

NEW YORKER

22

The image features a musical score with a central illustration. The score is arranged in a grid of staves, with the central illustration cut out of the middle. The staves are labeled as follows:

- Ob. I
- Ob. II, III
- Fg.
- Tr. I, II, III
- Timp.
- VI. I
- VI. II
- Vla.
- B.
- Ob. I
- Ob. II, III
- Fg.
- Tr. I, II
- Tr. III
- Timp.
- VI. I
- VI. II

The central illustration depicts a picnic scene on a green lawn. A large tree stands in the upper center. Numerous people are shown sitting on various colored blankets (red, blue, purple, orange, green) and in chairs, engaged in conversation and eating. A picnic basket is visible on one of the blankets. The scene is framed by the musical staves, which contain various musical notes and rests.

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*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

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

PLAYS

ANASTASIA—Closed for five weeks; scheduled to reopen at the Lyceum Theatre, 45th St., E., on Monday, Aug. 22.

BAD SEED—At present, Alice Frost is appearing as the tortured mother of a nine-year-old murderer in Maxwell Anderson's adaptation of William March's novel. Patty McCormack, Henry Jones, Evelyn Varden, and Thomas Chalmers are also prominent in the grisly proceedings. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

BUS STOP—William Inge has marooned a lot of people in a luncheonette and let them talk about their emotional problems, and the result, on the whole, is very nice indeed. Harold Clurman directed a fine cast, which includes Kim Stanley, Anthony Ross, and Albert Salmi. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinéés Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF—Tennessee Williams' drama is unquestionably the season's most impressive play. Barbara Bel Geddes, Burl Ives, and Ben Gazzara are all brilliant under Elia Kazan's direction. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE DESPERATE HOURS—Joseph Hayes has made a melodrama out of his novel about a criminal gang and its innocent victims, and you're hardly likely to drowse off while seeing it. Karl Malden, Nancy Coleman, George Mathews, Paul Newman, and Patricia Pearson are splendid in important roles; Robert Montgomery's direction is highly resourceful; and Howard Bay has designed a remarkably effective set. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

INHERIT THE WIND—This rearrangement of the Scopes evolution trial makes too many concessions to the popular theatre to amount to much as a serious play, but Paul Muni and Ed Begley give interesting performances as the two great orators involved. With Bethel Leslie, Staats Cotsworth, Muriel Kirkland, Louis Hector, and Karl Light. The authors are Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, and Herman Shumlin is the director. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

LUNATICS AND LOVERS—Though Sidney Kingsley's farce about night life in a Times Square flea bag is sometimes labored, it is pretty comic just the same. The cast now includes Jerome Cowan, Buddy Hackett, Sheila Bond, Vicki Cummings, Haila Stoddard, Nat Cantor, and Whitfield Connor. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION—Agatha Christie's mystery, old-fashioned though it may be, contains some of the most ingenious plot twists imaginable. Geoffrey Lumb, Joan Alexander, Una O'Connor, Gene Lyons, and Robin Craven are featured in a cast of thirty. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinéés Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

LONG RUNS—ANNIVERSARY WALTZ: Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields concocted this comedy about two people (Jeanne Shepherd and Andrew Duggan) who lived together before they were married. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) ... **THE SEVEN YEAR ITCH**: A middle-aged man gets more or less carried away with his own fantasies about being a Valentino. At present, Eddie Bracken plays the man in George Axelrod's comedy, and Anne Kimbell



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

is the girl upstairs. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, at 8:40; Thursdays at 9:10. Matinéés Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

... **THE TEAHOUSE OF THE AUGUST MOON**: John Patrick's comedy about the Americanization of Okinawa, now with Eli Wallach, John Beal, Paul Ford, William Hansen, and Mariko Niki. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

ANKLES AWEIGH—Betty Kean and Lew Parker have leading assignments in this shapeless and antiquated comedy about a couple of movie actresses and the U.S. Navy. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book, and Sammy Fain and Dan Shapiro, respectively, furnished the music and lyrics. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

DAMN YANKEES—A lively and inventive account of a baseball fan who sells his soul to the Devil in order to help the Washington Senators beat the local American League team. Adapted by George Abbott and Douglass Wallop from the latter's novel, "The Year the Yankees Lost the Pennant," the play has pleasant tunes by Richard Adler and Jerry Ross, and a hell of a fine demon in the person of Gwen Verdon. Ray Walston, as her employer, and Stephen Douglass, as her earth-bound suitor, are very talented, too. The dances are stimulating, and the male chorus actually seems to know its baseball. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30.)

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
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Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

FANNY—Ezio Pinza, Walter Slezak, and other skillful people in one of those big, colorful, plot-and-character musical shows, which is based, a little obscurely, on the doings of some poor but tuneful folk in Marseille. Book by S. N. Behrman and Joshua Logan; score by Harold Rome. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

PLAIN AND FANCY—This account of manners and morals among the Pennsylvania Dutch is generally charming, though its plain people may get just a little too plain from time to time. Joseph Stein and Will Glickman wrote the book; Albert Hague and Arnold B. Horwitt created 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. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

SILK STOCKINGS—There isn't any Garbo in this musical interpretation of "Ninotchka," but that handicap is offset by some jaunty songs by Cole Porter and a jolly book by George S. Kaufman, Leueen MacGrath, and Abe Burrows. The sets and costumes have a lot of merit, and Cy Feuer has directed the proceedings with plenty of verve. Hildegard Neff and Don Ameche are happily in evidence most of the time. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—THE BOY FRIEND: This British parody of the sort of musical that was prevalent in the twenties has Julie Andrews in the role of a devastator as empty-headed as a Toby mug. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **THE PAJAMA GAME**: Love and labor relations in a pajama factory. In the cast are John Raitt, Eddie Foy, Jr., Helen Gallagher, and Pat Marshall. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

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

AMATO OPERA THEATRE—"La Traviata." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and Sundays and Tuesday at 8:15. Admission is free, but reservations should be made in advance. Closes Sunday, July 31.)

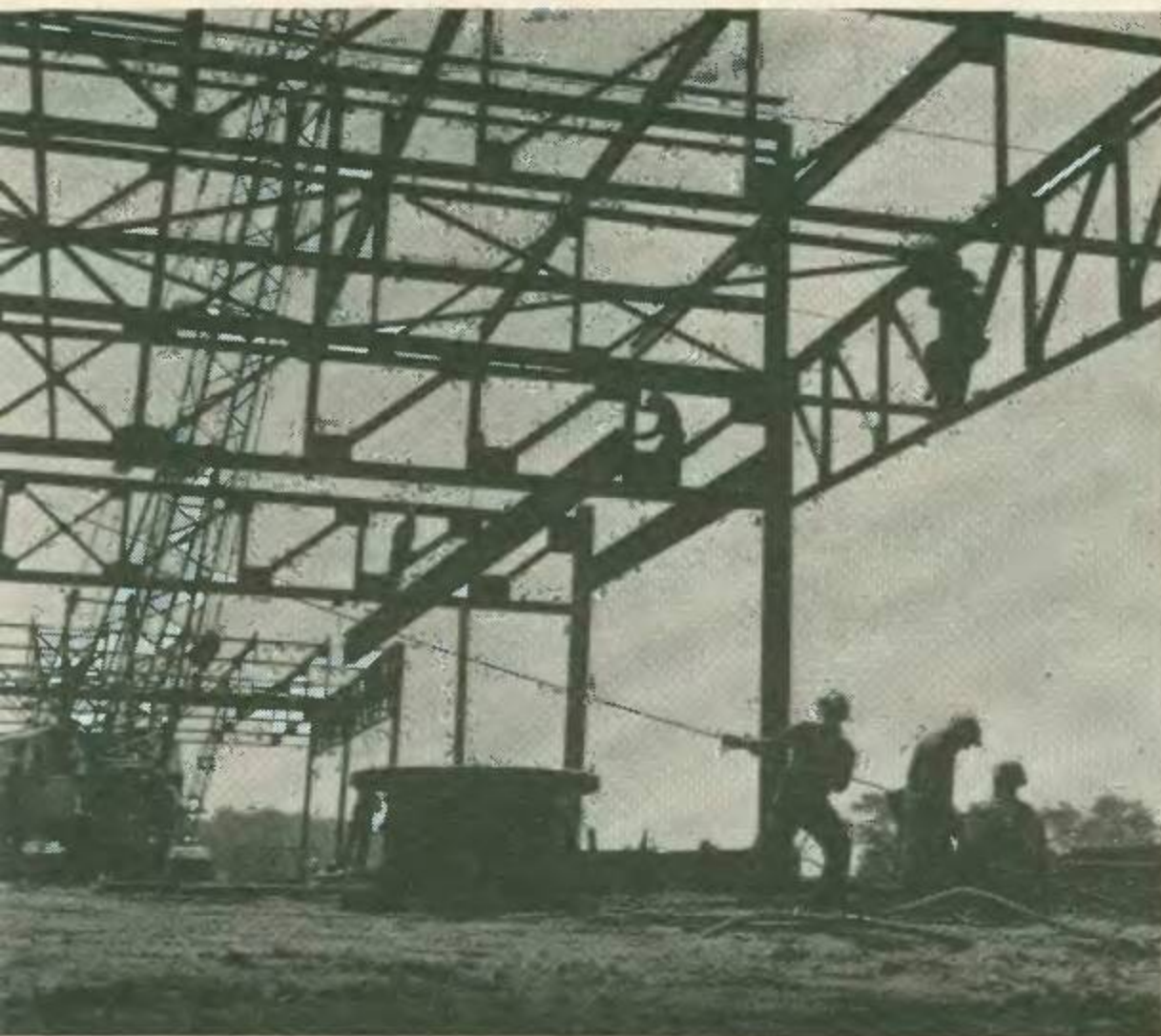
CHERRY LANE THEATRE—A revival of Paul Osborn's "Morning's at Seven," with Harrison Dowd and Aileen Poe in a cast under the direction of Warren Enters. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-9583. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinéés Sundays at 2:40.)

CIRCLE IN THE SQUARE—"La Ronde," Eric Bentley's English adaptation of Arthur Schnitzler's play "Reigen," with Felice Orlandi and Betty Miller. Directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinéés Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

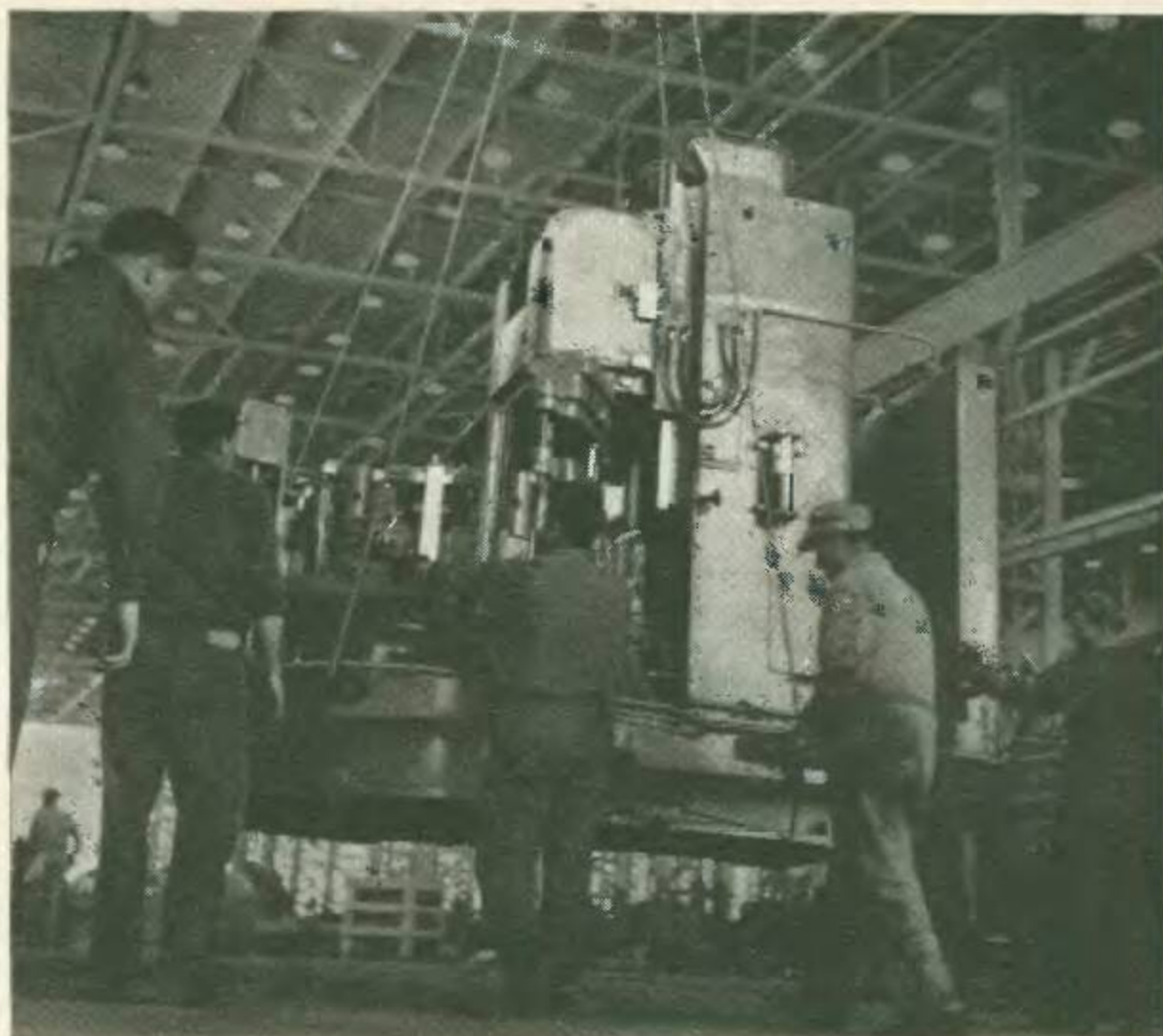
PROVINCETOWN PLAYHOUSE—Kafka's "The Trial," presented by Theatre 12 and staged by Denis Vaughan. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougall St. GR 7-9894. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinéés Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

JONES BEACH MARINE THEATRE—Lauritz Melchior plays the Sultan again in this year's version of Guy Lombardo's musical mélange, "Arabian Nights," and Helena Scott, Ralph Herbert, and the Disappearing, or Cheshire Cat,



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Water Ballet are around, too. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call CI 5-5530.)

THE SUMMER CIRCUIT

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

- ANDOVER**—Through Sunday, July 24: Betsy von Furstenberg in "Sabrina Fair." Tuesday through Sunday, July 26-31: "Picnic." (Grist Mill Playhouse, Andover, N.J. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Thursdays at 2.)
- BEVERLY**—Through Saturday, July 30: "Carousel." (North Shore Music-Theatre, Beverly, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 4:30.)
- CHATHAM**—Through Saturday, July 23: "Petticoat Fever." Wednesday through Saturday, July 27-30: "The Lady's Not for Burning." (Monomoy Theatre, Chatham, Mass. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)
- CLINTON**—Through Saturday, July 23: Shelley Winters in "Wedding Breakfast." Monday through Saturday, July 25-30: Jeffrey Lynn in "The Caine Mutiny Court Martial." (Clinton Playhouse, Clinton, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)
- COHASSET**—Through Saturday, July 23: "Rose Marie." Starting Monday, July 25: "South Pacific." (South Shore Music Circus, Cohasset, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)
- CORNING**—Through Sunday, July 24: "Dial 'M' for Murder." Tuesday through Sunday, July 26-31: "The Caine Mutiny Court Martial." (Corning Summer Theatre, Corning Glass Center, Corning, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)
- CRAGSMOOR**—Through Monday, July 25: "Peg o' My Heart." Wednesday through Monday, July 27-Aug. 1: "Honeymoon for Three." (Cragsmoor Playhouse, Cragsmoor, N.Y. Nightly, except Tuesdays, at 8:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)
- DENNIS**—Through Saturday, July 23: Shirley Booth in "The Time of the Cuckoo." Monday through Saturday, July 25-30: Eva Marie Saint in "The Rainmaker." (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)
- EAST HAMPTON**—Through Saturday, July 23: Kim Hunter in "Down Came a Blackbird," a comedy, by Peter Blackmore, imported from London. Monday through Saturday, July 25-30: Jessie Royce Landis in "Oliver, Oliver." (John Drew Theatre, East Hampton, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40.)
- FALMOUTH**—Through Saturday, July 23: Cathy O'Donnell in "Gigi." Monday through Saturday, July 25-30: Donald Cook and John Dall in "Champagne Complex." (Falmouth Playhouse, Falmouth, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)
- FAYETTEVILLE**—Through Saturday, July 23: Donald Cook and John Dall in "Champagne Complex." Monday through Saturday, July 25-30: Brian Donlevy in "King of Hearts." (Country Playhouse, Fayetteville, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)
- FISHKILL**—Through Sunday, July 24: "Sabrina Fair." Tuesday through Sunday, July 26-31: "The Little Hut." (Cecilwood Theatre, Fishkill, N.Y. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:35, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)
- FITCHBURG**—Through Saturday, July 23: "Sabrina Fair." Monday through Saturday, July 25-30: Gloria Vanderbilt in "Picnic." (Lake Whalom Playhouse, Fitchburg, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)
- HYANNIS**—Through Saturday, July 23: "Carousel." Starting Monday, July 25: "Guys and Dolls." (Cape Cod Melody Tent, Hyannis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)
- HYDE PARK**—Through Sunday, July 24: John Kerr in "Ring Round the Moon." Tuesday

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- through Sunday, July 26-31: Jocelyn Brando in "The Rainmaker." (Hyde Park Playhouse, Hyde Park, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)
- IVORYTON**—Through Saturday, July 23: Terry Moore in "Star Light, Star Bright," a new play. Monday through Saturday, July 25-30: Joan Blondell in "A Palm Tree in a Rose Garden," a new play. (Ivoryton Playhouse, Ivoryton, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)
- KENNEBUNKPORT**—Through Saturday, July 23: "Così Fan Tutte," in English. Wednesday through Saturday, July 27-30: "The Student Prince." (Arundel Opera Theatre, Kennebunkport, Maine. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30.)
- LAMBERTVILLE**—Through Sunday, July 31: "South Pacific." (Lambertville Music Circus, Lambertville, N.J. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)
- MAHOPAC**—Through Sunday, July 24: "Dial 'M' for Murder." Tuesday through Sunday, July 26-31: "The Fifth Season." (Putnam County Playhouse, Mahopac, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40.)
- MARBLEHEAD**—Through Saturday, July 23: Gloria Vanderbilt in "Picnic." Monday through Saturday, July 25-30: Ethel Waters in "The Member of the Wedding." (Marblehead Summer Theatre, Marblehead, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:15.)
- MATUNUCK**—Through Saturday, July 23: Eva Marie Saint in "The Rainmaker." Monday through Sunday, July 25-31: Shelley Winters in "Wedding Breakfast." (Theatre-by-the-Sea, Matunuck, R.I. Nightly, except Sunday, July 24, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)
- MILLBURN**—Through Sunday, July 31: Billie Burke in "Mother Was a Bachelor," a new comedy. (Paper Mill Playhouse, Millburn, N.J. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)
- MOUNTAINHOME**—Through Saturday, July 23: Joan Blondell in "A Palm Tree in a Rose Garden," a new play. Monday through Saturday, July 25-30: "The Tender Trap." (Pocono Playhouse, Mountainhome, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)
- MOUNT KISCO**—Through Sunday, July 24: Lee Grant in "The Rainmaker." Tuesday through Sunday, July 26-31: "Sabrina Fair." (West-



- chester Playhouse, Mount Kisco, N.Y. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40.)
- MOYLAN**—Thursday, July 21: "The Physician in Spite of Himself." Friday, July 22: "Right You Are." Saturday, July 23: "The Crucible." Starting Tuesday, July 26: "Ghosts." (Hedgerow Theatre, Moylan, Pa. Tuesday, July 26, at 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30.)
- NEW HOPE**—Through Saturday, July 23: Henry Jones and Neva Patterson in "The Better Mousetrap," a new comedy. Monday through Saturday, July 25-30: Enid Markey in "Mrs. Gibbons' Boys." (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)
- NEWPORT**—Through Saturday, July 23: Betsy Blair in "Sabrina Fair." Monday through Saturday, July 25-30: "Guys and Dolls." (Newport Casino Theatre, Newport, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)
- NORWICH**—Through Saturday, July 23: "Finian's Rainbow." Monday through Saturday, July 25-30: "The Caine Mutiny Court Martial." (Norwich Summer Playhouse, Norwich, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)
- OGUNQUIT**—Through Saturday, July 23: Jeffrey Lynn in "The Caine Mutiny Court Martial." Monday through Saturday, July 25-30: "Sabrina Fair." (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)
- PAWLING**—Through Sunday, July 24: "The Caine Mutiny Court Martial." Tuesday through Sunday, July 26-31: "Time Out for Ginger." (Starlight Theatre, Pawling, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)
- PETERBOROUGH**—Through Saturday, July 23: "My 3 Angels." Starting Wednesday, July 27: "Miranda." (Peterborough Players, Peterborough, N.H. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:40.)
- SARATOGA SPRINGS**—Through Saturday, July 23: Charles Coburn in "You Can't Take It with You." Monday through Saturday, July 25-30: Uta Hagen and Herbert Berghof in "Cyprienne," an adaptation of a French farce by Sardou. (Spa Summer Theatre, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)
- SEA CLIFF**—Through Saturday, July 23: Sloan Simpson in "The Tender Trap." Monday through Saturday, July 25-30: "Picnic." (Sea Cliff Summer Theatre, Sea Cliff, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)
- SKOWHEGAN**—Through Saturday, July 23: "Wonderful Town." Monday through Saturday, July 25-30: "The Southwest Corner." (Lake-wood Theatre, Skowhegan, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)
- STOCKBRIDGE**—Through Saturday, July 23: "The Old Maid." Monday through Saturday, July 25-30: "Reclining Figure." (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)
- STRATFORD**—A company headed by Raymond Massey and Jack Palance—"Julius Caesar": Thursday and Friday evenings, July 21-22; Saturday matinee and evening, July 23; Wednesday evening, July 27; Friday evening, July 29; and Saturday matinee, July 30. "The Tempest": Tuesday evening, July 26; Wednesday matinee, July 27; Thursday evening, July 28; and Saturday evening, July 30. (American Shakespeare Festival, Stratford, Conn. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)
- WALLINGFORD**—Through Sunday, July 24: "Girl Crazy." Tuesday through Sunday, July 26-31: "Wonderful Town." (Oakdale Musical Theatre, Wallingford, Conn. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 9:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 5.)
- WESTPORT**—Through Saturday, July 23: "Blue Denim," a new play. Monday through Sat-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

urday, July 25-30: "Heaven Can Wait." (Westport Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:40.)

WOODSTOCK—Through Sunday, July 24: "The Rainmaker." Tuesday through Sunday, July 26-31: "The Caine Mutiny Court Martial." (Woodstock Playhouse, Woodstock, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40.)

NOTE—The Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival is presenting programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 23: Mary Ellen Moylan and Erik Bruhn, Myra Kinch, and Jean Léon Destiné and his company. Tuesday through Thursday, July 26-28: Alicia Alonso and Erik Bruhn, and ten members of the Royal Danish Ballet. Friday and Saturday, July 29-30: Alicia Alonso and Erik Bruhn, Merce Cunningham and his company, and Mariquita. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays and Wednesdays at 9; Thursdays at 4; and Fridays and Saturdays at 4 and 9.)

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, a jewel box that bears the mark of expert workmanship, has Blue Danube dinner music by Jani Sarkozi's band until ten, and dance music after that by Quintero's rumba men and Chauncey Gray's orchestra. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

BILTMORE, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—The lounge "under the clock" is a cocktail-hour anchorage for commuters, commuters' wives, commuters' children, commuters' children's dates, and just plain New Yorkers. There's sweet music every day but Sunday, partly by a trio and partly by many cagefuls of lively canaries. The trio also plays from seven to nine in the Madison Room, Mondays through Fridays. No dancing in either place.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—A celebrated house by the side of the road whose principal transients are all Carl Van Vechten types. Charles Holden's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band play for dancing. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

LA VIE, 133 E. 48th St. (MU 8-8420)—Monte Proser's New York summer festival is for the tired businessman (the one who's not too tired to sit up till 4 A.M., though). At the moment, it's being improved by the eloquent voice of Johnny Johnston and the gusty jokes of Gene Baylos. On Wednesday, July 27, they'll be replaced by Diahann Carroll, once the most lyric of the "House of Flowers" skylarks, and Jackie Miles, a Manhattan gagman whose conversation is sometimes a bit special in its reference.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Café Pierre, there's dancing every day from cocktails through supper to a small orchestra, which is usually Stanley Worth's.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Four hours for dinner is still the order of the evening in the grand old Rendez-Vous Room, where Maximilian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's dreamy dance music starts at eight-thirty. Closed Sundays.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Alan Holmes and his orchestra are the hot-weather fare in the Grill for both dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS ROOF, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—An evening in this pretty pink pleasure dome is, in every sense, like sitting on top of the world. There is decorous dancing to Milt Shaw's and Ray Bari's perpetual-motion bands. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—All week long in the Café Lounge, Irving Conn's orchestra ministers to anyone in the mood for calisthenics, from cocktails to dinner and supper.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—This is not, as so many summer visitors can be forgiven for thinking, the original Howard Johnson's, but there are certain similarities. The coin of the realm, though, is definitely on

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the platinum standard. Among the many diversions is dancing in an alcove to Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band.

TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN, Central Park W. at 67th St. (SC 4-8100)—One of our more carefree suburbs, where, on nights when the stars are out, dancing on the open-air terrace is possible. The band, which is sort of suburban, too, strikes up at eight on weekdays, at seven on Sundays.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Connie Sawyer and George DeWitt, both of whom are well versed in the speech patterns of the Bronx and Broadway, have a good many funny things to say for themselves in the course of the brisk little revue at the north end of this comfortable stadium. Panchito's band and Salvatore Gioè's orchestra play for dancing after nine and between shows.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—When Xavier Cugat's mighty horde of musicians, now on the Starlight Roof, turn Latin, the voices of the marimba, the French horn, and the turtle are heard in the land. They induce a rites-of-spring mood in the dancers. There are also music-hall turns, mainly inconsequential except for the clearly impossible juggling feats of the Peiro Brothers. Closed Sundays.

NOTE—The Rainbow Room, which has had its head in the clouds for years and years, offers cocktails—thus beating any other sightseeing bus hollow—and hushed non-dance tunes from four-thirty to nine every evening except Sunday. The choice seats, of course, are up near the windows. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the telephone CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): A beautifully preserved specimen of saloon architecture of the roaring twenties, open every night for late-rising historians. The accompaniment—Kurt Maier's *All-Wien* piano—is always muted, and completely inaudible on Sundays. . . . **WEYLIN ROOM**, 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9100): From six to eight and from ten to two, Cy Walter pulls-off the difficult trick of giving salon piano a firm but unobtrusive jazz foundation. Sunday is his



sabbatical. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): An executive suite of notable opulence, with Addison Bailey's piano during cocktails, dinner, and supper, except Sundays, when Paul Morse drops in. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK**, 302 E. 58th St. (PL 9-7245): Almost anyone is apt to show up at the crossroads in front of the bar, mostly late in the evening. Louis Hawkins, the happy-go-lucky host, is at the piano Tuesdays through Thursdays; for the rest of the time, he turns the piano over to Bob Printz. The music starts at seven. Closed Mondays. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Latins loving, weeping, making music, and dancing with fascinating fury. The clients are now and then allowed to do a little footwork, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ NINO**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): George Kent plays mild cocktail, dinner, and supper piano in the bar of a wine-with-each-course sort of restaurant. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY**, 135 Macdougall St. (GR 7-9221): Harmless antics, largely song and piano, in an extremely relaxed youth hostel. . . . **RSVP**, 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): A new posthouse for the dusk-to-dawn patrol. Ralph Strain and Jim Mahoney, two prominent nostalgists, take turns at the pianoforte from ten to twelve, at which time a light-fingered drummer teams up with Mr. Strain for the rest of the night. Mr. Mahoney also does the cocktail and dinner music. Closed Mondays. . . . **LITTLE BOHEMIA**, 340 E. 79th St. (RE 7-6398): This Mittel-europa school of cookery is placid, jolly, and (from seven-thirty until the small hours) full of the kind of music you'd expect. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the bar of the Hotel Earle, after eight-thirty weekdays and after five on Sundays, Laurie Brewis's piano revives the pet arias you thought everyone but you had forgotten. No music Mondays. . . . **LE CUPIDON**, 40 E. 58th St. (PL 5-4842): Rudy Vallée, the onetime milkman's-matinée idol, is singing the songs he made popular in his childhood and telling jokes that were popular long before that. He and Nancy Steele, a cheerful little earful, depart on Tuesday, July 26. Next evening, Paula Bane will take on the job of chanteuse. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHEZ CARLO**, 120 E. 40th St. (MU 5-1011): Stuart Ross's carefully assembled collection of piano soliloquies is on exhibit from five-thirty to one. Closed Sundays.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Nowadays this is much the happiest of the West Indian islands, with Enid Mosier, a street urchin who regards life as her oyster, making merry indeed. Miss Mosier is assisted no end by a genuine made-in-Trinidad steel band. Barbara McNair's songs deal lovingly with a less earthy aspect of humankind's favorite passion. The dance music is by Clarence Williams' trio, which has Carl Lynch on guitar. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Plenty of piano all week long by Bob Downey, Harold Fonville, and Hazel Webster. There is also the scatterbrained vaudeville of Herb Corey and Mildred Cook, who chivy one another every evening but Sunday, when Paul Killiam punctuates his insane silent movies with many a polished pun. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Mae Barnes, who declaims her point-blank strophes in a voice heard round the world, will be taking temporary leave of her favorite rumpus room on Sunday, July 24, and Portia Nelson, whose portfolio of love songs is second to none, leaves the same evening. Jimmie Komack and his cock-and-bull tales of big-city life, Jimmie Daniels and his *bon-vivant* ballads, the rambunctious music of the Three Flames, and other specialties of the house will still be available. On Tuesday, July 26, Nancy Andrews, one of the last but hardly one of the least of the whooping cranes, will start contributing her nonsense. Closed Mondays. . . . **JORIE'S PURPLE ONION**, Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): A homey little cellar populated mostly by Jorie Remes, an offbeat humorist who offers, in rather well-chosen phrases, some easy lessons on how to analyze yourself and why. Closed Sundays. . . . **PIN-UP ROOM**,

242 Lexington Ave., at 34th St. (MU 4-8678): In the tiny back room of this bar-and-grill, Mabel Mercer is presenting, late at night, the mood songs that made her famous. Sam Hamilton is at the piano. Both parties are off duty Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

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

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): A museum wholeheartedly devoted to aboriginal music. The artifacts, all of them alive and kicking, are Wild Bill Davison, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Walter Page, Edmond Hall, Tony Hannan (a brand-new drummer boy), and Mr. Condon. Ted Roy does the interlude piano. Tuesday nights, when other American primitives drop in, are often mass dementia. Closed Sundays. . . .

THE EMBERS, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): George Shearing's quintet is now in the middle of its Blue, or Pensive, Period, from which it lapses only when the harmonica, the vibes, and Mr. Shearing's restrained piano are outshouted by a vigorous bongo drum. Hal Schaefer's trio is in the bloom of youth—fast, facile, and intently modern. They tee off at nine. Cocktail and dinner piano every day; Sunday nights, Jack Elliott's blithe latter-day trio is in charge. . . .

BASIN STREET, Broadway at 51st St. (PL 7-3728): Les Brown's band and the Australian Jazz Quartet bow out on Thursday, July 21. Nothing of note will happen thereafter until Tuesday, July 26, when the mighty Ella Fitzgerald, Oscar Peterson's trio, and Calvin Jackson's quartet check in. Closed Mondays. . . .

NICK'S, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's orchestra is providing a fairly hot time in its old home town. Dancing on Sunday afternoons, when there are jam sessions. Closed Mondays. . . .

JIMMY RYAN'S, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Jazz as it was in the beginning, played by Wilbur de Paris, Omer Simeon, Sidney de Paris, Lee Blair, George Foster, and Sonny White, all wizards at total recall. Don Frye is the intermission pianist. Jam sessions Monday nights. Closed Sundays. . . .

THE COMPOSER, 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): An excellent listening post for the sounds of tomorrow as projected by Cy Coleman's trio, which has the knack of seeming perpetually extemporaneous and inventive. There's more music by Eddie Heywood and the trio he has just collected. The first group is off Sundays; the second is off Mondays. Murray Grand has the run of the piano at the cocktail hour. . . .

BIRDLAND, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): Count Basie and his boys, who at times come close to being the best band in the land (the best *big* one, anyway), are going away on Wednesday, July 27, and so are Joe Williams, who is the Count's compelling new blues chanter, and Johnny Smith and his three soft-spoken contrapuntists. Next night, Dizzy Gillespie and Neal Hefti will bring their mobs to town. Visiting artists on Mondays, which are jam-session nights. . . .

HICKORY HOUSE, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Billy Taylor's breezy new-era piano is the main feature of his superb trio. The festivities start at nine. No music Mondays. . . .

METROPOLE, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (JU 6-2278): A bumptious shooting gallery that is nevertheless suitable for children of any age. A constant stream of musicians (among whom you are apt to see Charlie Queener, Ken Kersey, Milt Hinton, Eddie Barefield, Cozy Cole, Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Buster Bailey, Russell Moore, and the entire Conrad Janis band) amble on and off the quarter-deck behind the bar from 3 P.M. (1 P.M. Saturdays and Sundays) to 3 A.M., all huffing and puffing like mad. . . .

CENTRAL PLAZA, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): On Friday and Saturday, July 22-23, the professional worshippers of Early American lares and penates should include the Conrad Janis tailgaters, Red Allen, Roy Eldridge, Jimmy Archey, Tony Parenti, Willie the Lion Smith, Art Trappier, Freddie Moore, Gene Sedric, and Dick Wellstood.

DINNER IN THE COUNTRY

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

BANKSVILLE, N.Y.: La Crémillère (Bedford Village 4-3306); closed Mondays. . . . **BETHPAGE, L.I.**: Beau Sejour (Hicksville 3-0091); closed



Tuesdays. . . . **CONGERS, N.Y.**: Jean's (Congers 8-6178); closed Mondays. . . . **DANBURY, CONN.**: White Turkey Inn (Pioneer 3-2726). . . . **EAST NORWICH, L.I.**: Rothmann's Inn (Oyster Bay 6-0266). . . . **FISHKILL, N.Y.**: Boni's Inn (Beacon 9-7394); closed Mondays. . . . **GARRISON, N.Y.**: Bird and Bottle (Garrison 4-3342). . . . **GLENWOOD LANDING, L.I.**: Swan Club (Roslyn 3-0037); music nightly and dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . . **HARTSDALE, N.Y.**: Tordo's (White Plains 8-0597). . . . **LAKE SUCCESS, L.I.**: André (HUnter 2-7717); piano every evening. . . . **NORWALK, CONN.**: Silvermine Tavern (Volunteer 6-2588). . . . **PORT WASHINGTON, L.I.**: Nino's Continental (Port Washington 7-7644); dancing every evening. . . . **Riviera** (Port Washington 7-6500); dancing every evening except Monday. . . . **POUND RIDGE, N.Y.**: Emily Shaw's Inn (Pound Ridge 4-8873); closed Mondays. . . . **RIDGEFIELD, CONN.**: Stonehenge (Idlewood 8-6511); piano every evening. . . . **Fox Hill**, on Route 7 between Ridgefield and Danbury (Idlewood 8-2628); piano every evening except Monday. . . . **SMITHTOWN, L.I.**: Frank Friede's Riverside Inn (Smithtown 2-1016); closed Tuesdays. . . . **Mont d'Or Inn** (Smithtown 2-1997); closed Mondays. . . . **SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.**: Round Hill (Huntington 4-1371); closed Mondays. . . . **SYOSSET, L.I.**: Villa Victor (Walnut 1-4000). . . . **TARRYTOWN, N.Y.**: Tappan Hill (Tarrytown 4-3030); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . . **WESTBURY, L.I.**: Westbury Manor (Edgewood 3-2184); piano every evening except Sunday and Monday. . . . **WESTPORT, CONN.**: Red Barn (Capitol 7-6204).

ART

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

GALLERIES

SCULPTORS GUILD, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—In an outdoor setting, more than a hundred sculptures, widely diversified in style and medium, by some fifty Americans, including Chaim Gross, Cleo Hartwig, John Hovannes, and William Zorach; through Sept. 30. (Daily, 10:30 to 6:30.)

SCULPTURE CENTER, 167 E. 69th St.—The annual summer show by contemporary Americans (a rotating affair, in which the exhibits are frequently changed); through Aug. 31. (Weekdays, 11 to 5 and, except Saturdays, 8 to 10.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **ALAN**, 32 E. 65th St.: An oil apiece by fifteen new New England artists; through Friday, July 29. . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 106 E. 57th St.: Stephen Csoka, Martha Visser't Hooft, Joseph Konzal, Lily Ente, and others of the large group of painters and sculptors sponsored by Contemporary Arts; through Aug. 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 10:30.) . . . **GRAND CENTRAL**, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.: Seascapes by Frederick J. Waugh, Gordon Grant, and others; through Friday, July 29. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 32 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by John Heliker, William Kienbusch, Robert Laurent, and other twentieth-century Americans; through Aug. 31. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 17 E. 57th St.: Recent paintings (by Dong Kingman and William Thon, for instance) and sculptures (by Arline Wingate, for instance), some of which were shown here during the past season; through Aug. 31. . . . **MILCH**, 55 E. 57th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings and water colors by, among others, Childe Hassam, George Luks, Stephen Etnier, and Ogden Pleissner; through Friday, July 29. . . . **REHN**, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.: Oils and water colors by Hopper, Burchfield,

Alexander Brook, and others; through Friday, July 29. . . . **BERTHA SCHAEFER**, 32 E. 57th St.: "Fact and Fantasy '55," another of the yearly roundups of paintings and sculptures, this time by Americans (including Hugh Wiley and Balcomb Greene) and one English sculptor, Kenneth Armitage; through Aug. 26.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **DELIUS**, 470 Park Ave., at 58th St.: Paintings and drawings by such twentieth-century artists as Modigliani, Morandi, and Tchelitchev, plus lithographs by Picasso; through Aug. 31. . . . **DURLACHER**, 11 E. 57th St.: Hyman Bloom, Alan Reynolds, and Francis Bacon are among the American and English artists (there is also one Italian) represented in a showing of paintings and drawings; through Friday, July 29. . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: French old masters and Impressionists, American nineteenth-century paintings, and English sporting pictures; through Aug. 31.

AMERICANS AND FRENCH; GROUP SHOW—Nineteenth- and twentieth-century French oils and twentieth-century American oils; through Sept. 30. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

FRENCH; GROUP SHOW—Present-day artists, including Buffet, Lorjou, and Venard; through Friday, July 22. (Fine Arts Associates, 41 E. 57th St.)

VILLAGE ART CENTER, 39 Grove St.—The annual exhibition of works by artists (this year's group includes Domenico Facci, Conwell Savage, and Malcom Case) whose sculptures, drawings, paintings, and graphics have won prizes at the Center during the past five years or so; through Friday, July 29. (Daily, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A loan exhibit of contemporary Italian prints; through July 31. . . . **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.—"Paintings from Private Collections": A large, sumptuous loan show of nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings, a good number of which have never been exhibited before; through Sept. 5. . . . **"The New Decade: Twenty-two European Painters and Sculptors,"** an exhibition covering the post-war years and running concurrently with an American counterpart at the Whitney Museum; through Aug. 7. . . . **"Textiles and Ornamental Arts from India,"** with both ancient and modern examples, many of them loaned by the Victoria and Albert Museum; through Sept. 25. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—"Adventures in Primitive Arts;" through Sept. 6. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The Museum will be closed until Wednesday, July 27, when the fifth selected exhibition, including new acquisitions, as well as paintings and sculptures from the permanent collection, will open. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Colonial portraits and their English mezzotint prototypes, together with eighteenth- and nineteenth-century portraits (by such artists as John Trumbull and Charles Willson Peale) from the Society's Belknap collection; through Oct. 3. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—"The New Decade: Thirty-five American Painters and Sculptors," presenting art as found in this country since 1945 and complementing the European counterpart at the Museum of Modern Art; through Aug. 7. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

IN THE COUNTRY

ANDOVER, MASS. Addison Gallery of American Art: Paintings and drawings assembled from art schools throughout the country; through Sept. 26. (Weekdays, 9 to 5; Sundays, 2:30 to 5.) . . . **NEW HOPE, PA.** Charles-Fourth Gallery: Oils, gouaches, and water colors by, among others, William Brice, Carroll Cloar, and Robert D'Arista; through Sept. 15. (Daily, 9 to 6, and Fridays and Saturdays until midnight.) . . . **NEWPORT, R.I.** Art Association of Newport: Modern French paintings and prints from the Museum of Modern Art and the Boston Public Library; and paintings



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and collages by William Harris. Through July 31... Miniatures and portraits by Marion Leale Sharp; starting Saturday, July 23. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)...
OGUNQUIT, MAINE. Museum of Art of Ogunquit: Tempera paintings by Andrew Wyeth; nineteenth-century American paintings (1815-65) from the collection of Maxim Karolik; and "Americans of Our Times," painters and sculptors dating from George Luks to the present. Through Sept. 11. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1:30 to 8.)...
Ogunquit Art Center: About four hundred paintings, not previously shown here, by living American artists, among them Rockwell Kent and Henry Gasser; through Sept. 5. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)...
PROVINCETOWN, MASS. Provincetown Art Association: Oils, caseins, water colors, prints, and sculptures by such exhibitors as Edwin Dickinson and Jerry Farnsworth; through Sunday, July 24. (Weekdays, 10 to 6 and 7 to 10; Sundays, 2 to 6.)...
ROCKPORT, MASS. Rockport Art Association: The second section of a three-part show, with works in a variety of mediums by Morton Roberts, Prescott Jones, and others; through Aug. 9. (Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 3 to 6.)...
WOODSTOCK, N.Y. Woodstock Artists Association: Oils and sculptures by members of the Gallery; through Thursday, July 28... An association show; starting Saturday, July 30. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 1 to 5:30; Saturdays, 11 to 5 and 7 to 9; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

MUSIC

STADIUM CONCERTS—Final performances of the season by the Stadium Symphony Orchestra—Thursday, July 21: Thomas Scherman conducting, with the ten leading dancers of the Royal Danish Ballet... Saturday, July 23: Julius Rudel conducting a program of Viennese music, with Jarmila Novotna, soprano, and Kurt Baum, tenor... Monday, July 25: Efrem Kurtz conducting, with Isaac Stern, violin... Tuesday, July 26: Efrem Kurtz conducting, with Michael Rosenker, violin... Wednesday, July 27: Boris Goldovsky and Pierre Luboshutz conducting an all-Mozart program, and, along with Genia Nemenoff, acting as piano soloists... Thursday, July 28: Efrem Kurtz conducting, with Yehudi Menuhin, violin... Saturday, July 30: Salvatore Dell'Isola directing a Rodgers and Hammerstein program, with Annamary Dickey, soprano; Claramae Turner, contralto; Davis Cunningham, tenor; Robert Weede, baritone; and a chorus. (Lewishohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St. AD 4-5800. Tickets are also available at the Steinway Building, 113 W. 57th St. CI 7-5534. Evenings at 8:30. In the event of threatening weather, last-minute plans are broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC and at 7:05 P.M. over WQXR.)

CENTRAL PARK MALL CONCERTS—Edwin Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 8:30; through Monday, Aug. 15.)... The City Symphony Orchestra. Franz Bibo conducting. (Saturdays during the month of July at 8:30.)

IN THE COUNTRY

BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL—Friday, July 22, at 8:30: Charles Munch conducting the Boston Symphony in an all-Beethoven program, with Isaac Stern, violin... Saturday, July 23, at 8:30: Pierre Monteux conducting the Boston Symphony; no soloists... Sunday, July 24, at 2:30: Charles Munch conducting the Boston Symphony in another all-Beethoven program; no soloists... Wednesday, July 27, at 8:30: The fourth in a series of six programs of Beethoven's chamber music, this

one played by the New Music String Quartet... Friday, July 29, at 8:30: Charles Munch directing the Boston Symphony, with Leontyne Price, soprano, and a chorus... Saturday, July 30, at 8:30: Charles Munch conducting the Boston Symphony in a third all-Beethoven program, with Rudolf Serkin, piano... Sunday, July 31, at 2:30: Pierre Monteux conducting the Boston Symphony in an all-Brahms program, with Isaac Stern, violin, and Gregor Piatigorsky, cello. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 14.)

MARLBORO MUSIC FESTIVAL—Thursday, July 21, at 8: Felix Galimir and Bjoern Andreasson, violins; Victor Stern, viola; Herman Busch and George Finckel, cellos; and others... Sunday, July 24, at 4: An orchestral concert with Martial Singher, baritone; Harold Wright, clarinet; and others... Thursday, July 28, at 8: Rudolf Serkin, piano; Martial Singher, baritone; Felix Galimir, violin; and Herman Busch, cello. (Marlboro College, Marlboro, Vt. Through Thursday, Aug. 25.)

BERKSHIRE MUSIC BARN—Thursday, July 21, at 8:30: Dave Brubeck and his quartet... Saturday, July 23, and Saturday, July 30, at 4: Richard Dyer-Bennet, folk singer... Sunday, July 24, at 8:30: Modern Jazz by Thelonius Monk... Tuesday, July 26, at 8:30: The Wayfarers, folk singers... Thursday, July 28, at 8:30: Count Basie and his band. (Berkshire Music Barn, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Sept. 4.)

CASTLE HILL CONCERTS—Friday and Saturday, July 22-23: Alfredo Antonini conducting an orchestra, with Grace Castagnetta, piano, and Roman Totenberg, violin... Friday and Saturday, July 29-30: Elena Nikolaidi, contralto. (Crane Estate, Ipswich, Mass. Evenings at 8:30. Through Saturday, Aug. 20.)

CONNECTICUT POPS—Friday, July 22: Frank Black conducting the Connecticut Symphony Orchestra, with Tossy Spivakovsky, violin, and Natalie Ryshna and Ruth Steinkraus, duo piano... Friday, July 29: Thomas Scherman conducting the Connecticut Symphony Orchestra, with the ten leading dancers of the Royal Danish Ballet. (Fairfield University Field, Fairfield, Conn. Evenings at 8:30. Through Friday, Aug. 26.)

STONY BROOK SUMMER MUSIC FESTIVAL—D'Artega conducting an orchestra made up of fifty-five members of the Symphony of the Air in the final performances of the season—Saturday, July 23: A varied concert, with Lily Windsor, soprano, and John Corigliano, violin... Saturday, July 30: A program of show music, featuring works by Romberg, Rodgers, Kern, and Porter, with Virginia Copeland, soprano, and Jack Russell, baritone. (Dogwood Hollow Open Air Theatre, Stony Brook, L.I. Evenings at 8:30.)

CHAUTAUQUA—Walter Hendl conducting the Chautauqua Symphony Orchestra—Saturday, July 23, at 8:30: With Mischa Mischakoff, violin... Sunday, July 24, at 3: With Patricia Berlin, mezzo-soprano... Tuesday, July 26, at 8:30: A concert version of "Der Rosenkavalier"... Wednesday, July 27, at 8:30: An all-Gershwin program, with Earl Wild, piano... Saturday, July 30, at 8:30: With Eloise Polk, piano... Sunday, July 31, at 3: With Mischa Mischakoff, violin, and Laszlo Varga, cello. (Chautauqua, N.Y.)

SOUTH MOUNTAIN—Friday, July 29, at 10 A.M.: The New Music String Quartet in a special "Young Audiences Concert." Free tickets can be had by writing the South Mountain Association and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope... Saturday, July 30, at 4: The first in the regular summer series of five Saturday concerts, this one by the



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driving force to the rear wheels, at all road speeds, than any other American passenger car engine. And new Packard Twin Ultramatic, is the smoothest, most alert of all automatic transmissions.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

New Music String Quartet. (Pittsfield, Mass.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At **EBBETS FIELD**: Dodgers vs. Chicago, Thursday, July 21, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Milwaukee, Friday, July 22, at 8; Saturday, July 23, at 2; and Sunday, July 24, at 2 (doubleheader). . . . **POLO GROUNDS**: Giants vs. St. Louis, Thursday, July 21, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Cincinnati, Friday, July 22, at 8:15; Saturday, July 23, at 2; and Sunday, July 24, at 2 (doubleheader). . . . **YANKEE STADIUM**: Yankees vs. Chicago, Tuesday, July 26, at 8:15, and Wednesday and Thursday, July 27-28, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Kansas City, Friday, July 29, at 8:15, and Saturday, July 30, at 2.

GOLF—Metropolitan Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Plainfield Country Club, Plainfield, N.J. Thursday through Sunday, July 21-24.) . . . ¶ Long Island Golf Association Junior and Boys' Championships. (Cherry Valley Club, Garden City, L.I. Monday through Wednesday, July 25-27.) . . . ¶ Westchester County Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Apawamis Club, Rye. Wednesday through Saturday, July 27-30.)

POLO—At the **HUNTINGTON POLO CLUB**, Huntington: Fridays at 8. . . . **CLARK'S FIELD**, Old Westbury: Sundays at 3:30. . . . **BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB**, Purchase: Sundays at 3:30.

RACING—**SARATOGA AT JAMAICA**: Weekdays at 1:15; through Saturday, July 30. The Saranac Handicap, Saturday, July 23, and the Merchants and Citizens Handicap, Saturday, July 30. (Trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.) . . . **MONMOUTH PARK**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2:30; through Monday, Aug. 8. The Monmouth Handicap, Saturday, July 23, and the Choice, Saturday, July 30. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 12:20, and Saturdays at 11:55. Weekdays, a boat leaves Pier 81, W. 41st. St., at 11:15, and is met at Atlantic Highlands by buses for the track.)

TENNIS—Men's Invitation Tournament. (Meadow Club, Southampton. Tuesday through Sunday, July 26-31.)

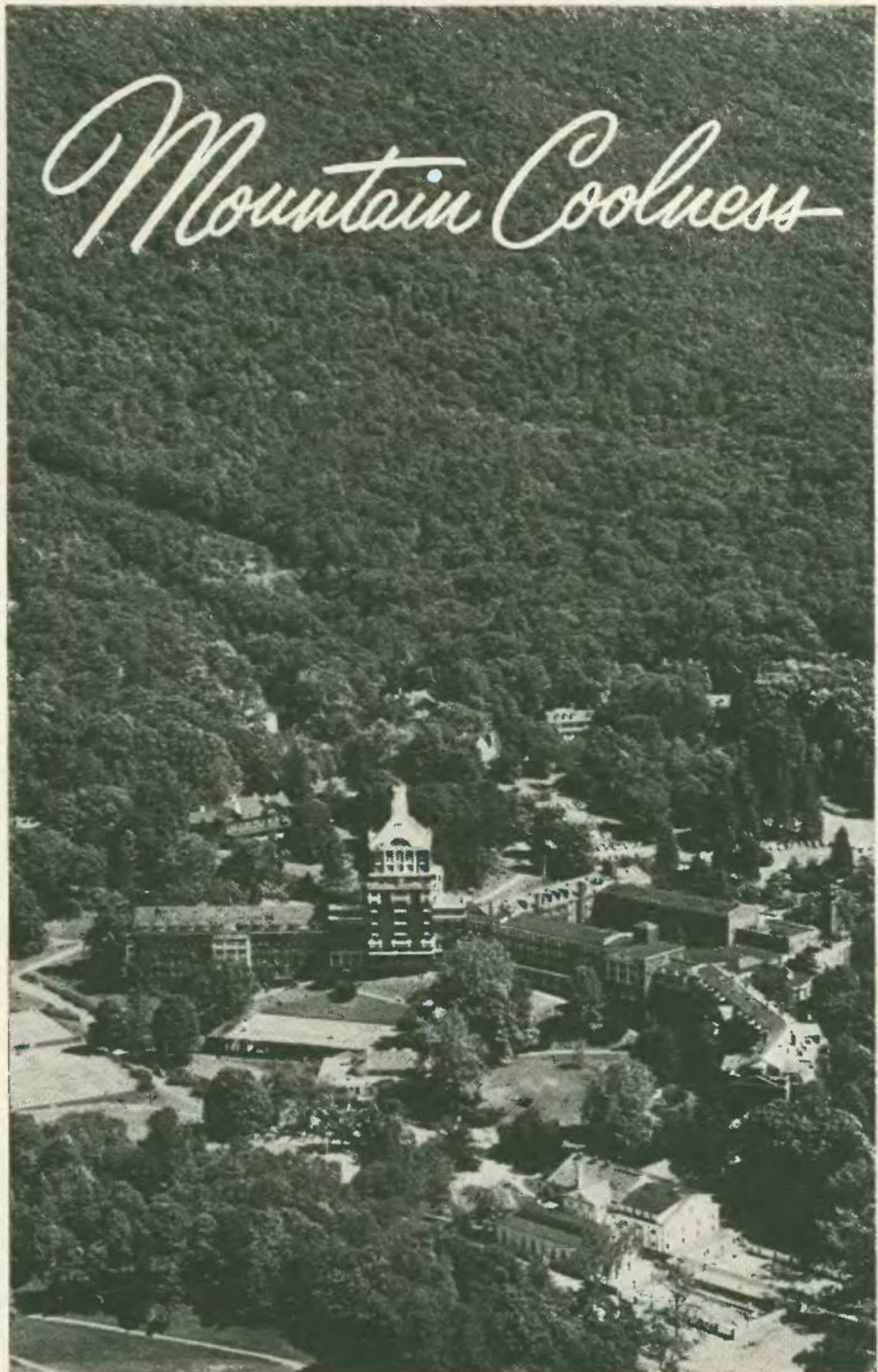
TROTTING—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY**, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:40; through Saturday, Aug. 13. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track weekdays at 6:51; additional trains Fridays and Saturdays at 7.) . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Aug. 27.

YACHTING—Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. Through Saturday, July 23.) . . . ¶ Edgartown Yacht Club Regatta. (Edgartown, Mass. Friday and Saturday, July 22-23.) . . . ¶ Nantucket Yacht Club Regatta. (Nantucket, Mass. Friday and Saturday, July 29-30.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend sessions of the Trusteeship Council (tentatively scheduled to adjourn Friday, July 22), periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. 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.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so, daily from 9 to around 4:30. . . . ¶ Questions about the United Nations will be answered, Mondays through Fridays, by the Information Center for the United Nations, 345 E. 46th St., MU 2-2658.

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "Trip to the Moon," accompanies a scientific party on a visit to the earth's satellite. (Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.) . . . ¶ Half-hour conducted tours of the Planetarium start every night at 8.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION



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. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through July 23. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; July 24-26.)

DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE—Medical students and their pranks. A fairly amusing English picture, with Dirk Bogarde, Kenneth More, Donald Sinden, and Donald Houston as the budding medicos. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

GATE OF HELL—This remarkable Japanese film dealing with life in the thirteenth century is crowded with color, melodrama, and fine acting. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

THE GREAT ADVENTURE—A gentle Swedish film accompanied by an English commentary that tells, in beautiful detail, how satisfying it can be for a ten-year-old boy to live on a farm surrounded by lakes and woods. Photographed and directed by Arne Sucksdorff and enacted by a cast of amateurs, this is a picture for both young and old. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134; through July 24.)

MARTY—A wonderful little picture in which the love life of a Bronx butcher compels both laughter and tears. Ernest Borgnine is a most persuasive denizen of the northern borough, and Betsy Blair is excellent as the lady of his dreams. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

MISTER ROBERTS—This screen interpretation of the stage play by the late Thomas Heggen and Joshua Logan isn't as funny as the original, but it has some moving episodes. Henry Fonda plays the lieutenant who wants to get off a rear-line Navy cargo ship and into action, and James Cagney, Jack Lemmon, and William Powell serve as some of his shipmates. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

THE SHRIKE—What a rapacious wife can do to a sensitive man. José Ferrer is highly effective as a husband who tries to end his marital difficulties by consuming a few too many barbiturates, but the film is weakened because June Allyson, representing Mr. Ferrer's chief problem, seems to be too nice a girl to drive anybody to anything stronger than 7-Up. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540.)

SUMMERTIME—Some stunning views of Venice make an admirable background for this tale of an Akron, Ohio, spinster who journeys to the Adriatic to be edified by the storied wonders of Italy and winds up having a fling with an Italian antique dealer. Katharine Hepburn is quite diverting as the spinster, and Rossano Brazzi is estimable as the gentleman who makes her abandon her reserve. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240.)

REVIVALS

ALEXANDER NEVSKY (1938)—Eisenstein's account of medieval warfare. In Russian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 21.)

THE BANK DICK (1940)—W. C. Fields as a bank dick. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 25.)

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
SUMMERTIME.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Not as a Stranger," Olivia de Havilland, Robert Mitchum, Frank Sinatra.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"The Seven Little Foys," Bob Hope.

GLOBE, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"Foxfire," Jane Russell, Jeff Chandler.

MAYFAIR, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
Through July 25: "House of Bamboo," Robert Ryan, Robert Stack.

From July 26: "Land of the Pharaohs," Jack Hawkins, Joan Collins.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
MISTER ROBERTS.

BORN YESTERDAY (1950)—Judy Holliday in the Garson Kanin comedy about a junkman's paramour who takes up political science. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; July 22-23.)

THE BRAVE BULLS (1951)—Bullfighting in Mexico, with Mel Ferrer as a melancholy matador. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; July 24-26.)

THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI (1919)—The classic silent fantasy. A German picture, with Conrad Veidt. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through July 27.)

CHAPAYEV (1935)—Russian melodrama of a minor revolutionary hero. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 21.)

THE CONQUEST OF EVEREST (1953)—The movie of the British expedition that climbed to the top of the world. In color, with a commentary by Louis MacNeice. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; July 24-25.)

FIVE FINGERS (1952)—A spy drama, with James Mason as the sneaky one. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; July 24-26.)

FIVE MEN AND A WOMAN (1938)—A French film (formerly called "They Were Five") concerning a lottery and a country inn. With Jean Gabin. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 23.)

GREAT EXPECTATIONS (1947)—An English picture based on Dickens' story, with Valerie Hobson and John Mills. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through July 23. . . . ¶ 55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; July 26-27.)

HOLIDAY (1938)—The Philip Barry piece. With Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting July 27.)

LAURA (1944)—Clifton Webb, Gene Tierney, and Dana Andrews involved in homicide. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; July 24-26.)

THE LITTLE KIDNAPPERS (1954)—An English film, mostly about two small boys (Jon Whiteley and Vincent Winter) in Nova Scotia in 1904. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; July 24-25. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting July 27.)

THE MALTESE FALCON (1941)—Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet in the Dashiell Hammett yarn. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting July 27.)

THE BROADWAY AREA

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

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Through July 27 (tentative): "We're No Angels," Humphrey Bogart, Aldo Ray, Peter Ustinov.

ROXY, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
July 21: "Lady and the Tramp," a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.
From July 22: "How to be Very, Very Popu-

MY LITTLE CHICKADEE (1940)—More W. C. Fields, this time with Mae West, gambolling around in a most unusual Western. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 25.)

NEW FACES (1954)—A CinemaScope version of the Broadway revue. With Ronny Graham, Eartha Kitt, and Alice Ghostley. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; July 21.)

ON THE WATERFRONT (1954)—Labor conditions on the docks of New York, written by Budd Schulberg and directed by Elia Kazan. With Marlon Brando, Karl Malden, and Eva Marie Saint. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; July 22-23.)

OPEN CITY (1946)—An account of the operations of the Roman underground during World War II. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 24.)

PAISAN (1948)—An Italian picture that depicts some incidents attendant upon the American invasion of Italy. Directed by Roberto Rossellini. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 24.)

QUARTET (1949)—The first film collection of Somerset Maugham short stories. An English picture, with Mai Zetterling, Françoise Rosay, and Cecil Parker. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; through July 23.)

THE QUIET ONE (1949)—The documentary story of a young colored boy in Harlem. Made in Manhattan by a group of amateurs. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 27.)

SHADOW OF A DOUBT (1943)—A Hitchcock job about a mild little family and a mysterious uncle. With Teresa Wright and Joseph Cotten. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting July 27.)

TALES OF HOFFMANN (1951)—A big British amalgam of opera, ballet, and cinematography. With Moira Shearer, Robert Helpmann, and Robert Rounseville. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

THE WINSLOW BOY (1950)—How a father rectifies an injustice done his son at an English naval academy. A British picture, with Cedric Hardwicke and Robert Donat. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; July 26-27.)

THE WIZARD OF OZ (1939)—Judy Garland, as Dorothy; Bert Lahr, as the Cowardly Lion; and Ray Bolger, as the Scarecrow. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

WUTHERING HEIGHTS (1939)—Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier on the Brontë moors. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting July 27.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—A series of U.P.A. cartoons, showings at 2. Through July 24: "The Rover Boys in Peril" and other films. Starting July 25: "The Tell Tale Heart" and two other films. . . . ¶ A series entitled "Masterworks from the Film Library Collection." Through July 24, showings at 3 and 5:30: "Sunrise," with Janet Gaynor; and "Hands." Starting July 25, showings at 3: "Intolerance," with Mae Marsh and Lillian Gish. (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.)

lar," Betty Grable, Robert Cummings, Sheree North.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"The Seven Year Itch," Marilyn Monroe, Tom Ewell.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
THE SHRIKE.

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

WORLD, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"One Summer of Happiness" (in Swedish), Ulla Jacobsson, Folke Sundquist.

EAST SIDE

- ART**, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through July 26: "Aida" (in Italian and English), Sophia Loren, Lois Maxwell.
From July 27: To be announced.
- ACADEMY OF MUSIC**, 126 E. 14th. (GR 7-9653)
Through July 26: "This Island Earth," Jeff Morrow, Faith Domergue; and "Revenge of the Creature," John Agar, Lori Nelson.
From July 27: "The Sea Chase," John Wayne, Lana Turner; and "Tall Man Riding," Randolph Scott.
- GRAMERCY**, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through July 26: "Daddy Long Legs," Fred Astaire, Leslie Caron.
From July 27: "The Belles of St. Trinian's," Alastair Sim, Joyce Grenfell; and "The Intruder," Jack Hawkins.
- BEVERLY**, 3rd Ave. at 50th. (EL 5-8790)
Through July 23: **GREAT EXPECTATIONS**, revival; and "The Spider and the Fly," revival, Eric Portman, Nadia Gray.
July 24-26: **THE BRAVE BULLS**, revival; and "Rashomon" (in Japanese), revival.
From July 27 (tentative): "Eight O'Clock Walk," Richard Attenborough, Cathy O'Donnell; and "Four Against Fate," Anna Neagle, Michael Wilding.
- LEXINGTON**, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through July 23: "Naked Amazon," a documentary film on South America; and "Cell 2455, Death Row," William Campbell.
July 24-26: "Long John Silver," Robert Newton; and "Wyoming Renegades," Phil Carey.
From July 27: "Chicago Syndicate," Dennis O'Keefe; and "5 Against the House," Guy Madison, Kim Novak.
- TRANS-LUX 52ND ST.**, Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE.
- SUTTON**, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
MARTY.
- R.K.O. 58TH ST.**, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through July 26: "This Island Earth," Jeff Morrow, Faith Domergue; and "Revenge of the Creature," John Agar, Lori Nelson.
From July 27: "The Sea Chase," John Wayne, Lana Turner; and "Tall Man Riding," Randolph Scott.
- FINE ARTS**, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"To Paris with Love," Alec Guinness, Odile Versois.
- PLAZA**, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Bed" (in French and English), Richard Todd, Vittorio De Sica.
- BARONET**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
TALES OF HOFFMANN, revival.
- YORK**, 1st Ave. at 64th. (RH 4-5779)
July 21: "Chief Crazy Horse," Victor Mature, Suzan Ball; and "Cult of the Cobra," Faith Domergue, Richard Long.
July 22-23: "Daddy Long Legs," Fred Astaire, Leslie Caron; and "The Man from Bitter Ridge," Lex Barker, Mara Corday.
July 24-26: "Strategic Air Command," James Stewart, June Allyson; and "Moonfleet," Stewart Granger, George Sanders.
From July 27: "Strange Lady in Town," Greer Garson, Dana Andrews; and "Case of the Red Monkey," Richard Conte, Rona Anderson.
- BEEKMAN**, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through July 23: "Daddy Long Legs," Fred Astaire, Leslie Caron.
July 24-26: "The Glass Slipper," Leslie Caron, Michael Wilding; and "The Detective," Alec Guinness, Joan Greenwood.
From July 27: **WUTHERING HEIGHTS**, revival; and "My Man Godfrey," revival, Carole Lombard, William Powell.
- 68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"East of Eden," Julie Harris, James Dean.
- LOEW'S 72ND ST.**, 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through July 23: "Naked Amazon," a documentary film on South America; and "Cell 2455, Death Row," William Campbell.
July 24-26: "Long John Silver," Robert Newton; and "Wyoming Renegades," Phil Carey.
From July 27: "Chicago Syndicate," Dennis O'Keefe; and "5 Against the House," Guy Madison, Kim Novak.
- TRANS-LUX 72ND ST.**, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through July 23: "The Belles of St. Trinian's," Alastair Sim, Joyce Grenfell; and "An Inspector Calls," Alastair Sim, Eileen Moore.
July 24-26: **BLACKBOARD JUNGLE.**

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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- From July 27: **THE LITTLE KIDNAPPERS**, revival; and "Lili," revival, Leslie Caron, Mel Ferrer.
- TRANS-LUX COLONY**, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through July 23: "Strategic Air Command," James Stewart, June Allyson; and "Moonfleet," Stewart Granger, George Sanders.
July 24-26: "Daddy Long Legs," Fred Astaire, Leslie Caron; and "The Man from Bitter Ridge," Lex Barker, Mara Corday.
From July 27: "Soldier of Fortune," Clark Gable, Susan Hayward; and "Las Vegas Shakedown," Dennis O'Keefe, Coleen Gray.
- TRANS-LUX 85TH ST.**, Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through July 23: **BLACKBOARD JUNGLE.**
July 24-27: "Strategic Air Command," James Stewart, June Allyson.
- R.K.O. 86TH ST.**, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through July 26: "This Island Earth," Jeff Morrow, Faith Domergue; and "Revenge of the Creature," John Agar, Lori Nelson.
From July 27: "The Sea Chase," John Wayne, Lana Turner; and "Tall Man Riding," Randolph Scott.
- ORPHEUM**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through July 23: "Naked Amazon," a documentary film on South America; and "Cell 2455, Death Row," William Campbell.
July 24-26: "Long John Silver," Robert Newton; and "Wyoming Renegades," Phil Carey.
From July 27: "Chicago Syndicate," Dennis O'Keefe; and "5 Against the House," Guy Madison, Kim Novak.
- WEST SIDE**
- WAVERLY**, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
July 21: **NEW FACES**, revival; and "Night People," revival, Gregory Peck, Broderick Crawford.
July 22-23: **ON THE WATERFRONT**, revival; and **BORN YESTERDAY**, revival.
July 24-25: "Violent Saturday," Victor Mature, Richard Egan; and "Moonfleet," Stewart Granger, George Sanders.
From July 26: "The Prodigal," Lana Turner, Edmund Purdom; and "Tight Spot," Ginger Rogers, Edward G. Robinson.
- 8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through July 23: "Daddy Long Legs," Fred Astaire, Leslie Caron.
July 24-26: **LAURA**, revival; and **FIVE FINGERS**, revival.
From July 27: **WUTHERING HEIGHTS**, revival; and **HOLIDAY**, revival.
- 5TH AVE. CINEMA**, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through July 27: **THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI** (silent), revival; and "Flesh and Fantasy," revival, Charles Boyer, Barbara Stanwyck.
- SHERIDAN**, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through July 23: "Naked Amazon," a documentary film on South America; and "Cell 2455, Death Row," William Campbell.
July 24-26: "Long John Silver," Robert Newton; and "Wyoming Renegades," Phil Carey.
From July 27: "Chicago Syndicate," Dennis O'Keefe; and "5 Against the House," Guy Madison, Kim Novak.
- GREENWICH**, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through July 23: "Man with a Million," revival, Gregory Peck; and "High Treason," revival, Liam Redmond.
July 24-26: "Leave Her to Heaven," revival, Gene Tierney, Cornel Wilde; and "Tonight We Sing," revival, Ezio Pinza, Roberta Peters.
From July 27: **THE MALTESE FALCON**, revival; and **SHADOW OF A DOUBT**, revival.

- R.K.O. 23RD ST.**, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through July 26: "This Island Earth," Jeff Morrow, Faith Domergue; and "Revenge of the Creature," John Agar, Lori Nelson.
From July 27: "The Sea Chase," John Wayne, Lana Turner; and "Tall Man Riding," Randolph Scott.
- TERRACE**, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
Through July 23: "Strategic Air Command," James Stewart, June Allyson; and "Moonfleet," Stewart Granger, George Sanders.
July 24-25: "Tarzan and the Leopard Woman," revival, Johnny Weissmuller; and "Tarzan and the Amazons," revival, Johnny Weissmuller.
July 26-27: "Jesse James," revival, Tyrone Power, Nancy Kelly; and "The Return of Jesse James," revival, John Ireland, Ann Dvorak.
- GUILD**, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
GATE OF HELL (in Japanese).
- 55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through July 23: **QUARTET**, revival; and "Kind Hearts and Coronets," revival, Alec Guinness, Valerie Hobson.
July 24-25: **THE CONQUEST OF EVEREST**, revival; and **THE LITTLE KIDNAPPERS**, revival.
July 26-27: **GREAT EXPECTATIONS**, revival; and **THE WINSLOW BOY**, revival.
- TRANS-LUX NORMANDIE**, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
THE WIZARD OF OZ, revival.
- LITTLE CARNEGIE**, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"Green Magic," a documentary of the Bonzi expedition across South America.
- PARIS**, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
Through July 24: **THE GREAT ADVENTURE.**
From July 25: "The Man Who Loved Redheads," Moira Shearer, John Justin.
- LOEW'S 83RD ST.**, B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through July 23: "Naked Amazon," a documentary film on South America; and "Cell 2455, Death Row," William Campbell.
July 24-26: "Long John Silver," Robert Newton; and "Wyoming Renegades," Phil Carey.
From July 27: "Chicago Syndicate," Dennis O'Keefe; and "5 Against the House," Guy Madison, Kim Novak.
- THALIA**, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
July 21: **ALEXANDER NEVSKY** and **CHAPAYEV**—both in Russian and both revivals.
July 22: "Dreams That Money Can Buy," a Surrealist film produced by Hans Richter, along with eleven of his shorter works.
July 23: **FIVE MEN AND A WOMAN** (in French), revival; and "Alibi for a Night" (in French), revival, Louis Jouvet, Erich von Stroheim.
July 24: **OPEN CITY** (in Italian), revival; and **PAISAN** (in four languages), revival.
July 25: **MY LITTLE CHICKADEE**, revival; and **THE BANK DICK**, revival.
July 26: A program of seven short films—"Balzac," "The Life of Chekhov," and others.
July 27: **THE QUIET ONE**, revival; and "Passion for Life" (in French), revival.
- RIVERSIDE**, B'way at 96th. (RI 9-9861)
Through July 26: "Soldier of Fortune," Clark Gable, Susan Hayward; and "Las Vegas Shakedown," Dennis O'Keefe, Coleen Gray.
From July 27: "The Sea Chase," John Wayne, Lana Turner; and "Tall Man Riding," Randolph Scott.
- OLYMPIA**, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through July 23: "Naked Amazon," a documentary film on South America; and "Cell 2455, Death Row," William Campbell.
July 24-26: "Long John Silver," Robert Newton; and "Wyoming Renegades," Phil Carey.
From July 27: "Chicago Syndicate," Dennis O'Keefe; and "5 Against the House," Guy Madison, Kim Novak.
- NEMO**, B'way at 110th. (AC 2-9406)
Through July 26: "This Island Earth," Jeff Morrow, Faith Domergue; and "Revenge of the Creature," John Agar, Lori Nelson.
From July 27: "The Sea Chase," John Wayne, Lana Turner; and "Tall Man Riding," Randolph Scott.
- COLISEUM**, B'way at 181st. (WA 7-7200)
Through July 26: "This Island Earth," Jeff Morrow, Faith Domergue; and "Revenge of the Creature," John Agar, Lori Nelson.
From July 27: "The Sea Chase," John Wayne, Lana Turner; and "Tall Man Riding," Randolph Scott.



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*Swiss movement, with case of Alinox (processed aluminum).



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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A GENTLEMAN of an inquiring turn of mind was inspired by our recent list of the "You Can . . ." books in the Library of Congress to take a look at the same designa-



tion in the catalogue listings of our own Forty-second Street establishment. "Nowhere near as lengthy as the Washington file," he reports. "But what we really have is an impressive 'You Can't . . .' grouping. Here's the lot." His negative findings run like this:

- You Can't Always Sometimes Tell!
- You Can't Be Too Careful
- You Can't Beat the Irish!
- You Can't Beat Love
- You Can't Change Human Nature
- You Can't Cheat an Honest Man
- You Can't Do As You Like
- You Can't Do That
- You Can't Do That to Svoboda
- You Can't Eat That!
- You Can't Escape Forever
- You Can't Fool Grandma!
- You Can't Get Away with Murder
- You Can't Go Home Again
- You Can't Have Everything
- You Can't Have It Back!
- You Can't Joke with a Woman
- You Can't Keep the Change
- You Can't Marry Your Grandmother
- You Can't Print That!
- You Can't See Around Corners
- You Can't Sleep Here
- You Can't Stop Living
- You Can't Take It Along
- You Can't Take It with You
- You Can't Turn the Clock Back
- You Can't Win
- You Can't Win on Wall Street

"This city has a defeatist syndrome," our investigator adds. "You Can't Deny That."

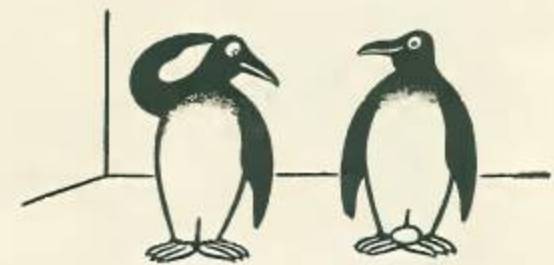
THE advertising world must have reeled when the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway announced that it is leas-

ing a Capital Airlines plane for its executives' use. Is this the quiet, safe, sure, comfortable, dependable means of travel that the railroad ads have persistently enjoined us to stick to, rather than entrust ourself to some noisy, cramped, erratic, and dilatory bird? Where was the spirit of free competitive enterprise hiding when the C. & O. took this drastic step? We much prefer the old-fashioned attitude of Harlow Curtice, the president of General Motors, as evidenced by his behavior when he flew to Cape Cod the other day for a summer vacation. A local Buick dealer met him at the airport. While Mr. Curtice was subsequently being photographed at the wheel of a gleaming, white-sided Buick convertible, he paused in an analysis of the economic state of the nation to inquire what make of car the cameraman drove, and on being told that it was a rival manufacturer's he at once took up the gauntlet. "The Buick Special is the best buy in the industry today," he said. Considering that the cheapest Buick Special on the current market costs twenty-four hundred dollars, without white side-walls, this advice was undoubtedly gratuitous, unless Curtice had the photographer pegged as a man of independent means. Still, there's no getting around the fact that it's this kind of hard-hitting, single-minded salesmanship that makes merchandise move.

Good Egg

THIS has been a banner month for the Bronx Zoo. Two of its king cobras have hatched nine baby king cobras—the first time a baby king cobra has been hatched in a zoo—and one of its four king penguins has laid an egg, which is being incubated. No king penguin has ever bred in this country, so this, too, promises to be a milestone. We went up to have a look at the triumphant penguin and to have a talk with Lee Crandall, general curator emeritus of the Zoological Park. "The

first king penguin ever bred in captivity was one in Edinburgh in 1919," he said. "The Edinburgh Zoo has bred several since then. Edinburgh is headquarters for keeping king penguins. It's damp and miserable and cold, and they do well there. The bane of penguins everywhere is a mold disease called aspergillosis. It invades the bronchial tubes and lungs and penetrates into the actual tissue, and then floreates on the surface. They get breathing difficulties and you eventually lose 'em. There's no remedy. The London Zoo has bred two kings—one in 1953 and another last year. Both males and females incubate the eggs, sometimes spelling each other. You can't tell which one is doing the job, because you can't tell their sex unless you open them up. There are no external sex differences. The same bird has been incubating the egg here since it was laid, on June 24th, but no one saw the egg being laid, so no one knows whether the father or the mother is hatching it. The egg, which measures two and three-fourths inches by three and three-fourths inches, is held on top of the bird's



webbed feet during incubation and is protected by a fold of skin and feathers. It takes from forty-nine to fifty-four days to hatch. Our penguin house is air-conditioned or this egg would never have been laid. Penguins have to feel good to breed. Our birds came here in 1947 from South Georgia Island, just off the Falklands, north of the deep antarctic, and this is the first time they've felt acclimatized enough to breed. I'm quite impressed with our cooling apparatus. I'm pleased to see they could go ahead. It shows that what we're doing with them is approximately correct."

Mr. Crandall, whose emeritushood

has not slowed him up, is working on a tremendous tome about the care of animals in captivity, and we asked him how he is coming along. "I'll be out of the primates in another few days," he said. "I was just wondering whether a gorilla could take a few steps upright, and this morning I went over to have a look at our three gorillas, and one of them, Oka, took three or four running steps forward before landing on all fours. So I can say so in my book. Oka's a nice lowland gorilla, just as wide as she is tall. Very gentle. Did you know that a little monkey was born here only this morning? A hybrid, born of a Hamlyn monkey and a L'Hoest monkey, from the Congo. Both rare.

I'm pleased to see these two rare monkeys going ahead like that. It shows we're doing the right thing with *them*."

We went over to the penguin house and saw the four kings. All were standing motionless, their beaks in the air. All looked maternal as hell.

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: Masoletti's Tower Restaurant is in the basement of 70 Pine Street.

Fuse and Flow

IN the course of our rounds last week, we visited the local headquarters of the Miss Universe of 1955 Beauty

Pageant, at the Savoy-Plaza Hotel. The Pageant proper, which is being sponsored by Catalina Swimsuits, is to be held in Long Beach, California, but it was considered advisable to let contestants make a way stop here before plunging on toward the Golden West. We arrived on the pretty heels of Miss Finland, Miss France, Miss Israel, Miss Belgium, Miss Germany, Miss England, Miss Sweden, Miss Greece, and Miss Ceylon, and on the less arresting heels of a horde of Catalina Swimsuit representatives. "Everybody up to the twenty-second floor!" cried a Catalina guide, and up the lot of us went to a suite of rooms with terraces. "Into your swimsuits, girls," said the guide as soon as we arrived, and we tactfully moved out onto one of the terraces, where we came upon a lady who introduced herself as Virginia Dickson, head of the Catalina contingent.

"Oh, what a grind!" said Miss Dickson. "But once I get these beauties into their official Catalina Miss Universe swimsuits—they're studded with pearls and sequins and are really exquisite—everything will fall into place. I suppose you're interested in the rules of the contest." Without waiting for a reply, she thrust a brochure upon us. "Each contestant," we read, "must be judged in full front standing position on the following points: (1) An imaginary line through the center of the head must pass through the center of the neck and torso, dividing the legs. (2) Shoulders must be wider than the hips and slope at a 20-degree angle from the base of the neck. (3) The neck must be graceful enough to act as a pedestal for the head. (4) Arms must flow. . . . (5) Legs must fuse. . . ."

Some heavy breathing behind us interrupted our reading, and we turned to find a young man in a light-gray suit and an enormous pale-blue tie peering at the brochure over our shoulder. "I'm a fellow who makes the circuit of these promotional affairs. They inspire me," he said. "Let me tell you this right off. What counts in this pageant is straight beauty. No brains necessary. So they get a Miss America who plays the zither! So what? Who needs to play the zither if they look like these girls? They inspire me to song. Listen." He cleared his throat, and warbled, "I'd lend my lease to meet Miss Greece." Before he could get any further, a brisk gentleman barged in on us with the information that his name was Scheffels and that he was bushed. "I been up since dawn," said Mr. Scheffels. "Five A.M. We organized the reception at the airport per-



"Are you sure this is the Westport train? I don't see any Westport faces."

fectly. So what happens? Not a dame shows up. Nobody is on the plane they're supposed to be on. When they finally get here, all at one swoop, they're on six different airlines. How do you like that? And on top of everything else, they make me get my goddam arm vaccinated before they'll let me off the field. Finally I round up the six dames, and discover that out of the lot very few speak English. Miss Germany keeps trying to read to me out of a thumb-sized dictionary. After a while I got through to Miss Norway, who catches on pretty quick. Then *she* got through to Miss Finland in Swedish."

"Through woodland and vineland, I'll carry Miss Finland," the songwriter murmured.

"I couldn't locate Miss Lebanon at all," Mr. Scheffels continued. "I just heard she went to the Waldorf. In the middle of this, one of the dames decided to come by ship. What a rat race!"

Miss Dickson, who had stepped inside to see how the girls were making out, now returned to the terrace, trailing a dark-haired beauty who, it developed, was Miss Lebanon.

"How did you get to the Waldorf, honey?" asked Mr. Scheffels.

"A man is taking me there," said Miss Lebanon, flashing a bright smile.

"Who was he?" Mr. Scheffels demanded.

"Very fonna man," said Miss Lebanon. "I don't know him."

"The general reaction among the girls so far," said Mr. Scheffels, "is that this is America, so where's the excitement?"

"We're taking them to Palisades Park tonight," said Miss Dickson.

"Miss Ceylon is being taken to dinner by a judge tonight," said Mr. Scheffels to Miss Dickson. "You think it's safe?"

While Miss Dickson ruminated, the songwriter chirped, "I'm the man for Miss Japan, the Don Juan for Miss Ceylon."

"I should think a judge would be O.K.," said Miss Dickson.

The songwriter went into full cry with:

"I'll raise Cain
With Miss Spain,
Talk romance
With Miss France.
Oh, Miss Norway,
I'm going your way."

"Throw him a fish," said Mr. Scheffels.

At this point, we moved into a room adjoining our terrace, where the contestants were standing around in official Miss Universe bathing suits. One

of them, a blond, green-eyed girl, looked unhappy.

"What's eating you, honey?" Mr. Scheffels inquired.

"My bathing suit is falling off, it's so big," said the girl.

"Go back and get a size twelve," said Mr. Scheffels. "Miss Israel," he went on to inform us. "With that build, she wants to be a piano teacher."

"No mis'ry'll keep me from Miss Israel," said our songwriter.

"Where the hell is Miss Holland?" said Miss Dickson.

"Miss Holland has disappeared. She has been scratched, as we say at Jamaica," Mr. Scheffels replied.

Miss Dickson ordered the girls out onto the terrace to have their pictures taken. A newsreel man standing near us mopped his brow. "Look at me," he said. "Al—call me Senator—Gold, the oldest man in my business. I photographed the burning of the Hindenburg. Now I'm up to my ears in cheesecake."

While the photographing was going on, a long-haired blonde, bearing no identifying marks, approached us. She gave us an inquisitive look. We gave her an inquisitive look. "I'm Patricia Ann O'Kane, from old Valley Stream," she announced. "Miss New York City to you. What I want is some fruit juice. I'm broiled."

We asked the songwriter to direct Miss New York City to the fruit-juice department.

"Gladly," he said, pointing, and sang, "To living I'll be soon averse if I can't kiss Miss Universe."

Miss New York City gave him a sharp look and headed for the fruit juice.

The Outside

A HARVARD professor, out strolling with his small son one day last week, found the heat so oppressive that he decided to duck into an air-cooled movie house. The picture being shown was very primitive, he discovered, and crowded with scenes of passion. He worried for a while about the effect of this stuff upon his little one, but presently he was reassured. "These people," the boy shrilled into his ear, "aren't from Cambridge, are they?"

Big Switch

BACK in October, the Chemical Bank & Trust Co. and the Corn Exchange Bank Trust Company joined forces to become the Chemical Corn Exchange Bank. In March, the Bank

of the Manhattan Company and the Chase National Bank did ditto to become the Chase Manhattan Bank. These mergers required a prodigious amount of paperwork on the part of the financiers and lawyers involved, and have since required a scarcely less prodigious amount of patchwork on the part of sign makers, for though changing the name of a company might seem no great matter, it can lead to extraordinary complications. *Exempli gratia:* the Chemical Corn Exchange Bank and the Chase Manhattan Bank had, between them, a total of a hundred and ninety-three offices, every last one of which had a certain number of signs to change—large signs, small signs, signs indoors, signs outdoors, signs incised in stone, signs of bronze and wood, neon signs, signs painted in gilt on window glass, and heaven knows what other sizes and sorts of signs. The big switch is still under way, and the most that

anyone dares hope is that all the signs will have been appropriately transformed by the time the next immense merger comes along and renders them obsolete.

Bankers, even Chase and Chemical bankers, aren't above saving a penny here and there when they get the chance, and a good many pennies have been saved in the course of changing the banks' names by discarding the words "trust" and "company" and, where it was a case of bronze letters affixed to a stone or metal background, by fitting some of the letters of the discarded words into the new names. Thus, in changing a bronze-letter sign from "Bank of the Manhattan Company" to "The Chase Manhattan Bank," the only new letters needed are "h," "s," and "e," while in changing "The Chase National Bank" to "The Chase Manhattan Bank" just "m," "h," "a," and "t" are needed. To create "Chemical Corn Exchange Bank" out of "Chemical Bank & Trust Company" requires "x," "c," "h," "n," "g," and two "e"s. To create it out of "Corn Exchange Bank Trust Company" requires "h," "e," "i," "c," and "l." No use having been found for the ampersand in the old Chemical Bank & Trust Co. signs, it is being honorably retired.

Neon signs, signs painted on wood or glass, and signs in the form of bronze plaques are replaced by wholly new signs. Simple enough. The problems begin when the letters of names have been incised in stone. Take the former Chemical Bank & Trust Co. branch on Fifty-second Street, in Rockefeller Center, where the bank's name, cut in





"Sunday! I thought it was Saturday."

granite, extended eighty-two feet across the face of the building. To remove the old granite and put in new would have been extremely costly. An effort was made to fill in the old letters with a composition of ground-up granite, but the patched places failed to blend in with the rest of the building. Finally, a porcelainized metal panel, bearing the bank's new name in bronze letters, was bolted over the old inscription. The panel projects about an inch from the face of the building and is practically indistinguishable from it in color. Chase Manhattan has had a couple of equally severe cases of incising on its hands. The worst is on the building at 40 Wall Street, where "The Manhattan Company" is emblazoned in eighteen-inch-high letters three stories above the sidewalk. Since on a street as narrow as Wall Street, few passersby ever trouble to look up three stories, the Chase people think they may just leave that artifact to history. In the vicinity of the Fifth Avenue and Forty-fourth Street branch of the bank, however, on which "Bank of the Manhattan Company" is cut in stone, also in letters eighteen inches high and also three stories above the sidewalk, the Chase people reason, passersby constantly rubberneck to great heights, and this inscription is to be corrected by something known as the Decosit process. In the case of inscriptions, this consists of getting some of the stone the building

was made of, crushing it, mixing it with a paste called Decosit, tinting it to match the building, and filling in the inscription. The crushed-stone-and-Decosit can be incised as successfully as ordinary stone and letters carved in it are guaranteed to need no retouching for twenty-five years, but by now banks have grown wary of permanence and we doubt that there'll be much more incising done around town. The only thing that it's safe to carve on a building any more is the date it was put up. Nobody's going to want to tamper with that.

LADY'S voice coming from a booth in a Southampton bar: "She's not really a serious climber; she just loves people who have everything."

Caesar on the Housatonic

OUR man Stanley eased himself into a chair in our office the other morning and remarked, "With long travel I am stiff and weary. I am tainted, oppressed, and stained with it, but I am happy that I have not sluggardized at home, and worn out my youth with shapeless idleness."

"What mishmash is this?" we inquired.

"Some gleanings from the Bard," said Stanley. "I am late come from Stratford, Connecticut, where I have

seen the wonders of the American Shakespeare Festival Theatre and Academy. My notes, however, are in the vernacular." He surrendered his jottings, and left us with the announcement that he was dreaming of becoming a cultured beachcomber along the banks of the Housatonic, which flows hard by the Festival Theatre. We set about deciphering his notes.

"Headed for opening of Shakespeare Festival Theatre yesterday afternoon," Stanley wrote. "Approached Stratford by way of Bridgeport on New York, New Haven & Hartford. En route, mulled over some information on theatre provided by Phillip Bloom, chief drummer for enterprise.

Learned from Bloom info that this is a big establishment—seats 1,550 regularly, 1,700 in pinch. Octagonal in shape, modelled more or less on original Globe (which could accommodate 2,200, mostly standees), and constructed in large part of teak from French Guiana, gift of French government. Gift or no gift, theatre has cost \$700,000 so far. Financed by more than three thousand backers, who can deduct contributions from state and federal income tax. Had reached this rosy point in Mr. Bloom's presentation when neighboring traveller on N.Y., N.H. & H.—Japanese gentleman—asked where I was going. Told him. 'I go, too,' he said. 'I am Mr. Ito. I have designed armor for this "Julius Caesar." Very good armor. Makes good fighting. You like Kabuki dancers?' Said I like them fine. 'I helped import them last year,' said Mr. Ito. 'I shall tell you about them.' Suggested he give me dope on Kabukis after performance. Went back to Mr. Bloom's material. Listed among sponsors: the Rockefeller Foundation; the Old Dominion Foundation, Inc.; the C.B.S. Foundation, Inc.; the United States Steel Foundation; the Theatre Guild; and one of the Theatre Guild's directors, Lawrence Langner, the gentleman who cooked up the whole project. Figured Festival Theatre was certainly sitting pretty, financially. Leaving train, was once

again buttonholed by Mr. Ito. 'Talk about Kabuki now?' he asked. Muttered 'Later,' fled to taxicab. (Stratford only a couple miles from Bridgeport.) Taxi-driver chatty type. 'This is a big blowout you're going to,' he said. 'Biggest thing ever happened in Stratford. But, you know, they're funny people there. They didn't want any part of this at first. The way I get it, the land where the theatre is had to be bought on the q.t. Once the theatre outfit got the land, somebody talked the Chamber of Commerce crowd into backing the idea. What I think is that Stratford people just don't like strangers. There's a big Sikorsky helicopter plant, about three miles up the road from the theatre, that was put up a little while ago. Stratford didn't even want that. Hell of a note, eh?' Agreed. Nearing theatre, noticed lot of signs advertising Raybestos charity softball game. Obviously, a community of diversified interests. Suddenly in milling throng so dense taxi could not get through.

"Emerged and joined crowd. Assorted costumes: women in shorts, women in evening dress; men in Levis, men in summer dinner jackets. Looming behind crowd, the theatre—not quite finished, some scaffolding still in evidence. Impressive-looking place, though, bedecked with flags. On lawn before main entrance came upon group of eminents, including Governor Abraham Ribicoff, Senator Prescott Bush, the Mayor of Stratford on Avon, the Mayor of Stratford on Housatonic, and Mr. Langner. Mayor of Stratford on Avon presented token of good will from old country to Mayor of Stratford on Housatonic—big yellow-and-black flag bearing Shakespeare's coat of arms. Heard skeptic, probably Baconian, growl, 'Butcher's son with a coat of arms—imagine!' Was caught in rib-breaking crush, and decided to abandon ceremonies.

"Made way to lobby, dominated by large painting of Shakespeare, and was promptly caught in another crush, this one consisting of stylish types, who kept carolling 'Darling!' Asked gentleman who seemed to be official where dinner might be obtained. 'You press?' he said. Nodded. 'Go to Fagan's,' he said. Sought out taxi and aimed for Fagan's. Big crowd of press free-loaders at Fagan's, a wayside inn. Fell in with gentleman named Bert, who was full of ideas about how theatre should be run. 'They ought to make it just like the Globe,' he proclaimed. 'Have nobles chasing buxom babes up and down the aisles, and people swilling beer, and all kinds of fruit-and-candy butchers out-

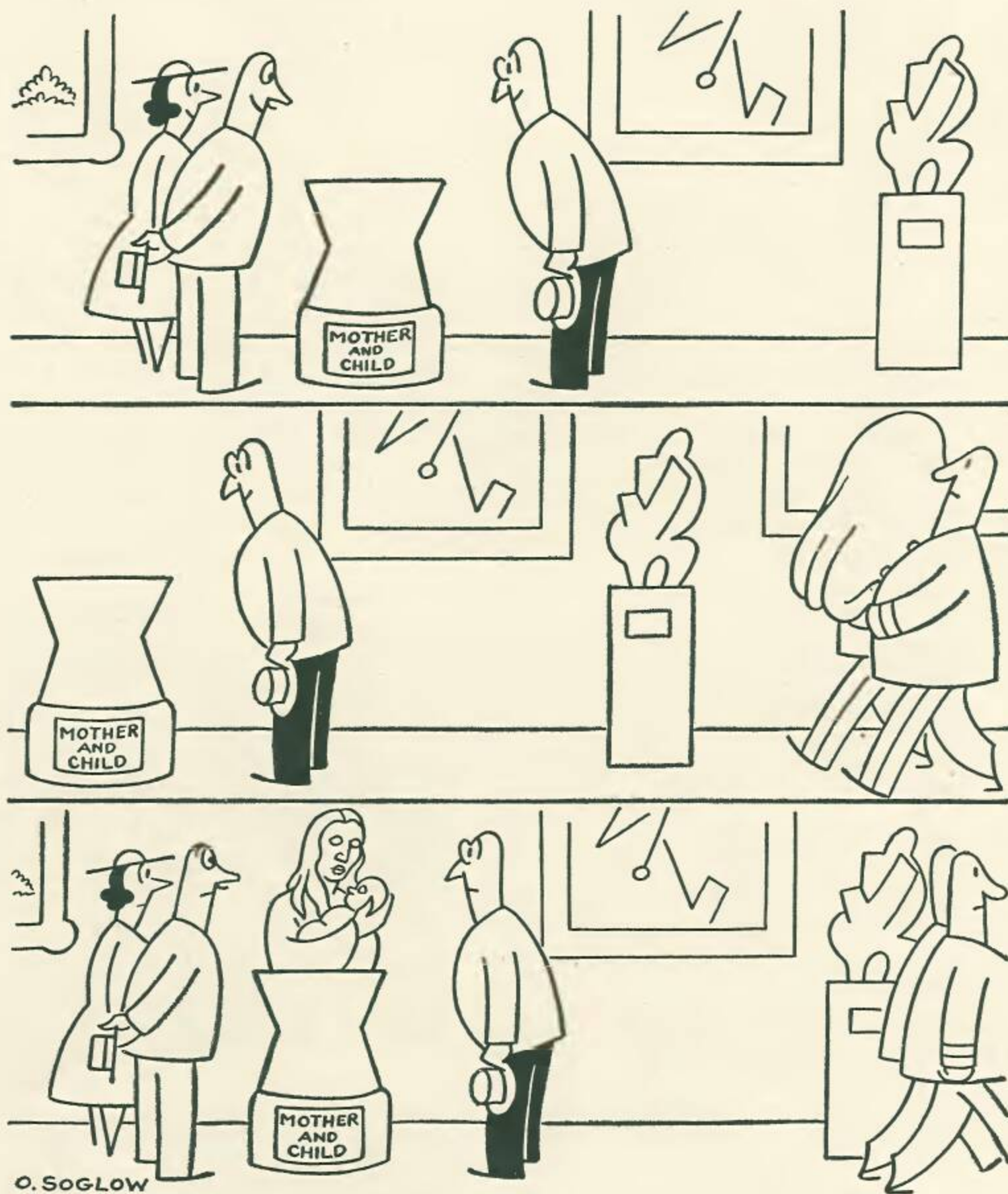
shouting the actors, and in general a good hell-raising fiesta. Could even have some bearbaiting between acts.' Truck driver who had somehow got into Fagan's ordered vodka Collins, and a gentleman with wild mane of gray hair ordered beer. Discovered from one of Bloom's operatives that gray-haired man was Eugene Litoshko, correspondent from *Pravda*, who had been given special permission by State Department to visit Stratford, off limits for Soviet representatives. Asked Mr. Litoshko what he thought of Festival so far. 'Very nice,' he said. 'Very pretty.' Bloom operative hustled Mr. Litoshko, his wife, and me into a car and whirled us back to the theatre. On way in, couple of people shook Mr. Litoshko's hand warmly. 'What is this?' said Mr. Litoshko. Couldn't answer that.

"Inside theatre, everything decorous, no nobles chasing girls. Handsome interior, huge stage. Curtain half hour late going up. Discovered 'Caesar' was being done in High Renaissance costumes. Unsettling to old sandal-and-

toga fan like me. Thought play somewhat uneven; found out later Brooks Atkinson did, too. Mr. Langner, plainly crazy about ceremonies, held things up between first and second acts to read telegrams of congratulation from all over. Caught one-o'clock train back to New York. Met Mr. Ito. 'Now I tell you about Kabuki,' he said firmly, and did."

Nonsporting

RECENTLY, the scientific secretaries of the United Nations' Atoms-for-Peace Conference got together for preliminary discussions, and the Americans involved thought it would be a good idea to take all hands to a ball game at the Yankee Stadium for a jolly outing before settling down to serious business. The secretaries were almost unanimously enthusiastic about the idea. The exception was a gentleman from Yugoslavia. Pressed to explain his reluctance, he murmured, "I am so sorry, but you see I do not know how to play."



SOME CADILLAC RUMINATIONS

HERE'S what happens to me when I read the New York *Times*. I skip over the news about the missile race, the truck-rail feud, Egyptian-border violence, and school-bias figures, and get into a "Now Many Wear False Teeth with More Comfort" ad (More comfort than what? Real teeth?), which says:

Fasteeth, a pleasant alkaline (non-acid) powder, holds false teeth more firmly. [More firmly than what?] To eat and talk in more comfort, just sprinkle a little Fasteeth on your plates. No gummy, gooey, pasty taste or feeling.

What strange bedfellows the profit motive makes! Next to this gummy ad, which I bet the *Times* wouldn't have run in the days when Louis Wiley was around, is another one, a lot bigger, in which, over the heading "Acting on a 20-Year-Old Decision!", the Cadillac people write:

Let's suppose it was a couple of decades ago when [*sic*] a young lad, with his book strap over his shoulder and his lunch basket under his arm, started slowly down a dusty road that led to a country schoolhouse.

But his walk was short that day. For a big, handsome Cadillac—with its smiling driver traveling in the lad's direction—stopped and gave him a "lift."

And as he stood there on the schoolhouse lawn and watched the big car roll off into the distance, he made a decision. He decided that, some day, he would own a Cadillac.

And here you see him, his dream come true, standing in the showroom of his Cadillac dealer—taking the keys to a new Cadillac!

As a Cadillac dealer, we've been privileged many times to help make such a dream come true. And it never ceases to be a thrill.

This piece of Americana has inspired me to a number of thoughts. How did the Cadillac people get on to the lad's dream? Here's what must have happened. He came into the Cadillac showroom on Fifty-seventh Street and told a salesman, "I've had a dream about a Cadillac."

"Wait," said the salesman. "I'll get our staff analyst."

Out comes the analyst and ushers the lad—now, of course, a grown man, with a sizable roll—into his office.

"Relax," he says, "and tell me your dream."

The former lad tells him. "And now," he says, "I want to make my dream come true."

"Got any dough?" the analyst asks.

The ex-lad brandishes his roll.

Out goes the analyst and talks to the salesman, who has been eagerly waiting.

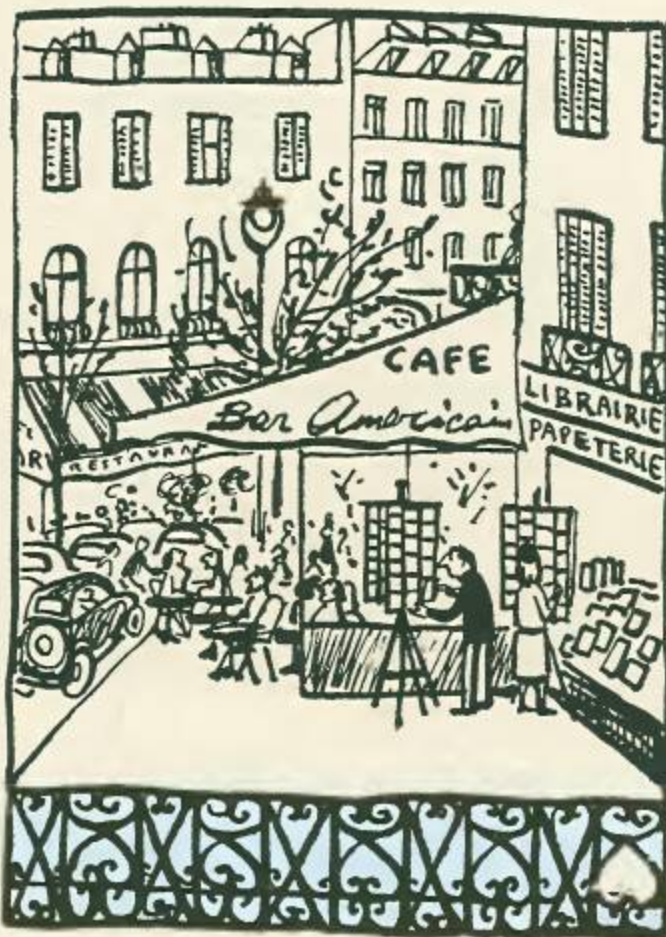
"Feasible vehicular dream content-wise," the analyst says. "Chance to turn frustration into reality."

"Two-hundred-and-seventy-horsepower Eldorado?" the salesman asks.

"No. Regular coupé," the analyst says.

He brings his patient back to the salesman, and the thrill is consummated. The customer peels an extra century off his roll and hands it to the analyst. "Thanks," he says, "for making my dream come true."

HERE'S another thought. Suppose that lad had been smilingly picked up by a Model T Ford. His sights would have been permanently lowered; decade after decade, he would never have amounted to a hill of beans. Conversely, suppose he had been picked up by a grinning Bentley. Bentleys cost three times as much as Cadillacs, and his dream would probably never have come true. The Bentley analyst would have sent him to the Cadillac analyst, and he might have bought a car, but the experience would have left a scar. He would have gone to his grave—possibly as the result of an accident in his second choice, caused by fantasy indulgence—in a disturbed, or recently disturbed, state of mind. Now that I think of it, the aforementioned ad reminds me of a conveyance dream I had when I was a lad. We lived at Eighty-first Street and West End Avenue, and I went to a school at Seventy-second and West End. My father generally walked me there, but one morning, when we were late, he took me on the Broadway trolley. As I got off at Seventy-second and watched the big car rattle away into the distance, I dreamed that, someday, I would own



a trolley. I never did; I never could find a dealer. I tried to get one from the Museum of the City of New York, but it was no go. Result: I have been rattling around for years pretending to be a trolley. It has given me a miserable feeling of obsolescence.

WELL, enough of self-pity. Here's another Cadillac thought, based on another Cadillac ad, which I tore out of a theatre program. "Only 35—But He Has Earned It!" it's headed, and goes on:

Used to be you didn't see a young man at the wheel of a Cadillac very often.

But things are changing. In fact, it isn't at all unusual any more for a man in his thirties to make the move to the "car of cars." . . .

Success is coming earlier now to a greater group of young men than in years gone by. . . . Thus, it is small wonder that more and more people in a younger age bracket are making the move to Cadillac. . . .

So, if you are ready for a Cadillac—remember that *achievement*—and not age—is the criterion.

My thought on this, and it's based on an experience I had the other day, is that you can be too *old* for a Cadillac—or at any rate too old to buy your first Cadillac. I was sitting around the Automobile Club, chewing the rag with a fifty-four-year-old friend of mine who'd recently made the move from a Buick to the car of cars. Presently, we were joined by a young whippersnapper of thirty-five.

"I've just been made a vice-president of American Cyanamid," he crowed, "and I've bought my first Caddy. I made the move from a second-hand Dodge, skipping several cars on the way."

"By Gad," said my friend, "I've just bought my first one, too."

"Why, you look about *fifty-four!*" the younger man said. "Success come to you late? What's your line of business?"

"I've never really done anything much except read the papers and scratch my head," my friend replied, for this was God's truth, "but a bachelor uncle died last month and left me his entire fortune."

"Why, you don't *deserve* a Cadillac," the young man said. "You haven't achieved a thing. How come they let you have one?"

"I falsified my age and said I was a successful venture capitalist," the older man said. "I guess I'll have to turn in my keys any day, once the F.B.I. report comes in."

He sprinkled a little Fasteeth on his plates and moved slowly to the door, as though in a nightmare.

—GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN



"Don't tell me your troubles. I've got troubles of my own."

THE QUARREL

I CAME to Harvard from St. Louis in the fall of 1948. I had a scholarship and a widowed mother and a reputation for being a good, hard-working boy. What my scholarship didn't cover, I earned working Wednesday nights and Saturdays, and I strenuously avoided using any of my mother's small but adequate income. During the summer between my freshman and sophomore years, my grandmother died and willed me five thousand dollars. I quit my part-time job and bought a gray flannel suit and a pair of white buck shoes, and I got on the editorial board of the college literary magazine. I met Duncan Leggett at the first editorial meeting I attended. He had been an editor for a full year, and this particular night he was infuriated by a story, which everyone wanted to print, about an unhappy, sensitive child. "Why shouldn't that child be unhappy?" Duncan shouted. "He's a bore." The story was accepted, and Duncan stalked out of the meeting.

Two nights later, as I was walking along Massachusetts Avenue in the early dusk, I saw Duncan peering into the window of a record store at a display of opera albums. He was whistling "Piangi, piangi," from "La Traviata," and he looked, as usual, wan, handsome, and unapproachable. I stood beside him until he looked up, and then I told him I thought he'd been right about the story.

"Of course I was right," he said,

looking down at me from his patient, expectant eyes. "Those people confuse being sordid with being talented."

We went to a tavern and sat in a booth that was illuminated by one of those glowing juke-box things in which you deposit a nickel and push a button, and the Wurlitzer, a mile away, plays the tune. At first, I was nearly asphyxiated with shyness, but I asked Duncan what he was planning to be when he graduated (substituting "graduated" for "grown up" at the last minute), and he said "Nothing." I looked blank, and he took his cigarette and stared at the glowing coal for a moment and then said quietly, with a good deal of sadness in his voice, "I'm rich." Then he raised his head, looked me in the eye—he was half smiling—and added, "Filthy rich." I was utterly charmed. I asked him how rich. He said, airily, "Oh, a couple million if the market holds." The idea of talking to someone that rich pleased me so much I burst into idiotic laughter. He asked me why I was laughing, but I didn't tell him; and he was happy, I think, to have made such an effect.

We talked warily at first, as men—or, rather, as boys imitating men—will; but then, impelled by the momentum of some deep and inexplicable sympathy, we went on talking until one o'clock. Duncan said the college literary magazine was a mere journal of self-pity, and those parts of it that weren't amateurish were grubby. He firmly believed, he

said, that most unhappiness was a pose. "It's a way of getting out of being interesting."

Even at his most arrogant, Duncan always had a note of despair in his voice. "People get what they deserve," he said. "Why should I believe in tragedy? I've never seen any. Stories ought to have happy endings; people ought to be more interesting; everyone ought to have better taste.

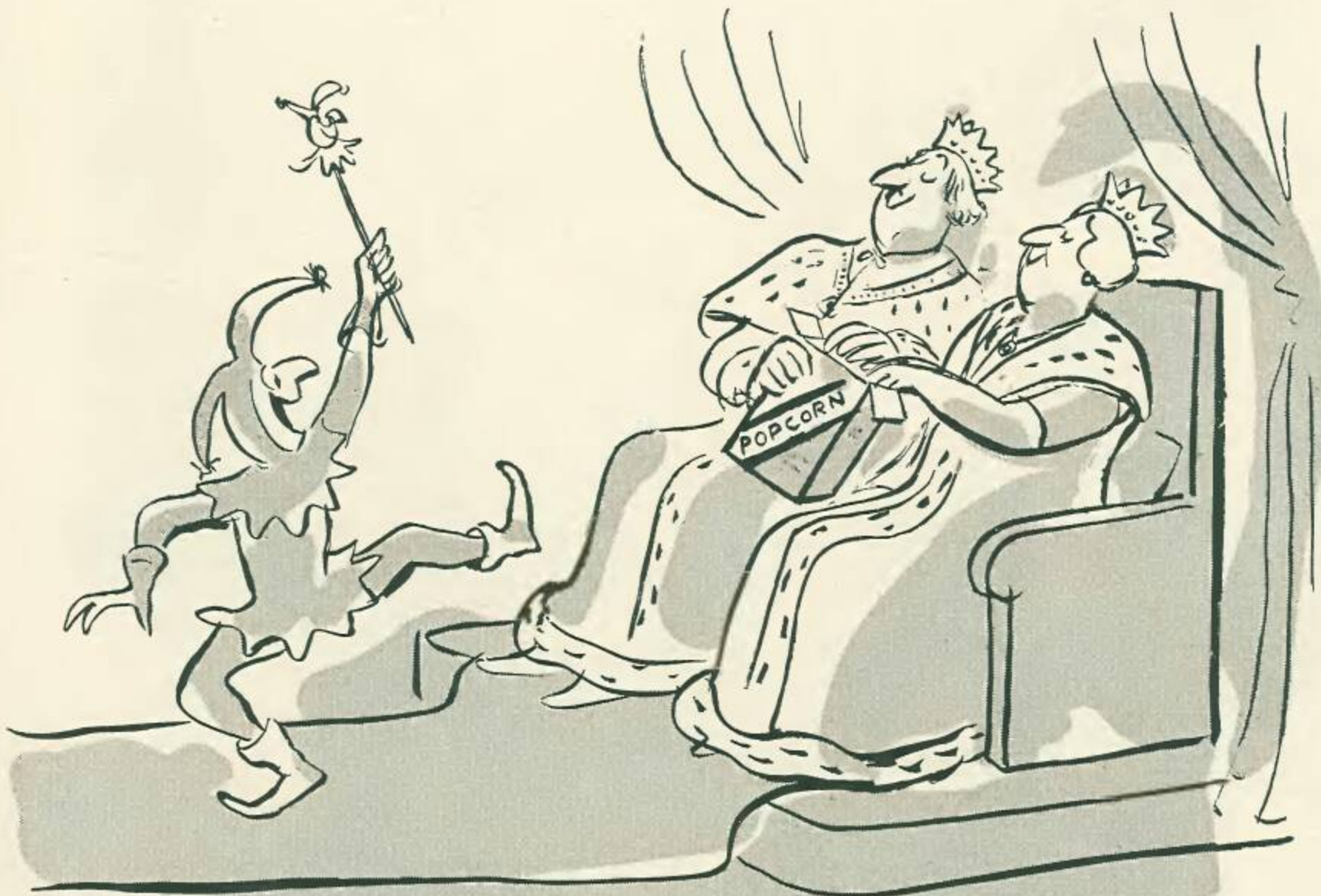
"The important thing," he said as he slouched in his corner of the booth and sketched faces in the sugar he had poured on the table, "is to have quality. No one cares if your mother loved you or not if you're dull. And most people are dull," he added sadly.

"This is a democracy," he said later. "I'm supposed to consider everyone my equal. Well, I don't. Dull people give me a pain. I think Whitman is a lousy poet and Willa Cather is feeble-minded, and old Huckleberry Twain gives me the creeps. What's more, if there's anything I can't stand, it's a lot of pointless good nature." I quenched my smile.

It seemed to me he was saying everything I had always thought and never expressed.

From that first night, we were friends. I suppose any friendship must have a core of mutual need. I was tired of what I had been. I was full of Midwestern optimism about my ability to change. From that very first night, I fully intended to live my life in line with the doctrine Duncan was expounding. But it wasn't his ideas that I admired

and wanted. What I wanted was his Eastern Shore of Maryland manner, and his honesty, and his faith that what he thought was important. And I wanted to look like him. He was very tall. He had a wan, smooth face, elongated and arrogant. He walked with a slouch and often sat for hours among people without saying a word, sometimes without an expression crossing his handsome countenance. But then he might suddenly begin to talk, especially if there was a discussion going on, and he would talk overexcitedly, gesticulate, occasionally not even making sense, and then later he would be inconsolable because he thought he had made a fool of himself. I thought he was charming at those moments. What did dismay me



F.B. Modell

was the way he had of being rendered speechless by a color, or a pretty woman's gesture of welcome, or an automobile, or the way a girl's hair blew. He would stand, quite tense and excited, held by a kind of surprised rapture. When he had these quiet transports, I was embarrassed—for myself, because I was unable to share a friend's emotion. But as I knew Duncan longer, the beauty that seemed to electrify him touched me, too. Duncan was always showing me shapes in the clouds.

Everything he said explained me to myself or else put a weapon in my hand, and his bitterness struck me like a surge of sunlight, bringing crispness and definition, drenched as I was in the foggy optimism of my home. I was discarding my traditions as fast as I could, but it was difficult work; I had first to locate the roots and then to get them up. And Duncan's disillusion—any disillusion, in fact—was infinitely helpful. I did my best to speak as Duncan did, with frequent, entrancing pauses, and with small curlicues of contempt.

Yet if Duncan felt it was a moment for kindness, his entire soul and bank account, his car, his wardrobe, his time were yours. I used to worry about people taking advantage of him; but although he had a terrible memory for telephone numbers and people's names, he never forgot how much he spent, where, and with whom.

Girls fell in love with him often. They seemed to find his mixture of melancholy and arrogance irresistible. At first, Duncan would be overwhelmingly chivalrous to them, light their cigarettes, take them out when they asked him. But sooner or later he would begin to feel cornered; he'd cease lighting cigarettes; he'd stop answering the telephone.

The number of people we saw that year steadily dwindled as we decided they were doomed to be ordinary or as they disagreed with us; and they were struck from our list of acquaintances. He and I both believed that if we were careful and did the right thing, we could escape turning out as our elders had. "They give you advice," Duncan pointed out, "and never stop to think of what you think of what they turned out

to be." We thought if you travelled far enough and long enough, you would come to a place where everyone liked the things you liked and talked the way you talked, where everyone knew your value without your having to get undignified and nervous in proving it. In this place that we were looking for, you would never have to boast or to make conversation out of pity for an ugly girl or to feel sorry for your parents. One January night when Duncan and I were walking along the Charles—it was cold and foggy—we swore never to hide the truth from each other, always to admit our faults, to admire each other's virtues, to become men of stature, true stature, and to go to Europe together that summer for a year, leaving college, no matter what our parents said or did about it. We would take bicycles and be frugal and healthy, and we would deepen our culture and our refinement.

My mother objected violently when I told her I was going to Europe with Duncan. She said I was wasting my inheritance and going to the bad out of sheer obstinacy, and that it was all Duncan's bad example. Duncan said

that, of course, she was right. I got drunk and told Duncan that my mother could go to hell, and he watched me, as I recall, with eyes glassy with admiration. How could my mother compete with Duncan? All I wanted, that year, was to be like him.

WE sailed from Halifax in June, on the Aquitania, for Southampton. Almost as soon as the green hills around Halifax receded and the ship was in open water, Duncan said to me, "I think you ought to write your mother a good letter. You were quite unpleasant to her over the phone. That's one of your faults," he added, and he grimaced to show that he didn't like to talk this way but that he had to, in accordance with our vow. "You have so little tact. On the other hand, you're much more dynamic than I am. I wish I were more like you."

"But you're not," I said, candid at any cost. "You mustn't worry about it," I went on quickly, "because I like you very much the way you are now . . ."

We were free from college and observation; we were molding each other, protecting each other from being ordinary. Duncan put his hand on my



"Here he comes with that damned camera that delivers a finished picture in one minute."



"One fudge ripple, one maple walnut, and one black raspberry."

shoulder briefly and smiled, and then we paced each other around the deck of the ship to get our exercise in before dinner. The statured figure had to be physically attractive, too.

We stayed in England just long enough to see the Tower of London, the National Gallery, and Scott's, and to decide the food was inedible, and then we took the channel steamer from Newhaven. Standing at the rail, we saw the shores of France rise from the waves, green and promising.

When we landed in Dieppe, my delight—Let me say that my delight rose like a flock of startled birds. Everything I saw or heard—the whole pastel city, the buildings as serene and placid as the green water of the harbor—touched off another flutter of the white wings. At one wharf, a group of fishing boats huddled in a confusion of masts, the hulls green and black and purple, arched like slices of melon. Along the waterfront was a row of buildings, with here and there a gap and a pile of rubble or a portion of a wall. But these were the colors of the buildings: pale green and mauve, light yellow like wispy sunlight, faded pink, gentle bluish gray. And then, perched on a hillside, the immemorial hulk of a castle.

Duncan's gaze moved lovingly around the scene. "Every town should have a castle," he said.

Our hotel room was old, with a sloping floor and a single, huge brass bed. There were no rugs on the wooden floor and no curtains on the high French windows, which wouldn't quite close, because of their crooked frames.

Outside our window, three streets converged and formed a triangular island, planted with plane trees and patterned beds of yellow flowers. Workmen in gray clothes and thick boots were sitting on stone benches and drinking wine. The fronts of the houses along the street were decorated with heavy lintels and occasionally with stringy caryatids, at once frivolous and orderly. In the distance an elegant spire rose, and the sound of bells floated down to us. We washed our faces and brushed our teeth and changed our clothes, singing the entire time—and then, since we were in France, we set out to find some women.

First, we walked along the beach and saw the collection of Grand and Univers and Windsor hotels; they were shattered, and workmen scurried in and out of their rubble interiors carrying bricks. Other workmen were fitting dumpy concrete columns into the balustrade that ran along the street, separating it from the rocky beach; as the workmen finished one section, another crew of workmen, with large pneumatic machines, came along and drilled holes in the columns, chipped the edges, and scarred the fluting. Duncan and I stared, fascinated, and then realized that they were making the balustrade look old. Within a few years, people would forget that the balustrade had been repaired after the war; they would see it ancient-looking and indestructible and a tie to an earlier time.

Duncan and I picked our way over the upper beach, which was mostly rock, and down to the narrow ridge of sand that bordered the ocean. The beach was

almost empty, but a few groups of people sat or lay on blankets. The people seemed strangely solid and fleshy. The only sound was that of the pneumatic machines busily restoring time.

The channel was gray and empty of ships; it was rather like a border of sky in a faded tapestry. Duncan said that as soon as we shipped our trunk to Paris we ought to set out on our bicycles to see Mont-Saint-Michel. "It's quite a small island," he said. "They've been working on it for a long time. It must be quite perfect by now."

On our way back to the hotel, we passed many women. Only one girl was pretty, and she was running, with her thin print dress whipping around her muscular figure and her arms pumping, and nothing short of a pistol shot would have stopped her.

IN a moment of self-assertion, I said I had no particular interest in Mont-Saint-Michel and it was out of the way, to boot; I didn't want Duncan to know I was his follower. To my surprise, he gave in, and the next morning, on our bicycles, we set off for Paris. We each had two knapsacks and a sleeping bag. We rode through Arques-la-Bataille and Neufchatel, through Forges-les-Eaux and Gournay-en-Bray. The countryside was green, and we passed the dried-lavender granite spires of old, weather-beaten churches. Duncan told hideously funny, embarrassing stories about himself as a child. One he told me as we swam in a small pond near the road. I laughed so loud a farmer with a seamed face and huge dusty hands came to see who we were.

At Pontoise, we sat on a terrace above the Oise and watched the rockets of Bastille Day in the night sky over Paris. The day we entered Paris, we spent hours bicycling through endless suburbs, and then at noon, at last, we burst into the Place de la Concorde, with the fountains playing and the gardens of the Tuileries in bloom. And one morning we wakened in a wheat field, surrounded by pale stalks of spiked wheat, and saw on the horizon, shadowy and dim, the spires of Chartres. And at Beau-gency we spent a whole day idling on a

sandbar in the Loire with a family of seven girls, all of them blond, all of them charming, all of them in love with Duncan. ("You will write to us, yes?")

I DON'T know exactly when we each decided that the other wasn't worthy of this paradise. What I do remember is that it became increasingly difficult to decide which hotel we would stay at, which restaurant we would eat in, which road we would take.

The moments multiplied when one of us would draw his breath and turn away, confront the scenery and remark, "Well, whatever you want..." Against the sound of strained politeness in the background, I remember the sunset at Blois flooding crimson through the sky, and the long allées at Chambord; in such a manner I remember two swallows skimming low over the Loire, chirruping and beating their bent pointed wings. I remember Duncan's voice at Chenonceaux—the sky was filled with domed white clouds—saying "I don't care really. . . . I suppose we ought . . ." and his voice quivered with resentment.

We had decided to see the west of France—mostly it was my idea—because there would be fewer Americans there. But actually I had another reason. So far as I knew, it was barren of difficult places like Chartres. At Chartres, I'd had all the wrong reactions. Who would have known that the thing to do with the cathedral was to go into a pâtisserie and buy a bag full of chocolate éclairs and cherry tarts and then sit down on the grass plot in front of the entrance and stare at the towers while eating oneself into a chocolate coma? Duncan didn't like it when I said the cathedral was beautiful; you were supposed to feel these things so deeply you couldn't express yourself, and wouldn't even *want* to express yourself.

Duncan enjoyed Pernod. It made me sick. Duncan hated talking to people. I talked to everyone. My French vocabulary was better than Duncan's. His pronunciation was better than mine. I became terribly adept at not irritating Duncan before breakfast. I couldn't see that he appreciated any of this, or that he responded with any similar awareness. For the fiftieth time, I thought him unfair. The moment came when I could no longer stand the sound of his voice, or his ideas. After travelling with him day and night, without a break, for fifty-three days, I felt my senses suffocating in an awareness of Duncan.

We rode through the flat Vendéen landscape, with its bright-yellow marsh grasses and wheat and green meadows, its white farmhouses, and its tiny draw-

bridges over canals and streams—two college boys, sun-tanned and healthy, in T shirts and shorts, so angry with each other that we rode our bicycles ten or fifteen feet apart. When an infrequent car passed us, I would wonder if Duncan would see it in time, but he always did.

There was a moist, sticky quality in the air. The villages were far apart, and when we came to one, the houses were shuttered and unfriendly. The French were barricaded in their cool, high-ceilinged rooms, cutting into ripe pears with tiny pearl-handled knives, while we bicycled the hot and dusty

streets, only to emerge, on the other side of the gray church and white stucco café, back in the flat open country.

The heat was unbearable. At Luçon, we turned off the main road and headed toward the sea again, to a village on the map called La Tranche, which turned out to be three or four buildings along the highway. Just beyond La Tranche, our road climbed to the top of a ridge, and we saw that the flat, grassy countryside humped into the ridge we were on and then flowed into the Bay of Biscay, with no beach, or wall of rocks. The grass of the meadows, green and glow-



"The rent here is more than I care to pay and the place is too small for me, but it's home and it suits me, somehow."

NIGHT THOUGHTS IN AGE

Light, that out of the west looked back once more
 Through lids of cloud, has closed a sleepy eye;
 The heaven of stars bends over me its silence,
 A harp through which the wind of time still whispers
 Music some hand has hushed but left there trembling—
 Conceits of an aging man who lies awake
 Under familiar rafters, in this leafy,
 Bird-singing, haunted, green ancestral spot
 Where time has made such music! For often now,
 In this beloved country whose coastal shores
 Look seaward, without limit, to the south—
 Land of flung spume and spray, sea winds and voices,
 Where the gull rides the gale on equal wing
 With motionless body and downward-bending head,
 Where, in midsummer days, offshore, the dolphin
 Hurdles the water with arching leap and plunge—
 I meditate, lying awake, alone,
 On the sea's voice and time's receding music,
 Felt ebbing in the heart and shrunken vein—
 How time, that takes us all, shall at the last,
 In taking us, take the whole world we are dreaming:
 Sun, wind, and sea, whisper of rain at night,
 The young, hollow-cheeked moon, the clouds of evening
 Drifting in a great solitude—all these
 Shall time take away, surely, and the face
 From which the eyes of love look out at us
 In this brief world, this horror-haunted kingdom
 Of beauty and of longing and of terror,
 Of phantoms and illusion, of appearance
 And disappearance, magic of legerdemain,
 Trick of the prestidigitator's wand—
 The huge phantasmagoria we are dreaming—
 This shall time take from us, and take forever,
 When we are taken by that receding music.
 O marvel of things, fabulous dream, too soon,

Too soon will the wild blood cry out and death
 Quell, with one blow, the inscrutable fantasy!
 Shall prayer change this? Youth is the hour for prayer,
 That has so much to pray for; a man's life,
 Lived howsoever, is a long reconciliation
 To the high, lonely, unforgiving truth,
 Which will not change for his or any prayer,
 Now or hereafter; in that reconciliation
 Lies all of wisdom. Age is the hour for praise,
 Praise that is joy, praise that is acquiescence,
 Praise that is adoration and gratitude
 For all that has been given and not been given.
 Night flows on. The wind, that all night through
 Quickened the treetops with a breath of ocean,
 Veers inland, falls away, and the sea's voice,
 Learned in lost childhood, a remembered music,
 By day or night, through love, through sleep, through dream,
 Still breathing its perpetual benediction,
 Has dwindled to a sigh. By the west window,
 In the soft dark, the leaves of the sycamore
 Stir gently, rustle, and are still, are listening
 To a silence that is music. The old house
 Is full of ghosts, dear ghosts on stair and landing,
 Ghosts in chamber and hall; garden and walk
 Are marvellous with ghosts, where so much love
 Dwelt for a little while and made such music,
 Before it too was taken by the tide
 That takes us all, of time's receding music.
 Oh, all is music! All has been turned to music!
 All that is vanished has been turned to music!
 And these familiar rafters that have known
 The child, the young man, and the man, now shelter
 The aging man who lies here, listening, listening—
 All night, in a half dream, I have lain here listening.

—JOHN HALL WHEELLOCK

ing, waved in the salt sea breezes and melted into the water. One could see the grass continuing underwater out of sight, probably to the rim of the low tide. Cows squooshed through their pasture; around their hoofs bubbles clung like necklaces. French boys and girls, their bicycles lying in the grass, swam over the submerged meadow. A few yards offshore, fishing boats with blue and yellow painted hulls swung to and fro at their moorings.

I stopped and called to Duncan, who continued a few yards and then stopped. I walked toward him, wheeling my bicycle. "It's really lovely, isn't it—" I began.

Duncan turned to me, and in a voice shaking with fury he said, "Do you always have to say something? Do you feel it's like dropping a coin in the box at church?"

We rode the rest of the day in silence. At sunset, we stopped in La Rochelle, where the old Huguenot fortifications still surround the tiny harbor, and we found a room in a strange old hotel near the railroad station. Our bedroom had

two huge brass beds with swollen mattresses, which rustled whenever we moved. The back of the building contained a stable. The smell of horses permeated our room, and there was a vast rose trellis outside our window. The roses were blooming. All night long, we drifted on the ebb and flow of the oddly complementary odors; and every hour or so we could hear a train arriving or departing.

THE next day, we bicycled on to Bordeaux. By midafternoon, we were racing, with neither slowing down or asking to rest. We reached Bordeaux at seven in the evening, and we went at once to a café and ordered a bottle of wine and began to quarrel. Several times, the waiter, a fat, black-browed Basque, came running on his toes, one pink round finger to his lips, and

we nodded and said, "*Pardon, pardon,*" and lowered our voices.

It seemed that Duncan could not stand the way I whistled when I shaved, the way I talked to waiters, the fact that even when I felt bad I smiled. "Is it something the corn belt does to the disposition?" he asked.

I told Duncan, at the top of my lungs, that he was childish, an arty son of a bitch, and a snob.

"You're ill-bred," he said. "You're yelling in a café."

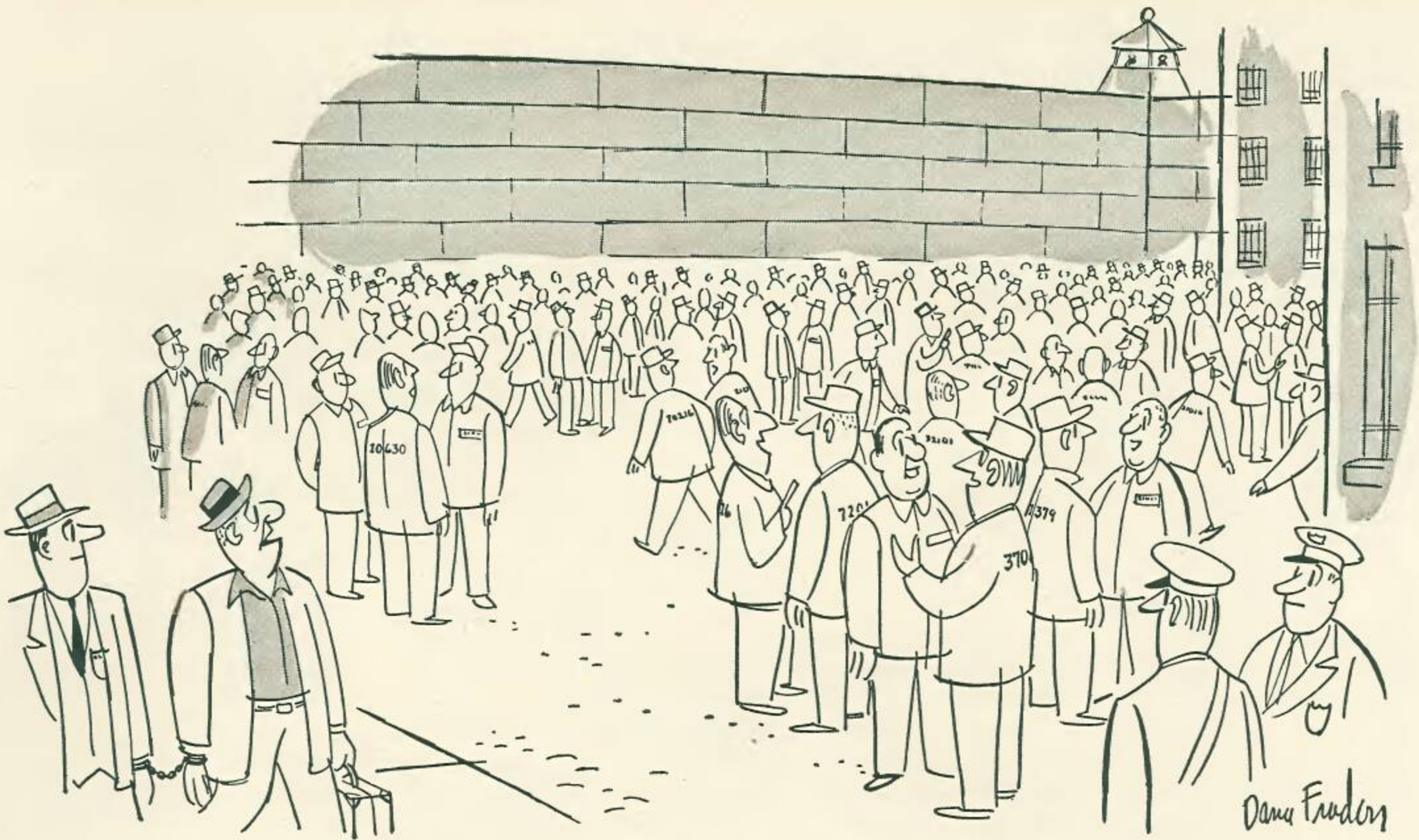
He said that he'd always thought of me as an intelligent vulgarian but he'd had no idea how really ill-bred I was.

"All right," I said, rising to my feet. "That's it! That's it! Let's fight."

Solemnly we walked out of the café. The waiter ran after us and waved his bill in our faces. We had to figure out the bill and pay it; as usual, we were overcharged. I hadn't realized until that minute how dear Duncan was to me or how much he'd taught me. It also occurred to me that Duncan outweighed me by fifteen pounds.

We walked along, wheeling our bi-





"My God, I never would have dreamed there were that many lousy lawyers!"

cycles. "All my friends have turned out to be no good," Duncan said bitterly, at one point. And then later he said, under his breath, "Once, I wanted to be like you—" But I knew he was lying.

We came to a deserted street lined with warehouses. Duncan leaned his bicycle against a wall. I threw mine to the pavement. We faced each other and advanced. "I'm so angry that I'm going to try to hit your face," Duncan said.

We traded five or six blows, and then our eyes met. Shamefacedly, we backed away, and our hands dropped. Duncan sat down on the curb and pulled out his cigarettes and offered me one.

"You hurt my feelings," I said.

"I meant to."

"You meant what you said?"

"Of course," he said. "Didn't you?"

"Of course."

We agreed that we would have to separate.

"Where will I meet you in Biarritz?" Duncan asked; we had shipped our clothes there, in a trunk.

"At the railroad station," I said.

"When?"

I got out my map and tried to figure how long it would take us. "The hell with it," I said, finally. "It's too hard to figure out. We'll bicycle there together."

"Oh!" Duncan was disappointed.

"Well, whatever you say. . . ."

We rose from the curb and got our bicycles.

"Your knapsack is loose," Duncan said politely.

"Thank you," I said.

WE were much too depressed to find our way by our Michelins, and Bordeaux, like Paris, is afflicted with endless suburbs. At one o'clock in the morning, we were still hopelessly lost, and we were worn out with the strain of our emotional predicament. Finally, after giving up hope that we might find an open field to sleep in, we settled in the graveyard of a church, next to a flowering hedge and beneath a small apple tree. We spread our sleeping bags and lay down. In a few moments, we began to itch. I suppose we were lying on an anthill. At any rate, in no time at all our sleeping bags were swarming with insect life. We talked about getting up and moving on, but the thought of bicycling was too much for us both. We lay inert, now and then scratching ourselves, immersed in the odor of the flowers, the silence of the graveyard, the buzz of insects. Above us loomed the church. Out on the street, an occasional truck would lumber by, but they were diesel mostly, and diesels rumble with a pleasant noise.

Finally, Duncan began to talk. He said that now, since we were going to part, he could tell me that he hadn't meant anything at the meeting of the literary magazine. He had been ashamed

of never saying anything at the meetings; he'd thought up a line of argument and his little witticism, and he'd planned to use it no matter what might be under discussion. He'd been very pleased when I agreed with him, but he had found it a little stifling trying to live up to my admiration. "I find it difficult to think," he told me. Anyway, he'd always thought his snobbery was something psychological, which he would have cured in time, and it upset him to have me always taking it so seriously and turning it into a doctrine. Much of what he said, he said just to be saying something. "You can't be silent all the time." It bothered him, he said, that I hadn't seen through him. It convinced him that I was a fool. He felt both guilty and superior. He was sorry if he'd misled me, but actually he had wanted to come to Europe mostly to get away from schoolwork, which bored him. He was sorry that we had come to hate each other so much, but he guessed it was inevitable, because he was so worthless a person.

A truck rumbled by on the cobblestones, backfiring strenuously. Through the filigree of tree branches above me I could see the stars.

I told him I forgave him. He said he was grateful, and he added that he was sorry if he'd hurt my feelings. He was sure my habit of talking in front of a piece of scenery or a national monument

would undoubtedly please most of the people I'd have to deal with in my life.

I called him a bastard, under my breath.

We wound up confessing that we were both irretrievably dishonest, incapable of a true relationship, faulty as people. Finally, after a long silence, I spoke up and said we ought to try to get along, but I couldn't persuade him. Alternately he would berate himself and insult me. It was amazing, though, how much affection was in the air, how sad we both felt, how hopeless it all seemed.

The next morning, we found our way out of the city by daylight, both of us depressed and silent. I discovered that there is a kind of embarrassment that has no boundary. Every hour revealed new and hitherto unexplored regions. At lunch, in a small café set beneath trees at a crossroads, we drank two bottles of wine, and our constraint broke enough for us to talk—but with difficulty and a great many migrant smiles, and without ever really looking each other in the face.

We clambered onto our bicycles and began to ride, weaving back and forth in our drunkenness. The road was crowded with trucks carrying young Bordelais to the seashore for the weekend. Their faces were fresh and unsuspecting, sharp-nosed, bright-eyed. They leaned from the back of their trucks and clutched at our shirts, so that their trucks would pull us up hills, and they roared with excited laughter when they discovered I was ticklish. When Duncan sang all of "Le Poisson dans l'Eau," which he'd learned from an old Trenet record, the French youths, crammed in their open trucks under the hot August southern sky, applauded, yelling, "*C'est joli, ça!*"

On one long hill, my shirt tore. We had fallen behind, from truck to truck; this was the last truck in the procession. My shirt was almost ripped off my back, the truck grunted up the long hill and disappeared over the crest, and Duncan and I were alone in the middle of a birchwood. I looked at Duncan and was disappointed that I was there with him. The birchwood was lovely. Through the pale and fragile leaves, beams of sunlight fell in all directions. As I wobbled from one side of the road to the other, it seemed the trees leaned toward me, brushed my face with the tips of their branches, and then swung away; or, going downhill, I thought the trees leaned backward like a child's drawing of speed. Around a curve the trees seemed to take off, soar upward at the sky. Suddenly we were in the midst of a horde of yellow butterflies; they filled the air; their wings beat and trembled;

they were everywhere. They beat on our foreheads and on our eyelids, tangled in our clothes, died on the wheels of our bicycles. With horror, Duncan stopped his bicycle and then slowly began to thread his way through the yellow cloud. "Try not to touch them," he said. "Their wings won't work if you touch them; they die." I was too drunk even to be able to slow my bicycle.

I rode blindly through the butterflies, blinking my eyes, cursing when one lit on the wheel and was crushed. At the very last, a butterfly blundered against my eye, and my eye remained open with abrupt pity; between it and the sky was a yellow film laced with airy veins; the film beat, came apart. I closed my eyes and rode blindly into a tree.

Duncan helped me up, silently. We rode side by side, still drunk, but not as drunk as we had been. Occasionally, our bicycles lurched into each other. Duncan's hand was cut where it had scraped against my handle bars on one of the lurches. My torn shirt flapped in the wind.

At four, we reached Arcachon. It was a small resort with several public beaches and miles of tiny villas. We could smell the sea, the stiff, salty odors from the bay, the wisteria, the pinewoods on the surrounding hills. We rode through the village and came to a large red brick villa, square and Victorian, with a large glass conservatory facing southward, by the sea. Its garden was filled with gardenia bushes and small lemon trees. We lifted our bicycles over a low wall, made our way through some trees, and climbed over another wall to the white beach.

I sank on the sand, and Duncan, beside me, muttered, "A resort is a resort is a resort." The beach curved outward from us to a sandspit, where there was a picnic party, and southward out of our vision. Up the beach from us, a few people were sprawled beneath a pink-and-yellow umbrella. I said, "Do you want to swim out to the spit and see if we can join the party?" Duncan looked at me, frightened. He began to tremble. I turned away.

The waves of the bay were sparkling and blue. Small sailboats with tinted sails swooped about in the wide waters. The tide was out, and stranded on the sand lay, seemingly, hundreds of small craft, some with masts, some without,



some the size of dinghies, some good-sized, with the rounded, almost voluptuously shaped hull of shallow-water craft.

Duncan was so embarrassed that he began to build a sand castle. I reached into the pouch on the back of my bicycle and took out a pad of paper and began a letter to my mother.

DEAR MOTHER,

We have just come to Arcachon, a small French town which is a resort and very interesting. Duncan and I are having a wonderful time and learning a good deal, which is what I told you would happen and why I wanted to come to Europe. You see, I was right about the trip and—

I threw the pad down and crawled over to Duncan and started to help him build his castle. He still wouldn't look me in the eye. I got on my bicycle and rode into the village and brought back ham sandwiches, two bottles of Evian water, and two bottles of *vin ordinaire*. We had to get through the evening somehow.

The party on the spit packed up their hampers and disappeared. The pink-and-yellow umbrella was folded up and whisked away. We were alone on the beach. Duncan scooped out a place for his shoulders and piled the sand in a mound behind his head, so that he could watch the boats on the water. We drank steadily, pausing only now and then to run into the water and swim a few strokes, through the seaweed that was close to the surface at low tide. We decided that that—the low tide—was the reason the beach was so empty.

"Oh God!" Duncan said suddenly. "This is sheer hell!" In desperation, we began to work on the sand castle. The towers multiplied, the moats and bridges; spires arose, Babylonian ziggurats, Egyptian pyramids, Mayan pyramids, Christian steeples, and Moslem minarets. Our castle became a city. The city began to spread over the beach, foot by foot, more and more grandiose, more and more wistful.

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⑤



In the cool of the evening, a small blond boy came out of the red brick villa and began to play by himself in the garden. He was wearing a blue sailor blouse and short pants and a tiny pair of sandals.

Duncan was admiring the castle. We were quite drunk again. "It's really a nice castle," he said sadly. "If I had a camera, I'd take a picture. It's worth saving, don't you think?"

I felt that it was a wonderful castle, but damned if I knew what to do with it. "We could throw rocks at it," I suggested.

The little boy wandered down the wall and peered at us through the gate; one arm encircled one of the iron bars and the other arm lay over the top. He hung there, occasionally drawing lines with the tip of his sandal in the sand that had blown into the garden. He saw the castle; his eyes grew round. He and Duncan stared at each other. Then the little boy turned away and sat down behind the wall. We could see only a portion of his leg.

"He's bored," Duncan said desperately. "He's unhappy. I can't stand it."

I remember we tiptoed—we must have confused the little boy with the

⑥



butterflies—to the wall and stuck our heads over it.

"Hi," Duncan said.

"*Bonjour*," the child said.

"I can't remember any French," Duncan said to me. He leaned over the wall anxiously. "*Voulez-vous*—What's the word for play?" he cried, turning to me. I didn't know. I was leaning on the wall for support.

The little boy looked at us; he was polite, unfrightened, and mystified. Finally, Duncan reached down and lifted

the child over the wall. The little boy's face went pale. "*Les brigands?*" he asked, in a tiny voice. Duncan didn't hear; he carried the little boy over to the castle-city and placed him in front of it. "Yours," he said grandly. "All yours." The little boy looked at Duncan and then gave him a wan smile. "Go ahead," Duncan said patiently. "Play with the castle. Wreck it if you want. I don't care."

The child's head, cocked to one side, stayed motionless. The small hands



"Choke up on the bat a little, open your stance, take a good healthy cut at the ball, and I think you'll find yourself pulling out of this slump."

grasped each other. Duncan fell to his knees and, with a face suffused with emotion, said, "I don't frighten you, do I? I'm a coward. I can't frighten you. Can I?"

"*Comment, Monsieur?*" the little boy said. He was quite close to tears.

Duncan gently took the child's hand and patted one of the ziggurats. A few grains of sand crumbled off. Duncan pointed to the little boy, then to the castle. Then, still holding the little boy's hand, he walked him all around the castle. The little boy began to smile. He looked up at Duncan.

"*Oui,*" Duncan said excitedly. "For you. *Votre,*" he shouted in triumph. "*Pour vous, s'il vous plaît,* or whatever."

"*Pour moi, Monsieur?*"

"*Oui,*" Duncan said. "*Oui.*"

"*Tout château? Vraiment?*" The child clapped his hands.

A LITTLE later, just as we were finishing a new super three-way tunnel, just as Duncan was asking me, "He's happy now, isn't he? I haven't hurt his feelings, have I?" we heard a woman's voice. The little boy cried out in reply, and a woman came running—a tall, fair woman, with large, intent, genteel blue eyes. She swept down on

the little boy and scooped him up, and when he was safe in her arms, she turned and glared suspiciously at us. We were drunk and unshaven, with bloodshot eyes and dirty clothes. Duncan made a bow of sorts, and explained that we were Americans. The woman exclaimed, and then a smile came over her face. She stepped forward and shook Duncan's hand. "*Enchanté, Monsieur,*" she said brusquely, and then "*Enchanté,*" as she shook my hand, too. She stood a moment, holding her child, talking to us slowly and kindly, in careful French. She asked us where in America we came from, and nodded at our replies. She asked us if we planned to be in France long, and when we said a year, she nodded her head again and said we were *très sage*. Her voice was both grave and soft, and at first Duncan and I stared at her; Duncan caught himself up, and sent me a dirty glance, and then we both, shyly, stared at the ground. If we needed water, she said, we could come to the back door and get it. She had to cook dinner for the boy's grandparents. Her husband was working late in Bordeaux. She shook hands with us again, and then, still carrying the child, she went back into the garden. She was wearing a light-blue skirt that blew back

and forth against the iron bars of the gate as she closed it.

Our wine was gone. The sunset was beginning, its pink splendor reflected in Duncan's bony kneecaps. He sat back on the sand, talking, piling the sand over his legs. "You know what makes their figures so beautiful? Work. They don't use these lousy labor-saving devices. They bend, they walk, they ride bicycles. Did you see how small her waist was? There's no use pretending that American women are as charming."

"That's not true," I said. "France is fine, but—" All around me the air was perfumed, and the sunset was unravelling its tinted streamers across the sky. "You know. We're seeing it for the first time. I'm sure America—"

Duncan grew quite fierce. He told me I was being stubborn, defensive. Just because I didn't fit. After all, I hadn't even said a word to the woman.

"That's true," I admitted lazily. "But that's because I was so impressed I couldn't

speaking." I propped myself on my elbow and looked at him. I was smiling—a little uncertainly, it's true, as one does at an elder brother, or at someone inexpressibly dear, whose approval one longs for. Duncan gave me a sidelong glance. Then, several seconds after I'd spoken, we both laughed, as if I'd been quite witty.

The shadows, blue, liquid, were gathering across the beach. There we were, the two of us, with all of our fears and flaws, and our hopes that we didn't really believe in, and our failures; there we were, nineteen and twenty. From one of the houses along the beach came the strains of a phonograph playing "*La Vie en Rose.*" Duncan began to hum the song. The kindness of France spread around us like the incoming night. I listened to Duncan and the distant phonograph and the dreamlike rush of the waves, and I knew I would survive my youth and be forgiven.

—HAROLD BRODKEY

Of the blonde type, Helen will make a lovely bride in wedding attire and will have four attendants as a foil for her beauty.—*Mobile (Ala.) Press Register.*

That's *one* use for ugly brunettes.

OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS REVISITED

WEYMOUTH: ANNIVERSARY ON A PIER

THE London weather, ominously good in late April this year, then bad through May, came bright again in the first week of June, reminding me of the stretch of weather before the embarkation for the Allied invasion of France in 1944, when I was in what a girl I knew then called a nughty mood. For at least a month before D Day, I was continuously angry at the press-relations officers of FUSAG (for First United States Army Group), a pre-invasion echelon destined never to function on the Continent under that name. I was equally angry with the correspondents of the major American news agencies and dailies in pre-invasion London, a number of whom I had until then considered my friends. (I now reconsider some of them such, but others I have never forgiven.) This was because the Army Group P.R.O.s, few of whom had ever heard a shot fired in anger—the old taunts come back to mind with the old combinations of initials—refused to let me accompany the 1st Division across the Channel, even though Major General Clarence Huebner, its commanding officer, had invited me. It is painful to let friends go into danger without you; abandoning them later comes easier. It is like knowing that a friend is critically ill in the hospital; having visited once or twice, you stay away with relative equanimity. I considered myself bound to the 1st by ties of friendship and honor that dated from the North African campaign. Historical curiosity also entered into my feelings, since wherever the 1st was, the best story was sure to be. Because it was the most thoroughly tested American division, it had to go in in the trickiest place. This saved a reporter the trouble of trying to divine official intentions; while my colleagues stared helplessly at maps depicting German-held Europe from Spitsbergen down to Hendaye, I had only to stick to the 1st and the Great Riddle would come clear in due course.

Some giant mind higher than Army Group, however, had imagined that the way to please the press was to let an association of permanent American correspondents in London decide who might cover the invasion, and how. The members of the association were not military correspondents but sitters at the ends of cable lines. Since, in the nature of things, they worked for the press services and dailies that maintained

permanent bureaus in London, they reserved all the good spots for their fellow-employees. (None asked to make the landing personally.) This ridiculous association would do nothing to help me, and I suspected its overcordial dignitaries of promoting a monopoly. In those pre-invasion days, I used to go for a run every morning in Hyde Park—from Hyde Park Corner to Kensington Palace and back—and as I jogged along I would reflect on the ignominy of being left out of an event I had looked forward to for four years, ever since the fall of France, a country I had left in June, 1940. I was not consoled by the P.R.O.s' assurance that I would get over some time, days or weeks after D Day, or even, perhaps—if I was good—be permitted to witness the event itself from a ship so big that there were butter plates and celery on the officers' dinner table. The running was sensible, because I knew from experience that infantry war takes a lot out of even a spectator's legs. If my permission came through, I wanted to be in shape to take advantage of it. I was a few months short of forty, and had been waiting all winter in London, training in pubs and bottle clubs. The greatest benefit of the running, however, was that it helped me work off the surplus adrenal juices that accumulated whenever I thought of the P.R.O.s, for whom I invented appropriate civilian pasts as I ran along. I decided they had been moving-picture press agents, office boys in advertising agencies, or newspaper legmen with metatarsal defects. I also devoted sweaty miles of thought to the press-service bureau chiefs—Sweet Alices trembling at the frown of fatheaded Ben Bolts five thousand miles away. Whenever I invented an insult that especially amused me, I would break my jog and walk a furlong to savor it. One puffball had particularly infuriated me by offering a confidential tip that the Army expected casualties of ninety-five per cent in the first hours. This was not only monstrously untrue but insulting, because it suggested that I could be frightened. I could, of course. As for him, he had not the faintest idea what he was talking about, having never, in the phrase of the immortal Dan De Quille, "seen the elephant nor hearn the owl." This same *bête noire* (or, rather, *bête rose*; he had a pink, snouty face like a Walt Disney porker's) had

made up a slogan: "Every typewriter in a landing craft takes up space needed for a machine gun." He was patriotically willing to waive his own claim to passage. "*Ça, c'est un blasphème*," a Basque major of Zouaves in Tunisia had once said to me of the Vichy generals who didn't want to fight, and I repeated it as I pounded along, regarded without astonishment by old gentlemen feeding the ducks on the Serpentine. London is used to eccentrics.

I lived at a hotel on Half Moon Street, which is one block long and runs from Piccadilly to Curzon Street. My fever came to a head one noon as I walked home through Curzon Street after my run. I was drenched in sweat but still full of rage when I saw a very small English automobile draw up at the curb ahead of me, in front of a house bearing a doctor's doorplate. A woman got out of the driver's seat, opened the door on the sidewalk side, and extracted from the hind portion of the car first a pair of crutches, which she leaned against the hood, and then part of an old man, who was so wedged in that he could get out of his shell only about as far as a periwinkle. I was twenty yards past before it occurred to me that I ought to help—the gaffer didn't look like an A.P. man. I doubled back, grabbed the bony wrist extruding from the metal carapace, and jerked so violently that he came out flying. (He was an emaciated old gentleman, and couldn't have weighed much more than a collie.) When I saw the mingled gratitude and alarm on the woman's face, I realized how mad I must have seemed. A few paces farther on, I began to laugh, and it was then I realized that for a time, at any rate, I had beaten off paranoia.

I was rescued from my invasion frustration by a pair of Kentuckians in naval uniform—Barry Bingham, of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, and John Mason Brown, both of them prewar friends of mine—who were running Navy public relations for the great day. When they first proposed that I go as a naval war correspondent I was scornful. But my 1st Division prospects got no better as I pulled successive strings. Instead, as they say in Dublin, they disimproved, because some of the strings got crossed. Brown then artfully suggested that the Navy had little ships as well as big ones. The little ships in-





"It's spoiled."

• •

cluded LCIs (Landing Craft, Infantry) that would run smack aground in a yard of water to land the troops they carried, beginning within half an hour of the first, small-boat landings. Some of the LCIs, Bingham said insinuatingly, would be loaded with 1st Division infantry. I could travel to the other shore on one, and then make up my mind about getting off. If I went ashore, though, he said with regret in his voice, I would not be able to get any dispatches out; the Army P.R.O.s and censors would stop that, he was afraid. If I came back with the LCI—he realized that this was asking a lot, he said, because he knew how anxious I would be to stay on the beach—I *would* be able to write a hell of a story, and the Navy would get it out for me. And, of course, he said, holding up a hand to forestall my protestations of insatiable pugnacity, the LCI, after discharging its first package of soldiers, would go back to the transports lying farther offshore and fetch another load. "Coming in several times during the day that way, you'll get a splendid idea of how things are going," Bingham said. "You'll be

able to judge the intensity of fire at the waterline."

"I could get you on a good early one," Brown said. "I wouldn't want you to miss anything."

So when SHAEF (Supreme Headquarters Allied Expeditionary Forces) summoned us from our hotels for the last time and then shipped us south by bus, my destination was Landing Craft, Infantry, Large (157 feet), No. 88, berthed at Weymouth, in Dorset.

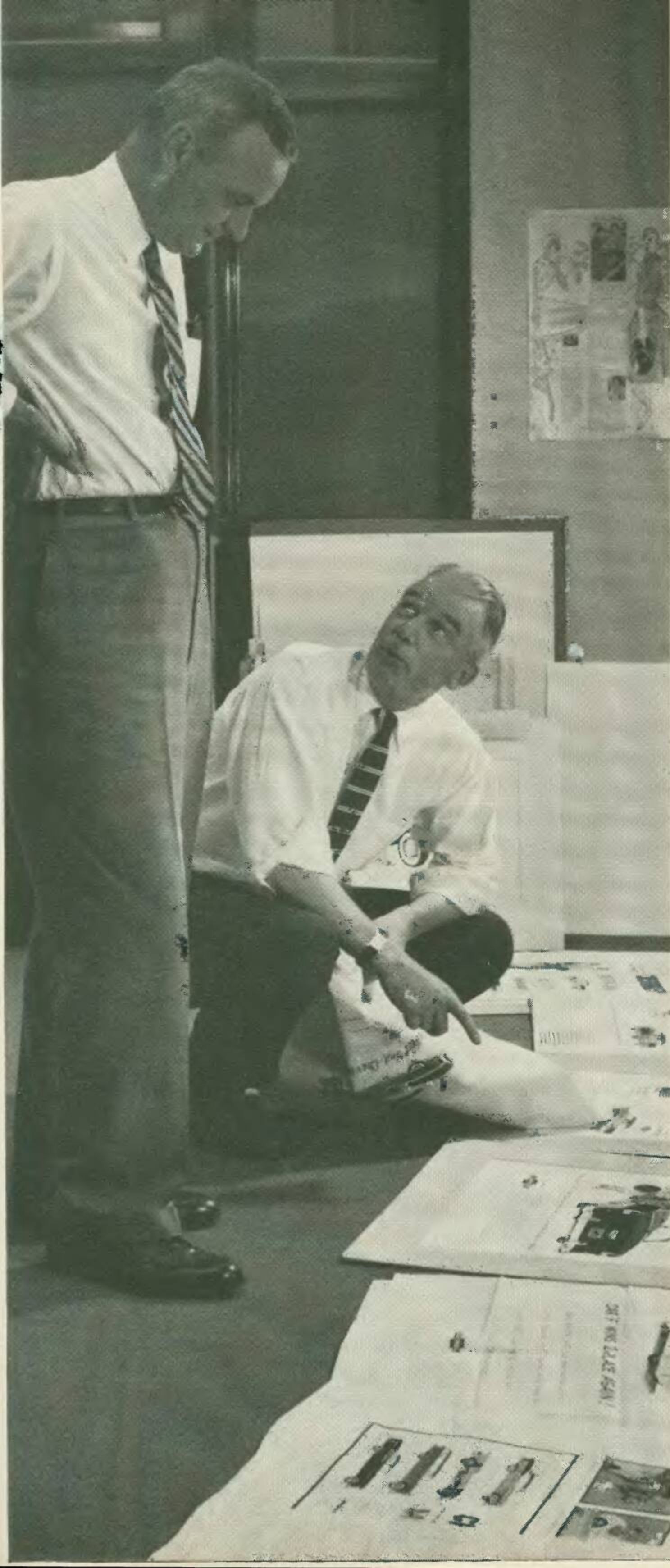
At Weymouth, it was instantly plain that there would have been room on LCIL 88 alone for a hundred more passengers. An army does not load its invasion craft like excursion boats but uses them to deliver units capable of action to an appointed spot at a useful time in the planned development of battle. It would be murderous, as well as useless, to send in odd lots of troops simply because there was room on the boats. Onshore, they would simply have to stand around and be shot at. I was as welcome as the flowers in May; once the crew knew that I was going across with them. A man who thinks he may have to be a hero is consoled by

the thought that his friends may read about it.

The Weymouth pier had landing craft lying alongside it lashed together three abreast. The gangplank to the LCI closest inshore would slope down steeply except at extreme high tide; the grumbling soldiers, carrying their gear, plus part of a machine gun or mortar, would fight against slipping, or else, if they weren't too closely packed, come down at a reckless run. The passengers for the two outer boats passed over the inshore one. On the 88, which was next to the pier, it was like living on Route 1. I lived aboard her for four days before we sailed, and got to know all her complement of thirty. Three were killed off Omaha Beach at seven-thirty-five on the morning of D Day, June 6th. Our first trip in was our last for the day; an armor-piercing shell that hit our bow reduced our effectiveness as a landing craft to almost nothing. When we limped back to Weymouth on Sunday evening, June 11th, after five days of shuttling about in the

transport area off the beach, I was glad to see the place, but I didn't stay long. Early Monday morning, I took a train for London. I journeyed part of the way with an American soldier who said he had been fished out of the Channel off Omaha Beach and brought back to England by a returning LST. He lacked the guts to rejoin his outfit, he said frankly, and was headed over the hill to an English town where he had a girl. Going back to my own comfortable hotel in London to write my story, I was in no moral position to be censorious. I lent him a pound. He ducked off down the corridor to another compartment when a dazzling Red Cross girl got in at the first station up the line; he was afraid she might ask questions, I suppose. I rode the rest of the way to London with her, practicing the art of heroic understatement as I had studied it in British war films in the Noel Coward manner.

THINKING of all these things last month, in the miraculous London warmth that recalled them, I walked around St. James's Square four times,



"Nobody has an option on an idea"

The man who said that is on the right. Jim Hastings. He's a top-drawer art director in any book, and he works at Campbell-Ewald.

Both men are working on an idea. The man at the left, Pete Booth, is a copy group head.

The picture illustrates graphically what Jim means when he says:

"There's fun in this business when you get the right people together . . . then you get the right freedom of expression."

For no one has an option on an idea.

"An idea," says Jim, "can come from copy or from art. No difference. They both deal with images, either words or pictures.

"A real good ad comes along when the transition from picture to copy is so smooth you don't notice it. It's a unit. One image."

And that's why he says: "Copy and art ought to fall in love with each other. We're dead without them . . . they're dead without us."

But Jim's world of creativity is tempered by statements like this:

"We're in business. We have to be practical . . . we sell merchandise. We can't be precious about our words and pictures.

"The best picture—or the best ad—isn't worth a dime if it isn't focused on the selling problem."

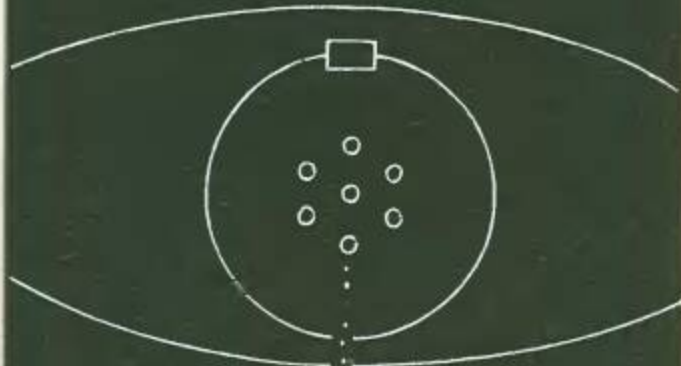
Jim believes all that. We brought him here two years ago to make his beliefs part of ours, to help create advertising built on that creative philosophy. He was in the vanguard of our new creative group. We want their challenging ideas—they want the challenge.

They're quite a bunch to have working for you—we know it, and so do our clients.

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sniffing the pollen of the mulberry trees, which made me sneeze in the true eighteenth-century style of the quarter, though without benefit of snuffbox. On the façade of Norfolk House, an office building on the east side of the Square, a plaque in polychrome stone relates that within the building, between January 16th and June 6th, 1944, General Dwight D. Eisenhower, in conjunction with the heads of the Allied governments, planned and launched the excursion in which I participated. With my sneeze, but without causal connection between them that I can trace, came an impulse to go down to Weymouth again and see what it looked like. It was Saturday, June 4, 1955, and we had sailed from there on the evening of Monday, June 5, 1944. I am fond of anniversaries, although I do not believe in letting them get the better of me. I had never before observed June 5th, for example, but that was no reason I shouldn't. The rail strike was still on, so I asked Arthur, my hotel porter, to find a man to drive me down to Weymouth next day.

I had often been in the southwest of England in that other spring, when every sizable market town was the headquarters of an American division. As the date set for the invasion neared, the roads choked up with American trucks and tank transporters; Red Cross clubs huddled in the shadows of cathedrals; soldiers from prohibition states drank the pubs out of beer. The gentle West Country girls yielded with increasing facility to the pleas of men unlikely to trouble them again, and a haze of last-minute love hung over the land with the heat. I remembered the bus ride to the embarkation area, with military traffic ever heavier as we neared Weymouth and the adjacent coastal town of Portland. From Dorchester down, the M.P.s had worked like cops at a bridge approach fifteen miles long.

On the Sunday of the anniversary, the weather held fair. In the morning, Mr. George Biggs, a staunch friend of Arthur, the porter, came to fetch me in a Vauxhall, a nippy little car manufactured by a British subsidiary of General Motors, and at nine o'clock we set out. The ways in and out of a great city, being so uninteresting in themselves, allow opportunity to get acquainted with a hired driver. Mr. Biggs was a man of conservative aspect, with a gray mustache, glasses, an alpaca jacket, and a cap with a visor. His features underlay a glaze of respectable impassivity, and his

opening remarks were not of a startling nature. "Fat pillows of cloud against a blue sky," he said. "I always think they are quite nice, don't you, sir?" And a moment or two later, as he whirled with phlegmatic dash around a mooning family vehicle: "Putterers and picnickers—that's what we shall have to contend with from here to the other side of the New Forest, sir."

After we stopped at Winchester for a nice cup of tea, he loosened up a bit. I remembered when the headquarters of Major General Manton S. Eddy, commanding the 9th Division,



had been there. I had known the 9th in Africa, where it depended on half-trained mules and untrained muleteers to bring up ammunition, and had found it again in green Hampshire during the pre-invasion entr'acte. It was

a crack division by then, and probably the chief architect of its excellence, next to Eddy, had been a private named Warner and nicknamed Molotov, which was later shortened to Mollie. I had seen him dead by a wadi north of Sedjenane a year earlier. Some time before that, Mollie had walked up a *djebel* under fire and captured six hundred Italians by asking them if they weren't tired of acting so miserable. His death had resulted from a subsequent similar hunch, which turned out less well. In Winchester, I had talked about Mollie with fellows who had been in his company. Now the only strangers in town were weekend putterers like us, who had stopped for elevenses and a look at the cathedral. It was unlikely that they had ever heard of Sedjenane.

All the way from London we had been threading our way among bare-legged bicycling girls. They occur in clubs, as fish do in schools, and once you have sighted the rearmost rump, high off the seat as the owner pushes to keep up, you sometimes run among them for five minutes before you leave the leader's pink, determined face behind. There were also, as one might expect, automobiles of all descriptions, and motorbikes with a girl riding sidecar or pillion, or with two girls riding sidecar and pillion, or with Mother and Baby in the sidecar and Dad and the boys on the bike. The motorbike, in all its forms, is to the British highways what the small donkey is to those of North Africa. Buried under a superstructure of humanity and tea things, it snarls along on two, three, or even four wheels. Many an apparent automobile reveals itself, as you come closer, to be a bubble built out

from and over a basic motorbicycle, with the rider, his face inside a plastic wind-screen, as grave as the front half of a comedy horse. The attractions of the road beckon: "Thirteenth Century Cottage—First Left—Car Park—Teas, Snacks, Fully Licensed;" "Four Hundred Yds. to Fresh-Picked Strawberries;" "Purebred Herefords and Cocker Spaniels." In the New Forest, which was set aside as a royal hunting ground by William the Conqueror when there may have been trees there (the Forest visible from the road now looks like Long Island scrub), our progress was further complicated by the New Forest ponies, wild horses of an ancient breed that line the road on Sundays to mooch tea buns from picnickers. English nature lovers have told me that the New Forest pony, with that uncanny instinct for survival that savage creatures develop, has learned to count to seven and never misses a Sunday, frequently turning up at the roadside with a bunch of wild primroses between its teeth to swap for boiled sweets or Yarmouth bloaters. The pony mothers bring their foals along to pose for photographs, knowing that more tea buns are forthcoming from camera amateurs who want the ponies to stand steady than from putters who have no cameras. They are reported to have followed cars with cameras in them for miles, but this is on the dubious authority of letter writers to the *Times*. In appearance, the ponies are uncommonly hard to tell from small, undistinguished horses that have been left out in the rain. They cross the highway in both directions as they see carloads of tea-bun prospects approaching. The motor vehicles stop when the drivers see the ponies, and as the drivers of sequential vehicles do not always see them at the same time, this leads to rear-end collisions, while squads of children, leaping down and skinning their knees, add further perils to William the Conqueror's old line of country. Mr. Biggs egg-danced among them without hitting a pony, or even a child.

At Wimborne, a few miles beyond the New Forest, Mr. Biggs and I turned with relief onto the byroad that leads to Blandford, a town that once sheltered the headquarters of the 1st Division. This is one of the prettiest bits of road I have seen in England, running in part through an avenue of ancient beeches, which Mr. Biggs, checking by his speedometer, said was two miles long. (A bar waiter in Blandford told me later there were three hundred and seventy-five beeches, and that a society of ladies in Blandford cut the ivy off them every two years; he had a Sam Weller look

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Read "The Dreadful Dilemma of the Democrats" by Joseph and Stewart Alsop in this week's Post.

In all, there are 8 articles, 4 short stories, 2 serials in the July 23 issue of The Saturday Evening Post.



Post

about him, however, and may well have been in the habit of writing letters to the *Times* himself.) In Blandford there were soldiers in the long street, because the British Army has a permanent camp there, but they wore British battle dress instead of our field jackets. Blandford is built around the bend of a pleasant small river called the Stour, and the main street, after a few constricted turns, runs over a bridge. "The town contains numerous fine 18th-cent. buildings including . . . the Crown Hotel, most of which were designed by the Bastard brothers"—The Little Guide series; Dorset, page 49. It is an old town, but nothing like as big or as historic as Winchester. I bade Mr. Biggs stop for lunch at the Crown, because I remembered it as the principal inn of the place. In its bar, elegant but no longer animated, three or four customers in good jackets were solemnly drinking sherry. I had something stronger and told the gentlewoman behind the bar that I had been there before, with the Americans, and she said that *did* seem a long time ago. I pursued the subject no further, but she must have quoted me to other members of the staff; as Mr. Biggs and I made our way to the dining room a few minutes later, I heard a much younger gentlewoman at the reception desk say over her shoulder, "It was a bit livelier then, I daresay."

The cold meat was quite good, and only the flavor of the brown soup recalled the war. As I tasted it, a tune came into my head (this association of two sensory memories is, I believe, called synesthesia), but I had to down the spoonful of soup and hum two experimental bars before I could identify the air. It was "There'll Always Be an England." Mr. Biggs looked astonished, and remarked, "I've always said there's nothing like a dash of high spirits, sir." The gentlefolk at the other tables looked peculiarly depressed, as if they had all come down into the country to hear the wills of relatives who had left them nothing. Mr. Biggs, having finished the last mouthful of the two kinds of potatoes and one kind of cabbage that had accompanied his mutton, looked around him slowly and then back at me. With a flash of perception that surprised me, he said, "We *are* a sad people to look at, aren't we, sir?"

On the sunlit road again, barrelling down to Dorchester and Weymouth, I found it hard to keep my mind on the anniversary. There was no weekend traffic here, a hundred miles from London. In those other days, the road had been full of men going to a war, and now it wasn't. King Arthur probably



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used the same road going up to Badbury Rings, by the avenue of beeches, to whip the West Saxons. ("Badbury is identified by Dr. Guest with Mount Badon, or Mons Badonicus. . . Dr. Guest's case is a strong but by no means overwhelming one." *Op. cit.*, pp. 43-4.) That was in circ. 520, and there had been operations in between. In the fields by the road, red Devon cattle had replaced the Jerseys and Guernseys nearer London. The country looked less carefully tended, less self-consciously old, than the Home Counties. It has been there so long that there is no need to call attention to a post-Arthurian horror like a thirteenth-century cottage. I could smell the Channel, and Europe across it. This was an illusion based on reality, because for me the smell of the lower Norman coast—sea and broom plant—is the smell of Europe, and Dorset has sea and broom plant, too. For years, I did not know the second ingredient of this smell; it was a botanically informed friend who identified it for me. Last April, at Lanark, in western Scotland, where there is a lot of broom, I smelled Europe all about me. Glasgow does not smell like Europe, but that is because the broom gets no chance. (Broom has a light, pleasant, spicy smell, like fresh-baked ginger cake but enough different so you know it can't be.)

The gaunt boarding villas that lined the highway as it entered the town limits of Weymouth were as lugubrious as the Blandford lunchers, and their looks contrasted pitifully with the names the original proprietors had chosen for them—Bon Repos, Miramar Chalet, and the like. Weymouth in peacetime is more celebrated as a beach resort than as a port. The sea air had already nibbled at the villas' high, late-Victorian façades of brick and stucco, which advertised the dankness within. Nothing ages faster than a jerry-built house by the sea. There are desolations within New York City, by Jamaica Bay, where trees grow out through the glassless windows of facsimile châteaux, and house fronts gape like crazed Faulknerian ladies from behind hedges of privet grown twenty feet high—desolations that I can remember being raucous with silk shirts, white flannel pants, buckskin shoes, straw skimmers, gypsy orchestras, and women in pretty good diamonds forty years ago. Skip painting a house by the shore for one season and it starts to go; ten and it's gone. The pollution of Jamaica Bay and the coming of the automobile did to those shore resorts close to town what Faulkner thinks the Civil War did to Chuggety-

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buggety County, which would have gone bust in the natural course of events by about 1867 anyway.

These Weymouth villas had missed a lot of paintings, but somebody had always come along in the nick of time to save them from falling to pieces altogether. I knew that in a shore resort the boarding houses farthest from the sea are always the shabbiest. Making full allowance for that, I found the approach to the Weymouth harbor sad in the Biggsian sense. I had stopped at Weymouth for tea once on the way down to some landing exercises in Devonshire in early spring, before the genuine embarkation, and I had retained from this visit a memory of a prodigiously long row of gaunt lodging houses and hotels with nobody in them, staring out to sea across a beach encumbered with barbed wire. Then there had been the second, anxious time, in the LCI, with the beach still deserted but the town rumbling with troops and vehicles headed for the pier, while I, with crew and fellow-passengers, was confined to the 88 from the moment I came aboard. Bon Repos and the rest confirmed those first gloomy impressions. What Mr. Biggs and I saw when we reached the sea front abashed me, and perhaps him, because it was so different.

Weymouth Beach is a semicircle rimmed by an esplanade a mile long. The pier stands out to sea at the south end of the arc, which is the end away from the normal landward approach. The conflicting music of competing roundabouts down on the sand supplied a background to the shouts of children, who yell more and louder when they are by the sea than anywhere else, keeping in touch with one another in the face of bravely imagined dangers. On the breeze blowing from the direction of the pier I could identify occasional strains of band music and the screams of a number of mad sea gulls, inspired to vocalism by the general clamor, as they dived for the discarded butts of ice-cream cones. From flagpoles set at intervals of not more than fifty feet along the esplanade fluttered the banners of Uruguay, Norway, Mexico, Italy, and about every other nation with gay colors. The great red brick hotel, the Gloucester, once the summer residence of George III (*Op. cit.*, p. 174), was cheerfully rubicund; the pensions with the Pullman-car names—Nyanza Châlet, Windermere Cottage, Tickety-Boo-sur-Mer—flirted discreetly with the day trippers, employing tablecloths instead of handkerchiefs. There were flowers and cones of napery on the tables by their windows, inviting to the seven-

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and-six *prix fixe*. I imagined subterranean cisterns of brown soup, h. and c., but for the most part nearly c., supplying taps in all their kitchens; the thought depressed me only momentarily. The tide was low, and not one of the bathers I could descry walking out into the water—some of them mere dots at a distance of a nautical mile—had yet got up to his armpits, but a pedestrian with perseverance and an early start might reach swimmable depths and get back in time for a late tea. Some jolly good sunburns were already on view among the returning foot-sloggers.

Mr. Biggs parked the Vauxhall at the end of the esplanade farthest from the pier, just by an Italian flag, and we set out on foot. By the time we had gone a sixteenth of a mile, I realized that about every third flag was Italian; the chap in charge of decorations was either an Italian himself or enamored of red, white, and green. Abandoning all thought of finding the car again—I was glad I didn't own it—I strode on happily with Mr. Biggs, who was smiling, too, in a reserved way, past queues for teas and queues for ices at stands on the beach below our path, past queues at bathing tents, which here take the place of bathhouses. We paused to look down on a Punch-and-Judy show. There was no Judy in it, though; perhaps the Lord Chamberlain had turned thumbs down on the battle of the sexes as entertainment for children. Instead, there was a smarmy male character, who outwitted Punch with the active connivance of the children in the audience. "Not Angles but Angels," St. Gregory said when he saw the captive English children in the slave market, and the small, beautiful faces turned up to the puppet show on Weymouth Beach made it easy to understand him. The smarmy puppet said to Punch, "'Old out your 'and. I won't 'urt you." He held a sledge hammer behind his back. Punch shrieked apprehensively and waved his hands about his head. Smarmy appealed to the angels. "I won't 'urt 'im, will I, children?" he asked them. "NO!" they all shouted in chorus, following with an explosion of knowing squeals. Poor Punch wavered. He appealed to his little friends in turn. "Will 'e 'urt me if I put my 'and out, children?" "NO!"—followed by more squeals. "All right, pal. 'Ere's my 'and." He extended his right hand, palm up. Smarmy hit it with the sledge hammer. Punch screamed realistically, and the angels howled so hard with laughter that mummies and nannies had to drag half of them away

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to public lavatories. Even Mr. Biggs had to laugh. "Children are cruel, don't you agree, sir?" he said when he could control his voice. After that, the puppet man, a topical cove, put on two boxing puppets in the roles of Rocky Marciano (boos) and Don Cockell (excited cheers). Cockell had all the best of it, and the "three-round exhibition" ended with Marciano out on the ropes while Cockell alternately butted him in the stomach and pulled his nose, a historical inaccuracy that the children accepted with enthusiasm.

Farther along, a cathedral builder had finished one half of the façade of Westminster Abbey in wet sand; the model was seven feet high. A placard on an easel said, "Sand and water only used in this construction," and the man was working with a trowel. There was a bit of old carpet on the sand between the Abbey and the esplanade, and passing lovers of the fine arts showered down coins. Like the others, I felt that it was important for the master mason to finish his dedicated labor before high tide reduced it to ruins; a finished work of art, once it has existed, exists forever. I threw the man a tanner, which landed fair in the middle of the carpet, but when I passed that way again, the Abbey was in the same unfinished state; he knew from experience, I suppose, that if he completed the job, no further appropriations could be expected. His game was to play upon the public anxiety.

At the end of our *demi-tour*, we reached the pier. It was a double pier, perhaps a thousand yards long, with a sunken railroad track in the middle. I had not remembered it exactly that way. There was relatively deep water only on the side away from the beach, facing a dredged inlet I did remember, which led into Weymouth's little port, beyond the pier end of the esplanade. The pier was of concrete; I recalled it as having been covered with planks. Tied alongside, where I remembered the LCIs end to end and cheek by jowl, were two steamers. The first, spruce and fairly ambitious, was a passenger liner serving the Channel Islands. The one out beyond her, a low, almost square-bowed coaster, was a potato boat from Jersey, where vegetables are earlier than in England. The potato boat was unloading; Sunday is a working day when there is a question of getting the new stuff to Covent Garden in time for the opening of the Monday market. Farther inshore, at the quayside of the port, a tomato boat from Guernsey was unloading. Mr. Biggs and I picked our way along the pier, among the cranes and lorries and potato sacks, while I tried to reconcile my memories

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When the boys understood that the kittens had no home, nowhere to go, they impulsively gathered them up to bring to the protection of the "Nature House." As they walked—carefully, now—they talked quietly.

One youngster looked up from his squirming burden and asked the counselor, "Do you think these kittens mind being poor?" Then the child put his head down and said with all the deep, sad feeling of a little boy who has never before had anything or anyone to love or any possession to call his own: "*I mind it!*"

But the poverty of things is not the greatest poverty of the slums. There is a poverty of spirit, of faith, of dreams—and these are worse. Even a very little boy minds being poor! He minds the hot, boxlike tenement existence. He minds the sordidness, profanity, filth and wretchedness of the slums. He minds the ugliness of slum life.

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with what I saw. Across from the very end of the pier, and forming the mouth of the inlet with it, was a round fortification dating from Napoleonic times, when England had last feared an invasion before 1940. I remembered that LCIL 88, commanded by Lieutenant Henry Rigg, U.S. Coast Guard Reserve, had passed this fort on the evening of Sunday, June 11, 1944, coming into port with a hole forward and enough of a list to get her sent back from Normandy for repairs. Off the fort, an old fellow had rowed out to us in a boat, shouting greetings and asking after friends of his in the crew. He brought us eleven bottles of beer, because the pubs were closed.

Mr. Biggs and I talked to some of the longshoremen. The younger men had themselves been away in service, but a ganger, or foreman, said he remembered the LCIs well; he had worked as a fitter in the engine-repair shops set up for them in Weymouth. As to the exact berth of the 88, which he didn't remember, he said that if I recalled planks, she must have lain up the inlet, where the Guernsey boat was now unloading tomatoes. "That quay is concrete now, same as this pier," he said, "but in 1944 there was still planks across the top of it. It's been rebuilt since. This here pier was concrete already then, same as like it is now."

So Biggs and I walked back, I by this time beginning to feel silly about the whole business. If the quay had been rebuilt, as the ganger said, it wouldn't look the same anyway. And what was I going to do if I did find the berth, I asked myself. Put a plaque there like the one on Norfolk House—"At this point in space and history 177 (approx. fig.) men (among many thousands of others) sweated out the invasion of Festung Europa, telling what jokes they could think of and playing poker badly for small sums"? Or "Sacred to the memories of Moran, Frere, and Simone, whose first names I have forgotten. Moran was going to write a book, and Frere had a girl named Hazel"? We walked down to the tomato boat just the same, and I said it looked like the place all right, but of course it didn't, any more than the race track at Saratoga looks like a battlefield.

We were hot and a bit footsore by that time, so I said to Mr. Biggs that it might be nice to go out to the end of the shallow-water side of the double pier, where there was a band concert, and sit down in deck chairs and have an ice. This side of the pier is divided from the working side by the railroad track and an iron grille. It is an amusement pier,

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and admission costs eighteenpence. Posters at the entrance said that the concert was being rendered by the Yeovil Workmen's Silver Prize Band. Yeovil is a small city in Somerset, not very far away. The posters did not say who gave the band the prize, or why it was only silver. Mr. Biggs and I walked out to the end again, and hired deck chairs for sixpence apiece and sat down. There was a breeze out there. I bought a large-size, sixpenny ice-cream cone filled with brilliantly white ice cream that tasted as American ice cream bought at the beach used to when I was a boy (before the trees grew through the windows). The ice cream tasted of honest mucilage and vanilla, not imitation-rum-chocolate-chip-pistachio-cherry dextrose, like the contemporary variety. The band, which should have had all the prizes going, played a bewitching medley, including "The Maple Leaf Forever," "Widdicombe Fair," "The Minstrel Boy to the War Has Gone," "Rule, Britannia" (which made me feel retrospectively heroic), and, by a special dispensation of chance, "The Ace in the Hole":

Others have friends in the old Tenderloin,
That is their Ace in the Hole.

How the Ace got into the Yeovil medley I will never know. I hummed as I licked the delicious white ice cream. Mr. Biggs, that perceptive man, was watching me, although I was not at that moment aware of it. He had declined an ice, preferring to save himself for a nice cup of tea on the road. "The grimmest things, afterward, in the course of time, are softened, aren't they, sir?" he said. —A. J. LIEBLING

Señora Entenza and her sisters leave today (we hope) and will go back to Havana via California, New Orleans and Miami.—Victoria (B.C.) Colonist.

Just give the news, please.

Independent Woman, 1819 Broadway, New York 23, N. Y. Interested in poetry and verse, 4 to 24 lines, on social, political, economic problems, and current events. Not interested in love poetry.—Writer's Digest.

Oh, all right.

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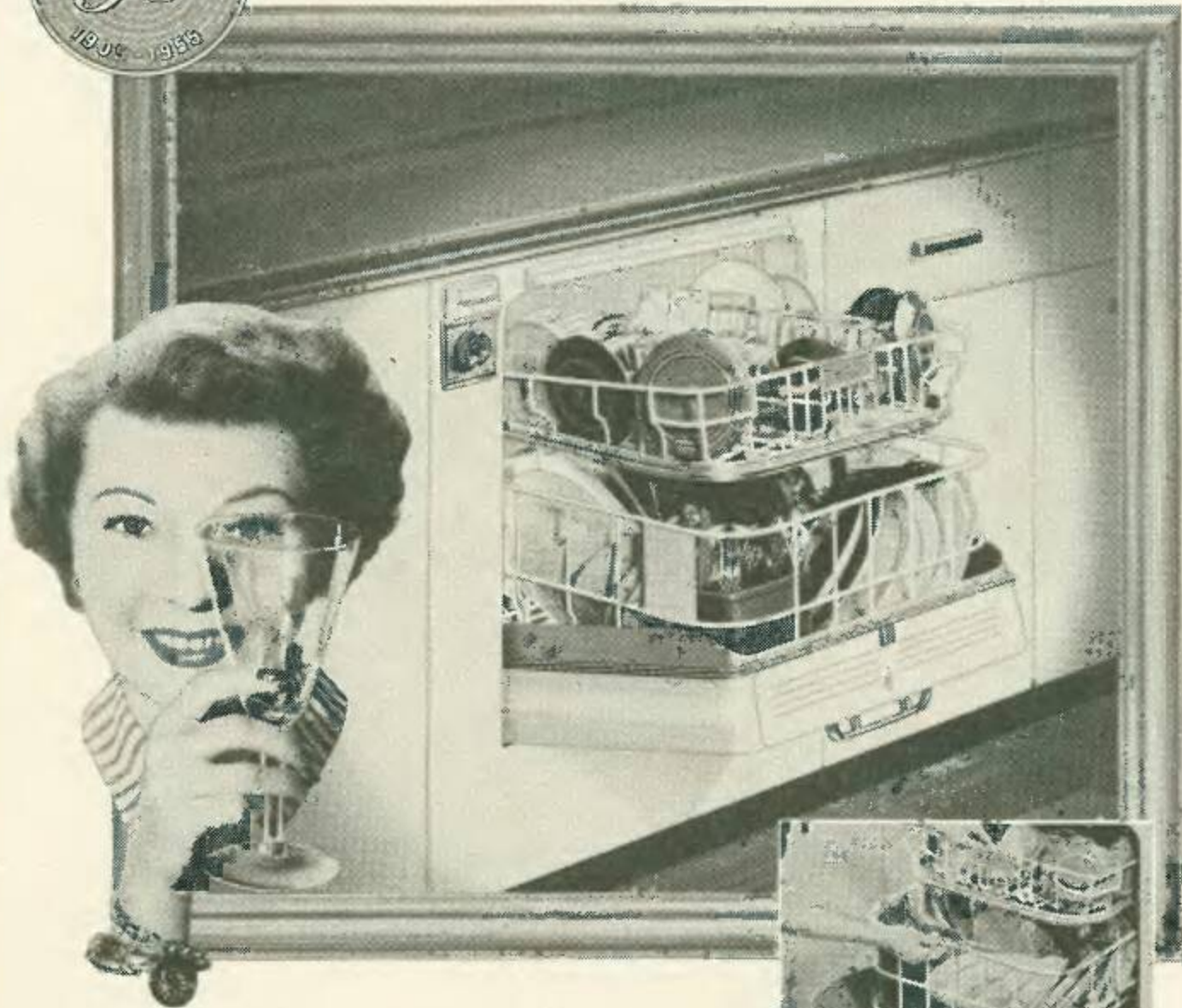
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Better Rue than Merriment



IN the theatre, "Mister Roberts" was, as you'll remember, a wonderfully hilarious work dealing with seagoing warriors who during the Second World War drugged around the Pacific in a Navy cargo ship that never came within gunshot of the enemy. In particular, the play concentrated on the dilemma of a decent and civilized lieutenant whose personal maggot was to spend the war in magnificent action instead of drearily running supplies from one bleak island to another and bickering with a master almost as balmy as Captain Queeg. The contrast between the lieutenant's large and bellicose dreams and his petty and frustrating circumstances made for a good many moments of pathos, but always they were nicely relieved by the wryly comical situations his associates forced him into. The screen version of "Mister Roberts" has not kept its scale of values so ingeniously balanced. The comedy has been unconscionably broadened, possibly to fill the vast acreage of the CinemaScopic screen, and as a result some of the humorous scenes have become as shapeless as rising dough. One might cite as an example an episode during which a character called Ensign Pulver, laundry officer aboard the cargo ship, experiments unsuccessfully among his washing machines with the prototype of a cannon cracker everybody hopes will blow the master out of his bunk. In the play, this was neatly brought off simply by having the Ensign appear onstage in a mass of froth. In the movie, the business involves a Niagara of suds, just a trifle too overwhelming to be plausible.

On the other hand, the rueful scenes, which involve our Mr. Roberts in such matters as knuckling under to the captain he despises in order to win the crew a badly needed liberty, and trying to wangle a transfer to a destroyer, are most effective, and Henry Fonda, who plays Mr. Roberts in the film, as he did on the stage, assuredly makes the most of these occasions. As a matter of fact, he is consistently admirable throughout the picture, and so, indeed, are some of

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his colleagues, notably James Cagney, who plays the master Mr. Fonda has to struggle with; Jack Lemmon, the Ensign Pulver of the film; and William Powell, who is cast as a doctor infinitely bored but also infinitely wise. There is a tendency on the part of the actors representing the crew to be a bit too enthusiastic in their demonstrations of manliness on the bounding main, and sometimes they seem overly aware of the droll aspects of what they are doing. I have a notion that a good many of the handicaps of the movie "Mister Roberts" arose from the direction of the piece, which was handled by John Ford and Mervyn Le Roy. The gentlemen were evidently determined to improve on a good joke, which is always ill-advised, but nevertheless they deserve credit for jerking a tear or two when they finally stop chuckling. It would be pleasant someday to see a picture of "Mister Roberts" made with the sort of brisk efficiency that used to be possible before the technical dreamers got to fooling around with wide screens and all that. But as a substitute for this desideratum the current production isn't really too hard to take. After all, what's wrong with a tear or two?

—JOHN McCARTEN

WHAT AUTHORITY ON ETIQUETTE D'YA READ?

DEAR MRS. POST: I would like to know the correct way to eat a shrimp cocktail. I am referring to the large-size shrimp. Should they be cut with a knife or fork, or should they be eaten directly from the fork by biting half off at a time?

Answer: If you are able to do it, you cut it in half with the fork against the side of the glass, or else you lift it out and put it on the plate underneath and cut it in half with the fork.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

"DEAR MISS VANDERBILT: When you get very large shrimps in a shrimp cocktail, is it all right to take them out one at a time and cut them in half on your plate before eating them?—F. S. H., Las Vegas, Nev."

No, don't do this; it would be messy. Usually the plate beneath the shrimp would be too small for you to work on anyway. In a case like this you take the shrimp with the seafood fork and consume it in two delicate bites.—*Lancaster (Pa.) New Era.*

NEW YORK, JULY 6 (AP)—A RECORD FIELD OF APPROXIMATELY 810 YOUNG SWIMMERS HAS ENTERED THE JUNIOR AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP AT PURDUE UNIVERSITY, AUG. 3-6, THE U.S. GOLF ASSN. SAID TODAY.—*News dispatch received by the Garden City (L.I.) Newsday.*

They ought to do all right on the water holes.



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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE



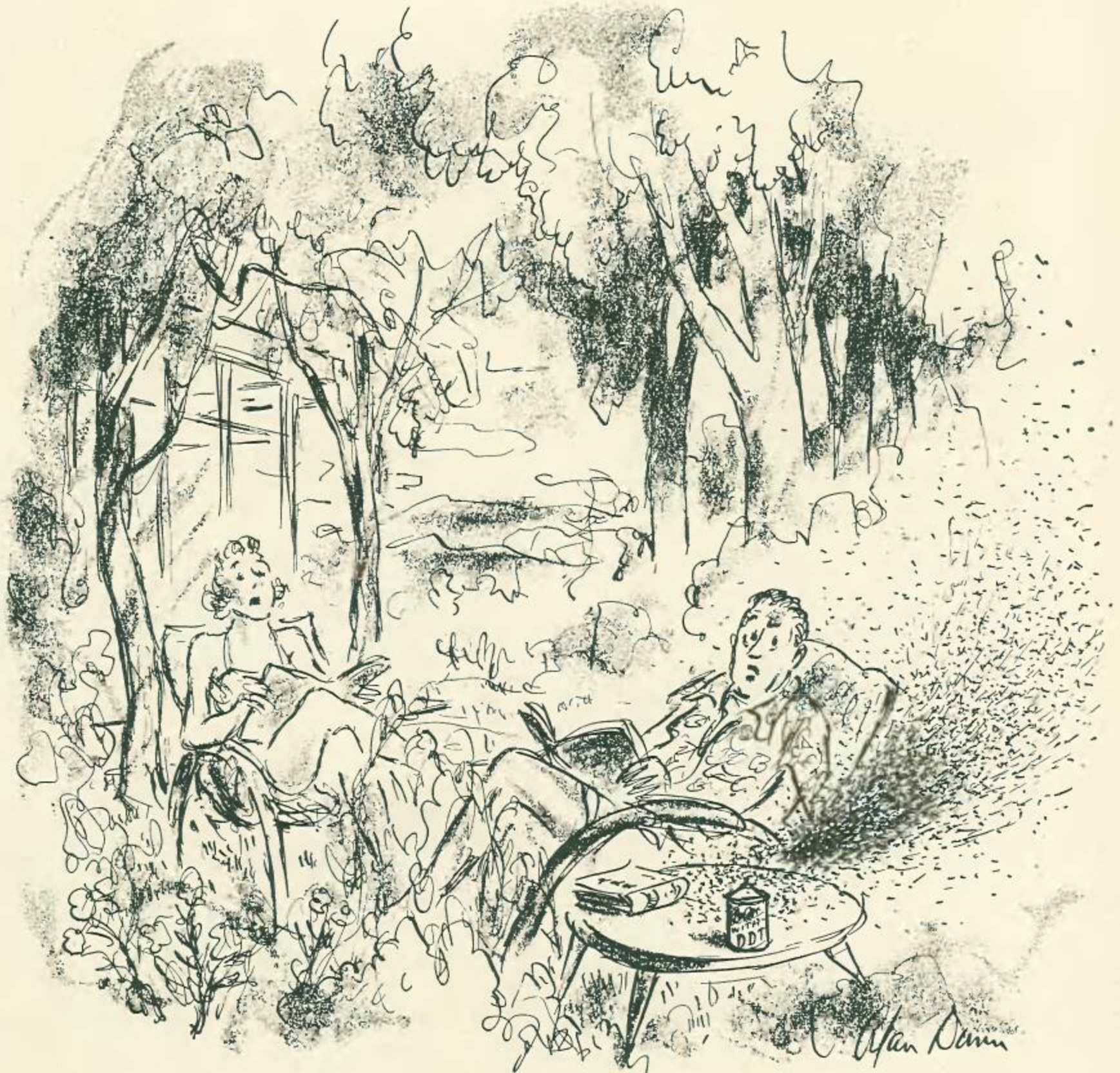
HOW our famous standard of living does press onward! Why, I can remember as if it were yesterday the way one's friends, the first thing on acquiring rural property, used to dig a great hole back of the house, smear a lot of cement around, channel the brook into the hole, and, without more ado, have themselves a swimming pool. Well, all that is as much a thing of the past as candle dipping, and today—or if not today, certainly no later than tomorrow—the landed gentry in these parts can call in a man to fix them up with a swimming pool as casually as they might telephone for the plumber.

I came to this conclusion after a morning spent with Mr. John W. Ross, of Bedford, New York, who is an architect and a franchised builder for Paddock of California, an old-line swimming-pool outfit. He has been kept so busy this spring laying out swimming pools in Westchester and Fairfield Counties that he has had to stop advertising his business until he can catch up with himself. The occasion of my meeting with him was a pilgrimage I made to Bedford Village in order to watch the setting up of the first Paddock Fiberglas swimming pool in Westchester. In case anybody in the audience is weak on the latest swimming-pool developments, maybe I had better explain that the Paddock company, which has long been a leader in the construction of concrete pools on the West Coast, and has been building them in the East for several years, has just recently begun to manufacture a laminated Fiberglas pool, called the Cinderella, which is considerably cheaper than a cement job of comparable size and, what is more, costs practically nothing to keep up.

The Paddock publicity people make a point of the fact that you don't have to be a movie star to own a

Cinderella pool, and I was pleased to see that the property on which this one was being built was patently not that of a movie star but of pleasantly situated Bedford Village householders whose tastes were unpretentious and who simply wanted a swimming pool for family use. When I drove up, three men were evening off the edges of a large excavation that had been made in the lawn behind the house by what I thought was a small bulldozer until Mr. Ross identified it for me as a back-hoe. A pretty herbaceous border ran along one side of the lawn, and on the grass nearby lay the Fiberglas pool, looking like an enormous white bathtub cut into four sections. The sections were to be fitted with rubber gaskets, then bolted together and lowered into the hole. After that, a two-foot edging of concrete would be poured around the rim of the pool, a decorative strip of blue

Fiberglas would be put on the inside walls at the water level, and the filter system would be installed. Then the pool would be filled and ready for use. The whole operation—from the time ground is broken until the final plumbing connection is made—takes just under a week, but Mr. Ross hopes to cut that down to four days as soon as his work crew has become familiar with the job. The price for pool, installation, and all is \$3,000, which, as such things go, is considered reasonable. Other virtues of the Cinderella are its pleasing looks, its durability (laminated Fiberglas never needs painting, and there seems to be no reason it shouldn't last through eternity), and the fact that something in the nature of the material discourages algae from sticking to it, thus greatly reducing the problem of keeping the walls and the bottom clean. The only drawback I can think of is



"If you ask me, they've become more than just resistant to the stuff."

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that you can't have any size and shape you want, as you can with a concrete pool. The Cinderella comes in a graceful oval, thirty feet long and fifteen feet across at its widest point. It's three feet deep at either end and five feet deep in the middle, and it holds ten thousand gallons of water. For the reassurance of people who might be afraid that ten thousand gallons of excavated dirt would make a shambles of their garden, I should mention that Mr. Ross considers a job unfinished until all the dug-out earth has been carted away—unless, of course, it is wanted somewhere else on the grounds for grading.

Since the Bedford Village work-in-progress had not reached the stage of pump and filter installation when I paid my visit, and since I found it difficult to understand some literature I had been given explaining the operation of the system, I drove over to Bronxville (it takes a lot of travelling to learn about swimming pools) to have a look at a completed Paddock pool—this one of concrete construction but using the same filter and the same pump as the Cinderella. It was a larger and altogether grander pool, thirty-five feet long and fifteen feet wide, with gently curving corners, and it ranged in depth from three and a half feet to eight. There was a wide coping of cast stone and a blue-tile trim at the water level. The over-all price of this type, including the filter system, is \$5,500. (There was an underwater light, too, and a set of concrete steps, but they cost extra.) The well-planned relation of the pool to the house, its delightful setting, in a back yard profusely planted with beautiful shrubs, and its agreeably natural effect, which rather surprised me, gave the setup an informal charm that I had not previously associated with swimming pools that cost \$5,500.

The filtration plant, which is what I went particularly to see, consists of something called a rapid sand-pressure filter and a self-priming electric pump, which draws water from the pool, forces it through the filter, and returns it to the pool. The filter and the pump were some little distance away from the pool, the filter simply buried underground and the pump and its motor set up in a cement-lined hole with a steel cover. In the pool I speak of, the pump also operates an automatic surface-skimmer—a plastic device that looks like a small basket, which floats at one end of the pool; it traps and drains off leaves, bugs, pollen, and other floating particles. The skimmer is another piece of extra equipment, but I thought I'd bring it up here


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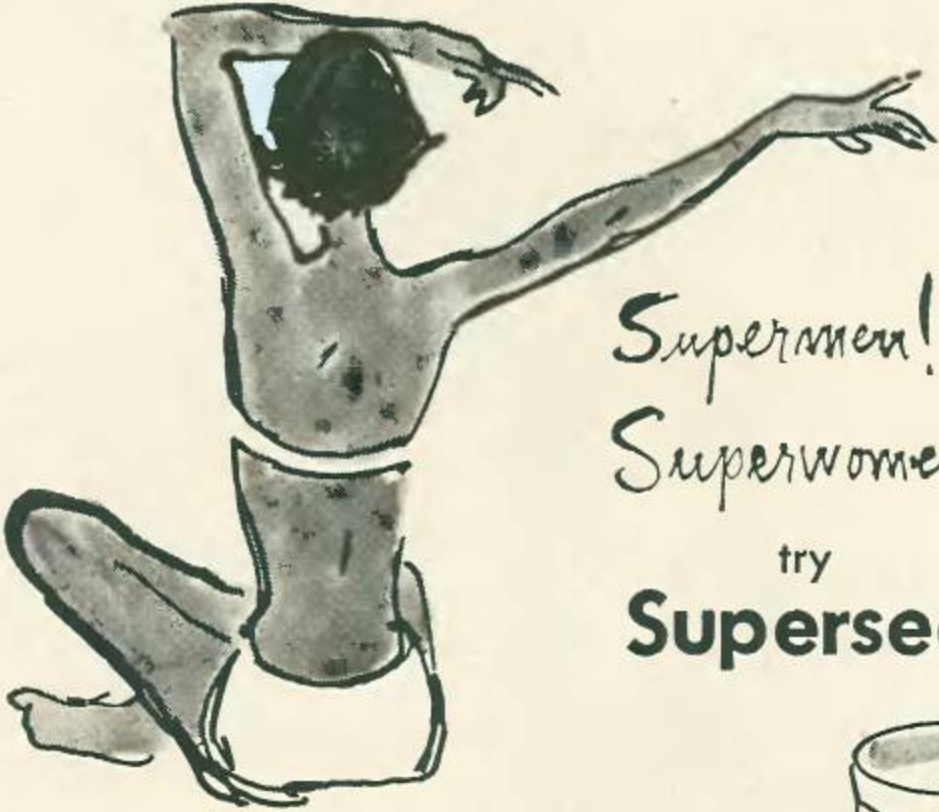
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because it can also be installed in the Cinderella. The concrete steps and the underwater light I mentioned earlier can't be, but the Paddock people will provide—at extra cost, of course—a chrome-plated brass ladder for the Cinderella, with an underwater light rigged up on the bottom rung.

It is now generally agreed by everybody concerned with swimming pools—users as well as builders—that filtration is of the utmost importance. Without filtration, the water, no matter how pure and crystal-clear it may be as it flows in, will become contaminated in less than three days by airborne dust and dirt, bacteria, and ordinary human use, and, even if it doesn't give you a nose and eye infection or typhoid, will quickly develop a fine growth of algae and take on a miserable cloudy appearance. The water in a filtered pool, on the other hand, remains clean and sparkling, and needs to be changed only once a year. So you see. Moreover, even if the only argument in favor of filtration were the brilliance and picture-postcard blueness it gives the water, it would be worth it.


With the exception of the prefabricated Cinderella, most Paddock pools, including the one in Bronxville, are made of a type of concrete called gunite, and cost from \$4,500 up, depending on size. The gunite, which is sprayed under pressure from an apparatus called a cement gun, is applied to a framework of interlaced steel rods—a method that has several advantages over the older one of simply pouring concrete into wooden forms. For one thing, it makes it much simpler to round off the bottom of the pool, and so avoid dirt-collecting corners. For another, gunite walls are said to be much stronger than plain concrete walls, and, for still another, they can be erected much more quickly, which cuts down on construction costs. Furthermore, gunite pools can be built in irregular shapes that it is just about impossible to achieve with poured concrete. The interior finish of the gunite pools is a smooth, watertight cement, slightly off-white. (If you hold out for an absolutely pure-white surface, an underwater paint will have to be used, and that means you'll have to repaint every three or four years.)

I DON'T for a moment think that anybody but the most dedicated horticulturist is going to scramble out of a swimming pool—or even leave a flowering garden—in this weather to listen to a short lecture I have prepared on the subject of greenhouses for the amateur gardener. All the same, the



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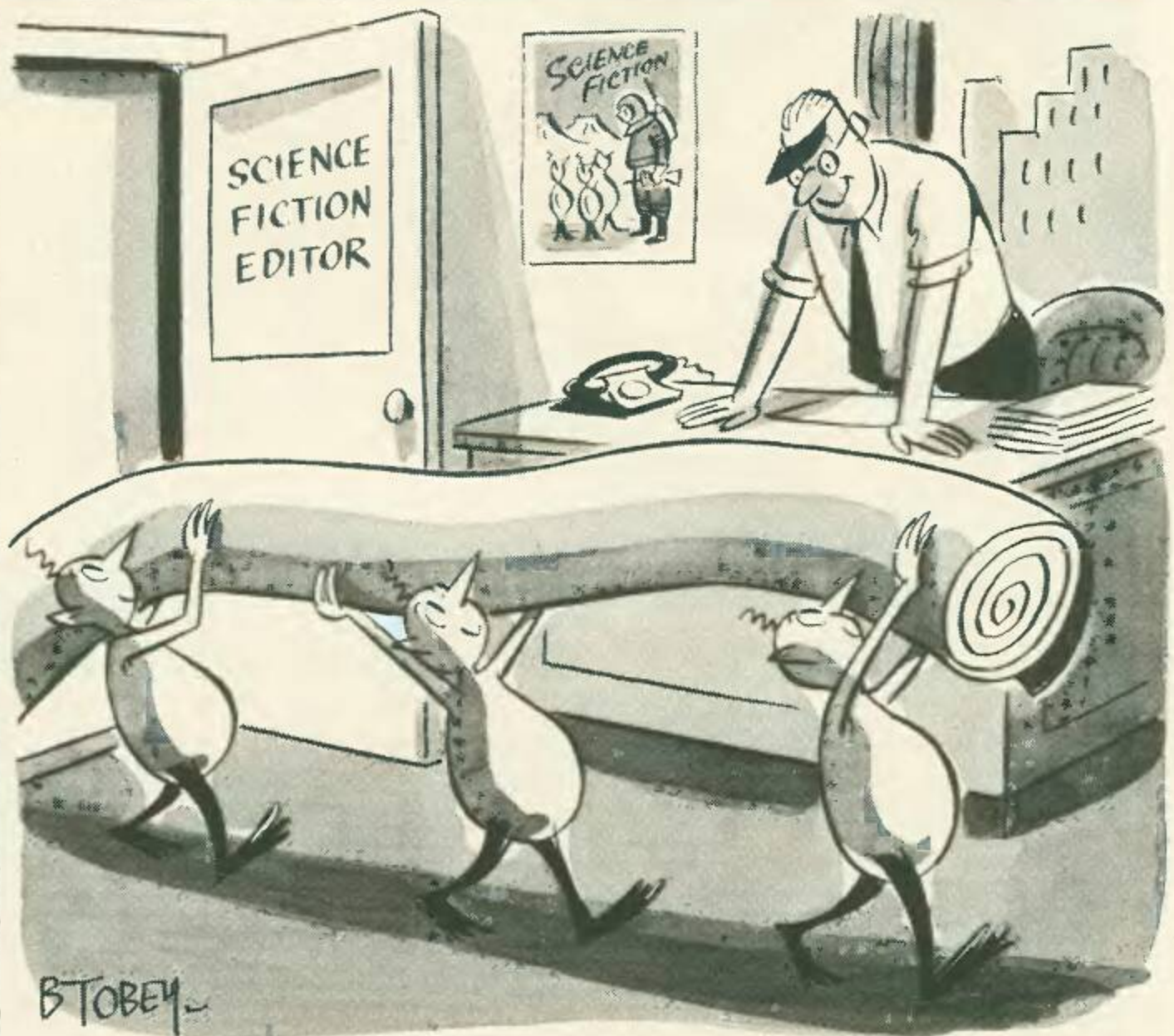
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THE INN

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PENNSYLVANIA

dilatory gardener had better take warning that unless he puts his mind on the small-greenhouse problem pretty soon he isn't going to have a greenhouse—small or large—when he needs it next winter. I put *my* mind on the subject recently to such good purpose that I am now in a position to report on the newest small models built by Lord & Burnham, who have been turning out all sorts of greenhouses for a hundred years in their plant at Irvington.

A monumental greenhouse, suitable for an estate with several full-time gardeners, is set up on the L. & B. grounds for display, but I won't bother you with its details; I'll stick to the more modest numbers, intended for people who aren't too ambitious and haven't a great deal of space for a greenhouse. Among the most practical of these are some new variations on the company's Orlyt design, whose moderate size and moderate price are calculated to win over even the most timid horticultural neophyte. The least expensive Orlyt (\$280) is a three-sided redwood construction that is meant to be joined to some other building—the house, for instance. It is five and a half feet long, thirteen feet wide, and eight feet ten inches high, and has a casement window at one end. (You're supposed to enter it from the building it's joined to, so there's no door. Naturally, it has to be joined to the house at a place where there already is one.) The panes—there are about a dozen of them—are the extra-large size (thirty inches wide) that is used in all Orlyt greenhouses. Another redwood Orlyt is a two-sided lean-to that fits into an angle of a building, so that the walls of the building serve as two walls of the greenhouse. This one is ten feet eight inches long, seven feet wide, and eight feet ten inches high, and has a full-sized door; the price is \$325.

A three-sided Orlyt greenhouse of aluminum, eight and a half feet long, ten feet wide, and eight and a half feet high, with a sash window at one end, but no door, is \$325, and a larger three-sided aluminum model, eleven feet two inches long, fourteen feet wide, and nine feet three inches high, with a door at one end, is \$630. (With a sash window instead of a door, this greenhouse is \$560.) All the Lord & Burnham greenhouses have aluminum ventilating sashes, which are hinged to the ridgepole and run along its entire length. In the less expensive models, like the two redwoods, the sashes are opened and closed by push rods, but in the other greenhouses, including the aluminum ones, they are operated by a simple jack gear; this can be replaced, at extra cost, with

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The erection of these small greenhouses is, I was told, as easy as pie for a moderately knowledgeable do-it-yourself man. The whole thing is prefabricated and comes in one package, containing every fitting and every fastening, as well as detailed directions and explanatory photographs. What makes the operation appear particularly simple is the fact that no putty is used in the glazing of an Orlyt greenhouse. Instead, the panes are sealed in with rubber gaskets, which are held in place by patented aluminum strips called Bar-caps; these have only to be tightened down with stainless-steel screws to make the house completely weatherproof. Beneath the glass, and built into the framework, are small aluminum gutters, to carry off moisture from condensation. What the customer is left to build for himself is the foundation walls, on which the greenhouse is erected. These can be made of masonry, cinder blocks, stone, or brick, and even here L. & B. lends a helping hand, by furnishing the plans free of charge. Or you can order one of the firm's do-it-yourself wall-assembly kits, which will include the steel posts necessary for the type of greenhouse selected and thorough instructions for setting them in concrete and attaching any kind of siding preferred.

The Doggett-Pfeil Company, of Glen Head, Long Island, recognizes the existence of even more timid—not to say more impecunious—gardeners by offering a three-sided aluminum lean-to, made by Everlite, that fits against the wall of a house and costs \$187.50. It is eight feet seven inches long, three feet ten inches wide, and eight feet high, and has no door of its own. (Like the Orlyt, it must be joined to a wall where there is a door.) While the lean-to obviously doesn't provide a great deal of room for horticultural activity, there is space for a broad bench and an adequate work aisle, and the structure will house a braver show of plants than you might believe possible. The small model is, of course, the least important of the Everlite greenhouses, some of which are very grand, but I should think it would prove enormously serviceable for beginners. —S. H.

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["The Youths' History of the United States," by Edward S. Ellis, 1887]

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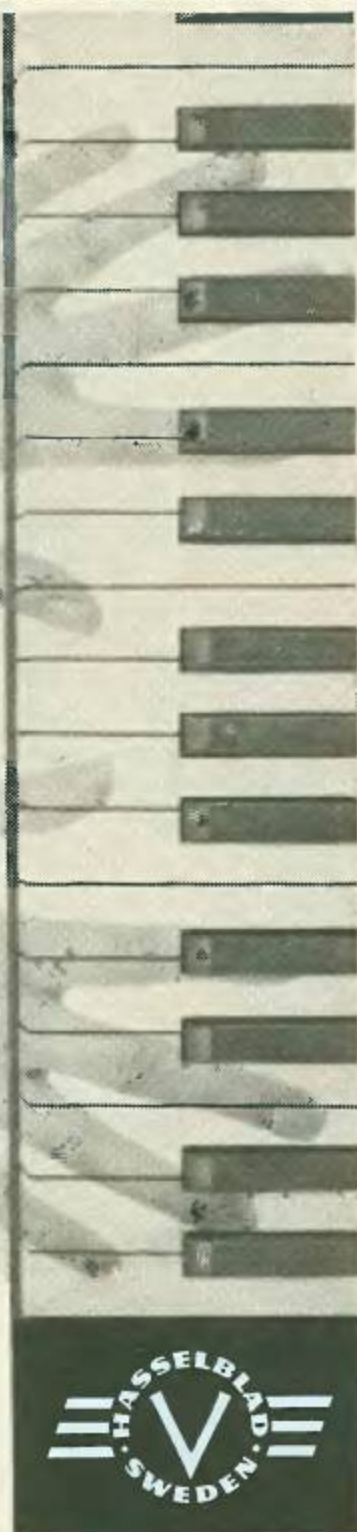
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A SUMMER DUSK

AS I walked down our street in the hot late afternoon, I saw John Joseph Quinlan on his front lawn, bending over and setting out a trap for Japanese beetles, which were very bad in New England that year. I didn't want to say hello unless *he* said hello, so I gazed at the trees across the street, as though they were full of unusual birds, and wished I had thought of putting on lipstick. When I came abreast of him, I felt him stand up and look at me. After a terrifying pause, he spoke.

"Hi," he said. His voice was just on the turn.

I looked around at him with a blinding smile. "Hi," I said.

He bent down at once over his beetle trap, and I walked on, toward Cousin Toot's house. Maybe, I thought, he has fallen in love with me. He was a new boy in our neighborhood, and a couple of days before he had come to our back door and offered, for twenty-five cents, to wash our cat. I thought perhaps he had wanted an excuse to get to know me, and turned the cat over to him enthusiastically, but my mother took it away from him, and he had not come back.

I had been thinking a good deal lately about love, because of my sister Anne and Harold Butterick. Anne was twenty-two, eight years older than I, but she had always been my friend, and now, suddenly, she seemed cut off from me. She cried easily, would not play blackjack, and had a buffeted air about her, as though she were contending with strong winds and currents. Harold Butterick loomed about our house like a Presence. When he wasn't actually there, he was on the phone, or was being discussed. Today I had been asked to stay away from home because he was expected for dinner.

"My nerves won't stand it," Anne had said. "Peggy will make one of those remarks of hers."

"I don't want to eat with that Harold," I had said, outrageously hurt. The first time Harold had come to dinner, we had had a sirloin steak, and I had said, when I looked at my piece, "Why, what is *this*?" I had only been trying to help out with the conversation,

for my mother and father and Harold and Anne spoke to each other like people trying to get along in a foreign language, but Anne had turned red and said that Harold would think that we never ate steak in our house.

"We hardly ever do," I had said, and added a remark that my father often made that year, "Don't you realize there's a depression on?"

So this time it was suggested that I should go and have dinner with Cousin Toot. I had made a face—not that I minded Toot, but I didn't like to be shunted off this way.

"Why, Peggy, Toot will be so pleased to have you," my mother said. "She loves children."

I gave her a look, indicating that I was fourteen and not to be classified with children.

"Now, don't let her pump you about Harold," Anne said.

Cousin Toot, who lived about four blocks from us, gave me an early supper, sitting beside me in the wicker swing on her vine-covered front porch and serving me from a small table she had placed before us. It was a terribly hot day. The tar street in front of the house was as soft as cheese, and cicadas sang piercingly in the brown-leaved elms. Cousin Toot's pale, fat face was damp, and her gray hair was coming unpinned from its bun. But even in weather like this she was fully rigged in corsets. One could see the whalebones outlined under her thin voile dress. She had been working in the kitchen all afternoon, making biscuits and blancmange and orange cupcakes for my

supper, and she had set the table with the little rosebud plates and the frail silver teaspoons that had belonged to Great-Great-Grandmother Pinkley. At Cousin Toot's, I always had a feeling of safety and solidity and reassurance, probably because nothing ever changed with her; she had lived in the same house for almost thirty years, and those spoons had been around since the Revolution. If I had not had a gnawing feeling that I was missing something at home, I would have been quite happy to be with her.

In a spirit of vengeance, I told her everything that Anne wanted kept se-



cret about Harold Butterick: how he smelled of too much lavender water, and how he had met my father downtown in a rainstorm and tried to give him his rubbers.

"Anne had better marry that young man," Cousin Toot said. "What is she waiting for?"

"She doesn't think she loves him," I said.

"Nonsense," said Cousin Toot. "That girl will go through the woods and pick up a crooked stick at last if she's not careful."

"She doesn't like the way he is with waiters," I said.

"I looked up the Buttericks, and they have a nice tree," Cousin Toot said, pouring more iced tea for both of us. "They have John Alden, Edward the Third, and Charlemagne."

"You have Charlemagne, don't you?" I asked.


"As a matter of fact," Cousin Toot said, "I have Charlemagne twenty-two times. Eighteen times on the Pinkley side and four times through the Bradshaws."

Cousin Toot's lanky white cat came up on the porch and threw himself down in a corner, looking limp and martyred. No breath of air penetrated the muffling vines—clematis vines, from which little green worms were forever dropping onto the swing. "I cannot bear the public gaze," Toot would say when my father offered to prune the vines for her. "You don't remember, George, but I do, the delightful privacy of Grandpa Pinkley's old house in Jamaica Plain. You only saw the people you wanted to see."

On Toot's bureau there was a framed photograph of herself at the age of ten, a plain, fat child wearing a magnificent lace dress and standing on a lawn with a croquet mallet in her hands. A nurse in cap and ribbons hovered in the background. It was this nurse who had given her the name of Toot—she was christened Tabitha—and now it was so much her name that total strangers would come into our town's Genealogical Society, where she was chief librarian, and say that they had been told to ask Miss Toot Pinkley to help them with their trees. I think she did not mind the name because it was left over from those enchanted days before the Panic of '93, when she had worn a French-lace dress and played croquet on Grandpa Pinkley's lawn. She kept that photograph on her bureau as someone might keep the portrait of a child who had died.

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Toot was her childhood. It seemed, from her account of it, so much better-appointed than my own. I coveted her pony, her Christmas tree with real candles, even her aunts and uncles, all of whom had died before I was born: Uncle Edgar, who was fat and always had his pockets full of barley-sugar animals somewhat stuck up with lint; Uncle Ned, who died of mumps in the Spanish-American War; Aunt Grace, who had an ermine tippet and galloping consumption. And when I made my bed (sloppily), washed my hair (leaving soap in it), and counted my laundry (wrong), I wished that Bridget O'Brien, Toot's old nurse, were there to look after me, singing jolly Irish songs the while.

"Milk in the dairy, nine days old,
Sing-song Polly, would ye ky-me-o!
Milk in the dairy, nine days old,
HeyJack Fiddlejack
Nipcat Fiddlejack
Sing-song Polly, would ye ky-me-o!"

That was what Bridget sang. She had been a heavysset woman, and looked so much like John J. O'Brien, the onetime mayor of New York, that Cousin Toot had written him a letter about it, feeling sure that if he cared at all about his tree he would be glad of the news that his mother, aunt, or cousin had worked at the Pinkleys'.

"They look so much alike—big Irish-peasant heads," she would say, adding virtuously, "Well, that's America for you."

That summer, Cousin Toot sometimes paid me twenty-five cents an hour to help her with housework and gardening. She didn't really need help—she was so fussy that she did most of what I did over again—but she was lonely and hated being away from the Genealogical Society, which was closed in July and August. I was lonely, too. Because of the depression, we couldn't afford our usual cottage on Narragansett Bay that year. Nearly all my girl friends, who were beginning to be interested in, and to be interesting to, boys, had gone off to pleasant places where they could be ducked by them in breakers.

Cousin Toot, whose advice was never sought by my family and who had never even been asked to meet Harold Butterick, was brimming with curiosity about Anne's love affair.

"Why does Anne think he's funny-looking?" she asked at one point.

"It's his hair," I said. "She thinks it's the kind that will fall out soon."

"President McKinley was bald, very bald," Cousin Toot said. "Anne is get-

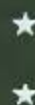

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ting on for twenty-three, isn't she?"

"Twenty-three in October," I said.

"Pretty little Pamela,
Pausing on the brink,
Fears to wet her petticoats,
Stops awhile to think;
Meditates and ponders,
Turns and turns about,
Till high and dry is Pamela,
And the tide is out,"

said Cousin Toot. "Did you ever hear that poem, Peggy?"

"Yes—from you," I said.

"Anne will be another Pamela if she's not careful."

"I could eat another cupcake, Cousin Toot," I said. I was in a turmoil of conflicting feelings, and this always made me eat. I resented Harold Butterick, and yet I hoped Anne would marry him. To turn him down, to turn any suitor down, seemed foolhardy to me, for the alternative to marriage was being an old maid like Cousin Toot, a condition that even Toot herself admitted she didn't like.

"Life is hard for a lone woman," she often said, and she said it again now. "A woman needs a provider, someone to take care of her," she added.

Filled with anxiety, I bolted down my cupcake and took a gulp of iced tea.

"Suppose nobody ever asks?" I said.

"Don't tell me you're worrying about yourself already," Cousin Toot said.

"Oh, goodness, no," I said. But she was right; I was worried. It seemed to me that Time was pushing me, hustling me out of childhood. There were days when I clung to childish things—played marbles with the ten-year-olds down the block, for instance, until my mother and father said I must be retarded. At other times, I would put on lipstick and high-heeled shoes just to run an errand to the Piggly Wiggly.

"In my day," Cousin Toot said, "girls didn't think about boys until they were at least seventeen. None of this twosing around hand in hand."

"I don't twos around," I said.

"I daresay you would if you could," Cousin Toot said unkindly.

We sat in silence for a while, Toot rocking the swing in an impatient way. Dusk was falling. A few men, late comers-home, went past the house, walking from the Elmgrove Avenue streetcar. Some of them, whose families were away for the summer, carried grocery packages, and disappeared into shuttered houses. Providers, I thought. Harold Buttericks.

Cousin Toot, sighing, began to stack the supper dishes. "You look quite a

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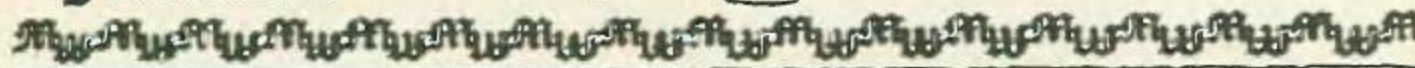
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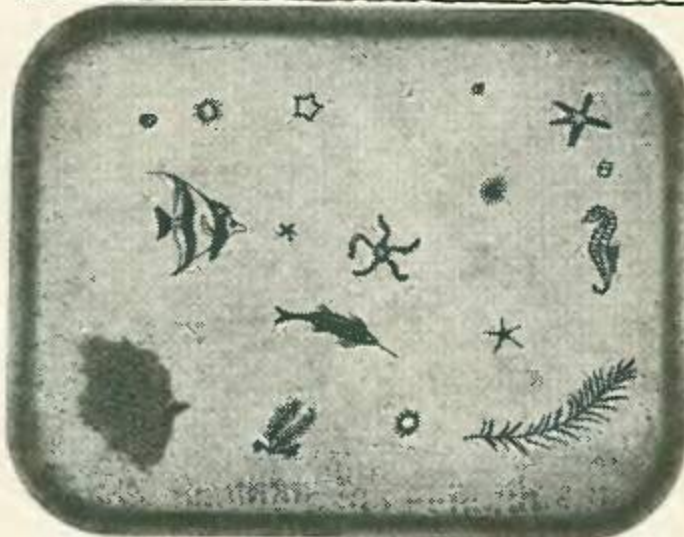
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bit as I did at your age," she said. "You have Pinkley legs. Will you water the garden for me now, please?"

I WAS glad to get away from her, for she had suddenly made me feel very dreary. At the back of the house, I went into the garden, which was small and dry, picked up the hose, and turned a hard stream of water into the drooping flowers. There were cosmos, pink and lavender; two or three raspberry-colored hollyhocks; white phlox; and a straggling file of petunias. In the middle of the meagre back lawn was a painted iron coach dog, pointing. Dog Tray, Cousin Toot called him; he came from the Pinkley lawn in Jamaica Plain, and was an important reason why Toot would never be able to move to an apartment. When I was small, I had liked to sit on his liver-and-white spotted back, imagining that he was a charger and that I was one of Toot's ancestors, but I was too old now for such pleasures, and it occurred to me that Dog Tray, pointing at nothing, had a witless look, and that if he had been a real dog he would have been warned off the lawn.

I could see Toot in the kitchen, standing by the sink. A strand of gray hair fell over her face, and she kept pushing at it with the back of her wet hand. She was washing the Pinkley teaspoons, and holding each one up as she finished it to make sure it was clean. I wondered if Charlemagne had looked anything like her; what if Pinkley legs were Charlemagne legs?

"Hi," said a voice almost at my elbow. I turned and saw John Joseph Quinlan.

"Hi," I said. "Hi!"

He had come up the alley on his bicycle, which lay beside him, partly on the petunias. He stood quite close beside me, and, in the gathering dusk, I was struck by the number of braces I could see glittering on his teeth. A wave of warm feeling went over me. I had had braces, too, until recently, and I wanted to tell him, but I felt that one couldn't begin a conversation like that, and so there was one of those awkward pauses, like the pauses between Harold and Anne.

"Miss Pinkley is my cousin," I offered finally. "I'm watering her flowers for her."

"Yeah," John Joseph said. He wet his lips, and his Adam's apple worked up and down. "Are you staying in town all summer?" he asked.

"Yes," I said. "Are you?"

"Yeah," he said.

Cousin Toot came to the screen door



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at the back of the kitchen and pushed it open. She had a dish towel across one arm, and she was holding a rosebud plate. "Peggy," she said, "who is this boy?"

"John Joseph Quinlan," I said.

"John Joseph Quinlan!" Cousin Toot said it in a tone that made me remember that, for her, people with names like John Joseph Quinlan were livery boys and chimney sweeps, back in Jamaica Plain.

"Well, John Joseph," she said, "I don't like that bicycle in my petunias."

"Yes, Ma'am," said John Joseph, and, picking it up, boarded it and disappeared as abruptly as he had come.

"Who may he be?" Cousin Toot asked me.

"A friend," I said. I drove a stream of water into the cosmos that made them shrink and shudder like a frightened crowd.

"Be careful of my flowers!" cried Cousin Toot, and somehow, as I tried to aim the hose away from the flower bed, I turned it full on her.

"Peggy!" she screamed, and she dropped the rosebud plate. All of this happened in an instant—the water splattering over her, her scream, the crash of china. I dropped the hose at my feet and stood there in distress while

the water turned the ground around me to a soggy puddle.

"Oh, Cousin Toot," I said. "I didn't mean—"

I saw that she was very angry. Under her wet dress you could see whalebones more clearly than ever, and the thought flashed through my mind that she looked as though she were made of them.

"You turned it right at me," Cousin Toot said. "I saw you do it, and you *meant* to." She bent down, wet and angry and forlorn, and gathered up the broken bits of plate.

"But I didn't, I didn't," I protested. Yet as I said it, I was shocked to find my conscience giving me a terrible prick. "I *didn't* mean to," I said again—weakly. I made a move to help her with the broken plate, but when I realized that she was crying I stopped short. What could I say? I thought. What in the world could I say? So I left her.

Tears stood in my eyes as I walked along the street in the thick dusk. Then I saw John Joseph Quinlan on his bicycle. Like a hovering bird, he weaved and turned in wide circles in front of our house—two hands, one hand, no hands. I ran my fingers through my hair, to comb it, and hastened my step.

—MARY CABLE

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**THE RACE
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Too Close for Comfort



I VENTURE to say that Nashua's supporters are still shuddering over the finish of the one-mile Arlington Classic at Chicago last weekend. According to the chart, he won driving by half a length from Traffic Judge, but other accounts make it closer than that. Arcaro, who rode Nashua, said it was far from his best race. The reason, horsemen thought, was that Nashua's incredibly fast workout three days before had done him more harm than good. He ran five furlongs in 0:56³/₅—the fastest five furlongs ever clocked on a circular track. This certainly should have been enough to intimidate the most courageous of his opposition, but it didn't. In fact, two mornings later, apparently to show that there are speedsters in the Middle West, too, Dogoon went three furlongs in 0:32³/₅, which also would have been a world's record if it had been done in a race. With workouts like that, it's surprising that the Classic was run in no better than 1:35¹/₅. (Errard King, who is hardly a ball of fire, won it last year in 1:35 flat.) As for the race, Impromptu took the lead quickly and at the end of six furlongs, which he ran in 1:09³/₅, was four lengths in front. At this point, Nashua, who had been second from the start, began to overhaul him, but didn't catch him until they were only a furlong from home. (By the way, the last quarter was run in 0:25³/₅, which is pretty slow but understandable after such a fast early pace.) In the stretch, Traffic Judge came through with the sort of finish that won him the Ohio Derby several weeks ago, and made up half a dozen lengths, but it wasn't enough. Impromptu was third and Dogoon fourth.

It was Nashua's eighth victory in nine starts, and his share of the purse was \$91,675, which brings his total earnings to \$782,565. His next start will be in the Travers Stakes at Saratoga on August 13th. The likelihood of a Swaps-Nashua match seems dim. Colonel Martingale, who has big ears, didn't hear a whisper about it all last weekend.

A NOTHER race that must have been something extra to watch was last Saturday's Hollywood Gold Cup. Just listening to it over the radio left me breathless. I wouldn't have tak-

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en 20-1 on Rejected a furlong from home, but he won by a nose from Alidon. Determine was third and Social Outcast, who was flown to California specially for the race, was fourth. His share of the purse was \$5,000, which at least paid his expenses.

IT may seem a small thing to complain about, but I'd like to point out that the stake races the Saratoga Association is putting on at its Jamaica meeting aren't the same as they were at the Spa. For forty years, the Champlain Handicap was for three-year-olds and upward of both sexes, at a mile and a furlong, and it attracted a good many famous racers. The event of the same name that opened the eighteen-day meeting on Long Island last week was for fillies and mares, and the distance was six furlongs. Changes have also been made in the Wilson, a memorial to R. T. Wilson, Jr., who was the president of the Association for many years. When it was inaugurated, in 1930, it was a weight-for-age race and was run over the Wilson Mile, but for the past couple of years it has been just another handicap at six furlongs. I suppose all this is in keeping with the trend of the times, but I'm an old softy about stake races with traditions; it seems to me that when their conditions and distances are changed, they lose glamour, and glamour is pretty important to racing.

Oh, well, I'm quite willing to admit that the running of the Champlain Handicap last week was as lively and interesting as many earlier ones. The winner, as you know, was Oil Painting, an up-and-coming filly, who led all the way, beating Canadiana. (Incidentally, Canadiana has changed her style; she begins slowly now, and finishes fast.) Evening Out was third... The Wilson, won by Mr. Turf, who splashed home on a rain-soaked track a length in front of Hartsville, was also a good show. Needless to say, Mr. Turf couldn't hold a candle to such previous winners of the Wilson as Equipoise, Discovery, Eight Thirty, Gallorette, and Tom Fool. Any one of them could have given him fifteen or twenty pounds and a beating. —AUDAX MINOR

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BOOKS

The Lost Tribe of Olympus

MR. ROBERT GRAVES, the poet who recently reexamined the New Testament and presented us with the definitive text of a lost gospel restored on the basis of his own poetic intuitions, has now rewritten all the legends of the gods and heroes of Hellas in "The Greek Myths." He is perhaps the only living man whose stature and breadth of knowledge justify embarking on such enterprises, and whose ability as a writer is great enough to take them out of the realm of arid theorizing and into the realm of aesthetic pleasure. The publication of the two volumes to which this magisterial, disturbing, and altogether fascinating work runs is a little untimely; it is a few years too late for the centenary of Hawthorne's "Wonder Book" and "Tanglewood Tales" and it is a year too early to celebrate the four-hundredth anniversary of the appearance of Vincenzo Cartari's "Images of the Gods." Cartari's book was the first popular mythology of the Renaissance, for although other mythographers had brought out studies of the old gods before 1556, he was the first to write not in Latin but in the vulgar tongue, for the general public. This gives his study an affinity with Mr. Graves', which makes its appearance at ninety-five cents a volume and in the pocket-book format of the Penguin Library. At least one other affinity comes to mind. Modern scholars squalidly devoted to specialization avert their eyes when Mr. Graves makes his Hussar rides through their neatly tended pastures on the winged horse of his intuitions; scholars of Cartari's day rarely mentioned his book, although it became a best-seller, running through twelve Italian, one English, one German, five Latin, and five French editions. One of the few scholars who ever referred to it was Robert Burton, who knew it under its pleasing English title of "The Fountain of Ancient Fiction" and was appalled by it. He was so disagreeably impressed by the illustrations, showing Jupiter with a ram's head, Mercury with a dog's head, Pan as a goat, and Hecate with three heads—an ass, a pig, and a dog—that he was led to classify mythology as yet another manifestation of the disease of the imagination that he called melancholy.

Burton's reaction was not in the least perverse or eccentric, since

in his time the old gods had reached the nadir of their Christian-era misfortunes. When the new religion banished them from their temples, they still possessed what appeared to be one secure stronghold. For centuries before they were challenged by Christianity, they had been quietly consolidating their hold on the heavenly bodies and the constellations, and their names had become unshakably attached to the stars of the night sky and the planets. This stronghold proved to be a trap, and the humbled gods were involved in a long sequence of misadventures, which Jean Seznec has entertainingly described in "Survival of the Pagan Gods." Christianity, he points out, turned its back on the natural sciences, and the study of the stars fell into disrepute. Astronomy, which had come west from the Chaldeans to the Greeks, returned east, to be taken up by the Arabs. They adopted the names that appeared on the Greek sky charts, and followed the established practice of enclosing the diagrams of the various constellations within drawings of the gods and heroes from whom they took their names, and the Arab draftsmen naturally put them into Oriental dress; thus Hercules acquired a turban, Mercury's winged hat became a coxcomb. The blood dripping from the head of Medusa carried by Perseus was misconstrued to be the red beard of a male demon. When astronomy reentered the Christian world by the back door, as astrology, to be taken up by the semi-literate horde of fortune-tellers and charlatans who were the heirs to the classical sciences, the gods underwent still more surprising transforma-

tions. Mars in his chariot, flogging on his horses with a whip, became a medieval knight riding in a farm cart and carrying a flail for threshing corn. This was because a translator replaced the Latin word "*flagellum*," meaning "whip," with the French word "*flayeu*," meaning "flail." The enigmatic figure created by this confusion then acquired his own legend, and, as the Knight in the Cart in the Arthurian romances, Mars ended his journey from Olympus in complete anonymity. The gods also found themselves, inextricably confused with lower-class demons from Egypt and Assyria and dressed like mountebanks, turning up in the fortune-tellers' booths on the greasy cards of the tarocchi, or tarot, pack.

It was from this fate that Cartari, in his "Images of the Gods," set out to rescue them. His purpose was, quite simply, to stabilize the iconography of Olympus and to restore the gods and heroes to their original shapes. His methods were naïve, and they make one realize that he was operating in the infancy of the science of paleography. He considered all documents of equal value, regardless of their date or of the corruption of their texts, and reassembled his Olympians from whatever descriptions he could find. His authorities were the Latin classics of pagan times, Early Christian polemics against the old religion, and even the fantasies of magicians like Hermes Trismegistus. His gods, in consequence, seemed wholly bizarre to Burton, and essentially barbaric. They were, in a word, quite unsuitable as the presiding deities of the new humanism of the Renaissance, which had already determined to invest them with entirely different characteristics.

A fascinating study of the history of ideas is afforded by a study of the treatment of mythological themes in any well-illustrated history of art. As the ideology of the new humanism becomes the dominant element in European culture, the gods rapidly gain in respectability, and even before the first half century of the High Renaissance has run its course any representation of the Olympians consists of a grouping of well-tubbed members of the upper classes. Their tendency to plumpness shows that they live without occasion for exertion, and there are other evidences that they are extremely well-to-do. Their clothing, always in appetizing disarray, is made



of the finest materials, and the massive gem-encrusted jewelry of the goddesses is of imperial splendor. In a single century, the gods move from the fortune-tellers' booths to the palaces of the aristocrats and become aristocrats themselves. In a vault of the Tour de la Ligue, in the Burgundian château of Tanlay, a pretty compliment is paid by the Coligny-Châtillon family to Henri II of France, who appears there as Jupiter. The Duchess of Ferrara is close by as Themis, the Connétable de Montmorency as Mars, and the Cardinal of Lorraine as Mercury. Mythology has at this point become political, and the Olympians have become the totems of the new absolutist state. The way is open for the apotheosis of Louis XIV, who is represented in image and language throughout his reign as Phoebus Apollo, the Sun King, and the myths take on the aspect of the scandals of an opulent court.

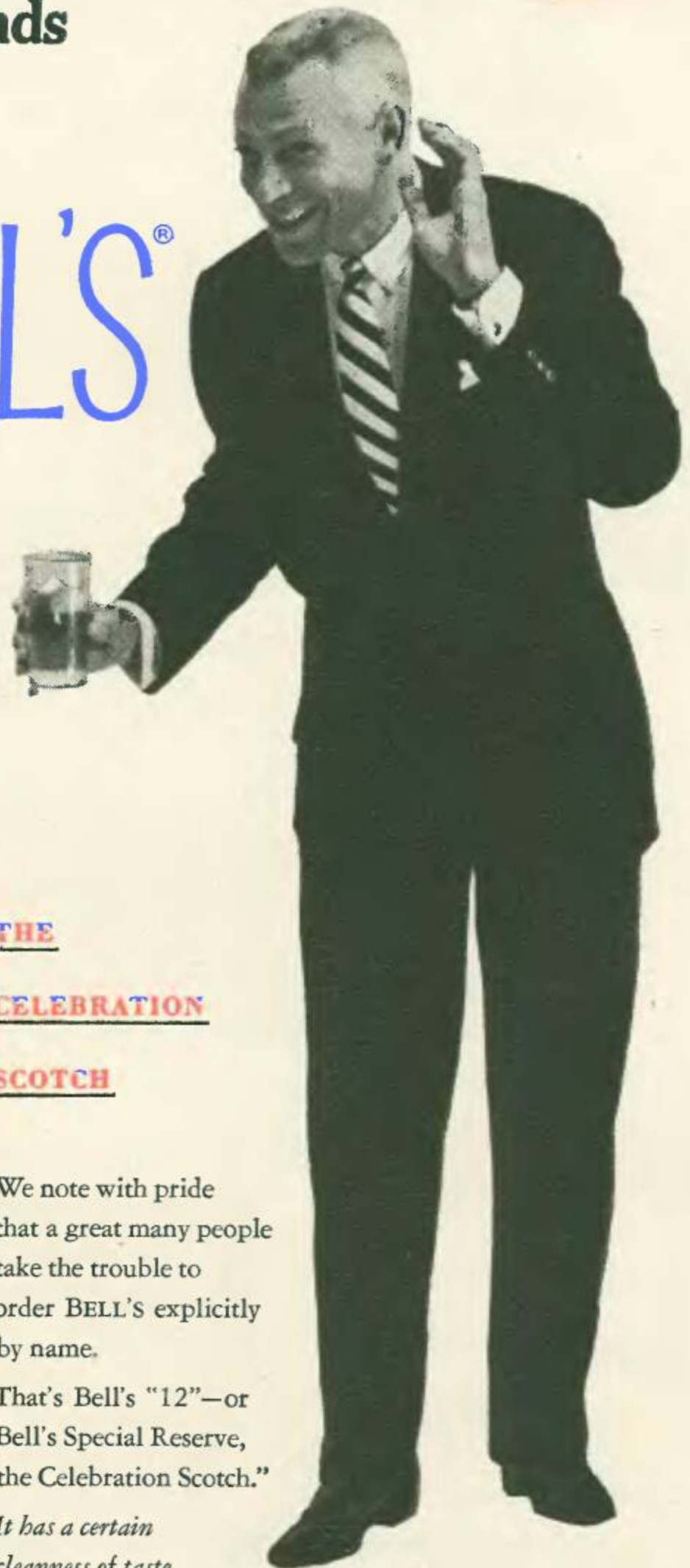
In view of the political developments of the eighteenth century, as the rise of the middle class and the ideas of liberalism prepared the way for the great bourgeois triumph of the nineteenth, one would expect a new expulsion from Olympus. The fall of the Bastille should have sent the gods begging again, to live in exile like the adherents of the *ancien régime* they had become. But they had learned to be pliant and foresighted in their years of hardship. They had allied only their Roman personalities to absolutism, and when the hour of bourgeois triumph struck, they were ready to reverse all their alliances under cover of the Greek Revival.

The intellectual comedy went forward smoothly and gracefully from the start, when the first scholarly visit to the ruins of Athens was made by James ("Athenian") Stuart, the British architect, painter, and author, in 1751. Within twenty-five years, the brand-new (to European eyes) image of the Acropolis and the Parthenon had been impressed on the Western mind as the symbol of the city of free men and free thought. The Olympians underwent a complete change, dropping their Roman names and reforming all their habits. The rich brocades and wispy muslins of their absolutist days gave way to plain white woollens, the gods became suntanned and athletic, and every goddess and nymph took off twenty to forty pounds. Their ornate jewels were replaced by severe goldsmith's work, and the baroque glory of their heavenly mansions was abandoned for the chastity of white marble. There was an almost Quaker simplicity about their underfurnished apartments. By the time



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of Louis Philippe, the Citizen King, the gods had become hard-working bourgeois whose lives were devoted to the discharge of the heavy responsibilities their rise to a leading position in the community had brought them.

An ideal Greece was invented to conform with the new liberal, democratic iconography. One can see it in its refined perfection in the imaginary landscapes of the great German Grecian architect Karl Friedrich Schinkel, who at one time planned to plane off the top of the Acropolis and erect upon it a palace for the King of Greece that would in effect be a kind of temple to Athene, Goddess of Constitutional Monarchy. One of his canvases shows a temple under construction. There are no ill-fed proletarians in sight. The work is being done by superbly muscled athletes who clearly consider their noble task a rewarding form of sport. Behind them is a wide landscape, Greek in its nobility and South German in its *gemütlich* softness and generosity. Lovely buildings rise on every side among splendid trees, and wherever there is a break in the woodland there is a stretch of lawnlike pasture. It is the vision of Greece that Keats expressed in "Ode on a Grecian Urn," and it recalls every cliché in the antiquarian repertory—the shepherds piping, the light-footed girls bringing in the harvest with a choral dance, the flower-decked heifers, and the nymphs of the groves.

This dreaming had its eminently practical side; the visionary landscapes included poets who magically anticipated the nineteenth-century ethos. When Hesiod and Homer met, they exchanged (so says Hesiod) views any Victorian schoolmaster could endorse:

HESIOD:
What is the best thing of all for a man to ask of the Gods in prayer?

HOMER:
That he may be always at peace with himself continually.

HESIOD:
Can you tell me in briefest space what is best of all?

HOMER:
A sound mind in a manly body, as I believe.

HESIOD:
Of what effect are righteousness and courage?

HOMER:
To advance the common good by private pains.

HESIOD:
What is the mark of wisdom among men?

HOMER:
To read aright the present, and to march with the occasion.

Hesiod, a Jeffersonian character who was a combination of unsuccessful farm-

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er and inspirational public figure, not only catered to the Sunday-go-to-meeting aspects of bourgeois morality but also provided for its weekday and more robust side by writing the earliest known invocation to what has been variously called Competition, Free Enterprise, and Beneficent Strife:

The elder daughter of dark Night... she stirs up even the shiftless to toil; for a man grows eager to work when he considers his neighbor, a rich man who hastens to plough and plant and put his house in good order, and neighbor vies with his neighbor as he hurries after wealth. This Strife is wholesome for men.

It is not surprising that complete self-identification with such right-minded people was easy for the new masters of society, or that banks were often built in the shape of Greek temples, nor is it surprising that the three countries in which the Greek Revival enjoyed its most sweeping successes were France, Germany, and the United States. In the first two of these countries, Greek history and the Greek cultural heritage served as perfect substitutes for a past that was being repudiated, and in the last they served for one that had never existed. In Germany and in America, there was the additional link of the federal idea. The alliances between the city-states of Greece, cemented by common religious faiths and political ideals, offered a pleasing analogy with the American alliance of sovereign states and the newly unified Greater Germany. Strong as the appeal of Republican Rome still was, Rome was tainted with the idea of Caesarism and with the concept of the monolithic centralized imperial government that took over from the Senate. Greece was the spiritual homeland, and its gods were guardians of the liberal, democratic civic tradition. Its history had shortcomings, but Victorian historians courageously dealt with some of these by filling in gaps and making discreet amplifications. Plutarch, for instance, was fairly frank in admitting that, six hundred years after Solon's death, he knew very little about the celebrated reformer, but Bury, the English historian, writing eighteen hundred years later, even knew how he thought:

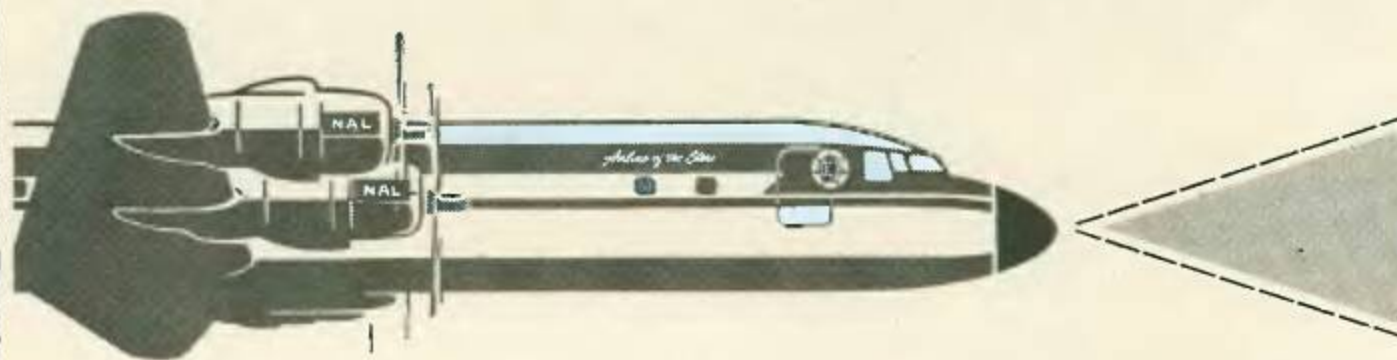
The social abuses and the sad state of the masses were clear to everybody, but Solon saw another side of the question; and he had no sympathy with the extreme revolutionary agitators who demanded a redistribution of lands.

While this fabrication of a historical middle-class Greece was going on, mythology was also being reformed. The new approach is exemplified to perfection by Hawthorne in "A Wonder



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Book" and "Tanglewood Tales." In his version of the story of the Minotaur, Theseus's mother (whose troubles stemmed from her having slept with Poseidon and Aegeus, who was drunk at the time, on the same night) is the epitome of suburban decency when she explains to her nice little boy why Daddy never comes to see them now:

Theseus was very fond of hearing about King Aegeus, and often asked his good mother Aethra why he did not come and live with them at Troezen.

"Ah my dear son," answered Aethra, with a sigh, "a monarch has his people to take care of. The men and women over whom he rules are in the place of his children to him; and he can seldom spare time to love his own children as other parents do. Your father will never be able to leave his kingdom for the sake of seeing his little boy."

This atmosphere of genteel liberal views colors Hawthorne's telling of the story of the rape of Persephone, or Proserpina. He turns her into a dear, sweet girl who could have been asked to tea in Concord by Mr. Emerson or in Cambridge by Mr. Lowell without the faintest risk of anything untoward being done or said. When the first mad days of the elopement are over, Hawthorne's pretty child comes home to wheedle Mumsie out of her huff:

"He certainly did very wrong to carry me off; but then, as he says, it was but a dismal sort of life for him, to live in that great gloomy place, all alone; and it has made a wonderful change in his spirits to have a little girl to run upstairs and down. There is some comfort in making him so happy."

The process of Victorianization is almost complete and the ground is prepared for rubbish of the kind Goldsworthy Lowes Dickinson put forward, in 1896, in "The Greek View of Life":

With the Greek civilization beauty perished from the world. Never again has it been possible for man to believe that harmony is in fact the truth of all existence.

This belief in harmony, which, according to Lowes Dickinson, made ancient Greece "that fairest and happiest halting-place in the secular march of man," sprang like a flower from the beauty of Greek religion, in which

all that is unintelligible in the world, all that is alien to man, has been drawn, as it were, from its dark retreat, clothed in radiant form, and presented to the mind as a glorified image of itself.

Alas, the game was up; even while Lowes Dickinson was writing his fanciful essay, the Greek vision was being dismantled. The host of unmannerly believers in scientific method who had

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infiltrated the universities and centers of polite learning in mid-century, importing with them new studies such as paleography, linguistics, archeology, and comparative anthropology, had soon begun to ask all kinds of coarse and unfeeling questions about the beauties of the Greek religion. Why, for instance, does Hawthorne's dear, sweet girl have a Latin name (Proserpina) that means "the fearful one" and a Greek name (Persephone) that means "the bringer of destruction"? Any attempt to answer such questions reduces all the classic myths to a mosaic of unrelated and irreconcilable fragments. While this work of disintegration was being carried forward, the horns of feminism were faintly blowing in the outer world, and the great nineteenth-century revolt against the subjection of women was getting under way. The picture of a primitive Greece began to emerge as the liberation of the sex proceeded. By what may well be the purest of coincidences, Greece had, it seemed, been in early times a matriarchy in which property had descended not through male heirs but from mother to daughter. The early altars had been sacred not to men or to manlike gods such as Zeus and Apollo but to the triple Goddess of sky, sea, and air, the Great Mother. Persephone, the bringer of destruction, was, it appeared, one of her aspects, that spiderlike and far from winning one in which she castrated her husband with a flint knife in the furrow of a newly plowed field in order to secure its fertility and her own. This Greece of the emancipation is a savage society indeed, and it is its mythology that Mr. Robert Graves reconstructs in his two volumes. The lyric beauty and the contradictions of the classic myths are gone. In their place are realism and lucidity applied to making sense of accounts—scrambled in centuries of religious change—of rituals of sacred marriage, initiation, and brutal blood sacrifice, in the endless variations on the theme of the relationship between the Great Mother and the mortal year king, and to untangling garbled tribal histories told in a forgotten symbolic language. In each chapter Mr. Graves puts together his findings on a particular subject, then appends his bibliography, and follows that with his own comment. It is perhaps permissible to quote an entire chapter of the new mythology to show the authority, wit, and insight he brings to the task of ushering us into the hag-ridden recesses of the antique mind:

The filthy demons called Empusae, children of Hecate, are ass-haunched and wear

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brazen slippers—unless, as some declare, each has one ass's leg and one brazen leg. Their habit is to frighten travellers, but they may be routed by insulting words, at the sound of which they flee shrieking. Empusae disguise themselves in the forms of bitches, cows, or beautiful maidens and, in the latter shape, will lie with men by night, or at the time of midday sleep, sucking their vital forces till they die.¹

I. Aristophanes: *Frogs* 288ff.; *Parliament of Women* 1056 and 1094; *Papyri Magici Graeci* iv. 2334; Philostratus: *Life of Apollonius of Tyana* iv. 25; Suidas *sub* Empusae.

1. The Empusae ("forcers-in") are greedily seductive female demons, a concept probably brought to Greece from Palestine, where they went by the name of Lilim ("children of Lilith") and were thought to be ass-haunched, the ass symbolising lechery and cruelty. Lilith ("scritch-owl") was a Canaanite Hecate, and the Jews made amulets to protect themselves against her as late as the Middle Ages. Hecate, the real ruler of Tartarus (see 31. f), wore a brazen sandal—the golden sandal was Aphrodite's—and her daughters, the Empusae, followed this example. They could change themselves into beautiful maidens or cows, as well as bitches, because the Bitch Hecate, being a member of the Moon-triad, was the same goddess as Aphrodite, or cow-eyed Hera.

It is to be seen that we have come a long way from the radiant forms of Lowes Dickinson's fantasia and that we are back, after four hundred years, with Cartari's triple-headed and monstrous images. It is hard not to share Burton's feeling that this fountain of ancient fiction has gone brackish, if it ever was sweet, and to avoid his conclusion that mythology should be classified as a disease of the imagination. One feels that this publication marks the end of a chapter in Western cultural history. Mr. Graves has completed, perhaps unintentionally, the work that Sir James Frazer and the scholars of his generation began, of dismantling the vision of a golden age and a lost Eden. We can now see more clearly than ever the Greek intellectual achievement in a reasonable perspective, as the triumph of the rational element in a society schizoid like any other, and warring within itself against the degradation and obscurantism generated by dark and neurotic superstitions.

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