Aug. 28, 1954

THE NEW YORKER

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

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

PLAYS

Anniversary Waltz—Kitty Carlisle and Macdonald Carey do their best in this comedy by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields, but the remarkably primitive nature of the humor is against them. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Caine Mutiny Court Martial—Herman Wouk's dramatic version of a section of his novel is a highly impressive achievement, and Charles Laughton's direction of it is illustrious. Lloyd Nolan, John Hodiak, and Barry Sullivan currently head the cast. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

King of Hearts—Maybe this unobtrusive item by Jean Kerr and Eleanor Brooke lacks substance, but it has enough real comedy to compensate for its defects. It's about an egocentric comic-strip artist, Lord help us. Donald Cook, Cloris Leachman, and Jackie Cooper are in the cast. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Oh, Men! Oh, Women!—Lloyd Bridges has taken over Franchot Tone's role as a psychoanalyst who gets caught in his own net. Betsy von Furstenberg, Tony Randall, and Larry Blyden are among those who conspire to complicate his life in Edward Chodorov's bright and expert comedy. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—the fifth season: Will reopen Sunday afternoon, Sept. 5, with Chester Morris and Joseph Buloff. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.) . . . **the seven year itch:** Elliott Nugent at the moment has the leading role in George Axelrod's comedy concerning a man who gets mixed up with a beautiful girl while his wife is away for the summer. Sally Forrest and Neva Patterson are the ladies in the case. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the solid gold cadillac:** A satire, by George S. Kaufman and Howard Teichmann, on the business world of today. Josephine Hull, the star, is back in action, aided and abetted by Loring Smith and others. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **tea and sympathy:** At present, Joan Fontaine is playing the part of the understanding older woman and Anthony Perkins that of the sensitive boy accused of homosexuality in this play by Robert Anderson. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **the teahouse of the august moon:** John Patrick's comedy about Okinawa under the American Occupation. David Wayne, John Forsythe, Paul Ford, and Mariko Niki are importantly involved. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

By the Beautiful Sea—Although Shirley Booth is entrancing and Wilbur Evans and Mae Barnes are a big help, too, the show's book is a serious handicap, and Arthur Schwartz's music is by no means in his best vein. Helen Tamiris provided the dances, and Jo Mielziner designed the pleasant, old-fashioned Coney Island setting. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Kismet—Alfred Drake cuts a dashing figure as the vagabond poet in this adaptation of

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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29	30	31	1	2	3	4

Edward Knoblock's comedy-melodrama, and his leading associates include Doretta Morrow, Richard Oneto, Joan Diener, and Henry Calvin. Robert Wright and George Forrest pieced together a score from the music of Alexander Borodin, and Jack Cole did the choreography. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Pajama Game—A comedy about romance and confusion in a pajama factory, and easily the best musical visible in town. John Raitt, Janis Paige, Eddie Foy, Jr., and Carol Haney have leading roles; George Abbott and Richard Bissell wrote the book; Richard Adler and Jerry Ross handled the music and lyrics; the scenery and costumes are by Lemuel Ayers; and Bob Fosse was responsible for the dances. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—can-can: Cole Porter did the music and lyrics for this spectacle set in the Paris of 1893, and Norwood Smith, Gwen Verdon, and Lilo are among those in the cast. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **comedy in music:** Victor Borge in a one-man show. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

Cherry Lane Theatre—Punch Opera's presentation of "Aunt Caroline's Will," a comic opera by Albert Roussel, with an English libretto by Milton Feist. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-9583. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Closes Saturday, Sept. 4.)

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

BALLET

New York City Ballet—Opening performances (tentative schedule) of an engagement that will run through Sunday, Sept. 26—Tuesday evening, Aug. 31: "The Duel," "Scotch Symphony," "The Cage," and "Bourrée Fantasque." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Sept. 1: "Filling Station," "Swan Lake," "A la Françaix," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Sept. 2: "Serenade," "Age of Anxiety," "Pas de Trois," and "Fanfare." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 3: "Interplay," "Scotch Symphony," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Bourrée Fantasque." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 4: "Serenade," "Filling Station," "Pas de Trois," and "Fanfare." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 4: "Interplay," "Sylvia: Pas de Deux," "Age of Anxiety," and "Symphony in C." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Jones Beach Marine Theatre—Guy Lombardo's "Arabian Nights," a musical rodeo with Lauritz Melchior, Helena Scott, Ralph Herbert, Mia Slavenska, and a few hundred others, including Lottie Mayer's Disappearing Water Ballet girls. (Nightly at 8:30; through Labor Day. For tickets, call CO 5-7587.)

THE SUMMER CIRCUIT

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

Andover—Through Saturday, Aug. 28: "Wish You Were Here." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 30-Sept. 4: John Carradine in "Tobacco Road." (Grist Mill Playhouse, Andover, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Chatham—Through Saturday, Aug. 28: "Murder Mistaken." Wednesday through Saturday, Sept. 1-4 (final performances of the season): "The Moon Is Blue." (Monomoy Theatre, Chatham, Mass. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Clinton—Through Saturday, Aug. 28: Geraldine Page in "The Time of the Cuckoo." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 30-Sept. 4 (final performances of the season): "The First Year." (Clinton Playhouse, Clinton, Conn. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesday and Fridays at 2:40.)

Cohasset—Through Saturday, Aug. 28: "The Great Waltz." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 30-Sept. 4 (final performances of the season): "Paint Your Wagon." (South Shore Music Circus, Cohasset, Mass. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinée Wednesday at 2:30.)

Coonamessett—Through Saturday, Aug. 28: Barbara Bel Geddes in "The Little Hut." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 30-Sept. 4 (final performances of the season): Gloria Vanderbilt in "The Swan." (Falmouth Playhouse, Coonamessett, Mass. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Corning—Through Sunday, Aug. 29: "Stalag 17." Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 31-Sept. 4: "Private Lives." (Corning Summer Theatre, Corning Glass Center, Corning, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Dennis—Through Saturday, Aug. 28: Rudy Vallée in "Jenny Kissed Me." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 30-Sept. 4 (final performances of the season): Joe E. Brown in "The Show-Off." (Cape Playhouse, Den-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

nis, Mass. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinée Wednesday at 2:30.)

East Hampton—Through Saturday, Aug. 28: Martha Scott and Tom Helmore in "This Happy Breed." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 30-Sept. 4 (final performances of the season): Arthur Treacher in "On Approval." (John Drew Theatre, East Hampton, L.I. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinée Wednesday at 2:40.)

Fishkill—Through Sunday, Aug. 29: "Personal Appearance." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 31-Sept. 5 (final performances of the season): "Strictly French," a revue. (Cecilwood Theatre, Fishkill, N.Y. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:35. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Fitchburg—Through Saturday, Aug. 28: "Stalag 17." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 30-Sept. 4: "Affairs of State." (Lake Whalom Playhouse, Fitchburg, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:20.)

Hyannis—Through Saturday, Aug. 28: "Naughty Marietta." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 30-Sept. 4 (final performances of the season): "High Button Shoes." (Cape Cod Melody Tent, Hyannis, Mass. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Ivoryton—Through Saturday, Aug. 28: Ethel Waters in "Mamba's Daughters." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 30-Sept. 4 (final performances of the season): Lucille Manners in "Song of Norway." (Ivoryton Playhouse, Ivoryton, Conn. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesday and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Lambertville—Through Sunday, Aug. 29: "The Countess Maritza." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 31-Sept. 5: "Wish You Were Here." (Lambertville Music Circus, Lambertville, N.J. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mahopac—Through Sunday, Aug. 29: "Outward Bound." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 31-Sept. 5: "The Fourposter." (Putnam County Playhouse, Mahopac, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40.)

Marblehead—Through Saturday, Aug. 28: Joe E. Brown in "The Show-Off." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 30-Sept. 4: Steve Cochran in "Heaven Can Wait." (Marblehead Summer Theatre, Marblehead, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursday, Aug. 26, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:15.)

Matunuck—Through Saturday, Aug. 28: June Lockhart in "Sabrina Fair." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 30-Sept. 4: Uta Hagen and Herbert Berghof in "Michael and Lavinia," a new play. (Theatre-by-the-Sea, Matunuck, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Millburn—Through Sunday, Aug. 29 (final performances of the season): "The Vagabond King." (Paper Mill Playhouse, Millburn, N.J. Thursday through Saturday at 8:30, and Sunday at 8. Matinées Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.)

Mountainhome—Through Saturday, Aug. 28: Gypsy Rose Lee in "Darling, Darling," a new adaptation, by Anita Loos, of the French play, "Ami-Ami." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 30-Sept. 4: "The Other Devil," a new comedy. (Pocono Playhouse, Mountainhome, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

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Mount Kisco—Through Sunday, Aug. 29: "Late Love." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 31-Sept. 5 (final performances of the season): "The Fourposter." (Westchester Playhouse, Mount Kisco, N.Y. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinée Wednesday at 2:40.)

Moylan—Through Saturday, Aug. 28: "Unfinished Portrait," a new play. Tuesday, Aug. 31: "Queer People." Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 1-2: "Unfinished Portrait." Friday, Sept. 3: "Ring Round the Moon." Saturday, Sept. 4: "The Emperor-Jones." (Hedgerow Theatre, Moylan, Pa. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30.)

New Hope—Through Saturday, Sept. 4: "The Champagne Complex," a new three-character comedy, by Leslie Stevens. (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Newport—Through Saturday, Aug. 28: Dennis King in "My 3 Angels." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 30-Sept. 4 (final performances of the season): "The Boys from Syracuse." (Casino Theatre, Newport, R.I. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Norwich—Through Saturday, Aug. 28: "Oklahoma!" Monday through Saturday, Aug. 30-Sept. 4: Victor Jory and Barbara Britton in "Born Yesterday." (Norwich Summer Theatre, Norwich, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Ogunquit—Through Saturday, Aug. 28: "The Boys from Syracuse." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 30-Sept. 4: Tallulah Bankhead in "Dear Charles." (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Peterborough—Through Saturday, Aug. 28 (final performances of the season): "Temple Is a Town," a new musical. (Peterborough Players, Peterborough, N.H. Nightly at 8:40.)

Provincetown—Through Saturday, Aug. 28: "The Long Voyage Home," "'Ile," and "Where the Cross Is Made." Monday, Aug. 30, through Labor Day (final performances of the season): "When We Are Married." (Provincetown Playhouse, Provincetown, Mass. Nightly, except Sunday, Aug. 29, at 8:30.)

Saratoga Springs—Through Saturday, Aug. 28: "Gigi." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 30-Sept. 4: Estelle Winwood in "Pygmalion." (Spa Summer Theatre, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sea Cliff—Through Saturday, Aug. 28: "Stalag 17." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 30-Sept. 4 (final performances of the season): Constance Bennett in "Sabrina Fair." (Sea Cliff Summer Theatre, Sea Cliff, L.I. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturday, Sept. 4, at 2:30.)

Skowhegan—Through Saturday, Aug. 28: "Pal Joey." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 30-Sept. 4: ZaSu Pitts in "Miss Private Eye," a new comedy by George Batson. (Lakewood Theatre, Skowhegan, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Spring Lake—Through Saturday, Sept. 4 (final performances of the season): Fay Bainter and William Prince in "Put Them All Together," a new comedy. (Ivy Tower Playhouse, Spring Lake, N.J. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:45. Matinées Monday and Wednesday at 2:30.)

Stockbridge—Through Saturday, Aug. 28: Betty Field in "Ethan Frome." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 30-Sept. 4: "Three's a Family." (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Wallingford—Through Sunday, Aug. 29: "Call Me Madam." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 31-Sept. 5: "Where's Charley?" (Oakdale Musical Theatre, Wallingford, Conn. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 9:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 5.)

Westport—Through Saturday, Aug. 28: "My Aunt Daisy," a new play. Monday through Saturday, Aug. 30-Sept. 4 (final performances of the season): Peggy Ann Garner and Glenda Farrell in "Home Is the Hero," a new play by Walter Macken, who also will appear in the production. (Westport Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesday and Fridays at 2:40.)

Woodstock—Through Sunday, Aug. 29: "The Country Girl." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 31-Sept. 5 (final performances of the season): "The Last Tycoon," a new dramatization of the Fitzgerald novel. (Woodstock Playhouse, Woodstock, N.Y. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:40.)

Note—The Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival is presenting programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 27-28: Yurek Lazowski, Pearl Lang and her company, and Lotte Goslar. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 3-4 (final performances of the season): The American Mime Theatre, Harriette Ann Gray and her company, and Ram Gopal. (Lee, Mass. Fridays and Saturdays at 4 and 9.)

NIGHT LIFE

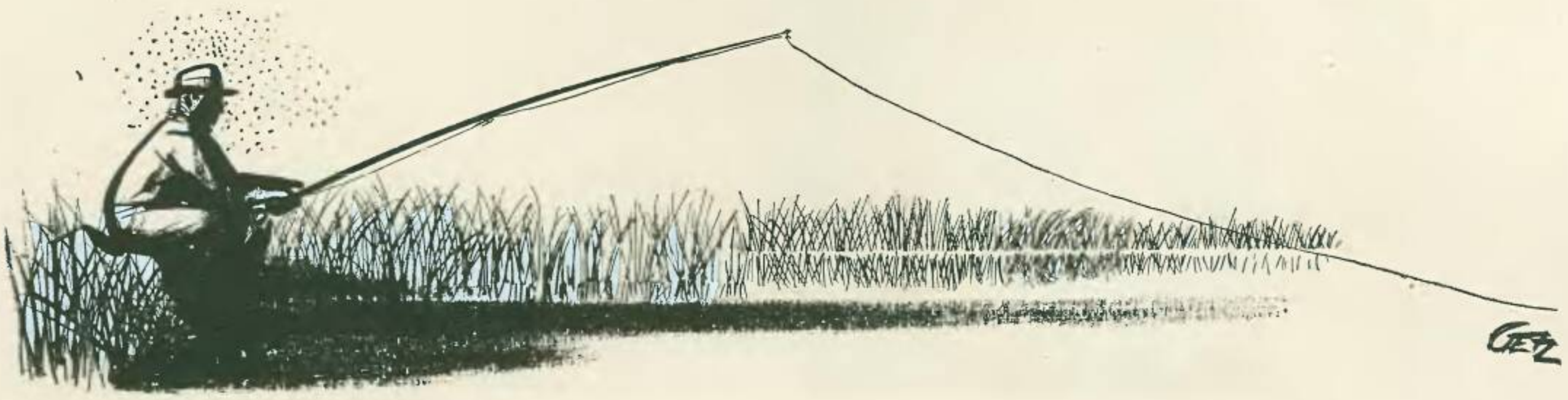
(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Astor Roof, Broadway at 44th St. (JU 6-3000)—Large enough for a polo field, this place is generally full of youngsters having an evening on the town to the sound of Les Elgart's big band. Closed Sundays.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Friends, Romans, and countrymen gather in profusion in the Palm Court at the cocktail hour to listen to soft music every day but Sunday, and for the same purpose in the Madison Room from seven to nine Mondays through Fridays. No dancing in either place.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900)—Diosa Costello is a-whooping and a-hollering in this ancient hollow oak, where Georgie Kaye, a fast and facile talker, is in charge of



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the jokes. A garland of hothouse flowers, mostly ballerinas taking their first faltering footsteps, considerably brightens the décor.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—A small orchestra, almost always Stanley Worth's, plays for dancing from cocktails through supper in the sedate Café Pierre.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—After eight-thirty in the Rendez-Vous Room, which is to the manner born, Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's dance orchestras sprint from one familiar tune to another. Closed Sundays.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The Grill has dancing of the haste-makes-waste type, to the music of two bands. Closed on the Sabbath.

ST. REGIS ROOF, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Life can be beautiful indeed under the arching dome of the handsome old pink Joseph Urban heaven provided by the management. The mood is enhanced by the practically continuous dance music of Milt Shaw's band and Ray Bari's ensemble. Closed Sundays.

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

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—You've seen the set—dance hall, country store, and saloon—many times before, but this is a Western with a brand-new kind of small talk and plot motivation. Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band dish up the music.

TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN, Central Park W. at 67th St. (SC 4-8100)—A carefully selected cross-section of outdoors (no poison ivy, for one thing) is just beyond the rim of the open-air terrace, where there is dancing after eight on weekdays and after seven on Sundays. The music is merely adequate, but the scenery could hardly be improved upon.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Irwin Corey, the most involuted semanticist since James Joyce, has a sounding board in the incumbent pint-size George White musical comedy, which is immeasurably funnier because of him. Fay DeWitt and Lou Nelson are noticeably humorous, too, which is a lot more than can be said for the libretto. Salvatore Gioë's band and Panchito's rumba men dream up dance music after nine.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The stars above the Roof are constant, being by Consolidated Edison. The podium is occupied by Betty Clooney, a singer of some renown, and the bands of the veterans Henry King and Mischa Borr. Closed Sundays.

NOTE—An eagle's nest called the Rainbow Room serves (from four-thirty to nine, except Sundays) as a lounge where, over cocktails and frequent swatches of music, one may do a comprehensive job of window-shopping midtown Manhattan. The address, 30 Rockefeller Plaza; the phone, CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): An olio of the lively days when America was technically dry territory, and done to the life. Except Sundays, there's Continental piano at dinner, and at supper Norbert Faconi is all over the place with his swoon violin. Bud Gregg makes quiet, comfortable piano music at supper on Sundays. . . . WEYLIN ROOM, 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9100): The piano recitals of Cy Walter, which run from six to eight and from ten to two every evening but Sunday, manage to be crisp and cool and at the same time full of joy. . . . DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): An ornate assortment of armchairs in which to listen to the calm, collected piano of Addison Bailey during dinner and supper. Sunday is his day of rest. . . . LE COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Home is the wanderer, Eddie Davis, dean of supper-club *chefs d'orchestre*, to resume his duties in this newly reopened nesting place of the Westchester set. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . ARMANDO'S, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Piano and violin after ten for people who consider this soon-to-vanish old brownstone their midtown *pied-à-terre*. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . EL CHICO, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): A sort of permanent picnic (Latin-American style), with all the appropriate words and music. Dancing. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . CAFÉ NINO, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): Herman Arminski gently strokes a piano at cocktails, dinner, and supper in the bar of an establishment that is a heaping handful of clearly mobile décor. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . CHAMPAGNE GALLERY, 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): An old favorite of the small fry that is a mixture of restaurant and off-Broadway theatre workshop. Someone or other always seems to be at the piano, or singing, or both.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Two complete reports on humor as a fine art—Orson Bean's, which combines an academic (Harvard '47) reserve with a sublime sense of the ridiculous, and Martha Davis's, whose parodies of lyrics long in the public domain are (with the astute aid of Calvin Ponder, her husband and accompanist) eyeopeners and eyebrow-raisers. The bright background music is the work of Bart Howard and the Jimmy Lyons trio. Closes Saturday, Aug. 28; reopens after Labor Day. . . . VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The minuscule Robert Clary, practically the champion of the bantamweights, flashes some dazzling footwork as he boxes a few popular ballads silly. Ada Moore, a fine, rangy jazz singer, is only a beginner, but a promising one. Clarence Williams' trio, with Carl Lynch on guitar, plays for kicks and for dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . ONE FIFTH AVENUE, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Vigorous piano by Bob Downey and Harold Fonville every night, and full-blown clowning by Clara Cedrone except Sundays, when bygone movies are added. . . . BYLINE ROOM, 137 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-8324): Mabel Mercer's peaceful at-homes, which occur every night but Sunday, are monologues on the place (if any) of love in the great metropolis. The words are those of the brightest of the young composers, the music is Sam Hamilton's piano. Miss Mercer's salon is over the often restless Show Spot Lounge, where Laurie Brewis, the little Londoner, is trotting forth agreeable piano every night but Sunday. . . . JORIE'S PLAYGOERS CLUB, Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): Practically all the problems womanhood is heir to are mordantly discussed in this Left Bank cellar by Jorie Remes as she engages in a Laocoön waltz with an amazingly alive stole. The mood and surroundings are air-conditioned Jean-Paul Sartre. Closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

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

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Happiness is a thing called noise, at least when Wild Bill Davison's trumpet is taking the solos. He gets noble Sunny South backing from Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Cliff Leeman, Edmond Hall, Walter Page, and Mr. Condon. Ralph Sutton is at the piano dur-

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Leave **Chicago** at 6:20 p.m., arrive **San Francisco** at 10:35 p.m.

Leave **Chicago** at 11:15 a.m., arrive **Los Angeles** at 3:15 p.m.

Leave **Washington, D. C.**, at 4:30 p.m., arrive **San Francisco** at 10:35 p.m.

Leave **San Francisco** at 11:45 a.m., arrive **Washington, D. C.**, in just 8¼ hours

(All examples are local times)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ing intermissions. On Tuesday nights, the racket is increased by a group of guest hot shots. Closed Sundays. . . . THE EMBERS, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Jazz, muted and modern, in the best of all possible circumstances and in vast variety. George Shearing's piano, which sometimes operates solo and sometimes is supported by two or more acolytes (Al McKibbon and John Thielmans among them), is imagination run riot; Don Shirley's piano, working in conjunction with a bassist, blends classic form with an interesting progressive technique. They tee off about nine-thirty; up till then, there's the expert dinner piano of Ronnie Selby. Closed Sundays. . . . BASIN STREET, Broadway at 51st St. (PL 7-3728): Just about the best of the West Side foxholes. Hell hath no fury like Louis Armstrong's trumpet, Billy Kyle's piano, and Arvell Shaw's bass, and there are less stentorian contributions to their teamwork by Barney Bigard, Trummy Young, Barrett Deems, and Velma Middleton. Between times, the young, earnest, and appealing Lee Konitz leads three fledgling disciples down the devious byways of bop. The Konitz group may leave Saturday, Aug. 28. Closed Mondays. . . . NICK'S, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Phil Napoleon and his Dixiecrats are at work in a famous old homestead that is often chockablock with the grandchildren. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . JIMMY RYAN'S, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Those who are willing to accept no substitutes for the real original jazz may as well settle for the band of Wilbur de Paris, which includes Omer Simeon, Sidney de Paris, and Eddie Gibbs. Don Frye is the solo pianist. Jam sessions Monday nights. Closed Sundays. . . . BIRDLAND, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): Sometimes the music gets progressive to the point of being all form and no function. Dinah Washington, a majestic nightingale, is for real, all right, but Dizzy Gillespie's and Charlie Parker's boys are occasionally just cliff-hangers in the wild blue yonder. Mondays, when the regulars are at rest, are jam-session nights. . . . HICKORY HOUSE, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): After nine, a little girl named Edna Corbett is playing piano that's not too avant-garde, along with a two-man rhythm section. Now and then, Randy Hall and his jazz whistle sit in for a session. No action on Mondays. . . . STUYVESANT CASINO, 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-9742): Back at the old stand, now with pre-cooled air for the old-line hot musicians. On Friday and Saturday, Aug. 27-28, they should include Bobby Hackett, Max Kaminsky, Wild Bill Davison, Pee Wee Russell, Tony Parenti, Lou McGarity, Joe Sullivan, Sammy Price, Pop Foster, Zutty Singleton, Tommy Benford, and Jimmy Rushing. Dancing. . . . CENTRAL PLAZA, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Friday and Saturday, Aug. 27-28, a welkin-ringing contest between (so says the grapevine) the Conrad Janis tailgaters, Roy Eldridge, Benny Morton, Eddie Barefield, Willie the Lion Smith, and Freddie Moore.

DINNER IN THE COUNTRY

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

BANKSVILLE, N.Y.: La Crémaillère (Bedford Village 4-3306); closed Mondays. . . . BETHPAGE, L.I.: Beau Sejour (HIcksville 3-0091); closed Tuesdays. . . . CLOSTER, N.J.: Nolan's Closter Manor (Closter 5-3012). . . . CONGERS, N.Y.: Jean's (Congers 8-6178); closed Mondays. . . . DANBURY, CONN.: White Turkey Inn (Danbury 3-2726). . . . EAST NORWICH, L.I.: Rothmann's Inn (OYster Bay 6-0266). . . . FISHKILL, N.Y.: Boni's Inn (Beacon 9-7394). . . . ¶ Gertrude Hart's (Beacon 9-7384). . . . GARRISON, N.Y.: Bird and Bottle (Garrison 4-3342); closed Tuesdays. . . . GLENWOOD LANDING, L.I.: Swan Club (ROslyn 3-0037); music nightly and dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . . HARTSDALE, N.Y.: Tordo's (WHite Plains 8-0597). . . . LAKE SUCCESS, L.I.: André; formerly Mori's (HUnter 2-7717). . . . NORWALK, CONN.: Silvermine Tavern (Volunteer 6-2588). . . . PORT WASHINGTON, L.I.: Nino's Continental (POrt Washington 7-1604); dancing every evening except Monday. . . . ¶ Riviera

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

ART

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

GALLERIES

MICHEL CADORET—A first one-man show in New York of colored monotypes, all done within the past few months; through Saturday, Aug. 28. (The Contemporaries, 959 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

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

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW—Malcolm Case, René Demianoff, and many other artists; through Sept. 5. (Village Art Center, 44 W. 11th St. Daily, 1 to 6 and 8 to 10.)

FRENCH; GROUP SHOW—The first show in an old gallery's new home comprises oils by such modern French painters as Picasso, Braque, and Rouault; through Oct. 2. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

MUSEUMS

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

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Traditional Japanese calligraphy used as a point of departure for forty examples of abstract Japanese pen-and-ink drawings on exhibit for the first time in this country; through Sept. 19. . . . ¶ Prints in color and black-and-white by Paul Klee, ranging from his early allegoric themes of 1903 to some of his last etchings, done in 1931 and 1932; through Sept. 19. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Colored

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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

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

IN THE COUNTRY

EAST HAMPTON, L.I. Guild Hall: An exhibition of contemporary religious art that includes paintings, sculptures, mosaics, and stained glass, by Salvador Dali, Abraham Rattner, Georges Rouault, and others; through Labor Day. (Weekdays, 10 to 5.) ... MYSTIC, CONN. Mystic Art Association: The second section of a thirty-year retrospective of works by such member artists as Kenneth Bates, Robert Brackman, and Garrett Price; through Labor Day. (Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 2 to 5:30.) ... OGUNQUIT, MAINE. Museum of Art of Ogunquit: Forty drawings by Winslow Homer; through Saturday, Aug. 28. Also oils and water colors by Homer, and sculptures and paintings in a display called "Americans of Our Times;" through Sept. 12. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1:30 to 8.) ... ¶ Ogunquit Art Association: Robert Laurent, Henry Strater, and William Zorach are among the large number of artists represented in a show of works in almost every medium; through Labor Day. (Weekdays, 10 to 12 and 1 to 5:30; Sundays, 2 to 6.) ... PITTSFIELD, MASS. Berkshire Museum: A retrospective show of paintings by Ellen Emmet Rand, including portraits of, among many others, Elihu Root, Joseph H. Choate, and Richard Harding Davis; through Tuesday, Aug. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.) ... PROVINCETOWN, MASS. Kootz Gallery: Paintings by Hans Hofmann; through Labor Day. (Daily, 11 to 3; Wednesday evenings, 8 to 10.) ... SOUTHAMPTON, L.I. Parrish Museum: The second annual Fine Arts Festival, with artists from New York City, Long Island, and Connecticut contributing works in all mediums; through Sept. 11. (Sundays through Thursdays, 2 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 6; Wednesday evenings, 7 to 8:30.) ... WOODSTOCK, N.Y. Ganso Gallery: A group of new paintings by Edward Chavez, William Pachner, and others; through Sept. 12. (Weekdays, 10 to 5:30 and 8 to 10; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

MUSIC

CHAMBER MUSIC ON THE MALL—Davis Shuman, trombone; Leonard Posner, violin; David Schwartz, viola; Mosa Havivi, cello; and Leonard Arner, oboe. The last in a series of four free concerts. (Central Park Mall. Saturday, Aug. 28, at 8:30.)

WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK CONCERTS—The last in a series of four free chamber-music programs performed by an orchestra under the direction of Alexander Schneider. (Monday, Aug. 30, at 9:15. In the event of rain, the concert will be held the following evening.)

INTERVAL CONCERTS—A Bach-Beethoven program played by Paul Matthen, bass-baritone; the Kohon String Quartet; Harry Smyles, oboe; and others. The fourth in a series of ten concerts. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Aug. 31, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call MU 2-6521.)

IN THE COUNTRY

NEW YORK PRO MUSICA ANTIQUA—A group of singers and instrumentalists in the last two in a series of six programs of medieval, Renaissance, and baroque music. (Lenox Town Hall, Lenox, Mass. Saturday, Aug. 28, at 8:30, and Sunday, Aug. 29, at 1:30.)

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

CONNECTICUT POPS—Daniel Saidenberg conducting the Connecticut Symphony Orchestra, with Mimi Benzell, soprano. The last in a

series of six programs. (Fairfield University Field, Fairfield, Conn. Friday, Sept. 3, at 8:45.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Detroit, Thursday, Aug. 26, at 2; Friday, Aug. 27, at 8:30; and Saturday, Aug. 28, at 2.... ¶ Yankees vs. Chicago, Sunday, Aug. 29, at 2.... ¶ Yankees vs. Cleveland, Tuesday, Aug. 31, at 8:30, and Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 1-2, at 2.... **POLO GROUNDS:** Giants vs. Dodgers, Friday, Sept. 3, at 8:15, and Saturday, Sept. 4, at 1:30.

Boxing—Cesar Brion vs. Charley Norkus, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Friday, Sept. 3. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Golf—U.S.G.A. Men's Amateur Championship. (Country Club of Detroit, Grosse Point Farms, Mich. Through Saturday, Aug. 28.) ... ¶ Curtis Cup Matches. (Merion Golf Club, Ardmore, Pa. Thursday and Friday, Sept. 2-3.)

Horse Shows—Keswick Hunt Horse Show. (Keswick, Va. Friday through Sunday, Aug. 27-29.) ... ¶ Maryland State Fair Horse Show. (Timonium, Md. Starting Wednesday, Sept. 1.) ... ¶ Warrenton Horse Show. (Warrenton, Va. Saturday through Monday, Sept. 4-6.)

Lifeboat Races—Around twelve teams of seamen from ships of the five Nordic countries, racing over a one-mile course in the Narrows, between 87th and 100th Streets, Brooklyn. (Tuesday, Aug 31. First heat at 4.)

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

Racing—at **AQUEDUCT:** Weekdays at 1:15, from Monday, Aug. 30, through Tuesday, Sept. 21. The Aqueduct Handicap, Monday, Aug. 30; the Astarita, Wednesday, Sept. 1; and the Vagrancy Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 4. (Trains will leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.) ... **SARATOGA SPRINGS:** Daily at 2:30; through Saturday, Aug. 28. The Saratoga Cup, Friday, Aug. 27, and the Hopeful, Saturday, Aug. 28.... **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Wednesday, Oct. 6. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track weekdays at 10:15; starting Monday, Aug. 30, a train will leave at 10:30 and connect with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.

Tennis—Women's Invitation Tournament. (Maidstone Club, East Hampton, L.I. Through Sunday, Aug. 29.) ... ¶ National Singles Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Saturday, Aug. 28, through Monday, Sept. 6. Tickets may be obtained at Spalding's, 518 Fifth Ave., at 43rd St.; the U.S.L.T.A., 120 Broadway, at Cedar St.; and the West Side Tennis Club.)

OTHER EVENTS

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

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

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

The Caine Mutiny—Queeg and the mutinous lads stalwartly enacted by a cast led by Humphrey Bogart and Van Johnson. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060.)

Genevieve—Some ancient automobiles get their passengers in all kinds of uproarious dilemmas on a trip from London to Brighton and back. A British film in which John Gregson, Dinah Sheridan, Kay Kendall, and Kenneth More contribute much to the general hilarity. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Aug. 28.... ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Sept. 1.)

Knock on Wood—Danny Kaye in a splendid romp about an emotionally upset ventriloquist or something (it doesn't really matter), which launches him into a lot of his celebrated old comic routines. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through Aug. 31.)

Mr. Hulot's Holiday—In this French film, the very funny comedian Jacques Tati runs through some reliable old silent-film techniques, often to advantage. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

New Faces—A CinemaScope scamper that features some lively skits and songs. Ronny Graham, Eartha Kitt, Alice Ghostley, Paul Lynde, and Robert Clary are in charge of the melody and merriment. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; Aug. 29-31.... ¶ York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; Aug. 31-Sept. 1.)

On the Waterfront—A fine dramatic interpretation of Malcolm Johnson's Pulitzer Prize-winning report on labor conditions on the docks of New York. Written by Budd Schulberg and directed by Elia Kazan, the picture has as its leading character Marlon Brando, whose performance can't be faulted. Neither can the work of his associates, among them Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Lee J. Cobb. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240.)

Paris Incident—A Gallic trifle, and a delightful one. A Parisian telegraph boy falls off his bike, loses his telegrams, and arouses most of Montmartre in his search to recover them. With Gérard Gervais and Pierrette Simonet. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

The Vanishing Prairie—The birds and the beasts fighting for survival, as Walt Disney turns his cameras loose on the great American prairie. The animals do pretty well, considering the odds. And the prairie dogs, incidentally, are cute as all getout. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

REVIVALS

The Fallen Idol (1949)—A small boy's efforts to prevent his best pal, a butler, from being charged with murder. An English picture, with Bobby Henrey, Ralph Richardson, and Michèle Morgan. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

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; Aug. 30.)

The Forgotten Village (1941)—John Steinbeck's semi-documentary film about a Mexican hamlet. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 26.)

Fort Apache (1948)—Some high-toned Indians battling U. S. Army troops in the Custer period. Henry Fonda is the colonel. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Aug. 30-31.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; and Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; through Aug. 28.... ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Aug. 31.... ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting Aug. 29.)

The Lady Vanishes (1938)—Hitchcock's express train, with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, and Paul Lukas aboard. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 27.)

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. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 26.... ¶ 55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590.)

Madeleine (1950)—Love and arsenic mingled in a British mystery film set in Victorian Glasgow. With Ann Todd. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Aug. 28.)

Never Give a Sucker an Even Break (1941)—W. C. Fields doing his best as a kindly uncle. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Sept. 1, tentative.)

A Night at the Movies (1937)—Robert Benchley, the master bumbler, in a one-reeler. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Sept. 1, tentative.)

The 39 Steps (1935)—More Hitchcock mystification, taking in a shooting in a theatre, a man hunt in Scotland, and so on. A British film, with Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 27.)

To Live in Peace (1947)—Aldo Fabrizi as an Italian peasant who befriends a couple of G.I.'s, one of them colored, during the war. Made in Italy. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 28.)

Two Cents Worth of Hope (1952)—An Italian comedy, played against a background of poverty and unemployment by a cast of amateurs. Directed by Renato Castellani. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 30.)

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

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Aug. 29: "Nothing Sacred" (1937), with Carole Lombard, Fredric March, and Walter Connolly.... ¶ Starting Aug. 30: "Of Mice and Men" (1940), with Burgess Meredith, Betty Field, and Lon Chaney, Jr. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

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

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

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

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

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
Through Sept. 1 (tentative): "The Weak and the Wicked," Glynis Johns, John Gregson.

Holiday, B'way at 47th. (CI 5-5530)
Through Sept. 1 (tentative): "The St. Louis Kid," revival, James Cagney; and "Bullets or Ballots," revival, Edward G. Robinson, Humphrey Bogart, Joan Blondell.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
Through Aug. 31: "Apache," Burt Lancaster, Jean Peters.
From Sept. 1: "Duel in the Sun," revival, Jennifer Jones, Gregory Peck.

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

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Through Sept. 1 (tentative): "King Richard and the Crusaders" (in CinemaScope), Rex Harrison, Virginia Mayo, George Sanders.

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

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"The Egyptian" (in CinemaScope), Edmund Purdom, Jean Simmons, Victor Mature.

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

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Dragnet," Jack Webb, Ben Alexander, Ann Robinson.

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

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
Through Aug. 31: "La Ronde" (in French), Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux.
From Sept. 1: "The French Touch" (in French), Fernandel, Renée Devillers.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

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

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Aug. 28: "Night People" (in CinemaScope), Gregory Peck, Broderick Crawford.
Aug. 29-31: **NEW FACES.**
From Sept. 1: "The High and the Mighty" (in CinemaScope), John Wayne, Claire Trevor.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 7-9653)
Through Aug. 30: "Human Desire," Glenn Ford, Gloria Grahame; and "Pushover," Fred MacMurray, Phil Carey.
From Aug. 31: "Susan Slept Here," Dick Powell, Debbie Reynolds; and "Gun Fury," Rock Hudson, Donna Reed.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Aug. 31: **GONE WITH THE WIND,** revival.
From Sept. 1: "The High and the Mighty" (in CinemaScope), John Wayne, Claire Trevor.

BEVERLY, 3rd Ave. at 50th. (EL 5-8790)
Through Sept. 1: "Pit of Loneliness" (in French), Edwige Feuillère, Simone Simon; and "Desperate Moment," revival, Dirk Bogarde, Mai Zetterling.

LEXINGTON, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through Aug. 31: "The Long Wait," Anthony Quinn, Gene Evans; and "Indiscretion of an American Wife," Jennifer Jones, Montgomery Clift.
From Sept. 1: "Apache," Burt Lancaster, Jean Peters; and "Gog," Richard Egan, Constance Dowling.

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

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through Aug. 29: "Man with a Million," Gregory Peck, Jane Griffiths, Ronald Squire.
From Aug. 30: "High and Dry," Paul Douglas.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Aug. 30: "Human Desire," Glenn Ford, Gloria Grahame; and "Pushover," Fred MacMurray, Phil Carey.
From Aug. 31: "Susan Slept Here," Dick Powell, Debbie Reynolds; and "Gun Fury," Rock Hudson, Donna Reed.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
THE VANISHING PRAIRIE.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
PARIS INCIDENT (in French).

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
THE FALLEN IDOL, revival.

TRANS-LUX 60TH ST., Madison at 60th. (PL 5-2746)
Through Aug. 31: "Her Twelve Men," Greer Garson, Robert Ryan, Barry Sullivan.
From Sept. 1: "The Little Kidnappers," Duncan Macrae.

YORK, 1st Ave. at 64th. (RH 4-5779)
Aug. 26: "Valentino," revival, Anthony Dexter, Eleanor Parker; and "Force of Evil," revival, John Garfield, Beatrice Pearson.
Aug. 27-28: "River of No Return" (in CinemaScope), Robert Mitchum, Marilyn Monroe; and "Princess of the Nile," Jeffrey Hunter, Debra Paget.
Aug. 29-30: "The Siege at Red River," Van Johnson, Joanne Dru; and "Gorilla at Large," Cameron Mitchell, Ann Bancroft.
Aug. 31-Sept. 1: **NEW FACES;** and "Fort Algiers," Yvonne De Carlo, Carlos Thompson.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Aug. 31: **KNOCK ON WOOD.**
From Sept. 1: "The High and the Mighty" (in CinemaScope), John Wayne, Claire Trevor.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Sept. 1 (tentative): "Executive Suite," William Holden, June Allyson.

LOEW'S 72ND ST., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through Aug. 29: "The Long Wait," Anthony Quinn, Gene Evans; and "Indiscretion of an American Wife," Jennifer Jones, Montgomery Clift.
Aug. 30-31: "Shark River," Steve Cochran, Carole Mathews; and "Overland Pacific," Jack Mahoney, Peggie Castle.
From Sept. 1: "Apache," Burt Lancaster, Jean Peters; and "Gog," Richard Egan, Constance Dowling.

TRANS-LUX 72ND ST., 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Sept. 1 (tentative): **NEVER GIVE A SUCKER AN EVEN BREAK,** revival; **A NIGHT AT THE MOVIES,** revival; and "Mad Wednesday," revival, Harold Lloyd, Jimmy Conlin.

TRANS-LUX COLONY, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through Aug. 28: **GONE WITH THE WIND,** revival.
Aug. 29-31: "Garden of Evil" (in CinemaScope), Gary Cooper, Susan Hayward; and "Thy Neighbor's Wife," Hugo Haas, Cleo Moore.
From Sept. 1: "The Student Prince" (in CinemaScope), Ann Blyth, Edmund Purdom; and "Arrow in the Dust," Sterling Hayden, Coleen Gray.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Aug. 28: **GENEVIEVE.**
From Aug. 29: **GONE WITH THE WIND,** revival.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Aug. 30: "Human Desire," Glenn Ford, Gloria Grahame; and "Pushover," Fred MacMurray, Phil Carey.
From Aug. 31: "Susan Slept Here," Dick Powell, Debbie Reynolds; and "Gun Fury," Rock Hudson, Donna Reed.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Aug. 29: "The Long Wait," Anthony Quinn, Gene Evans; and "Indiscretion of an American Wife," Jennifer Jones, Montgomery Clift.
Aug. 30-31: "Shark River," Steve Cochran, Carole Mathews, and "Overland Pacific," Jack Mahoney, Peggie Castle.
From Sept. 1: "Apache," Burt Lancaster, Jean Peters; and "Gog," Richard Egan, Constance Dowling.

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through Aug. 28: **GONE WITH THE WIND,** revival.
From Aug. 29: "Garden of Evil" (in CinemaScope), Gary Cooper, Susan Hayward; and "Thy Neighbor's Wife," Hugo Haas, Cleo Moore.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Aug. 26: "Drôle de Drame" (in French; also known as "Bizarre, Bizarre"), revival, Louis Jouvet, Françoise Rosay; and "Les Visiteurs de Soir" (in French; also known as "The Devil's Envoys"), revival.
Aug. 27-31: "Edge of Divorce," Valerie Hobson, Philip Friend; and "The Berliner" (in German), revival, Gert Frobe.
From Sept. 1: "Le Plaisir" (in French), Danielle Darrieux, Simone Simon; and "Scotch on the Rocks," Ronald Squire, Kathleen Ryan.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Sept. 1 (tentative): "Woman's Angle," Edward Underdown, Cathy O'Donnell, Lois Maxwell.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Aug. 31: "The Long Wait," Anthony Quinn, Gene Evans; and "Indiscretion of an American Wife," Jennifer Jones, Montgomery Clift.
From Sept. 1: "Apache," Burt Lancaster, Jean Peters; and "Gog," Richard Egan, Constance Dowling.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Aug. 28: **MADELEINE,** revival; and "The World in His Arms," revival, Gregory Peck, Ann Blyth.
Aug. 29-31: "Dirty Hands" (in French), Daniel Gelin, Pierre Brasseur, Claude Nollier; and "So Little Time," revival, Marius Goring.
From Sept. 1: **GENEVIEVE;** and "Always a Bride," Peggy Cummins, Terence Morgan.

R.K.O. 23RD ST., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through Aug. 30: "Human Desire," Glenn Ford, Gloria Grahame; and "Pushover," Fred MacMurray, Phil Carey.
From Aug. 31: "Susan Slept Here," Dick Powell, Debbie Reynolds; and "Gun Fury," Rock Hudson, Donna Reed.

TERRACE, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
Through Aug. 28: **GONE WITH THE WIND,** revival.
Aug. 29: "The Golden Idol," Johnny Sheffield, Anne Kimbell; and "Down to the Sea in Ships," revival, Richard Widmark, Lionel Barrymore.
Aug. 30-31: **FORT APACHE,** revival; and "The Undercover Man," revival, Glenn Ford, Nina Foch.
From Sept. 1: "Cat Women of the Moon," Sonny Tufts, Victor Jory; and "The Neanderthal Man," Richard Crane.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
MR. HULOT'S HOLIDAY (in French and English).

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

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

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

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

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3100)
Through Aug. 31: "The Long Wait," Anthony Quinn, Gene Evans; and "Indiscretion of an American Wife," Jennifer Jones, Montgomery Clift.
From Sept. 1: "Apache," Burt Lancaster, Jean Peters; and "Gog," Richard Egan, Constance Dowling.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Aug. 26: **THE FORGOTTEN VILLAGE,** revival; and **THE LITTLE WORLD OF DON CAMILLO** (in French), revival.
Aug. 27: **THE 39 STEPS,** revival; and **THE LADY VANISHES,** revival.
Aug. 28: **TO LIVE IN PEACE** (in Italian), revival; and "L'Orage" (in French; also known as "Confessions of a Bride"), revival, Michèle Morgan, Charles Boyer.
Aug. 29: "Heart of Paris" (in French), revival, Raimu; and "Monelle" (in French), revival, Louis Jouvet.
Aug. 30: **FORBIDDEN GAMES** (in French), revival; and **TWO CENTS WORTH OF HOPE** (in Italian), revival.
Aug. 31: A program of four short George K. Arthur films, and nine U.P.A. cartoons—"Gerald McBoing Boing Symphony," "Mr. Magoo Goes Skiing," and others.
Sept. 1: "Fear and Desire," revival, Frank Silvera; and "Secrets of a Soul" (in German), revival.

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (RI 9-9861)
"Human Desire," Glenn Ford, Gloria Grahame; and "Pushover," Fred MacMurray, Phil Carey.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through Aug. 29: "The Long Wait," Anthony Quinn, Gene Evans; and "Indiscretion of an American Wife," Jennifer Jones, Montgomery Clift.
Aug. 30-31: "Shark River," Steve Cochran, Carole Mathews; and "Overland Pacific," Jack Mahoney, Peggie Castle.
From Sept. 1: "Apache," Burt Lancaster, Jean Peters; and "Gog," Richard Egan, Constance Dowling.

NEMO, B'way at 110th. (AC 2-9406)
Through Aug. 30: "Human Desire," Glenn Ford, Gloria Grahame; and "Pushover," Fred MacMurray, Phil Carey.
From Aug. 31: "Susan Slept Here," Dick Powell, Debbie Reynolds; and "Gun Fury," Rock Hudson, Donna Reed.

Superglow

The new ultra-brilliant indelible-type lipstick,
creamy and non-drying.

In the same beautiful range of colors that has made the Monteil lipstick famous.

Germaine Monteil

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

STOPPING overnight at a large white clapboard inn on the New England seacoast this summer, we looked over the register and came upon an inscription that has been prickling our fancy ever since. A lady had written her name in a firm, round hand—"Mrs. So and So"—and after

it "and married daughter." Just that and nothing more. Now what, dear lady, did you have in mind when you put that down? Were you complacently calling the attention of other mothers to your daughter's solid status, or were you warning the sun-tanned young men thereabouts to lay off? In either case, does your daughter, in all her glory, relish being nameless in a book of names? Our companion on this outing (married daughter of our mother-in-law) rendered a harsh judgment on the matter when it was referred to her. "I can tell you one thing," she said. "That girl won't be getting away from that mother until Doomsday." Hoping for some cheerful rebuttal, we asked the clerks and waitresses about Mrs. So and So and married daughter, but nothing was remembered. They'd come and gone, leaving only that one trace.

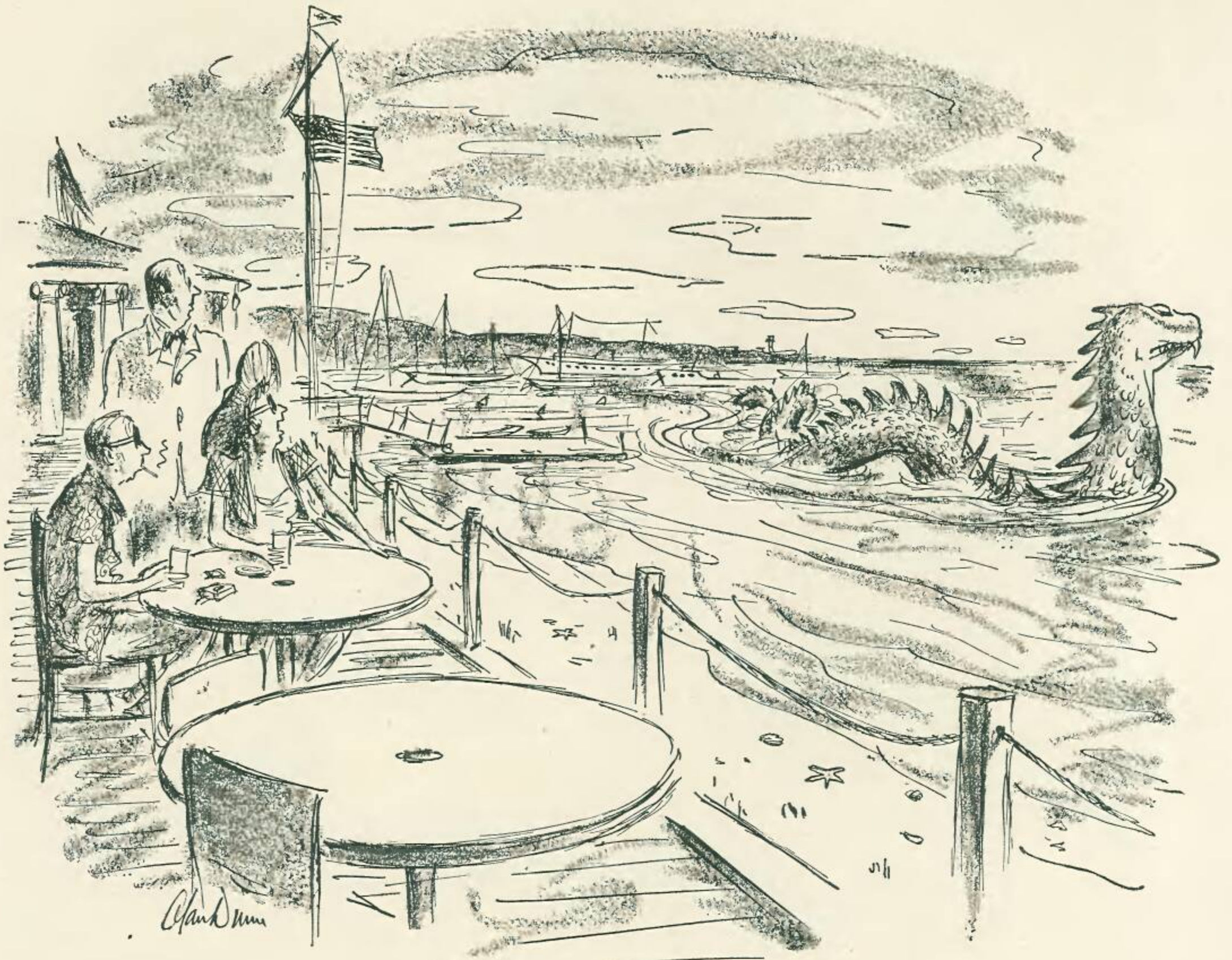
DOOMSDAY, incidentally, is just around the corner, according to the sea gulls we lent ear to in coves and inlets as we journeyed northward. Baby sea gulls, we found out, start off their lives cheeping and chirping in the gayest of tones. Only after prolonged study and practice are they able to achieve the traditionally dreadful and melancholy cry of their species. We happened to see and hear a grown sea gull (whether mother or father we couldn't tell) drumming the hard lesson into the heads of a couple of beginners on the edge of a fishing village near Yarmouth. The little ones were flying around singing "Cool! Good!," and the teacher kept zooming away from them, then zooming back to them again, crying "Not cool! Not good! Just doom! Doom!" The schooling went on for hours while we loafed around the wharf, and before sunset the little ones had the thing down pat. "Doom!" they were moaning happily. "Doom!"

OUR aforementioned travelling companion is of the opinion that the supposedly free and independent states of this union are acting entirely too much like mendicants these days, holding out their hands to every motoring passerby for dimes and quarters. As we spun across toll bridges and along toll highways, she kept thinking of ways to express her disapproval. One way was to bore a hole in the coin, tie a fishing line to it, and jerk it back after handing it over. Another way, bordering on the extreme, was to yank the beggar out of his stall with a strong

hand and turn *him* over at the next tollgate in place of the requested coin. Then our companion came up with a constructive idea. "They shouldn't panhandle all this money from people who come to visit them," she said, speaking of the free and independent states. "They should welcome visitors by *giving* them something when they cross the border. A dime would do." We agreed with the spirit of the idea, but couldn't help wondering how, under such a system, the states would pay for their bridges and highways. "Oh," she said, "we'd all be glad to give them a lot of money—make it a whole dollar—when we *leave*. It's this continual dunning of us when we *enter* that is so ugly." We didn't point out a single one of the many practical objections that might be made to this constructive idea, and we don't think we will.

Repeat Performance

CHARLES ("Call me Chuck") LUCKMAN, the eminent soap, detergent, and toothpaste man who, in a dramatic resignation, gave up the presidency of Lever Brothers in 1950 and went back to his original career, architecture, is now busy, as an architect, with plans for the new Seagram building on Park Avenue, just a block south of Lever House, which he erected as the client of an architect. The headquarters of his firm, Pereira & Luckman, are in Los Angeles, where he lives. It has a Manhattan office, though, and he visits it every couple of weeks, so we were recently able to enjoy an East Coast dinner with him. "Gibson on the rocks with Seagram's gin," he loyally commanded, and, at our instance, rehearsed some of his outfit's jobs: the master planning, for the United States government, of five airfields and a naval base in Spain; a jet air base; the Union Oil Company's headquarters building; a Veterans Administration hospital; C.B.S. and A.B.C. television buildings in California; a guided-missile base in Florida; a Bureau of Standards electronic-research station in Boulder, Colorado; a shopping center in Phoenix; a Firestone office building and factory in Los



"Steward, what is that creature doing in club waters?"

• •

Angeles; the Flamingo Hotel and an air base in Las Vegas. "We operate in seventeen states," he said. "We're one of four firms selected to do the Spanish job, for which Congress appropriated three hundred million dollars last fall. It's a very exciting assignment, and a new experiment in using local talent. We have four hundred and twenty-five Spanish engineers, trained by the University of Madrid, working for us under our own specialized personnel. They're anxious to learn our know-how. They're glad to learn how we operate on large-scale work. It generally takes seven years to put up a building in Spain, because you run out of steel and cement there after a while and have to wait a couple of years. When you come from this land of plenty, a thing like that takes you aback. This doesn't apply to our job in Spain, though; we bring over our own materials."

We asked Mr. Luckman about the Seagram building, and he said, "Mr. Samuel Bronfman, president of the parent company in Canada, wanted us to do something memorable to celebrate the company's hundredth anniversary, in 1957. I feel he has one of the finest minds I have ever met, and coming from me, that's a compliment, because I have met some fine minds. He wants a building that will reflect character and integrity, and I think for a pretty good reason, because that's what Seagram's represents in the industry. No deals, no price cutting. I don't often buy stock in our clients' companies, but Seagram is so well managed that I *have* bought stock in it. I believe we can reflect this integrity through the utmost simplicity. We're still in the consultation stage. I'm sorry that the apartment house we have to tear down to make way for the Seagram building contains Voisin. It's one of my favorite restaurants, but I'm scared to death to go into it now."

We urged Mr. Luckman to discuss architecture in general and his role in it in particular. "I am firm in my belief that architecture is a business, and not an art," he said. "I handle office buildings and Air Force work mostly. I handle the programming of a job. I organize it. What is the problem? What is the client trying to achieve? If we do a project that is mostly engineering, I staff it with engineers. If it is mostly architectural, I staff it with architects. We have three hundred and fourteen architects and engineers working for us—not counting the Spanish ones, of course. During the fifteen years that I was a client of architects—putting up buildings for Lever Brothers—I never bought a building for what the architect said it would cost. I said to Bill Pereira, 'Let me solve this problem.' I set up a cost-control department of fourteen engineers. They never draw a line. Their sole function is to see that nothing goes on the drawing board that will put the project over the budget. I caught hell from our designers at first. They said, 'Chuck is tying our hands. He's putting a dollar sign on the design-

ing board. He's keeping us from being creative.' Finally, they said, 'Maybe Chuck has something.' They found that in order to design within a budget they had to be *really* creative. The cost-control department reports to me every Friday. If a project is running four per cent over the budget, we catch it then and there. We may make a mistake, but never for more than a week. So far as I know, no one else in the country does this, but then no other architectural firm has a partner who used to be a client. Every time a client adds something to the original project, we write and tell him precisely how much he is raising the budget. Architecture is very much like an advertising agency; it's a personal-service business. But it's creative, too. In the soap business, the more creative you were, the more it went down the drain. Here it flowers."

Luckman and Pereira were classmates, and friends, at the University of Illinois architectural school twenty-five years ago. Luckman worked in an architect's office in 1930 and 1931, and was driven into soap by the depression. When he left soap, Pereira offered him a partnership. "I honest to God thought he was kidding," Luckman told us, "but then he sent me a design project I'd done at school in 1931—a Swiss monastery—which he'd kept for nineteen years, so I knew he meant it. Well, I had a number of business offers—and boy, *were* they offers!—so I went to Mexico all by myself to decide what to do. I came to the conclusion that I didn't have to stay in business in order to prove anything to my friends, and I didn't care about my enemies. I went back to my first love. I knew I had to pick up technically again. I studied five and a half months, including Saturdays and Sundays, and took the two-day state exam in California. There was a ten-day interval before the results came in. I have three sons I'd been beating over the head, saying 'Pass your exams,' and for ten days they asked 'Dad, did you pass?' Well, I passed. I've since taken the architectural examination, and passed it, in the sixteen other states where we do business. I didn't have to do this, but I did. Overcompensation, I guess. Our firm doesn't have a style, because every problem has an individual solution. We don't draw a building the way we think it should be theoretically. For example, we're the supervising architects for the California Institute of Technology and the University of California at Santa Barbara, responsible for the planning and development of their campuses. We might recommend a building with three medium-sized wings, instead of one big one, so that three people could give the wings and have them named after them. I think we're adjusting our art to the realities of life. I've never had a better time. I am personally very happy to come back to Park Avenue for a repeat performance."

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BRITISH INTELLIGENCE: On the lawns of Westminster Abbey are a number of signs, all reading the same; to wit:

PLEASE DO NOT
WALK ON THE GRASS
UNNECESSARILY

Ranking Celebrity

THE camp season is drawing to a close, and let us celebrate it by relaying this account of a letter from a twelve-year-old vacationer, away for his first summer, to his father. Among his new friends, he wrote, were a Ford, a Rockefeller, Army Secretary Robert Stevens' son, and (heavily underlined) the son of Frederick August Otto Schwarz. His father replied that they all sounded fine, but who the dickens was the last-named gentleman? In reply, he received a cool "If you don't know who Frederick August Otto Schwarz is, you are really not up with the times." The mystery nagged him for days. Then his hard-working psyche dredged it up from the depths of his unconscious in a crystal-clear dream studded with parentheses. He was standing in front of a store labelled "F(rederick) A(ugust) O(tto) Schwarz."

Goa

GOA, the Portuguese enclave on the west coast of India, which the Indians are determined to get back after four hundred and forty-four years of Portuguese rule and which the Portuguese say they can't have, is slightly larger than Rhode Island and a good deal hotter. Thanks to the heat and to a local contempt for the executive way of life, offices are open only from eleven to three. The working day usually begins with a couple of slugs of brandy—that is, if you're one of the coming Goans, who can afford brandy. Otherwise, it begins with *cachu*, a beverage distilled from cashew nuts. Cashew nuts are one of the things Goa has most of. The colony makes money exporting cashew nuts, manganese, iron, coconuts, fish, spices, and salt. *Cachu* stays home, where it belongs. Goa has a population of just over half a million people and an average of one licensed still to every hundred and fifty Goans, including women and children.

For a thousand years before the Portuguese arrived, Goa was a center of Hindu learning and art. According to legend, the region was created by a Hindu demigod named Parasu Rama, who found fourteen dead men floating in the sea off the Malabar coast and restored them to life as Brahmans. To give them a place to live, he shoved part of a mountain range called the Western Ghats back from the sea, and the land between the Ghats and the sea became Goa. Some Hindus claim that to this day they can detect a corpse-like expression on the faces of native Goans. At the time of the Portuguese conquest, the Moslems who then ruled the area had abandoned the ancient Hindu city of Goa for a new city, also called Goa. This Goa is now called Old Goa, having been abandoned in the eighteenth century for still another city, called New Goa, or Pangim. The sequence is as plain as *cachu* to Goans, so why let it trouble us?

In 1510, Old Goa fell to Alfonso de Albuquerque, a Portuguese admiral who had been ranging up and down the coast and teaching Moslems respect for Christian culture by sacking their cities and shooting the inhabitants out of cannons like so much puffed wheat. As soon as he entered Goa, he put six thousand Moslems to the sword. Despite having made what must have been

a rather poor first impression, Albuquerque proved a great and just administrator, and the Goans mourned his death. He permitted the natives to keep all their customs except suttee, and he encouraged his men to marry native women. The Portuguese have always treated the Goans as equals, and in the nineteenth century a Goan served as president of the Supreme Court of Portugal.

For a hundred years after Albuquerque, Goa boomed. It was a sort of gigantic clearing house for trade between the Orient and the Western world; silks, spices, and diamonds moved west out of Goa, and Arabian horses, blunderbusses, soldiers, missionaries, and *escudos* moved east into it. Mormugão, the port of Goa, was the point of embarkation for Moslem pilgrims on their way from India to Mecca. Goa first became known as the Venice of the East; later, it was promoted to the Rome of the East. At its most prosperous, toward the end of the sixteenth century, it was a bigger, more cultivated, and more luxurious city than either Paris or London. Goan merchants built themselves palaces and fitted them out with utensils of silver and gold instead of iron, and their wives wore shoes with such thick soles that they were unable to walk in them and had to be carried to church in palanquins. As for vice! Well, Saint Francis Xavier found he had so much to contend with when he reached Goa, in 1542, that he could only sleep a scant three hours a night. Through his efforts, Goa was proclaimed an archdiocese, with jurisdiction over Malacca, Cochin, Macao, Japan, Peking, Nanking, and the entire east coast of Africa. Today, about half the population of Goa is Catholic and most of the rest is Hindu. The body of Saint Francis lies in a silver casket in a church in Old Goa—all except his right arm, which is in Rome.

Goa underwent an abrupt decline in the seventeenth century. Military and business harassment by the Dutch was partly to blame. The region also suffered a series of severe plagues. New Goa, which has a population of about fifteen thousand people, has changed little since it was founded. It looks like any small Mediterranean city, with whitewashed churches, and houses painted every color of a faded rainbow. Old Goa is now almost completely lost in tropical vegetation. Many of its splendid Renaissance buildings stand windowless and untenanted among palm and banyan trees, but services are still held in the cathedral, founded by Albuquerque in 1511. The priests go over daily by bus from New Goa to say Mass.

Trial Spin

YOU hear a lot of good talk on Fifth Avenue in the summer if you keep your ears open. Here's a sample:

"Is your office air-conditioned?"

"No, but we have a large fan in the middle of the room, which keeps it pretty cool. The only trouble is that all my air-mail stationery keeps flying around."

The Hedges

HENRI SOULÉ, proprietor of Le Pavillon, which many connoisseurs of food consider the best restaurant in the Western Hemisphere, has opened a place at East Hampton, and we have been to see him and it. He has set up summer quarters in an old inn called the Hedges, situated just across the way from the village pond and cemetery. The Hedges, which Soulé is operating not only as a Pavillon d'Eté but as a full-fledged inn, has sixteen bedrooms, a dining room that seats sixty people, and terraces and gardens that provide space for ninety patrons, *en plein air*. Until last year, the Hedges was owned by Mrs. Harry L. Hamlin, who has spent more than fifty of her summers at East Hampton, and who, when she decided that the time had come to sell the inn, looked about for a purchaser worthy of her beloved village and inn. She chose M. Soulé, and wrote him in no uncertain terms about his good fortune. Soulé, who has a house at Montauk, stopped off at the Hedges one spring day, looked it over, and agreed to buy. How could he not, since he was Mrs. Hamlin's choice? According to custom, he closed Le Pavillon for the summer on the first of July; the Hedges was opened on July 29th. In the kitchen were Pavillon chefs, in the dining room were Pavillon waiters, in the cellar were Pavillon wines. The opening was an immense success, and business has been *florissant* ever since.

When we arrived at the Hedges the other evening, shortly before dinnertime, we found Soulé standing beside a newly built white picket fence, which he appeared to be admiring picket by picket. He had on a dinner jacket and a braided waistcoat, and his face was as round and pink as a rising moon. He shook hands, then broke into a merry laugh. "How many people told me not to come to East Hampton!" he said. "They told me, 'Nobody in East Hampton spends any money. They never go out.' But I tell you we will be here forever! We will be here this summer for forty days and forty nights, and then we will go back to New York like this!" The great man placed a forefinger under his chin and thrust his head back, in a gesture of triumph. "Already I have had calls from real-estate people asking me to sell them the Hedges," he said. "For nothing

in the world would I sell the Hedges. For nothing in the world would I change the name. Mr. William Hedges lived here three hundred years ago, and it will always be the Hedges. I am in love with the Hedges. When you walk from the Hedges to the sea, you are in Heaven. When you walk from the sea to the Hedges, you feel happy and at peace."

Between New York and Montauk, Soulé said, there had been no restaurant of the highest quality. "I wished to bring such a restaurant to Long Island," he told us. "I have in my heart many beautiful things, and my friends of Le Pavillon have helped make them come true. Three captains, ten waiters, three busboys, ten in kitchen help, six chefs, the bartender—how they have worked! The day after we closed Le Pavillon, we packed up half our dishes, half our silverware, and half our casseroles, and brought them out here in trucks, along with three hundred and seventeen cases of wines and liquor and fifty-two pounds of caviar. Not a glass was broken!" He glanced at the sky. "The ceiling is high," he said. "The clouds are not bad. We called the Coast Guard at Montauk tonight and they reported that it would be clear. We called the Weather Bureau in New York and they reported that it would rain. Predictions! Let us go inside."

Soulé led the way into a sitting room furnished with handsome eighteenth-century pieces. "People say to me the Hedges will be like the restaurant of Monsieur Point, La Pyramide, in Vienne," Soulé said. "I say never again will there be another Monsieur Point. It took him fifty years to be the way he is. In our own way, we will be perhaps like Armenonville, in Paris. There it is much like here, with a little lake and trees and a garden." Suddenly he sighed and pointed to a low, pink sofa. "This sofa, *c'est très important*," he said. "Mrs. Hamlin wanted everything in the inn left just so, down to the smallest article of furniture. I am supposed to be temperamental, and how surprised my friends were when Mrs. Hamlin said to me 'Young man! Do this! Do that!' and I obeyed. That sofa I gave away. A few days ago, Mrs. Hamlin came here and said, 'Young man! Where is my sofa?' I said I had given it away. She said, 'I want to see that sofa back in this room in half an hour.' And it was."

A captain came up and reported to Soulé that a squirrel was dropping shells onto tables from a walnut tree on the terrace.

"Ah!" Soulé said. "*Mon petit ami est encore là!*"

"Slingshots?" the captain inquired in a guarded voice.

"*Oui, les* slingshots," Soulé said, and the captain hurried away.

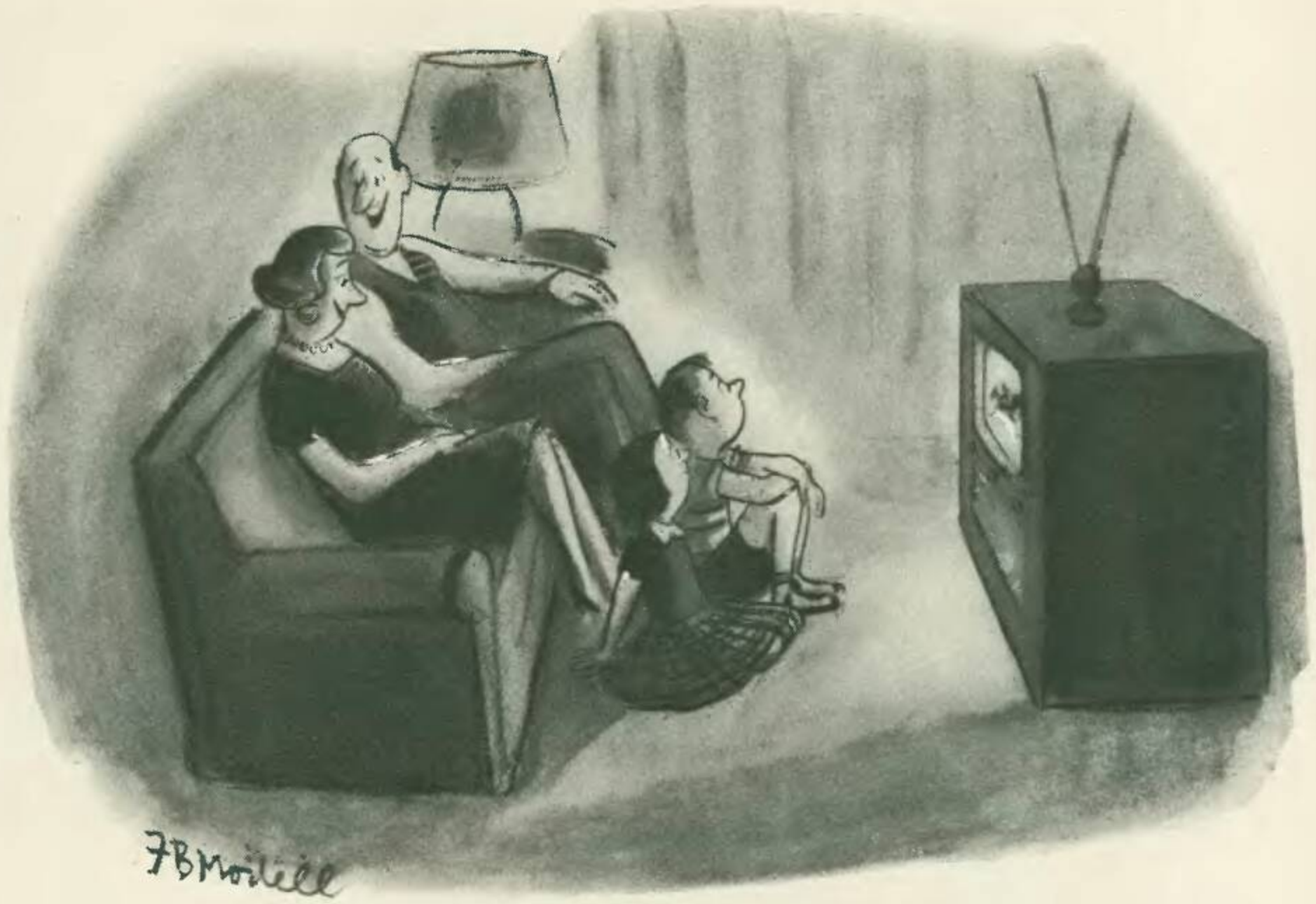
"A difference from the city," Soulé told us. "At first, my men felt very strange in the country. Now they are beginning to say that it is exactly like France. I buy most of my supplies in New York, but my vegetables, milk, and cream I buy here. I never tasted better cream in my life. We use thirty quarts of it a day."

At that moment, a vigorous-looking lady in a purple chiffon dress and a purple picture hat swept into the room and, without a word, crossed to the sofa and lightly smoothed its back.

"Mrs. Hamlin," Soulé whispered.

Mrs. Hamlin turned to Soulé. "It's in the right place now, young man!" she said. "You won't move it again?"

"*Jamais!*" said Soulé, with passion.



"What a wonderful day and age! Could we have watched a fifty-thousand-dollar handicap when we were kids?"

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Extra Man

"MY Massachusetts uncle loves making plans more than life," a lady writes us. "The more elaborate the plan, the better—the dovetail work is so satisfying. Well, last weekend, to his delight, he had a house guest arriving on the Friday-afternoon train whom he could instruct, and did instruct, to get off the train at Great Barrington rather than Stockbridge, where my uncle lives, because (a) they had all been asked out to dinner near Great Barrington, and (b) my aunt wanted to do some marketing there on the way to dinner. The train pulled into the Great Barrington station, but the friend did not get off. So my uncle ran up and down the platform peering in windows, looking for the gentleman, and then triumphantly proceeded to bang on the glass and gesticulate. The fellow finally caught on, grabbed his suitcase, and disembarked just as the train pulled out. It was not the house guest."


GUESTS

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

JET-PROPELLED TURBAN

IF travel has taught me nothing more, and it certainly has, it's this: you never know when some trifling incident, utterly without significance, may pitchfork you into adventure or, by the same token, may not. A look across a smoky room, a chance word or gesture, and all of a sudden you're standing breathless before a bead curtain in Cairo or clinging to an outrigger in the Nicobars or pawning your cuff links at Simpson's. I for one never dreamed as I stooped to retrieve a hairbrush from under the washbowl of a Paris hotel room last December that I was taking the first step in a grotesque excursion across the Indian Ocean with that venerable mainspring, His Highness Seyyid Sir Khalifa bin Harub, the Sultan of Zanzibar. Could I have foreseen the complications in the offing, I probably would have brushed my hair with a toothbrush and let it go hang. But then, the toothbrush was under the basin, too. I'd had a couple of pousse-cafés the night before.

What happened was simple to the point of banality. After ineffectually groping around under the sink, I miscalculated the amount of headroom over me and laid open my sconce as though it had been cleft by a yataghan. A pharmacist in the Rue de Vaugirard, absorbed in bottling leeches and obviously a figment of René Clair's imagination, paused long enough to patch me up grudgingly, and I went into a *brasserie* hard by for a restorative. There, staring meditatively across the zinc into the *patronne's* blouse, was an English sculptor named Noel Desuetude, who recognized me at once as an old companion of his Montparnasse days. Under other circumstances, I could have given the man an argument, but it was folly to be knocked down in my weakened condition, and I humored him. When he started reaching for the menu, however, I played my ace.

"Kenya?" he said, crestfallen. "You mean you're flying there this very noon? Damn it, I'd rather counted on your buying me lunch. Ah, well, another time. See here, though, you really must look up my godfather in Nairobi. He's the head of East African Airways—hellishly influential cove."

"Gladly," I said. "Jot down his name, will you?"

"I don't know it, to be candid," he said. "The fact is he's not my godfather at all, but we English are a clannish lot. I mean we're slow to make friends, but once we warm up, we can't do enough for you. Like, for instance, the way I'm sending you on to my godfather in Nairobi."

"Yes, and I'm deeply obliged—" I began.

"Now, don't start slobbering over me like a confounded sheepdog," he said testily. "If you must show your gratitude, pay for these." He shoved a pile of saucers toward me. "Sorry to bolt, but I'm meeting a popsy the other side of Paris. *À bientôt.*"

WELL, around a month later, at a supper party in Muthaiga, a residential quarter of Nairobi, I met a well-set-up chap named Sorsbie, keen as mustard—there was some on the tablecloth, so one could judge—who proved to be the head of East African Airways. Seizing an opportune moment when the conversation had turned on bogus godsons, I told him about my encounter. Though he pretended to be deaf, as your Englishman frequently will out of shyness, I could see he was engrossed.

"And you paid his score, did you?" he asked. "You know, you ought to have your head examined."

"I did, but they couldn't find anything," I said. "If there was porcelain in the brain, wouldn't I feel it?"

"Only time will tell," he said darkly. "These things take a while to show. I say," he went on, with a thoughtful frown, "in a way I feel morally responsible for what this sponge in Paris did to you, and I'd like to make amends. Ever hear of the island of Pemba?"

"Gee, I can't use any more real estate," I protested. "I've got a farm in Pennsylvania—"

"It's about thirty miles northeast of Zanzibar," said Sorsbie, rolling over me like a Juggernaut, "and part of the Sultan's domain. We're opening an airfield there day after tomorrow, and we're flying over the Sultan and some other bigwigs in a special plane to dedicate it. Why don't you come along, too? Fascinating old duffer, His Highness. You two should have lots in common."

Offhand, I couldn't guess what it might be, outside inordinate wealth, but Sorsbie's heart was set on our meeting and I acceded. Late the next afternoon, I flew to Zanzibar, where the junket was to originate, and, boarding an ancient tumbril at the airport, set off through the labyrinthine alleys of the town for the hotel. In the car was another bird of passage off the same flight, a corpulent, dynamic gentleman in white sharkskin, whose artificial choppers sparkled with veritable ingots of gold. His languishing sidelong glances told me he was perishing to make friends. The opportunity came when he saw me extract a packet of Bisodol tablets.

"An American!" he said delightedly. "From your aristocratic nose, I thought you were a Portuguese hidalgo. Permit me, sir," he went on, deftly plucking a tablet from my hand. "I never miss a chance to eat these when they are offered. You know, we Greeks are authorities on heartburn—heartburn and women, ha ha ha. If you please—my card."

I took it and learned that fate had thrown me with Constantine Hubris, domiciled at Arusha, Tanganyika, and styling himself an industrialist. He seemed so hurt at my inability to produce a card that I brought out my passport, which he studied with deep interest, nodding repeatedly, and then thrust into his breast pocket.

"Would you mind awfully returning that?" I asked hesitantly. "It isn't the intrinsic cost, but it's got sentimental associations—"

"Oh—oh! Forgive me, my dear fellow," he said, overcome with chagrin. "Imagine being so absent-minded. There you are. By the way, if you want to sell this at any time, I pay cash and no questions asked."

I promised not to dispose of it without giving him priority, and, secreting it under my toupee, withdrew into a marmoreal silence. As we were both registering at the hotel, though, the clerk gave me a verbal message that Bikinized Mr. Hubris. It appeared that a seneschal wearing a dolman and a gold hearing aid had left word requesting me to join the Sultan's party at eight the next morning at the airport. Mr. Hubris's jaw dropped, and he watched me ascend the stairs as if I were clothed in white samite. Throughout dinner, he kept observing me furtively from his table, and afterward pursued me into the lobby and insisted on standing me to a brandy.

"Why didn't you say you were a diplomat?" he re-

proached me. "I had no idea you were a friend of the Sultan—"

I cut him short and, without demeaning myself unnecessarily, explained I had no official status at the forthcoming exercises on Pemba. An indulgent smile clearly revealed his disbelief. Typical American modesty, chuckled Mr. Hubris, signalling the waiter to replenish my glass; he was certain I was the emissary of persons of the highest consequence in Washington, that grave decisions would stem from my visit. Then, with mastodonlike subtlety, he maneuvered around to the gimmick. A little group of philanthropists he knew was interested in establishing a casino in Zanzibar—a place where the natives could eat ices and enjoy classical music and, if they felt disposed, dally with a harmless game of chance. If I could drop a word *en passant* into the Sultan's ear, the syndicate would be overjoyed to set aside a few shares of stock for both of us. . . .

There being no exact local equivalent for the word "shill," it took ten minutes and considerable vehemence to disabuse Mr. Hubris. He was pained at my obduracy but not daunted. Waylaying me at breakfast in the morning, he offered to appoint me an honorary director of the project and implied that, between us, we could flimflam the Sultan out of his stock. I literally had to peel him off me to embark for the airport; in his final frenzy he made a grab for my wristwatch, figuring, I suppose, that it was better than nothing. The agony on his face, as I last saw it through the bus window, was almost Promethean, though perhaps it was only the brandy pecking at his liver.

IN the waiting room at the field was a racial fricassee comparable to the Tower of Babel; Indians, Africans, Arabs, Malagasy, Seychellois, and half a dozen other nationalities milled about, costumed as if for a Shubert musical and behaving with much the same incoherence. The majority, it was evident, had no connection with the tour beyond a desire to catch a glimpse of the ruler, who arrived with suitable pomp in a Rolls-Royce flaunting his dynastic red flag. He was a benevolent, patriarchal gentleman of seventy-odd attired in Arab dress, with a white beard and horn-rimmed spectacles, and I felt a wave of resentment at Mr. Hubris for assuming that I would ever whipsaw such a kindly old codger. When his entourage, and various British dignitaries, aviation officials, and similar consequential guests were finally stowed aboard the Seyyid Said bin Sultan, a DC-3 christened for the occasion after Zanzibar's earliest sovereign, we numbered eighteen souls. The flight to Pemba was idyllic save for a continuous grinding noise, which turned out to be the voice of my seatmate, an Indian businessman attached to the chamber of commerce. While his statistics on the decline of clove production were stimulating enough, the warm pressure of his lips on my ear ultimately gave me gooseflesh, and I sought out another chair. The passenger next to me there, a well-set-up Briton and keen as horseradish, had an oddly familiar look. Putting two and two together, I decided it was Sorsbie, the chap who had invited me on the trip and who, obviously out of shyness, had given no indication he was going along himself. Just as I was framing an oblique reference to a mutual acquaintance of ours up in Paris, however, he excused himself abruptly and departed. It was one of those curious coincidences that occur nowhere but in East Africa.

Except that the speeches were in Arabic and Swahili and the audience more exotic, the ensuing ceremony at Pemba, held in a marquee pitched beside the runway, could have served equally to consecrate a supermarket in Los Angeles. An assemblage of several hundred sheiks, African elders, and Khoja Ismailis, liegemen of the Aga Khan, applauded vociferously as one after another of their spokesmen rose to hail the new era of prosperity and universal brotherhood that would attend regular air service. The rest of Pemba's male population—Mohammedan custom bars the presence of women at important functions—stood or crouched in the blazing sun, wilting under the interminable rhetoric but doggedly awaiting the refreshments scheduled to follow. At last, when everyone had run out of bromides, the Sultan's speech of acknowledgment in three languages was read into the microphone by his aide-de-camp, taking three times as long as a speech of acknowledgment in one language, and the tension abated. To the strains of that perennial Islamic favorite, "Easter Parade," rendered by a military band, a platoon of waiters distributed highly appropriate sweetmeats of molten Turkish paste, and steaming coffee. The visitors were now worshipfully directed to resume their places in the aircraft, so that it could proceed onward to Nairobi. As we did, the four or five ladies in the contingent, who had been concealed behind a stockade during the exercises, rejoined us, among them the Sultana and her lady in waiting. The two promptly immured themselves in the washroom to change their costumes, and thereby created a horrid dilemma for crew and passengers alike. The pilot, afraid it would be lèse-majesté to bang on the door, had to delay the takeoff until they reappeared, and we were all nicely parboiled by the time the plane was aloft.

My previous contact with royalty had been limited to two Asiatic playboys, in

the persons of the crown prince of Johore and the ex-emperor of Annam, Bao Dai, neither of them monarchs to overshadow Charlemagne, and when my turn came to meet Their Highnesses, I was inclined to hang back. However, I reflected that they could hardly bite my head off, since their bridgework, like mine, must be immobilized by Turkish paste, and, assuming the expression of servility one uses on credit managers, I sidled up to them. The audience began a bit chaotically, for just as I made my curtsy, the plane hit an air pocket and threatened to catapult me into the Sultana's lap. Nevertheless, by flailing around briskly, I caught hold of a gentlewoman's chignon across the aisle and recovered my equilibrium. Kaleidoscopic though it was, my first impression of the Sultana was glamorous. A gazelle-eyed matron clad in a filmy blue sari, she wore a necklace of emblematic gold coins and matching bangles, and a square-cut emerald approximately the size of a Congress playing card.

"Well, this is a red-letter day for yours truly, sir," I assured the Sultan, deciding to adopt a straightforward, democratic line. "Little did I think a month ago that I would be shooting the breeze with a real Arab potentate two thousand feet up in the air. Actually," I commented, with a smile, "it's kind of a switch, isn't it? Shouldn't we all be seated on a flying carpet?"

"What did the young man say?" inquired His Highness, regarding me in perplexity.

"Something about a carpet," his wife said uncertainly. "I think he's trying to sell us one."

"We don't need any," the Sultan replied, with unnecessary force. "The house is full of them. Tell him to go away."

Amused that they had mistaken me for a salesman, I went back to the very beginning in Paris and described how I chanced to be present, not omitting a friendly injunction to beware of Hubris and his dubious casino. To fix the details firmly in his mind, and at the same time demonstrate that I had his undivided attention, the Sultan closed his eyes. He was very much *au courant*, though, because the moment I concluded, they flew wide-open again.

"What happened? Who are you?" he demanded. "Why are you looking at my wife's ring like that?"

"I was only admiring it," I stammered. "I've never seen such a headlight before."

"We-ell, all right," he said suspiciously, "but don't get any crazy ideas, Jack."

The ease with which he had slipped into the vernacular startled me. "Your Highness is at home in the American idiom?" I queried.

"Oh, I dig it a little," he admitted, visibly flattered. "You may think we're squares down here, but we see *Variety* and *Down Beat* and all those publications. One of my sultanic whims is to keep up with the box-office grosses and the different pop tunes. You know," he went on reflectively, "to me there's nothing worse than a suzerain who becomes insular. Of course, if he's an insular suzerain like I to begin with, that's different, but I believe that a man which he is the spiritual and political leader of a heterogeneous flock had ought to keep his finger on the pulse of the common man."

"It figures," I concurred. "If memory serves, the fabled Haroun-al-Rashid ofttimes used to dress up in rags and mingle with his subjects in the bazaar. Does Your Highness ever do that?"

"I don't have to dress up, the way things are going in Zanzibar," he observed gloomily. "Would you like some lugubrious statistics on the decline of clove production there?"

I WOULD have loved it, but the plane was already over the outskirts of Nairobi, and whispers of a reception at the airdrome were circulating through the cabin. Within a few minutes, we were standing on terra firma, our heads bared to a salute from a guard of honor. The group photograph in next day's newspaper identified only the Sultan and a couple of his Ministers, charitably ignoring the man behind them struggling to detach a passport from a toupee. I got a letter from Sorsbie shortly afterward with a bill enclosed from Hubris for six brandies. He asked what the devil it meant and begged me not to explain. Curious race, the English. Once they warm up, there's no telling what they'll do for you.

—S. J. PERELMAN

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THE CARDINAL FLOWER

Cold and amber
the shallow water,
shadowed by hemlocks;
there the cardinal
flower in August,
rooted in pebbles,
smolders dark red.
There, I remember,
we two swam,
and clambered on wet rocks,
part of primordial
earth in the awe-struck
hush of late summer.
There we are still,
no doubt, to the hearkening
shadow, our laughter
braided through brawling
waters audibly.
That is the country
I never escaped from.

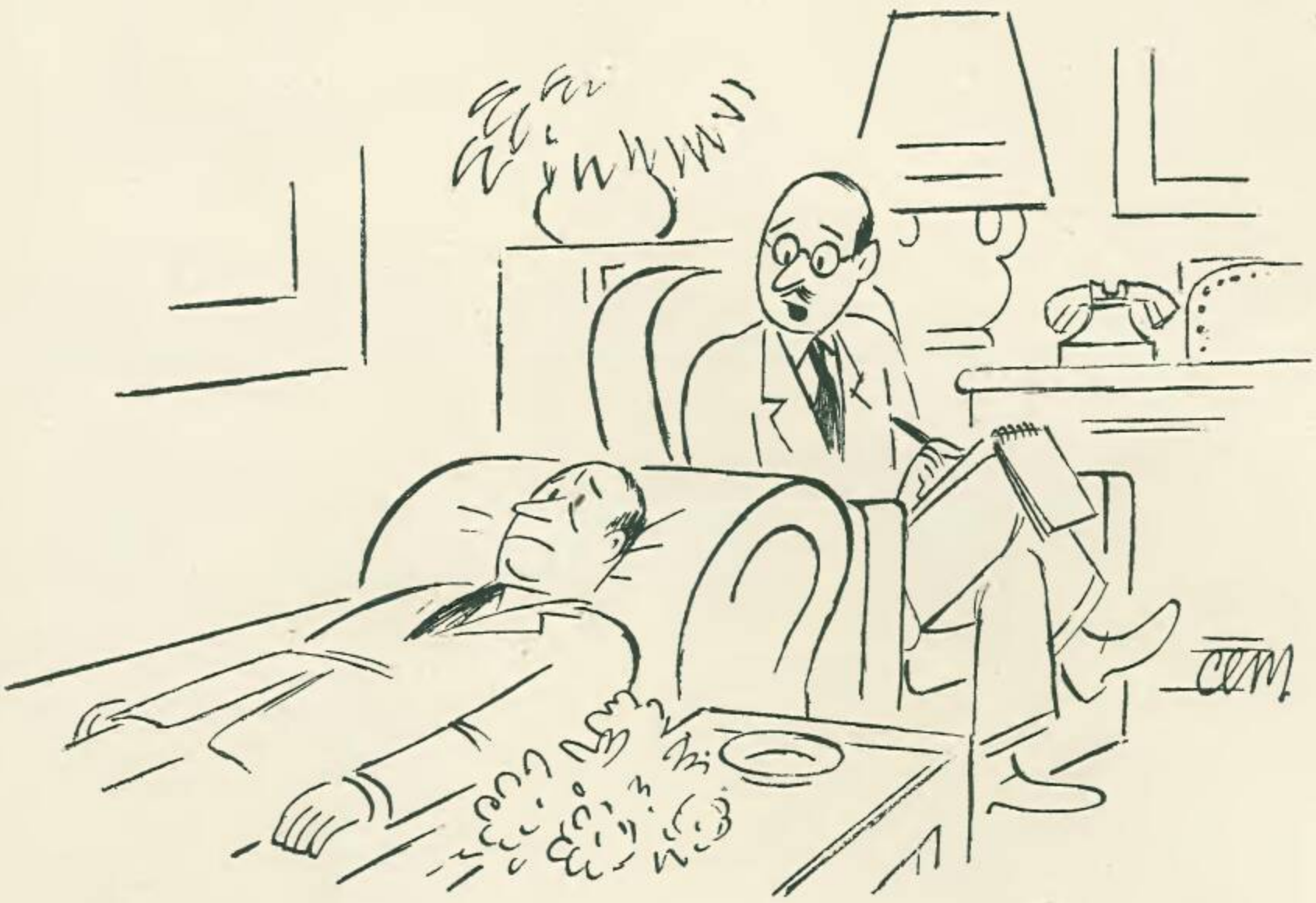
—ROBERT HILLYER

A WILD GREEN PLACE

"TELL me about Wales. Tell me what it was like," I used to beg my mother when I was a child. I never tired of hearing her descriptions of the wild green place, hearing those bits and pieces of a story that I did not come to know in its entirety until several years after her death. Then I found what "it was like"—what it was really like, the whole story written down in her own hand and left among her papers for someone (or no one) to find, not a tale told to a little daughter but the pinning down once and for all of a complex experience that had haunted her. It has been like putting one of those tightly curled-up Japanese flowers into a glass of water and watching it open, for this early memory of my mother's seems to reveal in essence the flowering of a lifetime.

My mother belonged to the Elwes family, of Suffolk, England. Gervase Elwes, her father, was a civil engineer and responsible for laying out railways in India, Spain, and Canada, and therefore he was often away from home for long periods of time. I have gathered that my grandmother loved him almost to the exclusion of her two children, Hugh and Mabel. It apparently never occurred to her, when she and her husband set out for Canada for two long years, that it might seem strange to abandon these two—nine and seven, respectively. Hugh was sent to boarding school, of course, and Mabel was shipped off to a small farm in Wales. Possibly the idea of the farm came from Gervase Elwes, a sensitive and understanding man, who had been troubled by his little girl's constant painful war with society as represented by a nanny, by any rule or regulation, by any "planned activity." Perhaps wild Wales may have seemed to this imaginative creature an entirely suitable landscape for his wild little daughter to roam in, happily set free from all that had bruised and harassed her in the genteel atmosphere of home. She was to be given the gift of solitude at this very early age, and though it would seem to us now a rather daring gift, how right he was! I know what a radiance of remembered happiness crossed my mother's face when she spoke of Wales, as of some lost Paradise, and what this long period of solitary communion with nature did for one who was always a discerning observer of flowers, trees, and animals—one who would later have to remake her home many times among strangers, and twice even change her nationality. She married a Belgian, George Sarton, the historian of science, and after becoming a Belgian she was again uprooted, by the German invasion of 1914, and fled across the sea with her family to become an American citizen and settle, finally, in this country. But the English in her accompanied every change, translating itself into gardens wherever she went, into the creation always of beautiful surroundings, and, too, into a kind of impassioned solitariness. So what happened to her at seven in Wales was a preparation for much that was to happen later on.

I cannot believe that Gervase Elwes and his wife were wholly aware of the particular environment into which they put their daughter so casually when they went off to Canada. Actually, at the last minute the family with whom arrangements had been made for Mabel's board was unable to take the child after all; the Elweses, on the brink of departure, had to accept the word of these people that they had found ideal substitutes. The original family was, as a matter of fact, simply doing some poor relatives a good turn by providing them with a little extra income. Mabel's foster parents turned out to be two women—"Grannie," of the kind, wrinkled face and kind hands, and "Aunt Mollie," her daughter, a tall, high-strung woman with eyes as blue as a jay's feathers, who, it appears, took a dislike to the "rich little girl." Even Grannie, of whom she grew so fond, showed her no real affection until later. They were hard, primitive people, who perhaps regarded the little girl as primitive peoples regard the "foreigner" (she was English, they were Welsh)—as someone primarily to be exploited. Even so, it is hard to comprehend why one of the first things the two women did was to take away all Mabel's best clothes and give them to a nearby relative. There is, curiously enough, no reference to this astonishingly cruel behavior in my mother's written document. But though my mother did not choose to remember it when she came to write the story, it made an indelible impression on me when she told it to me as a child—so much so that I feel forced to place it in the record here. I remember very well my impotent rage at not being able to go back in time and tell those two women what I thought of them. I remember begging my mother to assure me that when her parents finally came back and rescued her, they did some-



"No one is hounding you, Mr. Gordon. It's merely routine for my secretary to send bills out the first of every month."

thing violent and drastic, but she could not recollect that they did. Perhaps Eleanor and Gervase Elwes ended by feeling pity rather than anger. At any rate, the whole story left in my mind a sense of incompleteness, of justice not done, until I read my mother's mature judgment of it and began to understand that in comparison with all that followed of so much deeper human significance, this initial harshness may have seemed irrelevant.

Besides, memory distills the essence, and the essence of this whole experience for my mother was being alone in the country and all that that meant to the person she was.

"Just make yourself comfortable and don't worry about a thing, Mrs. Castle. We'll find your little boy."

PHOTOGRAPHS of Mabel Elwes at this time show a pretty child with large, wide-apart gray eyes, at the same time mischievous and dreamy, and light-chestnut curls piled up on her head. There is plenty of stubborn will in the mouth and chin. For her, Wales meant first and always escape—escape into lush meadows and an orchard in deep grass, and, above all, escape to the lovely shallow river, which ran bronzing over flat stones. At one place, she found a grassy bank quite close to the water, where she could lie for hours on her stomach and let the current flow through her hands like a constantly renewed spell; it was a forbidden game, and all the more delightful for that reason. In the orchard, a step up the hillside from the vegetable garden just back of the farm, lived Daisy, a greige-colored Jersey cow. Daisy allowed the little girl certain privileges; for instance, she could lie against the cow's warm flank when she rested in the shade at noon, chewing her cud, sometimes turning to gaze out of liquid brown eyes, without astonishment, at the small human being at her side. Mabel spent hours at a time whisking flies off the cow with a green branch. She spent hours, too—more arduous ones—pumping and carrying pails of water to fill Daisy's trough. It was quite a trick to make the water come—first by using short, quick strokes in rapid succession, then by pulling the long pump handle slowly up and down. She could not carry a full pail, of course, and this meant that she had to make a great many trips before the trough was full. It was sad that after this effort Daisy always refused to come and drink right away, and would only do it in her own good time. But she had her moments of affection, when she followed Mabel wherever she went, even to the point of getting stuck between two hedges on a narrow path and standing there for ages, placidly chewing her cud, refusing to back up. They were both contrary characters, the little girl and the cow, but they respected each other.

In my mind's eye I see my mother running through those two years (how fleet her step even when she was in her seventies!)—across dappled light and shadow, always green leaves over her head and sunlight splashing down, alone with the cries of birds and the swift, shallow river. She wrote, "It was as if my mind and heart had been tied up with hundreds of careful strings and these were suddenly loosened and fell away. O marvel, O inexhaustible dream, O happiness!"

But solitude is one thing and loneliness is another. She was at times cruelly lonely. The two women used, for instance, to go out at night to play cards with the neighbors, leaving the little girl to suffer such agonies of fear as only those who have experienced them can imagine, while she sat shivering in the dark at the top of the stairs, quaking at the hoot of an owl or the creak of a branch, until at last—sometimes as late as midnight—the footsteps on the path meant that she was saved. Grannie, it is true, "grew fond" of her "in the end" and could be "trusted." How fearful to remember that Aunt Mollie could not—this presence fearsome in its reserve and strangeness, like some goddess who could not be placated. It was Aunt Mollie who looked coldly at the child one day and said, "You have a mean little mouth." Aunt Mollie was the creature of moods, sometimes humming and singing all day, then suddenly sullen, with a sullenness that might break out at any moment into violence when she moved about the house like a wind, banging the doors. At such

times, sensible people kept out of her way. As a matter of fact, those angry fits interested Mabel very much, for she had had tantrums herself, and knew how difficult it was to control them. She remembered how her father had taken her on his knees during her outbursts and tried to help her. He had taught her to go off by herself at such times and hammer out her rage against a piece of wood, or break sticks, letting the seizure play itself out against inanimate objects. So now on the dangerous days at the farm Mabel watched warily, and kept silent, or conferred with Daisy, or took long aerial rides in the orchard, where a swing had been set up for her and she could imagine she was flying.

No doubt Gervase Elwes's vision of the farm in Wales had included good country meals, fresh eggs, and milk. The reality was rather different. Eggs were a rarity—most of them went to market—and those custards dear to English hearts were fabricated with something called Canary custard powder. On Sunday evenings, the three at the farm had a small glass of fresh milk each, as a special treat, for the milk, too, had to be sold for cash. But there were compensations. My mother always remembered and spoke of the breakfast bacon, which was broiled in long strips that hung from a tin contraption set upon the live coals of the grate. It tasted delicious. Sometimes there were also mushrooms, collected before breakfast in the dewy grass. The child's one unsatisfied craving was for sweet things. Sugar was kept locked up in a glass-doored cupboard, so she got into the habit of sneaking into the kitchen, getting up on a chair, and dipping a finger into a can of sweet condensed milk that was kept on the top of the stove, then greedily sucking off the sweetness.

One day, Aunt Mollie came in as she was at this stolen pleasure. Aunt Mollie was in one of her fits. She yanked the child down by the hair and shook her violently. Then, as the paroxysm rose to its climax, she banged the can on the table and forced the child's face down into it, again and again, till her mouth and cheeks were badly cut and scratched by the sharp tin edges. "I'll teach you, you thieving little brat!" It took Grannie's sharp command—the one word "Moll!"—to break the terrifying atmosphere of uncontrolled rage. The possessed woman pushed the child away, laid her head on the table, and gave way to long, retching sobs. Mabel, too frightened to cry yet, just stood there, licking the scratches around her mouth, while the old woman went over to her daughter, laid a hand on her shoulder, and said, "Moll, my poor Moll, what have you done now?"

Mabel had been too shocked to feel pain, but now the scratches began to hurt rather badly and she cried out her distress. At last, Grannie led her away, washed her face gently in warm water, and then sat for a long time in the parlor with the little girl in her lap, rocking the grief away and leaning her head now and then on the curly one, as if to rest a burden there. At this point, Mabel began to enjoy the drama of the situation and to long to talk about it. She felt that she had some experience of such matters, and wanted to explain about the hammer and sticks. The old woman smiled down into the earnest face rather sadly but said nothing, and just rolled the child up in a blanket and left her on the sofa to have a nap—left her feeling a little jealous, for it was clear that Grannie's thoughts were elsewhere.

Somehow or other, this scene cleared away some of the resentment that had no doubt been building up in Aunt Mollie since the intruder arrived. For quite some time afterward, she was gentle, once even touching Mabel's face with a tentative finger, as if to ask whether the scratches still hurt. There was a change in Grannie, too. She found little ways of showing the child affection—a piece of sugar hidden in Mabel's apron pocket, or a glass of real milk by her bed at night. It seemed almost as if all would be well.

AT this time, Mabel was entirely absorbed in a new companion, a bedraggled, starving kitten that she had

THOUGHTS ON PROGRESS

In days of old when knights caught cold,
They were not quickly cured;
No aspirin pill would check the ill,
Which had to be endured.
You sat it out if toothache hurt you;
Patience was esteemed a virtue.

The dentist's way in Hogarth's day
Was pretty rough and ready;
His foot he'd rest on patient's breast
To keep his pincers steady,
And if the dentist's patient screamed,
The dentist was the more esteemed.

De Quincey's age could well assuage
Some kinds of pain and grief;
To bard in bed with aching head
Laudanum gave relief,
And sometimes in the process brought
A quickening of poetic thought.

When chloroform became the norm
For those who faced the surgeon,
A man or wife would meet the knife
Without excessive urgin',
And dentists learned to stop the pain
With useful things like novocain.

The anesthetic's with us yet,
And so's the analgesic,
And dramamine relieves the keen
Afflictions of the seasick.
And we've new blessings for the ill in
Sulfa drugs and penicillin.

When modern wight retires at night
With streptomycin handy,
He finds repose at once; he knows
That everything is dandy.
No fear of sudden plague will keep
The trustful modern from his sleep.

Yet pharmacists have got long lists
Of pills that hasten slumber,
And they report that of that sort
They sell a shocking number,
For somehow still we cannot find,
It seems, a settled peace of mind.

Try, try again, you medicine men!
The riddle's tough and bitter;
We've got the drugs that kill the bugs
But still we tense and jitter.
Ancestral terrors haunt us still—
Anxiety, where is thy pill?

—DAVID DAICHES

found one day on her rambles and brought home to care for and feed. It was a miserable sight at first, so dirty that one could not tell what color it might be, but it soon licked itself clean and emerged a tiny tabby with every stripe in place. Aunt Mollie disapproved strongly of the whole affair. But Grannie said the child could keep the cat, provided she trained it herself and cleaned up after it meanwhile. At last, the little girl had something on which to lavish affection, something that responded completely.

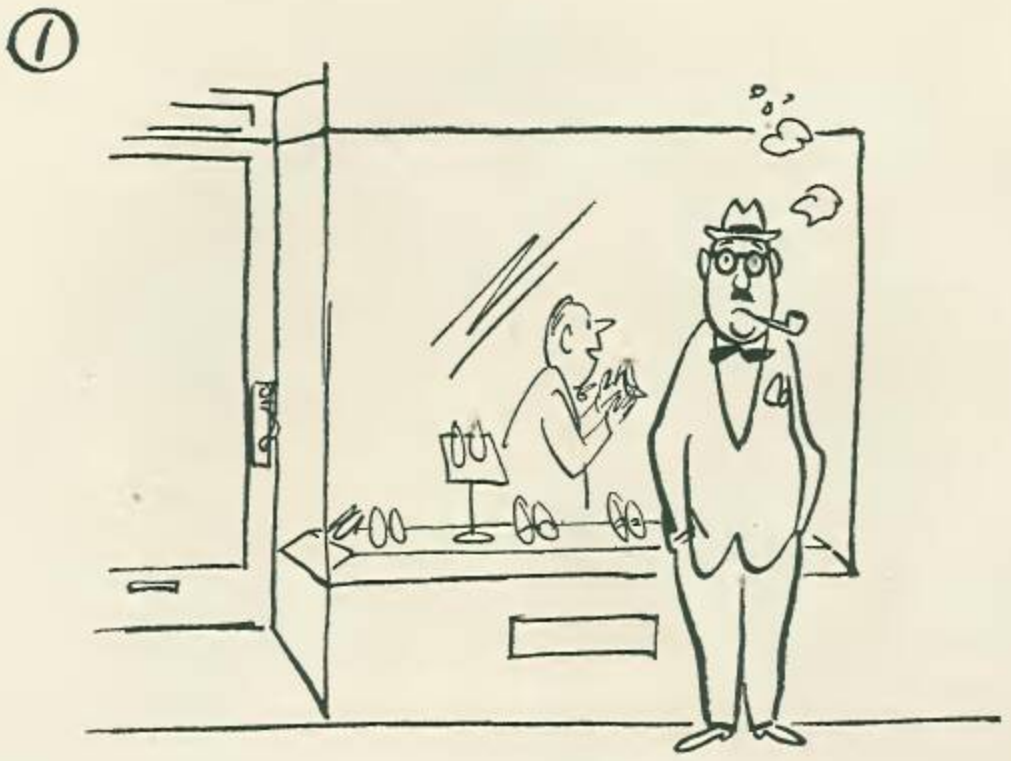
Then, one unlucky day when they were all away for some time and the kitten was left alone too long in the house, it chose Aunt Mollie's room to be dirty in. When they came back, Mabel's first thought was for her kitten, but while she was still looking around for it downstairs, she heard a scream from upstairs, a sound of running feet, and then a high, mounting cry of distress from the kitten as it flew through the air and fell at the bottom of the stairs with a soft thud. Aunt Mollie got there before the child could, caught the kitten up as it tried to crawl away, and, holding it by the nape of the neck, made as if to beat it against the wall. Mabel, suddenly beside herself with rage, flung herself at Aunt Mollie like a wild animal, biting and kicking, and screaming, "I'll kill you!"

They did not see Grannie, but, clasped together in fury as they were now, they felt her there, standing silent at the door, as the kitten crawled off and hid under the cupboard. Locked in that strange embrace, they turned, frozen by the presence of the quiet old woman. She still said nothing, only leaned her head against one hand on the frame of the door. Then she gave each of them in turn a long, piercing look that, my mother wrote, "made me feel older and Aunt Mollie seem childish." There was no scolding. Mabel was sent upstairs to clean up in Aunt Mollie's room. The old woman turned to her daughter gravely: "Moll, I have to talk to you . . ."

How dreadfully quiet a house in which violence has taken place seems after it is over. Upstairs in her attic room, the child waited. Finally, Grannie came, bearing a glass of milk and a piece of cake on a tray; there was another glass on the tray, for by this time Aunt Mollie had also been sent to bed. "The kitten is all right. One leg bruised, that's all. No bones broken."

Hours later, Mabel woke, feeling certain that she had heard a door open and the stairs creak. She sat bolt upright, listening, then crept out to discover that in fact Aunt Mollie's door was open. Panic seized her. Had Aunt Mollie gone after the kitten again? The child stole down the stairs on bare feet, guided by a faint light from the kitchen. There was no sound. She crept along the hall until she could see through the crack of the half-open door. What she saw was the woman kneeling beside the kitten's basket, holding a small saucepan of milk to warm over a candle on the floor beside her, her empty glass nearby. Her face was blotched from crying and looked inexpressibly forlorn and wretched. After a very long time of this tense silence, the milk seemed warm enough to be poured out into a saucer. The kitten meanwhile was sitting up in the basket, watching all this as intently as Mabel did. But it did not move when Aunt Mollie held the saucer out, whispering, "Come, kitten, come." The kitten was sleepy, and Aunt Mollie was not good at cajoling. (Would she get impatient, Mabel thought with terror.) At last, it made up its mind, stretched stiffly as it came out of the basket, shaking the bruised leg as if to unkink it, and settled down peacefully to lap the warm milk. Aunt Mollie reached out one finger to stroke its back, very gently. At this point, it was all Mabel could do not to cry out, "They don't like to be touched while they are eating!" In-

"Sure he's cute, but he's off key."



deed, the kitten stopped lapping, withdrew a little, twitched its fur where the finger had touched it, and then—oh, relief!—went back to the saucer again. Mabel crept back to bed full of bewilderment and a painful wonder.

A FEW days later, Grannie told the child that a doctor was coming to see Aunt Mollie, and that Mabel was to play out-of-doors and keep out of the way while he was there. The little girl went down to the swing in the orchard and swayed slowly back and forth, chanting songs she had made up. She was called out of this dreamy state of contentment by Grannie's voice, shrill and anxious, asking her to come right away; the doctor wished to talk to her. "What does he want?" Mabel asked fearfully, as she walked toward the house. "I'm not ill."

"Tell the truth, child," the old woman said sternly. "That's what he wants."

It was all rather solemn, taking place in the parlor, a room always dim because the geraniums in the window shut out most of the light. The doctor was sitting there, a large, fat man dressed in black, his knees spread wide and, between them, a small table with papers laid out upon it. He looked out at the three with a hard, suspicious look, and Mabel took an instant dislike to him, comparing him in her written account to a piece of cold fat on the edge of her plate, which it made her quite sick just to imagine. "Stand here," he commanded, pointing to a place just in front of him, as if she were a criminal. He asked her name and age, and wrote them down. He asked her how long she had lived there—but how could she answer this? There had been no time in Wales; it was forever and a day. Grannie, after some calculating, answered for her, "Seven months." This voice from the other side of the room caught the child's attention, and she turned to look at the two women, sitting there, at either end of the black horsehair sofa. Aunt Mollie was gazing steadily over the man's bald head at the geraniums in the window. She was behaving as if he did not exist.

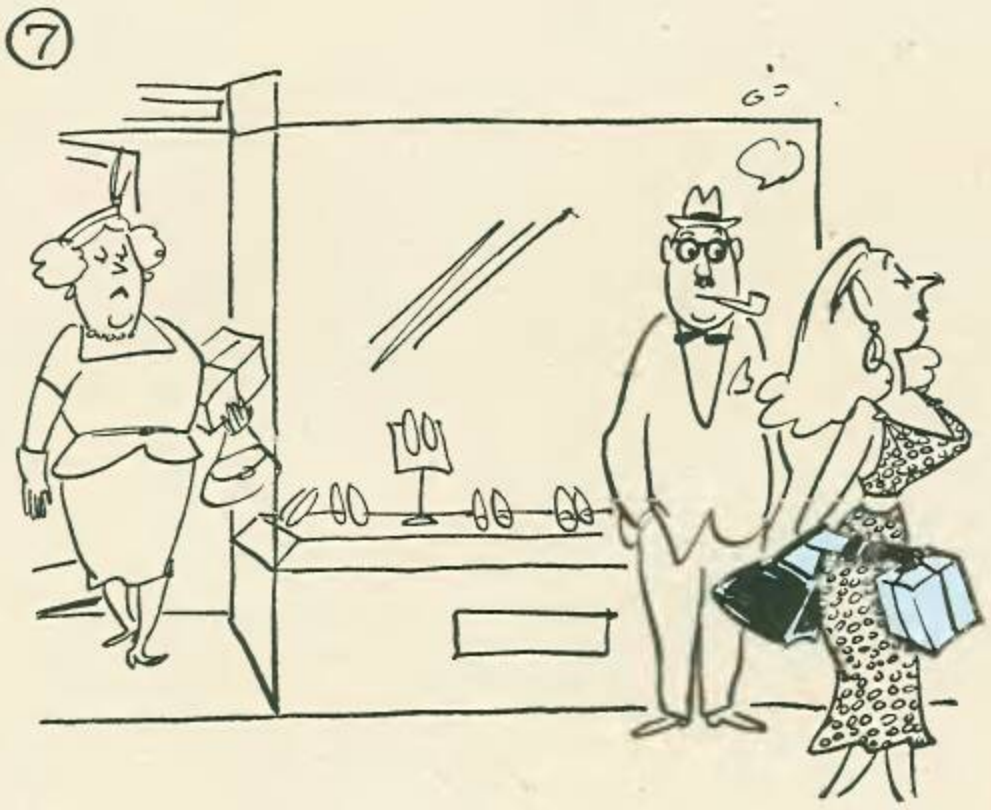
In the story as my mother wrote it, it is not clear whether this doctor was an official personage, sent for, perhaps, at the request of a neighbor, or whether the old woman herself had sent for him, torn between responsibility for her small charge and for her troubling, troubled daughter, and hoping to have a terrible decision taken out of her hands. Whatever Grannie had had in mind, it is clear that by the time the doctor arrived, he was not welcome. That grave command "Tell the truth" laid a heavy burden on a seven-year-old; in fact, Grannie was putting the decision up to the child.

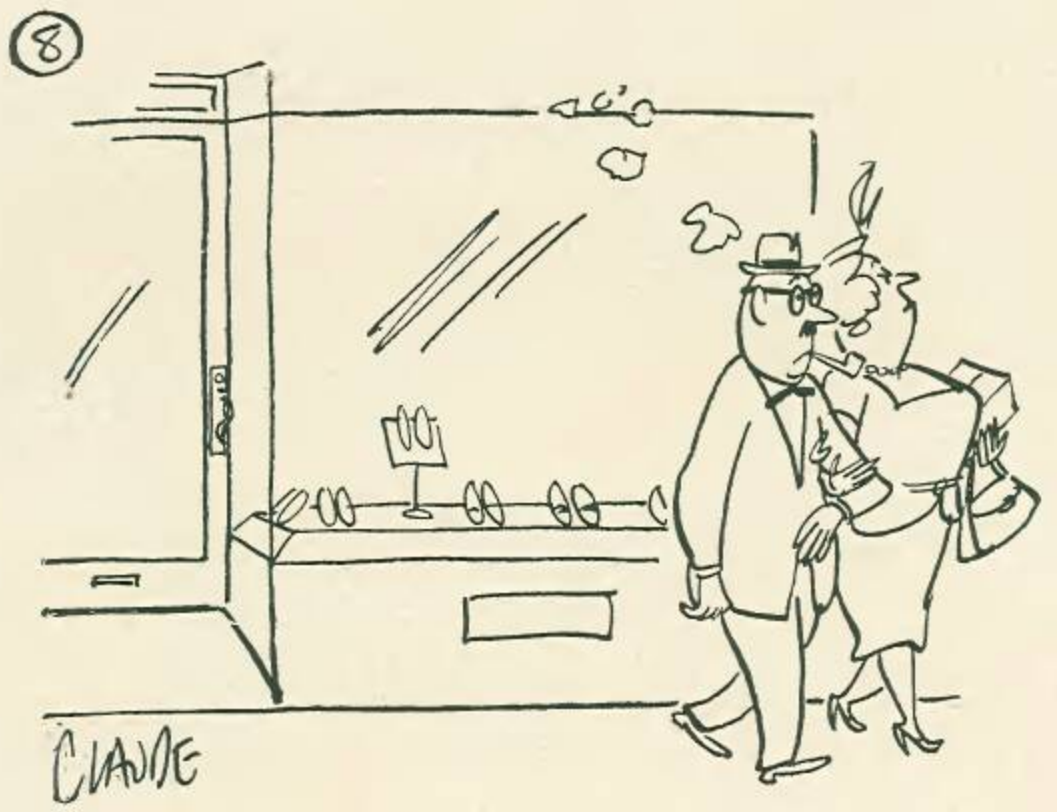
The doctor rapped out the next question with a knock of his glasses on the table: "Are you happy here?"

"Of course I am," Mabel answered crossly. She felt a very contrary mood coming on.

"And are you never afraid of your Aunt Mollie?"

"No, never," Mabel said, without a





second's hesitation. She did more; she went over to the sofa, sat down beside Aunt Mollie, and slipped a hand under the woman's arm and down into her hands, folded in her lap—a gesture so extraordinary that it could only have been called out by extraordinary circumstances. But the child sensed that he was trying to get her to take sides against Grannie and Aunt Mollie, and that, whatever happened, she was on their side. So there they sat, the three of them lined up on the sofa, and he, the enemy, watching them. The three were a united front. Deprived of whatever dreadful secret he had come to ferret out, the doctor snapped his spectacles into their hard, shiny case and got up to go. Grannie escorted him stiffly and politely to the door, and in the second when their backs were turned, Aunt Mollie glanced at Mabel, and the child saw something like a twinkle come and go in Aunt Mollie's blue eyes, in an instant's humorous exchange of triumph. Was it a recognition of loyalty, perhaps? Or perhaps, at long last, love? Never again did the woman hurt the child, although she still had stormy door-banging days.

HOW often we talked, my mother and I, of going back to Wales someday and finding the little valley, the lonely farm, the orchard, the swift, shallow river—even, perhaps, the hazel hedge where Mabel and Hugh, when he was there for the holidays, had once cut out a secret hiding place. We never did. But perhaps such vivid memories need no renewal in time. They are there, like curled-up Japanese flowers; one has only to dip them into the waters of consciousness for them to open and fill the heart. So it was for me when the story of what really happened in Wales was superimposed upon the glimpses I had had of that time as a child. Some of the sheen went as I read through those pages in my mother's hand, which tell in detail all that I have written here, and something harder and deeper took its place. Now, thinking of my mother as she was when I knew her—of her compassion and of the fire that blazed up in her whenever injustice was done, of the startling and wholly unsentimental truth of her perceptions—I think of the little girl in Wales who learned so much through such unconventional means. It was not dreadful or wrong at all, what happened to her there, but a time full of secret riches, which she understood because she was already the person she was to become, able to face reality, and to face it with complete courage, on her own terms. —MAY SARTON

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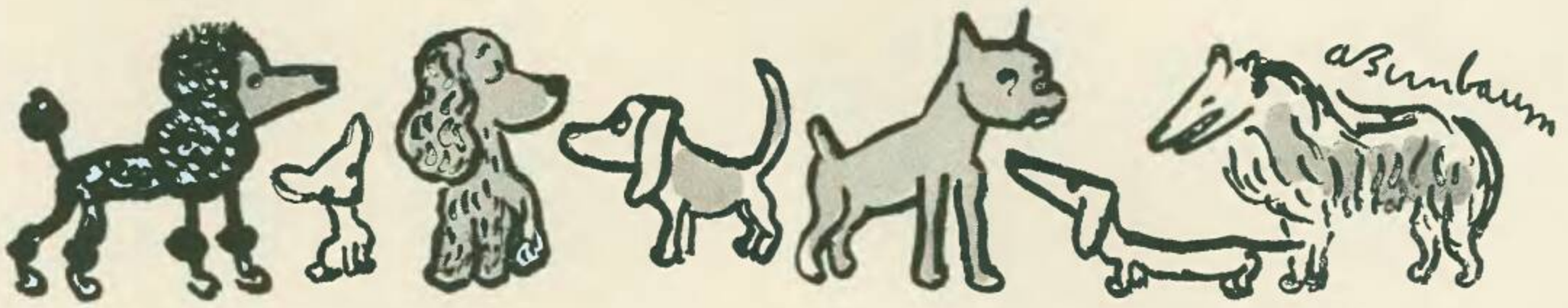
RETIREMENT of senior member of old established firm, in the City Hall area, has made large 12x21 walnut paneled room and possibly additional small room, together with space for secretary and files, available to established practitioner with substantial financial background and practice, the rental of the space being secondary to securing an associate capable of complimenting the members of the firm.
—*Adv. in the New York Law Journal.*

What? Every morning?

PROFILES

DOGGY~II



IN the nineteen-twenties, there flourished on Long Island an institution called the Eugenics Record Office, which, in a spirit of scientific inquiry, invited people to submit to it whatever information they might have on hand about their ancestry. It was noted at that time by a contributor to the *American Kennel Gazette*, the monthly magazine of the American Kennel Club, which is the ruling body of the dog world, that dog breeders were responding to this invitation more readily than any other group. In the light of this, he suggested, the Eugenics Record Office might aptly be called the Human Kennel Club. Dog fanciers derive great satisfaction from reflecting that the animals they dote on have, thanks to the American Kennel Club, infinitely better-documented bloodlines than most two-footed creatures. Some of the fanciers think dogs have purer blood, too. One outspoken dogman has claimed that while perhaps thirty per cent of all the dogs in this country are purebred, ninety per cent of all the men and women, if they were to be judged by the exacting criteria commonly applied to dogs, would turn out to be, eugenically speaking, mongrels. The author of the *Gazette's* piece on the Human Kennel Club even went so far as to point out—he was merely stating the facts, he said, and meant no disrespect—that there appeared to have been more inbreeding in the family of Jesus Christ than it would be wise to advocate for dogs.

In the genealogy rooms of public libraries there can usually be found a substantial number of men and women whose interest in ancestors is intense. But the family trees beneath whose boughs these patient scholars toil are scrawny growths compared to those lovingly tended by dog people, because dogs reproduce so much faster than their masters. In the comfortable library the American Kennel Club maintains in its headquarters, at 221 Fourth Avenue, where dog genealogists can pore cozily over studbooks from twenty-eight nations and where seventy-six current magazines dealing with purebred dogs are on display (including one, put out by an Irish-setter club, entitled *Tails to Be Red*), there is exhibited, *sous cloche*, the skeleton of a famous fox terrier named Belgrave Joe, who died as recently as 1888 but already has as many generations of descendants—at least seventy—as a human being might have who died around the year 188 A.D.

Compiling meticulous records of the breeding and competitive showing of dogs is the primary concern of the Kennel Club, which spends half a million dollars a year keeping its data up to date and shipshape. The more than two hundred employees who buzz about the A.K.C.'s files, which are comparable in their way to the National Archives, are deeply imbued with a sense of responsibility to posterity. A couple of years ago, when a newly hired and not yet thoroughly indoctrinated young woman showed such a lack of consecration to her work as to doodle absently on a batch of file cards, her superiors were aghast. "We went into a panic, thinking what some real saboteur might be able to do to us," one of the club's administrators said recently. "We feel that our records will go into eternity, and you can't trifle with eternity."

Several months ago, the A.K.C. demonstrated both how exhaustive and how beautifully organized its records are when it received a letter from a man in Connecticut saying that a bulldozer digging up his back yard had unearthed a medal inscribed "New Haven Kennel Club, Class 39, Second Prize, Awarded to Sport, March, 1884." The man wondered if the A.K.C. could throw any further light on this buried treasure. It certainly could. In no time at all, it had ascertained, among other things, that the prize had been won at the first annual bench show of the New Haven K.C., which had been held at the Second Regiment Armory, on Meadow Street, from March 12th through March 14th; that there had been thirty breeds represented at the show; that Sport, the property of E. and G. Sheffield, was a thirty-month-old liver-colored, white-breasted dog that had been entered as a cocker spaniel but was more likely what would today be called a Sussex spaniel; that the judge who placed Sport second was James Watson, a crackerjack in his field, who once represented the American Spaniel Club in the councils of the A.K.C.; and that the dog that beat out Sport for first prize was Champion Obo II, the renowned ancestor of nearly all topflight cockers in America today and, in its way, a peer of Belgrave Joe.

The names Sport and Obo were typical, in their brevity, of the nomenclature of purebreds in the nineteenth century. Most of the names in the earliest American studbook on the A.K.C.'s shelves, dated 1878, are plain ones, like Dick and Jim and May and Grace. Indeed, in the eighteen-seventies fanciers cared so little about elegant nomenclature that a certain Pat M. Barnes austerely named his dog Barnes, and there were so many identically named dogs that if anyone had cried "Here, Dash!" or "Come, Spot!" at the first show of the Westminster Kennel Club, which was held in New York in 1877, a riot might well have ensued. (Nowadays, of course, it is routine for a dog as frail as a Pekingese to shoulder a name like St. Aubrey Kimono of Tzumiao and Roh Kai.) Between 1887, when the A.K.C. started publishing a studbook, and 1952, every one of the three and a half million dogs the club registered was nudged toward eternity by being listed in it; two years ago, however, the A.K.C.'s directors, after uneasily meditating on the fact that the studbook, which is expensive to publish and has only a limited audience, was losing almost thirty thousand dollars a year, resolved to admit to its columns thereafter only registered dogs that have sired or whelped other purebreds. "No dog can figure in the

pedigree of another dog until it has progeny," the A.K.C. announced in justification of the change. "The new Stud Book Register now truly becomes the Blue Book of American dogs, because it will contain the names of those selected dogs which will influence the production of the better dogs of tomorrow." Of the three hundred thousand dogs that were registered with the A.K.C. last year, only a hundred and fifty thousand or so, the club calculates, will ever be enrolled in its Blue Book. Not all fanciers are pleased with this selectivity, however economical it may be. Some of them like to keep tabs on the full roster of their competitors' kennels, and used to find the unabridged studbook a handy source of such information. The new studbook has also proved an inconvenience to a special group of people, who make a hobby of simply tracing pedigrees. There is a lady in New Jersey, for instance, who for many years occupied herself by getting up a three-generation pedigree for every last Bedlington terrier registered with the A.K.C.; four hundred and thirty of them were registered last year, but because most of the lot were still puppies, a mere twenty-nine appeared in the 1953 studbook. She feels frustrated, to say the least.

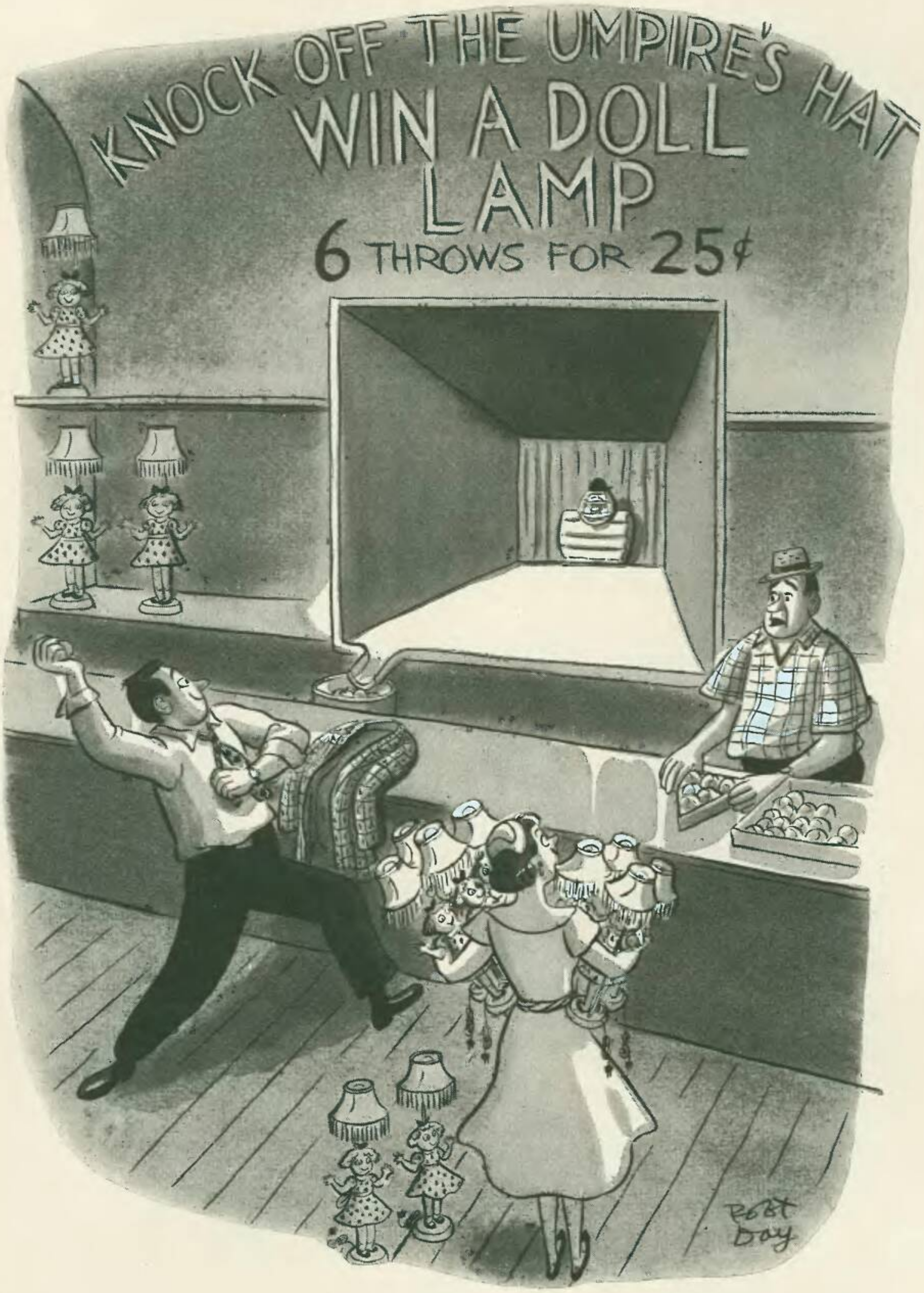
THE American Kennel Club is only one of a large number of organizations in the United States that prepare studbooks on animals. (When one of the others, the American Jersey Cattle Club, moved its offices from New York to Ohio several years ago, the A.K.C. instantly hired twenty-eight of its employees who had chosen not to emigrate, and congratulated itself on having acquired at one swoop so large a labor force already accustomed to regard studbooks with suitable gravity.) Early this year, the *Breeder's Gazette*, a farm magazine, listed eighty-four registry outfits operating in the livestock field, ranging in the scope of their activities from the American Hereford Association (560,794 registrations in 1953) down to the American Shire Horse Association (one registration in 1953), and including the American Belted Galloway Cattle Breeders' Association, the American Milking Shorthorn Society, the Kentucky Red Berkshire Swine Record Association, the National Pure-Bred Karakul Fur Sheep Breeders' Association, the American Angora Goat Breeders' Association, and the Jockey Club. The list, long though it was, did not, of course, include such studbooks as those of the A.K.C. and the Cat Fanciers' Association, which registered eight thousand cats last year, most of them Siamese.

The A.K.C. is not even the only organization that registers purebred dogs, although it is by far the largest and, covering, as it does, a hundred and eleven different breeds, the most inclusive. Racing greyhounds are usually immortalized in the Greyhound Stud Book, a publication of the National Coursing Association, and foxhunters tend to patronize either the International Foxhunters' Stud Book or the Foxhound Kennel Stud Book of America. The proprietors of the *American Field*, a weekly sporting magazine published in Chicago, have been getting out a Field Dog Stud Book since 1901, when their following, consisting in the main of bird-dog fanciers, decided that the A.K.C. was not paying enough attention to pointers, setters, and retrievers. The A.K.C. enjoys amicable relations with the *American Field* and, as a rule, will acknowledge as acceptably purebred the dogs listed in its book; there were seventeen thousand of these last year. Any business relating to dogs registered by the *American Field*, however, is referred to the same A.K.C. department that deals with foreign registry organizations—a procedure interpreted by some dog people as a mild hint that in the eyes of the American Kennel Club all other registry organizations are slightly un-American.

Out in Kalamazoo, there has existed since 1898 the United Kennel Club, which registers some fifteen thousand dogs annually and with which, over the years, the A.K.C.'s relations have been less than cordial. The

"I'm not good enough for you, Helen."

U.K.C. approves some breeds that the A.K.C. disdains, including an assortment of coonhounds (the A.K.C. cares only for black-and-tan coonhounds), and it is also a haven for the breeders of fighting pit-bull terriers, which are still surreptitiously matched here and there by people who like that sort of thing. The A.K.C. pretty much ignores the U.K.C. today, but back in 1927 the two organizations tangled like a couple of snarling pit bulls. The U.K.C., a privately run concern, tried to get an injunction in a federal court to restrain the A.K.C. from taking disciplinary action against individuals who participated in U.K.C.-sponsored dog shows—events that the A.K.C., then, as now, given to viewing itself as the law-enforcement agency of dogdom, brusquely characterized as "outlaw." While this squabble was in progress, the A.K.C., which had long had reservations about the reliability of the pedigrees issued by the U.K.C., asked the National Better Business Bureau to look into the matter. The Bureau prankishly invented two terriers, a Boston and a Sealyham, and gave their ancestors the names of a random aggregation of celebrated A.K.C.-registered purebred dogs of various breeds. On the Sealyham's family tree perched ten noted but unrelated terriers—an Airedale, a cairn, a West Highland white, a bull, a Boston, a Scotty, a wire-haired fox, a smooth fox, a Yorkshire, and a Welsh. In the case of the spurious Boston, the Bureau was even more imaginative, claiming as its forebears a wire-haired fox terrier, a bulldog, a German shepherd, a pointer, a poodle, a Manchester terrier, and an English toy spaniel. The U.K.C. fell into the trap and certified both raffish pedigrees without question, whereupon the A.K.C. triumphantly made the deception public. This flanking attack apparently took the heart out of the opposition, for the U.K.C. dropped its suit soon afterward.



"Why don't you quit while you're ahead, Mac?"

THE affinity between mankind and dogs, whether of pure or impure breeding, is of long standing, dating back at least four or five thousand years before the birth of Christ. Bones of dogs have been found in caves along with the bones of human cave dwellers. The inhabitants of one obscure Pacific island believe that the first race of men ever created evolved into dogs, and that man as now constituted is therefore evolutionally the dog's inferior. Pythagoras thought that the souls of men were transferred at death to lower animals,

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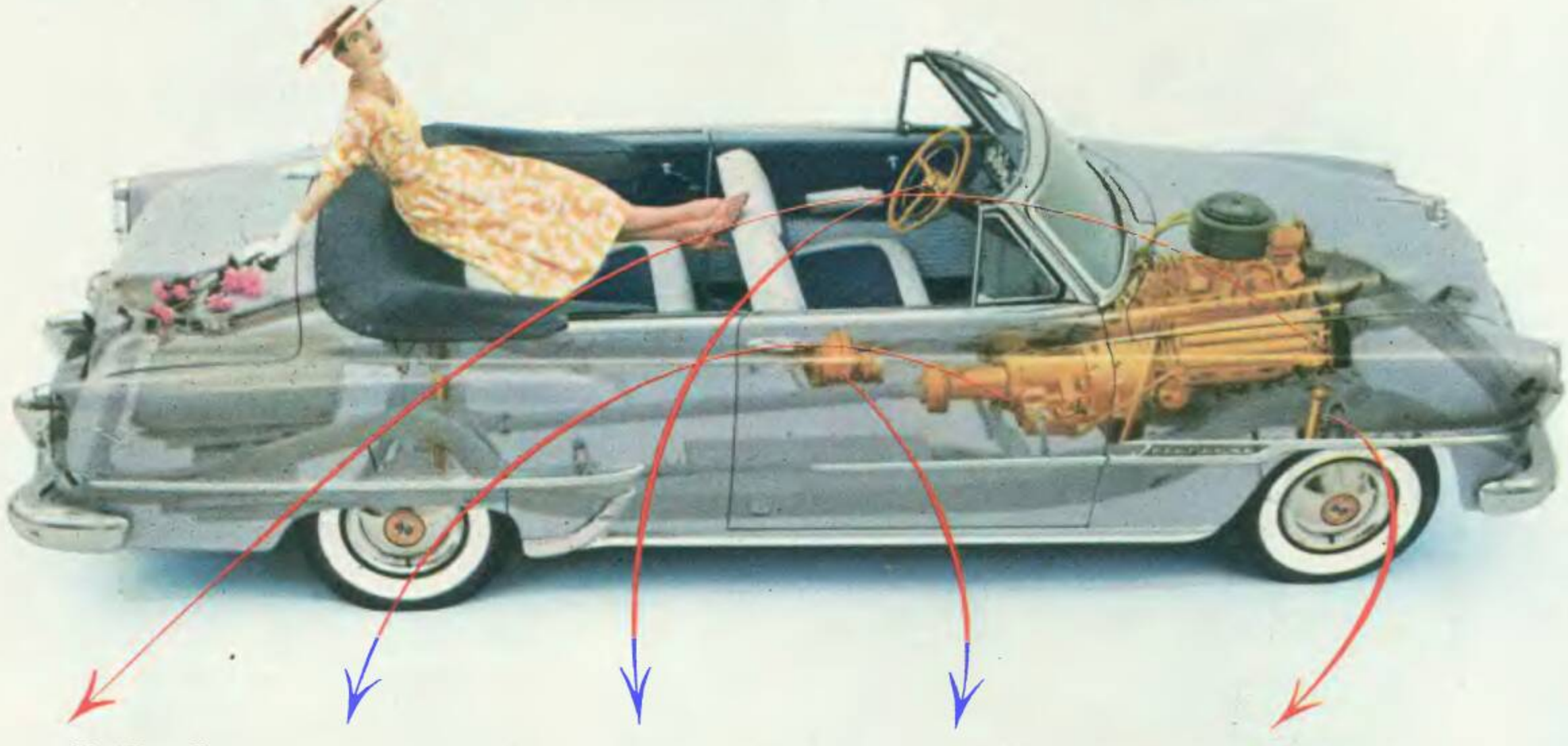

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and, esteeming dogs the highest of the low, advocated that the mouth of a dog be pressed against the mouth of a human being *in extremis*. The ancient Egyptians held salukis sacred; saluki puppies were nursed by Egyptian women, and their bodies were mummified before being entombed. The Peruvians used to worship dogs, and the Ethiopians once crowned a dog king. In ancient Egypt, the citizens of Cynopolis went into mourning and beat themselves when their dogs died, and then buried the animals in a special cemetery; when the residents of nearby Oxyrhynchus were caught eating dog flesh, the Cynopolitans declared war on them. (In fairness to the Oxyrhynchans, it should be noted that the Cynopolitans had previously eaten some fish the Oxyrhynchans held sacred.) In British Columbia, a tribe of cannibals at one time regarded men and dogs as just about equally delicious.

Dogs have figured prominently in the age-old superstitions of man. Among the Potawatomi Indians, it was long believed that the world would come to an end when an old woman living on the moon finished a basket she was weaving; whenever she came perilously close to her goal, though, the world was saved by a dog that chewed up her handiwork, and the empirical proof of this was an eclipse. In North Borneo, it was presumed until recently that the gates of Paradise were guarded by a fiery dog that devoured all approaching virgins—a powerful argument against chastity in North Borneo. Years ago, some Dakota Indians were of the opinion that warriors could enhance their bravery by eating raw dog liver, so fresh it was still warm, without using their hands. In many parts of the world, the theory persists that to avoid being bitten by a dog one should carry the liver or heart of a dog in one's pocket, and to avoid being even barked at, the tongue of a dog inside one's shoe, under the big toe.

Collectors of canine lore have come up with two explanations for the coldness of a dog's nose, both related to Noah's ark. One version has it that dogs were the last animals aboard, that there was no room left for them below decks, and that their noses got cold from forty days and nights of exposure to the rain. The other version is that the ark sprang a leak, and that a resourceful dog plugged it with his nose, saving Noah and his passengers but freezing forever the tips of all dogs' noses. Curiously, there are only some forty references to dogs in the Bible, and almost all these are derogatory; most of the dogs men-

tioned in it are pariah dogs, the scavengers of the streets, who ate unclean meat, such as the body of Jezebel. The Biblical attitude toward dogs reflects an antipathy to them on the part of the ancient Hebrews, who could conceive of few worse ways in which to insult a man than to call him a dog. (This viewpoint has survived in the epithet "son of a bitch.") On the other hand, among bygone Arab tribes of Persia the most stinging rebuke a person could deliver to a dog was to call it a Jew.

Traditional examples of dogs' helpfulness to man are many. In medieval Germany, a popular cure for several illnesses was to have the patient share a bowl of sweet milk with a dog, each taking three sips, after which the invalid was supposed to chant, "Good luck, you hound! May you be sick and I be sound!" In the British Isles, a favorite remedy for a cough used to be to pluck a hair from the sufferer's head, place it between two slices of buttered bread, and feed this sandwich to a dog. Throughout Europe, victims of fever once staggered about clutching spaniels to their abdomens, in the selfish expectation that the dogs would absorb their aches and pains. It is no wonder that dogs have become a hardy race.

The status of dogs has improved so markedly over the centuries that not only are they scarcely ever used as poultices any more but there are in this country alone seventeen thousand veterinarians who, backed by the facilities of twenty-three hundred small-animal hospitals, minister to *their* aches and pains. During the relatively brief span of dog history in which the American Kennel Club has figured since its founding, in 1884, its status, too, has improved markedly. Its present headquarters, lavishly fitted out with air-conditioning, microfilming equipment, dictating machines, Muzak, and other incentives to efficiency, is a far cry from the one it originally occupied—a single room at 44 Broadway. Currently, John C. Neff, the club's executive vice-president and chief administrator, has three telephones on his desk, but for the first eighteen years of the club's existence, it had no telephones at all. This was not because of poverty—although the organization, which now takes in over a million dollars a year, was once so pressed for cash that it sublet desk space to the Westminster Kennel Club for forty dollars a year—but because of the conservative outlook of Neff's earliest predecessors; they felt that anyone who wished to consult the A.K.C. could do so by mail or in person, and that there was no need to take precipitate

In Philadelphia nearly everybody reads The Bulletin

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action about anything. Some of this heritage of caution has trickled down to the contemporary hierarchy of the A.K.C. One of its present employees, after working for it for eighteen years, thought up a way in which the club's services might be improved—it had something to do with changing the format of the *Gazette*—but another ten years passed before he found a felicitous moment for passing along his inspiration to his superiors.

THE competitive showing of dogs began in this hemisphere in the eighteen-seventies, and although it was engaged in primarily by gentlemen-sportsmen, it was then notable for the skulduggery of the exhibitors and the ineptness and dishonesty of the judges. The dogs weren't much, either. One sportswriter, commenting on the calibre of the animals that were exhibited in a St. Bernard class at an 1883 show, wrote, "Nemo, shown in the champion class, is a curly-coated mongrel and should never have won first in any St. Bernard class." Not long after Nemo's unappreciated appearance, a handful of relatively high-minded dogmen decided that they needed some sort of national body to oversee their sport, and in September, 1884, a dozen fanciers convened in Philadelphia to create such a body. Under the leadership of Elliot Smith, a member of the board of governors of the Westminster Kennel Club, and Major James M. Taylor, a horse-and-hounds man from Kentucky who was a staff writer for the *American Field*, the group invited representatives of fourteen clubs to join them in establishing what was first called the National Bench Show Association and then renamed, at a second meeting the following month, the American Kennel Club. Some of the charter-member organizations were poultry associations that put on county fairs and relied on dog shows as one of their attractions. (The A.K.C. now frowns upon mixing dog shows with other diversions, and baby shows have taken their place on the county-fair circuit.) A few Canadian dog clubs were also members at the start, but these withdrew from the A.K.C. in 1886, after several across-the-border disputes, and ultimately set up on their own as the Canadian Kennel Club. In 1926, after years of snapping at each other, the A.K.C. and the C.K.C. signed a mutual non-aggression pact, and they have got on splendidly ever since.

One of the primary objectives of the fledgling A.K.C. was to get out an impeccably authoritative studbook, as a

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Penguins and People

We've been reading about the king penguins at the Bronx Zoo. It seems a New York summer would be too much for them, so the zoo people have air-conditioned their rookery to the temperature of South Georgia Island, their homeland, which is a mean average of 35 degrees Fahrenheit. Yet, for all of this, the penguins have not produced an egg in years, and this disturbs us. Apparently there is still a difference between the factual and the synthetic, and you can't fool a penguin any more than you can fool people.

The editors of Nation's Business know this only too well. They have to be really sure of their facts, because they're bound to hear from the experts. Take "Needed: 15 Billion Rewiring Job" in the July issue. Among many letters, sure enough, there was one from the president of the National Electrical Contractors Association. "I am wondering where the author got his figures. I have been collecting data in connection with rewiring job for this country for a number of months now and find my figures and his are very close together."

This has happened time and again on such diverse subjects as "Income Change Brings New Sales Pattern", "Paper: Third Fastest Growing Industry", "Waterway's Load: Biggest in History", "Frozen Foods: A Billion Dollar Industry"... just to cite a few from recent issues.

There's more to Nation's Business than solid fact, goodness knows . . . but even fact is presented with out-of-the-ordinary vitality in this magazine. This, however, is as far as the editors will go — their mission, they tell us, is to interest businessmen, not to amuse nor entertain them. Nation's Business, *a magazine for businessmen*, Washington 6, D. C.

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means of making sure that dogs billed as purebred really were purely bred. Two studbooks were already being published—one by an organization called the National American Kennel Club, and the other by an outfit known as the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. By 1889, the A.K.C. had taken over both of them. Its self-appointed aim of becoming the supreme arbiter in its field was not easy to achieve. The club had barely got under way when rival groups sprang up, the two biggest of which were the National Dog Club of America and the National Dog Breeders' Association. But of them all, the A.K.C. ultimately came out on top. One advantage it had over the others was the financial backing of August Belmont, Jr., who was its president from 1888 to 1916 and was mainly responsible for its survival and growth. Belmont, the proprietor of the anagrammatically named Blemton Kennels, was for a time the principal American breeder and exhibitor of smooth fox terriers, and he was also a prominent dog-show judge, with a colorful manner of rendering his verdicts. "The champion bitches were old matrons whose quondam charms have mostly fled," he wrote in his official report on one class he judged. In 1889, feeling that the nation deserved a publication devoted entirely to purebred dogs (the *American Field* and the other journals of the day that dealt with dogs dealt with horse racing and fishing, too), he started the *Gazette*, which now holds the distinction not merely of being the nation's senior dog magazine but of having published what may well be the world's largest series of articles on one theme. This series, the work of a single, appallingly persevering author, described various kennels in the United States. It began appearing in 1925, and kept on coming out, at monthly intervals, without interruption, for seventeen years.

The Belmont regime was a turbulent one. The president and his chief salaried deputy, Alfred P. Vredenburgh, who administered the club's affairs for thirty-three years, were both stubborn, opinionated men, and they were almost constantly at odds with one fancier or another who failed to share their view of things. One of their most galling critics was a New Jersey breeder named Charles J. Peshall, whose persistently nagging attacks on the way they were running the club so exasperated them that they finally had him disqualified for life from participation in any A.K.C. activity. Unabashed, Peshall kept turning up at the meetings of the A.K.C.'s highest legislative body—consisting of

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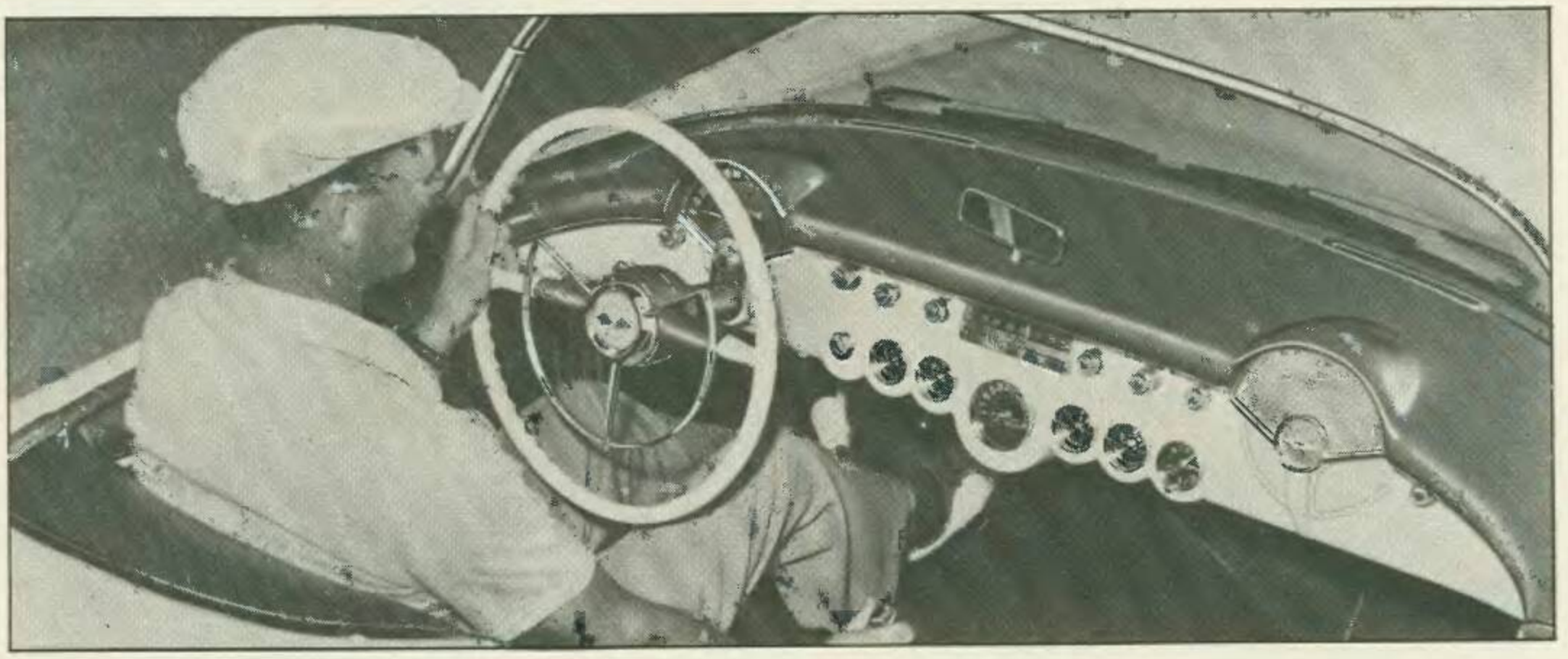

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delegates from the clubs that constitute its membership—at which he filled the air with angry charges that the leaders of the club were guilty of malfeasance, misfeasance, and not knowing the first thing about Gordon setters. Another of Belmont's headaches was caused by a bunch of California fanciers, who, under the impression that the A.K.C. was showing inadequate interest in the problems of dog people situated anywhere beyond Long Island and Westchester, threatened to secede from the parent organization and, when rebuked by it for entertaining such divisive notions, sued it for being unfairly repressive. The rebellion finally subsided, partly because of a court ruling against the dissidents and partly because of the San Francisco earthquake, which gave the East Coast faction an opportunity to soothe the Westerners by offering to take up a collection to help both them and their dogs. Belmont had barely weathered that storm when he found himself set upon by a forthright doctor, John E. deMund, who was a member of the A.K.C. board of directors. Taking over pretty much where Peshall had left off, deMund began to lambaste Belmont in open letters, which were gleefully published by a number of sporting journals whose editors were happy to have a chance to nip at the heels of the imperious A.K.C.

In 1923, seven years after Belmont stepped down from the presidency of the club, deMund, whom Belmont had characterized as "subversive" not long before, stepped up to it. He proceeded to get the A.K.C. involved in controversies that made the Belmont era seem tame. Perhaps the most celebrated of deMund's tiffs was with George H. Earle III, a Philadelphian who was active in politics and sports and who in 1927, while serving as president of the Manchester Terrier Club of America, was, at deMund's urging, suspended by the A.K.C. board of directors from the enjoyment of all club privileges. Earle, the A.K.C. ruled, had made public statements prejudicial to the club's best interests, among them a charge that one of its directors had smoked a cigarette at a dog show in open defiance of a no-smoking sign. Earle sued to get his privileges restored, but he lost his case. The courts decided that the A.K.C. was a private organization and therefore under no compulsion to grant anybody anything. (The verdict against Earle apparently had little impact upon non-dog circles; a few years later, he was elected governor of Pennsylvania.) DeMund immediately used the court decree as the basis for a ukase addressed to all

fanciers and published in the *Gazette*. "You have no vested rights in the American Kennel Club," he informed them. "And, having no vested rights in the American Kennel Club, you can neither demand them nor can you rightfully object if the Club sees fit to withhold them for any reason whatsoever."

No other sport can boast a policing agency as conscientious and alert as the A.K.C. Solemnly dedicated to the advancement of dogdom and strict in demanding adherence to the rules it has legislated, the club is quick to punish infractions of them. Several months ago, a cocker spaniel of great contemporary fame—Ch. Carmor's Rise and Shine, who was judged "best-in-show" at Westminster last winter and has won many other glittering victories—was entered in a show at Detroit. The local club that sponsored the event, hoping to swell the gate receipts by capitalizing on the dog's reputation, arranged to have the mayor of Detroit present the spaniel with the keys to the city, and ordered a special dais built for it at the show. Everything went off smoothly, but when this idolatry came to the attention of the A.K.C., through one of its field operatives, it was highly indignant. It objects strongly to any dog's being treated differently from any other dog at a show, and it made its position clear by levying stiff fines against the club and the individual it considered responsible for the offense.

While bribing judges, falsifying registration papers, switching dogs at shows, and other such improprieties used to be commonplace in the dog world, most present-day fanciers, largely because they don't want to risk running afoul of the A.K.C., are much more upright than were their prototypes of a few generations back. In the old days, exhibitors who were determined to win at a show were not above feeding poisoned pills to the dogs of their rivals; now, although the competitive spirit is still intense, it is rarely manifested by any act more drastic than, say, slyly tossing a morsel of liver in the path of an adversary's dog in the hope of throwing it off gait. Most of the chicanery of this sort is perpetrated by professional handlers, of whom there are about eight hundred in the country. (In much the same fashion that jockeys migrate from race track to race track, handlers travel the dog-show circuit, their pockets bulging with chunks of liver, sugar cubes, rubber squeakers, and other devices for making a sluggish dog prick up its ears and look alive, if it is theirs, or do the wrong thing at a crucial moment, if it is a rival's.) Some exhibi-

tors have attempted to improve their dog's attractiveness with cosmetics—touching up a not-quite-dark-enough Scottish terrier with shoe blacking, perhaps, or dusting talcum powder on the coat of a not-quite-white-enough poodle. Sprucing up show dogs with cosmetics, if it is done at all these days, must be done furtively, for the A.K.C. pronounced it illegal in 1949. Up to then, it was practiced openly and widely. Exhibitors would arrive at shows with elaborate makeup kits, and some dog people were nationally acclaimed not so much for their dogs as for their artistry with a paintbrush.

THROUGHOUT history, purebred dogs have been associated with purebred—or, at any rate, socially superior—men. In Egypt and, later, in England, the masses hated greyhounds, because ownership of them was restricted by law to the aristocracy; in England, moreover, barons and viscounts joined the masses in hating deerhounds, because ownership of *them* was restricted to earls. It was the same the world over. The finest Pekingese in China were reserved for the Imperial family; in 1860, when it became apparent that the British were going to sack Peking, an order went out to destroy the palace Pekes rather than let them fall into the hands of the Caucasian savages. (An aunt of the Emperor's who committed suicide to keep herself out of their hands carelessly neglected to kill four of her pet Pekes, which the British found cowering behind an arras. One of them was subsequently given to Queen Victoria.) In the United States, too, purebreds were until quite recently almost exclusively the concern of the élite, like Belmont and his set. During the early years of this century, many wealthy men spent up to fifty thousand dollars a year to keep extensive kennels on their country estates, with as many as three hundred dogs in them and half a dozen or more full-time kennelmen on duty. (Willard Huntington Wright, a Scottish-terrier fancier, once claimed that his kennels cost him twenty thousand dollars a year, and, as S. S. Van Dine, he helped pay for them by writing "The Kennel Murder Case," in which Philo Vance visits the A.K.C. offices and learns how dogs are registered.) The owner of a large kennel in Illinois used to hire a freight car in which to ship thirty or forty dogs to a single show, sparing the animals the rigors of travel as much as he could by having the car hitched on to a passenger train. Individual dogs frequently commanded prices of five or ten thousand dollars. (Rich-

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RECORDS

ard Croker, the Tammany Hall boss, once was seized with a desire to buy two imported English bulldogs, and paid five thousand dollars for one and two thousand for the other. His two new pets soon got into a vicious fight, in which, gruesomely substantiating their relative worth, the five-thousand-dollar dog badly mauled its cheaper kennelmate.) At one time, the collie field was practically monopolized by a pair of vigorously competitive exhibitors, the elder J. P. Morgan and Samuel Untermyer. When Morgan retired from the show ring, in 1907, he explained—in itself an unusual thing for him to do—that his rivalry with Untermyer had pushed the price of collies up so high that less affluent fanciers were being squeezed out, and that he thought this state of affairs was unfortunate, because it was undemocratic.

For many years, it was considered a mark of social prestige in this country to have one dog, at the very least, entered in the Westminster Kennel Club show at Madison Square Garden, the nation's biggest and most illustrious winter show. (In those days, the emphasis of the show at the Garden was more on dogs and less on commercial exhibits, which now range from dog food to dog beds upholstered in zebra stripes.) Some people who hadn't the slightest intention of turning up at the Westminster show with a dog were so eager to have their names appear in its catalogue that they would enter a dog and then withdraw it after the catalogue had gone to press.

Large kennels are becoming more and more of a rarity in this country. (There are still some left, to be sure. One member of the board of directors of the A.K.C. who raises Great Danes has a place on a mountainside near Atlanta, Georgia, where a hundred or so of these giants frolic together.) With kennelmen's wages high and income taxes higher, even the rich have found dogs an expensive indulgence and have shown a tendency to cut down on the size of their operations. This has led to a decline in the price of purebreds; excellent specimens now sell for from a thousand to twenty-five hundred dollars. Meanwhile, the number of purebred fanciers has greatly increased. Most contemporary exhibitors are people of fairly modest means and social standing, who seldom own more than a dozen dogs at a time and act as their own kennelmen. As one former president of the A.K.C. has put it, employing what would seem, in the light of his position, a peculiar simile, "The love of purebred dogs is spreading like a

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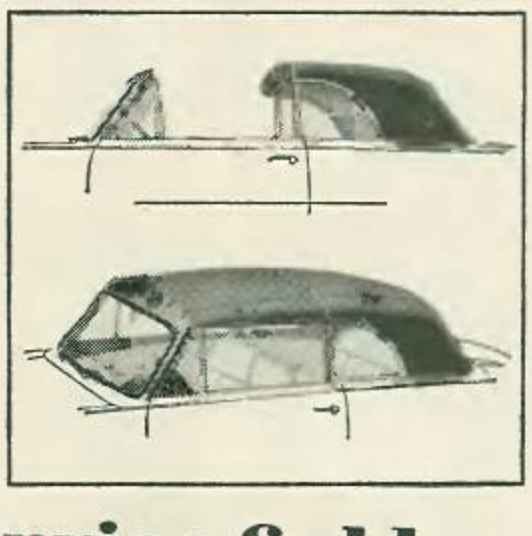

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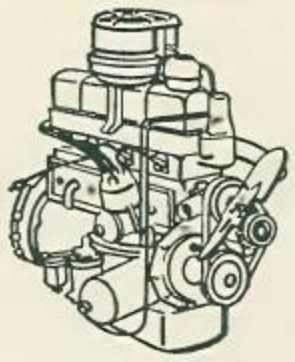

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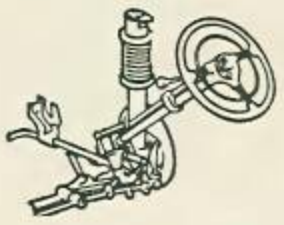

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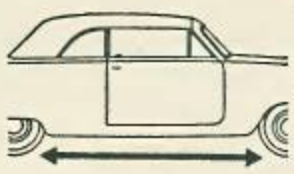

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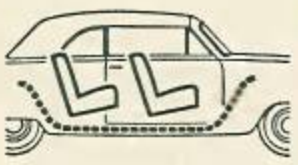

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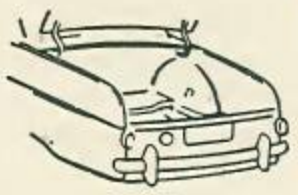

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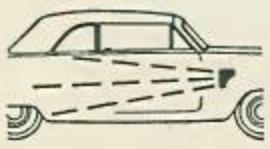

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plague." A canine-minded sociologist has suggested that one reason for the expanding interest in purebreds may be the evolution of the station wagon. It used to be a lot of bother to move dogs around from one show to another, but with the rising popularity of station wagons the task has become comparatively simple. Anybody can load two or three dogs into the back of one and ferry them to a show. Also, the tailboard makes a handy bar.

Perhaps the catalogue of the Westminster show no longer bristles with as many distinguished owners' names as it once did, but recent editions of it have contained at least one name that is fully as eminent as any of its earlier entries. That is the name of the Dalai Lama of Tibet, who is listed as a breeder of one of the Lhasa apsos belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Suydam Cutting; at last winter's Westminster show, the Cuttings owned twelve of the fifteen specimens of this breed that were exhibited. The Lhasa apso, a long-haired terrierlike dog that is revered in Tibet and carried around there in the arms of noblemen to keep it from getting tired, was introduced into this country by Cutting, a wide-ranging naturalist, shortly after he visited Tibet in 1930 and became friendly with the then reigning Dalai Lama. Cutting brought back a pair of the dogs from this trip, and picked up another pair on a second jaunt, in 1935. Over the years that followed, until the Chinese Communists took over Tibet and isolated it from the West, Cutting carried on a correspondence with the Dalai Lama and his successor, the present holder of the title, and the two Dalai Lamas, flattered by his interest in their favorite breed, shipped him additional breeding stock from time to time. Cutting expressed his gratitude by sending the Dalai Lamas several products of Western civilization that might otherwise never have been seen in their remote land—a horse and a pigeon made of Steuben glass (as far as is known, there is no other glass of any kind in Tibet), a canopied chair, a set of sterling-silver eating utensils, a pair of Lucite blocks with sea horses embedded in them, and a cuckoo clock.

ALL that is really needed to become embroiled in dog shows is to have a dog. The thing grows on people. A case in point is that of Mrs. Sherman R. Hoyt, the poodle woman, who is one of the country's best-known and most energetic fanciers. Twenty-two years ago, she and her husband bought a pair of poodles—a male and a female—of German descent as house pets, and

didn't even try to register them. One day about a year later, as a favor to a friend who had a poodle entered in a show and wanted the breed to be well represented there, Mrs. Hoyt took her dogs around. To her amazement, they both won prizes. A few weeks later, to see if her initial success had been a fluke, she tried again, and again her dogs won. At a luncheon soon afterward, a lady exhibitor brought up the subject of Mrs. Hoyt's début and remarked sweetly, "Well, you certainly have been lucky with your little unregistered bitch." That did it. Boiling mad, Mrs. Hoyt telephoned the A.K.C. and asked if it was possible to enter an unregistered dog in the Westminster. Advised that it was possible, she entered both her dogs in it, and made off with a collection of prizes. Then she went to Germany to track down her little bitch's pedigree, so that she could register the animal. From that time on, Mrs. Hoyt became more and more deeply involved with dogs, to such an extent that she once spent almost three years in litigation with another lady breeder over the ownership of a single poodle. She was also the promoter of what was for years the second-biggest outdoor dog event in the country—the annual show of the North Westchester Kennel Club, which was held on the Hoyts' estate at Katonah until, in 1941, they moved to Stamford.

The biggest outdoor show of them all is that of the Morris & Essex Kennel Club, which is held on the estate of Mr. and Mrs. M. Hartley Dodge, at Madison, New Jersey. The Morris & Essex, a one-day tent affair, has drawn as many as four thousand dogs and forty thousand people, and has required the pitching of a greater area of canvas than has ever been used by the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey circus. During the years since 1927, when Mrs. Dodge put on the first show, it has come to be the busiest, gaudiest, and most enjoyable day of the dog year, but this year, owing to the A.K.C.'s stern insistence on compliance with its regulations by everyone within its jurisdiction, the Morris & Essex show was not held at all. This dog-world-shaking calamity came about because of the untidiness, from the viewpoint of an orderly organization like the A.K.C., of the Gregorian calendar. Most clubs, for the sake of continuity, like to put on their shows on the same day of the week, and as close to the same date as possible, year after year. The A.K.C. won't allow two clubs that are located near each other to hold their shows concurrently, and a long time ago, to avoid

conflicts, it devised a system whereby a club may make a yearly application to reserve what is known at 221 Fourth Avenue as its "corresponding date" the following year. But because of the vagaries of the calendar, with its fifty-two weeks and at least one leftover day each year, the corresponding date to, say, Saturday, August 10th, one year becomes August 9th the next, and August 8th the year after that, and then, should a leap year turn up to cause extra trouble, August 6th. Clearly, if each dog show were held a day or two earlier every year, a club that had selected this August Saturday as the most suitable time for its show would soon find itself pushed back into July and, after a few decades, all the way to midwinter. To circumvent any such retrogression, the A.K.C. decided that every five or six years it would announce a "move-ahead year," in which each club is assigned a day a week later than its corresponding day of the year before. Thus, the club that had started with the August 10th Saturday would, the year after reaching August 5th and feeling the hot breath of July on its neck, be shifted to August 11th, and the show dates of all the other clubs would be similarly shifted, the temporal relationship thus remaining constant.

This complicated method of date juggling worked out smoothly until, in 1948, the Morris & Essex Kennel Club asked for permission to hold its show on the fourth Saturday in May every year. This request came to Henry D. Bixby, who was Neff's predecessor as executive vice-president of the A.K.C., and who is still on its board of directors. Bixby studied a few future calendars—nowhere near enough of them, it developed—and then declared, in writing, that the fourth Saturday of May would be agreeable to the A.K.C. on a permanent basis. He made a miscalculation; he failed to realize that from time to time each month has five Saturdays instead of four, and that every so often, when a move-ahead year was decreed, Mrs. Dodge, in order to fit in with the rest of the nationwide show calendar, would have to switch to the fifth Saturday of May. The first year in which this happened was 1954, and when, in 1953, Morris & Essex, not long after holding its show on the 23rd, applied, as usual, for the fourth Saturday, the 22nd, Neff, who by then had assumed office, replied that he was sorry but, since 1954 was a move-ahead year, he was afraid that Mrs. Dodge would have to put up with the fifth Saturday, the 29th; the fourth Saturday had already been reserved for a smaller show in the

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same general vicinity. Mrs. Dodge was outraged. May 29th fell on the Memorial Day weekend, when traffic was bound to be inordinately heavy, and her show had become a magnet almost comparable to Mecca. Besides, Bixby had *promised*.

The A.K.C. directors met to ponder their dilemma. Bixby had committed them to one course of action. The calendar demanded another. It was a crisis unparalleled in the club's history. Bixby asked to be heard. "The error was mine and we must not let the American Kennel Club suffer for it," he declared gravely and self-sacrificially. "There is nothing for us to do but disavow my letter." Neff had the unhappy duty of notifying Mrs. Dodge that the A.K.C. had resolved to turn her down. "It was tragic, but our course was clear," he said recently. He told her that she could have her corresponding date, the fifth Saturday, or any other open date that did not conflict with an already scheduled show, but that the fourth Saturday was definitely out.

Mrs. Dodge called in a lawyer, and for two or three months, while the dog world held its breath, he sparred with the steadfast A.K.C. Then, without warning, Morris & Essex issued a press release announcing that it had cancelled its show this year, because of the A.K.C.'s intransigence, and making public, by way of proof of what it considered a flagrant double cross, a photostatic reproduction of Bixby's repudiated letter. "The next day, all the telephones were jumping off my desk," Neff says. "Exhibitors were calling me up from every section of the country. Some of the calls were from people who had been critical of us in the past, and had always thought that in dogs, if you were important enough and could get to the right person here, you could arrange whatever you wanted. They weren't exactly happy to learn they were going to be deprived of the most exciting dog holiday of the year, but nonetheless they backed us up. I'd never heard anything like it before. 'We know now that no special interests can run our A.K.C.,' they told me. 'We know now that you people at 221 believe in a square deal for all, big or little, let the chips fall where they may. God bless the A.K.C.!' "

—E. J. Kahn, Jr.

(*This is the second of two articles on the American Kennel Club.*)

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BABY BORN TO
WIFE WHO CRAVED
WATERMELON

—*Headline in the El Paso Herald-Post.*

That's life.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Incident

I GUESS we must face the fact that the French know how to make movies. Not that we haven't had plenty of experience in making movies over here. Lord knows we make enough of them, but most of them are so bad that even the teen-agers (formerly the solid, bedrock movie crowd) would rather stay home than watch one of them. The French stick to the fundamentals in their movies. Somewhere along the line, they have learned that a simple story, simply told, is at least as effective as an elaborate story, elaborately told. They understand that if you are telling a story about people, it might be wise to distinguish some of the people from some of the other people, presenting their individual problems, hopes, despairs, characteristics, and so on. I think, too, that they understand the use of the camera better than we do. That is to say, they don't use the camera as if it were a performing dog, doing strange curtsies to show how cute it is, but use it to capture, as clearly and meaningfully as possible, the scene before it. They also seem to have an affection for, or at least a comprehension of, the scene they are photographing—whether it's a countryside or a city street—and to be able to transmit some of this feeling to the audience.

The foregoing ratiocination is the result of my having seen a new French film called "Paris Incident," directed by Henry Decoin. It is in French, with English titles, and it is simplicity itself. There is really nothing to it. A young and recently hired telegraph boy, the eldest of several children, is terrified of losing his job. Early one evening, he is handed a bunch of telegrams to deliver, one of them addressed to a M. Herriot. A seasoned colleague (he's about seventy years old) tells him that M. Herriot is, of course, the celebrated politician. This information makes the boy even more nervous than before, and he sets off on his bicycle in an overwrought state. He promptly runs into a lorry, and is knocked unconscious. When he comes to, he has lost his telegrams. I must say that his sense of responsibility is somewhat more refined than that of the majority of the telegraph "boys" in this town (most of

whom, it seems to me, shuffle down the street carrying portable radios and listening to the ball games), and he is frantic to find the missing messages, especially the one for M. Herriot. "Paris Incident" concerns itself entirely with the messenger's search for the telegrams. During it, he awakens half of Montmartre, searches for a blue paper airplane (the telegrams were on blue paper, and someone tells him that neighborhood kids made airplanes of them), meets a small girl who befriends him, brings out one of the largest pieces of fire equipment it has been my pleasure to see, gets involved with the headmaster of a school, and becomes entangled in other adventures of vast variety. In the end, I hasten to add, all is well.

Gérard Gervais plays the telegraph boy, Pierrette Simonet is the girl who helps him, and Olivier Hussenot, Henry Crémieux, Germaine Michel, and a large assortment of Montmartre characters are on hand. They are all natural, and they are all excellent. Incidentally, one of the things I enjoyed most about "Paris Incident" is that it lasted only eighty minutes.

"KING RICHARD AND THE CRUSADERS," a massive hunk of celluloid, lasted a hundred and fourteen minutes. *Réfléchissez, un moment,* on what can be accomplished in a hundred and fourteen minutes. A hundred and fourteen minutes is damn near two hours. You can fly from here to Cleveland in a hundred and fourteen minutes. Roger Bannister can run twenty-eight miles in a hundred and fourteen minutes. In a hundred and fourteen minutes, you can get from here to Forest Hills on the Long Island Rail Road. But a hundred and fourteen minutes of "King Richard and the Crusaders" got me exactly nowhere. Don't ask me what it was all about. Richard the Lion-Hearted (George Sanders) is on the Third Crusade, and he runs smack into a Saracen (Rex Harrison). There is continuous trouble, a fight a minute, and the sands of the Holy Land are stirred into thick clouds. Harrison plays the Saracen in the old Japanese manner, all hisses and bows. There is also a girl aboard—I think she's old Richard's cousin—who keeps calling him Dick Plantagenet. Tell your children to try *that* one on their history teacher.

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

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1. Welsh novelist (1833-1945), "greatest satirist of his own people since Swift."
—*Double-Crostic clue in the Times.*
And the longest-lived, too.

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

IN the long-drawn-out war of attrition between hairdressers and milliners, the hairdressers, at the moment, have the edge. Most milliners have helplessly watched their customers graduate from the rowdy Italian haircut and then begin the gamine, which is accomplished by a raggedy short cut that can be kept in disorder with a whisk of a comb and a spray of non-sticky lacquer (Helena Rubinstein's is already famous; a new entry, devised by Leonid de Lescinski, is perfumed with a gentle floral blend, which most certainly contains lilac). The short cut, you see, means much more frequent visits to the hairdresser, and that means much less pin money for hats. If there is going to be a change in coiffures, there is clearly no place for them to go except longer, but there is no sign that a change is imminent. Not only that, but it turns out that women don't mind at all revealing the real shape of their skulls; they like comfort now, and they like to be able to toss their heads in a fashion reminiscent of what might be called the hey-hey days of the Charleston. Needless to say, there's no special point to wearing hats with such a hairdo. But the custom milliners, who for some reason appear to hate hatlessness, have had a healthy reaction to this menace, and the result is that many of the new autumn hats, no matter how big and imposing, have no formality, and neither do they perch precariously, or even look as if they did. The clamps and elastics that anchored the perching hats are beginning to vanish; now hats are more likely to be deep and cling close to the head, and some, in fact, almost completely cover the hair. Sally Victor's Nubian caps and Mr. John's snugly draped cap masterpieces are instances of this. And though a few people, like Adolfo, of Emmé, keep on perching their inventions way up on top, the attached jersey snoods that hold them in place cling tight. Thus the shape of close haircuts is respected, and the hats also provide a refuge for wispy ends if the wearer decides to let her hair grow out a bit. More and more art, too, has been directed toward constructing headgear that can be rolled up and tossed into a suitcase or handbag; the boys and girls of the trade have found out that in this casual era only models will bother about carrying hatboxes.

There's a definite increase in arrangements to accomplish a toward-the-back look. Adolfo makes caps to be worn smashed sideways and to the rear of one ear. The creations of Gustavo (he's now at 59 West 56th Street) show a good inch of widow's peak up front, and plenty of them descend almost as low as the shoulder blades, revealing hardly any break where crown meets rippled brim; Mr. John's deep, deep Garbo cloches flop very low behind and arch in front. Every woman shopping for such things should be equipped with a rear-vision mirror, to make sure she doesn't look like a turtle as she leaves the room. Much of this foolery in hats is caused, so I'm told, by the moving pictures being shot in Egypt. This Cleopatra influence, though, is not as obvious as you might think. And anyway, we have had side-draped Oriental turbans before, *alors*.

THE *commedia dell' arte* is the jumping-off point this time for Sally Victor, who has put forth some of the most imaginative swashbuckling big hats to be seen anywhere. (All of them appear in medium and small versions, too, but it's more fun to talk about the ones for Entrances.) Her Pantaloons, which are felts that clear the forehead, sport a bit of shirring that starts high at one side and then is released into a brim that sweeps irregularly outward and downward, sort of like wings, toward the back. Some hats that do homage to Harlequin have squarish crowns that slant to the rear, and brims that are narrow front and back but shoot out wide at the sides before they curl up-

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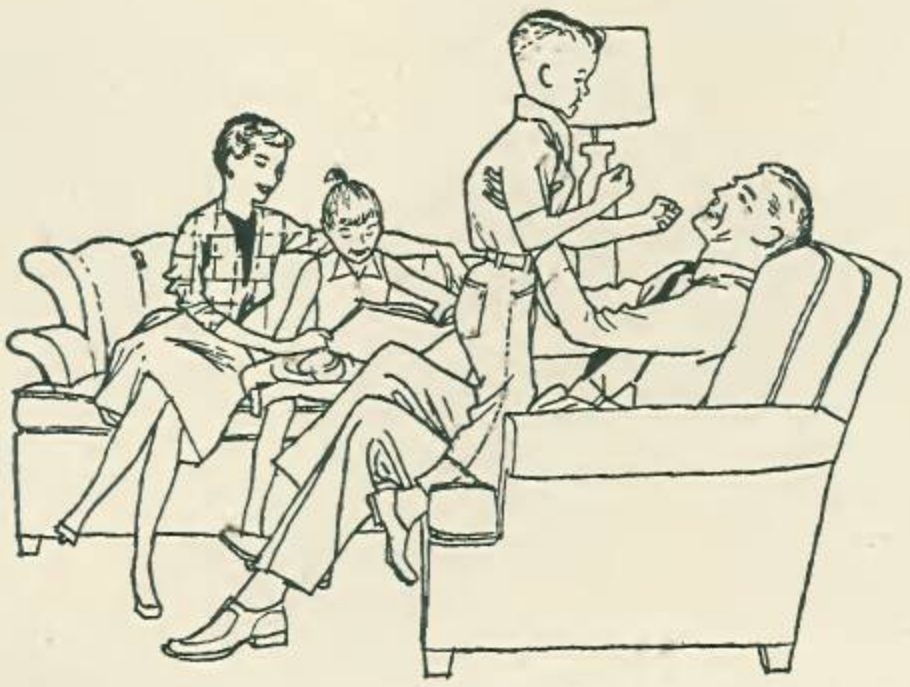
Merry Widows

ward. Her Scaramouche berets are likely to involve bands around the head an inch or more wide and tops of contrasting fabric that spill over the edge, sometimes as far as the shoulders; a de-luxe version is of black velours with a bandeau of white mink. Victor is also turning her talents to floppy slouch hats, usually of the velours and melusines and soleils and other silky, deep-piled felts that abound this year. These are adorned with satin ribbon—a left-handed gesture toward what used to be known as a sports type of knockabout hat. Most of her slouches dip gracefully on one side and arch on the other. Some are entirely of stitched satin; one such, with a low, big, squared-off crown, is shown with a fitted town coat of pepper-and-salt tweed (looks good, too). A perfect beauty (in three sizes) of cerise felt has a deep, below-the-crown fold across the front that turns into a fluted godet on the downside. As for small hats, there are pillboxes, with undulating, inverted U's cut out of the bottom, in every possible fabric plus embroidery or jewels; a honey in red velvet is sprayed with jet beads. For that matter, you can have fur pillboxes; one of black broadtail is indented by red suède dots all the way around. Victor's Egyptian caps look more Cleopatra than most, but they also suggest the helmets of our own nineteen-twenties, being cut nearly straight along the hairline in front and then curving down to cover the ears. The quiet versions sometimes show up in fuzzy gray felt with a darker one-inch edge or in leopard with a band of black felt; the restless ones occasionally have a band of feathers going across the forehead and then straight down into wings, either over the ears or forward beside the cheeks. And nothing could be more charming than Victor's little beret-and-ascot combinations, tilted way over to one side and made of leopard, white mink, or pink ermine—*blush* pink, at that.

MR. JOHN is also fond of fur, but he can easily bemuse you, for many of his specially dyed felts have such depth that it would be easy to conclude that they are zebra, nutria, or mink instead of merely a convincing replica. (The price tags will tell you, though.) One big Garbo cloche is of dark mink, arched in front and rippling low at the sides and back; others have deep crowns of gray or blond Egyptian shag (the shaggiest felt yet) and wide brims of darker-gray or brown felt. A really deep cloche with a bell crown



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McCall's

—for the woman and her family

is of African zebra, and its tiny rippled brim shoots downward all around; a superlative one, all shirred pink velvet, is along somewhat the same lines. Still another cloche ends in a small brim that slants down and then turns under a bit. I suggest that the buyer be sure she has a neck as long as Garbo's if she chooses any of these, lest she look crushed to earth. Mr. John's helmet cloches are round and project in front, polo style, and the visors of some provide a really slashing profile effect; a beige or black melusine hat has a huge visor coming forward and downward.

My favorites of the whole Mr. John lot are his Egyptian Princess caps, which hug the head and the hairline. Some are of tan kasha jersey, draped down to a little bow in back, or draped diagonally, with little scimitars of gathered jersey over the temples or across the back to hold in the gathers. Many are of striped black-and-white silk, and one is strictly from the Nile—a V of black velvet on the forehead and an arc of striped silk down each side of the face; you expect an asp to rear up from the top. This sort of cap (for women who still insist on huddled coat collars) appears in evening versions of silk velvet or peony-pink satin (the latter are pulled into a big knot down on the nape), and a number of them are decorated with wispy feathers trailing down one cheek or over the forehead. Among the other ideas for after dark are caps of shirred white panne cut in star shapes whose points nestle in the hair or zigzag down the cheeks. Plenty of these are decorated with wispy feathers, too. And there are feather turbans in such muted colors that it is often difficult to tell where the hair leaves off and the hat begins. (I happen to like this sneaky approach.) Their décor is forward-shooting ornaments. Several of them jut boldly forward, as shaggy as any modern hairdo. These are for women who once in a while want to imply a short haircut without actually having one, and so are some sleek beauties of shiny black lacquered or iridescent feathers, overlapping and quivering like leaves.

"NO pillboxes, no Camembert influence," says Adolfo (Emmé's new address is 19 West 57th Street), who is making some of the least adamant hats in town. They are easygoing, adjustable, and mostly look as if they'd been thrown on the head any which way. The favored way of wearing them is back of one ear. A red-and-dark-green striped blazer wool with lit-

tle gold blazer buttons as the only decoration makes deep beanie caps and little crushed berets, and there are gloves and handbags to match. Cap helmets of velours are occasionally given back draping, like a turban, but they slam on behind an ear in a manner the complete opposite of grandiose. Some have a slight rolled edge and a bit of height toward the rear. And all of them can be flattened out and packed, there being no wire or anything else more restraining than a touch of binding. A lot of the hats have a real round-headed look—Emmé calls them "globular"—but there is usually drapery to keep them from being too stark. Still, there *is* one really stark polo helmet, with a chin strap of white velours, that juts out a trifle over the eyes—just the ticket for a chukker or two in somebody's duplex. The others are also worn straight on the head and projecting over the eyes, but they're at least mashed in here and there to make them look soft.

Anchored hats, too, continue to get loving attention here for those who remain true to flyaway shapes. Striped velvet Bretons of several sizes are secured to the owner by detachable, head-hugging underpinning that goes right down to the ears. Comes now a whole group of hats that are a mixture of black beaver (looks like seal) and a bright turquoise jersey. The beaver makes a toque, a cloche with a small crown, or whatever; the jersey makes a gathered and draped snood that can entirely cover the ears and hair or show as much coiffure as the wearer pleases. Adolfo, in addition, has thought up a magnificent beret of black broadtail, which is utterly casual save for the big rhinestone ornament; it's to be worn with a broadtail cape. And he has thought up an inverted flowerpot of leopard to be worn tilted, Dietrich fashion, with a matching jacket of black seal. Still another fur job is a dome cloche of leopard. Women with long, wistful bobs might try his shallow beanies, tipped far over an ear, with a feather or a trail of black chiffon descending from the top. (The hat bars will love copying these, though.) For evening, there are masses of period-piece, Gaby Deslys glimmer, such as a net cap studded with rhinestones and further enlivened by a huge *chou* of tulle that starts low at one side and ends in a trailing scarf to drape around the shoulders. Now let us inspect Adolfo's two-in-one (or one-in-two) hats. The first example is a rhinestone-studded V of black taffeta going from the forehead to a bow or chignon at the back of the

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neck; a big taffeta hat with a puffy edge is worn over it. The second example is a hat that is masses of black tulle, over which is worn a black taffeta babushka. (Adolfo was responsible for that organdie wedding-veil babushka that has become such a conversation piece around town, and it will be hard to forgive him, because he knew perfectly well what he was doing.)

GUSTAVO offers no forward look at all; everything slopes merrily to the back from a point above the hairline in front. He does big hats of beige soleil, the brims turned sharply back on themselves in front and descending in the rear beyond the smooth shoulders of the straight Directoire coats he believes in. The back fullness of a version in gray soleil droops lower on one side than the other; a more moderate version, of brown soleil, has a brim in back short enough to clear the coat collar. Many of his hats are extra-deep pillboxes or toques, or a mixture of both—off the hairline in front and ascending to widen a bit at the top, Ninotchka style. Some are of black velvet with black satin around the upper edge, and dashing indeed. Lots of them look like a handkerchief carefully tied down over the ears, with little dog-eared points sticking out above. But it's only an illusion; the technique is just one of Gustavo's ingenious contributions to the small cloche—the brim arching wide over the forehead but close to the head at the sides, the deep crown folded to give width above the ears. (Several *actual* handkerchief evening hats are here, too. A number are pink or blue velvet covered with crystal beads, and they end in tabs across the back of the head and wide, upstanding points at the sides.) What I wanted to say was that the Gustavo cloche is as imaginative as anything you'll run across in many a day. Most of his examples are tilted and irregular, with all kinds of insets and ornaments, and they jut out beside one ear, zigzag down one cheek, or go forward into a sickle curve on one temple. A little cloche of beige soleil has a tiny arched brim of purple soleil in front, and a sickle of the beige soleil winds around each side of the visor to the appropriate eyebrow. Gustavo is firmly in favor of coq feathers for the cocktail or dinner hour—a band of white satin goes across the head above the hairline to end in a point on one cheekbone, and feathers sweep across the top and down at one side; a sort of pillbox velvet cap has a trail of the feathers down the back. He believes

women's foreheads should be clean-cut, without any raggedy bangs, if they plan to wear his hats, and he also believes that, in back, Her hair should be longer than His is.

WALTER FLORELL is amusing himself and the customers with double-brimmed hats that he calls Car-Chics because they look rather like automobile tires. A tire beret, to be worn straight on the head, looks like a fat round tube of black felt set on a head-hugging black velvet bandeau that comes down in points to the tops of the ears; others are in two tones of, say, gray felt and have a Breton air, probably because the underbrim curves upward to meet the upper brim descending. The crowns cling snugly to the back of the head. Then, we have his Sphinxes (Egypt *again*?), which are like deep toques. Most of the fall hats are limp as stockings, but these are heavily stiffened. They end in a very small downward-slanting brim, with only a hint of a waistline to separate the brim from the crown, and Florell swathes them and swathes them with stuff. One of royal-blue velvet is wrapped with two-tone pink jersey; one is wrapped in a matching velvet; one of blue-flame jersey is almost entirely covered with iridescent paillettes, pearls, and rhinestones. Other swathed affairs are more like conventional cloches, with medium brims covered by artful drapery. And Florell plumps for old-fashioned curly ostrich in the evening, usually letting it froth over the tops of shallow, widish pillboxes of panne velvet or combinations of black velvet and satin.

SUCH an odd feeling to see so few veils and other flutter in the fall showings. Refreshing, like a good clean wind from the sea, it is. But this isn't the whole story. Florell is not the only milliner who is resisting the apparent trend to simplicity. There are all the formal Oriental turbans at places like Lilly Daché and Laddie Northridge. And there is a noticeable preoccupation with glittery junk jewelry for the neck to help resist that same trend. I'll get around to these crosscurrents any moment now. —LOIS LONG

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Yip-i-addy-i-ay-i-ay!
Yip-i-addy-i-ay!

Those were the first English words I knew by heart.—"*Guignol's Band*," *by Louis-Ferdinand Céline.*

Well, it's a start.

READING MAKETH A FULL MAN

OR, PUT ON YOUR ROSE-COLORED BIFOCALS

FOR the past several months, prior to last week, whenever I started to read a book—or, for that matter, a magazine, a newspaper, or the monthly letter of the National City Bank—I felt as though my brains were turning to butter, or possibly to oleomargarine. I toyed with the idea of a three-year analysis with Dr. Kubie (especially one day after I had had a dream in which I was a stamp collector, and the giraffes in the 1901 issue of Nyassa burst out of their engravings and started nosing me into a clump of eucalyptus trees, closely followed by the camels from the higher values); with the notion of taking a world cruise, a hot bath, or a cold bird; and with a project to substitute grace for Martinis before breakfast.

Reason prevailed, however. It occurred to me last week that my eyes, which I hadn't had examined for eight years, rather than my brains, which I have never had examined, might be at fault. I consulted my oculist, who confirmed my suspicion. He prescribed bifocals, and this not only has restored my pleasure in reading but has made it a kind of adventure. The adventure comes in because I haven't quite got the hang of the bifocals, and this sometimes throws my reading off just enough to lend it an entertaining aspect, which, I am sure, is often missed by those blessed with twenty-twenty vision. For example, I recently picked up the real-estate section of the Sunday *Times* and read, or thought I read:

MADMAN TAKES
ROCKLAND TRACT

COMPLETES ASSEMBLAGE OF 700
ACRES IN ORANGEBURG FOR
FUTURE DEVELOPMENT

I was delighted with this item, and with the *Times* for running it. How much more interesting it sounded than the two headlines that flanked it: "HOUSES PLANNED AT JERSEY LAKES," and "LIQUOR FIRM GETS STORAGE BUILDING"! I knew there was an insane asylum—Grasslands—in Rockland County, and I reflected that the madman must have escaped from there, or perhaps been paroled in the custody of his aunt, and, with a hell of a yell, acquired the tract, which I assumed he would name Lunatic Fringe.

I then began to wonder whether the assemblage of the seven hundred acres he had completed had been started by another, mayhap a previous escapee, or whether he had done the whole thing on his own. If he had, I thought, what a methodical, forward-looking maniac! Was this not proof positive that we misjudge our mental cases? Should they not *all* be turned loose, with a small amount of capital, some surveying instruments, and a batch of blueprints? Would they not then blanket the earth with pleasure domes, and cause split-level units, garden apartment houses, full basements, attached garages, expansion attics, built-in-the-wall ovens, and two-family, no-down-payment gazebos to bloom where none had bloomed before? Were these maniacs not more steadfast of purpose than their saner brethren? Was not a delusion, nourished behind barred windows in an institution, stronger, and in a way more admirable, than the kind of ambivalence you so often find in luxury hotels, duplex apartments, and private houses, where windows are open to every passing breeze and occupants open to every passing suggestion? Is not a man who thinks—nay, knows—he is Napoleon, or who cares for nought but the future development of Orangeburg, a more valuable citizen than one who can't make up his mind which he prefers, fresh orange juice or frozen?

I took off my bifocals, wiped them, put them back, and read on, and my theories vanished into a cocked hat, which I had also taken off, and laid on the table. "A tract of more than seven hundred acres in Rockland County," I read, "has been assembled by Irving Maidman for improvement and investment. Part of the property will be used for housing, while the remainder will be developed for industrial use."

WELL, disappointments abound, but I am going to go right on reading in the hope of stimulating new bifocal illusions. As a matter of fact, it is perfectly possible to misread a *Times* headline to advantage without benefit of typographical hallucination. Here's one I came across on the same page as Mr. Maidman, and happily misinterpreted:

$4,200,000 MORTGAGE
SOLD BY "FANNY MAY"

I thought this meant that a lady named Fanny May had sold a four-million-two-hundred-thousand-dollar mortgage. Not at all. Fanny May is a nickname for the Federal National Mortgage Association. I suppose the *Times*' quotation marks should have tipped me off, but you know how the

Times is about quotation marks in its headlines—always putting them around "Gas" (for "Gasoline"), "Cold Feet," "Soft Line" (as in "Red 'Soft Line' "), "Asylum" (as in "Czech 'Asylum' "), "Cornerstone" (as in "Republican 'Cornerstone' "), "Revolt" (as in " 'Revolt' on Wages"), and so forth—and I just don't pay much attention to them any more. Actually, I thought Fanny May was a woman I know—Mrs. Myron Schafer, whose maiden name was Fanny May. I supposed she was using it for tax purposes. I was just about to dab some Klear-Glass on my bifocals (they keep clouding over) and write her a note of congratulation when the truth dawned on me.

Well, I had had my moment, or second moment, of excitement, and it is, or was, one in which all can, or could, share, bifocals or no. The twenty-twenty bunch need not despair.

—Geoffrey T. Hellman

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HORSES IN CENTRAL PARK

Colors of horses like leaves or stones,
wealthy textures,
liquors of light:

skin of a plum
more than ripe,
sheathing a robust cloven rump;

sere October leaves,
a gaunt roan's hide,
freckled dun and red;

a mole-gray back,
a dappled haunch,
tail and forelock mauve like smoke;

sober chestnut burnished
by his sweat
to veined and glowing oak;

ruddy bay;
and buckskin blond as wheat;
Burgundy mare with mane of jet;

seal-brown mustang
with stocking feet;
pinto in patched and hooded domino;

coal-colored stallion,
flake of white on his brow,
slippery silk in the sun;

blue-eyed albino,
smooth-peeled willow
or ivory under water or morning snow.

Across the tapestry of trees and grass,
colors of horses—
petals, jewels, liquors—pass.

—May Swenson

ON THE COURTS

Two Systems

THE National Doubles Championships, played last week, as usual, at the Longwood Cricket Club, in Brookline, Massachusetts, were notable for a number of things, among them a just about perfect seeding job. There were twelve seeded teams—six domestic and six foreign—and they all reached the third round. The first five domestic seeds were still there in the quarter-finals, along with the three top foreign seeds—all Australians. The semifinals had the No. 1 and No. 2 seeded teams in each division, and the final saw Australia's best pair, Lewis Hoad and Kenneth Rosewall, lose in four exciting and beautifully played sets to our Davis Cup doubles team, Tony Trabert and Victor Seixas. The score was 3–6, 6–4, 8–6, 6–3.

Before the start of the final, there was considerable speculation in the stadium as to whether the strict training methods used by Harry Hopman, the Australians' coach, would prove more effective than a secret signalling system recently devised by Trabert and Seixas. How they manage it I don't know, but they are able to indicate to each other, by means that are imperceptible to anyone else, where they plan to be on the court from shot to shot. Hopman's system is less subtle. He has his charges up by eight o'clock and doing roadwork and calisthenics for an hour or more before they go to work on improving their game. He supervises their diet right down to the amount of orange juice they may drink, and he is implacable about putting them to bed at eleven o'clock. In Paris a while back, this almost caused an international incident. Hopman softened to the extent of taking his team to a night club, but just before the featured singer, who happened to be Lena Horne, was introduced, he looked at his watch, announced "Bedtime," and herded his players out. Next day, one of the Paris papers interpreted this sequence of events, with something less than the usual Gallic logic, as evidence that the Australians were bundles of race prejudice. Hopman also has a system of fines for violations of his orders. He assessed

the nineteen-year-old Hoad two dollars the other day for neglecting to shave. On the basis of last week's performance, it would seem that the Trabert-Seixas system was superior to Hopman's.

Other items for which these championships will be remembered include—thanks to the good weather and, perhaps, the absence of the Boston Red Sox for most of the week—the largest attendance in the seventy-four-year history of the tournament, and the appearance of Mrs. Hazel Hotchkiss Wightman in her fiftieth national tennis championship. I am sure that Mrs. Wightman, who is sixty-seven, could put up quite a fight against girls a third her age. She was teamed with Mrs. Hopman, who is forty-two, and they won the Women's Senior Doubles in straight sets, 6–1, 6–4.

An innovation this year was a so-called tennis clinic to give the spectators a better idea of the intricacies of doubles play. Gardnar Mulloy presided, and at his direction Seixas and Trabert, working with Eddie Moylan and Bernard Bartzen, demonstrated different types of serves, volleys, lobs, and so on. Mulloy slipped up just once. In discussing foot faults, he said there were seven kinds. A lawyer by trade, he corrected that statement quickly by saying, "Sorry. Make that six. I was thinking of the Florida divorce laws."—P. W. W., Jr.

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There is nothing new in heavy punishments for flirting in public. Under the Puritans, lovers in New England were punished as heavily as in modern Egypt. In 1660, Jacob Minline and Sarah Tuttle were charged with public courting in New Haven. According to the testimony of the court, "They sat down together, his arm being about her, and her arm about his shoulder or about his neck; and hee kissed her, and shee kissed him, or they kissed one another, continuing in this posture about half an hour." When Sarah was asked whether John had inveigled her affections, she denied the charge and said she hoped she had inveigled his. For this she was denounced as "a bould virgin" and fined £5, Jacob Minline being set free.—*The Times Magazine.*

Let's not drag John into this.

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I also saw petite and lovely Mrs. Philip Isles, Mrs. John Jacob Astor, the William Woodward Jrs., chic Mrs. Edward Lehman, Mrs. Douglas Sloan, J. Henry Alexandre; our Executive Publisher, Jack Herbert, and Mrs. Herbert, David and Fern Gimbel, the Jay Rutherfords, and many others too prominent to mention.
—*Cholly Knickerbocker in the Journal-American.*

Snob!

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

AUGUST 19

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER, who left here this morning to begin his part in the 1954 Congressional campaign, has five months to go before completing the first half of his first administration. Except in the calendar sense, however, he is in the middle of his tenure right now. The Eighty-third Congress has just about finished up its legislative business, and it is in this Congress that the administration has made the record it must stand on in the mid-term elections, which are invariably thought to be a test of how the voters regard a President and his party. It may be that momentous decisions will confront the President in the next few months, but no crisis of a political nature is foreseeable now, and none will arise if it is within his and his associates' power to defer it. Aside from the task of assisting his party in the coming campaign—particularly those members of it who are pledged to assisting him—his work for the years 1953 and 1954 is at an end. He has formulated a program, submitted it to Congress, and noted, sometimes ruefully, its progress there. What he does between now and the convening of the Eighty-fourth Congress, in January, will belong more properly to the second than to the first half of his administration.

Among those who have been observing the President closely since he took office on January 20, 1953, the feeling is widespread that this halfway mark in his term coincides with some striking changes in his outlook on his job and in his manner of handling it. It has been plain to almost everyone here that up to this summer his outlook on his job has been a sour one. In his press conferences, which in themselves he found distasteful and avoided whenever a handy excuse offered itself, he neither spoke nor behaved like a man happy in his work, and any number of people who had occasion to talk with him privately reported that he seemed to be generally discontented. He had, they said, found the job more taxing than he had expected, and the political atmosphere of his life more stifling. He could not bring himself to a stoic acceptance of the fact that every aspect of his and his family's life was subject to constant scrutiny and comment. He was full of bitterness about things like the public debate over whether he spent too much time playing golf. He was not only vexed but profoundly bored by many of the problems he was forced to deal with, and he was aghast at the bureaucratically archaic system that compelled him to sit hour after hour affixing his name to so-called private bills and other documents he regarded as trivial. He found very little to his liking in the political process generally. While he understood, of course, that a civilian leader must demonstrate not only the wisdom—factitious or otherwise—of his commands but his authority to issue them, he is reported not to have realized how much of his military background would prove irrelevant, or even a downright handicap, in his present line. The "staff system" he introduced in the White House has worked well enough in keeping him informed, but as a technique of administration it has been a frost, and the President knows it. (Its flaws are being vividly revealed in the current mixup over Senator Dirksen's proposal to return to German and Japanese nationals the properties this country seized in wartime. Mr. Dulles and Mr. Brownell, the President's diplomatic and legal deputies, respectively, have been arguing at cross-purposes before Congressional committees, and both, it develops, are at cross-purposes with the President.) Finally, the failure of the Republican factions to compose their differences and unite behind him has been a source of extreme disappointment.

Until a few weeks ago, the common opinion here was that the President would, if he felt that he could allow himself to be guided by his own wishes and a concern for his own welfare, reject the nomination of the Republican Party in 1956. Because it was realized that a man who has made a record of any sort acquires, in time, an interest in defending it and in seeking personal vindication, and because it was also realized that parties have a way of prevailing over the personal wishes of their leaders, there were few people who went so far as to say flatly that the President would not be a candidate. But the feeling almost everywhere was that he didn't like the job, that he regretted ever having accepted it, and that he would put up a stiff fight against any attempt to get him to renew his contract two years from now. It was pointed out that he had often said he had sought the office in the first place only to keep it from two other men—Robert A. Taft and Harry S. Truman. Convinced that the country would not benefit by the election of either man, he felt he had no choice but to campaign for himself. The elimination of both these men, it was argued, eliminated his case for himself. Beyond that, he was unhappy in the job. The odds on his quitting were favorable.

In recent days, this line of thought has been widely revised. Evidence has been piling up to suggest that the President not only is becoming accustomed to his present mode of living but is beginning to enjoy it. Visitors have found him less dour and complaining, associates have found him less bored by his work, and correspondents have found him a friendlier, live-

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lier, more formidable, and somewhat more combative statesman. He still lacks, and doubtless always will lack, the kind of Presidential militancy exemplified for Republicans by Theodore Roosevelt and for Democrats by Franklin Roosevelt, but at least he no longer gives the impression of diffidence, lassitude, and self-pity that he was giving only a short while ago. It may be that appearances are deceiving, or it may be that he is merely bracing himself for the ordeal of the Congressional campaign, but the fact remains that there has been a notable change in his attitude and manner. It has also been pointed out that the change seems to have taken place at about the same stage as a similar change took place in the attitude of his predecessor. The self-confidence and jauntiness that came to be thought of as characteristic of President Truman did not display themselves until he had been in office a couple of years and had overcome the sense of unworthiness to which he gave constant expression in the months immediately following his inauguration. Mr. Eisenhower could never say, as Mr. Truman so justly could, that the office had been thrust upon him against his will, nor has he ever had to struggle against such a sense of inadequacy as Mr. Truman had. Nevertheless, in the view of those who saw most of the President prior to this summer, he was burdened with the feeling that fate had in some unexplained way dealt unkindly with him. Now, in the view of those who see most of him, he is burdened no longer. The odds on renomination currently seem favorable.

Whether or not the President is at present enjoying himself, he is plainly handling himself with greater ease and effectiveness. This was particularly noticeable at this week's and last week's news conferences, which were, by the common consent of those in attendance, his most impressive performances in well over a year. On both occasions, the President, who has been looking extraordinarily well, was relaxed, genial, direct, and assertive in all his responses. He did not once resort to the kind of meandering prologue—generally taking the form of melancholy observations on the terrible complexity of the problem raised—that he has so often used in order to buy himself time in which to prod his memory and organize his thoughts. (It is a curious fact that men in politics always feel that not an instant must elapse between the asking of a question and the flow of their words in reply. It is doubtful whether the request, so common in most forms of discourse, for a few moments in which

to think a matter over has ever been made at a press conference.) Nor did he once get trapped inside one of his own sentences. He did not achieve lucidity—it would not be natural if he did, for he is a man without much feeling for words or much liking for analysis—but he left no one in any doubt as to what he meant. At one point in last week's conference, he even went so far as to make a literary allusion. It was to Conan Doyle's "The White Company," one of the three books a biographer of his has mentioned as having influenced him in his earlier years, the others being "Pilgrim's Progress" and "A Connecticut Yankee." The improvement in form was accompanied by some changes—which many people regarded as improvements also—in substance. In discussing General Mark Clark's views on world affairs and in commenting on the candidacy for the Senate of Clifford Case, of New Jersey, he abandoned his admirable but confining policy of never dealing in personalities. By means of a few remarks on the folly of generalizations, he made it clear that he hopes henceforth to be a more discriminating leader of his party and to use his prestige on behalf of the sort of candidates he wants. On the whole, his approach was more spirited and more emphatic than it has ever been in the past, and it was the consensus of the reporters that they were dealing, at any rate for the moment, with a President who had come to understand the nature of political power and who was getting some pleasure out of exercising his authority. When he was asked directly about his plans for another term, he was as deliberately noncommittal as any officeholder must be who realizes that others' uncertainty as to the termination of his power is a great asset in his present use of it. But it was evident that he did not recoil or experience revulsion of any sort at the prospect of staying on in the White House. In past discussions of the same question, the revulsion has been evident.

In one respect, though, the President is as enigmatic a figure today as he has ever been. Now, in the middle of his term, it is as difficult as it was five years ago to determine his own personal estimates of men and issues, and especially of those issues that have to do with the structure of American society. There is no one in Washington, even among those who see him day in and day out, who can give a clear account of what the President really believes. Although circumstances have driven him more and more into the

company of those Republicans who like to be known as liberals, little evidence can be adduced to show that he actually belongs with them or shares their convictions. A few things, to be sure, are perfectly clear. No one has any doubt about his estimate of Senator McCarthy. It is low. He does not belong to the extreme interventionist school headed up by Admiral Radford, whom he selected under pressure from Senator Knowland and Senator Taft as chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and he does not belong to the Republican group that regards all our recent interventions in Europe as so much wasted time and money. As a matter of fact, it is possible, by processes of elimination and speculation, to piece together a reasonably coherent summary of what he stands for in the field of foreign policy. But no amount of piecing together yields a philosophy on domestic questions. The New Dealish tinge that some Republican leaders profess to see in his views is regarded here as nonexistent—a case of guilt by association. The assumption most often encountered is that on economic questions all his instincts are deeply conservative. Once, long before he was President, he told an interviewer that no concept in the world was more important to him than the concept of business enterprise unfettered by government, and of business competition open to all who wished to compete. It was this faith in what he understood to be the American business system, he said, that had led him to accept the presidency of Columbia University. "I wanted to devote the rest of my career," he explained, "to filling the young people of this country with the appreciation of this system that I learned in eighteen years of watching other systems." And he has said that same thing in various ways on other occasions. But statements of this sort only raise the question of what, exactly, he is talking about when he talks about the system, and of what he means by his frequent endorsements of the "middle way." ("If only a man can have courage enough to take the leadership of the middle!" he once exclaimed to John Gunther.) He mingles his praise of moderation with statements that place him in the Right Wing of his party and policies that place him in the Left Wing. He has spoken disparagingly of the whole idea of social security, he has opposed federal aid to education, and he has described the Tennessee Valley Authority as "creeping Socialism." He has seemed to regard the public lands as something the public came by wrongfully, and he is evident-

ly convinced that the only way to redeem the great national investment in atomic energy is to convert it into private capital. These things could be taken as expressions of an intellectually consistent outlook if it were not for the fact that every point seems to have its counterpoint. He has, in practice, favored broad extensions of social security and endorsed the principle of federal aid to education. He has been a New Dealer in his farm policy, and both a protectionist and a non-protectionist in his tariff policy. Confronted with his harsh judgments of public enterprises, he has invariably softened them. Despite his admiration for the business system, and his confidence, made manifest in his executive appointments, that it is the country's leading reservoir of intelligence and ability, he has offended many of its leaders and has been critical of many of its works. Once, when inflation was a lively issue, he scandalized even the radicals in Washington by suggesting that for a stipulated length of time the government take a hundred per cent of the profits of private business.

Quite a number of people here have now come to believe that the President hasn't any fixed outlook on domestic problems at all and isn't too much interested in them. This does not imply any lack of sincerity in his praise for the American system. He is a patriot who likes what he knows of this country. Much of what he knows was gained under conditions very different from those existing today. When he speaks of "this system," he is talking about an amalgam of the things he learned in Kansas fifty years ago and the things he has observed while moving about the country during the last decade. Differences of the kind that divide people in Washington seem trifling and legalistic to him. His own first reaction to any given problem tends to be extremely conservative, but he does not attach enough importance to either the problem or his reaction to be bound by his own preferences when political necessity seems to suggest another course. Because he is conservative by temperament, he is a Republican, but he is a Republican who thinks that John Sherman Cooper, of Kentucky, and Everett Dirksen, of Illinois, are agreed on essentials—at least in the field of internal affairs—and ought to stop the hairsplitting that keeps their party in such constant turmoil. As far as anyone here can see, the one thing the President cares deeply about, the one thing he is unwilling to compromise on, is the maintenance of what he regards as a sound military policy in

Europe. Whether this grows out of anything deeper than a military recognition of the need for allies is not clear, but it is clear that he does not wish in any way to disturb the policy of collective security. That is one of the few certain things about his political views at present—that and the fact that he seems to be taking a more cheerful and tolerant view of being in politics at all. Once that view is taken, there is no telling when or where it will end.

FOR sheer chaos, irony, and grim comedy, nothing in recent years has matched the situation that has developed here over the outlawing of the Communist Party. It is not yet known whether the President will veto or pocket-veto the bill that has passed both houses. As he remarked a couple of days ago, he couldn't say what he was going to do about the bill because he didn't know what was in it. In this respect, he was like everyone else, including the authors, whoever they were. It is being said that the bill was "written on the floor," which in a manner of speaking is true, since it wasn't the work of any committee. Actually, it wasn't "written" at all but was improvised, like a children's play, and it is only now, when everything that was said is in print in the *Congressional Record*, that it is possible for anybody to know what it contains. It contains a bit of everything; it is a stew of all the anti-Communist measures ever suggested by anyone over the past ten years. It probably violates the Constitution at a dozen points, and it unquestionably nullifies—as the Department of Justice is frantically pointing out—most of the internal-security laws now on the books.

If the President signs it or if a Presidential veto is overridden, it will be a law that came into being by almost unanimous consent when, in point of fact, there was no one at all who wanted it. The President didn't want it. The Department of Justice regards it as a legal catastrophe. The Republicans in Congress were committed to handling the problem in a different way. So far as is known, Senator McCarthy wasn't for it. It was no part of Democratic policy. It came up because a handful of Democrats—men who strike the loftiest moral attitudes—thought it would be an excellent joke to put the Republicans in the position of publicly opposing a measure that seemed to be in opposition to Communism. The Republicans, as might easily have been predicted in any August preceding an election November, weren't in a joking mood, and they not only accepted

the Democratic proposals but started stuffing in ideas of their own. There was a country-auction atmosphere about the whole business. All participants were sure that somewhere there was someone who would get them off the hook. But now, unless the President wants to be the sucker, there is no one who will break up what today's Washington *Post* describes as "this emotional and political stampede." Senator McCarthy is said to be laughing his head off.

—Richard H. Rovere

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SOLOMON'S HIGH DIVE

(EDITORS' NOTE: SOL SOLOMON IS A CARNIVAL HIGH DIVER.)

Wisdom plunges with a full gainer
layout into the lake of fire;
Sol Solomon
scrambles with the speed of a spider,
the ape's agility, and nautical grace
to the top of the ladder;
on hangman's platform,
with lifted arms,
his hands rain benediction on the crowd.
The music stops,
lake blazes,
and Sol plunges;
wisdom, with full turn, plummets
into the fiery pool.

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The phoenix rising splashes flame.
Sol Solomon, sun of wisdom,
climbs from the tank, bows to
beholders, and flicks back
into the dark. —Robert Lax

THE RACE TRACK

Native Dancer Retires

NATIVE DANCER's retirement, announced at Saratoga last Sunday after an old injury to his right forefoot began to act up again, came at a singularly inopportune time. Alfred Vanderbilt's gray whirlwind had returned to the races the previous Monday, his first start since he won the Metropolitan Handicap at Belmont in May. Showing all his famous bounce and go, even with an impost of a hundred and thirty-seven pounds, he romped off with the Oneonta Handicap, beating First Glance and Gigantic, the only other starters, by about nine lengths. The race was intended to warm him up for the Saratoga Cup, this Friday, and after that, Mr. Vanderbilt was going to make up his mind about sending him to France for the Prix de l'Arc-de-Triomphe. He had a routine gallop Sunday morning, and looked all right, but while he was cooling out he began favoring his right front foot. Mr. Vanderbilt and his trainer, Bill Winfrey, decided immediately to withdraw him from racing. He'll enter the stud at Sagamore Farm, in Maryland, next spring.

Although I am saddened more than I can say by what has happened to Native Dancer, I'm glad he isn't going to France. The Arc-de-Triomphe isn't really the most important race abroad, and besides, the Dancer would have had to take something the worst of it; he'd have been running against twenty-five or thirty animals accustomed to the footing, the fodder, the water, and the climate. He's done enough as it is, having won twenty-one out of his twenty-two starts, and $785,240 in prize money. His only defeat was, as everyone surely remembers, in last year's Kentucky Derby, in which he failed by a head to catch Dark Star, whom he defeated later on in the Preakness. Oh, well, we can all look forward now to 1958, when the first of his children will come to the races.

IT is with what Commencement Day speakers refer to as mingled emotions that I record the first bad break this season in the fortunes of the C. V. Whitney horses at Saratoga Springs. Up to last weekend, they had won sixteen

races in seventeen days, which is nice going for any stable. But on Saturday, Pyrenees was beaten by the Belair Stud's Nashua in the Grand Union Hotel Stakes, and Fisherman finished second to Alfred Vanderbilt's Social Outcast in the Whitney Handicap. But nobody wins all the time.

You'd hardly have supposed that the Grand Union, coming midway between the Saratoga Special and the Hopeful Stakes, would have brought out the first-rate two-year-olds it did. In addition to Nashua and Pyrenees, they included Jim Brady's Commonwealth, who ran so fast in his only previous start, months ago at Belmont Park; the Wheatley Stable's Laugh, winner of the Flash; Maine Chance Farm's Model Ace; and Gold Box, one of Greentree's prized colts. Commonwealth took a long lead quickly, as he had been expected to, but Nashua wore him down easily in the stretch, and then stood off the challenge of Pyrenees, who still hasn't learned how to leave the gate fast. You may recall that after Nashua won the Juvenile Stakes at Belmont in the spring I ventured to suggest that he might be one of the very top two-year-olds, and a lot of other people, including Arcaro, who rides him, have had the same notion. However, I'm not giving up on Pyrenees. He'll do in longer races.

There wasn't much for horseplayers to complain about in the Whitney, except for the way it turned out. (Fisherman and his stablemate Cold Command were odds-on favorites.) For one thing, nine runners went to the post—the largest field in the annals of the event. For another, it was a horse race all the way, with Landlocked, a stablemate of Commonwealth, leading for half of the mile and a quarter, and Fisherman getting to the front on the turn for home. Although he couldn't hold off Social Outcast, he made a good try, for he spotted the winner a year and six pounds, which, as I figure it, is worth about four lengths, and he was beaten by three and a half lengths. Besides, Social Outcast had been working with Native Dancer, and maybe he's acquired something of his quality. By osmosis, perhaps.

—Audax Minor

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Before the voting present trustees of the Village Board gave reports on accomplishments during the past year. Mayor Goering cited the new sidewalks constructed, the work done on village trees, the fact that the village has a disposal plant capable of accommodating 1500 more residents.—*Clinton (N.Y.) Courier.*

Reds, of course.

BOOKS

Fifth Gospel

ONE would rather not say at all what must be said at once, without a whisper of mitigation—that William Faulkner's "A Fable" (Random House) is a calamity. It is speaking still more harshly to add that the novel is not even an immense calamity, in which the author, having struggled mightily with a mighty theme, is seen to stumble and bring his work down round him in great chunks of perhaps usable ruins. "A Fable" is immense only in the number of words employed to tell it; its theme, an account in twentieth-century terms of the events of Passion Week, is plainly intended to be sublime, yet often teeters on the verge of claptrap; and its ruins, though vast, are of papier-mâché, which the first fall rains will turn into pulp. The book is, indeed, a sort of optical illusion. From one chapter to the next, a reader is inclined to suppose that what he has embarked on is a bad big novel. It turns out, on the contrary, that "A Fable" is a bad small novel, absurdly distended in scale. Its failure, unlike the failure of a major work, is therefore neither very interesting in itself nor very important, except for the sorry fact that a man of genius has wasted so much pell-mell vitality on it. For Faulkner is not only one of the worst novelists alive, he is one of the best, and at his best he is unbeatable. Yeats somewhere defines rhetoric as the will trying to do the work of the imagination. It is sad to find Faulkner reduced to rhetoric; it is sadder still to find that he has devoted this rhetoric to preaching.

The tendency to preach has been growing in the proprietor of Yoknapatawpha County in recent years, and the applause with which the world greeted his noble-sounding but insubstantial Nobel Prize speech (what is conveyed when one says that man will prevail? Prevail over what? Insects? God? Himself? For that matter, what is meant by "prevail"?) may have helped to confirm this tendency. In "A Fable" we are obliged to listen at remorseless length to Preacher Faulkner's night thoughts on the human predicament, and they are not much. From purple patch to purple patch, he pursues his image of man—Man with a capital "M," Man in his folly and glory and doom, Man "enduring and immortal; enduring not because he is immortal but immortal because he endures"—and sets characters to baying speeches at one another in a vein of lofty gibberish that the late Southern evangelist and spellbinder Thomas Wolfe might well have envied: "If there still existed for you even in dream the splendid and glittering boulevards and faubourgs of your old cradle and your lost estate, it was merely as a dream forever inextricable from your past and forever interdict from your destiny; inextricable the dream, yourself and the dream one, yourself interdict and free from that pain and that longing forever more; inextricable from that youth who is this man now, as is this little lost barren spot here inextricable from that destiny." Yes, but the novelist's subject is men, not Man, and folly, doom, and glory are surely the last words that should ever cross his mind. His purpose, so simple and so hard to achieve, is to show us a boy leaping an icy brook in winter, an old man dying, a girl making love. It is not to hit us over the head with a stuffed stockingful of blowzy metaphysical abstractions.

Writers of little talent are irresistibly tempted to tamper with the Bible. Their object is usually the innocent one of making it cozy for us, of running up at its high bare windows yards and yards of flowery chintz. Being a writer of enormous talent, Faulkner has attempted to do much more and has gained much more shocking results. He has attempted nothing less, in fact, than to "do over" the New Testament in his own singular Gothic Revival style, using fustian instead of chintz. In an ominous dedicatory note, he mentions that the basic idea of the book was given to him by a couple of friends in Beverly Hills, and when the opening sentences of the very first chapter prove to be mint DeMille (a Napoleonic marshal is described as "one of the fiercest stars in that constellation which filled half the sky with its portent and blasted half the earth with its lightning"), we begin to sense with painful vividness the possible circumstances of the gift: the author and his friends seated about a pool, refreshment in hand, after a long, hard day at the studio, and one of the friends saying, "Get this, Bill—it's terrific! A story about what would happen if

"I don't think you even want to see the Louvre."

Christ came back today. Only not really today. Make it, say, 1918. The war. Verdun. A world in flames. And there's this mysterious corporal in the French troops and he and his twelve buddies start a mutiny. Twelve, mind you. They just refuse to fight. Pretty soon everyone else has stopped fighting, too, even the Germans. So then the top brass decides that it will have to kill the corporal. To get rid of him once and for all. And then—" "And then," the other friend breaks in, "after the war is over, the government decides to erect a memorial to the Unknown Soldier, and whose body should end up in the tomb but . . ." Blunt as this partial summary of the plot of "A Fable" is, it is an accurate one, and its vulgarity reflects the underlying vulgarity of the novel. Christ, the Virgin Mary, Mary Magdalene, Peter, Judas—all are in "A Fable" and all are diminished by their presence there. Without regard to what it stands for in terms of religion, the death and resurrection of Christ is our great story. We imitate it, borrow from it, or seek to enrich its meanings at our peril. The wise course is to leave it to the four marvellous writers who tried their hands at it long before Faulkner and who, in a few hundred words apiece, told it better than anyone is ever going to tell it again.

TO turn from the Faulkner failure to a success like "The Go-Between," the new novel by L. P. Hartley (Knopf), is first of all to be tempted to praise it too highly simply because it is a success, and then to risk seeming to prefer any neatly ordered and not very passionate novel to a novel that, though misbegotten and misshapen, is nevertheless intensely alive. Whatever the risk, the fact remains that "The Go-Between" is an almost perfect novel of its neatly ordered and not very passionate sort. Its author isn't Faulkner by a long chalk and never will be, but he has those formidable virtues of intelligence, skill, and taste that make writers of the second rank appear, as one is reading them, better than they appear in retrospect. The go-between for whom the book is named is an English schoolboy. The time is the turn of the century, the season is summer, and the boy is visiting a friend at a big country house in Norfolk. He is new to the degree of wealth and social standing represented by his friend's family, new to the countryside that blazes and shakes with light, and new to the nature of the sexual relationship between men and women, of which he now begins to catch his first per-

turbing glimpses. He finds himself caught up in an intrigue of which he soon becomes the crucial figure, leading others on into catastrophe and dooming himself to a largely unlived life. "The Go-Between" begins, "The past is a foreign country: they do things differently there," and those few words can serve as a touchstone for the whole novel. If they give you more pleasure than you can readily account for, so will the rest of the book; if they leave you waiting for something important to happen, you will finish the book still waiting, for what matters is not so much the events of that far-off English summer as the author's ironic view of them. —BRENDAN GILL

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

HEROES OF THE EMPTY VIEW, by James Aldridge (Knopf). Mr. Aldridge works hard and long to give his hero, Ned Gordon, a legendary, heroic air, but we are left, after all our reading, with the impression of an eccentric, confused, angry, and, above all, humorless man, whose obsession drives him to an isolation that is perhaps madness. Worst of all, he is not a very interesting man. A short story might have illuminated him into a sufficient and significant figure, but this very lengthy book shows him to be manufactured—and poorly. It is Gordon's dream to lead the desert Arabs into a freedom that will detach them entirely from the modern world. When his dream fails, he finds himself as alien to the Arabs as he has always been to his own people in England. Gordon's dream is splendid, but he is not big enough to express it, and not human enough to cause the reader to share his heartbreak.

THE CRAZY DOCTOR, by Arie van der Lugt (Random House). A Dutch country doctor, rough-spoken but kindly, represents sin—or worldliness, anyway—in this jaunty, windy little tale. His friend and opposite is the local priest, a saintly ancient who succeeds in bringing the defiant doctor to his knees and, presumably, to happiness, if resignation is happiness.

FOOTMAN IN POWDER, by Helen Ashton (Dodd, Mead). Portraits in familiar poses of George III's kin and in-laws during and after the Regency, arranged into a mousy, respectable novel. What story there is concerns a Brighton boy, who gets

a menial job in the service of the Prince of Wales and slowly rises to footman as he is shifted from one of the royal households to another. FRENCH STORIES AND TALES, edited by Stanley Geist (Knopf). This would have been a really good collection of stories—Stendhal, Balzac, and Gide are among the authors—if the translators had been content to do their work inconspicuously, but they have mistaken an unpleasant and slangy familiarity for vivacity, so that the reader is frequently jarred out of his absorption and made conscious that he is not alone with the writer—that a third and most unwelcome presence is insisting on getting some attention. Mr. Geist has written notes that are illuminating, if a trifle perky in their expression.

GENERAL

AMERICAN WAYS OF LIFE, by George R. Stewart (Doubleday). An inquiry into the origins of some of our distinctive folkways—our language, sexual manners, dress, food and drink, given names, houses, and other matters. Not surprisingly, the author finds that our cultural habits are the result of environmental and hereditary factors; what is surprising is that he sees heredity outweighing environment in many cases. (It would have made sense for the first colonists to wear Indian dress, which was much better adapted to the New World than their own, but they refused to, and in all the years we have borrowed only one item of clothing from the Indian—the moccasin.) Mr. Stewart, an engaging writer who knows how to keep his scholarship from showing, has a talent for writing unusual books, and this new one is a very stimulating piece of work.

THE DRAMA OF ALBERT EINSTEIN, by Antonina Vallentin (Doubleday). This differs from Mme. Vallentin's earlier popular biographies—of Heine, Goya, and others—in that she is a close friend of the subject, and has a quantity of personal information to contribute, from why he gave up wearing socks (they develop holes) to why he once recommended four radiologists for the same job (they all qualified, but for different reasons). If Einstein's previous biographers, Leopold Infeld and Philipp Frank, were better informed about, say, the unified-field theory, Mme. Vallentin is better informed about the contents of the Master's pockets. Her tone is worshipful, which seems warranted,

and she manages a difficult job with dignity and good taste. Photographs.

THE MEMOIRS OF MARSHAL MANNERHEIM (Dutton). Baron Carl Gustav Emil von Mannerheim was born into an ancient Swedish-Finnish family in 1867, when Finland was an autonomous grand duchy under the Russian Czar; rose to prominence as one of the Czar's cavalry generals; escaped from St. Petersburg to Finland during the early days of the revolution; liberated his country from the Communist Red Guard in 1918; and led his people in two terrible wars against Soviet Russia—the "Winter War" of 1939-40, and the war the Finns fought in the dubious alliance with the Germans from 1941 to 1944. He died three years ago in Switzerland, at the age of eighty-three. Much of what he relates in this autobiography belies the popular concept of him: He was not, it would seem, the Finnish "White Guard" nationalist depicted by Soviet propaganda (the Finns, he says, had no serious quarrel with imperial Russia); he was not a rich man; and he didn't invite the Germans into Finland during the first war of liberation. As for the "Mannerheim Line," it was a thin string of machine-gun nests, he says, which the Russians magnified into a "Line" to explain away the poor showing of their Army in the Winter War. The recollections of Mannerheim's early life, which include an engrossing account of a two-year horseback trip across Asia, from Tashkent to Peking, over much of the route taken by Marco Polo, enrich the book considerably. A great document, through which shines a powerful character.

THE DOCTOR'S DISCIPLES, by Frances J. Woodward (Oxford). A study of four early Victorians whose minds were permanently dented by the paralyzing personality of Dr. Thomas Arnold, the celebrated Headmaster of Rugby, and his equally numbing canon that a properly enlightened Christian "will seek truth only, sure that whatever it may be, it must turn to the glory of God." Of the four unhappy seekers after this somewhat special variety of truth whom Miss Woodward has chosen to examine, one, fittingly, is the Doctor's fourth son, William Delafield Arnold, who ended his short life as Director of Education in the Punjab. The others are the poet Arthur Hugh Clough, the missionary cleric John Philip Gell, and Arthur Stan-

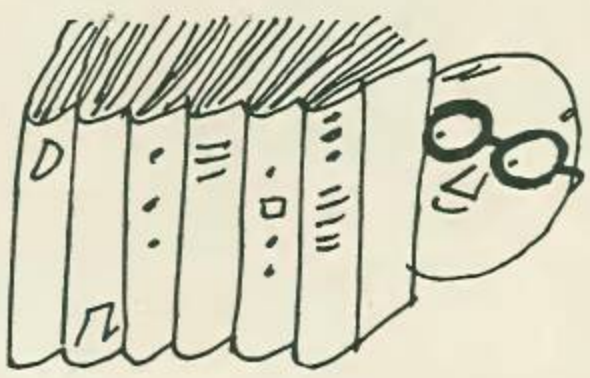
ley, onetime Dean of Westminster. An admirable intellectual dissection, but—on this side of the Atlantic, at least—one of rather limited interest. Photographs.

V-2, by Walter Dornberger (Viking). The story of Hitler's famous secret weapon, written by the general who directed the experimental station at Peenemünde, where it was developed. The rocket—forty-six feet high and capable of carrying a warhead of more than a ton for two hundred miles at the rate of a mile a second—came along too late to have any decisive effect on the war, but in the opinion of General Eisenhower it very well could have prevented the Allied landings in Europe if it had appeared even six months earlier. General Dornberger covers the entire history of the German rocket program and gives the complete technical details of the building of the V-2. He also tells why it was launched so late: Hitler's vacillation; intrigues by Himmler and his S.S. friends, who tried to take over when it became apparent that the V-2 would be a success; jealous bureaucrats who withheld priorities; and so on. The story and its gaudy cast of characters (including Hermann Göring, who once visited Peenemünde wearing red morocco boots, silver spurs, a cape of Australian opossum with the hairy side out, and an array of ruby rings) has its peculiar fascination. Many photographs.

EDUCATION OF AN AMERICAN LIBERAL, by Lucille Milner (Horizon). The autobiography of a woman who was executive secretary of the American Civil Liberties Union from its organization, in 1920, until 1945, when she retired. Mrs. Milner, a member of a well-to-do Southern family, was impelled by the sudden death of her young husband to enter a career of social service, and started off by taking a job in a West Side sweatshop. Later, at the height of the onslaught against the Bill of Rights by A. Mitchell Palmer, Woodrow Wilson's Attorney General, she joined her friend Roger Baldwin in his newly created Civil Liberties Union. She tells here of some of the Union's more notable engagements, and her stories are compelling and sometimes exciting but never shrill. One of the few books that have a legitimate claim to the much abused term "inspirational."

THE UNICORN: WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS' SEARCH FOR REALITY, by

editor at large



Whenever anyone trots out that old turkey – "Behind every great man is a woman," I often wonder: is she supposed to be back there pushing or pulling?

Doubleday's big new book by Irving Stone, *Love Is Eternal,* makes it clear that Mary Todd Lincoln was pushing. Not that Abe needed extra ambition. He had that, in full measure, but the ups and downs of political fortune in Springfield and Washington often caused Abe to get the "hypo," the Lincolns' private word for his chronic melancholia. When that happened, Mary pushed, but lovingly and in that marvelously feminine fashion wherein the pushee seldom realizes it until he's well over the cliff.

Love Is Eternal is a warmer and more sympathetic portrait of the much-maligned Mrs. Lincoln than we have been led to expect. Mary even managed to get herself investigated by a Congressional committee, but by far the most successful investigation of Lincoln's wife is this new one by Irving Stone. It is a biographical novel, a form in which Stone was a pioneer and remains as master. It shows, most gracefully, that while there may have been grave doubts about both the State of the Union and the state of the Lincolns' union, each was based on mutual respect, affection and passion, and each persevered.

The book enlarges on another maxim (somewhat newer) by making it clear that you should never underestimate the power of a woman, especially when she's married to a great man.

L L Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Love Is Eternal completes the trilogy of American marriage started by Irving Stone with the widely-read *Immortal Wife* and continued with *The President's Lady*, the story of Rachel and Andrew Jackson. The price is $3.95 and, despite the supposedly crushing inroads imposed by television, movies and the motor car upon American reading habits, you will find it easily available at all bookshops. It is the September selection of the Literary Guild and as such will be read by thousands of Americans. Books, you see, are eternal, also.

Virginia Moore (Macmillan). Miss Moore, taking the tenable position that Yeats' lifelong interest in the supernatural was a search for reality rather than a flight from it, minutely examines his early studies of Hermetism, theosophy, spiritualism, Irish legend, and Blakean vision, as well as his later interest in formal philosophy and Eastern religions. She breaks new ground when she relates the Yeatsian "system" elaborated in the two versions of "A Vision" (1925 and 1937) to the occult studies of the poet's youth. The book is evidently based on massive research (including the gathering of first-hand information from Yeats' wife and friends), but Miss Moore is often over-tenacious in argument and tiresomely meticulous in the presentation of details that frequently turn out to be minor.

RENOIR, by Denis Rouart, translated by James Emmons (Skira). Fifty-six illustrations in full color, many of them little known (they range from a still life done in 1864, when Renoir was twenty-three, to a flower piece painted only two years before his death, in 1919), give this volume its main value. Mr. Rouart's text is instructive, and his account of Renoir's artistic development manages, in a remarkably effortless fashion, to serve as a survey of the course of Impressionism, too. The whole book is a happy combination of the immensely readable and the unobtrusively authoritative.

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BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF., July 3 (AP).—Internal revenue agents said they seized the 12-room home of film producer Sam Spiegel today for $13,372 in unpaid income taxes.

Sell your home or business quickly by inserting an inexpensive classified ad in the Journal-American. Dial CO. 7-1212 and ask for an ad taker.—*The Journal-American.*

No sharp advice, please. Just the news.

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MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Long Island Press*]

SPOKANE, WASH. (UP)—An indignant motorist stopped for speeding told a motorcycle officer "I'll get this ticket fixed in no time—I know an officer on the motorcycle patrol."

"Oh? What's his name?" asked the officer as he wrote out a speeding citation.

Barbara Wilson

Grace Brown

Jean Moorhead

Nancy Woodruff

Susan Alexander

Stephanie Griffin

Vote now_Elect Miss Rheingold 1955!

Pick your favorite from these six lovely girls and vote for her at ballot boxes in Rheingold stores and taverns everywhere!

WHICH pretty girl do *you* like the best?

Take a good look! These six charming candidates were chosen from among hundreds of lovely models by The Miss Rheingold Election Committee—at receptions in New York and California. Now it's up to you.

Yes, the voting is going on now, wherever Rheingold Extra Dry is sold. Join in the fun. Help elect your favorite in the second largest election in these United States.

What the winner wins

The girl you elect receives a contract worth $50,000 (a prize of $20,000 plus $30,000 in fees), plus free trips to Hollywood and Puerto Rico. You'll be seeing her—she'll be one of the most photographed girls in the U.S.A.!

Over 35,000 ballot boxes

Get your friends to vote! You'll find ballot boxes in every Rheingold store and tavern. There are more than 35,000 friendly Rheingold dealers in the New York area alone.

Your votes decide

Every vote counts! Ballots are checked by an independent research organization that certifies the accuracy of the final tabulation. Your vote and your friends' votes can help elect your favorite!

So choose your favorite again this year—just as you've chosen Rheingold Extra Dry your favorite beer. You've made Rheingold the largest-selling lager beer in the East, because you *know* it's beer as beer *should* taste.

Choose your favorite—and vote!

New York's original Extra Dry beer, brewed by Liebmann Breweries, Inc., master brewers for more than 117 years.

Rheingold EXTRA DRY Lager Beer

UNITED STATES BREWERS FOUNDATION MEMBER

PARK & TILFORD

Private Stock

A Harmony of Great Straight Whiskies

Gentle in taste
–for Gentlemen
of Taste

PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC., NEW YORK • A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES • 86 PROOF

P&T

Founded 1840

CUSTOM-MADE

—for those whose tastes go *beyond* the ordinary . . .

• Park & Tilford *Private Stock* is a *custom-made* combination of Park & Tilford's finest straight whiskies . . . carefully selected, then skillfully wedded together for *better* flavor, *finer* bouquet, *gentler* taste and *richer* body. It is *all* whiskey—every drop.

• Park & Tilford has never been more proud of a whiskey . . . nor more certain that once you savor it you'll join the growing number of gentlemen of good taste who order and re-order Park & Tilford *Private Stock* . . .

*America's Luxury Whiskey**

* *A luxury in taste, not in price.*