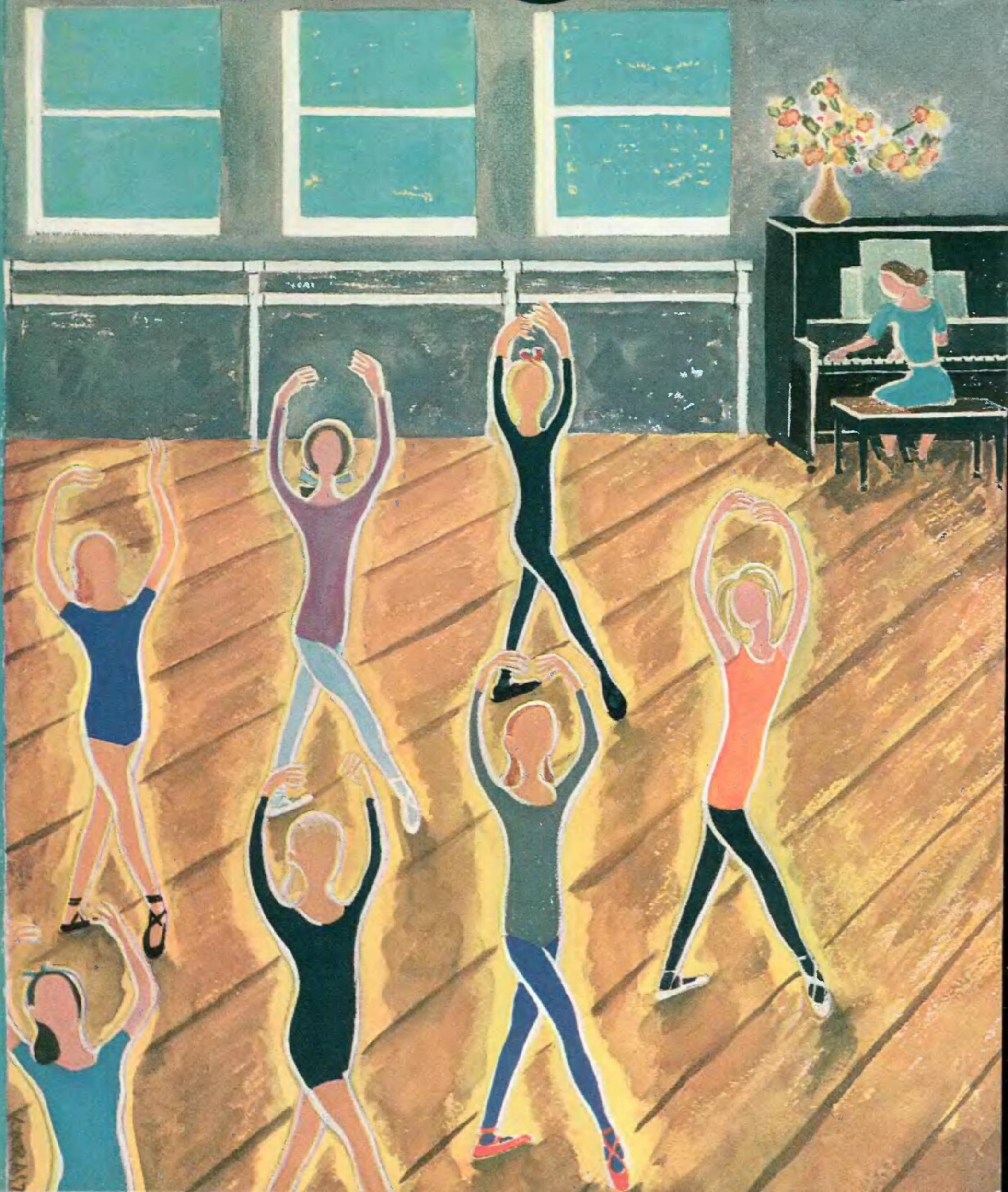


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NEW YORKER





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ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK 19

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(Wednesday-night curtain time at all theatres is now 7:30. . . E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

THE BEST MAN—Melvyn Douglas, Lee Tracy, and Frank Lovejoy are the main participants in this lively *drame à clef* by Gore Vidal, which deals with the backstage maneuverings at an unidentified Presidential convention. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinéés Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A THURBER CARNIVAL—Various emanations of the Columbus, Ohio, djinni compressed into a very cheerful revue. Astutely directed by Burgess Meredith, the medley has as its leading figures Paul Ford and Eddie Mayehoff. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinéés Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

TOYS IN THE ATTIC—Lillian Hellman's new play is a densely textured story about the ways in which sex and money undermine a genteel New Orleans family. Irene Worth, Maureen Stapleton, and Jason Robards, Jr., star in this fascinating, unsatisfactory piece of work. (Hudson, 44th St., E. JU 6-2237. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinéés Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

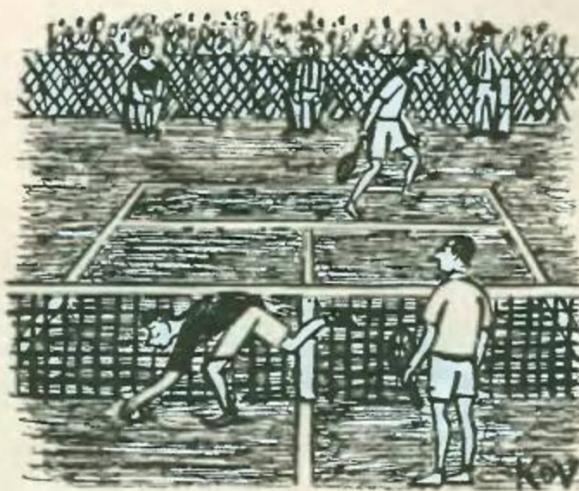
LONG RUNS—FIVE FINGER EXERCISE: This play puts an English country house under the microscope and finds it loaded with emotional disturbances. Peter Shaffer wrote it, and the cast includes Roland Culver, Jessica Tandy, Brian Bedford, and Michael Bryant. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinéés Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Oct. 1.) . . . **THE MIRACLE WORKER**: Some seventy years ago, an Irish girl called Annie Sullivan taught a blind deaf-mute named Helen Keller how to communicate with the world. William Gibson wrote the script, and his leading players are Anne Bancroft and Patty Duke. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinéés Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE TENTH MAN**: A nihilistic young lawyer is restored to life and love by an exorcism ceremony performed on a Jewish girl who is thought to be possessed by a dybbuk. With Donald Harron, Jacob Ben-Ami, George Voskovec, and Lou Jacobi. Words by Paddy Chayefsky. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinéés Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

BYE BYE BIRDIE—A bouncy and diverting introduction to some fresh, feckless, and beguiling people in the orbit of rock 'n' roll. Chita Rivera and Dick Van Dyke are at the head of the cast, and Charles Strouse, Lee Adams, and Michael Stewart are responsible for music, lyrics, and book, respectively. The direction, by Gower Champion, is a triumph. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinéés Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

WEST SIDE STORY—Carol Lawrence and Allyn Ann McLerie in a return engagement of Leonard Bernstein's musical, with a book by Arthur Laurents and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim. Directed by Jerome Robbins. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinéés Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—FIORELLO!: A period show about Manhattan politics, based on the events leading up to the election of LaGuardia as Mayor of New York. Pat Stanley, Howard Da Silva, and Tom Bosley keep the Little Flower blooming. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17

Sundays, at 8:30. Matinéés Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **GYPSY**: The career of Gypsy Rose Lee, from humble beginnings in vaudeville to ecstasies heights in burlesque. Ethel Merman plays Gypsy's mother. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinéés Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE MUSIC MAN**: Meredith Willson's excursion into rural Iowa as it was forty-five years ago. With Bert Parks. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinéés Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MY FAIR LADY**: A musical adaptation of Shaw's "Pygmalion." Michael Albinson now has the part of Professor Higgins, and Pamela Charles that of Eliza Doolittle. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinéés Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **LA PLUME DE MA TANTE**: A Parisian revue in which Robert Dhéry, Colette Brosset, and several lively girls explore the fringes of Surrealism. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinéés Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE SOUND OF MUSIC**: Rodgers and Hammerstein tell us about the Trapp family, who fled Austria in 1938 to evade the Nazis and became well known as singers in the United States. With Mary Martin and Theodore Bikel. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinéés Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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. . . **TAKE ME ALONG**: O'Neill's "Ah, Wilderness!" transformed into a musical. The performers include Jackie Gleason, Walter Pidgeon, Robert Morse, and Eileen Herlie. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinéés Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

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

VINTAGE '60—A revue from Hollywood, in which the principals are Fay De Witt, Barbara Heller, and Dick Patterson. The material was contributed mostly by Jack Wilson, Alan Jeffreys, and Maxwell Grant. Produced by David Merrick, in association with Zev Bufman, George Skaff, and Max Perkins. Opens Monday, Sept. 12. (Brooks Atkinson Theatre, formerly the Mansfield, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:30. Opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinéés Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE WORLD OF CARL SANDBURG—Bette Davis and Leif Erickson in a program of prose, poetry, drama, and music, adapted and staged by Norman Corwin. Presented by Armand Deutsch for a limited engagement that starts Wednesday evening, Sept. 14. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinéés Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

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

THE BALCONY—Life inside a fancy bordello during a revolution, as imagined by Jean Genet. The perverse fantasies of the customers are presented as sardonic commentaries on a rotten society and whatnot, but the play is more gaudy than persuasive. Directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

BETWEEN TWO THIEVES—A play adapted by Warner LeRoy from an Italian original by Diego Fabbri. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

THE CONNECTION—Jack Gelber's curious and compelling play about dope addiction and a number of other things. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40.)

A COUNTRY SCANDAL—In a new adaptation by Alex Szogyi, this early play of Anton Chekhov's is unquestionably funny but doubtfully Chekhovian. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

THE FANTASTICKS—A musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door, chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsy. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

H.M.S. PINAFORE—The production of the Gilbert and Sullivan operetta, directed by Tyrone Guthrie, that was originally presented at the Stratford Festival, in Ontario, this past summer. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. OR 4-7160. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinéés Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40. Closes Sunday, Oct. 9.)

KRAPP'S LAST TAPE and **THE ZOO STORY**—Two excellent sketches, the first by Samuel Beckett and the second by a young American playwright named Edward Albee. The members of the cast are Henderson Forsythe, Mark Richman, and William Daniels. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougall St. GR 7-

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y.; R. H. Fleischmann, chairman of the board; S. B. Botsford, president; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Out of town offices: Chicago, 6 North Michigan Ave.; San Francisco, 155 Montgomery St.; Los Angeles, 2975 Wilshire Blvd.; Atlanta, 1401 Peachtree St., N. E.; London, 21 Grosvenor St. Vol. XXXVI, No. 30, September 10, 1960. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at Greenwich, Conn. ©, 1960, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year \$7.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, \$8.00. Other Foreign, \$10.00.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

9894. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

LEAVE IT TO JANE—This musical antique, by Jerome Kern, P. G. Wodehouse, and Guy Bolton, first saw light in 1917, and the intervening years have only added lustre to its appealing idiocy. Dorothy Greener and Kathleen Murray are in the talented cast. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

LITTLE MARY SUNSHINE—A satire on old operettas that is much too amiable to achieve a great deal in the way of parody but is good fun all the same. Eileen Brennan ticks off the heroine with consummate art. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

LA RONDE—Arthur Schnitzler's celebrated sexual circle has all the fascination of a chart of a round-robin golf tournament but little of the fascination of a play. (Theatre Marquee, 110 E. 59th St. PL 3-2575. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

SIGN OF JONAH—A Shakespearewrights production of a play by Guenter Rutenborn. Opens Thursday, Sept. 8. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougall St. AL 4-5076. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

THE THEATRE OF CHANCE—A double bill consisting of Sophocles' "Women of Trachis," translated by Ezra Pound, and "The Marrying Maiden," by Jackson MacLow. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Sundays at 8:30.)

THE THREEPENNY OPERA—And where it will stop, nobody knows. In the cast are Gerald Price and Marion Brash. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

BALLET

ROYAL BALLET (formerly the Sadler's Wells Ballet)—Opening performances of an engagement that will run through Sunday, Oct. 9—Sunday, Sept. 11, at 8, and Tuesday, Sept. 13, at 8:15: "The Sleeping Beauty."... ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 14, at 8:30: "La Fille Mal Gardée" (American premiere)... ¶ Thursday, Sept. 15, at 8:15: "Le Lac des Cygnes."... ¶ Friday, Sept. 16, at 8:30: "La Fille Mal Gardée."... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 17, at 2:30 and 8:15: "The Sleeping Beauty." (Metropolitan Opera House. OX 5-6157.)

MISCELLANY

MARCEL MARCEAU—The French pantomimist, with his Compagnie de Mime, in an all-new program, including Gogol's "The Overcoat." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Final performances Sunday, Sept. 25.)

ICE SHOW—"Ice Capades," with a company headed by Barbara Wagner and Robert Paul gliding through such numbers as "The Wizard of Oz," "Scheherazade," and "Il Trovatore." (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Mondays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 6. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Tuesday, Sept. 20.)

JONES BEACH MARINE THEATRE—A revival of "Hit the Deck," boasting a cast of two hundred (headed by Gene Nelson, Jane Kean, Betty Ann Grove, and Jules Munshin), Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians, a full-scale deck of a battleship, a motorboat race, and fireworks. (Nightly at 8:30; through Sunday, Sept. 11. For tickets, call CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

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

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The "No Casting Tonight" sign is forever conspicuous by its absence from the offices of

this famous old talent agency. Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra perform for anyone who likes to dance.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Cotillion Room reopens on Tuesday, Sept. 13, with a summation of "The Merry Widow" in modern dress and in the round. Jimmy Carroll, Larry Douglas, and the jolly and roly-poly Wilbur Evans are three of the participants. No scenery except the customers' furs. Between the dinner and supper showings, there's dance music. Closed Mondays... ¶ Stanley Worth's followers are usually the dance musicians in the upper-bracket Café Pierre from cocktails through supper. The soloist is Renato Rossini's Mediterranean guitar, which cares passionately about everything. He ends his series of musicales on Saturday, Sept. 10.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—On Wednesday, Sept. 14, the Persian Room will reopen. The special door prize is to be Jacqueline François, a joyous sound in the night. Her nimble song recitals go on at dinner and supper. Meanwhile, back on the bandstand, Ted Straeter's *eau-de-vie* orchestra and Mark Monte's puissant little posse will embellish many a dance tune. Closed Sundays... ¶ Leo LeFleur's orchestra plays in the Palm Court for the cocktail hour (four to seven) and in the Edwardian Room for the dinner hour. No dancing in either abode... ¶ The stilly night in the Rendez-Vous, a good-looking rest home, is being mildly punctured now and then by the languid dance orchestras run by Maximillian Bergere and the almost legendary Nicholas D'Amico. They start at eight-thirty. Closed Sundays.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Sammy Kaye's folksy, folksy dance band is holing up in the Grill, where it performs during dinner and again at supper. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The palace guard has reassembled in one of its pet palaces, the Maisonette, where Fernanda Montel, who can be quite regal herself, does the singing at dinner and supper. Milt Shaw's band and Walter Kay's trio fill the rest of the evening with cut-glass dance music. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SAVOY HILTON, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—There's room for the improvement of one's peace of mind among the widely spaced armchairs and tables of the Savoy Room, where John Vroman's unobtrusive piano ruminates from cocktails through suppertime every night but Sunday.

SHERATON-EAST, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Embassy Club resumes on Monday, Sept. 12, exactly where it left off—with Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Quintero's rumba band in attendance; the Knight Box, the tiny suite across the way, resumes the same evening where it left off—with Jani Sarkozi and his violin for dinner and supper. Both enterprises are closed Sundays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The Empire Room comes to life once more on Thursday, Sept. 15. The main occupant of the podium will be the sonorous dance band of Emil Coleman, which in its time has launched a thousand debutantes. On the floor, at dinner and supper, there'll be vocal recitations by Rosemary Clooney, star of stage, screen, and echo chamber. Closed Sundays... ¶ In Peacock Alley, where once the Cabots spoke only to God, there's madness on the greensward when Tom O'Horgan, his harp, and his stream-of-consciousness lyrics are set free at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. There is also dance music from Ray Bari's small orchestra, and further sound from a hollow square of girl violinists. Mr. O'Horgan and the girls depart on Wednesday, Sept. 14; Michael Zarin's trio will be added the following night. Sundays, the Baris are by themselves, from eight to twelve. Other nights, six to one is the rule.

NOTE—The Rainbow Room, a rooftop with a view, opens at four-thirty every afternoon but Sunday for cocktails, dinner, and sedentary music by a trio. The locale: 30 Rockefeller Plaza; the phone: CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

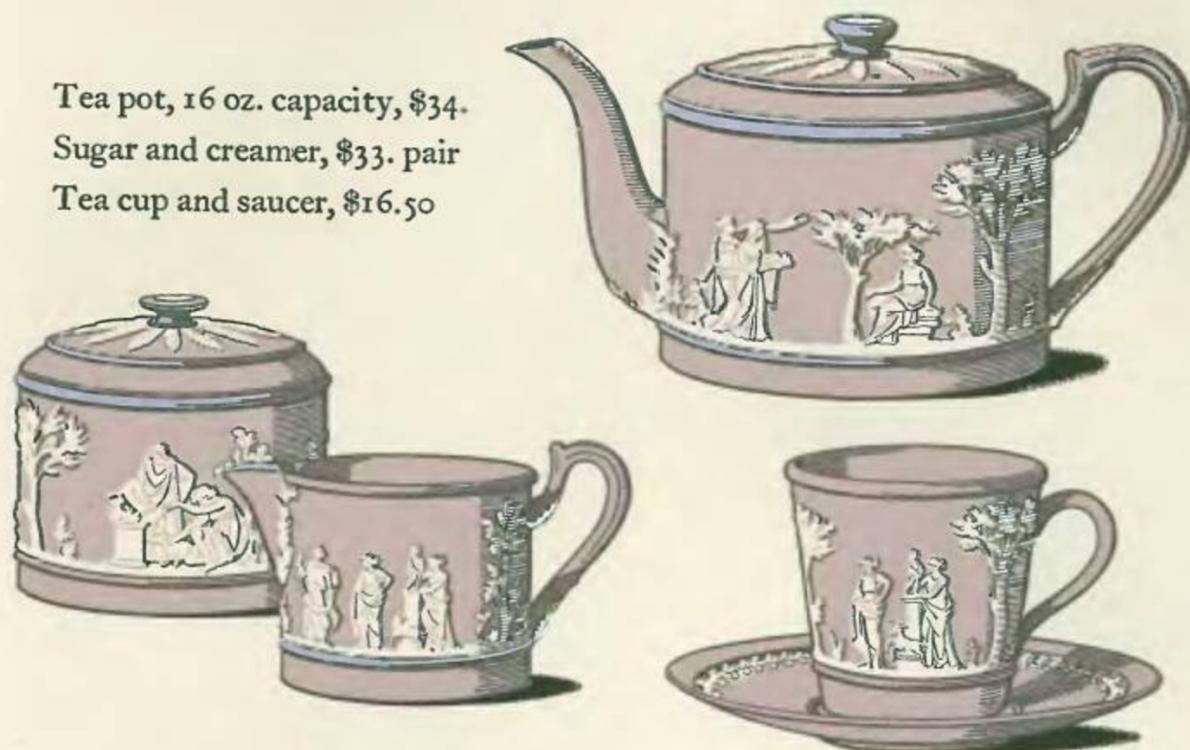
(No dancing, unless noted.)

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): The resident characters didn't come out of storybooks,



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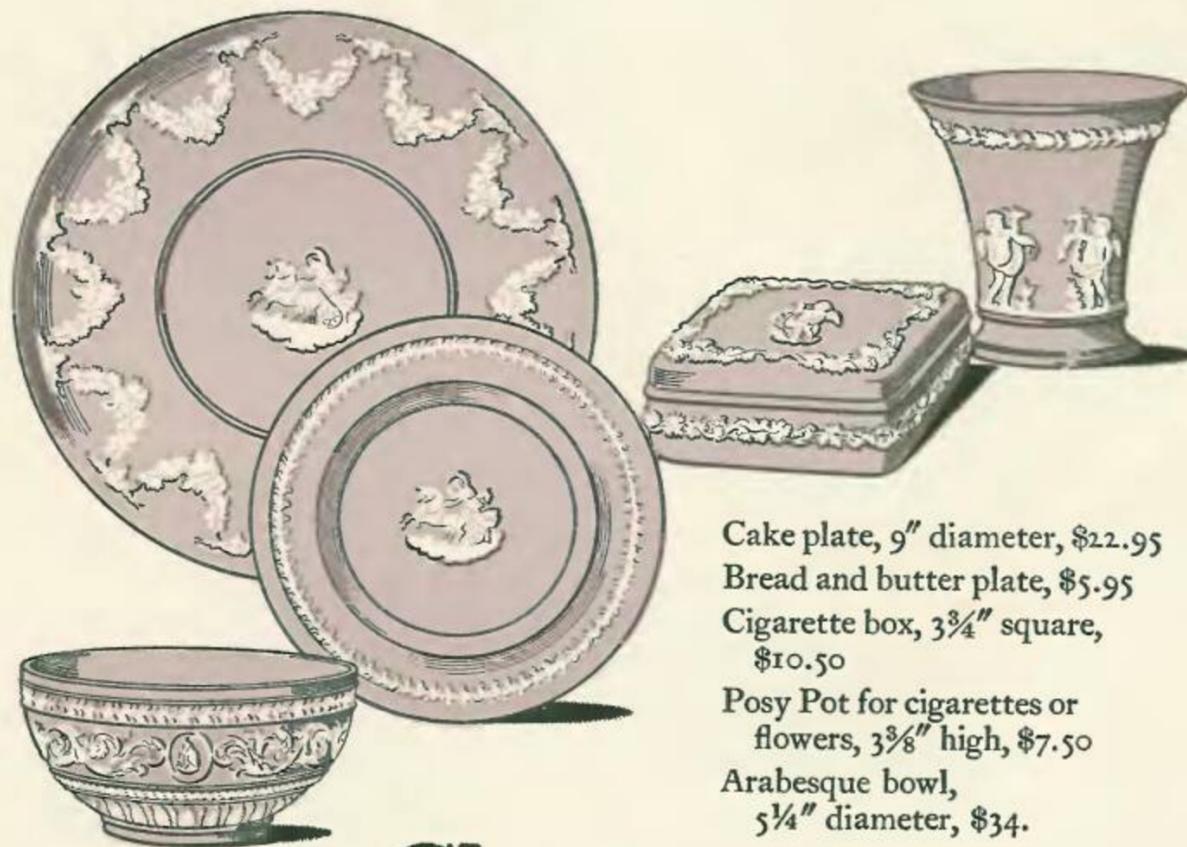
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

no matter how improbable they may seem; they were all invented by the process of living in New York. Budd Gregg's lighthearted piano, which begins at eight, provides the counterpoint to all of them. Closed Mondays. . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK**, 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The playboys (j.g.) and the playgirls (j.g.) of the Western World at their decorous merrymaking, which is supervised by Goldie Hawkins, headmaster and pianist-in-chief. The order of the evening is this: Bob Printz on piano from five-thirty to eight; Mr. Hawkins and Wayne Sanders thereafter as soloists and (following the theatre) as a team. Closed Sundays. . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Cy Walter brings out the best in his Steinway, situate on the nineteenth green of a course where it's always fair weather. He's there from cocktails until one in the morning. Joel Forbes is the Sunday performer. . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Roman holiday for strings, which are bowed and plucked by Herman Honigsberg's elite corps of ambulatory violinists until all hours. Whenever they cool out, a squad of ambulatory guitarists fills the breach. Closed Sundays. . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A Florentine family dinner party in a combination concert stage, opera house, and dance hall. The head of the family is Aldo Bruschi, operator of piano, oboe, concertina, and basso profundo. He stages miniature cloak-and-dagger musicales ("Traviata" and the like) Wednesdays through Saturdays, runs a dance group Thursdays through Saturdays, and accompanies the succession of singers who wander in and out of the spotlight. I.e., never a dull moment. Closed Mondays, and small wonder. . . **CHATEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): A castle keep that is 1066 and all that, plus a few moves to bring matters up to date, such as Norbert Faconi's tableside manner and violin. No music Sundays. . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spaniards at play, which is hard on the feet, vocal cords, and stringed instruments but generally easy on the ears. Guests have dance privileges, too. Closed Sundays. . . **MALMAISON**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): The style to which we'd all like to become accustomed. The piano in the bar is run by Jules Kuti, who is on from five to eleven. Closed Sundays. . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The House of Lords in a sociable mood. The court musician is George Feyer, whose International Correspondence Schools piano is distributed from eight-thirty through suppertime. Closed Sundays. . . **GATSBY'S**, 873 First Ave., at 49th St. (PL 5-3775): Halfway between bar and dining room of this ornate social hall sits a piano that gets a workout from eight to two every night but Sunday. . . **BARBERRY**, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): An old-established pump room, rebuilt into a Moorish town house, and a rather handsome one. The bar and kitchen remain American, though, and so does the leisurely music, which is the piano of Conrad Monjoy, with and without a bordure of violin by Richard Wilson. This goes on from six to midnight, and a trifle later on Saturdays. No music Sundays. . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bouncing Londoner, is at the piano in the bar of the Hotel Earle displaying his transatlantic portfolio, mostly British and New York. He gets rolling at nine. Mondays are his holidays. . . **CARLTON HOUSE**, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): In the bar, which at times is a haven for social security analysts, Rudy Timfield, a safe-and-sane musician, scampers over the keyboard. He's on from five-thirty to eight, and from nine to twelve-thirty. No network Sundays. . . **LUAU 400**, 400 E. 57th St. (EL 5-6555): Skillfully sidestepping the native girl who is giving away leis by the armful, you press on into the interior of Polynesia, where a native restaurant and native musicians (the Polynesians seem to have been the inventors of the electronic ukulele) await you every night of the week. . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): *Trattoria* of style, without being obtrusive about it. The music, which is circumnavigating, is provided by



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the voices and instruments of casual hillbillies from (where else?) the seven hills of Rome. Their work night is six to two. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): A slice of life after dark in Madrid. The illusion is assisted no end by Fernando Sirvent's guitar. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): First, second, and third Hungarian rhapsodies, sometimes simultaneously. The ceaseless ebb and flow of music is surmounted by the Old World tenor of Tibor Rakossy and the feverish soprano of Lili France. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **STANHOPE GATE**, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): As of Sunday, Sept. 11, this opulent little bar, a Joan Miró daydream, will be in the charge of Renato Rossini, whose guitar makes Latin seem anything but a dead language. No music Mondays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Thirty (or maybe it's fifty) little maids from school, all of them products of Japan—not the "Mikado" one but the twentieth-century operation. They are part of a big bang-bang revue that is taking the long way home from Las Vegas. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Life and Shelley Berman at cross-purposes, and Mr. Berman is not one to suffer in silence. His expostulations are flanked by the around-the-world folk songs of Noël Harrison (whose father, Rex, did not teach him how to sing) and by the prankish arias of Barbara Gilbert, new girl in town. The background is the inventive Jimmy Lyons' trio (Beverly Peer and Joe Puma are his aides) and the garrulous piano of Otis Clements. . . . ¶ In the lounge, Alex Fogarty's piano recites tone poems from six to eight, and the Lyons group does milkman's matinées. No music Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): This time, Rose Murphy and Slam Stewart, who have come home to roost, are assisted in their artful dodging through their silly songs by a bongo man named just Bogee. Their first hour of charm is at nine-thirty; Paul Trueblood's keyboard soliloquies start at nine. Closed Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): This establishment, which gets under way again on Friday, Sept. 9, has at last reverted to type with a real Bon Soir festival—Tony and Eddie, a pair of mocking birds who rely entirely on recordings that other people wish they hadn't made; Phyllis Diller, a nagging wife who is funny because she is married to somebody else; Tiger Haynes and his rambunctious musicians, the Three Flames; and Jimmie Daniels, the *padrone*. Peter Daniels is still at the solo piano. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Spanish is the official language for performers, dance musicians, and guests. From nine, the present onstage activity, mostly Latin American, manages to be simultaneously naïve and breakneck. Sundays, the one activity is a tea trot, three to eight. . . . ¶ Around ten, Domingo Alvarado, one of the most fervent flamenco singers ever to grace Carmen Amaya's troupe of Andalusian night owls, opens his conservatory of music next door to the bar. Juan de la Mata is his guitar man.

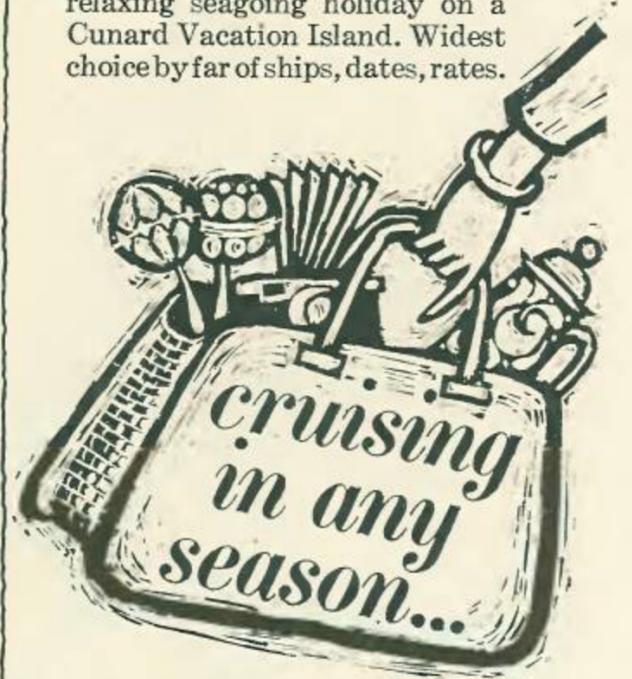
MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Bobby Hackett's trumpet still sets the silver standard for the nation's hornblowers. His quintet, which is good-old-school-days in spirit, is especially enlivened by Bob Wilber's clarinet and Bob Pancoast's piano. On Monday, Sept. 12, they'll yield place to Wild Bill Davison's blunderbuss quintet. During intermissions, Graham Forbes keeps the keyboard warm as toast. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Gerry Mulligan's mighty symphony orchestra does not indulge in im-



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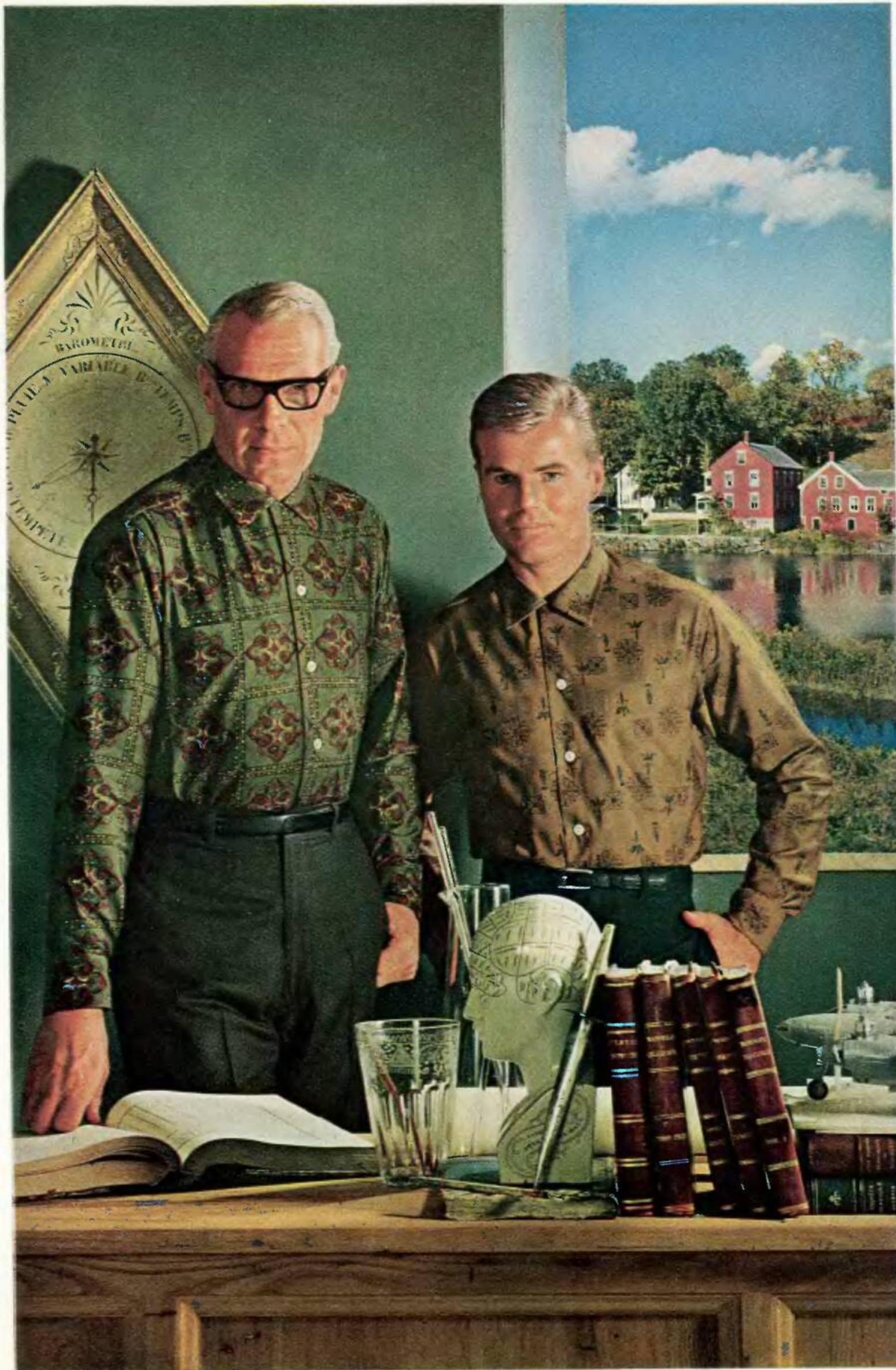
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

provisation, but the mss. from which it works are splendidly hand-illuminated. Bernard Peiffer, whose classical phrasings have widened the horizon of jazz, does solo piano. The room is open every night but Monday, and for early risers there is a Sunday matinée at four-thirty. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (EL 5-4330): The quartet of Dave Brubeck, who may be a solemn reincarnation of Johann Sebastian Bach, ends its visit on Wednesday, Sept. 14. Also departing are the quintet of Cannonball Adderley, who is apt to solo until the cows come home (they show up, wagging their tails behind them, at 2:30 A.M.), and June Christy, girl troupial. Next night, a new deal, involving—if you can believe it—Betty Hutton and an assisting crew. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROUNDTABLE**, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): Two pages of American history—Red Nichols and his Five Pennies, and Cootie Williams' quartet—relating to the blood-and-thunder frontier days of Manhattan. On the whole, they sound as though the old times were worth living. Closed Sundays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Some real veterans—Wilbur de Paris, Sidney de Paris, Garvin Bushell, and Wilber Kirk—are whooping it up, and sometimes gagging it up, for the sake of that dear old Southland. Don Frye is the interlude pianist. Mondays, Tony Parenti and Zutty Singleton join up with Mr. Frye to form a Loyal Opposition. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): At ten, Marian McPartland, who's in high spirits these nights, lays cool hands on her piano. Her bass man, Ben Tucker, is a big help around the house. She and her trio take turns with the intermission piano of John Bunch. No sound on Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Music to watch Grandma Moses to. The exhibit of primitives opens up at three in the afternoon, and even at one-thirty on Saturdays and Sundays. The trios owned by Tony Parenti and Johnny Letman handle the day trick; the night job is handled by three batteries—Red Allen's sextet (off duty Mondays), Sol Yaged's fivesome (off duty Wednesdays and Thursdays), and Gene Krupa's band (off duty Tuesdays). . . . ¶ In a bird cage one flight up, on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 9-10, the Krupa fivesome will be disporting itself. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): The local thunderstorms (Maynard Ferguson's band and Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers) end on Wednesday, Sept. 14; next evening Dizzy Gillespie's band and Horace Silver's quintet will open fire. Jam sessions Mondays, when the regular chaps are out of action. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): The run-of-the-mill Harold Quinn trio and the ditto Erskine Hawkins quartet finish up on Saturday, Sept. 10; on Monday, Sept. 12, the trio of Dorothy Donegan, who knows a rough way to treat a Steinway, moves in, along with the Lee Evans trio. Sundays are assigned to irregular troops; that is, just about anyone with a union card. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The big city seems far away from this cozy hero-sandwich conveyor belt. The sighing comes from the quintet headed by Zoot Sims and Al Cohn, a bunch of futurists. Come as you are is O.K. with the owners. Closed Mondays. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's clan, no stranger here, is using the bandstand of this ancient Village green all evening long and on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): George Russell, a guileful pianist and orchestrator, has seen fit to bury himself under the shrewdly calculated cacophony of a sextet (it includes Al Kiger's trumpet and Dave Baker's trombone), which some night will blow the blue-jeans customers off their bar stools. Jimmy Giuffre's quartet, in which Jim Hall is the guitar, has roused itself from its pastoral reverie and become declamatory, too. The Russells are off Tuesdays; the Giuffres are off Mondays. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Geoffrey Holder's completely informal song-and-dance is the best reason for his trio; Nina Simone's haughty



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

song-and-piano is one of the reasons for her threesome. Closed Sundays. . . **PRELUDE**, 3219 Broadway, at 129th St. (MO 2-1833): A long day's journey into night will put the voyager in this small, dim cave, now the domicile of Charlie Shavers' four showmen, who begin at nine-thirty. Billy Taylor's threesome, a compact powerhouse, will replace the Shavers on Thursday, Sept. 15. Mondays, when the others are at leisure, Kenny Burrell spends a busman's holiday here, after "Bye Bye Birdie;" his three sidemen show up earlier. . . **JAZZ GALLERY**, 80 St. Marks Pl., west of First Ave. (GR 7-9765): An ample youth hostel with its eyes firmly fixed on the future. A quintet headed by Thelonious Monk is two hundred miles northwest of 1970 and coming up fast on the Outside. Mr. Monk, by the way, is apt to be more than fashionably late for his appointments. Also present: the trim trio of Ray Bryant. Closed Mondays. . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): This junior college is reopening for the fall semester. On Friday and Saturday, Sept. 9-10, the lecturers will be Conrad Janis and his Tailgaters, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Gene Sedric, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Bob Hammer, Panama Francis, and Mickey Sheen. . . **ONE SHERIDAN SQUARE**, W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. (CH 2-4657): A little-felt need is filled by one more folk-music barn. Its best-known resident is Josh White, who made the shirt-sleeves, the stool, and the guitar a way of life for thousands of less skillful minstrels. He gets there around nine-thirty.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

AMERICAN ART, 1910-1960—Paintings and sculptures from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Roy R. Neuberger, including works by Marsden Hartley, Willem de Kooning, and William King. For the benefit of the American Federation of Arts' Fiftieth Anniversary Fund. Through Friday, Sept. 9. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **ALAN**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Reuben Tam, Joseph Glasco, and Oliver Andrews are among the artists represented in a showing of paintings and sculptures; through Oct. 1. . . **GRAND CENTRAL**, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.: Pictures by William R. Leigh, Hovsep Pushman, and others; through Thursday, Sept. 15. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings and sculptures by twentieth-century artists, including William Kienbusch, Louis Bouché, and Robert Laurent; through Sept. 30. (Closed Saturdays.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Miró, Modigliani, Calder, and other modern painters and sculptors; through Oct. 15. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **BERTHA SCHAEFER**, 32 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by such gallery members as Will Barnet, Patrick Heron, and Elisabeth Frink; through Saturday, Sept. 10.

NOTE—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit is on view daily, from 2 until dark; through Sept. 25.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"American Buildings," an exhibition of prints, drawings, and photographs embracing Colonial, Federal, Greek Revival, Victorian Gothic, and skyscraper modern architecture. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—New Spanish paintings and sculptures by artists who have come into prominence during the past decade—Francisco Ferreras, Antonio Suárez, and Pablo Serrano, to name a few; through Sept. 25. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

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by European artists, including Picasso, Ernst Ludwig Kirchner, and Georges Braque; through Oct. 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings and drawings by Isidro Nonell, together with works by eighteen younger Spanish painters; through Oct. 15. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—"Young America—1960," consisting of paintings by thirty artists below the age of thirty-five, among them Sonia Gechtoff, Wolf Kahn, and Marcia Marcus; starting Wednesday, Sept. 14. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

INTERVAL CONCERTS—Tuesday, Sept. 13, at 8:30: The Beaux-Arts String Quartet, with John Barrows, French horn. . . . Wednesday, Sept. 14, at 8:30: Sylvia Nesson, soprano. . . . Thursday, Sept. 15, at 8:30: An all-Bach program performed by Robert Conant, harpsichord; Gerald Tarack, violin; and others. . . . Friday, Sept. 16, at 5:45: Eleanor Schreiber, piano. (Town Hall. For tickets, call YU 6-9178.)

JAZZ CONCERT—Russ Bowman and his Finger Lake Five. A benefit for Hobart and William Smith Colleges. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, Sept. 9, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—Yankees vs. Baltimore. (Yankee Stadium. Friday, Sept. 16, at 8, and Saturday, Sept. 17, at 2.)

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—Boston College vs. Navy. (Boston. Saturday, Sept. 17, at 1:30.)

DOG SHOW—Westchester Kennel Club. (Purchase. Sunday, Sept. 11.)

HORSE SHOWS—North Shore Horse Show. (Stony Brook, L. I. Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 8-10.) . . . Piping Rock Horse Show. (Locust Valley, L. I. Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 15-18.)

HUNT RACING—Foxcatcher Hunt Meeting. (Fair Hill, Md. Saturday, Sept. 10, and Saturday, Sept. 17.)

POLO—Sundays at 3:30—At MEADOW BROOK CLUB, Jericho. . . . BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase.

RACING—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 24. The Matron, Saturday, Sept. 10; the Discovery Handicap, Wednesday, Sept. 14; and the Futurity, Saturday, Sept. 17. . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Tuesday, Oct. 4. The World's Playground, Saturday, Sept. 10, and the United Nations Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 17.

TENNIS—National Singles Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Through Sunday, Sept. 11. Tickets may be obtained at the U.S.L.T.A., 120 Broadway, at Cedar St., and the West Side Tennis Club.)

TROTTING—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Wednesday, Sept. 28. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 15.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Until Sept. 20, when the fifteenth session of the General Assembly is scheduled to convene, there will be periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees to which the public will be admitted. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 and 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

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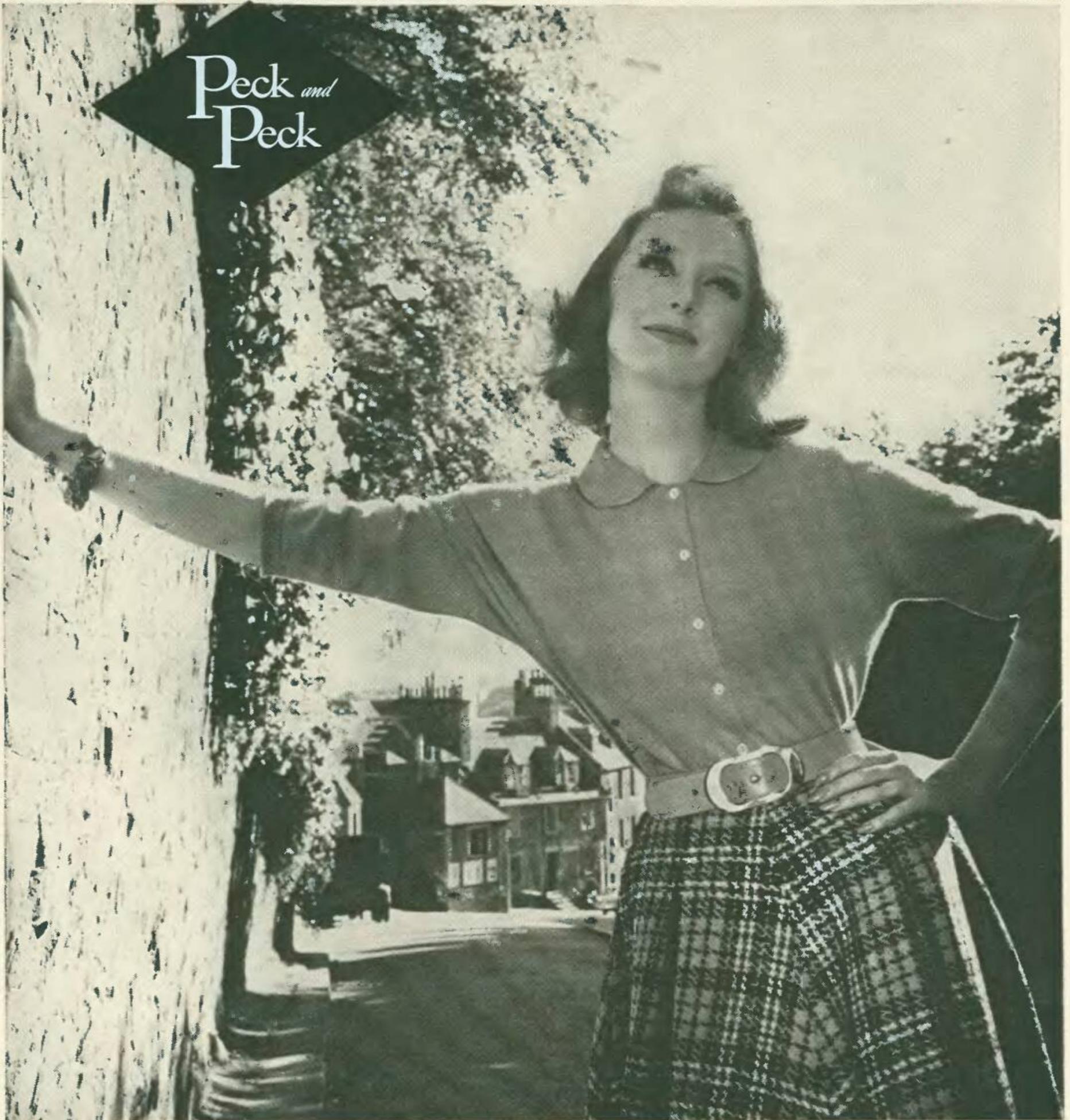
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This short-cut cardigan from over the sea has a new set-away collar, free-and-easy push up sleeves, and tuck in-or-out talents. Ettrick Blue, Lochmore Green, Heather Violet, Barclay Beige, Glengarry Gold. 34 to 40, 29.95. Wear it with our wide-swinging wool plaid skirt in Heather Violet or Glengarry Gold with Black, 8 to 16, 22.95.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION



THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES—Peter Sellers is enormously funny in this British comedy, based on a story by James Thurber, that has to do with the efforts of the head accountant of an old-fashioned Scottish firm to eliminate a young female efficiency expert. Robert Morley and Constance Cummings are Mr. Sellers' capable aides. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Sept. 14, tentative.)

BEN-HUR—This winning entry in the 1959 Oscar Stakes cost a lot of money to condition, and it certainly covers a lot of Near Eastern ground. Time: three hours and thirty-two minutes. Charlton Heston is up in the climactic chariot heat. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 8-11, and Wednesdays, at 2. Reserved seats only.)

ELMER GANTRY—Richard Brooks' adaptation of the Sinclair Lewis novel about the fishy practices of revivalists in the Bible belt churns up a lot of melodrama, which helps offset the fact that the motives of the hero and heroine aren't too clearly explained. Burt Lancaster and Jean Simmons are estimable as the leading revivalists on view, and they get sturdy support from Edward Andrews, Arthur Kennedy, Dean Jagger, and Shirley Jones. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Sept. 9-13. . . Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Sept. 9, tentative. . . 72nd St. Playhouse, 15 Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Sept. 10, tentative.)

HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR—A fine French film, directed by Alain Resnais and written by Marguerite Duras, that makes a strong plea for peace as it describes the doomed love of a Frenchwoman for a Japanese. Photographed in Japan, the picture has in its principal roles Emmanuelle Riva and Eiji Okada, who are superb. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

I'M ALL RIGHT, JACK—Peter Sellers once again—this time as a shop steward in an English plant that is at sixes and sevens because of a lunatic management and a working crew that is just as cracked. A very droll British film, in which Margaret Rutherford, Ian Carmichael, Terry-Thomas,

Liz Frazer, and Richard Attenborough also figure admirably. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

SONS AND LOVERS—D. H. Lawrence's 1913 tale about the silver-cord tangle between a Nottingham miner's wife and her artistically gifted son is treated with a kind of static delicacy in this English-American film, and so is Lawrence's first-rate dialogue, which has been lifted with gloved hands from the novel. However, Trevor Howard, as the black-faced, drunken miner, is remarkably good, and Wendy Hiller, as his misused wife, is not far behind. Dean Stockwell, who plays the son, is flippant, brooding, and restless, and sometimes suggests Elvis Presley trying to act. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

THE THREEPENNY OPERA—A 1931 German interpretation of the musical effort that has been playing around Manhattan for about forty years. The movie shows its age, as well it might, but the cast is willing and able, the songs are lively, and Lotte Lenya is on hand to see that justice is done the Kurt Weill music. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; Sept. 8.)

REVIVALS

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS (1956)—A Cook's tour, derived from the fantasy by Jules Verne. David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas head the cast. (Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; Sept. 10-14.)

ASK ANY GIRL (1959)—Shirley MacLaine as a girl who comes to New York in pursuit of a career but would rather get married. With David Niven. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Sept. 8.)

BEAT THE DEVIL (1954)—Humphrey Bogart in the hire of a gang of balmy crooks out to get control of a uranium field. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Sept. 12, tentative. On Monday, Sept. 12, only, the last showing will be at 3:45.)

EL (1955)—A Mexican variation on the old theme of jealousy, written and directed by

Luis Buñuel. Arturo de Cordova is the new-day Othello. Formerly called "This Strange Passion." (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through Sept. 14.)

A FACE IN THE CROWD (1957)—Andy Griffith in an account of a hillbilly guitarist's rise and fall in television. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Sept. 8.)

FORBIDDEN GAMES (1952)—A French film about the effect of war and death on two small children. With Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Sept. 12, tentative. On Monday, Sept. 12, only, the last showing will be at 5:22.)

INTOLERANCE (1916)—D. W. Griffith's jumbo job, with a cast including everyone who was in pictures then. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Sept. 12 at 8.)

M (1933)—Peter Lorre as the Düsseldorf murderer. In German. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Sept. 14, tentative.)

THE PROUD AND THE BEAUTIFUL (1956)—Jean-Paul Sartre's story about romance in a flea-bitten Mexican town. With Gérard Philipe and Michèle Morgan. In French and Spanish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 10.)

12 ANGRY MEN (1957)—A group of jurors have to decide the fate of an eighteen-year-old accused of patricide. Henry Fonda, Lee J. Cobb, and Jack Warden. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Sept. 9.)

WE ARE ALL MURDERERS (1957)—Raymond Pellegrin and Marcel Mouloudji in a French film that inveighs against capital punishment. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 12.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Two films by Leni Riefenstahl on the 1936 Olympics. Sept. 8 at 3, 5:30, and 8, and Sept. 9-10 at 3 and 5:30: "Olympia, Part I." . . . Starting Sept. 11, showings at 3 and 5:30: "Olympia, Part II." (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

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)
"The Apartment," Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Ocean's 11," Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1706)
"Strangers When We Meet," Kirk Douglas, Kim Novak.

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Psycho," Anthony Perkins, Vera Miles. (No one will be admitted after the film starts, so a preliminary phone call is advisable.)

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"All the Young Men," Alan Ladd, Sidney Poitier.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Song Without End," Dirk Bogarde, Capucine, Genevieve Page.

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"Portrait in Black," Lana Turner, Anthony Quinn.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"Let's Make Love," Marilyn Monroe, Yves Montand.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Can-Can," Frank Sinatra, Shirley MacLaine, Maurice Chevalier. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinees daily at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
BEN-HUR.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"It Started in Naples," Clark Gable, Sophia Loren.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"The Time Machine," Rod Taylor, Alan Young.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Sept. 14 (tentative): **THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES**.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Sept. 13: "Murder, Inc.," Stuart Whitman, May Britt; and "Dinosaurus!," Ward Ramsey.

From Sept. 14: "House of Usher," Vincent Price; and "Why Must I Die?," Terry Moore.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Sept. 8 (tentative): "Psycho," Anthony Perkins, Vera Miles. (No one will be admitted after the film starts, so a preliminary phone call is advisable.)

From Sept. 9 (tentative): **ELMER GANTRY**.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"It Started in Naples," Clark Gable, Sophia Loren.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Let's Make Love," Marilyn Monroe, Yves Montand.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"School for Scoundrels," Ian Carmichael, Terry-Thomas.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Sept. 13: "Murder, Inc.," Stuart Whitman, May Britt; and "Dinosaurus!," Ward Ramsey.

From Sept. 14: "House of Usher," Vincent Price; and "Why Must I Die?," Terry Moore.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR (in French).

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Apartment," Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 50th. (EL 5-1663)
Through Sept. 14: "Psycho," Anthony Perkins, Vera Miles. (No one will be admitted after the film starts, so a preliminary phone call is advisable.)

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
SONS AND DAUGHTERS.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Oscar Wilde," Robert Morley, Ralph Richardson.

LOEW'S 72ND ST., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through Sept. 9: "Bells Are Ringing," Judy Holliday, Dean Martin; and "The Day They Robbed the Bank of England," Aldo Ray, Elizabeth Sellars.

Sept. 10-14: **AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS**, revival.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Sept. 9 (tentative): "Psycho," Anthony Perkins, Vera Miles. (No one will be admitted after the film starts, so a preliminary phone call is advisable.)

From Sept. 10 (tentative): **ELMER GANTRY**.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Sept. 8 (tentative): "Portrait in Black," Lana Turner, Anthony Quinn.

From Sept. 9 (tentative): "Carousel," revival, Gordon MacRae, Shirley Jones.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Sept. 13: "Murder, Inc.," Stuart Whitman, May Britt; and "Dinosaurus!," Ward Ramsey.

From Sept. 14: "House of Usher," Vincent Price; and "Why Must I Die?," Terry Moore.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Sept. 9: "Bells Are Ringing," Judy Holliday, Dean Martin; and "The Day They Robbed the Bank of England," Aldo Ray, Elizabeth Sellars.

Sept. 10-14: **AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS**, revival.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210; evening performances only, except on weekends.)

Through Sept. 14: **EL** (in Spanish; formerly called "This Strange Passion"), revival.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Sept. 8: **A FACE IN THE CROWD**, revival; and **ASK ANY GIRL**, revival.

Sept. 9-13: **ELMER GANTRY**.

From Sept. 14: "Psycho," Anthony Perkins, Vera Miles. (No one will be admitted after the film starts, so a preliminary phone call is advisable.)

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Sept. 14 (tentative): **M** (in German), revival.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

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				8	9	10
11	12	13	14			

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

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Sept. 14 (tentative): "The Green Carnation" (formerly called "The Trials of Oscar Wilde"), Peter Finch, James Mason.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Sept. 9: "Bells Are Ringing," Judy Holliday, Dean Martin; and "The Day They Robbed the Bank of England," Aldo Ray, Elizabeth Sellars.

Sept. 10-14: **AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS**, revival.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Sept. 13: "Private Property," Kate Manx, Corey Allen; and "The Mating Urge," a documentary on Africa and the Far East.

From Sept. 14: "The Bolshoi Ballet," revival, Galina Ulanova; and "3 Men in a Boat," revival, Laurence Harvey, Jimmy Edwards.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
I'M ALL RIGHT, JACK.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Sept. 8: **THE THREEPENNY OPERA** (in German).
From Sept. 9: "Man in a Cocked Hat," Peter Sellers, Terry-Thomas.

TRANS-LUX NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Jungle Cat," a Walt Disney nature film.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
Sept. 8: "Man in a Cocked Hat," Peter Sellers, Terry-Thomas.

From Sept. 9: "Carry on Nurse," Wilfrid Hyde White, Shirley Eaton.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"End of Innocence" (in Spanish), Elsa Daniel.

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Sept. 9: "Bells Are Ringing," Judy Holliday, Dean Martin; and "The Day They Robbed the Bank of England," Aldo Ray, Elizabeth Sellars.

Sept. 10-14: **AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS**, revival.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Sept. 12 (tentative): **FORBIDDEN GAMES**

(in French), revival; and **BEAT THE DEVIL**, revival. (On Monday, Sept. 12, only, the last showing will begin at 3:45. At 8, there will be a showing of **INTOLERANCE**, revival.)

From Sept. 13 (tentative): "Othello," revival, Orson Welles; and "The Night of the Hunter," revival, Robert Mitchum, Shelley Winters.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)

Through Sept. 9: **12 ANGRY MEN**, revival; and "Not as a Stranger," revival, Olivia de Havilland, Robert Mitchum.

From Sept. 10: "Psycho," Anthony Perkins, Vera Miles. (No one will be admitted after the film starts, so a preliminary phone call is advisable.)

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)

Sept. 8: "Rimsky Korsakov" and "Russian Ballerina" (both in Russian and both revivals).

Sept. 9: "The Ladykillers," revival, Alec Guinness, Cecil Parker; and "Senechal the Magnificent" (in French), revival, Fernandel.

Sept. 10: **THE PROUD AND THE BEAUTIFUL** (in French and Spanish), revival; and "Too Bad She's Bad" (in Italian), revival, Sophia Loren, Vittorio De Sica.

Sept. 11: "Madame Butterfly," with Japanese actors and Italian singers, revival; and "Specter of the Rose," revival, Michael Chekhov.

Sept. 12: **WE ARE ALL MURDERERS** (in French), revival; and "Alibi for a Night" (in French), revival, Louis Jouvet, Erich von Stroheim.

Sept. 13: "The Dybbuk" and "Green Fields" (both in Yiddish and both revivals).

Sept. 14: A program of eleven short films on the dance—"Pavlova Dances," "Cavalcade of Dance," and others.

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)

Through Sept. 14: "Murder, Inc.," Stuart Whitman, May Britt; and "Dinosaurus!," Ward Ramsey.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)

Through Sept. 13 (tentative): "Private Property," Kate Manx, Corey Allen; and "The Mating Urge," a documentary on Africa and the Far East.

From Sept. 14: To be announced.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)

Through Sept. 9: "Bells Are Ringing," Judy Holliday, Dean Martin; and "The Day They Robbed the Bank of England," Aldo Ray, Elizabeth Sellars.

Sept. 10-14: **AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS**, revival.

NEMO, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)

Through Sept. 13: "Murder, Inc.," Stuart Whitman, May Britt; and "Dinosaurus!," Ward Ramsey.

From Sept. 14: "House of Usher," Vincent Price; and "Why Must I Die?," Terry Moore.



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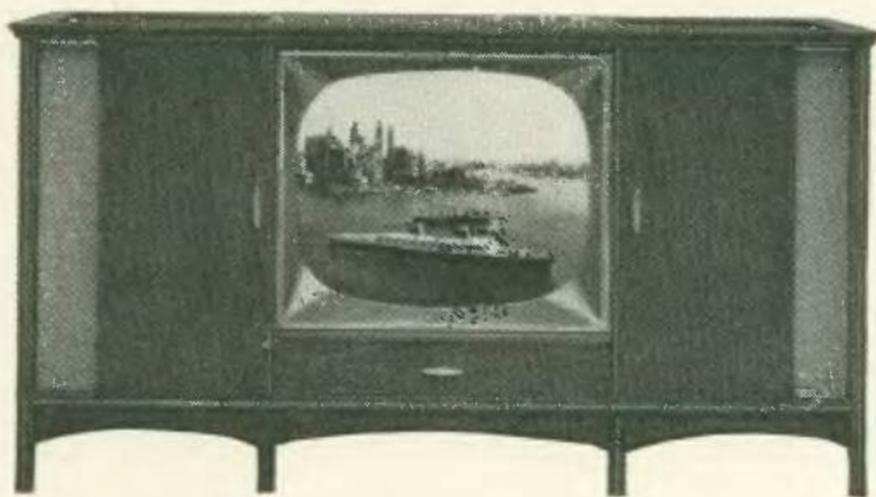
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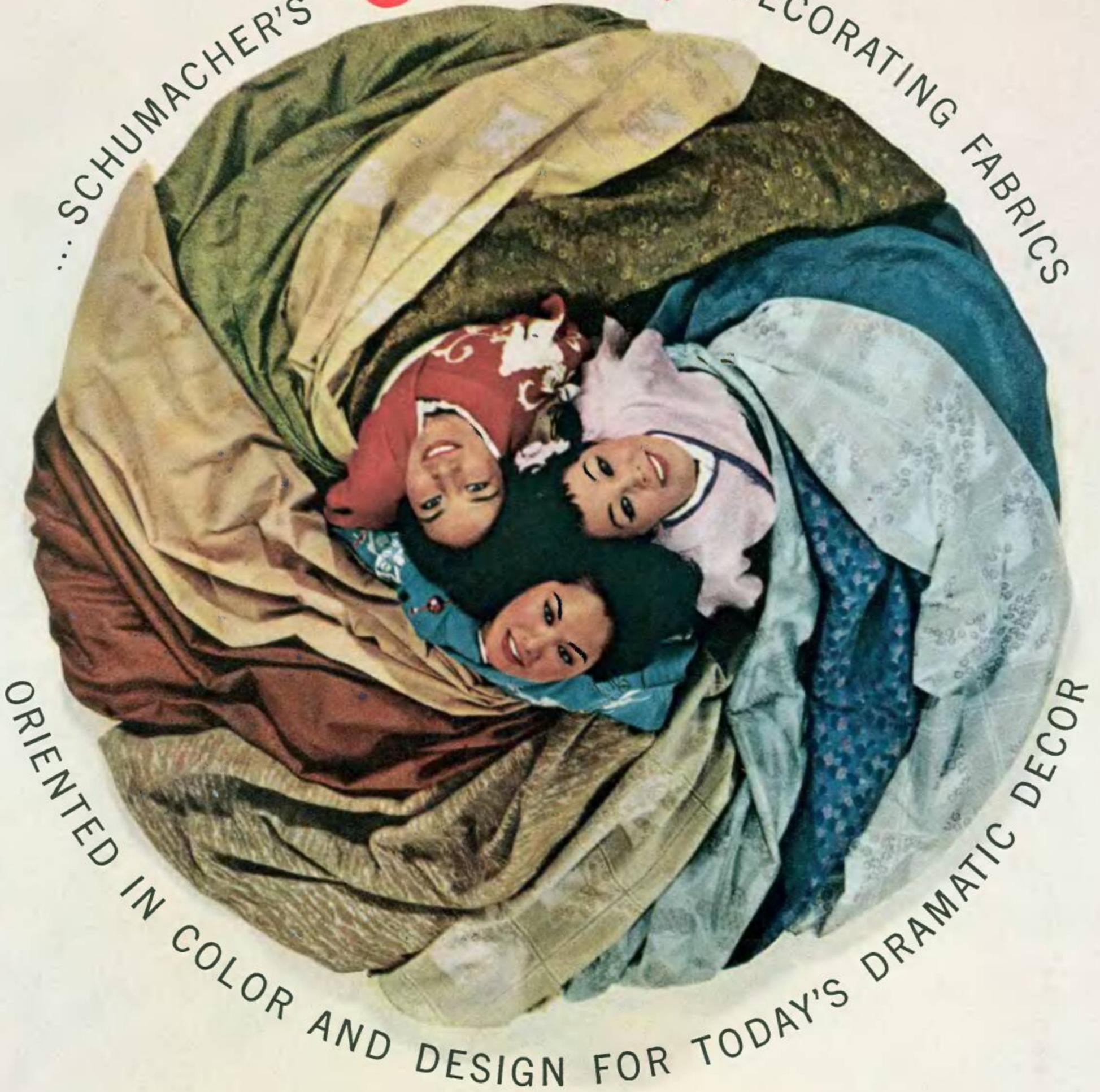
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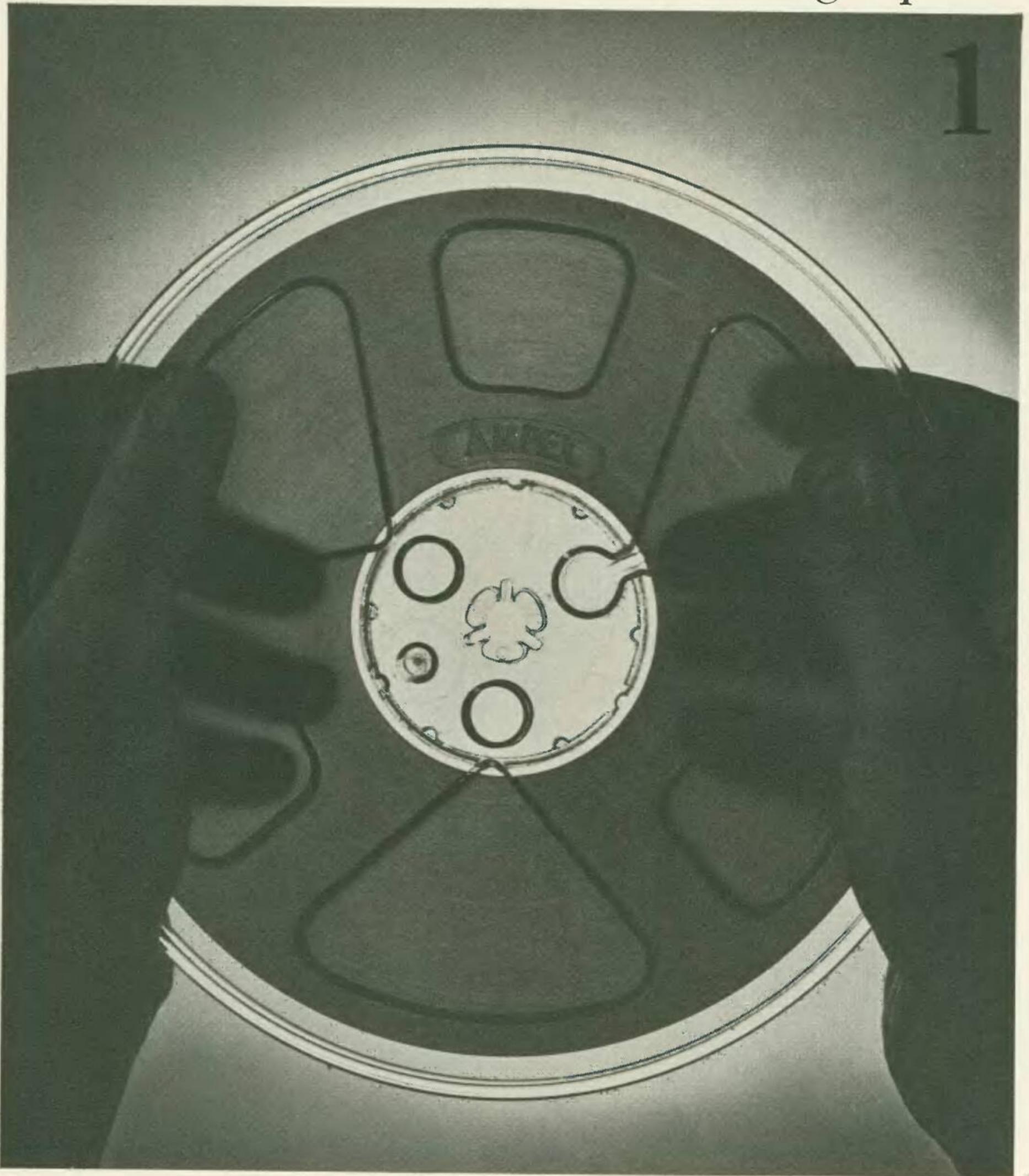




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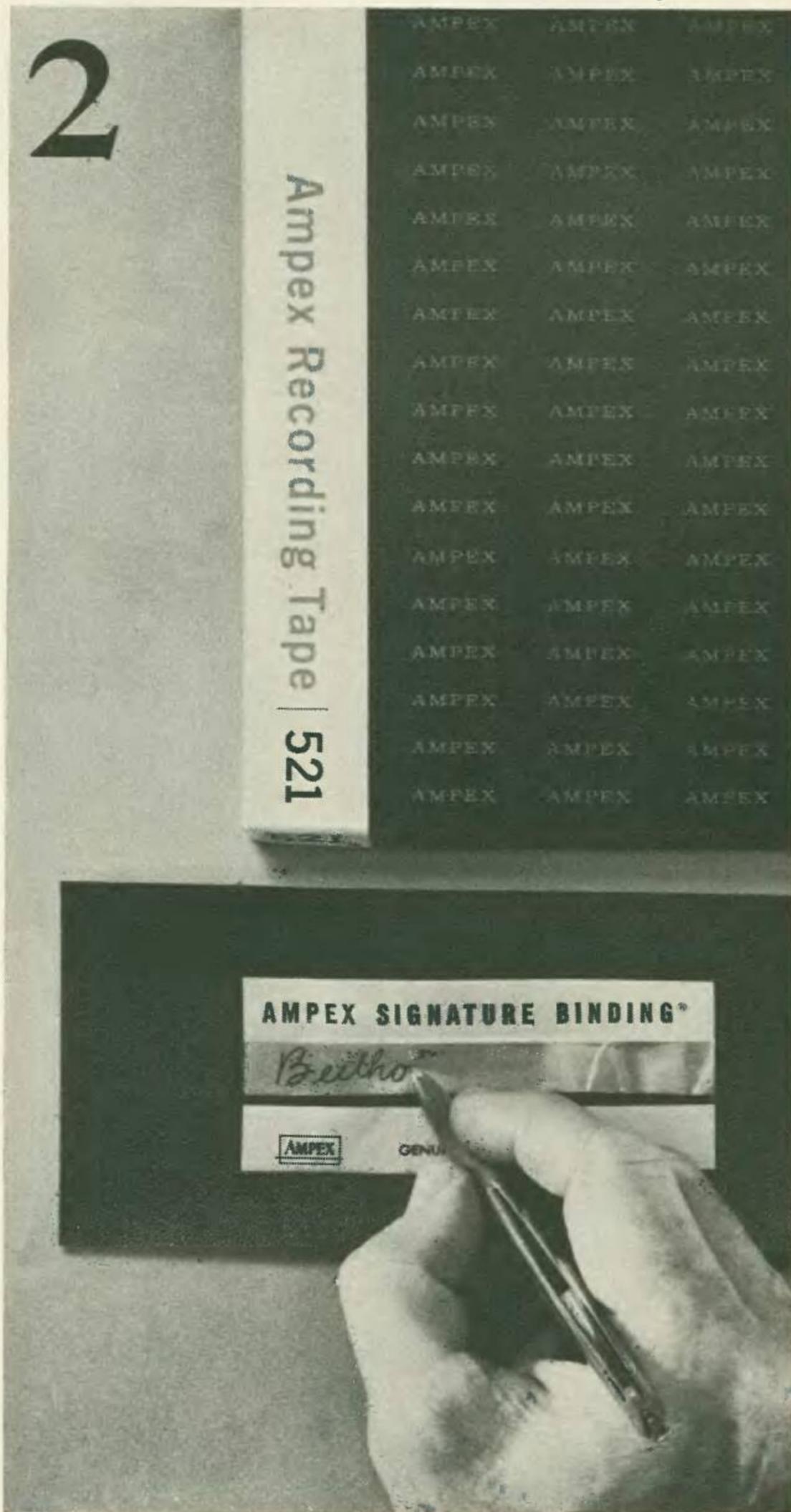
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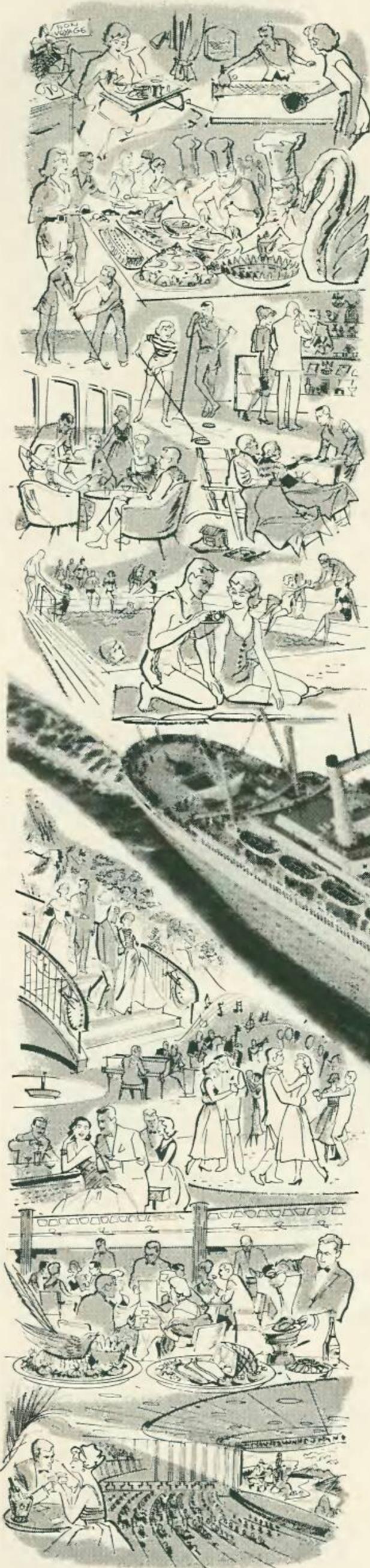
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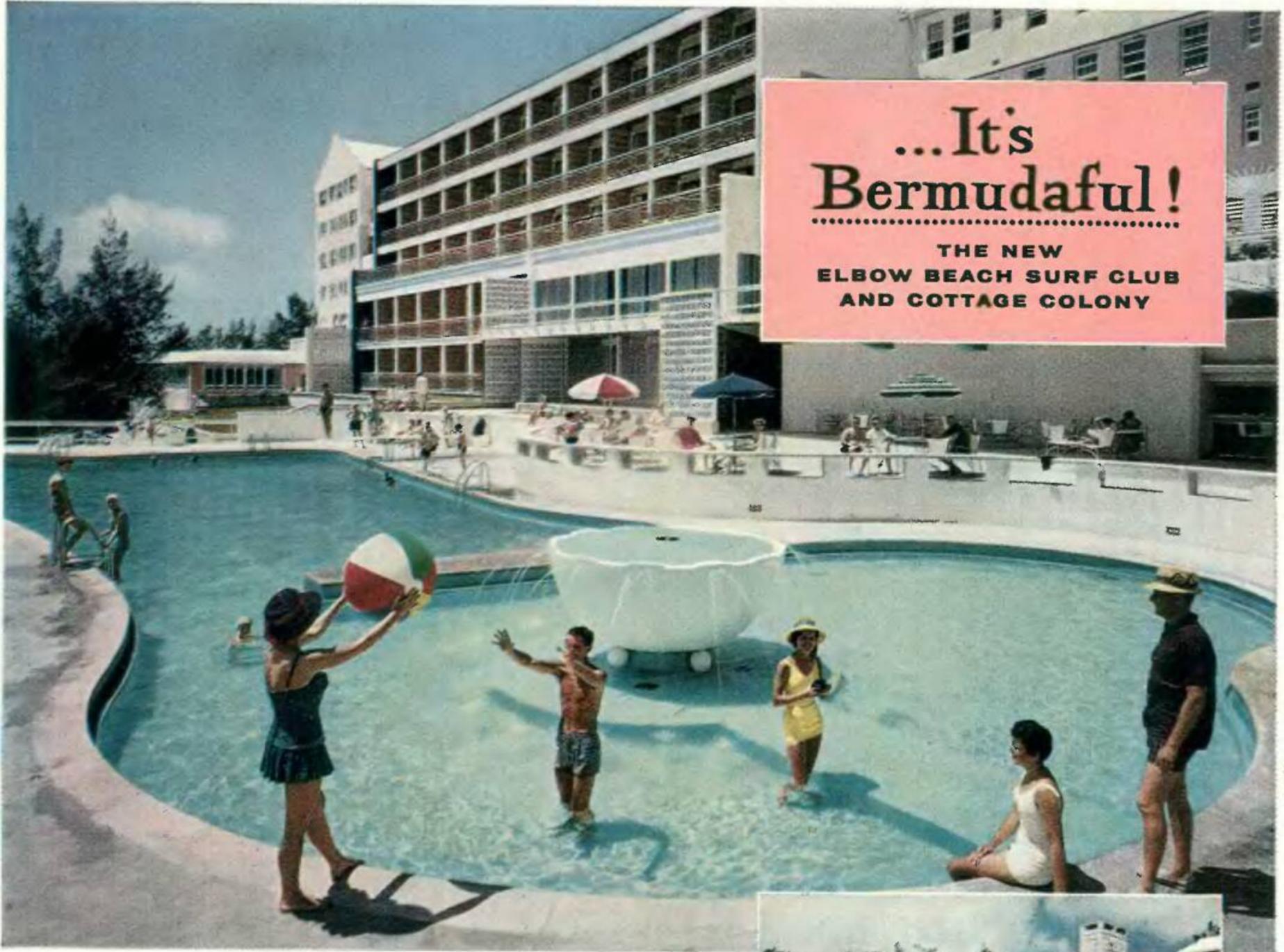


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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE recently received a strange, slightly overwrought letter from a friend of ours who had undergone an experience that might easily shake anyone, and we wish to pass it along. "When you stop to think about it (*don't*), there is something unpleasantly mechanical about eating, anyway," he wrote. "The task of the restaurant, with its starched and conic napkins, its muslin flowers, its Musivac lullabies, its grotesquely servile and



solicitous waiters, is to disguise from us the disgusting nature of our essential purpose in coming hither. All food is the same, being limited to a narrow range within which gourmets pretend to find exquisite distinctions. Gourmets are necessarily overfed men, for to the hungry man the distinction between a cleverly cooked and a clumsily cooked piece of beef is negligible. The real difference between an expensive restaurant and a cheap one, then, lies almost wholly in the degree of diversion it offers. Here the gamut is great, ranging from those night clubs in which the food is only a ridiculously priced garnish to the floor show, the depraved décor, and the adulterous celebrities elbowing each other at the tiny tables to that ideal, and perhaps not yet fully realized, eating place consisting only of a cashier and a capacious trough of steaming swill.

"Now, there is something additionally displeasing about food dispensed by machines. The mixture of the organic and the mechanical is profoundly unflattering. That a machine, out of its whirling and lubricated guts, should produce a platter of matter that we are asked to eat is so satiric, so brutal a comment

upon the human predicament that the stomach boggles. Furthermore, the annihilation of all human elements, even the charred thumb of the short-order cook and the brazen patter of the luncheonette waitress, so harshly isolates us in our animality that the mind screams. Who has not, accepting a candy bar insolently dropped by a scarred subway vending machine, or a cupful of carbonated sugar-water secreted by a metal box in a movie-theatre lobby, felt diminished as a man, and heard within himself the gallant parade of aspiration from Plato to Matthew Arnold gurgle and grind to its final dead end?

"The apogee, the unimaginable climax of such horror would be a restaurant entirely staffed by machines. Now—I swear it's true—not only does such a restaurant exist but I have actually been there. I was *invited* to go there—invited with a curious pride by this limbo's devisers, the Continental Vending Machine Company, which pressed upon me a triumphant catalogue of the food machine's march through history, beginning with the invention of a coin-operated holy-water dispenser by Ctesibius, in Greece, in 219 B.C. How blithe was the equipment specialist for Continental as he met me at the mouth of his grotto, which is in the offices of Carl M. Loeb, Rhoades & Co., Wall Street brokers! How jolly was he as he showed me the automatic dollar changer, which passes light through your bill at certain check points and may, on this basis, refuse to change it at all! With what touching satisfaction did he demonstrate for me the machines themselves, decorated with color photographs of their offerings, which emerge hot, in rectangular plastic containers! Roast turkey, breaded veal cutlet, chicken croquettes, Swedish meat balls, frankfurters-and-beans with cheese strips, jello, chocolate pudding, bagels—I can't go on. Mind you, this was no Horn & Hardart's, with those little win-

dows giving the customer tantalizing peeps at human hands pushing pie slices into their slots, in a delightful game of dexterity and pretense. This was just machines, intricate, spotless, standing along the wall smiling. I ate mechanically, without gusto or hope."

Refurbished

HAVING heard that Ned Irish, president of Madison Square Garden, and Admiral John J. Bergen, chairman of the board, had passed the summer renovating the Garden at a cost of three hundred thousand dollars, we dropped in there last week on the eve of the opening of the "Ice Capades." "The repainting of the whole interior is finished," we were informed by Mr. Irish's scholarly-looking, mild-mannered assistant, Fred Podesta, who let us into the air-conditioned chill through the Forty-ninth Street entrance, "and the redoing of the arena-level rest rooms will be finished by show time, but the new ceiling was delayed a couple of months by the sheet-metal workers' strike, and they'll just have to put it up between performances."

Leading us cautiously around a barricade of mops and brooms stacked in



the lobby, Mr. Podesta waved a hand at the wall, now an unobtrusive, chastely speckled blue-gray, and remarked, "They've sprayed on twenty-two hundred gallons of hard resinous paint—a fifty-thousand-dollar item—in colors that Admiral Bergen, Mr. Irish, and the architect Lionel K. Levy selected with an eye to absorbing any glare, especially from the ring lights, which have been made twice as bright as before. The skaters are arriving from

New Jersey, so watch out." His admonition was well taken, for the arena, when we stepped into it, was aswarm with high-energy "Ice Capades" artists, some in fantastic costumes and others in pants and sweatshirts, who were hurling themselves about the steamy ice and popping abruptly out into the aisles to greet late-coming colleagues. A dazzling couple in sequined blue rocketed up to us, sssshhhffed to a sudden standstill, said "Hi, Fred" in unison to our companion, and rocketed effortlessly off again. "Bob Paul and Barbara Wagner, the Canadian Olympic champs—their first time with us," Mr. Podesta informed us, smiling an avuncular smile. Then, directing our gaze to the shadowy spiderwebbing of rafters in the dim distance overhead, he said, "That's where the ceiling was, and will be again—on those lowest beams, the black ones, seventy-nine feet up. Let me get Dick Donopria to explain the technicalities."

Mr. Podesta darted around a cluster of news cameramen, who were arranging the knees of a lineup of skating queens at the guard rail, and returned almost immediately with his quarry, a tolerant-looking man with curly gray hair, whom he introduced as the Garden's building superintendent. "The new ceiling," Mr. Donopria told us, "will consist of fifty thousand square feet of corrugated blue-and-beige acoustical aluminum backed with Fiberglas—a hundred-and-twenty-five-thousand-dollar job. The surface will be in a fourteen-to-one ratio with the holes perforating it, which should give a lot better sound-absorption than the old one. The old ceiling was acoustical for its day—canvas with rock-wool backing—but times change. Besides, its brown color was looking old, and the rock wool was beginning to disappear into the vacuum cleaners. Luckily for us, we still had a couple of old circus hands around who didn't mind creeping and crawling up in the rigging when it came to taking the ceiling down. The new ceiling will be a lot nicer, and easier to care for."

We asked if Mr. Donopria also found the new paint job welcome from a maintenance angle, and he said, "Sure. For a few years—even during the dirt shows, like the rodeo and horse show—we'll only have to vacuum the walls, though in time, of course, the paint'll start resisting, like the gray stuff it's

replacing. That's after the cigarette smoke gets in." The arena's white lights suddenly gave way to blue floods, filling us with the uneasy sensation of being on the wrong side of the glass in an aquarium.

We said goodbye to Mr. Donopria and followed Mr. Podesta through an alley behind the box seats and into a corridor clogged with arriving props—a papier-mâché elephant, a cage of real monkeys, ranks of papier-mâché lion heads, and autumnal trees and cornstalks—and as we strolled along, Mr. Podesta told us, "This is the third phase of what you'd probably call the Garden's first major renovation since Tex Rickard, John Ringling, and William Carey built it to replace the old Garden, back in the building boom of 1925. The old Garden wasn't big enough, but I suppose the new one is still about the biggest in the country, seating up to eighteen thousand five hundred. The old Garden wasn't the first Garden, of course. The old one, which opened down near Madison Square in 1890, was built on the site of the first one, which William K. Vanderbilt bought from P. T. Barnum, to house the horse show, back in the seventies."

"Excuse me," a sylph in pink ostrich plumes said politely, treading on our toe as she pressed toward the swimmy blue arena.

"Well," Mr. Podesta went on, "the present Madison Square Garden was built mainly with boxing matches in mind, but then it turned out to at-

tract all kinds of other sports, too, along with the circus, and crusades for one thing and another, and the Bolshoi Ballet, and Lawrence Welk. That meant new needs. Here, for instance"—he indicated a door labelled "Chief Electrician," which stood ajar to reveal an array of electronic controls—"we've just this year put in a sixteen-thousand-dollar gadget to do away with the double sound-image you get, owing to the slow speed of sound, from public-address-system speakers that are more than sixty-five feet away from the person speaking. What this thing does is to tape the speech as it goes along, and rebroadcast it through the farthest-out horns a split second later, synchronizing the real voice and the amplified voice for the distant seats."

As we returned to the lobby, we reminded Mr. Podesta that he had spoken of this summer's work as the third phase of a long-range program, and asked him what the other phases were.

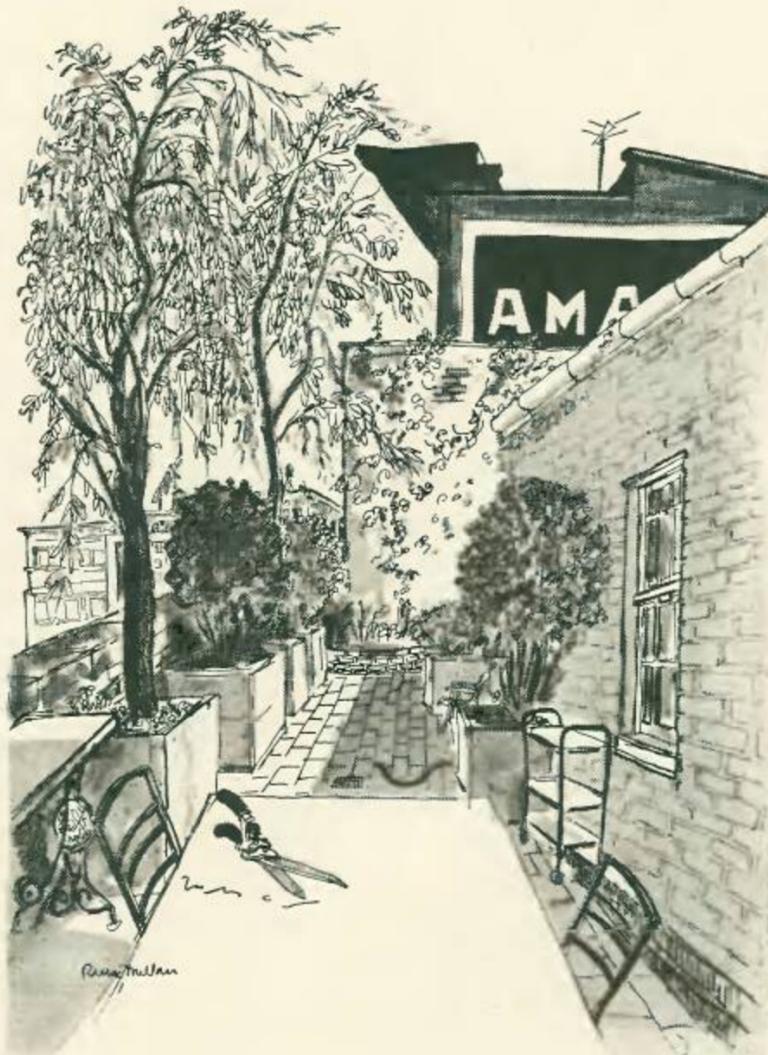
"The first," he said, "was putting in the escalators four years ago, and the second was a year later, when we redid the balcony area. I'm not counting the installation of the air-conditioning, which was back in 1936. One thing we know is that the Garden will always keep up with the times."

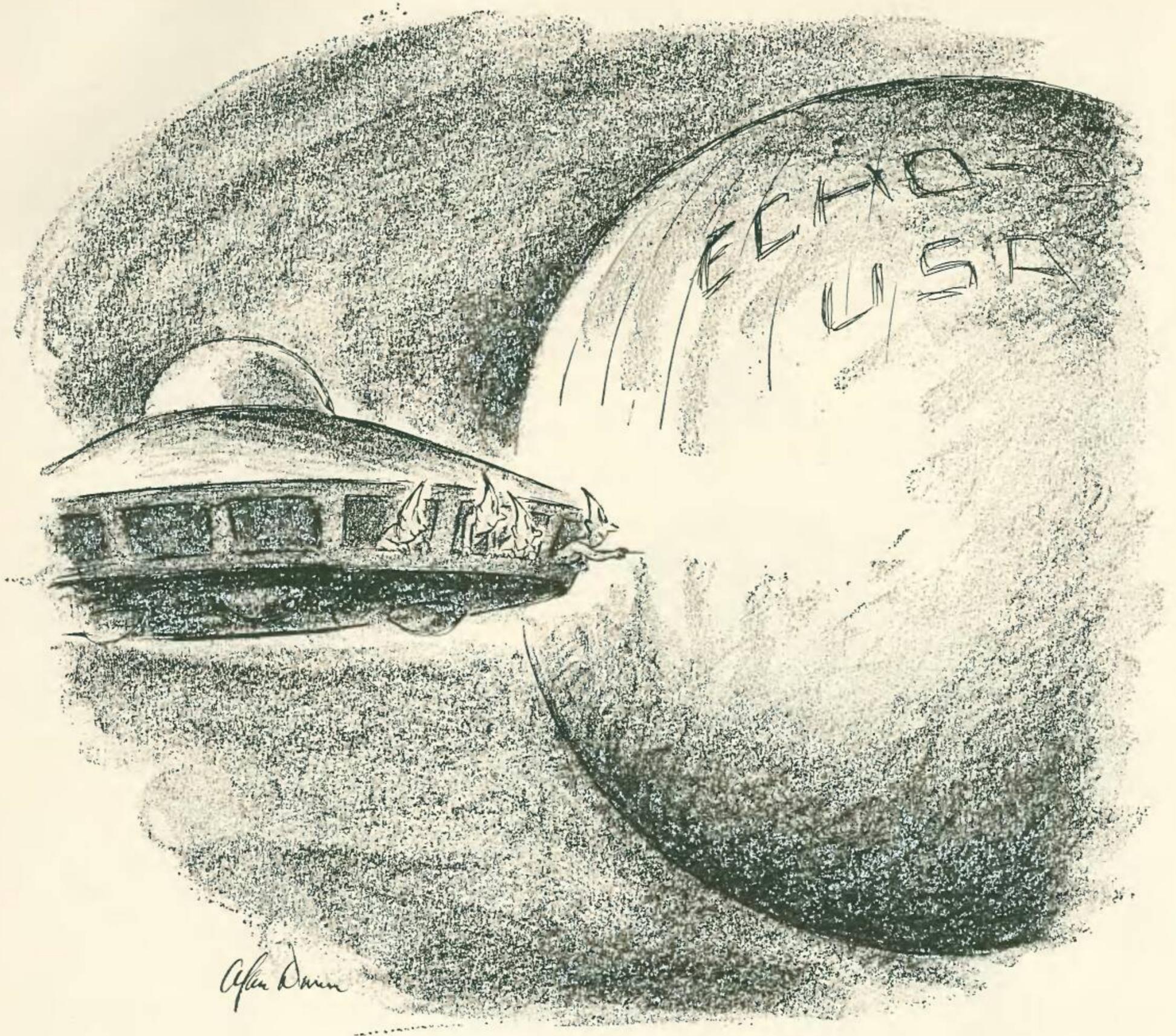
Camping

THE aunt of a twelve-year-old boy who attended camp upstate this summer told us the other day that she had sent him a two-dollar bill so that he could have a binge at the camp's canteen during his last week of outdoor living. When he returned home, she learned the fate of her gift. A frequenter of the local race track had been handed the bill and told exactly what horse to put it on. The two-spot had paid ten, the lad informed his aunt happily.

Parade Car

WE wish you could have seen us last Wednesday. We sat in the back seat of the world's newest and most luxurious parade car, on cushions previously warmed by Queen Elizabeth, President de Gaulle, the King and Queen of Nepal, the ditto of Thailand, and Robert J. Lawrence, Acting Consul-General of New Zealand. Our feet rested on sheared-mouton carpeting. Above our head stretched the transparent firma-





ment of a Plexiglas bubble. Within reach of our fingertips a vast panel of glittering switches waited upon our slightest pressure; by touching them in rapid succession we could have caused automatic windows, electric bulbs, a dual-speaker radio, and a dual air-conditioning unit to spring into a pulsing, burning, blaring symphony of action. Not that we touched anything. On the contrary, we were rather relieved to get out of the car, whose interior combined the inhibiting features of an airplane cockpit, the banquet hall at Versailles, and somebody's rich aunt's fancy parlor.

The City of New York and the Chrysler Corporation take equal pride in this august buggy, a Crown Imperial. Its over-all length is twenty feet five inches, and its value, like that of any item of conspicuous consumption worth

its salt, is incalculable. It was rough-hewn by Chrysler and custom-finished by the Italian carriage-making firm of Ghia in time for Queen Elizabeth's visit to Canada, and now it is at the disposal of bigwigs visiting our town, though it is still owned by Chrysler, which also foots the upkeep and provides a chauffeur. The chauffeur cannot be just anybody. He cannot be taller than five feet ten, the limousine's capacity in this respect being more stringent than a Volkswagen's. And he must be very clever at removing and replacing its Plexiglas canopy, which can be fitted in less time than it takes to tell, assuming it takes two and a half minutes to tell. This compares well with the hour or more needed to trick out President Eisenhower's Lincoln. Beyond doubt, Chrysler makes the fastest bubbles in America.

The marriage of convenience between Chrysler and Manhattan goes back twenty years, to the reign of that master matchmaker Grover Whalen. The new Crown Imperial, a jet black, replaces a gray 1940 Chrysler phaeton, which has been put out to pasture at the Henry Ford Museum, in Dearborn. That venerable vehicle in its day trucked many a great soul. Hidden away in the crannies of its cushions is lint that has rubbed off Winston Churchill, Willie Turnesa, Harry Truman, Ernst Reuter, Ralph Bunche, Lucius Clay, Pandit Nehru, the Shah of Iran, Aly Khan, Douglas MacArthur, Sugar Ray Robinson, Queen Juliana, Adlai Stevenson, Trygve Lie, Ben Hogan, Haile Selassie, U Nu, Althea Gibson, Van Cliburn, and Carol Heiss—to merely skim the list. Also, the city has the

use of another phaeton—beige—which came to us in 1952.

The Crown Imperial, when it isn't out shedding ticker tape, sits in the window of the Chrysler showroom at Forty-second Street and Eleventh Avenue. Already the King of Thailand, the King of Nepal, and an insanely prosperous Texan have offered, unsuccessfully, to buy it. The question most frequently asked by its stately passengers is "Is it bulletproof?" It is not. The Chrysler people apparently feel that it is one thing to be popular and another to be secure.

Roundabout Reference

A BIBLIOPHILE who keeps us posted on his explorations of the Vatican Library has just advised us of a Renaissance reference book he came upon there called "De Scriptoribus Ecclesiasticis," written by a learned monk

named Johannes Trithemius and published in Paris in 1512. Of one of his subjects, Trithemius notes:

Nationality, Italian. Born in Florence. In secular letters easily the most learned man of his time, and not unfamiliar with sacred writings. Poet. Most renowned as a philosopher and astronomer; a man of fine talent and great eloquence. He published many distinguished volumes that have brought his name into great renown, some of which follow:

De Genealogia Deorum
De Illustribus Viris
De Claris Mulieribus
De Victoriis Sigismundi
De Bellis Imperatorum
De Montibus
De Fontibus
De Fluminibus
De Bellis Florentinorum . . .

We'll interrupt this to get on to Trithemius's final observations:

There exist also many books of his in the vernacular, full of jokes and vanities; for example, a book of a hundred tales,

Corbatus and Philostratus. Died under the Emperor Charles IV and Pope Gregory XI, A.D. MCCCCLXXV.

Name of joker: Giovanni Boccaccio de Certaldo.

Long Life

TIBETANS being traditionally first in point of rarity among the various nationals who visit our shores (we've been told that perhaps fewer than a half dozen sojourners from Tibet are in this country today), we lost no time in heading for West Forty-sixth Street and Hartley House, one of our favorite settlement houses, when we heard that it had a temporary boarder from the world's highest and most isolated nation—a twenty-nine-year-old retired government dancer, singer, clarinetist, drummer, and supply clerk named Tashi (meaning Good Luck) Tshering (meaning Long Life), currently absent without leave from Lhasa's Chinese Communist government and about to take up a year's scholarship in social studies at Williams College. We joined Mr. Tshering in a roast-beef lunch in Hartley House's homey Victorian atmosphere of marble fireplaces and potted plants, and found him to be personable and bespectacled, of medium height and athletic build, with the high, wide cheekbones of an American Navajo Indian, the long, narrow eyes of a Chinese Buddha, and the sneakers, slacks, and "WSH"-monogrammed shirt of a checkroom attendant at the Y.M.C.A.'s William Sloane House, where he found a summer job on arriving here late in July. Under the benevolent gaze of Hartley House's director, Miss Gladys McPeck, and its resident cat and shaggy dog, Mr. Tshering responded to our request for his life story in a careful English that was without marked idiosyncrasy except for the syllable "ilk," which he pronounced "illik."

"I lived in a mountain village of twelve families, a hundred and fifty miles from Lhasa," he told us, "with my two brothers, my mother, my grandmother, my two aunties, and my father, who kept yaks on the hillside—male yaks for carrying and cultivating purposes, and female yaks for milking—until I was ten years old, when a man from the government came and called all the young boys from all the families together, and picked me and another boy to go away to Lhasa to become dancers in government temples, even though I didn't like dancing then and I don't like dancing now. For the dancing I was not paid, but my father's taxes



"But are we really grass roots in New Canaan?"

were forgiven, and it was promised I would learn to read and write in the home of the dancing teacher where I lived—but instead I spent all the time between the dancing, which we practiced Saturdays in the park in front of the Dalai Lama's palace, in feeding and milking the teacher's yaks, and taking them to graze near the palace, and carrying back the dung for fuel. So when I was thirteen I ran away, and walked over the mountains to my home, and spent three months learning to read and write from a farmer before I went back to Lhasa and the dancing."

Mr. Tshering passed the macaroni salad and went on, "Besides dancing, I also learned to sing, and play the clarinet and drums, but I saw no future in it, and when I was nineteen I managed to get another job in addition, as a clerk in the government supply office, supplying butter and those things to monasteries, and gifts, such as scarves and tea and butter, for the Dalai Lama to give to visitors. But there was not much reading and writing, and I talked with my friends in the teahouses of learning other languages—Hindi and English."

He poured some tea for us and continued, "After the Chinese came in 1950, we had very bad inflation, and I refused to take a job with them, because although I approved of their plans for schools and sanitation and hospitals and bridges and roads, I didn't like them bossing us as servants and destroying our Buddhism and traditions and independence. So in 1955 I took a leave of absence from the dancing and the supply office, and brought tea and barley and butter from my home town to Lhasa on my father's yaks, and sold it at a great profit, and in 1956 I took my money on a Buddhist pilgrimage to India, and did not go back. I settled down in Kalimpong, in India, to learn English and Hindi, so I could tell the world about my troubled people, and then I was accepted in a Catholic school in Darjeeling, and in my holidays I studied English with an Armenian lady tutor in Calcutta, and



"I fail to see any difference between the administration of Robert Moses and the administration of Newbold Morris."

when the Dalai Lama and his followers came out to India to live as refugees I was able to get a job as a translator, taking the refugees' testimony about Chinese Communists for the international commission that is reporting on Tibet to the United Nations. I also came to know Mr. G. Thondup, the brother of the Dalai Lama who is the leader of those of us who hope one day to go home with the Dalai Lama to a new and independent Tibet. The old Tibetan way was backward and wrong, but the new Chinese way is also wrong, for Tibetans have a high moral standard and they are kind and peaceful."

We passed the cheese to go on Mr. Tshering's apple pie, but he declined, and said, "A year ago, when I was translating for the commission, I met in the Y.M.C.A. at New Delhi a Williams College student named Robert P. Dunnum, of Lakeland, Texas, and when I told him of my wish to learn English to help the people of Tibet who are suffering, he told me I should come to Williams. Then he went back to Williams and told them the same thing and they granted me a scholarship. The Institute of International Education in New York then arranged with the Tolstoy Foundation here to pay my plane fare, and suddenly, within seventeen and a half hours' flying via Cairo and Rome and Paris and London, I am in New York, about to become a college

student. Would you care for some millik in your tea?"

We said no, and asked Mr. Tshering if New York came as any great surprise to a boy from the world's last theocracy, beyond the Himalayas, but he smiled and said, "Oh, no—I had talked of it with my friends in the teahouses, and it is exactly as they said. It has everything." He specified. "I asked the man at the Y where I should look for a job, and he gave me one in the checkroom there. I asked Miss McPeck where I could take typing lessons, and she found me a class at the Y.W.C.A. Yesterday, I had lunch with another brother of the Dalai Lama, who is a student in Washington. I have no money to speak of, but I have what according to Buddha's teaching is important—difficulties to face in this life so that my next life will be easier, and other people, now in danger, to work for in the name of justice and honesty and equality. Now, if you will excuse me, I have to get back to the checkroom, as my lunch hour is over." And, with a big smile and a handclasp, he was gone.

OVERHEARD on an airlines-terminal bus to LaGuardia, black attaché case to pigskin briefcase: "All right, all right, all right—but if you want to know the best manicure in Omaha, I can tell you."

IVY

(SOME EVIDENCES OF A SEVERE LITERARY SYNDROME EXPERIENCED AFTER ABSORBING, IN ONE DELICIOUS GULP, THE FOUR ALEXANDRIAN NOVELS, "JUSTINE," "BALTHAZAR," "MOUNTOLIVE," AND "CLEA," BY MR. LAWRENCE DURRELL, TO WHOM IS OFFERED A DEEP LEVANTINE BOW)

LANDSCAPE-TONES: thumbsmudged grays athwart the walls of the unswept corridor; fuchsine pink of the floorward-pointing arrow above the door of the awaited, chain-rattling elevator. Mudspatter tans and greens on the okapi flank of the evening taxi. Remembered lilac mauves in the flecks of her eyes as she lay, softly sighing over some imagined slight, in her charming accustomed attitude of exhaustion. Bruise-purple on the shoulders of the wheeling pigeons, short scimitars slicing the white sky of this too-Western littoral.

Copernicus, the milkman, has been missing for a week. His last delivery consisted of two pints of strawberry yoghurt, a gnostic warning of his disaffection. Another mystagogue gone from the Cabal.

Cat-dust afloat between the ramparts of the timeless, senectuous tenelements, caught and made golden by a random sunshaft, and below, in the dry jungle of smashed hedges and stillborn philodendron, ravaged by the sneakered *fellaheen* of the quarter, the animals themselves, self-consumed by the yellow hunger of their ancient eyes. She used to watch them from our back window, my sweet voyeuse, her entire body quivering in sympathy for their loneliness, and I would sense myself abandoned again. Ivy, the Nefer-titi-eared. How can I face her now?

Crumbie, the subway motor-man, sensed the truth, or the lie, in our relationship. Once, sprawl in my sling chair, his vast belly comfortably between his knees and his humorous, rheumy, jongleur's eyes alight with the inner wisdom, the thesaurian omniscience, that all my acquaintances seem to possess, he waved one of his great cuffed gloves at her as she lay asleep beside me, her head on my lap. "You think she loves you, don't you, *mon vieux*?" he said, his voice rumbling out of the caverns of his chest like an onrushing E train. "Love is your obsession. Your old noddle whirls with it day and night, the needle scratching out the same meretricious *javas*. My poor littérateur, you confuse possession with passion, convenience with adoration. Mark my words, Aeneas, you will do your innocent Dido a great hurt one day." Titubating slightly in his chair, he reached

down between his feet for his glass, which was characteristically empty (he had a great thirst for the native elixirs), and held it out toward me. "You got any more *phabst*, buddy?" he said, smiling wickedly.

He was right, of course. I knew it, though I denied it thumpingly; even at the height of my shrill recusance, I could hear a piquant, subterranean *scritch-scritch!* within me—the ratgnawings of suspicion and betrayal. How could I doubt the love of one who lay so innocently beside me now, one who had often rewarded me with a trusting, housewifely snore as I read aloud to her from my annotated volumes of de Sade and Rider Haggard? But for every trust there is a countering suspicion within us, love's antimatter. I remembered mysteries, evasions. From whom did she obtain such a gift as that uncut, sanguineous, Persian-red *bifteck* I saw her carrying, wordlessly ecstatic, across the croquet lawn of the Summer Embassy in Katonah early one Sunday morning? I never dared ask her. I have even suspected that she and Cloya might love each other. A bat thought, brushing my face in the dark. Once I surprised Cloya proffering her a Necco wafer, and sometimes on winter evenings I have intercepted a look between them, a feminine arrow of understanding and commiserating sympathy. Ouf! What confusions, what ferberian profundities!



Crumbie was still watching me. Could he know what evil surprise I had planned for Ivy? Guiltily, I looked down at her seamed, dewlapped muzzle, the beloved profile of *ma jolie laide*, and then I awakened her and she and I played gaily before him, as if to exorcise, with her rubber bone, the witch truth that we all recognized. I remember that as we romped together, two acolytes of love hurrying through the enforced rituals of our order under the wise eye of an aged archimandrite, Crumbie murmured, "How typical of you to own a bulldog. Especially a bitch. Outrage is your forte, as are antipodes. Thus your effeminate battler, your womanish Hercules. Of course, she is far too good for you."

Even as he spoke, there fell a sudden bumbling of thunder from the flat, sultry sky without—an ominous throat-clearing of the gods preceding the pass-

ing of some awful sentence. And now the deed is done, the sentence executed, and I must go this afternoon to Dr. Balsamic's establishment and face Ivy, she who understood almost nothing (no more than the impatient reader of some significant palimpsest) of what the hell was going on between us.

SEASON of the stocking-ladder. Winter-clank in the starved steam-pipes. Faint effluvium of mixed vetiver and pot from the empty marzipan jar. Rain squalls in the West Fifties, dappling the roofs of the versicolorate sports cars clustered like rank, overripe fruit in their dusty orchards. Cloya's face seen upside-down in her full Martini glass, an avid water-lily.

Pierrepoint, the gharry driver, is dead, possibly by his own hand. He was found slumped over the wheel of his cab, the coils of his *narguileh* twisted tightly about his aristocratic, Hittite neck. He had been a great womanizer, but he had been forced to deny his appetites cruelly. He confessed to me once that he suffered agonies from *couvade* and that his analyst (his "psyche-twist," as he called him) had warned him that he might not survive another confinement. Sad.

Aleicester, the poet, has at last finished the mighty palindrome that has entirely engaged his attention for the past eight years. Cloya brought it to me at dawn last Tuesday and I read it through in six hours, all the way from its brave, Homeric opening statement, "T. Eliot, top bard, notes putrid tang," to the great dying fall of its final line, "... gnat dirt upset on drab pot toilet." Cloya tells me it will probably never be published; Aleicester, half-mad with his vision, has already wrangled with his publisher, claiming that since the work can be read backward as well as forward he must receive double royalties. Ironic end to one so talented, so bored.

Did I say "too-Western littoral" earlier? Odd! Just this morning I received another communication from Pinchbeck, the novelist, in which he urges me to move Eastward. Near the end of this typically assertive document—a high-heaped interlinear correcting certain literate but misconceived comments I had scrawled in the margins of a fugitive work by Nik Kheni, the old bard of this narrow, fluminose island—he writes: "Novelists, like horticulturists, must find the proper climate for their little crop of hybrid conceits. If you persist in planting your lush tropical blooms by the sidewalks of a Hyperborean stone city, you will not be entitled to the luxury of surprise or hurt

when the preoccupied residents turn coldly away from your finest blossoms muttering, "They don't even look real." Your own verb-garden, your overmulched nouns, require a feverish Levantine sun, the swollen profligacies of some Eastern delta. Plant your flowers there—in Smyrna, Aleppo, or Alexandria—let them burgeon in all their premeditated brilliance, and *then* watch the tourists trample your borders! See them sniff, note the shocked delight in their eyes as they ogle each purple stalk, each velvet petal, each naughty stamen, and listen to them as they exclaim, "How lovely, how wicked, how *true!*" "

Pinchbeck is listenable, of course, but I must confess that I suspect him of jealousy. For one thing, he writes so much like me—implacably Gongoresque, logorrheac to a fault. And then, Copernicus has told me that Pinchbeck once indulged in a bitter public outburst against my concept of the novel as a five-sided continuum—the quincunx book, with four characters (or four volumes) spinning in orbit about the fixed center dot of events, like a die flung down on the green baize table of truth.

I MUST leave now; she will be waiting. The skin over my temples feels tautly stretched—a certain warning of the onset of *cafard*. It takes me forever to get going these days; one might even suspect me of wishing to inflate the meaning of each action, however trivial or fascinating, through cunctation and quiddity.

Out, then, again into the streets. I turn westward, toward the sun, stumping bravely toward Dr. Balsamic's antiseptic couloirs. Mica-sheen from the minarets of the Squibb Building. Below the conflagration of afternoon sky, below the great Weehawken Corniche, the seared, exhausted traffic-swarm, thrilling the belly with the blare of its impatient horns. Squadrons, platoons, entire divisions of pedestrians, package-bearing, newspapered, come clicking toward me, and I notice again how blurred, how impalpable they all seem in the ambient mistral that blows across this city at all seasons from the slopes of Mt. Simile. On the corner, Gepetto, the bearded convert, winks to me as he hurries past on his way to evensong—the Copt on the beat.

I come at last to the address, pass under the chaste, fly-specked sign ("Aristotle Balsamic, D.V.M."), and step into the white-walled foyer and the clean, masochistic scent of iodoform. The Dravidian receptionist ushers me into Balsamic's empty consulting room, where I sit briefly, listening to the yelps



"For I'm a jolly good fellow,
For I'm a jolly good fellow . . ."

and bayings of hell that fall faintly here upon my abashed ears. Palpitant, I hear a step and a shuffle without, and they enter, Balsamic resembling a sleepy-eyed snowy owl in his sterile gown, and Ivy almost hidden behind him, her head low.

No bandage. I had expected bandages. My waif is thinner, etiolated by her experience, but when she sees me her gazelle eyes light up bravely. But she does not throw herself into my arms in her customary abandoned *abrazo*. It is as I had known it would be: Forgiveness was too much to expect.

I must speak. "How is she, Doctor?"

"Fine," Balsamic says. "No complications. You can take her home now."

"But then what?" I cry out. "What will she think of me for putting her through all this? I mean, what about the *spirit*, the inner maelstrom? Isn't there danger of post-operative synecdoche?"

Balsamic regards me skeptically, looking like—well, like a skeptical doctor. "Listen," he says wearily, "it was perfectly routine. It's normal to spay a dog of her age. I recommended it and I'm sure I was right."

I take the leash from him and make one more effort. "Doesn't it mean *anything* to her?"

"Not a blessed thing. Oh, if she seems to have any trouble sleeping tonight, you might slip her a Bufferin, but that's all. In a few days she'll have forgotten all about this." He must perceive some vestigial shimmer—could it be disappointment?—in my eyes, for he steps forward and places a friendly, scrubbed, Philistine hand on my arm. "Look, fella," he says in his emollient baritone, "you writers, particularly you vocabulary-enrichers, ought to go easy on yourselves. All this high-class suffering and speculating, I mean. You're so damned sure that everybody around you is chock-full of passion and jealousy and guilt and memory and all that jazz, when most of the time—almost all the time, if you ask me—they're not thinking of anything more complicated than their next can of Ken-L-Ration. Keep that in mind—O. K.?"

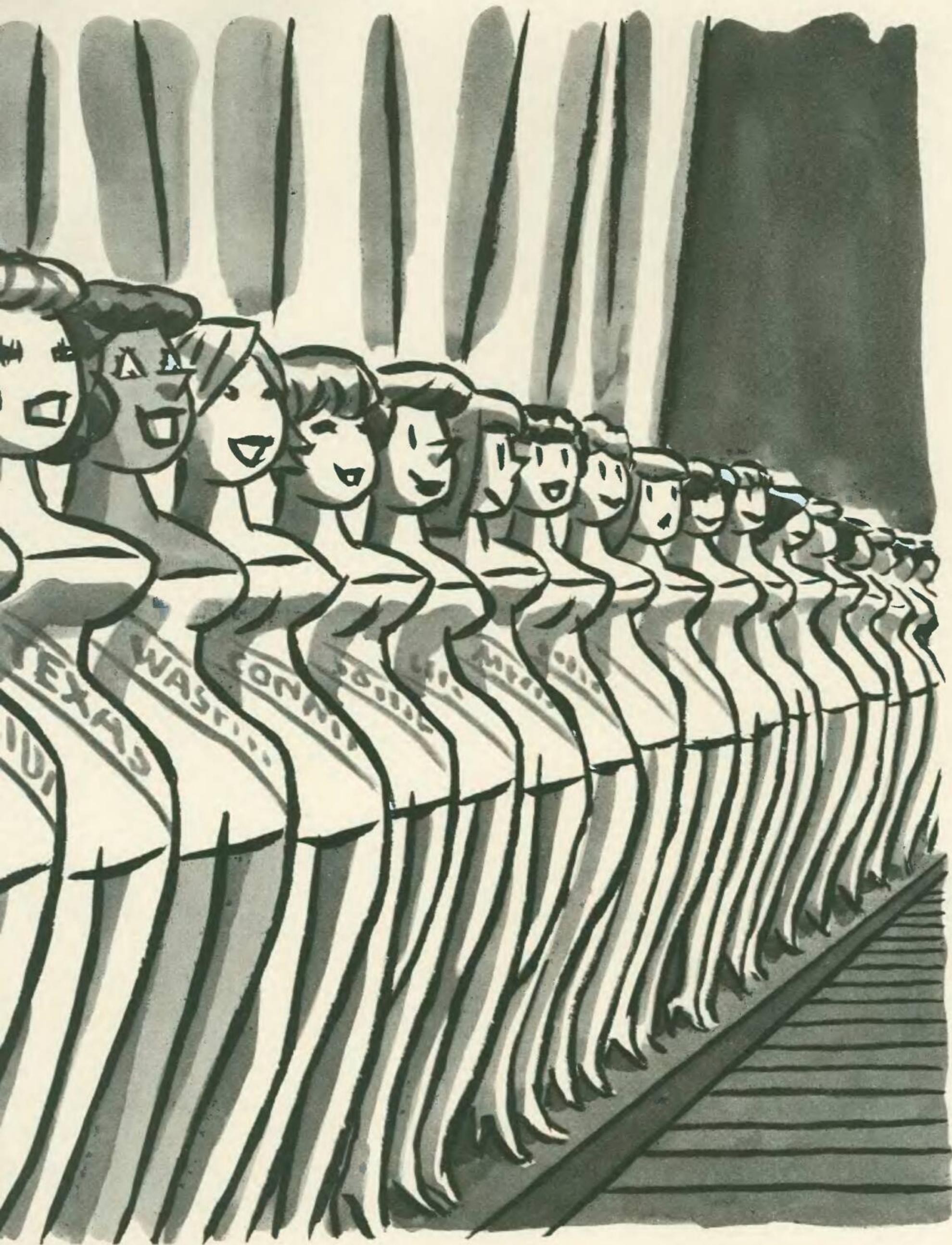
I nod, and Ivy and I take our leave. Outside, darkness has veiled the aged face of the courtesan streets, and the buildings above us cast down an autumnal pollen of yellow lights. The leash slack between us, we turn automatically and prophetically toward the East, each wincing faintly from our remembered interior wounds. We are both exhausted, and no wonder.

—ROGER ANGELL



Peter
Arno

"Makes you kind of proud to be an American, doesn't it?"



THE TIME OF ADAM

THE fathers came down to Riverport on Friday evening, for the weekend, and all week long the mothers and children waited for them. The mothers spent their days at the beach knitting cable-stitch sweaters that seemed never to be finished, reading magazines, or fixing their attention upon the sea, as though they expected the men to arrive on the horizon instead of dropping off the seven-o'clock train from New York.

Upon yesterday's ruins the children erected fresh, more thickly turreted sand cities, or they wandered over the small beach, which seemed to them immense, collecting shells, stones, and old beach-club badges that were buried in the sand. Sometimes they stayed in the ocean all day, dashing out only to shiver the tale of a water spat or to chew at half a sandwich and drink chocolate milk from a thermos cover that left its cold, tin taste in the mouth. Or they were summoned by the mothers, who came down to the sea's edge, shading their eyes with one hand, stepping back fretfully from the falling waves that were thrown at their feet like huge, wet, lace tablecloths. (The mothers swam seriously or not at all, and always took their dip as soon as they arrived at the beach or just before leaving.) "Your

lips are blue!" they would cry. "Your teeth are chattering!" "Look how white your fingertips are, and puckered! Come out this minute." And the children were driven into the shade of faded striped umbrellas, where they had to sit for a while, swaddled in beach towels, eying one another, and reflecting on adventures that they didn't seem to notice were nearly always the same, every day.

After a few moments, slyly, they shed their wrappings and began to sift sand through their fingers. Then they rose and dared to stand just outside the shadow of the umbrella, or they swung on its pole—the bold ones—causing it to tilt more and more, until it threatened to crash to the ground, and the mothers, startled, looked up from under wide-brimmed straw hats or through dark glasses whose rims were made of tiny, colored flowers or shells. "Stop the nonsense," they would warn. "Be still, can't you?"

The children, seizing upon their own undesirableness, would cry, "Can I go in again? *Please*, is it time yet?"

"No," the mothers said. "Wait a few minutes more."

Stealing to the edge of the shade cast by the umbrellas, the children—oppressed, heartsick—tried to see how far

they could kick sand without hitting the people nearby. This almost always ended in some baby's getting an eyeful. Swelling with righteous anger, the victim would start to yell, and its mother, inured to such crimes, would not even turn as she remarked, "Dear, please don't kick the sand over here. That's a good child."

At the sound of this cool voice, the guilty one's mother, who by then had had quite enough for one day, leaned forward in her beach chair and, for a moment, pressed a therapeutic finger to each temple. "Get your things together," she would say sternly, knocking her shoes against each other. "We're leaving."

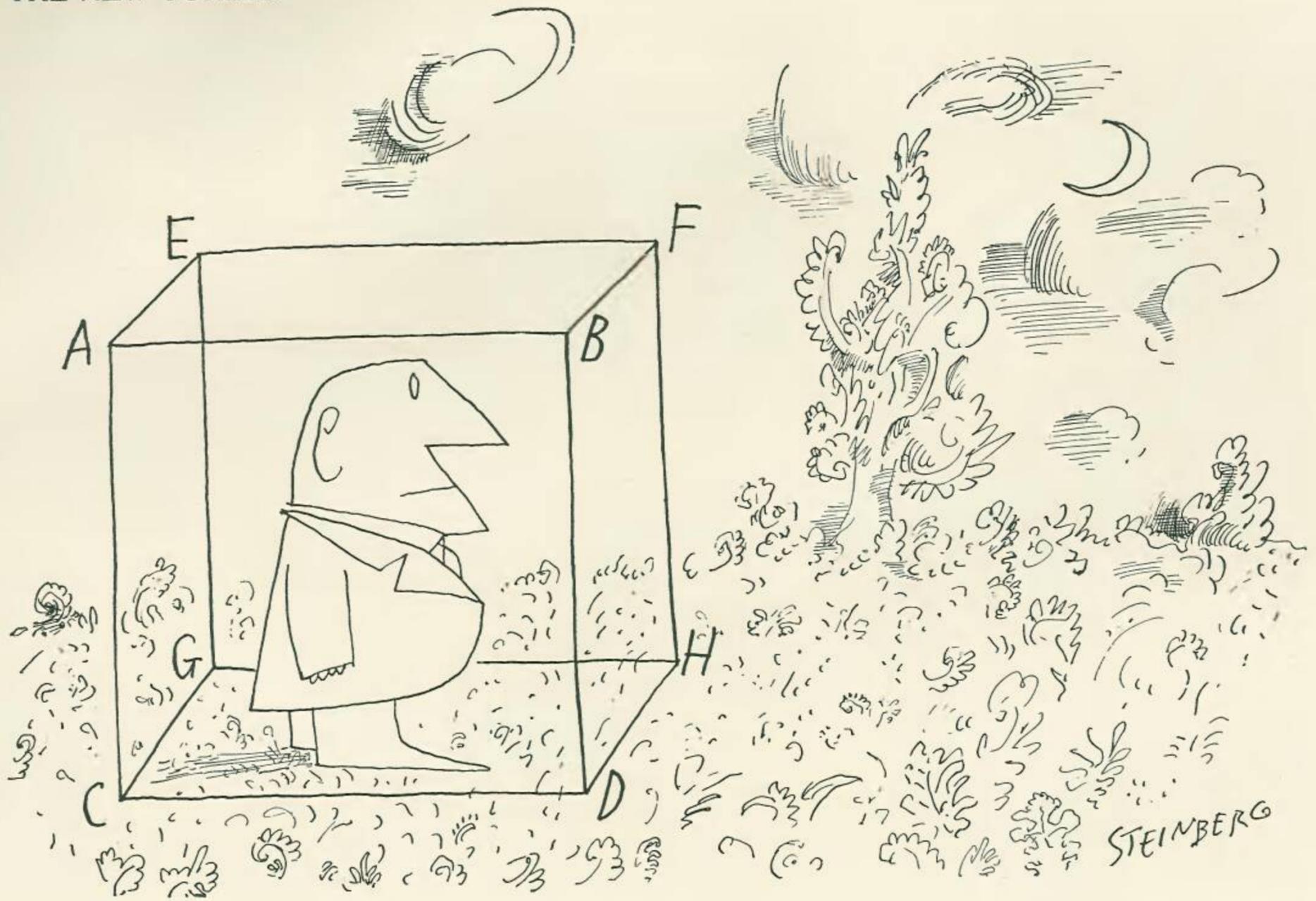
Absolute, dire, and hopeless, that statement set off a chain of departures. "Fold your towel," the mothers would order. "Pick up your sneakers!" "Call your sister!" "Return that pail and shovel to whoever owns it!" And so they had to leave, sorrowing child exiles, at the most inviting time of day, when the sea was blue as a night; when the sun, low and almost spent, cast shadows into every wrinkle left on the sand by the day's footfalls. Dropping their belongings, not out of wickedness but from the simple desire to be left themselves, the children dragged their feet along, walking backward, looking over their shoulders, hanging on to that place with their eyes. They wanted—shockingly—to be marooned there, to be orphaned and left to survive together on that beach. It was no use telling them that sort of thing did not happen; they all knew of Peter Pan.

But by the time they gained the pavilion, their sadness was forgotten, and while the mothers sat buckling their shoes the children chased each other around the rattan furniture in the lounge. They fought to sit on the piano stool and run their fingers over the locked cover of the keyboard of the pink-and-white upright; they snatched each other's towels; they stepped, shoeless, on each other's toes, leaving injuries all the more cruel for being painless. Then the mothers shook the terry-cloth beach robes and held them out silently. "Do I *have* to?" the children would begin. "Can I go home *barefoot*?" "Can I go home with the *MacIntyres*?" "Mrs. Conklin says I can have supper with *them*. Can I?" The response to all those wishes was usually "No."

At home they were washed and dressed in chambray or seersucker, fed light hot suppers, and then sent out on the lawns, having been told not to cross the street, not to get dirty, and to come when they were called. But the friends



"Don't take it out on me! I'm not Nikita Khrushchev."



across the street were always the favorites, so they stared at each other over those macadam rivers, yelling messages that burst in the air. In the fissured bark of tree trunks they left notes to be picked up the next day. "There was a bug in my blueberries," they wrote. "Tomorrow you can use my sand derrick." Or simply, "See you at the beach." And, watching each other still, they dangled one foot over the curb, then, standing just off the sidewalk, made little darting motions of fellowship, daring, and nonsense.

Sometimes after supper they were taken for a walk to the post office—a square of white concrete with opaque glass windows, which they called the "Igloo." There the mothers bought copies of *Vogue* or *Harper's Bazaar*, and if the children had been good they were allowed to buy postcards to send to friends back in the city who were not fortunate enough to go away for the summer. There were other walks, without destinations, though not without adventure—past the old Hathaway place that was believed by even the older children to be haunted; past the Benoit's, where Miss Edna Benoit, who played the harp, plucked from her shapely instrument and pressed upon the night vague songs hardly more melodic than

the sound of a horsefly; or down along the Esplanade, by the calm evening sea that stretched away from them, indifferent to their desertion, and so still desirable. But no matter what they did, they were aware—mothers and children both—that they were only passing the time until the fathers came.

AND what did the fathers do when they arrived? Well, first they swung their children high into the air, making them shriek with pleasure and excitement. The fathers kissed the mothers, and if any grandmothers were around they embraced them respectfully. They patted the dogs, stroked the cats, and then went out to the kitchen and made drinks. The children were permitted to stay up later when the fathers were there, to have sips from pale, frosty Tom Collinses, and to play croquet with the grownups in the twilight, although the younger ones couldn't manage their mallets and tripped repeatedly over the wickets. When the long dusk finally settled into darkness, they all moved indoors to the screened-in porches, away from mosquitoes, gnats, and spear-nosed hummingbirds that troubled the beds of petunias. The fathers sat on the gliders, with the children tumbling alongside

them, and while the talk of parents and, more often than not, weekend guests buzzed over their heads, the children poked at one another, straining for the best positions, until they were banished again—this time to bed.

But that was not the end of them. Not those children. On Beach Avenue, in the Forbeses' sand-colored stucco bungalow, Justine Forbes tried once more to drink a glass of water lying down on her bed, and the sheets had to be changed, and Justine, in a dry nightgown, was punished. In the Doughertys' two-story brown shingle house with porches at both levels, which stood on the corner of Wheat Street, Michael Dougherty, known as Mister, hid some curlers belonging to his older sister Evelyn, who was called Sister. Regularly, her curlers, her pumice stone, her orange stick, etc., disappeared while Sister, who was fifteen, sat in the bathtub smoking a cigarette or admiring her well-formed toes. In a few minutes, the theft would be discovered and Mister would be slapped, but a slap never deterred Mister. Indeed, you might almost have thought that was his goal. As for Sister, she considered her brother a menace comparable to the Japanese beetle. Being a member of the older crowd, she was taken up with

more urgent considerations—for example, the Coast Guard station, situated on the other side of the beach club. At nine o'clock, as the Good Humor man slowly pedaled down Lafayette Place—the end of his route—Jimmy Ennis whistled two shrill summoning notes that became, as soon as the man stopped his cart, a bobwhite's call and emerged finally as "Way Down Upon the Swanee River." Reluctant to concede that a whistle did not mean a dime, the Good Humor man paused, cocked his head, and before riding off again shook his finger at the empty night. Underneath his bed, Bobby Powers, who lived on Meadow Lane, was constructing, by flashlight, a model airplane made of sawed-off wooden matchsticks, tissue paper, glue, and straight pins. Unlike most of Riverport's bedrooms, which were cramped and furnished with odds and ends, Bobby's was large and decorated in a red-white-and-blue nautical motif. He was an only child and had had many advantages but nevertheless found it necessary to engage in arduous projects, preferably of a secret nature, such as this one. Patsy Conklin and Marjorie Brinton, who lived next door to each other on Valentine Road, were each making a record, which they compared daily, of the kinds of automobile that passed their houses at night. In the bed beside Patsy's, her younger sister, Skippy, was also keeping track of the cars, but she didn't know, and no one would tell her, exactly what marks distinguished a Chrysler from, say, a Ford. Still, the records she kept were the neatest and most complete with regard to make, model, condition, occupancy, and license-plate number, even though all this information was of her own invention. The activity of Skippy's mind was constant, sometimes ingenious, and always to the end of obscuring for herself and others the fact that at the age of four she almost died of rheumatic fever. "My baby was at death's door," she heard her mother tell people, and, seeing in her mind a dreadful oak portal carved with holy figures, like the entrance to a great church, Skippy often wished that door had opened and closed behind her. The precautions she was obliged to take now made her feel above the other children and yet somehow not quite as good.

However, at that hour, in the rest of Riverport, there was little thought of sleeping, much less of dying. All over the seaside community, the children managed, in one way or another, to stretch the day out a little longer and so cram a little more into the too short summer.

TREE IN NIGHT WIND

Against the stress and drive of my own passion
Filling up every cranny of my being,
The surging of the tree outside my window
Makes headway till I have to stop and listen.

With one great light
Green-coruscating myriad-chinking heave
After another, and no rest between,
Opening every last leaf out to air,
The tree protests interminably, agrees,
With a thousand delicate quick afterthoughts
Capping each other like ripples on a shore,
Till each leaf has its say, matters, and counts;
The full-voiced crying when the stress is on
Dying out to next to nothing; then to nothing.

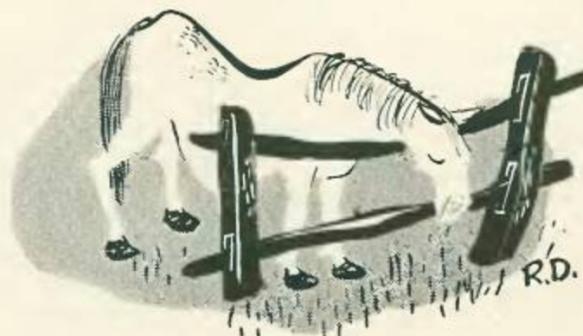
Far off a tree less intricately leaved
Makes simple sound, one-voiced. But this outside
My window says a thousand things at once,
With multiple accents on each separate word.

I listen wondering, hearing the deep wind
Say a serious thing in the most allusive way
That ever was or could be, the tipped leaves
Lipping almost together, but not quite,
With overlapping of the syllables. I hear
The rainy wind in the dark, the lone sound
Seething, the passionate gust subsiding, the spent leaves
Unclapping, hanging down. Then out of the dark,
Many-tongued, I hear the tree talk. It is more like a crying
When passion departs—how sober, light-swept, grave-lovely,
Till brought again to top cry all surging together!

Yet here is no confusion; central-ruled
Divergent plungings, run through with a thread
Of pattern never snapping, cleave the tree
Into a dozen stubborn tusslings, yieldings,
That, balancing, bring the whole top alive.
Caught in the wind this night, the full-leaved boughs,
Tied to the trunk and governed by that tie,
Find and hold a center that can rule
With rhythm all the buffeting and flailing,
Till in the end complex resolves to simple.

—ABBIE HUSTON EVANS

It was sometimes hard to keep these families straight, for there were so many cousins. The Conklins, the Forbeses, and the Powerses were related, having among them five children, of whom Bobby Powers was youngest (five) and Skippy Conklin next-to-youngest (six and a quarter). The Doughertys and the Ennises were related, too, and so



were the Mitchells and the Sheehans, and the Brintons, the Carrolls, and the MacIntyres; yet this overlapping was scarcely noticeable until the fathers came. When they were there, the beach seemed less empty, not such an outpost. The mothers, so self-contained during the week, became not really friendly like the fathers but certainly gracious, and as they called to each other from under their circles of shade, talking of beach suppers and cocktail parties, it became apparent to the children that their own lives were intimately joined, and not merely by the tentative friendship they offered each other. Again and again they learned that those ties, which appeared so unstable, were in fact constant and imperishable, by virtue of be-

ing the duplication of complicated, well-established bonds linking their parents. Of course, those few families were not the whole population of Riverport, but affinity, where there was not actual kinship, was so strong among them that they tended to dismiss the others. In their closeness, they seemed like some primordial society just a generation or so removed from the time of Adam.

All the fathers swam together, throwing themselves upon the surf as if it were a soft mattress, and cutting out past the breakers to the calm part. They swam no matter what the disposition of the ocean—if it was frigid or stormy, when there was an undertow to sweep them off to the adjacent public beach, and even when a school of sharks showed their fins against the sea. At those dangerous times, when the fathers insisted upon swimming, the mothers sat alert and serious, and the children scheduled their operations for the water's edge. Standing with their legs far apart, they watched the waves sink their feet under sand. They dug for tiny sand crabs that twitched in the palms of their hands like inspired chrysanthemums. They built drop castles with moats, which the ocean flooded gratuitously as it licked away at the buildings themselves. But they kept, always, one eye on the men in the sea. For there was no denying it—the fathers were reckless. Although they looked after the mothers and children, they took no care of themselves. The children loved listening to the fathers' talk. They respected the tender whiteness of their hairy bodies (the fathers never had time to tan properly), and, set down amidst that rich air of salted skin, Noxzema, oil of citronella, and sun-tan cream, the fathers' city smell was as fresh to them as the fragrance of a Christmas balsam. Yet the children understood that the mothers disapproved when all the fathers drove off to Pierce's, which was across the bay, in River Knolls. They knew, besides, that sometimes the fathers had too much.



"Look, dear, the world!"

But too much what? The children were not attentive. They scratched their mosquito bites. They matched, arm against arm, their shades of tan. They yawned. They tickled one another. And so their information was incomplete.

BUT stretch the days out as they might, they could not manage a perpetual August—for what was it

really that burst each year from Fourth of July's rockets but Labor Day itself? And when September rushed up, with storms that spilled the sea over in violent waves onto the Esplanade, they felt as if the summer, too, had soared sky-high and exploded, leaving no more than a sort of powder smell, a popping in the ears, and spots of light burning inside their eyes. They took home trophies by which to conjure the sea, and never



"It isn't enough to feel sixty-five. You have to be sixty-five."

looked at them. No fat, ruffled conch roaring against the ear could restore them to that place, which was accessible to them, however, through dreams—sometimes strangely unpleasant—and inadvertent recollections. Jimmy Ennis could remember the time his grandmother used a kind of sun-tan cream the rose beetles liked and they swarmed in to cover her broad back and fat arms like a beaded jacket. Billy Carroll clearly recalled how the Sheehans' setter, Kerry, once snatched a tuna-fish sandwich from his hand and ran off down the beach with it, gulping and laughing. Justine Forbes remembered her good yellow bathing cap that was washed out to sea while she watched, and in a recurrent nightmare Margot Mitchell found herself locked in the hold of a freighter as it sank off Sandy Point Harbor. Marjorie Brinton could not forget, though she tried, the automobile accident when three people were stretched out on her father's lawn as if they'd fallen asleep at a picnic—except that on the woman's cheek was a long, bleeding cut. And Skippy Conklin remembered the Charlie McCarthy doll.

Her father had brought it with him on the last Friday in August, when Uncle Dan came to spend the weekend. They drove down that night and were very late. She and Patsy had been given

supper and their mother would have sent them to bed, but they knew their rights and were not to be deprived of seeing their father on Friday night. In the truce of that quiet, after-dinner hour, the sisters wandered out onto the side porch and sat at each end of the glider. The scene outside was clear, and glossy, like a colored photograph, and against the calm evening a locust unwound his late-summer song. The children swung gently at first, brushing back and forth, dragging their feet, but then Patsy started to rock the swing vigorously, pitching it against the walls of the narrow porch and straining the chains that attached the swing to the ceiling.

"Make it go slower, Patsy," Skippy called at last. "I'm falling."

"Hang on!" Patsy yelled, in time to the rocking. "Hang on, mate!"

"I can't! It hurts my hand." The chains were cutting into Skippy's fingers, and it seemed to her as if the porch were swirling around the suddenly still swing. Then, through the creaking noise, came the crackle of tires against gravel.

"He's here!" Patsy alighted nimbly on an arc of the swing that hurled Skippy to the floor. She picked herself up and ran, trembling, to the front door.

"The cars were lined up all the way

from Camden to Seabright!" Uncle Dan shouted as he came in. Then he unzipped Mrs. Conklin's dress. He lifted Skippy in his arms and, grabbing at her nose, cried, "Where'd that nose go, Skipper? Who's got your nose?" And, laughing, Skippy reached for his fist, where she knew the thumb would be lying between the second and third fingers, going along with this babyish trick even though she was much too old to be taken in by it; even though her mother wasn't laughing. He loosened the ribbons on Patsy's braids, plucked the hairpins from one of the buns that lay over Skippy's ears, and gave each of the children a pinwheel, which he immediately retrieved and began to blow on, trying to make them twirl.

Then, claiming their attention quickly, naturally, as the fathers always could, Mr. Conklin said, "Look what I have here." He showed them a long, thin box and, opening it, withdrew an elegant doll dressed in white tie and tails, with thin patent-leather shoes, a top hat, and white gloves. From a black silk cord around his neck hung a tiny monocle. "This is the thing I mentioned on the phone, Win." He smiled at his wife, who was leaning against the doorway, her face masked by a deep tan.

"Charlie McCarthy!" Skippy cried, rushing at him.

"Hey, wait a minute!" Her father lifted the figure above his head. "Let's see how he works." Sitting down in a straight chair, he placed the doll on his knee. Skippy climbed to the other knee, and Patsy stood in front of them.

It was a truly distinguished doll, especially so since all summer long they had seen nothing but hoes and shovels, derricks, buckets, dump trucks, and tambourines for sifting sand. The features were faithful to those of the original dummy, even to the movable mouth cleft in a line that extended down through the chin.

"What's he *do*?" cried Patsy impatiently.

"Ask him something," said her father.

"Hi, Charlie, how're you?"

Miraculously, jauntily, the doll's mouth moved. "Hi yourself," answered Charlie McCarthy.

"Do it again," the children pleaded.

"Well, say something else to him," said Mr. Conklin.

"How old are you, Charlie?" Skippy asked.

"Not too old for you," the doll replied, his cut-out jaw chopping the words. "What's your name, honey?"

Skippy jumped, jostling the figure slightly.

"Be careful!" Mr. Conklin raised the doll high into the air. "We don't want him to break."

"How does it work?" asked Patsy. "Can I try? What do you *do*?"

"He talks the way you and I do," said her father. His eyes were bright as he looked from one to the other; his cotton shirt clung to his skin.

"Oh, come on," insisted Patsy. "Dolls don't talk."

Seeing the perspiration on the two men, Mrs. Conklin drew the back of her hand across her own forehead. "Don't be such a tease, William," she said. "Show them how it works."

Instead, Uncle Dan walked over and picked up the doll and, making a chair out of his forearm, set it there. "Let's keep them guessing, Bill."

"Say there, Skipper, why don't you and I go out for a stroll—just us two?" The doll spoke boldly now, several tones lower.

Proud at being chosen, Skippy turned to her mother. "Can I?"

"See?" Mrs. Conklin spoke triumphantly. "Now you've got her believing you. Please come and eat. I've fixed a lobster salad, and there's fresh corn. And it's time you children were in bed," she added. "Say good night, please."

"Can't I stay up till you finish eating?" Patsy cried. "It's not so late."

"No."

"Please, just this once? I'm older than Skip. Why do we have to go together?"

"Off with you," answered her mother. "Not another word."

Mr. Conklin rose and took the doll from his brother. He straightened the cotton dress suit and adjusted the top hat. "Back you go, Charlie." The bright agate eyes clicked in their wooden sockets as he replaced the doll in the box, folding the tissue paper over it like a blanket.

"Can't I bring him up with me?" cried Skippy. "Can't I take him to my room?"

"Why, Charlie's not for you, Skip,"

said her father, kindly but with surprise.

"He's a boy doll—not a doll for little girls. He's for your cousin Bobby." He turned to his wife, raising his eyebrows.

"Oh," said Skippy.

"I suppose I should have warned them," said her mother, "but it didn't occur to me that you would be so thoughtless as to show it to them."

Skippy watched with alarm as the two faces matched each other's anger. Feeling the bun her uncle had unwound loose against her neck, she began twisting it together again, trying to put it behind her ear, but the strands kept separating. She tried to fasten it with a pin from the other bun, but then that one fell apart, too, and her body began to tingle with the impossibility and frustration of the task.

"Upstairs!" Her mother clapped her hands briskly and then pointed to the staircase in the hall.

The children didn't argue. After all, it was dark now, and they felt around them in the room the uneasiness

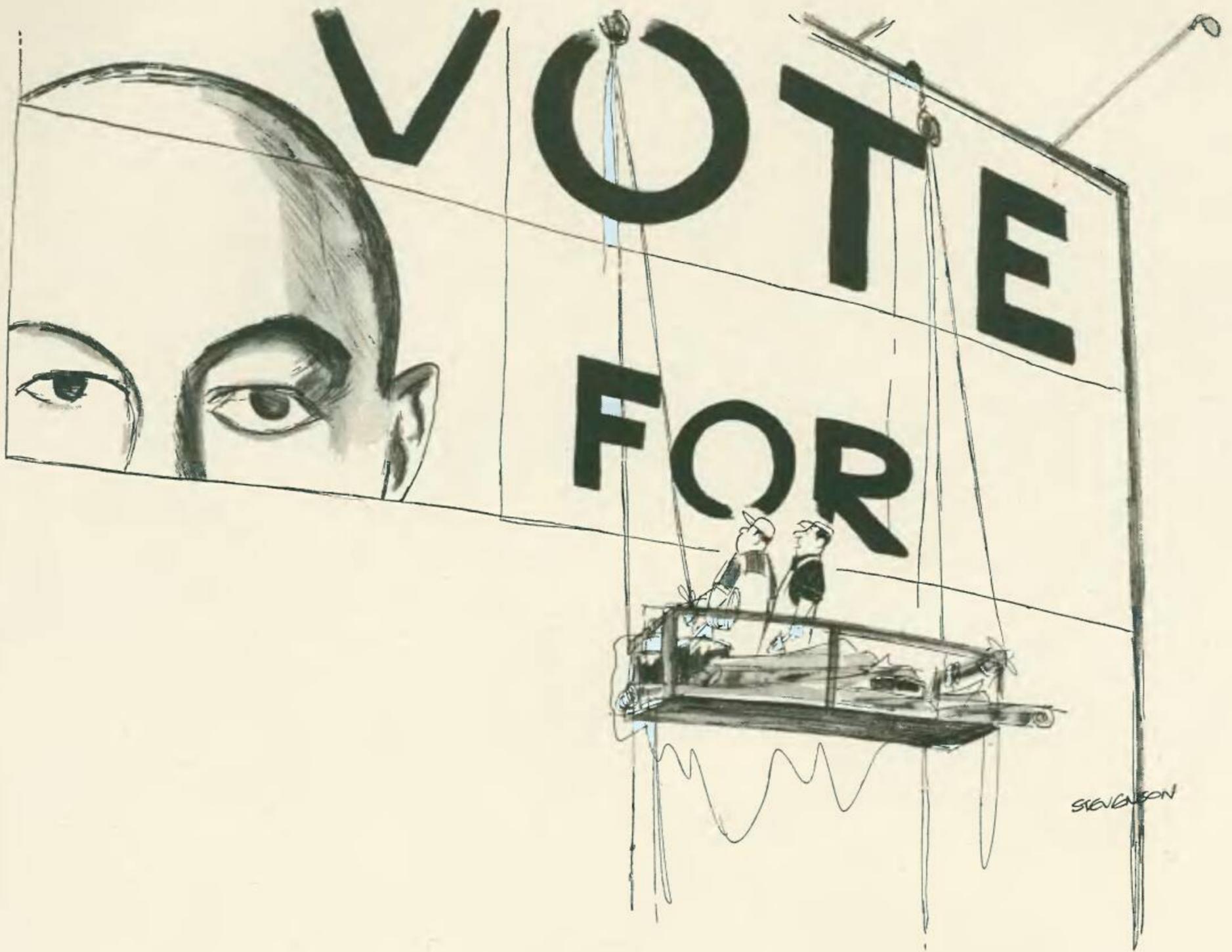
of shifting seasons, of failure, and of reproach. "Good night," they said quickly. "Good night, everybody." Patsy stamped from the room and ran up the stairs. Behind her, Skippy mounted slowly through the shadows, wanting not to and yet listening to her mother's sharp beginning words.

"It's a pity you couldn't have brought something for your own little girls. Your sister's boy has too much as it is. And it seems to me you might have realized . . ."

The child ran the rest of the way, her heart fluttering wildly as though she were a very old woman who forfeits a fragment of her life with every step of the stairs. In no time, the two children were undressed and in bed.

On Wheat Street, in his attic room under the eaves, Mister Dougherty lay in bed writhing and laughing to himself. He had found a letter addressed to Sister from a boy in New York, and, after reading it, he hid it under his collection of Good Humor sticks. Sister, who





"I just don't like his looks—so far."

had left this item in plain view on purpose, in the hope that it would prevent Mister from stealing something more valuable (she could not, naturally, be interested in someone who wasn't even in the same state), was washing her hair, and she looked into the bathroom mirror now, at the sudsy, white mass around her face, considering what would have been her expectations as a Colonial dame. Over on Beach Avenue, Justine Forbes was again trying to drink a glass of water lying down, but, faithful to her latest promise not to soak the bedclothes, lay naked on the floor of her room. On Lafayette Place, a white-uniformed man, shining under the trees like an apparition, strode with a military step up the Ennises' walk.

As each passing car murmured a hasty "Ssssh" on Valentine Road, Patsy Conklin and Marjorie Brinton took note. Skippy lay quietly in the bed beside Patsy's, but she was neither sleeping nor counting. From the hall a light shone on the window, where a

dusty, tan moth beat against the screen, and beyond him the harsh music of crickets disturbed the air. How had she made that mistake, she wondered. What words did she miss—words that could have told her the doll was not for her? She coughed and cleared her throat.

"What's the matter, Skip?" asked Patsy at last. She despised being constantly copied, yet the absence of imitation now made her feel guilty. "How come you're not counting tonight?"

Skippy sat up in bed. Her face seemed to crack, and then she began to cry, in the extravagant, futile manner that both infuriated and frightened her sister, whose tears were few and always short-lived.

"Oh, for heaven's sake, what's wrong? Don't be such a baby, will you?" Patsy jumped up and ran to shut the door of their room. "What're you crying about, Skip?" Most often, she knew, *she* was responsible for that foolish weeping.

"You *know* I don't know how," Skippy gasped, the words bumping blindly against her sobs. "You *know* I can't tell cars apart!"

And on Meadow Lane, Bobby Powers, lying in bed, beamed his flashlight toward a gimcrack, faintly insectile, just identifiable airplane lying completed over on the walnut dresser. But the peak of his pleasure was past. It was the making he liked best.

—ELIZABETH CULLINAN

MURMURS WE DOUBT EVER GOT MURMURED

[From the News]

Ten minutes later, Radio Car Patrolmen Donald Avery and John Stucco, who work with Murphy at the Clymer St. Station, spotted the car with three youths in it, at Flushing and Marcy Aves., a mile from where it was stolen.

"Thanks, fellows," murmured Murphy when his car was returned to him. "It's good to know you can take a day off when there are guys like you on the job."

PROFILES

THE THREE

WHEN the United Nations began emergency land and air operations in the Congo a few weeks ago, it came as no surprise to thousands of aviation authorities here and abroad that among the planes used prominently was the DC-3—a venerable, if diminutive, twin-engine monoplane, which, unless it is souped up, has a cruising speed of only a hundred and eighty miles an hour. Ever since the Douglas Aircraft Company, Inc., brought out this model, in 1936, it has been considered a uniquely serviceable creation. Its admirers point to the fact that although the last of these planes was assembled in 1946—an aeon ago, as aviation history is measured—five thousand DC-3s, or about half of all those ever turned out, are believed to be still flying. The DC-3's boosters concede that in the jet age there is no point in manufacturing more of their favorites, and they agree that some of the model's statistical achievements—such as having flown six hundred million passengers seven billion miles in less than a quarter of a century—can be attributed simply to Douglas's big-scale production of the plane, but they maintain that this hardly accounts for its astonishing tenacity. In support of their claim, they recall that in 1942 the Civil Aeronautics Board decreed that after 1947 it would no longer issue certificates of airworthiness to DC-3s as commercial passenger carriers, and that it repeatedly extended the deadline until, in 1953, it declared that the model would be rated airworthy indefinitely.

The D (for "Douglas") C (for "Commercial") -3 (for "Three")—sometimes referred to simply as "the Three"—is represented not once but twice in the collection of celebrated aircraft at the Smithsonian Institution, in Washington. Most of the planes there are enshrined because they participated in some single notable feat—Lindbergh's Spirit of St. Louis, for example, and one of the pair of DC-3s. This DC-3, known as an R4-D—the Navy's term for the model—was the first plane of any kind to land at the South Pole. (A so far unenshrined C-47, or Army DC-3, was the first plane to land at the North Pole.) However, the national museum's second DC-3, a retired East-



tf

ern Air Lines transport, is there not because of any historic event but merely because it is a run-of-the-mill example of what the United States government, in a citation to the Douglas Company, has solemnly proclaimed a "beloved aircraft" and, emotionalism aside, "the best single airplane ever built." That last has to be qualified, of course; it was the best single plane produced for its time. The surviving members of the species, though, have shown abundantly that they are still useful in our time.

For any museum piece to be in active service is unusual. The DC-3 has been likened to the Model T Ford, but Model Ts were hardly more of a factor in automotive travel a quarter of a century after their arrival on the scene than Edsels are now. The DC-3 is still very much a factor in contemporary air travel; indeed, far more DC-3s are engaged in scheduled airline service around the world than planes of any other type. The United States Air Force, for all its glittering stable of jets, has twelve hundred DC-3s in active service, and if they are not likely to make the Soviet Union throw in the towel, they are regularly called upon to perform important chores. One of them flew ahead of President Eisenhower's Boeing 707 during his 1959 tour of India and Pakistan and radioed back weather reports. A number of DC-3s are assigned to Air Force ballistic-missile teams to take them, however prosaically, from factory to launching pad. Still others are employed as flying laboratories to test new defense devices. Similarly, the parent company, Douglas, relied on several DC-3s to try out many of the mechanisms it subsequently installed in its first passenger jet, the DC-8, which made its debut last year. Douglas executives were taken aback when some aviation writers, after being given an introductory ride on the DC-8, seemed much less interested in telling their readers about the swift new giant than in reminiscing mistily about its lumbering old forebear. In their choice of emphasis, the writers were following an

example set by American Airlines, which ordered the first DC-3s ever produced, and at one time had a fleet of eighty of them; American gave up the model in 1949, but with such reluctance that in one

of its ads at the time, instead of crowing about the up-to-date planes it had just acquired, it dwelt on the DC-3s of its past.

Like American, the other major United States airlines have pretty much outgrown the DC-3, save for scattered local flights—a Braniff run, for instance, between Sioux City and Kansas City, Capital's Washington-Pittsburgh run, Delta's Charleston-Atlanta run, and a few others. Nevertheless, approximately three hundred and fifty of the planes are still in domestic scheduled service, not to mention scores operated by non-scheduled carriers. Some months ago, a Dallas magazine called *Flight* made a survey of a dozen so-called feeder, or local, airlines—North Central ("America's Leading Local Airline"), Lake Central ("America's Only Employee Owned Airlines"), Central ("Serving the Ozarks Playground Area"), Ozark ("The Businessman's Airline"), Piedmont ("Route of the Pacemakers"), Allegheny, Frontier, Mohawk, Southern, Pacific, Trans-Texas, and West Coast. *Flight* found them using a total of two hundred and twelve DC-3s, many of which they had bought second-hand from the big airlines. The survey was illustrated by a black-and-white map of the United States captioned "Local Service Airline Schedule Pattern Operated with Equipment Other Than DC-3." The routes on which other-thans were used were marked in red and blue, but the map was nearly bare of color. A similar map today would be somewhat more gaudy, because the feeders are beginning to switch to turbo-props, yet there are still many small lines that cannot afford to buy, or operate, expensive new equipment. A few years ago, a couple of feeders that had been wholly dependent on DC-3s decided to order new planes. After using them for several months, at astronomically increased costs, both airlines sold them and went back to DC-3s. To many a local airline, a DC-3, puny and poky though it may seem by coast-to-coast standards, is not



"Hello, there, Conrad Hilton!"

only a comfortably familiar plane but a big one. Trans-Texas calls its DC-3s Super Starliners.

Abroad, far more than here, the DC-3 is still the ubiquitous work horse it once was, being currently in harness to a hundred and seventy-four scheduled airlines in seventy nations. (In the Netherlands, Hungary, and Chile, it has been depicted on airmail stamps—an honor that it has yet to win at home.) A British magazine also called *Flight* calculated last year that the DC-3s op-

erated by scheduled airlines came to a thousand six hundred and seventy-two. "It is a sobering fact that numerically about thirty per cent of the world's total transport air fleet consists of DC-3s," this *Flight* said. Of eighty-six airlines, collectively using sixty-nine makes of aircraft, that recently reported on their comings and goings to the International Air Transport Association, a trade group with headquarters in Montreal, fifty-seven lines were flying some DC-3s, while two additional companies, in Po-

land and Czechoslovakia, were flying Russian-built copies of the DC-3. Air Ceylon's equipment consisted of one Super-Constellation and two DC-3s, Air Vietnam's of one DC-4 and six DC-3s. The Indian Airlines Corporation had eighty-three planes, sixty of them DC-3s. For Garuda Airlines, in Indonesia, it was twenty DC-3s out of a fleet of thirty-nine; for Iranian Airways, ten out of seventeen; for Jugoslovenski Aerotransport, thirteen out of twenty-two; and for Real Aerovias, in Brazil, sixty-nine out of a hundred and seven. To this day, quite a few airlines—Transportes Aéreos Salvador and Liberian National Airways among them—own nothing but DC-3s. There is no machine other than a DC-3 on which one can now take a scheduled flight between—to name just a few of countless routes—Great Whale and Montreal, Montreal and Chibougamau, Tebesa and Bône, Amman and Jedda, Beirut and Aleppo, Asmara and Faiz, Abadan and Isfahan, Quito and Cuenca, Asunción and Curitiba, Tegucigalpa and La Ceiba, Vaasa and Turku, Blackpool and the Isle of Man, Jersey and Guernsey, Reykjavík and Egilsstaðir, Granada and Tangier, Lourenço Marques and Quelimane, Nicosia and Tel Aviv, Vientiane and Luangprabang, Djakarta and Surabaya, Biak and Manokwari, Brewarrina and Coonamble, and Patna and Katmandu. An editor of a magazine called *Airlift* who made the Patna-Katmandu hop by Indian Airlines Corporation DC-3 not long ago

wrote an account of the flight, rhapsodically headed, "DC-3 BUCKS HIMALAYA PEAKS TO SERVE SMILING NEPALESE," which said of the Katmandu landing facilities, significantly, "The airport isn't much to brag about, but it's adequate for DC-3s."

FEW ordinary air travellers brag much about, or even give much thought to, the kind of plane they ride on, unless, to use the current advertising idiom, they want to jet somewhere. The



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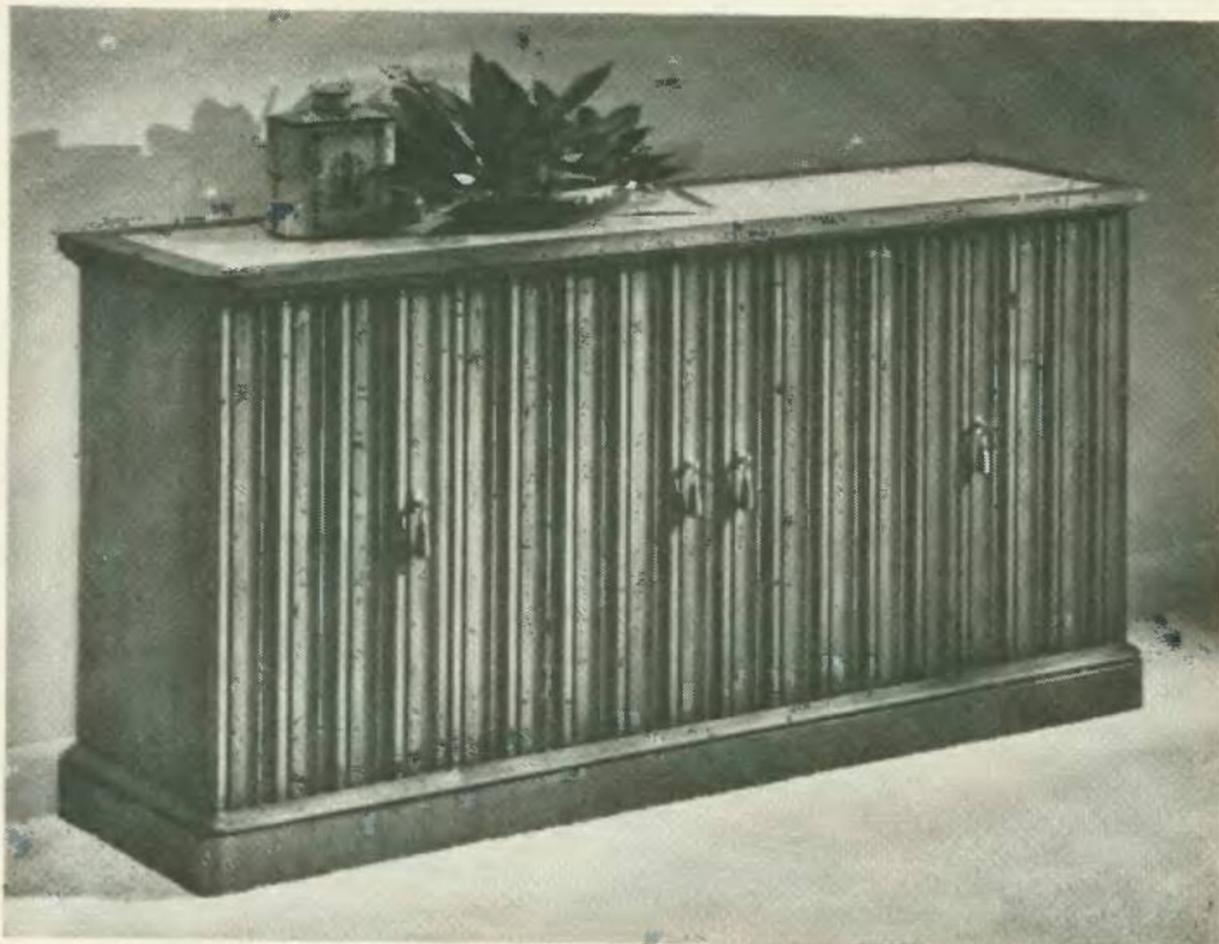
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DC-3, however, has its partisans—an extraordinary lot, who are never really happy in flight unless they are aboard one of their pet aircraft. They are also a fervent lot, as is clearly demonstrated by a sampling of the adjectives with which they have publicly hailed the plane of their choice—"stout-hearted," "indomitable," "irreplaceable," "incredible," and "sophisticated." Odes have been written to the DC-3 and songs composed about it, including "The Ballad of a Bush Pilot," which reaches its climax with the words "Before I die / I want to fly / A Douglas DC-3." A few years ago, a long-retired pilot in Santa Monica, California, where Douglas Aircraft has its headquarters, was granted the wish of an ebbing lifetime when finally, on his eightieth birthday, he got to fly a DC-3. Some of the idolaters of the plane tend to take an anthropomorphic view of it. An American pilot who was decorated during the Korean War for evacuating some trapped Marines said of the DC-3s he had used to accomplish the task, "Their countenances seemed to smile satisfaction" and "I wondered if they didn't deserve a Medal of Honor." He did not endow the planes with sex, but most laureates have viewed the DC-3—a squat craft weighing sixteen thousand five hundred pounds unloaded and unfuelled, and with a normal cargo capacity of sixty-five hundred more—as feminine. Two Air Force lieutenant colonels who last year brought out a book-length eulogy of the plane entitled it "Grand Old Lady" and confessed they had been in love with her since their teens.

If the DC-3 is already a grand old lady, it is nonetheless hazardous to guess at how long its life span may turn out to be. In 1950, the magazine *Aero Digest* asked rhetorically, "Who among us is emboldened to deny that the DC-3 will go on forever?" Just what constitutes an airplane is arguable. Some vintage DC-3s have had over fifty changes of engine, and, except for the fuselage, little is left of their other original parts, either. (In the DC-3's defense, of course, it can be pointed out that every living creature is constantly renewing its cells.) Last year, Southern Airways detected a cracked wing bolt in one of its DC-3s, and sent the bolt to the Douglas Company, soliciting advice as to the cause of this defect. Careful examination revealed that the wing bolt had been part of the plane when it was assembled, twenty-two years earlier. By tracing the plane through its successive owners, the Douglas peo-

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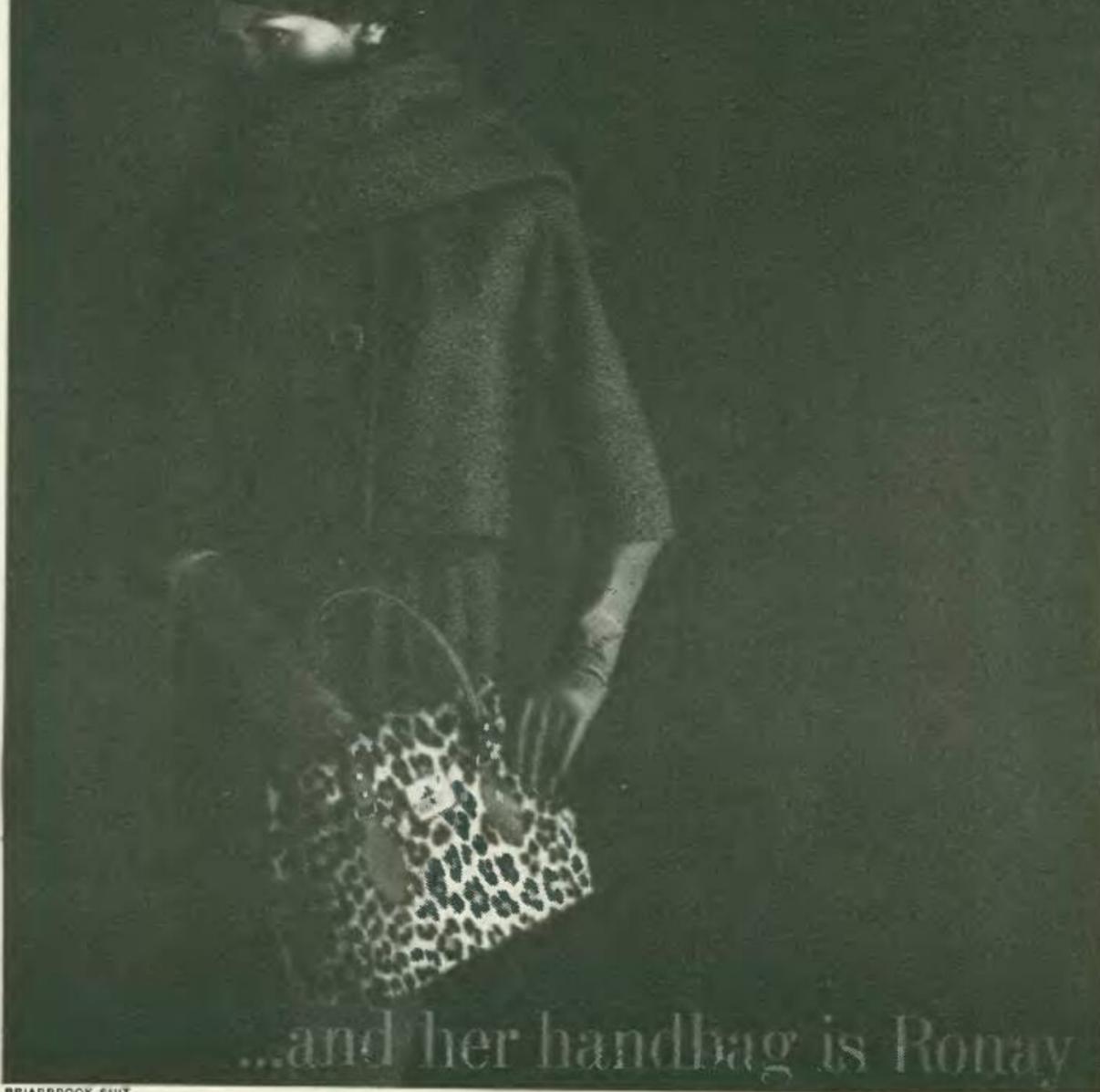


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ple established that the bolt, which, according to their engineers, had a theoretical life of sixteen thousand hours of flight, had actually stood up for sixty-four thousand eight hundred and seventy-nine hours and fifty-two minutes. "The only message we could think of to send Southern was 'Congratulations,'" a Douglas engineer said later. North Central Airlines, the largest of the United States feeders, which operates out of Minneapolis, has two DC-3s that flew fifty thousand hours each for Eastern Air Lines, for which they were built, in 1939, and that have racked up twenty thousand hours more each since being sold to their present owner. Together, they have flown a good twenty million miles, and both are still going strong.

The DC-3, of course, is not indestructible. Grace Moore was killed in a DC-3 crash, and so was Carole Lombard. In 1949, a Canadian Pacific DC-3 earned the unsought distinction of being the first airliner to be blown up in flight, when a man who hoped to collect insurance on one of its passengers—his wife—planted a bomb in it. Generally, though, the DC-3 is both hardy and resourceful. In fact, one DC-3 foiled a would-be murderer when, flying across Mexico, it survived a bomb that ripped open one of its gas tanks; it landed forty-five minutes later, and no one aboard was scratched. (It was through Mexico's bracing skies, too, that a hitchhiker once travelled from Torreón to Mexico City, a three-hour ride, while clinging to a DC-3's tail.) The *second* plane to land at the South Pole was a fancy four-engine Navy craft; it got stuck there, and couldn't take off until a DC-3 settled alongside with some spare parts. A few years ago, another DC-3 landed on a frozen Quebec lake. The ice was thin, and the plane broke through and sank. The owner despairingly sold what he assumed was its carcass to the first bidder, who fished the plane out, drained it, started the engines, and zoomed away. In England, a DC-3 once landed on the roof of a house without appreciably damaging either the house or itself. Many pilots regard the DC-3 as an exceptionally forgiving plane. They say it has the knack of somehow compensating for their errors. Indeed, some of them go so far as to insist that it can fly all by itself, citing as evidence an incident that took place three years ago in Missouri. An Air Force DC-3 ran out of gas, and the pilot and crew parachuted. Presently, the plane landed gently in a field. The



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Garlic Dressing with Light Curry. To make this, substitute sour cream or mayonnaise for the water in the Good Seasons Dressing. Just before the final shaking, add ½ teaspoon of curry. The curry flavor will be light, but new and tempting with greens. Excellent in cole slaw, chicken or potato salads, too.



Fruit-Nut Garlic Dressing. Instead of water, use pineapple juice. Optional last touch: 2 tablespoons of slivered, toasted almonds. Another fine variation uses orange juice instead of water and adds chopped pecans. Either dressing is delightful on fruit salad.



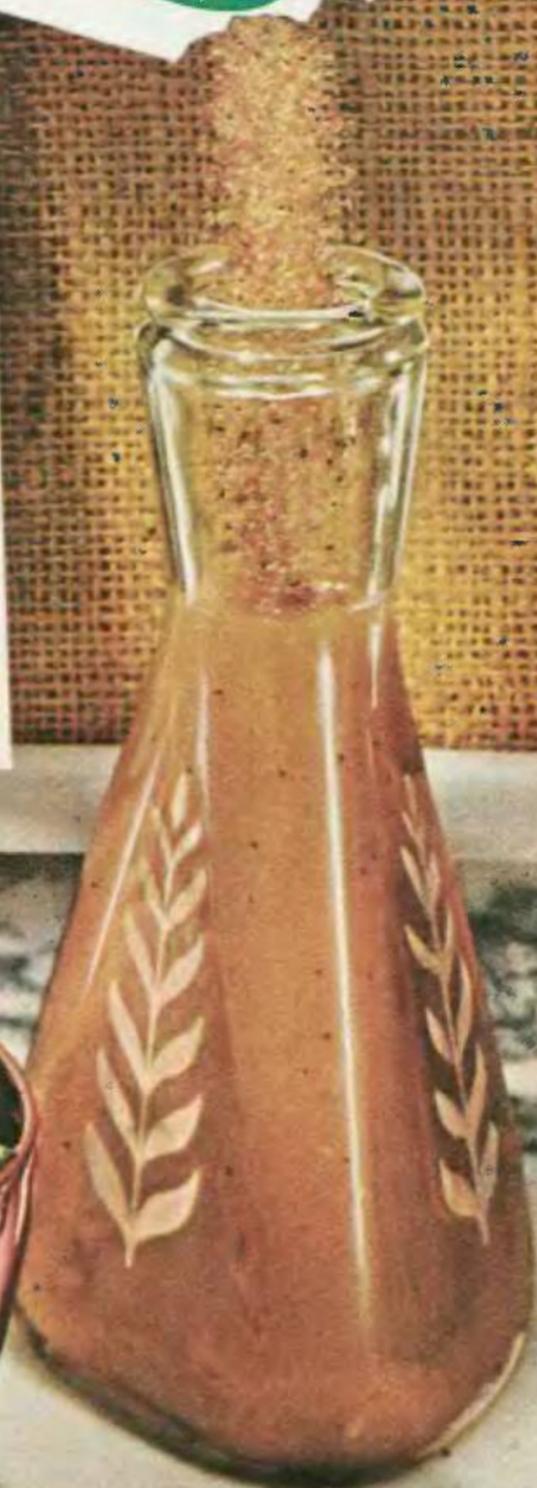
Tomato-Garlic Dressing for Spinach Salad. A hearty and bright-flavored dressing. Substitute tomato sauce, juice, chili sauce or catsup for the water. Perks up all greens, sea food or cottage cheese salads. And do try it with a tossed salad that includes raw spinach, sprinkles of crisp bacon and sieved, hard-cooked egg. A favorite with dad!

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only damage it suffered came when, as it was rolling to a halt, one wing hit a bale of hay.

In the air, the DC-3 has weathered some remarkable wrenches and tugs, including direct hits by lightning bolts, sixteen-inch naval shells, and kamikaze planes. During the war, one DC-3 pilot whose plane was riddled by anti-aircraft fire decided to ditch it in a Pacific lagoon. After hitting the water, the plane bounced fifty feet into the air. Heartened by its resiliency, he changed his mind and flew on to his base. More recently, a DC-3 ferrying a cargo of monkeys from Pakistan to Morocco got to its destination even though several monkeys broke loose and swarmed all over the pilot's compartment, playfully pulling at the controls. When a DC-3 does crash, the reason is apt to be that the plane is not pressurized, which means that it cannot be flown comfortably over seventeen thousand feet and thus may bump into mountains. In 1957, however, a Frontier Airlines DC-3, in turbulent air over Arizona, plummeted four thousand feet and scraped a hill, which sheared twelve feet off one wing, yet the pilot was able to right the plane and get it safely home, where he laconically reported, "Aircraft settled uncontrollably, contacting west slope of mountain peak on my left wing."

THE first Douglas commercial airliner, the DC-1, was an experimental twin-engine plane unveiled in the summer of 1933, when commercial air travel was more or less experimental itself. Only one DC-1 was made. (Howard Hughes bought it, and thought for a while of flying around the world in it; eventually, in other hands, it cracked up in Spain.) The DC-2, a 1934 modification of its predecessor, was reproduced a hundred and thirty-eight times. It was a fourteen-passenger plane with a wing span of eighty-five feet—ten feet less than that of the DC-3. (During the war, when a DC-3 lost a wing in India, a spare DC-2 wing was attached to it; this improvised but navigable hybrid became known, inevitably, as the DC-2½.) The DC-3 itself was designed originally as a sleeper plane for American Airlines, with fourteen berths in the main passenger section and a secluded honeymoon compartment forward. To accommodate all the berths, a longer fuselage than the DC-2's was required, and this increased the weight of the ship, necessitating a greater wing span and more powerful twin engines. (The DC-4, DC-6, and DC-7 were all



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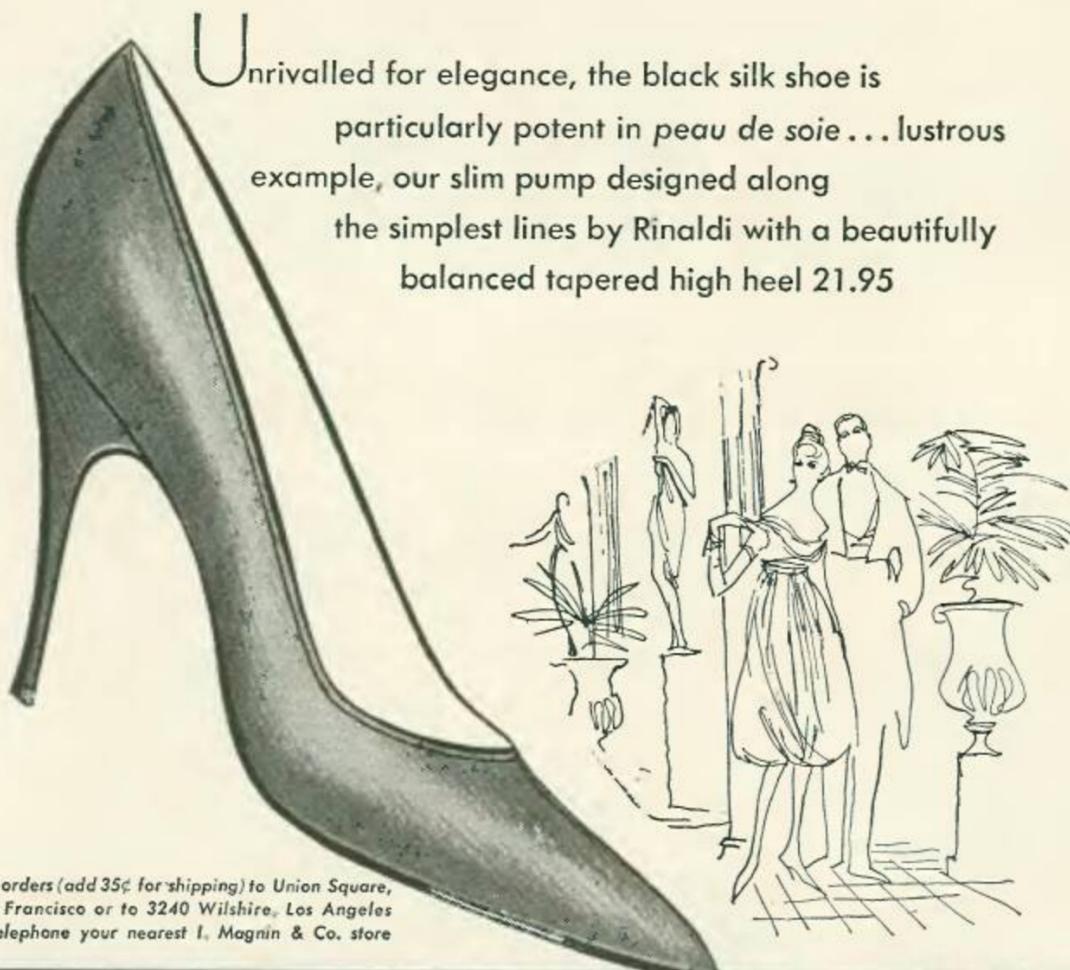
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four-engine planes, each larger than its predecessor. The DC-5, a 1939 model, was a two-engine, fourteen-passenger throwback, which flopped.) Many air-minded observers believed that the DC-3 was too spacious to be economically practical. The Douglas Company more or less agreed, and prudently tooled up, at the outset, for a maximum production of twenty-five such planes, the first of which were launched early in 1936. It is difficult to state with assurance which DC-3 in operation today is the oldest one around, not only because planes change numbers when they change hands but because some of the airlines still flying DC-3s are reluctant to remind passengers that some of their equipment is almost twenty-five years old. But there is fairly good reason to believe that the oldest being flown commercially, which bears the Federal Aviation Agency number NC 16005, is an Ozark Air Lines plane, the second of the model ever built, and that the most ancient of all those still taking to the air is the very first of the whole lot, NC 16004, a onetime American Airlines sleeper plane that came off the Douglas assembly line on June 28, 1936, and that is now owned by the Pacific Lumber Company, of San Francisco.

When the DC-3 was new, it was the behemoth of its day, and, despite its manufacturer's misgivings, it revolutionized air travel, though not as a sleeper, for it was quickly converted into a standard passenger plane. Before the DC-3 came along, airline passengers could not take out flight insurance at terminals, and airline pilots had to pay heavily for any kind of life insurance anywhere. The DC-3 was the first passenger plane to be equipped with an automatic pilot, a heated cabin, and soundproofing. Between 1936 and 1946, ninety-three per cent of all domestic-airline passenger service was via DC-3. Several years ago, the Douglas Company, hoping to put together a file of the plane's redoubtable early achievements, asked some owners and former owners to send in whatever recollections they might have of those days. American Airlines recalled that some of its DC-3s ferried nurses and medical supplies to Louisville during a 1937 flood, along with a posse of police to keep order. Eastern Air Lines reported that one of its DC-3s was the first commercial airliner to land at the Washington National Airport, and United reported that in 1939 one of its DC-3s was the first aircraft to receive television signals while in flight;



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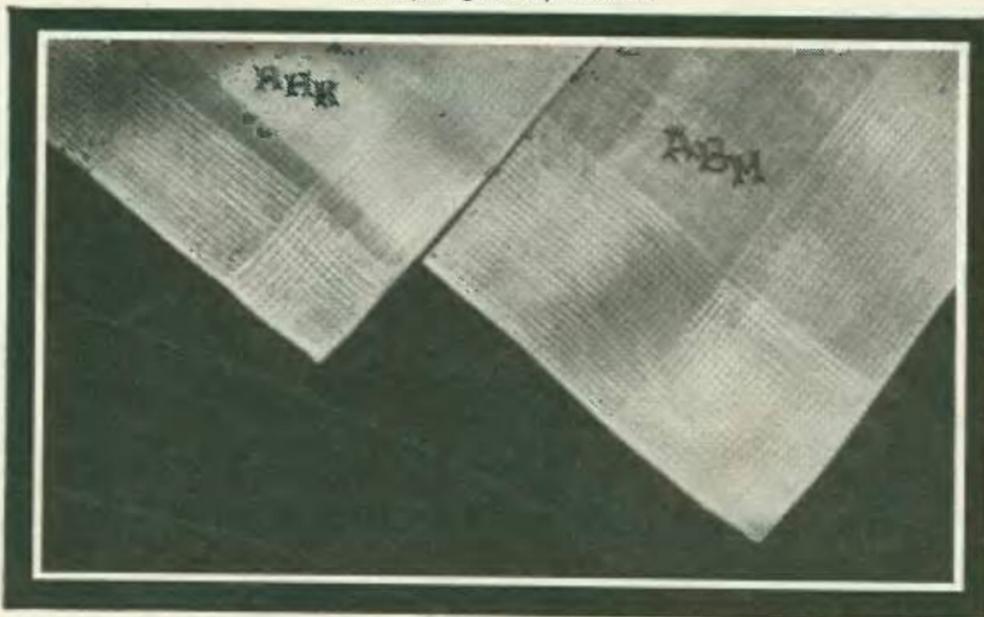
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beamed from New York, they were picked up as the plane was cruising at twenty thousand feet over Washington. Pan-American proudly sent word that a DC-3 of its fleet had served as the first in-flight rostrum from which any President of Peru ever orated, by radio, to his constituents below. Braniff remembered that it had used a DC-3 to rush a Baylor University girl from Dallas to San Antonio, where a specialist was waiting to dislodge a bone from her throat, and Chicago & Southern remembered that it had used a DC-3 to rush an ailing robin from Chicago to New Orleans, where a bird-loving veterinarian performed emergency surgery.

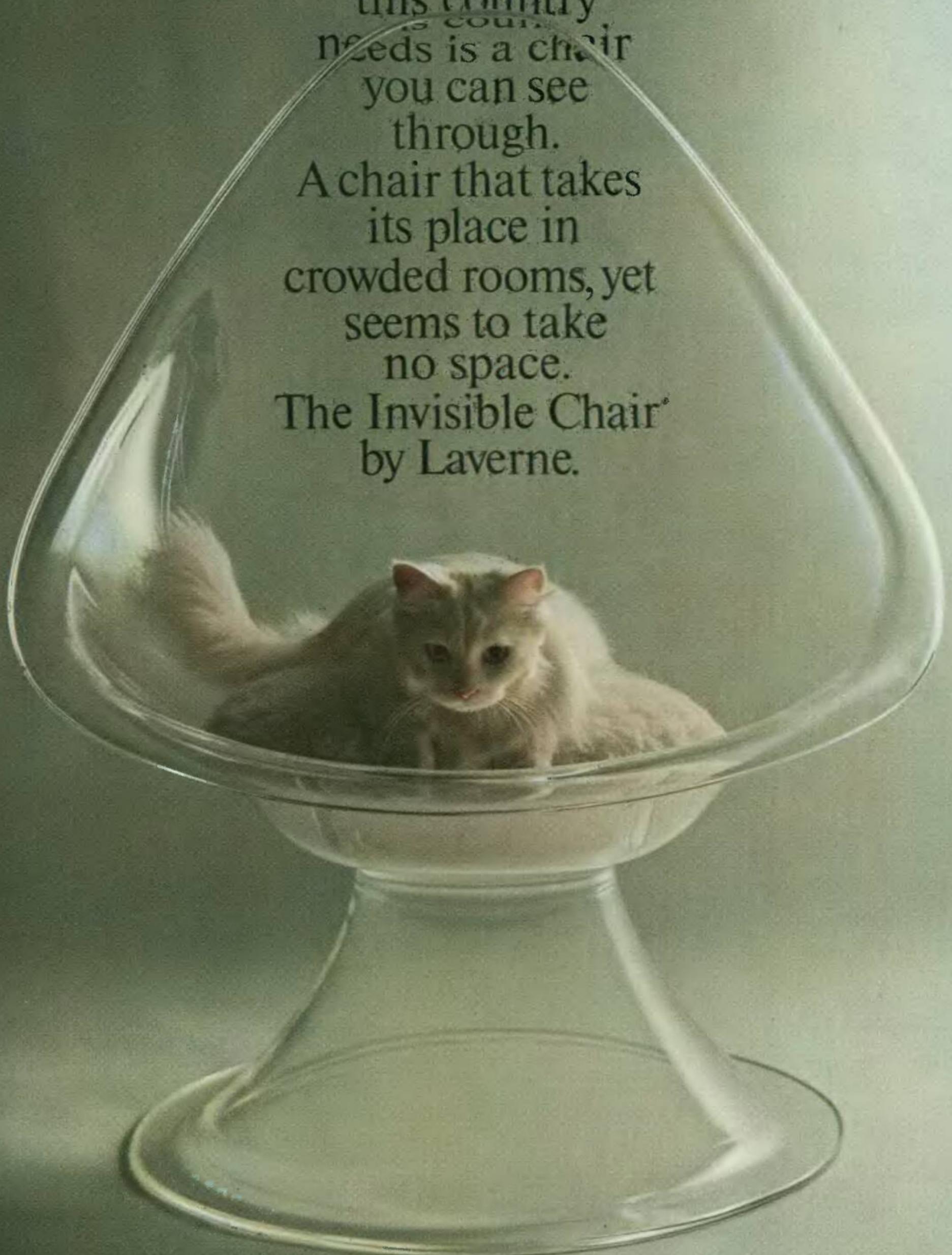
The standard capacity of a DC-3 is twenty-one passengers—fourteen in double seats on one side of the aisle, seven in single seats on the other. (Nowadays, though, in some parts of the world one side is reserved for freight.) But over the years, as the DC-3 continued to demonstrate its worth, some airlines began jamming more and more paying fares into it. Pacific Western, of Canada, has accommodations for thirty-two passengers on a DC-3 run between Vancouver and Powell River, and Philippine Air Lines has its DC-3s fixed up to carry forty passengers in as many rather small seats. Qantas, on its New Guinea runs, handles fifty tight-squeezed passengers at a clip, using canvas slings for perches. The all-time record is believed to have been set on a non-scheduled flight in Bolivia in 1949, when a town was imperilled by rising floods. A DC-3 carried out ninety-three refugees, together with a three-man crew; most of the passengers, however, were children.

A year ago, Aerolineas Argentinas disclosed that one of its DC-3s—a souped-up one, of course—had set a new DC-3 speed record for the three-hundred-and-sixty-mile run between Buenos Aires and Santa Rosa, making it in an hour and thirty-four minutes, for an average of two hundred and thirty miles an hour, or, in current parlance, Mach .31. Most of the airlines that rely on DC-3s don't give a hoot about speed records. It can be argued—and some of those airlines do argue—that an airliner's speed is a mystifying and often meaningless attribute. A DC-8 or a Boeing 707 can outfly a DC-3 by four hundred miles an hour, but considering what happens to a passenger before and after he gets up there—the long overland crawl to and from outlying airports, plus all the standing and waiting and walking and wilting and

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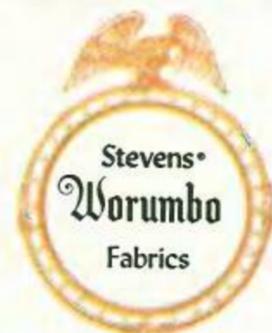
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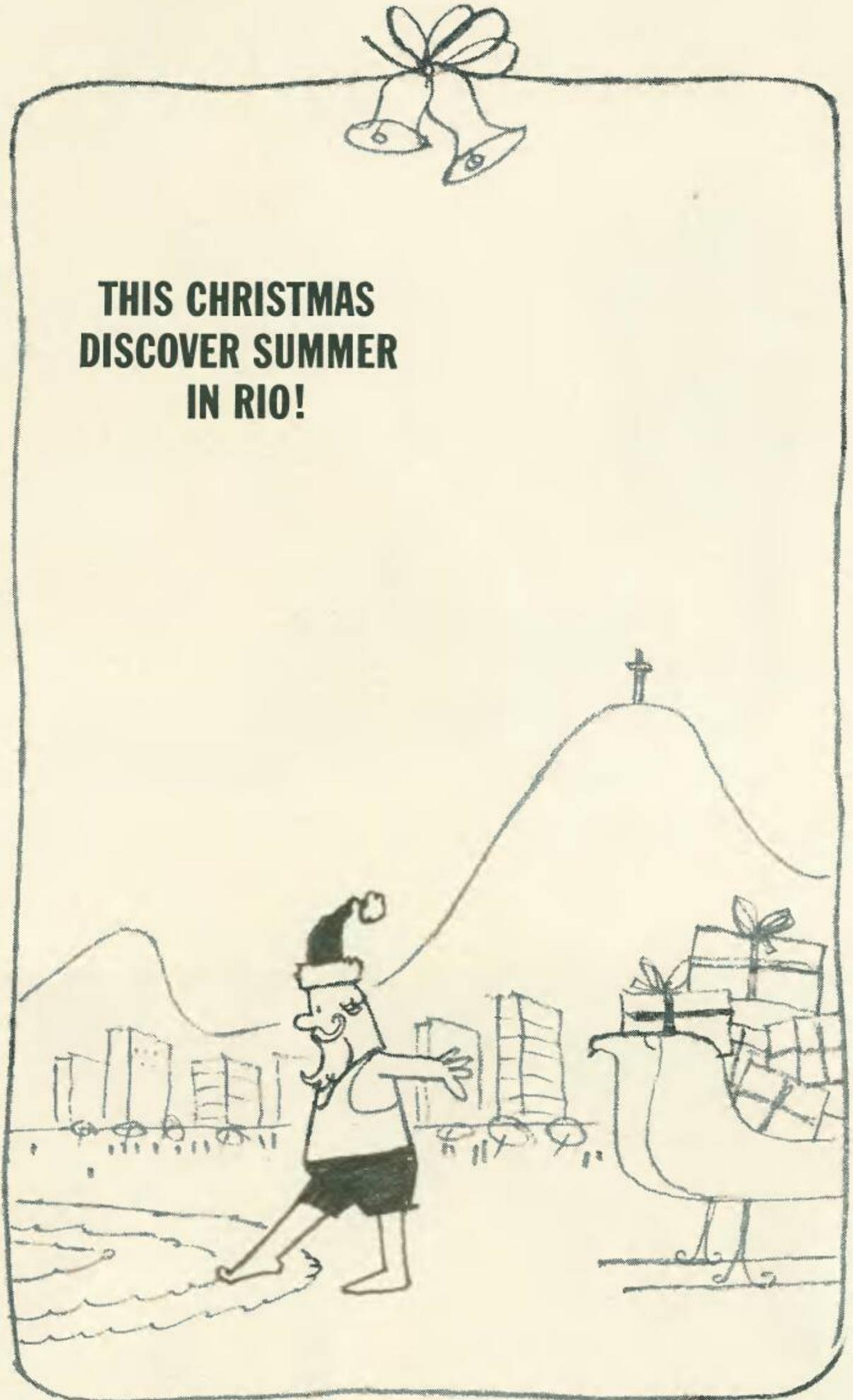


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wailing—the big jets are often only a few minutes faster, if that, in terms of helping an individual move from the downtown area of City A to the downtown area of City B. Then, too, small planes can land at small airfields—like LaGuardia, in New York, or Midway, in Chicago—that are closer to town than the new giant installations for jets. The Federal Aviation Agency recently announced, specifically, that a traveller from mid-Manhattan to mid-Chicago could save twenty-five minutes in total travel time by flying in a piston-engine plane instead of a jet. On short hauls—that is, between cities no more than a hundred miles apart—it is undeniable that the race is seldom to the swift, for the slower planes can land not only on smaller fields but with less fuss and delay. Faucett Airlines, a Peruvian company, whose DC-3s on its Lima-Iquitos local run make eight stops in ten hours, couldn't use DC-8s for that trip even if it got them free. By the same token, MacRobertson Miller Airlines, in northwestern Australia, would find it awkward to supplant DC-3s with jets on one of its runs—a less-than-two-thousand-mile stretch in which its planes make about forty stops, some of them only eight miles apart.

WHEN the United States went to war in December, 1941, three hundred and sixty DC-3s were in service on domestic airlines. The Air Transport Command swiftly commandeered nearly two hundred of these, and, at the behest of the armed forces, Douglas began turning out new ones as fast as it could. By 1945, it had produced over ten thousand, nearly half of them at a hastily constructed plant in Oklahoma City. A couple of thousand went to England and Canada. The Soviet Union got seven hundred, and, with plans and tools provided by Douglas, built around two thousand more for itself, calling them Lissunov-2s and neglecting to pay any royalties. Last year, when the celebrated Soviet plane designer Andrei Tupolev was in this country, Donald Douglas, who founded the Douglas Company and is now its chairman, invited him and some traveling companions to lunch at Santa Monica. During the toasts, Tupolev made a flowery speech about the DC-3. Mr. Douglas, when his turn came, responded handsomely that he'd heard the Russians had done a magnificent job building DC-3s. At this, Tupolev and his compatriots all looked stonily blank, and Douglas, deducing that they had no intention of admitting that they owed



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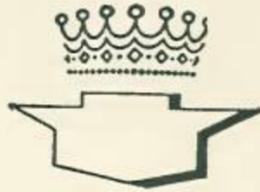
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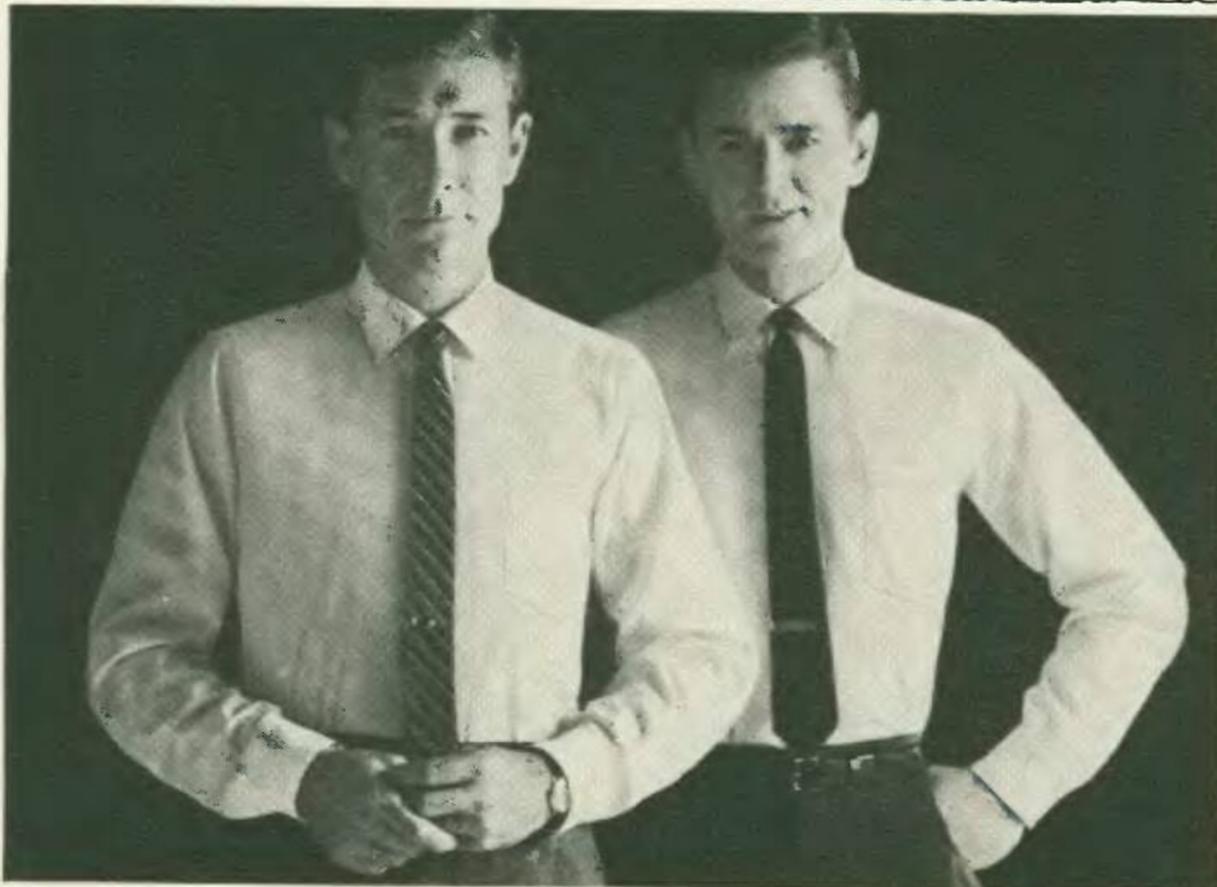


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him anything, tactfully changed the subject.

While the war was on, the Douglas Company built a total of over twenty-nine thousand planes. The majority were battle weapons, but Mr. Douglas says that the DC-3s he made gave him the most satisfaction. "It was kind of nice to be making something that you didn't drop bombs out of or shoot bullets out of but that could still do a good job," he observed recently. By mid-1944, his company was churning out DC-3s at the rate of nearly two an hour, following an urgent personal appeal to its factory workers at the start of that year by General H. H. Arnold, the Air Force chief of staff, who said he desperately needed four hundred more of the transports than the production schedule called for. He got his extra four hundred in time for D Day, when the greatest fleet of DC-3s ever assembled—twelve hundred of them, flying four abreast in a column two hundred miles long—delivered parachutists and glider troops to Normandy. Meanwhile, DC-3s had been active in other theatres. They were used for flying tank parts to Montgomery's forces at El Alamein, and, in the South Pacific, for flying troops across the Owen Stanley Mountains of New Guinea—the first United States combat ground forces ever airlifted to battle. They also flew in fuel to the fighter planes based on Guadalcanal during the fighting there. Stilwell, Mountbatten, and Chiang Kai-shek had DC-3s equipped as command posts, and another DC-3 that participated in the war against Japan was equipped as a travelling laundry. In the course of the war, DC-3s toted disassembled fighter planes and heavy trucks to this or that destination, to be welded together again on arrival, while to the snow-shrouded Battle of the Bulge they ferried two dozen dog sleds, a hundred and fifty Huskies, and twenty-five dog-handling soldiers. In all theatres of war combined,





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they carried a total of seven hundred and fifty thousand sick and wounded servicemen to hospitals.

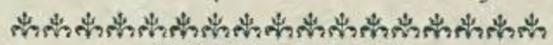
Notwithstanding Douglas's pleasure in the thought that the DC-3 was a noncombatant plane, it was used in both Europe and Asia as a bomber (the bombs were kicked out of open doors) and as a fighter, too (machine guns were mounted in the doorways). One peripatetic American interceptor pilot, who had already earned the right to paint German, Italian, and Japanese flags on the fuselage of his P-51, added the Stars and Stripes to his collection by bringing down a DC-3 when its navigator became confused and started to land, with an important cargo, on a Japanese-held island. To prevent the DC-3, its crew, and its freight from being captured, the P-51 man fired at it, forcing it to make a crash landing on friendly territory.

Between that war and the Korean War, in which the DC-3 was confined to less adventurous tasks of supply and evacuation, the model played its part on the stage of world history during the Berlin airlift. In theory, the DC-3 has a pay load of only slightly over three tons, but on one occasion a West German loading crew innocently stuffed into the belly of a DC-3 a seven-and-a-half-ton pile of cargo that was supposed to make the trip to the capital in a much larger plane. The crew, unaware of the mistake, climbed aboard and took off, and, though bewildered to find that they couldn't force their plane any higher than five hundred feet, made it to Berlin, where the impact of their landing flattened all their tires. When the airlift began, in June, 1948, the Allied transport fleet consisted almost entirely of DC-3s. After three months of round-the-clock flying, the Americans substituted a fleet of more commodious DC-4s. (The British continued to use DC-3s.) By the time the American DC-3s were relieved of duty, they had made more than twelve thousand round trips between West Germany and Berlin, and had delivered more than forty thousand tons of goods. In the last month of their operations, one DC-3 never missed a day and flew three hundred and twenty-seven hours and thirty minutes. For an airplane, that's working overtime.

RIGHT after V-J Day, DC-3s were a glut on the airplane market. Many of them were abandoned—and still stand rusting—on remote Pacific bases. DC-3s in good shape were sold as surplus for as little as twelve hundred

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dollars, and incapacitated ones for as little as two hundred and fifty. (Some of the latter were trucked off and converted into homes.) At the time, nearly everybody in aviation assumed that the DC-3 was all but washed up as a passenger plane, and it was then that Douglas stopped manufacturing it. The company tried to make the best of what seemed like a bad situation by introducing the Super DC-3—a plane two and a half feet longer than the original model, and incorporating various improvements, which increased the cruising speed to around two hundred and forty miles an hour with a load of over thirty passengers. The company promotionally acclaimed its new offering as a plane "capable of carrying on indefatigably in the noble tradition of its famous ancestor," but despite this hoopla, and a transcontinental sales tour that Donald Douglas himself made in a Super DC-3, it never proved to be all that capable. The Navy bought a hundred of the planes, but all other customers together ordered a mere ten.

In the meantime, the famous ancestor found itself in gradually mounting demand. Its relatively low purchase price made it extremely attractive to shoestring entrepreneurs offering modest non-scheduled air-coach transportation. Cargo carriers found it appealing, too—notably in the Antipodes. Before long, DC-3s were trundling emigrants from Italy and Cyprus to Australia, beef from inland Australian abattoirs to coastal ports, and sheep from Australia to grazing lands in New Guinea, and were being used to spread fertilizer in New Zealand. DC-3s were also being used to harass brown-tail moths in the United States, while DC-3s on skis were patrolling the DEW line, and DC-3s on floats were wafting fishermen to remote trout-packed lakes. DC-3s were doing everything, and quite a few of them still are. A year ago, former Governor Earl Long, of Louisiana, commuted between mental hospitals by DC-3, and a while later a DC-3 carried the leaflets that so outraged Fidel Castro when they showered down on Havana. Early this year, when a new one-and-a-half-million-dollar control tower was opened at the Newark Airport, the first plane to be waved aloft from it was a DC-3, the property of the Federal Aviation Agency. That same day, the electrical system of a DC-3 carrying a professional basketball team over Iowa went on the blink, but the plane made a smooth emergency landing in a snow-covered cornfield. Douglas Aircraft employees now shuttle back



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and forth between plants at Santa Monica and Long Beach in four DC-3s; the company, which no longer owns even one, charters these from an airline called the Stewart Air Service, and at night the four planes—Stewart's whole fleet—keep in trim by hauling gamblers to Las Vegas and back.

Although fifteen years have passed since the Douglas Company turned out its last DC-3, it made and sold a million dollars' worth of spare parts for the planes last year. Almost every day, the Douglas offices receive an order for parts from some current DC-3 owner—Malayan Airways, perhaps, or the Royal Nepal Airline, or an American business firm that maintains a private plane. The larger corporations, like the larger airlines, have lately been turning to larger planes, but the executives of close to four hundred companies that can scarcely be called small—among them Campbell Soup, Abitibi Power & Paper, Freeport Nickel, Webb & Knapp, Rockwell Spring & Axle, Fort Worth Pipe & Supply, and North American Life and Casualty—still fly in DC-3s. Some of these are elegantly fitted out. Houston Lumber has one with mink-covered doorknobs. The furniture in Alcoa's is all of gleaming aluminum. A rancher in Texas, one of dozens of individuals with a DC-3 at his beck, has upholstered the interior of his in unborn calfskin. It is not uncommon for such private craft to be fitted out with divans and dressing rooms and picture windows and hi-fi and tape recorders and air-to-ground phones and cedar closets and the latest electronic equipment and fogproof, iceproof, birdproof windshields and, of course, bars, which in the aircraft-trade press are called refreshment consoles. Pillsbury Mills has equipped its DC-3 as a laboratory to test the quick-rising properties of biscuit mix at varying heights, and a number of other firms use the planes as travelling showrooms, in which new products are demonstrated aloft to customers consoling themselves with refreshments.

The first twenty DC-3s built cost American Airlines a hundred and ten thousand dollars each. Today, used DC-3s may sell for as much as two hundred and sixty thousand, and one that is fit and fitted for corporate use is not likely to fetch less than a hundred and fifty thousand. As for the DC-3s owned by a few Middle East sheiks, who fancy studding the panelling with precious jewels, their value is impossible to compute. Even the dowdiest old cargo-carrying DC-3 cannot be bought anywhere in the world for much under

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twenty-five thousand, and in this country the minimum market price is fifty thousand—a substantial appreciation since the end of the war. W. S. Shackleton, of London, a leading international dealer in used planes, who ships old Aer Lingus DC-3s from Ireland to Tanganyika and who sold a couple of DC-3s to the *Sydney Morning Herald* to deliver papers, observed recently that the DC-3 “still plays the most significant role of all in the used-plane market.”

Ever since the war, an American DC-3 has nestled high on Mount Fujiyama, but although the United States government has announced its willingness to consider offers, no one has yet come forward to bid on it. Used-plane dealers compete eagerly, however, for more accessible DC-3s, or fragments of them, and convert the more or less whole planes into polished executive-style aircraft, relying on the bits for spare parts. A South African Air Force DC-3 that crashed in the Transvaal, in 1944, was sold for eighty pounds to a local man, who transformed it into a roadhouse, its wings ablaze with neon. Twelve years later, a travelling salesman of airplane parts came upon the odd-shaped café, bought it on the spot, shipped it to California, and had it reconditioned as an airplane. Of the several domestic companies that make a good thing out of this kind of salvage work, the most prominent is Remmert-Werner, in St. Louis, which since the end of the war has revived more than two hundred DC-3s, and which a while ago sold one that it had pieced together out of a fuselage picked up in Minnesota, a wing from California, another wing from Florida, and odds and ends from other states. The fuselage of a plush DC-3 that Remmert-Werner recently sold to a large and sedate corporation for its officials to gad about in was, when the company first spotted it, a chicken house in the backwoods of Alabama. The DC-3 bought by another corporation from AiResearch Aviation Service Company, a Los Angeles salvaging firm, had previously been used in Hawaii to haul fish. The main problem AiResearch had in fixing that one up was to get the smell out of it.

What is perhaps the most harrowing pursuit of old DC-3s on record began five years ago, when Remmert-Werner heard that Turkish State Airlines wanted to sell seven such planes that were laid up in the inland city of Ankara. Inquiry revealed that they had been stripped of engines, radios, instruments, panels, interiors, floors, windows, and

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fuel and hydraulic systems, but so short was the supply of available DC-3s at the time that this seemed no serious drawback. Remmert-Werner sent an agent to Turkey, where he learned that he would have to compete in the bidding against agents from England, Egypt, Israel, Brazil, Italy, Germany, and Canada. After many complicated negotiations, he got the nod from the seller, and then discovered that the sale would have to be sanctioned by several echelons of Turkish officialdom, including the Cabinet and the Prime Minister. Before the appropriate papers could be signed, a pistol-brandishing debate was staged on the floor of the Turkish legislature, and the government fell. Dazed, the Remmert-Werner man renegotiated successfully with the new government, but it wouldn't issue an import license for the parts that would be needed to fly the planes out, so they had to be shipped by rail and sea. En route, four wings were destroyed when a freight car overturned on a mountain curve. Three and a half years after the start of the dickering, the seven plane skeletons arrived in St. Louis, with the Remmert-Werner people looking on, as pleased as they were punchy.

The many DC-3 zealots who have never trafficked in the planes but merely ridden in them are likely to have singularly retentive memories. In England, the members of an organization called Air-Britain and subtitled the National Association of Aviation Enthusiasts can rattle off the serial numbers of long-gone DC-3s, whose peregrinations from one owner to another the enthusiasts have faithfully charted. In the columns of British aviation magazines, for instance, spirited arguments are regularly waged over whether the Nazis did or did not capture and sneakily avail themselves of certain Allied DC-3s during the war. One of the Queen's subjects, who operates out of Nairobi, wrote the following cryptic passage in a lengthy and astonishingly learned letter to a buff's magazine called *Air Pictorial*: "Regarding Mr. Bateson's comments on K.L.M. DC-3s, c/n. 1935 was PH-ALH, later becoming PC-EA in the Luftwaffe. Its earlier acquisition by D.L.H. as D-ABUG is probably accounted for by the fact that it was in Germany on the day Holland was invaded by the Nazis. His other DC-3 listed, c/n. 2036, which he claims to be another ex-K.L.M. aircraft, I cannot find listed in the 1939/40 K.L.M. fleet list in my possession. It might therefore be an ex-C.L.S. DC-3 or even one of the two Sabena DC-3s

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referred to in my letter." While the Berlin airlift was on, a newly arrived United States Air Force colonel, who had been flying DC-3s over the Hump to China five years before, was walking across a West German runway when he stopped short, arrested by the sight of a DC-3 that to most mortals would have been indistinguishable from ten thousand others. To him, though, it evoked poignant recollections. "I'll be damned!" he exclaimed. "Unless I'm having hallucinations, that's old 316051!" It was.

There can be no doubt that the DC-3 has exerted a powerful pull on man's emotions. A few years ago, Donald Douglas got a nine-page, single-spaced letter from a Canadian banker who had been a wartime wing commander in the R.A.F. At the age of twenty, he wrote Douglas, he had travelled from Halifax to Montreal merely to gape at a DC-3—"a beautiful mechanical beast," he called it. He had at once fallen for the beast, and on flying aboard it as a passenger had found the experience "smooth and firm and straight and level." During the war, he had flown a DC-3 himself, and when the Japanese destroyed it on the ground, he was heartsick. "I missed her—as a person, not a piece of machinery," he wrote. "And that, to a driver who gets a 'right' plane in his hands, is the spell of the DC-3. . . . If ever an inanimate object earned, deserved, and received the love of a man, your DC-3 was that object. In fact, I, and probably thousands of others, consider it callous to refer to her as 'inanimate.'" Douglas was touched by this testimonial, since he, too, is fonder of the DC-3 than of any other inanimate object his company has manufactured. "The Three is certainly the best and best-loved airplane we've ever produced," he said not long ago, speaking like a father. "But the circumstances that made it great just happened. They were not of our making. I doubt whether any airplane will have the same impact, or the same opportunity, again."—E. J. KAHN, JR.

9:30-10—The job for Paladin on HAVE GUN, WILL TRAVEL tonight is to bring back a youth who killed the woman his father was going to marry. And, for a change, Paladin fails. There are, of course, extenuating circumstances. New York Gov. Nelson Rockefeller as guest. Channels 6, 11.—*Pittsburgh Press.*

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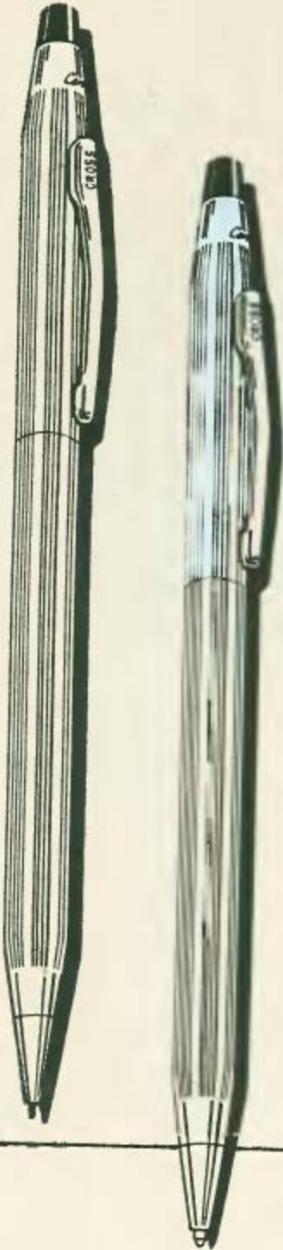
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Uncle Tom, 1960



HOLLYWOOD'S most enviable quality has always been its ability—though the globe itself may shudder—to keep its doors tightly locked against reality. This gift for blissful and remunerative ignorance has been particularly apparent since the industry's discovery, some ten or fifteen years ago, of such national pastimes as race prejudice. For, no matter how eagle-like and Murrow-voiced its intent, Hollywood almost invariably solves these subtle, glutinous problems by hanging on them this simple motto—that bigotry, when all is said and done, is just another melodrama. Thus, the Negroes or Jews in such productions are always Good and always Strong, and, though snubbed, spat upon, beaten, and even killed, always victorious. They are a species of saint—which is unfortunate, for saints tend in this press-release age to provoke suspicion rather than sympathy.

"All the Young Men" is the most remarkable melodrama of this type yet made; indeed, the disservice it performs has not even the redeeming quality of slickness. It is the first winter of the Korean War, and the film's hero, a Negro Marine sergeant named Towler (Sidney Poitier), suddenly finds himself in command of the twelve men left in his platoon after it has been ambushed. Though largely inexperienced, and stuck with a show-biz group that includes an evil Southerner (Paul Richards), a nasty-minded old-timer who has just been broken from sergeant (Alan Ladd), a clown (Mort Sahl), and a Paul Bunyan (Ingemar Johansson), Towler occupies a farmhouse set in a strategic pass, batters the Southerner into submission, inspires his men to repel wave after wave of Communists, sets fire to an enemy tank, saves the ex-sergeant's life by giving him several gallons of his own blood during an amputation (while the Southerner's eyes bulge incredulously), and, after lugging the same fellow through hip-deep snow immediately following the transfusion, survives to grin at the U.S. jets that abruptly darken the sky. The reality of all this is immeasurably heightened by a soliloquy on the vagaries of the military



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mind, delivered by a beard-encrusted Sahl in his best night-club manner; by a Swedish folk song, sung in a limp, baggy voice by Johansson; and by the peaks and snows and firs of Glacier National Park, which shine steadily and healthfully in the background. Poitier, a highly gifted actor, does all that could be expected in a role that he should never have got himself into in the first place: he keeps a straight face. Fortunately, Sahl isn't nearly as successful.

"END OF INNOCENCE," an Argentine film, tells of how Ana Castro (Elsa Daniel), the youngest daughter of a wealthy Buenos Aires aristocrat, is infected with Puritanism by her devout Catholic mother and, in her terrible innocence and fear of sin, is raped by a friend of her father's—an experience that reduces her to the mumbles for the rest of her life. The treatment of this fine old seventeenth-century theme is arty: the camera scuttles over the ground, peering down at socks or up at giants; flies over vast courtyards; scrutinizes pores; tilts to the right and left; and, when all else fails, goes out of focus. It appears to be night throughout the picture, and, accordingly, the acting consists largely of highlighted cheekbones, white eyes, and deep-shadowed chins.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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These tinkling door harps have been used in Sweden for many generations to welcome visitors to the home in a joyous way. Made by a skilled wood worker 7" high, 5½" wide, 2" deep.—Advertising circular from a Pelham (N. Y.) firm.

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At least as frightening as the geographic ignorance was the atrocious spelling of the 5,000 college students.

Hungary became Hungary, Poland became Polland, Yugoslavia became Ugo-slovee. The downfall of 49 students out of 50 was Czechoslovakia.—*Los Angeles Examiner*.

Forty-nine students and one newspaperman.

CEILING SIGHTS

Mrs. J. writes: Should a mother be alarmed because her 4-year-old son sees, or says he sees, black bugs crawling on the ceiling when we put him to bed at night?

REPLY

No, because youngsters are highly imaginative.—*Washington Post & Times Herald*.

They're sharp-eyed little devils, too.



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LETTER FROM THE OLYMPICS

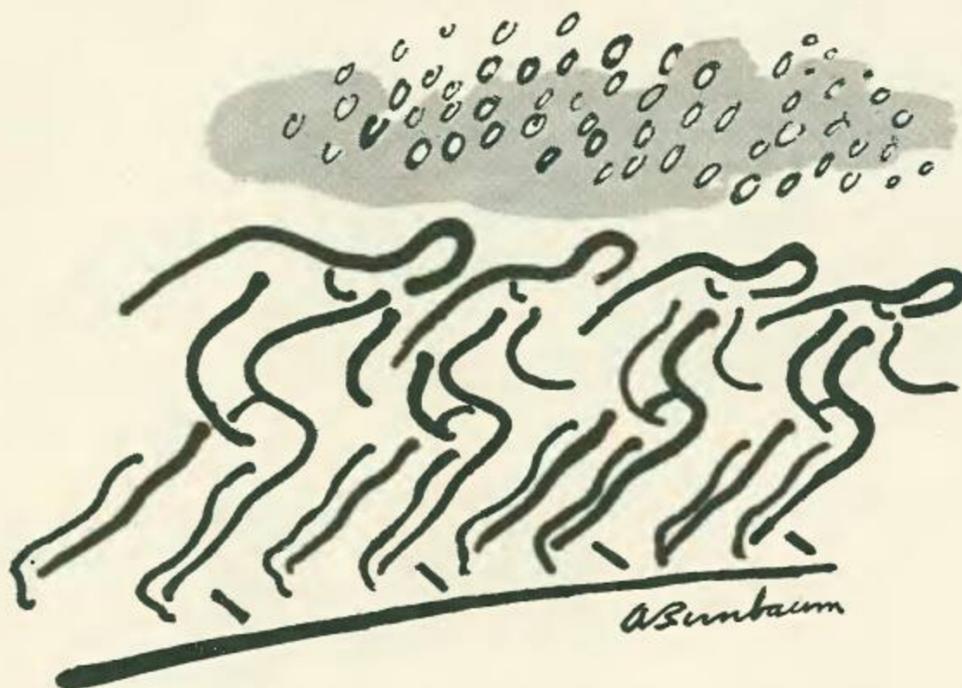
AUGUST 31

An opening is not always a beginning. The Italians who premeditated this Olympiad left a hiatus of six days between the grand-opening ceremony and the beginning of the track-and-field events in the Olympic Stadium. These, since the Games began, in 776 B.C., have formed their core. (The only event at the first Olympics, apparently, was a two-hundred-metre dash.) Still, the organizers of this Olympiad calculated that nobody would want to miss the opening—a spectacular feature of every set of Games—and that, once everyone was on hand for it, nobody would go home before seeing the Games themselves. To give a technical illusion that Olympic competitions were taking place, they put on preliminaries in various fringe sports—field hockey, water polo, fencing, and the like—at outlying Olympic installations. Of these, swimming was the only one with general international appeal, and there has consequently been more copy filed on the swimming here than on any similar event since the efforts of the Titanic survivors to remain afloat. The native newspapers kept happy with prolonged anatomical comparisons of the lady swimmers and also with ecstatic chronicles of Italian victories in cycling, including tandem, a form of amusement that in the rest of the world passed out with Daisy. While these minor activities were going on, visitors from abroad were cheerfully expected to go shopping, and to run up hotel bills at three times the ordinary rates. It is impossible to say now to what extent these expectations were justified. The heat has militated against shopping, and only the hotels most widely known outside Italy are full; the more modest ones have lost some of the business they would ordinarily have had from tourists, who have been frightened off by justified reports of high prices and hullabaloo.

Whether or not the interval between the opening and the beginning is a success measured in lire, it has put an awful crimp in the Games. It is as if, after a fine overture at the opera, the magnificent curtain rose on a stage empty of everyone except candy butchers and

venders of postcards, and the audience were asked to come back for the show next week. In this case, there were two overtures—clerical and lay. On the afternoon of Wednesday, August 24th, a day before the civilian Cerimonia di Apertura, His Holiness John XXIII accorded an audience in the Piazza San Pietro to such of the Olympic

mine, not the Latin's—and my thoughts strayed. Wearying after a while, I turned for home. It would be a long walk; not a taxi was in sight, and I have a mortal fear of taking the wrong bus. On the edge of the crowd, people came and went, ice-cream peddlers cried "Gelati!" and news venders shouted "Paese Sera!" so my departure could not be construed as disrespectful. As I walked away, people still hurrying toward the sound of the voice cried to me, "Who speaks—Pope?" "Yes, Pope," I answered, glad to be helpful. I was wrong by that time. It was the voice of an announcer of the Vatican radio station, reading prepared translations of the Supreme Pontiff's brief speech, in English, French, Spanish, Portuguese, German, Dutch, Russian, Polish, Hungarian, Rumanian, Chinese, Japanese, and Arabic. I learned from



athletes as chose to come—a very considerable number—and to eight hundred members of the Vespa Club of Europe, who brought their scooters, as if to a blessing of the hounds. The Vespa riders wore coveralls of brilliant scarlet or yellow nylon, and looked far more athletic than the athletes, who came in mufti. A vast number of Catholic Scouts also attended, and the three groups, massed in the Piazza before the red-carpeted steps of St. Peter's, were flanked by crowds of the uninvited, who stood in the shade of the colonnade. From where I stood, at the opening of the Piazza, almost diametrically across from the Papal throne, His Holiness—a blob of white robe topped by a smaller blob of red cape—looked no bigger than a rabbit's foot. There arose from his vague vicinity a huge voice, audible as far as the banks of the Tiber; it was His Holiness's, magnified by a public-address system. (I wondered why the engineers have not developed a device that would magnify the image of a man's physical presence in proportion to the volume of sound they draw out of him. The Greeks who stage-managed the Byzantine Emperors' public appearances would have figured it out if they had had one-tenth of the new knowledge at their disposal.) I could not understand His Holiness's Latin—the fault was

L'Osservatore Romano, the Vatican newspaper, that the original plan had been to continue in other languages, notably Turkish and Flemish, and wind up in Greek, the original language of the Games, but time pressed, and the Greeks, the first patent-holders, were dished. The gist of the Supreme Pontiff's speech, most gracefully phrased, was that winning is all right but it is the spirit that counts, athletics must not become an end in themselves, and may the best man win. He made no apology for St. Ambrose and St. Augustine, who, in the late fourth century, persuaded the Emperor Theodosius I to abolish the original Games, along with other pagan survivals; time, he must have conjectured, heals all hurts. (To emphasize the change in its view of sport, the Vatican has coöperated importantly in making the Rome Games possible. Many of the Olympic installations and the roads leading to them are built on land sold by the Church to the Italian state, at prices criticized by the Left. The Italian Olympics Committee has leased a number of Church properties for use during the Games, among them the Domus Mariae and the Domus Pacis, a pair of large hostels for pilgrims, which now house a group considerably less sedate—the accredited representatives of the world press. The Church continues to operate the commissary in them, and



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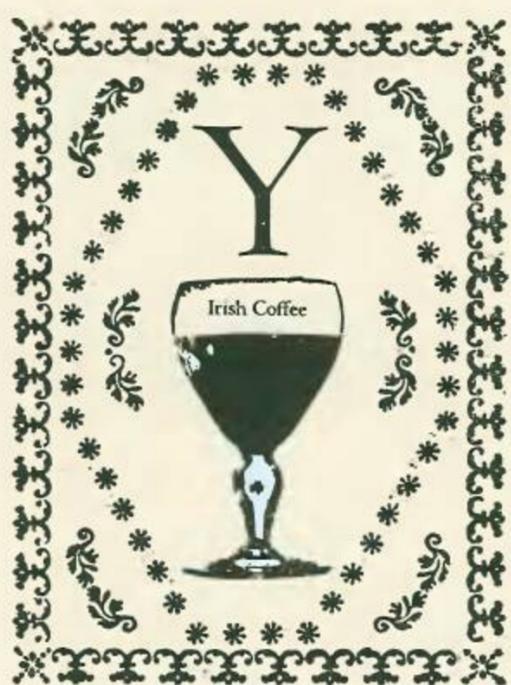
the price of whiskey recently went up twenty-five per cent.) Unexceptionable as the Pontiff's remarks seemed to a stranger, however, they wildly perturbed the Rome organ of the rival world cult. *L'Unita*, the Communist Party paper, detected in the address an attempt to take over the Olympics, and, accordingly, printed in all the languages and alphabets on tap a "Welcome of the Italian Communist Party" to the athletes and foreign visitors; it assured them all that the Italian Communist Party expressed both the will and the spirit of the Italian working class, and greeted them on the workers' democratic anti-Fascist behalf. The Communists, like the Church, are in a delicate position on the question of the Olympics. The predominantly Catholic Christian Democratic government is heavily committed to their success, though some aspects of them must jar His Holiness. (He has been consistently severe about the appearance of scantily clad women in public, for one thing, and he has ordered priests not to attend the women's competitions of the Olympiad.) And since the Christian Democrats are for the Games, the Communists would dearly love to be against them. What a chance to roar about the corrupt smell of money on the Via Vittorio Veneto, where the bloated capitalists guzzle Coca-Cola at five times the price that the exploited poor pay for good wine just around the corner! But the big Communist Party—the one in Moscow—approves of the Games, for propaganda purposes. It has sent a huge squad of Russian athletes, who paraded at the Cerimonia di Apertura like Grenadier Guards, with satellite battalions impersonating the Coldstream. Deprived of their obvious target, the Games themselves, the Communists have only side issues to grumble about—underpaid workers at the Olympic Village, for example. The Games have thus brought an Olympic truce to Italian politics, although, like the truces of old, it will not last.

GETTING to the opening was a harrowing experience for many. Hotel doormen's optimistic estimates of the time required to drive from the center of Rome to the stadium were all too often based only on the distance to be covered—about five miles. There is a new Olympic network of roads in Rome, and traffic regulations are changed daily. The changes are sometimes published in the newspapers, but Roman taxi-drivers are not notable readers. They have, moreover, become a race of Good Soldier Schweiks on

(*Is It Always Gad, Gad, Gad For Us Moderns?*)

IRISH COFFEE; A WAY OF LIFE?

[VOL. III N^o VII]



YOU may recall that at one time we [The Whiskey Distillers of Ireland] put up a fearful fuss about Irish Coffee — luscious as it was to you and profitable as it was to us — because it somewhat obscured the burnished, emphatic flavour of the whiskey itself. And perhaps we felt that if Nature had intended people to drink Irish Coffee she would have made Irish Coffee in the first place. Were we wrong? Apparently so, for we all know what has happened since: Irish Coffee has been clasped to the red, white, and blue bosom of the Western World and has in fact become a way of life Over There as Over Here.

Yes, on every hand one sees Irish Coffee Houses popping up and all doing a roaring trade we can assure you. Does no one ever stay home anymore? Is it only gad, gad, gad for us moderns? Joy-riding about in our shiny cars bent on an endless round of pleasure? We find this hard to believe. No, there must be many and many's the householder who would like to enjoy the pleasures of Irish Coffee before his own hearth or radiant-heating panels as the case may be. To that end we are reprinting the Irish Coffee Recipe:

IRISH COFFEE RECIPE

1. *Fill a six to eight ounce glass to within an inch of brim with black coffee—hot and strong.*
2. *Add sugar to taste and stir well.*
3. *Pour in one jigger of Irish Whiskey.*
4. *Top off with lightly whipped fresh cream so that cream floats on top.*

N.B. *Do not stir after adding cream as the unique flavour is obtained by drinking the hot coffee and Irish Whiskey through the cool cream.*

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wheels, professing not to know where anything is. Since the cabs—mostly noseless little Fiats—are metered, and the tariffs and regulations are listed in French, German, and English as well as Italian, the drivers have no chance to make extra money except by driving extra distances. It does not occur to them that the customer may be in a hurry and that, properly approached, he might prefer to give them an extra five hundred lire rather than be taken five hundred lire worth out of his way. My man on opening day managed to land me on a road a mile and a quarter from the stadium. Closer approach was barred because the procession of athletes was marching along the road. He professed to know no other, although it appeared improbable that anybody would build a stadium with a single approach. He wanted to go back to Rome and get another stadium fare, whom he would undoubtedly dump in the same hopeless position. I shouted, and he implored me, with hands joined in a gesture of prayer, not to be angry—the world was against a poor man. I appealed to thirty or forty policemen, carrying sabres, who were watching the procession of athletes. They permitted me to join the procession, and I marched as far as the stadium gates to the strains of "La Brabançonne," trying to look like a Belgian Olympic committeeman.

At the stadium, in a ninety-five-degree heat, I could find no one to show me the way in. I made one and a half circuits of the outside walls before I discovered the entrance for myself, and then, within the magnificent structure, I was led up and down a perilous ladder three times by a pretty girl usher, who wanted to put me in somebody else's occupied seat. The seat called for on my ticket turned out to be in a better position, but I got there feeling as if I had attended a boxing show promoted by Feature Sports, Inc. The Romans in their time organized so many things that they may have worked all sense of organization out of the national fibre; it is exhausted, like the Greek sense of design. (The Portuguese, that race of explorers, have lost their enterprise; the Czechs, who fought all Europe for their heresy, have become a nation of conformists. It is dangerous for a breed to overwork a good quality.)

I arrived in my rightful seat too late to see my Belgians march past. The Australians, one of my favorite teams, were already all the way around and forming a column behind their flag in front of the presidential stand. The Colombians, with a belligerent lateral



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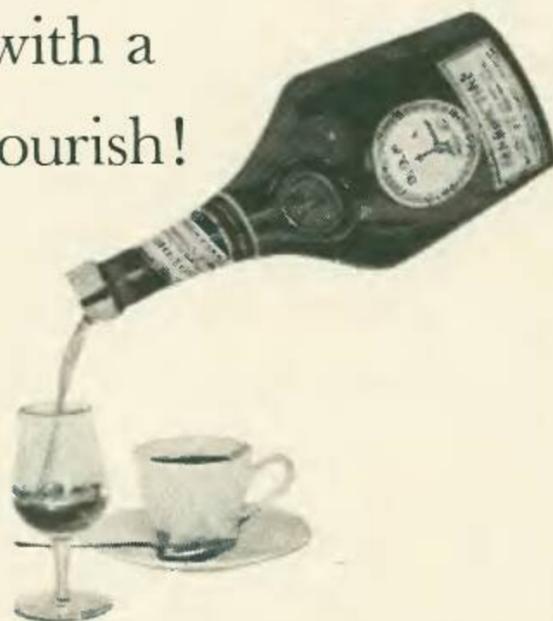
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arm swing, were just passing. The Olympic march-around provides a great opportunity not only for true chauvinism but for the vicarious kind. Everybody has second, third, fourth, and fifth nationalities; personally, I have dozens, some picked up from reading the works of G. A. Henty and Rudyard Kipling as a boy, others from associations and experience. When the Ethiopians—a dozen or so straight, tall, thin men—marched past the reviewing stand, and their standard-bearer lowered their flag, with its green, yellow, and red stripes, in salute, I wondered what they were thinking about. They were received with polite applause. The Finns reminded me of architecture, courage, crayfish, aquavit, and how well they had run the Olympic Games of 1952—no being led to the wrong seat there, no imposed intermission of six days to have your silk shirts made. The Finns themselves were so eager to see the Games begin that their javelins started flying before the opening ceremony ended. The Nationalist Chinese, marching behind a sign that read “Formosa,” carried one that proclaimed “Under Protest;” they had wanted to march as “China.” Then came the French, shuffling along as if *en pantoufles*, the men in nondescript blue with berets, the women—of the nation that sets the world’s fashions—in shapeless blue dusters. As a Francophile, I was horrified; *je n’y comprenais rien*. Were they showing their contempt for us or for one another? It looked like a disgruntled team. But soon after them came the great contingent of the parade. First there was an Italian carrying a stick sign that read “Haiti.” Then came the Haitian flag, glorious and complicated, with a palm tree and stacked weapons and one or two drums. Then came the team—one man, jet black, square-shouldered, easily six feet two, head erect, as proud as if he had won already—a weight-lifter who had studied his specialty from a correspondence-school course. (I remembered Haiti’s Sylvio Cator, the first man to broad-jump twenty-six feet, who told me that he had learned broad-jumping from a Spalding Athletic Guide. Never underestimate Haiti.) Germania had passed—East Germans and West Germans, competing as one team and looking exactly alike. I wondered how they were going to sort themselves out again after the Games; I hoped they wore identity tags, like babies in maternity hospitals. All the new, gaudy nations were there—Ghana, Nigeria, Malaya, Morocco, and the rest, along with Tunisia,

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which was a welterweight boxer with an Arabian Nights look. Cuba, wildly cheered, had a pretty girl up front—an animated cigar-box illustration. Lebanon is a fine place where I have good friends; I had no idea what it was competing in, but up Lebanon. Great Britain, the *soigneusement* dowdy women in uniforms that seemed to have been designed to proclaim their nationality, and the asymmetrical men, long-legged and long-chinned, and so much tougher than they looked; the Greeks, few and inconspicuous in the show they invented; the Norwegians, decent and hearty—all made me sentimental. The Poles marched most impressively of all. They looked like men who would assert themselves. The Russian women were a great deal smarter-looking than they had been at Helsinki, and the men were more relaxed. When they marched in 1952, their faces were set; they had never before competed in the Games, and were not sure how they would do. Now they were confident and were having a good time. The Americans, of course, looked best of all, even though a lot of the prettiest girls preferred to stay out of the sun and take pictures of the parade from the stands. The men, in cakewalk straw lids with flashy bands, marched like individuals freely associated, not bothering to keep time, but briskly, as if they wanted to catch the daily double. We are not getting to look more like the Russians; the Russians are getting to look more like us. I came away feeling as if I owned the earth, just from having looked at so many of its prepossessing citizens. I cannot believe that this is an extraordinary reaction. The procession is a kind of Olympic therapy; it is superficial. It would be easy to argue that if the procession consisted of the old and malformed of all nations, it would produce the opposite effect. But logic is sometimes obstructive. The Greeks, who invented it, understood that.

THE letdown from the Cerimonia di Apertura was sharp. Through the subsequent hot evenings, the four blocks at the top of the Via Vittorio Veneto have been almost impassable. Tables set out on the sidewalks by hotels and cafés have multiplied, converging from curb and wall until the path between is hard to discern and impossible to turn around in. A fair-sized man vainly trying to thread his way from the Hotel Excelsior as far as the Flora has to reverse engines and back out, like a steamship on the upper reaches of a tropical river. The tables are occupied by visitors to the

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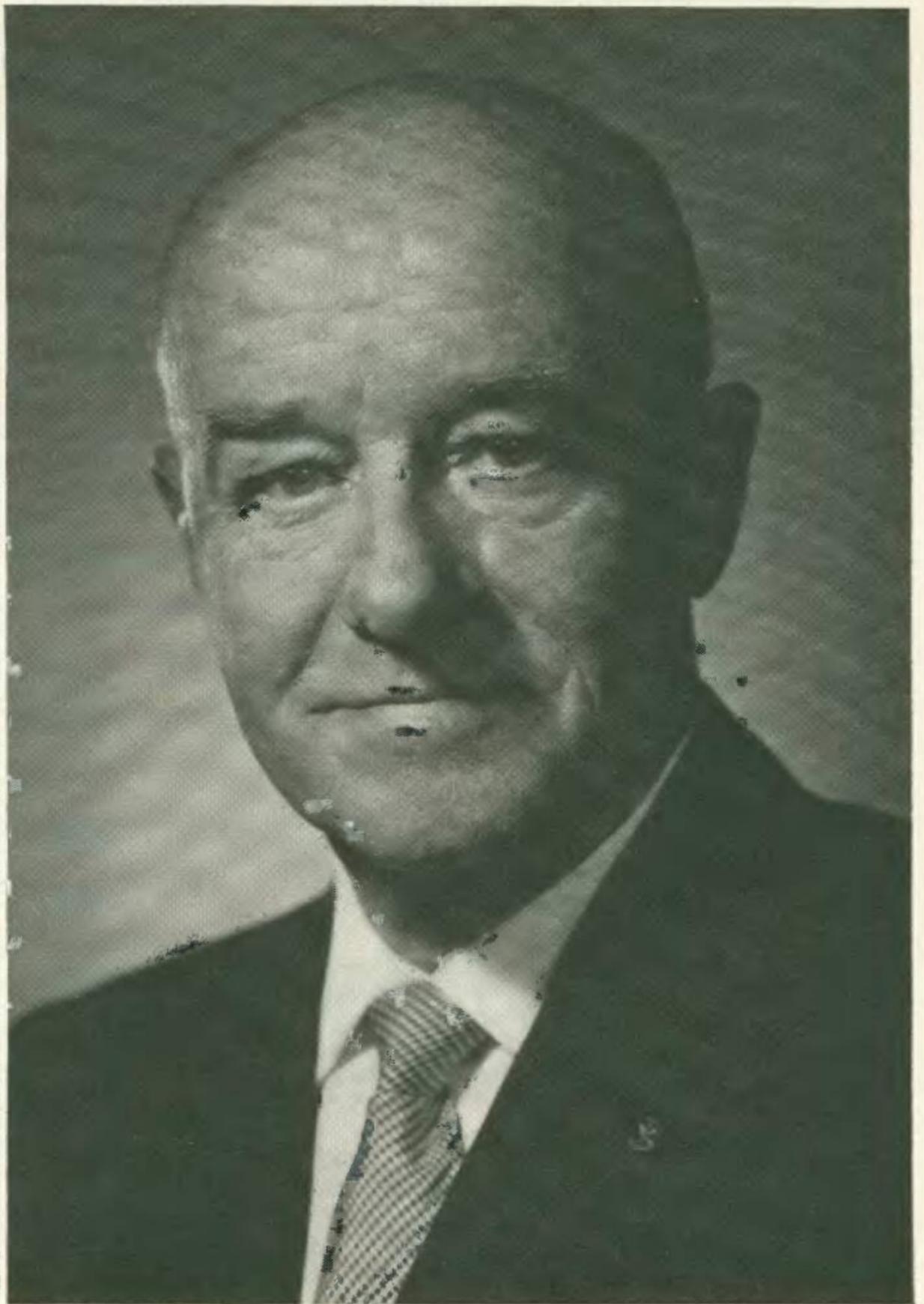
MARTIN

Games, gasping like stranded sea robins and staring at one another in search of the stigmata of celebrity. This human edema is confined to the four blocks, where it is impossible to buy an Italian newspaper, although girls in blue uniforms sell every other kind in the world, including Japanese. Once seated at a table, the unwary celebrity-starer is likely to be stuck there. Waiters fit other tables in and people fit themselves in about him as if he were one bit in a jigsaw puzzle, and when he tries to rise, he finds that he has become a permanent part of a *galantine d'hommes*. Once in a while, the vast mass stirs gelatinously; a rumor runs from table to table that Elizabeth Taylor, or someone who looks like her, is getting out of a taxi. The pieces of the jigsaw try to hoist themselves out of their frames of reference to look. Elbows accumulate melted ice cream. Too late—she is gone. None of the human mixed fruits in the jello will ever know if it was she.

I wanted a newspaper that would tell me where Fellini's film "La Dolce Vita" was playing. Unable to find one, I heaved myself out of this morass, sending out ripples all around me, like a clam fighting its way out of a chowder. I asked a taxi-driver where the film was to be seen, and he took me to a theatre in Padua or Bolzano—it was miles away. From the film, I learned I had been in the midst of the most depraved night life in the world; the Via Veneto, it seems, is highly exciting if you know the right people—a supermarket of sex, where all you need is a shopping cart and a hypodermic needle. The actors, an in-



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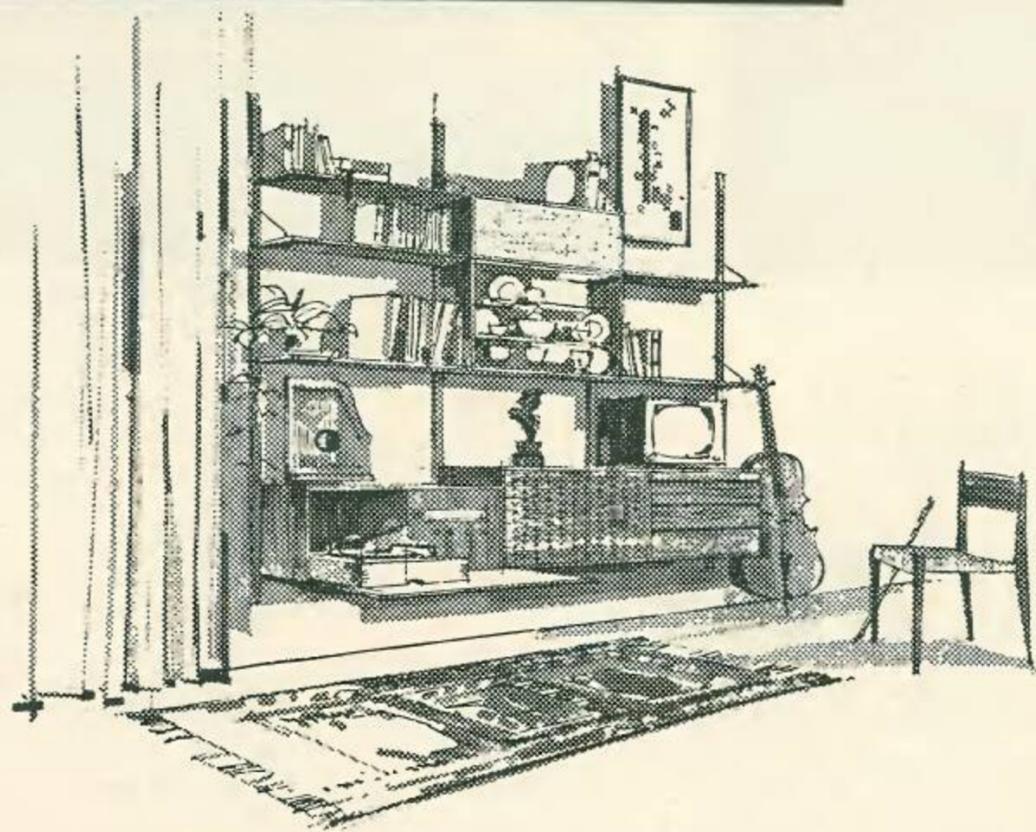
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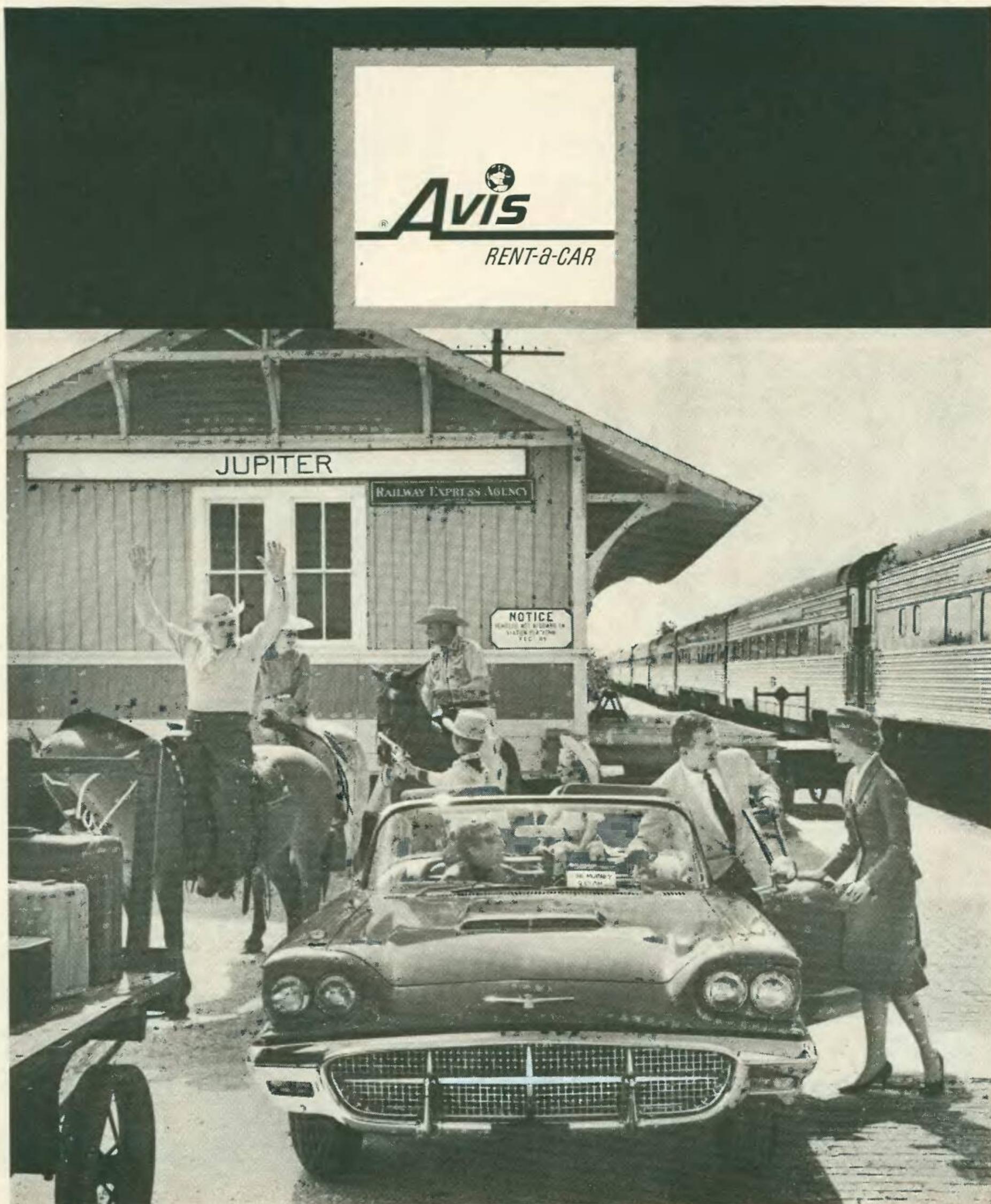
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ternational bunch, speak in their own languages—a novelty that Fellini may have picked up from "La Grande Illusion." What pleased me was that English, usually with an American accent, has displaced French as the language that, spoken in an Italian film, symbolizes worldly wickedness. Instead of "Ooh-la-la!" the bad girl now says something like "I've got news for you." This marks a change in the Anglo-Saxon place in the international imagination, which is often more important than actuality.

THE boxing matches at the Palazzo dello Sport have not as yet reached the stage of the tournament where good boys often meet other good boys. The tournament began with two hundred and eighty-eight boxers, from eighty-seven countries, unequally divided among ten weight classes. (In Olympic boxing, there are two classes—light-welter and light-middle—that do not exist in professional boxing, the idea being to lessen weight discrepancies between opponents.) The countries this year include such exotics, in a boxing sense, as Afghanistan, North Borneo, Fiji, Israel, Kenya, and Vietnam. Before each bout involving one of these newcomers, the mystery is how much the fighter knows and how he will conduct himself; it is like watching a new boy at school make his first fight on the playground. Some of the exotics are astonishingly well coached. The Burmese, for example, box in a classic style, as if they had been taught by some contemporary of Jim Driscoll, circa 1912, who had been stranded by the old Moulmein Pagoda ever since. Their bantamweight was as pleasing to watch as an old-time soft-shoe dancer; when he finished with a stolid lad from Luxembourg, the European had had a glimpse into the past, but he could not appreciate it. The Nigerians and Ugandese slug; the Sudanese should not be here; the Iranians, built like weight-lifters, box conventionally but slowly. Olympic referees form a solid European Bund, accustomed to officiating in each other's countries and to doing favors for each other's nationals in trouble, much as the Belgian consul will stand in for the Dutch consul if the Dutch chap is out of town. They are solemn, histrionic gentlemen who constantly interfere with the boxers, and the new "wild men," having no referees of their own in the combine, constantly get the worst of it. These unfortunates are in the position of politicians who want patronage but have no votes to trade. American boxers try for



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quick knockouts to minimize such difficulties. The Italians, like other Continentals, are well entrenched, but even an Italian crowd sometimes revolts against injustice. Thus, in a bout between a husky Rumanian welterweight and a tall matchstick of a Nigerian last Saturday night the crowd adopted the Nigerian, who, instead of standing off and jabbing, as his height and build augured, went in and slugged the Rumanian with both hands. The Rumanian, surprised, slugged back. They fought each other into complete exhaustion, and in the third round both of them slipped to the canvas from sheer weariness. The referee, a European, helped both to their feet, and then, hanging the Nigerian on the ropes away from the other man, started to count him out, as if he had been knocked down and the Rumanian had merely slipped. The bell ended the bout before the consummation of this injustice, but the invented knockdown would cost the Nigerian the decision, and the crowd knew it. Italian crowds whistle to show disapproval, and the volume of their whistling rent the eardrums. They went mad, and the noise continued while the officials collected the decisions of the five judges, which now had to be against the Nigerian. It increased with the announcement of the verdict, and continued through the introduction of the next two boxers—an American named Baldwin and another unfortunate Luxembourger. Baldwin knocked his man out before the crowd finished whistling about the previous decision. I came away believing, with Avery Brundage, the apostle of the Olympics, that there must be something good about games that can arouse a European crowd in favor of an African wronged. Of course, if the Rumanian had been an Italian, the reaction might have been different.

—A. J. LIEBLING

WRONG CROSSWORD PUZZLE PRINTED

Through an oversight the crossword puzzle which should have appeared in today's Lewiston Morning Tribune appeared instead in yesterday's, together with the answer to the puzzle that should have been printed yesterday.

Therefore the puzzle that should have appeared yesterday is in today's Tribune, together with the answer to Wednesday's puzzle. The puzzle for today and the answer to the one that should have been printed yesterday, are reprinted.

The answer to today's reprinted puzzle will appear in tomorrow's Tribune.

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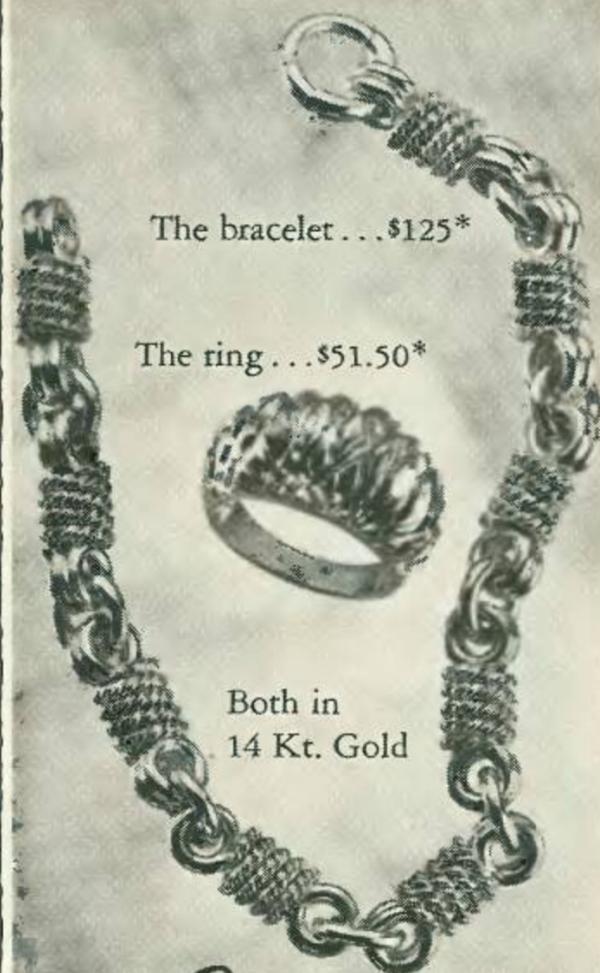
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UNTIL one notable day in June, 1946, I could never remember a time when my father wasn't the Treasurer of B'nai Sharmon, the synagogue and community center of the town I am calling Sharmon, Massachusetts. It was a matter of course that the Nominating Committee would offer every year the slate of Benjamin Ruttman, President, I. G. Katz, Vice-President, Abe Slobodkin, Recording Secretary, and my father, Treasurer. That's the way it always was, and that's the way it would always be, everyone figured, as long as those four gentlemen kept their health. But Jack Fingerhood, a comparative newcomer to the Grove—the summer-colony section of Sharmon, where my family and I lived from June through September—changed the unchangeable the day he sold Mr. Ruttman "a bill of goods."

It wasn't the first bill of goods Mr. Fingerhood had sold. He was a shrewd electric-appliance salesman, whose ability to convince a customer that he was desperately in need of a new portable radio was painfully well known to several new portable-radio owners in the Grove. Even the towering Mr. Ruttman, a dashing fellow and the accepted King Solomon of the community, often found himself cowed by the newcomer's finesse. Deftly skipping the period of humble initiation a Grove entrant usually experienced, Mr. Fingerhood worked his way right to the top of the social pyramid—that is, to Mr. Ruttman—and inside of a year he was suggesting courses of action in *shul* politics, which, next to fishing, was the Grove's major diversion. He also dabbled in complicated practical jokes. In fact, it was through a rather dark practical joke, the inception of which I witnessed, that my father was unseated as Treasurer.

I had come into possession of a new pair of underwater goggles—the kind that give the wearer a sort of insect appearance—and I was spending one bright Sunday morning searching for various articles dropped into Lake Massasoit through the floorboards of the community "raft"—in reality, a small, sagging dock. When I started my salvaging (I was looking in particular for Mrs. I. G. Katz's Ronson lighter), I was quite alone. However, coming up for air after an unsuccessful dive, I sud-

denly heard the voices of Mr. Ruttman and Mr. Fingerhood in conversation on the raft above me. They didn't notice me under the floorboards. They were checking the minnow traps they used to supply fresh bait for their fishing jaunts. I clung silently to one of the raft piles and listened.

"I mean we'll just have a little fun, what you call a little *amusement*, with him, Ben," Mr. Fingerhood was saying in his salesman's manner, which, I knew, was accompanied by expressive facial contortions. "Sammy could always take a joke, a hoax, on himself. I'll wager you he himself will get a bang, what you call a kick, out of it, I'll bet you. What do you say, Ben? Don't be such a stick-in-the-mud, what you call a dead herring. It'll liven things up, *animate*, the election meeting. It'll give the boys, the members, something to chuckle over. What do you say, how about it, Ben?"

"Well, Jack," Mr. Ruttman said pontifically as he put down a minnow trap, "I'll tell you my thoughts. Sam, as you know, has been our Treasurer for many years now—since I first became President, even. He is a dedicated man, with years of faithful service behind him. I would hate—even in a joke, a harmless joke—to hurt him in any way, a man of that calibre..."

"But who's going to hurt, Ben, to *injure*?" Mr. Fingerhood interrupted. "Why, that's the last thing, the *farthest* thing, from my mind. I've only known, been acquainted, with Sam for a short time now, but believe me, *trust* in me, that I think the world of him. The *earth!*

I merely suggest we have a little fun, what you call a little joke, on him to liven things up. Look, the way I see it, the way I *visualize* it, is we fix it with the Nominating Committee, of which I'm a member, a regular participant, and we come up with the usual slate of officers. You know, you, and I. G., and Abe. But instead of Sam as Treasurer, we put up maybe Hyman Eisendrath. Then, after Sam turns pale, the color leaves his face, we tell him it's all a big joke, what you call a big hoax. We'll tell him he's really our choice, our *nominee*, after all. We'll have a big laugh, what you call a belly laugh, and I assure you, Ben, *guarantee* you, Sam will have the





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biggest laugh out of it of all. He's a prince, that Sam, a *king*."

"Well, Jack, I still don't know," Mr. Ruttman said. "But if it's just a little joke you won't carry too far, maybe it would be fun after all. But remember, I don't want Sam should be hurt. He's a fine man with years of dedicated service—almost as many as mine."

"He's a prince, a *regent*," Mr. Fingerhood concluded as they replaced the minnow traps in the water and left the raft.

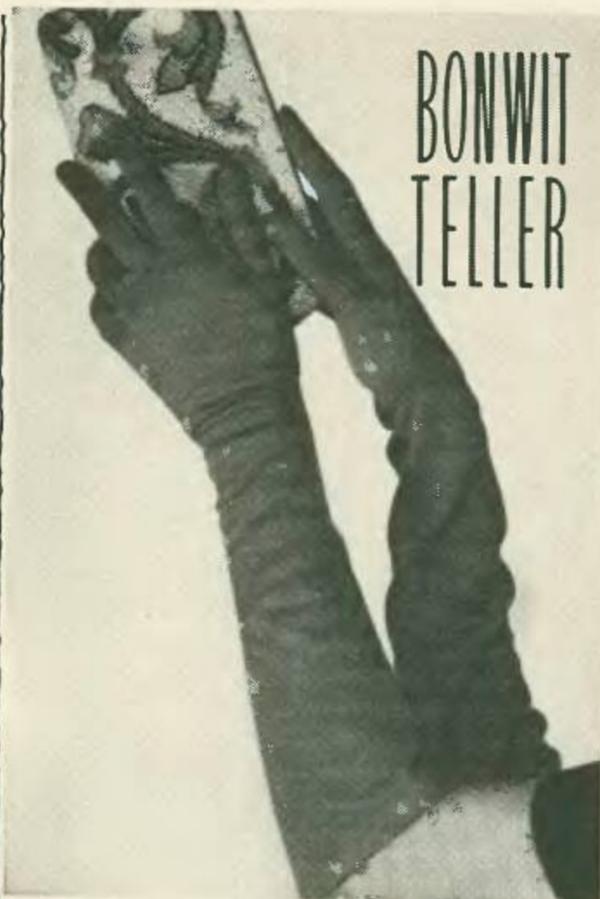
I was certainly no informer, but I was a faithful son. As soon as I fished up Mrs. Katz's cigarette lighter, I ran up Pond Avenue hill to our house, where my father was busying himself pruning one of our dozen or so fruitless apple trees. Still dripping from my salvaging operations, I told him everything I had overheard.

Mr. Fingerhood would have enjoyed seeing him at that moment, because he turned frightfully pale. He put down his pruning shears and leaned against the apple tree. "How could they play such a stunt on me after all these years?" he asked nobody in particular. "If someone told me my old friends would do such a thing, I wouldn't have believed it in a million years. I don't know what I'm going to do about it yet, but I'll think of something, that's what I'm going to do. That no-good Fingerhood fellow and my old friend Ben can have their fun, if that's what they want, but I'll have my fun, too. I'll think of something, that's what I'll do."

My father had never abstained from instantaneous involvement in a political wrangle before. "But what are you going to do?" I asked him.

"What I'm going to do for the time being, Son, is nothing, until I think of something," he answered. "When they nominate that piker Eisendrath on election night, I'll let them have their fun and then I'll show them how much fun they can have. Sixteen years of service I give the *shul*, sixteen years, and this is the thanks I get! Anyway, I'll be a lot happier being just an ordinary member from now on, so I don't have to play politics with that Fingerhood and his bunch of fourflushers." He ended by making me promise I wouldn't breathe a word of what I'd heard that day.

My father remained fairly pale during the next week, which ended with election night. He had told my mother about Mr. Fingerhood's joke, and although he protested constantly that he wasn't the least bit interested in what



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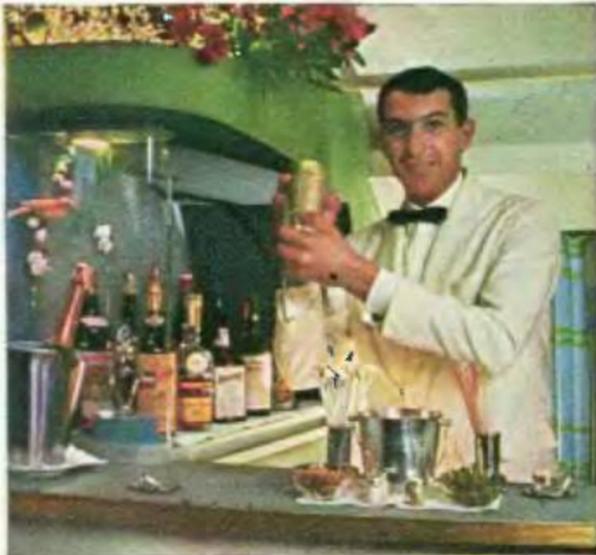
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happened and that he'd be a lot better off just being an ordinary member, my mother couldn't get him to eat anything but cottage cheese and sour cream. He sulked and fidgeted, and when neighbors asked him what was the matter, he said he had some business worries.

BY Grove tradition, election night was a gala marked by a big blow-out at the house of the newly elected President, which meant that it was invariably at the Ruttmans'. First, though, came the serious business of the election, at the *shul*. Although none of the women participated in the balloting (women's suffrage was not one of the Grove's strongest points), male offspring very often sat in with their elders. Being a son in reasonably good standing, I joined the solemn procession of men that night who filed, flashlights in hand, down the dewy path through the woods to Coolidge Street, where the *shul* was situated. I wouldn't for the world have missed the elections that year.

At the *shul*, a rectangular shingled frame building with a vestry in the basement, there was a pervading sense of anticipation. Mr. Ruttman strode into the vestry exuding his annual air of humility. Mr. Fingerhood skipped about, checking with each little knot of voters and puffing on his long cigar as though it provided the fuel that made him run. I. G. Katz, sitting among some admirers, looked like a pensive Mickey Mouse; I doubted whether he could hear one word in ten in the noisy room, because he hadn't yet quite mastered the intricacies of his new electric hearing aid. Mr. Slobodkin was making promises about *shul* and community improvements to his circle. I overheard him as he announced his plan for an entirely new high-holiday seating arrangement for that year. "Believe me," he said, "you can believe me when I tell you this: there's going to be some changes made around here if I have anything to say about it, and I will, you can take my word on that. I'm telling you this right now, this minute, that it's a disgrace the way the seating plan is made up for the holidays, which, believe me, are plenty early this year, so we don't have a minute to lose. You can take my word on that—the earliest I can remember, believe me."

"Abe, you're crazy," said Nate Gans, a lean, dark-eyed lawyer who everyone agreed looked like Abraham Lincoln. "The holidays aren't early at all. Why, this year they're later than ever—prac-

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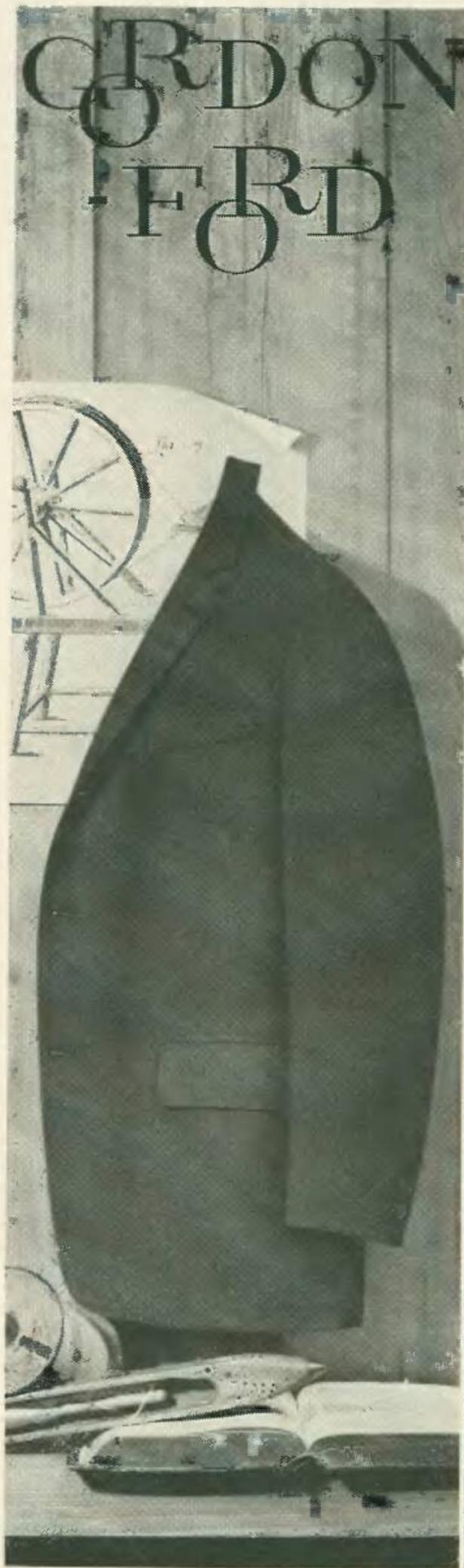
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tically on Columbus Day. I was thinking that maybe I wouldn't even stay in the Grove for them, that maybe I'd go at home, at our Brookline temple."

Mr. Slobodkin's round bald head became more purple than usual. "What are you talking foolish?" he said, loudly, losing his prelection control. "I mean, what are you talking foolish? You can take my word on it, the holidays are so early this year, they're, and you can believe me on this—they're practically on Labor Day, they're so early this year. Try to believe me on this! You're talking foolish about your Columbus Day! Believe me, you're talking like a fool with your Columbus! Take my word for it, the holidays are early and they're on Labor Day, and what's right is right. You can believe me right there."

"But Abe, I don't want to start a fight, Abe," said Mr. Gans. "I know the holidays are late this year. I looked it up. What am I, an illiterate I can't read? I can read, can't I? I know they're around Columbus Day."

Mr. Slobodkin had taken to screaming as I edged away. "Believe me, you can believe me or not when I tell you this! Take my word for it, *the holidays are the earliest this year! Labor Day, almost...*"

On that night, I felt my place was beside my father. I worked my way through the throng, reaching his side about the same time Mr. Ruttman did.

"Well, Sam," Mr. Ruttman said wistfully, "another year, eh, Sam?"

"That's right, Ben," my father said softly, "another year."

"You know, Sam," Mr. Ruttman continued, "I sincerely hope some other qualified man is elected President this year. I'm very sincere about that. I'm getting too old for this politics business."

"The hell you do," my father said half jokingly. "You know you love it."

"No, Sam," Mr. Ruttman went on, unruffled, "when a man reaches my age he can't take it any more, all the hullabaloo politics. I wish some capable man with my dedicated experience would take the burden off my back." He looked quickly at his watch and brightened noticeably. "But meanwhile," he said, "we'd better get the show rolling."

Mr. Ruttman called the meeting to order, and the men settled themselves on the wooden bridge chairs arranged on the vestry floor. "Tonight," Mr. Ruttman announced from behind the makeshift rostrum at the head of the room, "we'll dispense with any old



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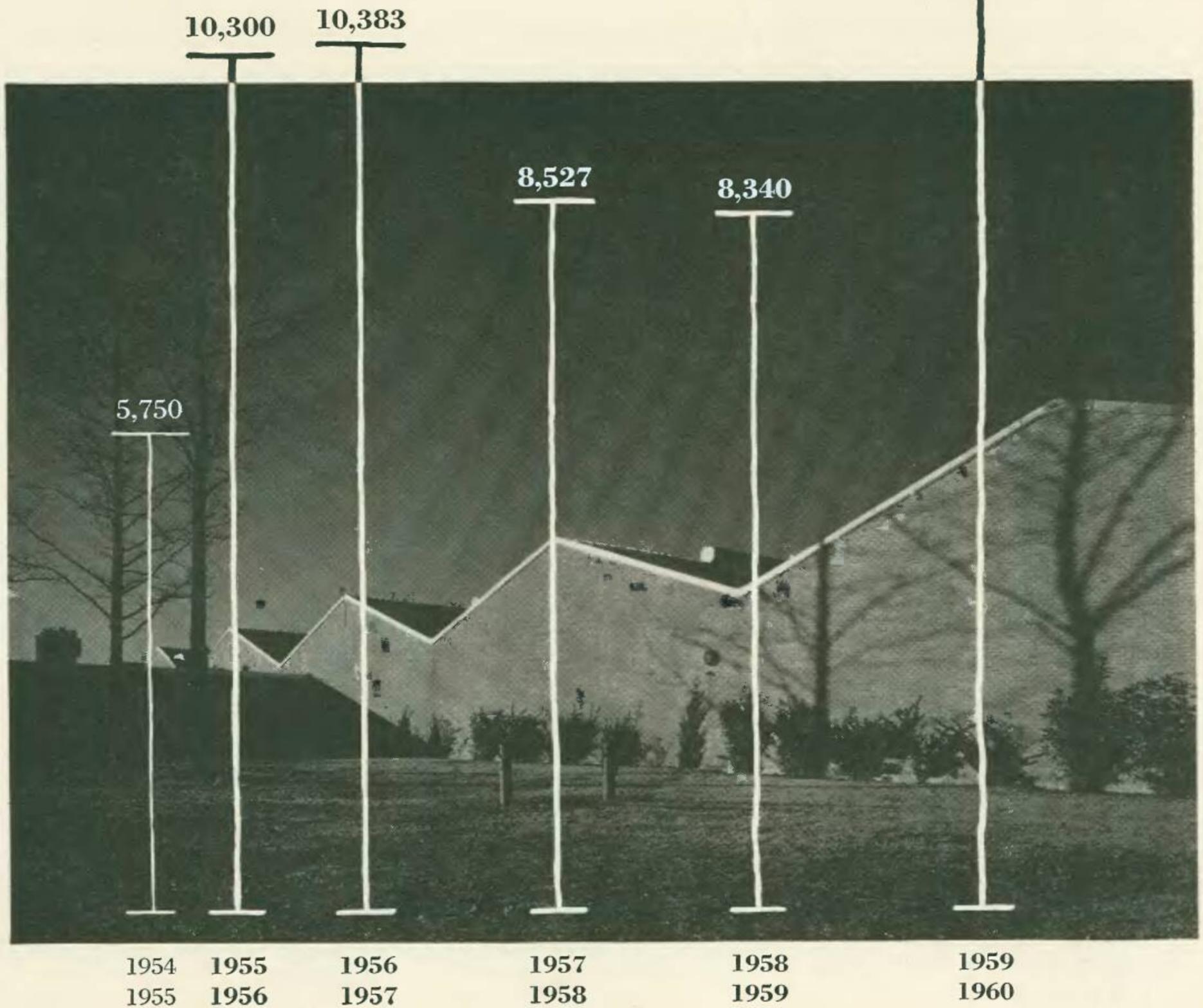
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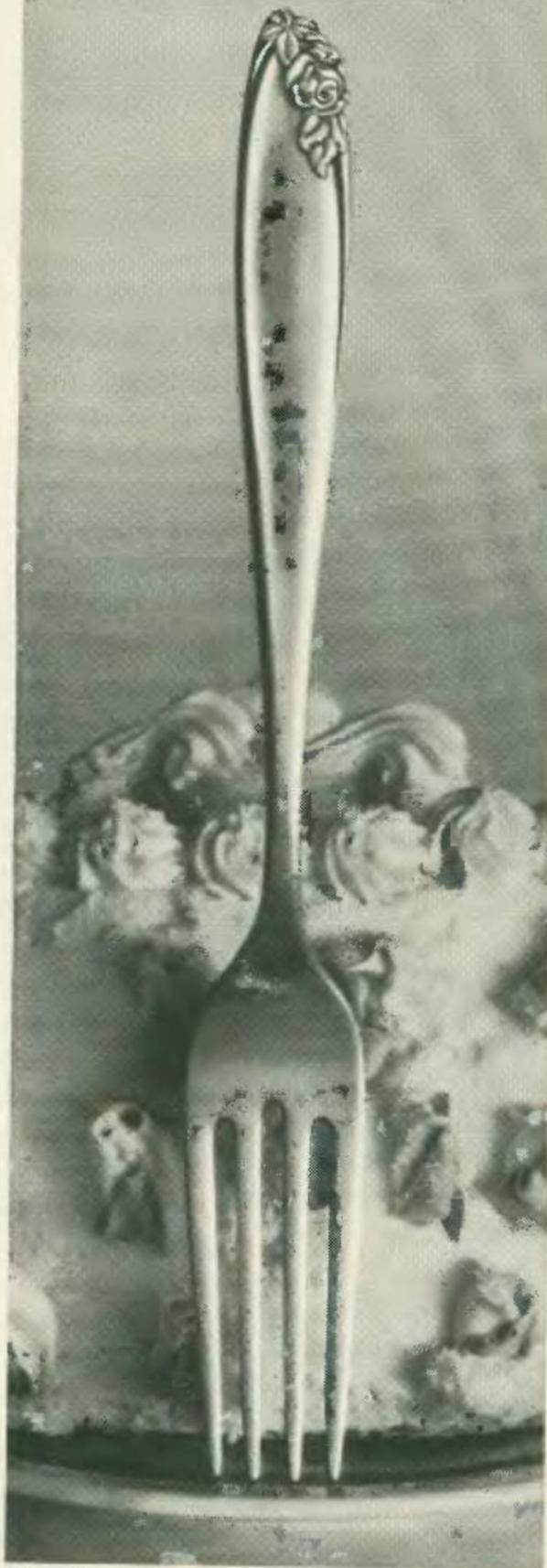
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business, because we want to get on with the important business at hand. Remember, if you have anything to say, stand up and be recognized and I'll recognize you. If you have nothing to say, sit down and don't say anything and I promise you we'll be out of here without any hullabaloo in an hour at the most, I promise you. Now, before Jack Fingerhood of the Nominating Committee reads the slate of officers, I want to hear any nominations from the floor, so if anyone has anyone they want to nominate, do it now by standing up. Stand up and I'll recognize you, but don't make a whole federal case out of it."

There were never any nominations from the floor, but at this point in most election meetings somebody always made an impassioned speech praising the Nominating Committee for its hard work and affirming its wisely selected choices. On this night, however, my father was the first on his feet. A terrible hush descended on the room, and I knew at once that Mr. Fingerhood's practical joke had become public knowledge.

"Mr. President—Ben," my father began. "At this time, I would like to nominate from the floor for the office of Treasurer an old friend of us all and a very important man in the Grove for many years, Mr. Hyman Eisendrath." My father sat down.

From that moment on, I remember, it was all very much like a bad movie. As if on cue, the audience began to mumble, and the mumbling grew to out-and-out talking and, finally, to shouting. Mr. Ruttman had to rap his hand repeatedly against the rostrum for order. I glanced over at Mr. Fingerhood and saw him in anxious conference with another member of the Nominating Committee, a Mr. Mandelstem. Mr. Fingerhood looked a little pale himself, I thought.

Order was finally restored, and Mr. Ruttman turned to my father. "Is that all you want to say, Sam?" he asked weakly.

"Yes," answered my father.

"Well," Mr. Ruttman said, "are there any other nominations from the floor? If there are nominations, stand up and be recognized and I'll recognize you. Otherwise, we'll go on to the slate nominations." He paused to pat his high, patrician forehead with his handkerchief. "Jack—Jack Fingerhood—are you ready with the slate?"

"Yes, Mr. President," said Mr. Fingerhood, rising slowly. "The Nominating Committee and I, all of us, have

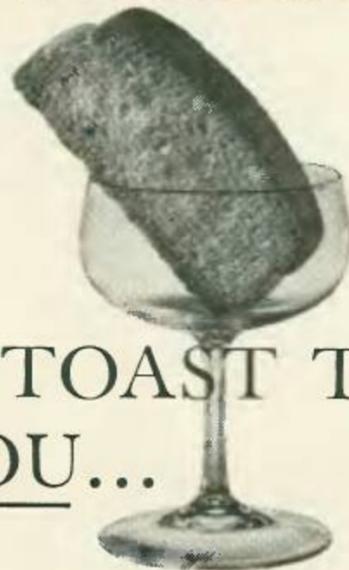
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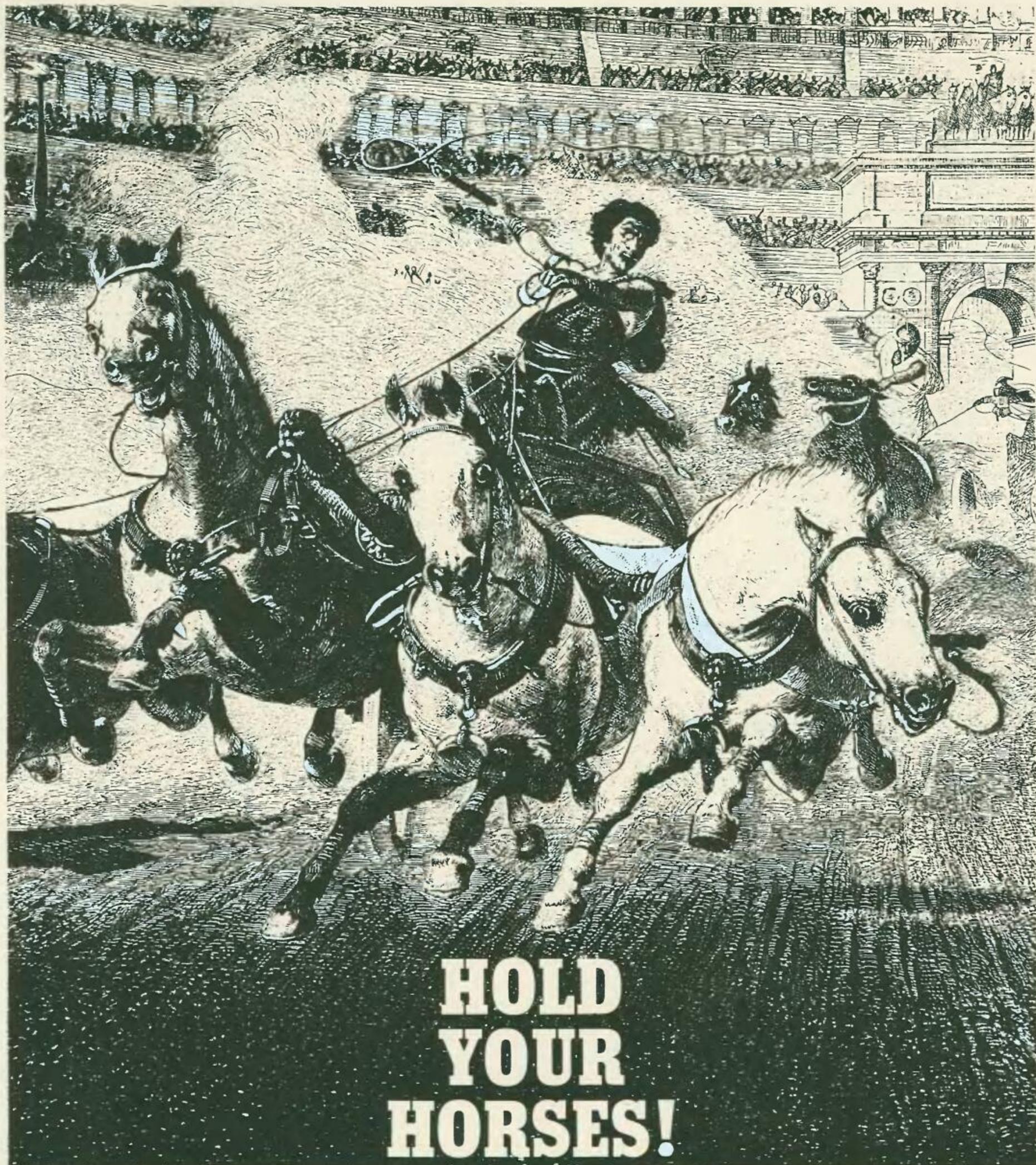
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thought out, *contemplated*, the choice of candidates very, very carefully, with great *diligence*, and we, the Nominating Committee, have come up with a slate we think will preserve the high, the *lofty*, ideals and practices we all hold so dear, that we *cherish*. This year, we, the Nominating Committee, propose Mr. Benjamin Ruttman for our Chief Executive, our President, I. G. Katz for Vice, Abe Slobodkin for Recording Secretary, and—I guess—a man you all know and think highly of, what you call *respect*, Hyman Eisendrath for Treasurer.”

Like the dormouse, I. G. Katz suddenly came to life. I guessed that he had managed to turn up his hearing aid so he could listen to his name being announced among the nominees. “What happened to Sam?” he asked loudly. “What’s Eisendrath doing in the nominations? What are you all talking crazy for? Sam’s always the Treasurer, just like I’m always Vice. I nominate Sam!”

After violently pounding his hand on the rostrum for order, Mr. Ruttman, as if he were explaining something to a querulous grandson, said, “I. G.—can you hear me, I. G.?—the nominations from the floor are over, I. G. You can’t nominate Sam or anybody else.”

“Anyway, I don’t accept,” my father said peevishly. “I myself nominated Eisendrath, so how do you like your practical joke now, Mr. Practical Jokers?”

Mr. Ruttman smashed down his hand again. It made a terrible noise and must have hurt him. “Quiet!” he shouted. “Now, I’m telling you all to be quiet, do you hear me, quiet! When you’re all quiet, I’m going to tell you something, but not until you’re quiet. As the newly elected President, I feel I should settle all this hullabaloo, so what I’m going to do is this—”

“You haven’t been elected yet!” yelled Mr. Gans from the back of the vestry.

“Quiet! You’re out of order!” yelled back Mr. Ruttman, staring sternly. “Anyway, I *was* President before I was newly elected, so I’m still President around here, do you understand?”

“You’re *always* President,” retorted Mr. Gans in a more subdued voice.

“What I’m going to do is this,” Mr. Ruttman went on, also more quietly and pretending he didn’t hear Mr. Gans’ last remark. “I’m going to create what you call a new office. It’s going to be called... it’s going to be called the Office of the Treasurer



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Emeritus—that's like when it's honorary after you've finished your devoted years of service—and I'm electing, nominating, our loyal, devoted Treasurer Sam to the post. So when we hold the voting in a few minutes, that's who I'm nominating."

Mr. Eisendrath, the portly Treasurer-elect and by far the wealthiest man in the Grove, hadn't uttered a word all evening. Now he rose ponderously from his seat. "I second the motion," he said, "and, what's more, as far as I'm concerned, Sam can have the real Treasurer job besides. It was just a lousy Fingerhood joke to nominate me in the first place, and, as far as I'm concerned, all this Treasurer business is going to end up costing me personally a lot of money in the end, I can assure you. I've got enough gray hairs on my head as it is without it costing me a lot of money in the end."

"No!" my father shouted righteously. "I insist Mr. Eisendrath be elected Treasurer, otherwise I'm resigning from the whole politics business right now this minute. I'll be plenty happy just being a regular member."

"Order," pleaded Mr. Ruttman, not daring to slam down his hand again.

"Give them both the job," said I. G. Katz. "I'm Vice and I know—we can always use another good man around here."

"Be quiet, I. G.," said Mr. Ruttman. "Why don't you help me keep order, instead of working against me? What kind of Vice are you if you can't help the President keep order?"

"Wait a minute, Ben, Mr. President," said Mr. Fingerhood.

"You want to say something, stand up and be recognized," said Mr. Ruttman right back at him, a little angrily.

"All right, I'm standing, I'm *perpendicular*. So recognize me."

"You're recognized."

"What I want to say, to *relate*," continued Mr. Fingerhood, "is that I think Ben's, what you call the President's, Emeritus idea is the best, the *finest*, way out. I would like to publicly confess that it's all my fault, the blame's on me, for starting this practical joke in the first place, at the outset, not to nominate Sam. I want to publicly apologize to both Sam and Hyman for causing all this trouble, this mess. I think the only fair, the only *just*, way out is for Sam to be made what you call Emeritus. With that I rest, I drop my case, and maybe even I'll resign from the Nominating Committee."

"Believe you me, he's right," Mr. Slobodkin stated heartily, without rising

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from his seat. "You can take my word on that, believe me."

"You're also out of order, even if you are the Recording," said Mr. Ruttman, not quite yet his patient, suave self.

"Believe me, Ben, I just wanted to say that I agree one hundred and fifty per cent completely," Mr. Slobodkin answered. "And as Recording, I want you all to take my word for it that I'm throwing all my weight behind the Emeritus resolution. You can believe me right there."

"What resolution?" asked Mr. Gans sourly. "Nobody's made any formal resolution."

The President theatrically cleared his throat. "I'm proposing an Emeritus resolution right now, this instant, and I'm calling for a vote on the whole slate, including Emeritus."

There was a roar of cheers and affirmations, and without further ado the evening's business came to a close. The one dissident was Mr. Gans, who insisted to anyone who would listen to him that the whole thing was devious and highly illegal, because no one had seconded the resolution and no secret ballot had been taken. But he had lost his audience. All the men were on their feet, talking cheerfully as they crowded toward the vestry door, heading for the celebration at Mr. Ruttman's house.

My father, looking a little confused but generally pleased, was immersed in bubbling congratulations. Mr. Eisen-drath put his enormous, patronizing arm around him and promised, "We'll work together hand in glove, like a regular Damon and Pythias." Then Mr. Ruttman came over and hugged my father from the other side.

"Sam," Mr. Ruttman said appealingly, "you've got to forgive me. That Fingerhood guy sold me a bill of goods." —BURTON BERNSTEIN

**THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND
WHERE THE CHOIR SEATS GO
BANG**

[From the *London Sunday Times*]

SIR,—I am compiling a list of carvings to be seen in British medieval churches depicting episodes in the story of Reynard the Fox, and I should be most grateful to readers for their cooperation as they travel about on their holidays. These carvings are most likely to be found on the misericords—on the under side of the hinged seats in the choir stalls. I should also be most interested to hear of any stained-glass windows, brasses or stone carvings of Reynard.

E. K. C. VARTY

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

AUGUST 31

ON the blessed eve of its dissolution, the short post-convention session of Congress appears to be one of the most cynical maneuvers in recent political history. The ends it was intended to serve were far narrower than those generally described as "partisan." It was called by Senator Johnson and Speaker Rayburn at a time when those legislative wizards from Texas were working against long odds to get Senator Johnson nominated for the Presidency, and if it had any justification except as a device for advancing the Majority Leader's fortunes in the unlikely event that he won out over Senator Kennedy in Los Angeles, no one here has explained it. Last week, when it was clear to everyone that the session was going to be an unqualified flop, some of the assistant wizards on Senator Johnson's staff sought to make history the goat by arguing that the session was simply inevitable—that Congressional sessions have been getting longer and longer over the years, and that in time (as government and the economy grow more complex, as the corpus juris swells, as the world presses in upon us more and more) Congress will sit the year round. Perhaps, but there is not one responsible Republican or Democrat in the Capitol who

does not believe that by working at a brisker pace in May and June the Eighty-sixth Congress could have accomplished by early July vastly more than it will have accomplished by Labor Day. The Majority Leader and the Speaker rigged the legislative calendar so that if lightning did strike Senator Johnson, he would have an occasion to acquire, fast, certain political assets that up to then he had conspicuously lacked. In the winter, he had squared himself with some leaders of the civil-rights movement by negotiating safe passage through the Senate of a bill that they found acceptable as far as it went, but his record as a welfare-statist wasn't all that he felt it should be if he were to stand as an heir to Franklin D. Roosevelt and Harry Truman in the urban centers of the North. Hence the special session, in which great public benefactions—prepaid medical care for senior citizens, schoolrooms for junior ones, and better wages for those in between—would be associated with his name and wizardry.

Senator Kennedy was nominated with votes to spare, but the session had to be held anyway, and no good has come of it for anyone—not even for the Republicans. The Texas scheme might just possibly have worked—that is to say, either the benefactions might have

been written into law or the responsibility for their denial might have been pinned on President Eisenhower—if Senator Johnson *had* won the main prize at Los Angeles. His Southern and border-state friends, who seem not to care very much whether he is installed as Vice-President next January, might have been a bit more helpful if a Johnson, rather than a Kennedy, administration had been in prospect. But even this seems most unlikely. The Democratic platform, in the writing of which Senator Kennedy had such a large hand, was drafted and adopted before the balloting began, so Senator Johnson would have been asking for Southern support on Senator Kennedy's terms, and all the evidence of the moment suggests that the South, whether or not it goes along with the ticket in the end, doesn't think much of those terms. Senator Johnson is looked upon as a turncoat because he accepted the Kennedy platform without protest—the platform that would have been his if he had been the Party's candidate. The inescapable truth seems to be that the great calculator made a series of inexcusable miscalculations, and about the only people here who are getting any satisfaction out of the whole affair are those who have held all along that Lyndon Johnson's reputation as a towering figure in modern politics has never been deserved and who feel that he has at last been exposed.

They enjoy pointing out that he acquired his reputation in the easiest possible way—by always going along with the majority. He has rewritten bills of Democratic origin until they were acceptable to the administration, and he has rewritten administration bills until they were acceptable to the Democrats. This, they concede, may have been a great public service in a time of divided government, but it was not a very demanding one, and it cannot sustain a reputation for political genius, which is generally earned by prevailing against majorities or by organizing them in behalf of some principle, rather than by mobilizing existing majorities behind innocuous programs.

The one thing that can be said for the session is that most of the perils that were foreseen at the time



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of its conception have been avoided. It was feared that if the Senate chamber became a jousting place for Mr. Nixon and Senator Kennedy for several weeks, one or both of them might say or do something that would injure the national interest in one or another of the many places in which it has lately been involved—in the Congo, for example, or in Cuba, or at the Powers trial in Moscow. Fortunately, nothing of the sort happened. But this may be only because, really, nothing at all happened. The restraint of the session may be only an aspect of its torpor and futility. Not even the promised drama and conflict materialized. The candidates have not confronted each other for more than a few minutes at a time, and the only occasion on which one has addressed the other was yesterday, when the Vice-President received, in Walter Reed Hospital, a telegram from Senator Kennedy expressing the hope that Mr. Nixon's knee would soon be in good shape. Senator Kennedy has stayed off the floor except for crucial roll calls, and Mr. Nixon, before his hospitalization, occupied the Senate president's chair as infrequently as he had occupied it before he was a candidate. Indeed, the galleries have been disappointed by the entire show. The only moment of even mild interest occurred last week, when the Anderson amendment to the medical-care bill—the amendment that called for financing through Social Security funds—was put to a vote. But developments earlier that day had made it altogether clear that the Majority Leader was going to find himself leading a minority, and the solitary moment of interest came when Senator Kennedy, seeing at last that the situation was, from his point of view, utterly without hope, threw a yellow pencil down on his desk and departed. Neither before nor since has anything noteworthy happened, and the oratory has maintained the usual standards of dullness, irrelevance, and tastelessness. (A fair sample was provided by Senator Keating, of New York, who last week combined a few words in praise of the late Oscar Hammerstein II with a topical commentary: "He made a truly great contribution to our nation's culture. It was Hammerstein who wrote the lyrics which I think most aptly describe what the Democratic leadership is now apparently thinking. It is in a song in the musical 'Oklahoma!' in which Hammerstein wrote, 'We've gone about as far as we can go.'") The committee work has been pretty much limited to executive

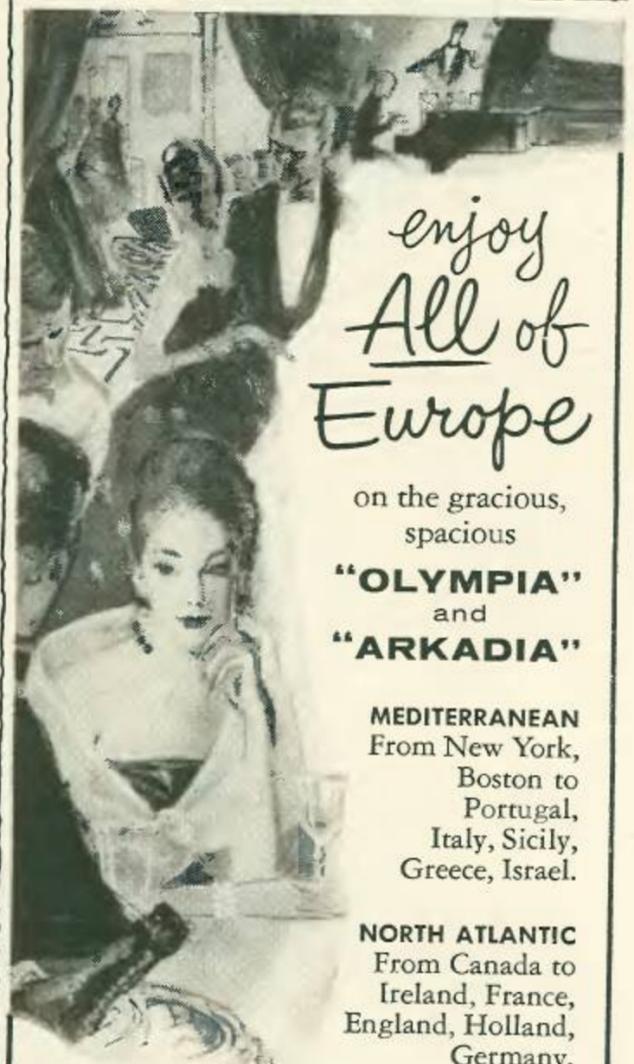


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sessions on pending legislation, almost all of which, of course, has been left pending.

THE general view right now is that neither party stands to gain or lose from what has and has not happened here since August 8th. The Republicans did not succeed in needling the Democrats into satisfying any of the important legislative requests made by the President. The Democrats failed in all their enterprises. The embattled minority Democrats maintained fairly close ranks throughout, while the majority showed itself to be as badly riven on welfare measures as on civil rights. If voters took such matters as seriously as perhaps they should, the Democrats would be the principal sufferers. It is plain that the Democrats, at least when they control the legislative branch alone, are not one party but two, and that on any issues involving regional loyalties they cannot, as the President said at his news conference last week, form an effective majority even when they outnumber Republicans two to one. Nevertheless, it is doubtful whether their national ticket has lost anything of value, apart from the time that Senator Kennedy might have used to better advantage. Issues involving the legislative responsibilities of parties are almost impossible to deal with before audiences that are not made up exclusively of subscribers to the *Annals of the American Academy of Political Science*. The impression of most observers here is that voters in general think of Congress, when they think of it at all, in terms of the individual men they are called upon to vote for or against. While they



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distinguish between the parties, they do so not on the basis of the performance of the parties' delegations in Congress but on the basis of the declared views of the candidates seeking their favor. The individual voter, if this interpretation is sound, is finished with the question when he has decided which of two candidates for the House is worthy of his support and which of two candidates for the Senate will better serve the interests he regards as good. Congress as a battleground for class and regional interests, as a theatre of operations for coalitions that cut across party lines, has little reality for the mass of the electorate—in large part, perhaps, because the American press has never found a way of giving it reality. Nor do voters appear to hold Presidents or Presidential candidates responsible for what the mass of their party colleagues do or fail to do in Congress. (A number of scholars maintain that Thomas E. Dewey lost in 1948 because voters—particularly those in the farm states in the Middle West—were dissatisfied with the Republican record in Congress, but a larger number hold this to be a proposition whose fallacy has been demonstrated in the last six Eisenhower years, when the electorate has been unflagging in its admiration for Mr. Eisenhower and consistent in its rejection of Republican candidates for Congress.) If the Gallup Poll released this morning is reliable, Senator Kennedy has gained four percentage points over Mr. Nixon during a period characterized by the frustration of his plans at the hands of his own party and by a demonstration of the fact that he and his running mate—at least while they remain in the Senate—are unable to provide the "leadership" they were everlastingly talking about in Los Angeles.

IN a speech delivered last night by telephone to a meeting of the New York A.F.L.-C.I.O., Senator Kennedy sought to put the blame on the President for the session's failure to produce welfare legislation, and he can be counted upon to continue this effort throughout the campaign. The feeling here is that it is a half-truth but an important one. If the Senate Democrats had been able to rally their full strength—sixty-six votes—they would still have been one shy of the two-thirds needed to override a Presidential veto; the chances are that a show of unity on their part would have broken Republican unity and produced two or three Republican votes, but even if this did not happen the Democrats would have

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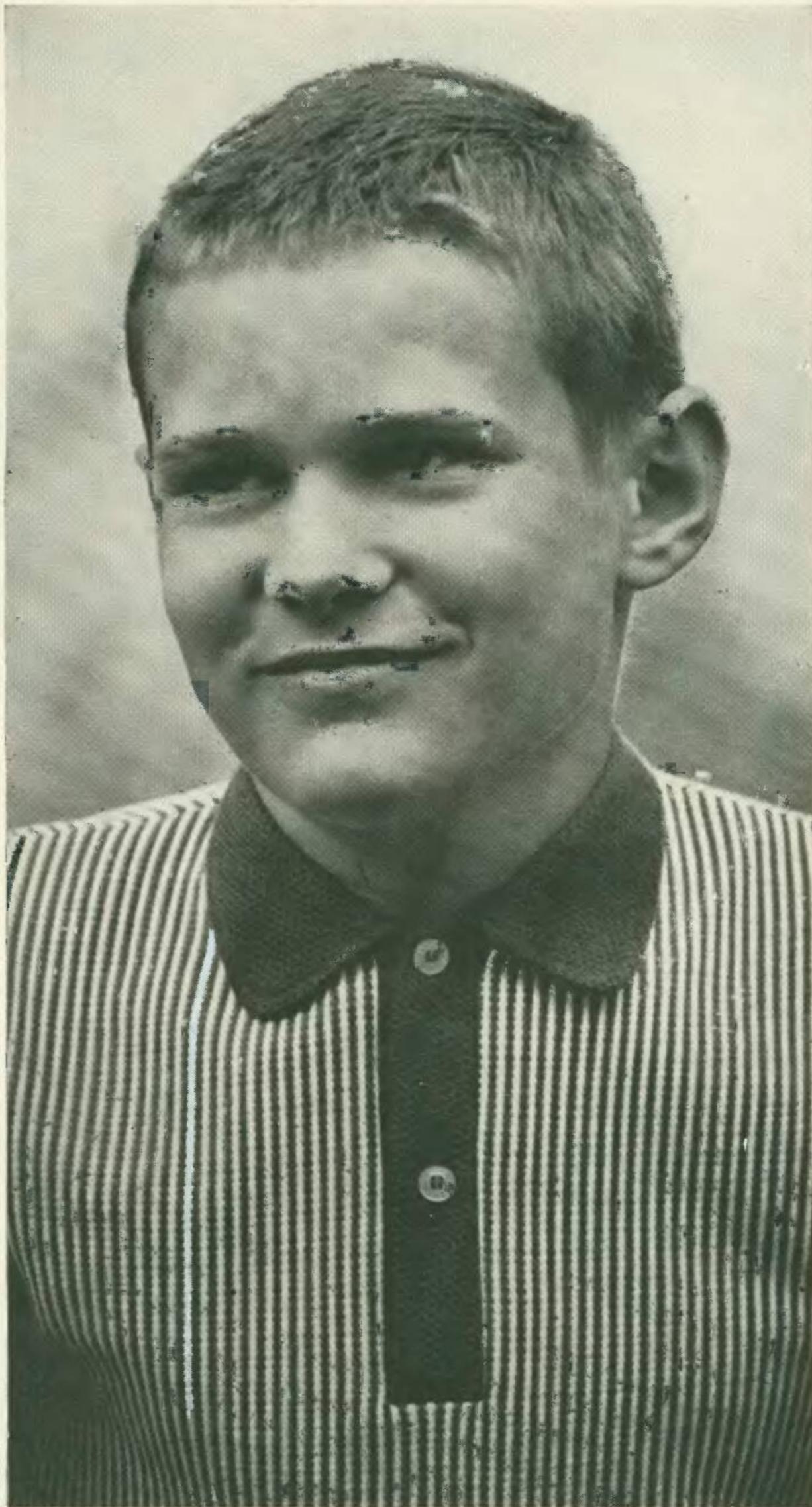
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been able to make a straightforward case against the President. As matters stand, the case is far from straightforward. On the Anderson amendment, the Democrats fell seven votes short of a simple majority and thereby spared the President and Mr. Nixon the awkwardness of a veto. Nevertheless, Senator Kennedy's argument is not as disingenuous as it has been made to sound. In the Senate there was in fact a large majority—almost certainly large enough to override a veto—that wanted a medical-care program of some sort passed. Senator Kennedy's followers and Mr. Nixon's were divided on the method of financing it, but ways could have been found to compromise their differences if both factions had not known that the President would reject any product of the compromise. A large majority wanted a bill in this session, but the President did not, and the President got his way because the Republicans felt that they could not stand the humiliation of a Presidential veto of a bill of theirs, and also felt that the President should not be made to stand the humiliation of being overridden. Even on the Anderson amendment, the Democrats would have done better—though far from well enough—if some members of their Party had not felt that it was somehow irresponsible to vote for a measure that had no chance whatever of final passage.

In any case, it was the President who blocked the medical-care program, and he is entitled to whatever credit for wickedness or virtue may attach to the act. And he was a force—silent but plainly visible—in other matters. One reason the session accomplished nothing was that the House Rules Committee refused to allow the House to act on several pieces of legislation, including some that bore Republican approval. The Democrats, of course, are a majority on this committee, as on all other committees, and a majority of their majority had no part in bottling up legislation. Two Democrats, however, joined with the four Republican members to prevent the Congress from taking action on a large number of bills. A President who wished to break this obstructive coalition could easily do so, and Senator Kennedy, in the opinion of most people here, is stating a fairly simple political truth when he says that the present paralysis of government would not exist if the White House were determined to end it. Complete candor might require him to add that the Democrats in Congress could themselves put an end to it if they achieved perfect unity. But



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then he would also be compelled to acknowledge, in candor, that perfect unity is never achieved, and that the approach to it is more difficult in a majority party than in a minority one. Indeed, he might go on to say that the ideal itself is un-American, and that the monolithic party should be left to totalitarians; the glory of American parties is supposed to lie in the diversity of interests they contain. —RICHARD H. ROVERE

QUIET TIMES IN LAMAR, MISSOURI

[From the Lamar Daily Democrat]

NOTHING TO STORY ON GRUESOME WRECK

Everywhere we went we were queried about the wreck of a car driven by Mrs. Bill Montgomery of the Rosebranch neighborhood west of town Saturday.

"Did you know that Mrs. Montgomery got her head cut clean off in a wreck out by the Silver Dome?" they'd say.

Sheriff Cecil Blanchard said he'd heard the story but had no information on a wreck. The highway patrol headquarters at Springfield and Carthage knew nothing about it.

No funeral homes in the area had received a body with the head severed. No doctor had been called for in any such grisly case.

Mrs. Owens, wife of Clare Owens, owner of the skating rink in front of which the accident was presumed to have occurred, said that Mrs. Montgomery had called in the evening at the rink to pick up her children, but she knew nothing of an accident.

Mrs. Troy Lawless, close friend of Mrs. Montgomery, said that there was no truth in the story. She said she heard that Mrs. Montgomery had left rather unexpectedly for Oklahoma to visit a brother, Friday night, after calling for her children at the rink. When Mrs. Lawless heard the story of the ghastly accident, she called the home of the brother, where she was told that Mrs. Montgomery had arrived and was in her usual health.

There might have been some difficulty of a minor nature, but investigation proved that Mrs. Montgomery was not involved in a highway accident in which she was beheaded.

I can't acknowledge for literary posterity, as an example, that my tastes in desserts are simple to the point of being dull. Cherries Jubilee may be an epicurean delight, but to me they're just a fire hazard.

A little pate de foie gras is a nice dessert. But frankly, I don't have it often because it just doesn't set well with me after a heavy dinner.

I've a nodding acquaintance with all these fancy French desserts (I think a demi tasse is pleasant if washed down with a good cup of hot coffee), but let's—at least, among ourselves—be honest.

What I really like best in the whole world, I like tapioca.—Paul V. Coates in the Los Angeles Mirror News.

Then, by God, you shall have some!

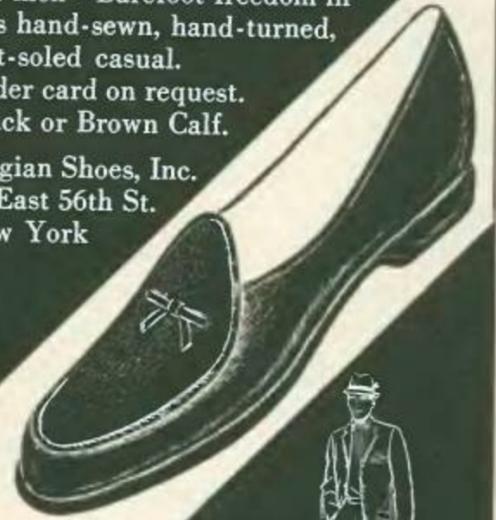
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lessly see the fiery color extinguish itself, softly slipping your
world-at-sea into gentle darkness.

What was your day like, on your ship?

You felt that tired old self become still more of a stranger.

Never once did you think of the ragged cares of your everyday
world that only hours ago blocked
your horizon so hugely.

You laughed. You stretched.

You reached out and tried all you
could, but never touched the
bounds of your new horizon-to-
horizon world!

You reveled in the space that was
yours to live in. The size of your
ship. The very size of the air around you, ringing with laughter
and fun as you've never known it.

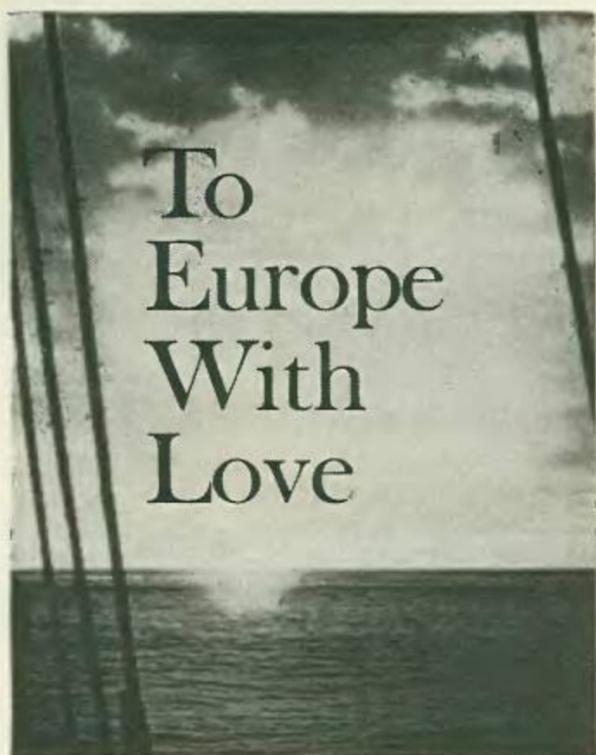
And your evening, now, will be filled once again with the rich
pleasures of a kingdom that belongs to you, generously shared
with those who share your ship.

Soon, soon, your ship will slip into port.

But the beginning of your adventures in Europe will have
started here. All to be remembered as one—the going and the
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THE RACE TRACK

Back to the Mines



AQUEDUCT days are here again. The meeting that began the first of last week will continue through September 24th, and after that the scene of action will shift to Belmont, which, I regret to say, is to have only twenty-four days. Then it's back to Big A until the season ends, on the last day of November.

The opening day was marked by an amazing outburst of speed, the first inkling of which came in the second race, when Time Off, a four-year-old five-thousand-dollar claimer, ran a mile in 1:35—faster than Man o' War ever did it. Then Red Douglas, a jumper by Hill Prince, set a new course record in the hurdles, doing a mile and five furlongs in 2:48. Later in the afternoon, Careless John, a three-year-old with not much form, reeled off six furlongs in 1:09, and in the next race, the Fall Highweight Handicap, Four Lane won in exactly the same time. As everybody knows, our tracks get faster every year. Which reminds me that back in 1914 a sprinter named Iron Mask, who probably had iron feet, too, ran six furlongs in 1:09³/₅ over an adobe footing at Juárez, Mexico, and horsemen who saw the performance still speak of it with awe. The record stood until 1935, when Clang, a Kentucky flier, clipped two-fifths of a second from it. The present record is 1:08, set by something named Dumpty Humpty at California's Golden Gate Fields last autumn. I wonder how long *that* will stand.

The Fall Highweight was thrilling to watch. Yes You Will, who was almost unbeatable at Bowie in the spring, stepped off the first two furlongs in 0:22 and the half mile in 0:44³/₅—nice going for a colt who had been out of training since early this summer—but then Four Lane wore him down in the stretch. Although I said earlier that Careless John hadn't much form, in my opinion his race was a better one than Four Lane's; he ran the last quarter in 0:23²/₅, and any colt who can do that is one to put your money on.

On the list of races to come—and Aqueduct has a long one—those worth making a note of include the Matron, this weekend; the Futurity, which is the blue ribbon for two-year-olds, a week from Saturday; and the Woodward Stakes, on closing day. By the way, Hail



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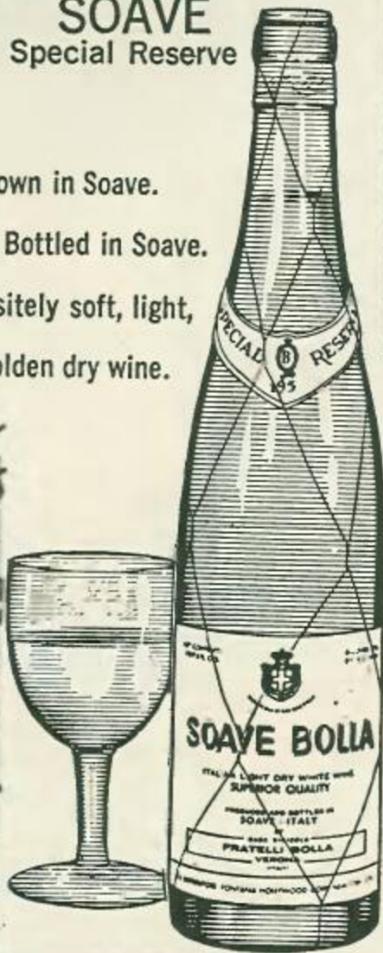
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to Reason wasn't nominated for the Futurity, and, as you may know, there are no supplementary entries for that one. Oh, well, he has enough stakes engagements to keep him as busy as a bee until he goes to Florida. Calumet Farm, which used to have at least half a dozen colts eligible for the Futurity, has only one this season—Beau Prince.

BEING one of those peevish fellows who believe that every horse deserves a good name (and you'll find that, on the whole, the better racers are well named), I'm sorry to say that this year's crop of two-year-olds has fared pretty badly. There's the usual collection of names made up of one or more syllables from the sire's name and one or more from the dam's, and the combinations of letters—I hesitate to call them words—can be pretty terrible: Ambiopise, for a colt by Ambiorix out of Bull Poise; Nassue, for a filly by Nashua out of Sue Pat; Rulamyth, for a colt by Nearula out of Mythology II. And I could go on for hours. Others are just as meaningless, to give them the best of it, although they *seem* to be trying to say something: He's a Pistol, Itsa Great Day, The Rock Shoe, and (my favorite) Fat Roundone. California also has some little dandies—Fool-Me-Not (he is by Tom Fool), A. Rumble, Kool Karat, and Big Britches, this last one for a filly. Then there are portman-teau names—Apatontheback, Onebya-length, Shinbucktoo, Osopokey, and Woodenlegs. What we need are more names like Waddle, for a daughter of Sitting Duck; Very Slow Pay, for a filly by Royal Coinage out of Largo; and Miss Otis, for a filly by Gun Shot out of Incidentally.

YOU don't get many laughs at the track these days, the mutuels and nine races an afternoon having turned it into a sort of treadmill that you seem to be forever climbing. You will find plenty of amusement, though, in "Patients and Ponies" (Random House), by M. Murray Nierman, M.D., a merry account of a doctor's adventures in the horse business. Dr. Nierman lives close to the Chicago tracks, and it seems that his barber talked him into buying a one-third interest in a yearling—which, speaking of names, he called Dermatologist. Go on from there. —AUDAX MINOR

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« « A LETTER *from* BRENDAN BEHAN » »

A Gaelic poet went to a farm near Utica, New York, in the nineteenth century. He wrote home glowing accounts of the beauty and fertility of the country and how it felt to be a free citizen of the great United States. But he warned his brother in a letter: "Don't *you* come to America — it's only for people who like hard work."

I hope it is clearly understood when I come to New York in September that I am allergic to shovels, and do not want to go tunnelling under the East River in case it gives me the shakes—I know a more amiable way to get them.

I would like to see the Rockefellers' paintings by Diego Rivera. I would also like to see in New York the Rockefeller who said that he would like to see me in Ireland.

I would like to see and pay my respects to Big Daddy Burl Ives, Lee Tracy, Studs Lonigan, Billy Graham, Tom Lehrer, the Empire State Building, the Saint Patrick's Day Parade on Fifth Avenue, Costello's saloon in Third Avenue, Robert Frost, Marilyn Monroe back and front, the most unforgettable character you know, the Mafia, the Miz-rachi, the Daughters of the American Revolution, the Ivy League, Niagara Falls, Nick the Greek, the Governor's pitch in Albany, William Faulkner, the Yankee Stadium, a love nest, a hot dog stand, a jam session, the Golden Gloves, and the candidates for the presidential election.

Now I'll tell you what I'd like you to see — my play *THE HOSTAGE*. I wrote *THE HOSTAGE* because I like people. I like all kinds of people. I even like the actors in *THE HOSTAGE* — especially when they read my lines correctly. My play includes a Scotch-kilted romantic called "Monsewer", a worldly, semi-retired old revolutionary, a Gospel-singing female on the make, a homosexual or two, pretty young girls who sell their bodies to a U.S.S.R. sailor, an innocent young English soldier, a blue-nosed character called "Mulleady", a pretty young convent girl and an American negro prize fighter named "Princess Grace".

After reading this odd assortment, you might wonder how I ever brought all these people together, or where. That is not as difficult as it seems. Humans come together quite easily because they need to touch other human beings or, for that matter, just to share a word and have a beer.

What's the plot? As in life, there are lots of plots, but perhaps the most important one deals with the eternally romantic struggle of young people to better the



Brendan Behan

world they live in. But, my older generation doesn't just nod its head sagely and say "Pish, tush, you younger generation! Have your fling, you'll know better when you grow up". In *THE HOSTAGE*, older folk are torn between youthful loyalties and so-called adult wisdom, which comfortably concludes that the world doesn't really want to be improved. And, when the struggle between their memories of the good old days and appraisal of the science-ridden real world becomes too difficult, they usually settle for another beer.

You see, in *THE HOSTAGE* I have nothing to sell—not religion, not a political system, not a philosophy, and certainly not a panacea for the ills of the world. I respect kindness to human beings

first of all, and kindness to animals. I don't respect the law; I have a total irreverence for anything concerned with society except that which makes the roads safer, the beer stronger, the food cheaper, and old men and old women warmer in the winter and happier in the summer.

Please come to *THE HOSTAGE* to have a good time. Don't come if you expect serious problems and equally boring solutions. My play is meant for fun and for good, loud laughing, even though I admit to being an Irishman. (I'm told New York expects every Irish play to do its duty by tears and sadness.) There is music and dancing and songs and, once in a while, a serious thought to take home. Most of all, *THE HOSTAGE* is of live human beings extremely busy living and striving for a little gaiety and communication with their fellow men.

And now a word of advice: Joan Littlewood, our directoress, moves people across the stage just the way people move in real life. No one waits for another to finish a set speech before saying what they think or feel. Conversations overlap, laughs come quickly, action is fast, because that is the way people are. You will enjoy yourselves just a little more if you come prepared to join our rather remarkable group of your fellow beings.

I hope to see you all at the Cort Theatre on or after September 20th.

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

UNDER the heading "United States Colleges and Universities," the current edition of Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary lists the names of over two thousand institutions. Of these, the number offering four-year programs of undergraduate study in the liberal arts and sciences is put by educators at seven hundred and fifty. Last year, these seven hundred and fifty colleges received applications for admittance from some seven hundred and fifty thousand secondary-school students—an alarmingly high figure, since the average college can accommodate nowhere near a thousand freshmen and, in any case, the average applicant is notably unwilling to settle for the average college. Under these circumstances, and because the number of young people who annually try to get into college has nearly doubled since the Second World War, the once fairly placid business of college admissions has lately acquired the dimensions of a sizable industry, some of the jargon of a social science, and a structure

THE BRIGHTEST EVER

like that of a vertically organized labor union. Near the base of the pyramid is a large corps of practitioners of the relatively new profession of guidance counselling, at least one of whom is now found on the premises of every up-and-coming high school and prep school in the country. At the pinnacle of the edifice are the admissions officers of the approximately forty American colleges that, if you are over twenty-five and have not recently had reason to concern yourself with such matters, you will probably think of simply as first-rate schools but that, if you are either trying to get into college or trying to help get somebody else in, you will most likely refer to as "selective," "competitive," or "prestige" institutions. While such usages, prime examples of the new admissions jargon, have their origin in the fact that the forty-odd colleges in question have many more applicants than they can take, much of the popularity of the appellations can be traced to the way

they protect a guidance man when he breaks the news to querulous parents that their child will have to be content with admission to what he calls "an excellent little liberal-arts institution," which the parents have never heard of.

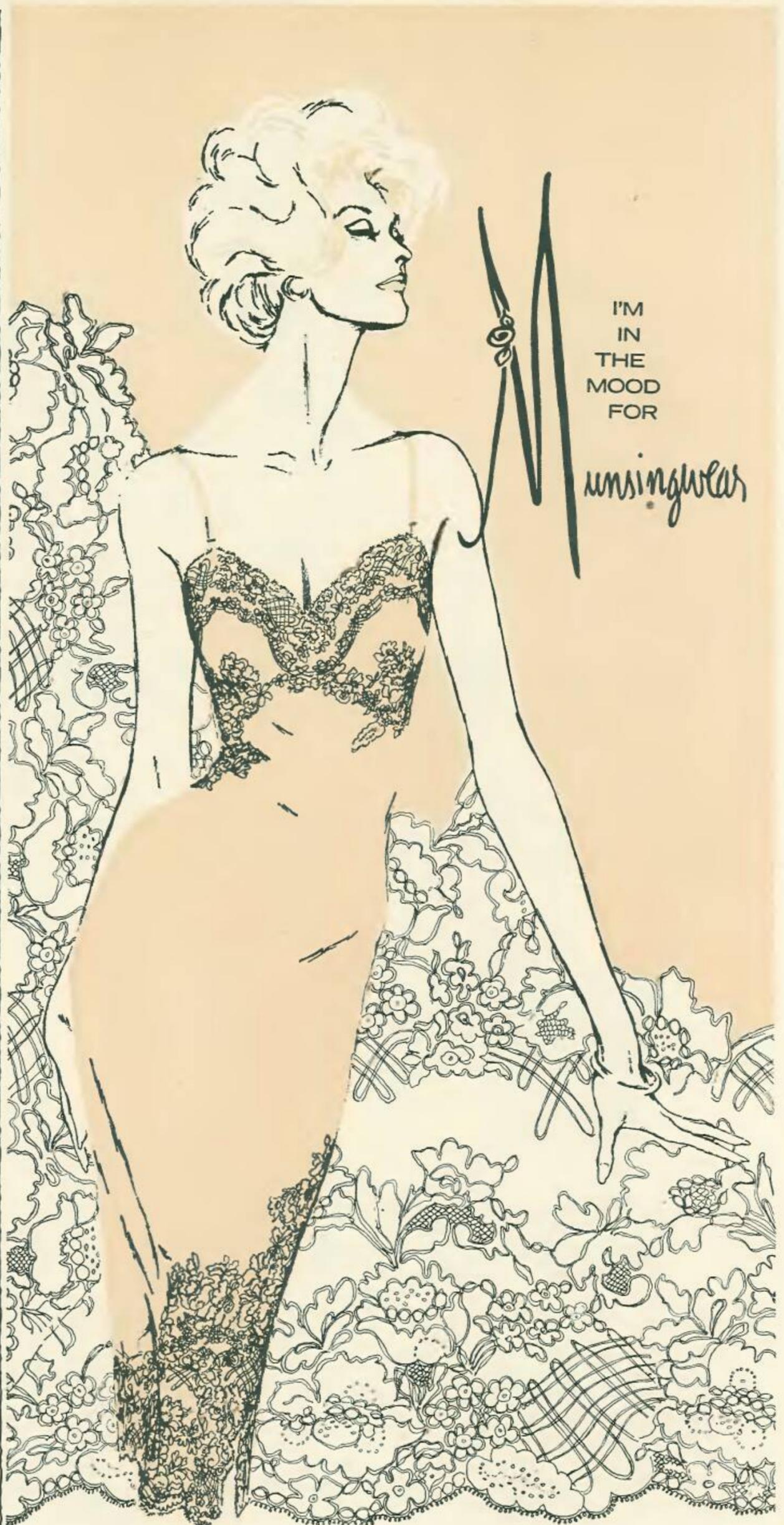
There is no definitive and immutable list of the prestige schools, but prominent in the category are, of course, the trio that the guidance men always refer to as H.Y.P. (Harvard, Yale, and Princeton), and the other Ivy League universities; such Midwestern educational giants as the Universities of Chicago and Michigan; Stanford and Berkeley, on the West Coast; and, elsewhere, such relatively small but educationally impeccable institutions as Haverford and Wesleyan. Although the competition among girls for admission to the colleges that the guidance-and-admissions people have dubbed the Heavenly Seven (Barnard, Bryn Mawr, Mount Holyoke, Radcliffe, Smith, Vassar, and Wellesley) is just as keen as that among boys headed for correspondingly exalted institutions, by and large it is the struggle to get male offspring

into one of the better universities that is more apt to unhinge parents. These days, primary-school teachers have ceased to be particularly surprised by anxious mothers' and fathers' demands to know at once whether their sons are prestige-college material, and by the time a boy is a senior Cub Scout he will, if he is prestige-college material, scarcely bat an eye upon being told that he must work hard on his mathematics so that he can qualify for the junior-high-school honors group that feeds into the high-school advanced-math section that feeds into the high-school advanced-placement math program of college-level work. And by the time the youth has reached his junior year of high school, he is totally immersed in the intricacies of college selection, whether he is headed for comparative-literature studies in a prestige college or merely hopes to squeak into one of his guidance man's little liberal-arts institutions. He is exhorted to become "motiv-



ed," so that he will work "at the top of his potential," and as he enters his senior year, if he has any stuff in him at all, he will probably throw himself into a last, frantic sprint for the highest grades he can pull down—that is, provided he can spare the time from the cycle of reading-skill, intelligence, vocational-guidance, and sometimes even personality tests that are being given him to "gauge his strengths and weaknesses," to say nothing of a special examination that is supposed to predict his score on the College Entrance Examination Board tests still ahead of him. In advisers' interviews, assembly lectures by returning alumni, and school-distributed books and pamphlets, he is told how and when to write his first letter to a college, even if it is merely a request for a catalogue; he is instructed in how to dress, act, and talk in interviews with college admissions men; and he is likely to be given from four to six coaching sessions in how to take the College Board tests, which are required for admission to practically all the prestige colleges and to about two hundred and fifty others.

The immediate target of all such effort, analysis, cramming, and prayer is, of course, the college admissions officer. This simultaneously harassed and exalted faculty member may have come to his job as a member of the academic staff who has revealed a talent for administration, or he may be a professional guidance expert. In the small, non-prestige colleges, his main worry, even in these days of educational overpopulation, may be that his institution is not attracting enough applicants to enable it to practice any selectivity in putting its student body together—or perhaps even to fill its freshman class. At many of the big state universities, by contrast, the admissions man is not troubled by any dearth of candidates, but he may be troubled by the fact that his school's charter or his state's laws force him to accept most of those who apply, regardless of their qualifications, with the result that his office becomes little more than a filing department. As for the admissions men at the top competitive schools, their duties are so complex and their decisions so crucial that they are now probably the most overworked, overfeared, and overcriticized men in contemporary American education. Of all the pitfalls they face, the most frightening, if not the most likely, is the possibility that they will wreck, or at least seriously cripple, their institutions by admitting far more students than can be accommodated, or by com-



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mitting the colleges to disburse much more money in scholarships than they can afford. The reason either or both of these nightmarish situations can come to pass is that nowadays terrified secondary-school youngsters apply for as many colleges as they happen to feel like applying for, on the theory that the more applications they put in, the better their chances are for getting into a decent school. Unfortunately, the admissions men very often have no way of discovering how many other colleges each applicant is trying for, nor have they any way of knowing, after they have spent months poring over qualifications and culling their lists, how many of the students they decide to admit actually intend to come to their college, or how many of the brilliant, needy youths whom they attempt to lure with scholarships will rise to the bait. The admissions officer's only way of allowing for what he and his confreres call "ghost" applications is to admit more students than there are places in the freshman class. This in no way protects him from waking up some summer morning, after the books are closed, and discovering that he has acceptances from a freshman class either half as large or twice as large as the school has room for. Since the danger of too many acceptances is far greater than that of too few, and since in recent years some prestige colleges have reported receiving up to twelve times as many applications as there are places to be filled, the pressure on these institutions to expand their educational and physical facilities has been enormous. A few have done so, but most have decided in favor of very little expansion or none at all, preferring to defend the liberal-arts tradition as they know it, rather than risk diluting the quality of their scholarship or their instruction.

Among the schools that have most forthrightly taken this stand is Yale University, whose president, A. Whitney Griswold, said not long ago, "We have no thought of doubling our student body by 1970, or of increasing it arbitrarily by any fixed percentage. On the face of it, this could be taken for an unresponsive, even an 'undemocratic' attitude, and there are voices that counsel us not to mention it, lest it be so interpreted. I think we had better mention it and acknowledge it, for it is exactly what we mean to do." Over most of the past decade, Yale has had a ratio of between three and four well-qualified applicants for every place in its freshman class, whose size is stipulated by the supervisory Yale Corporation and was last raised in 1941, from eight hundred



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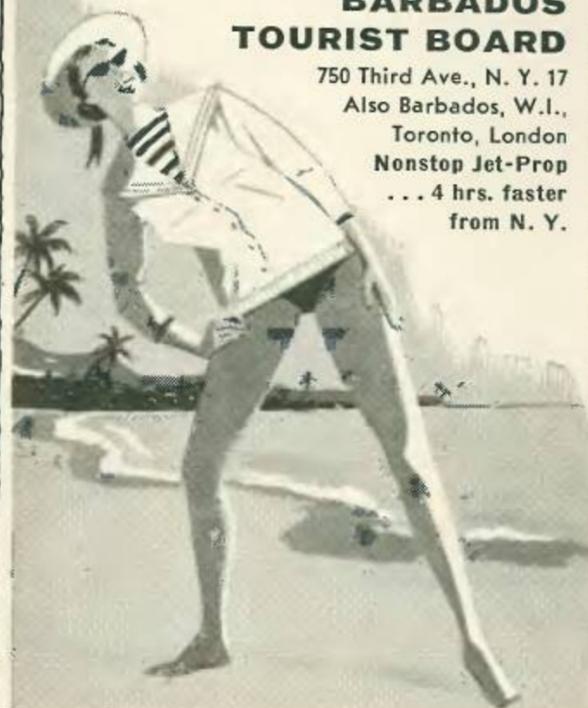
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and fifty to a thousand. Since the tide of Yale applicants is steadily rising, with the ratio now up to almost five boys per vacancy, and since Yale's admissions office has been a leader in trying to solve the problems that arise from such overabundance, I decided early this year to see if I could arrange a series of visits to that office in order to learn how the university goes about making up its freshman class. When I called Arthur Howe, Jr., Yale's Dean of Admissions, he was agreeable to my plan, if hardly enthusiastic about it. "It's practically impossible for us to say anything about admissions these days without sounding either smug or obscure," he said. "We think we're in fairly good shape here now. At least, every year the Freshman Dean's office announces that the new class is the brightest ever. And at the moment we're hunting for boys who will make next year's even brighter." He granted me the appointments I asked for, after jocularly inquiring whether I was sure I wasn't the mother or sister of any current Yale applicants, and also after obtaining my promise both to safeguard the identities of any boys I might write about and to read as many as possible of the folders in which Yale files its extensive information on all those who apply. "It's difficult to understand what we're up against unless you do a good bit of folder reading," he said. He went on to tell me that, because of university rules, I would not be permitted to attend the actual admissions-committee meetings, in late April and early May, at which the new Yale men are chosen, but that he would be glad to let me sit in with the committee before it began its closed sessions. Having undertaken to abide by his conditions, I made an appointment with him for the following week.

THE Yale admissions office is in Welch Hall, one of a row of aging reddish-brown stone structures along the east side of the Old Campus Quadrangle, which was the original, eighteenth-century site of Yale, and most of whose buildings are now used as freshman dormitories. Upon arriving to keep my appointment with Mr. Howe, I entered a pleasantly furnished reception room. Several youths, obviously candidates for admission, sat about, some of them elaborately absorbed in magazines or university booklets, others making no attempt to conceal their apprehension over the coming interviews with members of Howe's staff. The more nervous boys swung their crossed legs, tapped their feet, or drummed on the



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chair arms, and watched every movement in an adjacent corridor, onto which a number of small offices opened. Also in the reception room, but sitting carefully apart from the boys, were several adults—parents, I deduced from the intent and proprietary way each of them was watching a particular youngster. A tall, slim, dark-haired young woman, who was identified by a card on her desk as Miss Barbara Bonnard, presided over this jumpy assemblage. When I gave her my name, she told me that Mr. Howe would see me in a moment, offered me a booklet called "An Introduction to Yale," and beckoned me to a chair.

Looking through the booklet, I discovered, among other things, that Yale now has just under eight thousand students, of whom about four thousand are undergraduates, and that approximately seventy per cent of the undergraduates ultimately go on to some sort of advanced study. (In the nineteen-twenties, the figure was less than twenty per cent.) As I was digesting these facts, a young man with a faculty look about him entered the room from the corridor and read a name from a slip of paper. "John!" one of the mothers whispered stridently to a boy across the room, who was huddled over a magazine. "You are being called!" John leaped wildly to his feet, caught his heel in the base of a coat rack beside his chair, and was enveloped in a mass of swaying garments. The interviewer helped him extricate himself and, with a light remark and a nice degree of friendly amusement, did what he could to restore the youth's aplomb. Then, after chatting a bit with John's mother, he led the boy off down the corridor. Miss Bonnard now announced that Mr. Howe would see me, and I followed her past offices that emanated a constrained conversational murmur, above which momentarily rose a young male voice asserting loudly, "Yes, sir. Shakespeare, sir."

As Dean of Admissions, and Director of Yale's Office of Admissions and Freshman Scholarships, Howe is also in charge of Yale's Office of Counseling and Placement, its Office of Educational Research, and its Financial Aids Office, and is, in addition, a member of the powerful Course of Study Committee of Yale College, which initiates all curriculum changes. In view of these numerous and weighty responsibilities of his, I was a trifle surprised to be greeted by a tall, thoughtful-looking man, in dark-framed glasses, who clearly couldn't be much over forty. I learned that Howe had gone to

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Hotchkiss, and had entered Yale with the class of 1943, which he had left during the Second World War to become an American Field Service officer in the Middle East, North Africa, and Italy. After the war, he had returned to Yale to get his degree, then had taught at Hotchkiss for a while, left there to study for a year at Oxford, and finally come back to Yale, where he served as Assistant Freshman Dean until, in 1955, he acquired his present multiple jobs.

"Sometimes I'm not sure whether I'm doing admissions work or public relations," Howe said. "Many people tend to think that the admissions office is the university, and they drop in from all over the world to tell us about a nephew or a neighbor's boy. We hurt more people than we can ever please, because we must constantly make judgments and predictions about the characters and future contributions of human beings. So, of course, we make mistakes. Just the same, I hope the day will never come when we think we can measure each individual's potential value precisely."

Initially, Howe said, his biggest problem had been to learn how to live from day to day with an unusually large assortment of conflicting pressures—from secondary schools, from parents, from alumni, from the Yale faculty, and also from his own sympathies. "Of course, none of these things would worry me so much if we didn't have such a glut of applications," he went on. "But there is a bright side even to that. For one thing, the secondary schools have had to raise their scholastic standards, and, for another, we can now pick and choose very carefully among the candidates."

He gave me a brief outline of how the methods of judging a boy's fitness for admission to Yale have changed over the past century. "A hundred years ago," he said, "some professor would line up the applicants outside his study door, admit them one by one, put them through a stiff oral exam in Latin or Greek, and tell them to come back the next day for his decision—a method that some of our faculty members think would still work as well as any that the modern experts have concocted." Around 1900, he continued, when public high schools had sprung up all over America, producing a vast increase in college applications, the colleges needed more exact ways of evaluating the applicants' academic records and abilities. As one means to this end, a system of giving units of credit for secondary-school work was evolved. And in



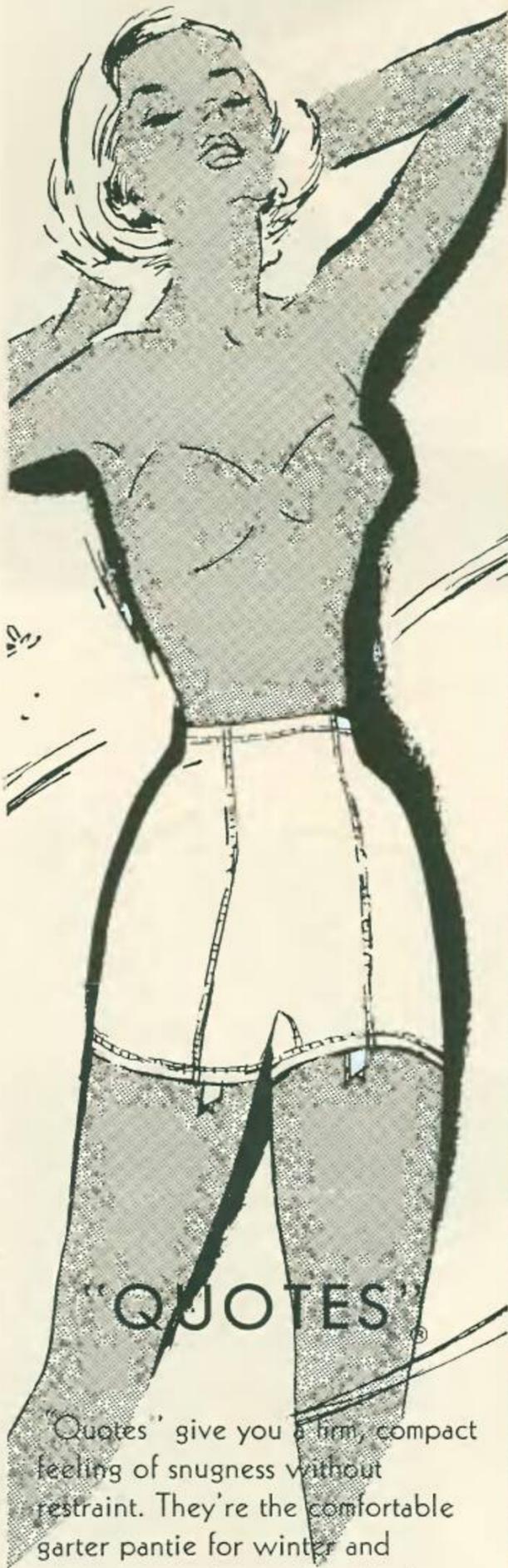
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1900 a group of Eastern universities jointly set up the College Entrance Examination Board, which soon devised the first of a fearsome series of written tests. Until the Second World War, the secondary-school seniors taking College Board exams were required to display their knowledge of the subjects concerned by writing encyclopedic essays or solving complex problems. "By the end of the war," Howe said, "both the system of high-school credits and the essay-type exams had fallen into disuse—the former because it's obviously unfair to give equal credits in English to a boy who has studied Aeschylus and Faulkner at an academically excellent school and a boy who has read not much more than 'Silas Marner' at Cross Forks High. And the old College Board exams were abandoned partly because it was impossible to grade them uniformly—the Cross Forks High boy might write a more brilliant essay than the other kid but get a lower mark, depending on who graded the paper. Also, the avalanche of applicants was just too much for those doing the grading. So now we evaluate secondary-school studies on the basis of the whole pattern of work a student has done in essential subjects, and we examine the youngsters by means of multiple-choice College Board tests, which are graded by machines. Ordinarily, in his senior year of high school every boy applying for Yale takes two College Board scholastic-aptitude tests, measuring his general verbal and mathematical ability, and then three College Board achievement tests, covering three of his high-school subjects—usually English, social studies or a foreign language, and one of the sciences."

In 1946, Howe went on, with entrance requirements less hidebound, and the government paying the veterans' way through college, Yale, for the first time in its history, had about twice as many fully qualified applicants as it could admit. That year, by special dispensation of the Yale Corporation, it matriculated fourteen hundred and fifty boys—four hundred and fifty more than the normal limit. By 1950, the veterans had been fairly well taken care of, but new pressures had been building up as Yale encouraged, and received, applications from boys whose geographical, social, or economic backgrounds might in the past have kept them away. That same year, the College Entrance Examination Board dropped its requirement that applicants list their first, second, and third choice of college on their test forms, and the seams burst open. The

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waiving of this rule, at the request of secondary-school authorities who felt that in many cases a college might be prejudiced against a youngster who did not make it his first choice, resulted in floods of ghost applications, which have not been stemmed to this day. "Before that," Howe said, "an H.Y.P. admissions officer could count on acceptances from eighty or ninety per cent of the applicants chosen, could assume that fifty of these would withdraw over the summer, for one reason or another, and then could sit back and enjoy himself. Now we must accept fifteen hundred candidates to get the thousand we want, and offer about a hundred thousand dollars more than our available funds to produce the scholarship acceptances we count on. The real headache, of course, is picking the right fifteen hundred boys. That figure, by the way, includes about four hundred and fifty boys who are offered scholarships and about three hundred boys who have applied for scholarships but are granted admission without the scholarships. There's always a chance that such a boy will pull a prosperous grandmother out of a closet somewhere, and anyway, even if he has lost out to someone else on a scholarship, we don't want to turn him down entirely just because his father happens to be poor. It's easy to admit the obviously good prospects and reject the obviously weak ones, as it was in the past, but today over eighty-five per cent of our candidates are what we would have considered fully qualified twenty-five years ago. In those days, the mean score on the C.E.E.B. scholastic-aptitude test for the entering freshman class was 540, on a scale of 200 to 800 points, which meant that the average Yale student then stood ahead of sixty of every hundred students taking the test. Today our freshmen average 640—something only seven youngsters in every hundred can achieve. And the figure goes up every year. Yet the tests aren't everything. No test ever devised can be regarded as a fully reliable index to *general* intelligence. But they admirably fulfill their intended function, which is that of measuring the *developed* academic ability without which no boy can succeed at Yale or any other good college. Actually, in judging a boy's academic ability, we give less weight to test scores than we do to his four-year high-school record. Besides, academic ability is only half of the matter; the other half is what we call promise as a person. You could sum up what we're after as brains *and* character. We don't put

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either one first. If high academic ability were the only criterion, we would have to eliminate quite a few future Presidents and great college teachers, to say nothing of the kind of boys Yale would be a poor place without. But high intelligence combined with imagination, vitality, originality, and a capacity for growth—those are the things we're looking for."

Howe sighed. "Which would you take," he asked, "the lad with the high average and the good, sound personality who is going to do well as an undergraduate but never do very much afterward, or the boy who is a B-minus student in secondary school but may later catch fire intellectually—though perhaps not till graduate school—and never stop growing? Which would you admit, the millionaire's son who is rather supercilious now and is only mediocre academically but will one day fall heir to the means of doing great good for society, or the brilliant academic performer who seems badly lacking in imagination and initiative? And what would you do about the honor-roll boy who has been 'motivated,' because his parents have been pushing him since infancy, and who has had good teaching, but whose aptitude tests suggest that his abilities are only mediocre? He's already reached his academic peak, so in his freshman year here he would be bound to level out and go down. He's what the guidance fellows call an 'over-achiever.' Those are a few of our problem boys. Sometimes I lie awake nights worrying about whether we've been kidding ourselves into taking a lot of brainy kids who are too egocentric ever to contribute much to society. Or have we been taking a lot of twirps who have read the how-to-get-into-college books, listened to their counsellors, and learned to take tests and to give the right answers to interviewers—a bunch of conformists who will keep right on doing the smart thing for themselves? A prestige-college diploma is apparently considered the quickest way up the status ladder, and that's often what parents mean when they say they want their boys 'to have the opportunities that a Yale education offers.' This is perfectly understandable, but how far should a university go in accepting candidates whose reasons for applying are based on such shallow values? Should we admit them in the hope of changing those values, or do we get them too late to accomplish that?"

These unanswerable questions brought us to the more manageable ones of what sorts of backgrounds Yale applicants come from and how the admissions office seeks out the likeliest candidates. "A favorite word around here is 'diversity,'" Howe said. "First of all, we believe that our student body should be drawn from more than the five per cent of American families who can afford Yale. We know that a quarter of the country's highly talented youngsters never go to college, and one of our big jobs is to find some of these, interest them in Yale, and give them financial help if they need it. Geographically, diversity doesn't mean too much, although our critics like to remind us that about half of our students come from the general area of the Northeast. But in the past we have enthusiastically grabbed what we thought was a North Carolina Tarheel, for example, only to discover that his family was one of the thirty million that had moved the previous year, and that he had been born and raised in Lynn, Massachusetts. What we're really after is diversity of talent and interest—boys with the unusual flair."



Diversity of school background is another controversial subject, Howe continued. Of the past year's freshmen, forty-five per cent went to public high schools, forty per cent to private boarding schools, and fifteen per cent to private day schools or parochial schools. This, of course, means that the various types of private school supplied over half of the class, although such schools represent only twelve per cent of the country's secondary-school enrollment. Part of the explanation of this is simply that the private preparatory schools, as the name implies, specialize in preparing boys for the first-rate colleges, and are highly respected, educationally, by those colleges. But even these schools, Howe said, are having a lot of trouble these days getting as many students as they would like into Yale, Harvard, and Princeton.

WHEN I inquired about Yale's relationship with the various secondary schools, Howe told me he thought I would learn a lot by talking to some of his assistants who annually spend the better part of their time between October and February hopping around among the various schools, interviewing boys who have already applied for Yale and seeking out prom-

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ising youngsters who have not, in an effort to induce them to apply. The assistants' itineraries cover a constantly varying array of the nation's twenty-eight thousand-odd secondary schools, and their routes range from the sedate Eastern prep-school belt to what they call "the dog-sled trip," around high schools in the far Northwest.

The first of these circuit-riding emissaries I talked to was Arthur F. Tuttle (Westminster '11, Yale '15), whose main concern is liaison with prep schools, and who, when he had welcomed me to his office, three doors down the hall from Howe's, told me something about a practice called grouping, whereby Yale, in the fall, divides the applicants from fifty or sixty private and public schools whose high standards of preparation it can rely upon into A, B, and C groups, and practically guarantees admittance to the A group, in the hope that these youngsters will withdraw their applications to the other colleges. This scheme, which is also followed by Harvard and Princeton, is based partly on preliminary aptitude-test scores obtained in the next-to-last year of secondary school, but it also requires some acute evaluation of each boy's talents by Yale staff men working with the school's principal, headmaster, or guidance counsellor. "One reason we tend to trust the prep schools is that usually they have relatively few boys, and a good headmaster knows each boy," Tuttle said. "On occasion, for instance, I've rated a boy as a sure thing only to have a headmaster tell me, 'He's fine in an interview, but, frankly, I have doubts about how well he'd do at a place as big as Yale. His aptitude scores are O.K., but he won't work unless someone is breathing down his neck.' Well, that is the sort of boy who'd probably have trouble at Yale."

I asked Tuttle how well grouping served its purpose of reducing the traffic jam of duplicate college applications. He said, "It helps considerably, but there are still some kids who won't tell even their guidance man what their first-choice college is, because they're afraid that each college has a quota for each secondary school, and that if they announce their choice, they might influence too many others to apply from the same school, and so reduce their own chances. The fact is that we have no quotas of this kind—or of any other kind, for that matter—and if a school that sent us four boys last year has ten good ones applying this year, we'll take the ten. Then, some of the most brilliant boys simply like to collect admis-

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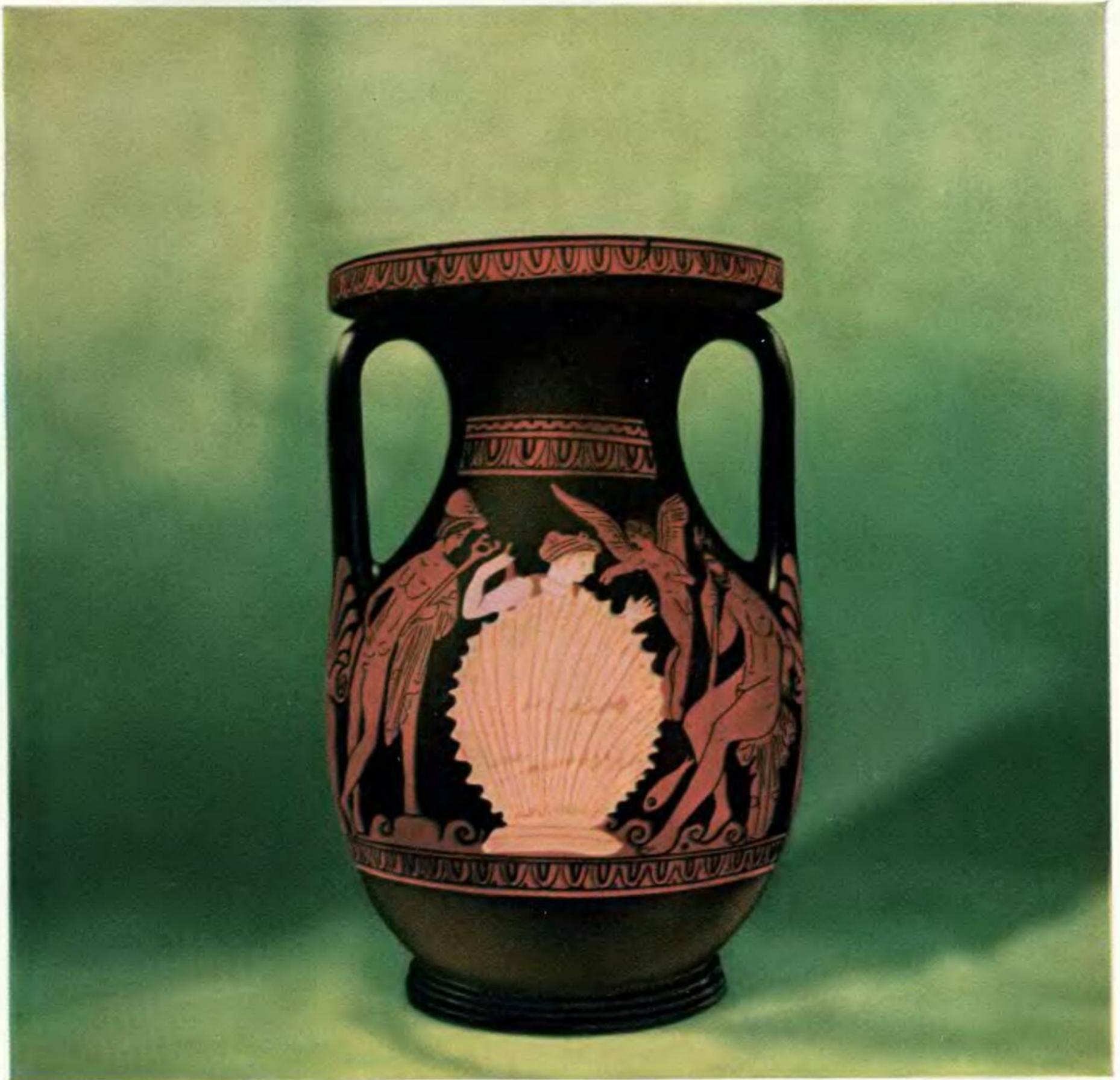


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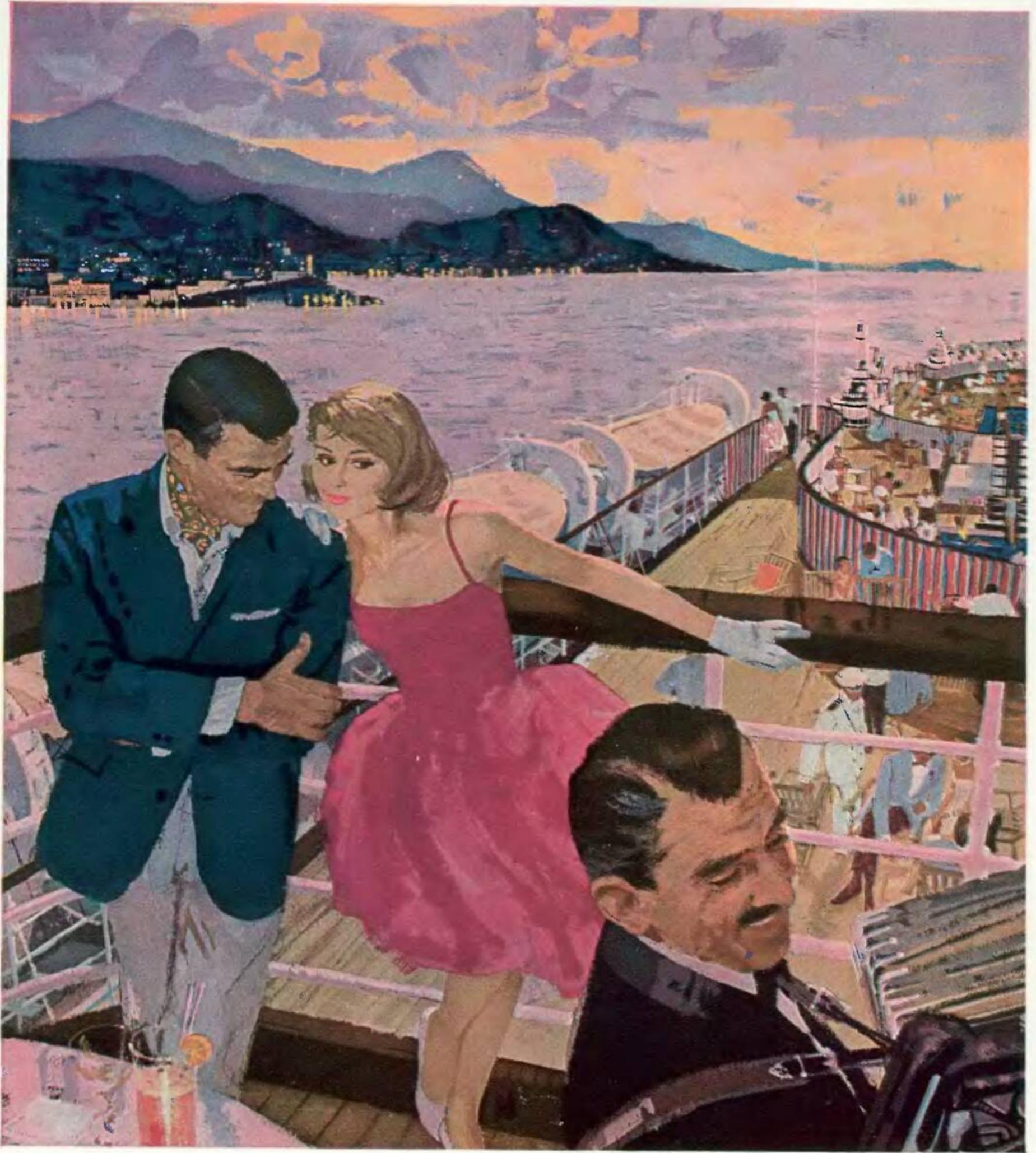
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sions. Not long ago, one such kid stormed into the admissions office down at Princeton and said to Bill Edwards, the fellow in charge, 'I've been accepted at Harvard, Yale, and twenty other colleges. I want to know why Princeton has refused me.' The only thing I can say for this incident is that it refutes another bit of schoolboy folklore, which is that a youngster who is rejected by one of the H.Y.P. group will automatically be rejected by the others—that we operate some sort of secret boycott system. Well, anyway, we can't *make* the boys confine their applications to Yale. We think they should retain their freedom of choice, and, along with about a hundred and fifty other colleges, we've signed what is called the Candidates' Reply Date Agreement, which this year gives applicants until May 18th to reply to admission offers from any of the member colleges."

At the end of our talk, Tuttle said he wanted me to meet a colleague whose preoccupations were almost diametrically opposed to his own. This man, whom we found in a nearby office, was Warren Troutman, Yale '39, and he had returned not long before from the dog-sled trip. He told me that his fellow admissions men were a little tired of hearing about the hazards he faced in his travels, so he was delighted to have a new auditor. A typical day on the trail, he said, might include visits to four high schools, followed by dinner with a Yale alumni group, and then by a P.-T.A. meeting, or else by a particularly harrowing event called a College Night. At such a session, he explained, seniors from the various high schools in an area are assembled to hear addresses by various college representatives, each of whom is then assigned a desk, where he sits and answers the repetitive questions of youngsters milling about in a bargain-basement sort of fever. The usual attitudes toward Yale (as toward Princeton and Harvard), Troutman went on, fluctuate between polite interest, tempered by fear of the College Board exams, and outright suspicion of the university as the supposedly exclusive preserve of "big, dumb rich boys." However, in the hundred and twenty-five or so schools that Troutman visits annually he always finds a few interested students, and by talking with the four or five most promising boys in each senior class he usually elicits a number of additional applications, many of them accompanied by scholarship requests.

As Troutman and I were talking, I



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Art and Architecture, where they were enthusiastically received by the director. "There's one big problem," Moll told me. "The lad needs a companion to help him in the morning and at night, and extra quarters are not easily come by now. So I don't know how the admissions committee is going to feel."

Another unusual candidate he had interviewed recently was a twelve-year-old boy who kept jumping back and forth over the railings of the campus walks as he approached Welch Hall. "An amazing little kid!" Moll said. "His guidance man called up first, to tell us that the boy had exhausted the facilities—and the faculty—of his high school and that no one there knew what to do with him. Neither did his parents, who brought him in here. He had an almost comical way of gazing up at the ceiling and then looking at you hard, and almost at once he announced that he had two questions to ask me. First, he wanted to know if the Benjamin Franklin papers were kept in the closed stacks of the Sterling Memorial Library, and, second, he wondered if he could use the science laboratories at night for private research projects. I said I would find out the answer to the first question, and in reply to the second I gave a nice little sermon about how college was also a time for growing and living, and how working on lonely night projects could be a way of hiding from boys who were doing things natural for their age but not for his. With his permission, I took him over to see Dr. Bryant Wedge, the psychiatrist-in-chief at our Division of Student Mental Hygiene, who later told me that there was no question of the kid's ability to do college work but that he might adjust better here after a postgraduate year at some private secondary school. There the matter now stands."

Moll's mention of the Mental Hygiene Division prompted me to ask whether the university's psychologists and psychiatrists played any regular role in the admissions procedure. He said that although university psychiatrists were customarily asked to check over any applicants who might have been receiving psychiatric treatment, the main service that the psychiatric- and psychological-research sections performed for the admissions office was providing information on methods of personal assessment and discussing those methods with the admissions men in the light of student successes and failures. "We maintain that we can ordinarily predict how four out of five people will per-



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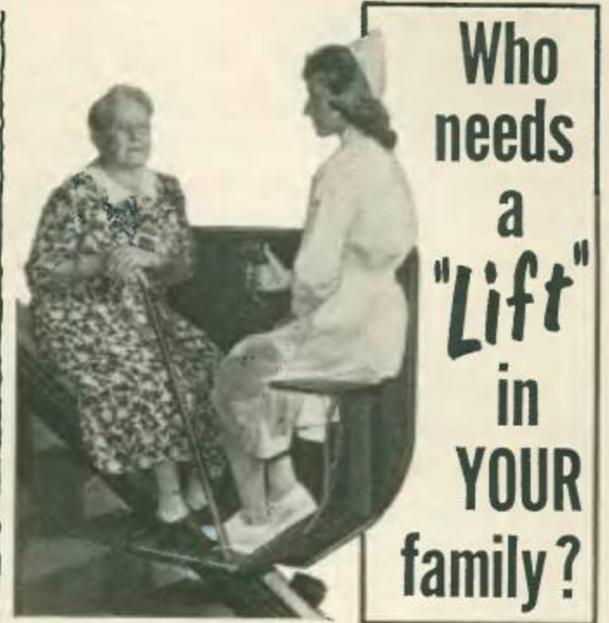
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form, even if we can't tell which one of the five will be the maverick," he said. "On the whole, though, we're pretty good at telling which group a candidate will fall into—the Phi Beta Kappas, the failures, or the pass boys. So we can say to a father, for instance, 'Your son's record is the kind that places him in the group where four out of five boys will fail. Unless there's something exceptional about him that will make us believe he may be the one boy in the group who *won't* fail, we can't afford to gamble on him.'"

At this point, Miss Bonnardi came in to tell Moll that there was another candidate waiting to be interviewed, so I said goodbye. Before I left Welch Hall, I looked in on Howe, and he suggested that I come back the following week, when he and the other staff members would tell me about the actual applications, and how they are rated.

UPON my return, the first of the staff members that Howe turned me over to was a small, graying woman named Miss Nellie Elliot, who, he said, had been a pillar of strength for six admissions chairmen since she joined the staff, in 1918. After Howe had left us, I asked Miss Elliot how many applicants she had interviewed over the years. "Oh, thousands, I imagine," she said, "but now I see only an occasional one—mostly foreign students. I've always been interested in the foreign students, and I hope we'll always take at least twenty of them a year, as we do now. After they arrive, they keep dropping in here for a while. One day they stop, and then I know they're all right."

Coming to the subject of how applications for Yale are made, I asked first of all if there was any truth to the old stories about boys' being entered for the university at birth. Miss Elliot laughed, and said she had heard of no recent instances of this, although thirty or forty years ago it was not uncommon for a boy's name to be sent in to Yale the day after he was born, and the name of one member of the present senior class had been received when he was four years old. She told me something about this student's family and his secondary-school training—information that I later discovered she was able to supply about almost any of the current Yale men and many former ones. "A boy can give us his name whenever he likes," she went on. "All it means is that when we send out the formal application blanks—which we don't do until the September before the new freshman class is cho-



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sen—he is sure of getting one. Of course, long before September—in fact, all through the summer—boys are dropping in here. Many families nowadays take their sons on a grand college tour during the summer vacation. Not many years ago, our office didn't even stay open in summer. Now three or four of us must be here, to take care of a continuous string of interviews. The interviewing goes on right up until March 1st, but the application blanks must be in by January 10th. There's a ten-dollar application fee, which, of course, doesn't cover our administrative costs, any more than our present tuition charge of fourteen hundred dollars—it's gone up from three hundred since my early days here—covers our instruction costs. But there are always some parents who feel obliged to protest. One of them wrote on his ten-dollar check this year, 'Payable only if my son enters Yale.'

Miss Elliot produced a blank set of application papers, which ran to ten pages, for me to look at. The first two pages had the usual dozens of spaces for vital statistics and for information on the applicant's family and his schooling, as well as a place for a photograph, and then came a page that was left entirely blank, for "any additional information which you would like brought to the attention of the Committee on Admissions." Miss Elliot said that only about a fifth of the boys filled out this page, and that many of these devoted it to a paraphrase of what the Yale catalogue said about the importance of a liberal-arts education.

The next pages had to do with application for financial aid, which, Miss Elliot said, was being requested this year by roughly forty per cent of the applicants. Here the student must first fill out a budget estimate, which includes the basic college fee of twenty-three hundred dollars (covering tuition, room, board, and various health, laboratory, and insurance fees); a suggested four hundred and fifty dollars for books, clothing, entertainment, laundry, and such; and a travel allowance, varying with the distance between Yale and the boy's home town. From the sum of all these expenses, the candidate and his parents are instructed to subtract the amount they believe they can pay, ordinarily including from two hundred to four hundred dollars that the student is expected to earn in the summer and to contribute. The difference represents the amount of scholarship help needed. Except for a few special endowed

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grants, Yale offers no complete gift scholarships. Each scholarship boy must take a university job, at which he will work between six and twelve hours a week, the pay being credited against his tuition. Freshmen usually wait on table, and upperclassmen hold what Yale calls bursary jobs; that is, employment related to their own scholastic interests—research for an instructor in their academic field, say, or hospital work if they are premedics.

"The scholarship thing is terribly complicated, and often almost heart-rending," said Miss Elliot. "An organization called the College Scholarship Service sends out and evaluates, for us and other colleges, a special questionnaire designed to check each family's financial status. It also puts out a manual to help colleges compute how much parents can pay, figuring in such factors as mortgages, the number of younger children, the age of the father, how to treat a widow's assets, and whatnot. But unfairnesses seem to be built into the situation. For instance, take two boys with identical qualifications whose families live in identical houses and have identical incomes. One family has spent every extra penny each year on vacations, home improvements, and so on, and is asking for fourteen hundred dollars in aid. The other family has scrimped along without these niceties and, over the years, has saved enough to reduce the aid needed to eight hundred dollars a year. We can try to balance things out by giving the boy from the happy-go-lucky family a four-hundred-dollar gift scholarship, a five-hundred-dollar long-term loan, and a five-hundred-dollar job, and the boy from the sacrificing family a five-hundred-dollar gift scholarship and a three-hundred-dollar job, but the inequity is still there. And people have very different ideas of need. It's not uncommon to find a widowed nurse, making thirty-four hundred dollars a year and with two boys to educate, saying that she will contribute eight hundred dollars a year to one son's college costs, while a father in his middle thirties, earning twenty-five thousand dollars, and with assets of around a hundred thousand dollars, may declare that he can put up no more than five hundred dollars. Yale has a special form letter for these down-to-their-last-yacht parents, which flatly says we do not consider their sons entitled to aid."

After the scholarship section, there are several pages for teachers and principals or headmasters to fill out, and as I looked through them, I thought they

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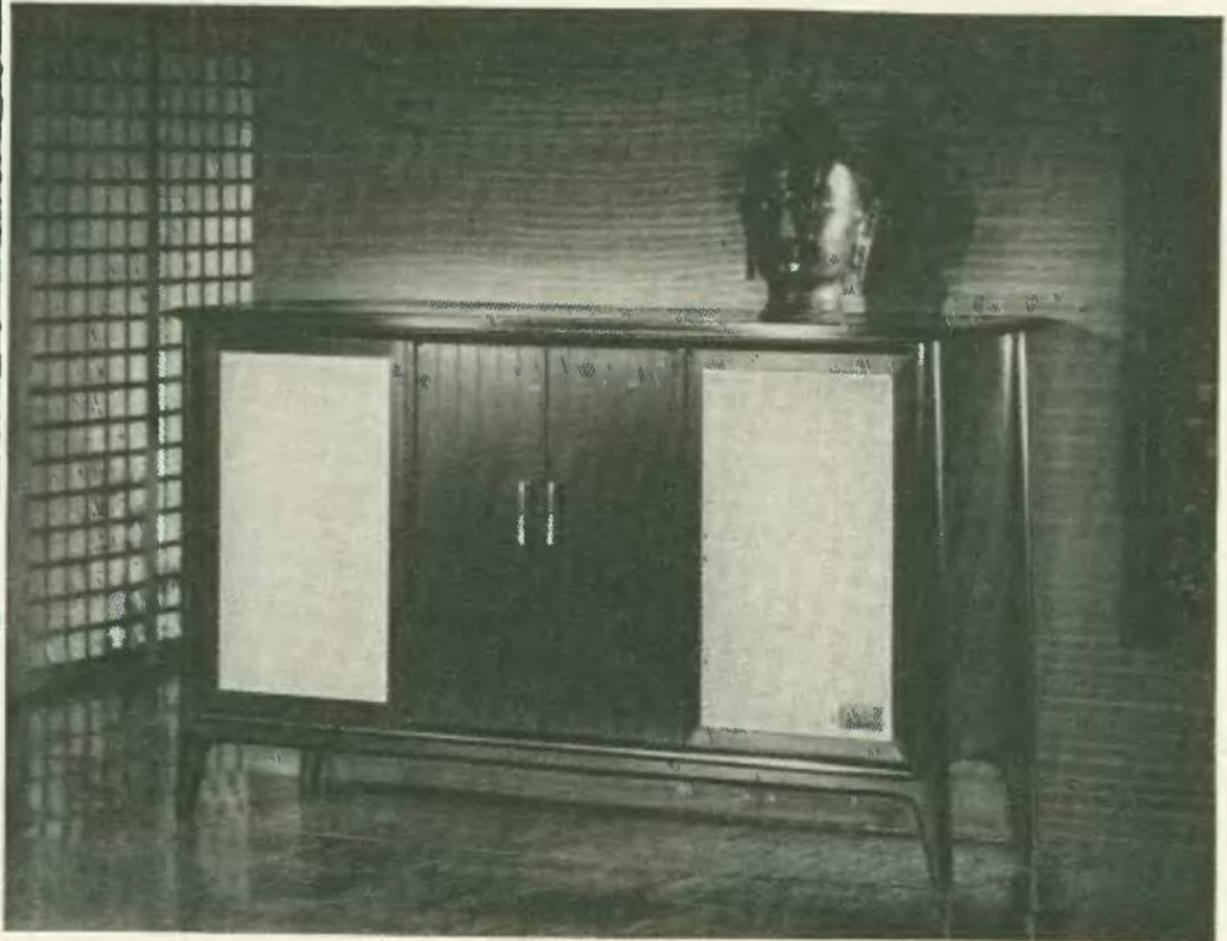
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must have brought goose-pimples to many a boy as he dutifully delivered them to the addressees. The principal is asked to rank the applicant according to both "promise as a person" and "promise as a student," on a numerical scale of from 1 to 9, ranging from "outstanding" to "not recommended," and, in addition, to rank him in comparison with other Yale candidates at his school. The principal is also requested to write his estimate of the applicant's "character, intellectual promise, and industry as shown in his total school record." On still another form, a teacher is asked to comment on the candidate's "intellectual curiosity, industry, integrity, concern for others, influence on others," and to make additional remarks in which "mention of any evident weaknesses will be welcomed." After this, there are generous spaces for the boy's scholastic record, and elaborate questions designed to help Yale evaluate his school's academic standards. This last can be an enormous problem, Miss Elliot explained, because of wide variations in such things as grading standards, passing marks (anything from 50 to 70), and class credits (which some otherwise reputable schools give for courses that Miss Elliot, with a sniff, categorized as "basketweaving"). "When we have a boy who lists a senior program of English, journalism, speech, personality problems, marriage and family, and chorus, with his principal praising him to the skies, Mr. Howe sometimes writes asking why so able a boy is being given such poor preparation," she said. "Last week, we got an indignant response from one school saying that if we'd been more alert, we would have noticed that the boy in question had been elected president of the Student Council, so of course a light schedule had been planned for him!"

The problem of figuring out approximately what a boy's school average means in terms of his ability to do Yale work has been energetically tackled, Miss Elliot told me, by Associate Professor Paul Burnham, director of the university's Office of Educational Research, and after I had said goodbye to her, I stopped in to see Burnham, a scholarly-looking, spectacled man in his forties. He told me that since 1927 Yale has been carefully comparing its freshmen's grades with their previous secondary-school records, and has thereby been able to determine with a close degree of accuracy how the scholastic standards of several hundred schools compare with Yale's. "Let's take a hypothetical boy from a mythical prep

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school I'll call St. Swithin's," said Burnham. "His application tells us his average for his junior year there and the first semester of his senior year. First of all, we check over his transcript and cross out courses that we consider boondoggling. Then we take the average of the grades in those that remain, and if they have not been figured on a scale whose passing grade is 60, we reduce them accordingly. On the basis of our running comparisons of St. Swithin's standards with Yale's, we have worked out what we call an adjustment figure, which tells us what the boy's school average should mean in terms of Yale marks—a process that often brings the average down from 95 to 79, say. There are, though, two secondary schools in the country whose grading we consider tougher than ours, and we add one point to their students' averages." Although the S.G.A., or School Grade Adjusted, as Burnham's final figure is called, is entered on the candidate's application records, its main importance, as far as Burnham is concerned, lies in its use, along with an applicant's College Board examination grades, in computing a prediction figure for the candidate's freshman-year average.

A little alarmed at such Orwellian evidence of scholastic determinism, I asked how accurate the freshman prediction figures usually turn out to be. "They're not perfect, thank goodness," he said. "It would be depressing if they were, wouldn't it? And please don't go away believing that these figures are necessarily a decisive factor in whether a boy is admitted to Yale, because ordinarily they're not. But I must say, in defense of our methods, that in recent years the individual predictions have consistently come within four points of freshman averages for half the class and within six points for two-thirds of it." Before leaving Burnham, I inquired about the statement that each year's freshman class was "the brightest ever." In response, Burnham rooted around in a couple of filing cabinets for a few minutes and came up with evidence that, at least statistically, the assertion was correct. Four hundred and eighty-eight members of the present freshman class, he said, had been predicted to make freshman averages of eighty or higher, as against three hundred and four members of the class of 1953, who had entered college ten years earlier. And so far, he went on, the present

freshmen seemed to be proving the forecast eighty-eight per cent correct.

HOWE had told me he would give me an idea, sometime that day, of the way the application folders are sorted and graded before the admissions committee makes its decisions. "By now, we have almost all the information we're going to get on the boys, except for the results of the three College Board achievement tests in high-school subjects, and those scores will soon be coming in," he told me when we met in his office. "We have the school records, résumés of interviews, aptitude-test scores, and preliminary predictions by Burnham's office. There are also reports on candidates from alumni groups, whose role in all this Waldo Johnston, the director of our University Committee on Enrollment and Scholarships, will tell you about shortly. Well, from now right up until the admissions committee meets, members of our staff, along with the six faculty members who are on the admissions committee but are not on our staff, will be reading and rating the folders. Ordinarily, each folder is read by at least two people, and each reader writes on a big work card his general impression of the boy concerned, along with an A, B, or C rating for admission, and, if the folder includes an application for a scholarship, the amount of aid he believes we should give. On the same card, the boy is also



given two numerical ratings—the first on his general promise as an individual, estimated on the basis of interviews, the reports of those who know him, and whatever else we have gleaned about him, and the second on his academic promise, as it is revealed by test scores, school records, and so forth. In-

identally, if two folder readers disagree on whether a boy should be rated A, B, or C for admission, or if they are more than a hundred dollars apart on the scholarship figure, Johnston or I read the folder and adjudicate. We estimate that about a third of the nearly five thousand boys applying this year will be rated A, and that almost half, who are obviously unqualified, will be rated C and rejected. Now, we assume that four or five hundred of the A boys will decide to go to other colleges, so this means that around that number of B candidates can be added. This sorting out of the Bs is our toughest job."

The decisions about which of the Bs make the grade, Howe said, depend

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not only on their personalities and their scholastic credentials but on the geographical and educational diversity of their backgrounds, which he had discussed earlier; on the need for strengthening existing links with schools or alumni groups, or establishing new ones; and, in a good number of cases, on whether the applicant's father happens to be a Yale alumnus. Yale announces in its admissions booklet that preference will be given to alumni sons "who meet admissions standards," and although, as Howe explained, the college is now tougher than ever before in judging these "legacies," and admits proportionately fewer of them, they still make up about twenty per cent of each freshman class, as they also do at Harvard and Princeton.

Howe now directed me to the office of Waldo Johnston, the man principally responsible for liaison with the alumni. Johnston, who was wearing a Yale blazer that bore the crest of Davenport College, told me that he had come to his present job from the post of executive secretary of the Alumni Board, and that before joining the Yale staff he had been assistant headmaster of the Pomfret School. The University Committee on Enrollment and Scholarships, which was started by Yale in 1943 as a pioneering venture and has since been copied by other prestige colleges, consists of eleven hundred alumni, in all parts of the country, who interview about three thousand candidates every year. "They often find promising lads we wouldn't have found on our own," Johnston said. "And even more often they give us realistic, first-hand appraisals of boys we don't know enough about, or boys who are being too highly touted by their schools. In fact, the committee was started after we found ourselves admitting too many boys who were well qualified from the academic point of view but not from any other. Of course, we do want outstanding scholars, but how are we to find out more about the *spirit* of a candidate—the selflessness, integrity, and honesty that are so badly needed in this day of false ideals? It's in making this sort of judgment of candidates that the alumni interviewers fill an important need. We realize that such judgments are very hard to make, and naturally the alumni vary sharply in their skill at making them. But we come to know each interviewer's prejudices and predilections pretty well, and are able to make allowances for them."

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and the alumni are legacies and athletes. "The rejection of one legacy whom the alumni in his area consider well qualified can do more harm than we can offset by letting in ten similar boys," Johnston said. "Consequently, we often take ten times as long in deciding to reject one Yale son as we do in deciding to admit someone else. At the end of our two-week admissions-committee meetings, we spend at least half a day reviewing the legacies we've turned down." Last year, he told me, Yale admitted about three-quarters of the four hundred and twenty-eight alumni sons who applied—a ratio that is closely paralleled at Harvard and Princeton. I told him I'd recently heard that at Princeton a disproportionately large number of alumni sons flunked out or were placed on probation, and he answered that although the situation was not too different at Yale, there were still a sizable number of legacies in the top quarter of each class.

As for athletes, Johnston continued, when an influential alumnus in his forties or fifties writes in enthusiastically about what he calls "a well-rounded boy," the chances are very strong that the boy in question is a football player. "Those alumni were undergraduates in the days of T. A. D. Jones and Albie Booth and Clint Frank, when football was a religion here and the Bowl its shrine," he said. "By now, we've patiently pointed out to almost all of them that we're perfectly happy to have them find us athletes as long as the athletes can make satisfactory showings on their College Boards and will study as hard as everybody else after they're admitted. We aren't apt to consider anyone whose College Board average falls below 550, though we have no rigid cutoff point. Anyway, we certainly don't dislike athletes. In a group of similarly qualified candidates, an outstanding athlete—or, for that matter, an outstanding clarinetist—will probably be the one we choose, because we believe that unusual achievement in any field shows unusual strength and self-discipline."

For years, Johnston said, Yale has had a rule that no athletic coach can institute recruiting, but if a young athlete has written to a coach, or has formally applied for admission, the coach is free to correspond with him—to send him monthly department letters and game programs, keep him aware of the admissions-committee deadlines he must meet, and urge on him the virtues of Yale. This gentlemanly assault is conducted entirely by mail, and the induce-

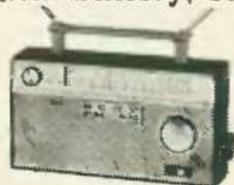
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ments that the university offers are strictly limited to hard work on the playing fields and hard work in the arts and sciences the rest of the time. Since this Spartan routine has been known to appear less than enticing in comparison with such goodies as special scholarships, special jobs, specially paid trips to the campus, and special blocks of seats at athletic events, all of which are lavishly dispensed by some lesser universities, I decided to ask Yale's athletic director, DeLaney Kiphuth, how he believed his department was faring under the enforced separation of admissions and athletics.

Kiphuth, who is also a lecturer in history, and is the son of Yale's famous swimming coach Robert Kiphuth, met me in his office in a small building near the Payne Whitney Gymnasium. When I had told him what I wanted to know, he handed me a copy of the regulations of the eight-member Ivy Group, which since 1954 has forsworn both athletic scholarships and extra-remunerative jobs for athletes. Among other things, the regulations stipulate that each varsity athlete has to file an annual statement listing all sources, other than his parents, of gifts, loans, or other contributions toward his expenses, as well as a complete list of these expenses. "Of course, we hope we never have an admissions committee made up of the sort of people who drop dead at the sight of an athlete," Kiphuth said. "We let Arthur Howe know early in the year about boys we'd particularly like to see at Yale, and ask him to tell us if any of them look too weak scholastically, so we can suggest that they apply elsewhere. Then, just before the committee meets, I send over a list of the boys each coach is interested in, and when the meetings are over, Arthur tells us who's been admitted. We have a lot of disappointments every year. But every year, too, boys turn down scholarships elsewhere to come here, because they want no part of the curfews, the segregation into athletic dorms, the supervision of academic programs, and the general feeling of being paid hands that they might get at one of the big football factories."

Kiphuth took me down the hall to meet James G. Holgate, the head freshman football coach, on whose desk lay a large book of newspaper clippings and a pile of sports pages. "Naturally, we try to keep track of promising players," he told me after Kiphuth had gone back to his own office. "And this applies even to prep schools, which are frankly a bone of contention between us and the admissions department. We aren't allowed

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to have any contact with prep-school boys, because Arthur Howe feels that his office is in very close touch with the schools anyway and that any such contact might give the boys misleading ideas about the role of athletics in admissions."

Holgate went on to say that a tremendous amount of mail concerning football players is constantly coming in from all over the country, and he showed me several examples. One, a mimeographed letter from a coach, with a boy's photograph pasted on it, gave detailed statistics about its subject's running, passing, and punting records. "This same coach put out a newspaper story a few weeks ago saying that the kid already had sixty schools after him," Holgate said. "It's his way of advertising both the boy and himself. Some parents, too, are very businesslike in the way they shop around for colleges. I'm sure a father wrote this one." He handed me a sheet labelled "CONFIDENTIAL!" and I read its final paragraph: "This lad has a 92 average, varsity letters in football, basketball, and baseball, and is excellent material for your consideration. They want him at Holy Cross, Colgate, Michigan State, and Boston College, but he would go great at Yale."

"This is the kind we are more apt to pay serious attention to," Holgate said, passing me a handwritten letter from a coach in the Far West, about a boy I'll call Rodney Carlson, which read, "Rod is a student leader and a typical young American of whom we are proud. He has a respectable average of 92 plus, and has been our center for three years. He has performed tremendously, being the best lineman in our history. He has speed, drive, and hitting force, and is the team's fireman."

"Our alumni representative out there is very impressed with Carlson," Holgate told me, "and we've had several letters from the boy himself. He's quite interested in Yale, and I hope we get him."

I thanked Holgate, and made a mental note to try to read Carlson's folder and keep track of how he fared through the admissions process.

WHEN I returned to New Haven in late March for my stint of folder reading, the door of the admissions office bore a notice to the effect that no more candidates would be interviewed, and inside I found only members of the admissions staff and a few other people, who, I later learned, were members of the admissions committee, the composition of which varies annual-



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ly, but which usually consists of two or three men from the admissions office and four or five from other divisions of the university's administrative and academic staff. Most of those I saw were deeply involved in the same task I had come for. Miss Bonnardi welcomed me, led me into a room lined with filing cabinets, which contained the folders of the applicants, and introduced me to Mrs. Marjorie Heywood, a calm, white-haired woman, who has charge of the files. Mrs. Heywood settled me at an empty desk and brought me a couple of armloads of folders that she had picked out at random, along with Rodney Carlson's folder, which I had asked to see.

As I studied the seven or eight documents in each folder, I was continually astonished at how sharply the personalities of the boys whose photographs stared out at me were conveyed by their answers to the form questions and by the comments of their various teachers and interviewers. In laboriously careful handwriting, the applicants announced that their hobbies were whistling in the shower, hunting, fishing, foreign cars, progressive jazz, reading; that they had had summer jobs in motels, in lumberyards, on construction gangs; and that they wanted to be financial experts, engineers, diplomats, teachers, doctors, lawyers, businessmen. Outside of the few who were clearly overreaching themselves, and whose work cards I was not surprised to find marked C and bearing some such comment as "Except for the fact his father is Yale '33, there's not much here," or "Too bad. A perfectly nice lad, but that's about the extent of it," I would have admitted them all. From the folders marked A, I usually got an impression of solidity, purpose, and talent, together with a bursting vigor or a questing thoughtfulness. There was, for instance, a big blond boy with classical features who was a crack football guard and of whom his teacher said, "He shows unusual intuition in translating the most subtle lines of contemporary French poetry. He is strong physically and emotionally and has a perfect inner balance. He's full of refreshing naturalness, quietness, and goodness." Then, there was a freckle-faced three-letter man who "has a brilliant mind and imagination and is the most original thinker in his class," according to *his* teacher's report, which continued, "His fine brain is not entirely in focus. When it becomes so, he will function at the very top academically." Both of these boys had College Board aptitude-test averages of over 700, and

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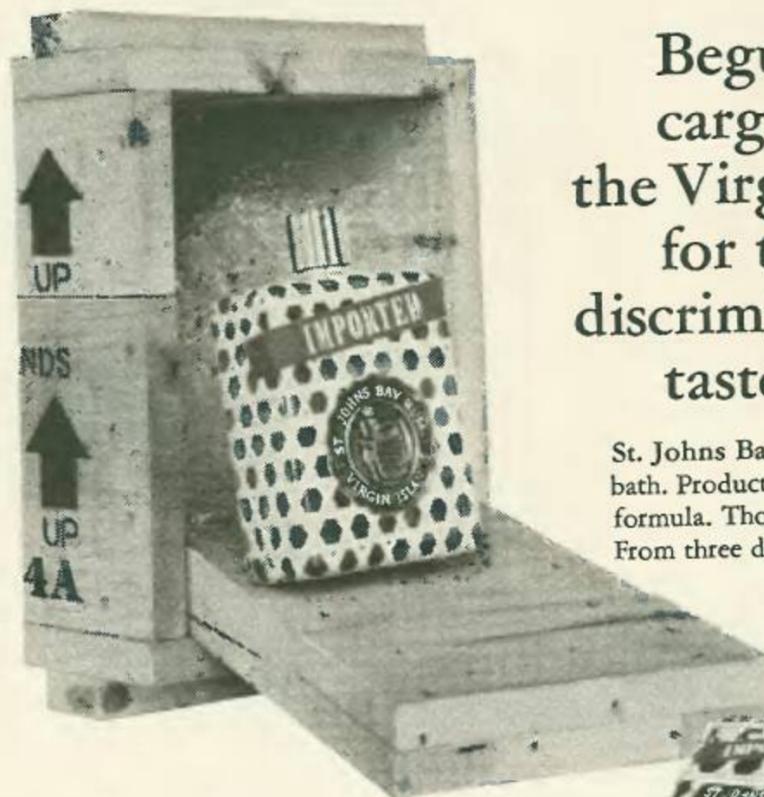
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both were ranked 2 for promise as students and as persons by their schools. One had a 94 school average, the other a 92—though I noticed that Burnham's predictions had tumbled their probable Yale averages to 85 and 80.

From some of the C folders came a youthful sense of failure. A boy in the middle of his class at one of the country's top schools wrote that although he realized he was not a "prime candidate," he was now working hard, and promised to do all within his power, "God willing, to bring honor to myself and to Yale." Another C boy had been marked 4 as a student and 7 as a person by his school guidance man, who finished him off with the dismal summary "This boy reflects sincere motivation in verbal areas, but not in others." This meant, I realized as I read further in the folder, that the boy wanted to be a writer, and found mathematics and science dull fare. The grade that Burnham had predicted for him was 75—just under the Yale freshman-class average of 76.5. The first folder reader had rated him B, but the second, who had apparently interviewed him, had rated him C, calling him "a sloppy, unprepossessing lad, very talkative and only sometimes interesting." Howe had adjudicated the case, reluctantly confirming the C rating. "I suppose the school is right in saying there's too much dreaming and too little real work," he noted. "But the boy is different enough to add something to Yale, and his father, a writer, says right now his son is a better writer than he is. He would be an academic risk, but an interesting gamble." To one C folder, an alumnus who was not a member of the Committee on Enrollment and Scholarships had contributed a gung-ho epistle that began, "I like the cut of this boy's jib! His father is a father of men!" The regular alumni interviewer had evidently looked a little deeper into both the father of men and his offspring. His report said, "This is an attractive chap in spite of his father, who is a bit too smooth. But there are certain things about him which make me believe that he will shy away from any subject when the course becomes difficult, and also influence others to take the easy way out. He was, for instance, offered the advanced-math course but declined it, even though he wants to do graduate work in science, because he said he could not afford to risk getting a low mark." Still another lad rated C, who wrote on his application form that he "was not one of the boys," was described by his alumni interviewer, through various cir-



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pled adjectives in a series on a printed form, as "sensitive," "frail," "intellectual," "odd," "eccentric," and "neat." The man had written, "Surely there is room for a boy like this in a university as large as Yale. I expect him to make no contribution as an undergraduate, but he will be heard from in later life."

I found a number of ratings that rather surprised me, and I was particularly perplexed by two. The first was that of a boy I shall call Ned Summers, from a large, excellent Middle Western high school, who had maintained high honor marks since the ninth grade, and had a 92 school average and a prediction of 87 as a Yale freshman. In his College Board aptitude tests, he had scored 796 in verbal ability and 750 in math. His school rated him 1 as a student and 4 as a person, and described him as having an "unusually keen, analytical, and logical mind," average maturity, and an influence on his peers "less than his ability warrants." Also, he evidently had some artistic talent. A teacher commented, "Ned is still awkward and inarticulate, and occasionally earns the disdain levelled at him by his classmates, since he does not always gracefully accept deserved criticism. But for the most part he is friendly, socially acceptable, pleasant, and intent on doing a good job. It's hard to be a bright boy!" In spite of all this, the Yale interviewer would have none of him. "I would prefer to see this lad go to Harvard," he wrote. "He's inarticulate, uninteresting, dull, run-of-the-mill." Ned had originally been rated B, but this had been lowered to C.

The second case that perplexed me was none other than that of Rodney Carlson, the football player. His photograph showed him to be a big, solemn-looking lad, and his record was, at first glance, overwhelming. His high-school average was 93, and he stood thirty-fourth in a class of over five hundred. "My first impression was that this boy would make an excellent tackle for any Big Ten team but that he might be over his head at Yale," the office interviewer had written. "This notion vanished almost as soon as he opened his mouth. He is an extremely bright young man. He is an accomplished cellist and has written compositions for both this instrument and the tuba, which he's performed with a college orchestra. A nice lad, clean-cut and a solid citizen." An alumni interviewer described Carlson as a "quiet, reserved, humorous, friendly lad who does not enjoy talking about himself," and added, "I am obviously rather impressed with him." He



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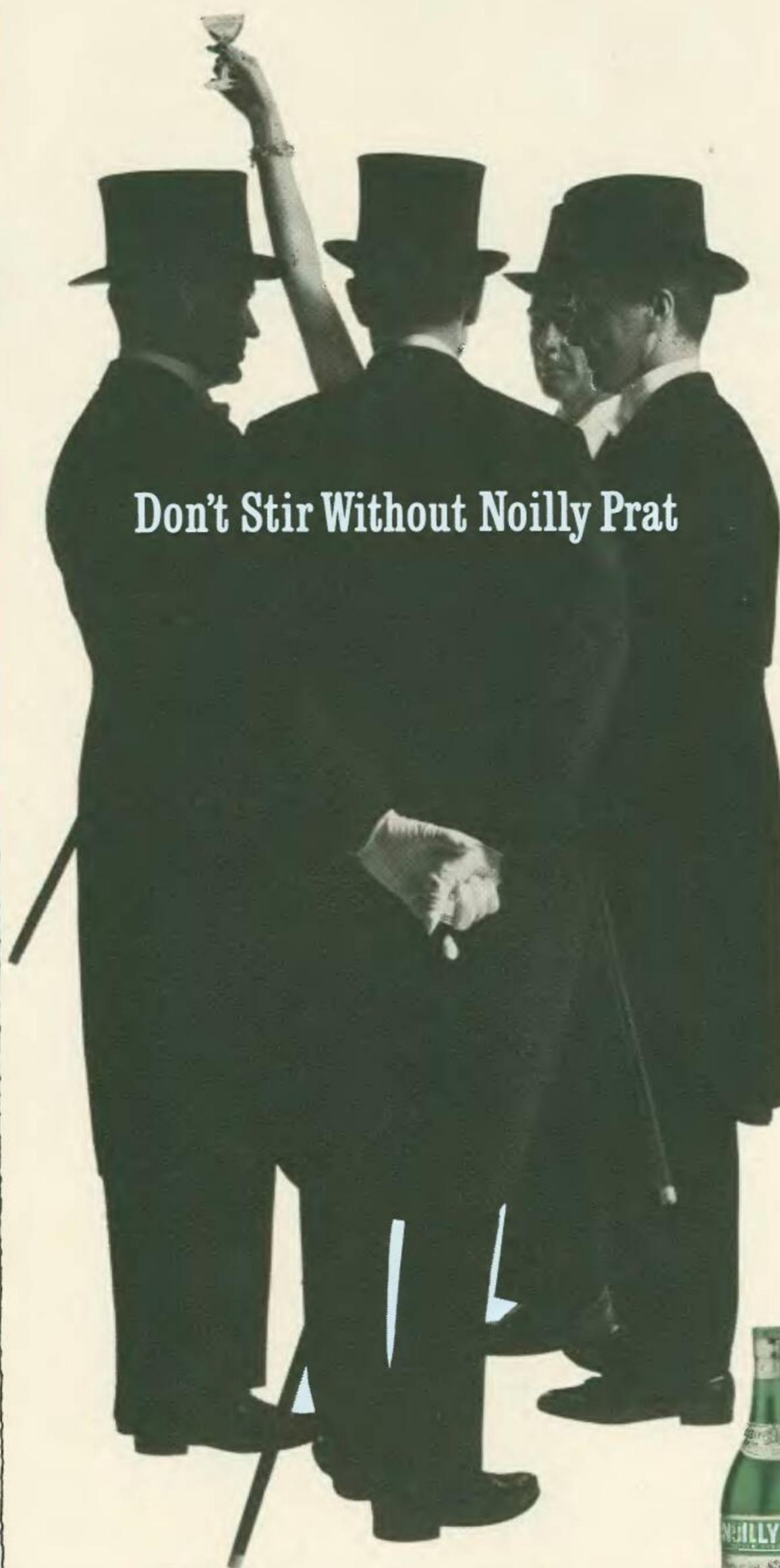
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ended his eulogy with what seemed to be an understatement: "He has, I feel, exceeded the level of individual output for most high-school students." The list of Carlson's junior and senior activities took up more than seventeen typed lines. He not only had found time for football, basketball, and track but had also managed to serve as prom king, president of the Latin Club, president of the junior class, president of the Student Council, president of the school orchestra, vice-president of the school honor society, class historian, chairman of the assembly committee, president of a church youth organization, president of the drive for American Field Service exchange students, and so on and on. Carlson, who was applying for aid, had been rated no better than B, with a scholarship of fourteen hundred and fifty dollars recommended. Arthur Howe had written on his work card, "This is about the biggest B.M.O.C. I ever saw." (The initials, I eventually realized, stood for "Big Man on Campus.") The second reader asked, "Can he stay in college?" I then looked up Carlson's College Board aptitude scores, and found that they were only 487 for the verbal test and 562 for the math.

At that point, Howe came into the room, carrying a well-stuffed briefcase and looking harassed. After a glance at the pile of folders I had read, he commented jokingly on how little headway I seemed to have made. "We break in our new people by having them read folders for several solid months," he said. "After they've been with us about five years, they get so they can average fifteen or twenty an hour. This year, I've given instructions that we must be unusually tough in our ratings, because the competition is stiffer than ever. I'm worried to death for fear we'll be stuck with too many A candidates. It's going to be murder to cut them down." He added that no one on the staff could spare the time just then to answer any questions I might have, but that he would arrange for Ernest F. Thompson, an Associate Freshman Dean who had formerly served on the admissions committee, to drop by and see me that afternoon. Thompson, who, I learned, is a New Zealander, and a member of the Yale faculty of sixteen years' standing as a lecturer in zoology, oceanography, and meteorology, turned out to be a tall, ambling man, dressed in tweeds and a plaid shirt, with sandy hair falling over his forehead and a face that looked as though it had been carved by sea spray. When I told him of my perplexity over some of the ratings, he was amused

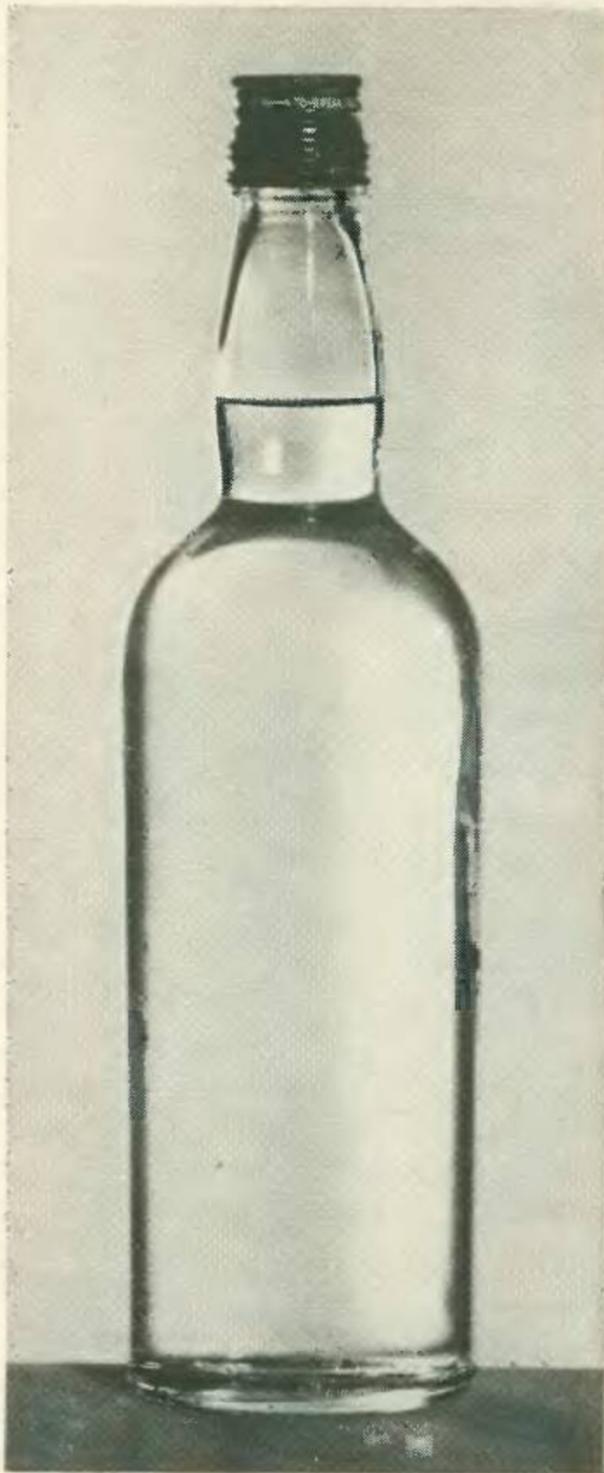


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and sympathetic. "Even after years of experience," he said, "you sometimes have the nasty feeling that you could take all the thousands of work cards—except those for the five hundred students at the top of the list and the five hundred at the bottom, whose ratings nobody could honestly question—and you could throw them down the stairs, pick up any thousand, and produce as good a class as the one that will come out of the committee meeting." He asked which folders were troubling me, and I handed him the Carlson lad's dossier. After scanning it, he left to get the boy's freshman prediction figure, which had not yet been entered in the folder, from a file in another room. "His prediction is 61," Thompson said when he returned. "Under the circumstances, I'm afraid he won't make it. Everybody liked him, it's true, and it might be a case where you could say we're being too stuffy about academic requirements. But if you consider it a bit, there's something monstrous about all that activity. And how did he ever get that 93 average, anyway? In fact, how did the boy ever have time to read a book?"

Next, I handed Thompson the folder of Ned Summers, the awkward, inarticulate youth with the 87 prediction and 796 English score whose alumni interviewer hoped he would go to Harvard and who had been lowered to a C rating. "I suspect that the committee is going to have quite a discussion about this lad," Thompson said. "Sometimes you can't give any logical reason for feeling uneasy about a boy, and making a decision against him. But, you see, your mind stores up the histories of fellows you've known here. Somewhere there is a mental picture of a boy like this who clearly would have been better off, as Yale would have been, if he'd gone to another college."

I then produced the folder of a B-rated prep-school boy whose father, I knew, was one of Yale's important benefactors. The boy himself wrote, in his application, "All my life I have had things too easy. My parents tended to spoil me, treating me more as their friend than their child and making little effort to develop in me the self-discipline that would have helped me form study habits. Now I have to do the job myself. I began it last year. It's a slow task, but I am sure I will complete it." The staff man who had visited the applicant's school wrote of this applicant, "A gawky, nice lad, unimpressive on all counts. I warned him he would have to make a lot of progress



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if he is to qualify. I'm rooting for him!" The boy's average was only 72.3, though both of his aptitude scores were higher than Carlson's. His headmaster wrote, "A pleasant, friendly person as you come to know him. He is quiet and retiring, serious and practical, with little imagination. He is a plugger and will never set the world on fire. But he will work and keep on trying even if things are not too easy for him. He has his own kind of dignity, as well as something soft and somewhat young for his age. You will often see in his face a sensitivity, a sweetness, a moodiness, and a certain potential strength. I am certain he will grow to a fine, sympathetic manhood. He is coming up fairly quickly this year."

"The main thing about this chap," Thompson said after examining the boy's senior grades, "is that he is coming up. You can be sure he will not get in unless he can do the work. The sort of pressure on Howe that this folder represents is fairly routine. You'd be surprised at the eminent people whose boys are turned down. Apparently it's just about impossible for brilliant fathers to realize that the chances of their sons' being equally brilliant are very small. I have the greatest respect for Howe. He stands his ground."

Now Thompson began shuffling through the folders I had not yet read, to see if there were any that might illustrate other special problems. In a few minutes, he opened one, and I saw from the attached photograph that it was that of a handsome Negro youth. "Here's part of the price we pay for our academic standards," Thompson said. The boy, whom I'll call Bob, came from a highly industrialized Eastern city and was applying for a scholarship. He reported that he could contribute only a hundred dollars from his summer earnings, because the rest had to go to his family, whose total income was thirty-eight hundred dollars a year. "This boy's parental guidance has been intellectually and morally far from what one would consider desirable," the alumni interviewer wrote. "His parents are almost illiterate—his father an unemployed invalid and his mother a laundry worker. Both his younger brothers dropped out of school in the eighth grade, one because of asthma and the other because of heart trouble. Bob has had remarkable success in both scholarship and athletics. He is No. 1 in his class of 500, and has had a straight A average since the seventh grade. He is the first Negro president of the Student Council, and is also the varsity quarterback and



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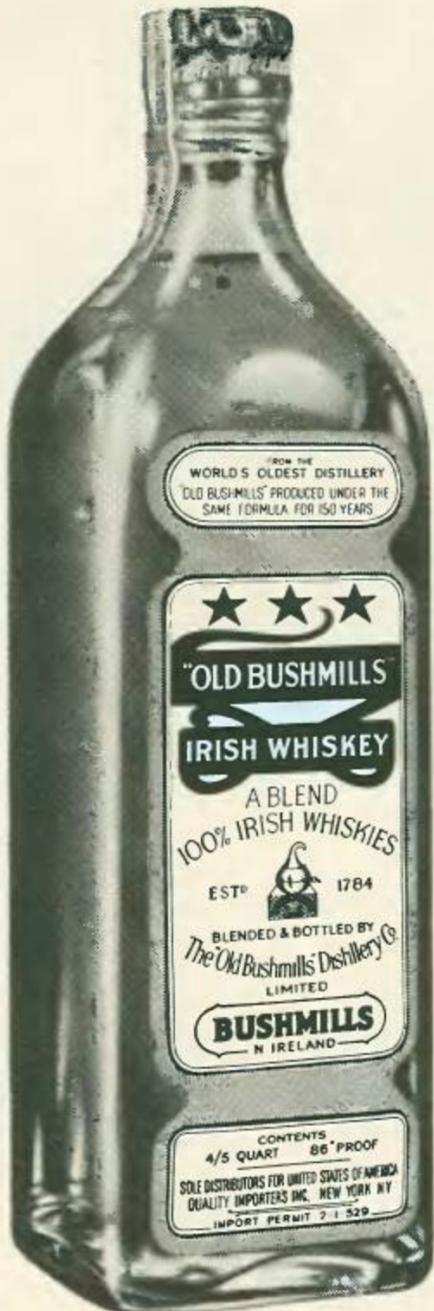
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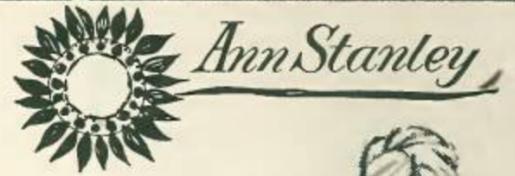
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captain of the No. 2 basketball team in the state. I am impressed with his sensitivity, alertness, and modesty. His record has so impressed his own race that the area's leading Negroes are guaranteeing five hundred dollars a year toward his college expenses." The initial excitement of the Yale staff over Bob's candidacy was clearly evidenced by the documents in the folder. Then the boy's College Board scores had begun coming in. In the aptitude tests, he had averaged only 488, and in his achievement tests he had scored 398 in English, 437 in social studies, and 474 in physics. The last papers in the file were a letter to his school's principal from Howe and the principal's reply. Usually, Howe wrote, in the case of a disparity between school record and test scores, Yale gives greater weight to the school record, but Bob's College Board results, if he were admitted, would certainly be the lowest in the entire Yale class. "Yale is prepared to give the necessary financial assistance," the letter went on. "This youngster seems clearly to represent the kind of leadership that his race critically needs. But certainly it would be a tragedy if he were to come to Yale and not be successful in meeting the requirements." Howe then asked the principal to tell him frankly whether he felt that Bob could do Yale work. The principal's letter obviously represented as much worried thought as Howe's. "I am now certain that Bob would be unable to do the work at Yale," he wrote. "Evidently he has worked to his greatest capacity here with us and has spent many long hours achieving his grades."

As the time for the committee meetings drew near, I found that I had become intensely interested in the fortunes of a number of boys—both A candidates and borderline cases. One boy whose fate I was curious about, but whose folder I had deliberately ignored, was a family friend I had known since he was a child; my guess was that he would not be admitted. Also among my dark-horse entries, in addition to Rodney Carlson, Ned Summers, and the son of the important alumnus, was a Puerto Rican boy, the eldest of five children, whose parents were on relief. He had spent the past two years on scholarship at a well-known prep school, whose headmaster, recommending him, wrote, "He has had to come all the way on his own, and the way has been long. His strength lies well below the surface, as he has had little instruction in how to make a successful impression. As an undergraduate, he will not be in a position to realize his potentialities, be-



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cause he is still working to catch up, but his potentialities are great, and will, I am confident, be realized before many years following graduation." His prediction figure, I noticed, was only 62.

The last boy whose fortunes I'd become interested in I'll call Grant Todd. Howe had handed me his folder one morning with a glint in his eye. Grant's case was well summed up by the alumni interviewer's report: "This lad comes from an outlying county in one of the less populous Northwestern states. He has a rugged, strong face. He's awkward, odd, homely, and shy, and has a most unusual inner self-determination. His background is the most important thing about him. His father runs a small dry farm—a subsistence proposition—and there are three younger sons. His mother once taught school up in the mountains. They have one mule, a 1950 pickup Chevy, no debts, and eleven hundred dollars in the bank to buy seed, etc., for their next year's wheat crop. Their income varies from twenty-six to thirty-one hundred dollars, and they offer two hundred out of it, plus the entire five hundred Grant has saved from summer jobs. Grant is the top student in his high-school class of a hundred, popular and respected and good at baseball and basketball. His principal speaks of his 'superb reliability' and his 'stabilizing influence.' The school has a limited curriculum (no foreign languages) and has never had a graduate go out of state to college. His counsellor is as much surprised as I am at Todd's application. Neither of us is able to find out where he got the idea of Yale. He just says quietly he is determined to get a liberal education and then study law at Yale. He has never been out of his community, and when I pointed out what a big step this would be, he was unimpressed. I rank him near the very top—2—as an individual. As a scholar I can make no recommendation at all." Plainly, Yale was similarly stumped. "Would we kill him if we took him?" queried one admissions-committee reader. Burnham had taken a deep plunge and come up with a shaky prediction figure of 79. The next thing I found in Grant's file was a letter from Howe to one of the country's best preparatory schools, saying that Grant "comes awfully close to epitomizing the kind of talented youngster we all talk about and do very little about." Howe had proposed that the school take the boy on scholarship for the last half of his senior year, and then for summer school. The final documents in the dossier were a report from



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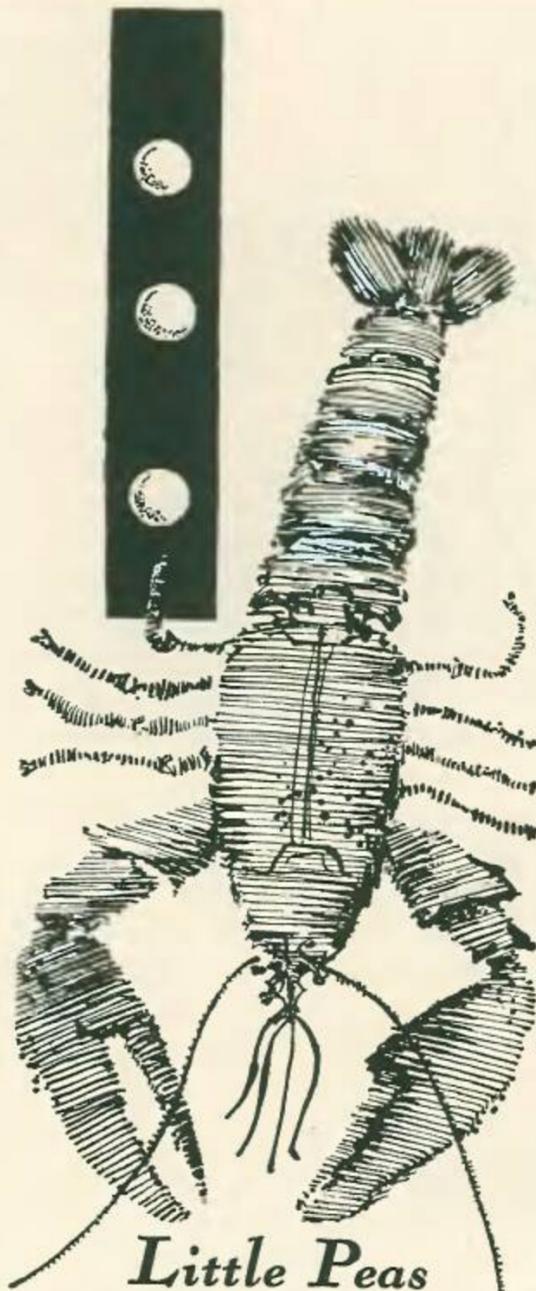
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the prep school, recommending Grant for Yale on the ground that he had been slowly forging ahead scholastically, and a report on his College Board aptitude and achievement scores, which ranged from 500 to 657.

THE first meeting of the admissions committee was on Friday, April 15th, and when I entered Welch Hall that morning there came to me from the far end of the corridor the rumble of many voices and the smell of tobacco smoke. Although I would not be permitted to hear the group's deliberations on individual boys, Howe had said that I might sit in long enough to hear him review the over-all admissions situation for the year and to get an idea of how the committee works. He had already told me that the only university restrictions under which the group operates are those limiting the class size and those stipulating the amount of money available for scholarships, which this year would total \$220,000, to go to a quarter of the students accepted. (These grants do not, of course, extend to the ninety or so students who are beneficiaries of what the admissions men call "outside scholarships," such as National Merit awards, endowed by the Ford Foundation and other private groups and corporations; General Motors scholarships; and Naval R.O.T.C. scholarships.)

Miss Bonnardi led me into the committee room, a large chamber dominated by a long table, where the nine members of the committee already sat, their jackets off and their sleeves rolled up. At the head of the table was Howe, wearing a tense, anticipatory expression that made me think of a man who is about to start pushing uphill an enormous weight that must reach the top at a given instant—in this case, May 10th, the deadline for notification of the applicants. Below Howe sat the two men from his staff who were on the committee, Waldo Johnston and Ralph Burr (the Director of Financial Aids in the admissions office), and the six other members: Harold Whiteman, Jr., the Freshman Dean; Grant Robley, Associate Dean of the School of Engineering; Richard Carroll, Associate Dean of Yale College; Oswald Tippe, Eaton Professor of Botany; H. Bradford Westerfield, Assistant Professor of Political Science; and Richard R. Shank, Assistant Professor of Electrical Engineering. I sat down in one of a group of chairs across the room from the committee table. Nearby were various people from Howe's department who were



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not members of the committee but who had come prepared to furnish information on applicants when it was needed. By herself at a small table against one wall sat Miss Elliot, huddled over a list of the applicants and ready to mark down the action taken on each.

Howe opened the meeting with the announcement that the sessions would run from ten to five-thirty six days a week, and from two to seven-thirty on Sunday, for approximately two weeks. After each day's meeting, he said, he and the staff would review the folders of the boys whose names were coming up the following day, taking particular note of those whose scholastic status might have changed, those whose A ratings seemed questionable, and those about whom there would probably be special discussion for some other reasons. He went on to tell the committee that this year's competition had been tougher than ever, with five hundred more candidates than in 1959, and a great many more scholarship applicants. "We had a total of 4,760 fee-paid applicants," he announced. "A hundred or so have dropped out, and a couple of hundred more have not yet been rated, because their records are still incomplete. For admission without scholarship, we have a total of 2,437 applications, 910 of them rated A. For admission with scholarship, we have 1,957, and 721 of these have been rated A. In all, we have 1,631 A candidates, 249 Bs, and 2,514 Cs."

"How many of the A candidates have we given commitments to in the grouping process?" one committee member asked.

"Five hundred and fifteen," Howe replied. "And I think that, with only a few exceptions, they are all boys you will want to take, although we can count on matriculation of only about two-thirds of them. Among them, incidentally, we have so far given only about thirty-five scholarship commitments, so our task is to choose about six hundred boys to be admitted without scholarships and about four hundred with scholarships, to bring our total up to fifteen hundred."

On the table before each committee member lay two heavy volumes, each about three inches thick, into which had been compressed, in highly telegraphic form, essential data about each of the candidates. The books, which are arranged by geographical regions, by states within each region, and by schools within each state, list six or eight applicants per page, with four or five lines of hieroglyphics for each. Opening the first volume, Howe translated, for the

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benefit of the committee members, one of the entries, which looked approximately as follows:

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 2 SAN FRANCISCO CALIF 2354 90 1 83 7
 2 ARROW SCHOOL ARROWSMITH CALIF
 D 709 761
 M EN 763 SS 761 CH 664

This, Howe explained, described an A-rated boy who was applying for a scholarship ("S"), whose name I have changed to Arthur William Green, whose father was a 1934 graduate of Yale College, who was known to be a scholarship applicant at other institutions ("J" meaning "Joint Applicant"), who would require \$1,600 in financial assistance, and who had himself been born in 1941. Green had been rated 2 for personal promise by an alumni interviewer in San Francisco and by his teachers at what I have called the Arrow School, in the nonexistent town of Arrowsmith, California. The "2354" meant that he had been rated 2 for personal promise by his school principal, 3 by one Yale reader, 5 by another, and 4 by still another. His School Grade Adjusted was 90, and his freshman prediction was 83. The "1" after the "90" meant that Burnham's office gave the highest possible rating to the scholastic standards of Green's school; the "7" after the "83" meant that the prediction was based on the fullest data possible. The fourth and fifth lines summed up Green's College Board tests: in December he had taken the aptitude exams and scored 709 in verbal skill and 761 in math, and in March he had taken the scholastic-achievement tests, scoring 763 in English, 761 in social studies, and 664 in chemistry.

Miss Elliot had promised to tell me when I must leave the meeting, and I glanced uneasily at her as the group went on to discuss Green in more detail, referring to the folder readers' comments on him, reading from interview reports and from his teachers' questionnaires, and analyzing his school grades. Then, as they began the same process with the next boy on the list, I realized that Howe was going through all of the candidates on one full page of the big book to refresh the minds of the committee members on the various rating methods. At the close of an exhaustive discussion of why one boy's high-school average had suddenly dropped (apparently because he had been made football captain), Howe called for the voting to begin, and Miss Elliot hurried over and asked me to leave.

I saw very little of either her or Howe during the next two weeks,

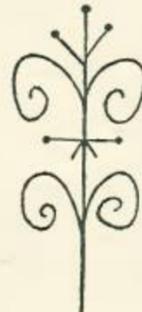


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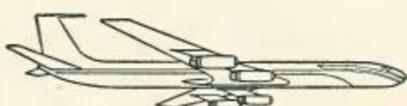
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though I dropped in at the office fairly often. In the filing room, where I had done my folder reading, clerks and bur-sary boys dashed to and fro, putting away the dossiers on candidates who had already been voted upon and digging up those of the boys next in line, and occasionally a staff man hurried in from the committee room to search for the folder on a boy whose case had been reopened in the light of some decision on another candidate. The phones rang almost continuously. Many of the calls were from anxious principals and headmasters, and these were told that Howe would wire or phone them as soon as he had word on their students. Even more calls were from applicants. Often, after listening to an apparently breathless query from a boy, Miss Bon-nardi or Mrs. Heywood would ask soothingly, "What college is raiding you?" The "raiders" were colleges that either did not subscribe to or were not abiding by the Candidates' Reply Date Agreement and had already sent out their bids, demanding immediate decisions. The anxious boys were told that their school heads should get in touch with Howe, who would wire them as soon as the cases had been decided. In one instance, though, when an Indiana boy called to report that he had only twenty-four hours before he must reply to a scholarship offer from Amherst, his folder was rushed right into the committee, and soon Moll, the Hoosier enthusiast, emerged to dictate a wire to Miss Bonnard. Moll's message, which Miss Bonnard later told me she had discreetly edited a bit, was "Damn Amherst. Definitely accepted. On aid requested chances good but not final. Hold fast." A few conscientious school directors called to report sadly that theretofore promising boys had had to be expelled because of sudden scholastic or disciplinary disasters, and a few people—educators or parents—called to make outright appeals that certain boys be accepted. (None of these pleas, I was told, were as insistent as one a few years ago from a United States ambassador, who not only called from his foreign post to demand that a particular boy be taken but later the same day had his secretary call back to make sure Yale realized that it had indeed been His Excellency who had phoned.) On one occasion, Mrs. Heywood dashed in to Howe with a special-delivery letter that, he later told me, came from a father whose income had just been drastically reduced and who was worried about whether he could still afford to send his son to Yale. The committee made an



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appropriate increase in the aid given the boy.

On some days, I learned from one of the staff men, a lot of territory was covered by the committee, while on others things ground to a halt for what my informant called "one of our glorious fights," among which had been several over how far the committee should go in favoring legacies. Another prolonged disagreement had arisen over the candidacy of a boy from a small fundamentalist religious sect known for its rigid customs and outlook. Debate went on for an hour and a half over whether the youngster could adjust to Yale without a profound shock to his equilibrium. He was finally accepted.

"These committee people aren't yes men," Miss Elliot remarked to me during a break. "They ask a huge number of questions, and they continually challenge university policy. Each year it's announced that there is little or no point in reviewing all the records of the boys rated A, but each year they are gone over. The Bs get very intensive reconsideration, and even the Cs aren't a closed book, by any means. Every case on which the staff readers have disagreed becomes a long-drawn-out affair, as most of the contents of the folder are read aloud. That's what is done with other problem cases, too. The prodigal sons always get the attention, don't they?"

When the committee adjourned, on May 2nd, it had definitely admitted 1,509 boys, put 289 more on a reserve list to await possible vacancies, and delegated to Howe and his staff the unenviable task of deciding which hundred out of about four hundred borderline cases would also be put on the reserve list. After two days and nights of furious work in Welch Hall, the final list was ready to go to the clerical staff, which sorted the bids and rejections for mailing, so that—theoretically, at least—they would arrive everywhere in the country on Tuesday, May 10th. Every principal or headmaster whose school had Yale applicants was sent a notice telling him how all his boys had come out. To every successful candidate went a form notice with a request for an early decision on Yale's bid, and a request for a non-refundable fifty-dollar registration deposit against his future expenses. All the boys who had not made it were sent letters signed by Howe, who saw to it that those among them whose fathers happened to be alumni were not notified until the news had been broken, also in letters from him, to the old grads.

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boys began to flood the office with their replies, some making excited calls to the staff men who had interviewed them, others sending scribbled letters and cards. "May I extend my sincere thanks for your invitation?" wrote one boy, while another, who had been rejected, took it like a man, to the extent of thanking the staff "for all the consideration it has given my application," and adding, "I know it is a tremendous task to consider and choose a student body." One Southerner wrote, "I am overjoyed and gratified to learn of my acceptance at Yale, but an unexpected consideration compels me to accept Harvard instead. My mother would like you to please add the enclosed hundred-dollar check toward the education of some needy boy from our state, as she says she will always have a soft spot in her heart for Yale." Many boys who were put on the reserve list withdrew their applications, and twenty-five who were accepted have not been heard from yet.

A COUPLE of weeks after the admissions meetings had ended, I made my final visit to Welch Hall, and found it restored to comparative calm. On my way in to see Howe, who had promised to tell me how the boys whose candidacies I was following had made out, I met Moll, who paused for a chat. He told me that three youngsters were still gnawing their fingernails and trying to decide between other colleges and Yale, which had given them a few more days to make up their minds. The Indiana boy who had been raided by Amherst had decided on Yale, he added, but the crippled artist had been turned down, solely because the special attendant he needed would have had to occupy space in a dormitory, and there was no space left. Moll had won an office pool whose object was to come closest to guessing the number of boys who would have sent in their acceptances by May 18th—in this case, nine hundred and six. "And, finally," Moll said, "the Freshman Dean's office is already telling us that the incoming class is the brightest ever."

I found Howe looking considerably more relaxed than when I had last seen him. I congratulated him on the number of acceptances and on the brightness of the class, and he thanked me soberly. "I wish I could feel more elated," he said. "But the trouble is that you so often know you have turned down boys who are just as promising as the ones you've taken. You don't know why. It just turns out that way." He went on to read me part of a letter,



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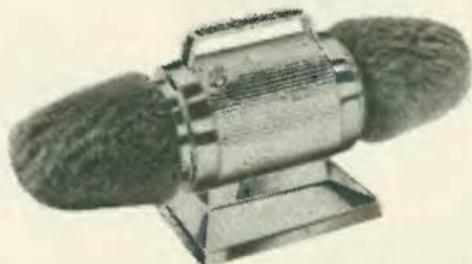
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from that morning's mail, in which a mother begged to be told why her son had been rejected when boys with lower test scores and school averages had been taken. Her son, she said, was completely discouraged.

"Her son's a good boy," Howe said, leafing slowly through the youngster's folder, which lay on his desk. "He could probably do work in the high 70s here. Well, I could write a book to this woman." Howe also had the folder of the boy I knew, who I had been sure would be rejected. "That friend of yours was admitted," he said, "and on not as good a record, or such high exam scores. We just thought he was more of a guy than this lady's son. Your friend isn't much of a scholar. In fact, as far as schoolwork goes he's mediocre in comparison with many others, though he has a fine brain. But his guidance man summed it up pretty well when he called him 'a sensitive, intelligent force for good.' Well, we turned down boys doing honors work in order to accept him, and that's our answer to people who say we don't take chances on the slow developers."

I learned that Rodney Carlson had been rejected but that the athletic department was fairly happy anyway, since the accepted candidates included the football guard who liked French poetry, the freckled three-letter man, a quarterback whose College Board average was over 750, and a couple of ends with predictions for honors work. The committee had turned down another fine athlete, however, only to learn that he had been given a scholarship by what a staff member called "Yale's most intellectual rival." The important benefactor's son had been rejected, the Puerto Rican boy had been accepted, and Ned Summers, the inarticulate youngster with the high test scores, about whom Thompson had been apprehensive, had been put on the reserve list (but, I've since learned, ultimately didn't get in). Grant Todd, the determined Northwestern boy from the subsistence farm, was definitely a member of the new freshman class. When I indicated my pleasure at this, Howe gave me a stern look. "The boy whose mother wrote to us is abler than Grant Todd. Sometimes I think there's a peculiar form of self-justification in our decisions. I guess we're trying, in the words of the original Yale charter, to serve 'Church and Civil State.' But the sad fact is that two or three of every ten such long-shot chances we take just don't work out."

Now, Howe went on, the admissions staff was looking ahead to next



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year. "The atmosphere was pretty thick around here after the lists went out," he said. "Disappointed people rang our phones for days, and there was a line of parents practically with bullwhips out in the anteroom. I don't see how we can endure another year like it. We won't sacrifice the thoroughness with which we consider each candidate, so we're making some changes. To give ourselves a little more time, we're advancing the deadlines both for applications and for all of the College Board exams to December. And to help us further in evaluating the boys we've decided to ask for, of all things, an additional test—and an essay test at that. It will be given by the College Board people, but read by us. The boys will simply be asked to write for an hour on some such subject as 'The Most Meaningful Experience of My Life,' and we think the results will give us some insights we don't at present get into their ability to organize their thoughts and to set them down, as well as into their characters."

Just before I left, Howe said, "If there's any real skill in this work, it's probably in shaping the over-all composition of the class—in working out what seems to be a balanced design. But if you want to know how difficult it is, come up here in September and sit on the fence out on the Old Campus and watch these kids arriving, with all their hopes and fears in their faces, and all their parents' hopes and fears right behind them—not to mention ours. Then ask yourself which ones will make good and which ones won't."

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[*MD Medical News-magazine, August, 1958*]

[*David E. Green in Cosmopolitan, June, 1959*]

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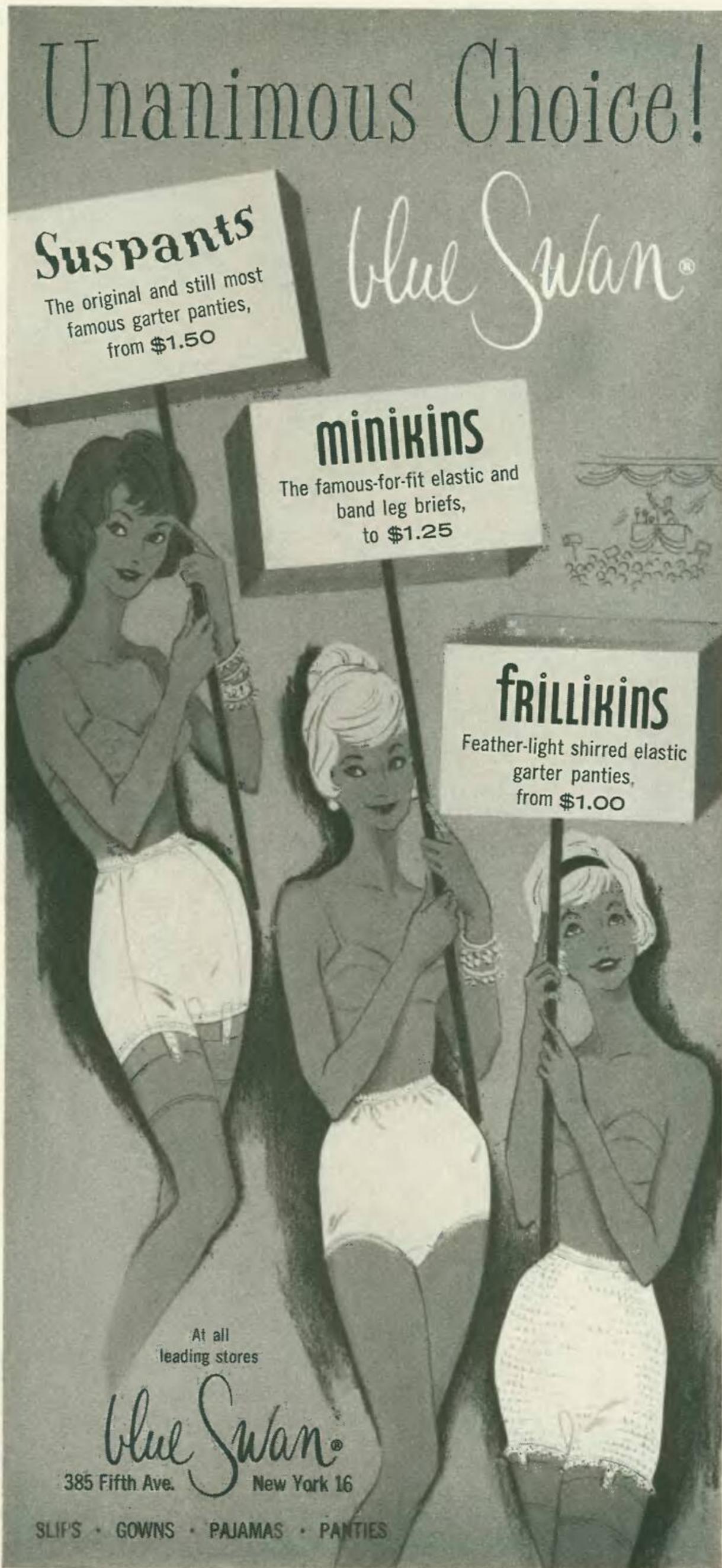
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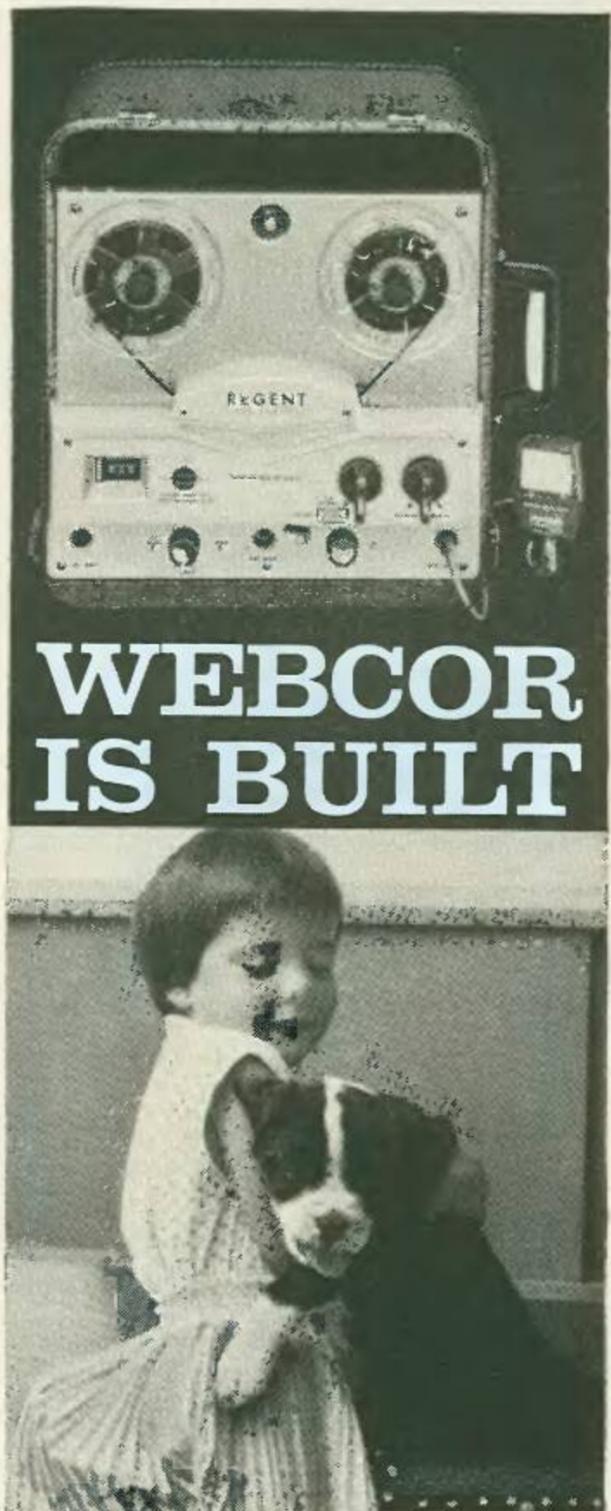
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AL.T., 85. Pop., 6,735. Many of the ladies in this small Southern community wear sweeping farthingales of elegant texture, and it is not at all unusual to run across a man wearing knee breeches and shoes with silver buckles. These people are invariably gracious and well disposed toward strangers. No royal governor has lived in the Governor's Palace, an imposing Georgian structure at the north end of the Palace Green, since the Earl of Dunmore left town for good one June morning in 1775, but as far as the hospitable ladies in hoop skirts who greet visitors at the palace doors are concerned, the Earl might have just stepped out for a few minutes' stroll. The ladies keep the palace pretty much the way the Earl would have liked to see it kept—silver polished, candelabras gleaming, coffee simmering on the hob in the kitchen, beds all made, everything in its place. The ladies show visitors through the palace, for a modest fee, and lovingly describe every window drapery, every turn of the stairs, and every plate on every table. "Let's come right along, you-all, come right along," they say, and they troop through the old house with charming familiarity.

The George Wythe House stands halfway down the Palace Green; it is a red brick town house of prepossessing authority. Mr. Wythe no longer lives there. He died in 1806. Gracious ladies are to be found at his house, too, zealously guarding his treasures. Mr. Wythe taught law to Thomas Jefferson at the College of William and Mary, which is at the western end of Duke of Gloucester Street, a hop and a skip from the Palace Green. Mr. Jefferson died in 1826. He once lived in the Governor's Palace, but by the time he assumed occupancy, as the second Governor of the Commonwealth of Virginia, Virginia was no longer a British colony. Townsfolk like to remember that Patrick Henry once lived in the palace, too—as the first governor of the Commonwealth of Virginia. He got all spruced up the day he moved in—bought a new suit, a new wig, and a red cloak. He bought the wig at the King's Arms Barber Shop, at the eastern end of Duke of Gloucester Street, a few doors from Marot's Ordinary. Mr. and Mrs. Lucius D. Battle now occupy Marot's Ordinary. Mr. Battle, a former associate of Dean Acheson in the State Department, does not

wear a wig. Before Patrick Henry lived in the palace, he lived in rooming houses all over Williamsburg. He and Mr. Jefferson spent a good deal of time at the Raleigh Tavern, opposite the barber-shop, smoking clay pipes, drinking Madeira, ale, or rum, and talking things over. Charming hostesses wearing farthingales greet visitors at the Raleigh Tavern, and show them through, for a fee. "Let's come right along, you-all, come right along," they say, and they and their guests troop through the taproom and admire the beauties of the Apollo Room. Jefferson complained of a severe hangover after an evening in the Apollo Room. No rooms are available at the Raleigh Tavern, and no food or drink is served, but Colonial bread, fresh every day, can be purchased at the Raleigh Bake Shop, across a courtyard.

Man does not live by bread alone, and there are any number of places in Williamsburg where one can get a full meal. For example, there is the King's Arms Tavern, next to the barbershop and across the way from the Raleigh Tavern. At the King's Arms Tavern, the waiters wear buckles on their shoes, wrap napkins the size of bedsheets around the customers' necks, and serve up such delicacies as "Fine Broiled Fifth from Local Waters, Sallad of frefh Garden Stuff with Herb Dreffing, and an Affortment of Relifhes." The grub at the King's Arms is served by candlelight. Mistress Christiana Campbell's Tavern, on Waller Street, behind the Capitol, specializes in sea food, serves its delicacies on reproductions of English Lambeth delft, and employs on its menus English new-style; e.g., "Broiled Fresh Fish from Local Wa-



ters." George Washington enjoyed eating at Mrs. Campbell's; the food agreed with him. Washington found the Raleigh too noisy for dining. He strolled over there after dinner, to meet his friends and talk shop. At Chowning's Tavern, on Duke of Gloucester Street, oysters from the Chefapeake can be consumed, and the waiters wear buckles on their shoes. There are no buckles on the shoes of the waiters, and all the menus are new-style, at the C. & L. Steak House, on North Boundary Street, and at Howard Johnson's, on Duke of Gloucester Street, near the college.

THE pillory and stocks in front of the Public Gaol are used by people who stick their heads or their hands and

feet through while someone takes their picture. Statisticians claim that the pillory and stocks in Williamsburg are among the most photographed objects in the United States, or anywhere else, for that matter—comparable to the Piazza San Marco and its pigeons. The Capitol is just a step from the Public Gaol. Charming hostesses wearing farthingales greet visitors at the Capitol, and show them through, for a fee. Everything is the way it was when the House of Burgesses sat and listened to Patrick Henry make his "If this be treason" speech. Jefferson was there, standing at a half-open door. Later, everybody stepped over to the Raleigh for a quick one. Visitors leaving the Capitol can board small buses that travel the streets of Williamsburg. There are no traffic lights in Williamsburg, and no parking meters. The houses along Duke of Gloucester Street are all of the Colonial period. Old-time herbs and other old-time plants grow in their gardens. Every once in a while, the door of a white clapboard house opens and a lady wearing a twentieth-century dress is seen sending a twentieth-century husband off to work. Television aerials are hidden in trees, and bicycles, although often seen on the streets, are seldom visible around the outsides of the houses. Screens are inside the windows, never outside them. Gas and electric meters are concealed behind small trapdoors. All the houses have electric refrigeration. Even when the farthingale hostesses are away from the buildings through which they take visitors, they maintain a courtly charm, bowing gracefully on the streets, with a faraway look in their eyes. In private conversation, when they refer to the British it is the British of nearly two hundred years ago. Williamsburg children demonstrate a special aptitude for history, and consider Patrick Henry a contemporary; they know that he still owes seven shillings to the Apothecary Shop, on Duke of Gloucester Street.

A Bootmaker's Shop, on Duke of Gloucester Street, has a window filled with old boots and shoes, but when people want their heels replaced they go to the Williamsburg Shoe Repair, on Prince George Street. The Apothecary Shop displays elixirs and ointments, but aspirin can be found at drugstores near the college. Williamsburg's business section is of Colonial design. Many of the students at William and Mary wear loafers, sweaters, and slacks, and eat at the Campus Waffle Shop. Some classes are held in the Wren Building, the cornerstone of which was laid in 1695. The curriculum is mod-



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ern. The president of the college lives in the President's House (1732-33), diagonally across from the Wren Building, and has been known to complain that he is cramped for closet space and has the devil's own time finding a place to hang his pants.

THURSDAY nights, the Williamsburg branch of Rotary meets in the rear of the dining room at the Williamsburg Lodge, on South England Street. The front part of the dining room is closed off against the Rotarians. Following the usual Rotarian supper, President Scotty, in the chair, runs through the business of the meeting, introduces special guests, indulges in a bon mot or two—there is usually a reference to a sports event at William and Mary—and introduces the speaker of the evening, who will pass along the latest word on, say, the synthetic fibres being produced at the new Dow plant near Williamsburg. Rotary breaks up early—around eight—and most of the members climb into their cars and drive home. Some, though, like to stroll over to the palace. They pass through the lobby of the Lodge—past an elderly Negro waiter wearing a white jacket and serving demitasses, past a gift shop selling cigarettes, jellies, and reproductions of eighteenth-century pewter—and out into the night air. They walk across the Market Square, with its Magazine and Guardhouse, and along the Palace Green, past the James Geddy House. (James Geddy, a gunsmith, lived in the house in the seventeen-thirties. Mr. and Mrs. Edward P. Alexander occupy the house now, and Mrs. Alexander serves delicious canapés, but not to the public. Mr. Alexander is a noted historian and museum man, and he and Mrs. Alexander like to read in their rear living room, while the children play Scrabble somewhere nearby.) The Rotarians heading for the palace see no lights in the Wythe House; the farthingales have gone home for the night. The Carter-Saunders House, across the green, may be lighted, since the J. Van MacNairs live there, but the Brush-Everard House is dark; nobody lives there. The palace itself stands out brightly against the sky in the high flames from pitch pine burning in tall cressets on the palace lawn. Within the palace, hundreds of candles glow and the chandeliers are ablaze as the Rotarians step inside. The farthingales are still on the premises, along with a good many attendants wearing buckles on their shoes. On a wooden platform in the ballroom, wiggled musicians in ruffled shirts are playing

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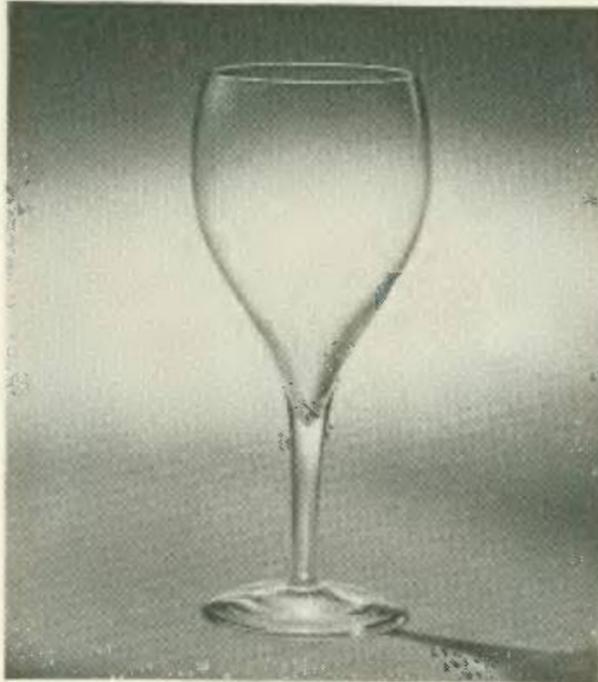
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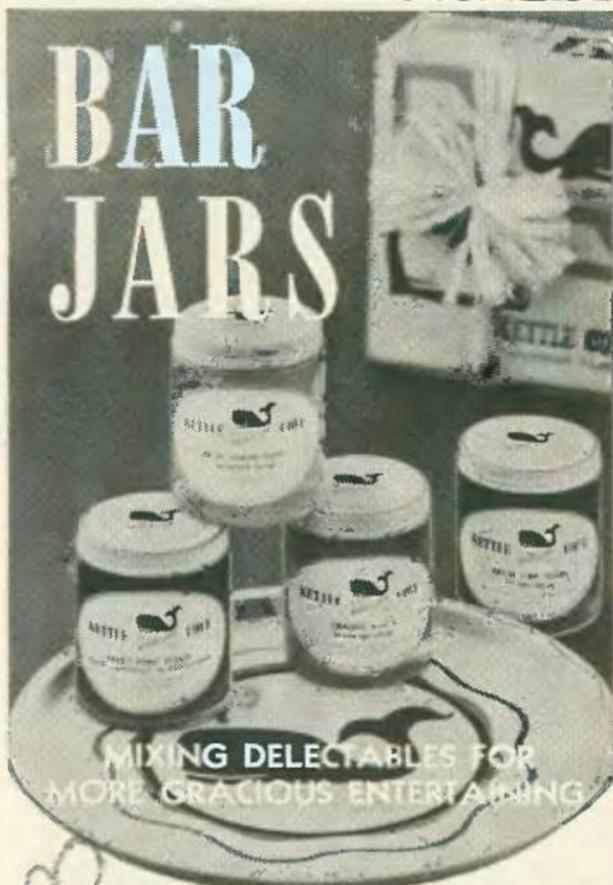


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LETTER FROM PARIS



AUGUST 30

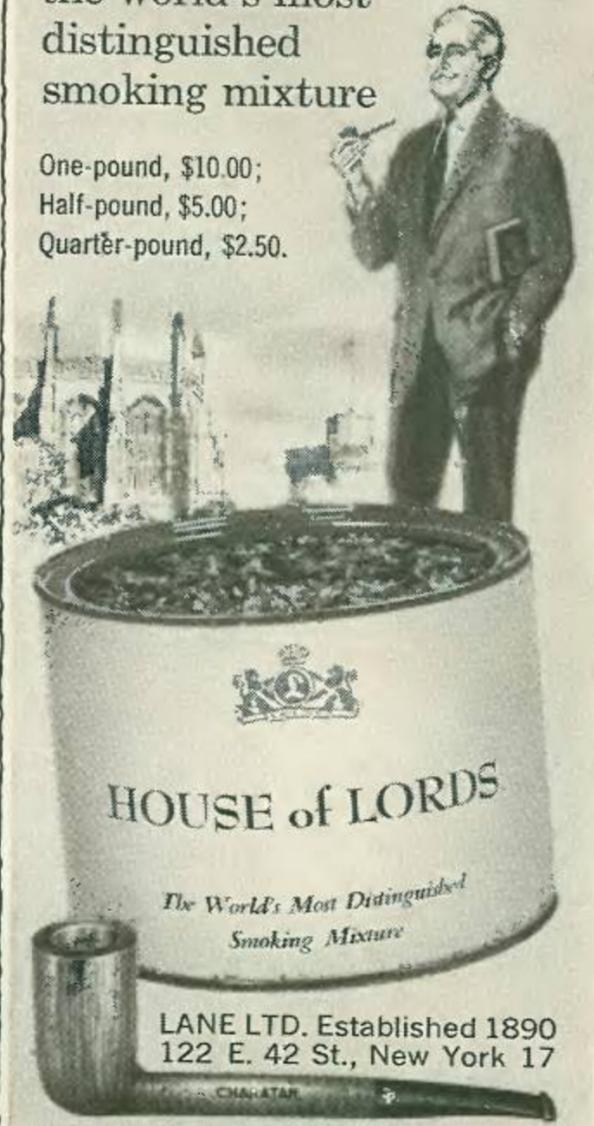
THE daily trio of radio broadcasts made last week from Moscow on the Powers trial by M. Frédéric Pottecher were naturally of immediate interest to his millions of French listeners, not only because of the international political melodrama inherent in what was going on in the Hall of Columns courtroom but because Pottecher's well-known dramatic broadcasting method was bound to be exceptionally suited to a spy trial. He is unique on the French state-owned radio system—where the regular news broadcasts represent, after all, the voice of the government—being ideally flat, fast, and impersonal. Pottecher uses many voices in his broadcasts, all his own. His specialty is covering a trial that has become a French or international *cause célèbre*, and his broadcasts, programmed as "Chroniques Judiciaires," are one of the most popular features that the French radio offers. The denunciatory rhetoric of the Soviet prosecutor and the unemotional calm of the American prisoner's responses furnished perfect foils for Pottecher's particular reportorial method. As a dramatic-minded, experienced, and expert court reporter, he chooses from all that has been said in a court session by prisoner, judge, lawyers, and witnesses the statements, ripostes, and testimony that can best serve his purpose. He then reads these in front of the microphone like an actor (which in his way he is), taking different court roles in turn and making them identifiable to the listener by using different voices, the result being that his audience enjoys the excitement of practically eavesdropping on the human courtroom drama. His scripts also contain terse ocular descriptions, rather like stage directions, of what the court looks like, how the leading characters are dressed, and how a prisoner is holding up.

Because of the importance of Powers' three-day trial, Pottecher's three daily newscasts were put on live, by telephone from Moscow to Paris, at 8 A.M., 12:30 P.M., and 7:15 P.M. Only one of the nine failed to come through clearly, because of a poor connection, and had to be repeated. He was at his best when delivering—in French, of

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course—any of prosecutor Roman Rudenko's impressive castigations, such as the one on "the bandit aggressive raid made by defendant Powers on May 1st," or the one calling the Eisenhower administration "newly baked imitators of Hitler," or his now famous attack on the so-called dollar ethics of "Allen Dulles and company," who figured a man's life "cheap as dirt." After the trial, Pottecher told an American acquaintance in Paris that he had aimed at giving Rudenko the voice of the late star French trial lawyer Maître Vincent de Moro-Giafferri, whom he had often heard at the Paris bar. "I had to think of a Frenchman like Rudenko—no neck, big head, good-sized stomach—and then remember the shape of his voice," he said. For Powers, he used a bland baritone that was American in its inflections rather than in its accent. Sitting in Paris and listening to Pottecher in Moscow, one gathered that he did not like Powers—as was true of many European reporters at the trial. *Figaro* said of him unenthusiastically, "To us he seems a little like a child who has been caught at fault and, wisely, and with a certain uneasiness, waits to be punished." To his American acquaintance, Pottecher expatiated on this reaction, saying that in the opinion of the French—long familiar with spies, whether their own or other people's—Powers' professional duty was to blow up himself, his plane, his equipment, and his information. He said that from the point of view of courtroom psychology, Powers' weakest moment came when Rudenko (who Pottecher thought clearly shared the French view on this vital aspect of duty) had significantly asked him whether his plane was not equipped with a self-destructive device, and, "*comme un enfant*," Powers mildly answered, "I didn't know how to make it work."

Pottecher is tall, with green eyes and the malleable face of an actor. His uncle Maurice Pottecher, an elderly poet who only recently died, as a youth knew Verlaine and Edmond de Goncourt; in 1895 he founded a family theatre, called *Le Théâtre du Peuple*, in the Vosges mountain village of Bussang, where they all lived, and married an actress known as Mme. Camille Cam, who had played with Lugné-Poe, and who taught all the young Pottechers stage diction, which accounts for Frédéric's fine radio articulation and dramatic style. The Bussang theatre, which he says became a kind of family malady or craze, has just now finished the four Sunday performances that make up its



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regular August season, the only month it is open; summer visitors at nearby Vittel go to see its shows. Frédéric's father, Georges, Maurice's younger brother, carried on the family Bus-sang business, which is the manufacture of forks and spoons (no knives). The factory was founded by grandfather Benjamin Pottecher, an early pro-Dreyfus provincial liberal. It is from this mixed literary, theatrical, and political French background that Pottecher has made his unusual career. His first "Chronique Judiciaire" was on the trial of Maréchal Pétain—somewhat awkward for Pottecher's method of using textual quotations and identifying voices for his microphone performance, since the old man sat silent and refused to speak throughout the entire proceedings, to show his disdain for them.

A NEW American edition of the late Boris Pasternak's masterpiece "Doctor Zhivago," containing the two hundred and two unusual full-page illustrations that appeared in the Gallimard de-luxe French edition of last October, is to be brought out this fall in New York by Pantheon Books. These white-gray-and-black illustrations are so hallucinating and bizarre in their effect, so obviously the product of some unidentifiable new art technique, that the Librairie Gallimard included in the back of the book a brief announcement about them. It said, "The present edition has been illustrated by Alexandre Alexeïeff, with the collaboration of Claire Parker, through what is called the 'pin-screen' process, which the artist and his collaborator invented in 1931." He is Russian-born; she is Boston-born, his wife, and also an artist. Last year, after a copy of this French edition had somehow reached Pasternak, he sent a note of appreciation about the artists' work, dated November 5th, which was to be given to Alexeïeff here in Paris where he lives, and which he has only just now received in August, so interrupted were the communications the author had with the outside world. In this note, Pasternak said, in part, "All that was mysterious in my book—for instance, the dream in the chapter called 'Opposite the House of Sculptures'—Alexeïeff has marvellously grasped and conceived," and unexpectedly added, in conclusion, "He recalled to me everything that was Russian and tragic in the story, which I had forgotten and underestimated."

It is not easy to describe what these illustrations look like. The snow scenes

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have the softness of wash drawings; the city-street and interior scenes have an optically hard and extended vision that gives them a realistic three-dimensional quality. In all of them, there is visible a faint, vertical treatment of straight lines, like an engraving or an etching. Actually, these illustrations are not drawings at all, but photographic compositions in light, shadow, and outline created on the "pin screen"—a three-by-four-foot rectangle that stands upright in the Alexeïeffs' Paris studio. It is a thin sheet of white plastic, pierced by literally one million tiny holes, in crowded rows, and containing literally one million special steel pins, about an inch long, which fit loosely into the million holes, so that they can be pushed forward or backward, from either side of the screen, by pressing on them with any hard-surfaced tool. These pressures on the surface of the massed pins create a delicate topography, a kind of relief map that becomes a shadow picture in the oblique beam from a strong projector. In this slanting light, the pins that protrude farthest cast the blackest shadows, those flush with the surface are white and shadowless, those half-way forward look gray, and, since all the pins are in close rows, the composition takes on that faint linear etching quality when it is photographed. This photograph is the composition's ultimate aim and means of survival. From it the printers make the plates in whatever style—halftone, helioengraving, or other—the publisher desires for his book, and the pin-screen composition lives on only as an illustration. It has taken perhaps three hours to create it, and it takes only about a minute to destroy it, by pushing all the pins flat with a roller, and to start another picture, if you have one ready in your head. It is all just as simple as that, and produces a unique



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Pro Musica Antiqua

THE latter half of the eighteenth century was famous for its pioneer encyclopedists, lexicographers, and historians, and Dr. Charles Burney, father of Fanny Burney the novelist, and a close friend of the irascible Dr. Johnson, was by no means the least among them, though his interests were specialized, being devoted to the art of music. In 1789, he completed the publication of his four-volume "General History of Music," one of the first studies of its kind, and a work that, along with its contemporary rival, Sir John Hawkins' "History of Music," laid the foundations of British musical scholarship. Eight years before that, Dr. Burney, a practical and observant man already obsessed with his great project and impatient with the hearsay evidence he had encountered in books on the subject, undertook a tour of France and Italy to ascertain at first hand the state of music in those countries. Then, in 1772, he made a tour through Central Europe and the Netherlands, reporting in great detail on everything he encountered that was pertinent to his purpose. On his return from each of these journeys, he published his travel diaries, which were eagerly read by the British public, "The Present State of Music in France and Italy" being so popular and highly esteemed that Dr. Johnson used it as a model for his "Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides," remarking that "I had that clever dog Burney's 'Musical Tour' in my eye." Burney seems to have made several versions of the diaries, one of which was to be a part of his memoirs—a project he never completed. The veteran British musical savant Percy A. Scholes has recently collated the various versions and painstakingly annotated them, bringing to the present-day reader what amounts to a definitive edition of Burney's observations. The result, the two-volume "Dr. Burney's Musical Tours in Europe" (Oxford, \$16.80), is both an important contribution to scholarship and a delightfully intimate account of a tirelessly inquisitive eighteenth-century mind's impressions of great men, institutions, libraries, museums, musical performances, and conditions of travel, set down with

critical acumen and a lively sense of humor.

Like many of the diarists of his period, Dr. Burney is as interesting for himself as for what he writes about. He is obviously a man of the world and a cultivated Englishman whose charm of manner opens the doors of innumerable scholars, composers, poets, and princes. He is also as insatiably curious as a modern journalist and as intrepid as a war correspondent. He gets through storms, floods, and wild journeys in open wagons in the rain, and is stricken by maladies ranging from attacks by mosquitoes and bedbugs to fevers, pleurisy, swellings of the limbs, and what he terms "headach." He is held up at frontiers by customs officers demanding bribes, and is thoroughly rooked, in accordance with a tradition that still persists, by the gondoliers of Venice. But none of these things deflect him from his purpose or cause any abatement of his

good humor. Arriving at the Florence opera one evening and finding that the performance is not a very worthwhile one, he thinks nothing of immediately boarding a stagecoach and riding all night to a town where a better performance is scheduled for the following day. He clammers into organ lofts to give minute descriptions of pipes, rushes through picture galleries to list their contents, wrings out the minds of eminent pedagogues, investigates royal libraries, and listens to concerts and operas, giving salty accounts of all sorts of people, from famous prima donnas to players on the hautboy and the kettledrums.

One question that interests him in particular is the origins of counterpoint. Some Frenchmen assure him that it began in France, some Italians that it began in Italy, and so on. But Dr. Burney, like all good reporters, discounts possible prejudice and seeks the facts,



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and though he does not seem to have come to a conclusion, it is not from lack of insistent questioning and research. His writing is always lively and gossipy, and occasionally, in its breathlessness and discursiveness, it reminds one slightly of Miss Elsa Maxwell. He is interested in everything and everybody, and his strictly musical observations are interspersed with frequent notes on things like agriculture, the administration of justice on the Continent, differences in national temperament, and the incidence of poverty, drunkenness, and beggary among the peoples he visits. He even writes a small dissertation on his contemporary Dr. Franklin's discovery of electricity, and allows that it may have a future.

A good many of the vast number of individuals he meets and interviews are long-forgotten figures of the musical world, and here Dr. Scholes' meticulous explanatory notes are of great service. But quite a few of Burney's subjects are men of considerable historical importance. He visits the aging Voltaire at his home near Geneva. ("It is not easy to conceive it possible for life to subsist in a form so nearly composed of skin and bone. . . . He complained of decrepitude, and said he supposed I was curious to form an idea of the figure of one walking after death. However his eyes and whole countenance are still full of fire; and though so emaciated, a more lively expression cannot be imagined.") He climbs five flights of stairs to see Jean Jacques Rousseau in his Paris garret, finding him "in a woolen nightcap, greatcoat, and slippers" and noting, "He is a little figure, with a very intelligent and animated countenance, with black eyebrows and small piercing black eyes." In Rome, he goes to see Piranesi, who makes him a present of some of his famous engravings. In Bologna, he visits the great *castrato* tenor Farinelli—the Caruso of his era—who is living happily in retirement following many triumphs in Burney's England. In Italy, he also encounters "the little German, Mozart," whom he appreciates as an extraordinarily talented youth, though he does not fully recognize until later that youth's supreme genius. In Vienna, he meets Gluck, who seems more interested in showing off the harpsichord playing of his favorite niece than in impressing Burney with himself. But Burney is impressed, nevertheless. "His invention," he writes, "is, I believe, unequalled by any other composer who now lives, or has ever existed, particularly in dramatic paint-

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ing and theatrical effects. He studies a poem a long time before he thinks of setting it. He considers well the relation which each part bears to the whole; the general cast of each character, and aspires more at satisfying the mind than flattering the ear. This is not only being a friend of poetry, but a poet himself; and if he had language sufficient, of any other kind than that of sound, in which to express his ideas, I am certain he would be a great poet: as it is, music, in his hands, is a most copious, nervous, elegant, and expressive language. It seldom happens that a single air of his operas can be taken out of its niche and sung singly with much effect; the whole is a chain, of which a detached single link is but of small importance."

In Potsdam, Burney was ushered into the presence of Frederick the Great, who played the flute for him with considerable address. The great Prussian monarch, he reported, devoted himself entirely to the compositions of his teacher, Johann Joachim Quantz, but was also a fervent and imperious lover of opera, and stood behind the conductor during performances, firing incompetent musicians and dominating everything with a stern eye. Frederick, a man not noted for his interest in women, had nevertheless a favorite female singer—a Mlle. Schmeling, whose operatic pyrotechnics delighted Burney, for he reported that the cosmopolitan-minded Frederick was at first hostile to this diva, snorting, "A German singer? I should as soon expect to receive pleasure from the neighing of my horse," but that after considering Mlle. Schmeling's vocal prowess at some length His Majesty decided that, German or no, she was a superb artist, and became her loyal supporter. Burney remained for several weeks in Potsdam and Berlin, and concluded that though there was much brilliant music to be heard there, the hand of Frederick lay heavily on local musical taste, inclining it to conservatism and the promotion of certain favorites of the court. "Music," he noted, "is truly stationary in this country, His Majesty allowing no more liberty in that than he does in civil matters of government: not contented with being sole monarch of the lives, fortunes, and business of his subjects, he even prescribes rules to their most innocent pleasures."

As a critic, Burney was a man of great objectivity who expressed himself directly and in an eminently no-nonsense fashion, and he was not prepared to accept any Continental guff on the subject of England's idol George Fred-



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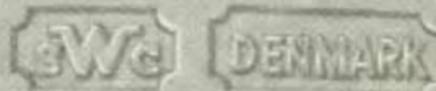


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erick Handel. "For this kind of music," he wrote, "that of Handel will, I believe, ever stand superior to all other writers; at least I have heard nothing yet on the continent of equal force and effect. There is often in the composition of others more melody in the solo parts, more delicacy, more light and shade, but as to harmony and contrivance, no one comes near him by many degrees. I must confess that I had heard some of Handel's music so long, and often so ill performed, that I was somewhat tired and disgusted with it; but my Italian journey, instead of lowering the esteem which I ever had for the best writings of that truly great artist, exalted them in my opinion, and at my return renewed my pleasure in hearing them performed." However, like many another critic, Burney felt strongly that music was in a state of decline, and he looked back at what he called the "Augustan age" with nostalgia, though he admitted that such an attitude had been a fairly constant one throughout history. "Even at the best time of M. Quantz," he wrote, "the elder musicians, and those in years, cried out against the innovation and levity of the younger. And no period can be named since the time of Plato, who likewise complained of the degeneracy of music, in which it has not been said to be corrupted by the moderns. Things of sentiment, and mere objects of feeling, cannot, I fear, be reduced to any standard of perfection."

Some of the most amusing passages in Burney's diaries are concerned with his total disdain for French music, an attitude also assumed by such observant Frenchmen as Rousseau and, later, Stendhal. "In visiting the theatre," he reports from Lyon, "I was more disgusted than ever at hearing French music, after the exquisite performances to which I had been accustomed in Italy. . . . There were many pretty passages in the music, but so ill sung, with so false an expression, such screaming, forcing, and trilling, as quite made me sick. I tried to observe, on the road, by what degrees the French arrive at this extreme depravity in their musical expression; and I find, that in descending the Alps, it does not come all at once." He continues later, "When I arrived at Paris, I was far more shocked by Music and singing than ever. On Saturday, Dec'r. 8th I went to the Concert Spirituel at night, and heard M. Richer, brother to Mrs. Philidor, who has a most charming tenor voice—but having only French music to sing, it was thrown away—However, he was far less bad than the rest—M. Dauvergne

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is a very dull and heavy composer even in the oldest and worst French style—Besozzi played a concerto charmingly—all the rest was screaming and tortured infernals. The Sopranos are squalled by Cats in the shape of women. M. le Gras with a very fine Counter Tenor voice, becomes by his constant performance in the French serious Opera more and more intollerable every day. The Motets are detestable. The Prompter danced, not beat the time to them—There was a great deal of male company who seemed much pleased with these intolerable Masterpieces, as M. Rousseau calls them, to all ears but their own." At one point, he accounts for this curious weakness of French music with the astute observation that the French are prone to subordinate their music to their language, and that their language, because of its lack of emphasis, is ill suited to music.

On the whole, and despite some long passages of discursive writing that are no longer of much interest to the reader, Burney's diaries convey a vivid impression of the Continental music of his time. There are some omissions that the present-day reader may consider strange. He is unaware, as I have pointed out, of the tremendous stature of Mozart, and though he speaks with respect of the great Johann Sebastian Bach (who had died before Burney got to Leipzig), he seems equally unsuspecting of the lofty position that future generations would confer on that towering master. But Burney was merely reflecting the prevailing feeling, and in general his exemplary honesty and extraordinary capacity for observation give this book a unique place as an eye- and ear-witness account of just how music in the late eighteenth century sounded to a contemporary amateur of deep culture and omnivorous curiosity.

JOSEPH HAYDN was not quite as urbane a personage as Dr. Burney, and he was too busy being both a great composer and private impresario to the princes of the House of Esterházy to indulge himself much in writing. In consequence, his "Collected Correspondence and London Notebooks," recently assembled and annotated by H. C. Robbins Landon (Essential Books, \$15), is largely a record of his wrangles with his Viennese publishers and copyists, of his valiant diplomacy in keeping his royal patron from firing certain delinquent musicians in the Esterházy band, of his complaints about the quality of the Esterházy food, and of his



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requests for patronage for himself and his various musical protégés, which he addressed to numerous powerful figures in Europe. The letters, moreover, contain little of the intimate, lighthearted observation and the close feeling of family affection that make the correspondence of Mozart such delightful reading. Nevertheless, Haydn was, like Dr. Burney, a practical and eminently rational man of the eighteenth century (curiously, Burney did not meet him on the Continent, and got to know him only later, in London), and it is easy to discover beneath the rather matter-of-fact surface of his letters a wholly engaging, generous, loyal, philanthropic, and politically skilled mind.

The political skill was imperative, for the Princes Miklós Esterházy I and II, in whose ménages Haydn occupied the place of a respected but totally subservient menial, were men of tyrannical habits, accustomed to demanding fine music just as they demanded (according to Haydn) not so fine food from their cooks. Haydn, who invariably addressed them in his letters as "Serene Highness and Noble Prince of the Holy Roman Empire, Gracious and Dread Lord," nevertheless succeeded in occasionally outwitting them with practiced guile, and even managed to remain away from their Hungarian court for considerable periods despite their objections. And though he may have been a mere servitor in their eyes, he became in middle life a world celebrity outside the Esterházy estate—a lion of British society, and a man whose compositions were eagerly sought after by publishers throughout Europe. The correspondence, in fact, reveals Haydn's gradual evolution from the status of a provincial *Kapellmeister* to that of a famous and self-assured artist, and there is a great contrast between the submissive letters he wrote to his princes in early life and the independent, though still respectful, tone he assumed later.

Haydn was universally kind to his competitors and pupils, and he was a man who knew talent when he saw it. He recognized the genius of the infant Mozart immediately, and he went out of his way to recommend his pupil Beethoven to the Elector of Cologne, showing, in one very typical letter, a keen appreciation of Beethoven's genius, a deep knowledge of the practical problems facing a young artist, and a sly proficiency at nudging the aristocracy into a realization of its artistic responsibilities. "Serene Electoral Highness!" he wrote. "I humbly



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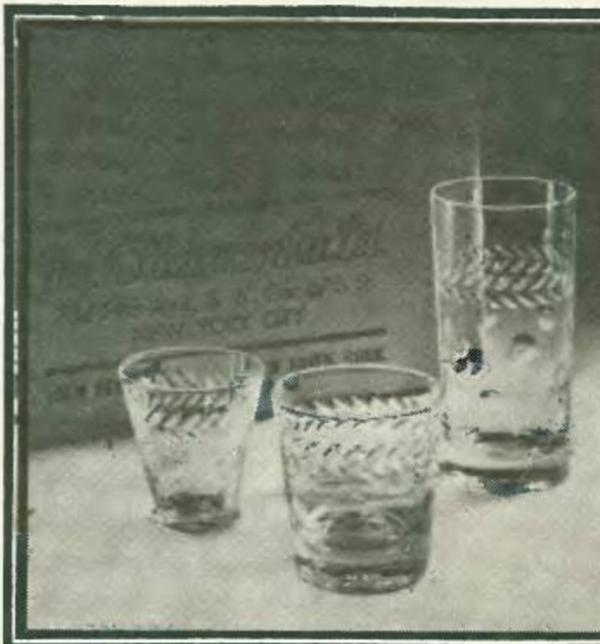
take the liberty of sending Your Serene Electoral Highness some musical works, viz., a Quintet, an eight-part Parthie, an oboe Concerto, Variations for the forte-piano, and a Fugue, compositions of my dear pupil Beethoven, with whose care I have been graciously entrusted. . . . Connoisseurs and non-connoisseurs must candidly admit, from these present pieces, that Beethoven will in time fill the position of one of Europe's greatest composers. . . . While we are on the subject of Beethoven, Your Serene Electoral Highness will perhaps permit me to say a few words concerning his financial status. One hundred ducats were allotted to him during the past year. Your Serene Electoral Highness is no doubt yourself convinced that this sum was insufficient. . . . To prevent him from falling into the hands of usurers, I have in part gone bail for him and in part lent him money myself. . . . And since the interest on borrowed money grows continually, and is very tedious for an artist like Beethoven anyway, I think that if Your Serene Electoral Highness were to send him a thousand florins for the coming year, Your Highness would earn his eternal gratitude, and at the same time relieve him of all his distress: for the teachers which are absolutely essential for him, and the display which is necessary if he is to gain admission into numerous salons, reduce this sum to such an extent that only the bare minimum remains."

Haydn's confidence in his own worth as a musician never faltered, but his triumphant reception by the democratic British seems to have given him a new sense of dignity, and this is reflected in his London notebooks, which form the most interesting and revealing portion of Mr. Robbins Landon's book. They consist of random jottings, including everything from snatches of poetry and recipes for punch and the preservation of milk to statistics about British life, which he sets down gravely and with a peasant's shrewd interest. Though he feels that he would not be happy living permanently in London, England fascinates him. He attends the races at Ascot Heath, and he notes solemnly that "L'Isle of Whight is sixty four miles in circumference." He makes notes on British morals ("In France the girls are virtuous and the wives are whores; in Holland the girls are whores and the wives are virtuous; in England they stay proper all their lives"), on British justice, and on British labor conditions. His love of impressive statistics is constantly evident. "The city

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of London," he writes, "keeps four thousand carts for cleaning the streets, and two thousand of these work every day. . . . At the beginning of May, 1792, Lord Barrymore gave a ball that cost five thousand guineas. He paid a thousand guineas for one thousand peaches. Two thousand baskets of gooseberries [gooseberries], five shillings a basket." And finally, with an illustrative flourish that might have impressed the editors of *Fortune*, he notes, "The national debt of England is estimated to be over two hundred millions. Recently, it was calculated that if they had to make up a convoy to pay this sum in silver, the waggons end on end would reach from London to York, that is, two hundred miles, presuming that each waggon could not carry more than six thousand pounds."

These entries, and many others, indicate that Haydn, far from living up to the dreamy and unworldly ideal of the musician that was current in Europe during the era of Romanticism, was, like many of his contemporaries, a shrewd professional, very much interested in making money, and using his art unabashedly for that purpose. Few will begrudge him his success (which was considerable), for it was hard-earned, and, in any case, was the result of a great deal of music that has remained a constant delight to us all.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

**BRIEFLY NOTED
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THE ONLY NELLIE FAYLE, by Bertram Bloch (Doubleday). A nice, inconsequential summertime novel about the romantic and professional entanglements that develop among some well-heeled theatre people who are all staying together in a large and luxurious house by the sea, on Long Island. Desmond Comfort, a handsome and extremely successful English playwright of forty-six who enjoys the reputation of a Don Juan; his brother Emmet, a director and actor who is something of a misogynist; and Desmond's latest protégée, a pretty American musical-comedy ingénue named Nellie Fayle, are the trio at the center of the action, which is generally mechanical, always predictable, and always cheerful.

BE NOT ANGRY, by William Michelfelder (Atheneum). The story of the struggle of a young Catholic priest to keep his vocation despite the fact that he has fallen passionately in love with



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one of his young woman parishioners. The priest's name is Father Bowles. Young, handsome, and hard-working, he is a curate in a crowded New York parish presided over by an aged monsignor, who is not only the most attractive character in the book but the one who carries the most authority. The woman Father Bowles loves, Catherine Knott, is unmarried, a virgin, and not very young, and she lives alone in a one-room apartment and hates her life and finds what release she can in a day-by-day, hour-by-hour demonstration of aggressive religiosity. She is rigidly puritanical and contemptuously unfeminine, and all the intensity of her nature is directed at Father Bowles, whom she thinks she is fated to love. Her conscience flails her into believing that she is enduring fearful spiritual suffering, but actually she is enjoying herself very much, because her encouragement of the occasion of sin, and her secret enumeration of the sins of sight, thought, and desire that she has already committed, have brought her to a pitch of physical awareness and of awareness of her own power that she is not likely ever to experience again. What Catherine Knott is, in fact, is a shrew, and poor Father Bowles could hardly have found a more regrettable object of temptation. Separately, the two of them are believable, but their attraction for each other and their behavior in their dilemma are never really convincing. Mr. Michelfelder, whose writing is not always as clear and simple as it might be, has written an interesting novel, even if its central action falls short of success.

THE SECOND LIFE OF JOHN STEVENS, by Paul Eldridge (Yoseloff). This is a very pleasantly written account of a college professor retired on half pay, who finds that the most difficult thing about being old and retired is the effort not to be self-conscious about it, not to be ashamed, and not to feel like a relic or an obstacle. The professor, John Stevens, tells his own story in a natural, conversational tone that reveals the variety of his moods as clearly as though we were listening to him. The scene is a peaceful, domestic neighborhood on Manhattan's West Side.

TO KILL A MOCKINGBIRD, by Harper Lee (Lippincott). Miss Lee is a skilled, unpretentious, and totally ingenuous writer who slides unconcernedly and irresistibly back and forth between being sentimental,



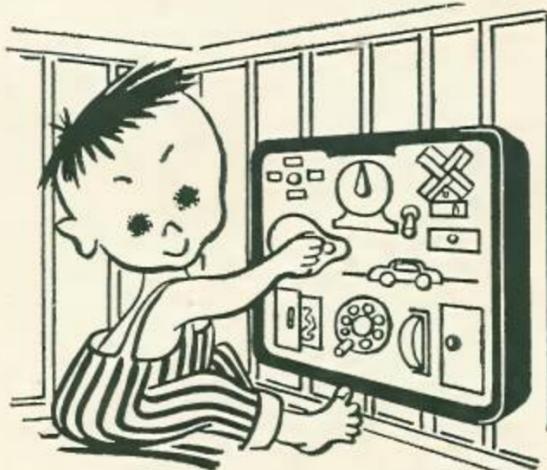
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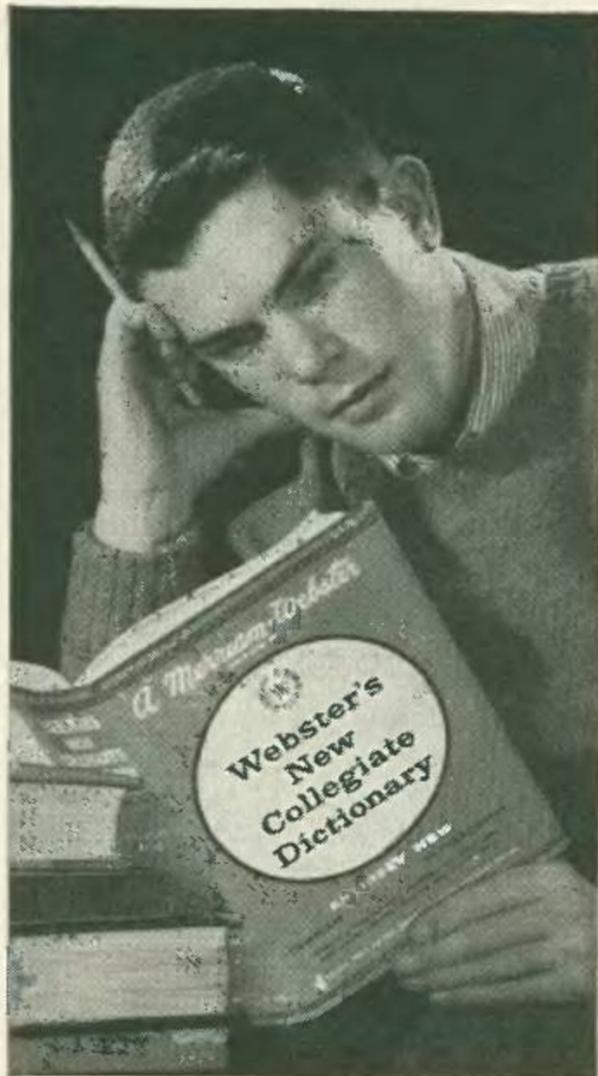


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tough, melodramatic, acute, and funny in this story of Atticus Finch, a widower and an honest lawyer; his two small children, Scout (a girl) and Jem (a boy); and their life in a small Southern town in the thirties. A first novel and a Literary Guild selection.

YEARS IN AMBUSH, by Roger Grenier, translated from the French by Linda Asher (Knopf). A lament for troubled times, spoken in low, private tones, in which the narrator, a French photographer, relates his experiences as a war correspondent involved in most of the hostilities that have taken place around the globe since 1939, and also tells of his long off-and-on relationship with Constance Klotz, a vivacious, itinerant Jewish Parisian, who, like Europe itself, goes slowly and inexorably to pieces. A grieving and lonely book.

THE SANDS OF KALAHARI, by William Mulvihill (Putnam). A small, privately owned passenger plane crashes in the South African desert, and the six survivors—five men and a beautiful young woman—struggle to keep alive. Mr. Mulvihill's account of the daily foraging for food and of the various ways in which the members of the little group try to accustom themselves to the discomfort of their predicament and to the fear they feel is interesting at first and then monotonous. His biggest character, O'Brien, a ruthless, reckless man who finds his natural element in violence, is an unnatural, made-up figure whose behavior never carries conviction, which is a pity, because the whole balance of the book depends on the successful portrayal of this one, oversized personality.

A SUNSET TOUCH, by Moira Pearce (Scribners). The scene is a country town in New England where some people who have been summer neighbors for years suddenly discover that middle age is a time of emotional dismay and physical humiliation. Among those involved in the story—which is less a story than a series of social situations—are an aging nymphomaniac, at least one impotent husband, a sexually dissatisfied wife, a man who has been rendered crippled and speechless by a stroke, a mentally retarded child, and a couple of ancient women whose children and grandchildren are sick of them. These people, empty and even ridiculous though they are in their attitudes and behavior, are not natural figures of fun, and the



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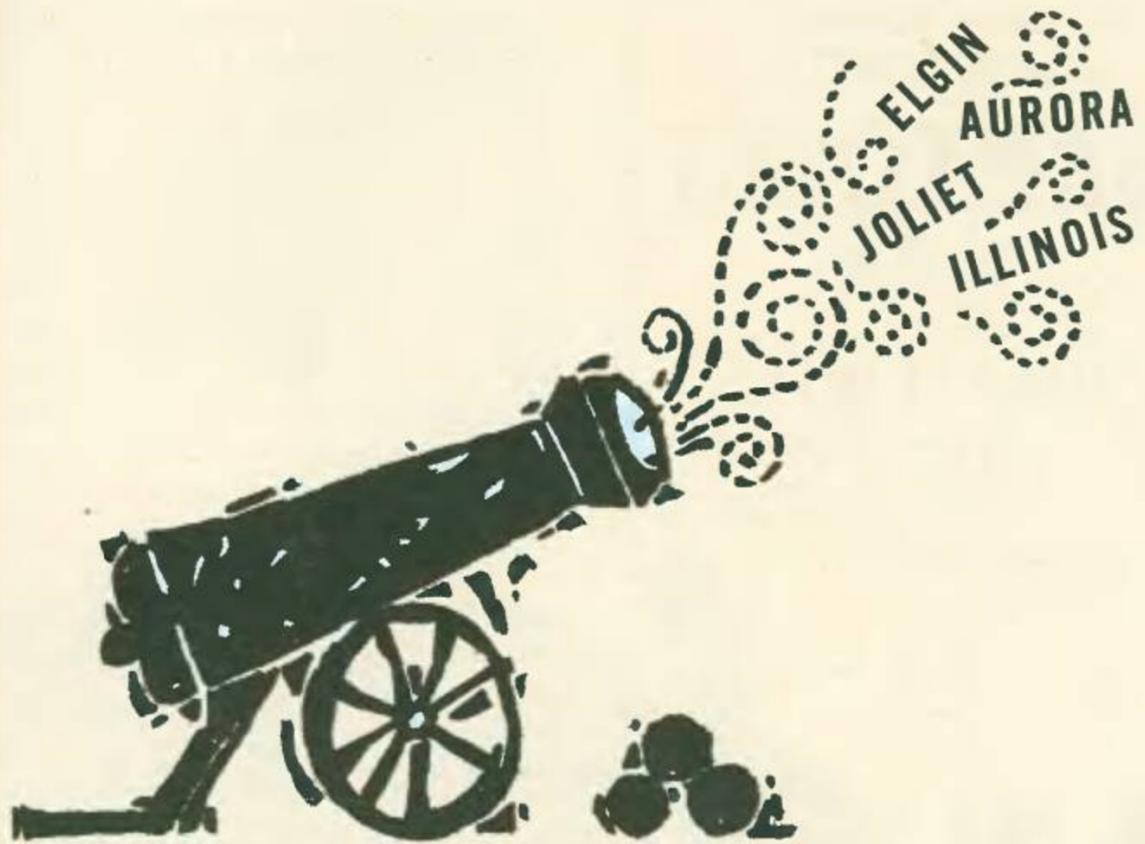


chances are that Mrs. Pearce's attempts to make entertainment out of them would have been offensive even if she were a good writer. The time is the present.

GENERAL

FRANCE, STEADFAST AND CHANGING: THE FOURTH TO THE FIFTH REPUBLIC, by Raymond Aron (Harvard). In this concise volume, M. Aron, a brilliant sociologist who teaches at the University of Paris, tries to explain postwar France for an English-speaking audience. He has persuasive swarms of figures to show that France, far from being a land of peasants and dressmakers, is a top-notch industrial nation. The productivity of the French worker exceeds that of the West German worker, he says, and, what's more, Frenchmen do pay their taxes—they just enjoy pretending they don't. So much for the economy, fluid but flourishing. Under M. Aron's guidance, the reader finds France's political vagaries a lucid paradox: the French require a minimum of six parties, the author estimates, for adequate self-expression, but they dislike fragile, patchy, multi-party coalition governments. (Gaullism, according to M. Aron, has temporarily masked, not ended, French political variety.) Finally, M. Aron traces the evolution of the Algerian mess; he is by no means an all-out imperialist, but, as a French patriot, he feels that if both sides are wrong, the natives are probably wronger.

THE ANTE-ROOM, by Lovat Dickson (Atheneum). A glance at this book suggests the worst. Not only is it the work of the director (since 1938) of the London publishing house of Macmillan but it is a memoir of his boyhood and youth—and the heart sinks at the prospect of another solitary cry from another sensitive soul. But a glance has seldom been more misleading. Mr. Dickson was a sensitive boy and a largely solitary one, but he was sensitive only in the admirable sense of responding fully to life, and solitary only by force of circumstance—and the circumstances of his formative years were quite exceptional. He was born in 1902 at a mining camp in Australia; he was raised in Southern Rhodesia, where his only friend was a Kaffir boy; he spent two years, despised as a gawky colonial, at a public school in England. His working life began at fifteen, on a dairy farm in

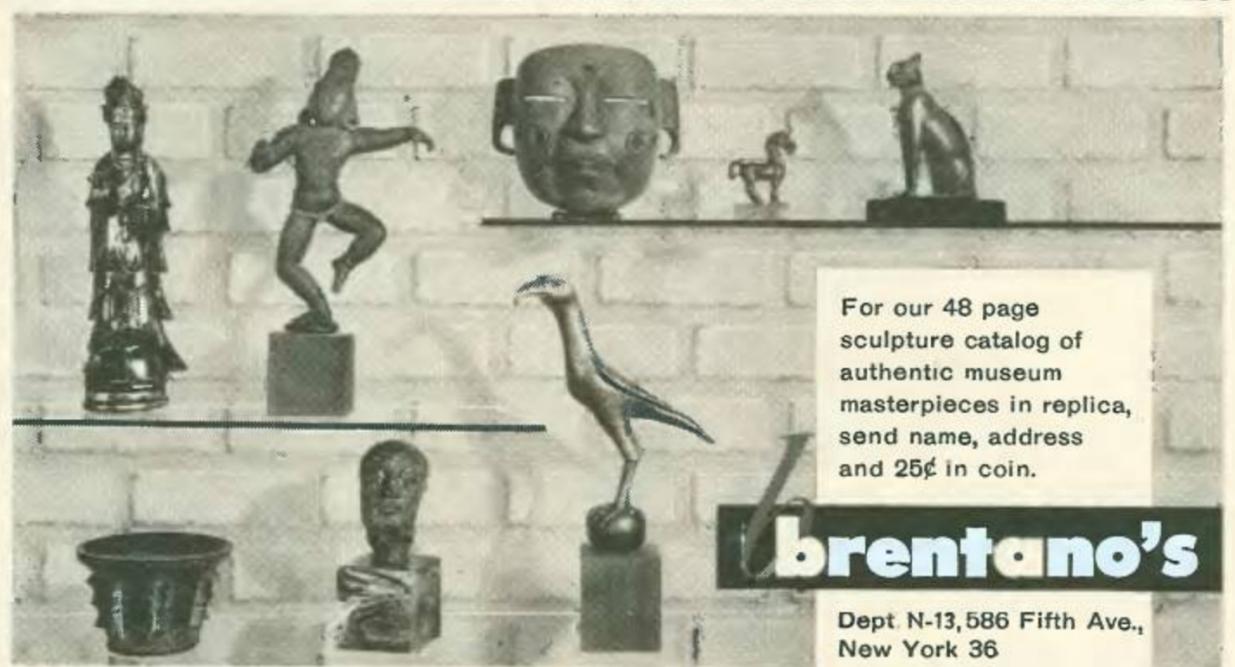


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Ottawa. During the next few years, he was employed as a bank messenger, as a shipbuilder's helper, as a social worker, as a miner in northern Ontario, as a newspaper reporter in a mining town in British Columbia. He entered the University of Alberta at twenty-one, supported himself by various summer jobs, and graduated with top honors. From there, he finally beat his way back to England and—tough, travelled, and ready for anything—into the literary life. He tells this story briskly, clearly, and without a whimper of complaint—so briskly, so clearly, so matter-of-factly that not until we reach the end do we realize how extraordinary it must have been to live. An absolutely first-rate book.

GHOST SHIP OF THE POLE, by Wilbur Cross (Sloane). A documentary account of one of the grittiest episodes in the annals of polar exploration—the crash of the Italian dirigible Italia in the Arctic Ocean just north of Spitsbergen on May 25, 1928; the comic-opera, let-George-do-it rescue maneuvers of the Fascist government; and the subsequent persecution of the airship's designer and commander, Umberto Nobile, by a humiliated, and hence enraged, Mussolini. Mr. Cross properly recognizes that while the setting of his story is the frozen North, the source of its drama is not the simple conflict of man against nature but the struggle between a political innocent and the rivalry-ridden regime of a tin-horn despot, with the result that his book acquires a depth—and a significance—that is most unusual in disaster reporting. Vilhjalmur Stefansson contributes an approving foreword, and there are photographs and a map.

THE INVINCIBLE MONET, by C. P. Weekes (Appleton-Century-Crofts). A biography of Claude Monet that is also a history of the Impressionist movement. Monet commands our admiration and respect for his dogged determination to paint as he liked and for his flinty resolve never to compromise—a resolve that he held to, at terrible cost to those who loved him, from his twentieth year to his eighty-sixth, when he died. He said little and painted much—thousands of canvases—and thus he presents the biographer with a considerable problem. Mr. Weekes solves it by writing around him, so that what we have here is a sort of "Monet and His Circle"—with the circle, com-



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posed of such men as Manet, Renoir, Sisley, Boudin, Jongkind, and Pissarro, providing most of the animation. No illustrations, unfortunately.

THE ARCHIE MOORE STORY, by Archie Moore, assisted by Bob Condon (McGraw-Hill). The story of Mr. Moore's rise from petty thief in St. Louis to his present pugilistic and cinematic eminence, told with his characteristic combination of candor and hokum. The candor includes details of two of his five marriages, his early life of crime and his later shabby adventures with a blackmailer, his bitter contempt for managers, and his true feelings about race, which are militant. The hokum includes the statement that he could now whip either Patterson or Johansson, references to his habitual reading of something in the Bible called "the book of Gideon," and full details of a secret diet he learned from the Australian aborigines. One hopes that such effective language as "get their mail from the ground hog," as a euphemism for death, is Mr. Moore's own, and that such non-language as "that was the way the cookie crumbled" was inserted by the assisting journalist, but with this gifted poseur one never really knows. Photographs.

NOTE: "The Neutral Spirit," by Berton Roueché, is a compilation of the three articles that Mr. Roueché contributed to this magazine on the history, uses, and abuses of alcohol. Little, Brown is the publisher.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE DEAD BEAT, by Robert Bloch (Simon & Schuster). A psychopathological thriller about a young man who sees red whenever anybody calls him a bastard, because he is one. He is also a minimally gifted jazz pianist, a bumbling blackmailer, a full-blown sadist, and a compulsive biter of feeding hands. In short, he is so thoroughly odious that once we encounter him we cannot break away until he gets his inevitable lumps.

GIDEON'S RISK, by J. J. Marric (Harper). This novel, the sixth of Mr. Marric's chronicles of Scotland Yard under Commander George Gideon, is just as good as its predecessors and all but indistinguishable from them. Gideon, overriding the advice of his colleagues, and even orders from the Home Office, takes a chance that he can convict a wealthy publisher for a five-year-old murder. Needless to say, he also manages to keep his ex-

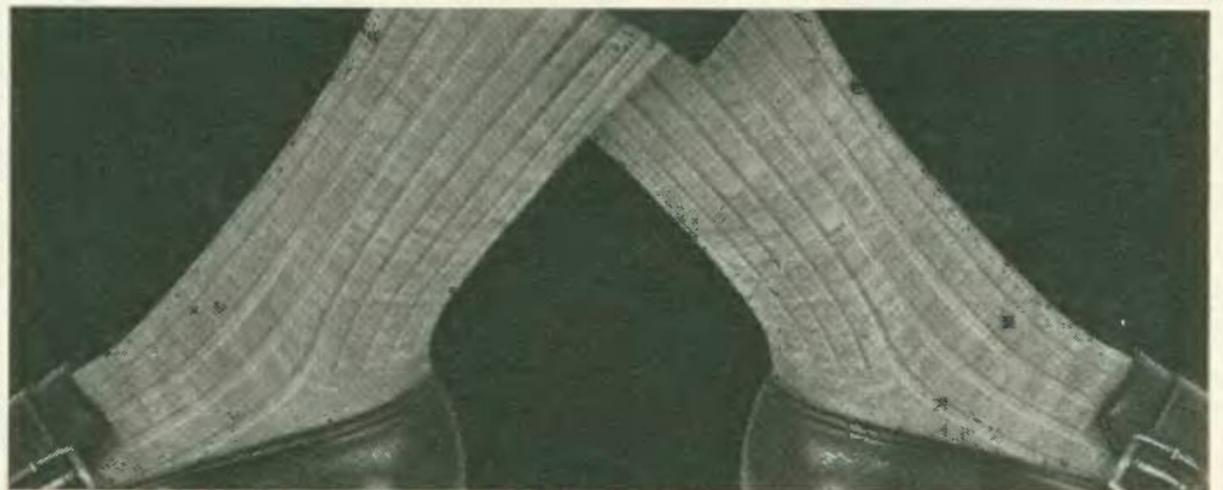
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How can you know what is best for you? Buying stock is, after all, somewhat more difficult than choosing a book. Stock can't be sampled or borrowed from a library as books can.

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ecutive eye on various other skirmishes between the cops and robbers of London.

THE END OF THE NIGHT, by John D. MacDonald (Simon & Schuster). A novel about four errant young Americans—a lovelorn college boy, a dim-witted giant, a hopped-up beatnik, and a sullen but accommodating slut—who come together at a Texas crossroads, instantly recognize their common angst, and attempt to work it off by committing a transcontinental series of wholly meaningless murders. Mr. MacDonald seems to think that there is some contemporary significance in this sordid episode, and he uses any number of elaborate devices (including a ponderous journal kept by a lawyer assigned to defend the gang) to beguile us to his way of thinking, but since he never gets much beyond the superficial and the general, the effort is all in vain.

MARIANNE, by Frederic Mullally (Viking). Robert Sullivan, a rugged London journalist who speaks all languages, including that of every woman's heart, is asked by a languid fellow-Englishman to write a "memorial" to an exquisite French girl named Marianne, whose dead body was found some weeks earlier in an alley in Tangier. When Sullivan (in the relentless tradition of suspense fiction) accepts this ambiguous commission, the game, of course, is promptly afoot; in the intervals between a frisky night with a female homosexual in Paris, a bloodshot week with a Negro starlet in Rome, and a perversely Platonic weekend with a local whore in Barcelona, he discovers that he is being followed, that his luggage is being persistently searched, and that his life is in increasing danger. The result is a lively, and no more than conventionally idiotic, diversion.

WASHINGTON, D.C.—(UPI)—Army cooks in the Military District of Washington are getting expert training. Every eight weeks, four of them join the kitchen staffs at two big Washington hotels for intensive study of poor preparation and service.—*Chicago Daily News*.

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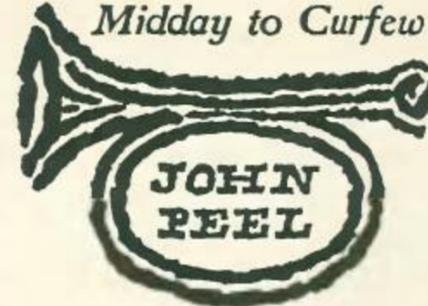
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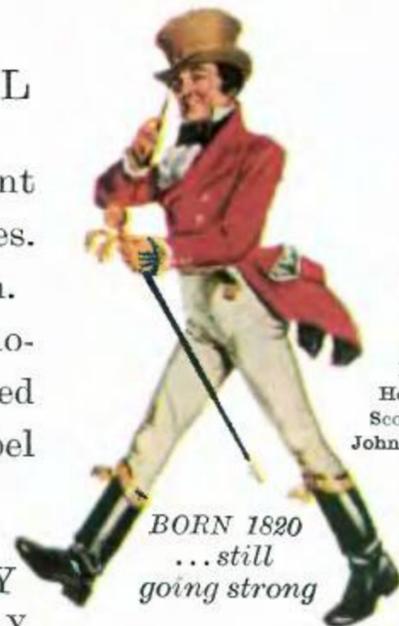
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