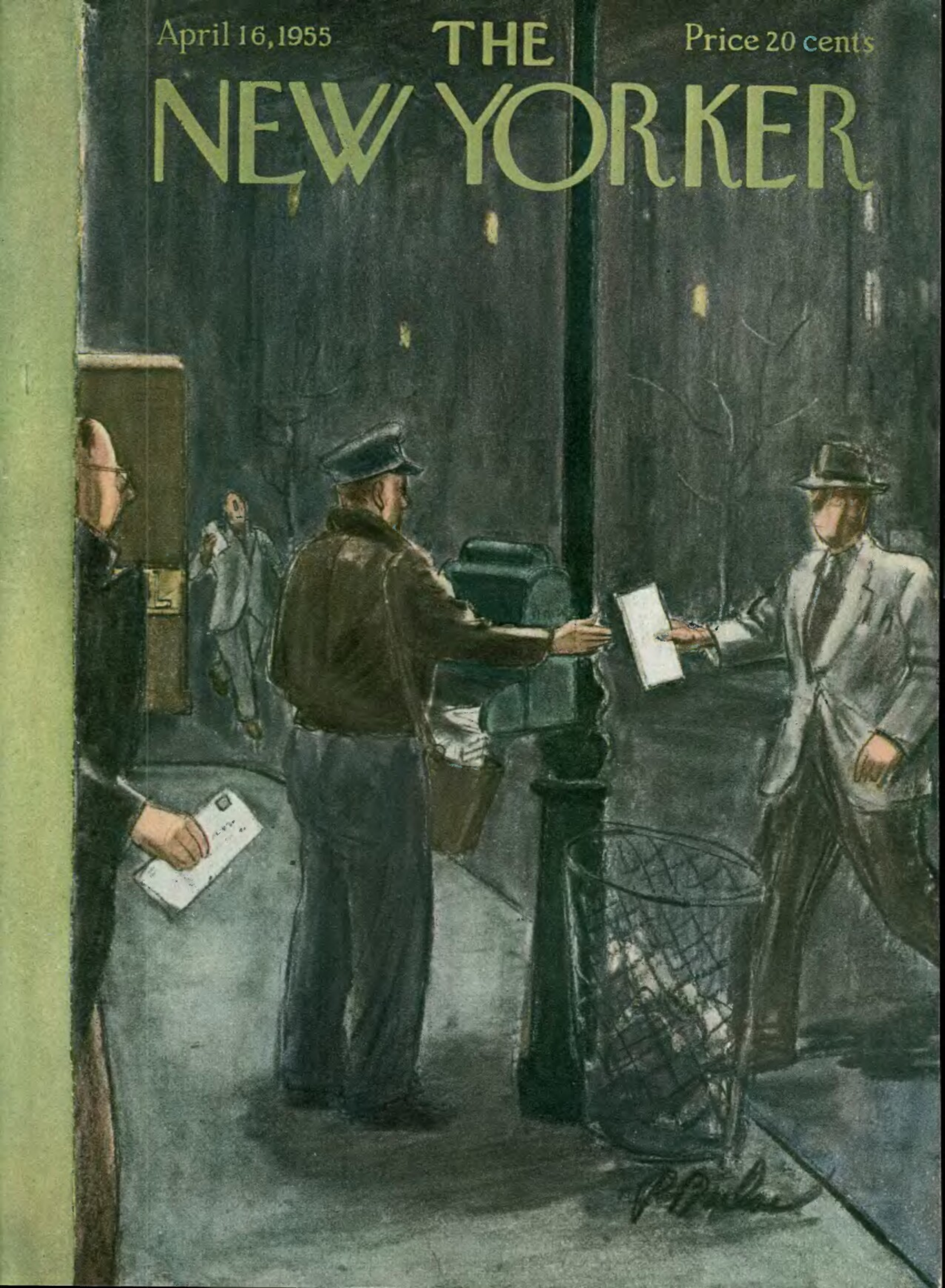
April 16, 1955

THE NEW YORKER

Price 20 cents





This is the powder bar where your skin tones are analyzed

and a blend of face powder is created to perfect your own colouring.

Charles of the Ritz

$1, $2, $3 sizes plus tax



SHARLAND

Rosebuds all over our exclusive cotton satin morning-coat $40

Pretty way to start the day right—end the night, too—in our bower of rosebuds. Printed in a medallion pattern and interspersed with tiny green leaves on cool, summerweight cotton satin. Full-skirted, front-zipped, for quick dressing. Deep pink rosebuds on white or pale pink backgrounds, or china blue rosebuds on pale blue. Exclusively ours in the whole wide world in sizes 8 to 18. Negligées, Second Floor

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK 19
BERGDORF GOODMAN
5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

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

PLAYS

Anastasia—Maybe the heroine of this amiable drama is the late Czar of Russia's daughter, and then again maybe she isn't. At any rate, the play is distinguished by the performances of Viveca Lindfors, as the alleged daughter, and Eugenie Leontovich, as the Dowager Empress. Guy Bolton adapted it from a French work. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Bad Seed—Maxwell Anderson's scary melodrama dealing with a winsome little girl who is also homicidal. Patty McCormack is most convincing as this tiny Lizzie Borden, and Nancy Kelly, Henry Jones, Evelyn Varden, and Thomas Chalmers do well as her elders. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

Bus Stop—A lively group of characters are assembled at a wayside restaurant in this drama by William Inge, and the result is entirely satisfactory. The cast, which was directed by Harold Clurman, includes Kim Stanley, Elaine Stritch, Anthony Ross, and Albert Salmi, and is altogether admirable. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Cat on a Hot Tin Roof—A powerful drama by Tennessee Williams in which Barbara Bel Geddes, Burl Ives, and Ben Gazzara are highly impressive. The play was directed by Elia Kazan, and he never did better. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Dark Is Light Enough—Even Katharine Cornell can't quite clear up the underlying message in Christopher Fry's blank-verse drama about what seems to have been a remarkably confused period in Austro-Hungarian history. Guthrie McClintic directed the cast, which also includes Tyrone Power, Arnold Moss, Christopher Plummer, and Marian Winters. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sunday and Monday, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesday, Saturdays, and Thursday, April 21, at 2:30. Closes Saturday, April 23.)

The Desperate Hours—A melodrama adapted by Joseph Hayes from his own novel, and about the most exciting thing around. It has to do with a family held captive by a mob of hoodlums, and among the sheep and the wolves are Karl Malden, Nancy Coleman, James Gregory, George Mathews, Paul Newman, and Patricia Peardon. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, April 17.)

The Flowering Peach—Perhaps Clifford Odets is a trifle uncertain in his handling of the theme of Noah and his ark, but Menasha Skulnik is splendid as the old animal fancier, and he gets a lot of help from Berta Gersten, Leon Janney, and Barbara Baxley. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Lunatics and Lovers—While Sidney Kingsley's lowdown and rackety farce may not be up to some of the great ones of the past, it is a fairly entertaining piece just the same. Dennis King, Buddy Hackett, Sheila Bond, Vicki Cummings, Mary Anderson, Nat Cantor, and Arthur O'Connell are in the cast. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Witness for the Prosecution—If you can identify the murderer in Agatha Christie's first-rate melodrama, you probably belong on the police force yourself. The cast of thirty includes Francis L. Sullivan, Patricia Jessel, Una O'Connor, Gene Lyons, Ernest Clark,



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23

Horace Braham, and Robin Craven. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—anniversary waltz: Marjorie Lord and Macdonald Carey in a comedy about a thoroughly married couple by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **the seven year itch:** Eddie Bracken now has the leading role in George Axelrod's comedy concerning a man who gets mixed up with a beautiful girl (Anne Kimbell) while his wife is away for the summer. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **tea and sympathy:** At present, Mary Fickett is playing the part of the understanding older woman and Anthony Perkins that of the sensitive boy accused of homosexuality in this play by Robert Anderson. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **the teahouse of the august moon:** John Patrick's comedy about Okinawa under the American Occupation. John Forsythe, Eli Wallach, Paul Ford, and Mariko Niki are importantly concerned. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Champagne Complex—A three-character comedy by Leslie Stevens in which Donald Cook, Polly Bergen, and John Dall will appear. Gayle Stine is the producer, Michael Gordon

	Page
THE ART GALLERIES	109
BOOKS	147
THE CURRENT CINEMA	145
LETTER FROM NEW DELHI	118
MUSICAL EVENTS	133
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE: ABOUT THE HOUSE	112
THE RACE TRACK	143
A REPORTER AT LARGE	90
THE SKY LINE	78
THE THEATRE	74

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1313
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give postal zone numbers for both addresses.

the director. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursday and Saturday this week, and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

The Boy Friend—This satire on musical comedies of the twenties is one of the funniest and breeziest of our imports from London. Sandy Wilson and Vida Hope are mainly responsible for the form and content of the entertainment, and Julie Andrews is completely disarming as the blond heroine of the preposterous story. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Fanny—A musical play, by S. N. Behrman and Joshua Logan, that abounds in people, production, and plot. There is color and gaiety in it, too, and good music by Harold Rome, sung with force and charm by Ezio Pinza, Walter Slezak, and other interpreters of Marseille waterfront life. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

House of Flowers—There isn't too much merit in the book provided by Truman Capote for this musical, and Harold Arlen's music is somewhat thin, but the sets by Oliver Messel are dazzling. So is Pearl Bailey, who figures prominently in the affair, assisted by Diahann Carroll, Juanita Hall, and Frederick O'Neal. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Plain and Fancy—Some good, clean fun among the Pennsylvania Dutch—with a great deal of warmth, if a modicum of wit. Joseph Stein and Will Glickman wrote the book, Albert Hague and Arnold B. Horwitt did the songs and lyrics, respectively, Helen Tamiris arranged the dances, and Raoul Pène duBois designed the sets and costumes. The cast includes Shirl Conway, Barbara Cook, Richard Derr, and David Daniels. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Silk Stockings—Although this musical version of "Ninotchka" lapses a little in its serious moments, it is generally one of the treats of the season. Cole Porter wrote the excellent songs; George S. Kaufman, Leueen MacGrath, and Abe Burrows attended to the jokes; and Jo Mielziner executed the stylish sets. Hildegarde Neff and Don Ameche head the cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

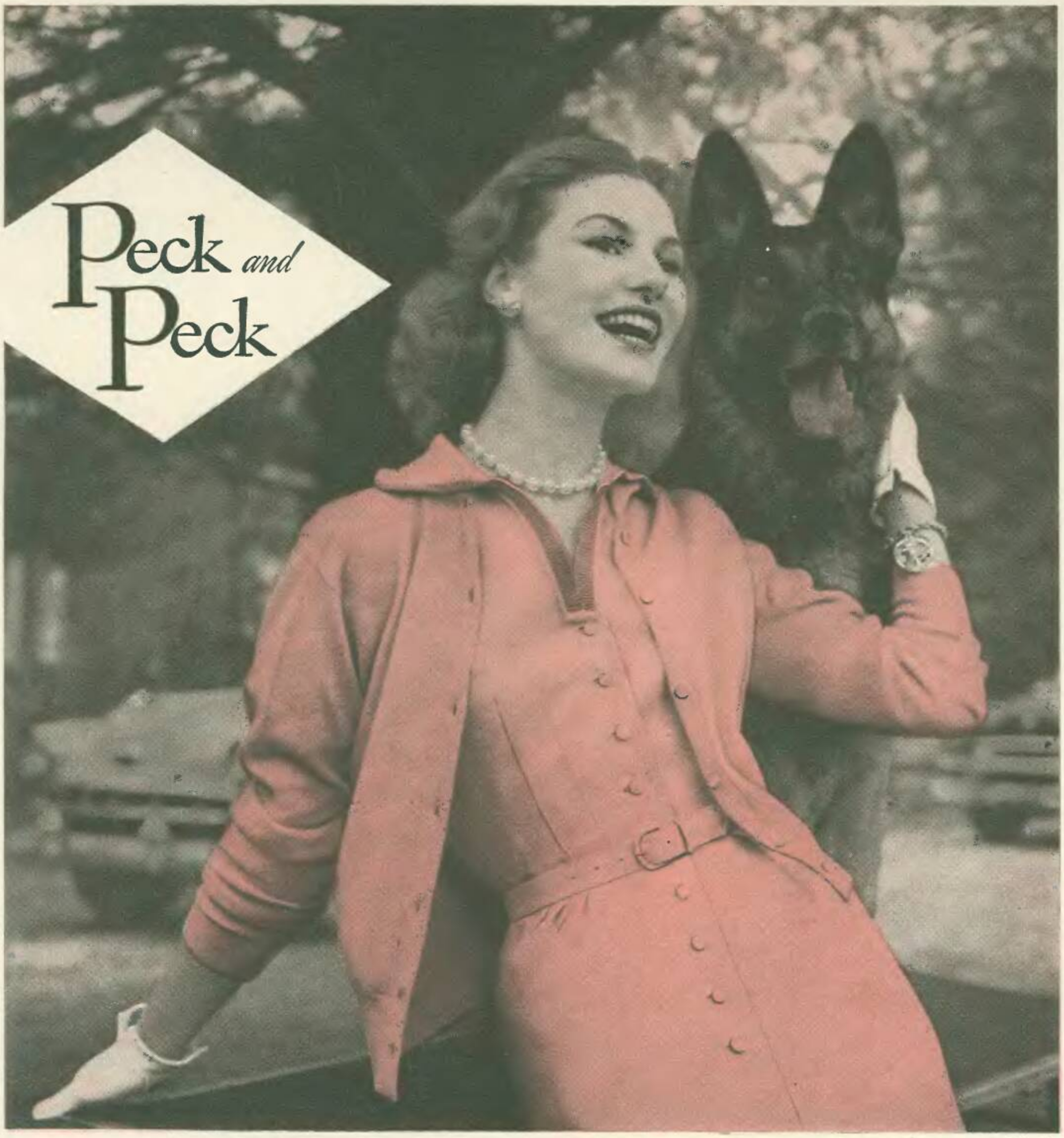
3 for Tonight—Harry Belafonte, Marge and Gower Champion, Hiram Sherman, and the choral group known as the Voices of Walter Schumann combine to make this informal entertainment a real delight at least three-quarters of the time. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—can-can: A Cole Porter musical set in the Paris of 1893. Norwood Smith and Lilo are among the resident Parisians. (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.)... **kismet:** William Johnson is now the vagabond poet in this adaptation of Edward Knoblock's comedy-melodrama, and his leading associates include Elaine Malbin, Richard Oneto, and Julie Wilson. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, April 23.)... **the pajama game:** A comedy about romance and labor relations in a pajama factory. John Raitt, Janis Paige, Eddie Foy, Jr., and Carol Haney have leading roles. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly,

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; S. B. Botsford, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Vol. XXXI, No. 9, April 16, 1955. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879.

Copyright, 1955, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker.

Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Canada, Philippines, Latin America, and Spain, $8.00. Other Foreign, $10.00.



Palumbo

PROVED CHAMPIONS . . . .

Ch. Lido von Friedlichenheim

AND OUR *Hadley Cashmeres*

Every inch a thoroughbred, that's Mr. and Mrs. Herbert T. Marcus' international champ, Lido. And it's a prized Hadley classic cardigan making an ensemble with our dyed-to-match sheer Irish linen dress. With self-tucked edging on the cuffs and collar. Cardigan, 34 to 40. 23.95. Dress, 10 to 20. 29.95. Both in ice mauve, marine green, Gaugin coral.

NEW YORK • CHICAGO • BOSTON • PHILADELPHIA • BALTIMORE • DETROIT • CLEVELAND • ST. LOUIS • MINNEAPOLIS • ST. PAUL
INDIANAPOLIS • WASHINGTON, D. C. • ATLANTA • CINCINNATI • KANSAS CITY • MILWAUKEE • HARTFORD • BUFFALO • PROVIDENCE

De Pinna

OUR OWN TWIN CHECKS



Proving that good looks run in the family! We've taken the same eyelet-embroidered gingham dress—scaled it down to size with every pretty detail intact. In lilac, pink or light blue.
For mother, 7 to 15, **13.95.**
For daughter, in sizes 3 to 6x and 7 to 14 at **8.95.**

FOURTH FLOOR

Mail and telephone orders invited. Call MU 8-2000

DE PINNA
FIFTH AVE. AT 52nd ST., N. Y.
LINCOLN ROAD, MIAMI BEACH

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

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

ANKLES AWEIGH—A musical, with Betty and Jane Kean, Lew Parker, and Mark Dawson. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis turned out the book, Sammy Fain provided the score, and Dan Shapiro contributed the lyrics. Staged by Fred F. Finklehoffe, and produced by Howard Hoyt, Reginald Hammerstein, and Mr. Finklehoffe. Opens Monday, April 18. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

ALL IN ONE—A triple bill made up of (1) Tennessee Williams' one-act three-character play "27 Wagons Full of Cotton," with Maureen Stapleton, Myron McCormick, and Felice Orlandi, under the direction of Vincent J. Donehue; (2) a new series of dances by Paul Draper; and (3) Leonard Bernstein's one-act musical satire "Trouble in Tahiti," with Alice Ghostley and John Tyers in a cast directed by David Brooks. Presented by Charles Bowden and Richard Barr. Opens Tuesday, April 19. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

INHERIT THE WIND—Paul Muni, Ed Begley, and Tony Randall in a play by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee. Directed by Herman Shumlin, and presented by him in association with Margo Jones. Opens Thursday, April 21. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

AMATO OPERA THEATRE—Friday through Sunday, April 15-17: "Rigoletto."... ¶ Starting Friday, April 22, "La Traviata." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8:15. Admission is free, but reservations should be made in advance.)

CHERRY LANE THEATRE—Jean Anouilh's comedy "Thieves' Carnival," adapted by Lucienne Hill, is fairly precious but probably entertaining enough to warrant the long haul to the Village. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-9583. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

NEW YORK CITY CENTER LIGHT OPERA COMPANY—"Guys and Dolls," with Helen Gallagher and Walter Matthau, is the first in a series of three musicals to be presented by the company. Preview on Tuesday, April 19. Opens officially on Wednesday, April 20, and will run through Sunday, May 1. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

PHOENIX THEATRE—Nancy Walker and Portia Nelson in "Phoenix '55," a revue directed by Marc Daniels, with music by David Baker, lyrics by David Craig, and sketches by Ira Wallach. Opens Saturday, April 23. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

PRESIDENT THEATRE—"Shoestring Revue," a musical with a cast that includes Dorothy Greener and Arte Johnson. (President Theatre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5595. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

PROVINCETOWN PLAYHOUSE—Shaw's comedy "You Never Can Tell," presented by the Provincetown Repertory. John F. Grahame is the director. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Fridays through Sundays at 8:40.)

SHAKESPEAREWRIGHTS—"The Merchant of Venice," directed by Marjorie Hildreth. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-2277. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30. Through Sunday, April 24.)

THEATRE DE LYS—"Teach Me How to Cry," a play by Patricia Joudry, with Deirdre Owens and Richard Morse. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

BALLET THEATRE—Thursday evening, April 14: "Designs with Strings," "Giselle," and "Interplay."... ¶ Friday evening, April 15: "Romeo and Juliet," "Rodeo," "The Black Swan: Pas de Deux," and "Theme and Variations."... ¶ Saturday matinée, April 16: "Les Sylphides," "La Fille Mal Gardée," and "Rodeo."... ¶ Saturday evening, April 16: "Petrouchka," "Swan Lake," "Caprichos," and "Graduation Ball."... ¶ Sunday matinée, April 17: "Petrouchka," "Swan Lake," and "Graduation Ball."... ¶ Sunday evening, April 17: "Aleko," "Pas de Quatre," "Pillar of Fire," and "Fancy Free."... ¶ Tuesday evening, April 19: "Theme and Variations," "Fall River Legend," "The Black Swan: Pas de Deux," and "Mam'zelle Angot."... ¶ Wednesday evening, April 20: "Designs with Strings," "Giselle," and "Rodeo."... ¶ Thursday evening, April 21: "Pas de Quatre," "Billy the Kid," "The Sphinx" (American première), and "Bluebeard."... ¶ Friday evening, April 22: "Aleko," "Jardin aux Lilas," "Three Virgins and a Devil," and "Helen of Troy."... ¶ Saturday matinée, April 23: "Petrouchka," "Swan Lake," and "Mam'zelle Angot."... ¶ Saturday evening, April 23: "Swan Lake," "Pillar of Fire," "Don Quixote: Pas de Deux," and "Bluebeard." (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-9751. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, May 1.)

PEARL PRIMUS—With her company, in a dance recital. (Central High School of Needle Trades, 225 W. 24th St. Saturday, April 16, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

DANCE DRAMA COMPANY—A company of six, headed by Emily Frankel and Mark Ryder, in the second performance of a program of works with choreography by Charles Weidman, Todd Bolender, Sophie Maslow, and Hadassah. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Saturday, April 16, at 8:40.)

JUILLIARD DANCE THEATRE—The first performances by this company of sixteen will be in a program of three works by Anna Sokolow and Doris Humphrey, with an orchestra conducted by Frederick Prausnitz. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Tuesday and Wednesday, April 19-20, at 8:30. A limited number of free tickets are available on request.)

VICENTE ESCUDERO—Spanish gypsy dancer, with his company of dancers and musicians. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, April 23, at 2:30 and 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

THE · CIRCUS—Everything but the canvas top. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 7. Matinées daily at 2. Extra performance Saturday, April 16, at 9:30 A.M. Through Sunday, May 8.... ¶ The doors open weekdays at 1 and 7, and Sundays at 1 and 6—and at 9 A.M. on Saturday, April 16—for those who like to roam around among the sideshows and the menagerie in the basement.)

BLUE HILL TROUPE—Presenting Gilbert and Sullivan's "Utopia, Ltd." For the benefit of the Legal Aid Society. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Thursday and Friday, April 14-15, at 8:45, and a performance primarily for children on Saturday, April 16, at 2:30. For tickets, call BU 8-4712.)

NIGHT LIFE

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

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Embassy Club is primarily designed for those who would like to live like kings and those who already do so. Viennese dinner music by Jani Sarkozi's band until ten; then dance music by Quintero's rumba



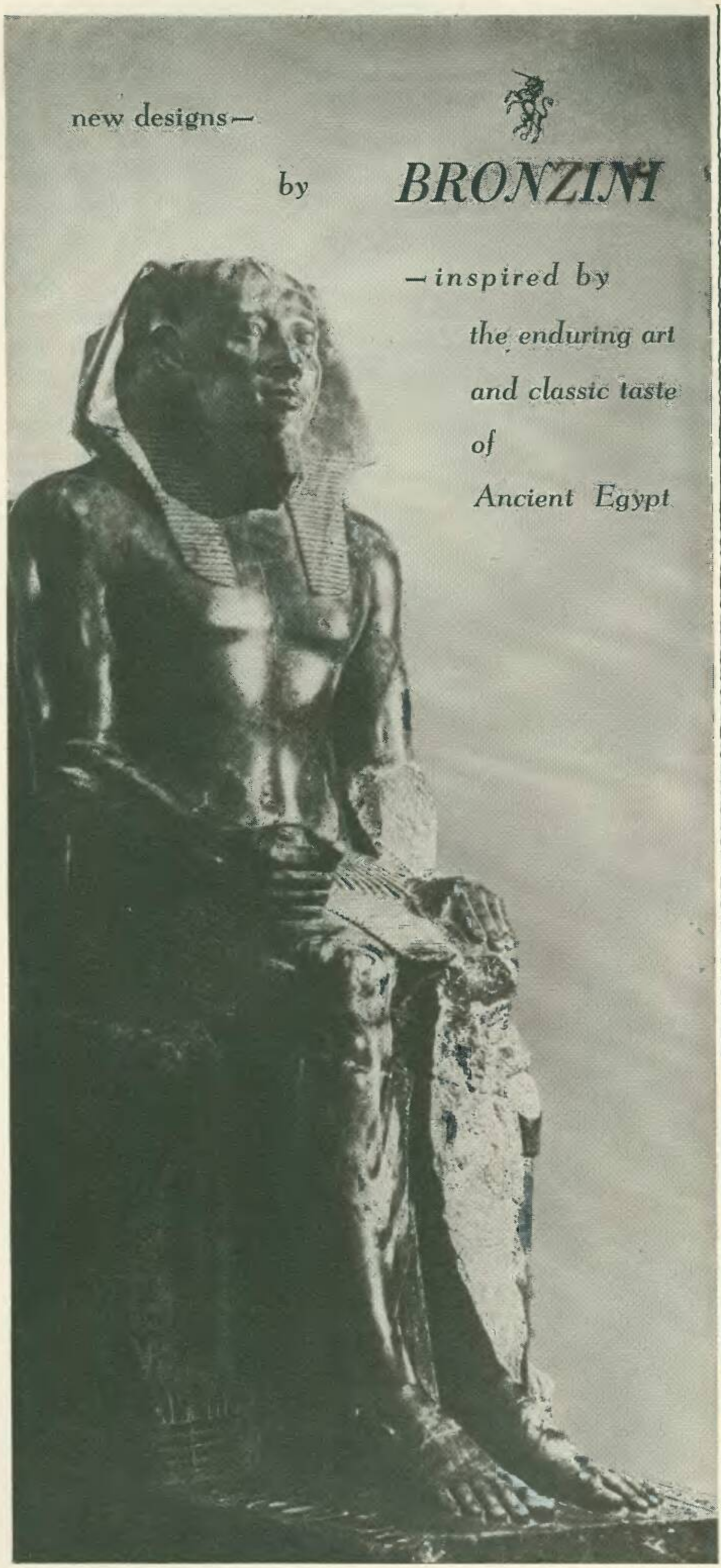
THE BERMUDA SHOP finds Moygashel Irish linen the perfect medium for impeccably tailored blouse and shorts. This season they like the look of the pale top with deeper shade of shorts. Pale pink with raspberry; sky blue with delphinium; or white with olive green. Sizes 10 to 18. Blouse, $10.95; Bermuda shorts, $16.95. This team at:

THE BERMUDA SHOP,
554 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

You'll find Moygashel linens, by the yard, wherever fashion fabrics are sold.

HAMILTON ADAMS IMPORTS, LTD.,
10 EAST 39TH STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

MOYGASHEL®



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

men and the orchestra of the veteran Chauncey Gray. Closed Mondays.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Soft music at the cocktail hour (which at that time is half commuter, half campus) every day but Sunday in the Palm Court, and also in the Madison Room from seven to nine Mondays through Fridays. No dancing in either place.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Pomp and circumstance à la carte. Dancing to Charles Holden's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Nino's Larue, 45 E. 58th St. (PL 5-6644)—The deb and sub-deb gaiety of the vanished Pall Mall Supper Club survives in this resplendent monument to the art of dining and dancing in style. Hugo Pedell, one of the room's earliest settlers, gets his cool little jazz band in motion at nine, and it is spelled by the Latin quartet of Horace Diaz. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Kaye Ballard, America's answer to the belles of St. Trinian's, is romping through a hog-wild potpourri of literate and lethal skits, torch songs, and impersonations in the Cotillion Room at dinner and supper. Stanley Melba's and Chico-Relli's bandsmen exude their usual cheerful music. Only a dinner show on Sundays, and closed every Monday. ...¶A small orchestra, generally Stanley Worth's, plays for dancing from cocktails through supper in the placid Café Pierre.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Celeste Holm, arrayed in her very best hostess gown, is receiving in the Persian Room, and tossing her guests a few pragmatic hints on how to get into or stay out of the eternal battle of the sexes. She sings at dinner and supper; Ted Straeter, arrayed in his best boutonniere, sings, plays piano, and leads his dashing dance band most of the evening. Mark Monte's instrumentalists are also on hand. Closed Sundays....¶After eight-thirty in the Rendez-Vous Room, which is to the manner born, Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's dance orchestras sprint from one familiar tune to another....¶At cocktails, Leo LeFleur's music ornaments the Palm Court. No dancing.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The Grill has Joseph Sudy's dance band at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette is a way of life to which almost anyone would like to become accustomed. In addition to grandeur, it offers the industrious little bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari all evening, plus (at dinner and supper) some words and music from Jeanne Bal, one of our more fetching musical-comedy honeysuckles. Closed Sundays.

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

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—The Café Rouge is sticking to thoroughly orchestrated and steady-beat dance music. Les Elgart's band is winding up its stay there on Thursday, April 21; next evening, Tex Beneke's band will be taking over. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—A glass goldfish bowl for people who have always wanted to live in one, and even occasionally cast the first stone. They provide all the entertainment. Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band for dancing.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Leonard Sillman's small, economy-size revue (there are only ten inmates) demonstrates the pleasing fact that you can put a whole show together without a single joke about Marilyn Monroe. Not all the Monroeless jokes are funny, but the people who speak them, notably Paul Lynde and Connie Sawyer, are. The appended singers and dancers are also neat as pins, bright as buttons. Salvatore Gioë's band and Panchito's rumba men think up dance music after nine and between shows.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Empire Room, the lyrics are

sung by Dorothy Dandridge, a vibrant performer who can work her lady-into-tiger transformation at a moment's notice. She's on duty at dinner and supper. Nat Brandwynne's big band, which is there throughout the evening, never sounded better. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Alex Fogarty's piano embellishes an alcove of Peacock Alley from six to twelve, and Michael Zarin's dance orchestra is in action from eight-thirty to one; on Sundays, Mischa Borr's dance orchestra does all the honors, from eight to twelve.

NOTE—The eagle's nest called the Rainbow Room serves as a lounge (from four-thirty to nine, except Sundays) where, over cocktails and frequent swatches of non-dance music, one can take an eagle's-nest gander at New York, way down yonder, while deciding whether the town's worth the long journey back. The address, 30 Rockefeller Plaza; the phone, CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425). What's left of the late-to-bed set does some of its tête-à-têting here, to the tunes of Bud Gregg's and Fred Witmer's busy piano. No music Sundays. . . . WEYLIN ROOM, 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9100): The keyboard recitals in this fashionable butler's pantry are executed from six to eight and from ten to two by Cy Walter, who always sounds as though he really loves his work. No music Sundays. . . . DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): An ornate assortment of armchairs in which to listen to the calm, collected piano of Addison Bailey during cocktails, dinner, and supper. Sundays, Paul Morse has the floor. . . . LE COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): The lays of that ancient minstrel Eddie Davis and his helpmeets take care of the dancers after nine. Rudy Timfield is at the piano off and on after seven-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . EL CHICO, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): A permanent picnic (Latin-American style), with all the appropriate sound effects. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . CAFÉ NINO, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): Practically rural peace and quiet, interrupted only by the mild piano of George Kent, who officiates at cocktails, dinner, and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . CHAMPAGNE GALLERY, 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): The small fry appear to enjoy this mixture of restaurant and off-Broadway theatre workshop. Someone or other always seems to be at the piano, or singing, or both. . . . GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 302 E. 58th St. (PL 9-7245): A plain-spoken, jolly little Hudson's Bay Company outpost, where Louis Hawkins and Bob Printz are the pianists on the barroom floor and the milkman's matinée is often enlivened by guest stars. The music begins at seven. . . . LITTLE BOHEMIA, 340 E. 79th St. (RE 7-6398): The ballads and the instrumental music scattered through the dinner and supper hours all dwell on the carry-me-back-to-that-old-blue-Danube theme. Closed Sundays. . . . WAVERLY LOUNGE, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the bar of the Hotel Earle, from six to eight and from nine-thirty to one, Laurie Brewis rambles casually up and down his Steinway. No cocktail music Saturdays and no music at all Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

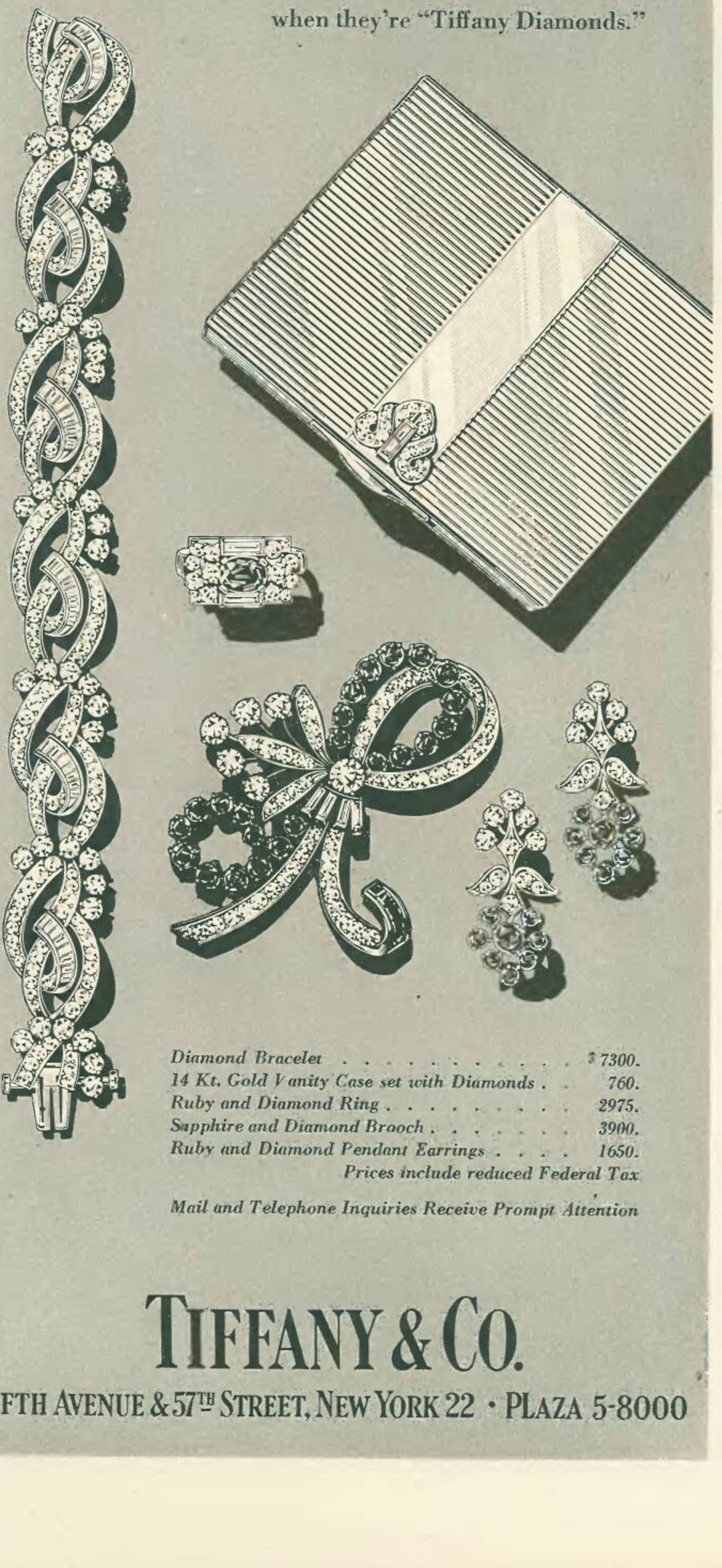
COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Many a performer is thrown to the ringside lions of this unruly coliseum, but Sammy Davis, Jr., is just a trifle too strong for them, to say nothing of being too fast on his feet and too glib with his tongue. His tour-de-force festival ends on Wednesday, April 20; the following evening, Eartha Kitt, a much smaller stormy petrel, will be introducing her songs of passion into the lions' den. Dancing. . . . LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1737): Times have changed since Sophie Tucker invented show business, but she's still singing and carrying on in her customary rough-and-ready way. She and the other court jester, Georgie Kaye, whose conversation is right up to the minute, will arrive here on Sunday, April 17.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Two eloquent young men—Stan Freeman and Arte Johnson—airing their pet hates. Mr. Freeman is bothered by the herd instincts of popular composers, and Mr. Johnson is

Your Diamonds are truly superb
in color, clarity and cutting,
when they're "Tiffany Diamonds."



Diamond Bracelet	$7300.
14 Kt. Gold Vanity Case set with Diamonds	760.
Ruby and Diamond Ring	2975.
Sapphire and Diamond Brooch	3900.
Ruby and Diamond Pendant Earrings	1650.

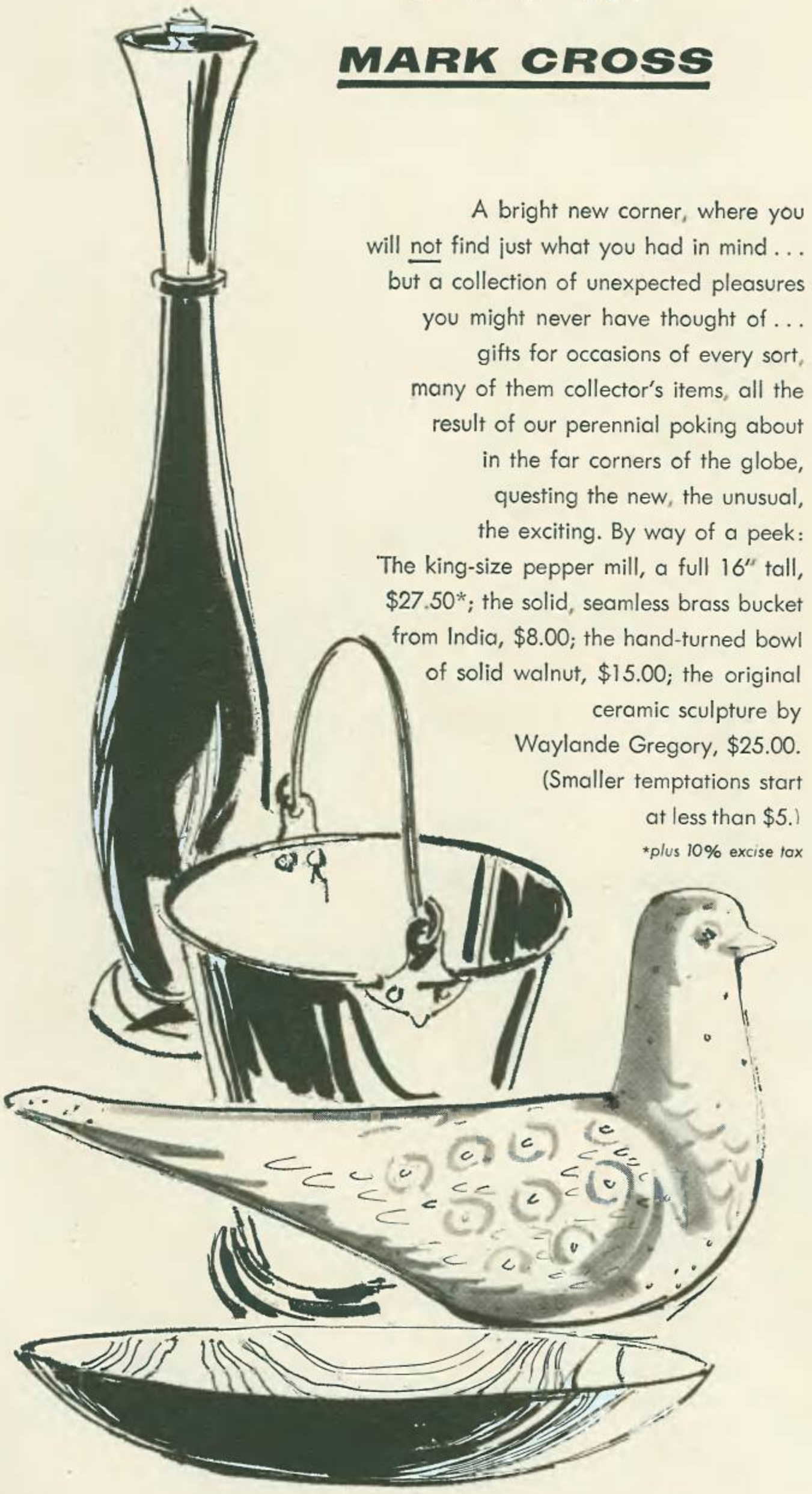
Prices include reduced Federal Tax

Mail and Telephone Inquiries Receive Prompt Attention

TIFFANY & CO.

FIFTH AVENUE & 57TH STREET, NEW YORK 22 · PLAZA 5-8000

THE 'UNEXPECTED' SHOP AT MARK CROSS



A bright new corner, where you will not find just what you had in mind . . . but a collection of unexpected pleasures you might never have thought of . . . gifts for occasions of every sort, many of them collector's items, all the result of our perennial poking about in the far corners of the globe, questing the new, the unusual, the exciting. By way of a peek: The king-size pepper mill, a full 16" tall, $27.50*; the solid, seamless brass bucket from India, $8.00; the hand-turned bowl of solid walnut, $15.00; the original ceramic sculpture by Waylande Gregory, $25.00. (Smaller temptations start at less than $5.)

plus 10% excise tax

Our Travel and Gift Catalogue for Spring is ready—yours for the asking.

MARK CROSS, FIFTH AVE. AT 55TH, NEW YORK 22

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

bothered by the herd instincts of executive types. The sweetness-and-light of the evening is supplied by Trude Adams, a handsome soprano; the fervent background music is provided by Bart Howard, Otis Clements, and Jimmy Lyons' trio. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): The red-hot-mama songs of an earlier day are given a raucous and spoofing reprise by Dorothy Loudon, an excellent example of red-hot mama herself. Bernie West, a rapid-fire humorist; Raymond Chase, a minor genius at the concertina; and the Mascots, a brand-new singing group, complete the lively cast of characters. The music of Julius Monk, master and mentor of this buoyant ménage, and the unique Norman Paris Trio bring out the best in all parties. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The tall and rangy Ada Moore drops in after "House of Flowers" to knock out a few tunes in jovial fashion. There are also Charles Manna, who is gradually getting some funny ideas into workable order, and Nancy Steele, happily chirruping her carefree sonatas. Clarence Williams' trio, with Carl Lynch on guitar, plays for kicks and for dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): A venerable Village playground, noted for the vigorous double piano of Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, as well as for the solo piano of Hazel Webster. There are also people who sing and people who crack jokes. Sundays, aged silent movies come to light; Mondays are audition nights. . . . **BYLINE ROOM**, 137 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-8324): Mabel Mercer's peaceful at-homes, which occur after eleven every night but Sunday, are monologues on the place (if any) of love in the great metropolis. The words are those of the brightest of the young composers; the music is Sam Hamilton's piano. Miss Mercer's salon is over the often restless Show Spot Lounge. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Neighborhood vaudeville in the anything-for-a-laugh style. Mae Barnes, a modernized Little Buttercup; Jimmie Daniels, a lush-life singer; the Three Flames, with Tiger Haines at the Existentialist lyrics; and Bruce Kirby, the house fall guy, are standard equipment. There are, moreover, two exemplary guests—Phil Leeds, the funny and talkative little valentine of "Can-Can," and Charlotte Rae, a cat who stalks her favorite prey (the American songbird) with a fearsome glitter in her eye. Closed Mondays. . . . **JORIE'S PURPLE ONION**, Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): Pretty nearly all the problems women have amassed for themselves are mordantly discussed in this Left Bank cellar by Jorie Remes as she engages in a Laocoön waltz with an amazingly alive stole. The mood and surroundings are air-conditioned Jean-Paul Sartre. 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): The New York sales office of a long-established Dixie enterprise in which Wild Bill Davison, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, George Wettling, Edmond Hall, Walter Page, and Mr. Condon are furiously active. Ted Roy is at the keyboard during intermissions. On Tuesday nights, live coals are brought to this Newcastle by visiting firemen. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's fusiliers give the dust little chance to settle anywhere. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): The newest version of the George Shearing sextet is much quieter but still wildly experimental (the harmonica and the bongo drums are prominent). The quartet of Johnny Smith—gentleman, scholar, and virtuoso guitarist—is also present. The music begins at nine. Sunday nights, Jack Elliott, a light-fingered pianist, and his trio do all the chores. Cocktail and dinner piano every day. . . . **BASIN STREET**, Broadway at 51st St. (PL 7-3728): Louis Armstrong (surrounded by Billy Kyle, Trummy Young, Arvell Shaw, Barney Bigard, and Barrett Deems, all of them cats who enjoy performing

Getting there is half the fun!



Europe-bound—the magnificent Mauretania, proud successor to one of the most famous names in transatlantic travel . . . preferred by those who seek the luxury of the world's largest liners on a more intimate scale . . . and who treasure an extra day at sea to enjoy Cunard's wonderful food and service . . . to join in the sparkling round of happy shipboard diversions . . . or simply to relax in the contented conviction that "Getting There *is* Half the Fun!"

See your Cunard-authorized Travel Agent and . . . **GO CUNARD**

QUEEN ELIZABETH • QUEEN MARY • MAURETANIA • CARONIA • BRITANNIC • MEDIA • PARTHIA
SAXONIA • FRANCONIA • SCYTHIA • SAMARIA • ASCANIA

An 18" x 22" color reproduction of this painting of the Mauretania (without the advertising text and suitable for framing) will be sent upon request
Write: Cunard Line, 25 Broadway, Dept. 3, New York 4, N. Y.

The New PACKARD

WITH EXCLUSIVE TORSION-LEVEL RIDE



THE NEW PACKARD "FOUR HUNDRED"

Discover for yourself . . . *nothing on earth rides like a Packard!*

ACROSS America there is tremendous acclaim for the distinguished styling, the luxurious elegance of the *new* Packard. But only when you drive it, will you get a true picture of the greatness of this *one* new car in the fine car field.

The exclusive Packard Torsion-Level Suspension system eliminates conventional springs and utilizes torsion action to smother road shocks. The roughest roads become velvety smooth and the fatigue factor of travel is reduced to a minimum.

In the *new* Packard *you see the road but never feel it!*

The *new* Packard has the world's most powerful V-8 engine . . 275 horsepower in the Caribbean, 260 in the Patrician and Four Hundred models. Linked to the engine is the new Packard Twin Ultramatic Transmission—two drives in one—with finger-tip choice of flashing getaway or smooth cruising glide.

Impressively styled . . . elegantly upholstered . . . distinctively color harmonized . . . the *new* Packard is designed to *reflect your pride in the finest!* Your Packard dealer will be happy to place the keys to a *new* Packard at your disposal. Call him soon . . . drive the *new* Packard and *let the ride decide.*

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

on a hot tin roof) is having himself his usual high old time. The Don Shirley Duo is but a sweet-voiced whisper in the presence of this uproar, which starts at nine. Closed Mondays. . . . JIMMY RYAN'S, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Admirers of incunabular American jazz should be pleased with the honest craftsmanship of Wilbur de Paris and his boys—Omer Simeon, Sidney de Paris, Lee Blair, George Foster, and Sonny White. Don Frye is the solo pianist. Jam sessions Monday nights. Closed Sundays. . . . THE COMPOSER, 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): The principal worker in this vineyard is Billy Taylor, a progressive pianist currently in an extremely happy mood. His trio and sundry other musicians go to work at ten, and are on tap every night but Sunday. . . . BIRDLAND, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): Perez Prado's band is doing the huffing and puffing and the Modern Jazz Quartet, an exceedingly wee small voice, is hopefully mumbling its mystic progressive shibboleths. On Thursday, April 21, the trio of Erroll Garner, whose piano knows no platitudes, replaces the M.J.Q. It's advisable to sit at a table, not among the gallery gods. Mondays, when the regulars are at rest, are jam-session nights. . . . CHILDS PARAMOUNT, Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): Once again, this haven for Early American jazz is (temporarily, it is hoped) going in for more silent nights. George Lewis and his ragtimers will noisily steal away on Saturday, April 16. . . . HICKORY HOUSE, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Lou Stein and his trio, modernists who have no complexes, build a solid wall of sound inside the circular bar. The interlude piano is provided by Johnny Mehegan, who shuttles from Juilliard to jazz without ever losing sight of either. No action on Mondays. . . . METROPOLE, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (JU 6-2278): On the long runway behind the enormous bar, jet-propelled Dixiecrats (among them Charlie Shavers, Ken Kersey, Cozy Cole, Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Arthur Magyar, Buster Bailey, Charlie Queener, Milt Hinton, Eddie Barefield, and Russell Moore) cook up a prodigious supply of heated Southern comfort. The hours are from 3 P.M. (1 P.M. Saturdays and Sundays) to 3 A.M.; no music Monday afternoons. . . . CHI CHI, 28 W. 56th St. (CI 6-5541): Matt Dennis (at last in person, not an album) is a sentimental gentleman from Hollywood, singing—and playing—"Violets for Your Furs" and all his other love sonnets in his confidential but hearty late-night manner. His base of operations has the worldly air of Madison Square Garden on fight night. Closed Sundays. . . . STUYVESANT CASINO, 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-9742): This beer garden serves as a weekend gathering place for the topnotch musicians. On Friday, April 15, it is reported, Bobby Hackett, Billy Butterfield, Pee Wee Russell, Miff Mole, Joe Sullivan, Pop Foster, Zutty Singleton, Coleman Hawkins, Buck Clayton, Urbie Green, George Wallington, Charles Mingus, Kenny Clarke, and Jimmy Rushing will all be going like hot cakes. Dancing. . . . CENTRAL PLAZA, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Another lively weekend resort. On Friday and Saturday, April 15-16, the racket squad should comprise Conrad Janis and his tailgaters, Jimmy Archey, Sol Yaged, Gene Sedric, Jo Jones, Eddie Gibbs, Dick Wellstood, Willie the Lion Smith, Art Trappier, and R. C. H. Smith.

ART

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

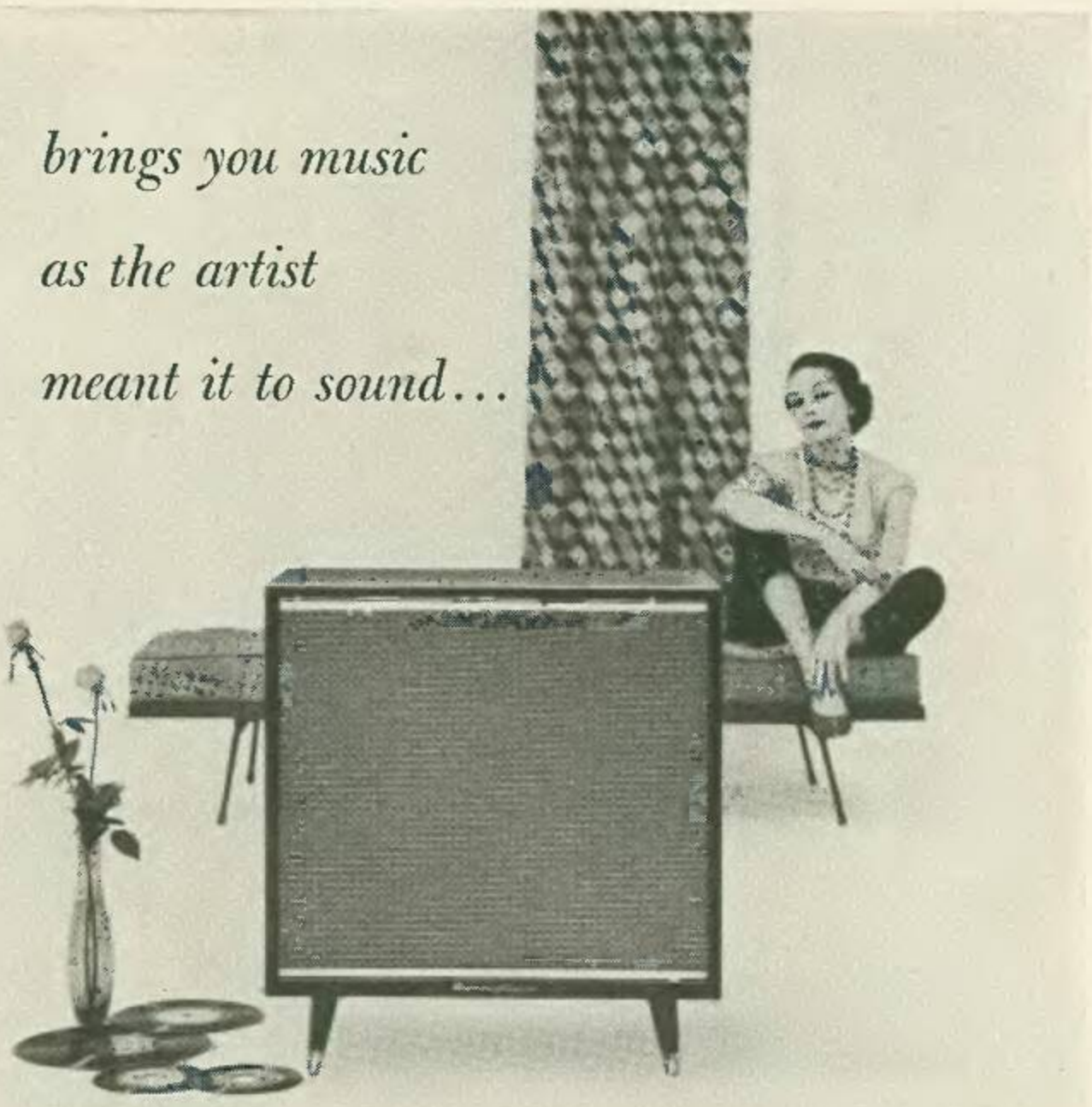
GALLERIES

WILL BARNET—Abstract oils and drawings completed since his last solo show here, in 1953; through April 30. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

JANICE BIALA—Large, solidly painted new oils, midway between the abstract and the traditional in style; through Saturday, April 23. (The Stable Gallery, 924 Seventh Ave., at 58th St.)

WILLIAM BRICE—Big, rhythmically patterned landscape studies, in his first exhibition in

brings you music as the artist meant it to sound...



STROMBERG-CARLSON

3-Speed High Fidelity Phonograph

THE HI-FI CONSOLETTE: (Model HFCM) Superbly matched audio components give this instrument thrillingly realistic performance. Features include audio frequency response 50 to 15,000 cycles; extended range amplifier: 7.5 watts distortion-free output; 8-inch Alnico 5 PM speaker, plus 12-inch bass reflex speaker; separate bass, treble and volume controls; fully automatic 3-speed changer with ceramic crystal pick-up. Pilot light and light for changer and record compartment. Handsome mahogany veneer cabinet of compact design (28¾ inches high, 26½ inches wide, 17¼ inches deep) **$199.95***

(In blond mahogany veneers $209.95)*

THE HI-FI-ET: *(Model HFP) Many of the above features in a portable model, with durable two-tone pigskin finish, luggage style case* **$98.95***

(Slightly higher in mahogany and bleached mahogany veneers)



"There is nothing finer than a Stromberg-Carlson"®

*Prices slightly higher South and West

STROMBERG-CARLSON COMPANY, ROCHESTER 3, NEW YORK

Perfect Vacation

The Homestead's 17,000-acre estate
in the mountains of Virginia
is one of the most delightful vacation
resorts anywhere in the world.
Come enjoy our superb facilities
for golf, swimming and other sports . . .
the pleasant Hot Springs social scene
and our famous Southern Service,
so smoothly fitted to civilized tastes.



For rates, reservations or detailed information, address

THE Homestead
HOT SPRINGS, VIRGINIA

New York Office in the Barclay, PLaza 8-2490 ★ Washington Office at 1145 19th St., N.W., REpublic 7-1764

More family fun than ever before-



new outdoor pool



new sunbathers' "beach"



supervised playground

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

seven years; through Saturday, April 16. (Alan, 32 E. 65th St.)

Edward Chavez—A dozen recent oils on New Mexican and Greek themes; through April 30. (Ganso, 125 E. 57th St.)

Philip Evergood—Expressionistic paintings and drawings, mostly figures but with some landscapes and a self-portrait; through April 30. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

Marsden Hartley—Pictures, twenty-one in all, dated 1927-42; through April 30. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Henry Kallem—Almost fizzily colorful, fanciful landscapes and other subjects; through Saturday, April 23. (Heller, 63 E. 57th St.)

Earl Kerkam—Self portraits, done in stipplings of cheerful color; through Saturday, April 16. (Egan, 46 E. 57th St.)

Paul Klee—At the **kleemann**, 11 E. 68th St.: Around thirty-five pieces, among which are oils, gouaches, water colors, and drawings; through Friday, April 15. . . . **valentin**, 32 E. 57th St.: Sixty-six hitherto unknown drawings; through April 30.

Joe Lasker—Oils and gouaches turned out within the past several years by this Italian artist; through April 30. (Kraushaar, 32 E. 57th St.)

Elie Nadelman—Twenty sculptures in marble, wood, and bronze; through Saturday, April 16. (Hewitt, 29 E. 65th St.)

Ben Nicholson—Abstractions, done in his familiar style of geometric austerity and grave good taste; through Saturday, April 23. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

B. J. O. Nordfeldt—Forcefully stylized, even-textured oils, about equally divided between Biblical subjects and marines; through Saturday, April 23. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.)

Georgia O'Keeffe—New paintings, all focussed on her favorite Southwest desert themes, in her first exhibition of oils in five years; through Saturday, April 23. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

Rudolf Ray—Deeply thoughtful, soberly patterned abstractions, many of them inspired by Chinese and Hindu philosophic concepts; through April 30. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St.)

Mark Rothko—Very large abstract oils produced in the last two years; through May 14. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Anne Ryan—A memorial exhibition of her bright and invariably charming oils and collages; through Saturday, April 23. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

Vincent van Gogh—A loan exhibition of his works, over a third of them never seen here before, for the benefit of the Public Education Association; through April 30. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Mickey Walker—The former middleweight champion has his first one-man show of paintings; through April 30. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.)

John Whorf—Recent water colors, including marine and winter scenes, nudes, and birds; through Saturday, April 23. (Milch, 55 E. 57th St.)

A Decade of Modern Painting and Sculpture—A loan show of paintings by Baziotes, Miró, Picasso, and others, and sculptures by Arp, Ferber, Hare, and Lassaw; through May 7. (Kootz, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.)

Americans; Group Show—Adolf Dehn, Arbit Blatas, and Doris Lee are among the contributors to a showing of spring landscapes; through April 30. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.)

French; Group Shows—At the **fine arts associates**, 41 E. 57th St.: Still-lifes by Bernard Buffet, André Marchand, and five other living artists; through April 30. . . . **perls**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Contemporary oils by Rouault, Gris, Picasso, and others; through Saturday, April 23. . . . **saidenberg**, 10 E. 77th St.: Paintings by Klee, Kandinsky, Léger, and Miró, and sculptures by one American, John Rhoden; through, May 28. (Weekdays, 2 to 5:30.)

Some of Next Week's Openings—At the **alan**, 32 E. 65th St.: Reuben Tam; starting Tuesday.

April 19. . . . BORGENICHT, 61 E. 57th St.: José de Rivera; starting Monday, April 18. . . . GALERIE MODERNE, 49 W. 53rd St.: French group show; starting Monday, April 18. (Weekdays, 12:30 to 6.) . . . HEWITT, 29 E. 65th St.: Jared French; starting Thursday, April 21.

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Persian and Assyrian antiquities in gold, silver, and ivory. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Fifteen nineteenth-century French paintings (several of which are on view for the first time in this country), loaned by the Louvre and the Museums of Albi and Lyon; through April 24. . . . ¶ Around five hundred photographs from sixty-nine countries in a show, organized by Edward Steichen, called "The Family of Man;" through May 8. . . . ¶ "Textiles and Ornamental Arts from India," with both ancient and modern examples, many of them loaned by the Victoria and Albert Museum; through June 12. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

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

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A large, colorful exhibition of works by Robert Delaunay, one of the founders of the abstract Orphist school of painting; through May 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—An exhibition of recently acquired oils, sculptures, water colors, and drawings; through May 1. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460 and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

NEW YORK CITY OPERA COMPANY—Final performances of the season—Thursday evening, April 14: "Carmen." . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 15: "Madame Butterfly." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 16: "The Tales of Hoffmann." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 16: "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, April 17: "La Traviata." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, April 17: "La Bohème." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—At Carnegie Hall, Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting the final performances of the season—Thursday, April 14, at 8:45; Friday, April 15, at 2:30; and Sunday, April 17, at 2:30 (all with Frances Yeend, soprano; Martha Lipton, contralto; David Lloyd, tenor; Mack Harrell, baritone; and the Westminster Choir).

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Eugene Ormandy conducting the final performance of the season here. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, April 19, at 8:30.)

AMERICAN SYMPHONY OF NEW YORK—Enrico Leide conducting. (Sculpture Court, Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway. Sunday, April 17, at 2. No tickets necessary.)

NEW YORK CONCERT CHOIR AND NEW YORK CONCERT ORCHESTRA—Margaret Hillis directing a program of contemporary music, with Adele Addison, soprano, and other soloists. The last in a series of six concerts. (Town Hall. Friday, April 15, at 8:30.)

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY GLEE CLUB—Bailey Harvey directing. (Town Hall. Saturday, April 16, at 8:30.)

GLEE CLUB OF THE FRIENDLY SONS OF ST. PATRICK—George Mead directing. (Town Hall. Friday, April 22, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

BENIAMINO GIGLI—Tenor. The first two of three concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 17, and Wednesday, April 20, at 8:30. As for the Sunday concert, this is just a reminder, since all tickets to it have been sold.)

KNICKERBOCKER CHAMBER PLAYERS—Conducted, in part, by Daniel Saidenberg, with Robert



OUR CASUAL CLOTHES FOR EVENING
distinctively designed for those "don't dress" evenings at home

Here is the dramatic Brooks Brothers idea that has already, in a short time, received wide acceptance. It offers clothing to wear when the occasion calls for cocktails or an informal dinner at home...instead of the good but inappropriate sport clothes or dark business suits formerly worn.

Made in fine, lightweight Lanella* flannel —lighter than the lightest tropical worsted—this clothing is a new experience in comfort. Odd Jackets are in green, red, yellow or black...Odd Trousers in stripes, checks, and black with contrasting braid.

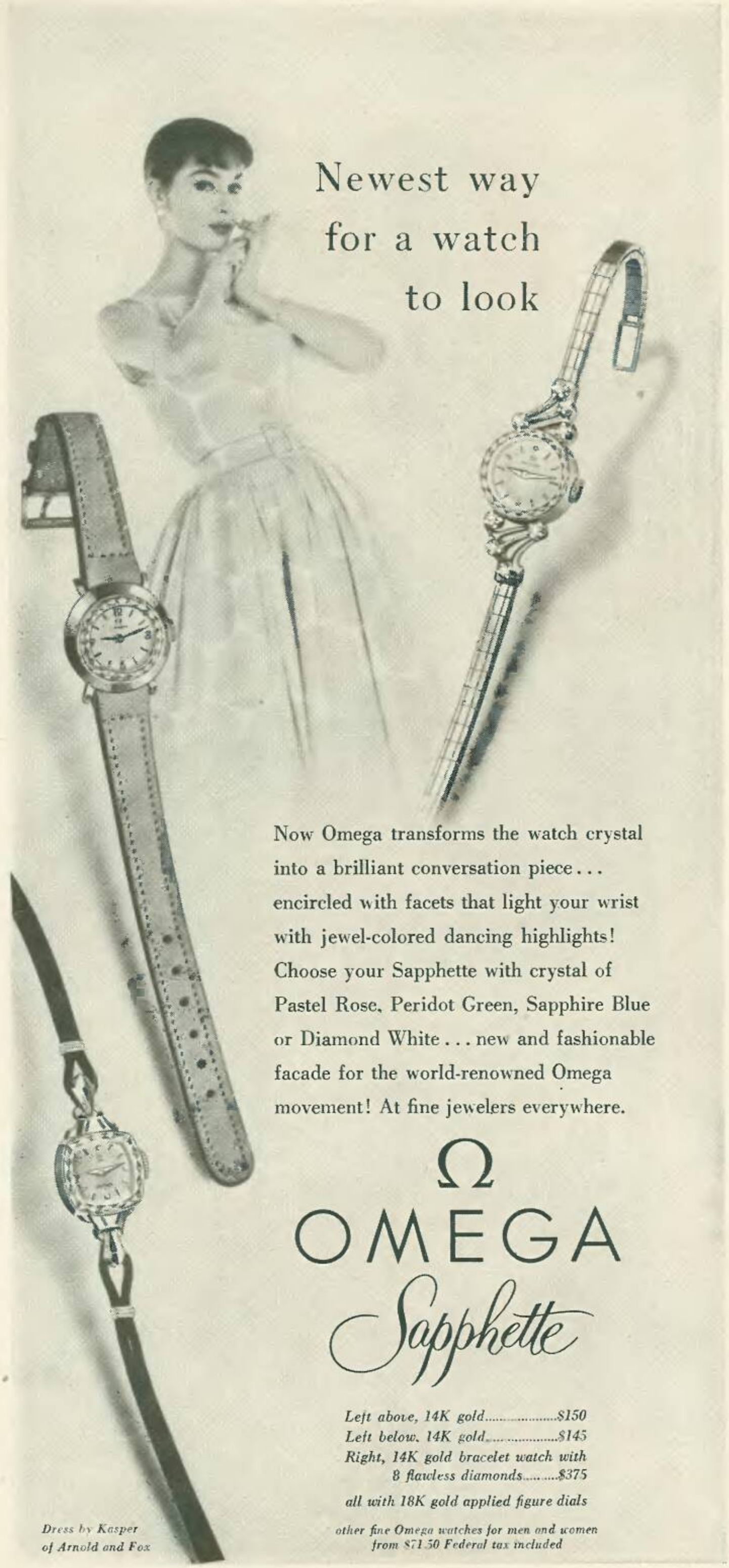
Odd Jackets, $37.50 · *Odd Trousers*, $22.50

*50% wool, 50% cotton

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers
CLOTHING
Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

346 MADISON AVENUE, COR. 44TH ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
BOSTON • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Starer playing the piano in one of his own compositions. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Sunday, April 17, at 8:30.)

League of Composers-International Society for Contemporary Music—A program of music by Edward Steuermann, Louise Talma, Fartein Valen, and Roman Vlad, performed by the Galimir String Quartet; Beveridge Webster, piano; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, April 18, at 8:30. For tickets, call JU 6-7471.)

Grant Johannesen—Piano. (Town Hall. Wednesday, April 20, at 8:30.)

Vegh String Quartet—At the **brooklyn academy of music:** The first three in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Wednesday through Friday, April 20-22, at 8:30.) ... **washington irving high school:** A single concert. (Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, April 23, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Fine Arts Quartet—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Wednesday, April 20, at 8:40.)

MISCELLANY

Artur Schnabel Memorial Concert—The fourth annual concert, this one with Leon Fleisher, piano, and three members of the Galimir String Quartet. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, April 21, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At the **polo grounds:** Giants vs. Dodgers, Thursday and Friday, April 14-15, at 1:30... ¶ Giants vs. Philadelphia, Saturday and Sunday, April 16-17, at 2.... ¶ Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Monday and Tuesday, April 18-19, at 1:30.... **ebbets field:** Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, Wednesday, April 20, at 8, and Thursday, April 21, at 1:30.... ¶ Dodgers vs. Giants, Friday, April 22, at 8, and Saturday, April 23, at 2.... **yankee stadium:** Yankees vs. Baltimore, Wednesday and Thursday, April 20-21, at 2.... ¶ Yankees vs. Boston, Friday and Saturday, April 22-23, at 2.

Crew—Childs Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Princeton. (Philadelphia. Saturday, April 23.)

Hunt Racing—Middleburg Hunt Race Association. (Middleburg, Va. Saturday, April 16, and Saturday, April 23.) ... ¶ My Lady's Manor Point-to-Point. (Monkton, Md. Saturday, April 16.) ... ¶ Grand National Point-to-Point. (Butler, Md. Saturday, April 23.)

Indoor Polo—Saturday, April 16: The opening round of the National Senior Championship Tournament, and a non-tournament match. ... ¶ Saturday, April 23: The second game in the National Senior Championship Tournament, and a non-tournament match. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Matches begin at 8:30.)

Racing—At **jamaica:** Weekdays at 1:15; through Saturday, April 23. The Excelsior Handicap, Saturday, April 16; The Youthful, Wednesday, April 20; and the Wood Memorial, Saturday, April 23. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.) ... **bowie,** Md.: Daily at 1:30; through Saturday, April 16. ... **laurel,** Md. Weekdays at 1:30. from Monday, April 18, through Saturday, May 7. The Chesapeake, Saturday, April 23.

Track—Boston Marathon. (Starts in Hopkinton, Mass. Tuesday, April 19.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:40; through Saturday, August 13. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track weekdays at 6:51; additional trains Fridays and Saturdays at 7.)

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the **philharmonic-symphony:** Wilfrid Pelletier conducting the final children's con-

cert of the season, with John Langstaff, baritone, and Bruce Steig, piano. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, April 16, at 11.) . . . BLUE HILL TROUPE: A performance, primarily for children, of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Utopia, Ltd." For the benefit of the Legal Aid Society. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Saturday, April 16, at 2:30. For tickets, call BU 8-4712.)

PLAYS—By the Y PLAYHOUSE COMPANY: "Cinderella." (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Friday, April 15, at 11 and 2:40, and Sunday, April 17, at 3:30.) . . . PLAYMART CHILDREN'S THEATRE: "Cinderella." (Carl Fischer Concert Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3:15 and Sundays at 3:15. For tickets, call PL 3-0746.) . . . SALOME GAYNOR THEATRE: "The Emperor's New Clothes." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, April 16, at 3.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current presentation, "Easter in the Heavens," shows how Passover and Easter are related to astronomy. Starting Saturday, April 16, there will be a new show, "4000 Years of Astronomy," which traces the development of this science through the centuries to modern times. (Thursday and Friday, April 14-15, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 8:30; Saturday, April 16, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Sunday, April 17, at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Monday through Friday, April 18-22, at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturday, April 23, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30.) . . . ¶ Half-hour conducted tours of the Planetarium start every night at 8.

CHILDREN'S ZOO—This tiny menagerie is full of young animals that can be petted as well as admired, such as lambs, ducks, guinea pigs, and skunks. This year's new additions include a llama named Patricia and an Arabian gazelle named Fatima. (Bronx Park. Open, weather permitting, weekdays 10:30 to 4:30, and Sundays 10:30 to 5:30. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—After Friday, April 15, when the Economic and Social Council is scheduled to adjourn, the organization's activities will be more or less quiescent for the next few months; however there will be periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees to which the public will be admitted. 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 usually convene Mondays through Fridays at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)

DRAMA READINGS—At the BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC: A group of actors, sponsored by Helen Hayes, in readings from Shakespeare. (30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, April 16, at 8:15.) . . . KAUFMANN AUDITORIUM, Y.M.H.A.: Arthur Miller's "Death of a Salesman," read by a company of actors directed by the author and including Luther Adler and Mildred Dunnock. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, April 17, at 8:40.)

COUNTRY ANTIQUES FAIR—All sorts of mementos from the past, featuring, for instance, a reconstructed eighteenth-century tavern, Victorian toys, and a collection of mechanical banks. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Thursday and Friday, April 14-15, from 1 to 11, and Saturday, April 16, from 1 to 6.)

FLOWER SHOW—A display of narcissi presented by the Horticultural Society of New York. (Essex House, 160 Central Park S. Wednesday, April 20, from 1 to 4:30.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, April 15-16, at 1:45: Early American silver; English and American eighteenth-century cabinetwork; paintings by Jane Stuart, J. T. Peele, Joseph Blackburn, and others; Oriental rugs; and bibelots. Owned by Morris Cohon and others. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, April 19-20, at 1:45: Books on ancient and modern art, from the collection of the late Caleb Smith Bragg and from other sources.

wonderful MEXICO has everything!



trying for a tuna . . .



or a nice, deep tan, you'll be sure to find either on Mexico's sun-warmed tropical coast where the nights are breeze-conditioned and pleasure is an every-minute thing.



sightseeing in the city . . .

is so exciting from the mysterious ancient city of Teotihuacan with its memories of a lost tribe to busy Mexico City with its modern skyscrapers, glamourous nightclubs and "foreign" atmosphere.



shopping for a serape . . .

hand-wrought silver or any one of Mexico's famous crafts with a tiny price tag, you'll find your dollar will go farther than you'd believe possible anywhere. In fact, everything in Mexico is priced to put luxury well within your vacation budget.

See your travel agent or

THE MEXICAN GOVERNMENT TOURIST BUREAU

wonderful MEXICO has everything!

New York • Chicago • Los Angeles • San Antonio • San Diego • Houston • New Orleans • Miami

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Animal Farm—An English cartoon film derived from George Orwell's acid allegory about totalitarian ways. It's somewhat handicapped by a tendency to make the animals resemble the lovable types Disney likes to draw. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting April 20.)

Bad Day at Black Rock—Mysterious doings in the California desert, with Spencer Tracy playing an ominous stranger who pops into a sand-swept town to seek information about a missing Japanese farmer and gets into any number of unnerving mixups. Robert Ryan, Dean Jagger, Walter Brennan, and Ernest Borgnine are all helpful. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; through April 16. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting April 20.)

Blackboard Jungle—An alarming description of the way some of our adolescents comport themselves while presumably acquiring a high-school education. Glenn Ford is capable as an idealistic teacher trying to cope with a gang of hooligans, and the hooligans themselves are, if anything, entirely too convincing. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070.)

The Country Girl—A fine adaptation of Clifford Odets' drama about a broken-down actor who is hauled out of the abyss by his wife and a stage director. Bing Crosby is superb as the actor, and Grace Kelly and William Holden are excellent, too. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; and Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; through April 16. . . . ¶ Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through the afternoon of April 19. . . . ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through April 19. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through April 20. . . . ¶ York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; starting April 20.)

Doctor in the House—Fun and games among medical undergraduates. A sprightly if elementary English film with Dirk Bogarde, Kenneth More, Donald Sinden, and Donald Houston. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

Gate of Hell—Thirteenth-century Japan is the scene of this beautiful, highly dramatic film, which was made in the Orient and offers some very artful acting. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

Holiday for Henrietta—A French satire, often funny, on movie writers and their peculiar methods of operation. Directed by Julien Duvivier and acted by a cast including Dany Robin, Michel Roux, and Hildegarde Neff. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370.)

On the Waterfront—An electrifying interpretation of Malcolm Johnson's Pulitzer Prize-winning report on labor conditions on the docks of New York. Written by Budd Schulberg and directed by Elia Kazan, the picture has as its leading character Marlon Brando, whose performance can't be faulted; neither can the work of his associates, among them Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Lee J. Cobb. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; April 17-19. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; April 19-20. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; starting April 20.)

The Purple Plain—Gregory Peck as a flier in Burma who relieves his gloom over the death of his wife by cultivating a handsome young lady named Win Min Than. An English picture that is overlong, but good and lively in spots. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060.)

The Wages of Fear—A French film that works up some shrill suspense in describing the three-hundred-mile journey of a team of trucks loaded with nitroglycerin through a section of oil country in South America. Rather ragged at the outset, owing to some heavy editing, the picture doesn't take too long to hit its melodramatic stride. Written and directed by H.-G. Clouzot, it features Yves Montand, Charles Vanel, Peter Van Eyck, and Folco Lulli. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

REVIVALS

The Asphalt Jungle (1950)—Jewel thieves prowling around a Midwestern city. Directed by John Huston, and with Louis Calhern and Sam Jaffe in the cast. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; April 16.)

Born Yesterday (1950)—Judy Holliday in the Garson Kanin comedy concerning a junkman's paramour who takes up political science. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; April 17-19. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; April 19-20. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; starting April 20.)

Camille (1937)—Greta Garbo, coughing delicately and looking fragile. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; through April 18.)

The Captain's Paradise (1953)—Alec Guinness demonstrating that bigamy can be a rather blessed state. An English film, with Celia Johnson and Yvonne De Carlo. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through April 16.)

Chaplin Comedies—"The Rink," "The Pawn Shop," "One A.M.," "The Count," and "Behind the Screen," all one-reelers from the silent past. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590.)

Dead End (1937)—The Sidney Kingsley play. Sylvia Sidney, Joel McCrea, and Humphrey Bogart. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through April 20.)

Dead of Night (1946)—An excursion into the supernatural. A British film, with Michael Redgrave. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; April 17.)

The Fallen Idol (1949)—A small boy's efforts to prevent his best pal, a butler, from being charged with murder. An English picture, with Bobby Henrey, Ralph Richardson, and Michèle Morgan. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; April 18-19.)

Suspicion (1941)—Francis Iles' "Before the Fact," done, as is proper, by Hitchcock. Joan Fontaine and Cary Grant. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; April 17-18.)

Tight Little Island (1949)—An English comedy about some Scots and a wartime whiskey shortage. With Basil Radford. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting April 19, tentative.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—A series of films called "Fifty Years of Italian Cinema." Through April 15: "The Iron Crown" (1940), directed by Alessandro Blasetti. . . . ¶ April 16-17: "The White Ship" (1941), directed by Roberto Rossellini. . . . ¶ April 18-20: "Four Steps in the Clouds" (1942), directed by Alessandro Blasetti. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

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

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"East of Eden" (in CinemaScope), Julie Harris, James Dean, Raymond Massey.

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

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Mambo," Silvana Mangano, Vittorio Gassman, Shelley Winters.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"The Wayward Wife," Gina Lollobrigida.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Long John Silver" (in CinemaScope), Robert Newton, Kit Taylor.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"The Glass Slipper," Leslie Caron, Michael Wilding.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Through April 19: "Battle Cry" (in CinemaScope), Van Heflin, Aldo Ray, Mona Freeman.
From April 20: "Strategic Air Command" (in VistaVision), James Stewart, June Allyson. (Opening day by invitation only.)

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"A Man Called Peter" (in CinemaScope), Richard Todd, Jean Peters.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
BLACKBOARD JUNGLE.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Man Without a Star," Kirk Douglas, Jeanne Crain.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Cinerama Holiday." (Thursday, April 14, at 2:40, 5:30, and 8:40; Friday, April 15, at 2:40, 7:30, and 10:30; Saturday, April 16, at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; Sunday, April 17, at 2, 5, and 8:40; Monday through Wednesday, April 18-20, at 2:40 and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"Aida" (in Italian and English), Sophia Loren, Lois Maxwell.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

S • M • T • W • T • F • S

				14	15	16
17	18	19	20			

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through April 19: THE COUNTRY GIRL.
From April 20: "The Game of Love" (in French), Edwige Feuillère, Nicole Berger.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 7-9653)
Through April 19: "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea" (in CinemaScope), Kirk Douglas, James Mason; and "The White Orchid," William Lundigan, Peggie Castle.
From April 20: "Untamed" (in CinemaScope), Tyrone Power, Susan Hayward; and "The Stranger's Hand," Trevor Howard, Richard Basehart.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through April 19: THE COUNTRY GIRL.
From April 20: ON THE WATERFRONT; and BORN YESTERDAY, revival.

BEVERLY, 3rd Ave. at 50th. (EL 5-8790)
Through April 18: "The Belles of St. Trinian's," Alastair Sim, Joyce Grenfell; and "The Intruder," Jack Hawkins.
From April 19 (tentative): TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND, revival; and "Kind Hearts and Coronets," revival, Alec Guinness, Valerie Hobson.

LEXINGTON, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through April 19: "Hit the Deck" (in CinemaScope), Jane Powell, Tony Martin; and "Battle Taxi," Sterling Hayden.
From April 20: "Three for the Show" (in CinemaScope), Betty Grable, Jack Lemmon; and "Tight Spot," Ginger Rogers, Edward G. Robinson.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Marty," Ernest Borgnine, Betsy Blair.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through April 19: "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea" (in CinemaScope), Kirk Douglas, James Mason; and "The White Orchid," William Lundigan, Peggie Castle.
From April 20: "Untamed" (in CinemaScope), Tyrone Power, Susan Hayward; and "The Stranger's Hand," Trevor Howard, Richard Basehart.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"To Paris with Love," Alec Guinness, Odile Verois.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through April 17: "Three Cases of Murder," Orson Welles, John Gregson, Elizabeth Sellars.
From April 18: "Front Page Story," Jack Hawkins, Elizabeth Allan.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Trouble in the Glen," Margaret Lockwood, Orson Welles.

YORK, 1st Ave. at 64th. (RH 4-5779)
Through April 15: "The Bridges at Toko-Ri," William Holden, Grace Kelly; and "Hell's Outpost," Rod Cameron, Joan Leslie.
April 16: THE ASPHALT JUNGLE, revival; and "Bowery to Bagdad," Leo Gorcey, Huntz Hall.
April 17: DEAD OF NIGHT, revival; and "The Adventures of Marco Polo," revival, Gary Cooper.
April 18-19: THE FALLEN IDOL, revival; and "The Racers" (in CinemaScope), Kirk Douglas, Bella Darvi.
From April 20: THE COUNTRY GIRL; and "Geraldine," revival, John Carroll, Mala Powers.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through April 19: THE COUNTRY GIRL. (Last showing at about 3. At 8:30, there will be a special première of "A Life in the Balance," with Ricardo Montalban and Anne Bancroft, for the benefit of Neighbors United. For information about tickets, call TE 8-0100.)
From April 20: ON THE WATERFRONT; and BORN YESTERDAY, revival.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through April 20: "The Barefoot Contessa," Humphrey Bogart, Ava Gardner.

LOEW'S 72ND ST., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through April 19: "Hit the Deck" (in CinemaScope), Jane Powell, Tony Martin; and "Battle Taxi," Sterling Hayden.
From April 20: "Three for the Show" (in CinemaScope), Betty Grable, Jack Lemmon; and "Tight Spot," Ginger Rogers, Edward G. Robinson.

TRANS-LUX 72ND ST., 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through April 20 (tentative): "The Bridges at Toko-Ri," William Holden, Grace Kelly.

TRANS-LUX COLONY, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through April 16: BAD DAY AT BLACK ROCK (in CinemaScope); and "The Good Die Young," Richard Basehart, Gloria Grahame.
April 17-18: SUSPICION, revival; and "My Cousin Rachel," revival, Olivia de Havilland, Richard Burton.
April 19-20: "The Racers" (in CinemaScope), Kirk Douglas, Bella Darvi; and "The Green Scarf," Michael Redgrave, Ann Todd.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through April 20: THE COUNTRY GIRL.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through April 19: "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea" (in CinemaScope), Kirk Douglas, James Mason; and "The White Orchid," William Lundigan, Peggie Castle.
From April 20: "Untamed" (in CinemaScope), Tyrone Power, Susan Hayward, and "The Stranger's Hand," Trevor Howard, Richard Basehart.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through April 19: "Hit the Deck" (in CinemaScope), Jane Powell, Tony Martin; and "Battle Taxi," Sterling Hayden.
From April 20: "Three for the Show" (in CinemaScope), Betty Grable, Jack Lemmon; and "Tight Spot," Ginger Rogers, Edward G. Robinson.

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through April 16: THE COUNTRY GIRL; and "Geraldine," revival, John Carroll, Mala Powers.
April 17-18: "Sign of the Pagan" (in CinemaScope), Jeff Chandler, Jack Palance; and "Innocents in Paris," Alastair Sim, Margaret Rutherford.
April 19-20: ON THE WATERFRONT; and BORN YESTERDAY, revival.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through April 16: THE CAPTAIN'S PARADISE, revival; and "Beauties of the Night" (in French), revival, Gérard Philipe, Gina Lollobrigida.
April 17-19: ON THE WATERFRONT; and BORN YESTERDAY, revival.
From April 20: BAD DAY AT BLACK ROCK (in CinemaScope).

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through April 20: DEAD END, revival; and "Counsellor-at-Law," revival, John Barrymore, Bebe Daniels.



SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through April 19: "Hit the Deck" (in CinemaScope), Jane Powell, Tony Martin; and "Battle Taxi," Sterling Hayden.
From April 20: "Three for the Show" (in CinemaScope), Betty Grable, Jack Lemmon; and "Tight Spot," Ginger Rogers, Edward G. Robinson.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through April 16: "Lili," revival, Leslie Caron, Mel Ferrer; and "The Clouded Yellow," revival, Jean Simmons, Trevor Howard.
April 17-19: "Prince of Players" (in CinemaScope), Richard Burton, Maggie McNamara; and "Innocents in Paris," Alastair Sim, Margaret Rutherford.
From April 20: ANIMAL FARM; and "Mr. Potts Goes to Moscow," revival, George Cole, Nadia Gray.

R.K.O. 23RD ST., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3400)
Through April 19: "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea" (in CinemaScope), Kirk Douglas, James Mason; and "The White Orchid," William Lundigan, Peggie Castle.
From April 20: "Untamed" (in CinemaScope), Tyrone Power, Susan Hayward; and "The Stranger's Hand," Trevor Howard, Richard Basehart.

TERRACE, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
Through April 16: THE COUNTRY GIRL; and "Geraldine," revival, John Carroll, Mala Powers.
April 17-18: "Bowery to Bagdad," Leo Gorcey, Huntz Hall; and "I Am the Law," revival, Edward G. Robinson.
April 19-20: "Miss Grant Takes Richmond," revival, Lucille Ball, William Holden; and "The Prisoner of Zenda," revival, Stewart Granger, Deborah Kerr.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
GATE OF HELL (in Japanese).

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
CHAPLIN COMEDIES (silent), revival; and eight U.P.A. cartoons.

TRANS-LUX NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through April 18: CAMILLE, revival.
From April 19: "Chance Meeting," Odile Verois, David Knight.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"One Summer of Happiness" (in Swedish), Ulla Jacobsson, Folke Sundquist.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
THE WAGES OF FEAR (in French and English).

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through April 19: "Hit the Deck" (in CinemaScope), Jane Powell, Tony Martin; and "Battle Taxi," Sterling Hayden.
From April 20: "Three for the Show" (in CinemaScope), Betty Grable, Jack Lemmon; and "Tight Spot," Ginger Rogers, Edward G. Robinson.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
HOLIDAY FOR HENRIETTA (in French); and "Hello, Elephant!" (in Italian), Vittorio De Sica, Sabu.

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (RI 9-9861)
Through April 19 (tentative): "White Feather" (in CinemaScope), Robert Wagner, John Lund; and "Tarzan's Savage Fury," revival, Lex Barker, Dorothy Hart.
From April 20: "Untamed" (in CinemaScope), Tyrone Power, Susan Hayward, and "The Stranger's Hand," Trevor Howard, Richard Basehart.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through April 19: "Hit the Deck" (in CinemaScope), Jane Powell, Tony Martin; and "Battle Taxi," Sterling Hayden.
From April 20: "Three for the Show" (in CinemaScope), Betty Grable, Jack Lemmon; and "Tight Spot," Ginger Rogers, Edward G. Robinson.

NEMO, B'way at 110th. (AC 2-9406)
Through April 19: "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea" (in CinemaScope), Kirk Douglas, James Mason.
From April 20: "Untamed" (in CinemaScope), Tyrone Power, Susan Hayward; and "The Stranger's Hand," Trevor Howard, Richard Basehart.

COLISEUM, B'way at 181st. (WA 7-7200)
Through April 19: "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea" (in CinemaScope), Kirk Douglas, James Mason; and "The White Orchid," William Lundigan, Peggie Castle.
From April 20: "Untamed" (in CinemaScope), Tyrone Power, Susan Hayward; and "The Stranger's Hand," Trevor Howard, Richard Basehart.



THE DEPENDABILITY OF WEARING "DACRON"

There's something about this gentleman that leaves no doubt he will accomplish his important mission. No question, either, that he will carry that cool, assuredly groomed look through heat, humidity and hurry. For "Dacron" locks the press and shape into his suit—an airy eight-ounce tropical crafted by H. Freeman & Sons.

The strength of "Dacron" and the skill of the weavers make possible lighter-weight fabrics that keep you cool, yet have the stamina to hold their shape. Properly tailored, these fabrics make up into a suit that starts off looking better, and continues to look that way. Since "Dacron" is *hydrophobic*, the press remains through moisture and rain. Because it's so *resilient*, a suit freshens itself overnight on the hanger. A traveler can wear the same suit for days and still look neat!

All in all, tropicals made with "Dacron"* polyester fiber are a most dependable asset to the man who wants to travel light, feel cool and look well-groomed!

*REGISTERED TRADE-MARK FOR DU PONT'S POLYESTER FIBER

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
...THROUGH CHEMISTRY

DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

H. FREEMAN & SON skillfully tailors this Waylite tropical of 55% "Dacron", 45% wool in their Naturalair model. About $70 at fine stores including: B. Altman & Co., New York; Jacob Reed's Sons, Philadelphia; Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh; Lewis & Thos. Saltz, Inc., Washington, D.C.; Norton Ditton, Houston.



You look wonderful···because you feel wonderful

It's so much more than a delightful essence. Yardley Lavender is a *feeling*. There's no lift like its crisp coolness, no other fragrance that makes you feel so fresh so long. Enjoy Yardley Lavender in its many other forms. The essence, from $1.10 plus tax; soap, box of 3, $1.50. Created in England, made in U.S.A. Yardley of London, Inc., 620 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C.

when you use

YARDLEY LAVENDER

for the freshest, youngest feeling in the world

BAG BY MM

FOR
THE GIRL
WHO KNOWS
CLOTHES

R&K Originals

Sunspots light up the face of R&K's sheer chambray . . . dancing along miniature tucks that hold close to your curves above, spill into a wealth of unpressed pleats below. More good news—the crinoline attached. Yellow on blue, red on grey, lavender on lavender or brown on beige. Sizes 10 to 18, 9 to 17. Just $19.95! At fine stores everywhere or write R&K Dress Company, 1400 Broadway, Dept. 4N, New York 18.

at *B. ALTMAN & CO.* Fifth Avenue—Sixth Floor

. . . and at East Orange, White Plains and Manhasset.





I was a 99-pound weakling. Then I bought a
Carrier Room Air Conditioner. I'm still a 99-pound weakling
but, boy, is my bedroom nice and cool!

(*Advertisement*)

Crane's—FOR THE WELL-APPOINTED DESK

smart papers for your correspondence . . . . .correct papers for your social needs

Single letter sheet of Crane's Bluelawn; note sheet and folded sheet of Crane's Kid Finish, pearl white, for formal correspondence; two-fold single sheet of Crane's Kid Finish, pearl white, in senate size, for a man's letters; Moonstone Grey, silk laid, with duplex border, in folded letter and note sizes; informal and calling cards engraved on Crane's Parchmont, naturel.



CRANE'S FINE PAPERS • MADE IN DALTON, MASSACHUSETTS • SINCE 1801

100% RAG PAPERS FOR SOCIAL AND BUSINESS CORRESPONDENCE • CURRENCY • SECURITIES • CARBON • TRACING

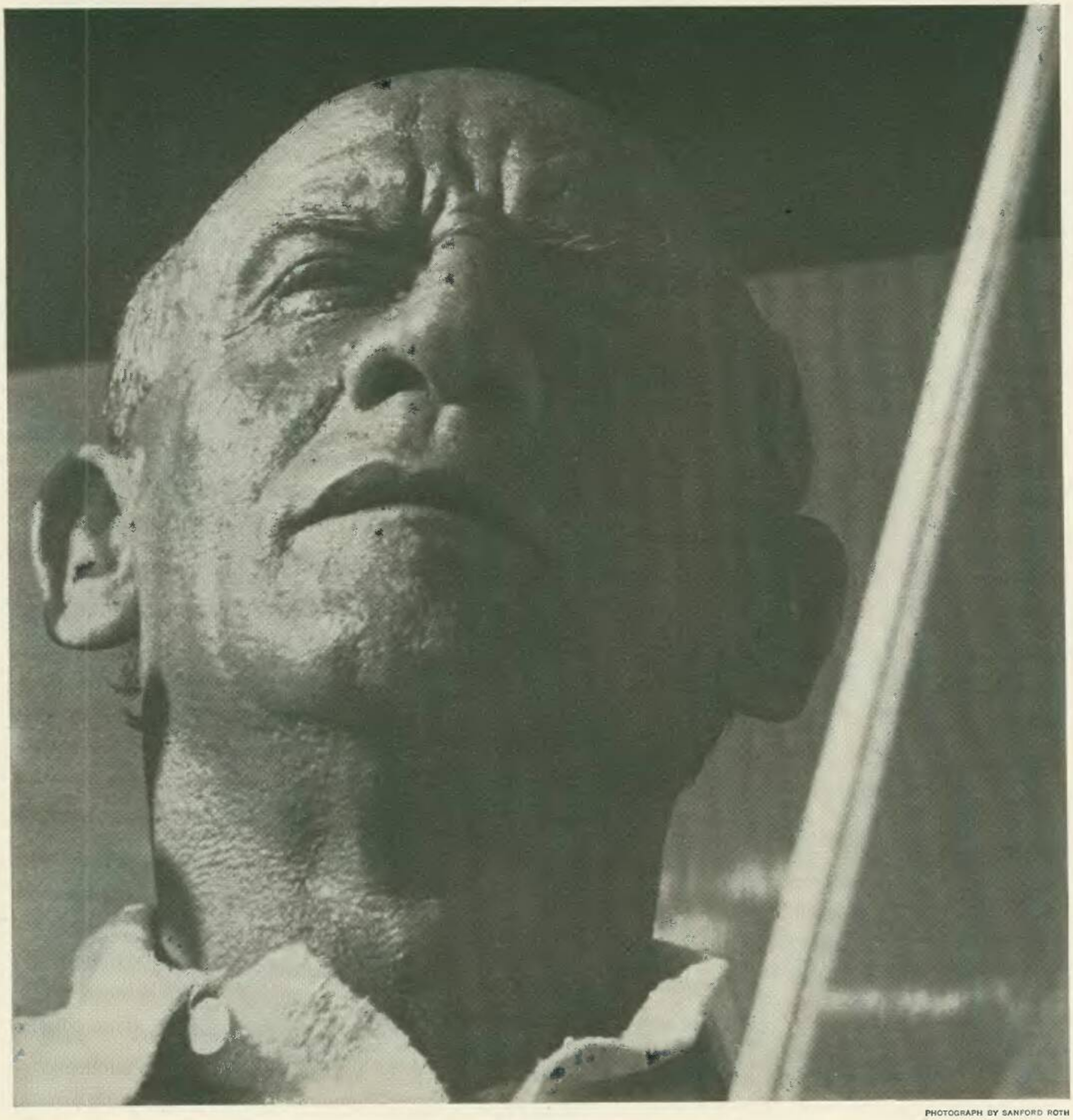
you owe it to your audience



Brevity is the soul of this shorty-short—Kayser's newest night-line. A loose shirt and matching boxer shorts make a dream sequence of this Robin Hood ensemble...sleeping or lounging. Nylon tricot, of course, in grotto blue, coral, mimosa—all with white braid belt and Venice trim. 5.95
Kayser is also famous for Hosiery, Gloves, Infants' and Children's Wear and Catalina Swimwear.

LINGERIE by KAYSER

THE SOUND OF GENIUS...



PHOTOGRAPH BY SANFORD ROTH

Dimitri Mitropoulos, Athenian-born conductor of the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York, is a fervent champion of living music and living musicians. Endowed with a fantastic memory that enables him to conduct the most complex of compositions without a score, he lives on music and one meal a day. His personal magnetism together with his deep dedication to his art have created recorded performances that are truly the sound of genius. Dimitri Mitropoulos has chosen to record exclusively for Columbia Records.

COLUMBIA RECORDS

Recent Columbia Masterworks "Lp" Records by Dimitri Mitropoulos with the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York include:

Ippolitov-Ivanov: Caucasian Sketches. Borodin: Polovtsian Dances; In The Steppes of Central Asia. ML 4815 $3.98

Shostakovitch: Symphony No. 10. ML 4959. $4.98

Berg: Wozzeck. (opera in three acts), 2-record set. SL-118. $11.90

■ **We will be pleased to send you a copy of the above photograph, suitable for framing. Write Columbia Records, Room 6N, 799 7th Avenue, New York City.**

"COLUMBIA," Ⓟ, "MASTERWORKS" TRADE-MARKS REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. MARCAS REGISTRADAS. ℗ T. M. PRICES ARE SUGGESTED LIST.



Nice start for a young stamp collector...

HIS DAD FLIES KLM



Amsterdam March 6

Dear Dick:
Wonderful Trip!
When you fly KLM's Royal
Super Connie you really
eat your way across the
Atlantic. Tell Mommy I
got her some Irish linen
when we stopped at
Shannon. Love, Dad

Paris-March 10

Dear Dick:
Just 1½ hours from
Amsterdam to Paris by
KLM's new, fast Convairs.
You'd have enjoyed the
view as we flew over
Holland, Belgium and
France. Tell Mommy Our
little French restaurant
just as we remembered
Love, Dad

Richard G. Pratt, Jr.
1 Moran Place
Rome-March 12

Dear Dick
Im just 10 minutes
my plane leaves for
Cairo. Had dinner last
night at Alfredo's and
tossed a coin in the
Trevi fountain—
sorry to leave
here
Love, Dad.

Richard G. Pratt, Jr.
1 Moran Place
New Rochelle, N.Y.
U.S.A

Cairo, March 16

Dear Dick
Tell Mommy camels
are for smoking not
riding. I'll stick
to smooth flying KLM.
Climbed the pyramids—
Incidently, how's the
arithmetic coming?
Love, Dad

Richard G. Pratt Jr.

Baghdad, March 21

Dear Dick:
Couldn't find "the
thief"—that story of
yours is out of date.
Have decided to spend
a day in Karachi on
my way to Calcutta.
Short stop here. KLM
steward mailing this
Love, Dad

Richard G. Pratt Jr.
Calcutta-March 24

Dear Dick:
Looks as if you and
mommy can make this
trip with me next year—
signed up another
distributor!
Now-off by KLM to
Bangkok Love,
Dad

Richard G. Pratt, Jr.
1 Moran Place
New Rochelle, N.Y.
U.S.A

Bangkok, March 27

Dear Dick:
This Country is right
out of "The King and I"
—or maybe vice versa!
Local KLM office arranged
an elephant ride—like
camels only more so
Love, Dad

En route to Tokyo March 30

Dear Dick
Aboard another Royal
Super Connie—slept
like a "log" in my KLM
Sleepair! Breakfast
(with ham and eggs)
being served now. We
land in Tokyo in
another hour. See
you Easter.
Love, Dad

Richard G. Pratt, Jr.
1 Moran Place
New Rochelle
U.S.A

KLM
ROYAL DUTCH
AIRLINES

KLM — THE WORLD'S FIRST AIRLINE
FLIES TO 104 CITIES IN 68 COUNTRIES

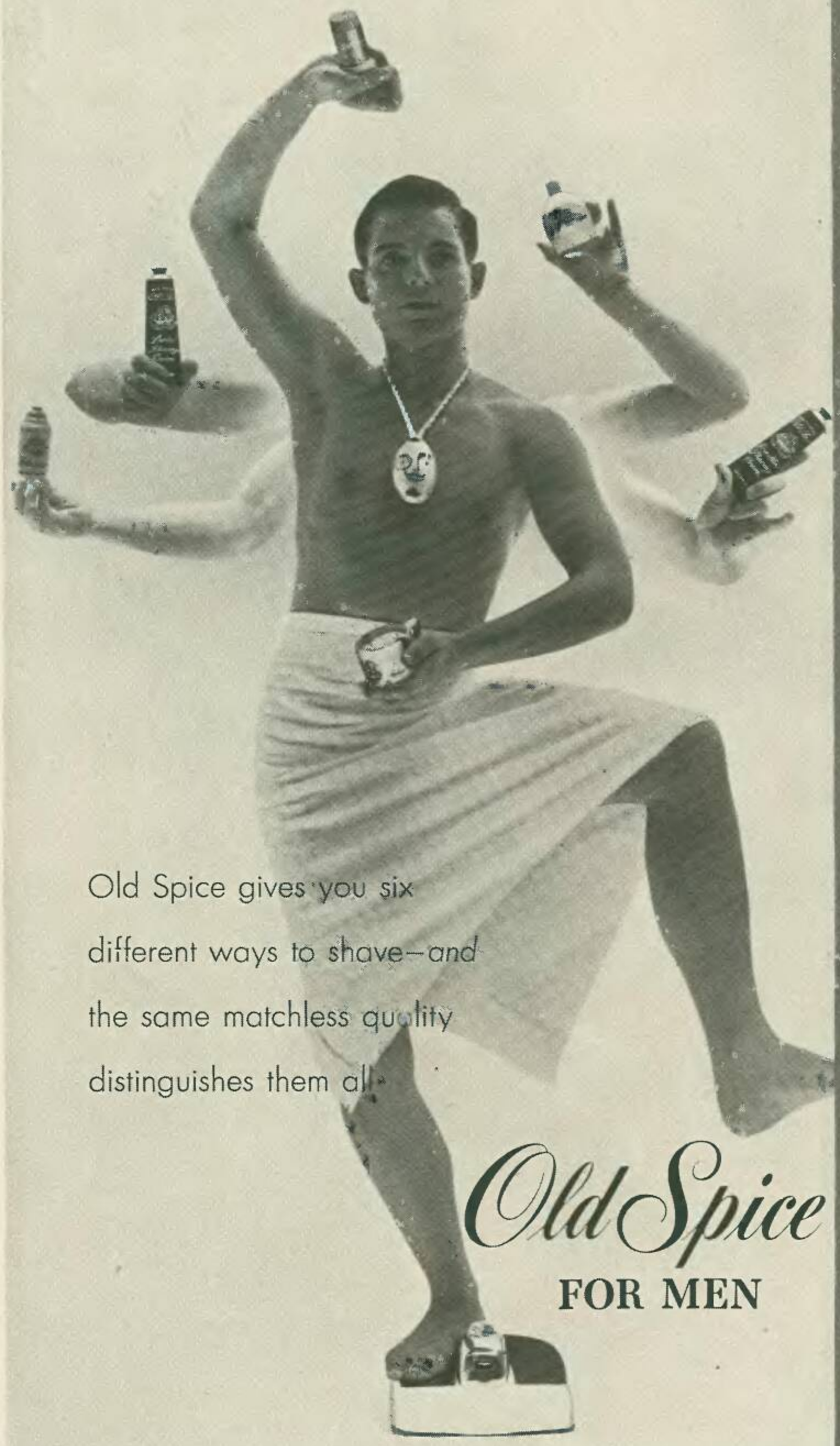
From New York
$1,347.85*
Tourist Class

See your travel agent or write KLM for your FREE copy of "Fly Round the World."
*Plus U.S. tax where applicable.



SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT or write KLM Royal Dutch Airlines, 430 Park Ave., New York 22, N. Y. for list of accredited agents in your area.

because men are different



Old Spice gives you six
different ways to shave—and
the same matchless quality
distinguishes them all.

Old Spice
FOR MEN



Devotees of speed insist on OLD SPICE SMOOTH SHAVE in the pressurized container. Quickest quality lather known to man. 1.00



Brush-men go for that warm, rich soap-lather whipped up in the hearty OLD SPICE MUG; 1.25 (Big refill .75)



In the convenience of a tube, Old Spice offers BRUSHLESS or LATHER CREAM, whichever you've the notion. Each .50



Or soap-and-brush fans rate this lightweight traveler—OLD SPICE SHAVE STICK in handy plastic holder. .75



Electric shavers find a new friend in OLD SPICE ELECTRIC SHAVE—for a better shave no matter the machine you use. 1.00



But all men are the same when it comes to enjoying that good-to-be-alive feeling with brisk, crisp OLD SPICE AFTER SHAVE LOTION. 1.00 and 1.75 plus tax

Add Spice to *Your* Life

SHULTON
New York Toronto



This is only the back of a Lebow suit. It shows the importance of a coat properly fitted at the neck and shoulders, a must for the look of distinction in men's clothing. Go to your Lebow store* and get the complete surprise to see and feel how Lebow's exclusive design and fashion ideas show you at your best.

The lady says "YES . . . he wears *Lebow* clothes"

* For name of Lebow dealer in your area, write:
Lebow Clothes, 200 Fifth Ave., New York

B. ALTMAN & CO.

Fifth Avenue at 34th Street . . . New York 16, N. Y.

MUrrayhill 9-7000

Sportswonder

slacks

to teach

the seasoned

golfer, too,

that a new kind

of comfort and

practicability

have begun

at Altman's



beige brown navy charcoal grey pink light blue turquoise

We've nurtured a versatile new fabric, EARL-LOOM KERRYDALE, woven of 65% Dacron® and 35% cotton to look and feel like linen. A great find for golfing, it will be the favorite of every father and son for any spring and summer service; a washing-machine wonder that dries ready to wear without ironing, stays smart, fresh, unwrinkled through many a round, many a season on wet turf. Walking shorts, as well as slacks, in the season's smartest shades.

men's slacks, **13.00** shorts, **10.00**

boys' slacks, **8.00** (6 to 12); **11.00** (26 to 32 waist) shorts, **6.00** (6 to 16)

sixth floor . . . and at East Orange, White Plains and Manhasset



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WHERE the Center Theatre once stood there rises a new frame of steel. It is an everyday-looking structure except in one particular—the girders are painted yellow. Sort of a chartreuse yellow. All the structural steel we've ever seen in new work around town has been cow brown or railroad-station red. Or black. But the Rockefellers live in a different world, a world where anything is possible: yellow shades at the window, yellow beams in the sky, a fresh and frisky upthrust of steel. We applaud anything that suggests that someone has approached a problem in an original manner, in this the daffodil's finest hour.

PLENTY of stores sell dog supplies—rubber bones, baskets, vitamins, leashes—but Abercrombie & Fitch doesn't stop there. For the past few days Abercrombie has displayed in one of its windows a brandy keg for a St. Bernard's collar. This object, so nicely made, so brilliantly unlikely, holds a curious fascination for us, a man who has been lost in the snows of Forty-fifth Street these many years and whom no dog has succored. We stand and gaze at it every time we pass, admiring its brass bindings and its strap of well-dressed leather. Only a store with a lot of guts would try to pay a high midtown rent by selling brandy kegs for St.



Bernards. Of course, New York is a town of eight million inhabitants, many of them buying fools, but even so whole hours must slip by without anybody's dropping in to pick up a keg for a St. Bernard. Another thing that impresses us is the size of the keg. Its girth is about that of a dachshund puppy, and we would say that its capacity is very close to a quart. That's a lot of brandy for a half-frozen man to take aboard—and the least a snowbound man can do if a dog shows up with a drink is drink it.

WHEN Churchill retired the other day, we felt like sending him something—some gift in appreciation of his having once saved our life. Perhaps a St. Bernard, complete with brandy, would be the perfect present—a dog that would shuffle along at his side as he strolls the grounds of Chartwell, a sort of four-legged hip flask, keeping him supplied with his favorite comfort in the frightening blizzard of old age. We shall have to think about it, though; it's not the sort of project a person should rush into, however much it might stimulate Abercrombie, however deep our sense of gratitude to this great man.

AFTER thirty-four years, the *Reader's Digest* has conquered its will power and decided to accept (oh-oh) advertising. The April issue contains ads. No liquor or tobacco ads, to be sure, but ads nonetheless. The issue also contains a prefatory note assuring the reader that he will not lose his virtue, that it is possible for a magazine to take advertising and still be honest. (A likely story!) "The same unprejudiced and uninfluenced reports of the world we live in will be found in these pages each month," says the *Digest*, acting like a boy entering a pool hall for the first time to discover sin and rise above it. Well, the tarnished old *New Yorker*, whose very first issue was loaded with ads (there must have been at least a hundred dollars' worth), now after all these years welcomes the *Digest* to the wicked fold, where all is fun and frolic.

WE must say the *Digest*, having determined to acquaint itself with the facts of life, made a very clumsy beginning. Among other items in the issue is an article by Bruce Barton explaining the nature and function of advertising in America. It is not reassuring. Mr. Barton points out, with what seems like unpardonable pride, that advertisements are usually a jump or two ahead of the product advertised: the copywriter, dreaming his great dreams, leads the way, and the advertiser is under constant pressure to keep his product commensurate with the dream. Mr. Barton cites a case from his own past. He says he once wrote some institutional ads for a company telling how high-minded it was. The published statements were immediately challenged by one of the company's dealers, who walked in on the presi-



dent and said he was damned if he could see anything high-minded about the outfit. But, continues Mr. B., "bit by bit the big business shaped up according to the picture we had painted for it." Well, now! Are we to apply the Barton theory of advertising to the ads in the April issue of the *Digest*? If so, then the Douglas aircraft people ("You go fastest by far in a DC-7") are merely *hoping* that you'll go fastest in one of their planes, and are working on it. And what about Jell-O, with "seven" delicious flavors? Does the Barton theory mean that Jell-O has six delicious flavors and is knocking its test tubes together trying to come up with a seventh?

OUR own experience with the rich world of advertising leaves us feeling relaxed and beautiful. The *Digest* gives one the impression that ads are the great danger to the free press; the editors, in their note, make it sound as



"I can't help it. It's his first pair of short pants."

• •

though they were expecting Douglas and Jell-O to twist their arm. To us, after thirty years of publishing, it seems the other way round: advertising is the handiest support for the free press, and it's easier to live with the stuff than without it. However, there is one good rule to go by. When the advertising manager makes the mistake of showing up in the editor's office with a suggestion for a piece, he should be rubbed out. That's all we've learned in thirty years, and it's all you need to know.

•

HAWAIIAN INTELLIGENCE: Every room in the new Kamehameha wing of Queen's Hospital, in Honolulu, is equipped with a pop-up toaster.

Against Spiders

ONE of the worthiest new enterprises to come to our attention in some time is the Handwriting Foundation, a nonprofit organization dedicated to the ideal of promoting more, and more legible, handwriting. Before our admiration gets out of bounds, we had better report that the Foundation's officers, altruistic though they may be, do appear to have a financial stake in the handwritten word. Its president is Albert G. Frost, chairman of the board of the Esterbrook Pen Company; its vice-president is Ivan D. Tefft, counsel for the Parker Pen Company; and its secretary-treasurer is Frank D. Waterman, chairman of the board of guess what. We had lunch with Mr. Frost the other day, when he was in town inspecting the Foundation's local office—its national headquarters is in Washington, to be near the center of things—and found him a cherubic-looking man in his sixties, with a pink face, snow-white hair, and pince-nez. "The Foundation opened its doors on February 17th," he told us. "It fills a long-felt need for a strong, organized effort to stem the decline in penmanship that has been going on for years, in spite of the campaigning of the paper-and-tablet people—getting up Letter-Writing Weeks, and so on. Let me tell you the pretty pass we have come to. Last year, American business lost tens of millions of dollars because of illegible handwriting. The Illinois Bell Telephone Company says it loses fifty thousand dollars annually because operators can't write call tickets plainly. In New York State, there are over four million dead letters a year, many of them dead because of illegible handwriting, and the situation in New York City is so bad that the Post Office has hired a staff of 'hard readers' to decipher the writing of bad penmen, or, as we call them, spiders. I have two big sons in their thirties, both atrocious spiders. From coast to coast, practically everybody has a relative who writes illegible letters."

We inquired what had brought us to the pretty pass, and Mr. Frost said he thought it could be traced to the decline of handwriting instruction in schools, which, in turn, could be traced to tightened budgets and the rise of the typewriter. In his father's school days, he said, penmanship instruction was universal, and the approved style was the Spencerian—light upstrokes, heavy downstrokes, and elaborate curlicues to express the writer's individuality. Then, of course, came the swifter-paced twentieth century, and with it the Palmer Method, bloodless but legible. It proved to be—temporarily, at least—the swan song of penmanship, because in the past twenty-five years the subject has virtually disappeared from the curriculums of American public schools. "Why, the annual convention of the Penmanship Teachers Association, which used to draw an attendance of twenty thousand, now draws only a few dozen," Mr. Frost told us. "The typewriter—which, may I say, is a useful instrument in its proper place—has become overused, and business firms are finally beginning to learn that some writing operations now performed by machine can be done more economically by hand. When they try to convert back, they run smack into the problem of illegible handwriting." Mr. Frost informed us that handwrit-

ing has been as badly neglected of late in the New York City schools as anywhere else, a circumstance that might have been avoided had the result been different in the mayoralty election of 1925, when the candidates were James J. Walker, Norman Thomas, and Frank D. Waterman, Sr., father of the present Frank D. "Walker's victory was a bitter blow to handwriting," Mr. Frost said.

Encouraged by us, Mr. Frost whipped out his Esterbrook and wrote his name on our note pad. It was a firm, upright signature, combining force with clarity. "Modified Palmer," said Mr. Frost deprecatingly. "Learned it at business college in Aurora, Illinois. Getting back to the Foundation, it's still in the formative stage, but its main avenues of attack are going to be, first, making the public interested in penmanship again, and, second, lobbying for more instruction in the schools. We're not plumping for any special style. You can write the chancery script, for all we care. Our first move was to send out letters to a list of well-known literati. The letters were typed, but you can't have everything. Of the sixty replies, nearly all expressed strong approval, some in barely legible handwriting. The only adverse reaction was from a man who typed out, 'I do not agree with your organization's purpose,' and then typed his name underneath, instead of signing. People who never handwrite are inhibiting their self-expression. I know a small man who writes in huge characters and a big man who writes in tiny ones. Get the psychological importance of *that*? We're out to bring back the penman, and at the same time eliminate spiders."

Truant

A NICE old lady of our acquaintance struck up a friendship on a recent round-the-world cruise with a bright and pretty little girl who was travelling with her Texan grandmother. "How old are you, my dear?" she asked the child.

"Seven," said the little girl.

"Do you know where you ought to be?" the old lady said. "You ought to be in school."

"I know," her friend said, "but Grandma's in oil."

Absolute or Nothing

ABOUT three hundred members of various film societies throughout the country gathered at the Waldorf-Astoria last week to conduct their Second Annual American Film Assembly. Those present were people interested in movies as an educational and artistic medium, and the theme of the blowout was "The Role of the Sixteen-Millimetre Film in American Society." When we popped over to the Waldorf to see how the Assembly was coming along, we promptly fell in with some representatives of the artistic wing of the sixteen-millimetre crowd. They were standing around outside one of the hotel ballrooms waiting to take a look at a couple of films that had been awarded prizes in the course of the meeting. Holding forth conspicuously was a youth in a black suit, a black turtleneck sweater, and black suède shoes, whose head was covered by such a wilderness of black hair that he appeared to be wearing a shako.

"The spatial relationships have been utterly lost in most of the films I've seen here," the youth said. "Many of them don't seem to be avant-garde at all. I had hoped to see many windows opened, so that we could all participate in the magic of film expression, but actually what is there that sets up any kind of vibration?" He directed the question at a young lady beside him, who switched her pony tail nervously.

"You're too much involved with artistic absolutes, George," she said.

"It must be the absolute or nothing," said George sternly.

George was presently drowned out by a small man in a gray suit, who seemed highly irritated. "I don't say the prize should have gone to my film," the man said. "I don't say that for a minute. But I certainly don't think it should have gone to that mishmash of pseudo-modern trickery."

We were buttonholed by an intense-looking woman, who stared at us earnestly through rimless spectacles. "What have they done about that thirty-five-millimetre matter?" she inquired.

We begged her pardon.

"Oh, you haven't heard?" she said. "Well, I understand that one of the prize-winning films wasn't made in sixteen-millimetre at all. It was made in thirty-five-millimetre and then reduced. Have you ever heard of anything so unfair?"

We said we certainly hadn't.

"It's my notion," George announced, "that the mechanical aspects of film-making are getting far too much atten-



"Is a marriage entered into while under the influence of perfume valid?"

tion, leaving less and less room for focussing on the idea *behind* the representation."

The pony-tail girl switched busily. "Do you remember those films we saw that were made without a camera or anything?" she asked. "The ones that were made of drawings on film, with a sound track added just by putting holes in the film?"

We decided that the young lady was getting too Surrealistic for us, and drifted into an adjoining chamber, where various cinema accessories were on display. At one of the exhibitions, we noticed a bit of "Kim" being unravelled on a screen less than a foot square. Its colors were sharp and the sound track was clear. We congratulated the gentleman who was in charge of the exhibition, and he nodded bleakly. "Another four days of Kipling and I'll go off my chump," he remarked.

We went on to examine other paraphernalia, and were feeling tranquil when a red-bearded giant moved past us clutching a small companion by the shoulder. "I tell you," he said, "that visually and orally the film is in complete conflict."

"You're absolutely right," his companion said.

"But that's not to say the film is without merit," said the giant.

"No, it's got a lot of virtues," said his companion, and added, "Maybe we ought to be getting into the showing of the Renoir and Picasso."

We trailed the pair into a ballroom that was occupied by about two hundred people, all of them obviously of a serious bent. We had just seated ourself when we acquired a companion who smelled heavily of cloves. "O. K.," he muttered hoarsely, in the direction of the screen. "Make me laugh."



A lady sitting ahead of the man turned on him witheringly. "This is hardly the place for comedy," the lady said.

"O.K.," said the aromatic gentleman. "Shoot the culture to me, Sister."

The lights suddenly went out, the screen grew radiant, and then the lights came on again. "Do better than this with a magic lantern," said our companion. The lights went out again, the screen glowed, and then we had the lights on once more. We were eavesdropping on a couple who were earnestly discussing the possibility of creating a film workshop in Allentown, Pennsylvania, when a squawk came from a loudspeaker. "I got to get out of here," said the clove man. "My nerves won't take it." As he disappeared to the rear, the film finally got under way; we found it an enlightening presentation of several facets of the art of Renoir, Seurat, and Picasso, and learned from the commentary accompanying the film that they represented the sensual, the intellectual, and the emotional in matters artistic.

•

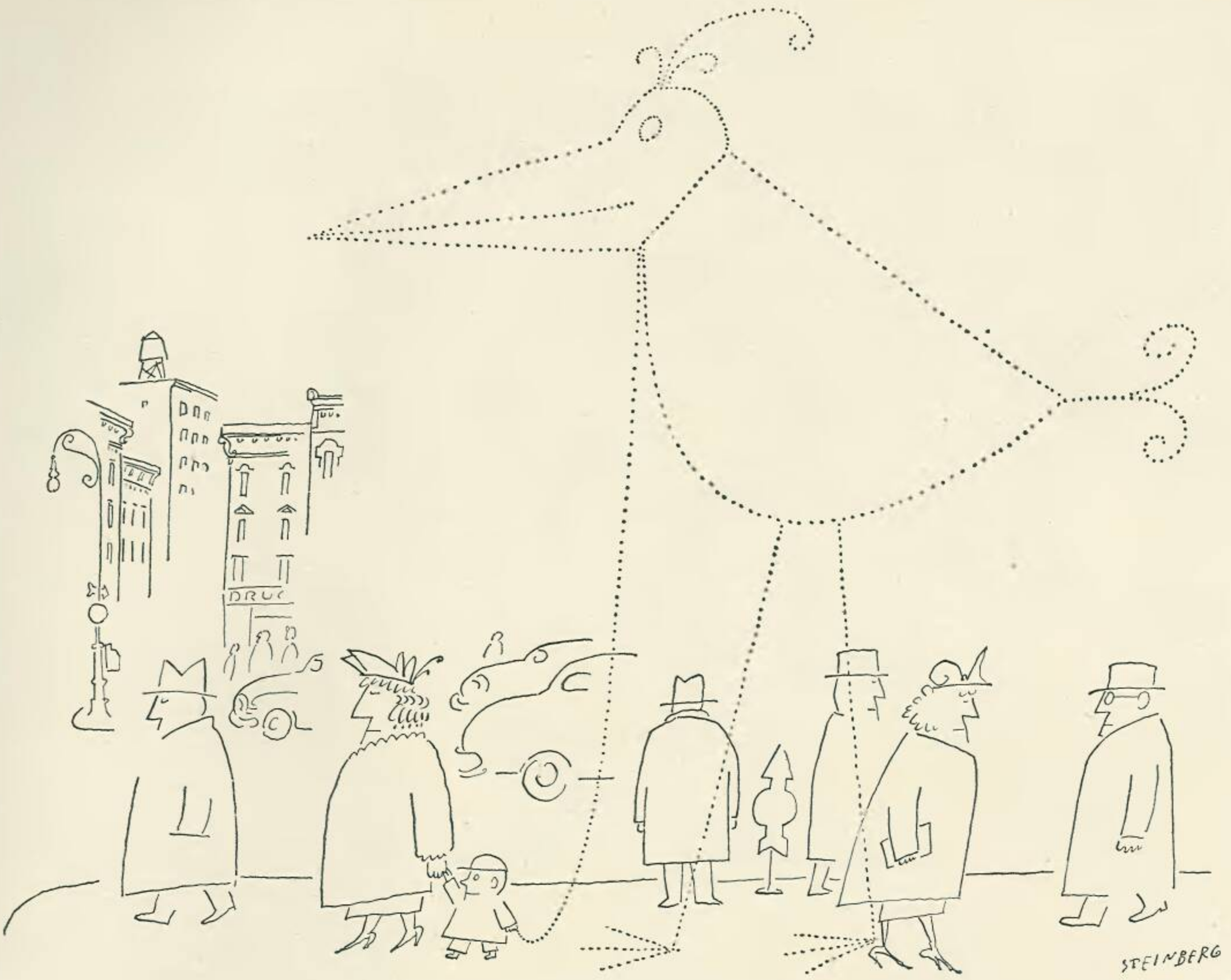
OVERHEARD at the Absinthe House during lunch, a theatrical agent to an actress: "In my business, you have to have a horse's common sense."

Back of the Roses

MARIO SCELBA and Gaetano Martino, respectively Prime Minister and Foreign Minister of Italy, put up at the Waldorf during their recent visit here and we went over to pay a call on them. When we reached Their Excellencies' quarters, high up in the Towers, we found every room, anteroom, and hallway jammed with passionately conversing plenipotentiary envoys, first secretaries, consuls, vice-consuls, and flunkies. Our heart quailed at the thought of having to penetrate that nearly solid mass of international diplomacy, but luckily we happened on a minor official who remembered meeting us a couple of years ago, in the course of a similar call we'd paid on Prime Minister de Gasperi. The official lectured us for a few minutes in eloquent, rapid English on the state of his health, which in certain particulars was not what it had been at the time of our previous talk, and then, his internal organs having put him in mind of the fact that the Foreign Minister is a doctor of medicine and a professor of physiology at the University of Messina, asked us if we would care to meet him. We said we would. "Ordinarily," said the official, "I should beg one of the distinguished doctors of law with whom this handsome apartment is overrun to present you to the Professor, but today I will do so myself, as the doctors of law are engaged in telephoning to change most of our rail and plane accommodations. It seems that by accident we have made duplicate and conflicting reservations for our visits to your various cities—Pittsburgh, Chicago, San Francisco, and the rest. Efficiency is not a strong point of the Italian nation, nor do I think it should be of any nation. It is a form of ambition, and therefore detestable."

A moment later, Signor Scelba and Dr. Martino made their way through the crowd, holding what appeared to be black telescopes but which were identified for us by the official as diplomas. "There is no end to the honorary degrees they receive," the official said. "Even after one has become an excellency, the world feels obliged to go on making one a doctor, over and over." He plunged into the dark sea after Dr. Martino, and drew the Doctor and us into the comparative backwater of a dining room, which held only a dozen chattering people. We asked Dr. Martino, a short, slight, vigorous man, to tell us something about the present condition of his country. He replied at once, "It is impossible for a country that is overcrowded with both people and ideas to function properly. The worst of the problem of overpopulation is that to ease the pressure by emigration is far from being a cure. Why? For this reason—that many people back home are unable to make a living not merely because they have no land to till and must plant parsley and tomatoes on the roofs of their huts but because they no longer feel able to cope with the traditions of their fathers. They sniff the air of modernity and are eager to test new worlds. But these dissatisfied people usually have little to offer in the way of skills, and the few countries willing to take immigrants these days wish only the well-adjusted and well-skilled, whose sole reason for leaving their homeland is the desire to make more money than they have ever made before. Our country is allowed to send abroad our most secure, and therefore most anti-Communist, elements and must keep at home those poor souls who don't know what they want except change and who are therefore most susceptible to Communism. The situation is like sending to the mountains for a holiday all our healthiest children, who could perfectly well stand the dust and heat of the city, and keeping in the dust and heat those weak children who are most likely to catch every passing infection but who, once sent to the mountains, would prove every bit as healthy as their fellows."

As the Foreign Minister finished speaking, Signor Scelba came in and sat down on a sofa across the room. A bowl of roses stood on a table between the Prime Minister and us, making it impossible for us to see anything but the top of his bald head. A dark-suited flunky whispered to Dr. Martino that



he was wanted on the telephone, and the Doctor excused himself. The Prime Minister peered at us, first from one side of the bowl of roses, then from the other, and at last, apparently taking pity on our abandoned state, smiled and beckoned to us to join him on the sofa. "Still, if you wish to say nothing," he said as we sat down beside him, "go ahead—say nothing. So few people feel free to say nothing without words. It is a freedom worthy of respect." He nodded, half to the roses, half to himself. "The absence of freedom poisons and hampers every human activity," he said. "When people are herded behind fences like cattle and taught unfreedom, they are mutilated. They grow afraid even of the possibility of being set free. God created the world but not the fences and the passports and the iron rules. These are the proud creations of man, are they not? In a speech in the Chamber of Deputies, I proposed a while ago that Russia throw open its doors to travel, both into and out of the country. I spoke of what it would mean to the intellectuals of Russia to visit whatever countries they pleased. The Communist Deputy Di Vittorio said to me afterward, in private, that he agreed with my ideas, but 'the ones' in Moscow would never entertain such a proposal. It is amusing to hear a Communist complain that his bosses do not understand him."

The Prime Minister stared hard at the roses, then, with an expression of sadness, turned to us and said, "But 'understand'—how hard that is for all of us! Do you know what hurts the self-respect of the Italian people more than any other single thing on earth? Your immigration laws. They are a written condemnation of a people of hard workers and good family men. When you see, all around you here, how much good has come out of these second- and third-generation Italian-Americans—good that has sprung from the Lord knows how much poverty and discrimination and confusion and dejection—you must conclude that the Italians are builders of good communities. Do we not deserve to be known, then, in the laws of your country as a civilized people, and not as a people dangerous or barbaric or simply lazy? It is surely hard enough for us to survive. It is so much harder to survive without self-respect." Just then, a group standing at a window called to the Prime Minister to come quickly and watch the sun going down in the wrong place. The Prime Minister jumped to his feet and hurried to the window. The wrong place turned out to be the mirrorlike western face of the United Nations Secretariat Building, ablaze with sunset. "How beautiful!" said the Prime Minister, in a voice that had not got over being sad.

In Reply

AN air-conditioning man has surrendered to us a note received from Glasgow, Missouri. He got the note after shipping roughly ten tons of Madison Avenue prose to the prospective buyer, a fellow called Shackelford. It read:

CITY RECREATION PARLOR
GLASGOW, MISSOURI

DEAR SIR:
Bring the thing and put it in.

Sincerely,
SIDNEY SHACKELFORD

"TIME" LUMBERS ON

YOU can't always put your finger on what it is that makes a person attractive. The people in *Time* have long seemed unusually attractive to me, and I have sometimes wondered why this was so, since they are, by and large, the same bunch you find in the papers and in *Newsweek*, where they seem O.K. but not as compelling. I have gone to some pains to analyze the matter by studying *Time* carefully for the past several months, and I think the chief source of their charm is the way their voltage gets stepped up once they get into *Time*. Most of the people in *Time* are men. What steps up men's voltage? Girls. The biggest category on *Time's* masthead of two hundred and nineteen names is that of its sixty-two girl editorial researchers. I suspect that it's largely the presence of these ladies—especially the ones with the wonderful names, like Bernadine Beerheide, Harriet Ben Ezra, Quinera Sarita King, Danuta Reszke-Birk, Deirdre Mead Ryan, and Yi Ying Sung—that peps up *Time's* denizens. *Newsweek* has far fewer girls, and their names aren't quite as stimulating. No offense, I hope. Mrs. Reid is the only girl on the *Herald Tribune's* masthead, and as for the *Times*, it's Arthur Hays Sulzberger, Julius Ochs Adler, Orvil E. Dryfoos, Amory H. Bradford, Francis A. Cox all the way. Confidence-inspiring, but not pulse-quickening.

Be that as it may (and what isn't?), the people in *Time* are possessed of an unusual vigor, which is reflected in their gait, in the pace of their vehicles, and in their conversation. Take President Eisenhower, for example. He rarely walks in *Time;* he strides. "A smiling Dwight Eisenhower . . . strode to the rostrum" in the January 17th *Time*. More recently, in the February 28th issue, he "strode into the Congressional Room of Washington's Statler Hotel." To stride, according to Webster, means "to walk with long steps, esp. in a measured or pompous manner." *Time* is a patriotic magazine, and I have a feeling that when the President strides in its pages he is doing it in a measured rather than a pompous manner. Furthermore, when he writes a letter, he doesn't dictate it lackadaisically and then glue it up in an envelope with a lacklustre lick; he treats it like a firecracker, or a twenty-one-gun salute: "Last week Ike fired off a new letter to CAB."

Another February 28th *Time* strider, and a man whose vehicular pace is well calculated to make Quinera and Danuta sit up and take notice, is Colonel Marcos Pérez Jiménez, President of Venezuela. "Stopping the procession," *Time* states, "he strode over to the Mercedes-Benz." Pérez Jiménez is playing ball with us when it comes to oil, and I'm glad to learn that a strider rather than a sidler, he. It's good to know, too, that when he gets into a car he doesn't just drive; he snakes, streaks off, swerves along, speeds away, flashes by, hurries dustily on, and coasts. What a delightfully spirited Good Neighbor he is! "In gullied wastelands, the shriek of [his] tires and the stench of scorched rubber filled entire valleys." Can this be? Can one man stink up an entire valley? No matter. The concept is gargantuan; the Colonel is my boy.

Still another *Time* strider, and also a fast man on wheels, is Harlow H. Curtice, president of General Motors. "Into a large, cluttered Detroit studio one day 18 months ago strode a trim, lean man with the suave good looks of an ambassador and the cheery smile of a salesman," *Time* writes. Most people would pick their way in a cluttered studio, but not Curtice. As if striding, and looking as suave as Clare Boothe Luce, weren't enough to make you love the man, *Time* calls him "Red" seven times in one article. (Red is Harlow's nickname, not a crack.) When Red travels, he doesn't drive, or fly, or take a train; he swings. "Curtice swung around the country getting to know his harried dealers." This sounds as though he had a prehensile tail, which I, for one, find attractive, though I suppose it might harry a conventional Cadillac dealer. I don't mean to make a monkey out of Red; according to *Time*, he is closer to a Cadillac than to a marmoset:

> His bright blue eyes sparkle like a newly polished car [*Time* writes], his smile is as broad as a Cadillac grille. His voice is quiet, his manner calm. But under the Curtice hood there throbs a machine with the tireless power of one of his own 260-h.p. engines.

Curtice's voice may be quiet but his conversation is forceful. When he announces an expansion program, he does it "boldly;" his predictions are "right on the button;" "on weekends he likes to drop in on the nearby Buick division, shoot the breeze with anyone from a sweeper to a foreman."

Time gets a little mixed up about Red—he "never seems to be in a hurry," it says, and, two paragraphs later, "Curtice has a hot-rodder's feeling for cars . . . likes to dash around his home town of Flint in a sporty grey-blue Buick Skylark"—but, all in all, the picture of a bold, hooded, throbbing, breeze-shooting, skylarking president is an engaging one.

For a while after reading about Curtice, Eisenhower, and Pérez Jiménez, I had the idea that only presidents strode in *Time*. Not at all. Look at Scotland's Roman Catholic Father Sydney MacEwan, "a white-haired but boyish-looking priest in a knee-length clerical coat [who] strode to the dais in the Waldorf-Astoria's Jade Room." But I regret to state that striders don't always stay boyish-looking; sometimes their strides give out, and they are reduced to walking. "An old man climbed aboard United Air Lines flight 709 in New York . . . to fly to Los Angeles," *Time* writes of General Douglas MacArthur. "His famous stride had become a careful step, his hands looked transparent and his skin like parchment. . . ."

This brings me to another attractive locomotive trait of *Time's* cast of characters. They don't *get* into vehi-



cles; they *climb* into them, which sounds more manly. They also climb out of them. When MacArthur got to Los Angeles, he "climbed out." John Foster Dulles is forever climbing in and out of planes in *Time*, and President René Coty, of France, "climbed from his bed to confer with pouchy-eyed politicians," while his wife, whose movements also eschew the humdrum, "padded about the palace kitchen . . . serving endless cups of coffee." Did Coty climb *up* from his bed or *down* from it? Up, I guess; those politicians were hanging from the ceiling, and were pouchy-eyed from looking down on their recumbent leader. My favorite *Time* climber is Coty's compatriot Pierre Mendès-France, who "climbed into his black Citroën." This is a real feat, even for a Frenchman who has stunted his growth by drinking milk.

I'm sorry that Mendès-France is out of office, and therefore presumably out, or relatively out, of the pages of *Time*. He will be missed. When he wasn't climbing in *Time*, he was hurrying out or walking briskly, and when he talked, he snapped. "*Eh bien*," he once snapped in *Time*, "I seem to have plenty of friends but few supporters." His downfall is clearly attributable to overexercise. He got so bushed bustling about *Time's* Foreign News department that he was too exhausted to repair his political fences.



"Yeah? Well, you're not distracting me and I'm working."

• •

TIME's snappers girdle the globe. "'We are not prepared to accept the proposition that because the Soviet Union and the U.S. are agreed, all problems are solved,' snapped [India's Krishna] Menon," while the Americas abound in snappers:

"It's unanimous!" snapped Congressman William Dawson.

Private Schine snapped: "I have stopped speaking to newspapermen."

Joe [McCarthy] snapped back: "They have been shooting at me, and I've got to get back at them."

"I am here to apply the law and you ask me to break it!" snapped Café Filho [President of Brazil].

Asked by waiting newsmen about his intentions, [Marlon Brando] snapped: "It is not a publicity stunt, and I do intend to marry the girl."

Brando's girl, by the way, burbles, which makes for a nice combination. They can play burble-and-snap:

"I know I am going to start a new life with the help of Marlon, and it will be different from what I have done so far," burbled she.

When the two of them get into a vehicle in *Time*, they hop on and chug off, and when he leaves her, he speeds off.

McCarthy's snaps sometimes cause other Senators to gruff:

But when he heard of McCarthy's statement, Colorado's tough, burly [Edwin C.] Johnson gruffed: "This is the first time I've ever been called a handmaiden."

McCarthy not only snaps, he also ambles, lumbers, elbows, and careens:

A scowling, puffy-eyed McCarthy . . . lumbered into the hearing room . . . then he ambled out. . . . McCarthy elbowed his way through the crowd . . .

Careening about his old stamping grounds in his home town of Appleton, Wisconsin's Senator Joseph R. McCarthy . . .

McCarthy's closest locomotive parallel is Ernest Hemingway:

Rolling to starboard like an old freighter, Ernest Hemingway lumbered about his weather-beaten manor. . . .

Not so peppy, perhaps, but a novelty. And when it comes to the girls on *Time's* masthead, Hemingway knows what he's doing; he married one of them.

A more athletic note is struck by Governor Craig of Indiana, Admiral Halsey, and Nehru:

Having vaulted into the governor's office in a hurry, George Craig landed running, has been in a hurry ever since.

After the game . . . Fleet Admiral (ret.) William F. ("Bull") Halsey . . . bounced around like a midshipman . . .

A slender man with jodhpured legs and a rose-bud in his buttonhole scooted about the diplomatic conference rooms of Lon-

THE IVORY TOWER

Who knows through what mysterious tensions these
Strange pinnacles of personality
Are held in place? The crazy structure sprawls
Over a territory not prepared
For architecture. Here a turret sags
Into the sand; there, on a rock, one tower
Stands up beyond its place in the design,
And gargoyles counterbalance random shifts
From equipoise, or flying buttresses,
As late as yesterday, were improvised
Hastily over space to clutch a wall.

Some years ago this efflorescent structure
Could have been simplified, even rebuilt,
According to a modern analyst,
With low walls all of glass to gulp the sun,
And the interior plain as everyday.
But now it is too late—one column shifted,
One bit of tracery removed, yes, even
One tendril of this ivy vine clipped off,
And the whole delicately balanced thing
Would crash around our ears. It is fantastic,
But best left as it is. And, by the way,
I note it has outlasted all the bombings.

—ROBERT HILLYER

• •

don with whispered propositions on his lips. India's Jawaharlal Nehru wanted to be helpful.

But don't think that Nehru always scoots around whispering in *Time;* sometimes he croaks:

"Since the dawn of history," croaked Nehru throatily . . .

As in the case of McCarthy's snaps, one colorful *Time* vocalization often begets another. Nehru's croaks are followed by conversational chuckles from his colleagues:

Pudgy Rafi Ahmad Kidwai, 60, Minister of Food and Agriculture . . . chuckled: "That will make Nehru think twice."

And here's a pounce that flushed a weasel:

His interrogator pounced: "But you did say it! Why?" Weaseled (Alfred) Hitchcock uneasily: "It depends what press it was."

BEFORE going on to some of the other ways in which the people in *Time* exercise their vocal cords, let us observe how certain ladies among them move:

Mrs. George Malone . . . flounced from the banquet hall.

One day Oveta Culp Hobby clicked in with a bundle of charts.

Very well. Back to *Time's* conversationalists. In addition to snapping, snorting, burbling, chuckling, croaking, pouncing, weaseling, and shooting the breeze, they groan, coo, snarl, taunt, thunder, chortle, crack, intone, growl, drawl, sneer, grumble, rumble, blurt, smirk, purr, husk, rasp, bubble, beam, smile, grin, drone, roar amid guffaws, sigh, worry, and spit entire sentences and even paragraphs. I have all the documentation at hand, but suffice it to bellow that Billy Graham and Senator Irving M. Ives thunder; Frank Lloyd Wright chortles; Konrad Adenauer growls; Winston Churchill growls, rumbles, and worries (he is also a snapper); Georgia's Governor Marvin Griffin drawls genially; Montgomery Ward Chairman Sewell Avery smiles "Do you know anyone who has $600 million all wrapped up in a bundle?;" Nat (King) Cole, a singer, husks, while shrugging, "Dialogue is just lyrics that don't rhyme;" and a "disgruntled hotelman" sighs "That is a sight that Pondicherry will not again see."

Adenauer, incidentally, whistle-stops when he takes a train, while Senator Ives, in a Caddy, roars down (without guffaws) to Manhattan. I've found only one man in *Time* who makes a really poor vehicular showing—Senator Wayne Morse:

One jungle-hot afternoon a weathered Model T lurched down the 1600 block of Pennsylvania Avenue. . . . Out popped Wayne Morse.

Time is a Republican magazine, so perhaps Morse, who reneged on the Republicans, doesn't feel at home in it. He lurches and pops out, instead of roaring and climbing, because he's ill at ease.

WELL, I think I'll gruff my analysis to a close, but first I want to point to a character trait that enhances the attractiveness of *Time* people all over the world: dutifulness. They do everything from talking dutifully to marrying dutifully:

Said Maurine [Neuberger, wife of the Senator from Oregon] dutifully: she will retire from politics to help her husband in Washington.

[Matyas] Rakosi [former Premier of Hungary] dutifully sent word that he agreed completely with the newest New Course.

Pérez Jiménez [remember the old strider, dusty hurrier, and stinker-upper?] dutifully put down a dozen or so minor uprisings.

Queen Elizabeth II's younger sister dutifully attended to the routine chores of visiting royalty.

On [the Queen Mother's] arrival at the center, bystanding neighborhood ragamoppets applauded her dutifully.

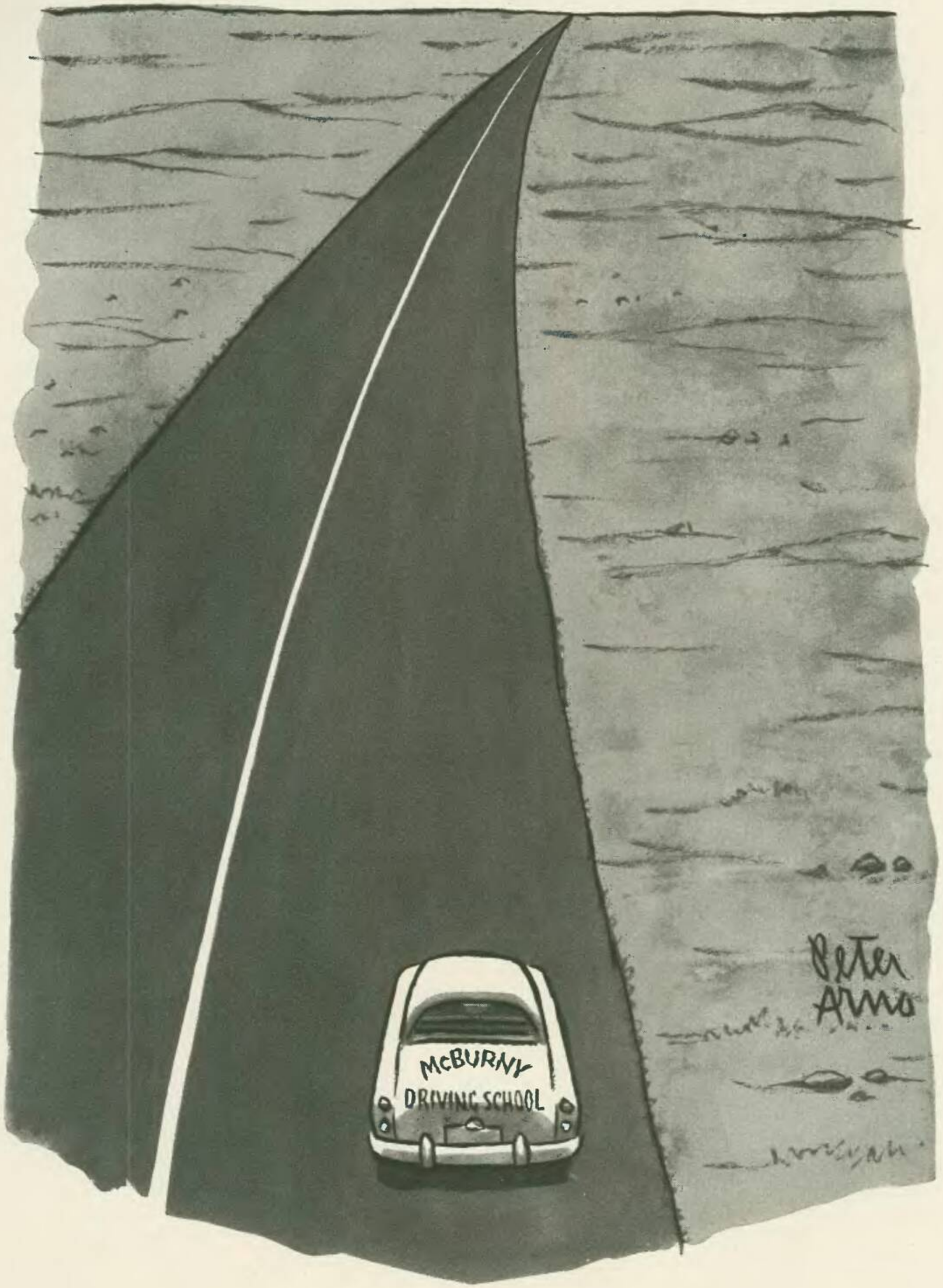
Crown Prince of Rumania . . . Carol Hohenzollern . . . dutifully married Princess Helen of Greece.

Dutifully, Faure tried.

Faure, of course, is Mendès-France's successor, and in *Time* he's dutifully trying to get the support of the Socialists for a left-center coalition. He didn't succeed (some ragamoppets grimaced him down), but what can you expect of a man who—so far, at any rate—hasn't stridden, vaulted, bounced, or *entrechatted* his way into a conference room? I never heard of a Frenchman who didn't want to get on the good side, or sides, of sixty-two girls. Faure is warming up. He sighed in the March 28th issue of *Time*, and as of April 4th he is credited with a seven-sentence snap. I hear he's hired a drive-yourself Renault, and that we may hope for a shrieking-tired ricochet any week.

—GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN





"All right, Mrs. Loomis, I'm going to let you take over now."

JUST TELL ME WHO IT WAS

WILL PYM was a self-made man; that is, he had started his adult life without a nickel or a connection, other than the general friendliness of man to man, and had risen to a vice-presidency in a rayon-blanket firm. He made a large annual contribution to the Baltimore settlement house that had set his feet upon the right path, and he had a few anecdotes to tell about working as a farmhand long, long ago, but his appearance and demeanor were those of a well-established member of the upper middle class, with hardly a trace—hardly a trace of the anxieties of a man who has been through a gruelling struggle to put some money into the bank. It is true that beggars, old men in rags, thinly dressed men and women eating bad food in the penitential lights of a cafeteria, slums and squalid mill towns, the faces in rooming-house windows—even a hole in his daughter's socks—could remind him of his youth and make him uneasy. He did not ever like to see the signs of poverty. He took a deep pleasure in the Dutch Colonial house where he lived—in its many lighted windows, in the soundness of his roof and his heating plant—in the warmth of his children's clothing, and in the fact that he had been able to make something plausible and coherent in spite of his mean beginnings. He was always conscious and sometimes mildly resentful of the fact that most of his business associates and all of his friends and neighbors had been skylarking on the turf at Groton or Deerfield or some such school while he was taking books on how to improve your grammar and vocabulary out of the public library. But he recognized this dim resentment of people whose development had been along easier lines than his own as some meanness in his character. Considering merely his physical bulk, it was astonishing that he should have preserved an image of himself as a hungry youth standing outside a lighted window in the rain. He was a cheerful, heavy man with a round face that looked exactly like a pudding. Everyone was glad to see him, as one is glad to see, at the end of a meal, the appearance of a bland, fragrant, and nourishing dish made of fresh eggs, nutmeg, and country cream.



Will had not married until he was past forty and had moved to New York. He had not had the money or the time, and the destitution of his youth had not been sweetened by much natural love. His stepmother—wearing a nightgown for comfort and a flowered hat for looks—had spent her days sitting in their parlor window in Baltimore drinking sherry out of a coffee cup. She was not a jolly old toper, and what she had to say was usually bitter or obscene. The picture she presented may have left with Will some skepticism about the emotional richness of human involvements. It may have delayed his marriage. When he finally did marry, he picked a woman much younger than he—a sweet-tempered girl with red hair and green eyes. She sometimes called him Daddy. Will was so proud of her and spoke so extravagantly of her beauty and her wit that when people first met her, they were always disappointed. But Will had been poor and cold and alone, and when he came home at the end of the day to a lovely and loving woman, when he took off his hat and coat in the front hall, he would literally groan with joy. Every stick of furniture that Maria bought seemed to him to be hallowed by her taste and charm. A footstool or a set of pots would so delight him that he would cover her face and throat with kisses. She was extravagant, but he seemed to want a childish and capricious wife, and the implausible excuses that she made for having bought something needless and expensive aroused in him the deepest tenderness. Maria was not much of a cook, but when she put a plate of canned soup in front of him on the maid's night out, he would get up from his end of the table and embrace her with gratitude.

At first, they had a big apartment in the East Seventies. They went out a good deal. Will disliked parties, but he concealed this distaste for the sake of his young wife. At dinners, he would look across the table at her in the candlelight—laughing, talking, and flashing the rings he had bought her—and sigh deeply. He was always impatient for the party to end, so that they would be alone again, in a taxi or in an empty street where he could kiss her. When Maria first got pregnant, he couldn't describe his happiness. Every development in her condition astonished him. He was captivated by the preparations she made for the baby. When their first child was born, when milk flowed from her breasts, when their daughter excited in her a most natural tenderness, he was amazed.

The Pyms had three girls. When their third child was born, they moved to the suburbs. Will was past fifty then, but he carried Maria over the threshold, lighted a fire in the hearth, and observed all kinds of sentimental and amorous rites in taking possession of the house. To tell the truth, he did seem, once in a while, to talk about Maria too much. He was anxious to have her shine. At parties, he would stop the general conversation and announce, "Maria will now tell us something very funny that happened at the Woman's Club this afternoon." Riding into town on the commuting train, he would ring in her opinions on the baseball season or the excise tax. Eating dinner alone in a hotel in Rochester or Toledo—for he often travelled on business—he would show the waitress a picture of Maria. When he served on the grand jury, all the other members of the panel knew about Maria long before the session ended. When he went salmon fishing in Newfoundland, he wondered constantly if Maria was all right.

On a Saturday in the early spring, they celebrated their tenth wedding anniversary with a party at their house in Shady Hill. Twenty-five or thirty people came to drink their health in champagne. Most of the guests were Maria's age. Will did not like her to be surrounded by young men, and he supervised her comings and goings with a nearly paternal scrutiny. When she wandered out onto the terrace, he was not far behind. But he was a good host, and he held in admirable equilibrium the pleasure he took in his guests and the pleasure he took in thinking that they soon would all be gone. He watched Maria talking with Henry Bulstrode across the room. He supposed that ten years of marriage must have left lines on her face and wasted her figure, but he could see only that her beauty had improved. A pretty young woman was talking with him, but his admiration of Maria made him absent-minded. "You must get Maria to tell you what happened at the florist's this morning," he said.

Late on Sunday afternoon, the Pyms took a walk with their children, as they usually did when the weather was fair. It was that time of year when the woods are still bleak, and mixed with the smells of rotted and changing things is an unaccountable sweetness—a perfume as heavy as roses—although nothing is in flower. The children went on ahead. Will and Maria walked arm in arm. It was nearly dusk. Crows were calling hoarsely to one another in some tall pines. It was that hour of a spring



"Why, it's our steward! How fortunate!"

day—or evening—when the dark of the woods and the cold and damp from any nearby pond or brook are suddenly felt, when you realize that the world was lighted, until a minute ago, merely by the sun's fire, and that your clothes are thin.

Will stopped and took a knife from his pocket and began to cut their initials in the bark of a tree. What sense would there be in pointing out that his hair was thin? He meant to express love. It was Maria's youth and beauty that had informed his senses and left his mind so open that the earth seemed spread out before his eyes like a broad map of reason and sensuality. It was her company that made the singing of the crows so fine to hear. For his children, whose voices sounded down the path, he held out the most practical and abundant hopes. All that he had ever been deprived of was now his.

But Maria was cold and tired and hungry. They had not gone to bed until two, and it had been an effort for her to keep her eyes open while they walked in the woods. When they got home, she would have to fix the supper. Cold cuts or lamb chops, she wondered while she watched Will enclose their initials in the outline of a heart and pierce it with an arrow. "Oh, you're so lovely!" she heard him murmur when he had finished. "You're so young and beautiful!" He groaned; he took her in his arms and kissed her wildly. She went on worrying about the supper.

ON a Monday night not long after this, Maria sat in the living room tying paper apple blossoms to branches. She was on the committee in charge of decorations for the Apple Blossom Fête, a costume ball given for charity at the country club each year. Will was reading a magazine while he waited for her to finish her work. He wore bedroom slippers and a red brocade smoking jacket—a present from Maria—which bunched in thick folds around his stomach, making him look portly. Maria's hands moved quickly. When she had covered a branch with blossoms, she would hold it up and say, "Isn't that pretty?" Then she would stand it in a corner where there was the beginning of a forest of flowering branches. Upstairs, the three children slept.

The decorations-committee job was the kind of thing Maria did best. She did not like to go to early-morning meetings on the reform of the primary system, or to poke her nose into dirty hospital kitchens, or to meet with other women in the late afternoons to discuss trends in modern fiction. She had tried being secretary of the Woman's Club, but her minutes were so garbled that she had had to be replaced—not without some hard feeling. On the evening of the day when she was relieved of her position, Will had found her in tears, and it had taken him hours to console her. He relished these adversities. She was young and beautiful, and anything that turned her to him for succor only made his position more secure. Later, when Maria was put in charge of the mink-stole raffle to raise some money for the hospital, she had kept such poor records that Will had had to stay home from the office for a day to straighten things out. She cried and he comforted her, where a younger husband might have expressed some impatience. Will did not encourage her inefficiency, but it was a trait that he associated with the fineness of her eyes and her pallor.

While she tied flowers she talked about the fête. There was going to be a twelve-piece orchestra. The decorations had never been so beautiful. They hoped to raise ten thousand dollars. The dressmaker had delivered her costume. Will asked what her costume was, and she said she would go upstairs and put it on. She usually went to the Apple Blossom Fête as a figure from French history, and Will's interest was not intense.

Half an hour later, she came down, and went to the mirror by the piano. She was wearing gold slippers, pink tights, and a light velvet bodice, cut low enough to show the division of her breasts. "Of course, my hair will be all different," she said. "And I haven't decided what jewels to wear."

A terrible sadness came over Will. The tight costume—he had to polish his eyeglasses to see it better—displayed



"That takes care of the antenna installation, Mrs. McGovern. Now I'll just plug in the set, make a few adjustments, and show you how to operate it."

• •

all the beauty he worshipped, and it also expressed her perfect innocence of the wickedness of the world. The sight filled poor Will with lust and dismay. He couldn't bear to disappoint her, and yet he couldn't let her flagrantly provoke his neighbors—a group of men who seemed at that moment, to his unsettled mind, to be voracious, youthful, bestial, and lewd. Watching her pose happily in front of the mirror, he thought that she looked like a child—a maiden, at least—approaching some obscene doom. In her sweet and gentle face and her half-naked bosom he saw all the sadness of life.

"You can't wear that, Mummy," he said.

"What?" She turned away from the mirror.

"Mummy, you'll get pinched to death."

"Everybody else is going to wear tights, Willy. Helen Benson and Grace Heatherstone are going to wear tights."

"They're different, Mummy," he said sadly. "They're very different. They're tough, hardheaded, cynical, worldly women."

"What am I?"

"You're lovely and you're innocent," he said. "You don't understand what a bunch of dogs men are."

"I don't want to be lovely and innocent all the time."

"Oh, Mummy, you don't mean that! You can't mean that! You don't know what you're saying."

"I only want to have a good time."

"Don't you have a good time with me?"

She began to cry. She threw herself on the sofa and buried her face. Her tears ate like acid into Will's resolve as he bent over her slender and miserable form. Years and years ago he had wondered if a young wife would give him trouble. Now, with his eyeglasses steaming and the brocade jacket bunched up around his stomach, he stood face to face with the problem. How—even when they were in grave danger—could he refuse innocence and beauty? "All right, Mummy, all right," he said. He was nearly in tears himself. "You can wear it."

Will left the next morning for a trip that took him to Cleveland, Chicago, and Topeka. He called Maria on Tuesday and Wednesday nights, and the maid said that she was out. She would be putting up the decorations in the club, he realized. The pancakes he ate for breakfast on Thursday disagreed with him at once, and gave him a stomach ache that none of the many medicines he carried with him in his suitcase could cure. Friday was foggy in Kansas, and his plane was grounded until late that night. At the airport, he ate some chicken pie; it made him feel worse. He arrived in New York on Saturday morning, had to go directly to his office, and did not get out to Shady Hill until late Saturday afternoon. It was the day of the party, and Maria was still at the club. He spent an hour raking dead leaves from the flower beds at the side of the house. When Maria came home, he thought she looked superb. Her color was high and her eyes were bright.

She showed Will the costume she had rented for him. It was a suit of chain mail with a helmet. Will was pleased with the costume, because it was a disguise. Exhausted and bilious, he felt he needed a disguise for the dance. When he had bathed and shaved, Maria helped him strap himself into his coat of mail. She cut some ostrich plumes off an old hat and stuck them gaily into his helmet. Will went toward a mirror to see himself, but just as he got there, the visor slammed shut, and he couldn't get it to stay open. He went downstairs, holding on to the banister—the chain mail

was heavy—and wedged the visor open with a folded timetable and sat down to have a drink. When Maria came down in her pink tights and her gold slippers, Will rose to admire her. She said that she would not be able to leave the dance early, because she was on the committee; if Will wanted to go home, she would get a ride with someone else. He had never gone home from a party without her, and he hated the idea. Maria put on a wrap and kissed the children, and they went off to dinner at the Beardens'.

At the Beardens', the party was large and late. They drank cocktails until after nine. When they went in to dinner, Will sat beside Ethel Worden. She was a pretty young woman, but she had been drinking Martinis for two hours; her face was drawn and her eyes were red. She said that she loved Will, that she always had, but Will was looking down the table at Maria. Even at that distance, he seemed to take in something vital from the play of shadow upon her face. He would have liked to be near enough to hear what she was saying.

Ethel Worden didn't make it any easier. "We're poor, Will," she said sadly. "Did you know that we're poor? Nobody realizes that there are people like us in a community like this. We can't afford eggs for breakfast. We can't afford a cleaning woman. We can't afford a washing machine. We can't afford . . ."

Before dessert was finished, several couples got up to leave for the club. Will saw Trace Bearden handing Maria her wrap, and got up suddenly. He wanted to get to the club in time to have the first dance with her. When he got outside, Trace and Maria had gone. He asked Ethel Worden to drive over with him. She was delighted. As he put the car in the parking lot at the country club, Ethel began to cry. She was poor and lonely and hungry for love. She drew Will to her and wept on his chain-mail shoulder, while he looked out the back windows of the station wagon to see if he could recognize Trace Bearden's car. He wondered if Maria was already in the clubhouse or if she was having trouble in a parked car herself. He dried Ethel's tears and spoke to her tenderly, and they went in.

It was late by then—it was after midnight—and that dance was always a rhubarb. The floor was crowded, and plumes, crowns, animal heads, and turbans were rocking in the dim light. It was that hour when the band accelerates its beat, when the drums deepen, when the aging dancers utter loud cries of lust and joy, seize their partners by the girdle, and break into all kinds of youthful and wanton specialties—the shimmy, the Charleston, hops, and belly dances. Will danced clumsily in his mail. Now and then, he glimpsed Maria in the distance, but he was never able to catch up with her. Going into the bar for a drink, he saw her at the other end of the room, but the crowd was too dense for him to get to her. She was surrounded by men. He looked for her in the lounge during the next intermission, but he could not find her. When the music started again, he gave the band ten dollars and asked them to play "I Could Write a Book." It was their music. She would hear it through the bedlam. It would remind her of their marriage, and she would leave her partner and find him. He waited alone at the edge of the floor through this song.

Discouraged, then, and tired from his travelling and the weight of his chain mail, he went into the lounge, took off his helmet, and fell asleep. When he woke, a half hour later, he saw Larry Helmsford taking Ethel Worden out the terrace door toward the parking lot. She was staggering. Will wandered back to the ballroom, drawn there by shouts of excitement. Someone had set fire to a feathered headdress. The fire was being put out with champagne. It was after three o'clock. Will put on his helmet, propped the visor open with a folded match paper, and went home.



Maria danced the last dance. She had a drink from the last bottle of wine. It was morning then. The band had gone, but a pianist was still playing and a few couples were dancing in the daylight. Breakfast parties were forming, but she refused these invitations in order to drive home with the Beardens. Will might be worried. After she said goodbye to the Beardens, she stood on her front steps to get some air. She had lost her pocketbook. Her tights had been torn by the scales of a dragon. The smell of spilled wine came from her clothes. The sweetness of the air and the fineness of the light touched her. The party seemed like gibberish. She had had all the partners she wanted, but she had not had all the right ones. The hundreds of apple blossoms that she had tied to branches and that had looked, at a distance, so like real blossoms would soon be swept into the ash can.

The trees of Shady Hill were filled with birds—larks, thrushes, robins, crows—and now the air began to ring with their song. The pristine light and the loud singing reminded her of some ideal—some simple way of life, in which she dried her hands on an apron and Will came home from the sea—that she had betrayed. She did not know where she had failed, but the gentle morning light illuminated her failure pitilessly. She began to cry.

Will was asleep, but he woke when she opened the front door. "Mummy?" he asked as she climbed the stairs. "Mummy? . . . Hello, Mummy. Good morning!" She didn't reply.

He saw her tears, the gash in her tights and the stains on her front. She sat down at her dressing table, laid her face on the glass, and went on crying. "Oh, don't cry, Mummy!" he said. "Don't cry! I

don't care, Mummy. I thought I would, but I guess it doesn't really matter. I won't ever mention it, Mummy. Now, come to bed. Come to bed and get some sleep."

Her sobbing got louder. He got up and went to the dressing table and put his arms around her. "I told you what would happen if you wore that costume, didn't I? But it doesn't matter any more. I'll never ask you anything about it. I'll forget the whole thing. But come to bed now and get some sleep."

Her head was swimming, and his voice droned on and on, shutting out the noises of the morning. Then his anxious love, his nagging passion, were more than she could support. "I don't care. I'm willing to forget it," he said.

She got out of his embrace, crossed the room to the hall, and shut the guest-room door in his face.

DOWNSTAIRS, sitting over a cup of coffee, Will realized that his supervision of Maria's life had been anything but thorough. If she had wanted to deceive him, her life couldn't have been planned along more convenient lines. In the summer, she was alone most of the time, except weekends. He was away on business one week out of every month. She went to New York whenever she pleased—sometimes in the evening. Only a week before the dance she had gone into town to have dinner with some old friends. She had planned to come home on a train that reached Shady Hill at eleven. Will drove to the station to meet her. It was a rainy night and he remembered waiting, in a rather gloomy frame of mind, on the station platform. As soon as he saw the distant lights of the train, his mood was changed by the anticipation of greeting her and taking her home. When the train stopped and only Charlie Curtin—half tipsy—got off, Will was disappointed and worried. Soon after he got home, the telephone rang. It was Maria calling to say that she had missed the train and would not be home until two. At two, Will returned to the station. It was still rainy. Maria and Henry Bulstrode were the only passengers. She walked swiftly up the platform in the rain to kiss Will. He remembered that there had been tears in her eyes, but he had not thought anything about it at the time. Now he wondered about her tears.

A few nights before that, she had said, after dinner, that she wanted to go to the movies in the village. Will had offered to take her, although he was tired, but she said she knew how much he disliked movies. It had seemed odd to him at the time that before going off to the nine-o'clock show she should take a bath, and when she came downstairs, he heard, under her mink coat, the rustling of a silk dress. He fell asleep before she returned, and for all he knew, she might have come in at dawn. It had always seemed generous of her not to insist on his going with her to meetings of the Civic Improvement Association, but how did he know whether she had gone off to discuss the fluorination of water or to meet a lover?

He remembered something that had happened in February. The Woman's Club had given a revue for charity. He had known before he went to it that Maria was going to do a dance expressing the view of the Current Events Committee on the tariff. She came onto the stage to the music of "A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody." She wore a long evening dress, gloves, and a fur piece—the recognizable getup of a strip-tease artist—and, to his dismay, she was given a rousing reception. Maria walked around the stage and took off her fur piece, to applause, shouts, and some whistling. During the next chorus, she peeled off her gloves. Will pretended to be enjoying himself, but he had begun to sweat. With the third chorus, she took off her belt. This was all, but the uproarious applause she had been given rang again in Will's ears now and made them warm.

A few weeks earlier, Will had gone uptown for lunch—a thing he seldom did. Walking down Madison Avenue, he thought he saw Maria ahead of him, with another man. The dark-red suit, the fur piece, and the hat were hers. He did not recognize the man. Acting impulsively where he might have acted stealthily, he had shouted her name—"Maria! Maria! Maria!" The street was crowded, and there was the distance of half a block between them. Before he could reach the woman, she disappeared. She might have stepped into a taxi or a store. That evening, when he said to Maria, cheerfully enough, that he thought he saw her on Madison Avenue, she answered crossly, "Well you didn't." After dinner, she claimed to have a headache. She asked him to sleep in the guest room.



THE afternoon of the day after the dance, Will took the children for a walk without Maria. He lectured them, as he always did, on the names of the trees. "That's a ginkgo. . . . That's a weeping beech. . . . That bitter smell comes from the boxwood in the hollow." It may have been because he had received no education himself that he liked to give an educational tone to his time with the children. They recited the states of the Union at the lunch table, discussed geology during some of their walks, and named the stars in the sky if they stayed out after dusk. Will was determined to be cheerful this afternoon, but the figures of his children, walking ahead, saddened him, for they seemed like live symbols of his trouble. He had not actually thought of leaving Maria—he had not let the idea form—but he seemed to breathe the atmosphere of separation. When he passed the tree where he had carved their initials, he thought of the stupendous wickedness of the world.

The house was dark when they came back up the driveway at the end of their walk—dark and cold. Will turned on some lights and heated the coffee he had made at breakfast. The telephone rang, but he did not answer it. He took a cup of coffee up to the guest room, where Maria was. He thought at first that she was still sleeping. When he turned on the light, he saw that she was sitting against the pillows. She smiled, but he responded warily to her charm.

"Here's some coffee, Mummy."

"Thank you. Did you have a nice walk?"

"Yes."

"I feel better," she said. "What time is it."

"Half past five."

"I don't feel strong enough to go to the Townsends'."

"Then I won't go."

"Oh, I wish you would, Willy. Please go to the party and come home and tell me all about it. Please go."

Now that she urged him, the party seemed like a good idea.

"You must go, Will," Maria said. "There'll be a lot of gossip about the dance, and you can hear it all, and then you can come home and tell me all about it. Please go to the party, darling. It will make me feel guilty if you stay home on my account."

At the Townsends', cars were parked on both sides of the street, and all the windows of the big house were brightly lighted. Will stepped into the lamp-



"It may be mere prejudice on my part, but personally I wouldn't care for a woman doctor."

• •

light, the firelight, and the cheerful human noises of the gathering with a sincere desire to lose his heaviness of spirit. He went upstairs to leave his coat. Bridget, an old Irishwoman, took it. She was a free-lance maid who worked at most of the big parties in Shady Hill. Her husband was caretaker at the country club. "So your lady isn't with you," she said, in her sweet brogue. "Ah, well, I can't say that I blame her." Then she laughed suddenly. She put her hands on her knees and rocked back and forth. "I shouldn't tell you, I know, so help me God, but when Mike was sweeping up the parking lot this morning, he found a pair of gold slippers and a blue lace girdle."

Downstairs, Will spoke with his hostess, and she said she was so sorry that Maria hadn't come. Crossing the living room, he was stopped by Pete Parsons, who drew him over to the fireplace and told him a joke. This was what Will had come for, and his spirits began to improve. But, going from Pete Parsons toward the door of the bar, he found his way blocked by Biff Worden. Ethel's story of their neediness, her tears, and her trip to the parking lot with Larry Helmsford were still fresh in his mind. He did not want to see Biff Worden. He did not like it that Biff could muster a cheerful and open face after his wife had been seduced in the Helmsfords' station wagon.

"Did you hear what Mike Reilly found in the parking lot this morning?" Biff asked. "A pair of slippers and a girdle." Will said that he wanted a drink, and he got past Biff, but the entrance to the passage between the living room and the bar was blocked by the Chesneys.

In almost every suburb there is a charming young couple designated by their gifts to be an ambassadorial pair. They are the ones who meet John Mason Brown at the train and drive him to the auditorium. They are the ones who organize the bumper tennis tournaments, handle the most difficult cases in the fund-raising campaign, and can be counted on by their hostesses to humor the bore, pass the stuffed celery, breathe fire into the dying conversation, and expel the drunk. Their social and family connections are indescribably rich and varied, and physically they are models of attractiveness and fashion—direct, mild, well groomed, their eyes twinkling with trust and friendliness. Such a young couple were the Chesneys.

"So glad to see you," Mark Chesney said, removing his pipe from his mouth and putting a hand on Will's shoulder. "Missed you at the dance last night, although I saw Maria enjoying herself. But what I wanted to speak to you about is something of a higher order. Give me a minute? As you may or may not know, I'm in charge of the adult-education program at the high school this year. We've had a disappointing attendance, and we have a speaker coming on Thursday for whom I'm anxious to rustle up a sizable audience. Her name is Mary Bickwald, and she's going to speak on marriage problems—extramarital affairs, that sort of thing. If you and Maria are free on Thursday, I think you'll find it worth your time." The Chesneys went on into the living room, and Will continued toward the bar.

The bar was full of a noisy and pleasant company, and Will was glad to join it and get a drink. He had begun to feel like himself when the rector of Christ Church bore down on him, shook his hand, and drew him away from the others.

The rector was a large man and, unlike some of his suburban colleagues, not at all wary of clerical black. When he and Will met at cocktail parties, they usually talked about blankets. Will had given many blankets to the church. He

1



2



had given blankets to its missions and blankets to its shelters. When the shepherds knelt in the straw at Mary's knees in the Nativity play, they were clothed in Will's blankets. Since he expected to be asked for blankets, he was surprised to hear the rector say, "I want you to feel free to come to my study, Will, and talk to me if anything is troubling you." While Will was thanking the rector for this invitation, they were joined by Herbert McGrath.

Herbert McGrath was a banker, a wealthy, irritable man. At the bottom of his thinking there seemed to be an apprehension—a nightmare—that without the kind of order he represented, the world would fly apart. He despised men who raced to catch the morning train. In the "No Smoking" car, it was customary for people to light cigarettes as the train approached Grand Central Station, and this infringement so irritated Herbert that he would tap his neighbors on the shoulder and tell them that the smoker was in the rear. Mixed with his insistence on propriety was a curious strain of superstition. When he walked along the station platform in the morning, he looked around him. If he saw a coin, he would shoulder his way past the other commuters and bend down to get it. "Good luck, you know," he would explain as he put the coin in his pocket. "You need both luck *and* brains." Now he wanted to talk about the immorality at the party, and Will decided to go home.

He put his glass on the bar and started thoughtfully through the passage to the living room. His head was down, and he walked straight into Mrs. Walpole, a very plain woman. "I see that your wife hasn't recovered sufficiently to face the public today," she said gaily.

A peculiar fate seems to overtake homely women at the ends of parties—and journeys, too. Their curls and their ribbons come undone, particles of food cling to their teeth, their glasses steam, and the wide smile with which they planned to charm the world lapses into a look of habitual discontent and bitterness. Mrs. Walpole had got herself up bravely for the Townsends' party, but time itself—she was drinking sherry—had destroyed the impression she intended to make. Someone seemed to have sat on her hat, her voice was strident, and the camellia pinned to her shoulder had died.

"But I suppose Maria sent you to see what they're saying about her," she said.

Will got past Mrs. Walpole and went up the stairs to get his coat. Bridget had gone, and Helen Bulstrode was sitting alone in the hall in a red dress. Helen was a lush. She was treated kindly in Shady Hill. Her husband was pleasant, wealthy, and forbearing. Now Helen was very drunk, and whatever she had meant to forget when she first poured herself a drink that day had long since been lost in the clutter. She rolled a little in her chair while Will was putting on his coat, and suddenly she addressed him copiously in French. Will did not understand. Her voice got louder and angrier, and when he got down to the hall, she went to the head of the stairs to call after him. He went off without saying goodbye to anyone.

MARIA was in the living room reading a magazine when Will came in. "Look, Mummy," he said. "Can you tell me this? Did you lose your shoes last night?"

"I lost my pocketbook," Maria said, "but I don't think I lost my shoes."

"Try and remember," he said. "It isn't like a raincoat or an umbrella. People usually remember when they lose their shoes."

"What is the matter with you, Willy?"

"Did you lose your shoes?"

"I don't know."

"Did you wear a girdle?"

"What are you talking about, Will?"

"By Christ, I've got to find out!"

He went upstairs to their room, which was dark. He turned on a light in her closet and opened the chest where she kept her shoes. There were a great many pairs, and among them were gold shoes, silver shoes, bronze shoes, and he was shuffling through the collection when he saw Maria standing in the doorway. "Oh, my God, Mummy, forgive me!" he said. "Forgive me!"

"Oh, Willy!" she exclaimed. "Look what you've done to my shoes."

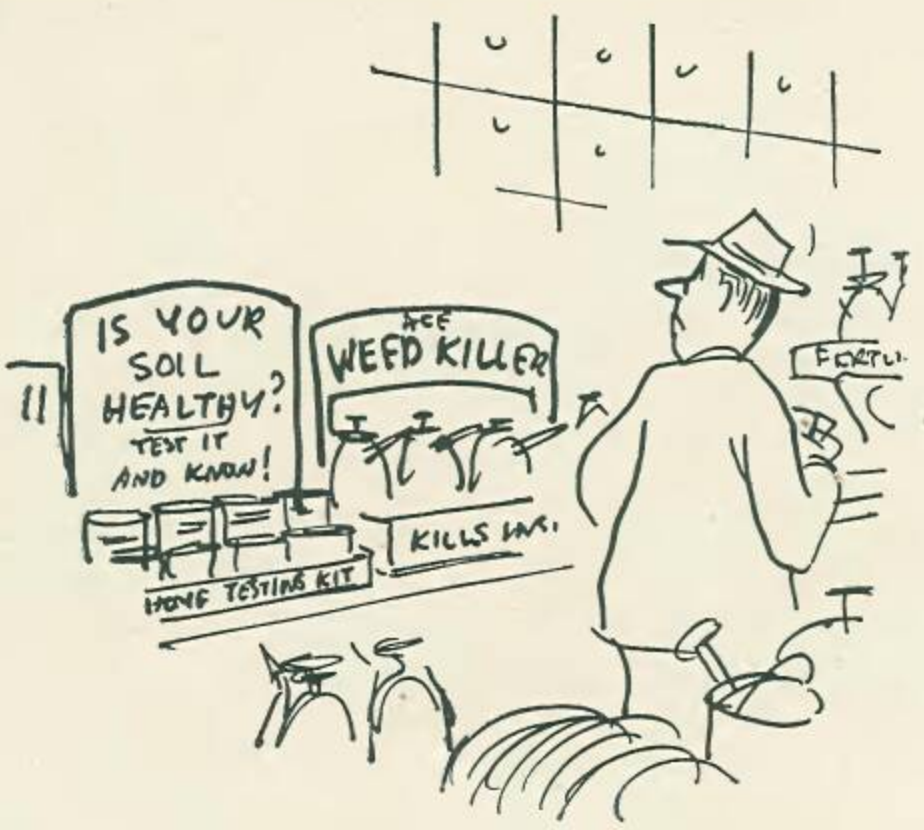
WILL felt all right in the morning, and he had a good day in the city. At five, he made the trip uptown on the subway and crossed the station to his train automatically. In the train, he got an aisle seat and scanned the asininities in the evening paper. An old man was suing his young wife for divorce, on the ground of adultery; the fact that this story had no power to disturb Will not only pleased him but left him feeling exceptionally fit and happy. The train travelled north under a sky that was still spread with light.

A little rain had begun to fall when Will stepped onto the platform at Shady Hill. "Hello, Trace," he said. "Hello, Pete. Hello, Herb." Around him, his neighbors were greeting their wives and children. He took the route up Alewives Lane to Shadrock Road, past rows and rows of lighted houses. He put his car in the garage and went around to the front and looked at his tulips, gleaming in the rain and the porch light. He let the fawning cat in out of the wet, and Flora, his youngest daughter, ran

3



4



5



6



through the hall to kiss him. Some deep recess in his spirit seemed to respond to the good child and the light-filled rooms. He had the feeling that there would never be any less to his life than this. Presently, he would be sitting on a folding chair in the June sunlight watching Flora graduate from Smith.

Maria came into the hall wearing a gray silk dress—a cloth and a color that flattered her. Her eyes were bright and wide, and she kissed him tenderly. The telephone began to ring, for it was that hour in the suburbs when the telephone rings steadily with board-meeting announcements, scraps of gossip, fund-raising pleas, and invitations. Maria answered it and he heard her say "Yes, Edith."

Will went into the living room to make a cocktail, and a few minutes later the doorbell rang. Edith Hastings, a good neighbor and a friendly woman, preceded Maria into the living room, protesting, "I really shouldn't break in on you like this." Still protesting, she sat down and took the glass that Will handed her. He had never seen her color so high or her eyes so bright. "Charlie's in Oregon," she said. "He'll be gone three weeks this trip. He wanted me to speak to you, Will, about some apple trees. He meant to speak to you before he left, but he didn't have the time. He can get apple trees by the dozen from a nursery in New Jersey, and he wanted to know if you wouldn't like to buy six."

Edith Hastings was one of those women—and there were many of them in Shady Hill—whose husbands were away on business from one to three weeks out of every month. They lived—conjugally—the life of a Grand Banks fisherman's wife, with none of the lore of ships and sailors to draw on. None—or almost none—of these widows could be accused of not having attacked their problems gallantly. They solicited funds for cancer, heart trouble, lameness, deafness, and mental health. They cultivated tropical plants in a capricious climate, wove cloth, made pottery, cared tenderly for their children, and did everything else imaginable to make up for the irremediable absence of their men. They remained lonely women with a natural proneness to gossip.

"But of course you don't have to decide this minute," Edith went on when he didn't answer her question. "I don't suppose you really have to decide until Charlie comes back from Oregon. I mean there isn't any special time for planting apple trees, is there? And, speaking of apple trees, how was the fête?"

Will turned his back and opened a window. Outside, the rain fell steadily, but he doubted then that it was the rain that had heightened Edith's color and made her eyes shine. He heard Maria reply, and then he heard Edith ask, "When did you people leave?" She could not keep the excitement out of her voice. "And I understand that a pair of slippers and a girdle—"

Will swung around. "Is that what

you came here to talk about?" he asked sharply.

"What?"

"Is that what you came here to talk about?"

"I really came here to talk about apple trees."

"I gave Charlie a check for those apple trees six months ago."

"Charlie didn't tell me."

"Why should he? It was all settled."

"Well, I guess I'd better go."

"Please do," Will said. "Please go. And if anyone asks how we are, tell them we're getting along fine."

"Oh, Will, Will, Will!" Maria said.

"I seem to have come at the wrong time," Edith said.

"And when you call the Trenchers and the Farquarsons and the Abbotts and the Beardens, tell them that I don't give a good God damn what happened at the party. Tell them to think up some gossip about someone else. Tell them to imagine some filth about the Fuller Brush man or the chump who delivers eggs on Friday or the Slaters' gardener, but tell them to leave us alone."

She was gone. Maria, crying, looked at him so wantonly that he nearly choked. Then she climbed the stairs in her gray silk dress and shut the door to their room. He followed her and found her lying on their bed in the dark. "Who was it, Mummy?" he asked. "Just tell me who it was and I'll forget about it."

"It wasn't anybody," she said. "There wasn't anybody."

"Now, Mummy," he said heavily. "I know better than that. I don't want to reproach you. That isn't why I ask. I just want to know so I can forget about it."

"Please let me alone!" she cried. "Please let me alone for a little while."

WAKING at dawn in the guest room, Will saw the whole thing clearly. He was astonished to realize how the strength of his feeling had obstructed his vision. The villain was Henry Bulstrode. It was Henry who had been with her on the train when she returned that rainy night at two. It was Henry who had whistled when she did her dance at the Woman's Club. It was Henry's head and shoulders he had seen on Madison Avenue when he recognized Maria ahead of him. And now he remembered poor Helen Bulstrode's haggard face at the Townsends' party—the face of a woman who was married to a libertine. It was her husband's unregeneracy that she had been trying to forget. The spate of drunken French she had aimed at him must have been about Maria and Henry. Henry Bulstrode's face, grinning with naked and lascivious mockery, appeared in the middle of the guest room. There was only one thing to do.

Will bathed, dressed, and ate his breakfast. Maria slept on. It was still early when he finished his coffee, and he decided to walk to the train. He strode down Shadrock Road with the peculiar briskness of the aging. Only a few people had gathered on the platform for the eight-nineteen when he reached the station. Trace Bearden joined him, and then Biff Worden. And then Henry Bulstrode stepped out of the waiting room, showed his white teeth in a smile, and frowned at his newspaper. Without any warning at all, Will walked over to him and knocked him down. Women screamed, and the scuffle that followed was very confusing. Herbert McGrath, who had missed the action, assumed that Henry had started it and stood over him saying, "No more of this, young man! No more of this!" Trace and Biff pinned Will's arms to his sides and quick-stepped him down to the far end of the platform, asking, "You crazy, Will? Have you gone crazy?" Then the eight-nineteen came around the bend, the fracas was suspended by the search for seats, and when the stationmaster rushed out onto the platform to see what was happening, the train had departed and they were all gone.

The amazing thing was how well Will felt when he boarded the train. Now his fruitful life with Maria would be resumed. They would walk on Sunday afternoons again, and play word games by the open fire again, and weed the roses again, and love one another under the sounds of the rain again, and hear the singing of the crows; and he would buy her a present that afternoon as a signal of love and forgiveness. He would buy her pearls or gold or sapphires—something expensive; emeralds maybe; something no young man could afford.

—JOHN CHEEVER



"Sir, allow me to congratulate you on the benefits that are yours under the new tax laws."

PROFILES

ONE BEAT TO THE BAR—I

MERLE EVANS, for thirty-six years the band leader of what is now the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus, has established himself as a phenomenon of endurance. He has, in fact, hung up such a variety of records that musicians everywhere regard him with despair. Among other things, Evans is believed to be one of the few men in modern history who can blow high C on a cornet while eating popcorn. Bandsmen acknowledge that this is a tricky feat, and he has been repeatedly warned about backfires, but the only accidents he has suffered thus far have been trivial, and momentary, stoppages of the horn. Evans is passionately fond of popcorn, and customarily munches it as he blows and conducts; the truth is that he leans on popcorn much as sailors once leaned on grog, and he suffers emotional and stomachic disturbances unless he gets his daily ration.



Merle Evans

Except for a single, confused period of strike, Evans has never "lost," or missed, a performance in all his years with Ringling's. The strike, in 1942, was an unfortunate business, a misunderstanding between the circus and the musicians' union about pay schedules. When it appeared that discussion had collapsed, the union called out the band. The management, in the person of John Ringling North, the president, then had the inspiration to suggest that Evans carry the program alone—on his cornet, perhaps with stepped-up doses of popcorn. Torn between love of the circus (plus long friendship with North) and duty to the union, Evans reluctantly joined the band on strike, and the circus continued by performing to a phonograph. The union handed him some placards and advised him to take up a beat outside the front gate, in the role of picket. Each night, when North came into the tent, he would call out a cheery "Good evening, Merle!," and his former band leader, staggering beneath signs like "The hell with the circus" and "Down with John Ringling North," would respond sheepishly, "How are you, John?" The spat was patched up presently, and things have proceeded without interruption ever since.

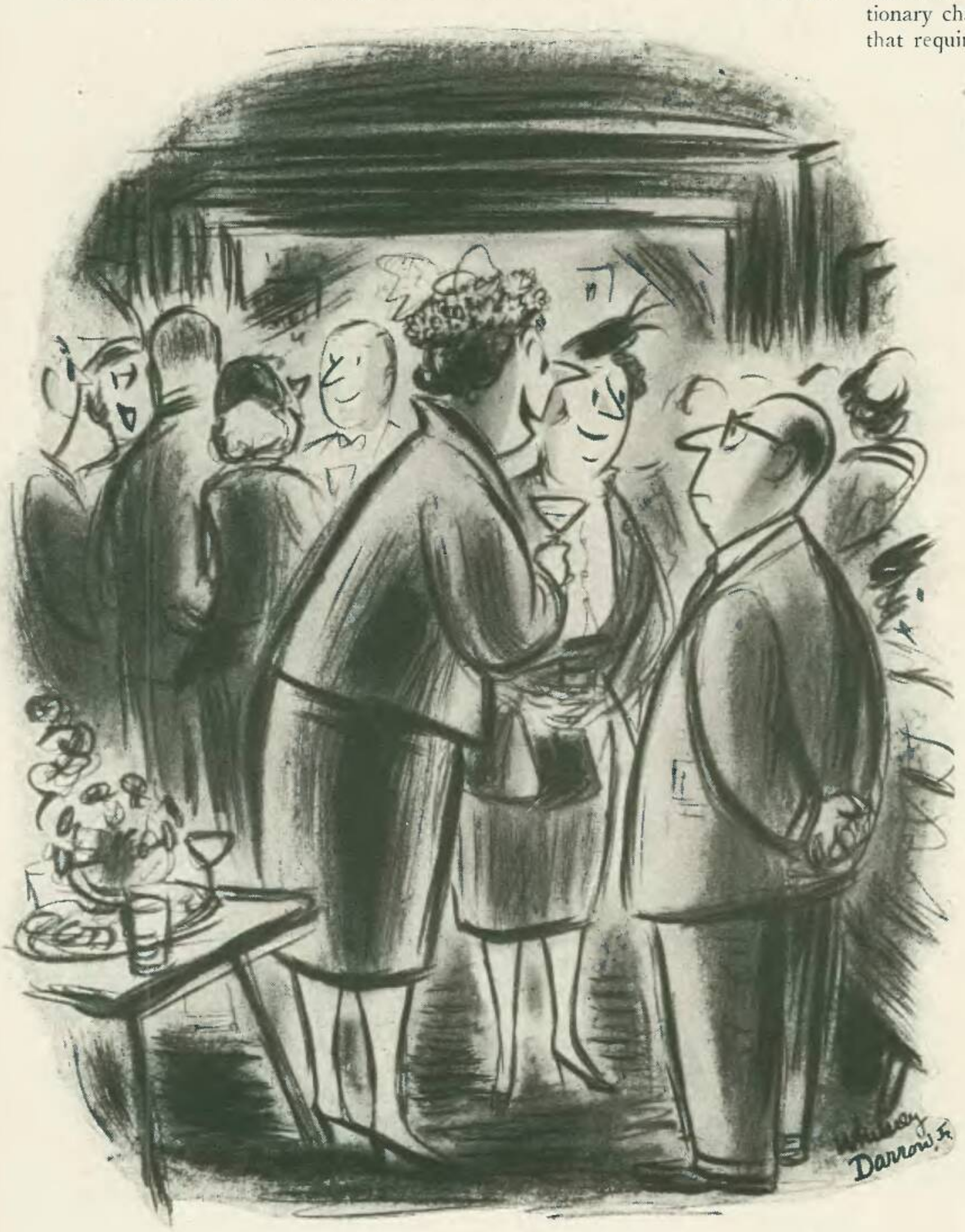
There have been times, Evans admits, when his tradition of the-trumpet-must-blow has been critically tested. Possibly the most notable of these occurred during a siege of food poisoning that laid the circus people low—an outbreak later attributed to tainted mayonnaise. As recalled by Roland Butler, formerly the director of Ringling public relations and now busy as publicity consultant-in-general for several circuses, aerialists were dropping out of the sky like stricken birds, sword swallowers were coughing up their props, and ground tumblers were back-handspringing right on out of the tent. All the performers remember Evans' exceptional gallantry under fire. The principal symptoms of the attack were recurring violent nausea and dizziness. Evans, tootling away on his podium, though pale and wobbly, would blow on to the point of danger, then sprint full tilt down and under the stands, where, between obeisances to his ailment, he continued determinedly exhorting the cornet. A pretty consternation reigned among the spectators in that area. To their astonishment, the loudest of the circus music seemed to be coming from beneath them. Curious men and women arose to peer around uneasily, and nosy children tried to wiggle their way between the seats to get at the root of the racket. At the conclusion of one evening show, Evans had to be assisted to his quarters, but as he remarked, with practically the last gasp of his strength, he had kept his record of attendance intact.

EVANS is now sixty-one—a tall, youthful-looking man with crackling vitality and a way of speaking in short machine-gun bursts. His hair, receding somewhat, is brownish gray, and his body is lean and hard, doubtless the result of his having driven himself unmercifully during an exacting and almost incredibly varied career. It is a peculiarity of Evans' that he always appears to be running, even when he's sitting down. He does everything at a greatly accelerated pace, including the conducting of circus music. Among the mainstays of all circus bands are the so-called galops—high-speed numbers useful for certain entrances and exits and written two beats to the bar; Evans plays them one beat to the bar. Seasoned circus athletes at their physical peak have complained, mildly, that he is running them ragged, but they all understand, too, that the heady surge of his music is his secret and personal gift to the medium, and kindles the excitement that makes the circus, for many, a breathless world—a rare distillate of beauty in motion, propelled by crashing melody.

Evans can play several instruments, but the cornet is his first, and only, musical love. The cornet and the trumpet are first cousins (valved horns of the brass section and played exactly the same), but the cornet is short and has a loud, open tone, while the trumpet—slenderer, longer—produces by comparison a shrill and piercing sound. In the professional phrase, the cornet has a "tubbier" note. On the circus bandstand, Evans holds and fingers the cornet with his right hand and conducts with his left. When he is (in a sense) relaxing—in his railroad-car suite if the circus is rolling, or at his home in Sarasota during the winter-quarters season—he composes any number of circus marches, generally to fill gaps in the available material. There can be no doubt that Evans' head, which is quite an instrument itself, contains the largest file of circus music ever assembled. At winter quarters, he will seat himself in a rehearsal tent to watch a new act—say a troupe of trampolin artists—and within a few seconds will jot down "Entrance, 'Caesar's Triumphal March,' then 'Ponderoso,' 'Lassus

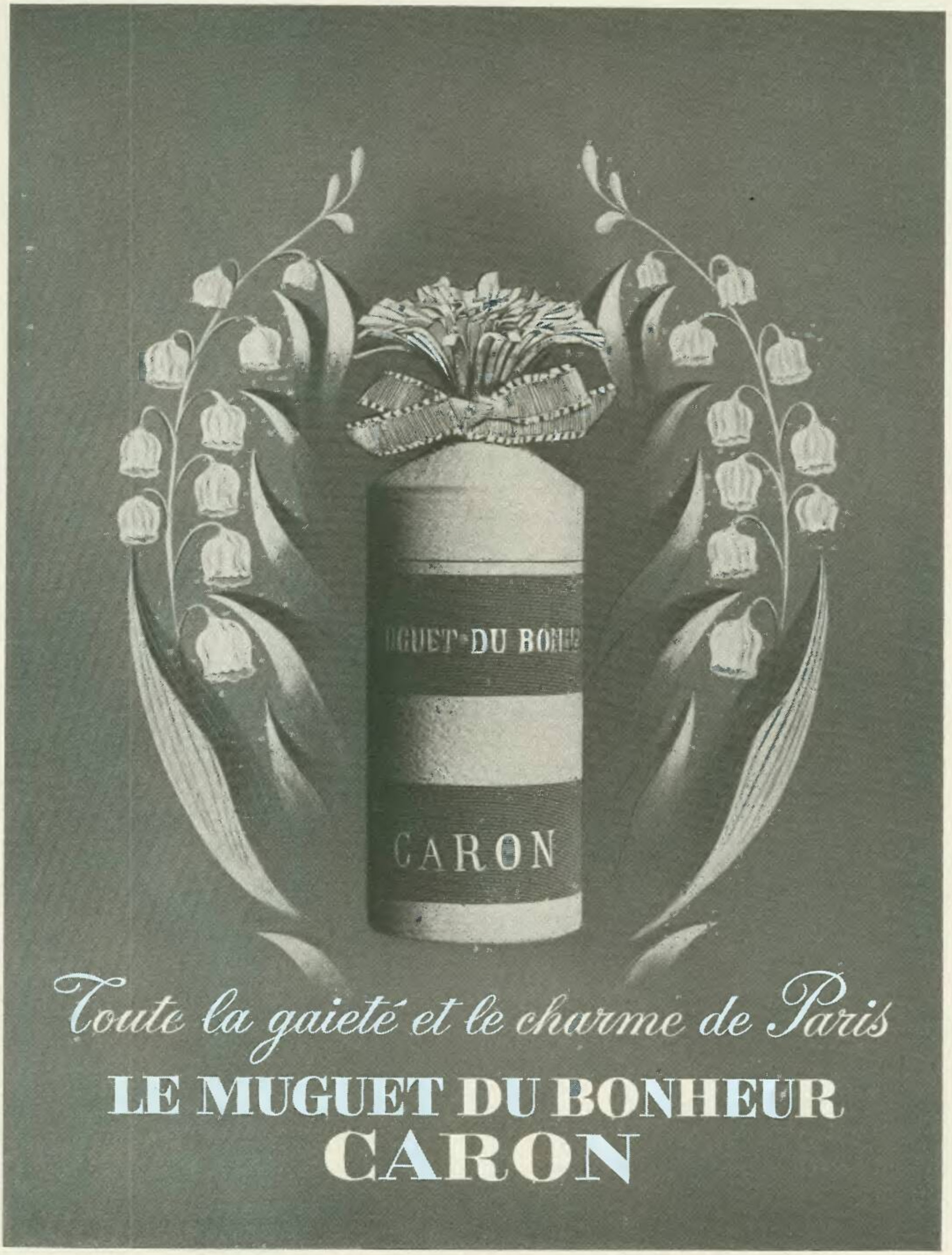
Trombone,' finish 'From Tropic to Tropic.' " Shortly thereafter, he'll be off, at a pretty rapid clip, to rig up some music for a trio of waltzing elephants. Mostly, Evans selects the tunes that accompany each act, but this sometimes calls for persuasion. A while ago, he was faced with the problem of convincing some Chinese tumblers that their act was falling dead because of the lifeless Western music they favored. In an unusual move, he introduced them to Oriental music, in the form of two numbers he dug out of an ancient trunk—"Fantan" and "In Old Pekin." A period of adjustment was required, but the Chinamen now are becoming rather fond of Oriental tunes, and the act has improved.

Evans does all his composing on the cornet, again holding and fingering with his right hand—and scribbling with his left. He is apt to compose late at night, and since he enjoys an envied reputation as possibly the loudest cornet of all time (he was once hired to replace a calliope that was audible for ten miles), there arise howls of anguish from people like lion tamers and tightrope walkers, and even other musicians, quartered near him on the train. When the howls reach the point of actual annoyance, he knocks off, tosses his cornet into a tub of warm water, to keep it loosened up, and turns in, to rest his lip. Evans travels in his train suite with his wife, Nena—an able, witty, red-haired woman, some years younger than he, who also has an important position with Ringling's. She is confidential secretary not only to John Ringling North and his brother Henry, the vice-president, who own the controlling interest in the Big Show, but also to the new executive director, Michael Burke, to the general manager, Frank McClosky, and to various other Ringling executives as they happen to need her. The duties of confidential secretary in the top echelons of a circus call for diplomacy, understanding, courage, and an elocutionary change of pace far in excess of that required of ambassadors to European powers, for it is a mark of the trade that any given decision by a high circus official is automatically suspect by all the other officials, and demands endless hashing out, with nimble liaison work. At this sort of thing, Mrs. Evans reigns supreme and all but indispensable. A woman of natural refinement, she is capable of silky rapprochements with the circus literate, or, again, she can read off an elephant handler in his robust native idiom. As a student of sprightly language, Mrs. Evans has on several occasions provoked spontaneous tributes like "brilliant" and "the work of a genius" from Butler, who is the admitted leader in this field. She is believed to be the only woman in circus history to have made a roustabout cry from a tongue-lashing. The errant toiler, guilty of drunken discourtesy, listened open-mouthed to such a vivid and expertly phrased relegation of his progenitors to the four-footed class that he broke down, wept, and went on the wagon for nearly a week.



"Now, don't be so modest, Professor. I'm sure you've got something up your sleeve that will blow us all to bits."

THE Evanses, husband and wife, make a conspicuously successful team. As he continues, with the passing years, to pile up additional honors, she effaces herself in proportion. Mrs. Evans is content to brief her husband's many admirers, young and old, on details of


MUGUET DU BONH
CARON
Toute la gaieté et le charme de Paris
LE MUGUET DU BONHEUR
CARON

© Caron, 1952

THE PLAYWRIGHTS' COMPANY presents
"The Town's New NO. 1 HIT!" - WALTER WINCHELL
Cat on a Hot Tin Roof
BARBARA BEL GEDDES
BURL IVES
in The ELIA KAZAN PRODUCTION OF
by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS
with MILDRED DUNNOCK and BEN GAZZARA
Scenery & Lighting by JO MIELZINER
Costumes by LUCINDA BALLARD
MOROSCO Theatre • 45th ST. West of Broadway
Eves. 8:30. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:30



"Thrilling Entertainment" —KERR, Herald Tribune
THE PLAYWRIGHTS' COMPANY presents
NANCY KELLY
in
MAXWELL ANDERSON'S
Newest Smash Success
BAD SEED
Adapted from the WILLIAM MARCH Novel
EVELYN VARDEN, HENRY JONES, EILEEN HECKART, THOMAS CHALMERS, PATTY McCORMACK
Staged by REGINALD DENHAM
46th STREET THEATRE, 226 W. 46. CI 6-4271
Evenings at 8:35. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:30
MOVES to CORONET Theatre, APR. 25

"ROWDY, DYNAMIC SEX FARCE!" —WATTS, N.Y. POST
SIDNEY KINGSLEY'S NEW FARCE
"Lunatics and Lovers"
Starring
DENNIS KING
SHEILA BOND • VICKI CUMMINGS • MARY ANDERSON
and
BUDDY HACKETT
Directed by MR. KINGSLEY
BROADHURST THEA., W. 44 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"SUPERB." ATKINSON, TIMES
VIVECA LINDFORS • EUGENIE LEONTOVICH
IN A NEW PLAY
ANASTASIA
with JOSEPH ANTHONY
AND
HURD HATFIELD
LYCEUM THEA. W. 45th Street
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.



NOW thru MAY 1
METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE
THE GREATEST CAST EVER ASSEMBLED FOR ONE SEASON!
GALA 15th ANNIVERSARY
The Ballet Theatre

his travels across many overlapping spans of show business—a narrative that solicits the inevitable reference to the heroes of Alger fiction. To establish the verities, Evans is a native of the midland town of Columbus, Kansas, whose population in 1894, the year of his birth, was approaching two thousand. His father, John, was superintendent of a coal mine, and his mother, the former Sarah Elizabeth Southard, had migrated to Kansas from Kentucky with her family. Almost from the start, Evans was marked by an awesome drive, of a sort that scientists agree occurs without apparent reason in some people, while others, stuff themselves as they may with tonics and booster pills, are doomed to traverse the route in a kind of worn, adenoidal passivity. At the age of six, Evans was delivering papers and shining shoes, with good financial results, and at nine he was also employed in a greenhouse, pulling the buds off carnations. His introduction to the cornet, an auspicious moment in American music, took place when he was ten, after Columbus, on a cultural spree, decided to organize a town band.

The town fathers ordered a conglomerate parcel of instruments, to be ladled out to interested persons. Energetically in the forefront of those aspiring to melody was Evans, several unsold newspapers under one arm, his shoeshining properties protruding from various pockets, and a light sprinkling of carnation pollen distributed over his clothes. He was handed a John Slater cornet and advised by the musician in charge, "Blow that thing hard enough, son, and you can straighten her out." Evans tried, and though the tubing remained coiled, he was not discouraged from further efforts; he is, in fact, still at it, and says he has hopes, in some unguarded moment of pulmonary frenzy, of converting a cornet into an Aïda horn—the elongated instrument traditionally used for court fanfares.

Evans' acquisition of the cornet signalled an important change, for the worse, in his approach to school, which had been reluctant. With his new means of expression, he lost what little interest he had had in things like long division and the mean annual rainfall of Venezuela. Paganini's precocious salute to the fiddle could have been no more complete than Evans' immediate absorption in the cornet. From the outset, it was plain that he was blessed with a good, strong lip—invaluable in professional horn-blowing, just as a concrete jaw is an asset to a fighter. For the most part, children are put to music

"GAYER THAN A DAYDREAM." —Walter Winchell
"ORIGINAL and FUNNY." -Atkinson, Times
COURTNEY BURR and ELLIOTT NUGENT present
EDDIE BRACKEN in
GEORGE AXELROD's Comedy
Directed by JOHN GERSTAD
"the seven year itch" with
ANNE KIMBELL
Howard Freeman • Kaye Lyder • Edward Hunt
Mon. thru Fri. Evgs.: $4.60-1.73; Sat. Evg. $5.75-1.73; Mats. Wed. & Sat.: $3.45-1.15 (Tax Incl.)
Please enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope.
—FULTON THEATRE, 210 W. 46th St.
ON TOUR
starring
TOM EWELL
with LOUISE KING
NATIONAL THEATRE, WASH., D. C.
NOW PLAYING THRU APRIL 23

"LAVISH AND LIVELY SONG AND DANCER" —McClain, Jrl. Amer.
PLAIN AND FANCY



WINTER GARDEN B'way & 50 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat

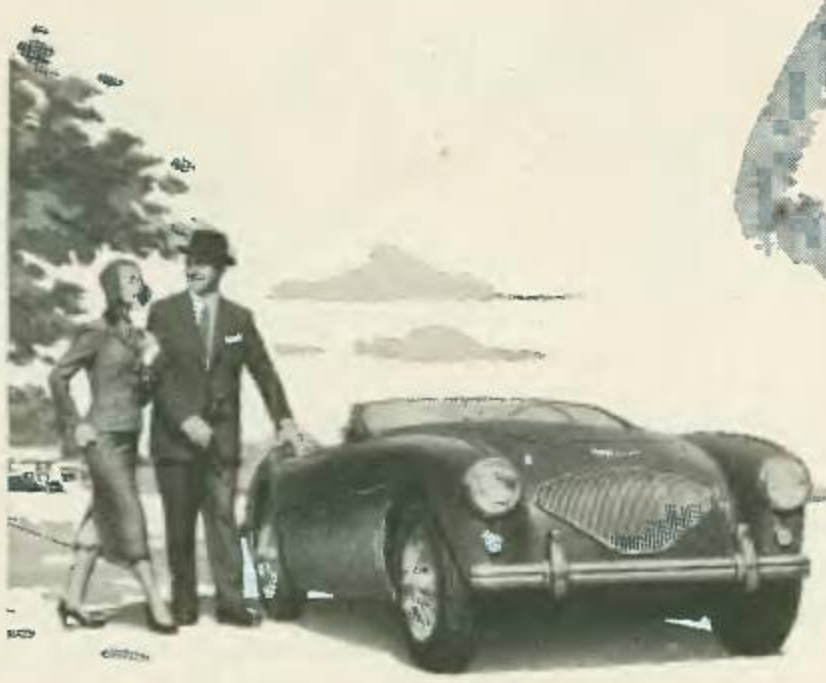
"GAUDY, BAWDY, TROPICAL HIT!" —Hawkins, Wld.-Tel. & Sun
The Musical Mardi Gras
HOUSE of FLOWERS



Starring
PEARL BAILEY
ALVIN THEATRE, 250 W. 52 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat

"A SMASH HIT!" —Coleman, Mirror
"DANCING SPECTACULAR!" —Atkinson, Times
COLE PORTER'S CAN-CAN
book and direction by
ABE BURROWS
dances and musical numbers staged by
MICHAEL KIDD
settings and lighting by JO MIELZINER
costumes by MOTLEY
MAIL ORDERS FILLED
Evgs.: $6.90, 5.75, 4.60, 2.90, 2.30. Wed. Mat.: $4.05, 3.45, 2.90, 2.30, 1.75. Sat. Mat.: $4.60, 4.05, 3.45, 2.90, 2.30, 1.75. Tax Included.
Please enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope with mail order.
SHUBERT THEATRE, 44th W. of B'way. CI 6-5990

FOR PEOPLE WHO

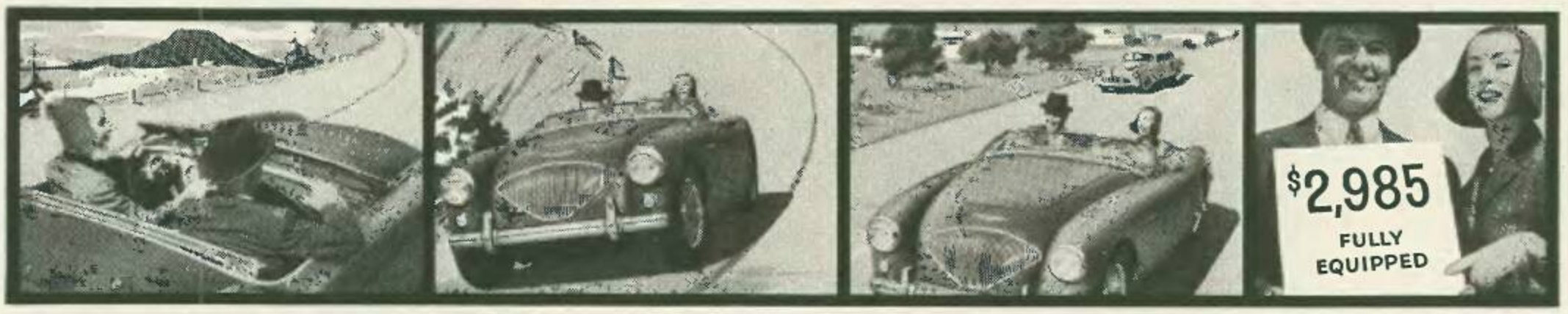


Dare to be different—



the Austin-Healey 100

YOU WILL GASP AT THE PERFORMANCE



AND WHISTLE OVER THE PRICE

ARE YOU a better-than-average driver bored to the teeth with automotive regimentation? If this sums up your feelings, the Austin-Healey '100' offers you an exciting escape from mass regimentation.

To see what we mean, imagine yourself ensconced in one of the Healey's leather-upholstered seats. You start feeding gas to the big, dual S. U. carburetors. In just 10.5 seconds, the record-breaking, overhead valve engine boots you to 60 miles per hour!

By the time you take the second corner, you'll know you can trust the fast, precise steering and stable, cat-footed suspension. You won't be alone either in your enthusiasm. Racing experts, too, rate the Austin-Healey '100' tops in maneuverability and roadability.

This briefly is the kind of breath-taking performance you can expect from the world's fastest class 'D' production car. It's all yours for just $2985 fully equipped. And this complete price includes custom features like heater, defroster, overdrive, tachometer, easily erected all-weather top, and knock-on wire wheels *at no extra cost!*

SEE YOUR AUSTIN DEALER TODAY for a soul-satisfying test drive in the 1955 Austin-Healey '100'.

Austin-Healey

100

The AUSTIN MOTOR COMPANY, Ltd. (Eng.)
AUSTIN HOUSE, 27-29 W. 57th St., New York 19

Gentlemen: Please send me a copy of your new brochure on the Austin-Healey '100'.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS ABOVE

The AUSTIN MOTOR COMPANY, Ltd. (England) AUSTIN HOUSE, 27-29 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

Canadian Office: The AUSTIN MOTOR COMPANY, (Canada) Ltd. 737 Church Street, Toronto, Ontario.

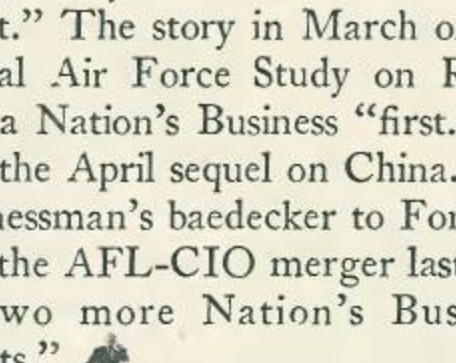
What's New?

In New Orleans several weeks ago, two disc jockeys locked the door of their studio, and played the same record all day as a publicity gag. They began playing it at 6 AM when New Orleans was waking up, and by nightfall, "Shtiggy Boom" was still blaring out over the airways. As a matter of fact, the record wore itself out by noon, but the boys had a duplicate close by.

Maybe platter spinners can get away with this kind of thing, but not the editors of a magazine for businessmen. The more than three-quarters of a million management men who read Nation's Business have one favorite question, and it takes them just two words to ask it . . . "What's new?" And, candidly, competing with their newspapers, news letters and newsweeklies . . . it's no child's play to answer that question.

How then do we do it so successfully? Simply by ferreting out the many facets of business knowledge, and using our many resources and contacts in the field to dig out the facts. The "Midterm Report" by Eisenhower's Cabinet last January was a Nation's Business "first." The story in March on the special Air Force Study on Russia was a Nation's Business "first." So, too, the April sequel on China. The businessman's baedecker to Formosa and the AFL-CIO merger last year — two more Nation's Business "firsts."

These "firsts" appear every month. Not one, but several. It is imperative that they do. As more and more businessmen find Nation's Business indispensable reading, we no longer consider "What's new?" a question. To us, it's a challenge. Nation's Business, *a magazine for businessmen*, Washington 6, D.C.



(*Advertisement*)

amidst objections so strenuous that they have taken the form of kicks on the shin and premature departures from home, but to Evans practicing was the apogee of earthly reward, a luxurious wallow in glamour. Even at that early age, he probably symbolized the perfect wedding of a man to his work. He soon found, however, that practicing was not always easy, especially for one with a lip as able as his. To begin with, the school authorities flatly refused to let him tootle in the classrooms, or even in the washroom, and they finally declared his cornet *tuba non grata* within a hundred yards of the campus. Neither were his parents enthusiastic about his bringing the roof down at home. In order to proceed, he had to seek out odd sanctuaries beyond the range of flying bottles and shoes. He took a few lessons from a versatile clarinet player named Bowers, then assumed a lonely vigil in such places as empty barn lofts and forty-acre fields; one of his favorite spots was the bottom of a dry well, which he reached by means of a frayed rope ladder. Undoubtedly the most eccentric of his practice areas, resorted to in moments when solitude became oppressive, was the downtown corner where he sold newspapers. It was Evans' custom to cry a headline and then knock out a suitable refrain on the horn—arpeggios and grace notes for the happy news, funeral laments for the tragic—while dishing up papers with his left hand. It was an unusual piece of salesmanship, and gained him considerable notice, nearly all of it sarcastic.

THERE comes a point in the progress of those marked by destiny that the British usually refer to as "the main chance." Winding slowly over the Kansas plains toward Evans, in his sixteenth year, was a small, movable *fiesta*—the S. W. Brundage Carnival, an outfit that was to open up the world to the gifted child with the cornet. All unaware, but troubled by vaguely formed dreams and ambitions, Evans had expanded the number of his occupations while winning a juvenile renown as the strongest horn in the town band, and possibly in Kansas. For a while, he worked as dishwasher, with an early promotion to second cook, at the Brooks Hotel, in Columbus, an establishment on which he was recently offered a mortgage. As a national figure, the famous leader of the big circus band, Evans is now far and away Columbus's premier native son, and he is a frequent visitor, amid flattering panoply, to his old home town,

"THE TOPMOST THRILLER OF MANY SEASONS!" —JOHN CHAPMAN, NEWS

HOWARD ERSKINE and JOSEPH HAYES present

THE DESPERATE HOURS

by JOSEPH HAYES
Starring
KARL MALDEN
NANCY COLEMAN PAUL NEWMAN
with
JAMES GREGORY • GEORGE MATHEWS
Setting and Lighting by HOWARD BAY
Staged by ROBERT MONTGOMERY

BARRYMORE THEA., W. 47th St., Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"A HUMDINGER!" -KERR, H.-TRIB.

JOHN RAITT • JANIS PAIGE
EDDIE FOY JR.
IN A NEW MUSICAL COMEDY
THE PAJAMA GAME

MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED

PRICES: Evgs.: Orch. $6.90; Mezz. $5.75, 1st Balc $4.60, 3.45, 2.90; 2nd Balc. $2.30, 1.75. Mats Wed. & Sat.: Orch $4.05; Mezz. $4.05; 1st Balc $3.45, 2.90; 2nd Balc. $2.30, 1.75. (Tax Included) Please enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope with mail order and suggest one alternate date

ST. JAMES THEA., 246 W. 44th St., N. Y.

NATIONAL COMPANY—COLUMBUS
HARTMAN THEA. APR. 18—APR. 23

IN THE HEART OF THE THEATRE DISTRICT
The LOBSTER
NOW IN ITS 36th YEAR
The Lobster
"In Season" Seafood.
Steaks & Chops
145 West 45 St. New York 36
Stan Fuchs Mike Linz

HOTEL BAMER
HB HOTEL BAMER MEXICO CITY
NEWEST AND MOST DISTINGUISHED HOTEL

HI-FI REDUCED PRICE TRIAL OFFER

Music AT HOME
The big magazine for RECORD REVIEWS and non-technical articles about hi-fi EQUIPMENT and INSTALLATIONS.
Your complete guide to home musical entertainment from records, tape, FM radio. Elaborately illustrated, handsomely printed. Send name, address with $1 for ½-year trial subscription.
MUSIC AT HOME, Dept. D, 207 E. 37 St., N.Y.C.

THE 100-MILLION-DOLLAR LOOK!



CHRYSLER NEW YORKER DELUXE NEWPORT IN PLATINUM AND BLACK

A clean sweep in style that's sweeping the country!

Here's the big new style favorite with motorists today. By the tens of thousands they're turning to Chrysler for a car that's *really* long, sleek and low.

Just see! Unmistakably, Chrysler has that look of *forward motion* . . . a smooth, clean sweep of tailored steel from massive forefront to dramatic Twin-Tower tail lights! No straight up-and-down posts in that windshield . . . it's *swept-back* to accent Chrysler's "go ahead" air, besides doing away with eye-level blind spots so annoying in other windshields.

And beneath all this sleek smartness, there's *performance* such as you've never felt before. A great new 250 hp FirePower V-8 engine, PowerFlite, most automatic of all no-clutch drives . . . now controlled by a widely hailed dash-panel lever! Full-time Power Steering . . . Power Brakes . . . Power Seats . . . everything is here you could want!

Let the car itself prove to you why the power and look of leadership are yours in a Chrysler. Your Chrysler Dealer's is the place to go — see him as soon as you can!

CHRYSLER AMERICA'S MOST SMARTLY DIFFERENT CAR



"all in favor of quiet... say Evinrude"

● It's unanimous . . . the "Quiets" have it! For *quiet* boating is winning the votes on waters everywhere! And to the most enthusiastic owners in outboard history, quiet *means* EVINRUDE . . . the quiet purr of Evinrude *Whispering Power!* Along with *quiet* there's luxurious *smoothness*. Vibration and "boat shake" are magically gone. Every ride is smooth as sailing!

Today you can choose a Whispering Power Evinrude for any hull, small fishing boat to comfortable family cruiser. *There's electric starting, too*—with the brilliant Big Twin—the motor that "wrote the book" on big motor performance and finger touch starting. See your Evinrude Dealer—look for his name under "Outboard Motors" in your phone book. Time payments available. **CATALOG FREE!** Write today for full-color catalog of the complete Evinrude line.

EVINRUDE MOTORS, 4581 N. 27th Street, Milwaukee 16, Wisconsin.

A Division of Outboard, Marine & Manufacturing Company
In Canada: Manufactured by Evinrude Motors, Peterborough



all are quiet!

ELECTRIC BIG TWIN *Aquasonic*—25 h.p.* The *proved* electric starting outboard. **$525†**

BIG TWIN *Aquasonic*—25 h.p. Brilliant power for big runabouts, cruisers, water skiing. **$430**

FASTWIN *Aquasonic*—15 h.p.—speed to 30 m.p.h. America's "middleweight" favorite. **$347**

FLEETWIN *Aquasonic*—7½ h.p.—only 49 lbs. Top value in the light motor field. **$235**

LIGHTWIN *with famed Fisherman Drive*—3 h.p., 32 lbs. It "goes anywhere, stows anywhere." **$145**

*All ratings are OBC certified at 4000 RPM tested in conformity with SAE test code. Weights are approximate. †Prices f.o.b. factory subject to change without notice.

Evinrude

Pioneers in quiet *Outboard Motors*

where he owns part of the leading bank. At fifteen, though, preparing broccoli and other second-cook viands for the drummers at Brooks', his attitude toward Columbus was unjoyful. He was suffering from localitis, a virulent affliction of the young, talented, and restless, and he was galvanized to action by the appearance of Brundage and his gaudy road show.

Brundage had several rides, a collection of freaks, a few games of (as it were) chance, and a genuine earsplitter of a band. Before this raucous wonder Evans stationed himself in shrewd appraisal. He was obliged to admit the general excellence of the reed section—an E-flat clarinet named Doc Pullen, who sold a bottled cure for tuberculosis, leprosy, and fractures as a sideline—but the brass in his estimation lacked timbre. So deciding, he made application to Brundage for the job of leader. This is a professional technique that Evans has employed throughout his career. He is one of the foremost advocates of starting at the top. It doesn't always work, he says, but the percentage of successes runs surprisingly high. In the case of Brundage's carnival, it failed to establish him with the baton, but it lodged him comfortably in the band, the previous solo cornet having recently gained the confidence of an adolescent waitress and lit out across country, closely attended by a posse. Before taking Evans on, Brundage asked him to demonstrate a few notes on the horn, and the boy obliged with a blast that the carnival owner remarked was "probably audible across the state line." He hired Evans on the spot, explaining somewhat ruefully that he was not appointing him leader only because one of the bandsmen was in his late seventies and might take umbrage at being directed by a child of fifteen. "It wouldn't be fitten," Brundage said.

Evans went home and shook hands all around, helped his hysterical mother to bed, and promised to keep in touch. Then he rolled up his toothbrush and an extra pair of socks in a bandanna, knotted it to a stick, and joined the carnival. Among his first shocks was Brundage's disclosure that, to collect his salary of ten dollars a week, he must perform certain corollary duties, not intimately connected with music. "What do you mean?" Evans asked, and Brundage replied, with a fatherly pat on the arm, "You'll be charged with assembling and taking down the carrousel." Despite this onerous prospect, the boy stayed on for the rest of the season, after which, hearing that his father had become a

PEOPLE AHEAD OF
THE TIMES ALWAYS FLY
AIR FRANCE



CHARLES MUNCH
Conductor of the Boston Symphony
DESTINATION: PARIS

JEANNE OWEN
Exec. Secretary
The Wine and Food Society
of New York
DESTINATION: THE RIVIERA

ARTHUR WHITTEMORE
and JACK LOWE
of the famous
Whittemore-Lowe two-piano team
DESTINATION: ROME, BERLIN

THEY'RE AIR-WISE
THEY LOVE LUXURY
THEY PAY NO MORE

THE ONLY DAILY NON-STOP tourist and first class flights in Super "C" Constellations to Paris and Mexico from New York. Non-stop Boston to Paris every Saturday, tourist and first class flights from Chicago and Montreal every Wednesday and Saturday.

AIR FRANCE
THE WORLD'S LARGEST AIRLINE

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT, OR AIR FRANCE: New York, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Dallas, Detroit, Los Angeles, Miami.Philadelphia, San Francisco, Washington, D. C., Havana, Mexico City, Montreal, Puerto Rico, Toronto.

winner in a walk—

and more popular than ever—Saks' exclusive walking shorts of crease-resisting Dacron-with-wool. Cut to our own design with plain or pleat front, adjustable back strap. Oxford grey, 28 to 40 waist, 15.50. Knee hose in cotton, 2.00. In wool, 2.50.



The University Shop

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

NEW HAVEN
PRINCETON
DETROIT
NEW YORK

for those whose moments are precious

Men of affairs, who improve on the past and mold the future, look to the accuracy, to the dependability of Movado.

Self-Winding Calendar watches, like these, keep the day of the month available, automatically, at a glance. Water resistant, 17 jewels.



MOVADO

Sold and serviced by leading jewelers all over the world.
For jeweler nearest you, write: MOVADO, 619 Fifth Ave., N

A. CALENDOLUX
B. CALENDOPLAN
In 14K gold: $230
In stainless steel, or steel and gold, from $95
Incl. Fed. Tax

travelling salesman and was en route to Salina, Kansas, he decided to visit him there. From his carnival stint, Evans had saved thirty dollars, a sum he now expended on a new suit, a cap, a railroad ticket to Salina, and ten cents' worth of apples. He arrived in town flat broke, only to discover that his father was nowhere to be found. This was an awkward predicament for Evans, especially when he learned that the opportunities for teen-age cornet players were exceedingly limited in Salina. He was about three-quarters starved when, walking the street one evening, he chanced upon a Salvation Army group thumping it out on a corner. For the first time in his brief but busy life, the boy was reduced to soliciting a handout. "I wonder if you chaps could spare a few pennies—" he began, addressing the leader, who interrupted by inquiring, "What's that you've got under your arm?" "Why, a *cor*net," replied Evans, accenting the first syllable of the word, as he always does. The leader's reaction was immediate and singular. Lifting his eyes heavenward, he cried, "God bless you, brother!" and dragged him into the charmed circle. Lacking brass, the combo had been making out with a mandolin, a banjo, a snare drum, and a tambourine, and donations had been scant. Within seconds after Evans had applied for alms, he was blowing "When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder," and later that evening he was issued a uniform, plus the S.A. equivalent of a K ration.

Evans now feels that this was a stunning metamorphosis. One minute he was a professional carney hand and the next he was a full-fledged member of a religio-welfare-military unit. For six weeks, he continued to toot for his supper, and then he mustered out, or defrocked himself, to take employment racking balls in a Salina poolroom. During that winter of 1909-1910, he alternated between his poolroom assignment and a pre-dawn job delivering milk from a horse cart. His popularity in the latter niche was only moderate, for he liked to practice while making his rounds, and the merry clink of milk bottles was often enriched by piteous curses and the sound of slamming windows. Brundage, who knew a good thing when he heard it, offered Evans a five-dollar raise for the coming season, with no monkey business about the carrousel, and the boy again hit the carnival trail. But he was not destined to follow it very far. Before long, Doc Pullen, the E-flat clarinet and pharmaceutical mountebank, persuaded the youth to join him



Ruth Randall

The school teacher who owns an oil company

RUTH RANDALL teaches Latin at San Bernardino High School, San Bernardino, California.

In 1939 she invested part of her savings in 50 shares of Union Oil Stock. This makes her—along with some forty thousand other people—an owner of the 45th largest industrial company in the country.

And entitles her to examine the report card on our sixty-fifth year of business.

It was the largest in our history. Our customers paid us $351,731,678. We didn't keep all of this, of course.

16.8% we paid to our 8700 employees as wages and benefits.

4.8% went for taxes. (This does *not* include $60,000,000 additional in fuel taxes which we collected for the government.)

68.2%—by far the lion's share—we divided among more than fifteen thousand other companies and individuals with whom we do business.

This left us net earnings of 10.2%. From which we paid shareholders like Miss Randall 4.5% as dividends for the use of their money, and reinvested the remaining 5.7% in necessary expansion and modernization of facilities.

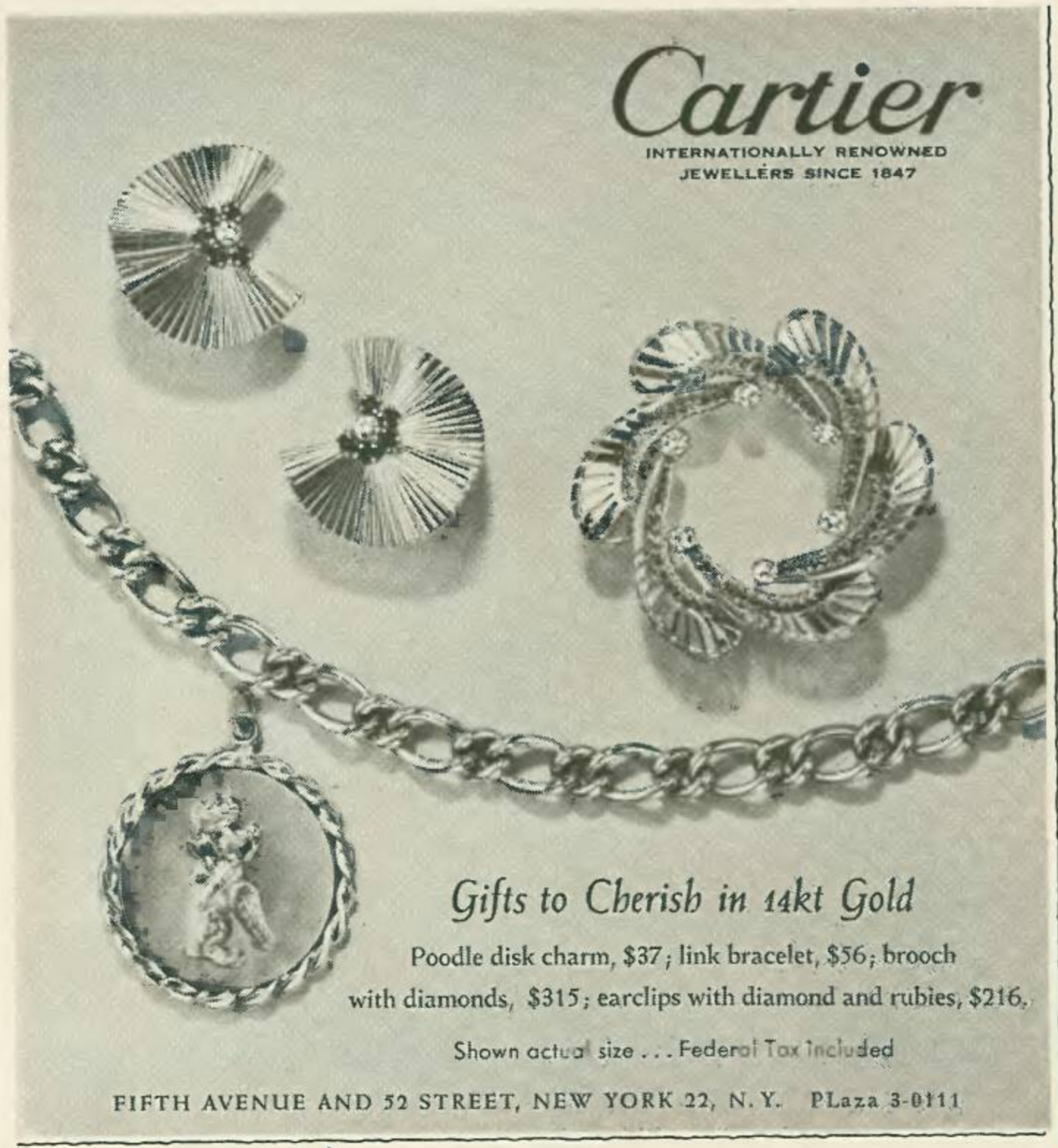
We hope Miss Randall is pleased with this report. We are certain she should be pleased with herself. For in wisely investing in American industry for her own security, she has helped to create a higher standard of living for everyone.

* * * *

YOUR COMMENTS ARE INVITED. *Write: The President, Union Oil Company of California, Union Oil Building, Los Angeles 17, California.*

Union Oil Company OF CALIFORNIA

MANUFACTURERS OF ROYAL TRITON, THE AMAZING PURPLE MOTOR OIL





A title on the door . . . rates a Bigelow on the floor

P. S. The magic of a Bigelow carpet gives your office the distinction, comfort and quiet so important to an executive. Special designs, textures and colors. Call any Bigelow district office or Contract Dept., 140 Madison Ave., N. Y. C. Bigelow, Number 1 name in Carpets.

(*Advertisement*)

as a member of the band on a Mississippi River showboat—the Cotton Blossom—which was due to leave soon from Paducah, Kentucky, heading downstream. Pullen's chief motive for the change, Evans realized later, was a desire to penetrate the Deep South, where his nostrums normally went like wildfire.

ABOARD the Cotton Blossom, Evans suffered his first serious deflation of ego. It is a jarring moment when talent is introduced to genius, and this, in effect, is what happened when Evans heard his first steam calliope. The blow was all but crushing. He was face to face at last with an instrument more devastating than his own. The sole remedy seemed to be practice; the boy was suddenly determined to refine his gift to a point where his cornet not only could hurl bolts of thunder but would do so with musicianly finesse. There exist ample proofs of his success. By sitting on the afterdeck and tootling five hours a day as the Cotton Blossom splashed its lazy way downriver, Evans achieved a degree of volume that soon argued a retirement of the calliope, and a skill that is vouched for in many quarters. He is the only representative of show business on the roster of the select (a hundred and forty-eight active members) American Bandmasters' Association, which was founded by Edwin Franko Goldman; also, in the non-circus season he is greatly in demand as guest conductor of the best bands in the nation. Last year, he went to Washington to lead the United States Navy Band in one of its weekly radio programs called "The Navy Hour," and afterward he conducted the band in a concert at the Departmental Auditorium.

The Cotton Blossom was a large barge, pushed by a stern-wheel steamer. The married players and single women lived on the barge, and the single men slept aboard the paddle-wheeler. Besides the calliope—entertainment's first loudspeaker system, consisting of pipes, a keyboard, and a boiler, with the virtuoso seated facing the stoker—the showboat had a band of sixteen pieces, the majority of them trombones. Evans recalls that it was a splendid life. In the daytime, if he wasn't practicing, he was fishing for mud cat—dangling his feet over the side and trailing a line weighted down with a heavy sinker. When the day's jump from show town to show town was short, the Blossom might tie up to a tree and everybody would go

(*Advertisement*)



AND SHE DID IT ALL BY HERSELF

Once there was a woman and her name was Vanity. And of course, that was why she needed so many clothes. After awhile, the clothes she could afford to buy didn't satisfy her.

But soon she came across Simplicity Printed Patterns. They were so very simple, she wondered why other women hadn't found them too. (To this day, she doesn't realize that Simplicity Printed Patterns are the world's largest sellers.)

So she began to sew. Before long, she discovered that style was Simplicity itself. These printed patterns were as plain as the nose on her face - and that was very plain indeed. She whipped up a dress, a blouse and a skirt. Then she made another and another and another, all different. And she was tickled pink and all her friends were green with envy.

Vanity was better dressed -- with more money to spend on more hats, bags, gloves, shoes (one size too small), girdles, and lots more stockings! But besides that - for the first time in her life, she had something to be really proud of. Because, you see...she did it all by herself with the help of Simplicity Printed Patterns.

Simplicity

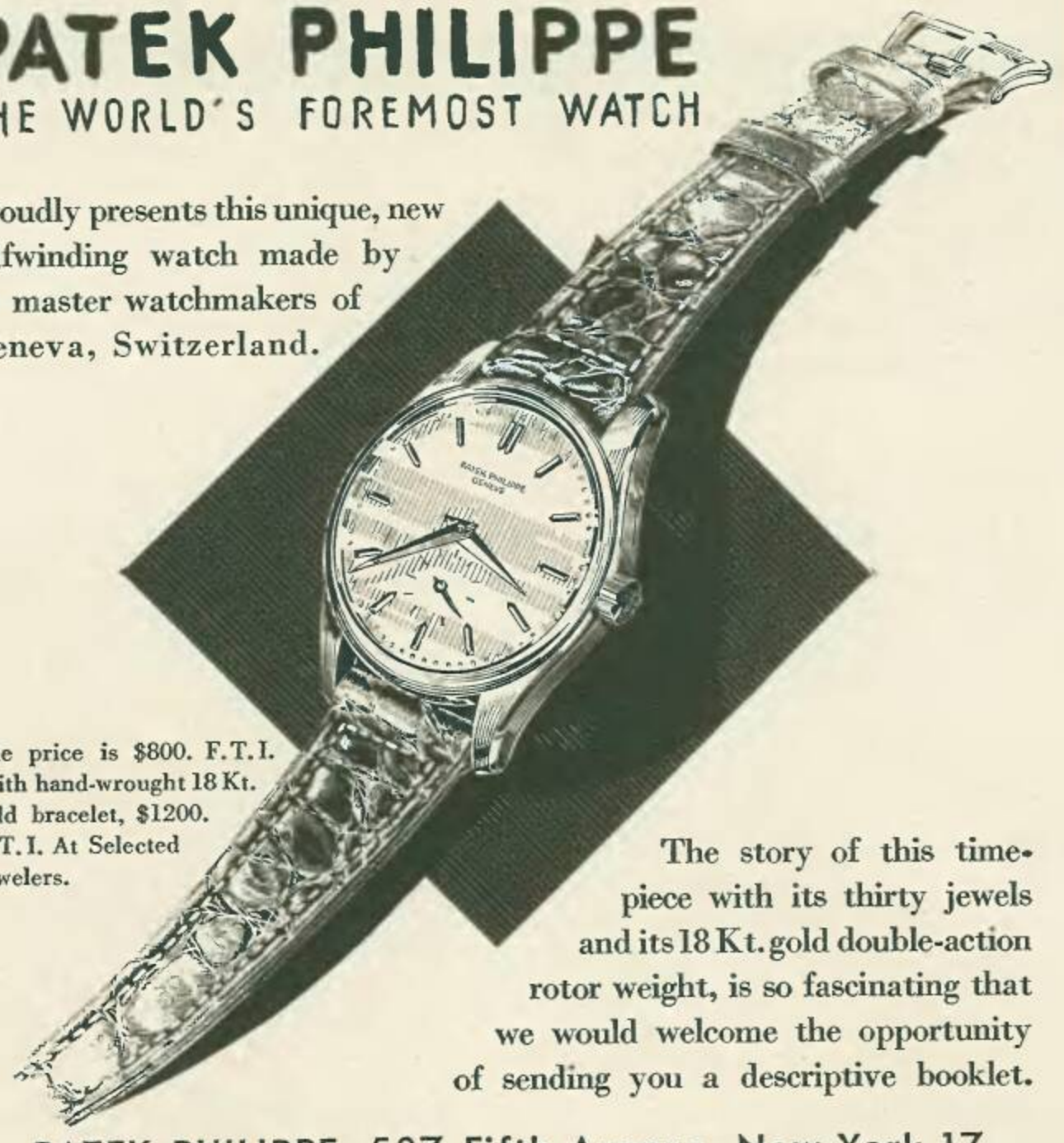
PRINTED PATTERNS

FASHION'S PRIDE AND JOY



PATEK PHILIPPE
THE WORLD'S FOREMOST WATCH

proudly presents this unique, new selfwinding watch made by its master watchmakers of Geneva, Switzerland.



The price is $800. F.T.I. With hand-wrought 18 Kt. gold bracelet, $1200. F.T.I. At Selected Jewelers.

The story of this timepiece with its thirty jewels and its 18 Kt. gold double-action rotor weight, is so fascinating that we would welcome the opportunity of sending you a descriptive booklet.

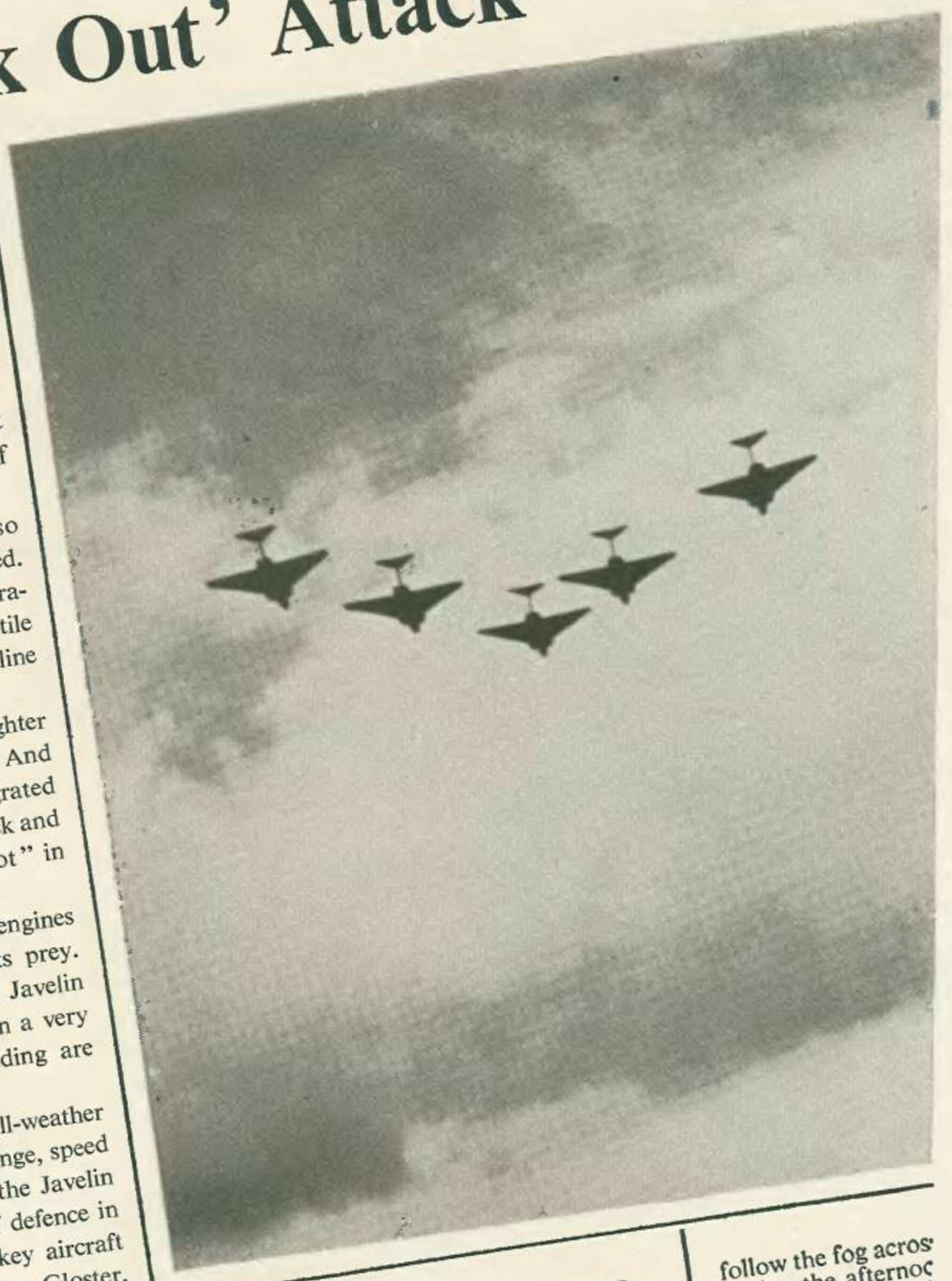
PATEK PHILIPPE, 587 Fifth Avenue, New York 17

overboard for a swim. But close onto the first signs of dusk, the calliope would take up its brass-lunged song and the steamer would push the show-boat toward the rickety wharf of the evening. The band assembled on the foredeck; favorite tunes for rallying the citizens were "Lassus Trombone" and "Slippery Hank"—"anything with a trombone smear," says Evans. Then across the bottom lands, where willows and cottonwoods lined the dried-clod roads, came specks of light that flitted like fireflies—people carrying lanterns and luminous chunks of fox fire—and the show was on. All the band members "double-staged;" that is, they played their instruments and also acted parts in the performance. Usually, Evans was a comedian, with the accent on the genus hayseed. There are lots of people still around who saw him—he visits several each year on his circus ramblings—and they say that he was pretty funny.

The only restless person aboard was Doc Pullen, who could scarcely wait to get down to Baton Rouge, the show-boat's last stop. From a Chicago firm of his acquaintance he had ordered fifty dollars' worth of skunk-oil liniment, in addition to the regular barrel of internal spooju, and he enlisted Evans' aid the minute they finished the run. Accompanied by his wife—a highly rated belly dancer—and a comedian he engaged, named Billy Dale, he and Evans pushed up into the Arkansas veldt with a medicine show. To give the outfit class, Pullen bought a covered wagon, a gas-powered magic lantern, and a folding pipe organ—a leaky thing with several keys missing. The entertainment he offered was, then, varied and worth while, particularly by the Arkansas standards of that time. First, Evans and the Doctor would present an E-flat-clarinet-and-cornet concert, which was followed by a magic-lantern show and some rusty jokes from Billy Dale. Then came a terpsichorean interlude, a real crowd-puller, featuring the Doctor's bride, and at last the Doctor, holding a bottle in each hand, would make a dire, and even threatening, speech about the medical risk inherent in not buying his potions, while in the background Mrs. Pullen extracted uneasy, dirgelike bleats from the organ. "Doc was a brilliant orator," Evans says. "On two or three occasions, I myself got so carried away that I took a slug of the leprosy elixir. It damn near killed me."

Over and above his duties as horn-blower, Evans had the responsibility of

Western Europe's Answer To The 'Knock Out' Attack



If—and when—war breaks out again the only warning we can count on is a radar signal flash.

One thing is certain. The days of thousand-bomber raids and official declarations of war are over for good. Security now lies in efficient systems of aircraft detection and the speed and fire-power of fighters that can fly in all weathers.

This is what makes the Gloster Javelin so important. It solves a critical operational need. The improved radar, fire power and extraordinary high rate of climb of this versatile aircraft puts new teeth into Europe's first line of defence against sneak raids.

No other all-weather day and night fighter packs such a big punch as the Javelin. And because of its highly sensitive integrated radar system, no other fighter is as quick and accurate in getting to the "trouble spot" in time.

Twin Armstrong Siddeley Sapphire engines thrust the Javelin speedily toward its prey. From the first flash of warning the Javelin can be attacking at over 50,000 ft. in a very few minutes. Refueling and reloading are also a matter of minutes.

It is true to say that no other all-weather fighter made anywhere has such range, speed or destructive firepower. In fact, the Javelin has already altered the pattern of defence in Western Europe's favour. This key aircraft was designed and developed by Gloster, makers of the world's first successful jet aircraft and one of the remarkable Hawker Siddeley Group of companies.



THE WEATHER

Widespread fog

Vigorous troughs of low pressure will move E. across the British Isles. It will be dry in some E. dist[illegible] fog affe[illegible] Isles [illegible]

follow the fog acros[illegible] during the afternoo[illegible] many N. areas of [illegible] Temperatures wil[illegible] normal. Winds wi[illegible] and reach [illegible] fo[illegible]

F[illegible] a[illegible]

DAY AND NIGHT ALL WEATHER FIGHTER

Gloster Javelin

GLOSTER AIRCRAFT CO. LIMITED, GLOUCESTER, ENGLAND. *Member of the Hawker Siddeley Group/Pioneer ... and World Leader in Aviation*



LESLIE FAY designs
One For The Country

A week-end bolero dress that manages to look casual and sleek at the same time . . . by Leslie Fay of Reeves pima broadcloth, a fine quality fabric that is crease-resistant, washable and easy to iron. Brief sizes 10-18. In colorfast shades: black, navy and charcoal. About $23 at stores listed, or write Leslie Fay, 1400 Broadway, New York 18, New York.

New York.....Lord & Taylor
Chicago.....Marshall Field & Co.
Cleveland .....The Halle Bros. Co.
Seattle .....Frederick & Nelson
Washington.....Woodward & Lothrop

Fabric by **REEVES BROTHERS, Inc.**, 54 Worth St. N.Y.

filling the bottles. Immediately he had concluded the music, he would sprint under cover and begin pouring—the skunk oil from one barrel and the inside stuff from another. The exact chemical analysis of the two nostrums remains obscure to him, but he believes that the tuberculosis-leprosy-fracture compound (for the purposes of Arkansas, Pullen expanded its efficacy to include such diseases as colic, mange, telegrapher's wrist, black rot, Madagascar itch, and cretinism) was principally alcohol, and that the skunk oil was water and glycerine, with a pinch of asafetida to give it fragrance. As for the therapeutic value of the potions, it is known that after downing a bottle or two of the interior cure and rubbing on some skunk oil, patients went leaping and howling away, sometimes discarding crutches and other props—to all outward appearances entirely cured.

PULLEN displayed a rare feeling for ethics in most of his professional actions. Having crossed Arkansas, for example, he felt that it might be presumptuous to back-trail. "One consultation a year's enough," he told his staff. "I'm not trying to corner the market." Evans and the others were content, because it seemed to them, untutored in the ways of science, that a return visit to any of the clinical centers might very possibly result in a lynching, or at least a trip out of town on a rail. Closing the show, Pullen and Evans accepted an offer to play in the orchestra of the Yale Theatre, in Wichita, and after this they joined a travelling stock company that performed under canvas. Again, Evans blew the cornet and onstage donned the cap and bells. During 1911 and 1912, he held such a rapid succession of show jobs that he has trouble sorting them out today. Brundage got him back, as band leader, in 1913, and in the autumn of that year he took a new sort of employment, as director of the town band in Campbell, Missouri.

Campbell still remembers Evans fondly, in the main for a richly elaborate hoax that he and some cronies practiced on the more unrestrained of the town's religious elements. High on the list of entertainments in the Ozarks were, and still are, the Holy Roller tent meetings that set up shop for two or three weeks at a stretch. One got going in Campbell during Evans' tenure as band leader and developed a ferocious head of steam, with all but a handful of the town's population being converted at least once, and some people as many as half a dozen



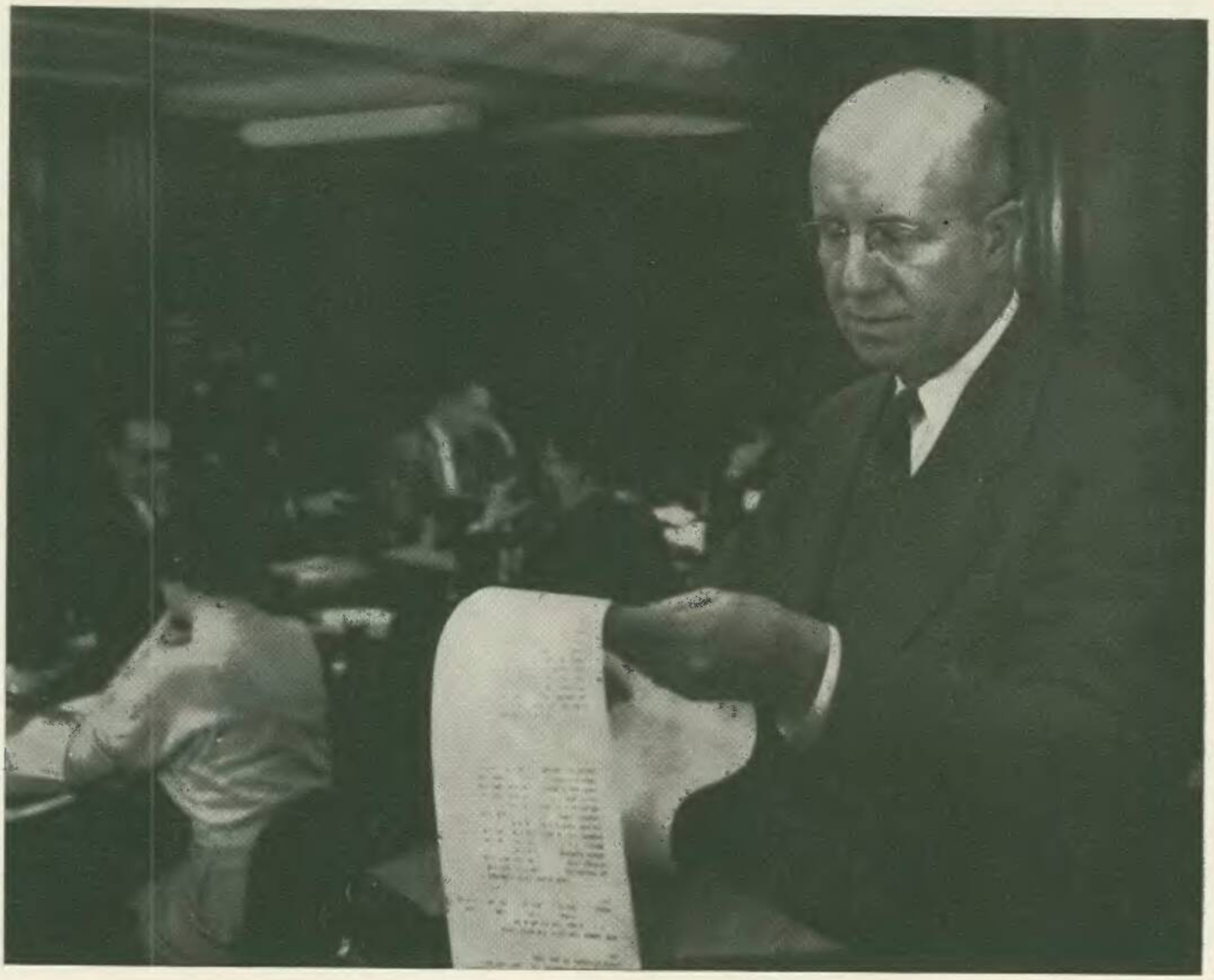
LESLIE FAY designs
One For The Town

A tuck-trimmed shirtwaist dress that commutes to the city, goes to work or play with equal ease. By Leslie Fay of Reeves pima cotton broadcloth . . . a crease-resistant, washable, easily ironed fabric that looks fresh all day. Brief sizes 10-18. In colorfast shades: avocado, periwinkle, burnt orange, pink and navy. About $23 at stores listed, or write Leslie Fay, 1400 Broadway, New York 18, New York.

New York.....Lord & Taylor
Chicago.....Marshall Field & Co.
Cleveland .....The Halle Bros. Co.
Seattle .....Frederick & Nelson
Washington.....Woodward & Lothrop

Fabric by **REEVES BROTHERS, Inc.**, 54 Worth St. N.Y.

How's the Market?



Not a bad question these days... one which unfortunately can't be answered realistically here and now. But Mr. Foster Cooper and his staff are quite real... and *very* realistic when handling all types of security transactions for our clients.

That's Mr. Cooper, scanning the financial news ticker for up-to-the-minute news on an important market development. Behind him are several members of his department, experienced traders in touch with dealers and brokers on various exchanges across the country.

They're part of City Bank Farmers team of top-flight "pros" ...outstanding in the field of managing money for individuals and corporations. Isn't that the kind of team you want to help manage *your* financial affairs?

We would like to send you a copy of **"How To Get The Most Out Of Your Investments."** It describes our Investment Advisory Service, which many clients feel is more than worth the modest annual fee. Just drop us a line, or telephone for your copy... no cost or obligation.



City Bank Farmers

CHARTERED 1822 *Trust Company*

22 William Street, New York 15, N. Y.
Telephone: BOwling Green 9-1200

Trust Affiliate of

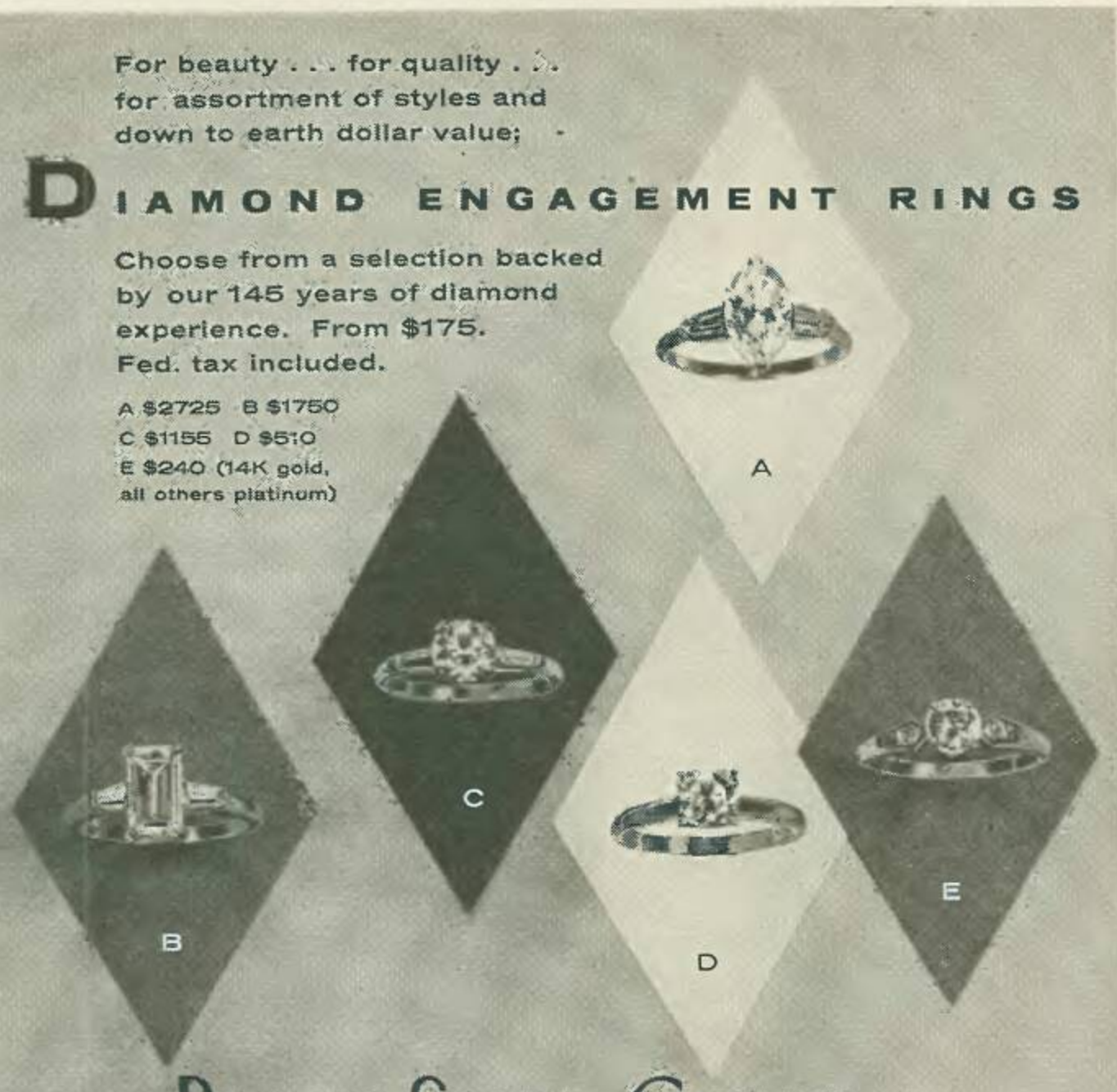
The National City Bank of New York

For beauty . . . for quality . . .
for assortment of styles and
down to earth dollar value;

DIAMOND ENGAGEMENT RINGS

Choose from a selection backed
by our 145 years of diamond
experience. From $175.
Fed. tax included.

A $2725 B $1750
C $1155 D $510
E $240 (14K gold,
all others platinum)



BLACK, STARR & GORHAM
FIFTH AVENUE AT 48TH STREET, NEW YORK 36, N.Y.
EAST ORANGE MANHASSET WHITE PLAINS

Mediterranea



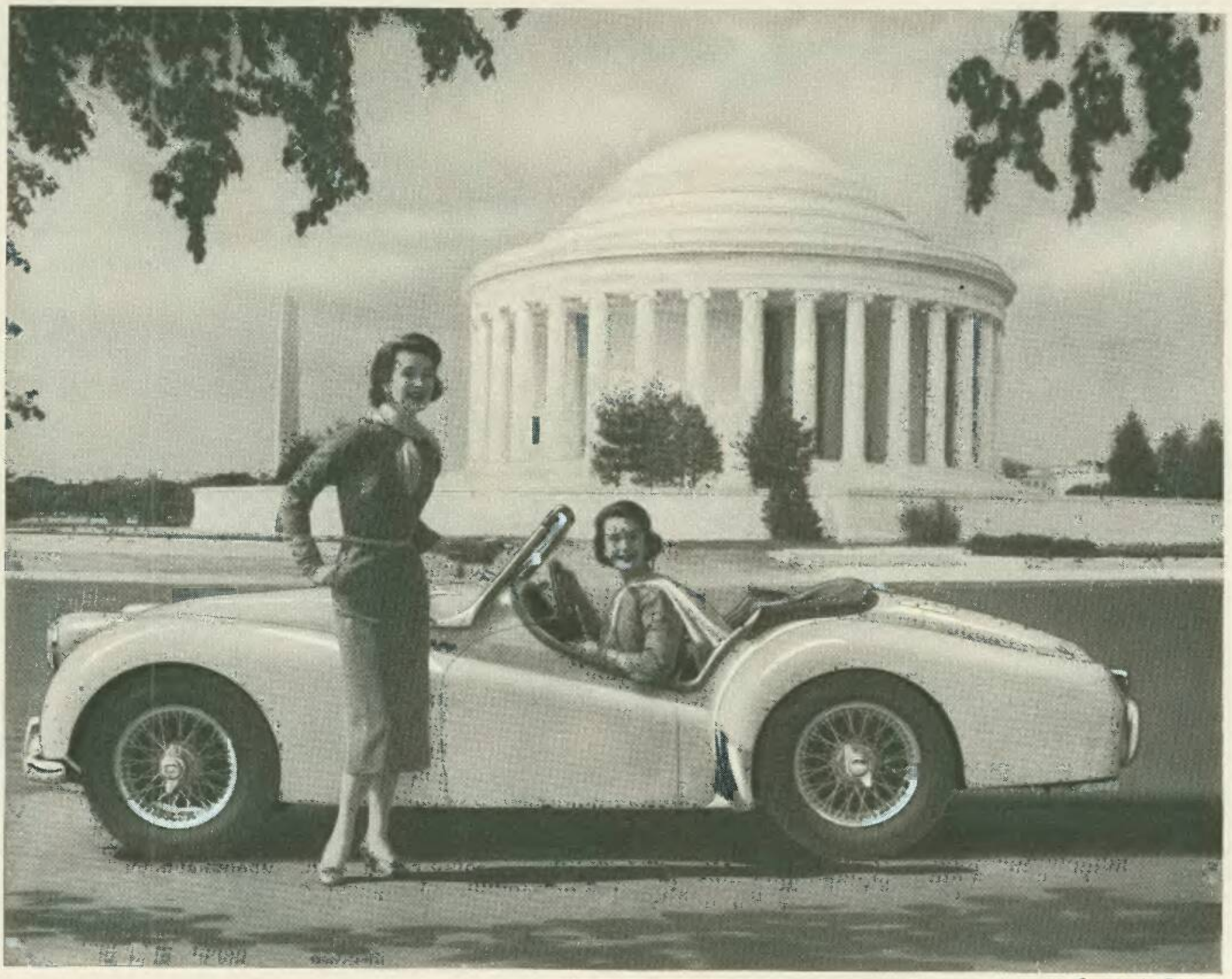
from our newest
collection of
compatible pieces
in the
Provincial manner.
For a booklet
illustrating and
describing our
entire collection,
please write,
enclosing 25¢, to
Heritage-Henredon,
Dept. N-43,
High Point, N. C.
(Name of your
nearest dealer
sent on request.)

Heritage
Henredon
fine furniture

times. The theme of the meetings, a standard alarm, was the impending arrival of the Angel Gabriel—a visit, it was said, that boded little good for the average citizen of Missouri. A back-slid group, thinking this over in a local saloon, waited on Evans with a proposition—a plot with a dramatic appeal so irresistible that he fell in with it at once. The camp tent was pitched on the bank of a river, beside a lane that ran down to a pier. Hard on the stroke of midnight, with lament and exhortation mounting to a crisis, the assemblage was paralyzed to hear the shattering blast of a horn—of the Midwest's strongest cornet, to be precise—from the general direction of the water. Then, as the converts poured out of the tent in panic, a spotlight concealed in the bushes caught the unmistakable figure of Gabriel—Evans, dressed all in white—stalking with remorseless tread out of the river and blowing his deadly horn. Forsaking their horses, many of the congregation found footroom on the several roads leading from the village; quite a number jumped into the river and struck out for the opposite shore. The groans and shrieks were audible for miles in every direction.

Evans did not stay on long in Campbell after this; he felt the need of a change. For a while, he worked with Uncle Josh Spruceby's Melodrama in the tricky role of sawyer. Spruceby's professional climax involved the traditional flaxen-haired virgin strapped to a board and headed for a circular saw, which, unfortunately, had no safety device. Evans was hired to handle the controls of the saw, but his mind was frequently so absorbed by embryonic cornet passages that he forgot what he was doing. When the heroine's stage screams reached a note of panic-stricken reality, he would wake up and haul back on the lever. In the course of several weeks





Costume by Trigere

A Million Dollars Worth of Fun for $2499

When you drive a Triumph T.R.2 after handling a conventional car, you feel a new freedom . . . a new nimbleness . . . a new driving ease, for here is a car that actually *matches your mood.*

Feel like lazing along a country road? Just snuggle back in those form-fitting seats and relax in this car's superb handling. For short trips to town, shopping, or to the station, the Triumph is ideal. Or—if you're in a mood to get away from it all, pop your luggage into that spacious trunk and take off. You can zip from zero to 30 m. p. h. in 3.7 seconds and snap around tight curves without squeal or sway. There's over 100 m. p. h. under your toe—when you feel like using it—and up to 35 miles in every gallon.

Whatever mood you're in, try the T.R.2 this weekend.

It's a TRIUMPH

only $2499 plus tax and license at U. S. ports of entry. Wire wheels optional extra.

Parts and service readily available coast to coast.

STANDARD-TRIUMPH MOTOR COMPANY, Inc.

Importers of Triumph and Doretti Sports Cars, 99 Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

For more information mail coupon to distributor below nearest you—

West of Mississippi
CAL SALES, INC.
1957 West 144th St., Gardena, Calif.

East of Mississippi
SOUTH EASTERN MOTORS, INC.
1937 Harrison St., Hollywood, Florida

Canadian readers write to:
THE STANDARD MOTOR CO. (Canada), LIMITED
496 Evans Avenue, Toronto 14

Please send me address of my nearest Triumph Dealer and more information about the T.R.2.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

☐ Check here for information on our Overseas Delivery Plan.

Code #N-3

Celebrities from abroad . . .

Sulka

sheer French lisles.

Fine quality hose,
full-fashioned in France
expressly for Sulka.
Hand-embroidered detached
pattern in contrasting colors.
Navy, grey, light blue, brown, rust.
Regular or anklet lengths.
Sizes 10 to 12. $4.75.
Hand-embroidered clocks
in two-tone shot effects.
Navy, brown, grey or green.
Regular or anklet lengths.
Sizes 9½ to 13. $3.75.
Both also in pastel blue,
tan, grey. Other fine Sulka
hose from $2 to $6.50.



WRITE US. MAIL ORDERS CAREFULLY FILLED

A. Sulka & Company

661 Fifth Avenue at 52 St., New York 22
2 South Michigan Avenue at Madison, Chicago 3
Paris, London, Palm Beach



martini forecast

brilliantly clear . . .
unusually dry . . .
most delightful . . .

when you use Burrough's

BEEFEATER GIN

94 Proof, Distilled from Grain
IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND by Kobrand Corporation, N. Y. 1, N. Y.

with the show, he never sliced her once, but she finally had what appeared to be a nervous breakdown, and he sought work elsewhere. For the next two carnival seasons, he led the Brundage band, playing in Wichita theatres between times, and in 1916, at a moment when, stale and discontented, he was thinking of migrating East, he was offered a job as band leader by one of the owners of a Wild West show called the 101 Ranch, of which the star was William F. (Buffalo Bill) Cody.

At seventy, Cody was in the twilight of his adventurous career. He was still a magnificent shot with both pistol and rifle, but the regrettable truth is that he was very seldom sober. Evans recalls that the white-maned buffalo hunter might sway and weave as he rose to perform but that the targets always went down like ninepins. Cody took a fatherly interest in the young musician, often inquiring in his courteous way how it was possible to produce such a bellows blast with a seemingly normal set of lungs. Evans was deeply saddened when the kindly old gentleman died the following year, of complications resulting from overdoses of whiskey. He was not cheered any to see the 101 Ranch bought by Jess Willard, a gigantic prizefighter whose career was moving along toward a warm day in July, two years thence, when he would be all but destroyed, and his fighting ended, by Jack Dempsey. Willard's acquaintance with the woolly West was limited to a couple of movies he had seen and to posing, for a photographer, astride a pinto horse. His contribution to his newly acquired ranch was to appear in tights and take wild swings at whatever local talent could be mustered inside a makeshift ring. The candidates were fairly numerous. Even at that time, Willard was a magnetic objective, almost impossible to miss for anybody with 20/20 vision and strength enough to lift his arms, and the collection of bruises he accumulated as the Ranch went galloping along would have made ring history had they been entered in the record books.

LATE in 1917, in Jacksonville, Florida, Evans quit the 101 Ranch in disgust and joined Gus Hill's Minstrels. As was his custom, he applied for the job of band leader, and he succeeded to the post somewhere en route through Georgia. The trombone who had been waggling the baton stepped down with no ill feeling, after remarking, "That's the God-damnedest horn I ever heard in my life. The boys all follow him any-

Tiny man-made diamond cluster is mounted on a needle. At left is a scientist's thumb

Here's how General Electric developed man-made diamonds

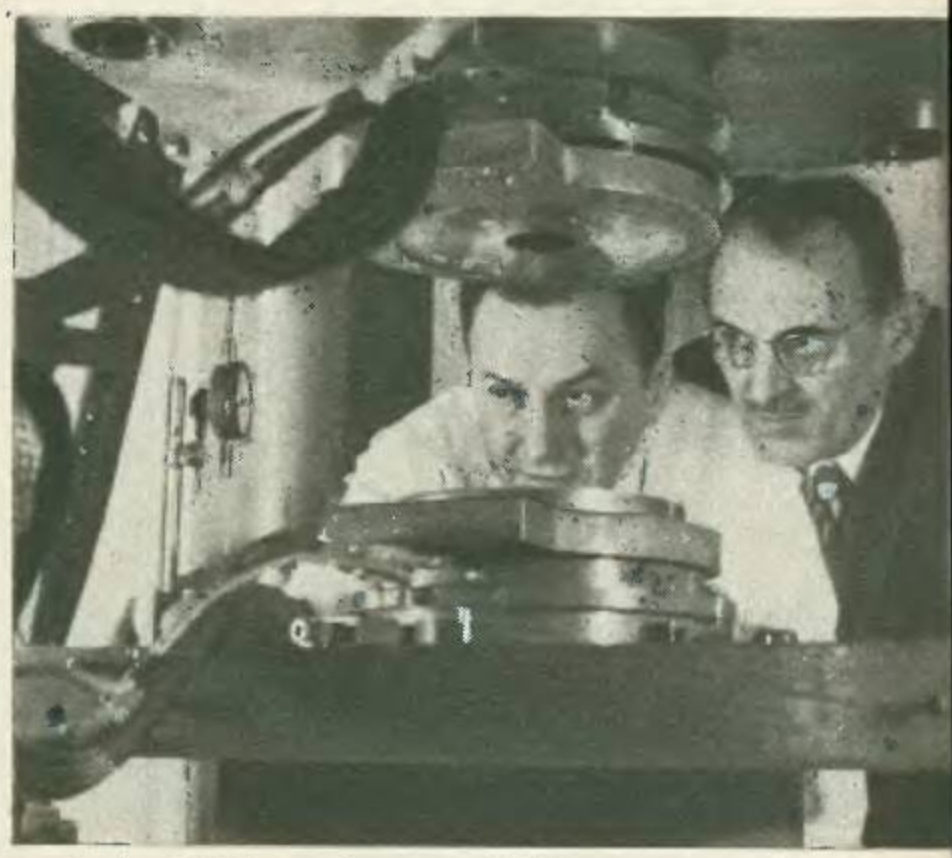
It took seven scientists four years and thousands of tries to produce small stones identical with those of nature

Early this year, General Electric displayed diamonds made in our Research Laboratory. They are tiny stones—the biggest only 1/16th of an inch long. But they are real diamonds, exactly like stones dug from the earth.

This discovery of General Electric research is the kind of basic knowledge that creates new products and new jobs.

Seven scientists and their technical assistants worked for four years in the promising new field of combined high-temperature, high-pressure research. A unique pressure chamber for a giant 1000-ton press was built, where pressures of 1,500,000 pounds per square inch and temperatures of 5,000 degrees Fahrenheit could be achieved simultaneously—duplicating the "squeeze" 240 miles inside the earth. Thousands of experiments were made.

More work and expense will be necessary to bring down the cost of General Electric diamonds before they are practical for industrial use. But learning how to make real diamonds is a landmark in our 76-year-long search for ways to make new and better products for everyone. As we see it, it is a good example of progress in the American way.



At the G-E "diamond mine," a 1000-ton press, are Dr. A. L. Marshall, manager of Chemistry Research, and A. J. Nerad, who supervised the project. Write for the story of the development, "Man-Made Diamonds," General Electric Company, Dept. H2-117, Schenectady, N. Y.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC



a permanent contribution to american design
by
Paul McCobb

through dealers and decorators only

DIRECTIONAL write for illustrated brochure

201 EAST 57TH STREET, NEW YORK · MERCHANDISE MART, CHICAGO

ATLANTA
BOSTON
BUFFALO
GRAND RAPIDS
KANSAS CITY (MO.)
LOS ANGELES
MIAMI
MILWAUKEE
MINNEAPOLIS
PITTSBURGH
SAN FRANCISCO
ST. LOUIS

kitchen

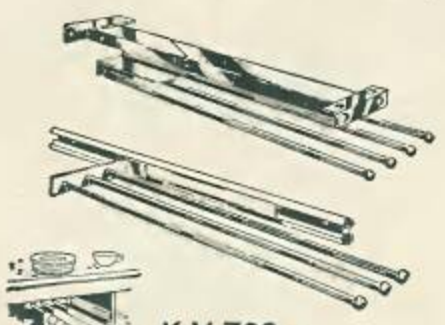
K-Veniences

slide-away space savers

Stop stacking and clutter! Even narrow, hard-to-reach spaces can be put to work with K-Veniences which glide into reach and out of sight on ball bearing carriers. Sturdy construction, chrome finish for long-life wear and good looks.



K-V 790—PAN RACK
Holds 14 handled utensils neatly.



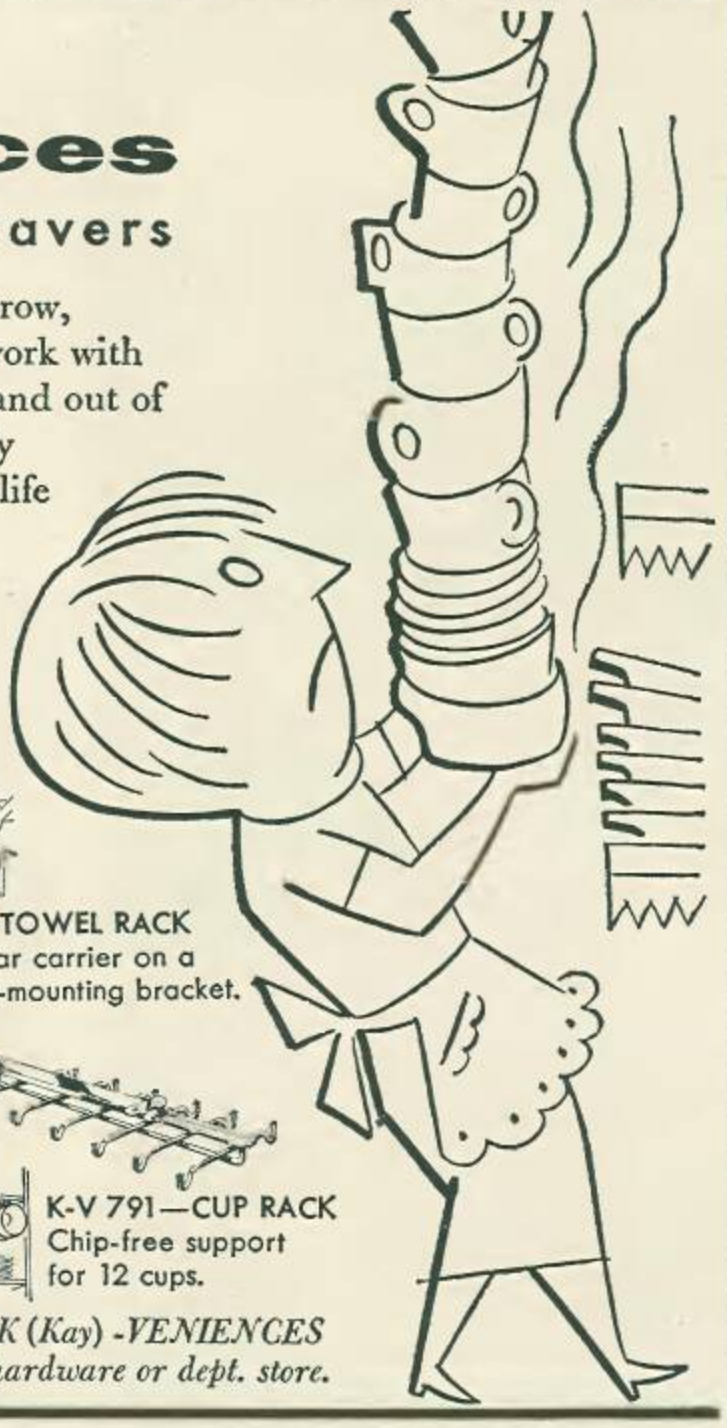
K-V 793—
TOWEL RACK
3-bar carrier on a
side-mounting bracket.



K-V 798—TOWEL RACK
4-bar carrier on a
top-mounting bracket.



K-V 791—CUP RACK
Chip-free support
for 12 cups.



Ask for K (Kay) -VENIENCES
at your hardware or dept. store.

THE FINEST YOU CAN BUY
KV
FIXTURES

KNAPE & VOGT MANUFACTURING CO.
Grand Rapids, Michigan

how, so he might as well be up in front." Never shy, Evans sprang forward, and went on to make a sensational band out of the ensemble. He had twenty-eight men, and for the purposes of parading he divided them into two units, each of which he spaced out over a city block, with a couple of blocks between. His instructions consisted of a simple "Blow like hell." Even now, when he returns to towns he visited with the minstrel group, people insist to him with vehemence that Hill's bands must have totalled at least two hundred pieces. Evans is always pleased to hear it.

The year 1918 might be described as the busiest and most significant one in Evans' crowded apprenticeship for the circus. When Hill's closed its run, he played in quick succession with six different carnivals, in Kansas, Iowa, and Nebraska. It was the year of the national flu epidemic, and small shows were closing one after another; good jobs were hard to find. On an evening in Nebraska, some friends of Evans' visiting a carnival were nonplussed to find him in a dilapidated wire ticket cage and wearing a look of horrid consternation, in charge of the Monkey Speedway. None of his previous training fitted him for the job, he says. Notably, the monkeys took advantage of him; animals easily recognize a professional handler, and Evans feels that his monkeys spotted him for a cornet player. Instead of speeding, they leaped out of their racing automobiles and fell on one another tooth and nail, and frequently on Evans. Feeling a neurosis coming over him, he quit, with a friend from the show named Seth Howell, and went on an automobile tour of Iowa, selling portable phonographs to farmers plowing in the fields. Howell had bought up a hundred of the machines at three dollars each, from a company that was stuck with them, and had been given a number of old records free. It was his theory that the auditory life of a farmer, limited to the braying of jackasses, the scolding of his wife, and the screeching of children, would cause him to snap at the offerings like a starved wolf. As it happened, he was right. He and Evans, comfortable in a touring car piled high with canned music, hawked aimlessly across the corn-strewn countryside, lulled by the winding of locusts and other summer sounds. They disposed of their entire lot at a handsome profit, then bought a run-down carnival in Texas called the International Amusement Company.

Evans is not aware how this carnival

Now for a WET beer



AMSTEL BEER

Here is the brew that is *not* "dry and light." Amstel Vintage Beer is all *wet*. Not sweet, mind you. *Mellow* as vintage wine. What a refreshing difference!

The Vintage Beer from Holland

© Ray A. Graham, Jr. Imported by Original Beer Importing and Distributing Co., Inc., 11 W. 42nd St., New York 36, N. Y.





Hennessy Neat—an after-dinner classic known the world over. Hennessy Cognac Brandy is a double delight, with its delicate aroma, its full flavor. For entertaining, always have a little Hennessy handy in your home.

won its name, since its short, unhappy life was spent within a radius of about three hundred miles from the place where Howell and he picked it up. Included among the International's assets were a small band, an athletic show, a merry-go-round that had an incurable defect in its wiring and was apt to take off in any direction, a Spidora Show (tricks with mirrors), and a '49 Camp, which was a kind of taxi-dance, with fifteen girls, and was actually the reason Evans and Howell bought the carnival. Having established his uncanny merchandising sense with the gramophones, Howell now came forward with the idea that the girls, properly ballyhooed, could make their siren ways reflected at the box office. However, the road to bankruptcy is littered with the bones of clairvoyants, as Wall Street continues to attest, and Howell soon lost his magician's standing. Practically nothing went right. The band was built around a bass-tuba player who also wrestled in the athletic show. As a bass-tuba player he was perfectly adequate, but as a wrestler he was a potential corpse. Whenever he broke off the umpahs to run over and wrestle, he was likely to come back with three fractured ribs or a warped larynx. What then came out of the horn sounded less like a bass than like wind passing through the upper branches of a larch. Evans usually had to skip in with his cornet to fill the void.

But the main trouble was with the girls. After a week on the road, Evans was beginning to think wistfully about the gentlemanly decorum of the monkeys at the speedway. As a general rule, the dancers fell in love at every stop and refused to budge. Mostly, they were quite young girls, enlisted through advertising in small-town papers and conveyed across country after elaborate promises to parents and guardians. Pried from one location to another by the exhausted Evans, they lodged in boarding houses, under his chaperonage. Howell managed to make the girls look uncommonly sexy by presenting them in the least sexy getup he could devise—white middies and blue skirts—and with their hair knotted at the back of their heads, a style that was possibly the forerunner of the pony tail. Something about the incongruity of these unadorned vestals in a setting of carnival riot appeared to stimulate the male Texans into a condition approximating the bull elephant's must. Perhaps never was such a racket loosed on rural Texas. The girls sold dances in a tent that had a sarsaparilla bar; if either property survived a per-



KING DARIUS AND THE 64 DRACHMA QUESTION

Perhaps the earliest-known quizmaster was King Darius.
Three of his young bodyguards were asked to name for the king the greatest influence on mankind. The first suggested wine. The second, with an eye to promotion, suggested the king. The winner concluded, "But above all things truth beareth away the victory."

As printers and publishers in a world of conflicting ideas, we at Rand McNally know what a powerful weapon truth can be. Not only for the scientist and scholar, but for the statesman and world citizen as well. That is why in all we publish accuracy is our first consideration: in our authoritative and stimulating textbooks, in our informative nonfiction, and in our famous maps, so carefully compiled and meticulously printed.

RAND McNALLY

PUBLISHERS • PRINTERS • MAP MAKERS

CHICAGO • NEW YORK
NASHVILLE • SAN FRANCISCO • WASHINGTON
Established 1856



B.H.Wragge

does this slip-on suit of imported linen for a full summer dedicated to the joy of living. The top buttons down the back, the skirt is slim—the whole idea is easy-going, easy feeling. It's B. H. Wragge's stamp of elegance without effort. In divine colors—butterfly yellow, dolphin gray, bayou brown, demi-tasse black, peacock, passion flower purple and iceberg white. Sizes 8 to 18. $59.95.* At **Halle Bros.,** Cleveland; **I. Magnin & Co.,** San Francisco.
*Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies.

formance intact, Evans and Howell felt that they had enjoyed an auspicious evening. The roof of the tent was soon so pocked by small-gun fire that on moonlit nights its effect was not unlike that later achieved by the Hayden Planetarium. To add to the over-all melee, most of the girls' parents repented soon after giving them permission to join, and the carnival was usually trailed by a camp-following composed of relatives riding in buckboards and carrying double-barrelled shotguns.

Evans feels that one of the happiest days of his life was when he and Howell managed to sell the carnival for a second-hand Chevrolet and twenty-five hundred dollars cash. It went to two young bloods of Liberty Hill, Texas, who were hypnotized by the girls. Like Evans and Howell before them, the new owners planned to exploit to the utmost the lure of the '49 Camp. They persuaded Evans to stay on, as a special favor, and blow his cornet the first night, so as to get things hotted up. They said they wanted some interesting noise to direct attention to the dancing tent. As Evans blared away, virtually at full throttle, the two young sports kept crying, "That's the stuff, only louder!" Under their incessant prompting, Evans blew with such unbridled violence that the law of diminishing returns set in; he woke up a number of weary farmers, who got in touch with the sheriff. A seedy-looking deputy chewing on a toothpick soon arrived and inquired what was going on. This being a familiar occurrence, Evans was preparing the standard legal reply of handing him some free orangeade and a five-dollar bill when the circuit judge appeared on a lathered-up mare. It developed that he was a brother-in-law of one of the farmers. "You fellows running a '49 Camp here?" he asked, and Evans answered, "Why, no, Your Honor. We just have a little tent where the kids teach some of the local boys to dance." "Show's closed down!" said the judge. Evans admits that the bloods got very little for their money—a couple of free dances, perhaps, and a concert of really exceptional cornet music. With Howell, he rolled off in the second-hand Chevrolet, distressed, but feeling that anything is possible in Texas.

Evans' time of wandering, of preparation for his lifework, was drawing to a close. The machinery was already in motion to bring him to the field of entertainment for which he was meant. During his rambles, he had made a side trip to Sioux City, Iowa, a year or so before,

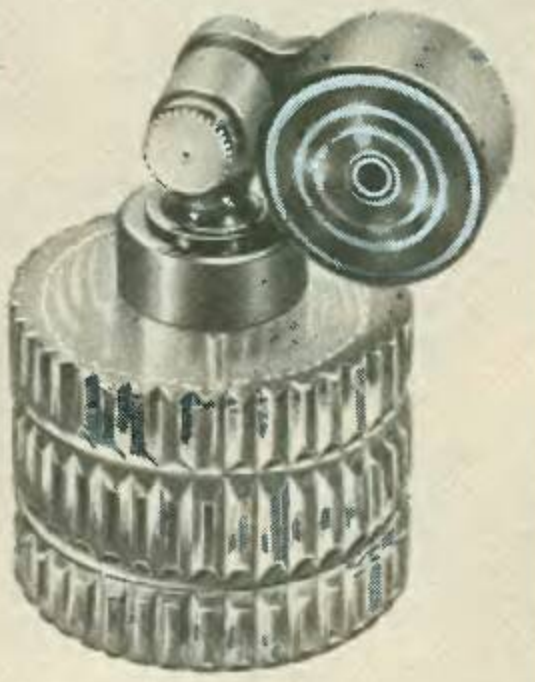


from our Anticipation Shop

Bonwit's wonderful exclusives . . . Black Watch cotton tartan bathing suit and white terry cloth top-over. Suit is lined, adjustable waist, boned bustline, 10.95
Tartan bound top-over, 7.95 8 to 16
By Avorn. Mail and phone. New York White Plains Chicago Cleveland Boston

Marcel Franck

THE FINEST
ATOMIZERS IN THE WORLD



Cut crystal and shining chrome make a leak-proof, evaporation-proof atomizer that releases your perfume in the mist-fine spray that brings out its fullest beauty.

Made in France, and including a smart black suede travel bag, 16.00

OTHER BEAUTIFUL STYLES 7.50 – 35.00

FRENCH ATOMIZER CORP.
663 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 22

to see the big Ringling Brothers circus. After introducing himself to the sideshow manager, Lew Graham, who had heard of Evans' feats with the cornet, he was permitted to stand at the entrance to clown alley, watching the flashing pageant tumultuously unfold beneath the canvas. At one end of the tent, atop a filigreed red wagon, a thirty-six-piece band decked out in polychromatic splendor set the pace, waving the magic wand that was the keystone of the whole galloping, shouting, cue-perfect enterprise—starting and stopping the acts, summoning kings and queens as if they were lackeys, running the show. "I'd like a job here," Evans told Graham humbly before he left. Not long after he sold out in Texas, he received a telegram from Charles Ringling, one of the owner-brothers: "Have position for you as leader of Ringling circus band. Report at your earliest convenience."

Evans assembled his laundry—he remembers that he was still travelling about as light as when he had left home, nine years back, for Brundage's creaky road show—and caught the first train out. He had done far more than his share of knocking about, and, mysteriously, he felt that this new employment might well prove to be permanent. He continues to think so, a little more excited than the day thirty-six years ago when he joined up.

—Robert Lewis Taylor

(This is the first of two articles on Mr. Evans.)

•

Cars driven by Alfred J. Hepner, 44, of Dan's Highway, New Canaan skidded on the ice and collided head-on.—*Stamford (Conn.) Advocate.*

That Hepner—he's all over the place!

•

"*Doloi Sudyu!*"—shouted by a tense fan at a soccer game in Dynamo Stadium, Moscow—means exactly what you'd think:

"Throw the umpire out!"—*Adv. of Life in the Times.*

What else *could* it mean?

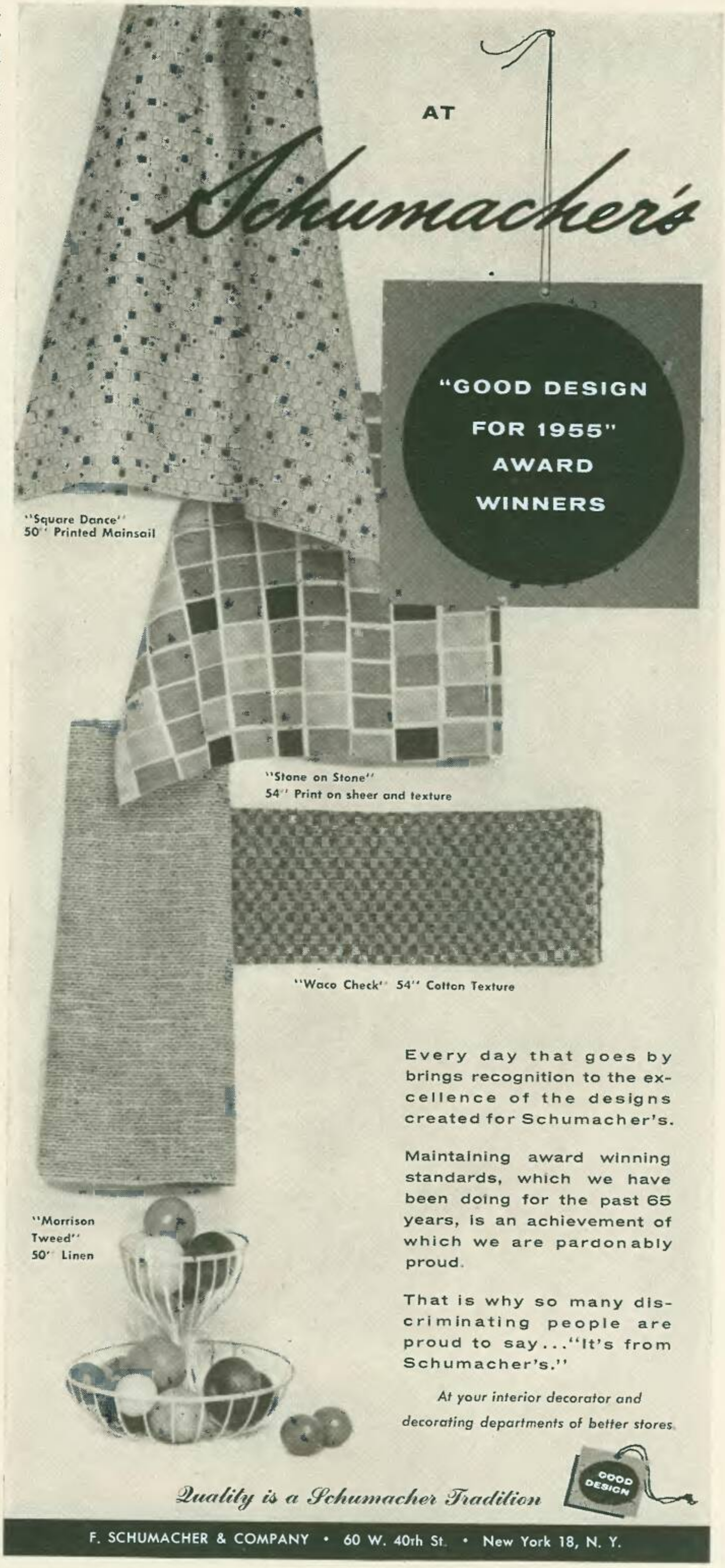
•

OUR FORGETFUL AUTHORS

[*From the Penguin edition of "The Yellow Room," by Mary Roberts Rinehart*]

Instead, he changed into slacks and a thin sleeveless jersey and went out of the house.—*Page 222.*

He was within fifty feet of the stooping figure when a branch caught his sleeve and broke with a loud snap.—*Page 223.*



THE THEATRE

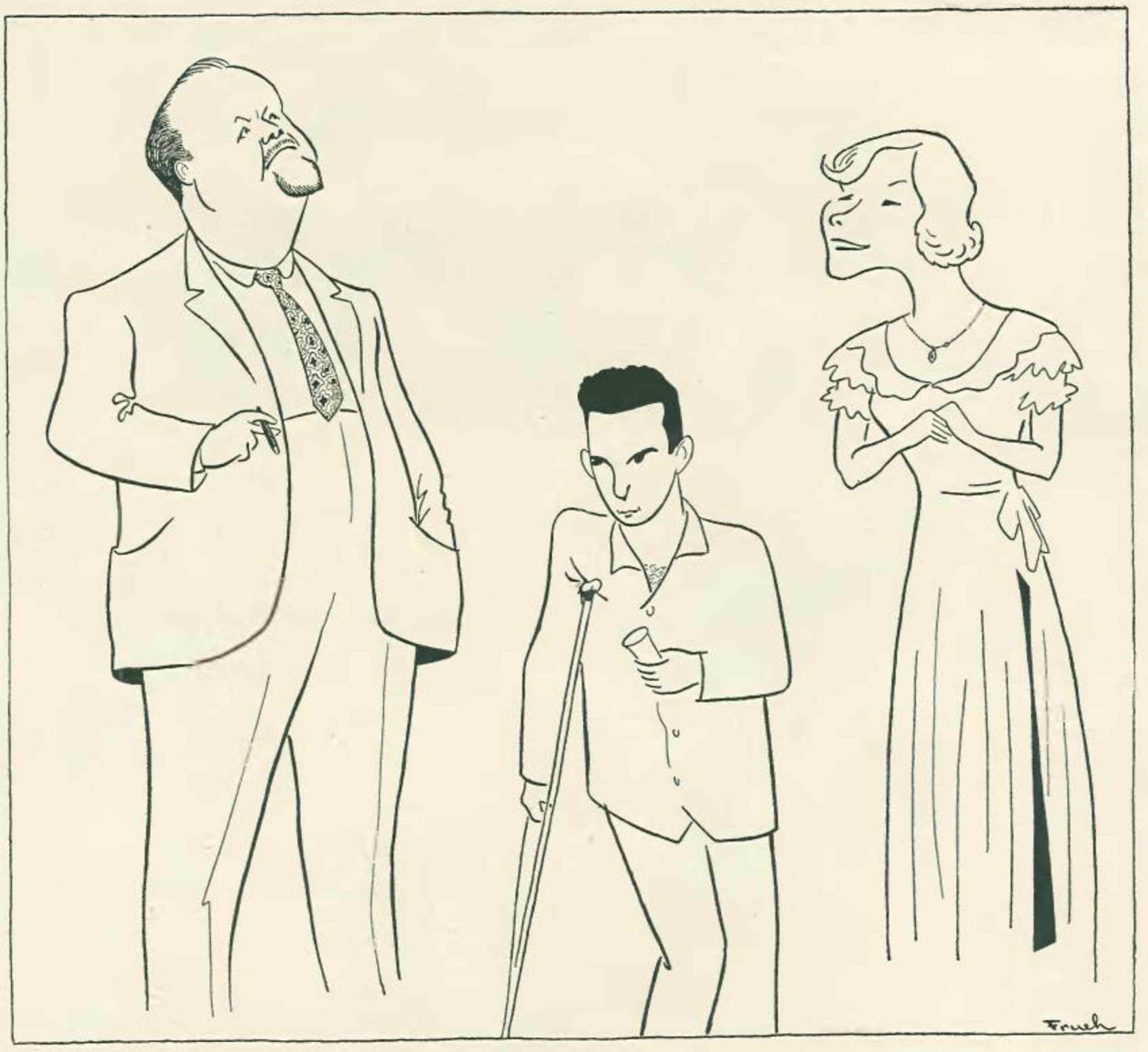
A MATTER OF DEFINITION

IN a recent curt note, an educated reader remarked in connection with some comments on English usage in this space, "For *my* part, I'd like to deplore the incessant employment, by you and your colleagues, of the word 'ingratiating' as a term of praise. What it actually means is something like 'cringingly anxious to please.' It is a pejorative, and it should be used only as such." Always eager to achieve a higher degree of purity, even at the cost of impoverishing a vocabulary already dangerously sparse, I determined that "ingratiating"—except, of course, as a pejorative—should never again appear in anything I wrote. This was unquestionably a virtuous decision, but at the moment it makes me a little unhappy, because it robs me of the one word that in the lax old days would have seemed to me exactly applicable to "3 for Tonight," at the Plymouth. The best description I can think of now is "intermittently charming." The effect on a long-corrupted ear isn't quite the same, but I suppose it will have to do.

"3 for Tonight" is a singular enterprise, not too easy to define for those accustomed to conventional revues and musicals. The principal performers are Harry Belafonté, who delivers a program of folk songs, spirituals, calypso numbers, and less readily classifiable items; Marge and Gower Champion, whose dances are sometimes serious in intention but more often not; and Hiram Sherman, who acts as a master of ceremonies. They are abetted throughout by a choral group of eight young women and twelve men, known as the Voices of Walter Schumann, who were visible here before in the background of "John Brown's Body," and by a guitarist named Millard Thomas, who serves as Mr. Belafonté's accompanist. The stage is bare except for an occasional prop and a collection of small stools that give it somewhat the air of being set up for a lion-taming act, and no curtains rise or fall. There is a four-piece orchestra—woodwinds, percussion, bass viol, and piano—and a conductor in the pit. These are the simple physical facts of the production.

Its artistic quality is rather more perplexing, at least to me. Mr. Belafonté, to take him first, seems to me an artist of great and growing consequence. Many of his songs are admirable, and his delivery has immense style and authority, and, from time to time, a fine, gleaming humor. On the other hand, a high percentage of his material is pretty portentous (it is not, I know, customary to object to a spiritual, but the fact nevertheless remains that one called "Take My Mother Home" struck me as something of a landmark in melodramatic bad taste), and it occurs to me that the singer himself is in danger of acquiring certain theatrical mannerisms that he may live to regret. The most notable of these is a sort of clenched, Rodinesque posturing that suggests that whatever he is doing has a nearly supernatural emotional significance, and, tempting as this device must be to a performer, I hope that Mr. Belafonté can bring himself to resist it, since he is far too gifted a man to need to resort to such easy and dubiously picturesque tricks.

Mr. and Mrs. Champion are almost wholly delightful, both in the humor and agility of



"CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF"

The spirited old brigand on the left is Burl Ives, and his companions are Ben Gazzara and Barbara Bel Geddes, who represent his son and daughter-in-law in Tennessee Williams' impressive play at the Morosco.





The MALE of the Species is more Colorful —

IN WHITE STAG COTTON

PATIO POPLIN

Cool-ordinates! You're cooler and more colorful in *Patio Poplin* slacks, action-tailored by White Stag for style and comfort. This pleatless slack features the new tapered leg and narrower knee and cuff. In 14 Sanforized-washable colors!



. . . and with the new adjustable back tab.

White Stag
Portland, Oregon

THE SHIRT $4.95 • THE SLACK $6.95

See
WHITE STAG'S
Patio Poplin
at any of these
fine stores:

BLOOMINGDALE'S
New York
Fresh Meadows
New Rochelle
Stamford

THE DAYTON CO.
Minneapolis, Minnesota

BULLOCK'S
Westwood, California

MEIER & FRANK CO.
Portland, Oregon

THE LIBERTY HOUSE
Waikiki Beach
Honolulu, T.H.

PERKINS BROS. CO.
Corpus Christi, Texas

THE CRESCENT
Spokane, Washington

AL BASKIN
Joilet, Illinois

ROBERTS BROTHERS
Springfield, Illinois



TO HAVE OR TO GIVE
...A LINDE STAR

The ageless beauty of the star sapphire and the star ruby is now produced, through a marvel of scientific achievement, in LINDE Stars.

For yourself or for that special gift, LINDE Stars are now at your jeweler's, in limited number.

Available in a wide range of prices, depending on size of jewel and your selection of setting.

LINDE is a registered trade-mark of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation.

their dancing and in the fresh young charm of their personalities. They are, I think, wonderfully funny in a strange number that demonstrates, as well as I can describe it, the effect first of a single high C and then of an increasing tumult of sound on the human nervous system, and they are just as enchanting in some other intricate exercises. My only possible complaint about them is that now and then, in more or less conventional numbers, when their active little minds aren't really intent on what they're doing, a kind of routine coyness is apt to set in. This, however, is surely no more than an error of youth, and perhaps I shouldn't even bring it up. Mr. Sherman, whose precise and immaculate technique is one of the pleasures of my life, displays it again abundantly here. The unfortunate circumstance that there is almost nothing in his script that has any real wit or style is hardly his fault, and I will content myself with deprecating the conspicuous waste of a distinguished talent. The Voices, finally, are superb and astonishing. In addition to singing in magnificent harmony, they can imitate any sounds known to the mortal ear, ranging from those theoretically made by a crowd at a circus to those produced by all the instruments in a symphony orchestra. They are just about the happiest arrivals of the season, and I can scarcely wait to encounter them all again. —WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

THE NEW ARMY IN THE LAP OF THE NEW NAVY

[*Letter found by a soldier aboard a transport*]

FROM: Commanding Officer, Military Department

To: Commander, Military Sea Transportation Service, Atlantic Area

SUBJ.: Senior Unit Commander's Voyage Report (Outbound); comment on

1. The Commanding Officer was well pleased with the efficient manner in which the Voyage Staff performed their duties. All details were very efficient and cleanliness and sanitation was excellent.

2. The preparation of scrambled eggs on this trip was the same as on innumerable prior trips. No complaint regarding their preparation was received by myself or the Chief Steward until the night before debark at Bremerhaven. Experience has shown that it is an impossibility to please over 2000 troops' individual taste in a meal such as scrambled eggs. However, had the matter been brought to my attention, it is believed that those few who complained about the eggs being over-cooked could have been satisfied simply by serving them either from the top, middle or bottom of the pan containing the scrambled eggs.

3. Remainder of report is concurred with.

F. R. HOOKUM



Square of elegance— at once slim and capacious, MM's beautiful variant of the portfolio! In raw silk of a wonderful natural color, 20.00 In black rayon satin or faille or navy faille, 15.00 Plus tax.
Lord & Taylor, New York

FOURTH DIMENSION



Gourielli creates Fourth Dimension,® the perfume for moderns—complex, high key, exciting. A new concept in fragrance, it is destined to have an electrifying effect! Perfume, 22.50 to 3.50. Toilet Water, 5.50. Cologne, 3.50, 2.25. All prices plus tax.

GOURIELLI
Creator of perfumes men like women to wear
16 East 55th Street, New York 22, New York

Would you like to breed  *fine horses,*

operate a  *dairy farm or a trout*  *hatchery,*

tend an orange  *grove, fatten cattle*  *for market?*

Ask Previews for

Homes with a PLUS



RAISE THOROUGHBREDS in California on Santa Barbara's famous Yolo Farm with a luxurious 13-room residence, studio, staff's houses, stables, excellent ¼-mile track and 44 valuable acres offered at half reproduction cost. Ask for leaflet YN-70688.



RUN A FEEDER RANCH in Arizona on the Santa Cruz River an hour from Tucson, and live in a lovely 12-room home with guest cottages, swimming pool, 640 acres, farm bldgs.—ideal for guest ranch, too. Offered at $175,000. Ask for leaflet YN-70681.



HAVE YOUR OWN FLORIDA GROVE and a lovely 9-room Colonial home in Ft. Myers. A 12-acre grove of oranges, grapefruit, tangerines. Beautiful grounds. Excellent development possibilities. $55,000 furn. and equipped. Ask for leaflet YN-80209.



CASH YOUR MILK CHECKS in New York's fertile Delaware County farm country on a self-supporting 107-acre dairy farm with a fresh, attractive 6-room Colonial home less than 100 mi. from N.Y.C., for only $14,500. Ask for leaflet YN-43896.



OWN A TROUT HATCHERY near Lake of the Ozarks in Missouri's vacationland, and live in a charming stone Contemporary house of 7 rooms. 280 acres. Complete commercial trout operation. Offered at $175,000 stocked, eqpd. Ask for leaflet YN-75066.



HERD SHEEP ON A FARM near Haverhill, N.H., within commuting range of Boston, and enjoy country living in a pleasant 9-room home with 400 acres of rich pastures, open fields, woodland and a brook. Offered at $32,500. Ask for leaflet YN-50910.

The homes on this page offer an opportunity to combine business—
or a hobby—with good living. And Previews has many more such dual-purpose
homes for those of you who would like to farm, ranch, run a dude ranch,
herd sheep, raise dogs or whatever suits your fancy. Ask Previews
to help you find the home which will help you to get more out of life.

And remember, whatever sort of property you want, wherever you want it,
from a villa on the Riviera to a beach house in California, from a camp
in the North Woods to an island in the West Indies, Previews can
help you find it . . . easier . . . faster. Prices start at $14,500.



PREVIEWS Inc. *The National Real Estate Clearing House*

49 East 53rd Street, New York 22 • PLaza 8-2630

BOSTON 9 — 20 Kilby St.
CHICAGO 4 — 231 S. LaSalle St.
DENVER 2 — 323 First Nat'l Bank Bldg.
PALM BEACH — 266 S. County Rd.
PHILADELPHIA 2 — 1518 Walnut St.
LOS ANGELES 17 — 900 Wilshire Blvd.
SAN FRANCISCO 4 — 68 Post St.
PARIS — 52, Champs Elysees

Life begins with

LANVIN PARFUMS · PARIS

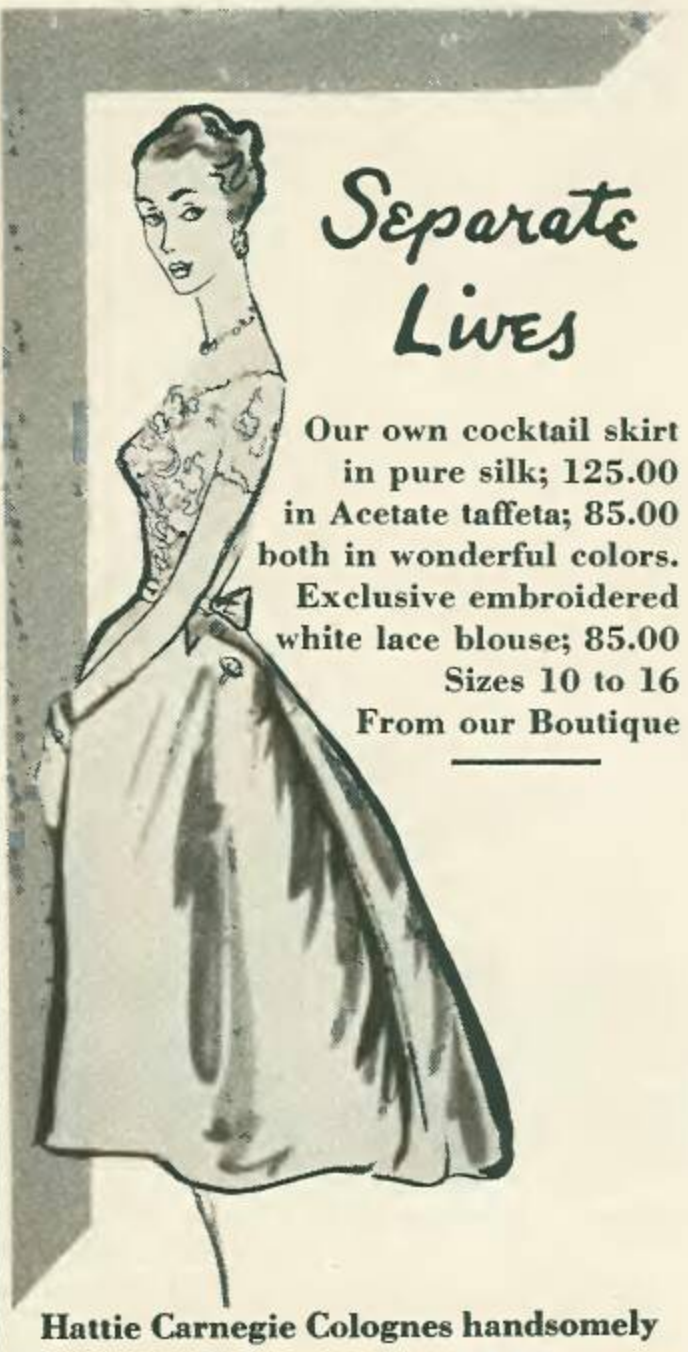
THE SKY LINE

The Roaring Traffic's Boom—III



MOST of the fancy cures that the experts have offered for New York's congestion are based on the innocent notion that the problem can be solved by increasing the capacity of the existing traffic routes, multiplying the number of ways of getting in and out of town, or providing more parking space for cars that should not have been lured into the city in the first place. Like the tailor's remedy for obesity—letting out the seams of the trousers and loosening the belt—this does nothing to curb the greedy appetites that have caused the fat to accumulate. The best recent book on the subject, "Urban Traffic," by Robert B. Mitchell and Chester Rapkin (Columbia University), takes quite another view—that traffic is but one "function of land use," which is to say that streets and highways should not be treated as if they existed in a desert inhabited only by motorcars. How different that attitude is from the prevalent conception, as succinctly summarized by a one-time city-planning commissioner: "The main purpose of traffic (surely) is to enable a maximum number of citizens to derive all possible benefits from the use of automobiles as a means of transportation, for business, convenience, and pleasure." It is because this second conception of traffic is dominant that our cities have become a shambles.

Before we cut any more chunks out of our parks to make room for more automobiles or let another highway clover leaf unfold, we should look at the transformation that has taken place during the last thirty years in Manhattan—a city that is steadily growing higher, denser, more complex, more clotted, more confused, its chaos solidifying into an insane mess of high buildings placed within a rigid urban framework that is hopelessly out of date. Our mild legal limits on the height of midtown buildings merely encourage tall structures in the very areas where traffic congestion is already close to paralysis, and we demolish crowded slums only to replace them with public-housing developments whose population densities, as high as four hundred and fifty people an acre, are twice the average residential density of the city. We have consistent-



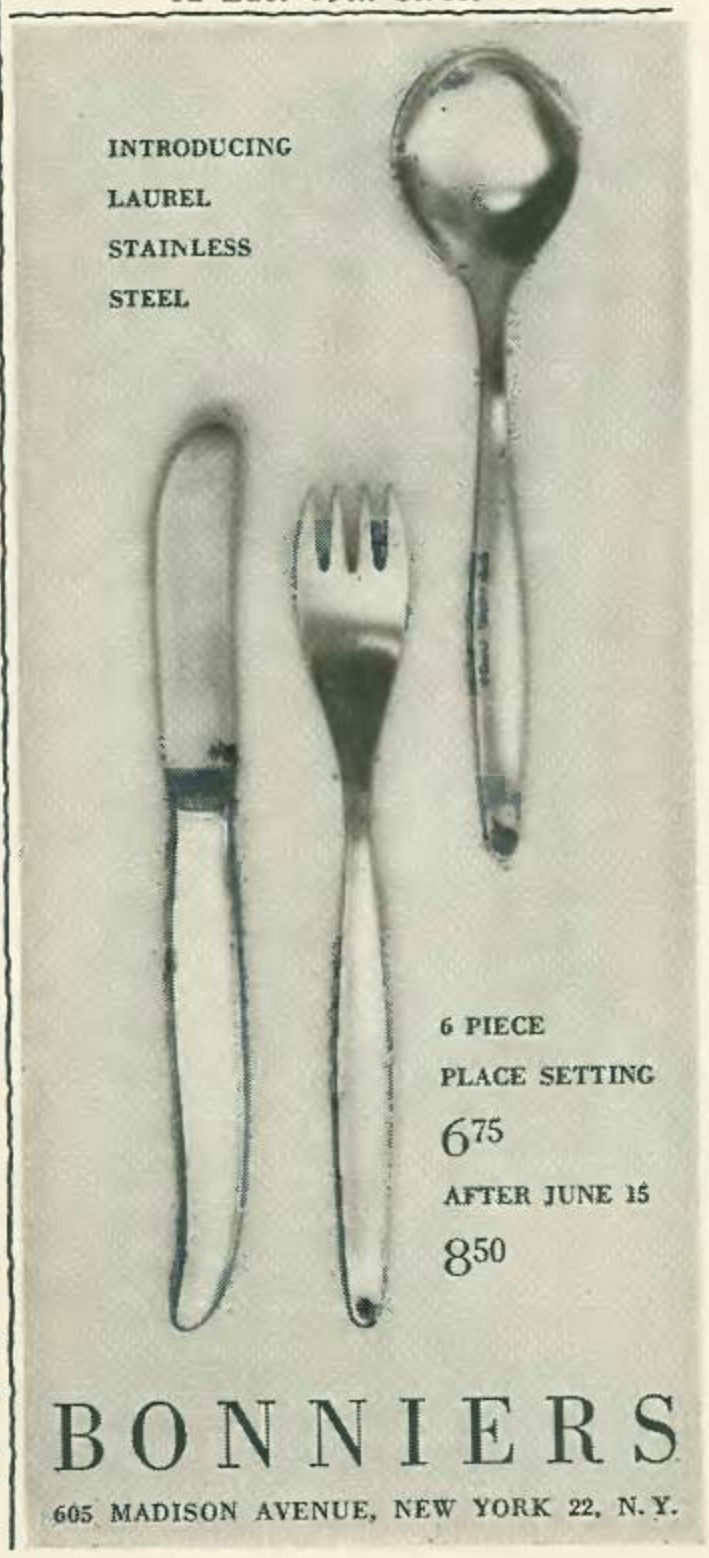
Separate Lives

Our own cocktail skirt
in pure silk; 125.00
in Acetate taffeta; 85.00
both in wonderful colors.
Exclusive embroidered
white lace blouse; 85.00
Sizes 10 to 16
From our Boutique

Hattie Carnegie Colognes handsomely gift wrapped, 2 ounces from 2.00 *plus tax*

Hattie Carnegie

42 East 49th Street



BONNIERS

605 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 22, N.Y.

ly acted as if there were no relation between the number of people we dump on the land and the amount of congestion on the streets and arterial traffic routes.

Instead of maximizing facilities for motorcars, we should maximize the advantages of urban life. Parks, playgrounds, and schools, theatres, universities, and concert halls, to say nothing of a quiet night's sleep and a sunny outlook when one wakes up, are more important than any benefits to be derived from the constant use of the automobile. To accomplish this improvement, we must devise a fundamental change in the city's whole pattern. The plain fact is that the high-density city is obsolete. If the city is to become livable again, and if its traffic is to be reduced to dimensions that can be handled, the city will have to bring all its powers to bear upon the problem of creating a new metropolitan pattern, not just unintegrated segments of such a pattern, like the dubious public-housing projects of the lower East Side.

A LARGE part of the present difficulty (as visible, by the way, in London, a city of low buildings, as it is in New York) is caused by the overemployment of one method of transportation, the private motorcar—a method that happens to be, on the basis of the number of people it transports, by far the most wasteful of urban space. Because we have apparently decided that the private motorcar has a sacred right to go anywhere, halt anywhere, and remain anywhere as long as its owner chooses, we have neglected other means of transportation, and have even permitted some public mass-transportation facilities to lapse while our municipalities and states spend public moneys in astronomical amounts to provide additional facilities for private transportation. The major corrective for this crippling overspecialization is to redevelop now despised modes of circulation—public vehicles and private feet, both of which are essential for mass movement. An effective modern city plan would use each kind in its proper place and to its proper extent—the walker, the vertical elevator, the private car, public surface and subway transportation, and (for longer distances) the railroad, to mention them in the order of increasing speed and capacity. Only when all five are made use of and planned in relation to one another can an efficient circulation of traffic be maintained. When, for example, the vertical elevator is used to excess, it pro-



Lady Macintosh: a deluxe arrival

No other weathercoat has so truly *arrived* in high feminine circles as the Lady Macintosh. From coast to coast this famous English beauty is *the* rain-or-shine favorite . . . overwhelmingly preferred for the *deluxe* qualities of its Egyptian cotton poplin and classic London tailoring. $29.95, including separate belt, at stores listed. Or write Robert Appleby & Company, Inc., 347 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Where to buy Macintosh

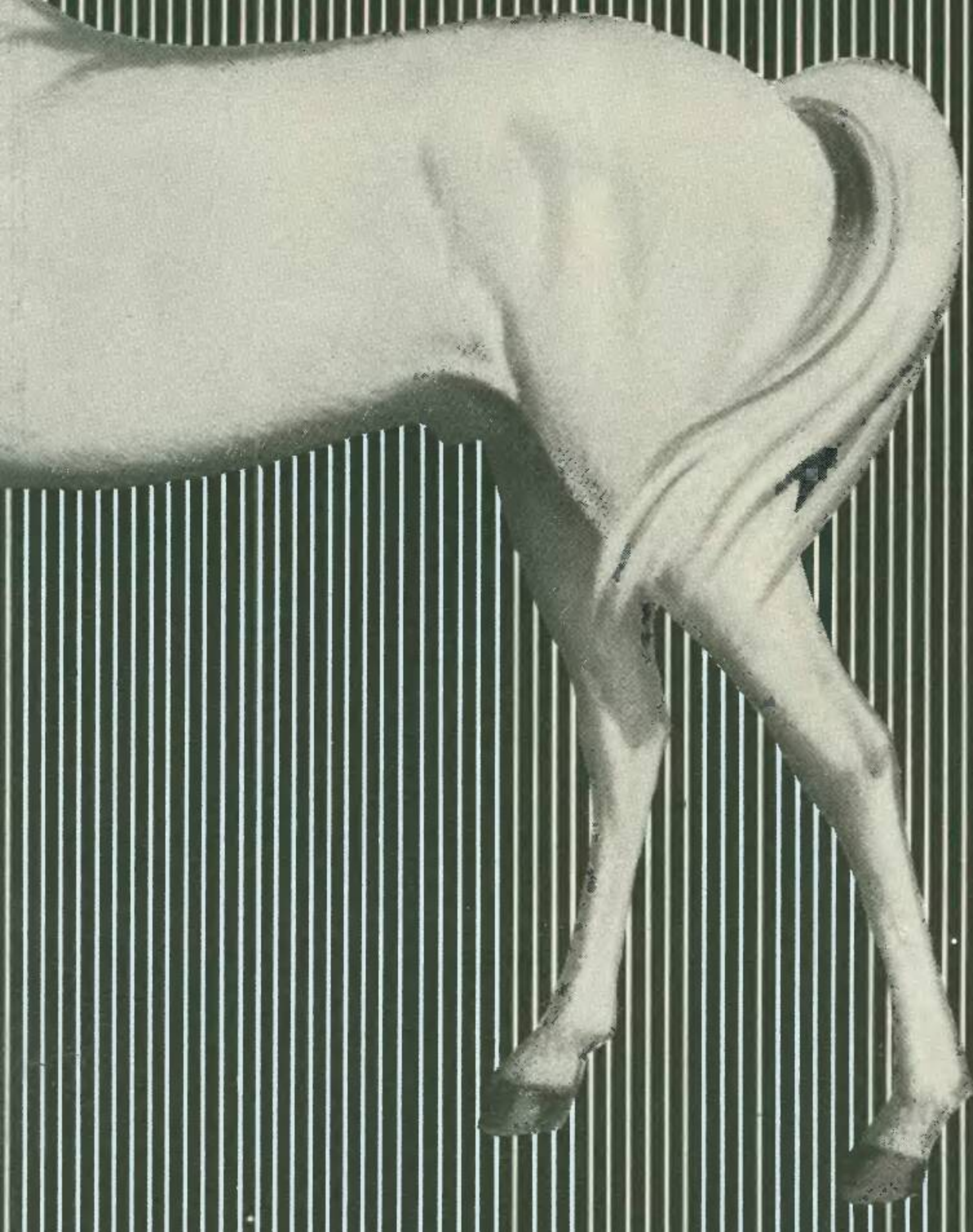
NEW YORK.....Abercrombie & Fitch
Albany.....W. E. Walsh & Sons
Allentown, Pa.....Hess Bros.
Amherst, Mass.....House of Walsh
Ann Arbor.....Wagner & Company
Atlanta.....John Jarrell, Inc.
Baltimore.....Wm. H. Lohmeyer
Berkeley, Calif.....George J. Good
Beverly, Mass.....Johnny Appleseed's
Binghamton, N. Y.....McLean's
Birmingham, Ala..Henry Porter, Inc.
Boston.....Jordan Marsh
Boston.....Arthur L. Johnson Co.
Brockton, Mass.....Toms, Inc.
Buffalo, N. Y.....Flint & Kent
Burlington, Vt.....Miles & Riley
Cambridge, Mass.....J. August Co.
Carmel, Calif.....Robert Kirk, Ltd.
Charleston, W. Va.....Peck's Inc.
Chicago.....Von Lengerke & Antoine
Cleveland, Ohio....The Halle Bros. Co.
Columbus, Ohio.....Pumphrey's
Concord, Mass.....The Country Store
Denver.....The Gano-Downs Co.
Detroit.....Capper & Capper
East Lansing, Mich.....Gards
Evanston, Ill.....Williams
Grand Haven, Mich.....Reichardt
Grand Rapids
Mackenzie Bostock & Monroe
Grosse Pointe, Mich.....Proper's
Hartford, Conn.....Florence Travis
Houston, Texas.....Norton-Ditto Co.
Ithaca.....Browning, King & Co.
Indianapolis.....L. Strauss & Co. Inc.
Kansas City, Mo.....Harzfeld's
Kingston, Mass.....Frances Wilmarth
Kingston, N. Y.....The Men's Shop
Los Angeles.....Phelps-Terkel
Louisville, Ky.....Roche & Roche
Madison, Wis.....MacNeil & Moore
Memphis, Tenn.....Julius Lewis
Milwaukee, Wis.....MacNeil & Moore
Minneapolis.....Nicolas, Inc.
Montclair, N. J.....The Babs Shop
Nashua, N. H.....Dod's
New Bedford, Mass.....Marty Sullivan
New Haven.....Gentree Ltd.
New Orleans, La.....Godchaux's
Newport, R. I..Thompson-Forbes, Inc.
Omaha.....Charles J. Assmann
Pebble Beach, Calif.....Littler
Philadelphia.....Jackson & Moyer
Pittsburgh.....Surrey
Portland, Ore.....M. & H. H. Sichel
Princeton, N. J.....The Clothes Line
Providence.....Leopold Feldstein, Inc.
Richmond, Va.....Berry-Burk & Co.
Rochester, N. Y.....Projansky, Inc.
St. Louis.....Boyd's
Salem, Ore.....Price's
San Francisco.....Robert Kirk, Ltd.
Santa Barbara, Cal...Roy E. Gammill
Seattle.....Littler
Spokane.....Davenport Sport Shop
Springfield, Mass.....Haynes & Co.
Syracuse.....Flah & Co. Inc.
Toledo, O.....Dansehroder Berry, Inc.
Wash., D.C.....Lewis & Thos. Saltz
Waterville, Maine.....Dunham's
Williamstown, Mass...House of Walsh
Wilmington.....Bird-Speakman, Inc.
Worcester, Mass.....Ulian's

MACINTOSH
—the standard by which all other weathercoats are judged.

What a SCOTCH!



● Blended Scotch Whisky 86.8 Proof



WHITE HORSE of course!

● Browne-Vintners Co., Inc., New York Sole Distributors

DESIGNED FOR GIVING:

GORHAM REPRODUCTIONS OF FAMOUS MUSEUM PIECES



PAUL REVERE SERVING SPOON† AND BOWL IN DEEP GLOW STERLING

Authentic Gorham* reproductions of designs by America's famous Colonial silversmith and patriot, Paul Revere, are treasures to own. The serving spoon, a line-for-line copy, costs $12.50. The handsome footed bowl is 10″ in diameter; costs $95.00. Available at most leading jewelry and department stores.

Prices, incl. Fed. tax, subject to change without notice.

†Made under special license from the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Gorham STERLING ®*

AMERICA'S LEADING SILVERSMITHS SINCE 1831. *Trade Marks ©1955 by The Gorham Company, Providence, R. I.



Imports destined for attire
Arrive from all creation.
But for the best, you should enquire
The port of embarkation!

The finest woollens come from Britain.
When buying clothes look for

British Woollens

British Woollens • *Fabrics Forever in Fashion* • 511 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, New York

Olympic

Rated FIRST with the MOST HI-FI FOR THE MONEY



Full console model, 10 tube AM-FM radio, 3 speed automatic record changer, 12 in. speaker, 50-14000 CPS.

32½″ High 22″ Wide 17″ Deep

Slightly higher south and west

$169.95

See your Olympic dealer or write

OLYMPIC RADIO & TELEVISION INC.
34-01 38th AVE. Long Island City 1, N. Y.



Try them all...
you'll enjoy them all...
as made by Garnier in America.

JULIUS WILE SONS & CO., INC., NEW YORK

duces a mass of buildings so high that no feat of horizontal mass transportation can handle the resulting human traffic without insufferable rush-hour jams. On the other hand, if the jumble of enterprises that now clutter the great midtown and downtown areas of the city were more generally dispersed—in the way that Macy's has established a branch in Flatbush, Bloomingdale's has set up one in Fresh Meadows, and so on—this would take some of the burden off the congested central district, and many people who are now long-distance shoppers by car might become pedestrians again.

I have suggested earlier the possibility that private vehicles may eventually be excluded from whole urban areas. Do not fancy that this is a mere whimsey. It has already happened in the Wall Street district, and through traffic has for a long time been barred from Manhattan's "play streets." Philadelphia's director of city planning, Mr. Edmond Bacon, has suggested that its busiest shopping thoroughfare, Chestnut Street, might be turned, with profit to all concerned, into a pedestrian mall, forbidden to private motors or taxis. Fifth Avenue, during the hours when its traffic is stalled, is for all practical purposes now a pedestrian mall between Thirty-fourth and Fifty-ninth Streets. Removing the cars from it might make it as pleasant a place to shop in as Amsterdam's Kalverstraat or Buenos Aires' Calle Florida, both of which are sacred to pedestrians. The replanning of New York so that the pedestrian may again have a real place in the urban economy would have seemed fantastic only a generation ago. But if the pedestrian is to come back, it is necessary, for both his safety and his health, to insulate his promenades from the traffic thoroughfare, just as it is necessary to keep motorcars from entering areas where they do not belong and to provide for their swift movement through areas where they do belong. Concern for urban health should be no small incentive in this planning, for the increasing quantity of lethal carbon monoxide poured into the air by the internal-combustion motor has become a serious occupational hazard for traffic policemen, and doubtless in some degree lowers the vitality of everyone who uses the streets and breathes the foul exhausts.

THE principle of separating walkers from drivers, which involves planning whole neighborhoods (or superblocks) at a time, is known to

turn a dial – get a copy

WITH REVOLUTIONARY NEW PHOTOCOPY MACHINE



NOW GET INSTANT PHOTOCOPIES OF ANYTHING WRITTEN, PRINTED, TYPED, DRAWN OR PHOTOGRAPHED RIGHT IN YOUR OWN OFFICE



Now just dial a copy. The secret to the world's easiest copying method is in the dial. Amazing newly designed automatic copy control assures perfect copies every time. Just set the dial to the type of copies you want – your copies are ready in seconds.

No Developing	No Fixing
No Washing	No Drying
No Trays	No Dark Room

The Brand New

DIAL-A-MATIC

APECO ^ AUTO-STAT

Obsoletes all other copying advancements

Now an entirely new concept in office photocopying. Turn the dial . . . get the clearest, fastest, most convenient copy of anything. It's the new all electric Apeco Dial-A-Matic Auto-Stat with revolutionary finger tip dial control . . . the results of years of Apeco experience and continuous research. The original can be any color on opaque or transparent paper–printed on one or both sides. It copies any original up to 15" wide any length. The Dial-A-Matic is years ahead in design too . . . light weight for easy portability . . . compact to fit on the corner of any desk and is outstandingly styled in an eye-catching contrast of polished and satin finish stainless steel. It offers hundreds of money and time saving uses in every business at a price well within the budget of even the smallest firm.

SO EASY AND FAST!

IN GOES THE ORIGINAL



OUT COMES THE COPY!



SEND FOR NEW FREE BOOK

As a business executive you will want to read this interesting report on the world's newest most modern copying machine. Important information that can show you how to save time and money in your business.

Local representatives in all principal cities. Consult your Classified Directory.

AMERICAN PHOTOCOPY EQUIPMENT COMPANY
Chicago 26, Ill.

American Photocopy Equipment Co.
1981 W. Peterson Ave., Chicago 26, Ill.

Rush me without obligation your free book on new Apeco Dial-A-Matic Auto-Stat copying. I understand this is a factual report that will show me how I can increase the efficiency of my business.

Name_____

Firm_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

In Canada: Apeco of Canada, Ltd.,
134 Park Lawn Road, Toronto, Ont.

"Comfort guaranteed... in writing!"



Make no mistake, men! *Allen-Edmonds* is the shoe with the *written* comfort guarantee. Allen-Edmonds patented nailless construction . . . U-Turn flexibility . . . full length cork cushioning . . . and supple leathers give you comfort from the very first step or your full purchase price is refunded!

Newberry



THEY FLEX . . .



THEY ROLL . . .



THEY FOLLOW YOUR FOOT IN ACTION

Allen-Edmonds
THE SHOE OF TOMORROW

most styles $24.95
Write for FREE catalog NY-3
ALLEN-EDMONDS • BELGIUM, WIS.

So Beautiful it ornaments any home

So Versatile you will use it a dozen ways

So Strong! So Rigid!

MODEL WV 16 x 28 x 27" high, in mahogany or maple finish ($17.95); ebony finish with gold stripe or grained white birch ($19.95). An all purpose beauty for games, writing, buffet supper, typewriter, etc. — So strong you can sit on it. All hard wood, alcohol and heat-resistant, triple reinforced at fold, no wobbly legs. At the better stores, or write



a Howe FOLDING TABLE

if it folds ask HOWE

MODEL WV

HOWE FOLDING FURNITURE, INC. ONE PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

Ringling Bros and Barnum Bailey CIRCUS

THE GREATEST *GREATEST* SHOW ON EARTH!

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN NOW

PRICES (Tax incl.) Nights & Matinees: $1.50, 2.50, 3.00, 3.50, 5.00, 6.00, 6.50 — Tickets of Admission also include Menagerie and Side Show Attractions.

CHILDREN UNDER 12 HALF PRICE — Every Afternoon except Sat. & Sun. thru Sun. May 8. Twice Daily, 2 and 8:30 P.M. —Sun., 2 and 7 P.M. MAIL ORDERS FILLED PROMPTLY

ONE OF 40 FINE WINES from the famous Widmer Cellars



WIDMER'S
New York State
Lake Niagara
a new, wine-taste... fragrant and mildly sweet!

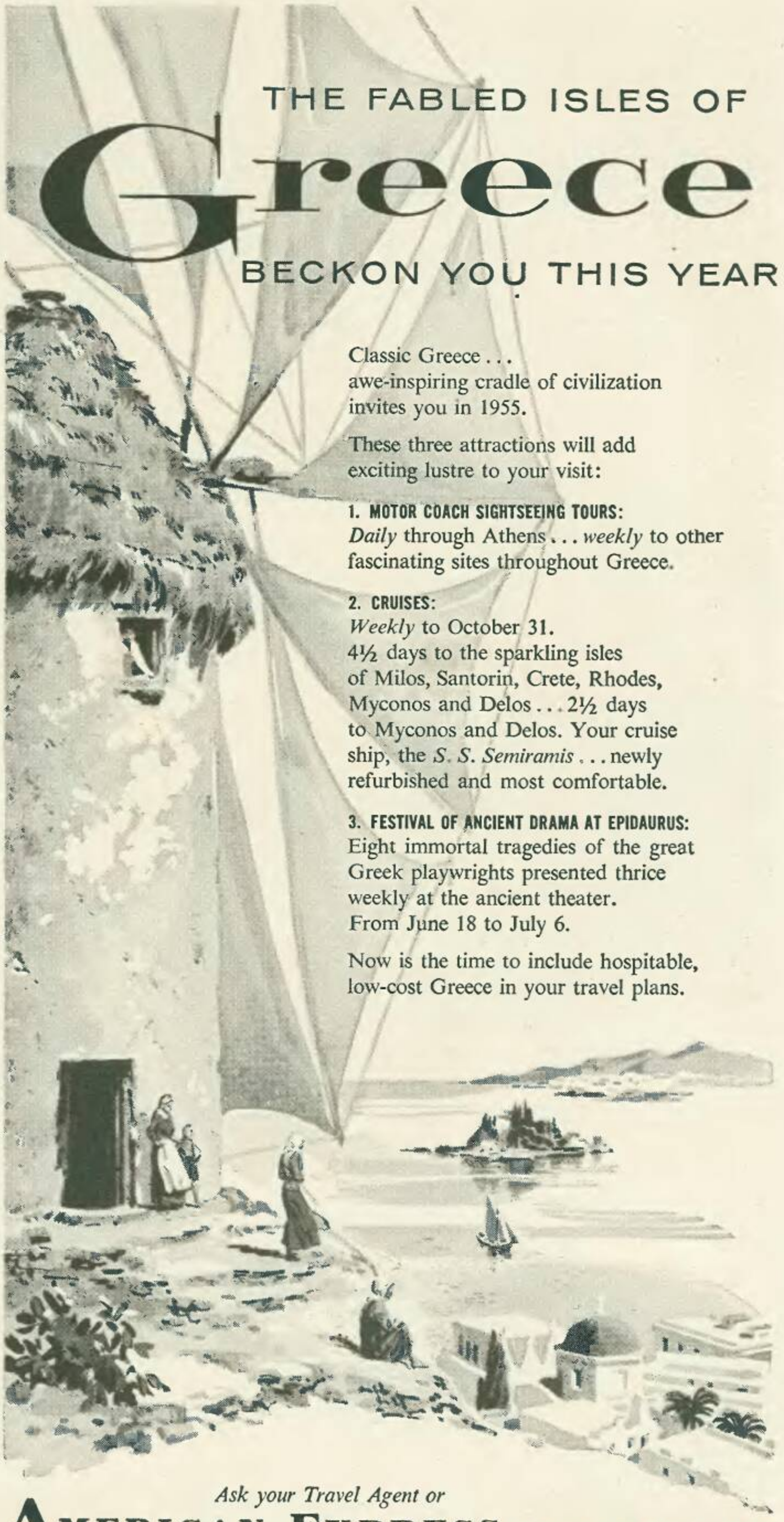
WIDMER'S WINE CELLARS, INC., NAPLES, N.Y.

planners as the Radburn idea, after the planned town of Radburn, New Jersey, laid out by Clarence Stein and Henry Wright, but as a matter of fact it was first embodied in the plan of medieval Venice, whose canals carried the swift-moving traffic of another age. Until Radburn was designed, in 1928, no professional planner seemed able to understand that the extraordinary charm of Venice, which persists despite its overcrowding and decay, is due partly to the fact that each neighborhood was planned as a unit, for the benefit of the foot walker, and is not menaced by the rumble and roar of wheeled traffic, and that to go from one part of the city to a distant part one uses an entirely different transportation system, which never suffers any interruption by the pedestrian and does not interrupt his progress, either. Leonardo da Vinci proposed to overcome the congestion of Milan by a similar separation of wheeled traffic from pedestrian walks. The first modern planners to effect such separation were Olmsted and Vaux, in their brilliant plan for Central Park. Their scheme provided separate ways for the pedestrian, the horseback rider, and the carriage driver—to say nothing of confining commercial traffic to the "expressway" transverses—and it minimized the number of intersections by using overpasses and underpasses. If you examine the original plan of Central Park, you are examining a modern city plan, and if you walk through the Mall, noting how the traffic circulates around it, you have only to imagine buildings spaced at intervals along it, in related groups, to understand the principle of the superblock, which should be the minimum unit of land subdivision for the ideal big city, as against the standard New York block, whose inadequate size is one of the chief handicaps to a sensible redevelopment of our metropolis. Harvard Yard, in Cambridge, is a superblock; indeed, Cambridge is full of mid-nineteenth-century superblocks, with economical cul-de-sacs (rather than the conventional space-wasting gridiron of streets) and spacious gardens that have proved a happy barrier to overcrowding. And Rockefeller Center, too, is almost a superblock, though by no means a perfect example, since the unifying pedestrian feature is underground. While it maintains the gridiron street pattern, and has, in fact, even added a north-and-south street in its middle, it has at least demonstrated that a related group of office buildings, with plenty of room for pedestrian traffic, has vast advan-

tages over the average helter-skelter city block.

The superblock was not an invention of Olmsted, but he was the first to use it, back in the early nineties, for his communities of Riverside, Illinois, and Roland Park, Maryland. It permits the grouping of housing units around a decent minimum of open space, or even park, without the intrusion of through vehicular traffic, an intrusion that the standard city block, and our gridiron layout of streets, actually invites. Instead of sacrificing good living quarters to traffic, you improve both at the same time by insulating them from each other. Radburn was the first community to embody all these ideas for the modern city. This philanthropic venture of the farsighted realtor Alexander M. Bing and his City Housing Corporation was an early victim of the depression, and thus never became the complete town it was designed to be. But two whole neighborhood units, united by a system of pedestrian ways entirely separated from the motorways, were constructed. There are several methods of building such a town. Stein and Wright created a continuous core of park, around which the neighborhoods, separated from each other by through traffic arteries, were arranged. The planners of the English garden cities, on the other hand, used the park as a green belt to both surround the outer edges of the neighborhoods and set the neighborhoods apart. But wherever a new city is being built today, whether it is Kitimat, the new aluminum-making town in the wilds of British Columbia, or Chandigarh, the new capital of East Punjab, in India, the principles that Wright and Stein incorporated in Radburn, which was deliberately conceived as a "town for the motor age," are being employed. Even Le Corbusier, after suggesting many extravagant and often silly ideas for the city of the future, adopted, without much modification, the Radburn plan.

Paradoxically, a "town for the motor age" does not sacrifice either beauty or habitability to the overriding needs of the motorcar. The system of planning cities as a group of neighborhoods and precincts, with internal traffic minimized and outside traffic excluded, can be applied to old cities, too. Indeed, if the centers of our big metropolises are not to be blighted by the competing attractions of suburban shopping centers and suburban business plazas, with their comparatively ample facilities for transportation and parking



Around the park or the world

What can you wear *everywhere* this summer to look your trimmest, feel your coolest? The answer is the Virasil . . . a handsome new tropical suit that features another fabric-first, another step forward in clothing progress constantly pioneered by Hart Schaffner & Marx.

In the summer of 1951, the ingenious combination of Dacron and worsted was first introduced by Hart Schaffner & Marx. Now, the beauty and wearability of this fine material is enhanced by the addition of *silk*.

Here is a brand new, grand new blend of natural and man-created fibers. It's an ultra-modern material that heightens fashion and resists wrinkles.



He knows his skinkles

The warp is Dacron wedded to wool, and the filling is Dacron, wool and *silk*. The latter gives the material its tiny, frosty "skinkles" . . . a television term meaning dramatic highlights.

The Virasil brings you tailoring that is faultless. The superiority of its style, comfort and appearance cannot be overemphasized. Fabric-experts, themselves, exclaim over the look and feel of this Dacron-worsted-silk combination . . . its fine texture and finish, its rich color-depth.

Here, truly, is something new, something different. And in telling you about it we just naturally resort to a few *verbal* skinkles.

Take note of your own reaction when you try on the Virasil. And that will be soon, no doubt . . . because you're probably not far from a fine store featuring Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes.

At these and many other fine dealer stores.

New York.....Wallachs
Columbus, Dayton.....Walkers
Orlando, Fla......Rutland's
Memphis.....Julius Lewis Inc.
Dallas.....Jas. K. Wilson
San Antonio....Fomby's, Joske's

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

(the result of more open building and therefore lower densities of population), they can do it only by bringing about a change in their own plans. It will take time and money, of course, but in the end the wrong sort of planning takes much more time and money.

This new kind of city design actually meets the needs of both business and living much better than any plan that makes the transportation system the dominant element. There is a natural tendency in all cities for related trades and occupations to gather together in districts of their own, regardless of the traffic problems such concentrations of industry and people produce. The financial interests—banking, brokerage, and their necessary attendants, the lawyers—have long clustered along Broad and Wall Streets, and it was only lately that they set up a subcenter in and around Rockefeller Center. The garment industry clung, during the sweatshop days, to the congested lower East Side, where the work was farmed out to the people who lived in the crowded tenements, and it now forms an even more congested city in itself in the West Thirties—one so crazily conceived that it takes longer to send a rush order to Fifth Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street than it should to send it to Philadelphia.

OBVIOUSLY, no private agent, not even a wealthy life-insurance corporation, can undertake the task of regrouping the business, the industrial, and the residential areas of New York so as to facilitate their activities and reduce the amount of long-distance traffic in the city, for such a project requires not only immense sums of capital but the full use of public powers. At present, the municipality has no legal authorization to acquire by condemnation land for such large-scale redevelopment. The only agency that has public powers on a regional scale sufficient to deal with even the traffic aspect of the problem is the Port Authority. Unfortunately, this body has taken its privileges as a profit-making corporation more seriously than its public obligations as a planner of interstate industrial and civic enterprises, so instead of helping to solve our traffic problems, it is now one of the major interests fostering congestion, and it levies tolls on that congestion in every new tunnel or bridge it builds. To replace our present bungling palliatives for congestion with a plan for building a permanently attractive and livable city, the municipality needs legal powers to acquire and redevelop land for

Fabulous little lei in mink

Detachable links of white and dark ranch mink versatile, too — wear them together or separate. 275 (includes tax)



furs S.J. Glaser inc.

26 EAST 56 STREET, NEW YORK

Dinner in The Ivy

Timed for early theatregoers or late diners

Sunday Brunch

From 12 Noon

HOTEL Drake

440 Park Ave., at 56th St.

Bing & Bing Inc., Mgt.

DESIGNED, MADE, GUARANTEED, and SOLD ONLY BY

FOAM RUBBER Center

The ILSABAR Detachable end tables provide handy storage space and lend long, low lines. Our exclusive 5-inch foam rubber mattress, square tapered bolsters, and No-Sag springs. Overall length 123". In all fine woods, also with one end table or none. in muslin $279.95



15 East 53rd Street * 7-9 East 20th Street

Long Island: 1100 Hemp. Tpke. in Franklin Square

a variety of purposes. It should also be legally enabled to plan residential neighborhoods for more than merely the lower-income groups, and to plan business quarters on a far greater scale than Rockefeller Center.

In a city already as deeply committed to congestion as New York, with its property values, its system of taxation, its budgetary needs all geared to the policy of furthering congestion, genuine planning can make headway only gradually, and after much public education. In redesigning New York, we would, by the way, do well to heed the precedent, ignored by our planners, that was set long ago by Superintendent John Tildsley, who sited the public high schools erected in the city during his tenure so that the students would mainly travel against the prevalent streams of traffic morning and afternoon. Shopping centers and business quarters should be planned in the same fashion, to disperse some of the institutions of the city not to distant suburbs but to its own peripheral sections, instead of so concentrating them that it is necessary to pump almost four million people daily into the area south of Fifty-ninth Street.

IF Manhattan were replanned in this new fashion, what would it look like? For another thirty years, it would hardly be possible to note the difference merely by gazing at the silhouette of the city; from a distance it would still be the same hilarious upheaval of steel and stone, romantic beyond words when viewed against the sunset from the approach to the Triborough Bridge or from Brooklyn Bridge. But in time the great volcanic palisade of buildings in downtown and midtown Manhattan would give way to whole quarters in which the tall structures—none of them, even the office buildings, over fifteen stories high—would be widely spaced and placed near the mass transportation routes and stops, while the trees and the grass-lined walks within these quarters would have the charm of a Paris boulevard, without the stench and noise that now make the café terraces of that city a humbug and an ordeal, as far as aesthetic pleasure goes. Each of these new quarters would have its own form and character, with its own social core of shops, markets, restaurants, churches, and schools, no longer scattered at random on through streets and avenues. Perhaps as many people as now enter the city from a distance by car would be able to take a salubrious walk to their work, just

CASUAL PERFECTION

BY

BANISTER



Since 1845 — World's Most Honored Shoes



Put yourself elegantly at ease in shorts or slacks . . . and these Banister tassel step-ins. Handsomest members of the leisure class, they are equally desirable for their faultless fit . . . a characteristic few makers achieve in this type of footwear. Light, and supple as a glove on the foot. In all black or charcoal brown, premium quality polished calfskin. About $25.95 at the finer shops.

Other styles retailing for $24.50 to $75.00, slightly higher Denver, West.

BANISTER

110 years of most illustrious shoemaking achievement

JAMES A. BANISTER COMPANY, SOUTH WEYMOUTH 90, MASS.

as the residents of the more fortunate areas of the East Side now do in the midtown area, though the salubrity of *their* walk is sadly tinctured by carbon monoxide. The great tides of traffic, instead of sluggishly moving in congested streams, would flow rapidly along new traffic routes, including crosstown expressways, and only vehicles that had business there would filter through the smaller capillaries into the unified neighborhoods. The daytime population of Manhattan would decrease, but as the city became more livable and the decayed neighborhoods above Fifty-ninth Street and below Twenty-third Street were restored to life, the living-in population might go up a little. One might again think of raising children in such a city without worrying about dope peddlers, juvenile delinquents, psychotics, and the dangers the young now encounter even on an afternoon walk in the public parks.

I do not suggest that the municipality can effect such a change while the whole force of government highway aid and business enterprise is addressed to promoting the growing congestion in the area both in and outside the city of New York. No internal corrective for congestion will work unless the principle of decentralization is applied to a much wider area. The kind of planning that stops at the limits of the metropolitan zone is as useless as that which stops at the legal limits of the municipality. Such planning forgets that there is a new, modern scale of distances, and that problems that were once soluble within a city now involve public control and development of enormously larger areas. We must not merely think of planning satellite communities around New York; we must overcome the highway engineers' itch to congeal into a solid urban mass towns and rural areas that should retain their individuality and their comparative independence. If this kind of long-range thinking gives anyone a headache, he is at liberty to exchange it for our present headache—a New York inhabited by a shifting, overcrowded, demoralized population, and a superhighway system jammed with people fleeing not from disaster but from the very city that is supposed to offer all the benefits that make life desirable.

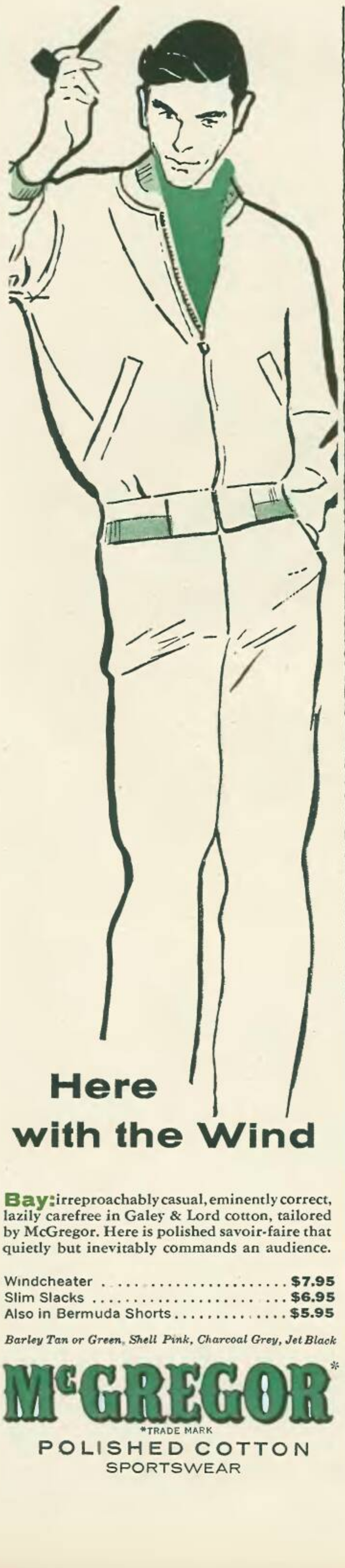
—Lewis Mumford

(*This is the third of a series of four articles on the city's traffic problem.*)

•

Of course, you've read Stevenson's *Treasure Island!* Remember his man Friday?—*Extension Magazine.*

Sure. The one with the wooden leg.



Here with the Wind

Bay: irreproachably casual, eminently correct, lazily carefree in Galey & Lord cotton, tailored by McGregor. Here is polished savoir-faire that quietly but inevitably commands an audience.

Windcheater **$7.95**
Slim Slacks **$6.95**
Also in Bermuda Shorts **$5.95**

Barley Tan or Green, Shell Pink, Charcoal Grey, Jet Black

McGREGOR*
*TRADE MARK
POLISHED COTTON
SPORTSWEAR



Mother's Trophies . . .

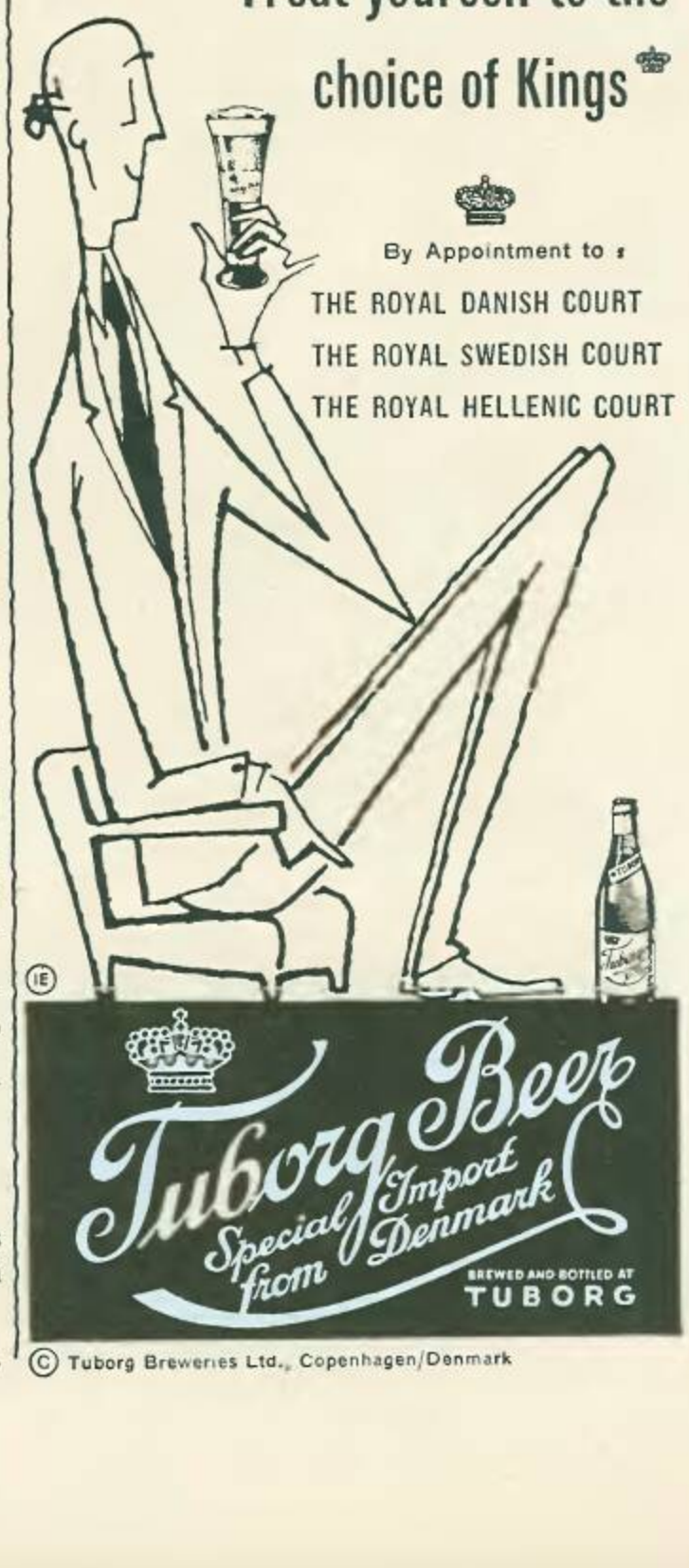
in American silver lockets.
¾" round or heart, **$2.50** ea.
Bracelet, **$6.60.**
Engraving 20¢ a letter.

PRICES INCLUDE FEDERAL TAX
ADD 3% FOR N.Y.C. DELIVERY
MAIL AND PHONE ORDERS—PL 1-2400

GEORG JENSEN INC.
Fifth Avenue at 53rd St., New York 22

Treat yourself to the choice of Kings

By Appointment to :
THE ROYAL DANISH COURT
THE ROYAL SWEDISH COURT
THE ROYAL HELLENIC COURT



© Tuborg Breweries Ltd., Copenhagen/Denmark

The Continentals

famous United Air Lines' DC-7s, de luxe service to California







UNITED AIR LINES

All the luxury and speed of United Air Lines' de luxe DC-7s are yours—at no extra cost—on "the Continentals"!

- fastest to San Francisco—leave New York 9 a.m., arrive at 4:15 p.m.; or leave at 1 p.m., arrive 8:15 p.m.
- nonstop to Los Angeles—leave New York at 9:30 a.m. or noon.
- pre-dinner cocktails, served in individual decanters.
- superb meals, prepared by European-trained chefs.
- spacious lounge for conversation or games.
- special cabin-level luggage compartment that permits extra-fast luggage delivery on arrival.
- go by way of Los Angeles, return via San Francisco (or vice versa) at no extra cost.
- connections in California for DC-7 Mainliners®, fastest by 1½ hours to Hawaii.

Make your reservations now by calling United Air Lines or an Authorized Travel Agent.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

NEXT-TO-LAST STAND, MAYBE

A COUPLE of weeks ago, I went up to Syracuse to attend the second last stand of an East Side welterweight named Billy Graham, who will be thirty-three years old in September. The failing practitioners of most arts may be spared pain by critics who pretend not to notice; if such kindness is in default, they can attribute the critics' changed tone to envy. But a fighter knows it when he is slowing up, because he cannot reach the openings he sees. (It is a sensation like the dream in which you swing your fist and it floats.) This intimation is confirmed when fellows who have no right—that is, no professional qualifications—to hit him do. In fact, they murder him. The public twigs the situation in infinitely less time than it takes to catch on to a crumbling Hollywood beauty or a souring statesman. Gamblers no longer bet the odds with the fighter but against him, and friends, solicitous of his health, try to dissuade him from further public appearances before he becomes a mere opponent. (A fighter without significance is described as "just an opponent.")

The fighter is as reluctant as the next artist to accept the evidence of his disintegration, even though it is presented to him so much more forcibly. Between fights, he is brisk, active, and lusty, since he is still a young man. He therefore refuses to believe his first couple of bad fights, and blames them on negligence; he has not, he thinks, taken the opposition seriously enough. Then he may lose one or two that he will blame on bad decisions—suspecting, though, that if he had been his old self he would have won easily. Finally, or semifinally, his manager will accept a match for him against a younger fighter on his way up. This is known in the cant of the sports page as the fighter's last stand, although it seldom is, unless it ends in disaster. If the last-standee makes a creditable showing, even in defeat, the fight turns out to have been his next-to-last stand—the first step in a sequence that may repeat itself several times before he finally renounces the active cultivation of his art.

GRAHAM's first last stand, against a twenty-three-year-old fellow—half Chilean and half Italian—named Chico Vejar, in Madison Square Garden on the night of March 4th, was a good fight to watch, even though he lost it. Vejar, a tireless, pressing kind of chap without subtlety, carried the fight to him, and Graham, who would have eluded his rudimentary aggressions with ease a few years ago, had to try to knock him out. For Graham, this was a novelty; the chief popular criticism of his best previous efforts had been that they were skillful but unimpassioned. He started boxing professionally in 1941, and until the beginning of 1954 he was as good as a fighter can be without being a hell of a fighter. While all East Side fighters are traditionally tough, most of the really good ones come from the lower East Side—from the streets with names rather than numbers, between Broadway and the East River. While Billy was growing up, the part of the East Side he lived in was a crumbling but still almost genteel neighborhood at the foot of the eastern slope of Murray Hill. It centered on St. Gabriel's Church and St. Gabriel's Park and on Billy's father's saloon, at Thirty-fifth Street and Second Avenue. There was a long line of neat red-brick fronts along the Thirty-seventh Street side of the park, where the East Side Airlines Terminal now stands. The church has since been torn down to make way for an approach to the Manhattan entrance of the Queens-Midtown Tunnel, and the building that housed the saloon fell down of old age. Before these changes came about, the quarter had a provincial air. It had street gangs and street games, but it wasn't enough of a slum to produce a hell of a fighter.

Billy fought plenty of tough fellows who could punch, but he didn't let them punch him often. He was a good boxer inside as well as away, and he made them miss their short punches as well as their long ones. He would hit them



"On the other hand, he's just as quick to give credit where credit's due."



HERE YOU SWING YOUR SPIRITS SKYWARD

THERE'S a way to put a measure to many things in this master Buick . . .

To its power, to its length, to its width, to all its physical characteristics.

But who can put a measure to the soaring lift a man feels at the possession of ROADMASTER greatness?

Who can put words to the wings your spirits take when you're at the wheel of an automobile so magnificently alive, so immediately responsive, so incredibly smooth of ride as this luxury motorcar of unmistakable bearing and markings?

As we said, there are many things you can measure here.

The 236-horsepower might of this Buick's V8 engine. The split-second response of its Variable Pitch Dynaflow—and the constancy of its smoothness. The fraction-of-finger-tip effort needed with Safety Power Steering. Even the cushioned "give" of the coil springs on all four of its wheels.

But only in driving will you begin to feel some of the immeasurable pride and pulse-quickening this fine car can bring you. We'll be happy to arrange a demonstration for you.

When better automobiles are built Buick will build them

ROADMASTER *Custom Built by Buick*

SEE YOUR BUICK DEALER



smart like a fox!

Our own version of the Nettleton Lazy Lacer® takes on wing-tips, combines them with its one-eyelet tie ... and carries it all off very handsomely indeed, in town or out. In brown or black soft llama leather; also supple white buckskin combined with charcoal brown or black calf. Sizes 6 to 12, AA to D. $25.95. On mail orders, add 35¢ for postage, 50¢ for gift wrap.

Neiman-Marcus
DALLAS

enough to win, especially with showy combinations of punches that made him look a bit better than he really was—a knack only his adversaries and their managers begrudged him. Once, he came near to winning the world championship from the Cuban Kid Gavilan, in New York, but at the end of fifteen rounds the decision went against him. Gavilan was a hell of a fighter having an off night; he fought Graham again, in Havana, and beat him clearly. In 1953, Graham had a good year, beating three determined, hard-punching fellows who couldn't hit him, and making two appearances in Syracuse against a native hero named Carmen Basilio, who got a decision over Billy in the first bout; in the second, they fought a draw in twelve rounds. But in 1954, Graham began losing to mediocrities, and his first last-stand defeat by Vejar was his third reverse in a row.

Graham's second last stand was also against Vejar. The fight couldn't be held in New York, since the circus had moved into Madison Square Garden for a six-week run, so the International Boxing Club put the match in Syracuse because, by reason of his hard fights in that city, with Basilio, Graham might be expected to draw well there. (The Syracuse promoter, a young man named Norman Rothschild, was to receive a share of the I.B.C.'s television revenue from the fight to protect him against loss in case it *didn't* draw.) Vejar's home town is Stamford, but he has appeared on television so many times that he is well known everywhere. I went to Syracuse, frankly, because I hoped Graham might have learned enough about Vejar to have a plan for taking the youthful bounce out of him; emotionally, I long ago moved over to the middle-aged side of the field, and I root for mature judgment when pitted against the outrageous fortunes of chronology.

I TRAVELLED to Syracuse by train the afternoon of the day before the fight, and when I arrived that evening I checked in at the Hotel Onondaga, a big, convivial old pile, which, while not the most modern in town, gets the patronage of visiting members of what Pierce Egan, the Arnold Toynbee of the London prize ring, liked to call "the fancy." I learned at the desk, while registering, that both the fighters, along with their factions—their trainers, seconds, and managers—were in residence. There was no evidence of their presence, however. The bar of the Onondaga had only a few customers, rather

Famous Lightweight



DOBBS

V.V.L.®

VERY, VERY, LIGHT

Take a Dobbs V. V. L. in your hand — you'll find it luxuriously soft as you shape it to your whim. On your head you will marvel at its *weightless* touch on your brow. Mighty handsome too! $20 with Guild Edge.® Other lightweights $10-$15.

Mail Orders Receive Prompt Attention

DOBBS AT THE WALDORF
PARK AVE. AT 49th ST. NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

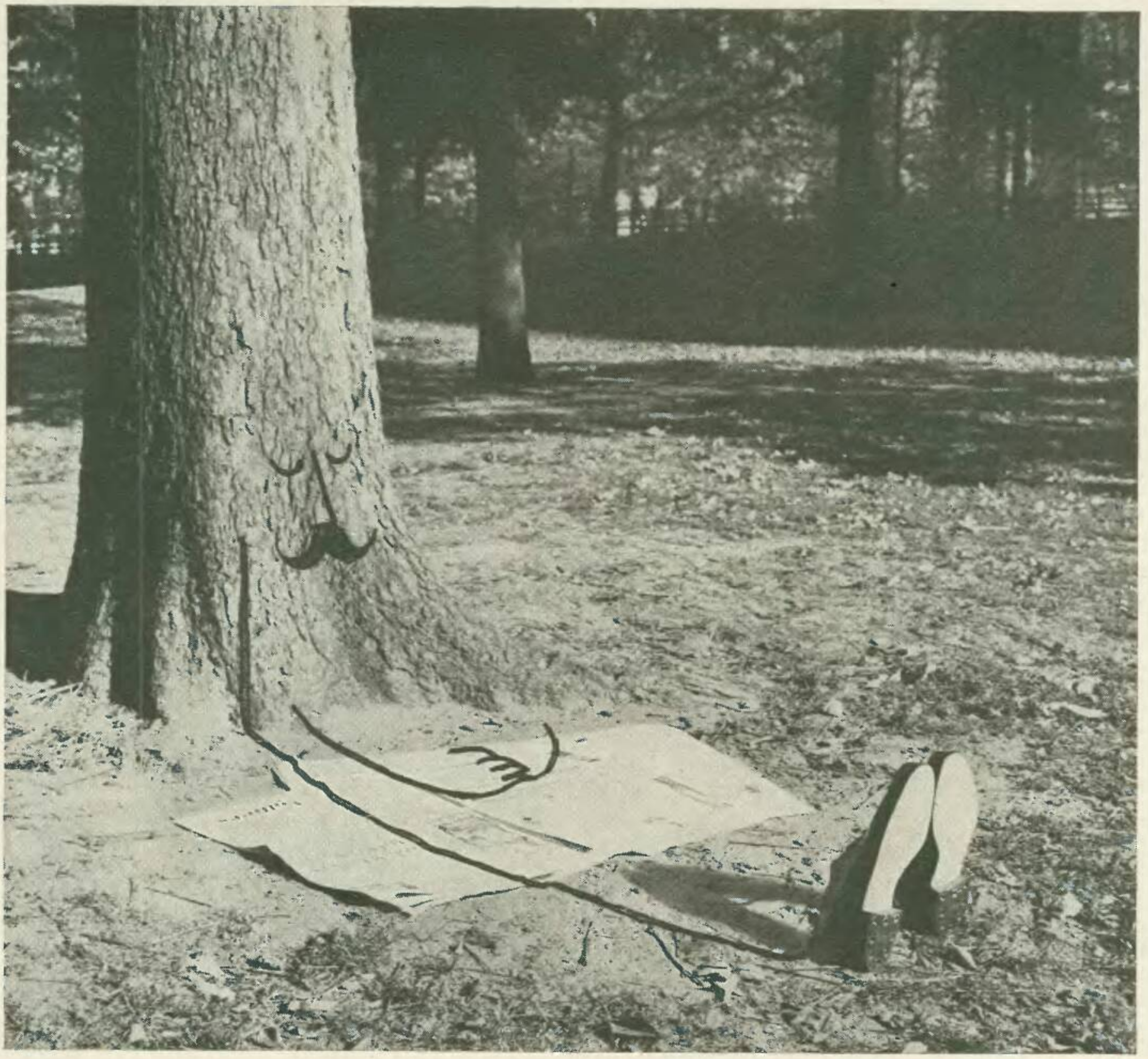


What's got into that boy?

WHEN JUNIOR DEVELOPS a faraway look, when he and Dad begin to exchange knowing baseball talk—it's a good bet that Spring is here again. Brace yourself for the outdoor season assault on his clothes—fortify his stock of Donmoor knit shirts. They're durable—colorful and thrifty, too.

DONMOOR famous knit shirts

10 West 30th Street, New York 1



Lazy like a fox... Nettleton's Lazy Lacer is deliberately deceptive. Relaxed-looking down to its tassels, it is nonetheless elegant in line — the perfect *urbanized* casual. Made in charcoal brown calf and other fine leathers, it takes four times longer to turn out than ordinary shoes. Yet the cost is surprisingly little more. One pair will prove: it's extravagant to pay less! Nettletons are $22.95 to $42.95.

Nettleton



WRITE FOR NEW SPRING-SUMMER STYLE BOOKLET TO A. E. NETTLETON CO., DEPT. N-3, SYRACUSE 2, N. Y. • SEE THE NEW NETTLETONS AT:
THE NETTLETON SHOPS IN NEW YORK: ROCKEFELLER CENTER, 5 W. 50th ST., ROOSEVELT HOTEL, 365 MADISON AVE., EMPIRE STATE BLDG., 17 W. 33rd ST., 1410 BROADWAY AT 39th ST. • NEWARK: 742 BROAD ST. • NEW HAVEN: 1046 CHAPEL ST. • HARTFORD: 107 ASYLUM ST. • AND FINE STORES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.



"B" is for Blazer . . .

It's our distinguished *Henley* Blazer . . . favorite "at ease" jacket of generations of sportsmen. Wear it ashore or aship the whole summer through. The fine soft flannel is light, yet firmly woven . . . trimly tailored right down to each bright brass button. Navy blue. $39.50

DACRONAIRE POLO SHIRT
Dacron and cotton in a cool, porous weave. Dries in minutes. White, maize, light blue, tan. S., M., L., X.L. . $8.95



FRED PERRY TENNIS SHORTS
Favorite of this great player. Tailored like trousers with 2 pockets. Snugtex waistband. Washable cotton gabardine in white only. Sizes 30-44 . . $8.50

Wool Tennis Socks. Soft and absorbent. Nylon reinforced at toe and heel. Sizes 10, 11, 12, 13 . . . . . $1.25

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH
MADISON AVE. AT 45TH ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

VON LENGERKE & ANTOINE
9 NORTH WABASH, CHICAGO 2, ILL.

than one of Egan's throngs blowing a cloud over the daffy and heavy wet (gin and beer) while devouring the rich points of a flash chaunt (*chanson à clef*), as there should have been before the combat of two metropolitan heroes in a county town. (Syracuse is the seat of Onondaga County.) I left my bag in my room and went to see how Graham was getting on. The three doors to his faction's suite were locked, but when I knocked at one of them, Irving Cohen, who has been Graham's manager since his first bout, opened it at once.

"Come right in," he said. "Jimmy Wild and I are having a television evening." Mr. Cohen, a short, plump, blond man, and Mr. Wild, Graham's trainer, a short, plump, dark man, were in their undershirts and shorts; they were watching a televised moving picture that had a star who looked exactly like Vice-President Nixon and grinned like him. This chap was trying to find a girl whose picture he had painted from memory. (He had seen her only once, but I came in too late to discover why he hadn't taken that opportunity to ask her name.) Mr. Cohen, who has large, round, blue eyes and a retiring smile, folded his hands contentedly on the front of his undershirt. "A home away from home!" he exclaimed.

Mr. Wild crossed his legs. "Whereya gonna go in Syracuse?" he demanded rhetorically.

I asked about Graham. "He's out catching a double feature," Mr. Cohen said. "We want him to stay up a little late tonight, so he'll sleep late in the morning, not to be restless. We'll wake him just in time to get over to the weigh-in at twelve o'clock."

There are fighters no trainer in his right mind would let get out of his sight on the night before a fight, but Graham isn't one of them. He is an old pro, and a family man. Wild said he had brought Graham up by plane on Monday, three days before; prior to that, he had trained for three weeks at Greenwood Lake. In 1926, when Gene Tunney flew from a camp in the Poconos to Philadelphia for his first bout with Jack Dempsey, the flight was intended to be a striking psychological gesture (Tunney got desperately sick), but now it is thought old-fashioned to move fighters by train. "A fighter is condition down fine, he goes crazy, five, six hours on a train," Mr. Wild said. "He wants to get where he's going." Wild, I knew, had been with Graham only a short time; Whitey Bimstein, Graham's usual trainer, had been forbidden by the new State Athletic Commissioner to work

BIG PICTURE
Magnarama 24"

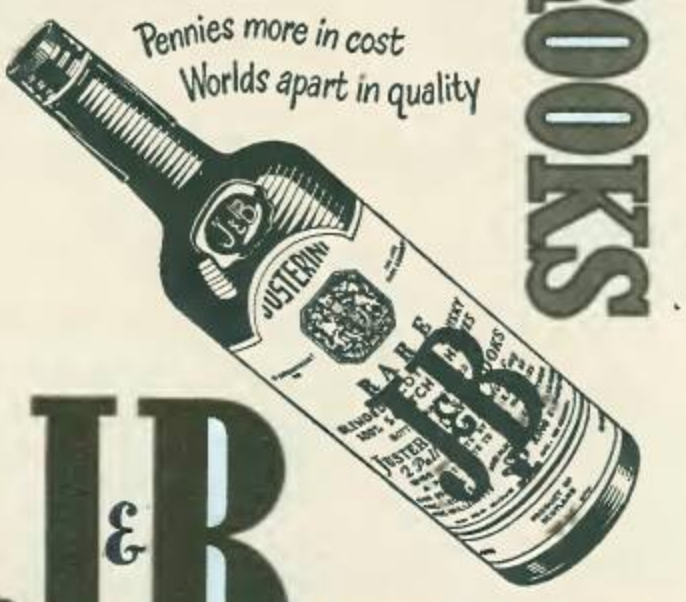


TV's biggest value! 100 sq. in. more picture in a cabinet no larger than average 21" table models. Concealed convenient top controls, twin speakers. Including stand (VHF)...$249.50.

The magnificent **Magnavox**
television • radio-phonographs
PRICES SUBJECT TO CHANGE

JUSTERINI & BROOKS

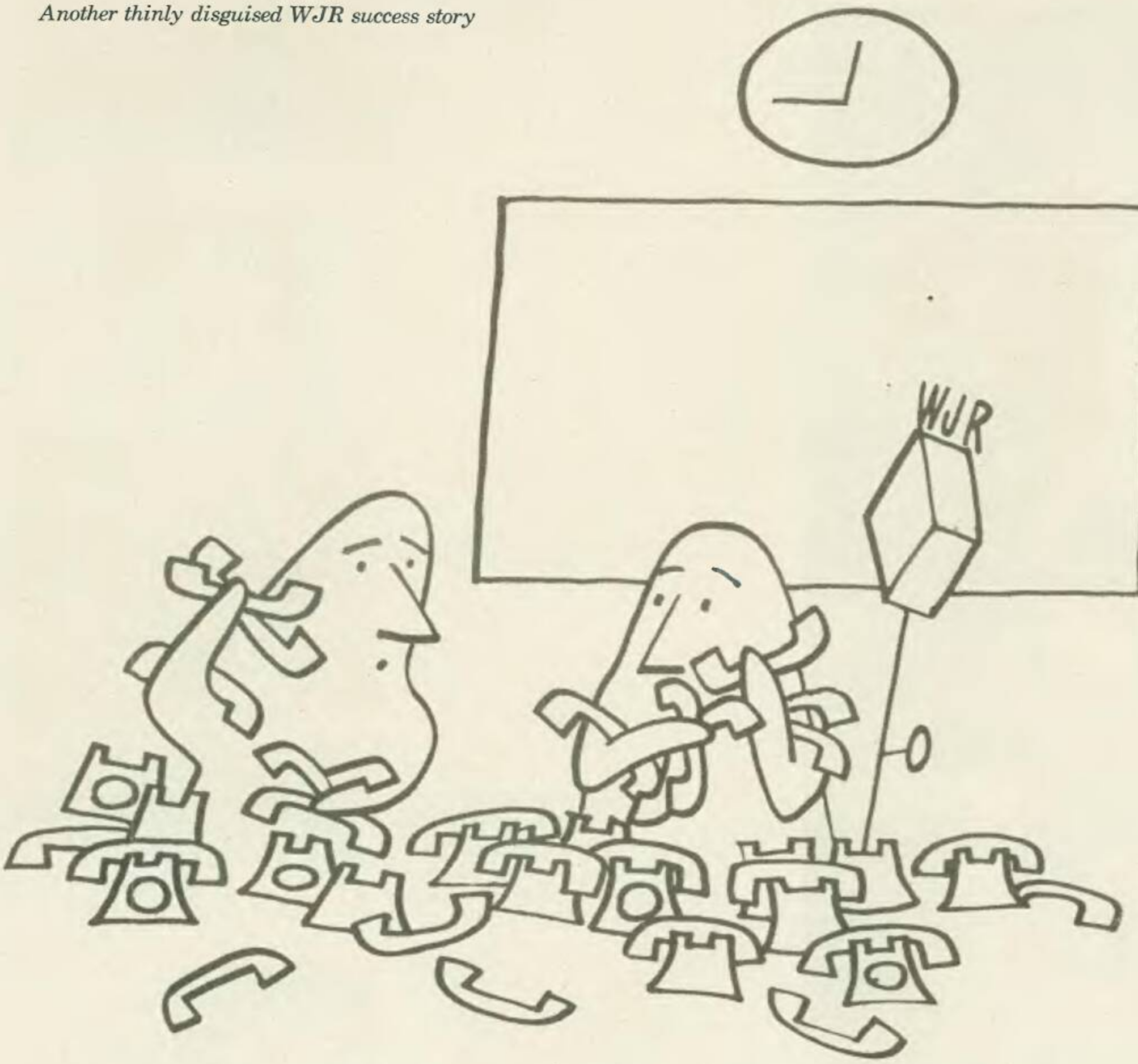
Charles Dickens was an eminent patron of Justerini & Brooks who then as now provide the choicest in wines and spirits. Try the famous Rare J. & B. Scotch, of flavour unsurpassed.



J & B SCOTCH WHISKY
86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky
Imported by THE PADDINGTON CORP.,
630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.



Another thinly disguised WJR success story



You take the station-break, I'll sell the milk

One of WJR's regular advertisers is a rapidly growing Detroit dairy. It sponsors a program twice weekly, and on Sundays, around noon.

These commercials end with a telephone number, so people can order milk, and the dairy reports that no commercial ever goes unanswered.

Sundays were no different—except that the dairy was closed Sundays. Those who called got "no answer."

What did they do? Easy. They called WJR, instead. There's no switchboard operator Sunday, so the announcers took down milk orders and we called them to the dairy on Monday.

The Sunday commercial doesn't have a phone number any more. It got too hard to make station-breaks between 12:30 and 1 p.m. Sunday.

Which shows that WJR listeners are so anxious to own WJR-advertised products that a little thing like "no answer" doesn't stop them. They know they can count on WJR.

That's why so many smart advertisers—ones eager to sell the 16,000,000 people (10 per cent of U.S. buying power) in WJR's primary coverage area—are WJR advertisers. They know the best—and cheapest—way to *move goods fast* is to buy *spot radio* on *key stations.*

Have your advertising manager tell you about WJR. It's quite a story.

The Great Voice of the Great Lakes

WJR *Detroit*

50,000 Watts CBS Radio Network

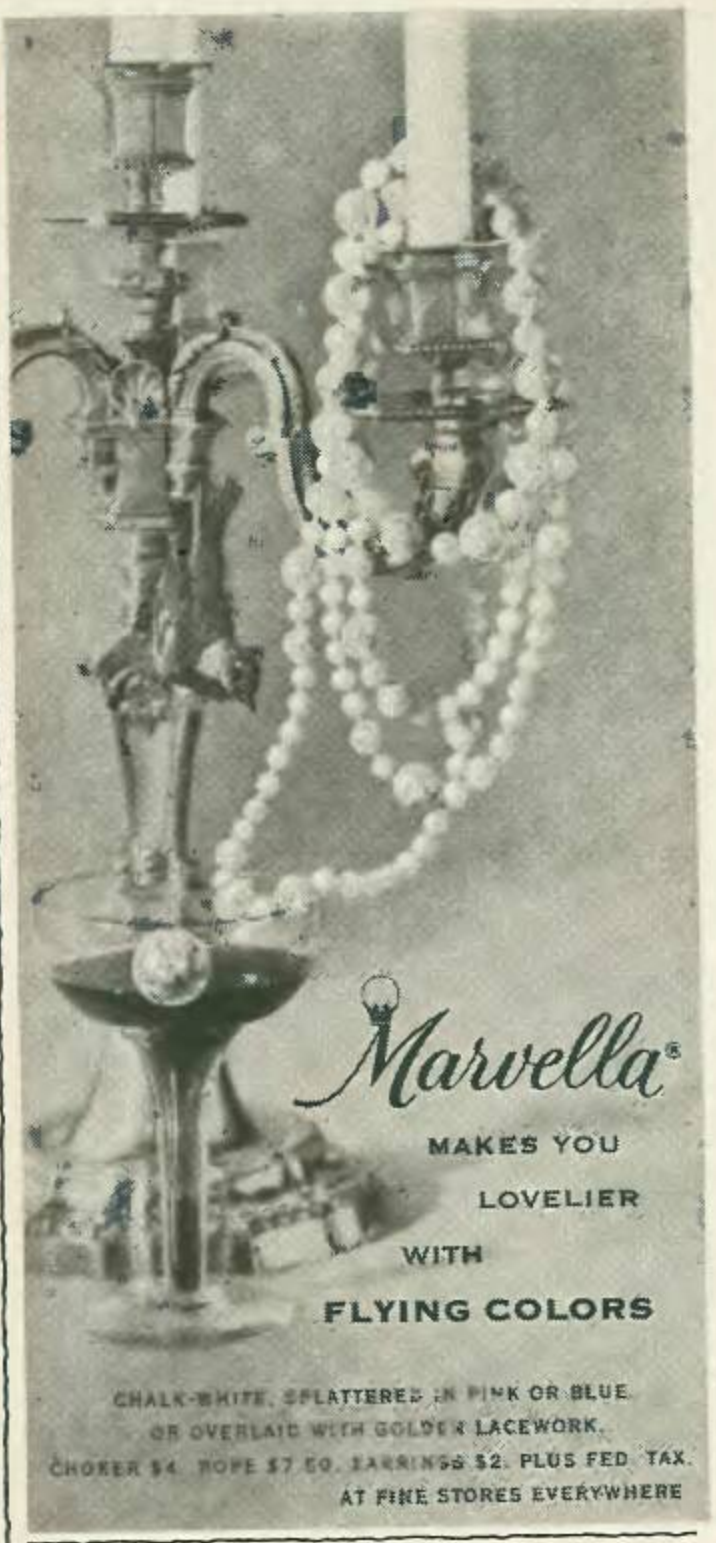


Talk up activity for Better Schools every chance you get—America's future depends on today's kids.



in Graham's corner because Freddie Brown, Whitey's partner, was going to work in Vejar's. It was a sore point with the Graham faction. The explanation of the ruling probably is that the new Commissioner, a lawyer, retained in his noodle a legal analogy—that adversaries in a lawsuit should not be represented by the same firm. It is the consensus at the Neutral Corner bar-and-grill, the favored pub of the fancy in New York, that such an analogy is false. The back-room analogy analysts there say that a second is more like a doctor—and can't two doctors in partnership treat two patients in the same room? The Commissioner had announced his ruling before the first last-stand fight, and Cohen and Steve Ellis, Vejar's manager, had flipped a coin to see who would have one of the partners in his corner. Ellis won. After the bout, Ellis refused to sign for the return match unless he could keep Brown—an arrangement that would automatically bar Whitey again. Since Ellis's man had won, he had the whip hand. "They're crazy about my strategy," Freddie Brown had told me. Vejar, who is not too smart of a fighter, as the cognoscenti say, was thus equipped with a set of self-propelled brains, while Graham, who can do his own thinking in the ring, was deprived of Whitey's ability to read Freddie's mind and find out what Freddie was likely to tell Vejar to do next. Wild is a capable corner man, but he does not know Freddie as well as Whitey does.

Mr. Cohen said that the contretemps over trainers made no difference with a fighter like Billy, who was no dumb kid. But he ventured to observe that in the twenties, when Whitey was partners with Ray Arcel (another illustrious second, who is now a promoter), Whitey and Ray had worked across from each other almost every Friday night in the Garden—"when it really *was* the Garden"—and nobody had ever accused either of them of doing a client less than justice. Mr. Cohen got into the fight business twenty-five years ago, because of his wife's decision to change a small drygoods store that she owned in Bensonhurst into a ladies'-specialty shop. Since that left Cohen with little to do around the place after opening up in the morning, he became a fight manager. He still has the manner of the small shopkeeper, however—eager to please and loath to discuss controversial subjects. Probably because he is that way, he got along beautifully as manager of Rocky Graziano, who was middleweight champion of the world be-



Imported Egyptian Cotton
BATISTE MADRAS SHIRTS



You'll feel and look cool and comfortable on warm days.

Button down collar: white, ice blue, pale pink, pale yellow.

Short point collar with stays: white and ice blue only.

Sizes 14 to 17

$5.00

Mail orders: state color, sleeve length. Add 35¢ shipping. No C.O.D.'s please.

Fenn-Feinstein of NEW HAVEN
Tailors and Furnishers
9 EAST 49th ST. NEW YORK
264 YORK ST. NEW HAVEN

Your choice of today's foremost portrait painters



PORTRAITS, INC.
PORTRAIT CENTER OF AMERICA
136 EAST 57th STREET NEW YORK
LOIS SHAW HELEN APPLETON READ



The first inkling you get that you're going to like Apple Jack is the aroma . . . a rich delicate fragrance that promises a superb drink. Apple Jack is aged in charred oak barrels. It is extraordinarily smooth, easy to take. It has a fine bold flavor yet a natural lightness it shares with no other drink. Distilled since 1780, Laird's Apple Jack is made today by the same family from the same private formula now 8 generations old. This accounts for the mellow taste and the fact that the only thing that lingers on is the pleasant memory. The next time you're at a bar or liquor store, ask for Apple Jack. Whether you drink it straight, on the rocks or in a highball, you'll thank us for introducing you to this delightful new friend.



Laird's Apple Jack

84 PROOF STRAIGHT APPLE JACK • LAIRD & CO., SCOBEYVILLE, N. J.

Ballantyne Cashmeres
Doeskins Daks Trousers
Liberty Scarves British Woolens
Polo Coats Bermuda Shorts
Jaeger Classics Paris Perfumes



Munro Tweed in Bermuda Colours

So divinely soft! New version of Trimingham's beloved three-quarter coat. Cut by a famous London tailor; exquisitely lined Sizes 10 to 16. Canary, pink, light blue, cornflower, turquoise, cherry, navy, white. $49.

you'll meet your friends at
Trimingham's
Bermuda

tween two fights with Tony Zale. Graziano, a rough rhinestone of the ring, would have blown his top under the needling of a more conventional manager.

Graham came in while Cohen was talking about how things used to be in the Garden. For a doddering old gaffer, he looked paradoxically young in his double-feature clothes—slacks, a sports jacket in a sculptured lattice pattern, and a shirt with the kind of collar that has points so long and so close together that a tie wouldn't show even if you were wearing one. He is of good height for a welterweight—five feet eight or so, in shoes—and has a Roman nose, which his early well-wishers said some friend of the family ought to hit him on with a baseball bat, so he would not devote so much thought to defending his profile. At the end of a hundred and twenty-six battles, the nose still stands as an impressive testimony to Billy's cuteness; it has, in fact, been slightly aggrandized by a bump high on the bridge. Today, it is a landmark of Stillman's gymnasium, the graveyard of the Barrymore look.

By this time, the guy who resembled Nixon had found the girl whose picture he had painted, but none of us had noticed how, since we were talking of other things. The girl, it turned out, was under the influence of a sinister Russian choreographer. The Russian and the Nixon exchanged high words, and at the prospect of a fight the attention of Mr. Graham, Mr. Wild, and Mr. Cohen became, by professional reaction, fixed upon the screen. But instead of squaring off with the Russian, the hero employed a mysterious, invisible judo hold and led him tamely from our view, after which we heard the sound of a blow offstage, as if someone had crushed an inflated paper bag. Mr. Wild got up and switched the set to another show. "I guess they didn't want to spoil the crease in their pants," he said.

"We lose nothing," Graham said. "I never see a good fight in the movies yet, except a newsreel. They always corny it up."

"I saw one picture where a guy was training in a gym the day of the fight!" Mr. Cohen said, his eyes extra wide with astonishment. "What kind of a manager did he have?" Even children—or at least, fight people's children—know that a fighter *rests* on the day of a fight.

"I see one," Graham said, "where the two guys are having their hands taped before they put on the gloves,



red and gold!

A41 ARM CHAIR: slender planks of natural redwood with gold anodized aluminum frames; about $29.95. Sold in leading furniture and department stores, and through decorators. Send 10c in coin only to Troy 5, Ohio for booklet on casual decorating.

THE TROY SUNSHADE COMPANY
ONE PARK AVENUE, N. Y. • TROY 5, OHIO



de Moleyns OF DUBLIN INC

Heraldic specialists for those of Irish, Scottish, English or Welsh origin.

Neckties, scarves, linens, etc. embroidered in Ireland with authentic clan or family crests on a variety of fine materials, including Irish hand woven poplin, for over 1600 names.
Also hand-painted on parchment in correct heraldic colours, complete Clan or Family Coat of Arms, $25.00, Crest only $10.00
Visit our unique shop with its antique decor or send for descriptive folder.
PROMPT ATTENTION TO MAIL ORDERS
DE MOLEYNS of DUBLIN Inc. PL 5-6951
59 EAST 54th ST., NEW YORK 22, N.Y.

TURTLES
BRAND
©1953
You've never tasted Candy *like this!*





Made Only by
DeMet's. INC.
177 N. FRANKLIN ST., CHICAGO 6, ILL.
SOLD AT LEADING CANDY COUNTERS EVERYWHERE

and who does it? The *Boxing Commission physician!*"

"And how many times they always have to be knocked down in the beginning, the heroes!" exclaimed Mr. Cohen. "They got to get murdered or they can't win. The best tip who to bet on in a movie fight is the guy who loses the first fourteen rounds."

"He makes a miraculous recovery," Graham said. "His strength is renewed. But the tops I saw on television last winter—the guy is going to defend the world championship the next night and he says to his wife he is sick of the whole business."

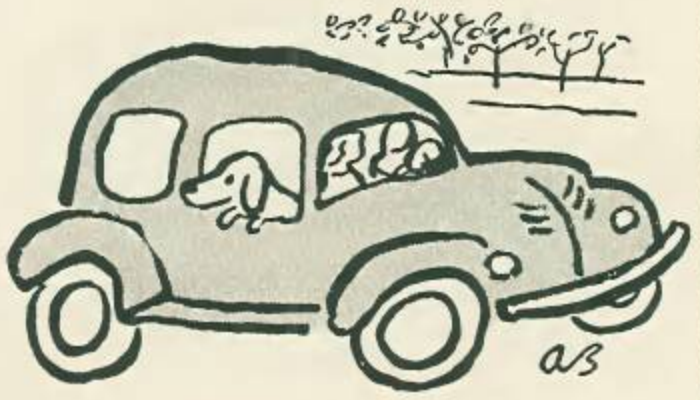
"He's with his *wife* the night before the championship?" interjected Mr. Cohen.

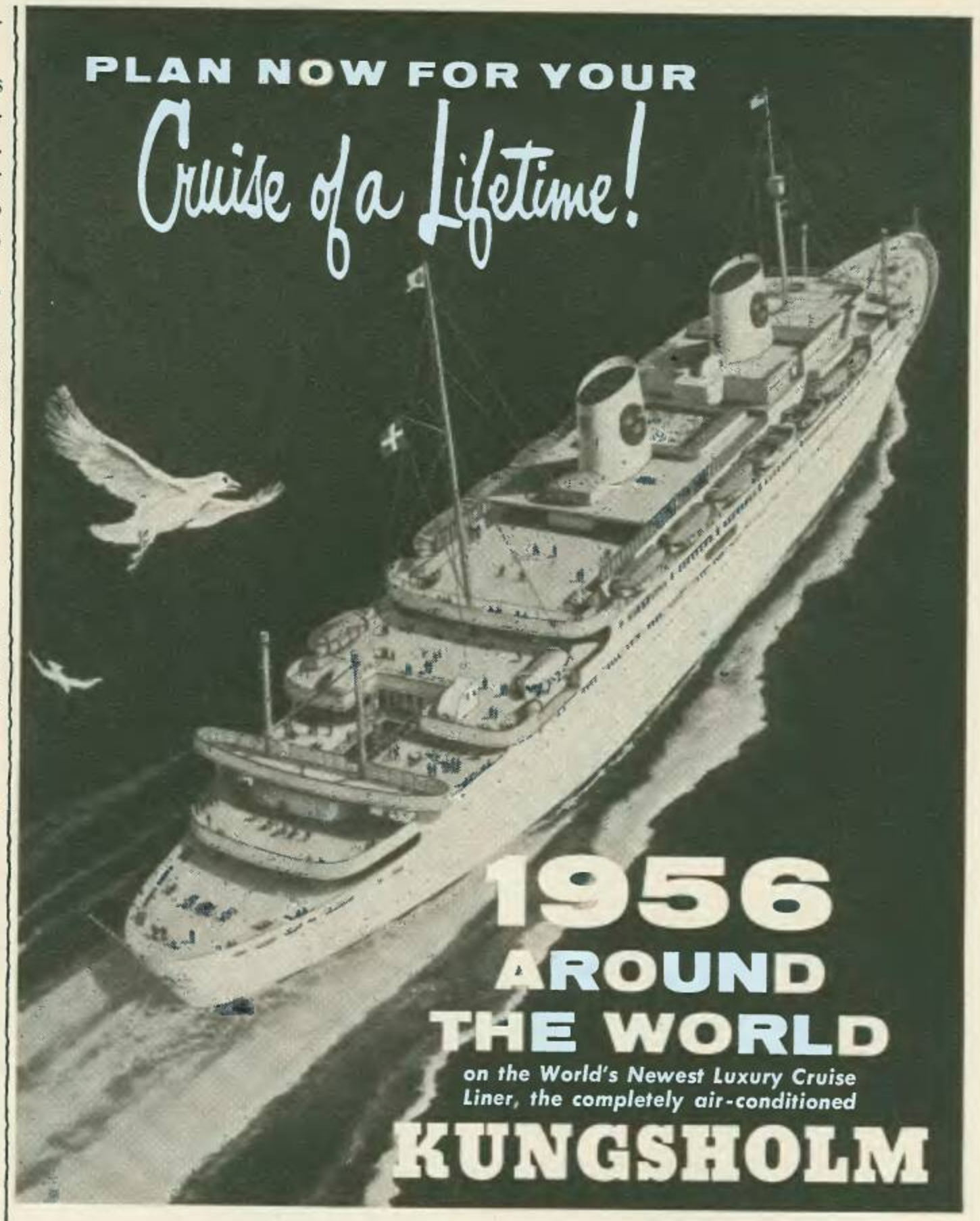
"He says he won't fight no more," Graham said. "But his little kid, about five years old, comes in in pajamas and says, 'Daddy, box with me.' So he has to put on the gloves with the kid, and the kid says, 'Daddy, I heard what you said. I'll take your place against that bum'—well, the kid didn't say 'bum' exactly in the television—and the old man begins to cry. So he goes through with the fight and knocks the guy out. How do you like that? What I really go for is Westerns; then I can't tell when they're cornying it up."

As I got ready to leave, Graham and the others were watching a show called "Public Defender," in which a man who had a .45, a gray Ford, and a record as long as his arm had been charged with killing a fellow who had been shot with a .45 by a man in a gray Ford. All the Public Defender had to do was to get him off.

"Good night," Mr. Cohen said to me. "We'll be sitting here some time yet."

Before going to bed, I took a turn through the lobby to look for the members of the opposing faction, but they must have been upstairs, too, and it was now too late to go calling. Although the bar had livened up a bit, the customers, I learned from the barman, were not followers of the milling art but basketball fans. The Syracuse professional team, the Nationals, he said, had just defeated the Fort Wayne, Indiana, Pistons, in the first game of the





LEAVING NEW YORK JANUARY 7
97 GLAMOROUS DAYS • 21 ROMANTIC PORTS

There's a world to see . . . and a world of enjoyment as you see it, for M.S. KUNGSHOLM is just right for such a globe-girdling adventure — 22,000 gross register tons, 600 feet long, completely air-conditioned for tropical travel comfort, even to individual control of both temperature and air circulation. You'll have a luxurious outside cabin with private bath or shower. Broad decks, lovely lounges, gay dining salons, seascape verandahs, swimming pools, every facility for modern, delightful cruising, plus Swedish American Line's superb cuisine and service — all will help you realize the ultimate promise of your "Cruise of a Lifetime". RATES START AT $2,900.

YOUR ITINERARY

Funchal, Madeira . . . Gibraltar . . . Villefranche on the French "Blue Coast" . . . Naples . . . Timeless Egypt's Port Said, Suez Canal, Suez . . . Aden, Arabia . . . Bombay . . . Colombo, Ceylon . . . Singapore . . . Bangkok . . . Bali . . . Manila . . . Hong Kong . . . Kobe and Yokohama, Japan . . . Honolulu and Hilo, Hawaii . . . Los Angeles . . . Acapulco . . . The Panama Canal. Pleasant memories, every one, of your voyage around the world on the magnificent cruise vessel KUNGSHOLM of the White Viking Fleet.

A splendid group of shore excursions arranged by American Express.

For full-color brochure describing KUNGSHOLM's 1956 World Cruise, write to Swedish American Line, Dept. K

SEE YOUR TRAVEL OFFICE OR

Swedish American Line

THE WHITE VIKING FLEET

636 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK 20, N. Y.

FLORIDA RED
LIPSTICK

THE NEW
FASHION-CONSCIOUS SHADE
WITH DEEP ORANGE
UNDERTONES



BEAUTIFUL WITH SUMMER TANS
AND KIND TO SUN-DRIED LIPS
BECAUSE ALL MONTEIL LIPSTICKS
ARE ENRICHED WITH VITAMIN A
TO GUARD LIP BEAUTY

2.00 PLUS TAX

Germaine Monteil

663 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

World Series of basketball. Syracuse had won the Eastern and Fort Wayne the Western championship for the regular season. The Nationals' home court was the War Memorial Auditorium, where the milling coves would perform next evening, and the basketball teams would play there again on Saturday, in the second game of the World Series. Billy had been crowded out of the Garden by the elephants, and now he was being sandwiched in between two performances of a troupe of human giraffes. In a city the size of Syracuse—population, two hundred and fifty thousand—it was reasonable to assume that the publics for all kinds of sports would heavily overlap, and that basketball followers, under the necessity of shelling out the bustle twice in three days for the World Series, would skip the fight. The bout was due to be overshadowed in the metropolitan press, too, because there was a more important battle in Boston, where the welterweight champion, Johnny Saxton, was defending his title against a Bostonian named Tony De Marco.

I SLEPT late myself next morning, and then made my way over to the weighing in, at the auditorium. Syracuse is not one of those cities that win your heart at first glance—which this was for me—but it was a fine day. In the Onondaga Coffee Room, I had observed the members of the Fort Wayne Pistons having breakfast. They twined their long legs around the table legs or doubled them back under the chairs. It occurred to me that life must be very difficult for a travelling collection of men who are from six feet six to nearly seven feet tall. They might have special long beds at home, but they could scarcely carry them with them, and they must either bend or step back several paces to look in a shaving mirror. An awareness of their altitude seemed to oppress them—I could imagine how many times they had been asked how the weather was up there—and their heads, at the ends of such long necks, looked small, like guinea hens'. I was rapidly becoming depressed myself, until I thought of what a liberation it must be for a man of that height to get into the company of others who could see eye to eye with him. Instead of feeling himself set apart, he probably begins to think of anyone under six feet five as subnormal. He goes back to his home town a giant refreshed.

Arriving at the auditorium, the outside of which is carved all over with the names of battles, from Belleau Wood to

AMONG THE WORLD'S FINE WINES

Beaulieu Vineyard

BV
WINES



Beaurose'—a light wine of rosy tint and delicate flavor, one of the choice collection of Beaulieu vintages from Napa Valley...Beaurose' is served more and more in homes, best hotels and restaurants.

Beaulieu Vineyard, Rutherford, California



TYROL TRUNKS

Authentic Alpine yodeler model . . . tailored with six pockets in Black or Tan Chino fabric.

Sizes 26 to 44
Price 12.50

Send check or money order.
No C.O.D.'s . . . please
Add 30¢ to cover postage.

Geo. L. Brown
THE London Shop

441 MADISON AVE., N. Y. 17, N. Y.



PARMA
Italian Provincial

At better furniture and department stores. Send 5-cent stamp to Department N for booklet.

UNION-NATIONAL, INC.
JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

Iwo Jima, I was further gladdened by the sight of a number of familiar Eighth Avenue faces. Freddie Brown and Chickie Ferrara, an accomplished fellow-practitioner from Stillman's, were there with Vejar, who is a shorter but more compact welterweight than Graham. So was Ellis, a swarthy, hand-pumping kind of man who, aside from being a manager, narrates sports events on television. Brown, an old friend of mine, was in an expansive mood; another fellow he trains, named Giovanelli, had scored a knockout earlier in the week against a four-to-one favorite, and he must have felt that this was a good omen. Cohen and Wild were on hand with Graham, whose beard showed dark through his pale skin. Vejar's tawny cheeks seemed beardless. A moonfaced, jolly trainer named Jimmy August had driven up from New York with a middleweight named Ray Drake, who was fighting in the semi-final. Drake, like Graham, is a student of the niceties of tactics, specializing in leverage. An expeditionary force from the I.B.C. office in New York had also appeared, under the command of Billy Brown, the Garden matchmaker, who is no kin to Freddie. All the briefly expatriate faces shone with a special polish for their out-of-town adventure, reflecting, first, a *souci* for the Big Town reputation for elegance, and, second, a realization that, as Whitey Bimstein long ago observed to me, "Out of town, anything is lible to happen. You gotta keep your eyes open every minute." On the scales, before an Athletic Commission inspector, Graham weighed 149½ pounds and Vejar 154½, or two and a half pounds more than he had for their first fight. When, after being weighed, the two men posed together for the Syracuse newspaper photographers, the difference in their ages was more apparent than when they wore clothes. Graham was in excellent trim, but his pale skin appeared stretched over his lean body, while Vejar's darker skin seemed molded to his flesh to form a single substance. The Graham legs, which had served him well so often, looked spindly compared to the younger man's. Some joker called to Billy "Howya feeling, Pop?" and he didn't look too pleased.

When Graham had his clothes on again, I asked him what he thought of Vejar's weight, and he said, "I think it's good. He'll be slow. Won't be able to run away so fast." Before the group broke up, there was quite a bit of talk—more of it about the fight in Boston



BALDWIN IS THE OFFICIAL PIANO OF THE

BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL

America is on the move toward greater music...for more people...in cities, suburbs...towns, villages. What yesterday was "culture" for the few, today is a spontaneous manifestation of the American way of life... for all.
The makers of the Baldwin Grand Piano take pride in the growing roster of civic musical organizations which have made Baldwin their official piano. And salute the great musical artists who prefer, play upon and praise Baldwin as the piano of their choice.

Of course it's Baldwin—that builds the Acrosonic—today's finest small piano.



For your "personal" piano, choose the instrument upon which great artists agree:

Baldwin

BOLET

ANTAL DORATI

GIESEKING

MUNCH

PENNARIO

EZIO Pinza

JESUS MARIA SANROMA

HELEN Traubel

THE BALDWIN PIANO COMPANY, Dept. NY-45, Cincinnati 2, Ohio
Builders of: Baldwin, Acrosonic and Hamilton Pianos • Baldwin and Orga-sonic Organs



The
Raincoat
THAT DOUBLES AS A
Topcoat



The changing weather being what it is, here is something your English cousins were born knowing: Aquascutum's great classic Field Coat looks as wonderful in the bright sun you *don't* expect—as in the downpour you do! Shown above, in silky Egyptian cotton, cotton-plaid lined, with a special yoke-lining for easy slip-on, at $29.95. Also in a wide range of other fine imported fabrics as luxurious as you could wish for. At better stores, or write AQUASCUTUM LTD., 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1.

Aquascutum
OF LONDON, ENGLAND

than about the one in Syracuse, which was natural, since it was an easier fight to talk about without picking against parties present. The universal opinion of the knowing coves was that Saxton, the champion, would win.

I SPENT the afternoon walking around Syracuse and appreciating the weather, and then had dinner with a fellow I had known during the war, who is now a clubman and engaged in the paper business up there. He said that by then the odds were two to one on Vejar. My friend and I arrived at the auditorium just before the beginning of Drake's bout. My forebodings about the gate had been borne out. The basketball patrons had stayed away, and the hall was only about a third full. The New York newspapermen had gone to the Boston fight, and Billy's second last stand would be chronicled exclusively by the press associations and the locals. With the house lights out, though, there was a feeling of a crowd and of partisan excitement. A fight crowd in a secondary city like Syracuse is different from one in New York or Chicago, or even Philadelphia—when there is a local man fighting, it is intensely partisan; when both are outsiders, it is objective and skeptical. In this case, Drake was boxing a boy from Poughkeepsie, and although that city is much nearer to New York than to Syracuse, it shares with Syracuse the mystic quality of being upstate, which means in permanent, suspicious opposition to the metropolis. The Poughkeepsie entry, a redhead named Eddie Prince, consequently got a lot of encouragement and benevolent advice, while Drake, who prides himself on a worldly, self-possessed air, impressed the crowd immediately as a fellow one couldn't trust.

Prince, who had an honest face and a willing heart, fought from a semi-crouch, hitting hard but seldom anything. "Short moves, Eddie, short moves!" the fans who had adopted him called when he missed his long punches. When Drake took him by the right elbow, as if helping him to alight from a taxicab, and then shoved him gently away and hit him with a left hook, a Syracusan shouted, "None of that Bowery rough stuff!" Drake boxed rings around Prince, who kept trying, however. Drake's good will was evident; on one of the two occasions when he pushed the upstater all the way through the ropes, he helped pull him back; on the other hand, when Prince kicked Drake in the instep, the chaw-bacon did

THE
EMPIRE
★ROOM★
PRESENTS



DOROTHY DANDRIDGE
Nick Perito at the piano.

NAT BRANDWYNNE
and his orchestra

MISCHA BORR and his orchestra

Shows: 9:30 *and* 12:15. *Closed Sundays.*
Theatre Dinner—$4.50*—served* 6 *to* 8
(no entertainment tax)

LUNCHEON DAILY

WALDORF•ASTORIA
Park Avenue • 49th to 50th Sts.

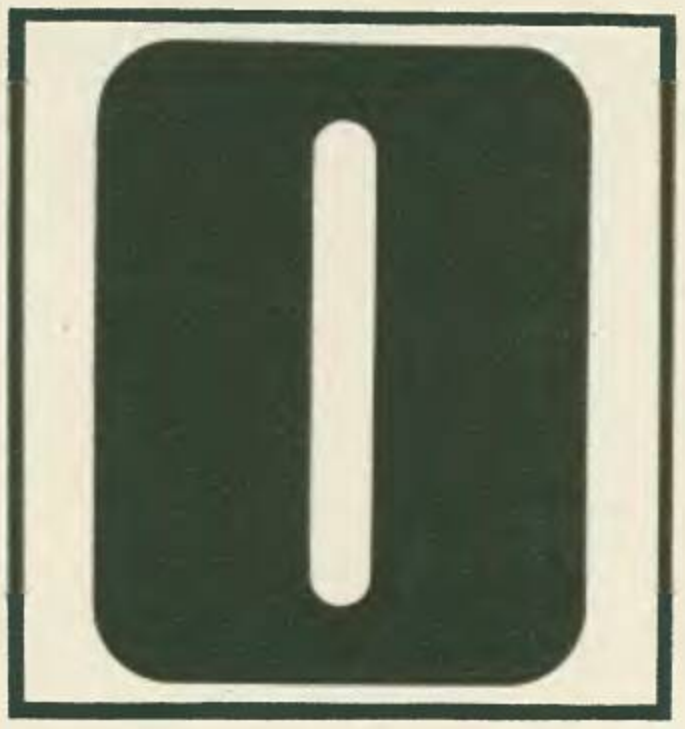
ROBERT
ENSKO
INC.
Queen Anne
SILVER

SERGE OBOLENSKY
invites you to the
NEW
Ambassador Bar
AND
French Restaurant
on Park Avenue at 52nd St.
Serving superb cuisine for
Breakfast • Luncheon
Cocktails • Dinner • Supper
The Ambassador

not even stop to shake hands. In the fourth round, or perhaps the fifth, Prince scored a clean and unexpected knockdown. (Drake later said that he had seen the right starting but, instead of forestalling it with a conventional left, had tried to beat it with his own right. "It was incorrect," he said. "He hit me right on the chin.") Rising, disdainful, although forced to accept a count of eight, Drake resumed his demonstration of how to keep your feet even when the ring seems greased for your opponent. "Floor him again, Eddie!" the upstate Republicans chorused, and after every round they yelled to the referee, "Take that one away from Drake!" Annoyed by his own incorrect reaction to the right hand, Drake showed no elation when he got the decision. He is a perfectionist and, I fear, doomed never to be satisfied.

It was a nice fight, providing an excellent emotional warmup for what was ahead. A pair of powerful Negro heavyweights then went at each other for four rounds, going the distance rather to their own astonishment. The bout ran over onto television time, so Graham and Vejar were allowed to go about their business without further delay.

GRAHAM had found in his first last-stand bout that he was no longer fast enough to outbox a man like Vejar all the way; the Stamford fighter has a good jab and quick reflexes, as well as plenty of bottom, which is the London prize-ring word for stamina, and sounds better. He had also found that he couldn't make his own pace—resting and then spurting, and so winning a series of short fights instead of one long one. This was because Vejar wouldn't let him rest, or at least because Vejar's corner wouldn't let Vejar let him rest. The younger man could go the whole ten rounds at a fast rate. And Vejar wouldn't spurt when Graham wanted him to, which, of course, was when Graham had already hit him and was in position to hit him again. For a young fellow, and a Latin, Vejar is a cool customer. He is not, however, an exceptionally dangerous hitter. Billy didn't have to worry much about Vejar's taking him out with one punch. In none of Graham's hundred and twenty-five fights had anybody ever done that. In their first fight, though, Graham had nailed Vejar with several beautiful rights to the head—some almost straight punches and some that were more conventionally angled in. I had never before seen him stand so

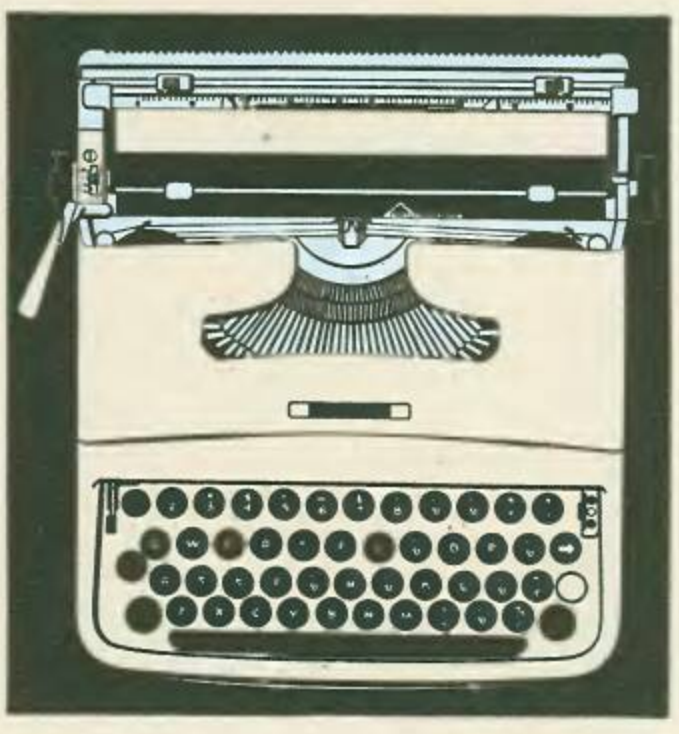




The Olivetti portable portable is a handsome personal possession; it has in fact been seen in many good-design exhibits. Its distinctive Lettera type is optional. The neutral color of its aluminum body blends harmoniously with room interiors. $88 plus taxes, in most states, including smart two-tone carrying case. At Olivetti's own stores: 584 Fifth Avenue, New York; 230 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago; 17 Second Street, San Francisco; and at Olivetti dealers.



"Portable portable"—that's what they're calling it, because it's so wonderfully light . . . so easy to take along no matter where (or how "light") you travel. And the Olivetti "Lettera 22" is a complete typewriter; it has every important feature that office-size machines have . . . plus additional and unusual features such as Correcto-Space, that lets you insert an accidentally omitted letter, and Add-A-Line, that lets you type extra words or even whole sentences between single-spaced lines. Its many features, easy action, and rugged construction make the Olivetti "Lettera 22" a most excellent choice for school, home and business as well as travel.





Olivetti Corporation of America
Dept. CX, 580 Fifth Avenue
New York 36, New York

Dear OCA: Tell me more about your *portable* portable. Does it have an automatic tabulator? Touch regulator? Is there a dealer near me? Sincerely,

Name.....

Street Address.....

City.....State.....

My Occupation.....

(*Advertisement*)

C. W. E.

—or,

catching a waiter's eye, and what you can do about it

THERE are some men with so impressive a manner that head waiters and other functionaries defer to them and hover over them continually.

There are others who suffer from a chronic inability to attract deference from the lords of food and drink. No matter what their achievements may be in the world of business, their lives are spent in a losing campaign to catch a waiter's eye.

There is some welcome news, therefore, for all victims of "waiter's blindness" in a letter which came to us recently. A man writes "I've got the problem licked. It may take me a little while to attract the captain's attention in the first place, but when I do, I just order a round of Chivas Regal Scotch whisky. That establishes me instantly as a man of substance. Even if the place happens to be out of Chivas Regal, I get fine service from then on."

We were pleased to hear that. But this merit of 12 year old Chivas Regal should not obscure the primary reason why persons of taste order Scotland's Prince of Whiskies. By such people this liquid treasure is prized for its own sake. It owes its grandeur to the rare distillations from which it is produced, to the fact that it is aged for twelve years and blended with consummate skill by an Aberdeen House founded one hundred and fifty-four years ago.

There is a grain of consolation in our friend's letter for those who cannot obtain Chivas Regal every time they order it. (A situation which we deeply regret, and which is explainable by the fact that a whisky of this magnificence cannot be mass-produced.) If your spirits dealer or barman is temporarily out of Chivas Regal next time you ask for it, be assured that your order has won his respect as well as his regret, and his hope that you will give him a second chance to serve you.

•

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
86 PROOF
CHIVAS BROTHERS IMPORT CORPORATION
NEW YORK, N. Y.

flat or punch so hard. So I suspected now that the older boxer's best chance to win might be by knocking the rough young slugger out, but I didn't know how Billy was going to go about it.

In the first round, Billy didn't enlighten me. He boxed with the habitual Graham elegance. Going under Vejar's elbows and around him, flicking him with long lefts, like an old-fashioned lightning portrait painter in a variety show, and occasionally getting in a stylish left and right to the body, he made him look crude, but Vejar's jab, when he landed it, appeared to have more power; in fact, it looked faster. Vejar punched away, too, and although he missed any target worth aiming at, his blows landed on Graham's arms, his shoulders, his back as he ducked under punches, and his ribs now and then in clinches—all attentions calculated to take some of the steam out of a fellow of Billy's seniority and to impress the judges, at least, with Vejar's aggressiveness. The referee, Ray Miller, who was once a good fighter himself—maybe even a hell of a fighter—could be relied on not to be overimpressed, but judges are usually less discerning. I wouldn't have given Graham that round myself, for all my admiration of him. After the bell, he looked virtually middle-aged. His hair, which he wears rather long, and flattened to his head, hung lank, the gloves had left welts on his white skin, and his nose had been reddened, although not bloodied, as if by a prolonged course of the daffy.

It was clear that salvation did not lie that way; there was even a danger that Vejar would wear Graham down and have him hanging on before the end. The second round was better; Billy caught Junior with one hard right, but Chico got away and took the curse off it with more flurries of elbow busters. In the third, Graham seemed to be tiring, and after that it was all Vejar for a while. Graham's defensive boxing was brilliant, but he didn't even look like trying to score points with his left. He was in, under, and out a lot, leaving Vejar looking silly and baffled, but the boy was doing most of the punching, such as it was. I had Vejar winning five of the first seven rounds, and one even.

Then, halfway through the eighth round, Graham nailed Vejar with a right as the boy came off the ropes on the opposite side of the ring from where I sat. Vejar tried to counter and Billy hit him again; Vejar tried to slip away and the right went in a third time. Graham landed at least five hard rights to the side of the head within five sec-

FROM PHILIPS OF THE NETHERLANDS.
MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS
NORELCO CONCERTO GRAND



Norelco FM-AM SHORT WAVE
TABLE MODEL RADIO
for only $89.50

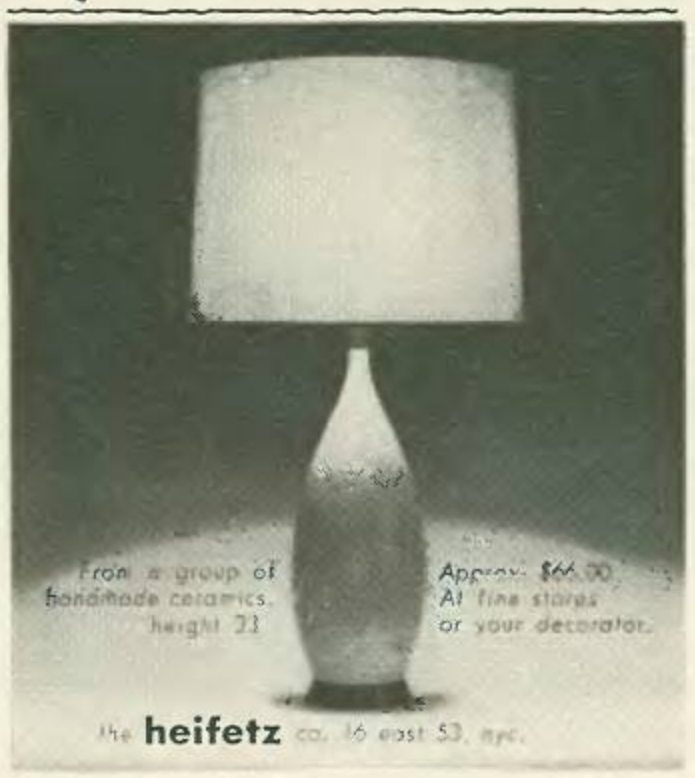
An excellent instrument with these outstanding features: Marvelous tone quality • Built-in dipole for FM and Short Wave • Double tone control; continuous for high notes and two positions for low notes • Phono-jack for record player • Connection for extra speaker • Becomes a fine high-fidelity table model combination with the addition of a Philips automatic record changer (changer $69.50 additional). Come in and ask for a demonstration or write for a free brochure.

LIBERTY Music Shops
MADISON AVENUE AT 50TH ST.
Madison Ave. at 76th St. • Madison Ave. at 67th St.
New York 22, N. Y.
228 East Post Road, White Plains, N. Y.

SKYTOP CLUB
"*High in the Poconos*"
Spring at Skytop brings golf, riding, and the opportunity for refreshing rest in unfiltered sunshine and clean mountain air. Lovely level walks, indoor games, entertainment, first run movies . . . *and* those delicious Skytop meals!
Call our information office: The Biltmore, MU 6-8648.



SKYTOP CLUB
BOX 1
SKYTOP, PENNA.
Wm. W. Malleson, Jr., *General Manager*



onds, but none hit the jackpot, and the strong young legs carried Vejar away. Blood was streaming from a cut behind and above his left eye, and the theretofore neutral, half-contemptuous crowd—"That'll be all, Willie!" they had been yelling a minute earlier—roared for Billy to finish him. He tried with the prescribed calm to set the boy up, but he couldn't. His legs wouldn't keep him close enough. The clock over the ring showed thirty seconds of the round left, then twenty, and the classic boxer discarded finesse. With his lank locks flying around his head, he stood flatfooted and threw the right after Vejar's circling form like an old woman throwing a pie, but then the round ended, and he walked very slowly to his corner, while the fighter with a future stumbled toward the ministering arms of Drs. Brown and Ferrara. Brown, who stops the flow from the mountainous crevasses in the craggy countenance of Rocky Marciano, the heavyweight champion and an illustrious bleeder, did one of his customary jobs on Vejar. The boy came out looking like the "after" picture in a "Remove unsightly blemishes" ad.

Graham's grim task was to open the cut again, but this objective was so obvious that it put him at a tactical disadvantage. Vejar knew what Graham had to try to do, but Graham didn't know what Vejar was going to try to do. All he *had* to do was keep the left side of his face intact and he would win the decision, even if he lost the last two rounds. Actually, Vejar did better. He caught Graham with a left hook that turned him halfway round, which would have been unthinkable if the cute boxer hadn't been so intent on getting that right over. Later, Graham hit the patch once—blood showed again—and then the round was over. The last stand would have no movie ending.

Both men came out strong for the final round—"very gay," Egan would have said. It was a fine, hard round, and Billy won it, I thought, but there was no doubt where the decision would go. It was unanimous for Vejar.

After the fight, I went back to Graham's dressing room. All the veteran artist's wounds were on his back and shoulders—probably scrapes from glove laces—although the nose showed an extra bump, and stood taller than ever. Also, Graham had somehow developed a painful blister on the big toe of his left foot. Everybody said he had made a great fight—better than the one in New York—and I asked him if he





toujours moi
(always me)
the celestial fragrance
for lucky mortals

Brought from Paris and so utterly
Continental it makes the angels
sing with a French accent.
The perfume: $65 to $5.50.
The toilet water: $18.50 to $3.00 (plus tax).
Corday—Paris, New York. Famous
too for Zigane, Fame, Jet, Toujours Toi.

parfums
CORDAY

had been trying from the first to set Vejar up for the right. He said, "Yeah, but he knew I was looking for him." He talked to Cohen and Wild about the blister on his toe and they decided not to cut it. He was talking easily, as if he hadn't been fighting. His wind was good. After a while he said wistfully, "Gee, did you see that cut bleed in the ninth when I hit it just once?"

Wild said to me, "We were going for his gut in those middle rounds, to bring his guard down. But he wouldn't go for it. Anyway, this guy couldn't get in there like he could have once."

A reporter for a press association asked Cohen whether Graham would retire now, and Cohen replied, "We are withholding any announcement at present."

HALF an hour later, I was at the Onondaga bar again, waiting for traintime, which was a couple of hours away. I was with my Syracuse friend who is in the paper business, and I was lamenting my failure to have bet on a horse named Bobby Brocato, which had won the feature race at the Jamaica opening and paid 19 to 1. I was sure that if I had been there, I would have played him. We were also discussing the news from Boston. The Boston fellow, De Marco, had knocked out Saxton in the fourteenth round and won the welterweight championship. The paper man said, "You could have had three to one against him."

We were standing at one end of the bar, near the telephone. Graham came in, wearing a dark suit with even a tie, and put in a call to his mother. He drank beer with us while he waited for the call to go through; he was pretty thoroughly dehydrated. After a while, he got the connection, and said, "It's me. . . . I'm all right. . . . Sure." For such an old, ring-wise fellow, he sounded strangely like a small boy minimizing a bad school report. His mother must have known by then how he'd made out, if she had a television set or neighbors. After listening to her for a bit, Graham said, "Oh, sure. They're all satisfied. They all said I made a good try, but I guess it wasn't good enough."

—A. J. LIEBLING

•

Edward Roberts of Siwanoy Council, stating that boy scouts become juvenile delinquents, commended parents who volunteer their time and efforts to help in scout and cub activities.—*The Herald Tribune.*

A man who knows where he stands.

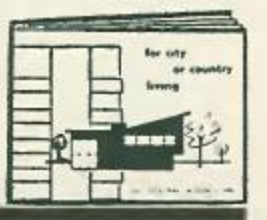
Whether you're urban or suburban see the
ASH GROUP

Wonderful easy-to-live-with pieces for city or country. Superbly designed, supremely comfortable—smart fabrics and leathers, foam rubber construction.

See The ASH GROUP and 50 other nationally advertised furniture lines in our complete room settings. You may enter our showrooms only when accompanied by your interior designer or dealer, or by presenting their card.

Send 25¢ coin for new, large catalog "for city or country living." Discover page after page of the nation's outstanding furniture—contemporary, transitional, provincial and traditional.





New York Furniture Exhibit Corp.
451-453 FOURTH AVE., Dept. Y NEW YORK 16, N. Y.
MUrray Hill 3-7650

FOR THE Mildest
SMOKE OF YOUR LIFE
WALNUT
PIPE TOBACCO BY MIDDLETON



Seven of the world's finest tobaccos expertly blended for fine flavor, extreme mildness . . . smooth smoking. Enjoy your pipe with extremely *mild* WALNUT ...the connoisseur's choice.



SOLD BY LEADING DEALERS
If not available locally, send order to
John Middleton — 1211 Walnut St., Phila. 7, Pa.
$2.65 (1 lb.)
$1.35 (½ lb.)
30c pkg.,
"Fine tobacco since 1856"

EUROPE VIA



VOLKSWAGEN

No. 1 car in Europe
...U.S. sales,* too.
* imported car sales, of course.
Make your tour carefree and memorable . . . These features make VOLKSWAGEN number one: 35 miles per gallon; room for 4 adults and luggage, an 8 pass. model, too; V.W. service everywhere; high resale in dollars.
Write Dept. N42 for further details.
WORLD-WIDE AUTOMOBILES Corp.
302 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 1, CH 4-4655

$1130.
del. any city in Germany.
Other European cities slightly higher.



DRIEST OF THE DRY. No mirage, but something very real, we present the *smart* Martini, the Vodka Martini: *"The Martini with the Marvelous Taste."* It's sheer perfection . . . the driest, smoothest, most pleasing Dry Martini of them all. *The Recipe:* Follow your usual procedure—make it any proportions you like—with one simple, but all-important difference: Use Smirnoff Vodka instead of gin.

it leaves you breathless...

Smirnoff®
THE GREATEST NAME IN VODKA

80 Proof. Distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits. Ste. Pierre Smirnoff Fls. (Division of Heublein), Hartford, Conn., U.S.A., France, England, Mexico

3 wonderful ways to say *"Welcome!"*

When guests come to dinner, strike a note of imaginative (and delicious) hospitality with Hiram Walker's Cordials. Combine the subtle flavor of Triple Sec with fruit and ice cream, and bring to your own table a dessert which is many a great restaurant's special pride—superb Strawberries Romanoff. When it's time for after-dinner coffee, enhance this pleasant hour with a pony of glowing, *deep*-mint Creme de Menthe . . . or, with the tingling blend of ice and sun-ripened flavor in a Cherry Liqueur frappé. Whichever cordial you try, quality beyond compare is always assured by the label "Hiram Walker's."



Cherry Liqueur frappé





STRAWBERRIES ROMANOFF

Lightly whip 1 pint vanilla ice cream. Fold in 1 cup sweet cream beaten stiff. Add 6 tablespoons Hiram Walker's Triple Sec. Pour mixture over 2 quarts chilled strawberries, sugared to taste. Serves 6-8.

Tested in the kitchens of Gourmet Magazine.



HIRAM WALKER'S CORDIALS

A RAINBOW OF DISTINCTIVE FLAVORS



Orange Curacao, Creme de Cacao, Creme de Menthe, Apricot Liqueur, Cherry Liqueur, 60 proof • Rock and Rye, Blackberry Fruit Flavored Brandy, 70 proof • Triple Sec, Kümmel, 80 proof • Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois

THE ART GALLERIES

Sea and Sand



SOMETIMES two artists quite dissimilar in their overall approach will reveal small points of similarity that are as marked as, frequently, they are confusing. So it is with a couple of men this week—B.J.O. Nordfeldt, who has a set of new paintings at the Passedoit, and Marsden Hartley, who is being featured in a small memorial show at the Paul Rosenberg. No one could mistake a Hartley for a Nordfeldt, or vice versa, and yet there are relationships here and there in their work that can hardly escape attention. Both, for instance, love the sea, and approach it from much the same point of view, emphasizing its rigors instead of its kindlier aspects and reducing even its most swelling rhythms to harsh angularities. Both, too, have a certain austerity, which now and then lends a feeling of grimness to their work, and there are also quirky qualities of palette and paint application that set up random and quite fortuitous resemblances between the two.

Yet the truth is that in the accepted sense of artistic influence and "school" relationships there is little or no connection between the pair, as their shows, for that matter, amply prove. Nordfeldt, I feel, derives largely from the German Post-Expressionist group that included such men as Beckmann and Hofer (he may also have taken a side glance or two at our own John Marin), and his work has a good deal of the logicality and firm form, as well as a trace of the rigidity, of that school. His current affair is about evenly divided between Biblical subjects and marines—both preoccupations of his—and in each section he displays an organizational strength and a gift for quiet yet forceful imagery that are remarkable. To be sure, his palette is a bit too restricted and the predominantly gray tonality of his paintings—brightened only occasionally (one might almost say parsimoniously) by pale greens and pinks and blues—becomes at times monotonous. But his design is bold and sure, and in some of the canvases, notably his concentrically patterned "Sea, Morning" and the more sharply styl-

Glamour says:

"The new spring hats are out of this world."





Burris

the far-reaching influence of

GLAMOUR

the fashion magazine for the girl with a job

A CONDÉ NAST MAGAZINE



31 years before the Alaska Purchase, we were making this bourbon in Kentucky . . .

YELLOWSTONE

By 1867, thousands of barrels of this distinctive bourbon had been made. Even then, it was known that the formula was different from any other. It still is . . . and because it cannot be mass-produced, only recently has YELLOWSTONE become available nation-wide. To enjoy a finer tasting bourbon ask for YELLOWSTONE, "THE GREATEST AMERICAN WHISKEY!"



100 PROOF BOTTLED IN BOND

ALSO AVAILABLE IN 90 AND 86 PROOF

YELLOWSTONE, INC., LOUISVILLE, KY.

ized, more colorful "Dead Christ," his work rises to poetic levels of interpretation. I liked, too, his friezelike "Carrying the Dead Christ" and "Grief," also from the Biblical series, as well as "Fish, Gray and Yellow" and the lacily patterned "Gulls and Rock."

HARTLEY, on the other hand, had a much more varied artistic ancestry, ranging from the Expressionists to the Cubists, plus some touches of American folk art, and perhaps for that reason his work has a broader scope, both of subject and palette. Twenty-one paintings make up his collection, and their span is from the handsome blue "Still-Life Fruit," dated 1927, to an equally charming small "Tinker Mackerel"—also a still-life, in which the fish are laid out on a napkin in tiers, nose to tail, as they might have swum in the sea—painted in 1942, the year before he died. In between, the show covers his main fields of endeavor—the New England coast and its people, Mount Katahdin, flower studies, and still-lifes—not only with competence but with considerable freshness of interest, for a number of the pieces have rarely been seen here.

Among the ones new to me are "Great Good Man," a careful but not especially impressive portrait of Lincoln; the more attractive "New England Still-Life," of a platter of fish, a loaf of bread, some grapes, and so forth, on a table; the small, ingratiating "Grapes and White Flowers;" and two Braque-like (and early) brown paintings called "Fish, Bread, and Lily" and "Still-Life with Fan"—the latter almost Cubist in the deliberately broken, zigzagging pattern of the crumpled napkin and half-folded fan that form its background.

In addition, there is a sonorously red-and-black "Nova Scotia Woman Churning" (for Hartley, despite his surface severity, was capable of real richness of color when he felt it was needed); an effective and slightly Ryderesque picture of a far-off schooner under huge, moonlit clouds, called "Off to the Banks;" "Crashing Wave," a bravura study of a burst of foam on rocks; and "Mt. Katahdin," all autumnal browns in the foreground and misty lavender in the distance, that is a marvel of airiness and wistful evocation. It's in no sense a conclusive showing, for the brooding, almost apocalyptic quality that informs some of his greatest pictures, such as "Fishermen's Last Supper" and "Adelard the Drowned," has, unfortunately,

blown glass decanters



. . . with handsome solid glass stoppers that stay snug. Well balanced and easy to pour from . . . these graceful containers make a choice gift for your favorite host or hostess.
24 oz. decanter $5.50 a pair.
28 oz. teardrop decanter $5.25 each.

catalog on request

AMERICA HOUSE
32 East 52nd Street
New York 22, N. Y.

Landmark of Tradition

Enjoy real Puerto Rican hospitality in the traditional Old World charm of Puerto Rico's best known hotel.

• BEACH • SPORTS
• POOL • DANCING



THE Condado Beach
AIR CONDITIONED HOTEL

SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO
See your Travel Agent or New York Office, 212 Essex House. Tel. CI 5-6727



JAPANESE ZORIS are comfortable, practical sandals. Made of rubber, white with red, yellow, blue or green trim. Use them for beach or shower. For MEN & WOMEN. Send shoe size; state second color choice. $2.50 postpaid.
ELIZABETH McCAFFREY Dept. NY-4 Orange, New Jersey

been ignored. But in its way it's a handsome one.

THE Downtown Gallery is showing a group of new paintings by Georgia O'Keeffe, her first exhibition of oils in close to five years. In the case of so important an artist, such an affair automatically assumes a certain significance as a chronicle of her artistic progress, but it is pleasant to report that it's also a thoroughly engaging performance in its own right. To be sure, there has been little change in her choice of subjects or, for the most part, in her basic approach. O'Keeffe has, like Nordfeldt and Hartley, always been an artist of sharply circumscribed interests. The desert country of New Mexico is still her main field, and the features of it that attract her—brown adobe walls, distant mesas, picked-clean skulls, and wind-whitened branches—together with the dramatic possibilities inherent in their juxtapositions, are apparent in many of the paintings in the current show.

Yet though her subjects and settings remain the same, there has been a slight alteration (and to my mind a welcome one) in the atmosphere in which she presents them. Too often, it has seemed to me, O'Keeffe's flair for dramatics (her flower-decked skulls, her horns framing a faraway mesa, and so on) has led her close to sheer histrionics, while her color, despite its purity and brilliance, occasionally has a flatness that is almost a glare. In the new paintings, happily, she has avoided all this, and though the change has been minor (and thus difficult to define), it appears to be mostly in the direction of a looser, gentler, more immediately emotional treatment. The new paintings, in a word, seem more felt and less thought than the older ones, and particularly in such pieces as "Black Door with Snow" and "From the Plains II" (a big sunset study that is perhaps the headliner of the show) there's more boldness in the brushwork, too. I liked, as well, "Patio Door Green-Red," in addition to "Winter Cottonwoods East IV" and the cool, mysterious "Wall with Green Door." —ROBERT M. COATES

•

S. P. C. A. SERMON

I'd like to hear a sermon done
On the general theme of the prodigal
son,
But slanted anew—
From the point of view
(And on behalf)
Of the fatted calf.

—STUART HEMSLEY



There's room to relax in uncrowded

Canada

VACATIONS UNLIMITED...



Canada furnishes a feast of *fresh* vacation settings — and a varied array of exciting vacation activities. You'll enjoy cruising colourful coasts and majestic rivers...sight-seeing and shopping in cosmopolitan cities...swimming, sailing, sunning at lakeland resorts...exploring National Parks and mountain playgrounds. The choice is *yours* in *uncrowded* Canada. No passport needed. Get in touch with your travel or transportation agent soon; send the coupon now.



History has left its intriguing mark in scores of storied Canadian towns.



Hospitality, gay times, good living — these help to make your trip to Canada a memorable one.

01-1-18-55-04

CANADIAN GOVERNMENT TRAVEL BUREAU,
OTTAWA, CANADA

Send your NEW 48-page, full-colour book on vacation attractions in all parts of Canada . . . . . ☐

Tell me where 16 mm sound films on Canadian travel subjects are available in the U.S.A. . . ☐

Check √ as required

*Name*_____
(PLEASE PRINT)

*Address*_____

*Town*_____ *State*_____

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE



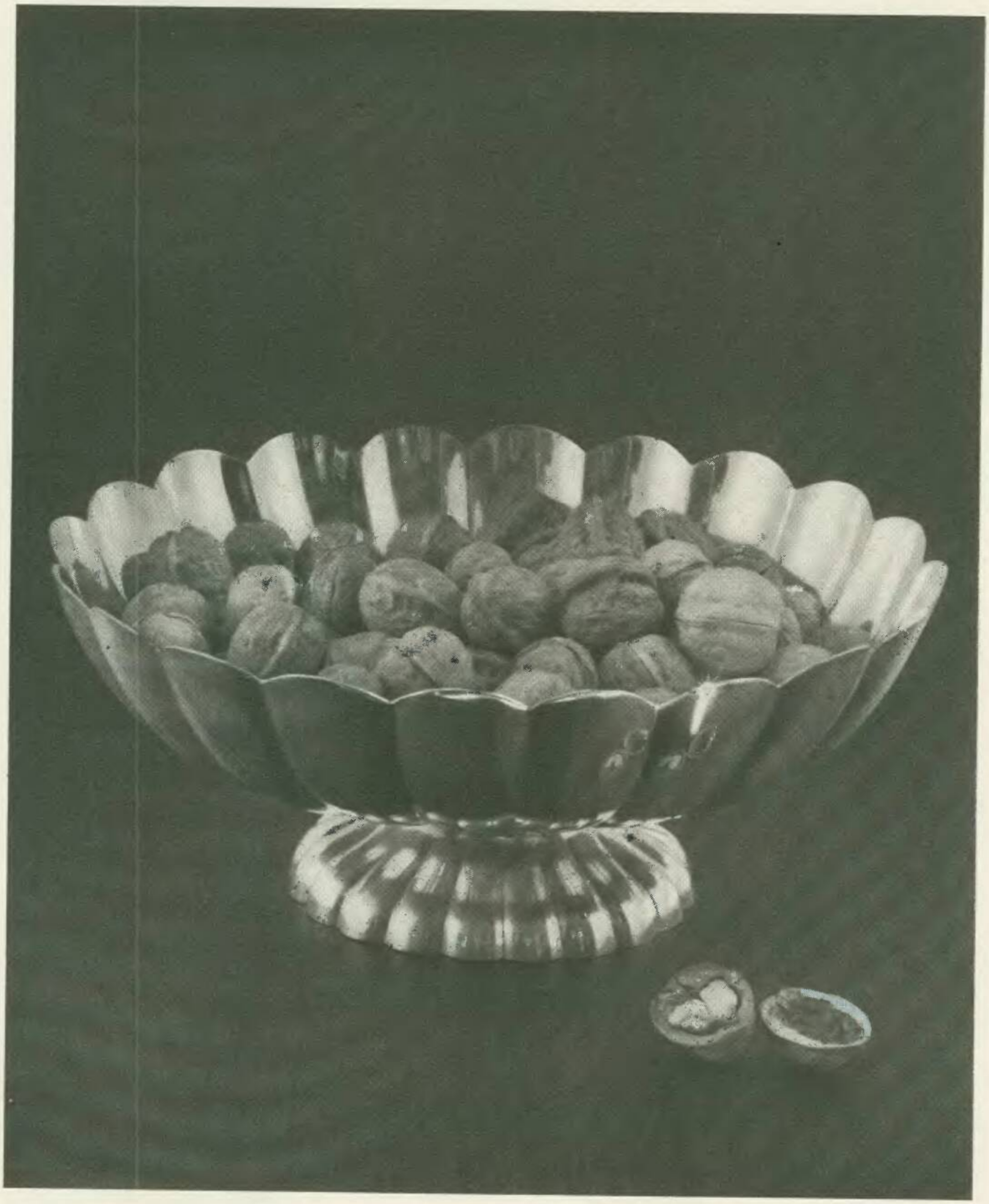
DUTY'S stern call reminds me that there are plenty of prosaic household necessities that deserve immediate attention in these columns, but with spring in the air and—what's more to the point—in the shopwindows, prosaic household necessities seem pretty unappetizing, so if you don't mind, I think I shall ignore duty and her call and get on to more agreeably seasonal matters. It must be this sort of vernal folly that merchants anticipate when they put on their dreariest sales in the dreariest middle of winter, knowing that there would be precious few customers for dish towels and washcloths and heavy-duty bathmats if the January white sales had to compete with the first potted hyacinths and geraniums in barrows. At any rate, the things I propose to discuss this week are frivolous articles of merchandise, which by no stretch of the imagination could be called necessities but which you may find fatally easy to covet. For example, some highly original and almost irresistible artificial-flower arrangements, by Robert Bishop, that have sprouted in some very handsome containers at Bonniers, 605 Madison Avenue (58th). There has lately been a good deal of experimenting with new techniques of designing artificial flowers, most of which appears to have been aimed at people with romantic tastes and a preference for traditional interiors, and while some of the resulting conceits are quite fetching, if you like conventional arrangements of artificial flowers, none of the ones I saw before I came upon the Bonniers display had the slightest contemporary feeling about them or made any attempt to complement their receptacles. Mr. Bishop's "floral constructions," as Bonniers calls them, are created especially for modern ceramic vases (most of the ones he uses are Scandinavian), and although the way he brings out their subtle points is severely stylized, it gives the impression of dashing spontaneity.

Since these adventurous decorations do not lend themselves easily to descriptive prose, I shan't attempt to convey more than the sketchiest idea of what you will find at Bonniers—just enough, I hope, to help you decide whether Mr. Bishop's fancies are for you. To begin with an extremely effective one that is also among the least expensive in the collection, there is a natural-looking stalk strung at irregular intervals with large red grapes and growing out of a slim, whitish vase. It is seven inches high, over-all, and a pair of these ornaments would lend a good deal of style to a mantelshelf; the price is $15 apiece. A subtle study in greens and browns consists of dried eucalyptus pods and green grapes rising in a pyramid from a conical vase of brown Swedish pottery ($32.50); small pine cones and artificial blue plums are heaped in a bulbous Danish jar ($37); a single, strange Gauguinlike flower, made up of imitation fruits that turn out on careful examination to be tiny bananas, grapes, and strawberries, grows out of a low, rectangular Spanish container ($60); and three balls of clover blossoms, rising one above another to a height of fourteen inches, are set in a green Swedish vase ($85).

Among the more imposing pieces is an unusual Finnish vase—it consists of four slim ceramic cylinders standing on a free-form base—in which Mr. Bishop has planted an abstraction of wire covered with shiny black tape and picked out here and there with a big blackberry; this one is three feet high and costs $150. A magnificent brown German jar, twenty-eight inches tall, holds a six-foot rhododendron branch from which are suspended three luscious-looking golden peaches ($195), and a striking dark jardiniere holds a forty-inch yucca plant that is bedded in a tangle of green leaves and bears one dramatic bloom, made up of countless small artificial flowers ($140). In case I seem to have completely lost my head over artificial fruits and flowers, perhaps I had better explain that, delightful as the Bonniers specimens are, what



"You've always seemed an average sort of fellow, Griswold. What's <u>your</u> reaction to this promotion angle?"



PRICE INCLUDES 10 PER CENT FEDERAL TAX

OVAL SCALLOPED BOWL, IN SILVER PLATE. LENGTH 12", HEIGHT 4½". $23.50.
AT FINER SILVERWARE STORES.

REED & BARTON

SILVERMASTERS SINCE 1824 • TAUNTON, MASSACHUSETTS



THE
NOAH BAG
FROM
MARK CROSS

We came across the carryall we call the Noah Bag one summer at the Auteuil racetrack in Paris. One of the Baron de Rothschild's horses had just won, and during the hubbub in the paddock we found ourselves the momentary custodian of the jockey's utility bag. A handsomer, simpler, worthier piece of leatherwork we had never seen; and we set out from the track to track it down.

The little Paris saddler who made it made one for us, and from him we learned its history.

In design, it is quite possibly the oldest bag in existence. The Romans brought such a bag to France, England and Ireland. Crusaders carried it all over. Mark Cross finally introduced it to Americans and Americans have taken it right back to France, England, Ireland and Rome, and other far corners of the earth.

At Mark Cross we put all the skill we command into making the Noah Bag—using sturdy, mellow saddle leather, stirrup leather for the handle, and a leather thong for the closing. It is a triumph of functional luggage, a bag to serve you long and well, carrying anything and everything on an overnight trip or around the world.

In tan, red, navy, black, the Noah Bag comes in two sizes, $27.50 and $29.50 plus 10% excise tax.

MARK CROSS, Fifth Ave. at 55th, New York 22

I find most interesting and admirable about them is the way Mr. Bishop's imagination and sense of style bring the beautiful but sometimes cold ceramics to life.

I WONDER if everyone who enjoyed the stirring movie "Gate of Hell" was as distracted from the fine acting as I was by the fascinating antique Japanese housefurnishings in some of the scenes. I regretfully assumed at the time that such pieces had been strictly out of supply since the thirteenth century, but now I learn not only that the Japanese kept right on making them until some fifty years ago but that some of the best of them have recently found their way to Lord & Taylor, and are scattered around in the furniture department there. Do you remember those beguiling little lacquered trays with feet that were set before the diners in the banquet scene after the horse races? Well, here those trays are at Lord & Taylor, just as exquisite and desirable as they seemed on the screen, and with no discernible variation from their thirteenth-century prototypes. The simplest are of brilliant black lacquer, set on very low legs and surrounded by an inch-high gallery; they are fifteen inches square and cost $15 apiece. A reddish lacquer one of about the same size (it could also be used as a stand for an object of art) has high, fretted legs and costs $29. A couple of trays without legs are of brown or black lacquer decorated with a shadowy red design of butterflies; they are $35 each. A large rectangular container that was originally intended to be a kimono box but would make a splendid tray, despite its high sides, is constructed of closely woven fibre lacquered a dull red, and has a narrow black-and-gold band of lacquered wood around the rim ($99), and an even more sumptuous kimono box, which could also be used as a tray, is done in black lacquer with a design of autumn leaves in gold leaf ($195). This last is an antique piece, dating from the early nineteenth century, but most of the others are, according to their labels, merely "old," which in a number of instances means that they were made in the latter part of the last century.

Trays are by no means the only Japanese household articles Lord & Taylor has on hand; there are, among other things, some fat, square floor cushions (twenty-one inches by twenty-three) of self-patterned bright-yellow silk, with a few strands of bright green

Fragrance of France

ROGER & GALLET



ŒILLET BLEU
BLUE CARNATION
ROGER & GALLET
COLOGNE $2.25 – $4.00 BATH POWDER $2.00
SOAPS $2.00 – $2.50 SACHET $1.00 – $2.00
ESSENCE POUR LE BAIN $1.25 – $3.25

PARIS
R&G DISTRIBUTORS • 240 MADISON AVENUE • NEW YORK

PARADOX

Guests find it particularly difficult to reconcile our modern facilities and appointments with the fact we have been in business 65 years.



CHALFONTE—HADDON HALL
on the Boardwalk, Atlantic City, N.J.
Owned & operated by Leeds & Lippincott Co. for 65 years
Write for illustrated folder



LE NORMAND
Buffet-Dressoir in Fruitwood
At Selected Furniture and Department Stores
Send 25c to Dept. N for Illustrated Folio
FANCHER FURNITURE CO. • SALAMANCA, N.Y.

by way of a tassel at each corner ($25); a number of large, elaborate lacquered bowls, some with covers (from $59 to $69); a pair of handsome brown-and-gold lacquered vases that are intricately perforated but could be fitted with glass or metal containers and used for fresh flowers ($39 each); and a graceful red-and-gold lacquer article with two uprights and a crossbar, from which kimonos were once hung ($149). This last is fifty-seven inches wide and sixty-nine inches high, and might well be used to suggest a division in a modern room.

SOME meticulously silk-screened reproductions of four exceptionally decorative flower studies are to be found among a lot of far less impressive prints at Catalda Fine Arts, 225 Fifth Avenue (26th), and anybody who has a wall space to be filled with a moderately priced bit of good color and appealing design should probably have a look at them. Twelve separate screens were required for each of the prints, which measure fourteen inches by twenty-three, and cost $12 apiece. They were reproduced by the Pippin Press, a concern that enjoys a reputation among museums and libraries for almost fanatically painstaking craftsmanship. In two of the studies, the flowers are arranged in large, low baskets, and in the other two they are in shallow urns. The prints were copied from the panels of an early eighteenth-century door—probably a closet door—that was once used at the Christopher Hoagland farm, in Griggstown, New Jersey, and is now in the American Wing of the Metropolitan Museum. In order to appreciate the faithful exactitude of the Pippin silk-screening, you might compare the reproductions with the wood paint-



Keep Cool in the Tropics
...or at the Club



Country Life®
gives its Oriente Silk Jacket A Tweed Look!

It has the masculine body and texture of fine tweed, yet it retains all the native airy coolness of imported raw silk. Country Life has tailored this jacket with verve – you'll find it rugged, handsome, wonderfully light on your shoulders, right down to the light weight Earl Glo Bemberg lining. You'll find it a pleasure to own and wear on the hottest days.

COUNTRY LIFE SPORTSWEAR*
873 Broadway, New York 3, N. Y.

*Division of Currick & Leiken Co., Inc.,

Pronunciation Guide to FRENCH Wines

From a poster by Toulouse-Lautrec



Note: Phonetic English can only approximate Parisian French!

Beaujolais	*Bow Joe lay*
Chablis	*Shah blee*
Chateau Yquem	*Shot-oh Ee-Kem*
Chateauneuf du Pape	*Shot-oh Neff du Pop*
Chambertin	*Sham bear tan*
Graves	*Grahv*
Haut Sauternes	*Oh So tairn*
Macon	*Mah kon*
Medoc	*May dock*
Montrachet	*Mawn Rah Shay*
Pommard	*Poe mahr*
Pontet-Canet	*Pon tay Kan nay*
Pouilly Fuissé	*Poo yee Fweesay*
Prince Blanc	*Prance Blahn*
Prince Noir	*Prance Nwahr*
Sauternes	*So tairn*
St. Emilion	*Sant Ay mee lee on*
St. Julien	*San Jeu lee en*

your Quality Guide to all these wines is the name

B&G

(The finest wines of FRANCE)

By BARTON & GUESTIER, *Established 1725*
Browne Vintners Co., Inc., New York City.
Sole Distributors for U.S.A.

ings themselves, which are like some of the best of the Pennsylvania Dutch work.

I HAD lately concluded—with some relief, I must admit—that we had finally seen the last of the fish in applied art, where he's been dominating the scene relentlessly for several years. But no. Here he is again, and this time so smartened up, so debonair, that it's a pleasure to have him with us. The Royal Copenhagen Porcelain factories have sent us, via Georg Jensen, some remarkably good-looking green-and-yellow-bordered dinner plates, each of which has in its center, swimming in close formation and obviously getting somewhere in a great hurry, a school of fish of one variety or another. The porcelain, like all that comes from these factories, is beautiful, and the designs have an engaging freshness. Six species of fish are represented (a school of flounder and a school of what I take to be trout are the only ones I can identify, I'm afraid), and there is a matching oval platter, twenty-one and a half inches long. The plates are $6.25 each and the platter is $25, and the set would show the right respect for all the piscatorial delights—shad, salmon, swordfish—that are swimming our way.

IN case anybody feels, after following these notes on high-class frivolities, that it is time we started counting pennies, I shall now introduce a new enterprise, the Macke-Dale Door Store, at 247 East 51st Street, which has flush doors made of plywood in sizes suitable for tabletops, and will also sell them in various unfinished stages, to be cut, stained, topped with formica, attached to legs, and otherwise coped with in the home by the do-it-yourself enthusiast. As you probably know, the original flush door was a solid piece, with no grooves or panelling; the Macke-Dale flush door has a front and back of plywood, separated by an inch and an eighth of space, and braced with struts. The edges are neatly fitted with matching strips, and the effect is of a massive slab of wood. The advantages of this type are that it is considerably lighter than solid wood, not so likely to warp, and a great deal less expensive. The doors come in three standard lengths—forty-eight, sixty, and eighty inches. The forty-eight-inch size is available in birch or mahogany, in twenty- or twenty-four-inch widths, at $9.95. The sixty-inch one also comes in birch or mahogany, and in four widths—twenty, twenty-

FRESH EGGS FOR NEW YORKERS?

Yes, nest-fresh eggs, old fashioned hickory smoked hams and bacon, fresh-killed poultry (everything from baby squab chickens to geese, pheasant, Rock Cornish hens and those famous Connecticut white turkeys which have walked away with top honors at the Danbury Fair for the past 8 years) – all these and many other delectable gourmet items are available to you.

For your convenience—

New York Retail Shop—York Ave. at 91st Street

New York LEhigh 4-3710
Greenwich, Conn. Greenwich 8-2473
New Canaan, Conn. WOodward 6-9298
Candlewood Lake Danbury 3-3367

CANDLEWOOD FARMS
Huckleberry Hill
BROOKFIELD, CONN.

FOR PEOPLE WHO KNOW THE DIFFERENCE

Spring IN THE SADDLE

. . . Enjoy some of the best riding of the year. You'll look better and ride better in correct riding clothes from MILLER'S.

Frontier Pants $8.50
Levis 3.95
Jodhpur Boots 5.75

MILLER'S Send for Cat. 92N.
123 East 24th St., N. Y. 10, N. Y. GR 3-6638

NEW KIND OF SPRING HOLIDAY!

Relax on the banks of the Shrewsbury River—just 45 miles from New York. Quiet, refined atmosphere of a charming, colonial Inn! 100 beautifully furnished modern, fireproof rooms, with bath. Cocktail Lounge, Bar, Colonial dining room. Your hideaway for a week or a weekend. Write Miss Smith for illustrated booklet and rates.

MOLLY PITCHER HOTEL, Red Bank, N.J.

FREEMAN CHUM'S
Famous CHINESE
Restaurant
142 E. 53rd ST. • EL 5-8050

four, thirty, and thirty-six inches, at $10.95, $11.95, $12.95, and $15.95, respectively. The eighty-inch ones are available in birch, mahogany, walnut, and korina, and in nine widths, ranging from eighteen to thirty-six inches, at prices that begin at $9.95, for the smallest size, in birch or mahogany, and go on up to $15.95. (If you can't find exactly what you want among the standard sizes, the shop will cut a door to measure and refit the edges for an extra $3.) At these prices, the doors come sanded and ready to be stained or topped with formica by the customer, who will probably find his zeal for doing-it-himself greatly increased by the fact that the shop charges $4 for staining a door and $10 for the labor involved in putting on the plastic top. Formica sheets in black or with a wood grain cost ninety-nine cents a square foot, cut to size, and white or light-colored formica costs $1.25. If you have paid, say, $10.95 for a twenty-by-sixty-inch top, enough black or wood-grain formica to cover it will set you back $10, and a pint of bonding adhesive is $1.25. Then, of course, there is the cost of the legs. The shop has these in a great variety of materials, and at an even greater variety of prices, starting at $3.95, for a wrought-iron set anywhere from six to fourteen inches high, and going up to $35, for a twenty-seven-inch set in solid brass. In between, there are tapered legs, slanted legs, and straight legs, of satin-finished aluminum, of wood (with or without a brass cuff), of brass, and of chrome-plated steel, in heights ranging from six inches to twenty-eight. And although the flush doors happen to be what caught my eye, there are numerous odds and ends in this busy, cluttered little shop that any serious handyman-about-the-house would find worth investigating. —S. H.

•

JAMESTOWN, N. D. (AP)—His grandfather Daphna wasn't present when Alfred Schollander, a loyal Republican, cut a cake on his 99th birthday and wished that "Mr. Eisenhower would be a candidate for re-election in 1956."

The grandfather, Daphna Nygaard of Jamestown, is Democratic national committeewoman for North Dakota.—*Raleigh (N.C.) News & Observer.*

Well, it's a mess all round.

•

OUR OWN BUSINESS DIRECTORY

The Accurate Notion Co., 522 Seventh Ave.
Indelicato Plastering Company, 31 Union Square.
Virus Limited, Inc., 38 West 28th Street.

Young America's falling in love with the new





HILLMAN HUSKY at $1445

Meet the reigning sensation of the young suburban set—the new HILLMAN HUSKY! It's more than a new style—it's a totally new type of automobile with the comfort of a family sedan, the roomy convenience of a station wagon, and the price of a pre-war coupe . . . $1,445! Topping for shopping—the HILLMAN HUSKY parks "in a pocket," and the whole rear end is an easy-opening door for bundle loading. 35 mpg, on a gallon of "regular." Look for name of your nearest HILLMAN dealer in the classified section of your newspaper or mail coupon.

ROOTES MOTORS INC.

ROOTES MOTORS INC. Dept. N-11
505 Park Avenue
New York, New York
Gentlemen:
Please send me
☐ Name and address of my nearest Hillman dealer
☐ Full details of the Rootes Overseas Delivery Plan
NAME_____
ADDRESS_____
CITY_____STATE_____



...a young skin
glow and lustre

"Even the most artful make-up fails unless the skin beneath has a moist and luminous aura. In my salons. this is achieved with a special formulation that recreates the dewy, young-skin glow."

Basic Sheen

Just a tiny touch of this flowing liquid cream foundation covers lightly yet completely . . . screens out lines and shadows . . . lends your face a moist and glowing sheen. In 8 radiant shades.



Basic Sheen, 5.00. For the final soft, young touch—Invisible Veil Face Powder, 5.00 the box. Pressed Invisible Veil Powder in Napoleon compact, 2.00.

prices plus tax

Elizabeth Arden

LETTER FROM NEW DELHI

APRIL 7

DIPLOMACY has been a winter sensation in this sunny capital—India's new diplomacy, so old in many ways. Pandit Nehru has been coming and going furiously since the cold weather began. He has been to Europe and to the neighboring capitals of Peking, Hanoi, Pnompenh, Rangoon, Bangkok, and Jakarta. And between his tours, the rulers of Yugoslavia and Pakistan, not to mention the Secretary-General of the United Nations, have come here to see him. He plans to continue travelling, in both Europe and Asia, at least until summer. Any day now, he is due to arrive at the world's first big Asian-African diplomatic conference, at Bandung, in Indonesia, and in June or July he is expected to show up in Moscow. These trips reflect a fever of diplomacy. Well aware of the current maladjustment in world affairs—of the gap in understanding between East and West—Nehru and his associates have moved into the breach with what other world diplomats seem to regard as imagination and talent. The Indians' objective is variously guessed at as being world peace or their national welfare or "Asia for the Asians" or simply their own glorification, but whatever it is, their strategy is generally rated good—even very good. India is a poor country, with a small army, yet she now commands the ear—willing or otherwise—of London, Paris, Moscow, Peking, and Washington. This is partly a result of circumstances, but it is also partly a result of the way circumstances have been exploited. Her diplomacy is characterized by an advanced, perhaps Left Wing, acceptance of change, as well as a great deal of polish—of pomp and flourish—and a dazzling intellectual brilliance. Indians can write and talk of abstract things more lucidly, perhaps, than anyone else alive (and they can do it in English, too—the current language of diplomacy), at a time when there is a high premium on that gift and when slogans and other forms of propaganda pay off handsomely. Thus blessed, Indian diplomats seem at times to outshine their brethren elsewhere. One feels that their diplomacy is a new constellation of some sort, worth pointing a telescope at.



The diplomatic event in New Delhi this past winter that best showed the pomp-and-flourish side of things was Marshal Tito's visit, just before Christmas. In winter, New Delhi is clear, cool, and bright—ideal for the wearing of uniforms and so, presumably, for Tito. He appeared in a powder-blue outfit with red-and-gold trim, which suited his strong figure and easy carriage. Soon after he arrived, a story went around that he was alarmed at the sketchiness of Indian security measures, and wore a bulletproof vest under his tunic. The rumor, true or false, gave Indians a chance to compare their democracy favorably with the Communist dictatorships, and some of them took advantage of it. As a matter of fact, however, Tito was surrounded by several plainclothesmen—Indian and Yugoslav—whenever he appeared in public; they blended with the crowd and didn't make things stiff by being conspicuous.

The first ceremony for Tito I went to was at the Red Fort, in Old Delhi, where the municipal authorities welcomed him and gave him presents. Delhi is the site of multiple communities; with its ruins, it includes more than ten historical cities, built by different dynasties, from the dim past down to the present. For centuries, Delhi kept moving north—because, it is said, each new city tried to escape the summer heat by getting into the shade of the former one. The present Old Delhi, the one-time capital of the Mogul Dynasty, was the last to follow this trend. By custom, New Delhi—the British capital, built after the First World War—should have been placed still farther north, but considerations of terrain interfered, as did a certain sanctity, in British eyes, of the northern outskirts, which are linked with the Mutiny of 1857 and have memorials to it. So King George V vetoed the northern outskirts, and New Delhi was built to the south, instead—a retrograde step toward the tombs of ancient rulers, like Tughlaq and the Lodis, who came from Central Asia in the Middle Ages and endured here briefly. Today, India's capital is really twins, with New Delhi, a stately Western creation of long vistas, as the center of government, and Old Delhi, a walled and crowded Asian city, as the center of life. Tito was visiting New Delhi, but the city

fathers chose to fête him in Old Delhi.

The Red Fort, which was once the Moguls' chief palace and is almost a city in itself, is a vast structure built of warm red sandstone in the Mogul style. Its plain red outer wall, a few dozen feet high, is topped with crenellations and minarets, giving it a silhouette that might have been designed by a maker of chessmen. The reception for Tito was held in the rear of the Fort, in the Diwan-i-Khas—the Hall of Private Audience—a white marble pavilion, on a raised white marble platform, that is open in front except for an arcade of scalloped marble arches. The guests approached through courts and other pavilions, walking between swooping ropes of marigold blossoms, and sat on chairs on the lawn, in the sun. Smart-looking civilian and military policemen—with Gurkhas, Sikhs, and Marathas among the latter—stood around, and the Delhi police band, wearing turbans and red-and-blue uniforms, played nearby. When Tito arrived, a garland of marigold blossoms was hung around his neck, over the powder-blue tunic, and the president of the Delhi Municipal Committee delivered a welcoming speech in Hindi—India's national language—with an occasional outcropping of English. When he had finished, Tito was given some presents, including a miniature screen carved from ivory. Pandit Nehru was on the scene as a guest, since he isn't a municipal official. He was dressed informally in his workaday clothes, with a red flower in his buttonhole, and his white Congress Party cap, like an overseas cap, was on his head. He discussed the presents with Marshal Tito, admiring them and joking about them. After a while, Tito read a speech of thanks, in English, and then everybody had tea, while the police band took over in earnest. It played "The Campbells Are Coming," then swung into "Coming Through the Rye," and ended up with "The Blue Danube." It proved itself to be a good, English-trained band as it played there by the old Mogul pavilion, and it showed what a diverse heritage Indian entertainment can draw on.

The next day, Tito was given a reception by India's Vice-President, Dr. S. Radhakrishnan, at Rashtrapati Bhavan, the Presidential Palace, where the Yugoslav party was staying. The Palace, formerly the Viceroy's House, is built mostly of sandstone, like the Red Fort, but in an Orientalized Renaissance style, and it rises monumentally at one end of New Delhi's main street. A dozen state guests and their retinues can



One more

"FIRST"

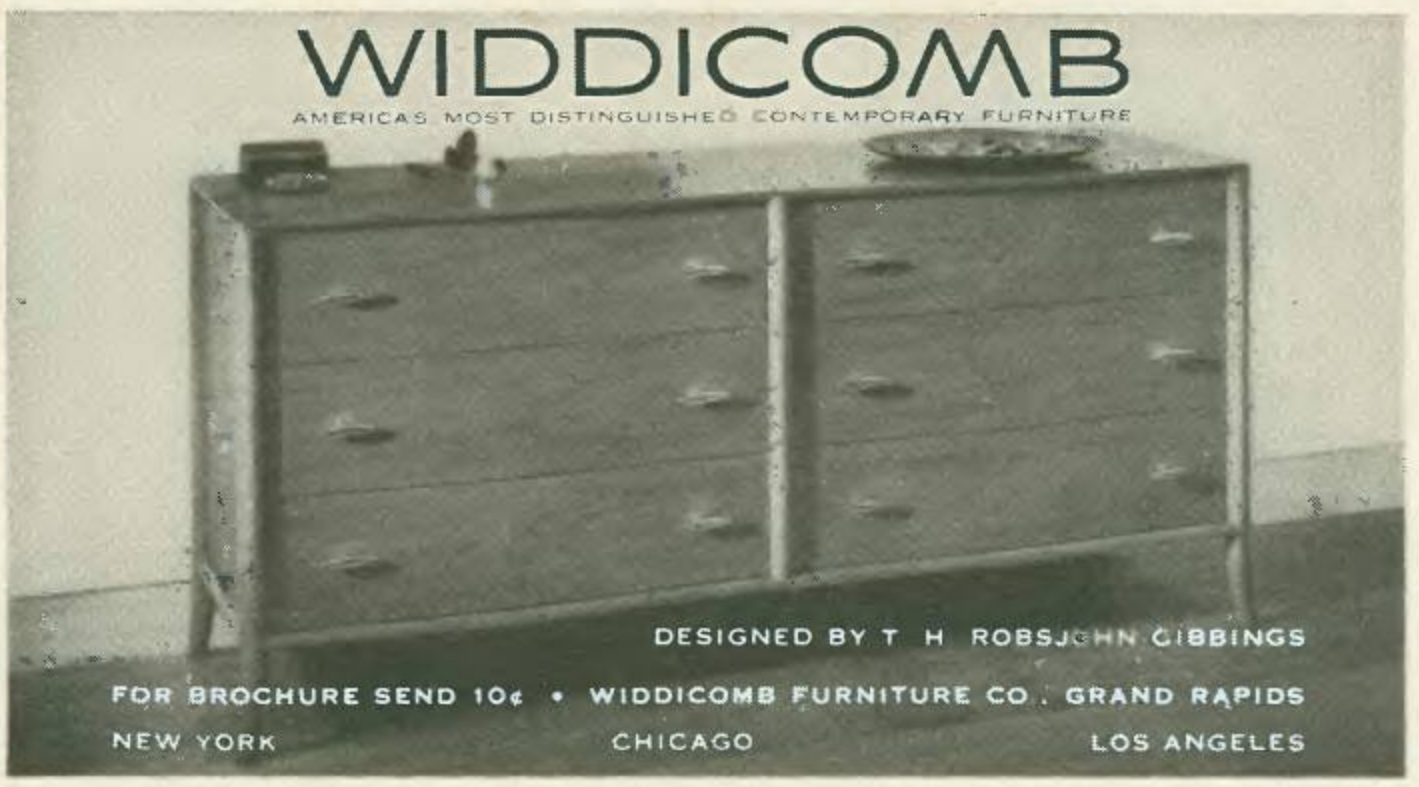
for the

World's Most Experienced Airline

● Starting this summer, Pan American unveils its newest aircraft—"Super-7" Clippers*—on *The Rainbow* run, non-stop to Europe. These are the world's fastest airliners and only Pan Am's got 'em!

Call your Travel Agent or— Pan American

*Trade-Mark, Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



BASK
IN THE
Jersey sun



New Jersey has both mountains and seashore right in its big backyard. 120 miles of broad, sandy ocean beach and 800 spring-fed lakes invite the vacationer.

STATE PROMOTION SECTION, No. 901-C
Dept. of Conservation and Economic Development
520 East State Street, Trenton, N. J.

FREE! Please send me beautifully illustrated booklet giving full information on vacation areas, including accommodations and rates.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

_____

be accommodated there at once, and there is a staff of nearly a thousand, if the police and the military guard are counted in with aides, secretaries, and servants, the last including a hundred gardeners, as well as a hundred and fifty footmen in scarlet and gold. Rashtrapati Bhavan has a formal garden behind it, and it was there that the reception was held. Several hundred people assembled on a central square of lawn that was fenced off by tea tables from a zone of flower beds, baths, tonsured trees, and fountains. The footmen came and went, and the fountains played in the background. The walks are paved with flagstones, in a checker pattern of red and sand color, and they are lined by yews, before each of which, that day, stood a tall guardsman wearing high black boots, white breeches, a red coat, and a blue turban. Some of the guardsmen were bearded and some were not, and they all held lances and stood as straight as toy soldiers. This time, the band was wearing red jackets and green turbans, and it played some Gilbert and Sullivan, among other things. Within the central square, the guests shook hands and chatted, while Marshal Tito, in his blue uniform, was led around among them by Dr. Radhakrishnan, a tall, turbaned man with a grave face.

There were also several evening affairs for the Marshal, but these were less public. The only evening ceremony I attended was a reception given by the Yugoslav ambassador at Hyderabad House, which was formerly owned by the Nizam of Hyderabad. The capital has many princely town houses whose owners are no longer in a position to use them, and they add to the general grandeur. Hyderabad House has been taken over by the Indian government as a sort of Blair House. In each of its two main wings there is a very long, narrow chamber—splendid with chandeliers, Oriental rugs, and gilt furniture—and it was at the end of one of these that Tito and Nehru held court, greeting the guests. Many of the ladies wore décolletage, and many of the men wore glittering dress uniforms.

The morning after that event, there was a parade for Tito at the Delhi Cantonment, an army post just south of the city. The sky was pure blue, the sun was warm, and everything sparkled—from the officer commanding the parade, with his red turban and shining sabre, to the Gwalior Mounted Band, with its piebald horses and leopard-skin trappings. Riding in a jeep with chromium handrails, Tito inspected the troops, and then the marching be-

The Roosevelt
GRILL
AIR-CONDITIONED



. presents
JOSEPH SUDY
and his orchestra
Dinner & Supper Dancing
No Minimum * Cover After
10:00. Monday—Thursdays $1.00
Friday & Saturday $1.50
MU 6-9200
Hotel
ROOSEVELT
MADISON AVENUE AT 45th STREET
A Hilton Hotel

Fine designs for the contemporary home-
Maurice Villency
55 E. 8th St., N. Y. 3
GR 3-3218 • write for catalog



Scoop Chair – Comfortable and handsome... upholstered to order in your choice of ten striking decorator colors. Spruce up living room or den with a pair of these lovely chairs at this low price. $38.95 each. Wed. and Thurs. 'til 9 P. M.

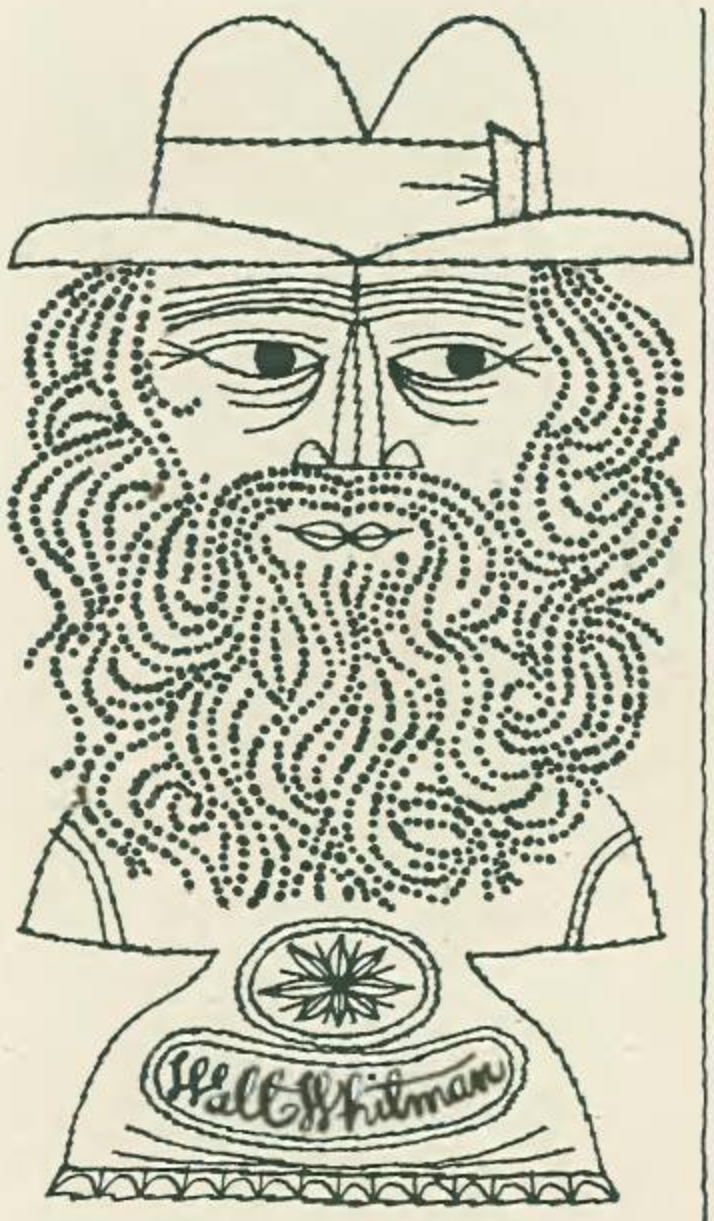
ASTI
RESTAURANT
from "Pagliacci to Tin Pan Alley"
gay singing from 7:30 p.m. on
STEAKS OUR SPECIALTY
AIR CONDITIONED
13 EAST 12th ST.
ALgonquin 5-9773
ALgonquin 5-9095
CHelsea 2-9868
Open 5:30 P.M. - 3 A.M. Closed Mondays

gan. The troops included cavalry on Australian Walers and camel troops on big dun dromedaries. The massed pipes and drums of the Parachutists, the Kumaon Regiment, the Sikhs, and the Guards played with a slow, heavy beat, sending a shuddering thrill over the parade ground. Infantry from many places marched past, and there were mechanized units, too—some with American Sherman and Stuart tanks. It was very much an amalgam, in which Indian and foreign elements (British, for the most part) were blended beyond separation. This is true of many things in New Delhi now. An outsider can hardly say whether the liking for pomp is Indian or British in origin. Englishmen have told me it is Indian, and Indians have told me it is British, and I, as an American, don't presume to judge. I know only that it is here now, in full flower, as the British are not, and that it always makes a fine background for state business, however much the Indian government, which is reformist and idealist, is dedicated to austerity otherwise. Around the time of Tito's visit, the State of Assam, in Northeast India, presented a handsomely caparisoned elephant to the President. Some austerity-minded members of Parliament insisted that he turn it down, but Nehru made a spirited speech in favor of accepting it, on the ground that a bit of pomp is quite in order now and then.

NEHRU's talks with Tito were confidential, but it is known that they covered the problem that both men consider paramount—how to keep their freedom of action in a world divided into two great power blocs. Significant as Tito's visit was, though, it was generally rated less important than India's recent courtship of China. This has had its flourishes, too. During Nehru's visit to Peking, the Chinese Premier, Chou En-lai, gave him two cranes and two spotted deer, as symbols of longevity, along with a hundred goldfish, of twenty different varieties. The hit of the season here with cultivated Indians has been a Chinese cultural team presenting a sophisticated repertory of dances and Peking opera. All in all, one senses an Indian enthusiasm for China somewhat comparable to our own enthusiasm for that country during Mme. Chiang Kai-shek's visit to the United States in 1943. (That was the time Mayor LaGuardia brought down Madison Square Garden by saying "Mme. Chiang, we love you.") Mao's China, I should say, appears to Indians about as Chiang's China then appeared to







Music is also played upon a chord within. Walt Whitman knew this well when he wrote "all music is what awakes from you when you are reminded by the instruments." Perhaps it is this personal involvement on the part of its audience that makes WQXR, America's Number One Good Music Station, so effective a salesman. Commercials, too, benefit from this sense of participation. Roto-Broil, for instance, which has its own means of awakening and satisfying an inner chord, finds WQXR a profitable recipe for sales. WQXR's good music "awakes" some 600,000 families in metropolitan New York to the products they hear advertised. Ask to see the score.

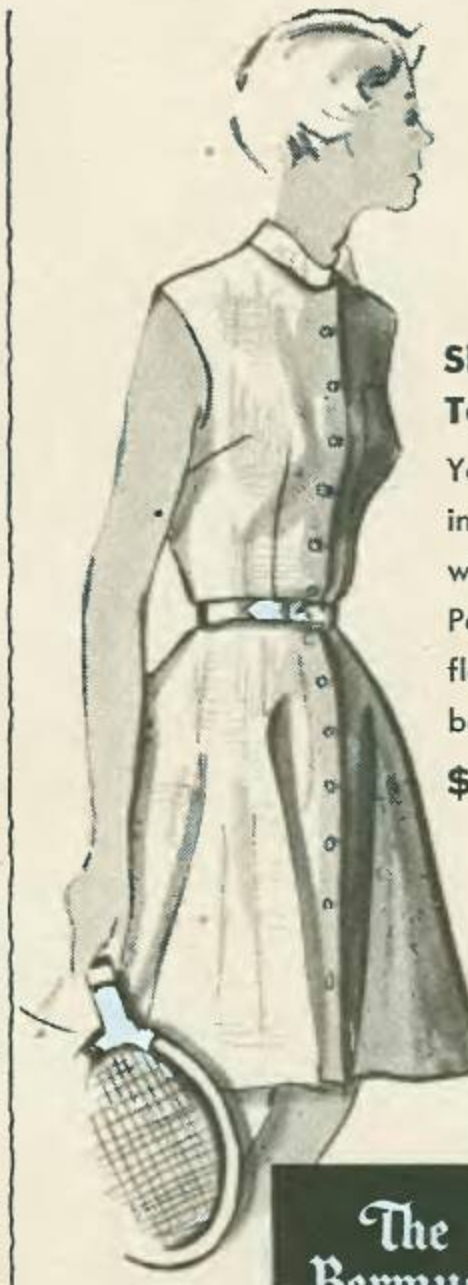
WQXR

The radio station of The New York Times
Times Square, New York 36, LA 4-1100

us—plucky and vaguely laudable, with its heart in the right place.

In many ways, China seems as remote from India as it seems from America. Although India and China are both Asian countries, their populations have never mixed. The old wars and conquests in Asia were the doings not so much of Indians or Chinese as of nomads from the inland steppes. These nomads had great mobility, and preyed repeatedly on both the Indians and the Chinese. The latter preyed back only occasionally, and then, as a rule, on the principle that a good offense is the best defense. Throughout history, the Indians and the Chinese have been essentially peasant peoples, who have liked to stay home and cultivate their rich plains—those of the Indus, Ganges, Yangtze, and Yellow Rivers, among others. Moreover, the two peoples have the world's greatest land barrier—the Himalayas and the Tibetan Plateau—between them, and they have gone for centuries at a time without any contact whatever. The Indians look less like Chinese than like Europeans. They do not have the Mongoloid features—high cheekbones and long eyes—that we regard as characteristic of Asians. It is possible, too, that Indian thought is closer to European thought than to Chinese, although this is a tricky field to theorize in. What with the spirit of amity now prevailing between the two countries, Indian and Chinese speakers are disposed to point out that the two countries have never made war on each other. This is true enough, but they have hardly ever done anything else to each other, either.

From the time the British took over until a few years ago, India had, of course, no foreign policy of her own, and this in itself helped to keep the Indians and Chinese from getting to know each other. But while there was no Indian foreign policy as such, part of Britain's foreign policy was based on India, and its main objective in the Sino-Indian borderland was to remove Tibet and other Himalayan regions from Chinese rule and turn them into dependencies, or buffers, in order to secure India's frontiers. This sort of thing had a romantic appeal for the British ruling class, and it furnished a career for sporting or scholarly empire builders, such as Sir Francis Younghusband and Sir Charles Bell, who belonged, like the playing fields of Eton, to their nation's Spartan tradition. Their diplomacy was based on the strenuous life, entailing hardship, adventure, and the pursuit of obscure knowledge; it was rather like



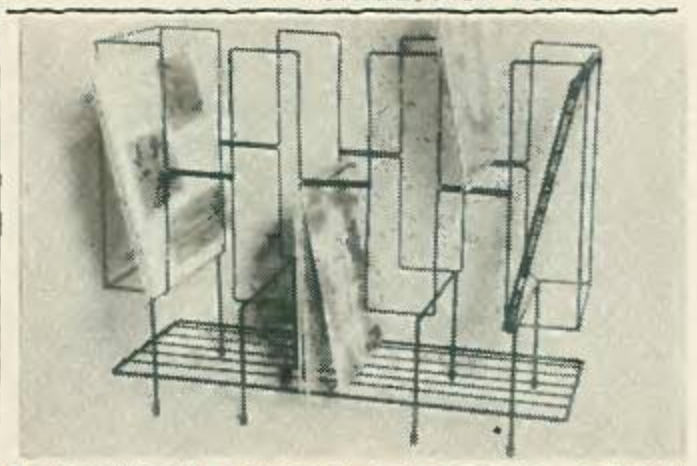
Sharkskin Tennis Dress

Your favorite in sparkling white sharkskin. Peter Pan collar, flared skirt with back pleat. 10-18.

$16.95

The Bermuda Shop

554 Madison Avenue at 55th Street
New York 22, New York

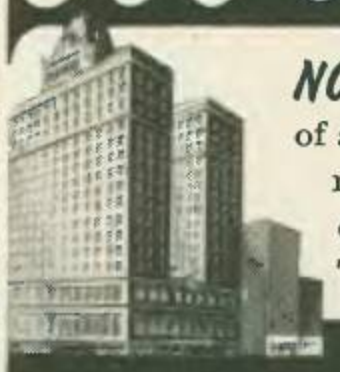


WROUGHT IRON RECORD RACK

Holds 200 12" or 10" long-playing records. Also accommodates 78 RPM albums. Black finish with rubber tips to protect your furniture. Size 21½" high, 25" long, 9½" deep. Sturdy construction. Ten separate sections allow for ideal storage of music by style, composer, artist or label. Please remit with order. Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded. Shipped Express Collect. **$9.95**

JOHN LESLIE, JR. • 2116 Robbins St. • Dept. 231B • Phila. 49, Pa.

500 AIR-CONDITIONED Guest Rooms



NOW you can be *sure* of an air-conditioned room when you come to Baltimore! Teletype: BA 263.

The Lord Baltimore HOTEL

the climbing of Mount Everest, to which it was allied, and Younghusband, for one, played a part in both. The British kept at it until 1947, when India won her independence, and their legacy to her included a strong position in Tibet and Nepal. This was Indian diplomacy's nest egg.

The Indian line with respect to Tibet has been to yield the strong position to China. The roles played by Younghusband and Bell plainly don't appeal to their Indian heirs, who are more the chair-borne type of intellectual, without the playing-field spirit to fire them. Instead of copying the empire builders, the Indians have made fun of their achievements. For instance, V. K. Krishna Menon, the leader of the Indian delegation to the United Nations General Assembly, has been quoted as saying that the British Resident in Tibet—an august figure in the old days—was just an Englishman who had happened to wander up there and felt like staying, and K. M. Panikkar, formerly the Indian ambassador to China, argues that the British hold on Tibet was simply a matter of personal friendship between Bell and the thirteenth Dalai Lama. Such belittling talk—which has some basis in fact—may help India to heal the wounds inflicted by the British air of superiority. Certainly it makes it plain that Britain's old Tibetan policy was unsuitable for Indian use. Indeed, it was an expression of the kind of British imperialism that Indian leaders disapprove of fiercely. So they dropped it, and agreed that Tibet had been wrongfully alienated from China.

Nepal is a different matter, if only because of its tilt. While Tibet, a high plateau, is walled off from India by the difficult Himalayan passes, Nepal is steeply pitched on the Indian side of those passes. It leads down to the Ganges Plain, and dominates it. The Indians naturally look upon Nepal as





. . . carefree, lighthearted, lightweighted, journey-wise . . . appointed with PLATT luggage—an AIRESS GOLDEN TRAVELER week-end case! Styled willowy slim, air-weight in goldflex embossed Fabriseal . . . blue, green, beige. Seven models from $24.50. At better stores or write to . . .
PLATT LUGGAGE, INC.
2001 ELSTON AVENUE • CHICAGO 14, ILLINOIS



Imported by PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS CORP., NEW YORK • DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • 86 PROOF

For your Caribbean Holiday—

FLY B·W·I·A



See fun-filled Antigua, Barbados, Grenada, Trinidad, Tobago—the whole Caribbean island chain. B.W.I.A. links them all with fast, frequent flights. Go island-hopping. Or stop over as you please. No extra fare.

For reservations and information, see your travel agent

B·W·I·A

British West Indian Airways

links the Caribbean

Subsidiary of British Overseas Airways Corporation

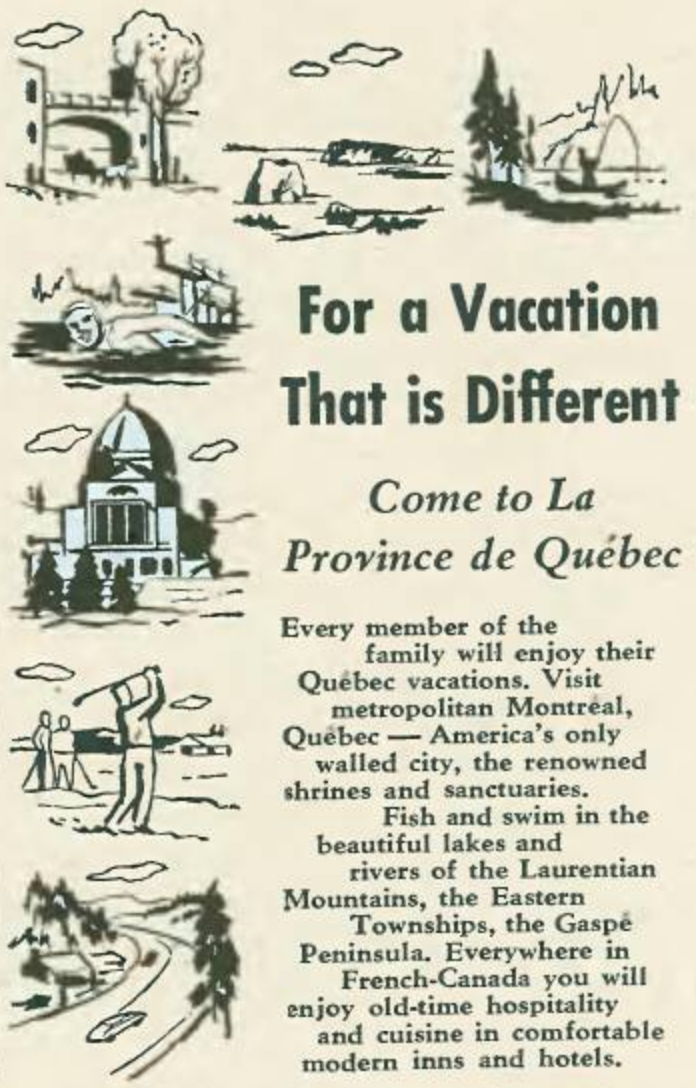
B·O·A·C

342 Madison Avenue
New York 17, N. Y.
MUrray Hill 7-8900

Offices in principal cities

of vital interest, and in 1950, they took it securely under their wing. This implies a conflict with China, because historically the Chinese have looked upon Nepal as a tributary or feudatory of their own—a sphere of influence. Officials in New Delhi talk down this Chinese claim, and argue that China is no longer in earnest about it, but how right they are is open to question. It is believed that Nepal is one of the issues Nehru has tried to smooth over in his wooing of China during the past months. He has endeavored to gain China's confidence with respect to Nepal, and has evidently made some headway; Indians are speaking with relief of the trust China puts in their country now, as compared to the distrust of a few years ago, just after the Peking government was set up. Then, one gathers, India was regarded by the Red Chinese as still little better than a colony, but now she is regarded as almost free—with some reservations about her membership in the British Commonwealth of Nations and her acceptance of American aid.

IT is Nehru's diplomacy that is given the credit for this change. Last spring, Nehru had a great deal to do with clearing the way for the Geneva Conference, and this plainly pleased Peking a lot. Chou En-lai visited New Delhi on his way home from Geneva, and Nehru returned that visit last fall with his trip to Peking. He was given a huge ovation there. The Chinese authorities can roll crowds out pretty much the way other authorities roll out red carpets, and, according to newsreel shots, they outdid themselves this time. Nehru was clearly stimulated by the reception and by his talks with the Chinese leaders, and he has tended to be a China enthusiast ever since. In the two recent Sino-American crises—the case of the captive airmen, and the war scare arising from the offshore islands—he has patently favored the Chinese side, while offering himself as an intermediary. This presumably suits the Chinese, for they seem to be engaged in a global bargaining operation now, with Formosa as their goal, and a friendly go-between who has the ear of third parties like London and Ottawa is just what their maneuvering calls for. Consequently, China should be showing tact and consideration in her dealings with India, and it appears that this is exactly what she is doing. Even if she is making no long-term promises about Nepal, she has apparently taken the pressure off for the time being;



For a Vacation That is Different

Come to La Province de Québec

Every member of the family will enjoy their Québec vacations. Visit metropolitan Montréal, Québec — America's only walled city, the renowned shrines and sanctuaries. Fish and swim in the beautiful lakes and rivers of the Laurentian Mountains, the Eastern Townships, the Gaspé Peninsula. Everywhere in French-Canada you will enjoy old-time hospitality and cuisine in comfortable modern inns and hotels.

To help plan your vacation, write for free road maps and booklets to: Provincial Publicity Bureau, Parliament Buildings, Québec City, Canada; or— 48 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

La Province de Québec

NEW YORK'S MOST EXCLUSIVE HOTEL RESIDENCE FOR YOUNG WOMEN

The Barbizon

If you are seeking a career in New York, you will appreciate The Barbizon. Music studios. Social activities. Sun deck, swimming pool, radios. Coffee shop. From $3.75 daily. Weekly on application. Write for booklet N.

Lexington Ave. at 63rd St., New York

900 NORTH MICHIGAN

Jacques

FRENCH RESTAURANT

Enjoy food of superb quality served in a distinctive continental atmosphere.

Reservations Suggested

OPEN DAILY... 11:30 A.M. TO 12:00 P.M.

CHICAGO

SINCE 1923

THE *Divan* PARISIEN

RESTAURANT • Memorable French Cuisine
Famous for CHICKEN DIVAN
Luncheon • Dinner • OPEN SUNDAYS

33 E. 48th St. New York EL 5-8135

she has, for one thing, stopped the Nepalese Communist K. I. Singh from making provocative broadcasts over the Peking radio.

China has also declared for the *Panch Sila*, or Five Points, which Pandit Nehru is promoting as the basis for an international code of good behavior; some other Asian leaders have declared for it, too, in the course of India's busy diplomatic season, and so has Tito. The third point states that the subscribing countries will not interfere in each other's internal affairs, which would appear to rule out Communist subversion. China's declaring for the Five Points strikes a Westerner as no more reassuring than the Russian disavowals of the Comintern in the nineteen-thirties, but when you say that to Indian officials, they shrug their shoulders and ask what you suggest they do about it. Their attitude is conceivably a fair gauge of India's position. Even if she disliked and distrusted China greatly—which she evidently doesn't—she could probably do nothing about it except act polite and hope for the best. If one sees China and India as opponents playing a game of *Realpolitik* across the Himalayan frontier, one might have to say that China holds the better cards.

Yet it seems wrong to associate Nehru with *Realpolitik*. The chances are that he will be known in history less as a realist, like Churchill, than as an idealist, like Woodrow Wilson. Idealistic statesmen, it can be argued, are a recognizable species, with a fixed life cycle. As a rule, they spend their formative years as members of an opposition, their task being not so much to cope with practical affairs as to struggle against an entrenched status quo, using ideals as their weapons. The movement for Indian independence worked wonders with idealism, and this has conditioned its leaders. Nehru's speeches establish him as one of the leading moralists of our time, and it can be said that India has a moralistic, or moralizing, foreign policy; indeed, in this respect she seems much like the United States. Many citizens of both countries would not care for this comparison, but in the realm of foreign policy India and the United States often seem less concerned with what will work than with what will conform to their own, perhaps rather parochial, notions of what is right.

The ideals expressed by Nehru appear to be both Western and Eastern in origin, with the former influence more evident on the surface. Nehru was educated in England and he has an



SCOTLAND'S BEST DISTILLERIES PRODUCE THIS QUALITY SCOTCH WHISKY

CUTTY SARK

BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY

86 PROOF

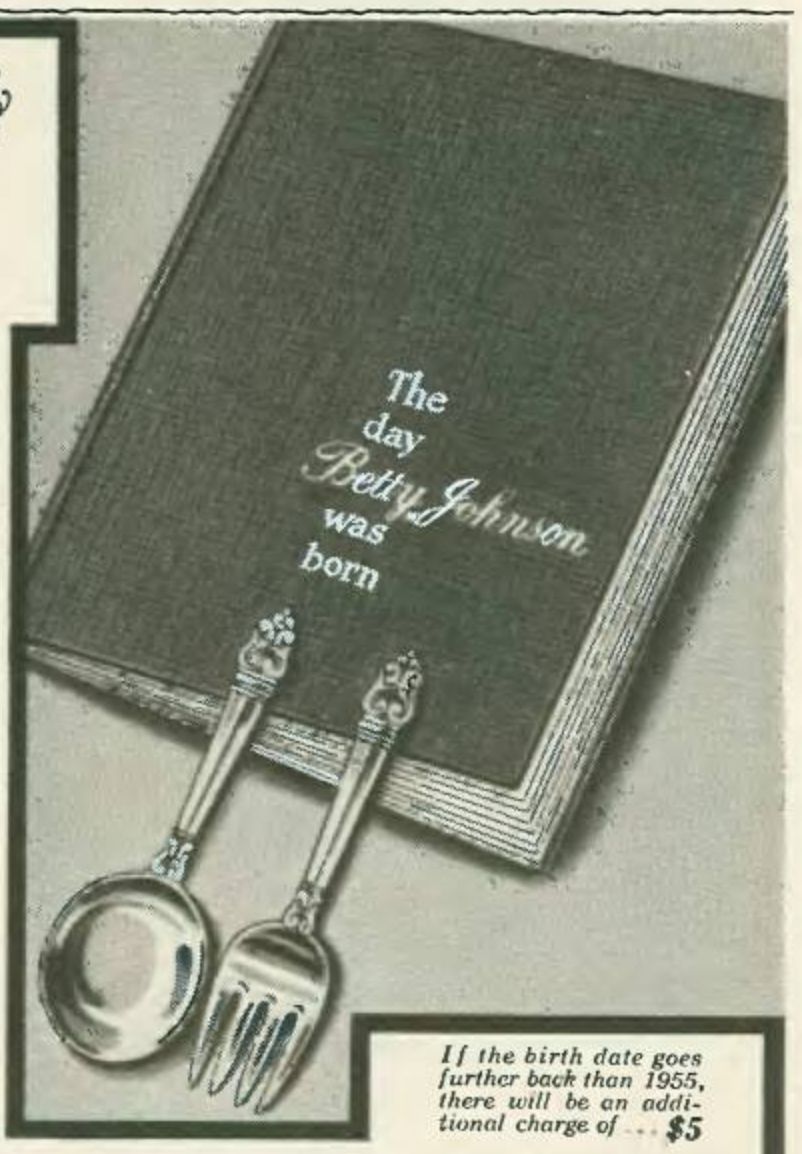
IMPORTED BY THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION, ROCKEFELLER CENTER, NEW YORK

It's a Baby's World!

The day a baby is born the world stands still—and we preserve it forever in a book that records the happenings of that special day. Together with the birth announcement, we include the day's news events, sports, fashions, stock market reports . . . all the current items that will paint a faithful picture of the world on 'that day.'

And with the book, a *Sterling* silver fork and spoon—to make this the perfect birthday gift.

Book, Fork and Spoon incl. tax $15



If the birth date goes further back than 1955, there will be an additional charge of . . . $5

The baby's name is inscribed on the cover in genuine gold leaf . . . the pages are of parchment, for lasting pleasure.

LAMBERT Brothers JEWELERS
LEXINGTON AT 60th
TEmpleton 8-6000

A LAMBERT JEWEL IS A QUALITY JEWEL

Please include 40¢ handling charges, and 3% City Sales Tax in New York City • No C.O.D.



This is fun your life!

during

Sun Valley IDAHO

summer

From the break of dawn through the cool, blue of evening, each fun-filled, Sun Valley hour is a bright spot in your vacation book of memories. No matter what your pleasure—flicking a fly into a trout stream . . . ice skating under the sun or stars . . . a brisk, before-breakfast-ride . . . powdering clay pigeons on the skeet range . . . or golfing on one of America's sportiest courses . . . this is for *you!*

FOR RESERVATIONS

Address Mr. Winston McCrea, Mgr., Sun Valley, Idaho or Union Pacific Railroad, Room 2077, Omaha 2, Nebr., or see your local travel agent.



OWNED & OPERATED BY UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

amazing understanding of Western thought. The aspect of it that seems strongest in his thinking today is British Left Wing philosophy as represented by the *New Statesman & Nation*, which is said to be his favorite magazine, his favorite newspaper being the Manchester *Guardian*. In running India, Nehru relies heavily on phrases—like "the welfare state"—borrowed from the lexicon of British Leftism. He relies on similar concepts in foreign affairs, and his chief deputy in this field, Krishna Menon, who lived in England for years before India became independent, is an old intimate of Kingsley Martin, the editor of the *New Statesman & Nation*. Krishna Menon is perhaps the closest thing one could find to an embodiment of the *New Statesman & Nation* in Asian flesh and blood. His relations with the officials of some countries are bad, and in view of this, wonder is often expressed that he has lasted so long as Nehru's diplomatic alter ego. Actually, there seem to be numerous reasons for his staying power, including his dedication and intellectual gifts, and not the least of them, probably, is his agreement with Nehru on doctrine.

Another source of Nehru's ideals is the Gandhian movement. To be sure, Gandhi did not share the concept of the welfare state, being a mystic who favored less, rather than more, economic centralization; on that and related matters, Nehru disagreed with him, and, by and large, the two men had little in common besides their desire for freedom. Nehru sometimes calls himself an agnostic, and he has certainly never been an ascetic holy man in the Gandhi tradition. Yet that tradition is all around him, and often he cannot escape it. A picture displayed in many Indian shops shows Nehru sitting pensively on the floor with crossed legs, Hindu fashion, while a lamp and an ethereal likeness of Gandhi shine from the darkness behind him. This seems to represent his position quite well. He is led by Gandhi—and by Gandhi's unearthly light—if only because many members of the Congress Party with whom he has to deal have been inspired by Gandhi and can best be approached through Gandhian ideals.

These ideals include peace and nonviolence, among other things, and one of the greatest of them is renunciation, which goes far back in Indian life. A saint who has given up all worldly goods is still an honored figure here. The spirit of renunciation was put to work in the struggle for freedom, and it was found that hunger strikes and go-



British cashmeres

The finest British cashmeres proudly bear the label of Alan Paine of Godalming. Look for it also on superlative men's sweaters in lambswool and Cashmere Major. At finer stores everywhere.

Alan Paine

FRANK L. SAVAGE INC., 17 EAST 37 ST., NEW YORK



We're not opposed to Bon Voyage kisses— but Flowers last longer!

MAX SCHLING Flowers

765 FIFTH AVE. New York 22 Plaza 3-1500

Flowers Telegraphed, too!

STATE EXPRESS 555



THE WORLD RENOWNED ENGLISH CIGARETTES

For full size sample pack send 25¢ to FABER, COE & GREGG, INC. 206 W. 40th St., New York 18, N.Y.

ing to jail were matchless weapons. At its best, renunciation is, of course, a matter of real discipline—especially among the holy men, who hope by means of it to free their spirits from worldly fetters—but as practiced by more mundane Indians it sometimes seems to be a pose. Such Indians are prone to lecture Westerners about spirituality (Indian) as opposed to materialism (Western), even though the lecturers may not be personally free from material greeds, or ambitions, themselves. Or so it has seemed to me, an outsider but a frequent lecturee. I know an Englishman here who has taken to saying "Nonsense!" whenever an Indian mentions the word "materialism."

All nations have poses they like to strike, and, if an American may say so, the renunciatory one seems to be an Indian favorite. Renunciation, combined with a sincere belief in peace and non-violence, serves to make India especially critical of American policy toward Asia. In the Indian view, we Americans are wealthy and powerful and in favor of wealth and power; we believe in using our wealth to influence others, and we do not mind using a little armed force as well. Indians disapprove of all this, and, by Indian standards, in voicing their disapproval they show their right-mindedness. They believe profoundly, or so it seems, that our threats of using force are wrong, and they don't refrain from saying so. They confess themselves shocked by our frank liking for wealth, and they want it understood that they are not going to be corrupted by riches. To be sure, they are accepting economic aid from us now, but they are doing it in what can almost be called a renunciatory spirit, for while they are in the very act of accepting it, they repeatedly point out that it is not deflecting them from their principles, and perhaps they lean over backward a little—into anti-Americanism—to emphasize the fact. The subject of economic aid provokes



(*Advertisement*)



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

cocktail time...any time

La Ina Spain's foremost

fino...delicious pale dry sherry



Pedro Domecq Sherries

IMPORTED FROM SPAIN

CREAM: Celebration Cream, Double Century
MEDIUM: Amontillado Primero, Ideal Pale
DRY: V.V.D., La Ina, Guitar

Sole U.S. Importer:
CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., New York 17, N.Y.

SAYS:

M.W. Speakman



PRESIDENT, BIRD-SPEAKMAN INC.
WILMINGTON, DELAWARE

"I love SPORTS ILLUSTRATED; it is a magazine of great service to the public, as well as a force in education and an influence upon youth. The pattern of American living is changing fast. People are more interested in sports than ever before, perhaps because of television, so casual clothes and classic sports clothes have a more definite place in the fashion picture than ever. I should know, because we have dressed the leading sportswomen of Delaware for years.

"I can think of many ideas right now for cooperation with your magazine for which there is a real need, and I especially like the way you handle the SportingLook. Perhaps most important, I feel there is a real need for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED."

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

admonishments from them on how meaningless wealth really is and how foolish those people are who become its slaves. So by bringing money into the picture we are paradoxically encouraging antimaterialist and anti-American sentiments. This is a situation that may be attributed mainly to India's idealism. A realistic country might quietly take the money and go its way, but an idealistic one must get the transaction squared doctrinally.

As India watches our current set-to with China, her ideals tend to push her to the Chinese side. China is a poor country and is not ashamed of it, and her leaders have practiced renunciation to the hilt. It is true that China is violent at times, but many Indians are convinced that this is defensive—that is, that she is staving off a greater weight of American violence. Therefore, she looks better than we do in the light of Indian ideals, and it goes without saying that she looks better in the light of the *New Statesman & Nation* ideals that Nehru and Krishna Menon share. India, then, can hardly be said to be facing China as an enemy, despite their differences in regard to the Himalayan frontier. At the moment, these differences appear to be those of partners, not opponents.

IN his diplomacy, Pandit Nehru might be said to be both a dictator and a captive. He is a dictator in that he absolutely controls Indian foreign policy; he is his own Minister of External Affairs. His position and his personality are so strong that reporters here, both Indian and Western, complain that no one dares talk in his absence. "When the cat is away the mice do not play," an Indian columnist wrote recently. The External Affairs Ministry is staffed by some very able men, but, according to New Delhi gossip, they are yes men in dealing with Nehru; it is said that if even a favored diplomat like Krishna Menon wants to give Nehru an idea, he must make the idea seem to originate in Nehru's mind. Nehru has been called a great statesman, and even a genius, because of the way he is running India's diplomatic machinery. The machinery is only a few years old, and, by the standards of other big nations, it is not lavishly financed, yet it has proved effective, and it reflects Nehru's personality at every level and in the remotest capitals of the world.

The formal government, however, is just one element in the political makeup of modern India—a diverse coun-



Wild Flower Delicately coloured sprays of English Wild Flowers enhance the whiteness of the finest of Bone China. Rims, handles and footings are lined with burnished gold.

Shelley
ENGLISH FINE BONE CHINA

IMPORTED AND DISTRIBUTED BY:—
THE EDWARD WALKER COMPANY,
225 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

COME TO CAPE COD COME TO CAPE COD COME TO CAPE COD
Come! Enjoy the clean blue sea, golden sun and silver sands. Swim, sail, play golf, fish for bass or tuna, or just relax in a story book setting on romantic
CAPE COD
Write for free color map, directory listing over 400 resorts; tell when coming, length of stay, rooms needed, whether hotel, guest house, housekeeping cottage or motel is desired. Write:
Cape Cod Chamber of Commerce
Hyannis 47, Mass.



WINDJAMMER CRUISES
Maine Coast Cruises Under Sail aboard
Old-time Coasting Schooners—$82 wk.
Capt. Frank Swift, Box N-57, Camden, Maine

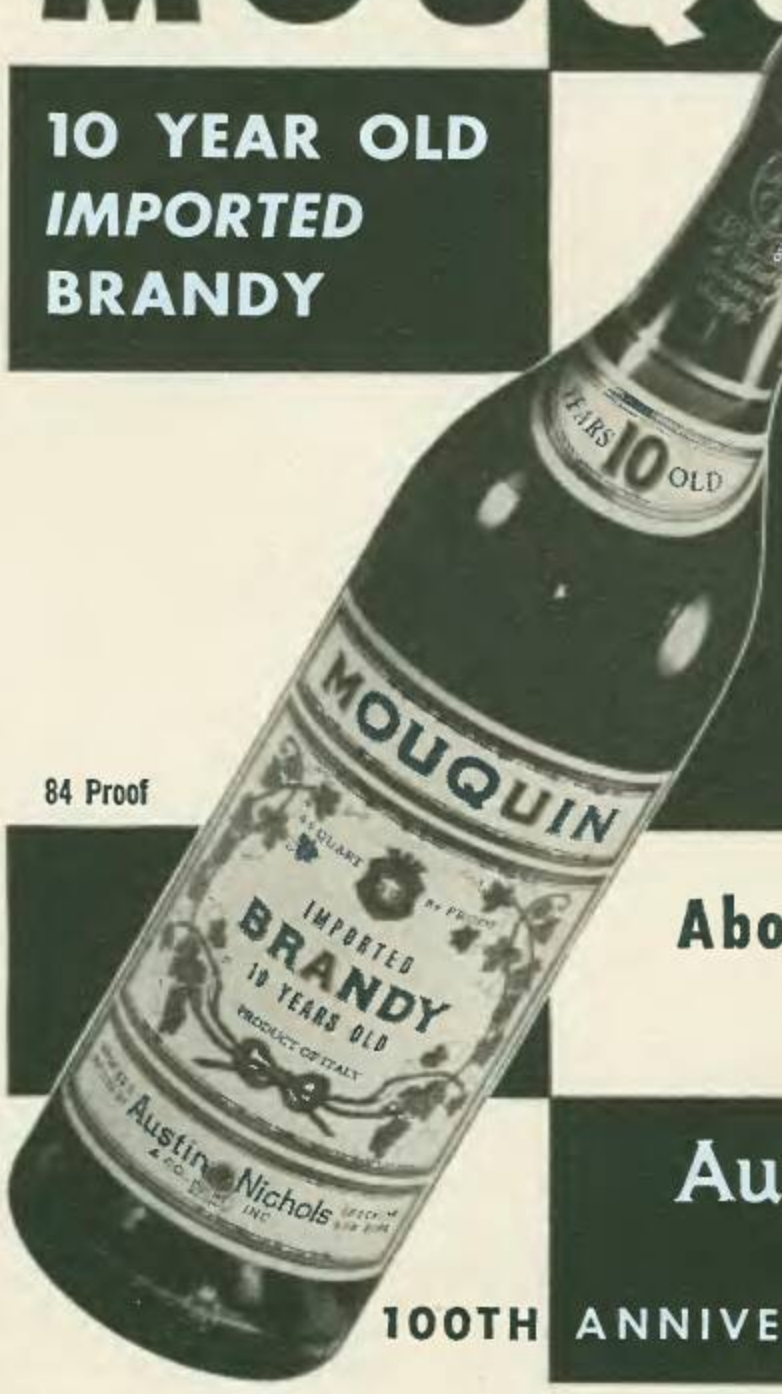
Lake Shore Drive HOTEL
Rooms and Suites
181 East Lake Shore Drive, CHICAGO

try, which the British withdrawal did not leave fully harmonized. Another important element comprises conservative—and perhaps isolationist—Hindus who are said to be less than enraptured by Nehru's performance on the world stage. And a third element, of course, is the Communist Party. The Communists are strong in parts of India, and some people think they could do much damage if they resorted to violence. So far, though, they have stuck to peaceful operations, like union organizing and Parliamentary electioneering. For this sort of thing, they need issues, and foreign policy is an obvious source. The Indian Communist leaders work hard on the Marxian ideas that are popular with Asians, and anti-Americanism is high on the list of these. It is so popular, in fact, that even if Nehru and his Congress government did not share it, they couldn't risk letting the Reds monopolize it. A year ago, when the United States concluded its arms agreement with Pakistan—inevitably an unpopular act in India—Nehru quickly denounced it and swung his policy around several degrees farther in the anti-American direction. Sympathetic observers here felt that he thus brilliantly deprived the Communists of an easy advantage. Only the ignorant would dream of calling Nehru a Communist, but it appears that—to some extent, at least—he is destined to be a fellow-traveller. If a strong pro-American feeling should suddenly come over him, he could hardly afford to express it.

On the other hand, Nehru is a philosophical student of Western history whom some people would rank with Toynbee and Bertrand Russell. He shows an affection for British ways that is characteristic of leading Indians now that the imperial pressure is off; indeed, he is so Westernized that he sometimes betrays annoyance at Indian traits like unpunctuality and superstition. And during the past few years he has steadily Westernized his diplomatic service. For a while after India became independent, the service included many of the Congress faithful who had served well in the struggle for freedom but lacked international polish; now these have largely faded out, and they have been replaced by career civil servants who were trained under the British. Many of the replacements are graduates of Oxford or Cambridge, and they wear good English clothes and can talk fluently about Plato and Locke. Thus, to some extent the Indian government is an echo of Western civilization, as Nehru is himself; that it would run the risk of

MOUQUIN SAY "MO-KAN"

10 YEAR OLD *IMPORTED* BRANDY



Perfect for every Brandy Purpose

84 Proof

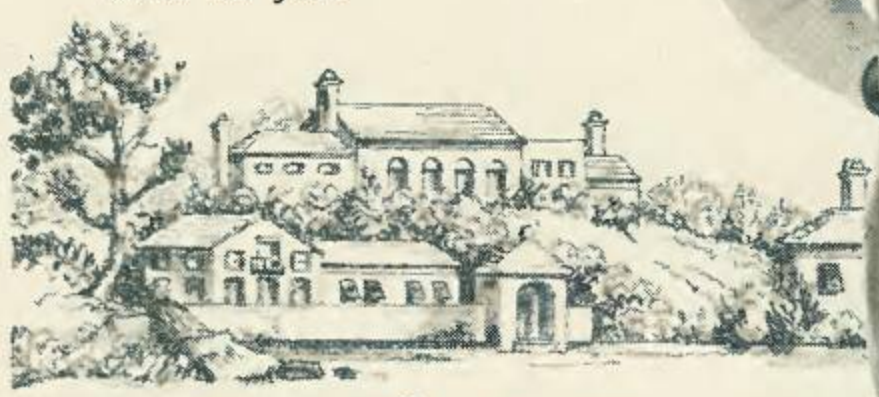
About $4.50 a fifth Everywhere

Austin Nichols & Co. Inc.
NEW YORK—NEW YORK

100TH ANNIVERSARY 1855-1955

There is Nothing Finer than a Braemar sweater—made of pure Indian cashmere to our specifications by Innes Henderson & Co., Ltd. of Scotland. These handsome sweaters are sagaciously styled in the V-neck with long sleeves, the sleeveless and the cardigan. The range of colors is extensive. Braemar sweaters, in Bermuda, may be purchased only from us. We welcome the opportunity of displaying them for you.





H.A. & E. Smith Ltd.
HAMILTON, BERMUDA

FREE—The "Key To Bermuda"—a colorful folder, with map of the Islands, to help you plan a more enjoyable visit. Write for folder N.

YOUR BERMUDA SHOPPING CENTER

Buy.... Sell.... or Hold?

Sometimes it *is* hard to make up your mind about certain securities, particular stocks.

Too many important facts just don't seem to add up.

In such confused times, almost every investor finds it more difficult to make clear-cut decisions—so a lot of them don't even try.

We think that's bad.

Because very often the right answer today means the difference between profit and loss tomorrow . . .

Because there are any number of places an investor can go for the help he needs in reaching the right answers—for him.

Here at Merrill Lynch, for instance, our Research Department gets a steady stream of facts and information from all over the country, works constantly to sort out the important ones, carefully evaluates them all in terms of the investor's interest. So maybe that's why Research can usually come up with a pretty good answer to any question concerning buy . . . sell . . . or hold.

If you'd like to know what that answer would be as regards any particular stock . . .

Or if you'd like to have a detailed analysis of your complete portfolio in the light of your over-all financial situation . . .

Just ask.

There's no charge of any kind, no obligation either.

MERRILL LYNCH, PIERCE, FENNER & BEANE

70 Pine Street, New York 5, N. Y.

Offices in 106 Cities

seriously offending the West therefore seems doubtful.

The ticklishness of the whole situation was demonstrated during the winter when Dag Hammarskjöld, the Secretary-General of the United Nations, stopped at New Delhi en route to Peking to carry out his mission of trying to free the American airmen held in China on charges of espionage. India had not seemed keen about the mission, and she had abstained from voting on the U.N. resolution condemning the Chinese action. Yet she was involved in the matter by her role—partly self-assumed—of intermediary between China and the West, so it was natural for Hammarskjöld to stop by. The attention of the whole world was focussed here when he landed, and Western journalists reported that he was given what they deemed an unenthusiastic, if correct, welcome. Nehru, who had spoken rather offhandedly about the visit in advance, did not meet Hammarskjöld at the airport and seemed in no great hurry to talk with him. Menon did not meet Hammarskjöld and did not see him off the next day. When the foreign press remarked upon the coolness with which the Secretary-General had been received, it was deeply resented in New Delhi. Newspapers here denounced the way the Western journalists had reported the story. Officials in the Ministry of External Affairs were equally disapproving, and leaked their sentiments to both Indian and Western reporters. While many details of the episode are still murky, a careful checking up makes it seem indisputable that Indian officialdom, from Nehru down, really did intend some show of indifference to Hammarskjöld's visit. That India should be hurt when this provoked criticism abroad may be natural, considering the store she sets by the amenities. In any event, the affair seems to have brought out a curious duality in the Indian attitude toward Western countries, in that she was offended by their remonstrances even though she had not quite played their game.

It may well be that Nehru and his diplomats, for all their Westernness, are caught in an Asian current. Too enthusiastic a reception of Hammarskjöld might have affronted the Chinese, and India may have recoiled from the idea of doing this. Perhaps as a matter of general policy she will have to recoil in similar situations in the future. There is a strong tide running of "Asia for the Asians." This used to be a favorite American idea, too, but of late we have

★ The Maisonette ★



FIRST NEW YORK APPEARANCE

JEANNE BAL

and her songs

MILT SHAW *and his orchestra*
and
THE RAY BARI *ensemble*

★

Special Theatre Dinner 6 to 8 P. M.
$4.25 (no entertainment tax)

HOTEL St. Regis
FIFTH AVENUE at 55th STREET

Fine Food & Lodging

This attractive country Inn, adjoining the campus of Princeton University, is a delightful setting to enjoy fine food and lodging. 100 attractive guest rooms. Dining room. Inviting cocktail lounge. Private function rooms.

WRITE OR CALL PRINCETON 1-5200

PRINCETON INN
PRINCETON, N. J.

Enjoy real country dining

Beau Sejour
RESTAURANT
Bethpage, L. I. Phone: Hicksville 3-0091
Closed Tuesdays

Try dining on our new patio

NEW TYPEWRITERS FOR OLD!
Trade in, get a new Olivetti "Lettera 22" —the *portable* portable. (See Olivetti ad, Page 103.) Light, yet it has everything! See, try, buy it at ABACO, 32 East 48th Street, between Madison & Park Avenues. Open Saturdays. For home demonstration, phone PLaza 5-8161.

shied away from it, and it has become more and more identified with Communism and violent change, as in Indo-China. We think it is time the movement stopped, or at least became more polite, and we have hopes that this can be arranged. These hopes may be vain, though. After centuries of being pressed into an inferior status by Westerners, Asians are now climbing back toward equality, but they still have a long way to go; even outside the remaining colonies, there are many places in Asia where Westerners continue to enjoy a privileged position, backed up by military might. This is a state of affairs that the Asians seem in no mood to tolerate; they seem bent on gaining full equality, and full autonomy, in their own countries, and on seeing to it that any Westerners in them have no rights beyond the ones they choose to give them. It seems likely that, regardless of how much it may estrange the United States, the Asian peoples, as they develop their power and grow conscious of it, will push the matter further and further, with gathering momentum. If this should happen, and if the American position should remain unchanged, it must inevitably grow harder for Nehru, or any other Asian leader, to work with the United States. Unless Nehru becomes more anti-Western as time passes, he may be squeezed out, with India perhaps going Communist instead of being allowed to drift into the role of non-Communist partner in a Communist setup.

However, Nehru's principles may keep him from this path to oblivion even if opportunism does not. One of his present roles is that of a supranational Asian leader working for the "Asia for the Asians" cause. He is always ready to assist India's small neighbors in throwing off colonialism or other Western influences, and his colleagues say he has a flair for the psychological aspect of this undertaking—for helping Asians regain their self-confidence wherever it has been dented by Western rule and snobbery. It is a task that he and other Indians, no matter how Westernized they may be, are unlikely to give up. And there seems to be room for their efforts, despite China's tendency to dominate the scene. China has more unity and more power than India, but she lacks Westernized diplomatic talent; in her civil war, the Westernized diplomats sided with the Nationalists, by and large, instead of with the Reds. So there is an opportunity for the Indians. Not only can they put on a fine show when Tito comes to town; they can also think

Cherry Heering

Denmark's liqueur delight since 1818



All your guests will enjoy it —anytime!

Cherry Heering over ice cream —*try it!*

49 PROOF. SCHENLEY IMPORT CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N. Y.



EXOTIC BAMBOO

ITS GRACE AND TEXTURE CAPTURED IN RICH, GLEAMING GOLD PLATE TO HIGHLIGHT THE SEASON'S FASHIONS.

TWIN BRACELET. ABOUT 9.00
WIDE BRACELET. ABOUT 8.00
EARRINGS. ABOUT 5.00
BAR PIN. ABOUT 4.00
PLUS FED. TAX
(SHOWN ACTUAL SIZE)

AT ALL FINE STORES OR WRITE

Castle cliff

THE TALKED-ABOUT JEWELRY

366 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

why the diplomat?

Because it very diplomatically keeps its wearer cool and tailored in the hottest weather. Its look of ambassadorial distinction comes from construction details: smoothly unpadded shoulders, high gorge lapels, center vent, plain front trousers, and a total lack of lining.

Travelers admire the DIPLOMAT because its dacron (25%) and orlon (75%) fabric washes easily, dries quickly, needs no ironing. It is also unbelievably compact: this gentleman with the Rolls is wearing one and carrying a second in his briefcase.

The DIPLOMAT comes in six neatly striped shades: light blue, brown and grey, and deep tones of blue, brown and grey. About $40.



Available at:

New York	Whitehouse & Hardy
Chicago	Baskin
St. Louis	Boyd's
Milwaukee	MacNeil & Moore
Philadelphia	John Wanamaker
Pittsburgh	John Barkley, Inc.
San Antonio	Frank Bros.
Boston	Arthur L. Johnson
Cleveland	Bunce Brothers
San Francisco	Robert Kirk, Ltd.
Los Angeles	Atkinson's
Charlotte, N. C.	Jack Wood, Ltd.

For other stores write: Gordon-Ford Sales Company, Empire State Bldg., New York 1, N. Y.

up good arguments to promote the Asian cause—arguments that may induce Westerners to stomach the Asian advances without dropping A-bombs or H-bombs, which are probably the main worry of Asian leaders today. India can be Asia's spokesman while China is her strongman.

Right now, Asian diplomats are arriving in Bandung for the Asian-African conference. "Asia for the Asians" propaganda will very likely flourish there as it has never flourished before. The hosts will be India, Indonesia, Pakistan, Burma, and Ceylon—a group of non-Communist nations that first began teaming up a year ago, at Colombo, the Ceylonese capital. Of the five, India is the strongest and the best organized, and her officials in New Delhi have been saying that it will be pretty much up to them to run things at Bandung—guide the agenda, manage the publicity, and even arrange for the living accommodations. They will doubtless do these things, and do them better than any other Asians could. Their diplomatic constellation will shine. This constellation, formed by the conjunction of such disparate things as Nehru's talents, the British heritage, and the present gap between East and West, is a singular one. —CHRISTOPHER RAND

•

INFATUATION WITH SOUND OF OWN WORDS DEPARTMENT

[*From "Fads and Quackery in Healing," by Morris Fishbein*]

All this must be taken as evidence that the osteopathy of today is essentially an attempt to enter the practice of medicine by the back door. —*Page 82.*

It is our thesis that osteopathy as it is practiced today is essentially an attempt to get into the practice of medicine by the back door. —*Page 85.*

Essentially the osteopath is a physician who has come into practice by the back door. —*Page 92.*

. . . the public needs to be concerned with seeing to it that osteopathy does not continue to be a means of getting into medicine by the back door. —*Page 94.*

It has been said that osteopathy is essentially a method of entering the practice of medicine by the back door. —*Page 116.*

This institution represents merely another attempt to find a short route into the practice of healing for those who want to enter by the back door. —*Page 126.*

•

Bank officials said today that the award would be based upon several points, including scholastic accomplishments, extracurricular activities, general interest, moral turpitude and a desire to complete a 4-year college course.—*Kennett (Mo.) Dunklin Democrat.*

That's quite an order.



Kaye Ballard

Musical Comedy and TV Star
Len Bergé, at the piano
STANLEY MELBA
and his orchestra with the Cotillion Strings featuring Carlos Piantini and Lois Bannerman
CHICO RELLI and his music
Theatre Dinner $5
Served 6 to 8 p.m. No Ent. Tax

Cotillion room
Closed Mondays
Hotel Pierre
FIFTH AVENUE AT 61st STREET



Skies Bright! Weather's Just Right!
Spring's Wonderful at the Shore

GEORGE B. BRUNI,
Vice President & General Manager
New York Office - LOngacre 5-1114

THE SKYSCRAPER BY THE SEA
The CLARIDGE Hotel
ATLANTIC CITY



The Ultimate in Beauty at Dealers and Decorators

W.H.S. Lloyd CO., INC.
WALLPAPERS
16 East 52nd St., New York, N. Y.



The third generation of a famous family of portrait photographers

FABIAN Bachrach

PHOTOGRAPHER OF PRESIDENTS

54 East 52nd Street, New York
PLaza 5-6233

NATURAL COLOUR PHOTOGRAPHY, TOO

The Homestead
Greenwich, Conn.
A beautiful small Country Inn with every facility for a perfect New England vacation in a club atmosphere. Ideal for families while house-hunting or vacationing. Executive suites, vacationing for career people and couples. 28 miles from N.Y.C. Limousine service to R.R. stations and airports. Exit #28 off Merritt Parkway to Inn. Write or phone Greenwich 8-7500. Philip A. Waldron—Owner.

MUSICAL EVENTS

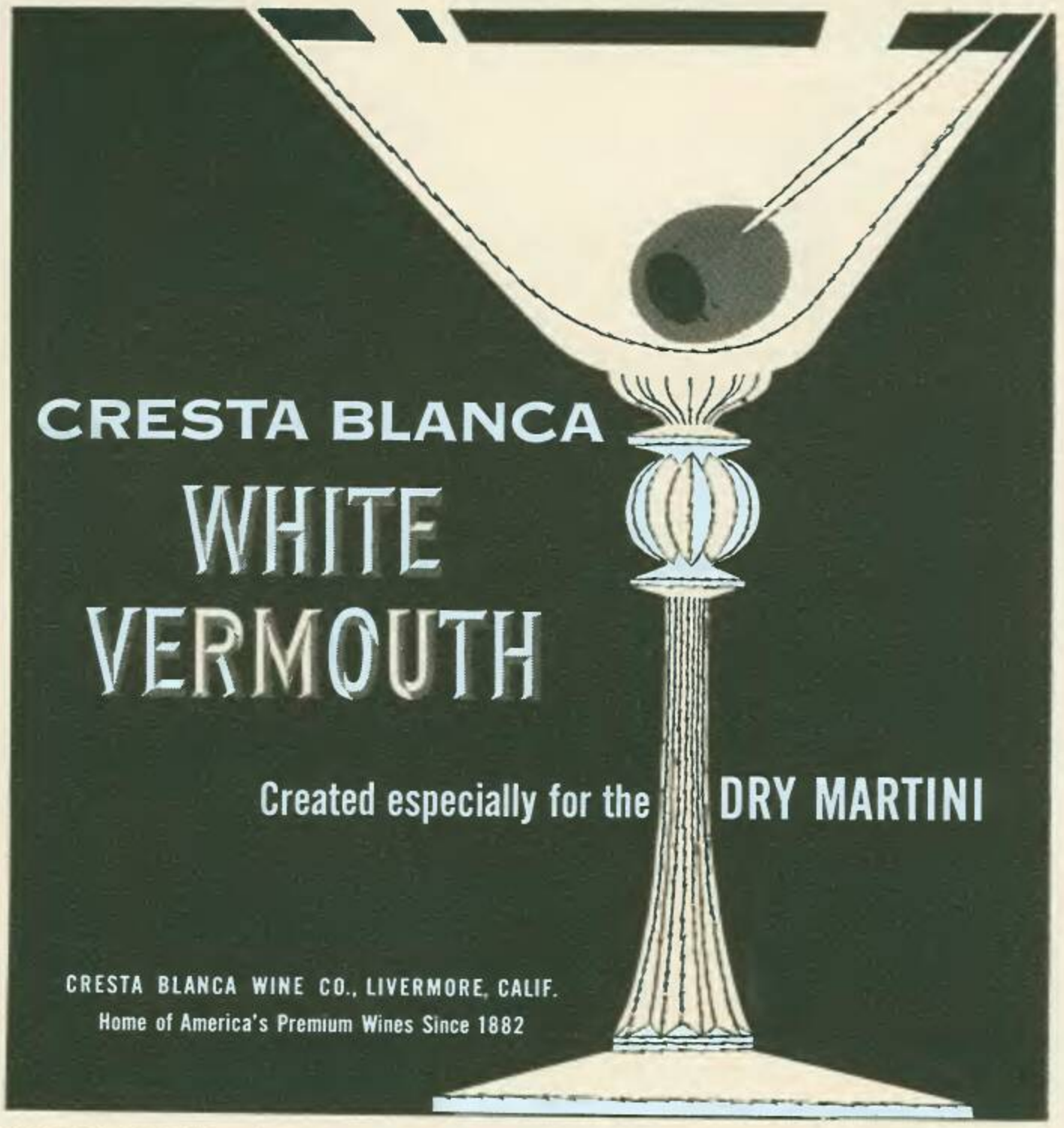
Mr. Pleasants and His Agony



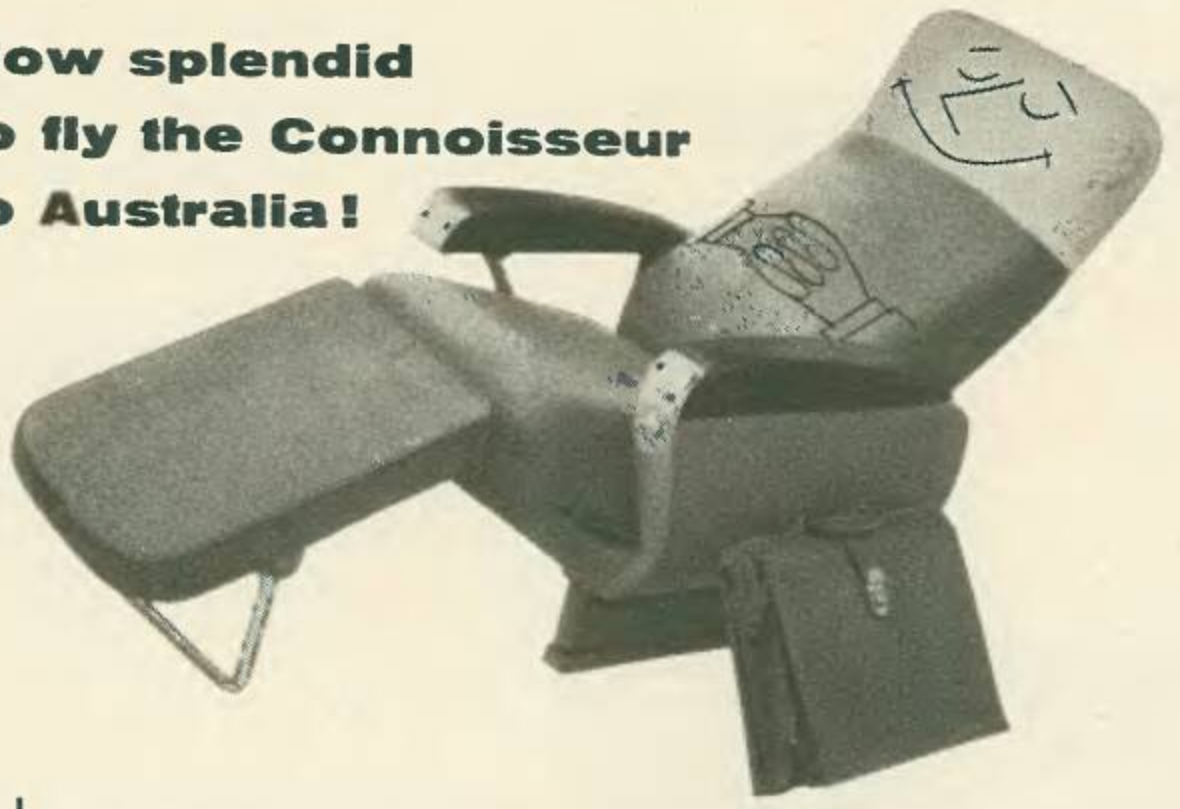
IT was inevitable, I suppose, that somebody should eventually write a book like Henry Pleasants' "The Agony of Modern Music." The situation it describes is a crucial one, and though I cannot bring myself to agree with all its conclusions, I think that a good deal of what it has to say badly needed saying. It is an exuberantly violent book, and has already caused considerable controversy in the daily press and on the radio, some of it apparently over the rather drastic question of whether the "modern" composer or Mr. Pleasants should drop dead. In my opinion, the heat of this controversy has tended to obscure a somewhat gentler issue; namely, that it might be a good idea for contemporary composers to reëxamine the nature and purpose of their art, and to pay a little more attention to the needs and tastes of the audience for which they are presumably writing.

Mr. Pleasants himself is, I think, responsible for the bitterness of the controversy, since he has stated his case as if it were an inexorable historical truth. His premise can be simply outlined: The phenomenon known as "modern music" is neither modern nor musically significant. The contemporary composer, being out of touch with the musical appetites of the contemporary audience, is in a hopeless position, and is merely seeking to perpetuate for his own glorification a musical tradition whose technical resources have been exhausted and which no longer has any cultural validity. He is, in fact, obsolete, and his place in modern society has long since been appropriated by the jazz band and the popular tunesmith. Important music, as Mr. Pleasants demonstrates at some length, and quite convincingly, has always been immensely popular in its own time. The "modern" composer is not popular; therefore, his music is not important.

I cannot quite accept Mr. Pleasants' notion that immediate popularity is today the sole criterion of artistic importance, since by that criterion one could obviously arrive at the conclusion that, say, the *News* is more important literature than the work of our more thoughtful novelists. I cannot agree,



How splendid to fly the Connoisseur to Australia!



Let us consider The Connoisseur, which speeds from San Francisco to Sydney in 35 exceptionally comfortable hours. This *Qantas super Super Constellation carries but 39 passengers, all 1st Class. These happy few rejoice in an epicure's choice of food and wine, an elegant lounge, deep sleeper chairs, the service of a cabin staff of 4. All at no extra fare.

Ask your Travel agent or any Qantas or BOAC office about this or other (1st Class and Tourist) Qantas flights across the Pacific; across the world to 26 countries on 5 continents.



QANTAS

*Pronounce Q as in cuisine

AUSTRALIA'S OVERSEAS AIRLINE

so useful! so practical!
so every wear wonderful!



just plain luxury!

terry butterfly robe

for beach, brunch, bath or boudoir

The one, wonderful robe you'll live in at home or at the shore. Thick 'n thirsty Turkish delight with snug elasticized waist and deep, deep pockets. White, maize, pink, turquoise, burnt orange. Small, medium, large—**only $6.95**

Also available in pink or blue Martex poodle stripes. Small, medium, large..... **$7.95**

THE TOG SHOP
Americus, Georgia

Please send me the following:

		Quan.	Size	Color
Butterfly robe	**$6.95**			
Martex stripes	**$7.95**			

name_____

address_____

city_____ **zone**____ **state**_____

☐ Check ☐ M.O. | **add 25c for postage**

CELEBRATING?



serve
MOËT
the great Champagne of France
Schieffelin & Co. New York

either, that the cultivated listener who has developed a taste for symphonic or operatic music is likely to find a modern substitute for it in the arts of Dizzy Gillespie and Irving Berlin—two entirely different arts, by the way, each of which I find ingratiating enough, but both of which seem to me to lack the emotional vocabulary and intellectual ingenuity that the experienced concert-goer looks for in serious music. Nevertheless, it *is* true, I believe, that popular music today shows a freshness and inspiration that are conspicuously lacking in the product of our high-brow composers, that items like Jerome Kern's "Show Boat" and George Gershwin's "Porgy and Bess" are far more significant works of art than most of the serious operas that are being turned out nowadays, and that the art of musical composition as practiced by its more "advanced" exponents has shown certain alarming symptoms of illness for more than a generation. As Mr. Pleasants says, the "modern" composer has lost the cordial contact with his audience that the great composers of the past had. He has often forgotten the communicative purpose of his art in the pursuit of obscure technical games played largely for his own benefit or that of his professional colleagues. He has expressed himself mainly in two idioms that are now pretty threadbare—neo-classicism, which is merely a process of arranging fanciful mosaics out of bits and pieces borrowed from older and more vigorous styles, and atonality, a technique that is surrounded with no end of cryptic theoretical jargon but in practice is about as complicated and artistically rewarding as dominoes. The trouble with atonality, by the way, is not, as even Mr. Pleasants seems to think, that it is mysterious or difficult to understand but simply that it is boring.

Arriving in the midst of this rather depressing spectacle, "The Agony of Modern Music" may, I think, serve as a valuable corrective. But I detect in Mr. Pleasants' reasoning a good deal of that blind, deterministic thought, derived originally from Georg Wilhelm Friedrich Hegel, that has been the curse of the very music Mr. Pleasants is attacking. He continually expresses himself in such phrases as "the historical course of music," "the exhaustion of resources," "evolutionary factors," "an art in progress," all of which make me suspect that he, like the atonalists, thinks of music not as the product of free, individual composers but as a sort of uniform substance emerging from some historical sausage

INTERNATIONAL
Food Show



APRIL 19 thru 24
Tuesday thru Friday, 1 to 10 PM
Sat., 11 AM to 10 PM; Sun., 2 to 10 PM

TASTE and see the widest variety of American and imported delicacies.

Continuous cooking demonstrations in two model kitchens, under the personal direction of Susan Adams.

ADMISSION $1 TAX INCL.
Children Under 12, 50¢

Ladies! Win a Trip to London via BOAC Stratocruiser.

B·O·A·C

KINGSBRIDGE ARMORY
Kingsbridge Road & Jerome Ave.
EASY TO REACH BY SUBWAY, BUS
FREE PARKING FOR 3,000 CARS

OLD SHIP PRINTS



We have many old paintings, old water colors, old prints, of Clipper Ships, Steamers, U.S. Naval Actions. Views of Ports Around the World, Old Sea Charts.

The OLD PRINT SHOP
Harry Shaw Newman
150 Lexington Ave. *at* 30*th* St., *New York*
Tel. MUrray Hill 3-3950 ~ Established 1898

Tanglewood
A SUMMER OF MUSIC
For music lovers & amateurs over 17. July 4 to Aug. 14. Two, four or six weeks. School directed by Charles Munch & Boston Symphony Orch. *Catalog.*
BERKSHIRE MUSIC CENTER
Symphony Hall, Boston 15, Mass.

"Serving Chinese Food as you like it."
BILL CHAN'S
GOLD COIN
994 2nd AVE. at 53rd ST. • PL 8-1251

grinder entirely in accordance with the laws of a sociological *Zeitgeist*. It is this attitude, it seems to me, that leads him to the fairly absurd conclusion that the contemporary composer is done for. In my opinion, the prevalent notion that the musical art is the result of social forces and is under some pressing necessity to progress or evolve is precisely what is wrong with "modern" music, for it has deprived the contemporary composer of his individuality as an artist. The great fallacy in these Hegelian theories is that they assume that music is composed by society, or by processes of technical evolution, when the simple and obvious fact is that it is composed by composers. Thus, I am afraid I cannot give any more credence to Mr. Pleasants' idea that the contemporary composer is doomed to become obsolete than I can to the atonalist's idea that he is doomed to write atonality.

When one is told that music as an intellectual art form is going to pot, one has a right to ask "What music?," for there is, in reality, no single evolving organism called music. I can distinguish, for example, two quite independent traditions in the history of music over the past century or so, and there are doubtless others. The first is the symphonic tradition, a Germanic invention, which started with Haydn, and did for a time seem to show certain evolutionary tendencies—or at least certain tendencies toward increasing complexity—and appears at the moment to have stopped developing technically. The second is the hardy Italian opera tradition, which has never exhibited any evolutionary tendencies whatever, has expressed itself in masterpieces ever since the time of Monteverdi, and is still alive and kicking in the work of composers like Gian-Carlo Menotti, who writes in an idiom that hasn't changed much in three hundred years. I can't help feeling that the solution to the contemporary composer's problem lies simply in ceasing to be the slave of dubious evolutionary theories and writing what he wants to write instead of what he imagines history expects of him. By this elementary expedient, he might well succeed in outfoxing Mr. Pleasants and his gloomy predictions. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

BOYS' STRETCHABLE T-SHIRTS, are Fashion's new snap-on clips that transform your daytime glasses into evening gaiety.—*Adv. in the San Diego Tribune.*

How big are these boys?



CORTINA

Holiday pleasures in rich abundance bid you

See Italy first

All that you'd ask of a travel holiday awaits you in Italy . . . enchanting scenery . . . exciting cities . . . picturesque towns . . . a great and distinctive culture . . . life and color and diversions for every taste. Accommodations for every budget . . . wonderful food . . . superb shopping values . . . economical transportation. De luxe motor coach tours take you everywhere—and reasonably . . . 10 and 20-Day Tickets permit unlimited rail travel . . . special coupons enable motorists bringing their own cars to buy gasoline at reduced prices.

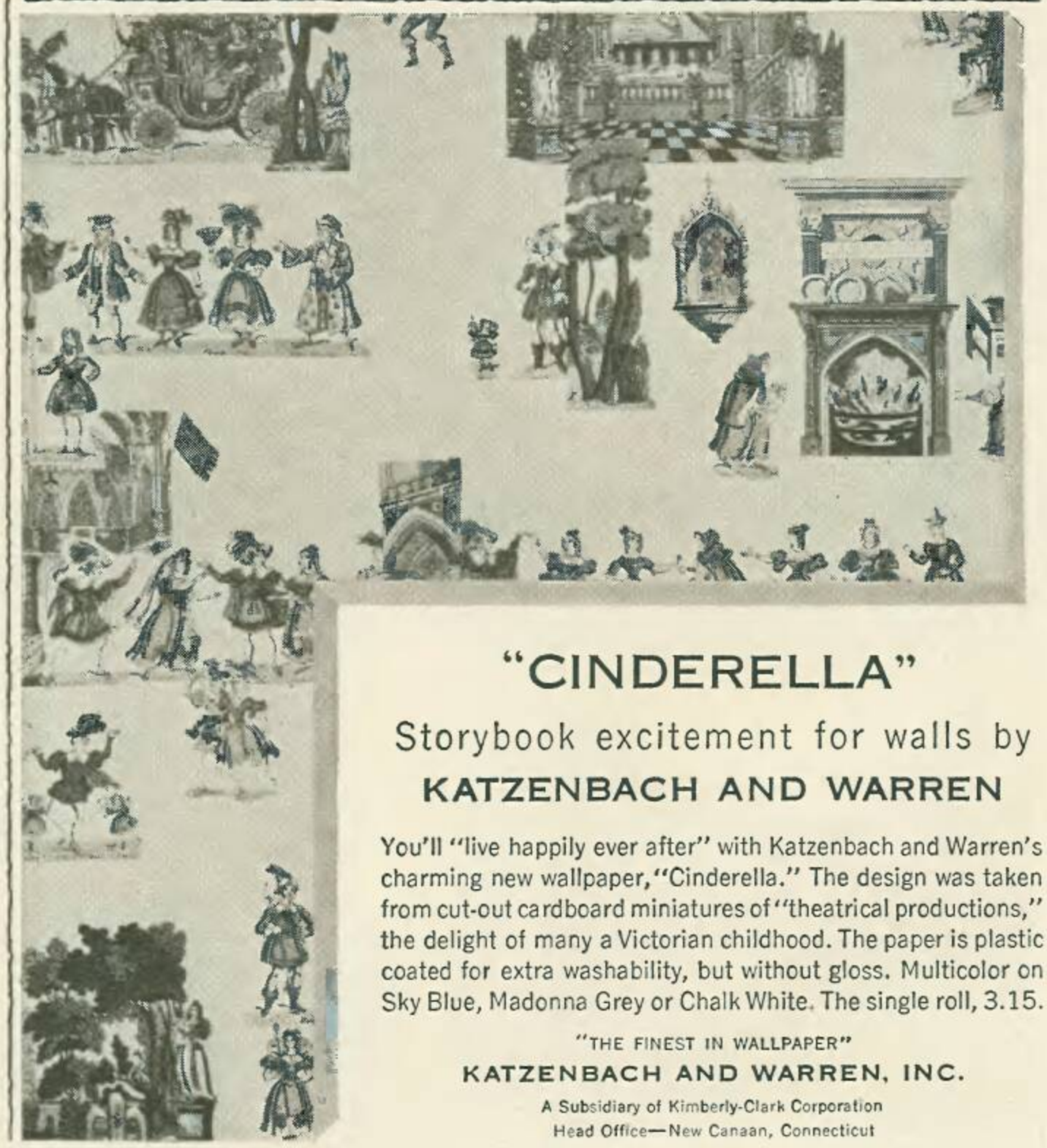
Make this YOUR Italian Summer...see your Travel Agent Now!

ENIT

ITALIAN STATE TOURIST OFFICE—E.N.I.T.

21 East 51st Street, New York 22, N. Y.

CHICAGO 333 N. Michigan Ave. | SAN FRANCISCO St. Francis Hotel | NEW ORLEANS International Trade Mart



"CINDERELLA"

Storybook excitement for walls by

KATZENBACH AND WARREN

You'll "live happily ever after" with Katzenbach and Warren's charming new wallpaper, "Cinderella." The design was taken from cut-out cardboard miniatures of "theatrical productions," the delight of many a Victorian childhood. The paper is plastic coated for extra washability, but without gloss. Multicolor on Sky Blue, Madonna Grey or Chalk White. The single roll, 3.15.

"THE FINEST IN WALLPAPER"

KATZENBACH AND WARREN, INC.

A Subsidiary of Kimberly-Clark Corporation

Head Office—New Canaan, Connecticut



MADE IN OUR OWN WORKROOMS

$80

DACRON* & WORSTED TROPICAL SUITS

Press-keeping, wrinkle-resistant, shape-holding! Practically immune to heat, humidity and dampness! Light and cool!

Tailored in our own workrooms. Plain or Flecked Weaves and Fine Self-Stripes. Charcoal Greys, Browns and Blues.

As modern as air-conditioning!

*Du Pont's trademark for its polyester fiber.

Rogers Peet Company

In New York: 600 Fifth Avenue *at* 48th St.
479 Fifth Avenue *at* 41st Street
258 Broadway *at* Warren Street
In Boston: 104 Tremont St. *at* Bromfield St.



Los Angeles bound?

From pool to Polo Patio,
from lobby shops to Lanai suites,
from Coffee Bar to Crystal Room,
from gardens to garage,
from maids to Maitre d',
the Beverly Hills offers the utmost in relaxation, comfort, service, cuisine.

BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL

Hernando Courtright, President

BEVERLY HILLS · CALIFORNIA



ANGELA

AFTER my first ten confusingly nomadic years—my father was at that time a minor official on foreign service for the British government—I was sent to an English boarding school, and it was there that I was befriended by a girl named Angela.

Angela was one of the mainstays of St. Hilary's. An older girl, approaching fifteen, she already had a bosom, her calves bulged, and so portly was she behind that the back pleats of her serge tunic fanned open. When she looked down, her chin, creasing softly, became two chins; her air was blooming, her full eye shone; and what she did—with a masterfulness I've yet to see matched—was to succor and minister unto her fellow-man. The wounded and the woebegone, the tremulous and the infirm, she sought out assiduously and with a dead accuracy of aim. Babies, it seemed certain, would in time simply stream from her. All weakling things, things minor and things marred, all things that wobbled and drooped and clung, she collected with zest, she cradled and suckled. She was the daughter of a man recently knighted for the magnanimity with which he'd bestowed bandstands and playing fields upon those less fortunate members of society who had for decades, by drowning their cares in his ale, swelled the coffers now benignly raining their contents back on them.



When I came to St. Hilary's, I was just Angela's dish. A shrimpy child turning up belatedly, after the term had begun, with an unplaceable accent, and half lost in a tunic too big for me, I didn't know a soul, and thought it quite possible that I'd simply die. So when this large and cordial girl, emerging out of the blackness, kindly took my hand and asked me my name, I was in no condition to withstand her ministrations.

I told her my name, and she asked where I had come from. This question was always a bit difficult, since I could with equal truthfulness say London or Washington or Paris or Ottawa. At random, I chose Ottawa. And most fortunately, it appeared, for Angela, with the startled but happy air of one suddenly hurtled straight down a gold mine, said, "From *Canada*? You're a *colonial*, you mean?"

I wasn't, but before I could say so, she had exclaimed, "But how absolutely ghastly you must feel!" She waited, leaning forward, all billow and bloom; compassion seemed to emanate from her as humidly as steam. After a moment, she asked, with just a trace of tartness, "*Doesn't* it feel ghastly?"

Obligingly, I burst into a downpour of tears. "There!" she said at once, her voice a rich mingling of approval and commiseration. "Of course it does! You poor child!" And to two other girls, pausing in a sympathetically inquiring way, she explained, as if exhibiting a prize specimen in a net, "This girl's a colonial, and feeling simply ghastly. She's never been away anywhere before."

Huskily, I raised my voice to correct her, but with her hand pressed cushiony and warm on mine she stopped me. "I know! I do understand! And when it feels too awful, what you must do is you must *tell* me about it, and then we can *talk*."

I CAN'T remember exactly how long I lived under the shadow of Angela's compassion, but I do know that I was unfailingly reduced to tears whenever I found myself closeted with her. Even when there was no longer any need to cry—when I'd begun to perk up and modestly get my bearings—it continued to happen. I would be in a group (a minor member of it, to be sure, but nevertheless in a group) and Angela would appear and solicitously extract me. "How are you? How are you *feeling*?" she would inquire, and right off, as if a button had been pressed, my eyes would fill with tears.

Once, she asked me if she could see a picture of my Canadian home.

"I haven't one," I said, meaning I hadn't a Canadian home.

There was a meaningful pause. Then "I see!" she said. Apparently I'd again done something that appealed to her. "It *does* make it worse, doesn't it?" she said. "Looking at pictures. Especially since Canada's so frightfully far away."

Several times she interrupted a conversation in full swing to ask if I was managing to follow it properly; now and then she would stop short herself to elucidate a term that mightn't be familiar across the Atlantic. There was even an occasion, particularly unnerving, when she instructed a whole roomful of other girls to consider, sensitively, the weak sister in their midst. "We mustn't only think of *ourselves*," she said.

After two or three weeks had elapsed, one of the smaller girls, who was captivatingly called Lettuce, and who had taken to sharing with me her hoard of

licorice root and had learned a little about me, said, at a reference of Angela's to my alien status, "But she isn't, are you? She *isn't* a Canadian."

I was suddenly stricken. Acquiescence in a mistake seemed all at once to acquire the deadliness of calculated deceit. As Angela took me aside, my cottony knees were pinched together. "There is something I must say to you," Angela said. She spoke with immense kindness, and her eye doubly shone. "You must never be ashamed of what you are. People won't *respect* you if you *pretend*." And she said bracingly, "Think of Abraham Lincoln." I thought of Abraham Lincoln. "*He* was born in a log cabin," she pointed out.

I suppose it was soon afterward that I had my nightmare—in full color, which was how dreams and nightmares came to me at that time. It was vague but horrifying. Angela, as far as I could manage to make out, was eating something. I couldn't quite see, or perhaps chose deliberately not to see, what it was. But as she ate, she grew pinker and pinker and more and more glossy. She chewed each mouthful an unconscionably long time, and on her face there was a look of peculiar pleasure. I woke up in a cold sweat.

It must have been after the nightmare that I began to avoid her, with the instinctive artfulness of the aroused prey. I dodged around corners when she hove into sight, or if it was she who spotted me first, I waved exaggeratedly in the opposite direction, and even falsely cried out to nonexistent friends, "All right, I'm coming!" Once, nearly cornered, I shot into one of the dormitory wardrobes and stayed there for so long, crouched among garments of scratchy serge, that when I at last went forth I was hazy and tottering. Lettuce was standing nearby. "Whatever's the matter?" she asked interestedly. She revived me on licorice water, and I longed to tell her, but when one came to it, what was there to tell?

It was an exhausting period but, happily, a brief one, for a competitor appeared upon the scene. An even more belated arrival than I was a girl called Gillian, who had fallen off a bus and broken her leg. She came on crutches, accompanied by a real wheelchair, and Angela was at her side in exactly two ticks. "Will you ever walk again—*properly*?" she asked.

"Oh, yes," said Gillian, who was a matter-of-fact soul. "I only broke my leg."

Angela said with admiration, "How *brave* you are! It must be ghastly!"

Angela was assigned, naturally, to



mellow moment

Grand Marnier

LIQUEUR A L'ORANGE PRODUCT OF FRANCE — 80 PROOF

One of the world's great liqueurs, Grand Marnier has the exquisite fragrance and delightful taste that are prerequisite to after-dinner enjoyment. *Grand Marnier is the only liqueur made exclusively with a fine Champagne Cognac base.* No other liqueur crowns a repast so royally.

For Grand Marnier recipe book write:
CARILLON IMPORTERS, LTD., 693 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. 22, N. Y., Sole U. S. Agent



The compact calculator you can carry to the job



New FACIT...NTK

Here's the only 10-key calculator you can carry anywhere in its fine, flexible plastic traveling case. Truly lightweight—only 12 pounds! Equally useful to business men on the road, professional men, research field-workers and insurance agents. Hand-operated—ideal in mines and oil fields. 100% visible setting, tabulating and operating control. Rapid and reliable Facit NTK multiplies, divides, adds, subtracts with 10 keys, all in easy reach. Next to noiseless.

Precision built of finest Swedish steel. Parts and service available through dealers everywhere. $199.50. See your local Classified Phone Book or write for details.

FACIT INC. Dept. NYK

500 Fifth Avenue, New York 36, N. Y.

114 Sansome St., San Francisco 4, California

If a man can forget
the clothes on his back,
he's well-dressed. **JACKMAN**
Sportclothes qualify for
this high distinction.
There are clear reasons why.
Why not drop in a fine store
near you and see for yourself.



TEMPTATION

Friend of ours in the hotel business received a conscience note enclosing a five dollar bill the other day.

"I am an old lady with a Christian upbringing . . . don't know what possessed me, but when I left your nice hotel last week I broke the Seventh Commandment. Now I can't sleep of nights. Please forgive me, and here is five dollars for the towel."

We hope the dear old thing's conscience is clear now. And while we don't approve of guests making off with the furnishings, both we and our friend found it hard to condemn her slip. His towels, of course, as in fine hotels everywhere, bear the Martex label, symbol of luxurious quality. Quite a temptation to departing guests, no matter how stern their upbringing.

MARTEX
NAME-WOVEN TOWELS
sold by leading hotel suppliers everywhere

FAIRFAX DEPT., Wellington Sears Co.
65 Worth Street, New York 13, New York

wheel Gillian about from one classroom to another, and in no time at all had comforted her into a just discernible apprehension.

MY sojourn at St. Hilary's was short and undistinguished, and it wasn't until ten years or so later that I met Angela again. I was weekending with my friends the Arnolds at their place in Berkshire, and one teatime somebody came over to me on the terrace and said pleasantly, "Hullo! Remember? We used to be at St. Hilary's together."

As a young woman, Angela was still blooming, but she was fined-down. As a matter of fact, I thought her exceptionally attractive, with her high color and bright eyes and unforeseen shapeliness. She was married, I learned, and lived a mile or two farther up the Thames Valley.

Triss Arnold at once poured tea into two cups and packed us off. "Go and talk yourselves out by yourselves," she ordered. "Old-school gossip is hell for the uninitiated."

So Angela and I went and sat in striped canvas chairs on the lawn, and I asked her at once, "How are your children?"

She seemed, for a moment, taken aback. "Oh, we haven't any," she said.

I felt suddenly awkward. What on earth had made me ask such a thing? Possibly her husband was disabled. Who knew? After all, it was Angela.

"You'll like Hugo," she told me.

"Oh, I'm *sure* I will."

"That's him," she said, indicating the tennis court. "The one paired with Tom."

He wasn't, then, disabled. And—so far as one could see—he wasn't disfigured, either. "How nice!" I said, more heartily than was called for.

We talked, as we were bound to, about St. Hilary's—or, rather, Angela talked, for she was the informed one.

"Where's Lettuce?" I asked. But Lettuce, for some reason, she couldn't remember. She had kept in touch with most of the other girls, however, and her comments, although kindly, were inoffensively so. In fact, she seemed a sensible and likable person. Probably we'd not find a great deal in common if we ranged too far or got in deep, I thought, but, sitting with her like this in the afternoon sun, with the soprano sound of china coming from Triss's table and the tennis foursome sprinting about on the court, I began to feel apologetic, then even guilty. Surely that early recoil had been exaggerated. I'd been a touchy child—overimagina-

How long since you've had a steak at Keen's, a succulent cut of beef or a fabulous mutton chop?...and what a welcome relief to dine unhurried amidst such friendly memories of the past!

Keen's
ENGLISH CHOP HOUSE
72 West 36th Street

The *Café Lounge* and Bar
LUNCHEON
COCKTAILS • DINNER
DANCING DAILY
5:30 P.M. to 1:30 A.M.
Sundays 5 P.M. to Midnight
SAVOY-PLAZA
5th Ave. at 58th St.

COCKTAILS • LUNCHEON • DINNER
La Reine
139 East 52nd St., N.Y.C.
For Reservations Call RENÈ { PLaza 3-3394

Serving Dairy Food Over 32 Years
82nd AT B'WAY N.Y.
Steinberg's
DAIRY RESTAURANT

tive, too. One had to remember what a dream world one had been lost in half the time.

After a while, Angela's husband came across the lawn, and he looked a thoroughly presentable young man. Nothing was noticeably awry. He and his partner had even won their set. "Here's an old friend of mine," Angela said. "Remember the Canadian at school I told you about?"

He lowered himself casually into a chair and lay on his back, looking relaxed. "Sometimes I get mixed in my head," he said, "and begin to think I went to St. Hilary's, too."

"It's the other way around for me," I said. "I can hardly credit the fact that I did."

"Have a bad time of it?" he asked sympathetically.

I found myself saying, "Angela was awfully good to me when I first turned up." And the funny thing was it sounded true.

"No doubt," he said.

We talked in a desultory, easygoing way. Hugo, I learned, went up to London every day to work in some sort of advertising office. He spoke of it in terms of mild disparagement. "Never mind," said Angela. "Think of all the lovely money you make."

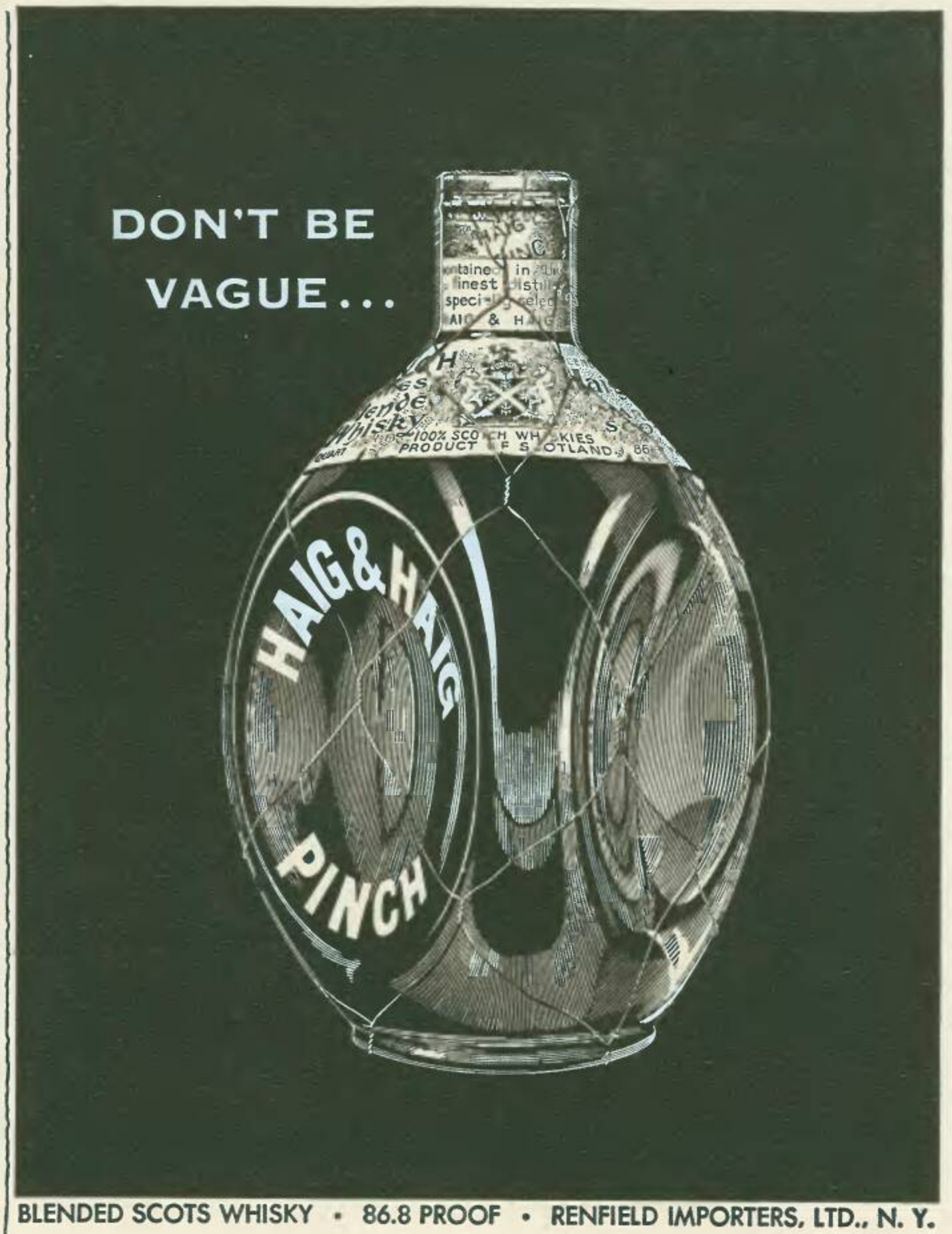
It didn't sound consoling, and there was no reason to suspect that it was intended to be.

"And what about you? What do you do?" I asked her, and was told that she was very much occupied locally, being chairman of this and supervising that. It was all work of a practical and indispensable nature, and she would be first-rate at it; there was no doubt about that. She would shirk nothing. She would be a boon to the community. "One can always depend upon Angela," people would say.

In the light of the present, the past took on a rearranged look. How simple it was, really! Angela hadn't known as a schoolgirl how on earth to spend herself. Naturally her instinct and all her energy had assumed the form they had. And, just as naturally, here they now were, disciplined and matured into this citizenly usefulness. "Isn't it nice to grow up!" I said. "I can't imagine how any of us survive childhood."

Tom Arnold, who had come over from the terrace, a cup of tea in each hand, said, "Possibly none of us quite do." He gave one cup to Hugo, then sat on the grass, wearing a deceptively abstracted look that made him appear like a gentle curate at the moment innocently misclad in shorts.

The sun was slanting now, and the



BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF • RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N. Y.

SUBSCRIPTION BLANK

THE NEW YORKER

25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK CITY 36, N. Y.

Please enter my subscription to your magazine for ☐ 1 YEAR; ☐ 2 YEARS. My remittance is enclosed.

U. S. and Possessions	1 year—$7.00; 2 years—$12.00
Canada, Philippines, Latin America and Spain	1 year— 8.00; 2 years— 14.00
Other Foreign	1 year—10.00; 2 years— 18.00

Subscribers ordering a change of address are requested to notify us at least four weeks in advance and to give us their old address as well as the new. Please include postal zone numbers for both addresses.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

(Please include postal zone number)

Marketing Gold Mine!

by
John Pepper
and
Bert Ferguson



You know, we were just thinking. There isn't a sales manager alive who wouldn't give his eye teeth for a new market with huge sales potentials for his product.

We have such a market ourselves and it's one we can share with you.

This tremendous market is larger than the total population of Minneapolis-St. Paul . . . larger than Baltimore . . . larger than Washington, D. C. . . . larger than Cleveland!

It has been right under the nose of everybody in Memphis for a long time. But by being first to discover it and cater to it, we've built our Radio Station, WDIA, up to Memphis' only 50,000 Watt operation which commands a vast territory and holds the top Hooper and Pulse ratings . . from a 250 Watt beginning!

HEAVY SPENDERS

This tremendous new market, which we call the "Golden Market" of WDIA, is composed of the 1,230,724 Negroes in the Memphis-Mid-South area . . . nearly 1/10 of America's total Negro population . . . who *will spend 80% of their 1955 income of over a quarter billion dollars on consumer goods.* It is a ready-made market which can *figure importantly in your own sales picture.*

PROVEN APPROACH

Think of it! A *buying market group . . . a big-spending gold mine waiting to be sold* entirely and exclusively through a single medium, WDIA . . . the radio station which itself has grown big through the listening loyalty of this group.

We'll send you success stories of our advertisers, which include . .

Borden's, Camel Cigarettes, Colgate-Palmolive, Johnson & Johnson, General Foods, Esso, Budweiser, Ford Motor Co., and Folger's Coffee.

What this responsive Negro market has meant for others it can mean to you. Write for WDIA's "Golden Market" opportunities for the particular products that concern you most. This specific, factual information is yours for the asking. WDIA is represented nationally by John E. Pearson Co.

John Pepper — *President*
Bert Ferguson — *General Manager*
Hames Hawkins — *Commercial Manager*

garden was going golden with the deepened light. Triss's flowers, always profuse, had their usual cottagey, mixed-up appearance, deplored by the fastidious; the lawn needed mowing; there were even dandelions abroad. It was one of the nicest gardens I knew, with the quality of a befriending and comfortably worn room, and it was that best of hours in any garden at all. We sat there indolently; there was no stir in the air. So when the Arnolds' young red setter shot without warning into our midst, I was a trifle startled, he came so soundlessly, with so exuberant a bound.

Hugo, with a jerk, dropped his cup, but almost before he'd done so, Angela was on her feet. She grasped the dog's collar and dragged him aside.

"Oh—sorry!" Tom had sprung up, too.

"It's perfectly all right!" Angela assured him brightly.

"I thought we'd locked the brute up," he said, and he called, "Triss!"

On the terrace, Triss gave a clear whistle and called, "Here, Jock! Here, old boy!" The setter bounded off, exuding good cheer.

Hugo, bending forward, picked up his cup and set it carefully back on its saucer. Tom said to him, "Well, since I'm bestirred, how about that game? I've an agreeable feeling I'll make mincemeat of you."

"You have, have you?" Hugo said, getting up.

They went off toward the tennis court, and Angela sat down again.

She said quietly, "He's *splendid*, of course. And the thing's almost coped with now, we feel."

For several moments, I managed to hold myself in. Then—back in a serge uniform—"What?" I asked.

"Oh, didn't you know?" said Angela. "His brother was bitten by a dog—a mad one. They were children, in India. It was pretty ghastly."

Possibly what I saw was only the sun glittering in her eye. —Doris Peel

•

HERE AND THERE

In public doorways on a rainy day,
umbrellas bend, unbend,
and let themselves be dripped on,
swayed,
unstable as a pigeon flock
that passersby offend.
Some sidle a moment
and take unwilling flight;
others, folding, alight.

—Jean Farley



These are the airlines...

that will get you there with speed and luxury by Douglas

Listed below are the leading airlines that fly the fast, luxurious, four-engine Douglas DC-6, DC-6B, or new DC-7 series airplanes:

AEROLINEAS ARGENTINAS
AIGLE AZUR
*AIR ALGERIE
ALITALIA
AMERICAN AIRLINES
AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL AIRWAYS
BRANIFF INTERNATIONAL AIRWAYS
CANADIAN PACIFIC AIR LINES
CATHAY PACIFIC AIRWAYS
CONTINENTAL AIR LINES
DELTA-C&S AIR LINES
*EASTERN AIR LINES
JAPAN AIR LINES
KLM ROYAL DUTCH AIRLINES
LINEA AEREA NACIONAL DE CHILE
LINEE AEREE ITALIANE
MEXICANA DE AVIACION
NATIONAL AIRLINES
NORTH AMERICAN AIRLINES
NORTHWEST AIRLINES
PANAGRA
PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS
SABENA BELGIAN WORLD AIRLINES
SCANDINAVIAN AIRLINES SYSTEM
*SOUTH AFRICAN AIRWAYS
SWISSAIR
TASMAN EMPIRE AIRWAYS
TRANS CARIBBEAN AIRWAYS
TRANSPORTS AERIENS INTERCONTINENTAUX
UNION AEROMARITIME DE TRANSPORT
UNITED AIR LINES
WESTERN AIR LINES
Cargo service only
*AIRWORK
FLYING TIGER LINE
SLICK AIRWAYS
*Flying soon

Twice as many people fly
DOUGLAS
as all other airplanes combined



Shortest distance between two hearts is a DC-7

Whatever your reason for getting there faster...

——you go *fastest by far* in a DC-7

You fly up to *50 m.p.h. faster* in the new DC-7 than in any other airliner now in service. With its four giant turbo compound engines, its clean straight lines and single tail, the DC-7 has a top speed of 410 m.p.h.

Unmatched in luxury, too! The DC-7 has scores of new comforts and conveniences. It's the *most restful* way to go.



DC-6
DC-6A
DC-6B
DC-7 DC-7B DC-7C

DC means DOUGLAS





"Gentlemen—

nowhere in the world—not even in Scotland,

Canada, or the United States—  is a more gentle tasting whisky distilled"

Embassy Club

Fine Whisky 8 years old

90.4 PROOF • CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

THE RACE TRACK

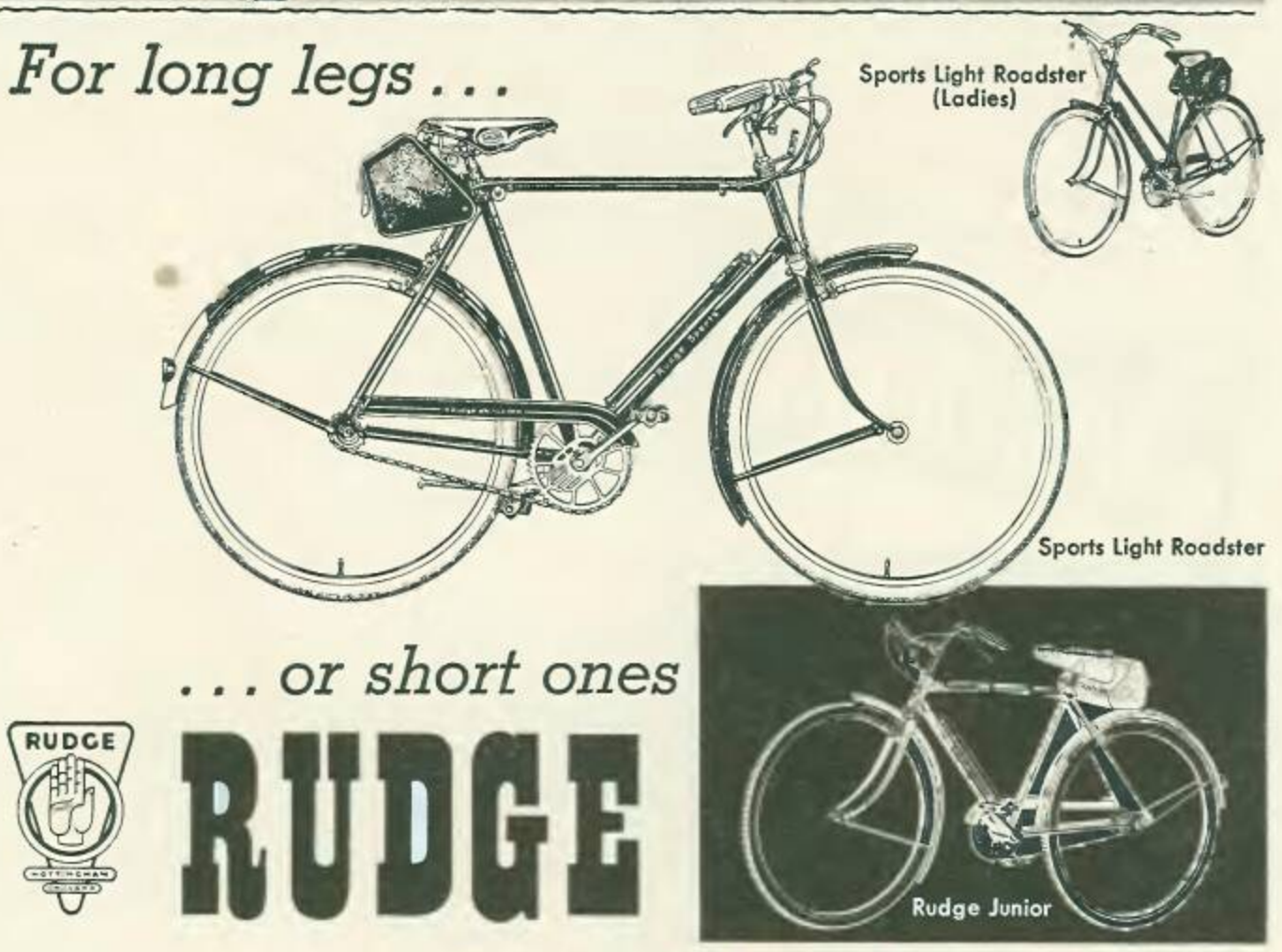
One for Mr. Campbell



AS far as I'm concerned—and I speak merely as an observer with an academic interest—the John B. Campbell Memorial Handicap at Bowie last weekend, won by Social Outcast, was as good a race as you're likely to see all season. Only four runners went to the post, but they were just about the best older horses we have. (I suppose I could go into a lament on the decline of the handicap division, but let's skip that today.) Had there been twice as many starters, the chances are the show wouldn't have been half as good; some second-rater would probably have messed things up. It was the sort of race that the man in whose memory it was named delighted to put on. A racing secretary for forty years, Jack Campbell knew that racecourse managements prefer big fields in their fixtures, because the public likes to have lots of horses to bet on, regardless of their quality. (For example, there were a dozen animals in the Commodore Purse at Bowie last Saturday, and none of them had done much of anything, yet the mutuel pool was $212,993. In contrast, only $189,834 was wagered on the Campbell, which was the next race.) But every now and then Mr. Campbell would get up a race with no more than half a dozen starters, and they'd always be top class and well matched. "That's my kind of race," he used to say.

You could have thrown away your binoculars and still followed the Campbell Memorial easily. Helioscope, the favorite, took the lead quickly, as he had been expected to, and C. V. Whitney's little Fisherman was closest to him as they went around the clubhouse turn. Then Joe Jones, whose form improved incredibly last winter, moved up and went head and head with Helioscope until they turned in to the stretch. Here Fisherman challenged, and for nearly a furlong the three were heads apart. But in the straight, Social Outcast, who had been last, though never far behind, came through with one of those overwhelming rushes he's famous for and beat Fisherman by a short nose for first money, which was $55,600. After that, an old Whitney blue was heard muttering









something about fisherman's luck. Merely in passing, and with no intention of rubbing any of the gilt off Social Outcast's laurels, I submit that Helioscope had none the best of it. Not only did he carry a hundred and thirty pounds but he didn't settle into his stride for nearly a quarter of a mile; indeed, Boulmetis, who rode him, was hustling him along most of the way. Although he was third, in my book he's still all hoss and a yard wide.

ALFRED VANDERBILT, who I hardly need tell you owns Social Outcast, also did pretty well at Jamaica last week. One of his three-year-old fillies, a sprightly bay called Sometime Thing (Mr. Vanderbilt knows how to name them, all right; her papa was Discovery and her mama Now and Again), scampered off with the Prioress Stakes, worth $17,000. It was her second victory of the meeting, and her fifth of the season. Jim Fitzsimmons didn't start High Voltage in the Prioress, because the weather was cold and drizzly; in fact, it was so foggy that the horses on the backstretch looked like wraiths. Mr. Fitz has been marking time at Jamaica, but Carey Winfrey, another old-timer (he's the father of Bill Winfrey, who trains for Mr. Vanderbilt), has been running up quite a score. As this is written, he's won seven out of eight tries. None of his winners has been at long odds since Tocsin paid $25.70 on opening day, but any price on a winner is a good one. And while we're talking of prices, my stay-at-home spy says that unless you had a ticket on Go Lightly, who paid $34.10 in the mutuels, the Gotham Stakes last Saturday was not very inspiring. The big disappointment was Simmy, who was second to Summer Tan in the Garden State Stakes last autumn and ran a couple of fast races in Florida during the winter. He went to the post odds-on and finished out of the money. Obviously, he's no classic colt.

OF COURSE, Summer Tan himself is a horse of quite another color. He made his first appearance of the season under silks at Jamaica early last week and won by fourteen lengths. He could have made it twenty if Guerin, who rode him, had sent him along. About the only thing the race proved was that he is in good health; he certainly looked fit, and he was beautifully turned out. He'll meet Nashua next week in the Wood Memorial. I'm keeping my fingers crossed.

—AUDAX MINOR

SCHIRMER'S PRESENT



New
Pentron
MODEL HT-225
A HIGH FIDELITY UNIT WITH HUNDREDS OF USES
Preserve forever your wee ones' sounds and voices; use it for speech correction; use it for musical instrument practice; use it in the church, home or for business (foot pedal switch available for conferences.) Two matched speakers in case and one external speaker in lid produce fascinating hi-fi (50 to 10,000 cps.) Two playing and recording speeds; editing key; fast forward and rewind speed; TWO FULL HOURS recording on 7" reel.
An outstanding Schirmer value at $168.75
List price $225
G.SCHIRMER
NEW YORK: 3 EAST 43rd STREET, MU 2-8100
BROOKLYN: 275 LIVINGSTON ST., MA 4-5170


A Distinguished hotel on the fashionable east side
•
Deluxe apartments with complete kitchens and breakfast rooms
The Croydon

12 East 86th St., N.Y. 28 BU 8-4000

Dorset Room
is open daily and Sunday for
BREAKFAST
LUNCHEON and DINNER
THE POPULAR
DORSET BAR-CAFE
is recommended by knowing New Yorkers for COCKTAILS and late SUPPER SNACKS
HOTEL DORSET
30 West 54th Street, Just off Fifth Ave.
Member of Diner's Club Bing & Bing, Inc., Mgt.

hayden's hollandaise
is marvelous!
(so is their sauce béarnaise)
Your grocer should have them — if not, write Hayden's Hollandaise, College Point 56, N. Y.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

On the Road to Mandalay



"THE PURPLE PLAIN," an English picture adapted by Eric Ambler from H. E. Bates' novel of the same title, has Burma in 1945 as its locale, and it includes many of the Kipling fixings that we have learned to expect from movies about that part of the world. We have, for example, the Burmese girl, and, of course, her swain, and a missionary, a doctor, innumerable natives, and plenty of long green hills. If the mixture is familiar, it is nevertheless satisfactory, and except for the fact that the picture takes much too long to reach a resolution, it can't be faulted in most of its particulars. It has as its protagonist a Canadian flier who is considered by his colleagues to be mentally unhinged. He is cantankerous, reckless, and suicidal, but, as created by Mr. Ambler, he is, fortunately, not the standard birdman who is given to indulging in monologues about the mystique of his trade. Instead, he is a character who has a fairly good reason for feeling gloomy. It seems that on the evening of his wedding day, in London, he and his bride were cutting a rug in a night club when an air raid occurred that left him a widower. Nagged by the memory of his lost love, our hero does everything but shoot himself in an effort to shuffle into eternity, but all that his indifference to survival gets him is a hatful of medals.

When we come upon the flier, he is about to be washed out of his outfit because he has, as his superior puts it, gone "round the bend." However, a wise doctor takes him in hand and introduces him into the household of a Scottish missionary lady, and in a trice he has taken up with a Burmese girl connected with the ménage. In the person of an actress named Win Min Than, this particular butterfly is altogether entrancing, and it is easy to believe that anyone encountering her might readily forget past worries and woes. At any rate, Gregory Peck, who plays the aviator, is convincing in his appreciation of Miss Than. It takes a bit of doing on his part, though, to win the object of his affections, for just as everything is going swimmingly for

to say Congratulations...

c'est MUMM

Cordon Rouge



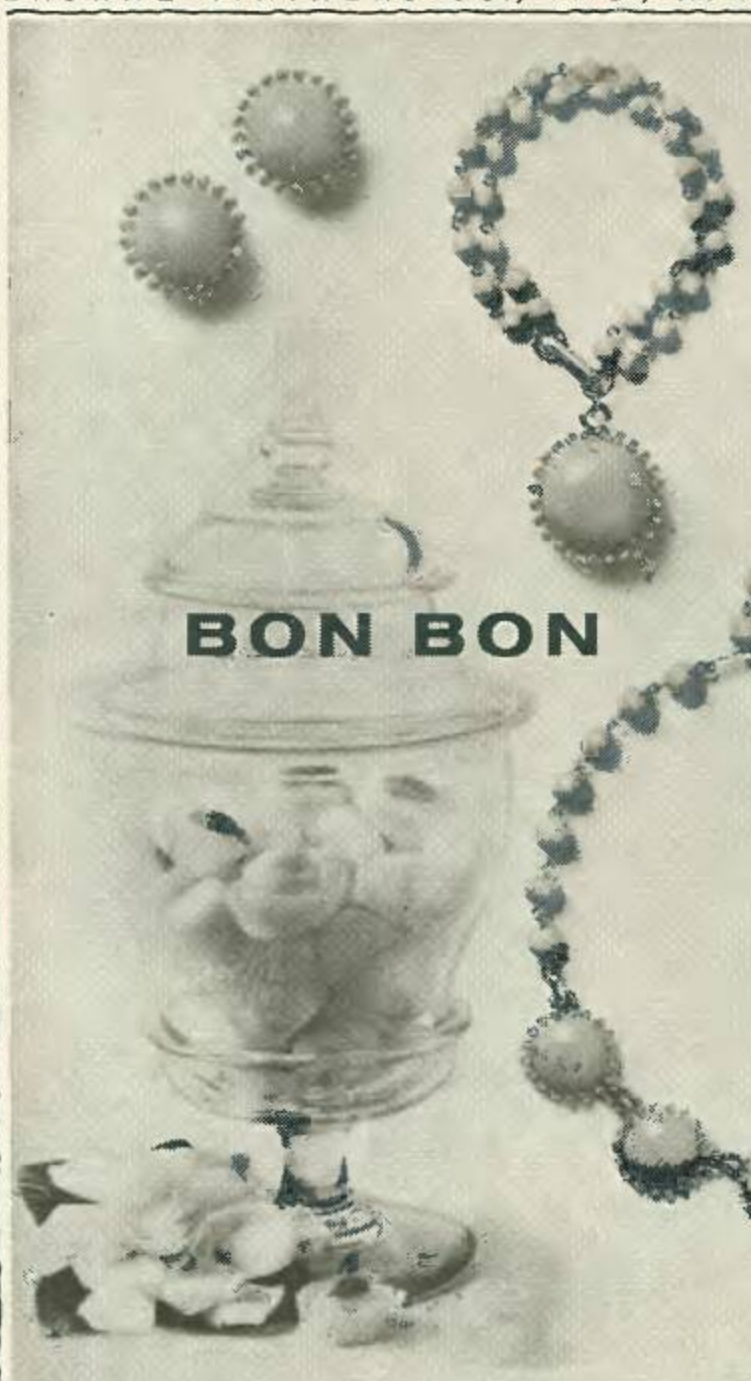


CHAMPAGNE

Inspired idea for a gift.
The natural choice for great occasions. The classic champagne of France.

We also recommend the slightly sweeter Mumm Extra Dry.

BROWNE VINTNERS CO., INC., N. Y. C. SOLE U. S. DISTRIBUTORS



BON BON

Delicious mounds of delicate porcelain circled with rhinestones. A jeweler's confection in white, pink, blue, yellow or jet. In necklaces, earrings, bracelets and pins from $2.00 to $7.50. plus tax.

Kramer Jewelry,
393 Fifth Avenue,
New York 16, N.Y.

The Diamond Look® by

KRAMER

NEW YORK, LOS ANGELES, PARIS

At Halle Bros., Cleveland; Levy's, Memphis; Adam, Meldrum & Anderson, Buffalo; Harzfeld's, Kansas City, Mo. and other leading stores throughout the country.



IF YOU'RE ONE OF THE **53.9%**

WHO DRINK SOCIALLY BUT DON'T LIKE THE TASTE OF LIQUOR



JOIN THE SWING TO **RELSKA**®

THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED

VODKA

NO LIQUOR TASTE!

You can't taste Relska in a drink— but you know it's there!



80 & 100 Proof. Made from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits. L. Relsky & Cie. Cockeysville, Maryland.



IMPORTS OF *Distinction*

Particular preserves for particular people have been the forte of Chivers of England since 1806. Bitter yet sweet Orange Marmalade (Seville Oranges of course), delectable Black Currant and luscious whole-berry Strawberry Preserves . . . a royal threesome of true-fruit goodness. Flavour Aristocrats on any table.



A. GOLDMARK & SONS, CORP., *Importers*
467 Greenwich Street, New York 13, N. Y.
TERRY'S OF YORK CHOCOLATES
ROSE'S LIME JUICE AND LIME MARMALADE

him, he is sent on a routine mission to deliver a quarrelsome fellow-officer to an embarkation point. On the flight, his plane catches fire, and in the subsequent crackup his navigator is so badly burned that the pilot and passenger have to tote him to a river thirty miles away, where there is a better chance of being sighted by rescuers. With no food and little water, the party slogs along, and as its pace becomes slower and slower, so does the film. There is the customary evidence of frayed nerves, and a plethora of hoarse gasps and groans, but for all that, the trip through the arid reaches of Burma has its moments of real suspense.

Apart from Mr. Peck, Miss Than, and the native extras, the cast of "The Purple Plain" is entirely British, and it is excellent. Among the more prominent actors are Maurice Denham, who plays Mr. Peck's finical passenger; Brenda De Banzie, who plays the Scottish missionary; and Bernard Lee, who plays the understanding medico.

"A MAN CALLED PETER" is a treacly adaptation of a biography of a minister named Peter Marshall that was written by his wife shortly after he died. He was the Senate chaplain at the time of his death, and also rector of the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church, in Washington. Mr. Marshall, who is played by Richard Todd, is depicted as a very vigorous Christian, and it must have been quite an effort to keep up with him. Jean Peters, who is cast as his wife, is plainly overwhelmed.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

Eugene D. Fletchall, manager of Swift & Co.'s South San Francisco packing plant, has been elected a vice president and will be quartered in Chicago.—*San Francisco News.*

It's the natural place.

•

A better service to the federal income taxpaying public in some cases is a telephone call rather than a personal visit to headquarters of the director of Internal Revnueeeeeeeeee.—*Burlington (Vt.) News.*

Here, take this sedative!

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Baltimore Sun*]

WASHINGTON (AP)—District of Columbia commissioners have ruled in effect that a cop doesn't need teeth.

Give **Royally**



It's easy to tell why collectors prize genuine Royal Doulton when you see the deft characterization, the amazing detail of these delightful English figurines.

Friar Tuck, $30.00 Jovial Monk, $30.00

Give

Royal Doulton

SEND FOR NEW FIGURINE BOOK IN FULL COLOR, 25 CENTS

DOULTON & CO., INC., DEPT. J-34, 11 E. 26TH ST., N.Y.C.

The **Cavalier**

A RESORT CLUB

April, Golf and Garden Time

at The Cavalier. Nearby gardens are open, our two golf courses set the scene for fine golfing and championship tournament play. The weather's glorious for tennis, riding and day trips to Williamsburg. Your inquiry is invited.



VIRGINIA BEACH, VA.

Miami Beach

40th Birthday party



Our birthday—your party . . . One year of special events. Come soon!

Cherio

RESTAURANT



LUNCHEON-DINNER TILL 11 P. M.
OPEN SUNDAYS 6 P. M.

46 E. 50TH ST. • MU 8-1190

BOOKS

Within the Gates



WITH "Sunset and Evening Star" (Macmillan), Mr. Sean O'Casey reaches his seventies and the sixth and final volume of his autobiography. The earlier volumes—"I Knock at the Door," "Pictures in the Hallway," "Drums Under the Windows," "Inishfallen, Fare Thee Well," and "Rose and Crown"—describe his childhood and youth in the slums of Dublin, his work as a navvy and bricklayer, a Gaelic Leaguer, an organizer of Connolly's Irish Citizen Army, and his sudden, jumping-bean appearance as the playwright of the "troubles," and carry him along up to the time when Ireland can hold him no longer. A talker's rambling and vague chronology can be detected thus far, but in "Rose and Crown" and the last volume, mainly about England and a little about America, he wanders in time wherever his tongue takes him. As a historian of himself, Mr. O'Casey is frequently nipping a rat in the bud long before he sees it floating in the air or even smells it.

In "Sunset and Evening Star," the tone is milder than it is in the other books, but the tongue of the youngest son of the O'Caseys can always slip out when it wants. At a rather gloomy luncheon with the Shaws, Mrs. Shaw told him he must stop his lifelong and senseless habit of quarrelling with all his critics and asked him—as many others must have done—why he did it. Mr. O'Casey replied that it was only because they were all dastards—at least that is how he spells the word—and when Mrs. Shaw said "There you go again!," he bowled her out with the reply that something in him spoke before he was aware of it and that this thing might be what "some venture to call the Holy Ghost." From behind a baked egg and a glass of milk, Shaw explained, "He simply means, Charlotte, that he has got something and I've got something that you haven't got." The Holy Ghost, strangely attached to the voice of James Joyce, has been tireless in the prose of this autobiography. One or two people—a clergyman in his slum days, Shaw and George Jean Nathan later on—have been able to manage Mr. O'Casey, but the rest of the world (and this includes his friends Yeats and Lady Gregory) have found that however softly they tread on Mr. O'Casey's dreams, these invariably have a way of turning into the tail of his coat. No man has been so poor, so slighted, so diddled, so unlucky, so wronged, and so right as himself; no one has struck back so hard at man, nature, and society. It has been a free-for-all. He has hit off the attitude of the Ireland he hates, and which has hated him, by quoting what he claims is a letter from the "old firm" of Kelly, Burke, and Shea:

> Don't you think you would be better to be bricklaying than ridicaudling the Irish, you are going to be Jumped upon some night and you and your gang are not safe. The most prinsible thing *Stop the cursing and swaring* for the players good.

When Cuchullain and Ferdiadh—Mr. O'Casey reminds us—fought each other at the ford, they stopped, as sunset and evening star came, to bind up each other's wounds, the better to start again on one of the great historic murders next day.

We may as well run through the main battles of Mr. Sean O'Casey's life first. As a Protestant who has become a romantic materialist and an innocent Communist sympathizer in the Picasso manner, he has a perpetual battle with the Roman Catholic Church. His fighting chivalry is roused on behalf of the liberal-minded priests who have come under the inexorable displeasure of the iron Irish hierarchy in its headquarters at St. Patrick's College, the spiritual home of the Irish censorship. The religious row may flare up in any theatre, whether in Boston or in the Devonshire town of Totnes. There is the love-hate of the English and of English wealth



"Then, when the time came to sail for home, I just couldn't stand the idea of paying that travel company $116.50 a month for eighteen months."



Walter Macken

lays hold in a twinkling in his new novel which tells of an Irish tough who turns faith into a fraud . . . a modern miracle into tragedy.



SUNSET ON THE WINDOW-PANES

By the author of
RAIN ON THE WIND

AT YOUR BOOKSTORE, $3.50

ST MARTIN'S PRESS

A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

RUN! TO GET THE NEW
HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

THE

Narrowing Circle

By JULIAN SYMONS . . . in which the author of **The Thirty-first of February** lays bare the murderous secrets of some gentlemen in the paper-back publishing industry . . . $2.50 at all bookstores. HARPER

A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

and power, but—if "they" won't buy the cattle, where do "we" get the coal? There is the battle with the rich, who live under gilded ceilings, eat off gold plate, send motorcars for Mr. O'Casey when they ask him to stay, and have the delusion that they are the guardians of art when, really, everything, including the creative gifts, belongs to the workers. There are battles with Socialists and trade-union leaders, who get soft jobs, hate Russia, and betray the working class. There is the disillusion with Sinn Fein, which simply installed the lower middle classes in power and sent them, dressed in unaccustomed finery, to call on Tim Healy at the one-time Viceregal Lodge, renamed "Uncle Tim's Cabin." And who was Tim Healy but the man the bishops got in to destroy Parnell? Mr. O'Casey even seems to have had trouble with the Irish Citizen Army, and, naturally, the Abbey Theatre roused him when it turned down "The Silver Tassie." The theatre, of course, had already introduced him to the vanity of actors, the personal animosity of the critics, the decadence of literary sets, and the ignorance of the Irish public. The universities and cathedrals come in for blows as well; landlords, nursing homes, hospitals get their share. In "Sunset and Evening Star," George Orwell is accused of having attacked Mr. O'Casey's autobiography because he had refused to puff one of Orwell's books ten years before, and there is the key incident of the unhappy lady who had left Soviet Russia because, she said, her husband had been taken into custody there by the political police. Mr. O'Casey won the argument hands down. If her husband was anything like as dictatorial as she was, he said, he was not surprised. When people disagree with Mr. O'Casey, he starts a band playing outside their meeting. It adds to the excitement, until the tune of the egotist gets monotonous.

What Mr. O'Casey has tried to do in this autobiography is show how his life was mixed with and made by history, and what history feels like in the streets. He was brought up in the eighties in one of the crowded eighteenth-century tenements of Dublin—a period dreadful in squalor and splendid in utterance. Sixpence a week was the rent for a room housing perhaps half a dozen people, who might be living on a weekly ten shillings. The O'Caseys were well above this level at first, for the father brought home two pounds regularly and was an educated man who had been taught Latin and had read widely in all the standard authors. He was noted

WILLIAMS AND HUMBERT

DRY SACK

SHERRY

The world's finest sherry comes dressed in a sack



Neither too dry . . . nor sweet

Julius WILE — IMPORTERS SINCE 1877 — Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc., New York, N. Y.

help keep your pet in

TOP CONDITION!



Give him New Formula

VIONATE®



79¢ 8 oz.

Save on kennel-size packages!

Complete vitamin and mineral supplement . . . choice of:

• Veterinarians • Kennel owners
• Pet owners • Dog breeders

Promotes pep and vigor—good appetite—sturdy bones—healthy skin—glossy coat!

See Your Druggist

VIONATE® is a Squibb trademark

SQUIBB —A NAME YOU CAN TRUST



Best seller!

BONJOUR TRISTESSE

By FRANCOISE SAGAN
$2.50 DUTTON

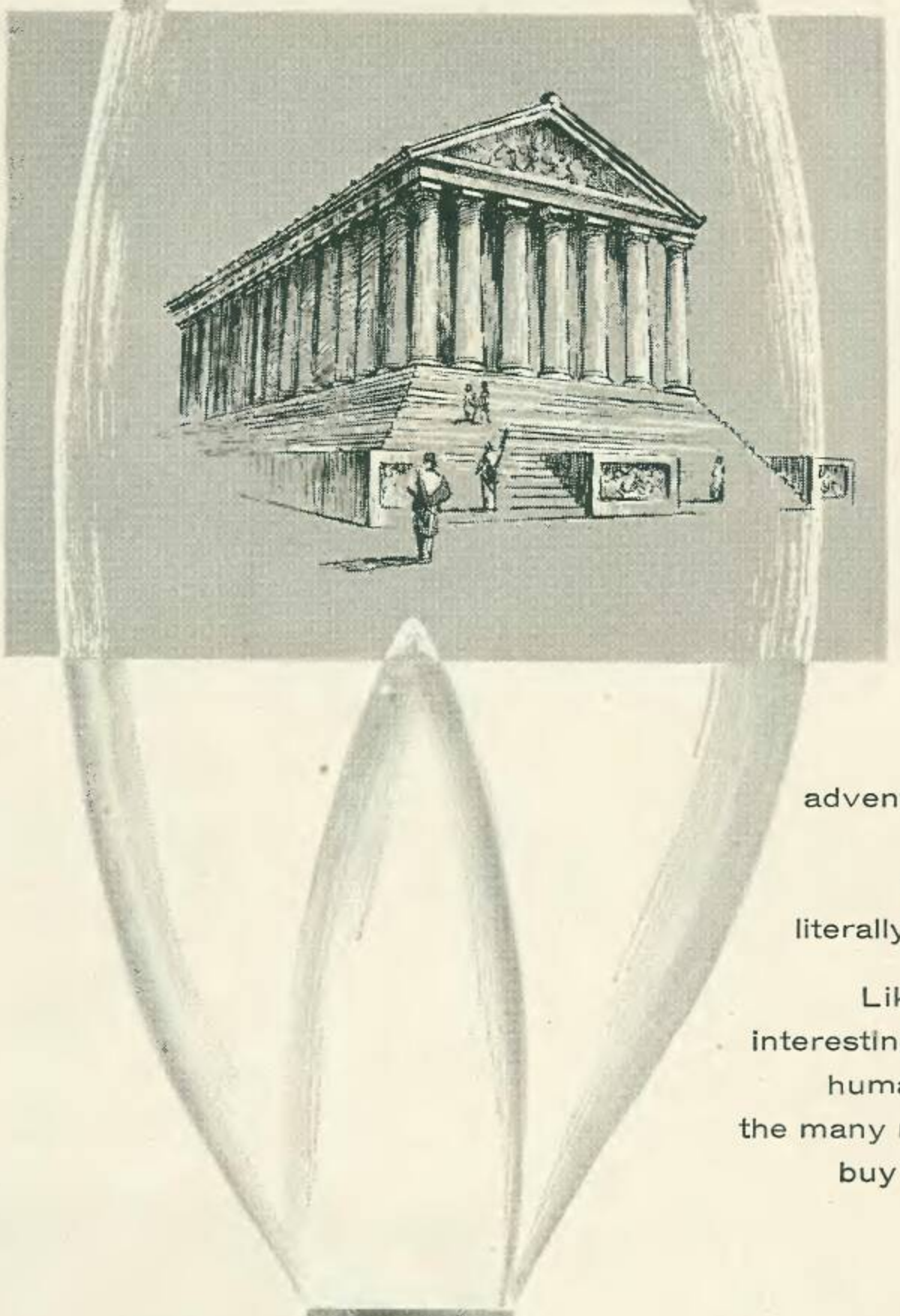
The Perfect Bon Voyage Gift

ART BUCHWALD'S PARIS

At all bookstores • $3.75

ATLANTIC • LITTLE, BROWN

THE "BREATH OF APOLLO" WARMS THE WORLD!



From a crevice in the ground of ancient Greece emerged a legend, a temple, and an industry.

It was noticed that natural gas seeping through the opening had strange effects on those who approached the spot. And the Greeks had words for it, "The Breath of Apollo", in the belief that the vapors were exhaled by the god. On the site, they built the temple of Apollo at Delphi. In its chambers sat the Delphic Oracles who influenced the religious, political and cultural life of the world.

The story of Gas in World Book Encyclopedia is an exciting, romantic adventure. You'll learn how gas, once important only as a superstition, became a vital factor in our modern civilization. Today, it literally "warms the world" and powers industry.

Like all World Book articles, it is stimulating, interesting, broadening. Authoritative coverage and humanized treatment of living facts are among the many reasons why, year after year, more people buy World Book than any other encyclopedia.

WORLD BOOK
encyclopedia

Field Enterprises, Inc., Educational Division
Merchandise Mart Plaza, Chicago 54, Illinois

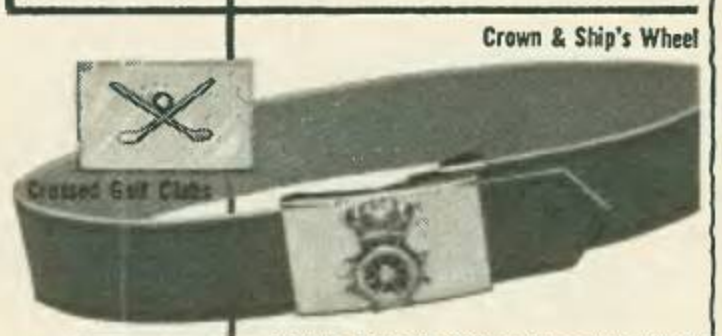
Also publishers of Childcraft, America's famous child development plan



CLOTHES OF CHARACTER

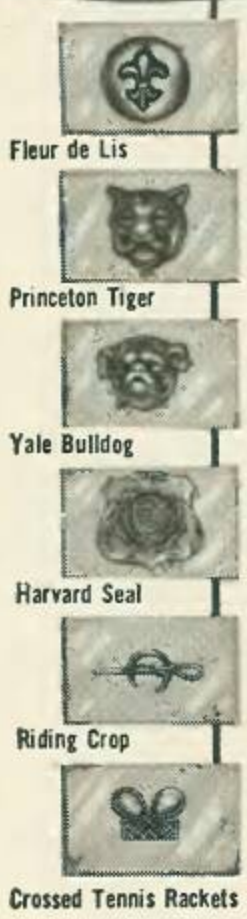
EDDIE JACOBS, Ltd.

CHARLES AND REDWOOD STS.
BALTIMORE 2, MARYLAND



Eddie Jacobs Introduces the New

PUKKA BELTS



Pukkas add a fresh, spirited color accent to summer slacks (crisp, gay belts for the belles, too). Choice of 8 solid brass insignias on brass buckles. Belts are of soft buck's cloth with perspiration - proof backing. Belt colors: olive, scarlet, gold, tan, black. Adjustable to 42 waist. Indicate insignia and belt color. Mail orders invited; no C.O.D. $5 ea.

Write for free illustrated catalog of Eddie Jacobs' distinctive apparel for men.

BECAUSE YOU ADMIRE OLD CRAFTS



Tsimshian Mask

3A55

INCORPORATED 2ND. MAY 1670

HUDSON'S BAY BRAND

Best Procurable

SCOTCH WHISKY

A BLEND 86.8 PROOF

IMPORTED BY
HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY INC., N.Y.

locally as one "who spat out his thoughts into the middle of a body's face." But a propensity for sudden deaths ruined the family. Children died. The father died. The family went over the edge into the abyss of unprotected Victorian poverty. The story of Mr. O'Casey's early life is his mother's stoical battle with semi-starvation, the wretched marriages of her older children, and the ill-health of her youngest son. He had ulcerous eyes and was in danger of going blind. Ailing and timid, the boy had little education and was bullied and thrashed when he did get it; one of his gifts, when he grew up, was an excellent ear for phrase, and he has described the ominous air of the schoolmaster as he prepared for his pleasure in these words: "All that were in the school heard the master's voice coming out of the stillness, with a dull tone of joy in it, like the quavering notes of a sickening bird." The child was a whimpering little lad, bandied about between school, church, and hospital, gaping at the political rows in the Dublin streets, getting the martyrdom of Parnell into his head, and gradually feeling the rising temperature of his country. It was a fever. Compared with Joyce, O'Casey is a poster artist, but he has an unusual view—that of the poor Protestant in a predominantly Catholic cause.

Meanwhile, the family went downhill. O'Casey became a navvy and bricklayer when he grew up, and he is very comical and heroic about it. By the time he was thirty and exhausting himself in the Gaelic League and politics, his sister Ella, who had had music lessons and aimed at the refinement of schoolteaching, was being dragged down by her own swarming children and a wife-beating husband. O'Casey had to drop his pick one day and rush home to prevent murder and get his brother-in-law, in the last stages of general paralysis, into a madhouse. In this episode one sees the characteristic split in O'Casey's talent. The black-and-white realism is plain, compassionate, and sharp, but presently Expressionism, or rather Literature, intervenes. The reader is taken on a half-Joycean fantasy tour of the madhouse, and the mixture of terror and laughter is too tricky. An insane painter speaks:

I paint great mysteries, he said. I bring infinity to the dotted line. I paint the twilight's dream; the star-soul of the earth, and the earth-soul of the star. Yes, I paint great mysteries, revealed to me in sleep. The gods so help me, too, coming down derry down to sit on the rail of my bed to show themselves off, so that I can see to paint them in their thrue colours, pink and

TROTTING NIGHTLY



8 THRILLING RACES
Daily Double • Pari-Mutuels
FIRST RACE 8:40 p.m.
Every night except Sunday
ADMISSION $1.50 incl. tax

Roosevelt Raceway
Westbury, L. I.

BILL'S GAY 90's
57 EAST 54TH ST.
Revives "Old New York"

ENJOY
MEMORIES
and
MELODIES
of YESTERYEAR



Phone EL 5-0243 • EL 5-8231
Dinner from 7:30 Never a Cover or Minimum
Continuous Entertainment!

PHILADELPHIA'S LARGEST AND BEST HOTEL
CLOSE TO HISTORIC SHRINES



The BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
ICE SHOW—DANCING
CHESTNUT STREET AT NINTH

JAZZ IN TIMES SQUARE
GEORGE LEWIS
Childs
PARAMOUNT



Cadillac



They'll Take The Cadillac Tonight!

This, as you can see, is a very special occasion. And so we feel certain that—having a choice—they'll take the Cadillac tonight!

And what a happy choice it will be!

Imagine, for instance, how *proud* they'll be when they arrive in the "car of cars"—and find themselves the subject of admiring glances on every hand.

And how rested and relaxed! For a Cadillac is so wonderful to ride in and drive that they are certain to reach their destination refreshed . . . and eager for the evening's activities.

Yes, they'll take the Cadillac tonight. But this is not to imply that a Cadillac gets the call only for special occasions. On the contrary, the car is such a joy to utilize that it is invariably the family favorite for *every* journey.

We think you'll understand the reasons for this—once you've spent an hour with a new 1955 Cadillac. Why not accept your dealer's invitation to do so—soon?

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION ★ GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION



Born 1820…still going strong



Red Label—Black Label—both 86.8 proof.

MEET A GREAT SCOT! Johnnie Walker is the toast of people of good taste. At their clubs, in their homes, he's always present. Join Johnnie Walker's wide circle of friends. You'll enjoy a Scotch of natural lightness and truly superb flavour. Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y., *Sole Importer*.

JOHNNIE WALKER *Blended Scotch Whisky*

light blue and dove grey; with wings sprouting from their foreheads, whence rises the well of Indra, and plumes of coloured fire, spouting from the spinal cord, by way of the pineal gland.

What gods, sir? asked Sean.

O Dana, duna, Krishnavoorneen, Ding Dong Dedero Aghadoeda, Aeonius Pure Bolonius and Kelly from the Isle of Mananan. Oh, be wary of will-doing....

Where Joyce laughs, O'Casey is merely verbally facetious.

When Mr. O'Casey records, it is another matter. The poor do not fight the rich; their immediate struggle is with each other in the fight for survival. Mr. O'Casey, the political idealist and organizer, writing in his tenement, has to sell his hard-won books and wait for an old woman to be turned out of her room so that his sister can have the place for her children. It is a filthy cellar. The old woman wails in the street about the shames of old age and the poorhouse while she sits on her handful of belongings. Mr. O'Casey has gone through his own street vigil, guarding his sister's sticks of furniture. While he keeps the vigil, the drunken beauty of the neighborhood entertains him with oaths and cries, dances to "The Grain of Wheat," and ends by flinging bottles at the Royal Arms on a gateway, after an Elizabethan tirade against the British rulers. Not long after this, the sister dies of virtual starvation, and his favorite brother, Tom, dies too. A hero of the Boer War, Tom has married a sleepy, lazy woman and has taken innocently but thoroughly to drink. This death finishes the mother, who has starved herself for her children. These death stories are movingly done. They are terrible. And they are followed by the savage farce of the funerals of the poor. In each case, the cabdrivers make violent scenes about the degradation of being called to a poor funeral, and when Mr. O'Casey's mother dies, a cabby is so ashamed of taking only one mourner to the cemetery that he refuses to go closer than fifty feet from the gate.

The gifts of Mr. O'Casey are in his heredity, but they were awakened by the passion of the Irish revival. In this rich ferment, so alive with conflicting forces converging toward the crisis of Irish freedom, he became ten times the man he might have been, and had a richer education than most writers get. His version of what Douglas Hyde, Pearse, Larkin, Griffith, or Connolly did is not history, but it is history as it stirred his own declamatory imagination. A poet, he is quick to see Pearse as a saint; a Socialist, he sees Connolly as a man; an underdog, he bitterly

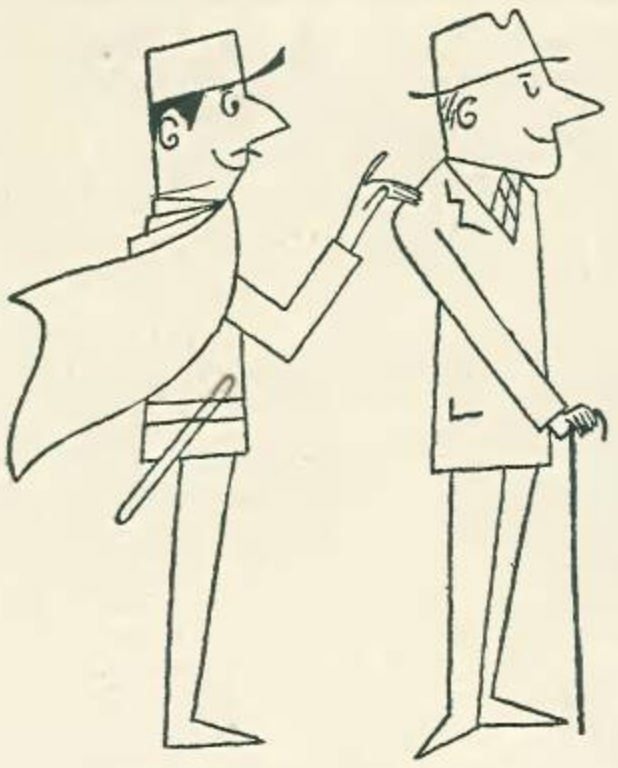






No more trying one bra after another! Berlé creates for you a Delineator exactly fitted to your individual contours. You'll hardly know you're wearing it. From $17.50 in the world's finest materials. One-year written guarantee. Consultation welcomed.

J. BERLÉ 26 West 58th St. New York 19, N. Y.



and remember, always mark your cables—

Via WESTERN UNION

Fast, dependable, world-wide service. Offices in principal cities of the world.

WESTERN UNION CABLE SYSTEM

Every telephone is a telegraph office . . . Just call Western Union and say "Charge it"

marks down the vanity of the eminent. Learned men like Douglas Hyde are too much with the great; Eoin MacNeill is "an Aaron's rod that rarely bore a bud;" Hyde will "venture a boo to an English goose, but ne'er a boo to an Irish bishop." Griffith he will never forgive for hating Yeats, who used, as I remember, to say that Griffith was the man who provided Sinn Fein with its indispensable lie—his notorious pamphlet "The Resurrection of Hungary." Anyone who attacks Yeats attacks O'Casey, and his satirical portrait of Griffith is broad:

> Jasus Christ, the vision was lovely!
> It was all written in the book of Resurgamise Upsadaiseum Hungarius, a huge tome five feet long, three feet wide, and two feet deep, containing in itself all the lore that is or ever was, all laws, licences, customs, pardons, punishments, perquisites, genealogies, constitutions, magna chartas, social contracts, books of rights, das kapitals, origins of species, tallboy talmuds, speeches from the dock, carried about everywhere on the back of Up Griffith Up Davis, as a pedlar carries his pack, compiled from the original sources by the sage himself, deep in a corner under a secret rowan tree, in the dim cloisters of the old Abbey of St. Fownes, the Soggart Aroon acting as secretary, assisted by Kelly, Burke, and Shea all in their jackets green, with the Bard of Armagh stringing the harp to "He's the Man You Don't See Every Day" to give their minds a lift.

So it possibly was, but one has got terribly tired of rant in this stage-Irish convention. One turns with relief to the page where the lorries of the Tans go down the deserted streets with their searchlights on and stop outside a house where Mr. O'Casey himself is shivering in bed, repelling the advances of a Venus from upstairs, from whom the soldiers will save him. And once again farce changes to tragedy in the well-known manner. The abused husband of the Venus is puerile as a lover; his potency is political. He turns out to have an arsenal in the shed at the back of the house.

So life prepared Mr. O'Casey for his entrance into the most malicious literary society in Europe. His plays made him famous; he experienced the intoxication of the unlettered and had many hangovers. Lady Gregory mothered him and took him down to Coole. Yeats, as he walked up and down the overheated room in Merrion Square, where the Master's symphonic boom was accompanied by the twitter of caged canaries, told him that he was the Irish Dostoevski. Mr. O'Casey pretended to have read Dostoevski and believed Yeats was pretending, too. The anti-O'Casey factions got to work. If the public was not stirred up by the priests, as in Synge's

What's "special" about our dinners?

Lots of people ask this question. First we tell them about the wide selection of dishes, from appetizer to dessert—including entrees of prime beef, poultry, chops or seafood. And of course we mention the famous White Turkey extras — sticky buns, homemade conserve and our famous relish tray. Then we tell what others have said about the good food served by a friendly, efficient staff in an atmosphere of quiet elegance. But don't take our word for it —come see for yourself, soon!

Complete Dinners from $2.95
Luncheons from $1.95

THE WHITE TURKEYS *Open Sun. from 1 p.m.*

38th STREET *at Madison Avenue* MU-3-1581
12 EAST 49th STREET *off Fifth Ave.* PL-3-1181
300 EAST 57th STREET *at 2nd Ave.* PL-9-3584
The Red Barn, Westport, Conn.—Open Every Day

RSVP

COCKTAILS DINNER SUPPER

RALPH STRAIN at the Piano

OPEN SATURDAY & SUNDAY

145 E. 55th ST. ELdorado 5-0250

ROGER

ANLIKER

Through April 30

JACQUES SELIGMANN 5 E. 57

NICK and ARNOLD present
LEONARD SILLMAN'S
"Come As You Are"
Versailles
TWO SHOWS NIGHTLY AT DINNER AND SUPPER
151 E. 50TH PL 8-0310

days, it was prodded by the disillusioned heroes of the war. There was the traditional riot when "The Plough and the Stars" was put on, simply because in one scene some tired men bring the tricolor into a pub and a prostitute appears on the stage. Off went the stink bombs, in poured the police. Yeats and the actors fought the audience. And so:

> For the first time in his life, Sean felt a surge of hatred for Cathleen ni Houlihan sweeping over him. He saw now that the one who had the walk of a queen could be a bitch at times.... What an old snarly gob she could be... an ignorant one too.

When he left Ireland in a rage to enjoy his success in London and America, as so many had done before and have done since, he was more than ready for a larger cause.

Mr. O'Casey portrays himself as a shy and naïve man, and his belief that this is so certainly underlies his literary exhibitionism and hilarious hates. He had a gorgeous time in London. He found himself patting the Prime Minister on the knee and telling him that the Irish forgive but they never forget and that they would forgive, all right, when they forgot. The Prime Minister looked depressed at this. Mr. O'Casey told Shaw not to talk so much—there is a very good picture of the Shaws in the last volume—and he warned Yeats that the educated classes were not the custodians of culture. Presently, he found that to be a successful playwright once or twice does not mean you are a rich man, nor does it mean that your other plays will succeed. One's main impression, as one studies these passages, is the familiar one of the successful writer trying to make both ends meet, and of the courageous man of talent trying to extend it instead of repeating himself. O'Casey angrily rejects the frequent criticism that he dried up when he left Ireland for good; the only thing one can say about this is that the Abbey did him an ill turn when it rejected "The Silver Tassie." It wasn't a good play, but the Abbey might have got him back, and it would have been good for him. His weakness in his later plays was a sentimentality and a literary affectation that Chaplin had successfully transferred to a more congenial medium. Like his hero in "The Shadow of a Gunman," Mr. O'Casey has a soft spot; quite simply, it is—understandably but disastrously—culture.

His life story turns more and more into discussions at large and a walkie-talkie commentary on world events as it goes on. In his last book, his long vocal records of the war have the tedium

THE Persian Room PRESENTS



Ted Straeter
his songs, piano and orchestra

Mark Monte's Continentals

Cover from 9:30—$2.00
Saturdays—$2.50
SELECTIVE LUNCHEON from $2.50

THE PLAZA
Fifth Avenue at 59th Street

LANCERS
Crackling Carbonated Vin Rosé



AN UNUSUAL DINNER WINE!

Imported from Portugal.
A Light-bodied Rosé wine—
slightly effervescent—
delightfully different in
taste. Bottled in hand
molded earthenware
crock or glass jug.

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



the finest of coffees distilled to the finest of liqueurs

KAHLÚA

53 proof Imported from Sunny Mexico

Kahlua, with its distinctively delicious coffee flavor, is superb as an after-dinner liqueur in the finest mixed drinks, and in desserts.

write for free recipe folder

VAN MUNCHING IMPORTS, INC.
6 West 48th Street
New York 36, N. Y.

KAHLUA, LTD.
257 N. Robertson Blvd.
Beverly Hills
California

Write for the FACTS about...

WELLINGTON FUND

This 26-year-old Mutual Fund offers you a managed investment program with diversified holdings of more than 300 bonds, preferred and common stocks, selected for income and long-term growth possibilities.

Write today to your investment dealer or Philadelphia 3, Pa., for Prospectus and complete information without obligation.

NY-455

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State____

of old, unnecessary newspapers. The stream of consciousness is choked by the obvious, though now and then the ups and downs of family life make welcome islands in it. Yet in spite of this loquacity and flow, it is remarkable how strongly his own position as a man of quirks and courage stands out. He sticks to his gods—Larkin, Yeats, Shaw—and will always fight for them. He sticks to the cause of the ordinary refractory underdog who never quite trusts his leaders. He would (quite fancifully) call himself a materialist. He would sooner have Rockefeller Center (for which he has an almost mystical feeling), because it houses the living, than Salisbury Cathedral, which houses the dead. He has the odd delusion that the rich are always ordering quantities of classical architecture. For him, the inquiry of science into mystery is lovelier than the acquiescence of faith. Russia has fed its people; that is the good thing in America, too. Mass production, the mass man—he admires those things, and this violently individual man declares that you have only to look at a few blades of grass to see that individualism is nonsense. There is nothing dour about these beliefs. They are dramatizations of strong feelings he has always had, and all his feelings are Celtic giants. He is withering when a young Irish Socialist of a background similar to his own tells him he is out of date. (That, by the way, is what a good autobiography ought to be.) What he has got is vitality and the "fine talk" of the Playboy in him, so that one will always remember a phrase when one forgets the page or even the book itself. When I went once to see him, over thirty years ago, in the room in the Dublin tenement where he then lived, I found a kind, peering man looking shrewdly from under the peak of his workman's cap and pointing to a piece of paper pinned over the fireplace. "To remind me," he said. It read, "Get On with the Bloody Play." He has never stopped haranguing himself and others. —V. S. PRITCHETT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE BREAKING WAVE, by Nevil Shute (Morrow). Several years after the end of the war, Alan Duncan, a middle-aged former officer, returns from England to his father's estate in Australia, to find that the parlormaid has just committed suicide. The parlormaid, an English girl, has been very reticent about her background, and in looking through her papers to find

Time to switch to

NO·CAL

Absolutely Non-Fattening



Absolutely delicious, too. No sugar, no salt, no calories! It's truly delightful refreshment. Stay slim and trim the No-Cal way.

7 tangy flavors!

Kirsch Beverages, Brooklyn, New York



Dale Carnegie Course

teaches poise and confidence. It's good fun too. Why not arrange to see a class in action? No obligation of course. Phone Mrs. Ebert at—JU 2-4560 or write 22 W. 55th St.

FRENCH FOOD WITH FINESSE!

Le Trianon

Famous for Hot Hors-d'oeuvre

CHICKEN TARRAGON

PARKING OPPOSITE 56 E. 56 ST

CLOSED SUNDAY MU 8-0140

the name of her nearest relative Alan discovers, to his surprise, that the dead girl was really Janet Prentice, a Wren who had a wartime romance with his dead brother Bill. The novel consists mainly of Alan's wartime memories of Bill and Janet, and of excerpts from Janet's diary. The tone of the story is set and dominated by Janet's overbearing self-pity and Alan's fatuous reaction to it.

THE MEMOIRS OF MAISIE, by Maude Hutchins (Appleton-Century-Crofts). Mrs. Hutchins wanders in and around the wandering mind of Maisie, a very old and malicious lady who confuses the love affairs of her descendants and their servants with other love affairs of more than sixty years ago. Mrs. Hutchins seems almost as confused about what is going on as Maisie is, but she shares Maisie's insouciance, and her book is—in a mild, artless way—entertaining.

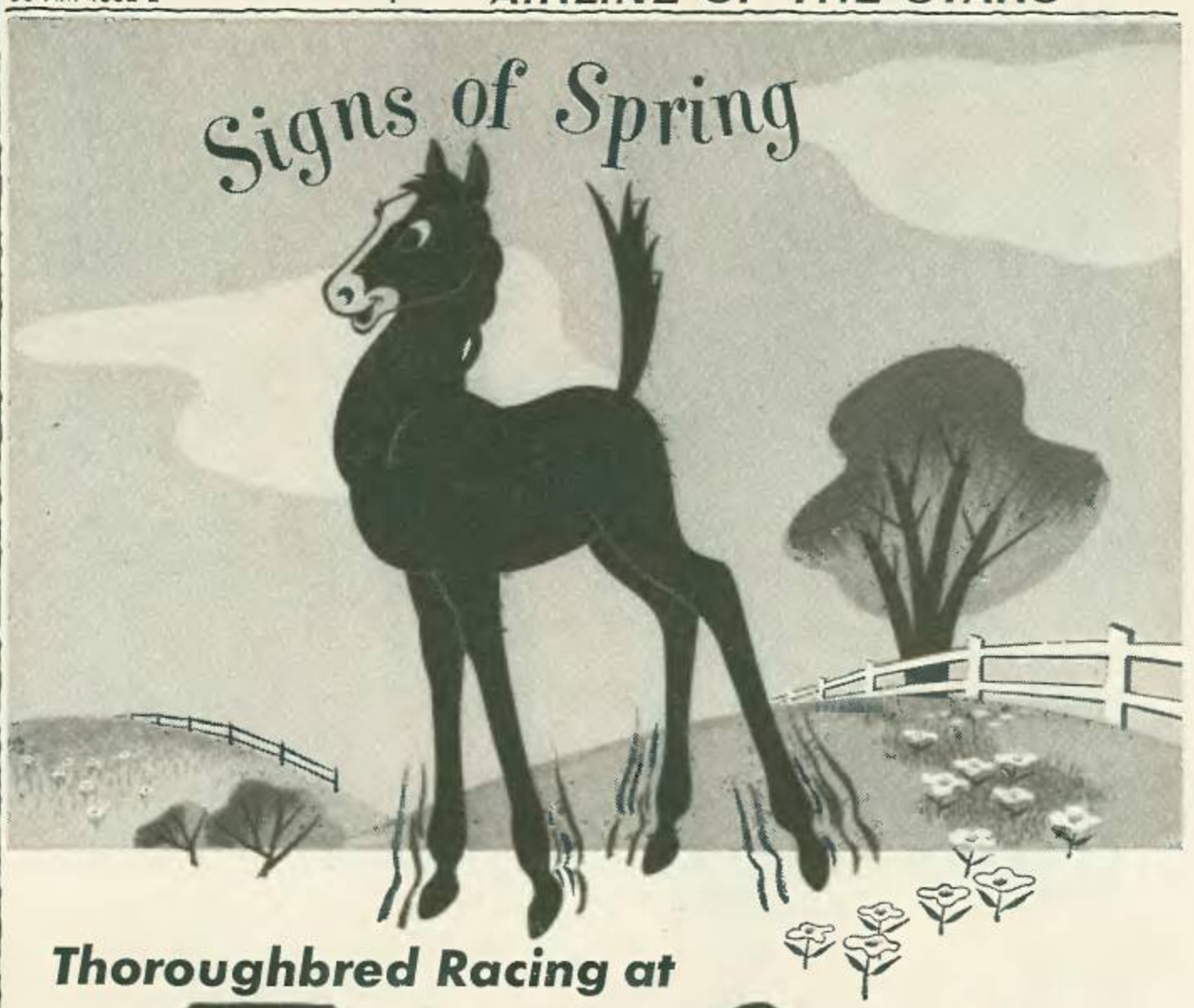
THE SCOTSWOMAN, by Inglis Fletcher (Bobbs-Merrill). In 1774, about thirty years after her girlhood exploits in defense of Bonnie Prince Charlie, Flora MacDonald comes to North Carolina as a settler and immediately finds herself involved in American Revolutionary activities. Mrs. Fletcher has toiled diligently in an attempt to make a story of an episode. The Literary Guild selection for May.

GENERAL

MEET MISTER EISENHOWER, by Merriman Smith (Harper). This book, by the White House correspondent for the United Press, is recommended to those who are thirsting for information about the President's habits of eating, sleeping, and dressing, his preferences in food and drink, and the way he deals with his caddies. Somewhere among the trivia is the man himself, but he emerges only for an instant now and then—on the trip to Korea, on a trout-fishing junket in Colorado, and in his apartment in the White House, for example. Mr. Smith's discussion of the President's political philosophy can perhaps best be described as gingerly. Photographs.

CONSERVATISM IN AMERICA, by Clinton Rossiter (Knopf). In attempting to define conservatism and formulate an ethic for enlightened conservatives, the author of this book has ventured into a semantic morass. Miraculously, he does not get completely bogged down. He comes up with something called "new conservatism"—a political philosophy for







official
KENTUCKY DERBY
sterling silver cup

Designed as a tribute to America's oldest and most romantic sporting classic, these 12-ounce beverage cups—engraved with every winning name from Aristides to Determine—occupy an honored room at Churchill Downs. Each one a symbol of a great tradition and its companion custom, the Kentucky Mint Julep.

Now you can enjoy these beautiful all purpose cups in your home . . . bearing the official stamp and the name of your favorite Kentucky Derby Winner . . . will make a perfect birthday or Father's Day gift.

$29.75 each, $350.00 dozen
Tax and engraving included

Sold Exclusively By

Brown - Waterhouse - Kaiser
Heyburn Bldg., Louisville 2, Ky.

for the finest
FIZZ . . .



made in U.S.A. from an original
French formula—60 proof

NUYENS
CORDIALS

A choice selection of 25 fine cordials, liqueurs and flavored brandies.
Write for Nuyens Royal Recipe Book.

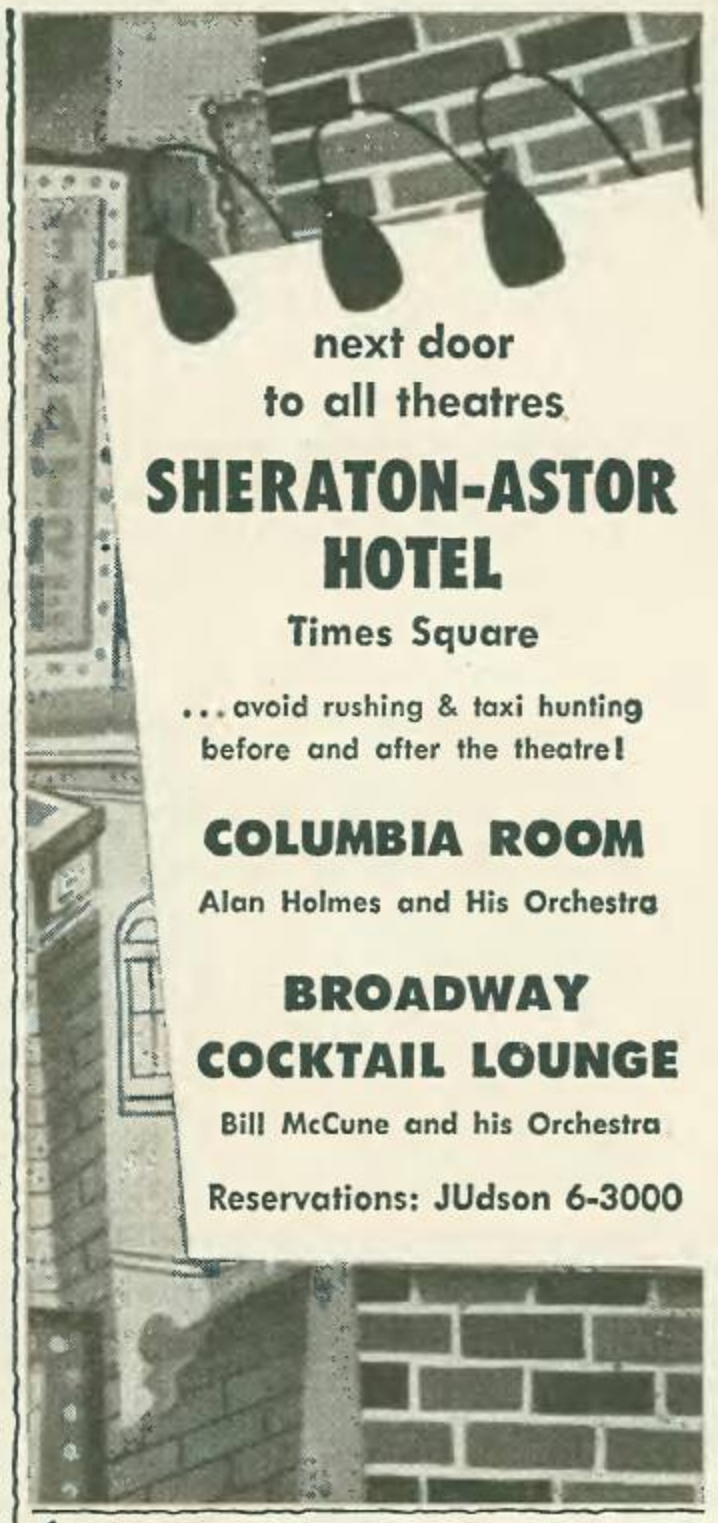
Sole Distributor:
Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y.

those who would honor the American past, resist any tampering with established institutions, grasp "the real tendencies and implications of proposals of reform," and defend "the American way of life against the dangers of a welfare state by patiently building toward a welfare society" (you can see the semantic difficulties right there). When Mr. Rossiter goes on to offer a practical program for the new conservatives, his thesis gets pretty sticky; most of what he proposes could just as well be recommended to middle-of-the-road liberals or to plain men of good will.

SOUTH AFRICA TODAY, by E. and H. Blenck (Rayelle Publications). An illustrated travel album containing a number of arresting and often beautiful photographs, along with a running text. The authors, who toured South Africa in a trailer, approach their subject in a chamber-of-commerce spirit, and they view the South African scene, especially the life of the Negroes, through a rose-colored Leica. (They dismiss the racial question by saying that they don't know enough about it to pass judgment.) So this is South Africa sunny-side up, and, for all the smiling Bantu girls, the grand boulevards of Johannesburg, and the watering places and luxury hotels, the story is, one feels, incomplete.

THE TEMPLE TIGER, AND MORE MAN-EATERS OF KUMAON, by Jim Corbett (Oxford). Five new and most satisfactory tales (four tiger hunts and a leopard stalk) taken from the author's years as a sportsman turned trouble shooter in the Himalayan foothills. It is a measure of Corbett's difference from the common run of storytelling gunners that while he generally manages to bag his cat, he has chosen as the title piece of this book an experience in which he not only failed but was completely outwitted, and even humiliated, by a tiger with a real sense of humor. Photographs.

NAPOLEON III, by Albert Guérard (Knopf). To an oddly assorted bouquet that already includes Gandhi and Henry Ford, Darwin and James J. Hill, the Great Lives in Brief series now adds a biography of Napoleon the Little. Professor Guérard's style is, as usual, a marvel of lucidity and wit, and there are few finer examples of high comedy than his accounts of the "inveterate amorist's" grubby liaisons and of such operetta scenes as the adventurer's



next door
to all theatres

SHERATON-ASTOR
HOTEL
Times Square

. . . avoid rushing & taxi hunting
before and after the theatre!

COLUMBIA ROOM
Alan Holmes and His Orchestra

BROADWAY
COCKTAIL LOUNGE
Bill McCune and his Orchestra

Reservations: JUdson 6-3000

Underneath the Purple Tree
Where Cocktails bloom instead of flowers,
There's a table just for us,
To while away the pleasant hours.

It's cool and calm and comfortable,
With music in a minor key.
For luncheon, cocktail hour or supper,
Meet me at the Purple Tree.



Purple Tree
COCKTAIL LOUNGE
OF THE
Manger Vanderbilt
HOTEL
ON PARK AVENUE AT 34TH STREET
THOMAS J. KELLEY II, Gen. Manager

The Aristocrat of Sea Food Restaurants



Sea-Fare 1033 First Ave. at 57th St.
41 W. 8th St. Greenwich Village

For sale—Gift Shop

Extraordinarily charming and successful Home Accessories and Gift Shop for sale in heart of Greenwich Village. Modern things in best taste, popular prices. Homelike atmosphere. Air conditioned. Low rent. Nearby apartment available. Owner contemplating retirement. Call CHelsea 2-8492 afternoons.

abortive *coup d'état*, in 1840, when, it was rumored, a tame eagle hovered over his head, attracted by a strip of bacon concealed in his hat. As for Professor Guérard's larger purpose—a historical whitewashing of Napoleon III and a presentation of him as an apostle of "Caesarian democracy" and thus a forerunner of Wilson and Franklin Roosevelt—many readers are likely to feel that the author's great talents should have been reserved for a more promising subject.

THE MEN AND THE MOUNTAIN: FRÉMONT'S FOURTH EXPEDITION, by William Brandon (Morrow). John Charles Frémont, between 1842, his thirtieth year, and 1853, his forty-first, led five trail-blazing expeditions into the Rocky Mountains. All but one of them were extraordinarily successful. That one, the fourth, was a disaster. It took the lives of ten men (including the celebrated mountaineer Old Bill Williams), it cost ten thousand dollars in borrowed money, and it revealed to many that Frémont's gifts of leadership, courage, and high intelligence were at the mercy of an almost psychopathic vanity. Mr. Brandon is the first to attempt a detailed reconstruction of this chilling misadventure, and it is difficult to see how he could have done a better job. A sidelong look he casts at the nature of the romantic temperament is especially fine.

ACROSS THE ROOF OF THE WORLD, by Wilfred Skrede, translated by M. A. Michael (Norton). Mr. Skrede is one of the many young Norwegians who wriggled out of Norway during the Nazi Occupation, made their way to Canada, and there joined the Free Norwegian forces. The route he chose, however, was not the usual one. He went east—through Finland, Russia, and Chinese Turkestan, and over the Himalayas to India. His account of this truly formidable journey is haltingly written but brisk,





Can you picture the other half of this Long Distance call?

This is a photograph of a Long Distance call.
Just half of it, really. The other half is miles away.

But you can tell without seeing it that the other half is just as happy as the half pictured here.

For a Long Distance call brings news and pleasure both ways—to you and to those you love—even though you are miles apart.

Long Distance service is quick. Personal. Easy to use. And inexpensive. Isn't there someone you'd like to call right now?

LONG DISTANCE RATES ARE LOW

Note how far you can call for a little

FROM NEW YORK CITY TO

New Haven	40¢	Cleveland	85¢
Philadelphia	40¢	Cincinnati	$1.05
Boston	55¢	Chicago	$1.20
Washington, D.C.	60¢	Los Angeles	$2.00

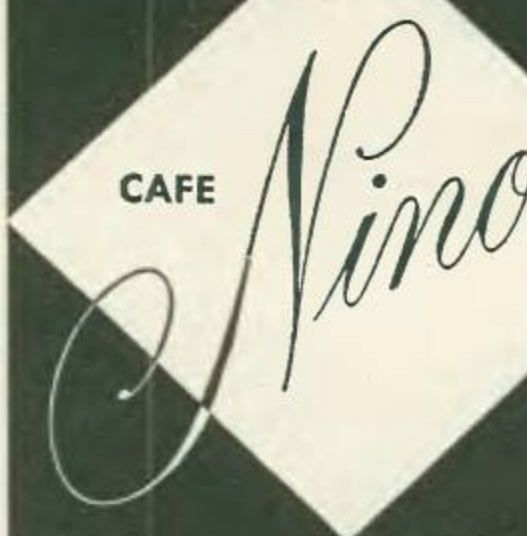
These are the Station-to-Station rates for the first three minutes, after 6 o'clock every night and all day Sunday. They do not include the 10% federal excise tax.

Call by number. It's twice as fast.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

THE
Cafe Rouge
PRESENTS
LES ELGART
"The Band with the Dancing Sound"
FEATURING
LARRY ELGART
And His Saxophone
DON FORBES
Young Singing Star
DINNER AND SUPPER DANCING
NIGHTLY EXCEPT SUNDAY
HOTEL Statler
A HILTON HOTEL
Seventh Avenue at 33rd Street

CAFE Nino
Closed Sundays
10 East 52nd Street • PLaza 3-9014

sitting pretty

JOHN STUART INC.
MODERN AND TRADITIONAL FURNITURE
At most fine stores or your own decorator.

cheerful, and pleasantly ingenuous. Photographs.

NOTE: "The Assassins," by Robert J. Donovan, a collection of articles about the various men who have tried to kill—and in three cases have killed—Presidents of the United States, has been published by Harper. Several chapters of the book originally appeared as articles in this magazine.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE CASE OF THE TALKING BUG, by the Gordons (Doubleday). Wiretapping is, of course, very much in the news at the moment, and this book is profuse with technical details about it, though the ethical aspects of the subject are left more or less up in the air. The plot, which has something to do with the murder of a young woman who knows too much for the comfort of the underworld, doesn't amount to a great deal, but you can probably overlook that for the pleasure and instruction offered in showing how easy it would be to plant a bug on one of your unsuspecting friends.

SOMEWHERE IN THIS CITY, by Maurice Procter (Harper). This Holmes-Moriarty contest between a great detective and a gangster in the British underworld begins with the murder of a girl bank messenger and ends with an exciting rooftop struggle to the death. A lot of very satisfactory violence takes place between these events, and the whole work is quite lively and ingenious. It is possible that Mr. Procter is rather overconcerned with the private emotional problems of his hero, who is torn between his extremely difficult wife and an acquiescent barmaid, but you don't have to pay too much attention to these sequences.

•

FM radios usually are able to catch sound from programs televised on Channel 6 and sometimes intercept sound from Channel 7, too. That's because the sound range of these TV channels is within the FM reception limits. But the radios can't pick up the pictures.—*Pittsburgh Press.*

Just you wait!

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the Times*]

Asia, despite the fact that it is growing at a rate only a little more than one-half that of the Americas, is increasing far more rapidly because it started with more than four times the number in 1950.

FOR BUSINESS
OR PLEASURE
Cherry Hill Inn
HADDONFIELD, N. J.
A picturesque country estate only 15 minutes from downtown Philadelphia. Everything is here for the business man's convenience and pleasure . . . luxurious accommodations, superb dining, entertainment, sports and recreation. Guest rooms of charm and distinction decorated by Dorothy Draper, with private bath and shower; many with TV and terrace. From $7 single, $10 double.
You'll want to stay on, and relax for the weekend!
5 minutes from Jersey T'pike Exit 4; Route 38 at Haddonfield Road; 4 miles from Philadelphia-Camden Bridge. Free Parking.
Phone Merchantville 8-7200
Write for Color Brochure


Your Art Rental Headquarters at a new Address


NEW YORK CIRCULATING LIBRARY OF PAINTINGS
LYCEUM 6-6260

HEALTH is Good Fashion!
SOLARIUM
NOW OPEN!

• Massage
• Steam Rm.
• Sunlamps
• Exercise
• Luncheon Facilities
Reduce • Keep Fit!
A figure-conscious combination of healthful relaxation and sensible exercise, steam room and massage.
10 Complete Visits $47.00
HEALTH ROOF for WOMEN
480 Lex. Av. (46 St.) PL 5-0429

AMERICA'S FOREMOST SEAFOOD HOUSE
The ONE and ONLY
King of the Sea
and his Royal Family of Fish
YOUR HOST, ADOLPH FLASHNER
3rd Ave., near 53rd St.
AIR CONDITIONED • EL 5-9309

underscore

your fashion

leadership...

FORMAL WEAR in
PARFAIT COLORS

After Six
BY RUDOFKER

BLUEBERRY (Blue)
STRAWBERRY (Pink)
GRAPE (Helio)
BANANA (Maize)
FRENCH VANILLA
(Frosty White)
BLACK WALNUT
(Charcoal)

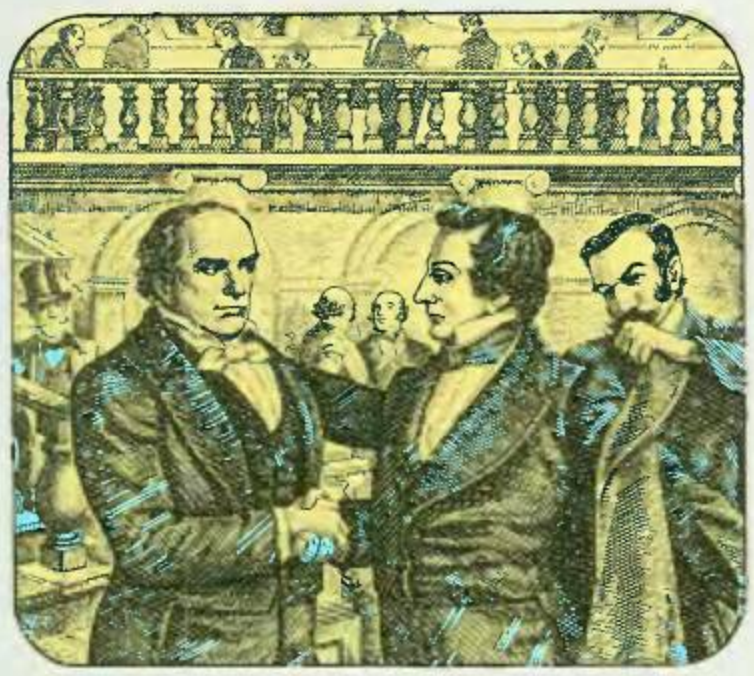


Hark, ye urbane souls who already know many of life's pleasures—there's something new under the moon!... It's Parfait Colors, a fresh and delightful fashion in formal wear. Six ever-so-subtle gentlemen's hues: discreet, dignified. They blend the luxury of Dacron and rayon. (The charcoal is a blend of Silk Shantung and Orlon.) And they are tailored with the fashion authority of "AFTER SIX", world's leading designer and largest maker of formal wear. Priced about **37.50**
slightly higher West of the Rockies and Canada.

Earl-Glo Bemberg Linings
(Cummerbund and tie sets, too, in patterns and Parfait Colors!)

At fine stores everywhere. Write for free dress chart to: **RUDO SUMRWEAR, INC., PHILADELPHIA 3, PA.**

A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF OLD CROW



Sen. Webster greets Washington Irving.
In such distinguished company the great American orator would often call for Old Crow.



MARK TWAIN ASKS, "LOU, WHICH BARREL ARE WE USING NOW?"
He queries the bartender at Klaproth's Tavern, Elmira, N. Y., about the supply of his favorite bourbon, Old Crow.

Enjoy the whiskey of famous men

OLD CROW

now milder and lower-priced!

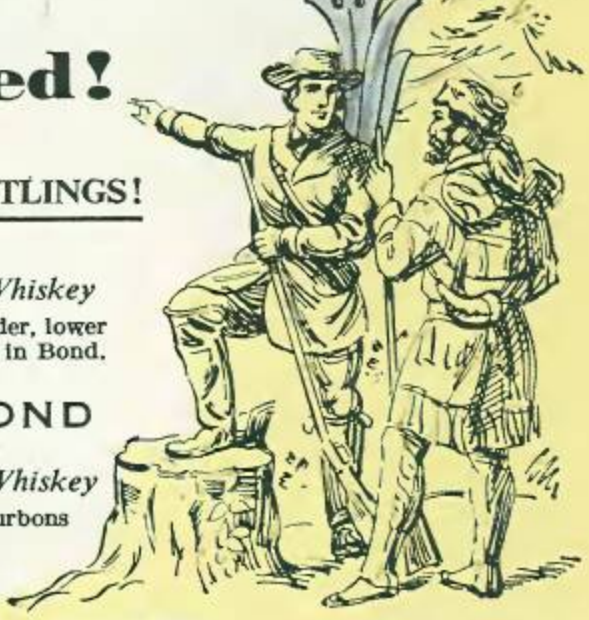
The greatest name in bourbon—historic favorite of Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, Mark Twain and other celebrated figures of the American past—now in a milder, lower-priced 86 Proof bottling as a companion to the world-renowned 100 Proof Bottled in Bond!



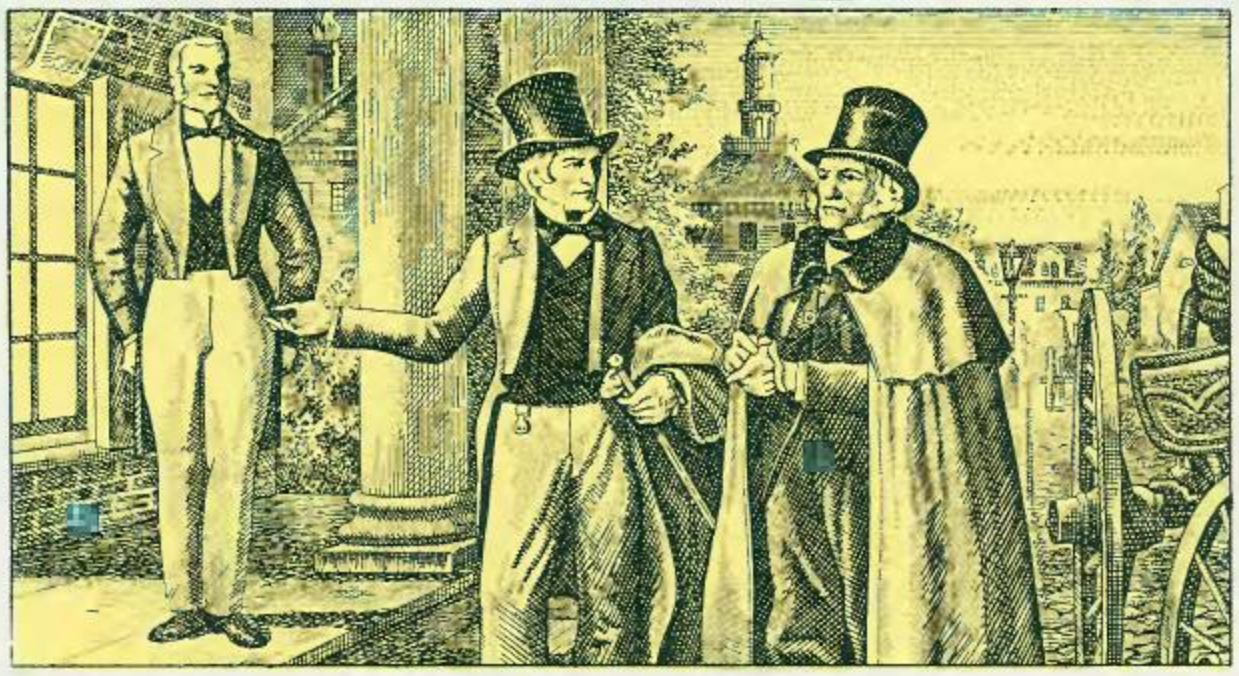
NOW—TWO GREAT BOTTLINGS!

86 PROOF
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey
Celebrated Old Crow—lighter, milder, lower in price than the 100 Proof Bottled in Bond.

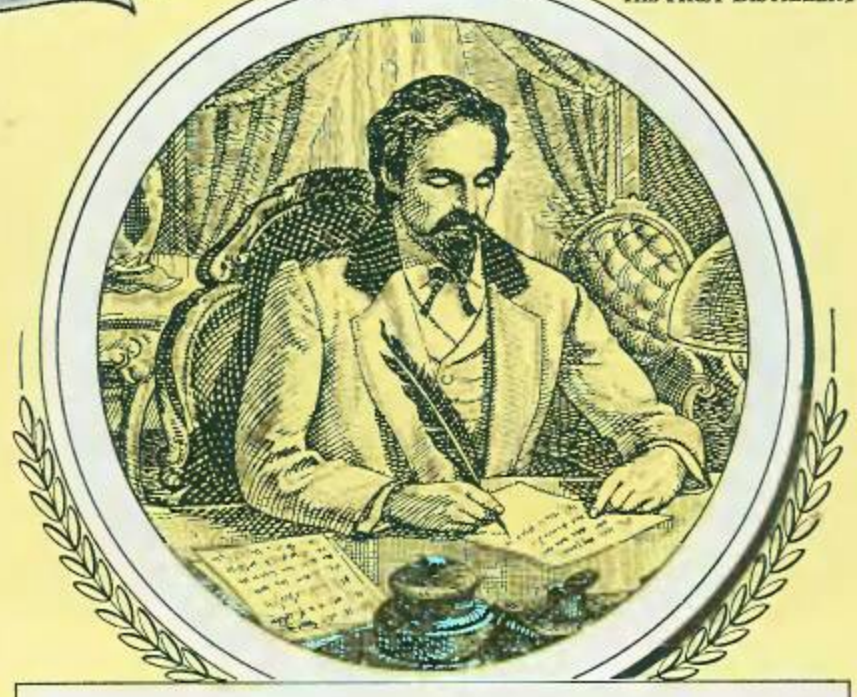
BOTTLED IN BOND
100 PROOF
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey
The most famous of bonded bourbons available as usual.



JAMES CROW BUILDS HIS FIRST DISTILLERY



GEN. WINFIELD SCOTT AND HENRY CLAY ATTEND A DINNER.
When dining out, as he did with Gen. Scott, Sen. Clay took pleasure in introducing his guests to Old Crow.



Gen. John Morgan writes of Old Crow.
The leader of Morgan's Confederate Raiders offers to send Old Crow to Dr. Henry Fox of Lex., Ky.

THE OLD CROW DISTILLERY COMPANY, FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY