

July 12, 1952

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NEW YORKER



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

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

PLAYS

THE FOURPOSTER—Betty Field and Burgess Meredith now make up the cast of 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 6-0300. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

I AM A CAMERA—John van Druten's lively, if not particularly distinguished, adaptation of Christopher Isherwood's "The Berlin Stories." With Barbara Baxley, William Prince, Marian Winters, and Edward Andrews. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE MALE ANIMAL—After a dozen years, James Thurber's and Elliott Nugent's comedy is funnier than ever, and this revival of it gives the town its best bit of entertainment. Mr. Nugent once again plays the worried professor, and he gets plenty of help from Martha Scott, Robert Preston, Matt Briggs, Halliwell Hobbes, and Nancy Nugent, his daughter. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MRS. MCTHING—Helen Hayes and young Robert Mariotti carry most of the weight in Mary Chase's fantastic comedy about contemporary witchcraft. Jules Munshin, Enid Markey, and Lydia Reed are in it, too. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Monday at 7, and every other weekday night at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, July 19, for the summer.)

LONG RUNS—THE MOON IS BLUE: Donald Cook, Barry Nelson, and Maggie McNamara are currently in this boy-gets-girl comedy. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

NEW FACES OF 1952—Leonard Sillman's latest offering in this series of revues is one of the most cheerful things to turn up this spring. Ronny Graham and June Carroll not only appear in the attractive young cast but assisted the several other authors and composers with quite a lot of sketches, tunes, and lyrics of their own. John Murray Anderson has staged the production with great skill and Raoul Pène duBois' settings are in exactly the right mood. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

PAINT YOUR WAGON—A piece concerning a California mining town during the Gold Rush, which suffers somewhat from an untidy plot but has a lot of fine singing and dancing. Eddie Dowling, 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. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

PAL JOEY—A happy recurrence of the famous musical show that John O'Hara and Rodgers and Hart assembled twelve years ago for adults of all ages. Harold Lang, Vivienne Segal, Helen Gallagher, 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. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

TOP BANANA—A superbly funny, if elementary, musical, in which Phil Silvers demonstrates



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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that a caricature of Milton Berle can be a lot droller than the model. He is cleverly helped out by Joey Faye, Jack Albertson, Walter Dare Wahl, and Johnny Trama. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

WISH YOU WERE HERE—This adaptation of Arthur Kober's play about life at a camp in the Catskills has its points, but the production given it by Leland Hayward and Joshua Logan is so elaborate that the original story has been more or less submerged. The music and lyrics are the work of Harold Rome; Jo Mielziner did the sets, which include a very impressive swimming pool; and Mr. Logan handled the direction. Among the cast are Sheila Bond, Jack Cassidy, Patricia Marand, Sidney Armus, and Paul Valentine. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—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. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **THE KING AND I**: Celeste Holm and Yul Brynner 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. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays

at 2:25.) ... **SOUTH PACIFIC**: Martha Wright plays a Carthaginian nurse and George Britton a cultured Phoenician in this musical about the Second Punic War. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Mondays at 7, and Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:25. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

MISCELLANY

MASQUE AND LYRE LIGHT OPERA COMPANY—"Ruddigore." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. TR 9-6453. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8:15. Matinée Saturday, July 12, at 2:15.)

MARINE STADIUM, JONES BEACH—"A Night in Venice," an adaptation, by Ruth and Thomas Martin, of the Johann Strauss operetta. Thomas Hayward, Nola Fairbanks, and Jack Russell head a cast of two or three zillion. Produced by Michael Todd and directed by Jack Donohue. (Nightly at 8:30.)

THE SUMMER CIRCUIT

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

ABINGDON—Through Saturday, July 12: "The Curious Savage." Monday through Wednesday, July 14-16: "The Merchant of Venice." Thursday through Saturday, July 17-19: "Detective Story." (Barter Theatre, Abingdon, Va. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:15. Matinees Wednesdays at 2:30.)

ANDOVER—Through Saturday, July 12: Jackie Cooper and Fran Warren in "Remains to Be Seen." Monday through Saturday, July 14-19: Lanny Ross in "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn." (Grist Mill Playhouse, Andover, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2:30.)

CAPE MAY—Through Saturday, July 12: John Carradine in "The Winslow Boy." Monday through Saturday, July 14-19: "This Thing Called Love." (Cape Theatre, Cape May, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinees Saturdays at 3.)

CHATHAM—Through Saturday, July 12: "The Hasty Heart." Wednesday through Saturday, July 16-19: "Lo and Behold!" (Monomoy Theatre, Chatham, Mass. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinees Thursdays at 2:30.)

CLINTON—Through Saturday, July 12: Mischa Auer in "The Happy Time." Monday through Saturday, July 14-19: "Remains to Be Seen." (Clinton Playhouse, Clinton, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

COHASSET—Through Saturday, July 12: "Roberta." Monday through Saturday, July 14-19: "Bloomer Girl." (South Shore Music Circus, Cohasset, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2:30.)

COONAMESSETT—Through Saturday, July 12: Dana Andrews in "The Glass Menagerie." Monday through Saturday, July 14-19: Eva Gabor in "Her Cardboard Lover." (Falmouth Playhouse, Coonamessett, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

DANBURY—Through Sunday, July 13: "Naughty Marietta." Tuesday through Sunday, July 15-20: "Annie Get Your Gun." (Melody Fair, Danbury, Conn. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30. and Saturdays at 5:30 and 9:30.)

DENNIS—Through Saturday, July 12: Barbara Bel Geddes and John Emery in "The Moon Is Blue." Monday through Saturday, July 14-19: Dana Andrews in "The Glass Menagerie." (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

DUXBURY—Through Saturday, July 12: "La Bohème." Wednesday through Saturday, July 16-19: "The Ordeal of Osbert" and "Down in the Valley." (Plymouth Rock Center of Music and Drama, Duxbury Play-

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THE NEW YORKER

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

house, Duxbury, Mass. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30.)

EAST HAMPTON—Through Saturday, July 12: "Brigadoon." Monday through Saturday, July 14-19: Thomas Mitchell and Esther Ralston in "The Other Foot," a new play by Clifford Goldsmith. (John Drew Memorial Theatre, East Hampton, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays, except July 19, at 2:40.)

FAYETTEVILLE—Through Sunday, July 13: Franchot Tone in "The Petrified Forest." Tuesday through Sunday, July 15-20: Veronica Lake in "Gramercy Ghost." (Country Playhouse, Fayetteville, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

FISHKILL—Through Sunday, July 13: "Come Back, Little Sheba." Wednesday through Sunday, July 16-20: "Up in Mabel's Room." (Cecilwood Theatre, Fishkill, N.Y. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8:30. Matinéés Thursdays at 2:30.)

FITCHBURG—Through Saturday, July 12: Angela Lansbury in "Gramercy Ghost." Monday through Saturday, July 14-19: Larry Parks and Betty Garrett in "The Anonymous Lover." (Lake Whalom Playhouse, Fitchburg, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:20. Matinéés Wednesdays at 2:20.)

HYANNIS—Through Saturday, July 12: "The Firefly." Monday through Saturday, July 14-19: "Mademoiselle Modiste." (Cape Cod Music Circus, Hyannis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinéés Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

IVORYTON—Through Saturday, July 12: Zasu Pitts in "Ramshackle Inn." Monday through Saturday, July 14-19: Haila Stoddard and Reginald Owen in "Affairs of State." (Ivoryton Playhouse, Ivoryton, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LAMBERTVILLE—Through Sunday, July 13: "Carousel." Tuesday through Sunday, July 15-20: Bibi Osterwald in "Girl Crazy." (Lambertville Music Circus, Lambertville, N.J. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinéés Saturdays at 2:30.)

MAHOPAC—Through Saturday, July 12: "The Rose Tattoo." Tuesday through Saturday, July 15-19: "Clutterbuck." (Putnam County Playhouse, Mahopac, N.Y. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:45.)

MARBLEHEAD—Through Saturday, July 12: Bert Lahr in "Burlesque." Monday through Saturday, July 14-19: "On Your Toes." (Marblehead Playhouse, Marblehead, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinéés Wednesdays at 2:30.)

MARTHA'S VINEYARD—Through Saturday, July 12: "The Devil's Disciple." Tuesday through Saturday, July 15-19: "The Tempest." (Rice Playhouse, Oak Bluffs, Martha's Vineyard, Mass. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinéés Fridays at 2:40.)

MATUNUCK—Through Saturday, July 12: June Havoc in "Rain." Monday through Saturday, July 14-19: Franchot Tone in "The Second Man." (Theatre-by-the-Sea, Matunuck, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinéés Mondays and Wednesdays at 2:40.)

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

MOUNTAINHOME—Through Saturday, July 12: June Lockhart in "Gramercy Ghost." Monday through Saturday, July 14-19: Ilona Massey in "Angel in Paris." (Pocono Playhouse, Mountainhome, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MOUNT KISCO—Through Saturday, July 12: John Loder in "O Mistress Mine." Monday through Saturday, July 14-19: June Lockhart in "Gramercy Ghost." (Westchester Playhouse, Mount Kisco, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinéés Wednesdays at 2:40.)

MOYLAN—Thursday, July 10: "The Cherry Orchard." Friday, July 11: "Heartbreak House." Saturday, July 12: "De Adamses." Tuesday, July 15: "The Imaginary Invalid." Wednesday, July 16: "Julius Caesar."

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Thursday, July 17: "De Adamses." Friday, July 18: "Six Characters in Search of an Author." Saturday, July 19, at 7:30 and 10 P.M.: "A Phoenix Too Frequent." (Hedgerow Theatre, Moylan, Pa. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except July 19, at 8:30.)

NEW HOPE—Through Saturday, July 12: Sylvia Sidney in "Kind Lady." Monday through Saturday, July 14-19: Ernest Truex in "Angel in the Pawnshop." (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

NEWPORT—Through Saturday, July 12: Vincent Price in "Goodbye Again." Monday through Saturday, July 14-19: Kay Francis in "Theatre." (Casino Theatre, Newport, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

NORWICH—Through Saturday, July 12: Robert Q. Lewis in "Charley's Aunt." Monday through Saturday, July 14-19: Mae West in her own comedy "Come On Up... Ring Twice!" (Norwich Summer Theatre, Norwich, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinéés Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Friday, July 11, at 2:30.)

OGUNQUIT—Through Saturday, July 12: "Gramercy Ghost." Monday through Saturday, July 14-19: Peggy Wood in "Here's Mama," a new play. (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OLNEY—Through Sunday, July 13: Sidney Blackmer in "Second Threshold." Tuesday through Sunday, July 15-20: Dorothy Gish in "The Man." (Olney Theatre, Olney, Md. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinéés Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

PAWLING—Through Sunday, July 13: "Fly Away Home." Tuesday through Sunday, July 15-20: "This Thing Called Love." (Starlight Theatre, Pawling, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinéés Wednesdays at 2:30.)

PETERBOROUGH—Through Saturday, July 12: "Side by Side," a new play by William McCleery. Starting Wednesday, July 16: "Enter Madame." (Peterborough Players, Peterborough, N.H. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:40.)

PRINCETON—Through Saturday, July 12: Veronica Lake in "Gramercy Ghost." Monday through Saturday, July 14-19: Luise Rainer in "Biography." (Princeton Summer Theatre, Princeton, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

PROVINCETOWN—Through Saturday, July 12: "Dangerous Corner." Monday through Saturday, July 14-19: "The Enchanted." (Provincetown Playhouse, Provincetown, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30.)

SARATOGA—Through Saturday, July 12: Dorothy Gish in "The Man." Monday through Saturday, July 14-19: "Kiss Me, Kate." (Spa Theatre, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

SEA CLIFF—Through Saturday, July 12: Eva Gabor in "Her Cardboard Lover." Monday through Saturday, July 14-19: Carol Bruce in "One Touch of Venus." (Sea Cliff Sum-

mer Theatre, Sea Cliff, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinéés Thursdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

SKOWHEGAN—Through Saturday, July 12: "Junior Miss." Monday through Saturday, July 14-19: "Glad Tidings." (Lakewood Theatre, Skowhegan, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

SMITHTOWN BRANCH—Through Saturday, July 12: "The Silver Whistle." Monday through Saturday, July 14-19: "Accent on Youth." (Old Town Theatre, Smithtown Branch, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40.)

SPRING LAKE—Through Saturday, July 12: "The Delicate Line," a new play. Monday through Saturday, July 14-19: "The Bat." (Ivy Tower Playhouse, Spring Lake, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinéés Mondays at 2:30.)

STOCKBRIDGE—Through Saturday, July 12: "Black Chiffon." Monday through Saturday, July 14-19: "The Show-Off." (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

WESTHAMPTON BEACH—Through Saturday, July 12: "Kiss Me, Kate." Monday through Saturday, July 14-19: Kim Hunter in "They Knew What They Wanted." (Westhampton Playhouse, Westhampton Beach, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

WESTPORT—Through Saturday, July 12: "Three to One." Monday through Saturday, July 14-19: Beatrice Straight in "Heartbreak House." (Westport Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinéés Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:40.)

WOODSTOCK—Through Sunday, July 13: "The Pursuit of Happiness." Tuesday through Sunday, July 15-20: "Portrait in Black." (Woodstock Playhouse, Woodstock, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40.)

WORCESTER—Through Sunday, July 13: Larry Parks and Betty Garrett in "The Anonymous Lover." Tuesday through Sunday, July 15-20: Constance Bennett in "I Found April," a new play. (The Playhouse, Worcester, Mass. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:20. Matinéés Saturdays at 2:20.)

NOTE—The Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival is presenting programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Friday and Saturday, July 11-12: José Limón and Talley Beatty, with their companies, and others. Thursday through Saturday, July 17-19: Marina Svetlova, Myra Kinch, La Meri, and others. (Lee, Mass. Fridays and Saturdays at 4 and 9, and Thursday, July 17, at 4.)

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)—The Garden, a not quite bottomless pit that manages to be both cool and floral, offers Jules Lande and his dignified orchestra at dinner and supper, except Sundays.

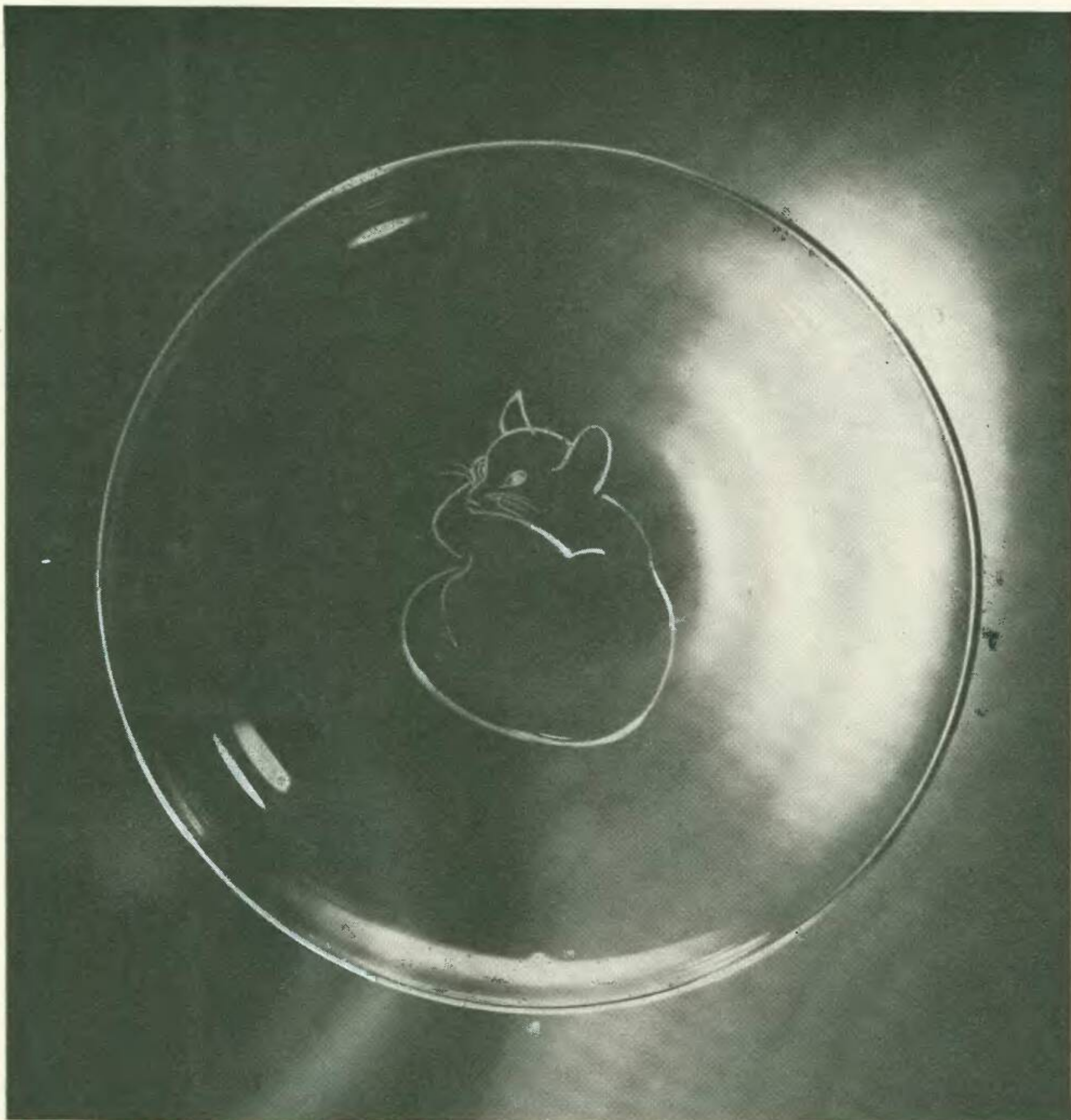
ASTOR ROOF, Broadway at 44th St. (JU 6-3000)—A great big place with a great big dance floor. Carmen Cavallaro plays piano solos and Joseph Sudy's orchestra takes care of the dancers. Closed Sundays.

BILTMORE, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—A quartet provides string music, except on Sundays, in the Palm Court at cocktail time. The Cascades Roof, which is closed Saturdays and Sundays, has another string ensemble sawing away at dinnertime. No dancing anywhere.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The private yacht basin isn't finished yet, but there's every other comfort for the customers. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band play for dancing. Closed Sundays.

NEW YORKER, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—An ice show is an ice show is an ice show, but the acrobatics of Phil Romayne and Terry Brent and the juggling of a chap named Elimar give this one, in the Terrace





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Room, a broad streak of originality. Bernie Cummins' band plays smooth dance music. Closed Sundays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Except Mondays, Stanley Worth's quartet plays for dancing from cocktails through supper in the Café Pierre.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—After eight-thirty in the Rendez-Vous Room, which is restfully period-piece, Maximilian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's dance orchestras slither from one familiar tune to another. Closed Sundays. . . . Leo LeFleur's music is heard during the cocktail hour in the Palm Court. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. No dancing.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The Grill has music at dinner and supper by Lenny Herman's orchestra. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Roof, whose pink décor is the last reminder of the Viennese elegance that was Joseph Urban, offers Milt Shaw's and Paul Rickenbacker's bands (placidly riding their moving platforms), an excellent exhibition of customer waltzing, and the spirit of Good Old Summer Time. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's dance music fills the Café Lounge every afternoon and evening.

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. Closed Sundays.

TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN, Central Park W. at 67th St. (SC 4-8100)—Dancing after eight on weekdays and seven on Sundays on the terrace, which is open-air, countryside, and fun.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—One château that's open to the public every night of the year. Those who wish to stop over will find Emile Petti's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band for dancing after nine, as well as songs by Stuart Harris.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Los Chavales de España, an Andalusian cavalcade of singers and musicians, have made concessions to the lures of Western culture (the sweet wiles of the crooner and the saxophone), but in their wild native state they are stirring minstrels, both on their own and as a background to Trini Reyes's voluptuous dances. The music of Emil Coleman's and Mischa Borr's bands further dresses up the Starlight Roof. No show on Sundays, but Mr. Borr's band plays until twelve.

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 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): Eddie Davis, who has looked a million dawns right in the eye, still plays his wedding-party music for his loyal followers. He's in action from eight-thirty on. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **TONI'S CAPRICE**, 112 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-6255): George Feyer plays Mitteleuropa drawing-room piano from five until late at night. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **BARBERRY ROOM**, 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): John Kelley, Jr., a pianist of perception and distinction, gilds the idle night from ten to one weekdays, nine to twelve Sundays. Closed Saturdays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Except Sundays, Cy Walter runs his light, fantastic fingers over the local Knabe during dinner and supper. . . . **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 Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **CELESTE**, 28 W. 56th St. (JU 6-9063): A comfortable dining room where, after nine, Jim Mahoney, seated at

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his piano, puts on a retrospective recital of the best romantic composers. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA**, 127 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9131): Vicente Gomez, who plays odd Mexicans in Hollywood and wonderful guitar in New York, is jolly up this Spanish restaurant. Closed Mondays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Addison Bailey rambles up and down the piano at dinner and supper here. On Sundays, Harold Cooke sits in instead. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spanish jive, with dancing to match by both cast and clients. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **NINO**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): This elaborate pantry and bar affords Harry Meyerowitz's piano at cocktails, dinner, and supper. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dancing, unless noted.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Nancy Donovan's songs, Gali Gali's prestidigitation, and the Clark Brothers' dancing help make up a summer-weight show best viewed from a hammock. . . . **RIVIERA**, Fort Lee, N.J. (Fort Lee 8-2000): The sky's the limit (sliding roof) on nice evenings, and the Hudson rolls majestically below. Inside, for people troubled by the quiet of the country, there's a shindig involving Georgia Gibbs' booming songs, Zero Mostel's foolery, and Sammy Davis, Jr.'s, dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Eartha Kitt, a baby tiger a bit too playful for a household pet, declaims French and English knickknacks in a sit-up-and-take-notice voice; Orson Bean, Harvard '48, unveils a delightfully unacademic attitude toward humor; Josh White whispers his special brand of folk music, rustic and Manhattan; and Portia Nelson sings off-the-beaten-track songs. The richly inlaid background is the product of the Ellis Larkin Trio. Miss Nelson also sings in the lounge between two and four in the morning. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CI 2-9355): Two of the brightest members of the season's freshman class—Robert Clary, the roguish and witty young Frenchman from "New Faces," and Anita Ellis, whose nightingale voice is sometimes hello, sometimes farewell. Clarence Williams' trio, which has Karl Lynch on guitar, plays for dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Except Sundays, Annette Warren, a perky little singer from the Coast, kicks up her pretty heels, and, except Mondays, Herb Corey, a Village wag, dispenses humor. 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): Mae Barnes single-throatedly bringing down the walls of Jericho, and Kirkwood and Goodman recounting their wondrous and harebrained adventures. There are romantic songs by Jimmie Daniels and Norene Tate, and faintly raffish parlor ones by Hamish Menzies. Behind all the fun are the Three Flames, headed by Tiger Haines, a group whose high jinks never conceal their mu-



sicianship. On Tuesday, July 15, the Three Riffs and their nonsense ditties will replace Kirkwood and Goodman. Closed Mondays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM**, 137 E. 52nd St. (MU 8-9762): Upstairs over the Show Spot bar, except Sundays, Mabel Mercer's very special repertoire of songs on the how-can-I-go-or-living theme. Sam Hamilton plays piano. Downstairs, in the Klondike atmosphere of the bar, except Mondays, Laurie Brewis plays piano.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

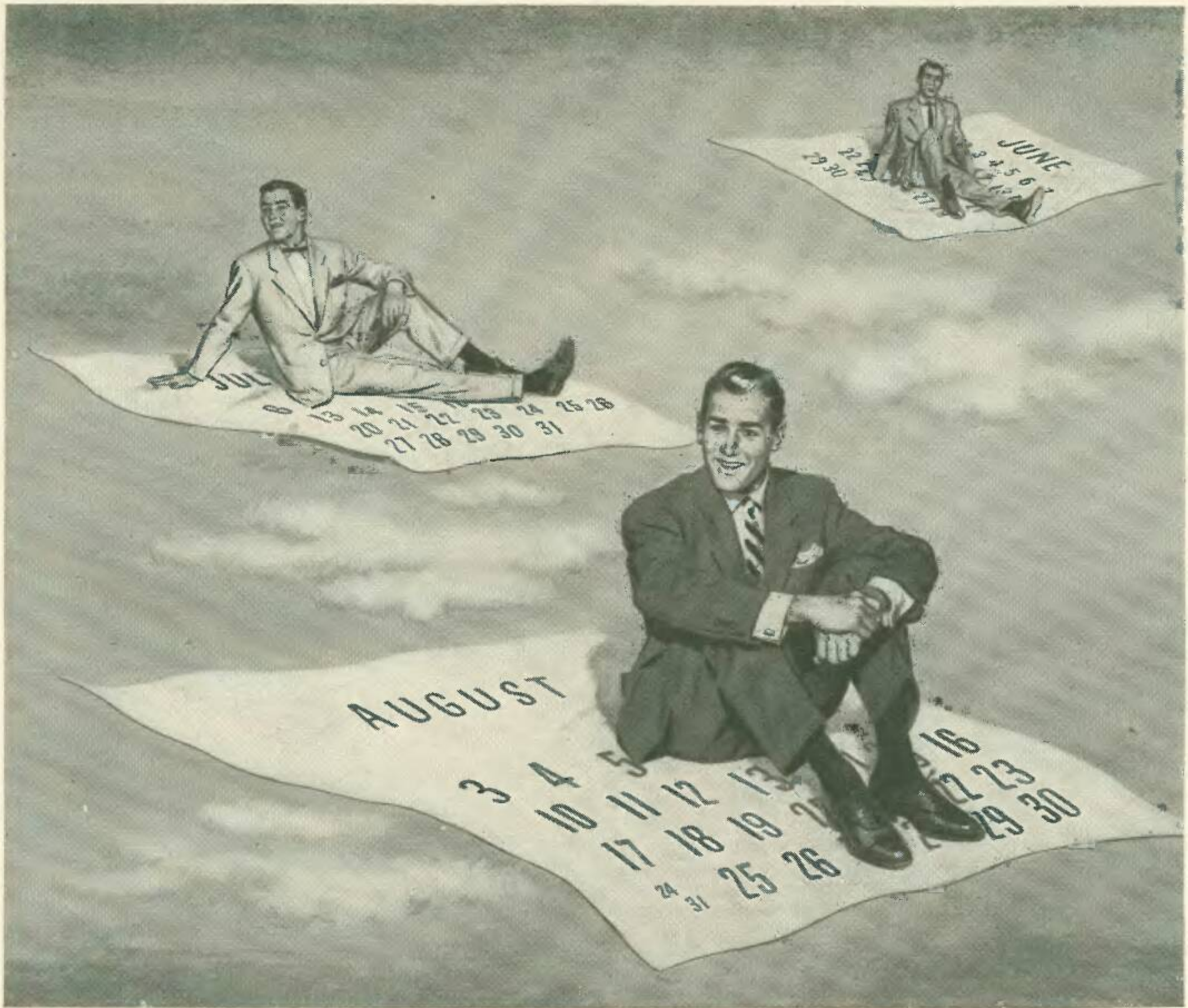
(Open until late, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Jazz, as interpreted by Cutty Cutshall, Edmond Hall, Bob Casey, Gene Schroeder, Johnny Windhurst, Buzzy Drootin, and occasionally Mr. Condon himself, glittering in all its traditional brass-bound glory. Dick Cary is filling in for Ralph Sutton at the interlude piano through Friday, July 11. 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): A luxurious clubroom in which Don Abney plays smart piano through cocktails and dinner. Afterward, the trios of Erroll Garner and Eddie Heywood, eminent pianists both, hold forth. Closed Sundays. . . . **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): Good honest jazz by such good honest men as Wilbur and Sidney de Paris, Omer Simeon, and Freddy Moore. Don Frye plays solo piano. Jam sessions Monday nights; closed Sundays. . . . **MERMAID ROOM**, Park Sheraton, Seventh Ave. at 55th St. (CI 7-8000): The revolving podium is graced by the piano of Barbara Carroll, a handsome slip of a girl with a great pair of hands. She and her trio play from eight-thirty until two through Saturday, July 12. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): The George Shearing Quintet represents abstract jazz at about its peak. . . . **LE DOWNBEAT**, 263 W. 54th St. (CI 5-9265): The breezes blow wild and free in this tiny bar. Billy Taylor, Terry Gibbs, Charlie Mingus, and Don Elliot are the leading instrumentalists. Mondays they retire in favor of jam sessions. The balcony is always the best vantage point. . . . **CHILDS PARAMOUNT**, Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): In the grill, Max Kaminsky and his boys (among them Charlie Queener on piano, Ray Diehl on trombone, and Don MacLean on drums) make merry, Tuesdays through Saturdays, until one-thirty or so, and Sundays from nine-thirty to eleven-thirty. On Sunday, July 13, from five-thirty to eight-thirty, Mr. K., assisted by Lee Wiley, Pee Wee Russell, Joe Sullivan, and George Wettling, will put on a jam session. Dancing. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Marian McPartland's piano is thoughtfully modern without being bop. She and her trio cheer up the circular bar after nine-thirty, except Mondays. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO**, 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): Those weekend travelogues from Natchez to Mobile. On July 11-12, among the famous faces there should be George Wettling, Jimmy McPartland, Claude Hopkins, Pops Foster, Pee Wee Russell, Jimmy Archey, Ray McKinley, and Tommy Benford. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Friday and Saturday evenings, July 11-12, a rousing shivaree by (it is hoped) the Conrad Janis group, Big Chief Russell Moore, Buster Bailey, Willie the Lion Smith, and Art Trappier. Dancing.

DINNER IN THE COUNTRY

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

BANKSVILLE, N.Y.: La Crémallière (Bedford Village 4-9311); closed Mondays. . . . **BETHPAGE, L.I.**: Beau Sejour (Hicksville 3-0091); closed Tuesdays. . . . **CONGERS, N.Y.**: Jean's (Congers 8-6178); closed Mondays. . . . **DANBURY, CONN.**: White Turkey Inn (Danbury 3-2726). . . . **EAST NORWICH, L.I.**: Rothmann's Inn (Oyster Bay 6-0266). . . . **FISHKILL, N.Y.**: Boni's Inn (Beacon 9-7394); closed Mondays. . . . Ger-



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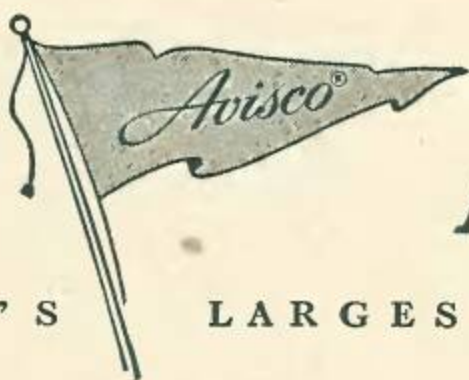
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

trude Hart's (Beacon 9-7384)... **GARRISON, N.Y.:** Bird and Bottle (Garrison 4-3342); closed Mondays and Tuesdays... **GLENWOOD LANDING, L.I.:** Swan Club (ROslyn 3-0037); dancing every evening except Monday... **HARTSDALE, N.Y.:** Tordo's (White Plains 8-0597)... **HUNTINGTON, L.I.:** René's (Huntington 4-2309); closed Tuesdays... **LAKE SUCCESS, L.I.:** Mori's (Great Neck 2-3600)... **NORWALK, CONN.:** Silvermine Tavern (Norwalk 6-2588)... **Stirrup-Cup** (Norwalk 6-5044); dancing on Saturday evenings... **PORT WASHINGTON, L.I.:** Nino's (Port Washington 7-1604); a small, pleasant floor show, imported from New York's Le Ruban Bleu, plus dancing to the Norman Paris Quintet; closed Mondays... **Riviera** (Port Washington 7-0354); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings... **POUND RIDGE, N.Y.:** Emily Shaw's Inn (Pound Ridge 4-9371); closed Mondays... **RIDGEFIELD, CONN.:** Stonehenge (Ridgefield 6-6511); Peter Walters at the piano, except Tuesdays... **Fox Hill**, on Route 7 between Ridgefield and Danbury (Ridgefield 6-7628)... **Hearthstone** (Ridgefield 6-7613)... **ROSLYN, L.I.:** Blue Spruce Inn (ROslyn 3-3300); closed Mondays... **SMITHTOWN, L.I.:** Frank Friede's Riverside Inn (Smithtown 1016); closed Tuesdays... **Mont d'Or Inn** (Smithtown 1997); closed Mondays... **SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.:** Round Hill (Huntington 1371); closed Mondays... **SYOSSET, L.I.:** Villa Victor (SYosset 6-1706)... **TARRYTOWN, N.Y.:** Tappan Hill (Tarrytown 4-3030); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings... **WESTBURY, L.I.:** Westbury Manor (Westbury 7-2184)... **WESTPORT, CONN.:** Red Barn (Westport 2-6204).

ART

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

GALLERIES

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **ARTISTS EQUITY ASSOCIATION**, 13 E. 67th St.: An exhibition by contemporary artists, celebrating the opening of the Association's new building; through Aug. 29... **BABCOCK**, 38 E. 57th St.: Oils, water colors, and drawings, by Albert P. Ryder, George Ratkai, Sol Wilson, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century painters; through Aug. 29... **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 106 E. 57th St.: A summer show of oils and water colors by Harold Baumbach, Stephen Csoka, and Virginia Cuthbert, along with sculptures by Nancy Dryfoos, Joseph Konzal, and Winslow Eaves; through Aug. 28. Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 10:30... **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: Paintings by Stuart Davis, John Marin, Ben Shahn, and Georgia O'Keeffe, and sculptures by William Zorach, in an exhibition entitled "Pertaining to Summer;" through Aug. 1... **FERARGIL**, 63 E. 57th St.: Approximately twenty small oils by Arthur B. Davies, Winslow Homer, and other Americans, living and dead; through July 31... **GRAND CENTRAL MODERNS**, 130 E. 56th St.: Recent oils and water colors by gallery members, among them Xavier Gonzalez, Hugo Robus, Arthur Osver, and Byron Browne; through July 31... **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57th St.: The development of art in Texas, as exemplified by fifty-four native artists; through Sept. 27... **KRAUSHAAR**, 32 E. 57th St.: Examples in various mediums from solo shows of the past season, along with representative work by earlier Americans such as Sloan and Prendergast; through Sept. 30... **MIDTOWN**, 17 E. 57th St.: Contemporaries, including Henry Koerner, Gladys Rockmore Davis, and Isabel Bishop, in a twentieth-anniversary show; through July 11... **PASSEDOIT**, 121 E. 57th St.: An oil apiece by B. J. O. Nordfeldt, Cornelius Ruhtenberg, William Lester, and others; through July 31. Mondays, 1 to 5:30; Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5:30... **REHN**, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.: Approximately twenty oils by Alexander Brook, Charles Burchfield, Edward Hopper, and others of the gallery's group; through July 25... **SALMAGUNDI CLUB**, 47 Fifth Ave., at 12th St.: A summer exhibition of paintings, prints, and sculptures by Frank Gervasi, Louis Betts, Louis Jambor, and others; through Sept. 5. Weekdays, 12:30 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6... **SCULPTURE CENTER**, 167 E. 69th

St.: Pieces by Cleo Hartwig, Leo Amino, and other contemporary artists; through July 31. Weekdays, 2 to 5 and, except Saturdays, 7 to 10.

JEAN DUFY—An exhibit of his early water colors and oils; through July 10. (Van Diemen-Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57th St.)

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **NIVEAU**, 63 E. 57th St.: Paintings by members of the Paris school, among them Rouault and Utrillo; through July 15... **PERLS**, 32 E. 58th St.: Bombois, Soutine, Léger, Dufy, and other Paris-school painters; through Aug. 29... **THE STABLE**, 924 Seventh Ave., at 58th St.: Paintings and other works by Cagli, Vespignani, Fazzini, and others of the new Italian school; through Aug. 1. Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 6.

EUROPEANS AND AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **FEIGL**, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: Mainly oils by French and American artists, including Moshe Castel, Chagall, Derain, and Matisse; through July 31... **NICHOLSON**, 69 E. 57th St.: Canvases by Corot, Courbet, Inness, and other artists of the seventeenth through the nineteenth centuries; through July 18... **ROSENBERG**, 16 E. 57th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century French paintings by such artists as Manet and Utrillo, as well as twentieth-century American paintings by Marsden Hartley, Max Weber, and others; through July 31.

PAUL RENÉ GAUGUIN—Colored woodcuts, principally of Norwegian scenes, by the grandson of the great post-Impressionist; through Sept. 29. (Serigraph, 38 W. 57th St.)

PRINTS—At the **KRAUSHAAR**, 32 E. 57th St.: Color prints by Karl Schrag, Ann Ryan, Max Kahn, and other Americans; through Aug. 1... **WEYHE**, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: German, French, and Mexican lithographs and etchings; through July 18.

CLARA SHAINESS—The first solo show of paintings by this contemporary American artist; through July 18. (Hacker, 24 W. 58th St.)

MUSEUMS

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—No special exhibitions; just the permanent collections. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A loan show of French Impressionists and post-Impressionists, including Renoir, van Gogh, Pissarro, and Degas, lent to the Museum by Mrs. Maurice Wertheim; through Sept. 14... **Approximately a hundred lithographs, wood engravings, etchings, and drawings, by Cézanne's contemporaries; through Sept. 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)**

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—The private collection of Captain Edward Molyneux, comprising about seventy paintings by nineteenth- and twentieth-century French artists, including Manet, Degas, Bonnard, Utrillo, and Vlaminck; through Sept. 7... **Works by fifteen contemporary Americans, in a rather grab-bag assortment that ranges from paintings by Edwin Dickinson and Jackson Pollock to "colored-light" compositions by Thomas Wilfred, inventor of the Clavilux, a sort of spectrum organ; through July 27. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)**

IN THE COUNTRY

ANDOVER, MASS. Addison Gallery of American Art: Paintings of the eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth centuries, as well as sculptures, constructions, mobiles, and photographs; through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 9 to 5; Sundays, 2:30 to 5)... **CANAAN, N.Y.** Berkshire Art Center: Contemporary American art, including several landscapes of Canaan's environs, by, among others, Sol Wilson, Jean Liberte, Reginald Marsh, and Dong Kingman; through Sept. 1. (Daily, 2:30 to 6)... **MYSTIC, CONN.** Mystic Art Association: Garrett Price, Robert Brackman, Jacques Maroger, and others, in the first part of the Association's twenty-eighth annual; through July 29. (Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 2 to 5:30)... **NEWPORT, R.I.** Art Association of Newport: The forty-first annual invitation exhibition; through July 27. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5)... **OGUNQUIT, MAINE.** Ogunquit Art Association: Robert Laurent, Henry Strater, and Edward Betts are among



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the fifty contributors here; through July 27. (Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 1 to 6.) ... **OLD LYME, CONN.** Lyme Art Association: The annual summer showing of oils, plus pastels, water colors, prints, and drawings; starting July 12. (Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.) ... **PROVINCETOWN, MASS.** Provincetown Art Association: A members' jury show, comprising oils, water colors, prints, and sculptures; through July 27. (Weekdays, 10 to 10; Sundays, 2 to 6.) ... **ROCKPORT, MASS.** Rockport Art Association: The first part of a mixed-mediums exhibition, with works by Ken Gore, Ted Kautzky, and others; through July 29. (Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 3 to 6.)

MUSIC

STADIUM CONCERTS—The Stadium Symphony Orchestra—Thursday, July 10: Pierre Monteux conducting an all-Beethoven program, with Yehudi Menuhin, violin. ... ¶ Saturday, July 12: Frederick Dvornich conducting a Kern and Hammerstein program, including a concert version of "Show Boat," with Jane Pickens and Carol Bruce, sopranos; David Poleri, tenor; and William Warfield, baritone. ... ¶ Monday, July 14: Alexander Smallens conducting an all-Tchaikovsky program, with Erica Morini, violin. ... ¶ Tuesday, July 15: Charles Schiff conducting (no soloist). ... ¶ Wednesday, July 16: Charles Schiff conducting, with Richmond Gale, piano. ... ¶ Thursday, July 17: Alfredo Antonini directing a program of Italian music, with Herva Nelli, soprano; Jan Peerce, tenor; Salvatore Baccaloni, bass; and the Collegiate Chorale. ... ¶ Saturday, July 19: Franz Allers conducting, with the Mia Slavenska-Frederic Franklin Ballet Company and Alexandra Danilova. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St. AD 4-5800. Tickets are also available at the Steinway Bldg., 113 W. 57th St., CI 7-5534. Evenings at 8:30. In the event of rain, last-minute plans are broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC and at 7:05 P.M. over WQXR.)

JUILLIARD CONCERTS—Thursday, July 10: Winifred Cecil, soprano, and Gibner King, piano. ... ¶ Tuesday, July 15: Juilliard String Quartet. ... ¶ Wednesday, July 16: Maria Kurenko, soprano, and Robert Hufstader, piano. ... ¶ Thursday, July 17: Katherine Bacon, piano. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. All concerts at 4; the series will continue through Thursday, Aug. 7. For information about tickets, call MO 3-7200, Ext. 33.)

SALMAGGI OPERA—"Aida." (Triborough Stadium, Randalls Island. Tentatively scheduled for Saturday, July 12, at 8:45. For tickets, call LA 4-3900.)

GOLDMAN BAND—Edwin Franko Goldman conducting this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Central Park Mall. Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8:30; through Aug. 15.)

IN THE COUNTRY

BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL—Charles Münch conducting the Boston Symphony—Saturday, July 12, at 8:15; No soloist. ... ¶ Sunday, July 13, at 3: An all-Mozart program; no soloist. ... ¶ Saturday, July 19, at 8:15: With Lukas Foss, piano. ... ¶ Sunday, July 20, at 3: No soloist. (Theatre-Concert Hall, Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass.)

MUSIC MOUNTAIN—The Berkshire Quartet in a series of chamber-music concerts. (Music Mountain, Falls Village, Conn. Sundays and Friday, July 18, at 4.)

SOUTH MOUNTAIN—The Juilliard String Quartet. (South Mountain, Pittsfield, Mass. Saturday, July 12, at 4.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At **YANKEE STADIUM**: Yankees vs. St. Louis, Thursday, July 10, at 8:30; Friday, July 11, at 2:30; and Saturday, July 12, at 2. ... ¶ Yankees vs. Detroit, Sunday, July 13, at 2:05 (doubleheader), and Monday, July 14, at 2:30. ... ¶ Yankees vs. Cleveland, Tuesday, July 15, at 8:30; Wednesday, July 16, at 1:30 (doubleheader); and Thursday,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

July 17, at 5:30 (twi-night doubleheader; second game at 8:30)... Yankees vs. Chicago, Friday, July 18, at 2:30, and Saturday, July 19, at 2.

GOLF—New Jersey State Golf Association Open Championship. (Plainfield Country Club, Plainfield, N.J. Through Friday, July 11.) ... Sectional qualifying rounds for the U.S.G.A. Junior Championship. (Rockville Country Club, Rockville Centre, L.I. Tuesday, July 15.) ... Long Island Golf Association Father and Son Championship. (Hempstead Golf Club, Hempstead, L.I. Thursday, July 17.) ... Metropolitan Golf Association Junior Championship. (North Hills Golf Club, Douglaston, L.I. Thursday through Saturday, July 17-19.)

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

RACING—At AQUEDUCT: Daily at 1:15; through Saturday, July 12. The Brooklyn Handicap, Saturday, July 12. (Trains will leave Penn Station for the track Thursday and Friday between 10:45 and 1, and Saturday between 10:30 and 1:15.) ... EMPIRE CITY AT JAMAICA: Weekdays at 1:15, Monday through Saturday, July 14-19. The Wakefield, Monday, July 14, and the Questionnaire Handicap, Saturday, July 19. (Trains will leave Penn Station for the track Monday through Friday between 10:45 and 1, and Saturday between 10:30 and 1:25.) ... MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2:30; through Saturday, Aug. 9. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 12:25, and Saturdays at 11:55. Weekdays, a boat leaves Pier 81, W. 42nd St., at 11:15; it is met at Atlantic Highlands by buses for the track.)

TENNIS—New York State Women's Championships. (New Rochelle Tennis Club, New Rochelle. Through Saturday, July 12.) ... Men's Invitation Tournament. (Spring Lake Bathing and Tennis Club, Spring Lake, N.J. Through Sunday, July 13.)

TROTTING—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:40; through Saturday, Sept. 27. (Trains leave Penn Station for the track weekdays at 7:04; additional trains Fridays and Saturdays, at 6:49.) ... SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Aug. 23.

YACHTING—Beverly Yacht Club Regatta. (Marion, Mass. Friday and Saturday, July 11-12.) ... Edgartown Yacht Club Regatta. (Edgartown, Mass. Friday and Saturday, July 18-19.) ... Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. Starting Saturday, July 19.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—A limited number of visitors are admitted to sessions of the Security Council, the Trusteeship Council, the Economic and Social Council, the Disarmament Commission, and other commissions and committees, which meet periodically, Mondays through Fridays. (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, 22 E. 46th St., MU 2-2658. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5.

SHERLOCK HOLMES EXHIBITION—A reproduction of Holmes' and Dr. Watson's Baker Street study, complete with unanswered correspondence, the gazogene, and the Persian slipper containing tobacco, along with such memorabilia as the paw print of the Hound of the Baskervilles, the harpoon that pinned Black Peter to the wall, Miss Violet Smith's bicycle, and the giant rat of Sumatra. (Plaza Art Galleries, 9 E. 59th St. Daily, 10 A.M. to 10 P.M. Through Saturday, Aug. 23.)

HATS IN THE RING—A display tracing the history of Presidential campaigns, dating from the time of Washington and including such items as hats worn by candidates, and campaign buttons, kerchiefs, cartoons, and posters put out by their boosters; through Nov. 16. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

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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 an African river with Humphrey Bogart and Katharine Hepburn. Possibly the best acting either of them has done. Directed by John Huston. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; July 10, tentative.)

ENCORE—Three more Maugham stories translated to the screen in an English film, with fairly entertaining results. The participants include Roland Culver, Nigel Patrick, Glynis Johns, and Kay Walsh. (Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

THE LAVENDER HILL MOB—In this comical British film, a clerk, after twenty years of pondering, finally thinks up a method of doing the Bank of England out of a million pounds. Alec Guinness is splendid as the gentle malefactor, and so is Stanley Holloway as his collaborator. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 7-9653; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; and Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; through July 12... Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; starting July 16.)

THE MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT—A delightful English picture about a fanatical industrial scientist who invents a cloth that won't wear out or get soiled. Alec Guinness is fine as the inventor, and Ernest Thesiger, Cecil Parker, and Joan Greenwood lend him deft assistance. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

OUTCAST OF THE ISLANDS—Carol Reed's lively screen adaptation of Joseph Conrad's novel about a wandering wastrel of the South Seas. Photographed in Ceylon and Borneo, the film is good to look at and has a capable cast that includes Trevor Howard, Robert Morley, Wendy Hiller, George Coulouris, and Kerima, a French-Arab lady. An English movie. (Fine Arts, 128 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

THE STORY OF ROBIN HOOD—Sherwood Forest revisited. The place never looked better. A Disney picture with live actors, among them Richard Todd and Joan Rice. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, LU 2-1796.)

THE YOUNG AND THE DAMNED—Luis Buñuel's examination of juvenile delinquency in Mexico, which is long on violence but unfortunately lacking in any clear explanation of why the terrifying little ones behave as they do. A Mexican film. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590.)

REVIVALS

BITTER RICE (1950)—Lady rice harvesters in the Po Valley. An Italian picture, with English dialogue. With Silvana Mangano. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through July 16: "Three for Bedroom C," Gloria Swanson, James Warren.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
Through July 15: "Pat and Mike," Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn.
From July 16: "Carrie," Jennifer Jones, Laurence Olivier.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
THE STORY OF ROBIN HOOD.

MAYFAIR, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Has Anybody Seen My Gal," Piper Laurie, Rock Hudson.



CATHERINE THE GREAT (1934)—Romance and ruin in Imperial Russia, with Elisabeth Bergner and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 11.)

CITY LIGHTS (1931)—The old familiar Chaplin, plus a blind flower girl and an alcoholic millionaire. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 14-15.)

THE FORGOTTEN VILLAGE (1941)—John Steinbeck's semi-documentary film about a Mexican hamlet. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 16.)

HIGH SIERRA (1941)—Humphrey Bogart and Ida Lupino as a mean killer and his moll. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; July 10... Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; July 13-15.)

THE INVADERS (1942)—The troubles of a Nazi submarine crew in Canada. Laurence Olivier, Leslie Howard, and Raymond Massey. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; July 13-15, tentative.)

KING SOLOMON'S MINES (1950)—Derring-do in Africa. With Deborah Kerr, Stewart Granger, and thousands of beasts. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630.)

LAURA (1944)—Clifton Webb, Gene Tierney, and Dana Andrews involved in homicide. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; July 10... Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through July 11... Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through July 12... Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting July 13, tentative.)

MARIE LOUISE (1945)—A story having to do with French children in Switzerland during World War II. In French and German. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 16.)

NINOTCHKA (1939)—Garbo laughs. Melvyn Douglas chuckles in it, too. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 14-15.)

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII (1933)—Charles Laughton as the character with all the wives. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 11.)

THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE (1951)—John Huston's screen interpretation of the Stephen Crane story about the Civil War. With Audie Murphy and Bill Mauldin. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630... Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through July 12, tentative... Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through July 16, tentative.)

STATE FAIR (1945)—Champion pigs and youthful romance, embedded in songs by Rodgers and Hammerstein. With Dick Haymes, Jeanne Crain, and Charles Winninger. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; July 10.)

TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT (1944)—Vichy violence and intrigue in the West Indies. With Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Walter Brennan. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; July 13-15.)

THE TRUE GLORY (1945)—A documentary film of the war, with a commentary by General Eisenhower and others. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; through July 15.)

WAYS OF LOVE (1950)—A trilogy composed of one Italian and two French films, with, among others, Anna Magnani. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Through July 13: "Trouble in Paradise" (1932), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Miriam Hopkins, Kay Francis, Charles Ruggles, and Herbert Marshall... Starting July 14: "The Thin Man" (1934), with William Powell and Myrna Loy. (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

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Where's Charley?" Ray Bolger, Allyn McLerie.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"She's Working Her Way Through College," Virginia Mayo, Ronald Reagan.

ROXY, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
July 10: "Wait 'til the Sun Shines, Nellie," David Wayne, Jean Peters.

From July 11: "We're Not Married," Ginger Rogers, Fred Allen, Victor Moore.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
Through July 14: "Washington Story," Van Johnson, Patricia Neal.

From July 15: "Paula," Loretta Young, Kent Smith.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Walk East on Beacon," George Murphy.

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



EAST SIDE

- ART**, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Under the Paris Sky," Brigitte Auber.
- ACADEMY OF MUSIC**, 126 E. 14th. (GR 7-9653)
Through July 12: **THE LAVENDER HILL MOB**; and "Red Ball Express," Jeff Chandler, Alex Nicol.
July 13-15: "About Face," Gordon MacRae, Eddie Bracken; and "The Lion and the Horse," Steve Cochran.
From July 16: "Diplomatic Courier," Tyrone Power, Patricia Neal; and "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," Anne Baxter, Dale Robertson.
- GRAMERCY**, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through July 11: **LAURA**, revival.
July 12-15: "My Six Convicts," Millard Mitchell.
From July 16: "Lydia Bailey," Anne Francis, Dale Robertson.
- MURRAY HILL**, Park at 42nd. (MU 2-1431)
July 10: "Kangaroo," Maureen O'Hara, Richard Boone; and "No Room for the Groom," Tony Curtis, Piper Laurie.
July 11-12: "My Six Convicts," Millard Mitchell; and "The Sniper," Adolphe Menjou, Arthur Franz.
July 13-15: "Imitation of Life," revival, Claudette Colbert; and "Clouds Over Europe," revival, Laurence Olivier, Ralph Richardson.
From July 16: "Lydia Bailey," Anne Francis, Dale Robertson; and "Models, Inc.," Howard Duff, Coleen Gray.
- BEVERLY**, 3rd Ave. at 50th. (EL 5-8790)
Through July 12 (tentative): **THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE**, revival; and "Fifty Years Before Your Eyes," revival, a newsreel anthology.
From July 13 (tentative): **LAURA**, revival; and "This Above All," revival, Joan Fontaine, Tyrone Power.
- LEXINGTON**, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through July 13: "My Son John," Helen Hayes, Robert Walker; and "Red Mountain," Alan Ladd, Elizabeth Scott.
July 14-15: "The Magic Carpet," Lucille Ball, John Agar; and "The Barefoot Mailman," Robert Cummings, Terry Moore.
From July 16: "The Wild North," Stewart Granger, Wendell Corey; and "The Girl in White," June Allyson, Arthur Kennedy.
- TRANS-LUX 52ND ST.**, Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
Through July 16 (tentative): "High Treason," Liam Redmond, Mary Morris.
- SUTTON**, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
THE MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT.
- R.K.O. 58TH ST.**, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through July 12: **THE LAVENDER HILL MOB**; and "Red Ball Express," Jeff Chandler, Alex Nicol.
July 13-15: "About Face," Gordon MacRae, Eddie Bracken; and "The Lion and the Horse," Steve Cochran.
From July 16: "Diplomatic Courier," Tyrone Power, Patricia Neal; and "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," Anne Baxter, Dale Robertson.
- FINE ARTS**, 128 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
OUTCAST OF THE ISLANDS.
- PLAZA**, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through July 13: "My Six Convicts," Millard Mitchell.
July 14-16: "Lydia Bailey," Anne Francis, Dale Robertson.
- PARK AVENUE**, Park at 59th. (PL 9-7241)
"Island Rescue," David Niven, Gynis Johns.
- BARONET**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
July 10 (tentative): **THE AFRICAN QUEEN**.
July 11-15 (tentative): "The Marrying Kind," Judy Holliday, Aldo Ray.
From July 16: To be announced.
- TRANS-LUX 60TH ST.**, Madison at 60th. (PL 5-2746)
Through July 14: "The Narrow Margin," Charles McGraw, Marie Windsor.
From July 15: "White Corridors," Googie Withers, Godfrey Tearle.
- YORK**, 1st Ave. at 64th. (RH 4-5779)
Through July 11: "Mara Maru," Errol Flynn, Ruth Roman; and "Valley of the Eagles," Jack Warner, Nadia Gray.
July 12: "Give My Regards to Broadway," revival, Dan Dailey; and "The Fighting Kentuckian," revival, John Wayne.
July 13-14: "Thief of Damascus," Paul Henreid; and "Montana Territory," Lon McCallister, Wanda Hendrix.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

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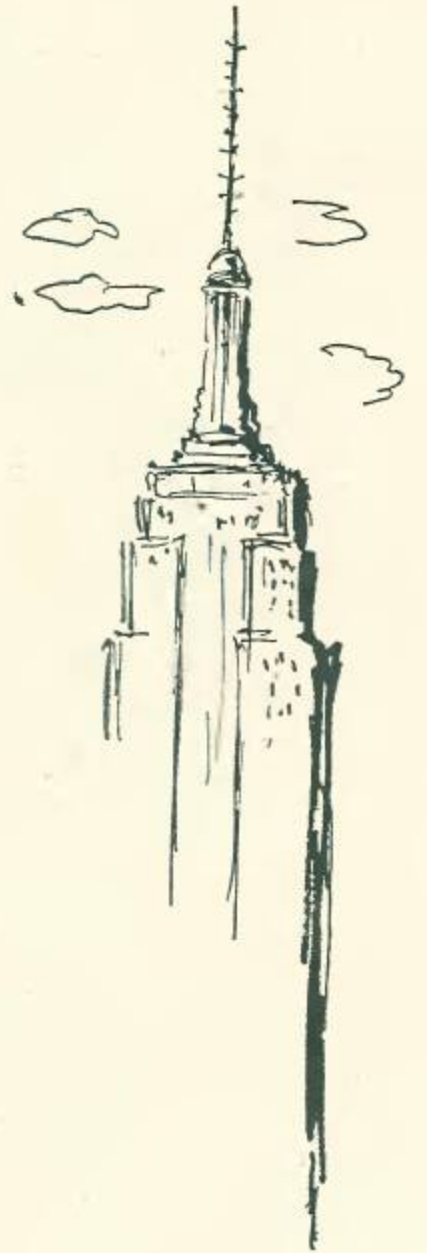
FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

- July 15-16: "My Six Convicts," Millard Mitchell; and "The Sniper," Adolphe Menjou, Arthur Franz.
- BEEKMAN**, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Never Take No for an Answer," Vittorio Manunta, Denis O'Dea.
- 68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
July 10: **STATE FAIR**, revival.
From July 11: To be announced.
- LOEW'S 72ND ST.**, 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through July 13: "My Son John," Helen Hayes, Robert Walker; and "Red Mountain," Alan Ladd, Elizabeth Scott.
July 14-15: "The Magic Carpet," Lucille Ball, John Agar; and "The Barefoot Mailman," Robert Cummings, Terry Moore.
From July 16: "The Wild North," Stewart Granger, Wendell Corey; and "The Girl in White," June Allyson, Arthur Kennedy.
- TRANS-LUX 72ND ST.**, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through July 16 (tentative): **THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE**, revival; and "Kind Lady," revival, Ethel Barrymore, Maurice Evans.
- TRANS-LUX COLONY**, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through July 12 (tentative): "Scaramouche," Stewart Granger, Eleanor Parker; and "Okinawa," Pat O'Brien, Cameron Mitchell.
July 13-15 (tentative): "My Six Convicts," Millard Mitchell; and "The Sniper," Adolphe Menjou, Arthur Franz.
From July 16 (tentative): "Kangaroo," Maureen O'Hara, Richard Boone; and "No Room for the Groom," Tony Curtis, Piper Laurie.
- TRANS-LUX 85TH ST.**, Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through July 12 (tentative): "My Six Convicts," Millard Mitchell.
July 13-15 (tentative): **THE INVADERS**, revival.
From July 16 (tentative): "Kangaroo," Maureen O'Hara, Richard Boone.
- R.K.O. 86TH ST.**, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through July 12: **THE LAVENDER HILL MOB**; and "Red Ball Express," Jeff Chandler, Alex Nicol.
July 13-15: "About Face," Gordon MacRae, Eddie Bracken; and "The Lion and the Horse," Steve Cochran.
From July 16: "Diplomatic Courier," Tyrone Power, Patricia Neal; and "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," Anne Baxter, Dale Robertson.
- ORPHEUM**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through July 13: "My Son John," Helen Hayes, Robert Walker; and "Red Mountain," Alan Ladd, Elizabeth Scott.
July 14-15: "The Magic Carpet," Lucille Ball, John Agar; and "The Barefoot Mailman," Robert Cummings, Terry Moore.
From July 16: "The Wild North," Stewart Granger, Wendell Corey; and "The Girl in White," June Allyson, Arthur Kennedy.
- WEST SIDE**
- WAVERLY**, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
July 10: **LAURA**, revival; and "This Above All," revival, Joan Fontaine, Tyrone Power.
July 11-12: "My Six Convicts," Millard Mitchell; and "The Sniper," Adolphe Menjou, Arthur Franz.
July 13-14: "The Pride of St. Louis," Dan Dailey, Joanne Dru; and "Red Skies of Montana," Richard Widmark, Constance Smith.
July 15-16: "Skirts Ahoy," Esther Williams, Joan Evans; and "Valley of the Eagles," Jack Warner, Nadia Gray.
- 8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
July 10: **HIGH SIERRA**, revival.
- July 11-14: "Leave Her to Heaven," revival, Gene Tierney, Cornel Wilde.
From July 15: "My Six Convicts," Millard Mitchell.
- 5TH AVE. PLAYHOUSE**, 5th Ave. at 12th. (OR 5-9630)
THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE, revival; and **KING SOLOMON'S MINES**, revival.
- SHERIDAN**, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through July 13: "My Son John," Helen Hayes, Robert Walker; and "Red Mountain," Alan Ladd, Elizabeth Scott.
July 14-15: "The Magic Carpet," Lucille Ball, John Agar; and "The Barefoot Mailman," Robert Cummings, Terry Moore.
From July 16: "The Wild North," Stewart Granger, Wendell Corey; and "The Girl in White," June Allyson, Arthur Kennedy.
- GREENWICH**, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through July 12: **LAURA**, revival; and "This Above All," revival, Joan Fontaine, Tyrone Power.
July 13-15: **HIGH SIERRA**, revival; and **TO HAVE AND TO HAVE NOT**, revival.
From July 16: "The Reckless Moment," revival, James Mason, Joan Bennett; and "Whirlpool," revival, Gene Tierney, José Ferrer.
- R.K.O. 23RD ST.**, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through July 12: **THE LAVENDER HILL MOB**; and "Red Ball Express," Jeff Chandler, Alex Nicol.
July 13-15: "About Face," Gordon MacRae, Eddie Bracken, and "The Lion and the Horse," Steve Cochran.
From July 16: "Diplomatic Courier," Tyrone Power, Patricia Neal; and "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," Anne Baxter, Dale Robertson.
- TERRACE**, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
Through July 12: "My Six Convicts," Millard Mitchell; and "The Sniper," Adolphe Menjou, Arthur Franz.
July 13-14: "Thief of Damascus," Paul Henreid; and "Montana Territory," Lon McCallister, Wanda Hendrix.
From July 15: "Skirts Ahoy," Esther Williams, Joan Evans; and "Fort Osage," Rod Cameron, Jane High.
- GUILD**, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through July 15: **THE TRUE GLORY**, revival.
From July 16: **THE LAVENDER HILL MOB**.
- 55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
THE YOUNG AND THE DAMNED (in Spanish); and "Miss Julie" (in Swedish).
- NORMANDIE**, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
ENCORE.
- LITTLE CARNEGIE**, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"Three Sinners" (in French), Fernandel.
- PARIS**, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
WAYS OF LOVE (in French and Italian), revival.
- LOEW'S 83RD ST.**, B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through July 13: "My Son John," Helen Hayes, Robert Walker; and "Red Mountain," Alan Ladd, Elizabeth Scott.
July 14-15: "The Magic Carpet," Lucille Ball, John Agar; and "The Barefoot Mailman," Robert Cummings, Terry Moore.
From July 16: "The Wild North," Stewart Granger, Wendell Corey; and "The Girl in White," June Allyson, Arthur Kennedy.
- THALIA**, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3870)
July 10: "Ivan the Terrible" and "Stone Flower" (both in Russian and both revivals).
July 11: **THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII**, revival; and **CATHERINE THE GREAT**, revival.
July 12: "Between Eleven and Midnight" (in French), revival, Louis Jouvet; and "Fric-Frac" (in French), revival, Fernandel.
July 13: "Jenny Lamour" (in French), revival, Louis Jouvet; and "Hoboes in Paradise" (in French), revival, Raimu, Fernandel.
July 14-15: **NINOTCHKA**, revival; and **CITY LIGHTS**, revival.
July 16: **THE FORGOTTEN VILLAGE**, revival; and **MARIE LOUISE** (in French and German), revival.
- NEMO**, B'way at 110th. (AC 2-9406)
Through July 12: **THE LAVENDER HILL MOB**; and "Red Ball Express," Jeff Chandler, Alex Nicol.
July 13-15: "About Face," Gordon MacRae, Eddie Bracken; and "The Lion and the Horse," Steve Cochran.
From July 16: "Diplomatic Courier," Tyrone Power, Patricia Neal; and "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," Anne Baxter, Dale Robertson.

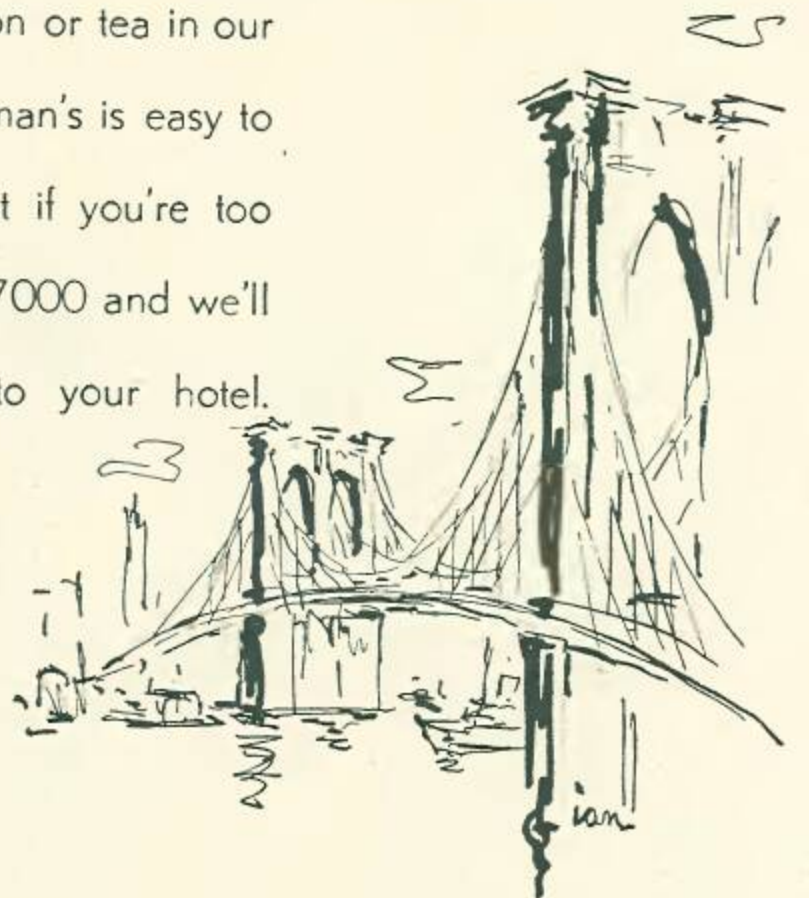


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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

SOME years ago, a conscientious, or perhaps merely methodical, person in this office, hoping to comply with the State Unemployment Insurance and the Federal Social Security Acts, got up a form for new employees to fill out—name, address, date of birth, and so on. One of the questions is "Date become 65." A rosy-cheeked lad appeared in



these halls last week, was accepted for the responsible position of office boy, and turned in his questionnaire, neatly filled out. It read, in part: "Date of birth.....5/30/35. Date become 65.....5/30/2000."

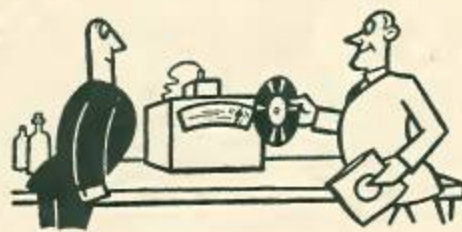
You can't imagine how it has rocked the rest of us.

No Bong

WHILE back, in writing about a visit we paid to the Waldorf Tower to see Pinin Farina, the Italian automobile designer, we mentioned that we'd come away full of static after buzzing Mr. Farina's bell. A young advertising man in Mr. Farina's apartment got a shock every time he answered the phone. Place was full of electricity because of the thickness of the rugs, we presumed. It turns out we were right and, happily, the problem can be licked. We got a letter the other day that referred to our experience and advised us to take a jaunt to East Orange, New Jersey, and have a talk with Robert Walcutt, president of the Electro-Chemical Products Corporation, which is in a section of the city called Manufacturers' Village. Walcutt, our correspondent wrote, was producing liquids that could "bleed off" static electricity wherever

it was found. We made an appointment with the enterprising president forthwith, and a few mornings ago dropped in on him at his office, on the second floor of a compact two-story building in Manufacturers' Village (full of similar compact two-story buildings), where he introduced us to Herbert Bodkin, vice-president in charge of sales. Taking a stand by a table on which an electric device stood, Bodkin, a fast-moving, fast-talking man in a tweed suit, told us that in 1938 Mr. Walcutt revived the sapphire phonograph needle, which had fallen into disuse, and that the first floor of the building was devoted to turning out sapphire needles. "We put out five to ten thousand a day," he said. "What about static electricity?" we asked, catching sight of a row of bottles and sprayers on a table across the room. "We also put out," he said rapidly, "CarpeTreet ('Take the Bite Out of Carpeting'), Stop-Shok ('If You Get a Charge Out of Seat Covers, You Need Stop-Shok'), NUL ('NUL's the Thing to Stop That Cling'), Photo Sweep ('Whisks Off Dust, Lint—Ends Static Attraction'), and Stati-Clean, which keeps dust and ash particles out of the grooves of records. Dust and ashes chew up your needle and abrade your grooves. Ruins fidelity. Records are full of static electricity, which attracts dust and ash particles like a magnet. Watch!"

Mr. Bodkin seized a record, in its envelope, from the table, whisked the record out, and held it in front of a machine, which he identified as an elec-



tro-static voltmeter. A needle shot over from the left to the right of a dial.

"Bong," said Mr. Walcutt, a dark-haired, blue-eyed, alert man in a gray gabardine suit.

"Charged up," Mr. Bodkin pronounced, and stepped over to an ashtray full of ashes on Mr. Walcutt's desk. He held the record above the tray, and up the ashes flew, most of them sticking to the record.

Mr. Walcutt then stepped over to Mr. Bodkin with a container that looked something like an Aerosol bomb and was labelled "Stati-Clean," and sprayed some liquid on both sides of the record. Mr. Bodkin wiped it off briskly. He held it over the ashtray. Nothing happened. He thrust it toward the voltmeter. Nothing happened.

"No bong," said Mr. Walcutt.

"The static has been bled off," Mr. Bodkin said. "The principle is that before the Stati-Clean was applied, the record, being plastic, was an insulator, just like you and me. Insulators retain electricity, conductors pass it along. Stati-Clean consists of a carrier, which is a liquid, and tiny minerals, floating around in it, which are conductors. The carrier evaporates immediately, leaving the minerals on the object. They transform it into a conductor. Friction—like walking across a carpet or sliding across a seat—brings out the electricity in an object. But if the object is a conductor, the electricity has already floated off into the air." Mr. Bodkin rubbed the record violently with his sleeve and held it next to the voltmeter. The needle didn't move. He picked up a white shirt, which he said was nylon, held it up against the wall with his right hand, and stroked it vigorously with downward sweeps of his left forearm. When he held it next to the voltmeter, the needle shot over. "To make nylon shirts static-free, use NUL," he said, holding the shirt over the ashtray, where it caused a small cyclone. "You rinse them in a quart of water and a capful of NUL." Mr. Walcutt added that NUL is good for apparel made of orlon, dynel, or dacron, as well.

"The mail!" Mr. Bodkin said. "We receive letters from people complaining

they get electrocuted every time they slide across the seat covers in their car. One lady had a suit made out of a seal coat. She crackled. I bought my wife a camel's-hair coat. It's got a long nap, and before I treated our seat covers, she wouldn't set foot in the car. Electricity is everywhere—in film, in plastic instrument panels, in clothing made of synthetics, in carpets. We're the first firm to combat it by electrochemical means. For carpets, use CarpeTreet. Our first customer was the movie theatre at the New York Stock Exchange. They have thick wall-to-wall carpeting, and the lobby built up remarkable voltages. They put CarpeTreet on with a vacuum cleaner back in February and repeated once every six weeks. No shocks."

"Undertakers are very sensitive about electricity in their carpets," Mr. Walcutt said.



SCANDINAVIAN INTELLIGENCE: The offices of the commercial representative of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics in Oslo, Norway, are located on Inkognito Street.

El Gran Jugador de Golf

THE coziest athletic record we've heard of in some time was set by a dapper, dedicated man, just turned seventy, named Ralph Anderson Kennedy, who has played all eighteen holes or all nine holes, as the case may be, of 3,035 golf courses. His nearest officially recognized competitor and the man whose record he set out to beat was an English music-hall actor named Charles Fletcher, now retired. Fletcher wound up having played 658, and Mr. Kennedy passed him, at 445, in 1926. Mr. K. was kind enough to call on us one afternoon last week, and he told us that Joe Kirkwood, Sr., the trick-shot golfer, claims to have played on about fifteen hundred, but he doesn't play every hole, so a good many of the courses don't count. "I would have three thousand and thirty-six by now," said Mr. Kennedy, "except that I found out my thousand-and-second—Jumping Brook, near Asbury Park, New Jersey—was also my three-thousand-and-thirty-sixth. Repeats don't count. Revamped courses don't count. If I counted all the rounds I played, they would come to about eighty-five hundred. I've played all the courses in New England except

three, two of which are on islands; all the courses in New Jersey; and all the courses in New York except eighteen, which are in and around Rochester. I never seem to get to Rochester. I've played all the courses in Maryland, Delaware, and Virginia. I missed two in North Carolina and two in South Carolina. Utah has seven. I've played them all. My three-thousandth was at St. Andrews, where I went around with Ellis Knowles, Leonard Crawley, and John Beck, and shot a ninety-three. In Yuma, I played when it was a hundred and eighty-five degrees in the sun. 'Put grape leaves in your hat,' they told me, and I did. In Talara and

Negritos, Peru, you play on the desert. When your ball hits, it sinks into the sand. You're allowed to dig for it and place it where you can hit it. The course I played in Guayaquil, Ecuador, is under water six months of the year. When it's not, it's run through with six-inch-wide cracks. It has to be laid out again every year. The greens are made of cement, and when the ball hits one of them, it bounces sixty to eighty feet. I had a terrible score. In the Southwest, some greens are made of cotton seeds. If they catch fire, they never go out. Sometimes both the rough and the fairway are buffalo grass, which is so thick you're allowed to beat at it with a club to make room for your swing. In South America, you wear knee-high boots on some courses, on account of the coral snake. On the Jasper National Park course, in Canada, you're watched by bears and moose. In Bel Air, California, you get from the ninth green to the tenth tee by elevator; you go up five stories."

Mr. Kennedy, who was born in Hopkinton, Massachusetts, got started on his long haul by shooting 146 on the Van Cortlandt Park public course in 1910. His wife, who has been champion of the Dunwoodie Golf Club, in Yonkers, several times, has played on more than six hundred courses. "After that, she lost count," he said. "I have at least one copy of all my scorecards, all duly signed by club officials, in my safe-deposit box. A few months ago, my wife unloaded about twenty-five hundred of the duplicates on the Golf Association's museum, on East Thirty-eighth Street, of which I'm a committee member. In addition to my cards, the museum has Bobby Jones's famous putter, Calamity Jane; the ball Francis Ouimet drove himself in with as captain of the Royal and Ancient; one of the six balls I used

at St. Andrews; H. Chandler Egan's cleek; and a water iron, which was used to hit gutta-percha balls that had sunk to the bottom of a lake and looks like an inverted rake. I played courses in four states on the same day. In South America, they call me El Hombre de las Mil Canchas—the Man of the Thousand Links, and El Gran Jugador de Golf—the Great Player of Golf."

For the past forty-five years, when not golfing or gravitating toward new golf courses, Mr. Kennedy has been working for the Eagle Pencil Company, first as a salesman and then as a sales executive. "Eagle Number Two is the most popular pencil in the world," he told us. "When I was on the road, I used to say to customers, 'I'm just a chaperon; the pencil is the salesman.' If the customer said that somebody else's pencil was cheaper, I'd shrug and reply, 'Well, he knows much better than I do what his product is worth.' I helped open up the South for Eagle and I played a lot of golf, both weekends and weekdays. If you want to study a man's id, play eighteen holes of golf with him."

THE Igloo, a diner in Old Saybrook, Connecticut, bears a sign reading, "Italian Cooking."

Fish in the Floats

WANT to get to Montauk in a hurry? Provincetown? Lake George? Just telephone the Mellor-Howard Seaplane Air Taxi Company, which is prepared to fly clients, at an hour's notice, to practically any point within five hundred miles of Manhattan. We went over to Ridgefield Park, New Jersey, last week to view the home base of this booming enterprise, and found that it consists of three buildings—a hangar, a repair shop, and an office—bordering three sides of a broad concrete court, in the center of which is painted a whopping anchor. Overpeck Creek, a tributary of the Hackensack, flows past the fourth side of the court and serves as the Mellor-Howard landing field. On the occasion of our visit, a couple of planes were tied up at a dock in the Overpeck and half a dozen others were on the ready in and before the hangar. Entering the office, we were greeted by William E. Mellor, proprietor and sole owner, who told us that M.-H. is the largest air-taxi service in the East and the largest seaplane air-taxi service in the country. It has fourteen planes, ranging in size from a two-place Piper J3 to a Beechcraft F17D, which

accommodates five. Three of the planes are land jobs, parked at Teterboro, but Mellor is emphatic about his preference for seaplanes. "Fastest and most economical thing to fly in these parts," he said. "Almost every city in the East has a body of water closer to it than the nearest airport. Eastern resorts and game preserves are all handy to water. What's more, you can fly at fifteen hundred feet wherever you please in the Eastern United States and, if your engine conks out, glide down to water. Since we started in business, in '37, we've never had an accident. Forced landings, yes, when the weather's closed in, but no accidents."

This is Mellor-Howard's busy season, since a majority of its clients are people headed for resorts in New England and Long Island or for hunting and fishing areas in Canada and northern Maine. Many of the rest are businessmen who just *have* to get somewhere fast, commercial-plane passengers who wish to proceed to destinations off the beaten air, wedding parties traveling to and from remote estates, and newspaper photographers seeking shots of incoming liners, forest fires, or other subjects of which a bird's eye is thought to take the vividest view. M.-H. picks up passengers at any of four locations here in town—the Wall Street Skyport, the Twenty-third Street Skyport, the seaplane base on the North River at 207th Street, and the Seventy-ninth Street Yacht Basin. "Service being practically door-to-door, our clients can dress as they like," Mr. Mellor said. "When I come in for a pickup downtown on a Friday afternoon, the chances are there will be three or four men waiting for me on the dock in boots and checked shirts, with guns or rods in their hands. They've

changed their clothes at the office and taxied to the dock. Two hours later, they're in Maine for a full weekend of sport. We bring back the catch in the plane's floats. Fish are easy, and even a deer can be packed in floats if you quarter him."

Photographers pay by the hour. Everyone else is billed on a straight mileage-and-size-of-plane basis, regardless of the number of passengers. The price climbs from twenty cents a mile, for the Piper, to thirty cents a mile, for the Beechcraft. Mileage is computed by

the shortest flyable route, but a pilot will often follow a longer route, in order to stay over water. Whether a client is in the plane or not, he pays for the round trip. Thus, to be wafted into your favorite wilderness on a Friday and wafted out again on Sunday will cost you double, unless you pay a waiting charge for plane and pilot and have them spend the weekend with you, which sometimes proves to be cheaper. Mr. Mellor has a roster of experienced pilots available for work on short notice. Most of them



"Here we move on to a radically different type of expression—the reduction of visual reality to the essentials of color and mass, an attempt to distill plastic relationships into rhythmic absolutes and linear counterpoint."



"Well, how far are we from the end of our rope this month?"

are employed as pilots or co-pilots on regular airlines and are glad to pick up extra money during their time off. "There's one navigational problem that's peculiar to air taxis," he said. "I mean the passengers. Don't know how many times I've had a fellow tell me not to worry about finding a certain dock—that he's hunted the country for twenty years, knows it like the back of his hand. Then it turns out he fails to recognize anything within a mile of the place. Couple of weeks ago, I was taking some people up to a cottage on Lake George. Near something called Anthony's Nose. They said to leave everything to them the moment we sighted the lake. So I did, and they couldn't locate a single landmark. Not one. Finally, I spotted a fisherman out in a rowboat and I brought the plane down on the lake beside him. Stuck my head out and yelled, 'Which way is Anthony's Nose?' He seemed to think I was drunk, but he told me, and we made the Nose." Mellor shook his head. "It's a trying business sometimes," he said, "but at least it keeps you out-of-doors."

Soft Answer

A LOS ANGELES man who recently mailed a letter to a friend in an envelope on which he neglected to write either name or address got it back from

the post office—*his* address was printed on the back—stamped "Returned for better directions."

Nautilus's Prune

OUR enjoyment of Frank Lloyd Wright's talk at the American Institute of Architects' convention the other day prompted us to phone him for an interview, and this prompted him to ask us to lunch at the Plaza, where he was staying. We picked him up at his suite. A large sketch of the new building he has designed for the Museum of Non-Objective Painting, which is to be erected, for the Solomon R. Guggenheim Foundation, between Eighty-eighth and Eighty-ninth Streets on Fifth Avenue, stood against a wall in his living room. "Something like the chambered nautilus," said Mr. Wright. "I tried to convey the quiet of the unbroken wave. The Museum will have the aspect of a little temple in a park. You'll see the favorite art of Mr. Guggenheim for the first time in its own atmosphere, instead of in a static building. The plans are with the city's Department of Housing and Buildings. The Department has been entirely coöperative, and I hope that construction can begin this fall. I have built six hundred and seventeen buildings, but the Guggenheim Museum is the only opportunity I have had to do

anything in your New York City. It's going to cause a commotion on the Avenue, now devoted to ham-and-eggs, sexual activity, and the snore."

Mr. Wright looked at us reproachfully, then went on, "My clients are from the upper section of the middle third of society—not from the mobocrats, at the bottom, or the Fascists, or Mr. Big, at the top. I guess I'm a big shot, and you know the big shot will never consult the big shot, so Mr. Big goes to the little man in my field. He thinks it's smart to come in the back way. Well, it doesn't seem to be."

"Aren't the Guggenheims who run the Guggenheim Foundation big shots?" we asked.

"Solomon Guggenheim and Marshall Field are exceptions to the big-shot rule. Both are aesthetic," said Mr. Wright.

"Isn't Edgar J. Kaufmann, the Pittsburgh department-store magnate for whom you built one of your most famous private houses, a Mr. Big?" we asked, out of the depths of our architectural knowledge.

"Oh, no. He has only thirty or forty million dollars," said Mr. Wright, and took us down to lunch.

He paused in the Fifty-ninth Street lobby and directed our attention to the mosaic floor. "Mosaics from Ravenna," he said. "I love these old floors. You can see them only in the summer, when they take the stuffy old carpets up. I've been coming to the Plaza for forty years."

We went into the Oak Room, and Mr. Wright ordered two Old Bushmills, with no ice. "Air-conditioning! Too cold!" he said to the waiter. "You know, this air-conditioning has killed more good men than can be accounted for."

"Yes, Mr. Wright," the waiter said.

"There are three great American vulgarisms," our host said presently, sipping his whiskey. "Porches, ice water, and pie. Well, pie used to be one of them, but it has improved. Now you can eat it with a good conscience and a good digestion. Still, the only dessert worthy of a one-hundred-per-cent American, or a ninety-nine-and-forty-four-one-hundredths-per-cent American, is cheese and fruit. We make the best cheese in the world in Wisconsin. At Taliesin, on our fifteen-hundred-acre farm out there, where sixty apprentices reside with me between April and November—I have another Taliesin, in Arizona, which we occupy during the winter—we produce most of what we eat. Our boys and girls are all good cooks. It's in the curriculum to cook. We don't have much fish inland, though the whitefish of Lake

Michigan is excellent. When we come to the seaboard, I go after fish."

Mr. Wright ordered scrod, and we ordered a chef's salad.

"I am a traditionalist with a capital 'T,' but not a modern slave of the letter," Mr. Wright said. "The letter perishes. The spirit endures forever. I believe that out of the past comes the best in the present, and that out of the present comes the future. Now, these Lever Brothers and United Nations Buildings are what you can expect when things get fashionable and overdone. They're both Fascist. Both reflect the human spirit contained, under authority, not free. The skyscraper is a beautiful thing in itself, but it has no business on a city street. It should be in a park, where it casts its shadow on its own ground. Otherwise, it obliterates the rights of the neighboring ground-holder. He's in eclipse, unless he has the means to go higher."

Mr. Wright told us that he had just come from a visit to the S.S. United States. "As a technical advance, it's a miracle, but in terms of the human spirit depressing," he said. "Its interior decoration is bad. Very little of it is *of* the ship; it's *on* it. There's a great difference between art and science. Science is only the toolbox of art. We've fallen under the dominion of the tools."

He toyed with his scrod but left it largely uneaten. "I had an eighty-third birthday a couple of weeks ago, an occasion for a good time," he said. "Is it years that determine a man's age?" He waved a hand toward our fellow-lunchers. "Look at these people! How many of them are awake? Milk! Few urbanites consume enough milk, cereal, and fruit—man's natural diet."

Mr. Wright took another sip of Old Bushmill, and we asked him whether he went abroad often. He said he had recently visited a Wright one-man show held at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, in Paris. "It was the only American one-man show held there since Whistler's," he said. "Holland was the first European country to wake up to my work. Then Germany, England, France, and others followed. It interested Europeans that at last America had something to export besides dollars. Le Corbusier was right in his reaction to imitative architecture, though this reaction was well started when he was in his

cradle—started as a negation. He stayed with the negation. I took the affirmative. Painting is made to see and music is for the ear, but architecture is the mother art. You get to it not by a picture but by living in it. You have to experience it. It's the blind spot in our culture. Our schools of architecture are wholly superficial. You cannot teach an art. You can only create an atmosphere for its comprehension."

We asked how long the average Wright apprentice is exposed to the atmosphere of the Wisconsin and Arizona Taliesins, and Mr. Wright said, "There's no time period. Some boys have been there nineteen or twenty years. I'm told that over one hundred and eighty-three architects say they owe their success to Taliesin."

We offered the Master a cigar, which he declined. "Habituation is the death of the life of the imagination," he said, with a smile, as we lit one ourselves. "I advise you to throw that cigar away. Of course, if you know you *can* throw it away, you don't have to."

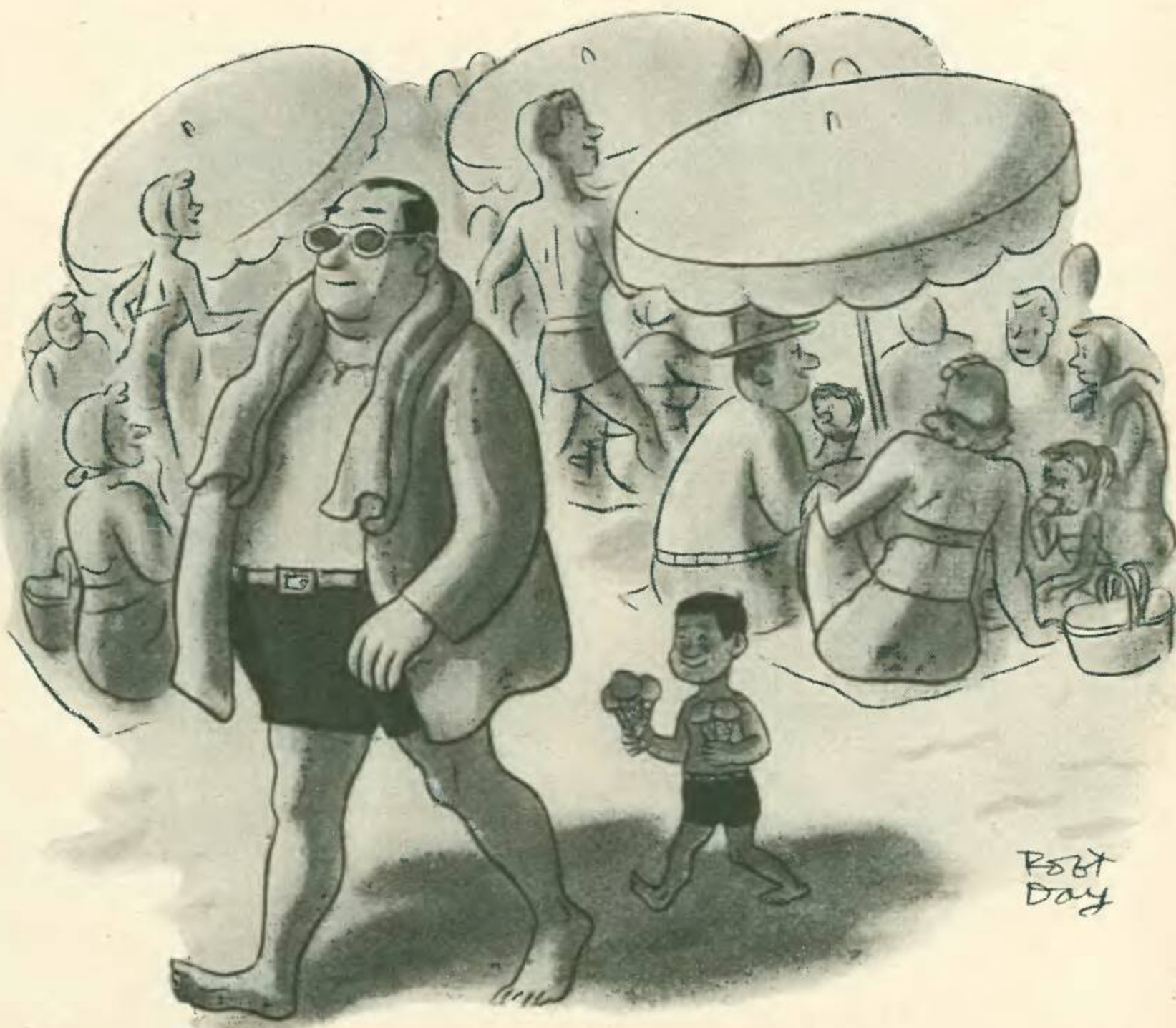
Mr. Wright signed the check, and as we left the room, we asked him where he got the extraordinary hat we had seen him wearing at the A.I.A. convention. "Years ago," he said, "I went to M. Gelot, the famous Paris hatmaker. He received me in a little room where there were no hats. 'I am from Arizona,' I

said, 'and I want a hat.' He made me his idea of an Arizona hat, and I have had it copied ever since, by Cavanagh. It has an overhang, like my houses. It's a hat that has a sense of shelter."

Standing on the Ravenna mosaic, we took leave of our host, who was flying back to Wisconsin the next day. "Flying effaces travel, and soon ceases to be interesting, but the time saved has become very precious to me," he said. "Flying isn't according to our nature. Speed is voracity. Human voracity knows no limits. I can't wait to get back to Taliesin. I'm one of those prunes stewing in their own juice."

Authority

A WOMAN we know who works in the psychiatric division of Bellevue and takes a cab to work every morning has learned that going east on Twenty-second Street is the quickest way to get there from where she lives. The other morning, she hailed a cab and told the driver she wanted to go to the Thirtieth Street entrance of Bellevue, by way of Twenty-second Street. "Isn't that the psychiatric entrance?" the driver asked. Our friend said it was. "Lady," the driver said, "I'm in analysis myself. I have a huge fund of information. Twenty-third Street is the way to go."



Robert Day

TWO ROAST BEEFS

WHEN one says that what one is still inclined to call civilization is passing through a crisis," says Mr. Plymbell in his very expensive antique shop, raising a white and more than Roman nose and watching the words go off one by one on the air and circle the foreign customer, "one is tempted to ask oneself whether or not a few possibly idle phrases that one let fall to one's old friend Lady Hackthorpe at a moment of national distress in 1940 are not, in fact, still pertinent. One recalls observing, rightly or wrongly, at that time that one was probably witnessing not the surrender of an heroic Ally but the defeat of sauces. Béarnaise, hollandaise, madère—one saw them overrun. One can conceive of the future historian's inquiring whether the wars of the last ten years, and indeed what one calls 'the peace,' have not been essentially an attack on gastronomy, on the stomach and palate of the human race."

After a pause, a small medallion of distaste is stamped on his white imperial face. Plymbell is obviously one whose loose clothes have once been better filled and whose stomach has known better days. He adds, "Of course, it may or may not have escaped your notice that the British nation have made a not unremarkable attempt to do 'the thing' fairly. One could offer the modest example of one's daily luncheon . . ."

Plymbell's lunch is a study.

For several years now, at two minutes before half past twelve every day, Plymbell is first in the queue in the foyer outside the locked glass doors of Polli's Restaurant, a few yards from his shop. On one side of the glass Plymbell floats—handsome, Roman, silver-haired, as white-skinned and consequent as a turbot of fifty; on the other side of the glass, in the next aquarium, stands Polli with the key in his hand waiting for the clock to strike the half hour—a man liverish and suspended in misanthropy like a tench in the weed of a canal. Plymbell stares clean through Polli to the sixty empty tables beyond; Polli stares clean through the middle of Plymbell into the miasma of the restaurant keeper's life. Two fish gaze with the indifference of creatures who have accepted the fact that neither of them is edible. What they want, what the whole of England is crying for, is not fish but red meat, and to get meat at Polli's one has to be there at half past twelve, on the dot.

First customer in is Plymbell. He has his table, in the middle of this chipped Edwardian place, with his back to one of those white pillars that give it the appearance of a shop-soiled wedding cake mounted on a red carpet, and he faces the serving hatch. Putting up a monocle to his more annoyed eye, he watches the chef standing over his pans, and while he watches he taps the table with lightly frantic fingers. Polli's waiters are old men, and the one who serves Plymbell has the dejected smirk of a convict.

Plymbell hardly glances at the farcical menu and never looks at the waiter when he coldly gives his order. "Two soups," says Plymbell. "Two roast beefs. . . . Cheese and biscuits," he adds. "Bring me mine now and you can bring the second order in a quarter of an hour, when my secretary arrives."

It is a daily scene. Plymbell's waiter comes forward with his dishes like one hurrying a funeral in a hot country, feebly averting his nose from the mess he is carrying on his dish. He scrapes his serving spoons and, at the end, eyes his customer with criminal scorn. Plymbell's jaws move over this stuff with a slow social agony. In fifteen minutes he has eaten his last biscuit, and is wetting his finger to pick up the small heap of crumbs he has worked to one side of his plate. Plymbell looks at his watch.

Exactly at this moment Plymbell's assistant comes in. Shabby, thin, with wrinkled cotton stockings and dressed in black, a woman of forty-five, Miss Tell scrapes on poor shoes to the table. She carries newspapers in a bundle under an arm and a basket in her hand. He looks carefully away from her as she alights like some dingy fly at the other side of the table. It is astonishing to see a man so well dressed lunching with a woman so bowed and faded. But presently she does a conjuring trick. Opening her bundle, Miss Tell puts a newspaper down on the roll of bread on her side plate and then picks it up again. The roll of bread has gone. She has slipped it into her lap. A minute passes while she wriggles to and fro like a laying hen, and then she drops the roll into the basket by the leg of her chair.

Plymbell is looking away from her while she does this and, his lips hardly moving, he speaks one word.

"What?" is the word.

She replies also with one word—the word naturally varies—cringing to-

ward him, looking with fear, trying to get him to look at her.

"Sausages," she may whisper.

"How many?" Plymbell asks. He still does not look at her.

"Half pound," she says. On some fortunate days: "A pound."

Plymbell studies the domed skylight in the ceiling of the restaurant. The glass is still out; the boards put there during the war when a bomb blew out the glass have not been replaced. Meanwhile the waiter brings a plate of soup to Miss Tell. She stares at the soup without interest. When the waiter goes, she lifts the plate across the table and puts it in Plymbell's place, and then lowers her head in case other customers have seen. Plymbell has not seen, because he has been gazing at the ceiling, but, as if absent-mindedly, he picks up a spoon and begins to drink Miss Tell's soup, and when he has finished, puts her plate back on her side of the table, and the waiter takes it away.

FOR several years now Plymbell has been lunching at Polli's. He used to lunch there before the war with Lady Hackthorpe. She was a handsome woman—well-cut clothes, well-cut diamonds, brilliantly cut eyes, and sharply cut losses. She took a cut of everything. Plymbell bought and sold for her, decorated her house. She had several slices off him.

Miss Tell used to go home to her parents in the evening and say, "I don't understand it. I make out her bill every month and he says 'Miss Tell, give me Lady Hackthorpe's bill,' and tears it up."

Miss Tell lived by what she did not "understand." It was an appetite.

After 1940, no more Lady Hackthorpe. A bomb cut down half of her house and left a Hepplewhite bed full of broken glass and ceiling plaster on the first floor, and a servant's washstand on the floor above. Lady Hackthorpe went to Ireland.

Plymbell got the bed and a lot of other things out of the house into his shop. Here again, there was something Miss Tell did not "understand." She was supposed to "keep the books straight." Were Lady Hackthorpe's things being "stored" or were they being "returned to stock"?

"I mean," Miss Tell said, "if anyone was killed when a thing is left open it's unsatisfactory."

Plymbell listened and did not answer. He was thinking of other things. The war on the stomach and the palate had begun. Not only had Lady Hackthorpe gone. Plymbell's business was a



Author Meets ^{the} Critics



"Really, old man, I didn't mean it was a bad novel. Just a little weak in spots."

• •

function of Lady Hackthorpe's luncheons and dinners, and other people's, too. He was left with his mouth open in astonishment and hunger.

"TRADE has stopped now," Miss Tell said one night when she ducked into the air-raid shelter with her parents. "Poor Mr. Plymbell never goes out."

"Why doesn't he close the business, Kitty?" Miss Tell's mother said.

"And leave all that valuable stock?" said Mr. Tell. "Where's your brain?"

"I never could fathom business," said Mrs. Tell.

"It's the time to pick up things," said Mr. Tell.

"That's a way to talk when we may all be dead in a minute," said Mrs. Tell.

Mr. Tell said something about prices being bound to go up, but a huge explosion occurred and he stopped; it was embarrassing to use the words "go up."

"And this Lady Hackthorpe—is she friendly with this Plymbell?" said old Mrs. Tell when the explosion settled in as part of the furniture of their lives.

"Mr. Plymbell," Miss Tell corrected her mother. Miss Tell had a poor, fog-colored London skin and blushed in a patch across her forehead.

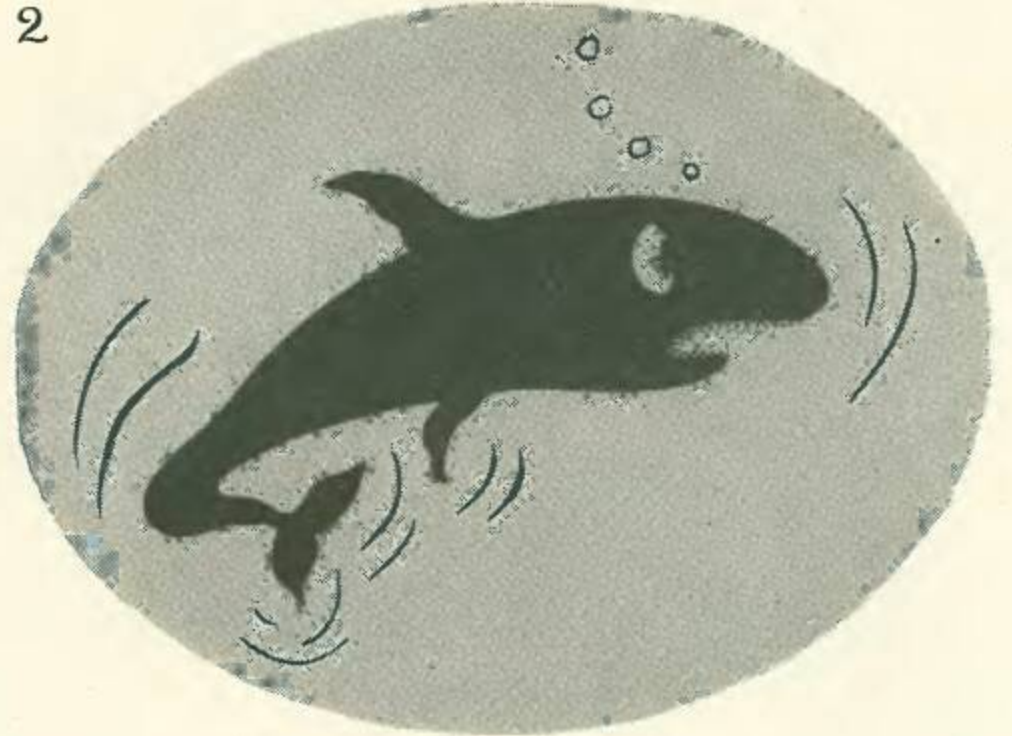
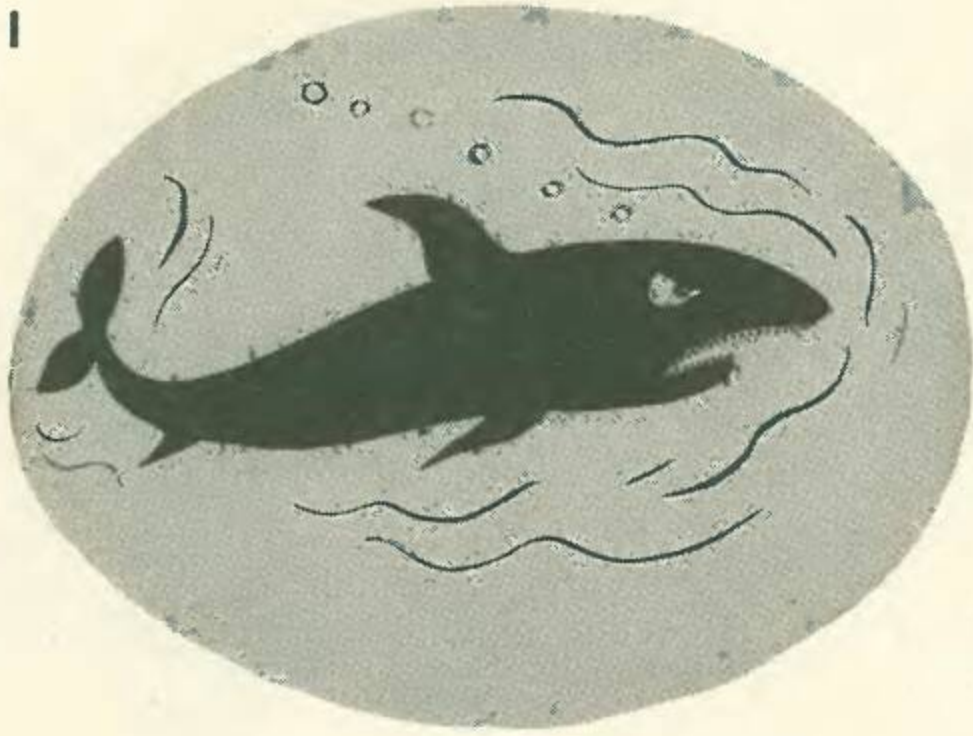
"I don't query his private life."

"He's a man," sighed Mrs. Tell. "To hear you talk he might be the Fairy Prince or Lord Muck himself. Listen to those guns. You've been there fifteen years."

"It takes two to be friendly," said Miss Tell, who sometimes spoke like a poem. "When one goes away it may be left open one way or another, I mean, and that—" Miss Tell searched for a new word but returned to the old one, the only one that ever, for her, met the human case, "And that," she said, "is unsatisfactory."

"You're neurotic," her mother said. "You never have any news."

And then Miss Tell had a terrible thought. "Mum!" she cried, dropping



the poetic accent she brought back from the West End every night, "where's Tiger? We've left him in the house."

Her mother became swollen with shame.

"You left him," accused Miss Tell. "You left him in the kitchen." She got up. "No one's got any heart. I'm going to get him."

"You stay here, my girl," said Mr. Tell.

"Come back, Kitty," said Mrs. Tell.

But Miss Tell (followed across the garden, as it seemed to her, by an airplane) went to the house. In her panic Mrs. Tell had left not only the cat, she had left her handbag and her ration books on the kitchen table. Miss Tell picked up the bag, and then kneeled under the table looking for Tiger. "Tiger, dear! Tiger!" she called. He was not there. It was at this instant that the airplane outside seemed to have followed her into the house, for the place suddenly closed in, then expanded and became hot, rose up in the air and fell down in cartloads upon the kitchen table. When Miss Tell was dug out alive and unhurt, black with dust, six hours later, Mr. and Mrs. Tell were dead in the garden.

WHEN Plymbell recalls his experiences in the war for the inquiring foreign customer, he says there were times when one was inclined to ask oneself whether the computed odds of something like eight hundred and ninety-seven thousand to one in favor of one's nightly survival were not, perhaps, an evasion of a private estimate one had arrived at without any special statistical apparatus—that it was fifty-fifty, and even providential. It was a point, he said, one recollected making to one's assistant at the time, when she came back.

Miss Tell came back to Plymbell's at lunchtime one day a fortnight after she

had been dug out. She was singular: she had been saved by looking for her cat. Mr. Plymbell was not at the shop, or in his rooms above it. In the vain-glory of her escape she went round to Polli's. Plymbell was more than half-way through his meal when he saw her come in. She was wearing no hat on her dusty black hair, and under her black coat, which so often had ends of cotton on it, she was wearing navy-blue trousers. Plymbell winced: it was the human aspect of war that was so lowering; he saw at once that Miss Tell had become a personality. Watching the wag of her narrow shoulders as she walked, he saw she had caught the general immodesty of the "bombed out."

Without being invited, she sat down at his table and put herself sideways, at her ease, crossing her legs to show her trousers. Her face had filled out into two little puffs of vanity on either side of her mouth, as if she were eating or were containing a yawn. The two rings of age on her neck looked like a cheap necklace. Lipstick was for the first time on her lips. It looked like blood.

"One inquired in vain," said Plymbell with condescension. "I am glad to see you back."

"I thought I might as well pop round," said Miss Tell.

Mr. Plymbell was alarmed; her note was breezy. "Aren't you coming back?"

"I haven't found Tiger," said Miss Tell.

"Tiger?"

Miss Tell told him her story.

Plymbell saw that he must try and put himself for a moment in his employee's situation and think of her grief. "One recalls the thought that passed through one's mind when one's own mother died," he said.

"They had had their life," said Miss Tell petulantly.

A connoisseur by trade, Plymbell

was disappointed by the banality of Miss Tell's remark. What was grief? It was a hunger. Not merely personal, emotional, and spiritual; it was physical. Plymbell had been forty-two when his mother died, and he, her only child, had always lived with her. Her skill with money, her jackdaw eye had made the business. The morning she died in hospital he had felt that a cave had been opened inside his body under the ribs, a cave getting larger and colder and emptier. He went out and ate one of the largest meals of his life.

While Miss Tell, a little fleshed already in her tragedy, was still talking, the waiter came to the table with Plymbell's allowance of cheese and biscuits.

Plymbell remembered his grief. "Bring me another portion for my secretary," he said.

"Oh no, not for me," said Miss Tell. She was too dazed by the importance of loss to eat. "I couldn't."

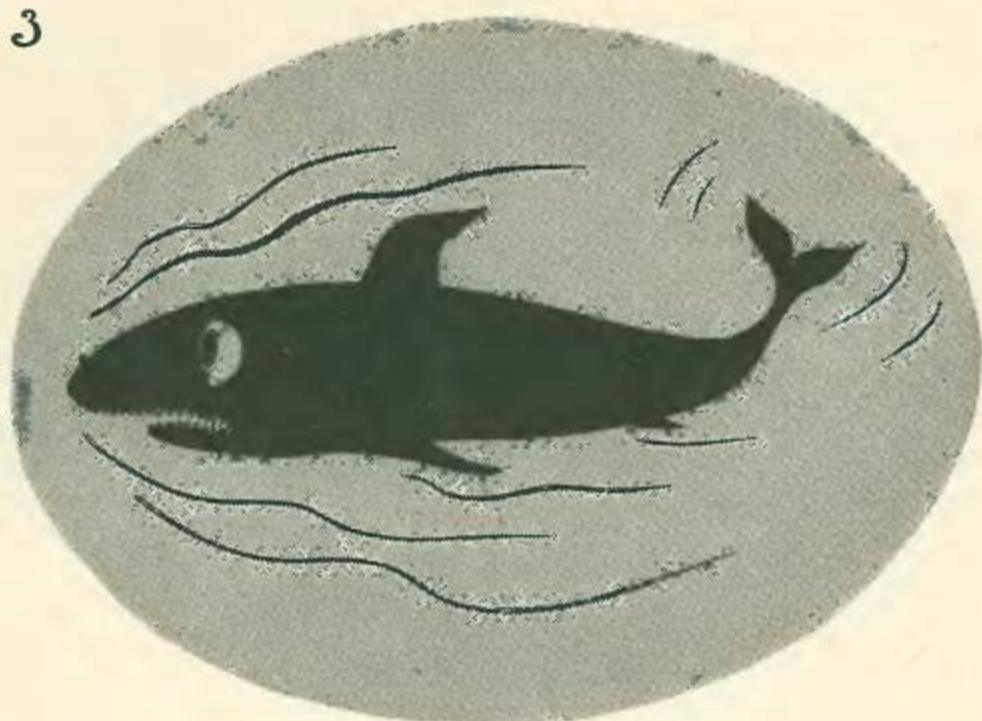
But Polli's waiter had a tired, deaf head. He came back with biscuits for Miss Tell.

Miss Tell looked about the restaurant until the waiter left and then coquettishly she passed her plate to Plymbell. "For you," she said. "I couldn't."

Plymbell thought Miss Tell ill-bred to suggest that he would eat what she did not want. He affected not to notice and gazed over her head, but his white hand had already taken the plate, and in a moment, still looking disparagingly beyond her, in order not to catch her eye, Mr. Plymbell bit into one of Miss Tell's biscuits. Miss Tell was smiling slyly.

After he had eaten her food, Mr. Plymbell looked at Miss Tell with a warmer interest. She had come to work for him in his mother's time, more than fifteen years before. Her hair was still black, her skin was now gray and yellow with a lilac streak on the jaw, there were sharp stains like poor coffee under

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her eyes. These were brown with a circle of gold in the pupils, and they seemed to burn as if there were a fever in their shadows. Her black coat, her trousers, her cotton blouse were cheap, and even her body seemed to be thin with cheapness. Her speech was awkward, for part of her throat was trying to speak in a refined accent and the effect was half arrogant, half disheartened. Now, as he swallowed the last piece of biscuit, she seemed to him to change. Her eyes were brilliant. She had become quietly a human being.

What is a human being? The chef whom he could see through the hatch was one; Polli, who was looking at the menu by the cash desk, was another; his mother, who had made remarkable ravioli; people like Lady Hackthorpe, who had given such wonderful dinner parties before the war; that circle which the war had scattered and where he had moved from one lunch to the next in a life that rippled to the sound of changing plates that tasted of sauces now never made. These people had been human beings. One knew a human being when the juices flowed over one's teeth. A human being was a creature who fed one. Plymbell moved his jaws. Miss Tell's sly smile went. He looked as though he was going to eat *her*.

"You had better take the top room at the shop," he said. "Take the top room if you have nowhere to live."

"But I haven't found Tiger," Miss Tell said. "He must be starving."

"You won't be alone," said Plymbell. "I sleep at the shop."

Miss Tell considered him. Plymbell could see she was weighing him against Tiger in her mind. He had offered her the room because she had fed him.

"You have had your lunch, I presume," said Plymbell as they walked back to the shop.

"No—I mean yes. Yes, no," said

Miss Tell secretively, and again there was the blush like a birthmark on her forehead.

"Where do you go?" said Plymbell, making a shameful inquiry.

"Oh," said Miss Tell defensively, as if it were a question of chastity. "Anywhere. I manage. I vary." And when she said she varied, Miss Tell looked with a virginal importance first one way and then the other.

"That place starves one," said Plymbell indignantly. "Onc comes out of there some days and one is weak with hunger."

Miss Tell's flush went. She was taken by one of those rages that shake the voices and the bones of unmarried women, as if they were going to shake the nation by the scruff of its neck. "It's wrong, Mr. Plymbell. The government ought to give men more rations. A man needs food. Myself, it never worries me. I never eat. Poor mother used to say, 'Eat, girl, eat.'" A tear came to Miss Tell's right eye, enlarged it and made it liquid, burning, beautiful. "It was funny, I didn't seem to fancy anything. I just pick things over and leave them."

"I never heard of anyone who found the rations too much," said Mr. Plymbell with horror.

"I hardly touch mine since I was bombed out," said Miss Tell primly, and she straightened her thin, once humble body, raised her small bosom, which was ribbed like a wicker basket, gave her hair a touch or two, and looked with delicate resolution at Plymbell. "I sometimes think of giving my ration books away," she said in an offhand way.

Plymbell gaped at the human being in front of him. "Give them away!" he exclaimed. "Them?" he said. "Have you got more than one?"

"I've got father's and mother's, too."

"But one had gathered that the law

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required one to surrender the official documents of the deceased," said Plymbell, narrowing his eyes suggestively. His heart had livened, his mouth was watering.

A warm, enticing shamelessness, the conceit, even the voluptuousness, of sin were upon Miss Tell. She moved her erring shoulders, her eyes became larger, her lips drooped. "It's wicked of me," she said.

"Plymbell took her thin elbow in his hand and contained his anxiety. "I should be very careful about those ration books. I shouldn't mention it. There was a case in the paper the other day."

They had reached the door of the shop. "How is Lady Hackthorpe?" Miss Tell asked. "Is she still away?"

Miss Tell had gone too far; she was being familiar. Plymbell put up his monocle and did not reply.

A TIME of torture began for Plymbell when Miss Tell moved in. He invited her to the cellar on the bad nights, but Miss Tell had become lightheaded with fatalism and would not move from her bed on the top floor. In decency Plymbell had to remain in his bed and take shelter no more. Above him slept the rarest of human beings, as Plymbell conceived human beings—a creature who had three ration books, a woman who was technically three people. He feared for her at every explosion. His mouth watered when he saw her: the woman with three books who did not eat and who thought only of how hungry Tiger must be. If he could have turned himself into a cat!

At one point Plymbell decided that Miss Tell was like Lady Hackthorpe with her furniture; Miss Tell wanted money. He went to the dark corner behind a screen between his own office and the shop, where sometimes she sewed. When he stood by the screen

he was nearly on top of her. "If," he said in a high, breaking voice that was strange even to himself, "if you are ever thinking of *selling* your books . . ."

He had made a mistake. Miss Tell was mending and the needle was pointing at him as she stood up. "I couldn't do that," she said. "It is forbidden by the law." And she looked at him strictly.

Plymbell gaped before her hypocrisy. Miss Tell's eyes became larger, deeper, and liquid in the dusk of the corner where she worked. Her chin moved up in a number of amused, resentful movements; her lips moved. Good God, thought Plymbell, is she eating? Her thin arms were slack, her body was inert. She continued to move her dry lips. She leaned her head sideways and raised one eye. Plymbell could not believe what he saw. Miss Tell was plainly telling him: "Yes, I *have* got something in my mouth. It is the desire to be kissed."

Or was he wrong? Plymbell was not a kissing man. His white, demanding face was indeed white with passion, and his lips were shaped for sensuous delicacy, but the passion of the gourmet, the libidinousness of the palate gave him his pallor. He had felt desire, in his way, for Lady Hackthorpe, but it had been consummated in bisques, in crêpes, in *flambées*, in *langouste* done in many manners, in *aillois*, in bouillabaisse and vintage wines. That passion had been starved, and he was perturbed by Miss Tell's signal. One asks oneself (he reflected, going to his office and considering reproachfully his mother's photograph, which stood on his desk)—one asks oneself whether or not a familiar adage about Nature's abhorrence of a vacuum has not a certain relevance, and indeed whether one would not be justified in coining a vulgar phrase to the effect that when one shuts the front door on Nature, she comes in at the back. Miss Tell was certainly the back; one might call her the scullery of the emotions.

Plymbell lowered his pale eyelids in a flutter of infidelity, unable honestly to face his mother's stare. Her elderly aquiline nose, her close-curved silver hair tipped with a touch of fashionable idiocy off the forehead, her too-jewelled, hawking, grabbing, slapdash face derided him for the languor of the male symptom, and at the same time, with the ratty double-facedness of her sex, spoke sharply about flirtations with employees. Plymbell's eyes lied to her image. All the same, he tried to calm himself by taking a piece of violet note-paper and dashing off a letter to Lady Hackthorpe. Avocado pear, he wrote,

HAND ME DOWN MY OLD SCHOOL SLIDING PADS OR, THERE'S A HINT OF STRAWBERRY LEAVES IN THE AIR

This is the outstretched, tentative toe,
The placid paddling into dotage:
To complement the radio
With the library of a summer cottage.

What calmer joy can life afford,
What more can fortune offer, or fame,
Than reading Mrs. Humphry Ward
While listening to the baseball game?

A glimpse of ducal silhouettes,
A flash of electronic science,
As kind hearts clash with coronets—
Also the Cardinals with the Giants.

The heroine's birth is most unusual—
It's three and two on Enos Slaughter.
What would she think of Stanley Musial,
And he of Lady Rose's daughter?

The code of stout King Edward's reign
Conceals outstanding hanky-panky,
Suggesting time and time again
The hidden ball of Eddie Stanky.

Beware, fair child of Lady Rose;
Warkworth, that cad, is far too cuddly!
Ah! Sure as Bobby Thomson's throws,
She's rescued by the Duke of Chudleigh!

In a world where even umpires err,
Why scorn the Duchess's stumbling start?
"When she learned at last he needed her,
The dear knowledge filled and tamed her heart."

Oh, bury me where the blue begins,
Where ball meets bat as lord meets lord,
Out where the home team always wins
And virtue is its Humphry Ward.

—OGDEN NASH

whitebait (did she think?), *bœuf bourguignon*, or what about *dindonneau* in those Italian pastes? It was a letter crisp, in his fashion, with the glittering stare of lust. He addressed the envelope, and, telling Miss Tell to post it, Plymbell pulled down the points of his slack waistcoat and felt saved.

So saved that when Miss Tell came back and stood close to his desk, narrow and flat in her horrible trousers, and with her head turned to the window, showing him her profile, Plymbell felt she was satirically flirting with his hunger. Indignantly he got up and, before he knew what he was doing, he put his hand under her shoulder blade and kissed her on the lips.

A small frown came between Miss Tell's eyebrows. Her lips were tight



and set. She did not move. "Was that a bill you sent to Lady Hackthorpe?" she asked.

"No," said Plymbell. "A personal letter."

Miss Tell left his office.

Mr. Plymbell wiped his mouth on his handkerchief. He was shocked by himself; even more by the set lips, the closed teeth, the hard chin of Miss Tell; most of all by her impertinence. He had committed a folly for nothing and he had been insulted.

THE following morning Plymbell went out on his weekly search for food, but he was too presumptuous for the game. In the coarse world of provisions and the black market, the monocle was too fine. Plymbell lacked the touch; in a long day all he managed to get was four fancy cakes. Miss Tell came out of her dark corner and looked impersonally at him. He was worn out.

"No offal," he said in an appalled,

hoarse voice. "No offal in the whole of London."

"Ooh," said Miss Tell, quick as a sparrow. "I got some. Look." And she showed him her disgusting, bloodstained triumph on its piece of newspaper.

Never had Miss Tell seemed so common, so flagrant, so lacking in sensibility, but, also, never had she seemed so desirable. And then, as before, she became limp and neutral and she raised her chin. There were the unmistakable crumb-licking movements of her lips. Plymbell saw her look sideways at him as she turned. Was she inviting him to wipe out the error of the previous day? With one eye on the meat, Plymbell made a step toward her, and in a moment Miss Tell was on him, kissing him, openmouthed and with frenzy, her fingernails in his arms, and pressing herself to him to the bone.

"Sweetbreads," she said. "For you. I never eat them. Let me cook them for you."

An hour later she was knocking at the door of his room and carrying a loaded tray. It was laid, he was glad to notice, for one person only. Plymbell said, "One had forgotten what sweetbreads were."

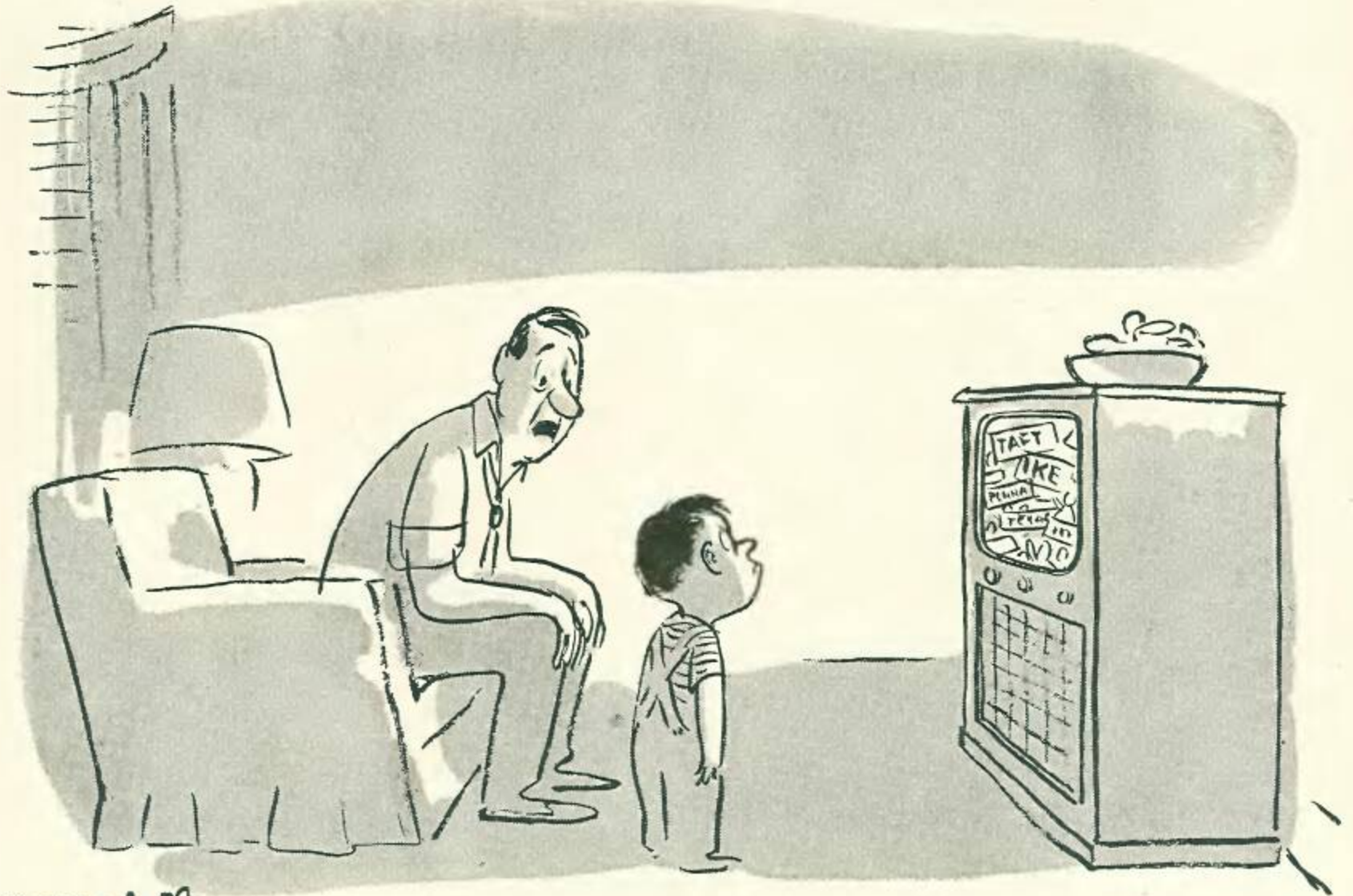
"It was nothing. I have enjoyed your confidence for fifteen years," said Miss Tell in her poetic style. And the enlarged eyes looked at him with an intimate hunger.

That night, as usual, Plymbell changed into a brilliant dressing gown, and, standing before the mirror, he did his hair, massaging with the fingers, brushing first with the hard ivory brush and then with the soft one. As he looked into the glass, Miss Tell's inquiring face kept floating into it, displacing his own.

"Enjoyed my confidence!" said Plymbell. "The devil she has! What is she up to? What does she want?"

In her bedroom Miss Tell turned out the light, drew back the curtains, and looked into the London black and at the inane triangles of the searchlights. She stood there listening. "Tiger, Tiger," she murmured. "Where are you? Why did you go away from me? I miss you in my bed. Are you hungry? I had a lovely dinner ready for you—sweetbreads. I had to give it to him because you didn't come."

In answer, the hungry siren went like the wail of some monstrous, dis-



C. Modell

"But, gosh, Daddy likes this program, and, after all, Melvin, it only happens once every four years."

embodied Tiger, like all the dead cats of London restless beyond the grave.

Miss Tell drew the curtains and lay down on her bed. "Tiger," she said crossly, "if you don't come tomorrow, I shall give everything to him. He needs it. Not that he deserves it. Filling up the shop with that woman's furniture, storing it free of charge, writing her letters, ruining himself for her. I hate her. I always have. I don't understand him and her, how she gets away with it, owing money all round. She's got a hold—"

The guns broke out. They were like an open declaration of war upon Lady Hackthorpe.

TIGER did not come back, and rabbit was dished up for Plymbell. He kissed Miss Tell a third time. It gave him the agreeable sensation that he was doing something for the war. After the fourth kiss, Plymbell became worried. Miss Tell had mentioned stuffed veal. She had spoken of mushrooms. He had thoughtlessly exceeded in his embrace. He had felt for the first time in his life—voluptuousness; he had discovered how close to eating kissing is, and as he allowed his arm to rest on Miss Tell's lower-class waist, he had had the inadvertent impression of picking up a cutlet in his fingers. Plymbell felt he had done enough for the vanity of Miss Tell. He was in the middle of

this alarmed condition when Miss Tell came into his office and turned his alarm to consternation.

"I've come to give my notice," she said in her poetic style.

Plymbell was appalled. "What is wrong, Miss Tell?" he said.

"Nothing's wrong," said Miss Tell. "I feel I am not needed."

"Have I offended you?" said Plymbell suspiciously. "Is it money?"

Miss Tell looked sharply. She was insulted. "No," she said. "Money is of no interest to me. I've got nothing to do. Trade's stopped."

Plymbell made a speech about trade.

"I think I must have got"—Miss Tell searched for a word and lost her poetic touch—"browned off," she said, and blushed. "I'll get a job in a canteen. I like cooking."

Plymbell in a panic saw not one woman but three women leaving him. "But you are cooking for me," he said.

Miss Tell shrugged.

"Oh yes, you are. Miss Tell—be my housekeeper."

GOOD God, thought Plymbell afterward, so that was all she wanted. I needn't have kissed her at all.

How slowly one learns about human nature, he thought. Here was a woman with one simple desire: to serve him—to slave for him, to stand in queues, to cook, to run his business, do every-

thing. And who, to crown all, did not eat.

"I shall certainly not kiss her again," he said.

At this period of his life, with roofs leaving their buildings and servants leaving their places all round him, Plymbell often reflected guardedly upon his situation. There was, he had often hinted, an art in keeping servants. He appeared, he noted, to have this art. But would he keep it? What was it? Words of his mother's came back to him: "Miss Tell left a better job and higher wages to come to me. This job is more flattering to her self-importance." "Never consider them, never promise; they will despise you. The only way to keep servants is to treat them like hell. Look at Lady Hackthorpe's couple. They'd die for her. They probably will."

Two thousand years of civilization lay in those remarks.

"And never be familiar." Guiltily, he could imagine Lady Hackthorpe putting in her word. As the year passed, as his nourishment improved, the imaginary Lady Hackthorpe rather harped on the point.

There was no doubt about it, Plymbell admitted, he *had* been familiar. But only four times, he protested. And what is a kiss, in an office? At this he could almost hear Lady Hackthorpe laughing, in an insinuating way, that she hardly imagined there could be any question of his going any further.

Plymbell, now full of food, blew up into a temper with the accusing voices. He pitched into Miss Tell. He worked out a plan of timely dissatisfaction. His first attack upon her was made in the shop in the presence of one of the rare customers of those days.

"Why no extra liver this week, Miss Tell? My friend here has got some," he said.

Miss Tell started, then blushed on the forehead. It was, he saw, a blush of pleasure. Public humiliation seemed to delight Miss Tell. He made it harder. "Why no eggs?" he shouted down the stairs, and on another day, as if he had a whip in his hand, "Anyone can get olive oil." Miss Tell smiled and looked a little sideways at him.

Seeing he had not hurt her in public, Plymbell then made a false move. He called her to his room above the shop and decided to "blow her up" privately.

"I can't *live* on fish," he began. But whereas, delighted to be noticed, she listened to his public complaints in the shop, she did not listen in his room. By his second sentence, she had turned her back and wandered to the sofa. From

there she went to his writing table, trailing a finger on it. She was certainly not listening. In the middle of his speech and as his astounded, colorless eyes followed her, she stopped and pointed through the double doors where his bedroom was and she pointed to the Hepplewhite bed.

"Is that Lady Hackthorpe's, too?" she said.

"Yes," said Plymbell, off his guard.

"Why do you have it up here?" she said rudely.

"Because I like it," said Plymbell, snubbing her.

"I think four-posters are unhealthy," said Miss Tell, and circled with meandering impertinence to the window and looked out onto the street. "That old man," she said, admitting the vulgar world into the room, "is always going by."

Plymbell raised his eyebrows; they would have gone higher only with difficulty.

Miss Tell shrugged at the window and considered the bed again across the space of two rooms. Then, impersonally, she made a speech. "I never married," she said. "I have been friendly but not married. One great friend went away. There was no agreement, nothing said, he didn't write and I didn't write. In those cases I sympathize with the wife, but I wondered when he didn't communicate. I didn't know whether it was over or not over, and when you don't know, it isn't satisfactory. I don't say it was anything, but I would have liked to know whether it was or not. I never mention it to anyone."

"Oh," said Plymbell.

"It upset Dad," said Miss Tell, and of that she was proud.

"I don't follow," said Plymbell. He wanted to open the window and let Miss Tell's private life out.

"It's hard to describe something unsatisfactory," said Miss Tell. And then "Dad was conventional."

Mr. Plymbell shuddered.

"Are you interested?" asked Miss Tell.

"Please, please go on," said Plymbell.

"I have been 'the other woman' three times," said Miss Tell primly.

Plymbell put up his monocle, but as far as he could judge, all Miss Tell had done was make a public statement. He could think of no reply. His mind

drifted. Suddenly he heard the voice of Miss Tell again, trembling, passionate, raging as it had been once before, at Polli's, attacking him.

"She uses you," Miss Tell was saying. "She puts all her rubbish into your shop, she fills up your flat. She won't let you sell it. She hasn't paid you. Storage is the dearest thing in London. You could make a profit, you would turn over your stock. Now is the time to buy, Dad said . . ."

Plymbell picked up his paper.

"Lady Hackthorpe," explained Miss Tell, and he saw her face, smallmouthed and sick and shaking with jealousy.

"Lady Hackthorpe has gone to America," Plymbell said in his snubbing voice.

Miss Tell's rage had spent itself. "If you were not so horrible to me, I would tell you an idea," she said.

"Horrible? My dear Miss Tell," said Mr. Plymbell, leaning back as far as he could in his chair.

"It doesn't matter," said Miss Tell, and she walked away. "When is Lady Hackthorpe coming back?" she said.

"After the war, I suppose," said Plymbell.

"Oh," said Miss Tell, without belief.

"What is your idea?"

"Oh no. It was about lunch. At Polli's. It is nothing," said Miss Tell.

"Lunch," said Plymbell with a start, dropping his eyeglass. "What about lunch?" And his mouth stayed open.

Miss Tell turned about and approached him. "No, it's unsatisfactory," said Miss Tell. She gave a small laugh and then made the crumb movements with her chin.

"Come here," commanded Plymbell. "What idea about lunch?"

Miss Tell did not move, and so he got up, in a panic now. A mad suspicion came to him that Polli's had been bombed, that someone—perhaps Miss Tell herself—was going to take his lunch away from him. Miss Tell did not move. Mr. Plymbell did not move. Feeling weak, Mr. Plymbell decided to sit down again. Miss Tell came and sat on the arm of his chair.

"Nothing," she said, looking into his eyes for a long time and then turning away. "You have been horrible to me for ten months and thirteen days. You know you have." Her back was to him.

Slices of pork, he saw, mutton, beef. He went through a nightmare that he arrived at Polli's late, all the customers were inside, and the glass doors were locked. The headwaiter was standing there refusing to open. Miss Tell's un-nourished back made him think of this. He did no more than put his hand on





her shoulder, as slight as a chicken bone, and as he did so, he seemed to hear a sharp warning snap from Lady Hackthorpe. "Gus," Lady Hackthorpe seemed to say, "what are you doing? Are you mad? Don't you know why Miss Tell had to leave her last place?" But Lady Hackthorpe's words were smothered. A mere touch—without intention on Plymbell's part—had impelled Miss Tell to slide backward onto his lap.

"How have I been horrid to you?" said Plymbell, forgetting to put inverted commas round the word "horrid."

"You know," said Miss Tell.

"What was this idea of yours," he said quietly, and he kissed her neck. "No, no," she said, and moved her head to the other side of his neck. There was suddenly a sound that checked them both. Her shoe fell off. And then an extraordinary thing happened to Plymbell. The sight of Miss Tell's foot without its shoe did it. At fifty, he felt the first indubitable symptom. A scream went off inside his head—Lady Hackthorpe nagging him about some man she had known who had gone to bed with his house-keeper. "Ruin," Lady Hackthorpe was saying.

"About lunch—it was a good idea," Miss Tell said tenderly into his collar.

But it was not until three in the morning that Miss Tell told Plymbell what the idea was.

AND so, every weekday, there is the modest example of Mr. Plymbell's daily luncheon. The waiter takes the empty soup plate away from Miss Tell and presently comes forward with the meat and vegetables. He scrapes them off his serving dish onto her plate. She keeps her head lowered for a while, and then, with a glance to see if other customers are looking, she lifts the plate over to Mr. Plymbell's place. He, of course, does not notice. Then, absently, he settles down to eat her food. While he does this, he mutters, "What did you get?" She nods at her stuffed basket and answers. Mr. Plymbell eats two lunches. While this goes on, Miss Tell looks at him. She is in a strong position now. Hunger is the basis of life and, for her, a great change has taken place. The satisfactory has occurred.

For two or three years have passed. Letters from America have come to the shop. Lady Hackthorpe is talking about cutting her American losses and coming back. On the one hand (Plymbell clearly sees), there is civilization, there are all those sauces; on the other, there is a woman with those ration books, not

merely a human being—in Plymbell's sense of the word—but three human beings.

Miss Tell has put it plainly: "If that woman comes in here, out I go."

It is bad enough when Lady Hackthorpe sends food parcels, but Plymbell has been able to hide two of them and eat the contents secretly. He has failed, though, to think of any way of hiding Lady Hackthorpe. Blatancy is her life. The only plan that has occurred to Plymbell is one he tries out on the occasional foreign customer.

"There are times," the speech runs, "when one is inclined to indite a brief but cogent epistle to any valued friend one may, hypothetically, have in lands less corrupted by necessity than one's own, making the possibly disloyal suggestion that they postpone their return to their native hearth until what one can only call the war on the stomach has been, to use a vulgarism, mopped up. One is saddled with degradation; one hardly cares to be observed positively enjoying."

Miss Tell has heard this speech once or twice. All she wants, she says, is to see the letter with her own eyes and post it herself. She wants to make sure, as well, that he has mentioned selling the furniture. It is the only unsatisfactory thing left. —V. S. PRITCHETT

C'EST LE PREMIER PAS QUI COÛTE

LIKE the Jesuits, to whom they stand as nieces, the Ladies of the Sacred Heart are a highly centralized order, versed in clockwork obedience to authority. Their institutions follow a pattern laid down for them in France in the early nineteenth century—clipped and pollarded as a garden and stately as a minuet. All Sacred Heart convent schools are the same—the same blue serge dresses, usually, with white collars and cuffs, the same blue and green and pink moiré ribbons awarded for good conduct, the same books given as prizes on Prize Day, the same recitation of “Lepanto” by an English actor in a piped vest, the same *congés*, or holidays, announced by the *Mère Supérieure*, the same game of *cache-cache*, or hide-and-seek, played on these traditional feast days, the same *goûter*, or tea, the same retreats and sermons, the same curtsies dipped in the hall, the same early-morning chapel with processions of girls, like widowed queens, in sad black-net veils, the same *prie-dieu*, the same French hymns (“*Oui, je le crois*”), the same glorious white-net veils and flowers and gold vessels on Easter and Holy Thurs-

day and on feasts peculiar to the order. In the year I came to the Seattle *Mesdames*, at four o'clock on any weekday afternoon in Roscrea, Ireland, or Rotherhampton, England, or Menlo Park, California, the same tiny old whiskered nun was reading, no doubt, from “Emma” or “A Tale of Two Cities” to a long table of girls stitching French seams or embroidering bureau scarves with wreaths of flowers. “Charles Evrémonde, called Darnay!”—the red-rimmed old black eye levelled and raked us all, summarily, with the grapeshot of the Terror.

I was eleven years old, a seventh-grader, when I was first shown into the big study hall in Forest Ridge Convent and issued my soap dish, my veil, and my napkin ring. The sound of the French words awed me, the lustre of the wide moiré ribbons cutting, military-wise, across young bosoms, the curtained beds in the dormitories, the soft step of the girls, the curtsies to the floor, the white hands of the music master (a Swedish baron in spats), the cricket played in the playground, the wooden rattle of the *surveillante's* clapper. I could not

get used to the idea that here were nuns who did not lose their surnames, as all normal nuns did, becoming Sister Mary Aloysia or Sister Josepha, but were called Madame Barclay or Madame Slattery, or *Ma Mère* or Mother for short. They were not *ordinary* nuns, it was scornfully explained to me, but women of good family, cloistered ladies of the world, just as Sacred Heart girls were not *ordinary* Catholics but daughters of the best families. And my new subjects were not ordinary subjects, like spelling and arithmetic, but Rhetoric, French, Literature, Christian Doctrine, English History. I was fresh from a Minneapolis parochial school, where a crude “citizenship” had been the rule, where we pledged allegiance to the flag every morning, warbled “My Country, 'Tis of Thee,” said “grievous” instead of “grievous,” competed in paper drives and citywide spelling contests, drew hatchets for Washington's Birthday and log cabins for Lincoln's, gave to foreign missions for our brown and yellow brothers, feared the Ku Klux Klan, sold chances and subscriptions to periodicals, were taken on tours of flour mills and waterworks; I looked upon my religion as a branch of civics and conformity, and

the select Sacred Heart atmosphere took my breath away. The very austerities of our life had a mysterious aristocratic punctilio: the rule of silence so often clapped down on us at meal-times, the pitcher of water and the bowl for washing at our bedsides, the supervised Saturday-night bath in the cold bathroom, with a red-faced nun sitting on a stool behind a drawn curtain with our bath towel in her lap. I felt as though I stood on the outskirts and observed the ritual of a cult, a cult of fashion and elegance in the sphere of religion.

And, thanks to the standardization of an archaic rule, the past still vibrated in the convent, a high, sweet note. It was the France of the Restoration that was embalmed in the Sacred Heart atmosphere, like a period room in a museum with a silken cord drawn across it. The quarrels of the *philosophes* still echoed in the classrooms; the tumbrils had just ceased to creak, and Voltaire grinned



P. Ramin

in the background. Orthodoxy had been reestablished, Louis XVIII ruled, but there was a hint of Orleanism in the air and a whisper of reduced circumstances in the pick-pick of our needles doing fine darning and turning buttonholes. Byron's great star had risen, and, across the sea, America beckoned in the romances of Chateaubriand and Fenimore Cooper and the adventures of the *coureurs de bois*. Protestantism did not trouble us; we had made our peace with the Huguenots. What we feared was skepticism, deism, and the dread spirit of atheism—France's Lucifer. Monthly, in the study hall, the Mother Superior, Madame MacIllvra, adjured us, daughters of dentists and lawyers, grocers and realtors, heiresses of the Chevrolet agency and of Riley & Finn, contractors, against the sin of doubt, that curse of fine intellects. Her blue eyes clouded and her fair white brow ruffled under her snowy coif as she considered, with true feminine sympathy, the awful fate of Shelley, a young man of good family who had contracted atheism at Oxford.

These discourses of Madame MacIllvra's fascinated me, peopling the world with new characters and a new sort of hero-villain, alone, noble, bereft; I watched the surge and billow of her bosom, and pulsed with pity and terror. During that first year, I was very unhappy in the convent, or, to be more accurate, I felt like a lorn new soul come to Paradise, elated and charmed by what I saw—by the ranging hierarchies, the thrones and dominions—but unable to get a nod from any of the angels as they brushed by me on errands of bliss. As a revelation of the aristocratic principle, the convent overwhelmed me. The beauty and poise of the middling and older girls were like nothing I had seen on earth. If not like angels, they were like the kings' paramours I had read about in history or like Olympian goddesses, tall and swift of tread. Each of these paragons moved in an aureole of mysterious self-sufficiency; each had her pledged admirers among the younger and plainer girls, and disputes about them raged among us as though someone had thrown the apple of discord. In the intensity of the convent light, even a rather ordinary girl could acquire this penumbra of beauty, by gravity and dignity of person; it was a



"Commander, may I have your permission to wear only one hash mark when I'm on liberty?"

sort of calling, a still hearkening to inward voices, which brought a secret, cool smile to the lips of the one elected.

From the first, of course, I longed to become a member of this exquisite company, if only as a favored satellite or maid-in-waiting. But instead I stepped straight into that fatality that in every school awaits the newcomer who has not learned the first law of social dynamics: Be suspicious of tenders of assistance. Around me, from the very first day, as I arranged my books in my desk, circled the rusty rejects of the school system, hungry as crows for friendship, copious with invitations, pointers, and sweets from home to be shared. Every school, every college, every office, every factory has its complement of these miserable creatures, of whom I was soon to be one. No doubt they exist in Heaven, just inside the gate, peering over Saint Peter's shoulder for the advent of a new spirit, whom they can show the ropes; Hell must have them, too, and if I were Dante, for example, knowing what I know today, I would have been a *little* more leery of Vergil and that guided tour. In any case, I fell; I accepted with thanks those offers of aid and companionship. I learned the way to the refectory, how to fold my papers properly, how to stitch on my collars and cuffs, how to pin my veil, and, in return, I found myself the doomed companion of

girls with flat, broad faces and huge collections of freckles, girls with dandruff on their uniforms, with spots and gaping seams, wrinkled black stockings, chilblains, owl-like glasses, carrot-colored hair—damp, confidential souls with quantities of younger brothers and sisters just like themselves. And I was one of them too. On Saturday afternoons (we were all five-day boarders, which gave us "a lot in common"), I was the intimate of their mah-jongg parties, eating brick ice cream and frosted cupcakes, curtsying to their mothers, suspiciously hospitable dames with stout golfing legs who were pressing with second helpings, prizes, and "Didn't I know your mother?" On Monday mornings, at recess, Nemesis exacted its price; we wretches all loyally "stuck together," like pieces of melting candy in the linty recesses of a coat pocket. At the time, I thought I was alone in my impulses of savage withdrawal, but now I think that all of us, except those of subnormal mentality, bitterly hated each other and had each other's measure.

I felt the shock of all this the more acutely because nothing had prepared me for it. I had come to the convent anticipating a ready acceptance—or, rather, not even anticipating it, so completely had I taken it for granted. In the parochial school, I had led the class in scholarship and athletics; the fact that

I was an orphan and the strange circumstances of my home life, led between rich grandparents and a set of harsh, miserly guardians, had given me a unique social position. Waking up now sometimes in my cubicle at six-thirty in the morning to hear the nuns singing their office, far off in the chapel, I could look back, half-unbelieving, to a time when the leading boys and girls in my classroom had positively vied for my favors. I thought of my confirmation, which had been the great event of 6A in St. Stephen's School—what a stir it had made when it was known that Mary McCarthy, who was only ten years old, was going to be confirmed with the seventh- and eighth-graders. I remembered how my friends, full of curiosity and awe, had hung around outside the rectory one afternoon while I went in alone to tackle Father Gaughan, the old parish priest, and persuade him to confirm me, because I was such a prodigy of theological lore. In the dining room, next to the parlor, the priest's housekeeper was rattling the dishes and making angry noises, to indicate that I should go, that the Father's dinner was ready, as I could perfectly well smell for myself. Yet I had lingered, stubbornly, refusing to be put off, reciting passages from the catechism, till finally the old priest had patted my head and said to me, "Perseverance wins the crown," and I had run out into the street, jubilating, to meet my amazed classmates. "Perseverance wins the crown, perseverance wins the crown," I had sung over and over, just under my breath. This maxim and the triumph it capped fortified me now in the convent; I argued that it was only a question of time before I would be noticed by the superior girls with whom I rightfully belonged.

IT was the idea of being noticed that consumed all my attention; the rest, it seemed to me, would come of itself. Those goddesses whose society I craved had only to look down, once, to discern among the seventh-graders one who was different from the rest of the speckled crew. The sprinkling of freckles across the bridge of my own turned-up nose I regarded as ornamental; I rather fancied myself as a burning tiger lily among the roses and Easter lilies and Parma violets of the school. But despite my haughty manner, my new jewelled barrettes, my weekend applications of cucumber cream, my studied insolence to my friends, nobody seemed able to distinguish me. Even those very friends, who ought, by this time, to have known better (for I could make them cry

ISLE OF ARRAN

Where no one was was where my world was stilled
into hills that hung behind the lasting water:
a quiet quilt of heather where bees slept,
and a single slow bird in circles winding
round the axis of my head.

Any wind being only my breath, the weather
stopped, and a woollen cloud smothered the sun.
Rust and a mist hung over the clock of the day.
A mountain dreamed in the light of the dark
and marsh mallows were yellow forever.

Still as a fish in the secret loch alone,
I was held in the water where my feet found ground,
and the air where my head ended,
all thought a prisoner of the still sense—
till a butterfly drunkenly began the world.

—ALASTAIR REID

whenever I wanted to), treated me comfortably as one of themselves. Only the nuns recognized the difference, and this with a certain sorrow and gentle disapprobation. When I shaved off half my eyebrows, I was given a lecture on vanity, but within the convent no one was permitted to mention my extraordinary appearance. It was thought that I was getting ideas too old for my age, and my library list was examined; following the eyebrow episode, I was given a weekly dose of Fenimore Cooper as a corrective. When I finally refused this as childish, I was started on "John L. Stoddard's Lectures."

Though I often stood first in my studies, the coveted pink ribbon for good conduct never came my way. I suppose this was because of my meanness, in particular the spiteful taunts I directed at a supercilious fat girl, the petted daughter of a rich meat packer, with heavy rings on her fingers and a real fur coat, who was my principal rival for honors in the classroom, but at the time I could not understand why the ribbon was denied me. I never broke any of the rules, and was it my fault if she blubbered when I applied, perfectly accurately, a term I had heard mothers whisper—*nouveau riche*? Wasn't it *true*, I argued, when I was rebuked by

Madame Barclay, our mistress of studies, and wasn't fat Beryl always boasting of her money and curling her baby lip at girls whose mothers had to work? It wasn't kind of me, replied Madame Barclay, but I did not think it kind of her when she passed me over for Beryl in casting the class play. Everyone could see that I was much the better actress, and the leading role of haughty Lady Spindle was precisely suited to my style. I did not believe Madame Barclay when she explained that in the tryout I sounded too fierce and angry for a comedy; the nuns in the parochial school had never said so. I could see, darkly, that I was being punished, with that inverted favoritism so typical of authority ("Whom the Lord loveth, He chastiseth"), for everyone detested Beryl, even the nuns. Up to the last moment, I could not think they would really do this to me; I knew the part by heart and practiced the lines privately against the time when they would recognize their error and send for me to rescue them. But, incredibly, the play went on without me, and my only satisfaction, as I sat in the audience, was to watch Pork Barrel forget her lines; I supplied them, to my neighbors, in a vindictive whisper, till somebody told me to hush.

Nobody cared, apparently; nobody knew what they had missed; to them, it was just a silly seventh-grade play. My contempt for the seventh grade was stiffened by this experience; I resolved to cut myself off from them. At this time, for reasons of discipline, my desk in study hall was changed, and for the remainder of the term I was put next to an eighth-grader, the vivacious one of a pair of very popular twins; this girl was being punished for chattering with her former deskmate. The gulf between the grades was very wide, and





"For heaven's sake, Ed, holler something besides 'help.' People might think we're really in trouble."

• •

it was reasoned, correctly, that she would have no incentive to repeat her sin with me. Yet the mistress of discipline who put us together must have had a taste for visual punning, for the strange fact was that this girl and I resembled each other far more startlingly than she resembled her studious sister. We had the same brows, the same noses, the same fair skin and dark hair, the same height; the only difference

was in the way we parted our hair and in the color of our eyes, hers being hazel and mine green. Louise, unlike me, had a kind disposition but little curiosity, and even the likeness between us, so much remarked on by the nuns, was not enough to focus her merry eye on me for more than a wondering instant. As a twin, doubtless, she had grown indifferent to the oddities of Nature's ways. In any case, she paid me no

heed, and the very thing that might have drawn us together underlined the disparity between us. One day, as we sat side by side, bitterness overcame me to see her, my double, exchanging notes with her eighth-grade friends and acting as though I were not there. I took a piece of paper and wrote, "In my other school, I was popular too," and shoved it over onto her desk. She read it and lifted her eyes with a look of

quizzical astonishment. "Tell me," she wrote back, and I replied with a dazzling essay on the friends I had had, the contests I had won, the boys who had had crushes on me. As I watched her read, I felt a tremendous satisfaction: I had at last got the facts on record. It had come to me, suddenly, that I was neglected because the convent did not know *who I was*. Once the truth was discovered, I would receive my due, like royalty travelling incognito when it is recognized by someone in the crowd and the whole populace falls on its knees. "It must be very hard," she wrote back, sympathetically. And that, to my amazement, was the end of it. I had only made her vaguely sorry for me, so that she smiled at me from time to time, with looks of encouragement. I was forced to accept the fact that my former self was dead.

BUT my resolve was not softened. I came back in the fall, as a full-time boarder, with a certain set to my jaw, determined to go it alone. A summer passed in thoughtful isolation, rowing on a mountain lake, diving from a pier, had made me perfectly reckless. I was going to get myself recognized at whatever price. It was in this cold, empty gambler's mood, common to politicians and adolescents, that I surveyed the convent setup. If I could not win fame by goodness, I was ready to do it by badness, and I looked to the past for precedents. Anything that had happened once in a Sacred Heart convent became, so to speak, fossilized in the institutions of the order. Once, long ago, perhaps here or in Bruges or Chicago or nineteenth-century France, a girl had eloped with the music master, so now our piano lessons were chaperoned by a fat sister, one of the domestics, who reclined, snoring gently, in a chair just behind the Baron's. For a few weeks during the fall, the prospect of an elopement held first claim on my thoughts. My twelve-year-old hands trembled with hope whenever, in the stretch of an octave, they grazed the white hands of the professor; he had a few little blond glinting hairs on his plump fingers, which seemed to hint of virility dormant but vibrato, like the sleeping nun. I grew

faint when my laced shoe encountered his spatted oxford on the loud pedal. Examples of child marriages among the feudal nobility crowded through my head, as if to encourage the Baron, but at length I had to bow to the force of American custom and face it: He probably thought I was too young.

The decision to lose my faith followed swiftly on this disappointment. People are always asking me how I came to lose my faith, imagining a period of deep inward struggle. The truth is the whole momentous project simply jumped at me, ready-made, out of one of Madame MacIllvra's discourses. I had decided to do it before I knew what it was, when it was merely an interweaving of words, lose-your-faith, like the ladder made of sheets on which the daring girl had descended into the arms of her Romeo. "Say you've lost your faith," the devil prompted, assuring me that there was no risk if I chose my moment carefully. Starting Monday morning, we were going to have a retreat, to be preached by a stirring Jesuit. If I lost my faith on, say, Sunday, I could regain it during the three days of retreat, in time for Wednesday confessions. Thus there would be only four days in which my soul would be in danger if I should happen to die suddenly. The only real sacrifice would be forgoing Communion on Sunday. He who hesitates is lost; *qui ne risque rien n'a rien*, observed the devil, lapsing into French, as is his wont. If I did not do it, someone else might—that awful Beryl, for instance. It was a mira-

cle that someone had not thought of it already, the idea seemed so obvious, like a store waiting to be robbed.

Surprised looks were bent on me Sunday morning in the chapel when the line formed for Communion and I knelt unmoving in my pew. I was always an ostentatious communicant. Now girls clambered over me, somebody gave me a poke, but I shook my head sorrowfully, signifying by my expression that I was in a state of mortal sin and dared not approach the table. At lunch, eating little, I was already a center of attention at my table; I maintained a mournful silence, rehearsing what I would say to Madame MacIllvra in her office as soon as the meal was over. Having put in my request for an appointment, I was beginning to be slightly frightened. After lunch, as I stood waiting outside





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her door, I kept licking my lips. Yet this fear, I argued, was a token of sincerity; naturally you would be frightened if you had just lost your faith.

"*Ma Mère*, I have lost my faith." At her roll-top desk, Madame MacIllvra started; one plump white hand fluttered to her heart. She gave me a single searching look. Evidently, my high standing in my studies had prepared her for this catastrophe, for she did not ransack me further as I stood there quaking and bowing and trying to repress a foolish giveaway grin. I had been expecting a long questioning, but she reached, sighing, for the telephone, as though I had appendicitis or the measles.

"Pray, my child," she murmured as she summoned Father Dennis, our chaplain, from the neighboring Jesuit college. "I can't pray," I promptly responded. A classical symptom of unbelief was the inability to pray, as I knew from her own lectures. Madame MacIllvra nodded, turning a shade paler; she glanced at the watch in her bosom. "Go to your room," she said perturbedly. "You are not to speak to anyone. You will be sent for when Father Dennis comes. I will pray for you myself."

Some of her alarm had communicated itself to me. I had not realized that what I had said was so serious. I felt quite frightened now by what I had done and by the prospect of a talk with Father Dennis, who was an old, dry, forbidding man, very different from the handsome missionary father who was going to preach our retreat. The idea of backing down presented itself with more and more attraction, but I did not see how I could do this without being convicted of shallowness. Moreover, I doubted very much that Madame MacIllvra would believe me if I said now that I had got my faith back all at once. She would make me talk to Father Dennis anyway. Once the convent machinery had got into motion, there was no way of stopping it, as I knew from horrendous experience. It was like the mills of the gods.

By the time I reached my cubicle I was thoroughly scared. I saw that I was going to have to go through with this or be exposed before them all as a liar, and for the first time it occurred to me that I would have to have arguments to make my doubt sound real. At the same shaken moment I realized that I knew nothing whatever of atheism. If I were out in the world, I could consult the books that had been written on the subject, but here in the convent, obviously, there could be no access to atheistic lit-

erature. From the playground outside floated the voices of the girls, laughing. I went to the window and looked down at them, feeling utterly cut off and imprisoned within my own emptiness. There was no one to turn to but God, yet this was one occasion when prayer would be unavailing. A prayer for atheistic arguments (surely?) would only bring out the stern side of God. What was I going to do?

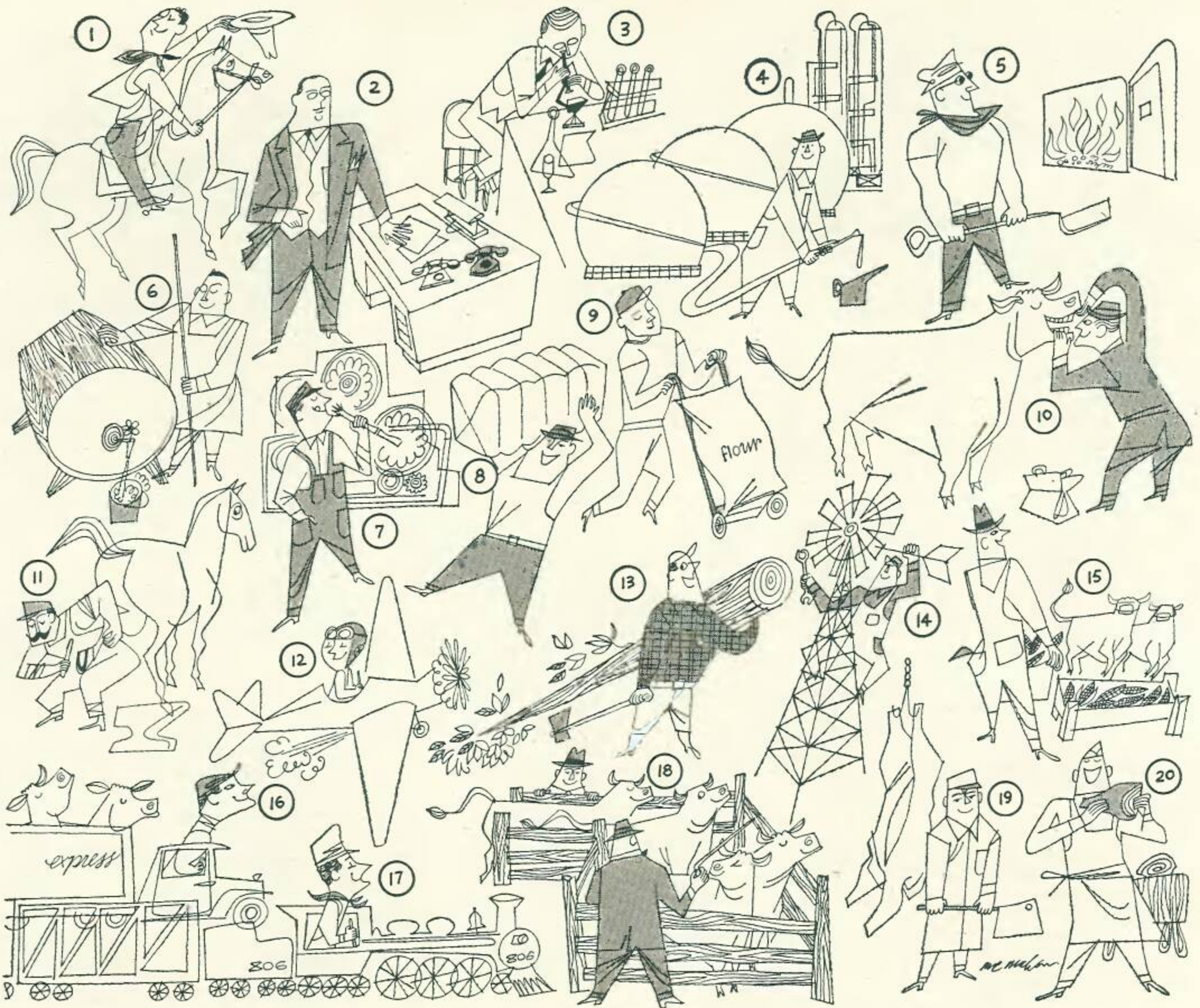
I sat down on my bed and tried to count my resources. After all, I said to myself suddenly, I did know something about skepticism, thanks to Madame MacIllvra herself. The skeptics' arguments were based on science—false science, said Madame MacIllvra—which reasoned that there was no God

because you could not see Him. This was a silly materialistic "proof," to which, unfortunately, I knew the answer. Could you see the wind? And yet its touch was everywhere, like God's invisible grace blowing on our souls. Skeptics denied the life after death and said there was no Heaven, only the blue of space in the celestial vault. Science proved that, they said, and science proved, too, that there was no Hell burning under the earth. We had had the answer to that one, only last week in Christian Doctrine, in Saint Paul's steely words, which we had had to memorize: "That eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, what things God hath prepared for them that love Him." I sank into a dull despair. Was I going to have to offer "proofs" that any fool could see through? Any fool knew that man's scientific calipers could not grasp God directly. Hell and Heaven were not contradictory to science but something different altogether, beyond science. But what about miracles?

I sat up suddenly. Miracles were not invisible. They were supposed to happen right here on earth, today. They were attested in the photographs of Lourdes by all the crutches hanging up in token of thankfulness for cures. Nevertheless, I said to myself delightedly, I had never seen a miracle, and perhaps all these people were lying or deluded. Christian Science claimed cures, too, and we knew that that was just imagination. Voltaire was an intelligent man and he had laughed at miracles. Why not I?

As I sat there searching my memory, doubts that I had hurriedly stowed away, like contraband in a bureau drawer, came back to me, reassuringly. I found that I had always been a little suspicious of the life after death. Per-





How many people does it take to produce a steak?

When you plank the cash on the counter for a slice of sirloin, some of it may represent *your own pay* for the part you played in getting that steak to your table.

We'll make ourselves clear.

It takes a lot of people to help produce that steak in this mid-20th-century economy of ours.

The people we've put in the picture above, for instance. And many, many others. Though you may not realize it, some product you, yourself, help make or sell or service may play a part in producing steaks.

1. The cowboy or range hand who looks after the cattle.
 2. The banker who finances land, herd and equipment.
 3. The chemist who makes insecticides, serums and fertilizers.
 4. The oil refiner who provides the fuel for the power machinery so many ranchers use.
 5. The steelmaker who provides a multitude of items, from fencing and branding irons to filing cabinets.
 6. The brewer
 7. The sugar refiner
 8. The cotton ginner
 9. The flour miller
- who furnish some of the by-products used to make the livestock feeds with which ranchers and feeders supplement grass.
10. The veterinary who looks after the health of the cattle.

11. The blacksmith who shoes the horses and repairs ranch machinery.
 12. The airplane pilot who sprays ranges and fields, destroying pests.
 13. The lumberman who provides the wood for corrals and barns and pens.
 14. The windmill who makes the machinery that keeps man-made ranch water holes working.
 15. The feeder who takes lean range cattle and puts about 25% more beef on them by intensive feeding.
 16. The truck driver
 17. The railroader
- who haul cattle to market and meat to you.
18. The stockyards man who provides "room and board" for the livestock, and the commission man who is sales agent for the producer.
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 20. The retailer who is the final link between all these people . . . and you.

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haps it was really true that the dead just rotted and I would never rejoin my parents in Heaven? I scratched a spot on my uniform, watching it turn white under my thumbnail. Another memory was tapping at my consciousness: the question of the Resurrection of the Body. At the last trump, all the bodies of men, from Adam onward, were supposed to leap from their graves and rejoin the souls that had left them; this was why the Church forbade cremation. But somewhere, not so long ago, I had heard a priest quote scornfully a materialistic argument against this. The materialist said (yes, that was it!) that people rotted and turned into fertilizer, which went into vegetables, and then other people ate the vegetables, so that when the Resurrection came there would not be enough bodies to go around. The priest answered that for God, anything was possible; if God made man from clay, He could certainly make some extra bodies. But in that case, I thought, pouncing, why did He object to cremation? And in any case they would not be the *same* bodies, which was the whole point. And I could think of an even stronger instance: What about cannibals? If God divided the cannibal into the component bodies he had digested, what would become of the cannibal? God could start with whatever flesh the cannibal had had when he was a baby, before he began eating missionaries, but if his father and mother had been cannibals too, what flesh would he really have that he could call his own?

At that time, I did not know that this problem had been treated by Aquinas, and with a child's pertinacity, I mined away at the foundations of the Fortress Rock. Elation had replaced fear. I could hardly wait now to meet Father Dennis and confront him with these doubts, so remarkable in one of my years. Parallels with the young Jesus, discoursing with the scribes and doctors, bounded through my head: "And all that heard Him were astonished at His Wisdom and His answers." No one now, I felt certain, would dare accuse me of faking. I strolled along proudly with the messenger who had come to fetch me; just as her knock sounded, I had reached the stage of doubting the divinity of Christ. I could see in the wondering looks this Iris was shedding on me that already I was a credit to the milieu.

IN the dark parlor, the priest was waiting, still in his cassock—a wrinkled, elderly man with a hairless face and brown, dead curly hair that



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looked like a wig. He had a weary, abstracted air as he turned away from the window, as though he had spent his life in the confessional-box. His voice was hollow; everything about him was colorless and dry. As chaplain to Madame MacIllvra, he must have become a sort of spiritual factotum, like an upper servant in an apron, and there was despondency in his manner, as though his *Nunc Dimittis* would never be pronounced. It was clear that he did not have the resilience of our clever nuns.

"You have doubts, Mother says," he began in a low, listless voice, pointing me to a straight chair opposite him and then seating himself in an arm-chair, with half-averted face, as priests do in the confessional. I nodded self-importantly. "Yes, Father," I recited. "I doubt the divinity of Christ and the Resurrection of the Body and the real existence of Heaven and Hell." The priest raised his scanty eyebrows, like two little wigs, and sighed. "You have been reading atheistic literature?" I shook my head. "No, Father. The doubts came all by themselves." The priest cupped his chin in his hand. "So," he murmured. "Let us have them then."

I was hurt when he interrupted me right in the middle of the cannibals. "These are scholastic questions," he said curtly. "Beyond the reach of your years. Believe me, the Church has an answer for them." A feeling of disappointment came over me; it seemed to me that I had a right to know the answer to the cannibal question, since I had thought it up all by myself, but my "Why can't I know nows" were brushed aside, just as though I had been asking about how babies were born. "No," said Father Dennis, with finality. My first excitement was punctured and I began to be suspicious of him, in the manner of adolescents. What, I asked myself shrewdly, was the Church trying to hide from me?

"Let us come to more important matters." He leaned forward in his chair, with the first sign of interest he had given. "You doubt the divinity of Our Lord?" I felt a peculiar avidity in his question that made me wish to hold back. A touch of fear returned to me. "I think so," I said dubiously, half-ready to abandon my ground. "Think! Don't you know?" he demanded, raising his voice like a frail thunderbolt. Quailing, I produced my doubt—I was one of those cowards who are afraid not to be brave. Nevertheless, I spoke hurriedly, in gulps, as if swallowing medicine. "We are supposed to know



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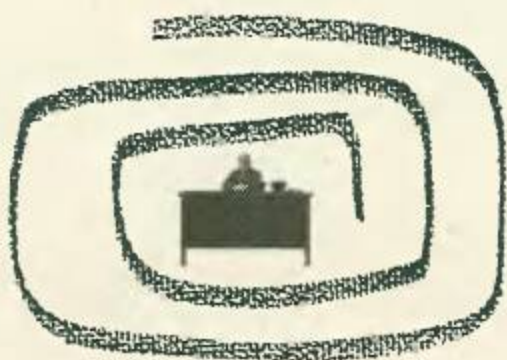
Then there are others who ask: "Your readers are Main Street merchants, aren't they? Local chamber of commerce fellows?" We should feel belittled, but we don't.

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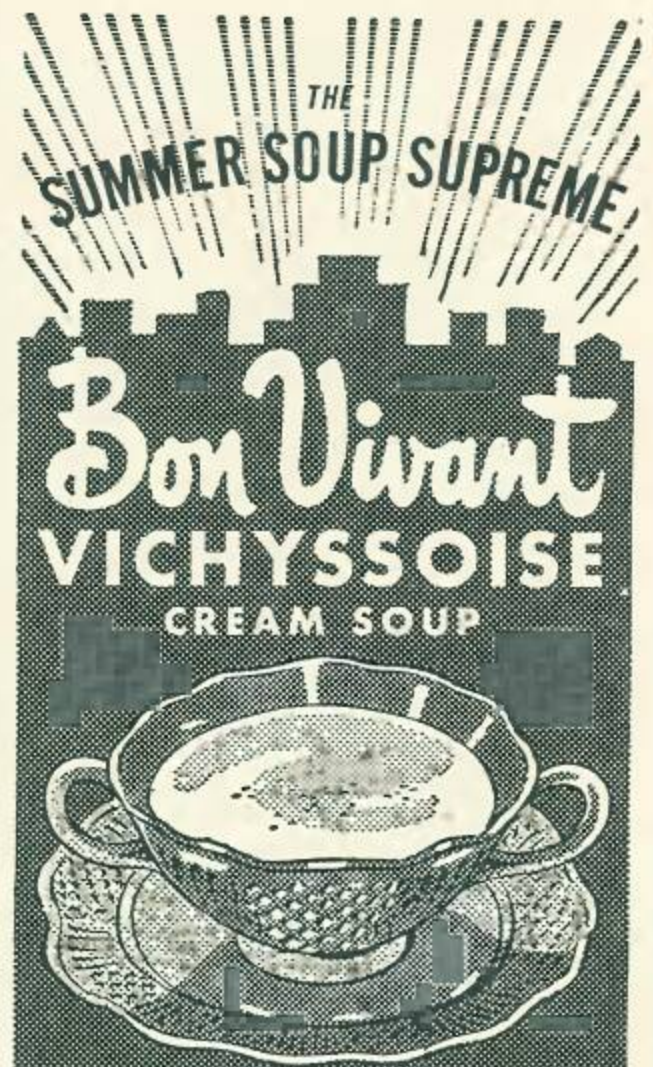
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that He was God because He rose from the dead—that was His sign to us that He was more than man. But you can't prove that He rose from the dead. That's only what the Apostles said. How do we know they were telling the truth? They were very ignorant, superstitious men—just fishermen, weren't they? People like that nowadays believe in fairies and spirits." I looked appealingly up at him, half begging recognition for my doubt and half waiting for him to settle it.

The priest passed a hand across his forehead. "You consider Our Lord a liar, then?" he said in a sepulchral tone. "You think He deceived the poor, ignorant Apostles by pretending to be the Son of God. That is what you are saying, my child, though you do not know it yourself. You are calling Our Blessed Saviour a liar and a cheat." "He might have been mistaken," I objected, feeling rather cross. "He might have thought He was God." Father Dennis closed his eyes. "You must have faith, my child," he said abruptly, rising from his chair and taking a few quick steps, his cassock bobbing.

I gazed at him in humble perplexity. For the first time, he seemed to me rather holy, as if the word "faith" had elicited something sweet and sanctified from his soul, but by the same token he seemed very remote from me, as if he were feeling something that I was unable to feel. Yet he was not answering my arguments; in fact, he was looking down at me with a grave, troubled expression, as if he, too, were suddenly conscious of a gulf between us, a gulf that could not be bridged by words. The awesome thought struck me that perhaps I had lost my faith. Could it have slipped away without my knowing it? "Help me, Father," I implored meekly, aware that this was the right thing to say but meaning it nevertheless.

I seemed to have divided into two people, one slyly watching as the priest sank back into the armchair, the other anxious and aghast at the turn the interview was taking. "The wisdom and goodness of Jesus," Father Dennis said slowly, "as we find it in His life and teachings—do you think mere man was capable of this?" I pondered. "Why not?" I queried, soberly. But the priest glanced at me with reproach, as if I were being fresh. "You don't know your history, I see. Among the prophets and the pagans, among the kings and philosophers, among the saints and scholars, was there ever such a One?" A little smile glinted in the corners of his mouth. "No," I admitted. The



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priest nodded. "There, you see, my child. Such a departure from our ordinary human nature signifies the Divine intervention. If we had only Christ's teaching, we could know that He was God. But in addition we have His miracles, the firm assurance of tradition, and the Living Church, the Rock on which He built and which survived the buffets of the ages, where the false religions foundered and were lost to the mind of man."

He took out his watch and peered at it in the dusk. My pride, again, was offended. "It's not only good things that survive," I said boldly. "There's sin, for instance." "The devil is eternal," said Father Dennis, sighing, with a quick glance at me.

"But then the Church could be the instrument of the devil, couldn't it?" Father Dennis swooped. "Then the teachings of Jesus, which it guards, are of diabolical origin?" I flushed. "Other religions have lasted," I said, retreating. "The Jewish religion and Mohammedanism. Is that because they are diabolic?" I spoke with an air of ingenuousness, but I knew I had him in a corner; there were Jewish girls in the convent. "They have a partial truth," Father Dennis murmured. "Hence they have been preserved." I became impatient with this sparring, which was taking me away from a real point I had glimpsed. "Yes, Father," I said. "But still I don't see that the fact that Christ was an exception proves that He was God." "There are no exceptions in nature," retorted Father Dennis. "Oh, Father!" I cried. "I can think of lots."

I was burning to pursue this subject, for it had come to me, slowly, that Christ really *could* have been a man. The idea of Christ as simply man had something extraordinary and joyous about it that was different, I perceived, from the condescension of God to the flesh. I was glad I had started this discussion, for I was learning something new every second. All fear had left me and all sense of mere willful antagonism. I was intent on showing Father Dennis the new possibilities that opened; my feeling for him was comradely.

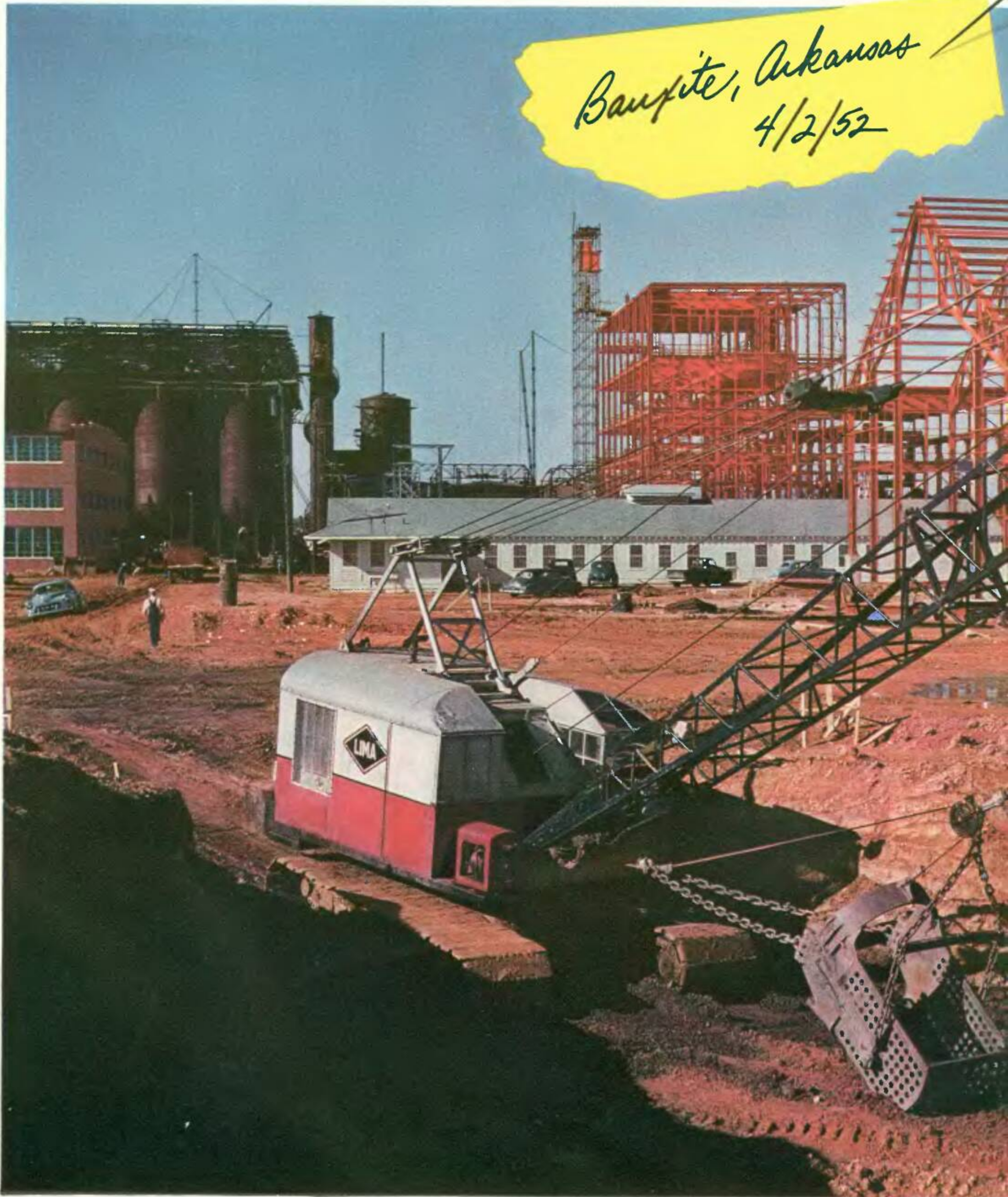
But once more he shut me off. "You must accept what I tell you," he said, almost sharply. "You are too young to understand these things. You must have faith." "But you're supposed to give me faith, Father," I protested. "Only God can do that," he answered. "Pray, and He will grant it." "I can't pray," I said automatically. "You know your prayers," he said. "Say them." He rose, and I made my curtsy. "Father!"



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I cried out suddenly, in desperation at the way he was leaving me. "There's something else!"

He turned back, fatiguedly, but the wild look on my face must have alarmed him. "What is it, my child?" He came a little nearer, peering at me with a concerned, kindly expression. "My child," he said gravely, "do you doubt the existence of God?" "Yes," I breathed, in exultant agony, knowing that it was true.

He sat down with me again and took my hand. Very gently, seeing that this was what I seemed to want of him, he recited for me the five *a posteriori* proofs of God's existence: the argument of the unmoved Mover, the argument of efficient causes, the argument of the Necessary Being implied by contingent beings, the argument of graduated perfections, the argument of the wonderful order and design in the universe. Most of what he said I did not understand, but the gist was clear to me. It was that every effect must have a cause and the cause was, of course, God. The universe could not exist unless some self-sufficient Being had created it and put it in motion. I listened earnestly, trying to test what he said, almost convinced and yet not quite. It was as though the spirit of doubt had wormed its way into the very tissue of my thinking, so that axioms that had seemed simple and clear only an hour or so before now became perplexing and murky. "Why, Father," I asked finally, "does everything *have* to have a cause? Why couldn't the universe just be there, causing itself?"

Father Dennis lit the lamp on the table beside him; the bell rang for *gouûter*; a girl poked her head in and hurriedly withdrew. "Because," he said patiently, "I have just explained to you, every effect must have a proportionate cause." I turned this over in my head, reminding myself that I was a child and that he probably thought I did not comprehend him. "Except God," I repeated helpfully. The priest nodded. "But Father," I cried, with a sudden start of discovery, "why can't the universe be self-sufficient if God can? Why can't something in matter be the uncaused cause? Like electricity?"

The priest shook his head sorrowfully. "I cannot tell you, my child." He dropped into a different tone, caustic and reproachful. "I cannot open eyes that blindly refuse to see. Can inert matter give birth to spirit? Did inert matter give you your conscience? Who deny

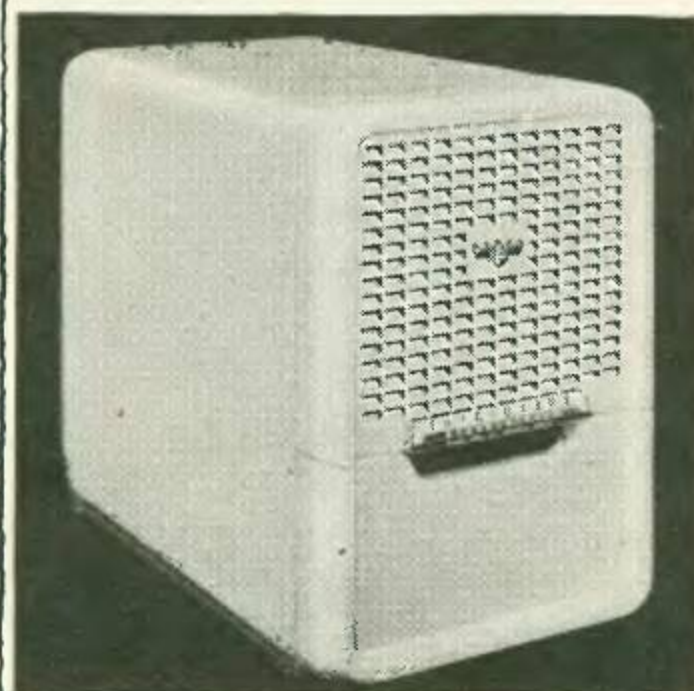
causal necessity make the world a chaos where vice and anarchy reign!" His hollow voice reverberated as if he were addressing a whole dockful of secular philosophers, arraigned in a corner of the room. "Oh, my child," he concluded, rising, "give up reading that atheistic filth. Pray to God for faith and make a good confession." He left the room swiftly, his cassock swelling behind him.

FATHER DENNIS's failure made a great impression on the convent. Wherever I went, eyes regarded me respectfully: there went the girl that a Jesuit had failed to convince. The day girls and five-day boarders, returning on Monday, quickly heard the news. Little queens who had never noticed my existence gathered round me at recess and put me whispered questions, for we were not supposed to talk during the retreat. The coincidence of the holy fervor of the retreat with my unsanctified state heightened the sense of the prodigious. It was thought that Father Heeney, the curly-haired, bronzed missionary who had got such results among the Eskimos, was pitting his oratory against me. In her office, at a second interview, Madame MacIlvra wiped the corners of her eyes with her plain cambric handkerchief. She felt that she had betrayed a trust reposed in her, from Heaven, by my dead mother. Tears came readily to her, as to most pretty lady principals, especially when she felt that the *convent* might be open to criticism. By Wednesday, the third time she saw me, we had come to a serious pass. My deskmate, Louise, had bet me that I would not get my faith back by Wednesday; as one fiery sermon followed another and I remained unswayed, a sort of uneasiness settled down over the convent. It was clear to everyone, including me, that I would *have* to get my faith back to put an end to this terrible uncertainty.

I was as much concerned now as Madame MacIlvra herself. I was trying, with all my power, to feel faith, if only as a public duty, but the more I tapped and tested myself, the more I was forced to recognize that there was no belief inside me. My very soul had fled, as far as I could make out. Curiously enough, for the first time, seeing what I had wrought, I had a sense of obligation to others and not to my own soul or to God, which was a proof in itself that I had lost God, for our chief obligation in life was supposed to be to



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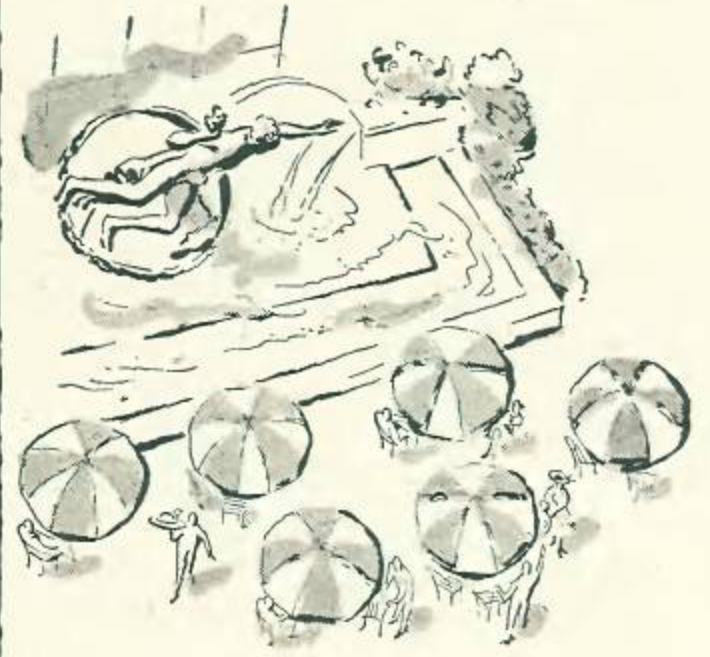
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please Him. God (if there was a God) would certainly not be pleased if I pretended to regain my faith to satisfy Madame MacIllvra and Madame Barclay and my new friend and double, Louise, who was mischievous but a good Catholic. Yet this was the decision I came to after a second unfruitful session in the parlor, this time with Father Heeney, who could convert me, I felt leadenly, if anybody could. He had said all the same things that Father Dennis had said, though calling me by my first name and laughing when I told him that my father and grandfather were lawyers, as though my serious doubts were part of what he called the gift of gab. He, too, seemed convinced that I had been reading atheistic literature and warned me, jestingly, of the confessional when I denied it. These priests, I thought bitterly, seemed to imagine that you could do nothing for yourself, that everything was from inheritance and reading, just as they imagined that Christ could not have been a "mere man," and just, for that matter, as they kept saying that you must have "faith," a word that had become more and more irritating to me during the past few days. "Natural reason, Mary," expatiated Father Heeney, "will not take you the whole way today. There's a little gap that we have to fill with faith." I looked up at him measuringly. So there *was* a gap, then. How was it that they had never mentioned this interesting fact to us before?

As I left the parlor, I decided to hold Father Heeney personally responsible for the deception he was forcing me into. "I'll see you in the confessional," he called after me in his full, warm voice, but it was not me, I promised myself, that he was going to see but a mere pious effigy of myself. By failing to convert me and treating my case so lightly—calling me Thomasina, for instance, in a would-be funny reference to doubting Thomas—he was driving me straight into fraud. Thanks to his incompetence, the only thing left for me to do was to enact a simulated conversion. But I had no intention of giving him the credit. I was going to pretend to be converted in the night, by a dream.

And I did not feel a bit sorry, even on Thursday morning, kneeling in my white veil at the altar railing to receive the Host. Behind me, the nuns, I knew, were rejoicing, as good nuns should, over the reclamation of a soul. Madame MacIllvra's blue eyes were probably misting. Beside me, Pork Barrel was bursting her seams with



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envy. Louise (I had just informed her in the veiling room) had invited me to spend the night with her during Christmas vacation. My own chief sensation was one of detached surprise at how far I had come from my old mainstays, as once, when learning to swim, I had been doing the dead-man's float and looked back, raising my doused head, to see my water wings drifting, far behind me, on the lake's surface.

—MARY McCARTHY

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[From the Congressional Record]

(MR. LYLE asked and was given permission to address the House for 1 minute.)

MR. HOFFMAN of Michigan. Will the gentleman tell me why the Democrats in Texas are supporting Eisenhower?

MR. LYLE. I will be very happy to.

MR. HOFFMAN of Michigan. Why do you not nominate him as the Democratic candidate?

MR. LYLE. I think he would make a great President.

MR. HOFFMAN of Michigan. You Texas men went into our caucus and supported him.

MR. LYLE. We are not used to stealing.

MR. HOFFMAN of Michigan. Not unless you keep the profits of the steal, and I am not talking about tidelands legislation, either, just the nomination of a candidate for the Presidency.

MR. LYLE. I want to yield to the gentleman now to tell me why the Republicans would rather lose with Taft than win with Eisenhower?

MR. HOFFMAN of Michigan. We are not going to lose with Taft and if he is nominated I personally expect to support him.

MR. LYLE. They do not think they can shoulder the responsibility of national leadership, that is it, and I am not so certain that they are not right because it is difficult to lead in a world like this, it is difficult to know where to go.

MR. COLMER. Mr. Speaker, will the gentleman yield?

MR. LYLE. I yield to the gentleman from Mississippi.

MR. COLMER. I am very glad the gentleman asked that question. I am a Russell man myself.

MR. LYLE. I am a Rayburn man.

MR. COLMER. I am very much interested in getting a reply to the very potent question that the gentleman asked.

MR. LYLE. Does not the gentleman think it is perhaps because they do not want to shoulder the terrific and terrible responsibility of national leadership? They are frightened, they are very frightened.

MR. ARENDS. Mr. Speaker, will the gentleman yield?

MR. LYLE. I yield to the gentleman from Illinois.

MR. ARENDS. I wish you gentlemen would not worry about the Republican prospects. We will take care of that.

MR. LYLE. I have to worry about them because they are a great national party.

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ABOUT THE HOUSE



IF you discuss the matter of improvements in room-size air-conditioners with any of the big air-conditioning contractors, you are likely to be told that there have been none since the first models were put on the market. If you pursue the question, however—and with July's heat upon us, and August's pollen about to be, I'm sure a lot of people will—you'll find that what these gentlemen are talking about is improvements on the basic principles involved; they will agree readily enough that certain *refinements* have been added, which make the things pleasanter to live with. Since a refinement probably looks as much like an improvement to the average householder as it does to me, I shall go right ahead and report on some of the new features to be met with this summer.

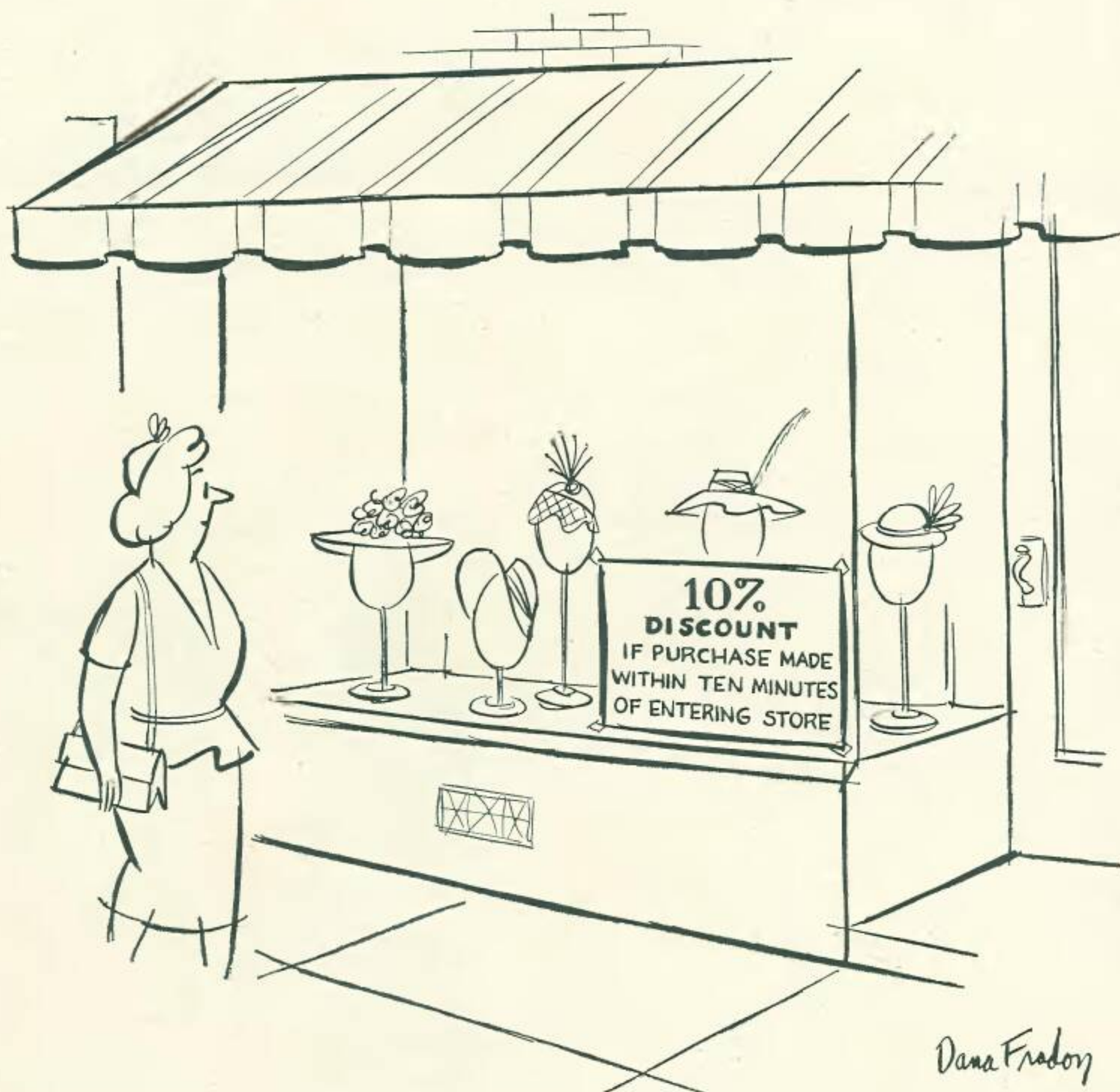
The fact that most manufacturers are now offering a one-third-horsepower model, meant to take care of a small room, ought to be conclusive evidence that (a) air-conditioning has established itself as a basic component of our fine American standard of living and (b) the well-being of occupants of hall bedrooms is now of as much importance as the well-being of beer and butter, which no one expects to survive outside a refrigerator. This summer, the householder can air-condition a small room for just about the price of a medium-size refrigerator—Carrier's one-third-horsepower conditioner is \$239.95; similar units made by York, Fedders, Crosley, Philco, and R.C.A., to name a few, are about \$230.

This small-room unit is by no means the most popular of the new models, and I bring it up mainly to emphasize the point that air-conditioning is no longer exclusively for the owners of ducal palaces. Nearly all the companies make a one-horsepower window model, for a very large room, and there is a one-and-a-half-horsepower console model available, but it is the three-quarter-horsepower and the one-half-horsepower conditioners that are most in demand for ordinary household and office use. It is almost impossible to make any conscientious contractor say offhand how large an area a given unit will serve properly. Before making any definite pronouncement, he will probably want to send a specialist—and by all means let him have his way about this—who will inspect the premises and consider

such factors as the height of the ceiling, the number of windows and doors, the exposure, the construction of the walls, the number of persons who usually occupy the room, how often the doors are opened, the number of electric lights ordinarily in use, and, above all, whether the present wiring of the house will do. (Any reputable air-conditioning engineer will tell you that if a dealer claims all you have to do is set a unit in the window and plug it in, you had better change dealers.) It is possible, though, to assign general standards of performance to each model: The three-quarter-horsepower unit can be counted on to take care of an average-size living room (I have seen a sixteen-by-twenty-foot room made extremely comfortable by one of these); the one-half-horsepower unit is adequate for the average bedroom (twelve feet by fifteen); and the one-third-horsepower unit is, as I have pointed out, the right thing for a small room—say nine feet by seven—occupied by one person.

AT this point, I should confess that my brief survey of the field has convinced me that the similarities of the

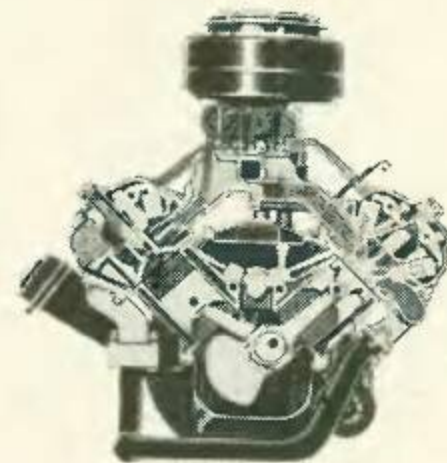
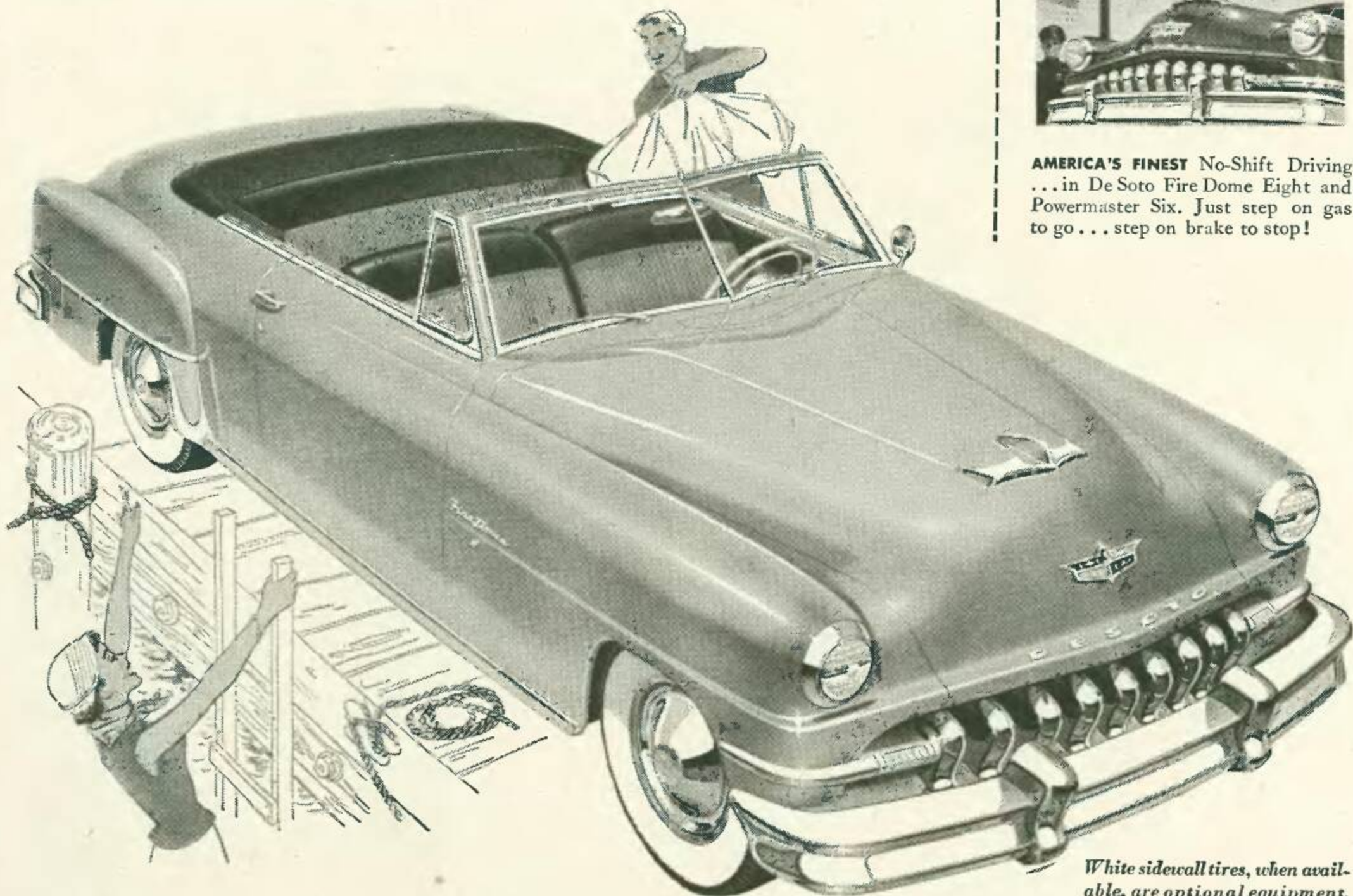
better-known makes of air-conditioners are much more pronounced than their differences—samplings of their variously processed air, I might add, felt uniformly nice and cool—and that my best bet in this exercise is to avoid technical niceties and tell how some of the units strike a housewife whose mechanical prowess barely enables her to turn a knob or flip a switch. I have lived on good terms for some time with two air-conditioners, one of them a Carrier. The Thermodyne Corporation, 635 West 51st Street, is the largest New York retailer of that make, and will be happy to explain to prospective purchasers its advantages, structural and otherwise. For my part, I will tell you about some of its characteristics. Perhaps the most outstanding is that the air outlet is located at the top of the cabinet, instead of in the front, as it is in most other units; this directs the air flow over the heads of the room's occupants, and thus not only eliminates drafts but permits the circulation of cooled air at a much higher velocity than would be comfortable with the outlet in front. (York's one-horsepower and three-quarter-horsepower models have outlets



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at the top, but the only lower-horsepower units that do are Carriers.)

There has been a great deal of sales talk about the desirability of an exhaust that can be switched on to pump air out of a room, and it may come as a surprise to many people that Carrier no longer includes it. The company's engineers have decided that this facility serves very little purpose, because they have found that the best way to ventilate a stuffy room is not by drawing stale air out but by bringing a maximum amount of fresh air in. Having possessed an air-conditioner with such an exhaust, and another one without it, I am inclined to agree with the engineers. Moreover, I have known the exhaust (when it works efficiently) to draw odors from the kitchen and other parts of the house into the room where the conditioner is installed.

The physical appearance of all Carrier window models is about the same. The one-horsepower unit is some fifteen and a half inches high and a trifle over twenty-seven inches wide, and it extends into the room thirteen and three-sixteenths inches from the windowpane. The one-half-horsepower and one-third-horsepower units are the same width but are a couple of inches lower and extend into the room only eleven and three-quarters inches. All are of metal, with a baked-enamel finish of pearl gray or copper beige; for \$20 extra, you can have one to match your walls or woodwork. The cabinets are as good-looking as any—and rather handsomer than most—but you might as well make up your mind to it that no air-conditioner is going to add anything to the decoration of your home; it has to be loved for its performance alone. The one-horsepower Carrier is \$469.95, the three-quarter-horsepower size is \$399.95, and the one-half-horsepower one is \$329.95. There is an installation charge of \$40 for setting any of these conditioners up in a standard window; if a casement or another kind of window that presents difficulties is involved, the installation cost, not counting whatever extra wiring may be necessary, may run to as much as \$75.

I NOTED earlier in this essay that I had lived with two makes of air-conditioners. The other is the York, and I am very happy with it also. There are four York window models, all of which can be seen at William A. Schwarz & Son, a highly reliable York dealer at 614 Third Avenue (40th). These have the same horsepower as the four Carrier units I have described, and the largest—

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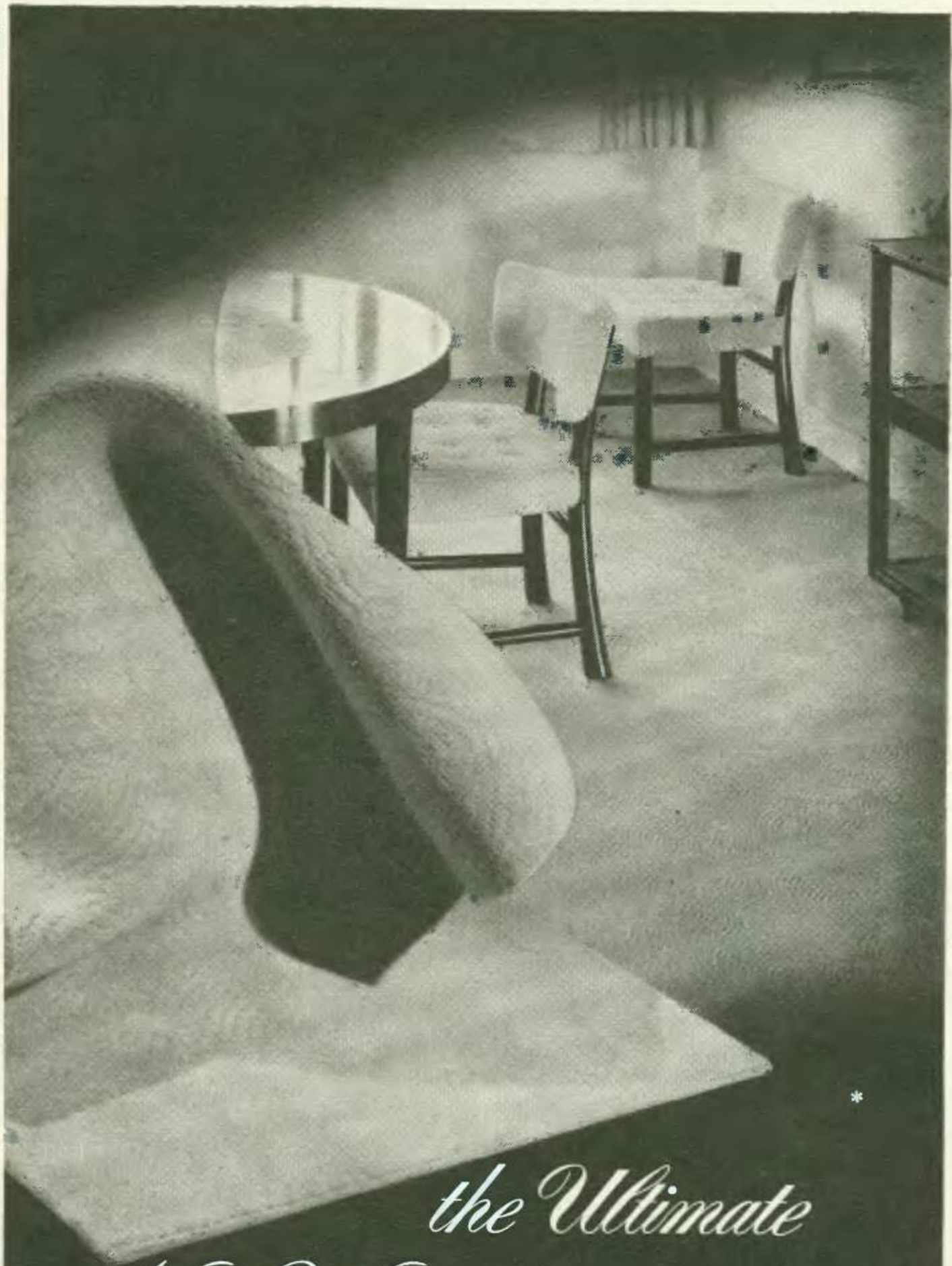
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the one-horsepower, 1952 edition—costs \$469.95, like its Carrier counterpart. The three other models are slightly less expensive than Carriers of the same size; the three-quarter-horsepower unit is \$379.95, the one-half-horsepower unit is \$319.95, and the small-room job is \$229.95. Installation charges run from \$35, for setting up the small conditioner in a standard window, to \$45, for dealing with the one-horsepower machine; special installations can, of course, be much more expensive. I believe I mentioned that the one- and the three-quarter-horsepower York units have outlets at the top. The other models have louvers in front, which can be adjusted so the air will be directed to any part of the room. All the York conditioners have exhausts. The cabinets come in two shades of light tan, both inoffensive, and Schwarz will provide any finish you want, for from \$15 to \$20.

While visiting the Schwarz showrooms, I saw a new automatic remote control, governing both time and temperature, that should prove a blessing to owners of home air-conditioners—as if they weren't sufficiently blessed already. The device, called Airtrol, has come on the market so recently (within the last couple of months) that I haven't found anybody who has used it, but the few dealers who have it for sale recommend it unreservedly; anyway, you can check its performance for yourself at Schwarz. It is housed in two small metal boxes, one containing a thermostat, which can be set to keep a room at an even temperature, and a time clock, which shuts the conditioner off and turns it on again at predetermined hours. The other box contains a transformer and a relay, which modify the current to the needs of Airtrol. For people who are absent from their homes during most of the day, or a part of it, the contraption should effect a considerable saving in electricity. The fact that it is moderately priced (\$49.95) and works with any conditioner, without special wiring, is also in its favor.

FOR the benefit of those diehards who will have no part of air-conditioning, I should mention a new and unusually efficient combination electric fan-and-blower, called the Lau, which can be bought at Lewis & Conger and at Hammacher Schlemmer. This versatile apparatus, which looks like a fan caged in a portable-typewriter case (a metal grille protects the blades), can do duty as a window fan, a window exhaust-blower, or a floor or table



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fan. It comes with an assortment of bolts, bars, and clips (and instructions), with which a support for the fan can be installed in practically any kind of window, including a casement one. Set up with the blades facing the room, the fan pulls in outside air; turned around (it's easy as pie to handle), it draws out the room's stale air. Taken out of the window, it serves as a conventional, and almost silent, floor or table fan, entirely devoid of vibration. (When I saw it perform, there was not enough movement to disturb a twenty-five-cent piece that a clever man had balanced upright on the top of the frame.) This paragon is \$39.95, with twelve-inch blades; \$49.95, with sixteen-inch blades; and \$59.95, with twenty-inch blades.

YOU may want to take a look at the very latest thing in fans, too—an odd-looking contraption called the Fahrenheitor Filterfan, also to be had at Lewis & Conger and at Hammacher Schlemmer, for \$69.50. It is certainly no beauty, but I am assured that it is extremely effective, and unquestionably it makes for conversation. Without going into the physics of the thing, which I admit I don't in the least understand, I'll say simply that its most noticeable component is a set of five filter-paper discs, like those used with the Chemex coffee maker (the Chemex Corporation manufactures the fan). A one-eighth-horsepower motor serves as the base; a vertical shaft rises from this, and the discs are fitted on the end of the shaft, like big washers. The air is drawn into the whirling discs, filtered, and thrown out centrifugally in a pleasant and evenly distributed breeze. The paper discs really do filter the sucked-in air, because after a day's use the top and bottom papers are so clogged with dirt that it is necessary to replace them—a simple operation. If you are seriously interested in the Fahrenheitor, which has the appearance of a minor Buck Rogers effort, you can see it put through its paces at L. & C. or at Hammacher. —S. H.

HOW FAIR IS OUR HARVARD

[From the Bulletin of the Harvard Club of New York]

In a year which may see a heated political campaign develop, it is important to preserve the impartiality of the Harvard Club as a whole. If members wish to entertain candidates, they should do so on a completely informal basis and without publicity which would include the name of the Club.



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THE RACE TRACK

Blue Man Blues



THE Dwyer Stakes at Aqueduct last weekend was undeniably less of a cheerful romp for Blue Man than almost anyone had expected. Although he won by five lengths, he had to be


hustled along through the stretch—"ridden out" is the technical term for it—to beat Hitex, who deserves high marks. Hitex is much better at a mile than at a mile and a quarter, the distance of the Dwyer, but he was so well conditioned that after setting a very fast early pace he was still able to hold on gallantly in the last couple of furlongs. In fact, at one point there even seemed to be a chance that he might peg back Blue Man. It was such a good try that I hoped he would.

As for Blue Man, he's not a handsome colt (too light and too leggy, if you ask me), but he looked better before the Dwyer than he had in months. Now he's going to Chicago for the Arlington Handicap, on July 26th. His stable made the decision only the other day, and had to pay a supplementary entry fee of \$7,500 to get him into the race, which is likely to be worth about \$100,000 to the winner. The Arlington Handicap is, I fancy, going to be a tall order for Blue Man. For one thing, he'll have to carry top weight for his age. After all, he has earned \$259,585 this year—more prize money than any other three-year-old—and the official handicapper won't overlook that. Besides, the track out there is hard, like Churchill Downs, and I've a notion Blue Man doesn't like that sort of footing. He could find easier pickings.

THE four-year-old Northern Star, whose performance as a two-year-old I remember with admiration, returned to his best form in the Carter Handicap at Aqueduct last Friday. There was so much speed entered in the race that early in the afternoon a clocker offered a small bet that the track record would be broken. Sure enough, it was. Northern Star, leading all the way, did the seven furlongs in 1:22, a new course mark, and, incidentally, as fast as horses run any-

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where east of California. I'm sure it's no overstatement to say that for a couple of years Northern Star has been something of a problem to horseplayers. He was imported from Ireland as a yearling by Mrs. Esther du Pont Weir, and under the handling of Jim Ryan won the Flash and the United States Hotel Stakes, both at Saratoga, after which he was bought by the Greentree Stable. The price is never announced, but it was generally understood to have been \$75,000. Changing barns seems to have changed his luck, for, including the Carter, Northern Star has won only eight races for his present owners in more than thirty tries. Recently, it became known around the paddock that he was for sale, but nobody appeared particularly interested. No wonder he was 8-1 in the Carter.

I CAN'T recall when there was such a spate of long-price winners of important and so-so important races as there was on the Fourth of July. Late Model, whom I'd never even heard of before, led from start to finish in the Colleen Stakes at Monmouth, beating Home-Made, the odds-on favorite, and paying \$71.80. At Arlington, the Hyde Park Stakes, one of the meeting's prizes for two-year-olds, went to Sir Mango, an 11-1 shot, and half an hour later the Stars and Stripes Handicap went to Royal Mustang, a 20-1 shot. Both horses, by the way, were ridden by a boy named Paul Bailey. Out in California, Admiral Drake, who used to race hereabouts, brought off a 10-1 chance in the American Handicap, the final preliminary for the Hollywood Gold Cup. And Sun Bahram, whom you'd hardly call a long shot, since he paid a mere \$16.10 in the two-dollar mutuels, won the Sussex Handicap at Delaware Park. Next day, things were just the other way around. Real Delight did what everybody expected she would do in the Matron Handicap at Arlington, and paid \$2.80; Kiss Me Kate galloped off with the New Castle Handicap at Delaware; and Hannibal took the Select Handicap at Monmouth from a baker's-dozen runners in a close finish. That's how the ball bounces.

—AUDAX MINOR

Miss Woods, a local model, helped a movie company publicize "David and Bathsheba," since she is a very distant relative of both. She also is a former Conover model.—*Birmingham (Ala.) Post-Herald.*

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LETTER FROM PARIS

JULY 1

PARISIANS have said and written surprisingly little about the coming Republican Convention in Chicago. For the French, at their distance, the issue there has been simplified, naturally, to what Chicago will mean for France if *l'archi-isolationniste* Taft should be chosen. At the same time, there has been a strong feeling of worry over the possibility that their great personal favorite, *le Général Ike*, might be the victorious man, for in that case they feel they would pretty surely be in for four years of extra-special concentration on American international military policies, which have increasingly exasperated millions of French because they think they exasperate Russia—not to speak of the present alarm of the French at what appears to them to be the Americans' extremely private military attitude toward the bombing along the Yalu in the United Nations' Korean war. In the two major Republican personalities at Chicago, the French seem at last to be face to face with the personifications of exactly the two things they want least in the next four years—being left high and dry in isolationism or being further entangled in friendship.

The deputies in the National Assembly, who are about to go off on vacation, showed that they certainly comprehend the importance to Europe of the events and characters at Chicago—including Kefauver and his *chapeau de civette* (skunk), which is what his jolly raccoon cap has turned into here. They have left hanging in the air, like a sword of Damocles, the date of the parliamentary discussion (sure to be stormily disapproving) of the signatures France's statesmen have already affixed to Eisenhower's pet project, the European Army, and probably won't take the matter up until America has had its say about itself—and Europe—this November.

THE most fastuous spectacle ever offered in the present Opéra house, and one superior in rich costuming, at least, to many staged at the Folies-Bergère, was the June-season revival of Jean-Philippe Rameau's "Les Indes Galantes," first given in 1735 at Louis XV's Académie Royale de Musique. Unfortunately, ultrarefined Parisians think the Folies-Bergère is just where

the new Opéra show belongs. With the *pollo*, it has been a sellout. A royal *ballet héroïque*, "Les Indes Galantes" consists of plots, solo singing, choruses, verse declamations, choreographic *divertimenti*, a fable, and a moral. According to the fable, a European love feast, held in what looks like a bit of Versailles on Mount Olympus, is interrupted by a call to war.

The moral is provided by a flock of cupids, danced by the *rats de ballet*, or the little girl ballet beginners, who take off, on an escalator rigged as a sunbeam in the Olympian sky, for climes where Venus is still supreme—specifically, Turkey, Peru,

Persia, and an unnamed blackamoor isle. To these loving lands, the audience and practically the entire Opéra troupe go with them. This gives you the idea.

It is the overgenerosity of the production of "Les Indes Galantes" that makes it irresistible, with the Opéra's huge stage opened to its back wall for the ensembles, and crammed with ballets, marching choruses, star Opéra singers, a kaleidoscope of exotic costumes, and trick scenic effects that include a goddess floating on a cloud, ballet notables popping up through trapdoors behind disappearing gardens, perfume sprayed over the spectators to accompany a *divertimento* called "Les Fleurs," a shipwreck, a sweet-breathed Peruvian volcano erupting real fire, smoke, and incense, and an earthquake with falling temples. The Peruvian scene—which has a Lifar ballet of masked dancers costumed in clashing purples in a modernist abstract manner while preserving the Louis XV sartorial style that marks the whole show—is, artistically, the peak. There is also the sight of Mme. Geori Boué, usually seen as a seductive Thaïs, singing the Savage Queen in what looks like mammy blackface. With Opéra luminaries squeezed in two-a-penny (among them Huc-Santana, ordinarily the Opéra's Boris Godunov, who briefly booms as a gorgeously attired Generous Turk), the only vedette who stands out from the enormous troupe and has enough room to move around in is the increasingly astonishing ballet star Mlle. Micheline Bardin, who, as La Rose, brings down the house in "Les Fleurs." Petalled in long pink Louis XV skirts, her arms held aloft like branches, she



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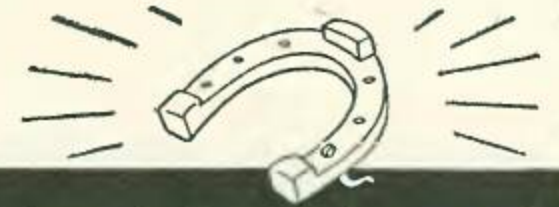
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seems blown by a slow, classic wind in a solo of graceful virtuosity.

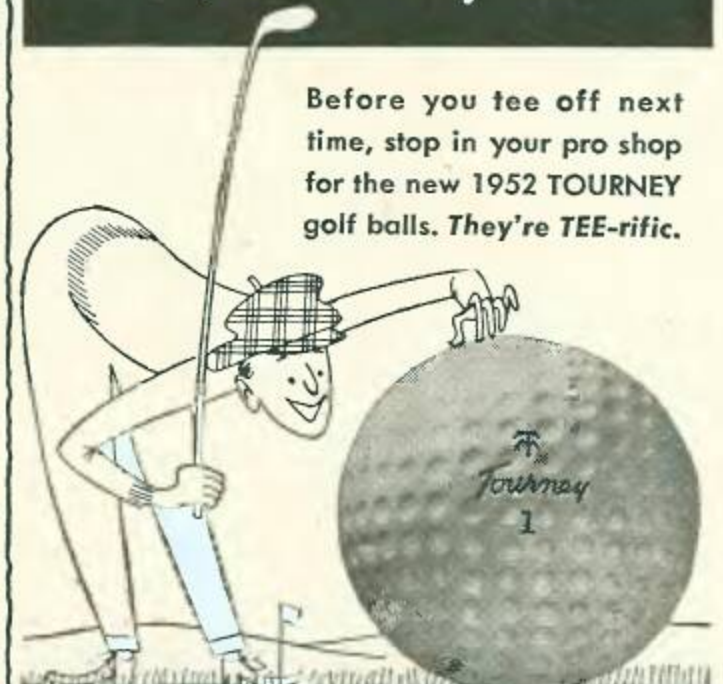
It is probably worth adding that the forty trick scenic effects of "Les Indes Galantes" are operated in the old royal manner, which means by ropes, not electricity. One afternoon while the tricks were being readied for the evening performance, this writer viewed their *modus operandi* during an alternately vertiginous and claustrophobic backstage tour of the catwalks in the high flies and of the caverns beneath the stage. The tour included a climb up under the Opéra roof to inspect the masses of ropes festooned like clotheslines or hanging like bell pulls, counterbalanced by suspended metal weights to enable Opéra sceneshifter arms to heave curtains and sets regularly and—exceptionally—cloud-borne goddesses and earthquaked temples. There followed a descent to the basement, where, if a fat basso has to be hoisted on-stage through a trapdoor, a thin sceneshifter equalizes matters by clambering onto the counterbalance. M. André Guillaudeau, the *chef machiniste* in charge of these marvels, is in his thirtieth backstage year, bosses a crew of about seventy rope-pullers, and is an untheatrical-looking Frenchman with a serious face, especially when he is explaining his tricks, logically called *apparitions* and *disparitions*.

The old European theatrical superstition—doubtless connected with the fatal image of ropes and hanged men—that demands that ropes, or *cordes*, be called strings, or *ficelles*, has an extra twist at the Opéra, where anybody backstage who mentions the word "*cordes*" supposedly brings bad luck to the next performance unless "an obol is given for a libation." This writer, who mentioned *cordes* first thing, subsequently furnished libations for about twenty thirsty string-pullers. It was odd to hear the sound of offstage drinking high in the flies, with untuneful voices ad-libbing "*A votre santé.*"

THE bloody riots for home rule, led by the Neo-Destour Party, in France's Protectorate of Tunisia have made Tunisia a new test case, eyed by North Africans, Indians, Pakistanis, and the Moslem world generally, and now even by the French Assembly. In its debate on the Tunisian crises, majority deputies managed to turn down a de Gaulliste motion to the effect that Foreign Secretary Schuman was incompetent to handle the Tunisian question—and then were charged with incompetence themselves. The Union



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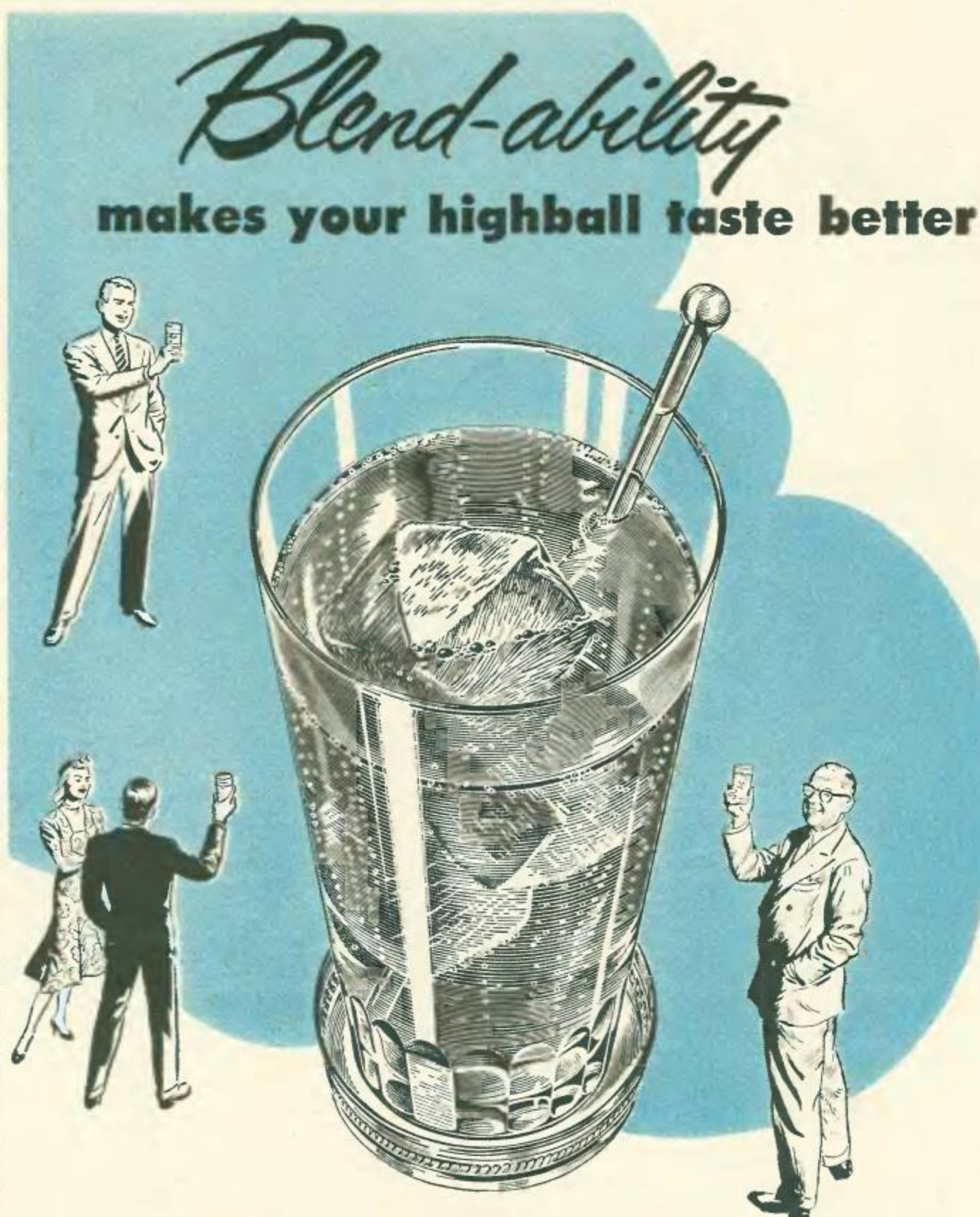
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Démocratique et Socialiste de la Résistance Deputy François Mitterand, a specialist in Tunisian affairs, called the government's proposed reforms "so timid as to be derisory." The French deputy from Oran, M. François Quilici, candidly bewailed the reforms as so bold "that the Tunisian ministers will become masters of their own administration"—which is exactly what the Neo-Destour, or New Constitution Party, wants. Spokesmen for various French governments lately have variously said that "France cannot maintain its direction over Tunisia forever" and that "the system of protection must be perpetuated." To the latter, His Highness Sidi Lamine Pacha, Bey of Tunisia, riposted, with Moslem and political finesse, "Nothing can be perpetual but God." He became a Neo-Destour convert in 1946.

The numerous young members of the Neo-Destour intelligentsia in Paris are mostly at the Sorbonne, studying French law to learn how to defend their ideas against France. During the Assembly debate, international journalists here received well-documented Neo-Destour publicity in excellent French and English. One enthusiastic Neo-Destour law student, who avows that "even cats in Tunisia are Neo-Destourian," recently explained to some friends that the aim of the New Constitution Party is evolution, not revolution, and that Tunisia is willing to be invited into the French Union, of which it has never been legally a part, but is not willing to be kidnapped into it. Communism is almost nonexistent at home—or so he declared. The democracies, he went on, will probably, and belatedly, help Tunisians to democracy only if it becomes a menace. He said the main complaints against the French are that seventy years after their protection began, only ten per cent of the native population of three and a quarter million can read or write; that Arabic, the Tunisians' native tongue, is regarded as a foreign language in French government schools; that because of lack of industrialization the country as a whole remains rooted in field work and poverty; that the relatively few thousands of French residents, who are juridically foreigners, have grown rich, holding fifty per cent of the administrative jobs, and exploiting the big estates that were allotted to them, like reservations, until around 1920; and that the French government has never kept its reform promises, "which were like labels on the bottle. Now we want to drink the bottle's contents." He admitted that the



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Arab-Asia group in the United Nations is not likely to collect the eleven adherents needed to make up the total of thirty-one votes that would enable them to bring up the Tunisian question in New York this summer. He did not go into the Quai d'Orsay's reported warning to the other big democracies that any encouragement of North African separatist movements could jinx the North Atlantic Treaty Organization's strategic position in the vital west Mediterranean. He said that His Highness the Bey is a popular symbol since he became a Neo-Destourian, and that his message to his people on May 5, 1951, the eighth anniversary of his accession to the throne—it opened "Praise be to God" and farther along declared that "recent events have shown that non-self-governing countries, like independent states, can no longer be maintained in isolation, even if such were their wish"—is the Neo-Destour charter today. He also said that the Bey speaks cultivated French and is a musician who has seen to it that his nine daughters learned music; that in private they now form a fine orchestra of Oriental music; that the Bey is interested in watch-repairing, astronomy, and medicine. The Bey is getting on in years. By Beylical law, it is not the oldest son of the Bey but the oldest of all his living royal male relatives who succeeds to the title. His Highness's successor appears at present to be a remote cousin, "who," in the words of the law student, "cannot even tell time by his watch and is a coming disaster for Tunisia."

Since the Neo-Destour riots of May and June, fifteen hundred Party members and sympathizers have been held in prison, including their chief, Habib Bourguiba. According to his only son, now studying law at the Sorbonne in his father's footsteps, Bourguiba, who is a devoted reader of Voltaire, was deported without any books to the small, uninhabited island of La Galite, west of Bizerte, where he remains with two gendarme guards and their officer.

SPIVY has opened a Passy basement, something like her former New York roof, to sing her songs in. In June, Premier Pinay's retail prices went down one per cent in Paris. The Opéra-Comique, short of funds, has chosen to dismiss most of its ballet rather than close six months of the year. Albert Camus, author of "La Peste," etc., has refused an offer to work here for UNESCO. A memorial tomb to honor the Unknown Jewish Martyr of the Nazi terror is to be erected in the



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Jewish quarter, near the Hôtel de Ville. A limited de-luxe edition of a hitherto unknown private notebook kept by Gauguin has just been brought out, in an exact reproduction of the original. At the Hôtel Drouot auction rooms, a quarter of a million francs has been paid for three paintings by the Austrian artist Hans Makart, which Mussolini presented to Hitler. The Seine Communist Party has been sued by an anti-Communist Paris citizen for the thirty-nine thousand francs he says it will cost him to have its anti-American propaganda and other scrawls cleaned off his garden wall. Gideon Bibles have been placed in some of the leading Paris hotels, and motorists report having seen on suburban roads a delivery van rather like an American Coca-Cola truck, except that it is yellow and bears the slogan, in big letters, "Lisez la Bible." It has been one hundred and a half degrees in the shade in Paris, or as hot as Tophet (Isaiah 31:33). —GENËT

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Checkerberry for deer,
Spiceberry for breath,
Coralberry for beauty,
Baneberry for death.

—PHILIP MURRAY

The name of the World Service dance to be held for Teenagers of this community on May 31 has been changed from "Night of Sin" to "The World Service Cabaret." This was made necessary because of apparent misunderstandings of some people as to the nature and spirit of the affair. The purpose of the event being put on by the Hi-Y-Tri-Hi-Y clubs and canteen committee of the Attleboro YMCA is to provide a clean, decent entertaining evening for the young people and also raise money for the World Service fund of the YMCA movement.—Attleboro (Mass.) Sun.

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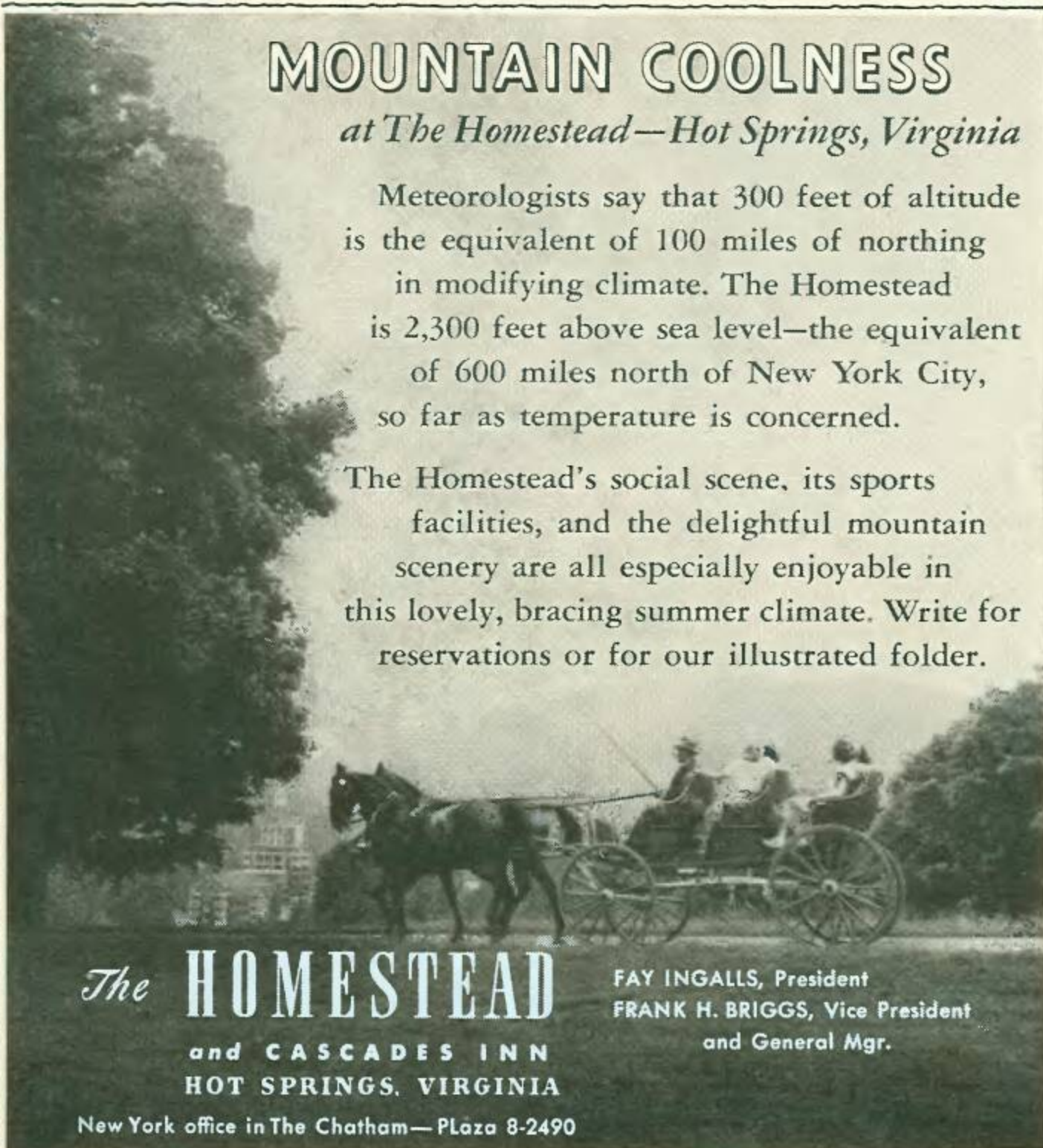
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A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE division of boxers into weight classes is based on the premise that if two men are equally talented practitioners of what Pierce Egan, the most elegant of historians, used to call the Sweet Science, then the heavier man has a decided advantage. This is true, of course, only if both men are trained down hard, since a pound of beer is of no use in a boxing match. If the difference amounts to no more than a couple of pounds, it can be offset by a number of other factors, including luck, but when it goes up to five or six or seven, it takes a lot of beating. The span between the top limit of one weight class and the next represents the margin that history has proved is almost impossible to overcome. Between middleweight and light heavyweight, for example, that gap is fifteen pounds. A middleweight champion may weigh, at the most, a hundred and sixty, and a light heavy a hundred and seventy-five. But some champions are more skillful than others, and every now and then one comes along who feels he can beat the titleholder in the class above him. That was what made it interesting to anticipate the recent match between Sugar Ray Robinson, the middleweight champion, and Joey Maxim, the champion of the light heavyweights. As soon as I heard the match had been arranged, I resolved to attend it. I had seen Robinson in four fights, not including television, and knew that he was a very good fighter. I had heard that Maxim, whom I had never seen, was merely pretty good. But there was that fifteen pounds. It was the smaller man who appealed to the public's imagination, and to mine. Goliath would not have been a popular champion even if he had flattened David in the first round. Robinson is such a combination of skill and grace that I had a feeling he could do the trick. For exactly the same reason, the London fancy, back in 1821, made Tom Hickman, the Gas-Light Man, who weighed a hundred and sixty-five, a strong favorite over Bill Neat, at a hundred and eighty-nine. The Gas-Light Man, according to Egan, was "a host within himself—his fist possessing the knocking-down force of the forge-hammer—his brow contemptuously

KEARNS BY A KNOCKOUT

smiling at defeat—to surrender not within the range of his ideas, even to the extremity of perspective—and VICTORY, proud victory, only operating as a beacon to all his achievements." Neat was a mere plugger, but he "turned out the Gas."

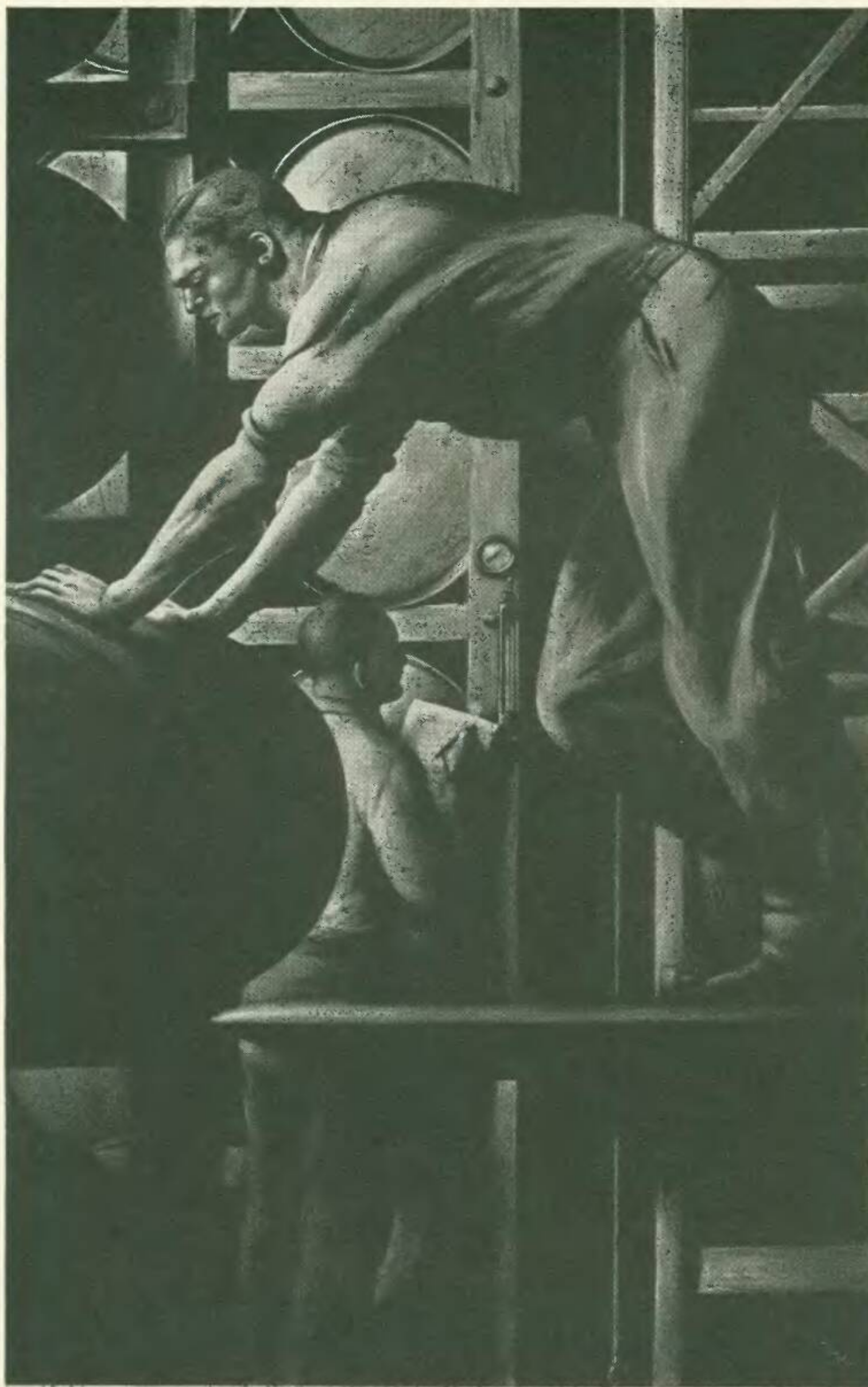
ONE man who did not share the public's sentimental regard for Robinson was an old-time prizefighter, saloonkeeper, and manufacturer of fire extinguishers named Jack Kearns. This was not surprising, because Kearns, who in more glorious eras managed Jack Dempsey, the Manassa Mauler, and Mickey Walker, the Toy Bulldog, now happens to be the manager of Maxim. Not even Kearns hints that Maxim is a great champion, but he says he has a kind nature. "All he lacks is the killer instinct," Jack maintains. "But he takes a good punch. When he's knocked down he always gets up." He once told a group of fight writers, "Maxim is as good a fighter as Dempsey, except he can't hit." Since that was all Dempsey could do, Kearns wasn't handing his new man much.

Kearns is as rutilant a personality as Maxim apparently isn't, and from many of the newspaper stories that appeared in the weeks leading up to the fight one would have thought that Kearns, not Maxim, was signed to fight Robinson. This was an impression Kearns seemed to share when I met him, six days before the date set for the fight, in the large, well-refrigerated Broadway restaurant operated by his former associate Dempsey. The old champion and his manager quarrelled spectacularly back in the

twenties but are now friendly. "This is my big chance," Kearns said, buying me a drink and ordering a cup of coffee for himself. He was one of the big speakeasy spenders but says he has been on the wagon for eight years. "Up to now, I had to stuff myself up and fight heavyweights," he said. "Me, the only white guy with a title. But now I got somebody I can bull around." By this he meant, I gathered, that in order to obtain what he considered sufficiently remunerative employment in the past for Maxim—the only current American champion of the Caucasian race, if you don't count Mexicans—he had had to overfeed the poor fellow and spread the rumor that he had grown into a full-sized heavyweight. Then, after fattening him to a hundred and eighty, he had exposed him to the assault of more genuine giants, who had nearly killed him. But now, he implied, Maxim had an opponent he could shove around and control in the clinches. I said I hoped it would be a good fight to watch, and he said, "I got to be good. I can't afford to lay back. I got to keep moving him, moving him." As he said this, he picked off imaginary punches—Robinson's hooks, no doubt—with both hands and shoved straight out into space, to show how he would put on the pressure.

Most managers say "we" will lick So-and-So when they mean their man will try to, but Kearns does not allow his fighter even a share in the pronoun. He is a manager of the old school. His old-school tie, on the day I met him, was Columbia blue covered with sharps and flats in black, green, and cerise. The weaver of his shirt had imprisoned in it the texture as well as the color of pistachio ice cream. It was a wonder children hadn't eaten it off his back in the street, with the weather the way it was outside. He was wearing a pale-gray suit and skewbald shoes, and his eyes, of a confiding baby blue, were so bright that they seemed a part of the ensemble. He has a long, narrow, pink face that widens only at the cheekbones and at the mouth, which is fronted with wide, friendly-looking incisors, habitually exposed in an ingenuous smile. The big ears folded





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back against the sides of his head are not cauliflowered. They are evidence that in his boxing days he was never a catcher. Kearns is slim and active, and could pass for a spry fifty-five if the record books didn't show that he was knocked out by a welterweight champion named Honey Melody in 1901, when he must have been at least full-grown.

In the course of his boxing career, which was not otherwise distinguished, Kearns had the fortune to meet the two fighters who in my opinion had the best ring names of all time—Honey Melody and Mysterious Billy Smith. Smith was also a welterweight champion. "He was always doing something mysterious," Kearns says. "Like he would step on your foot, and when you looked down, he would bite you in the ear. If I had a fighter like that now, I could lick heavyweights. But we are living in a bad period all around. The writers are always crabbing about the fighters we got now, but look at the writers you got now themselves. All they think about is home to wife and children, instead of laying around saloons soaking up information."

He told me in Dempsey's that he played nine holes of golf every day to keep his legs in shape. Since Kearns was obviously in such good condition, I didn't see any point in taking the three-hour ride to Grossinger's, in the Catskill Mountains, to see Maxim train.

I DID go out to look at Robinson next day, however. He was training at Pompton Lakes, New Jersey, which is only an hour's drive from town. I got a free ride in one of the limousines chartered by the International Boxing Club, which was promoting the fight. There were four newspapermen with me, including a fellow named Frank Butler, from the *News of the World*, of London, who had seen both Robinson and Maxim fight in England and said Maxim could bash a bit when he liked. "He took all Freddie Mills' front teeth out with one uppercut," he said. "I rather think he'll do Robinson."

Any effect Mr. Butler's prediction might have had on me was dissipated by the atmosphere of the camp. When we arrived, a crowd had already gathered around George Gainford, Robinson's immense, impressive manager, on the lawn between the sleeping quarters and the press building. It was a mass interview. The topic of discussion was what Robinson was going to do with two championships after he whipped Maxim. Since Robinson would indubita-

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bly weigh under a hundred and seventy-five pounds for the fight, the light heavy-weight title would be his if he won. But since Maxim would certainly weigh more than a hundred and sixty, he could not take the middleweight championship, no matter what he did to Robinson. The chairman of the New York State Athletic Commission, someone said to Gainford, had announced that if Robinson won the heavier championship, he would have to abandon the lighter one. It sounded to me like the kind of hypothetical problem harried publicity men so often cook up as fight day approaches. But Gainford, a vast ebon man, broad between the eyes, played it straight. "The Commission do not make a champion," he intoned. "Neither may the Supreme Court name him. The people of the world name him; that is democracy. And if Robinson emerge victorious, he will be champion in both classes until somebody defeat him."

"How about the welterweight championship?" somebody asked. Robinson was the welterweight champion (one hundred and forty-seven pounds) until he entered the middleweight class. He was never beaten at that weight.

"I do not want to make that weight," Gainford said majestically, using the first person singular as if he were Jack Kearns. He must weigh two hundred and forty.

While Gainford propounded, the fighter and three campmates were sitting around a table, unperturbed by the jostling visitors. They were playing hearts, and all shouting simultaneously that they were being cheated. Robinson put an end to the game by standing up and saying he had better get ready for his workout. He was wearing a green-and-white straw cap and a red-and-white Basque shirt and cinnamon slacks, and he looked as relaxed and confident as a large Siamese tomcat. Sam Taub, the I.B.C. press agent at the camp, led him into the press shack to be interviewed by "just the bona-fide newspapermen," and he sprawled gracefully on a narrow typewriter shelf, one leg straight out and the other dangling. He is about six feet in length, very tall for a middleweight, and on casual inspection he seems more like a loose-limbed dancer than a boxer. A long, thin neck, the customary complement of long arms and legs, is a disadvantage to a boxer, because a man with his head attached that way doesn't take a good punch. The great layer of muscle on the back of Robinson's neck is the outward indication of his persistence. It is the kind that can be developed only by



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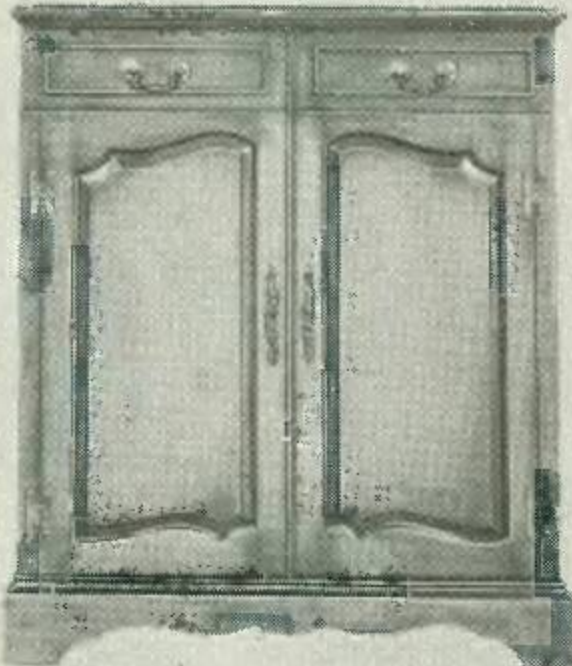
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"Have you ever fought a man that
heavy?" a newspaperman asked him.

"Never a *champion* that heavy,"
Robinson said, smiling.

"Do you think you can hurt him?"
the man asked.

"I can hurt anybody," the boxer
said. "Can I hurt him enough is the
question. I'll be hitting *at* him, all
right."

"Have you a plan for the battle?"
another fellow asked.

"If you have a plan, the other fellow
is liable to do just the opposite," Robin-
son said.

"How are your legs?" somebody
else asked.

"I hope they all right," Robinson said.
"This would sure be a bad time for
them to go wrong."

The interview broke up and the
fighter went along to get into his ring
togs. He worked four easy rounds with
two partners, who didn't seem to want
to irritate him. They sparred outdoors,
in a ring on a kind of bandstand under
the trees. Around the ring were bleachers,
occupied by a couple of hundred
spectators—Harlem people and visit-
ing prizefighters and a busload of boys
brought out from the city by the Police
Athletic League. "We had fifteen hun-
dred paid admissions at a buck here last
Sunday," Taub told me. "Sugar gave
a dinner for sixty-five. 'My friends and
relatives,' he said. They ate fifty-five
chickens."

The newspapermen agreed the tepid
sparring was all right, since Sugar Ray
was as sharp as a tack already, and this
was almost the end of his training. The
thing about Robinson that gets you is
the way he moves, even when shadow-
boxing. He finished off with a good
long session of jumping rope, which he
enjoys. Most fighters jump rope as chil-
dren do, but infinitely faster. Robinson
just swings a length of rope in his right
fist and jumps in time to a fast tune
whistled by his trainer. He jumps high
in the air, and twists his joined knees
at the top of every bound. When he
jumps in double time to "I'm Just Wild
About Harry," it's really something to
see.

On the way back to town, we all
said he had never looked better.

THE fight itself, as you have prob-
ably read, was memorable, but
chiefly for meteorological reasons. It
was postponed from the night of Mon-
day, June 23rd, to that of Wednesday,
June 25th, because of rain. Wednesday



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was the hottest June 25th in the history of the New York City Weather Bureau. I rode the subway up to the Yankee Stadium, where the fight was to be held, and the men slumped in the seats and hanging to the straps weren't talking excitedly or making jokes, as fight fans generally do. They were just gasping gently, like fish that had been caught two hours earlier. Most of those who had been wearing neckties had removed them, but rings of red and green remained around collars and throats to show the color of the ties that had been there. Shirts stuck to the folds of bellies, and even the floor was wet with sweat.

My seat was in a mezzanine box on the first-base line, and I felt a mountain climber's exhaustion by the time I had ascended the three gentle inclines that lead to the top of the grandstand, from which I had to descend to my seat. A fellow in a party behind me, trying to cheer his companions, said, "And you can tell your grandsons about this fight and how hot it was." The preliminaries were on when I arrived, and two wretched forms were hacking away at each other under the lights that beat down on the ring. I could see the high shine on the wringing-wet bodies, and imagined that each man must be praying to be knocked out as speedily as possible. They were too inept; the bout went the full distance of six rounds, and then both men collapsed in their corners, indifferent to the decision. A miasma of cigarette smoke hung over the "ring-side" seats on the baseball diamond, producing something of the effect you get when you fly over a cloud bank. There was no breeze to dispel it, and the American flags on the four posts at the corners of the ring drooped straight down. It was a hundred and four degrees Fahrenheit in there, we were to learn from the newspapers next morning.

I missed the next two preliminaries because I was up at the top of the stand, waiting in line for a can of beer. The vendors who usually swarm all over the place, obstructing your vision at crucial moments in a fight, had disappeared, on the one night when their presence would have been welcome. So the customers had to queue up—a Bataan death march to get to a bar tended by exactly two men. Meanwhile, the fights were invisible, but once one was locked in the line, the thought of giving up one's place unslaked became intolerable. Our line inched along toward a kind of Storm Trooper with a head like a pink egg. Rivulets of sweat poured from the

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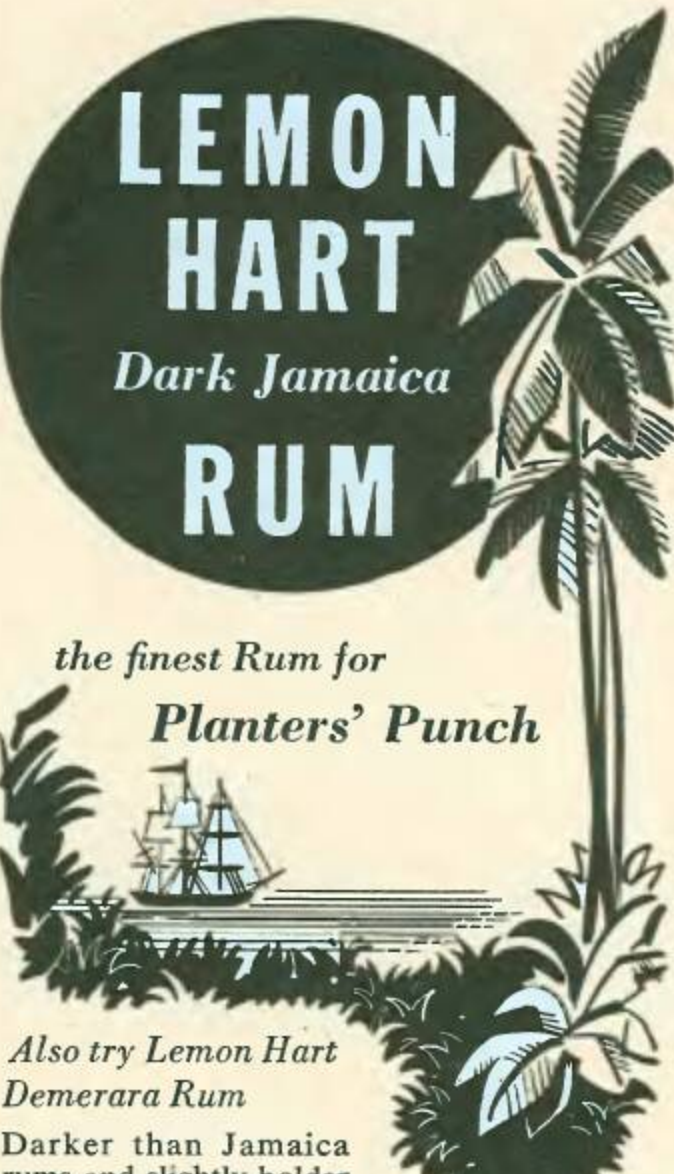
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watershed of his cranium, and his face appeared behind a spray, like a bronze Triton's in a fountain. At every third customer, he would stop the line and threaten to pack up and call it a day. We would look at him beseechingly, too thirsty even to protest, and after enjoying our humiliation for a while he would consent to sell more beer.

By the time I got back to my seat, Robinson and Maxim were in the ring and the announcer was proceeding with the usual tiresome introductions of somebodies who were going to fight somebody else's somewhere. Each boy, after being introduced, would walk over and touch the gloved right paw of each principal. The last one in was old Jersey Joe Walcott, the heavyweight champion, and the crowd evidenced torpid good will. I could see the vast Gainford in Robinson's corner, over toward third base, and, with the aid of binoculars, could discern that his face still wore the portentous, noncommittal expression of a turbaned bishop in a store-front church. Kearns had his back to me, but I could tell him by his ears. He was clad in a white T shirt with "Joey Maxim" in dark letters on the back, and he seemed brisker than anybody else in the ring. Maxim had his back to me, too. When he stood up, I could see how much thicker and broader through the chest he was than Robinson. His skin was a reddish bronze; Sugar Ray's was mocha chocolate.

Fighting middleweights, Robinson had always had a superiority over his foes in height and reach, together with equality in weight. Against Maxim he had equality in height and reach but the weight was all against him. His was announced as a hundred fifty-seven and a half and Maxim's as a hundred and seventy-three. The first ten rounds of the fight weren't much to watch. Maxim would keep walking in and poking a straight left at Robinson's face. Robinson would either take or slip it, according to his fortune, belt Maxim a couple of punches, and grab his arms. Then they would contend, with varying success, in close. Some of the fans would cry that Robinson wasn't hurting Maxim at all in these interludes, others that Maxim wasn't hurting Robinson at all. There seemed to be some correlation between their eyesight and where they had placed their money. Because of the nature of the combat, most of the work fell upon the referee, Ruby Goldstein, a former welterweight now in his forties, who had to pull the men apart. In consequence, he was the first of the three to



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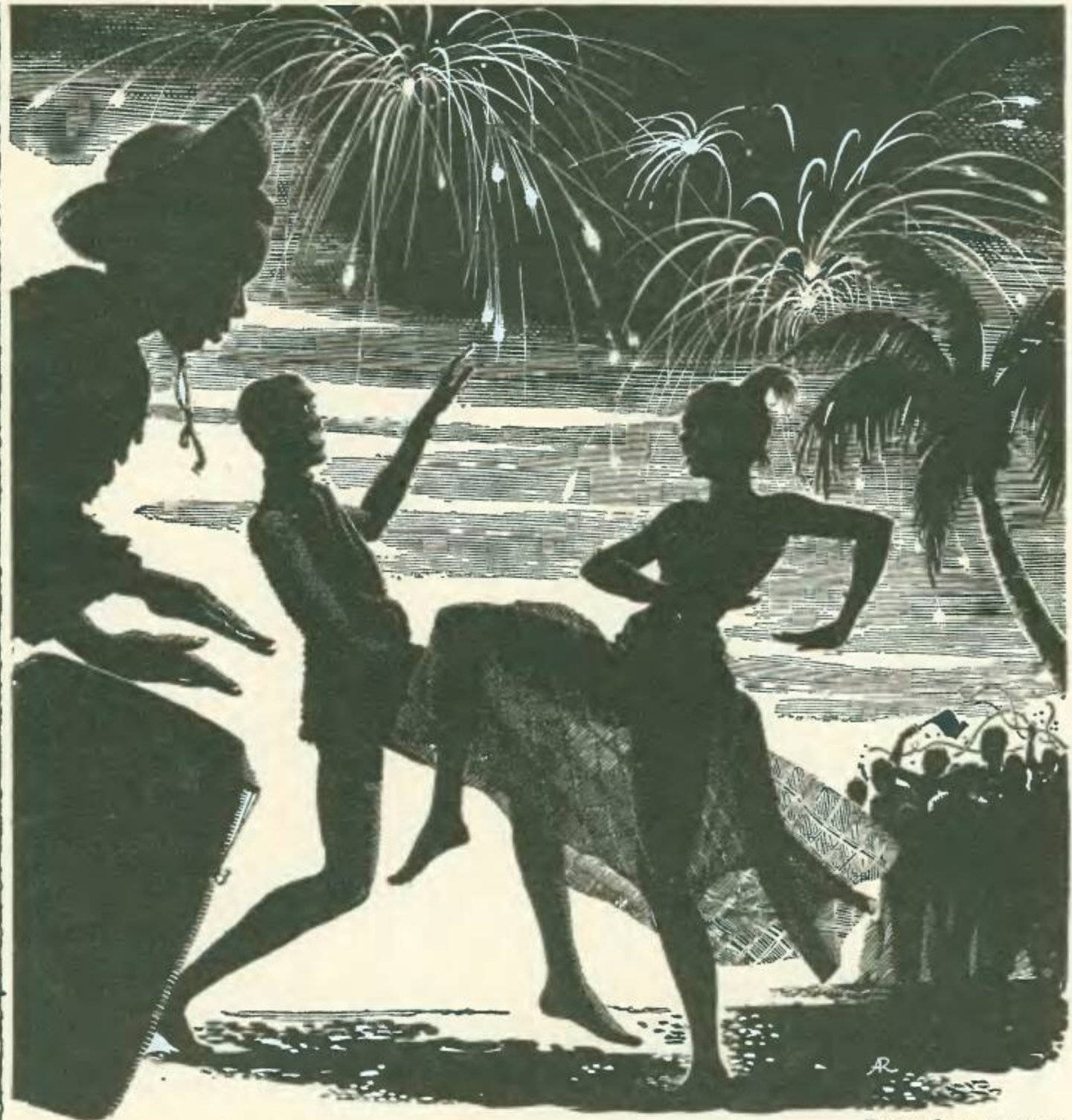
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collapse; he had to leave the ring after the tenth round. I have never seen this happen in a prizefight before. Old-time photographs show referees on their feet at the end of twenty-five-round fights, and wearing waistcoats and stiff collars. It is a bad period all around.

Robinson had been hitting Maxim much more frequently than Maxim had been hitting him, but neither man seemed hurt, and both were slowing down from a pace that had never been brisk. Now the relief referee, Ray Miller, a snub-nosed little man with reddish hair, entered the ring, bringing with him more bounce than either of the contestants possessed. He must have been sitting on dry ice. Miller, also an old fighter, enjoined the fighters to get going. The crowd had begun clapping and stamping, midway in the fight, to manifest its boredom. Miller broke clinches so expeditiously in the eleventh and twelfth that the pace increased slightly, to the neighborhood of a fast creep. Up to then, it had been even worse than the first ten rounds of last year's fight between Sugar Ray and Randy Turpin, the milling cove. But that fight had ended in one wildly exciting round that made the fancy forget how dull the prelude had been, when Robinson dazed and floored Turpin with one imperious right, and then hammered him, as if he were a heavy striking bag, until Goldstein stopped the fight.

This fight was to produce excitement, too, but of a fantastically different kind. In the eleventh round, Robinson hit Maxim precisely the same kind of looping right to the jaw that had started Turpin on the way out. The blow knocked the light heavy clear across the ring, but he didn't fall, and Robinson's legs, those miracles, apparently couldn't move Ray fast enough to take advantage of the situation. It may have been as good a punch as the one last year, but it landed on a man fifteen pounds heavier. Maxim shook his head and went right on fighting, in his somnambulistic way. Now all Sugar Ray had to do was finish the fight on his feet and he would win on points. But when he came out for the thirteenth, he walked as if he had the gout in both feet and dreaded putting them down. When he punched, which was infrequently, he was as late, and as wild, as an amateur, and when he wasn't punching, his arms hung at his sides. He had, quite simply, collapsed from exhaustion, like a marathon runner on a hot day. Maxim—at first, apparently, unable to believe his good fortune—began, after a period of ratioc-



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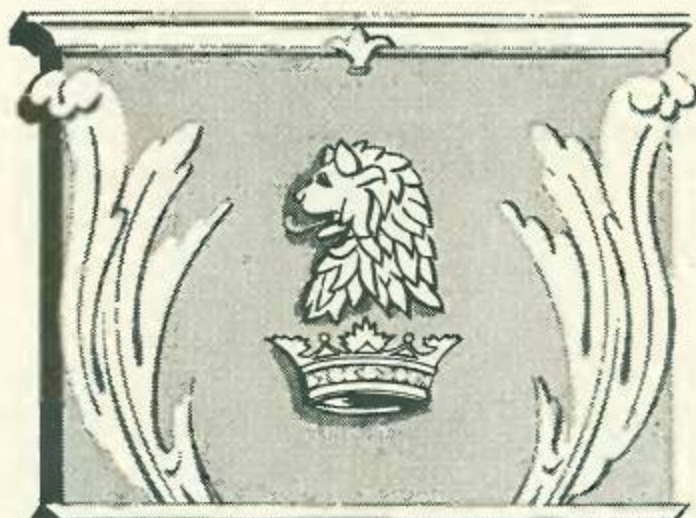
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ination, to hit after him. He landed one or two fairly good shots, I thought from where I sat. Kearns must have been yelling to Maxim.

And then Robinson, the almost flawless boxer, the epitome of ring grace, did one of the most pitiful things I have ever seen. He swung, wildly and from far back of his shoulder, like a child, missed his man completely, and fell hard on his face. When he got up, Maxim backed him against the ropes and hit him a couple of times. The round ended, and Robinson's seconds half dragged, half carried him to his corner. He couldn't get off the stool at the end of the one-minute interval, and Maxim was declared the winner by a knockout in the fourteenth, because the bell had rung for the beginning of that round.

SUGAR RAY, according to the press, was pretty well cut up over his defeat, and in his dressing room, after enough water had been sloshed on him to bring him to, he raved that divine intervention had prevented his victory. This refusal to accept the event is also an old story in the ring, but, in the words of Egan's "Boxiana," it is "a species of feeling which soon wears out, and dies away, like weak astonishment at a nine days' wonder." On the day after the fight, many of the sportswriters took the line that Robinson had been beaten by the heat alone, and some of them even sentimentally averred that he had been making one of the most brilliant fights of his life right up to the moment when his legs gave out. They tried to reconcile this with their assertions that Maxim was a hopelessly bad fighter and had made a miserable showing until his unbelievable stroke of luck. It would have required no brilliance on anyone's part to outpoint the Maxim they described. But Goliath never would have been popular anyway.

The heat was the same for both men. This much is sure, though: Whenever a man weighing a hundred and fifty-seven has to pull and haul against a man weighing a hundred and seventy-three, he has to handle sixteen pounds more than his own weight. The other fellow has to handle sixteen pounds less than his. And when you multiply this by the number of seconds the men struggle during thirty-nine minutes of a bout like this, you get a pretty good idea of why they weigh prizefighters. The multiplication is more than arithmetical, of course; a man who boxes four rounds is more than four times as tired as if he had boxed one. I had no idea, from watching the fight, whether Maxim was pac-

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ing himself slowly, like Conn McCreary, the jockey who likes to come from behind, or whether he just couldn't get going any faster, like even Arcaro when his horse won't run. But I talked to Kearns a couple of days after the fight, and he left no doubt in my mind about what he wanted me to believe had happened. The nine holes of golf a day, he said, had kept him personally in such condition that he could exercise all the natural alacrity of his perceptions during the conflict. "The heat talk is an alibi and an excuse," he said. "Robinson was nailed good in the belly in the tenth round, and again in the twelfth, and he got a left hook and a right to the head at the end of the thirteenth, when he was on the ropes. If the bell hadn't rang, he'd be dead. I didn't move Maxim until the twelfth round. I didn't have to. I knew I could win in any round when I got ready. The only reason I shoved Maxim in at all was because I wanted to win with a one-punch knockout. Robinson escaped by luck."

I paused to commit this to memory, and then asked Dr. Kearns, who seemed in high good humor, to what he attributed his victory. "Oh, I don't know," he said modestly. "Anybody who was around those old-time fights we used to have in the hot sun on the Fourth of July knew you had to rate any athlete according to what the heat was. Robinson figured he had any one of fifteen rounds in which to win in. He was going to try for a knockout in every round he fought. But I just told Maxim, 'Just keep this fellow moving, moving. Then he'll have to clinch and hang on.' After that, it just depended how quick I decided to move Maxim. It was up to me to pick the round. Next time I'll knock him out quicker."

"And who do you want next?" I inquired.

"I'd like that Walcott or Marciano," Mr. Kearns replied bravely. "I'll fight anybody in the world."

—A. J. LIEBLING

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[From the Spotlight, U.A.W. newspaper, Kaiser-Frazier Corporation, Willow Run, Mich.]

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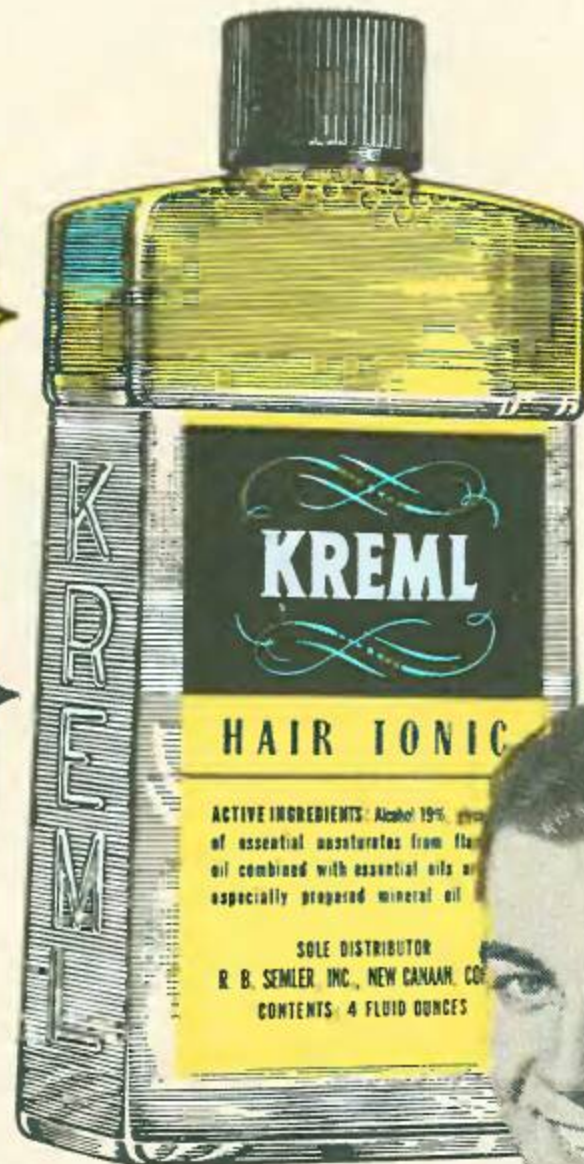
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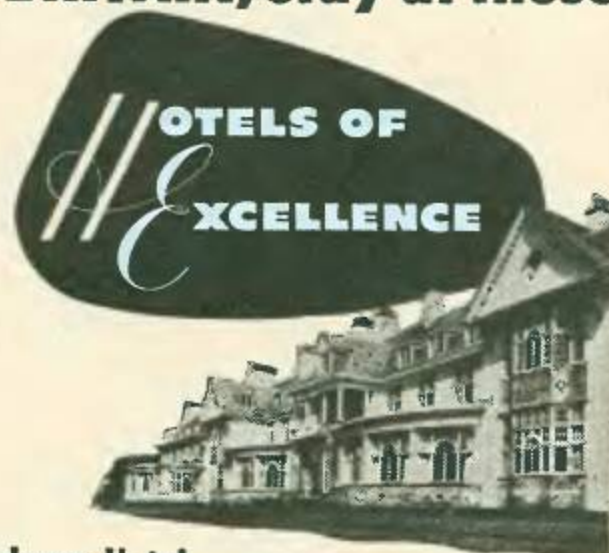
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THE SATISFACTION

THE country club in the Midwestern town where I grew up is exceptional in that a narrow road runs alongside every hole of the golf course, so you can follow a match without ever getting out of your automobile. My father used to play golf there with an elderly man who had a weak heart and who, for this reason, always had his automobile driven to the ninth green to pick him up and drive him back to the clubhouse. Sometimes my father rode back with him, but more often he finished the round alone. Now and then, I came out after school, changed my pumps for sneakers, which I kept in Father's golf bag, and walked around the last nine holes to keep him company.

One afternoon in July, I was waiting at the ninth green when he and his partner finished, and after the car drove off, my father and I crossed over to the tenth tee. Two men, acquaintances of my father's, were sitting on a bench waiting to tee off. They greeted him, and asked him to join their threesome. My father said that would be fine, and we sat down. The third man was on the tee taking a practice swing. This was Beckett Grotter, a man so ill-tempered that the local boys refused to caddy for him and he had to import caddies, at considerable expense, from out of town.

My father—a Virginian with a quiet manner, willing to put up with a good deal for the sake of peace and harmony—neither liked nor disliked Beckett Grotter, but he did dislike the feeling of being watched, and he attributed the same sensitivity to others; in his desire to be considerably unobservant he had developed an almost unlimited capacity for inattention. As he sat down, Beckett Grotter halted his swing in midair and glowered. My father, his elbows resting on his knees, gazed back mildly.

The game moved along uneventfully until the foursome reached the sixteenth hole—a very long par five with traps and hazards so cunningly placed that a par on this hole was more to be coveted than a birdie on most of the others. Beckett Grotter had reached the green in four—largely because of a shot colloquially termed at our club "rotten but good;" that is, playing a spoon shot, he had slightly topped the ball, and, the fairway being dry, it had rolled farther than it would have carried had it been

properly hit. It stopped about ten feet short of the cup. The three other balls lay several yards off the apron. My father chipped up, his ball rolling beyond the cup and coming to rest directly in line with, but on the opposite side of the cup from, Beckett Grotter's. The two other men shot, and then all four walked onto the green and stood beside their balls. My father saw that he was in Beckett Grotter's line and moved aside.

Everyone knew that Beckett Grotter was shooting for par. As he studied the roll of the green and then carefully smoothed the turf along the curving path to the cup that he hoped the ball would take, the others, well aware of his instability of temperament, were held together by a common tension—all, that is, except my father. While Beckett Grotter sank to one knee and, with his chin almost touching the ground, closed one eye and squinted down the imaginary line from ball to cup, my father stood contemplating the day.

It was a hot Midwestern afternoon, and the sky was bleached almost white by the sun. It had been a dry summer. The grass on the fairways was burnt up, and even a mediocre drive was good for two hundred and twenty-five yards. The sixteenth green had been trimmed and sprinkled the evening before, and a little mound of grass clippings lay nearby, still damp and sweet-smelling. With the first stirring of the evening's breeze, doves, red-winged blackbirds, and squirrels had suddenly become lively. The tree shadows on the green were so clearly etched that it was possible to pick out individual leaves.


Beckett Grotter would no doubt have been happy to become part of a frieze on an urn, forever shooting for a par. Several times he appeared on the verge of tapping the ball; then he stopped, seemingly powerless to deliver it to the uncertainties of the turf and the rotation of

the earth upon its axis. His face grew red, and his breathing was audible even where I sat, well off the green with my back against a tree, out of everybody's way. The young caddie who held the flag at the edge of the green laid it down and moved off stealthily. My father's interest picked up slightly. He has a morbid dread of fits—that is, a morbid dread of being present when someone else has one. While this had never happened, it occurred to him now that Beckett Grotter looked very much as





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someone might look who was about to have a fit. My father raised his head and gazed intently at the sky, prepared to remove himself—in spirit, at least—from the scene of seizure, if such it should turn out to be. At that moment, Beckett Grotter finally struck the ball, which started up and around in a wide arc, performing, as it passed, a neat lobotomy on the shadow of my father's head. But the recently trimmed green was fast, and the ball sped up and over the top of the incline and down out of sight on the other side.

Beckett Grotter straightened and stood blinking at the green ridge behind which the sum of his aspirations had just sunk. From the direction of the clubhouse came the bray of an automobile horn. For what seemed like a very long time, no one moved or spoke. Then my father said, "I guess you're still away, Beckett."

Beckett Grotter swung around, planted his feet, and lowered his head at my father, who stood with his putter beside his ball, tentatively measuring the distance to the cup. Someone cleared his throat, and the caddie who had dropped the pin picked it up again.

"McCormick!" Beckett Grotter roared at my father. "It was you made me miss that putt! You moved your head! Where's your goddam green etiquette!"

My father heard him, but that he should be accused of being responsible for anyone's missing a putt and par was so at variance with his conception of probability that at first the words held no meaning for him. When he did understand, the sensation came over him, at the same moment, that he was being watched. He drew himself up and saw that we were all looking at him. I dropped my eyes, because I knew how he felt about being looked at. One of the men said, "Forget it, Hub. You know how Beckett is."

My father turned toward Beckett Grotter and looked at him—really seeing him. Then, with the calm resolution of a man who has nothing further to lose, he putted out of turn, neatly sinking a six-footer.

AFTER dinner that evening, my father went directly to his desk, sat down, and wrote something in pencil on a sheet of lined yellow paper. He erased and rewrote, deliberated and made additions, for nearly an hour. Finally, he crumpled the yellow sheet impatiently and pushed it aside. Then he took out a sheet of his writing paper, exchanged the pencil for a pen,



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and, in his neat hand, again began to write.

My mother, who was working a pair of Father's old trousers into a hooked rug, said, "Hub, what on earth are you writing?"

Never presuming to read the intent behind another's words, my father answered, "A letter."

I don't believe he ever did tell Mother what he had written, but a long time later he told me. The letter read:

DEAR SIR:

I cannot accept your insult. I request your immediate designation of a time and a suitable location for a meeting between us, so that I may obtain satisfaction for today's incident on the 16th green.

Respectfully,
H. McCORMICK

When my father had finished this letter, he folded it without reading what he had written, and tucked it in an envelope, which he addressed, sealed, and stamped. Then he put on his hat, and carried the letter outside and down the block, and dropped it in a corner mailbox.

On a Saturday, about two weeks later, Father remarked at breakfast that he would not be home for lunch; he was having lunch at the club. Mother raised her eyebrows; Father always had lunch at the club on Saturday and it was not at all like him to announce this. Cautiously, like someone holding out a handful of crumbs to a wary squirrel, she murmured, "Really? With whom?"

"Beckett Grotter is having a luncheon," my father said.

"Beckett Grotter? Why on earth did he ask you?"

The hand snatched; the squirrel fled. "I expect," my father answered, "that he wants me to be there."

I happened to be upstairs just before my father left for the club, and, glancing through the open door of his room, I saw him take a nip from the bottle of bourbon he kept on his dresser. I had often seen him do this before he went down to dinner, but never before had I seen him take a nip before he went to lunch.

When he came home that evening, Mother asked him how the luncheon had been.

"Fine," my father answered. "He had pheasant and champagne."

Mother's eyebrows lifted. "And who all was there?" she asked.

"Different people. Twelve." My father puffed air gently through his nose, an indication that he was amused. "I sat on Grotter's right," he said.

This was too much for my mother.



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"Will you kindly tell me," she said, exploding, "why Beckett Grotter—and you hardly know the man—should give a luncheon with pheasant and champagne, invite twelve people, and put you on his right?"

"Well," my father said, "the right hand is the honor seat, and the luncheon was for me."

THE reason for that luncheon never did leak out, but the luncheon itself was noted, of course, and from that time on, it was customary to invite my father into any foursome that included, for one reason or another, Beckett Grotter. It came to be generally believed that my father's gentle nature had a soothing effect upon him. As evidence, it was pointed out that Beckett Grotter watched his language and didn't throw things whenever my father was around. —CAROLYN McCORMICK

Los Angeles school books were being examined for subversive material today as the Citizens Committee on Education launched a drive against un-American influences in the schools. . . .

Mrs. Dudley Logan, chairman of the subcommittee, said 75 "reviewers" have been selected to read the books, but only 12 showed up last night for the briefing by a former Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce economist, Dr. V. O. Watts. . . .

Mrs. Logan, who also took a leading part in the discussion, said she recently read a geography textbook which told how certain areas of Russia had the same climate and topography as some sections of the United States, and grew the same products.

She said she resented the fact that the book didn't point out that even if all these things were the same, the way of life was different.—*Los Angeles News*.

Anybody got a match and some kerosene?

WHAT PAGE OF "AMATEUR GARDENING" D'YA READ?

In southern England this year spring has sidled out of winter's clutches swiftly and quietly, and March came and went with little of the lion in its aspect. Yet, despite the lack of any protracted cold spells, early growth has been backward, and carnation plants, like others, have shown no precocity. Now, however, everything is on the move and the next three months will be a busy and hopeful period.—*May 2nd issue, page 15*.

March certainly went "out like a lion," and I fancy no lion would have endured the snow and bitter wind experienced on Boat Race day and the following Sunday. My garden was covered with about 8 in. of snow and the only damage noticeable was a Kurume azalea that collapsed under a miniature avalanche from the roof of the dwelling-house.—*Same issue, page 17*.

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IF you have ever wondered why your elected representatives behave as oddly as they sometimes do, you may be interested in "Washington Story," which develops the thought

that congressmen would be a perfectly grand lot if reporters and columnists would just leave them alone. As the hero of this enterprise, Van Johnson is as unlikely a people's choice as I've encountered since the fun-loving Representative Zionchek left Capitol Hill. But presumably it takes all kinds to make a Congress, and it would be invidious to condemn Hollywood's selection for the political big leagues simply because in his own field—acting—he is rather remote from being what Stanislavski or somebody called "the embodiment of the troubled dream." In "Washington Story," true enough, Mr. Johnson is troubled, but he never establishes his problem as one that a cup of Ovaltine couldn't solve.

To get down to the porous details of the film, Mr. Johnson plays a thoroughly noble advocate of the common man, absolutely busting with sympathy, integrity, humility, and good common sense. Though he thinks only the loftiest of thoughts, he is suddenly confronted by a lady muckraker whose editor has told her that crookedness among congressmen is one of the facts of life. Another caddish member of the fourth estate—a columnist so widely syndicated that the sun never sets on his dicta—concurs in this opinion, and, between them, he and the lady reporter upset Mr. Johnson dreadfully. As it turns out, though, the lady reporter is not all bad; indeed, Mr. Johnson is presently so fetched by her that he wipes a bit of ink off her pretty face and declares that he yields to no man in his appreciation of her. I neglected to say that he is supposed to represent Massachusetts, which has in its time given the nation some strange and wonderful political characters.

Just to round out this account, I should mention that Louis Calhern appears as a legislator of the heartier sort, and conducts himself with the old lovability that characterized his interpre-

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tation of Mr. Justice Holmes not long ago. The cast also includes Patricia Neal, as the lady reporter; Philip Ober, as the columnist; and, in assorted roles, Sidney Blackmer, Patricia Collinge, and Moroni Olsen. My condolences to all.

"ISLAND RESCUE," an English film, sets out to be a farce and then gets so earnest about itself that it winds up as a kind of blurred melodrama. The nub of the picture concerns a prize cow in residence during the war on a Channel Island that has fallen to the Nazis. Apparently this cow is such a glorious piece of livestock that she has a bloodline of more consequence than the Sassenach nobility and gives nothing but cream. In order to prevent the animal from furnishing roses for the cheeks of Teutons, an expedition is organized to effect her liberation. Since the liberation of a well-bred cow struck me as being a bit too elfin a notion, I may have missed some of the humor of "Island Rescue." Among the confused operatives who try to make a go of this one are David Niven, Glynis Johns, and George Coulouris.

—JOHN McCARTEN

FEHER TO FINISH PORTRAIT

Members of the Honolulu Academy of Arts are advised that the portrait of Mrs. Arthur E. Restarick, begun in January by Joseph Feher, artist and member of the museum's staff, will be completed Wednesday morning at 10:30.—*Honolulu Star-Bulletin.*

That's called "control of one's medium."

Give special attention to young people today. Plan your day around them if possible. In the evening there is a strong accent on people of importance, so make yourself convincing if you seek favors or opportunities. If you can make this a pleasant day, then there is something missing in your philosophy.—*Constella in the News.*

Heaven knows there's nothing missing in yours, Constella.

A VOICE FROM THE OUTER DARKNESS

[From the Sheppard (Texas) Senator]

The Chief and four braves sat around the campfire last Wednesday evening when a call of greeting came from the outer darkness. The Chief stepped to the edge of the firelight, asking, "Who is there?"

"Eleven candidates who wish to become members of Cub Scout Pack 31," was the reply.



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BOOKS

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THE biographer whose subject rises from poverty and obscurity to wealth and fame must envy the writer of fairy stories. The latter, once he has brought the poor woodcutter's son safely through all his trials into the arms of the beautiful princess, can write, "And so they lived happily ever after," and break off, confident that his hero has never lost the reader's sympathy. The biographer, on the other hand, is compelled to tell the story of the marriage as well, which, if it be indeed a happy one, means almost inevitably that the second half of his biography will be less interesting than the first. It is not our innate kindness that makes us enjoy the rise of a man from rags to riches, nor is it our innate malice that makes us enjoy equally his fall from glory to misery; it is simply that peripety in either direction is a law of dramatic interest.

The biographer of an actor is at a particular disadvantage in that if an actor succeeds at all, he does so fairly early in life. At the start of "Henry Irving: The Actor and His World" (Macmillan), the task of his grandson, Mr. Laurence Irving, is easy, for from 1851, when John Brodribb, then in his teens, sees his first "Hamlet," until 1871, when Henry Irving, the new star from Manchester, appears in the first performance of "The Bells" and has all theatrical London at his feet, the story is pure fairy tale. Every circumstance seems against the poor boy from Somerset who has made up his mind to become a great actor; he stammers, his legs are too long and too thin, without spectacles he is as blind as a bat, his mother is a devout Methodist who believes that all actors are eternally damned. But he sticks to his decision. Ignoring his mother's tears and saving his pennies, he visits the theatre constantly, takes elocution lessons, appears in amateur productions, and manages to get introduced to his idol, Samuel Phelps, only to be told, "Sir, do not go on the stage; it is an ill-requited profession."

The fairy godmother, disguised as an uncle, appears with a hundred pounds, enabling him to leave Thacker, Spink & Co., East India merchants, to buy wigs, buckles, laces, feathers, sham jewelry,

and three swords, and to secure, for three guineas, the leading role in an amateur production of "Romeo and Juliet," at the Soho Theatre, billed under his newly adopted stage name. Wisely, he decides not to hang about the London theatres but to learn his trade in the provinces, and departs for Sunderland. One night, during his first week as a professional,

...when he came upon the stage as Cleomenes in "The Winter's Tale" to describe Leontes' discovery of his daughter, no words came from his lips. His fellow-actors waited in awkward dismay. The prompter groaned his cue in tones that were heard all over the house. Irving was paralysed with horror. Then, with a tremendous effort of will, he managed to blurt out, "Come to the market place and I will tell you further!" and, leaving the astonished actors, who knew of no such market place, to pick up the threads of the play as best they could, he rushed to his

dressing room, angry and ashamed, with the hisses of the audience buzzing in his burning ears.

Miraculously, he is not dismissed, and stays on, at a salary of twenty-five shillings a week, singing in opera, dancing in burlesque, and generally making himself useful until the end of the year, when he is offered a job at the Theatre Royal, in Edinburgh. Conditions in a repertory company at that time were certainly good training in versatility. In the course of the next three years, he plays over four hundred parts, including Venoma, a female fairy. In an appendix, Mr. Laurence Irving lists the titles of the dramas; the "F"s run as follows:

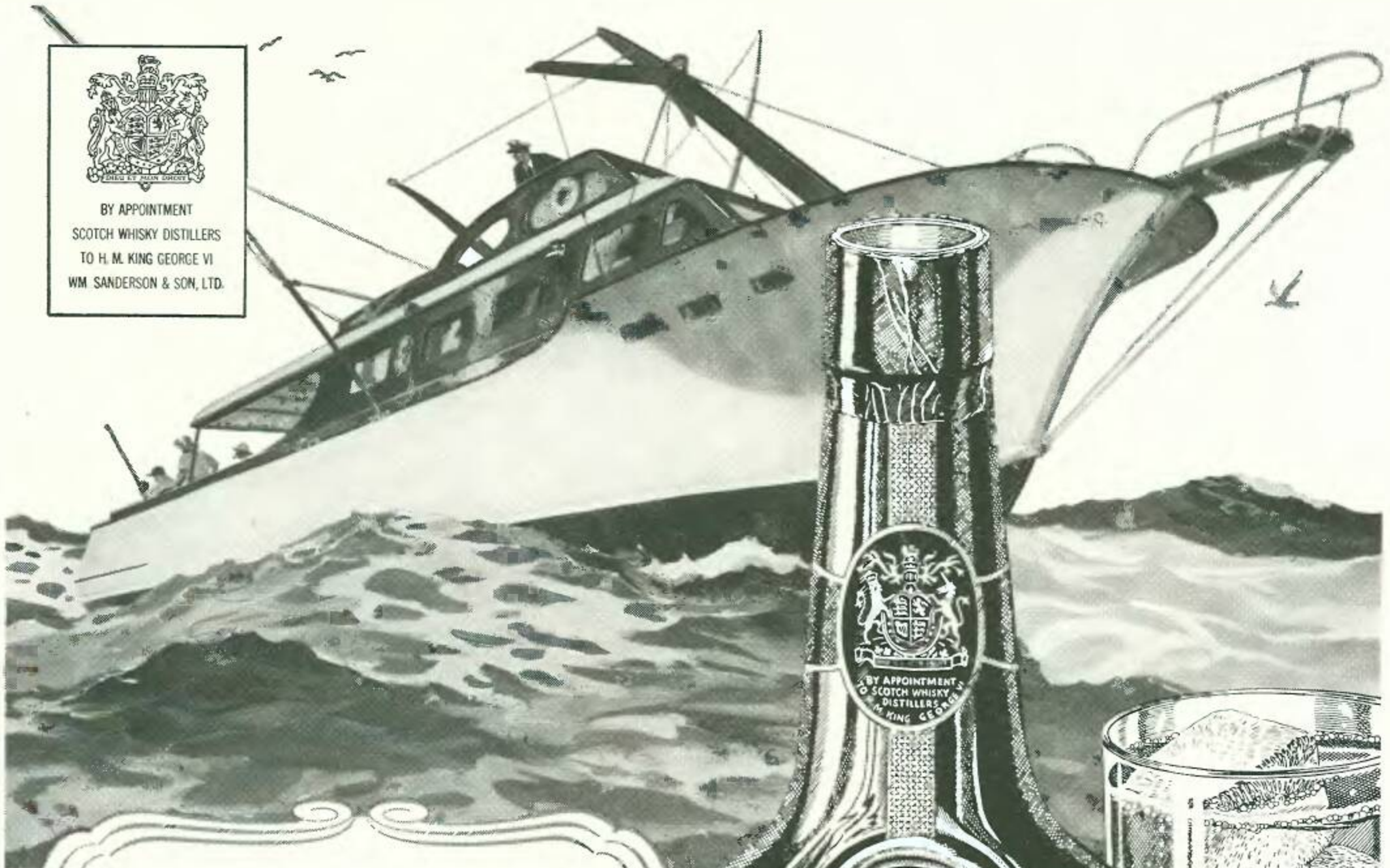
The Fairy Circle, The Falls of Clyde, A Fascinating Individual, Fazio, The Fire Raiser, The Flowers of the Forest, The Flying Dutchman, The Fortunes of Nigel, Forty and Fifty, The Foundling of the Forest, Frankenstein, Fraud and Its Vic-



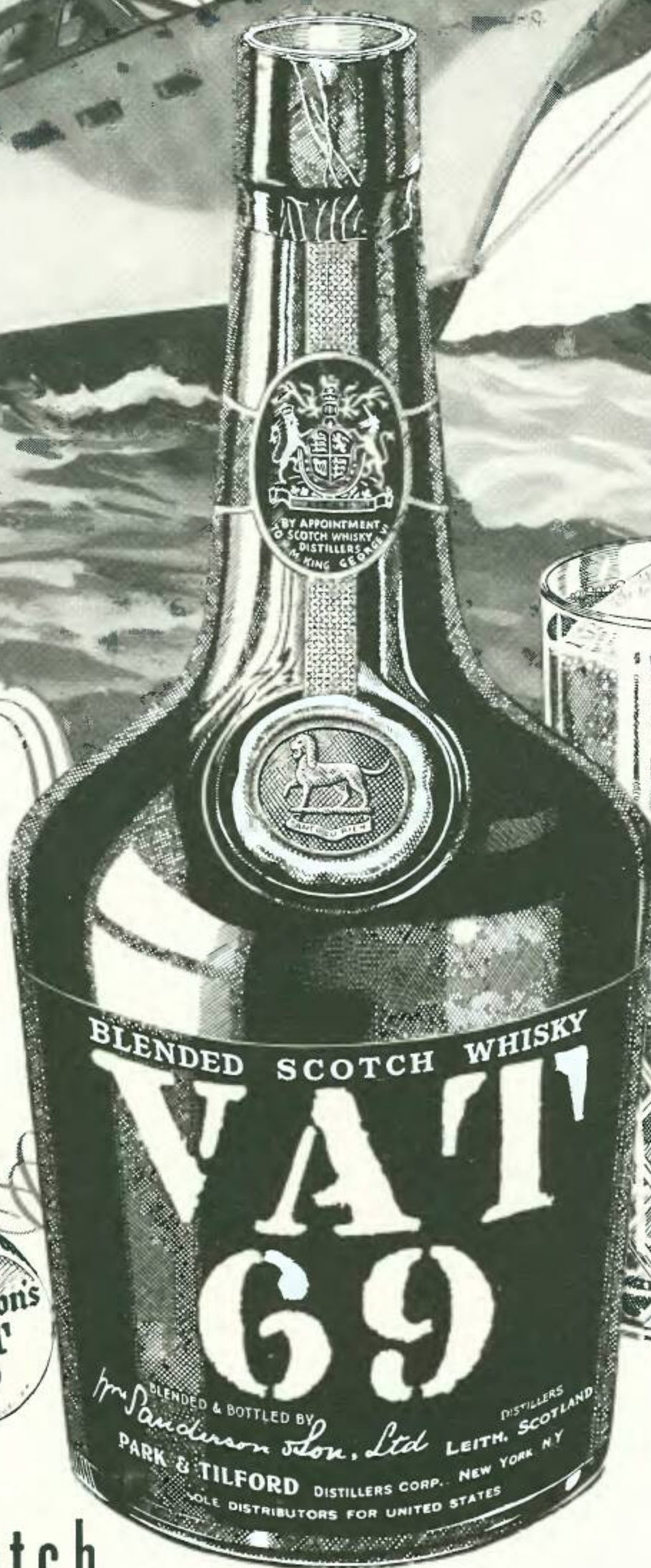
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tims, Frederick of Prussia, French Before Breakfast, The French Spy.

The next few years are ups and downs. He makes an attempt on London and fails (the largest part he is offered is Osric); he goes to Dublin, where he has his troubles with a hostile audience; he goes to Manchester, where he achieves great success and has his first stab at "Hamlet." Nevertheless, he is still so poor that he bursts into tears when a fellow-actor makes him a present of woollen underclothes, a luxury beyond his means. He has a row with the Manchester management and leaves, finds it difficult to get employment, and by Christmas, 1865, is stranded, penniless, in Liverpool. Once the fairy godmother intervenes:

As he turned his back on the theatre, the stage-doorkeeper hurried out with a letter which he had forgotten to give him. Irving opened it absent-mindedly—it was probably a bill—no—it bore a Manchester postmark. He took a hasty glance at the signature—Dion Boucicault. The writer was about to produce a play in Manchester in which he believed there was a good part for him.

The play, "The Two Lives of Mary Leigh," or "Hunted Down," in which Irving played Rawdon Scudamore, "a polished and villainous adventurer," was a smashing hit in Manchester, and it was decided to take it to London. George Eliot attended the first night. As she left, she asked G. H. Lewes, editor of the *Fortnightly Review*, what he thought of Irving.

"In twenty years," replied Lewes, "he will be at the head of the English stage." "He is there, I think, already," murmured the novelist.

Anyway, with the public he is now an important star. He begins to have a social and personal life. He falls in love with an actress, Nellie Moore, but she dies. A Miss Florence O'Callaghan falls in love with him and marries him, but it is soon apparent that their temperaments are incompatible.



A reading of Thomas Hood's poem "Eugene Aram" so impresses Hezekiah Bateman, the lessee of the Lyceum Theatre, that he offers to make Irving his leading comedian and character actor at a salary of fifteen pounds a week, an offer Irving accepts on condition that should the opportunity arise, Bateman will produce a melodrama called "The Bells." The opportunity does arise, and on Saturday, November 25, 1871, the life of Henry Irving reaches its dramatic cli-

max, both professionally and personally. He is driving home with his wife. For the last few hours, he has known that he has accomplished his boyish ambition; he is now acknowledged as the greatest actor in England.

He laid his hand on Florence's arm, saying, "Well, my dear, we too shall soon have our own carriage and pair!" ... "Are you going on making a fool of yourself like this all your life?" she asked. They were crossing Hyde Park Corner. Irving told the driver of the brougham to stop. Without a word he got out and left his wife to continue the journey alone. He never returned to his home and he never spoke to her again.

What a final curtain! But this is biography, not drama; we are only at page 200, with nearly five hundred pages more to go. Hitherto we have been too absorbed in the story to notice the style, but now we begin to be conscious of Mr. Laurence Irving's prose, which is that of a rather good old-fashioned provincial newspaper, dignified but terribly stodgy. To Henry Irving, the struggling young actor, we have given our unwavering support, but of the Sir Henry to be—"The Chief," artistic dictator of the Lyceum, member of the Garrick Club, member of the Athenæum Club, D.Litt. [Cantab.], welcome at Marlborough House—of Irving the public institution, we are prepared to be highly critical.

It is greatly to Mr. Laurence Irving's credit that while he is absolutely convinced of the greatness of his grandfather, he gives all the facts on which his critics based their complaints. To begin with, there were his eccentric habits of pronunciation: "go" was "gaw," "good" was "god," "sight" was "seyt," "smote" was "smot," "hand" was "hond" or "hend," "war" rhymed with "far," and "trammel up the consequence" became "trammele up-p the cunsequence;" then, there was his peculiar voice, which Augustin Daly compared to "a man speaking half of a long sentence while drawing in his breath and letting the other half fly out while he expels his breath."

Henry James was always, perhaps, a bit prissy as a critic, but after reading the descriptions of performances in this book I suspect that his verdict on Irving, whom in many respects he admired, was probably just:

His strong points are intellectual. He is ingenious, intelligent, and fanciful; imaginative he can hardly be called. ... It is, of course, by picturesqueness that Mr. Irving has made his place; by small in-



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genuities of "business" and subtleties of action; by doing as a painter does who goes in for colour when he cannot depend upon his drawing.

The plays in which, once he was his own master, Irving chose to star fall into three classes. First, there were the melodramas, "The Bells," "The Lyons Mail," "The Dead Heart," etc., which made no literary pretensions and were intended only to be vehicles for bravura acting. These, I am sure, would delight us as much as they did Irving's contemporaries. Despite James's horror, I would add "Faust," with

the angelic visions, the heavenward ascents into sulphurous infernos, the magical appearances and trap-door vanishings, the lycopodic brimstone, the gauzy treacle, the new-fangled battens of electric lights, the calcium arcs, the sub-stage generation of steam, the daring use of electric fluid (under the personal supervision of Colonel Gourand—the partner of the great Mr. Edison).

Any relation to Goethe must have been so purely accidental that it seems pointless to call it a travesty; why should one not have sat back and enjoyed it for the preposterous pantomime it was?

The second class comprised the plays of Shakespeare. As theatregoers, we are now accustomed to seeing Shakespeare played more or less as written, so we should probably complain more than the Victorians at Irving's cuts and changes. It seems, however, that in comparison to his predecessors his practice was almost pedantic; for example, he played "Richard III" without Colley Cibber's interpolations. As for his interpretations, it is a great tribute to the detail and vividness of Mr. Laurence Irving's descriptions that we can consider forming an opinion at all. On the whole, I think we should agree with the most intelligent critics of his time; that is to say, we should admire his Shylock (enormously), Richard III, Iago, Benedick, Iachimo, and Cardinal Wolsey, have our doubts about his Hamlet and Macbeth, and dislike his Othello, Romeo, Lear, and Coriolanus.

But our real quarrel with him would be over the third class of his preferred plays, to which belonged the Higher Drama of the Poet Laureate Tennyson, Bulwer-Lytton, William Wills, and Comyns Carr. As acting vehicles, they were inferior to the melodramas, and as literature, they were beneath contempt. What are we to think of the taste of a man who will have nothing to do with Ibsen yet sees nothing incongruous in re-

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citing Shakespeare one night and the next night such lines as these, from Bulwer-Lytton:

With this
I at Rochelle did hand to hand engage
The stalwart Engliſher—no mongrels,
boy,
Those Iſland maſtiffs—mark the notch—
a deep one—
His caſque made here—I ſhore him to the
waist!

(Richelieu)

or these, from William Wills:

I ſaw a picture once, by a great Maſter,
It was an old man's head,
Narrow and evil was its wrinkled front—
Eyes closed and cunning: a dull vulpine
ſmile,
'Twas called a Judas, wide that painter
erred;
Judas had eyes like thine, of candid blue,
His ſkin was ſmooth, his hair of youthful
gold;
Upon his brow ſhone the white ſtamp of
truth,
And lips, like thine, did give the traitor
kiſs.

(Charles I)

On one of the rare occasions when anyone saw Irving drunk, he was heard declaiming, "The Oriflamme! We must keep—the Oriflamme—burning brightly!" One knows, alas, only too well what he meant.

Shaw's apparent indifference to Shakespeare as a poet, his curious illusion that anybody can write blank verse, may well have been largely Irving's fault; his ear deafened by the thunders of the Lyceum, all iambic pentameters sounded the same to him. Of the famous Shaw-Irving feud, it is impossible for us not to think that on almost every point Shaw was in the right; if he was unfair to Irving, it was in demanding more of him than he had a right to expect.

Irving came to maturity as an actor at the beginning of a period of revolutionary change, at a time, that is, when the only persons who had sensed what was about to happen were the producing artists; the performing artists and the public were still unaware of any change. (Perhaps they were dimly aware, but the only symptom of this was an increased passion for the good old past.) Like all performers, Irving knew the kind of thing he liked and could do well, but like nearly all performers, he could not distinguish between a genuine example of that kind and a counterfeit; it was his misfortune rather than his fault that after 1870 a play that was at once genuine and suitable for the Lyceum was not, and could not be, written; the only genuine art possible was iconoclastic both in subject and



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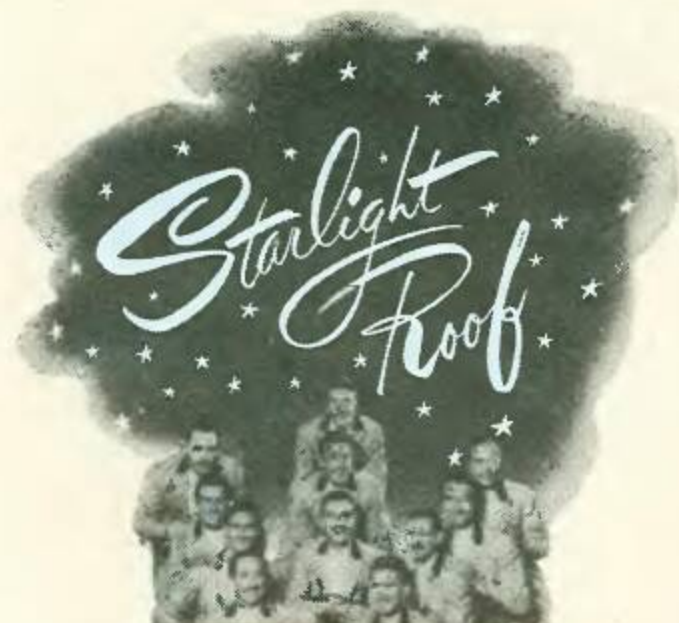


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style. A man as intelligent as Shaw must have known that it was hopeless to bother Irving with Ibsen or his own plays and that the most sensible critical advice to offer would have been to say, "Stick to Shakespeare and melodrama, and leave contemporary drama alone." Had Irving been simply an actor, Shaw would, I daresay, have said just that, but he was not simply an actor; he was also a Victorian monument and, as such, he had to be demolished.

Despite their apparent undiminished glory, Irving's concluding years are sad, and our exasperation at the public figure gives way to sympathy for the dying lion. His audiences are still as enthusiastic as ever, but he is losing the younger generation and he knows it. All his stock of scenery is lost in a fire. The Lyceum goes bankrupt and closes. But the final scene is all that a great actor could wish. He has died in the lobby of a Bradford hotel after a performance of "Becket":

Alexander and a few of Irving's close friends so gauged public feeling that they asked the Dean of St. Paul's if they might bury their dead leader in his cathedral. Their request was refused. They waited upon Dr. Armytage Robinson, the Dean of Westminster... The Dean had been threatened with blindness and lay in a darkened upper room attended by his sister, in whom the old prejudices against players and playhouses lingered. When she heard the purpose of the petition she protested vehemently against the burial of any more actors in the Poets' Corner. The members of the deputation were still waiting for an answer when Sir Anderson Critchett, who had become the leading oculist in the country, passed through the room in which they sat, on his way to see his patient. Recognizing several of his friends, he asked what they were waiting for. When he heard the purpose of their mission, he promised he would do all he could to help them. He reminded the Dean that, when he had saved his sight, he had asked what return he could make as a token of his gratitude. Now, said Critchett, was the time and opportunity to make that return by granting the request of the gentlemen waiting below. The Dean's sister repeated her protest—"No actors! No actors!"—but in vain. The Dean honored his debt.

This is better even than a fairy tale; this is grand opera. —W. H. AUDEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE SHINING TIDES, by Win Brooks (Morrow). A story of Cape Cod in the summertime. Murder, attempted rape, madness, death, fatal guilt, illegitimacy, drunkenness, and adultery are among the many interesting subjects discussed. A good deal of



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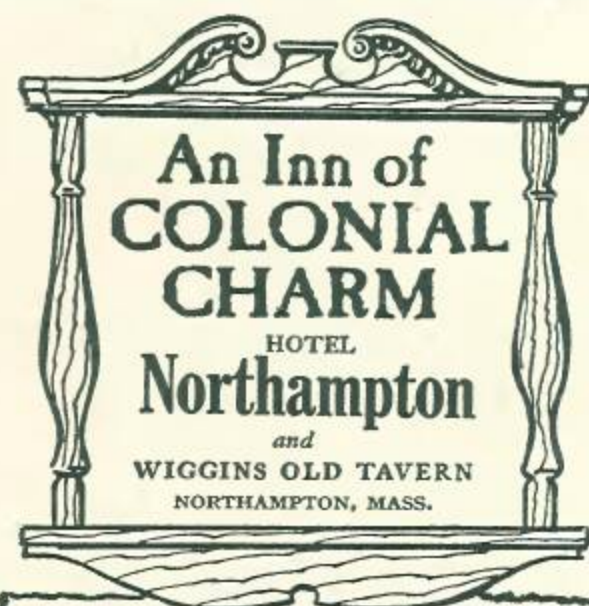
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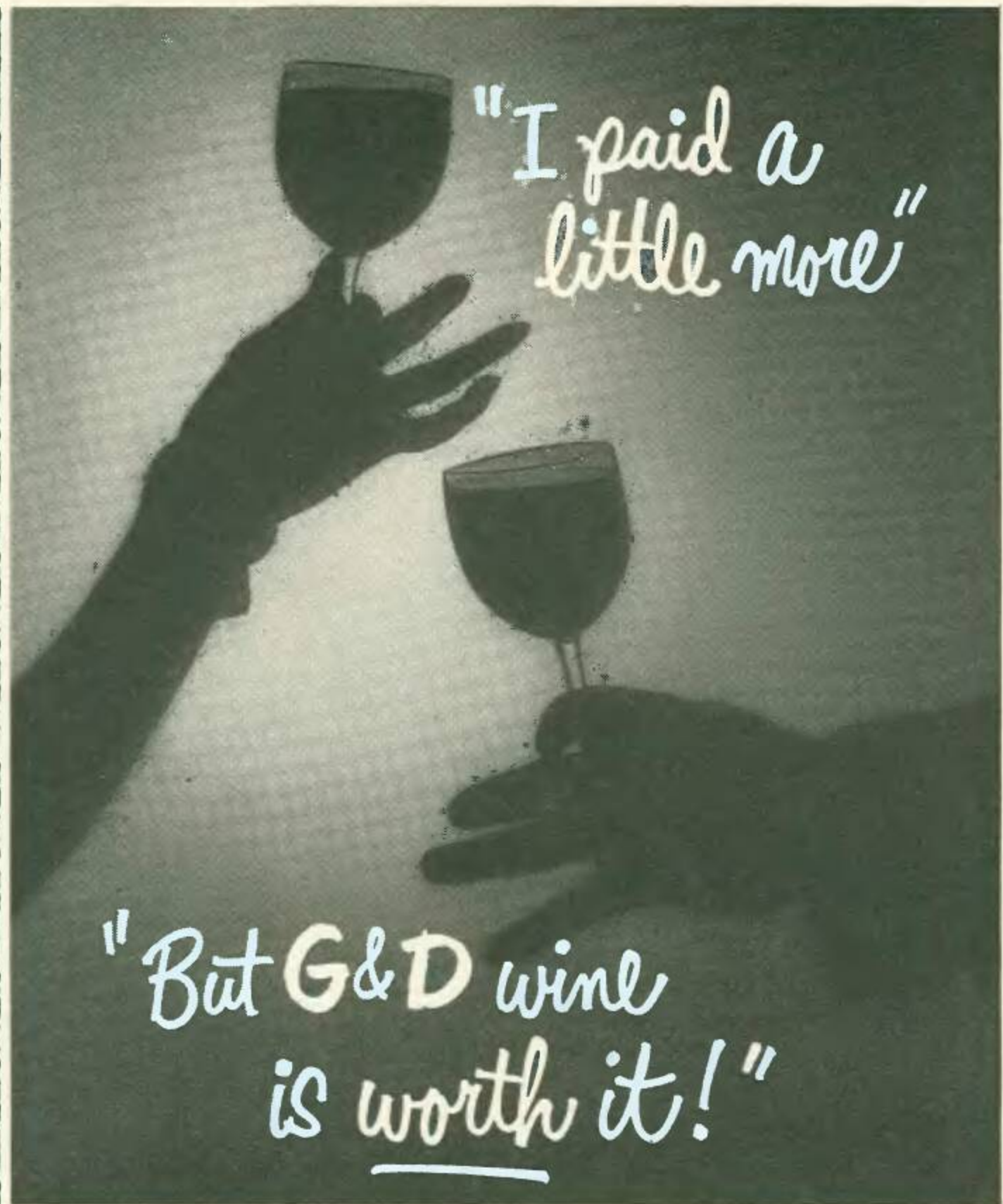
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fishing goes on. The writing can only be described as enfeebled. The Literary Guild selection for July.

LAMENT FOR FOUR VIRGINS, by Lael Tucker (Random House). A novel about four very young women who fall in love with a handsome bachelor rector and, one by one, are disappointed by him. After his departure from their town, they spend their lives in different ways, and Miss Tucker's contention is that their thwarted love is the governing influence in their lives. This may be so, but it seems on the surface, which is as much as we see, that the girls are simply following their natural inclinations; the rector's part in the book is merely that of a device to weld a rather loose, undirected story together. Miss Tucker, who enjoys metaphor and is given to rich turns of phrase, deals confidently but rather uncomfortably with the moral, mental, and physical development of her four subjects from about their twentieth to about their fortieth years. The scene of the story is Andalusia, a fair-size Southern town.

JEHOVAH BLUES, by Marguerite Steen (Doubleday). Miss Steen, a hard-breathing writer, tells about Aldebaran Flood, an English lady of twenty-nine who writes best-selling novels and is being courted by Lord Orlando Sax. Orlando "had inherited his mother's long nose and a long pale face; his sober gray eyes and small dust-colored mustache would have appeared reasonable through a gap in eleventh-century armor." With no armor handy, however, Aldebaran can't see him at all, until he has the brilliant idea of giving her a lot of shares in some company, and then she suddenly says yes, she will marry him, right on the last page.

THE CLOSEST KIN THERE IS, by Clara Winston (Harcourt, Brace). A gentle and rather anxious novel, written without much originality but with great care, about a country schoolteacher, Phyllis Dary, and her younger brother, Lloyd. Phyllis has returned to the farm on which she was born, after being absent for several years, and she finds her brother grown up and her mother and father as dour and unapproachable as they always were. The brother and sister fall in love, but the mother discovers their affair and arranges a marriage for Lloyd. The story ends, as it begins, on a scene of strangled tragedy and silence. It all



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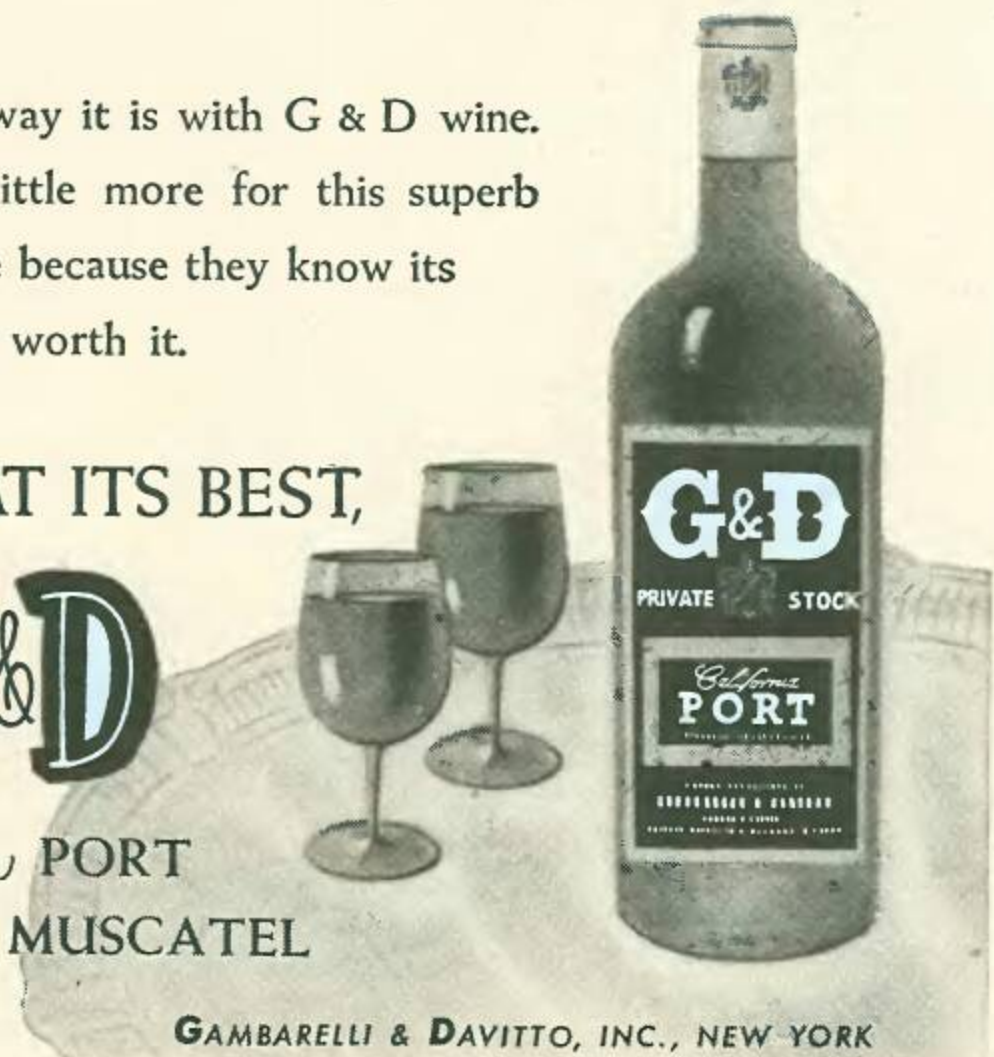
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GENERAL

THE FUTURE OF AMERICAN POLITICS, by Samuel Lubell (Harper). A survey and an analysis of this country's politics, with special reference to the coming Presidential campaign. It is more than a topical book, however, for the author does not confine himself to the short view or deal much with the personalities of possible candidates. What he is concerned with is the forces that have changed and are changing our two-party system: the rise of a new foreign-born middle class, for instance; the slow dying out of religious, sectional, and racial prejudices (and the appearance of new ones); the economics of "political wages," which he says workers and farmers are now receiving and which have little reference to the laws of supply and demand; and the continuing stalemate in the Democratic Party. Mr. Lubell is chary of prediction, but he does say that the "Roosevelt coalition" shows no signs of imminent collapse and that whichever party wins in November will do so by only a narrow margin. He also says, rather gloomily, that "rarely has the mood of the American public been dominated so much by fear as today."

REPUBLICANISM REAPPRAISED, by Roland N. Stromberg (Public Affairs). A critique of the Republican Party that is written in a friendly spirit but may not be received with great enthusiasm by all Republicans. The author, a professor of history at the University of Maryland, takes a look at the Party under Abraham Lincoln, whom he characterizes as one of the very few liberal Republican leaders, and then examines what he thinks of as the G.O.P.'s slow congealing into a negative, defensive, and ineffectual conservatism. Professor Stromberg, a strong proponent of the two-party system as a safeguard of democracy, believes that a revival of an enlightened Republicanism is necessary, but he doesn't think the chances for such a revival are very promising, reminding us there is no law of politics or history that guarantees a return of the "outs" after a certain interval. His proposals for a constructive Republican policy seem intelligent; how realistic they are is another matter.

THE ANATOMY OF REVOLUTION, by Crane Brinton (Prentice-Hall). A

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clinical study, extensively revised from a previously published book, of four great social upheavals—the English Revolution of the sixteenth-century, the American Revolution, the French Revolution, and the Russian Revolution. The author's purpose is to establish a scientific method for the analysis of violent social change. He has chosen to regard revolution as a disease, or fever, whose symptoms are apparent long before it breaks out in full force in the body politic, with its accompanying delirium (the Reign of Terror, the excesses of the Cheka, and so forth) and its subsequent convalescent period, perhaps broken by a relapse or two. Once having got involved in this metaphor, Professor Brinton spends a good many of his remaining pages extricating himself from it—pointing out its deficiencies and pitfalls—but such is his wit and historical knowledge that what might have become a syllogistic hash in lesser hands turns out to be a keen and perceptive exposition and, like a well-conducted seminar, sets the mind of the reader racing off on its own.

THE LAST YEARS OF NIJINSKY, by Romola Nijinsky (Simon & Schuster). A memoir that was originally to be a brief postscript to the author's biography of her husband but turned into a full-length chronicle of the sixteen melancholy years between the publication of that work and the dancer's death. The story is a tragic one on several counts—first, and mainly, because Mme. Nijinsky was never able fully to accept the almost universal medical opinion that her husband's mental illness was hopeless (she still tends to argue the point), and, second, because most of her long search for treatment of it, which ultimately became a search for any sort of refuge, took place during the war years in Occupied Hungary and Austria, under almost insupportable conditions. As a result, her book is tinged not only with rebellion but at times with perceptible personal animosity, which detracts considerably from its value as a factual record or a tribute to genius. Illustrated with photographs.

SCANDINAVIA, edited by Doré Ogrizek (McGraw-Hill). In this guidebook, a new addition to a well-known series assembled by this editor, five of the cooler countries of the Northern Hemisphere—Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Finland, and Iceland—are examined from the point of view of their art, literature, his-

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tory, geography, and culture, with an eye to tempting, rather than taxing, the student or visitor. The scores of colored illustrations, ranging from a Munch painting to a rolling Lapland landscape, are a great help.

THE SHAKESPEARE COUNTRY, by Alfred Furness (Macmillan). Nearly a hundred lovely photographs of the rustic beauty and man-made ornaments of England's Cotswolds and central plain—Thorpe Cloud, Woolfcote Dale, Compton Wynyates, the classic Tudor manor, and the like. All the subjects have been snapped in the sun-drenched summertime; if only three or four of them had been surprised in a gauzy rain, the charm of the rest might be raised a notch or two. But possibly that would have been gilding the lily.

NOTE: "The Suburb by the Sea," a collection of verse by Robert Hillyer, has been published by Knopf. Many of the poems first appeared in this magazine.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

VANISH IN AN INSTANT, by Margaret Millar (Random House). The Michigan police are convinced that Virginia Barkeley, a loose-living, bad-tempered young matron, is guilty of stabbing her flashy admirer in the course of a drunken quarrel, but they have to release her when a man dying of leukemia confesses to the crime and then hangs himself. A homespun attorney is not persuaded by this easy solution, however, and eventually tracks down the real culprit, who has all of three separate identities. Miss Millar's plot is by no means as confused as this sounds, and her characters are sharply and often wittily drawn. A very satisfactory item.

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[Arch Murray in the Post]

CINCINNATI, June 10—Though the evidence seems to be that the crisis has passed and that the Giants are over the hump of the slump that cost them great gobs of ground in the pennant chase, Leo Durocher and the rest of the Giant high command did not allow the chinks in the Giant armor turned up by the losing skid to go unnoticed. Quietly, behind the scenes, they are attempting to mend the fences.

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