

June 1, 1935

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THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:40 and 8:40 P.M. for attractions listed under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the midweek matinee will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ACCENT ON YOUTH—A young lady in love with a middle-aged playwright marries a young man and regrets it. Some highly entertaining dialogue, well spoken by Constance Cummings, Kenneth MacKenna, Ernest Lawford, and others. Claudia Morgan replaces Constance Cummings Mon., June 3. (Plymouth, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

AWAKE AND SING!—Well-acted story of life among the more active Bronxites, grim but good. The Group Theatre adds it to its list of successes. Stella Adler, Morris Carnovsky, Luther Adler, and others. (Belasco, 44, E. Mat. Thurs.)

THE BISHOP MISBEHAVES—Walter Connolly as a bishop who takes up crime detection for fun. Thanks to Mr. Connolly, the affair is much more adult than it would have been without him. (Gold-en, 45, W. 8:50 P.M. May close Sat., June 1.)

BLACK PIT—A factual and effective picture of conditions in the coal mines, somewhat weakened by its routine plot. The cast includes Alan Baxter, Millicent Green, and Hester Sondergaard. (Civic Repertory, 14, W. of 6 Ave. 8:45 P.M. Closes Sat., June 1.)

CEILING ZERO—Osgood Perkins in some very exciting foolishness about commercial aviators. Margaret Perry and John Litel are in it too. (Music Box, 45, W.)

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR—How a lying little girl wrecked the lives of two school teachers by accusing them of lesbianism. A highly dramatic and important play by Lillian Hellman, with Katherine Emery, Anne Revere, Katherine Emmet, Florence McGee, and Robert Keith. (Maxine Elliott, 39, E.)

FLY AWAY HOME—The Younger Generation settles the affairs of its parents in highly amusing fashion. Donald Brian, Edwin Phillips, Ann Mason, and others. (48th Street, 48, E. 8:50 P.M.)

KIND LADY—A gang of criminals move in on a gentle English lady. Grand eerie melodrama, with Grace George, Henry Daniell, and Thomas Chalmers. (Booth, 45, W.)

THE OLD MAID—Winner of the Pulitzer Prize. A poignant tale of mother love and sister rivalry, told perhaps a bit leisurely but with good effect. Judith Anderson and Helen Menken head the cast. (Empire, B'way at 40. 8:45 P.M.)

PERSONAL APPEARANCE—Miss Gladys George gives us a sparkling likeness of a movie star slightly out of her element but still game for a wisecrack. Plenty of laughs. (Henry Miller, 43, E. Mat. Thurs.)

THE PETRIFIED FOREST—Leslie Howard as the man who comes to a gas station in the desert and finds quite a bit of life there, with running comments on same. Peggy Conklin and Humphrey Bogart are in the supporting cast. (Broadhurst, 44, W. 8:45 P.M.)

PETTICOAT FEVER—Gay times in a radio station in Labrador, with Dennis King in top form, if you don't mind top form. Very, very farcical. (Ritz, 48, W.)

SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPAPE—The Players Club's revival of the Earl Derr Biggers-George M. Cohan mystery farce, with a distinguished cast that includes Mr. Cohan, Walter Hampden, James T. Powers, James Kirkwood, Ernest Glendinning, Irene Rich, Ruth Weston, and Zita Johann. (National, 41, W. Mat. Thurs. Closes Sat., June 1.)

SOMETHING GAY—Tallulah Bankhead shining brightly in a fairly tenuous comedy about a wife who didn't get her husband back because she didn't want to. With Hugh Sinclair, Walter Pidgeon, and Nancy Ryan. (Morosco, 45, W. 8:50 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MAY 30, THROUGH SATURDAY, JUNE 8. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING.]

THREE MEN ON A HORSE—A rowdy, immensely funny farce dealing with race-track betting and greeting cards. It might be too rough, but we can't imagine to whom. William Lynn, Sam Levene, and Shirley Booth are some of the people who help. (Playhouse, 48, E. 8:45 P.M.)

TOBACCO ROAD—A dramatization of Erskine Caldwell's story of Southern sloth and sin, showing a family just about as low as a family can get. With James Bell. (Forrest, 49, W.)

WAITING FOR LEFTY—The Group Theatre's bitterly written and beautifully acted play about the taxi strike is something you ought to see. "Till the Day I Die," also on the program and also by Clifford Odets, is less effective, although Mr. Odets is lavish with his horrors. (Longacre, 48, W.)

WITH MUSIC

ANYTHING GOES!—A bouncing, crazy, likable musical show, with Cole Porter's music and Victor Moore, Ethel Merman, and William Gaxton to attend to the dialogue. (Alvin, 52, W.)

THE GREAT WALTZ—Guy Robertson and Marie Burke in Hassard Short's monumental operetta, which is pleasant enough when the Strauss music isn't obscured by too-ingenious scenic effects. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49.)

PARADE—Comedy and propaganda mixing rather awkwardly in the Theatre Guild's first revue. An event chiefly because it brings Jimmy Savo out

of the night clubs and back into the theatre. (Guild, 52, W. Mat. Thurs.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

(You'd better verify the dates; managers often change their minds.)

SKETCH BOOK—Earl Carroll's new musical show, with Ken Murray, the Three Ritz Brothers, and many others. Opens Mon., June 3. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. 8:30 P.M.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

KNOCK ON WOOD—A comedy by Allen Rivkin, with James Rennie, Bruce Macfarlane, Lee Patrick, Sallie Phipps, Albert Van Dekker, and others. (Cort, 48, E. 8:45 P.M.)

THEM'S THE REPORTERS—A play by Philip Jay Reeback, with Nat Burns, David Burns, Helen Kingsley, and others. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. 8:45 P.M.)

THE YOUNG GO FIRST—A play about the CCC camps, by Peter Martin, George Scudder, and Charles Friedman. (Park, B'way at 59. 8:45 P.M.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

BILTMORE SUPPER ROOM, Madison at 43 (Murray Hill 2-7920)—Shep Fields' orchestra, with dances by the Vernons and songs by Virginia Verrill. The Moonlit Terrace will open for the summer Wed., June 5, with Dick Gasparre's orchestra.*

CENTRAL PARK CASINO (Rhineland 4-3034)—Eddy Duchin leads his orchestra in this cool and flowery spot. Peppino and Roda dance and Rodney McLennon sings at suppertime.*

COQ ROUGE, 63 E. 56 (Plaza 3-8887)—Joe La Porte provides the dance music and the Coq Rouge Trio entertain. There's a new garden in the rear for warm evenings.

CRYSTAL CLUB, 450½ E. 52 (Eldorado 5-8345)—Overlooking the East River and formerly called the Mayfair Yacht Club. Music by a Meyer Davis orchestra and Pedro Via's Cuban rumba band.

HOUSE OF LORDS, 12 E. 54 (Eldorado 5-8415)—Jim Moriarty's place, with Warren Hendricks' orchestra, dances by Carlos and Marchan, and piano-playing by Walter Lynch.*

LARUE, 480 Park at 58 (Volunteer 5-6374)—Dinner and supper dancing to Arthur Warren's music. Dances by Manuel Ramos and Maybelle Swor.*

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54 (Eldorado 5-8769)—This perennial East Side favorite has music by Ernie Holst's orchestra and Rodrigo's rumba band.*

NORMANDIE, Hotel Navarro, 112 Central Pk. S. (Circle 7-7900)—Helen Morgan sings her songs, old and new, at nine and midnight. Eddie Elkins' orchestra.

PARK LANE GARDENS, Park at 48 (Wickersham 2-4100)—Where you can dine out-of-doors. Mitchell Schuster's orchestra plays for dancing.*

PIERRE ROOF, 5 Ave. at 61 (Regent 4-5900)—Dinner and supper dancing to Joe Moss's music, with entertainment by the comical Hartmans, Caperton and Columbus, and Anna Robbins.*

PLACE PIQUALE, 201 W. 52 (Circle 7-4533)—One of the gayest after-theatre places. Marion Chase sings, Dario and Louise Brooks dance, and Joseph Zatur supplies the dance music.*

PLAZA PERSIAN ROOM, 5 Ave. at 58 (Plaza 3-1740)—A smart and extremely pleasant place for dinner and supper dancing. Emil Coleman's excellent music, with dances by the De Marcos. Dress.

RAINBOW ROOM, R.C.A. Bldg., 30 Rockefeller Plaza (Circle 7-5312)—Ray Noble makes his debut as leader of the orchestra here on Fri., May 31. Norma Terris offers songs and impersonations, and Rosita and Fontana dance at nine and midnight. Dress.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (Volunteer 5-2600)—Bob Grant's orchestra plays for dancing in the

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Café Lounge. Deslys and Clark sing at midnight.*

ST. MORITZ SKY GARDENS, 50 Central Pk. S. (Wickersham 2-5800)—Eric Correa and his orchestra play for dinner and supper, with dances by Rosalean and Seville at supertime.

ST. REGIS ROOF, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 3-4500)—Dinner and supper dancing to Johnny Green's music. Mario and Floria dance after the theatre. Dress.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50 (Eldorado 5-8028)—Where everybody goes to hear Harry Richman. Music by Joe Smith and Rodriguez's orchestras.*

WALDORF-ASTORIA STARLIGHT ROOF, Park at 49 (Eldorado 5-3000)—This attractive room has Henry King and his orchestra, supplemented by Xavier Cugat's tango band. Songs by Milton Douglas, and dances by Beauvel and Tova during supper. Guy Lombardo and his orchestra open here on Thurs., June 6. Dress.

MORE ROOFS—Bossert Marine Roof, Montague and Hicks Sts., Brooklyn Heights (Main 4-8100), worth the trip for the harbor view; Dick Wilson's orchestra. . . . Pennsylvania Roof, 7 Ave. at 33 (Pennsylvania 6-5000), opens Mon., June 3, with Jack Denny and his orchestra. . . . McAlpin Roof, 7 Ave. at 34 (Pennsylvania 6-5700), opens Sat., June 1, with Enoch Light's band. . . . Astor Roof, B'way at 44 (Bryant 9-2100), opens Wed., June 5, with Jack Berger's orchestra. . . . Montclair Casino-in-the-Air, Lexington at 49 (Wickersham 2-1200), Marti Michel's orchestra. . . . Park Central Coconut Grove Roof, 7 Ave. at 56 (Circle 7-8000), Henry Halstead's band and a revue.

DANCE ORCHESTRAS HERE AND THERE—Benny Goodman plays in the Roosevelt Grill, Madison at 46. . . . Eddie Lane plays in the Pennsylvania Manhattan Room, 7 Ave. at 33, through Sat., June 1. . . . You'll find Clyde Lucas at the Hotel New Yorker, 8 Ave. at 34. . . . Will Osborne is at the Lexington, Lexington at 48. . . . Johnny Johnson provides the music at the Commodore, Lexington at 42. . . . Anthony Trini is at the Governor Clinton, 7 Ave. at 31. . . . Paul Whiteman's Junior Band plays at Schrafft's, B'way at 74. . . . Michael Tree and Romani are at the Edison Green Room, 46, W. of B'way. . . . Freddie Starr and Joseph Szigeti play at the Claremont Inn, Riverside Dr. at 124 (Monument 2-3676), where you can dance outside on the terrace.

NOTES—For *al fresco* dining (without dancing) two of the best places are: Chatham Walk, Vanderbilt at 48 (Volunteer 5-5400); and Pavillon Marguery, 270 Park, at 47 (Wickersham 2-9000).

You'll find sidewalk cafés at the Brevoort, 5 Ave. at 8; Fifth Avenue Hotel, 5 Ave. at 9; Longchamps, 5 Ave. at 12; Number One Fifth Avenue, 5 Ave. at 8; St. Moritz, 6 Ave. at 59; and Sulgrave, Park at 67.

The Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (Plaza 3-9096), features Don Alberto's orchestra, songs by Gloria Grafton, and dances by St. Clair and Day. . . . There's Jack Meyer's music and entertainment by Teddy Lynch and Jimmy Rogers at the Club New Yorker, 38 E. 51 (Eldorado 5-9048). . . . Gene Fosdick's band plays at Mon Paris, 142 E. 53 (Eldorado 5-9696), and there's singing by Jean Sargent. . . . Jim Miller and his gang sing at Armando's, 54 E. 55 (Eldorado 5-8083). . . . The Town Casino Club, 9 W. 52 (Eldorado 5-8059), has Allan Coles' orchestra and songs by George Owen and Armand Vallérie. . . . Maurice Shaw leads the orchestra at the Roulette, 146 E. 56 (Eldorado 5-9387). . . . Gus Lazaro provides the music at the Place Elegante, 33 W. 56 (Circle 7-7222). . . . The Famous Door, 35 W. 52 (Eldorado 5-9145), features hot-cha music by Louis Prima and his New Orleans Gang.

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—The French Casino, 7 Ave. at 50 (Columbus 5-7070), is the home of the Folies Bergères, an ooh-la-la show with many sensational numbers.

Other rough-and-tumble places with revues: Paradise, B'way at 49 (Circle 7-1080), featuring Tommy Manahan's orchestra and a new show; Hollywood, B'way at 48 (Chickering 4-2572), with Gertrude Niesen and Archie Bleyer's orchestra; and Del Monico's, B'way at 51 (Circle 7-6108).

GREENWICH VILLAGE—Mori's, 144 Bleecker (Gramercy 7-8736), has Nye Mayhew's orchestra. . . . For Village dance-hall atmosphere: The Village Barn, 52 W. 8; The Greenwich Village Inn, 5 Sheridan Sq.; and The Four Trees, 1 Sheridan Sq. . . . Not for débutantes: Jimmy Kelly's, 181 Sullivan.

HARLEM—Claude Hopkins and his band are at The Cotton Club, Lenox Ave. at 142 (Edgecombe 4-1030). There are lots of other places if you feel like exploring on your own hook.

FOREIGN ATMOSPHERE—Cuban: El Toreador, 7 W. 110 (University 4-8644). . . . Hungarian: Tokay, 7 Ave. at 52 (Circle 7-6435). . . . Montmartre: Bal Musette Bedou, 301 W. 46 (Longacre 5-8194). . . . Russian: The Caucasian Eagle, 112 E. 55 (Eldorado 5-8072); and the Russian Kretchma, 244 E. 14 (Tompkins Square 6-9784),

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with singing by Nastia Poliakova and Adia Kuznetsoff. . . . Scandinavian: Valhalla, 141 W. 54 (Circle 7-9821); and Wivel, 254 W. 54 (Columbus 5-9251). . . . Spanish: El Chico, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (Chelsea 2-4646), with a lively show; and Dimitri's Club Gaucho, 245 Sullivan (Stuyvesant 9-8836), small and intimate, with dances by Dimitri and Helen Virgil.

JUST-OUT-OF-TOWN—Ben Riley's Arrowhead Inn, Riverdale Ave. at 246 (Kingsbridge 6-2000), with Irving Conn's orchestra. . . . Riviera, at the Jersey end of the George Washington Bridge (Ft. Lee 8-2000), Broadway atmosphere on the road, with an elaborate Earl Carroll floor show. . . . Bustanoby's, Route 6, Teterboro, N.J. (Hastbrouck Heights 8-0008), under the direction of Jacques Bustanoby. . . . Glen Island Casino, off the Shore Road, New Rochelle, N.Y. (Hamilton 4480), with the Dorsey Brothers' orchestra. . . . Anna Held's, Bronx River P'kway at Crompond Rd., Peekskill, N.Y. (Peekskill 3040), with Jean Prague's orchestra and songs by Bobette Christine.

Westchester Embassy Club, Route 22, Armonk, N.Y. (Armonk Village 334), opens Thurs., May 30. . . . Westchester Bath Club, Lawn Terrace, near Post Rd., Mamaroneck, N.Y. (Mamaroneck 978), opens Fri., June 7.

MOTION PICTURES

THE DEVIL IS A WOMAN—Marlene Dietrich as the siren again, in a film that is very fancy and somewhat absurd yet has its bright moments. (72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Lexington, Lexington at 51; 83rd Street, B'way at 83; and Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Thurs., May 30; continuous from 1 P.M. Also, Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., June 4-6; continuous from 1 P.M.)

G MEN—A good and lively Cagney picture, with plenty of shooting and with our hero on the side of the law. (Strand, B'way at 47; continuous from 10 A.M.)

GOIN' TO TOWN—The haute noblesse of our country as understood and interpreted by the smoldering Mae West. (Paramount, B'way at 43; continuous from 10 A.M.)

THE INFORMER—Very Irish and pretty fine all around, with Victor McLaglen outdoing himself. Perhaps the most generally satisfactory picture of the season. (23rd Street, 143 W. 23; Sat. through Tues., June 1-4; continuous from noon. Also, 86th Street, Lexington at 86; 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; and 81st Street, B'way at 81; Wed. through Fri., June 5-7; continuous from noon.)

MAN OF ARAN—Revival of Robert Flaherty's brief but telling sketch of the desolate islands off the western coast of Ireland. (8th Street Playhouse,

52 W. 8; Sun. through Tues., June 2-4; continuous from 1:30 P.M.)

NAUGHTY MARIETTA—Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy sing the old Victor Herbert songs the way they were meant to be sung. The production is big and handsome. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Thurs. through Sat., May 30-June 1; continuous from 1 P.M.)

THE SCOUNDREL—The Hecht-MacArthur movie with Noel Coward and a fair amount of wit. It may jolt your nerves when it suddenly breaks in the middle and becomes a mystical morality play. (23rd Street, 143 W. 23; Thurs. and Fri., May 30 and 31; continuous from noon. Also, Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Tues. through Fri., June 4-7; continuous from 1 P.M.)

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "Black Fury," Paul Muni's strenuous melodrama of a strike in Coaltown; "Escape Me Never," Elisabeth Bergner in an almost unnecessarily faithful version of the Margaret Kennedy play, with Hugh Sinclair; "Four Hours to Kill," the screen version of "Small Miracle," a lively mystery, with Richard Barthelmess; "Life Begins at 40," a pleasant Will Rogers picture of small-town life; "The Man Who Knew Too Much," a ridiculously exciting and entertaining English melodrama, with Peter Lorre, Edna Best, Leslie Banks, and Nova Pilbeam; "Les Misérables," a rather mild version of Victor Hugo's novel, with Fredric March and Charles Laughton; "The Youth of Maxim," an unusually smooth and attractive picture of Russian revolt.

ART

ABSTRACT—Contemporary abstraction by Charles G. Shaw—not the philosopher—in a gallery devoted to abstract art: Gallery of Living Art, New York University, 100 Wash. Sq. E. Open weekdays 8 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sat. until 5 P.M.

BROOKLYN—Portraits and figure painting by Brooklyn artists. Also, group exhibition of sculpture: Brooklyn Museum, Eastern P'kway. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.

CINCINNATI—Portraits and possessions of the original members of the ancient and honorable order: Metropolitan Museum of Art, Alexandria Assembly Room. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 6 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.

COCTEAU—Witty line drawings by the famous Jean. In the same gallery: etchings by Bernard Saunders: Julien Levy, 602 Madison. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., May 31.

FOLK ARTS—Early work from Pennsylvania: National Committee on Folk Arts, 673 5 Ave., entrance on 53 St. Open 11 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 1.

FRENCH—The new Gallery for French Art in Rockefeller Center has an opening show called "Famous Women of French History": 7th floor, Maison Française, 5 Ave. at 49. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 12 noon to 6 P.M.

GROUPS—Thirty-two artists presenting as many kinds of America: Rehn, 683 5 Ave. . . . Fifty outstanding Americans: 60th Street Gallery, 138 E. 60. . . . Water colors and pastels by twenty-three Americans: Kraushaar, 680 5 Ave. . . . Most of the promising young: Marie Harriman, 61 E. 57. . . . From Eilshemius to Soyer: Valen-



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tine, 69 E. 57; through June 1. . . . Bishop, Pierce, Criss, and others: Midtown, 559 5 Ave. . . . Water colors and pastels by Homer, Luks, Schweitzer, etc.: Macbeth, 11 E. 57; through June 3. . . . Sterne, Bruce, Kroll, Etnier, and others: Milch, 108 W. 57. . . . New York artists: Montross, 785 5 Ave.; through June 1. . . . \$100 show of paintings and sculpture by Americans: Downtown, 113 W. 13. All open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

JONES—Very promising young St. Louis painter, presenting landscapes, figures, portraits, and social documents: A.C.A. Gallery, 52 W. 8. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., June 1.

NEW YORK—Work in paint and pencil by Lee Lash: Keppel, 16 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., June 7.

PACH—Paintings and the mural for City College by one of the leaders of the modern movement in America: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Open 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 1.

PRINTING—Exhibition of European Commercial Printing of Today: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.

RUSSIAN—Oils and water colors by Russian artists, from 1790 to the present: Hammer, 682 5 Ave. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 8.

MISCELLANEOUS—Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., unless otherwise noted—Water colors by Paul Gill: Ferargil, 63 E. 57; through June 1. . . . Paintings by Nahum Tschachasov: Gallery Seclusion, 49 W. 12. . . . Drawings, etchings, and lithographs by Howard Simon: New School, 3rd floor, 66 W. 12; through June 8. . . . Portraits by Maria de Kammerer: Seligmann, 3 E. 51; through June 8. . . . Intimate sketches of New York by Vernon Howe Bailey: Waldorf-Astoria, ground floor, Park at 49. . . . Framed reproductions of nineteenth- and twentieth-century French: Raymond & Raymond, 40 E. 49. . . . Pastels by Leon Dabo and sculpture by Joseph Nicolosi: Studio Guild, Suite 1044, 30 Rockefeller Plaza; through June 3. . . . Paintings by Gerard Hordyk: Contemporary Arts, 41 W. 54; through June 1. . . . Summer exhibition of the National Association of Women Painters and Sculptors: Argent, 42 W. 57. . . . Models of small houses: Art Galleries of the Squibb Bldg., 33rd floor, 745 5 Ave. (open 1 to 6 P.M.) . . . Early nineteenth-century sporting books and paintings: British Empire Exhibition, 620 5 Ave. . . . Outdoor show in Washington Square continues through Sat., June 1.

MUSIC

CHICAGO OPERA COMPANY—Grand Opera at popular prices, at the Hippodrome, 6 Ave. at 43—"Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," Thurs. Eve., May 30, at 8:15; "Madama Butterfly," Fri. Eve., May 31, at 8:15; "Carmen," Sat. Eve., June 1, at 8:15; "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," Sun. Eve., June 2, at 8:15.

NAUMBURG CONCERT—Leon Barzin will conduct the orchestra and John Corigliano will be violin soloist: Central Park Mall, Thurs. Eve., May 30, at 8.

ON THE AIR

AUTO RACING—Graham McNamee and Charles Lyons report the five-hundred-mile motor classic at Indianapolis: Thurs., May 30, at 11:45 A.M., 4:15 and 4:45 P.M., WEA.

BELMONT PARK RACING—Description of the running of the Suburban Handicap: Thurs. Aft., May 30, at 4, WABC and WEA. . . . The Coaching Club American Oaks: Sat. Aft., June 1, at 4, WABC.

NORMANDIE—Special programs from the huge new French liner during her maiden voyage: Thurs. Eve., May 30, at 7:15, Fri. and Sun. Eves. at 7, WEA; Sat. Eve. at 8, WJZ; Thurs. Eve. at 8:30, Sat. Eve. at 9:30, WABC. The ship's arrival in New York Harbor, Mon., June 3, will be broadcast over WABC and WJZ.

SAN DIEGO SYMPHONY—Playing at the California Pacific International Exposition, under the direction of Nino Marcelli: Thurs. and Tues. Eves. at 12 midnight; Sat. Eves. at 7:30; WABC.

MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT—Speaking from the White House in support of the Treasury's "Baby Bonds": Fri. Aft., May 31, at 4:45, WEA and WABC.

TRACK—Some of the events in the Intercollegiate A.A.A.A. Meet at Harvard Stadium: Fri. Aft., May 31, at 5; Sat. Aft., June 1, at 3, 3:50, and 4:30; all WJZ.

SYMPHONIC HOUR—Annual summer series of concerts by the Columbia Symphony, Harold Barlow conducting: Sun. Afts. at 3, WABC.

GRETE STUECKGOLD—Singing with the Ford Symphony and Chorus, Victor Kolar conducting: Sun. Eve., June 2, at 9, WABC.

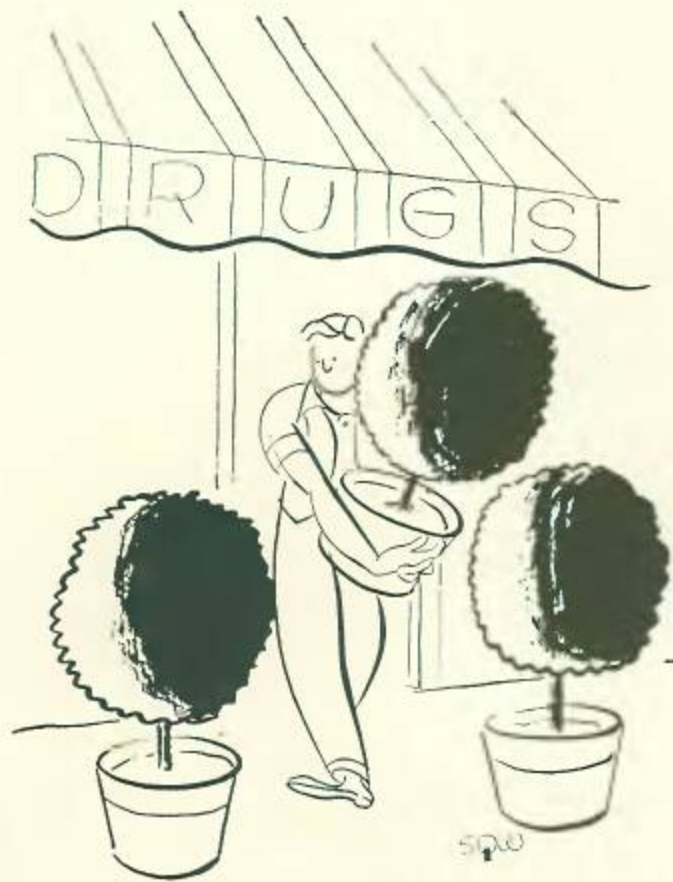
CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER—Bringing her character sketches and solo dramas to the air in a new weekly series: Sun. Eves. (starting June 2) at 9:30, WJZ.

ARTURO TOSCANINI—Conducting a symphony concert in Queen's Hall, London: Mon. Aft., June 3, at 5, WEA.

THE DERBY—Description of the big race at Epsom Downs, England: Wed. Morn., June 5, starting at 9:35, WABC; at 9:45, WJZ.

SOME WEEKLY FEATURES—N.B.C. Music Guild: Thurs. and Mon. at 2:30, WJZ; Sat. at 3:30,

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



[THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MAY 30, THROUGH SATURDAY, JUNE 8. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING.]

Tues. at 1:30, WEA. . . . Sophie Tucker's Music Hall: Thurs. at 7, WHN. . . . Rudy Vallée's Varieties: Thurs. at 8, WEA. . . . Little Symphony, James conducting: Thurs. at 8, WOR. . . . Kate Smith: Thurs. at 8, WABC. . . . Hendrik Willem van Loon: Thurs. at 8:30, Sun. at 8:45, WJZ. . . . Walter O'Keefe: Thurs. at 9, Tues. at 10, WABC. . . . Waring's Pennsylvanians: Thurs. at 9:30, WABC. . . . Paul Whitehead: Thurs. at 10, WEA. . . . Beatrice Lillie: Fri. at 9, WJZ. . . . Hollywood Hotel: Fri. at 9, WABC. . . . Phil Baker: Fri. at 9:30, WJZ. . . . Joe Cook: Fri. at 10:30, WEA. . . . Stoopnagle and Budd: Fri. at 10:30, WABC. . . . Al Jolson: Sat. at 9:30, WEA. . . . Perole String Quartet: Sun. at 12:45, WOR. . . . Henri Deering: Sun. at 2:15, WJZ. . . . Ray Perkins: Sun. at 6, WABC. . . . Jack Benny: Sun. at 7, WJZ. . . . Ethel Merman: Sun. at 8, WABC. . . . Major Bowes' Amateur Hour: Sun. at 8, WEA. . . . Will Rogers: Sun. at 8:30, WABC. . . . Raymond Knight: Mon. at 10, WJZ. . . . Max Baer: Mon. at 10:30, WEA. . . . Duluth Symphony, LeMay conducting: Mon. at midnight, WEA. . . . Alfred Wallenstein's Sinfonietta: Tues. at 9, WOR. . . . The Beauty Box Theatre: Tues. at 10, WEA. . . . Fred Allen: Wed. at 9, WEA. . . . John Charles Thomas: Wed. at 9, WJZ. . . . Burns and Allen: Wed. at 10, WABC. (Times are P.M.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—Games Sat. and Sun. at 3 P.M.; other days at 3:15 P.M.—At Polo Grounds: Giants vs. Brooklyn, Thurs., May 30, doubleheader at 1:30 P.M.; Giants vs. Boston, Fri. and Sat., June 7 and 8. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L"; 8 Ave. subway; or Bus No. 3.) . . . At Yankee Stadium: Yankees vs. Boston, Fri. through Sun., May 31-June 2; Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Mon. through Thurs., June 3-6. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L"; or Jerome Ave. subway.)

DOG SHOWS—Greenwich Kennel Club, Greenwich, Conn., Sat., June 1. . . . Long Shore Kennel Club, Westport, Conn., Sun., June 2. . . . North Westchester Kennel Club, Mt. Kisco, N.Y., Sat., June 8.

GOLF—New York Mixed Foursome, Sewanee Club, Hewlett Harbor, L.I., Fri. through Sun., May 31-June 2. . . . Metropolitan Senior, St. Andrews Golf Club, Yonkers, N.Y., Wed. and Thurs., June 5 and 6. . . . New Jersey Amateur, Essex County Country Club, West Orange, N.J., Wed. through Sat., June 5-8. . . . National Open, Oakmont Country Club, Pittsburgh, Pa., Thurs. through Sat., June 6-8.

HORSE SHOWS—West Point Horse Show, West Point, N.Y., Tues. and Wed., June 4 and 5. . . . Tuxedo Horse Show, Tuxedo Park, N.Y., Fri. and Sat., June 7 and 8. . . . Watchung Riding & Driving Club Show, Summit, N.J., Sat., June 8.

HUNT RACES—Farmington Valley Polo Association, Farmington, Conn., Sat. Aft., June 8.

POLO—Intercollegiate Championship: Game No. 1, Yale vs. Princeton, Governors Island, Sat. Aft., June 8, at 4.

RACING—Belmont Park: races weekdays at 2:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 8. The Juvenile and the Suburban Handicap will be run Thurs., May 30; the Corinthian Steeplechase Handicap and the Coaching Club American Oaks, Sat., June 1. (Special trains leave Penn. Sta. at intervals from 12:29 to 1:50 P.M.)

TENNIS—United States Professional Championships: Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N.J.; play daily through Sun., June 2, at 2:30 P.M. . . . Professional Team Championship, United States vs. France: Westchester Country Club, Rye, N.Y., Sat. and Sun., June 8 and 9, at 2:30 P.M.

TRACK—Intercollegiate A.A.A.A. Track and Field Championships: Harvard Stadium, Cambridge, Mass., Fri. and Sat. Afts., May 31 and June 1.

YACHTING—Championship races on Long Island Sound: Harlem Yacht Club, Thurs. Aft., May 30; Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club, Sat. Aft., June 1; Manhasset Bay Yacht Club, Sat. Aft., June 8.

OTHER EVENTS

INTERNATIONAL FOLK FESTIVAL—Mass folk dancing and singing in costume by peoples of all nations: Central Park Mall, Sun. Aft., June 2, at 3.

NORMANDIE—The new French liner will be open for inspection, Pier 88, foot of W. 49, Tues. and Wed., June 4 and 5, 10 A.M. to 12 noon, and 2 to 5 P.M. Admission fifty cents, for the benefit of the Seamen's Institute.

AUCTIONS—At J. C. Morgenthau & Co., 1 W. 47—Stamps of Great Britain and British Empire, France and French Colonies: Mon. through Thurs. Afts., June 3-6, at 2.

NOTE—Fri., May 31, is the last day to get New York motor driving licences renewed.

COMING EVENTS

(Our monthly calendar for readers who look ahead.)

BOXING—Max Baer vs. James J. Braddock, heavyweight championship, Garden Bowl, Long Island City, June 13. . . . Primo Carnera vs. Joe Louis, Yankee Stadium, June 25.

COLLEGE COMMENCEMENTS—Columbia, June 4. . . . N.Y.U., June 12. . . . Yale, June 18. . . . Princeton, June 18. . . . Harvard, June 20.

CREW—Intercollegiate Regatta, Poughkeepsie, N.Y., June 18. . . . Yale-Harvard, New London, Conn., June 21. . . . Royal Regatta, Henley-on-Thames, Eng., July 3-6.

DOG SHOWS—Orange Kennel Club, South Orange, N.J., June 9. . . . Monmouth County Kennel Club, Rumson, N.J., June 29.

GOLF—Metropolitan Amateur, Canoe Brook Country Club, Summit, N.J., June 19-22. . . . British Open, Muirfield Links, Scotland, June 24-28. . . . Intercollegiate Championship, Congressional Country Club, Bradley Hills, Md., June 24-29.

HORSE SHOWS—Westchester County, Port Chester, N.Y., June 13-15. . . . Upperville, Va., June 14 and 15. . . . Sands Point, L.I., June 16. . . . Plainfield, N.J., June 21 and 22. . . . Bronxville, N.Y., June 22. . . . Fairfield County Hunt Club, Westport, Conn., June 27-29. . . . International Horse Show, Olympia, London, Eng., June 20-29. . . . Ox Ridge Hunt Club, Darien, Conn., July 5 and 6. . . . Westhampton, L.I., July 6. . . . Country Club Horse Show, Rye, N.Y., July 11-14.

HUNT RACES—Eastern Horse Club: Raceland, Framingham Center, Mass., June 15; Brookline, Mass., June 17-19.

MUSIC—Goldman Band, Central Park, N.Y.U. Campus, and Prospect Park, June 19-Aug. 18. . . . Stadium Concerts, Philharmonic-Symphony, Iturbi conducting, Lewisohn Stadium, June 26-Aug. 20.

POLO—Intercollegiate Championship, Governors Island, June 8, 12, and 15. . . . Meadow Brook Club Tournaments, Westbury, L.I., June 10-July 29.

RACING—Aqueduct, June 10-July 4. . . . Royal Ascot Meeting, Ascot, Eng., June 18-21. . . . Grand Prix de Paris, Longchamps, France, June 30. . . . Empire City, July 5-27. . . . Saratoga, July 29-Aug. 31.

SPEEDBOAT RACES—Atlantic City Regatta, Airport, Atlantic City, N.J., June 28 and 29. . . . Intercollegiate Regatta, Worcester, Mass., June 29 and 30. . . . Gold Cup Race, Bolton Landing, Lake George, N.Y., July 27.

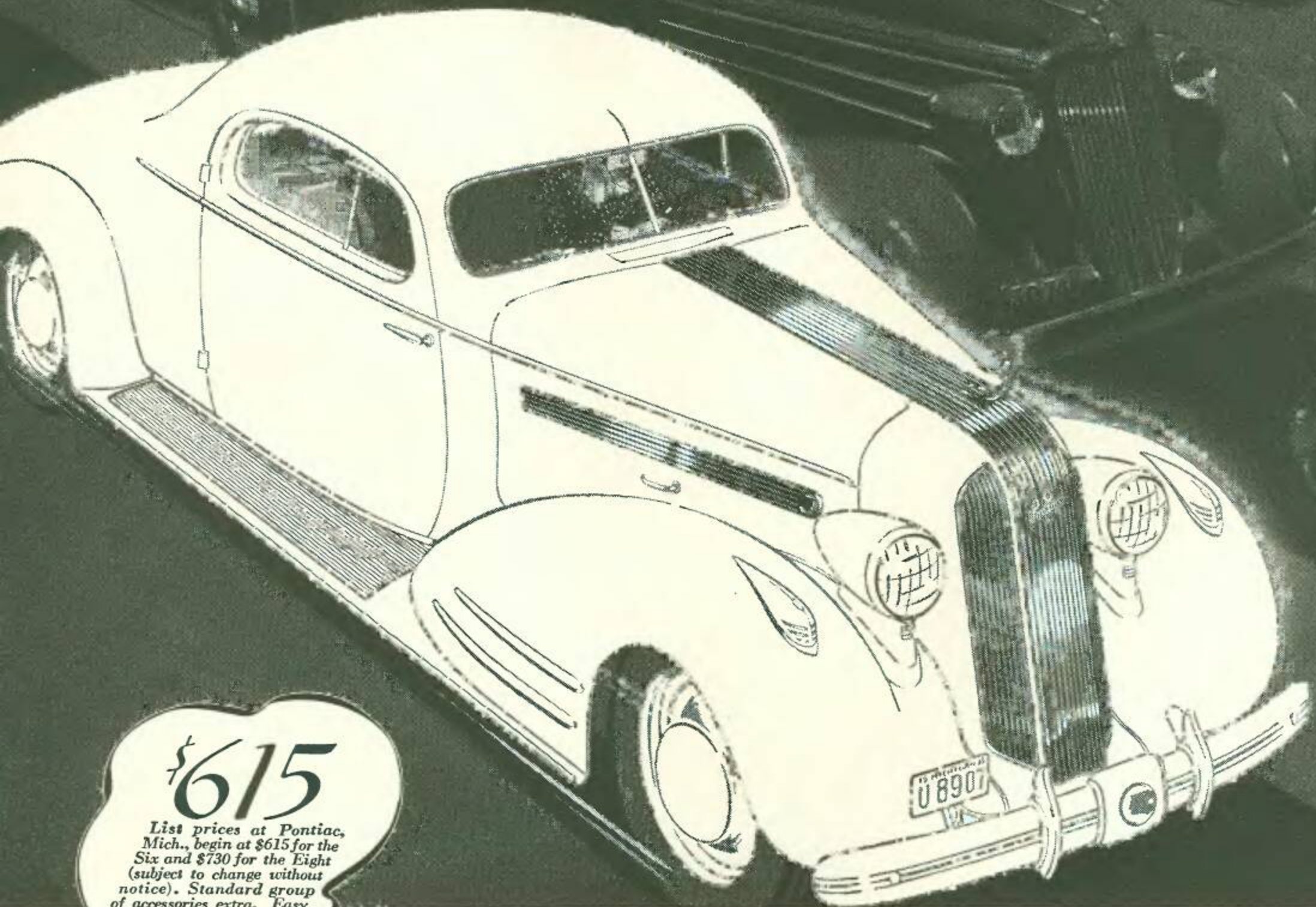
TENNIS—All-England Championships, Wimbledon, Eng., June 24-July 6. . . . Intercollegiate Championships, Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill., June 24-29. . . . Davis Cup: Interzone Final, July 20, 22, and 23; Challenge Round, July 27, 29, and 30, Wimbledon, Eng.

TRACK—All-Star Invitation Meet, Palmer Stadium, Princeton, N.J., June 15. . . . Oxford-Cambridge vs. Yale-Harvard, White City, London, Eng., July 20.

YACHTING—Larchmont Yacht Club Races, June 15, 30, and July 4. . . . Riverside Yacht Club Races, June 22. . . . New York Yacht Club Regatta, Glen Cove, June 27. . . . New Rochelle Yacht Club Races, June 29. . . . Indian Harbor Yacht Club Races, July 6. . . . Larchmont Yacht Club Race Week, July 13-20.

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sealed hydraulics. The bodies are solid steel "Turret-Top" Bodies by Fisher. The chassis is completely sealed. And the bearings are silver-alloy—twice as durable as the ordinary type. Pontiac performance asks no odds of any car. It is smooth, it is quiet, it is lively, in a way that gives fresh meaning to these words. And in size, too, Pontiac is something new to the low-price field—a big, full-weight car that is at the same time a marvel for economy. You can't do better than a Pontiac for the simple reason that *every Pontiac feature is the finest money can buy*. A look, a ride, and you'll decide it's true.

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE secret of success in the motion-picture world lies in one's ability to see the possibilities in a thing. We're thinking particularly of the long-distance call from Hollywood which Miss Edna Ferber got last Thursday night: it was an executive on the wire, to talk with her about her new novel of some five hundred pages. He said that he felt it definitely had the nucleus of a story in it.

THERE is always some fine piece of news in the paper, such as the report that an amplifier has been invented which will throw the President's voice a mile—a great scientific extension of the power of veto. These are days of the great Voices. We hear priests, senators, and baseball results; we walk through Forty-second Street and hear the jumbo cries of the auctioneers in the auction parlors—heroic tones inciting us to buy third-rate knickknacks. It is interesting to speculate about the future of the Voices, whether people won't tire of them, perhaps,



or yell themselves out. We half suspect that in the years ahead of us there will be a waning of the great Voices, a return to the little ones: a revival of the mystical life, an ear again cocked to the inner voice, the still small voice, the voice of God, the voice of the turtle.

"I NEED not inform you," said Father Coughlin to his disciples in Madison Square Garden, "that newspapers exist primarily to make money for their owners." He need not, but he did; and the newspapers dutifully reported it, along with the rest of the

Father's speech. One of the reasons the kept press is so expensive to keep is the enormous amount of relatively costly space taken up by persons who



say they need not say a thing, and then do.

CRITICS of the capitalistic, or kept, press, to whom we always pay strict attention, being ourself in the employ of the Big Interests, never seem to follow through with their derogation. Newspapers and magazines, as the Father pointed out, do exist for the purpose of making their owners rich. This magazine, although a free distillation of weekly tears, is structurally as "kept" as can be. It is more than kept, it is positively kempt. Our allegiance to the makers of toilet articles, cigarettes, whiskey, and foundation garments, whose blandishments are found scattered through these pages, is complete and open. While they flourish and are at peace, we flourish and are at peace. When they die, we die. As a writer, dreaming of excursions, we do not regard this as the ideal state (although the temptation to annoy our advertisers does keep us toned up and in fighting trim for the Muse). We admit it's not ideal, but Father Coughlin doesn't say what is. Decrying Communism and hailing Democracy, he attacks, but does not prescribe for, the Courtesan Fourth Estate. He does not show sympathy for the press in its essential quandary: he apparently doesn't see that the press, in inheriting the morals of a paper-bag factory, also inherits the queer responsibility of reflecting and reporting life itself—life itself being its product, instead of, by the merest accident, paper bags. This ex-

tra responsibility, with its implications of freedom, is a holy affair—akin to the priesthood. Often the press doesn't do so bad. It is, in general, about as free as the people who run it, or (even more significant) as the people who read it.

Non-advertising papers like the *Nation* and the *New Republic* have earned the right to the name "independent journal;" yet we doubt that the opinions and hopes of their editors and writers are less trammelled than are (to name the nearest and dearest example) ours. We doubt, too, that journalistic freedom is wholly a matter of emancipation from advertisers, any more than personal freedom is wholly a matter of divorce from one's wife or one's state. Some of the freest branches of the press are, it seems to us, kept by advertisers; some of the most craven are structurally unaffiliated. Who will say that an independent organ published by the Catholic Church is free? Or one published by Phi Beta Kappa? Or the Civil Liberties Union? They are not necessarily any closer to editorial independence than a paper sponsored by a heterogeneous bunch



of manufacturers. We would rather serve a smelling-salts king and be allowed to say what comes into our head than work in the promotion department of the Angel of Truth. Freedom is never total, anyway. As long as Man has something on his mind, the press will be a little less than free.

WITH a ruffle of drums and an alarum or two, a captain and a major jostled their way into our office the other morning, full of well-disciplined indignation. It appears that we made a technical error recently when

we described the *rapport* which existed between the Fifth Avenue Association and the persons in charge of the Army Day parade. The Army Day parade, contrary to the impression we managed to give, is not run by the Army at all, but by the Military Order of the World War—a picked group of fighters. Kindly note, then, that the M.O.W.W. is not the Army, and the Army is not the M.O.W.W. Just what each is you will have to discover for yourself, even if it means enlisting and going through purification by fire. Meantime, our apologies to the Service!

Boston Story

A FELLOW-JOURNALIST, a *Sun* man, has told us a little story with a Boston angle. He says that two or three years ago the *Sun* engaged the editor of the Boston *Transcript's* column on antiques. The arrival of the antique editor in New York was preceded by the antique editor's books, in a huge packing case. A porter pried off the top of the box, and, hesitant and blinking, regarding their new abode very dubiously, there emerged a contingent of *Transcript* mice.

Colette

COLETTE, the famous French writer, who is coming here on the Normandie, is never called anything but just Colette, but her full name is Madame Gabrielle Sidonie Colette. She's now in her early sixties, a plump, short, determined, witty lady with a friendly alto voice, fine gray eyes, moss-colored, curly, short hair, and a tendency not to care much what she wears so long as it's comfortable and includes a gay scarf. For forty years she has been a notable figure about Paris, famous for her dinners and her *mots justes*. Her senses of taste and smell, so professional perfume-smellers and tea- and wine-tasters say, are as sensitive as any specialist's. Once at Larue's, at an elaborate dinner given for her in honor of her having received the Legion of Honor, she called in the chef and identified every herb, wine, and spice he had used, except one—a spice. (She never did find out what it was.)

Called France's greatest woman

writer since George Sand, Colette is also known as France's most famous literary cat-lover since Baudelaire. She has had dozens of cats—Persians, Siamese, alley—and once owned an ocelot, a present to her from the late Ambassador Philippe Berthelot. She kept it in her house at Auteuil, but it bit everybody but her and she got rid of it. Colette has a way with cats, even lions and tigers. She's gone into cages with them and has never been bitten or mauled. She not only looks these beasts steadily in the eye but never stops talking to them. They are always fascinated. Once, during the war, she was asked to pass judgment on a pack of ragtail savage shepherd dogs the army had hastily collected (she has a way with dogs, too, and has owned a lot, mostly bulls and Brabançons). Nobody could train the shepherds, or even get near them, until Colette called on them. The usual fierce and furious uproar was going on in the kennels when she arrived. Colette lifted her alto voice above the *brouhaha* and all the dogs stopped barking and snarling. They were tractable when she finally turned them over to their male trainers.

Colette has published about thirty books. She has also been an actress, danced in music halls, written librettos for operas, composed music, and drawn pictures. Her portraits of herself are the best anyone has ever done of her. She is coming to America as a correspondent for *Le Journal*, which is not new work to her, either, for she has also worked for *Figaro*, *Le Matin*, and *Comœdia*. She used to live in a house that once belonged to a ship captain, near Saint-Malo, in Brittany, but now she owns a villa at Saint-Tropez. In Paris she lives in an apartment over the Cinéma Marignan on the Champs-Élysées. She has just been married for the third time.



shades are easier than any others on her eyes. She always writes on what is called a *bureau Tronchin*, a desk whose lid, by a mechanism, can be made to rise to the height of the chest. It was in-

vented by a Dr. Tronchin, who was happier standing up to write than sitting down. After hunting for such a desk for years, and finally finding one, Colette uses it like an ordinary flat-topped table, has never stood up to write on it.

Colette collects glass canes, ships in bottles, Chinese nuts, anything carved in small hard stones, and Louis-Philippe floral paperweights, of which she has one of the finest collections there is. She will tolerate only one kind of wallpaper, a glacé chintz. When she went to Claridge's to live at one time, they had to put glacé chintz paper on the walls for her.

Handout

PUTNAM'S BOOKSTORE has (or had last week) a huge window display introducing the latest book written in an attempt to debunk the situation in Washington. The man who decorated the window wanted to use hundreds and hundreds of copies of "Handout"—that's the name of the book—but the management didn't want to tie up that many copies, so they sent to the publisher for extra jackets and put them on a miscellany of stagnant books they found around the basement. It made just as good a display, and all would have gone well if, somehow, the elements of the window display hadn't got mixed up with the counter copies. People went home with what looked like "Handout," and what the clerk thought was "Handout," but which turned out to be "V.V.'s Eyes," or "If Winter Comes," or even "Young Man of Manhattan." Most of the people who called up to tell Putnam's about this were pretty mad, but one old lady reported that she'd drawn "The Five Little Peppers," and said that if Putnam's didn't mind, she'd just as soon keep it.

Marshal

MR. ALBERT MORGAN, this year's grand marshal of the Manhattan parade and review of the Grand Army of the Republic, had to get the permission of his parents before he was allowed to enlist in the Union Army—he was under eighteen, and too small to throw a successful bluff. Now, at ninety-one, he is still small, has acquired a vehement manner, and has lost his hair. He has nominal charge of the parade and review. The order of the day was issued in his name, and he



"There's such a thing, Laura, as carrying this budget business too far."

will ride at the head of the procession, just back of the police escort. He was born in 1844, on Trinity Place, behind Trinity Church. Before the war he did odd jobs around town—bootblacking, running messages for stockbrokers, and, for two weeks, errands for P. T. Barnum. He doesn't remember what was in the bundles he carried for Barnum. As a private in Rush C. Hawkins' Zouaves (Ninth New York Volunteers), he wore their baggy blue trousers and white leggings. The Zouaves went with Burnside's expedition to Roanoke Island, and Mr. Morgan was in the battle that was fought there. Afterward he had a sunstroke and was discharged for physical disability, but he enlisted again, this time as a drummer in the 178th New York Volunteers. He stayed with them through the rest of the war, taking part in the Battle of Antietam. He was never wounded.

After the war, he was for a while in the soda-water business, then in the fish business; finally, he told us with a snicker, he became a politician. Joining the Republican Club, he landed a job in

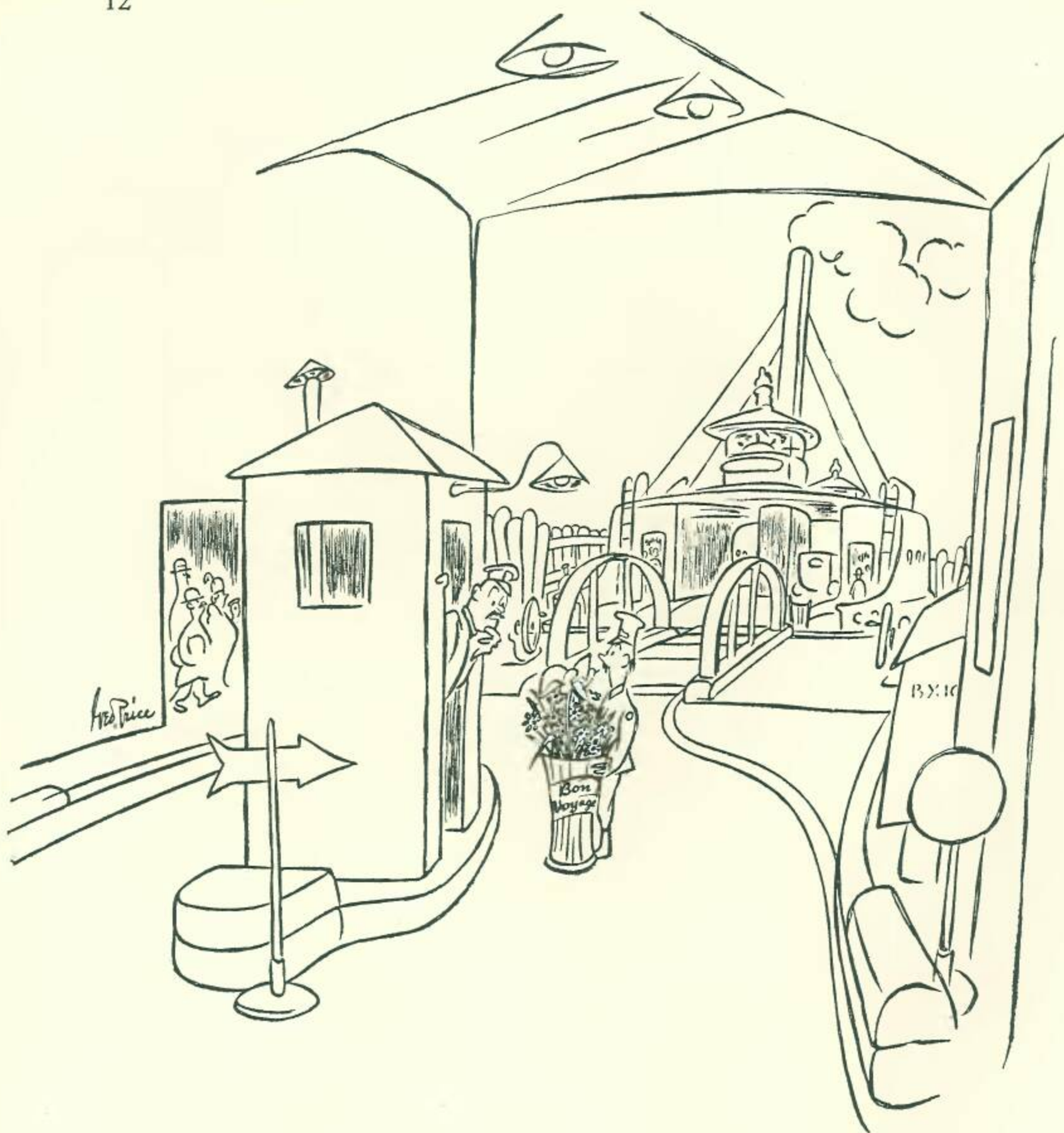
the Public Stores (a branch of the Customs service), and kept it until he was kicked out by an incoming Democratic administration. In 1869, he joined the Seventh Regiment as a drummer. He drummed for them for twenty-seven years, and after that went into the Adjutant's office, winding up as "Custodian of the Armour." In 1917, when he was seventy-three, he was disabled in the performance of his duty. Attempting to arrest a marauder (might have been a German spy), Mr. Morgan was bitten on the right hand, and got such a bad case of blood poisoning that it eventually cost him the use of several fingers. He retired shortly afterward, and now lives with his daughter, a Mrs. Somers, on Wadsworth Avenue. He's been a G.A.R. man since the late seventies. He's the oldest member of the Seventh Regiment, and of the Grand Street Boys' Association.

After seeing Mr. Morgan, we went down to the G.A.R. headquarters in City Hall and talked with the only honorary G.A.R. member in the state, Mr. Julius Isaacs. He's the son of a

Civil War veteran and handles G.A.R. affairs in Manhattan and the Bronx, where there are fourteen posts now. Only two of them have more than a dozen members; average membership is seven or eight. When a post's membership gets under three, it is disbanded, and its money and records are turned in at the G.A.R. state headquarters at Albany. About twenty of the old men announced in advance they would march this year, and eight that they would ride in automobiles, out of the two hundred and twenty survivors in New York. They no longer try to carry their muskets or their battle flags. Henry J. Kearney, about whom we wrote something when he was marshal in 1931, is dead. He died two years ago, just a few weeks before the parade.

Choice

A TRAVELLER who likes the English, and swears he wouldn't tell an untruth about them, is just back from the Motherland with a little tale of hospitality. He was a weekend guest, he said, at a big estate in Surrey which was



complete with parks, stables, and prize cattle. His first morning there, the maid who brought him his can of hot water queried him about his breakfast. "Tea, coffee, or milk?" she asked. Mindful of where he was, he selected tea. "Very good, sir," she said, "and will you take Ceylon, China, or Assam?" He didn't know anything about Assam, so he chose that. "Milk, cream, or lemon?" the maid pursued. "Milk," he said, and thought the matter was settled. "Very good, sir," said the maid. "Jersey, Guernsey, or Alderney?"

Art in the Open

THE open-air art exhibit in Washington Square is the seventh to be held since 1931, when the first was timidly tried as a relief gesture. It now looks like a fixed feature of the town, and we thought it time we were looking into it. Some five hundred artists are offering their wares this year, much the largest number that ever turned

out. They are displaying about fifty thousand items, good, bad, and simply terrible. The show is run by the Artists' Aid Committee, which consists of Mr. Vernon Carroll Porter, whose idea it was, and ten artists who remain anonymous. Mr. Porter wanted to have the sale inside the park, but after a three-month fight with the city had to be content with the sidewalks. The property owners on the whole have been friendly, and this year there are few front railings on the west and south sides of the Square and down the adjacent streets which aren't available as display space. Each exhibitor is entitled to six running feet. When he goes to the committee's office in the Brevoort to register, he draws a number from a green vase, fixing his location. Naturally, there are complaints: some artists feel that they can't show their work against a red-brick background and demand gray or blue, but no changes are made. Anyone who lives in New York is entitled to exhibit. Anyone. Sixty-five per cent of this year's exhibi-

tors live in Manhattan, mostly below Fourteenth Street. Thirty per cent live in Brooklyn. There's no fee, no jury, and censorship only rarely. On one or two occasions ladies have objected to a wanton nude, and the committee has ordered it turned to the wall. This immediately creates a sensation. Artists have been known to display the backs of inoffensive pictures, hopefully.

Most of the canvases are small and range in asking price from five to ten dollars. The record sale of all time was \$385 for a piece of sculpture by Saul Baizerman. The highest a painting has ever brought is \$250. All amounts received are net; there's no fee to pay. There have been lots of sales at more than \$100. Receipts at the first six shows totalled \$35,000, and the committee thinks that subsequent commissions and re-sales would probably double this amount. Now and then a buyer will mull over a purchase after he's taken it home, decide he's paid too little, and send the artist an additional check. Mr. Porter says that lots of uptown art dealers scout around and drive

slick bargains. Each show lasts nine days, but it generally rains on three of them.

Most of the exhibitors regard themselves as professional artists, but a few are frankly hobbyists. Practically every nationality is represented this year: there's a wrestler, a steelworker, an ex-captain of a windjammer, a Swedish count, a German baron, and a Hungarian prince. In earlier shows there used to be a white-haired, aristocratic lady, but she disappeared when it was whispered that she was a first cousin of Nicholas II. The show's favorite customer is an old lady who lives in the district and has sternly refused each year to allow her walls to be used for display. On the last day of each sale she emerges with her maid and buys about \$500 worth of pictures.

Automaton

A SUTTON PLACE gentleman has been terribly involved with the Telephone Company lately. He re-

ceived a bill for charges which he had already paid promptly and cheerfully, and then he got overdue notices, and finally a sharply worded threat that his telephone service would be discontinued if he didn't pay up at once. Our man intended to give the company a good bawling-out for this, but before he could get around to doing it, a company representative called him up, said there had been a mistake, and apologized for everything. This didn't conclude the episode, though. Three days later another representative phoned and told him sternly that he'd better pay his bill. At this, our man fell to with a right good will, and gave his tormentor the bawling-out which he had originally worked up. When he concluded, there was a small silence, and then the voice said, meekly and with resignation, "Well, don't blame *me* for it. I'm just a piece of machinery."

Goldfarb's Veitchis

A LADY we met at dinner told us about walking along Lexington Avenue one day last week, near the Grand Central Palace, and seeing a gardenia vendor with a neat little sign on his basket: "We deliver." She bought a gardenia, but resisted the temptation to have it sent out to Pelham Manor. Another sidewalk florist, operating in the vicinity of Stern's, on Forty-second Street, is reported to have an oddly persuasive sales talk. "Here y'are, folks," he says, flourishing a handful of gardenias. "Here y'are—nice, fresh poinsettias, only a dime." And we ourselves heard a Times Square vendor with a fistful of limp flowers chanting, "Only ten cents, folks—ten cents for the Mac West Special."

Our curiosity was mildly aroused by the prevalence of these nickel and dime gardenia vendors, and we decided to look into the industry. Formerly you had to pay fifty or seventy-five cents for a gardenia, and you still do—for that kind of gardenia. The nickel and dime kind are Veitchis; the aristocratic kind are Belmonts. No high-class retailer would handle Veitchis,

except on a bush. You may have heard that Cape jasmines are being fobbed off on unsuspecting, indiscriminating people, but this isn't true, or anyway isn't the rule—not because the peddlers are especially honest, but because jasmines are just as expensive and hard to grow as Veitchi gardenias. We have all this floral dope on the authority of Mr. Morton Goldfarb (My Florist), the largest wholesale-and-retail florist in the country, and probably in the world. Mr. Goldfarb does a business in excess of two million dollars a year. Last year he sold nine million roses alone. So you see. Every morning some four thousand gardenias, both Belmonts and Veitchis, come in from the Goldfarb greenhouses on the Hudson and on Long Island, and after the Belmonts and the pick of the Veitchis (used for funeral wreaths and set pieces) have been disposed of to other florists, or reserved for retail sale, the rest are sold to the thirty-odd peddlers who are regular Goldfarb patrons. There are hundreds of peddlers, of course, but their trade is scattered among the smaller dealers of the flower market on Twenty-eighth Street. Wholesale price is two cents for a nickel gardenia, and three or four cents for the ten-centers, depending on freshness and size. And in case you have been wondering how you should pronounce "Veitchi," it's probably not the way you thought; in the trade it's "Veech-eye," according to Mr. Goldfarb.

The gardenia street sales may look impressive, but they're really piffling

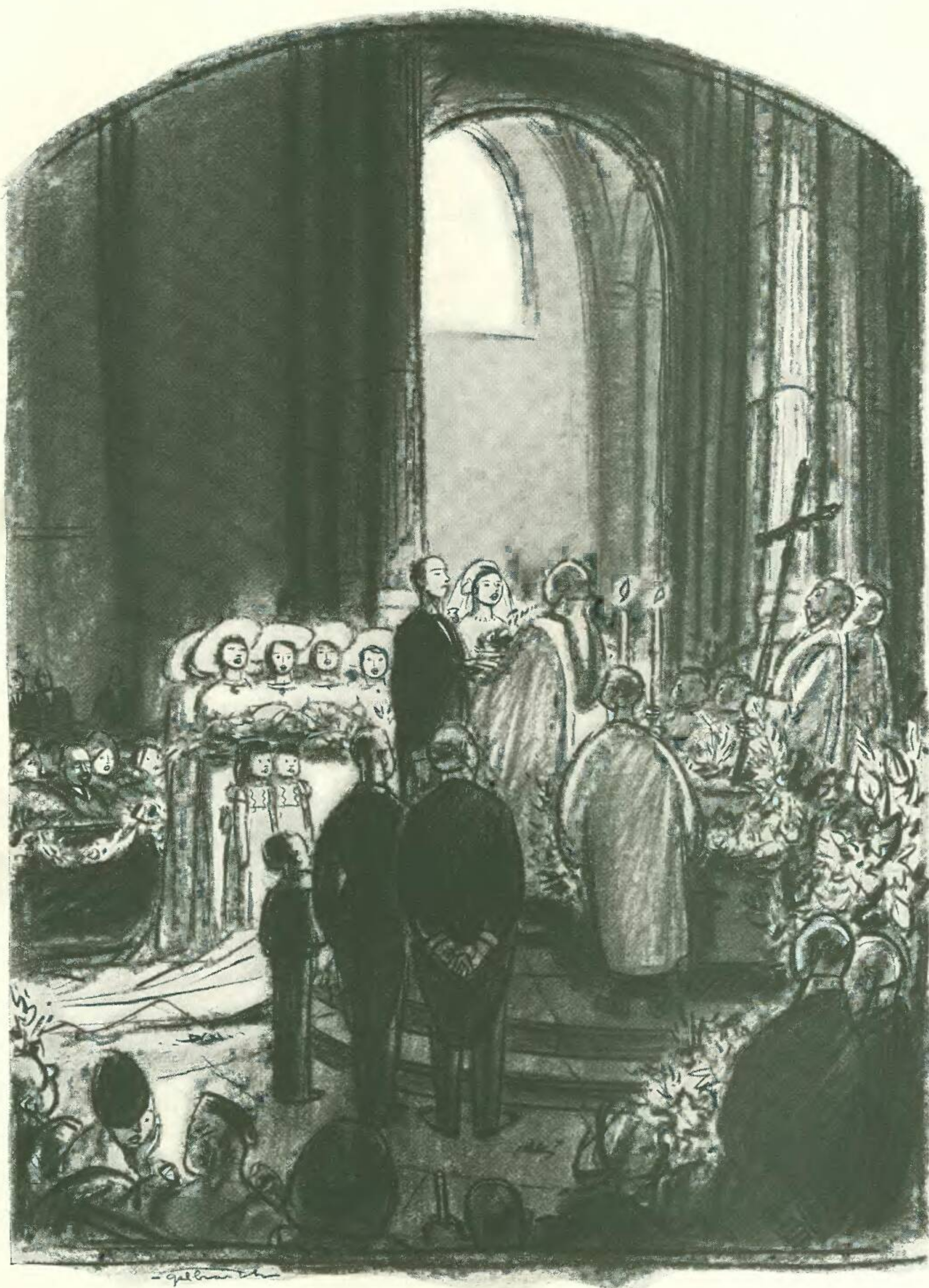
as far as wholesale people are concerned. Mr. Goldfarb says he doesn't take in more than forty dollars a day from sales to peddlers, and doesn't much care for their trade, one way or the other. In fact, he refuses to sell to a small group of floral Fagins who employ young boys to do their peddling, and reap large profits. Some of the peddlers have formed syndicates, appointed a purchasing agent, and got a slightly better price by buying in quantity. The peddling business as a whole isn't centralized, though, and Mr. Goldfarb doesn't think it will last. He says that in a year or so wholesalers will stop raising cheap gardenias, and the expensive ones will once again be an exclusive badge of elegance for pretty ladies.

Estate

A BEAUTIFUL country home stands at the curving of a lovely road on Long Island near the town of Wading River. We exclaimed about it as we drove by the other day with a friend who knows the region. He stopped his car and pointed to a neat little signboard at one corner of the charming front lawn. It bore, in elegant script letters, the word "Seldoon." We asked if it was the name of the owner. It was not. Seldoon, it turned out, is the name of the estate. It is owned by Mr. Henry Mueller, the spaghetti-and-macaroni man. Still we didn't get the significance of Seldoon, and said so. "Spell it backward," said our friend, driving on.



"He broke a chain letter and he's scared of every sound."



"They'll never be happy."

THE YANKEE CLIPPERS

WHENEVER life begins to crowd me, when I start reading unfamiliar names backward to see if they spell anything, and when the impulse to arise in movie theatres and shout back brittle dialogue at Ann Harding and Robert Montgomery threatens to become overpowering, I never give in. Instead I rush home at top speed and lie down in a hot tub with a copy of *The American Hairdresser*, published monthly by the H. R. Howell Company of New York City. There is nothing so soothing to the overwrought ganglia as a barbers' trade journal and a hot tub, and if you have a little water to put in the tub, so much the better. Any reliable druggist can sell you a small phial of water for this purpose, and *The American Hairdresser*, *The Master Barber and Beauty Culturist*, and *Modern Beauty Shop* are available on all newsstands. I also have a beautiful Circassian girl to rub my back, but that is another story, and one which the reader will find in "Tom Swift and his Giant Neurosis."

The Italian barber of your boyhood, with his voluptuous calendars, tattered *Police Gazette*, and mandolin, has given way to a knifelike individual in a surgical apron who is known variously as a cosmetician, cosmetologist, beautician, and cosmetic counsellor. As far as I can determine from the pages of *The American Hairdresser*, he spends most of his time torturing ladies' hair into new and horrifying arrangements, which he exhibits in hotel ballrooms. He is forever rushing from one convention to another to demonstrate novel hideosities in which lacquer, gold leaf, shellac, and (for all I know) deck paint are used on milady's topknot. In the February, 1935, issue of *The American Hairdresser* appears a photograph of the strangest head of hair I have ever seen on a white woman. This extravagant coiffure portrays Old Glory—red, white, and blue against a blond field—fluttering in the breeze, and was executed in honor of the President's birthday, a union of peroxide and patriotism which must have sent Mr. Roosevelt's brain reeling.

But it is the "Trouble Corner" of *The American Hairdresser* and "Questions and Answers" of *Modern Beauty Shop* which reveal the modern barber for the hollow shell he is. The "Trouble Corner" is a haven for unhappy barbers, a Wailing Wall where

they can beat their breasts unashamedly and confess their professional *gaucheries*. In the March, 1935, issue an anonymous sinner steps forward with a stark but typical narrative:

"Question: The hair of one of my patrons is very dark brown in back, and white all over the rest of the head. It is medium texture, and naturally curly. I have been using hair dye in a black shade for the past five years, and now her hair is broken off in patches and is very coarse and wiry. I tried to remove the old dye with the intention of redyeing a dark brown to make her appearance more natural, and gave hot oil treatments of kerosene and mineral oil, and stripped with a hot iron. This did not help much. Then I used a dye remover. This resulted in a reddish tinge in spots, but in front the black still persists. Can you tell me how to remove the dye from all over so I can redye the entire head a dark brown?"

After puzzling over this macabre recital for some time, I came to the only conclusion which embraces all the facts: the client was either a dead game sport or a wire-haired fox terrier. The possibility that the barber is a wire-haired fox terrier is both unscientific and immaterial. But whatever her station in life, my advice to the patron is to leave town before the barber tries to kalsomine her. There is a definite note of hysteria in his letter which promises very badly. I rather imagine that by the time it appeared, galloping schizophrenia had overtaken the barber, and he had succeeded in papering his customer's head with an Early American pattern, or at least in giving her a primary coat of sizing.

YOUR sleek and aseptic cosmetician, busy among his frightening dryers and curlers, would probably stiffen at the suggestion that he is second cousin to the African witch doctor. Yet in one of his own trade magazines I find the most bald-faced admission of voodoo I have ever come across in a family paper. I quote from "Trouble Corner" in the December, 1934, number: "Please tell me how long I should steam little girls' hair,

spiral and croquignole, ages from 9 to 14. I am never sure about the time." It is a lucky thing for this gentleman that he is skulking behind a cloak of anonymity, or I would step around to his shop and give him the horse-

whipping he richly deserves. Steaming little girls' hair indeed—the next step will be shrinking their heads over a slow fire. I have no term of contempt strong enough for anybody who would shrink a little girl's head over a slow fire, no matter what the provocation. The years from nine to fourteen are the formative ones, and the growing girl needs every bit of skull she can lay her hands on.

The entire hairdressing trade, as a matter of fact, seems to be honeycombed with instances of black magic and sorcery. Rare is the beauty parlor which does not boast its own hobgoblin or *Poltergeist*. Some of these can be very annoying; I turn to the "Questions and Answers" column of *Modern Beauty Shop* for August, 1934:

"Question: For seven years I have been giving permanent waves with very good results. A few months ago, I moved to new quarters and since that time the waves I give seem to be either limp or too curly. The voltage is not as strong as it was in my other shop and is rather variable. Would this make any noticeable difference in the results of the waves?"

It is the curse of our scientific age that even a barber cannot see beyond his own voltage. The man and his shop are obviously possessed of devils, and they must be cast out. Let him stop worrying about watts and amperes and get himself a copy of a good handbook on witchcraft. Let him place a hair ball from the stomach of an ox in a circle drawn with white chalk and repeat a dirty limerick about his competitor across the street, who has clearly put a hex on him. He can even make a small wax image of his rival and stick pins into it three times a day after meals. And if all else fails, he can heave his foolish machinery into the street, hang up a colored chromo of the war in Tripoli between Italy and Turkey, and start honing his razors. Hoist the hot towel over the last citadel of male privacy! Down with the permanent wave and the bobbie pin; up bay rum and the rusty clippers! The beard must go, but never the tradition. Barbers of America, I give you a toast: No more ladies!

—S. J. PERELMAN

His chief pleasures in life are boasting that he is a plain man, a big brass cuspidor, and an outlandish portrait of his father. —William Boehnel in the *World-Telegram*.

Harmless enough pleasures, to be sure.



PITNICK IN THE BRONX

THE breakfast dishes had been pushed aside, and there on the dining-room table were the rolls, pickles, wax paper, and other concomitants of a Sunday picnic lunch which Mrs. Gross was preparing for her daughter, Bella, who, at the moment, was in the bathroom putting on her makeup, a laborious ritual to which she devoted a great deal of time.

Pa Gross, his suspenders trailing behind him as he moved, came rapidly out of the kitchen, a thermos bottle in one hand and a steaming coffeepot in the other. This he quickly placed on the table.

"Ooh, is hot the coffee!" he exclaimed, puffing at his fingers. "I think I burnt by me the fingiss."

Mrs. Gross picked up the coffeepot and glared at her husband. "Dope! This is a way to put a hot coffeepot on table?"

"What you want?" he said, defensively. "I should burn by me the whole hand?"

"Fa my part, burn by you the two hands." Mrs. Gross rubbed vigorously at the stain left by the pot. "Lookit him, Mr. Millionaire! Money he got yet to throw away on tablecloths!"

Pa picked up a roll preparatory to slicing it and Ma yanked it away. "Take away the hands! Get betteh the mustidd fomm kitchen."

"The mustidd?" Pa repeated.

"Yeh, yeh. You never heard fomm mustidd? Bella wants I should put a

couple drops mustidd on the corn-biff senwiches."

"Bella wants!" Pa sighed as he headed for the kitchen. "And if Bella wants a huss'n buggy, so we got to bring her a huss'n buggy? Awways Bella wants!"

No sooner had he disappeared than Bella's voice was heard.

"Hurry up with the sanwiches, will ya, Mom?" she shouted. "It's getting late."

"Listen to her awready!" replied her mother. "If you in soch a rosh to make hurry the senwiches, why don't you help with the senwich-making? No! Why should Miss Yenkee help when she got a mother fa a nigger soivant she should do all the work?"

Pa now returned to the dining-room, having found the mustard. "In bread

box she hides the mustidd, Mrs. Boss!" he complained. "A nice place to look fa the mustidd—in bread box!" His eye fell on the platter of corn-ed beef. He quickly scooped up a slice and tossed it into his mouth.

"Lookit him!" shouted his wife. "Mr. Slop! The pitnick senwiches he's eating op aw-ready."

"Whatsa metta?" Pa retorted, his mouth full. "A man can't eat a little piece corn biff in his own house? What am I here—a boarder by the wikk?"

"Aw right," replied Ma, resigned. "Eat like a huss. Stoff yesself op. Get sick. Get even gullstones. So who cares?" She placed an enormous piece of lettuce on a slice of rye bread.

Just then the bathroom door opened and Bella appeared. Her face, freshly hued, looked like an artist's palette. She glanced at her wristwatch and her features clouded. "Gee, I better hurry. How's the food coming, Ma?"

Ma paused as she poured the coffee into the thermos bottle. "Is coming in a train the food," she replied. "Is coming in an uttomobill. So how should the food come?" Bella was now rummaging through the top drawer of the bureau in the dining-room. "Miss Hurry-Shmurry!" Mrs. Gross shouted at her. "What



"Sometimes, Clarence,
I wonder if I ever get on your nerves."

you looking for in soch a rosh?"

"My khaki pants. Where-ja put them?"

"Miss Blind Girl," her mother chided as she opened the bottom drawer and extracted the trousers. "You ain't got eyes in head, God fabbid!"

Bella headed for the bedroom. "Now, don't forget the tishya paper fa the sandwiches, Ma," she said.

"Whatsa metta tishya paper alluva sodden?" Pa wanted to know. "Plain sandwiches Mexie can't eat? He's maybe gonna eat op the tishya paper, too?"

"No, he's not gonna eat it up," Bella replied, testily. "I just wanna show him I at lease went to some trouble with his food."

"Is plenty trouble, believe me," complained Mrs. Gross. "Look—tishya paper, lettiss, a couple pieces sour peekle. And fa what? So all right. So Mexie he gives you a nice 'Thank you.'"

The doorbell rang. "Gee, Ma, it must be some a the bunch. Answer that, will ya, and tell them I'll be out in a coupla minutes." Mrs. Gross lowered the piece of rye bread she had started to smear with mustard. The bell rang again.

"Aha," she exclaimed.

"It begins awready the larm clock ringing."

MA admitted Jennie and Sarah, two of Bella's friends. Jennie, a hundred and fifty rich and luscious pounds of girlhood, was encased in a heavy blue sweater, a hand-knitted affair which hung despairingly below her knees. The thin, unattractive Sarah, born an old maid and reluctantly carrying out her destiny, was attired in white knickers and, like her companion, wore high-heeled shoes.

"Soch a lovely sweater," Mrs. Gross was saying after she had admitted them. "Is beyoodyful, the sweater."

"It's a little bit too long," admitted Jennie. "I'm hoping it'll shrink after I send it to the wash."

"Good munning, good munning!" Pa greeted them, jovially. "And how is the pitnick girls?"



"The man told me they were pre-shrunk!"

"We're O.K., Mr. Gross," replied Sarah. "How you feeling?"

"So how should I fill?" he said. "O.K., of cuss!"

"I'll be out in a minute!" shouted Bella from the bedroom. "Make yesselves comftible."

"Sit donn, girls," said Mrs. Gross, "and I'll get fa you a piece cake we had lest night fa soppur. Mmm, is delicious the cake!"

"Not fa me, thanks," said Jennie. "I'm on a strick diet."

Mrs. Gross dismissed this with "Eh, diet! Wait till you taste my cake," and disappeared into the kitchen.

Pa noticed Jennie's picnic bag and surveyed it critically. "Look how small the peckich food. Your fellas, they gonna stovv fomm hongeh."

"We not bringing food fa any boy friends," quickly replied Jennie.

"No?" Pa was frankly puzzled.

"Bella says the boyess they paying fa the girls the carfare, and the girls they bringing fa the boyess the peckiches food."

"Who wantsta be unner obligation to a fella?" asked Sarah, haughtily. "No thank you. I'll pay fa my own ticket."

Ma reappeared, carrying two plates of cake. "Here, taste something delicious," she said, smacking her lips. "We had lest night this spuntch cake fa soppur. Go on. It melts by you in mouth, is so delicious the cake."

"Oh, I couldn't," protested Sarah. "I just had breakfast."

"No, thanks," said her companion. "I'm on a strick diet on account my overweight. Thanks justa same."

"Overweight-shmate," Mrs. Gross replied. "Go on, taste it. What can be the homm fomm a little piece cake?"

Sarah took a tentative stab or two at

the yellow mound on her plate, but Jennie attacked hers frankly and thoroughly.

"Hello, Jen. Hello, Sarah," said Bella, rushing into the dining-room. "I'll be with you in a coupla minutes."

"Takeya time, Billie. There's awways somebody late at the pitnicks. Some club members, they haven't got the lease bitta consideration fa their fel-la-members, they awways so late," said Sarah.

"Say!" Jennie lowered her empty plate and walked to Bella. "That's some sweater you got on, Billie. Turn arounn."

Bella pulled in her stomach and nervously examined herself in the bureau mirror. "You think it shows too much—y'know, the bust, excuse the expression?"

"It's certainey some sexy sweater, Billie," said Jennie, and giggled. "I oney wisht I had the shape to wear it."

The dour Sarah shook her head. "Personally, I wouldn't wear it. I wouldn't wanna give some a them fresh fellas any idears." Her eye suddenly fell on Bella's shoes. "Look," she exclaimed. "She's got on her low-heel shoes."

"Sure," said Bella. "We gonna climb up the mountains."

"Not me!" Jennie was very emphatic about this. "I'm just gonna take it easy."

"Listen," said Sarah, "I climb enough stairs at home, I should climb up mountains yet!"

Bella noticed Jennie's picnic lunch. "What kinda sandwiches you bringing along, Jen?" she asked.

HOSPITAL

The bell said "Abandon hope!"
The mat said "Come in!"
"Mrs. Who?" the clerk said.
"You're late," said his chin.

The switchboard said little things
He couldn't hear at all.
"Never really tell 'em,"
Said the scrubbed, white wall.

"For God's sake, how is it?
For God's sake, is she dead?
For God's sake, for God's sake!"
Said the blood in his head.

"Quietly, quietly,
Don't get in a rage,
You'll be there before you want to,"
Said the elevator cage.

"Mrs. Who? Mrs. Who?
She was moved today
But I don't think you can see her,"
Said the girl with the tray.

"It's four o'clock, four o'clock,"
Said the green-shaded light.
"They're born then, they die then,
At the cold ebb of night."

"Born or die or stitch the wound,
We've seen it all.
We get our work done,"
Said the doors in the hall.

"When they haven't got the strength,
People don't get well.
But I get my work done,"
Said the disinfectant smell.

"No, you can't see her.
No, it isn't worse.
No, it isn't better,"
Said the white-paper nurse.

"No, it wasn't easy.
No, that's what she said.
No, you'll never see her,"
Said the screen by the bed.

—STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

"Lettice and tematess on whole wheat. I'm on a strick diet on account my overweight."

"Cake is fattening," said Sarah, righteously. "If you're on a diet, you dassent eat cake."

Pa Gross looked up from his newspaper. "Listen, Jennie," he said. "With your shape, a boy you wouldn't catch. So betteh eat what you like. A couple pounds more, a couple pounds less, so what's gonna be the diffrence?"

"Pa!" Bella was genuinely outraged. "How can you talk like that?"

"Listen to him!" shouted Mrs. Gross, glaring at her husband. "Mr. Beaudy Pahlah! Soch compliments give betteh to cherrity." She turned to Jennie and patted her shoulder. "Don't listen to him, Jennie."

"That's aw right." She tried to fix her features into a smile. "I say evvey knock's a boost."

Bella hurriedly scooped up her bag and started for the door. "Goodbye, Ma," she said. "See you later."

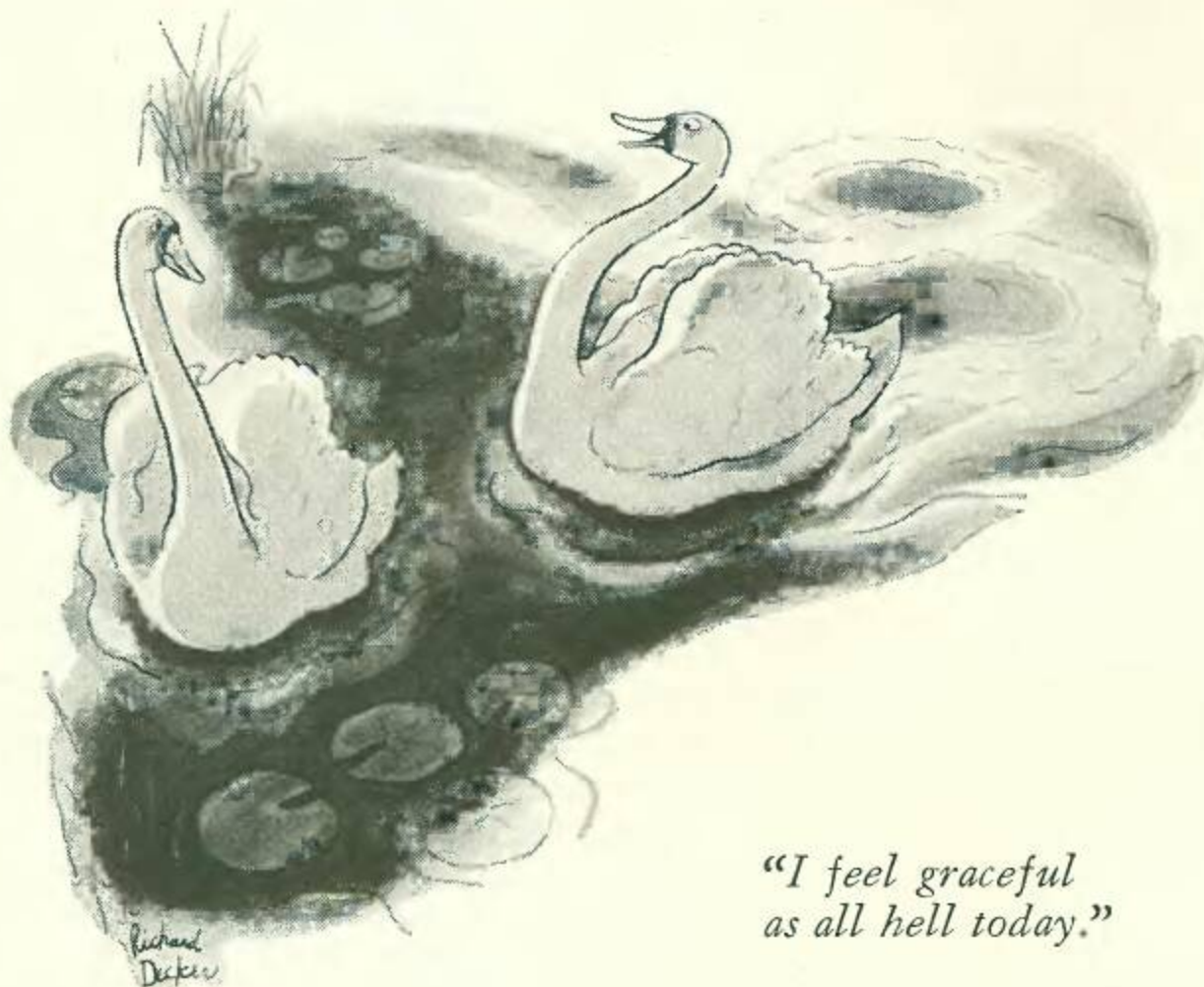
"Goodbye. Goodbye. Enjoy yerselves." Mrs. Gross waited until the door had closed before turning on Pa. "Dope!" she exclaimed. "Came here in house a man with a warrant, he ast you about Jennie's shape? Came a polissman with a clob, he make you to talk about Jennie's shape? Who ast you?"

"Whatsa metta?" Pa replied. "She ain't fat maybe?"

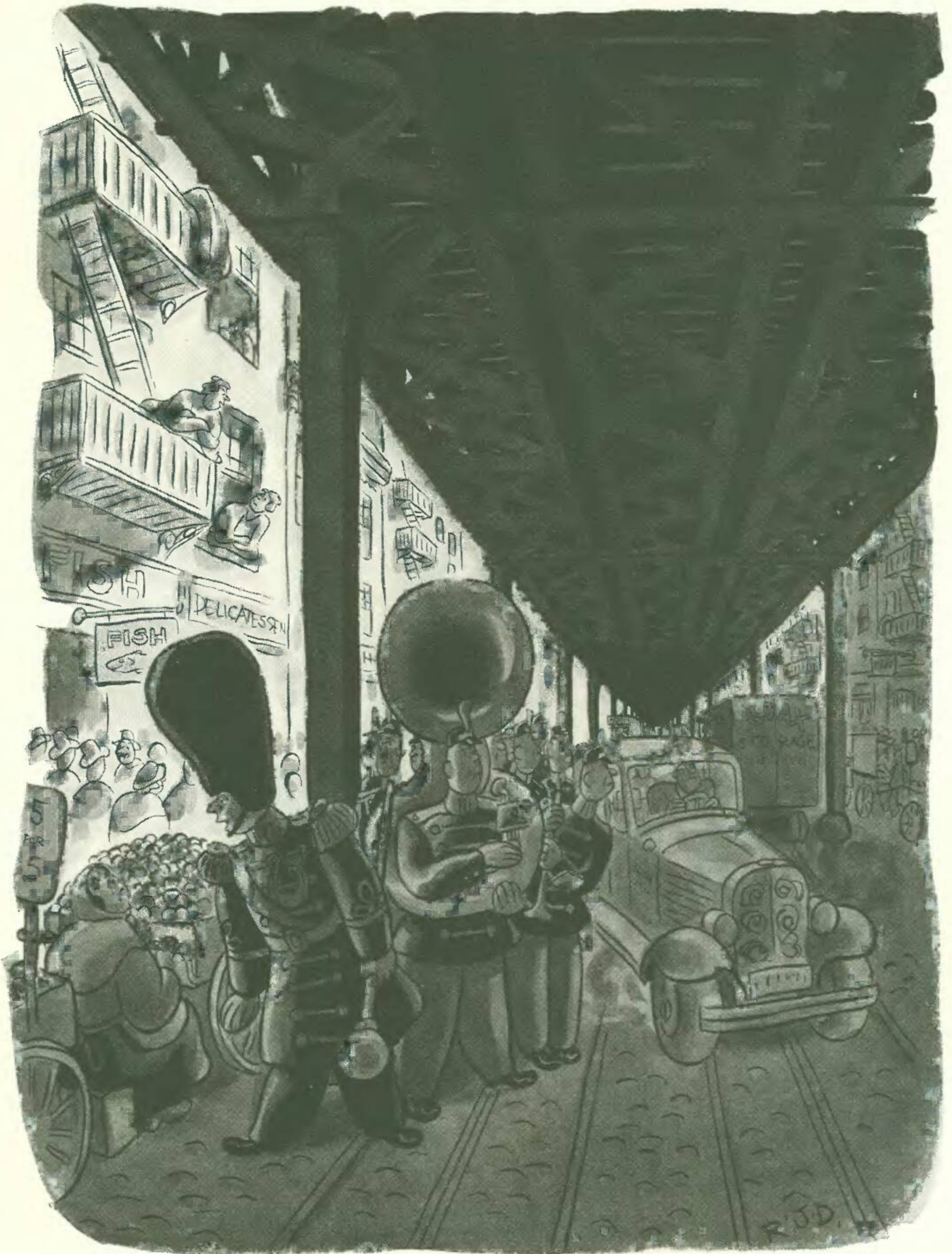
"So aw right! So she's fat! So she's fat like a house! But that is nice to tell a person? That makes a person fill O.K? How you like somebody say to you, 'Mr. Gross, you snore by you in slipp like a huss'? That you like? That you enjoy maybe? That—"

"Lieber Gott! Stop awready with the tongue. A regella fecktory, the tongue!" Pa picked up his newspaper and fled to his sanctuary, slamming the bathroom door behind him.

—ARTHUR KOBER



*"I feel graceful
as all hell today."*



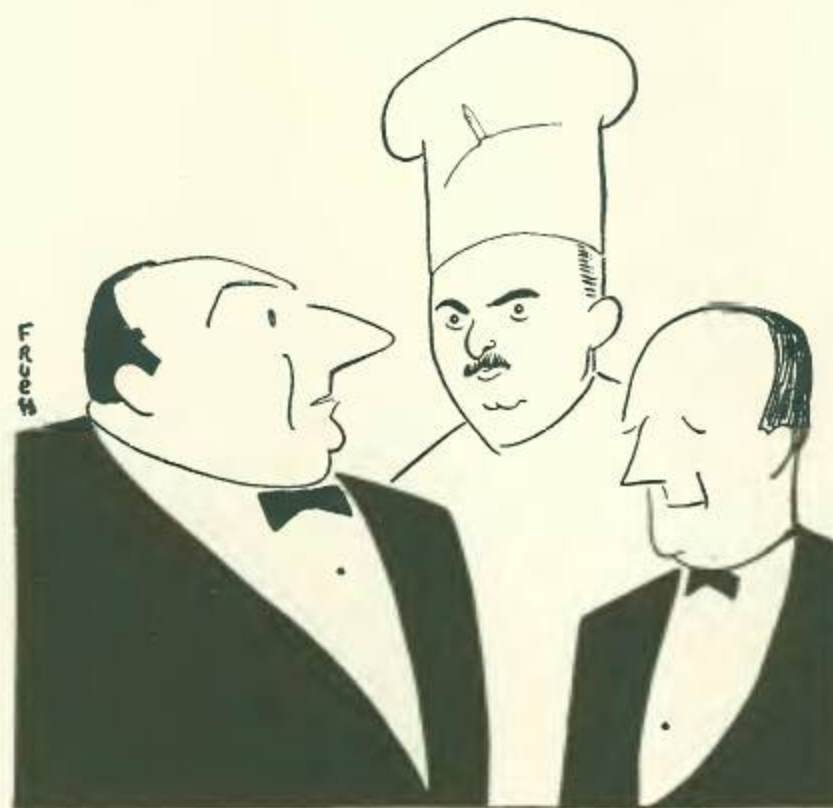
"Haven't seen anything of a parade around here, have you?"

* * * PROFILES * *

TWO WAITERS AND A CHEF~I

CATERING to a breezy and inconstant section of the New York public, the Colony Restaurant has managed to maintain, for fifteen years, a steadfast reputation for chic. Throughout the boom it was a symbol of everything luxurious, and even in leaner times its dining-room has remained a mirror of New York life at its glossiest. Its two headwaiters, Ernest Cerutti and Gene Cavallero, have a way of seeming to swim toward the entering guest, a subtle flattery in every gesture; they are born headwaiters—suave, solicitous, infallible. That they are also shrewd businessmen is a fact which they have so gracefully allowed to escape their patrons that it has become secondary even to themselves. Ernest and Gene have owned the Colony since 1922. A third proprietor and partner, Alfred Hartmann, who was also the Colony's original chef, sold his interest to the other two in 1927 and retired to a two-hundred-acre farm near Belfort, France. Together, the three men have made something like a million dollars out of the Colony.

Ernest and Gene permit themselves only an occasional faint reverie about retiring. In their native Italy, Ernest owns a villa at Palermo and Gene is *padrone* of a farm that takes in almost an entire village, near the Lake of Garda, and employs most of the inhabitants around there. Each of them takes a two months' vacation, alternate summers, to visit his estate, and they become, for that period, men of property, of importance; the rest of the time they go on working as headwaiters at the Colony. The rules of caste, unquestioningly accepted by them both, which makes certain people born to be waited upon and others to serve, are a part of the European frame of mind not always understood by Americans, and this seems to be one reason most good restaurants are run by Europeans. Even toward their employees, Ernest and Gene have never adopted any impressive attitudes of ownership. During the waiters' strike, last year, Ernest left Gene telephoning to relatives and friends to come and help wait on table, and went down to the



Gene Alfred Ernest

basement where the strikers were assembled, muttering among themselves. "Why do you do this to me?" he demanded of them. "I am your employer—yes. But I am a workingman like yourselves. I," he told them, simply, "am a headwaiter." A considerable emotional collapse ensued among the rebel ranks, and although the waiters struck anyway, a good many of them did it with tears in their eyes.

The brotherhood of waiters and cooks is an emotional one, and itinerant as well. Most of them are wanderers at heart, and they are forever meeting other waiters and other cooks with whom they once worked in far countries—as busboys, perhaps, and kitchen helpers. These reunions are attended, usually, by a dramatic lifting of the eyebrows and a widening of the eyes, by embraces and incredulous shouts, and they lead, quite often, to the cementing of an old friendship, and, sometimes, to the opening of a new restaurant. Drama and coincidence were seldom absent from the chain of circumstances that finally led Ernest, Gene, and Alfred together to the pot of gold that was waiting for them among the kettles and pans in the Colony's kitchen; and their six years of association brilliantly proved the truth of a maxim originated by Ernest: "Two waiters starting in business together," he says, "can do nothing, but two waiters and a chef can make a fortune."

For a success fable, the Colony furnishes a background of adroit simplic-

ity. In appearance the restaurant is unpretentious. Its entrance, up a narrow flight of steps and through a narrow door, is not an ideal entrance for a fashionable restaurant; women can generally manage to descend stairs gracefully, but even a beauty, when she climbs, is apt to look huddled and ungainly—the grace goes out of her. The Colony's lounge, inside the door, is so small and cluttered that hardly any woman, however sabled and sleek with jewels, can enter it in a really arresting manner. The dining-room itself is nondescript, with potted palms standing in corners and with designs in colored glass inserted in the win-

dowpanes. But the food is the kind that gourmets like to talk about after they have eaten it, and the service is passionately alert. The waiters, vibrating to each patron's whims, know that Elsie de Wolfe likes her toast made of gluten bread; that Mrs. Frederick Gould, when on a diet, lunches on porridge cooked without salt; that Bertrand L. Taylor, Jr., hates green olives and likes ripe ones, and that his sister, Countess di Frasso, must always have toothpicks on the table.

The corner table to the right of the doorway as you enter has been W. K. Vanderbilt's for eight years. William Rhineland Stewart has a table, reserved for him on certain days, against the left wall; Mrs. Edwin M. Post, Jr., sits beside the pillar a little in front of that, with Ellin Mackay Berlin's table to her left and Beth Leary's across the room. Dr. Rudolf Kommer lunches nearly every day at one of the centre tables; he is still regarded as a mystery man because, after you have discovered who he is and what he does, the whole thing turns out to be bewildering anyway. Another inscrutable patron is Stefan Kodysky, who, during the years preceding his divorce from Violet Cruger-Wanamaker-Viney-Kodysky, became famous at the Colony as the Man Who Eats Alone. All of these reservations, and others equally compelling, occupy the front, or fashionable, half of the room. The other half, in the rear, has long been known to fastidious custom-

ers as the Monkey House, and most of them, in the grip of that inexplicable herd instinct which makes certain spots acceptable and condemns others, would rather be seen dead than sit there. A complicated social structure like this, all in the space of one medium-sized dining-room, brings sharp situations in its train. Sometimes strangers come in early and, seeing empty tables, unknowingly demand Mr. Vanderbilt's or Mrs. Post's. Ernest and Gene, the perfect headwaiters, then collaborate in a scandalous diplomacy. Gene holds the party at bay until Ernest, in the course of circling the room, charmingly arrives.

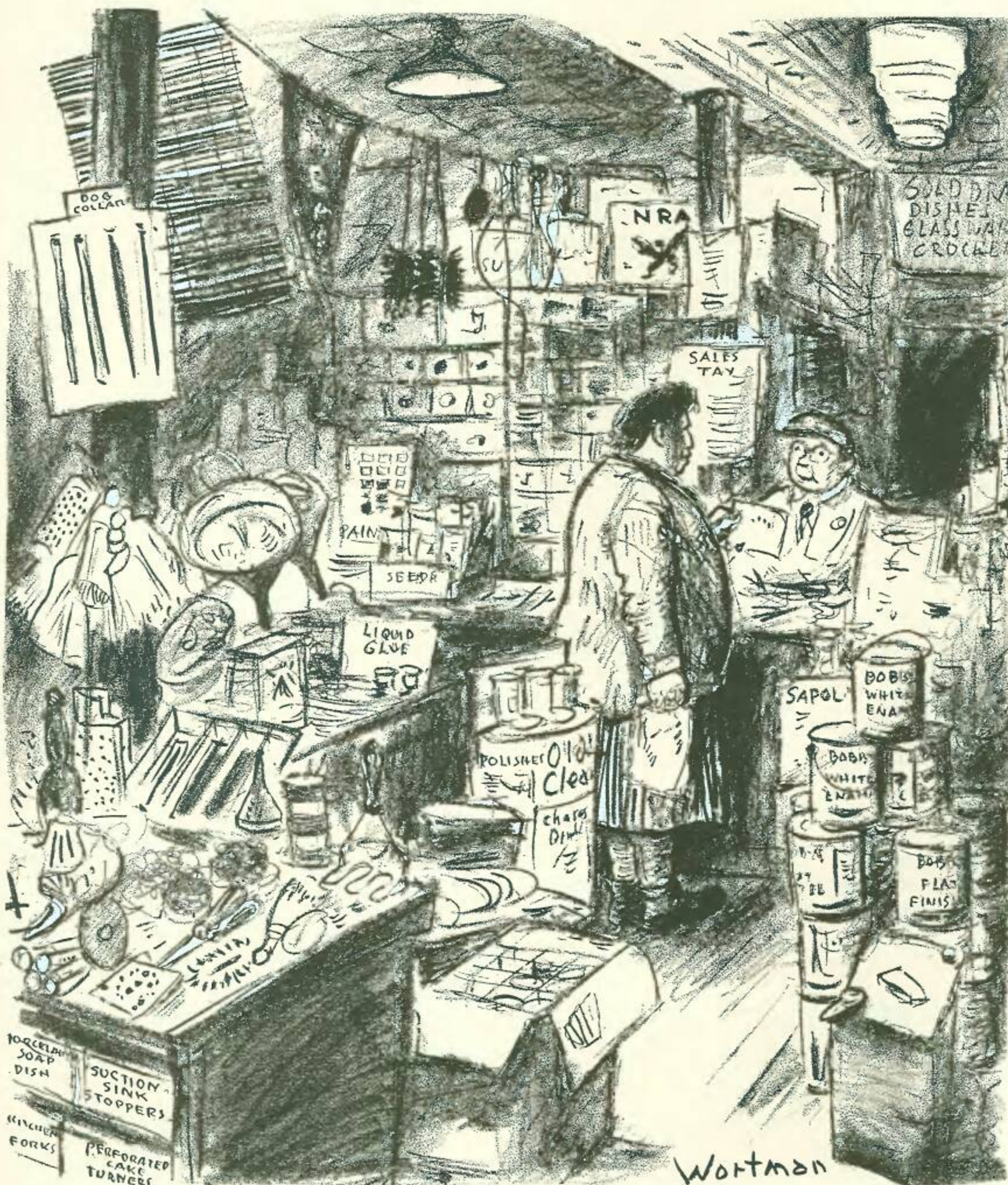
Ernest, who has absorbed the situation from the corner of a trained eye, melts toward the customers and reviles Gene—chiefly by means of shrugs and pitying glances—as a clod who knows no better than to keep such invaluable patrons waiting even for a second. The guests, soothed by Gene's subsequent attitudes of shame, lift their heads and follow Ernest like lambs to the table at which he desires them to sit. Sometimes it is Gene who is called upon to abuse Ernest. Whichever way the thing occurs, it comforts the customers and does not disturb the enduring affection between Ernest and Gene, who have

been friends and colleagues for twenty-seven years.

ERNEST, thin, brown-haired, and magnetic, has been at the Colony since it opened, in 1920. He was born, fifty-two years ago, at Savona, in the mountains of Italy, and christened Esterino Umberto Giuseppe Antonio Cerutti. Gene, who is darker, plumper, and seven years younger than Ernest, went to the Colony in 1921; his birthplace was Mantua, in the Italian lowlands, and his real name is Usvaldo Cavallero. It was the late James B. Regan, proprietor of the old Knicker-

bocker Hotel, who shortened their names to Ernest and Gene about twenty years ago, when both were working for him; Ernest finds his name a rough approximation of Esterino, but Usvaldo (who, translated directly into English, would have become Oswald) is still a little puzzled about being named Gene. Headwaiters in America, even more than other Europeans, have to be called some easy name that people can remember, and the method of Americanizing the names of Italians and Greeks is fairly standardized. A headwaiter named Pablo is changed into Paul, Demosthenes becomes Dick, Francopolous turns out to be Frank, or Franklin; and there was a Greek named Demetrios Garfakis who, upon going to work in a New York hotel, became, not without stateliness, James Garfield.

Ernest was born into the restaurant business. His father kept a little inn, the Leone d'Oro, at Savona. When the boy was nine years old, his mother and father both died, and the management of the inn was reluctantly assumed by a be-



"I want some glue and some paint and some carpet tacks. My husband's home sick and I'm looking forward to getting a lot of odd jobs done."

wildered and incompetent uncle. Ernest, fetching wine and scrubbing floors, at length revolted against the slovenliness that had suddenly come to surround him, and tried to run away to Monte Carlo, where he had another uncle, remote and glamorous, who was a croupier at the Casino. He had only reached the Italian border, however, when his Savona uncle caught up with him and dragged him home. After that it took Ernest five years to get from Savona to Monte Carlo, a distance of seventy-eight miles, and it is still a matter of surprise to him that he got there, in the end, by way of Brooklyn. This came about because a year or so after the runaway episode, his uncle, the innkeeper, apprenticed him as cabin boy on a sailing vessel bound for a two years' voyage. At the end of the first lap, the ship put in at Brooklyn on a cold, foggy day in the winter of 1896; the cabin boy, with eleven dollars in his pocket, took one look at the city and instantly borrowed two dollars from a shipmate to make up the thirteen dollars required for a working passage back to Europe on a vessel leaving the next day. He arrived in Monte Carlo a little after his fourteenth birthday.

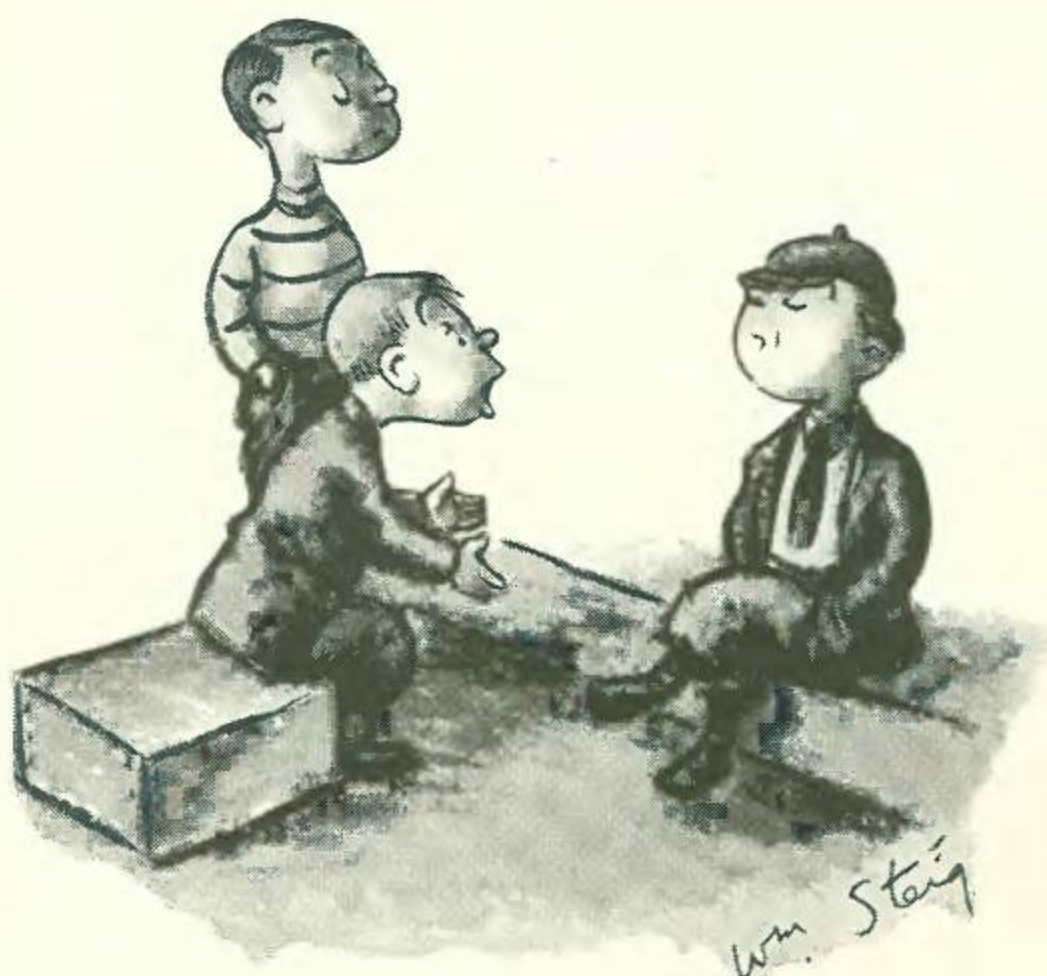
In Monte Carlo, Ernest's uncle, the croupier, got him a job as page boy at the Riviera Palace Hotel. At once he displayed a knack for making effective and flattering gestures toward influential people. One time he jumped into the sea, brave in his brass buttons, and

rescued a pet dog belonging to the golden-haired little daughter of a wealthy patron of the hotel. When, five years later, at the Palast Hotel in Berlin, he was made special waiter to Crown Prince Friedrich Wilhelm, who often dined there, he ministered to His Imperial Highness with the same intensity. The proprietor of the Palast was a fawning fellow who, in his efforts to serve the royal guest with his own hands, kept getting in Ernest's way. One night, going into the kitchen to fetch the Crown Prince's soup, Ernest found the proprietor there, displaying a piece of toast which Friedrich Wilhelm had happened to discard after one bite. "Look!" he was chattering to a goggle-eyed crew of cooks. "You can see the marks of the teeth in it, where His Imperial Highness has bitten!" Ernest paused for only a moment. "If you wish to serve the Crown Prince," he said to the proprietor, sternly, "stop gibbering at his teeth marks and go pour out his wine." After a brief inward battle, and defeat, the boss trotted out and poured the Prince's wine.

BY 1908, when he was about twenty-five, Ernest had become a headwaiter at the Savoy Hotel in London, and there two things happened to him: he realized that he was a man of position, and he met Gene. A headwaiter's standing in London is one of dignity. Ernest rode to and from work in a taxi, and was addressed as "sir" by

the doormen and porters at the hotel; he wore a derby hat when he walked in the park on Sundays. Working under him as a waiter was Gene (then Usvaldo) Cavallero, a farmer's son who, at fourteen, had run away from school in Mantua, to learn the restaurant business. The two men struck up a friendship which has not wavered since, although they are temperamental opposites. Ernest, from the mountains of Italy, is of a philosophic turn of mind, and by an iron self-control has cooled what Latin fires still occasionally rage within him. "When I want to keel somebody," he says, "right away I calm down." Gene, from the lowlands, is more excitable, and in a manner more crescendo. He also has a sharper eye to profit than Ernest has. At the Savoy, Gene had turned down a chance to go out to Australia on some promoting scheme or other which subsequently netted three million dollars apiece for the men who did go, and this error so embittered him that when, in 1913, opportunity once more arrived, in the form of an invitation to work at the Copley-Plaza in Boston, he was off to America like a flash.

After a reflective period of about four months (during which he remembered Brooklyn, and shuddered), Ernest came on to this country at the suggestion of John McE. Bowman, who wanted him for the new Biltmore, then being constructed. Arriving in New York in October, he was at once dismayed by practically everything. A taxi-driver demanded four dollars for having driven him, with a little luggage, from the pier at Twenty-second Street to a boarding house on Thirty-fourth. He found the Biltmore a fantastic skeleton which would not be completed, they told him, for another four or five months. His money dwindling, he applied to Albert Keller, manager of the Ritz, for a job; he had known Keller at the Grand Hotel in Rome, when Ernest was a waiter there and Keller a floor manager. Keller now inquired how Ernest was getting on with the American language, particularly that branch of it required of a waiter. "Do you know what Lynnhavens, Cotuits, Little Necks, and Blue Points are?" he asked, rapidly. "Are you familiar with a Golden Buck?" Ernest reeled, and went away. He spent the months before the Biltmore opened in studying menus and dictionaries, painfully adding American to the five languages which he already spoke. As *chef tran-*



SMALL FRY

Religious Discussion

cheur at the Biltmore and, later, assistant to Marcel, the headwaiter, he was suave and efficient but, privately, still bewildered. In Europe he had been a man happily dedicated, by his own choice, to a life of service; in America, they made him punch a time clock to prove it. When some dozens of demitasse spoons disappeared from the Biltmore pantries, they searched him along with the other waiters.

Meanwhile Gene, depressed by the clammy grandeurs of Boston, had gone to the Ritz in Philadelphia, and—apparently finding that even duller—came at length to New York and to the Biltmore as captain of waiters, under Ernest. The two men worked there together until Ernest was fired on account of a feud with a floor manager. This floor manager, in charge of arrivals and departures, had a knack of bestowing such dramatic farewells upon patrons that his gusto usually carried him along with them even to the door of the dining-room, where Ernest was waiting to make his own adieux. The guests, exhausted by attention, were inclined to pass lightly over Ernest's little parting speech, and Ernest spoke firmly to the floor manager about it. "You," he suggested, with a light in his eye, "say goodbye to them at the *desk*. I say goodbye to them *here*." He lost the battle that followed, however, and left the Biltmore for the Knickerbocker Hotel. Gene, although he had no quarrel with the Biltmore, went along with his friend. It was in the Knickerbocker kitchen, four years later, after the war (in which neither participated) that they found their third companion and eventual partner, Alfred Hartmann.



"Is that clock right?"

Both Ernest and Gene, by that time, had married American-born girls of Italian parentage, and Ernest had bought a small car.

Hartmann, an Alsatian, had given up a job at the Vanderbilt Hotel, at three hundred and fifty dollars a month, to go to war in 1914. Demobilized and broke, he returned to America to find his old job gone, and was obliged to go to work as night chef at the Knickerbocker for one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month. He was nearly forty years old, in debt, and his wife had just had another baby, the third. One night a guest at the Knickerbocker, impressed by some extra feat of attention from Ernest, the headwaiter, tipped him with a ten-dollar gold piece, and Ernest gave it to Hartmann for the baby. After that, Hartmann expressed his de-

votion nightly by creating a special dish for Ernest's supper after working hours.

THE roving fraternity of waiters and cooks had now brought together the three immigrants who were shortly to control the Colony Restaurant. All they needed was a propelling force, and it was Ernest who innocently supplied that when, one warm evening in the summer of 1920, he drove out to Woodmansten Inn near Pelham Parkway, then at the height of its popularity as a roadhouse. Ernest had heard of Joe Pani, the proprietor of Woodmansten, who had won considerable renown as the first restaurateur to put broccoli on an American menu. Ernest was ordering a bottle of Rhine wine when Pani wandered into the room and stared at him. Somebody

introduced them. "Cerutti?" Pani said, uncertainly, and then, "Weren't you once at the Palast Hotel in Berlin?" Ernest said that he had worked there. "I," said Joe Pani heartily, striking himself upon the chest, "am Panigarda!" With exclamations, the two embraced. They had worked together as waiters at the Palast, sixteen years before.

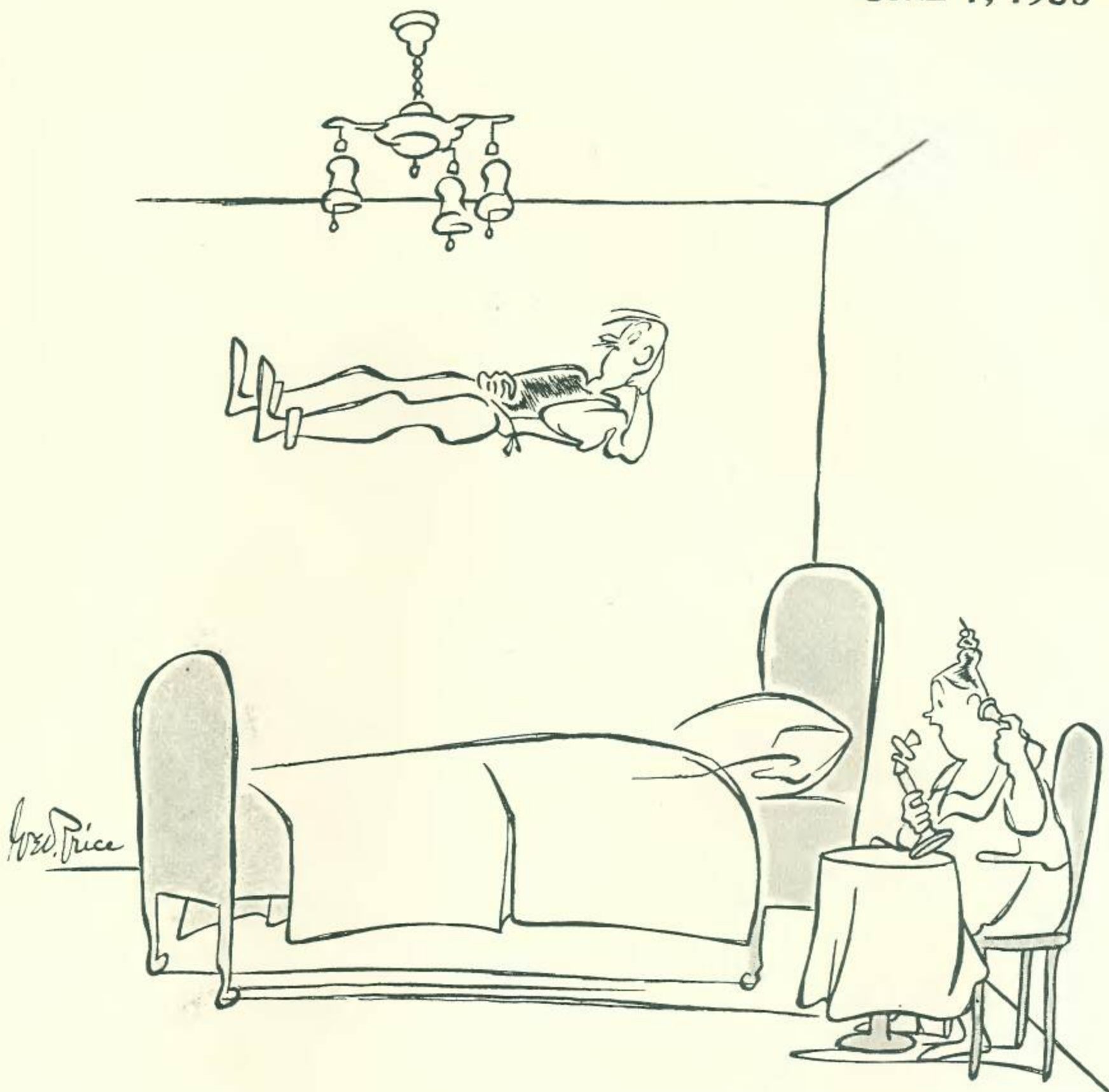
Until dawn Cerutti and Panigarda (Ernest and Joe) sat and talked. At six o'clock in the morning, Joe Pani lit a fresh cigar, called for more wine and more broccoli, and laid a proposition before his friend. A man named Sylvester Haberman, trustee of the estate which owned a building at 667 Madison Avenue, wanted Pani to open a restaurant there. Pani offered Ernest the job of headwaiter at one hundred dollars a week and, at his suggestion, agreed to take on Alfred Hartmann as chef. In the negotiations which followed, Gene was told that there might be a place for him there soon. The Colony opened the following December, with an entrance on Madison Avenue, through a semicircular driveway, and in its first year took in two hundred thousand dollars, with a profit of about seventy-five thousand dollars.

—MARGARET CASE HARRIMAN

(A second article on the Colony Restaurant will appear next week.)

The great Gatun Locks also are inspected during the trip of two hours or longer. Thence to the U. S. Naval Base at Coco Solo where all types of our national defense are seen; the canal started by the French in which you may have a glimpse of an alligator.—*Colombian Line folder.*

Some national defense, hey enemies?



"Now put down, 'Having left my bed and board, I am not responsible for his debts.'"

LADIES' DAY

Women still excel as mothers,
Women still excel as wives,
Women still, in spite of diets,
Lead with forks and knives.
Women have the fairest faces,
Women have the softest hearts,
Women gain the greenest laurels
When they woo the arts.
Let me add to this preamble,
Women, women shouldn't gamble.

Yip! Whoop! Boop-boop-a-doop!
The frenzied treble rises,
The welkin reels to soprano squeals
When ladies win the prizes.
Fret! Fume! Grim, glum gloom!
Oh what a crooked bank!
Clear the path for righteous wrath
When the ladies draw a blank.
Oh, girls will gamble if they choose,
But they shouldn't win and they
shouldn't lose.

Woman! First in intuition!
Lovely woman! Still untaught
That every time somebody wins,
Someone else is caught.
Woman! Hers the sweetest accent
Heard on this terrestrial stage—
But not when raised in yelps of triumph,
Not when hoarse with rage.
That woman most is worth escorting
Who never, never goes a-sporting.

Bliss! Joy! Boy, oh boy!
She won through personal merit;
The tip came through, the dream
came true,
The rabbit bit the ferret.
Boo! Shame! The world's to blame!
The cards were stacked agin her!
Rise, Huey, rise, some game devise
With every lady a winner.
Nevertheless, the girl I choose
Will never win and never lose.

—OGDEN NASH

OF ALL THINGS

INSPIRING thought for the little ones: Every American child may grow up to be President of the United States and veto the bonus.

Fifteen thousand Dukhobors will emigrate from Canada to the Chaco. Paraguay is broad-minded about their practice of nudism, and no objections are expected from the mosquitoes.

Our papers publish the portraits of the eminent local thugs who are to be annoyed by the police. They make an interesting exhibit, but we still prefer carnival queens.

New York has no reverence for its glorious past. Jimmy Walker's personal prohibition portfolio turns up in a pawnshop and nobody puts it in a museum.

A Representative has suggested that all bunk be eliminated from the *Con-*

gressional Record. The publication could appear as a leaflet and the government could save money to waste in some more diverting way.

Senator Reynolds returns from the Virgin Islands convinced that it was a mistake for the United States to buy them. People are also beginning to talk that way about the purchase of Louisiana.

Madison Avenue buses are getting nearly twice as many nickels as the trolleys did, they go faster, and they cost less to run. Yes, but the old surface cars made such a lovely way to spend the day.

Harvard has accepted a portrait of its famous radical alumnus, John Reed. This is the total result to date of the Hearst campaign to rid the colleges of Reddishness.

There is funny talk going around

of a coalition ticket against the New Deal, headed by Hoover and Smith, the life-insurance boys. Our fellow-townsmen might consider the idea if the names were arranged in a nice, tasteful way.
—HOWARD BRUBAKER

PROGRESS OF SCIENCE

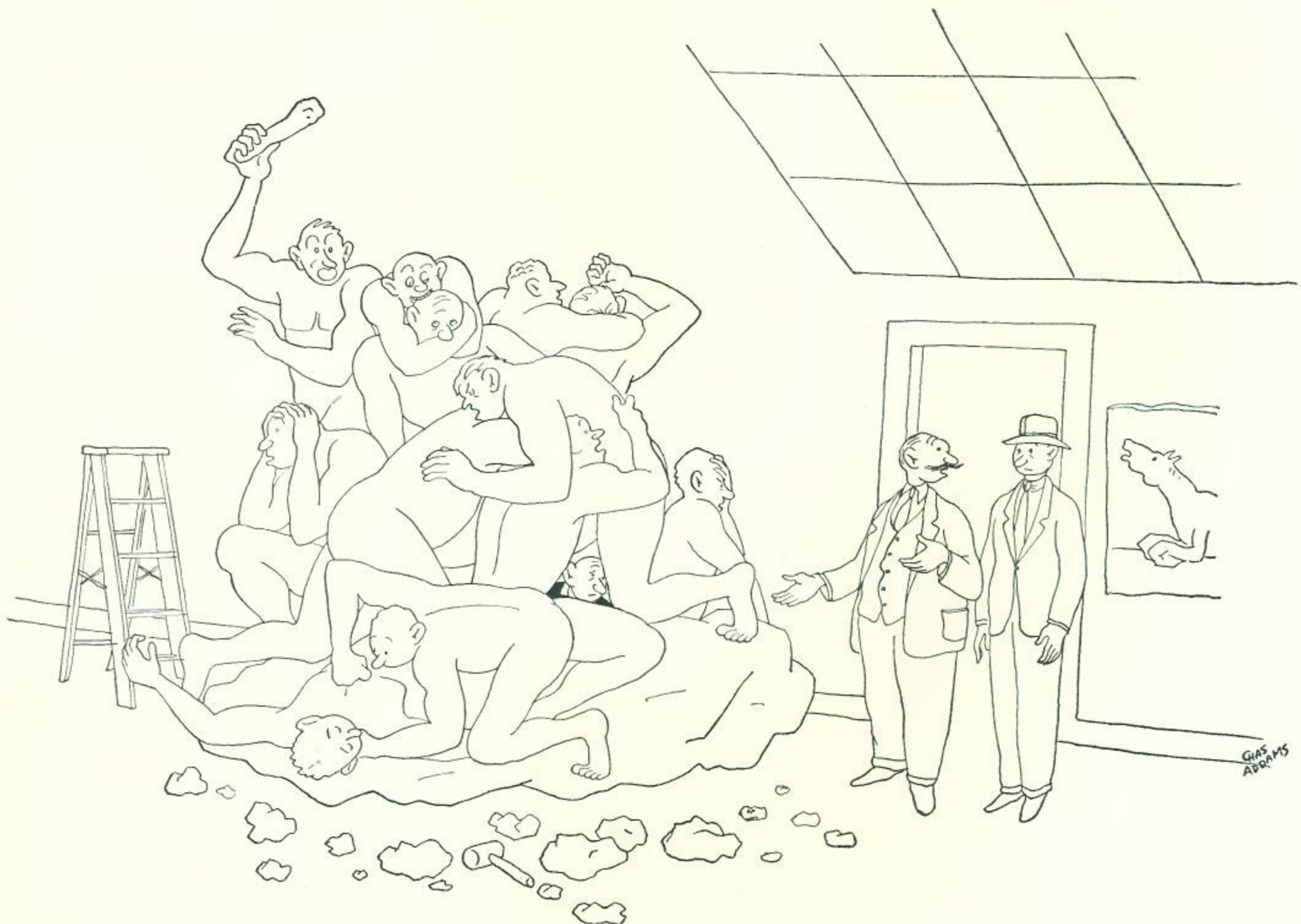
Doctor Einstein, one fine day,
Took Infinity away,
Kept it for a year, and then
Kindly put it back again.

Chemists have transmuted some
Silver into Cadmium;
When the Treasury may lack
Silver, they will change it back.

Heavy water, doctors think,
May be found a wholesome drink;
Should it spoil the appetite,
They can always make it light.

Statesmen labor to allay
Trouble with the NRA.
Where that will not wholly do,
They apply the I.O.U.

—ARTHUR GUTTERMAN



"It's the best thing Nikolovitch has ever done—but he can't get himself out of it."



TWO UNDER PAR

MUSICAL shows have come a long way since the days when Father used to slope quietly off to see "The Black Crook." They have come, in fact, to the point where the Theatre Guild, an earnest and respectable gathering if ever there was one, can offer us "a satirical revue" called "Parade," which deals with some of the more elementary aspects of the national crisis. I am not prepared to say that this is a good thing.

The social satire (a term, in this case, as loose as confetti) in "Parade" divides itself roughly into two classes. First, there is the mystic ballet number in which a group of geometrical ladies and gentlemen, usually wearing masks, go through a stylized dance indicating hunger, fatigue, and distaste for the Roosevelt administration. These scenes are all furiously executed, but it is usually pretty hard to figure out just what message the author has on his mind. I understood, for instance, that when a gigantic stock ticker collapsed, to the consternation of the speculators, and was replaced by a smaller one, it meant that we'd better watch out or we'd be right back where we were in

1929. An adagio dance in a field of chromium grain, however, had me worried, until the lights went on and I read that it represented a revolt among the sugar-cane workers. Alternating with these puzzling numbers are the funny sketches, in which Paul Peters and George Sklar (to mention just two of many authors) take an overstuffed club to the abuses of the day. They have a college dean who can't read, a clinic in which the wrong man gets his appendix taken out (fairly far down in my own list of contemporary problems), and a farmer who shoots the AAA man instead of a mule, and they are firmly satirical about them all.

The only conclusion I know of to be drawn from this is that neither broad slapstick nor incomprehensible ballets are just exactly adapted to attacking the sickness of the world, and perhaps a revue isn't the ideal medium for discussing starvation, either. The emotional gap between watching a comedian fall into a pile of tin cans and listening to a tenement girl singing about her troubles is a leap for the toughest mind, and one that I'm afraid

revue audiences are temperamentally disinclined to make.

Against this gloomy catalogue I don't know that I can offer you much except Jimmy Savo, a little man who always seems to be trying to hide away from the changing world by crawling down into his pants. Mr. Savo's great gift, however, is for a sort of eerie and boneless pantomime, and this talent isn't especially well adapted to the ponderous social indignations of "Parade." The Guild has accomplished one pleasant thing, though, in getting one of the best comedians there is back from vaudeville and the night clubs and onto the stage again, and I hope I see more of him soon, preferably in some capitalist trash. There are other able and handsome people in "Parade," of course—Charles D. Brown, who is probably as reliably funny as anybody in the business; Avis Andrews, a colored girl who can sing loud, tough songs just the way they ought to be sung; Eve Arden, an accomplished monologist; and a lot of others—but I'm afraid they have nothing much to do that seems worth the bother.

THE season reached its high in fancy talk when a Mr. Edward Sargent Brown wrote and delivered at the Masque Theatre a play called "Weather Permitting." Nagged by the conviction that any generality, however stupefying, is an epigram, Mr. Brown transported his audience to a world of almost intolerable vivacity in which all the inhabitants, except one obvious illiterate, pelted each other so industriously with definitions of Love, Life, and Woman that it was more than many customers could bear, and they went away. Perhaps they made a mistake, because quite well along in the evening one character had occasion to remark that imagination is the alcohol in the cup of life, and that, I feel, is a thought worth keeping.

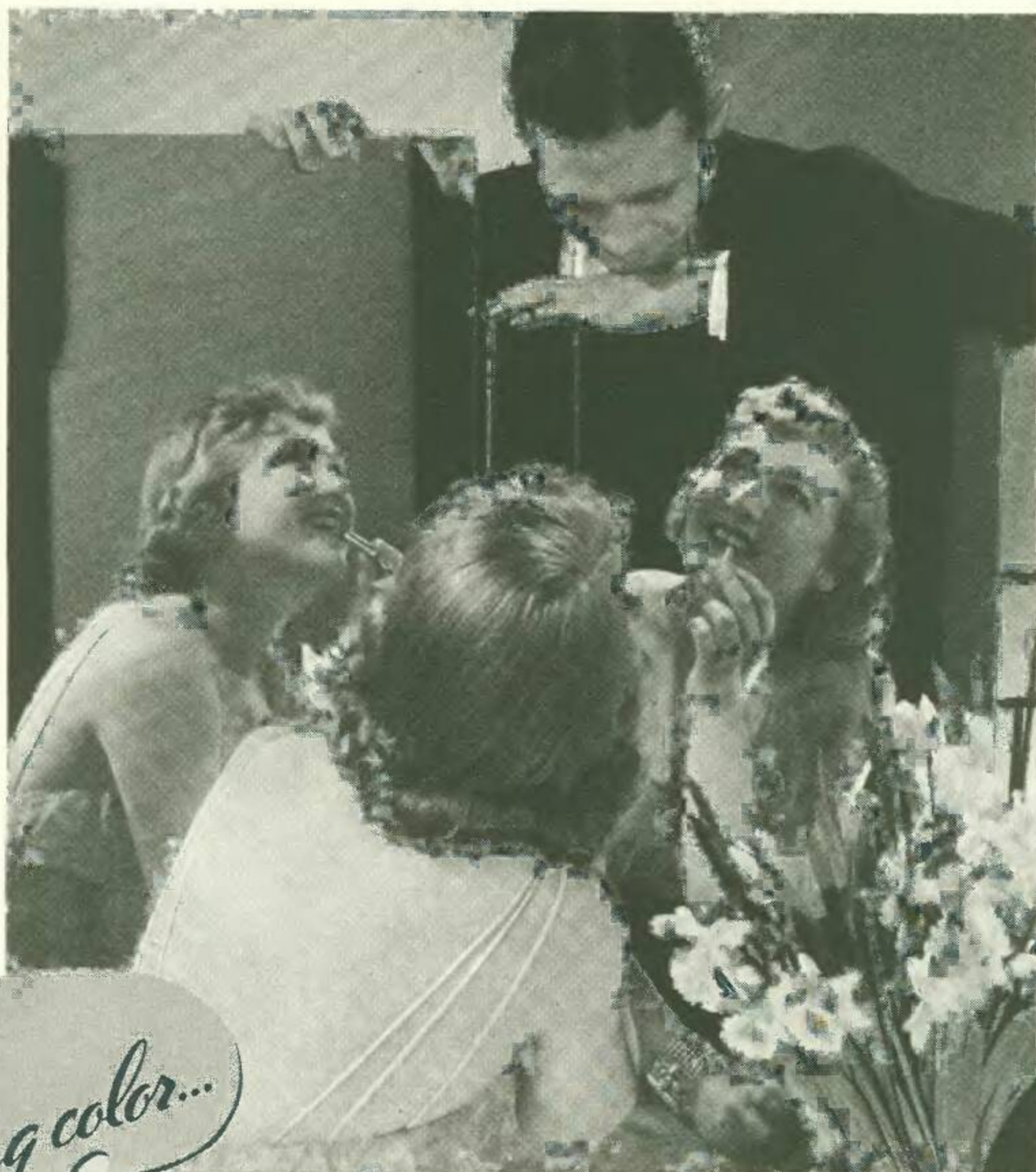
—WOLCOTT GIBBS



"It isn't really money
I want. What is it I want, Fitch?"

Among the most picturesque scenes of nature in Central Wisconsin, beneath shady pine groves, along clear streams, are raised the most magnificent thoroughbred hogs, that are destined to become luscious Triangle Hams. Like the vestals of old they are brought to the great Oscar Mayer Temple, where they are put to death in the most soothing sanitary manner, and transformed as if by magic into Wonderful Triangle Hams.—Menu of the Triangle Restaurant in Chicago.

Pardon us while we water at the mouth.



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WITHOUT FEAR OF LIPSTICK-PARCHING

YOUR LIPS tell so much. How gay you are. How young you are . . . for dry, crinkly, roughened lips suggest age, even when your lipstick is to blame!

Some lipsticks do dry and parch. In summer especially, watch out for *Lipstick Parching* . . . when sun and wind are stealing the moist freshness from your lips.

Now, Coty makes it possible to get the warm, exciting color you want . . . indelible color . . . without any parching penalties! The new Coty Lipstick actually *smooths and softens lips*. It contains a special softening ingredient, "Essence of Theobrom."

If you want to see how this smoothing business works, make the "overnight" test. Do your face as usual. Then put on a touch of Coty Lipstick . . . you'll wake up in the morning with lips like a camellia petal . . . soft and smooth. And you'll be using Coty from that day on! The "Continental" (illustrated) \$1.10. The "Sub-Deb," in a simpler case, 50c.

Listen to Ray Noble—Wednesdays, 10:30 P. M. New York time, W E A F.



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Protect the Lips

Marlboro
MILD AS MAY
CREATED BY PHILIP MORRIS

STORIES OF TODAY

DECADENT ALBION

When a new P. & O. liner
Was recently launched
At Barrow-in-Furness,
The Duchess of York
Broke a champagne bottle
Against the ship
By pressing a button,

The bottle being conveyed
To the ship's bow
By an electrical cradle
Gliding on tracks.

IMPASSE

A Junior High School
In Oklahoma City
Was recently unable
To award a prize
To the "healthiest girl"

Because she was at home
With scarlet fever.

REVENGE

Two good citizens
Of Tamaqua, Pennsylvania,
Annoyed and angered
By crossing-blockades
Of long freight trains,

Drove their automobiles
Onto the crossing,
Locked them securely,
And went away
For a half-hour.

ANODYNE

A Parisian dentist
Recently filed suit
For heavy damages
Against a printing plant
That opened in his neighborhood,
Charging it had ruined
The radio reception
In his office,

Thus depriving him
Of a method of lessening
His clients' pains
During dental drillings.

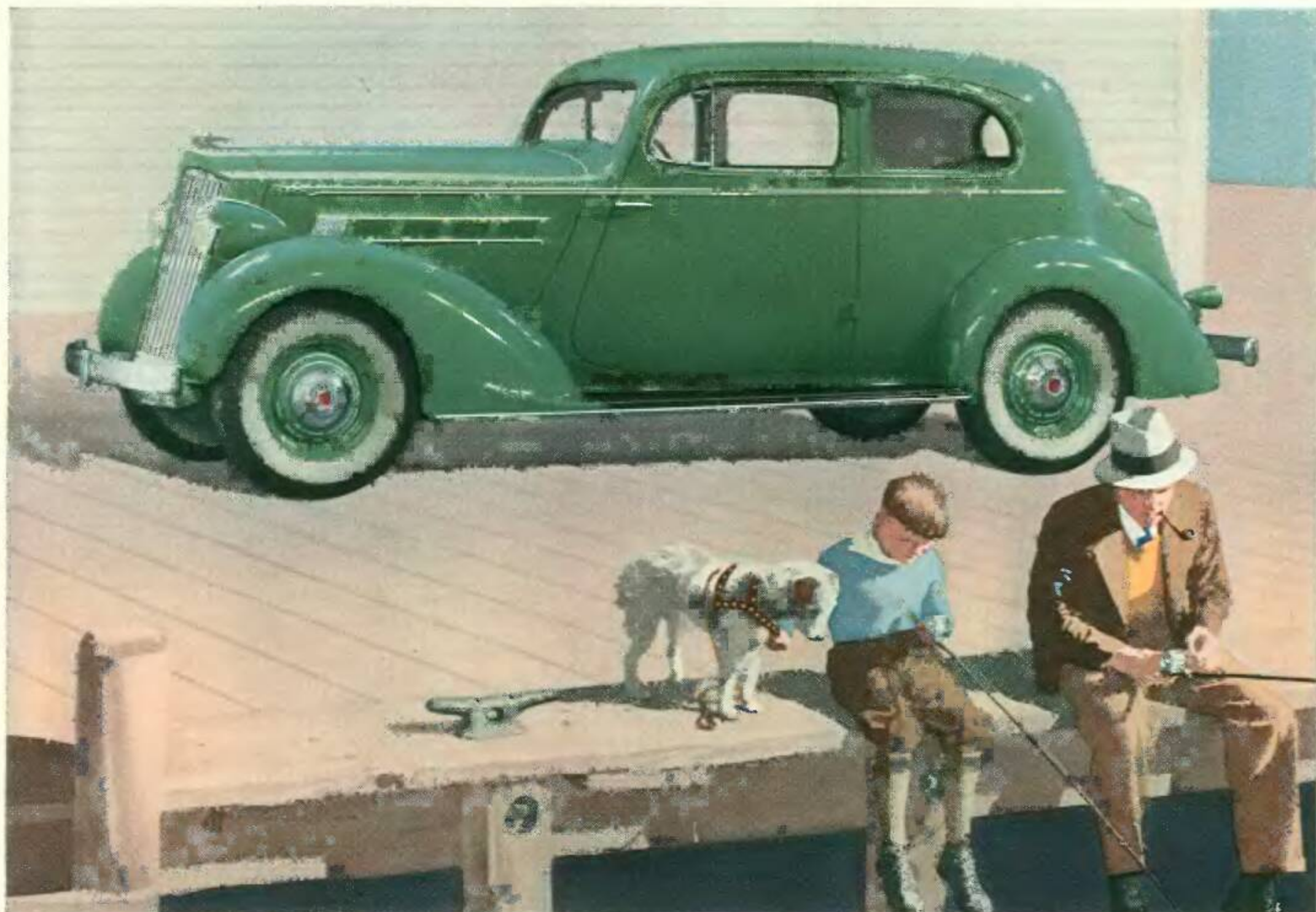
PERFECT GENTLEMAN

Dr. H. M. Guttenbrunn,
A Viennese sentenced
To three years in jail
For political activity,

Sent announcement cards
To all his friends
To explain his absence
From his favorite haunts.

—W. E. FARBSTAIN

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ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



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CONCERT RECORDS

*Some Music for Two
Instruments, and Up*




A MEMENTO of one of the season's most distinguished sonata performances is available in the Victor Musical Masterpieces Album M-260, which is Beethoven's "Kreutzer" sonata, played by Hephzibah and Yehudi Menuhin. Miss Hephzibah, you may recall, appeared at the piano in Town Hall one evening to collaborate in chamber music with her brother, and proved to be as astonishingly musical as the justly celebrated Yehudi. The recording of the "Kreutzer" has the fine tone, the exceptional ensemble, and the notable musicianship which marked the Menuhins' Town Hall concert. Miss Hephzibah, it is said, doesn't plan to have a public career as a pianist, but her remarkable gift might be demonstrated in solo recordings—which is a wish rather than a prophecy.

PAUL HINDEMITH, like many another composer of modern music, is an excellent performer of music of the past. With the violinist Simon Goldberg, he plays the duet in B-flat for violin and viola by Mozart (Columbia Masterworks Set 212), a charming and ingenious work in which Mozart provides more music with two instruments than many other men can fashion with two hundred. The Messrs. Goldberg and Hindemith not only handle the score with technical skill but also manage expertly the more difficult matter of tonal balance.

Another masterpiece of balance is the recording of the Schubert Quartet in G by the Kolisch String Quartet of Vienna (Columbia Masterworks Set 215). When Mr. Kolisch and his associates played in Town Hall, some of the chamber-music specialists thought that the tone of the ensemble was "light," but this very lightness suits the music of the Schubert Quartet, and also makes for clean, transparent recording. This album may be marked as one of the season's specials.

CARLOS SALZEDO, who has done much to make the harp a contemporary instrument, is represented in Columbia's Modern Music Album

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HOW TO USE In the morning, after bath or shower, apply freely to body. Spray on lingerie, gown or handkerchief. Spray over hair.
BOUQUET Pat on forehead and temples, to relax, and relieve fatigue.
LENTHERIC



THE DAYTIME FRAGRANCE
Quiet, but with a strange persistence

© 1935, Lenthéric

**BLOOMINGDALE'S SUGGESTS
DUNGAREES**
for gardening or for fishing



6.50

The same kind of coarse, no cotton fabric that has been used in sailor's working clothes for years. The same casual button down the front top, with slacks. Sizes 12 to 20. Canvas ghillies in brown, yellow, navy or white. **1.95**

Beach Club—Third Floor

Bloomingdale's
NEW YORK

No. 8 by his concerto for harp and seven wind instruments. Mr. Salzedo conducts this interesting and original music, which is played brilliantly by Lucile Lawrence and the Barrère Ensemble of Wind Instruments. Miss Lawrence, by the way, is Mrs. Salzedo. The concerto runs one side short, and the extra space is devoted to one of Mr. Salzedo's more conservative works for solo harp—"Chanson dans la Nuit," a fascinating bit, in which Mr. Salzedo demonstrates his own accomplished harpsmanship.

GOING from music for a few instruments to compositions for orchestra, we arrive at a new recording of the Mozart E-flat symphony by the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, directed by Bruno Walter (Victor Musical Masterpieces Album M-258). It's good, sound Mozart playing, and the last movement is even better than that.

Vincent d'Indy's symphony on a French mountain air, for orchestra and piano, which our resident and visiting conductors have managed to neglect with great success, may be heard in a new recording by the Colonne Symphony Orchestra of Paris, directed by Paul Paray, with Mlle. Marguerite Long as soloist (Columbia Masterworks Set 211). Mlle. Long is no stranger to record-collectors, and she plays the piano part with her usual clarity and efficiency. M'sieu Paray, previously represented only by his recording of Beethoven's Pastoral symphony, seems to be a conductor worth observing, for he treats this masterful score sensitively and with a sure feeling for its dramatic climaxes.

A MAJOR item for collectors of Johann Strauss is an album of overtures and waltzes by the Minneapolis Symphony, conducted by Eugene Ormandy, who directs Strauss music *mit Verstand* (Victor Musical Masterpieces Album M-262). The overtures are those to "Die Fledermaus" and "Der Zigeunerbaron." The waltzes are "The Beautiful Blue Danube," "Tales from the Vienna Woods," and the "Acceleration" waltz. The "perfect" performance of the "Blue Danube" never has happened, and probably never will, but Mr. Ormandy's is attractive, and the rest of the album is uniformly excellent. The positive merits of Mr. Ormandy's presentations are enhanced by the tactful omission of the conventional detonations on the first beat of each measure of the waltzes.

—R. A. S.

ST. REGIS ROOF



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DINNER AND SUPPER
DANCING

Daily Except Sunday

Songs by MARJORY LOGAN

Dances by

MARIO and FLORIA



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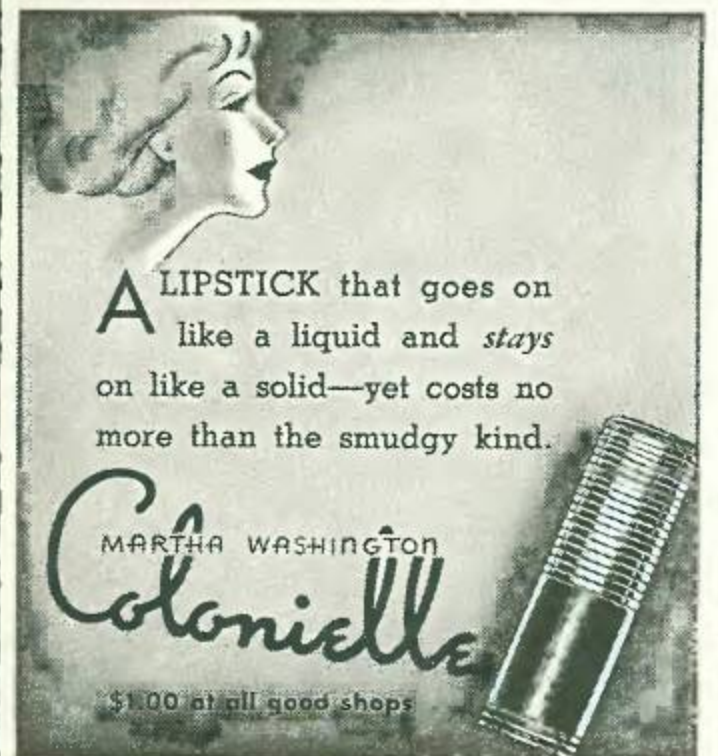
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PLAZA 3-1470

DERBY DAY

EVERYBODY goes to the Derby, but there are several levels of attendance at Epsom Downs on Derby Day. A man can go in morning dress—it doesn't matter what ladies wear—and sit in the two-guinea enclosure, where the bookmakers are quite "refined" and you get a closeup of the Royal Box. You can wear business clothes, sit in the guinea stand, eat a basket lunch to prevent somebody's grabbing your seat, but still see the Royal Family without field glasses. You can arrive at dawn and plaster yourself free against the fence opposite the Royal Box and eventually get a jolly good look at Royalty for nothing.

And you can go as Mrs. Craig-Higgs did last year—with your own party, chartering a double-deck London bus, riding out in it from London, parking it against the race course, and using the top as a private grandstand. Nothing could be more exclusive. There is one drawback. You have to use glasses to get any kind of adequate look at the King, the Queen, the Duchess of York, the Princess Royal, and the winning post.

It is of course necessary to have a certain number to keep this kind of thing from being too expensive. Still, you can imagine my delight when Mrs. Craig-Higgs included me in her list. We rode out from London two by two on top of the bus. Mrs. Craig-Higgs had captured a front seat for herself and me. Across the aisle sat Wing-Commander Jones, a gentleman with a bland stare and a bushy mustache, and his daughter Diana Jones, coltish, toothy, and in light-blue tweed. My impression was that all present were very nice people, but I recall no names except the Joneses'.

The skies were clouded. The ladies wore tweeds, took thick umbrellas, and showed caprice only in their hats, mostly big straws trimmed with flowers. The gentlemen wore raincoats, and only one had ventured to come in his morning coat and top hat. In the lower part of the bus rode a caterer, a waiter or two, our lunch, and prospectively ourselves, should it rain seriously.



"Everybody lets go on Derby Day!" Mrs. Craig-Higgs kept bubbling, as we crept the sixteen miles to Epsom Downs in a swirl of Baby Austins, bicycles, Rolls-Royces, and pedestrians. "Quite!" someone would agree. Our crowd looked willing to have a good time, all right, and I thought perhaps they would after a champagne lunch. You are expected to drink champagne at the Derby. We eased into our reserved place beside the course shortly after eleven.

"Frightfully good mooring, ha ha ha," said Wing-Commander Jones, through his mustache.

"Marvellous," said Miss Jones, showing many teeth.

Mrs. Craig-Higgs focussed her glasses on a distant point and said, "We're in good time. The Queen hasn't arrived as yet."

Everybody else had certainly arrived. There were said later to be a hundred thousand people in the centre of the course. Above the solid mass of them loomed Ferris wheels, merry-go-rounds, sideshows, gipsy wagons, all the paraphernalia of the carnival, and just across the track from our bus some religious group had erected a platform and a huge banner read "CHRIST LOVES YOU." To our right were the grandstands, to our left the stables.

Miss Jones now said that she was hungry, and Mrs. Craig-Higgs told her it was the air, that it was early really, since the Queen always arrived punctually. A professional tipster stopped beside our bus, turned some handsprings, sang a song, and then offered us a sure tip on the Derby winner for a shilling. Mrs. Craig-Higgs ignored the man, saying, "But Colombo's bound to win. There's never been such a favorite." Colombo was first in favor, then Windsor Lad, then Easton. "I don't agree, dyah lady," said Wing-Commander Jones. "Why?" demanded Mrs. Craig-Higgs.

"I've good reason to risk my private fortune on—ah—uh—a horse called Medieval Knight, ha ha ha." There was nothing mirthful about that "ha ha ha." Wing-Commander Jones was not a mirthful man. He leaned

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near and said in low tones, "I had my astrologist cast a chart. It cost me ten bob, ha ha. She says that a certain horse—what's his name?—oh, yes—Medieval Knight—he'll win, reahhly."

"Reahhly!" beamed Mrs. Craig-Higgs. In my ear she said, "Astrology, my hat! I never heard of the horse."

"I could do with a spot of lunch," said Miss Jones.

"The Royal Family hasn't yet arrived," said Mrs. Craig-Higgs.

WE sat on the bus. There is something discouraging about sitting on a bus when the bus is no longer going anywhere. I wished we were in the crowd in the middle of the course; the common people certainly do enjoy themselves in England. The religious group was singing "Onward, Christian Soldiers" with gusto, and several other kinds of music mingled with hoots, shouts, and laughter. It was like a gigantic fair. I was wondering if I could possibly suggest to Mrs. Craig-Higgs that we take a little stroll over there, when faces on our bus went bright, glasses were raised, and far away the Royal Family came in view in the Royal Box.

Then we relaxed. Presently Mrs. Craig-Higgs said, "To be sure, he's Steve Donoghue's mount."

"Who is, dyah lady?" inquired Wing-Commander Jones blandly.

"Your Medieval Knight!" snapped Mrs. Craig-Higgs.

"The astrologist's chart said nothing about the jockey, reahhly," replied Wing-Commander Jones.

"What is the Queen wearing?" said a mild, small-faced woman in a big hat.

Mrs. Craig-Higgs, annoyed at Wing-Commander Jones, lifted her glasses and boomed grimly, "Pearl-gray georgette. Her toque is gray, trimmed with tiny pink and blue flowers. She carries a pink sunshade." Our party ran to black umbrellas, but of course the Royal Family hadn't come to the Derby on a bus.

"The King's got on a black topper," said a sad voice behind us, that of our man in morning dress. His own top hat was gray, it didn't agree with the King's, he'd guessed wrong, and was downcast the rest of the day.

A waiter now ascended the bus steps and Miss Jones trilled happily, "Lunch!" We lunched in our places, from trays, on sandwiches, salad, hard-boiled eggs, trifle pudding, and champagne. There was only one glass of

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champagne each and rain began to fall over the trifle, so when lunch trays went down umbrellas went up.

The champagne made us no gayer, somehow. The rain soon stopped but it was as though everything was finished. We'd come, the Royal Family had come, we'd lunched. No one cared about the races before the Derby itself. Some would leave the bus, instantly to return; a few small bets were placed with a nearby bookmaker; there was some mild speculation on the Derby winner. The time passed. Then Mrs. Craig-Higgs said with a sudden gusto, "Donoghue is a jolly good jockey. Wing-Commander, I hope your astrologist is right. I'm putting my money on your horse."

"My horse?" He looked baffled. "Oh, quite. The—ah—Medieval one, dyah lady. You can't go wrong, reahhly. Astrology's an exact science reckoned in terms of Time, you know. Only *one* horse can win."

"Reahhly," purred Mrs. Craig-Higgs, but as she dragged me off the bus and away to the bookmaker's she mumbled, "Astrology, science—fiddlesticks! If astrology's of any use at all it's for picking Derby winners, my dyah, but I'm putting this money on Steve Donoghue, not on science. Colombo's certain to win, reahhly, but he's too much the favorite, not much better than even money. We'll risk this Medieval Knight affair."

NOW that we were off the bus and it was still more than an hour before the Derby would be run, I hoped we'd cruise round a bit, but Mrs. Craig-Higgs led me straight back to the bus. She took her bearings and remarked that the Queen looked about to put up her pink sunshade. The first two races were run. We sat them out dully. Then at last came that strange half-hour which immediately precedes the Derby. The crowd's excitement mounted in a



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slow crescendo. Everything seemed to move faster and yet stand stock-still. Even on our bus there was polite suspense. Only Wing-Commander Jones, with science charted in his pocket, sat bland and unperturbed.

The horses came out. The crowd went loud and shrill as they filed past the stands and walked toward the starting post. And now the silence began, the carnival noises halted, voices were quieted, then suddenly there was a thunderous "They're off!" and in the dead hush you heard the hoof beats round the course.

The horses got away well together. Medieval Knight led from the start. He still led at the mile post. At Tattenham Corner, entering the home stretch, Colombo and Easton and Windsor Lad had passed him and he was far behind when Windsor Lad won the Derby.

We'd been standing through the race. We sat down. Wing-Commander Jones looked absolutely winded. "Something happened, dyah lady. I mean to say, if the race starts even one second late it upsets an astrological reckoning, of course."

"Doubtless the universe slipped a cog, Wing-Commander!" barked Mrs. Craig-Higgs, but she added gallantly, "What does it matter? Colombo didn't run first, so I'd 've lost my money anyhow."

"That was marvellous. I suppose we'll have to stay till after tea?" remarked Miss Jones.

"The Duchess of York is wearing green today," said the small, mild woman.

Mrs. Craig-Higgs focussed her glasses and said grimly, "Blue! You are looking at the Princess Royal. The day does look too dreary, reahly, but we aren't likely to have more rain, you know. The Queen has put up her pink sunshade." —FRANCES CRANE

Verree Teasdale is particular, too. She likes harp music and chocolate eclairs and shower baths and unpeeled apples. She loves cold weather and volcanoes and talking back to cops. She likes to shop and eat lemon pie and revolving doors.

—Movie Humor.

And we like to watch her.

THAT'S TOO BAD DEPARTMENT [From the Vassar Miscellany News]

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THE RACE TRACK

Cavalcade—A Good Gamble—Telepathy

IDARESAY it is supposed to be good form to complain a little about Belmont Park. However, there have been better horses and better racing there this meeting than I've seen at any other track since Saratoga last August. And if you don't like the events over the straight course, you can go back to Jamaica, where you came from.

Few of us fancied that Cavalcade would be beaten as easily as he was in the Ben Brush Handicap last week, for nobody dreamed that he'd be forced to give Head Play a running start of four or five lengths. Had he been the Cavalcade of this time last year, he could have given his opposition a bigger advantage and still would have won easily. However, it was his first start in nearly eleven months and he might have forgotten something about racing. As it was, he was standing flat-footed when Head Play came up to the line in full stride for the eleventh or seventeenth time, and the starter, doubtless a little bored with the delay, called it a go. So, before any of the other horses could get off their marks, Head Play, who isn't a pushover when he has his own way, was lengths in front, and never was caught.

Oddly enough, horses who are fractious invariably get the best of it in a start, especially if they are taken outside the stall gates. There may be a code about this, superseding the unwritten law that the favorite must get away well. As for assistant starters, there's nothing in the Rules of Racing that provides for them. While I agree with Joe Widener that the stall gates should be scrapped and the Australian barrier installed, it would be even better for racing if the assistants were promoted to patrol judges.

Cavalcade looked awfully well in the paddock, thoroughly trained, and all hard muscle, and he moved like machinery in his canter to the post. Perhaps, as so many were ready to suggest after the race, he needed this gallop to wind him up. Still, I didn't like the way he finished, and he seemed to be favoring that bad foot. I hope I'm wrong.

Trainers still seem annoyed about the inspection of their horses' shoes before each race. However, I've never found out what becomes of the official

reports of the blacksmith. It seems to me that the public, who, I'm told, "alone makes the sport possible," would have been interested to know that Cavalcade wore shoes with slippery aluminum pads on his forefeet.



ALFRID VANDERBILT'S luck is positively fantastic. Even he says it can't last forever. When his horses aren't winning here, they're winning at Rockingham. Fancy buying Good Gamble for \$4,500, and three days later winning the Acorn Stakes, worth \$7,325, with her. He bet fifteen dollars on her, too—five dollars across the board at 30, 10, and 5-1! His riding instructions to Renick were "They say this filly runs well if she can get to the front. Do the best you can with her." Well, Good Gamble forced the pace to the stretch, then came away easily. Luck is such a funny thing that I expect if Morton Schwartz had still owned the filly, she'd have been down the course. Incidentally, Alfred Vanderbilt says The Futurity winner will be Postage Due.

IF anyone were to ask me, and nobody has yet, who is the best-looking two-year-old out, I'd say Sonny Whitney's Anything Goes. She's a larger and lovelier edition of Top Flight, and she may run as well later in the season. Also, I trust you noticed that Savings won the other day, and that Valse didn't do as well as she had in the Fashion Stakes.

WRONG HORSE HARRY has been trying telepathy on the jockeys of the horses he's backed. Now he wonders if it's possible that thought waves abhor a vacuum.

Well, Colonel Tantivy Martingale has some added starters for the Radio Announcers' Handicap: Cynwyd, Teufel, Fra Diavolo, Bien Joli, Valedictorian, and—oh, yes, Gean Canach, which, if you don't know your Gaelic as well as Mrs. Dodge Sloane, is the name of an Irish elf, one with wings.

—AUDAX MINOR

Be sure to turn oven off before baby is put on pad on top of stove.—*Detroit News*.

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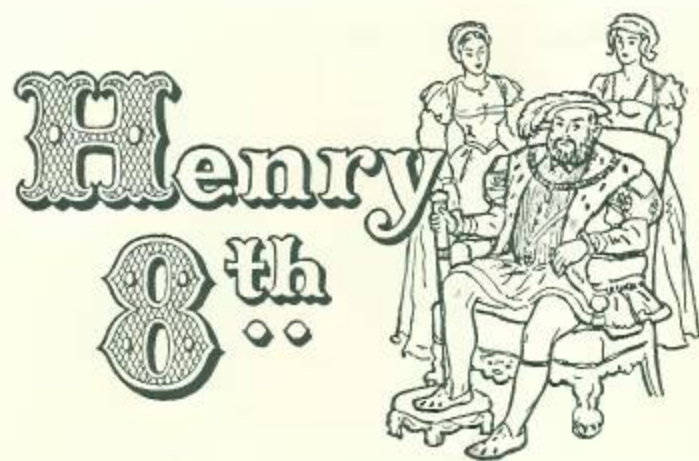
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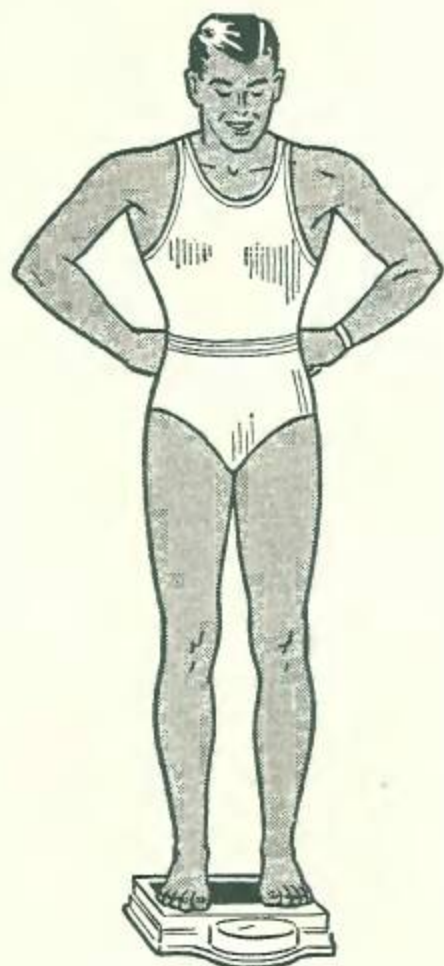
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YACHTS AND YACHTSMEN

*Big Boats and Small
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NOW that the season has been formally launched, and the harbors are filling up with various craft, it is apparent that this will be one

of the best yachting years that we have ever had. True, there is to be no America's Cup contest or any other greatly publicized race, but these affairs sometimes hurt the sport more than they help it—particularly if they end up with the participants calling each other names. Small-boat racing is the backbone of yachting, and small boats are the main source of development in design and skill. I venture to say that if some of our big-boat skippers were to spend a season racing Brutal Beasts or Wee Scots, they would learn a lot.

It now appears that the J boats will not be seen in action at all on this side of the Atlantic. After a great deal of hesitation, F. H. Prince has decided to leave Weetamöe on the beach, and Harold Vanderbilt, with nobody to race against Rainbow, will sail his Class M sloop Prestige. I rather fancy that Mr. Prince is getting a bit fed up at seeing nothing but Mr. Vanderbilt's coattails. The M's will be the largest racing yachts in commission this summer. Besides Prestige, Windward, Istalena, Carolina, and Andiamo are expected to be on hand when there is anything doing.

THE Sound clubs have done a good job in getting together and straightening out the dates of the cruising races so that there is no conflict between them. In the past, this business of running two or three races on the same day, in the same locality, has been very unsatisfactory. A general rating rule has also been adopted, and this should further clear up the problems of the cruising men with racing ambitions.

The Frostbiters, that hardy group of fanatics who scoff at cold weather, have at last proved something besides the fact that the average sailor will punish himself unmercifully for the sake of sport. They have conclusively established the superiority of the wish-bone-shaped boom, with loose-footed mainsail, over the more commonly used

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pole boom, with laced mainsail. As a consequence, several of our smaller classes have adopted this rig, and before long I expect it will be universally used, not only in class racing but by the ocean racers as well. Vadim S. Makaroff's ketch Vamarie has employed this rig for several seasons, and her record in both Northern and Southern waters speaks well for it.

THE life of the average light sail on a racing boat is three or four seasons, and often less if the boat is raced hard. Alfred Loomis' little green cutter Hotspur, however, has in her lazarette a balloon jib that is a nightmare to sailmakers. This sail was originally made for the Cup defender Resolute in 1914, as a jib topsail. War years intervening, it was used only for one season, and not broken out again until 1920. In that year, it played no small part in Resolute's defence of the America's Cup against Shamrock IV. From then on, the career of this piece of canvas has been amazing. It was successively recut to be carried on the fifty-footer Istalena, the schooner Venture, the yawl Filatonga, the schooner Pinta, and lastly Hotspur. All famous racing boats, all driven hard by their owners. Pinta, it will be remembered, hung up a record day's run in the 1928 race to Spain, and her log shows that this sail was largely responsible for the record. The sail today is blackened with mildew, patched in numerous places, and in general looks like hell, but every time the wind draws abaft Hotspur's beam, you'll see it set. Loomis swears by it.

FLOTSAM: Yankee will engage in forty-one contests abroad, including two at Havre. The season over there for the big boats begins this week at Harwich, and winds up at Dartmouth on August 31st. . . . Two late entries in the race to Norway are the fifty-four-foot Alden ketch Hamrah, owned by R. B. Ames of Boston, and an ex-Nova Scotian fishing schooner named Vagabond. This brings the total of definite entries to seven.

—BOSUN

Mr. and Mrs. F— B— are the proud parents of a baby girl, born Thursday afternoon. Mr. B— arrived this week to join his wife after an absence of 18 months, spent in research work in the Philippine Islands.—*Fostoria (O.) Review*.

He might do a little light investigating right at home.

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TEE AND GREEN

Amateurs Abroad



THE British Amateur Golf Championship is generally conceded to be the hardest in the world for a good player to win. This is not because the men entered in it are so able; though probably a shade better than an equally carelessly assembled field might be in this country, they do not approach the class of the competition in any mid-winter open tournament held to advertise swamp lots in Florida. It is because the element of luck is allowed to determine the result of the play to an extent unparalleled in any other important sporting event except the Irish Sweepstake. In a thirty-six-hole match, such as compose two rounds of our more closely restricted Amateur, or seventy-two holes of medal competition, a good player can reasonably suppose that his superiority will, despite momentary setbacks, offset fortuitous birdies made by his opponent, and his own mishaps. Of eighteen-hole matches, of which the British amateur champion must win seven in a row, this is not true at all. A majority of holes in any reasonably close match are halved. To consider the remainder, in an eighteen-hole contest, an adequate test of the merits of the players involved is a good deal like supposing the toss for serve a competent means of deciding possession of the Davis Cup.

IT struck us last week how much the interpretation of the results of the tournament depends upon the winner. If the champion turns out to be an unknown player, one of those startled blacksmiths, carpenters, coal miners, doctors, or bank clerks who end up with such regularity in the final, this is accepted as proof that the tournament is a lottery. If a Bobby Jones or a Roger Wethered or a Lawson Little wins, people feel that the victory is doubly significant in that he has overcome chance as well as his adversaries.

That Little was the best player in the field at St. Anne's was well known to everyone before the tournament started. Believing firmly in the theory that luck is usually on the side of the player who deserves it, it seems to us to add to rather than detract from

So we dropped the idea...



HARRY BUTLER, our Dining Car Manager, asked if we'd mind having a window display on our "Meals Select" dining car service. Well, General Agent Frank Pickering suggested putting a Salad Bowl in the window with a sign over it saying "Help yourself." (That's the way it's served on the trains. The waiter puts a big bowl of salad in front of you and you help yourself.) So we did.

Next morning we came down to find the bowl empty, and underneath the "Help yourself" was written:

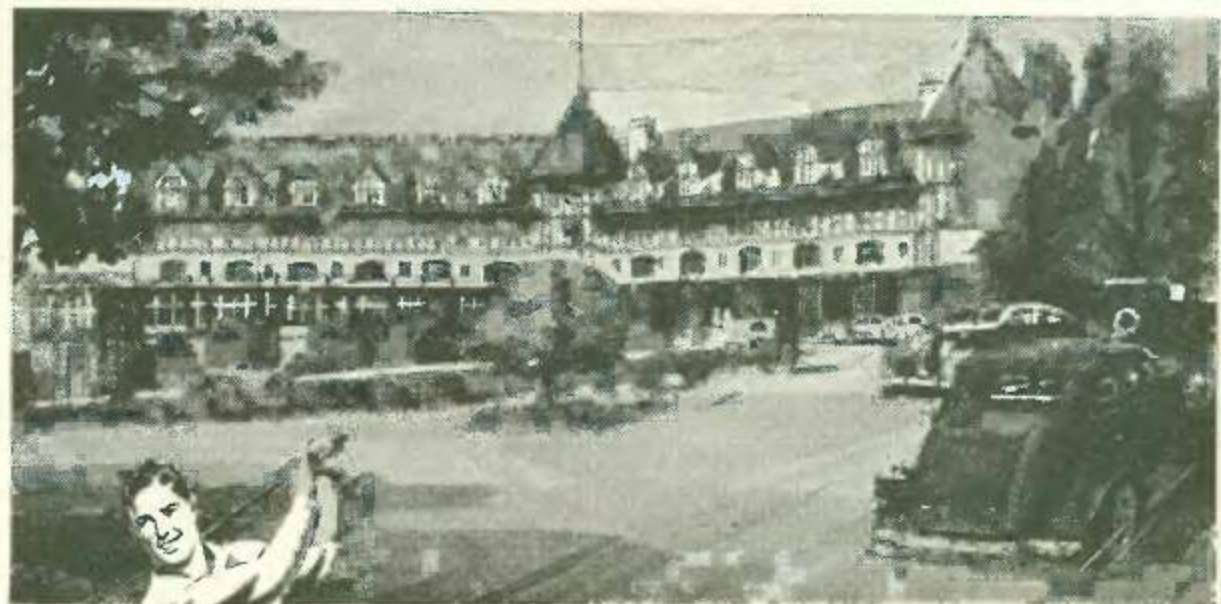
"Thanks, but next time please leave out the cucumbers. They give me the hiccups."

The Night Watchman."

So we dropped the idea.

531 Fifth Avenue is the New York ticket office of Southern Pacific, the biggest railroad in the West. We have five completely air-conditioned trains to California, air-conditioned cars to Mexico City, a steamship line, Four Great Routes, 80¢ meals in our dining cars, and a vast store of information about the West and Mexico, that is yours for the asking. The telephone number is Murray Hill 2-8400. H. H. Gray, General Passenger Agent.

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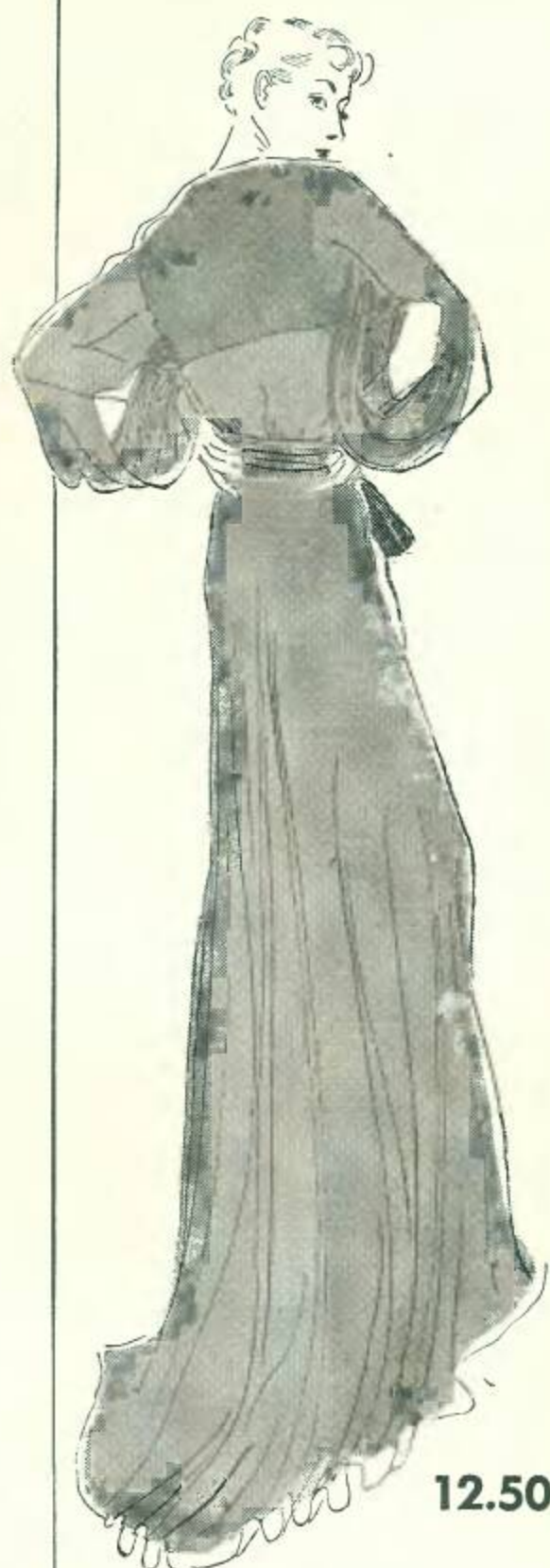
Rates—American Plan. Room without bath, \$7 up; with bath, \$8 up; Double Room without bath, \$7 up per person; with bath, \$8 up per person. Special weekly and monthly rates for families. Golf rates, \$2 per day. Reduced rates for week, month or season. Hotel opens June 29. See any Canadian Pacific office or write to manager—

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FIFTH AVENUE AT FIFTY-SIXTH STREET

his amazing performance to point out that he was also, with the possible exception of Dr. Tweddell, the luckiest. His seventy-nine the first day out was scarcely good enough to beat anyone except his own opponent, who bunted his putts all over the greens with a club that looked like a cut-down brassie. The next day, one up at the second hole, he took the rashest kind of gamble by jumping a stymie to win the hole. If this highly debatable stunt had failed, he would have lost the hole instead of winning it. Justifiable remorse for his recklessness might well have cost him one or two later on, and as it was, his margin was only four up. If on his off day against Black, before the quarter-finals, Little had come up against Bob Sweeney, or if some of the crack Scotch players had survived the early rounds, it is hard to see how he could have reached the semifinals.

THE unluckiest player at St. Anne's was, as usual, Cyril Tolley. A massive, amiable golfer who looks as though he had dined on Yorkshire pudding since the cradle, Tolley wobbled badly in the first round and recovered his form in time to win his next two matches handily. Then, when everyone was announcing that he was the man whom Little had to beat, he was put out by a local celebrity named Arch Goodwin, after losing one hole because his ball hit a spectator.

Generally it is Tolley himself who is in the wrong place at the right time. We remember a spectacular demonstration of this faculty that he gave in the summer of 1930, the year Bobby Jones made his grand slam. The official welcome arranged for Jones was, naturally, out of the ordinary. The cutter Macom, Grover Whalen, and a boatload of reporters went down the bay to meet him. Tolley, who was on the same liner, was standing at the rail when the Macom came alongside, and a reporter seized him by the arm and drew him into the boat. When the Macom reached the Battery there seemed nothing for Tolley to do but get into one of the cars drawn up beside the dock. He rode uptown in the warm, grimy haze of falling waste paper, wearing a look which showed that he was deeply puzzled but refused to be alarmed. At City Hall the cars stopped and Mayor Walker began to make a speech. Tolley stood in the crowd for a few minutes listening. Then he walked over to a taxi and went on uptown alone. —N. F. B.

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LOYALTY AT POOK-WAH-MET

WELL, fellows, now that the regular business of this council meeting is over, I may as well tell you that I had a speech all planned. You know, about how swell it was to see all the old faces again—and the new ones—and while we're on the subject, I'd just like to welcome you new councillors to Pook-Wah-Met, even if we don't actually go up to camp for another month. As I say, I had a speech all planned, but I'm not going to make it. I can't. I'm no good at making speeches. I guess that sounds funny to you men who've heard me making them for the last four years, but I mean it. I'm no good at making speeches and I'm not going to try.

But I am going to say a few words about a subject that's very important to all of us—a subject that we're all interested in and that means a lot to every man—and that subject is loyalty. I guess we all know what loyalty means. We're all loyal to a lot of things. We're loyal to our mothers and our families. We're loyal to our schools and colleges and to our friends. That's fine. But there are a lot of other things we've got to be loyal to. We've got to be loyal to our ideals and to ourselves—and to Pook-Wah-Met. Not that all of you aren't. I mean I hope you are. I'd be pretty disappointed, for instance, if I heard that, say, Scotty Blake was dickering with another camp and maybe planning to go there as a councillor. And so would you. That's just a joke, Scotty. I know I can count on you, boy.

But there is somebody I can't count on. And you men probably know who it is. I guess there isn't a man in this room that hasn't noticed that Bob Shackelford isn't here. And when I tell you about it, I know you'll feel as badly about it as I do. Because Shack was a darned good councillor. A little lax, maybe. And maybe he didn't have as much authority as he should have. By that, I mean Shack just isn't a natural born leader. You know, the kind of a man that boys instinctively obey and follow.

But that's all beside the point. The point is that Shack isn't going back to Pook-Wah-Met with us this year. He's going to be head councillor at Camp Appawachie! And I feel pretty bad about the whole business. It isn't just the fact that Shack isn't going to be at

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Preface to a gay
daylight dinner—



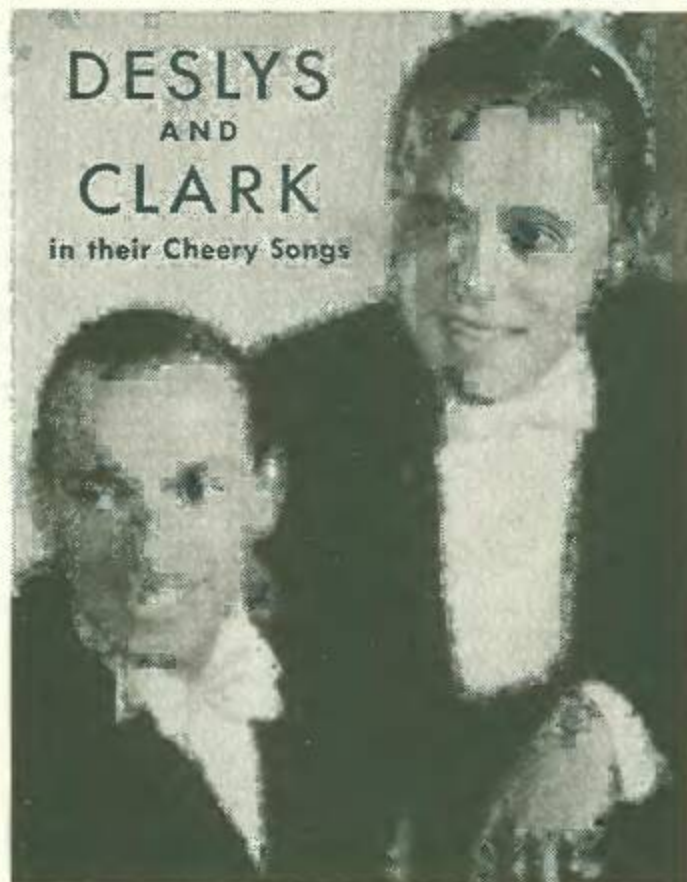
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Pook-Wah-Met with us. It isn't that at all. There are plenty of councillors right in this room as good as Shack and maybe a lot better. What hurts me about the whole business is the way Shack did it. He didn't show any loyalty to Pook-Wah-Met and he didn't show any loyalty to me. And I feel mighty sorry for Dr. Bulick, the head of Appawachie, because a councillor that won't show loyalty to one camp won't show it to another.

And I can tell you fellows that Shack's lack of loyalty has certainly been a blow to me. And what gets my goat is that he never said a word about it. I found it out accidentally. Last summer, toward the end of camp, Dr. Bulick, over at Appawachie, got in touch with me. Well, when I got back to town he answered my letter and gave me an appointment to see him. I went, more to get an idea of what kind of a man he was than anything else.

Well, I found out all right. He can't hold a candle to a fellow like Cap Haskell. I'd hate to tell you the salary he pays his head councillor at Appawachie. I almost laughed in his face. Why, I wouldn't work for a guy like that if he begged me to take the job.

To get on with the story, a couple of weeks later I happened to call on Bulick again. I wanted to find out how he handled the canoe situation at Appawachie. As I went in, who should be coming out of his office but Shack, and he certainly looked pretty sheepish when he saw me. Not a word about what he was doing there. He just kind of grinned and said, "Hello, Biff! What are you doing here!" and walked on away.

Well, I walked in and had a little powpow with Bulick, who doesn't



TODAY AS EVER

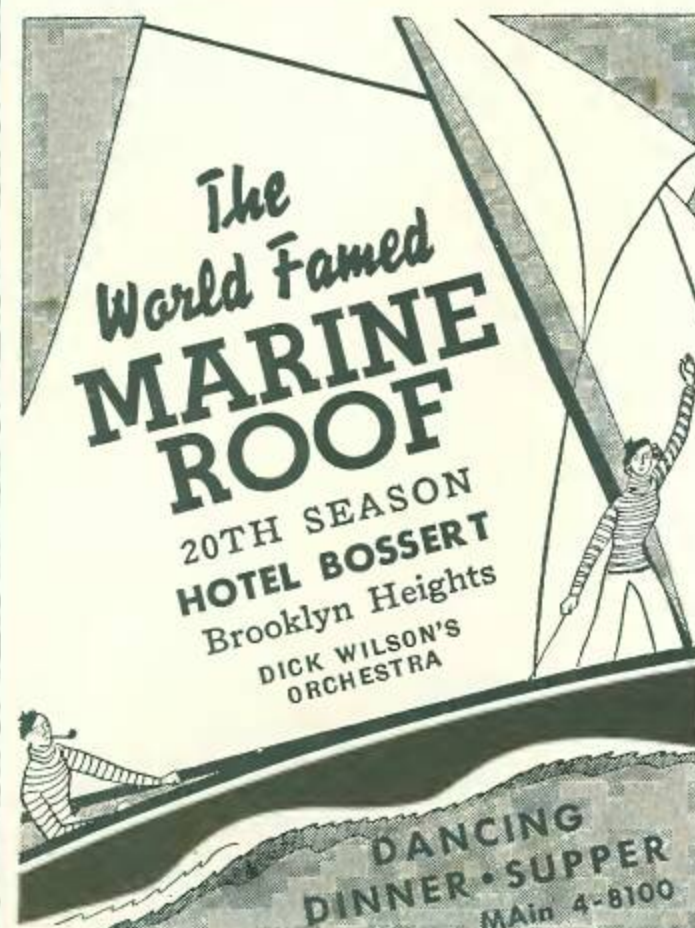
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know the first thing about canoes, or rowboats either, for that matter, and then I mentioned Shack. And then Bulick told me that Shack was going to be his head councillor next summer. Well, to say I felt lousy is putting it mildly. Naturally, I'd always thought that Shack had some loyalty and I felt rotten about the whole business and I couldn't help telling Bulick a little about Shack and his lack of leadership. I felt that out of loyalty to Pook-Wah-Met, I ought not to let Bulick think all our councillors were like Shack and I said as much. But Bulick runs a second-rate camp and I suppose second-rate councillors are good enough for him. We certainly don't want disloyal councillors at Pook-Wah-Met.

And that's why I've touched on the subject of loyalty, men. I just wanted you all to know that I expect loyalty from every one of you. Of course, I know I needn't say any of this, because I know you'll all stand by me and you know I'll stand by you, and we'll all be loyal to Pook-Wah-Met. Because being fellow-councillors at a camp like ours is almost the same thing as a fraternity. I know it's just as sacred to me.

That's all for today, fellows, because we're all busy and anyway it won't be long before we're all together up at old Pook-Wah-Met and seeing each other every day. So, so long for the present and just think over what I said about loyalty. Oh, Scotty! Don't rush off. I'd like a word with you—in private. —ALAN CAMPBELL

• STRIKE ME PINK!

(GARDEN NOTE: To test soil for acidity, bury litmus paper for ½ hour. Soil is too acid if paper turns pink.)

I've read so much of gardens (rose),
Of garden tools and garden hose,
Of garden paths and mellow brick,
That of them all I'm frankly sick.

If I should test *myself* to see
The height of my acidity,
The litmus sheet would strain its power
In registering Very Sour.

—MARION STURGES-JONES

•
Dots are nice for dinner. One of the uptown shops which is famous for its evening fashions, does a simple mousseline in white with small black dots—plain V-neck and full, long sleeves, is all.—*The Sun*.

Is enough.

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NEW JERSEY BRANCH: 586 CENTRAL AVENUE, EAST ORANGE

A REPORTER AT LARGE

IN a large, light room on the eighteenth floor of a skyscraper on Forty-second Street I found last Monday afternoon some half-hundred people sitting at desks reading books. Each one had two books—the Holy Bible, and “Science and Health,” by Mary Baker Eddy. They were not working there; all the women had their hats on and their coats flung over their chairs, and the men had their top-coats over their knees, with their hats tucked under their seats, as at a theatre. The room was very quiet. An elderly man over by a window coughed every now and then, softly, with his hand over his mouth. A woman sitting on the edge of her chair in an attitude of intense concentration looked up from her book at intervals, drummed twice with her pencil, sharply, as she stared at the ceiling, and then wrote something rapidly on a pad. There was no talking, not even any whispering. You could tell that all these people were individuals, each concerned with his own private affairs. Each one had his own desk and his own books. They did not look at one another, they seemed utterly unmindful of one another’s presence. They had come in by themselves and after they had read for a while they would go off by themselves. Nobody in the room was taking notes except the woman who kept drumming with her

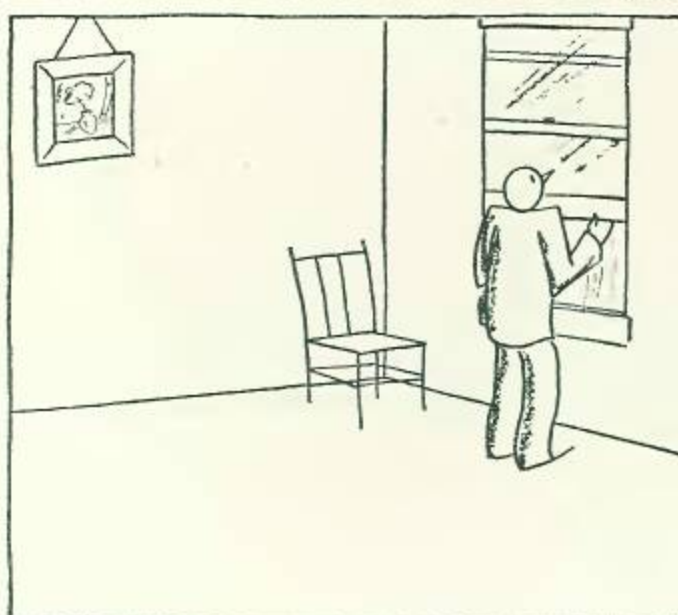
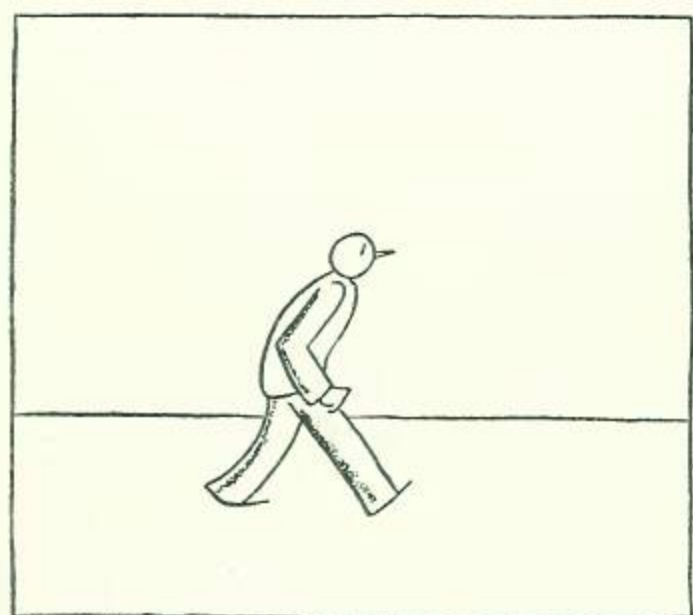
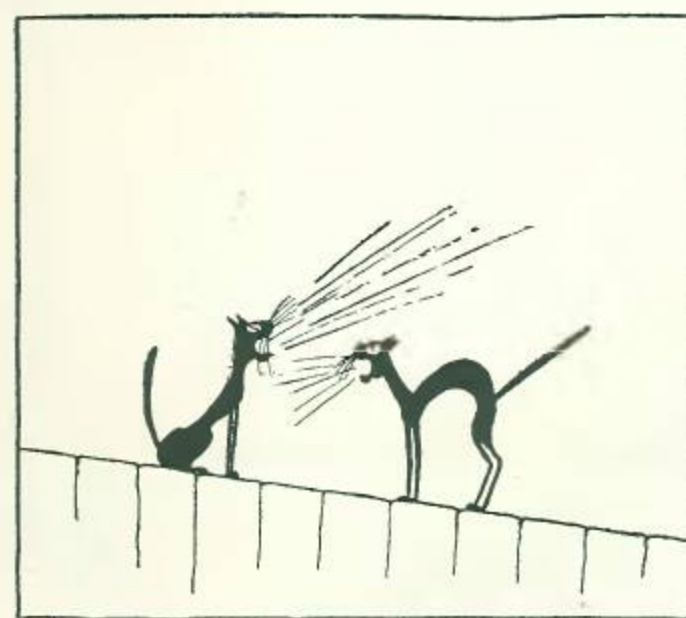
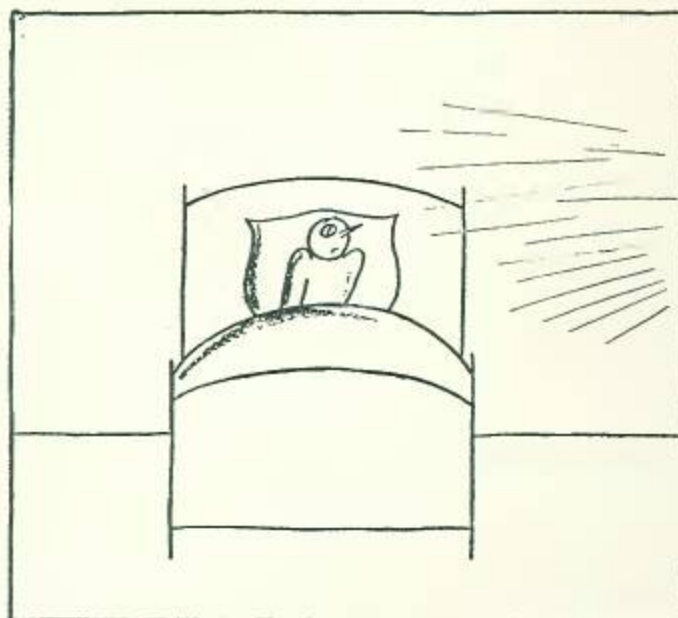
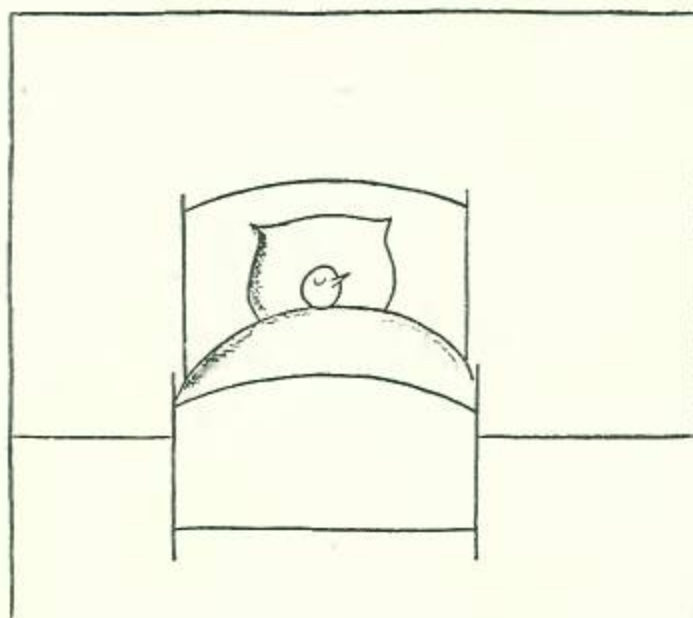
BUT THINKING MAKES IT SO

pencil, but, like her, each one raised his eyes every once in a while, stared, and went on reading. There were windows on three sides of the room, and you could see the southern tip of the island and the East River and the green of Central Park. Most of the people stared out at the city when they looked up from their reading.

This room was a reading-room of the Christian Science Church, one of several that are similarly situated in midtown office buildings in Manhattan. It looks like an office from the outside. The door has a panel of frosted glass like all the other doors on that floor, and the plain lettering says, simply, “Christian Science Reading Room—Public Welcome.” No admission fee is charged. People who go in are not required, or invited, to buy anything or to make any contribution to any fund. They do not have to identify themselves or even speak to the elderly, gray-haired lady who sits at a large desk behind a counter in the outer office. I had told this lady when I came in that I did not profess to believe in Christian Science and that I knew practically nothing about the subject, but that I would like to look around. I told her that I was interested in learning something about the workings of Chris-

tian Science and that I thought a visit to one of the reading-rooms would be a good way to begin. She said that I was welcome and told me pleasantly to let her know if I wanted anything besides the literature I would find in the reading-room. She was a large, healthy-looking woman, full of assurance, and with a wise and tolerant look about her face.

I sat in the reading-room for about half an hour. During all this time the woman who was taking notes kept drumming with her pencil, striking her desk twice whenever she looked up at the ceiling, and the man by the window continued to cough a little. Nobody left the room while I was there, but about five more people came in, singly, and sat down at desks. At each desk were the two books—the Bible and “Science and Health”—and a pamphlet that had been opened in the middle and placed on a little reading stand. This pamphlet, I discovered, contained the lessons for April, May, and June. It said at the top of each page that readers should study the lesson for the following Sunday during the week preceding, and this was what these people were doing on this Monday afternoon, sitting in this skyscraper room. You could not have told much about them by watching them; they just seemed like ordinary, well-dressed, sen-



O. SOGLOW

And now, fellow Bartenders, I am going to give you the secret of a smooth dry martini cocktail. Just use

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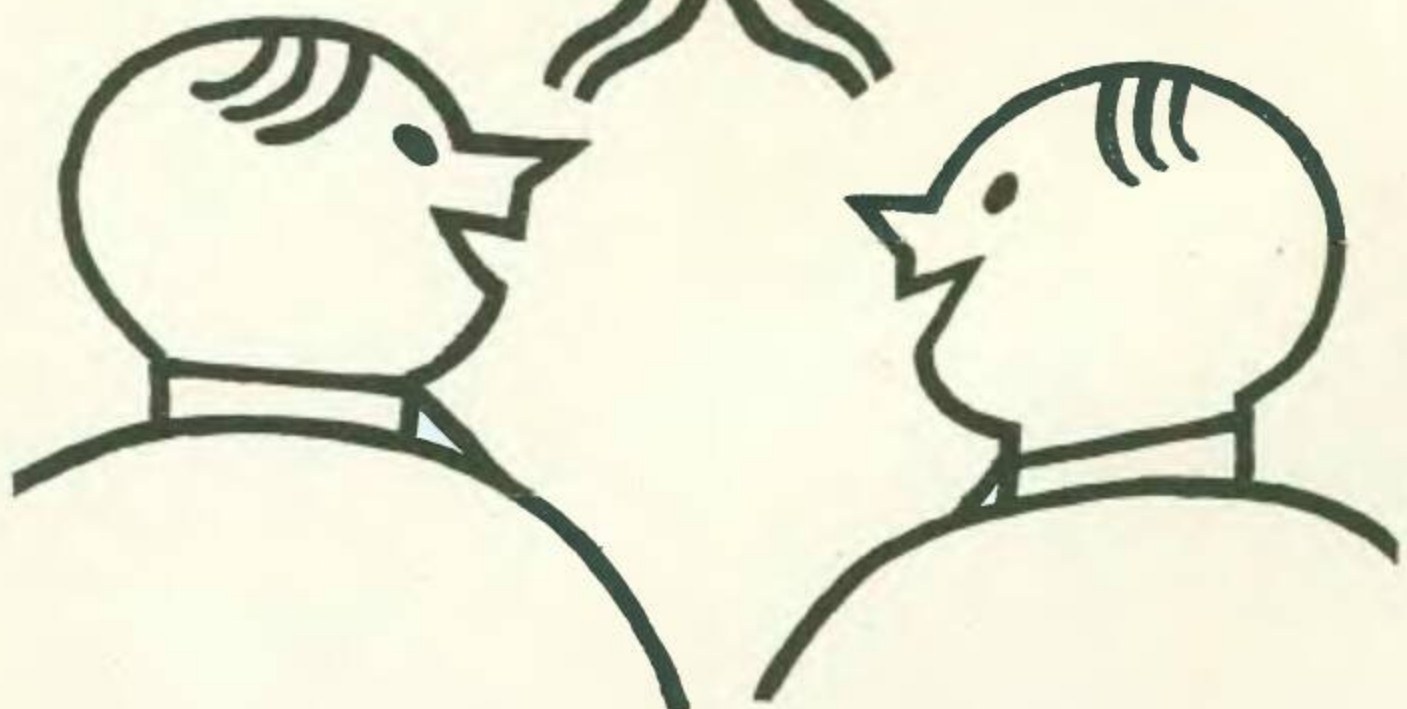
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FRENCH VERMOUTH



But I thought CINZANO only made sweet Italian Vermouth...

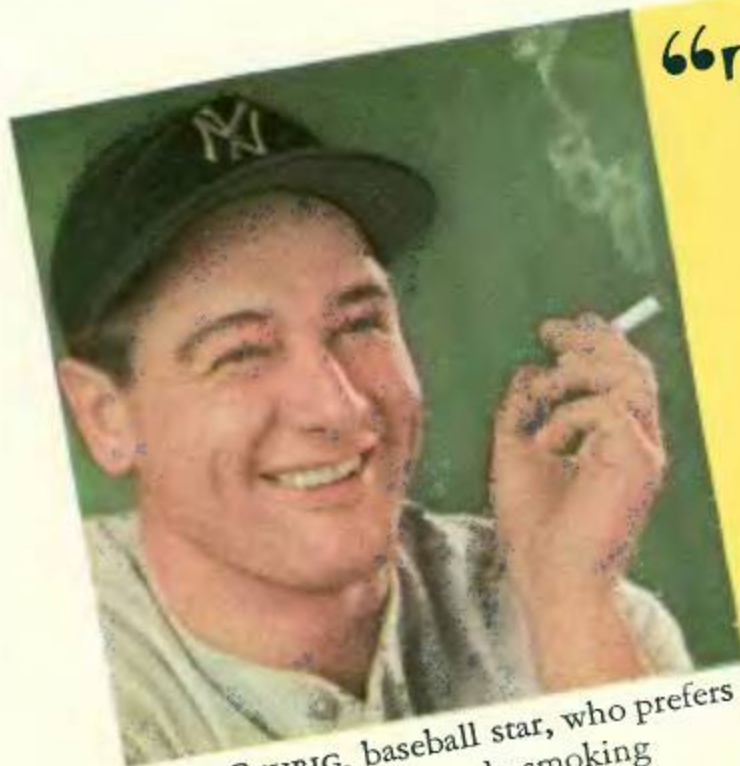
Oh, no, CINZANO also makes dry Vermouth in France. It's famous over there, but you haven't been able to get it in America until just recently.



sible men and women. There was one young woman in a neat, tailored suit who chewed gum thoughtfully as she read, and I remember her particularly because her gum-chewing seemed a little out of place in that room, with those people.

On a large table in the centre of the room were copies of the various Christian Science publications—the *Journal* and the *Quarterly*, the *Sentinel* and the *Monitor*, all founded by Mrs. Eddy in the closing years of the last century and the early years of this one. Unless people have actually studied a religion as adults or have been brought up in it as children, they are not apt to know much about it; I, at least, was amazed to find in the *Journal* a directory of Christian Science Practitioners which showed that there were three hundred and ninety-six with offices in Manhattan, mostly in the midtown area, and that there were nineteen of them in this same office building I was in. I was surprised, too, to find that there were fifty of them in an office building in the same block, and that in each of ten or fifteen other office buildings in the same general area there were listed two or three and sometimes five or six Christian Science Practitioners. Never having talked to a Christian Science Practitioner, I had no idea what they were like or exactly what they did, except that I knew that they do not believe in the science of medicine and that a great many people all over the world are convinced that diseases can be cured by Christian Science. I asked the lady behind the counter in the outer office whether I could talk to one of the Christian Science Practitioners in the building, and she said she was sure any one of them would be happy to give me any advice I might need. I decided to call on one or two and talk to them about their work.

I FOUND the office of one of them on the same floor. In a reception-room two men were waiting, and they glanced up for a moment as people will when one enters a doctor's office. I sat down and looked around. The room was pleasant enough—a large table with a pointed, "modern" lamp on it, overstuffed chairs, a rug, a tapestry hanging on one of the walls. On the table was a sign about six inches high which said, "SILENCE." Both the men waiting were reading. One was reading the feature section of the *Christian Science Monitor* and the other the *Christian Science Sentinel*. The *Monitor* man was old, thin, and tight-lipped,



LOU GEHRIG, baseball star, who prefers Camels for steady smoking

**"THEY DON'T
GET YOUR
WIND"
ATHLETES SAY**

*So mild, athletes smoke
as many as they please—and
that's real mildness!*

Of course you want mildness in a cigarette. And athletes—to whom "wind," healthy nerves, "condition" are *vital* important—insist on mildness.

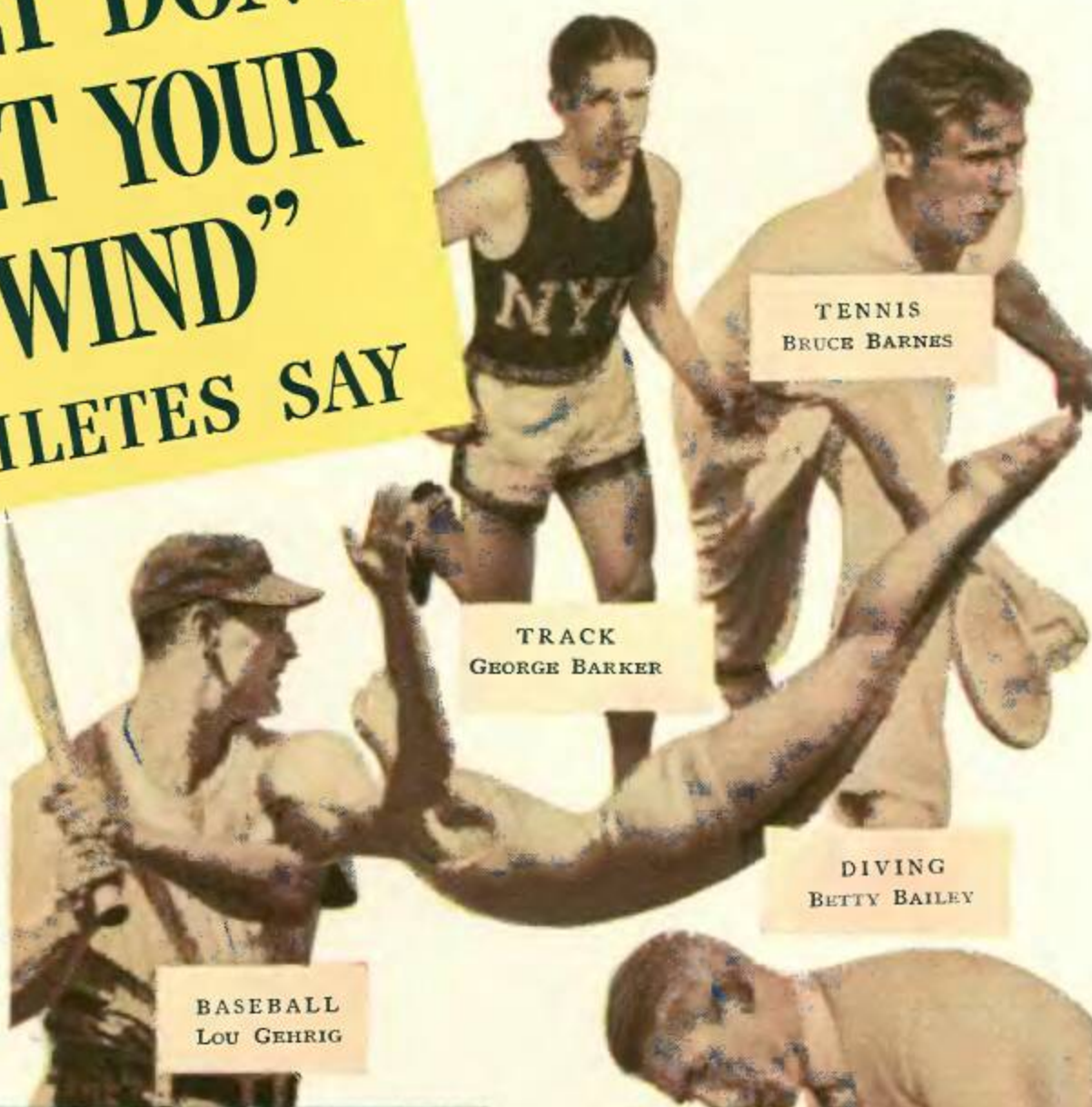
Lou Gehrig, baseball's "Iron Man," says: "Camels are so mild they never get my 'wind.'"

George Barker, former intercollegiate cross-country champion, says: "Camels are so mild, they don't cut my 'wind' in any way." Bobby Walthour, Jr., star of the six-day bike grinds, says: "I've got to have 'wind' in bike racing. For my cigarette I long ago chose Camels."

Tommy Armour, speaking for golf, Bruce Barnes for tennis, and Betty Bailey for aquatic sports—all agree: "Camels don't get your 'wind.'"

*What this real mildness
can mean to you!*

It means you can smoke as many Camels as you please. Athletes say Camel's costlier tobaccos never disturb your nerves—never tire your taste—never get your "wind."

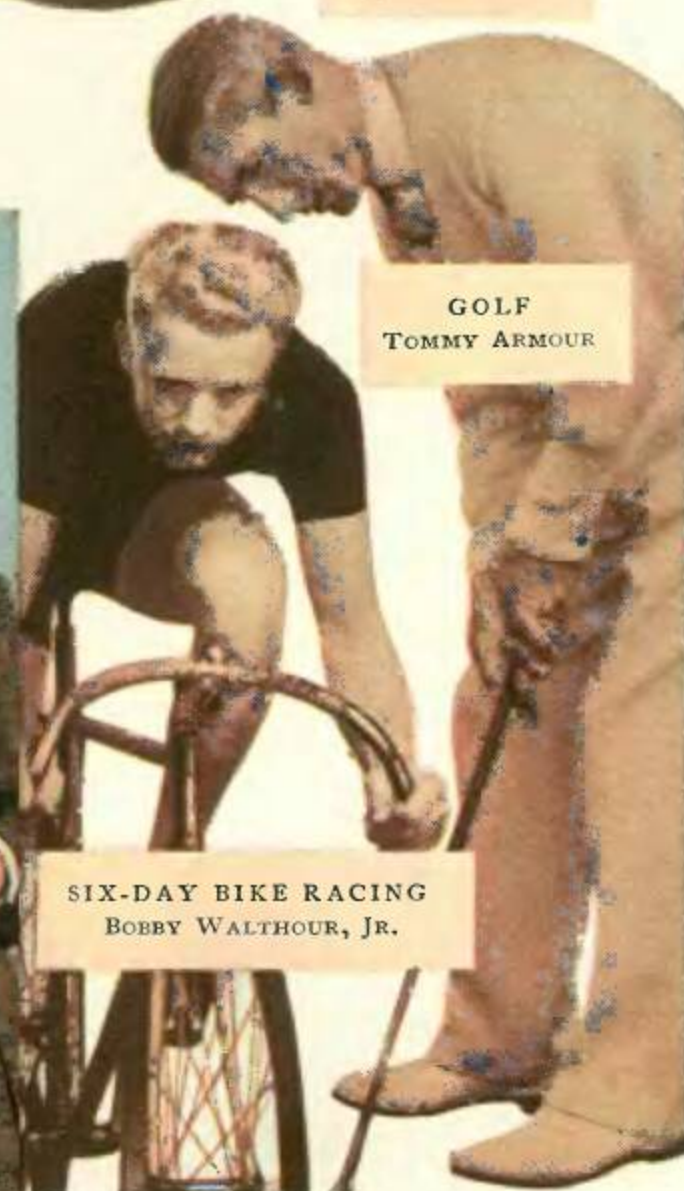


TRACK
GEORGE BARKER

TENNIS
BRUCE BARNES

DIVING
BETTY BAILEY

BASEBALL
LOU GEHRIG

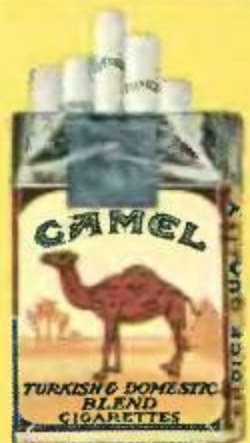


GOLF
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BOBBY WALTHOUR, JR.

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**SO MILD
YOU CAN SMOKE
ALL YOU WANT!**



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Camels

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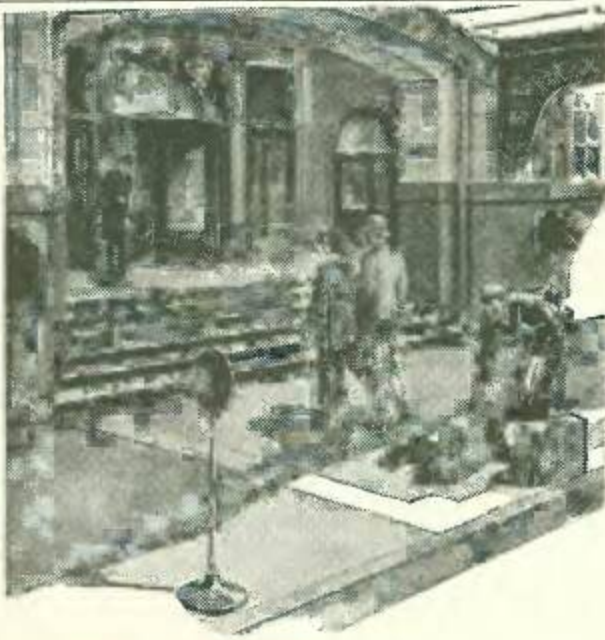
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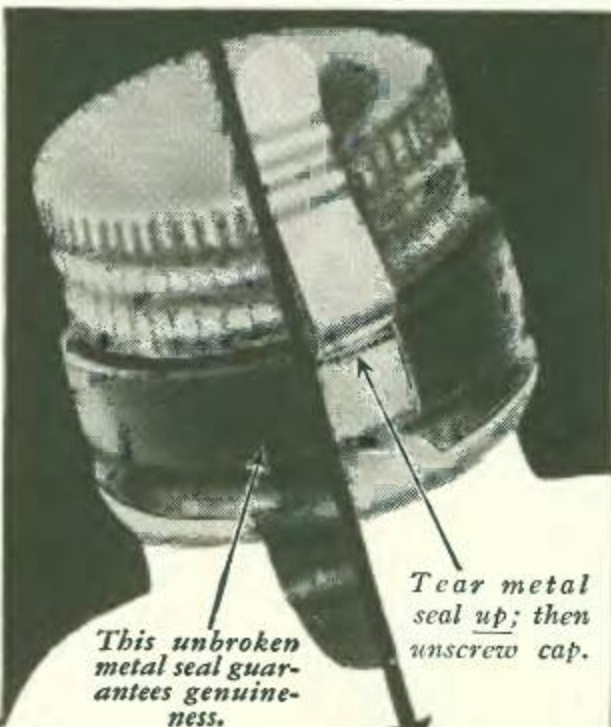
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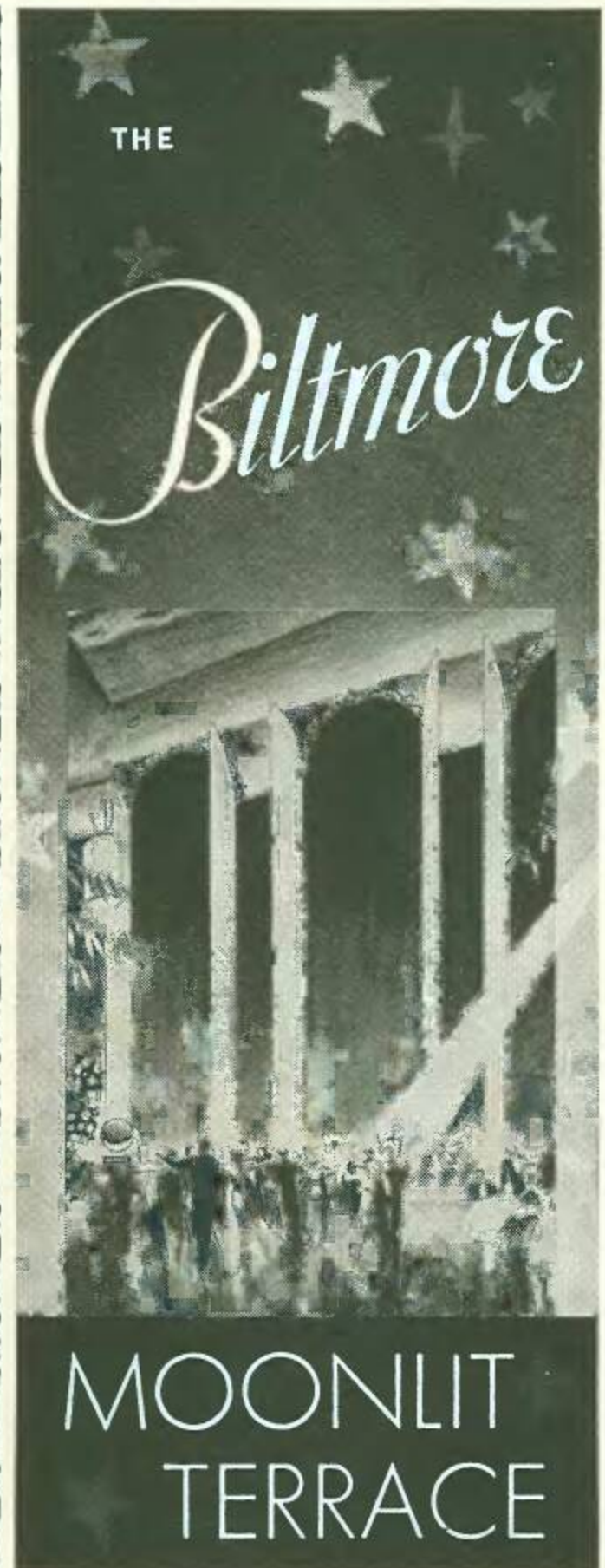
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and about every five or ten seconds he stretched his neck upward and outward like a turtle and cleared his throat noisily; when he did this, his eyes bulged and the whites showed over the pupils, because he never allowed his eyes even for an instant to leave the column of type he was following in the *Monitor*. The other man was no more than middle-aged. On the floor by his chair was a briefcase, and he looked at his wristwatch twice while the three of us were waiting. He seemed to be reading the *Sentinel* with some impatience. He was the first to be called. The door of the inner office opened and a white-haired man with a cheerful, red face and a large smile stood by it while another man, evidently a patient, hurried past him and out the other door. The white-haired man was the Practitioner. He beckoned to the *Sentinel* man; said to the *Monitor* man, "If you don't mind—just a few minutes, Mr. B—;" said to me, "You wanted to see me? You will wait for just a few moments?" and disappeared again. The *Monitor* man began to read and stretch some more, and I decided that I would go to some other Practitioner on the same floor who was not so busy.

The second Practitioner I visited was a big man who must have weighed over two hundred pounds—tall, heavy, bald, and pale. His office was much like the other one—a reception-room and, I found, an inner room, with windows looking out over the city. Nobody was waiting to see him. I told him I knew little about Christian Science but that I was interested in its workings and that I would like to find out more about it. "Just what is it that is troubling you?" he asked solicitously, and a little abruptly. I reflected hurriedly that he had misunderstood my purpose, that he would ask me to pay him a fee, that I would pay it, and that while the thing was probably highly questionable all round, it was one way of finding out something about the workings of Christian Science. I told him I had violent and chronic headaches, which was not true.

He sat down opposite me, with his back to the windows, and we began to talk. He took down my name and address and telephone number in a



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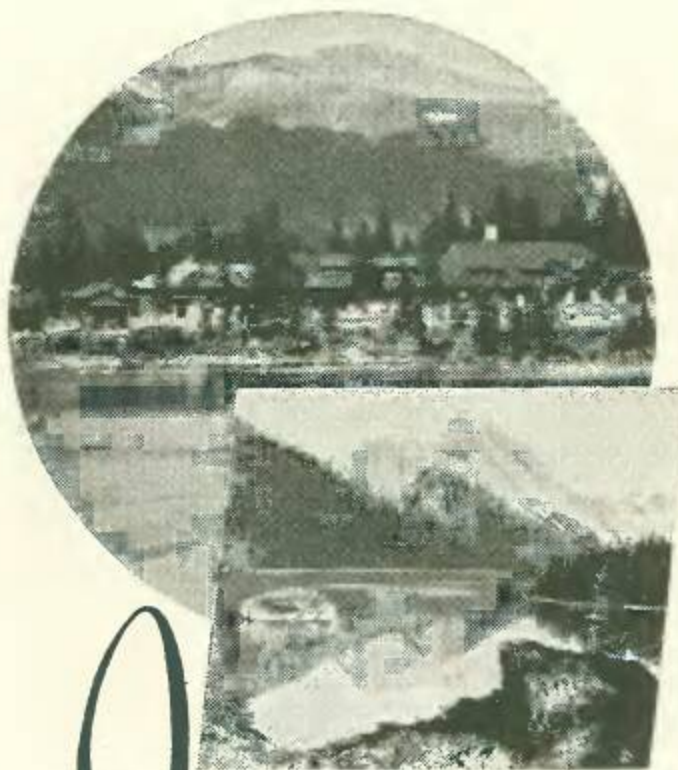
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small notebook. He told me that he had been a believer in Christian Science for over thirty years, ever since he had been cured, through Christian Science, of a painful stomach ailment which had bothered him since childhood. He had had to have, or the medical practitioners had thought he ought to have, morphine injections at that time, he said, but after embracing Christian Science he had become a healthy man. "When a man has lived under a religion for over thirty years," he said, "in quiet and harmony, solving all the problems of his life, he has personal proof that it is the religion for him." He explained some of the principles of Christian Science, talking in a comforting and altogether kindly tone. He said it was based on the Bible, whose spiritual meaning, he said, had been made clear by Mary Baker Eddy. He said I should buy a copy of her book, "Science and Health," or else read it in one of the reading-rooms, which were free. "As a man thinketh in his heart," he quoted, "so is he." He also quoted Shakespeare: "There is nothing either right or wrong within this world but thinking makes it so." Thought, he said, was the thing; matter was not. He talked for one hour, reading aloud at times from "Science and Health," from the Bible, and from some of the testimonials reciting remarkable cures through Christian Science, which are published weekly in the *Christian Science Sentinel*. Then he said, "Now I will give you a treatment, just a little quiet treatment," and he put his hand under his chin and shut his eyes.

He sat that way for thirty minutes; I relaxed a little and sat as still as I could. Then he looked up at me, smiling across the desk, and said, "Now I hope you will read as much as you can from 'Science and Health.'" I asked him what he had been doing for those thirty minutes and he said he had been "directing prayer against that part of you that has been falsely giving you pain." He explained, a little self-consciously, I thought, that the fee was two dollars. "In better times," he said, "the usual fee was three dollars, but we take cognizance of the fact that these are parlous times." He really said "parlous times." He said, also, that one of the tenets of Mrs. Eddy's Church Manual was that Practitioners should charge no more than the average, reputable physician in the same neighborhood. I had been there over an hour and a half, and I remarked that his fee was certainly more reasonable than that of the average physician



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in this or almost any other neighborhood. He bowed and told me to be sure to let him know after a few days how I was progressing. "Even if you do not think you need a treatment," he said, "just come in and we will have another talk."

I went to see one other Practitioner in the building, a woman. Her fee was three dollars, and she mentioned it almost immediately. Absent treatments, she explained, were two dollars. She also took down my name and address and phone number. She was a competent-looking woman of forty-five or so, dark and stocky, and she startled me a little by remarking later that she was an Armenian. She was brought over here by her parents when she was very young, she said. She had taken up Christian Science, she said, after she had been healed by a Practitioner when she was suffering from a disease which physicians said would be fatal. She talked very fast, and I inserted only a word or two here and there from time to time. "When two and two are put down as five," she said, "what is that? Wrong thinking, isn't it?" I found myself answering "Yes" to everything, as one does when talking to an insurance salesman. Matter, she said, was not. She reminded me that Einstein had agreed that space and time were not. She began to read from "Science and Health," explaining elaborately as she went along, and after a little less than an hour she stopped and said, "I will treat you further when you leave." I asked her if that was all, and she said it was. As she opened the door into her reception-room, the telephone rang and she motioned for me to wait while she answered it. "Yes, Mrs. K—," she said into the instru-

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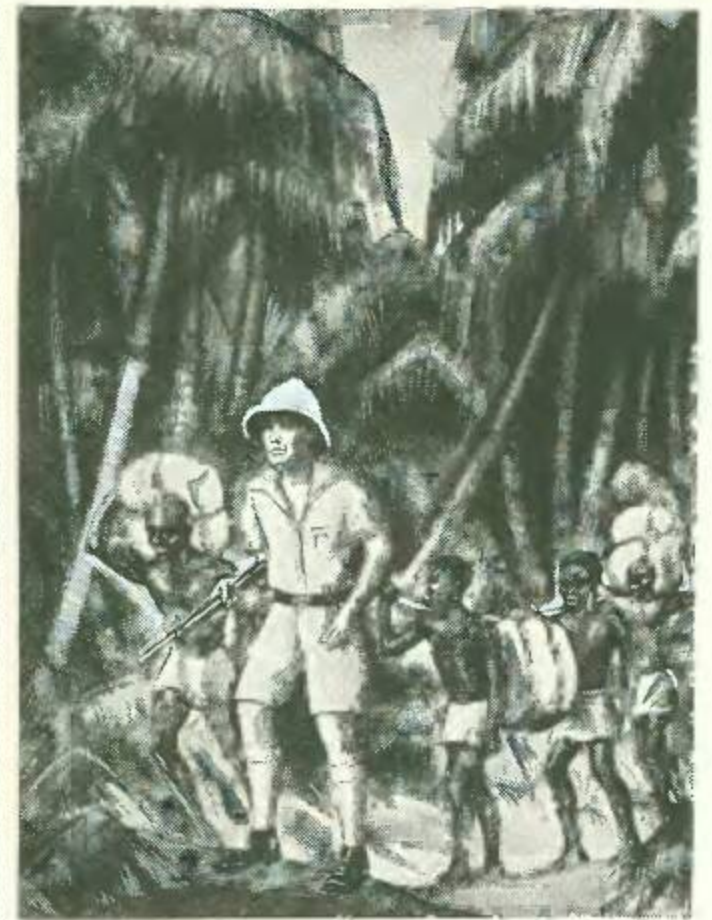




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ment. "Yes, of course, Mrs. K—." There was a long silence while the person on the other end of the wire talked on. "Now, Mrs. K—," the Practitioner said, "what we must do is think of tomorrow. Think of tomorrow, Mrs. K—, and today will cease to exist except in the abstract." She hung up the telephone with one hand and held out her other hand to me, in one gesture. "Let me know how you're getting on in a day or so," she said, and I left.

I NEXT went to see Mr. William Wallace Porter, of the Christian Science Committee on Publication, at his office at 551 Fifth Avenue. This is a large office, with a number of clerks and stenographers in one room and in another room, alone, Mr. Porter. His face looked remarkably like the faces of the two male Practitioners I had seen that afternoon—the kind of faint resemblance one sees in the members of a large family. He sat behind a large desk with his hands before him, his fingertips touching. I told him I was interested in learning something about the workings of Christian Science in order to write an article about it, and he seemed pleased. "Of course," he said, speaking very deliberately and clearly, as if to a foreigner or a deaf person, "before I can deliver to you any facts other than those contained in our regular publications, I must write to the Mother Church, the First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, and request their approval." He was silent for some moments, looking out through the windows at the city as the people had done earlier in the day in the reading-room a few blocks south, but when I started to say something he detached one set of fingertips from the other and waved at me. He did this without turning his eyes away from the windows. It was not a rude gesture, but it was full of confidence. "It may interest you to know," he said, finally, looking straight at me, "that more and more we are receiving requests in these times for addresses before other religious bodies, other faiths; that there is a marked, an increasing interest in Science today, especially among young people, among the younger intellectuals. I myself have made a number of addresses to students at universities, both denominational and non-denominational." I asked him what sort of supervision was imposed upon Christian Science Practitioners by the state, and he smiled and said, "None, of course. The Mother Church, of course, has



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full supervision." Like all the other people I had talked to that afternoon, Mr. Porter was kind in every gesture, every syllable, but there was about him an indefinable and vaguely irritating self-assurance.

"Of course," he said, "if you are planning to visit some of our Practitioners and receive treatments under, as we might say, false pretences, it would be most unwise. You would gain nothing, absolutely nothing; you would not benefit by such an action, and you would gain no understanding of our principles."

On the way out I was given some Christian Science literature by a lady in the outer office, and I stopped to ask her a few questions about Practitioners. How did the Practitioners of the present day feel, I asked, about contagious diseases—like scarlet fever and typhoid and so forth. "Oh," she said, "it is a matter for the Practitioner to judge. Of course many Practitioners coöperate with the city health authorities in extreme cases. But," she said, letting her voice grow confidential, "there have been many amazing cures in such cases. I have a friend, a Practitioner, who effected a cure for leprosy in two days."

"Leprosy, did you say?" I asked.

"Yes, leprosy," she said. "The poor man was in a very advanced stage, and was suffering badly, but after two days he was completely cured."

Her contented, confident smile stayed on her face all the time I was putting on my coat, and it was still there when I left the office.

—ST. CLAIR MCKELWAY

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[From the *Alaska Empire*]

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We will greet with a smile
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Black, Royal or Red with white dots; or yellow with brown dots.
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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FOIBLES



APPARENTLY, it's in the cards that each and every one of you dolls is about to spend a lazy, glamorous, and delightful summer being informal and attractive. With this end in view, Saks-Fifth Avenue are helpfully presenting a large group of dresses in Shantel linen, which has a dull, nubbly shantung surface, doesn't crush, and is guaranteed washable. It is so perfectly wonderful that customers are ignoring pastel silks completely, and even look askance at cottons. There are many designs of the two-piece-jumper variety, but most of them derive from the shirtwaist dress, though they acknowledge only distant cousinship. They have the requisite short sleeves, rolled-back collars, belts, and patch pockets, but little frog buttons, an array of buttons down one hip, a bright handkerchief at the neck, or odd color combinations make them distinctive. The combinations are grand: lots of dusty pink with navy, turquoise, or royal-blue touches; rich orange with a brown belt and brown-and-red foulard handkerchief; yellow with burgundy; natural color with navy polka dots—the range is enormous. In navy blue or other deep colors these are ideal for working in town, for they are tailored and opaque, requiring the minimum of lingerie, which is something to consider if you recall how hot that double sun-proof slip can be beneath your fluttering chiffons. They are \$22.75 and \$25.

At Saks, they have gone so far overboard about Shantel linen (they have snagged most of the supply) that it is bossing the beach, too. There are beach dresses, and high-waisted slacks that are above ankle-length, and halters and shirts all ready to be assembled in strange and dizzy color combinations. Other wows in the bathing department include pajamas with navy-and-red polka-dotted tie-silk pants and crisp white piqué coolie tops; slacks of covert cloth, arrogantly masculine even to the loops at the beltline; and the usual perfect English knit swimming suits that do the most for your figure. You'll like, too, a perfect long terry-cloth robe. It is slightly fitted through the waistline, fastens with a button at each side of the chest, and flares a bit as it

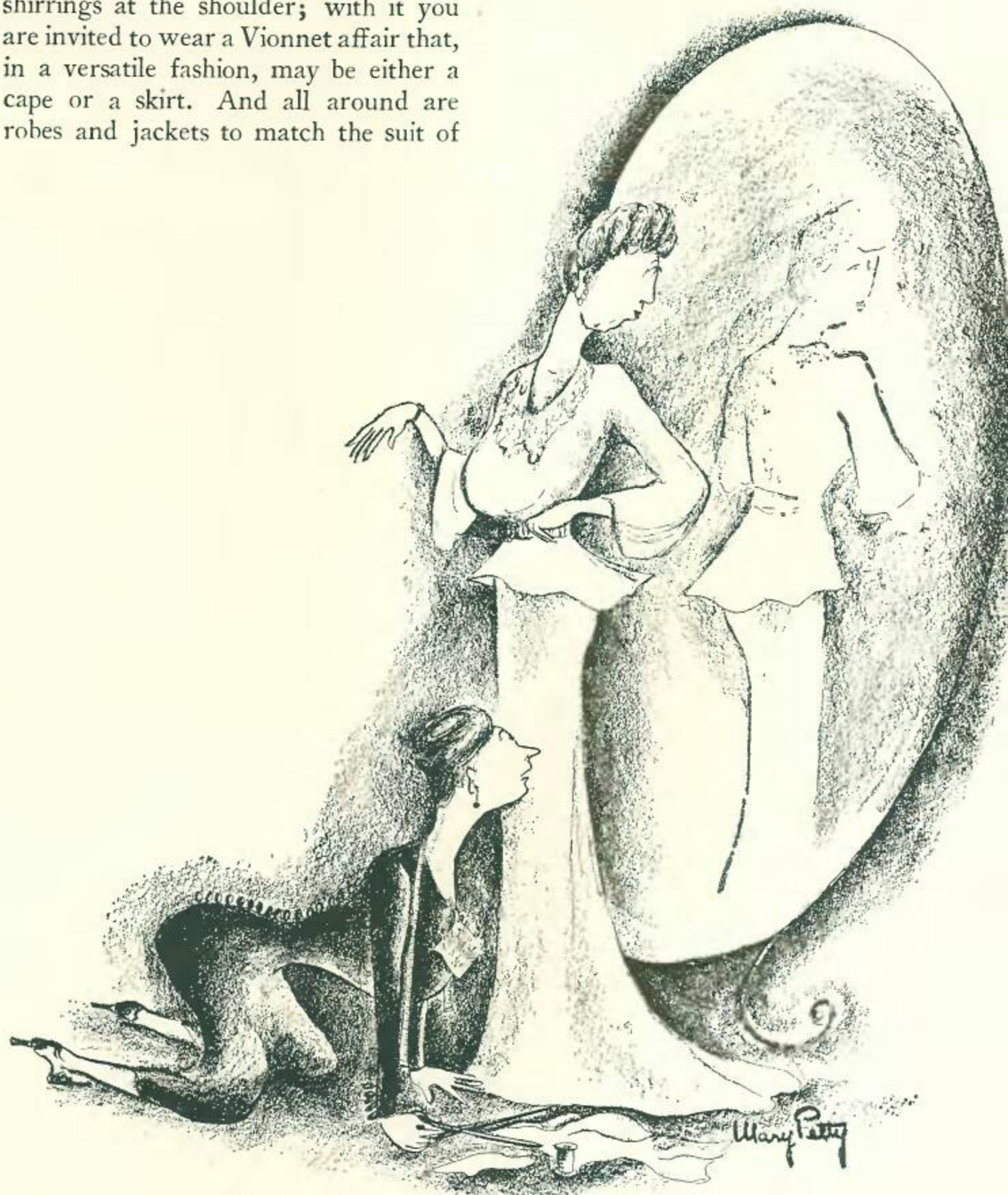
approaches the ankles. You can get this glamour-laden affair in various shades of linen, besides.

Saks also likes a Boondoggle hat with an easy brim and an open crown, casually tacked together. It comes in felt, straw, toyo, or piqué, and costs \$10.75 and \$12.75.

YOU'VE never in your life seen so many bathing suits as those that Peck & Peck are displaying. One of my pets was of white matelassé acetate with a square décolletage, begging for a monogram like that on your tailored lingerie; but there are also all kinds of one-piece affairs in crinkled flowered cotton, in checked and plaid cottons, in polka-dot tie silks, and Celanese pastels with darker embroidered dots. A one-piece Celanese affair in solid pastel colors has V banded trimmings and shirrings at the shoulder; with it you are invited to wear a Vionnet affair that, in a versatile fashion, may be either a cape or a skirt. And all around are robes and jackets to match the suit of

your cherce (but I like bathing things matched up as informally as golf clothes; anything too set destroys their charm for me).

Gadgets: Taupe sun glasses with white rims for the incognito moments of you celebrities, and super-thin bathing caps wrapped tidily in Cellophane containers. Even people who don't ordinarily care for beach hats might go for one with a burlap brim, a bandanna top, and a beach bag of burlap, shaped like a wine jug, to match. Peck & Peck like the B.V.D. Lastex brief to wear under shorts, and claim that it really holds a girl in, being little but oh my. Then there is a dickey arrangement in men's tie silk that fastens around the back of the neck with the cosy attachment of a garter, and has an Ascot placed in front, complete with pearl stickpin. With a handkerchief to match,




"Besides, it hits you in a good spot."

the works is \$2.95. You can buy Timber-Topper felt hats with little feathers and small adjustable brims in every possible color for \$7.50, and a like sum will purchase Ecuadorian panama hats, the ones with stitched-on brims that do not demand to be treated like treasures—a relief when you want to roll one up in a suitcase.

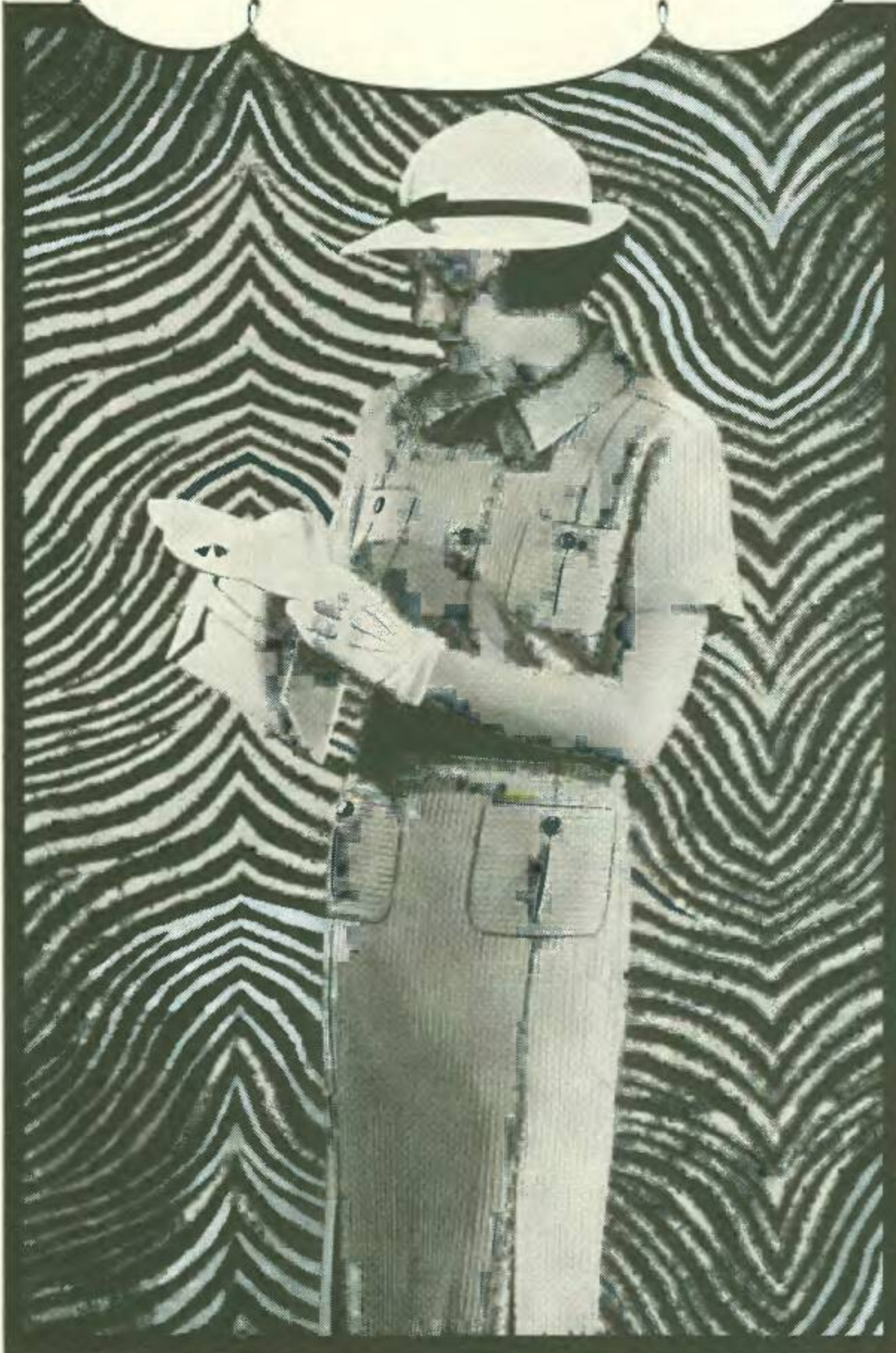
IT is a perpetual yap of this department that it is impossible to find good tailored blouses ready-made, and I don't want to be deluged by press releases denying it, either. I insist that they should be made to order, and K. Wragge, at 16 West 46th Street, is a boy to do it for you. His things are so strictly tailored that the mere mention of a jabot makes him blanch, and his workmanship and choice of materials (all imported) are second to no one's. You can depend on the man for every detail; though all his materials are already shrunk, he takes no chances, but shrinks them again. In cotton men's shirtings, blouses are \$7 up; in silks, \$12.50 up. . . . Al Martin, at 14 West 48th, is another custom choice. He goes so far with the mannish idea—tucked bosoms or plain ones, shirt studs, and the like—that he even has a model with a wing collar. His prices are from \$6.50 up. . . . If you cling to exquisite hand-made blouses of the tucked and insertioned French type, don't forget the New York Exchange for Woman's Work. They can fill the most extraordinary orders for delicate hand work in a week's time, and the blouses start at \$9.35.

BURSTS of inventiveness have been breaking on all sides. The Tye-Vyes couldn't be cuter. They are merely gaily patterned cotton bandannas, with a tennis visor attached, to tie around your head—not only attractive, but a sound idea for squinters. You get them at Best. . . . Then there is the Zipover bag, at Best, Franklin Simon, Jean King, and others. It is an envelope handbag of linen with contrasting lining. By means of zipper fasteners and snappers the whole thing spreads out flat, and it is completely washable. It is also completely reversible for those deft souls who are mechanically minded. . . . There are new beach shoes, with cork soles and heels, for people who don't like sand nestling around their tootsies. They have a suede toe and heel, but the body of the shoe is a giddy Lastex affair that comes up over the anklebone—really a sock



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"Diamond Jim: The Life and Times of James Buchanan Brady"—Parker Morrell.

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and beach shoe in one. You get these at the department stores. . . . Helena Rubinstein is out with a sun oil that contains ingredients supposed to shoo insects away. Now all that is left is for some genius to perfect a sunburn oil that won't allow sand to cake upon it. When that's done, we will consider that the human brain has reached its zenith. . . . The number of eau de colognes that have been coming our way is overwhelming. Guerlain's Impériale is lemony, biting, and refreshing. Rubinstein's Enchanté is voluptuous, Mary Dunhill's is flowery, and Coty's, in L'Aimant scent, is feminine. . . . If you need a key chain, Pusey Gifts, 14 East 56th, has a honey with a rabbit's foot attached. Apparently, if you get home, you are lucky these days. —L. L.

AS TO MEN

For Beaches and Anglers

WE haven't started studying beach-club prospectuses yet, or figuring out the quickest way to Jones Beach, but we stopped in at Abercrombie & Fitch last week to get a rubber sea serpent—they have a particularly fine Loch Ness one—and saw a kayak that we covet. It is an exact copy of one in a museum. The frame is silver spruce and the covering is specially treated oilskin; the whole thing weighs twenty-eight pounds. The cockpit has a rubber back rest and seat pad—concessions to civilization—and a detachable oilskin cover which fits snugly under your arms. Across the forepart of the boat are leather thongs, to hold the paddle when you're not using it, or, if you want to be absolutely authentic, your harpoon.

We also liked A. & F.'s water bicycle, a sort of catamaran with a paddle wheel in the stern, Mississippi River steamboat style. It will hold two people (there's a rumble seat), reverse, and, they say, will go as fast as 6 M.P.H.

We don't know how fast their "torpedo boat" will go, but it ought to function pretty well even in moderately rough water. You lie on your tummy on a slatted wooden deck that joins two metal pontoons, and operate a hand crank—just as though you were doing the crawl stroke—which works a propeller in the rear. To steer, you kick a rudder with your feet. If you're more adventurous, for \$38 you can have a diving helmet—unbreakable glass front, air pump, twenty-five feet of hose, and all. It really works, and if you've read your Beebe, you'll want

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one. He describes delightful casual strolls underwater and advocates the sport for everyone. It sounds very simple as he tells it. A. & F. also have water skis, which took the place of aquaplanes on the Riviera last year; balsa surfboards; several types of air mattresses; and a knockdown wood kayak which you can assemble yourself.

By the way, at the Kayak Boat Company, 147 East 84th Street, they told us that the variation of water polo played in kayaks is going to be more popular this year.

FOR the benefit, we suppose, of people who don't know what to give fishermen as presents, Brooks has brought over from England the Angler's Companion, a large silk handkerchief on the order of the ones that are made each year to commemorate the Grand National and the Derby Stakes. It has a portrait of Izaak Walton in the centre, surrounded by pictures of fish, with instructions on what you should use to catch them, and when you may use it. Most of the fish—tench, barbel, bleak, roach, dace, gudgeon, bream—are English, and so are the dates of the open seasons, and the recipes for making bait. We liked the one that tells you to "work old cheese grated with a little butter, colour it with saffron. In winter use rusty bacon instead of butter." It's a colorful affair, and would make a good wall decoration in a fishing lodge.

AT Brooks we looked at bathing trunks of real India madras print. They're gay, light, and dry quickly. Other trunks were of a green gabardine, new this year, or bed ticking, a material too stiff for swimming but which makes a first-rate pair of shorts to wear on a small sailboat. We also saw a noteworthy cinch belt of Tattersall flannel.

At Saks-Fifth Avenue, they have something really extra in trunks of silk-and-wool gabardine, which, by the way, is first-class material for hot-weather slacks. We also liked their new white linen polo shirt, woven in wide mesh, and some trunks of Viyella flannel in herringbone stripes, with a narrow cinch belt.

Abercrombie & Fitch have trunks of Viyella flannel in more or less authentic tartans, and others of worsted serge with a good-looking tan or gray check, and a gabardine belt to match. For the beach they show a robe of terry cloth with a monk's cowl, flowing sleeves, and a rope at the waist and



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throat; also a more conventional robe of imported linen, in natural color, with a large brown or red overplaid. For the man who doesn't care if his knees get sunburned, they offer a terry-cloth sports jacket, single-breasted, with a brown-and-white check. It's easier to take off than a pullover sweater, and has the additional advantage of providing full-sized pockets to keep cigarettes and things in.

De Pinna, for the same purpose, shows a cardigan sweater of terry cloth, in brown, white, or blue, that also has pockets. This shop has bathing trunks of knitted Celanese—the lightest in weight we've felt—and some handsome belts of cotton gabardine with cinch buckles. They come in a number of solid colors and can be used either for bathing trunks or sports trousers. And golfers should like the pullovers with soft chamois fronts, and knitted backs and sleeves. They also come without sleeves.

THERE'S always something new for golfers. Now it's a "streamlined" golf ball, which we hear reduces hooking and slicing five to fifteen yards, has a flatter trajectory on drives, and rolls the right way on skiddy putting greens. (It doesn't wave a red lantern when it goes out of bounds in the rough.) The trick is in the groovings on the cover, but we're not up on aerodynamics enough to tell you any more than that. The ball is called the Burbank, and it costs seventy-five cents. It's not carried by the stores around town, but the pros at most golf clubs sell it. —E. K.

MARKETS AND MENUS *Mixed Greens*

THERE be those who think so poorly of what Americans do with even the best vegetables that they will undoubtedly consider a report on where any greenstuffs are to be found a waste of time. My own notion is that it is the famous American plumbing that is responsible for our ineptitude with vegetables, and to give my theory a leg to stand on, you will please notice that those peoples who don't have water quite so free at hand certainly achieve better results with greens than we do. If, then, you are one who agrees that most of the foods we cook in water can be done better in butter, you will find it worth while investigating where this or that vegetable can be found. Otherwise—if you intend to drown your peas and string beans in water anyway—you

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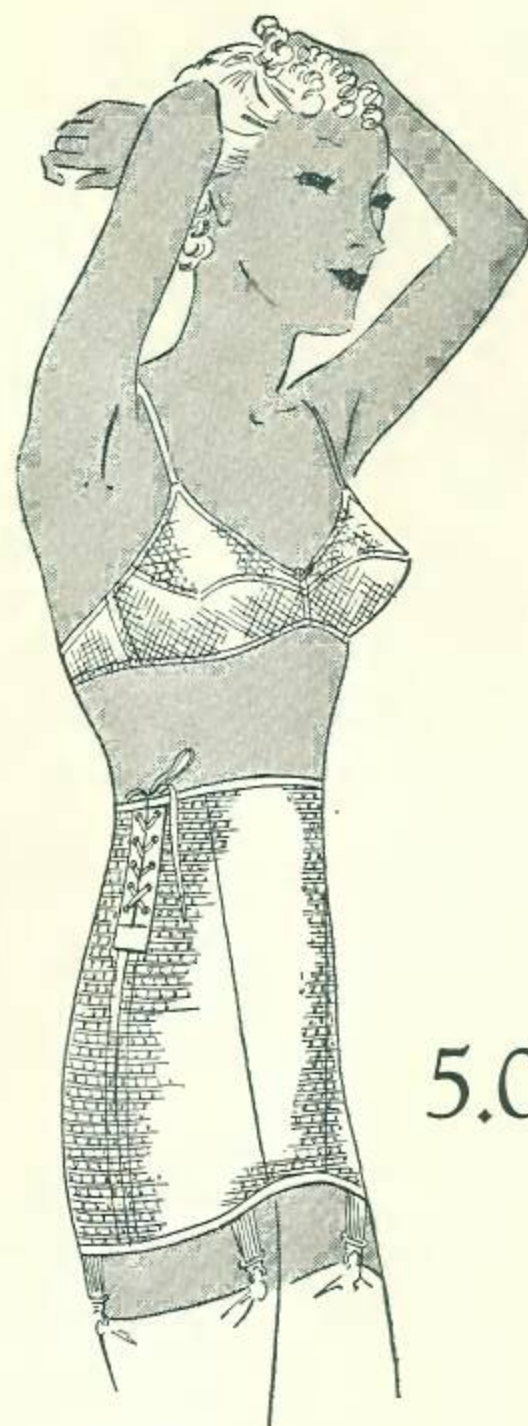
might as well just take what the grocer gives you, without bothering.

Shaffer's Market, at 673 Madison Avenue (61st), has, of course, all the first-of-the-season vegetables before they have more than popped out of the ground, as well as the rarer herbs, such as tarragon, chervil, and chives. Amateurs of field salads, too, can find here dandelion and other of the bitterish greens, which are so extravagantly liked by the people who like them. But Shaffer's has what you would never in the world expect to find: those little cowpeas out of which Southerners make as many variations of hopping John as there are states below Mason and Dixon's line. True, these cowpeas are dried (the fresh ones don't ship), but at that, cooked with Shaffer's Virginia bacon, they make a grand dish of this Deep South specialty.

The same little cowpeas can be had at Stall No. 265 of the Park Avenue pushcart market—at 116th Street, right under the railroad tracks. At the same market you can get lovely, fragrant mangoes right now, and a vegetable—vaguely like a cucumber—called *chayote* that is excellent either *sauté au beurre* or cooked in sour cream. Here, too, are to be had *chilitos verdes*, the tiny green peppers that give the delicious high flavor to Mexican *guacamole*; and *malanga*, which Porto Ricans relish, but which I find pretty insipid. Later on there will be fresh guavas, but they are several weeks off yet.

IN case you share the general impression that potlikker is just a stunt invented by Huey Long, you had better walk along Eighth Avenue, from 140th to 145th Street, and see the heartening display of turnip greens, collards, and mustard greens, which go to the making of this much-publicized fare. As a matter of fact, potlikker isn't really a dish at all, but just the water in which Southern Negroes boil "fat meat" and any kind of greens, and all this talk about it puts the professional Southerners in something of a hole. If they say they never tasted potlikker (which is probably true), their Yankee friends are likely to think they aren't in the know—like not knowing the best families—so they let on that they eat the thing every day of their lives, and lo! another Southern myth is born. Besides the greens in the Harlem stalls, there are the most incredibly tender little "patty-pan" squash, so young that they aren't much bigger than a silver dollar—a size that would be considered

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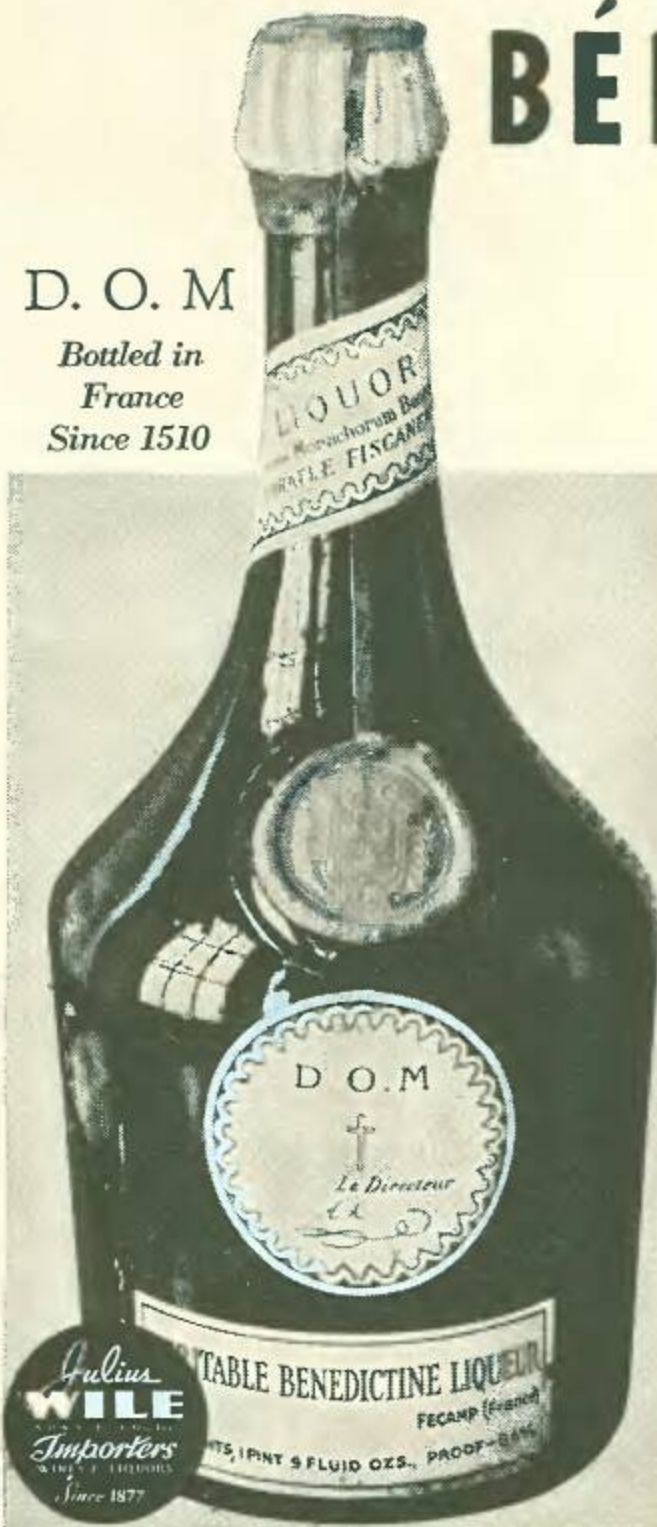
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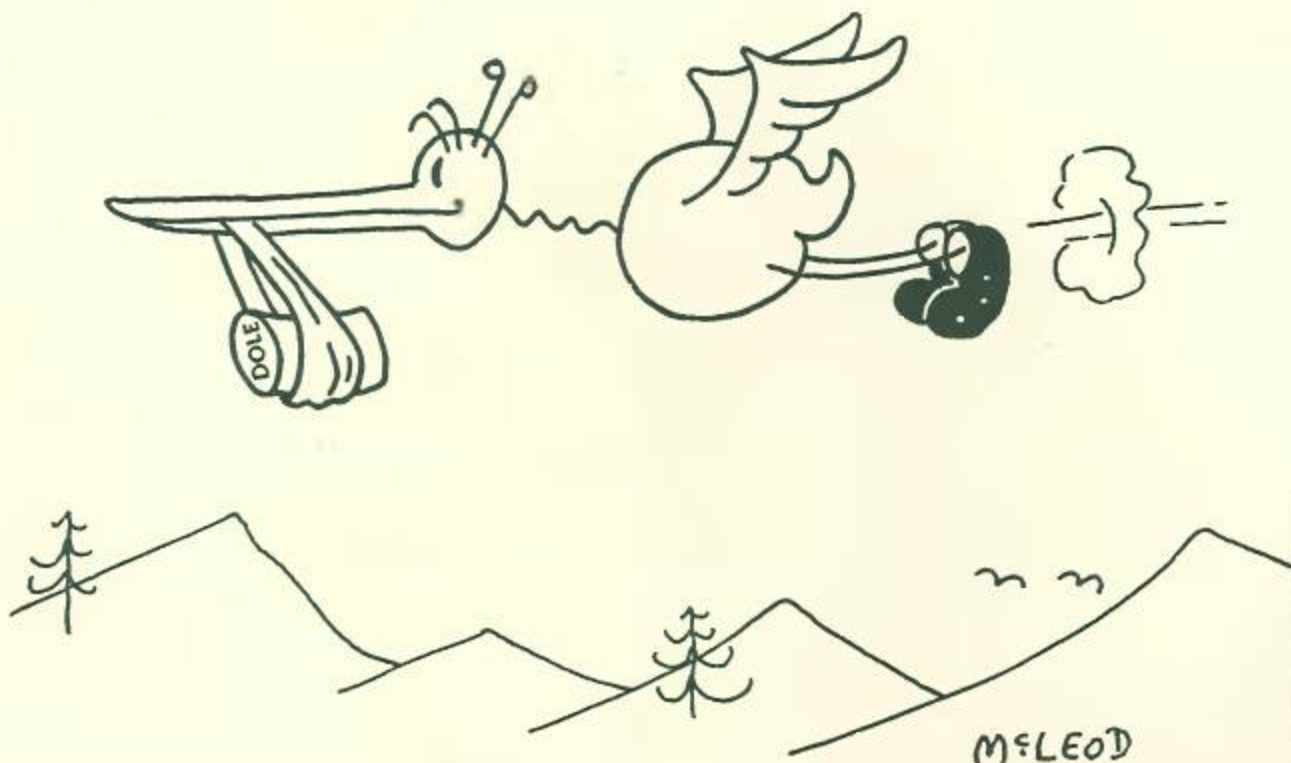
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cradle-snatching in downtown markets.

If you think, as I do, that the slim, curved *aubergine* is more delicate than the fat American eggplant, you will be glad to know that Italians feel the same way about it, and that it is to be found wherever there are Italian customers to create a demand. The hucksters along Ninth Avenue, from 36th to 42nd Streets, cater to Jews and Greeks as well as to Italians, so practically all the exotic greens can be found there—exotic, that is, to Yankee shoppers; to Ninth Avenue they are just staples. Right now fennel and dill are beginning to come in. The fennel (*finocchio*) isn't yet big enough for cooking, but the feathery tops make fine seasoning. The dill—in case you never noticed it in a Swedish restaurant—generally improves smoked salmon and is delicious dropped over any of the many varieties of herring that figure on a smörgåsbord table.

DOWN on Mott Street, where I went the other day to make sure that that excellent Chinese cabbage is still to be had, I found the whole neighborhood green with great bunches of a weedy-looking thing which was being bought up like hot cakes by groups of Chinamen. None of my nature-loving friends have been able to identify this greenstuff, but the Chinese shopkeeper said it comes from the campus of Columbia University, if you please, and that the Chinese dote upon it in soup. No, I don't believe it, either, but it gave a cultural turn to my morning's marketing, and made me feel on terms with the Columbia faculty—especially the Oriental Department. I found the cabbages *are* in season, all right, and so are water chestnuts and bean sprouts, which can be had at Quong Yee Wo & Company, 34 Mott Street, or, indeed, almost anywhere on Mott and Bayard Streets. The same shops have a delicious green pea, picked so young that pod and all is cooked.

All the Chinatown vegetables, and more besides, can be had in tins at the Japan Products Company, 144 West 65th Street—lotus roots; a thing called udo, which tastes rather like asparagus; and a variety of bamboo sprout that amateurs in such matters usually agree is better than the Chinese sprouts.

—S. H.

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[From the Brooklyn Daily Eagle]

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LONDON LETTER

LONDON, MAY 22

She's got the house chock-full of ornaments and crockery
And every blessed article she's christened Jubilee.

We've a Jubilee kettle and dishes too,
and as true as I'm a man

We've got a Jubilee tomcat and a Jubilee frying pan.

THESE words were written by James Tighe for Victoria's Golden Jubilee in 1887, in a song hit called "Oh! The Jubilee," but they are not yet out-of-date.

On the cover of the song are depicted Jubilee corn plasters, Jubilee insect-destroyers, Jubilee trousers, Jubilee sausages and feeding bottles, and—very mysterious—"for ladies only, the Jubilee dress-improver."

You may not now be able to buy a dress-improver, whatever that is, but you can find almost anything else—Jubilee shoes of red, white, and blue, Jubilee cigars, a doorknocker in the shape of a little colored bust of the King, and so forth. Similarly, the Royal School of Needlework publishes a pattern for a Jubilee sampler with a cross-stitch poem about "George our King," of which one couplet is especially pleasing: "Prince of sportsmen, brilliant shot, But happiest aboard his yacht." The sampler, however, is additionally interesting as one more evidence of the extraordinary revival of embroidery as a "society" occupation. The Royal Family has taken the lead in this, as witness a peculiar note by Marianne Mayfayre in the *Telegraph*: "Members of the Royal Family are all choosing pieces of Jubilee work, to give them a restful occupation during this busy year. The Duke of Gloucester is looking round to see the newest ideas in needlework before making his choice. The Prince of Wales is working with a frame. The Duke of York is helping the Duchess complete her set of six blue and white sprigged chair seats in petit point. He has had to admit defeat in the case of two chair seats in a Scotch thistle and white rose design, which he was ambitious to do himself. He found the work too fine, and the school is finishing it for him." And that isn't all. The Duke of Kent, as we mentioned in an earlier letter, was a star knitter when a boy, doing such subtle work at the age of twelve that it defied the analysis of experts. The Princess Royal and Lord Harewood are busy embroidering chair seats to

match an Aubusson carpet at Harewood House. And it's also perhaps worth mentioning that the Duke and Duchess of York, when they finish a chair seat, like to sign the work with embroidered initials in the corner, and the date. Parenthetically, the Royal School of Needlework, of which the Queen is patron and the Duchess of York president, was started in 1872 by Princess Christian, Lady Welby, and Lady Marion Alford, its aims partly philanthropic, partly artistic; and with

constant Royal help it has become widely known for the beauty of its work. Its idea was to give "suitable and refined employment to educated women," and to give them, when proficient, permanent employment at the school on a professional basis. It's been a huge success, and nowadays students who get a diploma or certificate have no difficulty getting jobs.



THE real trouble with the Jubilee week's crescendo of crowds and excitement has been that it has drowned, swamped, and eclipsed everything else. Normally, the Royal Academy's private view and banquet "start" the season, with the first cricket match at Lord's, the Two Thousand Guineas at Newmarket, and the opera at Covent Garden supplying a gay background. This year, not even the fracas about Stanley Spencer's angry resignation from the Academy (of which he was elected an Associate in 1932) has been able to make much headway against the general tempest. Spencer is a brilliant painter, a religious visionary, a twentieth-century primitive, who paints ideas rather than things, and his election gave one hope for the Academy. Their summary rejection of two of his pictures destroys that hope; it was as stupid as Spencer's subsequent resignation. Like Augustus John, his influence inside the Academy's dreary fold of tireless competence and sentimental Raphael Tuckery would have been far more effective and useful than outside. His three remaining pictures in this show are amongst the pitiful little handful of things which one can at least say are *alive*—the curiously contrasting portraits of Lord David Cecil by Augustus John and Henry Lamb, both brilliant, in which Lamb comes off the better; a pair of very lively dressing-room scenes by Dame Laura Knight; a

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charming little interior by Dod Procter; and a really superb portrait of Ethel Bartlett Robertson, the pianist, by Harold Knight, which is generally considered to be the picture of the year. The rest of the show is the saddest rubbish imaginable. Meanwhile Spencer is exhibiting the two rejected pictures on Bond Street, and has already sold one of them. You may or may not like his queer, inflated figures, his shorthand technique, but that he is burningly sincere, and gets his effect, is beyond question. The Tate Gallery has two of his best things, the "Resurrection" and "Christ Bearing the Cross," and one of his war pictures is in the Imperial War Museum. As Augustus John remarked, Spencer needn't worry; he'll be remembered long after this and all other Academy shows are forgotten, for he's a genius.

Another genius of a very different sort, Paul Nash, is exhibiting just round the corner from the Academy the best one-man show of the year—a collection of recent water colors which range all the way from the most literal of statement to the most intense of symbolism. Nash is a quietist and a poet. His approach to his subject is almost Chinese in its combination of poetic divination and calligraphic treatment, as also in its characteristic use of understatement, and the limited range of color, which in effect approaches monochrome. He has been called the T. S. Eliot of contemporary painting, perhaps with an implication of finesse and aridity, perhaps also with reference to his fondness for abstracts and his excellence as a critic; and certainly one feels that, like Eliot, he has fished up a murex of his own. But what strikes one most in Nash's landscapes and marines is the extraordinary force of the vision, no matter how precise and quiet the statement, and his real genius for simplification. Like the best Chinese painters, he knows how to let the whole world in by the use of an overtone.

WELL, we'll take our leave of the Jubilee with a quotation from the *Express*, which will suggest just a little of the unbelievable bathos to which the press has been daily descending:

Cheering, singing, shouting and crying.
And then the King!

A pale radiance, a slender-whited shadow, with the Queen behind him. . . .

The Queen then did a strange, an unusual, thing.

She outstretched her arms, so that all might see that she was real and human.

—SAMUEL JEAKE, JR.

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Please, No Trees

THIS, the Greatest Little Summer Resort in the World (ah, boo!), is in the throes of its annual Manhattan transfer. All of Broadway yearns for a place with a couple of



trees nearby to give an illusion of pastoral relaxation, and all the out-of-town folk are heading for the city to get the real lowdown on New York. It is a happy phenomenon that everyone involved seems content with the shakeup. Across the George Washington Bridge, Ben Marden's Riviera is going full blast, with gorgeous Earl Carroll Beauties and an elaborate floor show saving the Broadwayites who have made the long journey from having to look at the view of the Hudson River or at the trees and flowers. In New York, happy folk from the suburbs, dressed in their best, beam upon their colleagues from Westchester or Long Island or New Jersey as they dance to contagious music on the better roofs. And very nicely the roofs are doing with their dance music, too. The Starlight Roof at the Waldorf (which is only about halfway up—a little whimsy the Waldorf thought of all by itself) has Henry King, who could make a Georges Fontana out of your bachelor uncle. The Pierre rightly rejoices in Joe Moss, and Johnny Green holds forth at the St. Regis. Ray Noble's orchestra will be riding high at the Rainbow Room in Rockefeller Center just as you read this. And all of these places are pleasant and attractive and adequately wind-swept for hot-weather dinner and supper and dancing.

AL DAVIS's opening of Smallwood's (it is now called the Miramar), near Roslyn, will undoubtedly be extraordinary in attracting people who actually live in the country. And out on Route 6, five miles from the Jersey end of the G. W. Bridge, the original and unique Mr. Bustanoby is busy keeping a Great Tradition abreast of the times. The place was once the Teterboro Country Club, and happily there has been no newfangled nonsense about modern decoration. It offers a cosy room with porches sprawling outside, and good dance music by Don Loper and singing by Paul Dessez. The atmosphere is informal, and the food is very special. There are table-d'hôte lunches and dinners, but if you shoot the works and let Mr. Bustanoby whip up a meal

that he considers worthy of your individual charm, all the gourmet in you will come rushing to the surface. He doesn't wear a chef's hat, like Henri of Lynbrook, but I defy you to eat better anywhere. Then, just to lay it on thick, there are two eighteen-hole golf courses, which you can enjoy for the price of the greens fee, and comforts in the way of showers and such are handy. The whole thing is my idea of how to spend the rest of my life.

BBROADWAY remains determinedly Broadway at the Versailles, and at the Normandie, where Helen Morgan now holds forth. At the Versailles, Harry Richman, in a coat of tan that rivals Joe Louis', is at his best. God gave him a superb voice and three gestures, and the timing in his renditions is as exciting to me as the swish of Sarazen's golf club or the fact that the dancing De Marcos always come out even with the music, though it seems impossible until the last minute. And Richman dwelleth not upon the sound of his own voice, neither does he rush headlong into a fast tune. It's wonderful to see an expert at work after listening to some of the boys and girls who still cling to the idea that rhythm is a question of keeping time to the drum beat.

MARION CHASE, abetted by the swell dancing of Dario and Louise Brooks, is effectually keeping New Yorkers in town to dance at the Place Piquale after the theatre. But I staunchly maintain that the best floor show in the city is an amateur affair that takes place during the daytime at the Tavern on the Green, in Central Park. All you need is somebody who likes to laugh, a table on the edge of the terrace, a sunshiny day, and a long drink. And then watch the horseback riders who dash past. Cuties appraise the audience at the tables, earnest souls post so high and energetically that you are afraid they will never again connect with the back of the nag they started out with—it is wonderful, really. (Note to Sid Solomon: Hey, kid, are you worried?)

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sprung into being. It carries on something terrific with big words like "membership," "exclusive," and "social," but you can ignore all that nonsense. It has tables on the balcony hanging over the river, which are grand except for the fact that when it is hot you won't be able to get one; lots of red chairs and carpetless coolth; a bunch of pirates painted on the wall to remind you of those Greenwich Village days; and two orchestras. A rumba-waltz-tango affair alternates with a good fox-trot orchestra. (Meyer Davis, and need I say more?) It is impossible to tell at this point what the place will be like when people pant for a cool rendezvous, for an awful lot of funny-looking people can get just as hot as you or you.

YOU haven't lived until you've heard Ernie Holst sing "I Cawn't Dawnce—I've Got Awnts in My Pawnts" at El Morocco. —LIPSTICK

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Have you enclosed the stub of your bill?
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Within my alabaster neck,
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Is whether I've enclosed my check.

II

I wonder often what the Vintners buy
One half so precious as the stuff they sell.
—Omar Khayyám

I cannot name one thing. A fool
Am I for every liquor store;
But any dry—say Mrs. Boole—
Could doubtless think up three or four.

III

Where's the cheek that doth not fade,
Too much gazed at? Where's the maid
Whose lip mature is ever new?
—John Keats

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To let such beauteous fancy down,
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Elisabeth and Bette



THE gnomish, wise, and fascinating little article that Elisabeth Bergner was on the stage as Gemma Jones in "Escape Me Never!"

is now filmed for us practically word for word, gesture for gesture, trick for trick, and the result is a lovely performance. Alone the Bergner acting lifts the straggling plot far above the arid level where otherwise it would be assigned. Out of a rôle which might have been just eccentric or droll she manages to squeeze some real meaning, add a genuinely human touch, seeming to answer throughout the story that constant query of ladies about some acquaintance or other as to "what on earth she sees in him." This little Gemma has very slight reason to see anything at all in her Sebastian, but thanks to Bergner clarity and Bergner astuteness the dedication to her man doesn't seem nonsense in the least. It's all quite plausible and acceptable. That, I suspect, is the great achievement of the Bergner talent in this particular rôle.

To be sure, the Bergner acting does not make the whole film flawless. I have an idea that many worthy folk, competent enough intellectually to bully their neighbors with ideas, are going to find the picture oppressive. I think they will declare it sad, and come away from it with a certain resentment that it's so woebegone. These critics may have some justification in their complaints. Nobody approved of the play except as a vehicle for Miss Bergner. On the screen, the vehicle is more in evidence than it was on the stage. For one thing, it's expanded with lavish Venice scenes, with some Dolomite landscapes, with a ballet. And there's one long sequence, given Bergner herself, the hospital sequence, which I'd like cut out entirely, which is responsible, I feel, for the oppressive sense you get, as it is too much the old-fashioned sob-stuff material. You don't need it—not with Bergner. Nor does Hugh Sinclair, again in his stage rôle, stand up well under the camera. The camera rather lignifies Mr. Sinclair. The other performance, aside from Miss Bergner's, to be noted in the

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whole production is that of Penelope Dudley-Ward, an English lady hitherto unknown to me, as Fenella. One of the outstanding scenes of this year's assemblage of great moments is certainly that between her and Bergner, probably one of the best scenes between two women ever done on the screen.

WE must now be disappointed in Bette Davis. After "Of Human Bondage," anything might have been expected of Miss Davis. Among the choice of possibilities there was, of course, the danger that eventually the movie people would try to make a saint of her. Under the misleading title of "The Girl from 10th Avenue," that's what they've tried to do in her latest offering. I suppose no actress wants to play the same kind of part all her life. The dire fate of movie stars seems to be, though, that they can handle one species of the human race with success, and no other. This is especially true of the wicked ones, the sinners, the bad boys and girls, who are so beautifully bad and so very badly good. Thus Miss Davis now opens tear-filled eyes on occasion, murmurs gentle nothings of a vaguely noble monotony, and the picture, one of those routine Hollywood studies of class consciousness, is altogether wearisome. Once we think she is going to sling a grapefruit in her rival's face at an encounter in the Waldorf; but it is the rival who throws the pomelo, and she misses. As the wife from Tenth Avenue of a "social registerite," the heroine of our picture (to hint at the plot) frequents the Public Library and thus eventually makes herself worthy of her great position and, the rival out of the way at last, is happy in genteel marriage. Rather than bother with all this, and while waiting for Miss Davis to be wicked again, you had much better see the new Disney or watch the Chelyuskin sink in a good Russian picture called "Heroes of the Arctic." —J. C. M.

Franz Liszt's composition "St. Francis Whaling on the Waves," will open the half-hour concert to be played by Gunnar Johansen over KPO tonight.—San Francisco Chronicle.

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THE ART GALLERIES

In Capitulation

THE season is again wheezing to a standstill. And I haven't managed yet to say anything about the handful of art books that have been deposited on my shelf during the winter. If I wished to discuss half the issues Sheldon Cheney has raised in "Expressionism in Art," I'd be talking the rest of the summer, and the broccoli and wang bok wouldn't get planted. So let's skip it; and you can have the fun of arguing with Mr. Cheney all by yourself. Then, Mrs. Dagny Carter has put five thousand years of Chinese art into two hundred and twenty-five pages, with a bibliography and illustrations. The title is "China Magnificent," and it seems to me a useful outline for the layman. "After Picasso," by James Thrall Soby, is a handsome book that goes into the theories and biographies of the contemporary French Surréaliste and neo-romantic schools. It underates the influence of Rouault and the German expressionists, overrates Dali and some of the lesser virtuosi, and in general is as provincial in its concentration upon Paris as the prophets of American autarchy are in their concentration upon Kansas. So be it. Perhaps the most fascinating and useful book that has appeared is Professor Max Doerner's "The Materials of the Artist and Their Use in Painting." It is meant primarily for the guidance of artists, but anyone who is seriously interested in painting will find his perceptions enriched by this treatise.

AS usual, the graduating classes have been casting up their preferences for various parts of the universe, and I don't see why I shouldn't follow the example of the seniors. Here are my votes on the art season. Best sculpture exhibition: Lachaise at the Museum of Modern Art. Most important retrospective exhibition: Alfred Stieglitz's photographs at An American Place. Greatest surprise: early paintings of Eugene Higgins at the Kleemann Galleries. Most interesting show of proletarian art: Artists Union's sculpture show. Most belated shows: those on African Art. Best murals: William Gropper's for the Schenley Corporation. Most useful to the historian: Genre Painting Exhibition at the Whitney Museum, and Pennsylvania Folk

Art at the headquarters of the National Committee on Folk Arts. Handsomest redecorated gallery: Brummer's. The soundest vintage: the Renoirs at Bignou's and Durand-Ruel's. Most important revaluation: memorial show of Alfred Maurer's paintings. The season's weakest: Burroughs Memorial Exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum. First prize for publicity (a dozen sheets of last year's flypaper and a tin rattle): Señor Dali and Tom Benton. Greatest flop: the Paris neo-romantics. Saddest news: the approaching replacement of the original Barnard Cloisters with an expensive piece of copybook architecture in the manner of the Riverside Church.

THERE is one item I have held up till the last; namely, the season's most promising young artist. If I am not mistaken, it is Joe Jones, a St. Louis painter, whose work is now on view at the A.C.A. Galleries. Curiously, the three schools that have dominated the scene during the past season—the neo-romantics, the Americanists, and the proletarians—come together in the work of Jones. He has produced a fine hybrid strain of his own—pardon the effect of too many seed catalogues!—which with a little further selection should have some of the suave color of the romantics, some of the rust-resisting qualities of the proletarian artists, plus an immunity from the Parisian beetle which the better American strains, like the Marins, O'Keeffes, and Hoppers, have shown.

To begin with, Joe Jones is a painter. He has either learned a great deal from the early Picasso and his neo-romantic successors, or he has arrived by himself at some of their conclusions. He can use a sombre palette and still keep life in the melancholy blues and blacks: the painting "We Demand" has some of the tonal richness that Berman gets in his better paintings, and the use of the overhead railroad structure to create a counterthrust to the marching figure with outstretched fist in the front rank of the parade is admirable. He is not afraid to paint a girl's body or a bottle of milk and a broken loaf of Vienna bread; and the sober skill he shows here is quickened in the dreadful figures of the garbage-eaters in the



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right-hand corner of "Demonstration." Incidentally, these figures are better than those in the larger canvas on the same theme; for in the fragment, they are not swallowed up by the dark background, nor is attention diverted by the irrelevant patch of light in the sky.

But Jones is also a Mid-American. He knows the wheatlands at least as well as Curry knows the corn of Kansas, and his landscapes are handsome and confident, quickened by the play of light over the grain as the harvester climbs across the foreground. Perhaps the least convincing of his landscapes are the backgrounds of "The New Deal" and "American Justice." Here both the sky and the land are overpatterned, and the forms are crisp and thin, like paper cutouts. Carried a little further, this would lead Jones into the same sort of weak simplification as Grant Wood's landscapes. There is another kinship between Jones and the Americana school: he has the same healthy ambition to do public art. But in the case of "Roustabouts," the larger canvas lacks the vitality of the preliminary study. In the latter, the various parts are subordinated or emphasized; in the mural, all the masses are dead: the picture has lost in quality, like a photograph that has been over-enlarged and then retouched to recover detail.

There remains the element of social commentary in Jones's work: an earnestness, a fierceness, a powerful reaction to the sombreness of life among the starving and the stunted and the oppressed. This gives a reality to Jones's dour moods that puts his conceptions many degrees above the studied drawing-room melancholia of the neo-romantics. Unfortunately, Jones sometimes works with as narrow a set of political symbols as the painters of Americana. So he weakens one of his best paintings, "Demonstration," by making the central point in the composition a group of signs: "Smash the War Makers," "Don't Starve—Fight." Failing to paint a counter-symbol of hope in contrast to the garbage-eaters, he falls back on words. That is pulseless propaganda. Stereotyped symbols and brittle two-dimensional painting are the chief dangers that beset Jones, but at twenty-six he has already shown evidence of an aesthetic and social imagination capable of surmounting both these obstacles. Coming at the close of the season, Jones's exhibition brings it to an end not with a whimper but a bang.

—LEWIS MUMFORD

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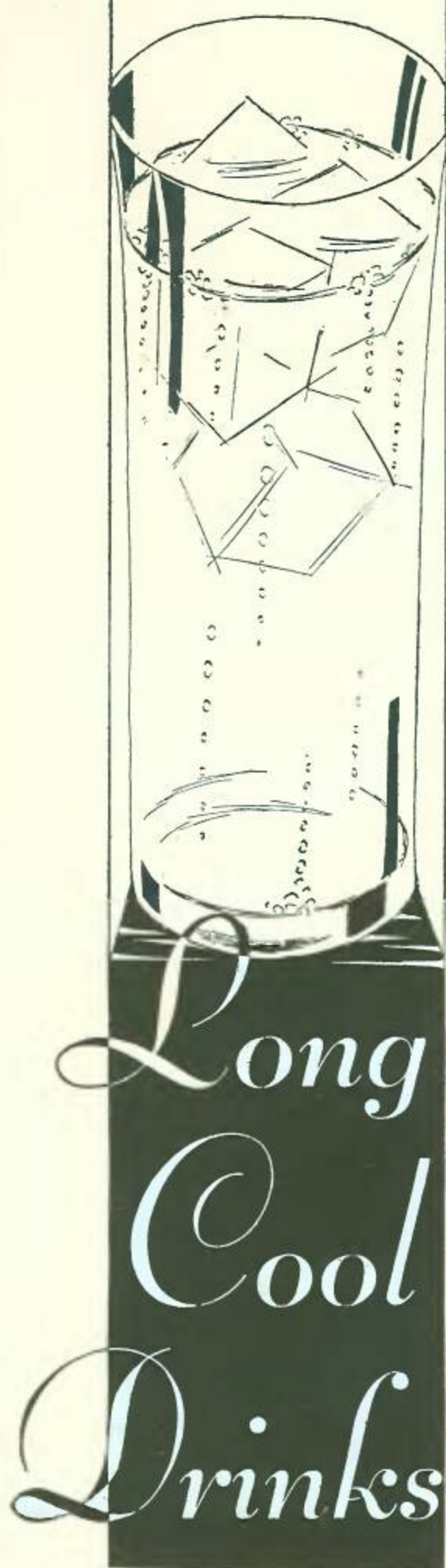
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BOOKS

King Catherine, Mr. Odets, and Fishes

GINA KAUS's biography of Catherine of Russia ("Catherine: the Portrait of an Empress"; 384 pages, \$3.50) is quite readable and as sensible as are most lives of monarchs (tepid praise intended here), but there is no invincible reason for it to be published on this side of the Atlantic. Katharine Anthony did a perfectly good job on the same lady a few years ago. Still, Frau Kaus sticks close to history, and if enough people read her book, perhaps some of the effect of the blatantly false Bergner movie will be moderated. (I hope so, for the memory of Miss Bergner looking frail and appealing in her guardsman's uniform and of young Mr. Fairbanks stalking around with his eyes full of belladonna still sits badly on a tender stomach.)

Frau Kaus has a theory to account for the development of Catherine from a repressed and obedient child into the sensual, powerful, and alert empress. Catherine was brought up in the poverty-stricken atmosphere of a fifth-rate German principality; she was neglected; her brother was favored over her. "Unjustly scolded, humiliated, pushed into the background, she nursed a vast and secret resentment against her mother, against fate, against nature itself. She wanted to be a man, to be as much as and more than any man." Frau Kaus, once she has established this rather simple theory of compensation, rides it enthusiastically to death, in the approved Viennese manner.

There is no doubt that Catherine was an able and just barely possibly an attractive woman (like all the other biographers, Frau Kaus speaks of Catherine as beautiful, though the likenesses don't bear it out), but

no one yet has been able to establish the fact of her greatness. Nor does Frau Kaus. Catherine was incredibly lucky. The Empress Elizabeth died just at the right time. Catherine's husband, Peter III, was an unutterable fool who played right into the hands of her advisers. Her *coup d'état* succeeded only because it could not fail. During her reign, Russia was so downtrodden, so stupefied, that any serious internal revolt was unthinkable.

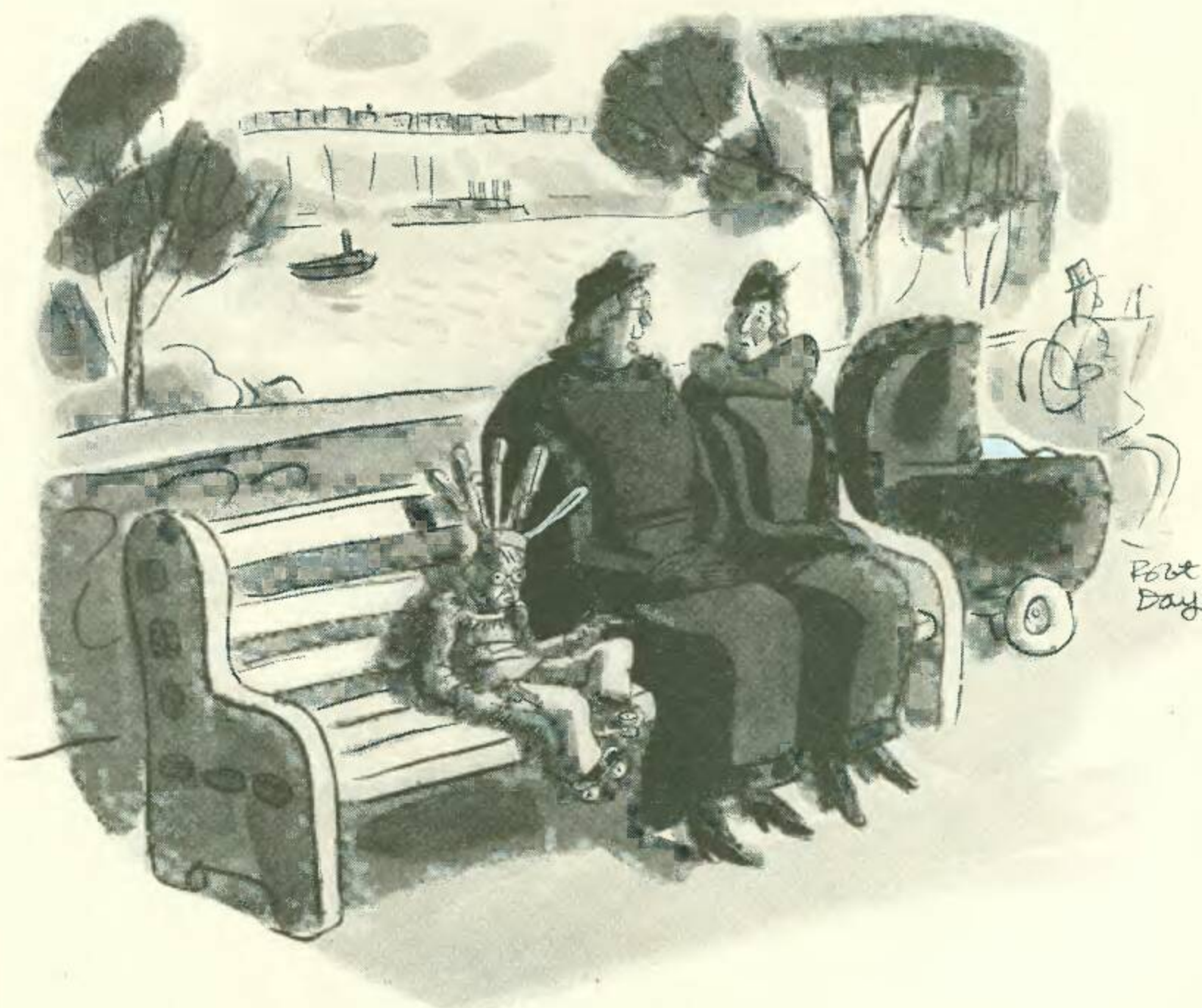
Frau Kaus, following the usual custom, credits her with being an enlightened monarch, which is quite all right if corresponding with Voltaire and buying up Diderot's library for him constitute enlightenment. She played with advanced ideas because she had an active mind and because she enjoyed exhibiting herself as a Western bluestocking against the barbarism of the Russian court. When Pugachev rebelled, she revealed a temper even more reactionary than was necessary, and when she heard of the French Revolution, she forgot all about the nice, progressive ideas of the Encyclopedists.

She paid for her lovers, handled them

like a demented and inflamed old lady, left her people no happier, did not even advance the position of her own class, and when she died, the Russian treasury was lower than it had ever been before. Gina Kaus tells the story clearly and well, but her conclusion that Catherine's "influence on the history of her day was great—the history of her life is greater, and undying" hardly seems warranted by those dull things known as the facts.

IT'S a little late in the season to clap hands for Mr. Odets. That he is one of the most important American playwrights produced during the last decade has been acknowledged by every critic not too feeble to be able to sit up in his seat and take an idea on the chin. When "Awake and Sing!" failed to receive the Pulitzer award, any lingering doubts of his talent were swept away. This is a service for which the play jury has not been adequately thanked by our carping journalists.

Reviewers do not, in general, notice collections of plays, because most current drama obviously has no right what-



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ever even to the stripling dignity of book format. Mr. Odets' "Three Plays" (\$2.50) is an exception. "Awake and Sing!", "Waiting for Lefty," and "Till the Day I Die" are notable as literature, they are engrossing as mere reading, and they are capable of imparting a leftward shift to that crazy diagonal, Broadway. Mr. Odets is no Shaw, but he may have an effect on the American stage not dissimilar to that Shaw exerted on the English stage. What gave G. B. S. his tremendous impetus was simply that he wrote like an adult for adults, whereas Pinero and Henry Arthur Jones had for years been giving performances for the kiddies and charging regular evening prices.

Today we have the same nursery setup favoring Mr. Odets. All he need do is talk like a grownup and suddenly we find ourselves taking pleasure in our own maturity. He actually has something to say, he knows precisely how to say it, and he is not in the least worried over whether his audience is going to agree with him or not. Not only does he have a set of important ideas, but he can set these ideas in motion by using all the tricks of the trade which his colleagues (with some honorable exceptions) manipulate smoothly in a complete void. I think his success is due, among other factors, to the flattering feeling he gives us that, after all, we are still capable of using our minds. The theatre public, as they say, loves a new sensation.

Of his three plays, the finest, when read, though possibly not when played, seems to be "Till the Day I Die." It runs to only seventy-four short pages, but its scope is tremendous, taking in not merely the entire German tragedy but, by implication, the power of the revolutionary idea wherever it may appear. "Awake and Sing!" is more finished and far more beautifully written, but it suffers from the fact that so much of its theme is familiar. Nevertheless, it is a play distinctly of 1934-35; it could have been written and produced at no other time. Come to think of it, its central motif—the desire of strait-jacketed youth for freedom—is really the same as that of "Beyond the Horizon." But compare Mr. O'Neill's dreamy and unfocussed romanticism with Mr. Odets' clear affirmation, and you will catch a quick glimpse of what separates one theatrical epoch from another.

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stream), has a new one out, almost as good. It is called "Fishes and Their Ways of Life," and I recommend it to anyone who has ever handled a rod and reel, or even speculated idly on what was going on underneath the surface of the old millpond. Mr. Roule (hereby hurriedly called the Fabre of Fishes, to anticipate all my fellow-reviewers) is a deceptive fellow. He will start in mildly with some random note on the white-fish of the Lake of Geneva, gradually lead you into deeper and deeper water, and before you know it, you will be absorbing profundities on the struggle for existence and the life cycle. It is this constant ascent from the sharply perceived detail to the grandeur of generalization that makes of Louis Roule a first-rate naturalist and not merely a writer of nature books.

Here are some of the things he is willing and able to tell you about: how fishes swim, see, feed, and hear; their peculiar sixth, or vibratory, sense; how the ingredients of bouillabaisse are caught; the red mullet's iridescent death agony, which the old Romans used to delight in as a preprandial diversion; the mechanics of fish respiration; the longevity of carp (it's a bit of a myth; they're senile at around fifty); poisonous and electrical fish; the teeth of the shark, which are apparently almost harmless, though the shark isn't. Conrad Elphinstone translated this perfectly grand book from the French, and there are fifty-two useful illustrative drawings. —CLIFTON FADIMAN

ALSO OUT THIS WEEK

FICTION

THE LOOM OF JUSTICE, by Ernst Lothar. An interesting novel with what is called a "strong" plot. Judge Haushofer, a respectable Salzburg legalist, unable to endure the sufferings of his diseased wife, enters into a suicide pact with her, but administers an insufficient dose of poison to himself. During his trial for murder—this takes up a third of the book and is effectively handled—he is led to question the whole nature of the justice he has been administering for many years. The story is rather slow and thorough, in the German manner. It raises some points that judges and lawgivers may find highly embarrassing. Well translated by Willa and Edwin Muir. 312 pages, \$2.50.

TORTILLA FLAT, by John Steinbeck. *Dolce far niente* stories of the *paisanos* of Monterey, who lived a life

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full of sun and wine and philosophy in Tortilla Flat. Mr. Steinbeck's tales of Pablo and the Pirate and Big Joe Portagee and Pilon, and particularly Danny, the leader of the fellowship (there was a man for you), are sly, humorous, and delightful, though the charm wears just a bit thin after a while. The flavor of these unique chronicles is reinforced by Ruth Gannett's tender drawings. A rare little book. 317 pages, \$2.50.

NOT BUILT WITH HANDS, by Helen C. White. A vast, slow-moving historical romance of eleventh-century Tuscany. The central figure is the Countess Matilda, ambitious to restore the glories of Rome in her duchy, and a mediating figure between the rival energies of Pope Gregory VII and King Henry IV. Definitely old-fashioned and Catholic in atmosphere, and written with much rhetorical splendor. The scene at Canossa is particularly well done. 513 pages, \$2.50.

GENERAL

THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION (1917-1921), by William Henry Chamberlin. These massive volumes by a recognized authority are the result of twelve years of study conducted largely in Russia and with the aid of original documents. The field covered is somewhat more extensive than that of Trotsky's classic work, as Mr. Chamberlin recounts not merely the events of the March and October revolutions but continues his story through the civil war and intervention period down to the introduction of the New Economic Policy in March, 1921. As a sober and



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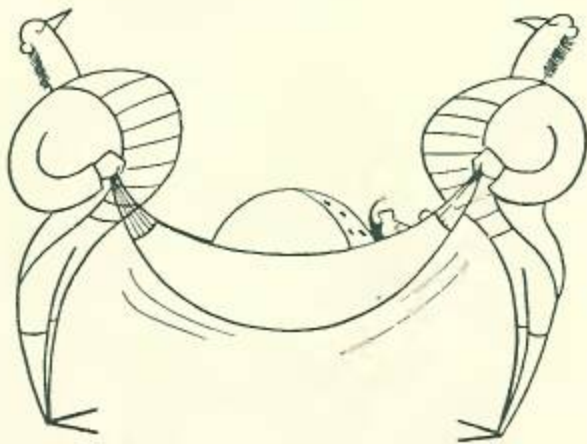
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factual record of what happened, based on painstaking, honest research, this will prove a standard history, but it lacks Trotsky's profound interpretive grasp, as well as his brilliance of style. Indispensable, of course, to the student. Two volumes, boxed, handsomely bound and printed, illustrated with photographs, maps, and reproductions of bad paintings, provided with copious appendices. 1,067 pages, \$10.

GOD'S SOLDIER: GENERAL WILLIAM BOOTH, by St. John Ervine. This is the complete story not merely of the founder of the Salvation Army but of the Army itself. Mr. Ervine has worked on it for more than six years and has finally produced a two-volume, fully documented work which will act as a permanent threat to anyone who in the future should wish to encroach upon his field. His attitude throughout is one of whole-souled admiration, but his biography is in no sense "official." Fully illustrated, 1,165 pages, \$7.50.

HOW TO SPEND MONEY: EVERYBODY'S PRACTICAL GUIDE TO BUYING, by Ruth Brindze. Hard-boiled, uncom-

promising information, derived in large part from government sources, that will enable you to judge the value of your purchases. Almost any page contains enough tips to make up for the cost of the book, which is \$2 (310 pages). Miss Brindze supplies facts on: fabrics, women's wear, men's suits and shirts, hosiery, underwear, leather goods, shoes, springs, mattresses, pillows, sheets, blankets, medicines, bathroom supplies, silver, china, tablecloths, electrical appliances, canned goods, fish, meat, dairy products, ice cream, fruits, and vegetables.

WHAT SO PROUDLY WE HAILED, by Emile Gauvreau. Mr. Gauvreau's trip to Russia resulted in a series of generally favorable, rather superficial impressions. These impressions he contrasts with a series of tabloid snapshots of the more brutal, nauseous, and horrifying aspects of American life. His prose leaves something to be desired, but his moral is clear and is vividly reinforced by 143 news photographs, some pretty chilling and reminiscent of "The Breathless Moment." 256 pages, \$3.50.

READER'S REMINDER LIST

FICTION

TIME: THE PRESENT, by Tess Slesinger. A book of short stories (eleven of them, including one almost novelette length) by the author of the brilliant "The Unpossessed." Most of these stories were written after the novel, but there are a few early stories, including the famous "Missis Flinders," which later came to form the last chapter of "The Unpossessed." Miss Slesinger has no difficulty in combining wit with emotion. A first-rate collection.

FULLY DRESSED AND IN HIS RIGHT MIND, by Michael Fessier. A trick combination of fantasy, horror story, and melodrama by a new writer worth watching. Contains a mermaid, an evil magician, and some good stripped prose, and you'd better read it.

THE CAMBERWELL BEAUTY, by Louis Golding. A very mildly entertaining tale about a magician (not a scary one, this time) and how a queerly assorted English quartet tracked him down in Sicily. There's a Mafia kidnapping and some synthetic adventure and a lot about butterflies and marionettes.

THE MAN WHO HAD EVERYTHING, by Louis Bromfield. About a successful dramatist who found that life was meaningless and barren, after all, and how he was redeemed by the understanding of a pure, strong, simple woman. Not Mr. Bromfield's finest effort.

RIPENESS IS ALL, by Eric Linklater. A farcical satire, turning on the energetic attempts of the heirs of Major Gander to secure a £70,000 legacy. The money goes to that member of the family who most successfully demonstrates his ability to produce legitimate progeny. Moderately amusing and not as bawdy as one might imagine.

THE LAST OF MR. NORRIS, by Christopher Isherwood. Clever portrait of a double-dealing scoundrel, set against a background of political intrigue in 1931 Berlin.

YOUNG JOSEPH, by Thomas Mann, translated from the German by H. T. Lowe-Porter. The second volume of this great symbolic trilogy deals with the adolescent Joseph, the coat of many colors, and the betrayal by the brothers. A difficult but rewarding masterpiece.

NOT FOR HEAVEN, by Dorothy McCleary. First-

rate character study of a lovable harridan who cares for little except victuals, her vegetable garden, and an old horse. As hearty as a good pot roast, and should prove as popular.

HUNGRY MEN, by Edward Anderson. A short, sharp series of sketches of the lives of American tramps and itinerant workers, connected by a thin thread of story.

NATIONAL VELVET, by Enid Bagnold. Quite improbable, quite delightful story about a fourteen-year-old girl who won the Grand National Steeplechase at Aintree. You'll find it charming whether or not you care about horses.

A FEW FOOLISH ONES, by Gladys Hasty Carroll. Another novel of Maine farmers and their wives who preserve their Puritan virtues and weaknesses through fifty years of changing social conditions. Those who liked "As the Earth Turns" will probably like this one, too.

HERITAGE, by George F. Hummel. A long, leisurely family chronicle (time, 1846 to 1890) which does for the Peconic Bay section of Long Island what "Mary Peters" did for the Maine coast. If you enjoy local color or live east of Jamaica, it is your book.

GENERAL

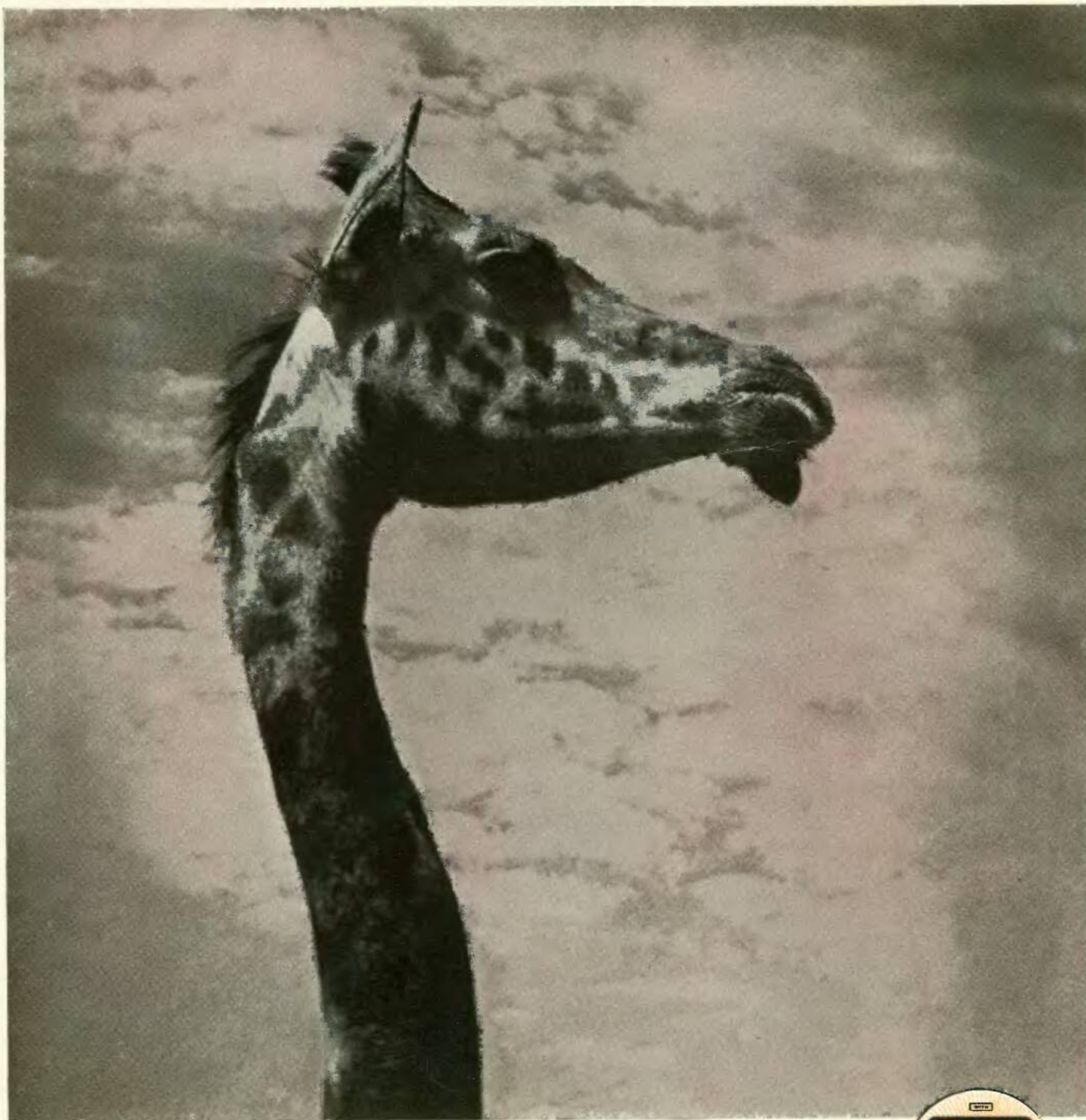
ROAD TO WAR: AMERICA, 1914-1917, by Walter Millis. A careful, brilliant narrative of the sequence of events by which America was coerced, manipulated, and driven into the First World War. Not calculated to induce feelings of complacency in any reader over the age of fourteen.

ORDEAL: THE STORY OF MY LIFE, by Marie, Queen of Roumania. The second volume of Marie's autobiography deals with the war, which distressed her greatly, and contains a great many handsome photographs of herself in Red Cross uniform, complete with white headdress. You have to love royalty a lot to like this book.

I CHANGE WORLDS, by Anna Louise Strong. The autobiography of a notable American journalist who has spent fourteen dramatic years living and working in Russia. This has the same general appeal as Vincent Sheean's "Personal History."

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You know—I know—THEY SATISFY.*

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