

Jan. 23, 1954

THE

Price 20 cents

NEW YORKER





Born 1820 . . . still going strong



MEET A GREAT SCOT! When Johnnie Walker arrives on the scene, the greeting is sincere, the welcome warm. Immediately, his presence signals good fellowship. He *belongs*. For Johnnie Walker, *everywhere*, is the toast of people of taste. They hail this matchless Scotch for its superb flavour, for its wholehearted mellowness, for its natural lightness. And so will you. *Red Label—Black Label—Both 86.8 Proof.* Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y., Sole Importer.

JOHNNIE WALKER *Blended Scotch Whisky*



Lines to a Lady in black and white \$110

Beautifully inscribed by Fred Greenberg—for southern sojourns now—or for early Summer pairing later on.

Silk surah, printed in sharp black and white, velvet-etched, to make a luncheon-shopping-cocktail costume for ladies in the social swim. Sizes 14 to 40.

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



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST



THE THEATRE

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

PLAYS

HIS AND HERS—This comedy, by Fay and Michael Kanin, hasn't much to recommend it except the performances of Celeste Holm and Robert Preston, but perhaps they are enough. Howard St. John, Elizabeth Patterson, and George Voskovec are also in the cast. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

IN THE SUMMER HOUSE—A sombre description of the strained relationship between a domineering mother and her disconsolate daughter. Occasionally unsteady, this play by Jane Bowles is nevertheless a solid contribution to the theatre, and as the mother, Judith Anderson is impressive and authoritative. Mildred Dunnock, Elizabeth Ross, Logan Ramsey, and Jean Stapleton lend her fine support. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

KIND SIR—Although Mary Martin and Charles Boyer do their best with this empty-headed comedy about sex in exalted circles, nothing much comes of it. Norman Krasna is the author; Joshua Logan is the producer and director; and the rest of the cast consists of Dorothy Stickney, Margalo Gillmore, Frank Conroy, and Robert Ross. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MADMOISELLE COLOMBE—Julie Harris gives a very fine and touching performance in Louis Kronenberger's only intermittently amusing adaptation of a Jean Anouilh comedy. Edna Best is co-starred, and among the others in the cast are Eli Wallach, Sam Jaffe, Harry Bannister, Mikhail Rasumny, and Frank Silvera. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OH, MEN! OH, WOMEN!—Edward Chodorov's comedy concerning a psychoanalyst whose own mind comes under something of a strain trails away a little at the end, but it is extremely comic just the same. Franchot Tone is the tormented healer, and Betsy von Furstenberg, Gig Young, Anne Jackson, and Larry Blyden are among those who contribute to his distress. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE PRESCOTT PROPOSALS—Katharine Cornell is her usual gracious self in this rather disappointing Lindsay-Crouse play about a crisis in the affairs of the United Nations. Felix Aylmer, Lorne Greene, Ben Astar, and Minoo Daver are in the cast, and Donald Oenslager designed the brilliant sets. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6690. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE REMARKABLE MR. PENNYPACKER—Liam O'Brien's jolly account of a wonderfully prolific bigamist whose life gets hopelessly mixed up when one of his wives, in Wilmington, learns about another one, in Philadelphia. Burgess Meredith is the entangled hero, and Martha Scott, Thomas Chalmers, Una Merkel, Glenn Anders, and Michael Wager share in his diverting confusion. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

SABRINA FAIR—Margaret Sullavan, as a chauffeur's daughter, and Joseph Cotten as a young millionaire, in Samuel Taylor's not very substantial comedy having to do with life on the North Shore of Long Island. John Cromwell, Luella Gear, Scott McKay, Cathleen Nesbitt, and Russell Collins are in the talented supporting cast. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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

THE SOLID GOLD CADILLAC—Josephine Hull, who can do no wrong, in a very funny comedy about some complicated skulduggeries in the business world. George S. Kaufman and Howard Teichmann are the authors, and others in the irreproachable cast are Loring Smith, Geoffrey Lumb, Wendell K. Phillips, Reynolds Evans, and Henry Jones. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

TEA AND SYMPATHY—A preparatory-school student, charged with homosexuality, is saved by the understanding wife of his housemaster. Unfortunately, Robert Anderson's play, while often affecting, doesn't quite come off, though Deborah Kerr and John Kerr are admirable in the central roles. The cast, which was directed by Elia Kazan, also includes Leif Erickson, John McGovern, and Richard York. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0300. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE TEAHOUSE OF THE AUGUST MOON—David Wayne has a field day in John Patrick's comedy about the Americanization of Okinawa, and there are other good performances by John Forsythe, Paul Ford, Larry Gates, William Hansen, and Mariko Niki. Robert Lewis directed the memorable proceedings. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

LONG RUNS—DIAL "M" FOR MURDER: An English melodrama, by Frederick Knott, about a man (Maurice Evans) who hires an old college mate to murder his wife. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **THE FIFTH SEASON**: Fun among the denizens of the Seventh Avenue garment belt, with Menasha Skulnik and Richard Whorf. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.) . . . **PICNIC**: Sex running like a grass fire through the lives of some ladies in a Kansas town. A play by William Inge, with Janice Rule, Ralph Meeker, and Peggy Conklin. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE SEVEN YEAR ITCH**: George Axelrod's comedy dealing with a middle-aged man who gets more or less carried away with his own fantasies about being a Valentino. Tom Ewell is the man, and Vanessa

Brown is his inamorata. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

THE CAINE MUTINY COURT MARTIAL—A play adapted by Herman Wouk from his own novel, with an all-male cast that includes Henry Fonda, John Hodiak, and Lloyd Nolan. Presented by Paul Gregory and directed by Charles Laughton. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

CAN-CAN—The choreography by Michael Kidd, the scenery by Jo Mielziner, and Motley's costumes are the chief assets of this play about Montmartre in the nineties. Cole Porter wrote the music and lyrics, Abe Burrows did the book, and the cast is distinguished by the presence of Lilo, Gwen Verdon, and Peter Cookson. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

COMEDY IN MUSIC—Victor Borge in a one-man show presented by Harry D. Squires. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON'S ALMANAC—A revue that includes some lively sketches in which Hermione Gingold, Orson Bean, Alice Pearce, and Billy De Wolfe make merry, and songs and dances in which Harry Belafonte, Carleton Carpenter, Elaine Dunn, Celia Lypton, and Nanci Crompton are quite agreeable. There are other interludes that are not so pleasant, however, and at times things get downright tedious. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

KISMET—This adaptation of Edward Knoblock's 1911 comedy-melodrama is very handsome and spirited, and Alfred Drake and Doretta Morrow are excellent as a vagabond poet and his beautiful daughter. Robert Wright and George Forrest pieced together a score from the music of Alexander Borodin and equipped it with lyrics, Charles Lederer and Luther Davis revamped the book, Jack Cole did the choreography, and Lemuel Ayers designed the costumes and the sets. With Richard Kiley, Joan Diener, Philip Coolidge, and Henry Calvin. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

ME AND JULIET—That favorite theme, backstage life, has now been given the Rodgers and Hammerstein treatment. The best things about the result are the breezy choreography by Robert Alton and the inventive settings by Jo Mielziner. With Isabel Bigley and Joan McCracken. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—THE KING AND I: The Rodgers and Hammerstein view of Siam. Yul Brynner is the King, and Annamary Dickey is the English teacher. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.) . . . **WONDERFUL TOWN**: "My Sister Eileen" again, on this occasion with music by Leonard Bernstein and with Rosalind Russell in the leading role. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

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

RUTH DRAPER—In a series of character sketches. Presented by Charles Bowden and Richard Barr for a three-week engagement. Opens

	Page
BOOKS	92
THE CURRENT CINEMA	81
MUSICAL EVENTS	66
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:	
THIS AND THAT	76
THE RACE TRACK	83
TELEVISION	89
THE THEATRE	62

THE NEW YORKER

23 WEST 43RD STREET

TELEPHONE

ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 3-1515

EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 3-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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

See



See The most sweeping style changes in GM history in the new Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick and Cadillac



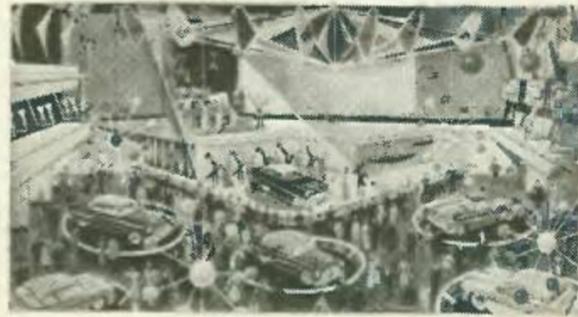
See Wonders of the world of engineering and research—new ideas in production progress



See The fashions of tomorrow—original designs of America's leading style creators, assembled by Saks Fifth Avenue



See America's Dream Cars and the "Firebird"—first American automobile powered with a geared gas turbine engine



GM MOTORAMA OF 1954

The General Motors Show

WALDORF-ASTORIA Through Jan. 26 (Use 49th St. entrance)

ADMISSION FREE!

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Monday, Jan. 25. (Vanderbilt, 48th St., E. CI 5-7175. Opening-night curtain at 8; thereafter nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

AMATO OPERA THEATRE—"The Barber of Seville." Performances in English, except Friday through Sunday evenings, Jan. 22-24, when it will be sung in Italian. (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30. Admission is free, but reservations should be made in advance.)

BARBIZON-PLAZA THEATRE—"The World of Sholom Aleichem," with a cast, directed by Howard Da Silva, that includes Morris Carnovsky, Ruby Dee, and Jack Gilford. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. CO 5-7845. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

CIRCLE IN THE SQUARE—"American Gothic," Victor Wolfson's dramatization of his novel "The Lonely Steeple" has a lot in common with plays like "Ethan Frome" and "Desire Under the Elms" but hardly their force. José Quintero handled the central staging, and Clarice Blackburn heads the able cast. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Sunday, Jan. 24.)

PHOENIX THEATRE—Robert Ryan, John Emery, and Mildred Natwick in Shakespeare's "Coriolanus." Directed by John Houseman, and presented for a limited engagement by T. Edward Hambleton and Norris Houghton. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. GR 7-0713. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

SHAKESPEARE GUILD FESTIVAL COMPANY—"Othello." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. TR 9-5480. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 31.)

THEATRE DE LYS—Hurd Hatfield in "Bullfight," a rather muddled account of a matador whose cowardice costs his brother his life. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Thursday evening, Jan. 21: "Interplay," "Swan Lake," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Cakewalk." . . . Friday evening, Jan. 22: "Serenade," "Prodigal Son," "Harlequinade," and "Pied Piper." . . . Saturday matinée, Jan. 23: "Serenade," "Sylvia: Pas de Deux," "La Valse," and "Pied Piper." . . . Saturday evening, Jan. 23: "Swan Lake," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Prodigal Son," and "Fanfare." . . . Sunday matinée, Jan. 24: "Interplay," "Scotch Symphony," "Opus 34," and "Cakewalk." . . . Sunday evening, Jan. 24: "Concerto Barocco," "Age of Anxiety," "Pas de Trois," and "Fanfare." . . . Tuesday evening, Jan. 26: "Swan Lake," "Metamorphoses," "A la Française," and "Bourrée Fantasque." . . . Wednesday evening, Jan. 27: "Concerto Barocco," "Firebird," "Pas de Trois," and "Cakewalk." . . . Thursday evening, Jan. 28: "Fanfare," "Opus 34," "Harlequinade," and "Symphony in C." . . . Friday evening, Jan. 29: "Concerto Barocco," "Filling Station," "The Cage," and "Bourrée Fantasque." . . . Saturday matinée, Jan. 30: "Firebird," "Filling Station," "Pas de Trois," and "Fanfare." . . . Saturday evening, Jan. 30: "Serenade," "Age of Anxiety," "Sylvia: Pas de Deux," and "Cakewalk." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, March 21.)

ROLAND PETIT'S BALLETS DE PARIS—A company headed by Roland Petit, Colette Marchand, and Leslie Caron in "Ciné Bijou," "Le Loup," "Deuil en 24 Heures," and "Carmen." (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2:45. Through Sunday, Feb. 28.)

HARRIETTE ANN GRAY—With her company, in a dance recital. (Central High School of Needle Trades, 225 W. 24th St. Saturday, Jan. 23, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

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

ANA MARIA—With her Spanish ballet. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Jan. 30, at 8:30.)

JOSÉ LIMÓN—With his company and Pauline Koner, and with the Juilliard Orchestra conducted by Frederick Prausnitz. For the benefit of the Dance Scholarship Fund of the Juilliard School of Music. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave. at 122nd St. Friday through Sunday, Jan. 29-31, at 8:30. For tickets, call PL 7-2027.)

MISCELLANY

HOLLYWOOD ICE REVUE—Barbara Ann Scott, Jacqueline du Bief, Freddie Trenkler, and a company of about two hundred. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Sundays at 7 and every other evening, except Thursday and Friday, Jan. 21-22, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Through Wednesday, Feb. 3.)

NIGHT LIFE

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

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The circumspect dance music of Jules Lande's orchestra and Nino de Moraes' band can be heard at dinner and supper in the Trianon Room. In the adjoining Rotunda, William Adler's violin swoons at cocktail time. Neither room has music on Sundays.

BILTMORE, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Gleb Yellin and his ensemble are burbling, as of yesteryear, in the Palm Court at cocktails every day but Sunday, and in the Madison Room from seven to nine Mondays through Fridays. No dancing in either place.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The brass rings for this perpetual merry-go-round are, of course, platinum-plated. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing.

NEW YORKER, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—The entire show in the Terrace Room is served well iced at dinner and supper. The skate work of Arnold Shoda is conspicuous; so are the young ladies of the cast, a generally healthy lot. Ernie Rudy's orchestra does the dance music. Closed Sundays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—There's many a double take in the impish



dances of the perfectionists named Mata and Hari. The singing is executed by Denise Darcel, a fine, upstanding lady who may someday discover her true métier. As always, Stanley Melba's orchestra and Chico-Relli's band emit the dance music. The locale is the Cotillion Room. Only a dinner show Sundays, and nothing at all Mondays. . . . In the Café Pierre, dancing from cocktails through supper to a small orchestra, which is usually Stanley Worth's.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Kay Thompson's singing and dancing have all the velocity and brilliance of chain lightning, but her words and music have a tendency to strike twice in the same place. She's in the Persian Room, where the eminent Ted Straeter plays piano and conducts an irresistible invitation to the dance. Other music is provided by Mark Monte's group. Closed Sundays. . . . The Rendez-Vous Room goes on serving dinner and supper in the traditional *grand-luxe* way. Maximilian Berger's and Nicolas Matthey's tinkling dance music starts at eight-thirty. . . . Leo LeFleur's group plays for cocktails (but not for dancing) every day but Monday in the Palm Court.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The Lombardo family, a tribe that certainly seems to increase, is singing and trumpeting away in its annual winter quarters, the Grill, every evening but Sunday.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the grand duchy called the Maisonette, where the sun shines bright and the inhabitants are happy as the day is long, Milt Shaw's band and Ray Bari's ensemble play non-stop dance music except when, at dinner and supper, Russell Nype has a go at a few songs in his familiar eager-beaver manner. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every afternoon and evening, except Monday, Irving Conn's orchestra supplies the clientele of the Café Lounge with music to dance to.

SHERRY-NETHERLAND, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800)—The Carnival Room, a small and jaunty triumph of the lily painter's art, has almost continuous dance music and, at dinner and supper, the quiet arias of Hélène François. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

STATLER, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Hot nights in the old Café Rouge, where the Dorsey boys, Tommy and Jimmy, are in double harness again. Their joint and jovial band operates at dinner and supper. On Friday, Jan. 29, Horace Heidt's troupe of musicians, singers, and dancers will replace them. Closed Sundays.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—The who's-that-with-him-tonight? set comes in here to get out of the cold and get into the papers. Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band play for dancing.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—The plot of George White's miniature musical comedy never deviates from the modern boy-meets-churl line, but the comedians (Fay DeWitt, Georgie Kaye, Lou Nelson, and Don Liberto) and the décor (Margie Duncan and Linda Lombard) easily surmount this problem. Panchito's band and Salvatore Gioè's orchestra play for dancing after nine.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Years of thought have gone into perfecting the golden American blonde, exemplified in the Empire Room by Dolores Gray, a statuesque, assured, and electric slice of birthday cake who lets the customers have her songs straight from a splendid pair of shoulders. Nat Brandwynne, the old reliable, plays puissant piano, to say nothing of running one of the best of the big hotel bands. Closed Sundays. . . . Alex Fogarty is at the piano in one segment of the felicitous Peacock Alley from six to twelve, and Michael Zarin's dance orchestra alternates with him after eight-thirty, except Sundays, when another group does the honors.

NOTE—The Rainbow Room, an Alp with a remarkably rapid funicular railway, offers cocktails and modest non-dance music from four-thirty to nine every evening except Sunday. The best seats, of course, are up near

Dynaflow's* Great with this High-powered V8



The phenomenal 200-hp Buick CENTURY—highest-powered car at its price in America.

THE wonder is that Twin-Turbine Dynaflow could be bettered at all.

But in the spectacular 1954 Buicks there's a whole long list of happy surprises besides the completely new bodies and glamorous new styling.

And one of them is the silken new whip and carry of TT Dynaflow as powered by the mightiest Buick engines ever built.

Come drive one of these gorgeous new '54 Buicks with this fully automatic transmission and you'll see what we mean.

BUICK
the beautiful buy

SEE BUICK AT THE
GM MOTORAMA
Waldorf-Astoria—January 21 through January 26
then

SEE YOUR BUICK DEALER

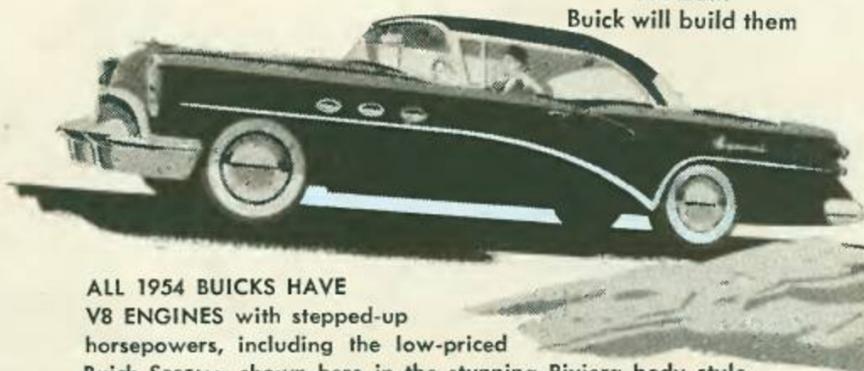
Instant new response on getaway. Cyclonic new power in one single, sweeping, velvet stroke from standing start to legal limit. Smoothness beyond measurement — infinite and constant. And new quiet every step of the way.

That's literal fact — and we'll gladly prove it to you at the wheel of a beautiful new 1954 Buick. Drop in this week for a sampling — and for a face-to-face meeting with the buy of the year.

**Standard on Roadmaster, optional at extra cost on other Series.*

MILTON BERLE
STARS FOR BUICK
See the
Buick-Berle Show
Tuesday Evenings

When better automobiles
are built
Buick will build them



ALL 1954 BUICKS HAVE
V8 ENGINES with stepped-up
horsepowers, including the low-priced
Buick SPECIAL, shown here in the stunning Riviera body style.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the windows. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the telephone CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LE COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, as much of an American milestone as Plymouth Rock, is still rattling off his smooth, debutante-speed dance tunes after eight-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Life the way it looked (and especially sounded) in the days of the Ignoble Experiment. However, the piano music by Johnny Mehegan at both dinner and supper (except Sundays) is definitely 1954 in style, and Ralph Strain's supper piano, though in a handsomely romantic mood, is by no means dated, either. . . **WEYLIN ROOM**, 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9100): Cy Walter has a freshly minted Steinway, on which his high-style offbeat music sounds, if possible, better than ever. He's around from six to eight and ten to two every day but Sunday. . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): A piano and a violin discourse decorously after ten in a room where everybody seems to know everybody else, often out loud. Closed Sundays. . . **CELESTE**, 28 W. 56th St. (JU 6-9063): At the end of the dinner hour, except Mondays, Jim Mahoney begins his nightly piano recital of the good show tunes, past and present. . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Surrounded by a certain subdued splendor, Addison Bailey caresses the piano at cocktails and during dinner and supper except Sundays. . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Latins from Manhattan and the old country mingled in a pleasant outburst of Spanish song and dance, with the clients joining in the latter. Closed Sundays. . . **CAFÉ NINO**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): In the bar of this decorator's *nuît blanche*, Herman Arminski turns out cocktail piano, and Rudy Timfield plays at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays. . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY**, 135 Macdougall St. (GR 7-9221): Harmless fun on a campus where the boy and girl students all like to sing and play the piano. There are sofas and armchairs from which to watch the commencement exercises. . . **CAFÉ MADISON**, Madison Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-5000): Lou Wertz is at the piano from cocktails through supper except Sundays, when José Poniera's quintet plays for dancing from one in the afternoon until nine at night. . . **THE EMPRESS**, 340 E. 79th St. (RE 4-2626): For most of the evening, Norbert Faconi, a worldly practitioner of the prowler violin, moves with stately mien about his business. The rest of the amusement is so family-style that the management often chucks in a few basso-profundo solos. Closed Sundays. . . **HARWYN**, 112 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-1447): In a setting that is completely Hollywood-première, Ira Brant plays piano from nine until three or so. On Fridays and Saturdays, he heads up a trio. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): At last, at last, Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis in person again, not a B movie. They are surrounded by a show involving almost everything but performing seals, for which lack the perilously beautiful Copa corps de ballet should be ample compensation. Dancing. . . **LA VIE EN ROSE**, 123 E. 54th St. (MU 8-8420): A slightly abbreviated edition of Madison Square Garden on hockey night. Dorothy Dandridge, a spectacular instance of the come-hither approach to music, sings at unpredictable intervals in the course of the evening. There is additional song (of sorts) by the De Marco Sisters. Dancing if there's room.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5098): Charles Trenet is one of the best composers, singers, and translators of French light verse to show up in some time. His companions are Stan Freeman, composer, singer, and player of rowdydow American light verse; Jackie Caine and Roy Kral, a delightful young couple with a knack for imaginative progressive balladry; and Jorie Remes, a small Vesuvius who is making a sardonic report on

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

torch-singer types. Bart Howard's piano and Jimmy Lyons' vibrant trio are also in evidence. Mr. Freeman may depart on Saturday, Jan. 23; M. Trenet may depart on Monday, Jan. 25. . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): A happy little family comprised of the Three Riffs, concoctors of most excellent fooling; Rose Murphy, whose fancy grin and teasing singing don't conceal the fact that she's a steaming-hot pianist; and Trude Adams, a bouquet of spring flowers with a truly lyric voice. The dance music is by Clarence Williams' trio, which has Carl Lynch on guitar. Closed Sundays. . . **LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): This hatchery of small wonders has just unfurled Arte Johnson, a youngster with the aspect of a college grind, a sense of humor that runs to the precious—well, anyway, the semiprecious—and an attractively mild manner. Also around are a bright new grass-roots humorist named Jonathan Winters; a slightly bumptious new soprano named Isabel Robins; the Jackson Sisters and their light-hearted jive ditties; the wholly unique music of the Norman Paris trio; and the piano of Julius Monk, the mentor of this brood. Closed Sundays. . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Nancy Andrews takes a dim view of anything pertaining to the male sex. Her lyrics explain why. The attorney for the defendant is Jeff Warren, whose songs are all romantic. She's off Sundays, he's off Mondays. As usual, there's lively double piano by Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, and solo piano by Hazel Webster. Ancient movies on Sundays; amateur nights on Mondays. . . **BYLINE ROOM**, 137 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-8319): Except Sundays, Mabel Mercer sings, in her sad, loving voice, her very special *chansons d'amour* for a very special audience. Sam Hamilton is at the piano. Her salon is upstairs over the febrile Show Spot Lounge. . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): The whole damn shooting match—the barrelhouse songs of Mae Barnes, the Lewis Carroll patter of Kirkwood and Goodman, the rampant music of the Three Flames (led by Tiger Haines), the ostensibly nostalgic refrains of Jimmie Daniels and Norene Tate, the rough-house antics of the Madmoiselles, and the deadpan foolishness of Bruce Kirby—takes a couple of hours, and then it's repeated for the benefit of those who come in late. On Thursday, Jan. 28, Kirkwood and Goodman will give way to Kaye Ballard, a fairly formidable lady elf. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

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

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8630): The top brass here is Wild Bill Davison's trumpet. Cutty Cutshall, Edmond Hall, Gene Schroeder, Cliff Leeman, Walter Page, and Mr. Condon provide him and it with glittering support. Ralph Sutton has the solo-piano



chore. Tuesday nights, when other American primitives drop in, are especially rugged. Closed Sundays. . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Monday through Saturday, the crisp, clean, galvanic sound of Joe Bushkin's quartet (Cozy Cole, Johnny Smith, and Clyde Lombardi are his side men) and the steady but soothing beat of Eddie Heywood's trio pervade this temple of the fine arts from nine to three. Sunday evening is devoted to Barbara Carroll, an enchanting slip of a girl whose cool modern piano glides without effort from shadow into substance and back again. Her background is Joe Shulman on bass and Herb Wasserman on drums. . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Phil Napoleon and his Memphis Five are happily shivering the timbers of their old homestead. Sunday afternoon is jam-session time. Closed Mondays. . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Wilbur de Paris's congregation, which involves Sidney de Paris and Omer Simeon, is still dealing out the sort of traditional music that used to make this grass-grown byway a bustling highway. Don Frye is the solo pianist. Jam sessions Monday nights. Closed Sundays. . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): A turbulent aviary often full of nothing but birds of unexpected passage; still, with any luck, you should find Cootie Williams' orchestra and Lester Young's quintet there now. On Thursday, Jan. 28, a new deal, principally involving Slim Gaillard's gang and Paul Quinichette's quintet, is predicted. Mondays, when the regular crews are off, are jam-session nights. . . **CHILDS PARAMOUNT**, Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): Riotous music resounds in the echo-chamber grill Tuesdays through Saturdays until after midnight, and Sundays from nine-thirty to eleven-thirty. Conrad Janis and his tailgaters are responsible. On Sunday, Jan. 24, from five-thirty to eight-thirty, there'll be a jam session in which Max Kaminsky will supply first aid to the local group. Dancing. . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): After nine-thirty, Marian McPartland plays real pretty up-to-date piano at the head of her trio. They're around except Mondays. . . **STUYVESANT CASINO**, 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-9742): On Friday, Jan. 22, this ancient *Brauhaus* should be host to Bobby Hackett, Wild Bill Davison, Jimmy McPartland, Miff Mole, Lou McGarity, Bud Freeman, Pee Wee Russell, Joe Sullivan, and George Wettling. Dancing. . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): On Friday and Saturday, Jan. 22-23, there'll be an invitation tournament by Charlie Shavers, Buck Clayton, Buster Bailey, Big Chief Russell Moore, Jimmy Archey, Willie the Lion Smith, Freddy Moore, and Red Allen. Dancing.

ART

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

GALLERIES

- AFRICAN NATIVE ART**—A small but curiously interesting exhibition of masks, carvings, and other objects from the Gold Coast, many borrowed from their native owners; through Feb. 6. (Carnegie Endowment International Center, 345 E. 46th St. Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5:30; Saturdays, noon to 6.)
- HAROLD BAUMBACH**—Post-Impressionist landscapes, still-lives, street scenes, and other oils by a New York artist; through Jan. 30. (Salpeter, 42 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)
- ILYA BOLOTOWSKY**—A new set of paintings by one of the more inventive of the American non-objectivists; through Jan. 23. (Borgenicht, 61 E. 57th St.)
- BONNARD**—Sixteen paintings, the earliest dated 1896 and the latest 1942; through Feb. 6. (Fine Arts Associates, 41 E. 57th St.)
- PAUL-EMILE BORDUAS**—The first New York exhibition of paintings by a leading Canadian abstractionist; through Jan. 23. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.)
- A COLLECTOR'S TASTE**—Twenty-four paintings from the Stephen C. Clark Collection, including such well-known items as Rembrandt's "St. James," Cézanne's "The Card Players" and van Gogh's "Le Café de Nuit," a benefit



**New! . . .
Ultra-New
for '54!**

JUST WAIT till you see it! Oldsmobile's —Super "88" for 1954—the *newest* new Oldsmobile in 57 years. With that new longer, lovelier, low-level silhouette—so low you can look right over the top! With a daring "new slant" in its panoramic windshield . . . a definite "sports car look" in its sweep-cut windows and doors. And just wait till you drive it! There's 185 horsepower in that new World's Record "Rocket" Engine, plus the highest compression ratio in Oldsmobile history. More dazzling performance than ever . . . and new economy, too! So make a date with this *new* "88" . . . it's at your Oldsmobile dealer's *now!*



Car illustrated: 1954 Super "88" Holiday Coupé. White Sidewall Tires optional at extra cost. A General Motors Value.

World's Record "Rocket"

OLDSMOBILE

SEE 1954 OLDSMOBILES AT THE GM MOTORAMA—JAN. 21-26

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

for the Fresh Air Association of St. John. Through Jan. 30. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

CUBISM TO 1918—The first decade of the movement, as seen through the works of its three great exponents, Picasso, Braque, and Gris; through Feb. 6. (Perls, 32 E. 58th St.)

FRANK DI GIOIA—Another set of this artist's continuously enjoyable commentaries on life in Little Italy; through Jan. 23. (Milch, 55 E. 57th St.)

EUROPEAN EXPRESSIONISTS—A small but well-selected survey, including works by such seldom seen artists as Heinrich Campendonk and Franz Marc; through Jan. 30. (Feigl, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.)

ALFEO FAGGI—Sculptures and drawings, mostly with religious motifs, plus bas-reliefs of Gandhi, the Annunciation, and the Three Marys; through Jan. 23. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

BALCOMB GREENE—Fourteen new oils dealing with light on human figures; through Jan. 23. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

KARL KNATHS—Canvases selected from his work in Provincetown over the last eight years, many of which are on exhibit for the first time; through Feb. 6. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

JOHN MARIN—A large retrospective, with almost a hundred oils, water colors, etchings, and drawings, tracing the late artist's work for forty-nine years; through Feb. 14. (American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St. Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.) . . . A smaller selection of paintings, these dating from 1950 until his death last October; through Jan. 30. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

NINE AMERICANS—A painting apiece, and each an unusually representative one, by Stuart Davis, Jackson Pollock, Hans Hofmann, and six other leading modernists; through Jan. 30. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN ART—Carvings, pottery, and other art objects, including some rare pre-Columbian ones; through Jan. 30. (Carlebach, 937 Third Ave., at 56th St.)

CHARLES PRENDERGAST—A memorial exhibition of paintings and other works, charming in their delicate fancifulness, by the too often disregarded brother of Maurice Prendergast; through Jan. 23. (Kraushaar, 32 E. 57th St.)

JEAN-PAUL RIOPELLE—Abstract paintings, brilliantly colorful, if a bit repetitive in design, by a young Canadian artist new to this country; through Jan. 23. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

LARRY RIVERS—Portrait heads and other sculptures, a little Rodinesque in inspiration; through Jan. 23. (The Stable, 924 Seventh Ave., at 58th St. Weekdays, 11 to 6.)

ANNE RYAN—Dappled color and fragile abstract patterns, in both paintings and collages; through Jan. 23. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

DAVID SMITH—New sculptures, continuing this artist's attempts to find significant forms in common materials; through Jan. 30. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St.)

WALTER STUEMPF—Landscapes, figure studies, and still-lives that have been completed during the last two years by this Pennsylvania artist; through Feb. 6. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

TWENTY DRAWINGS—One each by as many modern artists, among them Philip Evergood, George Biddle, and Ben Shahn; through Feb. 1. (The Contemporaries, 959 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **CURT VALENTIN**, 32 E. 57th St.: A large, lively show of sculptures, along with a few drawings, by a group that ranges from Rodin and Renoir to Giacometti and Picasso; through Jan. 23. . . . **VILLAGE ART CENTER**, 44 W. 11th St.: The ninth annual sculpture and drawing show; through Jan. 22. (Daily, 1 to 6, and Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday evenings, 8 to 10.)

SOME OF THIS WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the **CREATIVE GALLERY**, 108 W. 56th St.: Fred Haucke; through Feb. 5. (Weekdays, 10:30 to 5:30.) . . . **HELLER**, 63 E. 57th St.: Vasiliuff; through Feb. 13. . . . **WELLONS**, 70 E. 56th St.: Robert E. Borgatta; through Jan. 30. . . . **Group shows at the A.C.A.**, 63 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 30. **MIDTOWN**, 17 E. 57th St.; through

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

Feb. 6. **NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN**, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.; through Feb. 7. (Daily, 1 to 6.) **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.; through Feb. 20.

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Over six hundred oils, water colors, and other works, in a huge, somewhat higgledy-piggledy, but still generally interesting review of American art from 1754 to the present. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Sculptures, textiles, gold and silver pieces, featherwork, pottery, and quantities of other artifacts in a show called "Ancient Arts of the Andes," which covers the time between 400 B.C. and the sixteenth century; starting Jan. 27. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

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

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—On the first floor, a selection from the Guggenheim Collection, with examples by Bonnard, Kandinsky, and Brancusi; on the second floor, an instructive, if slightly spotty, survey of the younger European painters. Through Feb. 21. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—A collection of drawings (largely on loan from the Kunsthau, in Zurich) and water colors by Henry Fuseli, compared with works in the same mediums by William Blake; through Feb. 6. (Daily, except Sundays, 9:30 to 5.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A loan exhibit of about thirty works by William Sidney Mount, one of the founders of the American school of genre painting; through Feb. 7. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

RIVERSIDE MUSEUM, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—This year's annual by the Federation of Modern Painters and Sculptors presents works by, among many others, Henry Botkin, Rhys Caparn, Vaclav Vytlacil, and Edwin Dickinson; through Jan. 31. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8th St.—A cross-section of the work of George Grosz, which includes his early anti-war drawings, done in Germany, but concentrates on his later oils, water colors, and drawings, which were painted in this country; through March 7. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

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

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday, Jan. 21, at 8:15: "Cosi Fan Tutte" (in English), with Eleanor Steber, Blanche Thebom, Patrice Munsel, Richard Tucker, Frank Guarrera, and John Brownlee. . . . Friday, Jan. 22, at 8:30: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Lily Pons, Thelma Votipka, Jan Peerce, and Ettore Bastianini. . . . Saturday, Jan. 23, at 2: "Fledermaus" (in English), with El-

eanor Steber, Patrice Munsel, Jarmila Novotna, Charles Kullman, and John Brownlee. Alicia Markova will appear as guest ballerina. (A non-subscription performance.) . . .

¶ Saturday, Jan. 23, at 7:45: "Boris Godunov" (in English), with Nell Rankin, Mildred Miller, George London, Brian Sullivan, and Salvatore Baccaloni. (A benefit for the Rand School.) . . . Monday, Jan. 25, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Margaret Harshaw, Eleanor Steber, Roberta Peters, Cesare Siepi, and Erich Kunz. . . . Tuesday, Jan. 26, at 8: "The Rake's Progress" (in English), with Hilde Gueden, Blanche Thebom, Eugene Conley, and Mack Harrell. . . .

¶ Wednesday, Jan. 27, at 8:30: "La Traviata," with Dorothy Kirsten, Margaret Roggero, Jan Peerce, and Giuseppe Valdengo. . . . Thursday, Jan. 28, at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Eleanor Steber, Nadine Conner, George London, and Cesare Siepi. . . .

¶ Friday, Jan. 29, at 7:45: "Boris Godunov" (in English), with Blanche Thebom, Martha Lipton, Nicola Rossi-Lemeni, Charles Kullman, and Brian Sullivan. . . . Saturday, Jan. 30, at 2: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Lily Pons, Thelma Votipka, Jan Peerce, and Frank Valentino. . . . Saturday, Jan. 30, at 8:30: "Rigoletto," with Roberta Peters, Jean Madeira, Richard Tucker, and Robert Merrill.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—At Carnegie Hall—Bruno Walter conducting all-Beethoven programs. Thursday, Jan. 21, at 8:45, and Friday, Jan. 22, at 2:30 (both with Joanna Graudan, piano; John Corigliano, violin; and Laszlo Varga, cello); and a Haydn-Mahler program Sunday, Jan. 24, at 2:30 (no soloists). . . . Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting on Thursday, Jan. 28, at 8:45, and Friday, Jan. 29, at 2:30 (both with Rudolf Serkin, piano); and on Saturday, Jan. 30, at 8:45 (with Byron Janis, piano).

LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY—Thomas Scherman conducting, with Maria Stader, soprano, and Bernard Garfield, bassoon. (Town Hall. Monday, Jan. 25, at 8:30.)

THREE FAITHS CHOIR FESTIVAL—Music by contemporary composers, including Vaughan Williams, Darius Milhaud, Igor Stravinsky, and Ernest Bloch, performed by the Choirs of Union Theological Seminary, the Choir of the Hebrew Union School of Sacred Music, and the Concert Choir. The second of two programs celebrating the bicentennial of Columbia University. (St. Paul's Chapel, Amsterdam Ave. at 117th St. Tuesday, Jan. 26, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

DESSOFF CHOIRS—Paul Boepple directing Mozart's Great Mass in C Minor, with Christina Cardillo, soprano; Shirlee Emmons, mezzo-soprano; John McCollum, tenor; and Norman Farrow, baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 27, at 8:45.)

RECITALS

WALTER GIESEKING—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 22, at 8:30.)

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR AMERICAN COMPOSERS AND CONDUCTORS—The National Arts Club Chamber Chorus; the National Arts Club Wind Quintet; and John Kirkpatrick, piano, in a program of music by various composers, among them Charles Ives and Ruth Crawford-Seeger. (Town Hall. Saturday, Jan. 23, at 5:30. No tickets necessary.)

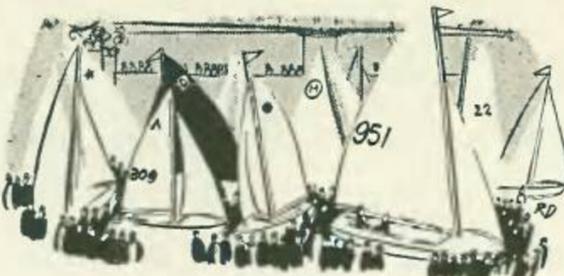
MARIAN ANDERSON—Contralto. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Jan. 23, at 8:30.)

PHILHARMONIC CHAMBER ENSEMBLE—Conducted, in part, by Dimitri Mitropoulos, who will also play the piano; the second in a series of three concerts. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Saturday, Jan. 23, at 8:40.)

CONCERT SOCIETY OF NEW YORK—The Hungarian Quartet and Kathleen and Weldon Wilber, French horns. (Town Hall. Sunday, Jan. 24, at 5:30.)

WITOLD MALCUZYNSKI—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 26, at 8:30.)

HARPSICHORD QUARTET—Sylvia Marlowe, harpsichord; Claude Monteux, flute; Harry Shulman, oboe; Bernard Greenhouse, cello; and the Kroll String Quartet. The last in a series



**TOMORROW'S
LOOK
TODAY**

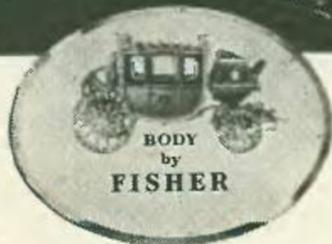
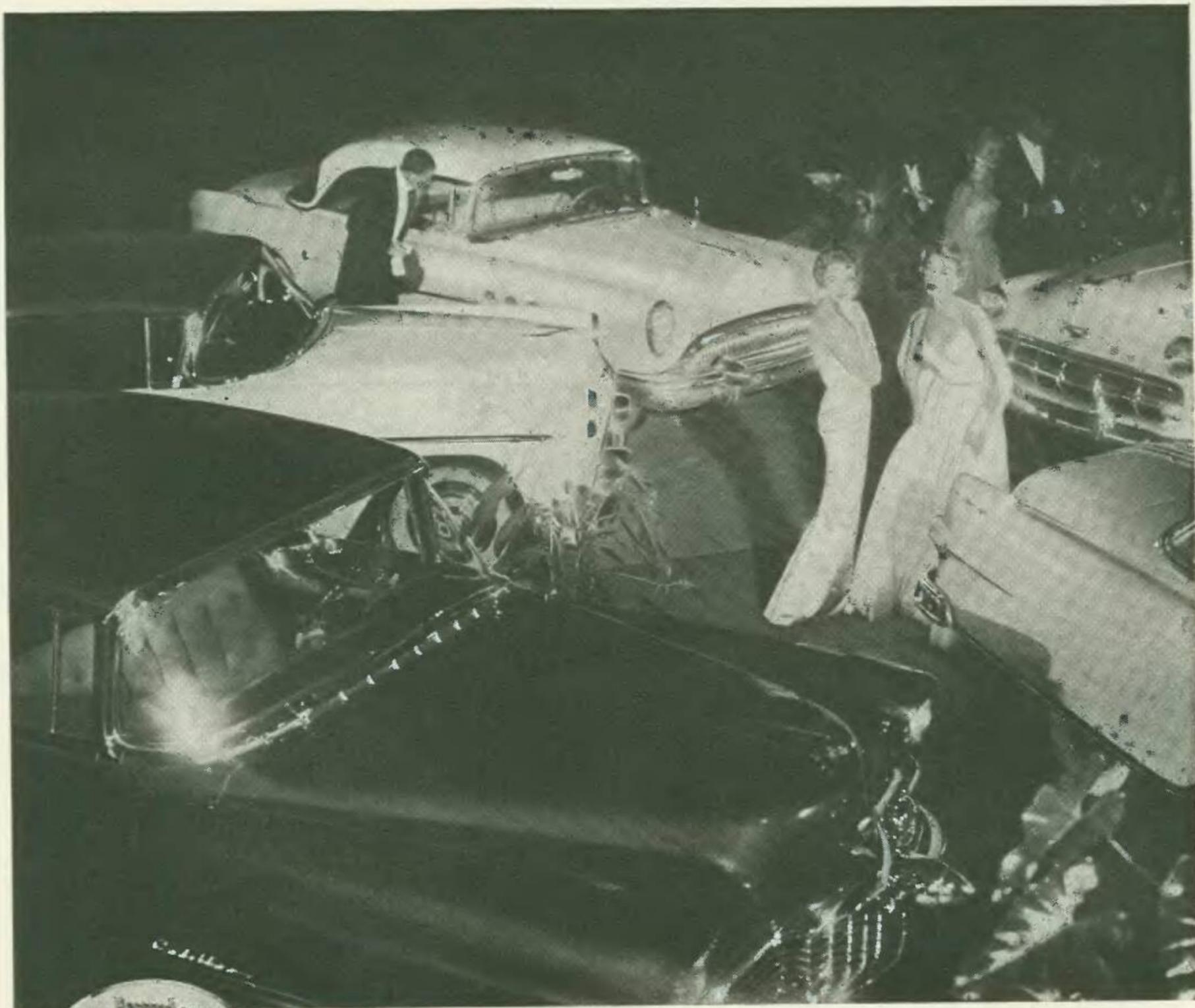
Years ahead in their artful contours, their wide-sweeping panoramic windshields and graceful long lines, Bodies by Fisher bring thrilling new beauty to General Motors cars for 1954.

And beneath this fresh beauty will be found a new precision of structure and craftsmanship, a new tidiness of fit, which represents a multimillion-dollar investment in making Body by Fisher better than ever.

Thrill to the Famous Five with Body by Fisher at the GM Motorama.

GENERAL MOTORS presents the GM Motorama of 1954 • Waldorf-Astoria, N.Y. 49th Street Entrance • Opens 1:00 P.M. Thursday, January 21 • Other days 10:00 A.M. through January 26 except Sunday, January 24 at 12 Noon • Closes Daily at Midnight • No Admission Charge

BODY *by* FISHER

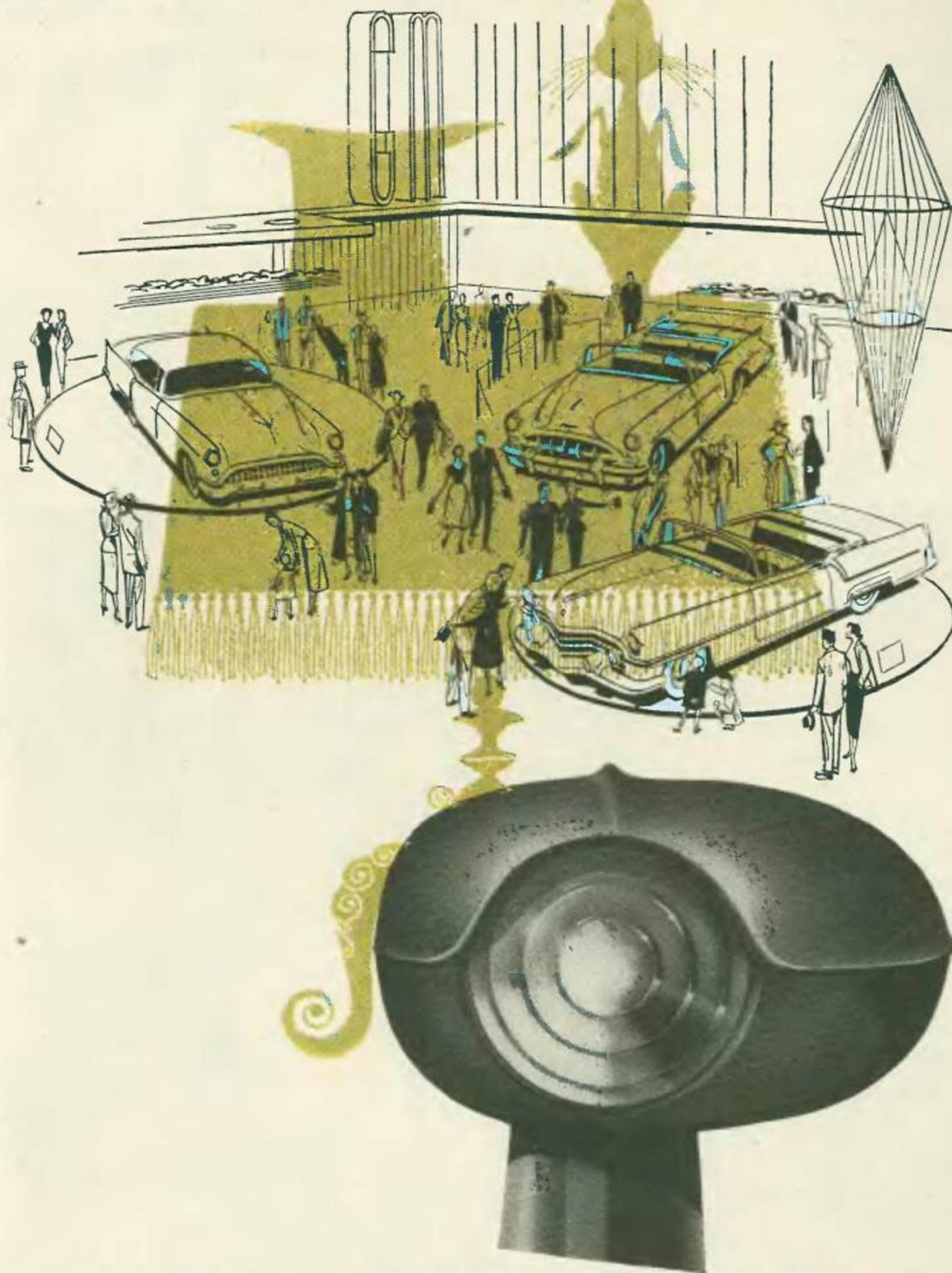


on



cars only: CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • CADILLAC

MAGIC AT THE MOTORAMA



AUTRONIC-EYE®

AUTOMATIC HEADLIGHT CONTROL

Electronic magic—for greater night driving safety! That's the Autronic-Eye, now featured on the thrilling new 1954 Cadillac, Oldsmobile, Pontiac and Chevrolet! This amazing device *automatically* dims your headlights when an oncoming car approaches . . . holds them dim until all traffic passes. Then back to bright—*automatically!* Look for this very latest General Motors safety development on the new models at the Motorama—Waldorf-Astoria, January 21-26. Once you try it, you'll want the Autronic-Eye on *your* 1954 car!

ANOTHER



FIRST

® Trademark Registered U.S. Pat. Off.

GUIDE LAMP DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION • ANDERSON, INDIANA

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

of three recitals. (Carnegie Recital Hall, Tuesday, Jan. 26, at 8:30.)

HERTA GLAZ—Mezzo-soprano, with Marjorie Fulton, violin; the last in a series of three recitals. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Tuesday, Jan. 26, at 8:40.)

EUGENE LIST—Piano. (Town Hall, Wednesday, Jan. 27, at 8:30.)

PETE SEEGER—Folk singer. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 5-4000, Ext. 2461. Thursday, Jan. 28, at 8:30.)

ALFREDO CAMPOLI—Violin. (Town Hall, Friday, Jan. 29, at 8:30.)

GRILLER STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 30, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

NOTE—The Griller String Quartet will give a chamber-music recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Jan. 31, at 2:55. Free tickets will be issued on Tuesday, Jan. 26, in order of written application. Applications must be received on Tuesday morning—not before—and a separate request must be made for each ticket.

MISCELLANY

BENEFIT CONCERT—The ninth annual Franklin D. Roosevelt Birthday Memorial Concert, Deems Taylor presiding, with Ogden Nash, narrator; the Little Orchestra Society, conducted by Thomas Scherman; Roland Hayes, tenor; Amparo Iturbi, piano; and the West Point Cadet Glee Club, directed by Captain Barry Drews. A benefit for the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis. (Town Hall, Saturday, Jan. 30, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call CO 5-7460.)

SPORTS

BOXING—Vince Martinez vs. Rocky Casillo, welterweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden, CO 5-6811. Friday, Jan. 22. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

INDOOR POLO—Two matches every Sunday afternoon. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Games begin at 3:30.)

SKATING—Middle Atlantic Figure Skating Championships—Friday, Jan. 29, at 8 A.M.: School-figures competition; Juveniles', Men's and Women's Novice Singles, and Women's Junior Singles. . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 29, at 5:30 P.M.: Free-skating competition in the classes listed above, and Mixed Pairs. . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 30, at 8 A.M.: School-figures competition; Men's Junior Singles, and Women's and Men's Senior Singles. . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 30, at 5:30 P.M.: Free-skating competition; Men's Junior Singles, Women's and Men's Senior Singles, and Women's Pairs. . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 31, at 9 A.M.: Junior, Veterans', and Senior dance competitions. (Iceland Rink, Eighth Ave. at 50th St. CO 5-0681. Tickets at the box office only, and only on the days of the events.)

FOR CHILDREN

CONCERT—By the Philharmonic-Symphony, Wilfrid Pelletier conducting, with Judith Jaimes, piano. (Carnegie Hall, CI 7-7460. Saturday, Jan. 23, at 11.)

PLAYS—By the PLAYMART CHILDREN'S THEATRE: "Rip Van Winkle." (Carl Fischer Concert Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Saturdays at 1 and 2:45 and Sundays at 2:45. For tickets, call PL 3-0746.) . . . JUNIOR THEATRE: "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer." (Carnegie Recital Hall, Saturdays at 2:15. For tickets, call CI 6-0224.)

MOVIES—Cartoons and, sometimes, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

NOTE—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under on Saturdays from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—The organization's activities will be more or less quiescent until Thursday,

Jan. 28, when the Trusteeship Council is scheduled to convene. In the meantime, there are periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees to which the public is admitted. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St. 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 start at 10:30 and 2:30 Mondays through Fridays.) . . . Hour-long tours, conducted by the American Association for the United Nations, leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building about every ten minutes daily from 9:30 to around 4:30. . . . Questions about the United Nations will be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 345 E. 46th St., MU 2-2658.

POETRY CENTER READINGS—Wednesday, Jan. 27: William Carlos Williams reading from his own works. . . . Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 30-31: W. H. Auden reading Elizabethan verse; also sixteenth-century music by the New York Pro Musica Antiqua. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Evenings at 8:40.)

NATIONAL MOTOR BOAT SHOW—Boats and motors everywhere, nor any drop to drink or sail on. (Kingsbridge Armory, 29 W. Kingsbridge Rd., at Jerome Ave., the Bronx. Daily, 1 to 11; through Saturday, Jan. 23.)

ALBERT SCHWEITZER—About fifty photographs, by Erica Anderson, recording the Doctor's activities in Europe and Africa during the past three years; through Jan. 24. (American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St. Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays 1 to 5.)

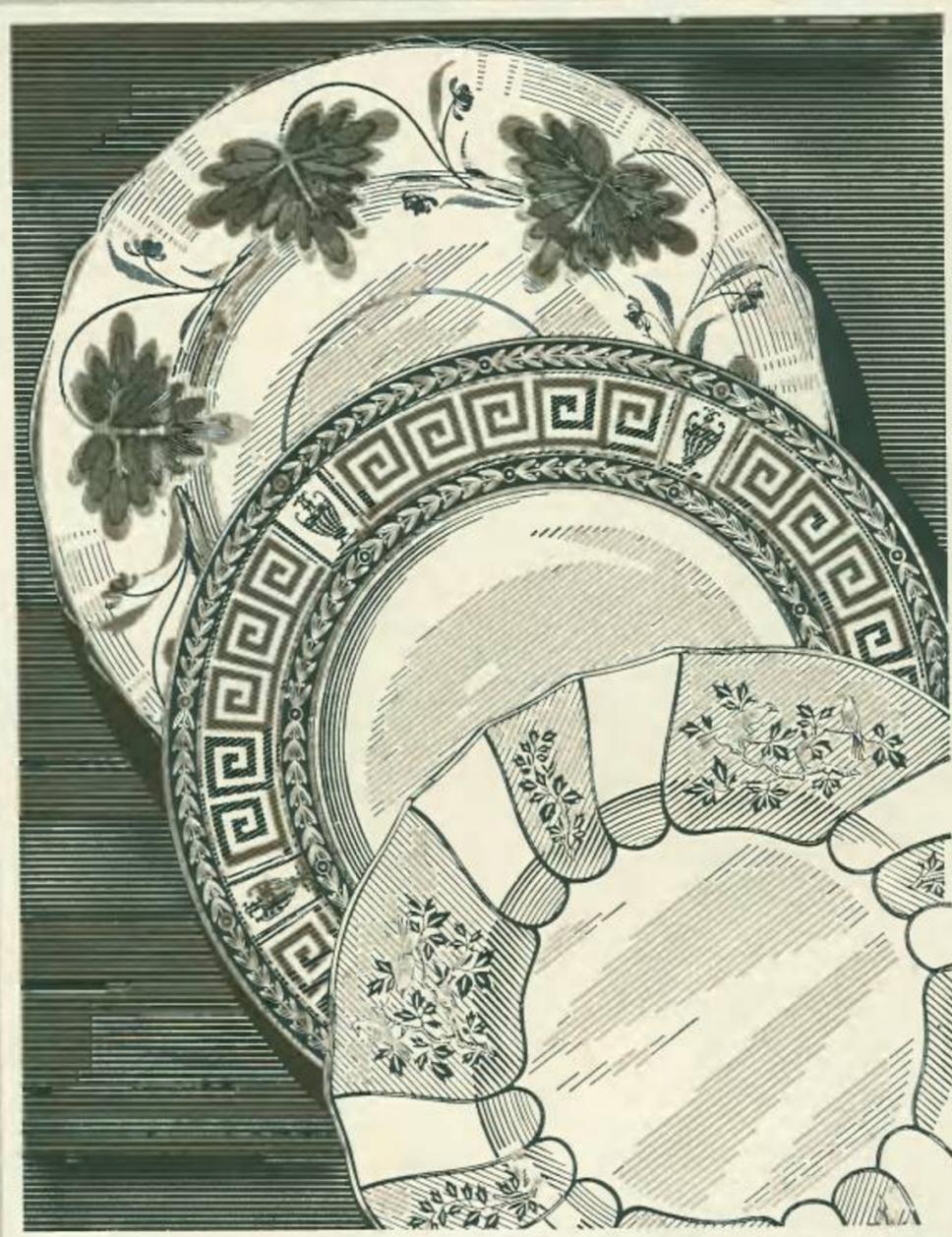
THE BICENTENNIAL OF COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY—Individual displays tracing the histories of Columbia College and the twenty-two schools that comprise the University. Included are photographs, letters, manuscripts, books, and charts. Through March 31. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . A show concentrating on the first hundred years of King's College and presenting the first printed edition of the original charter of 1754, statutes stating student entrance qualifications and conduct requirements, pictures of the first presidents, and other concomitant items; through July 31. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

GEORGE GISSING—The original manuscripts for "Demos," "The Emancipated," and "New Grub Street;" letters to family, friends, critics, and publishers; and volumes of diaries. A show assembled from the New York Public Library's Berg Collection. Through May 31. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St.—Total and partial eclipses of the sun and the moon, meteor showers, and the equinox and the solstice are some of the natural phenomena that are simulated in the January show, "Celestial Preview of 1954." Half-hour conducted tours of the Planetarium take place every night at 8. (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.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, Jan. 22-23, at 1:45: English and American eighteenth-century furniture, Dr. Wall Worcester porcelain (circa 1755-75) and other English porcelains, and various bibelots and paintings; from the estate of Mrs. J. Insley Blair and from other sources. . . . Tuesday, Jan. 26, at 1:45 and 8: Modern French books, many with decorated bindings and others with illustrations by such artists as Matisse, Bonnard, Chagall, and Picasso; from the collection of Sir Francis Rose, of London. . . . Wednesday, Jan. 27, at 8: Paintings by artists of the seventeenth through the nineteenth centuries, ranging from Titian, Rubens, and Van Dyck to Constable, Corot, and Inness; the property of the late Lillian E. Jackson and others. Exhibition starts Saturday, Jan. 23.

Magnificent china service plates from England . . . for America's most distinguished tables.



Top to Bottom	Price per Dozen
Grosvenor China, "Carnalea"	
Green and Gold Leaves and Gold Edge . . .	\$115.
Minton China	
Gold Greek Key Border with two Red Bands with Gold Laurel	546.
Spode China	
Yellow and White Panels with Gold Leaves and Birds	238.

Mail and Telephone Inquiries Receive Prompt Attention

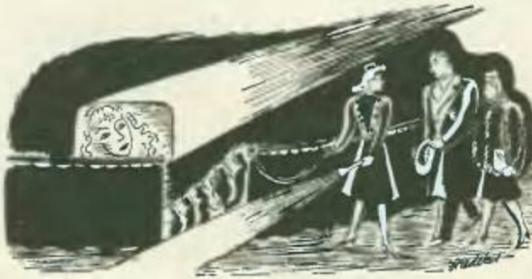
TIFFANY & CO.

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

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION



THE CAPTAIN'S PARADISE—Alec Guinness again, and just as funny as usual. This time, he's a nautical bigamist who lives a placid life with an English wife and a sportive one with a Moroccan beauty. Celia Johnson is Mr. Guinness's quiet girl, Yvonne De Carlo his lively one. An English picture. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

THE CONQUEST OF EVEREST—An account of mountain climbing in the Himalayas, this one involving the British expedition that reached the top of the highest peak in Nepal last May. Probably the best film on the subject ever made. In color, and with an illuminating commentary by Louis MacNeice. (Fine Arts, 128 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

THE CRUEL SEA—A deeply moving, almost documentary English version of the Monsarrat novel of British heroism and doggedness at sea during the Second World War. Jack Hawkins is outstanding as Captain Ericson. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; Jan. 23-24.)

FROM HERE TO ETERNITY—An estimable adaptation of the James Jones novel about the way things were at Schofield Barracks, in Honolulu, before the Japanese descended on Pearl Harbor. The cast, which is uniformly capable, is headed by Montgomery Clift, Burt Lancaster, and Frank Sinatra. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Jan. 21.)

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN—A chronicle of the careers of the light-opera wizards that adds up to a very buoyant film. Robert Morley and Maurice Evans are very good as G. and S., and the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company, complete with Martyn Green, renders excerpts from the operettas admirably. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215, Showings at 2:40 and 8:40; extra performances Saturdays at 5:30 and 11:30 and Sundays at 5:30. Reserved seats only.)

HEIDI—A charming interpretation of the Johanna Spyri story concerning a Swiss orphan who comes down from an alp to spread sweetness and light in Frankfurt. A Swiss film (with English dialogue superimposed), in which a fine little girl named Elsbeth Sigmund plays the title role. Showing in tandem with this film is a brief French picture called "White Mane." It's a handsome account of the adventures of a boy and a stallion who form a partnership in southern France. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

IT SHOULD HAPPEN TO YOU—A funny comedy about an odd young lady (Judy Holliday) who spends her life savings putting her name on a billboard on Columbus Circle, and winds up feeling even odder after a whirl with advertising men and television wizards. Written by Garson Kanin and directed by George Cukor, and with Jack Lemmon and Peter Lawford in the cast. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070.)

JULIUS CAESAR—A collaboration between Joseph Mankiewicz and William Shakespeare, in which the former shows a commendable appreciation of the majesty of the latter's lines but too little appreciation of what the camera can do for his action. James Mason, John Gielgud, and Edmond O'Brien read the

sonorities with skill. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

THE LIVING DESERT—A Walt Disney nature film that describes life and death among the assorted rats, snakes, hawks, tarantulas, tortoises, bats, and scorpions who populate our Western deserts. Magnificently photographed, and often fascinating, but not for the squeamish. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

THE ROBE—A costume drama dealing with early Christians. All wool and a yard wide, owing to the fact that it is done in CinemaScope. Richard Burton, Victor Mature, Michael Rennie, and Jean Simmons are prominent among many. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; starting Jan. 26.)

ROMAN HOLIDAY—Audrey Hepburn makes something quite wonderful out of a trite story about a royal princess on the loose in Rome. Gregory Peck is on hand as an American newspaperman, and it's all good fun. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; through Jan. 22. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Jan. 23. . . . 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Jan. 27, tentative.)

REVIVALS

CHAPLIN COMEDIES—"Dough and Dynamite," "His Trysting Place," and "Caught in a Cabaret," all one-reelers from the silent past. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting Jan. 27.)

CONFESSIONS OF A MODEL (1938)—Cinderella stuff. Danielle Darrieux and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Formerly called "The Rage of Paris." (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Jan. 26-27.)

DESTINY RIDES AGAIN (1939)—Marlene Dietrich's debut in horse opera. With Una Merkel and James Stewart. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Jan. 24-25.)

FOLLOW THE FLEET (1936)—Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers, Irving Berlin music, and the Navy. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Jan. 27, tentative.)

FORBIDDEN GAMES (1952)—A French film about the effect of war and death on two small

children. With Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Jan. 21.)

THE LADY VANISHES (1938)—Hitchcock's express train, with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, and Paul Lukas aboard. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; starting Jan. 23.)

LAST HOLIDAY (1950)—Alec Guinness as a presumably doomed salesman having his final fling at a fancy watering place. A British picture. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Jan. 24-26.)

THE LITTLE WORLD OF DON CAMILLO (1953)—A hardboiled priest (Fernandel) frustrating the plans of a Communist mayor (Gino Cervi) in a small Italian town. Made in Italy, with French dialogue. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Jan. 25.)

THE MALTESE FALCON (1941)—Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet in the Dashiell Hammett yarn. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Jan. 24-26.)

A PLACE IN THE SUN (1951)—A variation on Dreiser's "An American Tragedy." Directed by George Stevens, with Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, and Shelley Winters. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through Jan. 23.)

A RUN FOR YOUR MONEY (1950)—More Alec Guinness, this time as a garden specialist involved with a pair of Welsh miners on the loose in London. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Jan. 24-26.)

SHADOW OF A DOUBT (1943)—Another Hitchcock job, this one about a mild little family and a mysterious uncle. With Teresa Wright and Joseph Cotten. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Jan. 24-26.)

STRANGERS ON A TRAIN (1951)—A Hitchcock picture (this is his week) that deals with everything from tennis to schizophrenia. With Farley Granger and Robert Walker. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through Jan. 23.)

THE 39 STEPS (1935)—And still further Hitchcock mystification, here concerned with a shooting in a theatre, a man hunt in Scotland, and so on. A British film, with Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; starting Jan. 23.)

USEM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Through Jan. 24: "The Band Concert" (1935), by Walt Disney, with Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck; and "Top Hat" (1935), with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, and lyrics and music by Irving Berlin. . . . Starting Jan. 25: "St. Louis Blues" (1928), with Bessie Smith; "Zéro de Conduite" (1933), in French, directed by Jean Vigo; and "La Pêche à la Baleine" (1934), in French, with Jacques Prevert. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

THE BROADWAY AREA

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

MAYFAIR, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800) Jan. 21: "Here Come the Girls," Bob Hope, Tony Martin, Arlene Dahl. From Jan. 22: "Escape from Fort Bravo," William Holden, Eleanor Parker.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600) "Knights of the Round Table" (in CinemaScope), Robert Taylor, Ava Gardner, Mel Ferrer.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100) "The Command" (in CinemaScope), Guy Madison, Joan Weldon.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633) "King of the Khyber Rifles" (in CinemaScope), Tyrone Power, Terry Moore.

ROXY, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000) "Beneath the 12-Mile Reef" (in CinemaScope), Terry Moore, Robert Wagner.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070) **IT SHOULD HAPPEN TO YOU.**

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540) "Forever Female," Ginger Rogers, William Holden.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711) "Cinerama," a demonstration of a new movie-projection technique. (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.)

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240) "The Bigamist," Edmond O'Brien, Joan Fontaine, Ida Lupino.

BIJOU, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215) **GILBERT AND SULLIVAN.**

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060) "Miss Sadie Thompson" (in 3-D), Rita Hayworth, José Ferrer.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796) "Donovan's Brain," Lew Ayres, Gene Evans.

GLOBE, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555) "How to Marry a Millionaire" (in CinemaScope), Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, Lauren Bacall.

HOLIDAY, B'way at 47th. (CI 5-5530) Through Jan. 26 (tentative): "Crime Wave," Phyllis Kirk, Gene Nelson. From Jan. 27 (tentative): "The Diamond Queen," Fernando Lamas, Arlene Dahl.

EAST SIDE

- ART**, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Jan. 26: "Hundred Hour Hunt," Anthony Steel, Jack Warner; and "Twice Upon a Time," Hugh Williams, Jack Hawkins.
From Jan. 27: **CHAPLIN COMEDIES** (silent). revival; and "Rules of the Game" (in French), revival.
- ACADEMY OF MUSIC**, 126 E. 14th. (GR 7-9653)
Through Jan. 23: "Three Sailors and a Girl," Jane Powell, Gordon MacRae; and "Thunder Over the Plains," Randolph Scott, Lex Barker.
Jan. 24-26: "Little Caesar," revival, Edward G. Robinson; and "Public Enemy," revival, James Cagney, Jean Harlow.
From Jan. 27: "Walking My Baby Back Home," Donald O'Connor, Janet Leigh; and "Jack Slade," Mark Stevens, Dorothy Malone.
- GRAMERCY**, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Jan. 21: **FROM HERE TO ETERNITY**.
Jan. 22-26: "Kiss Me Kate," Kathryn Grayson, Howard Keel.
From Jan. 27: "Folly to Be Wise," Alastair Sim, Martita Hunt; and "The Passionate Sentry," Nigel Patrick, Valerie Hobson.
- BEVERLY**, 3rd Ave. at 50th. (EL 5-8790)
Through Jan. 23: **A PLACE IN THE SUN**, revival; and **STRANGERS ON A TRAIN**, revival.
Jan. 24-26: **LAST HOLIDAY**, revival; and **A RUN FOR YOUR MONEY**, revival.
From Jan. 27: "The Story of Three Loves," revival, Kirk Douglas, James Mason, Pier Angeli; and "Pat and Mike," revival, Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn.
- LEXINGTON**, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through Jan. 24: "Botany Bay," Alan Ladd, James Mason; and "Flight to Tangier," Joan Fontaine, Jack Palance.
Jan. 25-26: "The Assassin," revival, Richard Todd, Eva Bartok; and "Phantom from Space," revival, Ted Cooper.
From Jan. 27: "Easy to Love," Esther Williams, Van Johnson; and "Main Street to Broadway," Herb Shriner and a whole lot of other people.
- TRANS-LUX 52ND ST.**, Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Lili," Leslie Caron, Mel Ferrer.
- SUTTON**, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
THE LIVING DESERT.
- R.K.O. 58TH ST.**, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Jan. 23: "Three Sailors and a Girl," Jane Powell, Gordon MacRae; and "Thunder Over the Plains," Randolph Scott, Lex Barker.
Jan. 24-26: "Little Caesar," revival, Edward G. Robinson; and "Public Enemy," revival, James Cagney, Jean Harlow.
From Jan. 27: "Walking My Baby Back Home," Donald O'Connor, Janet Leigh; and "Jack Slade," Mark Stevens, Dorothy Malone.
- FINE ARTS**, 128 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
THE CONQUEST OF EVEREST.
- PLAZA**, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
JULIUS CAESAR.
- BARONET**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
Through Jan. 22: **ROMAN HOLIDAY**.
Jan. 23-24: **THE CRUEL SEA**.
From Jan. 25: "The Final Test," Jack Warner, Robert Morley.
- TRANS-LUX 60TH ST.**, Madison at 60th. (PL 5-2746)
"The Horse's Mouth," Robert Beatty, Virginia McKenna.
- YORK**, 1st Ave. at 64th. (RH 4-5779)
Through Jan. 22: "Kiss Me Kate," Kathryn Grayson, Howard Keel; and "Fighter Attack," Sterling Hayden, J. Carrol Naish.
Jan. 23: "Three Guys Named Mike," revival, Jane Wyman, Van Johnson; and "The Clown," revival, Red Skelton, Jane Greer.
Jan. 24-25: "Calamity Jane," Doris Day, Howard Keel; and "The Glass Web," Edward G. Robinson, John Forsythe.
Jan. 26-27: "Penny Princess," revival, Yolande Donlan, Dirk Bogarde; and "Tomorrow Is Forever," revival, Claudette Colbert, Orson Welles.
- BEEKMAN**, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Jan. 22: "Kiss Me Kate," Kathryn Grayson, Howard Keel.
From Jan. 23: **THE 39 STEPS**, revival; and **THE LADY VANISHES**, revival.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

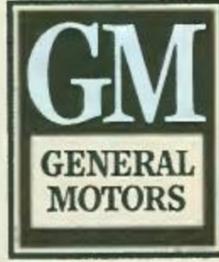
S • M • T • W • T • F • S						
				21	22	23
24	25	26	27			

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

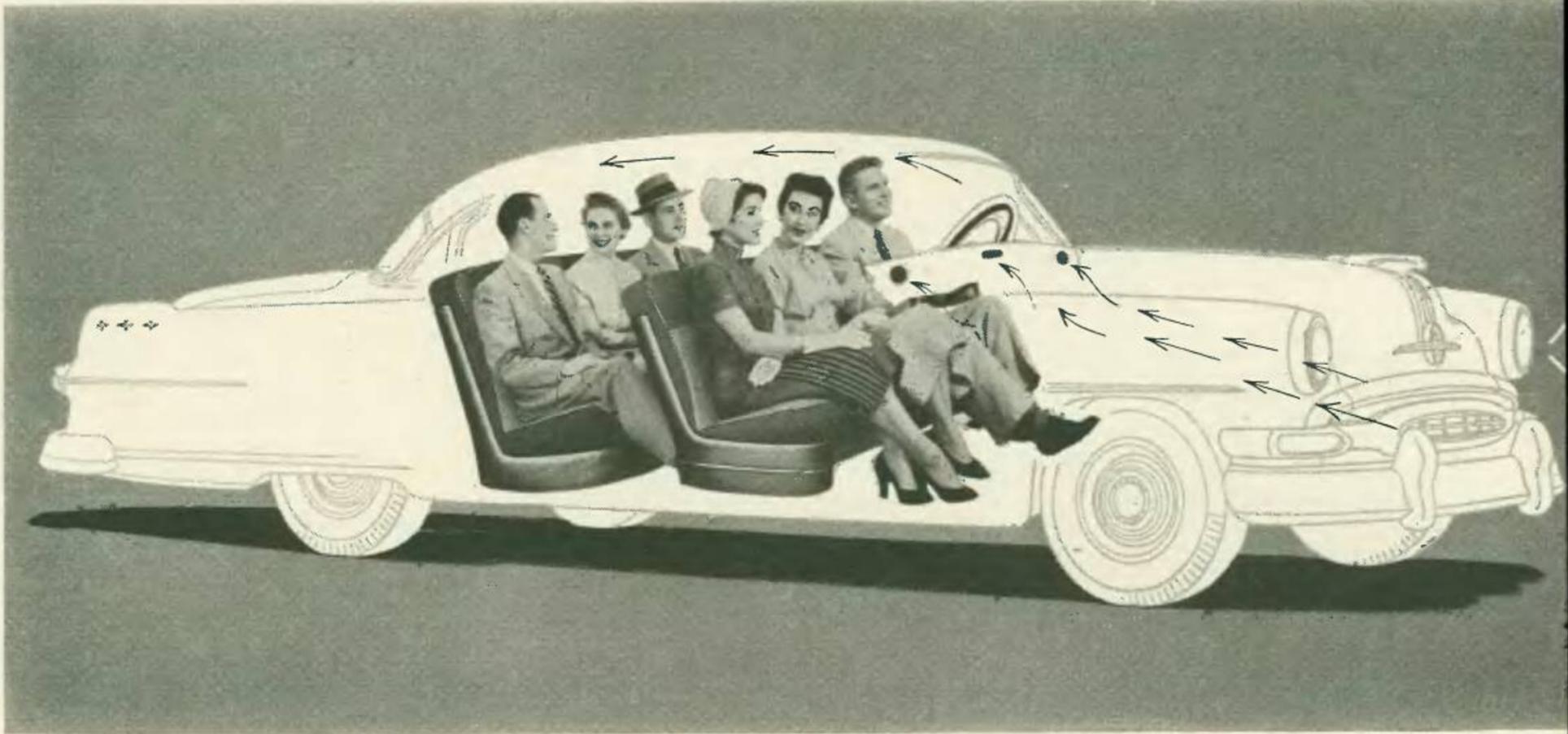
- 68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Jan. 27 (tentative): **ROMAN HOLIDAY**.
- LOEW'S 72ND ST.**, 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through Jan. 24: "Botany Bay," Alan Ladd, James Mason; and "Flight to Tangier," Joan Fontaine, Jack Palance.
Jan. 25-26: "The Assassin," revival, Richard Todd, Eva Bartok; and "Phantom from Space," revival, Ted Cooper.
From Jan. 27: "Easy to Love," Esther Williams, Van Johnson; and "Main Street to Broadway," Herb Shriner and a whole lot of other people.
- TRANS-LUX 72ND ST.**, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Jan. 27 (tentative): **FOLLOW THE FLEET**, revival.
- TRANS-LUX COLONY**, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through Jan. 23: "Kiss Me Kate," Kathryn Grayson, Howard Keel; and "Savage Mutiny," revival, Johnny Weissmuller.
Jan. 24-25: To be announced.
From Jan. 26: **THE ROBE**.
- TRANS-LUX 85TH ST.**, Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Jan. 23: "Murder on Monday," Ralph Richardson, Margaret Leighton.
Jan. 24-26: **THE MALTESE FALCON**, revival; and **SHADOW OF A DOUBT**, revival.
From Jan. 27: "The Actress," Spencer Tracy, Jean Simmons.
- R.K.O. 86TH ST.**, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Jan. 23: "Three Sailors and a Girl," Jane Powell, Gordon MacRae; and "Thunder Over the Plains," Randolph Scott, Lex Barker.
Jan. 24-26: "Little Caesar," revival, Edward G. Robinson; and "Public Enemy," revival, James Cagney, Jean Harlow.
From Jan. 27: "Walking My Baby Back Home," Donald O'Connor, Janet Leigh; and "Jack Slade," Mark Stevens, Dorothy Malone.
- ORPHEUM**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Jan. 24: "Botany Bay," Alan Ladd, James Mason; and "Flight to Tangier," Joan Fontaine, Jack Palance.
Jan. 25-26: "The Assassin," revival, Richard Todd, Eva Bartok; and "Phantom from Space," revival, Ted Cooper.
From Jan. 27: "Easy to Love," Esther Williams, Van Johnson; and "Main Street to Broadway," Herb Shriner and a whole lot of other people.
- WEST SIDE**
- WAVERLY**, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Jan. 21: "Kiss Me Kate," Kathryn Grayson, Howard Keel; and "Pat and Mike," revival, Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn.
Jan. 22-23: "The Beggar's Opera," Laurence Olivier; and "Something Money Can't Buy," Patricia Roc, Anthony Steel.
Jan. 24-25: "Calamity Jane," Doris Day, Howard Keel; and "The Glass Web," Edward G. Robinson.
From Jan. 26: "The Actress," Spencer Tracy, Jean Simmons; and "Take the High Ground," Richard Widmark, Karl Malden.
- 8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Jan. 25: **THE LITTLE WORLD OF DON CAMILLO** (in French), revival.
From Jan. 26: "The Actress," Spencer Tracy, Jean Simmons.
- SHERIDAN**, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Jan. 24: "Botany Bay," Alan Ladd, James Mason; and "Flight to Tangier," Joan Fontaine, Jack Palance.
Jan. 25-26: "The Assassin," revival, Richard Todd, Eva Bartok; and "Phantom from Space," revival, Ted Cooper.
From Jan. 27: "Easy to Love," Esther Wil-

- liams, Van Johnson; and "Main Street to Broadway," Herb Shriner and a whole lot of other people.
- GREENWICH**, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Jan. 23: **ROMAN HOLIDAY**; and "Outpost in Malaya," revival, Claudette Colbert, Jack Hawkins.
Jan. 24-26: "Stalag 17," William Holden, Don Taylor; and "Holiday Affair," revival, Robert Mitchum, Janet Leigh.
From Jan. 27: "Folly to Be Wise," Alastair Sim, Martita Hunt; and "The Passionate Sentry," Nigel Patrick, Valerie Hobson.
- R.K.O. 23RD ST.**, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through Jan. 23: "Three Sailors and a Girl," Jane Powell, Gordon MacRae; and "Thunder Over the Plains," Randolph Scott, Lex Barker.
Jan. 24-26: "Little Caesar," revival, Edward G. Robinson; and "Public Enemy," revival, James Cagney, Jean Harlow.
From Jan. 27: "Walking My Baby Back Home," Donald O'Connor, Janet Leigh; and "Jack Slade," Mark Stevens, Dorothy Malone.
- TERRACE**, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
Through Jan. 23: "Kiss Me Kate," Kathryn Grayson, Howard Keel; and "Fighter Attack," Sterling Hayden, J. Carrol Naish.
Jan. 24-25: **DESTRY RIDES AGAIN**, revival; and "Savage Mutiny," revival, Johnny Weissmuller.
Jan. 26-27: **CONFESSIONS OF A MODEL**, revival; and "Shockproof," revival, Cornel Wilde, Patricia Knight.
- GUILD**, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Times Gone By" (in Italian), Vittorio De Sica, Aldo Fabrizi.
- 55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"The Spice of Life" (in French), Noël-Noël.
- NORMANDIE**, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"The Golden Coach," Anna Magnani. (Showings at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30. Reserved seats only.)
- LITTLE CARNEGIE**, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
HEIDI; and "White Mane" (in French), Alain Emery.
- PARIS**, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
THE CAPTAIN'S PARADISE.
- LOEW'S 83RD ST.**, B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Jan. 24: "Botany Bay," Alan Ladd, James Mason; and "Flight to Tangier," Joan Fontaine, Jack Palance.
Jan. 25-26: "The Assassin," revival, Richard Todd, Eva Bartok; and "Phantom from Space," revival, Ted Cooper.
From Jan. 27: "Easy to Love," Esther Williams, Van Johnson; and "Main Street to Broadway," Herb Shriner and a whole lot of other people.
- THALIA**, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Jan. 21: **FORBIDDEN GAMES** (in French), revival; and "The Sinners" (in French), revival.
From Jan. 22: "The Seven Deadly Sins" (in French and Italian), revival, Michèle Morgan, Gérard Philipe.
- RIVERSIDE**, B'way at 96th. (RI 9-9861)
Through Jan. 26: "Three Sailors and a Girl," Jane Powell, Gordon MacRae; and "Thunder Over the Plains," Randolph Scott, Lex Barker.
From Jan. 27: To be announced.
- OLYMPIA**, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through Jan. 24: "Botany Bay," Alan Ladd, James Mason; and "Flight to Tangier," Joan Fontaine, Jack Palance.
Jan. 25-26: "The Assassin," revival, Richard Todd, Eva Bartok; and "Phantom from Space," revival, Ted Cooper.
From Jan. 27: "Easy to Love," Esther Williams, Van Johnson; and "Main Street to Broadway," Herb Shriner and a whole lot of other people.
- NEMO**, B'way at 110th. (AC 2-9406)
Through Jan. 23: "Three Sailors and a Girl," Jane Powell, Gordon MacRae; and "Thunder Over the Plains," Randolph Scott, Lex Barker.
Jan. 24-26: "Little Caesar," revival, Edward G. Robinson; and "Public Enemy," revival, James Cagney, Jean Harlow.
From Jan. 27: "Walking My Baby Back Home," Donald O'Connor, Janet Leigh; and "Jack Slade," Mark Stevens, Dorothy Malone.

A NEW GENERAL MOTORS



ENGINEERING DEVELOPMENTS



*HARRISON**

goes "Out in Front" in

AIR CONDITIONING

with a completely new system for hot weather comfort



**Available in the
1954 PONTIAC**

ON SPECIAL DISPLAY AT THE GM MOTORAMA, WALDORF ASTORIA

to give you

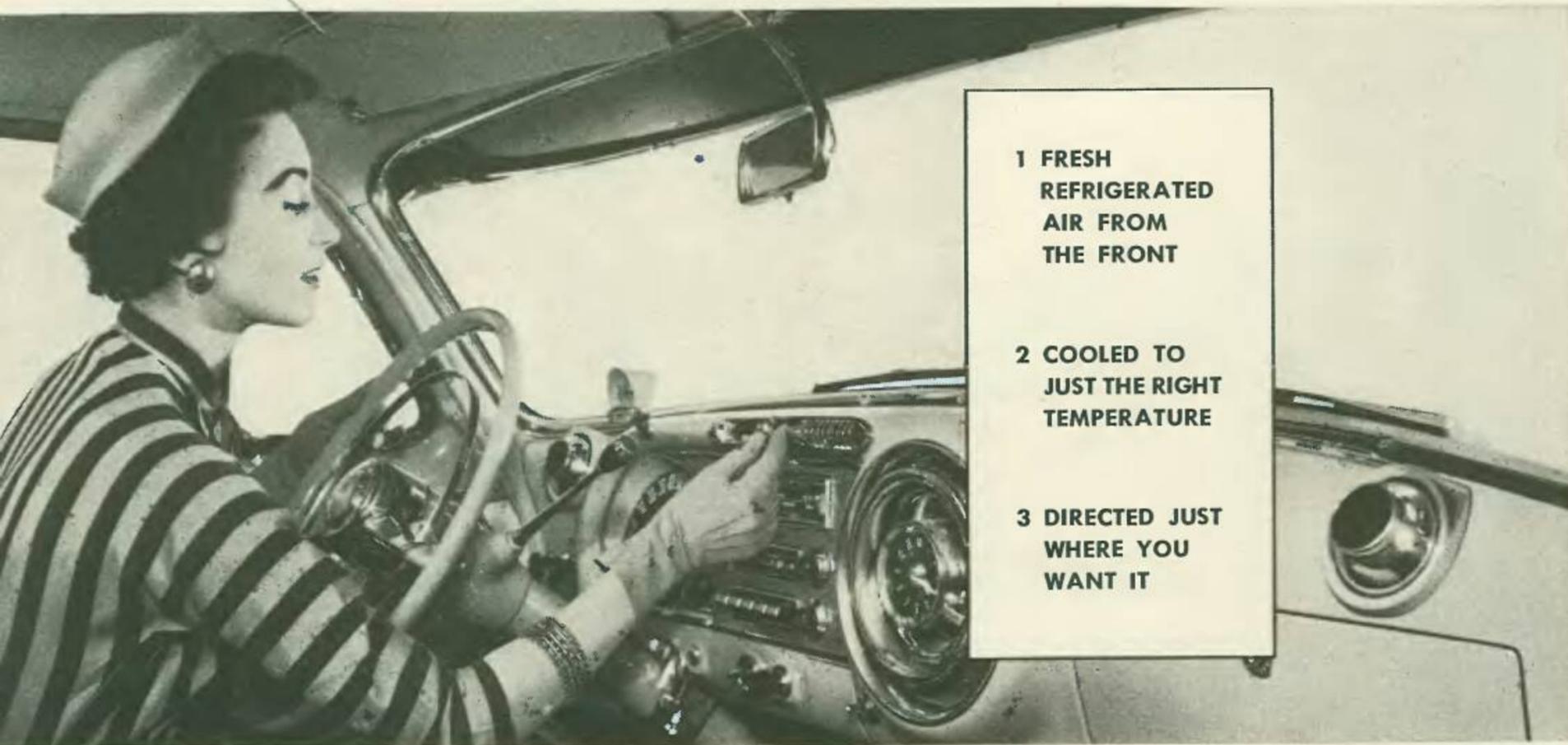
Fresh Cool Air

for your summer driving

Now Harrison Radiator Division of General Motors brings you something entirely new in automotive air conditioning—a complete, compact, practical system for keeping you cool in your car.

It is the first system to be produced with all cooling elements located "up front", out of sight and out of the way. Fresh, refrigerated outside air flows from adjustable jets on the instrument panel, cools you quickly, gently and evenly *from the front*.

With Harrison's simple, full-range control, the cooled air entering the car can be adjusted to suit the comfort of the passengers. With Harrison's adjustable jet outlets, you can direct the cool air stream exactly where you want it. Another General Motors engineering "first", Harrison's advanced, "out in front" Air Conditioning System is now featured in the great new Pontiac for 1954. See it at your Pontiac dealer's.



**1 FRESH
REFRIGERATED
AIR FROM
THE FRONT**

**2 COOLED TO
JUST THE RIGHT
TEMPERATURE**

**3 DIRECTED JUST
WHERE YOU
WANT IT**

*Harrison Radiator Division of General Motors Corporation is the world's largest builder of temperature-control systems for motor cars.

fresh
COOL

HARRISON
AIR CONDITIONING SYSTEM

SHOW STOPPER



SINCE WAY BACK WHEN!

Chevrolet has been "stopping the show" ever since the 1927 model pictured above came on the scene. That year, incidentally, marked the beginning of Chevrolet's popularity leadership, and over the entire period since then, Chevrolet has been America's first choice car.

You'll see why Chevrolet is stopping the show again this year when you visit

the General Motors Motorama. You'll see the beautiful new Chevrolet for 1954—the car that's Powered for *Performance!* . . . Engineered for *Economy!* And you'll see the sensational new Chevrolet Corvette—the first all-American sports car.

See these and other exciting attractions at the Motorama, Waldorf-Astoria, January 21 through 26. Admission free.

*THE NEW 1954 CHEVROLET
Brimming with Beauty!*



*THE NEW CHEVROLET CORVETTE
First All-American Sports Car!*



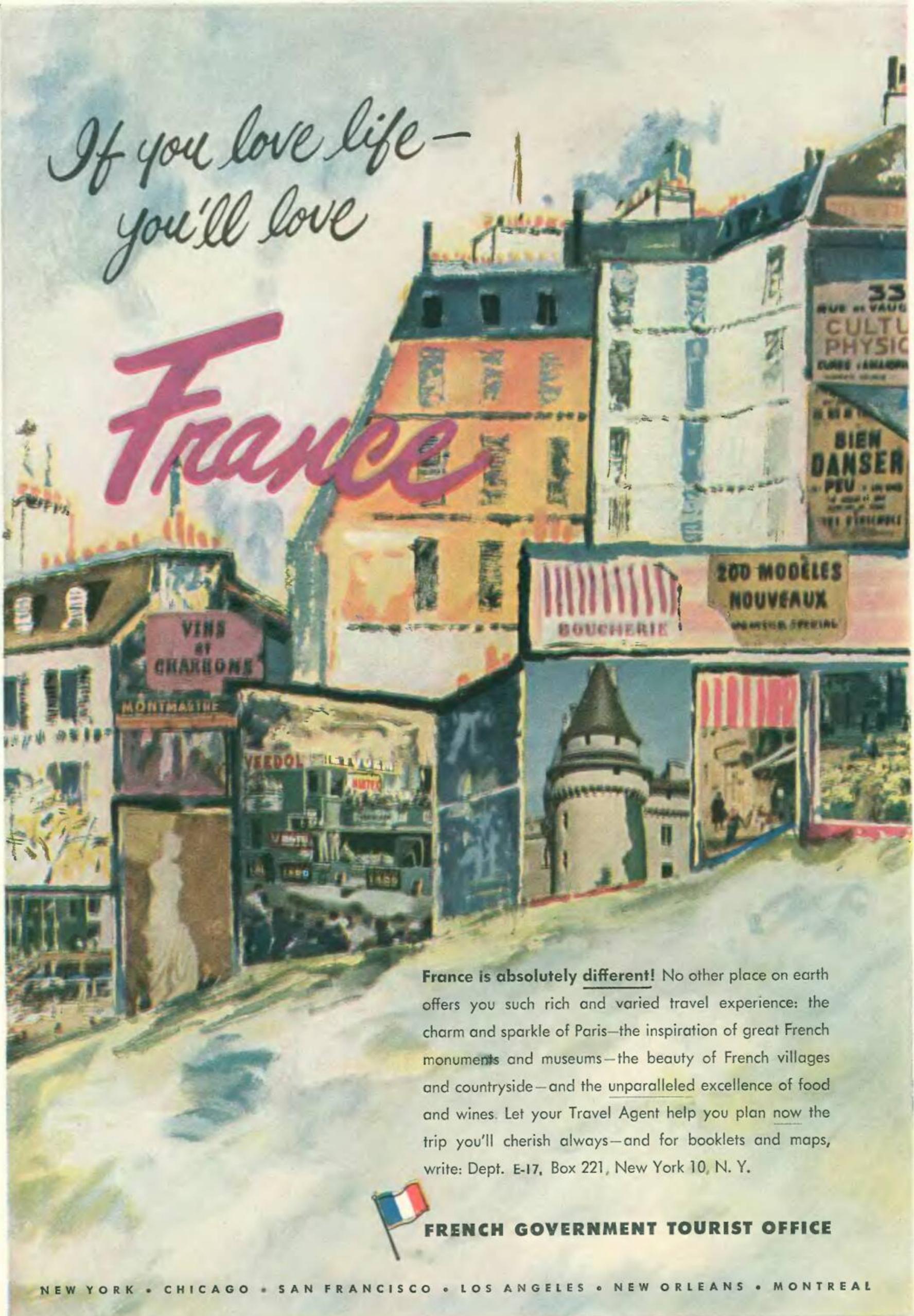
CHEVROLET

on display at the General Motors

MOTORAMA

If you love life—
you'll love

France



France is absolutely different! No other place on earth offers you such rich and varied travel experience: the charm and sparkle of Paris—the inspiration of great French monuments and museums—the beauty of French villages and countryside—and the unparalleled excellence of food and wines. Let your Travel Agent help you plan now the trip you'll cherish always—and for booklets and maps, write: Dept. E-17, Box 221, New York 10, N. Y.

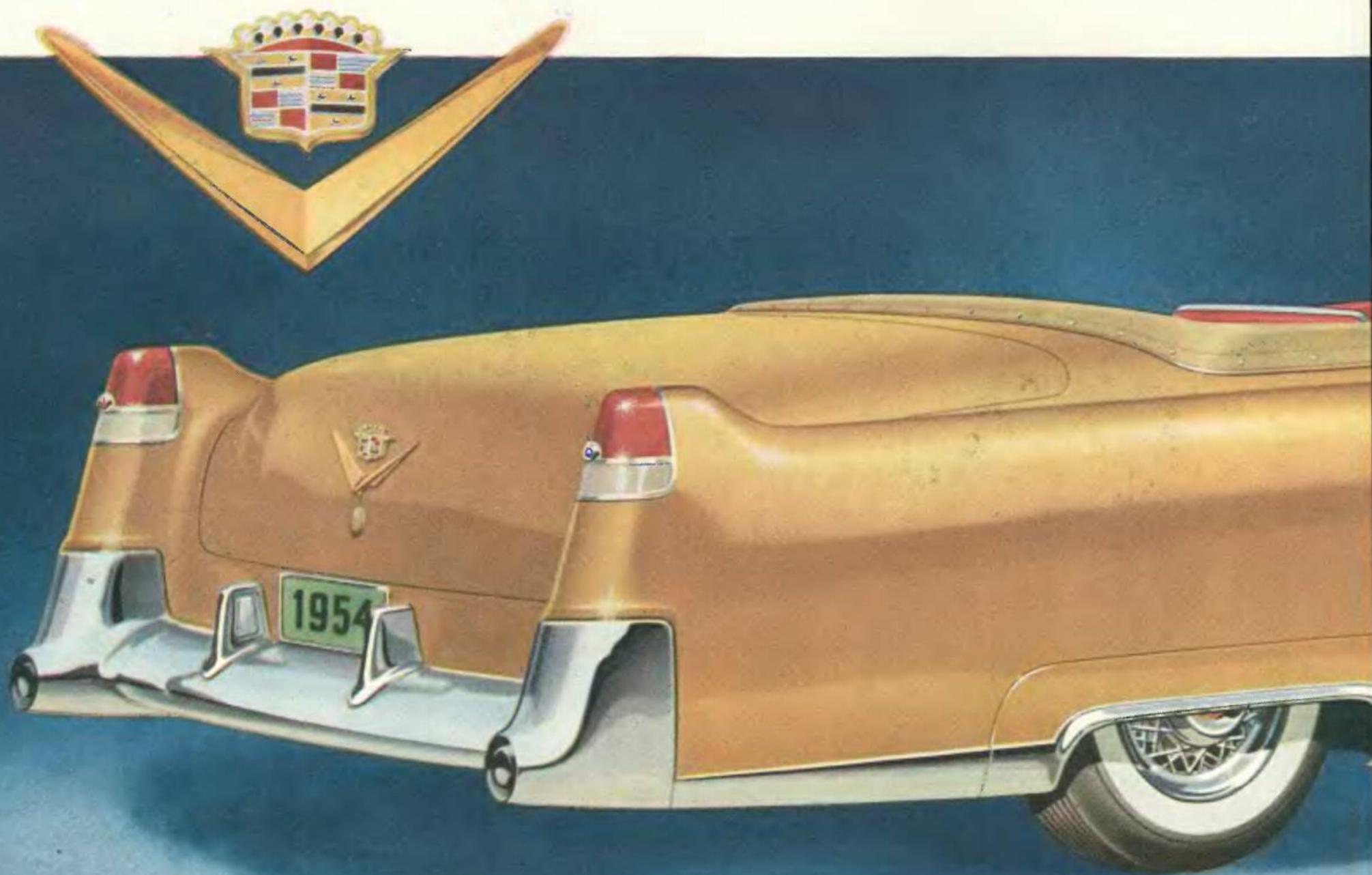


FRENCH GOVERNMENT TOURIST OFFICE

NEW YORK • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO • LOS ANGELES • NEW ORLEANS • MONTREAL

Presenting the **1954**

STYLED TO BE COPIED



Model shown above is the 1954 Cadillac Convertible

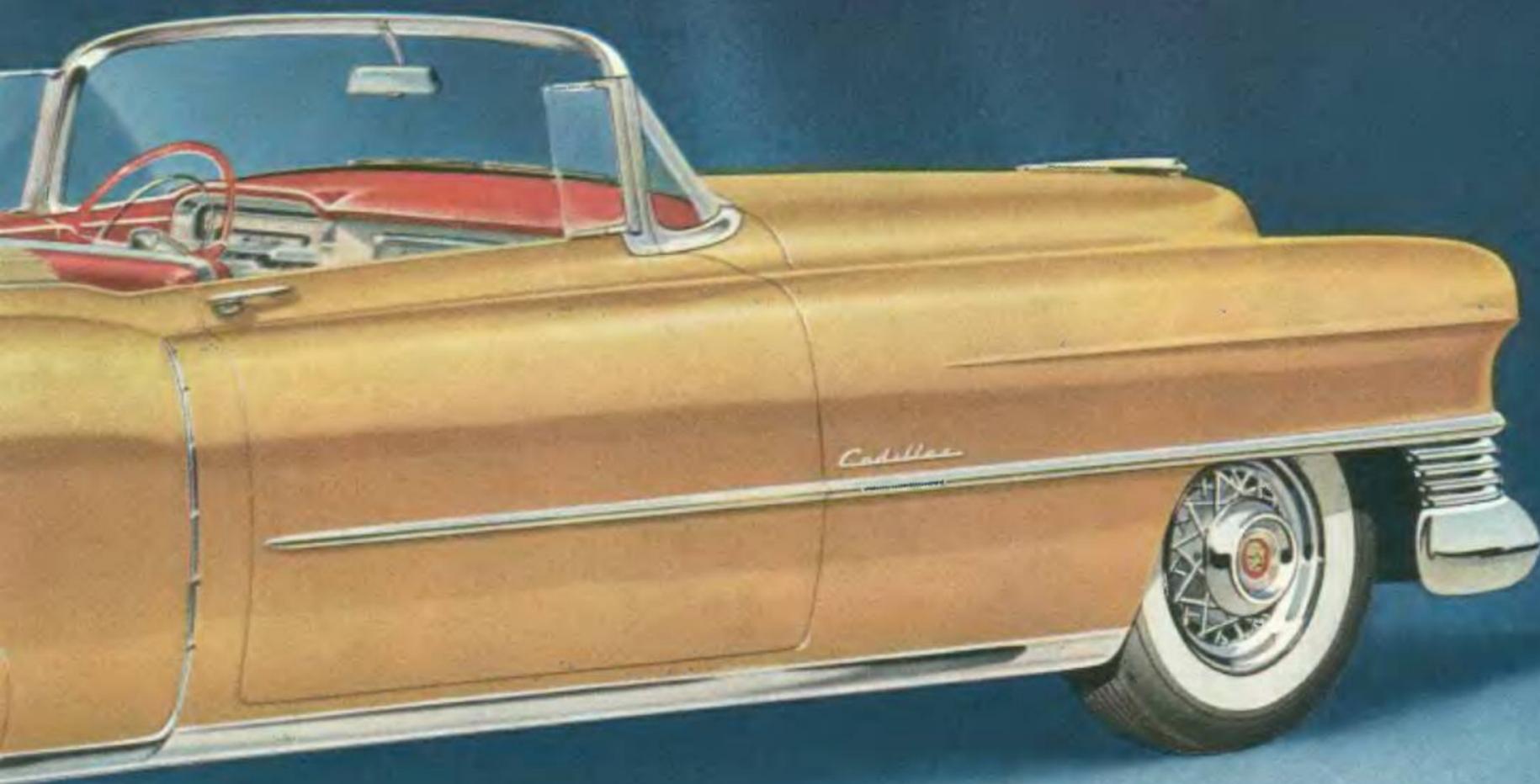
..AND AS THRI



Advanced styling features include a completely redesigned grille and bumper assembly, a new panoramic windshield, with a new 2-inch overhanging roof extension on the sedans, a new cowl air intake at the base of the windshield, a new headlamp design with new headlamp visors, and a new "V" and crest.

Cadillac

FOR YEARS TO COME



WANTING TO DRIVE AS TO SEE !

This is not just a new model. It is a wholly restyled and completely re-engineered Cadillac—*new*, from its more massive grille to its more distinctive rear deck.

It is lower and longer in silhouette . . . more modern and graceful in its body lines . . . and with greater majesty and dignity in every detail. Beyond question, it is destined to influence the design of motor cars for years to come.

Matching this new exterior beauty, and adding their own full measure of glamour and graciousness to the car, are Cadillac's luxurious new interiors—more generously proportioned and more beautifully appointed than ever before.

And, what is even more remarkable, this wonderful new Cadillac is as thrilling to *drive* as it is to *see*!

A great new 230-horsepower engine has added new power

and responsiveness. A vastly improved Hydra-Matic Drive provides even greater smoothness and flexibility. Advanced Cadillac Power Steering brings with it a whole new concept of steering and handling ease. And new Cadillac Power Braking* has introduced wonderful new motoring safety and convenience.

This greater Cadillac beauty—and this finer Cadillac performance—are available for 1954 in three brilliant new series of motor cars . . . the remarkable Series 62, the magnificent Fleetwood Series 60 Special and the distinguished Fleetwood Series 75. And, of course, there is the supremely beautiful Eldorado.

These inspiring creations are in our showroom now—awaiting your critical inspection. We cordially invite you to see and drive them at your earliest opportunity.

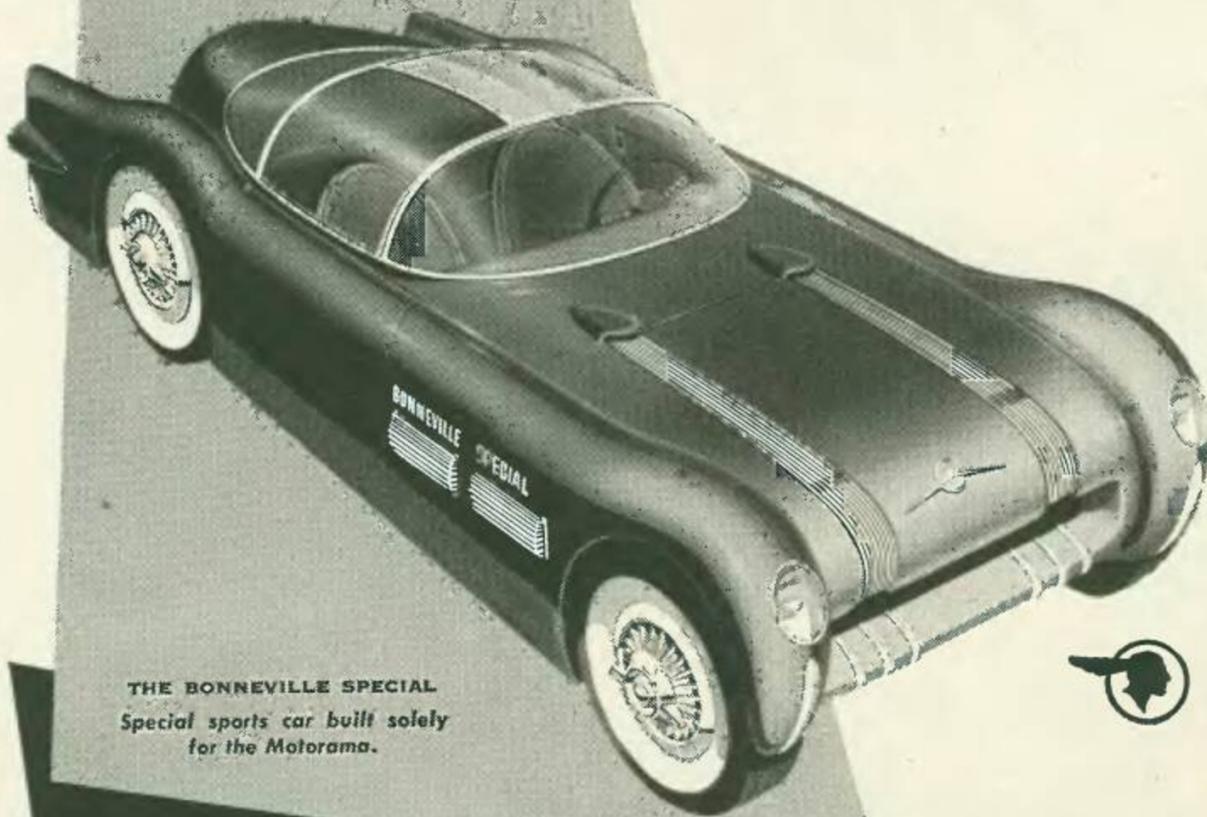
*Optional at extra cost.

YOUR CADILLAC DEALER

**Pontiac presents
the pattern for
tomorrow's motor car...**



THE STRATO-STREAK
Spectator sports car,
custom built for display only.

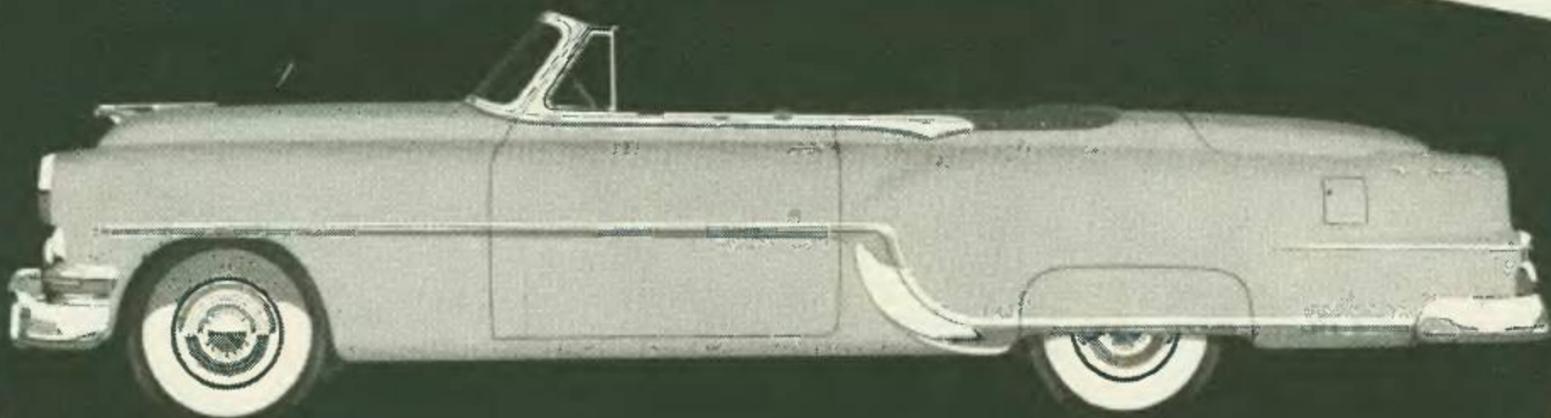


THE BONNEVILLE SPECIAL
Special sports car built solely
for the Motorama.

See the magnificent new Pontiacs at the Motorama. Explore the future with Pontiac. See the completely new Star Chief—herald of a new value trend with fine-car length, luxury, beauty and performance at prices near the lowest. Look at the special Motorama models—the fascinating Strato-Streak and Bonneville Special. Get the proof that this year, or any year, dollar for dollar you can't beat a Pontiac.



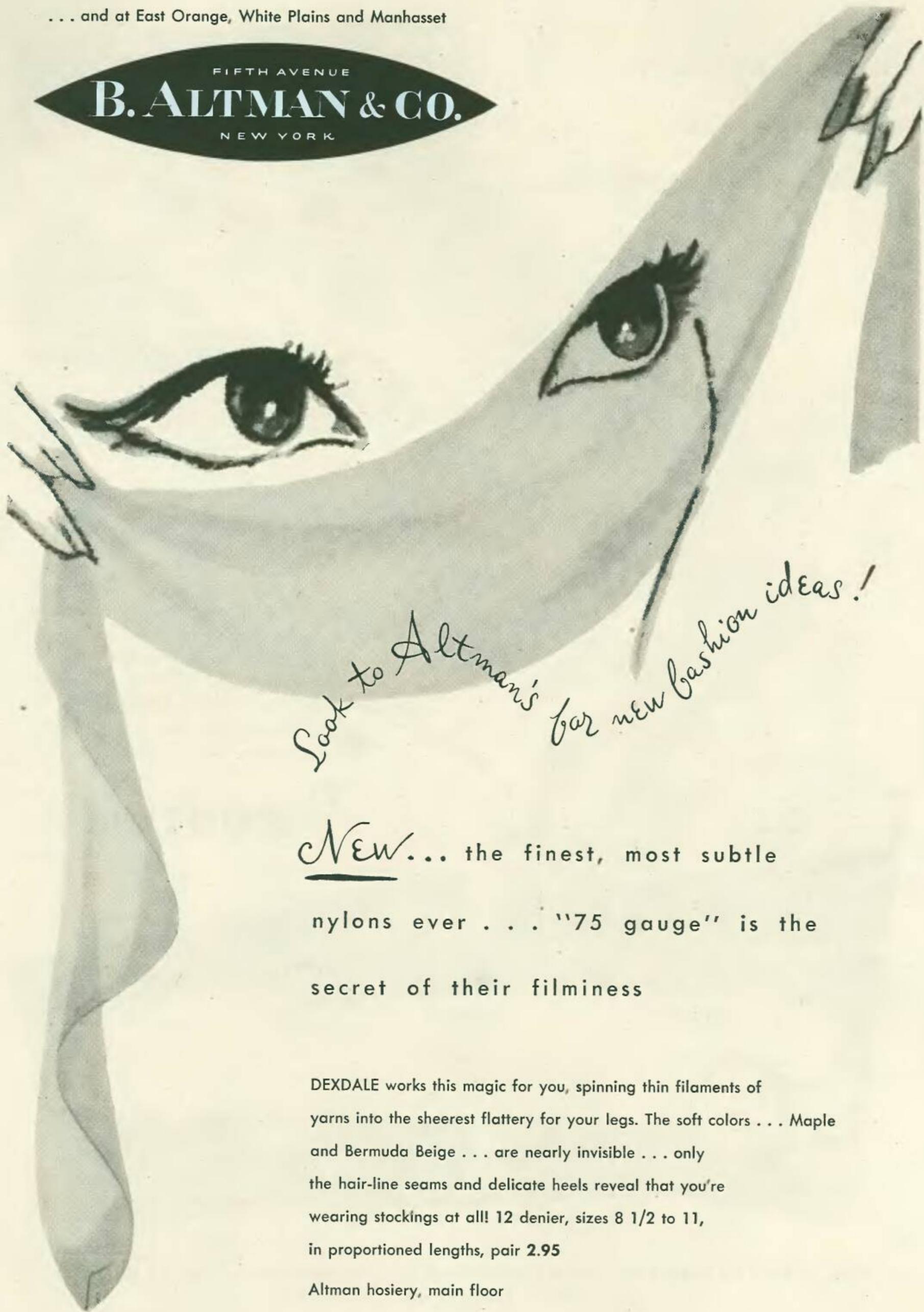
PONTIAC



THE STAR CHIEF PONTIAC
Magnificent new leader of the '54 Pontiac line.

**DON'T MISS THE GM MOTORAMA AT THE WALDORF-ASTORIA • ADMISSION FREE—USE 49TH ST. ENTRANCE
SEE YOUR NEAREST PONTIAC DEALER**

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



Look to Altman's for new fashion ideas!

New... the finest, most subtle
nylons ever . . . "75 gauge" is the
secret of their filminess

DEXDALE works this magic for you, spinning thin filaments of
yarns into the sheerest flattery for your legs. The soft colors . . . Maple
and Bermuda Beige . . . are nearly invisible . . . only
the hair-line seams and delicate heels reveal that you're
wearing stockings at all! 12 denier, sizes 8 1/2 to 11,
in proportioned lengths, pair 2.95

Altman hosiery, main floor



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

EVER since a Philadelphia correspondent wrote us that the State of Pennsylvania, which imposed a limited sales tax not long ago, exempting wearing apparel and certain other "necessity" items, has defined in this nontaxable category men's suspenders, women's hats, nuts, ten-cent-and-under candy, and women's girdles, the while setting up as taxable luxuries men's neckties, men's garters, eleven-cent-and-over candies, and men's girdles, we've been trying to reconstruct, from the bones of this table, the lawyer who drew it up. Hollywood-shirted, good figure, bad case of varicose veins, stylish-stout wife, children with modest confectionery tastes—O.K. But what's he exempted nuts for? Nothing is more fattening. Let him keep on munching those nontaxable pecans and he'll be



driven into a luxurious, taxable men's girdle. There must be something wrong with our anthropology. Well, the Piltdown man is a fake, and this will have to do.

OUR intermittent buttonholing of spry octogenarians, or better, has prompted a seventy-nine-year-old friend to send us a letter he received the other day from Robert W. Service, who wrote "The Shooting of Dan McGrew" forty-seven years ago and recently celebrated his eightieth birthday at the Villa Aurea, Monte Carlo, where he is too far away for us to buttonhole him.

To me [Service wrote, forgetting, perhaps, that he was addressing a man only one year his junior], my age seems unreal and a little weird, and if I only had a long beard and half a dozen concubines I might

feel like a Bible patriarch. However, the flag is full mast high and the old hulk breasting the billows. All the men I knew of my generation have beat me to the boneyard, silly asses! There's a lot of fun in living, even after eighty, and the last phase of life should be the happiest. The decent thing to die of is Old Age, and as an advocate of Longevity it's up to me to prove it. I don't smoke, rarely drink alcohol, and am a ninety-per-cent vegetarian. I eat once a day—nothing in the morning and a snack supper. I never drink at meals and eat very slowly. I walk three hours a day and sleep ten. The lyric spring still bubbles up and most days I make a rhyme or two. The end of this month I will be sending my last verse book to my publishers. Anything I do from now on will, I suppose, be published posthumously. Well, I've had a good innings and am still amazingly alert.

Service is a British subject, and, according to our Concise Oxford Dictionary, the word "innings," a cricket term, has as a figurative meaning tenure of office or dominance of political party. Service's party is the Sourdoughs, of which he is chairman of the board. We wish him continuing tenure, and never a rhymeless day.

AS a general thing, we don't like to talk shop, but the fact is that a writer has just submitted to us a piece of fiction accompanied by a word count, a self-addressed, stamped envelope, and a bank reference. "Such & Such National Bank," it reads. "Account No. 528." This shows a nice spirit. It makes us feel that the contributor's story (which we haven't read yet) must deal, like the works of Edith Wharton and Louis Auchincloss, with responsible, well-heeled characters, and that she (for Ac-



count No. 528 is a lady) expects, upon acceptance, to send us a check, rather than sit around waiting for us to send her one. We have made an appointment

with our treasurer, and plan to propose to him that any writer giving a really first-class bank reference be excused from enclosing a stamped return envelope.

Downhill Fast

WE'RE fresh from a chat with a man who has had the good sense to turn two of his youthful avocations into a vocation, and a highly profitable one at that. The sensible man is John Jay, of Williamstown, Massachusetts—he's a great-great-great-grandson of the John Jay—and the youthful avocations were skiing and taking color movies.



Now, at thirty-eight, he has become a sort of latter-day Burton Holmes on skis, giving eighty or so shows a year that combine movies of skiing activities in various resorts here and abroad with a lighthearted, more or less impromptu commentary. His audiences range in space, climate, and cultural interests from schoolteachers in upstate New York to Panamint Indians in Death Valley. A sizable fraction of his movies have been taken, at the risk of his neck and camera, in breathless downhill pursuit of some of the best and fastest skiers on earth, and when you sit watching the screen, with maybe the tips of two skis showing in the foreground and the base of a snow-covered Alp or Rocky coming up to meet you at a rate of more than forty miles an hour—well, it may not be Cinrama, but you're likely to moan with relief when the bottom of the slope is reached. Anyhow, the schoolteachers moan. As for those Death Valley Indians, their chief informed Jay that he would have nothing to do with skis. "Skis no good," said the chief, firmly planted in sand two hundred and eighty



“‘But in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground...’”

feet below sea level. “They take me places I don’t want to go.”

After graduating from Williams, in 1938, Jay went to work for “The March of Time,” then got a commission from the Canadian Pacific Railway to make a promotional movie about skiing in the Banff-Lake Louise area, where the season is from November to May. Next, the Grace Line had him make a movie about skiing in the Andes, where the season is from June to October. He regards it as a proof of the beneficence of providence that good skiing is to be found somewhere on earth all the year round; the occasional difficulties are, he claims, mostly man-made. “Like having to take a siesta in the Andes,” he said with Yankee impatience. “The ski lifts begin working at eleven in the morning, then stop from noon to three. It starts getting dark about five, so you can see how much skiing gets done.”

During the war, Jay served with ski troops stationed at Camp Hale, Colorado. “Our job was to teach guys how to ski in six weeks, and we did,” he said. “A lot of them were from the Deep South and spent the whole time grousing about their ‘torture boards.’” He has been a skier-cameraman-lecturer for eight years now and is still pleasantly astonished by the vast number of people who apparently ask nothing better of life than to sit in a warm, safe

place and look at pictures of other people careering down mountains or off ski jumps. “Skiing, which people think of as having been a popular American sport for decades, actually got its first big boost in this country in 1932, when the winter Olympics were held at Lake Placid,” he said. “By now, there are supposed to be three million skiers between here and California, and, of course, a good many of them turn up for my shows, but sometimes it happens that not a single person in the audience has ever been on skis in his life. I’m just back from ten days in the Hawaiian Islands, where I showed my films to over twenty thousand people, including the lepers of Molokai. No skiers in Hawaii. A while ago, I gave a show at the Colony Club here—nothing but ladies. Three white-haired dowagers arrived in wheelchairs and got such a bang out of the show that they nearly turned their chairs over.”

Every winter, Mr. Jay and his wife, who is also an expert skier, fly a select group to Europe for a skiing holiday. The principal requirement for the trip (aside from the necessary, which comes to about a thousand dollars) is that you know how to ski. Last year, there were forty-one in the party. They left Idlewild on a Saturday morning, dressed in ski boots, parkas, and so on, to keep down excess-baggage charges, arrived in Zurich on Sunday afternoon, and by sunset were high in the little Alpine

village of Zürs, with ten feet of snow on the inn roof over their heads. “We skied Grindelwald, Klosters, and Cortina d’Ampezzo,” Jay said. “Had a marvellous time. One poor fellow broke his leg in three places the first day, out but decided to stay with the party. Said he’d rather recuperate hobbling about Switzerland than hobbling about New York. This year, we’ll be skiing Badgastein, Zürs, and Klosters. The lift at Klosters is thirty-five hundred feet long, gives you runs of up to ten miles, and starts at the front door of the hotel. After the main party flies home, my wife and I are taking a few people on to Sicily, for skiing on Mount Etna, and from there to French Morocco, for skiing at Marrakech, way up in the Atlas Mountains, and from there to La Molina, in the Spanish Pyrenees, for still more skiing. The thing is you have to be a nut about skiing. Know what I do in my spare time?” “Water-ski,” we guessed, and we were right.

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: Red crayon scrawl on the wall of the uptown Eighth Avenue subway platform at Fiftieth Street, in the Gallic neighborhood of the Brittany and the Paris-Brest restaurants: “*Madeleine aime Lucien.*”

Tristan

OUR recent mention of Bermuda as one of the world’s most remote inhabited islands led us to bone up on the inhabited island that is the most remote—Tristan da Cunha, which sits all by itself in the middle of the South Atlantic, nineteen hundred miles from Cape Town and twenty-three hundred miles from Rio de Janeiro. Tristan has a population of between two and three hundred people, whose nearest off-island neighbors are on St. Helena, sixteen hundred miles to the northeast and itself no slouch for remoteness. Tristan had little traffic with the rest of the world until 1949, when a group of South African firms built two plants on the island for the quick-freezing of spiny-lobster tails, the only natural resource in which Tristan is rich. About a million pounds of spiny-lobster tails are now shipped out of Tristan annually; part of the pack reaches New York as South African lobster tails. Up to 1949, it was rare for as many as three ships a year to put in at Tristan, and sometimes three years would pass without a ship’s being so much as sighted. The top of an enormous extinct volcano, Tristan is roughly circular in shape, has a diameter of nine miles, and rises

at the center to a height of over sixty-seven hundred feet. It was discovered in 1506 by the Portuguese explorer Tristão da Cunha, who made no effort to land, and small wonder, for the island is without natural harbors and in most places leaps out of the sea to form cliffs one or two thousand feet high.

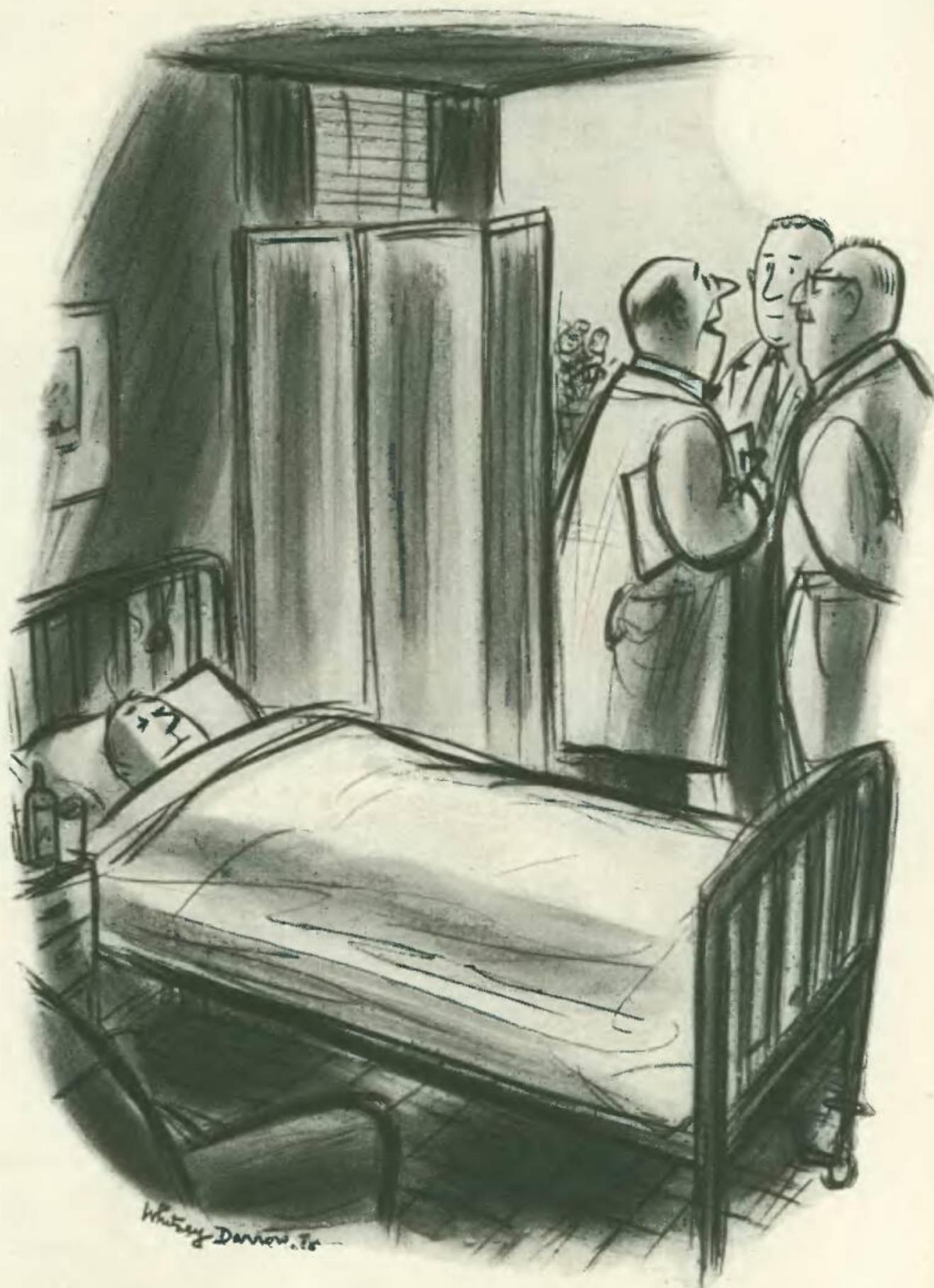
Nobody paid much attention to Tristan until the eighteenth century, when whaling ships started putting in there for fresh water. For a while, too, it proved a profitable hunting ground for sealers. In 1811, Jonathan Lambert, a native of Salem, Massachusetts, settled on the island with several companions, and it has been continuously inhabited ever since. Noting that the island had never been formally claimed by any country, Lambert claimed it for himself and his heirs, and sent a proclamation announcing that fact to the *Boston Gazette*, with instructions that copies should be forwarded to every chancellery in Europe. Lambert also designed a flag—blue and red diamonds on a white ground—to fly over his empire. Roused to action by his get-up-and-go, the British claimed the island in 1815. That was the year Napoleon was installed on St. Helena; the following year, to make sure that Tristan wasn't used as a base for rescuing Napoleon, the British placed a garrison on the island. By then, drownings or intramural fights had killed off all but one member of Lambert's party. In 1817, feeling less edgy about Boney, the British removed the garrison, but a corporal named William Glass, formerly a gentleman's gentleman, and his wife, two children, and two soldiers were given permission to remain.

Glass, a most Admirable Crichton, ruled the island mildly and wisely for thirty-five years. The little colony slowly gained strength through the assimilation of castaways and deserters and through a judicious importation of wives from St. Helena and the Cape Colony. Mrs. Glass set a lively pace for the rest of the island ladies by producing fourteen more children. The present inhabitants trace their ancestry back to most of the countries of western Europe, as well as to the United States, Africa, and Malaya. Among them, they have but seven surnames—Green, Glass, Swain, Lavarello, Rogers, Hagan, and Repetto. They avoid close intermarriage and are a highly moral people. Until 1948, there was no formal body of law, for none was needed. Crime and violence are unknown. Moreover, the people are as neat as they are temperate. The one native of Tristan who committed suicide cut his throat with a

razor, then folded the razor and put it back in his pocket. Disease is rare and death is nearly always due to accident or old age. The island's principal health problem is the wave of colds that follows the arrival of a ship. The natives never brush their teeth, which are said to be the best in the world.

Life on Tristan has always been hard. The only crop that can be scratched from the poor soil is potatoes. The basic diet is fish, birds' eggs, and potatoes, each item taken at a separate meal. All the houses are on a four-square-mile plateau on the north side of the island, known officially as Edinburgh, in honor of a visit paid to it in 1867 by the

then Duke of Edinburgh. The islanders have long since forgotten the Duke. Edinburgh is known locally both as "the settlement" and as "the houses." The houses are built of porous volcanic stone, have walls up to six feet thick, and are thatched with flax from New Zealand. The chief domestic refinement is mattresses of penguin feathers. The Reverend E. H. Dodgson, a brother of Lewis Carroll, was once the rector of the only church on Tristan. The natives have forgotten him, too. They are, however, very proud of being part of the British Empire, and run up the Union Jack whenever a ship is sighted. The first three questions put to



*"It's kind of a dull, heavy
backache. I have it every morning when I wake up."*

a Briton who went ashore there in 1937, no one else having visited the island in eight months, were "How's the King and Queen?," "Was they crowned?," and "What wars is on?"

The islanders "sir" strangers lavishly, have a small vocabulary, and are reluctant to learn new words. They rarely use the past tense, favor double comparatives, and say "half" for "very"—no one knows why. Puns have no meaning for them. The island's place names have a pleasant narrative quality. Such names as the Ridge Where the Goat Jump Off are always spoken in full. "North" and "south" have fallen into disuse over the years, and "east" and "west" get hard wear indeed; islanders speak, for example, of the east end of a table or bench. Birthdays are important, particularly the first, twenty-first, and fiftieth. "Going out to tea" signifies a visit beginning at any hour and lasting from a few minutes to several days. Since 1938, Tristan has been a dependency of St. Helena, and since the end of 1948 it has had a resident administrator. The British have often pronounced Tristan uninhabitable and have offered to resettle the natives in South Africa, but the natives would have none of it. Now that the freezer plants are in operation, the British will probably stop worrying.

Skunked

A RATHER long-winded lady has just given us an example of the death of the faculty of attention, which she believes is rampant. Let her present it in her own heart-rending words: "I suppose, like everybody else in the world, you've learned that if you're paying anybody to *do* anything for you, they'll give you anything you want except their attention. I mean painters will deliberately paint your place orange when you've begged for plain white, and if you buy a rose, the florist can't wait to break it off at the neck and garrote it with wire and sticky green paper, and strip all the leaves and thorns, and people come to scrape your living-room floor on the day when you're having a few people in, and then you come home to find the living-room floor done but the bathroom floor looking as though the Russian Army had marched over it, even though you begged them to remember you had just gone down on both knees and scrubbed it. The strange thing about it all is that there is no recourse for any of these things. The paint is on the walls and it was your stupidity for not explaining what color white is, and the rose is ruined, and there's noth-

ing to be done about the floor except get right down again and hope it'll be done, and you'll be ready, by the time those people show up. For some reason, you're stuck with the damage, and also for some reason you owe the money, and if you get angry, the workers or florists have the right to *smile* at what a ridiculous object you are. I mean you're stuck with their mistake but somehow it turns out to be your mistake.

"Now the end has come. I had that little black-and-white skunk bag that I was inhumanly fond of and I had the idea of having a collar made to match it, so I took it to this *very good* little shop downtown and asked the girls there if they'd get me the collar. They said yes and called their man, and he said sure he could make the collar, but he would have to have the bag to match the color of the skin. He said he would have to have the bag. So, after some protest, I left the bag and carted my belongings away in a paper bag, and today they called up in *agony* to say that the little man had turned up with the collar, but when they said, 'Where's the bag?' he said, 'Well, I didn't think she'd want the frame, so I threw it away.' He had made the bag into the collar. He *said* he only wanted the bag to match the skin, and then he *chopped* up this madly expensive bag and made a measly little collar out of it."

Well, there you are, in case you've paid any attention.

Accessible

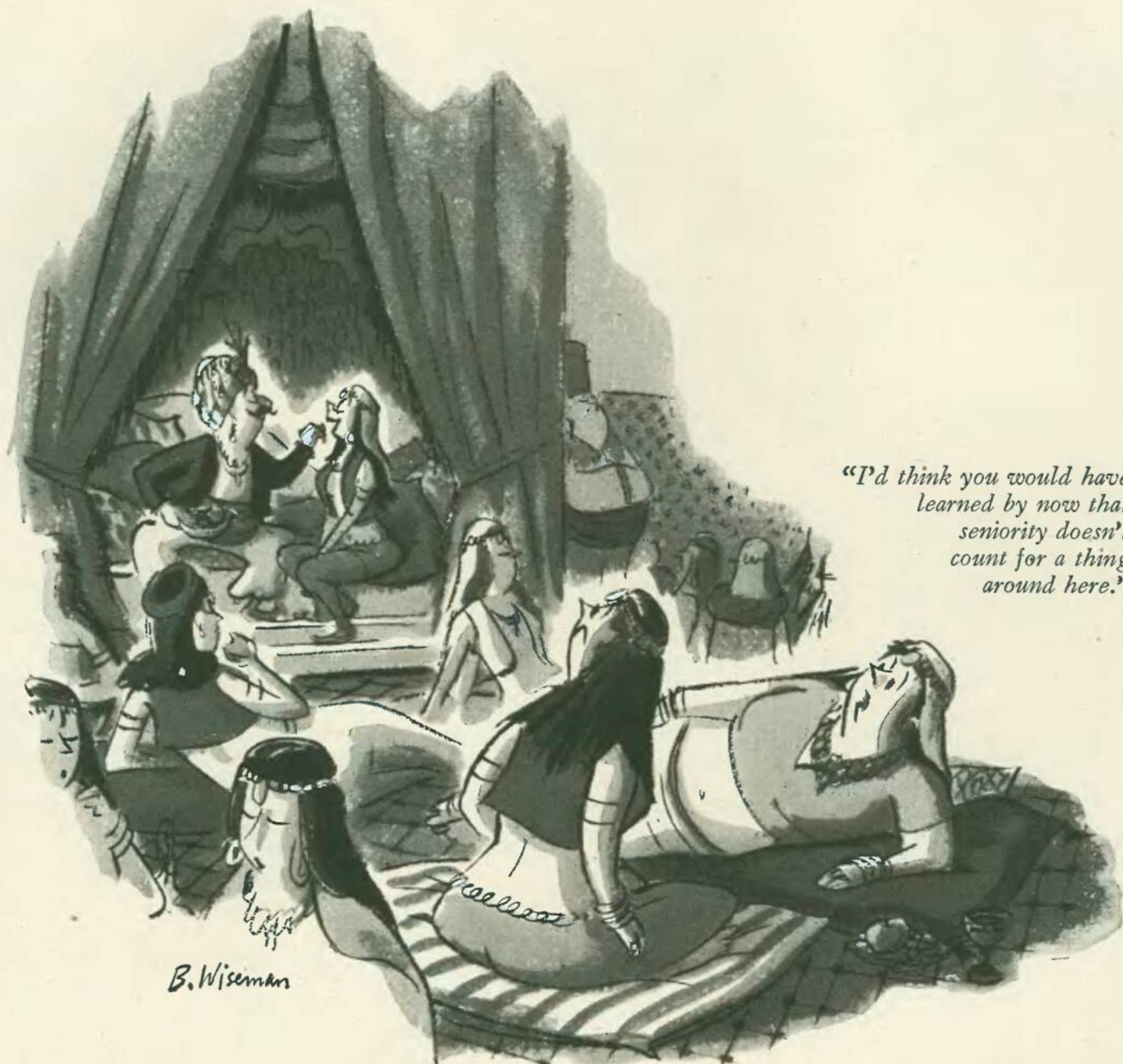
FRANCIS W. H. ADAMS, the new Police Commissioner, is a tall, modest, keen-looking, well-built, well-dressed man of forty-nine, an amateur painter, an ornament of the University Club, the occupant of an apartment in the East Nineties and a country place in



Alford, Massachusetts, a graduate of Williams and of Fordham Law, and the product of an outdoorsy boyhood in New York and New Jersey. He received us in the Commissioner's office, at Headquarters, last week, and invited us to examine several artifacts—a desk installed by Teddy Roosevelt, Golden Gloves won by the Department, and a musty statuette inscribed "The Rescue: An Episode of Central Park" and showing a mounted policeman rescuing a fainting, sidesaddle lady from her runaway horse. Dark walls of elaborately carved wood surrounded us; scrolls abounded; a small, semi-secret door led to a tiny bird-cage elevator, the vehicle of the Commissioner's arrivals and departures. "You expect to see Fouché's ghost slip out of the walls," he said, alluding to an earlier police official. "I translated a French life of Fouché into English once. I wonder what happened to it."

We turned the Commissioner's thoughts a century or so ahead, and he said, "My father, who died very recently, had a wonderful old Dutch Colonial house in Saddle River. I rode to public school in Hohokus, a mile and a half away, on my horse. All the kids had horses. We stabled them at an inn near the school. My father, a cold-storage-warehouse man, kept trotting horses and was president of the Hohokus Riding and Driving Association. My family on both sides is part Yankee, part Irish. I think the good part of me is Irish." He decided to go into law in 1925, after Williams. "It seemed a good way to avoid selling bonds," he told us. While at law school, he clerked at O'Brien, Boardman, Conboy, Memhard & Early, and then practiced with the firm until 1934. Next, he was Assistant United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York, chief of the criminal division of the United States Attorney's Office, Chief Assistant United States Attorney, United States Attorney, and Special Assistant to the Attorney General. As part of the last job, he investigated the burning of the steamship Morro Castle, in 1934, which resulted in a hundred and thirty-four deaths. "We presented the case to the grand jury," he said. "Over a hundred witnesses were called at the trial. Resulted in a conviction." We asked about other criminal cases. "I don't like to refer to them," he replied, "because some of the people convicted have been rehabilitated, and, come to think of it, are making a lot more money than I am."

Mr. Adams, who returned to private practice in 1936, is on leave of absence



"I'd think you would have learned by now that seniority doesn't count for a thing around here."

from Satterlee, Warfield & Stephens. "I went to Moscow in May, 1945, as a special adviser to the American delegation of the Allied Reparations Commission," he said. "I was among the first to find that you can't do business with the Russians. I talked with my Russian opposite number a whole day without getting anywhere, and then wasn't able to persuade him even to draw up a list of the things we *couldn't* agree on."

The Commissioner, who helped Wagner in his campaign, was tapped for his present post the Monday before Christmas. "It really was a surprise," he said. "The Mayor-elect sent for me during the time a case I was trying was adjourned, owing to the illness of Lee Shubert, one of the parties, and asked for my answer the next day. I gave it to him Wednesday, after a great deal of soul-searching, and was sworn in on New Year's Day. The job still has a cer-

tain amount of glamour for me, but there's too much paperwork. And I don't care much for all the telephones that have been installed in my apartment; it's like a wire room. I'm supposed to be accessible at all times. The Commissioner of Sanitation called me up the other morning at a quarter to six to tell me it was snowing. Of course, I was very happy that he let me in on that."

Mr. Adams said he had been attending a wonderful painting class at the Y.M.H.A., a few blocks from his home, and added, "I've had to withdraw because of this job. No time. I'm a conservative and academic painter, if you can call me a painter."

Winter Idylls

THIS being the electric-blanket season, we have two appropriate items to report, both of them from more

or less snowbound regions. A young lady in Marion, Massachusetts, has a miniature poodle and a full-size electric blanket. The poodle likes to sleep on the blanket, and the lady likes him to do so, but since the poodle's normal temperature is a hundred and two degrees, he causes the blanket's thermostat to turn the blanket's heat off every time he lies down on it. The young lady doesn't know what to do, and neither does the poodle. On the other hand, an elderly lady in New Britain, Connecticut, has known exactly what to do since her electric blanket got out of order the week before last. Her bed is close to a radiator, so she leaves the furnace on at night, opens her window as usual, and hangs a corner of the blanket over the radiator. The heat from the radiator passes through the blanket's coils and keeps her, she tells us, as warm as all getout.

A CASE OF PIESPORTER

MY wife had a birthday recently and I went through the usual brain flogging about what to get her. It wasn't until the day before the occasion that I found something. As I was hurrying through a faint drizzle to catch the five-thirty-two home to Westport, my eye was caught by a display in the window of a liquor store of a variety of Moselle known as Piesporter, on sale at three dollars and ninety-two cents a bottle. I had drunk very little Piesporter, but enough to feel that here was a wine worth furthering one's acquaintance with, and the bottles in the window were a steal, because, as I knew, the year, '37, was a great one. So I went in and snapped up a case. "Can you get it out to Westport, Connecticut, tomorrow?" I asked the salesman. That would be Saturday. "I need it tomorrow, and I'm not driving."

"I'm sorry, we can't deliver across a state line," the salesman said.

"I see." I pondered my problem. There was only one solution, short of making a special trip in my car for the stuff, if I was to have it for the weekend. "I'll take it with me," I said.

"The whole case?" the salesman said, boggling. "Can't you take a few bottles

home at a time—I mean if you come into the city regularly?"

I explained that the purchase was for a birthday and that I did not want to dissipate the gesture by executing it piecemeal. I had made more forbidding portages on Christmas Eve, I let him know, and wasn't going to be daunted by twelve bottles of Piesporter. Besides, I had a system all doped out in my mind. "Make two parcels of five bottles each," I instructed him. "I'll carry one of those in each hand, and a bottle in each of my overcoat pockets. Make the parcels good and strong, with lots of stout twine to hold them by, and I'll phone my wife while you're doing that, if I may, to tell her I'll be out on a later train."

It was a figure laden on the above lines that the rush-hour throngs saw toiling down the ramp at Grand Central, bent over double and plashing audibly, its eyes bulging and its hair pelted into absurdity by the sudden downpour into which the faint drizzle had changed. Moselle is a reasonably light wine, but not by avoirdupois, and I was now proceeding on the remnants of strength left by sprints for cabs, which had punctuated my quarter-mile walk to the station (fruitless sprints, in the general competition), dashes across traffic

intersections, and the broken-field running that makes up so much of a commuter's life. My arms felt as though they were coming out of their sockets, and the parcels grazed the floor. The effect was doubtless a little like that prowling gait that is the hallmark of Groucho Marx, except that it can't have gone very well with a wet-sheepdog look. I had entered the station with bangs to my chin, and had stopped to brush my hair back. Now I paused again, to see if buttoning my overcoat would relieve the dead weight of the bottles in my pockets, but fastening the coat only made it bind unendurably, and I stopped to loosen it again. Somehow I got through the main waiting room, and, dragging myself through the gate to my train, I heard the conductor yelling, "All aboard!" In a final spasm of effort, I swung onto the last coach. I dropped my cargo in a corner of the vestibule and stood with my back to the door.

Breathing heavily, I thought of the affectionate dedication behind the production of such a wine as this, of how the workmen in the German valleys climb the steep terraces on which the vineyards grow, nursing the fruit into maturity by constantly rearranging individual pieces of slate in the soil, so that each grape will get the reflected sunlight—effort more painstaking and backbreaking than what I was going through to acquire the product, but not much. Anyway, I had the bottles to take home and lay at my wife's feet, which, God knew, would be about as high as I could lift them.

I felt a hand on my shoulder as the train got under way. "Are you all right?" a man asked. I saw out of the tail of my eye that it was the conductor.

"I'm O.K.," I said. When he hovered, solicitous, behind me, I repeated testily, "I'm O.K."

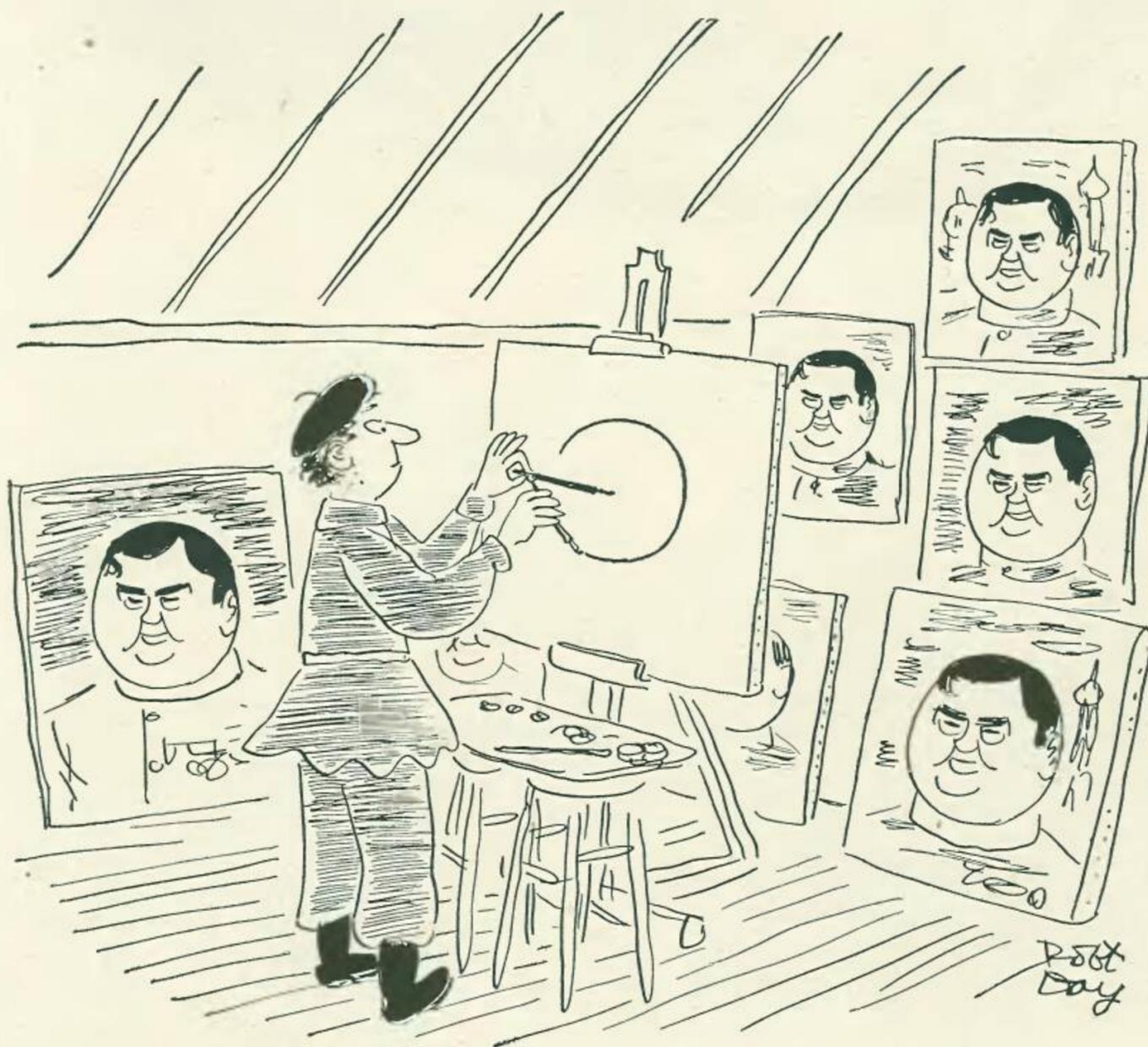
"All right. I was only trying to be helpful," he said. "It's my duty to ask when somebody looks—" He hesitated, then went on, "The other day we had a case of acute indigestion."

"This is a case of Piesporter," I said, without turning around.

"A case of what?"

"Piesporter."

"That's a new one on me," the conductor said, and I sensed



him removing his cap and rummaging in his hair. "What's Piesporter, if I may ask?"

"It's a growth in the Middle Moselle."

So I was quite myself again, such as that may be, and by the time we rumbled out of the tunnel and into the 125th Street station, I was seated in the car where I could keep an eye on the vestibule, for I had left the packages out there. My overcoat, with the two bottles still in it, was placed carefully on the luggage rack overhead.

THE walk from the Westport station to the car in which my wife sat waiting for me was no problem, being only twenty feet, though I could feel the parcel cord biting into the crop of blisters I had sprouted in the course of my New York heats. The rain had stopped.

"What are those?" my wife asked as I stowed the packages in the back of the car.

"Everything in its time," I said mysteriously. I took off my overcoat and laid it on the back seat. "Just be patient."

However, as we sat reading in the living room that evening, I began to wonder what the Piesporter was like, and a marked thirst came about. I put my book down.

"Look, I know you're dying with curiosity," I said. "That was your birthday present I brought home, and I can't wait to see the expression on your face when you open it. It's only an hour and forty-five minutes till midnight, which is when the great day officially begins. Want to open the present now?"

"Can I?"

Well, nothing would do but that I dig the parcels out of the closet where I had hidden them, and bring them into the living room. (I kept the two separate bottles carefully out of sight, as they would have tipped the whole thing off.) With an eager smile, my wife knelt on the floor to open the first of the parcels. She drew out one of the bottles.

"Well, wine," she said. She read the label. "Piesporter?"

"It's that Moselle you're so crazy about."

"I am?"

"Yes. We had it at Hans Hoffman's that night. Remember?"

"I see. Well, gee, thanks." She looked expectantly over at the other package. "Now I'll open this one."

"That's Piesporter, too," I said. "I got you a whole case of it. You'll notice it's a '37—a great year for German



"And so, friends, be sure to stop in at Holman's. Our special for this week is the wonderful Acme 37—just \$228.50."

wines, and for a lady, too," I went on prettily. She got to her feet and dusted off her skirt. "Also, you'll notice, it's a *Spätlese*," I said, tapping the label of a bottle I had picked up. "That means it's from selected grapes which have been allowed to become dead ripe, which is— Where are you going?"

"Just over here and sit down."

"Which is when these grapes are at their best," I continued, sitting down myself. "It's a condition the Germans call *Edelfäule*."

"Yes. Well, thanks a lot. That's wonderful."

She picked up the magazine she'd been reading from the floor where she'd dropped it, but it lay ignored in her lap. At last, she said, "Did you mean to say women are at their best when they're— What did you call that when the grapes get ripe? *Gestalt*?"

"No, no—*Edelfäule*. I believe that's the way Hans pronounced it. He went into the whole thing with me while you were playing duets with Elsa after dinner. It's a fascinating subject. I'd like to know more about it. Why, certainly women are at their best when they're mature. That goes without saying."

"Then why say it?"

"I didn't say it."

"No, but you insinuated it. With that remark about the vintage year and all." She dropped the magazine on the floor again. "Do I look thirty-seven?"

"You do not," I answered with sincerity and alacrity.

"When are you supposed to be middle-aged? Thirty-five?"

"Oh, I don't think till forty," I said.

"And even then—"

"Even then what?"

"Even then, a woman is only just beginning to get into her—to get into this—" I wriggled restively in my chair. "Well, into this *Gestalt*— I mean *gefüllte*— Oh, damn it, you've got me doing it now. The French have a term for it, too. What is that expression again? Oh, yes—*pourriture noble*, I believe. It means a noble ripeness. When the grapes are so ripe they're ready to fall off the vine."

There was a silence.

I said, "Age is a guarantee of body and perfume."

The silence deepened. She looked over at the cellaret, on top of which stood a bottle of Canadian Club. "I think I'd like a drink," she said, and rose and started for it.

"Why don't we open one of these?" I said, indicating the Piesporter. "Come on, let's start celebrating! I'll have one chilled in a jiffy," I added, heading for the kitchen. "I can't wait to see the expression on your face when you taste it."

MY wife and I sat regarding one another moodily across an ice-filled saucepan from which the neck of a bottle of Piesporter protruded like the muzzle of a gun. However, I had a fresh napkin, if not a proper wine cooler, and I poured and served the Moselle

with style. I toasted the occasion, and we drank.

"God!" I said, working my lips. "Isn't that beautiful?"

"Mmm," she agreed, nodding. "Quite nice."

"Get that delightful fruitiness characteristic of all your fine Moselles." I was relieved to find the wine good, because I'd suddenly remembered something about Moselles having to be drunk young, which meant that my find was pushing senility, and also shed a little light on it as a shopping coup.

My wife set her glass down on an end table beside her chair. Then she picked up a package of cigarettes. Shaking one out, she said, "You're really getting to like wine, aren't you? Especially white wine."

"Just what do you mean by that?" I asked.

"I mean you like white wine," she answered, a flintiness in her voice that recalled the great Chablis's. "You'd probably love to lay in cases of it, have a cellar, but it's too expensive." She reached for a box of matches. "Unless you buy it on special days, when you'd be expected to spend that much anyhow—"

"I think that was uncalled for," I said. "I remember distinctly you were crazy about the wine we drank at Hans's. You exclaimed about the Piesporter we had first, and you exclaimed about the bottle he opened later. I remember that bottle, because I memorized the label, as a sort of gag. It was a 1937 Rudesheimer Hinterhaus Riesling Auslese—"

"You *have* to exclaim at Hans's or he sulks."

"I'm not through yet." I started over from the beginning. "It was a 1937 Rudesheimer Hinterhaus Riesling Auslese Wachstum und Original-Abfüllung Grafen von Francken-Sierstorpff."

"Don't make so much noise," she said, with a warning nod toward the room where the children were sleeping. "Do you bone up on the subject during those tough three-hour lunches you have to go through in New York every day?"

"You mean while you're curled up here at home reading a book?" I said, pointing to a volume spread-eagled on an ottoman.

"Not curled up with it, exactly," she said, "but doing my best to wade through it—it and the rest of that set of Trollope you bought me on my last birthday because you were dying to reread him. What am I likely to get next year? A nice Burchfield to hang over

FAREWELL TO NARCISSUS

Farewell to Narcissus, who mistook
his face in the brine brook
for another looking back,
for a lover, a kissing and caressing brother.

He's gone in his own grave, sealed as stone
in his own rapt look, alone
as a bird in a mirror, flown
off forever from the hunter and the weather.

The brain like a trigger then is locked
in an echo; thought is rocked
in its own cradle; blood is blocked.
The camel is bigger than the eye of the needle.

Narcissus is seduced by his own look.
His heart skips back and forth
from earth to water, south to north,
captured in the crooked brook, the sweet serenader.

A last farewell to the fluttered encounter.
If it ever mattered,
the fond fool is flattered.
Nothing now shall leave, now nothing more shall enter.
—ROBERT HORAN

the mantel there? You like him so much."

I really could not let this pass. I rose with a wounded air and said, "I don't think that was a very nice thing to say." Then my tone became somewhat sharper. "This is the thanks I get for carting that whole damn case home," I said. My arms still ached too much for me to wave them to any great extent. "Are we going to start appreciating some of the finer things of life, or are we going along on the level of taste of these friends we've picked up here in Suburban Heights?"

Since the gag was a visual one, it made no sense to her whatever, and I was too proud to spell it out. I expanded on the subject of the portage. "All the way across town during the rush hour and in a downpour, and then halfway across two states. Why, the distance I lugged this stuff to get it home on time is big enough to include all the vineyards between Braunsberg and Schweinfurt!"

She may have thought I was swearing at her, because she ground out her ciga-



rette, rose, and started out of the room. I stepped into her path.

"Take a look at these," I said, spreading my hands to display the rows of water blisters on them. "Talk about *Edelfäule!*" My wife passed around me, after an accommodating glance at the lesions, and marched on into the bedroom with great dignity.

"Good night!" she called back satirically. "Sleep tight!"

"Don't worry, I will," I said, drawing the Piesporter from its ice even as I reached with my other hand for my glass.

WELL, I patched it up. I smoothed it over. I smoothed it over with ministrations there is no point in going into here and, mainly, with another present. It was a set of recordings, by Casadesus, of all—but *all*—of Ravel's piano music. Three records (six sides, mind you, and all long-playing), which I was lucky enough to lay my hands on the next morning at a place in Westport called Melody House. The French Impressionist has always been a great favorite of my wife's. I threw in a bottle of Veuve Clicquot (that's the Miller's High Life of champagnes) for good measure, and we had that on our midnight return from a dinner-and-theatre evening in New Haven. But it was the Ravel that really went over. Made a nice remembrance, I think, because it's the sort of thing I can't abide.—PETER DEVRIES



"Cette . . . and cette . . . and cette . . . and cette."

WONDELGEM~THE HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY

TWO houses stand behind me—one, my grandfather's sombre house in the city of Ghent, where my father, George Sarton, grew up; the other, all light and sunshine, my parents' country house three miles outside the city, in Wondelgem, where I was born in 1912. "Wondelgem"—the name itself sounded like magic to me as a child. It was part of that faraway paradise "before the war." It was quite literally in another world, since I did not remember it myself (I was two and a half when we left Belgium)—a little girl who, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, heard the peculiar tenderness the word evoked in her mother's voice, as if the walls of the tiny apartment where we lived opened out at its sound into a great secret garden, and into a still, airy house with roses climbing all over it and, inside, the walls covered with books.

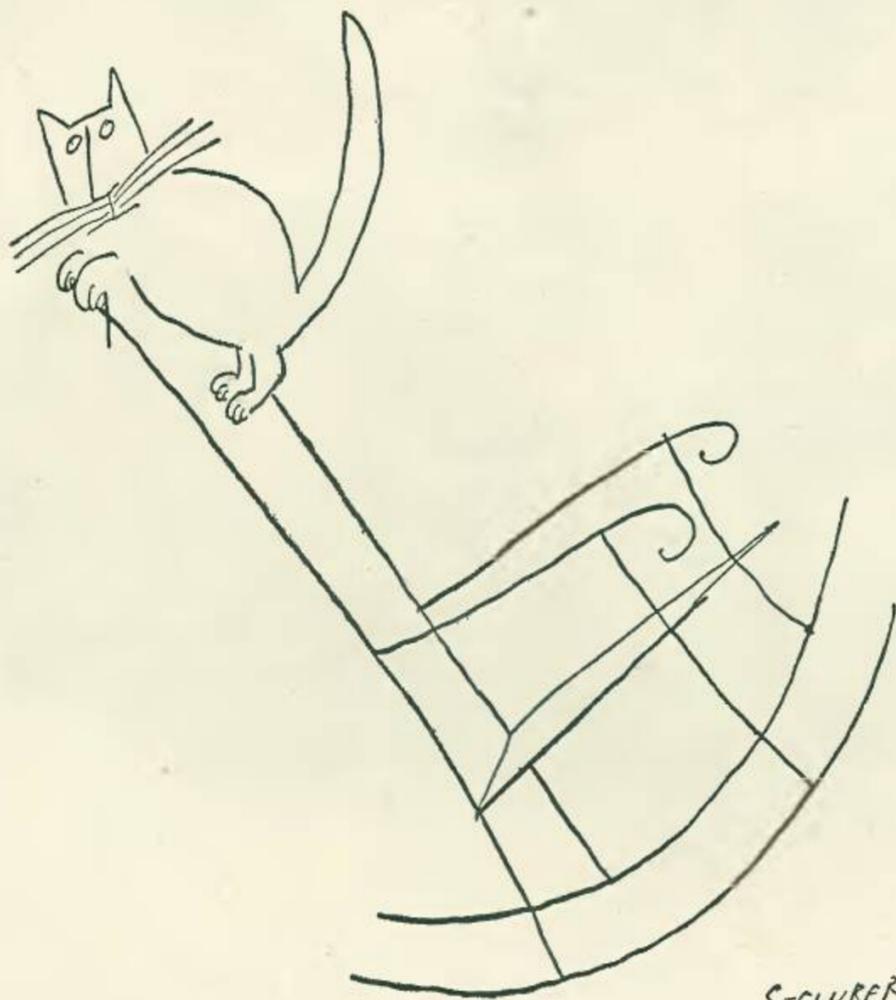
The house had been bought by the profits from the sale of my grandfather's wine cellar, which was a part of my father's inheritance. Instead of turning water into wine, the magic had turned wine into strawberry beds, into a small orchard, into great oaks at the bottom of a long green lawn, into the furniture my mother designed herself. Never mind if she and her young husband had to sleep on mattresses on the floor for three months while workmen lovingly polished the bird's-eye maple and walnut, fitting together the patterns in the wood so that each piece of furniture seemed in the end to show the heart of the tree itself, cut open. It was all alive, this house and garden, in process of creation. Belgian workmen thought my English mother crazy when she insisted that the cold frames be dug to a depth of four or five feet, but the English green thumb was a determined thumb and she had her way. While she saw to the planting of gooseberry bushes and red currants and English borders of mixed flowers, my father unpacked boxes and boxes of books and measured out the shelves in his study, where a new field of scholarship, which he called the History of Science—"It's my own invention," he might have

said, like the White Knight—was being born.

Full of their own dreams, these young people paid no attention to Uncle Jules, one of my father's uncles, who was writing articles in the papers to point out that it seemed rather strange the Germans were building huge railway stations and junctions so near the Belgian border. For what were these designed, he asked pointedly. But in those days, only a little over forty years ago, war could still be considered an anachronism—medieval madness that nineteenth-century "progress" had made impossible. People planned their lives for peace. Deep in the country, under the shade of the oaks, my tall, slim mother was sewing at the printed linen curtains—delicate, yet so strong they would last a lifetime. The blue flax from which they were made had waved in the fields along the Lys. And my father was writing letters to scholars all over the world, announcing that he was founding a review to be devoted to the history of science and civilization. *Isis*, as it was named, was born in 1912, and I am its twin sister. The comical baby, as my mother described me, or Extra-Sec, as my father somewhat ironically called me, lay in a basket, flounced in pink-and-white dimity, on the floor where the copies of the fifty-page pamphlet formally introducing *Isis* to the world lay ready to be folded and mailed. The new review was such a huge idea

that it never occurred to young George Sarton the response might not be commensurate with the dream. (Would five hundred copies of the first number be sufficient, he wondered.) "We were innocents," he often says today.

As I grew out of a basket and into an outdoor crib, my father's notes for his book, the "Introduction to the History of Science," grew in their boxes, and the garden was growing all the time. There were expeditions to antique shops in Ghent to look for old pieces of Flemish furniture, beautiful in their heaviness, in the lustre of their dark wood, in the twisted columns that supported a table or adorned a cupboard. Friends came out to spend a day in the country; I was carried from flower to flower in my mother's arms, reaching out, as most small babies will, to the color and scent. The dramas were small dramas: my first independent adventure, escape from the crib and a crawl to the strawberry beds, where I was found red with juice, delighted with what the world outside had to offer; and the trickle of answers to my father's letters, and subscriptions to *Isis*, which grew to be a hundred, but that small company was already a sign of the journal's international appeal—it even included one Indian rajah! We were beautifully independent, all three. My mother was very busy designing a suite of furniture—exquisite it was, with wreaths of brilliant flowers inlaid in the smoky blue of bird's-eye maple—for a firm in Brussels. This suite would surely establish her when it was shown at an exhibition of arts and crafts due to open in Brussels in August, 1914. I had my fierce ambitions and desires, too. Once, soon after I learned to walk, it came upon me with violent certainty that I must have a bowl of goldfish I saw in a little shop in the village. I was wearing a white coat and hat and white shoes and stockings, and when this wholehearted need was denied me, I flung myself into a mud puddle in revenge. I had other tantrums, but the doctor's remedy—to plunge me into a tub of water fully dressed—I treated as a delightful game. I loved flowers





"Please, Madam Foreman, just the verdict!"

and my mother passionately; I was a little frightened of my father, who used to throw me high in the air and cry, "Wa, wa! Wa, wa!"

IN late June (the Archduke Francis Ferdinand was assassinated on the twenty-eighth), my mother was absorbed in supervising the embroidery on the emerald-green curtains and in the making of the rugs for the grand suite. All through July, as my father worked quietly in his study and my mother wondered why again this year the plum tree looked as if it would not bear fruit, diplomats hurried back and forth across Europe. The papers were filled with rumors, and Uncle Jules grew apoplectic in his warnings to his cronies in the cafés of Antwerp. But few could take the threat of war seriously; it was called a "scare."

Preparations, of a sort, were made. The Civil Guard, to which my father had at one time belonged, took its uniforms out of mothballs and drilled now and then in the village. Sometime in July, the guardsmen were issued ancient muskets, the firing of which seemed more dangerous to the bearer than to any enemy. But no one really believed in that impossible war as a reality. In any case, they reminded each other, Bel-

gium itself was neutral. Nothing could happen there.

On August 2nd, the Germans demanded free passage across Belgium and were refused, and the next day the gray armies marched in. In the little village of Wondelgem, church bells rang the tocsin; the postman delivered mobilization orders from door to door. My father, though no longer a member of the Guard, got out his heavy Civil Guard coat, reported for patrol duty, and was issued an old musket. He was set to guard the railway crossing. There, alone, a lantern in one hand, his gun in the other, he paced up and down, hoping that the German armies would not come hurtling down the track that night. Fortunately, they did not.

What followed is confused in my mind, but bits and pieces of the tales so often told float up. No one knew just what was happening. In the retreat of the Belgian Army from Antwerp, an officer friend of my father's turned up suddenly, exhausted, filthy, hardly able to speak, and then went on to try to find the remains of his decimated regiment. At night, the sound of bridges being blown up made the still house in the country tremble. The major fighting was elsewhere, but eventually,

as happened to so many villages like this one, the gray flood of soldiers swept through. Belgian resistance was all but over. In Brussels, the furniture my mother had designed for the exhibition was packed away in a cellar.

The fruit was ripe on the trees (all except the plum, which for some reason was infertile), and an enemy battalion, at a five-minute break, started climbing over the wall to steal it. This was too much for my English mother's sense of decency. She ran out, her blue eyes blazing, and berated the Germans in no uncertain terms. Very sheepishly, they scrambled down and went on their way. At night, she and her husband tried to decide what to do—whether to stay on under the German Occupation or to leave, to escape via neutral Holland and perhaps get across to England, where my mother's relatives would take us in until further plans could be made. Money was frozen in the banks. During this time, sixteen German soldiers and three officers were quartered on the place. One officer, looking over the billet, walked through the house while my mother's heart stopped beating as she remembered the Civil Guard coat hanging on a door, for at this time the Germans were ordered to shoot members of the Civil Guard on sight,

like spies. But by a miracle she was able to push the door back and stand against it, and that night the coat was buried in the garden. Confusion, panic, all sorts of decisions to be made—and a little girl crying upstairs. The maids were no use at all. They put their aprons over their heads and wept without ceasing.

We would have to leave, it seemed. But then what to take? "Just this book," George would plead, and a pair of shoes would be dumped out to make room. The boxes of notes could not go; they were packed into a small metal trunk, which my English grandfather had used in India, and this was buried, late one night, in the garden. At last, the days of waiting for travel permits were over, the suitcases were strapped onto the carriage, and the little caravan set out for the border, meeting the advancing German armies; my father and mother watched them pour down through the standing grain like lead. There had been hardly time to take a last look at the garden, at the beloved house lying there so airy and sunny and quiet in its orchard green. Did my mother look back one last time at the long, protecting wall that had sheltered all she loved for such a very brief time? At the great oaks standing inviolate, their leaves shining in the sun?

I remember none of this. It still sounds like a fairy tale, a fairy tale that after all, after many tribulations, ended well, since no one died, and it came full circle at last in another deep-green garden, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, many, many years later.

MY memories of the house at Wondelgem begin and end on one day in 1919. This day stays with me like some marvellous, strange dream when you are allowed to go back in time but everything is curiously distorted. I was seven and we were going to Europe for the first time since the war. Until then, Belgium had meant to me the postman hurrying up the path (this was a year earlier) saying "Mrs. Sarton! Mrs. Sarton!" and handing her those first letters with Belgian stamps after four years of silence, and my mother sitting down, tears streaming down her cheeks, unable for a moment to read, yet knowing at last that they were alive—the friends who had been imprisoned behind the wall of suffering while we, the earliest and most cherished of refugees, slowly found ourselves and our new life in Cambridge.

Now we were on our way to Wondelgem. How did we get there once we

reached Ghent? By trolley? By carriage? Like a dream, this journey has no beginning. We are there, at the gate. The first thing we see, even before we go in, is the once barren plum tree laden with huge blue plums. I can feel all through me my mother's beating heart. We push open the gate and are in Sleeping Beauty's garden. It is all so still, so lush, so overgrown that we have to tear a path through tall yellow flowers to reach the house, but the house stands. It is there, waiting—somehow proudly, in spite of two bomb holes in the roof and the jungle of green all around. Everything feels ripe and breathless. It is very hot. Fruit everywhere; cherries, peaches, plums (have I invented this?) look like fruit in a dream. One hardly dares to touch it, for it may not be real. And I am nothing, an observer—nothing but eyes. It is my father's and mother's moment, the long, poignant look back into the lost past.

Inside, we are met by destruction—chairs broken up for firewood, rubbish knee-deep in the corners, utter desecration. Between these patient walls, armies had flowed back and forth, making do with what they found, and if it was a fourteenth-century chair, later looters would break it up if they refrained. At first, my mother and father must have only felt their life together violated, trampled down, made ugly and filthy in every possible way. The dream, so beautiful and mysterious while we stood outside, had turned into a nightmare. I opened a cupboard and saw on the floor what looked like a pile of large cannon balls made of mud. What were they? I do not know, even now, but I have never forgotten them.

But just then my mother cried out, "Look, George!" She lifted out of a pile of rubbish a single Venetian glass on a long, delicate stem, so dirty it looked opaque, yet intact. How had this single fragile object survived? It seemed like a miracle and gave us courage.

The dream fades out into a story—perhaps a legend. It seems that two German officers lived in the house during the first two years of the war, that they stole a girl from the village to work

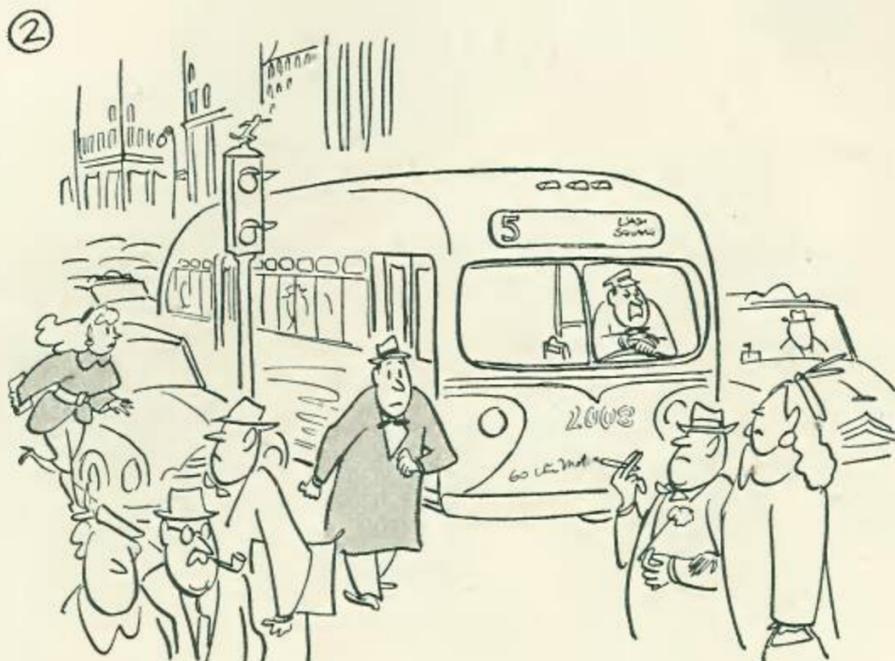


for them. Someone had a glimpse of her through the curtains of the closed carriage that bore her to Wondelgem—but that is all. She was never seen again.

The officers had time to occupy themselves with more than military matters, apparently, for they must have sent home or sold all the German books on the history of mathematics and physics. My father is taking down what few books are left—moldy, dusty books—and opening them at random, to discover that they, too, have been violated. The officers had amused themselves by ripping out an end paper here, an illustration there, until they had gone through the library, sparing not a single volume—a methodical, not very amusing game, one would think. But no doubt they were bored.

I was beginning to feel that we were ghosts, entirely unreal, that only the rubbish and desolation were real, when we heard someone tearing through the flowers. One of our peasant neighbors stood shyly at the door. She was smiling broadly, holding out to my mother a pile of beautiful old plates. ("But where? But how?" my mother exclaimed.) All those years, she had stored them up, one by one, as the officers paid for eggs and butter with some object from the house. Never knowing if we would come back, she had saved the plates. She had hoped; she had foreseen the happiness she might one day have in her hands to give. Only then, with the plates, so clean, so brilliant, so untouched, so wrapped in human kindness, in her own hands, did my mother weep.

Later, I must have been told about the notes for my father's book; it does not seem to be part of that day. A distant cousin of ours had succeeded in digging them up, safe in the metal trunk, and



had kept them for my father's return. Like the Venetian glass, they survived, as fragile, and even more prized, since without them he could not have written the first volume of the history of science.

THAT is what I remember of Wondelgem, except the very end, which I had almost forgotten. It came back with a rush the first time I heard the axes chopping down the cherry trees at the end of Chekhov's "Cherry Orchard." And then I remembered in a flash of pain. We went back to the house once more that summer, after the place had been sold, like the one in "The Cherry Orchard," to be broken up into small lots, for villas. There was a strange noise like tearing silk, and then we saw that the new owners were wrenching the climbing roses from the walls (the rose vines reached the roof and were all in flower), and I heard my mother's desperate cry—"Couldn't they wait till we've gone?"

But that was not all. That same day,

they chopped down the great oaks, three hundred years old—"to get a view," they said.

So the heart of the house was pulled up by the roots and carried across the sea, where little bits and pieces of Wondelgem still give a flavor to our house in Cambridge and an atmosphere that feels like happiness—the happiness that comes from continuity, from old dear things much lived with, such as the bahut in the living room, with its beautiful twisted pillars, and the table with legs to match these, both pieces sturdy, dark, glowing. There is even—memory of a glory that never quite came to pass—one piece of the inlaid furniture my mother designed for the great exhibition, a desk with folding doors. My father managed to buy it after the war. We were hard up still, and surely no jewel could have been more beautifully a sign of love than this fabulous piece, too rich for our surroundings. It glows softly in the dining room, and on great occasions its doors are opened to show, within, the brilliant-green leaves laid in

the polished smoothness of the white wood, the mother-of-pearl butterfly, and the little secret drawers, so smooth inside they feel like satin. It was not designed for Wondelgem, but it has always seemed to me to carry with it the atmosphere of that house, so gay, so full of life, precious as a jewel that will never lose its radiance, and so intense, perhaps, because the life there, rich in hopes and dreams, was so very brief.

—MAY SARTON

OUR FORGETFUL AUTHORS

[From "How Lost Was My Weekend,"
by David Dodge]

The cutter was coming in to Utila. Waiting on the dock were the brass band, half the island's population of eleven hundred people, and standard-bearers in stiff collars waving the United States and Honduran flags.

—Page 163.

That evening there was a dance in honor of the distinguished visitors. The music wasn't much, since the only musical instrument on the island was a badly crippled marimba that kept folding up like an ironing board.

—Page 165.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

AND THERE WAS WHALE

III—A MATTER OF PROPORTION

IN describing whales, and especially that greatest of them all—*Sibbaldus musculus*, the blue whale, or sulphur-bottom—one quickly runs out of adjectives, or, rather, never finds a single adequate one. Huge, immense, enormous, titanic, mighty, vast, stupendous, monstrous, gigantic, elephantine, colossal, Cyclopean, Gargantuan—these are about the only adjectives that Roget can find to help, and not only are they all incapable of conveying an idea of the bulk of the blue whale to a person who has never seen one but some are downright misleading. “Elephantine,” for instance, is a pygmy adjective, giving an utterly false impression of this greatest of all monsters of all time, for the blue whale has the bulk and weight of fifty elephants. Like most people, I imagine, I had always mentally accepted the fact that a whale is big, but I had never realized how its bigness transcended adjectives until I saw one close at hand three years ago, when I spent eight months serving as senior medical officer on a British whaling factory ship in the antarctic. A whaling factory ship is a hulking brute of a vessel, four hundred or more feet long, with a gaping tunnel, or skidway, leading from open water at the stern to a spacious deck area amidships, and when I saw my first blue whale—nearly a quarter as long as the ship itself—being dragged up that skidway in order to be stripped, or flensed, of its blubber on the open deck, it became clear that no word in Roget’s section on bigness would ever mean the same to me again.

I have before me some statistics concerning a fairly large (hundred-and-twenty-ton) but far from record-breaking blue whale that was measured and then weighed, piece by piece, at the Stromness whaling station, on South Georgia Island, in the antarctic, on November 8, 1926, the day after it was killed. In presenting these figures, I shall try to correlate them with commonplace objects that may help make

them more intelligible. The length of this whale, then, was eighty-nine feet, or a bit more than that of a Pullman car; its height was nine feet and its girth forty-six feet—dimensions that also correspond fairly closely with those of a Pullman car. An elephant could have walked through the arch of its upended jawbone without touching it at any point, for it was twenty-three feet long and proportionately wide. Each fin—nine and a half feet long and weighing a ton—was the size and weight of a substantial marble banquet table, and its eighteen-foot flukes would have made a pair of wings for a fighter plane. Its twenty-six tons of blubber would have kept all the votive candles in St. Peter’s, in Rome, burn-



ing for a century or more, and its fifty-six tons of meat would have provided a hamburger (and a good one, too) for every person in Boston, Massachusetts. Its tongue alone weighed three tons, and six very strong men would have been needed to lift its half-ton heart. Its skull was the size and weight of an automobile (and the brain it contained was not much bigger than the automobile’s carburetor). Its blood would have filled seven thousand quart milk bottles. Its liver and lungs weighed a ton apiece, and its kidneys and stomach half a ton. All in all, a monster. Its value today would be about five thousand dollars. Not long ago, in reading a book about a voyage of the famous Charles W. Morgan, the last of the New Bedford whaleships, I came across this statement: “We continued our cruise for some six weeks longer and took whales enough to make us about two hundred and fifty barrels [of oil].” The single whale anatomized on South Georgia Island gave up a total of a hundred and sixty-two barrels of oil, from its blubber, meat, and bones. But its carcass had been stripped and dissected and boiled down by techniques and machines the old whalers never dreamed of, and, furthermore, it was a blue

whale—the mightiest whale of all, and a species that, because of its speed, was practically invulnerable in the days of sails and oars and hand harpoons.

On one perfectly ordinary day at the peak of the season in the whaling grounds, near the antarctic pack ice, we had twelve such whales in tow behind our factory ship and two more alongside. I saw them that evening, when I took a recess from my duties in the sick bay and went above to see how the whaling business was progressing. They had been killed by one or another of our whale catchers, the small, speedy harpoon vessels that ranged the ocean and did our hunting, and they had been towed back to the factory by our two corvettes, similar little ships that provided a fast shuttle service between the widespread catchers and us. The two whales alongside the factory served as fenders, because in the tossing, heaving antarctic seas no small ship, unless held off by a cushion, could have made fast to our big ship without being smashed to bits, and no fender ever devised by man provides half so good a cushion as the rubbery, springy, mountainous bulk of a whale. As I made my way to my favorite point of observation, on the after winch deck, overlooking the vast working area on the main deck, the bosun of the factory ship, a huge and grandfatherly Shetland Islander named Adamson, passed me on his way to check up on his winchmen. “We’ll easily stow this lot before morning,” he said. I stayed up all night to watch them do it.

By international law, every whale that is not being used for a fender must be on the deck of the factory ship within thirty-three hours after it is killed. Anyone who has smelled a whale that has been dead longer than that and who realizes that whales are killed for food, among other things, can understand the wisdom of this law, but carrying it out on a bucking and rolling factory ship in the short, freezing antarctic night is another matter. The twelve free whales, moored by their tails with wire rope, floated in the sea astern of us, looking uncomfortably pathetic and ridiculous as they tossed about in the glare of the ship’s floodlights. A few hours before, they had been the masters of the ocean, the mightiest animals that ever knew life on this planet, and now they were just so many tons of dead organic matter,

waiting their turn to be converted into margarine and poultry feed.

Adamson began the business of getting the whales aboard, and I settled down to watch a show of seamanship that even the oldest hands on a factory ship never tire of seeing. The whales are dragged, tail first, up the skidway from the waterline at the stern by a great steel "grab," a clawlike instrument that weighs ten tons and is cunningly shaped to fit over and grasp the whale's tail, and getting it into position to do its work is no job for a tyro. Under Adamson's direction, it was raised from the deck and, by skillful teamwork between five powerful stern and center-deck winches, was carried, suspended in the air, down the skidway. Arriving in position over the tail of the first whale, which was lashing about in the seas that broke into the lower end of the skidway, the grab hovered there for a moment or two, following, as if it had eyes, the wild movements of the tail. It crept closer, its jaws wide open. Suddenly, at an instant when it was directly over the tail, it seemed to pounce, and, with a crash of iron that could be heard throughout the ship, the jaws slammed together. A hundred tons of whale were now secure, and ready to be pulled on board. The first time I saw the grab in action, it had seemed to me to have a brain and consciousness of its own, enabling it to pursue the wildly heaving tail and leap on it at precisely the moment when the motions of the sea and the ship were favorably synchronized. But as I sat there that night, I knew that the brain and consciousness were those of Adamson, far below me in the floodlights. He was quietly leaning over a rail halfway down the skidway, in the only place where he could be seen by all five winch operators at once, and with barely perceptible movements of his hands and head he was starting, stopping, slacking, and otherwise controlling the slightest movements of the guy ropes attached to the grab. He directed his winchmen, dispersed hundreds of feet away from him, like a suave and undemonstrative orchestra conductor, and, indeed, the rhythmic advance of the grab and the grand climax when it secured the whale

seemed to demand a musical accompaniment. Once the grab was firmly in position, I saw Adamson jerk his right thumb sharply upward once. Then he walked away, and as another and even more powerful set of winches amidships went into action, the great whale began to move up the skidway toward the deck of the factory. I felt like applauding, and it seemed as if Adamson ought to come back and take at least one bow, but he was already down among a snapping tangle of wire ropes at the stern, coaxing the next ninety-foot monster to the lower end of the skidway.

The first whale glided smoothly and steadily upward. Its arrival at the top of the skidway was the signal for the appearance of the chief flenser, a sombre and aloof Norwegian. (Most of the whaling specialists on our expedition, including the gunners and flensers, were Norwegians; most of the men who were

concerned with the navigation, maintenance, and machinery of the ship and the catchers were British.) This man, as far as I know, never once spoke to a soul aboard during the entire eight months of the expedition. In fact, in all those eight months I never saw him without his flensing knife—a wicked-looking article shaped like a hockey stick—in his hand, attending to his specialty. I never found out his name, or what he did in his spare time, or where he disappeared to when he was not at work. As a flenser, he was just about peerless; the other officers of the expedition, some of whom had sailed with him many times before, regarded him as the most talented practitioner in the antarctic. But they knew no more about him than I did. They called him the Gaunt Stranger. Now, weighing and balancing his curved knife in its four-foot shaft, he looked much like a surgeon about to commence a major



"And when you get into his office, speak right up and tell him you have to have more money."

operation. He did not wait for his hundred-ton patient to be placed on the operating table before starting his first incision; as the whale emerged from the skidway, he stuck his knife into it and made a long, precise cut through the six-inch thickness of the blubber as the whale was drawn past him by the winches. Then, the whale having come to rest, he neatly carved out steps in its carcass, as a mountaineer does on a perpendicular ice slope, and, with their help, climbed atop it. Once there, though the ship was pitching heavily, he balanced in his spiked boots and made some more long, sure slices in the blubber, sometimes cutting out a chunk and kicking it off onto the deck, sometimes drawing twisting and turning slashes here and there. Then, like race horses let out of the gate, the other flensers leaped at the whale. They sliced and hacked with what seemed to be random fury, but actually every cut was deliberate, and was the same sort of cut that the same man had been making on the same type of whale during all the years of his experience.

Now wire ropes began descending from derricks overhead. A flenser was waiting for each rope as it swung down, and upon catching it he fixed it to a toggle he had inserted in a hole cut in the blubber. Then more winches steamed up, and great slabs of blubber, which would have taken hours to remove by the old methods, were stripped from the whale as easily as peeling an orange—or so it seemed. There could, however, be no margin of error among the flensers; one false cut or one loose shackle and there would have been blood other than whale blood sluicing over the pitching, slippery deck. A flenser who did not fully appreciate the dangers of his job could not survive for a month in the midst of that maelstrom of whirring machinery, straining ropes, and razor-sharp knives. While at first glance there appeared to be a state of complete confusion among the flensers as they dashed about slashing at the blubber, I had watched them before and I could see that every man among them was being both extremely methodical and extremely careful. Even at the height of the melee, not one of the knife blades was ever turned in the direction of a fellow-flenser; every wire rope lying on the deck was walked around as warily as one would walk around a rattlesnake; and each flenser before signalling to his winch operator to haul away took a sharp look about him to make sure that his mates were standing clear.

There are two particularly danger-

TO EE IS HUMAN

Once there were two men named Mr. Webster and Mr. Merriam,
And they had many differences but in the face of a common danger they decided
to bury 'em.

Some people, vouchsafed Mr. Webster, can't see the wood for the trees,
But I can't see the language for the rising tide of double "e"s.

I know, vouched Mr. Merriam even more safely, that jargon will someday overwhelm our mother tongue, but I can remember before it had begun to,
And the suffix *er* denoted who did it and the suffix *ee* denoted who it was done to.
In my day, barked Mr. Webster, an employer employed an employee and a trustee was one who was trusted.

Which, bowwowed Mr. Merriam, although beside the point, is why many trusters went busted.

Who, rapped Mr. Webster, escapes an escapee?

That, knock-knocked Mr. Merriam, is what puzzles me.

Has the moment come, rapiered Mr. Webster, to abjectly surrender to jour-nalese?

On that, riposted Mr. Merriam, you may bet not only your shirt but also your jacket and trousees.

Well, epitaphed Mr. Webster, none so blind as those who will not see;

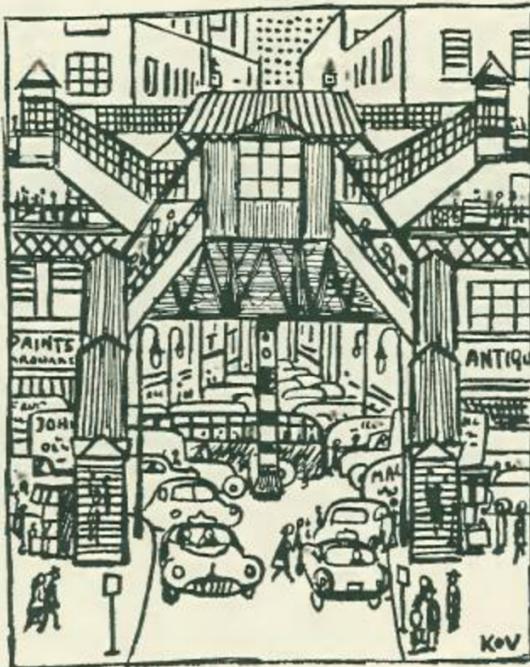
In the future please address me not as Mr. Webster but as Mr. Webstee.

—OGDEN NASH

ous steps in the blubber-stripping process. The first is the ceremony of the turning of the whale. After the blubber has been stripped from one side of the animal, the carcass must be turned over to allow the flensers to attack the other side. This is done by running a wire rope through a pulley fixed to one edge of the deck by a shackle, passing it over the top of the whale, and securing it to the base of the farther fin. Then a donkey engine musters all its power, and the wire rope and shackle begin to take up the strain. At this point, every flenser leaves the deck to stand in the mouth of one of the alleyways leading off it. The first time I saw the operation, I leaned far out over the rail of the winch deck for a better view, and Adamson, seeing me, shouted, "Get back, for Christ sake! You bloody fool!" I did indeed get back, and quickly, because I knew there must be good reason for such a blast of strong

language from the most quiet-spoken and courteous man on the ship. As soon as the whale had been turned on that occasion, Adamson heaved himself up the ladder to the winch deck to apologize. "That's the most dangerous time of the flensing process, Doctor," he said. "The whole weight of the whale is taken by that one shackle on the deck, and there never was a shackle made yet that won't give way sooner or later. When it does give way—and I've seen it happen several times—it acts like a slingshot. The shackle is the shot, and the wire rope is the sling, and anyone who happens to be standing or leaning inside the arc made by the rope will have to be scraped off the deck with a shovel. Sorry if I was rude, but you were right in line with the shackle, and there wasn't time to do anything but bawl you out." I thanked the old man for his warning, and now, later in the season, I needed no bosun's shout to make me seek shelter as the whale was turned over. Standing several cautious paces back, I watched the rope tightening until it and the shackle began to make that groaning, protesting noise that sailors respect, for it means that the rope is what they call "bar tight" and that both rope and shackle have nearly reached the limit of their endurance. But the whale gave first, and, with a slithering smack that shook the whole ship, crashed over. The flensers immediately darted out from their places of shelter and attacked it again. The first of the two most dangerous moments was past.

The second comes when the tons of baleen—the bony plates that fill the





B. TOBEY-

*"Well, that little snip
of an upstairs maid isn't here, thank goodness."*

top of the blue whale's mouth cavity and strain its diet of small crustaceans out of the water—are removed and dumped overside. A century ago, in the days of corsets and kepis, baleen, or whalebone, was the most valuable part of the whale, but in this age of steel and plastics it is not worth its passage home, and is therefore jettisoned as so much junk. To remove it, a wire rope from a derrick overhead is fixed securely to the mass with tongs. A winchman takes a heavy strain on this rope, pulling the whalebone upward and outward. As he does so, the chief flenser slices down the length of the whale's upper jaw, toward the juncture of the jawbones. The winchman increases the strain as the chief flenser cuts more and more baleen loose. Just before making his last cut, to sever the appalling cartilaginous mass from the whale, the chief flenser cries "*Barde!*"—Norwegian for "Baleen!" The men around him take

up the cry, and everybody except the chief flenser dives for cover. Then the last cut is started. The winch, keeping pace with the flenser's knife, accelerates, and the *barde*, with a wrenching tear, parts from the whale, swings wildly up, and is deftly turned outboard by the winchman, just grazing the bulwarks. For half a second, it is suspended there; then the winchman releases the tongs, and the tons of baleen, which would smash to pulp anyone beneath them, plunge down toward the sea. That, at any rate, is the theory. But occasionally the ship will roll at just the wrong moment, and the great, jagged lump of bony matter will come crashing inboard again. "I've seen maybe five or six men killed by the *barde*," Adamson told me. "I'd advise you, Doctor, if you're anywhere in the vicinity and you hear the cry of '*Barde!*' don't stop to look around and see where it is, but get under some kind of cover, or fall

down flat on your face." Later in the voyage, when a man was brought to me in the sick bay who looked as though he hadn't a whole bone left in his body and who was barely able to mutter, "I no hear them shout '*Barde!*'" I realized the wisdom of the old bosun's advice.

Fortunately, no such accident occurred this time. After the baleen was safely overboard and the whale was flensed completely, the blubber was cut into slivers eighteen inches wide and ten feet long. These strips were seized upon by the "blubber boys," a motley collection of ragamuffins ranging in age from eighteen to eighty, who fixed their whale hooks in them and hauled them to round, iron-rimmed holes in the deck that belched forth steam and fritters of boiling fat. These holes, the size of man-holes, led down to a battery of modern pressure cookers on the factory deck below. I watched the blubber boys awhile as they stuffed ton after ton of

oily fat into the maws of the cookers, and admired the dexterity with which each of them wielded his whale hook—a simple tool consisting of a piece of iron about two feet long with a sharp hook at one end and a wooden handgrasp at the other. The whale hook has been an essential whaling implement ever since the first whaler tried to handle a slippery piece of blubber. A blubber boy without a hook in his hand is a sorry and useless lump of sailordom, but with it he is a prestidigitator of the first order. He is seen at his best in his battles with the flensers. Flensers as a class for some reason hate blubber boys. I have often seen a flenser cut out a five-pound chunk of blubber in order to insert a toggle, and then catch up the slimy mass on the end of his knife and hurl it venomously at the nearest blubber boy. Sometimes he scores a hit, but equally often the blubber boy, without even seeming to look up, retaliates by diverting the course of the projectile with his whale hook and sending it along to smack in the face of the nearest flenser beyond, who may be as much as twenty yards away. There is a legend that blubber boys eat with their whale hooks and darn their socks with them. That is not strictly true, but it is true that they put the hooks to a variety of uses for which they were never designed. Let a blubber boy reach for a rope, and he will reach with his hook. Let him open a door, lift a lid, or steady himself as the ship rolls, and he will always use his dexterous third arm in preference to the two God gave him. Hopping around the deck in a ring on the outskirts of the flensing team, the blubber boys are like nothing so much as a horde of Captain Hooks playing outfield in some odd nautical game.

When the blubber was all flensed, cut up, and stowed, the Gaunt Stranger stood back, still solemn, still silent, and surveyed his work. He looked now not so much like a surgeon as like a priest standing in

silent prayer over the remains of a sacrifice. Then he nodded curtly and walked off the scene. His nod was seen by two winchmen fully two hundred feet forward on the ship. Wire ropes tightened, all hands stood clear and formed little groups by the bulwarks, lighting their pipes or sharpening their knives, and the skinned whale, now a pink-and-white mountain of flesh and blood and bone, began to slide slowly through an archway amidships. This archway, known inevitably as Hell's Gates because of the steam and blood and noise that filled it, led to the lemming deck forward, where the lemmers, the expert anatomists of the ship, awaited it.

These lemmers—nobody knows the origin of their title—use the same type of knife as the flensers, but they also have heavy, steam-driven bone saws to assist them. Thus armed, they dismember the carcass and sort out its huge and ghastly sections into various categories. From my position on the after winch deck, I could see little of this dissection, so, curiosity overcoming my terror of the contorting and straining wire ropes and the mysterious objects swinging in the air overhead, I ventured forward to the archway, as I had not summoned up the courage to do until that night. The steam and noise on the lemming deck were ten times as

great as they had been on the flensing deck, and the diabolic tempo at which the lemmers worked made the flensers seem slow and awkward. For a while, I stood in dazed uncertainty at Hell's Gates, not sure whether to retreat or to plunge forward into the steam and blood and noise and take my chances among the demons who were rushing about there with flashing, blood-stained knives. Then in the midst of the grotesque charade I suddenly saw a cheerful, familiar face and a beckoning arm. It was a bone-saw man named Hamish, whom I had talked with on many off-duty occasions. He had a magnificent bristling black beard and the confident bearing of a man who is on a job that he understands as well as anyone else on earth. I dived through the steam toward him and found a place of comparative safety behind his saw. "You've never been farrard here to see us working yet, have you, Doc?" he shouted in my ear. "Well, wait ere I fix this bludy backbone, and then I'll tell you what's going on."

"Fixing the bludy backbone" looked dead easy as Hamish did it,



le parfum de l'élégance

Bellodgia



CARON

Look into this, please

Little man in a big advertising agency told us this story the other day. Client wrote to agency president about some new development, asked his advice. President sent his letter with memo "Look into this, please" to executive vice-president. And so, through a galaxy of V-P's and department heads, until it arrived at our friend's desk, heaven knows how many "Look into this, please" memos attached. He pondered it, then squinted about the room, and there, away over in a corner was one man, even littler than he. So he wrote a "Look into this, please" and sent it on to him.

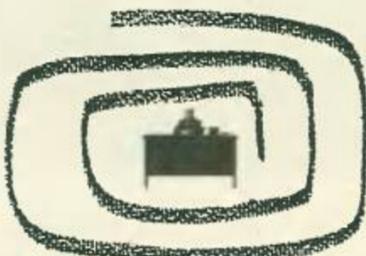


We're happy to tell you Nation's Business cuts down considerably on this sort of thing. Why? Because Nation's Business is designed to answer businessmen's questions. What about the tax picture? Defense? The postal deficit? What has the Eisenhower Administration accomplished to date? Answered in the January issue by Ike's Cabinet members, themselves. How far, how fast, how high will man fly in the next 50 years? Will he reach the moon? See Nation's Business, December, 1953.

Is the coal industry a dead duck? Answered in Nation's Business, November last. Is a U. S. sales tax still possible? Read same issue. Can a department store operate without clerks? October Nation's Business. What does Labor want next? See September. Can the states take back Washington's powers? Answered in Nation's Business for August.



So be it. Today the lucky businessman has news publications, magazines of news-behind-the-news, news-in-depth, and what-not else? We give him answers. Will give him answers in 1954 as in 1953. That's all. Nation's Business, a magazine for businessmen, Washington 6, D. C.



(Advertisement)

but I could see that it was in fact a miracle of coöperation between many brains and much machinery. By this time, the lemmers had sliced the tons of flesh from the back of the whale as neatly as a butcher cuts a rump steak, and this vast quantity of meat had gone down into a special hole in the deck. The rib casing—every rib bigger than a man—had been cut away and hauled up overhead, and now swung suspended from the derricks like a giant's feast of pork chops. In a moment, it, too, would be carved up and stowed in the cookers. The innards of the whale had been heaved out, and lay, each anatomical pile in its proper place on the deck, awaiting consignment to the factory deck below or rejection into the sea. Only the massive backbone remained, and it was Hamish's turn.

First, a chain was passed under the great ligaments, as thick and tough as a warship's anchor cables, that ran along the millstone-size vertebrae. With a horrid rending noise, similar to that made by a dog crunching a bone but amplified a thousand times, the ligaments were ripped free from the spine. Then a wire rope from a winch beside Hamish's bone saw was passed around a bollard and attached by a heavy iron double hook to the tail of the vertebral column. Hamish gave a toss of his head as the signal to heave away, and the winchman brought the great mass of bone and tendon whizzing across the deck to a point right under the saw. Hamish dropped the heavy, steam-driven fifteen-foot blade in exactly the right place to cut off a chunk just big enough to go down a four-foot hole to the cookers. Then he lifted the blade and wagged his beard, and at this sign eight men who had been scattered about nearby knew precisely what to do. Four darted in with whale hooks, seized the severed piece, and hauled it off to the cooker hole; the fifth thrust the double hook from the winch deep into the next vertebra; the sixth, the winchman, opened his throttle and pulled the backbone another couple of feet along the deck; and the seventh and eighth, two little gnomelike lemmers, scurried out of the steam and made some intricate cuts in the backbone with their knives, so that it would sit properly under the saw. The ninth man present, Hamish himself, brought his immense saw blade slamming down for the next cut, and

the tenth man, the doctor, cowered a bit closer against the bulwarks behind the saw.

It took about three minutes to reduce the backbone to lumps of a size that could be pushed down into the cookers. Then Hamish had a few moments in which to light his pipe and disparage the dangers of his job to me. "It's the same as Andy MacTavish, our village butcher in Peterhead, killin' and sawin' up a cattle beast," he said. "There's nae mair to whalin' than there is tae Andy's job, except the beasts are bigger an' the slaughterhouse is in a kinda inconvenient place down here in the ice. It's all a matter of proportion. Andy's just as likely tae have an accident wi' his bone saw as I am wi' mine, but when he does, he'll lose a finger or two, whilst if I make a mistake, as like as not I'll nick the head off that little lemmie there."

Hamish turned to tinker with his saw blade, and I ventured forth to observe some of the other operations that were going on in the gigantic butchery. I found that the liver of the whale, weighing nearly a ton, had been hauled to a corner of the deck, where a man was engaged in chopping it into chunks and popping them into a hole that led to the "liver plant" below. The stomach and intestines had also been hauled aside—not to a hole in the deck but to a break in the bulwarks, through which they were to be cast into the sea. (They are the only parts of the whale other than the flukes and the baleen to be thrown away.) Before they were heaved overboard, however, Adamson arrived on the scene, armed with a flensing knife. He split the stomach open and spilled its contents, a hundred-weight or so of little red shrimps, out onto the deck, and then drew a notebook from his trousers pocket



and wrote something down with a stub of pencil. I asked him what on earth he was doing, taking notes in such a setting. "The law insists that we do this," he said. "I'm writing down the contents of the stomach, which we've got to do for every whale we take. The biologist boys reckon they can work out something about the migrations of whales from what we find they've been eating. Any old whaleman will tell them they're wrong, of course."

"Are ye finished with these guts yet, Bosun?" an irritated voice broke in



You'll be amazed by the many unusual features provided by the California Zephyr to make your trip comfortable and enjoyable. For instance, all private rooms... drawing rooms, compartments, bedrooms and roomettes... have individual controls for lighting, heating, air conditioning, radio or recorded music.



You'll be surprised by the unique system of dinner reservations in the Dining Car. There's no waiting in line; you reserve your table *in advance!* And the reasonable prices in the Diner, which features such Western delicacies as mountain brook trout, Crab Louie and abalone steaks, are another pleasant surprise!

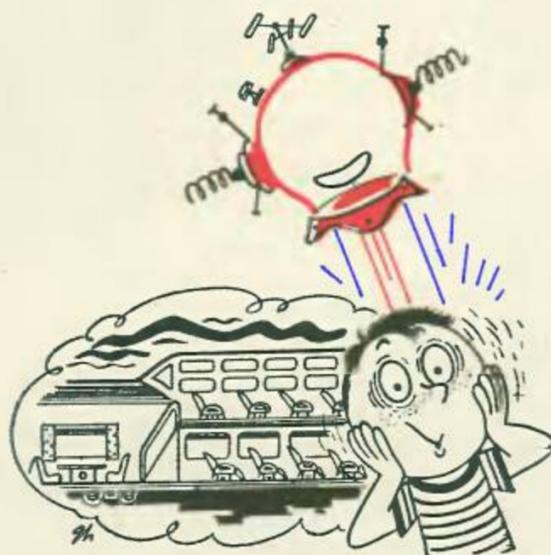
YOU'LL BE

Surprised

when you take your first trip aboard the Vista-Dome California Zephyr... the most talked-about train in the country!



You'll be overwhelmed by the hundreds and hundreds of miles of magnificent mountain scenery you'll see from the Vista-Domes during daylight hours. From Denver to Grand Junction... for 275 breathtaking miles... you ride through the very heart of the mighty Colorado Rockies. And crossing the High Sierra into California, you travel the entire length of world-famous Feather River Canyon!



You'll be astonished by the spaciousness of the California Zephyr. The 120 seats upstairs in the five glass-enclosed Vista-Domes are not sold, not reserved. This is extra space for the enjoyment of both Chair Coach and Pullman passengers. What's more, there are two Lounge Cars as well as the Diner. There's room to roam!

THE VISTA-DOME

California Zephyr

DAILY BETWEEN CHICAGO AND SAN FRANCISCO

via Denver and Salt Lake City on the Burlington, Rio Grande and Western Pacific Railroads

(Through Pullman daily between New York and San Francisco)

Include Southern California via San Francisco
without additional rail fare!



WESTERN PACIFIC

For colorful California Zephyr booklet: write Joseph G. Wheeler, Passenger Traffic Manager, Western Pacific, 526 Mission St., San Francisco 5, California



BROOKS BROTHERS'
WASHABLE ODD JACKETS
that are cool, lightweight, require no pressing

These attractive new Odd Jackets are not only unusually cool and lightweight...but are hand-washable, dry quickly, and require no pressing. Retention of crease is outstanding, and the materials are porous—thereby affording the wearer real comfort. The jackets themselves are made on our own distinctive patterns, all sizes 37 to 42, plus 44 and 46, in shorts, regulars and longs.

(shown) *In Orlon[†] and Nylon—blue-grey or tan checks, \$27.50*

In Our Exclusive Dacron[†] and Cotton—tan or grey fine hairline stripes, \$30

[†]Du Pont's fiber

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHING
Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

NEW YORK • BOSTON • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO

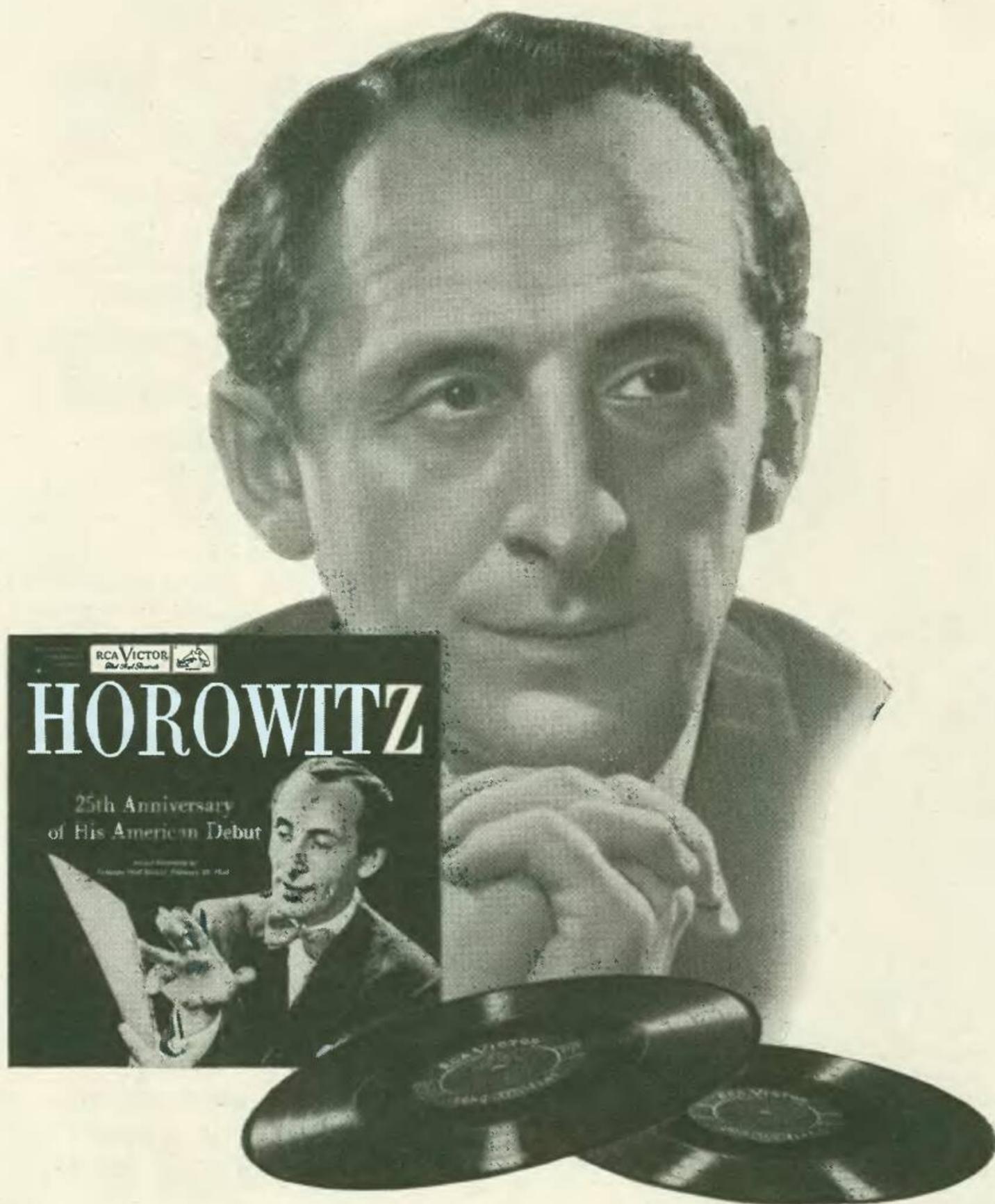
Address Mail Orders to 346 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

from the surrounding steam as I was asking Adamson more questions; it was clear from the tone that I was guilty of the major crime aboard a whaleship—holding up production.

"Aye!" replied Adamson, and with that a winch clanked in the distance, a rope tightened close at hand, and a mountain of whale innards slid toward the ship's side and dropped into the sea far below.

I leaned over the rail to see the fate of these parts of the whale for which man has no use. It was not long in coming. Hundreds of black-and-white Cape pigeons gathered around the filthy mess, and in a few moments each one had ripped off a small piece and was swimming about in the ocean, tearing at his dinner. An occasional albatross glided down on his ten-foot wings, chased off some of the shrilly complaining pigeons, and made a silent and dignified meal before starting a long run on the water to rise and glide off. And all the while a cloud of Wilson's petrels fluttered above the mess; every few minutes one of them would dart down to take a tiny beakful of the rich fodder, and then rise into the air again to digest it.

But the birds did not get the entire feast, by any means. Five killer whales, the most voracious animals in the Southern Ocean, showed up for their share, and a large share it was. They were from twenty to thirty feet long, and their huge black dorsal fins rose rhythmically from the water as they advanced upon their meal. From time to time, they revealed their evil black-and-white snouts and their malignant, fang-filled jaws; only hyenas on land and vultures in the air can convey the same sense of remorseless ill will against all creation. These killer whales were about five hundred yards out when I first saw them rise to blow, scarcely rippling the water as they did so. Each of them puffed once, then slid below the surface again, its horrible sickle-shaped fin riding it like a hunchback's hump. About ten seconds later, the performance was repeated a hundred yards closer in. Then the last appearance, fifty yards off, and this time I could see their cold, black little eyes. Again they slid below, and now suddenly all the birds that had gathered around the offal rose squawking into the air. There was a great swirling of water, and chunks of the stuff began to disappear beneath the water, half a ton or so at a time. One of the killers, evidently made overconfident by the lavishness of the feast, pushed his snout above the water to grab a hundred-pound tidbit floating



*Famous Concert actually recorded
in Carnegie Hall*

For the first time an actual piano recital has been recorded! The time: last February 25th. The place: Carnegie Hall. The occasion: the 25th Anniversary of Vladimir Horowitz' American debut.

The concert was sold out months before. Even the stage was jammed with listeners. Thunderous applause followed the playing of each work.

Hear this famous Horowitz concert come "alive" with RCA Victor "New Orthophonic" High Fidelity Sound. The program, on two Long Play records:

Sonata in B-Flat (Posthumous).....Schubert
Nocturne in E Minor, Op. 72.....Chopin
Scherzo in B Minor.....Chopin
Sonata No. 9, Op. 68.....Scriabin
Two Etudes.....Scriabin
Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2.....Liszt-Horowitz
Encore pieces by Debussy, Chopin and Prokofieff

RCA VICTOR
FIRST IN RECORDED MUSIC



"Restores our theatre to an art again."
—ATKINSON, N.Y. Times

The Playwrights' Company
in association with
Mary K. Frank present

DEBORAH KERR
in ELIA KAZAN's production of
Tea and Sympathy

by ROBERT ANDERSON
with
JOHN KERR
LEIF ERICKSON

Mail Orders Now for Mar., Apr. & May
Mon. thru Thur. Eves.: \$4.80, 3.60, 3.00, 2.40, 1.80
Fri. & Sat. Eves.: \$6.00, 4.80, 3.00, 2.40, 1.80
Mat. Wed. \$3.60 to 1.80. Mat. Sat. \$4.20 to 1.80
BARRYMORE Theatre, 47th St., W. of B'y. N. Y. 36

"THE BEST AMERICAN COMEDY OF MANNERS IN MORE THAN A DECADE"—HENRY HEWES, Sat. Review

The Playwrights' Company presents

MARGARET SULLAVAN JOSEPH COTTEN
in SAMUEL TAYLOR'S Romantic Comedy
Sabrina Fair

CATHLEEN JOHN LUELLA RUSSELL
NESBITT CROMWELL GEAR COLLINS
SCOTT MCKAY • ROBERT DUKE
Directed by H. C. POTTER

Mail Orders Now for Mar., Apr. & May
Mon. thru Thur. Eves.: \$4.80, 4.20, 3.60, 3.00, 2.40, 1.80.
Fri. & Sat. Eves.: \$6.00, 4.80, 3.60, 3.00, 2.40, 1.80.
Mat. Wed. \$3.60-1.20. Mat. Sat. \$4.20-1.20.
NATIONAL Theatre, 41st St. W. of B'way, N.Y. 36



"A SMASH HIT!"
—Coleman, Mirror
"SOCKO SUCCESS!"
—McClain, Journal Amer.
"DANCING SPECTACULAR!"
—Atkinson, Times

**COLE PORTER'S
CAN-CAN**

Book and direction by
ABE BURROWS

dances and musical numbers staged by
MICHAEL KIDD

setings and lighting by **JO MIELZINER** costumes by **MOTLEY**

Evs. \$7.20, 6.00, 4.80, 3.00, 2.40. Wed. Mats. \$4.20, 3.60, 3.00, 2.40, 1.80. Sat. Mats. \$4.80, 4.20, 3.60, 3.00, 2.40, 1.80. (Tax Included).
SAM S. SHUBERT 44th W. of B'way. CI 6-5990

"ENCHANTED"—TIMES, NEWS, HERALD TRIBUNE
MAURICE EVANS
in association with GEORGE SCHAEFER presents

DAVID WAYNE JOHN FORSYTHE

The Teahouse of the August Moon

A New Comedy by JOHN PATRICK
(Adapted from the Novel by Vern Sneider)
Production Directed by ROBERT LEWIS

Evs. 8:40—Mon. thru Thurs.: \$4.80-1.80. Fri. & Sat. Evs.: \$6.00-1.80. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40—\$3.60-1.20. (Tax Incl.)
MARTIN BECK THEA., 45th St. W. of 8th Ave.

high on the sea. He never drew his meal below the surface. From the wing of the bridge overhead, where Mark, the ship's chief officer, was on duty, came the sharp crack of a rifle. The killer, drilled neatly behind the eyes by a heavy bullet, leaped half out of the water in his death spasm and then sank in a whirl of spray and blood. "There's Mark at his favorite sport again!" someone remarked at my shoulder. "He hates killer whales with a loathing quite out of proportion to the damage they do to him and his bonus, though it's true they tear out the tongues and the best part of the oil from half the whales we catch. He'll be happy all night now he's killed that one."

By morning, as Adamson had promised, all fourteen whales had been disposed of. Just as the early antarctic dawn was breaking, iron covers were hauled over the cooker holes and clamped down, and the steam straightway vanished. The winchmen heaved in their loose ropes and shut off their winches. A gang of men appeared and hosed down the decks. A young cadet officer went up to a platform on the starboard side and checked over the stores, spare harpoons, and ropes laid out for the next catcher that might need them. Hamish was greasing his saw and tuning it up for the next lot of whales. And the hundred-odd men who had been slaving all night on the deck were slipping off to their cabins or messrooms. In something less than an hour after the last whale had been hauled up the skidway, not a vestige of the fourteen remained abovedecks, except their blood, which lay about in slippery clots.

Just before I left the deck of the now apparently lifeless ship, I heard another burst of rifle fire from the bridge overhead, and I knew that one other person was still wide awake. Mark, whiling the time away as he conned our huge ship through the freezing dawn, was indulging his hatred of the killer whales.

ACCORDING to the regulations of the International Whaling Commission, which are enforced by a board that sits in Sandefjord, Norway, no more than fifteen thousand five hundred blue-whale "units" may be taken from the Southern Ocean in one season by the fifteen or twenty expeditions, of various nationalities, that venture there. A unit is one blue whale or its equivalent—two fin whales, two and a half humpback whales, or six sei whales. Humpbacks—the friendly little whales

RODGERS & HAMMERSTEIN'S
New Musical Comedy

Me AND Juliet

with ISABEL BILL JOAN
BIGLEY HAYES McCracken
RAY MARK JACKIE
WALSTON DAWSON KELK

Eves.: \$7.20, 6.00, 4.80, 3.60, 3.00, 2.40, 1.80
Mats. Wed. & Sat.: \$4.20, 3.60, 3.00, 2.40, 1.80
MAJESTIC THEATRE, West 44th Street

YUL BRYNNER

in
RODGERS & HAMMERSTEIN'S
The King and I

A Musical Play
with ANNAMARY DICKEY
TERRY SAUNDERS

Eves.: \$7.20, 6.00, 4.80, 3.60, 3.00, 2.40, 1.80.
Mats. Wed. & Sat.: \$4.20, 3.60, 3.00, 2.40, 1.80.
ST. JAMES THEATRE, West 44th Street

R
&
H

"FUNNIEST REVUE IN A LONG TIME!"
—ATKINSON, N. Y. TIMES

HERMIONE BILLY
GINGOLD • DE WOLFE
JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON'S
SMASH MUSICAL
ALMANAC
HARRY ORSON Nanci
BELAFONTE • BEAN • CROMPTON
IMPERIAL THEATRE, 251 W. 45th St.
Evenings \$7.20 to 2.40. Wednesday
Matinees \$3.60 to 1.20. Saturday
Matinees \$4.20 to 1.80. Tax Included.
MAIL ORDERS FILLED

BEST MUSICAL—1953
DRAMA CRITICS' CIRCLE AWARD
Rosalind Russell
IN THE NEW MUSICAL COMEDY HIT
"Wonderful Town"
WINTER GARDEN, B'way & 50th St., N.Y. 19
Evs. \$7.20 to 2.40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. \$4.20 to 1.80

"A DELIGHTFUL EVENING."—Ed Sullivan
JOSHUA LOGAN presents
MARY CHARLES
MARTIN • BOYER
in
"Kind Sir"
A New Comedy
by NORMAN KRASNA
with
Dorothy Margalo Frank Robert
STICKNEY • GILLMORE • CONROY • ROSS
ALVIN THEA., 250 W. 52 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.
Eves. Incl. Sun., 8:40—No Perfs. Mon.

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Rockefeller Center
"KNIGHTS of the ROUND TABLE"
in CinemaScope
Robert TAYLOR • Ava GARDNER • Mel FERRER
An M-G-M Picture in COLOR
and SPECTACULAR STAGE PRESENTATION

that have not yet recovered from the massacre the whaling barks inflicted on them early in this century—are so tightly restricted that only twelve hundred and fifty of them may be taken each year by all expeditions to the south. No limits are set on the catching of sperm whales, except that they may not be hunted for more than eight months a year. To insure that these and other regulations issued by the Commission are obeyed, two whaling inspectors sail with every expedition—British inspectors with British expeditions, Norwegian inspectors with Norwegian expeditions, and so on. "There shall be maintained on each factory ship at least two inspectors of whaling for the purpose of maintaining twenty-four-hour inspection," says the law, and, as with most international laws, there is much more implied than written in that sentence. The whaling inspectors, like many officials of international organizations today, have a double loyalty—a first loyalty to the government that employs and pays them, and a second (but no less demanding) one to the organization they serve. Their job is mainly to curb overzealous whalers, in order to preserve the various species of whale and to see to it that despite the slaughter they even get a chance to breed and increase. The inspectors must keep in mind a hundred or more regulations and restrictions. They must make sure that no whale shorter than the lengths internationally agreed upon for the several species is taken; they must preserve the rarer species, such as the right whale and the gray whale, inviolate; they must limit whaling to the times and seas prescribed by the Commission; and they must keep the expeditions they accompany from trespassing on great whale sanctuaries that have been set aside in the oceans of the world. They must be seamen, zoologists, mathematicians, and men of absolute integrity, who will refuse the bribes that are presented daily in sundry attractive forms. They must be detectives with the acumen of Holmes, and they must also be lawyers



an open letter to you about...

THIS MAN, ELIOT—

T. S. ELIOT... The Englishman from St. Louis, Mo., has done it again. The Nobel Prize-winning poet has turned his sinuous wit to a new comedy, "The Confidential Clerk"... Remember "The Cocktail Party?" It intrigued, provoked, infuriated, delighted and caused more talk than took place at the Panmunjom parleys... Well, in my opinion, (and I was privileged to present "The Cocktail Party") it was even more fun to produce "The Confidential Clerk"... It is an uproarious charade in the great tradition of Oscar Wilde. But through the laughter something bigger happens—something impinges on the mind and rings in memory when all else is forgotten... It opened at the Edinburgh Festival and is currently the toast of London. In it, Ina Claire has found a comedy to lure her from a seven-year retirement. To co-star with her is Claude Rains in his first Broadway appearance since his triumph in "Darkness at Noon." Also, it introduces to Broadway the star of "Kind Hearts and Coronets," "The Man in the White Suit" and "The Importance of Being Earnest"—Joan Greenwood... Come February, "The Confidential Clerk" will be on all tongues wherever sentient people gather. Therefore, make reservations now. I know you will laugh. More important, I know you will not forget it.



INA CLAIRE



CLAUDE RAINS



JOAN GREENWOOD

Sincerely, *Henry Sherek*

for Henry Sherek and Producers' Theatre

"The Confidential Clerk"

Opens Thurs. Eve., Feb. 11 at the Morosco Thea., 221 W. 45 St.

PRICES: Mon. thru Thurs. Eves.: Orch. & Boxes \$5.40; Balc. \$4.80, 4.20, 3.60, 3.00, 2.40. Fri. & Sat. Eves.: Orch. & Boxes \$6.00; Balc. \$4.80, 4.20, 3.60, 3.00, 2.40. Wed. Mats. Orch. & Boxes \$3.60; Balc. \$3.00, 2.40, 1.80. Sat. Mats.: Orch. & Boxes \$4.20; Balc. \$3.00, 2.40, 1.80. Premiere: Orch. Divans \$12.00; Orch. & Boxes \$7.20; Balc. \$6.00, 4.80, 3.60, 3.00, 2.40. All prices include tax. Please specify two alternate dates and enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope.

ORCHESTRA DIVANS: Evenings \$7.80; Matinees \$4.80

"Judith Anderson magnificent in a gifted drama brilliantly acted."—ATKINSON, Times

Judith Anderson
in a new play by Jane Bowles
In the Summer House
with
Mildred Dunnock
Elizabeth Ross Logan Ramsey
PLAYHOUSE, 48th St. E of B'y, Evs. 8:40, Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"A HIT" — McClain, Jr., Am
"EXCITING... ENGROSSING... ENTERTAINING" — ATKINSON, N. Y. TIMES

LELAND HAYWARD presents
Katharine Cornell
in
"The Prescott Proposals"
A New Play by
HOWARD LINDSAY and RUSSEL CROUSE
with FELIX AYLMER
LORNE BEN ROGER BARTLETT MINGO
GREENE ASTAR GANN ROBINSON DAVER
Directed by HOWARD LINDSAY
BROADHURST THEATRE
235 West 44th Street
EVGS. at 8:40
MATS. WED. & SAT. at 2:40

The Theatre Guild & Joshua Logan
present
PULITZER PRIZE PLAY **PICNIC** DRAMA CRITICS' AWARD
by WILLIAM INGE
RALPH MEEKER JANICE RULE and PEGGY CONKLIN
Staged by JOSHUA LOGAN
Evs. 8:30. Mon. thru Thurs.: \$4.80, 1.80. Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: \$6., 1.80. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30. \$3.60, 1.20. Tax Incl.
MUSIC BOX, 239 W. 45 St., N. Y. 36

"GAY and INVENTIVE." — Gibbs, The New Yorker
"ORIGINAL and FUNNY." — Atkinson, N. Y. Times
COURTNEY BURR and ELLIOTT NUGENT present
TOM EWELL in
GEORGE AXELROD'S Comedy
"the seven year itch" with
VANESSA BROWN
Robert Neva George
Emhardt * Patterson * Keane
Directed by JOHN GERSTAD
Mon. thru Thurs. Evgs.: \$4.80 to 1.20. Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: \$6 to 1.20. Mats. Wed. & Sat.: \$3.60 to 1.20. (Tax Incl.)
Please enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope
FULTON THEATRE, 210 West 46th Street

"Tingles with excitement" — Atkinson, Times
MAURICE EVANS in
DIAL M FOR MURDER
BOOTH THEA., W. 45 St. Evgs 8:40 Mats Wed & Sat.



**Letter to Our
Dear, Dear, Dear . . .
Dearest Mrs. Richards:**

Please put this in front of that man around your house who has muffed Valentine's Day for years. If he doesn't read, chat with him. Chat quietly, casually, discreetly about amaryllis, the winter-flowering house plant that blooms gorgeously when the days are dark and cold, that blooms year after year, that gets bigger and bigger, that—well, it's all true.

Of course, chances are that a man who has forgotten Valentine's Day as long as Richards has forgotten, will just grunt defensively. But that's your cue. Say, firmly, "Dear, I'm going to order one of those lovely plants." And what will he do then? If I know Richards he'll sneak this page and buy one for his mother—and one for you for Easter, too. Richards does this every time.

Sincerely,

Amos Pettingill

P.S. Our amaryllis are all Dutch Warmenhoven, the world's finest strain. They are potted, ready to grow, postage free in the U.S.A. Full instructions enclosed. Colors: red, salmon, rose, salmon-pink, apricot, rose with white stripes—\$4.95 each. White—\$5.95. (Unpotted bulbs \$4.00 each in colors, \$4.95 for white.) Each bulb is guaranteed to bloom. We will enclose your card. A.P.

WHITE FLOWER FARM

The Compleat Nursery

Litchfield 11, Connecticut



Rien ne
remplace
un vrai

J. Berlé
DELINEATOR ©

No more trying one bra after another! Berlé creates for you a Delineator exactly fitted to your individual contours. You'll hardly know you're wearing it. From \$17.50 in the world's finest materials. One-year written guarantee. Consultation welcomed.

**J. BERLÉ, 26 West 58 St., N. Y.
Telephone: PLaza 5-6250**

and arbitrators. At the same time, they must have the ability to keep on terms of good will with the whale-fleet owners and the whalers, all of whom, they must assume, are trying to hood-wink them. For doing this job and possessing these qualities, the British government pays its senior inspectors sixty pounds (\$168) a month and its junior inspectors fifty pounds (\$140).

I have said that the inspector's job is to enforce the law of his nation and the rules of the International Commission, but he is given no power to do so. He cannot *order* the expedition's manager, or the gunners—or, indeed, any man at all—to do anything. He can only "advise," and, long afterward, when he has returned home, report any delinquencies of which he has absolute proof. Most breaches of the whaling laws carry a penalty of three months' imprisonment or a fine of fifty pounds, but I have heard of no case of a man's doing time or paying money for a whaling offense.

The senior whaling inspector on our expedition was a retired Royal Navy commander named Gyle. Although he had no big stick with which to enforce the law he represented, it was a rare whaleman who did not accept, and at least try to comply with, his "advice." Most of the men in our crew had served in either the British or the Norwegian Navy, and they knew Gyle for what he was as soon as they saw him. He was the only man I ever heard addressed as "sir" on a whaling ship, where chief officer, gunners, chief engineers, doctors, and the rest are usually addressed by their first names or by nicknames. He was the only man who could commit the mortal sin of holding up production without causing trouble—and not because he was the inspector but because he was Commander Gyle, a man who liked and understood seamen as seamen liked and understood him. He once told me that when old friends in his yacht club, on the Isle of Wight, ask what he has been doing lately, he no longer replies that he earns a living by inspecting whales, because he has found that this causes the old friends to move down the bar and talk to somebody else; he now describes himself, with equal accuracy, as a civil servant connected with the fishing industry.

I got to know Gyle early in the trip. We fell in together mainly, I think, because we were practically the only two men on the expedition whose future was not tied up with the whaling company, and who could thus take an objective view of what was going on around us. Most evenings I spent sharing a bottle

LIMITED ENGAGEMENT
S. HUOK and the Messrs. SHUBERT
present
Colette MARCHAND
Roland PETIT
Guest Artist
Lerlie CARON
Courtesy MGM Studios
BROADWAY THEA. B'way & 53rd Street

Roland Petit's Ballets de Paris
ALL ON ONE PROGRAM
"CINE BIJOU" "LE LOUP"
"THE BEAUTIFUL WIDOW"
and "CARMEN"

"MOST OUTRAGEOUSLY OUTRIGHT FUN OF THE SEASON" —HEWES, SATURDAY REVIEW

FRANCHOT TONE in
Oh, men!
Oh, women!
a COMEDY by
EDWARD CHODOROV

GIG YOUNG • BETSY VON FURSTENBERG
HENRY MILLER'S Thea., 124 W. 43 St. BR 9-3970
Evenings at 8:40. Matinees Thurs. & Sat. at 2:40

"Irresistible fun! A hit filled with laughs."
—Coleman, Mirror

GEORGE KONDOLF presents
MENASHA SKULNIK **RICHARD WHORF**
IN "THE 5th SEASON"
by SYLVIA REGAN Staged by GREGORY RATOFF
CORT THEATRE, 48th St. East of B'way
Tues. thru Sun. Evgs. (No Mons.) \$4.80, \$4.20, \$3.60, \$3.00, \$2.40, \$1.80. Mats. Sat. & Sun. \$3.60, \$3.00, \$2.40, \$1.80, \$1.20 (Incl. Tax).

KRIM K RIM
WOODWARD at 6 MILE ROAD
DETROIT'S FIRST RUN THEATRE
of fine entertainment
Now in its 11th record week
Louis de Rochemont's
MARTIN LUTHER

"No man ever stands so straight as when he stoops to help a boy"

1904 **1954**

**50th ANNIVERSARY
BIG BROTHER MOVEMENT**

Now Rayon's "In the bag!"

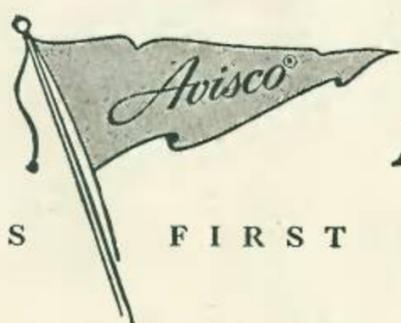
Helping with another big chore, this time on the farm! It's an amazing new rayon bag fabric developed by Avisco engineers and bag manufacturers to boost sales of flour and feed to the farmer.

The bags have to be strong to withstand rough handling, and densely woven to prevent sifting. Precise engineering achieved these goals and produces bags that deliver the goods safe and clean. And as an added plus, the fabric has real style interest.

That's where the girls take over. Washing the bags removes the labels and pre-shrinks the fabric, which comes in a variety of colors and patterns, ready for everything from dresses to draperies.

Right now a free Avisco booklet, "Glad Rags from Rayon Bags," is giving fashion-sure sewing ideas and instructions to many a modern farm Miss and Mrs.

American Viscose Corporation, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.



AMERICAN VISCOSE CORPORATION

AMERICA'S FIRST PRODUCER OF MAN-MADE FIBERS

Peck and Peck

Take the French-Line South!

Derived from one of the most exciting coats that ever left Paris: our streak of navy crossed with bold white stripes. All in the original *Glenara* imported Irish linen, Sanforized—and Tebilized® for lasting crease-resistance. In sizes 8 to 16. 35.95.

Palumbo



New York • Chicago • Boston • Philadelphia
Baltimore • Detroit • Cleveland • St. Louis
Indianapolis • Atlanta • Washington, D. C.
Cincinnati • Hartford • Buffalo

with him in his cabin or in mine. He was born in 1900, the son of a British naval officer of the old blood-and-thunder, the-Navy's-not-what-it-was-since they-gave-up-flogging school, who came from a line of naval officers going back almost to the days of Drake; his mother was a mild-mannered lady from Boston, Massachusetts. Gyle himself was a midshipman at the Battle of Jutland, and fired his first shot in anger before his sixteenth birthday. Between the two wars, he served in the small ships of the British Navy, in preference to the big ships, where peacetime naval life consisted of ceremonial cruises and cocktail parties. He was with the Yangtze gunboats awhile, and then with the fishery-protection cruisers, and he spent a year or two on sloops chasing pearl poachers in the Persian Gulf. He went anyplace, in fact, where he could have command of a small ship far removed from the ballyhoo of the dignified, flag-showing Navy his father loved so well—and, whenever possible, where his guns would be loaded with live ammunition rather than blanks. During the Second World War, he got mixed up in more trouble in and around the Mediterranean than the average fighting sailor experiences during his whole career. At the end of the war, when the Navy was again looking for officers who could conduct themselves properly at cocktail parties rather than under shellfire, he found himself out on the street, with a wife and growing family beside him and an annual pension of four hundred and fifty pounds (\$1,260) to support them.

Gyle had no marketable ability or knowledge other than a huge experience of the sea and of the ways of seamen, and he did not even try to earn a living ashore. Fortunately, he heard of a job afloat that was connected with the small ships he had always loved so passionately. He went to interview an elderly gentleman in the Whaling Inspectorate's offices, on Whitehall. This old gentleman, who, Gyle told me, "thought that whales were fish, but had around his office the finest photographs of icebergs I have ever seen," sent him off for a year to study the ways of whales and the idiosyncrasies of whalers. Gyle passed all the tests of seamanship and personal probity required by the Inspectorate, mastered the theory of modern whaling and the laws relating to it, and then sailed south as a junior inspector. Soon his worth was recognized and for eight months of every year he was working in the antarctic as senior inspector.

In the Army, where I spent my



D. & J. ANDERSON SCOTCH GINGHAM

Colorful Plaids, Glenurquharts, Checks and small Tattersalls! They're all here. Here at Rogers Peet in D. & J. Anderson's world-famous Ginghams expressly woven for us in Scotland. In Long Sleeved Sport Shirts. Buttoned pockets. The nicest kind of shirt for the South . . . or under a sweater, pull-over or warm waistcoat in colder climates priced at \$13.95.

Small, Medium, Large, Extra Large.

MAIL ORDERS INVITED

Add 27c mailing charges
beyond New York United Parcel zone.
On New York City deliveries
please add 3% Sales Tax.

Rogers Peet Company
NEW YORK • BOSTON

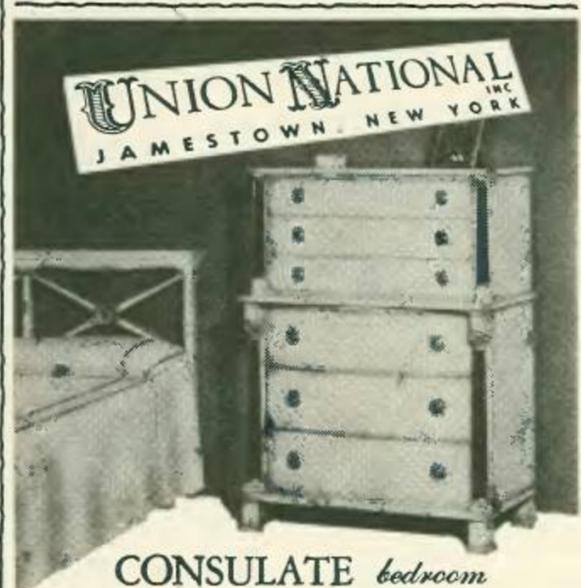
Write:
Rogers Peet, 5th Ave. at 41st St., New York 17, N.Y.

this is the place they mean
...fabulous mutton chops,
steaks and roast beef...old
tavern atmosphere...
clay pipes and traditions!

Keen's

ENGLISH CHOP HOUSE

72 West 36th Street

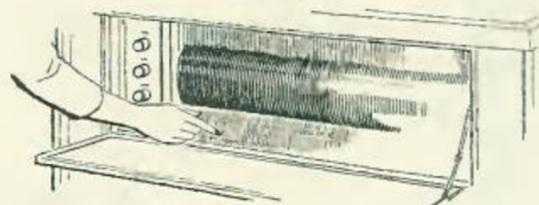


CONSULATE bedroom

At leading furniture and department stores.
Send 3-cent stamp to Dept. N for booklet.



You've never really enjoyed your records before
 ...nor had such a wonderful way to play them



200 Selections at your finger tips

That's right! 200 selections, 100 records, of your favorite 45 r.p.m. music ready to play, instantly, automatically . . . any or all . . . at the touch of a finger. With this wonderful instrument you may arrange programs to play one record . . . five rec-

ords . . . or for as long as 25 hours without repetition. And all without touching a record . . . without handling an album. Once you see it, you'll agree the Select-O-Matic is the most remarkable development for playing recorded music since the invention of the phonograph.

Music that has new Tonal Realism

Once the program's arranged, just sit back and enjoy the music you never knew was on the records. Music that takes on added dimension and presence . . . music that has new tonal realism.

Music for your business?

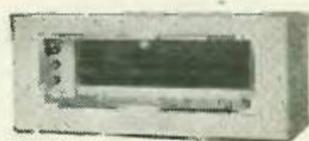
Here's the practical, inexpensive method of bringing the acknowledged advantages of music to your business. Why not investigate the complete line of Seeburg Select-O-Matic "200" Music Systems today?

Write. A descriptive folder and the name of your Seeburg Dealer will be sent on request.

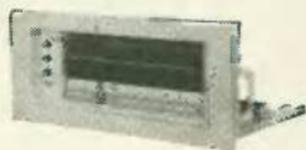
J. P. SEEBURG CORPORATION
 Chicago 22, Illinois
 dependable music systems since 1902

NO WORK . . . ALL PLAY WITH

Seeburg Select-o-matic 200 MUSIC SYSTEMS



The Library Unit. For playing through TV, radio or other amplification system. High fidelity pre-amplifier. Spring tension magnetic pickup with genuine diamond styluses. Modern limed oak cabinet.



The Custom Unit. For built-in music systems. Mounted on sturdy, double sliding metal track. High fidelity pre-amplifier. Spring tension magnetic pickup with genuine diamond styluses.



TRUE HIGH FIDELITY GIVES NEW TONAL REALISM

The Console. High fidelity power amplifier (20 watt—20 to 30,000 cps range), high fidelity pre-amplifier, high fidelity dual coaxial speaker. Spring tension magnetic pickup with genuine diamond styluses. Beautiful light Korina or rich mahogany wood cabinet.



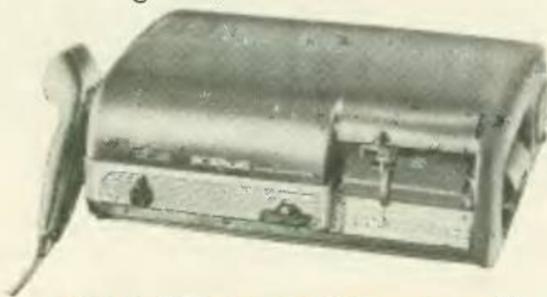
A KEEN observer, the White Queen! Here's a problem every busy executive faces:

The burden of remembering and the fear of forgetting . . .

For all those who have many things they must not forget, must get done . . . we think we have a specific answer.

* It's a dictating machine known the world over as the Dictaphone TIME-MASTER. Here's an electronic Boswell for anyone who wants to remember—without scribbling notes or relying on someone to take shorthand.

The TIME-MASTER is an *executive express* for ideas. Why don't you "make a memorandum" of it? Use the coupon. No obligation, of course.



DICTAPHONE®
makers of the TIME-MASTER
the #1 dictating machine

DICTAPHONE CORPORATION, Dept. G14
420 Lexington Ave., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

Please send me SUCCESS, a free 12-page illustrated booklet.

Name _____

Company _____

Street _____

City & Zone _____ State _____

service career, it is dogma that the regular British naval officer is the dumbest thing in uniform, but the author of that partisan generalization had clearly never met the likes of Gyle, for here was a man whose every look and gesture declared that he could have been nothing but Winchester, Dartmouth, and the Navy, yet who had read as much and could talk as well about any subject as any man I have ever known. The part of his life that was not spent on the bridge of a fighting ship had mostly been spent with a book in his hand, and his knowledge was as wide as his intelligence was high. His reading included Greek humorists, Latin poets, and Chinese philosophers, as well as everything ever written by Damon Runyon. And while he could deliver a two-hour discourse on the recession of the nebulae and showed a thorough understanding of the politics of Bolivia, he was also the worst—or, I should say, the most pertinacious and the best-informed—gossip on the ship.

Despite the thousands of miles Gyle had sailed on whaling ships and the thousands of whales he had seen brought aboard, he still took his job very seriously. One day I happened to be on the flensing deck when a female fin whale that put no strain on the winches was hauled up the skidway. As it lay on the deck and the flensers were attacking it, the second bosun, bearing a notebook, two spikes, and a measuring tape of the kind used by surveyors, emerged from the mate's office. He went to the tail of the whale, counted the notches cut in the stumps of the flukes to identify the responsible whale catcher, jotted the number in his book, and hauled out an old hunter watch from his greasy breeches and noted the time, inevitably glancing skyward and then around the ship, in the way of seamen, as he did so, though no information from those parts was required. He thereupon stuck one of his spikes into the deck, more or less in line with the tail of the whale, tied his measuring tape to it, and walked aft, letting out the tape, to a point more or less in line with the snout, where he stuck in his second spike, read the figure on his tape, and made more notes. At that point, Gyle emerged from the mate's office, also with notebook in hand. He, too, examined the notches in the stump of the tail and noted the time, and, being a seaman himself, glanced automatically around at the weather and at the state of the ship as he did so. Then he picked up the forward spike and, without any comment on his part or that of the

Our featherweight jackets of



COLORFUL, HANDWOVEN IMPORTED INDIA MADRAS



The colorful fabrics are native-dyed in original plaid patterns that blend subtly when hand washed or dry cleaned. Tailored in our popular 3-button, center vent model. Light in weight, easy to pack. Predominant colors: Rust, canary, blue or green. Sizes 38 to 44, regular or long. **\$31.50**

Please add 35c per package on mail orders.

Whitehouse & Hardy

695 Fifth Avenue (at 54th Street)

New York 22, N. Y.

PLaza 9-1225

THE **Escape** HOTEL

AT THE BEACH
FORT LAUDERDALE, FLORIDA

Ocean- and sun-bathing • fresh-water pool • patio and indoor dining • Malay Lounge for cocktails • cheerful, modern, luxurious decor. Everything to make you want to stay on...and on...and on!

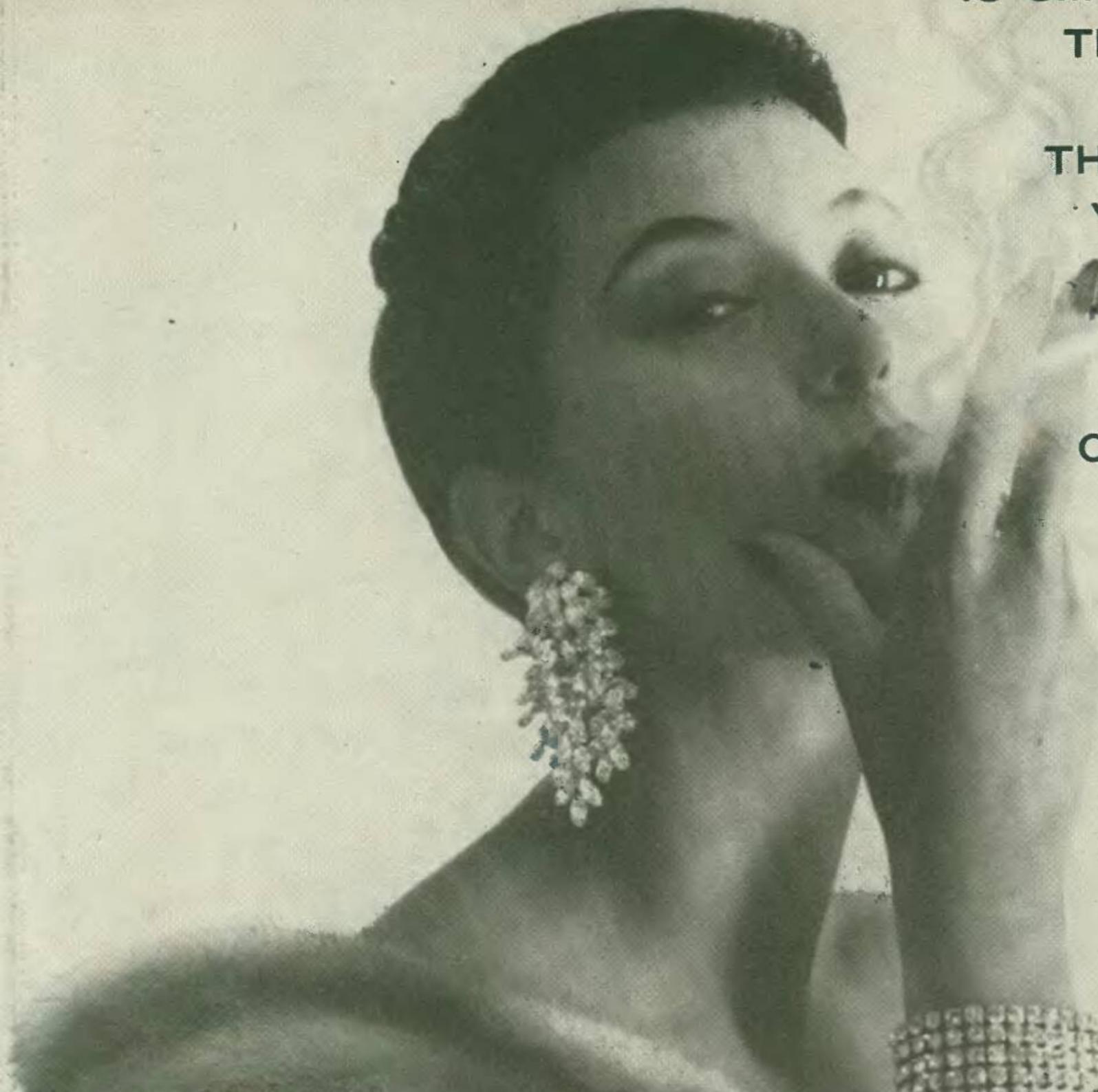
For rates and reservations, see any travel agent or write direct!

anniversary?

serve **MOËT**
the Great Champagne of France

Schieffelin & Co., New York

IS SMOKE
THE
ONLY
THING
YOU
WANT
OUT
OF A
CIGARETTE?



You have a wide choice...if smoke is all you want out of a cigarette.

But if it is your habit to search for something a little better, a little different, then you will be interested in du Maurier.

du Maurier comes to you in a unique box...the only cigarette box of aluminum. It is rather like a light, bright cigarette case that keeps every cigarette in perfect shape.

Through the du Maurier filter—the most widely used filter in the world—you draw a far better, safer, *richer* smoke. du Maurier is a blend of exceptional quality domestic leaf and specially reserved oriental tobaccos.

du Mauriers cost more because more was put into them. Today, when you ask for cigarettes, say “du Maurier”...and see how much more than just a smoke *you* can get out of a cigarette.

when only the best will do...

du MAURIER

the cigarette in the aluminum box



MADE BY COLUMBIA TOBACCO CO., NEW YORK 1, NEW YORK
FOR PETER JACKSON (OVERSEAS) LTD.-E

DU BARRY announces FLATTER-GLO



the fluid make-up
that really does
what you've been hoping
a make-up would do!

- Gives your skin a smooth, "poreless" look!
(never magnifies pores)
- Conceals tiny lines and skin imperfections!
(never looks hard or masky)
- Smooths on quickly, evenly!
(won't cake or streak;
no ugly specks of color)
- Stays fresh and flattering!
(no greasy shine-through)
- Holds beauty-giving moisture in the skin!
(thanks to exclusive
ingredient, "Vibranol")

In skin-flattering shades,
\$1.10 plus tax



by RICHARD HUDNUT of Fifth Avenue

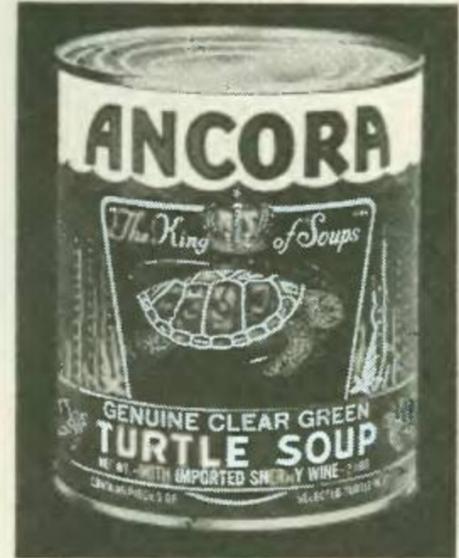
second bosun, who was watching, moved it two feet, to bring it into true line with the whale's tail. Going aft, he moved the other spike eighteen inches, to bring it, too, into true line. Walking forward again, he gave one of the whale's mammary glands a squeeze. A jet of milk shot out, and when this happened, Gyle looked not only disconcerted but angry. He turned to go back to the mate's office, and I followed him. "Who's the gunner of Number Three catcher?" Gyle asked the mate on duty in an abrupt, compelling Royal Navy tone.

"Ogi Jansen's gunner of Number Three," the mate said. "Good gunner, Ogi."

"He may be a good gunner, but he's also a first-class bastard," Gyle said angrily. "I'm logging him at Sandefjord for this one. He's taken me in too often. Five short whales this season, two mysteriously broken whale lines, which were cut as clean as ever I've seen ropes cut, in direct violation of the law about abandoning harpooned whales, and now a short, lactating fin whale!" And I must say I shared some of his anger when I thought of the whale's calf, which, as we were speaking, was swimming the antarctic seas in loneliness, searching for its mother and starving to death.

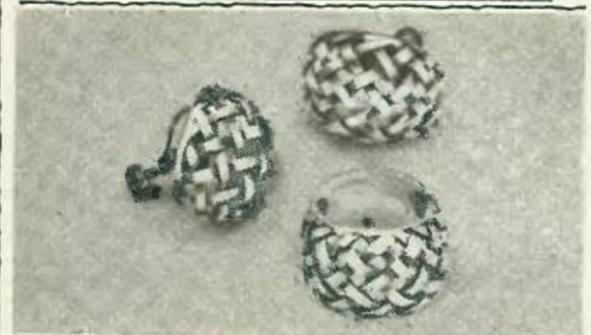
The impetuosity of gunners like Ogi Jansen is undoubtedly encouraged by the bonus they receive for each whale killed—up to fifty dollars, depending on its size. Another factor is the production quota fixed for the expedition by the whaling company. The company arrives at this quota by averaging the ship's production figures for the previous three years. At least half the earnings of all the members of our crew, except the medical and scientific staffs, were dependent on the quota. If we reached it, all hands would be well paid. If we did not, the whaling trip would be almost a dead loss, for the bonus would be small and would not bring the men's wages to anything near what they considered adequate compensation. But—and here was the bait—if the quota was exceeded, the bonus would be automatically increased by fifty per cent, and the whalers would return home with thick wads of money in their pockets. The quota for our expedition this season was 131,000 barrels, or 24,000 tons, of oil, and 3,200 tons of by-products, mainly meat and bone meal. All whale oil today is stored in tanks, not barrels, but the barrel measure is still used in computing quantities of oil. (The price of whale

the King
of Soups



ANCORA
Genuine Clear Green
TURTLE SOUP
with Imported Sherry Wine

Write for booklet of "23 Unusual Soups"
MOORE & CO. SOUPS, INC.,
137 Beekman Street, New York 7, N. Y.



STERLING SILVER RING & EARRINGS

Something Special—Eye-catching basket-weave design in classic dome shape. Smartly styled in handsome Sterling Silver. Perfect for your Valentine too.

Ring...\$3.95, Earrings...\$3.95 pr., Complete Set...\$7.50.

Send ring size or measure with string. Satisf. guar. Send cash, check or m.o. For COD send \$2 deposit.

RUTH BRAWER BOX 4035, DEPT. 7-Y
TUCSON, ARIZONA

Monroe FOLDING BANQUET TABLES



If you are on the board of your school or church, or on the house or purchasing committee of your club or lodge, you will be interested in this modern, Folding Pedestal Banquet Table. Write for catalog & special discounts.

THE MONROE COMPANY 198 CHURCH ST. COLFAX, IOWA

Mothersills

The fast-acting
aid in preventing
and relieving
Travel Sickness.
for Adults & Children



THE WORLD OVER

oil is currently around a hundred and ninety-five dollars a ton.)

One cannot spend five minutes in the officers' saloon of a factory ship—or anywhere else on board, for that matter—without hearing at least a dozen references to barrels of oil and to Kværner cookers, which are used to boil the oil out of whale tissue and are something like a housewife's pressure cooker but about ten feet high and twenty feet across. In the officers' saloon of our ship, this shoptalk inevitably began as soon as Old Burnett, the ship's chief engineer, entered for a meal. "How many barrels yesterday, Mansell?" he would always shout across the table to our chief production officer the moment he sat down. Mansell would reply acidly that our score the day before had been only a thousand or so but that we could easily double that if Burnett's department would supply some decent water and a proper head of steam, and would do something about No. 2 Starboard Kværner, which had been on the bum since we took our first whale. MacDonald, the factory engineer, would then rise to his chief's defense, remarking that it was difficult to keep machinery working when a half-witted mate allowed his flensers to put anything from wire ropes to unexploded harpoon grenades into the Kværners along with the blubber. Evans, the chemist, would take Mansell's part, and swear that there was more rust and lubricating oil than whale oil in the samples he had tested that morning. And so it would go.

One day, I arranged to spend an afternoon with Mansell and MacDonald below decks in the intricate maze of the factory, so that I could see something of the working of the machinery they argued over so passionately. The factory was "on full cook"—that is, going all out—during our visit. There were eight whales in the Kværners and four more up on deck. Some eighty men were at work around the Kværners, mostly watching dials and regulating valves. The leading cooker—a man very high in the whaling hierarchy—was a small, alert Norwegian Jew, who, in addition to the important part he played in reducing whales to their component parts, was our expedition's accredited representative of the Norwegian Seamen's Union. Every conversation I ever had with him on that trip, whether it began with a discussion of his asthmatic symptoms or of the ideal gear ratio for a revolving pressure boiler, ended in our talking about labor-management rela-

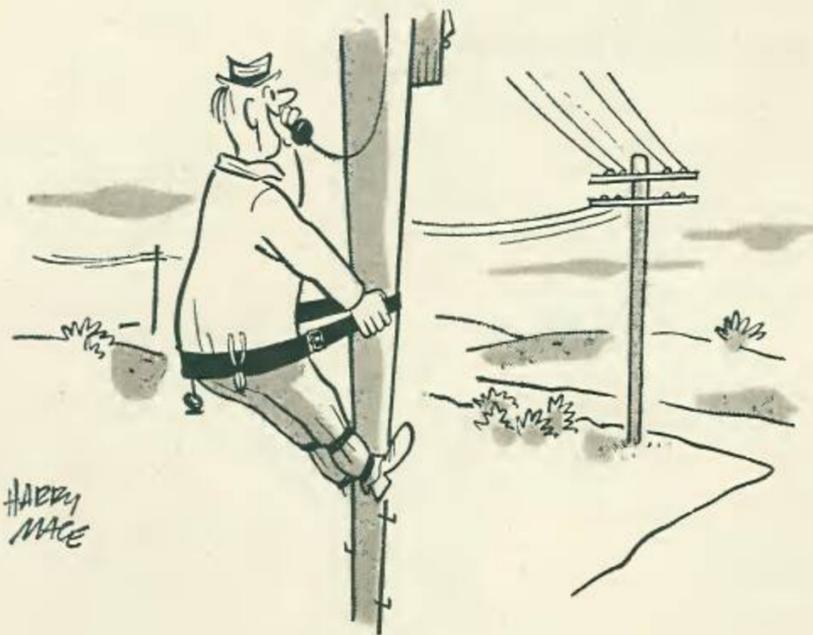


HEADING FOR THE SUN?

We have a vast selection of leisure wear . . . handsome accessories from casual shirts to tropical evening dress attire. And everything under the sun in smart beachwear. Illustrated: our natural color pongee silk leisure jacket. Small, medium, large, extra large. \$49.50

A. Sulka & Company

661 FIFTH AVENUE AT 52 STREET, NEW YORK 2 SOUTH MICHIGAN AVE. AT MADISON, CHICAGO
2 RUE DE CASTIGLIONE, PARIS 160 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON
305 WORTH AVENUE, PALM BEACH



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

(Advertisement)

AT LAST YOU CAN BE AN INVESTOR FOR ONLY \$40 A MONTH!

That's right. You can start buying stocks on our "pay-as-you-go" plan for just \$40 a month—or even \$40 every three months.

How does the plan work?

You tell us how much you'd like to sign up for. It can be any amount from \$40 to \$999—every month or every three months.

Then tell us which stock or stocks you'd like to buy. You have your choice of nearly 1100 common stocks on the New York Stock Exchange.

When we get your first money order or check, we buy the stock you want and send you a confirmation or receipt by return mail, showing what the stock cost and how much commission you paid.

How much does it cost to buy stocks?

On purchases of \$100 or less, the commission is a flat 6%. Over \$100, it's \$3 plus 1%—with a minimum of \$6.

Thus, if you set aside \$200 every 3 months, you'd pay the minimum commission of \$6 or about 3%. And if you could send in as much as \$999 each time, your commission would never be more than 1.3%.

The only other cost is the small charge that always applies under Stock Exchange rules when stocks are sold in less than 100 share lots—12½ cents a share for stocks selling under \$40, and 25 cents a share for those selling at \$40 or more.

There are no other charges. No "management" fees. No interest or service charges of any kind.

But suppose I send in \$40 for a stock selling at \$29.25 a share. What happens to the money left over?

Well, it's just like getting 40 cents worth of gas at 29¼ cents a gallon. You buy one full share of stock and part of another.

What about dividends?

If you own 4/5ths of a share, you're entitled to 4/5ths of the dividend. If you own a full share, you get the full dividend.

Now how long do I have to sign up for?

Any period you like from one year to five.

What happens if I miss a payment?

Nothing. In fact you can miss three or four and we'll still keep your account open.

And if you ever feel that you have to withdraw from the plan, that won't cost you a penny either. We simply close your account and send you whatever stocks or dividends we may be holding—plus full cash value for any partial shares.

How do I get started?

Just fill out the coupon below, and we'll send you a membership blank together with our booklet which gives you complete details on the Monthly Investment Plan.

Without obligation, please send me your booklet and a membership blank in the Monthly Investment Plan.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY & STATE _____ SB-2

**MERRILL LYNCH,
PIERCE, FENNER & BEANE**

70 Pine Street, New York 5, N. Y.
Offices in 106 Cities

"Invest—for the better things in life"

tions. He had his men strongly behind him—so much so that before the voyage was over, I got to calling on him, rather than on the chief officer, to arbitrate differences between the medical department and the workers on the ship.

The extracting and separating machinery did not by any means constitute the whole of the factory, for below were two more decks, filled with devices for drying, processing, and sorting, and below them were the tanks and holds in which our loot was stored. Our tour of the factory finished in a meat-meal hold, where thousands of sacks of dried whale lay stacked and still, ton upon ton, from deck to deckhead. There was a queer, spooky atmosphere in this mausoleum; although ten thousand tons of machinery were banging away within a few hundred feet all around us, we found ourselves in absolute silence except for the swishing of the Antarctic Ocean against the keel plates on which we stood. I felt strange and indefinable emotions as I reflected that this immense heap of inert matter had lately been feeding and sporting in that sea—some of it a month ago, some of it a few hours ago.

AT Christmastime, our ship had a real blowout. All hands downed tools, and for twenty-four hours there was pandemonium on the polar sea. The catchers came in on Christmas Eve—not to bring whales but to scrounge whatever bottles of alcoholic cheer they could from friends with private stills or hidden supplies of whiskey aboard. Then a convenient gale sprang up, which made all whaling impossible for a day or two, even had there been anyone fit to do it, and the whole fleet, including the factory, hove to in the lee of an iceberg as big as Manhattan.

The celebration got under way stiffly and formally, and this, according to Gyle, was a most ominous sign. At eleven in the morning of Christmas Day, all the top officers assembled at the expedition manager's behest in the smoking room, wearing collars and ties for the first time since the ship had left European waters. Standing uncomfortably around, we drank two vapid "company cocktails" supplied by the chief steward, and cautiously broached a bottle or two from the manager's private bond. Our conversation was subdued and elegant, and an observer might have thought that the guests were the elders of a Presbyterian kirk instead of a bunch of tough whaling men about to begin their annual binge in the ice. Once, Old

BAUBLES, BANGLES AND JADE BEADS



1800 the pair white jade, carved
2250 the pair green jade, plain
Federal Tax included

for your Valentine—perfect spheres of carved white or plain apple green Chinese jade... wondrously wrapped in gold-filled wire and dangling from a glamorous gold-filled mounting. Gift your Lady Love with these on St. Valentine's Day... she'll be yours forevermore!

shown actual size exclusively ours

GUMP'S

250 POST STREET
SAN FRANCISCO 8

mail orders given prompt attention
add 3% sales tax in California



The Way of a Bridesmaid... yarn-dyed acetate taffeta... neckline of self leaves. To order, \$29.95.

Henri Bendel

From our collection for BRIDES AND BRIDESMAIDS,
fifth floor. 10 WEST 57 NEW YORK 19 NY



Eight drawer cabinets in birch or walnut from **\$148.00**
four and twelve drawer cabinets also available

klaus grabe

719 LEXINGTON AVE. • PL 3-7744
OPEN DAILY AND SATURDAY TO 6 • THURSDAY TO 9

(Advertisement)

Burnett mentioned the word "barrels," but disapproving "tut-tut"s from the decorous gentlemen around him shut him up more effectively than the blasphemous rejoinders his fellow-whalemen normally made to his interminable talk of oil.

About noon, Mansell brought the manager's cocktail party to an abrupt end by announcing, in his usual bellow, "Now we all go and have a drink!" In his cabin, and in a dozen lesser meeting places throughout the ship, the real celebration began. In the officers' quarters, callers started arriving from the lower deck. It was a privilege of the bosun, the second bosun, and three or four other leading personalities of the deck and the factory to call on every officer and wish him a merry Christmas, and it was an ungenerous, and unwise, officer who sent them away without the customary tot. Led by Adamson, that pillar of sobriety on normal occasions, the little procession had made its way in leisurely fashion through the after quarters of the ship, had negotiated the long, pitching deck with a most unseamanlike gait, and was now paying calls on the officers in the forward quarters. The visitors arrived in Mansell's room just as he was opening his first bottle, and in a few minutes they were all at their ease and comfortably disposed around the cabin. The motion of the ship in the gale was violent, and in Mansell's cabin, furniture, ornaments, and frequently an unsteady seaman were being pitched about. Nobody seemed to notice it; not a hand was stretched out to save Mansell's books and pictures, or even his guests, from crashing into the bulkhead. But I noticed one curious reflex action among the old seamen: Each time the ship lurched sharply, a dozen hands reached out to prevent the bottle from sliding off the table. The table itself might glide away altogether, but the bottle would be safe in the middle of the chaos, held upright by many large hands.

The conversation was revealing. For once, whaling seemed to be a for-

Sleepy heads -



Go PULLMAN

Comfortable, convenient and safe!



His 66-year-old dream can come true for you...

WAY BACK in 1888, in his startling book "Looking Backward," Edward Bellamy predicted: "If we could have devised an arrangement for providing everybody with music in their homes, perfect in quality, unlimited in quantity, suited to every mood, and beginning and ceasing at will, we should have considered the limit of human felicity already attained."

HIS WISH HAS COME TRUE IN THE

Stromberg-Carlson

"CUSTOM FOUR HUNDRED" HIGH FIDELITY



Music reproduction equipment—bringing radio or recorded music into your home with such fantastic fidelity you'll swear the artist or orchestra is in the room with you!

FREE BOOKLET TELLS ALL
Stromberg-Carlson has prepared a booklet—"So You Like Good Music"—to take all the "mystery" out of high fidelity... to tell you how to shop for it... what to buy... how to fit it into your home and your budget. Mail coupon below.

Stromberg-Carlson

SOUND EQUIPMENT DIVISION
1226 Clifford Ave., Rochester 21, N. Y.

Please send me, free of charge:

- Your booklet on Hi-Fi music
- My dealer's name

Name:.....

Address:.....

hidden topic. The men talked of the Second World War—a subject that was practically never mentioned on other occasions, even though nearly every man on the expedition had been in it up to his neck for six years. Victor, the deck storeman, who was a former divinity student and a bridge player of international repute, sat with Gyle, discussing cricket. MacDonald and the chief electrician argued the merits of Rudyard Kipling as a poet, and the second radio operator hauled a copy of "The Oxford Book of English Verse" out of his pocket to help them decide a point at issue. The manager, bored with his own diminishing party, presently joined us, and was soon in a discussion with the bosun about rug-making, a form of amusement that occupied them both in their leisure time. Our host, Mansell, was trying hard to dissuade Old Burnett from giving a sermon on the evils of drink, which was his custom whenever whiskey got into his dark, Calvinistic soul and tempted him to join the people around him who were enjoying themselves. I found myself talking with one of our toughest gunners, who confided—threatening me with sudden death if I told the others—that his ambition was to make enough money to buy a small sheep farm in New Zealand and settle down.

At three o'clock, by which time nearly everybody on the ship had visited Mansell's unofficial social center, we broke up the party and went to the saloon for Christmas dinner. The room had been decorated in the traditional way, with all the tinsel and streamers and greenery that could be found; the two tables were covered with the usual cotton snow, sugar cookies, and silver bells and angels; and we sat down beneath two huge flags—one British, the other Norwegian—with an imitation Christmas tree between them. "What a lot of damned rot!" commented Old Burnett as the men began to put foolish paper hats on their heads and the usual sounds of gaiety arose from the tables. "It's plain ridiculous to interrupt the work of the ship to pretend we're enjoying ourselves amongst all these damned-fool decorations!" But I knew that the best of the decorations—bunches of daffodils set off by green ferns, and the only real flowers anywhere within a thousand miles of that patch of ocean—had been grown from bulbs by Old Burnett himself, and I was well aware of the care and trouble he had gone to and the acute anxiety he had suffered during the past few days lest they should not be in full bloom for the



as New York itself

Just as there is only ONE New York, there is only one hotel with the distinctive character and individuality of The Biltmore. In service, in atmosphere, in quiet luxury, The Biltmore stands in a class by itself, a traditional favorite with visitors who prefer the best New York has to offer.

Direct elevator from Grand Central Terminal



The **Biltmore**

Madison Ave. at 43rd St., New York 17
Teletype N.Y. 1-3494

Frank W. Regan, Pres. David J. Martin, Vice Pres.

COCKTAIL SHERRY

One of more than 40 wines in the Widmer Line



The driest of Widmer's four great sheries. Fragrant and nutty. An excellent aperitif. Served chilled or at cellar temperature.

WIDMER'S

NEW YORK STATE WINES
WIDMER'S WINE CELLARS, INC., NAPLES, N.Y.

a tradition of
Comfort • Fine Food
Gracious Service



Near all terminals and shopping district. Big, beautiful outside rooms, many with air conditioning and Television. Four famous restaurants. Very friendly rates



Thomas J. Kelley II
Managing Director
TELETYPE NY1-3265

Manager HOTEL

Christmas-dinner tables. The dinner was a success, chiefly because most of those who could do so had contributed a bottle or two and because Mansell kept one table roaring with laughter as he bellowed out slanderous and shockingly detailed stories of the love life of three gunners who were present as guests. The other table was similarly amused by Archibald, the radioman, who was a humorist of equal skill but of finer and more deadly technique. He was busy attacking the British Navy, and Gyle was putting up a scintillating and ribald defense.

There was something lacking, however, and, gay though it appeared on the surface, our Christmas feast down in the lee of that iceberg was fundamentally pathetic. The food was good—cauliflower soup with seaweed in it, then *lutefisk* (Norwegian salt fish soaked for days in caustic soda) or turkey, for those who could not face that Norwegian culinary horror, and, finally, plum duff saturated with the company's brandy. But silences fell now and again as this gang of tough men looked around and saw only one another, flushed with whiskey, wearing absurd hats, and making artificial fun. I could not help feeling that just one woman at that dinner—even one fat and fiftyish old housekeeper—would have made it a festive triumph, but in her absence it was impossible to obliterate the slightly hollow note in the merriment.

At the end of the dinner, the manager rose and gave us a toast: "Gentlemen, the King!" We all rose and drank, and then sat down. The manager thereupon rose again and gave us another toast: "Gentlemen, the King!" Once more we all solemnly stood and drank. By tactfully not specifying whether he was giving us George of England or Haakon of Norway, the manager allowed us to toast the Kings in the order of our individual preference.

The meal over, I went aft to my cabin and took a nap. Two hours later, when I awakened, the weather had subsided but the ship was still hove to in the shelter of the iceberg. I got up and went to the sick bay to see what was doing. There I found that my assistant, Sigurd, had just finished sewing up a scalp and was applying compresses to a broken nose—the first Scottish and the second Norwegian.

"Is there a war going on?" I asked. "It was declared about an hour ago," Sigurd replied, with a grin. "I think Norway is winning."

I wanted more information before



Ear Clips, platinum; marquise and round diamonds \$2,900.*
 Feather Clip, platinum; baguettes and pear-shaped diamonds \$4,500.*
 Bracelet, platinum; marquise and round diamonds \$6,900.*

*Prices Include Fed. Tax

VAN CLEEF & ARPELS

World-Famous French Jewelers

744 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Dallas • Palm Beach • Newport • Paris • Monte Carlo • Cannes • Deauville

The Bernadotte chair with self-adjusting back
 Designed in Denmark by Count Bernadotte for John Stuart Inc.

JOHN STUART INC.

Send \$1. dept. Y—John Stuart Inc. 4th Av. at 32 St. N. Y. for "The Gold Book" 231 photographs of Exceptional Furniture
 ASK YOUR DEALER OR DECORATOR FOR JOHN STUART FURNITURE

the
new shirt
on your back... is a
dress!
our "Shirt-Tale" \$17.95



Our "Shirt-Tale" is a story of travel and motion... of ease and relaxation. Finely tailored by HAYMAKER with full yoked back, cinched with its own self wrap belt. In pale blue, pink, pumpkin, khaki, or turquoise broadcloth (long sleeves, French-cuffed) and in gingham checks (short sleeves) or assorted stripes (short sleeves or long sleeves). Sizes 8 to 16. \$17.95

MAIL OR PHONE ORDERS
Please Give Second Color Choice

John Haymaker
NEW YORK 3, N. Y.

Postage Prepaid Anywhere in the United States

viewing the conflict, so I rang up Gyle on the ship's phone. Battle had been joined in the passageways, he told me, at about two bells. The combat did not seem to be strictly international in nature; in fact, the *casus belli* was believed by the neutral faction to be a remark made by a Norwegian flenser to a Norwegian gunner to the effect that the latter shot nothing but short whales. At that, Mickey, the Irish plumber, had foreseen trouble, so he had hit the nearest Scots Presbyterian and then leaped upon an English steward. "And now," Gyle said, "there's a bit of blood swilling in the scuppers, but they haven't got out the flensing knives yet."

Thus briefed, I went to have a look, and arrived just at the climax. The combatants, about thirty in number, had fought their way out onto the main deck, and were filling Hell's Gates with murderous cries and the sound of blows. There were some shouts savoring of nationalism, such as "You bloody Scots! You no good!" and "Let the Norski squareheads have it, boys!," but in other instances Norwegian was locked in battle with Norwegian, and Scot with Scot.

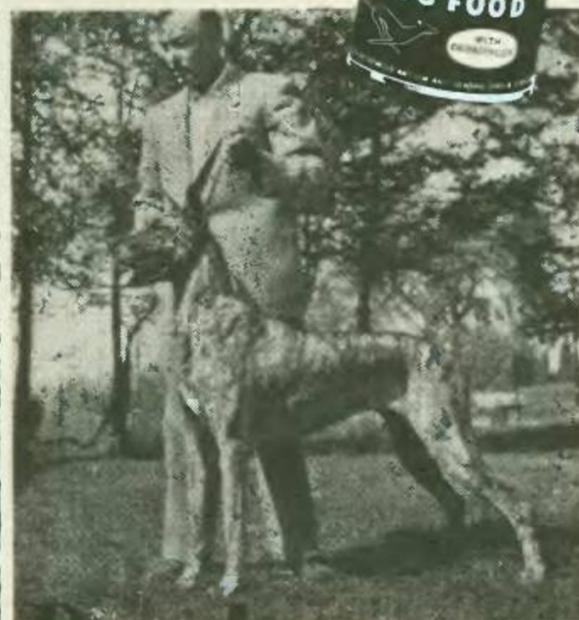
Then Adamson arrived, and he didn't wait to read the Merchant Shipping Act, or even to call for order, but immediately set about treating the neutral observers to a sight that I, for one, had always wanted to see—a bosun dealing with an unruly crew in the old-fashioned bosun's way. He grabbed a man on the outskirts of the fray; there was a dull "plunk," and the man lay unconscious on the deck. Adamson reached his enormous paw farther into the battlefield for another combatant. There was another "plunk," and another man lay down in the scuppers. A third was pulled out of the melee, and this time Adamson addressed him before knocking him out of the brawl. "I'll have none of this racial animosity on my ship!" he said. Then "plunk." After he had disposed of three or four more in this fashion, the fight came to an end. The remaining warriors withdrew to places well out of his reach, while the unlucky ones who had fallen as examples before his disciplinary fist began to pick themselves up and crawl away.

When the battlefield was cleared, we neutral spectators and Adamson decided upon a drink, so we went back to Mansell's cabin to end our Christmas Day. We found Gyle there. "Well, Adam, did you win again this year?" he asked.

"I don't know what will happen on

**Feed your dog like this
Dash-fed champion!**

Champion Zodiac of Starview is Dash-fed to help maintain his superb condition and gentle disposition. Your dog, too, deserves Dash—it's fortified with liver, richest of all meats, to help him *look and feel* his best!

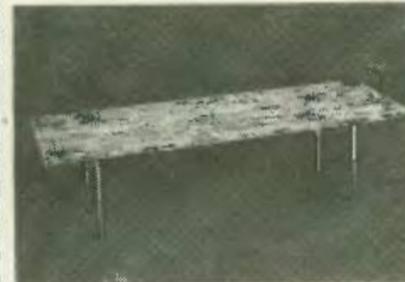


Dash is fortified
with **LIVER!**

CONTAINS CHLOROPHYLLIN — Stops Doggy Odors

996-998 1st Ave. at 55th ST, NYC • MU 8-6827

rene **BRANCUSI**
company incorporated



Modern
marble
craftsmen in
wrought iron,
brass and
wood

**Classic beauty in
contemporary terms**
Regal Italian marble atop a gracefully tapered solid brass base of our own design. 16" high with 60" x 20" top of either Carrara or Travertine marble 88.00 Other tables, of your own design if you choose. 15.00 to 300.00

No c.o.d.'s; shipping & crating charges collect.

**THE
LODGE**
at Smugglers' Notch
STOWE Vermont

Gracious Ski living. Renowned cuisine, wine cellar, cocktail lounge, game rooms, dancing. Famous Ski School. Write or Tel. 6-3311. Nicholas V. Mara, Mgr.

this ship the year I lose," Adamson said. "Anyway, gentlemen, it's been a good Christmas. Quieter than most years, though." —R. B. ROBERTSON

(This is the third of a series of four articles about life aboard a whaling factory.)

ANSWERS TO HARD QUESTIONS

I am having terrible trouble with my sister. She insists on hanging nylons and lingerie on my xylophone. I have told her repeatedly that the dampness from her garments does nothing for the tone of the instrument, but it seems to do no good. She always says that the xylophone shouldn't be in the bathroom in the first place. I should think by the time a man is 32 years old he knows where the acoustics are good and where they aren't. How can I convince my sister that she is being unreasonable?

J. B. S.

—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The problem of the xylophone in the bathroom is as old as the bathroom itself; in fact, it goes back to the palaces of the Aegean civilization, many of which were equipped with rather elaborate baths and a xylophone in every bath. Your sister is behaving the way so many barbarians have behaved in the past, people who overthrew highly developed civilizations such as your bathroom typifies. "Xylophone" is a Greek word meaning "wood sound," and bathing was an important function in the life of the Greeks. The Greeks were obsessionists as well as percussionists; the men wouldn't take a bath at all if there was anything on the xylophone, even a fillet. They would rather go dirty. You're made of the same stuff, apparently. Rome had its baths, too, but the Romans were different in their habits. The bather undressed and left his clothes in the *apodyterium*. He oiled up, bathed, and then was scraped with *strigiles*. (Those were the sticks of the xylophone.) It's possible that if you fixed your sister up with an *apodyterium*, she might come to her senses and leave her clothes there. But it doesn't necessarily follow. Women are funny. Your sister's contention that the xylophone shouldn't be in the bathroom illuminates the amazing rigidity of the female mind and belongs with a vast body of feminine prejudices: the lacrosse stick shouldn't be in the broom closet, the photographic developing fluid shouldn't be in the roasting pan, the Indian clubs shouldn't be in the vestibule. One could go on indefinitely with the list. You asked how you can convince your sister that she is being unreasonable. Have you ever tried wrapping her toothbrush in electrician's tape?

"Someone lovely* just passed by!"



*Someone wearing

Intoxication
D'ORSAY

PARFUM \$3 TO \$35 (PLUS TAX)



festive
Scandinavia
DENMARK · NORWAY · SWEDEN

- Enjoy the international **Scandinavian Festivals**, the world's best artistry plus the verve and color of Scandinavia's folklore.
- Royal Danish Ballet Festival**
Copenhagen, May 25-31
- Bergen Festival of Music
Drama and Folklore**
June 1-15
- Stockholm Festival of
Music, Ballet and Opera**
June 2-9
- Sibelius Music Festival**
Helsinki, June 10-18

Come in glorious Springtime to sparkling Scandinavia . . . ideal gateway to Europe. Enjoy the majestic fjords and waterfalls . . . colorful folk traditions . . . medieval walled cities . . . picturesque fairy-tale towns.

Come when the Midnight Sun adds extra hours for travel. Discover why these ancient Viking lands win admiration as a modern workshop of democracy.

A hearty welcome awaits you in these Lands of Sunlit Nights. So easy to reach by air and sea. Wonderful food, shopping, entertainment. English spoken everywhere. See your travel agent and mail coupon. Come this Spring when "the swing is to Europe."



Scandinavian National Travel Commission
Dept. A-6, Box 80, New York 10, N. Y.
Please send colorful booklets.

name _____
street _____
city _____ state _____



POST-MORTEM

IN "The Starcross Story," a very British contribution that closed after a single performance, Diana Morgan, its author, wished to say that in an age that has lost sight of its goals it is conceivably better to follow a false star than to have no star at all. This proposition may be more or less debatable (Hitler, Mussolini, and the successive Russian sorcerers will probably occur to the class), but it is at least an interesting point, and it seems a pity to have to report that Miss Morgan succeeded only in reducing it

to nagging triviality. The language she chose to employ was a vexing combination of high-flown balderdash ("Immortality for him lay always just over the rim of the world") and threadbare clichés. Her humor was almost uniformly dismaying, including such samples as "You're an escapist," "No, I'm a Presbyterian;" "You look like death warmed over;" a hamstrung variation of the quip about calling a spade a spade; and several dozen other old friends, of equally numbing impact. Her narrative method was curiously dat-

ed and naïve, producing, for instance, a sequence in which the heroine was doggedly put in possession of a great many facts about her husband's past by the device of having her listen to a synopsis of a moving picture that was to be made about his life. There was some attempt to take the curse off this tedious procedure by splitting the exposition up among several characters, but it remained a striking example of maladroit technique, and the rest of the evening was not on a noticeably more inspired level.

The plot may need a little separate investigation. Fifteen years before the opening of the play, Christian Starcross and four followers had died, apparently within sight of their goal, on an expedition to Tibet. Thanks largely to the untiring efforts of his widow, he had become a legendary hero, and it was almost inevitable that a film company should undertake his biography. Lady Starcross and three of the other bereft ladies were agreeable to this notion, and it was about to be carried out when Anne Meredith, who had been engaged to another member of the party, appeared and set herself to gumming up the works. For one thing, it came out that she had been the lost leader's mistress (he had been in the habit of addressing her as his mouse), and naturally this circumstance was rather distasteful to his relict. For another, the girl was the recipient of a letter from her dying fiancé in which he stated that, far from being the nation's dream, Starcross had actually been a ruthless monomaniac, who had knowingly conducted his companions on a fatal journey to nowhere. Lady Starcross, as it happened, had been aware of these facts all along (there was some complex business about a misdirected letter that needn't concern us here), but she was reluctant to have them brought out into the open, since her whole life had been given to bolstering the myth, and there was also the matter of her young daughter, who had grown up in the belief that her father was incomparable among men. However, the whole embarrassing truth eventually came out, right down to the mortifying disclosure that the scoundrel's name hadn't been Christian Starcross at all but a plebeian Leonard Williams, and it seemed for a while that it might be more discreet to abandon the picture. Fortunately, though, there were deeper thinkers in the house, and it was decided that a finer service would be rendered to posterity by letting the lie live on. This was consoling to everybody, ex-



"KISMET"

This dashing figure is Alfred Drake, who plays the vagabond poet in the musical version of Edward Knoblock's old melodrama, and the comparatively subdued young lady is Doretta Morrow, as his daughter. At the Ziegfeld.

"It's a **LIGHT, MILD** Scotch"



Preferred by Sportsmen the world over...

"Quality Tells!"



Imported by PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS CORP., NEW YORK • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF

How hard does a Senator work?

You'll learn from this month's HOLIDAY that most United States Senators work very hard indeed.

You'll also learn and unlearn much else about your Senate. It is called the World's Most Exclusive Club. (It isn't.) Its members have been called a number of things, from Monster to Unprintable. (They're not.) It is sometimes referred to as the greatest legislative body in the world. (It might very well be.)

All this is in an article by Blair Moody, who not only was and is a crack newspaperman, but who was and isn't a Senator. (A Washington correspondent appointed to fill out the term of the deceased Senator Vandenberg.)

It's the most enlightened and enlightening Senate piece we've ever seen, another in the HOLIDAY series on great American institutions, another example of HOLIDAY's knack of fitting writer to subject.

* * * * *

Also in the February issue are articles on: *New England Winter, Montego Bay, Nisei Returns, Warm Springs, The New Somerset Maugham, California Snow Boom, Sarasota, The Lost Americans and Baghdad.*

cept, of course, the mistress, who should have had enough sense to keep her mouth shut in the first place.

The ladies principally entrusted with delivering this message were Eva Le Gallienne, who, as Lady Starcross, conducted herself in a haggard, tight-lipped fashion that was probably well suited to her role, and Mary Astor, who, as her rival, appeared very decorative but rather dense. They were assisted by Anthony Ross, as a dyspeptic but high-minded film producer; Una O'Connor, as a maid, who issued the Presbyterian joke, along with several like it; Lynn Bailey, as the Starcross daughter; Christopher Plummer, as a young film director, who courted her in a perfunctory sort of way; and Margaret Bannerman, Philippa Bevans, and Doris Patston, as three extremely talkative widows. Their performances were all commendable, but I rather wished that John C. Wilson, their director, had instructed a little more economy in the matter of gestures.

ALTHOUGH it has its effective moments, "Bullfight," at the Theatre de Lys, down on Christopher Street, struck me on the whole as tedious, murky, and irritatingly mannered in its production. There is a place, of course, for experimental offerings in New York, and this one probably deserved its hearing, but I'm afraid I have to note that there is almost nothing in it for the pleasure seeker and very little for the serious student. Summarized as briefly as possible, the Leslie Stevens play focusses on Domingo del Cristóbal Salamanca, a man of exalted Spanish lineage who had some success in the bull rings of Mexico until he was gored and obliged to retire. He goes to the United States and, returning at the opening of the play, reports that he has picked up a glamorous reputation there as a prizefighter, a moving-picture star, and a lion with the ladies. These triumphs were terminated, or so he says, only by the fact that in America it is necessary to cooperate with gangsters, and this course was naturally repugnant to one of Castilian blood.

Back home on the family ranch in Mexico, he is humiliated to learn that his younger brother, Esteban, has married a peon woman and that the house is overrun by the members of her family and their deplorable friends. The wife's father, indeed, is in charge of Esteban's debut as a bullfighter and proposes to bring the boy along in a cautious and typically peasant fashion. Domingo is anxious to correct this degrading situation, and, thanks to his worldly charm



NOTHING QUITE LIKE THEM!

Knorr-Swiss
IMPORTED
SOUP MIXES



Imported
FROM SWITZERLAND
MADE IN
CONTINENTAL KITCHENS!

IMPORTERS
CRESCA COMPANY, 111 EIGHTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 11

Quiet...
AS A PIN DROP



QUIET CONDITIONED ROOMS
HOTEL
Mayfair
ST. LOUIS

Teletype
SL 139

fly **LAI**
to **EUROPE**

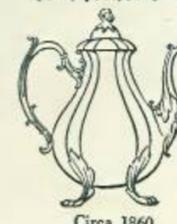


De luxe DIPLOMAT... thrifty
Douglas DC-6 Tourist flights
from New York to PARIS •
MILAN • ROME • with time-
saving LAI CONVAIR connec-
tions in Milan or Rome to prin-
cipal cities in Europe and to the
Mediterranean borderlands.



See your Travel Agent or
ITALIAN AIRLINES-LAI
LINEE AEREE ITALIANE
15 East 51st St., N. Y. 22, MU 8-3700

Is Mother's Old Tea Set Worth Saving?



New Booklet helps you to discover Value in your old or modern Silverplate — tells about Antiquity, kind of Metal, Craftsmanship and Sheffield. Send 25c for "American Silverplate — Its Value and Restoration."

Don Parker, Silversmithing
CHESHIRE 4, CONN.

Circa 1860

and dashing reputation, he is presently successful in cowing his in-laws and also in taking over the handling of his brother's career. Everything is going very well for him, in fact, when rumors crop up to the effect that he was neither a fighter nor an actor nor a great lover in New York but simply a pimp, hanging out in cheap night clubs. This revelation is inevitably damaging, but he regains enough hold on his brother so that he is still in the younger man's corner, or whatever the phrase is, when he goes into the arena, and his professional influence is such that he persuades the boy to indulge in some fancy capework, which results in his death.

The message in all this is presumably that Domingo's pride and courage died when he was gored himself, and that there is nothing left in him except an instinct to destroy the memory of them as represented by his brother. The trouble with it dramatically, I think, is that no character on the stage is ever fully and coherently developed. It is stated that Domingo was once a great man, but there is no evidence of past grandeur, or even competence, in anything he says or does; his brother's wife, who is the first to see him for what he is, is undoubtedly intended to be a symbol of all the peasant virtues, but she conveys little beyond stupidity and bad temper; her sister, who manages to get seduced by Domingo, seems so clearly nymphomaniac at the start that her ruin is somewhat more comic than affecting; and Esteban's fatal admiration for his brother is wholly unaccountable from beginning to end. It is possible, I guess, to deduce what the author intended his people to be, but it calls for a fairly majestic effort and I doubt if many of you would care to make it. In addition to this basic defect, the form in which the story is told is so halting and repetitious, a matter of such fitful stops and starts, that it is often a severe tax on the patience; the direction, especially in the many crowd scenes, is cloudy and unfocussed; and the meagre scenery, usually so intelligently handled in these low-budget productions, is hard to identify and generally rather drab and unsatisfactory. While Hurd Hatfield, as Domingo, is the center of the action and does as well as might be expected with this curiously shapeless part, the only really interesting performances for me were those given by Mario Alcalde, whose Esteban had an occasional vitality against dismaying odds, and a young actress named Loretta Leverage, who showed great charm and promise in the idiotically written role of the ravished girl.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS



4 EXCLUSIVE NEW FEATURES
for 2, 3, 4 players... or solitaire
\$2, \$3, \$5 at all leading stores

ANOTHER FAMOUS PARKER GAME



In the tea-drinking land of England people prefer

LYONS TEA

SO IT MUST BE BETTER TEA

the only tea bag in America imported from England.

Delicate • Fragrant • Robust



J. LYONS & CO. Ltd. — London, by appointment
Caterers to the late King George VI

J. Lyons & Co. Inc. 812 Jersey Ave., Jersey City 2, N. J.



WIDDICOMB

DESIGNED BY T. H. ROBSJOHN-GIBBINGS



FOR BROCHURE SEND 10¢ WIDDICOMB FURNITURE CO., GRAND RAPIDS
NEW YORK CHICAGO LOS ANGELES



Light and Dry poof!

Time was when ale was a man's drink. Now most ale and beer seems to be competing to see just how ladylike a beverage can be. Degrading, isn't it!

Now, from Canada, comes relief. A rich, mellow, satisfying brew that packs all the authority of an ancient tradition. Matter of fact, the first Molson's Ale dates from 1786. The same family have been brewing Molson's on the same site in Montreal ever since. Today it is Canada's most asked-for brand.

You won't find Molson's just anywhere in New York, but if you demand it in a gruff voice in the right places you'll exercise your right to know what a man's ale tastes like.

You can enjoy Molson's at home, too. Call Mid-City Distributors, 568 11th Ave., New York, N.Y., BRyant-9-2065 for name of nearest grocer or delicatessen. Serve Molson's at the correct temperature—about 45°—and discover the true bouquet of hops.



"NORTH AMERICA'S OLDEST BREWERY"

MUSICAL EVENTS

Bringing Up Boris



MOUSSORGSKY'S "Boris Godunov," as anyone who looks up its history can learn, exists only as a magnificent dramatic idea for which a gifted but technically ill-equipped composer wrote some rather disjointed music, parts of it so inspired as to rank among the greatest moments in operatic literature but most of it so awkwardly put together as to be virtually unperformable. Actually, the so-called original "Boris Godunov" that is so often talked about is a sort of half-realized myth—fragments of a massive and noble tapestry that must be stitched together somehow by somebody if it is to make an intelligible whole. The tremendous task of editing "Boris," which has been essayed by various people, is a very important one, for the composition, despite its technical flaws, is a tremendous piece of artistic pageantry, and its central theme—the gradual crumbling of a human mind under the strain of guilt and fear—definitely belongs among the world's great dramatic subjects. The standard editing job is, of course, that of Rimski-Korsakov, who handled it with high professional competence—brightening Moussorgsky's rather muddy orchestration and touching up the sequence of dramatic episodes—and laid himself open to a lot of criticism for making the thing too slick. Since Rimski-Korsakov did his version, there have been a number of attempts to get closer to the crude monumentality of Moussorgsky's original conception, and these attempts have concerned themselves—I think rightly—with preserving the extreme individuality of Moussorgsky's musical thought, even though it conflicted violently at times with the traditions of what most people think of as opera.

A week ago Monday, the Metropolitan Opera presented, with some additional alterations, the original—or more approximately original—"Boris" that it staged for the first time last season. This version is the work of Karol Rathaus, a modern composer, who has conscientiously stuck closer to the more primitive aspects of the Moussorgsky manuscript. The result is extremely interesting. A couple of Moussorgsky's

THE PERFECT FILTER TIP for ANY CIGARETTE (King Size or Regular)



Flips FLIP-AWAY FILTER TIP

You need not switch brands for the filter alone because you can enjoy cleaner, cooler, filtered smoking of YOUR FAVORITE BRAND WITHOUT CHANGING THE TASTE! FLIPS are tiny and inconspicuous. Nothing to clean or replace. Use one FLIP for 20 cigarettes then flip it away. MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. If your dealer has no stock as yet, send \$1.00 for 24 or \$5 for 144. We pay postage. Sorry—NO C.O.D.

FLIPS • P.O. Box 946
Elmira 15, N. Y.

Dealer Inquiries Invited

The "Feel" of



Real PUERTO RICO

Starlit nights
Sun filled days
Old World charm
But modern ways

THE Condado Beach

JAMES
WEBER
Managing
Director
Reservations

HOTEL San Juan, Puerto Rico
AIR CONDITIONED



through any Travel Agent or Atlantic International
Hotel Service, Essex House, N.Y.—Tel. Circle 5-6727

IF YOU SUFFER PAIN of HEADACHE NEURALGIA NEURITIS

get **FAST
RELIEF** with



the way thousands of
physicians and dentists recommend.

HERE'S WHY . . . Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not just one but a combination of medically proved active ingredients. No other product gives faster, longer-lasting relief from pain of headache, neuralgia, neuritis than Anacin tablets. Buy Anacin® today!

scenes have been reinstated, and the opera ends not with the surefire dramatic climax of Boris's death but with the scene in the Forest of Kromy, where the Simpleton wails his unforgettable little song suggesting the eternal suffering and patience of peasant Russia. This is both more subtle and more quietly moving than the standard ending. Elsewhere, in spots, the new version seems less effective—notably in the famous coronation scene, which Rimski-Korsakov made into a stunning spectacle and which is now so cluttered with the noise of church bells that its musical content is practically indiscernible. The opera was performed in English, for the very good reason that the Met hasn't enough Russian-speaking singers to do it in the original language. The translation used, which is the work of John Gutman, is generally trite and pompous, but this fact was almost unnoticeable, because most of the words issued from the mouths of singers who obviously couldn't sing English, either. To this rule, there were two outstanding exceptions: Charles Kullman, who sang the role of Shuiski with immaculate enunciation and great dramatic subtlety, and Mildred Miller, who did similarly well with the minor role of Boris's son.

The other performances, barring the problem of language, were generally creditable. Nicola Rossi-Lemeni turned in his best characterization to date as Boris, singing the role with fervor and acting with unmistakable sincerity and considerable spirit. Salvatore Baccaloni clowned with reasonable persuasiveness as the drunken mendicant Varlaam. Among the other members of a large cast were Brian Sullivan, as Grigori; Blanche Thebom, as Marina; and Clifford Harvuot, as Rangoni. They performed adequately, though none of them reached any special heights of distinction. The chorus should have been far more animated than it was, and I found Fritz Stiedry's pacing of the polonaise in the Polish castle much too rapid to convey the aggressive dignity inherent in the music. The costumes were, in general, superb. A perfect "Boris" is, I suppose, an impossibility. The Met's new production is, I think, a courageous and absorbing experiment, which, despite its faults, is something well worth going to hear.

"LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR" made its first appearance of the season last week on Wednesday night, and all that need be recorded about it is that Lily Pons, who sang the title role, hasn't



put your valentine
in the pink with a
pink-and-black ensemble

from **wallachs** Newest of the new color combinations for sprucing up a man's wardrobe is pink and black. We've rounded up a refreshing group of pink and black items that will give any winter-weary male's ego a real boost. We have pink oxford shirts by Hathaway, pink and black repp ties, belts and all-wool argyle hose. Just the things to get you a great big hug on February 14th.

wallachs new york

1. Pink Oxford Shirt with button-down collar by Hathaway, 6.50

Size	14	14½
Sleeve	32-33	32 to 34
Size	15-16	16½-17
Sleeve	32 to 35	33 to 35

2. Pink and Black Repp Stripe Tie, 2.50

3. Pink and Black Argyle Hose, sizes 10½-13, 2.50

4. Pink and Black Woven Elastic Belt, sizes S, M, L, XL, 2.50

Wallachs, 323 East 44th Street, New York 17, N. Y.
Mail Shopping Service. Phone MU 6-3400
Pink-and-black ensemble N. Y.

Item No.	Quan.	Size	Neck	Sleeve

Check or M.O.
Chg.
C.O.D.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

N.Y.C. delivery subject to 3% sales tax.
Add 21c shipping charges outside N.Y.C. Delivery.



For Young Vacationers

... a full-skirted frock of crisp white dimity with hand-embroidered cherries and bands of red or green. Wide sash, deep hem. Sizes 3 to 6, \$15.95.

MAIL AND PHONE ORDERS—PLAZA 1-2400



GEORG JENSEN INC.
Fifth Avenue at 53rd Street, New York 22



Lago Mar

HOTEL AND APARTMENTS Fort Lauderdale, Florida

A beautiful new resort on a secluded estate between the ocean and Mayan Lake . . . away from congested areas of downtown Fort Lauderdale. Fine private beach directly fronting the grounds (no roads intersect the property), two large pools with pool service, solarium, putting green, tennis courts, water skiing, boating and fishing. Beautifully furnished rooms and apartments, all with heating, air-conditioning and cross ventilation. Fine Dining Room, nightly dancing and entertainment in the cocktail lounge. Special programs for children.

Leo Molony, Owner

Kenneth Arnold, General Manager

New York Office: Robert F. Warner, Inc.
588 Fifth Avenue, JUdson 6-5500
also Chicago, Boston and Washington

changed a bit. Her "mad scene" exhibited the same good looks, the same perky assurance, the same flutelike tone quality, and the same squeaky high note that have been features of it for at least ten years, and she was applauded with the same obvious affection.

Saturday night's "Così Fan Tutte" was a different and more serious matter—a nearly perfect performance of a great and lighthearted masterpiece. I say "nearly" because I thought Fritz Stiedry's conducting of it a shade heavy, and some of the stage business, particularly that which involved Patrice Munsel's various impersonations, a shade exaggerated. Vocally, it was almost flawless, with Eleanor Steber, Blanche Thebom, Miss Munsel, Richard Tucker, Frank Guarrera, and John Brownlee all singing as beautifully as I have ever heard them sing. Dramatically, it is still just as much fun as it was when Alfred Lunt staged it two years ago.

THE New York City Ballet opened its season on Tuesday evening of last week at the City Center and seemed to be generally in good form. There were no novelties. "Swan Lake" I found a little tired where the corps de ballet was concerned, but Maria Tallchief and André Eglevsky danced well in the principal parts. Jerome Robbins' "Fanfare," the humorous ballet based on the music Benjamin Britten wrote for a British documentary film called "Instruments of the Orchestra," was more vigorously performed and quite delightful. As for the concluding Ravel-Balanchine "La Valse," it has long been such a favorite of mine that I have lost all critical detachment in regard to it. The score is, of course, one of the most magnificent used in ballet. Aside from that, I guess my enthusiasm for it arises simply from the fact that I just love to see so many handsome people, handsomely costumed, dancing elegantly in an atmosphere of romantic nostalgia.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

HOW SPECIALIZED SHOULD TRAINING FOR BUSINESS TEACHERS BE?

—Title of an article listed in the *Journal of Business Education*.

Well, it might include a course in proofreading.

HISSES WE DOUBT EVER GOT HISSED

[From the *Manchester Guardian Weekly*]

A tall woman, filled with emotion, raised her head and hissed vehemently, "The day will come."

memorable CHILD PHOTOGRAPHY



by
Josef Schneider

Ladies' Home Journal (for its important December 1952 issue) and other magazines use Schneider's pictures for front covers. Photographic manufacturers themselves retain him. He stands out above all in baby photography . . . his was the only baby picture to win a place in the N. Y. Art Directors Show (1952). All the important national advertisers and America's "first families" use Schneider for baby pictures. If you want a memorable unforgettable photograph of a child, see Josef Schneider, 119 West 57 St., New York City, COLUMBUS 5-1223.

"A rich creamy chocolate candy—
low calorie—good to eat . . ."

Clementine Paddelford,
Herald Tribune

15* CALORIE WONDER!
compared to 100 in ordinary chocolates

BE*LEANE
CHOCOLATE CANDIES

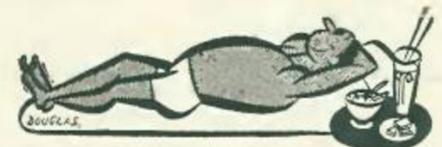
"New Year's resolution to reduce—
counting calories with delicious
BE*LEANE candy . . ."

The Fitzgeralds, WABC

"For the dieter with the sweet
tooth—a low calorie candy . . ."

New York Times

B. Altman, Charles & Co., Gimbel's,
Hicks, Sterns, Vendome and other fine stores.
Be*leane Candy Co., 15 West 26 St., N.Y.C.



NOT GOING SOUTH? Never mind. You can relax, have fun and even get a good tan right here. Game courts, gym, sun lamps, steam, massage, snack bar, physical adviser.

the **H**Health roof club
480 LEX. (46 St.) • PL 5-8100

Serving Dairy Food Over 32 Years

82nd
AT
B'WAY
N.Y.
Steinberg's
DAIRY RESTAURANT

ELIOT

THE only furniture my father and mother owned when they began their married life was a billiard table and a bugle. As the billiard table was too big to go inside my parents' first home, it was put in storage, and I was eight years old before I saw it. The bugle we had with us right along.

That year, the year I was eight, we moved from the South of England to an isolated village on the edge of the Derbyshire Peak country. My father was a clergyman, and our Derbyshire rectory was a large house; it had fifteen bedrooms. My mother was appalled at the thought of all the furniture she would now have to buy, even though the house was to be occupied only by two grownups and one small girl; I don't think it ever occurred to her that she might shut off some of the rooms. My father advised her to consult his sister Mary before she went shopping. My Aunt Mary was a single lady who had travelled widely, picking up furniture as she went. She was the eldest of my father's brothers and sisters, and she was believed to have fallen in love with the Mediterranean. She spent most of her time moving about the countries that border on that sea, and, since she lived in hotels, used none of her furniture, most of which was farmed out in other people's houses. She was delighted to lend some of it to us.

My aunt's taste ran to mass and weight, but this did not matter in our rectory; in fact, I think it helped. In almost no time, our home was amply furnished, and of all the stuff we acquired—breakfronts, chests, bureaus, tables, heavily upholstered chairs, and so on—my favorite was an enormous Venetian bed. My aunt did not know the exact date of this bed, but it is probable that



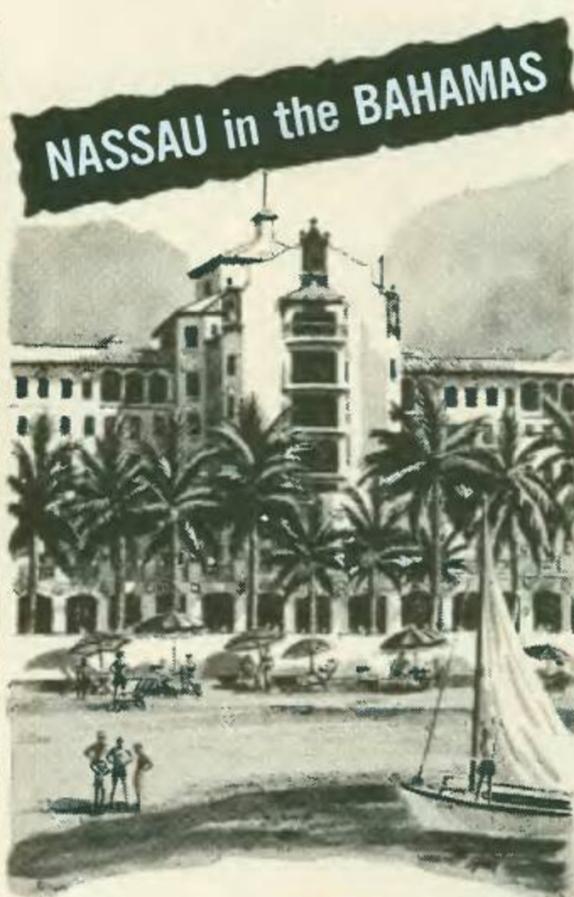
it was built during the latter part of the eighteenth century or the opening years of the nineteenth, a time when it was fashionable in Venice to copy a style extant three hundred years earlier. The bed was made of solid dark mahogany, with low, elaborately carved head- and footboards. It stood on a dais; one climbed three shallow steps to get into it. Four fluted columns supported a heavy, handsome mahogany canopy, on the underside of which was a painting in twelve sections depicting the twelve

apostles. These sections were wedge-shaped and radiated out from an embossed coat of arms—presumably that of the bed's original owner. The most striking thing about the bed was its carved mahogany figures of Cupid. There were six of them, each the size of a six-month-old baby. One clung to the foot of each column, and two more, wings spread in flight, occupied the center of either side of the canopy. The supports for the mattress consisted of ropes rather than springs. The mattress was wide enough to sleep three people, and over it lay a beautifully embroidered red-and-white coverlet, which another of my father's sisters had copied from an eighteenth-century design.

The Venetian bed was very hard and uncomfortable, and my father, who tired of visitors quickly, insisted that it be set up in our largest and best guest room. My father's family, of course, knew all about the bed and refused to sleep in it. Other guests were flattered—at least the first time.

My father's billiard table was a special one, designed to double as a dining table. In English billiards, the standard table is twelve by six feet and has six pockets. Ours was three-quarter size, and a set of French-polished mahogany leaves came with it, which fitted across the cushions. There were iron extensions that slid up out of the legs to raise the tabletop several inches, for billiards. You lifted one end of the top at a time, and pushed or pulled, and with a sort of click it settled into place. When the tabletop was resting on the legs, the table was only thirty inches high. Except for the pockets that hung down at the corners and in the middle of the two longer sides, the table did not then look like a billiard table at all, and a guest

drawing up his chair would be astonished when a handful of string slid gently into his lap. My parents played billiards nearly every evening, and they taught me. They also taught successive generations of my father's confirmation classes. It became the custom for anybody who wished to do so to stay behind after class for a billiard lesson. Nobody else in our village owned a billiard table, but two miles away, in the Welfare Institute of a colliery village called New England, there were tables that



THE British Colonial HOTEL

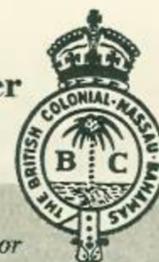
... in the finest tradition!

It's a delightful place... a wonderful combination of continental charm, modern luxury, and noteworthy cuisine.

You'll find yourself just a step from the heart of old Nassau with its enchanting shops and markets, yet secluded in a magnificent tropical estate with a superb view of the Harbour.

There are two creamy-white private beaches for swimming and water sports... a sparkling pool, largest in the tropics... championship tennis courts... guest privileges at the Bahamas Country Club... instruction by top-ranking pros... a lively but unobtrusive social program... dining and dancing in the air-conditioned Continental Room—everything, in fact, to make your stay at The British Colonial Hotel memorable!

Reginald G. Nefzger
General Manager



For reservations, see your
TRAVEL AGENT or

ROBERT F. WARNER, INC., U. S. Representative
588 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y.
JUDSON 6-5500
Chicago Washington, D.C. Boston



...and sauce by the great chef

ESCOFFIER

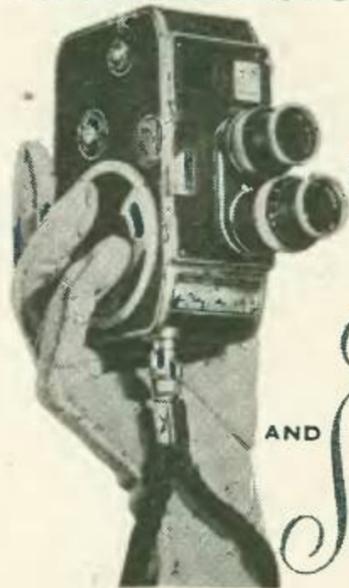
the world's finest sauce is naturally the most expensive -and worth it!



- SAUCE DIABLE—racy, spicy flavor
- SAUCE ROBERT—unique delicate flavor
- SAUCE MELBA—raspberry flavored



Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc., New York IMPORTERS SINCE 1877



*Small,
Smart,
AND SO
Simple!*

Petite, yet big enough to see the world... that's the 8mm Bolex B-8 movie camera.

Simple to load, to view and to take with, here's a camera that grows with your increasing skill. Here are a few of the many features built into your Bolex B-8:

- Single frames for titling, animation
- Audible "end of film" indicator
- Variable speeds from 8 to 64 frames
- Twin lens turret for standard and tele or wide-angle lenses

Complete with strap, unique cable release, wide-angle prism finder, Yvar Visifocus® F:1.9 lens, incl. FET.....\$169.50

Bolex KEEPS PACE WITH YOUR GROWTH FROM BEGINNER TO EXPERT **MODEL B-8**

Paillard Products, Inc., 100 Sixth Ave., N. Y. 13, N. Y. Outside U. S. write Paillard, S. A. Ste. Croix, Switzerland

could be hired by the hour. Billiards was a popular game in the neighborhood, and when my father visited the Welfare Institute, he usually had a game with Alf Birk, the manager. Alf always won.

Along with our big house, we had a large garden—so large that in parts of it we could not hear anybody calling from the house. We were summoned to meals or to answer the telephone or to greet callers by my father's bugle. Each of us had a different arrangement of notes as our bugle call, and it was really because of this bugle that Eliot came to work for us.

My mother employed a part-time cook, who did not live in (she was married to the gardener and they had their own home), and a man and a boy—the man to do the work of the house and the boy to run about our stone corridors for him. The first man we had—his name was Winters—had been divorced from his wife, who nevertheless used to come to tea with him on Wednesdays. She would put her head round the kitchen door and say sharply "Are you there, Winters?" and Winters would reply "Of course! Good afternoon." The boy always had Wednesday afternoon off, so as to leave the field clear for this event, which meant that Winters had to do the boy's work of answering the telephone. One Wednesday, the telephone rang and Winters answered it. The call was for my mother. Winters took the bugle to the front door and blew my father's notes on it. My father was at the far end of the orchard, transferring a swarm of bees from a tree. When he returned to the house and found that he had been summoned by mistake, he aspersed Winters' bugleship, and Winters took offense and left.

It was embarrassing for my mother to have to stipulate, among the qualities that she required in a manservant, the ability to blow a bugle, but Eliot, the only person who answered her advertisement in the county paper, did not seem surprised. He was a tall, thin man of forty-two, with stooping shoulders and black hair, which he wore combed in streaks across the bald top of his head. Eliot always kept his eyes deferentially lowered; I don't think I ever saw him look directly at anyone. As a result of injuries during the First World War, he had spent several years in and out of hospitals before he came to us. He lived on a scanty diet, but he seemed to know how to handle his complaint; he was never ill. Eliot had two character references from before

METAXA

SPECIALTY LIQUEUR

Known the World Over!



IMPORTED FROM GREECE

92 PROOF
SOLE U. S. DISTRIBUTORS
Austin Nichols
& Co., Inc.
Brooklyn-New York

★ IN BERMUDA
IT'S

Trimingham's

FOR BRITISH
SPORTSWEAR
AND PARIS
PERFUMES

Iturbi:

Baldwin...

"Again I say it is incomparably superior to all others."



Come in today and choose your piano as the artists do

THE BALDWIN PIANO CO.
20 East 54th Street, N. Y. 22 Plaza 3-7186
Open evenings until 9 o'clock

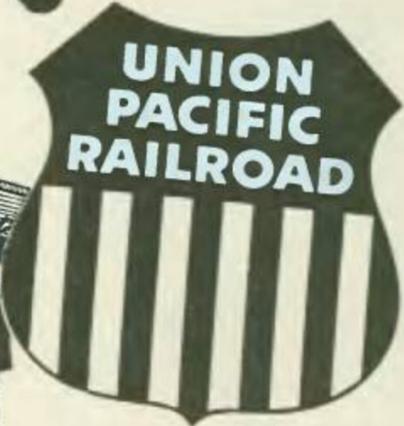
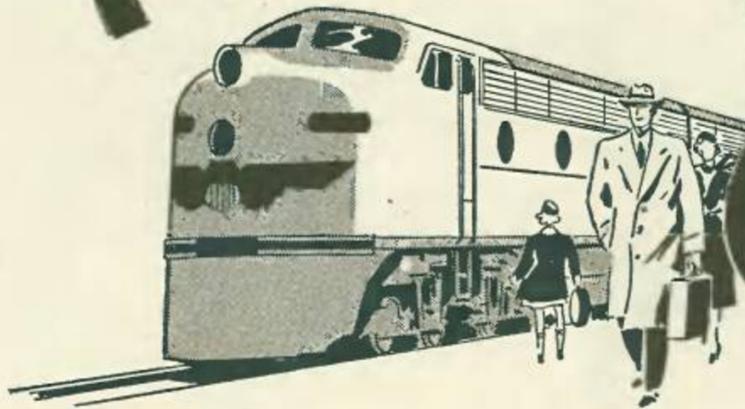
the war and an honorable discharge from a London regiment. On the strength of these documents, my mother engaged him.

Eliot was an extremely reserved man. He never told us anything about himself, and he made it clear that he did not wish to be asked. He had none of the humor or quaintness of the English manservant in books and plays, but he had all the efficiency one could want. He worked by a carefully planned schedule, and his free time was equally regulated. At half past five every afternoon, he would go out, wearing a well-brushed bowler and gloves, and take a half-hour walk, which brought him to the Goat and Compasses at opening time. Here he would consume a pint of mild, and after exchanging a few remarks with Mr. Worboys, the innkeeper, he would return to the rectory in time to serve dinner. I once asked Eliot if he liked walking in the country, and he said, "My preference is for the city, Miss Joyce, where there is something to look at." Once a week, on his afternoon off, Eliot did go to the city—to Nottingham, twenty-five miles away. He left on the one-o'clock bus and returned at nine; he never told us what he did there. He made no close friends in the village. Sometimes he went to Sunday supper with the cook and the gardener, and now and again our sexton, Mr. McQueen, dropped in at the pantry for a cup of tea. Eliot's response to these gestures was the same polite indifference with which he treated everything. No one got to know him.

We were neither a tidy nor a well-organized family, and we soon came to rely more and more on Eliot. He found things for us when we lost them, he remembered our appointments, he sent our clothes to the cleaners, washed our cars, and kept the billiard table swept. He was always undertaking jobs that were not really his to do, and completing them with ease and dispatch. Nothing ever seemed to be too much trouble.

Every January, we closed the rectory and went to London for a fortnight's vacation. The business of shutting the house was troublesome to my mother, and when Eliot offered, the second winter he was with us, to keep the place open and look after everything in our absence, my parents gladly accepted his offer. My mother wondered if Eliot would be lonely in our great gray barrack by himself, but we heard the cook assuring him that he would be welcome at her house any time, and my father

NOW!



NO "EXTRA FARE"!

ON THE LUXURIOUS

Streamliner

"CITY OF LOS ANGELES"

BETWEEN CHICAGO AND LOS ANGELES

Now you can ride one of America's most famous trains... elegant in design and furnishings, superb in service... without the "extra fare."

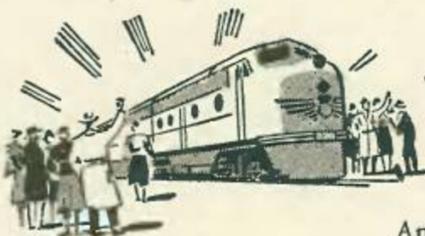
The Streamliner "CITY OF LOS ANGELES" remains on the same fast 39½ hour schedule—westbound and eastbound—between Chicago and Los Angeles over the smooth, straight Union Pacific roadbed.

All types of modern accommodations are available to Pullman passengers. There also are reserved Coach seats with adjustable backs and pull-out leg rests for day and night comfort.

Smart Club and Lounge cars add to the enjoyment of the journey as do the tempting dining-car meals, offering a choice of freshly prepared foods.

For the finest in transportation ride the Streamliner "CITY OF LOS ANGELES."

* * * *



NEW *Challenger*
STREAMLINER

Another outstanding train between Chicago and Los Angeles operating on time-saving Streamliner schedule at *no extra fare*. Budget meals, freshly prepared, served in modern dining car: breakfast 65¢, luncheon 85¢, dinner \$1.00.

HALF FARE TRAVEL PLAN

This economical family travel plan applies when boarding any Union Pacific train, including the Streamliners, on any Monday, Tuesday or Wednesday.



UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD



Makers of Fine Clothes Since 1888



*Woven in England
Oxford...*

Nelvo

RAMEY tailors this lustrous 2 x 2 Imported Nelvo Oxford—the finest in all of England—to our traditional standards of excellence. Button-down collar with barrel cuffs; round collar with French cuffs; white only. Sizes 14 to 17½; sleeve lengths 32 to 36.

Mail Orders promptly filled* **\$10**



550 FIFTH AVENUE
BROADWAY AT 38TH

*MAIL ORDER DEPT.—675 Sixth Ave., N.Y.C. 10

pointed out that staying at the rectory had, after all, been Eliot's idea.

We had been in London for just over a week when a telephone call came from the village postmistress. Would my parents please return home at once? Eliot was dead.

As we drove back to Derbyshire, we wondered whether Eliot's mysterious sickness had finally caught up with him or whether (my suggestion) it was murder. It turned out to be suicide. Eliot's body had been found in the Venetian bed, with one of the thin gas pipes that fed the jets by which the room was lighted bent backward and twisted so that it hung above his face. The piping was old, and it had apparently been quite easy for Eliot to pull it away from the wall.

Mrs. McQueen, the sexton's wife, had found him. She had gone to the rectory early that morning to give Eliot a piece of her mind. McQueen had come home at 2 A.M., merry as a lark and singing hymns. Shocked into some sort of sobriety by the reception he got from his wife, he admitted that he and Eliot had spent the evening sampling the rector's wines. Such an amusement was altogether unlike McQueen, who was always complaining about the bell ringers' time-honored custom of drinking beer in the belfry, and Mrs. McQueen was curious as well as angry. She went along to the rectory immediately after breakfast, expecting anything but what she found there. Eliot had not bothered to draw corks. He had simply opened bottle after bottle of beautiful old wine by breaking the neck. Much more wine had been opened than had been consumed, and a great deal was spilled and wasted. In the dining room, the billiard table stood uncovered and two cues rested across the cushions. On the cloth, with the three balls, lay a quantity of broken glass; the glass lampshades that normally hung above the table had been smashed. When Eliot did not answer her call, she went upstairs, looking for him.

The two McQueens did what they could. They sent for the police and the doctor, and as soon as they were allowed to do so, they had Eliot's body removed to the undertaker's. Then they set to work to clean up the spilled wine and the broken glass. By the time we reached home, the house was more or less in shape again.

IT was several days before we were able to piece together what had happened. It seemed that Eliot, although

JANUARY 23, 1954



*her
lipstick*

Viz-Zan-De

*The most fabulous
faces about town wear Viz-Zan-De...
world famous for its longer-lasting glow
...its creamy-smooth flow of flattery.
Seven luminous colors.
\$1.50 plus tax.*

At **STERN BROS.** and other fine stores
or send 60¢ for seven stick assortment (trial size)
for creating your own individual shades to:
VIZ-ZAN-DE, 15 W. 26th St., New York 10, N. Y.

klaus grabe

719 LEXINGTON AVE. • PL 3-7744

2-Drawer Desk with walnut top, resistant
to burns and stains. **\$98.00**

OPEN DAILY AND SATURDAY TO 6, THURSDAY TO 9.
MAIL ORDERS INVITED



I Capture Cherished Moments

The look of a child at play, or just dreaming—I capture such cherished moments so that you may have them forever.

I'll come into your home, play with your child and take black-and-white or color pictures. You can learn how little they cost by writing or 'phoning.

SIRI HENDERSON

46 East 80th Street, New York 21 REgent 7-5487

FRENCH
or practical Spanish

Get all the essentials to speak, to read, to understand French or Spanish in 12 information-packed lessons! Amazing new method assures fluency. Also advanced. Native teachers.

Madame Dulac, MU 5-4160

he had never told us this, was a billiard player of considerable skill. On the day we left for London, he opened up my father's table, and from then on, except for pauses for food and sleep, he practiced constantly, arranging difficult shots for himself and then going at them over and over, until he had mastered them. He did not take his usual walks to the Goat and Compasses; so far as we could learn, he did not go out of the house at all. Mr. McQueen called a couple of times, but, finding Eliot even less communicative than usual, he did not stay long.

On the night of Eliot's death, McQueen called at the rectory again, bringing with him one of his wife's meat pies. Eliot was working over the billiard table like a man possessed, and McQueen cut himself a wedge of pie and sat down nearby to eat it. At about seven o'clock (it was dark, of course), the doorbell rang. There was a short cut through our garden between the road to our village and the lane to New England, and my father encouraged people to use this whenever they wished. From this path, our dining-room windows were clearly visible, and Eliot had omitted to close the shutters. Alf Birk, on his way home from the Goat and Compasses, had stopped to watch from the garden, and it was he who rang the doorbell. When Eliot came to the door, Birk said, "Whyn't you let us know you played? We could've used you on the team all this time," and challenged Eliot to a game. Eliot hesitated, shrugged, and reluctantly agreed to play. McQueen was installed as marker.

The two men played in silence—no sound but the click and thud of the balls as they kissed each other and cushioned. The room was the way my father always had it, in darkness except for the floodlit cloth and the illuminated hands and faces of the players as they leaned over the table. Between the lights and the cloth, motes of dust could be seen, the particles looking red and green and purple in the bright light.

From the start, McQueen said, both men played grimly. Birk was pathetically eager to win, and it must have been immediately clear to all three of them that he could not. Eliot seemed to woo the balls rather than strike them; they rolled wherever he wanted them to go. However, he was apparently not satisfied merely to win. He seemed to want to do so by a large margin. He played as if every point made an immense difference, and although he was hundreds



Starlight

... exclusive creation of
Ann Fleischer

Fascinating detail hand crocheted in silk organza ribbon. The skirt is lined with net.

Perfect for cocktails or dinner... in twelve exciting colors.

Individually fitted to achieve slimline loveliness.

RAZOOK'S
INC.

THE PLAZA HOTEL
Fifth Avenue at 58th, N. Y.
PALM BEACH • PINEHURST
LAKE PLACID CLUB

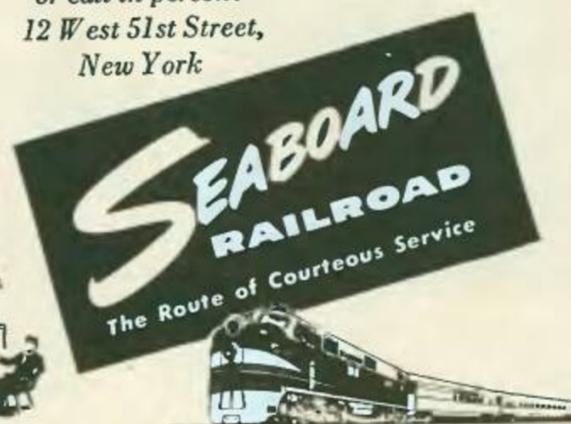
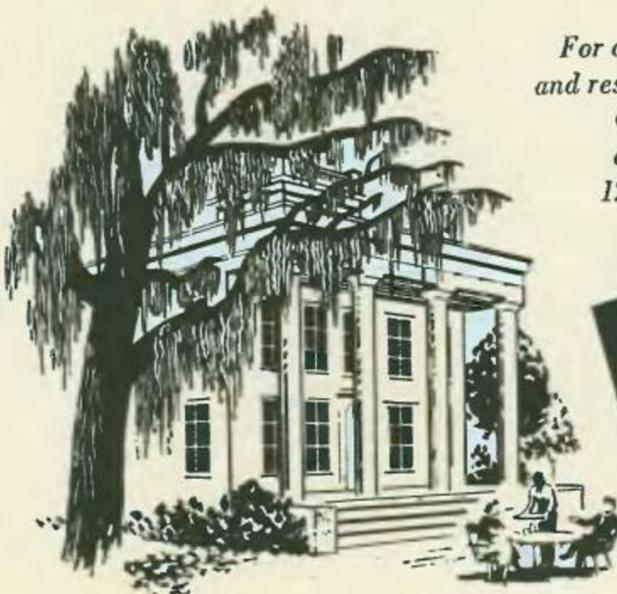


Take a "Breather" THIS WINTER...

A few days of golf and riding in the pine-scented air of the Carolinas or sun-warmed sea breezes of Georgia can do wonders for "mid-winter letdown." Pinehurst, for example, is just a comfortable overnight trip from New York on THE PALMLAND.

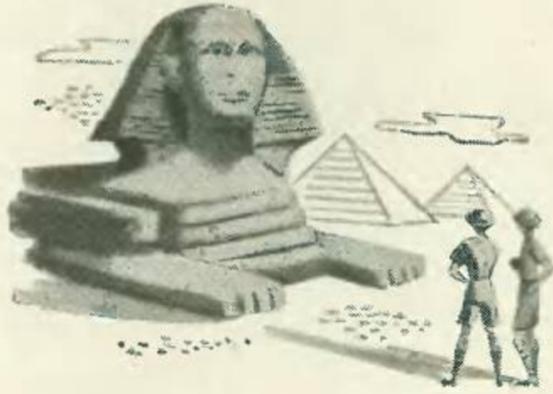
To **FLORIDA**, choose the **SILVER STREAMLINERS**
SILVER METEOR **SILVER STAR**

For complete information
and reservations please phone
Circle 5-7380
or call in person:
12 West 51st Street,
New York



Almost As Quiet As My Room At

"New York's Biggest Little Hotel"



Year 'Round Air-Conditioning, in every room keeps out street noises, filters air. Every room at least 14' x 22' with **Console TV**, butler's pantry, refrigerator and **Bathroom Extension Phone**. Just around the corner from Grand Central and Air-line Terminals.

**New! TUSCANY ROOM
AND MEN'S BAR**

THE **Tuscany**

Bertram Weal, General Manager
39th Street, Just East of Park Ave.
New York 16, MUrray Hill 6-1600, Teletype NY 1-392
P. S.—May we send you a brochure?

WILLIAMS AND HUMBERT DRY SACK SHERRY

The world's finest sherry
comes dressed in a sack



Neither too dry... nor sweet



Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc., New York, N. Y.

ahead of his opponent, his intensity never diminished. At the end of three hours, Birk dropped his cue.

With the game over, Eliot's mood changed. He became, for him, almost affable. Taking the keys of my father's wine cellars from his pocket, he invited Birk to accompany him below and pick out his own refreshment.

McQueen was not accustomed to late hours, and although he enjoyed watching a good game of billiards, he was exhausted by this one. Earlier in the evening, he had announced that he was going home, but the players had ordered him to stay, and McQueen was not a strong-minded man. When Eliot and Birk returned to the dining room with their arms full of bottles, he decided that he had earned a drink, as indeed he had.

The next part of the evening was described for us by Birk, who apologized to my father and offered to pay for the damage that had been done. My father accepted the apology but refused the rest. He felt that the blame for what had happened lay entirely with us.

Eliot knew about wines, and as the men drank, he described to them what they were drinking, and spoke of the countries from which the wines came. Later, he began to talk of something he called "lily work." On the tops of the pillars, he said, there was lily work. McQueen and Birk had no idea what he was talking about, but my father recognized this as a quotation from the seventh chapter of the First Book of Kings, the description of the building of Solomon's temple: On the tops of the pillars, where nobody could see it, was the most beautiful carving of all, and no one but the artist who did it and the workmen who put the pillars in place knew it was there. Eliot wept as he spoke of it. Afterward, they sang, and Eliot wept some more because he sang so badly.

After Birk and McQueen had gone home, Eliot smashed the dining-room lampshades and threw over two bronze busts that stood at either end of the mantelpiece. He did not smoke; otherwise the place would probably have been set on fire.

Whether he chose the Venetian bed for his end because he felt it a fitting place for one who had shared, or thought he had shared, in the world's lily work or whether he had gone there in a fit of bravado, we had, of course, no way of knowing. I am inclined to think it was the latter. If Eliot had been able to see clearly when he went to bed, then the figures on the canopy



Out here, in the rain country, we make these luxurious coats and they're famous. Travelers wear them away and requests come from everywhere. Two coats are joined making a double weather coat of supple, fine combed cotton poplin (durably water-repellent — custom make detail) natural, red, powder blue.

Your dress size and height with check or money order. Postage paid... \$50

LIPSHUTZ

CUSTOM MAKERS OF
CLOTHES FOR WOMEN SINCE 1901
530 S. W. 10th Avenue • Portland 5, Oregon



The third generation of
a famous family of
portrait photographers

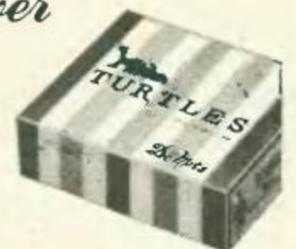
**FABIAN
Bachrach**
DIRECT COLOUR
PHOTOGRAPHS
OF MEN
54 EAST 52ND STREET
PLaza 5-6233

TURTLES

BRAND

© 1953

You've never
tasted
Candy
like this!



Made Only by



DeMet's, INC.
177 N. FRANKLIN ST., CHICAGO 6, ILL.

SOLD AT LEADING CANDY COUNTERS EVERYWHERE

above him must have caused his conscience considerable pain. He was by nature an exact man, he had disgraced his stewardship, and at no time is bed the place in which to meet, simultaneously, the censorious stares of twelve elderly men.

MY parents tried for months to trace Eliot's relatives, if he had any, or even to find his friends. Eliot left nothing to guide them. He could hardly have lived more anonymously. The only thing we learned about him was that on his weekly visits to Nottingham he had spent his time at a pool hall there, practicing, alone. The Nottingham pool halls did not normally open until evening, but Eliot had made a special arrangement with the owner of one of them, and the janitor who let him in each week (and who never saw him play) said he had seemed a pleasant gentleman.

McQueen wrote my father a letter of resignation, which my father refused to accept. McQueen was a very good sexton, and, what with village gossip and Mrs. McQueen, my father felt that justice had already been well served.

Several months after Eliot's death, my mother said, "I miss him all the time. He did so much for us."

My father added, "To think we had a first-class billiard player actually *living* in this house!" —JOYCE WARREN

THE CLOUDY NIGHT SKY

[From the Journal-American, October 7, 1952]

From David Sturgis, our favorite astrologer, who horoscoped FDR, the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, and forecast Truman's election and MacArthur's adversity: "Stevenson will win. But this is alarming news for America and the Americans. For every President born like Stevenson under the sign Aquarius has plunged us into devastating wars, and Stevenson will be no exception."

Sturgis has this to observe about the stars of Eisenhower: "They clearly show he will never be the Chief Executive of this country. But they do reveal at his country's call he will resume his military career. His horoscope is badly afflicted from Oct. 11 to 15, and from Nov. 5 to 11. He should guard his health well to avoid a lingering illness."

The company contends that it would be risky to navigate the Guayas River to Guayaquil, inasmuch as the channel is only twenty-one feet in spots and Grace liners have a twenty-seven foot draft. —The Herald Tribune.

Oh, go on. Take a gamble.

Good Taste Has No Substitute



Lindt
Milk Chocolate

Lindt
GENUINE
IMPORTED
SWISS
MILK CHOCOLATE

IMPORTERS: CRESCA COMPANY INC., 111 EIGHTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 11 N. Y.

ONE OF A SERIES OF FAMOUS EUROPEAN TRAINS



The
SUD
EXPRESS

The new SUD EXPRESS saves 3½ hours between Paris, Madrid and Lisbon.
The longest and fastest daily non-stop in the world... Paris to Bordeaux.
A direct, comfortable route to Biarritz.
The Sud Express carries Pullmans, Coaches and a Dining Car.

Secure your rail accommodations before you leave. Tickets may be purchased and advance reservations made at any of our three offices or through your travel agent.

323 Geary St., San Francisco, Cal. • 1231 St. Catherine St., W., Montreal: P.Q
FRENCH NATIONAL RAILROADS, 610 FIFTH AVE., N. Y. Dept NY 1

Please send me free Name _____
illustrated booklet Address _____
"Railroading in France." City _____ State _____

French NATIONAL RAILROADS

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

THIS AND THAT



FLOWERLIKE wedding dresses, designed on the premises, are the order of the season in Rosette Pennington's Bride's Shop. Most of the skirts billow airily at the sides, and all of them have trains, so

the bride's silhouette is striking and pretty from any angle. In the custom department, there's an off-the-shoulder white taffeta princesse dress called White Tulip, fitted and slender, with Brussels lace appliquéd along the décolletage and on the shirred sleeves. Petals of white organdie flutter over the scallops that mark the hemline. Pink Camellia, a heavenly dress of white nylon tulle, is decorated with lightly sequined leaves of pale-pink organdie. A gay, round-necked affair of white dotted swiss over pale-blue rayon taffeta is caught up at one side of the throat with nosegays of forget-me-nots and pale-blue ribbons; more forget-me-nots and ribbons are strewn, for balance, on the opposite side of the skirt. In the Pennington ready-to-wear collection, there's an outstanding dress called White Iris—a white taffeta bodice with short, peaked sleeves and a bouffant skirt composed of alternating gores of taffeta and nylon tulle that taper below the waist and then widen mildly as they approach the floor. A positively dewy white organdie has tiny sleeves of openwork embroidery; ruffles of the same embroidery froth around the neck. The custom dresses run from \$155 to \$395, and a week is required; the ready-to-wear ones run from \$90 to \$195, and take two weeks. Bridesmaids' dresses (\$30 to \$50) take three weeks. One, a long-skirted white organdie over a pastel

rayon taffeta slip, is encircled grandly by four wide tucks narrowing at the sides. A strapless, floor-length silk organza, caught up at the left hip, is equipped with a tiny detachable cape across the back, and a short, draped dress of nylon chiffon has a cowl collar that barely covers the tops of the shoulders. All the bridesmaids' dresses appear in a variety of colors.

BERGDORF GOODMAN's Bridal Salon has been moved down to the second floor and filled with a group of B. G.'s own enchanting lace wedding dresses. An opulent beauty in antique satin is completely covered in front with heavily corded Alençon-type lace, and its modest short sleeves get the same treatment. A ballerina model of white net has a yoke and a skirt of rose-patterned imitation Chantilly lace. A waterfall of pleated nylon tulle cascades down the back of a dress of starched white lace and then flows into a long

train. White ribbon garlands sprinkled with pearls, sequins, and dewdrops are appliquéd on the tight, shirred bodice and the skirt of a bouffant white nylon net. These dresses, all ready-to-wear, start at \$195 and go sky-high. You wait four to six weeks.

Bergdorf, by the way, will convert heirloom lace berthas into caps or twist bits of old family lace into coronets with illusion net veils; from \$75. Rehabilitating an ancestral wedding gown costs several times that much.

ALICE TAYLOR, 556 Madison Avenue (56th), has turned out a good-looking and varied collection of custom cocktail and dinner dresses of hand-knit or crocheted organdie ribbon. One, in a spider-web pattern, is spattered with tiny paillettes; another, with a lovely bateau neckline, is nothing but organdie flowers flecked with gold-metal threads and joined together by crocheted strands of fine but nubby yarn. A dress

of mohair and organdie in a shell-stitch knit and shot with silver-metal thread has a square neck and cap sleeves; an ombré organdie in a chevron knit gets a plunging V neckline and a scalloped hem. This last comes in three shades of brown, gray, or blue and is \$155, the lowest price here. The highest price is \$225. Almost every dress appears in a wide assortment of colors.

GENERATIONS of prep-school and college boys have had their suits made by Fenn-Feinstein, at 9 East 49th Street, a shop less famous for being coeducational. Women's topcoats and suits in the traditional styles, with a choice of collars and plain or pleated skirts, are \$175, unless you want cashmere or vicuña. The choice of woollens is far, far greater. A favorite here is a twelve-ounce gray worsted that looks like



"Beginning tomorrow, Miss Jones, I want you to make a triplicate of all sales slips for the accounting department."



"STRATFORD" FIVE-PIECE STERLING TEA AND COFFEE SERVICE, \$650.00. ALL PRICES INCLUDE FEDERAL TAX.

THE "STRATFORD" COFFEE POT IN STERLING SILVER (8½" HIGH, CAPACITY 8 CUPS) \$190.00

REED & BARTON

SILVERMASTERS SINCE 1824
TAUNTON, MASSACHUSETTS

EXTRA FLAVOR
EVEN FOR LOW-COST DISHES WITH
BinB MUSHROOMS
already
BROILED in BUTTER



You can dramatize even the simplest meals with BinB Mushrooms. These tender hot-house beauties are the mushrooms broiled in butter till they're golden brown—then packed in their own delicious broth. Thrifty, too—because there's no peeling, no trimming, no waste!

Packed in 3 Convenient Styles!

- BinB Whole Crowns
- BinB Sliced Mushrooms
- BinB Chopped Mushrooms



READY TO HEAT AND SERVE!

OLD NEW YORK



Old Views for the executive's office, or the doctor, lawyer. Visit us or write us.

The OLD PRINT SHOP
Harry Shaw Newman
150 Lexington Ave. at 30th St., New York
Tel. MUrray Hill 3-3950 ~ Established 1898

The **Maisonette**

Russell Nype
appearing at
dinner and supper
Kay Holley at the piano

MILT SHAW
and his Orchestra and
The Ray Bari Ensemble

HOTEL St. Regis
FIFTH AVENUE AT 55th STREET

flannel. Tubular mufflers of wool knit, six feet long, in nearly all college colors and made in Scotland, are \$6.

HATHAWAY's shirts for women, their severe cut beautifully balanced by their perfect fit, are made of all sorts of material. Many of the goods are imported. Among the imports are plaid gingham by D. & J. Anderson, India madras, Taffaleen (a cotton-and-wool mixture, checked, from Scotland), fire-engine-red or Tattersall Viyella flannel, necktie or Paisley silks, and a white French voile printed in a Stuart Rose pattern. From \$6.50 to \$35, in Lord & Taylor's Country Clothes Shop.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE is happy about its new collection of custom shoes by Perugia. Like all Perugias, they're handsome and a joy to wear. The lasts are fitted at Saks and the shoes are made in Paris. You can count on wearing them six weeks after your order has been taken. Prices run from \$100 to \$300. Among the oxfords is a pair in bright, shining, and magnificently bold red alligator, fastened with thin strings of red calf. Sandals of sky-blue patent leather with high heels of maroon kid have thin maroon halter straps ascending from their curled-up toes to tie at the back of the ankle. The same sandals, but low-heeled, are done in canary patent leather and trimmed with black patent leather. Among the jeweled evening slippers is a pair of emerald-green satin with a huge rhinestone ball at the throat of each shoe, a pair of pink satin encrusted with tiny pink crystals, and T-strap sandals entirely covered with rhinestones. Perugia, once an aviation engineer, is occasionally carried away by his enthusiasm for gleaming objects, and uses metal alloys for some of his heels. One bare evening sandal teeters excitingly on a towering heel of metal only an eighth of an inch thick and paved with rhinestones, which also make bands over the top of the foot. A covered-up slipper of black suede is conventional enough except for its heel, which is simply a metal corkscrew.

A fair number of the shoes in Perugia's ready-to-wear collection are variations on the opera pump, in black, blue, russet, red, or green calfskin, with vamp decorations that include horizontal tucking, heart-shaped cutouts, and perforations. The toes and rear elevation of some black or navy suede pumps are thinly gashed to show a layer of black patent leather underneath. Another black suede shoe is vertically slashed above the instep, which is trimmed with



Deep-Sea Deliciousness
at its Finest!

The tempting deep coral color of this superb Lobster Bisque bespeaks its satin-smooth richness, heightened with fine Sherry and Brandy. In 14-oz. tins at fine food shops everywhere.



One of many
PINESBRIDGE FARM
America's Rarest Delicacies
PINESBRIDGE FARM
Sales Office: 630 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Susan and Katinka
resortwear



Daytona Beach Florida Ormond Beach

FINE TEAS

Do you know and love fine teas? A treat awaits you in our famous old-fashioned black and gold canisters. Twelve varieties of superb quality—finest Keemun, smoky Lapsang Souchong, Himalayan Darjeeling, etc. Also our fine spices and vintage wine vinegars—long known to epicures. At fine food shops (or write for booklet and nearest dealer).

John Wagner & Sons
TEA and SPICE MERCHANTS Est. 1847
233 Dock Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

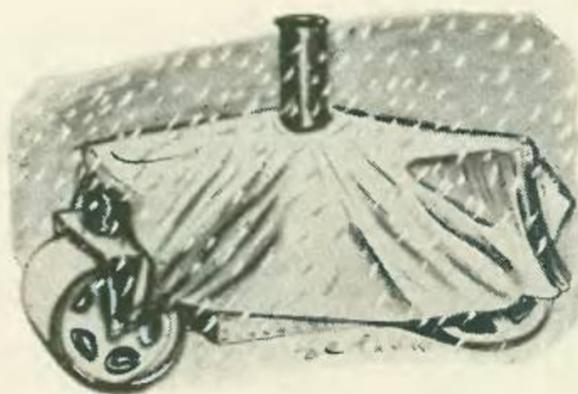
Mario's VILLA RAPALLO
French and Italian cuisine of superb quality
LUNCHEON • COCKTAILS • DINNER
\$2.25 Open Sunday at 5 P.M. from \$3.75
19 EAST 60 ST. TE 8-7314

a row of tiny smoke-pearl buttons and make-believe buttonholes. The ready-to-wear shoes are all \$29.95.

THE Alteration Center, at 37 Christopher Street, will face skirts with horsehair, change necklines, convert day dresses into cocktail dresses, turn long jackets into Eton jackets, take in or let out waistlines, and rescale suits for dieters who have shrunk a size or two. In other words, they will remake almost anything. Turning up hems begins at \$1.50. Given an old hat, they can usually turn it into a calotte, a pillbox, or a bonnet; given a straw body and a sketch, they can produce a first-rate copy of any hat. Work is generally delivered within a week, and it is best to telephone for an appointment.

THE haircutting is superb in Roger Vergnes' establishment, at 36 East 57th Street. For women with a natural curl, however slight, he recommends his towel cut. This involves lifting up a thin layer of hair, slipping a towel under it so he can see exactly where the wave is, then cutting the layer along the very crest of the wave, which makes what is left of the wave turn prettily up. The operation is repeated, layer by layer, from crown to nape. A set is not essential for hair cut like this. The first job is \$10 done by Vergnes himself, or \$5 if one of his capable assistants does the work. Later sessions are \$5 and \$4, respectively.

CYCLAX OF LONDON, at 7 East 53rd Street, has been specializing in facials since the days of Queen Victoria. The treatment starts off with a back massage. After that your face is cleansed with a liquid preparation to put you in condition for the real business, which takes forty-five minutes and quantities of heavy cream, worked gently but firmly into your face to stir up circulation; particular care is paid to your eyes, your jawbone, and your throat. Finally, the cream is sponged off with a herbal soap and tepid water, and the skin is deliciously braced with a breezy



Cherry Heering

Denmark's liqueur delight since 1818

All your guests will enjoy it - anytime!

Cherry Heering over ice cream

-try it!



49 PROOF. SCHENLEY IMPORT CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N. Y.

SUBSCRIPTION BLANK



THE NEW YORKER

25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK CITY 36, N. Y.

Please enter my subscription to your magazine for 1 YEAR; 2 YEARS. My remittance is enclosed.

U. S. and Possessions	1 year—\$7.00; 2 years—\$12.00
Canada, Philippines	} 1 year— 8.00; 2 years— 14.00
Latin America and Spain	
Other Foreign	1 year—10.00; 2 years— 18.00

Subscribers ordering a change of address are requested to notify us at least four weeks in advance and to give us their old address as well as the new. Please include postal zone numbers for both addresses.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____
(Please include postal zone number)

"I drink all the coffee I want..."



"I get all the sleep I need!"



**DON'T STOP DRINKING COFFEE...
JUST STOP DRINKING CAFFEIN!**

YOU SLEEP better at night and *feel* better during the day when you don't drink *caffein*. For it's the sleep-disturbing *caffein* in ordinary coffee that keeps so many coffee-drinkers feeling tired, jittery and upset.

That's why millions of wise coffee-lovers have switched to New Extra-Rich Sanka Coffee. It's 97% *caffein*-free—gives you all the rich *goodness* of really choice coffee, yet *can't* irritate your nerves. Try it!

DELICIOUS IN
EITHER INSTANT OR
REGULAR FORM

Products of General Foods



**NEW EXTRA-RICH
SANKA COFFEE**

*It's delicious! It's 97% *caffein*-free!
It lets you sleep!*

lotion that contains camphor. Single treatments are \$6; ten are \$45.

VANITY, VANITY: Maggy Rouff's Fleur Folle, a head-turning flowery perfume with a strong dosage of attar of roses, is at Gunther Jaeckel. One ounce is \$39.50. . . . Carven's colognes, Ma Griffe and Robe d'Un Soir, are now around in frosted-glass pressure atomizers. Hold the bottle at arm's length, press the lever, and direct the resulting jet of thin, fragrant mist at you, your bureau drawers, your closet, or simply the room in general. Two ounces are \$2.40. . . . Revlon's Fire and Ice Eau de Parfum, which has a fruity tang, costs \$2.40 for two ounces. The firm's lipstick and nail enamel called Cherries in the Snow are a true ripe-cherry red; \$1.32 and seventy-two cents, respectively. . . . Harriet Hubbard Ayer's Apricot Cream is a splendid refreshing cleanser and softener; \$1.50 for just over three ounces. Her lemon hand lotion, made from a very efficient French formula for preventing chapped skin, is \$1.20. . . . Helena Rubinstein's Hand Delight, another dependable anti-chap lotion, comes in a push-button bottle that froths cream at a touch; \$1.50. . . . Estée Lauder's colorless pomade, a light, almost bodiless creation that goes on after the lipstick has set and makes

the mouth look soft and glossy, is \$1.80 a jar. Her Bath Oil, a flowery concoction that smells wonderful, is \$4.50 an ounce. . . . Charles of the Ritz has thought up Velvet Foam, a cleanser for women who find soap too drying, and also a great idea for travellers. Dampen the face and hands, squeeze a half inch of the foam into the palms, work it into rich froth, and slather it on. It rinses off easily, taking every trace of grime with it. A tube of it is \$1.80. . . . Yardley has added two soaps, Crushed Carnation and Red Roses, to its assortment of bath preparations. A box of three of either flavor is \$1.50. . . . Marcel Rochas is now putting his Femme scent into dusting powder. A huge box of it is \$6. . . . Lanolin Plus Liquid Makeup, a creamy foundation, gives a smooth matte finish to the skin, so using powder on top is entirely optional. It's \$1.20 in any of several excellent shades, including Rose Flattery (sounds like a servant girl in a drawing-room comedy), which is a delicate rose-beige for medium-fair complexions. Lanolin Plus Shampoo, reliable and clean-smelling, is also \$1.20. . . . Elizabeth Arden's Invisible Veil is a solid compact powder that doesn't cake and stays put for hours. Case and powder are \$1.80 all told. All prices, by the way, include federal tax.—G. J.

LIVING IN SIN

She had thought the studio would keep itself—
No dust upon the furniture of love.
Half heresy, to wish the taps less vocal,
The panes relieved of grime. A plate of pears,
A piano with a Persian shawl, a cat
Stalking the picturesque, amusing mouse
Had been her vision when he pleaded "Come."
Not that, at five, each separate stair would writhe
Under the milkman's tramp; that morning light
So coldly would delineate the scraps
Of last night's cheese and blank, sepulchral bottles;
That on the kitchen shelf among the saucers
A pair of beetle eyes would fix her own—
Envoy from some black village in the moldings. . . .
Meanwhile her night's companion, with a yawn,
Sounded a dozen notes upon the keyboard,
Declared it out of tune, inspected, whistling,
A twelve hours' beard, went out for cigarettes,
While she, contending with a woman's demons,
Pulled back the sheets and made the bed and found
A fallen towel to dust the tabletop,
And wondered how it was a man could wake
From night to day and take the day for granted.
By evening she was back in love again,
Though not so wholly but throughout the night
She woke sometimes to feel the daylight coming
Like a relentless milkman up the stairs.

—ADRIENNE CECILE RICH

trim terry togs
at a special gift value



wraparong ®

FOR HER . . . wonderful, multi-purpose gift . . . an oversized towel that's shaped and fitted . . . buttons on in a wink. Perfect for tub to phone, shampooing, make-up, bathing, lounging. White, blue, maize, green. Small, medium, large.

snaparong only 3.95

FOR HIM . . . popular terry towel that snaps on in a jiffy . . . ideal for shaving, bathing, locker room wear. Big, deep pocket holds shaving needs, cigarettes. White only. Small (28-32 waist), medium (34-38), large (40-44). Three adjustable fasteners. now only 1.95

Send Check Or Money Order.
Add 20¢ for postage. Mention Quantity,
Size & Color desired.

THE TOG SHOP
AMERICUS, GEORGIA

Castle Films presents

MAN AGAINST MT. EVEREST

an epic of
incredible daring
in a setting
of unparalleled
grandeur!

AVAILABLE in these editions:

- 8 mm Headline—\$1.95.....
- 16 mm Headline—\$2.95.....
- 8 mm Complete—\$5.95.....
- 16 mm Complete—\$9.75.....
- 16 mm Sound Deluxe—\$21.75.

See your camera dealer or mail your order
Free Catalog
Castle Films, Dept. D, 1445 Park Ave., N.Y.C.

BONGO BOARD



... the fascinating game of balance.
Big Bongo—adults—\$14.95
Basic Bongo—teenagers—\$9.95
Baby Bongo—children 3 to 8—\$6.95
If not available at leading stores will
ship in U. S. or Canada POSTAGE
FREE on receipt check.
Washburn-Decker Industries
545 5th Ave., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Good Display



"IT SHOULD HAPPEN TO YOU" is the first Hollywood movie in a long time to employ satire to good advantage. The targets at which it aims—television, advertising, and urban gullibility—are rather easily pinked, but the film works up a lot of pleasant comedy while cutting loose at them. Indeed, it has some of the flavor of "Nothing Sacred," the fine old item that depicted the sympathetic collapse of all Manhattan at the feet of a fake victim of radium poisoning. In "It Should Happen to You," the heroine takes over the city much more simply. Having been defeated in all her previous attempts to make an impression on it, she is suddenly inspired to invest most of her life savings, which amount to a thousand dollars, in a billboard on Columbus Circle. Upon this she has her name inscribed. The picture fumbles around a bit up to that point, but afterward it is steadily diverting. By trading her billboard to a soap manufacturer who is mad to advertise his wares on Columbus Circle, our girl becomes the proprietor of six other billboards, scattered around town, and before long she is as inescapably in the public eye as one of the Gabors. Her reasons for wanting her name posted all over Manhattan are elementary: she wants to rise above the crowd, which she surely does. She becomes a person to reckon with on television, and is presently on display in all kinds of magazines as the average American girl. This naturally leads her into various misadventures with the Madison Avenue set (some of the film was actually shot in the spectacular real-estate offices of William Zeckendorf, which probably constitute an advertising man's dream of Heaven), and Garson Kanin, the author of the script, and George Cukor, the director, have seen to it that plenty of time is spent on an examination of the habits of the drum beaters. No aborigines ever cultivated stranger mores than the ones described here, and "It Should Happen to You" explores them happily. As is customary in this sort of comic romp, our heroine is tossed about for a while on the horns of a simple dilemma: Should she give her heart to an honest documentary-film maker and



Expect to Be Pampered

As our guest,
it may take you
several days
to see and know the
many fabulous facets
that provide
more opportunities
for happiness and
diversion than you
ever suppose existed.

But in that
short space of
time you'll come
to agree with those
who call Boca Raton
"The Paradise
of the Western World."

For sports,
entertainment,
fine food
and sheer enchantment,
this luxuriant, 3500-acre
tropical park
of man-made
and natural magnificence
is without equal
on this continent.
There's absolutely
nothing left
to be desired
—save your presence.

Boca Raton
HOTEL AND CLUB
BOCA RATON, FLORIDA

STOCK CLEARANCE



Custom Tailors • Furnishers

**ENTIRE FURNISHING STOCK,
READY-CUT CLOTHING
& OUTWEAR**

The unseasonable weather has left us with a heavy stock of outercoats in Topcoats and Winter-Weights which we are marking down

FOR QUICK CASH CLEARANCE

JANUARY 21st TO JANUARY 30th

Were	Now
125.00 Double Breasted Short Warm, Full Tartan Wool Lining	85.00
100.00 Orkney Island Tweeds, Fly Front, Tartan Wool Lining	69.00
130.00 Burberry Overcoats, Highland Tweeds, Full Plaid Wool Lining	90.00
105.00 Chesterfield Overcoats	74.00
30% — All Burberry Trench Coats, Weather Proofs, Gabardine and Shetland Topcoats reduced 30%	
85.00 & 95.00 Chipp Ready Cut Suits (Flannels & Worsted)	68.00
65.00 Chipp Shetland Odd Coats	52.00
85.00 & 95.00 Chipp Lightweight Tropical Dinner Suits, Shawl or Floor Level Peak Lapels, Plain Front Trousers	68.00

ALL SIZES NOT AVAILABLE. SALE APPLIES TO IN STOCK MERCHANDISE ONLY.

— SHIRTS —

5.00 Chipp Famous Shirts, & 5.50 Button Down & Round Collar in All Fabrics	4.10 ea., 6 for 24.00
7.50 Flannelite Shirts, Tattersall Checks, Shepherd Checks, Gingham Checks, Also Famous White Egyptian Long Staple Cotton	5.95 ea., 3 for 17.00

— ODD TROUSERS —

18.50 Grey Flannel (12 oz. Plain or Pleated Front)	16.50
21.50 Grey Tropical Worsted, 9 oz. (in Flannel Shades)	19.00
27.50 Indian Whipcord, Natural or Clergy Shade	24.00

— NECKWEAR —

4.50-3.50 Chipp Incomparable Selection English Hand Block Foulards, Silk Knit	2.95 ea., 6 for 17.00
2.50 Chipp Designed Red Stripes & Wool Challis	1.95 ea., 6 for 11.50
2.50-2.00 Chipp Batwing Bows, Foulards, Reps, Challis	1.65 ea., 6 for 9.00
20% — ODD Vests, Mufflers, Gloves, — 20% Hats, Caps, Jewelry, Garters, Braces, Belts, Hosiery, Pajamas, Cumberbunds, Sweaters, Alma Mater Slippers & Accessories.	

ALL SALES FOR CASH OR CHECK
NO C.O.D.'s—ALL SALES FINAL
NO EXCHANGES

Chipp

14 East 44th St., N. Y. 17, N. Y.
MURRAY HILL 7-0850

say goodbye to frolic and fortune, or should she surrender herself to the sudsy embraces of a soap manufacturer? We need not dwell on how all this is resolved.

A good part of the charm of "It Should Happen to You" derives from Judy Holliday, who plays the young lady with the fixation on billboards. As Miss Holliday has demonstrated before, she is a great one with Mr. Kanin's lines, and on this occasion she is especially expert in giving them an air of spontaneity. Together with Jack Lemmon (the documentary man) and Peter Lawford (the soap man), she makes a light-hearted shambles of the film's romantic elements. But it is not only to the principals that the picture owes a debt. They are aptly assisted by such solid performers as Michael O'Shea, Connie Gilchrist, and Melville Cooper. Mr. O'Shea is particularly funny as a seedy entrepreneur who supervises Miss Holliday's affairs after her billboards have made her famous.

"FOREVER FEMALE," which is supposed to have been adapted from, and bears a vague resemblance to, James M. Barrie's "Rosalind," is full of pointless chatter. It is one of those backstage things—about an actress who wants to play ingénues, despite the fact that she'd be more properly cast as a lady mincing into middle age. She has an ex-husband, who is her producer, and she is in love with a playwright, who gallantly changes a role in his play so that she can fill it. There is also a young actress on hand, who is deprived of the part. But let's not go on. The thing is orthodox Hollywood nonsense, and it's too bad that the likes of Paul Douglas, Ginger Rogers, and William Holden got caught up in it.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

WHAT PAPER D'YA READ?

Asked for his choice of 1953's Man of the Year, he [Truman] named Winston Churchill without hesitation and added that it "is no reflection on Eisenhower to be outranked by Churchill."—*The Herald Tribune, January 11th.*

"My choice would be Churchill," Mr. Truman said. "I am a very great admirer of his. And I will say that it is no reflection on Mr. Adenauer to be outranked by Mr. Churchill."—*The Times, same day.*

Princeton claimed a foul on the play but the referee, Frankly Stumped, settled the question with the flip of a coin.—*The News.*

Goodness, we knew his mother. That's how old *we* are.

The Show
with the Stars...
Arthur M. Wirtz
presents



HOLLYWOOD ICE REVUE

NOW

Thru Wed. Feb. 3
(No. Perfs. Jan. 20, 21, 22)
Mats. Sats. & Suns. Jan. 23-24-30-31

BARBARA ANN SCOTT BOBBY BLAKE
JACQUELINE DU BIEF JACK RAFFLOER
FREDDIE TRENKLER & JERRY MAPES
THE BRUISES PETER FIRSTBROOK
SKIPPY BAXTER THE LAVONNES

NOT TELEVISED
Res. \$1.50, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 (tax incl.)
Children 1/2 Price Sat. Mats.
MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED
Add 25c for Handling and Mailing

MADISON SQ. GARDEN

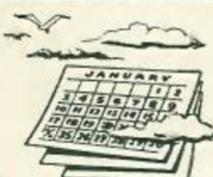
Wondering where to lunch today?
Try the intimate



DORSET Bar Cafe

LUNCHEON • COCKTAILS • DINNER • SUPPER
HOTEL DORSET
30 West 54th Street
BING & BING, INC., MGT.

If the way
That you feel
Or the calendar
Says you're
Due for a change,
Relaxation or pleasure—
Why delay? Come today!



GEORGE B. BRUNI, General Manager
New York Office - LONgacre 5-1114

THE SKYSCRAPER BY THE SEA



Siro's
cuisine par excellence

58 EAST 53RD STREET
NEW YORK 22, N. Y.
RESERVATIONS: PLAZA 3-8059



THE RACE TRACK

Flamingo-Pink Opening



AS I have probably said before, the season in Miami never really begins until Hialeah opens, which it did last Saturday. It isn't news that Tropical Park had a pretty humdrum meeting, and it isn't astonishing that there was such a quick change in tempo last week, but from all accounts there have been few crowds that were larger and few days of racing in Florida that were livelier than the one that started things off at Hialeah. Nearly twenty-four thousand aficionados were present, and I venture to say that most of them went sightseeing, because, for the third time since it was built, Hialeah has a new clubhouse—new from top to bottom. This one is three stories high and has three acres of floor space, five grand staircases, two elevators, six escalators (What a godsend just one of those would be at Belmont!), seats for five thousand spectators, and, for those who choose to wander around, as horseplayers usually do, promenades that will accommodate seventy-five hundred. Indoors, the décor is green and flamingo pink. It's not true that all the coconuts in the trees on the grounds were painted flamingo pink for opening day; only the ones that were cut down and mailed to stay-at-homes in the North got that treatment.

As for the racing, Tidewater, who ran at Jamaica last autumn, brought off a 50-1 chance in the Inaugural Handicap; to be exact, he paid \$103. Although he had won twice and been second three times in his five starts at Tropical this season, his were the longest odds in the race. But that didn't keep him from leading all the way, by lengths, and winning easily from Sweet Vermouth, Hyphasis, and fifteen less nimble sprinters. The race was at six furlongs, the time was 1:11½, and, if you want to make anything of it, Tidewater was ridden by Eldon Nelson, who used to ride Coal-town half a dozen years ago. For the rest, Holandes, a horse from the Argentine, finished second in the first race and paid \$89.10 to place (Merry Mount, who won, paid \$31.60 on the nose); in the second race, Maharajah, a gray three-year-old by Mahmoud, romped in by eight, as they say, and paid \$3.10,



Have YOU a gourmet palate?



DOUBLE ROASTED for the
gourmet palate

INTERNATIONALLY FAMOUS DEMI TASSE



Easily brewed in any coffee-maker

At most food stores and all fine restaurants

S. A. SCHONBRUNN & CO., INC., NEW YORK 5, N. Y.

EMPIRE ★ ROOM ★



Dolores Gray

Musical Comedy Star of Two Continents

Nat Brandwynne

his piano and his orchestra

Mischa Borr & his orchestra

Shows 9:30 and 12:15. Closed Sundays.
Theatre Dinner—\$4.50—served 6 to 8.
(No entertainment tax)

LUNCHEON DAILY

WALDORF-ASTORIA
PARK AVENUE—49th TO 50th STREETS

See famous old buildings at

Williamsburg

VIRGINIA

VISIT the colonial capital city of Virginia restored to its 18th century appearance. See many famous historic buildings such as the beautiful Wren Building, oldest college structure in the country, where Thomas Jefferson and other great patriots learned the principles of freedom. Fine lodgings in modern hotels, colonial cottages, and restored taverns.

Williamsburg Lodge & Taverns
Double from \$6.00

Williamsburg Inn & Cottages
Double from \$10.00

For information write direct, see travel agent or Williamsburg Reservation Office, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Circle 6-8896.



which was fair enough; and Landlocked came down from Aiken and picked off the Tamiami Purse. Landlocked may be worth remembering.

WINDING up things at Tropical Park last Friday, Capeador took the Tropical Handicap, the final and most important event of the meeting, from Count Cain, Iceberg II (he was a topnotcher over turf courses last season), and eleven others. It had been rather expected that Straight Face, who came back to the races this month and won twice in brilliant style, would be a starter, but it turned out that the Greentree Stable had other plans for him. He'll be flown to Santa Anita for the Maturity Stakes a week from Saturday, and his next engagement after that will probably be the Widener Handicap at Hialeah on February 20th. He's also eligible for the Santa Anita Handicap the following Saturday. In fact, he's only 12-1 in the Caliente future book on the race. But that looks like a very short price to me.

ODD things have been happening lately at Santa Anita. Three widely known runners—Alfred Vanderbilt's Find and Calumet's Hill Gail and Mark-Ye-Well—were soundly beaten one afternoon in a picayune ten-thousand-dollar handicap at six furlongs. Atomic Speed won it and Heliowise was second. Hill Gail managed to finish third, but Mark-Ye-Well was fourth and Find, who is his owner's candidate for the Santa Anita—the Big Cap, as they call it in California—was fifth. Last weekend, there was another surprise when By Zeus won the San Fernando Stakes, in which Imbros, who had set a world's record of 1:20 $\frac{3}{5}$ for seven furlongs a fortnight earlier, ran out of the money. Maybe it's the fog or the smog.

AS you may have noted, the weights for the Experimental Free Handicap have been announced, and the fact that Turn-To and Porterhouse head the list, each under a hundred and twenty-six pounds, has been greeted with varying emotions. I suppose I should have an opinion about them and the other top colts, and I daresay I shall, but right now I'm in the position of a bookmaker I knew in the bad old days. He took bets over the phone, and when customers asked what he liked, as they frequently did, he'd say, "I'm sorry, but I didn't get no chance to study the entries last night."

—AUDAX MINOR

Beautiful Hair BRECK

Beauty Salon

BRECK HAIR AND SCALP TREATMENTS

To make your hair soft, manageable and beautiful.

A series of Breck Treatments before a permanent, insures a soft, lovely, lasting wave.

Mr. Fred and Mr. Norman, hair stylists, and a competent staff offer complete professional hair care services.

5 EAST 57th STREET
NEW YORK • PLAZA 8-1910

LANCERS

Crackling Carbonated Via Rose



AN UNUSUAL DINNER WINE!

Imported from Portugal. A Light-bodied Rosé wine—slightly effervescent—delightfully different in taste. Bottled in hand molded earthenware crock or glass jug.

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

Need A Nursing Home?

Finding the Home most suitable for the individual's care and comfort is not easy. But we can help you. Our qualified professional staff carefully selects licensed Homes within a 50 mile area in N. Y., N. J., Conn. Patient's special medical requirements (physician consulted), and individual preferences thoughtfully considered. Several Homes referred for choice. Fee \$25.

By appointment only

Adult Counselors & Home Finders
33 Fifth Avenue GR 3-7900



Charles Dickens Lives Again at
Maxwell DuBrow's
ELIZABETH NORMAN
RESTAURANT
Old English Tavern

Famous for SOUTHERN FRIED CHICKEN
and PLANK PLATTER STEAKS
1043 MADISON AVE. (79-80 St.) RE. 4-9622
Just a step from Metropolitan Art
Museum & Central Park

Spirit...



TOPAZ TAN AND PEBBLE BEIGE, a gay new tone in highway fashion. Pictured here is the New Yorker DeLuxe Club Coupe.

HERE IS BEAUTY with a zest for action! Here is the leader look, suggesting extraordinary ability. Here is luxury of fabric; here are supreme taste in appointment and new spirit in color and line. With the Chrysler FirePower V-8 engine, you drive with new confidence in instant power for safer instant response. The most automatic of

all no-clutch transmissions, PowerFlite, gives you new automatic control in any driving situation. With Full-Time Power Steering and Power Brakes, Chrysler is the one car totally powered for the first complete driver control. Isn't this the leadership that should be yours? Isn't now the time to see your Chrysler dealer?

and look
THE POWER OF LEADERSHIP IS YOURS IN A

Beautiful Chrysler

THIS WEEK VISIT CHRYSLER'S 30TH ANNIVERSARY DISPLAY, HOTEL COMMODORE, N. Y.

New 1954 Plymouth, Dodge,



PLYMOUTH *Belvedere Sport Coupe*



DE SOTO *FireDome 4-Door Sedan*



Custom IMPERIAL *Newport*

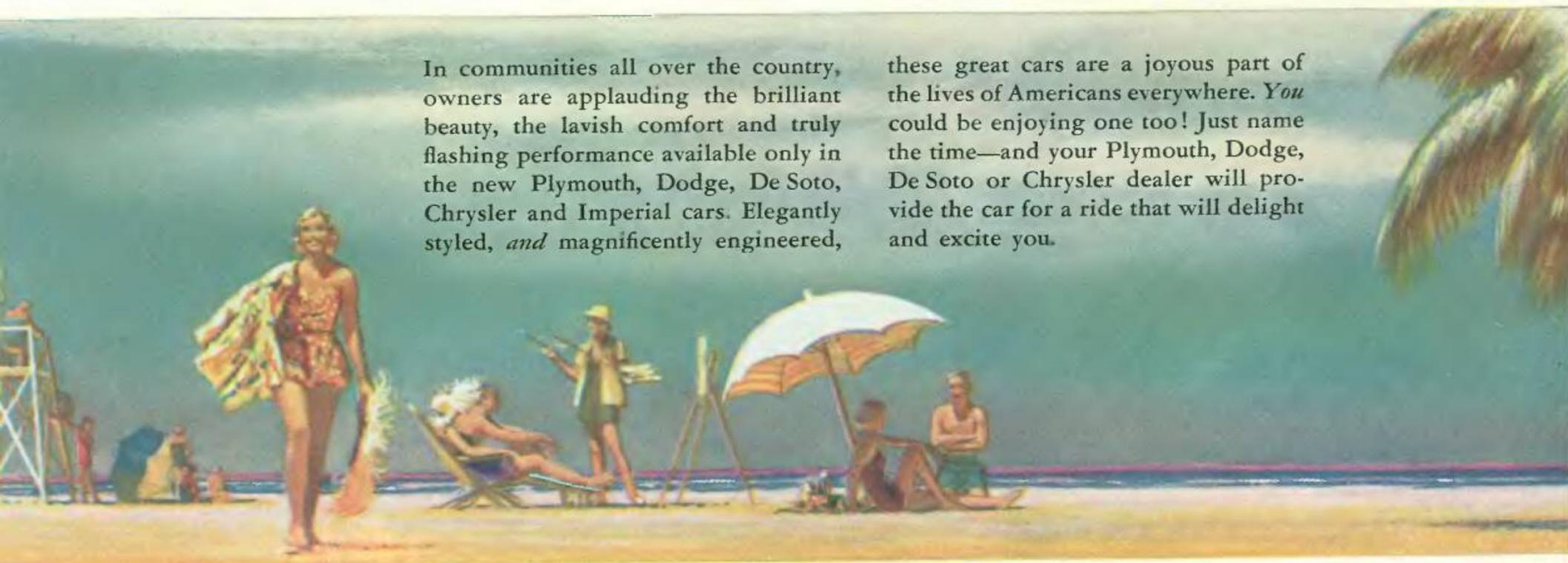
the pace-setters in *fashion*

DeSoto, Chrysler and Imperial



In communities all over the country, owners are applauding the brilliant beauty, the lavish comfort and truly flashing performance available only in the new Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto, Chrysler and Imperial cars. Elegantly styled, *and* magnificently engineered,

these great cars are a joyous part of the lives of Americans everywhere. *You* could be enjoying one too! Just name the time—and your Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto or Chrysler dealer will provide the car for a ride that will delight and excite you.



and function

Enjoy Medallion Theatre—dramatic entertainment for the whole family on CBS-TV

BY CHRYSLER CORPORATION

First in Fashion • First in Engineering • First in Value



A DISTINGUISHED PRODUCT
FROM THE
HOUSE OF SEAGRAM



Seagram's
Ancient Bottle
distilled dry **Gin**

*A pale golden gin of rare
mellowness and superb bouquet
made by an original and unique
method, the first pale golden gin
of its kind ever made in America
distilled & bottled by
Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, Inc.
Lawrenceburg, Indiana*



The Golden Touch of Hospitality

Your most exacting guests
will praise your drink creations
when they're made with
Seagram's Gin.

A Seagram Martini, for instance,
is a golden *dry* Martini of
unparalleled excellence because
Seagram's Gin is so satin smooth
and so pleasantly dry it is
almost a Martini in itself.

Make Seagram's Gin *your*
Golden Touch of Hospitality for
every important occasion.



★ For the smartest tips on your enter-
taining problems, Mary Grosvenor
Ellsworth's new booklet "The Golden Touch
of Hospitality" is available in states where
legal. Send 25¢ to The House of Seagram,
Dept. 40, P. O. Box 193, New York 10, N.Y.

TELEVISION

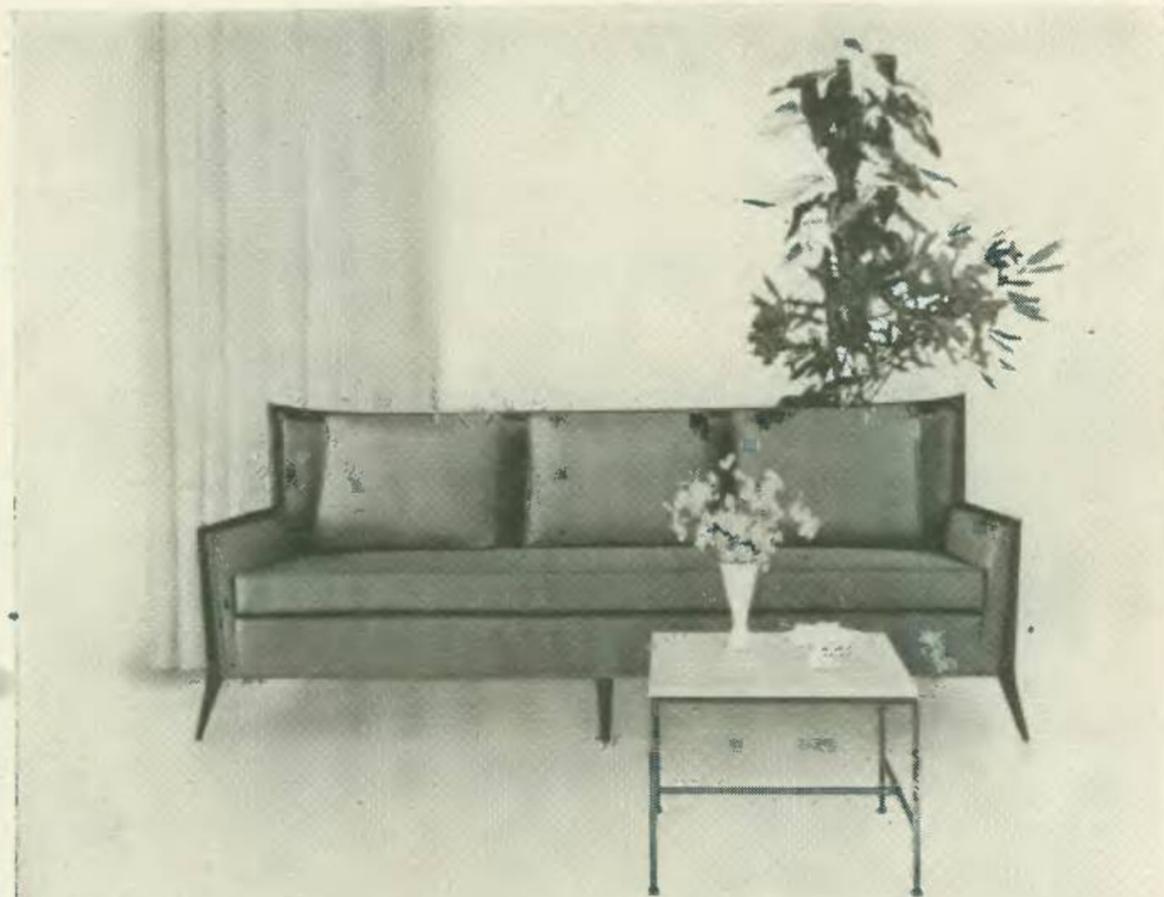
Hedda Get Your Gun!



THE first time I saw "Hedda Gabler," Nazimova played Hedda, and, believe me, it was a wonderful experience, especially for a growing boy with vine leaves in his hair. Nazimova was

Hedda, every last, deep, devious, frustrated particle of her. There is now a short pause for the passage of years, in the course of which I went back from time to time to what, in these days, one is forced to call "the original," and read and reread the play. An extremely impressive drama, no matter how you look at it. Then, a week or so ago, Hedda reentered my life, and presumably the lives of millions of other video owners, when Miss Tallulah Bankhead took the plunge and played the role on "The United States Steel Hour." Poor public, poor Tallulah, poor, poor Henrik Ibsen! "Hedda Gabler" is a four-act play of standard length, but the steel authorities apparently decided that, like steel ingots, it could be cut down to size. The size they favored was an hour, with several commercial interruptions to demonstrate the massive power of a large steel mill and the wonderment of pouring molten steel from one hideous bucket into another.

The adaptation of "Hedda Gabler" was the work of a man called Erik Barnouw, who had, I guess, dipped into Ibsen's play before attempting his own curious version but, as far as I could make out, had almost entirely missed its point. The version that unfolded before us the other evening was distinguished by a lack of integrity and by a persistent attempt to turn Ibsen's thoughts topsy-turvy. I daresay that when Ibsen drew Hedda he did not intend to portray a character who performed evil actions joyously and without cause, much as some mad killer might march down a street and murder the first stranger who happened to come along. There were reasons for everything Hedda did, and even if she was not aware of them, by God, Ibsen was. Not so Barnouw, or Bankhead. By the time Barnouw got through with Ibsen, there wasn't much for Miss Bankhead to play with, but she took the little bit left and managed to compound the felony. She seemed to have the idea that Hedda was the sort



a permanent contribution to american design

by

Paul McCobb

through dealers and decorators only

DIRECTIONAL 201 EAST 57TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY
MERCHANDISE MART, CHICAGO

Get away for long week-end fun IN SPARKLING QUÉBEC

COME... celebrate Lincoln's or Washington's birthday in the celebrated Château Frontenac. A round of fun from dawn to yawn!

ALL THIS:

Skating
Skiing
Sleighting
Tobogganing
Shopping
Sightseeing

AND—

Cosy fireside lounge
Social teas
Continental food
Nightly dancing
Fine service by Canadian Pacific
Canadian Pacific
581 Fifth Avenue
New York 17, N. Y.
PLaza 9-4433



Château Frontenac

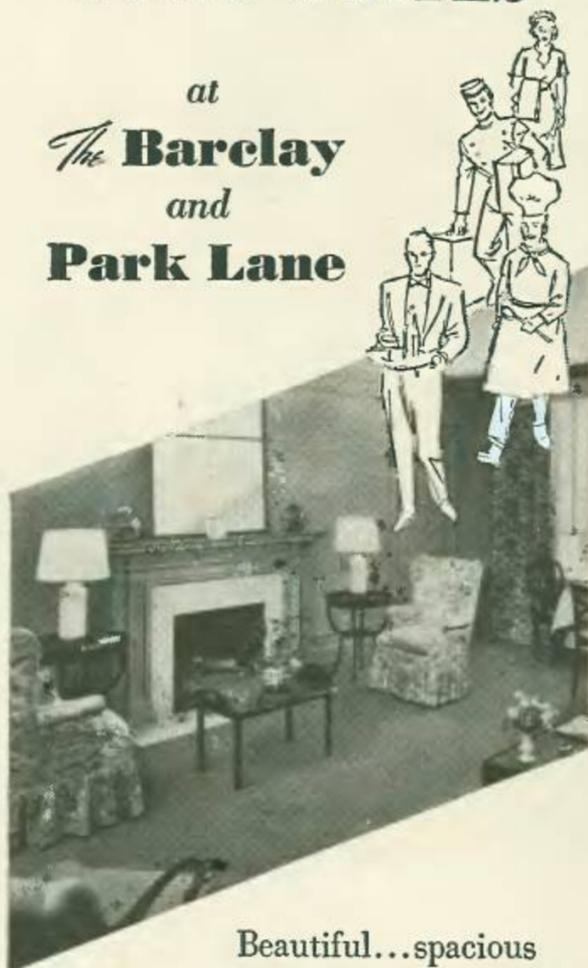
A CANADIAN PACIFIC HOTEL IN FRIENDLY OLD QUÉBEC

Special all-expense holiday rates: 3 to 10 days, \$49 to \$151 per person, double room. Also includes meals, ski lessons and facilities, skating, tobogganing.



Now Available
by the **DAY, MONTH** or longer
FURNISHED
TOWN SUITES

at
The **Barclay**
and
Park Lane



Beautiful...spacious and individually luxurious town homes with full hotel service in the best Park Avenue tradition. Each suite provides a tastefully decorated and appointed living room, one, two or more master chambers, service pantry with electrical refrigeration . . . plus the quiet elegance of an ultra-smart social address.

The
BARCLAY

111 East 48th Street
Just off Park Avenue
PLaza 5-5900

William H. Rorke, Manager

The
PARK LANE

Park Avenue at 48th Street
PLaza 5-4100

REALTY HOTELS, Inc.
Frank W. Regan, President
David J. Martin, Vice President

of girl the celebrated Miss Mae West once delighted in interpreting—all waving hips, bouncing framework, and ninety-proof larynx. Now and then, Miss Bankhead abandoned the Westian interpretation and noisily shifted gears, emerging as a pallid imitation of Miss Ethel Merman in the role of Annie Oakley. The Mermanesque moments were most evident when Hedda went over to the old pistol box left her by her daddy, General Gabler, toyed with the antique firearms, and engaged in target practice. All in all, it was a messy, shrill, and meaningless hour, and only Luther Adler, as the sinister Judge Brack, gave the impression of understanding his role.

ONE of America's folk heroes, Bing Crosby, turned up on the tiny screen the other night in a half-hour show of his own, called, of all things, "The Bing Crosby Show." Mr. Crosby, it seems, has been quite shy about television, and has been biding his time, studying the medium and selling frozen orange juice. His program was an absurdity from start to finish—stiff, formal, humorless, and badly lighted. The great crooner appeared to be ill at ease, and his attempts to seem nonchalant and devil-may-care made me, for one, embarrassed and apprehensive. In a sense, the Crosby program was a throw-back to the early days of radio—and the later days, too—when an old familiar favorite would introduce his act with a few private, sneering references to other radio favorites, sing a few songs, bring on a guest celebrity, go off the air, and head for home. The guest celebrity the other evening was Jack Benny. He indulged in several slick, homogenized jokes, and, in turn, introduced a torrid young woman, Miss Sheree North, who did an uninhibited dance that was not designed, I should think, for teen-age viewers. Miss North was an intriguing bundle of bumps and grinds, but her incendiary performance was something of an incongruity, set down, as it was, between the studiously antiseptic songs of Mr. Crosby.

AN extremely unpleasant hour-long drama entitled "The Remarkable Incident at Carson Corners" was presented recently on "Studio One." The originator of this work, Mr. Reginald Rose, is obviously a charter member of the modern, beat-the-audience-over-the-ears school of playwriting, the practitioners of which (led, I should say, by Mr. Arthur Miller) imply that every



GIVE *Your* YEAR A **FIFTH** SEASON...

Let our magic carpet add a few weeks of June to the middle of your January . . . and enjoy them to the fullest at the resort where summer spends the winter—the Hollywood Beach Hotel. On our own acres of tropical luxury you'll find everything you could want, to make your Fifth Season the most fun of any . . . from golf, tennis and fishing to just lazing in the sun, from exciting night-time entertainment to relaxing at cards or congenial conversation . . . and, surrounding it all, dining on the famous, sumptuous, American Plan food of the

Write for our full color brochure and rate schedule



Hollywood Beach
HOTEL

HOLLYWOOD-BY-THE-SEA IN FLORIDA
New York Office: 400 Madison Ave.
Phone MU 8-6667



Again!

Hélène
Francois

At Dinner and Supper

Carnaval
Room

The SHERRY NETHERLAND

FIFTH AVENUE AT 59th ST. • NEW YORK ★



Hey Mate, We Got a Date!

...at the ONE and ONLY
King of the Sea
and his Royal Family of Fish
Your Host, Adolph Flasher
3rd Ave., near 53rd St.

AIR CONDITIONED

Hurry to **BERLITZ**
for languages!

MIDTOWN (Rockefeller Center)
630 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 20 • CI 6-0110

DOWNTOWN (Wall St. District)
179 Broadway, N. Y. 7 • CO 7-1112



evil deed in a naughty world is the result of the collective guilt of mankind in general and "the system" in particular. The symptom of evil Mr. Rose has in mind in his play is the tragic death of a boy who falls from a badly constructed fire escape outside his school building. The boy's little classmates caucus and plot a special entertainment for their parents, revealing nothing of the nature of their plans, and, when the parents gather in the school building, proceed to "try" a pathetic school janitor for what they consider the murder of the boy. There is not one parent in the crowd who stands up, spansks the children, and packs them off to bed. There is not one parent in the crowd who stands up and announces that kangaroo courts will not be tolerated in the community. Oh, no! Most of the parents instantly believe that the janitor murdered the boy by pushing him off the fire escape, but as the hour wears on, and parent begins to battle parent, it develops that practically everybody in the room has, in one way or another, contributed to the child's demise. There is a doctor, for instance, who did not answer the emergency call from the hospital when the boy was taken there *in extremis*; he preferred to stay home and watch an old Buster Keaton movie on television. The boy's teacher is guilty of neglect, too; she failed to make certain that the faulty fire escape was repaired. And the very father of the boy, a construction chap, was negligent when he built the fire escape in the first place. And so it went—all hands guilty, and miserable, and shouting "*mea culpa*" at the depressing finish.

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

Roast Prime Rib of Northern Beef and Aujus—*Café adv. in the San Antonio (Texas) Express.*

There's no tastier vegetable, when it's fresh.

"I don't know of any man pulling the trick women pull frequently: getting pregnant by someone of higher social position to force marriage," Reider asserted.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Neither do we, by Gad.

LETTERS WE NEVER FINISHED READING

EASTERN FEATHER COMPANY
994 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS,
NEW YORK 18, N. Y.

Gentlemen:
Do you use feathers?...

Nothing keeps you in shape

like

NO-CAL



...absolutely

NON-FATTENING

ginger ale

AND FOUR OTHER WONDERFUL FLAVORS:
BLACK CHERRY, COLA, ROOT BEER, CREAM SODA
AND NEW . . . SALT-FREE CLUB SODA

2 for 29¢

Big 16 ounce no deposit bottle



KIRSCH BEVERAGES,
BROOKLYN 6, N. Y.

All over town, NO-CAL is the word they're using for non-fattening soft drinks.

But don't be deceived by any "NO-CAL type" beverage claiming to be "almost as good." Only NO-CAL has delicious true-flavor. Plus the wonderful new sweetening discovery! *Be sure* you see NO-CAL clearly on the label.

Remember, all the flavor is in—all the sugar (and salt) is out. That's why NO-CAL is by far the fastest selling non-fattening beverage.

THRILLS YOUR TASTE — TRIMS YOUR WAIST

BOOKS

Two Acorns, One Oak

LIKE Coca-Cola and night baseball, the *Little Magazine*—so called because of its circulation rather than its format—is a peculiarly American institution. The *Little Magazine* has flowered abroad, too, but it has been more prolific here, and also more important in our literary history. Since the rise of the mass-circulation magazine at the turn of the century, writers with something new and/or serious to say have, for the most part, found it possible to say it only in a *Little Magazine*. There were a few earlier examples, like Harriet Monroe's *Poetry* and Max Eastman's *Masses*, but the genre really began to flourish during the First World War. As the American literary renaissance grew through the twenties, so did the influence of the *Little Magazine*. The *Dial* and the *Little Review* printed more distinguished work and aroused more excitement than any of their latter-day successors have, and such widely read crosses between a *Little* and a commercial magazine as H. L. Mencken's *American Mercury* and Frank Crowninshield's *Vanity Fair* made valuable contributions. By the mid-thirties, the avant-garde had won considerable acceptance, prudishness about sex and syntax had disappeared throughout large sections of the reading public, and the standard publishers were increasingly receptive to "experimental" writing. This trend has reached a bizarre climax in the last year or two with the appearance of what might be called Big *Little Magazines* (*New World Writing* is perhaps the best example); that is, periodicals or anthologies, in pocketbook format, sold to a mass audience but having the typical contents of *Little Magazines*.

It was a famous victory, but, like the one Little Peterkin was so fatiguingly curious about, its results have been disappointing. For the triumphant avant-garde of today seems to have lost much of the life, the sense

of discovery and enjoyment, that its struggling forebears of the twenties so abundantly possessed. The contrast is made painfully explicit by two anthologies—"The *Little Review* Anthology" and "New Directions 14." The first of these volumes, published by Hermitage House, is a selection by Margaret Anderson of work from the defunct *Little Review*, which she and Jane Heap edited and which, from 1914 to 1929, was the most important of the *Little Magazines*, printing Joyce, Eliot, Yeats, Anderson, Pound, and Hemingway and reproducing the paintings of Picasso, Matisse, Klee, Braque, and Miró at a time when those mountain peaks on the cultural horizon were not as apparent as they are today. The second, which deals with contemporary writing, is the latest in a series of anthologies put out by the leading avant-garde book publisher, James Laughlin's *New Directions*.

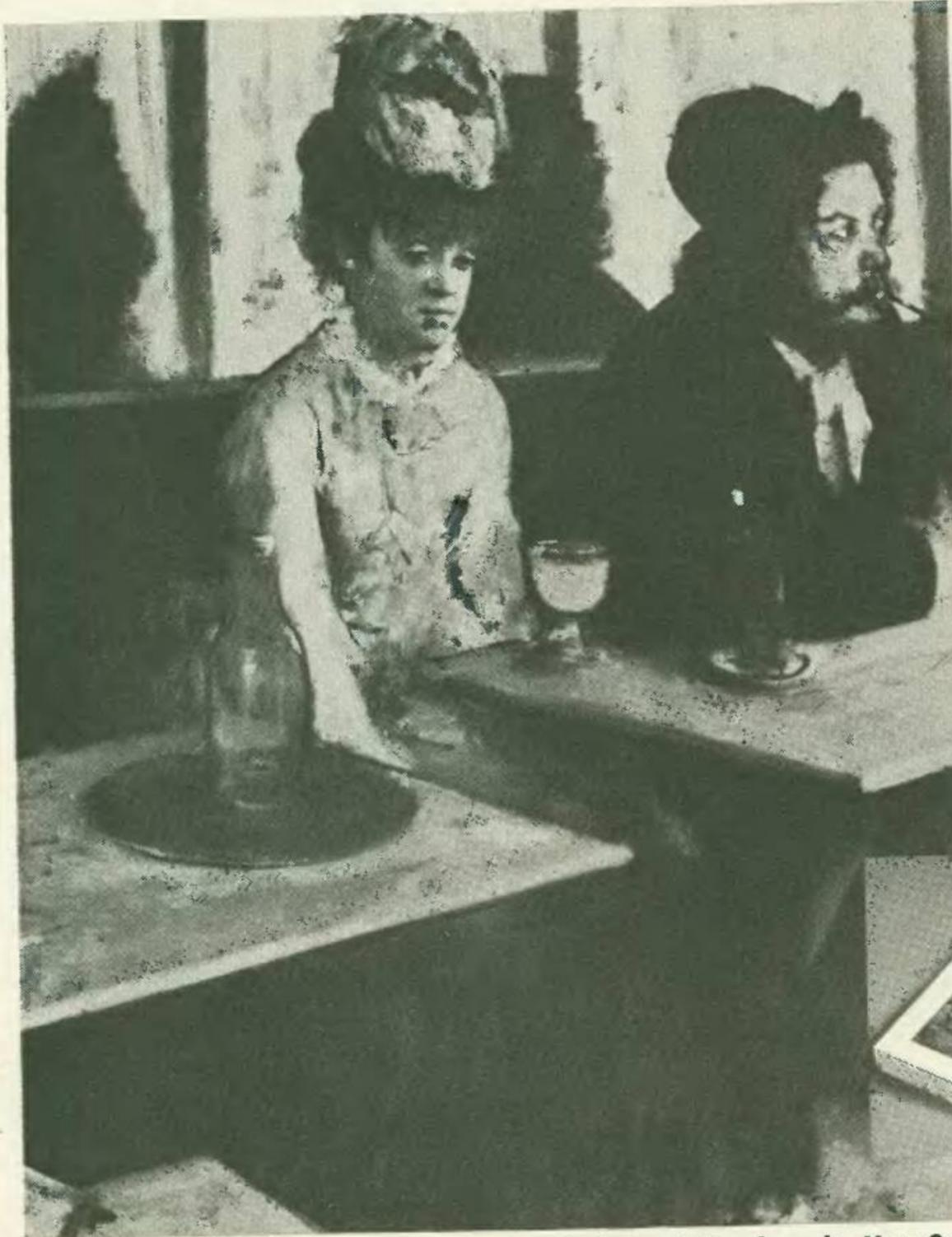
I found the early anthology enlivening and pleasurable, the 1953 one

chilling and depressing. It is by no means wholly a matter of quality. "The *Little Review* Anthology" offers such fine things as Pound's criticism, especially the essay on "The Chinese Written Character," done in collaboration with the Orientalist Ernest Fenollosa, and John Butler Yeats' wise and genial "Prohibition and Art of Conversation." But such *Little Review* standbys as Wyndham Lewis and Ford Madox Hueffer (later Ford) seem, at least in this anthology, as arid and contrived (and long-winded) as most of the *New Directions* people. Yet William Carlos Williams was right, I think, when he wrote Miss Anderson, "Most of the stuff the *Little Review* prints is bad, I suppose, but the *Little Review* is good." One gets the impression from this anthology that the *Little Review* was a lot of fun to write for, to read, and above all to edit. The Misses Anderson and Heap were often toplofty in a naïve way, sometimes absurd, and almost always doctrinaire, but they loved writ-



"Would you prefer me to steal?"

Would you "give away" this masterpiece just because it created a scandal?



"A STUDY in human degradation, male and female"! This is how one outraged critic attacked the Degas masterpiece *Absinthe* when it was shown in London for the first time in 1893. And though a few artists and critics did leap to the defense, Victorian London was aghast at what it considered the utter depravity of an alcoholic debauch. Degas must have been surprised at such English vehemence, especially since the "depraved" models were friends of his, an actress and an artist whom he had posed on the terrace of a respectable and popular cafe in the Place Pigalle. But the damage was done and the owner of the painting, a Scottish collector, was so distressed by the public scandal that he hastily disposed of the treasure at a price which even in those days was a "give away."

Today, of course, *Absinthe*, the most famous of all Degas' masterful cafe scenes, is recognized for precisely what it always was—a brilliant Impressionist's "slice of life," painted with extraordinary sensitivity and deftness.

ABSINTHE (1876)

... is but one of the many 11" x 15" framing-size full-color reproductions which your family will receive as part of the unique art education program described below.

We Invite You to Accept for only \$1⁰⁰

Both of these Portfolios—32 Paintings by

Rembrandt and Degas

Faithfully reproduced in full color—All prints extra-large framing size 11"x15"—Ideal for walls and portfolio display!

We make this offer to induce you to consider an Associate Membership in the Art Treasures of the World.



FREE COURSE

The monthly Art Course is a handsome brochure measuring 7" x 10" and filled with famous paintings to help you to better understand and appreciate art.



Now You Can Collect the Best-Loved Paintings of Rembrandt, Van Gogh, Picasso, Cezanne and Other Great Artists at a Fraction of the Usual Cost!

As an introduction to this program of ART TREASURES OF THE WORLD we invite you and your family to examine two beautiful collector's Portfolios by Rembrandt and Degas—32 paintings reproduced in exquisite full color, 30 of which are mounted on 11" x 15" ready-to-frame mats. Each Portfolio is handsomely bound with a full-color illustrated cover and covered with acetate. Although these Portfolios are sold to subscribers at \$2.95 each, you may have *both* the Rembrandt and Degas Collections for only one dollar!

Landscapes, still lifes, nudes, religious themes and portraits that have brought pleasure to countless art lovers, students and children can now be framed and interchanged freely according to your mood, since all the reproductions are identical in mat size (11" x 15"). The radiant beauty that draws millions of people to see these masterpieces in museums and art galleries can now fill your home with glorious color and design.

AN ART EDUCATION AT YOUR FINGERTIPS

Perhaps you have always wished that you really understood the fine points of painting, to know how to judge a picture, why it was painted and how to get at its real meaning... ART TREASURES OF THE WORLD makes this possible for you in two ways:

1. Members will receive a course on Art Appreciation. With every Portfolio a treatise on such subjects as Color, Composition, Technique, Distortion. Abstraction and Symbolism will be sent to you.

2. Each Portfolio contains a brief biography of the artist plus simple and clear commentaries on the color reproductions. These texts are written by experts on the particular painter.

HOW THIS COLLECTOR'S PLAN OPERATES

Mail the coupon at once, together with your dollar, and we will promptly send you your Rembrandt and Degas Portfolios and a free copy of the first treatise of your Art Appreciation Course. In addition, we will be happy to extend to you the courtesy of an Associate Membership. *Associate Membership does not obligate you to purchase any additional Portfolio ever!* However, each month as each new Collection is released, it will be announced to you in advance for the special member's price of only \$2.95. If you do not wish to purchase any particular Collection, simply return the form provided for that purpose. A section from the Art Appreciation Course will be included free with every Portfolio you accept.

Because of the infinite care required to produce these matchless reproductions, the supply is necessarily limited. Send your dollar for the Rembrandt and Degas Collections now!

Art Treasures of the World, 100 Avenue of the Americas, New York 13, N. Y.

Canadian Address: 1184 Castlefield Ave., Toronto 10, Canada

Art Treasures of the World, Dept. 912 NY-1
100 Avenue of the Americas, N. Y. 13, N. Y.

Please send me the Rembrandt and Degas Portfolios of 32 full-color, framing-size reproductions, plus the first treatise from your Art Appreciation Course, for which I enclose \$1.00. Each month, as an Associate Member in Art Treasures of the World I will receive advance notice of the new Portfolio of reproductions by a famous painter, including a new section from the Art Appreciation Course, which I may purchase at the special member's price of only \$2.95 for both, plus delivery charges. However, I may decline to accept any or all the Portfolios offered to me.

Membership is limited to one subscription to any family or household.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE...STATE.....

Canadian Address: 1184 Castlefield Ave., Toronto 10, Ont.



For dinner . . .
Real Hollandsche

appel
pannekoek

\$1.95

You probably can't pronounce it . . . but wait till you taste it! It's a crisp, golden pancake, filled with juicy chunks of apple and topped with cinnamon . . . typical of the wonderful dishes (both Dutch and American) you'll find in this rambling, oak-paneled replica of an old Dutch tavern. And while you're here, notice the antique Delft tiles . . . some of them date back to 1500! Complete dinners start from \$3.20. Come early and enjoy cocktails round the Crescent Bar. For reservations, CI 6-5800.

**HOLLAND
HOUSE
TAVERNE**



10 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA

OPERATED BY *The Union News Company*
ESTABLISHED 1864

**DENISE
DARCEL**

**MATA
& HARI**

**STANLEY MELBA
AND HIS ORCHESTRA**
with the Cotillion Strings
THEATRE DINNER \$5
Served 6 to 8. No Ent. Tax.

**Cotillion
room**
Closed Mondays

Hotel Pierre
FIFTH AVENUE AT 61st STREET

ing, writers, and ideas, and the magazine showed it. They went overboard for heroes and heroines who don't seem so heroic today, such as Mary Garden ("this Aphrodite of the North, this bacchante from the sea, this viking of the soul"), Tagore, John Cowper Powys, and W. H. Hudson. But they also had a passion for Joycè, Yeats, and Eliot. Ezra Pound, that incredibly shrewd and lucky prospector on the literary frontier who became their foreign editor in 1917, brought these authors (though also, to be fair, Ford and Lewis) to them, and they not only gave him a free hand but defended him loyally against the chronic baiting of their readers. "I really began the *Little Review* the way one begins playing the piano or writing poetry: because of something one wants violently," Miss Anderson has written. "The thing I wanted—would die without—was conversation. The only way to get it was to reach people with ideas. Only artists had ideas . . . and of course only the very good ones. So I made a magazine exclusively for the very good artists of the time." As simple as that, but it worked.

This sense of conversation has almost disappeared from our own *Little Magazines*. Conversation means being able to disagree and still continue the discussion, and this implies a deep-down basis of agreement no matter how sharp the surface dispute. Today there is too much surface agreement among intellectuals and not enough basic agreement, so discussion either is tepid or becomes poisoned. The liveliest part of "The *Little Review Anthology*" is the arguments between readers and editors, between editors and contributors, and even between the editors. A cat fight seems to have been raging most of the time. When someone invited to take part in a symposium sent in what the editors considered a foolish contribution, they printed it just the same, merely adding at the end "Bosh!" It wasn't safe to write even a complimentary letter to the editor. "Never have I seen such drawings . . . Da Vinci come to life!" rhapsodized a Chicago reader. "I suppose this has meaning?" grumbled Miss Heap, in reply. The magazine printed Amy Lowell's poetry, but when she ventured to publish a book of criticism, the intransigent Miss Heap snorted, "Loose thinking . . . cliché psychology . . . indiscriminate as a clubwoman." Miss Anderson complained (publicly, of course, since the interoffice memo was apparently unknown at the *Little Review* or was simply incorporated into

Safari!

IN
EAST AFRICA

Just hours by air...leisure-filled days by sea...you may realize your lifelong desire to "safari"—to hunt the world's finest game, with gun or camera, against the thrilling, unspoiled East African background.

From Kilimanjaro to Mt. Kenya...from the Ngorongoro Crater to the Ruwenzori Range...from Lake Victoria to the Serengeti Plains... you will follow the footsteps of famous sportsmen and explorers, guided by experienced White Hunters along the ADVENTURE TRAIL OF A LIFETIME!

For East African safari and tour folders

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT
or write Dept. B

THE
**EAST AFRICA TOURIST
TRAVEL ASSOCIATION**

295 Madison Avenue
New York 17, N. Y.

KENYA • TANGANYIKA • UGANDA • ZANZIBAR

The Knack of Using Your Subconscious Mind

SUCH great men as Darwin, Edison, Ford, Westinghouse and Einstein have said that some of their best ideas came from their subconscious mind while their conscious mind was resting or otherwise engaged.

The simple "knack" of using your subconscious mind to solve your most troublesome problems and do your creative thinking is explained in *The Knack of Using Your Subconscious Mind*, by John K. Williams. It is an intensely practical book written in simple, non-technical language. Master this "knack" and you will work more easily than other people—and have more good ideas.

A book for the man or woman in business or any of the professions, for the research scientist, the creative worker, the craftsman, teacher, student, wife and mother. The techniques the author suggests are so simple and effective that it is a pity to go through life without the help your subconscious mind is so ready to give.

112 pages, skillfully condensed for easy reading and reference. Handsomely bound. Price, only \$2.50.

At your bookseller's, or clip out this ad, attach it to your letterhead or a sheet of paper with your name and address, and enclose check or money order for \$2.50. Your copy will be sent you promptly. **THE UPDEGRAFF PRESS, LTD.**, 46 Harwood Bldg., Scarsdale, N. Y.

PERIOD PIECE

"Deliciously non-Victorian memories of Victorian days."
—LEWIS GANNETT

75 Illus. by the author • \$3.75

the magazine) that Pound was loading the editors up with "intellectual poetry" like Marianne Moore's and that she and Miss Heap didn't like the stuff at all. (It never occurred to them not to print the poetry; that would have been stifling the conversation.)

Their favorite poet, whom they printed constantly despite all the jeers and groans, was the Baroness Else von Freytag-Loringhoven, whose verse was free of everything, including sense and grammar ("Thine body is the prey of mice"). Her "The Cast-Iron Lover" caused an uproar extreme even for the *Little Review*. Lola Ridge called it "a retching assault upon Art," and there was a spirited three-cornered argument between Evelyn Scott (anti), Miss Heap (pro), and the Baroness (pro) under the heading "The Art of Madness." Miss Scott objected that the Baroness was loopy; Miss Heap agreed but said, "We are not limiting ourselves to the seven arts. No one has yet done much about the Art of Madness. . . . Else von Freytag works unhampered by sanity;" the Baroness murmured, "Jane Heap understands me wonderfully—perfectly." After a half-dozen exchanges, during which the confusion became greater as it became clearer that the defense was basing its case on the chief contention of the prosecution, Miss Heap summarized her impression of Miss Scott: "I feel that I have been permitted a glimpse into the gentle mystic soul of an adding-machine." When another Little Magazine, *Secession*, died in infancy and the *Little Review* was charged with being an accomplice in its death because it had made fun of the newcomer's opening manifesto, the editors said in print that they were sorry it had died and even sorrier that it had given up without coming back at them, without "fights—discussion—hot and impolite, jeering and insult to knit the thing together, to find out and bring out a definite creative hardness in this pulp of art in America. . . . *Secession* should have fought us and been our friend . . . a fast friend." And they complained that their attacks on another colleague, the *Dial*, were answered in the language of engraved announcements.

By 1929, the editors had the wit to recognize that the conversation was fatally flagging, that it had become impossible because everybody seemed to agree but no one did really, and that the game was up because in one sense it was won and in another was lost. "Our mission was accomplished," writes Miss Anderson. "Contemporary art had 'ar-

DON'T MISS IT!

Ina Claire and Claude Rains
Joan Greenwood

in

The Confidential Clerk

by

T. S. Eliot

with

Aline MacMahon and Douglas Watson

★ ★ ★ ★

Help the Vocational Advisory Service give young people "The Right Start" through free vocational counseling, by ordering tickets for one of

TWO BENEFIT PERFORMANCES

Tuesday evening, Feb. 16

Wednesday evening, Feb. 24

Morosco Theatre • 217 West 45th St.

Seats still available, from \$3.50 to \$27, including contribution.
(Contribution deductible for income tax purposes.)

Call now MU 3-2123 or write

VOCATIONAL ADVISORY SERVICE

432 Fourth Avenue

New York 16, N. Y.

Counseling—Information—Scholarships

Mrs. Beardsley Ruml, *President*

Dr. Helen R. Smith, *Director*

Leonard D. Adkins, *Treasurer*

Mrs. Raymond Loewy, *Chairman, Benefit Comm.*

Mrs. L. Emmett Holt, Jr., Mrs. Walter E. Beer, Jr., *Co-chairmen*

The story behind the publication and **THE SECRET DIARY OF**



© Karsh

The Story of a Manuscript

IN April, 1953, when Simon and Schuster acquired publishing rights to the secret diary of the late Harold L. Ickes, the transaction was not unlike bidding for a treasure put up for auction with its value unknown but certain to be large. The editors who read it are also prepared to compare their initial reports with the very first attempts to assay the Mesabi Range.

We knew that it ran to almost 6,000,000 words—the rough equivalent of sixty big published volumes—filling 104 bulky black folders. We knew that it included a card catalogue index of persons mentioned in it—filling twenty-nine drawers—which read like a highly indiscreet *Who's Who* of power during the nineteen years covered by the diary.

There was no question about Ickes' historical importance: he had outlived every other man in Franklin D. Roosevelt's first Cabinet and outlived most of them. Nor was there any question of his acid personality. He had labelled himself "curmudgeon". The diary, too, had long been a subject of speculation. In one of the first of the gossip books about modern politics, published in 1935 and called *Our Lords and Masters*, the anonymous author explained Stalin by writing that: "One of the secrets of his power is a closely guarded file of information on the leading members of the Communist Party, similar to that assembled by Secretary Ickes . . ."

Publishing Problems

A few of the problems confronting the publishers, before the contract was signed with Mrs. Ickes, were capable of quick and relatively easy solution. One was to put a lock on the door of the office in which the manuscript was being worked on. Another was to take steps to make certain that the original document, exactly as it was on the day—February 3, 1952—when Mr. Ickes died, should be preserved from the ravages of editors and printers to be given

to the Library of Congress where, a hundred years from now, historians may treat it with less prickly reserve and hesitation. A third was to help Mrs. Ickes organize, among her friends and those of her late husband and of President Roosevelt, a fascinating but unprintable discussion of some of the basic ethical questions of democracy, questions like the ones that follow.

How much should citizens be told about their elected rulers? And how soon? Is there any civilian equivalent of military security? Are the drinking habits of—say—a prominent Senator his own business, or partly the business of the public? Is it in the public interest to reveal the bitter personal feuds and private quarrels which lay just under the surface of the seemingly unbreakable—for twenty years—coalition which was called the New Deal?

The final decision was to publish a series of books, the first of which is called *The First Thousand Days*. It covers the period from March 5, 1933, when the first Roosevelt Cabinet held its first meeting, through the 1936 election which swept every state except Maine and Vermont into the Democratic column.

How the Diary Was Written

Among all the documents published by New Dealers or about the New Deal, this one alone belongs in the ancient and honorable literary form of *diary*. It is the record unadorned, on which the author has had no chance to make the subtle compromises which come with hindsight, and in which the reader can find the raw material with which to make his own judgments on what the fighting and the shouting were all about.

Beginning in 1933, Mr. Ickes formed the habit of keeping notes in his pocket of the events, the conferences, the conversations, and the social affairs in which he took part. Every few days, he would dictate a running story from these notes to his private secretary. Her first transcription was then edited by him for accuracy, and retyped. The first copy of the secretary's shorthand notes was burned by him faithfully in the fireplace, winter or summer, and the final copy filed under lock and key where only he could see it.

After his death, this document was found in his farmhouse near Olney, Maryland. It had grown to enormous proportions, but the pages were all numbered in order, and there had been no revisions.

The Card File

His index was so elaborate that any rewriting would have thrown out of kilter the entire fantastic record. Here is a typical file card from the index:

Hopkins, Harry L. 1935
Slurs against PWA at his press conference, 1169;
Public opinion opposed to his control of works relief, 1169;
Corcoran's unfavorable opinion of, 1169;
My letter to the President re Hopkins' danger to political future, 1170;
Poseur, 1171;
My prediction: WPA will be a major issue in campaign, 1178;
Unfavorable comments on, 1173; 1183;

This was one of the early cards. Here are some of the later entries, made after the two men had become bitter political enemies:

Presidential aspirations of, 1507; 1519;
Emotional and sensitive, 2367;
My liking for him personally, 2367;
Ladies' man, 2991;
His poor appearance at White House reception, 3195;
Visit with him in hospital—said to be afflicted with obscure tropical disease, 3985;
Resignation from Cabinet, 4752;
My unchanging opinion of him, 4753;

On Hopkins alone there are eighty-three cards, each with nearly a dozen entries.

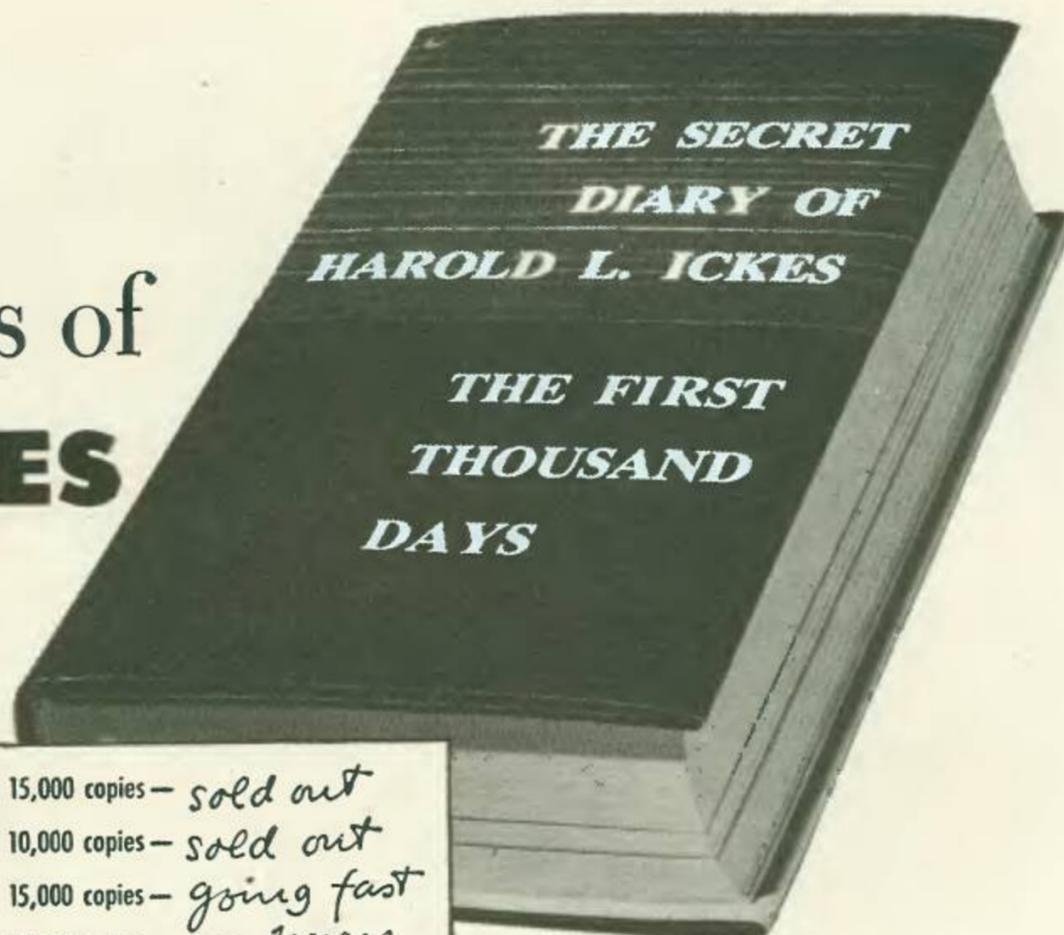
What the Diary Is All About

To try to describe the diary is to try to sum up what happened to the United States and large portions of the rest of the world between the day Herbert Hoover left the White House and the eve of President Eisenhower's moving into it. For Ickes was both a many-sided and a perceptive man. Nothing was foreign to his curious spirit, and a great many things were very close indeed to the political battlefield on which he fought through those turbulent years.

These main themes *can* be untangled from the complete diary:

1. The substitution, within the Department of the Interior, of a tradition of integrity for

remendous success of HAROLD L. ICKES



1st printing: 15,000 copies — *sold out*
 2nd printing: 10,000 copies — *sold out*
 3rd printing: 15,000 copies — *going fast*
 4th printing: 13,000 copies — *on press*

Total 53,000 copies in first 4 weeks

the hangover left by Albert B. Fall and Teapot Dome.

Ickes' unsuccessful effort to make the Department into a true Department of Conservation or of Natural Resources. This was a long tangle with Henry A. Wallace, who was trying to do the same thing with the Department of Agriculture.

The bitter running fight of PWA (Ickes) with WPA (Harry Hopkins).

The struggle for civil liberties, against the Dies Committee, against Hearst and McCormick, which developed Ickes' gargantuan appetite for feuds with columnists and newspaper publishers.

The anti-Fascist movement of the 1930's, and the gradual involvement of the United States in the pre-war diplomacy of Europe and Asia.

The preparedness effort, and then the total war mobilization which began in 1942.

The politics of the Roosevelt fight against the Supreme Court in 1937, and the personalities of the Supreme Court.

The relation of the New Deal to local political machines in 4 national elections.

The personalities in and around the White House: literally everyone from F.D.R. to his youngest grandchild, from Missy Le Hand to the guests who came to dinner.

The savage struggle for succession to F.D.R., including many new stories of candidacies which never got off the ground except in the hearts of the candidates.

How the Cabinet operated, from its first meeting when all the banks in the nation were closed until Ickes was the only original appointee left.

These themes are what will interest historians and make these volumes an indispensable source for anyone working on the history of the first generation. For general readers, they are woven into a tapestry as complicated, as human, and as fascinating as the reality of American life itself in the 1930's and 1940's.

The Diary's Intimacy

Ickes wrote down everything that interested him. In the first volume he tells, for example:

How dreadful the food was at the White House, and Mrs. Roosevelt's taste in domestic champagne.

How strange do-gooders manage to pester government officials.

The curious ways in which great events, like the recognition of Russia or the aban-

donment of the gold standard, were decided on.

How the Republican party set up an espionage service to spy on the New Dealers when they first took office.

How the Hoover Dam was renamed Boulder Dam, and how President Roosevelt reacted. (He chuckled.)

How Ickes treated a former Congressman who thought 11¢ a day was enough to feed an Indian child on. (He fired him.)

What he thought of MacArthur when the latter was Chief of Staff.

What the wily Russians, Litvinov and Oumansky, brought with them to their first White House luncheon. (Envelopes of Soviet stamps for the philately-minded New Deal leaders.)

What Otto Kahn thought would follow the next depression. ("Our social and political structure will not stand the shock.")

Why Huey Long could not have been impeached for calling Roosevelt a liar.

Quoting excerpts from this book is like picking threads out of some massive Oriental rug—it gives no adequate picture of the total nor does it improve the rug. But in this first volume alone, there are 752 pages of political writing, not one word of which is a speech, or a memorandum, or a self-justification after the event. The book is people, what they said and did, what happened to them.

An Immediate Success

The first volume, released in December, is currently a runaway bestseller.

Immediately on publication, reviews and news stories poured in from all over the country (except New York where the newspaper strike was on) closely followed by wires from bookstores asking for more copies, fast.

The Chicago Tribune headlined its front-page story: "OLD CURMUDGEON REACHES FROM

GRAVE TO SMITE FOES." "Explosive" said the St. Louis Post Dispatch and the Boston Globe.

In the Inner Circles of Washington ("Wonderful and informative reading," wrote the Washington Post. "Reveals Backstage Feuds of New Deal Regime" said the Star's front-page article) the book was instantly Conversational Topic Number One. Word came through to newsless New York that Ickes' diary was juicy with the blood of his closest associates. Then The New York Times, back in business, called it "in all probability, the most intimate and authoritatively 'inside' view of FDR's first administration."

A 4th printing has just been ordered. It has become clear that thoughtful Americans will find in this book some of the most important, entertaining and informative reading of this generation. Price \$6 at all bookstores.

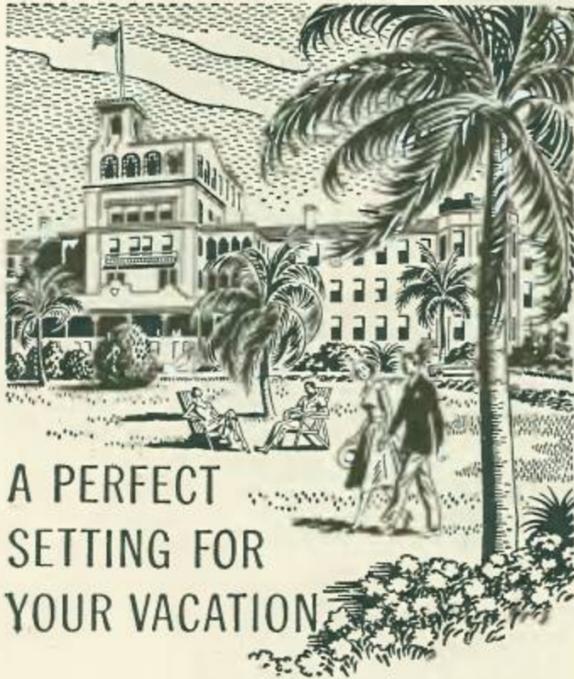
About the Next Volume:

THE INSIDE STRUGGLE

"After reading this volume," says The New York Times Book Review, "readers will be eagerly waiting for the fulminations yet to come."

To these readers we suggest that it is none too early to reserve, at their booksellers', first edition copies of Volume II: The Inside Struggle, 1936-1939. It includes Ickes' behind-the-scenes stories of FDR's attempt in 1937 to pack the Supreme Court; the shift within the New Deal from domestic reform to protection of the country from the rising threat of fascism; the struggle among the inside New Dealers for the mantle of crown prince. Publication is planned for April 1954.

SIMON AND SCHUSTER, PUBLISHERS



A PERFECT SETTING FOR YOUR VACATION

ON THE BEAUTIFUL WEST COAST OF FLORIDA. Magnificent private estate, overlooking Charlotte Harbor. A complete resort with championship golf course, private beach at door, swimming pool, tennis and other sports. Congenial social life. Dancing.

HOTEL Charlotte Harbor
Floyd Alford, Jr.
Owner-Manager

PUNTA GORDA • FLORIDA
NEW YORK RES. OFFICE: 630 FIFTH AVE., CIRCLE 6-9260



Music hath charms!

There is nothing like playing an instrument of your own...and the recorder is about the simplest and easiest musical instrument to play.

Koch Recorders
EXCLUSIVELY AT SCHIRMER'S

Expertly made of finest selected Birch or Cocobolo wood

- Soprano Recorder .. \$15.00
- Other Soprano Models \$18.00 and \$21.00
- Alto Recorders \$28.00 and \$30.00
- Tenor Recorders \$36.00 and \$39.00
- Bass Recorder \$100.00

Stop in, write or phone for free descriptive booklet

G. SCHIRMER

3-East 43rd St., New York, MU 2-8100

‘rived;’ for a hundred years perhaps, the literary world would produce only: repetition.” A little smug but, to date, not very inaccurate. Miss Heap wrote, in the last issue, “We have given space in the *Little Review* to twenty-three new systems of art (all now dead) representing nineteen countries. In all of this we have not brought forward anything approaching a masterpiece except the ‘Ulysses’ of Mr. Joyce. . . . Self-expression is not enough; experiment is not enough. . . . Art today . . . is interesting only as a pronounced symptom of an ailing and aimless society.” The editors were vague about just what had happened; Miss Anderson wrote that she could “no longer go on publishing a magazine in which no one really knows what he is talking about,” while Miss Heap felt that the arts “have broken faith or lost connection with their origin and function. They have ceased to be concerned with the legitimate and permanent material of art.” They sound like two veteran progressive-school teachers who have grown a weeny bit tired of their energetic, articulate, expressive little charges and long for some classic peace. But they smelled death in the air. How right they were!

“NEW DIRECTIONS 14” contains five essays, thirteen stories, sixty-seven prose poems, and thirty-two poetic poems, the whole adding up to four hundred and eight large pages pullulating, crepitating, ululant with words, words, words, breaking, breaking, breaking on cold gray stones. Compared to all these sad young-middle-aged men exacerbating their insensibilities, and taking their time about it, the most long-winded Victorian appears terse and direct, his bread and butter healthy and nourishing alongside these hors d’oeuvres from the literary deep freeze. To read “New Directions 14” is to take a fatiguing trip on a sightseeing bus jolting interminably through the dream landscape of the nerves. Here the eccentricity, which is spontaneous and hence charming and stimulating in “The Little Review Anthology” (except for the mad Baroness and a few other avant-gardists), has become contrived, as depressingly systematic as any other mannerism. The escape from literary convention has hardened into a new convention, an Alexandrian formula for abolishing literary formulas. There are, of course, exceptions, notably “Urien’s Voyage,” written by André Gide in 1893, a long Symbolist reverie that is melodic, serenely sensuous, gracefully

Asbach Uralt
The great brandy from the Rhine
80 proof
8 years old

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

TRY IT:
straight,
with soda,
on the rocks,
in cocktails

Foreign Vintages Inc. • 30 Rockefeller Plaza, N. Y.
Federal Wine and Liquor Co., Jersey City, N. J.

SKYTOP CLUB
“High in the Poconos”

All winter sports await you at Skytop! Tobogganing, skating, skiing for novice and expert on gentle slopes or thrilling trails. Ski tows, instructor. Indoor games, music, entertainment . . . and those famous Skytop meals! Call our information office: The Biltmore, MU 6-8648.

SKYTOP CLUB
Box 1, SKYTOP, PA.
SPECIAL HONEYMOON FOLDER
Wm. W. Malleson, Jr., General Manager

Cherio
RESTAURANT

LUNCHEON - DINNER TILL 11 P. M.
OPEN SUNDAYS 6 P. M.

46 E. 50TH ST. • MU 8-1190

PRIVATE SCHOOLS

A book for the parent who wants facts. Detailed information on 850 schools in 45 states, D.C., Hawaii. 694 pages, 5 3/8 x 7 3/4, illustrated. Write for descriptive leaflet or send \$5 today for your copy of *Private Independent Schools*. Jas. Bunting, publisher, Wallingford, Ct.

passionate; "Fifteen Poems," by Constantine Kavafis (who died in 1933), a series of thoughtful, moving, and nobly eloquent poems that do for the Hellenistic and Roman worlds what another derivative from the Greek Anthology, Masters' "Spoon River Anthology," did for mid-American provincial life; and "The Coming of Something to the Widow Holly," by Tennessee Williams (who, to be fair, is still alive and kicking), which is nothing tremendous—just some Surrealist fooling around—but is fast, fresh, and funny, and it is warming to come on something fast, fresh, and funny among all the cold, congealed, overelaborate ornamentation that gives most of "New Directions 14" the air of the Paramount lobby.

The fiction tends to be either underwritten ("It's not his fault I have a glass eye, but I have a glass eye") or overwritten ("And the blind grinning and sardonic embryo inside, rooted to the wall of her womb and extending groping invisible tendrils into her bloodstream and into her brain and . . ."). It is like a storyteller whose deadpan stolidity or violent, grotesque gestures distract one from his tale—or, rather, from his lack of a tale—for there are few ancient mariners in *this* old sailors' home. The essays are almost all overwritten; for example, Louis Zukofsky's hallucinated article on Shakespeare, which is composed in a sort of academic jive interlarded with lengthy and undigested quotations from Spinoza, and Oskar Seidlin's turgid inflation of Hermann Hesse, a pretentious minor writer whom Mr. Seidlin's energetic pumping operations inflate to increasingly bigger dimensions until he shares the fate of the frog in the fable. There is, above all, Rudolph Friedmann's Freudulent psychoanalysis of the old German children's book "Struwelpeter," which carries on in this fashion:

Struwelpeter himself is followed by a regression in time to the period of his phallic flowering as Cruel Frederick. The top illustration shows Frederick, with body erect, shouting. Shouting is a symbolical form of sexual aggression. . . . In this picture the thin whiplash howl of the boy is directed against the nurse (the mother-*imago* in the form of the nurse) and has to do with the recognition that by giving birth to the son the mother has shown herself to be an animal. In this connection one is reminded of Christ's constant aggression against his own mother deriving from the fact that his unconscious did not believe her to be a virgin. . . . The first illustration of "The Story of Augustus Who Would Not Have Any Soup" shows a boy in whom the pyknic disposition is sustained only by food; in the four subsequent illus-



You travel with confidence when you

Ask Mr. Foster

For generations, the phrase "Ask Mr. Foster" has stood for the best in travel service. In modern, comfortable offices in principal cities of U.S. and Canada, friendly, helpful travel experts aid you in getting the most out of your trip. They help you plan, make reservations, purchase your tickets and make all arrangements. You never have to worry about details. Drop in tomorrow.

HERE ARE A FEW "ASK MR. FOSTER" SUGGESTIONS

EUROPE: All-expense QUALITY TOURS from \$1572.50. All-expense POPULAR TOURS from \$996

HAWAII: Sail on S.S. "Lurline"—22-25 days—from San Francisco or L. A. Rates from \$696

SOUTH AMERICA: Great Circle Tour—21 days—by Air—from Miami \$1357—from L.A. \$1600

MEXICO: 8-day All-expense Air Cruise, from \$99 (plus fare to and from Mexico City).

CARIBBEAN: The storied "Spanish Main"—by Air—14 days—from N.Y. \$499—from Miami \$434

BERMUDA: By Air from N. Y. \$95. Weekly steamship sailings from \$125. Also, all-expense plans.

CRUISES: To quaint, delightful ports. West Indies \$265. South America \$1110. Many others.

INDEPENDENT TRAVEL: Go as you please. Our Foreign Dept. will arrange all details.

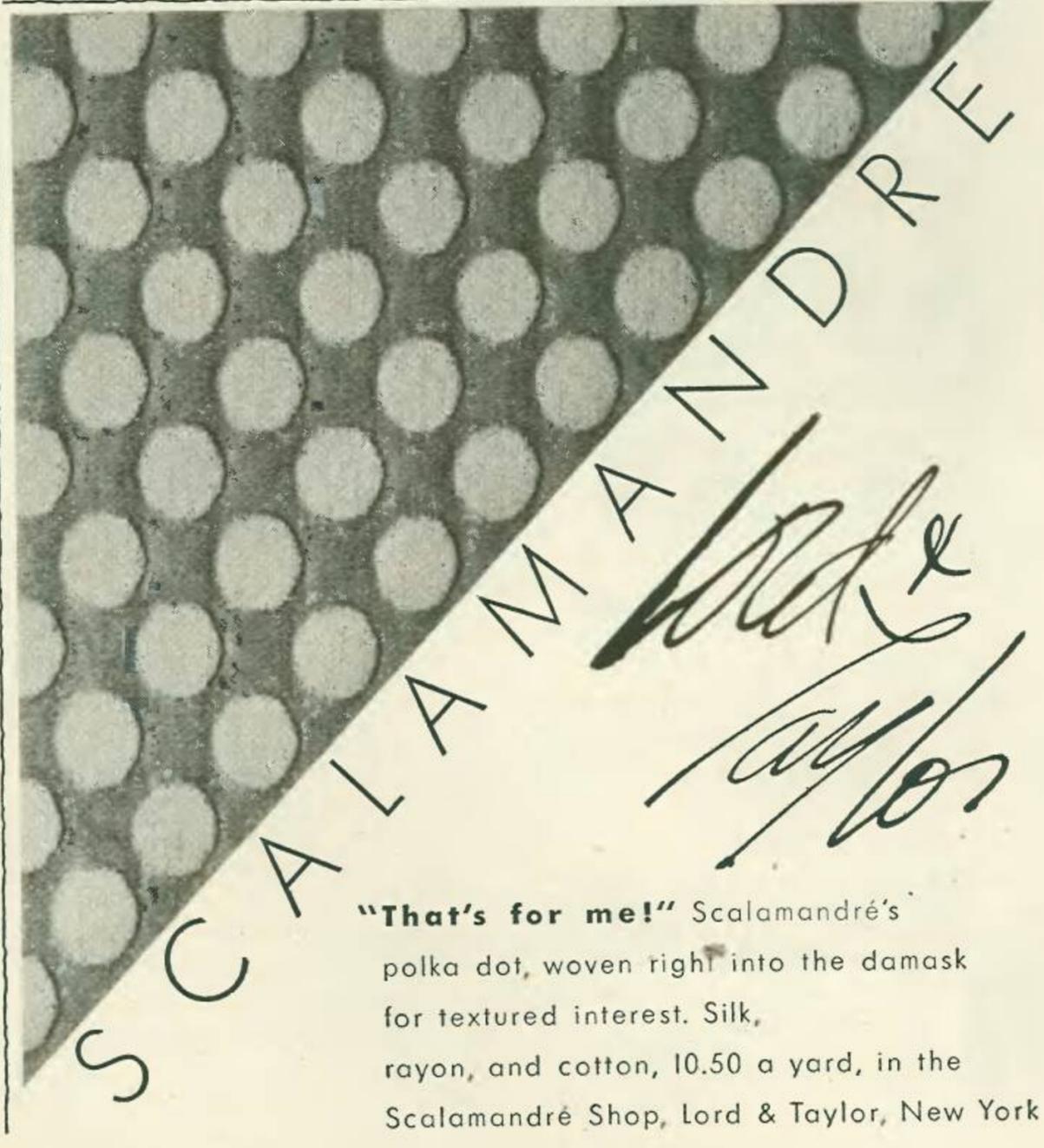
HOTELS AND RESORTS: Booklets, folders, information. Reservations made without charge.

ASK MR. FOSTER TRAVEL SERVICE

6 W. 51st Street—Rockefeller Center
LORD & TAYLOR—Fifth Avenue

KRESGE-NEWARK—Newark, N. J.
STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER—Philadelphia

AUTHORIZED AGENTS • STEAMSHIP • AIR • RAIL & BUS LINES



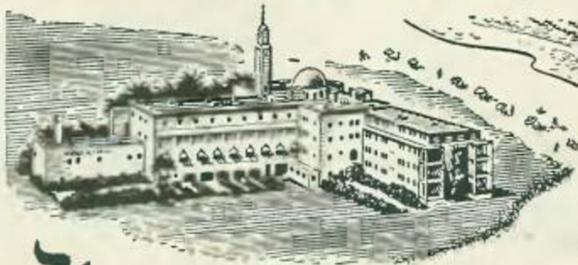
SCALAMANDRE

Wald

Wald

"That's for me!" Scalamandrè's polka dot, woven right into the damask for textured interest. Silk, rayon, and cotton, 10.50 a yard, in the Scalamandrè Shop, Lord & Taylor, New York

A beautiful
resort hotel



Golf and beach
at the door!

The Coquina has its own private beach where guests may enjoy luncheon and cocktails as they bask in the sun *plus* the added convenience of an 18-hole golf course at the door.



Season:
January through April

The **COQUINA**

ORMOND BEACH, FLORIDA
Mrs. Walter Bovard, Owner-Manager
NEW YORK RESERVATION OFFICE:
630 FIFTH AVE., CIRCLE 6-4699

GOOSE FEAST

JANUARY 26-31

Luchow's
RESTAURANT
THE GOURMETS' RENDEZVOUS
Since 1882
110-112 EAST 14th STREET
GR-7-4860
We park your car
at dinner

Beau Sejour
RESTAURANT

Long Island's
finest
for
nearly
fifty
years

Bethpage, L. I. Phone: Hicksville 3-0091
Closed Tuesdays

L'Armorique

2nd AVE., COR. 54th ST., N. Y.
"French Fare at its Finest" amidst
charming, intimate atmosphere.
Your host: Marcel, head chef at
Chambord for 10 years.
Open 6 P.M.-12 P.M. Closed Mon.
Air Conditioned • PLaza 3-3787

trations (even including the end, which is schizoid through and through in its heartless realistic irony) the innate dynamism toward nothingness of Northern schizoid tendencies is revealed in all its melting pathos.

It is just possible this is a spoof, though Mr. Friedmann's biographical note sounds deadly serious; if so, it was a mistake to print it in such a context, where so much teeters on the verge of unintentional parody that an intentional burlesque is apt to sound like one more moonbeam from the higher lunacy. The last eighty pages of the book stumble right over into parody—Charles Henri Ford's "A Little Anthology of the Poem in Prose," which presents elegant extracts from standard authors like Shakespeare, Donne, Mohammed, and Rimbaud salted and peppered with inelegant, unstandard modern prose poems. This sideshow is introduced by Parker Tyler with an elevated prefatory spiel ("Hasten! Hasten! Hasten!") in the best euphuistic New Directions style. For example, "The catholicity of Mr. Ford's legislative impulse is not to be discounted all the less [*sic*] because it stems from what has made him outstanding among American poets in the past, even while it made him distinctly partisan: he takes his inspiration directly from the unconscious." It is hard to see how Mr. Ford's legislative impulse has increased our enjoyment or understanding of poetry; prose poems and poetic prose are hardly a novelty, and the modern instances he adds to the standard authors merely provide an embarrassing contrast. "Wrote Charles Henri Ford," begins Mr. Tyler his preface, "as spontaneously as one sometimes writes the first line of a poem, 'The poem in prose is the form of the future. Poets, don't rhyme. Poetry doesn't rhyme—any more. The saturation point has been reached! One more rhyme and I'll vomit!'" Without going into what else besides rhyming is upsetting, one may agree that in "New Directions 14" a, if not the, saturation point has indeed been reached.

—DWIGHT MACDONALD

BRIEFLY NOTED FICTION

SAYONARA, by James A. Michener (Random House). An extraordinary combination of hysteria and smugness, dealing with a young American Air Force major who is engaged to an American girl named Eileen. His name is Ace Gruver. Eileen is exceedingly eligible, being the well-

T - E
Serbian Room
P R E S E N T S
Kay Thompson

TED STRAETER

HIS SONGS, PIANO AND ORCHESTRA

MARK MONTE'S CONTINENTALS

COVER FROM 9:30—\$2.00

SATURDAYS—\$2.50

SELECTIVE LUNCHEON FROM \$2.50

THE PLAZA

FIFTH AVENUE

AT 59TH ST.

"ON THE WAY"
at Grand Central
Rough Rider Room
Cocktail
Lounge
Famous for
"OVERSIZE"
COCKTAILS
Luncheon • Dinner
Hotel Late Snacks
ROOSEVELT
MADISON AVE. AT 45TH STREET

HICKORY HOUSE
Famous for
STEAKS & CHOPS
Broiled over Hickory Logs
The MARIAN McPARTLAND Trio
Piano—Drums—Bass
144 W. 52nd ST. JU6-1150

SEVENTH HIT MONTH!

Evs. (exc. Mon.) 8:40
"Unnatural love handled with
taste and power" —Vernon Rice, N. Y. Post
"ONE FOOT TO THE SEA" By Harold
Levitt
ORIGINALS ONLY PLAYHOUSE, 100 7th Ave. So.
Admission by Voluntary Contribution CH 2-9465
Special! Grand Guignol Fri. & Sat. Midnites

brought-up daughter of an Air Force general. She is also very pretty, having blond hair, even white teeth, which show to particular advantage when she smiles, and a scrubbed complexion. Unfortunately, Ace has become convinced that all American women, including Eileen, have lost something womanly, which, though it is never defined, is plainly important, because the lack of it drives him to make love, in a spirit of overwhelmingly enthusiastic tragedy, to a Japanese dancer named Hana-ogi. Hana-ogi says very little, probably because she knows no English, but she fills in the conversational lulls with expressive movements. Ace is harrowed by love, but in the end his training tells, and he allows Hana-ogi to renounce him so that he can return to Eileen and a promotion to lieutenant colonel. The moral of this dubious piece seems to be that if a writer finds himself unable to deal with real people in real situations, the safest thing to do is to put some figures into uniform and call them Americans, put some others into foreign dress and call them Japanese, and then mix them all up somewhere in Japan during the Korean war and call it a story.

THE LITTLE ARK, by Jan de Hartog (Harper). A sweet, shallow, whimsical little tale of two children cast adrift on a lonely voyage of peril and discovery during the Dutch floods of 1953. Mr. de Hartog has an apparently irresistible impulse to fancify, which fritters away much of the humanity of what he has to say, but his intention is good, if a bit pat, and his people are pleasant enough.

THE FINAL HOURS, by José Suárez Carreño (Knopf). Three people—Carmen, a beautiful young prostitute; Angel Aguado, a wealthy man; and Manolo, a boy of the streets who lives by tips and by stealing—participate, together and separately, in this impressionistic, sad, and inconclusive story of night life in Madrid. Mr. Carreño paints a rich and detailed picture of the city, but some of his observations are more memorable than any of his characters, and the total effect is of a lively unhappiness pursued for the sake of its liveliness.

GENERAL

THE REBEL, by Albert Camus (Knopf). In the state of eloquent confusion that is commonly referred to as "French clarity," Albert Camus has written a puzzling but engrossing



Sagging appetites really come to life for Crosse & Blackwell's wonderful French Style Onion Soup. For only C&B's master chefs could have captured the magic flavor that's the pride and joy of all France. Perfect for your proudest occasions... or to cheer up ordinary meals. Try it. For name of nearest dealer, write: Crosse & Blackwell Co., Baltimore 24, Md.



OTHER C&B MASTERPIECES

- Cream of Shrimp
- Cock-A-Leekie
- Clear Green Turtle
- Black Bean with Sherry
- Cream of Onion
- Cream Vichyssoise
- Crab à la Maryland
- Crème Mushroom Bisque

Fine Foods since 1706

OPPORTUNITIES UNLIMITED for BUSINESS and PLEASURE

FLY TCA

TO ALL CANADA...

Fly in less than a day from any large U.S. city to all major Canadian centres. Fly TCA and you can take "time out" to add pleasure to business... to have a real Canadian holiday with your family. TCA offers regularly scheduled flights from New York, Chicago, Detroit (Windsor), Cleveland, Boston, Sault Ste. Marie, Seattle-Tacoma, Tampa-St. Petersburg — to and across Canada — on to Europe — to Bermuda, Nassau and the Caribbean. Ask your Travel Agent or TCA Ticket Office for information, reservations.

TRANS-CANADA AIR LINES

ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREAT AIRLINES

TOPS
in true chocolate flavor!
TOPS
as an after-dinner sweet!
TOPS
for "gifting"!

Droste
(SAY DROS-TEE)
CHOCOLATE PASTILLES



IMPORTED FROM HOLLAND

Taste-tempting discs of pure, solid chocolate. Each piece wrapped in colorful foil. Choice of bittersweet, mild bittersweet, coffee and milk flavors. 1/4, 1/2 and 1-lb. round tins. 96 pieces to the lb. Wherever fine foods are sold.

• Write for FREE illustrated DROSTE RECIPE BOOKLET suggesting 45 ways of using cocoa.

H. Hamstra & Co., New York 11, N. Y., Importers

The Gift Par Excellence...



Royal
Verkade

"Old Europe" Biscuits

IMPORTED FROM HOLLAND

A meticulously assembled over 1-lb. assortment, containing only the finest of Verkade's truly Dutch biscuits. Packed in a hermetically-sealed round tin, picturing colorful scenes from *Old Europe*. At leading department and fine food stores.

ROYAL VERKADE FACTORIES LTD., ZAANDAM, HOLLAND
U. S. OFFICE: 41 E. 42ND STREET, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

book about the political implications of absolutist ideas. His championship of human values against all the insidious totalitarianisms is deeply moving, but the delight in paradox that leads him to describe Nietzschean nihilism as "absolute affirmation" keeps the book's level of intelligibility to a minimum, and his conclusion, that each man's salvation must lie in his refusal to become a god, probably does not solve the problems of any large proportion of his readers. Camus's American publishers have done him little service by bringing out a cut version of the book, without an index and in a translation that contains references to an American President named "Mackinley" and a German physicist named "Heisenborg."

CHINA IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY: THE JOURNALS OF MATTHEW RICCI: 1583-1610, translated by Louis J. Gallagher, S.J. (Random House). The first English translation of a classic missionary report. Ricci, an Italian Jesuit who spent some thirty years in the Orient and died in Peking in 1610, was the founder of the first permanent Christian mission in China. He also set a standard of good will and good sense that must have been of inestimable value to the missionaries who followed him. Before buckling down to the job of instructing the Chinese in the Gospel of Christ, he patiently instructed himself in the culture of the country. He learned to speak and write Chinese, he read the literature (from which he acquired a great respect for Confucius), he mastered the elaborate rituals of social intercourse, he studied the mechanics of business and government, and, above all, he achieved a real understanding of the problems he would face. It is this understanding that gives his journals a force and flavor unusual in ecclesiastical documents and that transforms what would otherwise be something more than a little special into a book of truly general interest. Father Gallagher, archivist of the New England Province of the Society of Jesus, contributes a helpful introduction, and there is a foreword by Richard J. Cushing, Archbishop of Boston.

NEW WORLD OF THE MIND, by Joseph Banks Rhine (Sloane). This amazing book starts out in an imposing scientific fashion, summarizing the experimental evidence in support of "psi" occurrences (psychic experiences that seem to defy known

Toujours Gai!



Possibly it's our location high in the lovely Laurentians. Or perhaps skiers find that extra joie de vivre comes from the incomparable skiing facilities our 5 lifts and 40 miles of trails provide.



Accommodations to fit your purse, three bars. Dancing nightly. Early reservations suggested!



Special weekly rate includes lodging, meals, Ski School and lift tickets! Weeks commencing: Jan. 24, 31; Feb. 7, 28; Mar. 7, 14, 21, 28; Apr. 4, 11.

SKI \$77 WEEKS

Reservations: The Roosevelt
MU 9-3967



Mont Tremblant Lodge

Open Winter and Summer — for Your Pleasure

Mont Tremblant, P.Q., Canada
Mrs. Joseph B. Ryan, President

NICK AND ARNOLD present a
GEORGE WHITE
MUSICALETTE
NICE TO SEE YOU
by JACK YELLEN - IRVING CAESAR - GEORGE WHITE
151 EAST 50th ST. PL 8-0310
TWO SHOWS NIGHTLY AT DINNER AND SUPPER
Versailles

FRED MARIN'S
Coq Rouge
COCKTAILS • DINNER
EDDIE DAVIS and his orchestra
PHIL D'ARCY TRIO
65 E. 56 St. PL 3-8887 Closed Sunday

Cuisine des Gourmets
Copain
Luncheon 12-30 3 p.m.
Dinner 5-30 Midnite From \$2.50
Sun. Dinner from 3 p.m. 50th St. N.W. COR 1st Ave
PL 8 0554

physical laws or the tables of probability) and pleading for a fair hearing from scientists. Halfway through the book, however, the sterile gauze mask is suddenly dropped and Dr. Rhine is revealed as a passionate crusader, impressed by the telepathic powers of a performing horse named Lady, convinced that hair can turn white overnight "no matter how impossible it may seem," and desperately eager to establish "parapsychological" powers in order to demonstrate the existence of God and the survival of the soul after death, and so restore "spiritual law" as a weapon against materialism and Communism. What was not quite clear in Dr. Rhine's earlier books suddenly becomes obvious: the word "science" is being used in Mrs. Eddy's sense, not in Mme. Curie's.

THE ARTIFICIAL BASTARD, by Clarence Tracy (Harvard). A first-rate biographical study of the early-eighteenth-century poet, night owl, and drawing-room charmer who is remembered chiefly as the subject of Samuel Johnson's "An Account of the Life of Mr. Richard Savage" and for his insistent claims to noble birth. Johnson, like the majority of his contemporaries, was satisfied that Savage was indeed the natural son of Lord Rivers and the Countess of Macclesfield, but most subsequent investigators have firmly reversed that judgment. The author of this new examination, a professor of English at the University of Saskatchewan, is inclined to side with Johnson, and he has assembled an impressive raft of data suggesting that if Savage was not in fact a left-handed peer, he was at least no impostor but the victim of a delusion. Whatever the truth, Savage's preoccupation with his origins dominated every act of his adult, or known, life. Beginning with an arrest for treason, continuing with a presentation at court, the authorship of a best-seller, and a trial for murder, and ending, at forty-six, in a Bristol debtors' prison, it is a life as fascinating to read about as it must have been nerve-racking to live.

NOTE: "The Second Tree from the Corner," a collection of stories, essays, and poems by E. B. White, has been published by Harper. Most of the contents of the book first appeared in this magazine. . . . Harper has also published "The Great Iron Ship," by James Dugan, an account of the career of the steamship Great Eastern. A large part of this book,

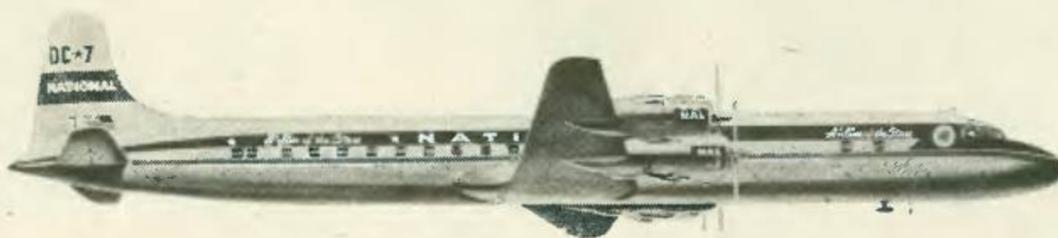


NATIONAL is fastest!

DC-7! ONLY 3½ HRS NON-STOP TO MIAMI

and NOW . . .

just 3 hrs. 20 min. non-stop to Palm Beach



MAKE RESERVATIONS NOW!

NATIONAL'S NEW DC-7 Fastest of all U.S. airliners — finest aircraft yet to come from Douglas! Turbo-compound giants cruising 365 mph! Among the many innovations: air conditioning in the air and on the ground, and special sound-proofing that makes these the quietest planes in the sky!

EXCLUSIVE DC-7 *Star*★ LUXURY! Only National gives you true luxury! Only the Star offers over-size foam-rubber seats, just two abreast...choice filet mignon...Starlight Cocktail Lounge...two stewardesses for personalized service . . . currently popular music in flight!

.....STAR SCHEDULE DC-7's and 6B's

FLIGHTS EVERY HOUR TO MIAMI

Between 8:00 am and 7:30 pm daily! Also regular evening flights!
18 convenient departures...11 non-stop flights to Florida and Cuba...every day!

**MIAMI WEST PALM BEACH HAVANA TAMPA
JACKSONVILLE ORLANDO ST. PETERSBURG
(Clearwater)**

See the travel agent displaying this emblem  or call MU 7-7200

NATIONAL AIRLINES



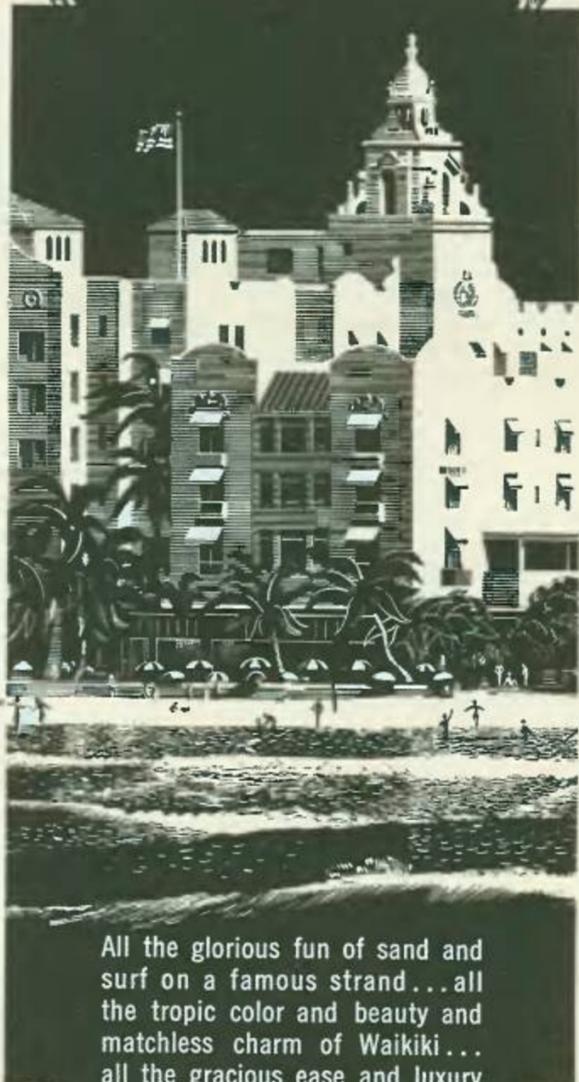
Airline of the Stars

★ 54-NM-3301-1

Hawaii

at her gayest
and loveliest

...surrounds you at the
Royal



All the glorious fun of sand and surf on a famous strand... all the tropic color and beauty and matchless charm of Waikiki... all the gracious ease and luxury of life at a renowned hotel are yours to enjoy at the Royal. On the American plan, its rates are surprisingly moderate.

Royal Hawaiian
HOTEL

ONE OF THE TRIO OF HOTELS
ON THE BEACH AT WAIKIKI
THE ROYAL HAWAIIAN
THE SURF RIDER
THE MOANA

For reservations see your
Travel Agent or any Matson Lines
office: New York, Chicago,
San Francisco, Seattle,
Portland, Los Angeles,
San Diego

too, was originally published in *The New Yorker*, though in a substantially revised form.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE CUCKOO LINE AFFAIR, by Andrew Garve (Harper). A handsome but brassy girl accuses a nice old gentleman of assaulting her in a railway carriage, and this, of course, is embarrassing enough for him, but the situation really gets ominous when her strangled body is found in a salt marsh and he is charged with the crime. There are no other suspects, and the unhappy man seems well on his way to being hanged when his two sons and the fiancée of one of them decide to investigate things for themselves. Since there are no clues and no conceivable motives to work on, they have a hard time, but in the end their collective intuition proves sound, and the actual murderer dies in a rather horrible fashion. The landscape is British, and the book has something of its leisurely and unenterprising quality, but on the whole it is an agreeable and ingenious piece of work.

CHRISTMAS AT CANDLESOE, by Michael Innes (Dodd, Mead). These eerie, though bloodless, doings in a ruined English castle involve the disappearance of some historic paintings, a feud between two branches of an impoverished but aristocratic family, the bumbling intervention of a couple of American tourists, and the triumphant activities of a small boy who has quite a lot in common with Tom Sawyer, Jim Hawkins, and Peter Pan. Mr. Innes is undoubtedly one of the most mannered performers in the mystery field (the current specimen is heavily loaded with arbitrary shifts from the present to the past tense), but he has his attenuated Dickensian charm, and the plot, in this case, is a lively one.

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[Teen Talk from *Excelsior*, Mexico City]

Last Friday night Carolina Teague gave a "sweater and skirt" party at her house, which was enjoyed by everyone immensely as that was the only party held last week end.

Q—Are there more states east or west of the Mississippi River?

A—There are 27 east and 27 west of the Mississippi.—*Utica Observer-Dispatch*.

Next question.

THE CAFÉ LOUIS XIV

IS ONE OF
THE TOP 10
RESTAURANTS
IN NEW YORK

Famous chef Gaston Martin, who made the Hotel LaFayette a meeting-place for gourmets, prepares some of the finest French food you'll find anywhere... impeccably served in quiet luxury. Cocktails.

Phone Circle 6-5800

15 WEST 49TH STREET • ROCKEFELLER CENTER

Operated by *The Louis XIV Company* EST. 1864

THE FABULOUS FINGERS OF



Irving
Fields

AND HIS TRIO

Mermaid Room

PARK



SHERATON HOTEL

NO TAX
NO COVER
NO MINIMUM

202 West 56th Street

Gracious
Hospitality

known the world over
for fashionable living

Ritz-Carlton

BROAD ST. at WALNUT IN PHILADELPHIA

SAM'S

The MAYOR
OF
GEDNEY WAY

FILET MIGNON • STEAKS • ROAST BEEF

"at its best"

68 GEDNEY WAY • Closed Tuesdays
WHITE PLAINS 8-9421 • White Plains, N. Y.



Fun runs an exciting pace

sailing to and from *Hawaii* on the palatial LURLINE

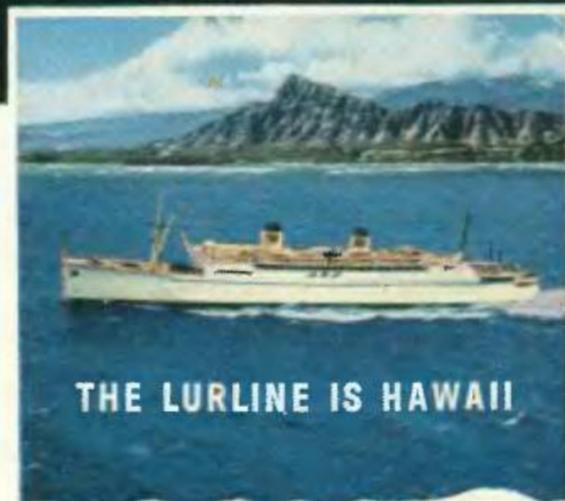
Ship life is a shining parade of bright, gay hours



JOHN FLOREA

On the LURLINE, you have scores of opportunities for lasting friendships to flower. With your new friends you discover why the LURLINE makes your trip a foretaste of Hawaii, as delightful as Hawaii itself. ■ You enjoy food that has the famous Matson touch. You move from outdoor sports to indoor games, spend your evenings at the movies or night club, or watch the stars above a moonlit sea. ■ Plan to go this spring when Hawaii is at her loveliest and you have a wider choice of hotel accommodations. Be sure to book round trip and redouble your pleasure. *It's twice the fun to sail the LURLINE both ways.* See your Travel Agent or any Matson Lines office: New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Seattle, Portland, Los Angeles, San Diego, Honolulu.

THE LURLINE SAILS FROM SAN FRANCISCO AND LOS ANGELES ALTERNATELY



For the finest travel, the LURLINE...
for the finest freight service, the
Matson Cargo Fleet... to and from Hawaii

Matson Lines



A FRIENDLY GAME AT COL. CROW'S, 1848

After defeating his visitors at chess, Kentucky's pioneer distiller James Crow more than made up for it by serving them some of his justly famous whiskey.

OLD CROW

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey

To whiskey-making, as to chess, James Crow brought a keen analytic mind. To this day, the fine quality of Old Crow has never been duplicated. Enjoy distinctive Old Crow tonight... now available at a milder 86 Proof as well as in the traditional 100 Proof Bottled in Bond.

"The Greatest Name in Bourbon"

LIGHTER
MILDER
86 PROOF



BOTTLED
IN BOND
100
PROOF



THE OLD CROW DISTILLERY COMPANY, FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY