

Aug. 7, 1937

THE

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NEW YORKER



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STAGE

THE MAGAZINE OF
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PRESENTS

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THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:40 and 8:40 P.M., and that the midweek matinee will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. stand for East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

BROTHER RAT—Life at Virginia Military Institute must be very gay, according to this comedy of love and baseball. (Biltmore, 47, W. Circle 6-9353. 8:45 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:45 P.M.)

HAVING WONDERFUL TIME—The dialogue alone in this sentimental comedy of Jewish camp life in the Berkshires makes its little love story a high point in the season. Jules Garfield, Sidney Fox, and others. (Lyceum, 45, E. B.Ryant 9-0546.)

ROOM SERVICE—A really first-rate farce about a theatrical troupe marooned in a Broadway hotel. Sam Levene, Philip Loeb, Eddie Albert, Teddy Hart, and others, superbly directed by George Abbott. (Cort, 48, E. B.Ryant 9-0046. 8:45 P.M.)

TOBACCO ROAD—Fourth year. With James Barton. (Forrest, 49, W. Circle 6-8870.)

TOVARICH—Comical doings in a Parisian household in which the servants turn out to be a Grand Duchess and a Grand Duke. Marta Abba and Paul Cavanagh. (Plymouth, 45, W. Circle 6-9156.)

THE WOMEN—You may not like the women under consideration, but you'll have to admit that they know how to dish dirt entertainingly. Margalo Gillmore, Ilka Chase, and others. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. Circle 6-0390.)

YES, MY DARLING DAUGHTER—A mother who used to be quite a gal in her day finds that her daughter knows all the answers without being told. Lucile Watson, Peggy Conklin, and others. (Playhouse, 48, E. B.Ryant 9-2628. 8:45 P.M.)

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU—The success of this little comedy of insane home life shows that the public will go for sheer entertainment without any other fixings. (Booth, 45, W. Circle 6-5969.)

WITH MUSIC

BABES IN ARMS—A whirl of youthful talent, a Rodgers and Hart score, and, incidentally, a very good time. (Shubert, 44, W. Circle 6-5990.)

NOTE—"The Firefly" is being revived at Randall's Island Stadium (reached by Triborough Bridge), through Sun., Aug. 8, nightly at 8:30; "Gay Divorce," with Dorothy Stone and Charles Collins, Tues. through Sun., Aug. 10-15. For other all-fresco musical productions, see Jones Beach and Norwalk listings under "SUMMER STOCK."

SUMMER STOCK

(Old and new plays, some with Broadway players, announced for country and seashore theatres. Curtains at 8:45 P.M.; no matinees, unless otherwise specified below.)

ARDEN—"The First Mrs. Fraser": through Sat., Aug. 7. "Squaring the Circle": Tues. through Sat., Aug. 10-14. (Robin Hood Theatre, Arden, Del.)

BRATTLEBORO—"The Front Page": through Sat., Aug. 7. Chekhov's "The Sea Gull": Tues. through Sat., Aug. 10-14. (Brattleboro Theatre, Brattleboro, Vt. 8:30 P.M.)

CAPE COD—"Accidental Family," a new comedy by Seymour Gross, with Julie Haydon, Evelyn Varden, and Walter Greaza: through Sat., Aug. 7. "Western Union, Please," a new comedy by Albert Hackett and Frances Goodrich, with Percy Kilbride: Mon. through Sat., Aug. 9-14. (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. 8:30 P.M. Mats. Wed. and Fri. 2:30 P.M.)

"Storm Child," with Mary Young and Eric Kalkhurst: through Sat., Aug. 7. (Mary Young Theatre, Centerville, Mass. Mat. Thurs. 2:45.)

COHASSET—Mrs. Patrick Campbell in "The Thirteenth Chair": through Sat., Aug. 7. Blanche Sweet and Raymond Hackett in "Storm Over Patsy": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 9-14. (South Shore Players, Town Hall, Cohasset, Mass. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Wed. 2:30 P.M.)

CRAIGSMOOR—"The Bishop Misbehaves": through Sat., Aug. 7. "Reflected Glory": Tues. through Sat., Aug. 10-14. (Barnstormers' Theatre, Craigs-moor, N.Y. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

IVORYTON—"Idiot's Delight": through Sat., Aug. 7. "Lysistrata": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 9-14. (Ivoryton Playhouse, Ivoryton, Conn.)

JONES BEACH—"On Your Toes," with Doris Carson, Dave Jones, David Morris, and Demetrios Vilan: through Sat., Aug. 7. "Of Thee I Sing": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 9-15. (Zach's Bay Stadium, Jones Beach, L.I. 8:30 P.M.)

KENNEBUNKPORT—"Bertha, the Sewing Machine Girl": through Sat., Aug. 7. "Catch a Comet by Its Tail," a new play by David Woodbury: Tues. through Sat., Aug. 10-14. (Garrick Players, Kennebunkport, Me. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:30.)

LAKE PLACID—Noel Coward's "Home Chat": Thurs. through Sat., Aug. 5-7. "The Torch-bearers": Thurs. through Sat., Aug. 12-14. (Lake-side Theatre, Lake Placid Club, N.Y.)

MADISON—"Horse Tale," a new play by Alladine Bell: through Sat., Aug. 7. "Reflected Glory," with Elizabeth Love: Mon. through Sat. Aug. 9-14. (Post Road Players, Madison, Conn. Mat. Fri. 2:30 P.M.)

MARSHFIELD—"Craig's Wife": through Sat., Aug. 7. (Marshfield Players, Route 3A, Marshfield Hills, Mass.)

MARTHA'S VINEYARD—"The Music Master":

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, AUGUST 5, THROUGH SATURDAY, AUGUST 14. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING.]

through Sat., Aug. 7. Noel Coward's "Ways and Means," "Hands Across the Sea," and "Fumed Oak": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 9-14. (Rice Playhouse, Oak Bluffs, Martha's Vineyard, Mass. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Wed. 2:30 P.M.)

MATUNUCK—"The Devil's Moon," a new play by William Ford Manley, with George Macready: through Sat., Aug. 7. "Kind Lady," with Zama Cunningham and John Hoysradt: Tues. through Sat., Aug. 10-14. (Theatre-by-the-Sea, Matunuck, R.I. Mat. Thurs. 3 P.M.)

MILFORD—"The Play's the Thing," with George Coulouris: through Sat., Aug. 7. "Broadway," with Hal LeRoy: Mon. through Sat., Aug. 9-14. (Plymouth Playhouse, Milford, Conn. 8:30 P.M.)

MOUNT KISCO—Anna May Wong and Vincent Price in "Princess Tarandot," a new adaptation by Lawrence Langner and John Gerard of the Gozzi comedy: through Sat., Aug. 7. Henry Fonda in "The Virginian," with Mildred Natwick: Mon. through Sat., Aug. 9-14. (Westchester Playhouse, Lawrence Farms, Route 117, Mt. Kisco, N.Y. 8:40 P.M.)

MOYLAN—Annual Shaw Festival—"Too True to Be Good": Aug. 5, 13, and 14. "The Devil's Disciple": Aug. 6. "You Never Can Tell": Aug. 7. "Getting Married": Aug. 9. "Androcles and the Lion": Aug. 10. "Saint Joan": Aug. 11. "Heart-break House": Aug. 12. (Hedgerow Theatre, Moylan-Rose Valley, Pa. 8:30 P.M.)

NEW LONDON—"Meet the Prince": Thurs. through Sat., Aug. 5-7. "The Family Upstairs": Thurs. through Sat., Aug. 12-14. (Barn Playhouse, New London, N.H. 8:30 P.M.)

NEWPORT—"The Vinegar Tree," with Leona Powers: through Fri., Aug. 6. "Autumn Crocus,"

with Tonio Selwart: Tues. through Fri., Aug. 10-13. (Casino Theatre, Newport, R.I. Tues. 9 P.M.; Wed. through Fri. 8:30 P.M.; Mat. Thurs. 2:30 P.M.)

NORWALK—"The New Moon": Thurs. and Fri., Aug. 5 and 6. (Theatre-in-the-Woods, Oakwood Rd., Norwalk, Conn. 8:30 P.M.)

OGUNQUIT—"At Mrs. Beam's," with Estelle Winwood: through Sat., Aug. 7. "Criminal at Large," with Nance O'Neil: Mon. through Sat., Aug. 9-14. (New Ogunquit Playhouse, Route 1, Ogunquit, Me. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Fri. 2:30 P.M.)

Laurette Taylor in her new comedy "At the Theatre": through Sat., Aug. 7. (Colony Theatre, Ogunquit, Me. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:30.)

PAWLING—"Mary's Other Husband": through Sat., Aug. 7. (Starlight Theatre, Route 22, Pawling, N.Y. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 3 P.M.)

PEAPACK—"Kempy": Thurs. through Sat., Aug. 5-7. (Auditorium Theatre, Peapack, N.J. 8:40.)

PETERBOROUGH—"She Stoops to Conquer": Tues. through Sat., Aug. 10-14. (Peterborough Players, Stearns Farm, Peterborough, N.H. 8:30.)

ROSLYN—WPA production of "Pygmalion": Aug. 5 and 7. "No More Peace": Aug. 6. (Theatre of the Four Seasons, Roslyn, L.I. 8:50 P.M.)

SCHENECTADY—"The Palace of Truth," with Cecilia Loftus: through Sat., Aug. 7. "The Bourgeois Gentleman": Tues. through Sat., Aug. 10-14. (Mohawk Drama Festival, Union College Campus, Schenectady, N.Y. Mat. Thurs. 3 P.M.)

SKOWHEGAN—"Two-Time Mary," a new play by Owen Davis: through Sat., Aug. 7. "Reno," a new play by John Haggart, with Selena Royle: Mon. through Sat., Aug. 9-14. (Lakewood Theatre, Skowhegan, Me. 8 P.M. Mat. Sat. 2:30.)

SOUTHAMPTON—"Is Zat So?": through Sat., Aug. 7. "Step into My Parlor," a new play by John and Mary Risjean: Wed. through Sat., Aug. 11-14. (Parrish Memorial Hall, Southampton, L.I. 9 P.M.)

STOCKBRIDGE—Alexander Kirkland in "Many Mansions," a new play by Eckert and Jules Eckert Goodman: through Sat., Aug. 7. Edith Barrett in "Becky Sharp," with Gage Clarke, Alexander Clark, and Helen Brooks: Mon. through Sat., Aug. 9-14. (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. Mat. Wed. 2:30 P.M.)

Ted Shawn and his dancers will give a recital at the Berkshire Playhouse, Sat. Aft., Aug. 7, at 2:30.

STONY CREEK—"The Guardsman": through Sat., Aug. 7. (Stony Creek Theatre, Stony Creek, Conn. 9 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:30 P.M.)

SUFFERN—"Pride and Prejudice," with Jean Muir, Donald Cook, and Percy Waram: through Sat., Aug. 7. "Idiot's Delight," with Kent Smith and Tamara Geva: Mon. through Sat., Aug. 9-14. (County Theatre, Route 59, Suffern, N.Y.)

SUFFIELD—"Pride and Prejudice," with Ruth Ford and Don Haggerty: Thurs. through Sat., Aug. 5-7. (Band Box Players, Hastings Hill, Suffield, Conn. 8:30 P.M.)

SURRY—"Candida": through Sat., Aug. 7. "Youth at the Helm": Tues. through Sat., Aug. 10-14. (Surry Theatre, Ellsworth-Surry Rd., Surry, Me. 8:30 P.M. Mats. Wed. and Fri. 2:30 P.M.)

TAMWORTH—"Reflected Glory": through Sat., Aug. 7. Noel Coward's "Ways and Means," "Fumed Oak," and "Hands Across the Sea": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 9-14. (The Barnstormers, Tamworth, N.H., Mon. and Sat. 8:15 P.M.; Conway, N.H., Tues. and Wed. 8:15 P.M.; Poland Springs, Me., Thurs. 8:30 P.M.; Wolfeboro, N.H., Thurs., 8:15 P.M.)

WESTPORT—"At Mrs. Beam's," with Mildred Natwick and Frances Farmer: through Sat., Aug. 7. "Princess Turandot," with Anna May Wong, Vincent Price, McKay Morris, and Clarence Derwent: Mon. through Sat., Aug. 9-14. (Country Playhouse, Boston Post Rd., Westport, Conn. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Wed. 2:30 P.M.)

WHITEFIELD—"Candida": through Sat., Aug. 7. "The White-Headed Boy": Tues. through Sat., Aug. 10-14. (The Forty-Niners, Chase Barn Playhouse, Whitefield, N.H. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Sat., 2:30 P.M.)

WILLIAMSTOWN—"A Bill of Divorcement": Thurs. through Sat., Aug. 5-7. "Love from a Stranger": Thurs. through Sat., Aug. 12-14. (Williamstown Summer Theatre, Williamstown, Mass.)

WOODSTOCK—"Point Valaine": Thurs. through Sun., Aug. 5-8. "Candida," with Robert Elwyn: Thurs. through Sun., Aug. 12-15. (Maverick Theatre, Woodstock, N.Y.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(Some places in town are not open Sundays in summer; better phone before you go.)

AMBASSADOR GARDEN, Park at 51 (Wickersham 2-1000)—Ramon Ramos's orchestra plays for dancing. Dress preferred.

BILTMORE MOONLIT TERRACE, Madison at 43 (Murray Hill 2-7920)—Bernie Cummins and his orchestra provide the music.

COG ROUGE, 65 E. 56 (Plaza 3-8887)—George Sterney's orchestra plays in the Mirror Room. There's also Tisdale's Trio.

ESSEX CASINO-ON-THE-PARK, 160 Central Pk. S. (Circle 7-0300)—Nat Brandwynne and his orchestra play in this room that opens on Central Park.

LARUE, 45 E. 58 (Volunteer 5-6374)—The Fantasy Room offers Eddie Davis's orchestra. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

PARK LANE GARDEN, Park at 48 (Wickersham 2-4100)—Freddie Starr's orchestra plays for dinner dancing. Open until 10 P.M.

PIERRE ROOF, 5 Ave. at 61 (REgent 4-5900)—

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Harold Nagel's orchestra plays in this restaurant high above Central Park. Dress preferred. PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (PLaza 3-1740)—The Persian Room offers Pancho's orchestra. Dress preferred. RAINBOW ROOM, R.C.A. Bldg., 30 Rockefeller Plaza (Circle 6-1400)—Music by Al Donahue's orchestra and Eddie Le Baron's tango-rumba band, with entertainment by Lotte Goslar, Oliver Wakefield, and others. Dress optional. . . . Emery Deutsch's orchestra plays in the adjoining Rainbow Grill.

ST. MORITZ SKY GARDENS, 50 Central Pk. S. (Wickersham 2-5800)—Music by Hal Richards' orchestra; dances by Gilbert and Dolores. . . . Ralph Gonzalez's orchestra plays in the Restaurant de la Paix on the ground floor.

ST. REGIS VIENNESE ROOF, 5 Ave. at 55 (PLaza 3-4500)—This gay and charming room has Jacques Fray's orchestra, Charles Walters, and an Albertina Rasch ballet. Must dress.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (VOLunteer 5-2600)—Emile Petti leads the orchestra and Russell Swan entertains with music in the Café Lounge.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PLaza 3-1940)—Popular before- and after-theatre rendezvous. Music by Sonny Kendis and Gus Martel.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50 (ELdorado 5-8028)—The dinner and supper show here offers Milton Douglas and others. Music by Harry Rosenthal and a tango band.

WALDORF-ASTORIA STARLIGHT ROOF, Park at 49 (ELdorado 5-3000)—Guy Lombardo's orchestra plays for dinner and supper dancing. Raphael and his concertina, and dances by Marissa Flores. Dress preferred.

OTHER ROOFS—Bossert Marine Roof, Montague and Hicks Sts., Brooklyn Heights (MAIN 4-8100), worth the trip for the harbor view, with Bill McCune's orchestra. . . . Ozzie Nelson and his orchestra are at the Astor Roof, B'way at 44 (Circle 6-6000). . . . Pennsylvania Roof, 7 Ave. at 33 (PENnsylvania 6-5000), with Tommy Dorsey's orchestra. . . . Belmont-Plaza Casino-in-the-Air, Lexington at 49 (Wickersham 2-1200), has Dick Ballou's orchestra. . . . Park Central Coconut Grove Roof, 7 Ave. at 56 (Circle 7-8000), has Jerry Blaine's orchestra and a revue. . . . McAlpin Roof, B'way at 34 (PENnsylvania 6-5700), with Johnny Messner's orchestra.

MISCELLANEOUS—The Summer Terrace of the Hotel New Yorker, 8 Ave. at 34, has Phil Napoleon's orchestra and an ice carnival. . . . Lukewela and his Royal Hawaiians play for dinner dancing in the Roosevelt Grill, Madison at 46. . . . Eddie Lane's orchestra is at the Shelton Corner, Lexington at 49. . . . Andy Iona provides the music in the Hawaiian Room of the Lexington, Lexington at 48. . . . Frank Novak is at the Raleigh Room of the Warwick, 65 W. 54. . . . The Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Pk. W. at 67, has Hughie Barrett's orchestra; closes about midnight. . . . Jolly Coburn plays at the Claremont Inn, Riverside Dr. at 124. . . . William Farmer's orchestra is at the Promenade Café, in the lower plaza of Rockefeller Center.

For al-fresco dining (without dancing) three of the best places are: Chatham Walk, Vanderbilt at 48 (VOLunteer 5-5400); Pavillon Marguery, 270 Park at 47 (Wickersham 2-9000); and the Skyline Terrace of the Madison, Madison at 58 (VOLunteer 5-5000). . . . The outdoor Japanese Garden of the Ritz-Carlton, Madison at 46 (PLaza 3-4600), with its brook and trees and flowers, has dinner music by Armand Vecsey's orchestra (no dancing). . . . You can dine on the open-air roof at Montparnasse, 50 E. 79 (BUTterfield 8-2345), and dance in the room downstairs.

You'll find sidewalk cafés at the Brevoort, 5 Ave. at 8; Essex House, 160 Central Pk. S.; 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.

Places offering music and casual entertainment, where you might stop in for a drink and a bite to eat during the course of an evening: Weylin Bar, Madison at 54; Elysée Monkey Bar, 56 E. 54; Armando's, 54 E. 55; Bill's Gay Nineties Bar, 57 E. 54; Trouville, 112 E. 52; Gabriel's, 68 E. 56; Château Moderne, 42 E. 50; Merry-Go-Round Bar, 49 E. 54; and Barney's, 86 University Pl.

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—Two places with plenty of floor show are: Paradise, B'way at 49 (Circle 7-1080); and Hollywood, B'way at 48 (Circle 6-5960). . . . Jack Dempsey's, 8 Ave. at 50 (Circle 7-6666), offers dance music by Jan Brunesco's orchestra. . . . Jack White and Pat Harrington are back at the 18 Club, 18 W. 52 (ELdorado 5-9858). . . . Mario's Mirador Roof, 201 W. 52 (COLUMbus 5-0897), has Buddy Wagner and his orchestra, and a show featuring Gay Dixon, Edith Roark, Floria Vestoff, and Jack Osterman. . . . Tommy Lyman sings at The Oaks, 127 E. 47 (ELdorado 5-9624). . . . The Kit Kat Club, 152 E. 55 (ELdorado 5-0543), offers Negro entertainment. Go late.

If you're looking for swing music: The Onyx, 62 W. 52 (Wickersham 2-3619), with Leo and his Spirits of Rhythm; and Hickory House, 144 W. 52 (Circle 7-9524), with Joe Marsala's Chicagoans.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—Mori's, 144 Bleecker (GRAMercy 7-8736), is an old favorite; music by Lou Ferris's orchestra. . . . The Black Cat, 557 W. B'way (GRAMercy 5-9033), has a colored show. . . . Pleasantly informal and popular with out-of-towners: Greenwich Village Casino, 5 Sheridan Sq.; and Village Barn, 52 W. 8. . . . Downtown rowdydow: Jimmy Kelly's, 181 Sullivan (ALgonquin 4-1414).

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, AUGUST 5, THROUGH SATURDAY, AUGUST 14. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING.]

HARLEM—You can watch the dancing and hear Willie Bryant's orchestra at the Savoy Ballroom, Lenox Ave. at 140 (EDGEcombe 4-0271). . . . Dickie Wells, 169 W. 133 (Tillinghast 5-8945), has a hot band. Go late.

FOREIGN ATMOSPHERE—Cuban: Club Yumuri, 1678 B'way at 52 (Circle 7-6269); and El Toreador, 7 W. 110 (UNiversity 4-8644). . . . 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); and Dimitri's Club Gaucho, 245 Sullivan (GRAMercy 7-4833).

JUST OUT OF TOWN

BEN RILEY'S ARROWHEAD INN, Riverdale Ave. at 246 (Kingsbridge 6-2000)—Irving Conn's orchestra and entertainment. You can dine and dance on the outdoor terrace.

BRIARCLIFF LODGE, Briarcliff Manor, N.Y. (Briarcliff 1640)—Meyer Davis's Palm Beach orchestra plays for dinner dancing.

CHANTICLER, Millburn and Short Hills Aves., Millburn, N.J. (Millburn 6-2377)—A pleasant suburban spot, with music by Erwin Kent.

GLEN ISLAND CASINO, off the Shore Rd., New Rochelle, N.Y. (Hamilton 4480)—Overlooking the water, with Nye Mayhew and his orchestra.

HENRI'S, Scranton Ave., Lynbrook, L.I. (Lynbrook 759)—Pierre de Bernardi's orchestra plays for dancing.

HICKORY LODGE, Boston Post Rd., Larchmont, N.Y. (Larchmont 3084)—Herbert Steiner's orchestra.

MERRY-GO-ROUND, Atlantic Beach, L.I. (Cedarhurst 8860)—A night club by the sea, with Mort Dennis and his band.

PAVILLON ROYAL, Merrick Rd., Valley Stream, L.I. (Valley Stream 1308)—Bunny Berigan's orchestra.

PERONA FARM, Andover, N.J. (Lake Mohawk 9600)—Vincent Howard's orchestra, and good food.

RIVIERA, near the Jersey end of the George Washington Bridge (Ft. Lee 8-2000)—Ben Marden's show place overlooking the Hudson. Mickey Alpert's and Val Ernie's orchestras, an elaborate revue, and a Broadway crowd.

ROSS FENTON FARM, on Deal Lake, North Asbury Park, N.J. (Asbury Park 354)—Maximilian Bergère's orchestra.



BEN WHITE,

veteran trainer and driver of trotting horses, the only driver who has twice won the Hambletonian. He will try for his third win next Wednesday, probably driving Will Reynolds' Schnapps. His training stables are in Lexington, Kentucky, his winter quarters in Orlando, Florida, and his colors are black and white. He is a native of Canada. Like most trotting drivers, he's addicted to stogies.

SURFSIDE, Atlantic Beach, L.I. (Long Beach 212)—This place offers Enric Madriguera's orchestra. WESTCHESTER EMBASSY CLUB, Route 22, Armonk, N.Y. (Armonk Village 530)—Phil Sands and his orchestra play on the Starlight Terrace. NOTE—Coney Island tourists in search of shore dinners might try: Lundy's, Ocean Ave., Sheepshead Bay; Feltmans, Surf Ave., Coney Island; Villepigue's Inn, Ocean Ave., Sheepshead Bay.

FURTHER OUT OF TOWN—Canoe Place Inn, Montauk Highway, Hampton Bays, L.I. (Hampton Bays 150), has music by Irving Rose's orchestra. . . . Dudley Doe and his Palm Beach orchestra provide the music (except Mon.) at Seven Ponds Inn, Montauk Highway, Water Mill, L.I. (Water Mill 500). . . . Harry McDaniel's orchestra plays in the Spanish Grill of the Monmouth, Spring Lake Beach, N.J. (Spring Lake 330). . . . The Piping Rock, Saratoga Springs, N.Y., offers Vincent Lopez and his orchestra, Peter Higgins, Gomez and Winona, and others. . . . Xavier Cugat's orchestra plays at Arrowhead Inn, Saratoga Springs, N.Y., and there's also Gracie Barrie, and Veloz and Yolanda.

Pleasant places here and there along the road for dinner (without dancing) while motoring: Benedusi's, Route 100, Amawalk, N.Y. (Yorktown 324); Lawrence Farms Inn, Route 117, Mt. Kisco, N.Y. (Mt. Kisco 4866); Round Hill Restaurant, Jericho Turnpike, Huntington, L.I. (Huntington 1371); Beau Séjour, Bethpage, L.I. (Hicksville 91); Lakeville Manor Inn, Lake Success, L.I. (Great Neck 2790); Brook House, Brookhaven, L.I. (Bellport 584); Dove and Turtle, just off Route 25A, Shoreham, L.I. (Shoreham 126); The Hedges, Main St., East Hampton, L.I. (East Hampton 420); Rainbow Tea House, Pound Ridge, N.Y. (Bedford Village 616); Outpost Inn, Ridgefield, Conn. (Ridgefield 882); Spinning Wheel, Redding Ridge, Conn. (Redding Ridge 67); Maurice's, Route 4N, Spring Lake Heights, N.J. (Spring Lake 3188); Old Mill Inn, Route 32, Bernardsville, N.J. (Bernardsville 70); Water Wheel Tavern, Route 611, Doylestown, Pa. (Doylestown 627 R 1); Dixie Inn, 11 Livingston Ave., Dobbs Ferry, N.Y. (Dobbs Ferry 206); Valley View Farm, Old Sawmill River Rd., near the Parkway, Hawthorne, N.Y. (Pleasantville 120); Le Petit Pavillon Royal, Route 9W, Alpine, N.J. (Closter 788); French Farms, New City, N.Y. (New City 196); The White Turkey Inn, Route 7, just north of Danbury, Conn. (Danbury 1577); Tide Mill Tavern, off Post Rd., Southport, Conn. (Fairfield 900); Cobb's Mill, Old Mill Road, Weston, Conn. (Westport 3939); Hilltop Farm, Bridgewater, Conn. (New Milford 830).

MOTION PICTURES

CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS—A fine big film based on Kipling's story of the Gloucester fishing fleet. With Freddie Bartholomew and Spencer Tracy. (Capitol, B'way at 51; starting Thurs., Aug. 5; continuous from 10 A.M.)

A DAY AT THE RACES—The Marx Brothers in a beautiful affair of sanatorium and race-track scenes, all adapted to the Harpo, Groucho, and Chico mood. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Thurs. through Sat., Aug. 5-7; continuous from 1 P.M. . . . Jefferson, 3 Ave. at 14; Fri. through Sun., Aug. 6-8; continuous from 9 A.M. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Mon., Aug. 7-9; continuous from 11:30 A.M.)

THE EMPEROR'S CANDLESTICKS—International spies and their tricks again. Luise Rainer and William Powell, sly but polite. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; and Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; Thurs. through Mon., Aug. 5-9; continuous from noon. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Fri. through Sun., Aug. 6-8; continuous from 9:30 A.M.)

HIGH, WIDE, AND HANDSOME—Irene Dunne, Randolph Scott, the Pennsylvania oil boom, Kern music, and Mamoulian direction. It doesn't quite jell, but what of it? (Astor, B'way at 45; weekdays at 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun. at 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.; extra performance Sat. at midnight.)

KNIGHT WITHOUT ARMOR—Passion, Russian Revolution, Robert Donat, and Marlene Dietrich. Rich and showy. (Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Lexington, Lexington at 51; and Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Thurs. through Mon., Aug. 5-9; continuous from 1 P.M., 11:30 A.M., and noon, respectively. . . . Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; and State, B'way at 45; Thurs. through Wed., Aug. 5-11; continuous from 1 P.M. and 10 A.M., respectively.)

STELLA DALLAS—Not a very profound story, but as perfect a production as you could ever hope to see. With Barbara Stanwyck, Anne Shirley, and John Boles. Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50; starting Thurs., Aug. 5; continuous from 11:30 A.M.)

REVIVALS—At the 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68—"Escape Me Never," Fri. and Sat., Aug. 6 and 7; continuous from noon. . . . At the 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8—"Rembrandt," Mon. and Tues., Aug. 9 and 10; "Show Boat," starting Fri., Aug. 13; continuous from 12:30 P.M. . . . At the Colony, 2 Ave. at 79—"Elephant Boy," Fri. and Sat., Aug. 13 and 14; continuous from 1 P.M.

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "Easy Living," silly summer stuff, but good for just that, with Jean Arthur and Edward Arnold; "The Road Back," only at times successful, yet an ambitious effort to reproduce the mood of Remarque's novel of postwar Germany; "Saratoga," Jean Harlow's unfinished picture, about race-track life and with Clark Gable; "They Won't



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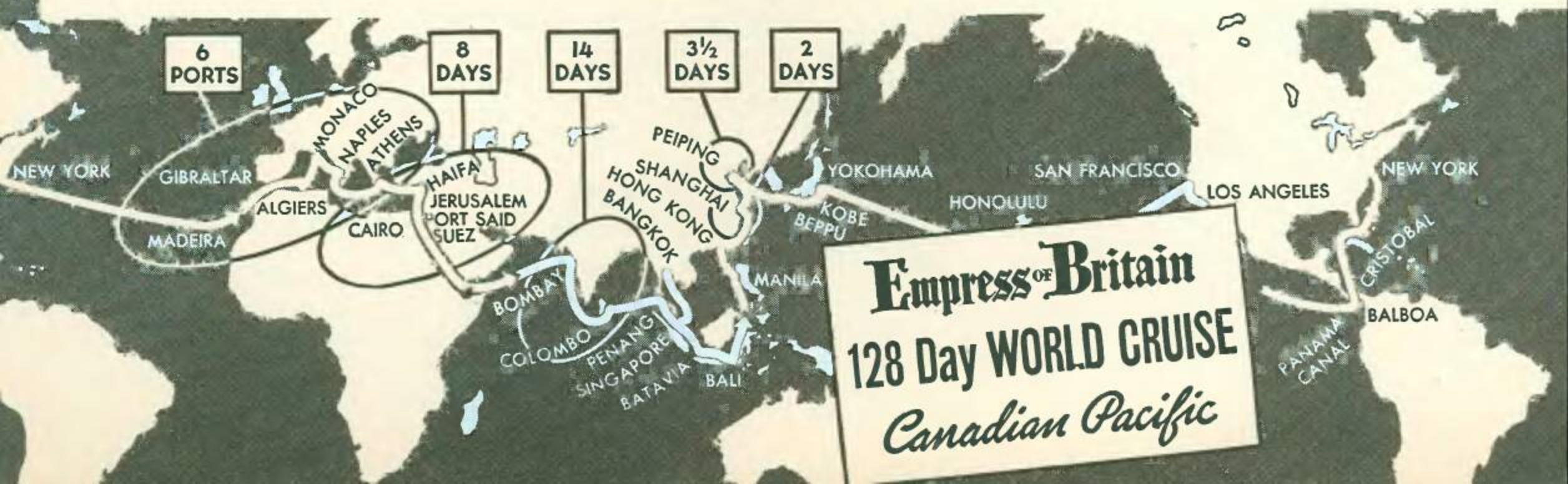
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From New York January 8, 1938

Top: two 12-year-old girls of Bali dance the sacred "lelong."

Above: more space on the *Empress* . . . to enjoy every sunny hour of cruising.



Forget," a forceful and vivid sketch of Ward Greene's "Death in the Deep South."

OPENINGS OF NOTE

SOULS AT SEA—Directed by Henry Hathaway, with Gary Cooper and George Raft. (Globe, B'way at 46; scheduled to open Mon., Aug. 9, at 8:45 P.M.; daily thereafter at 2:45 and 8:45.)

THE LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA—With Paul Muni in the title rôle. (Hollywood, B'way at 51; scheduled to open Wed., Aug. 11, at 8:45; daily thereafter at 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.)

ART

FRENCH—Summer show of selected French paintings: French Art Galleries, 51 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

GROUPS—Summer exhibition of American artists: Walker, 108 E. 57. Open weekdays, except Sat., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M. Water colors and oils: Morton, 130 W. 57. Open weekdays, except Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M. Sculpture and drawings by contemporary Americans: Boyer, 69 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M. Water colors of New York skyscrapers: Museum of the City of N.Y., 5 Ave. at 104. Open weekdays, except Tues., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 5 P.M. Oils, water colors, and drawings: Artists' Gallery, 33 W. 8. Open Mon. through Wed. only, 8 to 10 P.M.

MODERN—Summer exhibition of the permanent collection of the Museum of Modern Art: Temporary Galleries, 14 W. 49. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. noon to 6 P.M. (Admission twenty-five cents; free on Mon.)

PRINTS—One hundred prints of the past one hundred years, Room 321; recent additions to the Print Collection, Room 316: N.Y. Public Library, 5 Ave. at 42. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

RENOIR—Important and well-assorted show of work done between 1871 and 1916, drawn chiefly from private American collections. Don't miss: Metropolitan Museum of Art, Gallery D-6. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.

MISCELLANEOUS—Italian primitives from the collection of Richard M. Hurd: Newhouse, 5 E. 57. Open weekdays, except Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M. Annual revolving exhibition of paintings and sculpture: Studio Guild, 730 5 Ave. Open weekdays, except Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M. Oils by William Gray: Kohn, 608 5 Ave. Open weekdays, except Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M. Summer exhibition of sculpture: Clay Club, 4 W. 8. Open 2 to 5, and 7 to 10 P.M. "Figures, Flowers, and Landscapes": Contemporary Arts, 41 W. 54. Open weekdays, except Sat., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M. Old and modern paintings: Findlay, 8 E. 57. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M. Summer exhibition of photographs: Rabinovitch, 40 W. 56. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M. Exhibition of recent work by fashion artists: Traphagen School Galleries, Penthouse, 1680 B'way, near 52. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 9 P.M.; Sat. until 5 P.M. "Seven Centuries of Russian Icons": Hammer Galleries, 682 5 Ave. Open weekdays, except Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

NOTES—Some out-of-town galleries and museums worth visiting while off on vacation trips: Yale Gallery of Fine Arts, New Haven, Conn., containing the fine Jarves Collection of Italian Primitives; paintings by John Trumbull, etc. Open daily 2 to 5 P.M. Worcester Art Museum, Worcester, Mass. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 5 P.M. Smith College Museum of Art, Northampton, Mass. Open daily 2:30 to 4:30 P.M. The Addison Gallery of American Art, Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass., has an exhibition called "Ten Years of Collecting." Open weekdays 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 2:30 to 5 P.M. The Berkshire Museum, Pittsfield, Mass., is showing the annual exhibition of the Stockbridge Art Association. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 5 P.M. The Springfield Museum, Springfield, Mass., has on view "Federal Art in New England, 1933-1937." Open weekdays (except Mon.) 1 to 4:30 P.M. The Wadsworth Atheneum, Hartford, Conn. Open weekdays (except Mon.) 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 5 P.M. Bowdoin College Museum of Fine Arts, Brunswick, Me. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to noon, and 2 to 4 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 4 P.M. Also, for fine examples of Early American craftsmanship and folk art: Essex Institute, Salem, Mass. (open weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.); the Whaling Museum of the South Dartmouth Historical Society, New Bedford, Mass. (open weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M., Sun. 2 to 5 P.M.); and the Bucks County Historical Society Museum, Doylestown, Pa. (open weekdays 8 A.M. to 5 P.M., Sun. 1 to 5 P.M.)

Thirty-sixth annual exhibition of oils and sculpture: Lyme Art Association, Old Lyme, Conn. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M. Water colors, pastels, drawings, and prints: Art Association of Newport, 76 Bellevue Ave., Newport, R.I. Open 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; starting Aug. 10. The Ogunquit Art Association, Barn Gallery, Ogunquit, Me. Open weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 1:30 P.M., and 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; Sun. 2:30 to 5:30 P.M. Annual show of paintings, sculpture, and etchings: Ogunquit Art Center, Hoyt's Lake, Ogunquit, Me. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 5 P.M. Provincetown Art Association exhibition, Provincetown, Mass. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 5:30 P.M. Exhibition by Directors: Woodstock Artists Association, Woodstock, N.Y. Open weekdays 1:30 to 6 P.M.; Sat. 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Aug.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, AUGUST 5, THROUGH SATURDAY, AUGUST 14. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING.]

12... Drawings and lithographs by Kathe Kollwitz: Sawkill Painters & Sculptors, Woodstock, N.Y., through Aug. 12.

MUSIC

STADIUM CONCERTS—At the Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 136, nightly at 8:30—Philharmonic-Symphony, Van Hoogstraten conducting: Thurs. through Sun., Aug. 5-8, and Tues. through Sat., Aug. 10-14; Grace Castagnetta will be piano soloist on Sat., Aug. 7; Harold Bauer and Albert Spalding will be soloists on Thurs., Aug. 12. George Gershwin Memorial Concert, with Ethel Merman, Harry Kaufman, the Eva Jessye Choir, and others, Smallens and Grofé conducting: Mon., Aug. 9.

GOLDMAN BAND—Concerts nightly at 8:30—Central Park Mall, Fri., Sun., Mon., and Wed.; Prospect Park, Brooklyn, Thurs., Sat., and Tues. **WPA MUSIC**—At the WPA Theatre of Music, 254 W. 54—Wagner series, Federal Symphony, Plotnikoff conducting: Sun. Eves., at 8:45. Brahms series: Wed. Eves., at 8:45.

OUT-OF-TOWN—Berkshire Symphonic Festival, Boston Symphony, Koussevitzky conducting: Tanglewood, Route 183, between Lenox and Stockbridge, Mass., Thurs. and Sat. Eves., Aug. 5, 7, 12, and 14, at 8:30; and Sun. Afts., Aug. 8 and 15, at 4:30. Chamber-music concerts at South Mountain, Pittsfield, Mass., Sun. Afts. at 4. Gordon String Quartet, at the Hall, Music Mountain, Falls Village, Conn., Sun. Afts. at 4, and Wed. Aft., Aug. 11, at 4. Cremona String Quartet, at the Community Theatre, Woodstock, Vt., Fri. Afts., at 3:30. "The Tales of Hoffman," by the Steel Pier Opera Company, Atlantic City, N.J., Thurs. and Fri. Eves., Aug. 5 and 6, at 8:45; "The Bartered Bride," Thurs. and Fri. Eves., Aug. 12 and 13.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—Games Sat. and Sun. at 3 P.M.; other days at 3:15 P.M.—At Yankee Stadium: Yankees vs. Chicago, Thurs., Aug. 5; Yankees vs. Cleveland, Fri. through Sun., Aug. 6-8. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L"; 8 Ave. subway; or Jerome Ave. subway.) At Polo Grounds: Giants vs. Boston, Tues. through Thurs., Aug. 10-12; Giants vs. Philadelphia, Fri. through Sun., Aug. 13-15. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L"; 8 Ave. subway; or Bus No. 3.)

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden: Leonard del Genio vs. Bobby Pacho, and other bouts, Thurs. Eve., Aug. 5, at 8:30.

HORSE SHOWS—Southampton Riding & Hunt Club Show, Southampton, L.I., Sat., Aug. 7. Lake Placid Horse Show, Lake Placid, N.Y., Fri. through Sun., Aug. 13-15. East Hampton Riding Club Show, East Hampton, L.I., Sat., Aug. 14. Litchfield Horse Show, Litchfield, Conn., Sat., Aug. 14.

POLO—High-goal play at Bostwick Field, Route 25, Westbury, L.I., every Sun. Aft. at 4, weather permitting. Junior Championship play, Narragansett Polo Club, Narragansett Pier, R.I., continues through Sun., Aug. 8.

RACING—Saratoga Springs, N.Y.: races weekdays at 3 P.M. The Saratoga Special and the Merchants' & Citizens' Handicap will be run Sat., Aug. 7; the Spinaway and the Travers, Sat., Aug. 14. (Train leaves Grand Central daily at 10 A.M., arriving Saratoga at 2:01 P.M. The Saturday Special leaves Grand Central at 9:35 A.M., arriving Saratoga at 1:35 P.M.)

TENNIS—Men's Invitation Tournament, Meadow Club, Southampton, L.I.; and Women's Invitation, Maidstone Club, East Hampton, continue through Sat., Aug. 7. Eastern Grass Court Championships, Westchester Country Club, Rye, N.Y., Sat. through Sat., Aug. 7-14.

TROTTING—Grand Circuit Meeting, Good Time Park, Goshen, N.Y., Mon. through Sat., Aug. 9-14, at 2 P.M. Greyhound will attempt a world record on Tues., Aug. 10; the Hambletonian will be run on Wed., Aug. 11.

YACHTING—Championship races on Long Island Sound: American Yacht Club, Sat. Aft., Aug. 7; Huguenot Yacht Club, Sat. Aft., Aug. 14.

OTHER EVENTS

ICE CARNIVAL—Annual Midsummer Figure Skating Operetta: Olympic Arena, Lake Placid, N.Y., Thurs. through Sat. Eves., Aug. 5-7.

PLANETARIUM—The lecture for August at the

Hayden Planetarium, Central Pk. W. at 81, is "Cosmic Ghosts." Weekdays at 2, 3, 4, and 8:30 P.M.; Sat. at 11 A.M., 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; Sun. at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.

NOTE—W. K. Vanderbilt's Marine Museum, on his estate at Centerport, L.I., is open to the public every Wed., 11 A.M. to 3 P.M. Cards of admission are available at Mr. Vanderbilt's offices, 230 Park.

ON THE AIR

SALZBURG FESTIVAL—Parts of "Die Meistersinger," Toscanini conducting: Thurs. Aft., Aug. 5, at 12:30 and 2, WEAF. First act of "The Magic Flute," Toscanini conducting: Sat. Aft., Aug. 7, at 2:05, WEAF. "The Marriage of Figaro," with Lotte Lehmann, Walter conducting: Wed. Aft., Aug. 11, at 2:05, WEAF.

BERKSHIRE SYMPHONIC FESTIVAL—Boston Symphony, Koussevitzky conducting: Thurs. Eves., Aug. 5 and 12, at 8:30, WJZ.

RACING—From Saratoga—The Saratoga Special and the Merchants' & Citizens' Handicap, Sat. Aft., Aug. 7, at 4:15; the Kenner, Tues. Aft., Aug. 10, at 4:30; both WOR. From Suffolk Downs—The Massachusetts Handicap, Sat. Aft., Aug. 7, at 5, WEAF.

TROTTING—From Goshen—Greyhound's attempt to break the world record, Tues. Aft., Aug. 10, at 3; the Hambletonian, Wed. Aft., Aug. 11, at 3; both WJZ.

SOME WEEKLY FEATURES—(Listing is chronological; times are P.M., unless otherwise noted.)

THURSDAY—Rudy Vallée's Varieties, 8, WEAF. Charles Winninger, Jack Haley, and Meredith Willson, 9, WEAF. Irving Deakins' "Music and Ballet," 9, WQXR. March of Time, 10:30, WABC.

FRIDAY—Kreiner String Quartet, 3, WABC. Gilbert and Sullivan Operas, 9, WQXR. Hollywood Hotel, 9, WABC. Chicago Grant Park Concert, 9:30, WJZ. Ferde Grofé's orchestra, 10, WABC. Orson Welles' "Les Misérables," 10, WOR. Dorothy Thompson, 10:45, WEAF.

SATURDAY—Chautauqua Little Symphony, Barère conducting, 10:30 A.M., WEAF. Compinsky Trio, 11:30 A.M., WABC. Jacques Jolas, 7:30, WABC. Saturday Night Swing Club, 8, WABC. Robin Hood Dell Concert, 8:30, WEAF. Goldman Band, 8:30, WJZ. Cincinnati Zoo Opera, 10, WJZ. Chicago Grant Park Concert, 10:30, WOR.

SUNDAY—Perole String Quartet, 11:30 A.M., WOR. Magic Key of R.C.A., 2, WJZ. Columbia Symphony, Barlow conducting, 3, WABC. Chautauqua Symphony, Mischakoff conducting, 3, WEAF. Oxford Ensemble, 7, WQXR. Werner Janssen's orchestra, 7:30, WJZ. W. C. Fields and Edgar Bergen, 8, WEAF. Ina Claire and Osgood Perkins, 8, WJZ. Richard Bonelli, 9, WABC. Bob Hope and Shep Fields, 9, WJZ. Philharmonic-Symphony Stadium Concert, 10, WABC.

MONDAY—Burns and Allen, 8, WEAF. Goldman Band, 8:30, WJZ. C.B.S. Shakespeare cycle, 9, WABC. Madrigal Singers, 9, WQXR. Eugene O'Neill play cycle, 9:30, WJZ. Carl Carmer, 10:30, WABC.

TUESDAY—N.B.C. Music Guild, 2:30, WJZ. Helen Menken, 7:30, WABC. Chicago Grant Park Concert, 8:30, WABC. Benny Goodman, 9:30, WABC. Johnny Green, 9:30, WEAF. Wallenstein's Sinfonietta, 10, WOR.

WEDNESDAY—Nicolai Berezowsky and Emanuel Bay, 3:45, WABC. Cavalcade of Music, 8, WABC. Walter O'Keefe, 9, WEAF. Beauty Theatre, 9:30, WABC.

COMING EVENTS

(Our monthly calendar for readers who plan ahead.)

BOXING—Louis vs. Farr, Yankee Stadium, Aug. 26. **DOG SHOWS**—Rhode Island Kennel Club, Portsmouth, R.I., Aug. 14. Lenox Kennel Club, Lenox, Mass., Aug. 21. Mt. Desert Kennel Club, Bar Harbor, Me., Aug. 26. Tuxedo Kennel Club, Tuxedo Park, N.Y., Sept. 11. Westchester Kennel Club, Rye, N.Y., Sept. 12.

GOLF—Lake Placid Open Tournament, Lake Placid, N.Y., Aug. 20-22. Invitation Tournament, Maidstone Club, East Hampton, L.I., Aug. 20-22. National Amateur Championship, Alderwood Country Club, Portland, Ore., Aug. 23-28. International Open, Belmont Country Club, Belmont, Mass., Sept. 22-28.

HORSE SHOWS—North Shore, Stony Brook, L.I., Aug. 20-22. Smithtown, St. James, L.I., Aug. 28. Rhinebeck-Dutchess County, Rhinebeck, N.Y., Sept. 2-3. Greenwich, Conn., Sept. 11.

Lawrence Farms, Mt. Kisco, N.Y., Sept. 12. **HUNT RACES**—Adjacent Hunts, Rye, N.Y., Sept. 6. Foxcatcher Hounds, Fair Hill, Md., Sept. 11. Rockaway Steeplechase, Cedarhurst, L.I., Sept. 11. Meadow Brook Steeplechase, Westbury, L.I., Sept. 25.

MUSIC—Stadium Concerts continue through Aug. 17. Goldman Band, through Aug. 15. **POLO**—National Open Championship, Meadow Brook Club, Westbury, L.I., in Sept.

RACING—Saratoga Springs, N.Y., through Aug. 28. Aqueduct, L.I., Aug. 30-Sept. 15. Narragansett Park, R.I., Aug. 16-Sept. 18. Belmont Park, L.I., Sept. 16-Oct. 2.

SPEEDBOAT RACES—National Sweepstakes, Red Bank, N.J., Aug. 14-16. Gold Cup Race, Detroit, Mich., Sept. 6.

TENNIS—Newport Casino Invitation Tournament, Newport, R.I., Aug. 16-21. Wightman Cup Matches, Forest Hills, L.I., Aug. 20 and 21. National Doubles Championships, Longwood Cricket Club, Chestnut Hill, Mass., Aug. 23-28.

National Singles Championships, Forest Hills, L.I., Sept. 2-11.

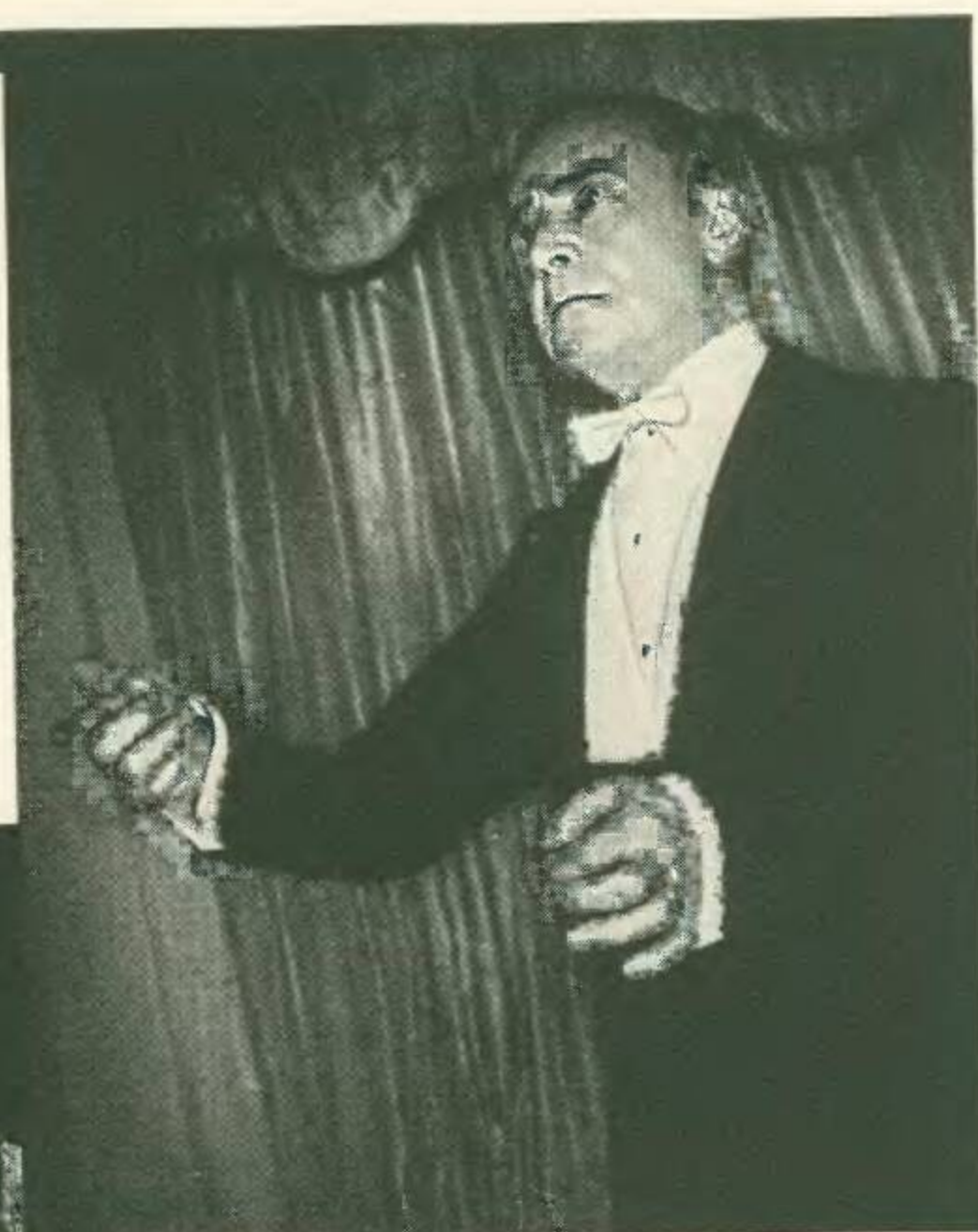
YACHTING—New York Yacht Club Cruise, Aug. 16-24. Gold Cup Six-Metre Races, Oyster Bay, start Aug. 28. Long Island Sound Races, every Sat., through Aug. and Sept.



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Lohengrin—*Götterdämmerung*
Siegfried Idyll

Arturo Toscanini—Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York
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(Beethoven)

Arturo Toscanini—Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York
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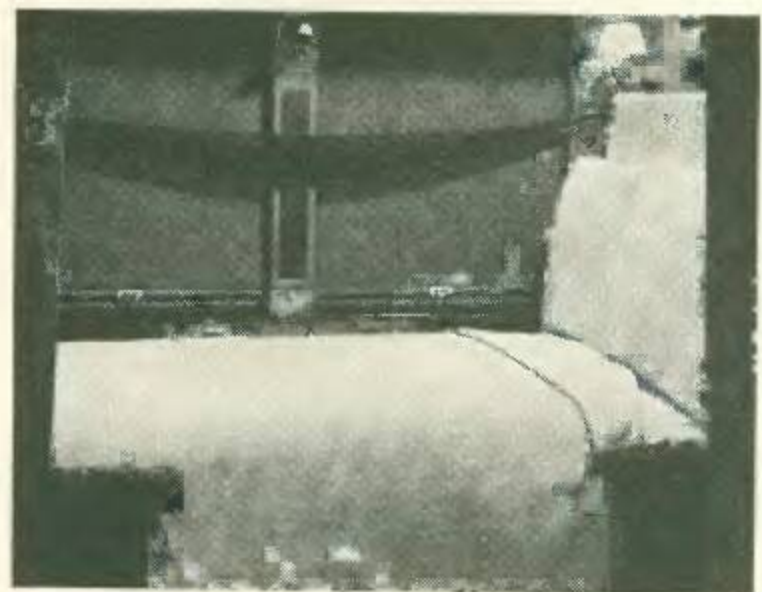
THE Pullman car is spotlessly clean, it is quiet, it is smooth-riding. There is warmth and hospitality, together with a marked consideration of each other's desires between fellow passengers. To travel by Pullman is to travel as a guest, served by a staff trained in the art of making you feel at ease. You enjoy every minute of your journey.

Pullman is the Safest Transportation in the World

The main reason why so many persons invariably take a Pullman is its proved *safety*. It is the safest transportation in the world. And it is the most dependable, come fair weather or bad. You always get there.

The reasonable cost of Pullman accommodations makes them available to every traveler. Pullman service may be had on railroads throughout the nation and on various lines in Canada and Mexico. Your ticket agent will be glad to give you complete information on Pullman accommodations, or write

THE PULLMAN COMPANY, CHICAGO



The Art of Making Beds

There is a touch of magic in the way a Pullman bed is made. A generous "pleat" or "expansion tuck" is left in sheet and covers along the inside and at the foot of the berth. You can turn with freedom, yet bedclothes won't pull out; and every wrinkle is smoothed away as perfectly as Pullman sleep smooths away fatigue and care.

All testimonial statements in this advertisement were furnished without compensation

Pullman and Rail—The safe way to go and the sure way to get there

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE looked up Mr. Eustace Tilley this week, on the eve of his departure from the city—his “maiden” departure, as he pointed out. The elegant old gentleman was found in his suite at the Plaza, his portmanteau packed, his mourning doves wrapped in dotted swiss, his head in a sitz bath for a last shampoo. Everywhere, scattered about the place, were grim reminders of his genteel background: a cold bottle of Tavel on the lowboy, a spray of pinks in a cut-glass bowl, an album held with a silver clasp, and his social-security card copied in needlepoint and framed on the wall. We begged the privilege of an interview for *The Talk of the Town* (or what the French call “Murmures de la Ville”), and he reluctantly granted it.

When we inquired about his destination, Mr. Tilley was evasive. “I should prefer to be grilled on that,” he remarked, bitterly.

So we grilled him, naming over all the fashionable watering places, without success.

“Would you say you were going to a spa?” we ventured.

“It has a little of the spa in it, a little of the gulch,” replied the renowned fop.

“Oh, the White Mountains,” we cried.

“Let it go. Ask me about things of moment, such as the ever-normal granary.” Mr. Tilley pulled the plug in the sitz bath, sat down at a dressing table, and began to do his hair.

“Why are you leaving town?” we asked.

“I should say that my departure was in part a matter of temper, in part of expediency.”

“You mean you’re beating the purge?”

Mr. Tilley let the comb drop into his lap, and turned half around, his

magnificent profile etched in light from the window.

“We live in a new world,” he said. “St. Bernards are killing little girls. Books, or what pass for books, are being photographed on microfilm. There is a cemetery I want to see,” he continued, “a grove where ancient trees shelter the graves and throw their umbrage on the imponderable dead. The branches of these trees, my dear young man, are alive with loudspeakers. I believe Upper Montclair is the place. That is one reason for my departure—I have certain macabre pilgrimages to make, while the lustiness is still in my bones. And besides, the other day I received a letter.” He gave us a cryptic glance.

“You mean it contained a threat?” we asked.

“Oh my, no,” said Tilley. “It came from the office of a division manager, and began: ‘Dear Mr. Tilley, Take two pieces of metal and rub them together for a few seconds.’ You see, it is time I took my leave.” A waiter carrying a guinea fowl aspic entered the room and buzzed about Mr. Tilley. A fly buzzed about the waiter.

“And then, there are things I want to think about, things on which I can more readily concentrate when I am not in town. I want to think about the Will Rogers memorial.”

“Why?” we inquired.

“I don’t know why,” said Tilley, petulantly. “I simply know what are the things I like to think about, and the Will Rogers memorial is one of them.

I want time to examine the new English divorce law, the ever-normal granary (which you forgot to ask me about), the new Knopf book about a man who had a good time, the grasshopper invasion, Hitler’s ban on all art that he doesn’t understand. I shall perhaps enter a putting tournament, using my old brassie, of course. And I have a strong desire to hear again the wildest sound in all the world.”

“You mean timber wolves?” we said.

“I mean cockcrow,” snapped Tilley, who by this time was becoming visibly agitated. “I want time to think about many people, alive and dead: Pearl White, Schoolboy Creekmore, Igor Sikorsky—I couldn’t begin to name them. I want to think about the custom of skiing in summertime, want to hear a child play thirds on the pianoforte in midafternoon. I shall devote considerable time to studying the faces of motorists drawn up for the red light; in their look of discontent is the answer to the industrial revolution. Did you know that a porcupine has the longest intestine in Christendom, either because he eats so much wood or in order that he may? It is a fact. There must be something to be learned by thinking about that. Take a person employed by a broadcasting studio to close contracts with mountain people who sing folk songs over the air—what will such a person develop, in the course of time, to correspond to a porcupine’s long intestine? Ah, well, it’s time to be off.”

The elderly eccentric rose, phoned



for a bellboy, and gathered his last-minute personal effects into the pocket of his waistcoat. We accompanied him down to the street, where a Victoria was drawn up at the curb, the driver waiting by the head of his old cob. Cameras clicked as Tilley stepped into the carriage and sat down. He held his brassie at his side, stiffly, like a sword. By his side sat a pretty girl, who welcomed him to the carriage and made him comfortable.

"You are wondering, of course, who this young female might be," growled Tilley. We nodded.

"A hostess," said Tilley, coldly. "Provided by the livery stable. Another dubious wonder of the modern world. In the event of emergency, she will be the one to walk to the nearest farmhouse, give the alarm, and be photographed. Well, *au revoir!*" The coachman whipped up his cob, and the little party rumbled off along Fifty-ninth Street, Tilley brandishing his brassie with great ferocity at a horse-fly. As we returned, we discovered to our surprise that the sidewalk, where he had paused a moment, was a pool of tears.

Leigh's Biggest

THE big new animated electric sign erected over the Astor Theatre to advertise its current movie, "High, Wide, and Handsome," is the work of Douglas Leigh, Inc. So is the other animated sign, on the opposite side of Times Square, which for the past several months has been advertising Wilson's Whiskey to a capacity curbstone audience. We didn't consider it necessary to investigate the Wilson's sign; but when the Astor's appeared on the Square we realized that we were in at the beginning of a trend, if not a boom, and immediately looked up Mr. Leigh. We once told you his story: how he came here from Florida in 1931 and worked with one of the big local sign companies until they cut his salary to \$30; how he then organized his own company, and erected, in the next three years, half a million dollars' worth of electric signs in the midtown area. Mr. Leigh, who has now attained the age of twenty-seven, is still going strong, having put up another quarter-million dollars' worth of signs since our last report. However, he's more proud of the fact that he has sewed up all the American patent and manufacturing rights to the new animated signs, assuring himself of a

monopoly for the next seventeen years.

These signs are the invention of an Austrian, one Herr Rosenberg, who experimented for eight years. The parent company, called Epok, has headquarters in Stockholm, but so far has erected no signs on the Continent. "Europeans don't seem to be ready for spectacular advertising yet," explains Mr. Leigh. He has owned the American rights for more than a year, but has only recently succeeded in ironing out certain mechanical difficulties that prevented commercial use of the invention. The Wilson's sign was more or less by way of experiment; the Astor sign, Mr. Leigh says, is his chef d'œuvre. It measures forty-three feet by seventy-five. In the centre is a screen composed of 4,104 made-to-order six-watt light bulbs, which is twenty-four feet by thirty. These bulbs flash on and off in squares of four, each square being controlled by a photoelectric cell. The photoelectric cells are in the projection room—1,026 of them, on a miniature of the outdoor screen. The cells are touched off by light from an ordinary movie film, and transmit the corresponding image to the big sign. The films are made much the same way the Mickey Mouse films are, except that the job is simpler, the sole medium being black and white squares. This explanation makes the operation sound simpler than it really is, and it's only fair to say that the photoelectric cells are connected with the outside bulbs by 200,000 miles of wiring, with 15,122 soldered joints.

The action of the sign can be changed as fast as new films can be prepared. To advertise "High, Wide, and Handsome," Mr. Leigh is using scenes from the picture, transposed into cartoons—a girl dancing, two men fighting, an Indian, elephants and camels, trees, trains (do you begin to get the drift of the plot?), an orchestra leader with a baton. Paramount, which ordered the display for the picture, is paying \$21,000 for seven weeks. The sign remains Mr. Leigh's property, and he plans afterward to offer it for rental on a three-year contract, to include moving the sign to a new site, rental of site, operation, upkeep, and ideas for

new animations; \$4,000 a month will cover the whole thing.

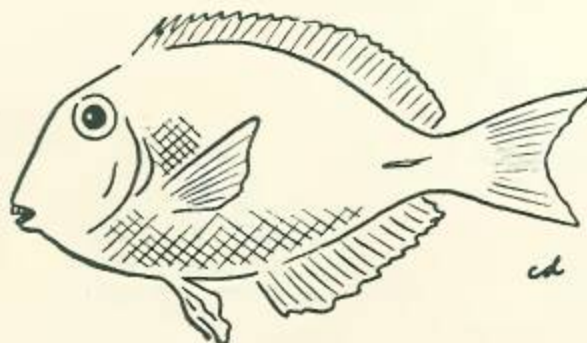
Old-World

THERE'S an old Jewish halvah peddler who makes his headquarters near one of the subway entrances at the corner of Thirty-fourth Street and Seventh Avenue. Evidently a recent immigrant, he speaks no English and, until recently, displayed only a sign in Yiddish by way of advertising. The other day, however, he turned up with a hand-lettered sign in English. It didn't look like English, but it was. It looked a little queer because, while he had been told how to spell the words, he hadn't been told about the American custom of reading from left to right, so that the sign read thus: HCAE ¢1.

Goat's Milk

THERE'S only one place in the world where certified goat's milk is produced, and that's at Three Winds, the estate of Mr. Juan M. Ceballos at Westbury. From ten to three every day, Mr. Ceballos is as busy as any of his fellow-brokers on the floor of the Stock Exchange. Most of the rest of the time he gives to his goats. He began with them in 1931, when men in financial pursuits became haunted by the suspicion that Wall Street was going to fold up. He deliberately set out to think of some farm animal with commercial possibilities that hadn't been exploited. This led him straight to goats, whose milk, though recommended for invalids and others, had never yet been produced with the scientific cleanliness of modern cow's milk. Mr. Ceballos read every word he could find on the goat, learning, as he now says, that it is "an intricate animal." Has four stomachs, for one thing, which is practically willful intricacy. He built a goat dairy on his place, which is of twenty-three acres, and, although the Street didn't fold up and he had to endure considerable ribbing by his associates, went ahead with his idea. By 1935, he produced milk so nearly pure that it was approved by the Certified Milk Producers Association of America and he was made a member of that body—then and still the only goat man on its roster.

Mr. Ceballos showed us through the dairy at Three Winds last week. It consists of several trim, whitewashed buildings, one of which provides stalls for thirty white and seven brown-and-



white she-goats. The white ones are of the Saanen breed, the brown-and-white ones are Toggenburgs. They're all pedigreed, all worth about \$150 each. "Just see how contented they are!" said Mr. Ceballos. It turns out that this contented business is actually quite important, at any rate in goat dairying. If goats aren't unworried and easy in their minds generally, they won't give milk, except when they're kidding. Each of these contented goats gives two quarts of milk daily the year round. They get carefully balanced meals of alfalfa and beet pulp, and are washed twice a day—first bathed with soap and water, then rinsed with a hose.

Mr. Ceballos poured us a glass of goat's milk, and it tasted fine; rich and sweet, and we positively wouldn't have known it wasn't cow's milk. It appears that goat's milk is whiter than cow's, is more digestible, contains eleven more salts and phosphates, and has a softer curd, a more alkaline reaction, and smaller fat globules. Mr. Ceballos has given it free to three hundred charity patients in Long Island hospitals, and several of his friends (including Mrs. Myron Taylor) drink it every day simply because they like it. He and Mrs. Ceballos serve it exclusively at their home, and have had very little trouble with guests. For a year Charles & Co. sold it in New York, but last January they stopped because the demand got so far beyond the supply that the thing became ridiculous. Now a dairy distributes the milk on Long Island. Within a year Mr. Ceballos expects, with an expansion of the herd to a hundred and forty goats, to have his own trucks delivering his product all over New York. He'll have to charge thirty cents a pint, which is about three times what you pay for old-fashioned cow's milk, but try to find any potassium chloride or trimagnesium phosphate in cow's milk.

Cop Story

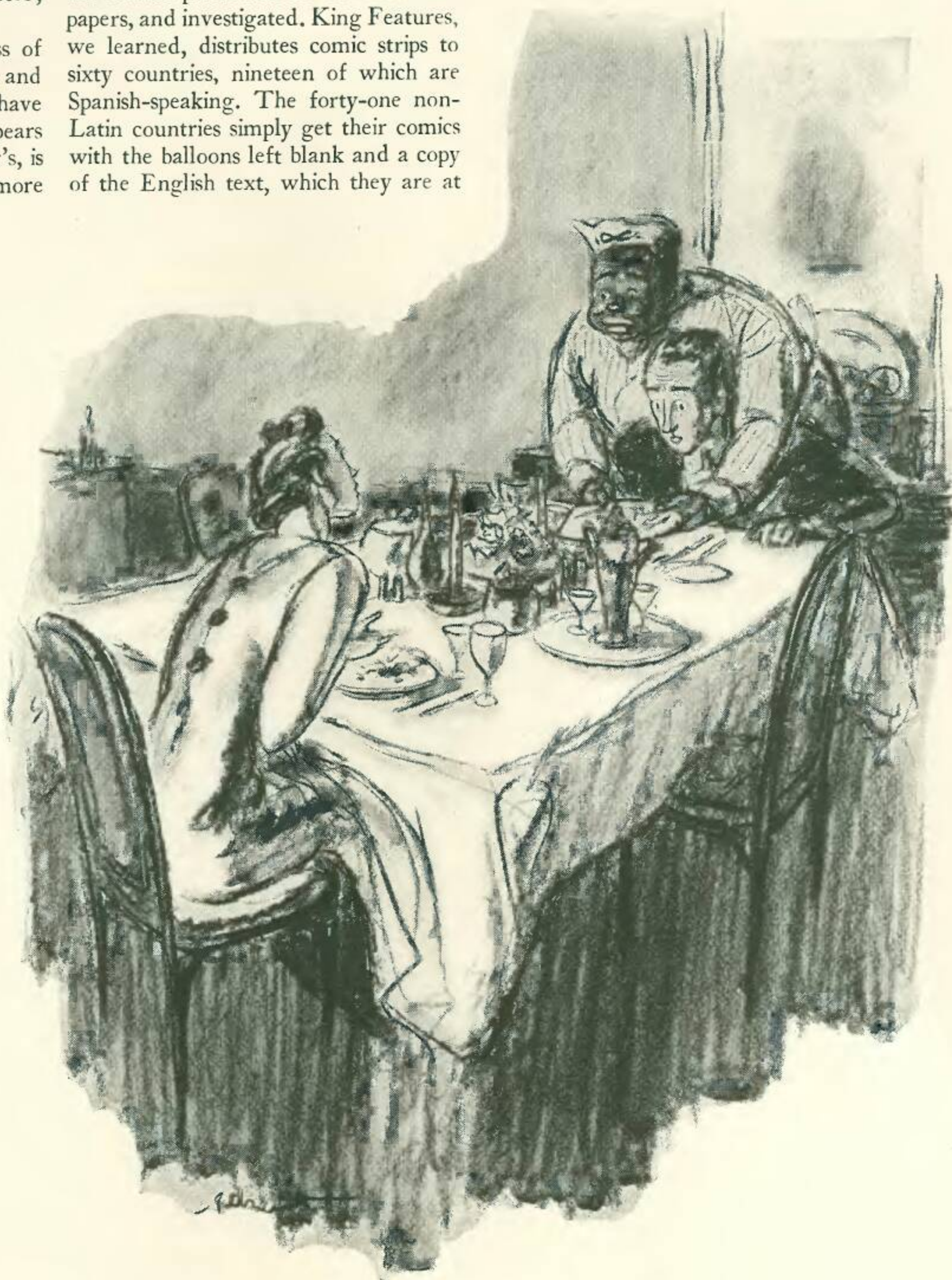
A GENTLEMAN reports that he was driving through Thirty-ninth Street the other day and started to turn right on Madison, whereupon the cop on traffic duty signalled him back. "But I had the green light," our friend protested.

The cop strolled over to the car, put his foot on the running board, and looked at him sternly. "Regardless of the color of the traffic signals," he said, "I control the situation here at all times."

¡Pum!

HAVING heard that the translation of comic strips for the foreign trade involves some interesting linguistic and moral problems, we dropped into the local office of the King Features Syndicate, the distributor of most of the funnies printed in the Hearst newspapers, and investigated. King Features, we learned, distributes comic strips to sixty countries, nineteen of which are Spanish-speaking. The forty-one non-Latin countries simply get their comics with the balloons left blank and a copy of the English text, which they are at

liberty to translate as they please. Of this end of the business, it's enough to tell you that in Italy Donald Duck is called Paolino Paperino, and in Denmark Jiggs, of "Bringing Up Father," is simply called Gyldenspjaet. With nineteen countries buying Spanish comic strips, King Features finds it practical to have the translation done right here in New York. It is done by four gentlemen, named Adolph Lindo, Alberto Noel, Walter Douglas, and Noel Llorenz. We had a long, informative chat with Mr. Lindo, who has had twenty years' experience translating funnies



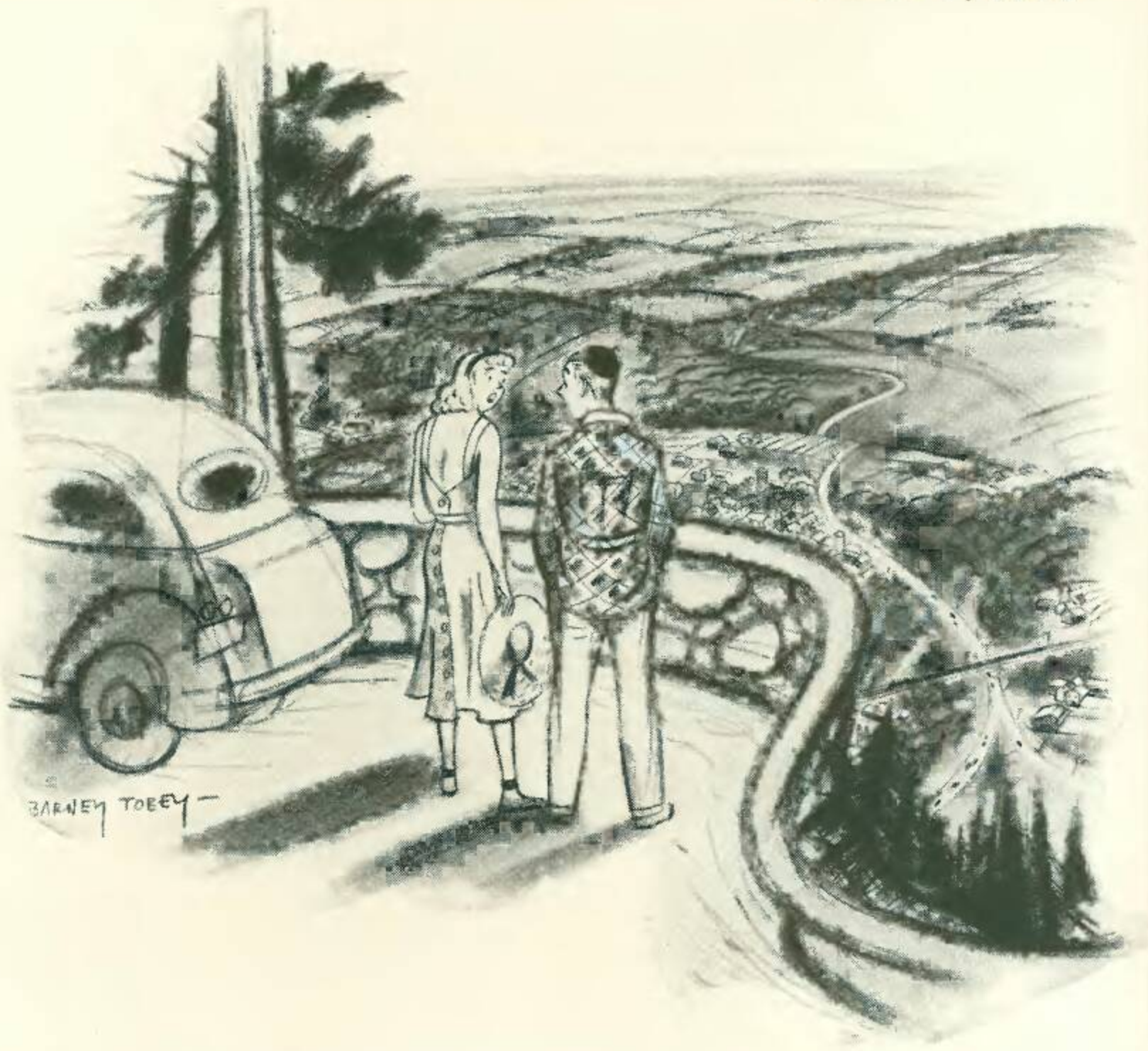
"Marie, how many times do I have to tell you? Always serve from the left!"

and hasn't gone crazy yet.

Mr. Lindo told us that the balloons are filled in with pure Castilian for all nineteen countries. Every country has its local dialect, of course, but Castilian is comprehended by all moderately well-educated Spanish-Americans. However, this involves a very careful choice of language because certain words, perfectly harmless in the original Castilian, have acquired in some countries shocking idiomatic meanings. "*Cachucha*," which in Castilian means simply "boat" or "waltz," means something quite unmentionable to an Argentine. Similarly, the word "*singa*" has such an awful meaning in Cuba that a character in "Little Annie Rooney" named Mr. Singapore had to be renamed Mr. Ali Baba. Whenever it's possible, proper names are literally translated, Donald Duck thus becoming *El Pato Donald*, and Mickey Mouse *El Raton Miguelito*.

However well up you may be in preparatory-school Spanish, we'll bet you never knew the Spanish for "Kitty, kitty, kitty." It's "*Miniao, miniao, miniao*." The corned beef and cabbage beloved of Jiggs (who, incidentally, becomes for the Latin trade *Don Pancho*, while Maggie is *Doña Ramona*) is translated *puchero*—literally, "stew." The expression "He got rooked" is changed by Mr. Lindo and his colleagues to "*Fui por lana y sali trasquilado*"—"He went for wool and came back clipped." "Sourpuss" is *cara de vinagre* (vinegar face), and "baloney" is *naranjas de la China* (Chinese oranges). And Popeye's war cry "Blow me down!" is "*¡Sopla y resopla!*" ("Blow and then blow some more!").

Onomatopœia, the literal phonetic imitation of things falling, or breaking, or bumping together, is another problem for the translators. "Bam!" and "Pow!" are roughly translated as "*¡Zas!*" and "*¡Pum!*" The latter also doubles as the report of a cannon, while a Castilian revolver goes "*¡Pac!*" When one man socks another a couple of times—"Slap! Slap!" or "Smack! Smack!" to us—it's always "*¡Pif! ¡Paf!*" in Spanish. Best of all, probably, is the noise a Spanish rock makes when it is heaved through a window:



"*Where? I don't see four states.*"

• •

"*¡Cataplum!*" Plays on words are the worst problem. Once, for example, Felix the Cat saw a sign beside a stream: "Good Fishing Here." He fished a while, had no luck, and disgustingly crossed out the "F" in the sign, putting in a "W," so that the sign read, "Good Wishing Here." But in Spanish "Good fishing here" is "*Buena pesca aquí*," while "Good wishing here" is "*Bueno deseos aquí*." All they could do was have Felix add, under the sign, "*Cuando hay pesces*"—"When there are fishes." "Not so funny," said Mr. Lindo. "¿But what can you do?"

Finally, there are certain situations which, while morally unexceptionable in the United States, are beyond the pale in Latin countries—for instance, a girl sitting alone with her boy friend in the parlor. For the Spanish trade, the dialogue has to be tinkered to indicate that the chaperon has just stepped out of the room for a moment. Likewise, you can't have wives bossing their husbands around. "Man wants to go out, in Argentine, an' wife say he can't, he'd crack her neck," said Mr. Lindo. Thus henpecking is always soft-pedalled, except in the case of "Bringing Up

Father," where it's the running theme of the whole series. In this case, it's exaggerated so enormously that even the touchiest and most literal-minded Latin-American will get the idea that it's all a joke. "We make it so damned funny that it's absurd," Mr. Lindo explained.

Ennui

THE mother of a nine-year-old girl who attends a progressive school was skimming through her child's diary the other day, and came upon this passage: "From 9 o'clock to twelve o'clock our grade worked on our morals. Pifil, I got tired of working on our morals."

Crusaders

WE have always admired the Telephone Company and we're sorry indeed to report that our admiration isn't shared by everybody, especially the Telephone Subscribers' Protective League. The Leaguers, several hundred of them, have huddled together in a corporation, and pay yearly dues

of a dollar each, for the express purpose of protecting themselves against overcharge and general mistreatment. The organizer and leading spirit of the League is Dr. Alton A. Smahl, who lives at 5 East Eighty-sixth Street and has a strong sense of injustice. You may recall that he sued the Telephone Company a few years ago and collected \$5.40, which he alleged he hadn't owed. Following this, he received stacks of fan mail and this led to the formation of the League.

Before we go any farther, we ought to explain that the Mr. McCoy who made the front pages some weeks ago by winning a suit for the recovery of an overcharge of \$3.85 is *not* a Leaguer. That sort of thing is his business. Mr. McCoy is retained by some 1,800 big firms, at annual fees ranging from \$50 to \$1,000, to look out for overcharges or discrepancies in their water, gas, and electricity bills. With the idea of extending his service to include telephone bills, Mr. McCoy was testing the legal efficacy of a device called the Tele-Chek (Pat. Pending), which times telephone calls with a stopwatch, and counts them. The Tele-

phone Subscribers' Protective League is non-profit-making, and is kept going by pure bitterness.

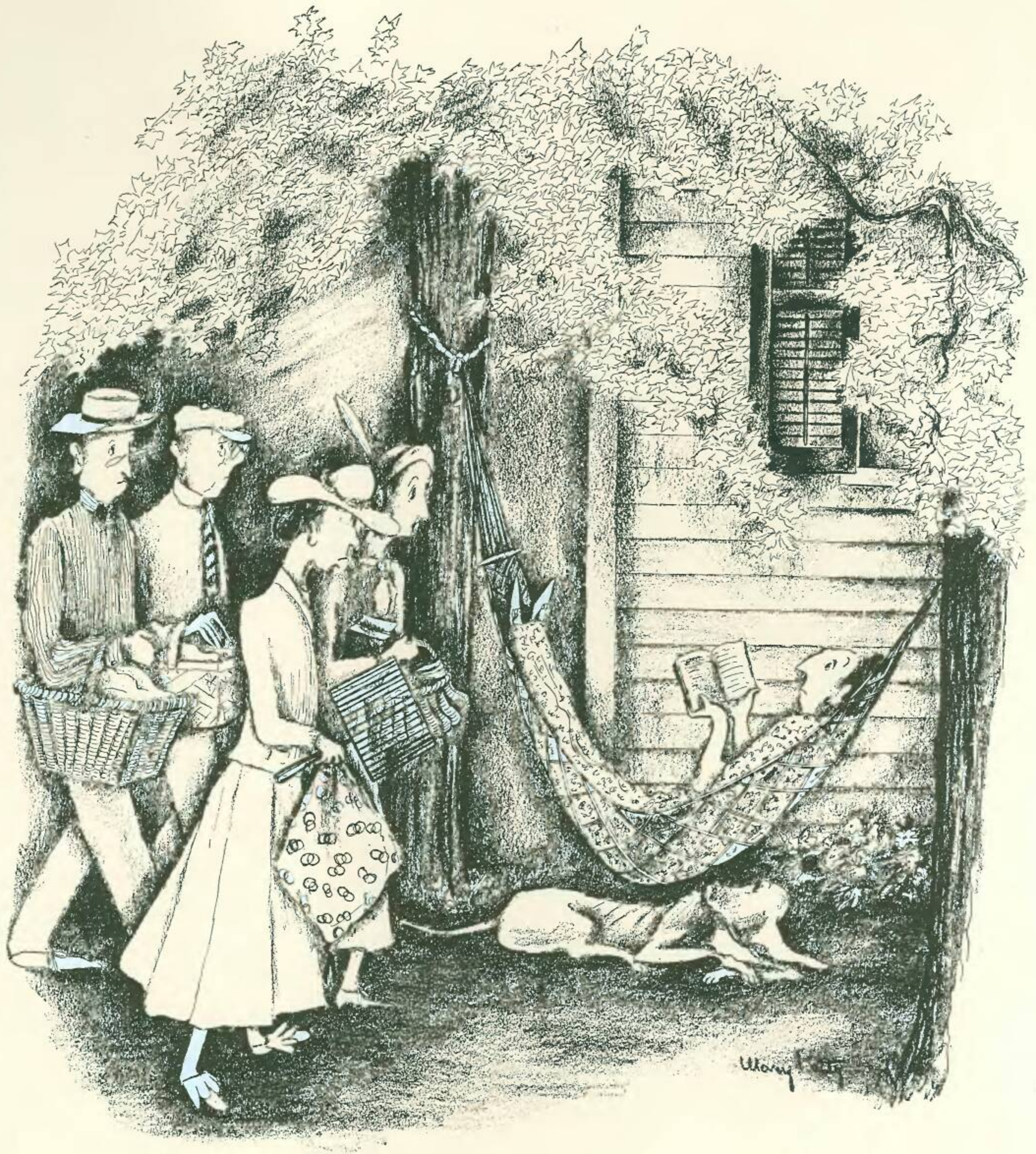
Dr. Smahl, a smahlish gentleman of thirty-seven, with a mustache and beady eyes, has been mad at A. T. & T. ever since 1926, when he discovered, he says, that he was being overcharged "from eleven to eighteen calls a month." For several years after that, he kept complaining to the Public Service Commission, but with no satisfaction. He decided to go to court. There was a little difficulty getting a lawyer to try such a chancy case, but it was finally taken by Mr. Meyer H. Goldenkoff. It was an instance of turn about being fair play, Dr. Smahl having contributed his professional services to the Hebrew Home for the Aged, of which Mr. Goldenkoff is a past president. When the Doctor's case had been won, and the League formed, Mr. G. continued to serve as legal adviser, gratis. "It's a hobby," he explains. In the past three years, since the formation of

the League, about three hundred subscribers have come forward with complaints, almost all of which have been settled out of court.

Dr. Smahl is still bitter, though, and will be satisfied with nothing less than the abolition of A. T. & T. as a private enterprise. He wants the whole thing put in the hands of the government, or, failing that, he wants a universal unlimited-service arrangement. Meanwhile, he makes things as hard for the phone people as he can. He refuses to mail a check in payment of his monthly bill; makes them come and collect the money, the way the gas people do. He's also against the dial system, because it creates unemployment; he has a dial phone, but always dials the operator, and asks her for the number. The league was active in obtaining the recent court ruling against a permanent extra charge for French telephones, and also has been trying to get a bill through the state legislature compelling the Telephone Company to



"Here's the guest room. Just make yourselves at home."



"There was a cow in the grove."

spray the mouthpieces of public phones. Theodore Dreiser recently wrote the League a letter saying he is in complete sympathy.

Doom

IT'S probable that all of us have, at one time or another, had forebodings, premonitions, or bad dreams about

the class struggle. We've just been told of one lady whose case is somewhat unusual in that her dark hour came upon her in the subway. She and a companion, both middle-aged, middle-class matrons, boarded an I.R.T. train one hot afternoon last week and chanced to sit opposite a man who was reading *The Daily Worker*. The paper was folded so that one of the headlines was

visible from across the aisle. "Look!" the lady hissed to her friend. "Do you see what it says in that paper?—'Communism Is Twentieth Century Americanism.'" The other said soothingly that she thought the paper was a Communist organ. "Well, I don't," the lady said sharply. "I think it's a regular paper, and I think they've got us."

YOO-HOO, MR. ECTOPLASM!

I MAY be wrong, and always am, but when kiddies from six to sixty, who have been sinking their pin money into diabolos, pyrography sets, and glass marbles containing little lambs, get one peep at a booklet I received from abroad this morning, they are going to be very fickle indeed with their hobbies. As a kiddie who has gone along for years believing that the catalogue of the Sex Shop in Kobe, Japan, was just about tops in curiosa, I may as well turn in my badge and register a sporting proposition. If the new spring and summer catalogue of the Psychic Stores, 548 High Road, Chiswick, London, W.4, doesn't give you the fantods, I will crawl on all fours from Bethnal Green to Seven Dials. The betting fancy can find my representative, Colonel Geraldine, any evening at Mr. Theophilus Godall's cigar divan in Greek Street, Soho, where details will be arranged over a quiet cheroot.

The Psychic Stores are a depot stocked with every known appliance for communicating with the Beyond, short of razors, revolvers, and veronal. Such standard impedimenta as séance trumpets, luminous slates, planchettes, and ouija boards are overshadowed by more elaborate mechanisms like the Electrograph, the Séance Vibrator, the Receptograph, and Skotograph Plates. Some of these cost a pretty penny and demand at least six credits at M.I.T. from the operator. The Electrograph, for instance, is a job about the size of a portable gramophone fitted out with keyboards, ground-glass screens, and batteries. After the spirits are sufficiently softened up, even those who were illiterate on this side of Jordan may be counted on to type rapid messages to their friends in the séance. "The crowning test of the Electrograph"—I quote the catalogue—"is to receive answers to unspoken questions, a result which cannot be explained by normal science and which therefore proves 'Spiritualism.'" The editor of the *Scientific American* will do well to button his lip and withdraw that insolent ten-thousand-dollar offer.

The catalogue opens with a stringent warning to users of its appliances. Two attempts per week to penetrate the Other Side are all the traffic will bear. "Too frequent attempts overtax your psychic gifts, whilst irregular times make it impossible for regular spirit helpers to set the time apart to assist

you. They may have other business to attend to, unless you make your regular appointment in advance." This dredges up a pretty unattractive picture of the hereafter, with time clocks, Kardex systems, and, for all we know, conferences in which ghostly Corona-Coronas are chewed. I don't know about their branch offices in the next world, but the Psychic Stores tolerate no nonsense on this plane—at least so far as their merchandising is concerned. However ethereal their wares, they conduct everything on a very realistic basis: "POSTAGE is free (except abroad). POSTAGE ABROAD is 1/- extra per parcel." You'd think anybody who could tap the cosmic telephone line wouldn't have to resort to delivery by parcel post.

Although they try not to play favorites, the Psychic Stores are especially proud of their Psychaloid Séance Trumpet. "Psychaloid Trumpets," we find, "are manufactured with 'Psychaloid,' which in turn is made from celluloid. 'Psychaloid' is the easiest material which spirits may handle, or rap upon, and is the ideal material for construction of Séance Trumpets. It has recently been discovered by the manufacturers of this trumpet." It has also recently been discovered by a bunch of boys working in an old barn in Delaware, who style themselves the Dupont Cellulose Corporation but who are obviously charlatans. The present writer has been using a comb made of their compound, as well as a shoehorn, but so far no spirits have been detected handling or rapping upon either his hair or his oxfords.

Under the sharp query "Are You a Skotograph Medium?" is an explanation of this remarkable form of clairvoyance. For one-and-six, the Stores sell "a singly-wrapped, specially sensitive 'skoto-rapide' skotograph plate.

Carry it, without unwrapping, in your pocket for a day, then take it to your local chemist to be developed. There may be pictures or spirit writing on it."

The one time I ever carried a photographic plate in this manner the results were even more gratifying. I got a perfectly peachy snapshot of the inside of my pocket, together with a montage of bits of Hershey bar, thread, and a substance resembling Canton ginger. Inasmuch as I never carry Canton ginger on my person (of course, it's different if I happen to be in Canton or something), I had the substance analyzed,

and sure enough back came the report "Canton ginger." I wish somebody would use this little experience of mine as a testimonial. I don't know anybody in the Canton-ginger game, and all I got out of the Hershey people when I submitted it was a rather ill-tempered letter. The Psychic Stores are a fool if they don't sign me up. I can be had for a pair of their "Kilnascrene Glasses," which the catalogue describes as follows: "These resemble a pair of motor cyclist's goggles, with the exception that the lenses are of a dark glass, of very special quality. The glasses are worn for three minutes, and after removal the wearer may find he is clairvoyant." I occasionally visit a small spiritualist circle which meets in licenced premises under the Herald Tribune Building; inevitably I come away from the séances with eye trouble because of spoons and pretzels getting into my eyes. A pair of stout Kilnascrenes would be just my candy, and if I wore them for six minutes instead of three, I could get double vision at half the present expense.

On second thought, perhaps I'm letting myself go too cheaply. What our circle really needs is the Psychic Stores' special Séance Vibrator, described thus:

The Séance Vibrator will improve the results at any meeting for psychic development or séance, beyond recognition. It keeps all the sitters at the same rate of vibration, and therefore in harmony, without diverting or interfering with their mental concentration, as does music. It consists of a battery, and electric vibrator, contained in a small mahogany casquet, and operated by an external switch. Different tones are obtained by standing the instrument on its base, or either side, and by resting it upon wood, or upon the carpet. It emits a very pleasing deep soft note. Keep it 'on' throughout your circles. When the Vibrator is in use, singing or music is unnecessary and the inconvenient and upsetting business of manipulating a gramophone in the dark is avoided. Battery replacements may be purchased at your local bicycle shop. The Vibrator costs about a penny per hour to run.

And just in case you think this is too good to be true, the cost is only ten-and-six. Where are you going to get a decent massage for eight people for two dollars and sixty-five cents, let alone an evening's chat with the infinite? It doesn't even have to be a new model; I'm sure we could manage with a salesman's demonstrator, couldn't we, fellows? ... Oh, Psychic Stores! ... Calling Psychic Stores! ... Is this you, Psychic Stores? ... Out of business? Why, they were here a minute ago.

—S. J. PERELMAN



THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE

THERE was only one light turned on in the apartment when Joe opened the door. That was the wall bracket over the day bed in the living room, and Stewart was lying on the bed beneath it, with his head on a pile of cushions and his feet propped on the crossrail so as not to soil the figured cover. He was about forty years old, long-bodied and thin, with a very pale face, soft features, and light-brown hair that had receded deeply from above his forehead. He was reading *True Detective*, and he didn't look up when Joe entered. He merely turned a page, still keeping his eyes on the text. "Well, knight of old," he said. He had a voice that, even when he kept it low, sounded harsh and a little uneven in pitch. "Didst see your lady fair?"

Joe opened the clothes closet in the jog of the wall beside the entrance door and flipped his hat inside, then came on into the room, slicking back his black hair into place. He was shorter than Stewart, darker, stockier, and much younger, and he had a square, good-humored face. He had a newspaper, compactly folded, in his hand, and he tossed it on the bed beside Stewart. "Here's the *News*," he said. He walked

on across the room toward the window.

Stewart looked up obliquely at him as he passed. "Won't talk, eh?" he murmured.

"Sure I'll talk," Joe said. "Sure, I saw her." He glanced out the window at the night and the lights below, then turned to look around the room. It was a smallish room, almost square, with its walls calcimined a smooth light green and its floor space a little overcrowded with furniture. There were a couple of easy chairs, each with a coffee table and a standing lamp beside it, and four straight-backed ones placed here and there along the wall. Between two of them was a gate-leg table, with its leaves neatly folded down and, posed on its narrow centre panel, a large, pot-bellied blue china lamp with a parchment shade. Behind it was an unframed oval mirror.

At the foot of the day bed there was a dark doorway, giving on the bedroom, and across from it the door of the kitchenette. Joe stood a moment, teetering from one leg to the other, then walked over to the kitchenette, switched on the light, and began rummaging. Stewart, letting his magazine drop a little, lis-

tened to him. Then Joe came into the room again, carrying a can of beer and a glass; Stewart went back to his reading. "Gee, I wish we had some gin," Joe said. He slid into the easy chair by the window and leaned back comfortably. "Sure, I saw her," he said again.

Stewart pursued his reading. "Well?" he said. "What transpired?"

"Oh, you know. We went to the Chinese place for dinner, and then we went to the Rialto. Then we walked around for a while. We had a talk." He paused to drink some of the beer. "She didn't want me to take her home, so I dropped her into the subway at Columbus Circle. Then I walked back here."

Stewart had put a finger between the pages of the magazine and closed it, and was lying back among the cushions, watching him. With the light beating down on his white brow and half-shut eyes, his face looked shrewd, drawn, and inscrutable, like that of a tired old man. When Joe stopped, he nodded his head deliberately several times and waited.

Joe drank some more beer. "I told her," he went on, a little more slowly, "like you said. I told her I could get her a doctor and everything. I told her everything could be fixed up. I'd



pay for everything." He emptied the rest of the beer into the glass. "She don't want that," he said. "Trouble is, she's scared. I don't know that I blame her."

"What *does* the lady want, then?"

Joe looked up. "What else is there to want?" he said. His square, stubby-featured face took on an odd, complacent grin. "She wants to get married, I guess."

"And you will abide by the lady's wishes?"

"I don't know," Joe said. "Why not?"

Stewart stared at him for a moment, then he put his head back and silently shook his shoulders like a man roaring with laughter. Joe watched him. "You don't like Estelle for a nickel, do you, Stew?" he said.

Still laughing, Stewart pushed himself up to a sitting position on the bed. "My feelings are not in question," he said. "And I might point out, something more than a nickel is involved." Keeping his legs clear of the bedcover, he swung his feet to the floor. Getting up, he picked Joe's hat from the floor of the closet and hung it on a hook, then closed the door. "Any wife you get'll be kept busy, my boy," he said. "Shutting doors and cleaning up things after you." He went back to the day bed and lay down again, shoving with his shoulders to make a comfortable place for his back among the cushions. "Like a lamb to the slaughter," he said.

Joe's face flushed a little. "I don't know about that," he said sharply. "After all, I like her; we get along together. And as far as that goes, I got a certain obligation in the matter, too. It's as much my fault as hers, I guess. I don't want to let her down."

Stewart turned his gaze up to the ceiling. "Obligations," he said. He was still keeping his voice low and tolerant, but the squeaky harshness that was always in it had grown more noticeable. "You and I took a lease together on this apartment. I suppose that's not worth mentioning, but—"

"I was thinking about that," Joe cut in. "And I talked to Estelle about it. If it's too much for you alone, we could take it over."

"And the furniture?" Stewart still kept his eyes on the ceiling. "The furniture, I believe, we bought on some kind of an agreement?"

"My God! If you put it that way, we can buy the furniture, too." Joe saw Stewart beginning to smile, and his head went down. He began to look

sullen. "Estelle's got some money saved up," he said. "Don't you worry. We'll manage."

Stewart lay still staring up at the ceiling; then his cheeks began twitching a little, so that his mouth jerked up and down. "This is nonsense!" he said.

Abruptly, he scrambled off the day bed and came over to Joe's chair. He sat down on the arm of it and put

his hand on Joe's shoulder. Joe drew away a little. He didn't look up at him. "I don't care about the apartment, dear boy," Stewart said. "Or the furniture, either. You know that. And I won't say a word against Estelle. She's a fine girl, and all that."

He saw Joe beginning to smile, and his voice grew harsher and more rapid. "But God sakes, boy, you don't know what you're up against. As I was saying a moment ago, something more than a nickel is involved. On the one hand, there'd be, say, fifty or seventy-five dollars for a safe, simple operation that, no matter how the girl feels about it,

would do away with all your fears. On the other hand—" Joe's head was still bent down; Stewart kept his eyes fixed on the back of Joe's head, and his own voice, in spite of his efforts to keep it low and persuasive, cracked more and more and grew shriller.

"On the other hand," he said, "there's the question of you two young things plunging wildly into matrimony. I tell you—" Then

he saw Joe's smile, and the smile growing broader; with a sudden gesture, he gave a shove of his arm that sent Joe against the side of the chair and pushed himself upright. "Take your damned floozie and marry her, then!" he screamed. Joe's face had grown darker still, but his smile, mechanically, remained.

Stewart stared down at him a moment, then rushed over to the day bed and flung himself on it, rolling so that his face was turned toward the wall. "Only take that damned grin off your face!" he cried. "I can't stand it."

—ROBERT M. COATES



COMPLAINT FOR LANCELOT, OR, WHAT EVERY WOMAN THINKS

"And who," she said, "will comfort or defend him
Now he has left the castle of my sire?
What if he get a wound—and none to tend him
Except a serving lout, a stupid squire?"

How will he fare without me? Who will chide him,
Lightly, as I knew how, if he forget
His proper mealtimes? Who will stay beside him
To dry his armor when the woods are wet?

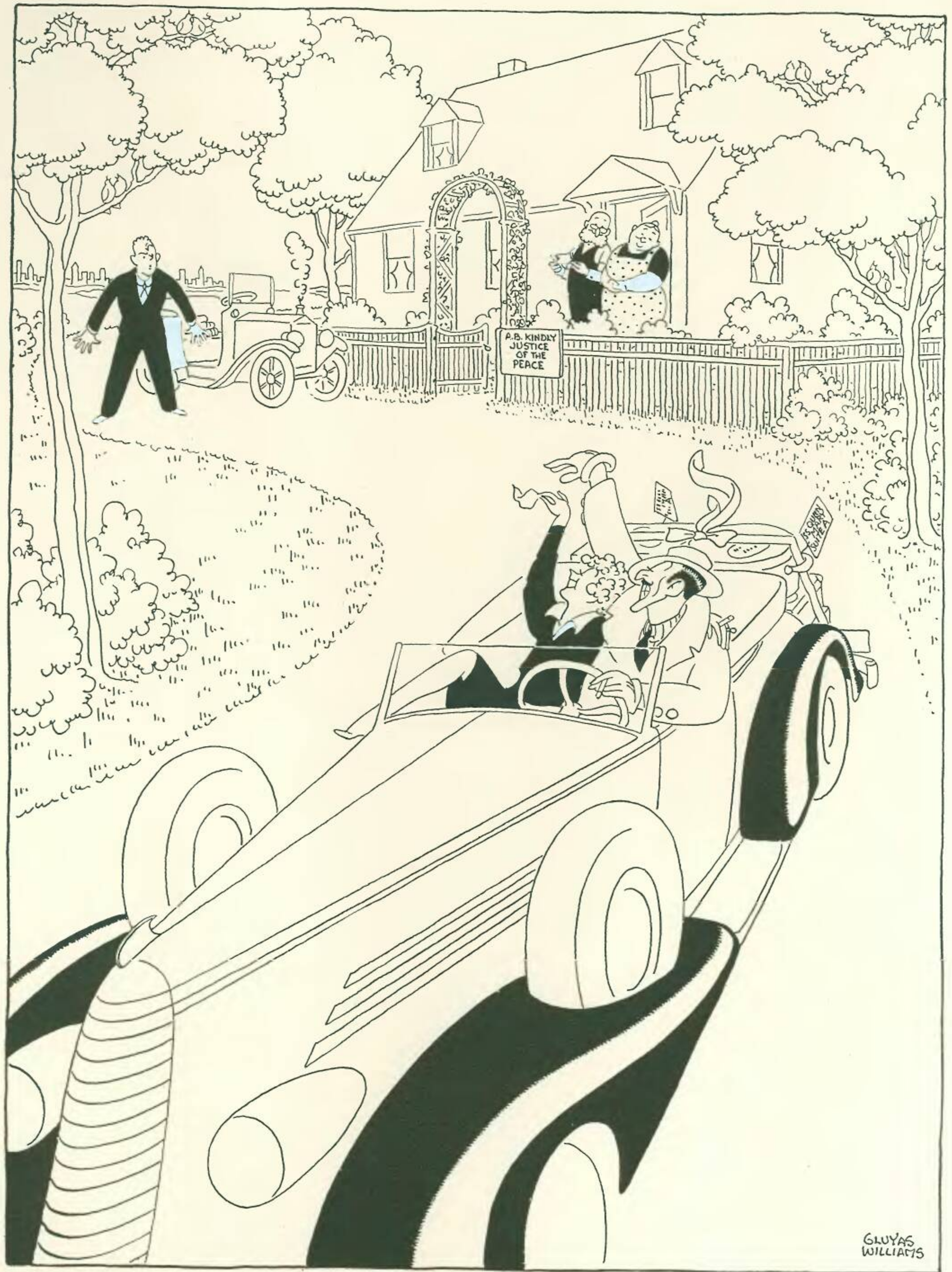
Alack, he'll ride too long, absorbed and dreaming,
Or sleep uncovered on a windy hill.
He has a delicate throat for all his seeming
So strong in tourney. What if he take a chill?

And when the dark distrusts, the old depressions
Blindfold his spirit, and the light is hid,
Who will assuage him till his courage freshens
As once I did? He told me that I did.

Not for myself," she said, "these tears, this pity,
But for his need of my companionhood.
Whom will he find in all that towered city
To understand him as I understood!"

Yet cheerfully and whole, we saw him ride
Toward Camelot. It was Elaine who died.

—PHYLLIS MCGINLEY



GUYAS
WILLIAMS

LITERARY RENEGADES

The Kathleen Norris Heroine Who Didn't Wait for Mr. Right

PROFILES

AUCTION SALE THIS DAY

OVER the sidewalk of one of the busy streets emanating from Times Square hangs a dingy red banner proclaiming "Auction Sale This Day." It marks the entrance to the Midtown Bankrupt Stocks Auction Company, and it is the only dingy thing about the place; everything else is a flash. Two flaming neon "Auction" signs in the windows on either side of the doorway cast their glitter on the objects displayed below—an array of jewelry in one window, and in the other onyx clocks, elaborate lamps, dressing-table sets of pyroxylin mother-of-pearl, gaudy fountain pens, ashtrays supported by nude figurines, and the sort of *objets d'art* a sailor might bring home from the Orient.

You've seen the Midtown, or other places like it, and you may have wondered how any concern so obviously phony can continue to do business at the same stand for more than a week. These "grind joints," as they are called in the jargon of the racket, know very well that they can trade only with strangers, and for that reason they are always located in sections of the city which have a large turnover in passers-by. In the palmy days when they hailed their customers with a "Hey, Rubel!" they were known as "Peter Duff auctions," probably in commemoration of some forgotten pioneer in the game. The high-sounding names they affect these days, and their neon signs and substantial business fronts, do not indicate that their character has changed. They are the heirs of the ancient and dishonorable trade of coney-catching, and their methods are only slightly less flagrant than those of their forebears. To at least one trade-betterment association, they are "a stench in the nostrils of honest business."

All grind joints have the same general layout. A showcase, elbow-high, runs along one side of the salesroom, and behind it is an elevated runway on which the auctioneer (whom we will call Peter Duff) performs. The backdrop for his act is a row of showcases rising to the ceiling, filled, like the windows outside, with "flash goods"—showy merchandise that is never put up for sale unless a customer specifically requests it. It is intended only for bait, and any insistent sucker who demands that it be auctioned off will have to pay

dearly to get it. Peter Duff has ways of seeing to that.

The auctioneer works in a glare of light from unfrosted bulbs hanging over the counter. Gems held beneath them are endowed with a sparkle that daylight would rob them of. In front of the counter there is room for as many as a hundred spectators, provided they crowd up close to the auction block, the way Peter Duff likes to have them. (When they are scattered, it is too easy to see where the bids are coming from.) There is a general assistant who shares the runway with the auctioneer, reciting a chorus to his patter and acting as "ribber"—one who leans over confidentially to advise a member of the audience to get in on a good thing.

The rear of the store is blocked off by another row of showcases, and it is back there that the real stock in trade is stored, to be brought out at Duff's dramatic demand by his assistant. From this back room the behind-the-scenes strategy is directed, and there, too, the more arrantly fraudulent transactions are pulled off. The owners of the Midtown, two ex-pawnbrokers, are always in attendance in this sanctum, assisted by a relief auctioneer, who lurks back there when he is not up front spelling Duff. When Duff knocks down a watch for ten dollars, for example, and asks the chump or rummy—the Midtown's names for its customers—to "kindly step into the back office for a bill of sale and guarantee," the chump (rummy) is being consigned to a further "hyping." "Hyping," derived from "hypodermic," properly applies to all the steps in the Midtown's high-pressure technique of obtaining the maximum price for the minimum value. Although Duff has already done a good job of hyping in the open, the boys in the back room are often able to persuade the customer to part with an extra five dollars for "a much finer watch—a better buy at the price." Failing in that, they may have to be content to take the ten dollars bid and send him out with a watch which is "more suitable for a gentleman of your type." In either case, the watch he gets will be worth less than the one he bid ten dollars on, which may have cost the firm as much as five.

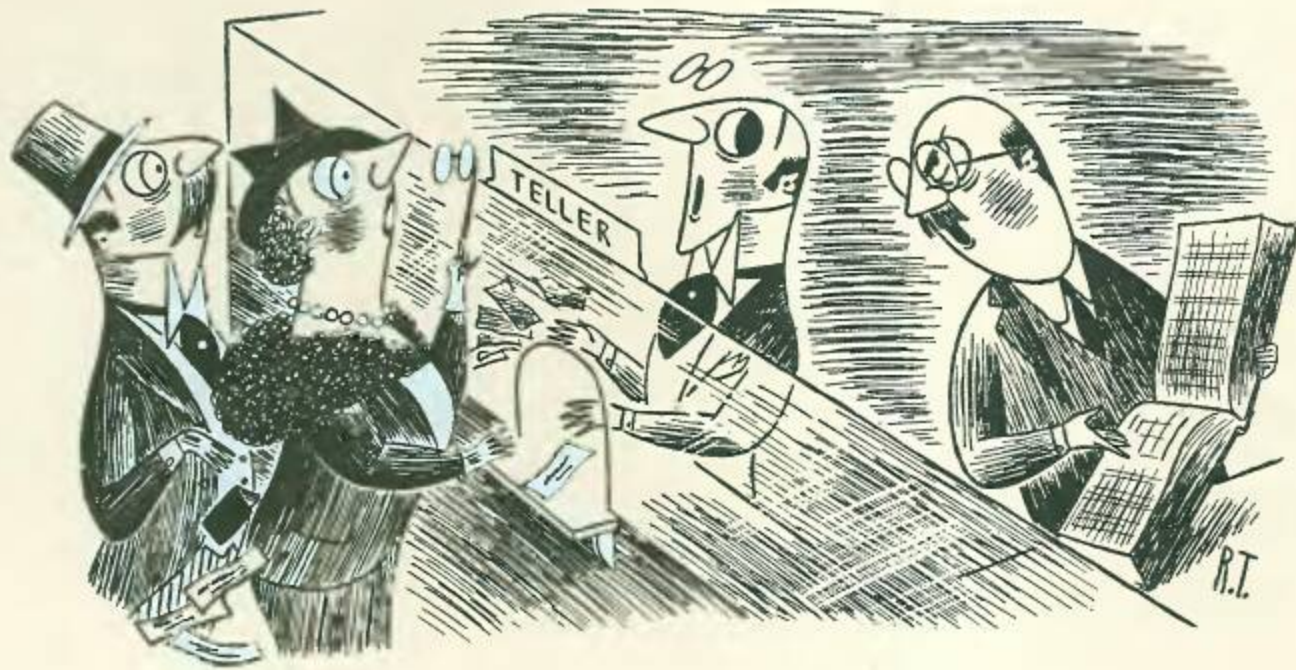
The Midtown starts its day at ten in the morning. At that hour the



general assistant, known as the block man or barker (not to be confused with the relief auctioneer), mounts the platform, adjusts a microphone which stands beside the block, and assaults passers-by on the street outside with raucous cries having to do with a few relatively inexpensive items on which he places imaginary and startlingly low bids. A couple of confederates stand gaping up at him in front of the counter. The barker's gestures are aimed at them, his words are addressed to the microphone, his eyes are on the entrance. "Got a dime to start this!" he yells, holding up an alarm clock or an onyx ashtray. "Got a dime! Got a dime! Who'll say eleven cents? ... Sold, for eleven cents!"

THIS performance would seem to be in violation of an ordinance, drafted before the days of the loud-speaker, which rules that there shall be employed in a place of business "no bellman or crier, nor any drum, fife, or other instrument of music, nor any show, signal, or means of attracting the attention of purchasers...." The transgression of the assistant is dwarfed, however, when Duff gets up behind the block and takes over the score or so chumps who have been illegally lured into the corral. In a routine day, Duff and his associates violate practically every regulation that our city and state have devised to govern auctioneering. About once every ten minutes while Duff is up there he pretends to sell goods at auction "without an actual change of ownership having taken place," which constitutes the misdemeanor of holding a mock auction. For once in every two or three times that he slams his hand down on the block and cries "Sold!" he has knocked down the object to a confederate in the audience.

These confederates, whose function is to supply the auctioneer with the phony bids he needs to boost a chump to his limit, are known to the trade as



At an elegant bank in Cove Neck
They referred to a check as a cheque;
Till examiners pounced,
And dryly announced
That the elegant banque was a wrecque.



There's a courtly policeman in Tivoli
Who makes his arrests very civilly,
Remarking, "Don't fail
Our At Home in the jail;
We're expecting you, mind, positively!"

shills, cappers, and boosters. The representatives of the wholesale supply houses which sell to the Midtown can be relied on to help out for a while whenever they drop in for an order, and a half-dozen relatives of the proprietors contribute their services in their spare time. In addition to these, there is a group of three or four professional shills, recruited from the suburbs of gangland and paid a dollar or two for an easy day's work. Besides their aid in boosting the chumps, they serve as stooges when, in the course of a diatribe against the listlessness of his audience, Duff needs a concrete example to gibbet. "Say, buddy," he'll call to one of them when he wants to get his audience closer, "we had our superintendent inspect that wall back there, and he says it positively will stand up without anybody bracing it. We were beginning to wonder, what with you people that come in here just to lean against it." The shill leads a shamefaced advance of the leaners, and the rest of the audience enjoys the act.

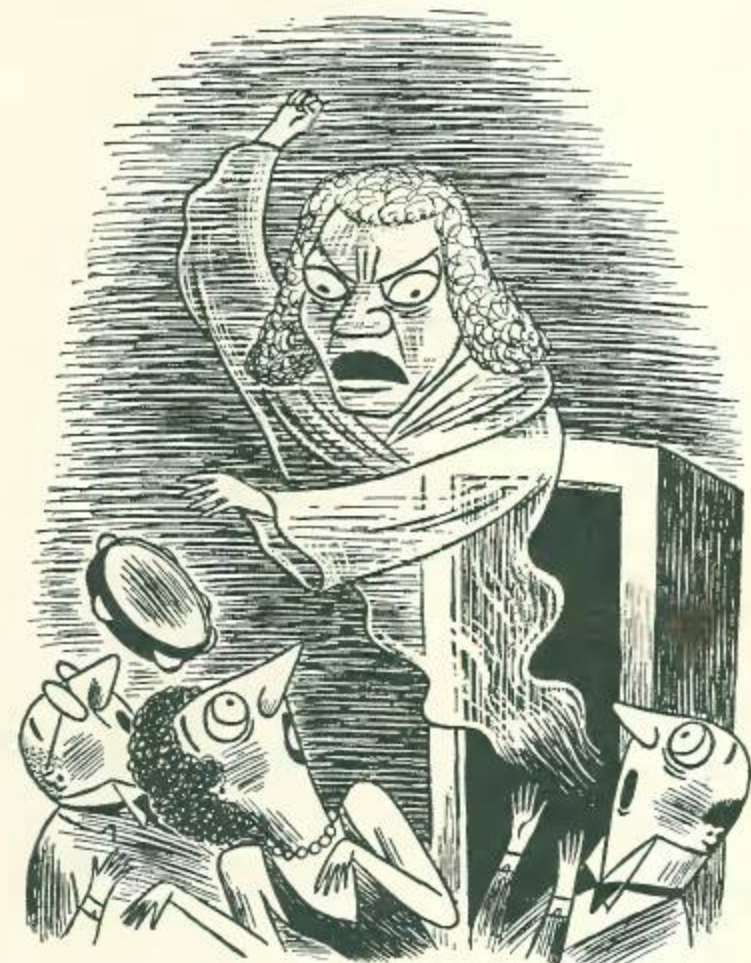
The auctioneer's sleight-of-hand has to be defter today than it used to be when there were fewer restrictions on commercial unconventionality. Once the auctioneer conversed with his confederates in frank pig Latin, or shamelessly called to the back room for "some more of those watches in the Dupe line;" today his instructions are buried in apparently innocuous portions of his selling talk. When Duff's all-seeing eye spots someone who might be a plain-clothesman, an investigator for a hostile trade association, or just a general busybody, whatever he has in his hands

LIMERICKS LONG AFTER LEAR

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becomes "Item No. 7," and that warns his abettors to lay off the strong stuff. The insipid ejaculation "I declare!" is an order to his shills to continue helping to declare, or hype, a prospect. When he senses that a legitimate bidder has been pushed to his limit, he injects an almost imperceptible "d. c." into his discourse: "I got five dollars (*d. c.*); make it six..." This means "don't cap" to his cappers. But code is necessary only in a pinch. Generally, Duff throws out "Folks, *I don't want you to bid on this*—unless you know the value of the merchandise," or a similar equivocation carrying the message to the initiate. The shills are expected to memorize the minimum price to which the stock items must be boosted. However, when Duff brings up an item that he thinks may be unfamiliar to them, he plays safe by assigning it a "catalogue number"—a figure twice the minimum selling price. When there are no legitimate bidders, Duff will quickly knock the lot down to a booster, at a fraction of its value, as an illustration of the bargains a smart customer may pick up at the Midtown if he acts promptly.

"Folks, I'm not an actor, a magician, or a comedian," Duff frequently declares, in the course of his lavish display of these three talents. He needs glasses



At spirit séances in Queens,
The spirits make terrible scenes;
Quite recently Bach
Shouted angrily, "Ach!
I'm sick of your damn tambourines!"
—MORRIS BISHOP

only for reading; when he ostentatiously puts on pince-nez while eulogizing a jewel, it is merely to dramatize his tribute. He uses the velvet-covered block the way a prestidigitator uses his hat. "Bring me all we have left of those sterling-silver manicure sets with the pin-seal cases," he bids his assistant. When eight or ten boxes are stacked behind the block, only the top one is visible. Duff removes the case from its cardboard slipcover, points out the stamps of authenticity on the instruments, and avers that they are "genu-

ine stolen silver—Oops, I mean *sterling* silver.” After passing the set around for inspection, he knocks it down to a shill for, say, two dollars, though a higher bid may have been on the tip of an honest tongue. This “leader” establishes the price at which Duff feels he can sell a number of the “few left,” and he magnanimously offers the remainder to any who want them at the same price, without the formality of further bidding. From behind his magic block he draws as many fabrikoid-and-nickel replicas of the genuine set as he finds takers. These are “lumpers,” worth, wholesale, sixty cents apiece.

Now and then Duff capriciously indulges in a *double-entendre* which is over the heads of his audience and yet hasn’t the excuse of being a veiled tip to his allies. When he jests that the watch in his hand is made of “cream cheese and sauerkraut,” he is merely enjoying a private joke. In the trade, a flashy but valueless bit of jewelry is often referred to in those terms. Similarly, when he boasts, “Why, we pick ’em off the mulberry bushes, down on Mulberry Street,” his tongue is in his cheek just for the fun of it. There is little chance that the innocent suckers will know that much of the stock of the Midtown actually comes from the district around the intersection of Mulberry and Canal Streets.

Down in that neighborhood, and along Broadway south of Twenty-Third Street, are large jobbing houses which deal exclusively in the sort of “slum” and “flash” merchandise the Midtown stocks. These terms embrace that whole tawdry galaxy of objects sold by pitchmen and offered as prizes at carnivals and county fairs and at the pin-ball amusement-machine stands around town. The stuff is made in Germany and Japan and by local sweatshop labor. A typical item is a three-piece nickel-and-wood carving set, elaborately boxed and labelled “Stainless Steel—Staghorn Handles—\$10,” which wholesales for fifty cents and brings, under Duff’s expert suasion, at least a dollar and a half. Another favorite is a string of “Genuine Indestructible Pearls,” costing perhaps a dollar and a half and not infrequently fetching as much as half of the fifteen-dollar price printed on the tag.

A dozen times a day, Duff reads aloud the indefinite message of a sign displayed prominently up near the front of the store: “Bankrupt Stocks and U. S. Customs House Smuggled Merchandise Will Be Sold at Public Auc-

tion,” and though he elaborates it into “*must be sold here today to the highest bidder*,” there is nothing to back up the legend.

The U. S. Assay Office receives the cases of most of the second-hand gold watches sold to jewelry stores or unredeemed at loan offices, but their movements and dials gravitate in large numbers to the section where Duff’s lush mulberry bushes flower. Here crews of busy gnomes clean and repair the second-hand movements and dials, and endow them with cases that glitter with rhinestone “diamonds” and chromium “platinum,” and place them in bogus jewelry boxes bearing some reputable firm’s trademark. It is one of these watches, having a wholesale value of about three dollars, that Duff will display under the incandescence, describe as “nationally avvatized at *never* less than fifty dollars,” and sell for as little as seven or as much as twenty. Though he represents it as brand-new, a second-hand tag is attached when the chump takes it to the back office, where it is speciously explained that *all* watches sold at auction must be so tagged. The fact that the chump thus accepts it, legally, as second-hand deprives him of recourse to the supposed manufacturer.

THE routine employed by grind-joint auctioneers varies only slightly. It’s pull them in, milk them, push them out, all day long. As soon as the barker has brought in the nucleus of a good “push” of spectators, the auctioneer mounts the stand and starts what is called a jam sale. “I wonder if any of you people,” Duff begins, fondling an elegant lighter, “were in here yesterday when we gave out free souvenirs? You see, folks, every day we use this method to avvatize the sale. We handed out about two hundred of these desk lighters to the men, and about a hundred compacts to the ladies. Now, we’re all out of lighters today, but we have some equally valuable tokens in the little boxes here that we’re handing out at this time. But you know, there’s some people come in here that I call plain *chisellers*. Why, we’ve had men try to grab four-five souvenirs apiece, and in order to prevent that, we ask you to trust us with a small deposit on each one, only a dime, just to make sure that they go to the people entitled to them.”

The dime, he explains, is not to pay for the presents, and it will be returned when they are distributed. To one who

shakes his head when directly solicited, Duff is likely to say, “I don’t blame you, brother, for not going into this thing without consulting your banker. But listen—if you haven’t got it with you, I’ll see if the boss will accept a smaller deposit.”

If Duff’s exhortations persuade you to join the folks who offer up their coins to secure one of the mysterious tokens, you will have to wait at least an hour before the souvenirs are handed out and the coins returned, for the sole purpose of this “jamming” is to assure your presence as long as there seems to be any money in the crowd. The average person slinks out, without the token or his dime, in about thirty minutes, long before Duff gets around to fulfilling his repeated promise to pass out the souvenirs “as soon as this lot is disposed of.” If you wait, you will ultimately be rewarded with the return of your deposit and something like one of the tie-holders that set the proprietors back a dollar and a half a gross. Your presence for an hour will have been worth that, for even if Duff has not succeeded in getting a bid out of you, you will have helped to anchor the crowd there.

Each of Duff’s sessions works up to the same climax—the sale of watches and diamonds, which yield the greatest profit. He holds up a “leader” watch bearing a respectable trademark and a 14-carat stamp, and has his assistant show it around. “Folks, I’m not going to ask the standard price of seventy-five dollars that you see on this box. I’m not going to ask seventy, or sixty, or even *fifty*. Say, I’m going to do something that I haven’t done in a long, *long* time. *Listen*, friends! Who out there will take a chance and bid me”—a pause, a dubious shake of the head, and the thunderous punch line—“*one* dollar on this watch?” The shills “give the pitch”—start the bidding—with a chorus of one-dollar bids, and Duff works back up the scale. “Man over there holds up two fingers,” he joshes, though none has. “Musta lost the other eight in a crap game.” He plays the bid up to twelve dollars, and though some honest chump may want the watch for thirteen, the “hammer,” as Duff figuratively calls his hand, will descend with unwonted suddenness, and a shill will take the watch to the back office, whence issues the cheery tocsin of the cash register ringing up “No Sale.” Duff calls back to ask if there are any more of them, and one of the owners sings out, “No, but we have the exact same thing in a slightly different

model," and the block man fetches a number of three- or four-dollar reproductions, to be "sacrificed at the same price." After Duff's eulogy of the leader, it is not necessary for him to dwell on the virtues of the lumpers, though he may roll out "*Sahlid go-o-oald*," and finish quickly, after a pause to allow his listeners to take in the gold clause, with the parenthetical "hands and numbers, ladies and gentlemen." If the watch is yellow, it may bear a light "kiss" of gold plating; white gold and platinum are satisfactorily simulated by cheap alloys.

Sometimes when he has a fairly large crowd, Duff prefers to enjoin the shills against boosting and take his own "air" bids, a procedure which requires a sort of double-jointed gaze and a delicate control of the facial muscles. As he holds up a ring and chants, "'Leven dollars—thank you, brother—twelve—thirteen—fourteen," his nodding glance may seem to be directed at someone right near you, but you hear no sound from that direction, and no matter how sharply you look, you will never catch so much as the tail end of a bidding gesture. Duff works these imaginary air bids against those of an eager chump. From his overseeing position he is better able to tell when the breaking-point impends, and in this way he avoids the danger of the chump's being pushed too far by the shills. The "blue-white diamond" he is working on may be a zircon (a genuine semiprecious stone, but far from a diamond) set in equally genuine, but hollow, gold. The intrinsic value is about five dollars. Duff knocks it down for nineteen, and at the same moment flashes one of the rummy's chimerical competitors a heartfelt "Too late, there, 'Twenty Dollars!' ... Oh, no! ... I said 'Sold,' and I'm not allowed to take another bid. I'm sorry."

Duff may use as a leader a diamond which is a genuine stone, but small and inferior and tipped with blue dye to give it an expensive color. It sets a stiff pace of from five to twenty-five dollars for the rings that follow—the cheap ones pure glass set in base alloy, the higher-priced ones ugly ducklings of the gem family mounted in lightweight gold or platinoid. If you are determined to have the leader and no other, you must bid twice, and probably three times, what it cost the Midtown.

When the "push" the barker brought in, supplemented by the drifters curiosity has added to the crowd meanwhile, seems to have been reduced to a pack

of deadheads, Duff employs an ingenious routine for verifying his suspicion. Let's say he can't get a single genuine bid on a lady's "baguette" wristwatch of a slightly better quality than some he has just sold for seven dollars. Duff airs the bid up to six, and then he takes a man's watch from the case behind him and asks if anybody would rather bid the six on that. "No? ... Say, I'm beginning to think what you people need is watchmen, not watches. But *wa-ait* a minute! I'm going to knock your *eyes* out! Would anybody out there"—he dangles the watches together and slaps the counter sharply—"bid me *six dollars* for the *both* of them? ... That is, if I was to sell the both of them for six? Hanh?"

If such a bid should be made, Duff would hype the price to fourteen or fifteen dollars, but generally the crowd has indeed been stripped of rummies by the time he resorts to this test, and remains mute. To make sure, Duff heaps a velvet tray with one watch and ring after another, pleading, with each addition, for the same six dollars. "Why, I'll bet if I put the *building* on there," he wails, "you'd say you've got a building, what do you want with another?" Should someone pipe up with "I'd give six for the lot," Duff's answer is "You would? Well, so would I! But remember, I said *if* I was to sell the whole lot for six dollars. We're not down to throwing the stock away *yet*." Such nibbles are rare, and the act usually culminates with "Well, we'll just pass this lot by." And now he announces, pointing to the modest items with which the barker enticed the firstcomers, "Gotta clear out this whole lot."

"Lot," in this instance, is the code word for "crowd," and when Duff begins to reiterate flatly, "All right, folks, just pick out anything you're interested in and I'll put it up," the shills lead a general exodus. It takes about two minutes to eject a used-up push, and in two more the block man gets up and starts barking for a fresh batch, again led in by the shills. These chumps will be taken on by the relief auctioneer, while Duff retires to the back room to rest his lar-

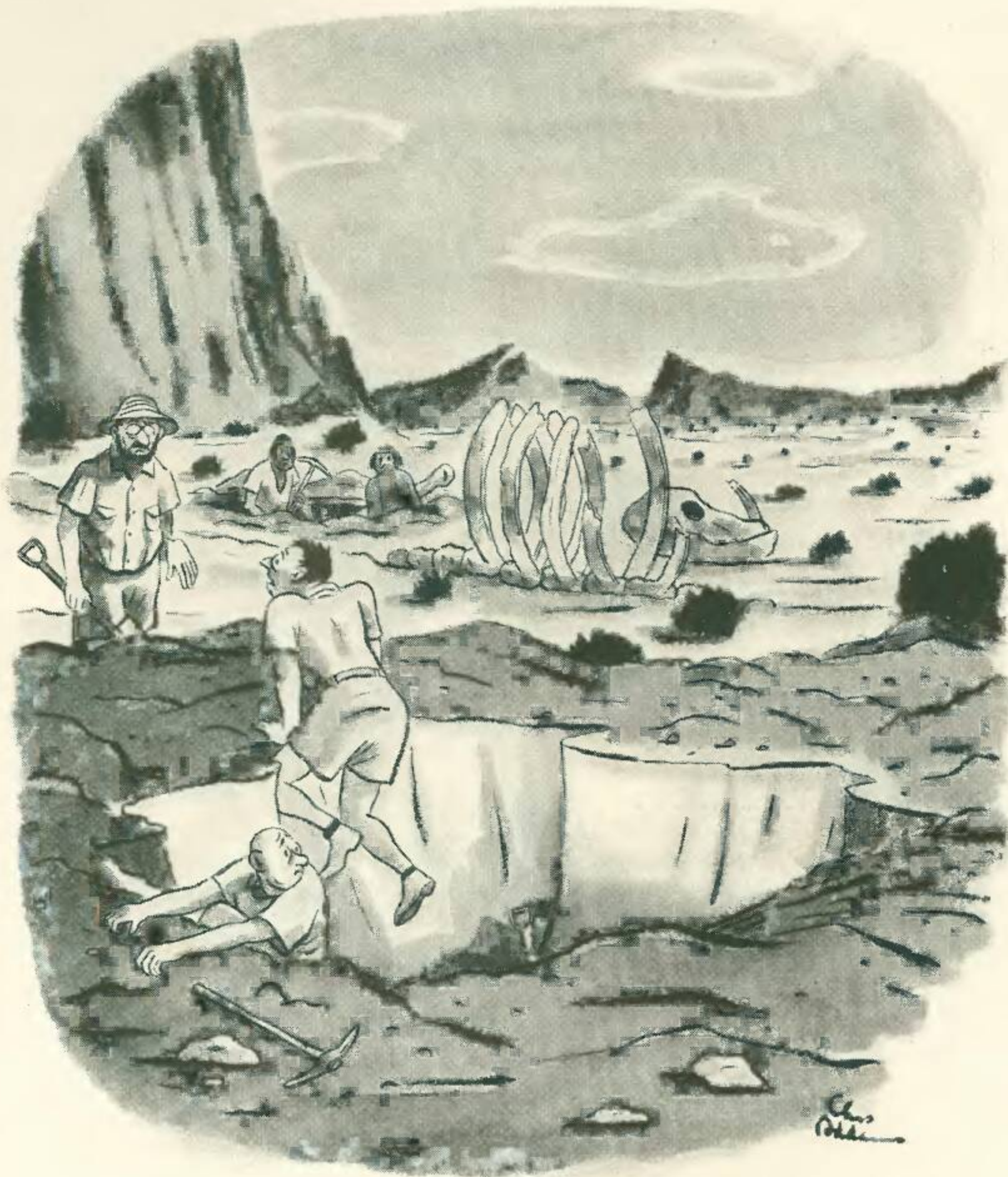
ynx, and perhaps to sip a glass of hot milk. He nurses his throat like an opera singer, limiting himself usually to one cigar a day. As soon as the relief auctioneer has worked his push for what they're worth, Duff will jump back into the leading rôle. There is no pretense of sharing the chumps equally between them; the relief man is an understudy and gets his innings only when Duff is forced to retire.

THE Midtown's Mr. Duff was born in the ghetto of New York City thirty-nine years ago. At sixteen he left school and, after a few irksome months in the garment shop where his father worked, took to following the fairs as a pitchman and concession hand, picking up a meagre living and many useful knacks. In Atlantic City, the Mecca of the crooked auctioneer, he rose from a job with a gambling-wheel stand to one in an adjacent grind joint, where he helped out at odd moments. His carnival spiel readily adapted itself to this new profession. For some years after that he travelled from town to town for a firm that bought out bankrupt jewelry stores and auctioned off its own counterfeit wares as good old Jeweler Jones' trustworthy stock. Back in New York, Duff hooked up with one grind joint after another, now in the city, now in Coney Island, until four years ago he found his berth with the Midtown—a stable concern, as such things go.

Duff is a solid citizen these days. He has left the ghetto far behind. Away from the garish Midtown he cultivates an air of respectability which suggests a prosperous salesman for some dignified concern. His wardrobe falls just short of Broadway flamboyance, and his accents now are a shade less elegant than those of a sideshow professor. He has a small, overstuffed apartment up on Riverside Drive, but doesn't spend much time there. His evenings are devoted to dinner at a chophouse, and then a fight, a movie, a Masonic lodge meeting, or a smoker. He used to be one of the Minskys' steady patrons. Duff is a bachelor still, but he often presents himself to his audience as a family man. "Why," he'll scoff, when the bidding is slow, "I'll bet if I put up my mother-in-law, somebody'd bid a dollar. But I'd fool 'em—I'd say 'Sold!'"

The way things are going, it won't be long before Duff can pick up a partner and set up a rival to the Midtown. So far, he's got seven or eight thousand dollars put away. An auctioneer is paid ten per cent of his sales.





"We had a mighty fine pterodactyl here, Professor, but it flew away."

Duff and his relief man are both given that, but Duff makes more because he is up front for longer sessions and, through greater experience, makes more of his time. He is the more important man to the Midtown, too, because he is the only one in the place who has a licence to conduct an auction. This costs him \$100.43 a year and involves the posting of a \$2,000 bond. There is little danger of his losing either. So far, the grind-joint auctioneers have gone practically untouched. The Board of Aldermen maintains it can't prosecute without a complainant, and there seem to be no public-spirited citizens who are anxious to press suit for fraud.

It is not absence of public spirit alone that accounts for the few complaints

brought against the grind joints. They are cautious. They concentrate on the obvious saps—usually small wage earners with a little money in their pocket—and try to avoid selling anything to citizens of obvious substance, who might make things hot for them. Most rummies never discover they have been rooked, and if they do, just shrug their shoulders and say nothing about it. The Midtown people have a strong aversion to refunding money. They will try to placate a disgruntled customer by exchanging something not so obviously worthless for his original purchase, their object being not so much to please him as to weaken the evidence of fraud in any court action that might be brought against them. If the cus-

tomers will not be put off with an offer of exchange, the boys in the back room crowd around him, step on his toes, and do their best to make him feel acutely that he is being a bad sport, and is possibly in actual danger of being hurt. This, like the confidential exhortations of the block man, is called ribbing, and if it doesn't succeed, the cop on the beat may even be called in to oust the adamant complainer. A place of business always seems legitimate to a cop.

About eight or nine years ago the Jewelers' Vigilance Committee, in conjunction with the Better Business Bureau, instituted a campaign against the crooked auction rooms. Their lawyer dug up a statute which makes it illegal to sell jewelry at auction in the city after sundown—sundown being defined as eight P. M.—and since the auction rooms were always running full tilt in the evenings, they hoped to catch them on this violation. The lawyer and a representative of the Better Business Bureau planned a series of raids, and applied to the Police Department for a detective to accompany them. That was their mistake. The detective was assigned them, but when they started their rounds, at two minutes past eight, every auction room up and

down Broadway was tight shut. The next night they were wide open again. The Vigilance Committee, seeing what it was up against, never made another attempt. The Better Business Bureau's efforts to prosecute the auctioneers for misrepresentation have always failed for lack of material evidence.

To an outsider, Peter Duff will confess to no greater business irregularity than that of exaggeration. He points out that it is a tool of salesmanship which is in universal use, and therefore legitimate. The rumors of abuses in the field, he insists, are largely unfounded. When anyone presses him on the subject, he replies that he is doing all in his power to clean up the industry from within. —CARLTON BROWN

GUINEA PIG

I WAS nearly drowned, in my youth, by a Red Cross Lifesaving Examiner, and I once suffered, in the noble cause of saving human life from a watery grave, a black eye which was a perfect daisy and embarrassed me for days. Looking back on my agonies, I feel that none of my sacrifices, especially the black eye, were in the least worth while. Indeed, to be brutally frank about it, I feel that the whole modern school of scientific lifesaving is a lot of hogwash.

Of course, I've had rather bad luck with lifesavers, right from the beginning. Long before I ever had any dealings with professional lifesavers my sister Eileen nearly drowned me, quite by mistake. My father once took us to a northern Michigan fishing camp, where we found the life very dull. He used to go trolling for bass on our little lake all day long, and at night come home to our lodge, dead-beat and minus any bass. In the meantime Eileen and I, who were nine and ten at the time, used to take an old rowboat out to a shallow section of the lake and, sitting in the hot sun, feed worms to an unexciting variety of small, undernourished fish called gillies. We hated the whole business.

Father, however, loved to fish, even if he didn't catch a single fish in three weeks, which on this trip he didn't. One night, however, he carried his enthusiasm beyond a decent pitch. He decided to go bass fishing after dark, and rather than leave us alone in the lodge and up to God knows what, he ordered us to take our boat and row along after him.

Eileen and I were very bored rowing around in the dark, and finally, in desperation, we began to stand up and rock the boat, which resulted, at last, in my falling into the lake with a mighty splash.

When I came up, choking and mad as anything, Eileen saw me struggling, and, as she always says with a catch in her voice, she only meant to help me. Good intentions, however, are of little importance in a situation like that. For she grabbed an oar out of the lock, and with an uncertain gesture hit me square on the chin.

I went down with a howl of pain.

Eileen, who could not see much in the darkness, was now really frightened. The cold water revived me after the blow and I came to the surface, considerably weakened but still able to swim over to the boat. Whereupon Eileen, in a noble attempt to give me the oar to grab, raised it once again, and socked me square on the top of the head. I went down again, this time without a murmur, and my last thought was a vague wonder that my own sister should want to murder me with a rowboat oar.

As for Eileen, she heard the dull impact of the oar on my head and saw the shadowy figure of her sister disappear. So she jumped in the lake, screeching furiously, and began to flail around in the water, howling for help and looking for me. At this point I came to the surface and swam over to the boat, with the intention of killing Eileen.

Father, rowing hard, arrived just in time to pull us both out of the water and prevent me from attacking Eileen with the rowboat anchor. The worst part about the whole thing, as far as I was concerned, was that Eileen was considered a heroine and Father told everybody in the lake community that she had saved my life. The postmaster put her name in for a medal.

AFTER what I suffered from amateur lifesaving, I should have known enough to avoid even the merest contact with the professional variety of water mercy. I learned too late that being socked with an oar is as nothing compared to what the Red Cross can think up as ways of drowning citizens.

From the very beginning of that awful lifesaving course I took the last season I went to a girls' camp, I was a marked woman. The rest of the embryo lifesavers were little, slender maidens, but I am a peasant type, and I was monstrously big for my fourteen years. I approximated, in poundage anyway, the theoretical adult we energetic young

lifesavers were scheduled to rescue, and so I was, for the teacher's purpose, the perfect guinea pig.

The first few days of the course were unpleasant for me, but not terribly dangerous. The elementary lifesaving hold,

in case you haven't seen some hapless victim being rescued by our brave beach guardians, is a snakelike arrangement for supporting the drowning citizen with one hand while you paddle him in to shore with the other. You are supposed to wrap your arm around his neck and shoulders, and keep his head well above water by resting it on your collarbone.

This is all very well in theory, of course, but the trick that none of Miss Folgil's little pupils could master was keeping the victim's nose and mouth above the waterline. Time and again I was held in a viselike grip by one of the earnest students with my whole face an inch or two under the billowing waves.

"No, no, Betsy," Miss Folgil would scream through her megaphone, as I felt the water rush into my lungs. "No, no, you must keep the head a little higher." At this point I would begin to kick and struggle, and generally the pupil would have to let go while I came up for air. Miss Folgil was always very stern with me.

"Ruth," she would shriek from her boat, "I insist! You must allow Betsy to tow you all the way in. We come to Struggling in Lesson Six."

This was but the mere beginning, however. A few lessons later we came to the section of the course where we learned how to undress under water in forty seconds. Perhaps I should say we came to the point where the *rest* of the pupils learned how to get rid of shoes and such while holding their breaths. I never did.

There was quite a little ceremony connected with this part of the course. Miss Folgil, and some lucky creature named as timekeeper and armed with a stopwatch, rowed the prospective victim out to deep water. The pupil, dressed in high, laced tennis shoes, long stockings, heavy bloomers, and a middy blouse, then stood poised at the end of the boat. When the timekeeper yelled "Go!" the future boon to mankind dived into the water and, while holding her breath under the surface, unlaced her shoes and stripped down to her bathing suit. Miss Folgil never explained what connection, if any, this curious rite had with saving human lives.

I had no middy of my own, so I borrowed one of my sister's. My sister was a slender little thing and I was, as I said, robust, which puts it politely. Eileen had some trouble wedging me into that middy, and once in it I looked like a stuffed sausage. It never occurred





Helen E. Hokinson

"She isn't really quaint at all. She's a college graduate."

to me how hard it was going to be to get that middy off, especially when it was wet and slippery.

As we rowed out for my ordeal by undressing, Miss Folgil was snappish and bored.

"Hurry up," she said, looking irritated. "Let's get this over with quick. I don't think you're ready to pass the test, anyway."

I was good and mad when I jumped off the boat, and determined to Make Good and show that old Miss Folgil, whom I was beginning to dislike thoroughly. As soon as I was under water, I

got my shoes off, and I had no trouble with the bloomers or stockings. I was just beginning to run out of breath when I held up my arms and started to pull off the middy.

Now, the middy, in the event you don't understand the principle of this girl-child garment, is made with a small head opening, long sleeves, and no front opening. You pull it on and off over your head. You do if you are lucky, that is. I got the middy just past my neck so that my face was covered with heavy linen cloth, when it stuck.

I pulled frantically and my lungs

started to burst. Finally I thought the hell with the test, the hell with saving other people's lives, anyway. I came to the surface, a curious sight, my head enfolded in a water-soaked middy blouse. I made a brief sound, a desperate glub-glub, a call for help. My arms were stuck in the middy and I couldn't swim. I went down. I breathed in large quantities of water and linen cloth.

I came up again, making final frantic appeals. Four feet away sat a professional lifesaver, paying absolutely no attention to somebody drowning right under her nose. I went down again, struggling



with last panic-stricken feverishness, fighting water and a middy blouse for my life. At this point the timekeeper pointed out to Miss Folgil that I had been under water for eighty-five seconds, which was quite a time for anybody. Miss Folgil was very annoyed, as she hated to get her bathing suit wet, but, a thoughtful teacher, she picked up her megaphone, shouted to the rest of the class on the beach to watch, and dived in after me.

If I say so myself, I gave her quite a time rescuing me. I presented a new and different problem, and probably am written up in textbooks now under the heading "What to Do When the Victim Is Entangled in a Tight Middy Blouse." Miss Folgil finally towed my still-breathing body over to the boat, reached for her bowie knife, which she carried on a ring with her whistle, and cut Eileen's middy straight up the front. Then she towed me with Hold No. 2 right in to the shore and delivered me up to the class for artificial respiration. I will never forgive the Red Cross for that terrible trip through the water, when I might have been hoisted into the boat and rowed in except for Miss Folgil's overdeveloped sense of drama and pedagogy.

I TRIED to quit the lifesaving class after that, but the head councillor at the camp said I must keep on, to show that I was the kind of girl who always finished what she planned to do. Otherwise, she assured me, I would be a weak character and never amount to anything when I grew up.

So I stayed for Lesson 6: "Struggling." After that I didn't care if I never amounted to anything when I grew up. In fact, I hoped I wouldn't. It would serve everybody right, especially Miss Folgil. I came a little late to the class session that day and missed the discussion of theory, always held on the beach before the actual practice in the lake. That was just my hard luck. I was always a child of misfortune. I wonder that I survived my youth at all.

"We were waiting for you, Ruth," Miss Folgil chirped cheerily to me as I arrived, sullen and downcast, at the little group of earnest students sitting on the sand.

"What for?" I said warily. I was determined not to be a guinea pig any more. The last wave

had washed over my helpless face.

"You swim out," Miss Folgil went on, ignoring my bad temper, "until you are in deep water—about twelve feet will do. Then you begin to flail around and shout for help. One of the students will swim out to you."

All of this sounded familiar and terrible. I had been doing that for days, and getting water in my nose for my pains.

"But when the student arrives," Miss Folgil went on, "you must not allow her to simply tow you away. You must struggle, just as hard as you can. You must try to clutch her by the head, you must try to twine your legs about her, and otherwise hamper her in trying to save you."

Now, *this* sounded something like. I was foolishly fired by the attractive thought of getting back at some of the fiends who had been ducking me in the name of science for the past two weeks. Unfortunately, I hadn't studied Chapter 9, entitled "How to Break Holds the Drowning Swimmer Uses." Worse, I hadn't heard Miss Folgil's lecture on "Be Firm with the Panic-Stricken Swimmer—Better a Few Bruises Than a Watery Grave." This last was Miss Folgil's own opinion, of course.

So I swam out to my doom, happy as a lark. Maybelle Anne Pettijohn, a tall, lean girl who ordinarily wore horn-rimmed spectacles, was Miss Folgil's choice to rescue Exhibit A, the panic-stricken swimmer.

I laughed when I saw her coming. I thought I could clean up Maybelle Anne easily enough, but alas, I hadn't

counted on Maybelle Anne's methodical approach to life. She had read Chapter 9 in our textbook, and she had listened carefully to Miss Folgil's inspiring words. Besides, Maybelle Anne was just naturally the kind of girl who ran around doing people dirty for their own good. "This may hurt your feelings," she used to say mournfully, "but I feel I have to tell you for your own good..."

When Maybelle Anne got near me, I enthusiastically lunged for her neck and hung on with both hands while getting her around her waist with my legs. Maybelle Anne thereupon dug her fingernails into my hands with ferocious force, and I let go and swam away, hurt and surprised. This was distinctly not playing fair.

"What's the idea?" I called out.

"It says to do that in the book," Maybelle Anne replied, treading water.

"Well, you lay off of that stuff," I said, angered, book or no book. Maybelle Anne was a Girl Scout, too, and I was shocked to think she'd go around using her fingernails in a fair fight.

"Come on, struggle," Maybelle Anne said, getting winded from treading water. I swam over, pretty reluctant and much more wary. Believe it or not, this time Maybelle Anne, who was two medals from being a Beaver or whatever it is Girl Scouts with a lot of medals get to be, bit me.

In addition to biting me, Maybelle Anne swung her arm around my neck, with the intention of towing me in to the shore. But I still had plenty of fight left and I had never been so mad in my life. I got Maybelle Anne under water two or three times, and I almost thought I had her when suddenly, to my earnest surprise, she hauled off and hit me as hard as she could, right in the eye. Then she towed me in, triumphant as anything.

Maybelle Anne afterward claimed it was all in the book, and she wouldn't even apologize for my black eye. Eileen and I fixed her, though. We put a little garter snake in her bed and scared the daylight out of her. Maybelle Anne was easy to scare anyway, and really a very disagreeable girl. I used to hope that she would come to a bad end, which, from my point of view, at least, she did. A letter from Eileen this week reports that Maybelle Anne is now a Regional Red Cross Lifesaving examiner.

I'll bet she just loves her work.

—RUTH MCKENNEY



Youngsters



"HAPPY BIRTHDAY to you"—and in the youngsters troop with their parcels—and their appetites. "For", say they, "what's a party without good things to eat?" . . . Ice cream and cake and party things of course—but also give them one simple hot sustaining soup. Mothers everywhere know how eagerly youngsters go for that good Campbell's Chicken-Noodle, with its golden egg noodles and tender pieces of chicken in a delicious broth . . . Or if it's Campbell's Vegetable Soup, they take just as eagerly to its delicious vegetables and tempting beef stock.

—or Oldsters

AND TO GIVE a zest to grown-up appetites, what is more effective than a tempting soup with downright good eating in every delicious spoonful? Sets a dinner off to a good start—and on the way to a fine finish. For example, there's Campbell's Pea Soup—a smooth purée of sweet, nutritious peas, blended to perfection with fine table-butter . . . Or Campbell's Consommé—a consommé that will do you credit, and of which you will be proud . . . And these are but two of twenty-one delicious kinds in all. How many have you tried?



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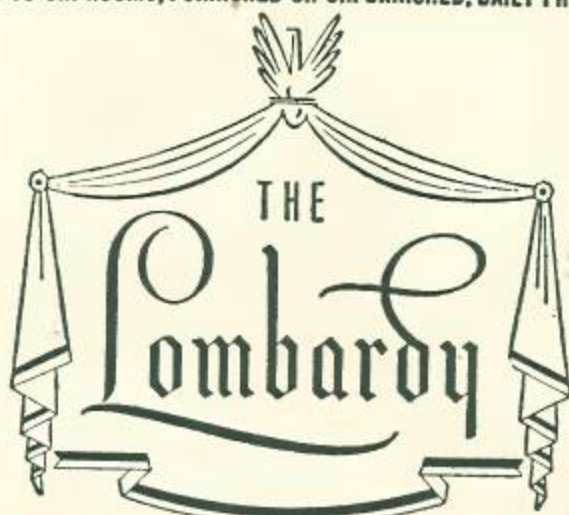
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OF ALL THINGS

THE Japanese declare that they would not think of violating their solemn agreement not to make war. What they are waging in China is just one of the less profound forms of peace.

The wages-hours bill finds little support from Southern statesmen. Dixie employers are in favor of hours but they do not believe in wages in any form.

Michael Williams of *The Commonwealth* has a solution for the Spanish problem which is so simple you wonder why nobody ever thought of it before. Everybody connected with the government should be hanged.

Thus far, a hundred New York statues of statesmen and generals have been repaired and restored to their original condition. The WPA will go on with its noble work until all our public art stands forth in its pristine ugliness.

New York politics has reached a state of delightful broadmindedness. Candidates are running for Mayor on each other's tickets in the chummiest way you can imagine.

Charles F. Kettering of General Motors predicts that thirty-seven million cars will be running around here in 1960. He takes the optimistic view that motorists can multiply faster than they subtract.

Probably the most literate of all Democrats is Mrs. A. J. Drexel Biddle, Jr., of Pennsylvania. She curled up with twenty thousand dollars' worth of those campaign books.

The Fall River Line and the Toonerville trolley have passed from the American scene. Now we are threatened with the loss of that other quaint old institution, Doc Copeland.

It seems that the Democrats who opposed the Court bill are not to be purged or liquidated to any painful extent. Now if the Republicans will stop admiring them, they will pull through.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER



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THE POLITICAL SITUATION

THE average citizen ought to have at least a glimmering of what is happening these days, so that when his little son comes to him some day and says, "Daddy, what did you do in the summer of the great Boy Scout Jamboree?" he can look the tot square in the eye and say, "Son, I incorporated my yacht."

Therefore a résumé of what is going on, with special emphasis on the inner significance of various trends, might not be out of place at the moment. If it fails to clarify the political situation for the average citizen it can at least ball up things so hopelessly for him that he will give a sharp cry of rage, fling the résumé from him, mix himself a double Scotch, and forget all about politics.

Well, in Washington the President quoted Shakespeare ("A plague o' both your houses"—*Romeo and Juliet*) when asked what he thought of the labor situation. His Court bill was lost, but plenty of chinwhack was heard from the embattled Demosthenes of the Senate before the debacle. ("Zounds! I was never so bethump'd with words since I first call'd my brother's father dad"—*King John*.) When the Court bill was defeated, the word spread quickly that this meant Mr. Roosevelt's finish as a statesman ("Thy wish was father to that thought"—*King Henry IV, Part II*).

Congress investigated tax evasions ("Base is the slave that pays"—*King Henry V*) and Representative Ham Fish ("Here will be an old abusing of God's patience"—*Merry Wives*) investigated Mrs. Roosevelt ("Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety"—*Antony and Cleopatra*).

In New York, Governor Lehman discovered in the nick of time that his conscience bade him denounce the Court bill. Al Smith was pushing Doc Cope land for Mayor ("Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows"—*The Tempest*). And a serious crisis developed at the Harvard Club when it was found that a portrait of President Roosevelt hanging in the entrance hall was causing sensitive members to develop blood pressures "so high they had snow on them" (*Dorothy Parker*). The President's portrait was removed to a room on the third floor where hanging was considered good enough for him, and the House Committee set out to find a more soothing portrait to hang in the main hall. At last reports it was a toss-up between "St. Cecilia at the

Organ" and "Dorothy Thompson at the Typewriter."

Even with hell afloat in Washington, we political experts found time for considerable speculation on who will run for President in 1940. That is to say, on the Democratic ticket. The Republicans will not attempt to grapple with the problem of 1940 until they find out who ran for them in 1936. The average citizen who wonders why we are worrying about 1940, with Europe and Asia in the shape they are in, and Tom Girdler at large in the United States, must bear in mind that Washington is a city of magnificent distances. Down there on a clear day a statesman can easily see from the Senate cloakroom into the Spring of 1940.

When a reporter asked the President about a third term, Mr. Roosevelt smiled and did not quote Shakespeare, although it was a splendid opportunity ("This is the third time; I hope good luck lies in odd numbers"—*Merry Wives*). Mr. Roosevelt said neither yes nor no. It is reported that a corps of trained etymologists in the pay of the Washington correspondents is at work in Dutchess County, delving into old records in an effort to discover if the Yankee saying, "I do not choose to run," has any counterpart in the patois of the Krum Elbow district. Recalling the orgy of philological speculation into which the Thirtieth Tenant of 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue plunged them in 1927, the boys want to be prepared for any emergency, but hope that

none will arise. They feel that this is no time for parsing.

THE Boy Scout Jamboree was a great success. The Scouts showed Congress how to make two sticks burn by rubbing them together, and Congress entertained the Scouts by showing them how to make two billions burn without even rubbing them together. The Democrats succumbed to the Scout influence and had their own jamboree on Jefferson Island and many a good deed might have been done that weekend had not the Congressmen, both New Deal and Anti, been carefully frisked for stilettos before they were allowed near each other.

The Scouts, in their turn, were affected by Washington, and hearing so much talk about 1940, they decided to show the politicians a thing or two about crossing bridges by selecting their candidate for 1952. Late (nine p.m.) conferences were held in smoke-filled (cubeb) tents in an effort to find a Scout who would be acceptable to all factions in that year. But the Scouts, shrewd lads that they are, refused to a man to consider the Presidency until the job gets to be less of a headache than it is now. That will not be before 1960 at the earliest, they agreed.

Senator Burton K. Wheeler was easily the busiest man in Washington this summer. In addition to being the official spokesman for God, he has been saving the President from himself, saving the Constitution, the Supreme Court, Our Priceless Heritage, and Our






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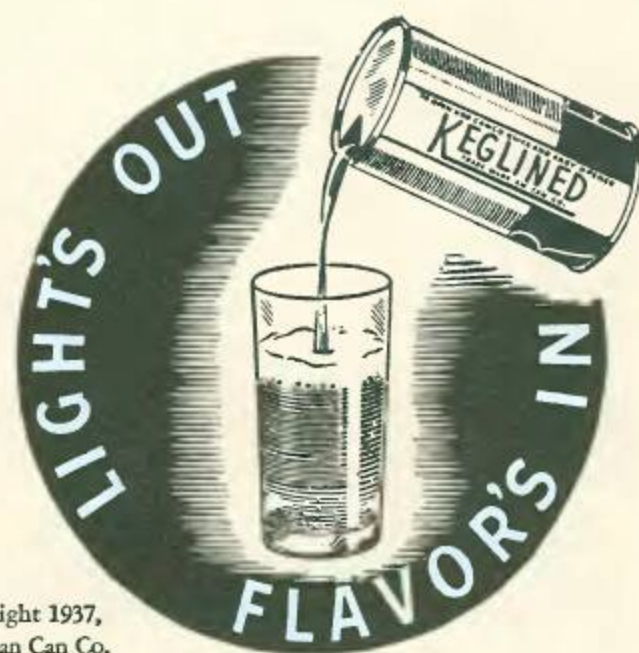
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90 PROOF

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PARK & TILFORD Import Corp., New York, N. Y.

Democratic Traditions, and doubtless in his spare time the Senator also saves tinfoil, cigarette coupons, and match boxes. No doughtier champion of Our Priceless Heritage and Our D.T.'s exists than Burton.

A Tory newspaper, solicitous as ever for the President, suggested that for the sake of his health he forego the rigors of a Presidential campaign in 1940 and enter the House of Representatives instead, as an elder statesman. It is an interesting proposal. Those who favor it argue that it would ensure Mr. Roosevelt's counsel and experience to the nation for an indefinite period. Those who do not favor it argue the same. Many oppose it on the ground that it might put ideas into Mr. Hoover's head. And who could be got to take over the White House? If Mr. Roosevelt entered Congress, the White House would be in the cut-rates in a month, while Congress would be packing them in. (We withdraw the word "packing" if it makes Senator Burke jittery.) It would take a box-office draw of the magnitude of Robert Taylor to keep the White House out of the red with a rival attraction like F.D.R. in Congress.

Those are a few of the problems that would arise. But there is one factor that does make the proposal sound awfully attractive. If Mr. Roosevelt were elected as member for Dutchess County, that would automatically retire the incumbent, Ham Fish, to private life.

NOW the Court battle lapses until later. We would be tempted to quote Shakespeare again and, changing "three" to "nine," say:

"When shall we nine meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
When the hurlyburly's done,
When the battle's lost and won"—

except that Senator Wheeler might become aroused and accuse us of packing "Macbeth," and of being ambitious to assume dictatorial powers which would imperil the very foundations of That Glorious Heritage which has been bequeathed to us by the Immortal Bard of Avon. (Applause)

—FRANK SULLIVAN

**DON'T GIVE IT A SECOND
THOUGHT DEPARTMENT**

[From the World-Telegram]

Q. Where is the University of Virginia and what are the college colors? A. Morgantown, W. Va. The colors are old gold and blue.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Having Terrible Time



WITH one possible exception, the only thing I could find to admire in any of the local theatres this week was the efficiency of the air-cooling systems. The quality of the pictures in general was such that looking at them for an hour and a half seemed far too great a price to pay for coolness, though; even if I had been cooled to a jelly, I could never have enjoyed "San Quentin," "It Can't Last Forever," or "Artists and Models." The film with the dubious distinction of being the week's best is a British-Gaumont import called "Ourselves Alone." "Ourselves Alone" is about the Irish rebellion of 1921, and, having said that, I needn't tell you any more about it. Any of you could undoubtedly tell me: the street scene in Dublin, with wisps of fog drifting past the dingy windows of a pub; the interior of the pub, with a young tenor singing "The Wearing of the Green," and Sinn Feiners in trench coats plotting in a corner; the dismal fate of the rebel informer whose treachery is discovered by his comrades; the crisp young British officer who falls in love with the sister of a Rebel leader—"I don't care if he did kill my brother. I love him, do you hear?" To sum the thing up briefly, "Ourselves Alone" is well acted, smartly directed and photographed, and so like "Beloved Enemy" and "The Informer" that it's astonishing.

"San Quentin" is a doleful treatise on penology, the plot being concerned with the results of a prison official's falling in love with the sister of one of the convicts, a thing which I very much doubt ever happens in real life. (The same brother-sister-lover triangle as in "Ourselves Alone," you see. It may be the way I was brought up, but I just giggle when I see a picture in which a girl gives up her lover because he's mean to her brother; simply doesn't ring true.) Humphrey Bogart and Pat O'Brien are in "San Quentin," and you must guess which of the two plays the convict-brother. "San Quentin" even denies one the wan pleasure usually to be derived from the jail-break sequences of prison pictures. The break is uningenious, improbable, and half-hearted. "San Quentin" is distinctly Grade B, with a low percentage of butter-fat.

Ralph Bellamy and Betty Furness,

THE WATER WITH THE "CHAMPAGNE" SPARKLE

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MIX 'EM WITH CANADA DRY'S SPARKLING WATER

There are times when a man wants to linger over a highball—and that's when he really appreciates Canada Dry's Water. The first sip of a highball mixed with Canada Dry's Water has an added tang and the last sip is as good as the first—because the sparkle lasts. You can leave an opened bottle of Canada Dry's


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YOUR GIN
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**GOOD ENOUGH
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or it isn't
**GOOD ENOUGH
TO MIX!**

A Swallow tells
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HUMIDOR-AGED*
berries and roots make!
*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



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MONTMARTRE BOYS

who is pretty, turned up in an ineffectual little comedy called "It Can't Last Forever." (Not "You Can't Have Everything," "You Can't Take It with You," or "Can't We Be Friends and Influence People.") The picture somehow involves a girl reporter and a fake mystic, and everything turns out happily. Maybe, if you're *very* unintelligent and uncritical, you wouldn't object to it.

"Artists and Models" I found staggeringly bad, incredibly inept, boring beyond the wildest flights of the imagination. To do it justice would require the pen of an O. O. McIntyre. The picture is a loosely put together collection of vaudeville acts, with Jack Benny loosely thrown in for good measure. "Artists and Models" is, I think, so bad that you probably ought to go and see it. Then go home and sit down and think of the hundreds and hundreds of people concerned in its production: writers, composers, musicians, directors, executives, salesmen, actors, electricians, carpenters, distributors, exhibitors, all collaborating busily over a period of months, and in the end dishing you up a turkey like "Artists and Models." It's really wonderful, in a way.

Well, better luck next week.

—RUSSELL MALONEY

"Do you know who the chap is, dancing with the girl in green?"

"Over there?"

"Yes."

"That's Roger Van Tyle."

"So that's Roger?"

"Yes, that's Van."—From a story in *Collier's*.

Tyle?

POESY DEPARTMENT (FINANCIAL DIVISION)

[From the *Albany Chapter News of the American Institute of Banking*]

BANK OF LIFE

Life, whether social or business, is a banking firm

Into which you deposit egotism, hard-heartedness and unconcern

Or other funds of character, heart and intellect.

Your alternative is deposit nothing—and the same expect.

You can draw nothing out but what you entrust,

Be it honor and esteem or inordinate lust; Many deposit nothing, expect to be paid with high rank.

It is merely a question of lodging the right securities in life's bank.

—VERNE STEELE

City National Bank and Trust Co.,
Gloversville.

THE TENNIS COURTS

Budge Against the World

WIMBLEDON, JULY 28
EVEN before the strange game began between Parker and Hare which was to give the United States that cherished and cumbersome silver bowl to take home, an article by H. W. Austin appeared in the *Evening News* announcing his retirement from Davis Cup play. He said, "It is scarcely worth my while to continue to play after the Cup is lost and so prevent perhaps a younger player from gaining valuable experience." I think he knew he couldn't beat Budge even if Hare were successful. All the English and some of the American sports writers detected that Budge was tired out, but Austin and I didn't. The Wimbledon champion could serve aces and make passing shots from a wheelchair, anyway.

Austin also announced that Hughes and Tuckey will probably retire, so that England must now begin building a new team from practically nothing. Right now their hopes for next year are about as bright as Roumania's. Austin tells of a highly promising young player of championship calibre who has everything except ambition. England's Number One feels that this country's tennis future lies with her young men's determination to carry on. Mr. Fred Stowe, on the other hand, bewails in the *Sunday Chronicle* the failure of the British Lawn Tennis Association to encourage young talent, and I gather he means financially. He cites the case of a brilliant youngster named Headley Baxter, on whose behalf Stowe interceded with the B.L.T.A. in vain. "The association was as helpful as a wet weekend," writes Stowe, "and Headley has gone into a job that will keep him out of tennis." That's something our own tennis stars don't seem to have to worry about—going into a job. Another of the papers here accuses the Association of snobbishness and says Perry was snubbed when he offered to help coach the Davis Cup team this year.

Budge has announced many times over here that he will not turn professional, and I hope the big offers will not bring from him his familiar "Oh, baby!" He is so fine playing against the whole world, one would dread seeing him descend to one of those dragging fifty-match series in smoky auditoriums against either one of the two richest young tennis players in the world.

Furthermore, I don't think you could tell much about the relative strength of Budge and Vines or Budge and Perry in a professional series. The same thing would go out of those matches that went out of the Budge-Austin match when they began playing after the fate of the Cup was settled. There were some beautiful games in it, but none of the tautness that breeds great play. It was as empty and meaningless as when Vines meets Perry in Kalamazoo after a sleeper-jump from the great Zanesville battle.

There is a bit of a clamor over here for an open Wimbledon, but it is no more likely to happen than at Forest Hills. Too bad. Vines and Budge and Perry at Wimbledon would be something worth going three thousand miles to see.


THERE was a lot of engaging comedy in the Budge-Austin match. It began when Budge got the giggles after serving three straight aces to lead 5-0 and 40-love in the third set. He giggled himself out of the game and lost three more. They began the fourth set using each other's racquets, and at the end of the fifth game walked to the sidelines and had tea together. Budge revealed a lightness of touch and an easy charm in this by-play that mixed well with his cannonball. When he stepped forward to be congratulated as the Cup was awarded, he was given the most tremendous cheer of the day by a gallery whose hearts he had completely won. He was a heroic figure throughout Wimbledon and the Cup matches, and although ice never once formed on his wings, he deserved a Broadway shower of streamers as much as Lindbergh.

Parker's victory over Hare was spoiled by the fact that Hare, who was taught to play by his mother, played as if he had been taught by his grandmother. Parker was prettily on top of his precise, fragile game, but I don't want to see either him or Grant on the team next year when Germany or Australia challenges us. Players who have no attack and no finishing shots make me nervous and I've been through enough anguish over here without having to go through it again.—FOOT FAULT

TOWN OF THE WEEK CLUB

King of Prussia, Pa.

Alternates: Alice, Texas; Ben Bolt, Texas.

● Altho Perry completely dominated the field during his amateur days, his remarkable success in recent pro matches has caused great comment among the experts. It is a fact worth noting, then, that Perry continues using Chrome Twist tennis strings, as he did in his amateur days. If Perry deems these strings important enough to his game to use them exclusively, surely, it is a tip well worth looking into for those who wish to improve their tennis. Johnson Suture Corporation, 2216 South La Salle Street, Chicago, Illinois.

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS



PARIS, JULY 28

SCHIAPARELLI seldom bothers to follow even the styles she launches herself, but for once she is completely consistent about the way hats should be worn. All her new ones are put on at the same angle as the Mac West hats shown with the Mid-season collection—right on top of the head, the brim jutting straight out in front, without the faintest suggestion of a conciliatory dip over the eyes. The most dramatic of them is a much-modified version of the hats worn by the Lord Mayor of London and his suite, who visited in Paris recently. The wide brim is flipped up in the back, folded, and caught down to the shallow crown with a bow of the same soft felt that makes the hat. It has an abrupt, restless movement: "As the wind blows," Schiaparelli elucidates, making swooping gestures with her hands. If you've ever seen a dignified hen manœuvring in a high wind, you've an idea of what she means—and, incidentally, a pretty good notion of how you'd feel with one of them in a high wind yourself. A huge flat beret has the same fly-away look—it's folded flat against the back of the head to form two wide points that are bent up like airplane ailerons at either side.

Suzanne Talbot makes Mexican sombreros with wide, upturned brims and high, pointed crowns. She uses a lot of black velvet, whereas other houses employ chiefly thin felts.

Less black has been worn in Paris this summer, and the all-black costume is the rare exception. Few of the new fall hats are shown in black; if the hat is black it has coloured trimming. Typical colour combinations already worn here: royal blue with rust, turquoise with black or dark blue, brown combined with orange and dark green, dark green with rust, Schiap's bright cerise-pink combined with black or dark blue.

The crusading spirit can be carried into prac-

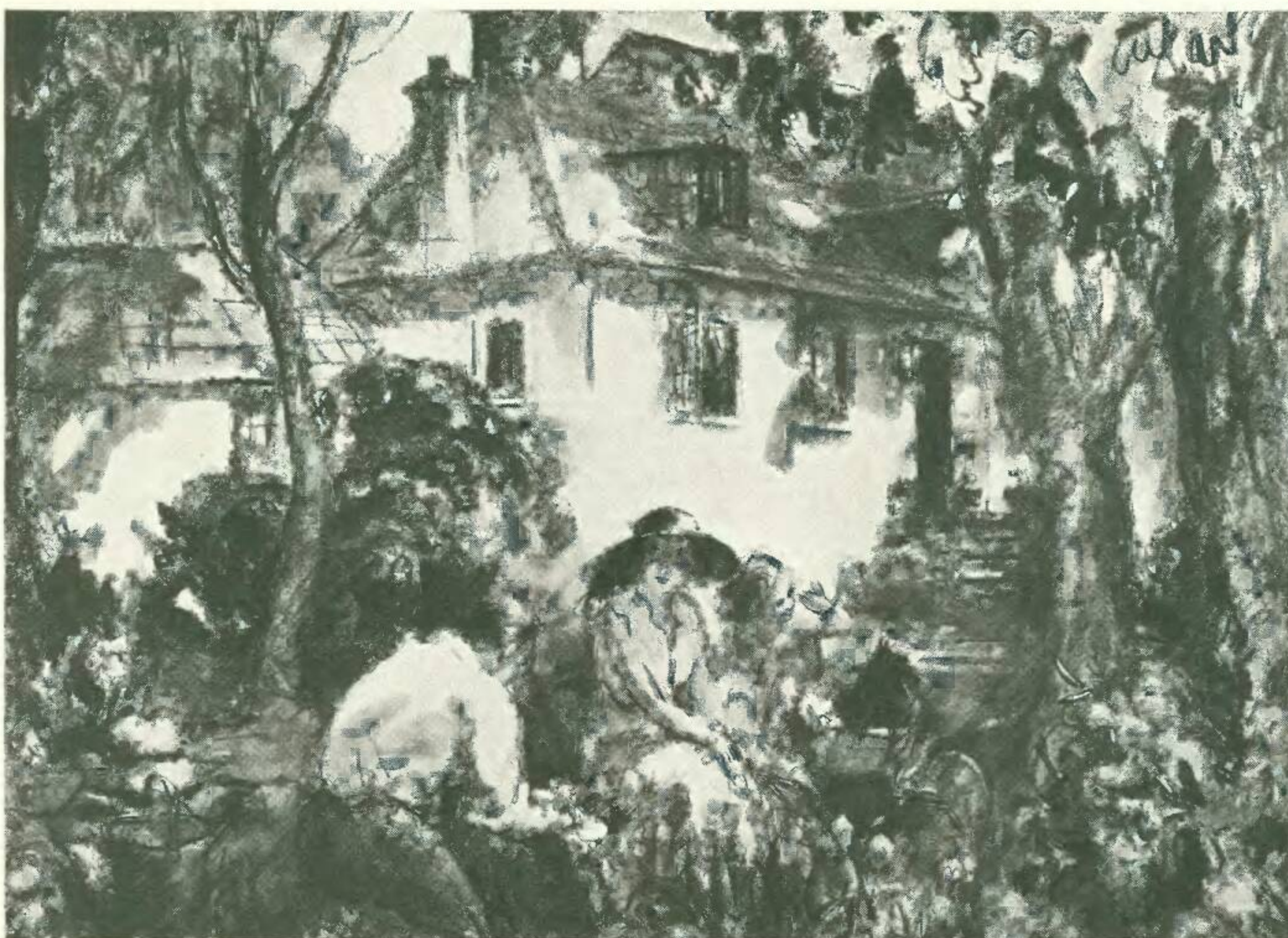
tically any field of human endeavour. Madame Annek applies it, with all the zest of a very fervent Circassian soul, to the making of fine lingerie. To her, none but the sheerest and cobwebbiest materials are permissible. If necessary, transparency can always be reduced by another layer of chiffon, a discreet veil of lace. "A round protuberant stomach emphasized by the shimmer of satin (she shudders convulsively), a high-lighted bulge... Ugh! How it makes me sick!" Rich fabrics, she maintains illogically, make lingerie look cheap. Annek's idea of discretion would scarcely accord with the censor's—one of her newest creations is a nightgown of palest yellow chiffon, entirely transparent and, furthermore, slit from waist to hem front and back. Another contribution to feminine allure and general seductiveness is a negligée of white Valenciennes lace, fitted in front and loose in the back, over

a white satin foundation. A nightgown of white chiffon edged with Val lace goes with it.

A white woollen dressing gown follows Annek's magical formula for combining utter simplicity and wanton luxury. The fabric alone is a dream of delight. Some time ago Annek gave to a woollen-weaver a piece of her husband's old Cossack coat; she wanted a much thinner material of the same type. Now she has it—slightly rough and homespun-looking, but as soft and downy as a newborn duckling. This particular house-coat is in ivory white, lined with deeper ivory-coloured satin; it's perfectly straight, fastened at the waistline, has short sleeves and a high round neck, and is bordered all round with lines of fine chain-stitching in dull gold. Long-sleeved and made to wrap over generously in front, it would be the snuggest and grandest-looking robe imaginable for winter. The woollen



"Sidewalk cafés—just like New York!"



“Home, Sweet Home”

It is a song of pleasant memories, a refrain that brings to mind joyful living . . . peaceful, contented hours . . . the security of an *individual* home.

John Howard Payne could scarcely have been thinking of an apartment when he wrote it years ago, far from the scene of his childhood.

Home, Sweet Home to the manufacturer, also is *sweet* music, but with added significance. It conjures up the vision of a *single-family* home and its proud owner, who prefers to invest his money for home comfort and beauty rather than expend it in other ways.

A *single-family* home needs many things that an apartment never requires. It must have its own heating and hot water unit, laundry equipment, porch furniture, screening, garden tools and household appliances by the score. It needs more furniture, rugs, draperies and kitchen equipment. And because its occupants eat more meals at home than apartment dwellers, they buy more branded and advertised food products.

Philadelphia has more of these *single-family* homes than any other city of America, more than in any one of

twenty-two states. The city comprises, in one compact area, the greatest market of individual homes in the Western Hemisphere.

And in this vast market of homes there is an exceptional newspaper situation, not duplicated in any other great American metropolis. One newspaper—The Evening Bulletin—goes into nearly every home . . . reaches nearly every Philadelphia family of every class and income.

89% of Philadelphia families with incomes of \$3,000 or more read The Evening Bulletin; 94% of families with incomes of \$10,000 or more.*

The Evening Bulletin's average daily circulation—521,057 for 1936—is all net paid. Its circulation far exceeds that of any other Philadelphia daily newspaper—morning or evening; one of the largest daily circulations in the nation . . .

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*From Survey of the A. A. A. A.

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View from The Pierre



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EDWARD H. CRANDALL
PRESIDENT

material comes in an enormous range of pastels and in dark blue and deep purplish red.

Hélène Yrande bases her fame on subtle and unusual colour combinations: pale blue and cherry-red, pale apricot and chartreuse, rose-pink and lilac. Yrande's nightgowns are all cut Empire-fashion, with a drawstring belt high under the bust.

Olga Hitrovo makes ensembles consisting of a little tailored jacket of organdie patterned in small scattered flowers or coloured stripes, worn over a chiffon nightgown embroidered in the same striped or flowered design. These ensembles are meant to be worn for breakfast and around the house in the morning, with a matching crepe or satin slip under the nightgown.

The craze for underwear and nightgowns in dark or vivid colours has abated, and there is a strong reaction to pure white or very delicate pastel shades: perverche-blue, pale wisteria, rose-pink, yellow, and a very soft, delicate mist-grey that is really off-white. —V. A.

ABOUT THE HOUSE

Doodads for Terraces and Pants for Pups

WHEN the next telephone Red Book for New York City is distributed it will be the richer by at least one new classification. This is all the fault of a place called The Terrace and Garden Shop, at 126 East 57th Street, whose proprietors do not know what to call themselves if not "exterior decorators."

It would, in fact, be difficult to find a more descriptive and suitable name; even the Telephone Company could see that. For The Terrace and Garden Shop has no mission other than the furnishing and decorating of terraces and gardens, whether in town or in the open country. It will undertake complete exterior decorating jobs, superintending all details short of actual planting; or it will sell you the means—the furniture and fountains and sculptures and small, endearing bits of miscellaneous nonsense—wherewith to make for yourself a garden spot in which you will be content to spend the rest of your days, happily contemplating the work of your own hands. If the little dell you planned this spring did not turn out as bosky as you'd hoped, or your terrace has developed that mid-summer dreariness, you may find here just the things to brighten it up.

They have a talent at this shop for

The Graduate New Yorker

AT this time of year, the Graduate New Yorker takes special stock of his blessings every Friday afternoon.

As he passes through Grand Central to his 5:27 train for Bronxville, he is surrounded by a seething mass of anxious, perspiring folk, laden with suit cases and the paraphernalia of sport . . . fleeing the city for the week-end or setting forth for the annual vacation away from the steaming pavements.

What a contrast to all this stupid effort is the holiday that the Graduate New Yorker can enjoy every week-end in Bronxville! All the vacation pleasures sought afar by others await his family right at home or within a short drive over uncrowded byways.

And in moving away from the city, the Graduate New Yorker has not separated himself from its contacts, for Bronxville is reached more quickly than his former city apartment—28 minutes from Grand Central.

With the holiday mob behind him, the Graduate New Yorker sinks into his comfortable seat on the 5:27 and opines that there must be lots more nice people who would eagerly graduate to Bronxville if they only knew its advantages as does he.

Lawrence interests own and offer you a choice of over sixty apartment groups, English-type terrace houses, detached homes, and the delightful Hotel Gramatan. Apartments have 3 to 9 rooms at rentals from \$70 to \$240. Social restrictions assure desirable neighbors.

You must SEE Bronxville to realize its fascination

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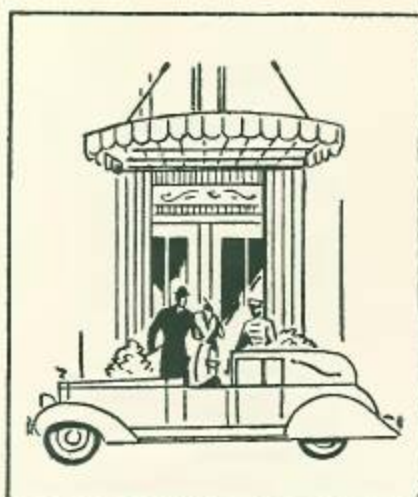
VERSAILLES
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AMERICA'S FINEST CUISINE

turning incongruous things to garden uses, which should please the imaginative and the thrifty alike. Seeing potential bird-baths in scooped cast-iron decorations on old hallway hatracks, is one of their smart tricks. Making a gigantic hurricane-globe for a fat candle out of one of those great glass bubbles that used to hold red and green water in every drugstore window, is another. They have found that ancient iron fire-tongs stands can be useful and handsome in a garden, if you train a vine up over the back and fill the shell-shaped base with water for birds to splash in; that discarded railroad-station oil lamps are just the thing to set upon tall posts for outdoor illumination where electric wiring is impractical; that rococo cast-iron gas chandeliers can be painted white, fitted with potted plants, and hung against tall garden fences with great decorative effect; and that discarded metal bird targets out of shooting galleries look like something created at great expense for the very purpose when strung in decorative flocks of six or more along a blank terrace wall. They even have an old sitz bath, to set beneath a wall fountain and plant with water lilies. This, at \$25, is one of the more costly pieces of the group. The shooting-gallery birds, for instance, are \$18 for six; the chandelier plant bracket is \$7.50; the fire-tongs-stand bird-bath, \$10. If you were to turn these exterior decorators loose in your own attic, it's likely they could trim up every porch and terrace around the place without going any farther afield.

You can buy a tiny sundial for a child's garden for \$2.50 at The Terrace and Garden Shop, or you can spend \$65 for a heroic zinc figure of Flora, the Goddess of Flowers, clasping in one fist a holder for the nozzle of your garden hose. And they have new and modern fancies, such as murals done in curly white wire, for terrace walls (you can buy the figures individually and make up your own picture groups); and new sculptures that can be ordered in any size from rough clay sketches. Their gate-post figures in cast stone and hand-carved wood are beauties—roosters, squirrels, horse heads, swans, and geese, from \$75 up into the hundreds; and their porch and garden furniture includes sensible iron-and-pine adaptations of the Windsor style, perfect for a New England farmhouse setting.

NEWS from here and there: Wanamaker has the new Toast-O-Lator, for making toast the way it's

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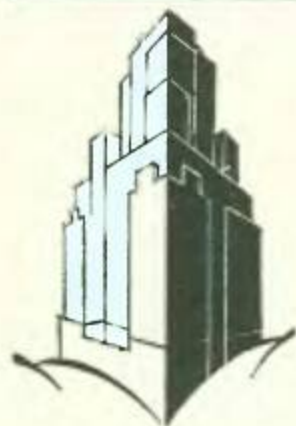
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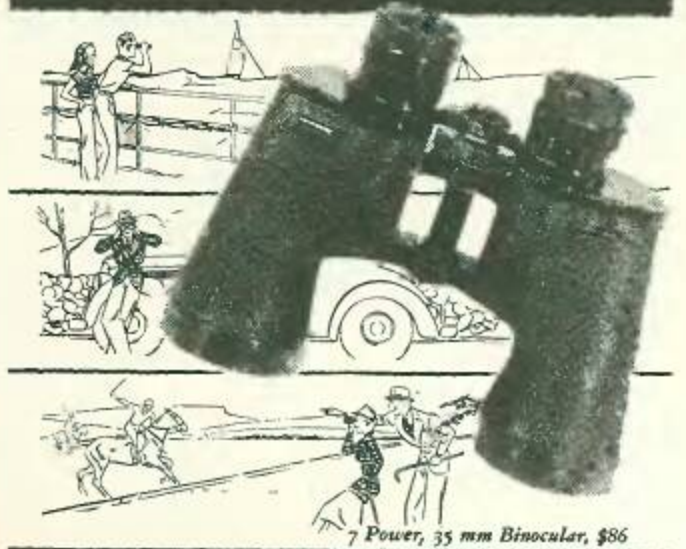
Tariff from \$2.50 per day. From \$12 per week.
Write for descriptive booklet "Y."

The Barbizon
LEXINGTON AVE., at 63rd ST.
NEW YORK CITY

done at lunch counters. You feed the bread slices in at one end and a few seconds later they emerge, brown and crisp on both sides, at the other. The machine has a wide, flat top to stack your accumulated toast on, so it will keep hot until you catch up. \$13.95 in the housewares department. . . . Bathroom jars and bottles, covered with raffia and shellacked, are \$1.25 each at Carole Stupell, 443 Madison (50th). You may have your choice of legends inscribed upon them in raffia script. . . . Lewis & Conger have something very fine in sachet-scented paints for bureau drawers and linen shelves. A dab of the stuff makes a whole chest or closet smell for months of your favorite flower. . . . Dennison's are selling a masterly picnic hamper for \$1.00. It's unfitted, of course, except for a collection of the implements you always forget, tacked on underneath the lid—corkscrews, can-openers, and such. To raise this right up to the level of the expensive refrigerated sort, buy one of Wanamaker's sealed tins of water, to freeze solid in a refrigerator tray the night before and carry along among the sandwiches. These are eighty cents a tin, stay frozen for hours, and can be used again and again. . . . Altman is taking orders for bath linens embroidered to match fancy bathroom wallpapers (don't forget to take along a sample). . . . Saks-Fifth Avenue has housetraining pants for your incorrigible pup. They're incorporated in a neat linen coat which is supposed to hoodwink your ribald friends as to the real purpose. \$3.75 in the Dog and Cat Shop.

"NAVIGATOR," new in the parlor-game world, is a good one for mid-summer because it will divert you without undue mental strain. Players become masters of sailing vessels which tack about on a nautical board, directed by card draw. Two to eight can play, and winning is neither entirely a matter of luck, nor too easy to be any fun. "Frisko," on the other hand, is a game of chance, pure and simple, even if you think you have a system. You play it with dice, chips, and numbered tiles which serve the same purpose as the board in roulette. With a fast Friskoer rolling the dice, the betting rapidly reaches the breathless stage, and don't think you can't lose—or win—plenty of money. "Frisko" equipment is well-made and attractive, and the game is the classic sort that won't bore you after you have played it once or twice. Bloomingdale has "Frisko;" Macy has "Navigator." —B. B.

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THE RACE TRACK

Be Kind to Favorites Week

IT is possible that I've hit by accident upon another way to find winners. At least you can take it for what it's worth. When an owner, trainer, or jockey was especially downhearted about the chances of his horse at Saratoga last week, the animal invariably finished in the money—or anyway it happened so often that it seemed like invariably.

Take, for instance, William Ziegler, Jr.'s, Esposa (and everyone wishes he had, for she's won twice at good odds): Matt Brady, the most optimistic trainer I know, tried to have Esposa excused from the Wilson Stakes because he was afraid that a hard race with Aneroid would weaken her chances for the Saratoga Handicap. However, officials persuaded Brady not to withdraw Esposa, as it would reduce the Wilson to a two-horse affair. Well, it was a two-horse race anyhow, for Aneroid simply couldn't raise a good gallop—nobody knows why, not even the Racing Commission's veterinarians, who did everything but take Aneroid apart—and Esposa beat Mrs. Payne Whitney's Forty Winks.

Although none of the runners for the Saratoga Handicap had a Class A rating on the list of Jack Campbell, handicapper for the Jockey Club, one couldn't help being enthusiastic over Esposa, who carried top weight and led throughout the race. Of course she's also the leading winner of the meeting, for the two sweepstakes were worth around \$11,000, not including the silver kickshaws which will adorn her owner's sideboard. Campbell says that there are only ten Class A thoroughbreds on his list, but he has plenty of Class E animals.

Getting back to surprises—and there have been plenty of them, I can tell you—there was the case of That One, who just missed winning the Test Stakes at 40-1 by about an inch and a half. Arcaro, That One's jockey, was so sure she would be scratched that he didn't bother to be at his best riding weight, and used a heavy old saddle instead of a light one. Despite this, That One was caught only in the last stride by Evening Tide, while Drawbridge, who almost nobody believed could be beaten, was lengths behind. It was suggested that Drawbridge ran badly because she wore a bar plate, which is a

sort of orthopedic shoe, on one foot, but the Hon. George thinks she might have been wearing a roller skate.

UNQUESTIONABLY the shocks of the week were the defeat of Jock Whitney's Pumpkin, in a race which, with no forethought, had been called the Pillory Purse, and the utter discomfiture of Sonny Whitney's The Chief in the United States Hotel Stakes. Pumpkin, it seems, has developed a streak of temperament and a tendency to bolt across the track while running. He did a thorough job in the race last week, reminding Ed Bradley and many others of the famous run-out Bubbling Over took with Sande twelve years ago. Although he lost a dozen lengths at the head of the stretch, he came on again and would have won if the race had been a bit longer. Thomas Hitchcock says that Pumpkin's habit of getting off on the wrong foot can be cured by teaching him to cut figure-eights like a polo pony, but the chances are that he'll wear blinkers and perhaps a run-out bit, an easier and quicker way to make him behave.

The Chief's trouble is more easily diagnosed. He is a big, long-striding colt and can't run on a muddy track. Workman, who rides him, said after the United States Hotel Stakes that The Chief slid and skittered so badly that he almost had to pull him up. Too bad, for The Chief's grown into the best-looking two-year-old I've seen this season, and he's a beautifully balanced galloping machine on a fast track.

As for Trade, if he doesn't win his next start I shall be surprised. He is as smoothly turned a colt by Royal Minstrel as I've seen, but he hasn't the power of The Chief.

Frankly, I don't think that Dewitt Page has another Maedic in Maetall, who skipped nimbly through the mud and won the Flash (someone called it the Splash) Stakes, and I don't believe that you'll hear a great deal more at this meeting about Alvin Untermeyer's Chaps, who brought off a 15-1 chance in the United States Hotel Stakes. Untermeyer has been quite lucky at picking up cheap yearlings and winning rich, important races with them the following year. Chaps, a quick



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colt by Lee O. Cotner, cost only \$800 at the Saratoga Sales, and earned \$7,700 last weekend.

I DON'T know when there have been so many long-priced winners at Saratoga. Gloombuster at 30-1; Long Wave at 20-1; Chaps, Watchcase, and Fairy Hall at 15-1. Oh, well. Colonel Tantivy Martingale, who has opened Bounding Cheques, his summer cottage, is getting up a petition for Be Kind to Favorites Week. Won't you join? He already has two hundred and seventy-seven signatures: state senators, cottagers, amateur handicappers, two bookmakers, and the weather man, who promises that there won't be more than two rainy weekends at the meeting. But you know how those weather men are. They keep promises just like steeplechase jockeys.

At least there has been variety in the steeplechases. I'm thinking particularly of the race in which three horses fell, and Scott took the wrong turn with Thomas Hitchcock's Yemasee. After the race, C. S. Shockley, who owns Sari II and other Chilean horses, wanted to sell Mr. Hitchcock the contract of a steeplechase jockey who he said was the best jumping rider in Chile. Mr. Hitchcock declined with thanks.

Saratoga's Grande Semaine begins this week with the Saratoga Special (if you must know, my choice is still Pumpkin) and the Merchants' and Citizens' Handicap, which won't take much winning, as Scabiscuit, Aneroid, and the other good ones will be at Suffolk Downs for the \$50,000 Massachusetts Handicap. I hope Dawn Play, who was knocked down by a bolt of lightning last week, will be at the top of her form again, or at least good enough to beat Regal Lily and Drawbridge in the Alabama Stakes. You should see the Alabama on Wednesday and the Delaware Handicap on Friday, but I really can't get terribly excited over The Travers.

DON'T forget that Greyhound will try to break his own record for a mile on Tuesday, August 10th. My guess is that he'll do it. The Hambletonian, on August 11th, is harder to pick than The Travers.

—AUDAX MINOR

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[Alice Rice Cook, personality adviser, quoted in the Herald Tribune]

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Pennsylvania at the Stadium—Wagner Re-Viewed

HARRISBURG and Philadelphia made contributions to the Stadium season last week, Harrisburg offering George King Raudenbush, conductor of its own orchestra, and Philadelphia presenting The Philadelphia Ballet Company. Mr. Raudenbush made his New York debut as a conductor the evening after Fritz Reiner, who also has certain Pennsylvania connotations, and who completed his Wagnerian cycle with a concert resumé of "Tristan und Isolde" which drew an extraordinarily large assembly to the Stadium.

It may be that Mr. Reiner and his able Wagnering used up most of the available audience for the first part of the week, because Mr. Raudenbush's first greeters could have sprawled across ten seats each without crowding the place. "Tristan" may also have used up the orchestra, for the excellent Philharmonic-Symphony went this way, that way, and sometimes in even stranger directions, for the early part of the concert. Possibly there hadn't been time for Mr. Raudenbush to rehearse the "Euryanthe" overture and Brahms' second symphony so that they'd arrive the way he wished.

After Weber and Brahms, Mr. Raudenbush turned to Samuel Barber's "Music for a Scene from Shelley," which sounded as though it had had a good going-over before the concert. Here Mr. Raudenbush came into his own as a conductor. He made it plain that he appreciated the sensitive music of Mr. Barber (who also is a Pennsylvanian, West Chester being his birthplace) and he got what he wanted from the orchestra. Mr. Raudenbush shouldn't be labelled and put away for reference on the basis of his first concert, but he obviously is a musician of taste and experience. He also is an enterprising confector of programs, with a beautiful lack of fear of American music.

THE Philadelphia Ballet, which had shown its talents at the Stadium last year, returned for what seems to be the first New York performance of Tchaikovsky's ballet, "Sleeping Beauty." One act of the ballet, "Aurora's Wedding," is a staple in the Russian repertory, but the complete show was a novelty in town. The story is a

plush edition of the familiar fairy tale, and it gives the dancers lots of invitations to hop, skip, jump, and do all the rest of the classical ballet tricks.

Miss Catherine Littlefield, executive director, choreographer, and prima ballerina of the company, has assembled a nimble and unusually good-looking troupe, which put on a well-paced performance. It wasn't sensational (it's pretty hard to be sensational with this sort of material), but it made a pleasant enough evening's entertainment. Good clean fun would be my general impression.

The music is mostly superior Tchaikovsky, effective for ballet, and good listening on its own. Alexander Smalens, an old practitioner in the business of directing ballet music, gave one of his de-luxe presentations, with alert and tuneful help from the orchestra.

WAGNERIANS will find a usefully provocative article about staging "The Ring of the Nibelungen" in the July-September issue of *The Wagner Quarterly*, published by the Richard Wagner Society. The author is Dr. Ernst Lert, a stage director whose adoration of Wagner is tempered by a notion that the ubiquitous Wagner "traditions" aren't what they used to be, and, as the saying is, never were. He hasn't much respect for the phoniness of the action that is inflicted on most performances of the Ring, and he doesn't just kick about it. He tells how he thinks the music dramas ought to be done, and what he says is practical stuff. You can get a copy of the *Quarterly* for a quarter from the Society at 528 West 111th Street.

The week's Pennsylvania motif also turns up in this item, too, for Dr. Lert, among his other activities, is head of the opera department of the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

The affair will be divided into two parts. The king will preside in the white and gold ballroom, where the famed royal gold plate will be used, and Queen Elizabeth will officiate in the supper room, where the guests will be served on five empty freight cars.—*Syracuse (N.Y.) Journal*.

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YACHTS AND YACHTSMEN

A Delightful Sail

ALL those who went to Newport last Saturday expecting to see Sopwith get his revenge were, to be mild, slightly let down. As this is being written, the first race—or maybe we should say the first afternoon sail—is over, and Endeavour II is a badly beaten challenger. We must confess that we were amazed at the way things turned out, for we had a hunch that the America's Cup was due to change hands this year. Right now we should say that the correct odds are about a thousand to one that it'll stay in Tiffany's vault, and about a hundred dollars to a piece of hardtack that Sopwith won't even take a race.

It's not that we have lost any faith in Endeavour II, for we still think that she is capable of giving Ranger a good rub, but she isn't getting the benefit of consistent good handling and that's what pays off in match racing. Nor has she the sails to compete on even terms with Ranger. All her canvas—at least the mainsail and jibs that she showed—quite obviously was as flat as a board, and didn't seem to have much drive to it. Furthermore, it seemed to us that except for the first ten minutes of the race, Endeavour was being pinched on the wind. Of course it's the easiest thing in the world to pick flaws in a man's race, for there never has been a perfectly sailed race and never will be, but from what we saw, Harold Vanderbilt is head and shoulders above Tom Sopwith as a helmsman, tactician, and organizer.

The start was perhaps the most interesting part of the match for the huge spectator fleet. Things were delayed almost an hour while the Coast Guard frantically tried to clear a starting line, but there were so many boats out there that the patrol boats were completely bewildered. A clearly-marked restricted area would have been the ticket. Anyhow, after a long wait the two boats started jockeying for the line, and that was the only time that Endeavour II had the upper hand. Sopwith had a nicely-timed start in the safe leeward position and was lee-bowing Ranger. In order to clear her wind, the latter took a tack soon after the start, but the British boat covered and looked good. From that point on it might be said that Sopwith "blew." First he killed his boat by trying to outpoint Ranger, and then

he resorted to short-tacking and steadily dropped astern. Vanderbilt also profited by a couple of wind shifts, but was obviously getting more speed out of his craft. At the weather mark, he had a lead of a quarter of a mile, but that did not represent the correct difference in the two boats' speeds. Going down-wind to the finish, the Endeavour's afterguard seemed to think that it was a hopeless stern-chase, and instead of trying something out of the ordi-

nary they laid a course for Ranger's counter and took their beating resignedly. When the defender was thirty seconds away from the finish line, some one on the British boat suddenly remembered that they had a spinnaker aboard, so it was set with a great deal of ceremony and caused a great cheer to rise from the sidelines. As Endeavour II was then hull-down astern, this burst of energy was scarcely more than a last fighting gesture and absolutely useless, but very impressive.

WE got more fun out of paddling around the harbor after the race than we did out of Ranger's performance. Every conceivable type of yacht and yachtsman was on hand and you could almost jump from boat to boat, they were so thick. After the race there was a marked note of sadness running through the fleet. The general opinion seemed to be that Endeavour II deserved better treatment. Everyone, of course, including ourselves, had an opinion on how she should have been handled. We wouldn't own a "J" boat for anything.

The most appropriate remark of the day was passed by one of Endeavour's afterguard. Someone suggested that his "old man" must have felt a bit discouraged upon seeing Ranger disappearing in the distance. "Oh no," he said, "on the contrary, we had a delightful sail."

FLOTSAM: A motor boat named Sonofa giving the patrol boats a lot of trouble by feigning to be out of gas in the middle of the course. . . . The old die-hards around the N.Y.C. station wearing yachting caps that make them look like conductors. . . . Lank Ford, with his seagoing piano, much more in demand than all the Newport debutantes put together. —BOSUN





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TEE AND GREEN

*Dull Days at Westfield—
Ho Hum, a Hole in One*



THE New Jersey Open at Westfield last week turned out, as usual, to be a thoroughly pleasant little country tournament, improved by weather that was hot enough to be an entirely adequate excuse for sitting on the porch instead of following the contestants. Except for the exciting play-off and the sensational round by Craig Wood that made it necessary, there was nothing much going on around the course that deserved enthusiasm. Ghezzi's two 68's on the first days of the event were models of orderly stroke-making, but neither of them contained any historic shots. The very fact that nothing about the tournament aroused any particular furor was, however, probably its most noteworthy feature.

The line-up at Westfield included only a handful of celebrated players. Outside of the two who tied for first place with 278, Johnny Farrell, the defending champion, Clarence Clark, and one or two well-known amateurs, there was no one in the list of entrants whose chances in a national championship would have been rated much better than a hundred to one. Nonetheless, when all the scores were posted, there were twenty-four under 300. The fact that a local tournament can draw twenty-four players capable of playing four rounds of competitive golf on a reasonably difficult links in less than 300 may not be significant. That such a performance should be considered unremarkable definitely is.

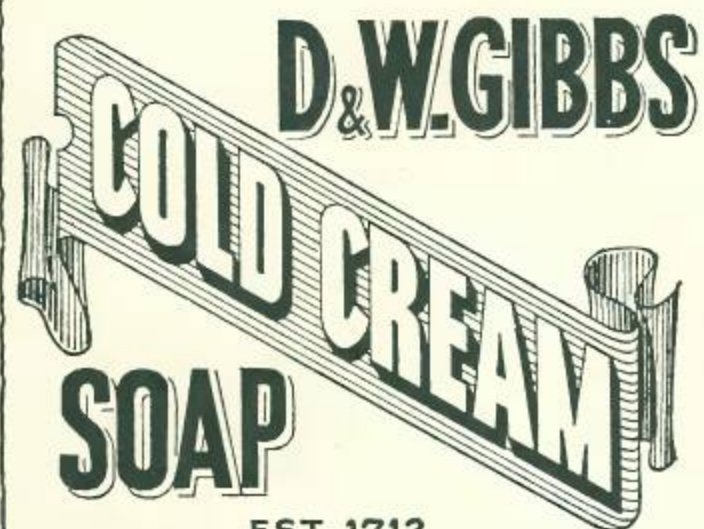
The truth of the matter is, of course, that golf experts are continually becoming more blasé. A month or two ago when Sam Snead drove three balls in succession over three hundred yards to the fairway, no expert bothered to raise an eyebrow. More recently, a young amateur named Melvin Harbert, who had never before been heard of, played four rounds of golf in 268, a score which included one 31 and three 32's. This also occasioned no surprise. This week, the *World-Telegram* will hold its annual hole-in-one tournament. No one has actually made a hole in one in this event since Jack Hagen, the first of several thousand people who have

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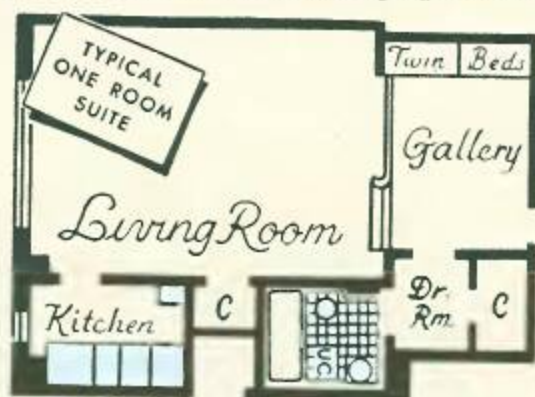


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tried it, but the chances are that to establish a valid claim to attention this year the winner will have to sink not one of his tee shots but all three.

OBVIOUSLY, the reason that no one gets astonished over what, a few years ago, would have been considered golfing miracles is that the standard of play has gone up incredibly fast. By stretching a point, some of this improvement can be traced to the depression because it induced thousands of urchins who might otherwise have been playing baseball or annoying their parents to earn an honest dollar or two by caddying. The statistics of the caddy population are a shade startling: there are currently about 375,000 and they earn about \$65,000,000 a year. At least half of the best amateurs as well as most of the best professionals nowadays are alumni of caddy shops.

If, as American universities are rated by their football teams, golf clubs were rated by the expert golfers produced by their caddy masters, Fairview Country Club, at Elmsford, N. Y., would occupy a position analogous to Notre Dame's. Elmsford turned out Tony Manero, last year's Open Champion, the seven Turnesa brothers, Al Ciuci, and at least a dozen other well-known professionals. Both the Farrell brothers and Tom and Bill Creavies carried clubs there from time to time. Fairview caddies used to have annual outings at Van Cortlandt Park, of which the guest lists now resemble the starting list for the U. S. Open. The Knute Rockne of Elmsford is John Inglis, the club professional, a fatherly little man who, with no children of his own, took an interest in the more promising boys and let them listen when he was giving members lessons. Inglis plans to hold a reunion tournament at Fairview this summer. This, at least, should be an event worth stepping off the porch to see. —N. F. B.

Albert Payson Terhune, who knows dogs, can understand vowel sounds in human speech 10 times better than consonants.—From "Your Friendly Neighbor," published by the Pure Oil Company.

In case you ever sit next to him at dinner.

An atmosphere of hostility native to old houses where generations of young people and their elders have welcomed friends, pervaded the clubhouse.—*Washington Post*.

Sometimes it's so thick you can cut it with a knife.

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LETTER FROM THE BULL RING

NÎMES, JULY 28

BECAUSE men are tragically fighting men in Spain, the best of Spanish bullfighting this summer is being done in southern France. The Fascists hold Andalusia and Salamanca, where blooded fighting bulls grow, the Loyalists have held out in Madrid, to whose ring great bullfighters go. In order to get together, both *matadors* and animals have passed over the border for special French *toros* at Bordeaux, Bayonne, Dax, Béziers. Especially for one who prefers good architecture to good bullfighting, the handsomest of the recent *corridos* was that at Nîmes, in the magnificently preserved antique Roman arena where Christians used to be killed for sport. The Nîmes program was special, offering eight rather than the usual six bulls, with, as *matadors*, Vicente Barrera and Domingo Ortega, two of Spain's most noted today, plus, as extra attractions, two *novilleros*—Juanito Belmonte, natural son of the great Belmonte who revolutionized modern bullfighting technique, and Luis Ortega, Domingo's adolescent brother. As sprigs of famous fighting families, both youths genealogically disappointed. Belmonte, aged twenty-one, wearing green embroidered with gold, had his father's lack of physical grace, without his grace of mind; had the paternal underhung jaw and shambling gait, but was himself nothing but vulgar show. Luis Ortega, aged seventeen, tall, slim, with a face like a blond angel, dressed in rose and white, was an unformed caricature of his brother. He finally achieved his second kill, amidst boos, with five whacks of the *descabello*, the *coup de grâce* sword.

In Barrera and the senior Ortega there was more chance to see what *aficionados* adore and others abhor—that stylized, highly technical, dangerous drama between silk-clad men and a well-horned beast, with the long-drawn-out and disciplined *repertie* of pose, pace, defense, death. Ortega's work with the *muleta*—his specialty, rather than the cape—was called fine, his first kill done with enough style for him to be given the ears, tail, and a delirious Nîmoise ovation. According to experts, his repertory is limited but he gives much emotion; he fights bad bulls best; his great ability to dominate the animal is a matter of instinct, not knowledge. Other critics think him a perfect mechanic rather than the com-

plete artist. Barrera's opening *verónicas* were admired for their calm, and he was superior in ring organization. He's credited with unusual knowledge of bulls—what they'll do next, etc. *Aficionados* never agree on anything; in general, however, they agreed that both *matadors* gave about a thirty-percent performance, with their *faena* marred by the high wind that is always blowing out of the empty cerulean sky in the Midi.



Le Toril, best French bullring paper, said that the eight bulls (from the famous *ganaderia* of Count de la Corte) were "two middle-sized, two small, and four indecent animals." In the last twenty-five years, bulls have been bred smaller and less dangerous than before Belmonte, who, around 1908, because of his weak legs, invented his famous modern technique of bringing close to him the bull he could not actively pursue. To make up in drama for this loss of wide action, fighters since Belmonte have developed what's called the repertory—passes with the cape like the *mariposa* invented by Lallanda, or Manolo Bienvenida's *veronica* done on one knee. This has given fighting a fancy gypsy turn. Killing with the *descabello* instead of with dignity, danger, and the true swordsman's *estoque*, has also added to the present degeneracy. Since the beginning of the Spanish war, even the money end has weakened. Few Spanish *matadors* now fighting in France receive more than 25,000 francs for a performance. The Loyalist government at Valencia has just announced it will suppress bullfighting in its provinces entirely.

Because the peasants couldn't leave their work in the vineyards, the mid-summer *corrida* was less patronized than the October fête, when the grapes are safely in the vats. English *aficionados* came to the fight from London but Americans were scarce. Though most people don't know it, France has had bullfights since 1853, when the first combats to death were organized at Bayonne for Napoleon III. It's still against the law to kill bulls in the ring and promoters just cheerfully pay the death fine. The horses all wear *caparazones*, or mattress protectors. We always close our eyes during the horse business in a bullfight, but heard that all the horses left the Nîmes ring alive.

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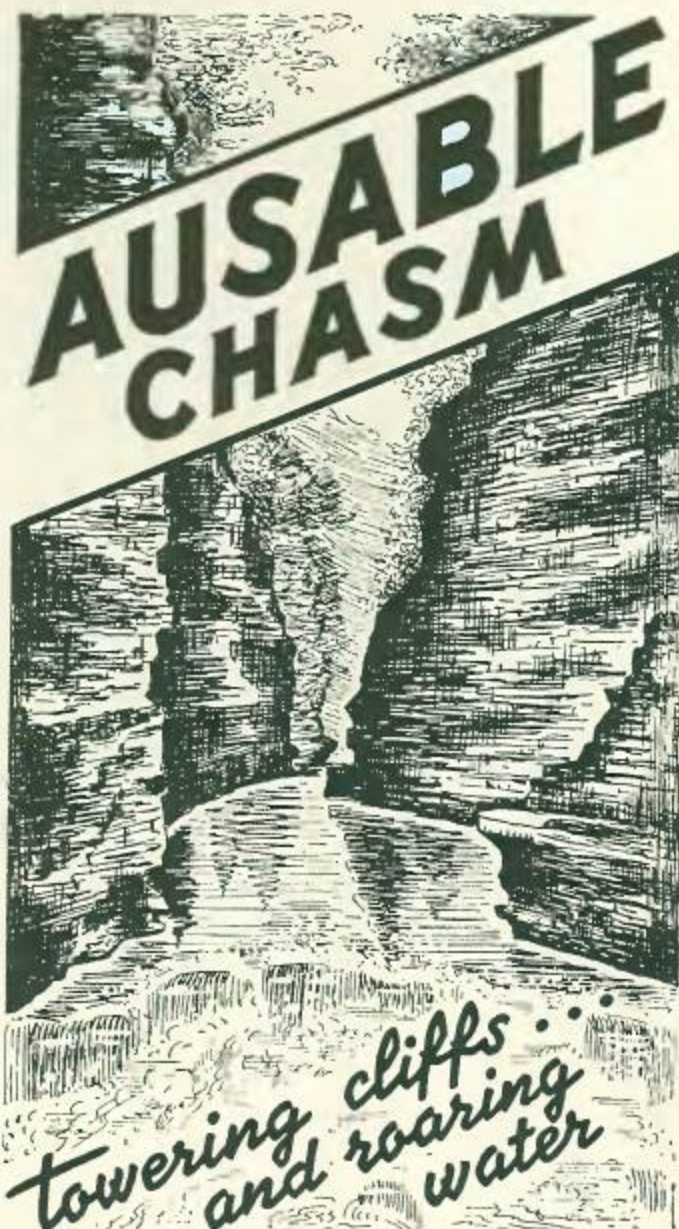
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war in Spain a matador got 25,000 pesetas, or \$5,000, for killing two bulls, but that his clothes and outfit—three *banderillos*, three *picadores*, a valet, their traveling expenses, plus bribes to journalists, which was a high item—had him down \$2,000 before he marched into the ring. A swell fighting suit (*traje de luces*, "suit of light," so-called from its gold or silver embroidery) costs from \$300 to \$500. A popular *matador*, with ladies after him and a big public to please, has at least six suits. The embroidery is done by nuns who otherwise specialize in making priests' copes. A fighter has to be valeted, the clothes being too heavy and tight to get into alone. It takes a full hour to dress him carefully in the following unvarying routine: First, three pairs of stockings—elastic, thick white cotton, then rose silk ones (\$12 the pair). Then longish drawers with knee tapes to hold up the stockings. Then a linen shirt, formerly of embroidery but now pleated plain, and with strings to prevent its riding up (a hanging shirt-tail can catch a bull's horns and bring death). Then the trousers, thick tricot and so tight that the valet hauls up while the *matador* jounces down. The trousers have further stocking-holding knee bands, also an inner abdominal girdle to hold in the fighter's stomach; his shape is important in the ring. Next the eyeleted pumps, artfully made to turn up at the toes when empty but flattened by the fighter's foot so they don't slip off. Then the false *coleta*, or pigtail, fastened to the back hair by a chenille-covered metal button. Then the sequined vest and finally the coat, weighing twenty-five pounds, of three thicknesses of buckram beneath massively embroidered stiff satin. The sleeves are not sewed in, but are left free under the arms for action and sweat, and are attached to the coat's shoulder by cords running through eyelets. The cape for the march into the ring is pale satin, often embroidered with pansies, morning-glories, rosebuds.

The day of the Nîmes fight, the leading butcher shop advertised that during the week it would sell to its exclusive clientèle the meat of the superb bulls killed in the local arena that hot Sunday afternoon. —GÉNET

Her voice is unusual in the respect that her tones are six octaves lower than the ordinary alto.—*Los Angeles Times*.

She'd be marvellous concealed in a pipe organ.

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IBIZA is one of the Balearic Isles, set in the Mediterranean. Its history went back to 4000 B.C. and, in a sense, ended on July 14th, 1936, when the Fascist rebellion broke out there. Now that island is no longer the home of a people, but is instead something obviously more important—a naval base, controlled by Italians and probably of great future strategic value. With the help of bombs, airplanes, executions, and civil war, Santa Eulalia, one of its chief ports, has been promoted. It was once merely the home of many simple men, peasants and storekeepers and fishermen, who were fit for nothing except their crude tasks and crude pleasures—to sit after dinner in front of the cafés drinking anis and cognac and cazalla; to sing songs from Valencia or melodies native to Ibiza; to eat their bread and oil and the local sausage called *sobresada*; to make a little politics, and much love, and even more conversation. Now Santa Eulalia is important. In the next war, the generals will distinguish it on their maps with lovely blue-headed pins. It took only two months for Santa Eulalia to become important—from July 14th to September 15th, when Franco's men took the town over. It took only two months for soldiers to confer dignity upon it, only two months for its people to die. It does not take long to transform a mere civilization of men and women and children who have no understanding of history into a first-class naval base that will undoubtedly be mentioned in the textbooks of the future, if any.

The story of Santa Eulalia, which means the story of its people, is told in detail by Elliot Paul in a book called "The Life and Death of a Spanish Town." For five years this American lived in Santa Eulalia because he loved it. Now he has set down its story. To its life he devotes about two hundred pages; to its death, about as many. His book is not a book of propaganda; Paul is not Red or Black. He found that his heart was with the people, and these people happened for the most part to be Republicans. "Half dozen communists, half dozen fascists, three thousand men and women of Santa Eulalia who wanted the extremists and traitors to let be." The three thousand who wanted to let be said at first, "Nothing will happen

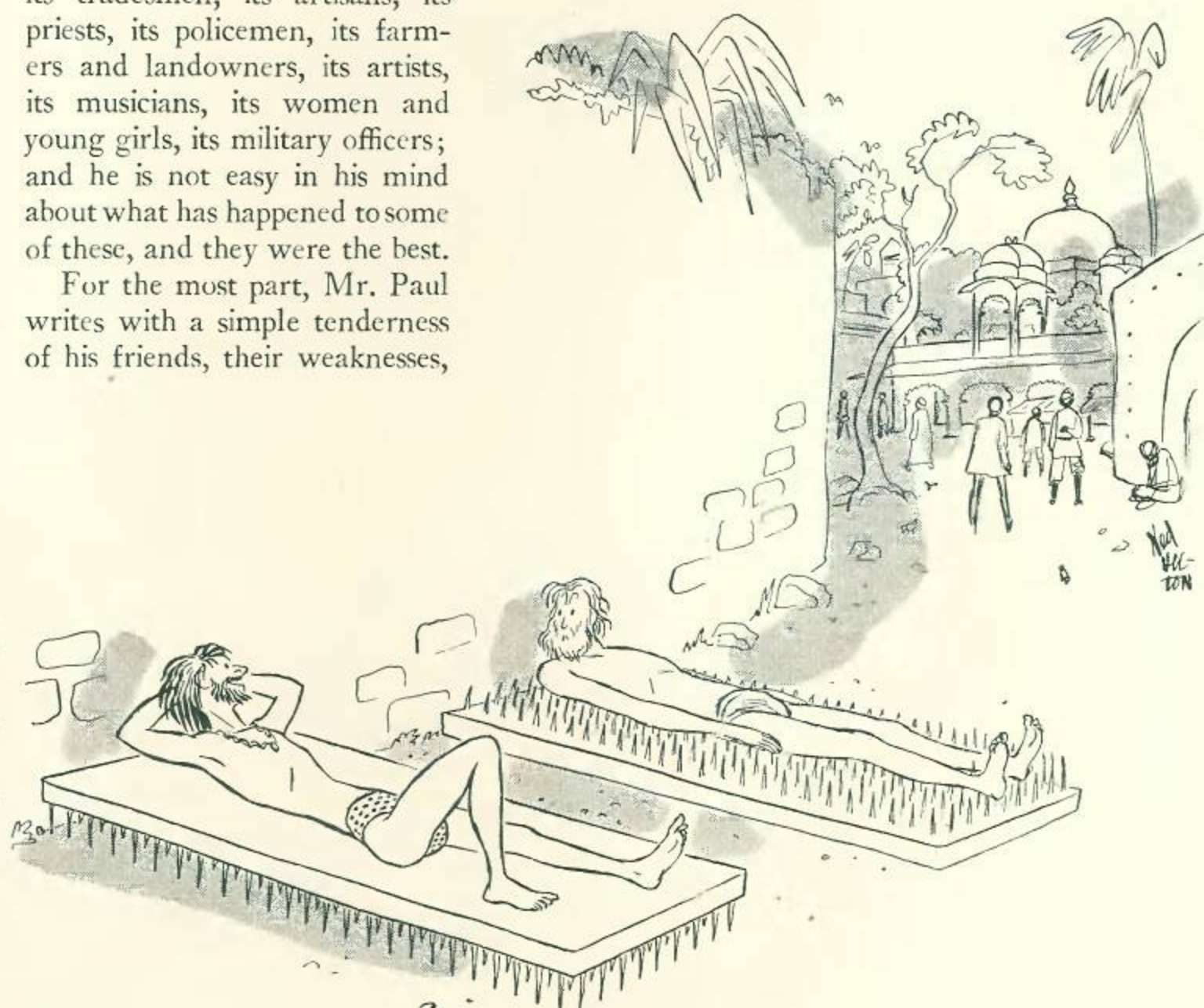
here." Then, when a few things happened and the Civil Guard raised the flag of rebellion, they still said, "Here, we shall not begin killing one another." But, Mr. Paul reports, the Fascist authorities, men of great vigor and masculinity, could not stand the strain of the Republican nonresistance, and so, because there was no need for a terror, began one. Then the people started to kill one another and the Loyalists invaded the town and the Italian planes came and the folk of Santa Eulalia, being on an island, had nowhere to go and so many were bombed, which is unavoidable when you wish to make a naval base.

Louis Delapr  was a French journalist whose uncensored Spanish dispatches were published after his death—he was shot down flying over Madrid. In one of these dispatches he wrote, "Christ said, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.' In this case they shall not be forgiven, for they know very well what they are doing." Well, we are very far from a small island in the Mediterranean and do not know the rights and wrongs of its life and death. But Elliot Paul lived there and knew its fishermen, its caf -keepers, its tradesmen, its artisans, its priests, its policemen, its farmers and landowners, its artists, its musicians, its women and young girls, its military officers; and he is not easy in his mind about what has happened to some of these, and they were the best.

For the most part, Mr. Paul writes with a simple tenderness of his friends, their weaknesses,

their great hearts, their provincial pettiness, their Spanish capacity for loving life and grasping it firmly at its base. When he is not simple—when he reverts to his *transition* days and cooks up a prose that reminds one simultaneously of professorial German, Western-Unionese, the style of Mr. Luce's scribes, and Meredith's cryptic sentences—the book suffers, and the reader wanders out of the streets of Santa Eulalia into "literature." The blue pencil would have made a fine book out of a good one, but as it stands, "The Life and Death of a Spanish Town" is the best job of American writing that has come out of the Spanish Civil War. It is deeply felt, and there is real love in it.

Guernica is bombed; Bilbao is bombed; Madrid is bombed; Santa Eulalia is bombed. No. There is no Guernica, no Bilbao, no Madrid. There is no Santa Eulalia; there is only Catalina of the honey-colored hair, who had "a complete ignorance of everything that a woman does not need to know;" and Plat , who carried on conversations with himself, one voice in Spanish, the other in French; and Juan, who was a Spanish



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Red and had never heard of Karl Marx; and Edmundo, who jeered whenever he saw a Guardia or a priest; and Don Ignacio, who was wealthy and beloved by those who worked for him; and Pep Salvador, great as buffoon, drinker, and killer of pigs; and Miguel Tur, who kept the general store, and could recite copiously from Lope de Vega, Cervantes, Shakespeare, Voltaire, Thoreau, and Tom Paine. There was no "town" Santa Eulalia, there were only these people; and such people, too, were and are Madrid, Bilbao, and the rest. They are all in Elliot Paul's book, and that is why it is important. Tending to wither amid the casual abstractions of the morning's death-announcing headlines, our hearts are re-irrigated by such books as "Life and Death of a Spanish Town."

BEFORE me lies a publisher's trade announcement: "On September 21 we are publishing a book that has more plus quality than any novel we have seen this year—MORE Adventure, MORE Drama, MORE Love, MORE Fighting, MORE Memorable Characters." May I mutter, with all possible prejudice, that I view the advent of September 21 with a certain gloom? Is there anyone else beginning to tire along with me of these mammoth romantic novels that are (to borrow once more from our publisher's announcement) "heaped up, pressed down, and running over with all the qualities that make a best seller"? Is there anyone who wants LESS Adventure, LESS Love, LESS Everything; who eyes with suspicion these books that run over like carelessly poured beer; who prefers his novels less cloak-smothered and sword-bestuck; who would welcome a story in whose pages from time to time nothing happened, very slowly and carefully; who would welcome even that good old-fashioned cerebral novel which was just a little hard to understand, which acknowledged the now sadly dated claims of the intelligence, and left you troubled rather than surfeited? Alas, where is that novel now? Gone, doubtless, with the wind.

All of which may appear an over-querulous prelude to the announcement that the latest heaped-up-pressed-down-running-over best seller is "And So—Victoria" by Vaughan Wilkins. It offers 618 pages of plots, duels, fights, escapes, incests, sadisms, historical scandals, kings, queens, dukes, travels, Wild West adventures, revenges, surprises, flights, adulteries, conspiracies, parricides, and Dickens-and-water charac-



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ters. The period is the first part of the nineteenth century, when the sons and daughters of George III were engaged (quite understandably, in each case) in hating each other, and all Europe was a-reek with the royal fetor of the Hanover-Brunswick scandals. The action hurtles through England, the Continent, the American Southwest, Malta, and Bermuda, and might just as well have touched at Kamchatka, Basutoland, and the Gowanus Canal, except that Mr. Wilkins didn't have time and was already running over. The hero is an illegitimate (or semi-, or demi-semi-illegitimate; it's all very complicated) nephew of King William IV; and it is he who is driven headlong through the plot like a tri-motored jumping-jack. The style is of the now generally approved feeble-forcible, elegant-cockney order: "Mathilde de Boucher had carried with her another life—its burgeoning hidden beneath the loose green and silver folds of her wrapper."

Mr. Wilkins has worked hard and faithfully to give all of us Oliver Twists MORE, and he has succeeded. There is no need to wish him luck, for his book will sell feverishly and be generally liked by anyone willing to confuse hurryscurry with movement, "characters" with character, indefatigability with energy, and fatness with richness.

—CLIFTON FADIMAN

VERSE

EDNA MILLAY, longer than a good many of her contemporaries, held off from getting into the arena and hurling around opinions and exhortations, mixing it up in an argumentative way. It seemed to be her conviction, up to a short time ago, as it was Goethe's, that the artist should not be entirely the pupil of his age. She had opinions, and stated them with courage, but song came first. The fine line written down in the strength of feeling, with her, was important, in a time made queer by, among other causes, its inability to face emotion and see it through.

Directly after having given us her "Epitaph for the Race of Man," she has written "Conversation at Midnight," which is an argument. It is an argument which gets nowhere, and in which Miss Millay is careful not to take sides, although the Catholic, Communist, and Liberal debaters are treated a trifle more tenderly than the other speakers. But it is an argument, and Miss Millay's success with it is partial.

For she is not a satirist, and is not, therefore, wholly detached. She has put her dramatic talents to work, but she

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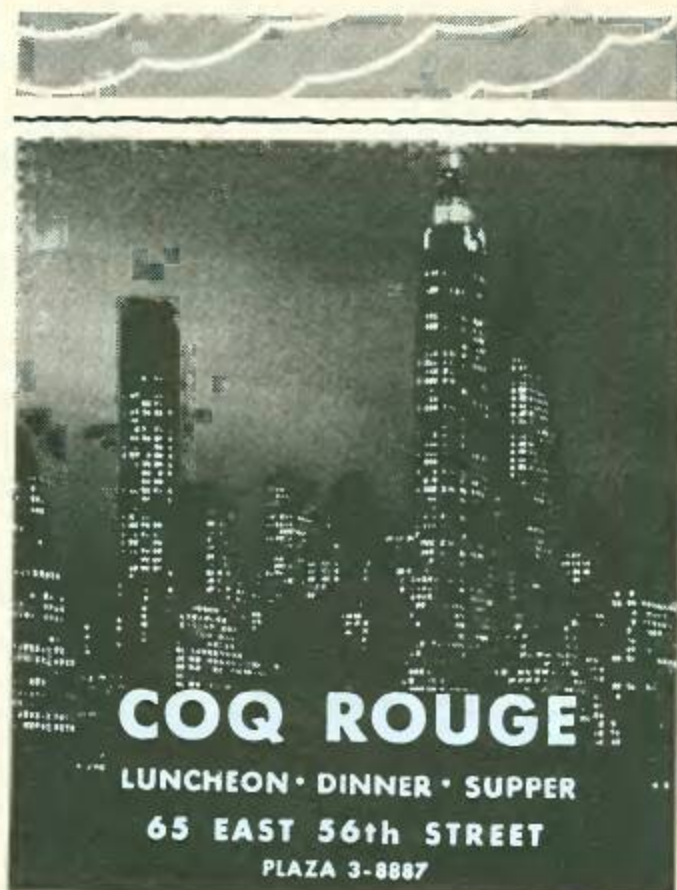
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has left out too much concerning her protagonists for them to stand out as actual creations. These men have opinions and seem to have passions, but the final effect of "Conversation at Midnight" is that here we have Miss Millay indulging in a long discussion with herself.

The conversation takes place in highly decorative surroundings; it is fed by the prejudices, tastes, hobbies, and convictions of seven men, at least four of whom are male beauties of the first order, and at least three of whom have highly developed, if rather stiff and old-fashioned, spiritual sides. One is a Communist, poet, and amateur mycologist; one a Republican who shoots grouse and loves poetry; one a Franciscan and a pianist; one (the host) a rich Italian-American with an "aristocratic and subtle mind." The company includes, as well, a copywriter (two years at Yale), a painter (good, but embittered), and a "gay, thoroughly disillusioned" writer of popular short stories, nick-named Pygmalion. The talk begins with grouse-shooting and ends in a spirited, though polite, brawl between the aristocratic Liberal, the Republican, and the Communist. This fight, throughout, is excellent. In between, scattered with a lavish hand, is a good deal of wit, many mentions of upper-class avocations and a few of proletarian tasks (the middle classes are scamped); a line of Shakespeare, finally tracked down by the Republican after everyone else has given up; a line of Robinson Jeffers, quoted by the Communist, of all people; some imitation Ogden Nash; some Catholic-Communist-Liberal faith (the priest leaves early); quite a lot of what used to be called cynicism, and unnumbered opinions. Pygmalion recites a sonnet in Miss Millay's early manner, and Ricardo, the host, a lyric in her later. (Non-poets are here forced to speak poetry, it will be observed. For there is no pure poet in the group. Such a one is somewhere else, presumably, penning a lyric, and not saying anything at all.)

All of this is certainly well, and sometimes brilliantly, written. Much of it is amusing. But little of it is moving. It was once Miss Millay's function (and still is, for that matter) to move, not to expound. She who once placed (and will again) one fit word next to its fit neighbor, so that both resound more than ordinarily, here expends precious energy in creating figures which turn out to be little more than expert products of taxidermy and ventriloquism, expressing beliefs, dilemmas, and de-

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spairs current and, Heaven knows, continually articulate elsewhere. Meanwhile, somewhere outside, exist inarticulate joy and tears. With which the poet deals. Which he illuminates and awakens, when he can.

—LOUISE BOGAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

HOME IS WHERE YOU HANG YOUR CHILDHOOD, and other stories, by Leane Zugsmith. Ten admirable short stories—two have appeared in these pages—which are not calculated to improve your estimation of the human race. Miss Zugsmith is a crisp writer who gets under the skins of her characters and exposes their shortcomings without pointing any morals. Jealousy, vanity, senility, cowardice are likely to crop out, she indicates, in quite ordinary people like us all. Probably nothing can be done about it, either.

THE ANOINTED, by Clyde Brion Davis. Vaguely crazy story about a seaman who figured God had elected him to solve the secret of the universe. There's some good adventure stuff, but the transcendental satire goes flat. Mr. Davis handles a Lardnerish lingo neatly enough.

THE MAKING OF A HERO, by Nicholas Ostrovski. Translated from the Russian by Alec Brown. The author died shortly after completing this autobiographical novel of the post-revolutionary Civil War and the early years of Soviet construction in the Ukraine. He wrote it under tremendous difficulties—he was both blind and paralyzed. One is moved greatly by his courage; rather less so by the novel. It has some good action and battle passages, but the tone generally is naive and melodramatic as compared, for example, with the epic work of Sholokhov. It has had a tremendous run in Russia.

DUET IN DISCORD, by Elizabeth Garner. A disturbingly credible account of how two people formerly in love can hurt each other. The circumstances of the love affair—between a man of twenty-six and a woman of forty-three—are a little unusual for fiction; the background of West Indian landscape and weather is colorful and even lush. It is a pity that Miss Garner decided to tell her story indirectly by the clumsy device of having the lady write it all out as a letter she did not mean to mail. In

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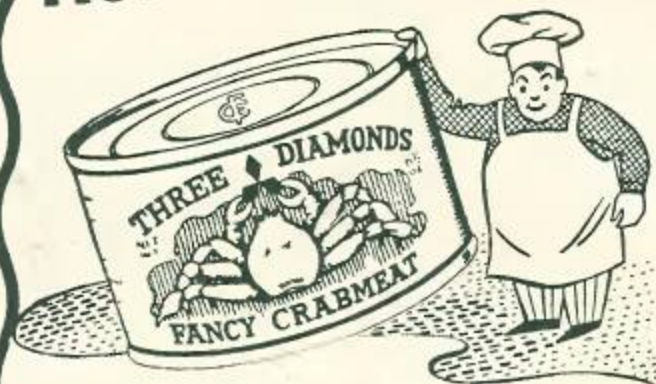
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spite of this, the disillusionment and irritation are impressively real.

ALL CATS ARE GRAY, by Charles G. Givens. A grand American folk tale, with an intriguing murder mystery thrown in for good measure. Mr. Givens was one reporter at the famous Scopes monkey trial who really knew his Tennessee. Probably because it was bred in his bones, he transmits the flavor of the old reprobates who carried on the legal and other business of that state at the same time that they argued about God and drank large quantities of corn whiskey.

CHILDREN OF STRANGERS, by Lyle Saxon. A story simple, pure, and with something of the charm and unity of "Maria Chapdelaine." It's about the mulattos of Louisiana, and their conflict with pure whites and pure blacks. A novel so quietly told that its quality is apt to be overlooked, which would be a pity.

PLACE IN THE CITY, by Howard Fast. It takes all kinds of people to fill up a New York city block, and they may occupy themselves in a number of ways, all violent. Mr. Fast is a crisp, lively writer, and several of his scenes are moving and powerful. But his novel is too diverse, there are no central characters, and the device of having the events take place in a small area is not sufficiently integrating. There is nothing more useful to a novelist than an old-fashioned plot.

EMMA, by Louis Paul. A double-barrelled success story about a wife who has to have a career apart from her husband, and about the husband, peniless as a result of the depression, who stages a comeback. The details of the lady's early struggles are persuasive; after she makes her fortune, however, Mr. Paul goes a little haywire. A good novelist in one of his less successful ventures.

NOTHING IS SAFE, by E. M. Delafield. The Provincial Lady turns from diary writing to the more serious business of sermonizing over the children of divorced parents. Divorce is patently bad for the children; but does it have to be as bad as Mrs. Delafield would make it out?

GENERAL

THE GREAT GOLDWYN, by Alva Johnston. Mr. Johnston's hilarious portrait of "the central figure of a great comic legend," the Hollywood autocrat whose missayings have made him famous and his pictures famouser. Short, funny, it collects all the Gold-

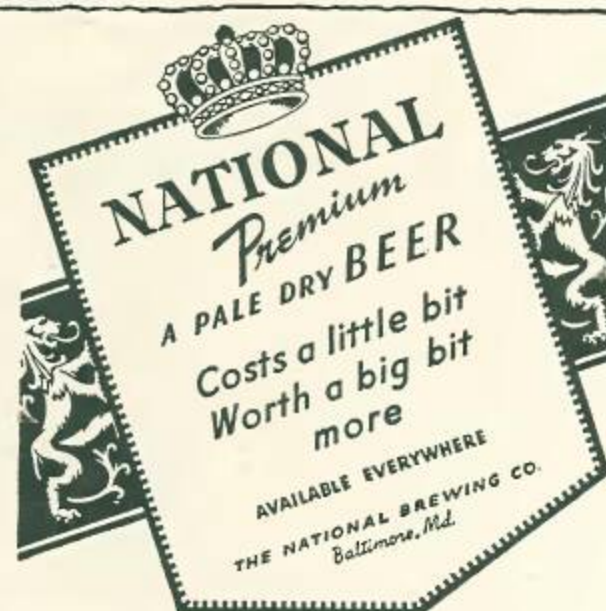
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wyn gags and breaks that have been floating around for years. You'll have to read it. Illustrated.

MEA CULPA AND THE LIFE AND WORK OF SEMMELWEIS, by Louis-Ferdinand Céline. Translated from the French, with an introduction, by Robert Allerton Parker. Two essays by the French Papini, author of "Journey to the End of the Night." The first, an anti-Soviet blast, is written in steam-whistle prose; the second, his doctorate thesis, is a De Kruifian biography of a great nineteenth-century medical scientist.

ESCAPE TO THE PRESENT, by Johannes Steel. Autobiographical notes, rather than a formal narrative, by the son of a German bureaucrat who threw in his lot with the anti-Nazis, escaped from a Nazi prison, and came to America, to win a reputation as a journalist. A profound pessimism as to the future of Europe sets the tone of an interesting if scrappy book.

THE SAGA OF AMERICAN SOCIETY: A RECORD OF SOCIAL ASPIRATION, 1607-1937, by Dixon Wecter. An amusing, well-planned book about American aristocrats, plutocrats, society leaders, and snobs, by a man who has a clubman's view of the world, but writes with point and scholarship. Richly illustrated.

THE PEARL TRADER, by Louis Kornitzer. The pearl business is as romantic as you might guess it to be. The author, a jewel merchant, recounts his adventures as a pearl buyer, exposes some of the tricks and traditions of the trade, and offers a miniature encyclopedia of pearl lore. Has flavor and some very amusing yarns.

SMALL TALK, by Harold Nicolson. Graceful, gently thoughtful, amusing essays, of the sort that Englishmen are best at. "A Defence of Shyness," "On Being Polite," "Americans and Ourselves"—you know the kind of thing. Well enough done, but it makes one recall "Some People" with a certain wistfulness.

ATTITUDES TOWARD HISTORY, by Kenneth Burke. Connected philosophical, literary, and critical essays toward a better understanding of our time. Mr. Burke's mind is subtle and elliptic; his style dense. Only for readers capable of a certain intellectual fortitude. Two volumes.

BEFORE THE MAST IN THE CLIPPERS, by Harpur Allen Gosnell, Lieut. Com. U. S. Naval Reserve. "Composed in large part of the diaries of Charles A. Abbey kept while at sea

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THE DERRYDALE COOK BOOK OF FISH AND GAME, by L. P. De Gouy. A magnificent collection of recipes for Lucullan Nimrods and Izaak Waltons. Tells you just what to do if you're hungry and have a bear or moose on your hands. Two volumes, boxed, 1250 numbered copies, \$15.

FREUD, GOETHE, WAGNER, by Thomas Mann. Three essays, profound and searching, recently delivered as lectures at the New School for Social Research. Not to be missed if you keep up with the work of the greatest living man of letters.

ALLAH DETHRONED: A JOURNEY THROUGH MODERN TURKEY, by Lilo Linke. First-rate travel book by a young woman whose intelligence and charm combine to enable her to learn the secrets of a strange and rapidly changing land. Photographs.

SURREALISM, edited by Herbert Read. Essays on surrealism in painting and literature by three French and two British writers. The book rose on the wave of excitement produced by the London surrealist show in 1936, and the ninety-six reproductions introduce a number of young British painters who are mostly unknown in America. For those who like the excitement of pronunciamientos and manifestoes.

STRICTLY FROM HUNGER, by S. J. Perelman. In a foreword, Robert Benchley describes the author as a natural son of the Prophet Da-Da, and adds that he has completely taken over the dementia-praecox field. This is putting it very mildly. In twenty-one singular papers, eight of which have appeared in this dazed but grateful journal, Mr. Perelman discusses such matters as taxidermy, poisonous mushrooms, Dostoevski, and his own unhappy career in the moom pitchers. The title means that he writes only because he likes to eat, which seems improbable.

MYSTERIES

THE PEACOCK FEATHER MURDERS, by Carter Dickson. Sir Henry Merri-vale harrumphs his way to the solution of some crimes among London's less conservative set. The murder-in-a-locked-room theme excellently done for those who like a tinge of the bizarre.

ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY, by E. Phillips Oppenheim. The European situation miraculously settled by a young



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THE CABAÑA MURDERS, by Joel Y. Dane. The New York police almost get out of their depth when they find themselves involved with yokels and summer people of dubious habits down on Long Island. Your enjoyment of this one probably depends on how you view the brand of humor dispensed by Sergeant Harty (of "Murder Cum Laude") and his assistant.

BEFORE THE COCK CROWED, by William Edward Hayes. Rather strenuous mental gymnastics are required to keep things straight after the guns have started going off on a Maryland estate. For those who like them fair, fast, and complicated.

THE TRAP, by Elizabeth Jordan. A good many phony shudders accompany the efforts of a group of young things to lay the ghost in a New England house. Sugar without enough spice.

THE ANATOMY OF MURDER. Seven well-known authors explore seven celebrated crimes. From left to right: Helen Simpson on the death of Henry Kinder; John Rhode on the case of Constance Kent; Margaret Cole on Adelaide Bartlett, who found it advisable to chloroform her husband; E. R. Punshon on the industrious Landru; Dorothy L. Sayers on the still unsolved murder of Julia Wallace; Francis ("Guess Who") Iles on the death of Mr. Rattenbury, who was always so jolly at night; and Freeman Wills Crofts on the New Zealand mystery which was solved only when the police found a false tooth out in the pasture. All very well written, and highly recommended to those who like their homicides factual.

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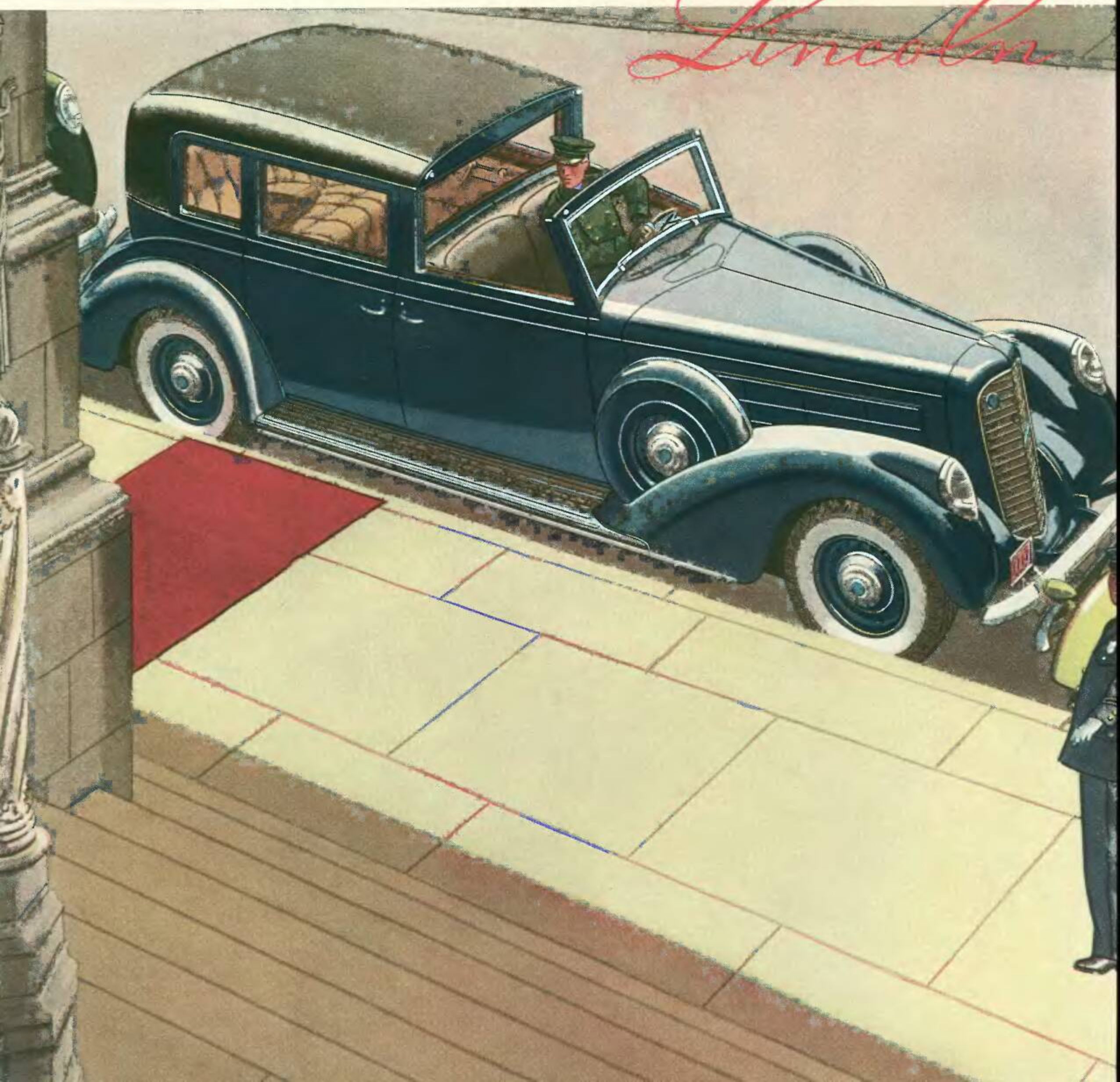
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