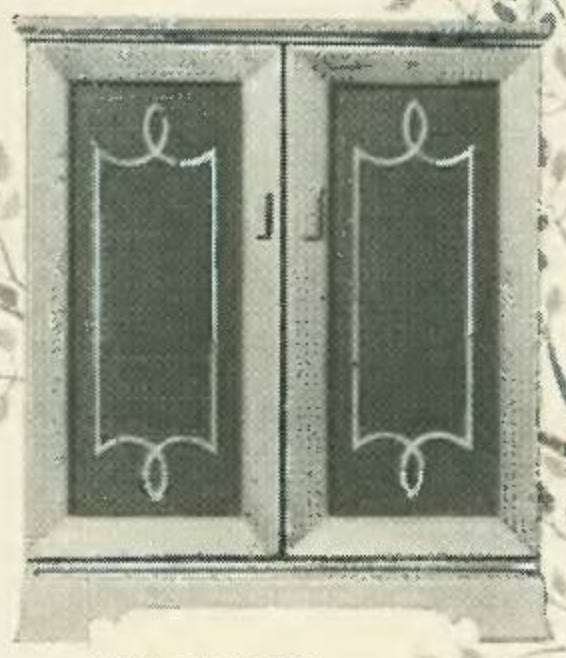

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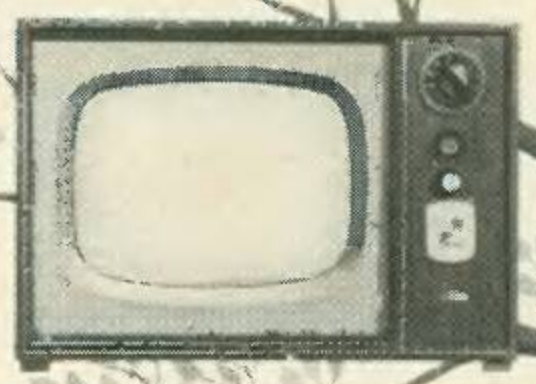

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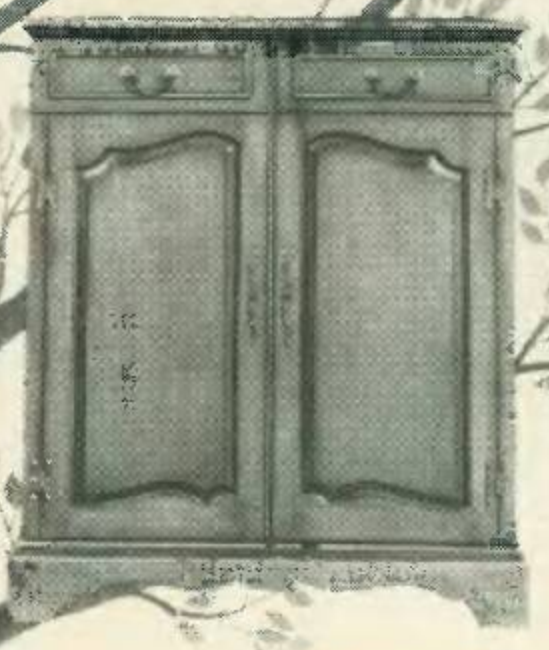

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and Joseph Meierhans; through March 13. Weekdays, 10 to 7. . . . VILLAGE ART CENTER, 44 W. 11th St.: Sculptures by Nora Herz and paintings by Oronzo Gasparo, Malcom Edgar Case, and Amy Jones; through March 7. Daily, 1 to 6, and Sunday, Monday, and Thursday evenings until 10.

GEORGIA O'KEEFFE—A brief résumé of her paintings in pastel, 1914 to 1945, exquisitely exploring such subjects as flowers, shells, and the New Mexico desert; through March 8. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

ROBERT PHILIPP—New paintings, solidly based in the Impressionist tradition and very capably handled; through March 8. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.)

PICASSO—Paintings, sculpture, and drawings, in a large, discursive, but generally interesting collection; through March 15. (Curt Valentin, 32 E. 57th St.)

ANDRÉE RUELLAN—Paintings from the past four years, including, among other subjects, landscapes and figures; through March 15. (Kraushaar, 32 E. 57th St.)

SCULPTORS GUILD—Their Fourteenth Anniversary Exhibition, a bit cluttered in presentation, but lively and varied as always; through March 16. (American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St. Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

THEODOROS STAMOS—One of the gentler of the abstract Expressionists shows some typically dreamy, atmospheric oils; through March 8. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

TWENTIETH-CENTURY AMERICAN PAINTINGS—Seventy paintings, chosen by the art critics of seven local publications, in a loan exhibition for the benefit of the Whitney Museum; through March 22. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

VLAMINCK—Paintings from the Fauve period to 1930; through March 29. (Niveau, 63 E. 57th St.)

MAX WEBER—New paintings, continuing his elaborations of the Byzantine and the classical, in his first one-man exhibition in four years; through March 8. (Rosenberg, 16 E. 57th St.)

J. ALDEN WEIR—An exhibition of paintings, drawings, and etchings, assembled to commemorate the birth of this American artist a hundred years ago; through March 30. (American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St. Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

JACQUES ZUCKER—Paintings, touched here and there with Expressionist influences, and mainly French in subject and background; through March 8. (Milch, 55 E. 57th St.)

SOME OF THIS WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the AMERICAN BRITISH ART GALLERY, 122 E. 55th St.: Grandma Moses; through March 21. . . . EGAN, 63 E. 57th St.: Jack Tworkov; through March 31. . . . HACKER, 24 W. 58th St.: Tapestries by Jean Lurçat; through March 29. . . . NEW ART CIRCLE, 41 E. 57th St.: Ilya Bolotowsky; through March 29. . . . BERTHA SCHAEFER, 32 E. 57th St.: Knud Merrild; through March 22. . . . WEYHE, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: Antonio Frasconi; through April 15. . . . ¶ Group shows at the BURLIUK, 119 W. 57th St.; through March 15. Weekdays, noon to 6. DOWNTOWN, 32 E. 51st St.; through March 29. MIDTOWN, 17 E. 57th St.; through March 29. NEW SCHOOL, 66 W. 12th St.; through March 17. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 10; Saturdays, 1 to 5. PERLS, 32 E. 58th St.; through April 5.

## MUSEUMS

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Ceramics, textiles, and other work of contemporary Japanese craftsmen; through April 6. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Jewish portraiture (oil paintings, miniatures, and silhouettes) done by American artists during the eighteenth and early-nineteenth centuries; through July 31. (Mondays through Thursdays, 3 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Selected Old Masters and other works from

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the Harkness Collection; through March 18. . . .¶ "Ribbons and Laces and Old-Fashioned Faces"—an array, got up by the Costume Institute, of Early American portraits and costumes installed in the rooms of the Museum's American Wing; through April 6. . . .¶ More than a hundred prints of Paris and its environs, made from the negatives of Eugène Atget; through March 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Museum of the City of New York,** Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—About twenty ceramic figurines, modelled by the late Helen Hokinson and based on her celebrated clubwomen; through March 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Museum of Modern Art,** 11 W. 53rd St.—Oils and sculptures purchased through the Mrs. Simon Guggenheim Fund, including, among others, a handsome Futurist Umberto Boccioni; through March 23. . . .¶ An extremely interesting exhibition of drawings, lithographs, and other graphics by Odilon Redon and Picasso, the former one of the major influences on the Paris Surrealists; through April 20. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

**Museum of Non-Objective Painting,** 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A group showing by Europeans and Americans; through March 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Whitney Museum,** 10 W. 8th St.—The 1952 Annual Exhibition of Contemporary American Sculpture, Water Colors, and Drawings; starting March 13. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5. Closed through Wednesday, March 12.)

## MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall LU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

### OPERA

**Metropolitan Opera**—Thursday, March 6, at 8:30: "Madame Butterfly," with Victoria de los Angeles, Herta Glaz, Giuseppe Di Stefano, and Frank Valentino. . . .¶ Friday, March 7, at 8:45: "Elektra," with Astrid Varnay, Elizabeth Hoengen, Walburga Wegner, and Paul Schoeffler. . . .¶ Saturday, March 8, at 2: "Aïda," with Zinka Milanov, Nell Rankin, Mario Del Monaco, and Leonard Warren. . . .¶ Saturday, March 8, at 8:15: "Fledermaus," with Brenda Lewis, Lois Hunt, Set Svanholm, and John Tyers. . . .¶ Monday, March 10, at 8: "Alcestis" (in English), with Kirsten Flagstad, Brian Sullivan, Paul Schoeffler, and Alois Pernerstorfer. . . .¶ Tuesday, March 11, at 8:15: "Il Trovatore," with Delia Rigal, Fedora Barbieri, Mario Del Monaco, and Robert Merrill. . . .¶ Wednesday, March 12, at 8:45: "Elektra," with Astrid Varnay, Regina Resnik, Elizabeth Hoengen, and Hans Hotter. . . .¶ Thursday, March 13, at 8: "Otello," with Delia Rigal, Martha Lipton, Ramon Vinay, and Paolo Silveri. . . .¶ Friday, March 14, at 8:30: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Graciela Rivera, Thelma Votipka, Eugene Conley, and Giuseppe Valdengo. . . .¶ Saturday, March 15, at 2: "La Bohème," with Licia Albanese, Hilde Gueden, Giuseppe Di Stefano, and Frank Guarrera. . . .¶ Saturday, March 15, at 7:30: "Die Meistersinger," with Walburga Wegner, Herta Glaz, Paul Schoeffler, and Hans Hopf.

**Masque and Lyre Light Opera Company**—Through Saturday, March 8: "The Mikado." . . .¶ Starting Thursday, March 13: "Ruddigore." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. TR 9-6453. Thursdays through Saturdays, at 8:15. Matinée Saturday, March 15, at 2:15.)

### ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

**Philharmonic-Symphony**—At Carnegie Hall—George Szell conducting: Thursday, March 6, at 8:45, and Friday, March 7, at 2:30 (both with Monique de la Bruchollerie, piano); Saturday, March 8, at 8:45 (with Grant

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Johannesen, piano); and Sunday, March 9, at 2:30 (with Monique de la Bruchollerie, piano).... ¶ Bruno Walter conducting: Thursday, March 13, at 8:45, and Friday, March 14, at 2:30 (all-Brahms programs, both with Nadine Conner, soprano; Mack Harrell, baritone; and the Westminster Choir).

**Philadelphia Orchestra**—Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Nathan Milstein, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, March 11, at 8:30.)

**Boston Symphony**—Leonard Bernstein conducting: Wednesday, March 12, at 8:45, with himself as piano soloist, and Saturday, March 15, at 2:30, with Patricia Neway, soprano. (Carnegie Hall.) ... ¶ Friday, March 14, at 8:30, with himself as piano soloist. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

**Columbia University Band**—Hunter Wiley conducting. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, March 8, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

**Art Music Concert**—Beatrice Brown conducting a chamber orchestra, with John Wummer, flute; Maurice Wilk, violin; Norman Wolfsohn, piano; and Laura Newell, harp. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. Tuesday, March 11, at 9. No tickets necessary.)

**Philharmonic Chamber Ensemble**—A group composed of members of the Philharmonic-Symphony, in the second of a series of three concerts. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Saturday, March 15, at 8:40.)

**American Bach Society**—Ralph Hunter directing a chorus and an orchestra, with Ellen Faull, soprano, and other vocal soloists. (Town Hall. Tuesday, March 11, at 8:30.)

**Fordham University Glee Club**—Frederic Tillotson directing. (Town Hall. Friday, March 14, at 8:30.)

### RECITALS

**New Music String Quartet**—Chamber music. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 5-4000, Ext. 2461. Thursday, March 6, at 8:30.)

**Alfred Zega**—Baritone. (Town Hall. Friday, March 7, at 8:30.)

**Musicians' Guild**—The Kroll Quartet; Lillian Fuchs, viola; Frank Sheridan, piano; Joseph Fuchs, violin; and others. (Town Hall. Monday, March 10, at 8:30.)

**Budapest String Quartet**—The third performance in a five-program Beethoven cycle. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Monday, March 10, at 8:40.)

**Edward Steuermann**—Piano, in an all-Beethoven recital. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Wednesday, March 12, at 8:40.)

**Robert Casadesus**—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, March 15, at 8:30.)

## SPORTS

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

**Boxing**—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, March 7: Ernie Durando vs. Paddy Young, middleweights, 10 rounds.... ¶ Friday, March 14: Johnny Bratton vs. Johnny Saxton, welterweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

**Fencing**—Olympic Tryouts—Men's individual épée. (Fencers Club, 320 E. 53rd St. EL 5-8898. Saturday, March 8, at noon.) ... ¶ Men's individual sabre. (New York Athletic Club, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-5100. Sunday, March 9, at noon.)

**Hockey**—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, March 9: Rangers vs. Canadiens.... ¶ Wednesday, March 12: Rangers vs. Chicago. (Games begin at 8:30.)

**Indoor Polo**—Saturday, March 8: Final match of the National Intercollegiate Champion-

ship, and another game. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 15: A match in the Eastern Twelve-Goal Championship and another game. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Matches begin at 8.)

## FOR CHILDREN

**CONCERT**—The Philharmonic-Symphony, Igor Buketoff conducting. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, March 15, at 11.)

**PLAYS**—By the **MERRY-GO-ROUND THEATRE:** "The Three Elves." (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. Saturdays at 11 and 2:30. For tickets, call PL 9-2585.) . . . **PLAY-MART:** "Cinderella." (Carl Fischer Concert Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3:15, and Sundays at 3. For tickets, call TR 7-7591.) . . . **JUNIOR THEATRE:** "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturdays at 2:15. For tickets, call CI 6-0224.) . . . **CLARE TREE MAJOR CHILDREN'S THEATRE:** "The Secret Garden." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 8, at 3.)

**DANCE RECITAL**—Pearl Primus and her company. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Sunday, March 9, at 3.)

## OTHER EVENTS

**PRESIDENT TRUMAN**—Speaking to the nation, from Washington, in behalf of the projected foreign-aid program, on Thursday, March 6, at 10:30 P.M. The address will be carried by most radio and television networks.

**UNITED NATIONS**—The Trusteeship Council is in session daily, Mondays through Fridays, and the Security Council, the Disarmament Commission, and other commissions and committees meet periodically. Four hundred visitors can be accommodated at each session. (United Nations Permanent Headquarters, First Ave. at 42nd St. For tickets, call PL 4-1234, Ext. 634, the day before you want to go.) . . . ¶ Questions about the United Nations will be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 220 W. 45th St., JU 2-0233.

**NATIONAL ANTIQUES SHOW**—The annual affair, at which, this year, more than two hundred dealers will offer everything from breakfronts to buttons, and where you will find displays of ancient autos, old fashions, mementos of past Presidential campaigns, and what not. (Madison Square Garden. Monday through Saturday, March 10-15, from 1 to 11, and Sunday, March 16, from 1 to 7.)

**NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY**, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Shaw in America": Playbills, posters, costume designs, first editions, and photographs pertaining to Shaw's plays presented here. The pictures date from one of Richard Mansfield in an 1897 performance of "The Devil's Disciple" to a recent one of Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh in "Caesar and Cleopatra." Through April 30. . . . ¶ A survey of art in Japan, from the sixth through the nineteenth centuries, comprising illustrated books and prints. There is, also, an example of the earliest-known printing on paper, done six hundred years before Gutenberg; through March 30. (Weekdays, 9 to 10; Sundays, 1 to 10.)

**VICTOR HUGO**—An exhibition commemorating Hugo's birth a hundred and fifty years ago, consisting of autograph manuscripts, photographs, portraits, caricatures, unpublished love letters, original drawings by him, programs and announcements of American presentations of his plays, proofs of "Napoleon le Petit," with handwritten corrections, and other memorabilia; through April 15. (Cultural Division of the French Embassy, 934 Fifth Ave., at 75th St. Weekdays, 10 to 5.)

**AUCTIONS**—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, March 7-8, at 1:45: Queen Anne, Chippendale, and Sheraton and other Georgian furniture, paintings, jade and other mineral carvings, silver, porcelain, china, glass, and Oriental rugs, the property of Mrs. James H. Walker and others. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 13, at 1:45: Gothic and Renaissance objects of art and furniture, along with ancient Syrian and other glass, Persian pottery, and Egyptian antiquities, owned by Frank L. Arnold and others. Exhibition starts Saturday, March 8.


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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## MOTION PICTURES

**FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION**

**The African Queen**—Down along an interesting river with Humphrey Bogart and Katharine Hepburn, in Africa. Possibly the best acting that either of them has done. Directed by John Huston. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060.)

**The Browning Version**—The difficulties of a professor of Greek who finds, after twenty years of trying, that he can't convey to his pupils his own affection for the classics. The professor, remarkably portrayed by Michael Redgrave, also has his domestic troubles. An English film. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through March 10, tentative.... ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; March 8-11.)

**Cry, the Beloved Country**—Made in and around Johannesburg, this film is a compelling adaptation of Alan Paton's novel about the struggles of the black man to survive in South Africa. Canada Lee is superb as a put-upon, back-country preacher. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215.)

**Detective Story**—A galvanic adaptation of Sidney Kingsley's play about doings in a precinct stationhouse. Heading the enthusiastic cast are Kirk Douglas and Eleanor Parker. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; through March 7.... ¶ Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; through March 8.... ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting March 9.)

**Five Fingers**—Some dirty work on the Levantine littoral, with spies all over the place and James Mason behaving competently. (Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th, CI 7-6000.)

**The Greatest Show on Earth**—Cecil B. DeMille's rooty-toot description of the workings of the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey circus. Just the thing for big-top buffs when Mr. DeMille sticks to the circus in action, but rather on the silly side when he starts bleating about the troubles of lovers cavorting under the Ringling tent. With Betty Hutton, Cornel Wilde, Dorothy Lamour, Charlton Heston, Gloria Grahame, and James Stewart. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

**Jour de Fête**—A really funny French film about a village postman (Jacques Tati) overcome with American speed-up ideas; it may remind you of Mack Sennett and his comedy cops. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590.)

**The Lavender Hill Mob**—How a mild little fellow in the Bank of England manages to do his employers out of a million pounds, amid the nicest sort of hilarity. Alec Guinness is the employee of the bank, and Stanley Holloway is his redoubtable colleague in this English picture. (Fine Arts, 128 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

**The Light Touch**—A moderately humorous account of the theft of a masterwork from a museum in Sicily and of the subsequent machinations among art lovers, dealers, and crooks, to get hold of the canvas. The cast, headed by Pier Angeli, has a pleasantly wry attitude toward all the carefree melodramatics. (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; March 8-11.)

**The Magic Garden**—A comic trifle, made in Africa and enacted by a native cast, which has to do with the uproar a thief causes in

Johannesburg by leaving a purloined forty pounds here and there about the native quarter. (Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th, PL 5-2746.)

**Marie du Port**—The effect a village barmaid exercises on a middle-aged and bored big-city fellow. Jean Gabin is very good as the urban gentleman in this appealing French film. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370.)

**Miracle in Milan**—An amusing Italian picture about an inspired foundling who becomes the teen-age leader of a mob of highly picturesque tramps living on a dump near Milan. Directed by Vittorio De Sica, the film is reminiscent of the fine old works of Chaplin and Clair. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

**Oliver Twist**—A British adaptation of Dickens' story of poverty and greed in nineteenth-century England, turned out by Robert Neame and David Lean, who were also responsible for "Great Expectations." Though not up to its predecessor, it has expert characterizations by Alec Guinness, as Fagin, and John Howard Davies, as Oliver. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630.)

**Quo Vadis**—Never before were thirty thousand actors employed so footlessly as in this version of the Sienkiewicz novel about hard times for Christians under Nero. Robert Taylor, the thirty-thousandth actor, helps not at all. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240.)

**The River**—A film made by Americans in India. Distinguished by striking topical detail and a script, based on a novel by Rumer Godden, that makes a most absorbing business of adolescent love as experienced by three young ladies. Directed by Jean Renoir, the film includes Arthur Shields and Nora Swinburne in its cast. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134. Showings at 2:40 and 8:40; extra performances Saturday and Sunday at 5:40. Reserved seats only. Starting March 10, continuous showings.)

**Tales of Hoffmann**—A big British omelet composed of opera, ballet, and cinematography. The color is dazzling, the music is good, and the dancers are nimble, but the whole thing only goes to show that looking into a kaleidoscope for two hours and more can grow rather wearisome. With Moira Shearer, Robert Helpmann, and Robert Rounseville. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

**Viva Zapata!**—A film that gets awfully snarled up when it lets its characters burble about the significance of Mexican revolutions, but that has some rousing moments when all hands mount their mustangs and charge around the landscape. With Marlon Brando, Jean Peters, Anthony Quinn, and Joseph Wiseman. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633.)

### REVIVALS

**Casablanca** (1942)—Intrigue in North Africa. With Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. (Murray Hill, Park at 42nd, MU 2-1431; March 9-11.)

**Chaplin Comedies**—"The Paper Hanger," "Shanghaied," and "Triple Trouble," all one-reelers from the silent past. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630.)

**The Glass Menagerie** (1950)—The Tennessee Williams drama, without much alteration. With Gertrude Lawrence and Arthur Kennedy. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting March 11, tentative.)

**Macbeth** (1950)—Orson Welles in a lot of whiskers. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting March 11, tentative.)

**Night Train** (1940)—Carol Reed's British thriller involving spies, the Gestapo, and the like. With Margaret Lockwood and Rex Harrison. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; March 9-11.)

**Saints and Sinners** (1949)—The Abbey Players gallivanting around a modern Irish town. An English film. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting March 12.)

**Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs** (1938)—Walt Disney's first full-length cartoon. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, LU 2-1796.)

**The Song of Bernadette** (1944)—The story of Lourdes, with Jennifer Jones and Vincent Price. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting March 7.)

**Trio** (1950)—The second English screen translation of Somerset Maugham stories. With Jean Simmons and James Hayter. (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; through March 7.)

**The Woman of Dolwyn** (1949)—Excitement in a doomed Welsh village. A British picture, with Edith Evans and Emlyn Williams. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting March 12.)

**You Can't Cheat an Honest Man** (1939)—Circus life, with W. C. Fields, Edgar Bergen, and Charlie McCarthy. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; March 8.)

**Museum of Modern Art Film Library**—Through March 9: "Shooting Stars" (1928), a British silent film.... ¶ Starting March 10: Special animation program of nine cartoons (1915-1952) by Paul Terry. (Showings 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.)

• • •

## 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)
**QUO VADIS.**

**Bijou**, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
**CRY, THE BELOVED COUNTRY.**

**Capitol**, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
**THE AFRICAN QUEEN.**

**Cinema 48**, 121 W. 48th. (CI 5-4246)
"Passion for Life" (in French).

**Criterion**, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
**SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS**, revival.

**Globe**, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"Hoodlum Empire," Brian Donlevy, Claire Trevor.

**Mayfair**, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Sailor Beware," Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis.

**Music Hall**, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
**THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH.**

**Paramount**, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Through March 11: "This Woman Is Dangerous," Joan Crawford, David Brian.
From March 12: "Boots Malone," William Holden.

**Rivoli**, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
**VIVA ZAPATA!**

**Roxy**, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
**FIVE FINGERS.**

**State**, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
"The Belle of New York," Fred Astaire, Vera-Ellen.

**Victoria**, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through March 12: "Death of a Salesman," Fredric March, Mildred Dunnock.

**Warner**, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
"Bugles in the Afternoon," Ray Milland, Helena Carter.

**World**, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
**MIRACLE IN MILAN** (in Italian).

# NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

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

## EAST SIDE

**ART,** 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through March 12: "The Secret of Mayerling" (in French), revival, Jean Marais, Dominique Blanchar.

**ACADEMY OF MUSIC,** 126 E. 14th. (GR 7-9653)
Through March 11: "I Want You," Dana Andrews, Dorothy McGuire; and "St. Benny the Dip," Dick Haymes, Nina Foch.
From March 12: "Phone Call from a Stranger," Shelley Winters, Gary Merrill; and "Rose of Cimarron." Jack Beutel, Mala Powers.

**GRAMERCY,** Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through March 8: "Decision Before Dawn," Richard Basehart, Gary Merrill.
March 9-11: "The Model and the Marriage Broker," Jeanne Crain, Scott Brady, Thelma Ritter.
From March 12: **THE WOMAN OF DOLWYN,** revival; and **SAINTS AND SINNERS,** revival.

**MURRAY HILL,** Park at 42nd. (MU 2-1431)
March 6: "Distant Drums," Gary Cooper; and "On the Loose," Joan Evans, Melvyn Douglas.
March 7-8: "My Favorite Spy," Bob Hope, Hedy Lamarr; and "Crosswinds," John Payne, Rhonda Fleming.
March 9-11: **CASABLANCA,** revival; and "The Voice of the Turtle," revival, Eleanor Parker, Ronald Reagan, Eve Arden.
From March 12: "Lone Star," Clark Gable, Ava Gardner; and "Calling Bulldog Drummond," Walter Pidgeon, Margaret Leighton.

**BEVERLY,** 3rd Ave. at 50th. (EL 5-8790)
Through March 10 (tentative): **THE BROWNING VERSION;** and "Pool of London," Bonar Colleano.
From March 11 (tentative): **THE GLASS MENAGERIE,** revival; and **MACBETH,** revival.

**LEXINGTON,** Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through March 8: "Scandal Sheet," Broderick Crawford, Donna Reed; and "Indian Uprising," George Montgomery.
March 9-11: "Invitation," Van Johnson, Dorothy McGuire; and "It's a Big Country," an episodic film, with Ethel Barrymore, Fredric March, and Gene Kelly.
From March 12: "When Worlds Collide," Richard Derr, Barbara Rush; and "Submarine Command," William Holden, Nancy Olsen.

**TRANS-LUX 52ND ST.,** Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Love Is Better Than Ever," Larry Parks, Elizabeth Taylor.

**SUTTON,** 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
**TALES OF HOFFMANN.**

**R.K.O. 58TH ST.,** 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through March 11: "I Want You," Dana Andrews, Dorothy McGuire; and "St. Benny the Dip," Dick Haymes, Nina Foch.
From March 12: "Phone Call from a Stranger," Shelley Winters, Gary Merrill; and "Rose of Cimarron," Jack Beutel, Mala Powers.

**FINE ARTS,** 128 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
**THE LAVENDER HILL MOB.**

**PLAZA,** 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through March 7: "My Favorite Spy," Bob Hope, Hedy Lamarr.
March 8-12: "The Model and the Marriage Broker," Jeanne Crain, Scott Brady, Thelma Ritter.

**PARK AVENUE,** Park at 59th. (PL 9-7241)
"The Woman in Question," Jean Kent, Dirk Bogarde.

**BARONET,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Navajo," Francis Kee Teller.

**TRANS-LUX 60TH ST.,** Madison at 60th. (PL 5-2746)
**THE MAGIC GARDEN.**

**YORK,** 1st Ave. at 64th. (RH 4-5779)
Through March 7: **DETECTIVE STORY;** and "Darling, How Could You!," Joan Fontaine, John Lund.
March 8: **YOU CAN'T CHEAT AN HONEST MAN,** revival; and "Black Hand," revival, Gene Kelly, J. Carrol Naish.
March 9-10: "Hotel Sahara," Yvonne De Carlo, Peter Ustinov; and "Hit the Ice," revival, Abbott and Costello.
March 11-12: "Decision Before Dawn," Richard Basehart, Gary Merrill; and "Love Nest," June Haver, William Lundigan.

**68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE,** 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through March 7: "On the Riviera," revival, Danny Kaye, Gene Tierney.
March 8-12: "Decision Before Dawn," Richard Basehart, Gary Merrill.

**LOEW'S 72ND ST.,** 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through March 8: "Scandal Sheet," Broderick Crawford, Donna Reed; and "Indian Uprising," George Montgomery.
March 9-11: "Invitation," Van Johnson, Dorothy McGuire; and "It's a Big Country," an episodic film, with Ethel Barrymore, Fredric March, and Gene Kelly.
From March 12: "When Worlds Collide," Richard Derr, Barbara Rush; and "Submarine Command," William Holden, Nancy Olsen.

**TRANS-LUX 72ND ST.,** 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
March 6: "Man on the Run," Derek Farr, Joan Hopkins.
From March 7: **THE SONG OF BERNADETTE,** revival.

**TRANS-LUX COLONY,** 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through March 8: **DETECTIVE STORY;** and "Darling, How Could You!," Joan Fontaine, John Lund.
March 9-11: "Decision Before Dawn," Richard Basehart, Gary Merrill; and "Love Nest," June Haver, William Lundigan.
From March 12: "My Favorite Spy," Bob Hope, Hedy Lamarr; and "Crosswinds," John Payne, Rhonda Fleming.

**TRANS-LUX 85TH ST.,** Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through March 8: "Decision Before Dawn," Richard Basehart, Gary Merrill.
From March 9: **DETECTIVE STORY.**

**R.K.O. 86TH ST.,** Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through March 11: "I Want You," Dana Andrews, Dorothy McGuire; and "St. Benny the Dip," Dick Haymes, Nina Foch.
From March 12: "Phone Call from a Stranger," Shelley Winters, Gary Merrill; and "Rose of Cimarron," Jack Beutel, Mala Powers.

**ORPHEUM,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through March 8: "Scandal Sheet," Broderick Crawford, Donna Reed; and "Indian Uprising," George Montgomery.
March 9-11: "Invitation," Van Johnson, Dorothy McGuire; and "It's a Big Country," an episodic film, with Ethel Barrymore, Fredric March, and Gene Kelly.
From March 12: "When Worlds Collide," Richard Derr, Barbara Rush; and "Submarine Command," William Holden, Nancy Olsen.

## WEST SIDE

**WAVERLY,** 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
March 6: "The Medium," Marie Powers, Leo Coleman, Anna Maria Alberghetti; and "The History of Mr. Polly," John Mills.
March 7-9: "Decision Before Dawn," Richard Basehart, Gary Merrill; and "Love Nest," June Haver, William Lundigan.
March 10-11: "Penny Serenade," revival, Irene Dunne, Cary Grant; and "Night and the City," revival, Richard Widmark, Gene Tierney.
From March 12: "Lone Star," Clark Gable, Ava Gardner; and "Calling Bulldog Drummond," Walter Pidgeon, Margaret Leighton.

**8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE,** 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through March 8: "The Model and the Marriage Broker," Jeanne Crain, Scott Brady, Thelma Ritter.
March 9-11: **NIGHT TRAIN,** revival.
From March 12: **THE WOMAN OF DOLWYN,** revival; and **SAINTS AND SINNERS,** revival.

**5TH AVE. PLAYHOUSE,** 5th Ave. at 12th. (OR 5-9630)
**OLIVER TWIST;** and **CHAPLIN COMEDIES,** revival.

**SHERIDAN,** 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through March 8: "Scandal Sheet," Broderick Crawford, Donna Reed; and "Indian Uprising," George Montgomery.
March 9-11: "Invitation," Van Johnson, Dorothy McGuire; and "It's a Big Country," an episodic film, with Ethel Barrymore, Fredric March, and Gene Kelly.
From March 12: "When Worlds Collide," Richard Derr, Barbara Rush; and "Submarine Command," William Holden, Nancy Olsen.

**GREENWICH,** Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through March 7: "The Medium," Marie Powers, Leo Coleman, Anna Maria Alberghetti; and "The Galloping Major," Basil Radford, Jimmy Hanley.
March 8-11: **THE BROWNING VERSION;** and "Pool of London," Bonar Colleano.
From March 12: "Decision Before Dawn," Richard Basehart, Gary Merrill; and "Love Nest," June Haver, William Lundigan.

**R.K.O. 23RD ST.,** 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through March 11: "I Want You," Dana Andrews, Dorothy McGuire; and "St. Benny the Dip," Dick Haymes, Nina Foch.
From March 12: "Phone Call from a Stranger," Shelley Winters, Gary Merrill; and "Rose of Cimarron," Jack Beutel, Mala Powers.

**TERRACE,** 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
Through March 8: "My Favorite Spy," Bob Hope, Hedy Lamarr; and "Crosswinds," John Payne, Rhonda Fleming.
March 9-10: "The Sleeping City," revival, Richard Conte, Coleen Gray; and "One Night in the Tropics," revival, Allan Jones, Abbott and Costello.
From March 11: "Lone Star," Clark Gable, Ava Gardner; and "Calling Bulldog Drummond," Walter Pidgeon, Margaret Leighton.

**GUILD,** 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Royal Journey," a documentary film of Queen Elizabeth's and Prince Philip's recent trips to Canada and the United States.

**55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE,** 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
**JOUR DE FÊTE** (in French).

**NORMANDIE,** 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
March 6: "Pandora and the Flying Dutchman," Ava Gardner, James Mason.
From March 7: "Something to Live For," Joan Fontaine, Ray Milland.

**LITTLE CARNEGIE,** 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"Rashomon" (in Japanese).

**PARIS,** 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
**THE RIVER.**

**LOEW'S 83RD ST.,** B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through March 8: "Scandal Sheet," Broderick Crawford, Donna Reed; and "Indian Uprising," George Montgomery.
March 9-11: "Invitation," Van Johnson, Dorothy McGuire; and "It's a Big Country," an episodic film, with Ethel Barrymore, Fredric March, and Gene Kelly.
From March 12: "When Worlds Collide," Richard Derr, Barbara Rush; and "Submarine Command," William Holden, Nancy Olsen.

**THALIA,** B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
**MARIE DU PORT** (in French); and "Gigi" (in French), revival, Danièle Delorme.

**RIVERSIDE,** B'way at 96th. (RI 9-9861)
Through March 11: "I Want You," Dana Andrews, Dorothy McGuire; and "St. Benny the Dip," Dick Haymes, Nina Foch.
From March 12: "Phone Call from a Stranger," Shelley Winters, Gary Merrill; and "Rose of Cimarron," Jack Beutel, Mala Powers.

**CARLTON,** B'way at 100th. (AC 2-3862)
Through March 7: **TRIO,** revival; and "Rhubarb," Ray Milland, Jan Sterling.
March 8-11: **THE LIGHT TOUCH;** and "The Son of Dr. Jekyll," Louis Hayward, Jody Lawrance.
From March 12: "Decision Before Dawn," Richard Basehart, Gary Merrill; and "Love Nest," June Haver, William Lundigan.

**NEMO,** B'way at 110th. (AC 2-9406)
Through March 11: "I Want You," Dana Andrews, Dorothy McGuire; and "St. Benny the Dip," Dick Haymes, Nina Foch.
From March 12: "Phone Call from a Stranger," Shelley Winters, Gary Merrill; and "Rose of Cimarron," Jack Beutel, Mala Powers.

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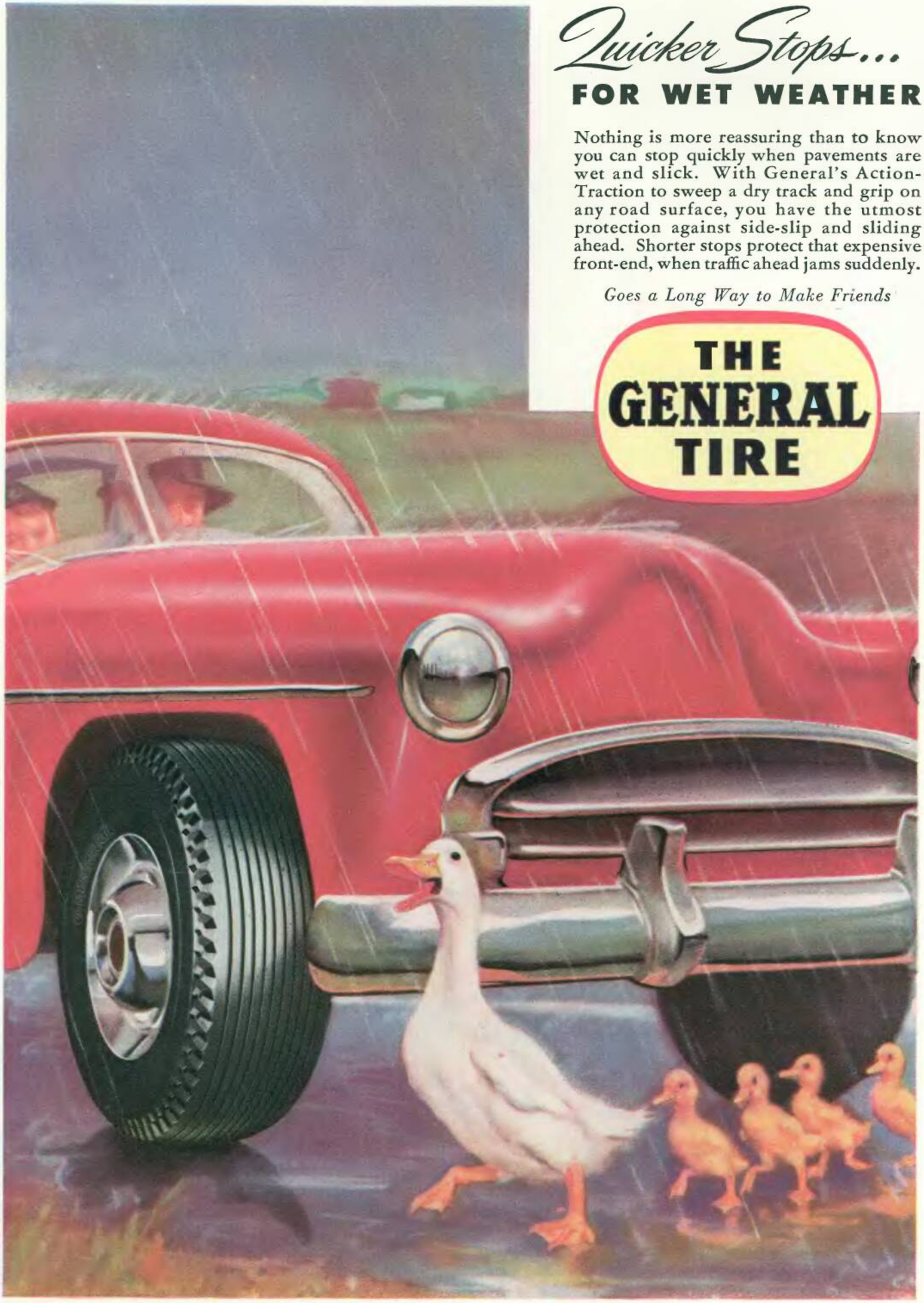

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THE NEW YORKER

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*

IN spring we follow the automobile ads closely—a cheap form of escape reading. In our dream life we scoot out ahead of everybody with Studebaker's tremendous surge of strength. We climb right up into De Soto's new Fire Dome and get pounded into insensibility by the pistons. At the wheel of a Caddy, this very morning, we are discovering a brand-new motoring sensation, and it's only fair to report that it's making us uneasy. The ad first assures us that Cadillac has plenty of you know what. Then the writer hastily adds: "And it should never, *never* be used for

dramatic display on the get-away. To do so is . . . not in keeping with the graciousness the motoring public has come to expect from the person who sits at the wheel of a Cadillac." Well, pshaw! What a letdown! There's a little of the bantam rooster in us, and showiness means everything. However, we're beginning to get the hang of it, and we plan to live graciously if it kills us. And if that stupid bum who just went by in the Lincoln doesn't wipe that smile off his face, it *will* kill us.

A FEW months ago, in these pages, we wrote about a Belgian named Jan Yoors, now resident in New York, who in his teens became a gypsy by adoption. Word has reached us, belatedly, via an August, 1951, issue of the Santa Fe *New Mexican*, of even more recondite goings on in the gypsy world—these in connection with a gypsy by birth, whom we also wrote about. "Flamenco guitarist Carlos Montoya, described by *The New Yorker* magazine as 'probably the only purebred Spanish gypsy residing in Manhattan,' " the *New Mexican* stated, "will be presented in concert Tuesday night with his wife, Trianita, exotic Spanish dancer, as the beginning of Fiesta activities. This marks the first time that the vivacious Trianita has appeared with her husband here. As a child, Trianita observed the dancers in public squares and gypsy carnivals in Europe, finally making her professional début as a Spanish dancer in Paris. During her residence in the United States, Trianita has made two cross-country recital tours, one terminating with a program at the White House."

Now, then. We have a vivid recollection of Señora Montoya, an attractive, dark-haired lady whom we interviewed along with her husband, and whom we described as "the former Sally MacLean, a New York girl of Scottish antecedents." We felicitate her on having become a gypsy, or at any rate a Spaniard, by propinquity. We hope that her residence in the United States, which commenced at birth, will prove profitable, and that the public squares of Manhattan (she has a tent on East Thirty-seventh Street) will long claim her. We click a congratulatory castanet at the vivacious Trianita's father, Henry Coit MacLean, of Leesburg, Virginia, a former foreign-service officer who, according to *Who's Who* ("m. Hannah Townsend Anderson; 1 dau., Sally Townsend"), early in his career was connected with that old Castilian firm, the Yale & Towne Manufacturing Co., and at her two sons, Carlos, Jr., and Allan MacLean, who are gypsying their days away at the Browning School.

## *A Bar with a View*

THE second big unit in the thickening cluster of buildings on the United Nations site was opened for business last Wednesday morning, on the occasion of a meeting of the Trusteeship Council. A couple of days earlier, skirting painters' ladders and leaping heaped-up snakes of cable, we made a tour of the premises with a rangy United Nations girl named Peggy Kyle and a dark-eyed, soft-spoken lady whose name we didn't quite catch, who was doing a bit of free-lance reporting for a South American journal whose name we didn't quite catch. The new unit cost around ten million dollars and, as far as we're concerned, is worth every penny of it. Known simply as the Conference Building and containing three great council chambers, three large conference rooms, two delegates' lounges, a delegates' dining room, an employees' cafeteria, and a number of committee rooms of assorted sizes, it snuggles between the Secretariat Building and the East River, with the Franklin D. Roosevelt Drive invisibly piercing its innards. It is as low and broad as the Secretariat Building is high and narrow, and its prevailing note, inside and out, is one of elegant high spirits. Trailing after Miss

Kyle and the dark-eyed lady, we found that the building made us feel very good indeed—at once cheerful and bemused, as if marvellous things were about to happen amidst all that dazzle of fabrics and richness of leather and depth of pile. The designers of the various interiors and of their no less various furnishings were of many nationalities, and if in some instances the styles appeared to collide head-on, why, even the collisions struck us as being part of the charm. We were put in mind, as we have been before at the United Nations, of our old joyous, higgledy-piggledy, infinitely promising World's Fair, and as we rounded the corners of long corridors full of golden light, we wouldn't have been surprised to come upon fountains gushing music and pink water, or to

peer into the glittering blue-and-green reaches of the Futurama.

Miss Kyle took us at top speed through the three main conference rooms, which are on the ground floor. "Each is a hundred and thirty-five feet long, seventy-two feet wide, and twenty-four feet high, with provision for simultaneous interpretation in French, English, Russian, Spanish, and Chinese," she said, neither breaking gait nor drawing breath. In the first conference room, she noted, the panelling was of limba wood, from Liberia, while the carpet was from England and the desks were of American walnut; in the second conference room, the panelling was of Canadian birch, the carpet was from Scotland, and the desks were of Cuban mahogany; in the third, the panelling was of American oak, the carpet was from France, and the desks were of Burmese teak. The dark-eyed lady stroked the desks and fingered the draperies, and said that she thought the first conference room had too much of one color and the second had too much of another color but the third was just right. Miss Kyle drew a breath.

A moment later, we dashed upstairs to make our way through the three main council chambers, which are just about the same size as the conference rooms below. The designer of the Economic and Social Council chamber is a Swede, Miss Kyle said, and it was his pleasure to leave half of the ceiling of the room off, permanently exposing a geometric maze of air-conditioning ducts, light conduits, steampipes, and valves. For some reason, the effect is rather fetching. In the middle of the room were a number of shiny steel chairs. "Those chairs!" said the dark-eyed lady. "They're just like—" "Don't say it," said Miss Kyle. "—dentists' chairs," said the dark-eyed lady. "I knew you'd say that," said Miss Kyle. The Trusteeship Council chamber was designed by a Dane, and the carpet boasts alternating bands of vivid colors. The Security Council chamber was designed by a Norwegian, and is handsome and solid-looking. It has a lounge and bar adjoining it. "The wood used in the bar is bizalon," said Miss Kyle, unblinking, and led the way up to the next level, where we inspected the delegates' dining room, the cafeteria, and sumptuous kitchens. The cafeteria opens onto a paved terrace overhanging the river and, come summer and less soot from the Con Ed plant nearby, should be the pleasantest outdoor eating place in town.

Our favorite room was the delegates' main lounge, at the north end of the building. Two stories high and as long as be damned, it has floor-to-ceiling windows that look out across a garden—now mainly mud and cinders—to the river and, beyond the river, to the Flushing sky. In the lounge is a great, curved mahogany bar, with a silvery rail, and a broad coping on which to rest one's elbows. From the bar the view is straight to Hell Gate. "Inspiring!" said the dark-eyed lady, and scribbled heaven knows what message to her readers to the south.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The Plaza Hosiery Shops, at 553 Lexington Avenue, have a doormat marked "Waldorf."

## *Fish Lady*

IF you want your child to amount to something, and not just become a well-rounded nonentity, try exposing him, or her, intensively to some one branch of science, such as fish. This is the thought we brought away from a visit to Dr. Eugenie Clark, a Museum of Natural History research associate who—working as a Fulbright Research Scholar, on behalf of a Navy-sponsored program of the School of Tropical Medicine, in Loma Linda, California—recently spent ten months in and around the Red Sea, whence, by spear, net, troll, poison, dynamite, and deputy, she extricated three hundred species of fish, three of them new, thirty or forty of them poisonous. Dr. Clark, a brunette beauty of twenty-nine who has an ichthyological Ph.D. from New York University (her doctoral thesis was "Sexual Behavior of Tropical Fishes Related to Psychological Isolating Mechanisms"), was born in New York of an English father and a Japanese mother. Her mother tended a cigar-and-candy counter in the Downtown Athletic Club, near Battery Place, and took her daughter, when she was ten or thereabouts, along every Saturday morning, parked her in the Aquarium, then in Battery Park, and picked her up four hours later. This indoctrination went on for several years. "I watched the fish with enormous interest," Dr. Clark told us during our talk in her Museum office. "My mother gave me a small tropical aquarium for Christmas, and I began to spend my allowance—a dollar a week—on new specimens and maintenance. We moved to Woodside, Long Island, when I was thirteen, and I joined the Queens County Aquarium Society. By this time, I had hundreds of tropical fish, and I also had dozens of snakes, in cages."

Well, these hobbies stuck, and when she was eighteen and nineteen, during vacations from Hunter College, Eugenie spent happy ichthyological and herpetological summers at the University of Michigan's biological station, in Cheboygan. After Hunter, she took a job in the chemical department of the Celanese Corporation, but her heart was still with the fish, and in 1946, meeting Dr. Carl Hubbs, professor of biology at the Scripps Institution of Oceanography of the University of California, at a scientific convention, she so impressed him that he took her on as a research assistant. Various oceanographic fellowships presently came her way, including one from the Pacific Science Board of the National Research Council, which in 1949 sent her, with an airplane-priority rating of lieutenant commander, to the South Pacific for four months' collecting in the waters off the Palau and Caroline Islands. The Navy was especially interested in the poisonous fish she brought back, because service men had been killed by either eating or touching some of them, and this interest was the motivating force behind her Red Sea excursion.

On this excursion, Dr. Clark operated out of the Ghardaqa Biological Station of Fuad University, in Egypt, on the western shore of the Red Sea. "I fished during the day and wrote up my notes in the station's laboratory evenings," she said. "Most of the poisonous fish I got were tetraodontids, or blowfish. Many of these are lethal only in part; if you eat the roe of some of them, you're sure to die, but a portion of the flesh simply gives you a stomach ache. In some cases, a tetraodontid found around one group of islands is poisonous, whereas the same fish, or what appears to be the same fish, found around another group of islands can be eaten with impunity. The Navy hopes to develop antidotes to the poisonous ones." Dr. Clark advised us that Long Island tetraodontids are harmless, and that it is possible to live well off the Red Sea. "I ate a lot of dugongs—aquatic mammals about eleven feet long, whose

*"They have a wonderful author-editor relationship."*

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nearest living relative is the elephant," she said. "They have udders around their flippers, and probably gave rise to the mythological conception of mermaids. They taste something like pork."

Dr. Clark lives in Buffalo, where her husband, Dr. Ilias Konstantinu, an American of Greek origin, whom she married while in Egypt—he had followed her there—is an orthopedic surgeon. She spends several days a month in New York, doing fish research at the Museum, and has just received a Eugene F. Saxton Memorial Fellowship to write a book about her recent experiences. She has a Japanese stepfather, who, with her mother, runs a restaurant, the Chidori, on upper Broadway, which in her opinion, she said, is the best Japanese restaurant in town. Thanks to her Japanese background, she has long had a taste for raw fish. This made a great hit with the natives in the Pacific. "I've even eaten raw shark," she said, "though I prefer it cooked with onions and tomatoes."

## *Choosy Robot*

THE Coca-Cola machine in the Rockefeller Foundation's offices, in the R.C.A. Building, slides Jefferson, or relatively new, nickels right through its gizzard and out at the bottom without activating any merchandise, but buffalo nickels—older, flatter, and thinner—work O.K.

## *Dixieland*

THE Central Plaza, a hall at 111 Second Avenue catering to weddings, fancy balls, and the like, has been holding rather talked-about Dixieland-jazz jamborees on Friday nights for about four years now, and during 1951, when we were last there, these activities became so popular that since the first of this year the management has added Saturday-night and Sunday-afternoon sessions. Having decided that we'd better revisit the Plaza, as it is known in jazz circles, we arrived there shortly after nine—the opening hour—on a recent Saturday evening, piled into an elevator along with nine or ten boys with crew cuts and girls wearing scarves over their heads, and ascended to the fifth floor, site of the main ballroom, where the evening's merrymaking was on. The ballroom, a large, high-ceilinged, much-gilded specimen of 1928 baroque, already contained perhaps four hundred customers, sitting at tables around the floor and listening, a bit apathetically, to a trio playing "After You've Gone." Most of the customers were drinking beer, served at a dollar a pitcher from a bar in a corner of the ballroom. We were taken in tow and led to a table by Jack Crystal, manager of the Commodore Music Shop and musical director of the Plaza, who identified the members of the trio as Cecil Scott (saxophone), Eddie Phyfe (drums), and Willie the Lion Smith (piano). "Crowd's not warm yet," Crystal told us, and went on to explain that Dixieland jazz came to lower Second Avenue in 1945, when the late Bunk Johnson was called from the rice fields of Louisiana, like Cincinnatus, to create commotion at the Stuyvesant Casino, just up the street from the Plaza.

A crew-cut young man spoke to Crystal, who replied, "Hope you find your horn." Crystal then turned to us and said, "Promising fellow. We used to let him play along with the band, keeping his horn under the table. The table muted him. Somebody stole the horn out of a car."

At the piano, Willie the Lion began to sing a blues song, enunciating dexterously without removing a cigar from his mouth, and Crystal informed us that billing musicians in advance at the

Plaza is dangerous, because most of the best Dixieland men are getting too old to go out in bad weather, and furthermore they are always putting themselves temporarily out of action by hocking their instruments.

By now the hall was filled almost to its seven-hundred capacity. Some of the customers were chewing gum in time, and between the verses of Willie the Lion's song there were cries of "Hello, Willie!" and "Yes, yes!"

" 'I'm gonna sing this verse, and I ain't gonna sing no more,' " sang Willie.

"Ain't you, Willie?" queried somebody in the audience. "Ain't you really?"

Willie the Lion replied by repeating the line and then stopping, whereupon Crystal leaped up galvanically, dashed to the microphone, and shouted, "Wingy Manone!"

The trio was replaced on the bandstand by a five-piece ensemble headed up by Mr. Manone, a one-armed, bug-eyed trumpeter, and Big Chief Russell Moore, a gigantic Indian trombonist. "Wingy's pretty much of a newcomer here, but Big Chief practically came with the furniture," Crystal, who had returned to us, said. "Since the time he flew to the Steamboat Ball in Pittsburgh, the Chief is known as the man who requires two seat belts."

Within a couple of minutes, Wingy, Big Chief, and the ensemble were going full blast on "That's A Plenty," and some of the customers were intermittently stepping onto the small dance floor and reeling around there solo in a loose-jointed, abandoned manner, while others climbed up on tables to watch and cheer. Our eye fell on the ex-trumpeter with the crew cut, who was sitting at a nearby table in a trancelike condition marked by sagging jaw, glazed eyeballs, and rhythmic twitching of the frame. "Gone," he moaned. "Gone."

"Crowd's getting warm now," Crystal hollered in our ear. "It's not the beer that does it, it's the tail gate." We asked him to explain, and he said that "tail gate" is a style of trombone-playing.

With Crystal's assistance, we caught Manone and Moore for a moment's flapjaw before we left, and asked what they thought of the Plaza audience.

"Class," replied Wingy. "In night clubs, they talk. Here, they listen. Right, Chief?"

"Right," said Big Chief. "They're a classy group."

"The customers can blow their top here long as they don't hit anybody," said Crystal proudly. "We have several head doctors who come down here a good deal personally. They say this is better than being frustrated."

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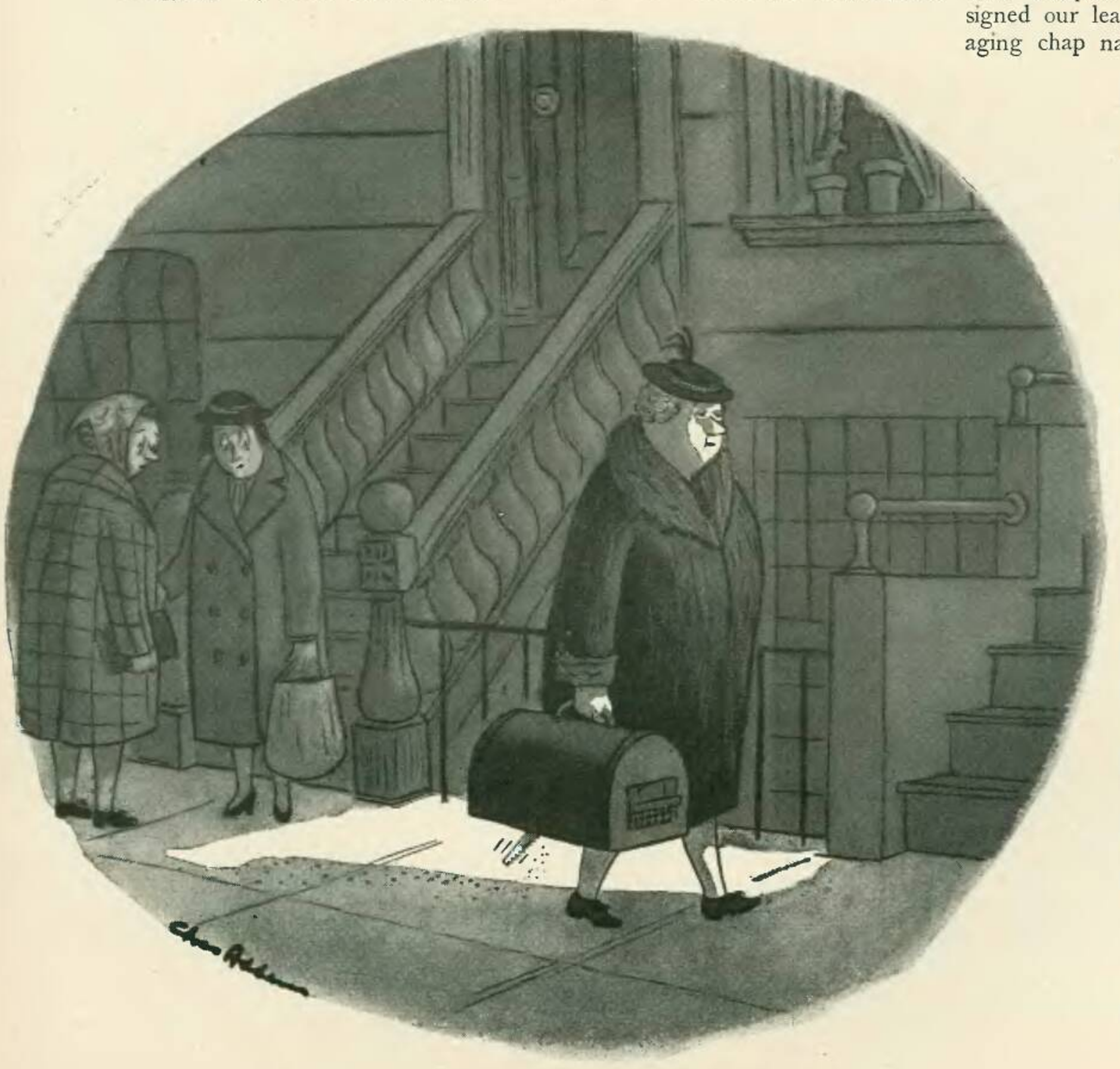
SIGN in a London Airport-to-London bus: "Emergency Door. Not for the use of passengers."

## *Hall on Krispies*

WHEN we were informed by a number of people in the advertising-agency world—well-meaning folk but likely to go off half-cocked at times—that one Frank Milano is doing a superlative job imitating the snap, crackle, and pop of Kellogg's Rice Krispies on the radio, we assigned our least volatile operative, an aging chap named Hall, to dig into the matter. "Frank Milano does not simply say 'snap,' 'crackle,' and 'pop' in so many words," Hall notes in his neatly handwritten report. "Nor does he simply make snapping, crackling, and popping sounds. What he does is play the parts of characters called Snap, Crackle, and Pop, pronouncing ordinary words in a, respectively, *snapping*, *crackling*, and *popping* manner. Mr. Milano's snap is short, quick, and thin. His crackle has the quality of cellophane being unhurriedly crushed. His pop, rendered in a low, oily, settled-down tone, suggests completion, is soothing rather than startling, and may be compared to the sound of small corks being withdrawn from undersized jugs."

With characteristic thoroughness, Hall not only listened to the thing but also watched



it through his bifocals. "I arranged to attend what is known in wireless circles as 'a cutting of a commercial' for the 'Wild Bill Hickok' program, in which Mr. Milano plays the characters known as Snap, Crackle, and Pop," Hall wrote. "Mr. Milano fulfills these engagements usually on Fridays, sandwiching them in between rehearsals for a television program called 'The Rootie Kazootie Club.' I was given to understand that in this program, which is evidently put on for the benefit of the juvenile television audience, he plays the parts of three characters known as Gala-Poochie, Poison Zoomack, and Polka-Dottie. Gala-Poochie, I was told, is a dog, Poison Zoomack a villain in more or less human form, and Polka-Dottie a female child excessively addicted to costumes of the sort suggested by her name. Two other characters in 'The Rootie Kazootie Club' are El Squeako and Mr. Deetle-Dootle. It was only after I had taken down the names of all these characters that I learned that the Rootie Kazootie affair is a puppet show and that Mr. Milano does not appear in person but simply contributes the voices of Gala-Poochie, Poison Zoomack, and Polka-Dottie.

"To return to the kernel of this assignment, I was able to obtain a mimeographed script in advance of the actual cutting of the cereal commercial, and this proved of immeasurable assistance to me in following the proceedings, which took place in a soundproof, airtight enclosure known as Studio 2, WMCA, at 1657 Broadway. Standing close to a microphone of the sort one has frequently observed at Town Hall lectures were two human male actors, who play the parts of First Announcer and Second Announcer, and, of course, Mr. Milano himself, who, as I believe I have noted, plays the parts of Snap, Crackle, and Pop. Here is an excerpt from the proceedings I both heard and saw:

SECOND ANNCR: It's easy! It's fun! And think how thrilled you'll be to win *a Ford for your family—a bike for yourself!*

FIRST ANNCR: So don't put it off! Color your picture of Snap, Crackle, and Pop today!

SNAP (*excited*): Now can we?

CRACKLE: Can we tell 'em now?

POP: Can we, huh?

FIRST ANNCR (*laugh*): O.K., Snap, Crackle, and Pop—*shoot!*

SNAP: Hey, kids! Wanna win . . .

CRACKLE: A Ford for your family . . .

POP: A bike for yourself . . .

"I find it unnecessary to quote further from the script, since the remainder of the dialogue is repetitive. As for the personality of Mr. Milano, I found him to be a modest, unassuming individual. He candidly volunteered the information that it was his ambition, as a young man growing up in Wilmington, Delaware, prior to the Second World War, to be an ordinary actor on the legitimate stage. A talent for mimicry, coupled with the economic pressures familiar to so many young people of his generation, led him into his unusual mode of earning a living. I am convinced that he did not set out to do what he is doing now; he is, rather, a Pawn of Fate. His present repertoire includes representations of an automobile self-starter handicapped by a run-down storage battery, for a firm called Prest-O-Lite; a jet-propelled teaspoon for a firm that sells bran with raisins in it by means of a television skit called 'Tom Corbett, Space Cadet;' a droll motorboat on a television program featuring a Mr. Berle; a parrot on a television program featuring a Mr. Goodwin; and lions, horses, steers, chipmunks, and so forth, on what he refers to as 'The Bobby Benson Mutual Program.' He has also represented Edgar Allan Poe's black cat on 'The Voice of America' and a dog called Little Nipper on Victor (talking-machine) records, this dog being, he says, the grandson of the original His Master's Voice canine, familiar to all. Mr. Milano is happily married, lives in Greenwich Village, has a farm in Hillsdale, N.Y., and makes no secret of the fact that he earns in the neighborhood of forty thousand dollars annually, before taxes. In closing, I must remind you that I depart for my usual spring vacation in Bermuda this coming Tuesday, and if you wish any further information regarding Mr. Milano . . ."

So there goes Hall, off to Bermuda, while Mr. Milano and the rest of us sit here plugging away.

*"Did you ever stop to think maybe you're in the wrong line of work?"*

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## *Silver Lining*

TWO men emerged from a subway exit into the rain, and this is what they said:

FIRST MAN: "Look at that weather! When we went into the subway, the sun was shining. Now look how it's raining."

SECOND MAN: "It's better than nothing."

# THERE, BUT FOR THE GRACE OF GOD...

DURING the summer holiday season, strangers would sometimes come part way up the avenue, thinking that a house with such chimney stacks must be either a hotel or a youth hostel; but at the turn where the total inhospitality of Bendish Hall stared them in the face, they beat a retreat, scolded by the squirrels overhead. The squirrels were the indigenous red English squirrels. Horace Winterton piqued himself on this. His country was going to the dogs, his house was falling to pieces, the nephew who would inherit after him had settled in New Zealand, vowing never to return; but at least there were no interloping gray squirrels in his trees.

He was nearing his eighties, and his income when rates and taxes had done with it was under five hundred a year. A few years before, carried away by the satisfaction of damning a Labour government, he had been fool enough to tell this to Ursula, his sister-in-law. At once, Ursula exclaimed, in her gross, omniscient way, "Then why go on living here? Sell the place, and settle down in something of a reasonable size, with some money in your pocket."

"A bungalow. Why not come out with it and say a bungalow?"

"Because I know you are a snob." Ursula said. "Though why it should be the sin against the Holy Ghost to live in a bungalow, I cannot imagine. *I* could live in a bungalow."

"You should have gone to New Zealand, then. New Zealand is covered with bungalows," Horace said. In his mind's eye, a geyser spurted up boiling water, and Ursula was within spray-fall. Unable to put this into words, he uttered a brief, screeching laugh, like a jay's.

"How is your rheumatism?" Ursula inquired.

Ursula was twelve years younger than he and a widow, with nothing to do since her son and his family had emigrated but make a nuisance of herself. During the immediate postwar years, she had been indispensable to something or other and left Horace in peace. Now, embellished with an O.B.E. (a decoration tantamount to gray squirrels), she had come to see what had become of him. What had become of him (since structures of flesh and blood are notoriously subject to the hand of Time) was less astonishing to her than what had become of Bendish Hall. Outwardly it kept its peacock swagger of Jacobean brick and crow-stepped gables. Inwardly it was perishing from damp and penury, and smelled of rats, soot, and mildew.

Since Horace would not sell outright, Ursula said, why not convert the upper story into a flat and let it?

The upper story, he replied, was the worst. Some fool had machine-gunned the roof.

Then why not make over the kitchen wing? Nowadays people really preferred smaller rooms, as being easier to keep warm.

Anyone living in the kitchen wing, said Horace, would need a ladder to go to bed by. The second staircase had been burned out by an evacuated woman trying to curl her hair.

"But didn't you get damages?" Ursula asked.

"Of course I got damages! And as I prefer live wood to dead, I spent them on the timber. If you had eyes in your head, you might have noticed my trees. That's the best lime-tree clump in the country."

"It must keep out a lot of sun," Ursula said. "I don't care for trees so close to a house."

"I do," said Horace.

Stopped her mouth, he thought. When, after a night of being kept awake by rats in the wainscot and starlings nesting in the chimney, she went away, he hoped she would not come again. Not that he cared a snap of the fingers for her opinions, but she unsettled him.

Six months later, she reappeared, wondering why he had not thought of getting some active dispossessed couple who would be thankful for a roof to cover them and express their thankfulness by working in the house and helping old Basil in the garden.

Horace said, "In better days—before you married Julian—it took three housemaids to keep this house in order. Good stout local girls, too. If you think one half-starved Estonian can do it, you're wrong."

"But you could shut up some of the rooms."

"Which?" he demanded. "I can't live like a mouse in a trap."

"Do you need six bedrooms to feel at liberty?"

"I don't see how I can do with fewer. I use the red room in winter. In summer, I can't stand being mewed up in a four-poster, so I move to the Indian room. I have to have a dressing room, don't I? And as the red room and the Indian room are at opposite ends of the house, that means two dressing rooms. I keep my boots in the brown room. At my age, a man cannot be forever moving his boots about. That's five. I could do with five. But if you persist in paying me these unexpected visits, I must keep the porch room as my spare room. That's six. No one woman could possibly keep six bedrooms in order."

"As far as I can see, no woman does," Ursula said.

A white badge of fury appeared on Horace's nose. She could have impugned his ability to shoot, spell, mix a salad dressing, know the points of a horse, and he would not have shed a feather. Sweeping, polishing, getting dust from the crannies of the stairs were things in which his self-confidence was less perfectly established.

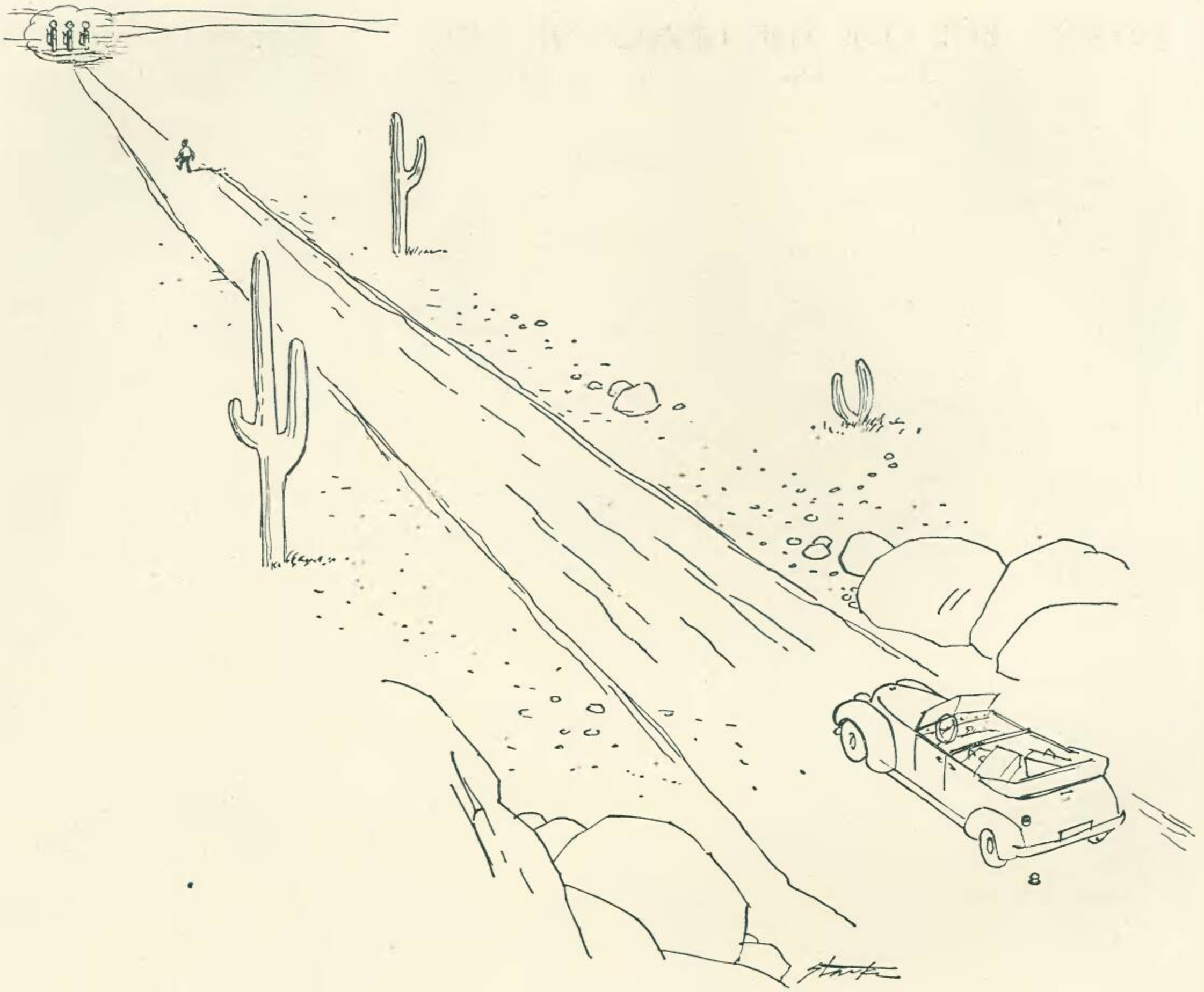
Ursula felt a womanly compassion and was silly enough to express it. "I can't bear to think of you toiling and moiling with dustpans, Horace. It's no way for you to live. Besides, you're only fighting a losing battle, when all's said and done. Wouldn't it be wiser to say goodbye to the house before it's turned into nothing but a burden and a misery? Part friends with it, you know."

"I'll part friends with it when the time comes," he said. "And that will be when I come out of it feet foremost. Losing battle, eh? Losing value, that's what you mean. Nothing to me! I shan't be here when it's put up to auction."

"Horace, you really are intolerable."

"In that case, you needn't suffer when you think of me moiling with dustpans. Shall we have lunch?"

Even the turkey figs were soured for her under his inflexible hospitality, and after lunch she drove herself away in such a fury of mortification that she forgot her gloves. Returning for them a few minutes later, she saw her pillows being vehemently shaken from the porch-room window. Absorbed in puri-



fication, Horace did not notice her brief return.

"She upsets me," he grumbled to himself. "Damn her, she upsets me! A woman like that would wind an elephant."

He was indeed horribly breathless. His legs shook under him, and his upper lip felt as though a skin of plaster of Paris had been laid over it. When all traces of Ursula had been removed, he went and sat under the lime trees to cool off. Fatigued, he sat too long, and caught a chill on his liver.

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URSULA continued to visit him. Each time, Horace foiled her good intentions. But it was always at cost to himself, for either he would buy something ostentatious in order to flout her, and this would discompose his finances, or, in a fervor of self-sufficiency, he would clean the house from head to foot and become perfectly exhausted. This was the worse; by pinching and scraping one can catch up with a brace of pheasants, but every inroad on his physical resources mortgaged more of his independence to the fear of bodily decay. Privately of the opinion that by dint of hard work and spare living Horace would live to be a nuisance at ninety, Ursula did not immediately understand why Basil, the gardener, should write to her, on a picture postcard, "Hop you can soon Come Down as it get a Bitt much for me." The doctor's telegram was more explicit: Horace had pneumonia.

Shaken by illness and further shaken by the up-to-date brutality of the drugs used in curing him (till now, his pharmacopoeia had not stretched much beyond calomel and ammoniated quinine), Horace clung to Ursula even when he was convalescent, and relapsed every time she spoke of going away. Her presence screened him from his thoughts. She stayed and was kind to him—at first, rather fractiously and as a matter of duty; afterward, with a placidity that was not like the usual Ursula. The usual Ursula had always blown bracingly on anything like nervous fears. The new Ursula was sympathetic to them, sympathetic and serene. With a cool, autumnal serenity, she spoke of making the best of things, of adapting oneself to old age, of the tapering pleasures that remain when health and strength have gone. And from time to time she told him about friends of hers, friends who were blind, or paralyzed, or rigid with arthritis, or careful hosts to a thrombosis; and all of them almost penniless, and quite forsaken except for occasional visits from Ursula, and who yet managed to be wonderfully happy in a quiet way. After a month of this, she took Horace for a little drive, and on the way back she pointed to a small house, on the outskirts of the village, that had a good hedge round its garden, bright windows facing south, and an air of sturdy well-being. "I always think

*"I'll have the Blue Plate Special, but with mashed potatoes instead of French-fried, Lima beans instead of peas, and head lettuce with mayonnaise instead of the cole slaw."*

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that's such a dear little house," she said.

Horace, who had never consciously looked at it before, gave it a glance and remarked, "Tight little place. Some old woman lives there—a Miss Bulteel, or some such."

"Not now, I think," said Ursula. "She has gone away to live with a niece."

Horace remarked that there must be some purpose in nieces, and left it at that.

"So now it's for sale," continued Ursula. "And I've got the first refusal of it. For you, dear."

She had timed the drive very well. When they got back, the kitchen fire was out, the rooms were looking their worst in the sallow twilight, and the rising wind was scattering the dead leaves from the lime-tree clump. To its banshee obbligato Ursula spoke of the providential concatenation of Box House for sale at thirty-five hundred pounds and a London nerve specialist who had been inquiring from Bond, the house agent, if Bendish Hall would ever become vacant, and who would certainly give five thousand pounds for it. By the end of the evening, she was in a position to disclose that not only had she got a first refusal on Box House but had in fact paid down a deposit to secure it. Victory was in sight. To Horace, bewildered by the ease with which he had fallen, it seemed total victory. To Ursula, visiting the house agent next morning, it was revealed as not quite so total, for the person who had been thinking of Bendish Hall as a possible nursing home for cases needing seclusion had left off thinking so and bought a house elsewhere.

"But we shall find a buyer, of course," said Mr. Bond. "Buyers can be found, even for this class of property. The housing situation is so desperate that nothing can be called unsalable. And 'Immediate Possession' are words to conjure with. Of course, a little renovation would help."

Ursula said that this could not be afforded. Immediate Possession must be left to do the trick.

"Yes, yes! Immediate Possession," Mr. Bond agreed. "After all, that is the real desideratum in a house—to be able to get into it. Hmm! No, I am not unhopeful. By the way, will Mr. Winterton stay on until we have found a buyer?"

"Oh, no," Ursula said reassuringly, but Mr. Bond's face fell.

"In a way, that is a pity," he said. "When a house has been lived in for so long, it makes a better impression on buyers if still inhabited. Renovation is best. But if that is out of the question, then one likes to see curtains and carpets about."

Ursula said that perhaps Mr. Winterton might be persuaded to stay on for the present. Mr. Bond mewed more hopefully.

"THIS is intolerable," said Horace, who during the morning had been teaching himself to look forward to central heating. "Does Bond suppose I am going to act as his unpaid caretaker, sweeping and polishing and opening the door to his revolting customers? Besides, my health won't stand it."

Having taken so much pains to set him up as a valetudinarian, Ursula controlled the impulse to say "Fiddlesticks!" and replied, "That's just it. I don't think your health would stand a move just yet, Horace. Besides, there are those two ceilings at Box House that need replastering. You can't possibly settle in a house until the plaster is perfectly dry. It would be madness."

"Madness to have a house eating its head off!" Horace said. "Still, *you've* paid the deposit on it, not I."

Having agreed to leave, he was in a fever to go quickly. In the new house, he thought, he would not only be a healthier man, leading a less endangered life, he would be a different man, immune to backslidings and regrets, a man who would not be exposed to blackmail from such things as the shadow of a bough pacing across an old wall, the creak of a staircase like the creak of a saddle, a doorknob so familiar that it was almost like a hand in his hand. He wanted to go at once, while going was still like an advance. Later on, it might seem more like a retreat.

BUT not many people came to see Bendish Hall, and those who did gave it vague praise and went away. By the end of November, Horace told Bond more or less what he thought of him and put the house into the hands of a London agent. The London agent sent down a young man who took a number of very grand photographs, and followed him up with a flood of possible buyers, who were more articulate and flattering than those supplied by Mr. Bond, but equally unbuying. The aconites were in flower, a gold edging to the avenue, and Horace was coming out of his second cold in the head when Mrs. Leroy appeared. Neither agent had sent her. She had heard from a man at the local garage, where she had stopped to buy petrol, that Mr. Winterton had a house for sale. Her car was

large and ornate, so were her shoes, and she talked about knowing her own mind and following her own nose. Her nose, that instrument of destiny, had brought her to Bendish Hall, and she could see at a glance that she was meant to live in it.

"It's not in the least what I want, and it's far too large," she said. "But I see myself here."

As Horace showed her round, more and more insight into futurity was vouchsafed to her. She saw her Buhl mirrors in the Indian room, her seaweed marquetry desk in the library, her Cromwellian chairs in the hall. She saw what could be done about the kitchen. She saw her husband being as happy as a sandboy in the woodshed.

"Mr. Leroy loves all the simple, natural things," she said. "Sawing logs and polishing silver. . . . No, thank you. Do you mind if I smoke one of my own cigars, instead?"

By this time, they were back in the library, and Mrs. Leroy was seated as though she had already moved in. "Of course, for myself, I'm a passionate gardener," she continued. "I can't look at as much as a window box without seeing possibilities in it, and every time I pass a cemetery, I fill it with great herbaceous things—delphiniums and anchusa and hollyhocks and calendula. But out there I see something perfectly simple. Just a mass of lavender and Madonna lilies. Of course, those trees would have to go."

She did not even observe that Horace was silent.

When he rose to his feet, she did not notice that, either. Blind to all but the future, she said, between smoke rings, that she could see the sun pouring in at every window and that she couldn't exist without sun.

"There won't be much more of it today," said Horace. "Time we were going."

"Going?"

"Going to look over the house."

"But I've seen the house already," Mrs. Leroy said.

"No, you haven't. Not the house that's for sale."

"Do you mean to say that all this time I've been here for nothing? That this isn't—that you aren't— Then why on earth did you show me all over it?"

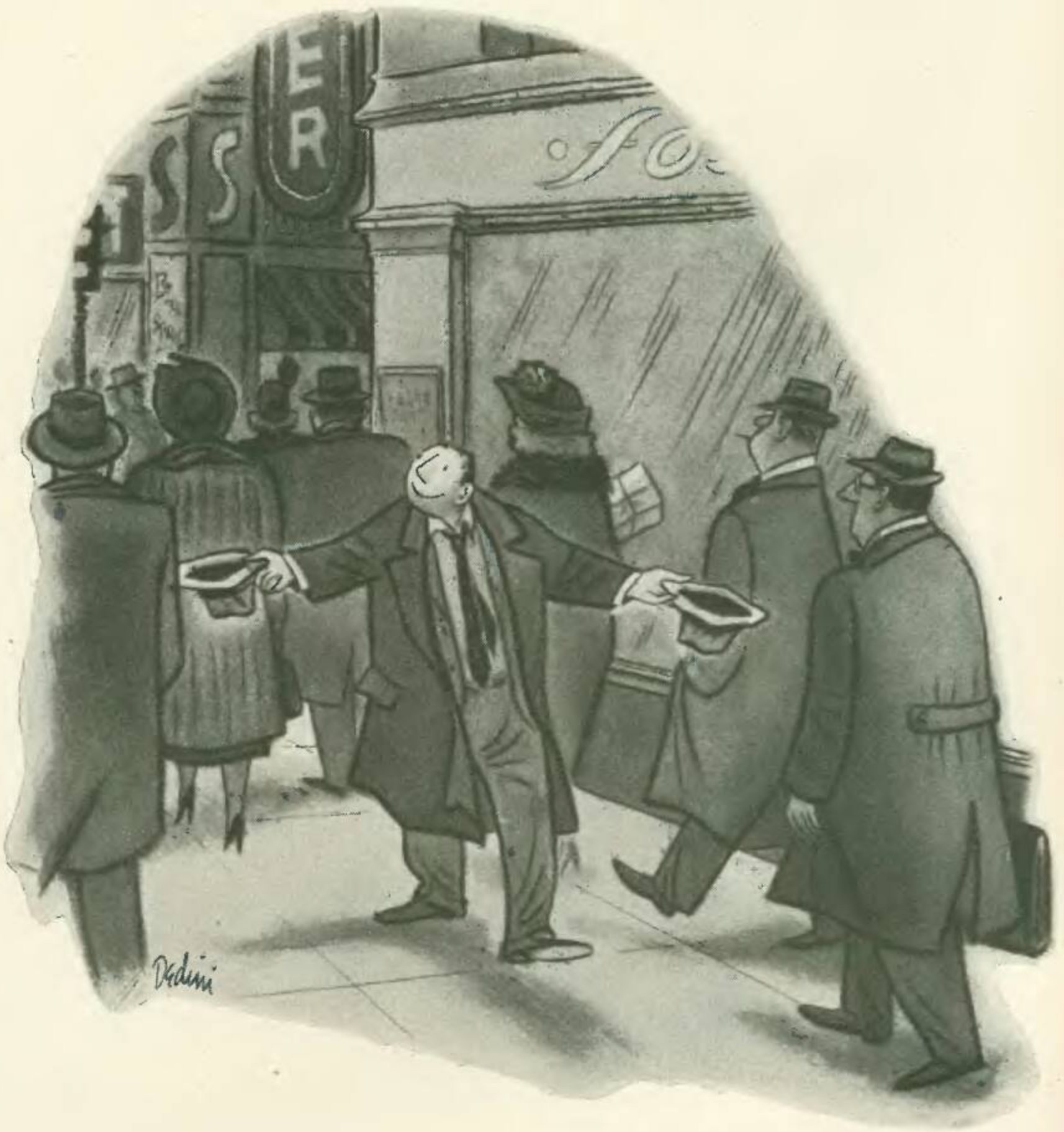
"It seemed to interest you," said Horace. "I'm sorry there isn't time to show you the garden, too. I should have liked your advice—especially about the corner where all the family dogs are buried. But now I really think we should be off."

Bemused and suspicious, Mrs. Leroy entered Box House without a spark of prophetic fire, and at first would only glance and grunt. Lumpishly following him from room to room, she ignored his showmanship of radiators, south aspects, and parquet floors, and devoted herself to looking censoriously into cupboards or disparagingly at power plugs. She's doing it deliberately, he thought. The spiteful bitch! She means to keep me here kicking my heels while she goes round looking for things to be unpleasant about. I shall certainly catch another cold. Probably I shall die. Bendish will be sold by auction, she'll buy it cheap and cut down all the timber. Pray God I may haunt her!

"And that is all," he said, "unless you would like to see the attics." Mrs. Leroy said she might as well.

In the attics, it was even colder, and quite startlingly unfurnished. "Nice and roomy," Horace said. Mrs. Leroy did not answer. She rushed wolfishly to the cistern and began to claw at the lagging. Horace turned to look out of the window. Basil was working in the garden, raking a newly dug bed, with a seed packet stuck into his hatband. Basil, with no sentiment at all, had transferred all his affection to the easy, friable loam of the new garden, its good bricked paths with no finicking box edgings to harbor slugs. A line of autumn-sown peas was already breaking green and whiskered with twigs, the first row of broad beans stood a couple of inches high. Noticing this, Horace felt a sudden stirring of ownerly warmth toward Box House. Slighted by Mrs. Leroy, all its merits became real to him: its trimness, its modest worth, its sound floors and draftproof windows, its warrant of warmth and comfort and ease with dignity. As though infected by Mrs. Leroy, he saw himself there; and what he saw looked very tolerable.

At a sound of scratching, he turned about. A mouse would be positively wel-



"*Yackety, yackety, yackety!*"

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come, a rat inestimable—all women run from rats. But the rodent was Mrs. Leroy, who was now on her knees behind the cistern, attempting to dig her purple nails into the floor boards. She's mad, he thought. God help me, I shall have to humor her. For, never before having encountered a serious buyer, he did not recognize the symptoms. When she desisted from what he decided must be a wistful necrophilia, got up, smacked her knees, and advanced on him, saying, "Well, Mr. Winterton, what's your price?," he feigned not to hear her.

"What's your price?" repeated Mrs. Leroy. "Or isn't this house for sale, either?"

"Seven thousand," Horace said; and, in a frisk of derision, he added, "guineas."

Watching her face, where arrogance gradually overcame astonishment and fury, he realized that he was trapped. Or was he saved? Seven thousand guineas, more than double what had been concluded on for Box House, and some two thousand more than Mr. Bond's most hopeful estimate of what might be got for Bendish Hall. Allowing, and amply, for legal expenses, damn them!—say three thousand five hundred guineas to call his own, as much his own as the leaves drifting from the lime-tree clump. Noiseless guineas seemed to be falling round him as he followed Mrs. Leroy downstairs and looked his last at the fleshpots he had sold for a mess of lime blossom. She did not spend above a couple of minutes reëxamining her purchase; in fact, she seemed to be in rather a hurry to get away from it. But purchase it was; that hardening of stubborn arrogance he had watched on her face assured him of that, even before she said, "Consider it mine, Mr. Waterton," and told him the very expensive address of her lawyer.

The front door closed behind them, and outside it was almost a spring evening—so nearly that Basil's little pretext of mopping his forehead as he turned to scrutinize Mrs. Leroy was respectably convincing.

Mrs. Leroy got into her car with such speed that Horace had to call after her, "I say. Do you mind taking me back?"

The word he said was *back*, not *home*. Was he saved, or was he trapped? If it had not been for that one abandoned moment looking down from the attic window, there could not be this doubt in his mind or this embarrassing sensation that he was returning to live and die in his rightful house as though he were returning to a stern, high-lineaged harridan of a wife after a clandestine amour with a kind middle-aged woman of the middle classes. Calm as a tortoise, Basil had resumed work. Basil would not like this turn of events. But Ursula would like it even less. The massive, unquestionable bulk of Ursula's disapprobation, and her further disapprobation when she met Mrs. Leroy (he would see to that), loomed up through Horace's doubts and uncertainties as gratifyingly as the Rock of Gibraltar.

—Sylvia Townsend Warner

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## SONG FROM A TWO-DESK OFFICE

Randal Groveling works where I work.
Randal does the tasks that I shirk.
He irks me and I'm sure I irk
Randal Groveling.

Randal Groveling eats where I eat.
Randal's meat, though, is not my meat.
He treats me and sometimes I treat
Randal Groveling.

Randal Groveling drinks when I drink.
Ale for Randal; Scotch is my drink.
Gladly in his ale would I sink
Randal Groveling.

Randal's dull and hard to bear with,
Hard to travel everywhere with.
Why must I this short life share with
Randal Groveling?

—Byron Buck

# LET IT REST

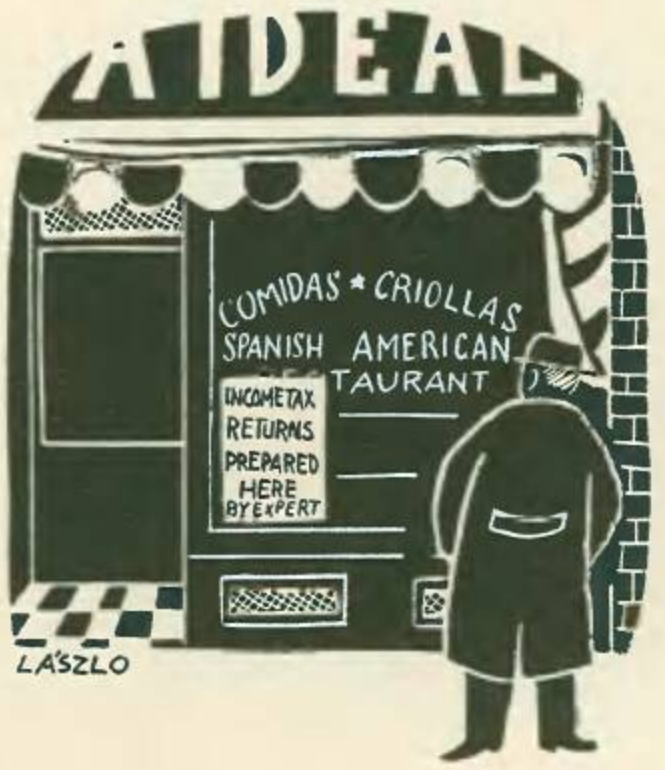
THE Confederate flag has advanced at length into that realm of pure musical comedy, of elegant burlesque, which provides, I suppose, a natural never-never land for the standards of all lost causes. Its vogue as a lapel ornament for Northern adolescents is viewed by school authorities in a certain New Jersey city as a sign of juvenile cynicism and a portent of moral debacle, and its sporadic appearance among our troops in Korea is thought by certain writers of letters to the *Times* to indicate a spirit of Fascism quite foreign to the ideals of the United Nations. The protests of these solemn persons, like pompous interludes introduced into the body of a farce, serve only to heighten the prevailing effect of bounce and foolishness. The flag has become romantic horseplay on a spacious stage, and, as such, it may leaven many a spirit that can use a bit of leavening. But to a Southerner of my generation, old enough to remember the Civil War (and that generation embraces, roughly, those of us who were born between the years 1850 and 1916), our old emblem's new estate is low.

In Stonesboro, the snug, decorous North Carolina town that I hail from, the Conquered Banner was respected with pious reticence. It was to be seen in most people's houses—generally in duplicate, the two flags crossed beneath a steel engraving of General Lee—but it wasn't displayed frivolously in public. It did not appear in sticker form upon the windshields of souped-up automobiles, or upon flowing gray silk neckties, or as an extra frill upon ladies' elaborate garters. It wasn't considered a toy for children, either, and the only time we little girls ever touched it was on the tenth of May. Then, every year, wearing white dresses and shoes, blue socks, and red hair ribbons, and carrying baskets of early roses and small bunches of the sacred flags, we marched behind Mrs. Alphonzo Battle—Miss Sophie, we all called her—out to Stoney Creek Cemetery, the town's oldest burying ground. There we stood at attention, in the chilly drip from the magnolia trees (for the traditional "cold season in May" had a perverse tendency to commence on Memorial Day), and heard our leader recite several odes celebrating Southern honor—which was never lost, though all else might be! Mrs. Battle, a small, dainty woman in whose temperament fire and sweetness were nicely balanced, possessed a voice that could swing without a squeak from pathos to the pitch of triumph. Her recitations were ennobling to our sensibilities, but we were damp and uncomfortable and we were glad when she finished her repertoire and raised her finger as the signal for us to sing, through chattering teeth, "How Sleep the Brave Who Sink to Rest," and then, released from inactivity, relieved to move briskly about, laying flowery tributes upon the soldiers' graves.

As a matter of fact, not all the soldiers' bones that moldered in those graves were Confederate, and the ones that weren't hadn't been segregated in a section of their own. By the time of the South's try at secession, Stonesboro was already a town of some age, with as much dying and laying-away as was average, and its old graveyard on the creek slope was already populous. When a flank of Sherman's army paused for a breathing spell in Stonesboro, it fell afoul of a virulent dysentery, and a number of its members were left behind forever—tucked into the earth among home-town boys who had been brought back in green-pine boxes from Bethel or the Wilderness. Miss Sophie always warned us children against showing discourtesy to "the outlanders' graves." A foreign corpse within our soil was our guest, she explained, and must command our hospitality. Her eyes, as she lifted them toward the wet canopy of magnolia leaves, would glisten with charitable tears. "And besides," she would conclude, nailing her point with a quatrain from the famous "Georgia Volunteer,"

> "He sleeps—what need to question now
> If he were wrong or right?
> He knows, ere this, whose cause was just
> In God, the Father's, sight!"

So we would flit on consecrated tiptoe between the mossy mounds, letting our roses drop, like the gentle rain from Heaven, upon the unequal dead. But, of course, we knew (and Miss Sophie knew we knew) precisely how God stood on States' rights, and when, our last bud and petal having been strewn, we stooped to plant our miniature Stars and Bars upon such earth as had been designated by the local United Daughters of the Confederacy as worthy of them, we felt we were making it easy for Him to separate His sheep from His goats.




Naturally, I can't claim that we were able to preserve in its pristine form the mood of complacency that charmed us then. Even if one is raised in Stonesboro, one doesn't necessarily acquire a hide impervious to all unfamiliar ideas, and we girls who shivered under the magnolias grew up and went to college where iconoclastic professors told us that the great internal trouble of our nation hadn't been entirely a struggle between the couth and the uncouth. We read Mencken's "Americana" and the *New Republic*, and the irreverencies we encountered enchanted us the way intimations of atheism enchant the offspring of Methodist ministers. Also, we made our brief flights of reconnaissance into Northern territory; we attended dances at Princeton, and we went to New York, where we lodged in chaperoned rooming houses on the fringe of the Village and, if luck loved us, secured those summer jobs at Macy's that represented the ultimate in urbanity to provincial girls of my vintage. Eventually, most of us left Stonesboro for good, and even if we didn't go beyond the boundaries of the state, we discovered the world to be wider and more various than we'd thought it, and curiously different from the world of our native town, becalmed among its old bosomy trees and its memories. And yet it would be naïve to believe that one ever quite escapes the passions of childhood. *They* lie becalmed in *us*, but are liable, at the first puff of a whimsical wind, to glide full sail into the open channels of our consciousness. Nor is this true solely of Stonesborian passions. A British woman of my acquaintance startled me once at a cocktail party by announcing, apropos of some mention of the Duchess of York (now the Queen Mother), that she felt most strongly about the War of the Roses and that every schoolboy knew Queen Margaret of Anjou was a bitch. And if that seems, on the surface, to be an exaggerated illustration of a labored truth, it is still scarcely more absurd than the resentment I experienced last week when a neighbor brought his four-year-old son to call on me.

This neighbor, a gentleman not six

THE BIRTH OF GALLANTRY

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months down from Vermont, was full of innocent and affable intentions. His child was dressed in a little gray uniform; the gilt buttons on the jacket were stamped with the letters "C.S.A.," and on the cap, just above its visor, was pinned the flag that is "too often profaned." The father's showing me the boy in his uniform was a friendly gesture. "You can see we're real Southern crackers like you now," he declared, beaming. "Real Confederates!" I felt my head go back with an involuntary jerk, as if I'd been bitten on the neck by an insect. I was stung not so much by his calling me a cracker, which is a term of contempt in these parts, as by his fatuous assumption that I would be flattered to see a small sprout of New England—the descendant of what Mrs. Battle would have called "outlanders"—attired in a diminutive replica of garments that my own grandfather wore with the Bloody Fifth at Williamsburg. For a cold, angry moment, I was tempted to retort, "And upon what grounds, sir, do you base your claim?" Happily, however, I posed no such question to my neighbor. The child, strutting in his soldier suit, was engaging enough to dispel any mood of vexation, and I recalled, in time, how a friendship I value had once come close to foundering upon the shoals of sectional feeling.

THE trouble I remembered happened more than ten years ago, when Katie McGregor and Ruth Williams lived near me, here in Durham. Their husbands, like mine, taught at Duke University; circumstances threw us together and a congeniality of tastes made us close friends. Katie I had known all my life. She was a Stonesboro girl, Mrs. Battle's own niece, but she was a year or so my junior, which had made a difference in early youth, and we didn't become intimates until we met on adult ground in Durham. She was a lively girl, and pretty, too, in what old-fashioned novelists called "a piquant way." She had a mop of unruly brown curls, and a responsive face that shone as if there were a lamp behind it when she was touched or pleased, and went stubborn and polite when she was offended. She grumbled about the fact that she was putting on weight, but actually a slight plumpness became her; it made her look innocent and guileless, and younger than she was. Ruth came from Hartford, Connecticut. She didn't give an immediate effect of prettiness, but when you studied her features, you saw that they were finer than Katie's (Ruth had sleek blond hair, a chiselled-looking nose and mouth, and cool blue eyes that were amiably skeptical), and her figure was leaner. Like most Northern girls, she knew how to wear clothes. Both Katie and Ruth were good company. I was awfully fond of them.

We three used to play tennis on the all-weather courts of the campus. Ruth would take on Katie and me together and beat us regularly, but that was a matter of no importance; none of us thought we stood or fell on our athletic laurels. Two or three evenings a week, while our husbands were reading in the university library, we were likely to forgather at my house—I had children to sit with, and the others didn't—for the sake of conversation. We would discuss books, maybe, or the silly foibles of our neighbors, or we'd argue about politics. Sometimes we'd rag one another in the rough, gloves-off manner that is safe only for friends who repose confidence in their mutual affection, and sometimes we'd fool around with abstract ideas, blowing them up into enormous iridescent bubbles, tossing them back and forth, and pricking them into nothingness when we got tired of

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them. We were all in our late twenties—just young enough to feel vaguely that we'd been tricked, or taken unawares, by the passage of time—and we found those evenings pleasant; they made us imagine that we were back in the middle of a college bull session, about nineteen years old and brilliant as starry sin.

Occasionally, Ruth would take a poke at local customs. Wasn't it fantastic, she would ask rhetorically, how middle-aged people "down here" attended Sunday school? Or she would sneer at the city's system of garbage collection, which was indeed complicated and unaesthetic, or she would quote tidbits from the society columns of the Durham papers. "Down here," she said, nobody could give a party without a "bride-elect" and "rooms thrown *en suite*." Katie and I were delighted by Ruth's sociological satire. We prided ourselves upon being emancipated Southerners, and sensed, moreover, that Ruth's barbs were not aimed at the South in general but at Durham in particular. And the ineffable beauty of Durham—an ambitious, pushing, regionally anomalous city—is that you're not expected to treat it with reverence.

Then one evening, we somehow fell to discussing the Civil War. Katie sighed. "I, personally, fought that war," she said. "I went right through it with the North Carolina troops. 'First at Bethel and last at Appomattox'!"

I laughed. "Me, too. I staggered home from Bennett Place with my poor cold feet wrapped in dirty rags."

"Really?" said Ruth, lifting her brows. "I guess you do dwell on that 'Gone with the Wind' stuff down here. Up home, it's just history."

"For goodness' sake!" Katie said. She looked puzzled, as if she were speculating for the first time upon Ruth's family pedigree. She smiled at me. "Remember Memorial Day out at Stoney Creek? Those poems Aunt Sophie Battle used to say?"

I nodded.

" 'The Homespun Dress' was the one she began with," Katie said dreami-

*"It's that streak of Oscar Levant wit."*

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ly. Then, to the tune of "The Bonnie Blue Flag," she began to sing,

"We scorn to wear a bit of silk,
A bit of Northern lace,
But make our homespun dresses up
And wear them with a grace!"

Her face shone. "Come on," she urged me. "The chorus."

I joined in, and together we sang the remarkably insipid chorus:

"Hurrah, Hurrah!
For the sunny South so dear.
Three cheers for the homespun dress
The Southern ladies wear!"

Ruth appeared mildly amused. She glanced down at her own smart frock, made of imported silk. She stroked its skirt with one finger. "Hurrah," she said.

"It takes me back," said Katie. She began beating time with her hands as she sang,

"And now young man a word to you,
If you would win the fair—
Go to the fields where honor calls
And win your lady there!"

"Were all your aunt's poems as jaunty as that?" asked Ruth.

"Oh, no," Katie said. "Her favorite was the one about the missing soldier. She always cried when she rendered that selection." Katie laid her hand upon her chest. "Listen. I want you in the proper mood while I recite.

"God pity the bride who awaits at home
With her lily cheeks, and her violet eyes,
Dreaming the sweet old dream of love
While her lover is walking in Paradise!"

"You're breaking my heart," said Ruth.

Katie sighed again. "The cemetery was green and gloomy. I used to think it must be that way under the ocean." She looked at me. "Remember how Aunt Sophie reminded us not to step on the outlanders' graves?"

"The outlanders?" said Ruth.

"That was what we called Northerners in Stonesboro," Katie said. "And there were some Union soldiers in our graveyard. Aunt Sophie certainly didn't think *their* souls walked in Paradise!"

"But she didn't want us to be rude to them," I explained to Ruth. "Especially since they were already satisfactorily dead and damned!"

An ominous gleam appeared in Ruth's eyes. "Do you know any more of Mrs. Battle's poetry?" she asked pleasantly enough. "That *was* your aunt's name, wasn't it? Battle?"

Katie, bemused by the shades of old Stonesboro, didn't notice that Ruth, by a mere inflection, had implied that Battle might well be lengthened into Battle-Axe. "Yes," she said. "I know dozens, because Aunt Sophie had an elocution class. I'll give you 'The Sword of Robert Lee.' " She turned to me. "Let's do it together, taking parts."

"All right," I said. "You start."

Katie took a deep breath. She raised her arm stiffly, like a sabre.

"Forth from its scabbard, pure and bright,
Flashed the sword of Lee!"

She declaimed in a martial voice, trilling the "r"s in "pure" and "bright."

I came in with the next lines:

"Far in front of the deadly fight,
High o'er the brave in the cause of Right,
Its stainless sheen like a beacon light—"

"Led *us* to vic-to-ree!" said Katie.

We went through two stanzas in that fashion. We meant to ham them, of course, but something we hadn't reckoned on tripped us. We seemed to see a noble, bearded face gazing down at us from the wall of a Stonesboro parlor. Gazing with hurt reproach. We knew ourselves to be guilty of a grievous error in taste and, what was worse, an act of base ingratitude. ("I felt like a serpent's tooth," Katie confessed to me later.) As we approached the part of the poem that tells how those who saw the great chief's blade beneath the sky of Virginia ". . . knelt to swear/That where that sword led they would dare/To follow—and to die," Katie rose from her chair. She waved me to silence. Her expression was dedicated and sober. Like a person in a trance, she advanced to the center of the room. The performance she gave there—her intonations, her facial expressions, and her gestures—was a faithful copy of all Miss Sophie had ever taught us. She looked up at the ceiling, shading her eyes with her hand, and let the light of glad recognition break upon her face. Breasting the air, she clasped her hands and peered into distance. At last, she sank to her knees; her body, describing what our teacher had called "a graceful curve of despair," drooped forward until her head hit the carpet with a little thud.

I was shocked when I heard Ruth laugh. "Marvellous!" she cried. "Katie, you'd get rich in vaudeville!"

Katie sat up and shook the hair out of her eyes. "In vaudeville?" she echoed.

"The audience would go wild," Ruth assured her. "And your aunt was a comic genius."

"My aunt?" Katie said. "Oh, for Pete's sake! Aunt Sophie didn't *write*

## THE CONVEX MIRROR

Avenues of shimmer lead into the bellied mirror
Above the manteltree, and while we may not enter,
Off in that remote, magnetic center
Each of us has a minikin ambassador.

There where right is left and left is right,
Floor curls into ceiling, objects warp and yaw,
And business is conducted in a Mardi Gras
Amid a whirlabout of colored carnival lights.

Of course, no sound can penetrate to our senses,
And yet we almost hear tinkling glockenspiel,
Steam calliope, whistles, tootles, bells,
And fiddles fiddling gay Hungarian dances.

I cannot hold back, the revelry is *there*.
As, heart in hand, I eagerly approach,
I see a droll homunculus detach
Himself and skip toward me with many a leer.

That advancing figure could not be absurder:
Where I am thin and trim he is fat and blown,
His legs are crooked, his head is not quite on,
He puffs his face against his homeland's border.

We almost touch—almost—not quite, not quite!
The fault is mine; *I* am the faint withholder.
The trouble is *my* head is on my shoulders,
The trouble is *my* head is screwed on tight.

—SAMUEL YELLEN

• •

AFTER that evening, a sort of constraint fell upon our triple friendship. Katie and I no longer felt at ease with Ruth. Her composure, which we had admired, we began to interpret as a bland arrogance. Her cheerful insults (less witty, we felt, than of yore) were no longer directed at the small target of Durham; they were shot in wild showers at the climate, the food, and the whole pattern of Southern life. Because of indolence, perhaps, or because I am, congenitally and by inclination, a spectator rather than a performer, I let Katie do all the sniping for our side. She did a good deal. She never seemed to be motivated by ill temper, but now and then, in a spuriously offhand manner, she would let fly with a generality about the North. "Up there," one gathered from her, life was a rat race. People lost their sense of humor. They suffered from ulcers. They had no time for gracious living or warm family feeling.

One morning in early spring, the three of us played tennis and Katie's returns were spectacular for their unreliability. Under such circumstances, Ruth usually displayed a generous, sporting spirit, calling out "Good try!" each time Katie smashed a ball into the net or lobbed it over the fence, but that day she preserved a caustic silence. Katie, who was far from obtuse, sensed her opponent's disapproval, and I, whose game had been worse than mediocre, knew that I shared in it. After we'd finished one set (the score was 6–2, in Ruth's favor), we decided to quit. We were none of us talkative as we strolled across the campus lawn.

Under a big live oak, not far from the place where we'd parked our car, was a stone bench. When we reached it, Katie paused. "Let's sit down for a minute and enjoy this nice spring air," she suggested.

"O.K.," Ruth agreed. "But only a minute. This is my day for waxing the linoleum."

We all sat down.

Katie slapped her stomach. "Gosh, I'm fat!" she said.

"I'll tell you how you can improve your figure," Ruth said. "Learn to *play* games, instead of slopping through them like everyone else down here."

Katie flushed. "Next time you say 'down here,' I'll scream," she said.

I was astonished. It was unlike Katie to take open umbrage.

"Well, you see, I'm only an outlander," Ruth said. "I can't be expected to have your exquisite manners."

" 'Assume a virtue if you have it not,' " Katie said, with a maddening, cherubic smile. She bounced a tennis ball on the ground and caught it in her hand. Then she scowled. "You don't have to crab *all* the time. You don't have to make fun of Robert E. Lee!"

We were approaching a showdown, I thought. And I knew sadly that, for deep, ineluctable reasons, I couldn't long remain neutral. Just as Governor Zeb Vance had telegraphed Mr. Lincoln that North Carolina stood with her sister states, I would have to make it clear that I stood with Katie.

But Ruth's reply was conciliatory. "I never made fun of Lee," she said. "Only of that ridiculous poem."

Katie was not appeased. She had determined, evidently, to force the issue and settle it one way or another. "It's the same thing," she said. "Even if you-all in the North don't have a personal sense of history, don't care what your grandparents endured—"

"Now, listen!" Ruth said. There was steel in her voice, and I was convinced, somehow, that she was about to make a speech that she'd rehearsed many times in her thoughts. "You've got us wrong. We feel very strongly in Connecticut about the War of the Rebellion. When I first came down here and saw the Confederate monument in front of the courthouse, I was shocked."

"Shocked?" said Katie.

"Shocked," Ruth repeated flatly. "You don't raise monuments to a crime. I thought everybody knew that what the South did might be forgiven but never condoned!"

Katie's face was so round and red that it looked near to bursting.

"Up home, we don't talk about your precious old war because we've been led to believe it's over," Ruth con-

tinued. "But we remember it. We celebrate Decoration Day. We have our songs, too— 'John Brown's Body,' to name one."

"Is that so?" Katie inquired with heavy sarcasm. She bounced her ball again, but this time she didn't bother to catch it. It rolled off across the grass. "Talk about doggerel!"

Ruth shook her head. "Not doggerel," she said gravely. "A folk song, maybe. But a good folk song. John Brown's spirit *was* marching on."

"Don't you mean Sherman's devils were marching on?" Katie suggested in the mild, tentative tone of one proposing a very minor clarification of the facts presented in the minutes of a club meeting. "They sang that song as they invaded Stonesboro. To steal our silver. To slaughter our pigs. All to the tune of piety!"

"There's something I think I ought to tell you," said Ruth. There was a tinkle of ice in her usually clipped, rather academic accents. "My grandfather was one of Sherman's devils."

For a long moment her words seemed to hover over us, as if impris-

oned under the leafy branches of the oak. I saw Katie's face go rigid and guessed that it was stiffening, as I could feel my own doing, more with embarrassment than with rancor. To Katie and me, Ruth's statement was an admission, appalling and pitiful. It was as if she'd given us, casually, some damaging information concerning her immediate connections, as if she'd announced, for instance, that her sister was a nymphomaniac or that her brother cheated at cards. We thought we had to say something to gloss the situation over and put her at ease again, but we didn't know what.

"He was?" Katie said lamely, at last.

"Yes," said Ruth. "He was a drummer boy under the General. He ran away and joined the Army when he was fifteen."

"Only fifteen!" Katie exclaimed. I knew she was thinking that at fifteen all impulses are heroic shots in the dark. Besides, Katie was on familiar ground. Two of her great-uncles had sneaked off to war before their voices finished changing—and then there was the celebrated "Little Giffin of Tennessee,"

whose history, in verse, Miss Sophie had often read us. "Why, I didn't know *Northern* boys did things like that!" she said, giving Ruth the look of admiration that is due those whose veins run rich with gallant blood. "I wonder if he came to Stonesboro." And I could tell from her expression that she was picturing Ruth's grandfather as a homesick stripling in a hostile town, and gathering him, retroactively, into the fold of her sympathy.

"I don't know," Ruth said. "He died before I was born."

"Oh, Ruth, that's terrible!" Katie cried. She had been brought up in an enormous, clannish, long-lived family and to her the lot of a posthumous grandchild seemed little happier than the lot of an orphan. "If I'd had any idea I'd never have said—"

"It doesn't matter," Ruth said.

"But it does," said Katie. She touched Ruth's arm. "And you're right about us. We Southerners are lazy and shiftless. And I play a wretched game of tennis."

"You misunderstood me," Ruth said. "I think it's charming down here."

Katie stretched and groaned. "Oh, I'm so bored with the whole subject of North and South! I can't think how we ever got into it." She shook her head from side to side, as if she had just come out of the surf and had water in her ears. She looked about with a perfectly irresistible air of childlike wonder and candor. "Let's not wave any more flags or sing any more songs. Lee's sword can stay 'shrouded in its sheath' for all of me!" She rose and walked away to retrieve her tennis ball.

But the reference to the sword had brought into my mind another—and, I felt, a peculiarly appropriate poem by Father Ryan. " 'Furl that Banner!' " I quoted lightly, half to myself,

"Furl that Banner, for 'tis weary,
Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary—"

"Yes," Katie said, in an odd voice that made me look at her sharply. " 'Furl it. Fold it. Let it rest.' "

Katie had turned to face me, and as she spoke, I saw that a bright moisture had gathered in her eyes. She held her head high. Her tennis dress wasn't tailored, like Ruth's. It was just an old white cotton dress that she'd made herself. It had a ruffle around the neck, and it was reminiscent of the dresses that ladies in Stonesboro used to wear on ceremonial occasions. If I tried hard, I thought, I might hear the creek running at the bottom of the hill and smell the moss and the early roses.

—Frances Gray Patton

# PROFILES

## AN EMOLUMENT FOR HELIOTROPE

*Howard Ketcham*

ONE of the country's leading authorities on the effect color has on people is Howard Ketcham, a six-foot-three, spare, broad-shouldered, good-looking man of forty-nine with piercing grayish-brown eyes, whose entry in *Who's Who in America* lists him, uniquely, as a "color and design engineer." Color, of course, is affected by light, and Ketcham's concomitant excursion into this special field is indicated by his letterhead, which reads, "Color, Design and Illumination Engineering." This legend is printed in blue, for blue is a favorite color with men, and nearly all Ketcham's clients, and prospective clients, are men. Although Ketcham does not like to be dogmatic about his color findings, he is sure that violet induces melancholy; that yellow—which for him includes various creams, tans, yellow greens, and golden browns—is an energizing color, conducive to conviviality, increased brain activity, and a sense of well-being, and that classrooms painted yellow are good for retarded children, while nurseries painted yellow are likely to inhibit naps; that blue induces not the blues but relaxation, and that old people often become "blue-thirsty," possibly because the fluids in their eyes turn yellowish with age and tend to filter out blue light; that the psychological reactions to red are stimulating to brain, pulse, and appetite, and that if you stand twenty feet away from a red chair and a blue chair, the red chair will appear a foot closer; that automobile drivers feel a greater challenge to pass a red, maroon, cream, or yellow car than a black, blue, or green one; that green, except in England, where it is tolerated on foliage but elsewhere considered unlucky, abates excitement, and that rooms painted olive green are good for people with ulcers; that green, again, makes people feel cold and that stenographers working in green offices are prey to psychosomatic chills, which they readily shed, along with their sweaters, when, without a change in temperature, orange slipcovers are placed on their chairs or orange curtains hung at their windows; that grays reduce emotional response and thus are deadening and uninteresting; that the reason sixty-five per cent of the painted houses in America are white is that the average householder hasn't enough confidence in his taste to select any other color; that a charity appeal mailed in a light-blue-green envelope will command a surer philanthropic response than one sent in a white envelope; that a twenty-pound box painted dark blue will look heavier, and seem harder to carry, than the same box painted light yellow; that a telephone bell ringing in a white booth will seem louder than the same bell ringing in a purple booth; and that a peach consumed in the dark will appear to have less flavor than one whose color is visible.

Ketcham differs from most industrial designers in that he thinks of design predominantly in terms of color. The beneficiaries of his color advice include E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co.; Pan American World Airways; United Air Lines; General Electric; Bond Stores; the New York Central, the Long Island, the Jersey Central, and the Baltimore & Ohio Railroads; the Lionel Corporation; the Cities Service Oil Company; the North Star Woolen Mill Company; the Celotex Corporation; David D. Doniger & Co., the makers of McGregor Sportswear; fifty or sixty department stores and supermarkets in various parts of the country; and the Batesville Casket Company, of Batesville, Indiana. Ketcham, who is the sole owner of Howard Ketcham, Inc., has been in business twenty-five years, which, in his fairly special line of endeavor, makes him one with Fulton, Ford, and the Wright Brothers. His authority stems largely from nationwide surveys of color preferences that he has conducted at intervals ever since the start of his career. The method he uses to gather such information bears witness to the advantages of a college education and the associations of bright college years. Ketcham, who likes dancing, animated conversation, and social life, went to Amherst in the nineteen-twenties, and while there made many friends at Mt. Holyoke and Smith. Most of these girls married and settled down, and are now scattered about in communities all over the United States. Ketcham knows that college alumnae like to ask questions, peek into the interiors of other people's homes, and earn a little extra money, and he has had no hesitation, and no lack of success, in hiring his old friends, and in some cases their daughters, to make door-to-door color surveys for him from time to time. A Ketcham agent is usually supplied with a chart of sixty colors, and a list of questions asking, among other things, the interviewees' color preferences in some specific product, such as a car, a toothbrush, a blanket, or a wallboard. Ketcham has correlated these preferences with the habitat, income, age, sex, and education of the people expressing them, whose number he estimates at a quarter of a million. He has also read up comprehensively on his subject in books dealing with color—he has a collection of seven hundred—and has further added to his knowledge of color through his general reading, which is extensive.

Ketcham's research has also convinced him that a person's social and economic status and the part of the country he lives in affect his color choices. His surveys indicate clearly that New Englanders always prefer sombre colors for cars but that the rest of the country, while favoring black and dark blue in periods of economic depression, in good days turns to bright colors, with pastels especially in demand in Southern California; that red-handled toothbrushes sell fastest in the low-priced field, while brushes of transparent plastic are snapped up most rapidly by the relatively rich; and that it is next to impossible to sell a pair of red socks in Philadelphia. Ketcham has thumbed through history with his specialty in mind. He has discovered that Edward II's physician had his royal patient's bedroom painted red to ward off smallpox, that Admiral Nelson had the decks of his warships painted red to minimize the disturbing effect of bloodshed on their crews, and that on one occasion the Empress Josephine, at odds with her sister-in-law the Duchess of Guastalla just before a state reception the latter was to attend, had

the walls of the reception room painted blue and its furnishings redecorated in this color, because blue was sure to make a certain green dress Josephine knew the Duchess was going to wear look terrible. Coming down through the ages, Ketcham has noted that in the relatively few years since Blackfriars Bridge in London, long a cynosure of suicides, was repainted from black to green, the annual number of jumpers from it has diminished thirty-three per cent, and he has also noted that athletes are sensitive to color, an observation that has led him to include the following paragraphs in a book on color that he plans to publish next year:

Amos Alonzo Stagg, whose football teams put a premium on resourcefulness, added the power of color to his strategic reserve one year. He painted the team's dressing room blue, to give a relaxing atmosphere during the half-time intermission, but provided an antechamber in red for a more exciting background to his last-minute pep talks.

The fiercely competitive Knute Rockne added his own variation. He kept the Notre Dame gridmen keyed up through the intermission in a red dressing room, and lulled the visitors with a soporific blue.

Ketcham's preoccupation with the effect of color on people has extended even to the grave. A year or so ago, Batesville Casket asked him what he could do to make funerals less trying for bereaved friends and relatives. His answer was later set forth in the following suitably formal memorandum, which he sent to another acquaintance in the funeral business whose trade he was soliciting:

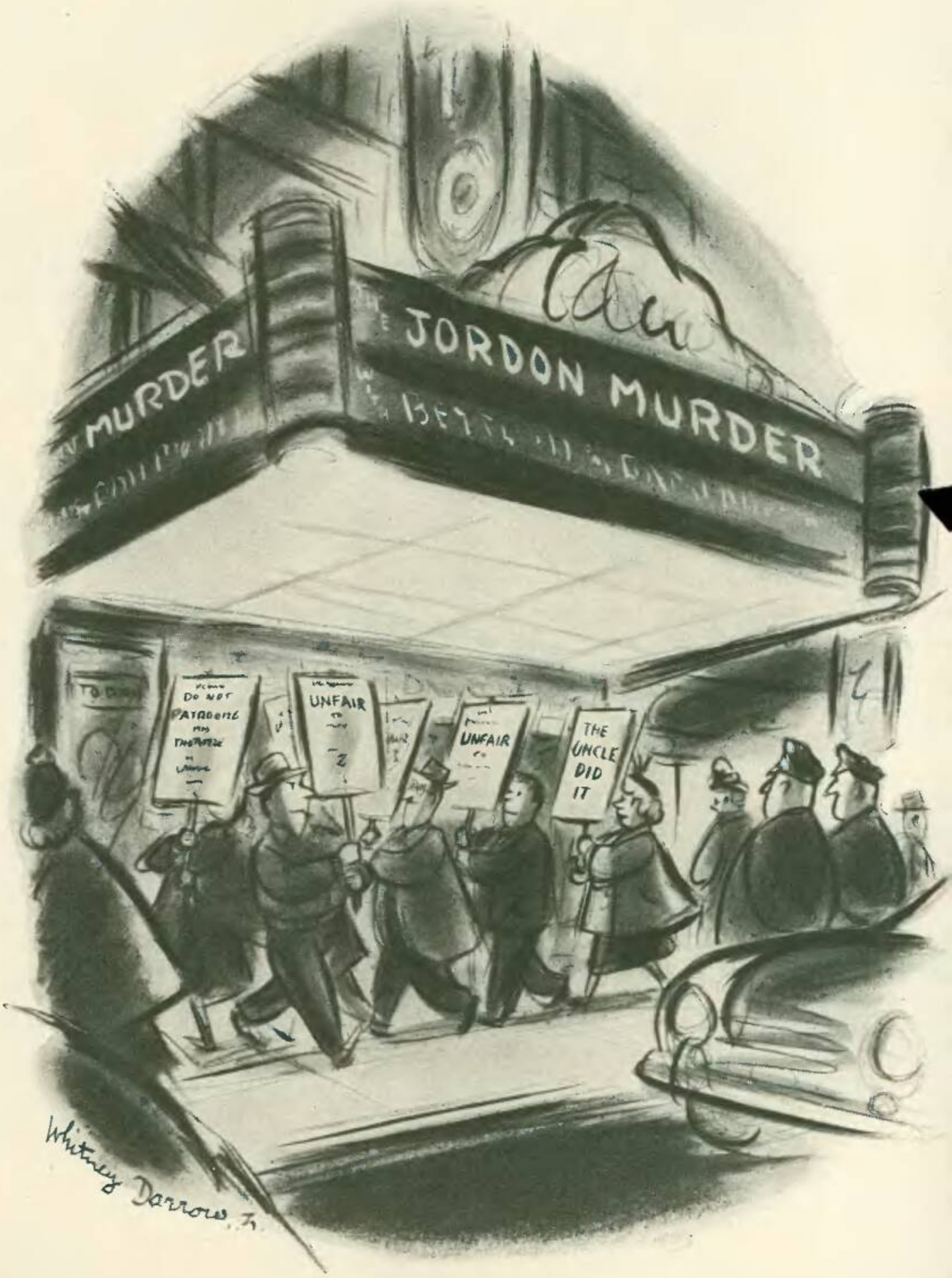
Batesville's president, John W. Hillenbrand, had read some of Mr. Ketcham's feats and views in applying color psychology, and gave him a task of upsetting the industry's traditions.

Metal casket exteriors had, in recent years, taken on a variety of tones of subdued color; the interior fabric lining had abandoned the once-traditional white in favor of different types of flesh tones. In some cases, rich tones of color had also been tried.

Mr. Ketcham's answer, viewed in a few models at a National Funeral Directors' convention in Philadelphia, was to combine a variety of colors in a casket interior. He showed that three or four colors, correctly chosen, combine less conspicuously than a single color used throughout. They are less distracting.... There are some caskets better suited to persons who lived an "outdoor" type of existence; some for conservative persons; some for persons whose taste was for more modern surroundings.

Ketcham's work for Batesville opened his eyes to new, if disappointing, vistas. He sought out Grover Whalen, chairman of the board of Coty, Inc., and suggested to him the advisability of developing an array of variously colored cosmetics calculated to improve the appearance of defunct customers. Whalen observed that such a program would entail advertising that might be psychologically inadvisable, and left the room rather hastily, pleading an engagement with an incoming liner at Quarantine.

The undertaker's friend has had better luck in an attempt he has made to brighten up dinner parties with color. In an article in *Harper's Bazaar*, he once wrote that a good way to make a dinner party a success was to use several thousand-watt lamps with magenta-colored slides over them. "Plant them around the floor under the furniture," he recommended. "Then turn out all the other lights and see what happens." What happens, according to Ketcham—



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BOTTLED AND PACKAGED IN FRANCE

or what *had* happened in a particular instance when his directions were followed by a hostess of his acquaintance—was set forth by the designer as follows:

> The soft, flattering glow made the women look ten years younger—which in itself was enough to call forth unusual gallantries from the men—and inspired a flow of easy, vivacious conversation. I was not surprised. I've used magenta lights at parties for a long time and I estimate that they equal at least two cocktails.

At the time Ketcham wrote this article, in 1936, he was a bachelor of thirty-three, living on Park Avenue. He had to be careful when giving magenta-colored parties not to invite girls much younger than twenty-five, for the exhilarating glow emanating from under the furniture might have made them appear youthful to a point at which male gallantries would seem a little *too* unusual. He has been married twice since he began to give purplish-red dinners. He and his present wife live in Westfield, New Jersey, where they occasionally entertain with magenta lights. Ketcham is not the kind of man to tell a guest, after an initial Martini, that he or she has had the equivalent of three cocktails (or enough), so his parties are generally jolly affairs. He believes that the converse of his magenta-light theory also holds good—that color can be used to make people with three cocktails under their belt feel that they ought to have a fourth, and possibly a fifth. He is convinced that the application of specific shades of red or orange to the walls of a restaurant induces in customers a persistent thirst—or, at any rate, a need for the sort of stimulation best supplied by a continuing intake of liquor—and that exposure to a judicious admixture of these shades is equal to at least two mouthfuls of salted peanuts per capita.

The effect of color on certain non-people has not escaped Ketcham's notice. The fact that most mammals, other than apes and men, are color-blind annoys him. He feels more cheerfully disposed toward arthropods, especially insects, which, by and large, are as sensitive to color as car owners. "Flowers that are fertilized by the wind never have gaily colored corollas, whereas insect fertilization is invariably associated with bright blossoms," he points out. He approves, in a measured way, of bees, which can recognize blue and yellow but not red. He is delighted with mosquitoes, which admire black, blue, and red, in that order, and, unlike stenographers, detest orange so violently that outdoor lamps frosted with orange will repel them from any porch, no matter how succulently baited with human beings. He respects the selectivity of barnacles, which like dark colors and rarely attach themselves to hulls painted white, yellow, or light green. He is stimulated by the knowledge that the color preferences of non-people differ widely from those of people. Flies, for example, do not find blue relaxing but hate it. Ketcham has never asked a Smith girl to interview a fly, but he knows that blue windows in meat-packing plants discourage flies, and that during the Second World War troop quarters in the South Pacific were painted blue to keep flies away, with marked success. Ketcham himself has used blue to advantage more than once. Just before the war, he built a large house—which he painted white, a color that, in his case, was selected with confidence—in Ridgefield, Connecticut. Soon after Pearl Harbor, he signed up with the Navy and wanted to sell the house in a hurry. In the face of reports from local real-estate dealers that there was small hope of this, because so many other houses in the vicinity had been put on the market by men entering the armed forces, he had its shutters and exterior trim painted a carefully chosen blue and advertised it in the *Times* one Sunday. While sitting around that morning, he was visited by a neighbor whom he had frequently regaled with color lore. "Been having trouble with flies?" the caller asked knowingly. Ketcham explained his real-estate problem, and said that he had put on the blue trimmings to make the white walls of the house look fresh and inviting. He had just launched into a disquisition on the extraordinary popularity of white eggs packed in blue cartons when an aging, blue-thirsty couple drove up, made a brief tour of the house, and bought it.

THE effect of color on Ketcham has been to help him do an annual business that, after taxes, office and field expenses, and building up a fund he has set aside for research, allows him to pay himself a salary of twenty-five thousand dollars, an amount that he augments by writing and lecturing. Taken in conjunction with today's individual income taxes, three young daughters, and the

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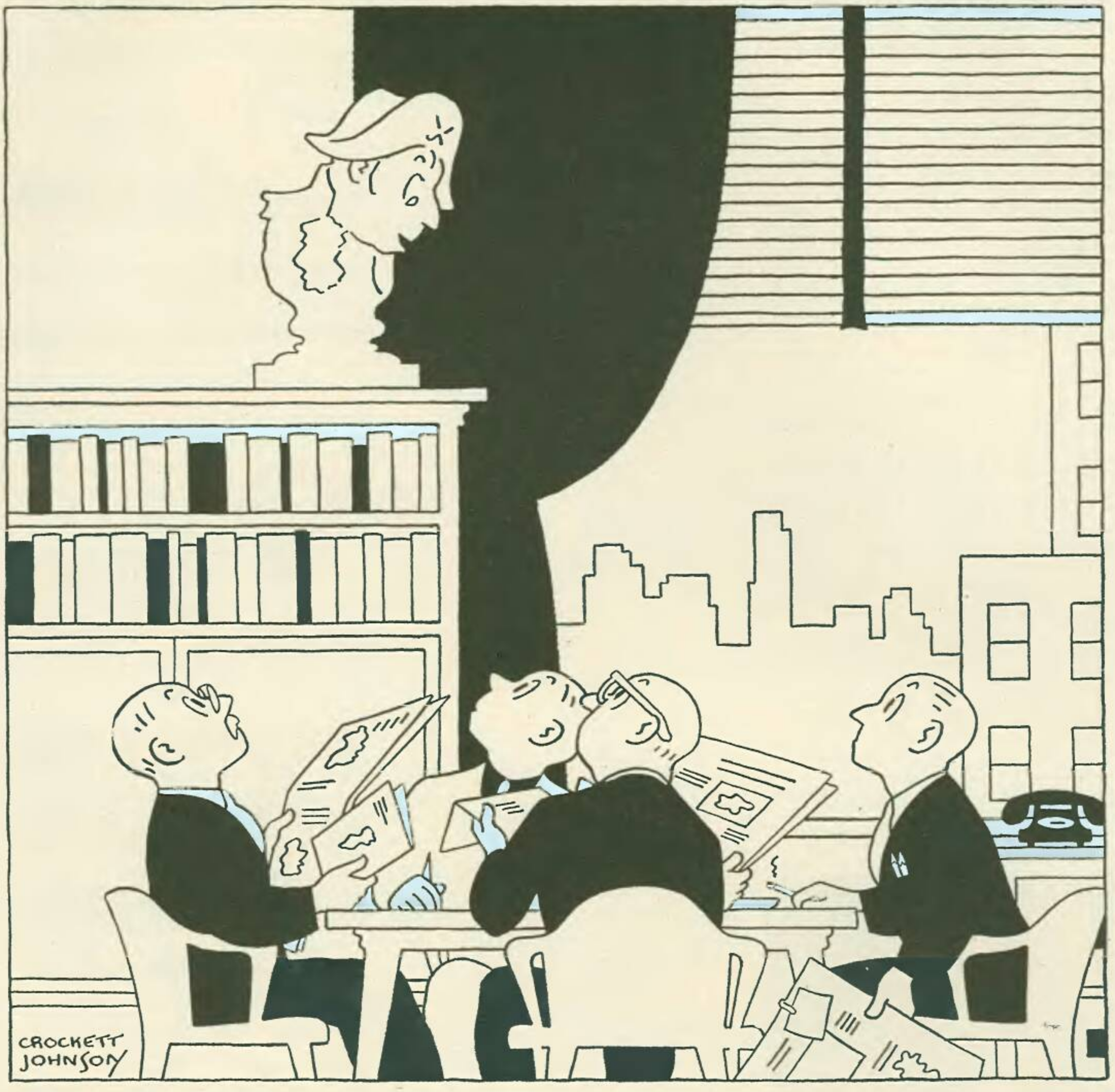


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fact that Ketcham as a boy was blessed with a rich father and at least one rich grandfather, both of whom had lost most of their fortunes by the time they died, the effect of this income on Ketcham has been to oblige him to live in a state of comfort scarcely approaching the luxury of his youth. Ketcham was born in New York in 1902. His father, Charles B. Ketcham, was a member of the Stock Exchange, who liked to travel, and who transacted much of his business by cable. Howard and his brother Gordon, a year and a half his junior, spent a great deal of their childhood in Europe. The senior Ketchams were divorced when Howard was eight, and the boys were taken in tow by their mother, accompanying her, and a governess, on frequent trips to Paris, Nice, Cannes, Como, and Deauville. Howard had crossed the Atlantic twenty-six times before he was twelve, and he learned French before he learned English. When Mrs. Ketcham and her sons weren't abroad, they lived at the home of her father, George E. Brightson, a phonograph-company president who was once worth several million dollars but fell on hard times with the advent of radio. Mr. Brightson owned a large, gabled house at Center Island, near the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club, on Long Island, as well as several automobiles and a hundred-and-ten-foot schooner called Sunshine. "Gordon and I spent a lot of our time on the schooner and in small boats," Ketcham recalls. "Teddy Roosevelt lived across the Bay, and exchanged visits with Grandfather. I remember Roosevelt's booming voice in the Oyster Bay Episcopal Church."

Until 1913, the Ketcham boys weren't in this country long enough at any one time to go to school, so they were educated by governesses and tutors. When Howard was eleven, he was sent to St. Paul's School, in Garden City, where he played on the football team and founded a school paper, the *Daily Blast*. He was an energetic, ambitious youth. In the summer of 1921, just before entering Amherst, he answered a help-wanted ad in the *Times* and found himself being interviewed by that paper's yachting editor. As a result of their talk, he became a part-time *Times* employee. His job was to cover weekend sailing races in Oyster Bay Harbor and telephone reports of them to the paper. One day, when the telephone rang in the Brightson home, Mrs. Ketcham answered it. "There's been a drowning in Huntington Harbor," the *Times* yachting editor told her. "The body has just been

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WILLIAM PRINCE
EMPIRE, B'way, 40 St. Evgs 8:40. Mats Wed. & Sat. 2.40

"The most civilized comedy we have had on marriage for years."—ATKINSON, N. Y. Times
THE PLAYWRIGHTS' COMPANY presents
JESSICA TANDY and HUME CRONYN
in the JOSE FERRER Production
THE Fourposter
JAN de HARTOG'S comedy
Evgs. 8:40—Orch. $4.80; Mezz. $3.60, 3.00; Balc. $2.40, 1.80, 1.20. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40—Orch. $3.60; Mezz. $3.00; Balc. $2.40, 1.80, 1.20. Tax Incl. MAIL ORDERS FILLED
BARRYMORE Theatre 243 W. 47 St., N. Y. 19

washed ashore. We'd like Howard to go over and phone us whatever information he can pick up." "My mother told him she wouldn't permit me to do any such thing," Ketcham says. "She hung up on my boss, and that was the end of my connection with the *Times*."

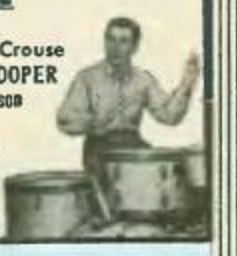
At college, Ketcham was active in fraternity, football, and journalistic circles. He drew cartoons, signed "Ketch," for the *Lord Jeff*, and in his junior year became its art editor. Some of his drawings were reprinted in the old *Life;* others he sold to *College Humor*. In the summers following his freshman and sophomore years, with an eye to an eventual financial career, he worked in Wall Street as a runner. He commuted from the North Shore, where, at Seawanhaka club dances and Schiff, Brady, Coe, and Iselin parties, he sported a red tie with his dinner coat but otherwise showed no particular interest in color. By his junior year, his success at his drawing board persuaded him to abandon Wall Street as a prospective way of life. That summer, between weekend dances and boat races, he worked in the art department of an advertising agency—the H. K. McCann Company, which has since become McCann-Erickson. During his last year at Amherst, he was offered twenty-five dollars a week by King Features to draw a daily cartoon strip showing what young people were thinking and doing, and thirty-five a week by McCann to work as an assistant to one of the firm's four art directors. He accepted the higher bid, and even this represented an economic comedown for him, for in his senior year his share of the *Lord Jeff's* profits and his *College Humor* payments amounted to twenty-three hundred dollars. For about a year, he worked on advertising posters and layouts for Standard Oil of New Jersey, Canadian National Railways, the State of Maine, and other McCann clients. "At the end of 1926, I didn't get the five-dollar raise I expected," he says. "I asked the vice-president who was my boss if this was an oversight, and he said no, it was planned. So I quit."

WHILE continuing to live in his grandfather's house, pondering his next move to acquire a salary, Ketcham, who had no private means, was agreeably surprised to be taken for a capitalist. A classmate of his, a broker, tried to sell him some Schick Razor stock. In the course of his sales talk, he demonstrated a new Schick magazine-repeating safety razor and cut his

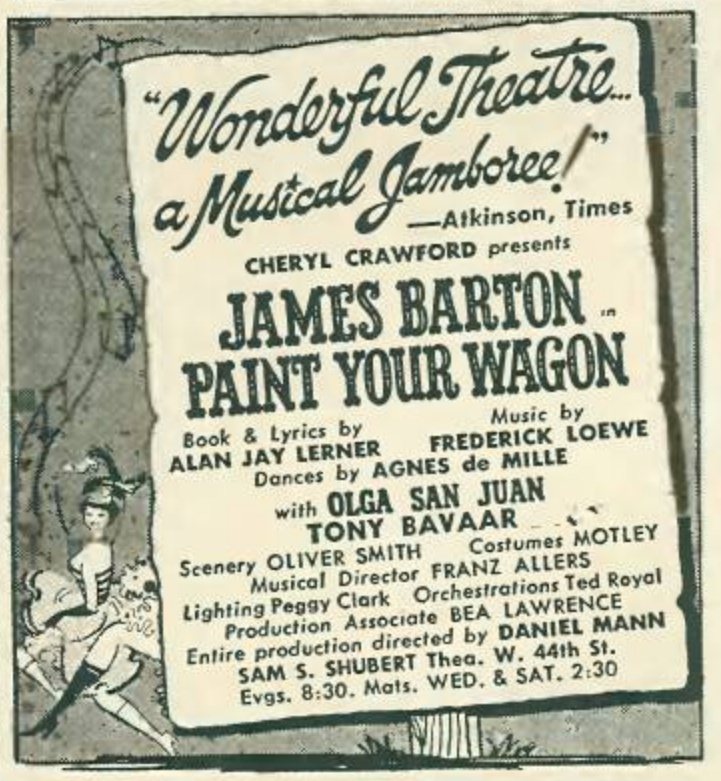
LELAND HAYWARD
PRESENTS

Ethel Merman in "Call Me Madam"
with RICHARD EASTHAM
ALAN HEWITT • RUSSELL NYPE
Music & Lyrics by IRVING BERLIN
Book by HOWARD LINDSAY & RUSSEL CROUSE
Directed by GEORGE ABBOTT
Dances & Musical Numbers by JEROME ROBBINS
Evgs. $7.20-2.40. Wed. Mats. $4.20-1.80. Sat. Mats. $4.80-1.80. Tax Included.
IMPERIAL Thea. 245 W. 45th St., N. Y. 19

"UPROARIOUSLY FUNNY!" —BROWN, Sat. Review of Lit.
"REMAINS TO BE SEEN"

Comedy by
Howard Lindsay & Russel Crouse
JANIS PAIGE—JACKIE COOPER
James Rennie-Warner Anderson

Evgs. Mon. thru. Thur. $4.80-1.80. Fri. & Sat. $6.00-2.40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. $3.60-1.80.
MOROSCO Thea. W. 45 St.

HENRY FONDA
IN
"Point of No Return"
A new play by PAUL OSBORN
Based on the novel by JOHN P. MARQUAND
with
JOHN CROMWELL • LEORA DANA • FRANK CONROY
COLIN KEITH-JOHNSTON • ROBERT ROSS
BARTLETT ROBINSON • PATRICIA SMITH • PHIL ARTHUR
Directed by H. C. POTTER Settings by JO MIELZINER
Mon. thru Thurs. Eves.: $4.80 to 1.80. Fri. & Sat. Eves.: $6.00 to 2.40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.: $4.20 to 1.80. Tax Incl.
ALVIN THEATRE, 52nd St. West of B'way




"A Thorough Delight" —ATKINSON, TIMES
THE THEATRE GUILD presents
EDNA BEST
BASIL RATHBONE in
"JANE"

HOWARD ST. JOHN
IRENE BROWNE
PHILIP FRIEND
by S. N. BEHRMAN
Based upon an original story by
W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM
Directed by CYRIL RITCHARD
CORONET Thea., 49th St. W. of B'way. Mats Thurs. & Sat.

*from now . . . through*
*summer's glorious days*

# Italy

*abounds in*
*all that lends*
*holiday enchantment*

*Like a great horn of plenty, Italy overflows with holiday experiences and pleasures . . . particularly in this year which marks the 500th birthday of Leonardo da Vinci. Here is the storied past . . . the festive present . . . the quaint . . . the charming . . . the spectacular. Here nature wears her loveliest dress . . . here man has wrought his noblest achievements. Here you will find everything that makes for complete enjoyment of a holiday . . . fine food . . . fine hotels . . . fine transportation . . . at dollar prices which add the final touch of satisfaction. 10 and 20 Day Railway Tickets permit unlimited travel . . . special coupons secure gasoline at reduced prices.*

*See your Travel Agent now!*

ITALIAN STATE TOURIST OFFICE-E.N.I.T.
21 East 51st Street, New York 22, N.Y.

finger. Ketcham bound it up in a handkerchief, declined to buy any stock, and, after a few hours' reflection, wrote the Schick people outlining a scheme for redesigning the razor in such a way that it wouldn't cut anyone's finger. They replied by offering him a job as a merchandising-idea man, and he took it. He had occupied this position only five weeks when, in the spring of 1927, the art director who had been his immediate superior at McCann advised him that there was an opening for a man in du Pont's color-advisory service, that he had recommended Ketcham, and that the job was his if he wanted it.

Ketcham switched to du Pont, and was presently placed in charge of its color-styling work with Duco, a new quick-drying, spray-on lacquer that du Pont was trying to sell to automobile manufacturers. Prior to Duco, cars were finished with slow-drying paint and varnish, applied by brush—a process that generally took from three weeks to a month. Multicolored automobiles were the prevailing style; often a car had as many as seven shades of paint—one for the upper body, another for the lower body, a third for the spokes, and so on; in all, the automobile industry was using some thirteen thousand different shades. A Duco spray job could take care of an automobile body in a couple of hours, provided only one or two colors were used. Ketcham set about imbuing manufacturers with a simpler color philosophy. He visited showrooms and conducted surveys, and came up with the information that car owners were really anti-multicolor, and that color styles didn't have to be changed every ninety days or so, as was being done then. The depression made his findings doubly welcome. By 1934, he had reduced the catalogue of Duco colors from thirteen thousand to five hundred. A year later, having obtained a five-year contract from du Pont to act as its color consultant on plastics, he went into business for himself, as a color engineer. He opened an office in Rockefeller Center in March, 1935, and within two weeks had, in addition to du Pont, Lionel and Pan American as clients.

As his first undertaking for Pan American, Ketcham flew to South America in a Sikorsky amphibian with the object of preparing a report on how to improve the plane's interior. "When I got out of the plane, I couldn't hear anything," he has recalled. "My hearing didn't become normal for several days. This was because the wood panelling in the cabin bounced the sound

**Royal Copenhagen for your tastiest jam**

The Royal Copenhagen porcelain jam jar of "Blanc de Chine," 4¾" high. $5.25. The Georg Jensen silver jam spoon, in the "Leaf and Seed" pattern, $13, including Federal Tax.

These three waves are the mark found on all genuine Royal Copenhagen porcelain.

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ELDORADO 5-6630

**GEORG JENSEN INC.**
Fifth Ave. at 53rd St., N. Y. 22

**Lenten Delicacies—**
*ready to serve*

Visit our Food Shop (2nd floor) for many delectable things including deviled eggs, creamed tuna or salmon, lobster or crab à la Newburg or in salad. (One day advance order for Newburg.)

**WOMAN'S EXCHANGE**
541 Mad. Ave. at 55 St. • PL 3-2330
LUNCHEON • BAR • DINNER

**STALAG 17**
"IMMENSELY FUNNY!"
— COLEMAN, Mirror
48th ST. THEA., E. of B'way. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

MOTION PICTURE

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Rockefeller Center
CECIL B. De MILLE'S
"THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH"
Color by TECHNICOLOR
plus SPECTACULAR STAGE PRESENTATION

back and created a noise level so high that it was deafening. I recommended using fabrics—for wall linings, head linings, all over the plane—that would not only absorb sound but would be good-looking and cheerful, thus offsetting the gloomy panelling." On the basis of Ketcham's recommendations, Pan American ordered loosely woven carpets, seat covers, and curtains for all its planes. Until the war, which caused him to put aside his business for four years, Ketcham styled the interiors for Pan American's planes right down to their blankets and tableware, and he has since designed the interiors of the company's first Strato Clippers and Convairs. From 1937 to 1939, he also designed the interiors of Douglas DC-4s for United Air Lines. In general, for airplane décor he has prescribed clear, light-reflecting colors, such as blue, blue green, silver gray, bisque yellow, and magenta, and thick carpets and heavy upholstery. "These not only reduce vibration and deaden noises but give passengers the idea that the plane—especially the one carrying them—is here to stay," he says. "A ten-ounce cotton tends to make people feel the airline hasn't got confidence in its investment, whereas heavy, good-quality upholstery indicates that the management expects the plane to stay up and last for a while. Expensive-looking decoration in a plane is as sound a morale booster as a pretty hostess. It behooves aviation companies to install it, no matter what extra emolument they may have to pay." "Behoove" and "emolument" are two of his favorite words.

In 1937, Ketcham's choice of blankets for Pan American won him the North Star Woolen Mill Company as a client. He got his Smith and Mt. Holyoke friends to make a consumer-color-preference survey with respect to blankets, and, in the light of their findings, advised North Star to reduce its list of colors for blankets from two dozen to eight, which he named ashes of roses, rose pink, delft blue, French blue, chamois, dusk orchid, eggshell, and araby green. The North Star people were having bad trouble with their inventories at the time they appealed to Ketcham for counsel; a distressingly large proportion of the blankets they had manufactured during the previous year remained unsold. By way of a test, they placed Ketcham-colored blankets in several Manhattan department stores. The buyer for one soon announced a sellout of blankets in "cold" colors—blue and green—and reordered those hues; the buyer for another expressed


BELLOWS & COMPANY

*A Name backed with 120 years Experience, Integrity and fine Quality*

AT NO EXTRA COST

*Our current catalogue, replete with more than 200 choice Bellows offerings, will be forwarded upon request.*

ONLY THE BEST IS LABELLED

**BELLOWS**

ESTABLISHED 1830 NEW YORK, N. Y.

*The Little Bolero built on curves*

Loeb and Hoch were the architects for this suit and their client is anyone who wears junior sizes 7 to 15. Note the bolero's curved façade repeated in skirt pockets. Construction material: navy ribbed wool or grey sharkskin, 65.00. Seventh Floor, New York. Mail and phone orders filled.

**SAKS FIFTH AVENUE**
NEW YORK · CHICAGO · BEVERLY HILLS · DETROIT

disappointment with the small number of cold-color sales. Ketcham made a personal excursion into the field to check up. His inquiries caused Ketcham the illumination engineer to join forces with Ketcham the color engineer. "It was soon noted," he soon noted in *American Fabrics*, a trade publication to which he now contributes four articles a year, "that while the first store had the blankets on display under incandescent lighting, which enhanced the warm colors, the second store was using daylight fluorescent lamps, whose strength in the blue and green end of the spectrum made the warm colors appear muddy. Lighting specifications for display of the blankets were sent out shortly after, as a result, and that year the manufacturer had no carryover. It has been a policy of mine ever since to include lighting specifications with color specifications, to assure effective display."

Around this time, too, Ketcham was developing a group of bright combinations for Lionel toy-railroad equipment. "Lionel, with tremendous fidelity, had been duplicating actual railroad colors, which were drab," he says. "I stepped them up, giving them more flash and play value. I hoped that the real railroads would take their cue from this, but they didn't." When Ketcham wasn't busy with blankets and toy trains, he was designing sunglasses, fountain pens, lampshades, and plastic automobile steering wheels for du Pont. On August 5, 1936, he became the first man in the world to transmit colors from Europe to America by cable, thereby creating a sensation in the world of fashion, ever hungry for the latest word from the salons of Paris. To accomplish this, he invented a color-viewing apparatus, which he called a Colorcode. It consists of a box, three feet long and three feet high and lined with black velvet to prevent unwanted light reflections, that contains approximately a hundred cardboard discs of different colors, which, when set at various angles and spinning at the proper speed, are capable of producing any one of three hundred thousand shades. Ketcham built two of these boxes. He dispatched one to Paris, and kept the other here. The operator of the Colorcode in Paris, given a swatch of color hot from a dress designer's atelier, would reproduce the color by adjusting the discs in his machine and spinning them, and then inform the man at the helm of the New York Colorcode, by a special cable code, how to adjust the discs in *his* machine to produce,

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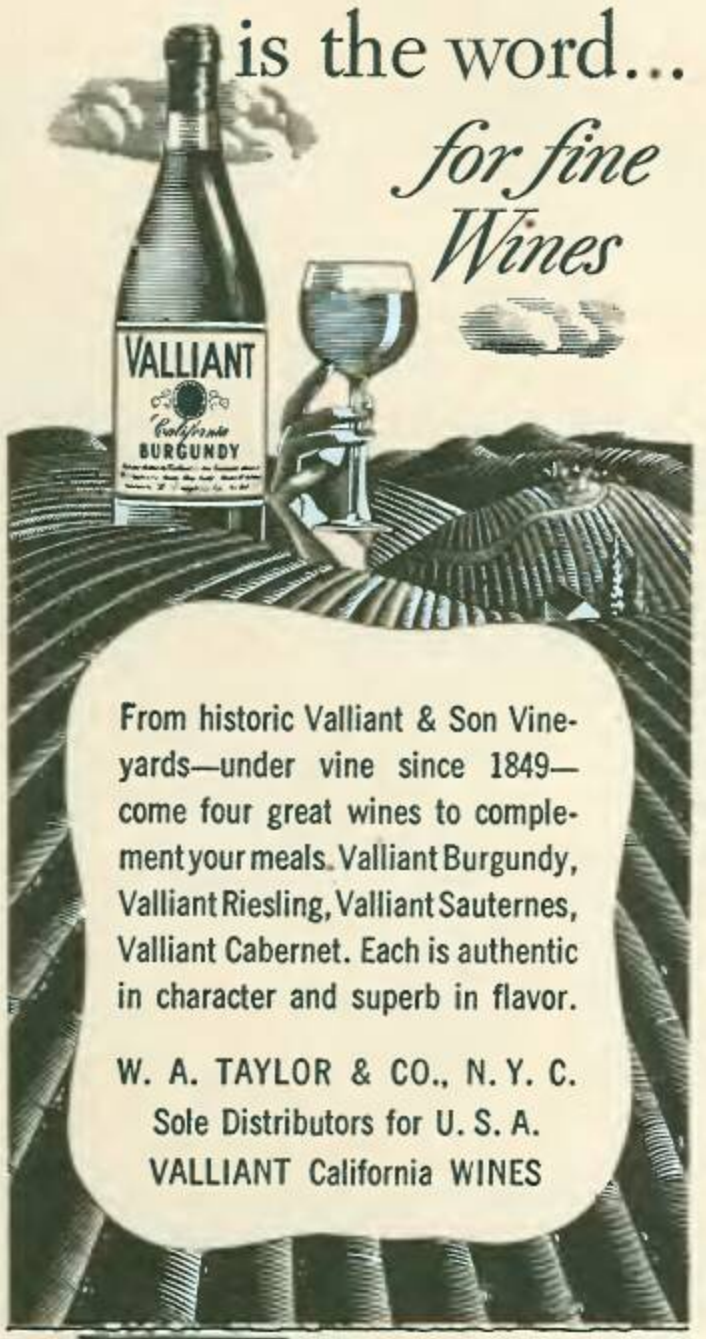
is the word...
*for fine Wines*




From historic Valliant & Son Vineyards—under vine since 1849—come four great wines to complement your meals. Valliant Burgundy, Valliant Riesling, Valliant Sauternes, Valliant Cabernet. Each is authentic in character and superb in flavor.

W. A. TAYLOR & CO., N. Y. C.
Sole Distributors for U. S. A.
VALLIANT California WINES

**FREE!** TRIAL SIZE
America's Finest Mustard
Rich, zesty, robust—yet paradoxically mild. As hard to describe as "cold fire." That's Mister Mustard—a Dijon style mustard formerly imported from France by gourmets, now produced in the U.S. We want you to try Mister Mustard.

*TRY IT FREE!*
Write name, address of your grocer; your name, address. We will send you a generous trial jar of Mister Mustard —FREE. Address Frank Tea & Spice Co., Dept. Y Cincinnati 2, Ohio.

**FRANK'S**
*Mister Mustard*
"Keep Me Cold and I'll Stay Hot"

The COPACABANA presents
*Delightful MGM Star*
**JANE POWELL**
In Her Copa-Debut
Three Shows Nightly — at 8, 12 & 2
**COPACABANA**
10 E. 60 • PL 8-0900
DINNER $2.75

upon spinning, precisely the same color.

Ketcham's practical idea in developing this prismatic gadget was, as one of his brochures explained, "to provide a universal and exact language of color" by which to transmit new Paris fashion shades to America in a matter of seconds, in a period when this precious kind of intelligence, conveyed by swatches or color cards borne by ocean liners, ordinarily took a week to get here. He persuaded Marshall Field and a number of other department stores to back his first demonstration, in the summer of 1936, in the course of which four new colors, selected from those shown at the openings of the French dressmaking salons, were cabled over. These were at once relayed to clothing manufacturers here, who worked them into fabrics for women's dresses and accessories. Models of dresses in the four colors were on display in the fifty-eight sponsoring stores before their competitors had had so much as a glimpse of them. By 1938, Ketcham, via Colorcode, was covering the openings of every leading Paris designer twice a year for such customers as Bonwit Teller and Elizabeth Arden, in New York; Carson Pirie Scott & Co., in Chicago; Neiman-Marcus, in Dallas; and more than fifty others. His clients paid him a fee of around four hundred dollars for each set of openings he covered. He then set up a Colorcode Fashion Merchandising Service, which, on behalf of subscribing manufacturers of clothes, who paid him a fee of from a hundred to a thousand dollars an opening, depending upon the size of their business, mailed Colorcode cards, to which were affixed samples of the latest French colors, to Colorcode's specialty- and department-store clients.

Scarcely had Ketcham got his Colorcode empire going, with such manufacturers as Botany Mills, the Hellwig Dyeing Corporation, and the American Silk Mills in thrall, when the sun set on it, forever. It fell apart during the war, and he decided not to try to build it up again afterward, partly because he felt that Paris openings, and their favored colors, no longer carried so much weight in American fashion circles, and partly because the vast increase in transatlantic flights meant a vast decrease in the usefulness of his machine. In Ketcham's octopuslike business world, his right tentacles don't always know what his left tentacles are doing, and he is a little miffed at the thought that his airline activities may have hastened the doom of Colorcode.

Ketcham's wartime career in the

(*Advertisement*)

*"American Airlines, Inc. carries more passengers than any other airline in the world."*

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# One woman in every 5 has it!

Yes, one woman in every five has a face with two types of skin! Forehead, nose and chin are oily; the rest of her complexion is dry.

A pretty problem, since these two skin types need just the opposite kind of treatment! But the experts at the Dorothy Gray Salon, whose *forte* is highly individualized skin care, have a trio of Beauty Basics to look after "combination skin" sensibly and beautifully.

*"Rule of Three"*
*for Combination Skin*

1. **A SPECIAL SMOOTH-TEXTURE** *cream is needed to cleanse thoroughly. Thus, Rule 1 is Cleanse with Salon Cold Cream, $1.25 to $4. (For very oily areas, use Cleansing Cream, Liquefying, $1 to $4)*
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*All prices plus tax*

*America's loveliest women*
**Trust DOROTHY GRAY**


Navy was a varied one. He started out, in 1942, as a lieutenant in the Department of Yards and Docks of the Civil Engineer Corps, in Washington, interviewing manufacturers' representatives who wanted to sell barbed wire, paint, and the like to the Navy. He then took an Army camouflage course at Fort Belvoir and went on to develop a series of standard camouflage colors for Navy shore installations, based on studies of soil and foliage colors. He found that the Army and the Navy were using different colors of paint, and he recommended that they get together on them—a recommendation that was adopted. He also produced a movie on the application of camouflage for the Office of Strategic Services, and then, under the same aegis, gave Annapolis undergraduates elementary lessons in sailing. He was subsequently transferred to the Special Devices Section of the Office of Naval Research, where, under Captain (later Admiral) Luis de Florez, he demonstrated the latest naval-air training devices to military visitors, mostly high-up officials in the Army and Navy Departments and representatives of friendly foreign powers, a steady stream of whom passed through the Special Devices building, behind Union Station, in Washington. "Four of us, occasionally assisted by de Florez, did the demonstrating," a naval colleague of Ketcham's has said. "Ketch was a first-class barker, with lots of push and drive. He was especially effective with the South Americans. He'd take over, tactfully, when, as sometimes happened, de Florez got bogged down in describing a piece of equipment. Ketch had a complete grasp of the most complicated devices, and he exuded an air of earnest sincerity."

Toward the end of the war, still under the auspices of Special Devices, Ketcham, who had by then risen to lieutenant commander, invented a floating, form-fitting plastic litter for transferring wounded men from beachheads to planes. It was his hope that this contrivance would supersede the standard Stokes Litter, a steel, wire, wood, and lead affair; many Stokes litters had been lost when invasion barges they were being carried ashore on went down. The war ended before the new litter could be put into production.

KETCHAM was demobilized in the fall of 1945. The following March, he reactivated his business at its present quarters, 101 Park Avenue. His post-war services to his clients have included advising the Cities Service Oil


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AT ROCKEFELLER CENTER

***EASTER BUNNIES FOR YOUNGEST GOURMETS***

**Pale-hued, long-eared, lovable bunnies hand painted only for us in Italy, to enchant your favorite children. The plate, the cereal dish, the easy-to-handle mug at 5.50 all told. From a whole world of treasures in our Guest and Gift Shop. Also available in our Beverly Hills store.**

**GUEST AND GIFT SHOP**
**14 East 50th Street**

**LANCERS**
*Crackling Carbonated Vin Rosé*

**AN UNUSUAL DINNER WINE**
Imported from Portugal. A Light-bodied Rose wine—slightly effervescent—delightfully different in taste. Bottled in hand molded earthenware crock or glass jug.

SOLE IMPORTERS VINTAGE WINES, INC.
114 East 16th Street, New York 3, N. Y.

**FIFI HAD A PUPPY!**

. . . and she's all cuddly and adorable. A gentle, true-to-life replica of a toy French poodle, Wendi is the daughter of famous Fifi, who's visiting relatives in Poodleville, Paris. Saucy Wendi sits, stands and sprawls a perky 7" high.
As we were going to press, Wendi whispered in our ear: "Please take me home, je t' aime." We guess she meant almost everyone, the little coquette!

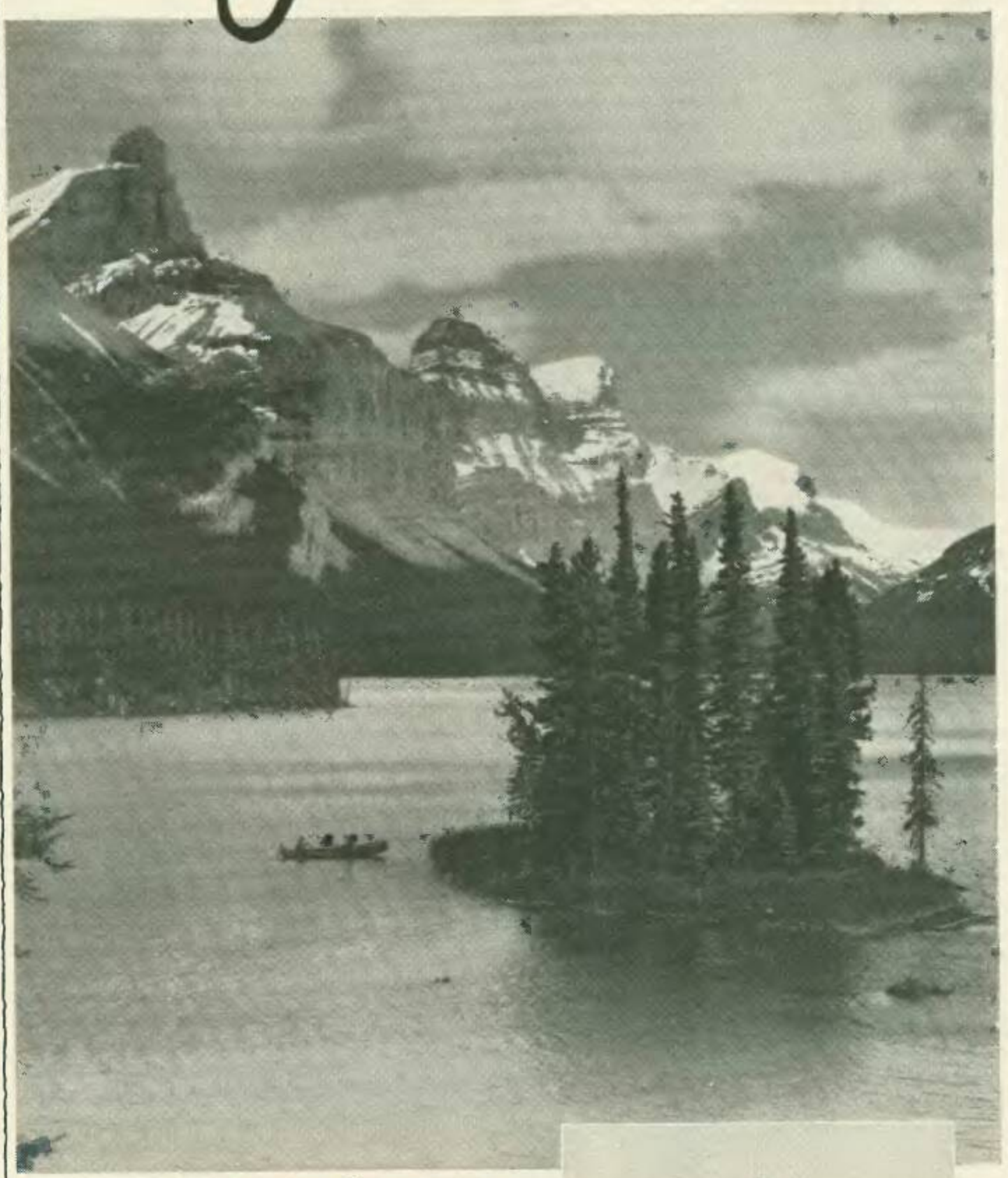
**$10.00 ppd.**
"Specify grey or black poodle"

**Mail Orders Promptly Filled**
Marietta Larsen 724 5th Ave., New York 5th Fl. CI 6-2090

Company to paint seventeen thousand black-and-white gas stations green-and-white; prescribing yellow-and-blue service stations, signs, water cans, and trucks for the Deep Rock Oil Corporation, of Tulsa, Oklahoma; supervising (after polling six thousand passengers) the reupholstering of the coach seats of Jersey Central Railroad trains in sea green and beige; recommending that the diesel tugs used by the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad to ferry freight cars on barges in the harbors of Baltimore and New York be painted brown-and-orange; conducting a coach-modernization program, involving lighting and upholstery, for the New York Central Railroad, and ditto for the Long Island Railroad; and putting together for David D. Doniger & Co., which, as the makers of McGregor Sportswear, is the largest manufacturer of men's sports clothes in the world, a set of twelve colors, among them mahogany, lime, and toast, for shorts, jackets, and slacks. Ketcham's color system for McGregor is intended to make any combination of shirts, jackets, and slacks pleasing. "The colors are all interchangeable," Harry Doniger, the president of the firm sponsoring McGregor sports clothes, has explained. "A man can mix them up any way he wants without danger of clashing. Men buy clothes separately—a half dozen shirts one month, a pair of slacks the next. Now, if they buy our things, they won't have to think back to what they bought in the past and try to match their current purchase with it. They'll be safe no matter *what* they buy. What's more, women, who buy thirty per cent of men's sports clothes, and who when they're buying a man a shirt may not remember, or know, the color of his jacket, will also be safe. Ketcham's system simplifies the whole problem of how to make a man look better."

As a sartorial benefactor of mankind, Ketcham is a rather sharp dresser himself, being given to brown herringbone suits, blue shirts, and Bronzini ties. His favorite tailor is Twyeffort, who is known for having some very pronounced theories of his own in the matter of color and clothes. Ketcham has his trousers cut without cuffs, which he considers simply gatherers of dirt, and his coats made without pocket flaps, which he regards as untidy, and without sleeve buttons, which he deems anachronistic. Most of his jobs are, by their nature, self-liquidating, so he has to keep selling himself and his techniques. For this reason, and because he is naturally convivial, he does quite a bit of circulating. He has the manner of,


THIS YEAR- COME TO JASPER SHOWPLACE OF THE CANADIAN ROCKIES



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You'll agree with world travellers that nowhere else does Nature set such a breathtaking background for a full vacation . . . golfing, riding, fishing, motoring. You'll enjoy the social charm, luxury and informality of Jasper Park Lodge . . . the convenience and comfort of travelling by the Scenic Rail Route across Canada. Ask your nearest Canadian National Office* about this or the other Top Vacations listed. "We'll tell you where and take you there".

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

SERVING ALL 10 PROVINCES OF CANADA

**Choose from this rich variety. Here are Canada's 10 Top Maple Leaf Vacations**

1. **Across Canada**—the Scenic Route to California or the Pacific Northwest, to New York or anywhere East.
2. **Alaska Cruise** — ten days, 2,000 miles of sheltered coastal sailing.
3. **British Columbia** —Vancouver, Victoria, Prince Rupert. A magnificent marine and mountain playground.
4. **Eastern Cities and Laurentians**—history-book places, mountain lakes, brilliant autumn colours.
5. **Hudson Bay** —"Down North" to romantic frontiers, via Winnipeg.
6. **Jasper in the Canadian Rockies** — play, relax in mountain grandeur.
7. **Minaki (Lake of the Woods)** — swimming, motor-boating, golf in a northwoods setting. Wonderful fishing!
8. **Ontario Highlands**—land of lakes and streams; fishing; camping. Fine hotels, resorts.
9. **Provinces by the Sea**—beaches, bays, fishing ports, historic old cities.
10. **Romantic French Canada** (Gaspé and the Saguenay)—like taking a trip abroad.

*Canadian National Railways offices in Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Cincinnati, Detroit, Flint, Mich., Kansas City, Los Angeles, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Portland, Me., San Francisco, Seattle, St. Louis, Washington, D. C. In Canada, 360 McGill Street, Montreal, Que., or see your Travel Agent.

Franklin Simon

pleated, polka'd, perfect... Majestic's early-spring suit-dress of extra-special rayon faille with fine focus on a beautiful, stitch-pleated skirt. "Innocent Look" jacket collared and cuffed with polka-dot silk surah. In black or navy. 12 to 20. **17.95**

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and indeed is, an urbane and convincing salesman, thoroughly grounded in facts. He often lunches with clients or prospective clients at the University Club or the Architectural League, and he gives frequent lectures on color and design in a number of cities—not so much for the fee, which he generally fixes at five hundred dollars, as for the contacts. He has discovered that one thing leads to another. For example, a talk he gave in Chicago, in 1937, at a candymakers' convention, on some cellophane wrappings he had designed for du Pont, caused one of his listeners to pay him twenty-five hundred dollars for a new Oh Henry! candy wrapper. To keep the Ketcham ball rolling, he often writes for such diverse publications as *Apparel Arts*, *Esquire*, and *Illuminating Engineering*, in addition to his regular stint for *American Fabrics*. Two or three years ago, he wrote a book called "How to Use Color and Decorating Designs in the Home," which has sold twenty thousand copies and is now in its third edition. He illustrated this himself with hundreds of drawings, and included a photograph of his present wife, a very pretty woman, applying decorative tape to a cupboard, and another of their eldest daughter, Suzanne, a very pretty little girl, sitting on what was described in the text as an "undecorated toy chest [which] looks cold and drab in child's room." Below this, he ran another picture of the chest, improved by Pennsylvania Dutch designs painted by Suzanne's father in "characteristic ochres, russets, and greens," which "now add sparkle and appeal to child's room."

Ketcham's first marriage ended in divorce in 1942. A couple of years later, he married the former Mary Louise Sauerbrun, of Elizabeth, New Jersey, a Bryn Mawr graduate whom he met in Washington during the war, while she was working for the Inter-American Defense Board. His daughter Suzanne is seven; her two sisters, Marsha and Mary Louise, are five and one, respectively. The Ketchams lead a contented suburban life in a "Point of No Return" type of residential-development house, which contains few conspicuous color arrangements. For the most part, Ketcham has left its decoration to his wife, a woman who pays little attention to her husband's color theories and generally feels just as good in a green room as in a blue one. Except for his insistence on an occasional magenta dinner party, Ketcham is willing to settle for a non-color-engineered private life, for he doesn't care to talk shop at home,

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and suspects that if he had an ulcer-benefiting room, a room good for retarded children, and so on, he would have to. Moreover, his children aren't retarded and he doesn't have ulcers.

Westfield is inland, and Ketcham misses the boating activities of his youth. He is building a house on the Sound at Madison, Connecticut, where, summers, he expects to take up the sea again and to work on some color theories he has about boats. He is extremely dissatisfied with the drab colors of most of the workaday craft in New York Harbor, and has begun to remedy this situation, not only by his efforts in the interests of the Baltimore & Ohio but by perking up the Jersey Central Lines. Last year, planning the colors for a new ferry boat, the Elizabeth, for the Jersey Central, he sought to overcome the customary squat appearance of such vessels by introducing a scheme that involves progressively lighter colors from waterline to funnel and the use of red, two shades of green, and white. He is sure that this has raised the spirits not just of commuters plying between the railroad's Jersey City terminal and its Liberty Street pier but of all seafarers who have seen the Elizabeth chug gaily by. He is also deeply interested in the matter of colored tobacco smoke. "Would people smoke as much as they do if they couldn't see the smoke?" he asked a luncheon companion the other day. The companion, who was puffing a pipe, said he thought so. "I don't," said Ketcham. "People rarely smoke in the dark. Their pleasure is partly visual. I don't care about the emolument, but I think it behooves some cigarette company to finance a consumer smoke survey by my organization. It seems to me heliotrope smoke would be very snappy, or possibly leaf green."

—GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

•

Antony, in charge of the Eastern Empire, went to Egypt to enquire into charges that Cleopatra had given help to Cassius. Cleopatra was then twenty-nine, the age (according to Plutarch) when women of her race were at their best. . . . Antony was forty-one when he first met Cleopatra; fifty-three when he died. By then Cleopatra was thirty-eight.—*Playbill of "Antony and Cleopatra."*

Easily.

•

Ogden Nash was born in Rye, New York, the first of his family to venture north of the Mason-Dixon Line.—*Press release from a lecture bureau.*

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# TELEVISION

## *Fun*

A PAIR of extremely agreeable comedians named Bob Elliott and Ray Goulding, who bill themselves as "Bob and Ray," turn up each Tuesday evening (N.B.C., 7:15-7:30) and poke some wonderful fun at certain folkways of television. One aspect of the great new cultural medium that they take an especially hard whack at is, not unexpectedly, the commercials. Their program opens with a few words from a substantial-looking, somewhat elderly announcer, a man whose face can probably best be described as being as honest as the day is long. He is clearly a fellow who *believes* in the product he is pushing; you feel, just from looking at him, that he is *sincere*. It is unthinkable that he would have anything good to say about a product that he had not himself tested a hundred times. He speaks slowly, warmly, convincingly of "the old established firm of Bob and Ray." He calls attention to their Special Burglar's Kit and their Busy Executive's Kit, and he asks, his voice ringing with sympathy, "Do you feel well? Wouldn't you like to feel *sick*?" Bob and Ray then take over. One of them is tall and one of them is short; one has a mustache and one has not; both are eager and earnest and *dedicated*. They may have on hand a supply of trapezes, which they offer at ridiculously low prices and which they guarantee for comfortable home use. Their "overstocked surplus warehouse" may be bursting its walls with sheets manufactured by "a famous-name sheet manufacturer," but they cannot reveal the name of the maker—they simply can't—because the sheets are to be sold at "a laughably low price." When Bob and Ray sell a famous-name sheet at a laughably low price, they laugh so hard that they can't speak, and although it is entirely possible that I am becoming softheaded, I laugh, too.

One night recently, Bob and Ray parodied a well-known program that originates in a well-known midtown saloon. They hopped from table to table, introduced the "socially acceptable" guests (a number of them were exceedingly unpleasant waxworks), and finally sat down to interview a husband-and-wife actor team, neither member of which would let the other say three words in a row. From time to time, the camera showed us the trademarks of the saloon (it was called the Sandpiper Club)—half-empty champagne glasses and ashtrays piled high with butts. Once again, softheaded or not, I liked it.

On each of their programs, Bob and Ray take a few minutes to relate the continuing story of "Hartford Harry, Private Eye." Hartford Harry (Ray) is referred to as "a two-fisted defender of the law." His main interest in life is the ceaseless pursuit of the Barracuda (Bob), a master criminal who speaks in the sly accents of the East and wears a kimono and a turban with a feather on top. Hartford Harry is on a par with most of the private eyes of television; that is to say, he is an unmitigated boob and all-round incompetent, arrives on the scene of a crime several minutes too late or, if he arrives before the criminal gets away, is outwitted by the lawbreaker. The Barracuda delights in knocking Hartford Harry over the head whenever they have an encounter; he precedes the blow by orally dressing down the eye. Harry has, of course, a secretary, whose sole occupation seems to be answering desperately ringing telephones in the eye's office. She mumbles a few words about getting something or somebody over to "the warehouse" on the double. The secretary is played by Audrey Meadows, and Miss Meadows is, as far as I am concerned, a truly engaging young woman, with a deadly, comic approach.

Bob and Ray generally finish up their programs with a plug for one of their seemingly endless supply of products. The other night it was Woodlo, a product "all America is talking about." Speaking rapidly, Bob and Ray said that Woodlo was the sort of product "that appeals to people who." Moreover, it was "immunized." "You can buy Woodlo loose!" one of them cried. "Yes, mothers and dads!" cried the other. "Available at your neighborhood!" cried Bob. "Drop in on your neighborhood!" cried Ray. Well, that's how it goes.

SPEAKING of funny programs, "My Friend Irma" (Tuesdays, C.B.S., 10:30-11 P.M.), although highly stylized and almost comic-strip in its character delineation, is one of the most amusing half hours on television. As everybody knows by now,

it deals with an idiotic female named Irma and her more intelligent, hard-pressed roommate, Jane Stacy. Through their small apartment passes a procession of suitors and neighbors, all of them involved in a complex but transparent plot, with a predictable ending. Nevertheless, "My Friend Irma" is entertaining—mostly, I suspect, because all hands engaged in its presentation attack the scripts with an abandoned, extra-dimensional gaiety, almost as though they were standing off looking at the characters they portray, and laughing at them. My guess is that Richard Whorf, the talented director of "My Friend Irma," is largely responsible for the brilliantly easygoing approach of his actors, but a big share of the credit for this fine half hour of nonsense must go to Marie Wilson, as Irma, and to Cathy Lewis, as her roommate.

JASCHA HEIFETZ showed up Sunday a week ago, over N.B.C., on a filmed program entitled "Meet the Masters," which started out rather badly, I thought, since, instead of permitting Mr. Heifetz to dig promptly into his violin, it forced him to go through a tedious preliminary routine, during which he answered a number of questions put to him by some students at a college whose name I didn't catch. The students met him in their college auditorium; their questions, and his answers, were designed, I gathered, to prove that he is a regular fellow, just an ordinary guy like you and me, without a touch of the longhair about him. Once this arch question period was over, Heifetz began to play his violin, and he was, as always, beyond compare. He played half a dozen short pieces, and a good deal of the time the camera focussed upon his extraordinary flying fingers. The result, musically and pictorially, was spectacular.

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

•

BOOM is a new board game, using dice, cards and markers. Idea is a race between atomic bomb and the United Nations, with one player as the "villain." Game "has humor, fantasy, and opportunity for joshing in it . . ." $3.00.—*Esquire*.

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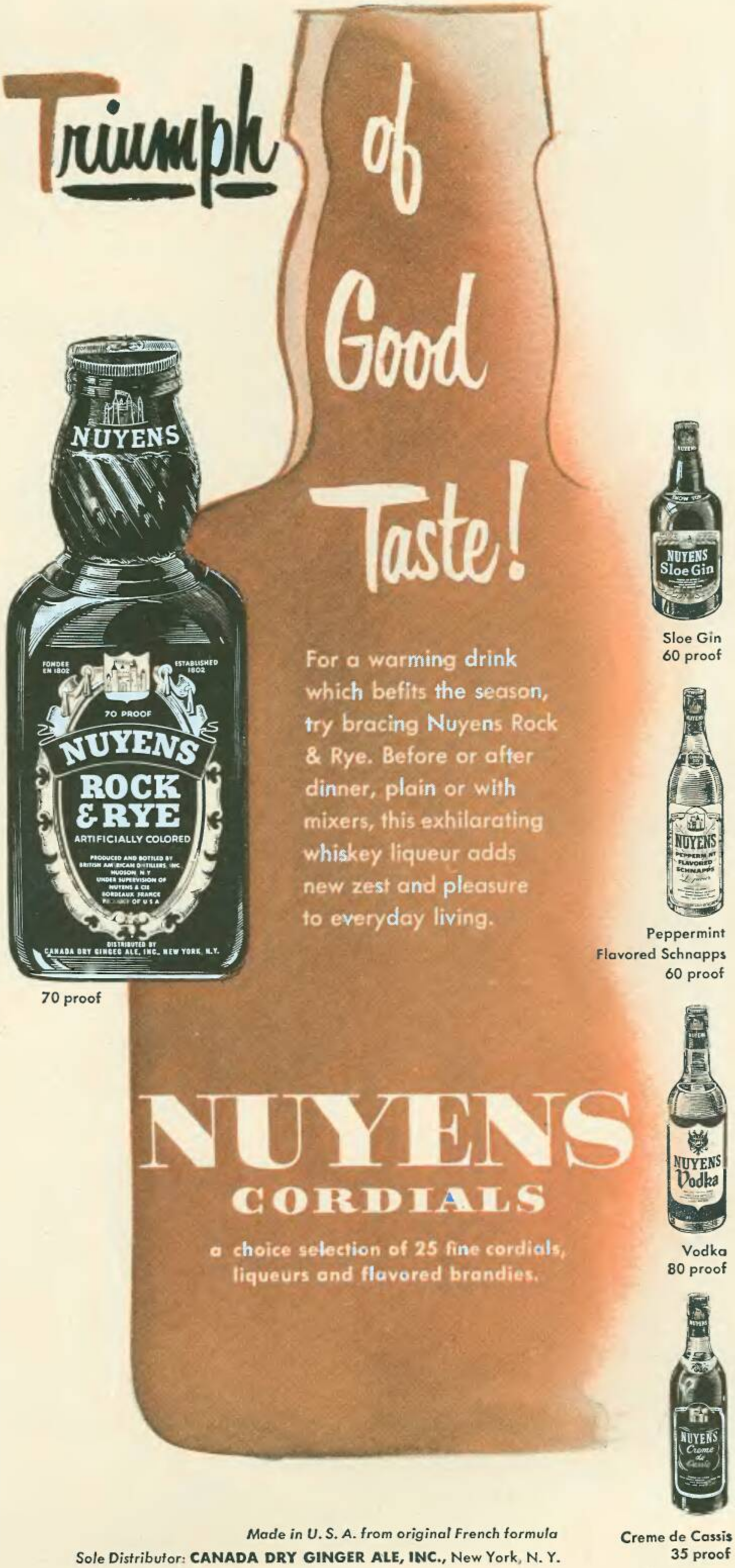


# LETTER FROM MADRID

FEBRUARY 20

FROM time to time in Madrid, through a break in the buildings or from a high window, one sees the arid sierras and the barren plateaus that surround the city. It is a view that brings a consciousness of the countryside—a rare thing in a capital city, and a very healthy reminder to the foreigner that Spain is a poor country, which must live largely on the products of a thin, exhausted soil, and that Madrid is a deceptive city. Almost any visitor is struck by the amount of new building—the huge new banks and government offices, the scarcely finished avenues and boulevards in the districts where Madrid is expanding—and by the carefully tended parks and gardens. In "old" Madrid, through which every tourist bus takes its sightseers, the narrow, sixteenth-century streets and the handsome Plaza Mayor give an impression of history, or even of quaintness, rather than of poverty, crowded rooms, and the eternal struggle for enough food.

In the places where the foreigner is likely to stay or eat, no shortage of accommodations or food is evident. The Madrid hotels, which have the reputation of being the best in Europe, are also among the cheapest. In the restaurants, the British and American tourists for once have a bond in their common desire for red meat. Both can eat steaks that seldom cost more than a dollar and can be found for as little as twenty-five cents. In the most expensive restaurants, a three-course meal, including wine, costs around two dollars. The meal hours often come as something of a surprise to foreigners, as the Spanish don't have lunch until after two o'clock and dine at about ten-thirty. This arrangement allows a long evening of sitting in front of a café, sipping one of the many varieties of sherry and indulging in that peculiarly European sport of watching the people go by. Stores stay open late, and at eight or nine in the evening one can still stroll through the shopping centers and admire or buy the beautiful and amazingly cheap clothes, leather goods, and antiques. The evening performances of the theatres start at eleven, and the night clubs open at midnight. Altogether, the city conspicuously provides a great deal of glitter for very little money. Provides it for the foreigner, that is.

What impresses one more gradually is that the Spaniards themselves seem to have little part in all this glitter. The Spanish women in the streets and the cafés look, on the whole, dowdy and cheaply dressed. The best hotels and restaurants cater chiefly to foreigners. Apart from the small group of rich and showy Spaniards, most of the people, when they eat out at all, eat in tiny restaurants, often bringing part of their meal with them and ordering a glass of wine and perhaps one dish of something. They drink in wineshops, nursing a glass of manzanilla (a cheap dry wine, rather like sherry) for an hour. Their amusements—watching bullfights or football matches—cost little. One becomes conscious of this other Madrid first, perhaps, through the curious floating population of little boys, those canny, ruthless, tragic children who have learned a word or two of English and are always underfoot, volunteering the exchange rate of dollars on the black market, offering to find you a hotel or guard your car or sell you a package of smuggled American cigarettes, or simply begging for money. They sleep in hallways, in parks, under bridges, and if you ask them where they live, they say Seville or Cordova, easily accepting the fact that they are hundreds of miles from home.

As soon as you learn enough Spanish to carry on even a halting conversation, the natural curiosity of Spaniards and their willingness to talk begins to reveal more of the real Madrid life. A waiter in a night club, for instance, putting down your coffee and cognac, will ask the inevitable question about where you come from, and add that most of the house's customers are Americans.

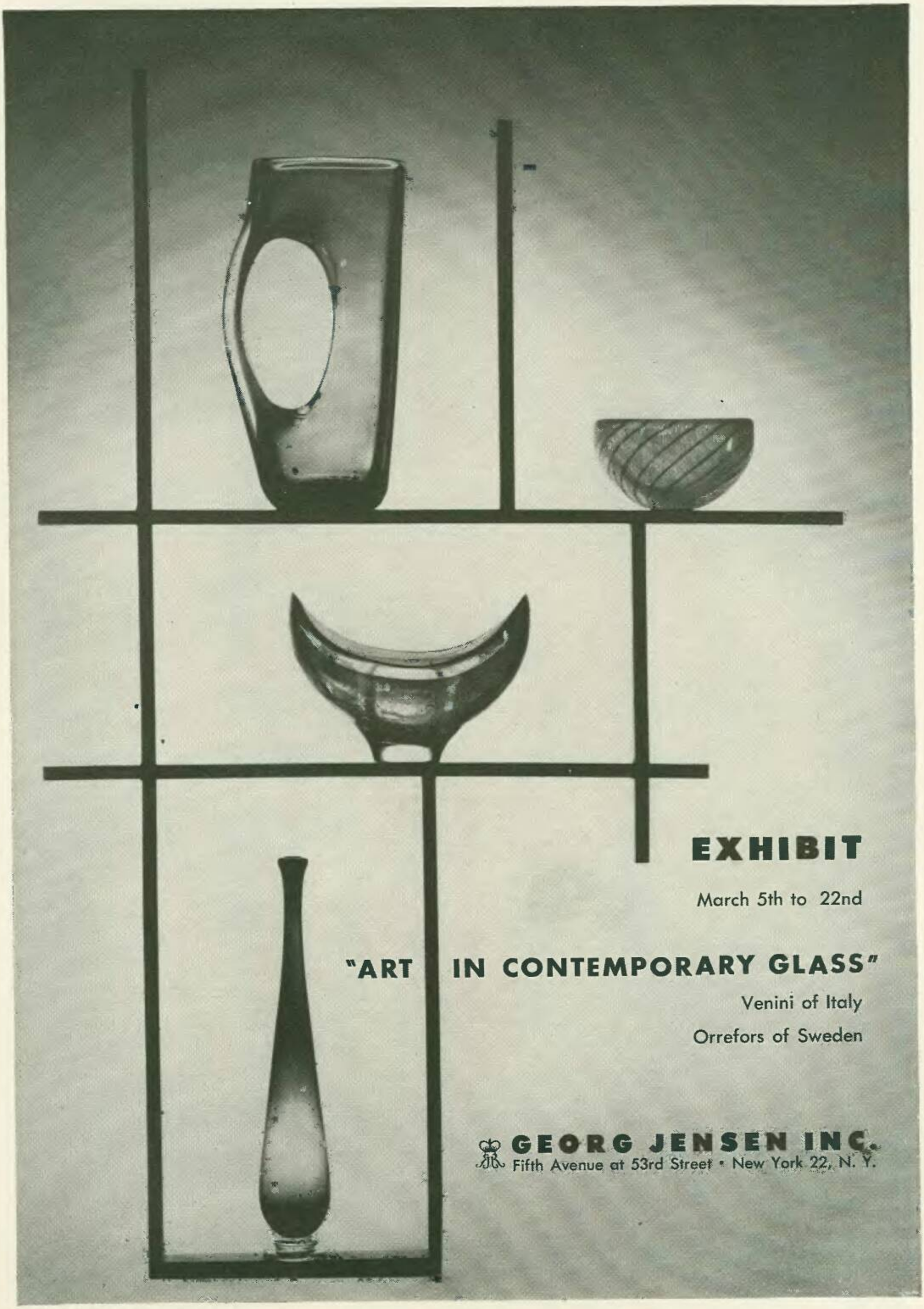
"No Spaniards?"

"Very few. It is too expensive. These two drinks will cost you three times what a man earns in a day." The bill will be about eighty pesetas—two dollars.

Or you will see a waiter in a restaurant take the roll and butter that you haven't eaten to the service table, quickly butter the roll, and slip it into his pocket.

EARLY in the morning, men and women from the country drive their donkey carts, loaded with vegetables, in to the markets. There is a great clatter and shouting, and the donkeys bray with a wild, unearthly sound. Later, the housewives come to shop. They buy very carefully, examining each vegetable and haggling a long time over the price. (Meat and fish are too costly for a middle-class family to buy more than once a week or so.) The difference of a penny means a great deal, because, it becomes clear, it is literally impossible for an average family to live on its regular earnings. The salary of a skilled laborer, a schoolteacher, a government servant, or a journalist is simply not large enough to feed and house even a small family.

This raises a question that no one seems able to answer fully: How do the Spanish people survive? Part of the answer is that most Spaniards work thirteen or fourteen hours a day. According to the rules of the workers' *Sindicados*—the government-controlled labor unions—a man may work only a limited number of hours a day at his regular job. But since compliance with the rules doesn't earn him enough money, he will take on extra jobs at less than his rate of pay. Naturally, many peo-



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ple prefer to employ this cheaper labor, even though the work must be done at night. Dual employment does not always bring in enough money to buy sufficient food, although some essential items—coffee, sugar, and olive oil among them—are rationed and sold at controlled prices. The answer to that poser is generally, "Of course, everyone makes up the difference by dealing in the black market," which naturally raises yet another question: How? One Spaniard gave me a fragment of an explanation. "Suppose this week our family decides to do without sugar," he said. "We sell our sugar ration on the black market and buy bread. Next week, perhaps, we do without oil, and so on." The commodity that is really being black-marketed is the individual's ability to do without.

"But does nobody take action against the black market?" I asked.

"Who should take action?"

"Well, the police, the officials?"

"But the police are Spanish, too. They must do the same thing to live."

This leaves one element of the puzzle still unsolved. There must, logically, be a steady shrinking of a person's power of self-denial. Sooner or later, he just can't stand any more. But the customary answer to any such comment is very casual: "Spain is a poor country. It has always been so." Malnutrition is everywhere in evidence, in the spindly limbs of the children and in the unhealthy fat that results from too starchy a diet, but the urge to take action, politically or economically, is much harder to find.

With everybody a small-time blackmarketeer, it is not surprising that corruption among government officials, and even among foreign businessmen and diplomatic representatives, is taken for granted. One of Spain's leading movie directors told me, for example, about the procedure for producing a film. First you find a story, then you get it passed by the censors, then you present it to the *Sindicado* that deals with the arts. If the *Sindicado* approves the project, it may advance you the money for the production. It is fairly certain of getting its money back, because anyone who makes a Spanish movie is entitled to a license to import foreign films—two in return for a Grade A Spanish film, and one for a Grade B film. Foreign films, with dubbed-in Spanish sound tracks, are exceedingly popular, and represent such an infallible source of revenue that there is a big market for import licenses. The import license for an American movie

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is worth a million pesetas, or twenty-five thousand dollars (half that much for a British one), and it often changes hands several times before it is used. One film, "Gilda," with Rita Hayworth, a picture whose story would never have been passed by the highly moral censors for production here, ran for months and made a great deal of money for its lucky importer. Naturally, many people want to make movies in Spain, in order to cash in on the profits of importation, and it helps to have contacts in the office of the censors, in the *Sindicado*, in the government bureau that issues the licenses, and even in the customs office, to smooth the way and to get priority for one's own script.

It is all part of a system that foreigners here quickly become accustomed to. One foreign businessman said to me, "The Spanish are wonderful people, but sometimes you begin to think they're all crooks. Anything can be settled for five hundred pesetas." Another put it more delicately: "I never knew a country where one needed more 'friends' to get the simplest thing done." A member of the diplomatic corps stationed in Madrid remarked that in other countries where there was rationing he had been very careful to comply with the regulations. "Here, although I entertain a great deal, I have never given the matter a thought, except once, when my cook told me she was having trouble getting enough flour for canapés for a cocktail party of eighty people," he said. One hears about the convenience of the system on every side. "I was late getting started for an appointment," an acquaintance told me not long ago, "and the taxi I took turned up a one-way street the wrong way. The policeman stopped us and began to make a scene. I gave him a few pesetas and said, 'Perhaps this will make it all right.' He said, 'Perhaps you are not unreasonable. In another two hours the regulations change for the evening anyway.' I got to my appointment on time."

ALTHOUGH an easygoing attitude toward graft and black-marketeering is shared by most of the people of Madrid (at a time when you couldn't, by law, eat white bread in Madrid, every restaurant served it and every bakery sold it), it does not mean that one hears no criticism of the government or of General Franco. Usually the criticism reflects irritation, scorn, or humor—very seldom real resentment or any decision to take action. One Spaniard, describing to me the qualities of character that are supposed to dis-


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tinguish the provinces of Spain, said of the Galicians, "They are sly, like lizards. When they say yes, in their hearts they are saying no." He added in an offhand manner, "Franco is Galician—did you know?" An extensively circulated story concerns Franco's Minister of Labor. He has been in office for twelve years and, the story goes, not long ago applied for a passport. When, in filling out the forms, he came to the question asking his profession, he wrote in "Minister." But perhaps the most widely circulated of the recent anti-Franco jokes is a parody on a very popular song, "Maria Cristina." The song concerns a henpecked husband and his description of his wife. The original words run, "*Maria Cristina me quiere gobernar, Y yo le sigo, le sigo la corriente*" ("Maria Cristina wants to rule me, And I follow the line of least resistance"). The song goes on to recount the various orders she gives. "She tells me to go to the market, and I do. She tells me to climb to the attic, and I do. She tells me to go down to the river, and I do. She tells me to take a bath in the river—take a bath in the river? *No, no, no, no, Maria Cristina, que no, que no!*" The parody runs: "*Francisco Franco no sabe gobernar, Y sus ministros le siguen la corriente*" ("Francisco Franco doesn't know how to rule, And his ministers follow the line of least resistance"). "They say the price of potatoes will go up, and it does. They say the price of lentils will go up, and it does. They say that salaries will go up—salaries? *No, no, no, no, Francisco Franco, que no, que no!*" These undercover words have become so well known that when the tune is played in a public place, people glance at each other and smile.

However, there are soberer and harsher attacks against Franco, too. These generally come from the older intellectuals, who remember the pre-civil war days when there was greater intellectual liberty. A poet, contrasting the two regimes, said to me, "All Spain speaks in whispers now. We have lost our courage. We used to be a country of great explorers, but now we are afraid to take a trip to Barcelona." There was a time, another writer reminded me, when the people of Spain had ideals and were prepared to fight for them. "Now their hold on life is so precarious that they have no ideal but money," he said.

The freedoms the Spanish people have not retained and whose passing the intellectuals, at least, regret include the right to criticize the government in

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writing or in public speeches, the right to strike, and the right to worship as one pleases. Censorship of newspapers and magazines is severe and its principle is clear cut: There is to be no opposition press in the country. The three chief newspapers in Madrid—*ABC*, *Arriba*, and *Ya*—are, respectively, Royalist, Falangist, and Catholic. These and all the other newspapers and magazines may air any opinions they like (one paper, for instance, in an item about a society wedding in London, described the British aristocracy as "the most imbued with prejudice, the most rancid, and the most ingrown in the world") as long as they give the regime their complete support. The reason public speeches are ruled out was explained to me by a government official this way: "The Spanish are different from other people. They think with their hearts, not with their heads. In England, if you shout 'Down with the government!,' the people will go home and think about what you have said. Here they will not even go home; they will immediately start burning the churches." Among foreigners, this aspect of the Spanish character has given rise to the saying "Scratch a Spaniard and you find a Moor." This point of view is open to argument, but it is frequently used to account for various restrictions, including the ban on strikes. The people are so emotional, this line of reasoning goes, that if they had the right to strike, they would use it constantly, on the slightest pretext, and no work at all would get done. In practice, if any group is misguided enough to attempt to strike, retaliatory action is swift and brutal. It is said that after the famous tramway strike in Barcelona a year ago, thirty-five strikers were condemned to death. However, even the people who most deplore the loss of the freedom to strike will concede that the workers have enjoyed a good many advantages under Franco's system of *Sindicados*, ranging from health insurance and social security to the legal provision that an employee cannot be fired from a job without the approval of the local Supervisor of Work, who is appointed by the Minister of Labor to enforce fair practice on the part of both employer and employee.

The rules and restrictions imposed by the Church are the most far-reaching, and the least discussed, in Spain. They affect people's lives on several levels. Some of them are merely trivial and irritating—such as the rule forbidding women to wear two-piece bathing suits on a public beach. One girl, properly clad according to Church reg-

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ulations, was fined simply because one of her shoulder straps slipped down, leaving her perfectly decent by American standards, but not by those of the beach patrol. Others are more important, such as that all Spanish children, of whatever persuasion, must submit to Catholic instruction; that there are no divorce laws; and that no public demonstration of any religion other than that of the Roman Catholic Church may be made. All this is possible because the Church and the State are one.

Among the younger intellectuals, to whom the freedoms of the pre-Franco days are the vaguest of childhood memories, the restrictions appear to have taken their toll. An odd kind of intellectual demoralization seems to have set in. If they are writers or painters, they write or paint quietly, without much hope of publication or exhibition, and most of them are glad to get an office job of any sort and keep their art as a hobby. The reasons for this are varied. There are few outlets for a young artist, and a writer's work is further hindered by rigorous censorship and the paper shortage. But the chief reason for the disappointing rate of production appears to be what was once described to me as "the loneliness of the intellectual." "I know that there are others who think as I do," a young writer said, "but I dare not seek them out." The plaint one hears from all these young people is that they are cut off from foreign movements. Although Spain has produced some of the best-known twentieth-century artists—Picasso, Dali, Juan Gris, and Joan Miró, for instance—their greatest *réclame* is abroad, where most of their work has been done. An exception is Miró, who lives and works peacefully in Barcelona, partly because, according to a close friend of his, he is completely unknown in Spain. Dali has recently taken to making spectacular and widely reported visits to Spain, but while people here approved of his appeal to Picasso to come back home and give up his Communist associations, practically nothing is said about his art, perhaps because practically none of it is available here for viewing.

AT almost any level of Spanish society, one can hear complaints about the Franco government, and even attacks on it, but very few Spaniards, including the most Leftist, will say they want to get rid of him. Time did not stop in 1939, and in the following years life in Spain had to go on somehow. The memory of the civil war is still raw


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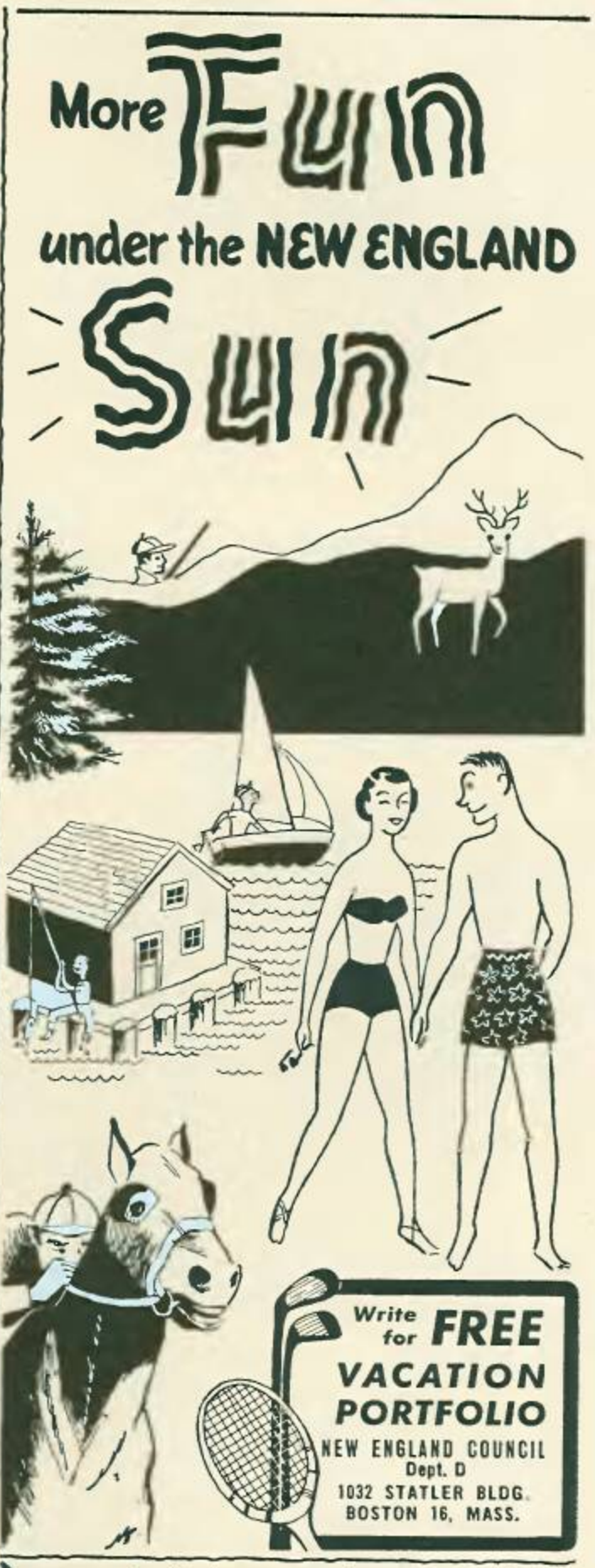

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and terrifying, and Spaniards will often remind you that a million people were killed in it, which means, in a country of twenty-eight million, that scarcely a family escaped without a loss. They still speak with vivid recollection of the days when children were happy to have a meal of potato peelings. Now that some sort of life has been patched together, people feel at least a measure of security, and are grateful for it. Whatever happens, they don't want bloodshed, and that, they feel, is the only alternative to Franco. The situation was summed up by an acquaintance of mine not long ago. "During our war, it was terrible," he said. "You couldn't eat and you couldn't work. Franco brought back calmness, and now there is more food, too. It is always the same after war—look at Europe. France is down, England is down, but here it is '*¡Arriba España!*—Up with Spain!'" A compact and much quoted way of putting it is that if a vote were taken, ninety per cent of the people would prove to be pro-Franco—not because they like the regime but because they would be voting against another civil war, more destruction, and further atrocities.

There are people, of course, who will tell you, on impressive authority, how good a man Franco is personally, how simple he is in his tastes, how religious, and how staunch a father and husband. In any group, there will be people prepared to admit that he is personally honest and very clever, and they will give you explanations and examples of his cleverness. They will point out with admiration that, by whatever means, order has been kept in the country and the various opposing factions have been held under control. Others will emphasize what, with increasing conviction, they call a brilliant foreign policy. Since the early days of the fierce, armed establishment of peace, these people claim, the use of force has been steadily decreasing, yet law and order remain.

The details of how Franco maintains internal accord are to many Spaniards, and certainly to the visiting foreigner, a bit puzzling. The Falangists, the Royalists, the Church, and the military all support Franco, although they heartily detest each other in many other ways. Franco's relations with the Royalists are perhaps the most mystifying of the lot. He is the self-appointed dictator of a country he has officially proclaimed a monarchy. Yet the Pretender is in exile in Portugal and refuses to return to Spain unless he can rule. Franco, head of the Falangists, who are criticized by

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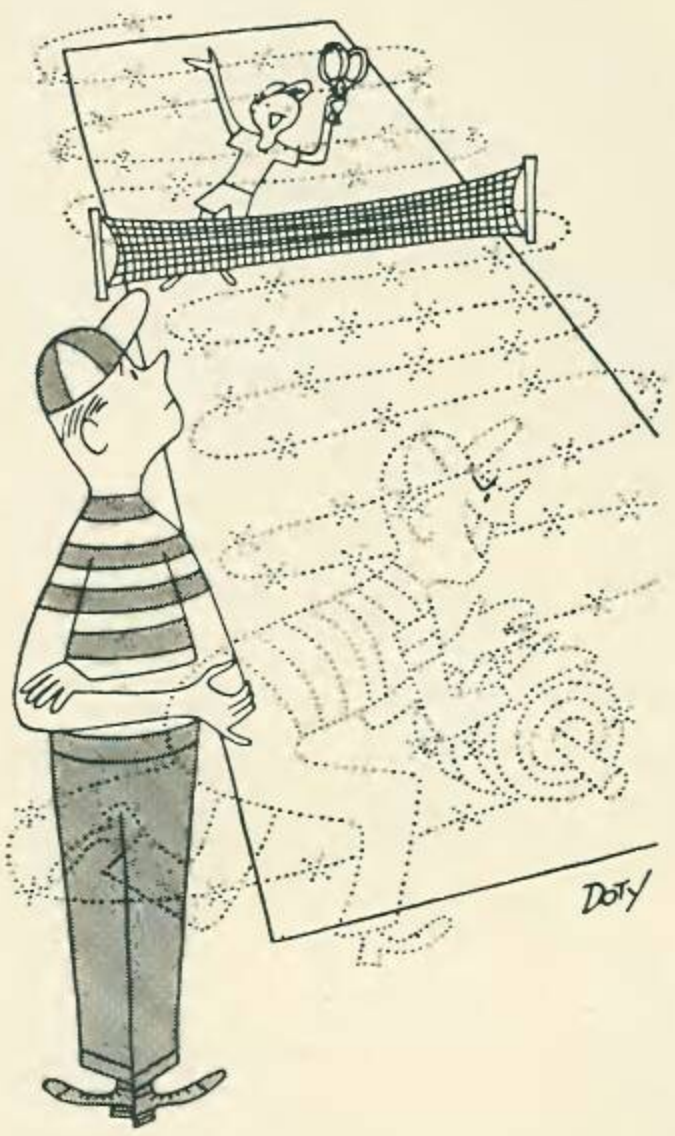


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the other factions for being too "Socialistic," gave his public blessing to his daughter's marriage to a member of the aristocracy. In the flag of his regime he uses the old Royalist red and yellow stripes, which stand for blood and gold (Spaniards often say that they never want to see blood again and that all the gold in the country was taken off to Mexico by the Republican exiles), with an imperial eagle in the center. The Royalist newspaper, *ABC*, supports Franco, even though the Royalists deplore the absence of Don Juan, the exiled Pretender. The more extreme Royalists are even afraid that Franco may decide to make himself king. They point out that he has taken the title of El Caudillo (the Leader), which was the title of the first clan chief of Spain to be anointed king—Pelayo, in the eighth century. They are further upset by Franco's assumption of the right to bestow titles, formerly a prerogative only of the King or the Pope. Still, whether from self-interest (the rich, landed aristocracy has everything to lose in the event of a civil uprising), or from a desire to preserve the thirteen-year-old peace of Spain, or because of some complex political intrigue, the Royalists seem prepared to let this curious situation continue indefinitely.

Paradoxes can be turned up in Franco's relations with the other factions, too, but the fact remains that his personal power is unchallenged. One of the important restraints that serve to keep the diverse elements quiet and lined up behind El Caudillo is a countrywide fear of Communism. Time and again, one is told of atrocities during the civil war, and they are always attributed to the Reds. The anti-Red feeling has been fostered ever since the war, until it is now—next to the fear of civil war, of course—the most important factor in the emotional strength of the present government. One Spanish journalist remarked to me cynically, "Stalin is Franco's best friend. Without him to unite the people in fear, what new troubles might not Franco have to face?" The irrationality of this fear is occasionally remarked upon by Spaniards themselves. A current joke concerns a schoolboy taking an oral examination in history. He is asked who won various famous battles—Lepanto, Waterloo, and others—and in each case he promptly answers "Franco." At last, the examiner says, "You have answered everything wrong, and I shall have to fail you." The child replies, "Fail me if you like, but all I can say is you must be a Red." Actually, the schoolboy's


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retort is scarcely a joke, because too many Spaniards live in real fear of such charges. Even in their conversations with a foreigner, most of them take considerable pains to quickly establish that they were "on the right side" during the civil war, although they may have had no choice and geography rather than ideology may have determined the side. The old Republican government is usually referred to quite flatly as a Red regime, and to express any sympathy for it is to invite trouble. I was told of something that happened recently in a Madrid theatre. The Republican colors were red, yellow, and purple. A dancer who had performed in a red-and-yellow dress took her curtain calls with a purple apron tied over her dress. Her show was closed immediately. In spite of Franco's promise of amnesty to all his opponents who weren't actual criminals, the position of those Republicans who have returned to Spain and of those who never left is unenviable. They meet with discrimination in jobs, they are not eligible for passports, and they run into a good deal of social ostracism.

WHATEVER the advantages to Franco's government of the mounting Red scare, and whatever its disadvantages to some of the Spanish people, it has paid off handsomely in the field of foreign policy. People here attribute Franco's ability to gain the good will of leaders as dissimilar as Hitler, Churchill, and Truman partly to his clever statesmanship and partly to the Western world's gradual realization of the truth of what Franco has said all along—that Communism is the greatest threat of the day, and should be fought and destroyed. They applaud his farsightedness, and in their eagerness to point out that his fight began fifteen years ago they are apt to forget that there were any other principles at stake in the civil war. To many here, America's recent dealings with Spain are the latest and most powerful justification of Franco's foreign policy. If to Americans this recognition of the Spanish government seems a reasonable move arising out of new dangers, to Spaniards it is more likely to seem only the long-delayed correction of an old stupidity. Still, there is also a good deal of head-shaking about it. It is a favor that is not greeted with universal enthusiasm. For one thing, Spain, which successfully kept out of two world wars, now sees itself involved for a certainty in any clash between Russia and America. The prospective new agreements mean the end of Spain's long isolation,

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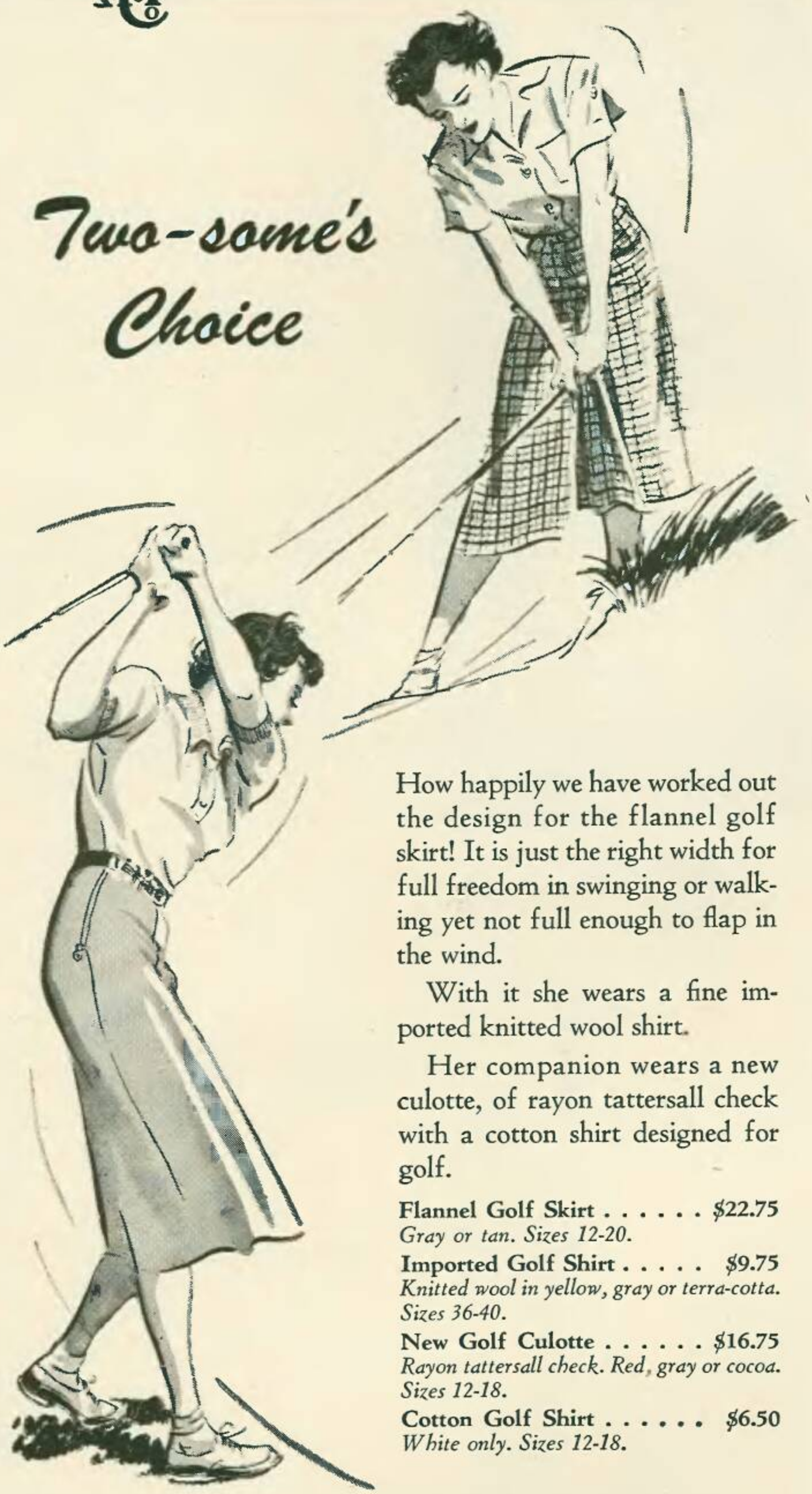

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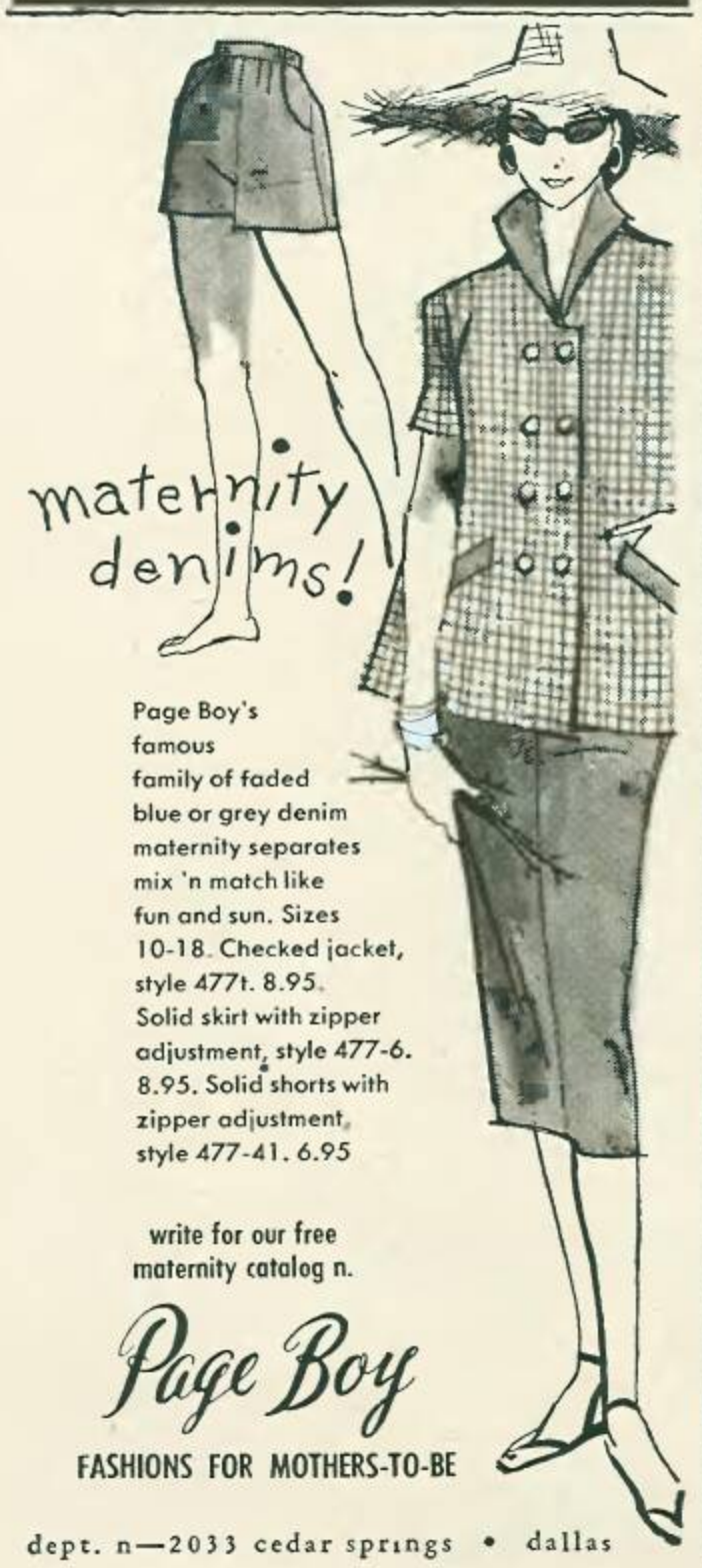



which doesn't entirely please Spaniards. In addition, there is the Spaniard's feeling of insult at the American request for "closed bases," and a dislike of surrendering territory at a moment when agitation to reclaim Gibraltar ("that ripe fruit ready to fall," Franco recently called it) is growing. Finally, there are the usual complaints about rising prices and the increased housing shortage occasioned by the arrival of American personnel. To an American, a hundred-dollar rent for an eight-room furnished apartment in Madrid may seem extraordinarily reasonable. To the Spanish here, some of whom are still living in caves, it seems exorbitant and a danger sign. The argument that the influx of dollars will ultimately help the country does not carry much weight with the average Spaniard, who finds it almost impossible to make ends meet now and can only be appalled by a rise in prices.

The Spanish government is doing its best to push its cause in America and to make the new rapport more than a government-to-government deal, but at this end, except for the inception of a gentler attitude toward America in the newspapers, little can be done toward establishing a real exchange between the two countries. Even if the dollar problem did not exist, it would be out of the question for most Spaniards to travel. There is no such thing as a Spanish tourist. A person may leave Spain only if he has a job in a foreign country or money abroad. Even then he cannot leave Spain, or even get a passport, unless he has done his military service and has no political history. Women must have done, instead of military service, six months' work for the Sección Feminina of the Falangist Party. The Sección Feminina, one of the largest women's movements in the world, is headed by Pilar Primo de Rivera, the sister of José Antonio Primo de Rivera, who founded the Falangist Party, and it reaches women in every village and town of Spain. Just as her brother pronounced the slogan "The religious and the military are the only two complete and serious ways of understanding life," Pilar has told her followers, "A woman's sole patriotic duty is to labor within her home." The six months' work, therefore, consists of classroom and practical work in homemaking, culture, and "patriotism." Technically, this is a voluntary service, but the advantages it brings—the possibility of getting a passport, the possibility of getting a professional job, and so on—make it practically obligatory for a number of Spanish

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women. Although the principles on which the Sección Feminina are based may irritate more feminist-minded women, Spaniards frequently tell you that women here are more concerned with femininity than feminism. As Pilar Primo de Rivera informed me, "We are prepared to admit that men are our superiors in all other fields, and that our job is to look after them."

WHILE Spaniards, for one reason or another, stay at home, the Spanish government tourist bureau has launched a huge drive to attract American tourists to one of the few countries in Europe that are still cheap, are not overcrowded, and have plenty to offer in the way of sights, entertainment, and resorts. The campaign was described to me as a "come-and-see-for-yourself" policy. What you are supposed to see for yourself is that while Spain is under a Fascist dictatorship, the people are happy with it. Actually, this policy is not as transparently naïve as it sounds. The visitor is not expected to be impressed by the usual trappings of Fascism; the trains, indeed, *don't* run on time, and a popular Spanish crack is "The Russians only think they can invade us. They don't know Spanish trains." The thing that is expected to—and somehow does—sell the visitor on Spain is a quality of the people themselves. Dangerous as it is to generalize about national characteristics, there is one attribute that seems peculiarly Spanish and is perhaps Spain's greatest asset. The Spanish call it "*alegría*," which means a kind of gaiety, or the ability to be happy, but with it goes a strangely intense realism, an acceptance of things as they are without oppressive fatalism or spiritless obedience. It is a combination that takes the curse off the rigid rules of dictatorship. The Spaniards are not fooled by their government, but they are not bitter and brooding, either. Through all the important and trivial things of their lives—work, the family, a glass of wine with friends, a walk in the park in the evening—runs the sense of *alegría* and, along with it, a solid recognition of the difficulties and hardships of simply staying alive.

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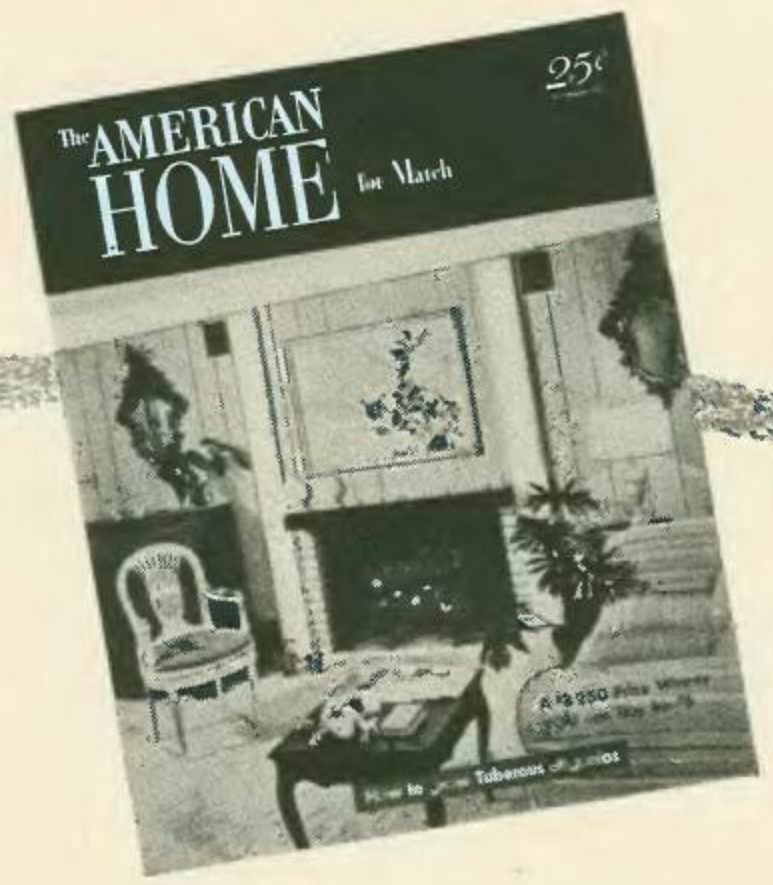

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# THE SKY LINE

## *Fresh Start*

THE announcement that a big local manufacturer has built a plant in the Erie Basin area of Brooklyn is not in itself enough to suggest a pilgrimage to that particular benighted district. There are plenty of low, modern factory buildings in Queens and Brooklyn, and even the news that this one has seventy-five thousand square feet of floor space on each level does not seem important. What makes the new plant significant is that at last one maker of men's clothing, Eagle Clothes, Inc., has defied the holy principle of adding to New York's intolerable congestion and has deserted overbuilt midtown Manhattan. What is more remarkable is that this breakaway was encouraged by the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, which for years has apparently feared any dispersion of the garment industry.

Let us deal first, however, with the purely architectural aspect of this project, since it isn't especially vital. The building (at 225 Sixth Street, between Third and Fourth Avenues) is a solid, two-story concrete structure, faced with orange brick and opened up on all four sides by long strip windows. Aesthetically, it would rate as undistinguished but decent except for a tall, raucous sign announcing that this is the home of Eagle Clothes. Because the building is as broad (two hundred and seventy-three feet) as it is long (two hundred and seventy-five feet), the windows contribute little to the interior lighting. This is mostly taken care of by rows of fluorescent fixtures that run the length of the factory. The office section and the first-aid clinic, appropriately, are on the sunny south side of the building, but the big cafeteria in the basement (which, by the way, serves breakfast as well as lunch) is almost an afterthought, for the windows are little better than transoms set close to the ceiling. Because of the ample width of the aisles and the wide separation of the columns, the two busy manufacturing floors have an air of clean, uncluttered serenity. Though not shallow enough for natural lighting, these are sound working quarters; technologically, they are just about all that a manufacturing plant should be. On the whole, both men and machines are treated well.

The advantages of this factory are plain. It has been put up where the nondescript industrial area of the Erie Basin, leaping across the Gowanus Canal, begins to give way to the modest residential streets of South Brooklyn. Thus the makers of Eagle Clothes have traded the doubtful luxury of height and prestige in one of the cramped loft buildings of Manhattan's garment district for the blessings of ample horizontal space, for on land as cheap as this a factory can be laid out in its most efficient form—low and expansive. The trucks that bring in the bolts of cloth and take away the boxes of finished suits do not waste time finagling for curbside space. Two subway lines are close at hand for employees who do not live near their job, and on pleasant days, if the lunchroom is hot or crowded, they can eat on the roof in the open air, not at the bottom of a canyon but in full sunlight. When the wind is in the right quarter, that air is fragrant with the smell of coffee from a nearby roasting plant. Even Manhattan benefits by this removal; because nearly a thousand workers are taken off its crowded streets, there is that much more elbow room. Not a great deal of elbow room yet, but if a hundred other factories were to follow suit . . .

This is a case of individual initiative in the right direction, initiative that should be handsomely recognized and taken up on a much wider scale. No part of the city cries more loudly for reorganization than the Erie Basin and Gowanus Canal district of Brooklyn. It is a region of grimy factories and warehouses and gas tanks, of badly paved, narrow, abortive streets, of empty lots and industrial rubble among which gnarled trees and abandoned privet hedges manage to survive. It looks like a segment of a bombed city. In the midst of this emptiness, the Brooklyn Improvement Company, whatever that may be, occupies a classic stucco mansion, standing at the corner of Third Street and Third Avenue in ironic solitude—or should one say hopeful anticipation? Viewed at twilight, this wasteland becomes a romantic townscape, given a striking accent by the great arcs of viaduct that sweep across the sky, carrying the Independent subway trains and the Belt Parkway, which bypasses this area to the west. Here

is one place to stake out an industrial redevelopment area, with an eye to taking such basic New York trades as garment making and printing out of the midtown area and settling them in low factories in a new kind of industrial district, as spacious and handsome as the planned industrial areas in England, such as the North Eastern Trading Estate, in the Team Valley. The complete confusion of the area presents serious obstacles to redevelopment, but the territory to the east of the Gowanus Canal, up to Fourth Avenue and the Eagle Clothes factory, is ripe for conversion into a light-industry center. Part of this section is dump heaps and vacant lots, and part is occupied by dingy two-story brick dwellings and even dingier four-story tenements, embellished mainly with TV aerials, that belong to the dark ages of housing. This is just the sort of run-down neighborhood the New York City Housing Authority might pounce on for one of its skyscraper projects, but the good traffic routes to downtown Brooklyn and to New York (via the Belt Parkway and the Battery Tunnel) make it the logical place for light industry, and any new housing should be kept farther east, beyond Fifth Avenue.

Such an industrial area cannot simply be zoned; it must be planned in detail—with wider arterial thoroughfares and fewer cross streets; off-street loading facilities to relieve street traffic, and the elimination of all unfit buildings. The new factories should be low and grouped around small parks lined with shade trees, in which the workers could take their noontime and after-hours recreation. What one manufacturer perhaps cannot afford to do by himself, a group of manufacturers could easily do by participating in a common plan—for which the eminent-domain powers of the state could be invoked, as they are used to implement a housing redevelopment scheme—to buy up and replan as a unified whole a sufficient amount of land. And what the Amalgamated union has done during the last generation to improve the worker's life within the factory should be paralleled by an effort to humanize a whole industrial quarter through imaginative planning. In the garment industries, as it happens, the worker's recreational life provided by the union is to a large extent tied to his place of work—lectures, study groups, dramatics, and dancing—and there is no reason for that environment to be depressing. A well-planned industrial quarter might do more for the worker

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**A**—Because in ancient days the thrifty Scots bought their finest whisky from the "smugglers."

**Q**—*Why is it Scotch with a history?*

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than any amount of psychological spoon-feeding.

Every scheme for relieving traffic congestion in the central areas of the city will fail until this kind of decentralized redevelopment takes place. More than a generation ago, that farsighted businessman Irving Bush made the first try when he put up the vast Bush Terminal along the South Brooklyn waterfront, where rail and water transportation and efficient manufacturing facilities were, so to speak, brought together under one roof. Neither his business contemporaries nor the municipality, unfortunately, had the imagination to follow through; business as usual still provided pickings that were much too good. But now that New York is strangling itself, perhaps a few people besides the makers of Eagle Clothes will try to unknot the noose before the blood completely stops circulating.

AT the moment, the new books on architecture seem on the whole more important than the new buildings. The most exciting and ingratiating of them is "Towns and Buildings," by the Danish architect Steen Eiler Rasmussen (University Press of Liverpool). The text and the drawings that enrich every page are by the same hand, and they play together, as Emanuel Feuermann and Myra Hess did, to produce a true unity of thought and impression. Rasmussen loves cities for both their human bounty and their beauty. His book covers almost every aspect of city building and architecture—real cities and ideal cities, the Palladian villa and the Parisian boulevard, the formality of the grand composition in Paris and Rome and the casual, unpremeditated charm of London. It ends with an appreciative chapter on functionalism, in which he contrasts Ebenezer Howard's sensible Garden City with Le Corbusier's impractical Marseille apartment village on stilts. This is a book that actually considers a building in its relation to its site and purpose, something that every history of architecture should do. Incidentally, the relation of text and page and type font and line drawing makes this a magnificent example of typography—the work of a true artist as well as a genial soul.

On the same high typographical level, but quite different in almost every other aspect, is Professor Anthony N. B. Garvan's "Architecture and Town Planning in Colonial Connecticut" (Yale). This is a pioneer work of research and evaluation that brings into

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focus a mass of detailed knowledge on these two closely coupled aspects of building. Professor Garvan drives home a point that recent historians have been steadily accumulating evidence of—the continuity between European forms and methods and those used by our early settlers. He goes further and shows that there are similarities in layout between the colonial towns the English planted in Ireland, such as Londonderry, and those built in this country. Later divergences between the architecture of Connecticut and Massachusetts he attributes to the isolation and parsimony of Connecticut as against the closer European contacts and the readier responsiveness to overseas fashions in the older commonwealth. In first-hand scholarship, in balance, in richness of illustration, this is all that such a monograph should be, and no one interested in either Colonial history or Colonial architecture can afford to overlook it.

ANOTHER book that has long needed doing is "The Rise of the Skyscraper," by Carl W. Condit (University of Chicago). Portions of this story have already been told in, for example, Siegfried Giedion's "Space, Time, and Architecture" and Colonel W. A. Starrett's "Skyscrapers and the Men Who Build Them," which was published in 1928. In one sense, the title of Professor Condit's book is misleading. This is not an account of the skyscraper as such, for that story would have to take in early contributions, like the twelve- and fifteen-story tenements of Edinburgh and parallel manifestations in other cities, as well as internal developments that aided the growth of the skyscraper, like the elevator. But Professor Condit, in dealing with this architectural transformation, concentrates on the main act, which took place, in less than fifteen years, in Chicago, for it was the Chicago architects who boldly met the challenge of new materials and new conditions and, with unflinching logic, found at least a structural answer.

In Condit's account, there are certain revaluations, many of them justified by the facts, a few that seem unsound. As for the first, he gives a higher place to Major W. Le Baron Jenney than his contemporaries usually conceded to him; he not only designed the first completely iron-framed fireproof skyscraper (the Home Insurance Building, in Chicago), according to the records, but he seems to have been one of those who indeed built better than they knew, doing the right thing, like a

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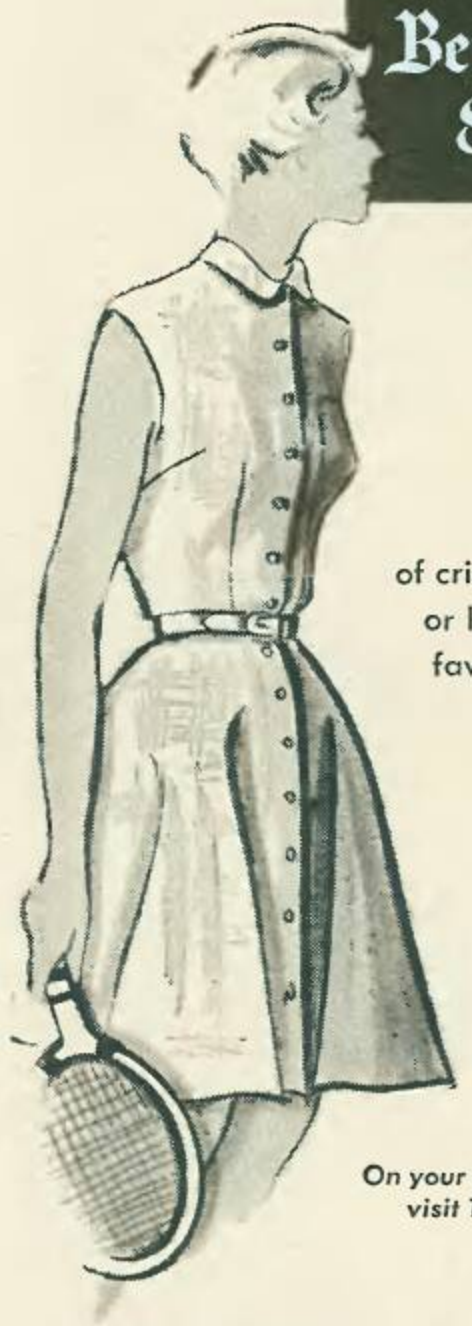

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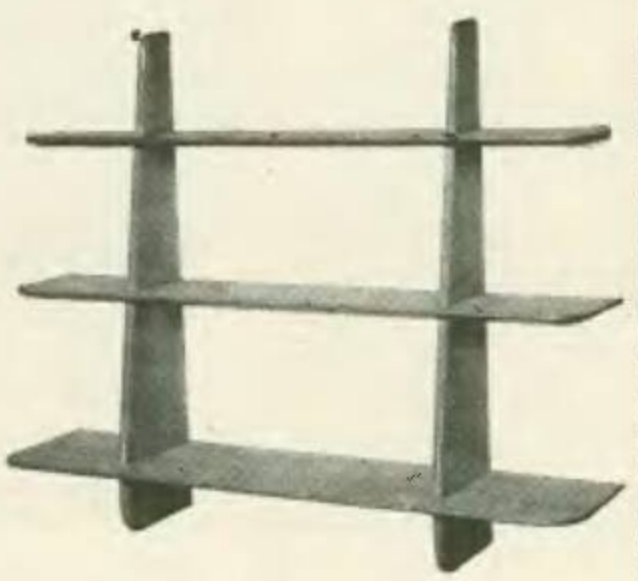

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sleepwalker, without having any interest in the theory of what he was doing, beyond the need for getting the job done. The author, and I think rightly, also sets a higher value on the work of Holabird & Roche than these famous Chicagoans are usually assigned—not merely for their early Tacoma Building, with its projecting bays, but for later buildings, like the Mandel Brothers Annex, erected in 1906, which, save for its ornamental cornice, is as close to being just ribs of steel and walls of glass as any modern building. By doing justice to such buildings, and by paying attention to later architects like Schmidt, Garden & Martin, who specialized in warehouses, and Dwight Perkins, who designed schools, this historian helps correct the false impression created by Louis Sullivan's projection of his own misfortunes and frustrations on the scene at large. To Sullivan, it seemed that after the World's Fair of 1893 a blight descended on every aspect of American architecture. This was only partly true, and it was true more in the East than in the West. Though the Genteel Revivalists who aped McKim, Mead & White did harm everywhere, the fact is that many major Chicago architects survived and, indeed, flourished—among them, notably, Frank Lloyd Wright.

Not the least valuable of Condit's contributions is his understanding of the importance of the Great Northern Hotel, built in Chicago in 1891, with its beautiful round bowed bays—the work of Burnham & Root, a design as pure as their Monadnock Building, in the same city. The hotel's wavy front, which brought more light into the rooms, was one of the early examples of the Chicago style, and I wish Condit had tried to explain the reasons, probably financial, that caused its general abandonment, even though Holabird & Roche used such a bay, angular rather than circular, on the Chicago Building, as late as 1904. The simple aesthetic and structural device of the bay not only improved the inner space but gave a happy little contrast of light and shade to otherwise blank façades. Mr. Condit offers plenty of evidence that by the early eighteen-nineties the Chicago architects had not merely solved the technological problem of the skyscraper but had abandoned every cliché of traditional architecture and, in many cases, reduced the exterior to an unembellished sweep of window and wall—as much window and as little wall as possible. D. H. Burnham & Co.'s design for the Reliance Building (1890-95),


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in fact, came close to an all-glass façade. But, because this building bore a resemblance to the present-day work of Mies van der Rohe, which Professor Condit admires, I am afraid he overrates such a formal simplification of the façade.

Why was this apparently successful solution abandoned? The answer is not simple, but one of the reasons, surely, is that a type of window opening that might have afforded some comfort and pleasure on the south side of a building was utterly unfit for use on the cold and north side. This points to two weaknesses in Chicago skyscraper design—weaknesses that have rarely been remedied by later experiments. One is that the designers, operating under the pressure of high land values and high rents, made no effort to develop an office building whose layout was as rational as its form of construction. The other weakness is that, not having a rational plan, the architects made no effort to adapt fenestration to exposure. Louis Sullivan's plan for one of the Gage Building group was an exception; he reduced the glass area to reduce the overhead glare and the loss of heat in the rooms exposed to the winter winds, a scheme in sharp contrast to Holabird & Roche's glass elevation of the two other buildings in the group, which are next door. The result is comelier and sounder functionally.

THE last book worthy of note is a monograph, "The Art Nouveau," by Henry F. Lenning, published in English at the Hague by Martinus Nijhoff. The Art Nouveau was the coming style at the beginning of this century, spreading from its home in Belgium, where Henry Van de Velde and Victor Horta developed it, to Germany and France, and even occasionally jumping over to the United States, but it has too long been a forgotten episode in the modern movement. Yet the International Style of the twenties, as it grew under the nursing of Le Corbusier and Gropius, was largely a needed reaction against the too lush expressionism of Art Nouveau. Whereas the Art Nouveau architects bowed to the wavy line, the Internationalists were Cubists—where Art Nouveau was decorative, the new architects were primarily interested in construction; where the first were enamored of floral and leafy forms, in sprays and showers of metal and glass, the Internationalists sought the formal and the geometrical. But Art Nouveau was more than a fancy decorator's style or a jeweller's man-

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nerism; some of the architecture created was technically daring, and some of it—Rennie Mackintosh's Glasgow art school and Van de Velde's Weimar art school, that precursor of the Bauhaus—was sturdy and sound, too. Indeed, Robert Maillart's concrete bridges, done during the last generation, are far closer to the spirit of the good Art Nouveau work than to the more timid constructions of the Cubists. Mr. Lenning does not say the last word on this fascinating subject, but he at least says the first word in our generation, and he has supplied plenty of material for further interpretation. My own view is that the sort of flexibility and freedom that the florid ornamentation of the weaker Art Nouveau designers drove to the grave will come back again in a purified form—as in Eric Mendelsohn's Maimonides Hospital, in San Francisco—unless the extreme rigidity of today's formalists causes a far more capricious kind of romantic reaction. Incidentally, in his balconies for that structure, Mendelsohn adopted the Chicago tradition of the bowed front with handsome results.

—Lewis Mumford

•

### SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Williams Alumni Review*]

Pudge Whittemore spent two months in England on his way back from Sierra Leone, British West Africa. He saw much of England which he had never seen before and visited Fred Conger's sister, Mrs. Vanamee, at Oxford. On his return to the States Pudge was taken to the World Series by Brother Poddy. He was entertained by Irv Fish, Eph Williams, Stan Babson and Gene deBronkart in New York. On his way to visit his sister in Bath, he stopped off in Portland with the Ted Thurstons, who gave a luncheon in his honor for the 1912 men and their wives, the Sim Browns, the Roger Snows, the Shake Thaxters, and the George Sickles. The Thaxters also entertained him and the same group at a delightful dinner party in their home. Pudge left Maine for a thorough physical checkup before entering the Monastery at Holy Cross for a year to be devoted to Prayer.

•

Editor, Tribune: The New York critics hit a new low in the selection of "A Street Car Named Desire" as the best motion picture of the year. I saw it twice when it was here trying to find some trace of art. When the picture was here I wanted to protest but refrained because I did not want to hurt the business of the picture shows.

The picture did not even fit the title. We saw the street car only once.

Nona Tatum Zeigler
—*Salt Lake Tribune.*

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# THE CURRENT CINEMA

## *Murder and Eye Trouble*

A GOOD many movie-makers are fascinated by the idea of telling a story in flashbacks, and if you find the device beguiling, you ought to have a perfectly wonderful time at an English film called "The Woman in Question." There's certainly not much else to recommend the picture, in which murder and mayhem figure prominently but to no particular purpose. The lady who more or less sets the social tone for it is a bawd who spends her spare time reading fortunes. At the outset, she is strangled, and it becomes necessary for the English cops—all of them so clever at psychology that you may wonder why they don't buy couches and let the criminal world go by—to determine which of this hopelessly accessible female's acquaintances did her in. One acquaintance after another tells the police what he knows about her (and let me assure you that you have never heard seedier stuff), and as each story starts we dissolve into a flashback.

It is hard to believe that Anthony Asquith really was the director of this, but his name is on the thing, so we'll just have to accept it. Considering the foolishness of the enterprise, however, the acting is uniformly excellent, with Jean Kent, as the murdered harlot, laboring quite satisfactorily to be all things to all men.

JOAN CRAWFORD is the leading figure in "This Woman Is Dangerous," and because the film is the sort of nonsense she has so often been involved in, you might expect her to run away with it. She doesn't, though. As a bitter but loving gat-crazy gangster, David Brian seems to be more happily cast than anybody else. The plot has to do with a kind of female Willie Sutton (Miss Crawford), who plans the holdup of an elegant gambling house. Then, poor thing, right before the job is executed—which it is, and successfully—she starts to go blind, and that troubles her because she can't get on with her memoirs, or something. She promptly falls in love with her eye man, which would be fine if it weren't for Mr. Brian, who is determined to kill the

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good doctor. I guess everything comes out all right. When I left, the F.B.I. were trying to shoot down Mr. Brian, and I've never yet seen them fail on the screen.

"NAVAJO" concerns itself with the most impoverished Indian tribe of all, and makes the point that the white man and the red man ought to get along together. That may sound like an elementary idea, but as presented in this film it adds up to worth-while material. Making no great gestures in the direction of signficance, the picture—it's very short—tells the interesting story of an Indian boy (Francis Kee Teller) who pulls out of the white man's school and then decides he's been a bit hasty. The Arizona scenery is magnificent, and you will, I think, be pleased by young Mr. Teller. —JOHN MCCARTEN

•

She began with the familiar phrase, "Do you love me, dear?" and I promptly replied, "Not if it's upstairs." Then followed the usual process of persuasion on her part and clumsy, futile effort to escape on my part. From the first gentle phrase until my complete acknowledgement of defeat, there was not the shadow of a doubt about the result. I would do what I was told to do, and do it with a cheerful countenance. The attack (after that gentle opening phrase) began something like this: "I have always admired the way you work on the train; I think your ability to concentrate in such a place is marvellous." It seems absurd, but you know how it is; this indelicate flattery made me feel that my fine qualities were really appreciated, and although this simple little method has been applied over and over again, it was just as effective as if it were brand-new. Well, it is no use going on and explaining this familiar process; it is, I fancy, not unfamiliar to the male readers of this book, and it explains why I am writing this preface.—*From the preface, by the author's husband, to "Personal Prejudices," by Mrs. R. Clipston Sturgis.*

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# THE NEWS FROM ROCIADA

ONE of the most surprising of all the elements in Canuto's relationship with the Bacas, my wife's family, is that, remarkable and strange though they found him on first acquaintance, and strange though such a family must have been to an Alabama Negro, neither he nor they saw anything surprising in his incorporation into their household. To me, when I first joined the family, he was flatly astonishing. Canuto came to Rociada, in the mountains of northern New Mexico, along about 1922, when Consuelo, who is now my wife, was still tending her dolls. Her brother, Pino, and her two older sisters had been away to school and to college; they had seen something of Negroes but had never properly known any. In New Mexico in the twenties, men of that race were a rarity; the three youngest children, Carmen, Consuelo, and Pepita, had occasionally glimpsed a Negro—and that was all—in Las Vegas, sixty-five miles from home.

Consuelo's mother, Doña Marguerite, first heard of Canuto's presence in the neighborhood of Rociada from women of the village. They said that a young man, *un vaquero negro*, *un moro*, who tended a small bunch of cattle in the rough country to the westward, was coming into the valley to peddle milk from the cows. Doña Marguerite said "*Válgame!*" and laughed in astonishment. The news astonished and diverted everyone. The presence of a Moor was remarkable; the idea of extracting from range cows even a few quarts of milk, to be carried down on horseback to sell, all but stopped the imagination.

How Canuto got to New Mexico is unclear; how he received his Spanish name no one knows. All the years before he came to the Rociada country seem to have belonged to another, distinct incarnation, of which he remembers not his own experiences but tidings of someone else's adventures. When he came, he had a vague impression of his native Alabama, a memory of his mother, and certain songs, which never left him.

It is clear that somewhere between his tenth and twelfth years, perhaps in 1905, with white people, he crossed the Mississippi on the train at Baton Rouge. Why he was travelling, who those people were who took him remain unknown. In some sequence, also now lost, he was in Chicago, in Wisconsin, in Tennessee. There must have been "points between," but we have no news of them. We do know that, having become a young man—broad-shouldered, of medium height, very strong, very dark—after much travelling and much changing of employers, he reached New Mexico.

By then, he had some knowledge of the arts of the cowboy, of cookery, and of service within the house. He could read slowly and, with slow effort, write a little. A family named Caulfield brought him into the mountains, to tend a little bunch of cattle they were running from a leased ranch on the road to Peñasco Blanco, a few miles from Don José Baca's home ranch at Rociada.

The Caulfields were Southerners, with pretensions of aristocracy and a reality of poverty. They picked Canuto up in Las Vegas, which is the metropolis and the gateway of the high, northeastern country. Las Vegas lies at an altitude of sixty-four hundred feet, but the Rociada people think of it as being in the lowlands, outside the massif of the Sangre de Cristo Mountains. From there, with the Caulfields, Canuto turned north and westward on the dirt road that winds always deeper into the real mountains until it runs in the valley of a muddy stream, which near Sápello becomes a clear little river, and so upward, following wide, canyon-walled valleys threaded by successive watercourses, into the country of the big pines, the aspens, and the brilliant meadows, to the wide, hill-guarded valley of Rociada, with its three villages tucked away inside its long curve, and Don José Baca's ranch, from which animals bearing the Wineglass-2 brand grazed out over a small empire.

News of Canuto's presence there spread fast. At first, he was nameless, a strange figure, a phenomenon. Those who had spoken with him said that he knew almost no Spanish and distorted what he did know strangely, while his English they, with their little English, found incomprehensible. Then, without explanation, he became Canuto, the single name, like a character in an old

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tale. The extreme poverty that was expressed in his ragged clothing and his desperate dairy enterprise formed part of his legend—and led to the notation that the Caulfields (that unpronounceable name!) were in no sense *patrones*. When a poor man hired another, both lived in equal poverty and upon the same social plane; there was no question of a *patrón*. When people of any degree of social pretension maintained even one hired hand, it was expected that they would consider his welfare as a part of their own. The Caulfields might be poor, but they did not go ragged; the condition of their only *peón* was a public proclamation of their unfitness for the situation in life to which they acted as if they belonged.

Canuto's presence was a great thing; here was someone to talk about, and even the smallest item of new information about the Negro was eagerly received, a subject to remain fresh for a long time. Sápello, on the edge of the open country, the Pecos valley, Mora, the ranches of the Cimarrón country—none of them had ever possessed *un moro*.

From time to time, Canuto drove the Caulfields' wagon to the Baca ranch to buy bran at Don José's mill. While there, he might make a small purchase—coffee, a sack of the cheapest tobacco, some flour—at the commissary. Don José liked his looks and his good manners; himself a *patrón* whose whole enterprise depended upon a network of mutual loyalties, between employer and employed, between ranch and villages, he appreciated Canuto's loyalty to employers who gave him little but neglect. He told the young man to come to him if he should ever find himself out of work.

The children saw him first on these visits, a ragged figure in the faded blue of his calling, standing in the wagon, swaying slightly, gracefully, to its jolting, handling his team neatly. The rich, deep color of his face and hands and the rounded, softened contours of his features enchanted them. Standing in a row, holding hands, the three little girls would watch him go by. They knew better, but they could not help thinking that perhaps he was masked, like the clown in the Matachina Dance the villagers sometimes performed on the fiesta of Santo Niño de Atocha, the patron of Rociada.

Canuto was trying to feed himself by selling milk—an impossibility, considering the amount it is possible to get from a dozen or so range cows by roping and tying them, and agilely steal-

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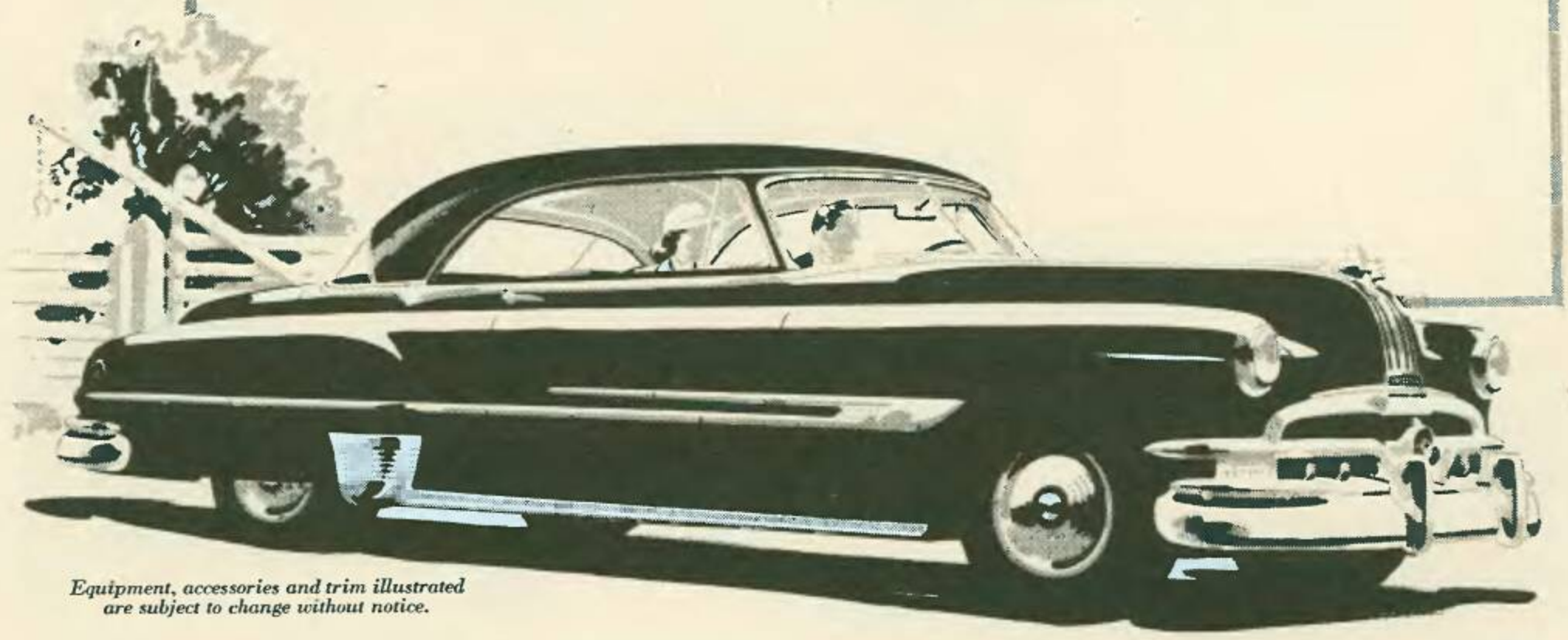

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ing a little of their fluid while standing off their hungry calves. The Caulfields gave Canuto virtually nothing; their poor little cattle venture existed at all only because their servant, for whatever reason, was willing to sacrifice himself to it. Dire need drove Canuto to other shifts. In the course of his wanderings, he had learned a special technique of stealing turkeys. His method was to scatter powdered sulphur in their pen; this the birds would peck eagerly, then shortly they would fall asleep. After that, it was a matter only of selecting the ones to put in his sack; there was no noise to call out the owner.

Over toward Sápello, an Anglo-American named Sibley was raising turkeys. Canuto went to Sibley's place, with a success that baffled the owner. For Sibley to maintain a watch outside until the thief returned was impracticable; only after a long wait would Canuto again levy tribute. The turkey-stealing went on thus for some months, until one night Canuto's supply of sulphur was too small. A turkey woke and squawked, Sibley came out with a rifle, and Canuto was in trouble.

The Caulfields promptly abandoned their man. Sibley, angry over the loss of his turkeys, wanted blood. Don José suggested to him that he should go easy, but Sibley would have none of it. Friendless, Canuto came up for trial and was sentenced to two years in the state penitentiary.

NOT many months after that, Don José became lieutenant-governor of New Mexico. When Canuto had served his minimum term, Don José arranged for the young man to be paroled to him. By then, Canuto was a trusty, serving as the warden's cook. Don José brought him back to Rociada and gave him a place in the household.

To the people of that section, the fact that a man had done time had none of the automatic significance it would have in, for instance, my own native village in New England. They considered not the isolated fact of the sentence but the nature of the man and of the offense. Offhand, I can name four from thereabouts who have been in the pen. To only one, a Mexican who settled there and turned out to be truly criminal, does opprobrium attach; for the others, the feeling is best expressed in the literal meaning of our expression "He fell foul of the law."

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of life in the mountains, like a bear pawing for trout, and flips one of one's own out onto the bank, one can only be philosophical about it. Everyone knows that Fulano, say, is a good workman, a good neighbor; everyone knows what led him to the action for which he is being punished. Everyone is glad when a good man comes home, free to return to a useful life.

Canuto came to the ranch under no cloud. The cloud, rather, fell upon the Caulfields, who had vanished. They were blamed for having kept him in such poverty and for having deserted him when he was in trouble. To a lesser degree, the cloud cast its shadow on Sibley. Now that Canuto was part of the rambling nexus in which it was difficult to say where household ended and community began, he was included in the wide range of the Bacas' loyalty. They thoroughly despised his former employers (of whom they had never thought too well), and even after twenty-five years they still feel some resentment toward Sibley for his prosecution.

Canuto's arrival at the ranchhouse was dramatic. He rode up from Las Vegas in Pascual Orozco's wagon. Pascual let him out in front of the big house. When he stepped onto the long porch, the dogs went wild, threatening a mass attack. The principal dog, Count, a bloodhound, fastened upon the seat of his trousers and ripped off a big piece. Pino and Doña Marguerite ran out of the house, and Juan Grande, who was in the yard digging in a flower bed, ran up to the porch, all of them shouting. Consuelo and Pepita had been sitting under their mother's big sewing machine, swinging on the wide treadle. They came out to watch the rumpus. The dogs were called off. Pino threatened to punish them direly; Juan kicked at them without touching them; Doña Marguerite told them plainly what she thought of their behavior and then turned to give the embarrassed newcomer a gracious welcome.

The children followed the grownups into the house and, retiring to their lair under the sewing machine, studied the new personage from safety. They noticed his lively, alert, small eyes and his very large smile; they listened to his strange manner of speech, full of words they had never heard before. Their general impression was that he was indeed something new and quite wonderful.

Don José thought of him as another hand, but Canuto had his own pattern of service, which he insisted on. Indoor work, to the Bacas, was for women,

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but Canuto worked both indoors and out. He could muck out a stable, drive a team, move a bunch of cattle, tend pigs and chickens, cook, wash dishes, and wait on table. In a white jacket, he served with real elegance. Later in the evening, he could sometimes be induced to sing songs that were to them utterly exotic. He was a past-master of piecrust, pancakes, hot biscuits, and all ways of cooking pork. To these, shortly, under Doña Marguerite's instruction, he added *frijoles con chile*, *enchiladas*, and *pozole*. There is an element of hearty richness in the native New Mexico cuisine; the French cuisine of Doña Marguerite, whose father had come from Gascony, is something else. Canuto never prospered with those dishes that start with a *roux* or a *bouquet garni*, and demand a delicate exactitude with herbs and butter and more judiciousness than *élan* when it comes to the garlic. He thought he knew how to clean house—the mild, dark-corner-skipping, gracious cleaning of the South. Doña Marguerite introduced him to the detailed, exact, unsparing cleaning of her French inheritance, and under her eye he mastered the practice of it.

Pino found a magnificent use for Canuto. It was his custom to drive to Las Vegas every Saturday for the dances there, taking with him any friend he might have visiting the ranch at the time. To a good Westerner, two hours' driving over bad roads, and the same again when the dance was over, offered no obstacle. The dances were gay, Pino was popular, and Las Vegas was full of warm friends. At midnight, it always seemed a shame to stop, so he would invite a few carloads of young people out to Rociada. Then he would telephone the ranch, get Canuto out of bed, and tell him to prepare for eight, ten, or twelve guests.

Canuto would kill as many chickens as he thought needful, make mashed potatoes, cream gravy, and strong coffee, and have the chickens fried and everything ready by the time the party arrived. As a regular thing, the men (as they firmly considered themselves) tipped him generously, a gesture he appreciated as a gesture. From the point of view of monetary return, it was superfluous, since the party almost always ended in a crap game in which he cleaned up. Near dawn, the guests might drive back to Las Vegas, or they might stay, the girls sleeping in spare beds and on couches, the men in the haylofts. Waking up to a houseful of guests was neither new nor surprising to Pino's parents; they regarded hos-


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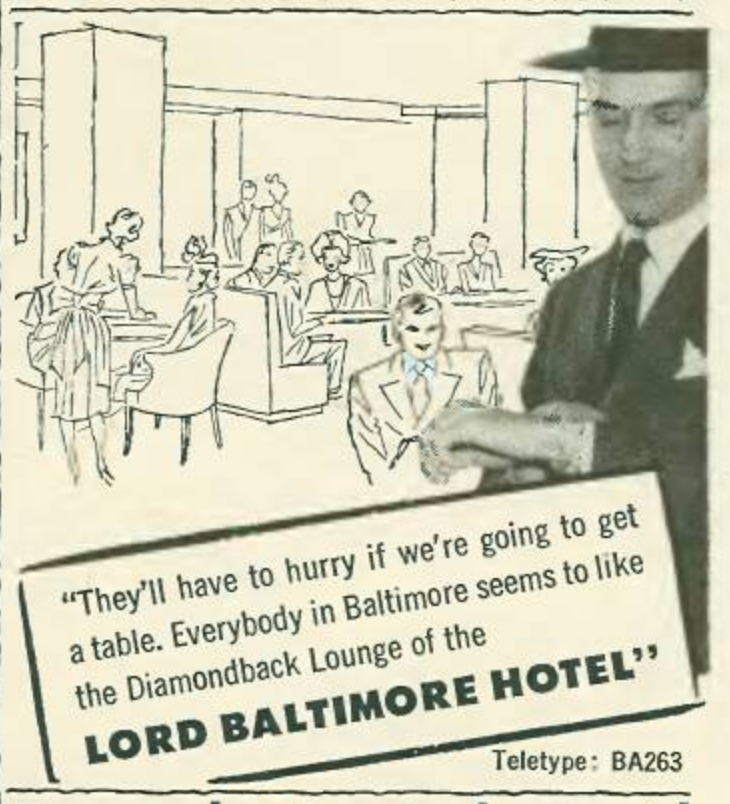

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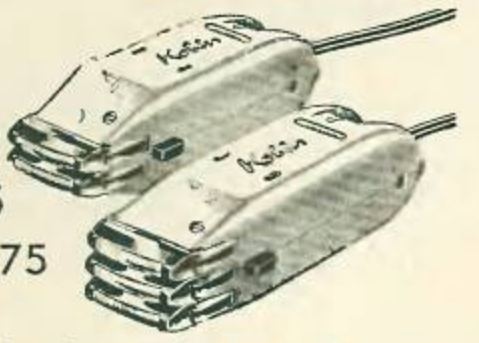

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pitality as one of the proper uses of a house.

Pino was also at that time a passionate horseman. When he was home, he made the breaking of the ranch's horses his business. Canuto joined him eagerly; he rode well, and had a conviction that he must conquer any horse he tackled. A cinnamon-colored mare Pino sold him threw him twenty-two times, by count, before he mastered her, but not for anything would he have given her up.

Bringing in and riding the wilder of the range horses was a regular Sunday-afternoon diversion, especially when Pino and his two older sisters had guests. Pino rode his share and usually stayed on. Canuto rode his. He fell more often, but whenever he did, he would be bound to ride that horse again, that day or the following Sunday. When he was thrown (and it was always a real twister that threw him), he generally, to the admiration of the onlookers, landed on his head and took no harm from it at all.

To the little girls, it was another part of the wonder of him, watching to see if Canuto would go off on his head. Carmen, the oldest of the little ones, was then nearly ten. She, Consuelo, and Pepita followed Canuto about the house and grounds. They did everything they could to keep him talking; he was a willing talker, and infinitely patient with them. They could listen to his pronunciation, his voice, his expressions by the hour, and they felt great pride in having a Negro among them.

His charm for them had more to it than that. They could talk with him with an equality they experienced with no other grownup, and enjoy a real meeting of minds. Friendliness and curiosity developed into familiarity, which in the course of time became an outrageous interchange of impudences that continued past childhood. To an outsider hearing it for the first time, it was startling. Canuto outdid the girls in backchat and almost always had the last word. But even an outsider couldn't

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fail to catch the undertones of relish, and recognize that this was a ritual of affection.

In the three villages, Rociada, Upper Rociada, and Gascón, which lie along the Río Manuelitas in Rociada Valley, Canuto established himself firmly. He invented a special, private dialect of Spanish, which might have puzzled a formal student of the language but seems always to have been clear to the countryfolk, wherever he went.

The natives liked him, and they found him profoundly comic—not in the sense that they laughed at him, although he didn't mind humor at his own expense, but that they laughed with him. He seemed to be able to show them ways for release in laughter that they could not have found for themselves. He had a personal warmth and an obvious delight in life that warmed the mountain people, who, for all their Latin heritage, were somewhat dour and inturned. Men and women accepted him, respected him, enjoyed him; many of the younger women found him attractive.

Rociada became his home, the Spanish-speaking people of the high country became his people. During most of the year, he worked steadily about the ranch, but at intervals, with months of wages saved up, the craving to wander came over him. He would take a vacation then and set out, an utterly free man, to roam his adopted world. Most often, he proceeded to Las Vegas and from there went on to Santa Fe, the capital, where he was sure of a meal and a fifty-cent piece from the warden of the penitentiary. He visited in the city and tried its fleshpots, and then he went on, northward up the Rio Grande (he gravitated naturally toward the high country and the purely Spanish-American settlements), to the villages on the way to Taos or to the Apache country. Everywhere he found friends, everywhere he had the assurance of a bed and a meal. He was an unfailing novelty, a stimulus; spendthrift, openhanded, loving the Cyranolike gesture of lavish generosity and also the simple act of giving, he was equally eager to receive.

He always overstayed his leave grossly. By the time he was ready to come back, the Bacas would be waiting for him with anything from a severe tongue-lashing to a discharge, but when he finally turned up—his good clothes dusty and slept-in, he himself broke, footsore, with a dozen lemons or a print of "The End of the Trail" for Doña Marguerite, peanuts or cigars for Pino, red silk stockings, perhaps, for the older

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girls, a jumble of such gifts in a burlap sack on his back—his appearance, the manner of his entrance, the nature of the things he brought, frustrated anger. The Bacas scolded him roundly, but he was used to that. They were no Anglo-Saxon family; they scolded each other and him, too, in the natural course of events. That was like the sound of rain on the shingled roof of the big house—you stayed in and you listened to it just enough to know when it stopped, as, in time, it must.

SUDDENLY, and shockingly, Don José died. About that time, the market for wool and lambs, along with other markets throughout the nation, went to pieces. Not all Doña Marguerite's and Pino's efforts or all the loyalty of their people could keep back a tide that rose like the salt and killing sea. After several years of struggle, the ranch was sold, the Bacas moved to Santa Fe. Canuto went with them.

With the children successively growing up and leaving their mother's house, there was less and less work for Canuto to do. The room Doña Marguerite had given him remained his *pied-à-terre* and base of operations; he worked in the garden, cleaned house, and turned up to help in the kitchen and wait on table for major functions. The rest of the time, he sought occupation throughout Santa Fe, preferring nightwork, finding interest and freedom in the dark and lonely city. He was in demand as an occasional butler; there were times when it seemed to Doña Marguerite that she was running an agency, with this hostess and that calling up to reserve Canuto's time. She could not stop with accepting the engagements; she felt it necessary to follow up by making sure that he had a clean white jacket, and, when possible, she liked to look him over before he went to work.

Between his buttling and his night wandering, he acquired stores of gossip, and before long was serving as a sort of local Associated Press; everyone contributed news to him, in exchange for what he broadcast. The sum of all this he would eventually retail to Doña Marguerite while he worked in the house or in the garden. He did not sit and gossip, but neither did he care to work in silence; his periods of activity at home were always of a social nature.

There was an element of magic in his night wanderings. I have never known anyone who so commonly found five- and even ten-dollar bills in the streets. People in a hurry offered him things for sale, from worthless "diamond"


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rings to valuable luggage—offers he could never refuse. One night, he was standing in a back alley outside a warehouse when an excellent double-barrelled shotgun whizzed past his head and landed in the dirt. No claimant for it was ever found; it became Canuto's by default and in time was traded for God alone knows what. He would trade almost anything he had, just for the love of bargaining.

He ate free all over town, he had his room free, and, affecting a raffish raggedness, he very seldom bought new clothes. He was making good money, and he seemed to be able to get rid of it as fast as he made it, between his less successful purchases, his fondness for gambling, and his acts of generosity.

The Bacas felt called upon to get after him for his lack of thrift, as they did for not getting enough sleep, or for sleeping too much, or for not sweeping under the couch, or for setting his breeches on fire by stuffing his hot pipe into a pocket already full of matches. None of this had any effect; he was used to their scolding and he understood its real meaning.

Unknown to them, he did save a considerable sum. Then, one day in 1947, he astounded the family by announcing that he had gone to Rociada and bought an acre of land, on which stood Agapito Gutiérrez's old house. He went ahead and furnished the house, repaired the roof, fenced the land, and set out trees.

From time to time, separately and en masse, according to who might be home at the time, Doña Marguerite, Carmen, Consuelo, and Pepita pointed out to him that he was engaged in utter folly. His irregular weekend trips to his "ranch," more than a hundred miles away, cost him more than it would rent for. Leaving the place unguarded most of the time, he would certainly be robbed blind. He had made a deal with Luis Reyes to water his trees; Luis would probably neglect them. If he put pigs in with Epimenio's on shares, didn't he know that he'd just be feeding Epimenio's pigs for him?

Canuto submitted to all this (one could not say that he listened), as he did to the rest. In season, he brought gifts of venison and trout from Rociada, with details of who had caught the fish or killed the deer, where, and in what manner. In due course, sweetly, without fanfare, he brought fresh young pork for Doña Marguerite's house and for Consuelo's and mine. He supplied us with fresh-churned butter at a price well below the market; it was made by La Dolores, so it was all right, for


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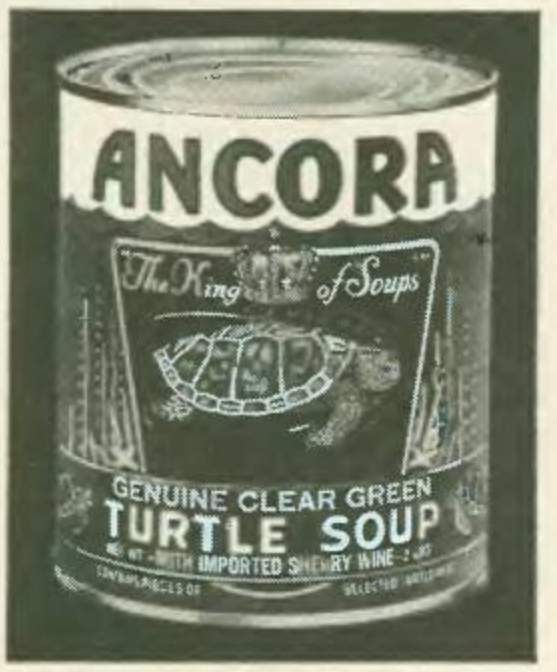


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everyone knew how clean she and her husband, Melquiades, were and how carefully they tend their animals—just like her father and mother, old Gregorio and Seña Teófila, poor things, may they rest in peace.

AS if under a compulsion, the Bacas continue to point out to him the folly of his ways and urge him, without expectation of success, to build up a savings account. Away from him, they laugh a little over his "ranch" and explain in detail its ridiculousness. Behind the words and the laughter lies the sense of the marvel, the greatest of all he has ever shown them. The Pendaries, Doña Marguerite's family, had given Rociada its name and founded the village of Gascón; for generations the Bacas had run their herds over those hills and valleys. Of them all, of the uncles, cousins, nephews, and nieces, not one remains along the Rio Manuelitas. It is Canuto, the maverick out of Alabama, who has gone back, who owns land in the valley, and who brings them the news from Rociada.

At work in Doña Marguerite's house, he will retail the news—that Señor Juan is now blind but getting by nicely on his pension, being taken care of by his granddaughter Nieves, La Soledad's girl; that Pascual, the horse thief, has finally been arrested; that Aurelia Jimenez has married Juan Lobato, and her oldest brother was knifed at the *baile* after the wedding; and that Josefita Gutiérrez has had a boy. Doña Marguerite will punctuate his stream of news at intervals, with "*Va!*" or "*Válgame!*" or "That scrub!" or "Poor thing!" and then, in a slightly different tone and still without interrupting, tell him to clean the window sill properly before he puts down the cloth. —OLIVER LA FARGE

•

Considering what a mild play "Collector's Item" is, it contains quite a lot of plot, and I must admit shamefacedly that I couldn't understand all of it. I know that it takes place in "the Van Dyck antique business. One of them is an American, another is French, and the third is English, and Galleries in the East Sixties, New York," and it deals with three brothers who are in the their mother and father, who are about to celebrate their fiftieth wedding anniversary, are Egyptians. To this point, I could follow it readily.—*Richard Watts, Jr., in the Post.*

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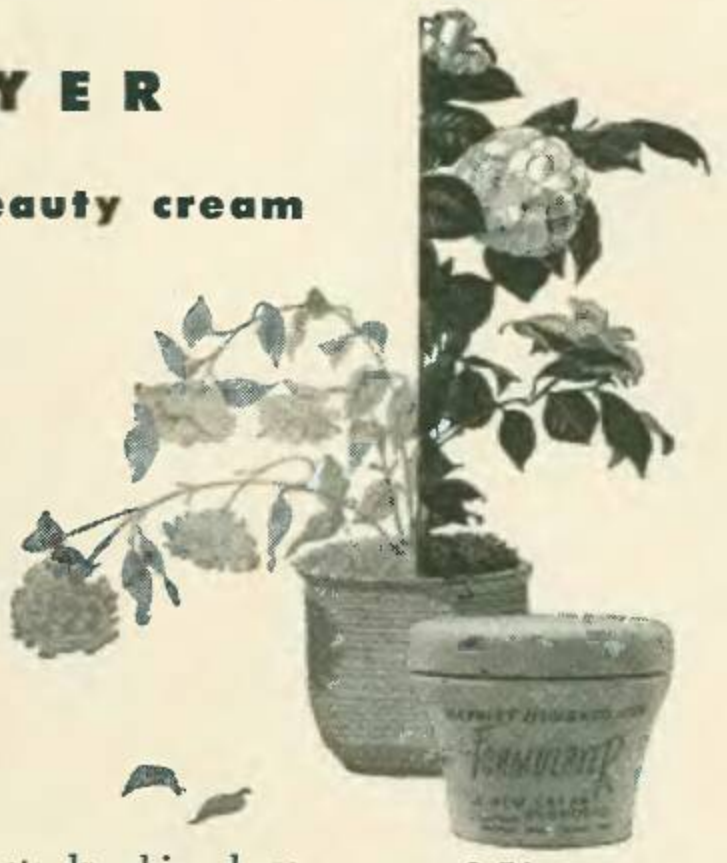

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# ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

## THIS AND THAT

PENDING the arrival of addenda to last week's report on what the custom milliners are up to, there are other timely matters to touch on, such as the spring suit and topcoat, which should be considered now if you expect them to be on the hangers when the first mild morning dawns. You know best whether you want to look soft and feminine or tailored and feminine. All that is planned here is a quick glance at what some of the establishments are offering, custom and ready-to-wear.

D'Andrea, 17 West 50th Street, makes masculinely tailored custom suits, which need two weeks after the first fitting. For dinner and the theatre, he does mess jackets, of black or white gabardine, to be worn with a pleated cummerbund of black satin and a long or a short skirt of black gabardine. He also does a "dinner" jacket of black or midnight-blue gabardine, to be worn with a long or short straight gabardine skirt that has one pleat down the front. This particular jacket can be cut very long for tall women, a good way of making them look slender.

His daytime suits have single-breasted jackets with a notched collar or a tiny rolled one that fastens at the throat. The skirts are straight. There are dozens of imported materials—iridescent herringbone gabardine in jade and beige, or rust and beige, or powder blue and beige; sharkskins in browns, greens, and blues; Shetlands with a parquet pattern of brown and several shades of gray. D'Andrea's favorite for sports jackets is a cashmere with a diagonal herringbone in black and white or oatmeal and white. He likes this with a flannel skirt in a solid color. Prices here run from $225 to $275.

HATTIE CARNEGIE's Blue Room affords a marvellous collection of ready-to-wear dressmaker suits, with short, decidedly nipped-in jackets and stiffened hips. A suit of beige, brown, and white worsted with a tiny diamond pattern woven in has a tab collar and a peplum that are edged with brown braid, and the skirt is lined with coffee rayon taffeta. A suit of a French rayon that looks and feels like silk tweed has a collarless jacket with velvet pockets, and a straight skirt. In café au lait, light charcoal, or sapphire blue. The little fake pockets of another slim-skirted suit, done in navy or black shantung, are indicated by rolls of the shantung caught with moonstone-and-rhinestone buttons, and the jacket is lined with navy-and-white or black-and-white shantung in a big block check. The same jacket, in printed shantung, appears with a pretty, round-necked matching dress, for late spring and summer. These clothes range in price from $125 to $155.

Now for the Blue Room topcoats. There is only one lapel on a lightweight navy or gray wool lined with rose rayon taffeta. The skirt has an inverted pleat on either side; $175. A loose, lightweight raincoat that can serve as a topcoat is made of two layers of shantung. It's equipped with a tiny mandarin collar, a fly front, and full sleeves caught at the wrist. It comes in Carnegie blue, sapphire blue, amethyst, silver gray, or white. The price is $85, which includes a matching Quaker bonnet. Sizes here start at 10 and sometimes go as high as 18.

THE Salonette at Gunther Jaeckel has overflowed from the main to the second floor. Topcoats in sizes 8 to 20 are from $39.95 to $115. There's a huge skirt on a tight-waisted one of black-and-white corded worsted. The top layer of its double Puritan collar is of white piqué, and detachable for washing. A loose coat of navy-and-white worsted has a split-back cape that tapers into narrow bat wings

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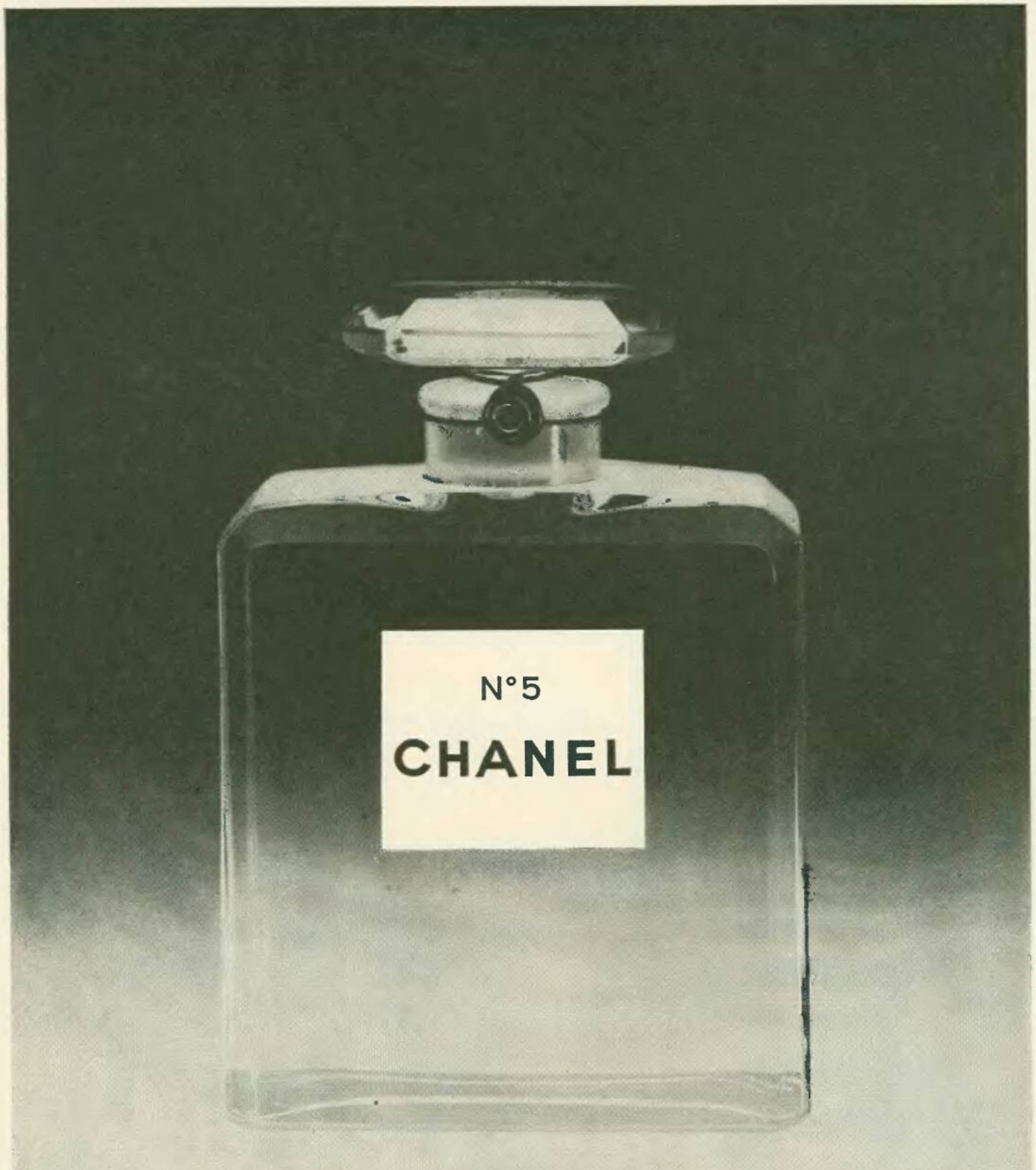


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along the three-quarter sleeves. A coat of powder-blue fleece is lined with slate-gray raw silk, and a single smoked-pearl button fastens it at the throat. Another fleece, fingertip length and buttonless, comes in navy, ice blue, or black, and is seamed round and round from chest to elbows, so you look like a cocoon when you wrap it tight. Finally, there's a tiny spencer jacket of Mediterranean-blue fleece, nice to wear over bouffant dresses from now till September.

BEAUTIFULLY tailored Handmacher suits are on view in the sports department of Lord & Taylor, priced at from $50 to $75 and sized from 10 to 18. There are bias-buttoned tabs high on the bodice and at the wrists of a shepherd's-check wool in black and white, navy and white, or brown and white, and a removable buttoned belt goes across the back of the jacket. A suit of gray flannel, with rounded hips and a white linen dickey, fastens with cut-steel buttons, while a duplicate in navy alpaca or beige sheer worsted fastens with bone buttons. A raglan suit of thin gray or beige tweed has a short, softly cut jacket, a narrow leather belt, and a fairly full skirt, and a lovely suit of a pale-beige or gold herringbone tweed has a long, slender jacket and a straight, graceful skirt with a kick pleat at the back.

THERE was a lot in these columns last week about Sally Victor's custom hats; this week we remind you that she still makes ready-to-wear ones, too. Best has some of them. A pillbox of striped straw dips down over the right ear, above which a bow blossoms forth, and a tiny sailor of the same stuff is adorned with grosgrain streamers. An interweaving of barberpole stripes of grosgrain and straw cloth makes a diminutive beret, or an extra-shallow pillbox (for girls with poodle cuts), or a good-looking turban for women who don't like themselves in flat hats. Rough, shiny straw into which thin stripes of caramel and white or navy blue and ice blue have been woven produces pretty bonnets indeed; the same straw with red-and-white stripes results in a rollicking padre hat sporting a Kelly-green bow smack in front. Prices run from $10.95 to $12.95.

JOHN FREDERICS also does ready-to-wear hats, called Charmers. Examples of these are around the Hat Bar at Bonwit Teller. A suit hat of natural coconut straw is piped with contrasting


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velveteen; the crown is square and mannish and the brim turns under. The same mixture of straw and velveteen produces a coolie hat mounted on a bandeau. The price range is $8.95 to $14.95.

More of John Frederic's Charmers, at from $10.95 to $14.95, turn up at Altman's Young Colony Hat Bar. A floppy cloche made of rows and rows of many-colored rayon braid alternating with strips of toast straw folds flat for packing and bounces right back into shape when it's time to wear it. A tiny bonnet and a sailor with a three-quarter-inch brim are made of the same straw and braid. Metallic gold braid is the basis of a devil-may-care ripple-brimmed cloche whose crown is encircled by a white linen cord from which dangle imitation mother-of-pearl shark's teeth. A little sisal sailor has clumps of mimosa over each ear, and a romantic, wide-brimmed leghorn is garlanded with deep-pink rosebuds and green leaves.

ELSEWHERE at Altman are Mr. John's worldly hand-sewn slip-on gloves, of a heavy cotton that looks exactly like doeskin. Some have a winglike pouf at the side, others are elasticized at the wrist to make puffy cuffs, and others are pleated. The astonishing thing about the pouf gloves is that the opening for the hand is at the side, not the end. They slip on easily, just the same, and they look extremely high style. Among the colors are pale gold, gray, beige, pink, black, and white. Mr. John's gloves vary from wrist- to twelve-button length, and are priced from $4 to $7.50.

NASTOPIL of Carlsbad, 128 East 54th Street, started out as a men's custom shirtmaker, but he's now also making superb ready-to-wear shirts for women, with a regular shirt neckband or practically any kind of collar. Among the fabrics from which to choose are twenty chambrays, including raspberry and blue jeans blue, batiste-weight zephyr cloth in solid shades or the finest of pin stripes, silk in such off shades as apricot and biscuit, and shantung in all colors. Prices start at $11 and end at $24. Nastopil will also make custom shirts for women.

I. MILLER has opened an Ingenue Shop at 715 Fifth Avenue (56th), full of young shoes ranging from $7.95 to $17.95, unless you're looking for alligator. Strip Tease, a naked, high-heeled kid sandal in red, navy, black, gold, or

thanks to John Robert Powers ...

Miss Larson's jewels by Van Cleef & Arpels Inc.

Just a couple of years ago, Juliana Larson was one of America's favorite Cover Girls—a leading John Robert Powers model. Today, she has hit *another* high note (she's internationally known as a singer) and is currently appearing at the Maisonette of the St. Regis Hotel.

But—here's a phase of her career that's *not* so well known. Miss Larson was one of the lovely Powers models who first revealed to women the secret of Fluid Gold*...created by John Robert Powers so his models could "normalize" away the cruelty of the years. She still practices that ritual—and today *thousands* of other women see the same miracle happen as their skin takes on that *naturally beautiful look!*

If *you* haven't learned Juliana Larson's complexion secret—stop in at the John Robert Powers Cosmetic Counter, first floor, Lord & Taylor, Fifth Avenue. See for yourself how John Robert Powers Fluid Gold ($5 plus tax) works to free your face and throat of embarrassing wrinkles, age lines and tired sag . . . to bring the skin itself back to normal!

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silver, has a bit of leather, shaped like a leaf, loosely attached to one of the straps, so that it can be worn over the vamp or dangling at one side. An even nakeder sandal of black kid, little more than a shapely sole and a towering heel, has two asymmetrical straps slanting across its instep in a way that makes the foot look very slender. These two sandals are part of a collection called Continentals, which are adaptations of French and Italian designs. Among the non-Continental numbers are some closed pumps and some ankle-strap sandals, all in navy nylon mesh embroidered in bright colors and all with high heels of navy rayon faille. Roundabouts are low-heeled casual shoes in dark or bright colors—calf or suède pumps outlined with narrow braid, and a suède slipper called Gay Whirl, which has a baby Louis heel and calf lacings and trimmings.

CLARA, 694 Madison Avenue (62nd), has plenty of her own ideas about bras and girdles, but she'll copy a discontinued one that happens to be someone's pet or a find someone has brought home from Europe. She disapproves, on the whole, of extreme uplifts and pointed bosoms. Her custom department specializes in featherweight girdles that are effective without looking or feeling like harnesses. These are of eyelet batiste with finely knit elastic sections. They cost from $40, the lowest custom price in the place. All-in-ones begin at $50. Custom bras start at $15, in cotton broadcloth, and go up to $35, for Alençon-type lace so expertly maneuvered you can hardly find the seams. She also has excellent ready-to-wear bras, in sizes 32 to 52 ($2.50 to $13.75), and a vast array of ready-to-wear girdles ranging from twelve to eighteen inches in length, from 26 to 36 in size ($5.95 to $50). Some have hooks down the front, and some hooks down the side, but most of them are step-ins. Garter belts, in sizes 24 to 32, are $2.50 to $7.50. One, of rosebud rayon satin with thin elastic inserts, and big enough to do some disciplining, is $5.95. Minor repairs are on the house.

UMBRELLAS that are tired of it all will find an old, dependable friend in the Uncle Sam Umbrella Shop, which began life in 1866. It's at 110 West 45th Street. Recovering costs from $3. The handles of family-heirloom umbrellas can be mounted on twentieth-century frames. An umbrella will be covered to match a raincoat for $5

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(you supply the material), and an outer case of the fabric of your new spring suit will set you back a dollar, or a bit more. Umbrellas with detachable handles will fit in a suitcase. Brand-new rayon-covered umbrellas start at $5. Silk ones, long and slim, with handles of Malacca, ebony, or antique wood, are from $12 to $18. A plain maple cane is $1, but for $200 Uncle Sam will provide something with a gold-chased handle, which should insure you the right to a few flourishes as you stroll.

BY comparison, the French Bag Shop, at 23 East 48th Street, is but a child, having been in business only thirty years or so. This establishment makes custom bags, mostly of imported materials, whether petit point or leather. In calf, they start at $18. A large Paisley pouch with self handles, compartments, and a zipper top is $35. Small satin or brocade evening bags, whose frames are sometimes studded with fake seed pearls or other frippery, commence at $35. These prices include the federal tax. As for repair work, your very best bags can be entrusted to this establishment. —G. J.

## ABOUT THE HOUSE

### *For Fowl and Fish*

A FEW days ago, I was admiring the collection of stylish bird-feeding stations at Max Schling, Seedsman, 618 Madison Avenue (58th), and it occurred to me that this might be a good time to look into the household needs of our cosmopolitan feathered residents who, like the under-privileged of other species, didn't get South this winter. Since the little I know about birds and their mores might easily lead me into making a fool of myself in any discussion of their requirements, I dropped in at the national headquarters of the Audubon Society, 1000 Fifth Avenue (82nd), to find out just what kind of setup that authoritative organization considers desirable for its protégés, and to look over the wares displayed in the sales department there. Well, the members of the Society—and, it is to be presumed, the birds—are surprisingly broadminded about eating places. Most of the Audubon stations have some sort of covering to protect the food, and a perch or two for leisurely dining, but the Society by no means frowns on the avian counterpart of a Nedick's, with a cake of suet or a hopper of seed set out for birds like nuthatches, woodpeckers, chickadees, and creepers, who appreciate a hasty

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snack without any fuss, and are willing to compete with sparrows and pigeons to get it. The Audubon people have no stuffy prejudices about architecture—almost any type of feeder is, of course, better than none—and it's all right with them if you want to stick a miniature Cape Cod cottage on a post among the shrubbery on a terrace or hang one on a back-yard tree, as long as the construction permits easy access to the food. Indeed, they have a pretty poor opinion of those inhospitable or careless hosts who at this season, when everything edible has been picked over and the going is rugged indeed for birds, won't put themselves out beyond scattering a few crumbs on the ground.

The tolerant attitude of the experts encourages me to report on a number of fancy jobs that I might otherwise have suspected were too cute to be taken seriously. For example, a miniature California ranchhouse, about a foot long and nine and a half inches high, which sells for $5.50 at Schling, is cute, all right, but it's also a very efficient feeder. It is made of redwood, which withstands weather, and has a sloping roof, a feeding tray that looks like a veranda and extends around all four sides, and a glass container that releases grain automatically into the tray. There are brass hooks for hanging it, but it would do just as well nailed to a post. Another Schling model ($4.25) is a glass pyramid, nine and a half inches high, that hangs on a wire and has a weather vane attached to it, so that the feeding area is kept out of the wind. The grain is stored in the pyramid and dribbles out through a hole in one side onto a wooden platform just big enough for one bird. The Audubon Society sells a much more commodious feeder—a rectangular shed with a sloping roof and three enclosed sides—that makes the same use of a weather vane and can't be monopolized by one bird, since the proprietor scatters the food on the floor by hand. This feeder is painted white and has a green roof; it comes with an eight-foot cedar post, painted green, and costs $18, express collect.

The Audubon Society also puts out, for $35, a palatial feeding station that

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will last a lifetime and should settle the problems of city dwellers who own country homes and have to depend on their own, or a caretaker's, weekly visits to keep the feeder stocked. Its pointed copper roof and glass sides give it the appearance of an old-fashioned street lantern, and it holds more than ten pounds of seed, which leak out from beneath the panes onto a very narrow copper platform. The sharply slanting metal roof makes tough going for larcenous squirrels, and the feeding platform is too narrow for them and also for jays and other such disreputable customers. The metalwork is tinned, to keep it from oxidizing and to keep birds from freezing to it in cold weather—a hazard that amateur bird-lovers should be cautioned about. People who need a *really* squirrelproof feeder can find one at Schling—a small, hanging structure covered with a dome-like tin shield that squirrels can't negotiate. It costs $4.40, plus a shipping charge of thirty cents. The Audubon Society sells a squirrel baffle similar to the shield just mentioned but made of spun aluminum; it can be strung above the hanging type of feeder, or upended and placed below the type that sits on a post. An eighteen-inch baffle is $5.45, and a two-foot one is $10.45.

On the whole subject of who is and who isn't welcome at a feeding station, the Audubon people decline to take sides. True, they recommend the squirrel baffles to people who dislike squirrels, and to householders with conventional ideas about how a nice bird should behave they will sell feeders designed to discourage the bullies, but they avoid being put in the position of favoring one bird over another. They seem to feel that a lot of feeders of various types, rather than discriminating interference at a single station, is the best way for well-intentioned people to help their favorite birds through these last desperate weeks before spring. A feeding tray with whole corn and nuts will, they think, lure both squirrels and jays from the eating places of one's more cherished visitors, and cracked corn in a large feeder will fetch the despised English sparrow, leaving the more timid and more welcome birds to enjoy in peace the meals set out for them.

IF you are thinking of your own enjoyment, as well as the birds', there is no eating station to compare with the kind that is installed against a window, and I am told that birds are willing to go as high as ten or twelve stories to


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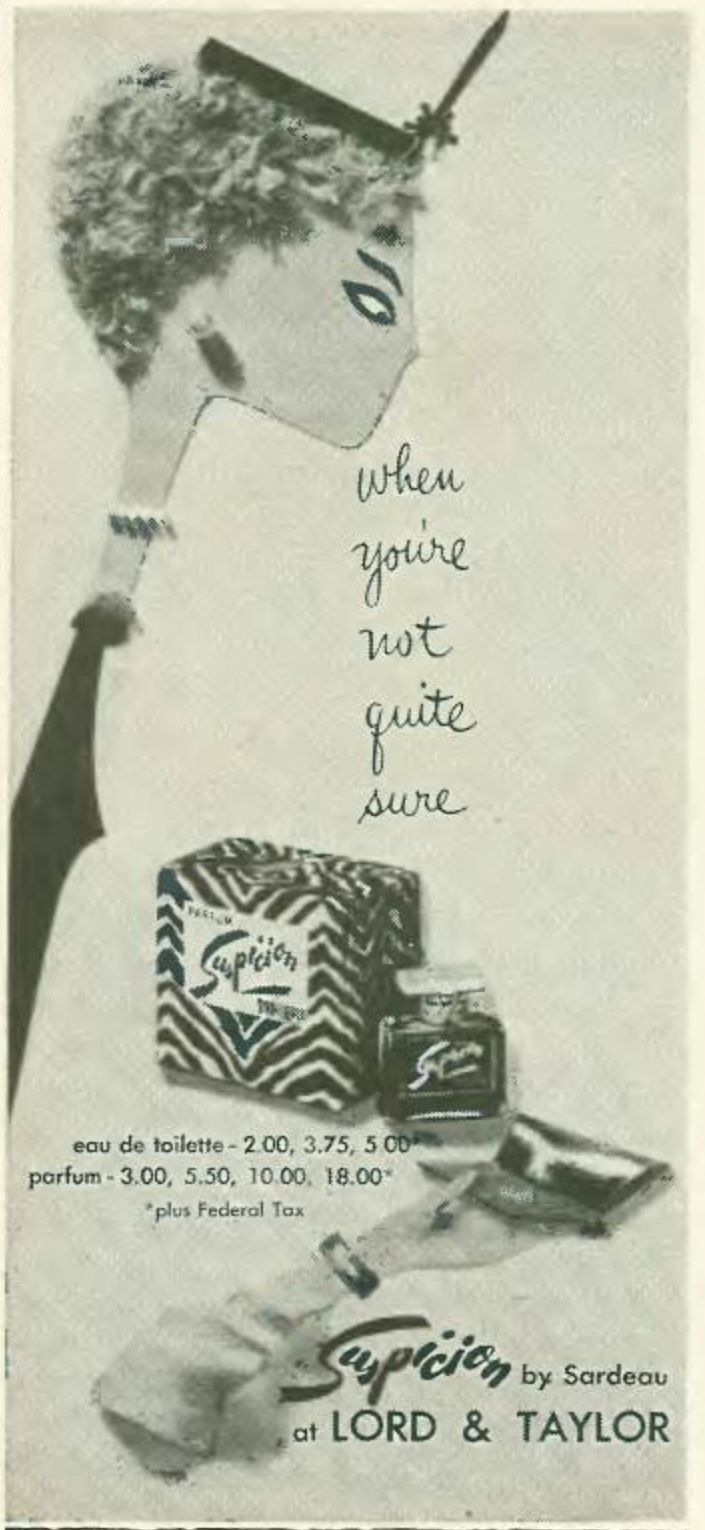
reach one. The Audubon Society has, for $6, a brand-new window model, with glass sides and a sloping roof, that can be attached to practically any windowpane by means of rubber suction cups. Nothing could be easier to put up, and you can take it from the Audubon Society that the suction cups work. Both the Society and Schling sell window stations that are to be nailed or screwed to the sill, and can be got at from indoors. The Audubon one has a removable food tray, and the Schling station has a hinged glass top and a built-in seed hopper and suet rack. Each costs around $7.

The simplest and least expensive feeder, and one that seems to appeal particularly to those birds—the local varieties of woodpeckers, for example—who are leery of any sort of enclosure, is nothing more than a sturdy aluminum skewer, about nine inches long, with a ring at one end to hang it up by, and a wooden disc that screws on to the point; a couple of perches jut out from the sides of the disc. I have seen a number of these skewers in use, with a store-bought suet cake or a lump of ordinary suet from the butcher's impaled on them, and they attracted a large company of birds. These lunch stands can be ordered from the White Flower Farm, at Litchfield, Connecticut, for a dollar apiece (plus seventeen cents postage) or six for five dollars (plus sixty cents postage). Another unpretentious little feeding station, so inconspicuous that only a bird would notice it, is a coconut shell with a good-sized hole cut in it, to be filled with, say, a paste of seed and suet; $2, at the Audubon Society.

As for food to go into these contrivances, you can order from the Audubon Society a mixture of specially prepared seed that bird-lovers speak of with the sort of emotion epicures reserve for a truffle omelet or a *truite au bleu;* I am told that it contains all the ingredients necessary to get the birds over the lean months. A five-pound sack is ninety-five cents, and a hundred-pound sack $14.50; postage, express, or freight charges on shipments of more than ten pounds are extra. Sunflower seeds, also well thought of for birds, are thirty-five cents a pound. Incidentally, the Audubon authorities aren't at all averse to having their feeders stocked with table scraps. Contrary to the widely accepted theory that salt is harmful to birds, the Society's dietitians say that a small quantity is very beneficial, and that the salt birds get from bread or



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peanut butter, which they relish, will do them a world of good.

EMBOLDENED by this venture into the world of nature, I shall now direct your attention to suitable housing for your tropical fish—assuming, of course, that you have the fish and that they are inadequately housed. The aquariums I have in mind are custom built, by the Westchester Aquarium, 454 Mamaroneck Avenue, White Plains, which is, I grant you, pretty far to go for a fish tank. I made the trip, nevertheless, and am able to report that the company will discuss your fish problems by phone or mail, and will install its tanks anywhere in the New York area. If you have no desire to get involved with any tropical fish more esoteric than guppies, this store is no place for you to visit, because once you have laid eyes on its collection of fascinating and preposterous little monsters you're a gone goose and might as well resign yourself to a life of collecting fish. I shall tarry among the fish only long enough to point out that among them are some of the most unusual or handsome or grotesque tropicals you are likely to meet up with anywhere, and that the stock includes everything from glass fish (about an inch long and almost completely transparent), at $1.95 a pair, to the perfectly round Amazon discus, a single one of which costs anywhere from $50 to $200.

To get on to the custom-built aquariums, I propose that we start with the most impressive of the lot—a tank three feet long, eighteen inches high, and ten inches wide, which is meant to be set into a wall, as it is in the Westchester establishment. In this installation, the back of the tank, together with the simple equipment attached to it—a small electric pump that creates air bubbles, a thermostat and heater, and a siphon apparatus that constantly filters the water—protrudes into a closet in an adjoining room. (As you can see, just any old wall won't do for this model, but the firm can put a satisfactory tank of the same type in practically any

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room.) The top, which has a fluorescent light in it, can be removed from the back side, for putting in food or whatever. The whole business costs about $200, installed, and includes, besides suitable aquatic plants, bits of coral, and the like, about four dozen fish—a school of small angels, red serpae, rasboras, midget catfish, and (a necessity in any self-respecting aquarium) a sucker catfish, who acts as scavenger and window washer, keeping the glass, and also the plants, free from the least smidge of the green algae that can make a fish tank such a depressing sight. The pump and filter aren't really essential, for in a well-balanced setup—with the proper sand, vegetation, lighting, and so on—the water never has to be changed anyway; the machinery is good insurance against a breakdown of the balance, though.

The Westchester company has installed a number of very large wall tanks, and I inspected one of them, in a White Plains house. It is a magnificent thing, running almost the entire length of a living-room wall. With its hundred or more rare fish and its brilliant glass walls (kept immaculate by a hard-working sucker catfish), it is as striking a piece of decoration as you could ask for. More modest aquariums, which are to be hung, like pictures, rather than set in the wall, are also on hand at the Westchester Aquarium. They have natural-color or dark-finished maple frames, removable illuminated tops, and half a dozen fish; the smallest of these tanks is ten and a half inches long, nine and a half high, and three and a half thick, and costs $15.95. Elaborate cabinet aquariums of black-finished or bleached woods, complete with filter, aerator, and the rest of it, not to mention a choice of seventeen of the more valuable fish, cost around $250. If you are clever enough to build your own aquarium, the Westchester concern will provide filter and aerator units, at from $15.95 up, thermostat-and-heater combinations, at from $3.40 to $19.25, and, of course, the fish.

—S. H.

## I'M NOT ROMANTIC

I do not wish to go to foreign places
  Where Chinese villagers with Chinese faces
Lift up their voices to condemn their elders,
  Give up the plow, and take to being welders.

I do not wish to visit Ind, whose daughters
  Bend down to drink the chlorinated waters;
Whose peaceful sons, united through the ages,
  Slaughter their kind in epidemic rages.

I do not wish to hear, in scented tropics,
  The young men chat on economic topics
With brown-skinned maidens whose voluptuous batik
  Conceals the trim and well-oiled automatic.

I do not even wish to go to Turkey,
  Where Progress is ubiquitous but jerky,
And unveiled ladies, clad in Paris fashions,
  Queue at the Civic Stores to draw their rations.

I do not wish to solve the ageless riddle
  Of the Far East, the Near East, or the Middle;
I do not wish to see the swaying camels
  Laden with Rustum's Durable Enamels,

Or know how wondrously the desert sky works
  Its ancient magic over Abdul's Dyeworks,
Or hear Chang Yen's incomparable speeches
  As Commissar for Bridges, Drains, and Beaches.

I do not wish to travel East of Suez.
  Give me the drab old lands where nothing new is,
The changeless cities lapped by the Atlantic,
  The immemorial West. I'm not romantic.

—R. P. Lister

# THE RACE TRACK

*Gray Runner*

SO much has already been said about last weekend's Santa Anita Handicap, which Intent won, only to have his number taken down and first money given to Miche, that I have almost nothing to add. There seems to have been no doubt whatever that Intent bumped Miche and crowded him. In fact, the stewards didn't wait for Miche's rider to complain before they went into action. They have been dealing out punishments with an unsparing hand since Alfred Vanderbilt prodded them not so long ago.

It's hard not to be sorry for Intent, who won Santa Anita's Maturity Stakes, and $112,750, last month. Still, it was lucky for him that in California they follow the French formula, by which the offender is merely placed behind the horse he fouled, instead of being knocked out of the money altogether, as he is under Jockey Club rules. Although the disqualification differed him, as we horseplayers put it, out of $84,100, he got second money, which was $20,000.

If you're collecting statistics, you may find it mildly interesting that Miche is the third gray to win the Santa Anita Handicap. The others were Talon and Olhaverry, and all three came from South America. Miche, now a seven-year-old, was foaled in the Argentine but never raced there. He was brought to California in 1948 and, so the story goes, sold to Mrs. John Payson Adams for $14,000. He has earned $204,685 in her colors, the old W. K. Vanderbilt silks—"white, black hoop on sleeves." He's a fast horse but not a sturdy one. (He won just once last season, in the Sysonby Mile at Belmont.) He has his own style of running, always beginning slowly and finishing like a gray streak. Curiously, he had never gone well on a muddy track till last Saturday—it had been misting out there—but he stepped the mile and a quarter in 2:01. (The only horse who ever ran the distance faster was Noor, the day he beat Citation.) Miche paid $55.40. I suppose you backed him.

AS if it weren't already hard enough to get a line on the three-year-olds in Florida, we had two winners in the


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Flamingo Stakes at Hialeah last weekend—Blue Man and Charlie McAdam. There were twenty-two entries, and room for no more than eighteen in the starting gates, so the management ran the race off in two sections, with eleven animals in each; a second purse of $50,000 was put up for the second section. The Flamingo would doubtless have been more exciting if it hadn't been split up; there's such a short run to the first turn that the chances are the track attendants would have been picking horses out of the hedges and the bougainvillaea the rest of the afternoon. Even so, it was far from dull. In the first division, Blue Man came through beautifully in the last quarter to win by more than three lengths. In the second division, Charlie McAdam had a gay little romp in front practically all the way. Both horses ran the mile and a furlong in exactly the same time—1:50—but if anyone cares, I prefer Blue Man. I've kept an eye on him ever since the afternoon at Jamaica last autumn when Jule Fink, a handicapper who is called, for reasons that escape me, the Speed Boys, predicted that Blue Man might be one of the top colts this year. I don't always agree with the Speed Boys, but this time he may have something. I'm afraid I can't be enthusiastic over Charlie McAdam. He's a game colt, but horses need size and substance as well as courage to keep on winning classics. By the way, Blue Man and Charlie McAdam have never met. I wonder if they will in the Florida Derby, a new race, at Gulfstream Park next Saturday.

WELL, there isn't time to go into the Louisiana Derby seriously, and that's probably all for the best. As you know, a horse named Gushing Oil carried off the big prize of the Fair Grounds meeting at New Orleans on Saturday. Oh Leo, who had won his five previous starts—in one of them he beat Hill Gail easily—finished last. The more I think of it, the less Oh Leo seems to me a top-class colt; his bloodlines are certainly those of a sprinter, and anyhow it's a large order to give your opposition twelve pounds, as he did, in a long race this early in the year. And it's a fine thing to be telling you all these things now. —AUDAX MINOR

•

One of Mr. McCarthy's representatives said he was running a 104-degree temperature and that Dr. Dwyer had given him 15,000 cubic centimeters of penicillin to combat the illness.—*Houston (Texas) Post.*

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NOT for a long time, possibly not since the French and Indian War, has this state, with a population of little more than half a million, or substantially less than that of my home county of Westchester, occupied so tactically important a position as it holds today, on the eve of its Presidential primaries—the nation's first, as everybody knows. The votes cast in New Hampshire on March 11th are likely—as the professional political analysts have been pointing out, with the usual qualifying barrage of howevers, buts, and maybes—to have quite an effect on the individual futures of Messrs. Eisenhower, Kefauver, MacArthur, Stassen, Taft, and Truman, not to mention on the whole course of history. One might think, from all the commotion about New Hampshire that has lately stirred outlying states like New York, that almost every registered New Hampshire voter would be looking upon himself as very much the man of the hour.

My wife and I have been spending several days here in East Rindge, in the town, or township, of Rindge, just above the Massachusetts line, visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harold H. Rice, whose roots in this area were planted generations ago. East Rindge is a small, pleasant, quiet, proud, and thrifty village, and, as such, probably typical of much of the state. Having been here a mere half-dozen times during the seven years of our marriage, and usually for only a day or two at a stretch, I don't know the place awfully well, but I feel a kinship with it, not only because my wife grew up here, but because my own maternal grandfather, who died three years ago at the age of eighty-nine, once went fishing in this region when he was nineteen. When I introduced him to my fiancée and told him where she came from, he was amazed. Nobody had ever mentioned Rindge to him since he had hooked a memorable trout there in the eighteen-seventies. He said that any girl who hailed from Rindge was good enough for me, if, indeed, not too good, and from that instant until his death he got on famously with my wife and with my in-laws.

As you drive out of Winchendon, Massachusetts, north toward Rindge on Route 202—the New Hampshire highways are banked high with snow at the moment, but the road surfaces are mostly clear, because New Englanders have a firm grasp of both the theory and the practice of snow removal—you pass a state-line marker made of granite (New Hampshire is, of course, the Granite State) and, near it, a billboard displaying a picture of a mountain. The accompanying legend reads, "Rindge—3rd Highest Incorporated Town in New Hampshire. Elevation 1400 feet. Entrance to the Monadnock Region." The mountain depicted, Mt. Monadnock, is the principal scenic drawing card hereabouts, and is visible from most parts of the three villages into which the town of Rindge is divided—Rindge Center, West Rindge, and East Rindge. These villages, roughly equal in size, contain, all told, slightly over seven hundred year-round inhabitants. During the summer, the population is augmented by two thousand visitors, but nobody around Rindge counts summer people in the population. A lot of these visitors come up from Boston and its environs, some sixty miles distant. Last week, the Boston *Herald*, which is conducting a "Know New England" contest, in which it invites its readers to unscramble the scrambled names of various New England communities, ran, as No. 40 in its series, "Denrig." Among the clues furnished to help solve this anagram was the sentence "This beautiful Monadnock Region village has become a popular town for summer homes." That is strictly the Boston point of view.

There is not much about Rindge to distinguish it from other New England towns, but it does boast, according to my mother-in-law, the only slippery elm in New Hampshire. She drove me past it the other day, and it certainly is a handsome, stately tree. The focal point of Rindge is its two-story Town Meeting House, located in the Center. The building was put up in 1796 and has been used since not only for town meetings, Presidential-

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primary balloting, and other solemn secular occasions, on its ground floor, but for church services upstairs. Its second-story ceiling fell a few weeks ago, but fortunately no one was inside. From the outside, the old white clapboard meeting house, with its green shutters and towering steeple, is a hardy and seemingly indestructible member of its particular species, though obviously it is far from being unique in this section of the country. My father-in-law is, among other things, a skilled carpenter, and he expects to help repair the ceiling soon. A few hundred yards away is a spanking-new red-brick grade school, Colonial in design and spacious in sweep, which was erected just last year. Its cost—a bit more than a hundred thousand dollars—was defrayed in part by the "sale" of individual bricks, at five dollars a brick, to well-wishers in and out of the area. My wife bought one when the fund-raising drive was on, and after wandering through the school and marvelling at the facilities it offers, when one considers the size of the town, I wish I, too, could claim to have had a hand in its coming into being.

RINDGE is run, at the local level, by three triumvirates—the Board of Selectmen, the School Board, and the Library Board. One term of office in each group expires every year, and the vacancies are traditionally filled during Town Meeting (which elects a selectman and a library man) and School Meeting. Both meetings are being held this year concurrently with the primaries. My father-in-law has been prominently mentioned as a candidate for selectman this time. If he decides to run, he doesn't have to be nominated by anybody. All he has to do is file his name with the Town Clerk by March 1st. But so far he hasn't committed himself. He ran once, several years ago, and was defeated, and that experience has naturally made him want to mull the matter over carefully. What may ultimately convince him that he ought to run is that if he doesn't, the town will probably end up with two selectmen from Rindge Center, one from West Rindge, and none from East Rindge. He has strong feelings about the rightness and wrongness of things, and such a distribution seems to him improper and unfair. Another subject he feels very strongly about is self-sufficiency. He is not only an accomplished carpenter but a first-rate mechanic, electrician, and plumber. I am always embarrassed in his company by an awareness of my own manual inadequacy. One of the most severe judg-

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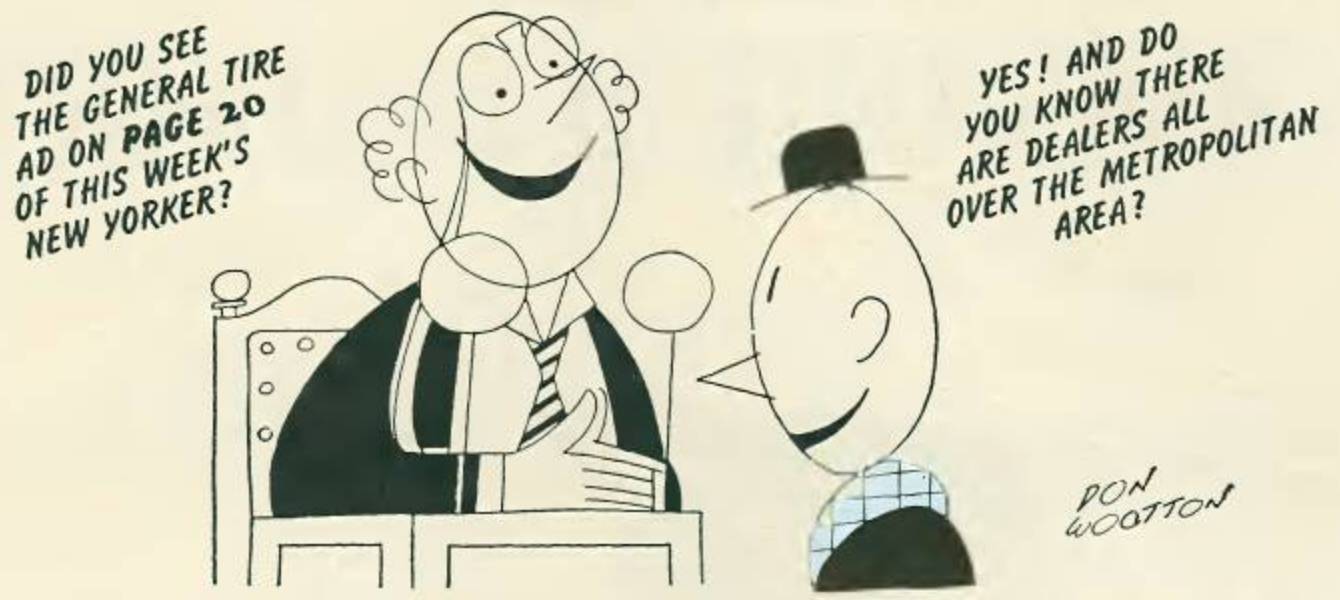
ments I have ever heard Mr. Rice pass on anybody was "He thinks the world owes him a living." My father-in-law thinks nobody ought to consider himself owed anything but a chance to make a living for and by himself.

At the start of each year's Town Meeting, one resident of the community is elected Moderator, or chairman, for its duration, and Mr. Rice has served in this parliamentary capacity on several occasions. Once, he anticipated some trouble from a newcomer to the town—a fellow who had been living here only a few years and therefore had not yet been fully accepted as a member of the community. This outlander told my father-in-law as the meeting was getting started that a decision the townsfolk had made on some matter earlier was technically illegal, and that he meant to protest it and, what was more, had imported a lawyer, who was with him and was prepared to back him up with appropriate learned citations. "Custom rules here," my father-in-law replied. As the meeting progressed, the Moderator kept his prospective heckler fixed with a look so stern and commanding—a look that my wife recalls from her childhood as mighty compelling—that neither he nor the lawyer let out so much as a peep. Custom ruled.

My parents-in-law, like the majority of the enrolled voters of Rindge, are Republicans. (A few years back, Mrs. Rice was chivied by some of her neighbors into assuming the chairmanship of the Women's Republican Committee of the town, but she has since passed along this responsibility.) There are four hundred and eighteen registered voters in the town. Only twenty-one are self-admitted Democrats, but it is generally conceded that party preferences are not really quite as disproportionate as that, and in any election the Democratic ticket is apt to get as much as twenty-five per cent of the Rindge vote. I haven't the slightest notion for whom the Rices are planning to vote on March 11th. It would be presumptuous of me to inquire; one does not ask that sort of question of a resident of Rindge. It would be unlike them to volunteer the information; residents of Rindge do not often discuss personal matters such as religion and politics with outsiders, related or not. (Senator Taft is a remote relative of my father-in-law, but when it comes to affairs of state Mr. Rice declines to take such matters into consideration.) Anyway, I have a hunch the Rices have not yet made up their minds. Some persuasive argument could readily turn up be-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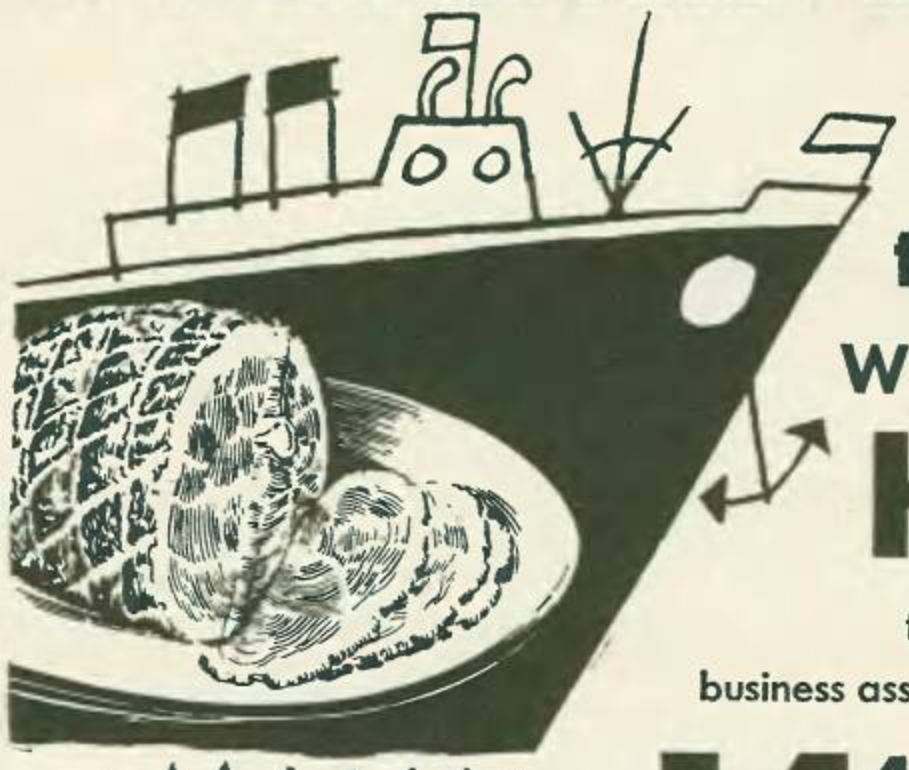

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tween now and the eleventh. Rindge people are never in much of a hurry. Sometimes, to be sure, they are a trifle behind on the news, but in the long run what difference does it make? Yesterday's paper is just as fresh as today's if you have seen neither. My mother-in-law has been hooking a rug for three years. She has no idea when she will finish it, and in her view the only thing that matters is that, sooner or later, she *will* finish it.

WHATEVER the forty-seven other states may be thinking about the significance of the New Hampshire voter, there seems to be little sense of destiny in Rindge. The town has seen a lot of primaries come and go. Perhaps the politicians—even the out-of-state ones—appreciate this reserved attitude. At any rate, no sound trucks have yet scattered the children and dogs playing in the roads. No billboards, posters, or placards have risen to arrest the eye. No candidate has yet come to Rindge, although Senator Kefauver did stop briefly in Jaffrey, a neighboring town, during his recent fling around the state. The Rices have received a smattering of campaign literature through the mails, but Mrs. Rice, who is an exceedingly tidy woman, had thrown most of it out before we arrived. What she had left included a form letter from the governor of New Hampshire, an Eisenhower booster, saying "Eisenhower is the only Republican likely to win the Presidential election in November!" and a reprint from the *Congressional Record* of a magazine article entitled "Could Eisenhower Win?" sent out—the question was answered negatively—by a Taft committee. The article had been inserted in the *Record*, I noted with interest, by my own Congressman, Ralph W. Gwinn. What a small world!

Mr. Rice said that if I really wanted to get the political lowdown, I should talk to two of the townsfolk who had come right out and identified themselves with a candidate, and, accordingly, he took me around to see Cousin Amy Belle Rice (she is married to a first cousin of his) and Harry Sherwin, who represents Rindge in the state legislature, up at Concord. Both Cousin Amy Belle and Mr. Sherwin are in their seventies, and both show the airy disdain for old age that is characteristic of many of the elderly people of Rindge. Cousin Amy Belle, the principal Taft advocate in town, is an enthusiastic member of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Mr. Sherwin, an

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Eisenhower man, is secretary of the New Hampshire Society of the Sons of the American Revolution. Cousin Amy Belle collects antiques. For two years, she has not lit a fire in her living-room fireplace, regardless of the weather, because some birds have been nesting in the chimney. She is a rather unbending Right Winger. She told me that it is too bad I normally have to make do with the New York newspapers, which she considers a dubious lot, and she urged me to read an odd little publication she subscribes to eagerly. It is put out by an ultraconservative businessman in Connecticut, and in the copy she pressed on me I noticed, among other things, that the New York *Times* was described as "leftist." Cousin Amy Belle would not hazard a guess as to who would carry Rindge, but she drew my attention to a book in which it was stated that the date August 23, 1953, is inscribed on one of the pyramids of Gizeh, an archeological enigma that fascinates her. She is inclined to believe this must mean that a new era of prosperity is to begin about then, and she interprets this, in turn, to mean that Senator Taft will by then be President.

Harry Sherwin, being a big-time politician, proved to be somewhat more outspoken. He thinks that Eisenhower will carry Rindge, and that the support of many towns like Rindge will swing the state for him. Mr. Sherwin told me that Rindge, at his bidding, had contributed thirty-nine signatures to one of the Eisenhower petitions that had to be filed to get the General's name on the primary ballot. That was the only petition circulated in Rindge. But even Mr. Sherwin didn't really want to discuss national politics. He and my father-in-law quickly got to talking about the town, and about the possibility of Mr. Rice's running for selectman. Mr.

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Sherwin remarked, more or less in that connection, that he himself or a direct male ancestor of his has held some kind of public office for ninety-two years running, and that reflection got him onto the subject of Rindge history in general. Through an oversight, he said, he and Mr. Rice and everybody else had slipped up in 1949 and neglected to observe the two-hundredth anniversary of some important milestone or other—they were too elliptical for me—in the town's venerable history. He thought they ought to make up for this omission by having a celebration of another two-hundredth milestone, which will be coming along this summer—the anniversary of the settlement of Rindge by its first five permanent inhabitants. Mr. Sherwin said he might prepare a modest pamphlet for that occasion, bringing the town's written history up to date, and my father-in-law approved of the idea. Mr. Sherwin then casually observed that, of course, Mr. Rice was a direct descendant of the first of those five earliest settlers of Rindge, and my father-in-law nodded and said yes, to be sure he was. Later, when I asked Mr. Rice about this settler, he said it was a long time since he'd given him much thought. Then he dug up a copy of the history and, handing it to me, said he guessed it would tell me pretty nearly all there was to know about the man.

In view of my special interest, I found the book good reading. A fat volume, entitled "History of the Town of Rindge," it covered the period from 1736 to 1874, during which time, according to its author, "a forest has been leveled, and the green grasses and fruitful products of a virgin soil have sprung up in a most captivating luxuriance." Rindge, I learned, was not known by its present name until 1768, when it was incorporated. Before that, it was called Monadnock No. 1, and before *that*, Rowley Canada. In the beginning, the land it encompasses was part of the Colony of Massachusetts, and the governor of the Colony gave it to some men of Rowley, Massachusetts, as a reward for having engaged in an abortive military campaign that Massachusetts waged against Canada toward the end of the seventeenth century. There was an ensign in the Rowley Foot of 1689 named Abel Platts, and it was his grandson and namesake who became the first permanent settler of the town—the man from whom my father-in-law is descended. The younger Abel migrated to what was to be Rindge in 1742, was obliged to pull out when some warlike Frenchmen and Indians came his

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way, and returned for good in 1752.

My mother-in-law was fairly patient while I was conducting my researches, but afterward she confessed to being a trifle put out that I was concentrating on her husband's side of the family and ignoring hers. She didn't happen to have any Rindge settlers in her family tree, she said, though that by no means disqualified her for membership in the D.A.R., but she did have a number of fine live relatives in the vicinity, and why didn't I have a talk with them about genealogy or politics or any other topic I chose? There was Seth Cleaves, for instance, her mother's first cousin, who works up at the Woodbound Inn, a winter-sports place in West Rindge. Cousin Seth is over seventy, but he still tends the gasoline motor at the summit of the inn's longest and steepest ski tow. I made contact with him the following morning (luckily, he was on low ground, shovelling a two-foot blanket of snow off a skating rink), and sought to draw him out on politics. "We don't talk much about politics here," he told me, in gentle reproof, and that was all he would say on the subject. Cousin Seth and I had an amiable chat about the weather and ski conditions, both of which were ideal. Then, Mrs. Rice said, there was her Uncle George Duncan, over in Jaffrey, who is in his eighties but still runs a drugstore, and, what's more, is a Democrat. She and I stopped in at the drugstore, but he was out to lunch. So we went to have a bite ourselves, at the West Rindge Sandwich Shop. I was anxious to visit the spot, because my wife had told me that it is one of the key social centers of West Rindge and I thought I'd surely find some political activity there. But the main point of contention appeared to be which chowder, the fish or the clam, was better that day, and even that argument was hard to resolve, for I sampled both and both were delicious. Indeed, no one touched on politics at all until, just as we were departing, Mrs. Swift, the proprietress, called my mother-in-law aside and urged her, as Mrs. Rice subsequently told me, to make my father-in-law run for selectman. By then, I had learned enough about New Hampshire politics to recognize the significance of an endorsement of an East Rindge man by a person of consequence in West Rindge. Mr. Rice's prospects, I figured, were dandy.

MY wife and I have to leave here in an hour or two, and I am sorry to be going. One reason I'd like to stick


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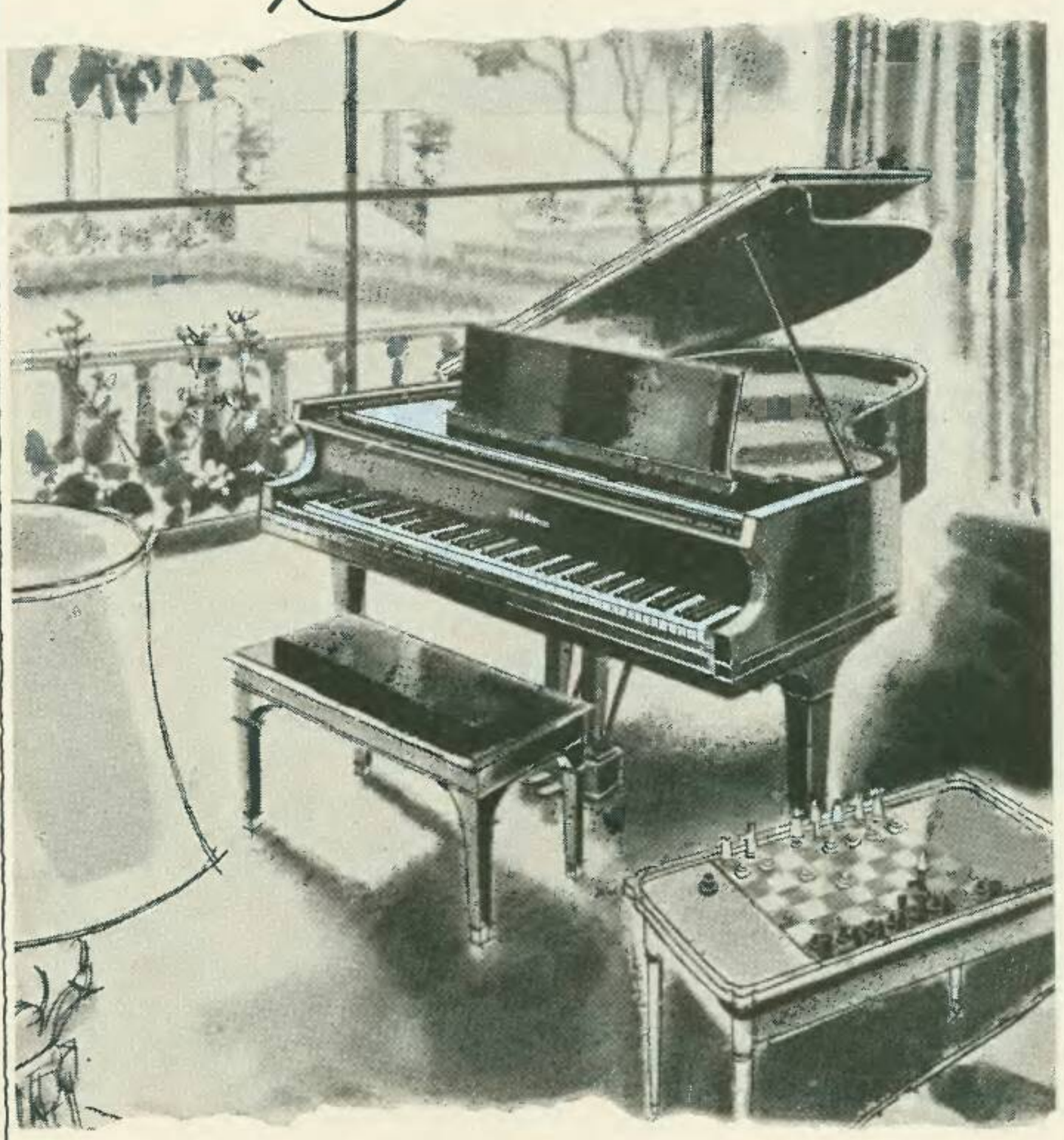

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around is that tonight the Rindge Taxpayers Association is having a nonpartisan political rally at the Town Meeting House, at which spokesmen for the various candidates—the Presidential candidates, that is—are going to say their pieces. Harry Sherwin will be there, and Cousin Amy Belle, and my parents-in-law, too. I am especially unhappy about having to miss the meeting because, along with an individual spokesman for each Republican contender, the principals are to include Uncle George Duncan, who is coming over from Jaffrey to plead the Democratic cause. It has been announced that he is going to talk on behalf of both President Truman and Senator Kefauver. In any other environment, that might be regarded as a formidable task, but I'll bet that if anybody can carry it off, my mother-in-law's Uncle George, for all his eighty-odd years, is the man.

—E. J. Kahn, Jr.

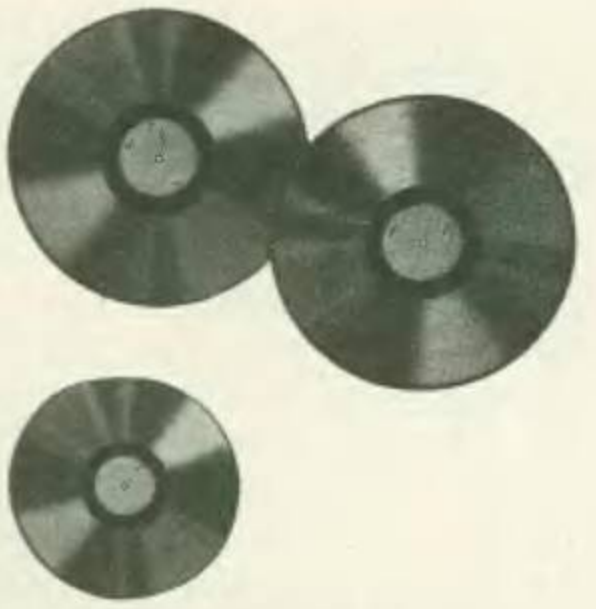
•

A child's sense of humor is not so mysterious as many parents think. Martha Wolfenstein, a psychologist of the Jewish Board of Guardians in New York, studied 80 children between the ages of 5 and 12 and found that the sense of humor develops in a perfectly orderly fashion, with different types of jokes favored at different age levels.

Children under six have no ready-made jokes; they make up their own as a form of play. At six they start learning riddles, such as "Why do firemen wear red suspenders?" As they grow older they start telling more anecdotes and fewer riddles; by the age of 11 only a third of their jokes are riddles. Up to 10, girls tell more jokes than boys; after 10 it is the other way around.

Miss Wolfenstein believes that the great popularity of riddles between the ages of 6 and 10 is an expression of repressed sexual curiosity. As an example she takes one of the popular "moron"" riddles: "Why did the moron tiptoe past the medicine cabinet? Because he didn't want to wake the sleeping pills." She comments: "The tiptoeing and reference to sleeping suggest that this has something to do with nocturnal investigations. The children give us a clue by their associations. They say: 'Sleeping pills put you to sleep, they don't sleep themselves.' The same thing could be said about parents at night. Thus there is here what we might call a latent riddle: 'Why are the parents at night like sleeping pills?' The moron in the joke is a fool because he doesn't know that they put you to sleep but don't sleep themselves. But is he such a fool? Why is he tiptoeing? Perhaps he knows after all that they don't sleep and is tiptoeing around to find out what really happens. The moron represents the child both in not knowing something and also, insofar as he does know something, playing dumb."—*Scientific American.*

Well, there's *one* sure thing—a psychologist never sleeps.



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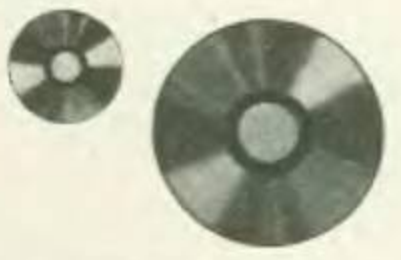

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# MUSICAL EVENTS

## *Nothing Gained*

TWO new symphonies, one by an American and the other by an Englishman, were given diligent but uneventful performances at Carnegie Hall one night last week by the National Orchestral Association, under Leon Barzin's direction. Despite the commonplace renditions and the depressing effect of an absurdly small audience scattered around the auditorium, it was possible to get a fair notion of the quality of the music—Symphony No. 2, by Elie Siegmeister, the American, and Symphony No. 4, by Richard Arnell, the Englishman. I don't recall ever having heard anything by Arnell before, and Siegmeister was associated in my mind only with a few slack compositions based on American folk themes.

Arnell's piece didn't quite come off, but it impressed me as having a tightness of construction that reflects a firm grasp of the symphonic form. It is a proud work, seeming in its first and last movements to be making some sort of grave and courageous proclamation, and in its slow middle section—where a modest waltz melody is hesitantly set forth and then blurred—to be dwelling on more genial matters. It is, on the whole, a well-orchestrated composition, but it is wanting in some inner vitality that might have made it compelling.

Siegmeister's symphony—with no folk references apparent, by the way—sprawls all over the place. Several halfway decent tunes, vaguely pastoral in character, drift along in its first, third, and fourth movements, but the thematic material is clumsily exploited. The second movement, entering the symphony like a stray thought, is a short, choppy rhythmic section that could conceivably furnish a suitable background for a documentary film called "A Trip Through Chinatown." Aside from its lack of earnestness, there is a synthetic air about the music that bothered me. It is a quality I can best describe as a conscious shying away from sentimental urgings, and it results in a kind of anxious lyricism. Melodies take big, sudden leaps to unexpected places along the scale, creating an uneasy mood. This sort of thing is a hallmark of Aaron


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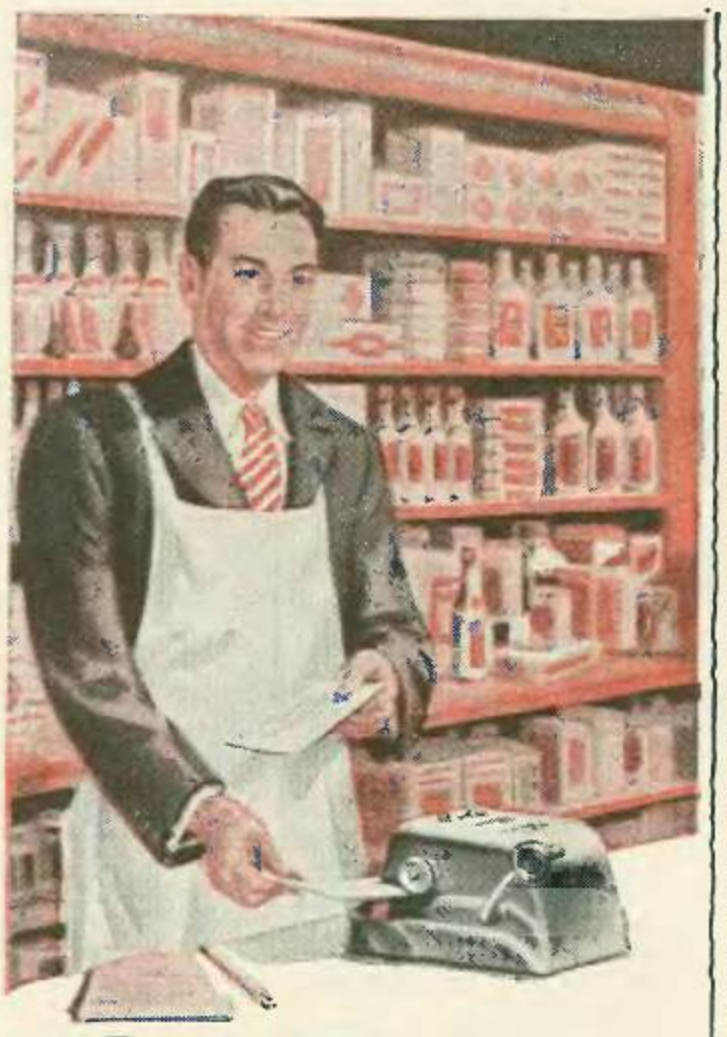
Copland's writing, and while Siegmeister has absorbed the technique, and used it with some cunning, the work hasn't the resourcefulness and conviction of Copland's better scores. The symphony is intermittently ingratiating, but it isn't of much moment.

Glazunov's Violin Concerto in A Minor was slipped in between the symphonies, and it would be pleasant to be able to report that the performance of this display piece gave the evening a dash of virtuosity, but the soloist, Jacques Margolies, was so hard pressed by the score that it merely added to the trying quality of the occasion.

HAVING thoroughly enjoyed "Illuminations," a work that the British choreographer Frederick Ashton designed for the New York City Ballet a couple of years back, I looked forward to his second effort for the company, "Picnic at Tintagel," which was presented last week at the City Center. It is a chic retelling of the Tristram and Iseult legend, but I came away with little more than the impertinent thought that in the right composer's hands—Wagner's, say—it would make a fine opera. Fitting the action and the period of the ballet fairly strictly to the humid measures of "The Garden of Fand," a score composed in 1916 by Sir Arnold Bax, Ashton has a party of sightseers visiting the ruins of the Cornish Castle of Tintagel in that year and becoming mysteriously identified with the characters in the tragic love story that is supposed to have taken place there. The party conveniently includes a husband and wife, who become King Mark and Iseult in a dream sequence; the wife's lover, who becomes Tristram; her maid, who becomes Brangaene; and several other dual personalities, among them a tweedy caretaker who is also a sorcerer from way back—Merlin. All these folk, wearing wonderfully sporty-looking Edwardian motoring costumes—the women in dusters and big hats, and the men in greatcoats—saunter on and prepare for their picnic. The caretaker spikes their wine, and when the wife and her admirer—a rather alarming lad who can scarcely contain his feelings for her, even with all those people around—have drunk a toast to each other, the entire scene changes, the 1916 background rising out of sight and its place taken by a new one that, together with some adroit changes of costume, puts us back in King Mark's court, watching Tristram and Iseult going through their familiar roman-

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tic paces. This transition, accompanied by an orchestral flourish, was the most stimulating part of the show, I thought.

In no time at all, King Mark is apprised of what is going on, yanks out his sword, and engages Tristram in a duel. Iseult tries to intervene, but Mark does her in and then polishes off Tristram. With that, the scene returns to 1916, and the tourists, all somewhat shaken, go on their way, presumably to a less disturbing set of ruins. The meddlesome caretaker, alone now, picks the two duelling swords up off the stage and stands brandishing them as the curtain descends.

My main complaint about this ballet—which has, after all, a novel approach—is that life must have been pretty dull back in King Mark's time. Tristram and Iseult apparently just played around when they thought nobody was looking, and Sir Arnold's music did nothing to distinguish the affair from countless less celebrated ones. During the love duet, the score slid into a vaporous section that reminded me of a second-rate symphonic blues number, agreeable but not in the least sensuous or meaningful. There was even a blue-sounding clarinet doodling around. Come to think of it, 1916 was a bit early for that musical idiom; maybe Sir Arnold was ahead of his time. I'll leave it at that, except to remark that Diana Adams was a lovely-looking Iseult and that Cecil Beaton's costumes and décor seemed to me to be superior examples of theatrical design.

—Douglas Watt

•

### MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK
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[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Baltimore News-Post*]

Brantford, Ontario—(AP). Mrs. Herman Smith, forty-three, was mauled by a 250-pound lioness in a downtown office Saturday. Doctors spent nearly three hours putting 70 stitches into leg wounds. Her condition Monday was described as "satisfactory."

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Freddie Lewisohn bought a $9,500 car from Ernesto Palermo of the Harvey Turnure stables. The car is equipped with two telephones, one in front and one in back of the car, so that when you call, the chauffeur says, "Who is calling? I'll see if Mr. Lewisohn is in."—*Cholly Knickerbocker in the Journal-American.*

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# BOOKS

## *The Art of War*

T. HARRY WILLIAMS' "Lincoln and His Generals" (Knopf) is a curious and occasionally amusing book that sets out to examine Lincoln's merits as a war leader but that is perhaps more successful as a summary of the intra-command feuds and intrigues into which his generals plunged with such enthusiasm. The historical basis of the book is as odd as the human behavior it describes, since it is an attempt to evaluate Lincoln from what the author calls "the perspective" of modern war. It seems axiomatic that the conduct of a historical figure can be judged only in relation to the conditions of his time. What makes nonsense of Shaw's Julius Caesar is that he is no Roman but a late-nineteenth-century liberal overflowing with concepts that he could not have derived from anything but a wide reading of post-Renaissance humanitarian and rationalist literature. He could not have had the ideas about power and the use of it that Shaw puts into his mouth unless he had read the posthumous accounts of his own life by Suetonius and Plutarch and had compared them with the best biographies of such persons as Cromwell, Frederick the Great, and Napoleon.

Shaw's Caesar is a dictator judged, to borrow Mr. Williams' phrase and twist it a little, from the perspective of a modern political problem of leadership. Because the problem was not Caesar's but that of the educated minority political party to which Shaw belonged, the play creates a brand-new character; successful though it is on its own level as a *coup de théâtre*, it has nothing to do with history. Lincoln is so much closer to us in time that it seems legitimate to think of him as a modern politician and to judge him in terms of existing political and state mechanisms. But his main problems as a leader of the first modern war are as historically remote from those that confront a modern war leader as are Julius Caesar's. Lincoln's war machine was improvised from what amounted to scratch in almost exactly the same way that Caesar raised his forces for his war against Pompey the Great. The governmental use of statistics, which is the basis of modern war leadership, had barely begun. Had Lincoln been using today's practices and techniques, he would have had the key to the war on his desk in the form of a memorandum about manpower just as soon as it was clear what states were aligned against him. It would have told him that the Confederacy had a million males of the right age for military service and that the corresponding group he could draw on numbered four million. Another memorandum would have summarized for him the technical resources of the opposed powers, and within the hour he and his Cabinet would have been able to discuss with the Chiefs of Staff the military situation and to make plans for organizing the superiority of men and material to crush the South. If Lincoln had been presented with statistical and geopolitical analyses of the situation at the beginning of the war, it is likely that a clear-cut plan for its conduct would have appeared at once. It is almost impossible now to see any better solution to the strategic problem than the one, hallowed by success, into which he and the Union command drifted in the course of the war. The solution was certainly not arrived at by the thinking processes of such a war leader as Churchill or the composite brain power of a modern General Staff, if for no other reason than that such thinking embodies the experience of the Civil War. If Lincoln had been a Churchillian thinker, he would have conceived of employing a force to hold the main Confederate force just about where it was held for the duration of the war, between the alluring bait of Washington and the necessity of protecting Richmond for political prestige, while other Union armies overran and disrupted the economy of the area that fed and supplied it. What happened has in summary a simplicity and boldness of outline that tempts one into supposing there was a lucid inspiration and a master plan behind it. The drive down the Mississippi split the Confederacy in two, the drive on the line Nashville-Atlanta-Savannah split it into three, and as none of the three parts could sustain an army by itself the war came to an end. The further the War Between the States recedes the easier it is to see it in those terms.

The German Army's official observers of the campaigns could see none of this. They reported back at the end of the war in terms that led their newly formed Staff to adopt as a principle the doctrine that nothing of military importance can be learned from civil

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wars, and to form an estimate of American military competence that made them, perhaps fortunately, enormously underrate the American Army in both World Wars. The French Staff came to similar conclusions, and much of Pershing's trouble in getting his troops into the line under their own general officers in 1918 was due to deep suspicions of American command capabilities formed at Manassas and Cold Harbor and confirmed in Cuba. The British had no General Staff to take an official view of anything until after the Boer War, and by that time the crystallizing processes of history were giving the events of the Civil War a much sharper outline. The dominating problem before British military thinkers in the years after 1865 was that of a small regular army, backed by a small reserve of manpower, facing the conscription-fed mass armies of the great European powers. The problem was analogous to the one that faced the South, and the British became fascinated by the Confederacy's use of its numerically inferior forces, conceiving immense respect for Lee and something like idolatry for Stonewall Jackson. But when the British General Staff came into existence the military conception of the Empire came with it, and military writers began to seek a hero to worship who had from a central position organized an immense, widely distributed potential power as the British War Office would have to integrate the forces of the Empire. The view of the Union's military history then was that Lincoln and Stanton had muddled and confused their generals while keeping tight control of the Federal armies, but that when Grant came along and they resigned their powers to him, he gave the war a strong central direction and a coherent strategy. For a time Grant served as the hero. But on the Somme and at Arras, British military intellectuals and many others acquired a great distaste for the conception of attrition that seemed to play so important a part in Grant's thinking. As there was no alternative general to be credited with the bolder and more attractive aspects of the Federal strategy, the martial laurels were transferred to Lincoln's brow.

The newer, larger Lincoln described by Mr. Williams first saw light in an essay written in 1926 by Colin R. Ballard, a British brigadier general. It rejected the old picture of the President as a battlefield politician who had harassed and impeded his commanders with his meddling, and established him as a first-class strategist and even tacti-

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cian who had again and again saved the army from itself. It rescued him, in fact, from the actual confusions and fumbles of the Civil War and set him up as a clearheaded central director who kept in mind through thick and thin a realistic strategic master plan—just the sort of man who would be needed to make the military effort of the Empire coherent and effective in World War II. Now that the United States has taken the place of the Empire in world affairs, it will be faced, in case of war, with the same need for a central genius to coördinate its global effort, and now Ballard's Lincoln turns up, once again, in Mr. Williams' book as an embodiment of the new necessity. Such is the process of creative evolution that makes history.

Mr. Williams, though he follows Ballard closely in his main arguments, comes to a different set of conclusions. He suggests that Lincoln divined that he was in a total war, and that he knew that he was directing a conflict not between armies but between societies. This hoists him free and clear of his age and times, and credits him with the sort of knowledge of posthumous developments that Shaw gives to Caesar. The truth seems to be that Lincoln was modern in the sense that while his generals thought the war could be won by maneuvering in and out of positions of strategic or prestige importance with a minimum of fighting, in the manner of Marlborough and Frederick the Great, he himself thought, in the manner of Napoleon and Moltke, that it could be brought to a conclusion only by the destruction of the enemy fighting forces in battle. Mr. Williams produces no evidence that Lincoln saw the blockade, and the diffused operations all round the perimeter and in the back areas of the Confederacy, as the deadly moves against its economy that history proved them to be. He must have seen them as they were presented to him, in the only military language then spoken, as moves to cripple the Confederate armies in the field by depriving them of supplies, preventing their concentration, and inhibiting their freedom of movement. His genius was complete in its own time, just as Caesar's was. Caesar fought from the Nile Delta to the English Channel, over almost all the ground that was fought over by the Western Allies in the late war. It in no way diminishes his genius to say that he never thought of Europe as Europe, or even of the Mediterranean basin as a field for unified strategy. It in no way diminishes Lincoln's to say that he was of his time and a master

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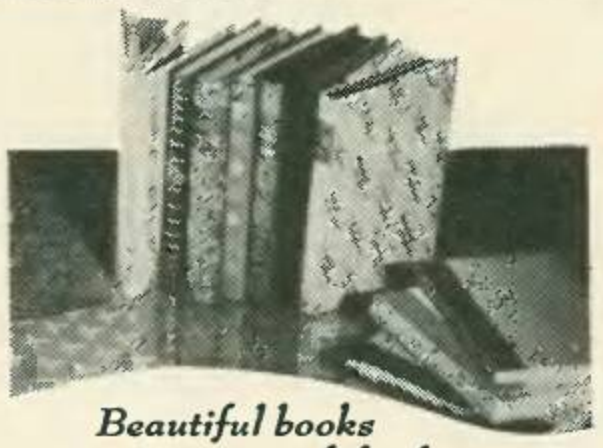

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of its problems and necessities; his greatness can be made to seem less than it was only by judging him in the light of needs and pressures that never weighed on him. —Anthony West

## BRIEFLY NOTED

### FICTION

The Eye of the Kite, by Fleming MacLiesh (Random House). An arrogant youngish millionaire, Koenig, takes a small group of people on a plane flight across the country, having first led them on a wild round of New York bars and night clubs. Some of the members of this group are rich and well known, and some are relatively poor, with an aggressive independence that is mostly envy at the sight of the money and power they haven't got. Mr. MacLiesh does very well at depicting the tension and rage of this atmosphere, and his account of the race from one bar to the next is properly feverish and disconnected. He knows about the people he is dealing with, but he is a little more heavyhearted about them than he need be, and for this reason indulges too often in strenuously labored passages of lament and contempt.

Naked to Mine Enemies, by Susan Yorke (Harcourt, Brace). A glossy, glum, quite sexless story about three women who love one man. The man, Peter Frame, is described by each woman in turn, speaking in the first person. The women are his sister, Elizabeth; his mistress, Molly; and his wife, Gwen. The main trouble with the book is that in spite of all the talking and analyzing, Peter remains shadowy and dreamlike. Most of the action takes place in Buenos Aires.

The Crippled Muse, by Hugh Wheeler (Rinehart). An inconsequential but entertaining little tale of Capri, built around a mysterious American poetess, Merape Sloane, who has been in retirement on the island for about forty years. Things start happening when Horace Beddoes, a young American scholar, arrives to collect material for a life of Miss Sloane. He gets his material, uncovers an old mystery, and is involved in two murders before his visit is at an end.

Number Nine, or The Mind Sweepers, by A. P. Herbert (Doubleday). A titled young Englishman, Anthony Anchor, returns from the Navy on leave and finds that his family home,


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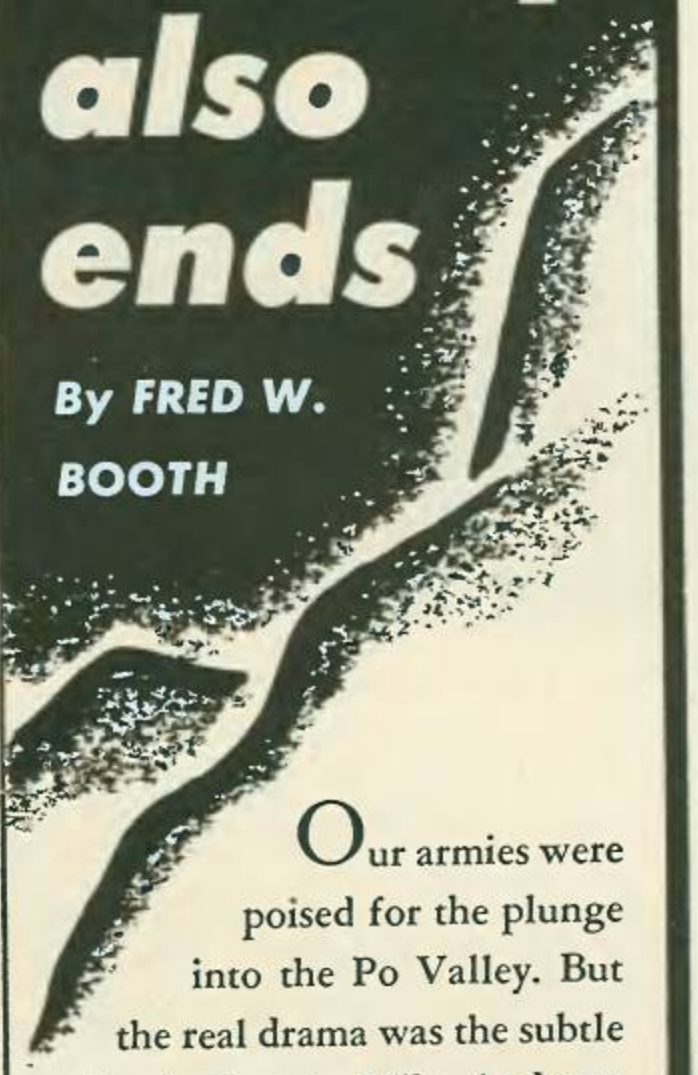

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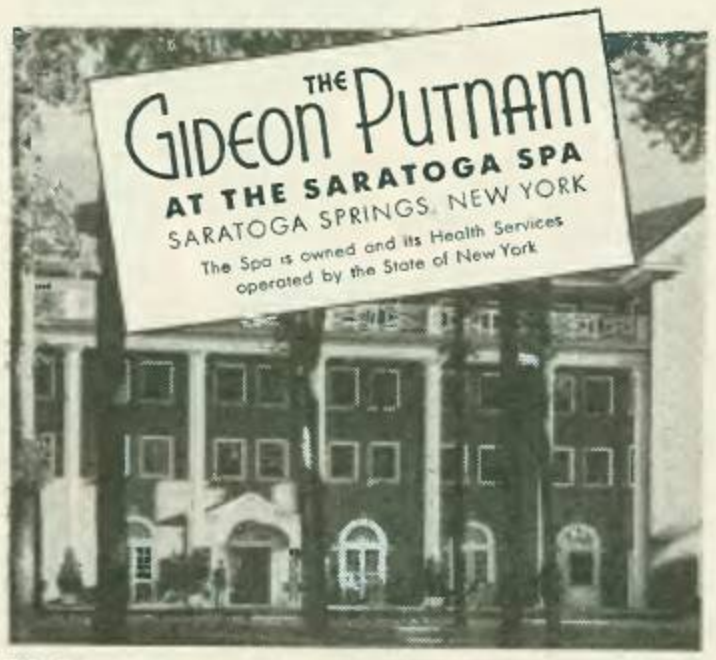


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**MORROW**


Hambone Hall, has been requisitioned by the government and is being used as a testing center for prospective civil servants. Anthony goes to Hambone Hall under an assumed name and succeeds in creating chaos all over the place. This book, which is meant to be funny, is really not funny.

SON OF A TINKER, by Maurice Walsh (Lippincott). Nine garrulous, lighthearted stories, most of them about Irish people in Ireland. Mr. Walsh, a tears-and-smiles writer, is at his best in the first story, about a tough young tinker who wins his way to love and fortune.

## GENERAL

THE LONG LONELINESS, by Dorothy Day (Harper). The highly unusual autobiography of a woman who has spent most of her life in hot water. While still a student at the University of Illinois, Dorothy Day became a militant member of the Socialist Party, and she later joined various I.W.W. and Communist movements, always impelled by a hatred of injustice and a sympathy for the poor. Not surprisingly, she got some pretty rough handling, even to the point of being arrested in Chicago and charged with prostitution. In the nineteen-twenties, she became a Catholic and finally discovered her perfect métier in the Catholic Worker movement, which she founded, along with Peter Maurin, a sort of Saint Francis of the bread lines, who died a few years ago. The book is emotionally written, but it has wit, humility, and humanity, and is a good cut above the run of inspirational literature.

THE LETTERS OF PRIVATE WHEELER, edited by Captain B. H. Liddell Hart (Houghton Mifflin). A collection of letters written by a soldier who served twenty years with the Fifty-first Regiment of the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry and fought under Wellington in the Peninsular War and at Waterloo. He wrote home constantly, in a lively colloquial style, and many of his letters were scrawled right on the scenes they described. (The first one after Waterloo was written before the battle had been named; "The three days fight is over" is the way he phrased it.) Wheeler was not an educated man but he was a born writer, and his talent for description and character-drawing, and his eye for odd and funny incident, give his letters the tang of life. They make


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a stirring picture of the British foot soldier in the clamorous time of the Napoleonic Wars, and show in dozens of ways that the troops were made of braver and more honorable stuff than Wellington thought when he called them "the mere scum of the earth."

BROWN MEN AND RED SAND, by Charles P. Mountford (Frederick A. Praeger). An informative and moderately spirited narrative for anyone interested in travel, exploration, ethnology, legend, and human behavior in lands still inhabited by aborigines. The aborigines in this case are those of the Central Desert of Australia, a people whose myth of creation is unique and who have no concept of a future life, who count any number of animals, particularly snakes, among their ancestors, and whose gods are rather dull. On the other hand, they have a remarkably keen sense of justice and their ethics are most commendable. Mr. Mountford, despite his scientific objectivity, seems quite fond of these people; they are kindly and decent, he says, and he is disturbed by all the loose talk among other travellers about their cannibalism.

TENTS AND TOWERS OF ARABIA, by Robert Shaffer (Dodd, Mead). The author spent several years during the war as a member of a State Department mission in the Middle East, notably in Saudi Arabia, where he made his headquarters in the Red Sea port of Jidda. He explored as much of the country as an infidel could, visiting the desert court of the ruler we call Ibn Saud (there is no such person, Mr. Shaffer says; his name is Abdul Aziz Ibn Abdur-Rahman Al Faisal Al Saud, and his subjects call him Abdul Aziz), and making a hazardous trip across the Arabian Desert, which brought him into intimate association with the Bedouins. A long section of the book deals with the annual pilgrimage to Mecca; this couldn't have been written at first hand, of course, but it is rich in detail and very interesting.

ALL I COULD NEVER BE, by Beverley Nichols (Dutton). Mr. Nichols' second experiment in autobiography, a sequel to "Twenty-Five." The story is told in episodes—now he's on the Riviera with Maxine Elliott and Lady Mendl, now he's in Bucharest having a heart-to-heart talk with Queen Marie, now he's in New York editing a magazine, now he's in London throwing a wild party for the

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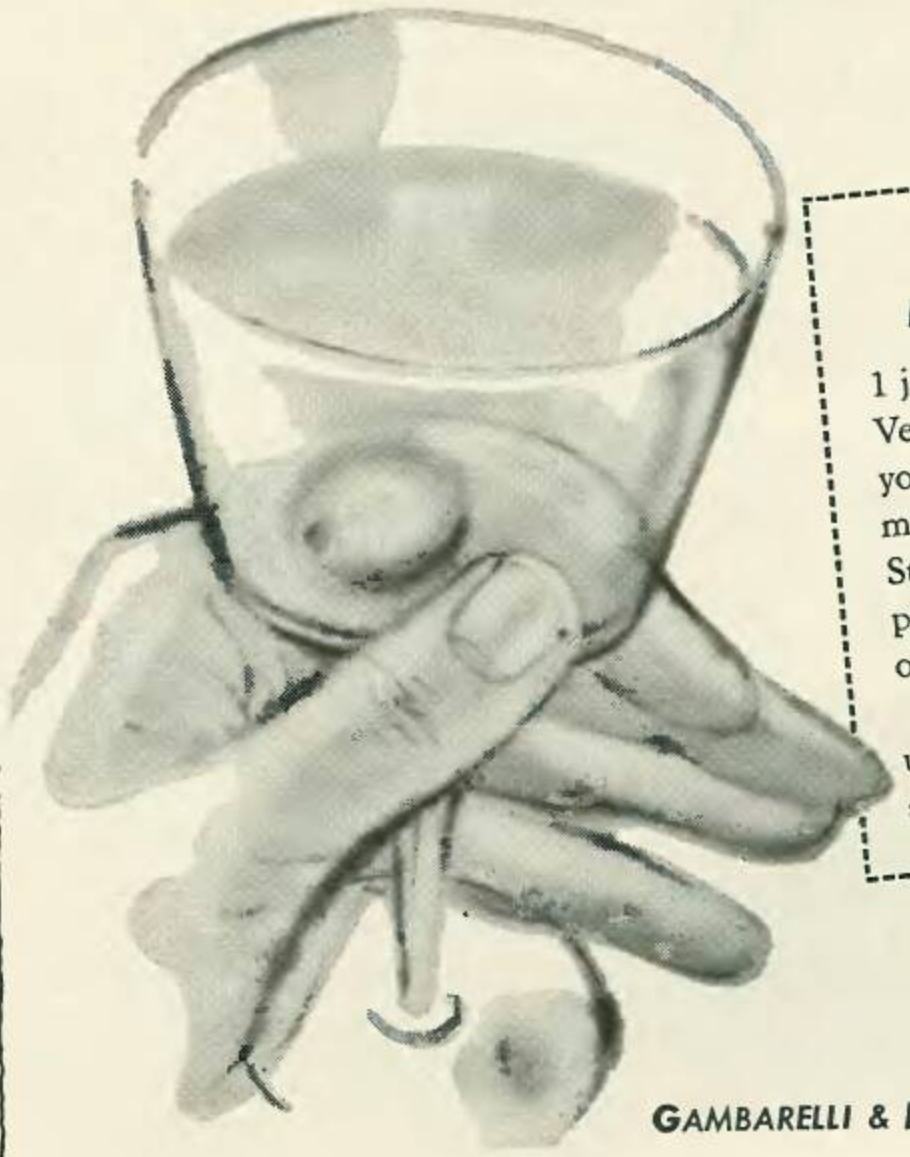

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Bright Young People, and now he's crossing America in the private Pullman car of Otto Kahn, whom he describes as "a very considerable dear." While the author says he has long since outgrown the "tiresome juvenility" that was once his stock in trade, and renounces old flames like pacifism and the Oxford Group, his lingerings over youthful follies have a distinctly wistful tone.

THE DADA PAINTERS AND POETS, edited by Robert Motherwell (Wittenborn, Schultz). A massive hodgepodge of writings, some contemporaneous with the Dada period itself and some more recent contributions by such veterans of the movement as Hans Richter, Hans Arp, André Breton, and so on. The book is repetitive in a few spots and in others extremely dated in atmosphere, but it does succeed in re-creating the spirit of that odd and iconoclastic era during and after the First World War (Dada flourished from 1916 until about 1920), which, for all its extravagant posturings and exuberances, is coming to be recognized as one of the turning points in the development of modern art. There are about a hundred and fifty illustrations, ranging from photographs of the various participants in the movement, in characteristic Dadaist attitudes, to facsimiles of their provocative and now rare literary and other productions.

BRITISH AND AMERICAN ENGLISH SINCE 1900, by Eric Partridge and John W. Clark, with contributions by others on English in Canada, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, and India (Philosophical Library). Eric Partridge is, as a rule, more successful as a compiler of dictionaries and an editor of other authorities than as a writer on language in his own right. His discussion of contemporary English here leads him to put forth at length some inept views on literary and social questions—including his belief that if one cannot applaud a certain undistinguished passage from one of the plays of Christopher Fry, "then one were better dead." The most interesting part of the book is the long section by Mr. Clark dealing with American English, which includes an eloquent chapter on the deterioration of standards in American public-school education. He insists that a way must be found to provide for the abler students an opportunity to develop their abilities, and to prevent


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them from being kept back by the majority, which does not want to learn and which one cannot hope to teach much. The implications of this are at odds with the conclusions of Mr. Partridge in his chapter on what he calls "the vernacular." Mr. Partridge expects colloquial illiterate English to take over from correct academic English very much as the Romance languages grew out of the decay of Latin. Mr. Clark hopes to salvage, even in the United States, something of sound traditional usage.

## VERSE

A Book of the Winter, compiled by Edith Sitwell (Vanguard). In this charmingly designed volume, Dr. Sitwell again gathers together a garland of verse and prose from her wide and varied reading. The selections, secular and sacred, ancient and modern, include many translations, and bits of Japanese and Chinese literature stand effectively beside bits of Pliny, Seneca, and Paracelsus, while poems by Rimbaud and Villon go very well with poems by Christopher Smart. Verse by such truly Northern poets as Heine and Pushkin are oddly absent, however.

A Little Treasury of British Poetry, edited, with an introduction, by Oscar Williams (Scribner). Mr. Williams states in his foreword that he has tried to present modern British poetry as a culmination and organic part of British poetic tradition as a whole, and to this end he devotes two-fifths of his pages to poetry of the last fifty years and the rest to poetry of earlier periods. By cutting out a good deal of underbrush, he gives himself room to offer many long works in their entirety and to include early anonymous ballads as well as modern light and nonsense verse. The fact that he prints W. B. Yeats (who disclaimed being British) and claims both T. S. Eliot and W. H. Auden as Britons only adds color to his compilation. Portraits of the poets down the ages.

Selected Writings of Paul Eluard, translated by Lloyd Alexander, with introductory notes by Louis Aragon and others (New Directions). Experimental poets writing in English have, since the middle thirties, reproduced so much of Eluard's style and tone that an actual translation now seems dated. Eluard's talent, originally rather small and delicately lyrical, was expanded into the appearance of largeness by the in-


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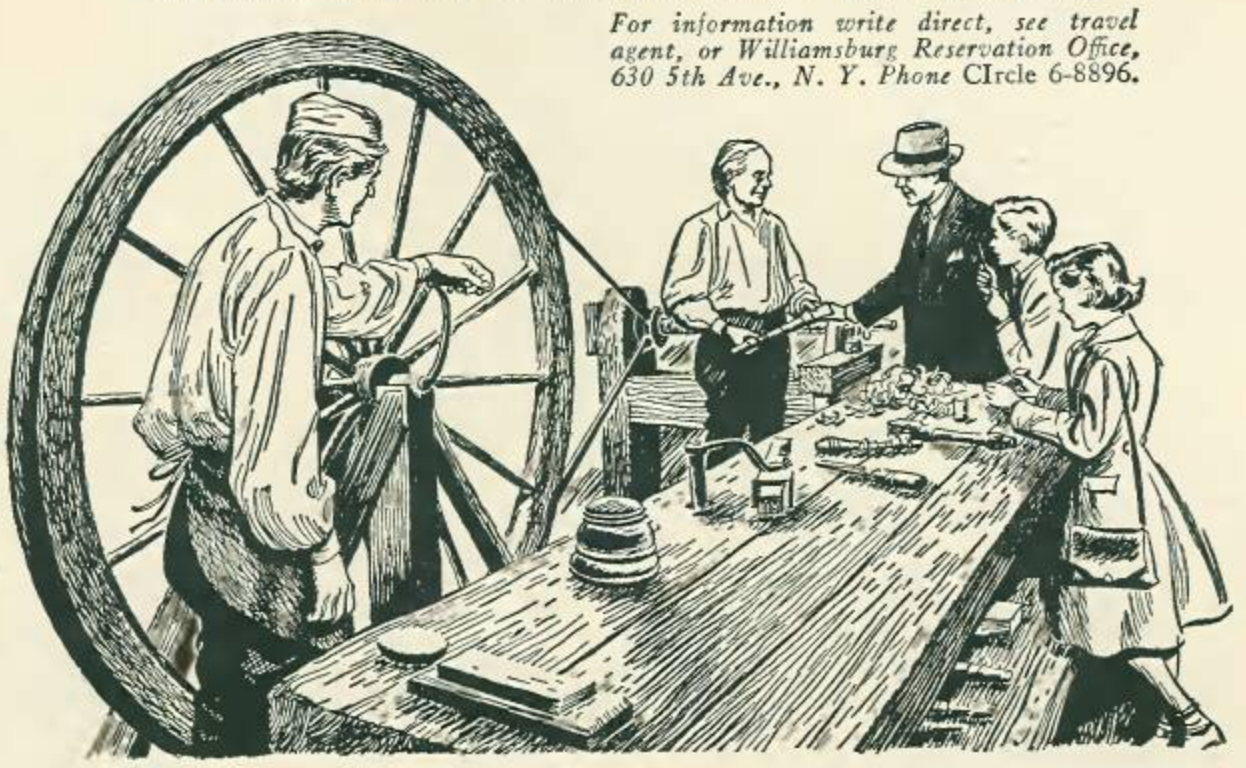

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flationary Surrealist methods he developed through his long association (and occasional collaboration) with André Breton. His work with the French Resistance gave his poetry a certain solidity and direction, which his later political verse has retained to some degree. But his continued fluency now sets forth his excited idealism a little thinly. The translations, made with Eluard's help, face the French originals, and there is a bibliography.

THE ILIAD OF HOMER, translated, with an introduction, by Richmond Lattimore (University of Chicago Press). Modern translators have been attracted more to the "Odyssey" than to the "Iliad," so Mr. Lattimore's translation, which is strikingly modern in tone, fills a real need. Remembering Arnold's description of the Homeric style as "rapid, plain, and direct" and "noble," Lattimore has used a free six-beat line and "the language of contemporary prose" to carry over the speed and tone of the Greek, often with remarkable success. The narrative runs on easily, the details of the action are clearly projected, and the emotional key scenes have poignance. The introduction furnishes a variety of scholarly data and analysis.

THE AGAMEMNON OF AESCHYLUS, translated by Louis MacNeice (Harcourt, Brace). This version of a rather forbidding classic was written in 1936, with the stage in mind. Since MacNeice is a Greek scholar as well as a poet, he has surmounted many difficulties and clarified much complication in his transference of image and rhythm from an ancient into a modern framework. His version is both accurate and vivid, and as moving as it is impressive.

•

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Both are pre-law students at N. Y. U. and plan to get married in a rather unusual spot—Howe Caverns, N. Y.—*The Herald Tribune.*

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