Aug. 14, 1954

THE NEW YORKER

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MERRY WIDOW
One-half Dubonnet.
One-half dry vermouth.
Stir with ice. Strain.
Add twist of lemon peel.



Dubonnet LIME RICKEY
1½ jiggers of Dubonnet.
Juice of half a lime,
with shell. Add ice
cubes, soda and stir.



Dubonnet COCKTAIL
One-half Dubonnet.
One-half gin. Stir
with ice. Strain.
Add twist of lemon peel.



Dubonnet ON-THE-ROCKS
Pour over ice cubes.
Add twist of lemon peel.



Dubonnet and soda
jigger of Dubonnet
juice of ¼ lemon
add ice cubes
fill with soda and stir.



Dubonnet STRAIGHT
Serve well chilled,
no ice. Add twist of
lemon peel.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

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

PLAYS

Anniversary Waltz—A comedy by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields that worries some elementary humor out of the perplexities of a couple who lived together before getting married and whose children find out about it. Kitty Carlisle and Macdonald Carey do their best with rather thin material. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. Cl 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Caine Mutiny Court Martial—Lloyd Nolan is magnificent as Queeg, and John Hodiak is very good indeed as the defendant in this exciting dramatization of a section of Herman Wouk's novel. Charles Laughton directed the exemplary company, in which Barry Sullivan now has Henry Fonda's role. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

King of Hearts—Jean Kerr's and Eleanor Brooke's comedy about a self-entranced comic-strip artist hasn't any plot worth mentioning, but most of the humor is highly successful. The cast is headed by Donald Cook, Cloris Leachman, and Jackie Cooper. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Oh, Men! Oh, Women!—Edward Chodorov's merry account of the misadventures of a psychoanalyst who gets just a bit too involved in the lives of his patients. Currently, Lloyd Bridges is the analyst, and Betsy von Furstenberg, Tony Randall, and Larry Blyden help keep things thoroughly confused. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—Sabrina Fair: The ups and downs of a millionaire and a chauffeur's daughter who find themselves in love. At present, Leora Dana plays the lass and Tod Andrews the magnate. Samuel Taylor is the author. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **The Seven Year Itch:** George Axelrod's comedy about a man who gets into the usual difficulties with sex when his wife goes away for the summer. Tom Ewell is the hero, and the ladies in his life are Sally Forrest and Neva Patterson. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **The Solid Gold Cadillac:** A comedy by George S. Kaufman and Howard Teichmann that has to do with the strange vagaries of the world of high finance. Josephine Hull, who has been ailing, is expected to return on Monday, Aug. 16. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **Tea and Sympathy:** A play about the woes of an adolescent suspected of homosexuality while in residence at a prep school. Now with Joan Fontaine and Anthony Perkins. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **The Teahouse of the August Moon:** John Patrick's adaptation of Vern Sneider's novel about the Americanization of Okinawa. David Wayne and John Forsythe are representatives of the warring cultures, and they are seconded by Paul Ford, Larry Gates, William Hansen, and Mariko Niki. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

By the Beautiful Sea—The chief virtue of this musical account of Coney Island in the early years of the century is the presence of Shirley Booth, who is helped along by Wilbur Evans and Mae Barnes. Unfortunately, the book, by Herbert and Dorothy Fields, isn't of much use, and Arthur Schwartz's music is hardly memorable. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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Kismet—A big, handsome item derived from the comedy-melodrama that Edward Knoblock put together in 1911. With music adapted from the work of Alexander Borodin, dances arranged by Jack Cole, and sumptuous sets by Lemuel Ayers, the piece goes along with plenty of verve. Alfred Drake is fine as a vagabond poet, and Doretta Morrow is most appealing as his lovely daughter. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Pajama Game—Love and union troubles in a pajama factory. It all adds up to what is certainly the season's best musical. Book by George Abbott and Richard Bissell, music and lyrics by Richard Adler and Jerry Ross, and direction by Mr. Abbott. John Raitt, Janis Paige, Eddie Foy, Jr., and Carol Haney are among the principal figures. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—Can-Can: A glimpse of nineteenth-century Montmartre, set to Cole Porter's music. With Lilo, Gwen Verdon, and Norwood Smith. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **Comedy in Music:** Victor Borge in a one-man show. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

Cherry Lane Theatre—Punch Opera's presentation of "Aunt Caroline's Will," a French comic opera by Albert Roussel, with an English libretto by Milton Feist. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-9583. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30.)

Provincetown Playhouse—"The Cretan Woman," a new play by Robinson Jeffers, with Jacqueline Brookes and Charles Aidman. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:45.)

MISCELLANY

Jones Beach Marine Theatre—A big blowout, engineered by Guy Lombardo, called "Arabian Nights." The title gives some idea of the nature, if not the extent, of the commotion. With Lauritz Melchior, Helena Scott, Ralph Herbert, and Mia Slavenska. (Nightly at 8:30; through Labor Day. For tickets, call CO 5-7587.)

THE SUMMER CIRCUIT

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

Andover—Through Saturday, Aug 14: "Apple of His Eye." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 16-21: Barbara Bel Geddes and Hiram Sherman in "The Little Hut." (Grist Mill Playhouse, Andover, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Chatham—Through Saturday, Aug. 14: "Skylark." Wednesday through Saturday, Aug. 18-21: "The Winslow Boy." (Monomoy Theatre, Chatham, Mass. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Clinton—Through Saturday, Aug. 14: "My 3 Angels." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 16-21: "Pal Joey." (Clinton Playhouse, Clinton, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:40.)

Cohasset—Through Saturday, Aug. 14: "Bitter Sweet." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 16-21: "High Button Shoes." (South Shore Music Circus, Cohasset, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Coonamessett—Through Saturday, Aug. 14: Tallulah Bankhead in "Dear Charles." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 16-21: Dorothy Stickney and Howard Lindsay in "Life with Father." (Falmouth Playhouse, Coonamessett, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Corning—Through Sunday, Aug. 15: "My 3 Angels." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 17-22: "Room Service." (Corning Summer Theatre, Corning Glass Center, Corning, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Dennis—Through Saturday, Aug. 14: "My 3 Angels." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 16-21: "Gigi." (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

East Hampton—Through Saturday, Aug. 14: "Jimmy Potts Gets a Haircut," a new play. Monday through Saturday, Aug. 16-21: Paul Hartman in "Walk Tall." (John Drew Theatre, East Hampton, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40.)

Fayetteville—Through Saturday, Aug. 14: Pat O'Brien in "The Front Page." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 16-21 (final performances of the season): Larry Parks in "The Fourposter." (Country Playhouse, Fayetteville, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Fishkill—Through Sunday, Aug. 15: "Father of the Bride." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 17-22: "The Voice of the Turtle." (Cecilwood Theatre, Fishkill, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:35. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Fitchburg—Through Saturday, Aug. 14: "My 3 Angels." Monday through Saturday, Aug.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

16-21: Tallulah Bankhead in "Dear Charles." (Lake Whalom Playhouse, Fitchburg, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturday, Aug. 21, at 2:20.)

Hyannis—Through Saturday, Aug. 14: "The Vagabond King." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 16-21: "The Wizard of Oz." (Cape Cod Melody Tent, Hyannis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturday, Aug. 21, at 2:30.)

Ivoryton—Through Saturday, Aug. 14: Mary Astor in "Late Love." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 16-21: Steve Cochran in "Heaven Can Wait." (Ivoryton Playhouse, Ivoryton, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Lambertville—Through Sunday, Aug. 22: "The Boys from Syracuse." (Lambertville Music Circus, Lambertville, N.J. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mahopac—Through Sunday, Aug. 15: "The Country Girl." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 17-22: "Dead Pigeon." (Putnam County Playhouse, Mahopac, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40.)

Marblehead—Through Saturday, Aug. 14: To be announced. Monday through Saturday, Aug. 16-21: "Stalag 17." (Marblehead Summer Theatre, Marblehead, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:15.)

Matunuck—Through Saturday, Aug. 14: Paul Hartman in "Walk Tall." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 16-21: Victor Jory in "My 3 Angels." (Theatre-by-the-Sea, Matunuck, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Millburn—"The Vagabond King." (Paper Mill Playhouse, Millburn, N.J. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mountainhome—Through Saturday, Aug. 14: "The Sin of Pat Muldoon," a new play. Monday through Saturday, Aug. 16-21: Gloria Stokowski in "The Swan." (Pocono Playhouse, Mountainhome, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Mount Kisco—Through Sunday, Aug. 15: "I Am a Camera." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 17-22: Alice Ghostley and Richard Eastham in Leonard Bernstein's two-character musical, "Trouble in Tahiti," and James Thurber's story "The Thirteen Clocks," adapted for the stage by Fred Sadoff, with music by Mark Bucci. (Westchester Playhouse, Mount Kisco, N.Y. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturday, Aug. 21, at 2:40.)

Moylan—Thursday, Aug. 12: "Ring Round the Moon." Friday and Saturday, Aug. 13-14: "Queer People." Tuesday, Aug. 17: "The Great Big Doorstep." Wednesday, Aug. 18: "Queer People." Thursday, Aug. 19: "The Physician in Spite of Himself." Friday, Aug. 20: "The Emperor Jones." Saturday, Aug. 21: "Ring Round the Moon." (Hedgerow Theatre, Moylan, Pa. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30.)

New Hope—Through Saturday, Aug. 14: Murray Hamilton in "Stalag 17." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 16-21: Jerome Cowan in "Two Blind Mice." (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Newport—Through Saturday, Aug. 14: Steve

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Cochran in "Heaven Can Wait." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 16-21: Faye Emerson in "The Lady Chooses," a new play by William McCleery. (Casino Theatre, Newport, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Norwich—Through Saturday, Aug. 14: Rudy Vallée in "Jenny Kissed Me." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 16-21: Pat O'Brien in "The Front Page." (Norwich Summer Theatre, Norwich, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Ogunquit—Through Saturday, Aug. 14: "Stalag 17." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 16-21: "My 3 Angels." (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Peterborough—Through Saturday, Aug. 21: "Dear Brutus." (Peterborough Players, Peterborough, N.H. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:40.)

Provincetown—Through Saturday, Aug. 21: "A Dream of Fair Women." (Provincetown Playhouse, Provincetown, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30.)

Saratoga Springs—Through Saturday, Aug. 14: Eva Le Gallienne in "The Southwest Corner," a new play by John Cecil Holm. Monday through Saturday, Aug. 16-21: Joe E. Brown in "The Show-Off." (Spa Summer Theatre, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sea Cliff—Through Saturday, Aug. 14: "My 3 Angels." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 16-21: Ethel Waters in "Mamba's Daughters." (Sea Cliff Summer Theatre, Sea Cliff, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Skowhegan—Through Saturday, Aug. 14: Lucille Manners in "Song of Norway." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 16-21: Mary Astor in "Late Love." (Lakewood Theatre, Skowhegan, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Spring Lake—Through Saturday, Aug. 14: Judith Evelyn in "The Constant Wife." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 16-21: "Brother Cain," a new play by Jerome Chodorov. (Ivy Tower Playhouse, Spring Lake, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Mondays and Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Stockbridge—Through Saturday, Aug. 14: Sidney Blackmer and Carol Stone in "The Iron Gate," a new play. Monday through Saturday, Aug. 16-21: "Charley's Aunt." (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Wallingford—Through Sunday, Aug. 15: "Kiss Me, Kate." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 17-22: "Bloomer Girl." (Oakdale Musical Theatre, Wallingford, Conn. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 9:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 5.)

Westhampton Beach—Through Saturday, Aug. 14: "Kind Sir." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 16-21: To be announced. (Westhampton Playhouse, Westhampton Beach, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:45.)

Westport—Through Saturday, Aug. 14: Barbara Bel Geddes and Hiram Sherman in "The Little Hut." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 16-21: Gypsy Rose Lee in "Darling, Darling," a new adaptation, by Anita Loos, of the French play, "Ami-Ami." (Westport Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:40.)

Woodstock—Through Sunday, Aug. 15: "The Time of the Cuckoo." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 17-22: "Gigi." (Woodstock Playhouse, Woodstock, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40.)

Note—Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival: Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, Aug. 14: The Celtic Ballet of Scotland, and Ram Gopal. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 20-21: The Negro Dance Theatre, Kurt and Grace Graff, and Ram Gopal. (Lee, Mass. Fridays and Saturdays at 4 and 9, and Thursday, Aug. 12, at 4.) . . . **American Dance Festival:** Dance programs, including a number of new works, performed by the companies of José Limón and Charles Weidman, and Daniel Nagrin, Yuriko, Pauline Koner, and Margret Dietz. (Palmer Auditorium, Connecticut College, New London, Conn. Thursday and Friday, Aug. 19-20, at 8:30; Saturday, Aug. 21, at 3 and 8:30; and Sunday, Aug. 22, at 3.)

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

Astor Roof, Broadway at 44th St. (JU 6-3000)—At times, the Lindy Hoppers take over almost the whole floor of this enormous ballroom, which has Les Elgart's band on the podium as the excuse. Closed Sundays.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Gleb Yellin's instrumental group play waterhole music in an oasis called the Palm Court every day but Sunday at the cocktail hour, and in the Madison Room Mondays through Fridays from seven to nine. No dancing in either place.

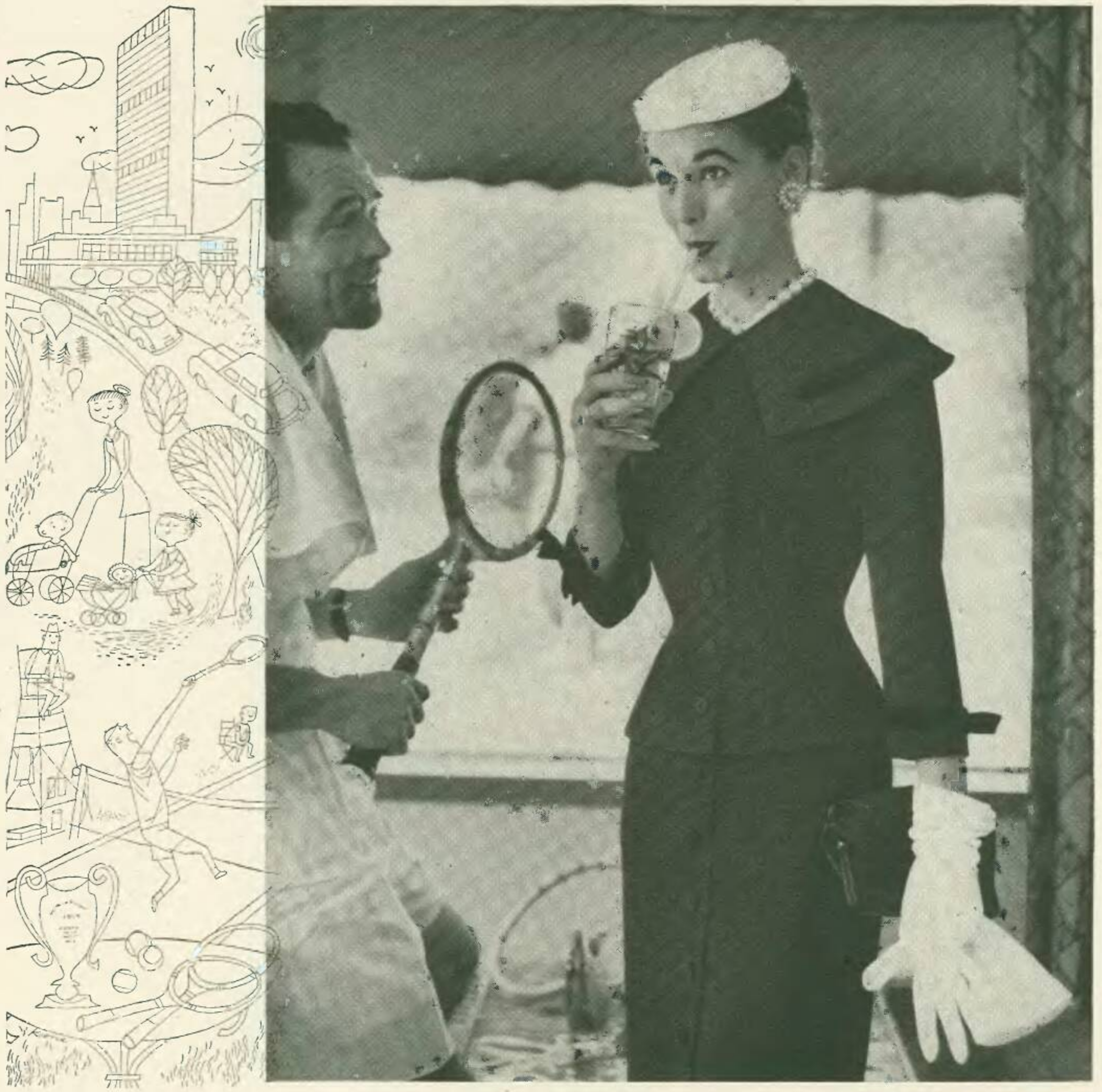
Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900)—The Copa is on a hot-weather diet these days. There's a singer named Dolores Hawkins, a summer-weight comedian named Al Bernie, and the Delta Rhythm Boys. The heat, though, has no effect on the beauties of the ballet, who are always dressed for the beach and raring to go.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Of necessity, through the years, the elder mimes in this interesting old morality play have one by one dropped out, but the replacements are letter-perfect, and the play still has a message for each and every one of us. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Stanley Worth's quartet, or a reasonable facsimile, makes music for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing every evening in the Café Pierre.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Rendez-Vous Room, one of the last preserves for practitioners of the art of dining and dancing in state, has Maximillian





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's orchestras after eight-thirty. Closed Sundays.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The Grill is a safe place to take Mother and the girls, for the dance bands, as customary, are in low gear. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS ROOF, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Mount Olympus in its most social aspect. The nightly Olympiad includes such modern contests as the waltz and the samba, done to the dance music of Milt Shaw's and Ray Bari's small but energetic groups. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every day, Irving Conn's cohorts play in the Café Lounge for dinner and supper, not to mention tea dancing.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—By now, of course, it's an institution, which is probably just as well, for there seem to be plenty of people who love to spend their lives in something of the sort. Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band play for their setting-up and sitting-up exercises.

TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN, Central Park W. at 67th St. (SC 4-8100)—Dame Nature, or one of her feathered friends, is quite likely to come sit in your lap on the open-air terrace of this ancient barracks. Dancing after eight on weekdays and after seven on Sundays, and greenery at all hours.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Irwin Corey plays a very special word game with his audience. He is the major occupant and wit of the local George White extravaganza. There is further lusty merriment by Fay DeWitt and Lou Nelson, and some fine, upstanding chorus girls are around to gladden the eye. As for the plot, the cast has had to curl up with a not very good book. Panchito's band and Salvatore Gioë's orchestra for dancing after nine.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The Starlight Roof, lofty, cool, and self-possessed, is unquestionably a work of art. Perez Prado, who heads a brassbound mambo band, is in charge of what sounds suspiciously like a Cuba-land jam session when the boys aren't making compelling dance music; Mischa Borr's boys, on the other hand, make it sweet and sentimental. Closed Sundays.

NOTE—The Rainbow Room, which is fairly far above the madding crowd, affords (from the best tables) a view of Tin Pan Alley, the Paramount clock, the Weehawken ferry house, the Edison Company plants, and other highlights of our brave new world. It's open for cocktails from four-thirty to nine. Languid music (not for dancing) bubbles up now and then, and not a single taxi horn is heard. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza. The phone: CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): The gathering place of the playboys of the Western world. Weekdays there's piano at dinner, and at supper Norbert Faconi, dean of prowler violinists, prowls. Sundays at supper-time, Bud Gregg is the keyboard operator.... **WEYLIN ROOM,** 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9100): A relaxed, elegant alcove where, from six to eight and from ten to two, José Poniera does his mood pianoforte recitals. His last evening is Saturday, Aug. 14. Cy Walter, whose regular beat this is, returns to his piano on Monday, Aug. 16. No music Sundays.... **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): A piano-and-violin obbligato, after ten, to a cascade of conversation by long-lease habitués. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. ... **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Addison Bailey devises bland piano music in this thoroughly upholstered manse for dinner and after the theatre, except Sundays, and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 13-14. ... **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The Spanish fandangos dished up here are all mild but all real, which is something of a novelty nowadays. Closed Sundays and Mondays. Dancing.... **CAFÉ NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): Flanked by some remarkably active interior decorating, Herman Arminski plays European-style

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piano from cocktails through supper. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.... **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Anyone not out in the kitchen making fudge in this homestead of gregarious youth is apt to bob up onstage singing along with the pianist.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Orson Bean, mild-mannered and appealing under his stubby crew cut, offers comforting proof that the neatest nuances of current humor can be safely entrusted to the very young. Stan Freeman and his piano collaborate on some rather raffish ditties, and Martha Davis and Spouse (Calvin Ponder, that is) do their jump tunes to gleeful perfection. The backdrop is Bart Howard's piano and Jimmy Lyons' trio. Closed Sundays.... ¶ The late show (2 to 4 A.M.) by the Davis family, in the lounge every night but Saturday and Sunday, is very warm even for August.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Little Robert Clary is only twelve full ounces of Gallic pinpoint carbonation, but that's a lot. His songs, dances, and funny sayings are the life of the party in this informal cellar. Clarence Williams' trio, with Carl Lynch on guitar, plays for dancing. Closed Sundays.... **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Clara Cedrone, a pleasant scatterbrain, chirps away every evening but Sunday, when she's replaced by antique movies. Bob Downey and Harold Fonville play vigorous double piano seven days a week.... **BYLINE ROOM,** 137 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-8324): The problems of contemporary love life—its care, its feeding, and its prevention—are given a sympathetic hearing by Mabel Mercer. Ronnie Selby is at the piano. Closed Sundays. This tiny inglenook is above the often rampageous ground-floor Show Spot Lounge, where, except Sundays, Laurie Brewis lays soothing and knowing hands on the Steinway.... **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): The Tower of Babel on a windy night. In it right now are Mickey Deems and his rumpus-room character studies; Jimmie Daniels, intoner of man-about-town romances; the Three Flames, whose music, especially when Tiger Haines garnishes it with words, is cataclysmic; Norene Tate, whose voice and piano are soft and gentle; the Three Riffs, whose ballads are merely a vehicle for their innocent home-made puns; Patricia Bright, an industrious comedienne; and Bruce Kirby, the household's comic utility outfielder. Closed every Monday.... **JORIE'S PLAYGOERS CLUB,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): Sixth Avenue is pretty far west for Left Bankers, but nevertheless here is Jorie Remes, late of the Parisian *boîtes*, and her *outré* comedy, all of it in perfectly plain English. Closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open later than most places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): A group of hardy perennials making their favorite noise, which is loud, pristine, and fun. Wild Bill Davison, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Cliff Leeman, Pee Wee Russell,
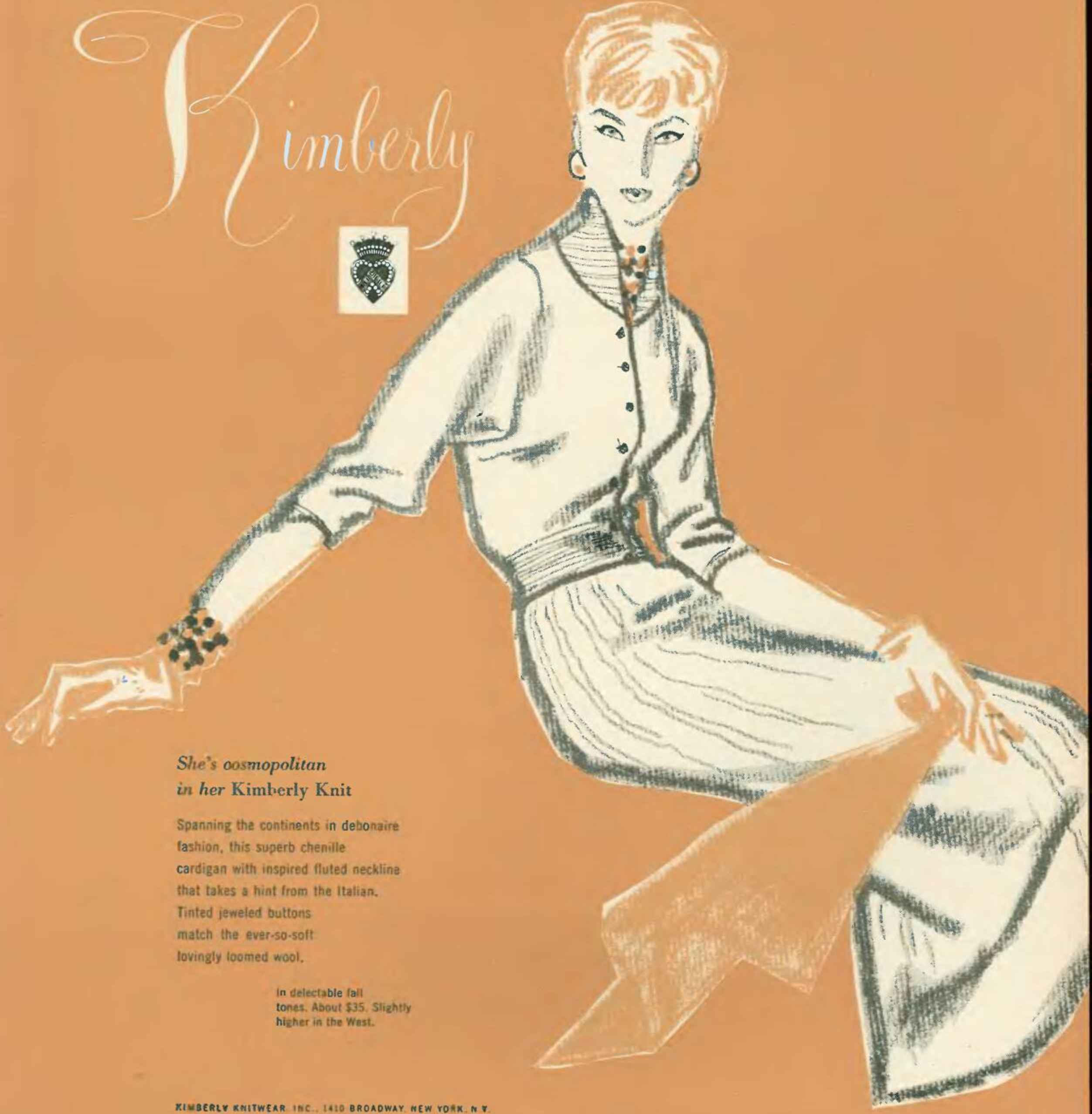


Al Hall, and once in a while even Mr. Condon, whose vocals are all sotto-voce and table-side, are responsible. In between, Teddy Roy knocks off some solo piano. On Tuesdays, visiting tooters compound the fracture. Closed Sundays.... **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Of the several brands of music for moderns available around town, the chef's specials here are probably the most comprehensible. Right now, George Shearing, whose piano arabesques are second to none, is alternately soloist, head of a trio, and head of a quintet (Al McKibbon and John Thielmans are among his followers), and Don Shirley, whose piano has ingenious Chopin overtones, is musing away with the aid of a bass player. They tee off at nine-thirty. Ronnie Selby plays good, solid piano at dinner-time. Closed Sundays.... **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Phil Napoleon's minions are yocking it up here. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays.... **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Wilbur de Paris's band, which includes Omer Simeon, Sidney de Paris, and Eddie Gibbs, is carrying the torch for Dixieland as it was in the beginning. Don Frye is the solo pianist. Jam sessions Monday nights. Closed Sundays.... **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): A Casbah in whose winding streets and involuted tone patterns the uninitiate can sometimes lose track of things. What Count Basie's big, happy family of musicians has to say is wonderfully clear and direct, but Milt Jackson's and Johnny Smith's quartets may take some explaining. The Basie and Jackson outfits leave on Wednesday, Aug. 18. Outside technicians turn up in quantity for the jam sessions, which are held on Mondays.... **BASIN STREET,** Broadway at 51st St. (PL 7-3728): Another vast cave dwelling of jazz devotees, presently given over to a huge revivalist meeting conducted by Louis Armstrong, one of the sturdiest of the old Mississippi steamboats. His band (Barney Bigard, Trummy Young, Billy Kyle, Arvell Shaw, and Barrett Deems, plus words by Velma Middleton) and Charlie Ventura's, which is far more in the progressive mood, alternate all evening. On Tuesday, Aug. 17, Lee Konitz's mob will replace Ventura's. Closed Mondays.... **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Edna Corbett, a little bit of a girl, does fine, up-to-date piano within the circular bar after nine every evening but Monday. She's backed up by a two-man rhythm section, and occasionally by an ad-lib chorus from Randy Hall's tin whistle. ... **STUYVESANT CASINO,** 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-9742): On Friday and Saturday, Aug. 13-14, the facilities of this rifle range have been booked by Bobby Hackett, Wild Bill Davison, Buck Clayton, Jo Jones, Pop Foster, Lou McGarity, Tyree Glenn, Tony Parenti, Sammy Price, Cliff Jackson, Freddie Moore, and Jimmy Rushing. Dancing.... **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): On Friday and Saturday, Aug. 13-14, it is promised, there will be a battle royal between Conrad Janis and his tailgaters, Willie the Lion Smith, Charlie Shavers, Benny Morton, Sol Yaged, and Art Trappier.

DINNER IN THE COUNTRY

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

BANKSVILLE, N.Y.: La Crémaillère (Bedford Village 4-3306); closed Mondays.... **BETHPAGE, L.I.:** Beau Sejour (HIcksville 3-0091); closed Tuesdays.... **CLOSTER, N.J.:** Nolan's Closter Manor (Closter 5-3012).... **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).... ¶ Gertrude Hart's (Beacon 9-7384).... **GARRISON, N.Y.:** Bird and Bottle (Garrison 4-3342); closed Tuesdays.... **GLENWOOD LANDING, L.I.:** Swan Club (ROslyn 3-0037); music nightly and dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings.... **HARTSDALE, N.Y.:** Tordo's (WHite Plains 8-0597).... **LAKE SUCCESS, L.I.:** André; formerly Mori's (HUnter 2-7717).... **NORWALK, CONN.:** Silvermine Tavern (Volunteer 6-2588).... **PORT WASHINGTON, L.I.:** Nino's Continental (POrt Washington 7-1604); dancing every evening except Monday.... ¶ Riviera

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(POrt Washington 7-6500); dancing every evening except Monday. . . . POUND RIDGE, N.Y.: Emily Shaw's Inn (Pound Ridge 4-8873); closed Mondays. . . . RIDGEFIELD, CONN.: Stonehenge (Ridgefield 6-6511); Peter Walters at the piano every evening. . . . ¶ Fox Hill, on Route 7 between Ridgefield and Danbury (Ridgefield 6-7628). . . . ROSLYN, L.I.: Blue Spruce Inn (ROslyn 3-3300); closed Mondays. . . . SMITHTOWN, L.I.: Frank Friede's Riverside Inn (Smithtown 2-1016); closed Tuesdays. . . . ¶ Mont d'Or Inn (Smithtown 2-1997); closed Mondays. . . . SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.: Round Hill (Huntington 4-1371); closed Mondays. . . . SYOSSET, L.I.: Villa Victor (SYosset 6-3886). . . . TARRYTOWN, N.Y.: Tappan Hill (TArrytown 4-3030); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . . WESTBURY, L.I.: Westbury Manor (WEstbury 7-2184); piano every evening except Sunday. . . . WESTPORT, CONN.: Red Barn (Capitol 7-6204).

ART

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

GALLERIES

MICHEL CADORET—A first one-man show in New York of colored monotypes, all done within the past few months; through Saturday, Aug. 21. (The Contemporaries, 959 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.: Recent paintings and sculptures by such gallery artists as Philip Evergood, Robert Gwathmey, and Nat Werner, shown for the first time; through Aug. 27. . . . ALAN, 32 E. 65th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures that were displayed in museums and universities all over the country during the 1953-54 season; through Friday, Aug. 20. . . . ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS, 711 5th Ave., at 55th St.: Fletcher Martin, George Grosz, and Joe Jones are among the artists whose drawings can be seen in the current display, called "Line and Form;" through Aug. 27. . . . BABCOCK, 38 E. 57th St.: A summer exhibit of oils and water colors by Winslow Homer, Henry Botkin, and a score of others; through Aug. 31. . . . CONTEMPORARY ARTS, 106 E. 57th St.: Oils by Edward Betts and Stephen Czoka, and sculptures by Boris Kagan and Nancy Dryfoos are some of the items in a mixed-mediums show by thirty-seven contemporaries; through Aug. 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 10:30.) . . . CRESPI, 205 E. 58th St.: Almost every type of work, from oils and sculptures to artists' portfolios, in styles varying from the classic to the non-objective; through Sept. 10. (Mondays through Fridays, 3 to 8.) . . . KRAUSHAAR, 32 E. 57th St.: Joe Lasker and Marguerite Zorach are two of five artists in an exhibition of oils and gouaches; through Friday, Aug. 13. . . . MIDTOWN, 17 E. 57th St.: Mostly oils and a few water colors done during the past year by twenty artists, among them Isabel Bishop, Paul Cadmus, and William Thon; through Aug. 31. . . . ROSENBERG, 20 E. 79th St.: Canvases by Abraham Rattner, Karl Knaths, and Marsden Hartley; through Aug. 31. . . . BERTHA SCHAEFER, 32 E. 57th St.: "Fact and Fantasy '54," consisting of paintings and sculptures by the gallery's group, which includes Balcomb Green, Will Barnet, and Robert Cronbach; through Aug. 31.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW—Malcolm Case, René Demianoff, and many other artists have contributed works in all mediums to the annual members' exhibition; through Sept. 5. (Village Art Center, 44 W. 11th St. Daily, 1 to 6 and 8 to 10.)

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—No special art exhibitions right now; just the permanent collections. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—The first major retrospective of the work of Niles Spencer (1893-1952), made up of approximately forty oils, drawings, and gouaches; through Sunday, Aug. 15. . . . ¶ Traditional Japanese calligraphy used as a point of departure for forty examples of abstract Japanese pen-and-ink drawings seen for the first

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time in this country; through Sept. 19. . . . ¶ Prints in color and black-and-white by Paul Klee, ranging from his early allegoric themes of 1903 to some of his last etchings, done in 1931 and 1932; through Sept. 19. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Colored engravings of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century English country and sporting scenes; through Sept. 15. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

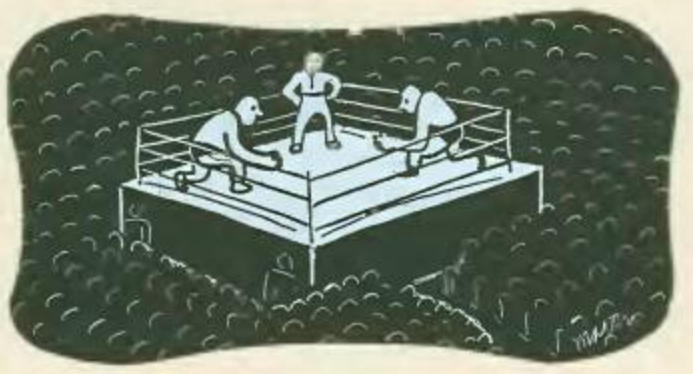
SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A show called "Younger American Painters," country-wide in scope, with fifty-odd paintings in a variety of styles; through Sept. 26. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

IN THE COUNTRY

EAST HAMPTON, L.I. Guild Hall: An exhibition of contemporary religious art; through Sept. 5. (Weekdays, 10 to 5.) . . . ESSEX, CONN. Essex Art Association: A marine show in a variety of mediums, commemorating the three-hundredth anniversary of the founding of Essex; through Sunday, Aug. 15. (Daily, 1 to 5, and Friday evenings until 9.) . . . MYSTIC, CONN. Mystic Art Association: The second section of a thirty-year retrospective of works by such member artists as Kenneth Bates, Robert Brackman, and Garrett Price; through Sept. 6. (Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 2 to 5:30.) . . . OGUNQUIT, MAINE. Museum of Art of Ogunquit: Oils, water colors, and drawings by Winslow Homer, plus sculptures and paintings in a display called "Americans of Our Times;" through Sept. 12. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1:30 to 8.) . . . ¶ Ogunquit Art Association: Robert Laurent, Henry Strater, and William Zorach are among the large number of artists represented in a show of works in almost every medium; through Sept. 6. (Weekdays, 10 to 12 and 1 to 5:30; Sundays, 2 to 6.) . . . PITTSFIELD, MASS. The Berkshire Museum: A retrospective show of paintings by Ellen Emmet Rand, including portraits of, among many others, Elihu Root, Joseph H. Choate, and Richard Harding Davis; through Aug. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.) . . . PROVINCETOWN, MASS. Kootz Gallery: Paintings and gouaches by Adolph Gottlieb; through Saturday, Aug. 14. Paintings by Hans Hofmann; starting Sunday, Aug. 15. (Daily, 11 to 3; Wednesday evenings, 8 to 10.) . . . SOUTHAMPTON, L.I. Parrish Museum: An exhibition of paintings loaned by the Metropolitan Museum of Art; through Wednesday, Aug. 18. (Sundays through Thursdays, 2 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 6; Wednesday evenings, 7 to 8:30.) . . . WESTPORT, CONN. Leonid Kipnis Gallery: Oils, water colors, drawings, and cartoons, by Mischa Richter; through Friday, Aug. 13. (Daily, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.) . . . WOODSTOCK, N.Y. Ganso Gallery: Paintings and sculptures by members of the gallery and student guest artists; through Friday, Aug. 20. (Weekdays, 10 to 5:30 and 8 to 10; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

MUSIC

CENTRAL PARK MALL—Edwin Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in the final performances in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Friday, Aug. 13, and Sunday, Aug. 15, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ The



Cremona String Trio and Davis Shuman, trombone, presenting the second in a series of four chamber-music concerts, with Herbert Sorkin, violin. (Saturday, Aug. 14, at 8:30.)

SALMAGGI OPERA—"Aïda." (Triborough Stadium, Randalls Island, Saturday, Aug. 14, at 8:45. For tickets, call LA 4-3900.)

WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK CONCERTS—The second in a series of at least four free chamber-music programs performed by an orchestra under the direction of Alexander Schneider. (Monday, Aug. 16, at 9:15. In the event of rain, the concert will be held the following evening.)

INTERVAL CONCERTS—The Kohon String Quartet; Maria Sielska, piano; Philip Fatt, clarinet; and other artists in the first in a series of at least eight programs. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Aug. 17, at 8:40. For information about tickets, call MU 2-6521.)

IN THE COUNTRY

BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL—Final performances of the season by the Boston Symphony—Thursday, Aug. 12, at 8:30: Jean Morel conducting the Boston Symphony chamber orchestra. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 13, at 6: The annual "Tanglewood on Parade" program, including offerings by the various student departments of the Berkshire Music Center, a lawn party, a concert by the Boston Symphony (conducted by Thomas Schippers, with Brenda Lewis, soprano) and the Boston Pops (conducted by Arthur Fiedler), door prizes, and waltzing on the lawn. For the benefit of the Berkshire Music Center. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 14, at 8:30: Charles Münch conducting, with E. Power Biggs, organ. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 15, at 2:30: Charles Münch conducting Berlioz's "Requiem," in a memorial concert for Serge Koussevitzky, with David Poleri, tenor; two choruses; and four brass bands. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass.)

CASTLE HILL CONCERTS—Friday and Saturday, Aug. 13-14: Ania Dorfmann, piano, and the Kroll String Quartet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 20-21 (final performances of the season): The Randolph Singers, and Appleton and Field, duo piano. (Crane Estate, Ipswich, Mass. Evenings at 8:30.)

SOUTH MOUNTAIN—Saturday, Aug. 14: The Juilliard String Quartet. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 21, at 11 A.M.: The Kroll String Quartet, with Albert Sprague Coolidge, oboe, and other soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 21, at 4: Leonard Warren, baritone; Ralph Berkowitz, piano; and others in a program of chamber music. (Pittsfield, Mass.)

CHAUTAUQUA—Walter Hendl conducting the Chautauqua Symphony Orchestra—Saturday, Aug. 14, at 8:30: With Nathan Gordon, viola, and the Chautauqua Symphony Choir. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 15, at 3: With Laszlo Varga, cello. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 17, at 4:30: With Muriel Kilby, piano, and the Chautauqua Symphony Choir. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 18, at 8:30: A program of music, with a narration, from Offenbach's "Gaité Parisienne" and Tchaikovsky's "Nutcracker Suite." . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 21, at 8:30: With Norman Carol, violin. (Chautauqua Institution, Chautauqua, N.Y. Through Wednesday, Aug. 25.)

SOUTHERN VERMONT ART CENTER—Herva Nelli, soprano. (Manchester, Vt. Sunday, Aug. 15, at 4.)

BLUE HILL—Louis Persinger, violin, and Rolf Persinger, viola. (Kneisel Hall, Blue Hill, Maine. Sunday, Aug. 15, at 4.)

MUSIC MOUNTAIN—The Berkshire Quartet presenting a series of chamber-music concerts. (Falls Village, Conn. Sundays at 4; through Sept. 5.)

NEW YORK PRO-MUSICA ANTIQUA—Presenting the first two in a series of six programs of medieval, Renaissance, and baroque music. (Lenox Town Hall, Lenox, Mass. Wednesday, Aug. 18, and Saturday, Aug. 21, at 8:30.)

NEWPORT FESTIVAL—Renus Tzincoca conducting sixty-five members of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony—Friday, Aug. 20: With Madeleine Lipatti, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 21: With Leonard Rose, cello, and John Corigliano, violin. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 22: A concert version of Cimarosa's opera "Il

Matrimonio Segreto," with Salvatore Baccaloni, bass; Dolores Wilson and Maria Leone, sopranos; and other vocal soloists. (Newport Casino, Newport, R.I. Evenings at 8:30.)

CONNECTICUT POPS—Robert Lawrence conducting the Connecticut Symphony Orchestra, with Richard Tucker, tenor. The fifth in a series of six programs. (Fairfield University Field, Fairfield, Conn. Friday, Aug. 20, at 8:45.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Thursday, Aug. 12, at 1:30 (doubleheader).... ¶ Yankees vs. Boston, Friday, Aug. 13, at 8:30; Saturday, Aug. 14, at about 3; and Sunday, Aug. 15, at 2. (The annual Old-Timers Day program, including a two- or three-inning fray between members of baseball's Hall of Fame, will take place before the Saturday game, starting at 2.) ... EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. Giants, Friday, Aug. 13, at 8; Saturday, Aug. 14, at 1:30; and Sunday, Aug. 15, at 2.... ¶ Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, Monday, Aug. 16, and Friday, Aug. 20, at 8, and Saturday, Aug. 21, at 1:30.... POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. Philadelphia, Tuesday, Aug. 17, at 8:15, and Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 18-19, at 1:30.... ¶ Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Friday, Aug. 20, at 8:15, and Saturday, Aug. 21, at 1:30.

GOLF—Tam O'Shanter Championships. (Tam O'Shanter Country Club, Niles, Ill. Through Sunday, Aug. 15.) ... ¶ Long Island Golf Association Mixed Foursome Championship. (Piping Rock Club, Locust Valley, L.I. Thursday, Aug. 12.)

HORSE SHOW—Litchfield Horse Show. (Litchfield, Conn. Saturday, Aug. 14.)

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

RACING—At SARATOGA SPRINGS: Weekdays at 2:30; through Saturday, Aug. 28. The Travers and the Saratoga Special, Saturday, Aug. 14, and the Whitney Handicap and the Grand Union Hotel, Saturday, Aug. 21.... ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Wednesday, Oct. 6. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track weekdays at 10:15.)

TENNIS—Men's Invitation Tournament. (Newport Casino Lawn Tennis Club, Newport, R.I. Through Sunday, Aug. 15.) ... ¶ U.S.L.T.A. Doubles Championships. (Longwood Cricket Club, Chestnut Hill, Mass. Monday through Sunday, Aug. 16-22.)

YACHTING—Marblehead Race Week. (Marblehead, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 15.) ... ¶ New Bedford Yacht Club Regatta. (New Bedford, Mass. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 13-14.) ... ¶ Hyannis Yacht Club Regatta. (Hyannis, Mass. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 13-14.) ... ¶ Newport Regatta. (Newport, R.I. Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 14-15.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—The organization's activities will be more or less quiescent for the next couple of months; however, there are periodic sessions of the Security Council and meetings of various commissions and committees that the public may attend. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3 Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) ... ¶ Hour-long tours, conducted by the American Association for the United Nations, leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so, daily from 9 to around 4:30.... ¶ Questions about the United Nations will be answered, Mondays through Fridays, by the Information Center for the United Nations, 345 E. 46th St., MU 2-2658.

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—Sunsets, rainbows, thunderstorms, and other phenomena caused by the earth's atmosphere are reproduced in the summer show, "Sky Fantasia;" through Sept. 19. (Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.... ¶ Half-hour conducted tours of the Planetarium start every night at 8.)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

The Caine Mutiny—An overly detailed but occasionally amusing adaptation of the Herman Wouk novel about a naval officer who is provoked by the psychopathic condition of his captain to assume command of a vessel only slightly more impressive than a lifeboat. Humphrey Bogart and Van Johnson are excellent as the mad captain and the man who supersedes him. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060.)

Dial M for Murder—A screen version of the play about a retired tennis player who has a homicidal urge to get rid of his wife. Directed by Alfred Hitchcock, the picture is more static than his top-drawer efforts, but part of the time it's quite compelling. Ray Milland, Grace Kelly, and Anthony Dawson are splendid as the athlete, the unfortunate wife, and a hired killer, respectively. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Aug. 18, tentative.)

Knock on Wood—Danny Kaye as a mixed-up ventriloquist who somehow gets entangled with a set of international spies. Obviously, the plot doesn't amount to much, but it does afford Mr. Kaye opportunity to run through a lot of his wonderful routines. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Aug. 13-16. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; and Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; through Aug. 14. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Aug. 15-18, tentative. . . . ¶ York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; Aug. 17-18. . . . ¶ Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; starting Aug. 18, tentative.)

Mr. Hulot's Holiday—Jacques Tati, a notable comedian, in a French film that has its funny moments as it describes, with no superfluous dialogue, some of the doings at a lively seaside resort. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030; through Aug. 15. . . . ¶ Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; starting Aug. 16.)

On the Waterfront—A first-class study of the waterfront, written by Budd Schulberg and directed by Elia Kazan, that works out to the utter satisfaction of anybody who views it. Among the actors, all of whom are to be commended, are Marlon Brando, Karl Malden, Eva Marie Saint, and Lee J. Cobb. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240.)

The Pickwick Papers—A long English chronicle of the adventures of Dickens' clubmen, which has a nice air of period authenticity and some solid acting by James Hayter and Nigel Patrick, among others. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Aug. 14. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Aug. 18, tentative.)

REVIVALS

The Bank Dick (1940)—W. C. Fields as a bank dick. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 16.)

Champion (1949)—Kirk Douglas in a rewrite of the Ring Lardner story about a boxer. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Aug. 15-16.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; through Aug. 17.)

Great Expectations (1947)—An English picture based on Dickens' story, with Valerie Hobson and John Mills. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through Aug. 14.)

Home of the Brave (1949)—Race prejudice trouble in the Army in the South Pacific. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Aug. 15-16.)

Last Holiday (1950)—Alec Guinness as a presumably doomed salesman having his final fling at a fancy watering place. A British picture. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th. EL 5-8790; through Aug. 14.)

The Little World of Don Camillo (1953)—A hardboiled priest (Fernandel) frustrating the plans of a Communist mayor (Gino Cervi) in a small Italian town. Made in Italy, with French dialogue. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590.)

The Miracle and **Jofroi** (1950)—The Italian film, directed by Rossellini, and the French film, directed by Pagnol, that originally made up two-thirds of the picture called "Ways of Love." (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 15.)

Les Misérables (1935)—Harry Baur as Jean Valjean, in a French treatment of the classic. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 18.)

My Little Chickadee (1940)—More W. C. Fields, this time with Mae West, gambolling around in a most unusual Western. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 16.)

Pépé le Moko (1941)—Life in the Casbah. A French film, with Jean Gabin. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 15.)

The Rocking Horse Winner (1950)—Concerning a small boy who picks race-track winners while riding a rocking horse in his nursery. A British picture, with John Howard Davies, John Mills, and Valerie Hobson. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Aug. 15-17.)

Viva Zapata! (1952)—Marlon Brando, Anthony Quinn, and revolution in Mexico. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Aug. 15-17.)

Volpone (1947)—Harry Baur and Louis Jouvet in a French version of the Jonson comedy. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Aug. 15: "The Private Life of Henry VIII" (1933), directed by Alexander Korda, with Charles Laughton, Merle Oberon, and Robert Donat. . . . ¶ Starting Aug. 16: "Elephant Boy" (1937), directed by Robert Flaherty and Zoltan Korda, with Sabu. (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.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

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

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
ON THE WATERFRONT.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
THE CAINE MUTINY.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Living It Up," Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis, Janet Leigh.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
Aug. 12: "Pushover," Fred MacMurray, Phil Carey.
From Aug. 13: "Gambler from Natchez," Dale Robertson, Debra Paget.

Holiday, B'way at 47th. (CI 5-5530)
"The St. Louis Kid," revival, James Cagney; and "Bullets or Ballots," revival, Edward G. Robinson, Humphrey Bogart, Joan Blondell.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Apache," Burt Lancaster, Jean Peters.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Seven Brides for Seven Brothers" (in CinemaScope). Jane Powell, Howard Keel, Jeff Richards.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"Duel in the Jungle," Jeanne Crain, Dana Andrews, David Farrar.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Rear Window," James Stewart, Grace Kelly, Wendell Corey.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Broken Lance" (in CinemaScope), Spencer Tracy, Robert Wagner, Jean Peters.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Magnificent Obsession," Jane Wyman, Rock Hudson, Barbara Rush.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Susan Slept Here," Dick Powell, Debbie Reynolds, Anne Francis.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Cinerama." (Mondays through Thursdays at 2:40 and 8:40; Fridays at 7:30 and 10:30; Saturdays at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"La Ronde" (in French), Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

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

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Aug. 18 (tentative): "Three Coins in the Fountain" (in CinemaScope), Clifton Webb, Dorothy McGuire.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 7-9653)
Through Aug. 17: "Garden of Evil" (in CinemaScope), Gary Cooper, Susan Hayward; and "Thy Neighbor's Wife." Hugo Haas, Cleo Moore.
From Aug. 18: "The High and the Mighty" (in CinemaScope), John Wayne, Claire Trevor, Laraine Day.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
KNOCK ON WOOD.

BEVERLY, 3rd Ave. at 50th. (EL 5-8790)
Through Aug. 14: LAST HOLIDAY, revival; and GREAT EXPECTATIONS, revival.
Aug. 15-17: VIVA ZAPATA!, revival; and "The Wild One," Marlon Brando, Mary Murphy.
From Aug. 18: To be announced.

LEXINGTON, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through Aug. 17: GONE WITH THE WIND, revival.
From Aug. 18: "The Student Prince" (in CinemaScope), Ann Blyth, Edmund Purdom; and "Arrow in the Dust," Sterling Hayden, Coleen Gray.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Lili," Leslie Caron, Mel Ferrer.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Man with a Million," Gregory Peck, Jane Griffiths, Ronald Squire.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Aug. 17: "Garden of Evil" (in CinemaScope), Gary Cooper, Susan Hayward; and "Thy Neighbor's Wife," Hugo Haas, Cleo Moore.
From Aug. 18: "The High and the Mighty" (in CinemaScope), John Wayne, Claire Trevor, Laraine Day; and "The Mad Magician," Vincent Price, Mary Murphy.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
Through Aug. 15: MR. HULOT'S HOLIDAY (in French and English).
From Aug. 16: "The Vanishing Prairie," a full-length Walt Disney nature film.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through Aug. 16: "Valley of the Kings," Robert Taylor, Eleanor Parker.
From Aug. 17: "Paris Incident" (in French), Gérard Gerbais.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"The Cowboy," a documentary film on the life of the American cowboy; and "The Stratford Adventure," a group of Shakespearean excerpts performed by Alec Guinness.

TRANS-LUX 60TH ST., Madison at 60th. (PL 5-2746)
"Her Twelve Men," Greer Garson, Robert Ryan, Barry Sullivan.

YORK, 1st Ave. at 64th. (RH 4-5779)
Through Aug. 13: "She Couldn't Say No," Robert Mitchum, Jean Simmons; and "Dangerous Mission," Victor Mature, Piper Laurie.
Aug. 14: "Private Eyes," Leo Gorcey, Huntz Hall; and "The Miracle of the Bells," revival, Fred MacMurray, Valli, Frank Sinatra.
Aug. 15-16: "Johnny Dark," Tony Curtis, Piper Laurie; and "Playgirl," Shelley Winters, Barry Sullivan.
Aug. 17-18: KNOCK ON WOOD; and "The Saracen Blade," Ricardo Montalban, Betta St. John.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Aug. 17 (tentative): "Three Coins in the Fountain" (in CinemaScope), Clifton Webb, Dorothy McGuire.
From Aug. 18 (tentative): KNOCK ON WOOD.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Aug. 18 (tentative): DIAL M FOR MURDER.

LOEW'S 72ND ST., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through Aug. 17: GONE WITH THE WIND, revival.
From Aug. 18: "The Student Prince" (in CinemaScope), Ann Blyth, Edmund Purdom; and "Arrow in the Dust," Sterling Hayden, Coleen Gray.

TRANS-LUX 72ND ST., 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Aug. 18 (tentative): THE PICKWICK PAPERS; and "Edge of Divorce," Valerie Hobson, Philip Friend.

TRANS-LUX COLONY, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through Aug. 14: KNOCK ON WOOD; and "The Saracen Blade," Ricardo Montalban, Betta St. John.
Aug. 15-17: "Demetrius and the Gladiators" (in CinemaScope), Victor Mature, Susan Hayward; and "The Rocket Man," Charles Coburn, Spring Byington.
From Aug. 18: "Johnny Guitar," Joan Crawford, Sterling Hayden; and "Hell's Half Acre." Evelyn Keyes, Wendell Corey.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Aug. 14 (tentative): "Elephant Walk," Elizabeth Taylor, Dana Andrews.
Aug. 15-18 (tentative): KNOCK ON WOOD.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Aug. 17: "Garden of Evil" (in CinemaScope), Gary Cooper, Susan Hayward; and "Thy Neighbor's Wife," Hugo Haas, Cleo Moore.
From Aug. 18: "The High and the Mighty" (in CinemaScope), John Wayne, Claire Trevor, Laraine Day; and "The Mad Magician," Vincent Price, Mary Murphy.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Aug. 17: GONE WITH THE WIND, revival.
From Aug. 18: "The Student Prince" (in CinemaScope), Ann Blyth, Edmund Purdom; and "Arrow in the Dust," Sterling Hayden, Coleen Gray.

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through Aug. 14: KNOCK ON WOOD; and "Below the Sahara," revival, a documentary film.
Aug. 15-18: "Demetrius and the Gladiators" (in CinemaScope), Victor Mature, Susan Hayward; and "The Siege at Red River," Van Johnson, Joanne Dru.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Aug. 12 (tentative): "Pit of Loneliness" (in French), Edwige Feuillère, Simone Simon.
Aug. 13-16: KNOCK ON WOOD.
From Aug. 17: "Johnny Guitar," Joan Crawford, Sterling Hayden.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Aug. 15 (tentative): "Mexican Bus Ride" (in Mexican dialect).
From Aug. 16 (tentative): "The Captain of Koepenick" (in German), revival; and "Time in the Sun," revival, a Mexican documentary film.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Aug. 17: GONE WITH THE WIND, revival.
From Aug. 18: "The Student Prince" (in CinemaScope), Ann Blyth, Edmund Purdom; and "Arrow in the Dust," Sterling Hayden, Coleen Gray.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Aug. 14: THE PICKWICK PAPERS; and "Edge of Divorce," Valerie Hobson, Philip Friend.
Aug. 15-17: THE ROCKING HORSE WINNER, revival; and "Jassy," revival, Margaret Lockwood.



From Aug. 18: "The Promoter," revival, Alec Guinness, Glynis Johns; and "Prelude to Fame," revival, Guy Rolfe, Kathleen Byron.

R.K.O. 23RD ST., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3340)
Through Aug. 17: "Garden of Evil" (in CinemaScope), Gary Cooper, Susan Hayward; and "Thy Neighbor's Wife," Hugo Haas, Cleo Moore.
From Aug. 18: "The High and the Mighty" (in CinemaScope), John Wayne, Claire Trevor, Laraine Day; and "The Mad Magician," Vincent Price, Mary Murphy.

TERRACE, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
Through Aug. 14: KNOCK ON WOOD; and "The Saracen Blade," Ricardo Montalban, Betta St. John.
Aug. 15-16: CHAMPION, revival; and HOME OF THE BRAVE, revival.
Aug. 17-18: "A Yank in the R. A. F.," revival, Betty Grable, Tyrone Power; and "Abbott and Costello Meet Captain Kidd," revival.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Aug. 15: "Malta Story," Alec Guinness, Jack Hawkins, Anthony Steel.
From Aug. 16: MR. HULOT'S HOLIDAY (in French and English).

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th (JU 6-4590)
VOLPONE; and THE LITTLE WORLD OF DON CAMILLO (both in French and both revivals).

TRANS-LUX NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Adventures of Robinson Crusoe," Dan O'Herlihy, James Fernandez.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"The Earrings of Madame De ..." (in French), Charles Boyer, Danielle Darrieux, Vittorio De Sica.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"Hobson's Choice," Charles Laughton, John Mills.

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Aug. 17: GONE WITH THE WIND, revival.
From Aug. 18: "The Student Prince" (in CinemaScope), Ann Blyth, Edmund Purdom; and "Arrow in the Dust," Sterling Hayden, Coleen Gray.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Aug. 12: A program of nine short films on art—"The Glory of Goya," "A Visit with Picasso," and others.
Aug. 13: "Breakdown," "At the Source of Truth," and several other short films on psychology.
Aug. 14: "Justice Is Done" (in French), revival, Claude Nollier; and "Street of Shadows" (in French), revival, Viviane Romance, Louis Jouvet.
Aug. 15: A two-part film: THE MIRACLE (in Italian) and JOFROI (in French), revival; and PÉPÉ LE MOKO (in French), revival.
Aug. 16: MY LITTLE CHICKADEE, revival; and THE BANK DICK, revival.
Aug. 17: "Claudine" (in French), revival; and "The Country Girl" (in French), revival, Fernandel.
Aug. 18: LES MISERABLES (in French), revival; and "Marriage" and "Jubilee" (both in Russian and both revivals).

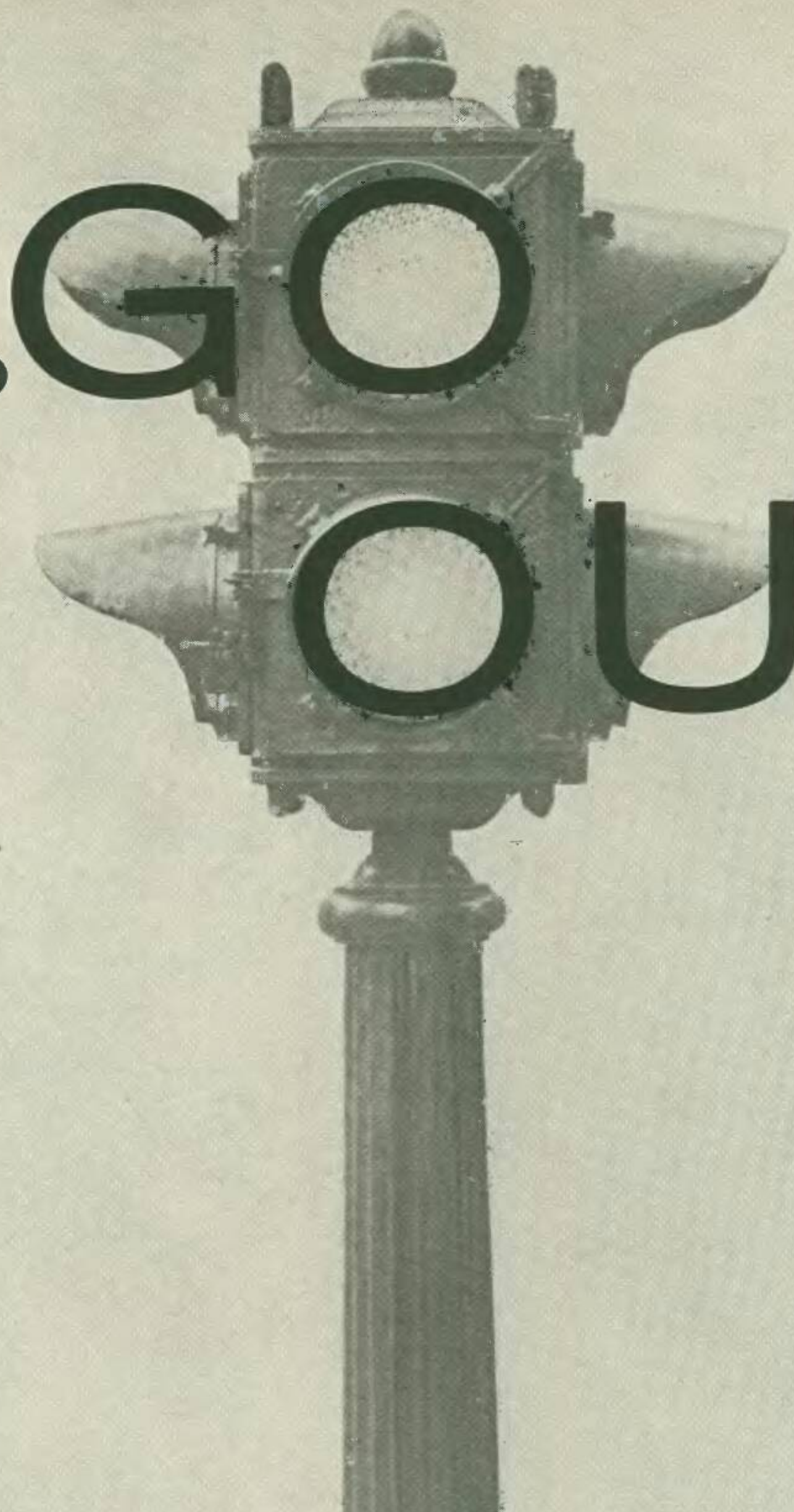
RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (RI 9-9861)
"Garden of Evil" (in CinemaScope), Gary Cooper, Susan Hayward; and "Thy Neighbor's Wife," Hugo Haas, Cleo Moore.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through Aug. 17: GONE WITH THE WIND, revival.
From Aug. 18: "The Student Prince" (in CinemaScope), Ann Blyth, Edmund Purdom; and "Arrow in the Dust," Sterling Hayden, Coleen Gray.

NEMO, B'way at 110th. (AC 2-9406)
Through Aug. 17: "Garden of Evil" (in CinemaScope), Gary Cooper, Susan Hayward; and "Thy Neighbor's Wife," Hugo Haas, Cleo Moore.
From Aug. 18: "The High and the Mighty" (in CinemaScope), John Wayne, Claire Trevor, Laraine Day.

COLISEUM, B'way at 181st. (WA 7-7200)
Through Aug. 17: "Garden of Evil" (in CinemaScope), Gary Cooper, Susan Hayward; and "Thy Neighbor's Wife," Hugo Haas, Cleo Moore.
From Aug. 18: "The High and the Mighty" (in CinemaScope), John Wayne, Claire Trevor, Laraine Day; and "The Mad Magician," Vincent Price, Mary Murphy.

She's got to GO OUT



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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

CERTAIN misadventures are peculiarly urban, and even the sunniest city dweller is aware that sooner or later he may experience them. Perhaps "aware" is too strong a word for what we mean. It isn't so much a question of an ordinary, cheerful city man's keeping in mind that any one of a limited repertory of incidents may be waiting to claim him round the next corner in time as it is of his feeling, the moment such an incident begins, that he has always half expected it to happen—has, indeed, in his bolder moods, half longed for it to happen. This sense of playing, with appropriate emotion, a scene in which he was more or less doomed to be the star helps to mitigate the victim's distress; he may be shocked, but the shock comes to him second-hand, at a discount, from having been rehearsed in fantasy a dozen times. A few weeks ago, we related one of these characteristic urban misadventures. It concerned a man who, working alone in an office building late at night, discovered that he had been locked inside the building and had no means of getting out. The poor fellow was dismayed but not in the least astonished; he had wondered for years what it would be like to be in such a fix, and now life, that tireless melodramatist, was showing him. (In the last act, he got out.)

More frightening are misadventures that occur in the city but have nothing urban about them—misadventures that one has had no reason to anticipate and that shock one doubly because they are so out of place. A misadventure of this sort befell a local couple we know when, on a recent warm summer's evening, they went out on the water to watch the moon rise and shortly thereafter found themselves marooned, without food or shelter, on a desert island in the very heart of New York. All night long, the lights of the city blazed about them, but no one heard them as they called for help, no one put out from shore or dropped by helicopter from the sky to rescue them, and for companions they had only sandpipers, mosquitoes, and an uncountable host of squeaking rats. Their night on the island was an ordeal not merely because they were uncomfortable but because their plight was preposterous and would therefore have to be looked back on as funny and yet wasn't funny. Marooned in New York! But they really *were* marooned and they really *didn't* know what would become of them. It was absurd, and the very absurdity of their not being safe in their beds at home was almost as hard to endure as all those circling rats.

The couple, who are every bit as young and handsome as couples who go out on the water to watch the moon rise ought to be, are Tony and Erika Te Nyenhuis. Tony, who came here from Holland, buys, sells, builds, and repairs boats; Erika, who came here from Germany, works as a secretary in town. They live in an apartment in Long Island City and spend much of their spare time cruising in a fourteen-foot motorboat, which Tony keeps moored at a boatyard on the Queens shore of the East River. On the day of their adventure, Erika got home from work and made them an early supper, after which Tony proposed going for a sail. To Tony's disgust, Erika usually insists on lugging aboard ship an Army duffelbag filled with blankets, towels, Band-Aids, Mercurochrome, and food. This time, caught off guard, she didn't bother to lug anything, even a purse. She was dressed in shorts, a halter, and espadrilles. Tony had on dungarees, street shoes, and a sport shirt. By a freak of joint forgetfulness, neither of them was wearing a watch.



They were on the river about seven, and as it was still light, Tony headed for South Brother Island, which they had often talked of visiting. The island is a scant seven acres of helter-skelter rocks and brush about four hundred and twenty-five yards from Rikers Island and about half that distance from North Brother Island, on which the Coast Guard has a station. South Brother Island is, and for some time has been, uninhabited. There's a tiny patch of beach on the south shore of the island, and Tony made his landing there. Though they assumed that the tide was going out, Erika and Tony took the precaution of hauling their boat well up on the beach before setting forth to explore the island. On their return, Tony let out a yell. "Hey!" he said. "Our boat's gone."

"It can't be," Erika said. "Don't be silly."

Tony pointed to the river. Sure enough, there was the boat—a sliver of white wood sliding rapidly from sight. The tide had been coming in, not going out. Most of the beach was already under water. Erika began to laugh.

"This isn't anything to laugh about," Tony said.

Erika said, "Even so, I have to laugh."

The first thing to do was to attract attention. That should be easy, they thought, for there were tugs, barges, and small pleasure craft sailing by a few hundred yards away; the Coast Guard station was just to the north of them; and low-flying planes passed overhead incessantly, on their way in and out of LaGuardia. Erika and Tony hallooed to every boat. No response. The air grew cool as the sky darkened, and Tony announced that they must have a fire, which would not only keep them warm but serve to light them as they

waved and shouted to be rescued. Tony is a heavy smoker and nearly always carries plenty of cigarettes and kitchen matches. That night, he had set out with one cigarette and four matches. He had already smoked half of his cigarette, and had saved the butt. He had three matches left. From the brush and sea wrack around them, they gathered twigs, shreds of old brown wrapping paper, and dead branches. Tony dropped to his knees, struck a match, and held it cupped against the paper. The fire caught, and they added dead branch after branch. They had to keep going farther and farther afield for wood. At last, Tony found some big driftwood balks, studded with rusty spikes and bolts, and dragged them on his shoulders back to the fire. As it grew darker, the fire brightened against the sky. Whenever a boat passed, Erika and Tony yelled and made beckoning gestures. Either no one heard them or those who did hear them figured that they were two wild kids having a romp on the island.

The moon rose, and they couldn't bear to look at it. With the moon came mosquitoes—big, fierce, and hungry mosquitoes. Erika huddled by the fire, partly because she had begun to shiver in her shorts and halter and partly because she hoped that the heat of the fire would be too much for the mosquitoes. It turned out that they could stand as much heat as she could, and she was bitten from head to foot. A little later, they heard and saw the first rats. Some sandpipers had come dancing up the beach toward the fire, and the rats darted out from among the rocks after the birds, killing some and scattering the rest. Tony picked up stones and hurled them into the darkness at the rats. The rats squeaked and rustled in the brush, and it sounded to Erika as if there were thousands of them. By then, though they hadn't said so, Erika and Tony were resigned to spending the night on the island. Tony came upon an old seaweed-and-tar-encrusted door in the brush and, with Erika's help, pulled it close to the fire and propped it upright, for a clumsy lean-to. Erika lay down on the sand beside the door. She was afraid to go to sleep, because of the rats, but Tony promised to stay awake and keep the rats away from her. He sat in the crook of her body, with one hand on her back. When he couldn't wait any longer, he smoked the cigarette butt he had saved. Erika and Tony have been married five and a half years. The last thing Erika heard Tony say before she fell asleep was that they had never been able to get away alone like this before they were married.

Tony managed to stay awake all night. As soon as it was light, the rats and mosquitoes retreated, and he, having given up hope of their being rescued, started to build a raft. He found some rusty nails along the shore, and, with a piece of bent iron, drew the spikes out of the charred balks in the fire. He straightened the nails and spikes by placing them on a flat stone and pounding them with another stone. By the time the sun was well up over the so near, so distant city, he had hammered together out of wormy planks a six-foot-by-six-foot raft. He sent Erika to look for two smooth boards to serve as paddles. As she was searching, she saw a police patrol boat coming downriver. She whistled and waved, and a policeman came out on deck and peered at her through binoculars.

"We're stuck!" Erika shouted. "Rescue us!"

The policeman called back faintly, "O.K.!"

The patrol launch proceeded downriver, but apparently the policeman had got in touch with the Coast Guard by radio-telephone, for in a few minutes a Coast Guard cutter swept round the point of the island and headed in to the beach. Erika and Tony didn't wait for it to touch shore; they waded out up to their knees with their shoes on and clambered aboard.

They asked the Coast Guardsmen, "Didn't you see our fire last night?"

One of the Coast Guardsmen said, "Sure. We thought you were there on purpose."

Tony gave the Coast Guardsmen a description of his boat, and they said they would send out word that it was lost. (Tony found it himself, three days later.) Erika and Tony had guessed as they were finishing the raft that it was nearly noon. They were surprised to learn that it was just past nine. The Coast Guard cutter dropped them at the boatyard in Queens. They went straight home and scrubbed off the mud and tar of South Brother Island and ate breakfast. Erika was at her desk in town by eleven-fifteen. She told her boss what had happened, and he said he didn't mind her being late once in a while.

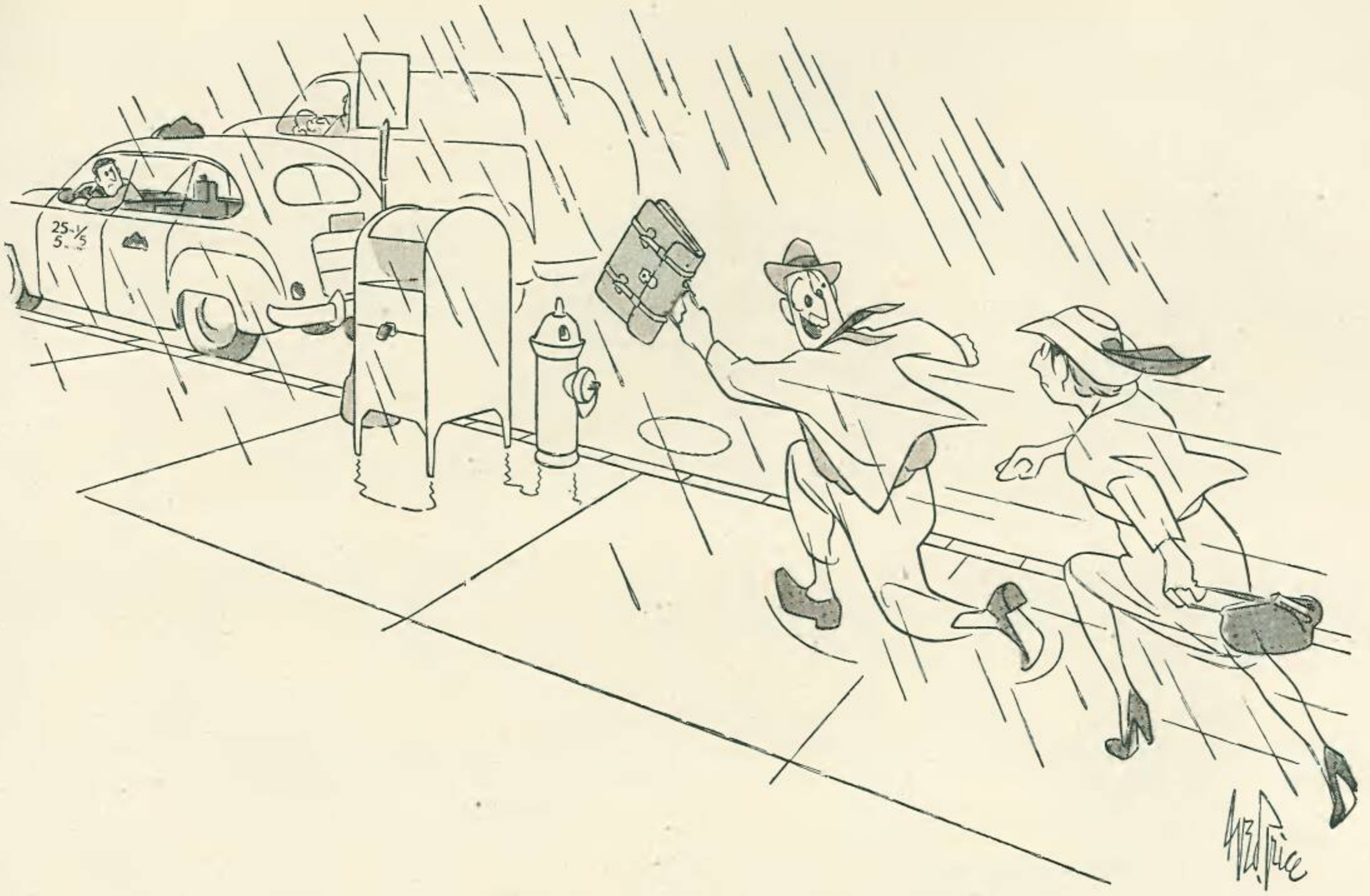


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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The place cards for a simulated birthday dinner party, set up in a show window on East Fifty-third Street, read, clockwise, "David," "Margaret," "Roy," "Audrey," "Joe," and "Tallulah."

Luxury

REPTILES—four hundred and ninety-three of them, anyway—are certainly sitting pretty in the Bronx. They are leading the life of Riley in a new, or completely renovated, reptile house, which cost the taxpayers and Zoological Society members three hundred and ten thousand dollars. The temperature, humidity, and lighting in the creatures' cages are arranged to suit individual requirements or whims. These are ascertained in the case of newcomers by placing them in a quarantine box with a dry section, a moist section, and four thermostats; the incumbents' preferences as to heat and humidity before and after feeding and before and after skin-shedding are taken into account when they are moved to the exhibition cages. The reptiles, and the people who come to see them, listen all day long to recordings of Chopin, Gounod, Offenbach, Rimski-Korsakov, Bizet, Debussy, Ravel, Beethoven, Mozart, and Rudolf Friml, among others. Ravel's "Bolero" was resounding through the place when we dropped in the other morning. We gazed first at a series of cages marked "Large Snakes of the World"—pythons and anacondas, mostly, including two twenty-foot Thailand reticulated pythons, and a new Indian one, fifteen feet long, which recently hatched nineteen eggs. We moved over to a clutch of cages labelled "Reproduction and Growth" and containing the youthful, Bronx-born pythons, where we were joined by Dr. James A. Oliver, the curator of reptiles, who called our attention to one particular cage. "Spotted night snake," he said, pointing. "From a single mating, it can lay fertile eggs for up to four years."



"Madam, it might interest you to know that you're competing with the man who ran the fastest 220 in the Monongahela Valley Track Meet of 1928."

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He showed us a Florida green water snake, or *Natrix cyclopion floridana*, which has had litters of up to a hundred and one, and then we went on to the alligator snapping turtle, which is about three feet long and the largest freshwater turtle in the world. "Has a built-in lure," Dr. Oliver said. "A small, wormlike appendage on the tongue, which it wiggles to attract small animals for food." We looked at an Atlantic ridley turtle, whose cage label read, in part, "Lays eggs. Little else is known." "Little else is known," Dr. Oliver said, shrugging his shoulders. Next, crocodiles. A large Nile crocodile (*Crocodilus niloticus*) was in a cage embellished with an Egyptian temple door of authentic design and covered with authentic hieroglyphics; on the lintel above the door were two pictures of the Egyptian crocodile god, Sobek. "The Egyptian Department of the Metropolitan Museum helped us with this," Dr. Oliver said, and regaled us with other instances of inter-institutional coöperation; Thomas Everett, chief horticulturist of the Zoo's neighbor, the Botanical Garden, contributed horticultural advice to the reptile house, and the Museum of Natural History supplied it with half a ton of geological specimens, as well as a number of skulls and eggs, for atmosphere.

Half a dozen big alligators and crocodiles in a pool at one end of the building looked happy, and no wonder! Two brilliantly colored macaws sat on perches above their heads, and the music had switched to the "Merry Widow Waltz." Past spitting cobras we went ("One-way glass for nervous snakes," said Dr. O. "They can't see through it"), past representatives of the only two lizard species in the world possessing a venom apparatus (and what apposite Latin names they bear—*Heloderma suspectum* and *Heloderma horridum!*), past the Panamanian poison frog, iguanas, horned lizards, and Teddy, the South American tortoise Theodore Roosevelt brought to the Zoo in 1916, until, in a final hospitable flourish, Dr. Oliver took us behind the scenes and showed us eighty-two-degree water being piped into cages; a deep freeze containing such delicacies as frogs from Louisiana; a rattlesnake with an infected jaw; and an astonishingly symmetrical stump-tailed lizard, newly arrived from Australia. "You can hardly tell one end from the other," our guide said, and, by Jove, you hardly could.

Solidarity

A MAN driving along the West Side Highway with his wife was stopped by a cop for speeding, and handed over his license. His wife started to abuse him. The patrolman looked up, repocketed his pen, and returned the license to the driver with a sympathetic glance and nary a word.

Consul Revisited

WE had a talk with Count Jean de Lagarde, the French consul general, when he moved here from San Francisco two years ago, and we've recently had another, now that he's become an integral part of New York life. We know he's become an integral part of New York because whenever we attend a spirited function with Gallic overtones—a Chevaliers du Tastevin dinner or an imported-wine tasting—there he is, the guest of honor, and an engaging after-dinner or after-sip speaker if ever there was one. Moreover, he has gone a long way toward solving the traffic

problem. He and his wife and their three daughters—Marie-Calixte and Marie-Christine, eleven-year-old twins, and Marie-Axelle, six—live on the third floor of the consulate, which occupies the old Charles E. Mitchell house, on upper Fifth Avenue, so he goes to work simply by taking an elevator or running downstairs. "You don't lose any time in taxis," he says. "I'm right on the spot. It's a great improvement over my first eight months here, when I had an office in Rockefeller Center and lived in a hotel. It improves the efficiency of my work. Every morning at ten, I call a meeting of my eight career assistants and ask them for a report on the previous day and what are their troubles. I then brief them on the political situation and arrange to have them represent me at meetings and functions I can't get to."

We asked him what sort of things he *does* get to, apart from wine tastings. He opened a calendar pad on his desk and came up with the following, selected from a period of a few days: a lunch for the German consul general, attended by representatives of countries belonging to the Schuman Plan; a dinner for a French musician; a lunch with a man on *Time;* a European Travel Commission dinner; a reception for the Chief Rabbi of France; a lunch for the High Commissioner of French Tourism; a reception, at which he was guest of honor, given by the First Army at Fort Jay; a dinner in the country with Spyros Skouras; several cocktail parties given by friends; and two or three plays. "I conceive of my job as a sort of interpreter of France to Americans," he said. "I like it extremely. I want to strengthen and maintain the friendship between our two nations. I want to correct misunderstandings. I make about two speeches a week. I often lunch downtown at the big banks—Morgan's, Lehman's, the National City—and I've hunted grouse and ducks in the Catskills and on Long Island (your ruffed grouse is larger and darker than our *gelinotte*), but I consider it my duty to keep in touch with every Frenchman here, not only the well-off. Most Saturdays, for example, some French group—the Association Corse, the Association Bretagne, or an association of cooks, or restaurant owners, or war veterans—meets at the Statler for a dinner or a ball, and I generally show up around eleven and make a little speech. I've visited steel mills in West Virginia, rented a summer home in Ipswich, and driven up the coast of Maine. Recently, at a conference of the World Affairs Council in Philadelphia, an old lady asked me if there is a telephone system in France." The Count, who is a chauvinist, told her there is.

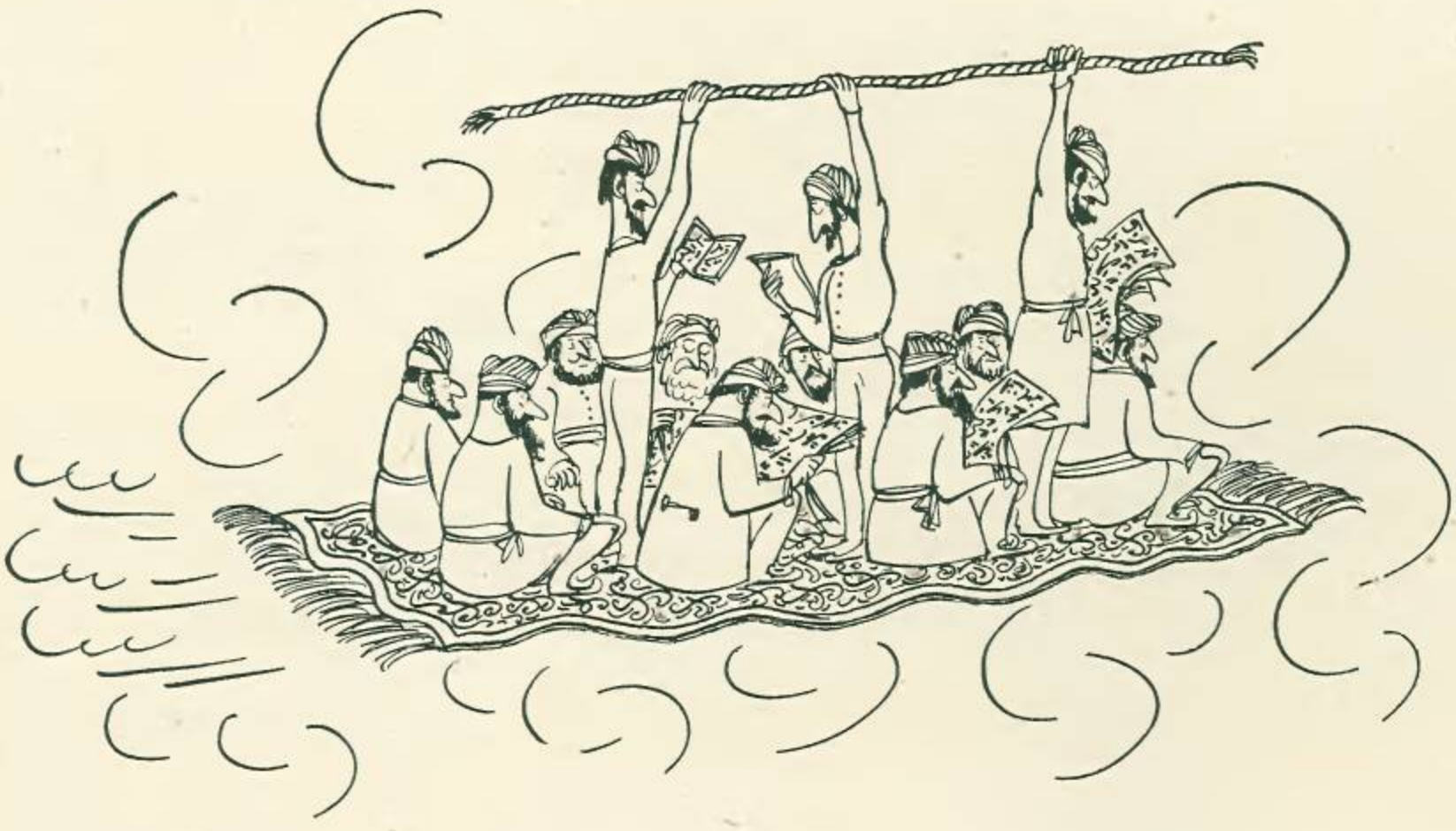
M. de Lagarde tries to keep Sunday for his children and rarely accepts an invitation for that day. He takes them to church and on walks in Central Park, where he discusses their studies with them. They go to the Lycée Français. He belongs to the Knickerbocker and Union Clubs and the West Side Tennis Club, where he plays tennis and corrects misunderstandings. "There was less pressure in life in San Francisco," he said. "I'm not in touch with any one circle here—I go around with a great number. I seldom see the same people more than once a month. You can't sustain friendships this way, unfortunately, but it has the advantage of giving you a general view. The pressure of life forces you to sacrifice intimacy. I buy all my summer clothes here. I think your summer clothes are especially good."

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SIGN in an East Fourteenth Street barbershop: "Experts in the Princeton Crew Cut AND the King Umberto Haircut."

Tensed Up

WHAT is being done these days to span the storied chasm between business and art? Well, listen to this: The Federated Brokerage Group, an association of insurance brokers, of 221 West Fifty-seventh Street, has lately begun making its secretarial area do double duty as an art gallery. Each month, with the help of Grace Borgenicht, an art dealer, and Marcia Clapp, a sculptor and art dealer, Federated gets together an exhibition of paintings, drawings, etchings, or sculptures, or combinations thereof, and mounts it above desks, beside water coolers, and on top of filing cabinets, to the edification of all concerned. We visited the Federated offices one morning not long ago, by appointment, and, upon arriving in the anteroom, asked the receptionist what the current exhibition was. Drawings, etchings, and sculpture by Louise Nevelson, she said, inclining her head toward an abstract bronze work entitled "Walking Woman." She then led us into the office of Michael H. Levy, chairman of the board of Federated and the man behind the art exhibitions. Here we found Mr. Levy and Miss Clapp, both of them admiring an abstract painting that hung over a sofa. Mr. Levy told us that it was "Tropic," by Jimmy Ernst, and that he had bought it for his own office wall as a result of seeing and admiring it in the first exhibition. "Candidly, I was a 'September Morn'







"Oh, my God!"

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man until recently," Mr. Levy, who has an energetic mien and wears horn-rimmed glasses, went on. "A few months ago, my wife, who's a bug on modern painting, took me to a gallery to look at abstractions. I disliked them at first, but the more I looked, the more I found them growing on me. Then one day she broached the art-in-the-office idea to me. Something went click in my head, and look at us now."

The first office exhibition, Mr. Levy informed us, consisted of twenty-seven paintings, all of them by artists under forty. He got his inspiration for this from the Young Presidents' Organization, whose members must have become presidents of companies before they reached thirty-nine, and of which Mr. Levy is an active member. The Y.P.O. was enthusiastic about the whole idea, and during the exhibition its local chapter held a related seminar entitled "Art and Business" in the Federated offices, to the amazement of Mr. Levy's friends from his "September Morn" days. Several young presidents bought paintings. Meanwhile, lively reactions were coming in from visitors who stopped by merely to buy insurance and from the thirty-odd girls who work in the office. "There was great chirping the day the paintings went up," Mr. Levy told us. "The consensus was 'This is wonderful, but.' A girl who happened to sit facing 'Red Still Life,' by the Iranian painter Yektai, found it so irritating that she threatened to quit if we didn't take it down soon. The end of the month came just in time. As for outsiders, we gave everybody a questionnaire containing the question 'Did you find this exhibition interesting? Dull? Jarring?' We got nine interestings for every jarring, and no dulls at all."

We asked if we might see the current exhibition, and Mr. Levy turned us over to Miss Clapp, who led the way into a good-sized bull pen full of girls at typewriters; they were surrounded by filing cabinets and about two dozen of Miss Nevelson's works. "I picked her because her work is strong enough to fight office equipment," said Miss Clapp, pointing out a simplified duck that stood on a pedestal beside a three-tiered green cabinet. "In offices especially, I think it's important to concentrate on the abstract and the semi-abstract, because those styles are very much in tune with the scientific, business way of thinking." She glanced at Mr. Levy, who had followed us out of his office. "Could he look at a pastoral scene in his present tensed-up frame of mind?" she demanded.

Mr. Levy said that Miss Nevelson's work caught his mood exactly. "She telescopes form," said Miss Clapp. "That's what businessmen are doing today. Business is a big force in American life. Art can't lick it, so it should join it."

We inquired whether the exhibitions had increased the efficiency of the girls in the bull pen, and Mr. Levy said that they hadn't, nor were they intended to. "This isn't a time-study man's device," he told us, patting a terra-cotta sculpture of a chicken. "We're trying to blaze the way for business to do what kings and princes did in times past. Now that we're used to art works here, the place would look like a barn without them."

All's Well

ARE our children safe *anywhere*? We've just heard about a Bronxville man and wife who were awakened at seven-thirty one morning early in July by the arrival of a telegram reading, "SAFE AND SOUND AT CAMP. LOVE. DICK AND CHRISTOPHER." This startled them, since Dick and Christopher, as far as they knew, were fast asleep down the hall, and the telegram had been sent from a point several hundred miles away. Explanation (but no excuse): The boys were scheduled to attend the camp in August, and the camp had slipped up. It had included their names in the July batch, for whom it had sent out the reassuring greetings. The boys are now enjoying the month in another camp.

DR. PERELMAN, I PRESUME, OR SMALL-BORE IN AFRICA

SHOOT, IF YOU MUST, PAST THIS OLD GRAY HEAD

SOME two hundred miles west of Nairobi, in the illimitable, baking waste of decomposed gneiss and thorn scrub called the Northern Frontier Province, which stretches across Kenya from the Ethiopian border, there is a remote British outpost on the Tana River by the name of Garissa. Fifty-eight miles downstream lies Bura, a dismal settlement of six mud-and-wattle huts clustered around an Indian store. Had you been strolling along the road that links the two of an afternoon late last January (a likelihood even more remote than either), you would have seen a sight guaranteed to freeze the marrow in your head; to wit, the present writer on safari. The present writer is now off safari and, unless wild horses are brought to bear, intends to stay that way the rest of his life. He has, in fact, taken to leaving rooms at the mere mention of the word, and faithfully promises to quit this one just as soon as he has poured out his woeful chronicle.

It began the day before in the Nairobi offices of Safariland, Ltd., an organization that furnishes custom-tailored hunting or photographic safaris to anyone who can pony up sufficient lettuce to indulge his whim. Through the blandishments of the local tourist bureau, the firm had been euchred into permitting me to join one of its clients—an American couple named Forepaugh—in the field for a week, and I was reporting for a final briefing and whatever gear was judged necessary. When I was shown in, the managing director, Colonel Brett, an engaging gentleman whose thirty-five years in the Indian Army had equipped him to cope with every sort of vagary including thuggee, had been up since dawn supervising the arrangements for a party of Mexican wowsers off on a big-game shoot through Tanganyika. In tones as honeyed as those of the shama thrush, he was entreating Her Majesty's excise officer over the phone to release fifteen quarts of tequila imported by the visitors.



"It's mother's milk to these chaps, Festering," he pleaded. "Of *course* it's for their own use—nobody else could drink the stuff. Word of honor, I wouldn't spray it on a tsetse fly.... Good Lord, they can't afford any such duty. That's more than the ruddy safari costs.... Very well, if that's your decision, but I warn you the United Nations will hear of this." He hung up and regarded me sorrowfully. "Bureaucrats," he said. "No compassion. Bowels of flint."

"Shame to haul it so far in vain," I said. "How will they manage?"

"The Mexicans?" asked Brett. "Oh, they anticipated it. Sneaked in thirty quarts in their baggage, I'm told. However," he said, briskly unfurling a map, "that's not your problem. Are you ready to push off? Good. Now then, at noon tomorrow you're being dropped off up here at Garissa by charter plane to rendezvous with the Forepaughs and Vyvyan Figgis, their white hunter. They've been working down through Isiolo and Kinya—this country to the northwest—looking for lion, and we'll alert them to collect you in transit."

With a pretense of being terribly casual, I extracted a gold-tipped Sobranie, struck a match, and applied it to my nose. "These—ah—charter planes," I ventured. "It just stood in the morning paper where Mr. Ernest Hemingway cracked up in one over Murchison Falls."

"Yes, but his was larger than what you'll have," Brett replied comfortingly. "The smaller your aircraft, the safer. More maneuverable, don't you see? I mean suppose your pilot finds he's heading into a mountain." He dipped his hand in a sickeningly graphic gesture. "Whooosh—he just lifts her up and over. But you needn't fret about mountains, old boy. You'll be flying so high you won't see a thing."

"I'm not clear about one point," I said after a tingling pause. "What happens if the Forepaughs and I don't connect? This Northern Frontier's five times the size of Arizona. The guidebook says it's a hundred miles between wells."

"Quite," said Brett. "And chock-full of mambas and those tiresome man-eating centipedes. Best sit tight in Garissa and don't stray off into the rough. Your group'll be along in a few days." All the Nimrods astir in East Africa, he went on to explain, tuned in nightly to a special safari broadcast from Nairobi carrying personal messages, emergency directions for the sick, and the like, and my whereabouts would be noised abroad repeatedly to avoid any mischance. With a parting injunction to shun rogue elephants, Brett commandeered a bedroll and mosquito bar from his supply depot and turned me loose. I was a good mile away, at a sporting outfitter's in Hardinge Street, trying on a picturesque slouch hat, when it hit me that I had stupidly forgotten to get any gen whatsoever on the Forepaughs. My stomach capsized at the oversight; for all I knew, they might be the most odious of companions—Texas oil tycoons or social butterflies from Pasadena or football enthusiasts: crashing bores of the kind who range the world solely in search of victims and whose *bavardage*, in our enforced week together, could easily unsettle one's reason. I became so agitated that the salesman made bold to ask if I were unwell.

"Oh, no, no—just a touch of paresis," I stammered. "Er—about this hat, I was really looking for something I could drink from—you know, the way they do in the films. Wouldn't the water leak out of these air holes?"

"Where'd you plan to use it, sir?" he asked. I told him, and he smiled dryly. "No worry on that score," he said. "There isn't a bead of moisture in upper Kenya. The Tana River, of course, but that's alive with crocodiles."

"You don't say," I said, steadying the triple mirror to keep it from whirling around me. "Let's see, now. What do you have in the way of some sturdy leggings—wooden ones, if possible? Or even iron—I don't mind."

THE flight to Garissa next morning mercifully was swift, and I made it swifter with a couple of oblivion tablets that bevelled the jagged edges off the scenery. The pilot hospitably kept offering to show me various chasms at close range, and even to fly through them so I could study their unusual stratification, but that would have entailed removing my head from the tent of newspaper I had erected over it, and it was quite comfy there. Shortly before noon, the tortuous green belt of the Tana River materialized below us in the shimmering plain; we swooped down over a sprinkle of adobe houses, without, however, shearing off any of their tiles, veered away into the outskirts, and descended to an airstrip of scorched brown grass. Two sergeants of the Kenya police, all spit and polish, greeted me with word that I was to be billeted on the District Commissioner, and, piling my bedroll into their lorry, bore me off. The heat and the glare were catastrophic—so malevolent that

conversation was minimal. From several veiled gibes, though, I gathered my escorts considered the D.C. a stinker, and when he strolled out of his weedy suburban residence to welcome me, I began to see why. He was a tall, intense cadaver with a black waxed mustache surmounting his vampire grin, a blood brother to Mr. Coffee Nerves in the advertisements.

"I'm Critchworth-Napier," he said, contemptuously eying my ready-made desert boots. "You're the person who's meeting the safari, I daresay."

"What? Has it shown up already?" I asked, elated.

"My dear sir," said Critchworth-Napier, with icy clarity, "the Colonial Office does not employ me to keep track of displaced sportsmen. I haven't the foggiest idea where your associates are, but if you wish to shake down in that banda over there until they arrive"—he indicated a hut nearby—"I have no means of preventing you. And now, if you'll pardon me, I shall resume my administrative duties, trivial in your eyes as they no doubt are."

What two or three days with this alkaline Lugosi would have wrought paralyzes the imagination, but by some divine coincidence I was spared. An hour and a half later, the expedition rolled into Garissa in its two vehicles—the Forepaughs and their white hunter, Figgis, in a Land Rover, and, trailing them, fourteen Africans with a truckful of impedimenta. Our meeting at all, it shook me to learn, was quite fortuitous. They knew nothing of any broadcast about me, but a week-old letter from Nairobi had mentioned the fact that I might be kicking around the district, and since Garissa was the gateway to the lower Tana, they were calling by to check. Dazed, and with the singular feeling of being a needle plucked out of a haystack, I was boosted into the cab of the truck, and we went jolting away to Bura in the wake of the Land Rover.

It was a gruelling trip, for the truck was heavily loaded, the route bisected by frequent wadis, and the temperature hovered ever upward into the nineties. My command of Swahili and the driver's of English were on a par, and after a while we both gave up trying. In the brief exchange of civilities with my hosts, it had been difficult to classify them. Forepaugh was a short, beefy man of late middle age, bald as an egg and rather snappish, who looked like a prosperous hardware dealer from Utica. His wife was a good bit younger, a foxy-nosed redhead with buck teeth and an indefinable aura of show business. As



"Did it ever occur to you how you look to <u>them</u>?"

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for the hunter, he seemed typical of those I had seen congregated around the New Stanley bar—a professional smile of unlimited candle power, dimples he obviously regarded as irresistible, and a plunging neckline that revealed a shade too much masculine brawn. From time to time, I caught glimpses of the trio ahead in their jeep, with Mrs. Forepaugh coquetting fit to kill, and I was tempted to suspect romantic didos in the Macomber tradition. Instinct warned me, though, against preconceptions, and in any case I was too intent on the quadrupeds I expected to see, and their horns, to brood about Mr. Forepaugh's.

By seven that evening, everything had come into clearer focus. We were encamped on the riverbank just outside Bura, and over the ritual gin-and-bitters, my companions freely identified themselves. My conjectures, it proved, could not have been less accurate. Forepaugh, a San Diego quack and the head of an establishment specializing in what he called "brain breathing," was also the founder of a new religion predicated on a massive intake of figs, and his wife, as nearly as I could determine, was high priestess of the faith. Her theatrical air, I learned, was a throwback to an epoch when she had demonstrated shampoo in movie lobbies. The pair had undertaken the safari to acquire trophies for their home, described by Forepaugh as a show place second to none.

"Cost me a hundred and fifty Gs unfurnished," he said, leaning back expansively from the mess table. "The outside is Italian Renaissance, and every room's done in a different period—Empire, Jacobean, Biedermeier, anything you can name. The robing room is authentic Queen Anne. When I got the idea for the African playroom, I said, 'Verma,' I said, 'either it's the best or I don't want it. Every trophy I put in there has got to be a world's record.' That's why I won't shoot anything unless it's bigger than the stuff in the record book."

"What animals are you looking for here?" I asked.

Forepaugh hesitated, obviously nonplussed, and Figgis chimed in smoothly. "Lesser kudu, Hunter's hartebeest, and oryx," he said. "Mr. Forepaugh's a perfectionist, bless his heart, but I guarantee he'll find superb heads in this area. By God, I'll stake my reputation on it." He glared around the tent, waiting for someone to dare him stake it, but nobody peeped. "Well, folks," he said, "time to feed. Better get cracking by five tomorrow if we're to see anything."

It was still dark at that hour, when, after a hasty cup of tea, the four of us climbed into the Land Rover and, accompanied by a couple of gunbearers

and a tracker, set off into the plain. As the light came up, we began encountering a variety of exotic creatures in the vegetation along the road—giraffe by the score, tiny dik-dik, the exquisite long-necked antelope called gerenuk, and birds in unimaginable profusion. There were hordes of vulturine guinea fowl and crowned plover, European and marabout storks, Brahmany kites, wood ibis, lesser bustards, hornbills, African goshawks, and all sorts of ornithological rarities like the nob-nosed duck, Montagu's harrier, the carmine bee eater, Burchell's glossy starling, and the white-faced whistling teal. None of these, however, interested Forepaugh in the slightest; after an interval of grumbling, he querulously started demanding action.

"For Pete's sake, Figgis," he rasped, "this mileage is costing me a fortune. Where's all the game you were bragging about? We don't want a God-damned sightseeing tour—got all this junk in our zoo back home. Get a move on, will you?"

Figgis, whose role, it was becoming plain, was as much that of sycophant and courtier as guide, was evidently used to rough diamonds. He never turned a hair. "Now, don't get fidgety, Forps," he advised, all dimples and cream. "You're too impetuous—too ardent. Don't you find that so, Mrs. Forepaugh?" he inquired slyly. I was just wondering how a neurasthenic bookworm had ever conned himself into bouncing through the African bush to listen to double-entendres before breakfast when Figgis brought me out of it. "Keep the bwana's gun ready," he told the bearers. "He's going to bag something special before long. I can feel it in my bones."

As one temperamentally unsuited to blood sports, I should have recognized this as a signal that carnage was about to ensue, and returned to camp by shank's mare, but, like a fool, I let myself be swept along. In the next two hours, I witnessed one of the least edifying spectacles in my memory. Using a rifle only a shade less powerful than a siege gun, Forepaugh maladroitly slew a Hunter's hartebeest and a gerenuk, both of them a good eight inches under the world's record. It was a lengthy process and, to my prejudiced eye, as ennobling as what happens routinely in any municipal abattoir. The parallel seemed even more apt when I rode homeward in the back of the Land Rover with two gory carcasses buzzing with flies. Forepaugh, his ego inflated to balloon proportions by the exploit, treated us en route to a detailed post-mortem of his emotions during the stalk, and Figgis was loud with praise for his marksmanship and pluck, smearing the jap-a-lac as fast as his brush could fly.

FOR three mortal days, differing only in the fauna they cooled, Forepaugh and Figgis went through the same pattern morning and afternoon. Evenings and mealtimes afforded no respite, since the pair, with Boy Scout intensity, spent them analyzing each other's shooting technique and quarrelling about ballistics. In desperation, I turned to Mrs. Forepaugh for stimulus, and found it on a lofty mental plane. Verma was a great reader, gifted with total recall; she knew the works of Mika Waltari, Ben Ames Williams, and Frances Parkinson Keyes backward, and she painstakingly recounted their plots that way. She had also written some lyric poetry, the sort of kapok that pads out the editorial columns of newspapers, which she was not at all averse to reciting. By the fourth day of my sojourn, I thought I had reached the nadir, but there was an enchanting surprise in store. Around five o'clock that afternoon, while the huntsmen were off reconnoitring a herd of fringe-eared oryx and Verma was reciting one of her madrigals to me in the mess tent, a jeep rattled into camp. A rather distraught



THE BATHERS

Man and woman, they enter the sea,
The animal-blue, the bovine slippery wave
That, rising, bares its corrugations
And, falling, takes them in its silky teeth
Tightly, while the vast body mills around
Their already watery bodies, till, half blind,
They pass invisibly through its bony sheath,
Swallowed alive and gasping and let go.

They do not even hear the crash of it
Behind them, where it wrecks itself on land,
But are already willed by water,
Weightless and far gone in forgetfulness.

And they are born in that unrisen sky
Out there where all is bright and water-galled
And the loose guts of water tangle them
And then dissolve; where only the dead wave
Comes back awhile, dissipated
And scattered on the wide wash of the sea.

The bathers, blissful in primeval tears,
Forgotten even by the sea itself
That rocks them absently, two bobbing heads,
Onions or oranges
Dumped by the freight of summer on the sea.

They lose even the power of speech;
They must go back to learn;
They make the difficult return
Where nets of water hold them, feel their legs,
Cast ropes of coldness round their bellies,
Trip them, throw gravel at their ankles,
Until, unpredictably, the entire sea
Makes them a path and gives them a push to the beach.

And they lie down between the yellow boats
Where the sun comes and picks them out
And rubs its fire into their sea-pale flesh,
Rubbing their blood, licking their heavy hair,
Breathing upon their words with drying fire.

—KARL SHAPIRO

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young Briton sprang out and, directing his African boys to stand by, burst in on us.

"I say, have you seen anything of two Swedes who've been hunting crocs hereabout?" he fluted. "Stumbleblad and Maelstrom, some such names." We said we had not, and his face fell. "Bother," he said. "Where d'ye suppose the swine have gone? I did want to let them know, rather." Before we could learn what he wanted to impart, he sped back to the jeep, reversed it, and slammed it into gear. Then, patently as an afterthought, he leaned out and addressed us. "By the way," he said, "I have to warn you that twelve hardcore Mau Mau have escaped from the detention camp at Lamu, a hundred miles below here on the coast. They'll undoubtedly work their way upriver at night, so keep your eyes open, what?"

"Are they, so to speak, carrying any—how shall I say?—persuasive instruments?" I asked, suddenly conscious that my mucous membrane was coated with flannel.

"Yes sir*ree*," declared the young man. "Pangas, and sharp ones. However, they'll be looking for guns—they always do. Better lock up any you're not using. Cheerio."

As the sound of the jeep died away, I swivelled around slowly toward Verma, who was just then swivelling around slowly toward me. "I—believe Figgis left three rifles in our tent," I said. "Why don't you slip over and bring them in here?"

"*Me*?" she retorted. "Why don't you? You're a man."

"I am not!" I said hotly. "I mean I am, but do you expect me to walk all the way across that clearing? It's getting dark, and besides I don't know anything about guns."

"That makes two of us," she said. "Oh, well, the others'll be back soon. Meanwhile, listen to this sonnet. I call it 'Spume at Eventide.' "

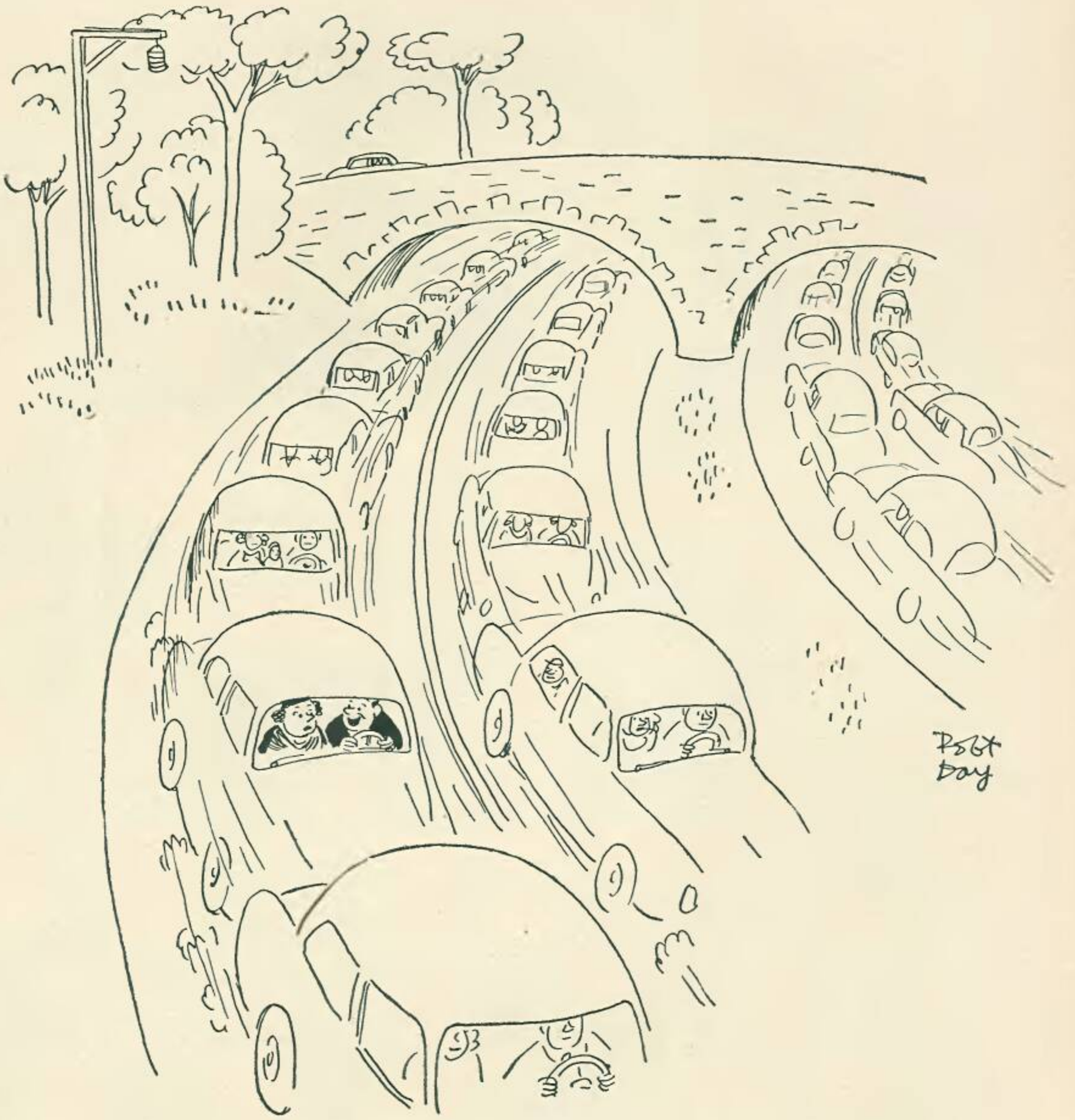
How anybody could be so obtuse and self-centered in circumstances of such peril still evades me, but women are inexplicable, and, *faute de mieux*, I was forced to humor the poor daft creature. When, hours later, her husband and Figgis showed up, the strain of my vigil and the nails I had chewed were beginning to tell on me. It developed that they had heard the news earlier from a forest ranger, and after an extended discussion of the probabilities at dinner, Forepaugh announced his decision to break camp and move on to a safer area.

"Forgive me for putting my oar in, friends," I said. "I realize I'm merely a guest here, but I disagree." Everybody stared at me, confounded. "Personally, I'm for staying here and giving those Johnnies a sizzling welcome. Show 'em they can't intimidate *us*, by gad."

"Well, in that event—" began Figgis.

"And I would, too," I said, hastily overriding him, "if I didn't have to be back in Nairobi tomorrow. Orders from Sir Evelyn Baring, at Government House. They take precedence, you know." Fortunately, nobody dared question the statement, or perhaps nobody cared. It was portentous enough in any case to secure me a lift the next day back to Garissa, where I wangled a ride home from a locust-control officer. He was a sterling chap—a complete illiterate who had never heard of Mika Waltari or lyric poetry and who abhorred hunting anything except grasshoppers. Talked about them for seven hours straight and never once drew his breath. I did, though, over and over. You don't get much of a chance to when you're on safari. Blast! There goes that word again!

—S. J. Perelman

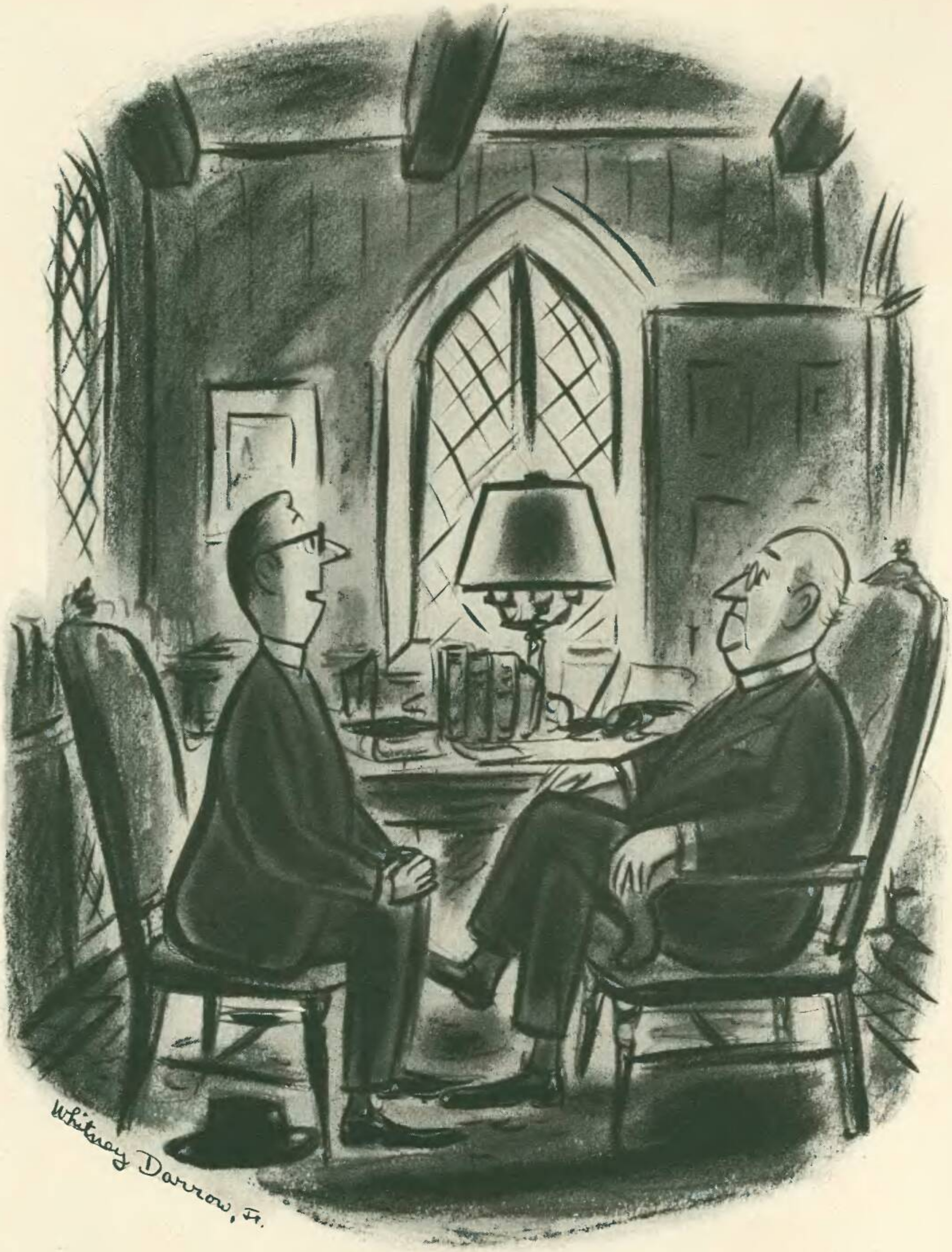


"Know something? We've been out of gas for the last ten miles."

•

She looked like the belle of a court ball with the gown and her hair piled high on her head.—*Denver Rocky Mountain News.*

She *sounds* tight.



"... Then the phone rang and I answered it and they asked me the name of the song they were playing. I told them. Then they sent me a dozen sport shirts and a red cummerbund and a matched set of alligator airplane luggage and arranged for an all-expense trip to Hollywood, with an evening at Ciro's to be spent in the company of someone called Miss Orange Juice."

GOODBYE, GOODBYE

ON his last evening in England, Peter Lord broke two promises—one, that he would dine with his brother, and another, older promise made to a woman whom he loved. When he and Catherine had tried, four years before, to put an end to this impermissible love for one another, the best they could decide was to give it no nourishment and let it wither if it would. "No messages," she had said when they parted, "no letters." His letters had always incapacitated her; on days when she received them, she moved slowly at her work, possessed by his words, deaf to any others, from husband or children or friends. "I don't want to know how you are getting on," she told him, "or to think of you in any particular place. You might die; you might marry. I never want to know. I want you to stop, here, forever" (*then*, *there*, an autumn night, a railway station). As his train moved off, he saw that her face had a look of utter perplexity, as if the meaning of her future were beyond her comprehension. The look had stayed in his mind and was in his imagination this evening as he walked from the bus stop in the village and out on the sea road toward the house.

This house, which she rented each summer for the children's holidays, was where they had sometimes been together. The recklessness, the deceit, which in London they suppressed, they had indulged here, as if a different sort of behavior were allowed at the seaside. Returning to her husband, who had no part in those holidays, she would at once feel so mortified and so uneasily ashamed that her few meetings with Peter were humiliating to them both and full of recriminations and despair, and it was after such a summer that they had parted—forever, both had believed.

The road under the sea wall was sheltered. Inland, sheep cropped the salt marshes where he and Catherine had walked in the evenings when the children were in bed. When it was dark, they would kiss and say goodbye, then kiss again. He would walk back to the village along this sea road, and she would tiptoe into the house, so that the children's nurse would not be wakened and discover how late she had stayed out.

Memories agitated him as he walked along the road. The landscape seemed to have awaited him, to have kept itself unchanged in order to pain him now with a great sense of strangeness. He had no hopes for this visit, no vestige of confidence in it; knew that it was mistakenly made and fraught with all perils—her anger, her grief, her embarrassment. In him, love could not be reawakened, for it had not slept. He did not know what risk faced her—how she had dealt with her sadness, or laid him away in his absence. He was compelled to find out, to discover if he was quick or dead in her mind, and to see if the look—the perplexed expression—had hardened on her face or vanished. But as he came round a bend in the road and saw the chimneys of the house and the beginning of the garden, he was so appalled by his venture that he walked more slowly and longed to turn back. He thought, She will be changed, look different, wear clothes I have never seen. The children will be older, and— Oh God, he prayed, his heart swerving at the sudden idea, let there be no more! Let her not have had more children! Let her not have filled her life that way!

He stopped in the road and listened for children's voices in the garden, but in the still evening the bleating of sheep was the only sound. High up on the orchard trees, red apples shone in the sun. An old net sagged across the tennis lawn. The gabled, hideous house, with its verandas and balconies, came into view. At the open windows, faded curtains flapped over the newly cleaned tennis shoes bleaching on sills, and the sandy swim suits and towels hung out to dry. The house, which looked as if it had been burst asunder and left with all its doors ajar, had a vacant—though only lately vacant—appearance.



On the conservatory porch, a tabby cat was sleeping on a shelf among flowerpots and tennis rackets. A book lying open had all its pages arched up in the sun, and a bunch of wildflowers was dying on a ledge. He pressed the bell and away at the back of the house heard it ringing. The heat under the dusty panes made him feel faint, and he stepped back from it onto the path. As he did so, a girl leaned from an upstairs window and called down to him. "Do you want Mother?"

Hit by the irony of the words, the shock of seeing Catherine's eyes looking down at him, he could not answer her at once.

Her daughter did not wait for his reply. "She's on the beach. They're all there. I'm just going, too. One moment!" She moved from sight, he heard her running downstairs, then she came to the door.

"You are Sarah," he said.

"Yes."

Oh, Catherine's eyes, those eyes! he thought. The miracle—but the enormity—that they should come again, clearer, more beautiful— He would not think it. "You don't remember me. I am Peter Lord."

"I remember the name. I remember *you* now. I had only forgotten. You came here once and helped us with a picnic on the beach—lit a fire, do you remember that? It's what they are all doing at this moment. I was waiting for a friend." She hesitated, looked toward the gate. "But they didn't come."

"They" because she will not say "he," Peter thought. The embarrassments of the English language! She was bright with disappointment.

"Shall we go down together and find them?" she asked. Then, in the patronizing tone young people use when they try to carry on conversations with their elders on equal terms, she asked, "Let me see, you went abroad, didn't you? Wasn't it South America?"

"South Africa."

"I always get those two muddled. And now you have come back home again?"

"For a short time. I am off in the morning."

"Oh, what a pity! But Mother *will* be pleased that you came to say goodbye."

THEY crossed the road and climbed the bank to the top of the sea wall. There they paused. The tide was out, and the wet sand far down the beach reflected a pink light from the sun, which was going down in an explosive, Turneresque brilliance above the sand hillocks. Farther along, they could see figures busily bringing driftwood to a fire, and two children at the sea's edge were digging in the sand.

Seeing Peter and Sarah on the skyline, one of the group waved, then turned away again.

"He thinks you are my friend," Sarah said. She wore Catherine's anxious look. "That's Chris. Do you remember Chris? He's fifteen—nearly two years younger than me."

"Yes, I remember him." Peter was feeling tired now, rather puffed by keeping up with her across a stretch of hot white sand in which his feet sank at every step. This sand, seldom washed by the sea, was full of dried seaweed and bits of old newspapers. Clumps of spiky reed grew in it, and sea poppies and thistles.

"Who are all those other children?"





he asked. He stopped and took off his shoes and socks, rolled his trousers above his ankles. A fine sight, he thought crossly. Completely ridiculous.

"Our friends," said Sarah, turning and waiting for him.

He could see Catherine. She was apart from the others and was bending over a picnic basket. When Sarah called to her, she turned and, still kneeling in the sand, looked up toward them, her arm shading her eyes. The perplexed look was on her face as if it had never left it, and at the sight of the agitation she could not hide from her children and their friends he realized the full cruelty of his treachery. As he came nearer to her, she stood up, with the strangely deliberate movement of a sleepwalker. She took his hand, and recovered enough to hide shock beneath a show of superficial surprise, glossing over the grotesque situation with a hostessy condescension.

"Are you on leave?" Her voice indicated his role of old friend of the family.

"No, my father died. I had to come over in a hurry."

"I am so sorry. Graham will be sad when he hears that."

So I am to be her husband's comrade, too! he thought.

As if she were in her drawing room, she invited him to sit down, but before he could do so, the two younger children had run up from the sea, and stood on either side of their mother, staring in curiosity at him and awaiting an explanation.

They were all variations of her, her four sons and daughters. These two, a boy and a girl, with their unguarded, childish gaze, were more like her than the other two, whose defined features were brightly masked to preserve the secrets of adolescence.

"Lucy, this is Mr. Lord. He gave you your fairy-tale book that you love so much."

"Yes, I do."

"And this is Ricky."

"What did you give *me*?" the boy asked.

"I'm sure I don't know. Perhaps you were to share the book."

"No, it is only mine," Lucy said certainly.

"He gave you lots of things," said Catherine.

"More than me?"

"No, Lucy, I am sure not."

"I think *I* only had the book."

"This isn't a nice conversation. You should think of other things than what you are given. Go and help Chris to find some firewood. You can't enjoy the fire and the supper if you do nothing to help."

The children wandered off, but back to the edge of the sea. They left a vacuum. She wished that they would come back, so that she might cover her awkwardness with what, in the old days, he had called "fussing with the children"—the children whom he had half loved, for having her likeness, and half resented, for not being his, for taking her attention from him and forbidding their life together.

"They've grown," he said.

"Yes, of course."

She put her hand deep in the sand, burying it in coolness. He watched her, remembering how once, long ago, she had done that and he had made a tunnel with his own hand and clasped hers, and they had sat in silence, their fingers entwined beneath the sand. Such far-off lovers' games seemed utterly sad now, utterly forlorn, dead, their meaning brushed away like dust.

"Why did you come?" she whispered, her eyes fixed on the young ones building their fire, but, fearing his answer, she caught her breath and called to her son, "Chris, darling, bring the others over to meet Mr. Lord."

They came over, polite and estranged, willing to be kind. Chris hadn't remembered, but now he did. He introduced his friends—bright, polite boys and girls. The boys called Peter "sir," the girls smiled warmly and encouragingly. You are quite welcome, don't feel out of it—the fun, the lovely evening—just because you are old, their smiles said.

They diminished Catherine. They were all taller. She seemed to Peter now to be set apart as "Mother." Their voices were protective of her, undemanding. (Once, they had clamored for her attention, claimed every second. "Look at me, Mummy! Look at me!") They had set her firmly in her present role, and instinctively they made her part quite clear to Peter.

They returned to the fire. Chris was peeling sticks and sharpening the ends, so that they could hold sausages over the fire to cook.

"What about the children?" Sarah asked. "How long are you staying, Mother?"

This was Catherine's dilemma, which she had been pondering as she sat there with her hand buried in the sand.

"They can stay up," she said. "We'll all stay. It will be a special treat for the little ones, and they can sleep late in the morning. You others shall have a party on your own another night." She looked away from Sarah, and her voice was gentle, for she knew that *this* could not be Sarah's special night, that the girl was desperate with disappointment. This evening is nothing, Catherine tried to imply. There will be so many others for you.

"We always like it better if you are here," Sarah said. "I was wondering about the children." She dreaded that her mother should feel old or left out, and she often was alone on these long









holidays. Peter's presence lightened the load of responsibility she felt toward her. For an hour or two, Catherine had someone of her own and Sarah could let go of her, could turn back to her own secrets, aloof, in love.

Has she a confidante among the other girls, Catherine wondered. Remembering her own girlhood, she did not hope to be confided in herself; the very last, she knew—even if first to know, before Sarah sometimes, yet still the last of all to be told.

If I take Lucy and Ricky home to bed, she thought, Peter will come with me. Then I shall be alone with him and nothing will stop him talking to me. To stay where she was not much wanted and to endure an evening of social exchanges before the children—painful though it must be—would be less menacing than that.

She turned to the picnic basket, put a loaf of bread on a board, and began to cut it into slices. "You haven't changed much," she said. "Are you happy in South Africa and is the work interesting? How is your brother?"

"I had no intention of coming here, but suddenly, this morning, it seemed so unreasonable, so falsely dramatic—our promise."

"No, sensible."

"I'm sorry I gave no warning."

"You could have telephoned," she said lightly, her back turned to him.

"You would have said no."

She wrapped the slices of bread in a napkin and put them back in the hamper. Being needlessly busy, he thought. Fussing with the children. Anything to exclude me.

"You *would* have said no, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, of course."

"You haven't changed, either," he said, at last, dutifully.

She was smoothing her hair, thinking, I don't know what I look like. She wished that she could glance in a mirror, or that she had done so before she left the house.

In her brown hair, some strands, coarser than the others, were silver. Fine lines crossed her forehead, and deeper ones curved from the corners of her eyes.

"Graham all right?" he asked.

"Yes, very well. Very busy. He gets tired."

And bloody cross, I bet, Peter thought. He imagined the tetchy, pompous little man, returning from the City each day, briefcase full of documents and stomach full of bile.

"And is he as rich as ever?" he asked.

"I've noticed no difference," Catherine said angrily. "Have *you* prospered? You always had such money troubles."

"Father's dying should help."

He had always refused to see Graham as anything but a monstrous begetter of money and children, and deliberately showed himself up in contrast—the bachelor beyond the gates, without home or family, whose schemes came to nothing as his lovemaking came to nothing, neither bearing fruit. His insistence on her wealth was partly from a feeling that she had shared too much with her husband, and he could not bear her to share any more—not even anxieties about money.

"They are nice children," he said,

looking on the sunnier side of her marriage. "A great credit to you."

"Thank you." Her eyes filled with tears, and at that moment Sarah, standing by the fire, turned and looked curiously at her, then at Peter.

THE fire was burning high, and the young people moved about it continually, as if performing some ceremony. As the sun went down, shadows fell across the beach from the sea wall, cooling the sand quickly. Catherine spread out a rug for Peter to sit on, and then sat down herself on a corner of it, as far from him as she could.

"Come by the fire!" Chris shouted to her.

"It is too smoky for her," said Sarah.

"Not on the other side."

"It blows about."

Catherine had not asked her the one question she had dreaded—"He didn't come, then?"—and so in turn she would protect her mother. She, Sarah, no longer prayed for him to come, for her thoughts of him were angry now. Absorbed in this anger, she asked only that no one should speak of him. Waiting for him, and the gradual loss of hope, had been destructive, and a corrosive indignation worked on her love; it became non-love, then nothing.

"Is that Ronnie coming?" Chris asked, mopping his eyes with a handkerchief, waving away smoke.

A figure in the dusk appeared on the sea wall, then a dog followed and flew down through the sand, crashed over the stretch of loose shingle to the wet, runnelled sands where the children worked, murmuring and intent, over their digging. Lucy cried out as the dog bounded toward her, and a man's voice—nothing like Ronnie's—called the dog back.

Sarah was glad that she had not moved forward to wave or made any mistake. Standing quite still by the fire, she had kept her patience, but all the carefully tended hatred had vanished in those few seconds; love had come hurrying back with hope and forgiving.

It is worse for her now, Catherine thought—and she felt hostility toward men—as it is worse for me.

The man and the dog disappeared. Lucy and Ricky, disturbed into realization of the darkness falling, began to trail up from the sea. The water between the hard ribs of sand felt cold to their bare feet, and they came up to the bonfire and stood watching it, at the fringe of their elders and betters, who laughed and danced and waved their speared sausages in the air to cool.

"Let them cook their own," said Catherine, and Chris handed the little ones two sticks and fixed on the sausages for them. They stood by the fire holding the sticks waveringly over the flames. Once, Ricky's nervousness broke into a laugh; his serious expression disintegrated into excited pleasure.

"It will never cook like that," Chris said. "Keep it to the hot part of the fire." He sighed affectedly and murmured, "Pesky kids," to one of the girls, who said haughtily, "*I* think they're sweet."

"They're all yours, then," said lordly Chris.

"I never had anything like this when I was young," Peter said. "I didn't even know any girls."

THE children had their feast, and Catherine and Peter sat and watched them—even, Catherine thought, in Peter's case sat in judgment on them, as if he were their father and jealous of their youth, saying, "*I* didn't have this or do that when *I* was a boy, but was made to do such and such, and go without et cetera, and be grateful for nothing. And look at me. . . ." If he were their father, that is how he would be, and if he had not come back to me this evening, I should never have thought such a thing of him. How I loved you, my darling, darling. The passion of tears, the groping bewilderment of being without you, the rhythm of long boredom and abrupt grief that I endured because of you; then my prayers, my prayers especially that Sarah shall have a happier time, and a more fortunate love.



The children brought them sausages wrapped in bread. The young girls were attentive to Catherine. "I *adore* your jersey," one said, and Catherine could not conceal her pleasure.

"But it's so old. It's Chris's, really."

"Then you shouldn't let him have it back," the girl said. "*He* couldn't look so nice in it."

"All right!" said Chris. "You may cook your own sausages now. Didn't you know that the whole family wears my old castoffs?"

"Not I," said Sarah.

"Not I," said Lucy.

Peter had glanced at the jersey in annoyance. He was beginning, Catherine knew, to harden against Chris, identifying him with his father, comparing himself and his own lost opportunities with the boy and the life lying before him.

MAN WITH PRUNING SHEARS

This gentleman loves all that grows—
  Bud, shoot, or bough that blossoms dapple.
He plants the rose and feeds the rose
  And guards the springtime apple;

Has a green thumb; is quick to praise
  The frailest petal in his borders;
Can heal (and with a myriad sprays)
  The peony's disorders.

So what has overtaken him,
  What frenzy set his wits to wander,
That he should ravage, limb by limb,
  The wholesome lilac yonder?

That he should lay the privet low
  And do the vines such deadly treason
That scarce a twig, I think, will show
  Its leaf again this season?

A milder chap was never planned,
  Or one who digs with more decorum.
But now the weapon's in his hand,
  And branches thick before'm,

The selfsame madness takes his mind
  That took his mind when he was little
And owned a knife and could not find
  Sufficient sticks to whittle.

—PHYLLIS MCGINLEY

• •



"Strange I didn't notice any of that damned yawning just a couple of minutes ago."

• •

When Chris brought sausages and said "For you, sir," he refused to eat.

"Then coffee," Catherine suggested, beginning to unscrew a flask.

"Oh dear, it is so cold," Lucy cried, and she flung herself against Catherine's thighs, burrowing under her arm.

"Steady, my love, I can't pour out," Catherine said, and she held the flask and the cup high out of reach and, for the first time, looked truly at Peter and laughed.

"Come to me, then," he said, and he lifted Lucy away and held her to him. She lolled against him, her salty, sticky hair touching his cheek. "That isn't good for you," he said, taking the half-eaten sausage, which was pink inside, uncooked, and throwing it away across the sand.

"Fishes will eat it," Ricky said. "When the tide comes up."

"Coffee!" Catherine called out, and they came over to fetch it, then went back to gather around the dying fire.

The girls began to sing one of their school songs, which the boys did not know, and Chris said, "What a filthy row."

"Did you read that fairy book to me when I was in bed?" Lucy asked Peter drowsily.

"I don't know."

"Yes, you did."

"Do you remember, then?"

"No, Mummy told me."

Then Catherine had talked of him! He had often wanted to talk to someone about *her*, to say her name. In Africa, he had nicknamed a little native girl—his servant's child—Catherine, for the sake of saying the name occasionally. "Good morning, Catherine" or "What a pretty frock, Catherine!" The child could not understand English. He might, he had sometimes thought, have said anything, out loud, bold and clear. "I cannot forget you, Catherine, and my life is useless without you."

Lucy had crawled inside his jacket for warmth. He rubbed her cold, sandy legs, held her bare feet, and once kissed her forehead. Catherine sipped her coffee, looking away from this display of tenderness, thinking, A barren evening. Nothing said. Nothing felt, but pain. The wheel starting to creak again, starting to revolve in agony.

"If any—regrets—have arisen from my visit," Peter said, trying to speak obscurely, above Lucy's head in two senses, "I couldn't blame myself more or detest my own egotism."

"There is no need to say anything," she said hurriedly. "No need at all. I would rather you didn't."

"Are you—"

"No," she interrupted him, afraid of what Lucy might hear. Am I what? she wondered. I am in love with you still. In love, certainly. And there isn't a way out and never will be now.

Her eyes might say this without Lucy's knowing, and she turned to him, so that before he went away he could be a witness to her constancy. But their situation was changed now; the observant eyes of the children were on them—Sarah's, the other girls'. And Chris, brusque and guarded—goodness knew what thoughts *he* had about her.

"I shall soon have to go," Peter said, and as he glanced at his watch, Lucy pushed herself closer to him, almost asleep.

SINGING together now, the girls and boys were beginning to pack up; one of the girls turned cartwheels, and Sarah suddenly spun round, her bell-like skirt flying out.

"Are you staying at the pub?" Catherine asked.

"No, I am catching the last bus, then the last train."

"The last train," Lucy murmured cozily, as if there were no such thing save in a story he was telling her.

Catherine shivered.

"Are you sure you won't write to me?" Peter asked her, as quietly as he could. "Or let me write to you?"

"Quite sure."

"She will," said Lucy. "She writes



"No, no, Bill! You're a commissioner now."

• •

to Sarah and Chris every day when they are at school."

"Then there wouldn't be time for me," said Peter.

Catherine packed the basket, wishing that she might pack up the evening, too, and all that it had brought to the light, but it lay untidily about them. The children ran to and fro, clearing up, exhilarated by the darkness and the sound of the sea, the tide coming up across the sands, one wave unrolling under the spray of the next. The boys took the baskets, and the girls looked the beach over, as if it were a room in some home of their own which they wished to leave tidy until they returned.

Who will remember the evening, Catherine wondered. Perhaps only he and I, and Sarah. Little Ricky had attached himself to the others as they left the beach. He walked beside Sarah, clinging to her skirt. Peter had Lucy on his back, his shoes dangling by their laces round his neck as he walked unsteadily on the cold, loose sand.

"We live only once," he said.

"Of course," said Lucy, awake now and laughing. She wriggled her sandy feet, trying to force them into the pockets of his jacket.

"Lucy, sit still or walk," her mother said sharply.

A little surprised, she sat still for a bit, and then, when she could see the house, the lights going on as the others went indoors, she slipped down and ran away from Peter, down the bank and across the lane.

Catherine and Peter sat down just below the sea wall and put on their shoes.

"Will you forgive me?" he asked.

"I might have done the same."

"There is far too much to say for us to begin talking."

"And no time," she said. She fastened her sandals, then looked up at the sky, as if she were scanning it anxiously for some weather sign, but he knew that she was waiting for tears to recede, her head high, breath held. If he kissed her, she would fail, would break, weep, betray herself to the children. To have thought of her so long, imagined, dreamed, called that child Catherine for her sake, started at the sight of her name printed in a book, pretended her voice to myself, called her in my sleep, and now to sit close to her, and it is almost over. He stood up and took her hand, helping her to her feet.

In the lane, the children were trying one another's bicycles. The lamplight swung over the road and hedges. Lucy was crying, and Sarah attempted to comfort her, but impatiently. "The same old story," she told her mother. "Stayed up too late."

"Yes, she did."

"I didn't undo my sand castle!" Lucy roared.

"Hush, dear. It doesn't matter."

"I like to undo it. You know I like to undo it, and now the sea will get it."

"It doesn't matter."

"Don't *say* it doesn't matter."

"Peter, do borrow Chris's bicycle. You can leave it at the pub, and he can fetch it tomorrow."

"I like the walk."

I am not leaving her like that, he thought—not bicycling off up the road with a mob of adolescents.

"Goodbye, and thank you for the picnic," the children began to say, coming one after another to shake hands with Catherine.

"You should have *reminded* me!" shrieked Lucy, at the end of her tether.

"Oh, Christ—" said Chris.

"Chris, I won't have that," said Catherine.

"Goodbye, and thank you so much."

"I hope you will come again."

"Goodbye, goodbye!" Chris shouted.

They swung onto their bicycles and began to ride away, turning often to wave.

"Goodbye, Fanny! Goodbye, Sue!" Chris shouted.

The voices came back as the lights bobbed along the lane. "Goodbye, Sarah! Goodbye, Chris!"

Sarah called once, then she shook hands with Peter and turned toward the house, gathering up Ricky, who was swinging on the gate as if hypnotized, too tired to make the next step.

"Goodbye, Catherine, or I shall miss the bus."

"Yes. Goodbye, Peter."

"Take care of yourself. And *you* take care of her," he said to Chris with bright jocularity as he began to walk away down the road.

"What—my dear old mum?" Chris said, and flung his arm across her shoulder so that she staggered slightly. Then, hearing a faint cry in the distance, he rushed from her into the middle of the road and shouted again, his hands cupped to his mouth, "Goodbye, goodbye!"

—Elizabeth Taylor

OUR FOOTLOOSE CORRESPONDENTS

YOU DIG IT, SIR?

WHEN, earlier this summer, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Livingston Lorillard, a young and adventurous couple who spend their winters in Capri and the warm-weather months in Newport, Rhode Island, decided to put on an American Jazz Festival at the Newport Casino, they invited sixty-five of their neighbors at the famous old resort to join them in sponsoring it. They received only two acceptances—and only one from a long-established member of the community; that was Mr. George Henry Warren, of New York, who has summered in Newport practically all his life. Undismayed, the Lorillards went ahead with their project. As a token of good faith and to help ease the rest of the summer colonists into the spirit of the occasion, Mr. Warren and his wife decided to give a dinner party on the Friday of the weekend the Festival was scheduled to be held and invite the sixty-three reluctant neighbors. The invitations, which were sent out a fortnight or so before the party, were unanimously accepted. Suddenly, the prevailingly chilly mood changed, with the result that more than fourteen thousand people turned out for two brassy, four-hour concerts that were held on Saturday and Sunday nights on the neat, spacious grass courts of the nineteenth-century gabled Casino, perhaps best known as the birthplace of lawn tennis in this country, and another thousand attended a Sunday-afternoon forum on the subject of "The Place of Jazz in American Culture."

To promote the affair, the Lorillards and some jazz-loving friends set themselves up as Newport Jazz Festival, Inc. (Official purpose: "To encourage America's enjoyment of jazz and to sponsor the study of our country's only original art form.") They got permission to use the Casino for the nominal fee—approved without dissent by the Casino's board of governors—of three hundred and fifty dollars. They also found a producer for the Festival—a Boston jazz impresario named George Wein. Associated with the Lorillards and the Warrens in Newport Jazz Festival, Inc., were, among other sponsors, a number of leading jazz musicians from various dives across the nation; Leonard Bernstein, the composer and conductor; John Hammond, the jazz critic and scholar; Cleveland Amory, the author of "The Last Resorts;" Marshall Stearns, associate professor of English at Hunter College and director of the Institute of Jazz Studies, who organized the Festival's forum; and Father Norman O'Conner, chaplain of the Newman Club of Boston University, who is known as the Jazz Priest and served as the forum's moderator. Much to the surprise of the sponsors, after two nights of good, solid jazz, ranging from Dixieland to very modern and played by sixty-five musicians, a number of whom had never before seen the surf beating against the rocky shores of old New England, they emerged with the sure and not inconsiderable profit of more than eleven thousand dollars. Mr. Lorillard, who, when he is not sponsoring jazz festivals, owns and directs a Newport travel agency, and who underwrote the event, plans to use the money to promote the study and development of modern American music.

THE Warrens' dinner party was held in the garden of their house, which is near the Old Stone Mill, known to local historians as the most controversial building in America, because it has never been determined who built it or when. I was fortunate enough to be invited to the party, and a few minutes after I checked in at the Hotel Viking on Friday evening, Mrs. Lorillard telephoned to see if I had arrived. "Everybody's here, and they're all talking about the *Festival!*" she said in a tone of wonder. "They're warming up!"

When I got to the party, I found the guests in the garden, casually grouped around a singer named Lee Wiley, a pretty blonde in a shell-pink décolleté gown, who was being accompanied by Teddy Wilson on an upright piano. Miss Wiley is a specialist in singing songs by George Gershwin, Rodgers and Hart, and Cole Porter; Wilson is one of the nation's leading jazz pianists. Miss Wiley was singing, "We'll go to Yonkers, where true love conquers. . . . We'll go to Coney and eat bologny . . ." in a soft, low voice, and her audience, finely tanned and formally dressed, looked rapt. They applauded vigorously when she finished, and there were many cries of "Bravo!"

Mr. Warren, a gracious, jolly, pink-cheeked man wearing tortoise-shell glasses and a tuxedo, who used to be a financier and now devotes most of his time to philanthropic activities, led me to a chair next to Mrs. Lorillard. "Newport is not on the skids, no matter what anybody says," he assured me. "Have you ever seen anybody more alive than this crowd?"

"I'm still uneasy," said Mrs. Lorillard, an attractive, titian-haired woman in a sapphire-blue satin gown. "It could be Guy Lombardo, and they'd act just as enthusiastic."

"Thank heavens it *isn't* Guy Lombardo!" said a woman who had on an evening wrap of white ostrich feathers.

"Thank heavens it isn't *Meyer Davis!*" said a third woman, who, somewhat older than the others, was wearing a black lace dress with a high collar. "I've been getting Meyer Davis for nineteen years, and now I'm enjoying that nice Mr. Wilson at the piano. George, I must say it's a change. Mr. Wilson is musically somehow or other more frolicsome."

Mrs. Lorillard said in an undertone to me, "Things are really looking up. Yesterday morning I was at my lowest ebb. I was on a radio program being interviewed about the





"He doesn't look good. That's for sure."

• •

Festival, and all they kept asking me was what I thought of Liberace! Actually, I come from a longhair family. My great-aunt was Lillian Nordica, the famous Wagnerian opera singer, and I was brought up on classical music, but I believe that jazz is an art, too. Oh, there's Mrs. Harold Brooks! She broke her ankle last night, but she's here anyway. She's *really* moral support! Her luncheons are always being described in *Vogue*. And she's bought a box for the Festival. Boxes are a hundred dollars apiece."

Miss Wiley started singing "I've Got a Crush on You." A tall, ruddy-faced man moved forward, sat down on a gravel walk beside her, and, hugging his knees, looked up at her.

"Oh, my!" said Mrs. Lorillard to me. "That's Barclay Douglas. You know—the stockbroker. He's president of the Clambake Club. The most exclusive private club in Newport."

Mrs. Warren tiptoed over to Mr. Douglas and asked him if she could get him a cushion.

"Oh, don't get me a cushion!" Mr. Douglas exclaimed, his eyes fastened on Miss Wiley. "Your gravel is so soft!"

A small, bright-eyed, elderly gentleman with white hair, a white mustache, and a red carnation in his lapel came over to Mrs. Lorillard and took her hand. "Is it true that you've bought tickets for the Jazz Festival?" she asked him.

He gave a dignified nod. "My wife and I went over to the Casino to purchase tickets for what we thought was going to be a symphony concert—the kind you had last year," he said, plainly enjoying every one of his words. "The young lady there said it was a *jazz* festival this year. My wife asked, 'What is a *jazz* festival?' And the young lady said that all those night-club musicians would come and play, and my wife turned to me and said, 'You know, this just might be *fun*.'" He laughed heartily, and pressed Mrs. Lorillard's hand between both his own.

"We'll have a narrator doing a running commentary on the various kinds of jazz and the jazz musicians who play at each concert," Mrs. Lorillard said eagerly. "Our narrator is Stan Kenton, the avant-garde band leader. He's a very strong fighter for the cause of modern jazz, but he knows everything about all the schools, and he'll make everything clear."

"Dear, dear, are there *schools*?" the man said, his eyes twinkling. He squeezed Mrs. Lorillard's hand again.

"I just can't wait till tomorrow, when I can introduce you to Pee Wee Russell, the clarinettist," Mrs. Lorillard said throatily. "You'll appreciate Pee Wee, and Pee Wee will appreciate you. Each of you, in your own way, is a traditionalist."

As the older of the two traditionalists bowed again and turned away, Mrs. Lorillard said to me, "Now I'm sure that all the members of the old guard in the colony here are with us. We'll get their moral support, anyway. I guess they didn't want to be sponsors because it might mean investing money. Last year, we got them to sponsor bringing the New York Philharmonic to Newport for a classical-music festival, and they all lost sixty-seven cents on every dollar, even though the state gave us a grant of five thousand dollars for it. It really was a flop, so these people are cautious now. I suppose it's simply a matter of money. This year, when we asked the state for a grant for the Jazz Festival, the people up in Providence said no. I guess they didn't want to risk any more money, either. The only other Newport sponsor, in addition to George Henry Warren, is a man named Edward Capuano. He's a newcomer from Providence. He's a successful businessman, and I guess when he got our letter, he figured we were some kind of good investment. You know, it's a strange thing, but the only people who are opposing the Festival are a few members of the younger set. They're the *most* cautious."

Mr. Lorillard, a serious-looking man with a round face, whose great-grandfather, Pierre Lorillard, helped found the Casino in 1879 and built The Breakers, one of Newport's earliest mansions, made his way over to his wife



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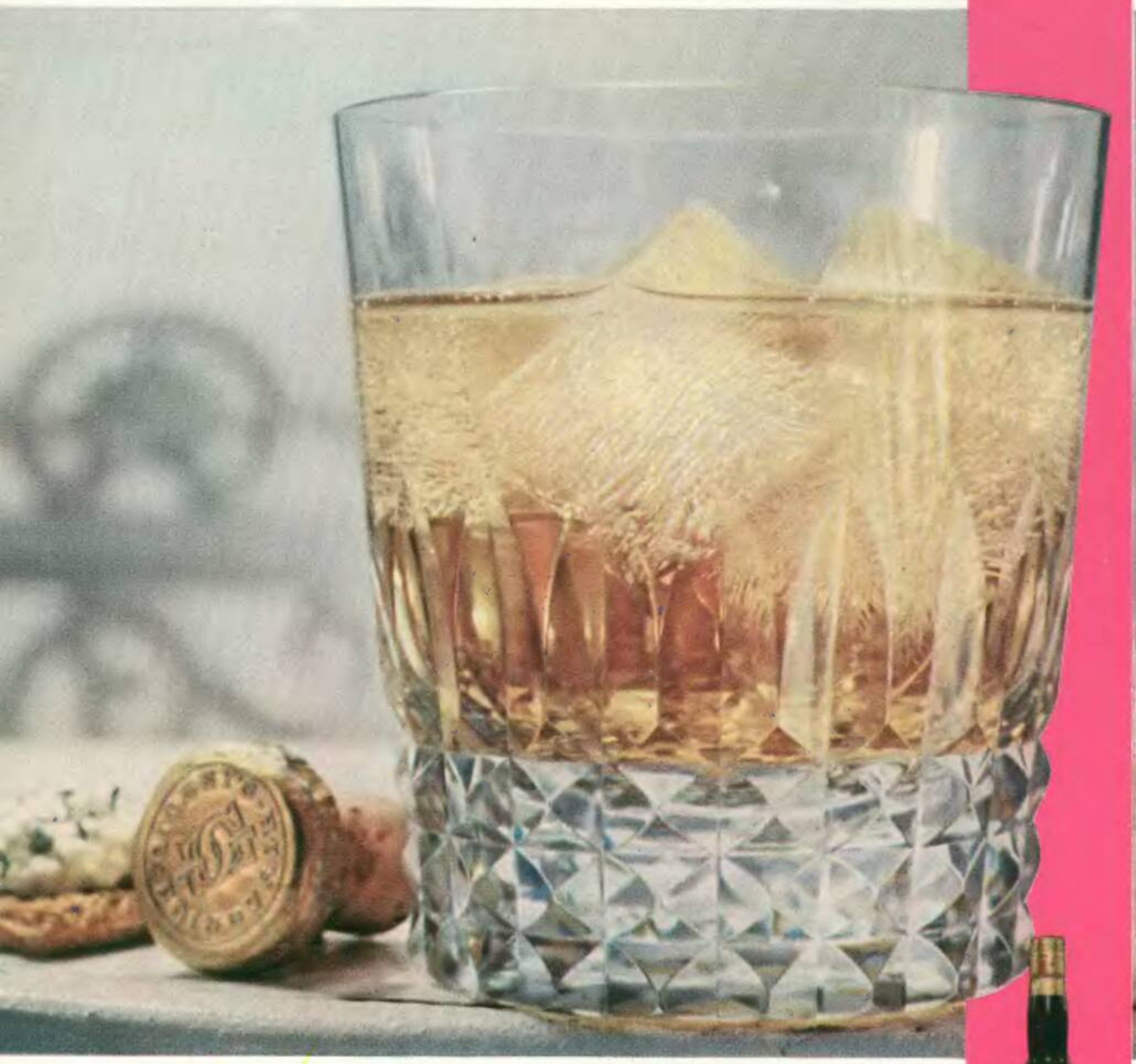
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and said out of the corner of his mouth, "Just heard that the Carl Haffenreffers bought *two* boxes."

Mrs. Lorillard gave me a significant look. "You know—beer," she said.

"So far, so good," said Mr. Lorillard.

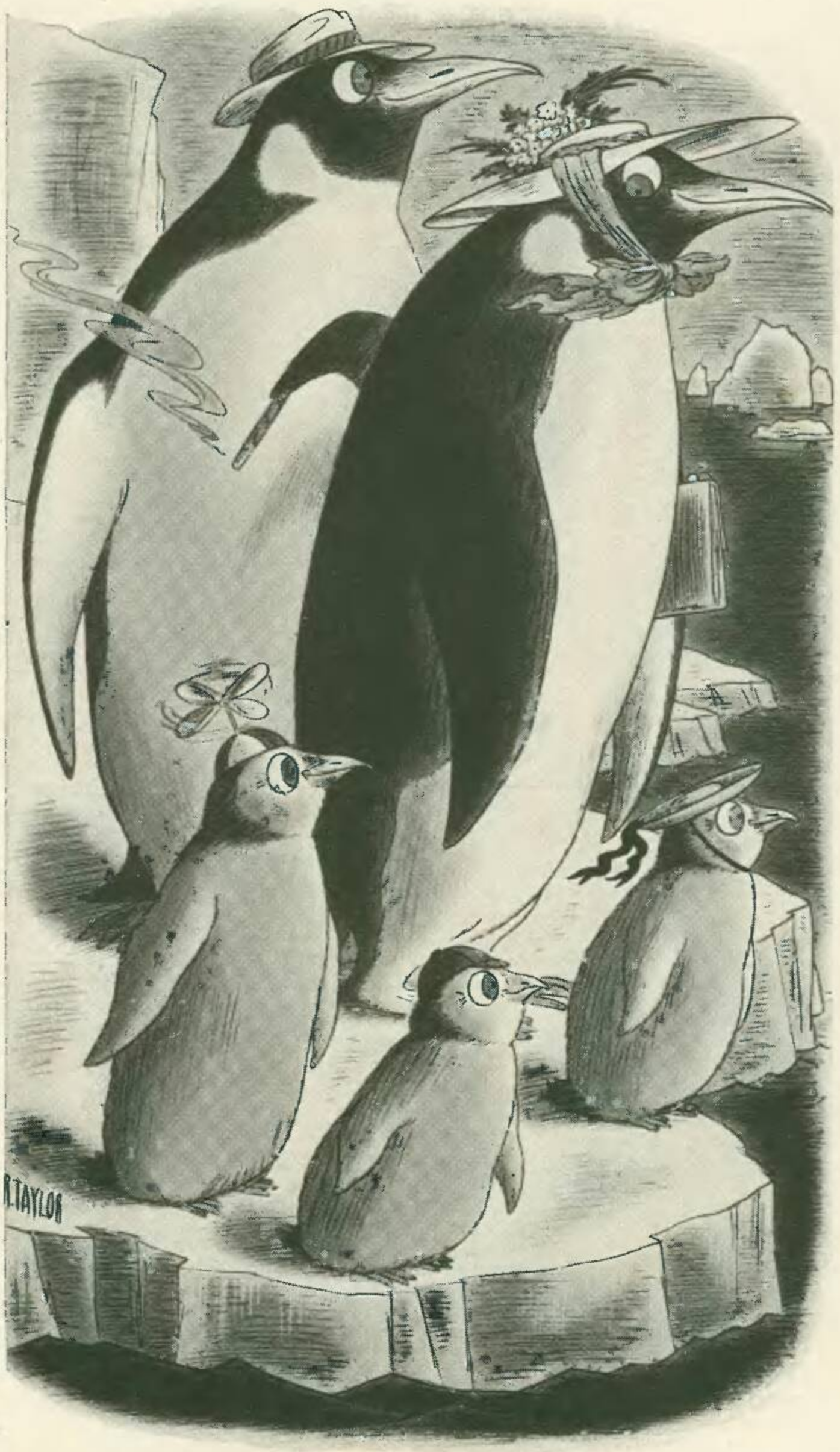
THE next morning, in the lobby of the Viking, I ran into a man named Nat Hentoff, who is the New York editor of *Down Beat*, a magazine of the jazz world. He told me that he was waiting for Stan Kenton, who was going to collaborate with him on the narration for the concerts. "They want to give the Festival a kind of academic flavor," Hentoff said. "It's George Wein's idea. He plays piano himself, and he's opened a couple of jazz night clubs in the Boston area. He's energized Boston in jazz almost singlehanded. Hi, Stan," he said, greeting a tall, gray-haired man with a watchful manner who was ambling across the lobby.

"Hi," Kenton said, in a deep, narrator-type voice. He told us he had just been seeing the sights of Newport with Russell Jalbert, a member of the Festival staff. "Very interesting place," Kenton said. "They've got the oldest synagogue in America here. It's called the Touro. For a minute, I thought that might have been where Muggsy Spanier wrote 'Relaxin' at the Touro.' But Jalbert set me straight. Seems that a branch of the Touro family built a sanitarium outside New Orleans, and that's where Muggsy was at when he wrote the number. Nice fellow, Jalbert. But he told me somebody named Oscar Pettiford had called up and asked for tickets, and Jalbert wanted to know, 'Who's Oscar Pettiford?' I told him Oscar is the greatest jazz cellist in the world. You know, we're exchanging educations here, all right. Hey, there's George."

Wein turned out to be a stocky man of twenty-eight who seemed to be filled with controlled frenzy. He told us that there had been a sudden rush of buying tickets for the Festival, and that Newport's two biggest hotels were completely booked. At the moment, Festival workers were polling year-round Newport residents to see if they had any spare rooms to rent. "I don't even know where *I'm* sleeping tonight," Wein said. "Can you imagine that? At the moment, they're setting up emergency cots right in the Casino. Well, let's get started on the program." We adjourned to a small lounge off the lobby, and Wein started things off by saying that for the first

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concert, that night, about fifty musicians were expected. Among those he named, while Hentoff took notes, were Eddie Condon, Ralph Sutton, Wild Bill Davison, Lou McGarity, Peanuts Hucko, Buzzy Drootin, Milt Hinton, Vic Dickenson, Pee Wee Russell, Bobby Hackett, Cliff Leeman, Jack Lesberg, Lee Wiley, Kenny Clarke, Percy Heath, Horace Silver, Milt Jackson, Dizzy Gillespie, Lee Konitz, Ray Brown, Oscar Peterson, Gerry Mulligan, and Ella Fitzgerald. "We want to throw modern, swing, and Dixieland together—even have the guys playing them together," Wein said. "As long as there's a common beat, every guy can play solo his own style. One big happy family."

"You don't think there'll be trouble?" Kenton asked anxiously.

"No," said Wein.

"It's hardly ever done, and almost never successfully," Kenton said.

"I'm convinced this will work," said Wein. "All they need is a beat."

"I don't want any honkers," Kenton said.

"We don't *have* any honkers," said Wein. "We've got nothing but top jazz artists, and we'll put them on one after the other. After more than three hours, of course, it'll get to be a beat thing, but I want people leaving that Casino saying, 'Whew! That was a little too much!' That way, they'll remember the night. Like giving them three Bach cantatas in one concert."

"I'd like to see Stan playing piano behind Pee Wee Russell," said Hentoff. "Progressive Prototype behind Old Conservative. What dramatic contrast! A capsule history of jazz."

"You can't tell," Kenton said. "We might find something together. And I'll be just as happy to introduce Eddie Condon as I will be to introduce Dizzy Gillespie."

"No matter what happens, we'll do this again next year," Wein said. "We're trying to do in two days what should take a week, but we'll give an all-round presentation of jazz, and it will be remembered. Artists from all branches of jazz. All getting together and blowing."

The three men were silent for a moment and looked at each other soberly. Then Kenton said, "Well, we'd better get this thing organized," and they settled down to work on the program. It was decided to have the Eddie Condon Dixieland group play first, and follow it with a swing group made up of Vic Dickenson on trombone, Pee

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Now, shift the scene from Washington, D.C. to Columbus, Ohio, and the floor of the state assembly. What's happening? A member is asking permission for the page boys to distribute copies of "Indiana's Revolt" from March Nation's Business, a story about a successful battle against the welfare state.

Next, hop over to Harrisburg, Pa. Here, the president of the Harrisburg Railways Company is dictating a letter asking for 50 reprints of "Six Bargain Steps to Smoother Traffic" from July Nation's Business. Way over in Wichita, Kans., you'll find a vice president of the Wichita Transportation Company writing for 150 reprints of the same article. In New York City, an executive of the Fifth Avenue Coach Company is telling his secretary to ask for 500. So, too, reprint requests from Macon, Ga., San Francisco, Cal., White Plains, N. Y., Charleston, S. C., Covington, Ky., Johnston, Pa., Quincy, Mass., Hamilton, Ohio. . . .

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Wee Russell on clarinet, and Bobby Hackett on trumpet.

"Good!" Wein said. "That way, Hackett will get a chance to warm up his chops before he accompanies Lee Wiley."

"Now, there's a good combination," said Hentoff. "Good musicians all appreciate Lee Wiley. She's a musicians' singer. She sings from within the song."

"Put it down in the notes," Kenton said to Hentoff. "I want to be sure to tell the crowd that."

After the intermission, it was decided, they would have Dizzy Gillespie, and he would be followed by Oscar Peterson.

"You don't think Oscar will get bugged about going on second?" Hentoff asked.

Wein said no, he didn't. "Oscar is the sweetest guy," he added. "He'll do anything."

"Oscar blows fine piano," said Kenton.

An elderly lady wearing a large white picture hat and carrying a white lace parasol came into the room and knocked timidly on the back of a chair. "Pardon me, gentlemen," she said. "What time is the jazz-music lecture?"

The three men looked startled. After a brief silence, Wein stood up and bowed. "Four o'clock tomorrow afternoon," he said.

"I'll be there," the lady said.

Wein sat down heavily. "We're in!" he said. "The only thing that can make things rough now is if it should rain."

A COUPLE of hours later, I walked over to the Casino to pick up my tickets for the concerts. Wein went along with me to find out whether a bus bringing Eddie Condon and some other musicians from New York had arrived yet. The street was clogged with clamoring automobiles, and Wein looked at them affectionately. "All these people may not be able to get into any place to eat or sleep, but they're going to hear a lot of good music," he said. "This town will never be the same again. What I want is to get Doris Duke's aunt or somebody else here with a big mansion to give us their place and let us turn it into a school of modern music. Maybe we could get the Perry Belmont estate, with all those stables. We could make Newport the jazz center of the world. What Salzburg is to Mozart! What Bayreuth is to Wagner! What Tanglewood is to

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classical music! That's what we could make Newport be to jazz!"

At the Casino, we were joined by one of Wein's assistants, a young man named Charlie Bourgeois, who was wearing a T shirt, Army suntans, and sneakers. He told Wein that workmen were beginning to set up folding chairs on the grass courts out back. "They're fixing the chairs so that each blade of grass curls around each chair leg," Bourgeois said. "That's what we get for putting on a show on sacred grounds. And the head greenskeeper wants us to take the chairs off the lawns after the concert and put them up all over again tomorrow."

Wein said he would have a talk with the head greenskeeper. "There's our shell," he said proudly as we walked out onto the courts. He pointed to a crescent stage that had been built at one end. Several workmen were setting up loudspeakers on it, and others were gently placing folding chairs on the grass. "The sound is going to be good," Wein said. "The local Unitarian Church lent us the rostrum free, but that stage cost us twelve hundred dollars. The total nut of this Festival, counting the musicians' fees and transportation costs, is going to come to something like forty thousand dollars. I get scared when I think of it, but then I tell myself *maybe* we'll break even."

A young lady named Terri Turner, who was acting as Wein's production manager, came running over to him and reported breathlessly that Lee Konitz, a very-modern saxophone player, had just telephoned from New York to say that he had missed the Eddie Condon bus. Wein hit himself on the head with his fist, but then quickly pulled himself together. "Tell him to take a plane, train—anything," he said. "He can't goof off! He's got to be here!"

"Maybe he's subconsciously bugged about riding up with Dixieland musicians," Bourgeois said.

Wein looked at his wristwatch. "It's only two o'clock," he said. "Musicians are never themselves till four in the afternoon."

AS I was leaving my hotel for the Saturday-evening concert, the desk clerk handed me an engraved invitation to attend a reception and supper party for the musicians that Mr. and Mrs. Lorillard were giving at their home, Quatrel, on Bellevue Avenue, after the performance. I arrived at the Casino half an hour before the scheduled starting time of the concert and found the grounds packed with paying



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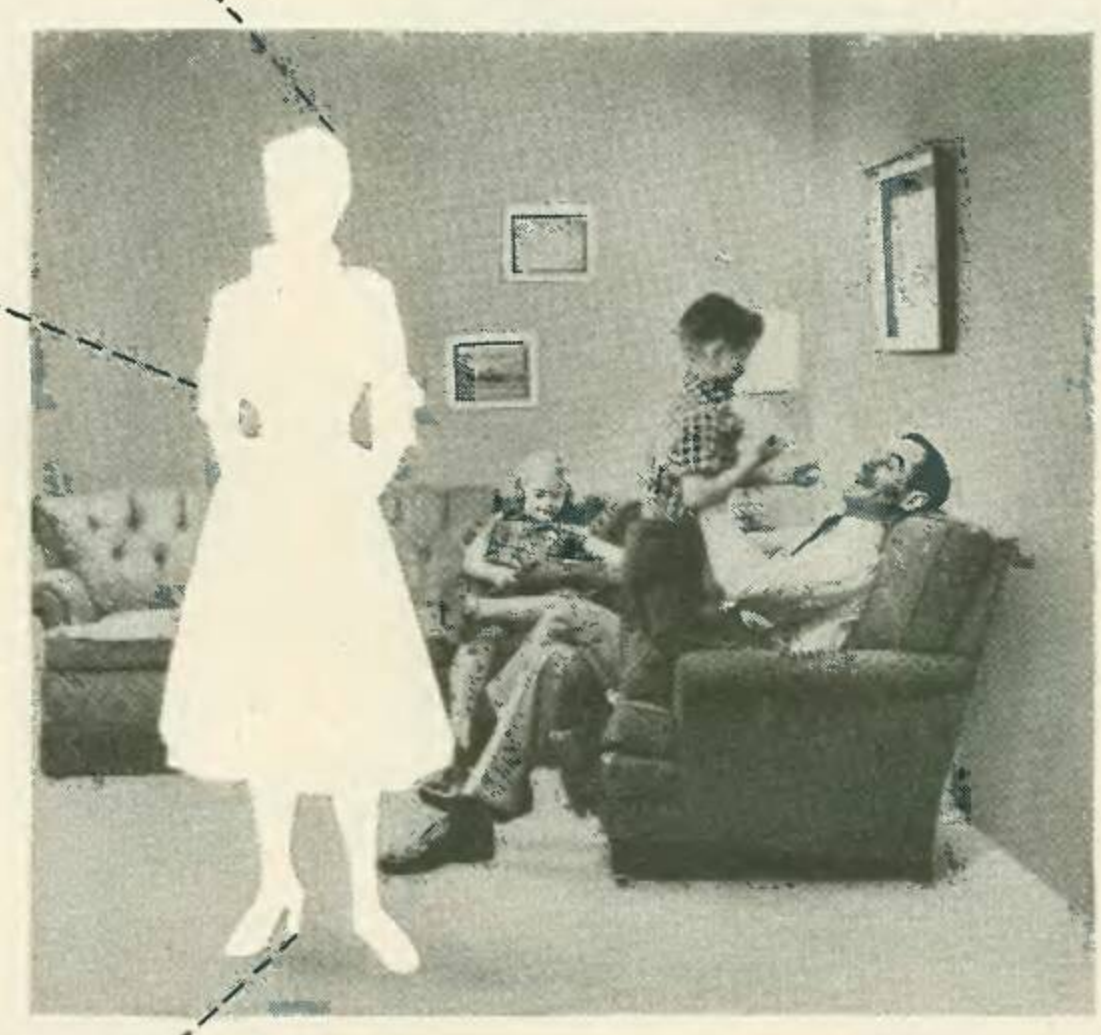


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Who will write on baseball for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED?



A SMALL number of marooned people who haven't had a chance to read anything about sports during the past decade may not respond at once to the name "Red Smith."

FOR nearly all the rest of the people, "Red Smith" goes in front of "The best sportswriter in the business" just as automatically as finnan precedes haddie.

WALTER W. "RED" SMITH will write the weekly column on baseball in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. He's almost as pleased with this as we are. He especially likes to write baseball, because, he says, "It's a meat-and-potatoes sport that goes six months a year and is a talking sport the rest of the time. It's two out and the bases are loaded and—well, you've got a situation right there. It writes itself."

IN fact, everything Red Smith writes gives the impression that it has written itself. But it's not quite so. Once, describing the ease of turning out columns, Smith said, "You just sit down at your typewriter. Then it's written with little drops of blood."

HE is a graduate of Notre Dame ('27), where Knute Rockne could not bear to watch his excruciatingly determined tryout for the mile run and asked him to go away quietly. Smith went away to the Milwaukee *Sentinel*, moved to the St. Louis *Star-Times*, and in 1936 to the Philadelphia *Record*, for which paper he spent nine years writing a daily sports column. In 1945 he joined the New York *Herald Tribune*, where he now writes his nationally-syndicated Views of Sport.

EXPLAINING, as he contends sportswriters inevitably will, his own lack of athletic prowess, he claims that in his boyhood he had two left feet. That may be, if he says so, because he is an eminently careful and trustworthy reporter.

NONETHELESS, those who would no more think of missing his column than their morning cup of coffee, know that what comes from his typewriter is turned out by an unusually capable pair of hands.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

Charter Subscription Rate $6 for 52 weekly issues. First issue out August 13th. Address: 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.

customers. Refreshment stands dispensing both hard and soft drinks had been set up on the sidelines and were doing a lively business. Backstage, musicians of all schools were milling about and pounding one another on the back.

"What, *you* here?" Jo Jones (drummer, swing) cried out to Buzzy Drootin (drummer, Dixieland).

"Hey, I hear Dizzy Gillespie's challenged Stan Kenton to a tennis match during intermission!" another musician shouted.

I came upon Wein standing off to one side of the shell, studying the people in the audience. It wasn't a typical jazz audience, he told me, and he figured that the average age was forty-five. "They look like a lot of people who know nothing about jazz," he said. "It's a social thing with them. That's the way it should be."

A man wearing a white dinner jacket and a maroon bow tie came up, introduced himself to Wein as John J. Sullivan, the Mayor of Newport, and told him apologetically, "I was asked to say a few words."

"O.K., but make it short," said Wein. "We've got a long program, and this'll get to be a beat thing."

Bourgeois, still wearing sneakers, hurried up and said that the Eddie Condon bus had just pulled in, three hours late. "Eddie really knows his timing," Wein said as he hurried off to meet the bus. The Mayor turned to me. "Not a store front in town doesn't have a Festival poster in the window," he said. "This is the greatest thing that's happened to Newport in years. I was the city treasurer two years ago, and I'm in a position to know. But we're humming now! Restaurants overcrowded! People hunting for rooms! Now maybe we'll get that new hotel we've been waiting for for thirty years. You know, I'm not the public-speaking type. We've never had a public affair like this. This will be the biggest crowd I've ever talked to. I'd better study my speech." He took a couple of typewritten pages from his pocket and read softly to himself, "Distinguished jazz lovers: Today jazz is known throughout the world . . ."

A few minutes later, Wein returned and said that over seven thousand people were on hand—four thousand more than anybody had even hoped for—and that Casino workmen were trying to scare up extra chairs for them. Mayor Sullivan gallantly commissioned some of his policemen and firemen to pitch in and help. Wein passed the back of his hand over his brow. "The greenskeeper gave us a special dispensation to

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leave the chairs on the lawn all night, thank God," he said.

Only half an hour late, the festivities were opened by the Mayor, who spoke rather lengthily on the importance of jazz to our national culture and to Newport's economy. Next came a Boston disc jockey named John McLellan, who said briskly that never before in history had so many of the major artists in jazz been assembled for a series of concerts. As I joined the audience, McLellan announced that there could be "no more appropriate narrator for the first important jazz festival to be held in the United States than the man who has based his life on his belief in jazz—Stan Kenton." The occupants of the hundred-dollar boxes—all of them looking radiant in formal dress—gave Kenton a big hand. The Lorillards looked unbelieving.

"Perle Mesta is here," Mrs. Lorillard said in a tremulous whisper as I stopped by for a moment.

"Count and Countess Reventlow are in somebody's box," Mr. Lorillard said. "They don't even *like* jazz."

"How nice of Perle Mesta to come!" Mrs. Lorillard said. "And our senator—Theodore Francis Green." She indicated an elegant, white-haired old fellow, who waved to her and called out, "Magnificent undertaking! Bold enterprise!"

Mr. Lorillard cleared his throat nervously and said out of the corner of his mouth, "Here we go."

Onstage, Kenton, looking distinguished and silvery-haired under the stage lights, was saying that the earliest form of jazz was the music that grew out of the spirituals, the work songs, the field hollers, and the blues of the American Negro, and that a new kind of music had been born in the South, especially in New Orleans, where it had been played by brass bands in parades and funeral processions. The music had moved out of New Orleans, Kenton went on earnestly, to St. Louis and then to Chicago, and musicians of all races and backgrounds had been influenced by it. It was a free music, a music that called for self-expression and allowed the closest possible communion with other musicians. "This New Orleans jazz came to be called Dixieland in the form in which it was taken up by young men in Chicago and throughout the Midwest and Southwest," Kenton said. "These men kept the small band that was characteristic of New Orleans jazz. They kept the free interplay of melodic voices—a kind of counterpoint, several melodies playing at once—they kept the

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Who will write on boxing for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED?



"I don't like violence, but no one can help seeing it," Budd Schulberg wrote us recently. "I like boxing because boxing is controlled violence. I've always liked to be around fighters. With almost no exceptions they are naturally gentle people. They get it out of their systems in the ring. That's why I think boxing may be good for kids and for people who watch it. There's violence deep down in people that probably has to get out some way, and the ring is a good place to do this!"

SCHULBERG grew up in Hollywood, where his father was a motion picture producer. As a youngster, he was a regular visitor at the Main Street gym in Los Angeles, watching boxers and their handlers—and talking to them.

AFTER Dartmouth ('36), he was a reader, writer, and "utility infielder" in Hollywood. His first novel, "What Makes Sammy Run," came out of his motion picture background.

HE wrote his second novel, "The Harder They Fall," upon his return from service with the Navy and the OSS. A sharp-edged surgical job on one phase of boxing, it came, not from the center of the ring, but from Schulberg's knowledge of the offices, the gyms, and the dressing rooms.

BOXING is in Schulberg's life. He has owned a fighter. He sparred with him long enough to learn why his fighter fought and why he (Schulberg) earned his living writing. "It was a one-minute decision, ending with a bloody nose, a cut lip, and my permanent retirement from the ring to a seat in the stands."

SCHULBERG respects fighters and they respect him, even if the big "Hiya, Budd! How ah ya! Hey, Budd! Wanna see ya"—isn't always the rosewater and honey it sounds.

BUT, like him or not, the people in the fight game know Schulberg knows the fight game and tells the story as he knows it. He will be telling it regularly in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

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beat, the regular pulsation that was the rhythmic identification of jazz. And I would like to introduce to you some of the men who are happy experts in this idiom . . . to illustrate for you the free-wheeling pleasures to be found in the extrovertish land of Dixieland."

A couple of elderly, powdered ladies near me laughed softly. "Isn't he charming?" one of them said.

Her companion agreed. "I wonder if he knows Meyer Davis," she said.

Kenton introduced the Dixieland group, called them "fiercely independent artists," and said that one of the most remarkable figures in the history of jazz would lead them. "The Sir Thomas Beecham of jazz—Eddie Condon!" Kenton said.

Condon—diminutive, hollow-cheeked, and sallow—took a bow and turned to his musicians. He raised his arms, and then, as he let them fall, at 9:05 P.M., the first chord was finally struck. All at once, bass, piano, clarinet, trombone, trumpet, and drums pierced the quiet that had suddenly descended, and a tremor went through the crowd. The musicians were playing a standard Dixieland number called "Muscat Ramble." Condon picked up his guitar and joined in with the others. The audience leaned forward expectantly.

As the evening progressed, the audience seemed to approve of everything that was played and everybody who played it. A full yellow moon rose opposite the shell, and the musicians squinted uneasily at it. The intermission was cancelled, and Kenton, with his listeners vigilantly attentive, plowed straight ahead through Dixieland and swing into an introduction to the latest in jazz styles—"the product," he said, "of the most recent experiments, of the attempts that have been constant throughout the history of jazz to extend the range and the communicative powers of jazz and of each instrument as well." He then presented the Milt Jackson Quartet (drums, bass, piano, and vibraphone) as "an example of modern-jazz chamber music." The four musicians, looking young, intense, and intellectual, played a few numbers, and the audience listened solemnly to their subtly swinging beat, characterized by off-beats and cross-rhythms. After that, introduced by Kenton as a man who has "a knowledge of the roots of jazz and the whole history of the form that is as complete as anyone's" and as "one of the great figures in the evolution of jazz," Dizzy Gillespie came bouncing onstage, trailed by four plaid-coated musicians. A murmur went



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through the audience. Gillespie, wearing a wrinkled brown suit and the ever present tuft of hair on his chin, held a trumpet in his hand. The bell of the trumpet had been bent up at an angle—"so I can hear myself play," he explained to the audience. Then he gravely introduced the members of his unit to each other, as if they had never met before. The two powdered ladies exchanged glances. "He *is* an amusing gentleman," one of them said.

Wein came scurrying over to me. "I goofed off and lost my own speech," he said hoarsely. "I'm looking for Hentoff to write me another one."

A *Down Beat* photographer, who was sitting nearby, told Wein where to find Hentoff, and then said, "Is Dizzy bugged or something? He's so subdued."

"I don't imagine Dizzy ever played Newport before," Wein replied. "He'll get more like himself with time."

Gillespie put down his trumpet and, taking a small camera from the pocket of his jacket, started photographing his musicians.

"Dizzy blows fine camera," the photographer said.

Bourgeois waved to Wein from the sidelines, and called out that Lee Konitz, the man who had missed the bus, had turned up, just in time to go on.

When the Oscar Peterson Trio came on (Peterson, piano; Ray Brown, bass; Herb Ellis, guitar) and started playing modern jazz in the direct, hot tradition, the audience let itself go with abandoned gaiety. Then Gerry Mulligan, a baritone saxophonist with a freckled boyish face and a forward-jutting crew cut, led a quartet playing complex modern style again.

"First one, then the other—one, then the other," a man behind me said. "I'm exhausted. And the only room I can get tonight is up somewhere on Cape Cod."

Ella Fitzgerald, whom Kenton introduced as a "vocal genius," came on next, and then Wein took the stage to read a short speech about the now hopeful future of an annual American Jazz Festival in Newport. The concert wound up with a twenty-minute jam session conducted with Toscanini-like motions by Eddie Condon (assisted by Gerry Mulligan, in charge of riffs), in which all the musicians—Dixieland, swing, modern, and very modern (including Stan Kenton at the piano)—seemed to find a common beat, and blew.

On my way out, I ran into Mayor Sullivan, who was beaming at the crowd. He nodded happily to me. "Saviors of Newport," he said.

Senator Green was pumping Mr.

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Lorillard's hand. "Enthusiastic congratulations!" he said. "Magnificent success! Bold, bold enterprise!"

THE Lorillards' party was going strong when, shortly after one-thirty, I drove up to their eighty-five-year-old, French-style, ocean-front mansion. Most of the musicians were there, along with most of the box-holders, and all were helping each other to large servings of scrambled eggs, sausages, hot rolls, and champagne. The Lorillards stood at the entrance, feverishly shaking hands with the guests. Cleveland Amory congratulated the host and hostess. "Tonight Newport went back to its beginning," he said. "Back to the time when it hummed with artists, writers, schoolteachers, ministers, and freedom."

A scholarly-looking young man in the doorway said, "Jazz has made the grade—from Storyville to Newport in fifty years."

The Lorillards thanked everybody and looked happy.

Mrs. Amory was saying to Wild Bill Davison, "My husband used to play the trumpet. How do you get that sound?"

"All you got to do is feel good," Davison told her.

In a corner, a tall woman, dressed in a flowered chiffon gown and wearing a jewelled comb in her hair, was explaining to Percy Heath (bass, modern) and Peanuts Hucko (clarinet, Dixieland) that in the old, lush days in Newport, when every house had a large staff of liveried servants, the wives of the multimillionaires used to plan entertainments on a competitive basis. "A favorite trick was to let a hostess go ahead and announce her party, and then a stronger rival would announce a party for the same night," she said. "There was one attempt to give a rival party tonight, but I've heard it was a dismal failure. As a matter of fact, the entire rival party, including the hostess, decided to come *here*." Heath and Hucko nodded sympathetically.

Another woman joined the group and said in a strong British accent, "There may be a small amount of local criticism from some stick-in-the-muds, but I've seen exactly the same attitude at the Edinburgh Festival. Some people in Edinburgh shut up their houses and take to the rocks for the whole three weeks, groaning about 'the mob.' But the Edinburgh Festival is a huge success, and the Newport Festival is a duplicate."

"You bet," said Peanuts Hucko.

"I understand they're saving the best for tomorrow night—Gene Krupa,"



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Who will write on **tennis** for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED?



BILL Talbert, the tennis writer for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, is the captain of the United States Davis Cup team. For 12 years in a row (1941-1952) he was among the first 10 players in the national rankings. In 1946 he and Gardnar Mulloy permanently retired the national doubles cup, which had been in competition since 1923. In 1950 he incidentally ranked both 1st and 2nd in doubles (1st with Trabert, 2nd with Mulloy).

HE did not take up tennis until he was 14, when the diabetes which hit him four years earlier was finally under control. Two months later he was in the quarter finals of the Boys' Nationals.

AS Davis Cup captain in tennis-mad Australia last winter, he handled one of the toughest public relations jobs in the world. (He also played in the doubles, one of the two matches the U. S. team won.) When he left, the Down Under newspapermen, who, it has been said, write with hatchets instead of typewriters, gave him a silver tray—for co-operation.

NOW Talbert himself is a member of the press. When we saw his first copy, we were plain delighted to find that he could write about tennis as well as he can play it, which many say is just about as well as it can be played. He writes with a love of the game he knows from the bottom to the very top.

TO play tennis, Talbert has traveled more than 600,000 miles, or roughly to the moon and back and on the way to the moon again. He has played it almost wherever it is played, and tennis is the most international of games. Just about now he is in the Eastern Lawn Tennis championships at Orange, New Jersey.

SOMETIMES it looks as if he's determined to be the "grand old man of tennis" at the stripling age of 35. And Bill Talbert will soon be telling you all about it in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

Charter Subscription Rate $6 for 52 weekly issues. First issue out August 13th. Address: 540 North Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Illinois.

the woman went on. "I'm a grandmother and about to become a great-grandmother, but I don't mind saying it's always been my ambition to play the drums."

"You bet," said Peanuts Hucko.

Nearby, Pee Wee Russell was being presented by Mrs. Taylor Chewning, a vivacious, deeply tanned woman with long blond hair, to another guest—the Argentine Ambassador, Hipolito J. Paz. "I've been told that Mr. Russell has played with the greatest jazz musicians," Mrs. Chewning said. "He played with Mr. Bix Beiderbecke."

Russell and the Ambassador shook hands.

"Chum, I don't boast, you know," Russell said, with a self-deprecating gesture. "But a couple of times tonight I played all right."

"Superb," said the Ambassador.

In another corner, Eddie Condon (guitar, Dixieland) was carrying on a friendly conversation with Gerry Mulligan (baritone saxophone, very modern). Between them stood Professor Stearns, the organizer of the forum. "Never thought I'd see the day come when you two would be playing together," Stearns said.

"Well, I'm not exactly hysterical about kids playing saxophones bigger than they are," said Condon.

"Anybody who still chooses to play a four-stringed instrument is practically prehistoric," said Mulligan.

"We're all one big happy family," said Stearns.

James H. Van Alen, president of the Casino, came up and announced that he was something of a songwriter himself. He produced a piece of sheet music entitled "Good Evening, Mr. President," and handed it to Condon. Below the title was the inscription, "Respectfully Dedicated to Dwight D. Eisenhower. Words and Music by J. H. Van Alen (Rhode Island)."

"It was played at the inaugural ball," Mr. Van Alen said.

Condon started reading the words of the song aloud:

"Believe us, Mr. President,
We're glad it's you, not we,
Who have got the job of keeping
Our great country safe and free . . ."

Condon looked up from the music. "What did you say you played there at the Casino?" he asked.

"Tennis," said Mr. Van Alen.

Condon shook his head sadly. "After what they heard at the Casino tonight, tennis will never be played there again," he said.

"You fellows certainly had the crowd giving our lawn a workout," Mr.

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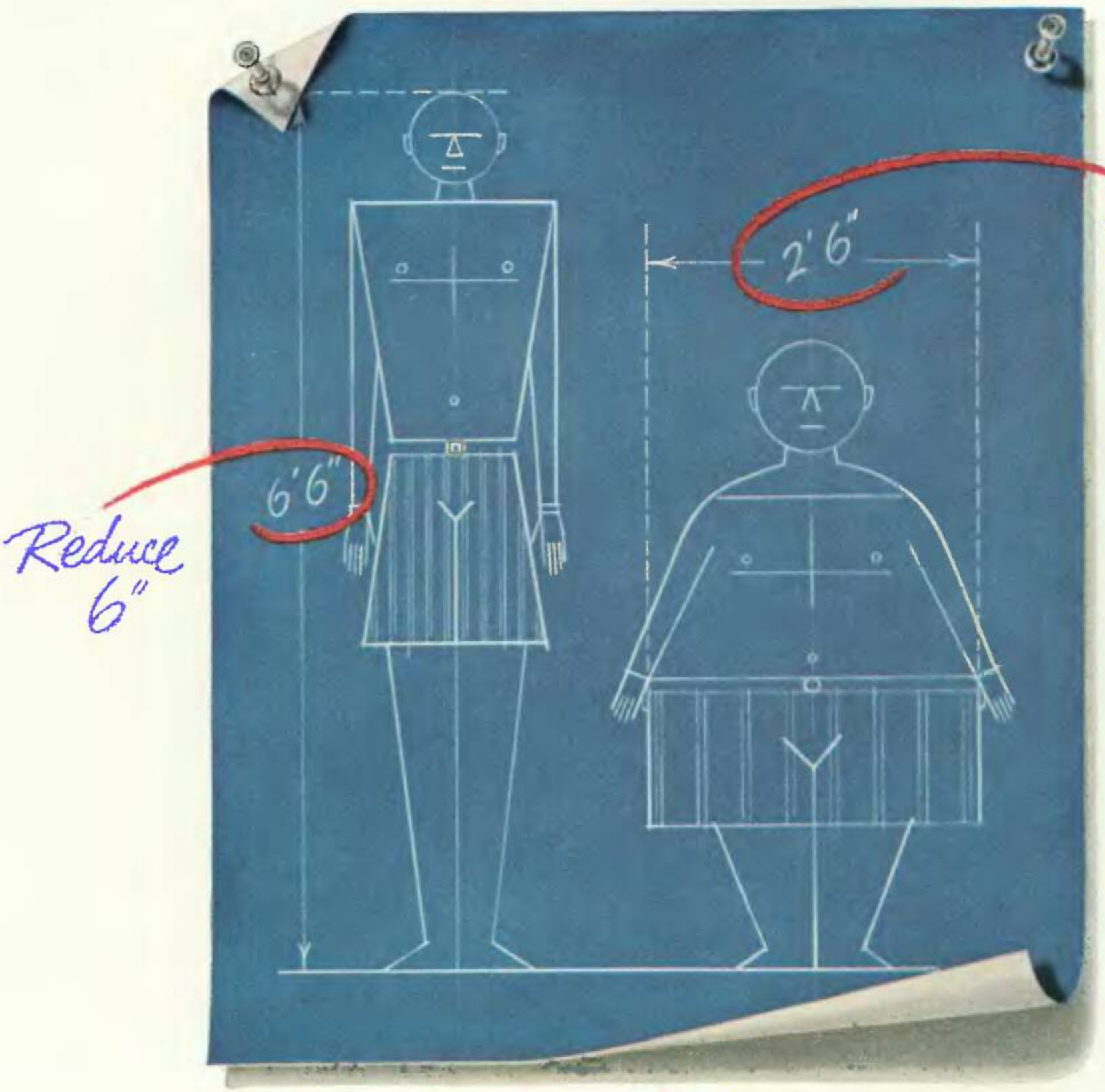
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Van Alen said. "All that steady, undulating motion."

In another part of the room, a trombone player was conversing with a group of Newporters. "Europe from now on is just like Des Moines, Iowa," he told them. "They really go for jazz over there. And Australia is opening up. Ella Fitzgerald is going out on a seven-day tour, and Gene Krupa for fourteen."

One of the Newporters said that it was the first time he had heard Miss Fitzgerald, but that he believed he had once heard Krupa play.

"Gene's been around for a long time," the trombone player said. "He's still plenty big. After all these years."

Wein joined the group, his energy and enthusiasm undiminished. "Wait till tomorrow," he said. "We'll have Billie Holiday. One of the greatest. Billie is a real queen!"

"Prez will be here," the trombone man said to Wein. "Billie doesn't talk to Prez. Prez," he went on for the information of the Newporters, "is Lester Young. He's president of all the saxophone players, and that's why we call him Prez. Prez and Billie are bugged with each other. They haven't spoken for five years."

"Oh, do try to get them to make up," a lady in the group said.

THE next day, at the Lorillards' invitation, I stopped in at their cabaña at the clubhouse of the Spouting Rock Beach Association, at Bailey's Beach. Mr. and Mrs. Amory were there.

"Got to bed at seven A.M.," Mr. Lorillard was saying. "Used up thirty dozen eggs. Five cases of champagne. What a ball!"

Amory said, "I asked Wild Bill Davison to go swimming, but he says he never takes off his clothes on Sunday. I didn't ask him why."

At the cabaña next door, Mrs. James Banks, a gentle-looking, gray-haired woman who was wearing a long-sleeved print dress, turned around and said, "It was a lovely party. I got to bed at five this morning."

"Thank you, Mrs. Banks," said Mr. Lorillard.

THAT afternoon, the forum on "The Place of Jazz in American Culture" was conducted by a panel consisting of Dr. Alan Merriam, instructor of anthropology at Northwestern University; Professor Willis James, of the Music Department of Spelman College, in Atlanta; Henry Cowell, composer and professor of music at Peabody In-

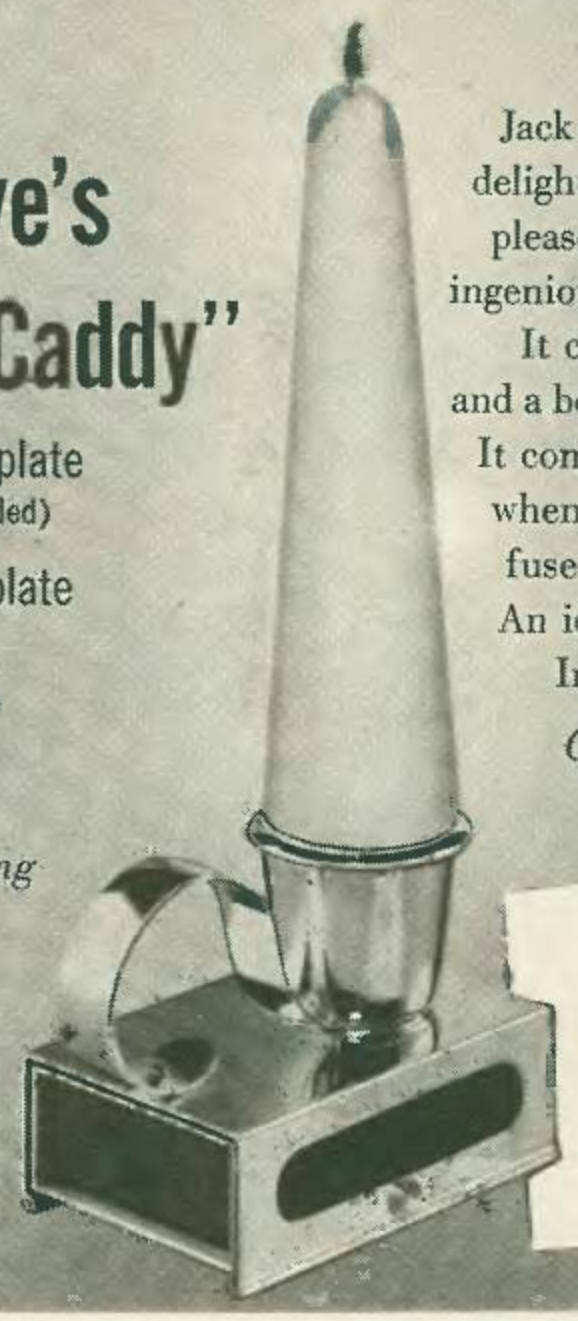
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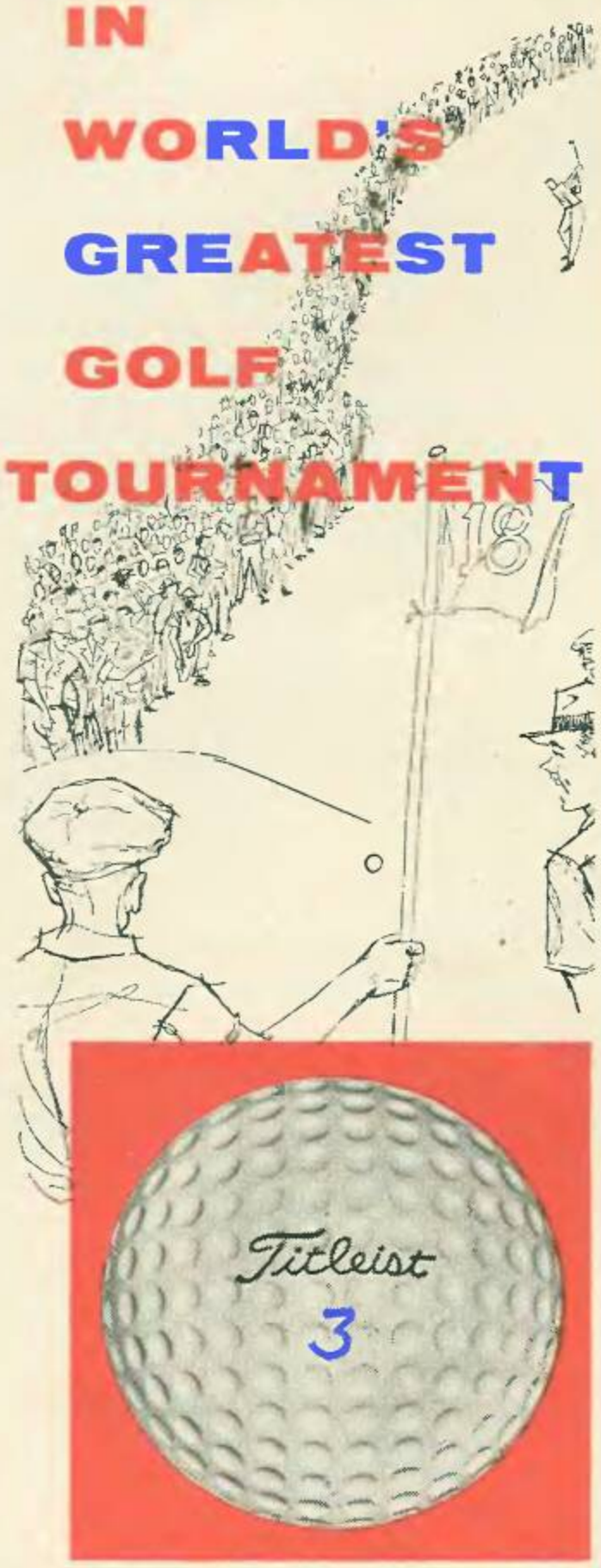
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stitute; and Professor Stearns. As moderator, Father O'Conner called his colleagues together for a brief meeting just before the forum began to tell them that he didn't think the audience wanted to hear a lot of boring talk. "We don't want to sound like a bunch of longhairs," said the Jazz Priest.

The members of the panel agreed. "I'm supposed to talk about the influence of jazz on classical music, whatever that means," Cowell said.

"You can tie that up in five minutes," Father O'Conner told him.

"I slept in the most fantastic place last night," Cowell said. "It was a very old mansion owned by Mrs. Peyton Van Rensselaer. I had a door opening out from my second-floor bedroom into nothing. Space."

"I slept in the same house," Stearns said. "My closet had a staircase in it."

"People don't want to hear serious jabber," Cowell said. "Let's try to stir up questions among ourselves. Even arguments."

"Anything goes," Father O'Conner said. "It has to. Why, a couple of the musicians came up to greet me this morning and said, 'Hi, Dad!' "

AT the forum, I took a seat next to Maxim Karolik, a Bostonian and patron of the arts who has spent his last twenty-five summers in Newport and who with his late wife donated the M. and M. Karolik Collections of Eighteenth and Nineteenth Century Furniture and Painting to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. He was sitting with Gerry Mulligan.

"Jazz is no longer only for cabarets," Karolik said. "No question about it."

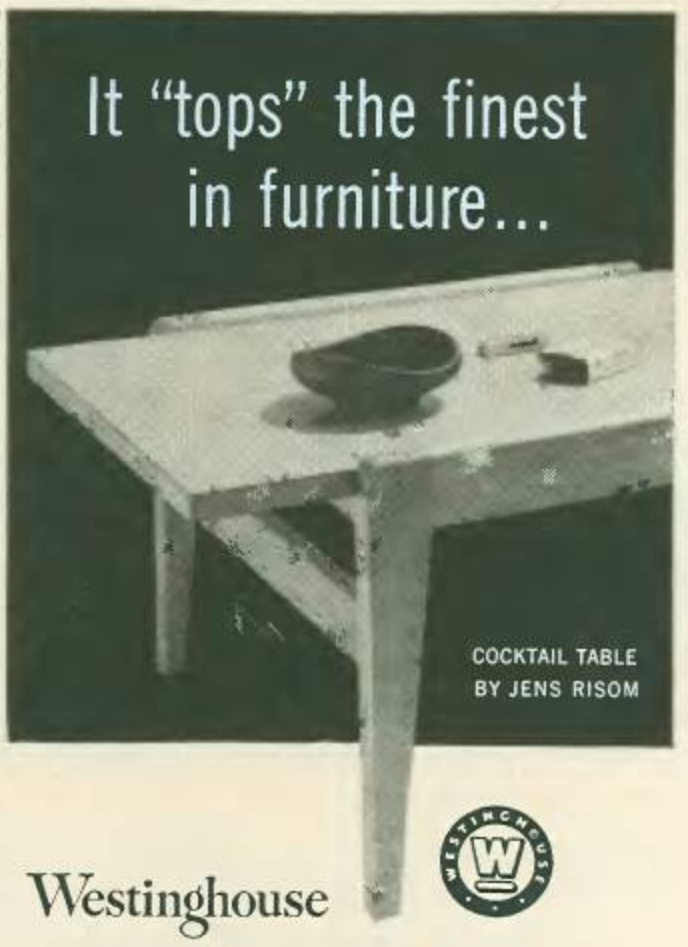
"You dig it, sir?" Mulligan asked.

"It's something to ponder," said Karolik. "Rachmaninoff spoke about it. It is an established fact. Jazz is America's contribution to music."

The forum started with a brief talk by Dr. Merriam on the relation of African music to jazz; there was no direct connection between the two, he said, but there had been a certain amount of blending. Then Professor James gave examples of field hollers and street cries that became the basis of the blues. He was followed by Professor Stearns, who defined jazz as the blending of African and European music in the United States over a period of three hundred years. "Jazz leads from rigidity toward mobility," he said. "It is anti-Puritan and inimical to all regimentation. It may be in the groove, but you can hop in and out of it."

Cowell said that, as a classical composer, he envied jazz musicians who

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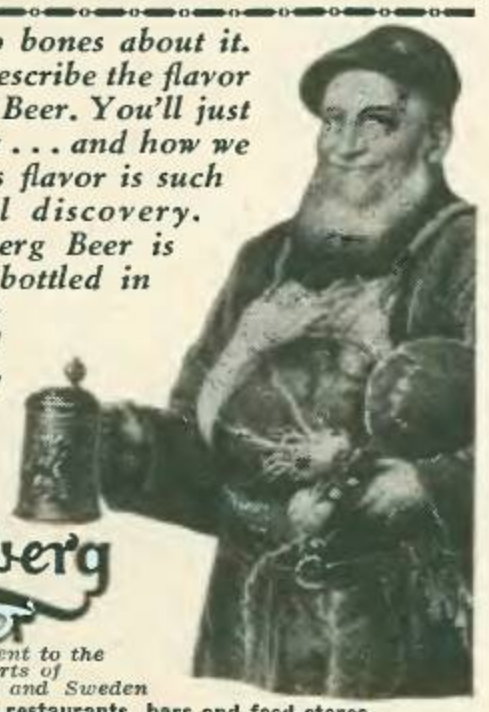


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didn't know how to read notes. "Jazz musicians are free, and they have it all over us," he said.

Karolik whispered, "No question about it. This Festival is the strongest vitamin Newport ever had."

IT rained heavily for a solid hour before the second concert. It was still raining intermittently when the concert began, but six thousand people sat sturdily in the audience, raincoats pulled up over their heads, and stared patiently at the stage. They were not disappointed. Again McLellan introduced Kenton. Again Kenton gave a brief lecture before calling on the musicians. Again the musicians were of various schools and of various degrees of temperature. Billie Holiday sang, "Love will make you drink and gamble . . . stay out all night long . . ." while Buck Clayton played a mournful obbligato on the trumpet. Teddy Wilson, introduced by Kenton as one of the first of the "cool" musicians, meaning musicians whose emotions are controlled and ordered, played, and so did George Shearing (modified cool), Ruby Braff (neither cool nor non-cool, but himself), Lennie Tristano (ultra-cool), Lee Konitz (ultra-cool), Jo Jones (swing), Milt Hinton (swing), Lester Young (prez of cool, non-cool, swing, and modern), Gil Mellé (ultra-ultra-cool), Gene Krupa (immortal) . . .

After the final number, Tony Corey, the head greenskeeper at the Casino, waited until most of the audience had left, and then signalled for the removal of the folding chairs from his lawn. He said he would soak his grass with water continuously for three days. "Got to keep the alcohol from eating away at it," he explained. "I'll take it slow and bring it back gradually. We've done a lot of suffering, but I guess it was worth it." —LILLIAN ROSS

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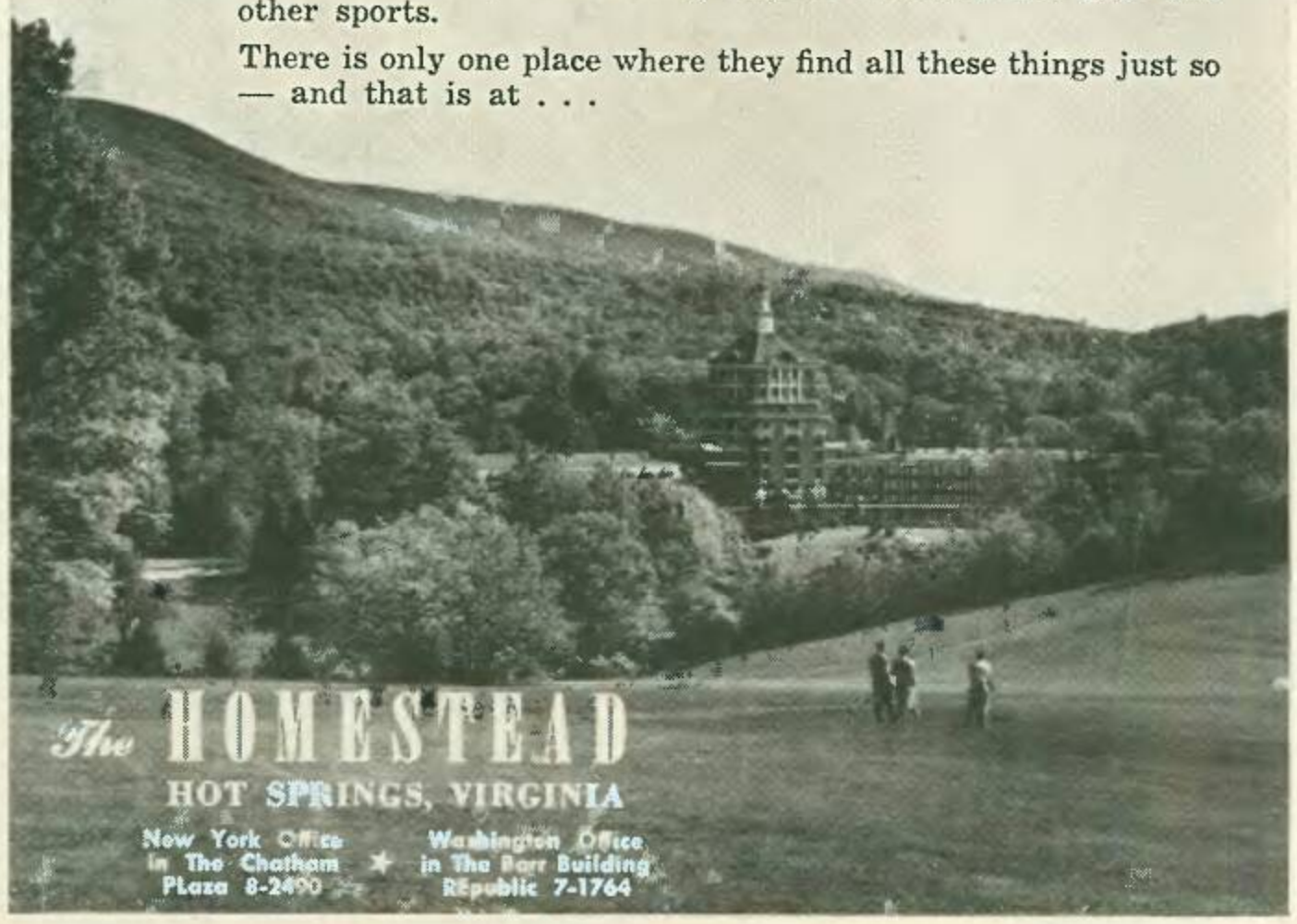
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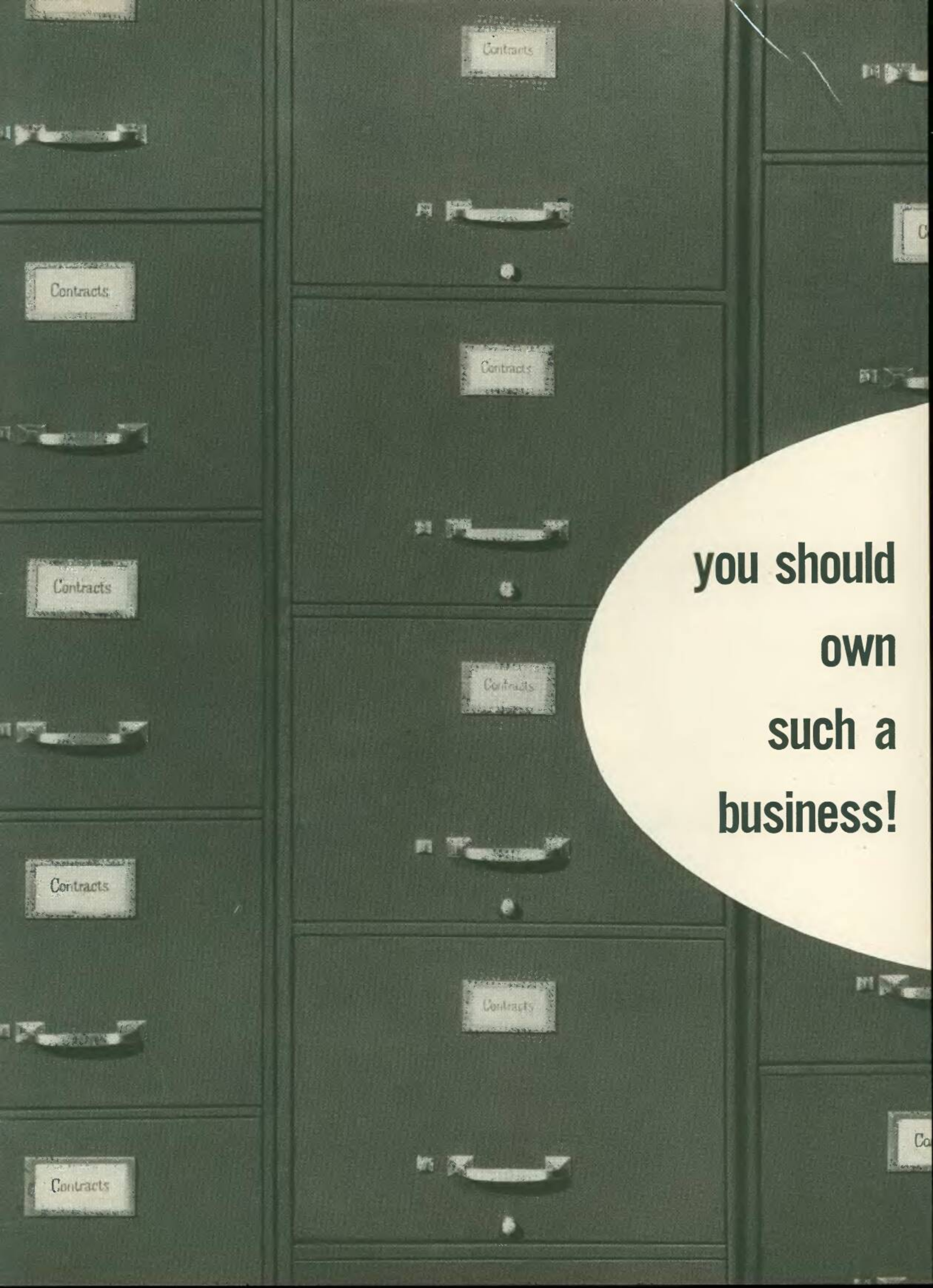
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DOWN at John O'Reilly's country place, the donkeys seem to be pretty well satisfied with the state of affairs. The dogs don't even come close to catching the frogs which kerplunk into the pond—but they keep trying. Chadwick the Bird leads a gay life in the living room. Bill the Raccoon spends most of his time sleeping high up in his tree, but when O'Reilly knocks firmly on the trunk, Bill does peer sociably over the side and acknowledge the greeting.

ALL this is just about the way John "Tex" O'Reilly likes to have it.

FOR SPORTS ILLUSTRATED he will write of cabbages and kingfishers, of mice, and sometimes, men. He has been looking hard at the natural world ever since as a little boy he went hunting for musk turtle eggs in accordance with instructions by Dr. Ditmars in *The Reptile Book*—and found them in five minutes. The odds against this are ponderous, to say the least, but O'Reilly, flora, and fauna have been getting on like that ever since.

THE sequel is that when he grew up, he went hunting for the deadly bushmaster in the jungles of Panama *with* Dr. Ditmars—and they didn't find one. Just a red-eyed frog.

NOT that O'Reilly is sentimental about any of this. He can regard some outcroppings of nature with unmixed distaste. There was the camel he rode while covering the Free French campaign in the Sahara; the leopard that chased him into a ladies' dressing room; the kangaroo that kicked him flat on his back in a steamship cabin.

PEOPLE have been seeing wildlife and nature through John O'Reilly's eyes for many years in the *New York Herald Tribune* and leading national magazines. During the war he sort of got shanghaied into the Italian and Normandy landings, and ended up as bureau chief in Paris. But he's back on the straight and narrow now, passing the time of day with muskrats, praying mantises, and swamp oaks.

HE will be writing regularly about all these things in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED.

SPORTS

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

All Alone



A TALL, gaunt, and dedicated man who taught at a school I once attended used to try to galvanize a pack of apathetic adolescents, including me, into an appreciation of the English language by reading them long expository passages from "Robinson Crusoe." His readings left him pretty limp, and his auditors even limper. Through the years, the memory of this teacher's tortured and futile struggles to set young blood aboiling with Defoe has blocked any desire on my part to curl up with Robinson and Friday. But last week I finally faced up to the lads with the help of a movie version entitled "Adventures of Robinson Crusoe," and now I'm not so sure that my coevals and I were entirely wrong in regarding the footprint and all that business as just a trifle stately. The film, which was made in Mexico, under the direction of Luis Buñuel, adheres strictly to Defoe's point—how one man gets by when he is isolated on an island for a couple of decades. Defoe, you'll recall, based his book upon the adventures of Alexander Selkirk, who had the sort of inspirational effect on the early part of the eighteenth century that Lindbergh and his flight had on the early part of the twentieth. Inspiration, I guess, could be induced more quietly two centuries ago, and, alas, there's the rub, as far as the film account of Robinson Crusoe goes. For most of its length, the picture deals with just one character, and incidental livestock, and while I have considerable admiration for Dan O'Herlihy, the Robinson of this piece, I must say that he has been given an impossible task here. (A one-man show on celluloid requires some special bolstering, and this one didn't get it.) Actually, what Mr. O'Herlihy has to demonstrate is the difficulty an English gentleman would have trying to cope with such basic problems as getting food and shelter on a lonely island. The endeavor is obviously intricate, and important to the gentleman concerned, but as entertainment it does somehow tend to pall, more or less after the fashion of a long discussion of building improvements in Westchester. Eventually, to relieve Mr. O'Herlihy of the burden of supporting

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the picture all by himself, Friday turns up, in the person of James Fernandez, but he's not too much of a help, since he behaves like a fugitive from a Tom show. This one, I suppose, could be recommended to hermits, although I'm afraid that screenings would be hard to arrange for the root-and-berry set.

IT'S hard to believe that a man of my age, weight, and beauty could have stayed with "Magnificent Obsession" as long as I did. (I must have been conscious for over an hour at the thing.) However that may be, though, this particular bonbon, based on one of the innumerable works of the late Lloyd C. Douglas, all of which have run to editions of a billion or so, has to do with an ill-starred rich boy who, after cracking up a speedboat and damned near dying, decides to toss his money around like confetti. Does this bring him happiness? Don't be silly. But when he puts the loot to good purpose, the boy really gets into a fine spiritual groove. Although he doesn't seem to be the brightest fellow in the world, there are really no flies on our hero mentally, and at length he becomes a brain surgeon as sure with a scalpel as a shad boner in Fulton Fish Market. Sawing away on his sweetheart's head—I believe he is trying to clear up a slight case of astigmatism—the man knows real peace of mind. It's movies such as this that prevent me from feeling likewise. Rock Hudson is the magnificently obsessed in the affair, and Jane Wyman is the lady he saws.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

They were ready for refreshments at a children's neighborhood party.

"Strawberry soda, please," a little boy requested.

"I'll take peach ice cream if you have it," said little Mary.

A 3-year-old thought a minute and then ordered solemnly, "Make mine Ranier Pale Extra Dry."

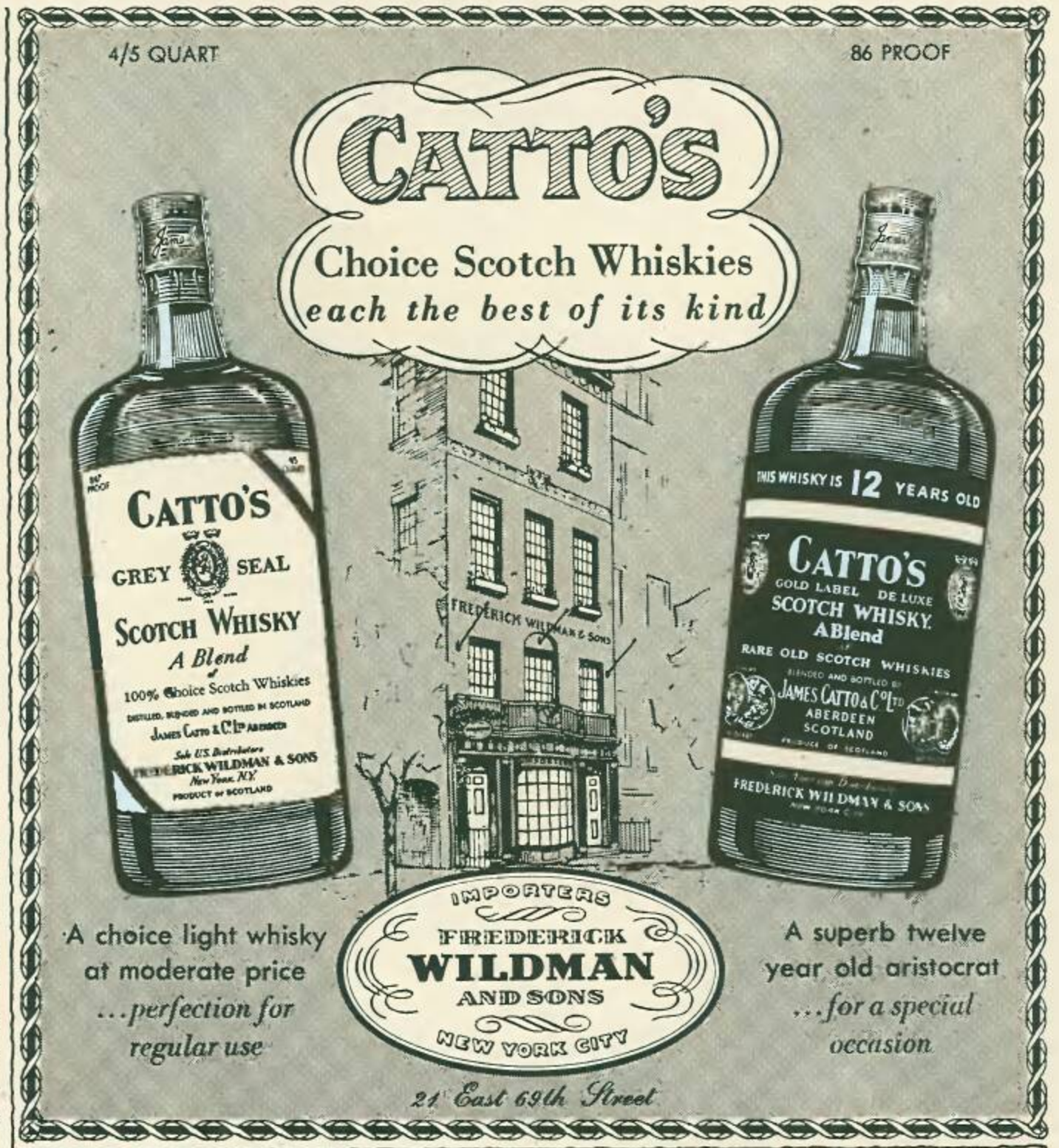
Can one doubt that the family exists in a different setting from that of even ten years ago?—*From "The Family Fun Book," by Helen and Larry Eisenberg.*

No, but did he get the beer?

•

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE



THE Raytheon Manufacturing Company, of Waltham, Massachusetts, which for years has been turning out high-frequency physiotherapy appliances, as well as electronic equipment, much of it for the Army and Navy, recently introduced here, with something of a flourish, the first portable electrostatic air cleaner on the market. It is called the Micronaire and is intended primarily for the relief of people afflicted with allergies to airborne particles. (It mustn't be confused with an air-conditioner, which also cleans air, to a certain degree, but whose chief function is to cool it.) When I watched the Micronaire being put through its paces, the rich, full hay-fever season was not yet upon us, so I can't testify whether the mechanism will bring the untold relief to people suffering from this and kindred miseries that Raytheon predicts it will. However, even if I had had at hand a victim to experiment on (and I have offered up many a stranger sacrifice in the course of investigations for these columns), I hardly think I would have been brash enough to pass judgment on therapeutic matters, which are not only outside the scope of this department but far over my head. What I propose to do, then, is simply report on the phenomenal job of air cleaning I saw the Micronaire accomplish, and let the fellow with the allergy determine for himself whether the device makes him feel better.

To begin with, I had better point out that the principles involved in the Micronaire are not new. It's safe to say that at one time or another most New Yorkers have enjoyed the benefits of Raytheon's electrostatic air cleaning, for the system has been filtering away for years in such places as Madison Square Garden (without it, the audiences would probably be suffocated by cigar smoke), the New York Stock Exchange, and Macy, as well as in the laboratories of several large pharmaceutical companies, where it is necessary to maintain a sterile atmosphere. What's new is the application of the principles employed in these commercial installations to a compact, room-size unit that costs only about $230. In appearance, the Micronaire is very like one of those upright water coolers found in a great many offices and public places. It is fifteen inches wide, fifteen inches from front to back, and thirty inches high, and stands on large casters, which make its sixty-five pounds easy to roll about. The mechanism is surprisingly simple. A small motor-driven fan, situated near the top of the machine, under a grille, sucks air up through the bottom and past two sets of electrified metal plates, the lower charged positively and the upper negatively. When the air passes the lower plates, the foreign particles in it—pollen, dust, and the like—are given a positive charge, and when they reach the negatively charged upper plates, they stick to them, caught by an electrostatic charge that any school child who has survived Physics 1 could explain. While the claim that at least ninety-nine per cent of all impurities in the air are trapped here is, you understand, Raytheon's, not mine, I can certify that an awful lot of *something* gets caught on the upper plates, as can be plainly seen when they are lifted out to be washed. (This should be done every two weeks or so, but the plates come out in one piece, and it's a simple matter to run them under the shower.) The Raytheon people, undaunted by their inability to produce a cloud of ragweed pollen at their demonstration, threw a handful of pellets on a hot plate in the room where the Micronaire was being displayed, and set up a regular Grand Banks fog of the sort of smoke that puffs out of the stacks of Lionel trains. You could see the smoke being sucked up by the fan but not the slightest wisp coming out through the top, and when the plates were removed for washing, there was plenty of mess stuck to them. Of course, Raytheon puts on these jolly spectaculars only for the benefit of lay observers like me, who couldn't read a pollen count if I



"It came to me in a dream one night."

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saw one. I am told that in the company's laboratories, where less showy but much more searching tests are conducted, the Micronaire has been run for an hour in a roomful of air laden with all the pollen it would hold, and has cleared it of 99.2 per cent of the offensive particles—or, as the technicians pompously call them, extrinsic inhalant allergens.

Raytheon admits that in order to clean the air of a room completely, the windows should be closed, but nobody in his right mind is likely to be happy behind closed windows in August in this climate, so the manufacturers are the first to suggest letting in some fresh air, even at the risk of raising the allergen count. They point out that the air doesn't have to be absolutely sterile to make life comfortable for allergy sufferers. If a window is to be left open, the important thing is to place the Micronaire between it and the patient, and, if a strong breeze begins blowing in through it, to close it and open a window with another exposure.

Micronaire works on alternating current and uses forty watts. It probably won't get into the ordinary housefurnishings stores, but it is sold by leading X-ray and physiotherapy houses throughout the country. Here in New York, it is sold by the reliable old firm of J. Beeber, at 838 Broadway (13th), where it costs $229. After all this solemn therapeutic buildup, I hesitate to suggest that the Micronaire would make a really unbeatable home filter for heavy smokers, but I'm sure there must be housewives who feel it would be worth $229 to get their smoke-filled rooms cleared up.

I CAN think of no more striking example of the unpredictable in housefurnishing fashions than the current modish enthusiasm for the bathroom fixtures—washstands, bowls, faucets, and so on—that adorned the homes of well-heeled citizens along toward the end of the last century. Now that our modern plumbing has reached the very pinnacle of marshmallow-peppermint perfection, I had thought that the American householder would ask for nothing grander than those mauve and pink and green monuments to the highest of all possible standards of living, but this, it seems, is by no means the case. There is a lively demand among people who can afford it for luxurious bathroom equipment of a type that up to this time only people of venerable years had ever laid eyes on.

In view of this development, it is not surprising that Charles McCarthy, the antiquarian-hardware merchant at 42



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East 57th Street, has added to his collection of old locks, bolts, handles, and the like, salvaged from demolished New York mansions, an array of washstands, basins, and spouts as sumptuous as any a nineteenth-century millionaire ever used for washing his hands. Among the more serviceable pieces are a number of white marble washstands, twenty-four inches by thirty-six, which were rescued from the old Sherry building and are now set up in the McCarthy showrooms. They are supported by crystal legs and furnished with gold-plated lever handles and a gold-plated middle spout, all done in the reed-and-ribbon pattern. A more unusual washstand consists of a small oval shelf of black-and-white marble, an oval basin of brass-plated metal, and brass-plated Victorian fixtures. There is also a sizable group of English and French porcelain bowls, decorated with wide border designs. A particularly good-looking white English bowl, probably made in the seventies, has an arresting deep-blue geometric pattern, and an equally good-looking French bowl is decorated with an intricate floral border of brown and green on a cream ground. Beautiful towel racks have been contrived of elaborately carved and gilded brackets (actually, they are keepers taken from French *espagnolettes*) put together with brass tubing, and there is one exquisite rack of crystal that is finished off at either end with a large crystal ball. To my mind, though, the most interesting items in the exhibit are the washstand handles and spouts that were made some fifty years ago for the great houses of France and some of the newly built mansions of New York, following seventeenth- and eighteenth-century and Empire designs. It is a distinguished collection, and I regret to say that it is sold only through architects, builders, and bona-fide decorators; to the poor householder, who merely pays the bill, Mr. McCarthy will only show his wares, sternly refusing to quote prices.

ANYBODY who is interested in the growth and decline in this country of trades practiced by handcraftsmen should find it rewarding to visit the extensive showrooms and art-metal foundry of P. E. Guerin, at 21 Jane Street, where the standards of a hundred years ago still prevail and where people with any feeling at all for the development of decorative hardware through the centuries will find a treasure house of endless fascination. Since 1857, the Guerin foundry has been making reproductions of antique metalwork—rare examples



SOME THINGS CAN'T BE IMITATED



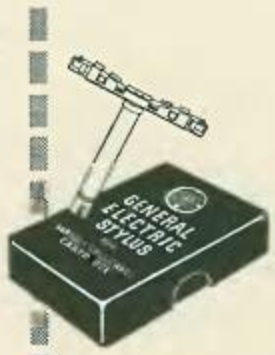
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of Continental and English hardware dating back as far as the fifteenth century, and outstanding specimens of Colonial American metalwork. In the early days of the firm, Guerin representatives were ever on the lookout in Europe for exceptional bits of period hardware to be copied here, but now that the firm has in its possession some four thousand antique designs for doorknobs, six thousand designs for furniture ornaments, and seventeen hundred designs for lever handles, not to mention an impressive assortment of *espagnolette* and cremone bolts, escutcheon plates, ornamental knuckles and hinges, door pulls, and bathroom fixtures—fifty thousand models in all—the company feels that maybe it has enough patterns on hand, and, except for executing architects' orders from original sketches, it sticks for the most part to reproducing them. To the layman, the most noticeable difference between the hardware at the Musée des Arts Décoratifs in Paris or at the Victoria and Albert Museum in South Kensington and that on view at the Guerin showrooms is that there is a lot more of it on Jane Street.

Of all the Guerin reproductions, perhaps the most engrossing are to be found among the doorknobs and handles. These include copies of French Renaissance pieces, pieces from the richly decorative periods of the three Louis, and the best Empire work. The English group contains Elizabethan, Adam, Georgian, and Regency knobs, most of them hand-chased on silver- or gold-plated brass or bronze. The prices for these, which range from $10 to $60, include knob, backplate, and spindle. A smaller number of hand-chased ivory-and-brass lever handles, copied from eighteenth-century French originals, cost $50 each, and among the ornamental door pulls, at from $25 to $75 apiece, is a remarkably imposing design that is used on the doors of the recently reconstructed United States Senate Chamber. (For that matter, all the period hardware on the Senate job was furnished by Guerin.)

The most arresting of the washstand fixtures is a set done in an Empire swan design and plated with twenty-four-carat gold. The central spout is a superb swan with lifted wings, who stands six inches tall, and the lever handles at either side are in the form of swan heads. This splendid arrangement, one of the most expensive of the lot, costs $595, but there are many elegant washstand fixtures for from $110 up; one of the most notable is an Adam set—a



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spout and two lever handles—done in the graceful umbrella pattern, at $375. Guerin will furnish a whole washstand setup—a marble shelf of the customer's choice on crystal or chased-brass legs, a porcelain bowl, and three-unit fixtures in gold-plated brass—at prices that begin at $500. With such an extensive display, it is obviously impossible to do more than indicate a few high spots here, but I think it is safe to say that whatever your metalwork problem is—whether to replace a missing key plate on a Queen Anne cabinet or have a coffee table made to your specifications—the Guerin outfit will solve it brilliantly. Furthermore, Guerin deals with the retail trade as well as with architects and decorators. —S. H.

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THE GOOD OLD DAYS

[*From "Rediscovering South America," by Harry A. Franck, 1943*]

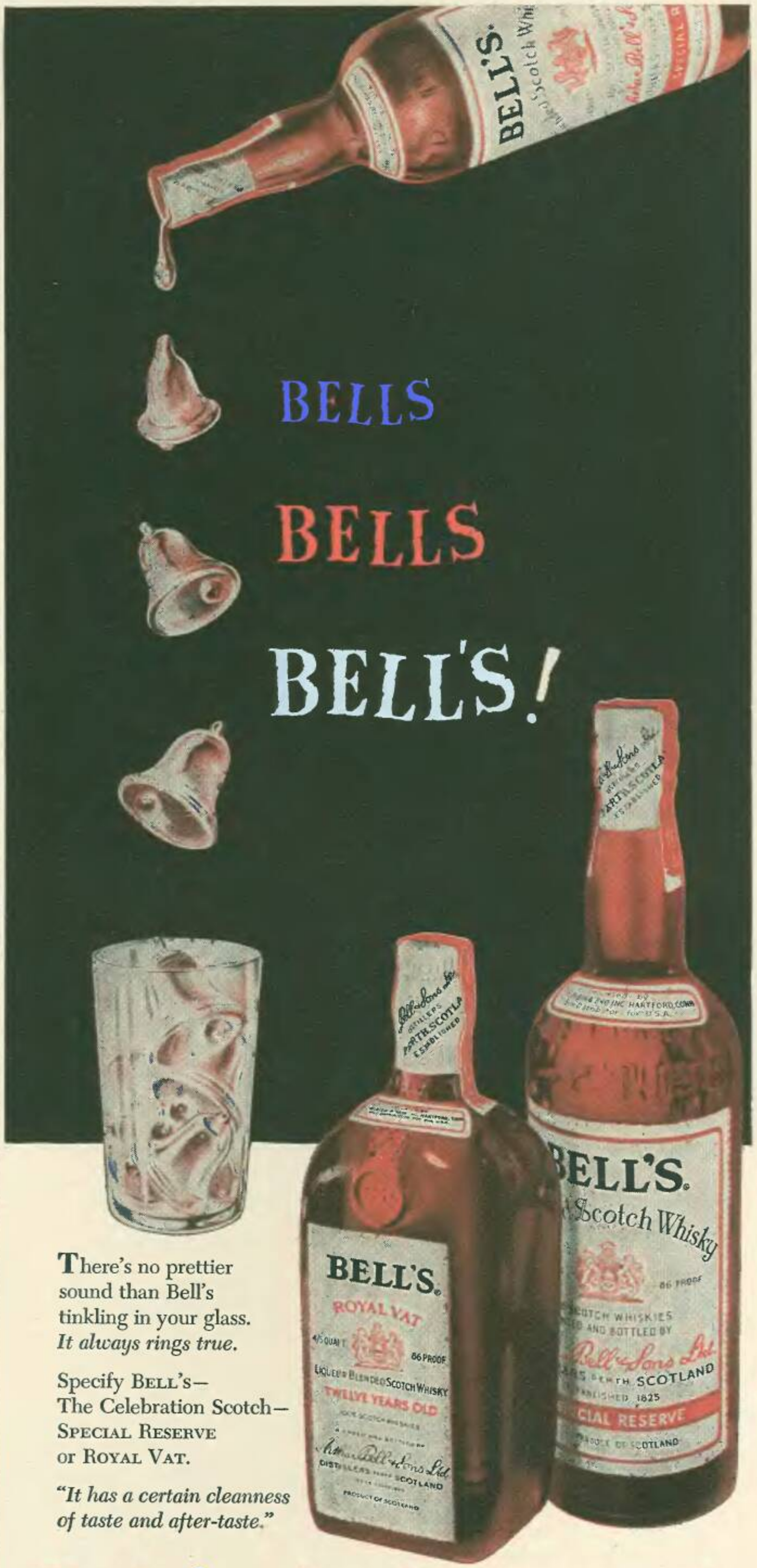
Coffee trees bear for 50 years, so they can hardly be plowed under when prices drop below the profit margin. Today it is illegal, as well as unprofitable, to plant new coffee trees in Brazil. A few planters have dug up their trees to make way for cotton and oranges, but overproduction of coffee during the last two decades has forced the government to take a hand. The poorer grades are burned in huge bonfires—somehow this does not seem as bad as destroying little pigs. During the last few years Brazil burned 15% of each crop, at the rate of a million bags a month, a total of nearly seventy million bags or $350,000,000 worth of it during a decade. They had a worse time getting rid of their surplus coffee than gangsters do of a body. Far from being good as fertilizer coffee injures the soil; thousands of sacks of it tossed into the sea polluted the beaches and killed the fish! It costs $5 a bag to burn coffee, because of the cost of trucking and the kerosene that must be used, so that Brazil had to borrow money from the U.S. to burn what coffee it couldn't, or wouldn't, sell to us. Incidentally, the poor impoverished little country now owes us—at last count—at least $110,000,000.

The burning of coffee had now been reduced to a little more than 100,000 bags a month. Moreover, a young American has found a way to make plastic from coffee and a plant is being installed in São Paulo for this purpose—coffee plastic is so cheap that it may bankrupt other plastic producers.

•

Mrs. Nicholas Dell Erario, a guest at the Harborside Inn, Edgartown, was treated at the Martha's Vineyard Hospital yesterday for injuries to an arm. Mrs. Dell Erario sustained the injury aboard the Chappaquiddick ferry, the actual details of the incident not clearly explained.

Easy does it.
—*Edgartown (Mass.) Vineyard Gazette.*
You stay out of it, *Gazette!*





ON THE COURTS

Hardy Perennials



DURING the playing of the Eastern Grass Court Championships at the Orange Lawn Tennis Club, in South Orange, last week, some of the gloomier spectators could be heard asking one another why not just give the whole club to the Australian invaders and be done with it. Well, for one thing, the membership would probably protest strongly. For another, to judge by the avidity with which these Australians picked up all the silverware in sight, they couldn't be assuaged by getting the whole of South Orange, much less just the club, nice as it is. Besides, a step like that could well set a precedent, and the Australians are scheduled to play in several other tournaments in this country, including the National Singles Championships at Forest Hills, before returning to their homeland to start battening down the Davis Cup. A more practical plan, it seems to me, would be to set up a fund about the size of the Ford Foundation and use it to persuade Australian youngsters to turn professional. That way, we'd have some hope of keeping our championships in these United States and, eventually, of regaining the Cup.

For the past three years, there have been only Australians in the singles final at South Orange, and this year it looked for a while as if no American would even reach the semifinals. In the quarter-finals, Lewis Hoad and Kenneth Rosewall, the nineteen-year-olds who constituted Australia's Cup singles team last year, and doubtless will constitute it again in December, won from, respectively, Gardnar Mulloy, our forty-one-year-old former Davis Cupper, and Edward Moylan, who is thirty-one and unlikely to get any better. Moylan did take a set from Rosewall, but after the start of the third set there was never any doubt about the winner. Mulloy got exactly three games from Hoad. Then Rex Hartwig, the fourth-ranking Australian, beat Donald Flye, one of our better young players, 6–3, 6–0, with a minimum of effort. Arthur Larsen, United States singles champion a few years back, came on the court next, to face Neale Fraser, who, at twenty, is the

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second-oldest in the Australian group (Hartwig is twenty-five) and ranks ninth in his country. Fraser is on his first visit to America, and he showed the fascinated galleries the biggest service they had seen since the days of Richard Gonzales. He took the first set at 11–9 and had Larsen shaking his head incredulously as the serves whizzed by for frequent aces. The second set might have gone either way, but it was Larsen who won it, 6–4, and he went on to win the final set, 6–3, when his young opponent's volleying deserted him. Fraser is certainly a player to watch, though. His ground strokes are his weakest point, but another year of instruction from Harry Hopman, the Australian coach, should remedy that.

In his semifinal against Hoad, Larsen did very well in the first set, and carried it to 11–9 before losing, but he just isn't in the same class with the blond Australian, and he dropped the last two, 6–3, 6–2, without much of a struggle, seeming to feel it was futile to try to do anything about Hoad's powerful, all-round attacking game.

Oh, yes. In the men's doubles, Hartwig and Fraser beat Hoad and Rosewall, 6–3, 6–4, 6–3.

AMERICA's hopes in the National Singles rest strongly on Tony Trabert, who is generally considered the world's top amateur today. As you probably know, he is taking a rest from tennis for a while, to give the blisters on his racket hand a chance to heal. Even if they heal properly before play starts at Forest Hills the end of this month, the brand of tennis Hoad displayed all last week is going to give him a lot of trouble. Neither Hoad nor Rosewall gave any evidence of the staleness they showed in this country a year ago. In fact, Hoad saved his very best tennis for the final, in which he beat an ably playing Rosewall in straight sets, 6–3, 6–4, 6–3, and afforded the spectators a fine opportunity to work out on their "oh"s and "ah"s. —P. W. W., JR.

•

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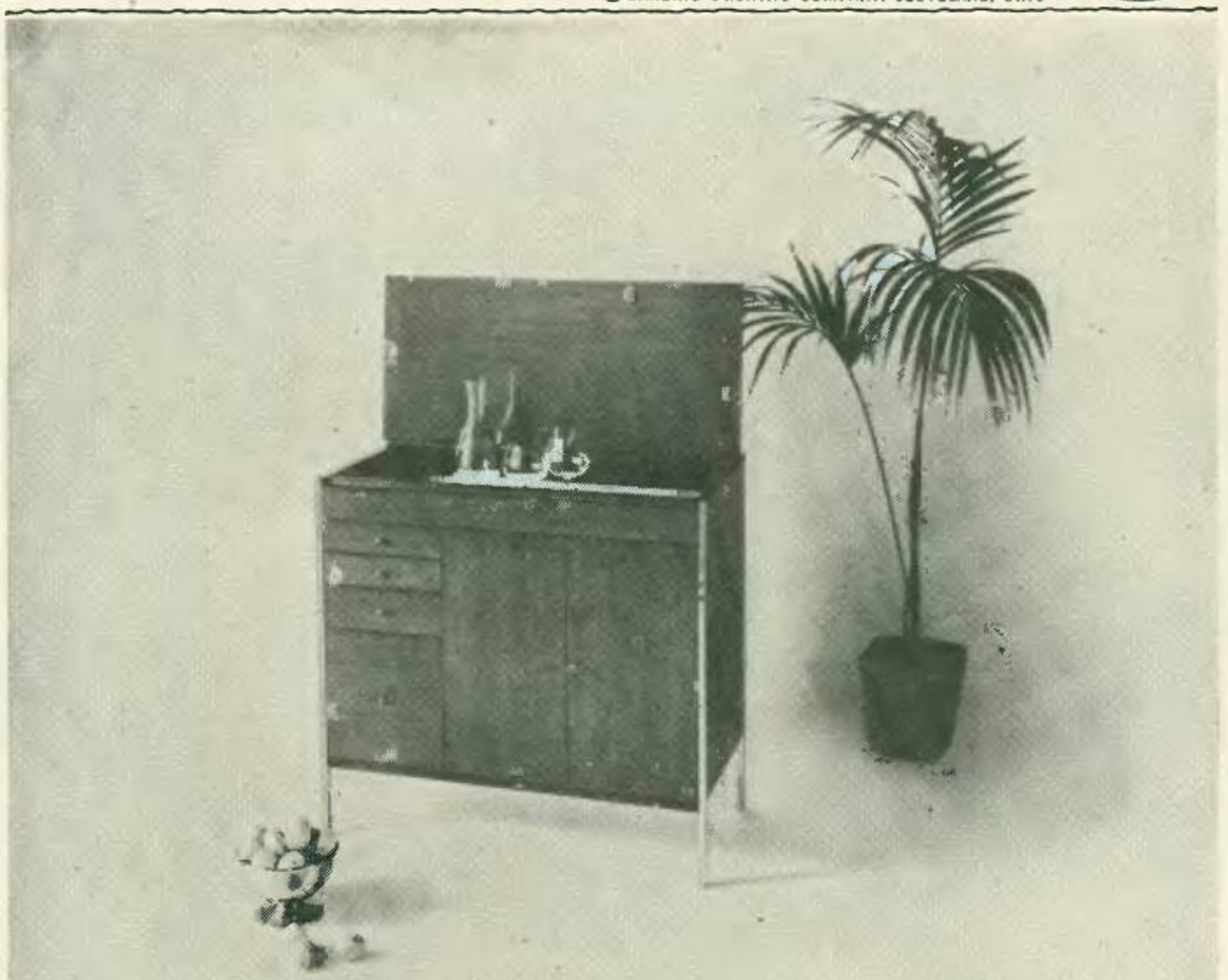


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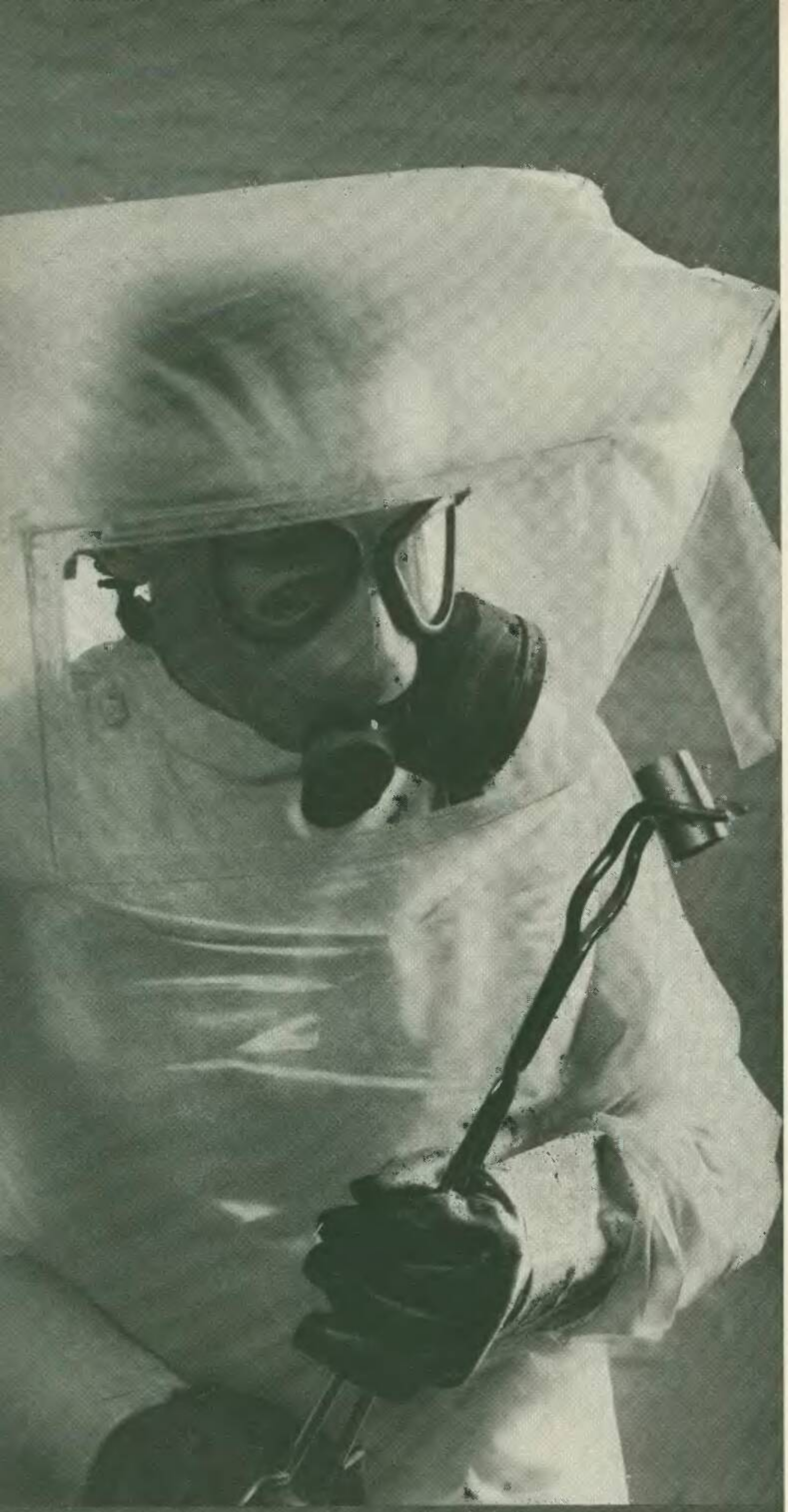
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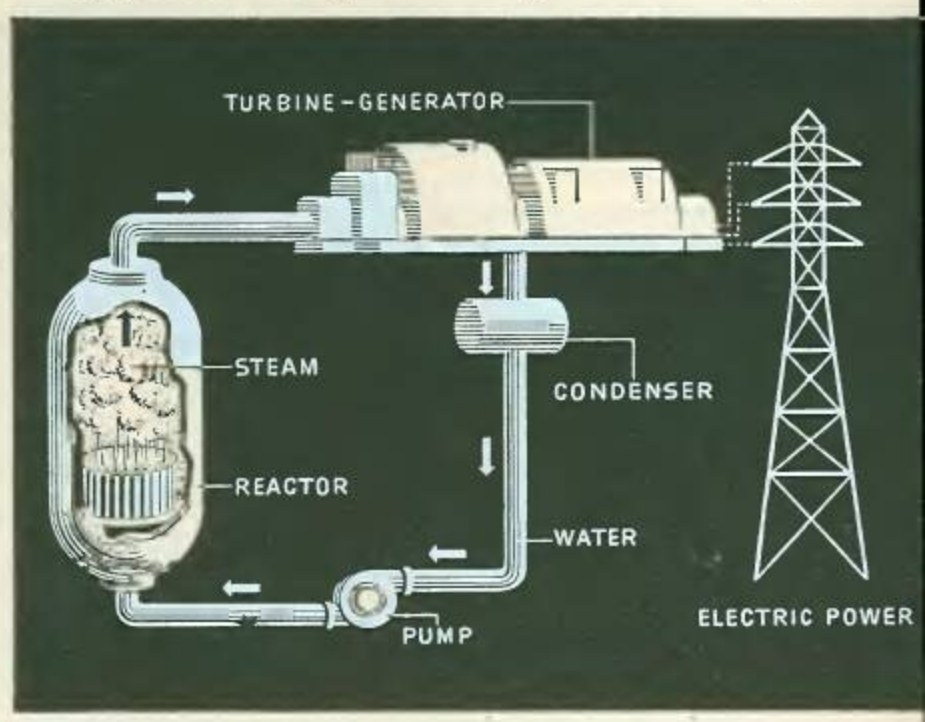
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GENERAL ELECTRIC

FIRE A SMALL FLARE

WARS no longer seem to end the way they used to. There was a time when one side had had enough, and said so, and that was all there was to it. Nowadays, there is a great deal of bickering and palaver while the people who have to do the fighting stand around and wonder what is going to happen next. The recent state of affairs in Korea was, of course, a good example of this, but in 1945 there was a similar, although much shorter, period of waiting, at the time when the Allies were trying to decide whether or not to let the Japanese keep their Emperor. The members of the armed forces, who had celebrated the Japanese offer to surrender as automatically meaning the end of the war, spent several days of nervous recuperation nagged by the suspicion that their celebration had been premature.

I was in Leyte Gulf at the time, in command of a PC boat. The PCs were small subchasers, designed for work with slow convoys, but they were also used for whatever odd jobs had to be done, which included acting as traffic-control ships for the landing barges during an invasion. We had come from Okinawa to Leyte to prepare for the invasion of Japan; our convoy had been successfully attacked by midget submarines off the Philippines, and even the news of the bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki had done nothing to make us feel that the end of the war was anywhere near. We thought that the atomic bomb might make the invasion somewhat easier, but that was all. And after what we had seen of the Japanese striking power, we had no particular confidence in our survival of the operation.



Leyte Gulf covers an area of some hundred square miles, and in August of 1945 it was the anchorage for about five hundred American ships. There were battleships, cruisers, destroyers, aircraft carriers, supply ships, troopships, and auxiliaries, as well as swarms of minesweepers, PCs, LSTs, LCIs, and all the alphabet of miscellaneous ships that make up a fleet. Every afternoon, barges, launches, and motor whaleboats puttered back and forth between the anchorage and the beach, where a recreation area had been set up for the liberty parties. There was softball and basketball and volleyball out in the sun, and there was a certain amount of thoughtful drinking in the shade. It was as pleasant a way as any to pass an afternoon, and the drinks were fifteen cents apiece. Drinking aboard ship was forbidden by Navy regulations.

On the afternoon of August 10th, I was sitting in the recreation area with a couple of officers from my ship, drinking from beer cans filled with shaved ice and whiskey. The ships in the anchorage stretched away in a gray unbroken line, and the water near the beach was crisscrossed with the wakes of liberty boats. A group of officers, neater-looking than most, drifted along the beach about twenty yards away, and in their midst and towering above them I recognized the six-foot-five figure of Richard Axten, a college friend of mine whom I hadn't seen in several years. I shouted his name and leaped up and ran over and greeted him, and we each said "Well, I'll be damned" and "For God's sakes" several times. Axten, it turned out, was a gunnery officer on the battleship Texas, and he introduced me to his friends and asked me if I'd like to come out to the Texas for supper. I said I would, and then I took Axten and the other battleship men back to my group, and we all had a drink. Axten has a good singing voice and a fine sense of rhythm, and after a couple of rounds of drinks he and I were seeing who could remember the oldest songs, and the afternoon passed quickly.

WHEN you are used to a PC, a battleship is something like the Union League Club, and supper that night was quiet and formal. After the meal, we all repaired to the afterdeck for a band concert and movies. The movie was in color and was about Texas Guinan, and before the first reel was over, the screen suddenly went black and over the public-address system came the words "Now hear this: The Japanese have decided to accept the terms of the Potsdam Conference."

Instantly, as though on cue, everybody stood up and cheered and shouted and whistled, and the band picked up their instruments and played a wild jumble of loud music. Only Axten and I remained quiet.

"I don't believe it," I said.

"Neither do I," said Axten.

I stood on my chair in order to see over the heads of the others. The entire gulf, as far as I could see on all sides, was blazing with a bright, steady light; every ship in the anchorage was shooting off its rockets, flares, and signal lights and splashing the air with search-

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light beams. The individual flares rose and fell and went out, but there were so many thousands of them that they gave off an uninterrupted glow, like the glare of light over a city. I got off my chair, pulled Axten's head down to my level, and kissed him on the forehead. Then we both screamed until we were hoarse.

In the middle of everything, I remembered my ship. "I've got to get back," I said to Axten. "Get me a boat—I've got to get back to my ship." We elbowed our way to the gangway, and he got the officer of the deck to give me a motor launch and two seamen. As I went down the ladder, I heard a signalman come up to the officer of the deck and say, "Sir—request permission to turn on the fourteen-inch searchlight." I didn't hear the officer's reply, but neither did I see any of the Texas's searchlights go on. I got into the boat and told the seamen approximately where I thought we ought to go.

My ship was two or three miles away from the Texas, and finding it was something of a problem. We threaded through the bright, noisy anchorage, with burning flares dropping into the water around us, and on all sides were pops, bangs, shouts, and the hiss of extinguishing flares. Everything was a blaze of light and color and noise; it was impossible to maintain a sense of direction, and the boat's compass could be read only by the light of the flares that burst over us. After a long time, I saw the silhouette of a PC ahead, and as we steered toward it, I heard a voice on the bull horn. We had an electric loudspeaker, for use in invasion work, and, when turned on full strength, it would carry five miles. The voice that I heard was saying. "Step right up, you lucky, lucky people. You are just in time to buy a brand-new second-hand PC boat. . . . What's that, lady? Three dollars and fifty cents? Lady, the paint alone is worth more than that. Do I hear four? Will somebody bid me four dollars?"

"That's mine," I said to the seamen. "Right over there."

When I got aboard, most of the crew were standing around on the afterdeck. They all looked at me with mild curiosity as I came over the side, and I had the impression that they were waiting for me to say something.

Wallace Roth, the executive officer, came out of the wardroom and greeted me. "Captain, I broke out the liberty beer," he said. "They've already been through that. What do you want to do now?" Each ship was allowed to carry, locked in a forward compartment, enough beer to be used on liberty parties

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in areas where nothing could be bought on the beach.

"Well, let's see what else is around," I said. The previous captain had left me a bottle of bourbon, which he had intended to use for Christmas, or New Year's, or some such occasion, and I went down and got it out of my safe, then took it out onto the afterdeck and gave it to the chief boatswain's mate. "Here you are, Chief," I said. "Put this where it'll do the most good."

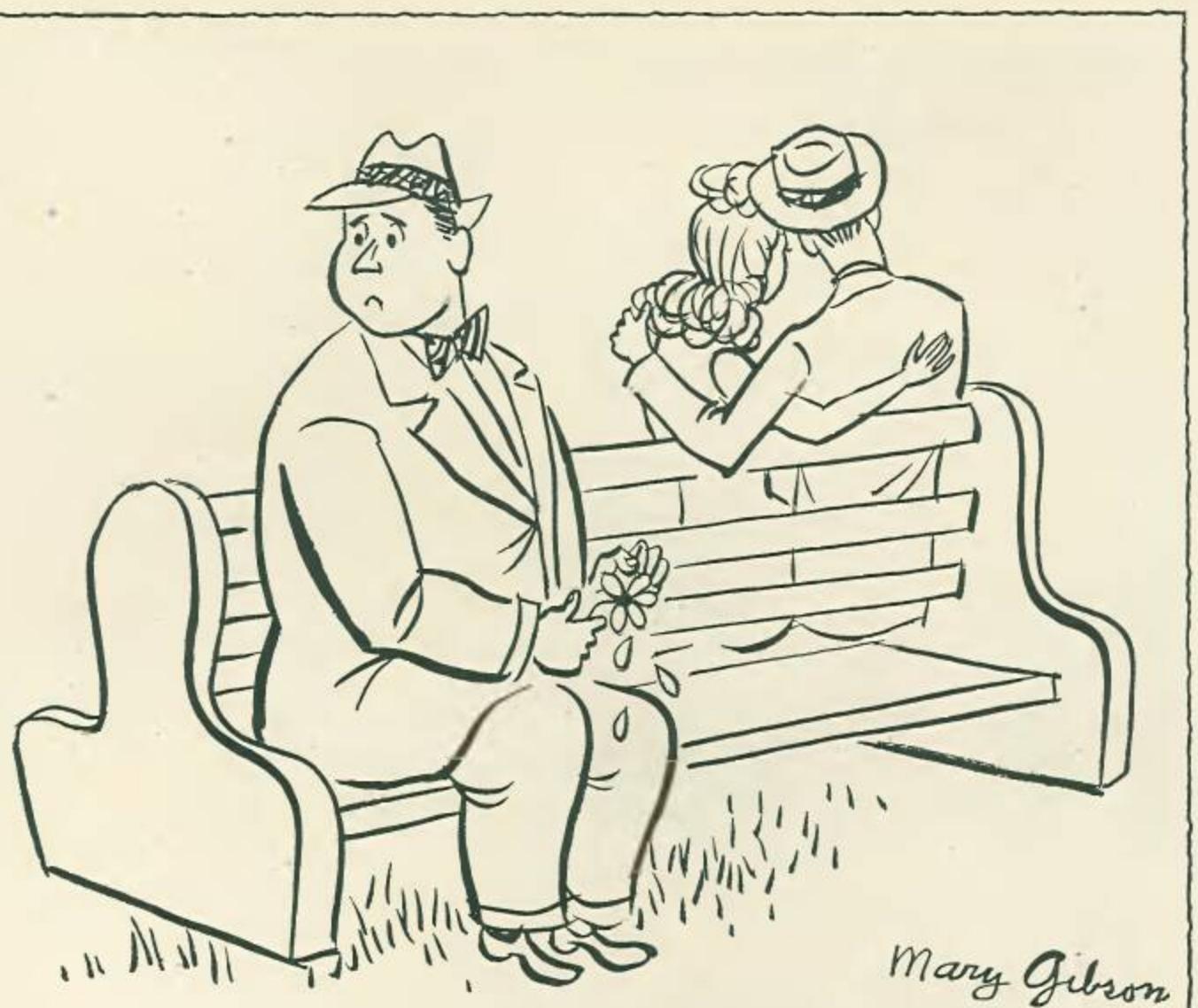
"Captain, I want to shake your hand," he said. He shook my hand with such emotion that he almost crushed it, and I wished him luck and went back into the wardroom.

The wardroom on a PC is about the size of a Pullman compartment, maybe a little larger. It contains a table, three chairs, and a couch, the back of which folds out to make an upper berth. Five officers can eat at the table if two of them sit on the couch. There is also a small pantry, in which there are a refrigerator, a hot plate, a coffee percolator, and a sink. In rough weather, living in a PC wardroom is something like living in a washing machine. When I got inside, all the officers were there, plus the two colored steward's mates, and Roth had produced two bottles of champagne, which *he* had been saving for Christmas, or New Year's, or whatever. We drank it in tumblers, with ice, and when I saw Corbin, the larger of the two steward's mates, standing around with nothing in his hands, I offered him a swallow of my drink. He took it, and downed the whole glass in one gulp. By that time, the rest of the champagne was gone, and Howard Tampke, the gunnery officer, brought out a bottle of maraschino cherries from the refrigerator. It had been in the refrigerator as long as I could remember; I hadn't known whose it was or what the cherries were supposed to be for. Tampke offered me one, and I said no, thanks.

"Try some of the juice," he said. "You might like that."

It turned out that the "juice" was straight brandy, which Tampke's girl had sent him from Texas, disguised in the maraschino bottle. It lasted almost no time at all. Then Corbin turned to Jackson, the other steward's mate. "Jackson, get off your tail and get some more liquor for the officers," Corbin said, and Jackson drifted silently out into the night.

THERE were sixty-six men in the crew of the ship, and it was obvious that the bottle of bourbon I gave the chief wouldn't go very far. It was, however, a signal for the crew to pro-



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ceed on their own, and before long two of them appeared in the doorway to the wardroom. "Captain, we've made up a little punch out here," one said. "We thought maybe you'd like to try some." I went outside, and was immediately picked up and hoisted onto their shoulders and carried back to the 40-mm. gun tub, where the others were gathered around a large washbasin. It had begun to rain, and they were all soaking wet, but they waited, grinning, while I took a ladle and spooned up a little of the punch. It was made of equal parts grapefruit juice and 198-proof gyroscope alcohol, and when I got it to my lips, it burned like a blowtorch. I let most of it run down my chin and onto my shirt. Luckily, the rain covered up my cowardice.

The fireworks had kept up, undiminished, since the time the announcement came over the radio, in spite of the attempts of the senior admiral in the area to stop them. The voice radio was a shambles of several different operators speaking at once, and the admiral's radioman was barely able to complete a sentence. I went briefly into the radio shack and heard the following:

"Ah have a message for all ships; this is an all-ships message—"

"Take your all-ships message and blow it through your hat."

"Get that accent. Where you-all from, Sparkie?"

"He fum Geo'gia. Cain't yo' tell?"

"Ah have a message—"

"Say, did you hear the one about the Wac in Tacloban?"

"We heard that last week."

"This is an all-ships message. The admiral says—"

"Leave us alone, can't you, boy? We're all going home pretty soon now."

"That's what you think. I still got two years left."

"Why, you sad bastard. That'll teach you to be USN."

"Attention, all ships. Ah have an all-ships—"

"Hey, All-Ships, are you USN, too?"

"Hell, no. Ah have a—"

"Then shut up. You're going home like the rest of us."

"Listen, fo' Chras sakes, the admiral says knock off the pyrotechnics."

"The *what*?"

"Hey, All-Ships, how do you spell 'pyrotechnics'?"

"Peter-Yoke-Roger-Oboe-Tare—Honest, fellows, ah'm not kidding. The admiral says—"

"Write us a letter about it. We'll get it in the morning."

Our ship didn't contribute a great



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deal to the pyrotechnic display. We shot off a few flares from the Very pistol, and then when Grover Backster, the communications officer, tried to use the larger, emergency flare gun, he found that it wouldn't work. It was for distress or battle flares, and consisted of a tube down which the flare can was dropped; the flare was supposed to detonate at the bottom of the tube, fly high into the air, and explode. It turned out that the signalmen had greased the inside of the tube so thoroughly that the grease acted as a seal and kept the flare from dropping hard enough to detonate. Backster pottered around with it for a while and then gave up.

Ours was more a social celebration than anything else. The rain didn't last long, and people milled around the afterdeck and in the wardroom. Luckily, the gyroscope alcohol had a more or less benign effect on the men. There was a great deal of putting arms around one another and around the officers; there was a certain amount of group singing; and three or four of the men cornered each of the officers in turn and told them that, as officers, they weren't too bad. A gunner's mate, whom I had once given an extremely light punishment for something he had done, got his arm around my neck and told me I was the greatest little old son of a bitch in the world, and then turned to a nearby quartermaster and asked him if that wasn't a fact. The quartermaster said, "Oh, he's all right," and wandered off. Just then Corbin loomed up, and the gunner's mate asked Corbin if it wasn't a fact, and Corbin said, "I don't know. I just know he always thank me when I give him something." While he and the gunner's mate were analyzing me, I slipped away to the comparative safety of the wardroom.

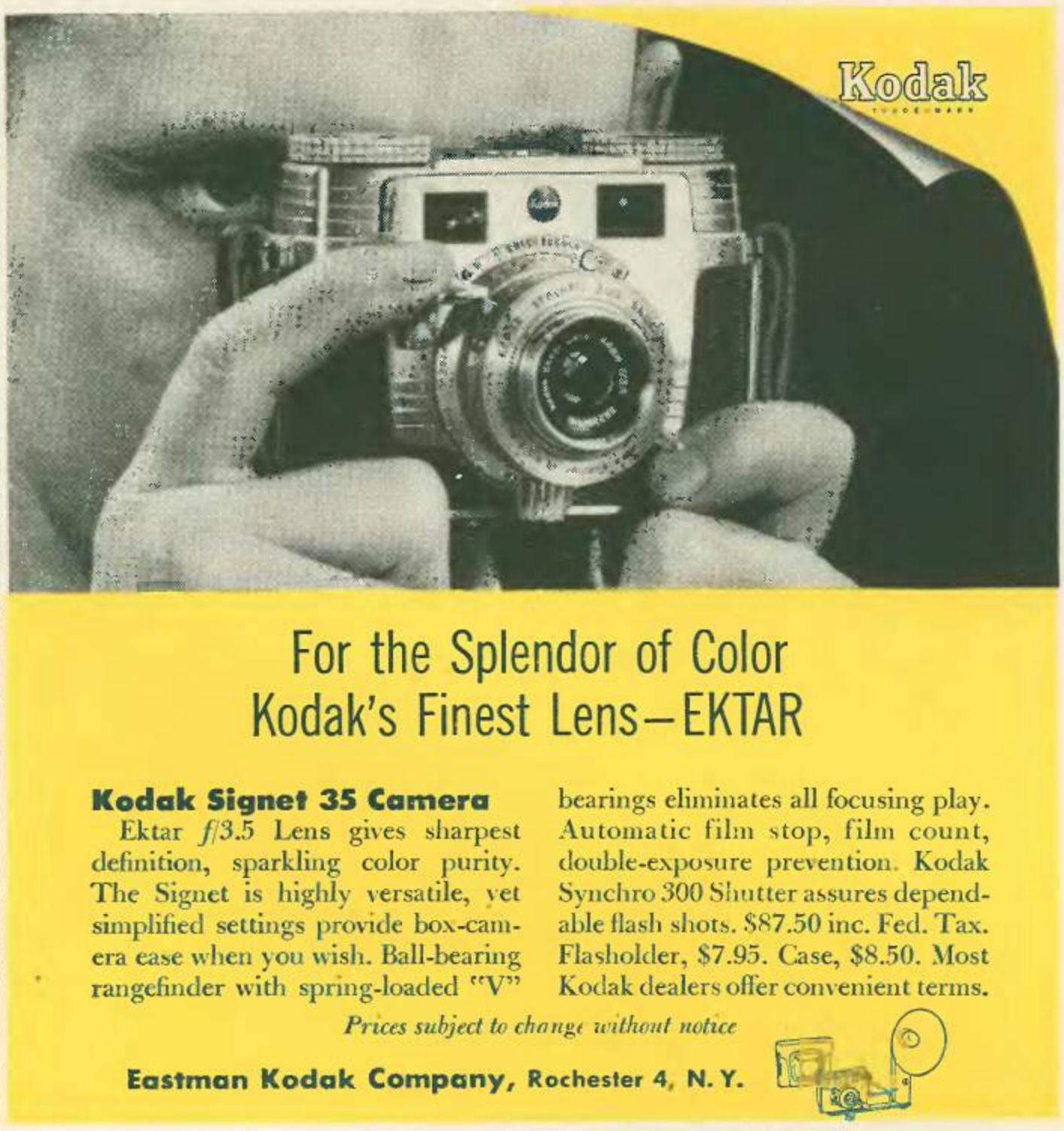
Finally, sometime after midnight, the celebration began to die down. Roth and the chief boatswain's mate and I got the more paralyzed members of the crew below and into their bunks, and when that was done, we checked around the ship to see that everything was more or less in order. Dimly, in the faint light of the last flares, I saw Gorny, the fireman, standing at the rail and looking disconsolately out at the flickering lights. He was normally quite cheerful, so I went over to him and asked him what the trouble was.

"I don't want to go home," he said.

"Why not?" I asked.

He picked at the rail with his fingers. "You wouldn't understand, Captain," he said. "You've never been a bum."

"That's a matter of opinion," I said,



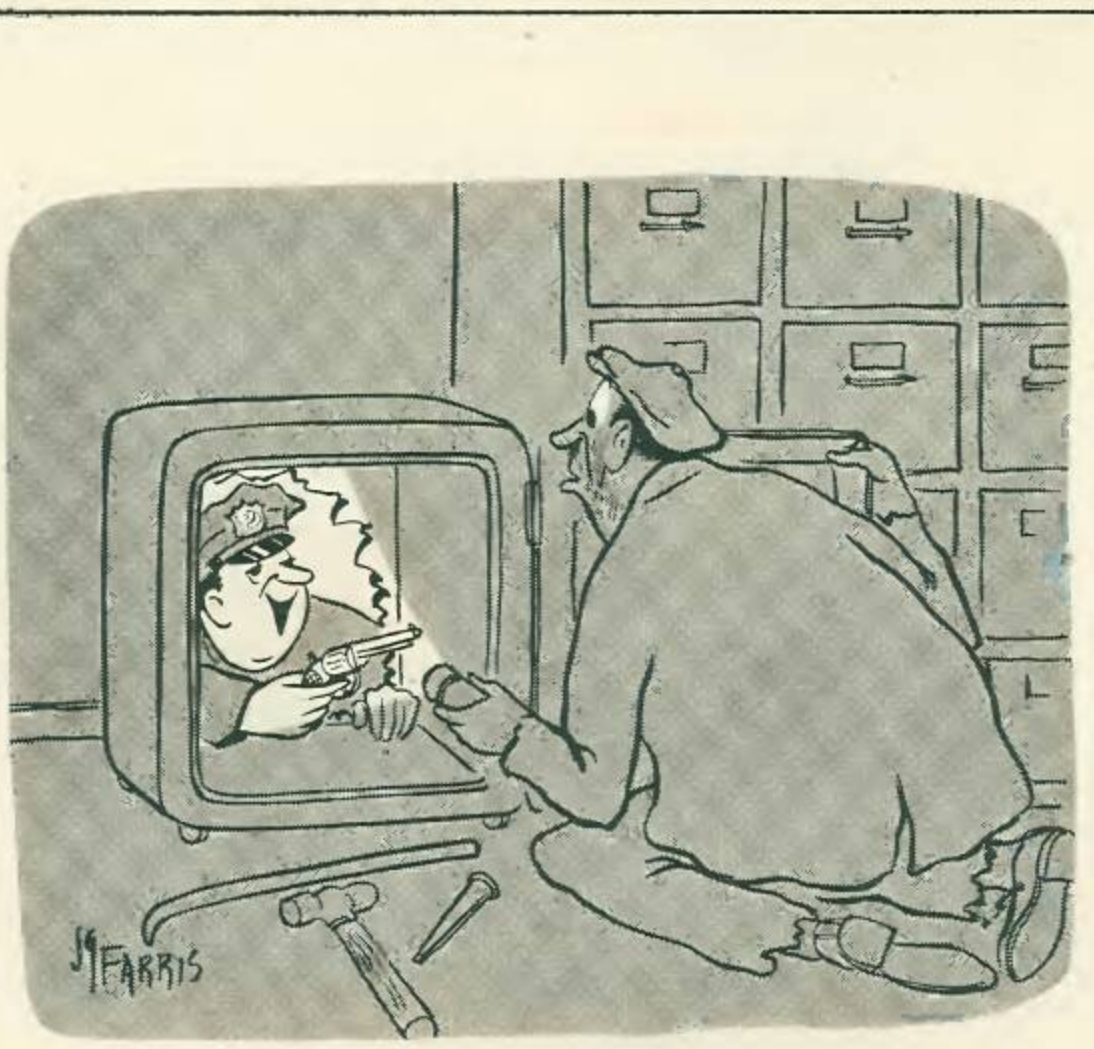
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remembering the quartermaster. "What do you mean?"

"Just that," said Gorny. "I was a bum before I joined the Navy, and now I guess I got to be a bum again. I got a crippled sister—she was crippled in a railroad accident—and I got to take care of her. Like that, I can't make enough money for myself to be anything but a bum."

I tried to say something encouraging, but he wouldn't listen to me, so after a couple of minutes I turned and headed for the wardroom. At the opposite rail stood Jackson, the junior steward's mate, crying.

"What's the matter with *you*?" I asked.

"Corbin pulled rank on me," he said.

"How did he do that?" I asked.

"He told me to get off my tail and get some more liquor for the officers," Jackson said. Corbin appeared behind me, and Jackson turned to him. "There you are, you bastard," he said. "You pulled rank on me."

"I didn't pull no rank on you," said Corbin. "What you talking about?" His voice was low, and ominously soft.

"You told me to get off my tail and get some more liquor for the officers," Jackson said.

"Sure I tell you get off your tail and get some more liquor for the officers," Corbin said. "That ain't pulling no rank on you."

"You pulled rank on me, you bastard," said Jackson. "That's just what you did."

Corbin moved closer to him.

"Wait a minute," I said nervously. I tried to explain to Jackson that he shouldn't resent being told to do something—that everybody in the Navy had to take orders from somebody else, and that if he worried about it, he'd drive himself crazy. I told him that we'd all be going home pretty soon anyway, and that if he could put up with the system a little while longer, everything would be all right. He said he'd try, but I knew that it wasn't the system that was bothering him; it was the fact that it was Corbin who had used the system on him. When I went to bed, he was still standing at the rail, crying like a small child.

NEXT day, it became evident that the war was not over. The Japanese had agreed to surrender provided they could keep their Emperor, and the Allies were maintaining that there should be no conditions attached to any surrender. On board ship, the news was received with weary resignation. The ship's routine slipped back to its former status, and except for a few rueful smiles the enlisted men made no acknowledgment of the fraternization of the night before. Everything went ahead as though we were still planning to invade the Japanese islands, and the only difference was that people hung around the radio shack more than usual, waiting for the news bulletins. The news came over the voice radio at dictate speed, with infuriatingly long pauses between each phrase.

We had moved up to Samar by the time the surrender finally became official, on the fourteenth, and when it was announced, nobody even bothered to cheer. —NATHANIEL BENCHLEY

• •

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—*Adv. in The New Yorker.*

Where grey walks slope through shadows shaped like lace
Down to dimpleproof ponds, a precious place
Where birds of porcelain sing as with one voice
Two gold and velvet notes—there Rolls met Royce.

"Hallo," said Rolls. His umber silhouette
Seemed mounted on a blotter brushed when wet
To indicate a park. Beyond, a brown
Line hinted at the profile of The Town.

And Royce, his teeth and creases straight, his eye
A perfect match for that well-lacquered sky
(Has zenith since, or iris, been so pure?),
Said, "Pleased to meet you, I am sure."

A graceful pause, then Rolls, the taller, spake:
"Ah—is there anything you'd care to make?
A day of it? A fourth at bridge? Some tea?"
Royce murmured, "If your afternoon is free,
I'd rather, much, make engineering history."

—JOHN UPDIKE



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THE RACE TRACK

Whitney Week



AROUND this time every year, there's a lot of fine old red plush talk about what Saratoga means to racing, and vice versa. Although I suppose horseplayers are not indifferent to tradition, or to the antique charm of the Spa, the first week of the meeting didn't come off any too well, and only 15,628 people turned out for the opening, on Monday. (I can remember—and it wasn't so awfully long ago, at that—when even a weekend crowd of that size would have had the directors of the Saratoga Association dancing for joy in their Reading Room, but things have changed.) The attendance picked up on Saturday, when 21,232 paying guests were on the grounds, but the management couldn't have been too happy about it, considering that the count at Monmouth Park the same day was 41,085.

Anyhow, the C. V. Whitney stable had no complaints, and neither did its followers. It won the Saratoga Handicap with Cold Command and the American Legion Handicap with Fisherman, as well as half a dozen lesser events, several with two-year-olds who may be heard from again later on. For a long time now, the Whitney horses have put their best foot forward at Saratoga. As you may know, Mr. Whitney's grandfather, William C. Whitney, and some friends of his bought control of the track in 1901, from a bookmaker named Walbaum, and made it into the picturesque place it is today. I'm not good at compiling statistics myself, but I venture to say that if you totted up all the stake races Whitney horses—and that, of course, would include the Greentree Stable runners—have won at the Spa over the past fifty years, the result would be formidable.

Cold Command, who earlier in the week finished third in the American Legion Handicap, led all the way in Saturday's Saratoga Handicap. For an instant or two, he was threatened by Bassanio, and then it looked as if Impulsivo, an Argentine racer, would head him, but Impulsivo weakened, too, and Social Outcast came up to take second money. Mr. Whitney's Fisherman, one of this department's favorites, was chock-full of zip and go

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after his long rest. Giving weight to the eleven other runners in the American Legion, he polished them off so easily that I wouldn't be at all surprised if he was the favorite for the Travers Stakes this weekend. As for the Whitney two-year-olds, Pyrenees, who won by four lengths his first time out, on Thursday, obviously impressed everybody more than To Windward did. To Windward won his first race, on Tuesday, by only a length and a half, and on Saturday, in the United States Hotel Stakes, he finished out of the money, so the chances are that Pyrenees will carry the stable's hopes in this Saturday's Saratoga Special.

The rest of the racing can be dealt with pretty briefly. The meeting opened, as usual, with the Flash Stakes, which was won by the Wheatley Stable's Laugh. It's debatable, though, whether the Flash attracted as much attention from the sightseers as Arthur Godfrey, a radio performer, who had a starter in the race—a colt named Lord Willin', who was seventh in a field of eight. It is suggested here that if the attendance falls off too badly, the management invite Mr. Godfrey to return, and ride his horse this time. Not many winners of the Flash have come right back and won the United States Hotel Stakes. Laugh tried it last weekend, and finished fourth to Summer Tan, who ran so smartly early in the spring. Grandpaw was second and Illusionist third. By the way, I'm delighted to report that Native Dancer is in training and may run before the meeting ends. That should bring out the customers.

IT'S hard to imagine a more satisfactory performance than the one by Evening Out in the Monmouth Oaks at Monmouth Park last weekend. Wearing blinkers for the first time, she took the lead at the start of the mile and an eighth and was never headed. She won, eased up, from Clear Dawn, June Fete, and eleven other three-year-old fillies. As you might guess, she's pointing for the Alabama Stakes, at Saratoga, but I wonder how well she'll like the distance. It's a mile and a quarter.

FOR the fun of it, and because it's always a good show, I went to Goshen last week for the Hambletonian Stake, the blue ribbon of light-harness racing. Sixteen three-year-old trotters started—last year there were twenty-three—and the big pot was taken in straight heats by Newport Dream.

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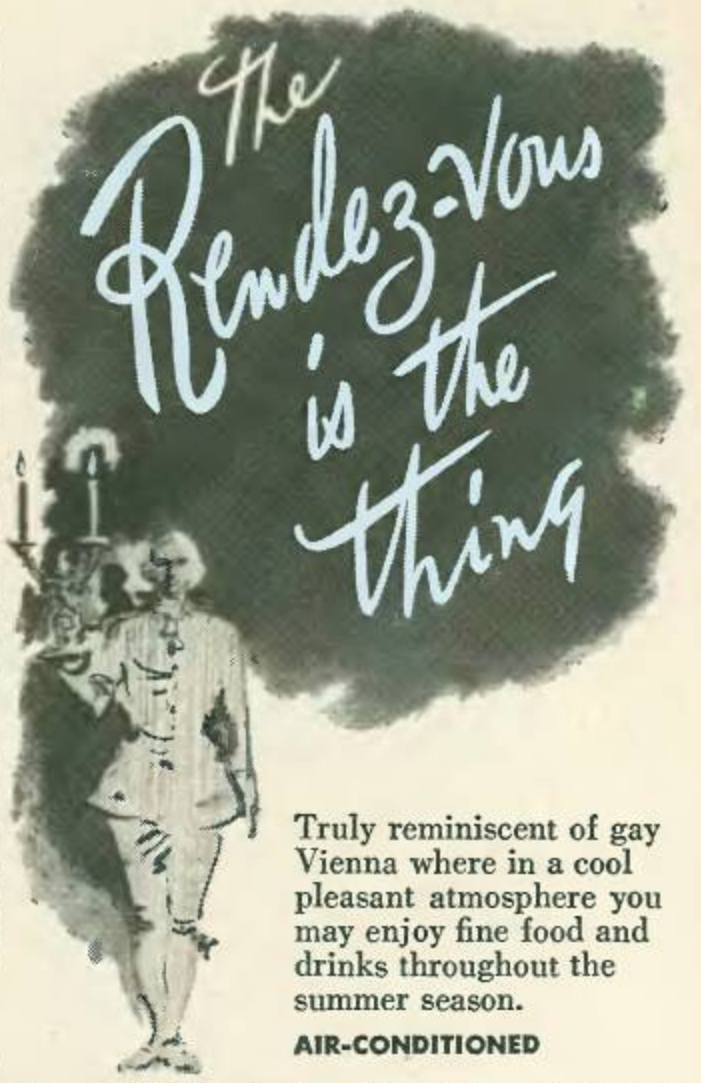
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(Mainliner did the same trick three years ago.) The time—2:02⅘ for each heat—was nothing extra, probably because the track hadn't dried out fully after the rain the day before. In the first heat, Newport Dream came from the next-to-outside post position in the second row (the horses were lined up in two rows because the track wasn't wide enough to start them in one) and won by three lengths. In the second heat, he got home by a short head. To casual followers of trotting, it was a triumph for form. You see, Newport Dream was quite the best two-year-old of 1953, winning twenty out of twenty-two heats and $94,934 in prize money. Also, he was the winter-book favorite for the Hambletonian. However, to those in the know it was something of a surprise. It seems that early this spring he developed such a bad case of leg trouble—oh, yes, trotters have it, too—that few people dreamed he'd get to the races at all. Indeed, it's possible that he won't start again this season. Even if he doesn't, though, he has earned his keep, for the purse was $106,830.68 and his share of it was $57,581.74. In case you aren't familiar with this money spinner, I can tell you that he is a rangy, rather plain-looking dark-bay colt by Axomite out of Miss Key, and is owned by Octave Blake, whose Newport Stock Farm is in South Plainfield, New Jersey. He's trained and driven by Del Cameron, one of our smaller drivers. And, speaking of drivers, I came across Tommy Murphy, one of the topnotchers of other days, while I was wandering around the stables, which is always a pleasant diversion at Goshen. I wonder if racegoers remember that Murphy once had a go at training for the Greentree Stable, and that one of the runners he developed and handled as a two-year-old was Twenty Grand.

—AUDAX MINOR

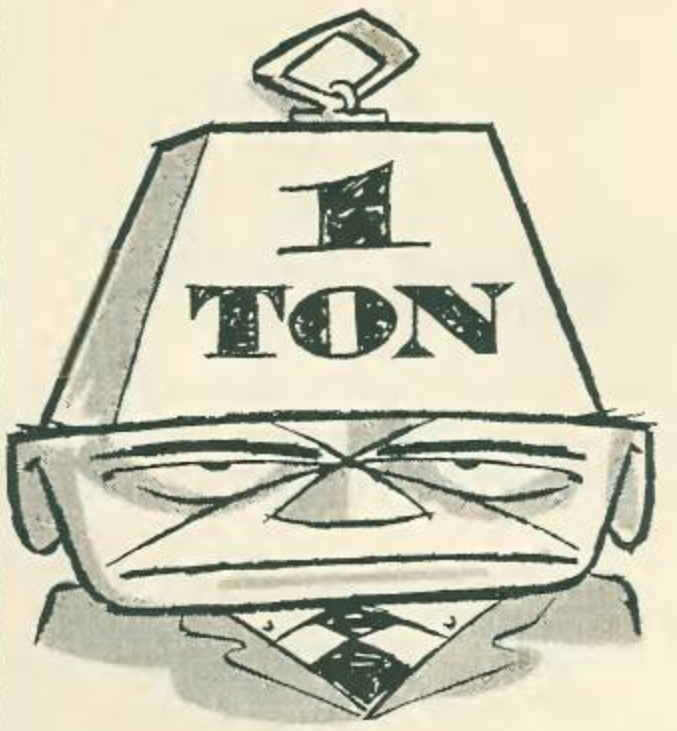
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Years of Shame



CLAUDE G. BOWERS' account of the six years during which he was United States Ambassador to the Spanish republic, entitled "My Mission to Spain" (Simon & Schuster), is interesting for a variety of reasons. The first is that Mr. Bowers' tour of duty ran from 1933 to 1939, so that he was in an especially favorable position to witness the whole process of the establishment, in blood and misery, of what has proved to be the most enduring of the European Fascist dictatorships. This process has been falsified in this country as industriously as the history of the twenties has been falsified in Russia, and it is good to have an account of it put on paper by an eyewitness who is also a historian of distinction. The widely accepted picture shows liberal weakness and ineptitude destroying a working democracy, first by flirting with Socialism and then by failing to resist Communist violence, until at last that gallant gentleman General Franco was forced to clean house and, against his will, to revolt. There is not one element of truth in this fable, as Mr. Bowers demonstrates.

The Spanish Center and Right Wing parties had discredited themselves by one squalid and grotesque scandal after another since they had come into power, in 1933, and they had lost the elections held in February of 1936 to a coalition rather less to the left of Center than Roosevelt's first administration, a coalition that thereupon set up a government that included no Communists and not even an evolutionary Socialist of the Norman Thomas variety. It was, in fact, a liberal administration with a mildly progressive flavor. Long before it took office, General José Sanjurjo, military leader of the Fascist movement before Franco took over, and Juan March, the wealthy Spanish Rightist, had been in contact with the Nazis in Germany and the Fascists in Italy, to arrange for united action if the Right Wing should lose the elections. This was not to be a counter-attack against a triumphant Communist regime; it was to be a Fascist assault upon a constitutionally elected democracy. Between the elections of 1936 and the summer of 1936, while the Fascists were completing their plans for their uprising, there was a swing away from extremism inside the Spanish Left Wing parties, and in June the moderationist Indalecio Prieto won a resounding victory over the extremist Largo Caballero in the Socialist Party elections and took over the control of the Party, by then the major political organization in Spain, from him. The Fascists, however, had no intention of letting the republic pursue even a course of moderation, and their strong-arm gangs of *pistoleros*, organized by the Monarchist Calvo Sotelo, arranged outrages and assassinations of Left Wing leaders almost every day. These provocations produced the retaliations they were designed to bring about, and the Fascists could thus pretend that the Left was bringing Spain to anarchy.

The revolt was the result of one of these sequences of provocation and retaliation. In July of 1936 a lieutenant of the government's Assault Guards was shot down by a band of Fascist gunmen in broad daylight as he stood with his arm round his wife at his front door, and at four the next morning Calvo Sotelo, himself the cause of so much killing, was taken from his house and shot by a group of Assault Guards. The Franco revolt followed. Nine days later, the first German planes were on their way to Spain, and Hitler's drive to establish the Belsen-Dachau culture throughout Europe had begun. Within three months the Nazi Condor Legion had been installed in Spanish bases. The fabricators of the Spanish myth, who pretend that General Franco was the leader of a crusade to rescue Christian Spain from the horrors of Communist atheism, choose to forget the violence and persistence with which his principal allies conducted their own struggle with the church, and their complete disregard of Christian values. Even if Communists and other Left Wing extremists, such as the Anarchists and Syndicalists, did rally to the Republican side when the civil war broke out, their atheism is neatly balanced in the account. The Reds who came in on the Republican side may have turned to Russia for the source of their anti-



religious sentiments, but Franco's Falangists took them direct from Hitler, whose words are unmistakable:

In Madrid the sickening odor of the heretic's pyre remained for more than two centuries mingled with the air one breathed. If a revolution breaks out again in Spain, one must see in it the natural reaction to an interminable series of atrocities. One cannot succeed in conceiving how much cruelty, ignominy, and falsehood the intrusion of Christianity has spelt for this world of ours.

If the misdeeds of Christianity were less serious in Italy, that's because the people of Rome, having seen them at work, always knew exactly the worth of the Popes before whom Christendom prostrated itself. For centuries no Pope died except by the dagger, poison, or the pox.

Extremism, whatever its color, speaks in the end one language and proceeds inexorably to the betrayal of the human spirit. In his portraits of the leaders of the republic Franco destroyed, Mr. Bowers shows that many of them were devout Christians, for whom such opinions and such utterances were unthinkable—moderate and reasonable men who wished for nothing but a peaceful healing of their country's tragic divisions.

Mr. Bowers is not dispassionate or impartial in his account of the long-drawn-out war that followed this Fascist rising; he was wholeheartedly on the side of the liberals, and he considers their abandonment by the democracies an appalling error. The people of Spain rose to the support of their government, and for three years they fought against the imported Italian and German armies and the Moorish troops Franco brought in from Spanish North Africa. Mr. Bowers believes that if at any time during that three years the Loyalists had been allowed to buy arms in quantity they would have won their fight, and that it was because Britain, France, and the United States denied them arms that they were beaten in the end. He came to this conclusion at the start, when the military *coup d'état* seemed to have failed and the Spanish people showed where their sympathies lay, and he told the State Department what he thought. He went on telling the State Department what he thought for the whole three years, without result. He saw his liberal Spanish friends slowly wakening to the realization that they were being sold down the river, and that the Western democracies intended only to prevent all aid from reaching them while the republic for which they had such great hopes was murdered by the Fascist rebels. Neither England, nor France, nor the United States would



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help out a democracy that was fighting for its life. It is one of the more disgusting episodes of modern history, and it is hard to read about it without sharing Mr. Bowers' anger and distress.

But it has to be admitted that anger and history do not go well together; the emotion, natural though it is, obscures the issues and introduces certain oversimplifications. Mr. Bowers enlarges on the perfidy of France and England in the betrayal of the Spanish republic and is somewhat reserved about the American role. The French and British maneuvers that deprived the republic of desperately needed aircraft and arms are particularized with loving distaste, but the American parallels are omitted. There is no mention of the State Department's refusal to issue an export license for forty war planes ordered by Greece, though intended for the Spanish government. After this deal was frustrated, the Spanish government tried another tactic; it ordered some Canadian aircraft through the Turkish government. These planes were to be powered with American engines, and again the State Department intervened; export licenses for the engines were refused, and the deal collapsed. In 1938, when Franco was driving on Catalonia, the Russians made an attempt to secure two million dollars' worth of aircraft and engines for the Republicans from the United States; the export licenses were again refused by the State Department when the Russians declined to give a guarantee that the shipment was not intended for Loyalist Spain.

One can see why Mr. Bowers would like to forget these incidents, but it is harder to see why he should omit some others. In 1937, Italian submarines masquerading as rebel vessels sank a number of ships in the Mediterranean, and the British and French took action that Mr. Bowers describes in this way:

Hastily, a conference of all the Mediterranean powers was called, and while Italy would not attend without Germany, which was not invited because not a Mediterranean country, the other nations sat down at Nyon and agreed to drastic action. War vessels were to patrol the sea and sink any submarine attacking any ship not Spanish, or any that refused to show its colors. This served for a while. But the bombing of ships continued until a British ship was sent to the bottom with its crew.

This does not make it quite clear that British and French destroyers depth-





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charged a number of submarines and sank at least one in implementing the Nyon agreement. The positive action is glossed over, and this is not the only case in which it is pushed into the background to strengthen the picture of French and British pusillanimity. It is a universal tendency to be kinder to oneself than to one's friends, and Mr. Bowers affords some pleasing examples of the contrast between common prudence and the spirit of appeasement. He was aboard the United States warship Cayuga, which was evacuating American civilians from the town of Gijón, when a ship appeared on the horizon. Field glasses were pressed into service and the vessel was identified.

"It's the Cervera [a rebel warship], probably returning to shell the town again," they reported. It was approaching at considerable speed. Since, in the absence of a consul at Gijón to assemble our nationals, we would have to search the town with deliberation, it was manifest that nothing could be thoroughly done under the guns of the rebel ship. Besides, with the Cayuga in the line of fire, we might easily be involved in an incident, or our appearance at the moment of the reappearance of the Cervera might be misunderstood. We decided to go on to Vigo and stop at Gijón on the way back.

The calculations are understandable; they are, indeed, precisely those the execrated Mr. Chamberlain was then making on a greater scale. The incident from which he and Bonnet shrank was rather larger—the war that was to consume the wealth and power of France, to deprive England of half its wealth and all its Asiatic empire, to establish Bolshevik Russia as the dominant power in Europe and Asia, and to bring about the deaths of millions of men and women. Mr. Chamberlain, seeing this future implacably bearing down on him, may perhaps be forgiven for having, so to speak, wanted "to go on to Vigo and stop at Gijón on the way back." The question of who is in a position to rebuke him is a delicate one, and though Mr. Bowers does not hesitate, it is possible to feel uneasy about the moral basis of his criticism. A few months after the collapse of the Spanish republic, Mr. Chamberlain admitted the futility of his policies and declared war on Germany. The United States government did not, and it made no move until Poland, Belgium, Holland, France, Denmark, and Norway had been conquered and occupied by Nazi and Fascist armies. Mr. Bowers did not resign from the service in protest during these two bitter years, he did not resign in protest against his country's in-


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difference to the fate of Spain and Czechoslovakia. All things considered, it is strange to find that a man who must have been acquainted with the spirit of '39 and '40 should find the spirit of Munich hard to understand. It was a spirit of indecision and weakness from which no country was exempt, and which every free country that had experienced the pointless loss and destruction of modern war was bound to share. The index of the extent to which the spirit permeated a country was the severity of its loss in World War I, and its origin is perhaps not in the realm of morality at all. —ANTHONY WEST

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE FALL OF A TITAN, by Igor Gouzenko (Norton). The author is the former Russian spy who, to judge from press releases, has spent most of his time with his head inside a pillowcase since he told all to the Canadian government. While he was in there, he seems to have made a remarkably shrewd study of the best-selling American novel and what makes it tick. But although he has been able to judge rather acutely that there ought to be so much raw sex, so much refined love, so much action, and so much this and that in the mixture, his cake doesn't rise, and the final product is as heavy as lead. The story is about a literary figure, who is more or less Gorky, and the elaborate plans made by a villain, who is more or less Beria, to disgrace the literary figure in his old age. Beria has the job done by an up-and-coming young fellow called Feodor Novikov, who loves them and leaves them when off duty and wrestles with his conscience when on. Conscience loses on points by about page 600, but finishes strong and is heard eagerly asking for a return match as the Beria character winds things up by offering Novikov the post of first secretary at the Soviet Embassy in Washington. Embedded in the long-winded main plot is a quite short and quite brilliant detective story about a routine police investigation in Rostov, which suggests that when Gouzenko gets through writing what he thinks he ought to write, and gets down to the things that really interest and excite him, he should make quite a writer. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

UNTO A GOOD LAND, by Vilhelm Moberg (Simon & Schuster). A solid,

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leisurely, and very readable book about the difficult first year spent by a group of Swedish immigrants who arrived in New York in 1850 and went directly to Minnesota. A Literary Guild selection.

SIDESTREET, by Robert O. Bowen (Knopf). Why Mr. Bowen chose to waste his talent on a long study of unrelieved self-righteousness is a puzzle, but since he has done it, and the book is finished, one can only hope that now he will quickly go on to some subject not quite so shallow and monotonous. The writing seems to indicate that he realized he had made a mistake but decided to go ahead anyway and intimidate the reader into taking him seriously by covering his dull work with a prose that is flat, humorless, and meaninglessly portentous. His central figure is Edna Gavin, a New Jersey housewife.

GENERAL

PORTRAITS, by Desmond MacCarthy (Oxford). Sir Desmond's first volume of essays, published in England in 1931, has finally been brought out here—a captivating mixed bag of thirty-four personalities, from Izaak Walton to Asquith. No matter whether he is carrying on a disconcerting dialogue on sin with John Bunyan, or discovering *Mr.* Patrick Campbell in the autobiography of his celebrated wife, or apologizing for Gladstone's "lack of irony towards human struggles and the incongruities of experience," or holding a scoundrelly conversation with George Moore on Ebury Street, or exploring Herbert Spencer's monumental innocence, Sir Desmond is so unfailingly entertaining that it is easy to overlook the brilliance and justice (tinctured with charity) of his perceptions. If this book is not criticism but simply literary journalism—as the mocking dedication to the author's youth insists—it is literary journalism that has had few peers since the eighteenth century.

AN INNOCENT ON EVEREST, by Ralph Izzard (Dutton). The triumphant 1953 British Everest Expedition, like all but one of the several unsuccessful British attempts that preceded it, was underwritten in large part by the London *Times*. In return for its openhanded support, the *Times* asked merely that the members of the assault group pledge themselves to speak for publication only to fully accredited members of the *Times*



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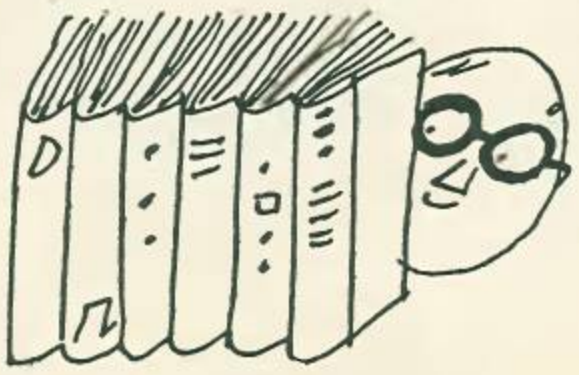
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editor at large



The folks on Mercer Street in Princeton, New Jersey, have a legend living down the block. They're aware of this, of course; somehow you always know when Albert Einstein is in the neighborhood.

Einstein has lived in many neighborhoods but his favorite stamping ground is the universe. He has been largely responsible for our ability to comprehend it, and, because of a paper he once wrote, to destroy our part of it. Much of his lifetime, however, has been spent in urging us to join the universe, rather than to blow ourselves out of it.

It's been a long lifetime but anyone who thinks that at 75, Professor E. is an old man, has only to wait a few weeks or months usually, before this grossly inaccurate bubble of thought is pierced by a periodic thrust from one of the sharpest minds (and tongues) the world has ever known.

The story of Einstein's life is one of such suspense, discovery, tragedy and courage that it would tax the imagination of a science fictioneer. Next week Doubleday will publish *The Drama of Albert Einstein,* a warm, intimate portrait by Antonina Vallentin. The author, a lifelong friend of the Einsteins, has written several biographies, one of which caused the *New York Times* to say that "she is a biographer of genius." In this case the statement is doubly true.

I recommend to you this close-up look at a legend, the story of a great scientist-philosopher and a splendidly independent man. It's nontechnical and the only thing you have to know about relativity is your position in regard to the nearest bookshop.

L L Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

The Drama of Albert Einstein, with twelve photographs, most of which have not been published before, will be published August 19th. The price is $3.95. Your bookseller will be glad to reserve a copy for you.

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staff. This stipulation was certainly natural enough, but it quite obviously made things difficult for the many other reporters assigned to cover the attempt, among whom was Mr. Izzard, a foreign correspondent for the London *Daily Mail.* Mr. Izzard is, however, a newspaperman of unusual fortitude, perseverance, and ingenuity, and in this wholly delightful, if occasionally irreverent, travelogue, he tells us how, in spite of a harrowing insufficiency of experience and equipment, he managed to dog the footsteps of John Hunt and his party to within a few thousand feet of their destination, and to keep the readers of the *Daily Mail* reasonably well informed about what was happening on the perilous heights above him.

DOCTOR DAN: PIONEER IN AMERICAN SURGERY, by Helen Buckler (Atlantic-Little, Brown). A biographical study of the once celebrated Negro physician and hospital administrator Daniel Hale Williams. Despite its somewhat patronizing title, it is highly sympathetic; indeed, Miss Buckler's sympathies are so deeply engaged—particularly in her ferociously partisan discussion of the numerous quarrels (professional, political, and racial) that marked Dr. Williams' difficult career—that she almost succeeds in persuading us that he was as bumptious, as bumbling, and as unlovable as his enemies made him out. Photographs.

VERSE

AN ITALIAN VISIT, by C. Day Lewis (Harper). Mr. Day Lewis shows his usual technical brilliance, together with some capable reporting, in this narrative poem in seven parts, describing an air journey to Rome, Florence, and environs. A good deal of parody is involved, open in the case of contemporaries—Auden, Yeats, Frost, and Dylan Thomas—and more or less concealed in the use of Browning and Edward FitzGerald stanza forms. The over-all result is rather hollow except for one section—"Elegy Before Death: at Settignano"—in which warm human feeling is allowed to come through.

•

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