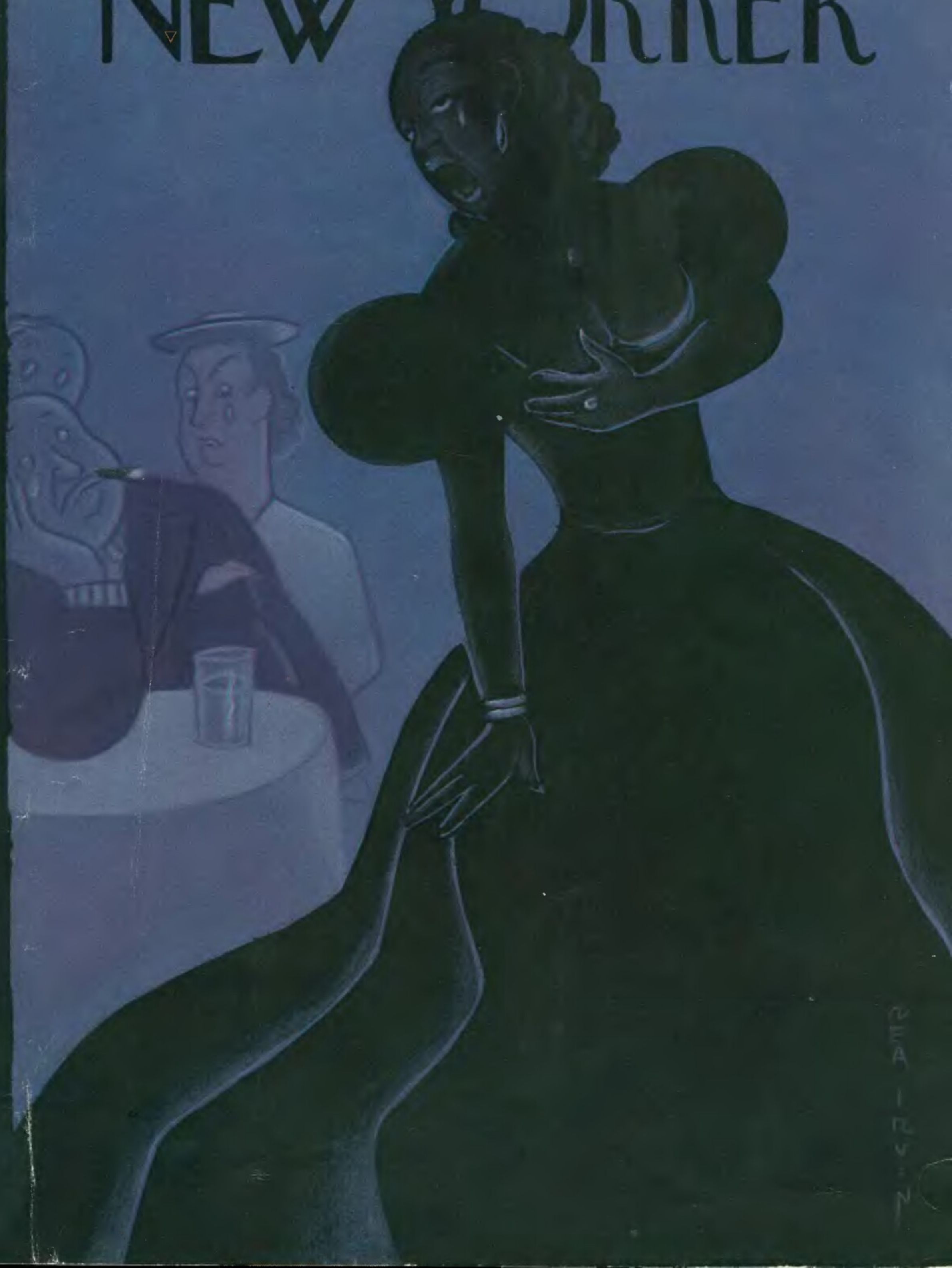


May 21, 1938

THE

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NEW YORKER



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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

BACHELOR BORN—A nice little story of three girls in an English boys' school. Awfully British, but you soon get used to that. (Lyceum, 45, E. BRyant 9-0546.)

THE CIRCLE—Tallulah Bankhead failing to profit by Grace George's horrible example in an intelligent revival of Somerset Maugham's comedy. (Playhouse, 48, E. BRyant 9-2628.)

GOLDEN BOY—Clifford Odets has written a good regulation drama about a prizefighter who gets what he wanted and then doesn't want it, without terrific social implications. What Mr. Odets can't hide is the fact that he writes beautifully at times. (Belasco, 44, E. BRyant 9-5100. Mat. Thurs.)

HEARTBREAK HOUSE—Bernard Shaw's richly prophetic play about the decay of the British upper classes, admirably staged by the Mercury Theatre. Orson Welles, Mady Christians, Vincent Price, and George Coulouris are among the damned. (Mercury, 41, E. BRyant 9-3688. 8:20 P.M. Mats. 2:30 P.M.)

JULIUS CAESAR—Done in modern military uniforms and, under the Mercury Theatre's aegis, a thrilling experiment. (National, 41, W. Pennsylvania 6-8220. 9 P.M. Mats. 3 P.M.)

OF MICE AND MEN—The author of the book of the same name wrote this play and made it just like the book, which is about as good as you'll get. Last three days to see this year's New York Critics' Circle Prizewinner. (Music Box, 45, W. Circle 6-4636. Mat. Thurs. Closes Sat., May 21.)

ON BORROWED TIME—A tender and appealing comedy about Death, in which a grandpa and a grandson carry out their mutual adoration to a showdown. Dudley Digges, Peter Holden, Frank Conroy, and others. (Longacre, 48, W. Circle 6-6454. 8:45 P.M. Mats. 2:45 P.M.)

OUR TOWN—Thornton Wilder's beautifully written daybook of life in a New England town, including love and death, but no scenery. This season's Pulitzer Prizewinner. (Morosco, 45, W. Circle 6-6230. Extra performance Sun. Eve., May 22, for the Stage Relief Fund.)

ROOM SERVICE—This farce about a bankrupt theatrical troupe is still around and still one of the funniest things in town. (Cort, 48, W. BRyant 9-0046. 8:45 P.M. Mats. 2:45 P.M.)

SHADOW AND SUBSTANCE—Paul Vincent Carroll's drama, which, for all its symbolism, is a beautiful play about a little slavey whose religion is too strong for Church and State. Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Julie Haydon, and others. (Golden, 45, W. Circle 6-6740.)

SUSAN AND GOD—Gertrude Lawrence in Rachel Crothers' comedy about a lady Buchmanite. Enthusiastically recommended. (Plymouth, 45, W. Circle 6-9156. No performance Mon. Eve.; Mats. Wed. and Thurs.)

TOBACCO ROAD—Fifth year. With James Barton. (Forrest, 49, W. Circle 6-8870. 8:45 P.M.)

WHAT A LIFE—This story of young love and torment may not recall your own schooldays, but it ought to make you laugh. Notable for George Abbott's direction and the performances of Ezra Stone, Joyce Arling, and Betty Field. (Biltmore, 47, W. Circle 6-9353. 8:45.)

WHITEOAKS—Based on the Jalna saga, this survey of the last days of a 101-year-old matriarch gives Ethel Barrymore her best chance in a long time—which she takes. (Hudson, 44, E. BRyant 9-5582. Mat. Thurs.)

THE WOMEN—Although no men appear in this large cast, they cause trouble enough and quite a lot of nasty temper. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. Circle 6-0390.)

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU—This has been running so long now that you can tell us about it. All that we remember is that it is funny. (Booth, 45, W. Circle 6-5969.)

WITH MUSIC

HOORAY FOR WHAT!—Ed Wynn being just as funny as you have been hoping he would be again. Paul Haakon, Dorothy Stone, and others assist. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. Circle 7-5161. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:30 P.M. Closes Sat., May 21.)

I MARRIED AN ANGEL—This Rodgers and Hart

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MAY 19, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 28. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING.]

musical comedy has fine tunes, lovely dancing, and a beautiful ballerina called Vera Zorina. Also in the cast are Dennis King, Vivienne Segal, Audrey Christie, and Walter Slezak. (Shubert, 44, W. Circle 6-5990. 8:30 P.M.)

I'D RATHER BE RIGHT—George M. Cohan in a show that lampoons the present administration in friendly terms and still sells tickets. (Alvin, 52, W. Columbus 5-4114. Moves to Music Box, 45, W., on Mon., May 23. Circle 6-4636.)

PINS AND NEEDLES—What started out to be just a little revue by garment workers has turned into a Broadway musical success, all because it is both amusing and tuneful. (Labor Stage, 39, E. BRyant 9-1163.)

MISCELLANY

TWO ONE-ACT PLAYS—"Plant in the Sun," by Ben Bengal; and "Transit," Philip Stevenson's adaptation of Albert Maltz's "Season of Celebration": Sun. Eves. at 9. (Bayes, 44, W. Longacre 5-0289.)

WPA PRODUCTIONS—"Prologue to Glory," E. P. Conkle's dignified and honest play

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THE NEW YORKER
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TELEPHONE

ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

about the young Abraham Lincoln. (Maxine Elliott, 39, E. Chickering 4-5714. Weekdays, except Mon., 8:40 P.M.; Mat. Sat. 2:40 P.M.)... "Haiti," a good melodrama about Haiti's fight for freedom. You have probably been to Harlem on much worse errands than to see this. (Lafayette, 7 Ave. at 131. Tillinghast 5-1424. Weekdays at 8:40 P.M.)... "One-Third of a Nation," an effective Living Newspaper presentation of the housing problem. (Adelphi, 54, E. Circle 7-7582. Weekdays, except Mon., 8:40 P.M.; Mat. Sat. 2:40 P.M.)... "Trojan Incident," a dance drama, with Tamiris. (St. James, 44, W. Lackawanna 4-4664. Weekdays at 8:40 P.M.)

FOR CHILDREN—WPA production of "Treasure Island": Sat. Afts., May 21 and 28, at 2:30. (Hippodrome, 6 Ave. at 43. Murray Hill 2-6900.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR GARDEN, Park at 51 (Wickersham 2-1000)—Recently opened for the summer, with Arthur Herbert and his orchestra. Dress preferred.

BILTMORE, Madison at 43 (Murray Hill 2-7920)—Horace Heidt and his Brigadiers provide the music in the Bowman Room.

COG ROUGE, 65 E. 56 (PLaza 3-8887)—The Salle Tropicale offers George Sterney's orchestra and the Cog Rouge Troubadours.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54 (ELdorado 5-8769)—This perennial East Side favorite has Ernie Holst and his orchestra and Divera's rumba band. Dress preferred.

ESSEX CASINO, 160 Central Pk. S. (Circle 7-0300)—You'll find Charles Baum and his orchestra in this room which looks out on Central Park.

LA CONGA, 57 W. 57 (PLaza 5-5757)—Billy Swanson's orchestra and La Conga Cuban rumba band are the attractions at this popular spot.

LARUE, 45 E. 58 (Volunteer 5-6374)—Eddie Davis's and Joseph Smith's orchestras play for dancing.

MONTMARTRE, Madison at 79 (Butterfield 8-2345)—This agreeable and conveniently located uptown spot has music by Hal Saunders' orchestra.

PARK LANE GARDENS, Park at 48 (Wickersham 2-4100)—Recently opened for the summer, with Freddie Starr's orchestra for dinner dancing.

PIERRE ROOF, 5 Ave at 61 (REgent 4-5900)—Featuring Emil Coleman and his orchestra, and dances by Medrano and Donna. Dress preferred.

PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (PLaza 3-1740)—The charming Persian Room offers music by Pancho and his orchestra, and dances by the Hartmans. Dress optional.

RAINBOW ROOM, R.C.A. Bldg., 30 Rockefeller Plaza (Circle 6-1400)—The new summer bill here includes John Hoysradt, Jack Cole and his Balinese Dancers, Al Donahue's orchestra, and Eddie Le Baron's tango-rumba band. Dress optional... Ben Cutler's orchestra plays in the Rainbow Grill; dances by Marlynn and Michael.

ST. MORITZ SKY GARDENS, 50 Central Pk. S. (Wickersham 2-5800)—Basil Fomeen's orchestra and dances by Collette and Barry.

ST. REGIS ROOF, 5 Ave. at 55 (PLaza 3-4500)—This gay and attractive room features Joseph Rines' orchestra, Raul and Eva Reyes, rumba dancers, and the Carl Hemmer Dancers. Formal dress required on the dance floor.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (Volunteer 5-2600)—Emile Petti leads the orchestra in the Café Lounge. Russell Swann, the magician, replaces Dwight Fiske, beginning May 20.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PLaza 3-1940)—Popular before- and after-theatre rendezvous. Music by Bobby Parks and Nilo Menendez.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50 (PLaza 8-0310)—Where Broadway meets Park Avenue. Songs by Hildegard; music by Maximilian Bergère's and Gus Martel's orchestras.

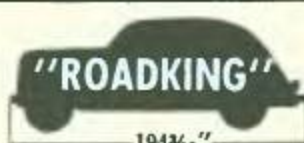
WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (ELdorado 5-3000)—The Starlight Roof offers Xavier Cugat's orchestra, songs by Corinna Mura, and dances by Nena Sandoval, at dinner and supper. Dress preferred.

MISCELLANEOUS—The Terrace Room of the Hotel New Yorker, 8 Ave. at 34 (MEDallion 3-1000), has Ran Wilde's orchestra and an ice show featuring Baptie and Lamb... The Astor Roof, B'way at 44 (Circle 6-6000), opens for the summer on May 24, with Rudy

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Vallée's orchestra... Hughie Barrett's orchestra plays at the Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Pk. W. at 67 (BUtterfield 8-3954); open until midnight only... Claremont Inn and Gardens, Riverside Dr. at 124 (MONument 2-8600), Will Hollander's orchestra.

For al-fresco dining (without dancing); Chatham Walk, Vanderbilt at 48 (VOLunteer 5-5400); and Pavillon Marguery, 270 Park at 47 (Wickersham 2-9000)... The Japanese Garden of the Ritz-Carlton, Madison at 46 (PLaza 3-4600), opens May 25.

Sidewalk cafés are now open at the Brevoort, 5 Ave. at 8; Fifth Avenue Hotel, 5 Ave. at 9; Longchamps, 5 Ave. at 12; and St. Moritz, 6 Ave. at 59.

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; Madison Café, 15 E. 58; Hampshire House Cocktail Lounge, 150 Central Pk. S.; Mon Paris, 142 E. 53; Le Mirage, 125 E. 54; Armando's, 54 E. 55; Bill's Gay Nineties Bar, 57 E. 54; Chez Firehouse, 141 E. 55; Trouville, 112 E. 52; Lombardy Bar, 111 E. 56; Le Ruban Bleu, 4 E. 56; Merry-Go-Round Bar, 49 E. 54; Salon Royal, 151 E. 57; Number One Bar, 5 Ave. at 8; La Cava, 128 W. 52.

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—The International Casino, B'way from 44 to 45 (CHickering 4-2244), has a new and elaborate revue, "International Ice Frolics"... Billy Rose Casa Mañana, 7 Ave. at 50 (COLUMbus 5-7070), features Lou Holtz, Helen Morgan, Harriet Hootor, Georgie Tapps, and the "Small-Time Cavalcade;" through May 21. Vincent Lopez's orchestra... The Paradise, B'way at 49 (Circle 7-1080), has a brisk and colorful show... Jack Dempsey's, 8 Ave. at 50 (Circle 7-6666), offers dance music by Jan Brunesco's orchestra. Jack Dempsey's Broadway Bar is located at 1619 B'way (between 49 and 50)... Jack White and Gordon Andrew's orchestra are at the 18 Club, 18 W. 52 (ELdorado 5-9858).

The Cotton Club, B'way at 48 (Circle 7-1000), has Duke Ellington and his orchestra, Peg-Leg Bates, the Peters Sisters, Mae Johnson, and others... The Kit Kat Club, 152 E. 55 (ELdorado 5-0543), also offers Negro entertainment. Go late.

If you're looking for swing music: The Onyx, 62 W. 52 (Wickersham 2-3619), with Stuff Smith and his band; Hickory House, 144 W. 52 (Circle 7-9524), with Joe Marsala's Chicagoans; and the Famous Door, 66 W. 52 (ELdorado 5-9543), with Louis Prima and his orchestra.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—Barney's, 86 University Pl. (STuyvesant 9-0209), has entertainment by the Terrace Trio, Faya Lund, and others... Jimmy Kelly's, 181 Sullivan (ALgonquin 4-1414), is a lively late spot if you're in a carefree mood.

HARLEM—The Plantation, Lenox Ave. at 142 (AUdubon 3-9613), has a fast show and Ovie Alston's band... You can watch the dancing and hear Teddy Hill's orchestra (to be replaced by Count Basie's on May 22) 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: El Bongó, 1678 B'way at 52 (Circle 7-6269), a new place; and Havana-Madrid, 1650 B'way at 51 (Circle 7-3461), with Nano Rodrigo's orchestra... Russian: The Russian Kretschma, 244 E. 14 (GRAMercy 7-9784)... Scandinavian: Castleholm, 344 W. 57 (Circle 7-0873); and Garbo, 148 E. 48 (ELdorado 5-9623)... Spanish: El Chico, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CHelsea 2-4646); and Dimitri's Club Gaucho, 245 Sullivan (GRAMercy 7-4833), with dances by Dimitri and Helen Virgil.

JUST-OUT-OF-TOWN—Ben Riley's Arrowhead Inn, Riverdale Ave. at 246 (Kingsbridge 6-2000), with Irving Conn's orchestra... Villepigue's Inn, Ocean Ave., Sheepshead Bay (SHEepshead 3-1000), with Arthur Davy's orchestra and a show... Chanticleer, Millburn and Short Hills Aves., Millburn, N.J. (Millburn 6-2377), with Mace Irish's orchestra and songs by Bigelow and Lee...

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Perona Farm, Andover, N.J. (Lake Mohawk 9600), with Vincent Howard's orchestra... Glen Island Casino, off the Shore Rd., New Rochelle, N.Y. (Hamilton 4480), opens May 26, with Larry Clinton's orchestra.

ART

AMERICAN ARTISTS CONGRESS—Second annual, with a better-than-fair average of good things in its 250-odd exhibits: Wanamaker's, 5th-floor gallery, B'way at 9. Open 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through May 21.

ARTISTS OF ALOOFNESS—Prints by mystics, abstractionists, and fantasists from Callot to Klee, in a random but voluminous collection: Room 321, N.Y. Public Library, 5 Ave. at 42. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 5 P.M.; through Nov. 30.

BIEL—Nervous, expressive ink drawings of contemporary European scenes: Marie Harriman, 61 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 28.

BRIGGS—Grave but powerful paintings of Spanish war scenes: Uptown, 249 West End Ave. Open weekdays 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through May 31.

THE CLOISTERS—The new building housing the collection of medieval art is now open: 698 Ft. Washington Ave., Fort Tryon Park. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.

FERGUSON—Designedly "mad" water colors, some good, some terrible. Also, sculpture, slightly heavy in style, by Vagis: Valentine, 16 E. 57. Open 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M., through May 21.

FIVE AMERICANS—Interesting paintings by Di Martini, Knaths, and others: New Art Circle, 509 Madison. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 28.

FREDENTHAL—Water colors, slapdash in technique but occasionally successful. Also, in the rear gallery, selections from the gallery's group: Downtown, 113 W. 13. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 21.

GAY—Memorial show of paintings of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century interiors: Metropolitan Museum of Art, 5 Ave. at 82, Gallery E-15. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.; through May 30.

GROUP SHOWS—Selected paintings by the gallery's group: Milch, 108 W. 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 28. ... "Review of the Season": Macbeth, 11 E. 57. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 31. ... Paintings by "The Ten": Passadoit, 121 E. 57. Open 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through May 21. ... Sixth exhibition of the Arthur Schwieder Group: Montross, 785 5 Ave. Open 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 21. ... Water colors by twenty artists: Morton, 130 W. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 28. ... Paintings by the gallery's artists: Walker, 108 E. 57. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 30.

KOLLWITZ—Lithographs and etchings by the great German master of black-and-white: Hudson D. Walker, 38 E. 57. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 4. ... Also, drawings and some small sculptures: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 28. ... Also, small show of prints: Arista, 30 Lexington. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.; through May 31.

MAGNELLI—Fairly interesting abstract paintings, a little loose in design: Boyer, 69 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 25.

MARROS AND MORI—Heavy-handed but honest paintings by the first, romantic landscapes

by the second: Delphic Studios, 44 W. 56. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 21.

MIRÓ—Recent paintings, most of them more than usually gay: Pierre Matisse, 51 E. 57. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 21.

MODERN MUSEUM—"Masters of Popular Painting," a big and remarkably effective exhibition of modern primitives of Europe and America: Museum of Modern Art, 14 W. 49. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through June 27.

MUNICIPAL—Water colors by Staten Islanders, oils from the other boroughs, in a youthfully lively, somewhat hit-or-miss assortment: Municipal Art Galleries, 3 E. 67. Open daily, except Mon., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through May 29.

PARIS PRIMITIVES—Naïve paintings—many of them quite charming—by a bus-driver, a mailman, and others: Perls, 32 E. 58. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 4.

SCHMIDT-ROTTLUFF—Big, vivid, and attractive flower studies: Nierendorf, 21 E. 57. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 23.

SHANNON—Paintings of Southern Negroes, a bit over-sentimentalized but dramatic: Seligmann, 3 E. 51. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 28.

SOYER—Well-textured landscapes and city genre studies by Isaac Soyer. Also, paintings by gallery's group: Midtown, 605 Madison. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 21.

WHITNEY MUSEUM—Sculpture and paintings from the permanent collection: 10 W. 8. Open weekdays, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; Sat. and Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.; through May 27.

WPA—Work done in the Mural Division of the WPA Federal Art Project: Federal Art Gallery, 225 W. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. 12 noon to 5:30 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 5 P.M.; Thurs. 7:30 to 11 P.M.; starting May 24.

MISCELLANEOUS—Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M., unless otherwise specified—Paintings by Paul King: Grand Central, 5 Ave. at 51; through May 21. ... Works by Hassam and Zorn: Mayer, 41 E. 57; through June 4. ... Paintings by Lauren Ford: Ferargil, 63 E. 57; through May 21. ... Paintings by Alice Neel: Contemporary Arts, 38 W. 57; through May 21. ... Paintings by the Philadelphia Artists' Union: New School, 66 W. 12; through May 28. ... Paintings by Florencio Molina Campos: English Book Shop, 64 E. 55; through May 21. ... Annual exhibition of the New York Physicians' Art Club: Academy of Medicine, 2 E. 103. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 9:30 P.M.; through May 21. ... Sculpture by John Rood: Mercury, 4 E. 8; through June 1. ... Exhibit of color photography: International Bldg., 630 5 Ave. Open 12 noon to 10 P.M.; May 21-29. ... Paintings of the first annual distribution: Collectors of American Art, 38 W. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through May 25. ... Annual exhibition by the Museum of Costume Art: La Maison Française, 610 5 Ave. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 3 to 6 P.M.; May 24-June 6.

NOTE—The thirteenth semiannual outdoor art exhibit in Washington Square is on view through Sun., May 22, 10 A.M. till dark.

MUSIC

LEAGUE OF MUSIC LOVERS CONCERT—Curtis String Quartet; Aube Tzerko, pianist; and Martha Graham, dancer: Town Hall, Fri. Eve., May 20, at 8:30.

WPA—At the WPA Theatre of Music, 254 W. 54—New York Civic Orchestra, Blatt conducting; piano soloist, Joseph Wagner: Sun. Aft., May 22, at 1:30. ... Federal Symphony, Bamboschek conducting; soloist, Carmela Ponselle: Sun. Eve., May 22, at 8:30.

OUT OF TOWN—Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy conducting: County Center, White Plains, N.Y., Fri. Eve., May 20, at 8:30.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—Games Sat. and Sun. at 3 P.M.; other days at 3:15 P.M.—At Polo Grounds: Giants vs. Chicago, Thurs., May 19; Giants vs. Cincinnati, Fri. and Sat., May 20-21; Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Sun. and Mon., May 22-23; Giants vs. St. Louis, Tues. through Thurs., May 24-26; Giants vs. Philadelphia, Fri. through Sun., May 27-29. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L"; 8 Ave. subway; or Bus No. 3.)

BOXING—Solly Krieger vs. Glen Lee: Madison



How to suit a celebrity

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Square Garden, Fri. Eve., May 20; preliminaries at 8:30 p.m. World's Welterweight Championship, Barney Ross vs. Henry Armstrong: Madison Square Garden Bowl, Northern Blvd., Long Island City, Thurs. Eve., May 26; preliminaries at 8:15 p.m.; main match about 9:30 p.m. (Take 8 Ave.-Queens Subway to 46 St. Queens.)

CREW—Carnegie Cup, Cornell-Princeton-Yale, Ithaca, N.Y., Fri. Aft., May 20, or Sat. Aft., May 21, depending on weather conditions. ... Adams Cup, Navy-Harvard-Pennsylvania, Annapolis, Md., Sat. Aft., May 21. Freshman race at 4; junior varsity at 4:30; varsity at 5. ... Goldthwaite Cup, Harvard-Princeton-Yale 150-lb. crews, Charles River, Cambridge, Mass., Sat. Aft., May 21, at 3. Columbia-Harvard, Harlem River, New York City, Sat. Aft., May 28. Junior varsity race at 6; varsity at 6:30.

GAELIC FOOTBALL—New York vs. Leix, Yankee Stadium, Sun. Aft., May 22, at 2. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L"; 8 Ave. subway; or Jerome Ave. subway.)

HORSE SHOWS—Wilmington Horse Show, Wilmington, Del., Thurs. through Sat., May 19-21. ... Vassar Horse Show, Poughkeepsie, N.Y., Sat., May 21. ... Watchung Riding & Driving Club Show, Summit, N.J., Sat. and Sun., May 21-22. ... Queens County Horse Show, Union Turnpike, between Hollis Ct. Blvd. and 188 St., Sun., May 22. ... Devon Horse Show and Country Fair, Devon, Pa., Tues. through Mon., May 24-30. ... New Haven Horse Show, New Haven, Conn., Fri. through Mon., May 27-30. ... Rockwood Hall Horse Show, Washington Irving Country Club, Tarrytown, N.Y., Sat. and Sun., May 28-29.

HUNT RACES—Fairfield & Westchester Hounds, Blind Brook Turf & Polo Club, Rye, N.Y., Sat. Aft., May 28, at 3.

DOG SHOWS—Ladies' Kennel Association of America, Mineola, L.I., Sat., May 21. ... Long Island Kennel Club, Cedarhurst, L.I., Sun., May 22. ... Interstate Poodle Club, Ogden P. Hammond estate, Bernardsville, N.J., Fri., May 27. ... Morris & Essex Kennel Club, Giralda Farm, Madison, N.J., Sat., May 28.

RACING—Belmont Park, L.I.: races weekdays at 2:30 p.m. The Appleton Memorial Cup Steeplechase and the Withers will be run Sat., May 21; the Corinthian Steeplechase Handicap and the Suburban Handicap, Sat., May 28. (Special trains leave Penn. Sta. at intervals from 12:20 to 1:50 p.m.)

YACHTING—Championship races on Long Island Sound: Larchmont Yacht Club, Sat. Aft., May 21; Riverside Yacht Club, Sat. Aft., May 28.

OTHER EVENTS

FLOWER SHOW—Flower Show for the benefit of the Seamen's Church Institute, on board the new Holland America liner Nieuw Amsterdam, Pier 1, 5 St., Hoboken, N.J., Fri. Aft., May 20, 2 to 6 p.m.

GARDEN EXHIBITIONS—Benefit showings of country gardens—Miss Marie L. Constable, Orienta Point, Mamaroneck, N.Y., Fri., May 20, 2 to 6 p.m. ... Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Field, Caumsett, Lloyd Harbor, Huntington, L.I., Sat. and Wed., May 21 and 25, 2 to 6 p.m. ... Mrs. John T. Pratt, Manor House, Glen Cove, L.I.; and Mr. Paul D. Cravath, Still, Locust Valley, L.I., Wed., May 25, 2 to 5:30 p.m.

AUCTIONS—At the American-Anderson Galleries, Madison at 57—Paintings, including English, Dutch, and Venetian masters, and nineteenth-century art: Fri. Aft., May 20, at 2. ... Americana, English literature, first editions, etc.: Wed. and Thurs. Afts., May 25-26, at 2. ... Rare Chinese ceramics, furniture, and decorations: Fri. Aft., May 27, at 2.

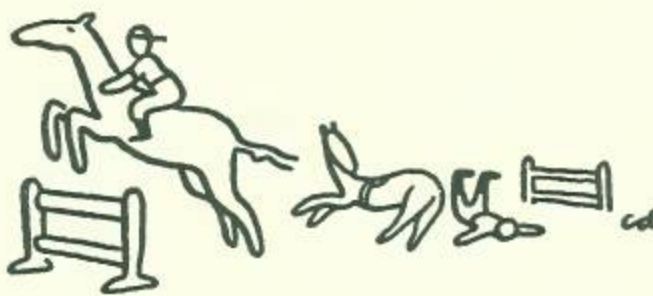
At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 742 5 Ave., at 57—Period furniture, rugs, books, and decorative objects, from the estate of the late Mrs. Stephen A. Powell and others: Thurs. and Fri. Afts., May 19-20, at 2. ... The Francis Ralston Welsh Library: Tues. and Wed. Eves., May 24-25, at 8:15. ... The Francis Ralston Welsh collection of jade, paintings, furniture, rugs, and objects of art: Wed. through Fri. Afts., May 25-27, at 2; and Thurs. Eve., May 26, at 8:15.

ON THE AIR

BOXING—Lee vs. Krieger, from the Garden: Fri. Eve., May 20, at 10, WJZ.

RACING—The King's Plate at Woodbine, Toronto: Sat. Aft., May 21, at 3:15, WJZ. The Withers at Belmont Park: Sat. Aft., May 21, at 4:15, WOR.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



[THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MAY 19, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 28. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING.]

WAGNER ANNIVERSARY—Special concert broadcast from Bayreuth and Leipzig, commemorating the 125th anniversary of Wagner's birth: Sun. Aft., May 22, at 2, WEA.

EMPIRE DAY—The Royal Command Empire Day Concert, from Albert Hall, London: Tues. Aft., May 24, at 3:30, WJZ.

SOME WEEKLY FEATURES—(Listing is chronological; times p.m., unless otherwise noted.)

THURSDAY—N.B.C. Music Guild, 2, WEA. Rudy Vallée's Varieties, 8, WEA. March of Time, 8, WJZ. Kate Smith, 8, WABC. Alfred Wallenstein's Sinfonietta, 8, WOR. "Good News of 1938," 9, WEA. Toronto Promenade Symphony, Stewart conducting, 9, WJZ. Bing Crosby's Music Hall, 10, WEA. "Music and Ballet," 10, WQXR.

FRIDAY—Paul Whiteman, 8:30, WABC. Hollywood Hotel, 9, WABC. George Olsen, 9, WJZ. Bamberger Symphony, 10, WOR.

SATURDAY—Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, 11 a.m., WABC. Abram Chasins, 12 noon, WEA. "Voices of the Past," 3:30, WQXR. "Exploring Music," Herrmann conducting, 4:45, WABC. Saturday Night Swing Club, 8, WABC. N.B.C. Symphony, Sir Adrian Boult conducting, 9, WEA.

SUNDAY—Charles Courboin, organist, 12 noon, WOR. New York Civic Orchestra, 1:30, WNYC. Magic Key of R.C.A. hour, 2, WJZ. Gotham String Quartet, 2:15, WOR. Columbia Symphony, Barlow conducting, 3, WABC. Jack Benny, 7, WEA. Eddy Brown's "String Classics," 7, WQXR. Phil Baker, 7:30, WABC. Edgar Bergen, 8, WEA. Ford Symphony, Barbirolli conducting, 9, WABC. Tyrone Power, 9, WJZ.

MONDAY—Columbia Chamber Orchestra, Herrmann conducting, 5, WABC. Eddie Cantor, 7:30, WABC. Burns and Allen, 8, WEA. Richard Crooks, 8:30, WEA. Radio Theatre, 9, WABC.

TUESDAY—N.B.C. Music Guild, 2:30, WJZ. Maxine Sullivan, 6:45, WABC. Edward G. Robinson, 8, WABC. Al Jolson, 8:30, WABC. Benny Goodman, 9:30, WABC.

WEDNESDAY—"Keyboard Concerts" (E. Robert Schmitz, May 25), 5, WABC. Gilbert and Sullivan Operas, 7, WQXR. Tommy Dorsey, 8:30, WEA. Ben Bernie, 8:30, WABC. Fred Allen, 9, WEA. Grace Moore, Deems Taylor, and André Kostelanetz, 9, WABC. Boston Pop Concert, Fiedler conducting, 9:30, WJZ. Alfred Wallenstein's Symphonic Strings, 10, WOR.

MOTION PICTURES

THE ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD—The Errol Flynn version, with Olivia De Havilland, Basil Rathbone, and a multitude of archers, fencers, warriors, and outlaws. A big Technicolor spectacle. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50; through Wed., May 25; continuous from 11:30 a.m.)

THE BIG BROADCAST OF 1938—W. C. Fields and Kirsten Flagstad in a singular alliance. Miss Flagstad sings alone. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Thurs. and Fri., May 19-20. ... Stoddard, B'way at 90; and Olympia, B'way at 107; Thurs. through Mon., May 19-23. ... Jefferson, 3 Ave. at 14; Mon. and Tues., May 23-24.)

BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE—Claudette Colbert and Gary Cooper, looking very well, show us the giddy life of Paris, the Riviera, and the like. (Rio, B'way at 160; through Thurs., May 19. ... Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; and Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; Thurs. through

Mon., May 19-23. ... Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Fri. through Sun., May 20-22.)

CLUB DE FEMMES—Charming though censored French film, with Danielle Darrieux, a number of other ladies, and but one male. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Tues., May 21-24.)

GENERALS WITHOUT BUTTONS—More French life, of children this time and their ancient village feuds. (World, 49, E. of B'way; continuous from 11 a.m.)

THE GOLDWYN FOLLIES—An amusing and colorful affair, with Gershwin music, Charlie McCarthy, Vera Zorina, Helen Jepson, and Adolphe Menjou. (Carlton, B'way at 100; Fri. through Mon., May 20-23.)

IN OLD CHICAGO—Exciting and strenuous sketch of the old days and the fire. With Alice Brady, Alice Faye, and Tyrone Power. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; through Thurs., May 19. ... 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Thurs. through Wed., May 19-25. ... Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Fri. through Wed., May 20-25. ... Rio, B'way at 160; Fri. through Mon., May 20-23. ... Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Mon., May 21-23.)

JOY OF LIVING—With the help of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Irene Dunne is very funny, in a rowdy way. (Palace, B'way at 47; Thurs. through Wed., May 19-25. ... RKO 86th Street, Lexington at 86; RKO 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; RKO 81st Street, B'way at 81; Hamilton, B'way at 146; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; Thurs. through Mon., May 19-23.)

LIFE DANCES ON (UN CARNET DE BAL)—French, romantic, and sad. Of a lady and her old loves. (Belmont, 48, E. of B'way; Sat. at 12:30, 2:45, 5, 7, 9, and 11:05 p.m.; other days at 12:05, 2:10, 4:15, 6:10, 8:15, and 10:10 p.m.)

MAYERLING—Beautiful romance, tragic and imperial, with Danielle Darrieux and Charles Boyer. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; through Thurs., May 19. ... Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sun. through Tues., May 22-24. ... Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., May 24-26.)

MOONLIGHT SONATA—With Paderewski himself, also Marie Tempest. Not much of a story, but notable, of course, for the stars. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; continuous from noon.)

THE PEARLS OF THE CROWN—Three languages, five centuries, many of the great in history, with Monsieur and Madame Sacha Guitry and Lyn Harding involved. All very simple, and entertaining, too. (Filmarte, 202 W. 58; daily at 1:08, 2:55, 4:42, 6:29, 8:16, and 10:03 p.m.)

OF HUMAN HEARTS—Thoroughgoing sob sketch of hard times in old Ohio, with Walter Huston, Beulah Bondi, and James Stewart. (Trans-Lux, Madison at 85; through Thurs., May 19.)

A SLIGHT CASE OF MURDER—Raucous and hilarious farce at the expense of all the crime films. With Edward G. Robinson. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Thurs., May 19. ... Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Fri. and Sat., May 20-21.)

TEST PILOT—Myrna Loy, Clark Gable, and Spencer Tracy in a handsome and well-worked-out, if not very novel, film of fliers and their lives. (State, B'way at 45; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Lexington, Lexington at 51; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; Thurs. through Wed., May 19-25.)

REVIVALS

CATHERINE THE GREAT (1934)—Elisabeth Bergner and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; through Thurs., May 19.)

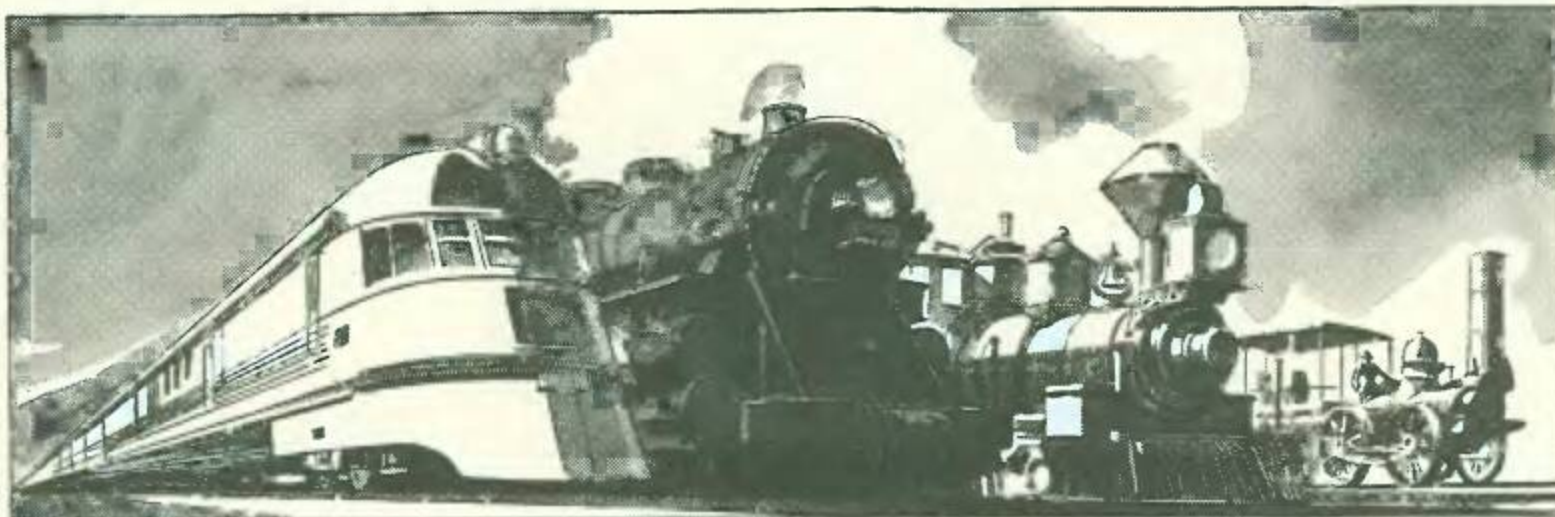
THE GHOST GOES WEST (1935)—René Clair's English film, with Robert Donat. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Fri. and Sat., May 20-21. ... Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sun. and Mon., May 22-23.)

IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT (1934)—Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; through Fri., May 20.)

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF DON JUAN (1934)—Douglas Fairbanks. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sun. and Mon., May 22-23.)

NOTES—"The Bright Shawl" (1923), with Richard Barthelmess, Dorothy Gish, and Mary Astor, can be seen at the Union Church, 229 W. 48, Sat., May 21, at 2:30, 8, and 10 p.m. ... "The Big Parade" (1925): McMillin Theatre, Columbia University, B'way at 116, Wed., May 25, at 8:30 p.m.

BIG BUSINESS—NO. 8



Common Carriers and Common Sense

THE increase in freight rates recently granted by the Interstate Commerce Commission is one sound step toward rehabilitation of the railroads.

While the public is entitled to railroad service at reasonable rates, investors in rail securities are likewise entitled to a reasonable return. At the same time, fair wages must be paid and taxes must be met.

Does the public receive reasonable rates? Amazing though it may seem, the cost of shipping a ton of freight one mile is less than 1 cent, as compared with 3.48 cents in France and 2.73 cents in Great Britain. Passenger rates are 14% less than in 1916 despite heavy increases in operating costs since that date.

Are railroad employees fairly treated? Hourly wage rates in 1937 were the highest in history—more than 167% over the 1916 rates, as compared with an increase of 30% in the cost of living.

How has Government fared? The railroad tax bill in 1937 was 326 million dollars, up 30% since 1933, and 107% greater than in 1916.

But what of the investors who have a 26 billion investment in railroads? Their return has been inadequate over a long period of years. For the past 10 years railroad earnings have averaged only 2.65% annually on all invested capital, and as most capital is bonded debt, such earnings were obviously not enough in many cases to meet interest charges.

Unquestioned solvency of the railroads is necessary to assure continuance of efficient service and employment at high wages. By assuring purchase of railroad equipment, it would also promote revival in many other industries. We do not undertake to indicate the terms of the solution, but common sense dictates that the earning power of railroads be restored as a matter of general welfare.

As bankers for commercial and industrial enterprises, it is part of our responsibility to contribute something to a better understanding of the facts about private business.

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UPTOWN OFFICE: MADISON AVENUE AT 63RD STREET

FIRST RUN

CAPITOL, B'way at 51 (Columbus 5-1250)—Opening Thurs., May 19: "Hold That Kiss," Mickey Rooney, Maureen O'Sullivan.

CRITERION, B'way at 44 (Circle 6-8600)—Thurs., May 19: "The Fight for Peace," the Hendrik Willem Van Loon documentary film. . . Opening Fri., May 20: "Hunted Men," Mary Carlisle, Lloyd Nolan.

GLOBE, B'way at 46 (Circle 6-0800)—Through Fri., May 20: "International Crime," Rod La Rocque, Astrid Allwyn. . . Opening Sat., May 21: not announced.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43 (Chickering 4-7022)—"Dr. Rhythm," Bing Crosby, Mary Carlisle, Beatrice Lillie.

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL, 6 Ave. at 50 (Circle 6-4600)—Through Wed., May 25: "The Adventures of Robin Hood," Errol Flynn, Olivia De Havilland, Basil Rathbone.

RIALTO, B'way at 42 (Wisconsin 7-0206)—Thurs., May 19: "Nurse from Brooklyn," Sally Eilers, Paul Kelly. . . Opening Fri., May 20: "Blind Alibi," Richard Dix, Whitney Bourne.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49 (Circle 7-1633)—Through Fri., May 20: "It Happened One Night," revival, Claudette Colbert, Clark Gable. . . From Sat., May 21: not announced.

ROXY, 7 Ave. at 50 (Circle 7-6000)—Thurs., May 19: "Four Men and a Prayer," Loretta Young, Richard Greene. . . Opening Fri., May 20: "Kentucky Moonshine," the Ritz Brothers.

STRAND, B'way at 47 (Circle 7-5900)—"Crime School," Humphrey Bogart.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

BELMONT, 48, E. of B'way (Bryant 9-0156)—"Life Dances On," French film, Marie Bell, Harry Baur.

CAMEO, 42, E. of B'way (Wisconsin 7-1789)—"Lonely White Sail," Soviet film.

CONTINENTAL, B'way at 52 (Columbus 5-6480)—"To the Victor," British film, Will Fyffe.

5TH AVENUE PLAYHOUSE, 5 Ave. at 12 (Algonquin 4-7661)—"The Great John Ericsson," Swedish film.

55TH STREET PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55 (Columbus 5-0425)—"The Slipper Episode," French film, Betty Stockfield.

FILMARTE, 202 W. 58 (Circle 7-6591)—"The Pearls of the Crown," French film, Sacha Guitry.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57 (Circle 7-1294)—"Moonlight Sonata," British film, Ignace Jan Paderewski, Marie Tempest.

WORLD, 49, E. of B'way (Circle 7-5747)—"Generals Without Buttons," French film; also "Tales from the Vienna Woods," revival, Viennese film, Leo Slezak, Magda Schneider.

EAST SIDE

JEFFERSON, 3 Ave. at 14 (Gramercy 7-6320)—Thurs., May 19: "She Married an Artist," John Boles, Luli Deste; also "County Fair," John Arledge; and "The Lone Ranger," Episode 10. . . Fri. through Sun., May 20-22: "Island in the Sky," Gloria Stuart, Michael Whalen; also "A Bride for Henry," Anne Nagel, Warren Hull. . . Mon. and Tues., May 23-24: "The Big Broadcast of 1938," W. C. Fields, Kirsten Flagstad, and others; also "Merrily We Live," Constance Bennett, Brian Aherne. . . From Wed., May 25: "Wide Open Faces," Joe E. Brown; also "Born to the West," John Wayne; and "The Lone Ranger," Episode 11.

GRAMERCY PARK, Lexington at 23 (Gramercy 5-1660)—Thurs., May 19: "I Met My Love Again," Joan Bennett, Henry Fonda; also "Baltic Deputy," Soviet film. . . Fri. and Sat., May 20-21: "A Slight Case of Murder," Edward G. Robinson; also "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," Shirley Temple. . . Sun. through Tues., May 22-24: "Mad About Music," Deanna Durbin, Herbert Marshall. . . From Wed., May 25: "Gold Is Where You Find It," George Brent, Olivia De Havilland; also "Action for Slander," Clive Brook.

LOEW'S 42ND STREET, Lexington at 42 (Ashland 4-4865)—Thurs., May 19: "In Old Chicago," Alice Faye, Tyrone Power, Alice Brady; also "Blondes at Work," Glenda Farrell, Barton MacLane. . . Fri. through Sun., May 20-22: "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," Claudette Colbert, Gary Cooper; also "Romance in the Dark," Gladys Swarthout, John Boles. . . Mon. and Tues., May 23-24: "Making the Headlines," Jack Holt; also "The Return of the Scarlet Pimpernel," Barry Barnes, Sophie Stewart. . . From Wed., May 25: "Battle of Broadway," Victor McLaglen, Brian Donlevy; also "Condemned Women," Sally Eilers, Louis Hayward.

LEXINGTON, Lexington at 51 (Plaza 3-0336)—Thurs. through Wed., May 19-25: "Test Pilot," Myrna Loy, Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy; also "Tip-Off Girls," Mary Carlisle, Lloyd Nolan.

SUTTON, 3 Ave. at 57 (Plaza 3-5520)—Thurs. through Sat., May 19-21: "Jezebel," Bette Davis, Henry Fonda; also "The Girl Said No," Irene Harvey, Robert Armstrong. . . Sun. and Mon., May 22-23: "Gold Is Where You Find It," George Brent, Olivia De Havilland; also "Give Us This Night," revival, Gladys Swarthout, Jan Kiepura. . . From Tues., May 24: "Le Bonheur," French film, Charles Boyer; co-feature not announced.

RKO 58TH STREET, 3 Ave. at 58 (Volunteer 5-3577)—Thurs. through Mon., May 19-23: "Joy of Living," Irene Dunne, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; also "Penrod and His Twin Brother," the Mauch

AT THE
MOVIE HOUSESTHURSDAY, MAY 19, THROUGH
WEDNESDAY, MAY 25

[THIS IS A LIST OF FILMS AT FIRST-RUN AND SELECTED NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES IN MANHATTAN. FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE INDICATED BY BLACK TYPE; YOU CAN LEARN MORE ABOUT THEM ON PAGE 6, UNDER "MOTION PICTURES."]

twins. . . Tues. and Wed., May 24-25: "Goodbye Broadway," Charles Winninger, Alice Brady, Tom Brown; also "Law of the Underworld," Chester Morris, Anne Shirley.

PLAZA, 58, E. of Madison (Volunteer 5-3320)—Thurs., May 19: "Merrily We Live," Constance Bennett, Brian Aherne. . . Fri. through Wed., May 20-25: "In Old Chicago," Alice Faye, Tyrone Power, Alice Brady.

68TH STREET PLAYHOUSE, 3 Ave. at 68 (Regent 4-0302)—Thurs. and Fri., May 19-20: "A Yank at Oxford," Robert Taylor. . . Sat. through Tues., May 21-24: "Club de Femmes," French film, Danielle Darrieux, Else Argal. . . From Wed., May 25: "Jezebel," Bette Davis, Henry Fonda.

LOEW'S 72ND STREET, 3 Ave. at 72 (Butterfield 8-7222)—Thurs. through Wed., May 19-25: "Test Pilot," Myrna Loy, Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy; also "Tip-Off Girls," Mary Carlisle, Lloyd Nolan.

COLONY, 2 Ave. at 79 (Butterfield 8-9009)—Thurs., May 19: "Mayerling," French picture, Charles Boyer, Danielle Darrieux; also "Little Lord Fauntleroy," revival, Freddie Bartholomew. . . Fri. and Sat., May 20-21: "Women in Prison," Scott Colton, Wyn Cahoon; also "Radio City Revels," Jack Oakie, Milton Berle. . . Sun. and Mon., May 22-23: "The Ghost Goes West," revival, Robert Donat; also "The Private Life of Don Juan," revival, Douglas Fairbanks. . . From Tues., May 24: "Fools for Scandal," Carole Lombard, Fernand Gravet; also "Over the Wall," Dick Foran, June Travis.

TRANS-LUX, Madison at 85 (Butterfield 8-3180)—Thurs., May 19: "Of Human Hearts," Walter Huston, Beulah Bondi, James Stewart. . . Fri. through Mon., May 20-23: "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," Shirley Temple. . . From Tues., May 24: "Mr. Moto's Gamble," Peter Lorre.

RKO 86TH STREET, Lexington at 86 (Atwater 9-8900)—Thurs. through Mon., May 19-23: "Joy of Living," Irene Dunne, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; also "Penrod and His Twin Brother," the Mauch twins. . . Tues. and Wed., May 24-25: "Goodbye Broadway," Charles Winninger, Alice Brady, Tom Brown; also "Law of the Underworld," Chester Morris, Anne Shirley.

LOEW'S 86TH STREET, 3 Ave. at 86 (Atwater 9-5566)—Thurs. and Fri., May 19-20: "The Big Broadcast of 1938," W. C. Fields, Kirsten Flagstad, and others; also "Merrily We Live," Constance Bennett, Brian Aherne. . . Sat. through Mon., May 21-23: "In Old Chicago," Alice Faye, Tyrone Power, Alice Brady; also "Blondes at Work," Glenda Farrell, Barton MacLane. . . Tues. and Wed., May 24-25: "Wide Open Faces," Joe E. Brown; also "Born to the West," John Wayne.

ORPHEUM, 3 Ave. at 86 (Atwater 9-4607)—Thurs. through Mon., May 19-23: "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," Claudette Colbert, Gary Cooper; also "Romance in the Dark," Gladys Swarthout, John Boles. . . Tues. and Wed., May 24-25: "Making the Headlines," Jack Holt; also "The Return of the Scarlet Pimpernel," Barry Barnes, Sophie Stewart; and "The Lone Ranger," Episode 12.

WEST SIDE

8TH STREET PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8 (Gramercy 7-7874)—Thurs. through Wed., May 19-25: "In Old Chicago," Alice Faye, Tyrone Power, Alice Brady.

SHERIDAN, 7 Ave. at 12 (Watkins 9-2166)—Thurs. through Mon., May 19-23: "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," Claudette Colbert, Gary Cooper; also "Romance in the Dark," Gladys Swarthout, John Boles. . . Tues. and Wed., May 24-25:

"Making the Headlines," Jack Holt; also "The Return of the Scarlet Pimpernel," Barry Barnes, Sophie Stewart; and "The Lone Ranger," Episode 12.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12 (Watkins 9-3350)—Thurs., May 19: "Catherine the Great," revival, Elisabeth Bergner, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; also "King of Burlesque," Alice Faye, Warner Baxter. . . Fri. through Mon., May 20-23: "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," Shirley Temple; also "Over the Wall," Dick Foran, June Travis. . . From Tues., May 24: "Mayerling," French picture, Charles Boyer, Danielle Darrieux; also "Love on a Budget," Jed Prouty, Spring Byington.

TERRACE, 9 Ave. at 23 (Chelsea 3-0960)—Thurs., May 19: "A Slight Case of Murder," Edward G. Robinson; also "Change of Heart," Gloria Stuart, Michael Whalen. . . Fri. and Sat., May 20-21: "The Ghost Goes West," revival, Robert Donat; also "The Girl from 10th Avenue," revival, Bette Davis, Ian Hunter. . . Sun. through Tues., May 22-24: "Mayerling," French picture, Charles Boyer, Danielle Darrieux; also "Black Doll," Donald Woods, Nan Grey. . . From Wed., May 25: "Jezebel," Bette Davis, Henry Fonda; also "Radio City Revels," Jack Oakie, Milton Berle.

STATE, B'way at 45 (Bryant 9-1957)—Thurs. through Wed., May 19-25: "Test Pilot," Myrna Loy, Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy.

PALACE, B'way at 47 (Bryant 9-4300)—Thurs. through Wed., May 19-25: "Joy of Living," Irene Dunne, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; also "Sinners in Paradise," Madge Evans, John Boles.

ZIEGFELD, 6 Ave. at 54 (Circle 7-3737)—Thurs. through Wed., May 19-25: "Test Pilot," Myrna Loy, Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy; also "Tip-Off Girls," Mary Carlisle, Lloyd Nolan. (May 24-25 only: "The Lone Ranger," Episode 13.)

COLONIAL, B'way at 62 (Columbus 5-0485)—Thurs. through Sun., May 19-22: "Battle of Broadway," Victor McLaglen, Brian Donlevy; also "Condemned Women," Sally Eilers, Louis Hayward. . . Mon. through Wed., May 23-25: "Island in the Sky," Gloria Stuart, Michael Whalen; also "A Bride for Henry," Anne Nagel, Warren Hull; and March of Time.

RKO 81ST STREET, B'way at 81 (Trafalgar 7-6160)—Thurs. through Mon., May 19-23: "Joy of Living," Irene Dunne, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; also "Penrod and His Twin Brother," the Mauch twins. . . Tues. and Wed., May 24-25: "Goodbye Broadway," Charles Winninger, Alice Brady, Tom Brown; also "Law of the Underworld," Chester Morris, Anne Shirley.

LOEW'S 83RD STREET, B'way at 83 (Trafalgar 7-3190)—Thurs. through Wed., May 19-25: "Test Pilot," Myrna Loy, Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy; also "Tip-Off Girls," Mary Carlisle, Lloyd Nolan.

STODDARD, B'way at 90 (Schuyler 4-0460)—Thurs. through Mon., May 19-23: "The Big Broadcast of 1938," W. C. Fields, Kirsten Flagstad, and others; also "Penitentiary," Walter Connolly, Jean Parker. . . Tues. and Wed., May 24-25: "She Married an Artist," John Boles, Luli Deste; also "Hollywood Stadium Mystery" ("The Stadium Murders"), Neil Hamilton, Evelyn Venable.

CARLTON, B'way at 100 (Academy 4-0750)—Thurs., May 19: "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," Shirley Temple; also "Love, Honor, and Behave," Wayne Morris. . . Fri. through Mon., May 20-23: "The Goldwyn Follies," Adolphe Menjou, Andrea Leeds, and others; also "Bulldog Drummond's Peril," John Barrymore. . . From Tues., May 24: "Women Are Like That," Kay Francis, Pat O'Brien; also "Love on a Budget," Jed Prouty, Spring Byington.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107 (Academy 2-1019)—Thurs. through Mon., May 19-23: "The Big Broadcast of 1938," W. C. Fields, Kirsten Flagstad, and others; also "Penitentiary," Walter Connolly, Jean Parker. . . Tues. and Wed., May 24-25: "She Married an Artist," John Boles, Luli Deste; also "Hollywood Stadium Mystery" ("The Stadium Murders"), Neil Hamilton, Evelyn Venable.

HAMILTON, B'way at 146 (Edgemont 4-0287)—Thurs. through Mon., May 19-23: "Joy of Living," Irene Dunne, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; also "Penrod and His Twin Brother," the Mauch twins. . . Tues. and Wed., May 24-25: "Goodbye Broadway," Charles Winninger, Alice Brady, Tom Brown; also "Law of the Underworld," Chester Morris, Anne Shirley.

RIO, B'way at 160 (Washington Heights 7-1135)—Thurs., May 19: "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," Claudette Colbert, Gary Cooper; also "Romance in the Dark," Gladys Swarthout, John Boles. . . Fri. through Mon., May 20-23: "In Old Chicago," Alice Faye, Tyrone Power, Alice Brady; also "Blondes at Work," Glenda Farrell, Barton MacLane. . . From Tues., May 24: "Battle of Broadway," Victor McLaglen, Brian Donlevy; also "Condemned Women," Sally Eilers, Louis Hayward.

LOEW'S 175TH STREET, B'way at 175 (Washington Heights 7-5200)—Thurs. through Wed., May 19-25: "Test Pilot," Myrna Loy, Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy; also "Tip-Off Girls," Mary Carlisle, Lloyd Nolan.

COLISEUM, B'way at 181 (Wadsworth 7-7200)—Thurs. through Mon., May 19-23: "Joy of Living," Irene Dunne, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; also "Penrod and His Twin Brother," the Mauch twins. . . Tues. and Wed., May 24-25: "Goodbye Broadway," Charles Winninger, Alice Brady, Tom Brown; also "Law of the Underworld," Chester Morris, Anne Shirley.

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ADOLF HITLER returned to Berlin; Benito Mussolini went back to Rome. The streets had been banked with flowers; there had been military parades and the "greatest display of naval might since the World War." There is, we think, something strange and fine in the friendship of these two men. It is simple enough to love an honest man, a man whose purpose is candid and just. There is no especial merit in it. It is something else to be able to admire a man who has been



treacherous to you before and will unquestionably be treacherous again. It is not easy to clasp the hand of a man who has every reason to be at your throat. We wonder what thoughts were in the minds of these two men at the moment of parting, when each one found the final courage to turn his back upon the other.

A CALL has gone out to writers to meet on Sunday in the cause of a Federal Bureau of Fine Arts. "In issuing this call," said the letter we received, "we are moved by a belief that it is the desire of all writers . . . to have the advance of culture accelerated, the base of art broadened, and the economic place of artists reasonably secure."

Here, in a sentence, is the issue. One must decide how he feels about the acceleration of culture before he can know whether he wants a Bureau of Fine Arts. It is as common to believe that culture should be accelerated as to believe that whooping cough should be retarded, yet we have never heard any

devotee of the bureaucratic ideal make out a solid case for this proposed quickening. A Bureau of Fine Arts would indeed accelerate culture, in that it would provide public money for creative enterprise, and by so doing would make it easier for artists and writers to go on being artists and writers, as well as for persons who are not artists and writers to continue the happy pretence. Such a Bureau would presumably have other effects symptomatic of acceleration. The radio, for example, has immensely accelerated culture in that it has brought to millions of people, in torrential measure, the distant and often adulterated sounds of art and life. But it is still an open question whether this mysterious electrical diffusion has been a blessing to man, who appears at the moment to be most unhappy about nearly everything.

Santayana, although he won't be at the meeting Sunday, is a writer whose views on the diffusion of culture we find instructive. "Great thoughts," he says, "require a great mind and pure beauties a profound sensibility. To attempt to give such things a wide currency is to be willing to denaturalize them in order to boast that they have been propagated. Culture is on the horns of this dilemma: if profound and noble it must remain rare, if common it must become mean. These alternatives can never be eluded until some purified and high-bred race succeeds the promiscuous bipeds that now blacken the planet."

Advocates of a bureaucratic culture, in wishing to establish artists more firmly in the national economy, argue that it is to a nation's advantage to make its creative souls more comfortable financially; but here we feel they are confusing an aesthetic ideal with a social one. When two persons are in need of food, there is always the embarrassing question whether to feed the talented one first, on the somewhat questionable grounds that he may live to provide

beauty for the other one (who in the meanwhile may die of starvation, or laughter). This is essentially what the Bureau proposes, and it is a proposal which naturally meets with very little opposition among writers and artists, who feel both hunger and beauty, and who can always use a little dough.

Sponsorship of the creative ideal by the government has many delightful delinquencies. It assumes, among other things, that art is recognizable in embryo—or at least recognizable enough to make it worth the public's while to pay for raising the baby. And it assumes that artists, like chickens, are responsive to proper diet. We sometimes wonder if they are. Housman, when they asked him what caused him to produce poems, said that as far as he could determine it was usually some rather inappropriate physical disability, such as a relaxed sore throat. This catarrhal theory of the creative life has always fascinated us, and it should give the government pause before setting aside too great a share of the public funds for improving the vigor of poets.

A COUPLE of weeks ago Sally Rand, clothed, advised the Harvard freshmen to put away their childish things and seek "brave new frontiers." This week, unclothed, she ap-



peared before the American Federation of Labor in Cincinnati in a dance called "The Union Rhapsody." Miss Rand, it seems to us, was misguided in both these projects. Harvard freshmen, bless their hearts, meet new frontiers every time they go to Boston. Union men, already troubled by a shrinking demand



*"Things aren't bad enough,
you have to play 'Ah! Sweet Mystery of Life' yet!"*

for their products, can hardly be comforted by an art whose basic theme is scarcity.

Cure

THE morale of the Café de Paris, one of the nicest restaurants in London, was all but shattered some weeks ago by a wispy young man who came in at the height of the luncheon hour and demanded a table. The headwaiter told him that they were all reserved, but the fellow wouldn't take that for an answer. He picked out a table and firmly sat down, ignoring the "Reserved" sign, and as he had a rather wild look in his eye, the headwaiter let him remain. There was a scene when the waiter handed him the menu. The young man read it through slowly and carefully, including the wine list. Then, in a loud voice, he said, "I shan't order. There's nothing here that I could possibly eat." He got up, glanced around the room, shook his head scornfully, and departed. Everybody at the Café de Paris felt terrible about this, but they felt even worse two days later when another young man appeared at luncheon and went through substantially the same performance—insisted on

choosing his own table, complained of the menu, and stalked out without having ordered. At intervals during the next week three more men appeared, argued about the service, and left in huffs. It finally got so bad that the staff winced whenever a stag entered the restaurant. Then, one day, the first of the dissatisfied young men showed up for dinner. While everybody watched breathlessly, he ordered a dry sherry, soup, and a plain omelet, all of which he seemed thoroughly to enjoy. "It seems that Monsieur has changed his opinion of the restaurant," the headwaiter said as the young man was on his way out. "Oh, yes," the fellow said. "I suppose I owe you an apology, and all that sort of thing. You see, my psychoanalyst made me do that. He sends all his patients to two or three of the big restaurants, and they're supposed to make a scene. He says it builds up self-confidence. And I must say," the young man concluded happily, "that I've felt more sure of myself lately."

Fish Fry

EARLY Monday morning we went down to Fulton Market and verified an account we had been given of

a daily happening which sounds like one of those improbabilities O. O. McIntyre used to encounter day by day, and by a fitting coincidence his name comes into it anyway. At South Street and Peck Slip, out on the pier, we found a group of drifters and derelicts gathered around a fire over which they were cooking fish, after a fashion. Bits of assorted fish were scorching away in an iron tray set over a fire made of packing cases. Other fishy fragments were cooking right in the hot ashes, South Seas style. The men, we had heard, gather there daily, and a fish dealer in the market told us they'd been doing it for many years. The market men are kind enough to contribute leftover fish and less desirable cuts, which otherwise might be thrown away. Nearly always someone in the crowd has panhandled enough money for bread and salt, the only other essentials of this gala. Occasionally the menu is varied by making a fish stew with culled sweet potatoes, carrots, and other vegetables sometimes available around the market region in the morning. We talked with some of the fish-fry guests, and one middle-aged fellow, with a wise glint in his eye and a rye scent on his breath, asked us with a smile, "Would you care for a little of this—ah—speckled trout, sir?" We declined, pleading a heavy breakfast shortly before. The roguish chap then asked if there was a writer or columnist in the house, by any chance, looking steadily at us. We owned up and he then said that he'd had a little left-handed experience in that line. "I used to be O. O. McIntyre's butler," he said. "That was when he lived for a while at the late Mr. Long's house in Sixty-seventh Street. You remember Mr. Long of the *Cosmopolitan*?" The ex-butler deftly seized another item of fish. He said his name was Hartman and that he'd also worked for Jerome Kern. "My wife was the cook always," he said. "She died in 1929 and after that I just didn't give a damn. Pretty common story, I'm afraid." Hartman volunteered the assurance that his tabloid autobiography wasn't something he'd read in a McIntyre column. "I knew that dog of Mr. Mac's, too, the one he wrote about," he said. "Mr. Mac was damn nice to servants, I'll say that for him."

The men around the fire were vaguely expecting an hour or two's work unloading a banana boat just then coming into the dock of the Standard Fruit & Steamship Co., adjoining the fish fry. Before we left, one young

vagrant made us an offer of his life story. "I got it all written out," he said, "in case anybody wants it. It's pretty interesting to me anyway, and even if nobody wants it I'm glad I wrote it out, because I like to read it when I haven't got anything else to do."

The Weary Days

TWO men in overalls, evidently trainmen of some kind, were trudging through the Pennsylvania Station arcade. One of them paused to look into the window of the Doubleday, Doran bookshop, where there was a body-beautiful book opened at a color photograph of a naked wench. "Nothing doing until Thursday, Bill," said his companion. "They only turn a page every three days."

Connecticut Plates

HAVING heard often about the tricky plates issued to automobile owners of Connecticut, we made a point of interviewing the State Commissioner of Motor Vehicles, Mr. Michael A. Connor, on his last visit to New York. Under his regime, Connecticut automobiles, instead of bearing dull and formidable numbers, frequently break out with such gay legends as BUG, IMP, A 1, HIS, and Y 27 (Yale '27). Furthermore, Connecticut residents now have permanent possession of their plates, merely changing a small detachable metal tag each year. Commissioner Connor told us that this is all indirectly part of a safety campaign, his idea being that if a man drives a car bearing a permanent, personalized set of plates, he'll do his best to avoid accidents, through pride. He says it seems to have worked out that way, too; that accidents have fallen off considerably. Moreover, he says, policemen remember special plates more easily.

Commissioner Connor figured out that using three letters, you get about 35,000 combinations, whereas with digits you get only 999. Using two letters and one, two, or three digits gives you half a million combinations—more than his state is likely to need for some time. The Commissioner started modestly on his new plan in 1935, with a single pair of plates bearing the letters RBO. These he presented to his old friend Remsen B. Ogilby, President of Trinity College, Hartford. Dr. Ogilby was pleased and told all his friends, with the result that in 1936 there were 200 requests for initials, numerals, or com-

binations of special significance to the applicants. Commissioner Connor complied with these requests and helped the cause along by giving himself YD 102, in memory of his war outfit, the 102nd Infantry of the Yankee Division. In 1937, 5,000 people asked for, and most of them got, special plates. The number went up to 7,000 this year. Next year it will probably be 10,000. There are 350,000 pleasure cars registered in the state, and Commissioner Connor expects that most of them won't ever bother about special plates.

Only people with perfect driving records are issued plates bearing letters alone. This speaks for the ability of Hendrik Van Loon (VAN), Frank D. Ross, ex-state golf champion (FDR), J. B. Casey (ABC—his wife's initials), and Lucius Robinson, Jr. (XYZ—he thought it would be fun to have them). BOO and several such combinations have been ruled out as provocative. Mr. Connor isn't so meticulous when people ask for a letter-and-number combination, and there is no implied expert driving in Lily Pons' plates (LP 13), or André Kostelanetz's (AK 13), or

Lawrence Tibbett's (LT 1 and LT 2). You mustn't get the idea that only the great and near-great are favored this way; it's a new deal for the common people, who can get just as good a combination as a big politician's friend, and at the same price. Anybody can apply for any number except 1, which has gone to Governor Cross.

Only once, Commissioner Connor told us, has the innovation failed to result happily. This is the case of one William H. Mortensen, of Hartford, who ordered WHM plates for 1937. He was back inside of a month with a request for an ordinary number—said driving around with his initials fore and aft made him so self-conscious that he couldn't even shift gears properly.

Interior Decoration

A CERTAIN Mr. Duane was lucky enough to get into a radio cab which was at the moment giving forth a program sponsored by an installment-plan furniture company. A



man was answering questions written in to him on the subject of decoration. One question ran something like this: "I have a midget radio set but do not know where to put it. Would it be suitable to put it on an end table by the sofa?" After reading this, the company expert gave his opinion: "No. It would hardly do to have a radio, however small, on a table. I suggest that you purchase a bookcase and place the radio on one of the shelves. The empty space could be filled up with books."

Mother McAvoy

RIGHT at this minute, likely enough, some able-bodied seaman off Gibraltar or near Cape Town is taking a draught of McAvoy's Tonic Compound and wishing he could roll up to 163 Christopher Street, New York, and turn the proceeds of his voyage over to its manufacturer, Mother McAvoy. She's a famed woman in many parts of the world, although little known outside of a fairly small circle, in Manhattan. If you walk along Christopher Street, toward the Hudson River, you can't miss her small drugstore. On the awning is lettered "Cigarettes, Citizenship Papers, Soda," and on the window are painted a couple of illuminating sentiments: "Of what good is money without health or when you are dead?" and "If you suffer from dyspepsia or heartburn, your stomach is your best friend. Take care of it." If you linger two seconds before the window, a young girl rushes out of the shop and hands you a slip recommending McAvoy's Tonic Compound, and rushes right back in. If you enter, you find the place as clean as a ship's deck—a rebuke to the scrubby neighborhood—and you see a white-haired, pink-faced, imposing lady seated magisterially at a desk in the centre of the store. That is Mother McAvoy, as she is known to thousands of maritime workers and truck-drivers who have been around that region through the years. She is a maiden lady of sixty-two.

In 1902, Mother McAvoy, as Miss Minnie Belle McAvoy of Rome, N.Y., was graduated from the New York College of Pharmacy, and three years later her father, who was a contractor, bought the present business for her at a cost of \$3,500. Then it served a region of homes and was busy with people using the Christopher Street ferry nearby. A tube station was opened at Christopher Street in 1908 and the

ferry business slumped; after that the neighborhood went gradually over to business, and not business of the first class. It was then that Miss McAvoy worked out her secret formula and put the tonic on the market. "I realized I had to specialize or go under," she explains. She's sold fifty thousand bottles of the remedy in the last twenty-nine years. She doesn't deny a rumor that the captains of several large liners are her customers, as well as a local assistant district attorney. At any rate, there are thousands of sailors and truckmen who have deep confidence in the tonic as a remedy for stomach ailments, including, in an emergency, hangovers.

Many maritime men make straight for Mother McAvoy's when they get paid off and give her most of their money to put away in her safe, a procedure which prevents the traditional and painful sequence of wild spending and swift remorse. Mother McAvoy returns it to them in reasonable amounts, and when a sailor comes back weaving and wants all his capital for some enterprise that delights him at the moment, she uses her skill in coaxing him out of the notion. She also runs a post office or message centre for maritime men and takes care of their letters and small semi-official matters. She's a notary public, and helps men make out their applications for citizenship papers. "Don't ever tell me," she says, "that sailors and truckmen are rowdies. Why, they're the loveliest people in the world." She has only one young girl to assist her in the shop, which she opens personally at seven o'clock every morning and tends until near midnight every evening. The hours between are spent at her home in the Bronx, and in going and coming. She's never felt herself

in danger in the neighborhood. Once, though, a man argued over the price of a prescription and then made "an uncalled-for remark" as he left. "I hit him on the head with my pestle and threw the mortar after him," she says. "I'm sorry to say I missed with the mortar." It was in 1906 that Mother McAvoy missed with her mortar.

Exit

TWO matrons who might well have come from the depths of Jersey got into a Madison Avenue bus at the height of the evening rush hour. They rode from Fifty-ninth Street down to Thirty-fourth, where they alighted, using the front door and interfering with a lot of people who were trying to get in. "Use the rear door, please," the driver said, with a good deal of irritation. Both ladies were by this time on the curb, but they turned, entered the bus again, walked through to the back door, and exited. The driver couldn't even speak for ten blocks, and then he said something perfectly terrible to a taxi-driver.

Touché

SPORTSMEN who attended the recent fencing matches at the N.Y.A.C. for the national championships egged us into investigating the electrical épée, a new duelling weapon so devised that when one fencer scores a touch a light flashes and a bell rings on a nearby control box, thereby throwing judges practically into unemployment and enabling the spectators to know quickly what's going on. We find that it works roughly like this: Three wires, attached to a portable unit equipped with a storage battery, hook onto each fencer's belt and run up the back, over the shoulder, and down the duelling arm under the sleeve. At the wrist they end in a plug, which fits into a socket on the hilt of the sword. One wire is grounded in the steel and the other two travel the length of the blade in grooves, terminating in a button arrangement. When the tip of the weapon touches the other fencer, a contact is made between the wires and the news is relayed through the blade, hilt, arm, shoulder, and back to the control box, whereupon the light flashes, the bell rings, and the crowd roars—all, as you will probably realize, in less time than it takes us to tell about it. There are refinements, to be sure, which take care of such situations as when the tip of one



sword hits the blade of another—resulting in a short circuit that keeps both lights from shining and both bells from ringing—but you get the idea.

All this seems far removed from the ancient sport of duelling, but it's a step ahead of dipping the sword tips in ink and then stopping after every touch to remove ink spots with evil-smelling vinegar. It has a certain drawback for the fencers, though: they are supposed to see that they are hooked up properly and if, in the heat of the battle, they forget to plug in their wires and run their opponents through without even generating a spark, the judges have to pretend they didn't see it.

Foils and sabre men will be permitted to carry on in their old-fashioned ways for a while, we learned from Mr. Hugh V. Alessandrini, a chemical engineer, the man who invented the electrical épée. Épée contests are strictly a matter of touching the other fellow, but it's more complicated with other weapons when touches count only on certain restricted parts of the body and Mr. Alessandrini hasn't yet figured out how to rig up the apparatus. He is a fencer of note himself, having served on the last two Olympic teams, but he has always been a foils man except on the memorable occasion when he gave his electrical épée its first test under actual fire, at the Manhattan championships in 1936. The other contestants were surprised when he entered the épée bouts and more surprised when he won, with bells ringing and lights flashing. The device was officially adopted for the 1937 nationals, all but a few diehards pronouncing themselves satisfied. There were some bitter and apparently well-justified protests, however. In certain instances the insulation of the wiring had been faulty,

and when the more energetic fencers started to perspire, they received dull but nevertheless distracting shocks. One épée man from California, who had fought his way gallantly to the finals, became so terrified by the electrical apparatus and apprehensive of shocks that he was defeated ignominiously. He would have nothing to do with this year's tournament despite assurances that the wires would be properly insulated and shockless, as they were.

Chops

A CAFETERIA which shall remain unnamed recently served a patron, whom we will call Mr. X, with what he considered an unsatisfactory portion of lamb chops. He wrote the

management a letter of complaint, and received this reply:

DEAR SIR:

I have your letter of recent date with reference to lamb chops. What can one expect from lamb chops at 55c, more than an ounce of meat on each one. If you are a lamb chop eater, you know that very well. You have an idea, even if you assume that the chops were too small, that they didn't cost anything. Still, I will tell you that every time you buy lamb chops at 55c, we are losing money on that dish.

We do not wish to start a controversy, but in the future, please do not buy lamb chops in our store, with the expectations of getting a large quantity of meat. You are not a lamb chop eater, or you would know that.

Meanwhile, I am enclosing 35c worth of stamps.

Very truly yours,
Thomas M—
Manager



"We like it a lot, but there is one slight reservation."



"Hannibal, suh, the General Joseph E. Johnston of the Punic Wars."

THE EXPLORERS

IT was a warm day, too warm for that time of year, and the lake in the park had a couple of dozen row-boats on it. The freshly painted benches had been brought out on the asphalt apron between the boathouse and the water. Here and there people sat on them, reading newspapers or straining their faces to the sun, their eyes closed, trying to catch a bit of sunburn to carry home proudly. The weather was of the sort that, had it come on a Sunday, would have permitted the newspapers to report record-breaking crowds in the park. But it was an ordinary Wednesday morning and there weren't any crowds.

Just that handful of unexciting people, spread about as though by arrangement, one to a bench. They seemed to have no interest in one another beyond a sharp glance or two when a newcomer arrived and began to hunt for a seat. Nobody chose a bench with someone on it already, even though the man or woman might be sitting all the way over at one end. Everybody wanted a bench to himself.

The boathouse was a gray imitation-stone affair, with a huge clock on it that faced the lake so that the people who had rented boats and were out on the water would know when their time was up. The benches were arranged in front of it in two rows. This left a lane down the middle, four or five feet wide, that led from the cashier's window of the boathouse to the water's edge, where the boats were tied.

The three young men came down this lane at a curious gait, walking a shade faster than the ordinary bench hunter and yet too slowly to indicate any other purpose. They were very well dressed, much better dressed than most of the people on the benches. But their coats were taken in a trifle too much at the waist and the brims of their hats snapped a bit too sharply. They advanced to the water's edge and looked at the lake.

They did it as though somebody had told them recently that a lake was a fascinating thing but they didn't believe it and had come to look for themselves. They didn't seem to be impressed. Their faces, which had started out with identical looks of faint incredulity, were soon reflecting definite contempt. After a few moments they turned their backs on the lake abruptly and lit cigarettes. All three of them. They smoked slowly, inhaling huge quantities of smoke, and sent their

eyes over the people on the benches. They were quick little eyes that moved in darts. For a while they saw nothing, apparently, that merited changing the expression on their faces, which continued to reflect their uncomplimentary opinion of the lake. Then the roving eyes stopped on the last bench to the left.

A young girl, a pretty girl, was sitting in the exact centre of the bench, reading the *Times*. She, too, seemed to be much better dressed than the other people on the benches. She held the *Times*, which was folded lengthwise down the middle, in her left hand and her left elbow rested on the back of the bench. This brought her shoulders at almost right angles to the bench. Sitting like that, with her legs crossed and her right hand resting in her lap and touching the bottom of the *Times* lightly, she made a very attractive picture.

The three young men at the water's edge looked at her for a moment. Then the one in the middle nudged the other two and winked. He was carrying a copy of the *Daily News* folded under one arm. He dropped his cigarette and walked up the lane swiftly. The others followed and they all stopped next to the girl's bench. The first young man leaned toward the girl and held out his folded newspaper.

"Pardon me, Miss," he said, "but you through with that paper? I'm through with this one. I figured you give me the *Times*, I give you the *News*?"

The girl looked up quickly, startled and confused. But somehow she didn't seem to be startled or confused enough. Her elbow, for instance, which appeared to be perched so precariously on the back of the bench, didn't slip from its resting place, even though she had jumped visibly. She looked up at the young man for a moment and then swung herself forward on the bench and buried her eyes in the paper. The young man looked at his two friends. His face was expressionless.



"You think it's possible she don't read the *News*?" he said aloud. "Only the *Times*?"

"You ask me?" one of the others said. "Ask her."

"A nice girl like that reading only the *Times*?" The young man with the folded paper shook his head as though he couldn't quite believe that. "She doesn't read the *Tribune*, she doesn't read the *Mirror*, she doesn't read the *Daily Worker*—all right, a thing like that I could understand. But the *News*?" He leaned toward the girl again. "Pardon me, Miss. You got a grudge against the *News*?"

The girl's face took on a look of exaggerated disdain, but she did not raise her head from the *Times*.

"That's how life is," one of the other young men said. They all spoke alike, in loud, clear voices, as though they were accustomed to addressing slightly deaf people. "A pretty girl like that, she's got nice clothes, so three gorillas come along and bother her. She didn't have such nice clothes, she didn't look so pretty, so no three gorillas wouldn't bother her." He shook his head sorrowfully.

"It's not a question of bothering," the first young man said. "A pretty girl like that, she don't read the *News*, that's something must be looked into. You can't leave things like that without looking into it."

"You wanna look into it, Flassy?" the second young man asked.

"We *must* look into it, Lou," said Flassy.

He sat down quickly, about two feet to the right of the girl. At the same time Lou sat down at her left, the same distance away. The third young man took up his post in back of the bench, about two feet behind her, so that she was completely surrounded. For a moment, while this was happening, the girl looked genuinely frightened. Then she recovered, turned a page of the *Times* defiantly, and continued reading. She continued looking at the paper, anyway.

"We gotta study this calmly," Flassy said.

"Calmly, I don't care," said Lou, on the left. "Intelligently we gotta study it."

"All right," the one in the rear said. "But let's study it."

They talked across the girl and over her head. They leaned toward each other and peered closely at the paper she was holding. But they were scrupulously careful not to touch her or even brush

her clothes. They never touched her once.

"Books maybe," Flassy said. The girl was looking at the book page of the paper. "Ask her she likes books."

"That's an idea." Lou leaned toward the girl. "You like books, Miss?"

The girl read on stonily.

"Tell her I read a book once," Flassy said. "Very good, too."

"I don't think she likes us, Flassy," Lou said.

"No, no. That's too hasty. It's only books she don't like." Flassy peered at the paper in the girl's hands. It was open at the theatrical page. "I know what she likes. She likes Ethel Barrymore. Ask her."

Lou leaned toward the girl. "There's a rumor going around you like Ethel Barrymore. You like Ethel Barrymore, Miss?"

The girl turned the page calmly. She had recovered from her original surprise.

"She don't like Ethel Barrymore," Lou said.

"John, maybe. Ask her she likes John."

"Pardon me, Miss. You like John? John Barrymore?"

No answer.

"She don't like John, either."

"Maybe because he's married. You ask her this time, Gus," said Lou to the man in the rear.

Gus leaned forward to look down on the girl. "You don't like John because he's married, Miss?" he asked.

Flassy nudged his arm. "Tell her we can fix that," he said.

"Miss, you don't like John because he's married, we can fix that," said Gus. "You want us to fix that?"

The girl turned a page carefully.

"Maybe we wouldn't have to fix that," Lou said. "You know John."

"That's right. The way John is, maybe by this time we won't have to fix that," said Flassy.

Gus shook his head. "I'm afraid it's not John, fellas."

"Who then? Bob?"

"Bob? Yeah, well, maybe. It could be Bob."

"Bob who? Which Bob?" asked Flassy.

Lou seemed surprised. "That's a question to ask? A pretty girl like this, a pretty girl with such a nice clothes, which Bob would it be? Use your head."

"All right with my head. But it could be two Bobs. It could be Taylor. It could be Montgomery."

Gus shook his head at him. "Flassy," he said, "you surprise me. Honest. A girl like this you say Taylor? With a girl like this Taylor hasn't got a chance. A Chinaman's chance. This is a Montgomery girl, Flassy."

Flassy shrugged. "Maybe," he said. "I could be wrong. I was wrong once. But how I could be wrong with a girl like this, I don't know. Montgomery? Better ask her."

Lou leaned over. "Pardon me, Miss. There is an argument here. We decid-

ed with you it's a Bob. But question: Are you a Taylor or a Montgomery? Which?"

The girl turned another page and rustled the paper into comfortable reading position.

"You know what I think, fellas?" Gus said. He was looking across her shoulder at the paper.

"What?"

"I think we're getting no place very fast."

Flassy looked shocked. "I can't believe that," he said. "That's impossible. Why should you say a thing like that?"

Lou pointed at the paper. "She's reading the editorials," he said.

Flassy was impressed. "Editorials," he said. He shook his head. "I'll admit it looks bad. Editorials. My God!"

He turned to look out across the benches toward the lake. A small Negro boy of seven or eight was walking idly down the lane toward the water.

"Hey!" Flassy called. "Hey, Joe Louis!"

The small boy turned quickly.

"C'm 'ere, kid," Flassy said. He motioned toward the bench with his hand. "Something I wanna ask you."

The boy came up shyly. He seemed a little frightened, but not much. He was wearing a half-sleeved light-blue jumper that fastened to the top of his short pants with large white buttons. His knees were bare and looked startlingly thin and fragile.

"Yes, suh?" he said timidly.

"You wanna make a nickel?" Flassy asked.

"Yes, suh," the boy said eagerly.

"Find out first he's got working papers," Gus said.

"Flassy wants him only for a small job," Lou said. "For what Flassy wants him, he don't need no working papers."

"That's right," Flassy said. "What I want you for, it'll take a minute. Easiest nickel you ever made, Joe Louis."

"I don't think his name is Joe Louis," Gus said.

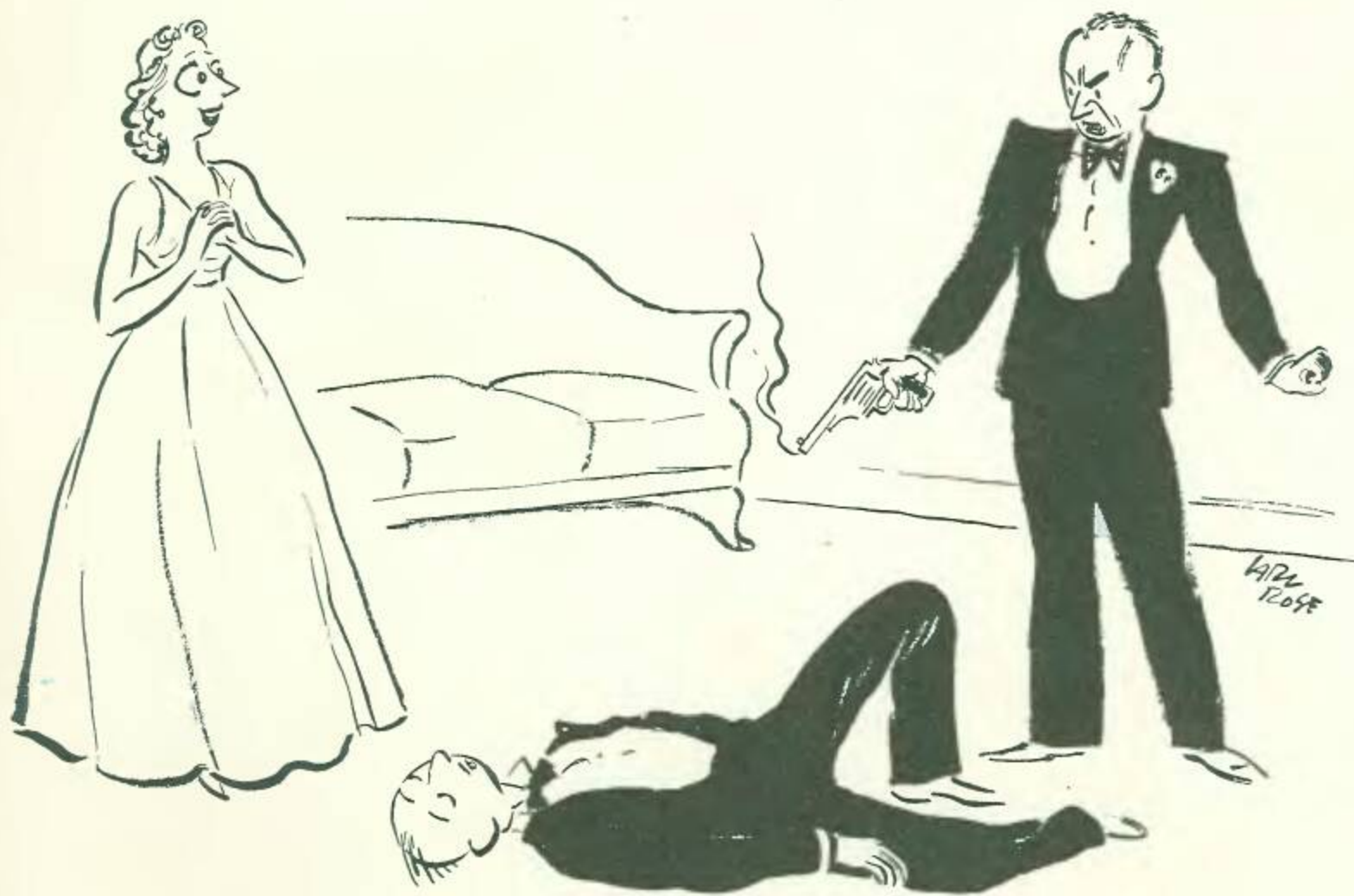
The girl rustled the paper as she turned a page.

"Better work fast, Flassy," Lou said. "She's getting impatient."

"A pretty girl like that," Gus said, "she's got a right to be impatient." He leaned toward the girl. "You go ahead and be impatient, Miss. You got a right."

The girl's lip curled slightly as she read through the *Times* obituaries.

"I'm working fast as I can," Flassy said. "This is a delicate situation. Has to be handled with kid gloves. I got-



"Why, Richard Honeywell, I believe you're jealous!"



"Most successful suit sale we ever had, I should say."

ta work through a third party. I gotta work through Joe Louis here."

"I still don't think his name is Joe Louis," Gus said.

"Better get his right name, Flassy," said Lou. "Always get the right name."

Flassy turned back to the small boy. "What's your right name, Joe Louis?"

"Johnson," the boy said.

"Johnson?" Gus said, looking at the sky. "Johnson? Johnson? Johnson? Never heard that name before."

"The first name," Lou said. "Get the first name, Flassy."

"What's your first name, Johnson?"

"Martin, suh," the small boy said.

"Martin Johnson?"

"Yes, suh."

"That's an explorer," Flassy said. "Martin Johnson is an explorer."

"No," Gus said. "He goes to Africa with a camera. He takes pictures."

"But he goes to Africa. No?"

"Sure."

"Then he's an explorer. Anybody goes to Africa, he's an explorer."

"He's no explorer. He's married," said Gus.

"Him, too? Everybody's married. It's the new thing."

"Not Martin Johnson," Lou said. "He got killed in an airplane crash."

"That's right," said Flassy. "My God. First he was married. Now he's dead. My God."

"You gotta work fast here, Flassy."

"That's right." Flassy spoke to the small boy. "Here's what I want you to do, Johnson. You see this very pretty girl here?" He nodded toward the girl beside him, and the small boy looked at her.

"Yes, suh," he said, but the eagerness for the promised nickel was gone from his voice. It sounded troubled and his eyes began to look vaguely frightened again.

"You go up to this here pretty girl," Flassy said, "and you ask her why she don't like us. That's all. Just you say to her, 'Miss, why don't you like these three very handsome gentlemen?' For that you get a nickel. Think you can handle the job, Johnson?"

The small boy mumbled something in a scared voice and began to back

away. Flassy's hand shot out and clamped down on the boy's wrist.

"Johnson," he said, "you shock me. You yellow, Johnson?"

"Flassy," Gus said, "you're color-blind. He's not yellow. He's—"

"Quiet," Flassy said. "I'm handling this."

"O.K.," Gus said. "Handle it."

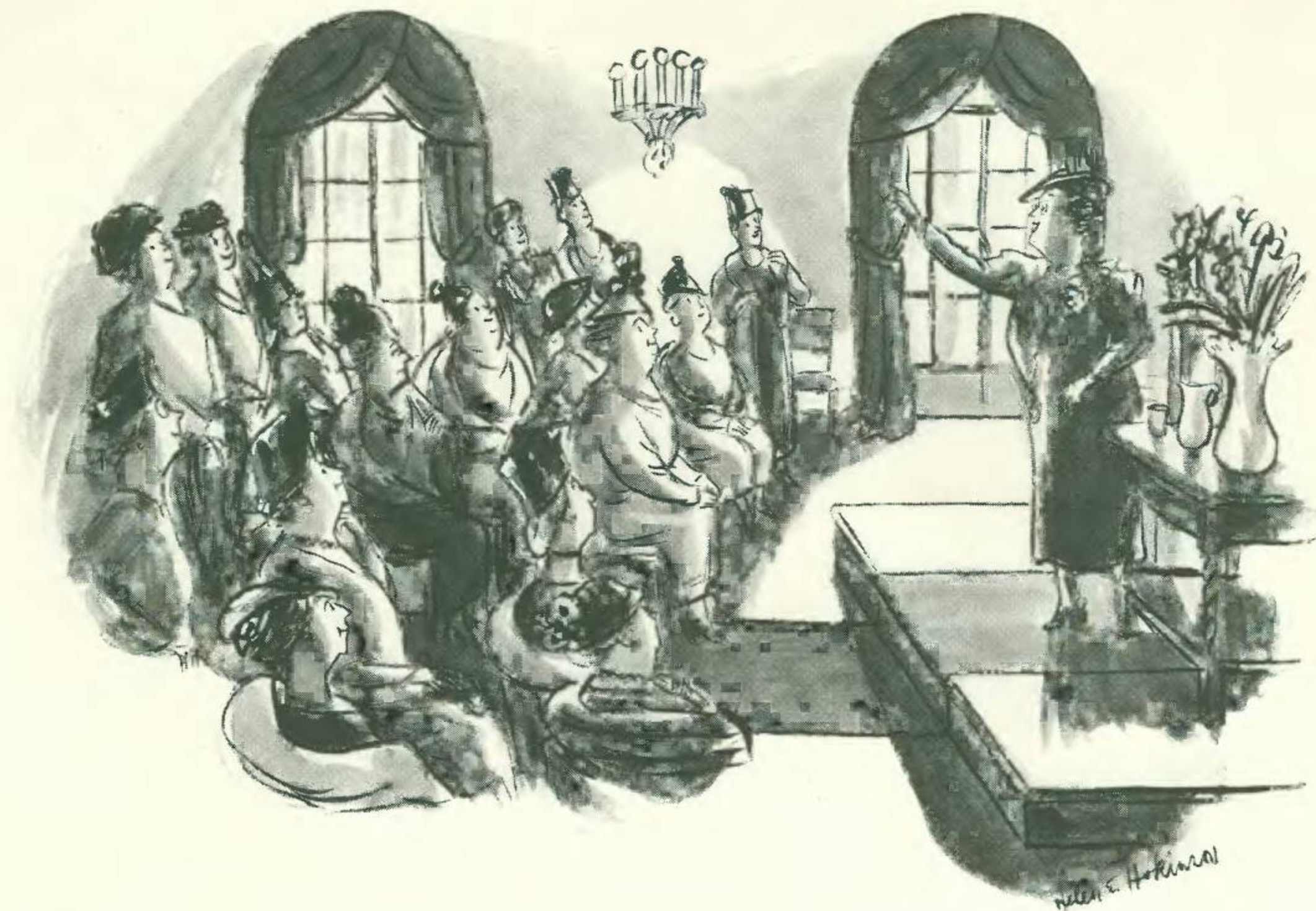
Flassy turned to the boy again and pulled on his arm slowly until he was back where he had been.

"Johnson," he said, "three friends ask you to do them a favor. Three of the best friends you ever had, Johnson. A little thing they ask you to do, and they want to give you a nickel to do it. You going to turn them down, Johnson?"

The terror in the small boy's eyes spread to the rest of his face and to his body. He strained away from Flassy and tried to free his hand, but the hold on his wrist did not relax.

"He's not talking," Lou said.

"He'll talk," Flassy said. He drew the small, frightened boy to him and held him between his knees. Then he



"Remember, we're having our mental cocktail next Thursday—John Mason Brown!"

lowered his face to look into the boy's eyes. "Johnson," he said, "I am very much annoyed. I am disturbed. I am disappointed. I am all these things. But mostly I am annoyed. The way things are going, Johnson, I may even get sore. I hate to get sore, because it makes my collar wilt. It is not gentlemanly. Johnson, don't make my collar wilt. Now, once more." He held up his forefinger in front of the terrified boy. "You will go up to this very pretty young girl here and you will say, 'Miss, why don't you like these three gentlemen?' That's all. For that you will get a nickel. O.K., Johnson?"

The girl didn't raise her head from the paper, but her eyes were watching the scene. The small Negro boy's chin began to quiver. The girl bit her lip and dropped her eyes to the paper again.

"Johnson isn't talking," Gus said.

"True," Flassy said. "Johnson isn't talking." He sighed and pulled a small leather notebook from his pocket. He flipped it open and held up his hand. "Pencil," he said. Gus took out a pencil and put it into the upraised hand.

Flassy lowered the pencil to the notebook. "Johnson," he said, "what are you doing in the park this time of day? Why aren't you in school?"

The small boy scowled and dug his fist into his eye.

"I—I—" he began.

"Too bad, Johnson," Flassy said. "Hooky. I thought so." He sighed again. "You know who I am, Johnson?"

"Tell him, Flassy," Lou said.

"I will," Flassy said. "I'm a truant officer, Johnson."

The small boy started to cry violently. His shoulders shook with his sobs and the tears rolled down his face like water from a dripping faucet. Flassy pushed him a little further away, but still held him clamped between his knees.

"Careful of the suit, Johnson," he said. He dug the pencil into the paper of the notebook. "Martin Johnson," he said as he wrote, "I asked you a simple favor, but you wouldn't do it." He shook his head sadly. "Too bad, Johnson. Now I must report you. What class, Johnson?"

"Two B," the boy said through his tears.

Flassy wrote.

"Teacher's name?" he asked.

"M— M— Miss Goldberg," the boy said, sobbing.

"Miss Goldberg?" Flassy said. He looked up at the other young men. "You hear that? Playing hooky from Miss Goldberg!"

"One of the nicest teachers I ever saw," Gus said.

"Playing hooky from Miss Goldberg," Lou said. "My God!"

Flassy shook his head.

"This is bad, Johnson. Bad." He started to write the name, and stopped. "You got one more chance, Johnson. You talk to this pretty girl here like I asked you, you do what I tell you, I won't report you. What do you say, Johnson?"

The small boy stopped crying for a moment and looked at the girl, sniffing. Then he was off again, blubbering wildly, his thin little body shaking, and hiding his face in the bend of his elbow.

"Tchk! Tchk! Tchk!" Flassy said,

the sturdy pioneer spirit tabooed frills and everyone started dressing like Abraham Lincoln, including Mr. Lincoln himself, when he came along some years later. Black stovepipe hats and sombre frock coats. No wonder the Great Emancipator suffered from melancholia. And no wonder the color-starved men of America were irritated at length into the explosion that took the form of the Civil War.

When a woman feels low in her mind she goes out and buys some bright new kickshaw to wear. It perks her up, dispels her blues, and gives her courage once more to face the buffetings of fate. She looks at herself in the mirror, gives her hair a pat, and off she goes, bright as a dollar once more. When a man gets into the dumps (and there are eight men in the dumps in this country to every one and two-thirds women, according to the latest estimate by the Department of the Interior) he cannot do battle by rushing to the nearest men's store and buying the most cheerful crimson necktie he can find. Were he to do so he would be at the mercy of every

street Arab who chose to shout coarse insinuations at him, and of every friend whose idea of the pinnacle of wit is to say, "Where was the fire sale?"

No wonder women are getting on. They do not have to stifle their normal craving for color. They indulge it, while the American man suffers in silence and serge.

Not all American men. A few hardy souls have attempted to strike a blow for liberty. Although they might be outlawed under a strict construction of what constitutes wearing apparel, the rose-colored whiskers of Senator J. Hamilton Lewis of Illinois were for years the only bright spot in a drab Senate. Now Senator Lewis's drapes have grown snowy in the service of their country. In his choice of neckties Franklin Pierce Adams, the scrivener, has always tended toward the infra-red edge of the spectrum and has dared anyone to say him nay, and Roy Howard, the publisher, often wears vests and shirts whose checks bounce right off his chest, hit the beholder in the eye, and return to their base of operations be-

fore the beholder has had time to duck.

The average American businessman, however, has to bootleg his color if he is to get any. As a manufacturer of sentences for the retail trade I am perhaps representative of the small businessman in this respect and I confess that I am spineless enough to conform to the sartorial taboos, except for a few feeble gestures of revolt, such as a brown suède hat, a gaudy necktie or two, and a green shirt.

I HAVE to satisfy my craving for color in the privacy of my home. I have a red dressing gown speckled with white dots and nothing refreshes me more, after a hard day down at the verb foundry, than to put on that red dressing gown. I look into the mirror, reel under the impact, and then emerge from the shock invigorated and with brain swept free of cobwebs. My theory is that the very sight of that merry bathrobe gives me a lift equal to that of a good, stiff highball. But I have never tested the theory. I take the highball anyhow, just to be on the safe side.

The only trouble with the dots is you have to increase the dose. After I had the robe a time I found it no longer gave me the same kick. I had to add more dots. Since then I have had to have it redotted several times, until now the white corpuscles are crowding the red.

I would not have to worry about this if convention allowed me to wear a red suit sprinkled with white polka dots in the open, if I chose. Well, the day will come when the color-starved American male will kick over the traces. Then there will be a revolution in fashions for men. The pendulum will take a flying leap to the opposite extreme. Men will doff their sober tweeds and serges and cut themselves suits from cloth of gold, and they will go about bejewelled like an icicle-cased elm caught by the first rays of the morning sun. Every man in the country will be a Diamond Jim Brady.

The United States will become a nation of dudes, and then maybe whoever is responsible for this absurd no-color dictum will be sorry.

—FRANK SULLIVAN



"You and your premonitions!"

The disadvantages of *Time's* style are obvious. The constant use of inverted constructions are annoying to many readers.—*Correct English Magazine*.

Yes, it are.

PROFILES

RURAL NEW YORKER

WHEN John J. Dillon was a boy on his father's farm upstate in Sullivan County during the middle of the last century, he observed from the sidelines an incident which, though trivial, gave a purposeful slant to his career and in the course of time made him a millionaire. Dillon *père* had fattened a calf for veal and presently put it in the hands of a commission merchant to be sold. In a few days the commission merchant, or middleman, as such a trader usually is called by the public, reported back on the deal. He had sold the calf, he wrote, and his charge for the service really ought to be \$1.65 more than the price brought by the animal. The merchant, however, was in this instance magnanimous; he told the elder Dillon he would overlook the balance due him.

Many times during the years since Farmer Dillon was put through that squeeze play, middlemen have had reason to wish that their distant predecessor had not been quite so grasping. The veal-calf episode stuck like a burr in the mind of young John Dillon, nettling him so that as he grew older he became an inexorable foe of all middlemen. He broadened his list of enemies to include any businessmen whom he suspected of growing rich by unscrupulous dealings with the helpless farmer. Nearly half a century ago he put himself in a singularly effective position from which to do battle by buying and becoming publisher of the *Rural New-Yorker*, which now reaches 270,000 farmers throughout the Northeast once every two weeks. Today he still directs the sharp-tongued policies of the publication. Although few residents of New York City are aware even of the paper's existence, it is written and printed in a remodelled church on Thirtieth Street just east of Ninth Avenue. It approaches the importance of the family Bible in the homes of many of its country subscribers.

John Dillon, after forty-six years of running the *Rural New-Yorker*, is an active little man of eighty-one and looks like a selectman in a rural New England community. Despite the decades he has lived and worked in the city, he still talks and thinks like a farmer, which probably explains why his magazine has an almost fanatically loyal following. He stays constantly on guard against swin-

dlers seeking to hoodwink the honest man in the fields; age has not tempered the bitterness of his attacks upon middlemen, who, he remains convinced, make off with the lion's share of the proceeds from farm produce. He is thrifty to the point of parsimony and unfalteringly suspicious of change. He wears the white goatee and mustache which city dwellers generally associate with the rustic. A big gold watch chain extends across his vest. His glasses are gold-rimmed and behind them his eyes contradict each other in curious fashion: one of them, made sightless by a cataract, has a sinister appearance; the good one usually twinkles.

He is believed to be worth at least \$6,000,000, but he wears his pepper-and-salt suits long after the cuffs begin to fray. In winter he wraps himself in an ancient fur-lined coat which would not be regarded as a bargain at any price in a rummage sale. Even in extremely bad weather he generally uses the subway between his office and his home on Central Park South and only rarely is his wife or secretary able to prevail upon him to take a taxi.

THOUGH the *Rural New-Yorker* was the foundation of Dillon's wealth, most of his fortune has been accumulated by prudent investments in metropolitan real estate. He has seldom put his money in anything else, because he has a farmer's distrust of something which he cannot see and understand thoroughly. Speculation horrifies him; he never buys real estate with a second mortgage on it unless he can be sure of paying it off immediately. He now owns about a dozen New York business buildings and one apartment hotel, and the encumbrances on them are so slight that falling values or rentals never seriously endanger his ownership.

Aversion to paying rent prompted Dillon in 1913 to buy the old church where the paper is published. It had been the Chelsea Methodist Church until the neighborhood changed so much that the Methodists moved uptown. He installed his press and mailing department on the first floor, where the vestry had been, and converted the auditorium into two floors—one for the composing room and the one above it for editorial and business offices. Most of the office floor, reached by two long flights



John J. Dillon

of wooden stairs, is crowded with files and well-battered oak desks and tables. In one corner are a high counting-house desk and stool. Old red fire buckets hang on the walls. The publisher's private office is small and its main item of furniture is a roll-top desk, always piled with papers and books. He swings his chair around to a plain table in the middle of the room when he wants to find a clear space on which to write.

In format and general appearance, the magazine is unexciting. It looks almost the same today as it did when Dillon took it over—indeed, almost the same as it did when it was founded in 1850 as *Moore's Rural New-Yorker*, dedicated, as the title page explained, "to home interests of both country and town residents, embracing departments devoted to agriculture, horticulture, mechanical arts and sciences, education, literature, domestic and rural economy, general intelligence, the markets, crops, etc., etc., illustrated with numerous beautiful and costly engravings." The magazine is tabloid size and uses paper resembling newsprint. A casual glance at some of the titles—"Experience with Sweet Clover," "Using Vegetable Trash," "A Good Old Cow"—might lead the unfamiliar reader to assume that it is as placid in content as in appearance. It isn't. For years it has been one of the most belligerent journals published in this country. Dillon once told an interviewer, "If I wasn't making enemies I wouldn't think I was on the right track." He has made a great many.

HE started in journalism, after a period of combined farm work and school-teaching in White Lake, the

community where he was born, by contributing to the local newspapers and the agricultural press. In the eighties there were a great many more farm papers than now, most of them small and local in character. Many publishers then believed that it was all right to accept advertisements if anybody brought them in, but that to solicit them was downright demeaning. Dillon is perhaps the last publisher of consequence who still leans toward that attitude. He solicits advertising, but he has never sought it with modern promotion methods. Most magazines of the circulation of the *Rural New-Yorker* have a staff of at least a dozen salesmen. Dillon's advertising force consists of only one travelling salesman and the advertising manager, who started with the paper years ago as an office boy and has been thoroughly trained to his employer's point of view.

Dillon came to New York to work for the *Rural New-Yorker* in 1890. Two years later, in partnership with four other men, he purchased it and became publisher. In 1898 he bought out his partners. His theory of publishing has always been to print a paper that farmers would read and trust and to let circulation and advertising look out for themselves. Assuming that farmers, like himself, are not impressed by but are leery of extravagant display, he turns out an inexpensive periodical. He doesn't regard the *Country Gentleman* or its flossy competitors as essentially farm papers. They are just magazines, in his view.

Always wary of concerns seeking to do business with farmers, he early made up his mind to turn down advertising which he felt failed to "give the farmer a hundred cents' worth for his dollar." It was his shrewdest publishing move. Since then he has refused millions of dollars in business. Even now, when advertisers and agents withhold a large amount of copy which they know he will not accept, the *Rural New-Yorker* rejects about twenty-five thousand dollars in advertising a year. Much of it appears in other magazines of high ethical standards. Dillon excludes cigarette and liquor advertising, for moral reasons. Most financial advertising is taboo because he thinks farmers should invest locally, where they can watch their money. He has no use for adver-

tising offering something free with a purchase or opportunities to earn money at home. He also frowns on correspondence schools which imply that lucrative jobs await anyone with their diplomas. He won't print advertisements promising children prizes for selling goods, because, he says, the merchandise they offer is low-grade and, anyway, the custom makes a nuisance of children. Most patent-medicine copy is ruled out.

Dillon prints a lot of seed advertising, but several seed firms which sell through other papers never get into his columns because he regards their products as inferior. Not long ago he decided against a series of full-page layouts offered by a paint firm which was running a campaign throughout the farm press; he said he knew the paint was not as good as it was claimed to be. His advertising manager, familiar as he was with the publisher's ideas, felt a little sick about that.

The result of this apparent sacrifice has been, as Dillon foresaw, to build up a following of farmers who read the *Rural New-Yorker* as gospel. Within a year or two after taking over the paper, Dillon began running in his masthead a guarantee to make good all losses suffered by subscribers through "trusting any deliberate swindler, irresponsible advertisers, or misleading advertisements in our columns." He has kept his pages so carefully censored that the payments to duped subscribers have been negligible. A typical reaction is that of a Long Island potato farmer. A salesman was trying to sell this man some farm machinery, but the farmer, though obviously interested, insisted on delay-

ing his decision. The salesman finally gave up his attempt to make an immediate sale. As he started to leave, he picked up a copy of the *Rural New-Yorker* from a table and remarked that his company had an advertisement in the magazine. The farmer hadn't seen it, and when the salesman pointed it out, he signed an order at once. He had intended,

he explained, to write to the *Rural New-Yorker* to find out if the company was all right.

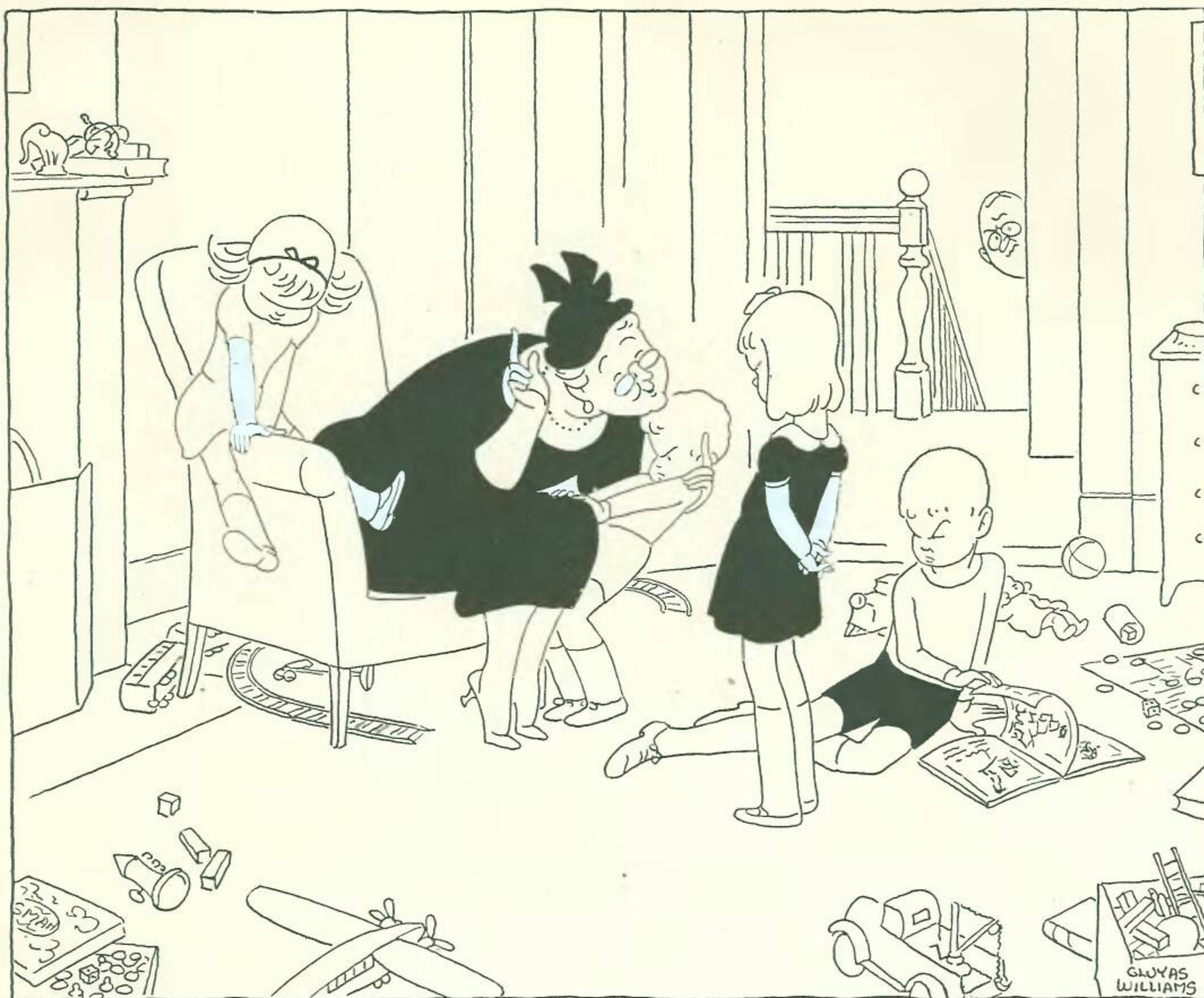
SIMPLY closing his pages to advertisers who might prey upon the farmer has by no means satisfied Dillon's crusading appetite. Long before there were Better Business Bureaus, he began in his blunt and vigorous way to expose frauds.

His personal column in the magazine, called "Publisher's Desk," became a clearinghouse through which readers sought counsel in their business troubles. No matter what the dilemma, so long as it pertained to farming the "Desk" came to their rescue. If a reader could not collect an overdue bill, the paper was turned into a collection agency. A subscriber who failed to receive merchandise he had paid for could count on Dillon to investigate and, if chicanery was involved, to print an exposé. The *Rural New-Yorker* unearthed frauds ranging from simple confidence games to involved financial intrigues. Will-o'-the-wisp real-estate agents and itinerant stock salesmen were exposed by the periodical, as were the seedsmen who came on the market with the Wonderberry, which the paper found was merely a common weed, and poisonous at that.

Only once has the *Rural New-Yorker* lost a suit brought against it as a result of this zeal. That was a few years ago, when the "Publisher's Desk" condemned a company which was selling glass eyes by mail. In the suit for damages which followed, the plaintiff called a dozen witnesses with glass eyes. Dillon's medical experts had testified that it was dangerous for a person to try to fit his own glass eye, but the witnesses all swore that they had done it, and with perfect satisfaction.

The fiercest fight ever started by the "Publisher's Desk" had to do with the sale of ten head of cattle. An upstate breeder named Dawley, who was an official of the State Department of Agriculture, had sold the cattle to a farmer with certificates stating that they were registered Jerseys. The farmer complained to Dillon that the certificates didn't match the animals. One cow, he said, was certified as being four years old but had rings on her horn showing her to be eight. After verifying the facts by communicating with friends near the scene of the transaction, the publisher went to bat in print for the farmer. The American Jersey Cattle Club and officials of the State Department of Agriculture sided with Dawley, who brought suit against the paper for \$175,000. Dillon went upstate to look over the situation for himself. His findings bore out what his investigators had reported. Not only were Dawley's cows improperly registered but most of them were not even purebred Jerseys. In the end, the breeders outlawed Dawley and Governor Hughes demanded his resignation. The battle raged for more





RACONTEURS

"And what do you think? Way up there at the very tippy-top of the tree was little Mr. Bobolink, singing just as if his little heart would break. And just then . . ."

than two years and was delightedly followed by the readers of the *Rural New-Yorker*. The best thing the magazine ever printed about the controversy, in the opinion of the farmers, was this couplet:

The queerest Jersey cow that ever was born,
She had four years on her pedigree, and
eight years on her horn.

That was written by Herbert W. Collingwood, who started as editor of the magazine when Dillon became publisher and who held the job until his death in 1928. Collingwood was the only man ever associated with the publisher who in some measure stamped his own personality on the periodical, al-

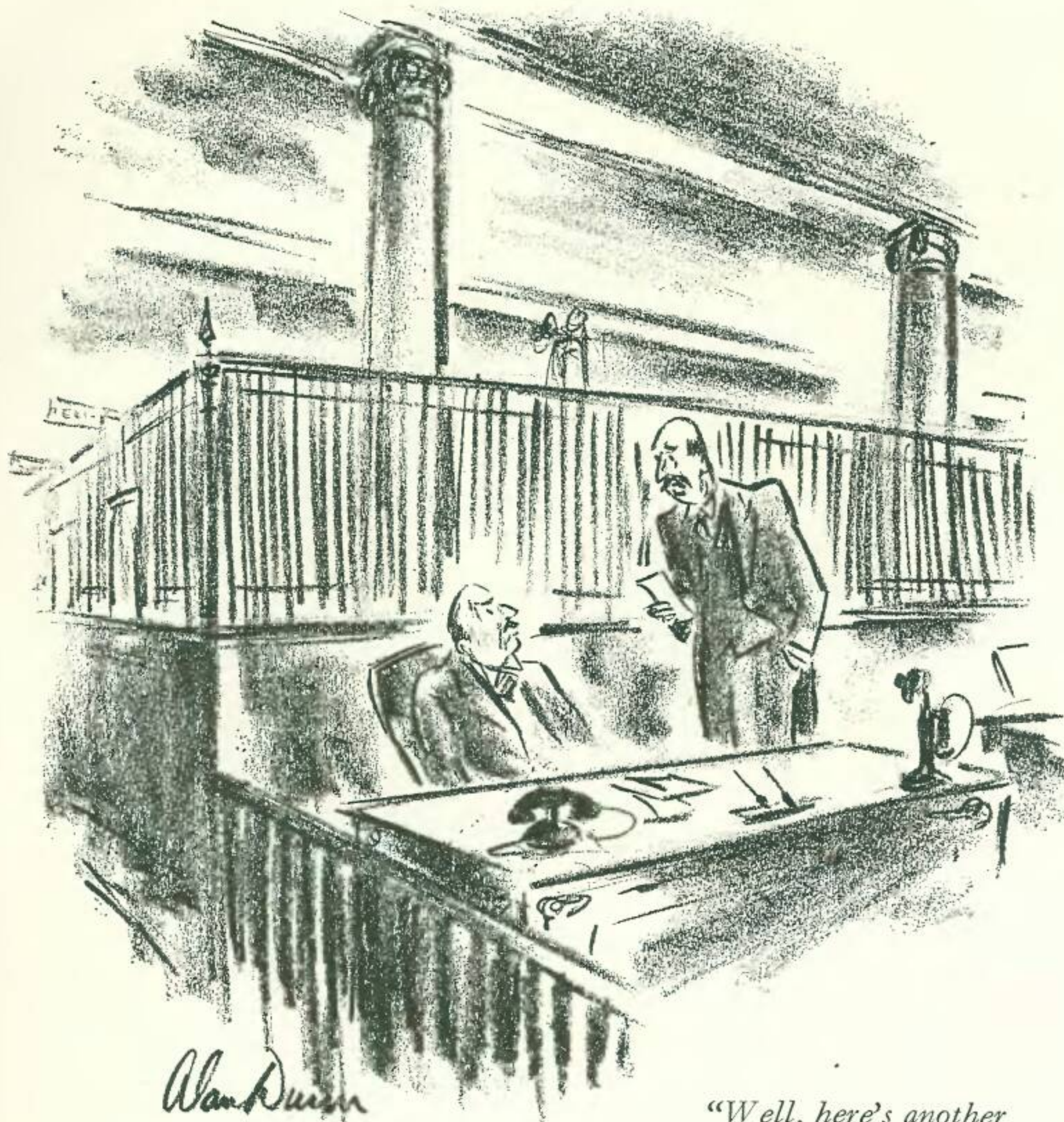
though his style was more leisurely and contemplative than Dillon's.

IN 1914, Dillon left the paper temporarily in Collingwood's hands and accepted an appointment as State Commissioner of Foods and Markets. The department had just been created to help farmers get more money for their products. Here was an excellent opportunity for some powerful swings at the middlemen. The new Commissioner announced he would attempt to find a profitable market for farm produce "and at the same time to devise such an economic system of distribution of farm products that, through the saving thus brought about, the farmer may receive

more and the consumer may pay less." It was, as the *Outlook* remarked, "quite an order."

He tackled milk first, setting himself up as agent for the milk farmers in dealing with the distributors, who, he maintained, should pay more and charge less. He formed an alliance with the Dairy-men's League, then a comparatively small coöperative organization, which began to grow rapidly as farmers saw hopes of more money for their milk. Presently he was holding back a substantial part of New York's milk supply—the first time such a technique had been employed against the city.

He refused to call it a strike. "When a haberdasher has a hat to sell," he ex-



Alan Dunn

"Well, here's another joint checking account that didn't pan out—the P. K. Twombly Manufacturing Corporation and Mrs. Twombly."

plained to reporters, "he tells the customer his price, and if the customer won't pay it he puts the hat back on the shelf. That's all we're doing with milk." Working through the League, Dillon had been authorized by thousands of farmers to act as their agent and had simply notified the distributors that no milk would be delivered until they signed a new contract at an increase of forty-five cents a hundredweight. But to the distributors, who had always set the price themselves, it was a strike; and to New York City, bewildered when half its usual milk supply failed to reach the market, it was a strike. Indeed, most of the farmers regarded it as a strike, too; in Dutchess County some of them waylaid non-striking farmers and dumped their milk in the road. Dillon, aware of the fickleness of public sympathy, warned against such tactics. The *Rural New-Yorker* nevertheless gleefully reported another form of pressure

upstate. "The hesitating producer who likes to pussyfoot with the big dealers is told by the blacksmiths that his horses cannot be shod in their shops," it disclosed. "In some places it looks as if he would not be able to buy a hat in his own home town—certainly not on credit."

In a week all the smaller distributors had capitulated. The big dealers—Bordens and Sheffield—were receiving only fifteen per cent of their normal supply. Sheffield brought suit against Dillon for \$50,000 and formally asked that his activities be "restrained." The Commissioner, however, went on holding back their milk. At the end of the second week the big companies gave up and signed the new contract on his terms. The suit was dropped.

It was a cheering victory, but Dillon was by no means through with the middlemen. He turned his attention to the apple growers and organized public auc-

tions at which their apples were sold direct to retailers. He began publishing prices paid to farmers so the public could see how much handling by middlemen increased the cost of food. Finally, he evolved the plan that became his chief concern: he wanted the state to build a great wholesale market in New York City, where farm produce of all kinds could be sent straight from the farms to retailers, thus entirely eliminating a large group of middlemen. The farmers, he argued, would get more for their produce and the consumers of New York City would save from \$150,000,000 to \$200,000,000 a year.

Cries of Socialism were heard in the legislature. Only the ardent support of the farmers kept Dillon in office. When the legislators tried to starve him out by reducing his appropriation, he announced that he was turning his salary back into his department's funds. The World War and the much-publicized high cost of living were directing more attention than usual to food problems and his attacks on the middlemen were exceptionally embarrassing to defenders of the *status quo*. At last the harassed legislators passed a law creating a super-commission with authority over the Commissioner, and in December, 1917, it exercised that authority by removing him from office. To some extent he brought about his own downfall. He had lost part of his farm support. Always stubbornly holding to his own ideas, he had fought with the leaders of the Dairymen's League soon after the milk strike because he thought they were inclined toward compromise. His battle with the League has gone on ever since. At times the League, whose officers, he feels, have become allied with the big distributing companies, has turned on him bitterly. Once it called him "a vulturous force gnawing at the vital source of true coöperation" and charged that he had never had any real interest in the farmer anyway, beyond the selfish one of building up his paper.

Dillon is not unaware of the commercial value of his scraps but he has never changed his position even when it might have been temporarily advantageous to do so. His basic premise is that the farmer can run his own business better than anybody can run it for him and that he is sure to be cheated if he lets control of his affairs get out of his own hands. As a publisher, he has fought bitterly against the consolidation of rural schools, arguing that when the little red schoolhouse goes the farmer loses one more right of regulation in his own baili-

wick. He has been lukewarm or hostile toward the agricultural colleges, the county agents, the AAA, and most of the farm plans of the last forty years. He regards these as red herrings to take the farmer's mind off the main issue of getting higher prices.

Once it was the function of the farm paper to help the farmer with many problems now handled by government services. It kept the farmer posted on discoveries in farming practice and answered his questions on the varied aspects of agriculture. The *Rural New-Yorker* goes right on doing this despite the fact that the government now employs thousands of people and spends millions of dollars to do it, too. One of the chief tasks of Dillon's managing editor is to answer letters from subscribers wanting to know about soils and crops, which most farm magazines now refer to the Department of Agriculture or the agricultural colleges. The managing editor, who joined the staff many years ago as a stenographer, writes from ten to twelve thousand of these letters every year.

DILLON still goes to the office almost daily and writes in longhand most of the editorials. He has talked occasionally of selling the *Rural New-Yorker* and at least four times in the last ten years deals have reached the point of signing papers. Each time, though, he has changed his mind and hung on.

Some years before the New Deal arrived, Henry Morgenthau, Jr., then a young gentleman farmer of Dutchess County wishing to enter agricultural journalism, tried to buy an interest in the *Rural New-Yorker*. Dillon turned him down and Morgenthau bought his chief competitor, the *American Agriculturist*. Morgenthau pushed the publication vigorously and for the first time in years Dillon found himself facing serious competition. By the time Morgenthau sold out and became Secretary of the Treasury, a lively feud had started. A bit guardedly, Dillon now refers to Morgenthau as "an agreeable fellow."

When Dillon is not concerned with business, his chief interests are his family and the Roman Catholic Church. Frugal as he is in his personal tastes, he has given generously to the church and has spent even more maintaining a large country estate in Port Chester. He and his wife entertain their five daughters, four sons-in-law, and seven grandchildren there every summer. Even then he commutes from Port Chester every

day. During the early part of the evening he putters around in Port Chester with vegetables or fruit trees. He used to play golf, but decided it was more fun simply to putter. In the winter, he and Mrs. Dillon, who was a schoolteacher before their marriage during his early New York days, move into town and



the younger families return to their own homes. He used to live in the Sherman Square Hotel, which he owns, and now occupies an apartment in Hampshire House. He rarely goes to the theatre, preferring to take after-dinner walks with his wife in the Park or on Fifth Avenue. He has never smoked; he drinks little and only on rare occasions, "to be agreeable." On the farm, he explains, he was always taught temperance.

Mentally, he has never left the farm. Some of his enemies say it is a pose, and perhaps he has consciously nurtured his farmer's point of view, counting it his best asset in his work. Certainly he has never doubted that he knows better than any bright young journalists of the modern school what a farm paper should be. To all of them, whatever their suggestions for improving the *Rural New-Yorker*, he has just one answer: "Waal, we've never had to do that."

—ARTHUR BARTLETT

AN EARTHBOUND BOY

(AFTER SEEING THE MOVIE "TEST PILOT")

Whenas in films my Myrna goes,
My secret passion leaps and glows;
But oh, I know it is in vain:
I cannot fly the simplest plane.

Nor could I ever grace a fable
Like Myrna's sky prince, Mr. Gable;
For I am just an earthbound boy,
Unfit to touch the hem of Loy.

When Metro-Goldwyn love is born
Mine own lies drooping, all forlorn.
When crippled plane descends the sky
And HE steps out—it is not I.

Ah, Myrna, sweet as honeysuckle,
I'm blessed with neither swash nor buckle,
For I am just a prosy sort,
Like Thorgersen and the world of sport.

In dream I bank around a pylon,
Knowing it's Clark that she will smile on,
Knowing his tears were only glycerine
In all those scenes he had to kiss her in.

Marvellous Myrna, lovely Loy,
Take pity on this earthbound boy,
Whose fragile nerves can ne'er survive
The fierce descent of power dive,

Whose heart could be a whole lot calmer
And still unfit to test a bomber.
Blessings on thee, Myrna Loy,
I'll always be your earthbound boy.

—E. B. W.



SOMETHING FOR SUMMER

FOR perhaps the first ten minutes of "I Married an Angel," I was afraid it was all a mistake. The curtain went up and there we were in old Budapest, mingling with the quality. It was a spring evening, and there was music and champagne and the rather maniacal hilarity of the ladies and gentlemen of the chorus laughing at nothing whatever. Presently this gave way to a scene in which Miss Audrey Christie so embarrassed Dennis King by zipping herself open right down to the waist that he declared he would never marry a mortal woman. Well, sir, the lights went out and there was a rumbling noise and the next thing I knew a toe-dancer flew right in the window of the study where Mr. King was reading a book with a red-leather cover.

"I am an angel," said this wom-

an, speaking with a Norwegian accent.

It was at this point that, given wings of my own, I would have flown out of the Shubert Theatre and up to the Casa Mañana, where the entertainment is a little less fanciful. It would have been a serious error, though, because once the preliminaries are out of the way, "I Married an Angel" settles down into as pretty and charming a comedy as you could want.

The gentlemen responsible for the production—Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart, who wrote the music and lyrics as well as the book; George Balanchine, who did the ballets; and Jo Mielziner, who designed the costumes—have worked together with a happy uniformity of spirit and a great deal of style. The story, while nothing to interest serious students, is no more sim-

ple-minded than the framework of most musicals, and it is hard to see how the rest could have been better. I enjoyed everything, from the fresh, lovely ballets in the first act to that strange moment in the second when the producers, tired, I suppose, of so much pretty innocence, suddenly came right up out of hell with a parody of a Music Hall stage show, involving a splendid dancer with no head. This number, which has come to play an abundant part in my dream life, seems to me as memorable in its eerie way as the "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue" ballet in "On Your Toes."

In addition to Miss Christie and Mr. King, the cast includes Vivienne Segal, Walter Slezak, and Vera Zorina, whose pale beauty filled many gentlemen in the audience with open rapture.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

Packages of \$20 bills, Pustau says, were brought to him at a Washington Hotel and were placed by him together with a woman, said to be close friend of a congressman, in a safety deposit box.

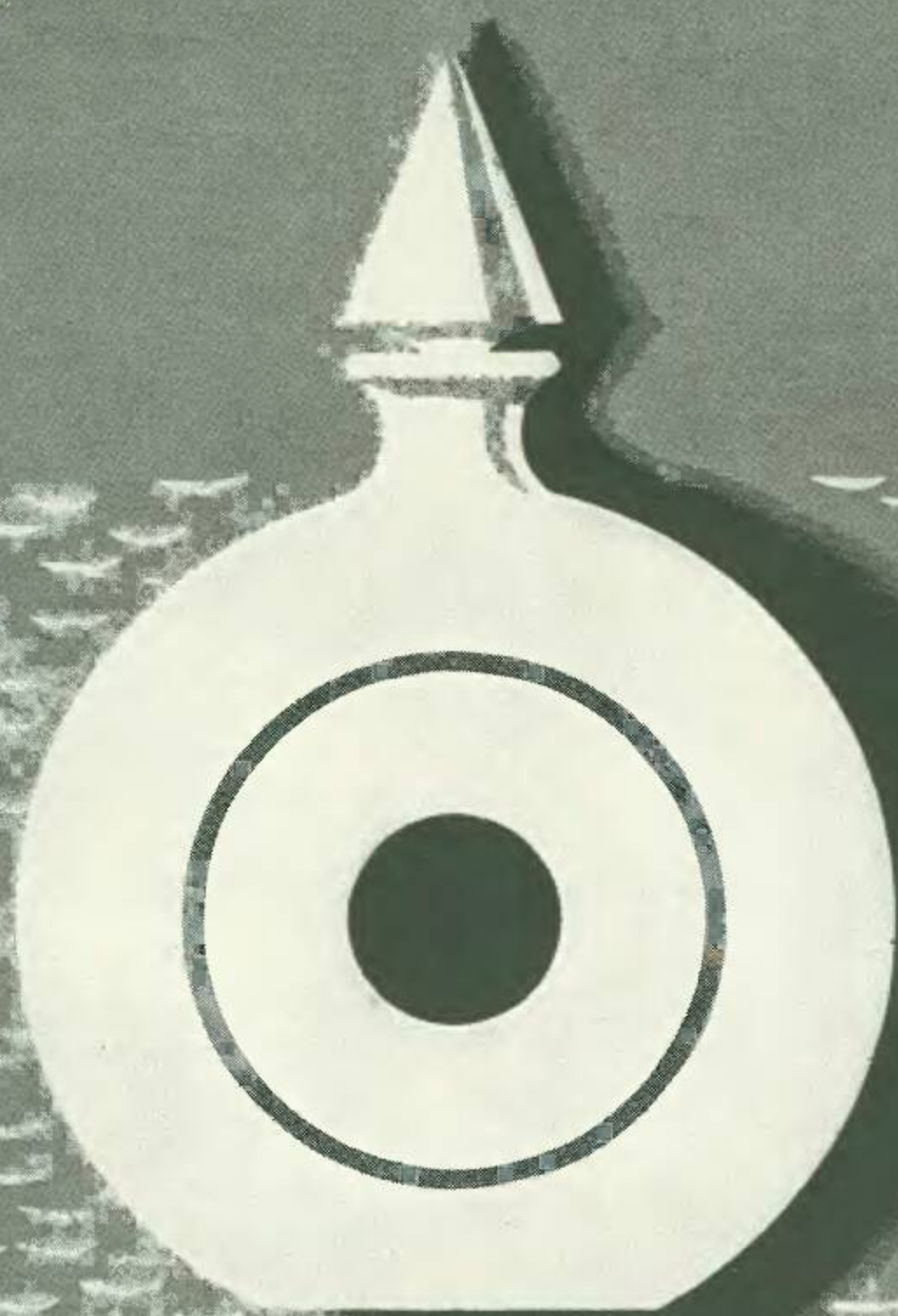
—Los Angeles Times.

A pleasant surprise for any legislator!



"No, no! This time you're the kind of Indian that skulks—like this."

EAU DE COLOGNE



GUERLAIN



KOOLS ARE QUITE A CATCH!

Come on, folks...relax! Summer's coming! Swear off those *hot* cigarettes that steam-heat your mouth and throat. Switch to **KOOLS** and enjoy the cooling difference. You get all the flavor of the hearty Turkish-Domestic blend *plus* that touch of mild menthol that takes the parch and swelter out of your smoking. You get valuable coupons, too... good in the United States for many attractive and useful premiums.

UNION MADE

TUNE IN Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra. Every Wednesday evening, coast-to-coast NBC Red Network.



COUPONS ON EVERY PACK...GOOD FOR PREMIUMS LIKE THESE



Serving Tray. Chromium, black handles, cork liner. 12" x 18" ... 250 coupons.



FREE. Write for illustrated 32-page B & W premium booklet, No. 14. Address the Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Box 599, Louisville, Kentucky.



Fishing Tackle. Shakespeare bait and fly casting rods and reels: 475-600 coup.

B & W COUPONS ALSO PACKED IN RALEIGH & VICEROY CIGARETTES; BIG BEN SMOKING TOBACCO

OF ALL THINGS

IN refusing to recognize the conquest of Ethiopia, our State Department follows its historic doctrine. No matter how you swallow it, it is still a canary.

Probably the lending-spending bill will soon become a law and we shall find out whether the pump has been primed, or only the primaries.

After repeated attempts, the backbone of the winter has been slightly cracked. Soon we shall see Congressmen flying home to feather their nests and hear the drowsy hum of Presidential bees.

Our Mayor has again turned his thoughts toward the unification of the subways, a thing that is something like television. It is always on the way but it never arrives.

One can believe Konrad Henlein when he tells Englishmen that he does not desire the conquest of Czechoslovakia by the Nazis. Life is always sweeter and happier when the boss is not on the premises.

Many citizens believe that our new State Constitution should permit speculative entertainments like lotteries. At the other extreme stands Bishop Manning, who is opposed to gambling even in churches.

The Frank Committee is going to sound the opinions of the entire G.O.P. membership. The danger is that some people would rather turn Democrat than fill out a questionnaire.

In its final hour, the lamented *Literary Digest* got in step with the current trend. Good American magazines when they die go to *Time*.

A marijuana ring indicted here is said to have done a business of a million dollars a year. The remarkable thing is that these cigarettes have never been publicly endorsed by any famous athlete.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

"ÉTOILE ROUGE"

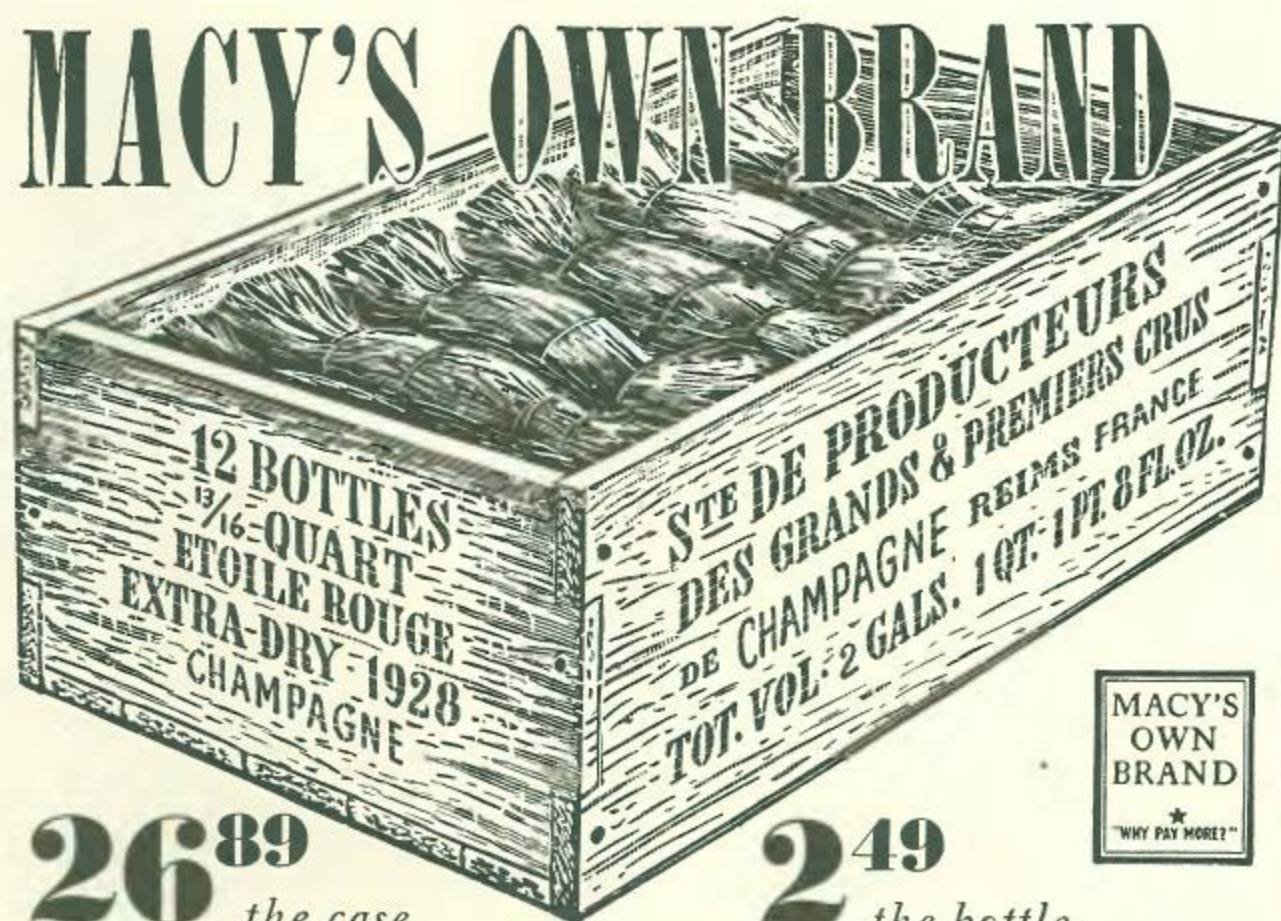
CHAMPAGNE

vintage 1928

*What is so rare for
THAT DAY
in June?*

YOU might as well have a wedding reception without a bride, bridegroom or ring as a wedding reception without one of the truly great champagnes of this generation. Experts have called 1928 the finest vintage year of the twentieth century. We offer 1928 Etoile Rouge as a proper toast for bride and groom (and a sound means of rewarding rich aunt Emma) ... at the uncommonly low price of 2.49 for a regular-size bottle (13/16) quart ... 26.89 for a case of 12. The price is virtually half the price of famous brands of comparable excellence. Macy's Fine Wines and Liquors, 459 Seventh Ave. bet. 34th & 35th Streets.

MACY'S OWN BRAND



26⁸⁹
the case

2⁴⁹
the bottle



THE WAYWARD PRESS

HAS THE SUNDAY PAPER COME YET?



THE gradual shift from Sunday church to Sunday papers is none of our business, and possibly it hasn't even taken place, so don't send in statistics. All that we know is that along about eleven o'clock of a Sabbath morning there is a steady rustling of newspapers throughout the nation, accompanied by the clanking of coffee cups in saucers and the fresh aroma of cigarettes. At this hour many American families reach the week's peak in congeniality, domesticity, and lovely silence.

If, for the sake of no argument at all, this hour of communion with the syndicates has taken the place, in many districts, of the old-time responsive reading and alto-humming, what has it substituted as mental and spiritual pabulum for the nation? What would a cross-section of the American mind look like between the hours of eleven and twelve-thirty of a Sunday morning?

We would not think of asking this question were it not for the fact that this department happened to be lurching on board a covered streamliner across a large section of the United States on a recent Sunday, and, as is the custom among transcontinental travellers, bought newspapers at every stop in a desperate attempt to find something more interesting to read than the books brought along for the trip. We have therefore at hand, in considerable bulk, the Sunday-newspaper fare of districts lying between Kansas City, Mo., and Los Angeles, Cal. It presents a rather impressive collection of really nothing at all.

Hollywood would seem to be the universal theme of Sunday-morning reading throughout the land—Hollywood, baseball, and Popeye. All papers carry these three (or Popeye's equivalent), and in practically the same dosage. Readers from coast to coast are electrified (allowing for difference in time) almost simultaneously by the front-page news that Miss Sonja Henie has received a threat, that Dizzy Dean has been traded to the Cubs, and that Wimpy has made some absurd claim about having been cured of the hamburger habit. It is almost as if all America were reading these three items from the same news ticker, and a very pretty picture it makes, too.

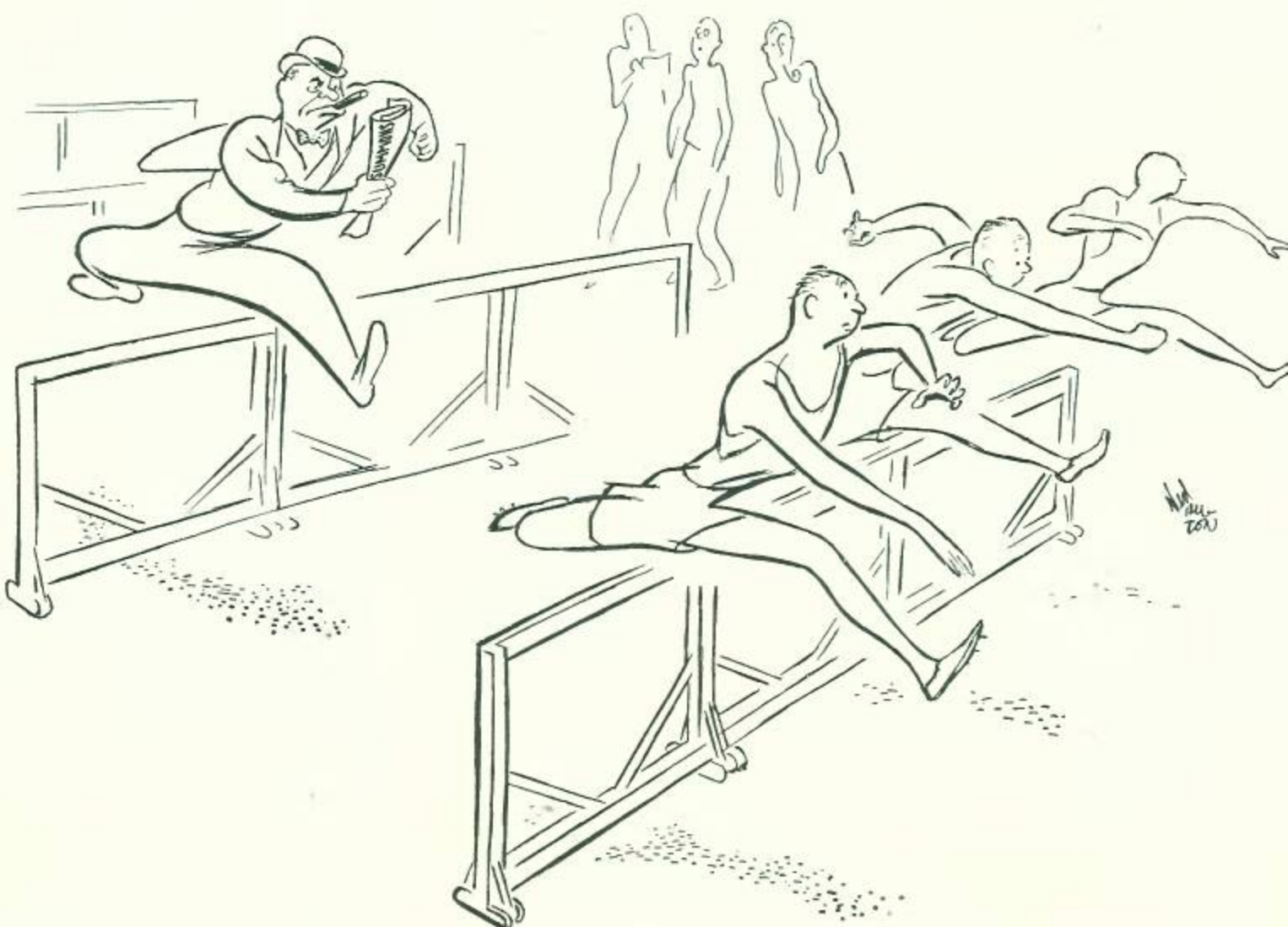
Even aside from Miss Henie's unhappy experience on the front page, Hollywood dominates the inside sections with a mass of syndicated press matter which, from the similarity in tone and obvious lack of authenticity, would indicate that all Hollywood "letters" to the nation are written by the same person. The movie industry may be in the dumps financially, but it is apparently still red-hot news to the Great Reading Public. Or (steady now!) could it be possible that it really isn't such red-hot news as it used to be, and that editors haven't caught on yet? Whatever the condition of the public pulse may be on the subject, the fact remains that Sunday morning is Hollywood's in the newspapers.

Syndicates have also standardized the information on those fascinating points which are dealt with in the so-called "magazines" and "feature sections." On this particular Sunday practically the whole country was buzzing with the news that "Parrot's \$11,000 Meal Costs Baby Her Nose" and that "Nightmares of the Jungle Are Not All Imagination." A crippled cat who clubs rats to death and toadstools which are "homes for human elves" also came in for universal admiration. Both New Mexico and Missouri found out "how insanity responds to treatment" and again saw the familiar features of the Quins and England's Baby Princess. It was just like being members

of one happy family, each waiting for the section of the paper that the others have.

The rotogravure sections, too, seem alike, although they may have different pictures. All rotogravure sections are alike to the skimming eye, whether the murals reproduced are from the Post Office or the State Agricultural Building, or the polar bears from the Fort Worth Zoo or Central Park. It is a result, probably, of the epidemic of picture magazines in the last few years, but the sad fact remains that the rotogravure section (which reached its zenith when the editor of this department ran one for the old New York *Tribune*) is now nothing but a fashion sheet the country over.

We might as well pause here for a quiet word of commendation for the Sunday papers over the Santa Fe trail. Try as we may, little fault can be found from any angle with the presentation of the actual news of the day, even in those smaller newspapers which only a few years ago were ignoring New York and Europe with a fine scorn and throwing all of their fantastic type faces into a mass of notes on the winners of the jelly prizes in the local state fairs. Today the front page of the Albuquerque (N. M.) *Journal* (an excellent sheet, by the way, if one may judge from reading and running) gives as comprehensive and legible a survey of world affairs as that of the Kansas City *Star*,



Alice Duer Miller



One of America's outstanding authors, makes the impartial 1-2-3 bread comparison ... compares popular loaves for flavor, aroma, texture and ... writes us a letter—

450 EAST 52 STREET

I never give testimonials. I hate taking tests. I always expect from pure perversity to select the product of the competitor. But anyone who has ever been connected with the New York Infirmary for Women and Children will do anything for that admirable institution, — and so I agreed to make an impartial comparison of five leading brands of bread. It all went off beautifully. I picked Wonder Bread. I really did choose it. I really did see that it was of a finer texture; and when the whole thing was over and I told my cook about it, she smiled in rather a superior way, and said — yes, of course, she always bought Wonder Bread.

Alice Duer Miller

NATION VOTES 9-1 FOR WONDER BREAD!

396,531 women of the 439,688 who have made this same 1-2-3 store comparison of breads throughout the country agree with Alice Duer Miller that Slo-Baked Wonder Bread is the finest bread any woman can buy!

**YOU GET MORE of those
rare coffee beans
from**



IN a limited area, a "mellow flavor belt," high up on the mountains grow certain special coffees. These rare beans give the Beech-Nut blend its rich, distinctive flavor. Vacuum packed. Roaster-FRESH.



IN 2 GRINDS
REASONABLY PRICED

Beech-Nut Coffee

owes its rare flavor to the mellow flavor belt



Alcohol 18%
by volume

If you would be sophisticate
Called clever, smart and up-to-date
By glamour-girl and connoisseur;
When drinks are mentioned, make yours

BYRRH

(pronounced Burr)

French Aperitif Wine

Sole Distributors: THE HOUSE OF BURGUNDY, INC., 610 Fifth Avenue, New York

A Wonderful Appetizer

A sweet-and-spicy relish imported from India. Ready to serve. Delicious with meats, snacks, seafoods, salads, cheese.

**SUN BRAND
CHUTNEY**

MAJOR GREY'S MIXTURE

ON SALE AT ALL GOOD FOOD STORES

WARD and ROME

63 E. 57th St.

Table & Floor Lamps

Hand-Blocked Paper Shades

and readers of the Amarillo (Tex.) *News-Globe* receive not only their detailed notes on the oil and cattle conditions in the Panhandle but all the information necessary on the state of the nation. The coverage is there for those who want to make use of it, except, of course, in those Hearst papers whose news items seem to be drawn from a hat on the eve of going to press.

Typographically the change from the old days is heartening, and it seems to be the *Denver Post* alone which still clings to the type-shot-from-guns school of makeup. As the *Post*, however, has to make room for services from the A.P., U.P., *New York Times*, *Chicago Tribune*, and Universal and International News ("No other newspaper in the world has all of these great wire services" is part of the type matter sprinkled over the front page), it may perhaps be forgiven for overcrowding here and there.

In most cases the news is presented without too obvious bias or editorializing in the news columns (again excepting the Hearst papers), and the syndicated Washington letters, New York letters, columns of personal opinion, and general boiler plate seem to be as far as the papers want to go in hysteria in one direction or another. Sunday is more the day for recapitulation and calming down, and the inevitable society section, with its adorable by-lines, such as "The Petal Picker" and "Paul Pry," announcing the inevitable "nuptials" and "veritable fairylands," seems better to represent the mood of the Sunday press than those devoted to "Thunderer" and "Pertinax." Incidentally, probably the nadir in reading matter is the Sunday society page in the newspaper of a strange town.

Although it is not strictly in the Sunday-paper category, we cannot help quoting the following tidy bit of news-editorializing ("editorializing" is a euphemism in this case) which appeared in Mr. Hearst's *Los Angeles Herald & Express* one evening recently. The story was about the suit of the National Confectioners' Association against Shirley Temple (or 20th Century-Fox) for holding the candy profession up "to



ridicule and shame" by casting aspersions on a candy-bar in one of her pictures. As a touching climax to the news story itself, the *Herald & Express* added:

In Hollywood the little child star went about her business blissfully unaware that she had done anything to injure one of her favorite delicacies.

For perhaps even as the suit was being filed, Shirley may have been munching on a candy-bar. Her friends say she is very fond of them, and Shirley's mother says she herself likes candy-bars.

Ah there, National Confectioners' Association!

(The Hearst morning paper, the *Examiner*, saved itself all this trouble by ignoring the suit completely the next day.)

HOWEVER, this is all beside the point, which is that there really is no point to a survey of the Sunday-morning papers of the nation. A Sunday-morning paper is a Sunday-morning paper the nation over, and if you read yours in New York you have a pretty good idea of what is being read in Dodge City, Kansas, and San Bernardino, California. It isn't much as reading matter, but it has a strange fascination for old and young, and until it gets scattered all over the floor, it gives a visual and tactual satisfaction which lends Sunday morning a definite thrill. It is a great little old institution, all right.

—GUY FAWKES

THE SCHOLAR, OF HIS BOOK

"Upon these neatly annotated pages, Most orderly, from one to ninety-three, I sagely here set down for other sages The folk songs of a buried dynasty. Lost words are marked with asterisks, and see The footnotes and appendix for discussion. My colleague's introduction learnedly Discusses music—string, woodwind, percussion.

These first are love songs of the troubadours. Then follow forty march chants from the wars— This one a goat-girl sang, among her chores. A warrior sang this song, about to die. Next—thirteen spells against the evil eye. These last ten words were once a lullaby." —CHARLES SHATTUCK



Plink! Plunk! Plump!

Plink! . . . Into the pans goes the cereal. Cereal so nourishing it would put meat on a telegraph pole!



Plunk! . . . Next comes the buttermilk. Rich buttermilk that sweetens the flavor of our Birds Eye Broilers . . . snow-whites their meat . . . and arcs their breasts till they're like to bust!

Plump! . . . Down they go on their haunches. We just *won't* let them gallivant. A chicken constantly on the go is like a track man—all tough muscle. But Birds Eye Broiling Chickens sit so long—get so tender—that folks say they can part the white meat with a spoon!

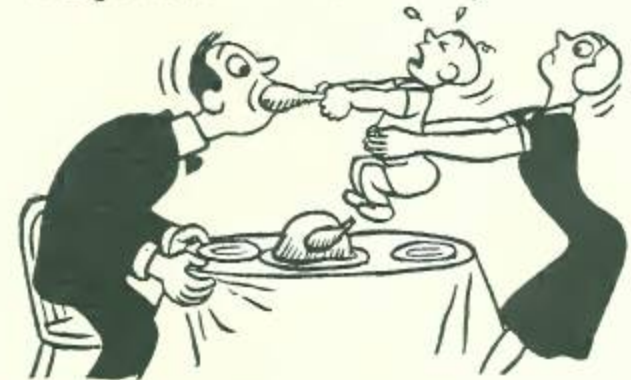


When Birds Eye Broilers are ready to go out into the world, we call in the Government men. Have them help us weed out incompetents. We choose the healthiest, finest chickens only. All Grade-A birds, of course—*top half* only!

We clean the lucky ones. Trim them. And draw out all inedible parts quickly. Why the haste? Drawing out the

waste *pronto* keeps it from spoiling the sweet, fresh flavor of the parts you eat!

Next, we wrap the Broilers in Cellophane and slip them into our remarkable quick-freezing machine. We press the button! And WHAM! A blast of Arctic cold shoots out like a bullet. A cold so terrific—*so swiftly applied*—that the farm-freshness is snapped up in mid-air and actually sealed in! Flavor is captured at its abundant peak and



held for you! The quivering tenderness of honest-to-Jake farm-fresh chicken is yours to have—to enjoy—now, tonight, no matter how far from the farm you live!

Try one. Your money back if Birds Eye Chickens are not the finest, finest, *finest* chickens you ever ate!

Ready to cook. Waste-free. A 1½-lb. Birds Eye Broiler, special for one week, costs 89¢. Drawn weight, remember. Equal to 2¼-lb. undrawn bird. (Drawn weights range from 1 lb. 7 oz. to 1 lb. 12 oz. Special price varies according to exact weight selected.) Order from your Birds Eye dealer NOW!

For name of nearest Birds Eye dealer, call Wickersham 2-7248



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EAT PLACES ON FIFTH AVENUE

On the world's most illustrious avenue there are *eight* Childs Restaurants, from 23rd Street to 57th Street. Proudly, they have more frontage than any other commercial establishment on Fifth Avenue. The longest block is 200 feet, and Childs occupies 265 feet.

Drop into one of our Fifth Avenue places for a **Beefsteak Dinner**—half-pound, boneless sirloin steak, tender, juicy and broiled to a turn. With it you have soup or appetizer, fresh vegetables, rolls, a refreshing salad, dessert and coffee—a **feast for a dollar.**

Childs

53 NEW YORK RESTAURANTS—35 WITH BARS

IN NEW YORK: RITZ-CARLTON, RITZ TOWER, BARCLAY, PLAZA HOTELS. IN BOSTON: RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL.



RITZ TOWER SALON
Wickersham 2-1781



IT'S SPRING AGAIN . . . TIME FOR YOUR CHARLES OF THE RITZ PERMANENT WAVE AND A BEGUILING NEW HIGH-ON-YOUR-HEAD COIFFURE CREATED JUST FOR YOU.

LETTER FROM PARIS

MAY 11



MAY DAY was a quiet satisfaction to Parisians and doubtless a dull disappointment to the rest of the world, which expected the French capital to seethe on its annual Labor Day. The traditional nosegays of lilies of the valley, floral symbols of friendship, were greener and sadder-looking than in other years, when warm hearts and warm weather were normal. The orderly parades of workers were courageous, since the gray skies looked as though they were announcing snow rather than the dawn of the brotherhood of man. The railways offered a curious May Day excursion to the Norman towns of Gisors and Vernon on what they called a radio-dancing train, which was especially equipped for *jazz hot* and fancy stepping en route. The journey was part of the recent state program to show the people how to use their leisure. Under the new plenary-power Daladier government (and the old Blum projects that Blum wasn't allowed to try), a lot of the French are using their leisure to get back to work. Though France has nowhere near settled her internal rows, she's beligerently focussing on the one quarrel that might come from the outside. Hitler's perfect demonstration, on entering Austria, of what military experts call *Pattaque brusquée*—the type of mobile foray the French army fears most—has had results in cities other than Vienna. Instead of producing 500 planes annually, France will now turn out 2,500 in as few months as possible. Two hundred million francs are to be spent on gas masks for Paris's civil population, 235,000,000 for shelters in subways and other public spots, and a vast sum in addition for the rapid completion of what were originally termed suburban motor highways and are now candidly called evacuation arteries. If the worst comes to the worst, naturally Parisians are going to enjoy being safe, but they are going to groan a lot first. For on top of the new eight-percent general tax increase, Parisians are going to have to pay for all these new safety projects through a costly levy called the Security Tax.

THE 20,000,000 francs the French are going to spend on the three-day June visit of the English King and

Queen to Paris are probably a much better safety-device buy. The French are realists. They know that it isn't sociability which is suddenly sending government chiefs visiting all over Europe with a sandwich in one hand and a treaty in the other, and that it isn't *pour les beaux yeux de la France* that an English monarch calls in state on a land to which his people's troops once came only for periodic conquests. The French know that in temporarily lending them her pacific Majesties, England is concretely lending her military prestige. Being a small country, France is grateful to England, which is an even smaller country—but the head of the greatest empire in the world, with troops of every color and variety.

Where to house the King and Queen has been an awful problem which the French were so slow in settling that London had to send a note asking if a roof, etc., had been found. The truth is that with its Beaux-Arts bled to death to save the architectural masterpieces which few can afford to reside in today, none of the Paris state-owned mansions are sufficiently preserved to be fit for a King. The Ministry of Justice, in the Place Vendôme, was proposed for the royalty until it was discovered that the plumbing was less than noble; there was talk of throwing the clerks out of the Place de la Concorde's Ministry of the Marine and putting Their Majesties in. The royal suites in the Hôtel du Rhin would have done nicely, but unfortunately the hotel has been closed for years; the château at St.-Cloud where the King's great-grandmother, Queen Victoria, stayed in 1855 was burned by the Commune in 1871. Indeed, the only state-owned property in good enough condition was the too-distant suburban Château of Champs, formerly the property, and still containing the luxurious furnishings, of Mme. de Pompadour. The decision to install the King and Queen in the Affaires Etrangères must have given joy to the local carpet-layers; 21,000 francs' worth of new hall carpet had to be handled, in addition to the Gobelins, Aubussons, and Savonneries lent by museums and manufacturers.

Three Ministers are intimately concerned with Their Majesties' visit: the Minister of Beaux-Arts, who is responsible, from bathtub to statuary, for their housing; the Minister of the Defence, whose troops must assure their proper reception and protection; and the Minister of the Marine, who must receive them and their British naval escort off the French coast. As is customary, the



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King will pay the expenses of his party of twenty from London to Dover, but all will travel free in a special train in France. The Queen will bring only one lady of honor and one personal maid. She and the King will use their own chauffeur and the old, reliable royal Daimler.

THE immigration problem is being suddenly settled in France and is turning out to be as hard on the émigrés as the immigrants were on the natives. There are two and a half million foreigners living—and mostly working—in France. The Italians number close to 900,000, which is twice as much as the Poles do. There are 400,000 Spaniards, 63,000 Russian refugees, and at the end of the line, even below the Turks, 11,467 Americans. Being the earliest European democracies, Switzerland and France have for years been traditional havens for other lands' political dissenters. France is getting tired of extending open arms. A recent Minister of the Front Populaire remarked that he'd been naturalizing enough foreigners per month to found a military division—except that many of them were pacifist agitators. Now that the Soviet influx has been stopped, it is White Russians left from Wrangel's days who are being deported, amid the usual Left and Right political recriminations. The truth is that many French are tired of refugees, either old- or new-model; are sick of foreign influences in their land and of plots to restore this or overthrow that; are fed-up, as a nation can be when it's frantic, with anybody's miseries but its own.

FURTWAENGLER has been conducting concerts at the Opéra, which at this point in the season is usual. Less usual was a spirited program of Spanish dances by Antonia Cobos, a handsome San Francisco-born Spanish girl, and of Spanish piano music played by Marcelle Meyer. Today in Paris, Spanish aesthetics are as popular as first American, then German exoticisms once were. *Ainsi va le monde.* —GENÊT

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And the corn is in the shock,

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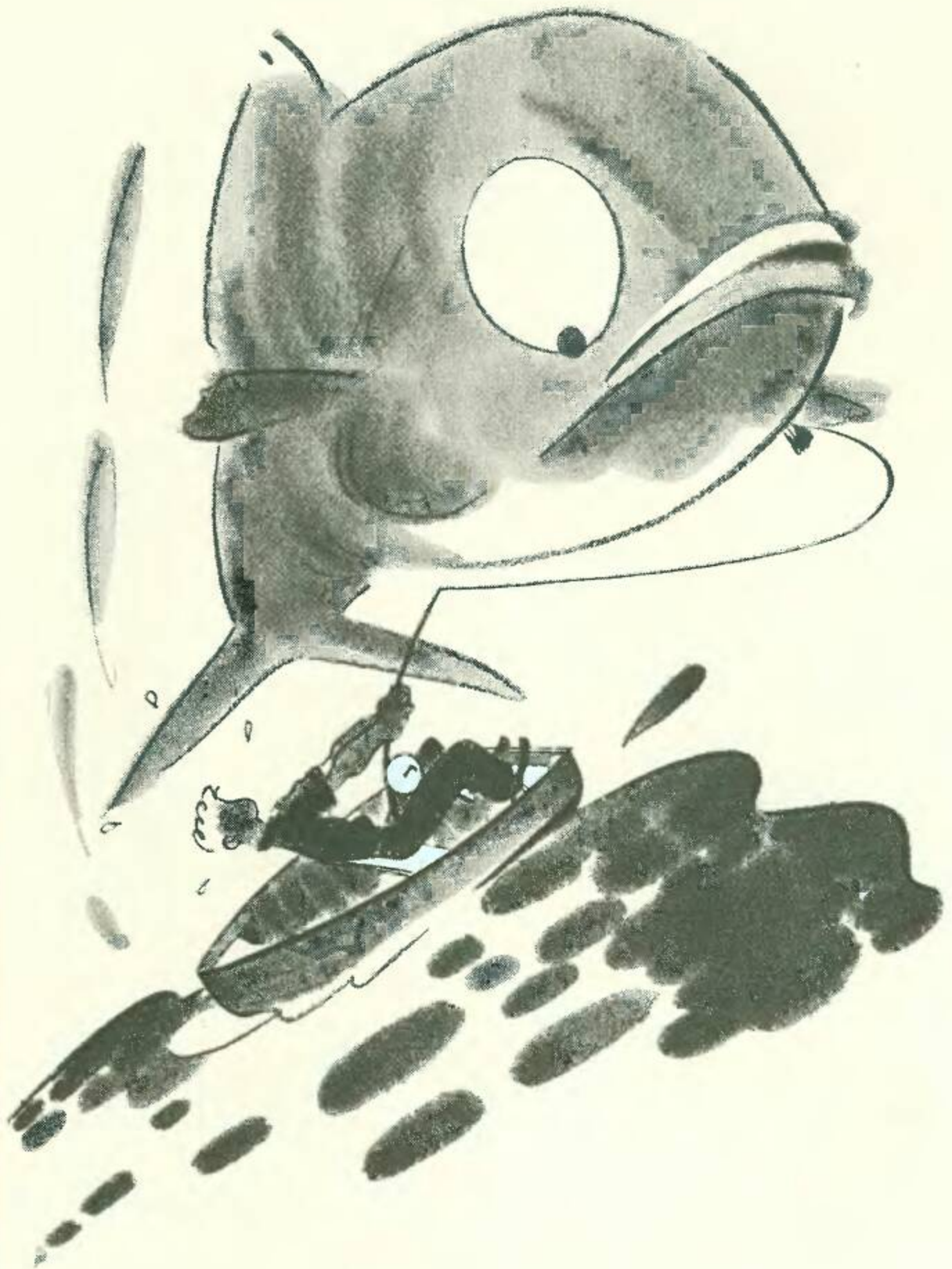
IT is Pan Heh-ven's custom when reminded of his poverty to point out that it is not actual poverty but merely temporary financial embarrassment. "Since the war I am so very much in debt," he says, "that I am not poor. I owe more than thirty thousand dollars. That makes me to be a financier. Now, financiers are never poor, you must know. Sometimes they are bankrupt, but they are never poor. And besides, there is the family property in Chekiang. So I think I will buy this new car."

Sometimes, when certain of his creditors become pressing, he has conferences with them. Afterward he reports somewhat vaguely, "I told them about our family property in Chekiang, and they said they would wait until after New Year's."

He also invokes the property at other times. If I admire a pewter pot in some shop, he is scornful of it and dissuades me from its purchase. "Those are only for cheap people. Now, on our family property in Chekiang we have a room where is a great lump of pewter, and we have workmen to come and take pieces off and make dishes to our own design." If it is an antique that catches my eye—some old Chinese bit of the sort tourists used to pay vast sums for—he will say, "My grandfather, when he was living on the property, used to *throw away* hundreds of those."

Every year, he tells me, it is the family custom to go to this place in the spring, to wail at the ancestral graves, and to burn paper money. To my knowledge, two springtimes have gone by without Heh-ven's returning to the property. Now, of course, the northern part of the province of Chekiang is in the hands of the Japanese, and it would be difficult and certainly dangerous for him to go there from Shanghai, but as soon as the war is over he means to visit the family estate. He has told me so much of the glories of his house there and of the peasants who look upon the Pans as their kings that I have come to consider the Pan property as a Promised Land. And I was as shocked as Heh-ven himself by his father's attempted crime against it.

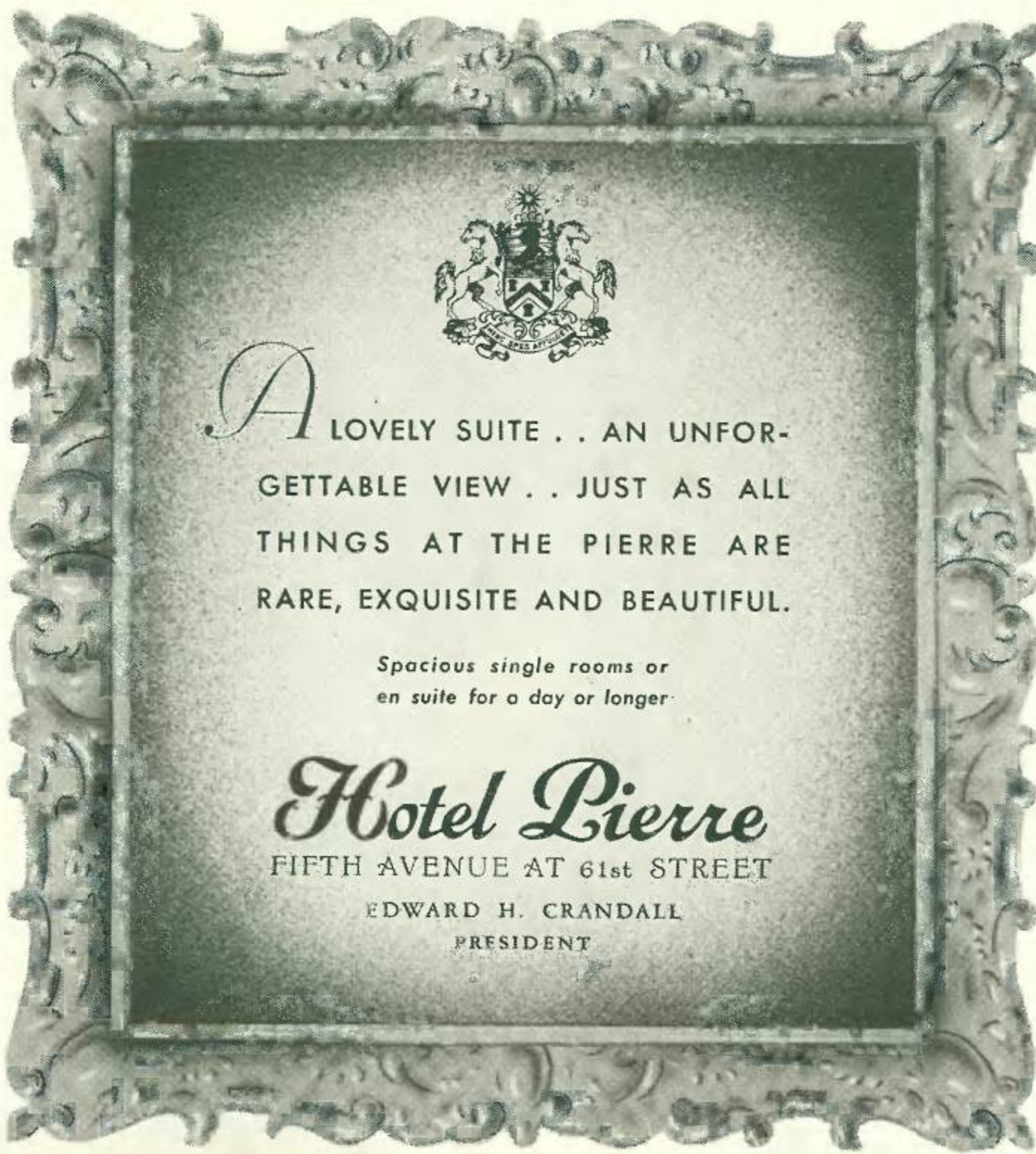
I saw the beginning of the whole thing one day during the last New Year Festival, when I was guest in the Pan dining room, surrounded by dozens of the immediate family. They were all eating enormous quantities of sweet dough stuffed with date paste, cakes stamped with good-luck characters, and




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European gumdrops. An ancestral portrait hung on the wall, and before it was an altar laden with food and gilt or colored paper. The children, dressed in embroidered satin and with rouged cheeks, were careening about the house on a big toy animal of some sort, and the youngest baby was kicking her new shoes, which had whiskered tiger faces painted on the toes.

In the middle of a welter of chattering brothers, sisters, cousins, and in-laws, Heh-ven's father entered and brought an immediate silence. All through the afternoon people had been bowing to Heh-ven as they entered, saying "Congratulations, congratulations" to him as head of the house. Now it was Heh-ven's turn to come forward and bow to his father. The old man graciously raised his eldest son from the floor, smiled upon the children, and demanded a quiet corner. Heh-ven explained it all later. The visit was unexpected, and what Father wanted on this happy occasion was to look over the family documents.

These—expired insurance policies, broken contracts, wills which were being litigated, and such—were kept in a battered suitcase which had once been a fine thing of English pigskin. After it was brought out and dusted and unlocked, Father squatted down beside it on the floor and began looking through the envelopes. I remember how odd I thought him, this dignified, white-bearded old gentleman in his gown and his little buttoned cap, sitting on the floor and pawing over papers.

I did not yet understand what was happening, but I could see by the changed expressions on the faces of the family, and by Father's increasing nervousness and haste as he searched, that something was lost from the suitcase. At last he gave it up and went away. The party continued, but the heart had gone out of the Pans.

"Oh, it is terrible," said Heh-ven to me. "Some of the leases have disappeared. Leases of the family proper-



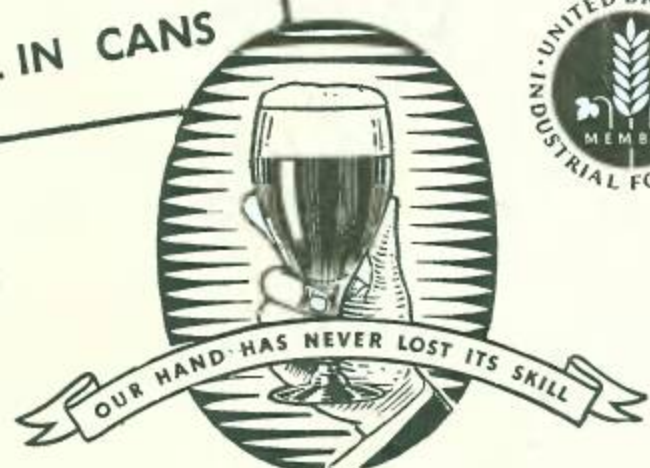
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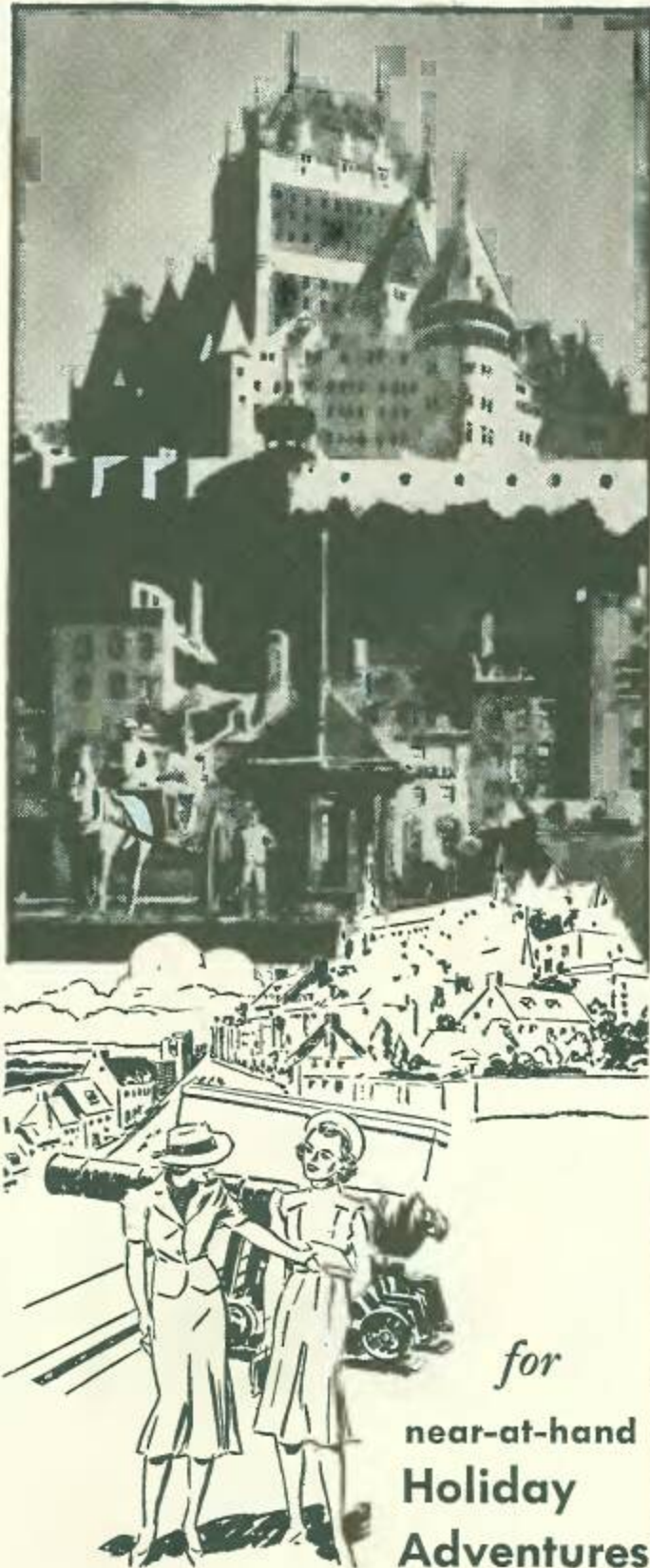
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ty. It is my responsibility. It is very serious. We have perhaps lost our best land!"

It was indeed serious, for in China, where so many people cannot read, everything may depend upon the actual document and the hand which holds it, not upon the name in which it is registered. Whoever had those leases had the land, and it was even more serious than I understood at first, because of the peculiar conditions under which this property had been handed down. Heh-ven tried to explain it to me with a diagram he drew on the back of an old envelope.

"It cannot be sold, it cannot be mortgaged," he said. "It was left as a trust to the whole family by my great-great-grandfather, I think it was, who made the fortunes of my father's side of the family. And there is so much money now! All those peasants have paid taxes for years"—he drew lines converging to a centre—"and if they could not pay, they borrowed from us. There is the interest on all that money, too, which we were not allowed to spend. And though nobody pays taxes since the war started, there is a lot of money which goes with the land to whoever has got the leases!" He scribbled out the centre point despairingly.

"But whoever has got it has obviously stolen it," I objected. "You could have him arrested if he came forward to claim the property."

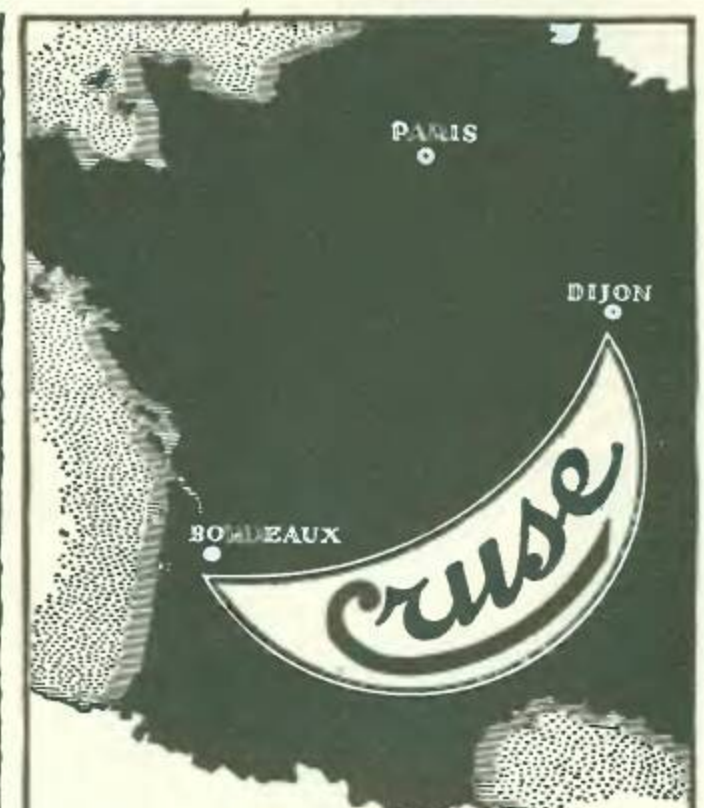
Heh-ven was not convinced. "In China it is this way," he said. "Even if we go to court, he has got the leases. There is so much money, too. We were going to have a meeting to decide how to invest it for the family, and now . . . I may have to suicide myself, you must know."

Heh-ven loves to dramatize and exaggerate, but I could tell that the family gloom was really genuine. One by one the relatives went home, their New Year gaiety forgotten.

For several days Heh-ven fretted and searched, but to no avail. When I telephoned he had nothing but failure to report, and he reminded me of his imminent suicide. Two days later he came rushing into my flat.

"I have been to see my lawyer," he announced. "What do you think? It was my father who has stolen those leases!" He fell back and looked at me in mingled horror and pride.

"My father knew it all the time," he continued in a quieter voice, and settled down in his favorite chair. "That day he came and looked for so long—the leases were even then at his own home. Do you know what he did with



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them? It is really terrible. The next day he gave them to a gangster in payment of a debt of mah-jongg. It was a debt of only a few thousand. That is more terrible, isn't it? And what is worse is this, that he told the gangster—I have just met that man at my lawyer's, for he wishes to sell the leases back to me—he told this man that the property is not family property at all, but his own, which *I* have stolen. He said, 'My son is unfilial and tries to keep this property, but it is mine, and if you wish to buy more I can bring the leases to you next week.' That is why he came to my house during the New Year Festival. He wished to look in the suitcase and see what more was there to sell. Is it not terrible?"

"Yes, it is," I said. But Heh-ven was unsatisfied with my tone.

"No, you do not understand. It is worse than that. There is nothing so bad as this. Please do not mention it to anybody. I tell you only because you cannot talk Chinese. The family must never hear of it. You see, if they do, *they will put him out of the family.*"

His face was really pale with horror.

"This time," he added, "my father has really gone too far."

IT was a month later, when the leases had been bought back from the obliging gangster and were locked away again (in the suitcase), that Heh-ven's father disappeared from Shanghai.

"I cannot understand it," said Heh-ven, worried. "He managed to get through the Japanese lines and he has gone to Chekiang, to the property. What is he doing there? He hates the country, you must know. Can he be hiding again from gangsters? I have heard nothing of any new debts. Nothing *important.*"

"Maybe he has just gone for a holiday," I suggested.

Heh-ven was doubtful. "Holiday from what? My father *hates* the country. In the country there is no jai alai, no opium. And besides, with the war going on, it is dangerous there. What on earth can he be doing with himself? I am expecting trouble."

Sure enough, after a week Heh-ven came into my flat brandishing a letter. "Here it is," he said, "and I was quite right. My father is back in Shanghai, and he is trying to do something funny with the trust fund. You know, I have told you of it. Oh, it is terrible. This time he has gone too far." He sat down on the floor and started to draw more diagrams on the envelope his father's letter had come in. "All this money,"

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he began, suiting the action to the word by executing a large and flattish circle, "is supposed to be divided into three parts." He cut the circle with two sharp lines. "This part is to be spent on a temple, in honor of our Founder." He wrote in it "Founder." "This part is for a school in my native village, for all the children of the family and of the other villagers, for they are really most of them of the family too, as the Founder had many wives." He drew something with a curved roof to represent a school full of little Pans. "Now, this which remains is what interests my father. This is what he says." He opened the letter and read me a rough translation. Though sunk in a wilderness of quotations and proverbs, Father's words bluntly informed his son that the worthy villagers had decided that he, Pan the elder, was the man to handle the family property.

Heh-ven's father has a good deal of persuasive charm. He had been talking with his second cousin and to Heh-ven's uncle, who was mayor of the village, and to a lot of other kinsmen, and they had all agreed that the money was doing nobody any good where it was and should be invested—and by Pan the elder—before the Japanese got hold of it. Would Heh-ven, he said, kindly sign his name to the necessary agreement and send it along by return mail? A mere formality from such a dutiful son.

I conjured up a vision of Father Pan handing out I.O.U.'s to the simple country cousins and then standing them a cup of tea all round. I confess to a perverse fondness for the old man, but when I saw Heh-ven's honest, worried face I took sides against his father for once. It was, I agreed, outrageous. Heh-ven had already written a reply, and this was what worried him most of all, for in it he flatly refused to comply with his father's request, and he was sorely shaken by his own unfilial conduct.

"It is a really strong letter, you must know. It is terrible that a son must write such a letter to his father—but such a father! No, he has gone too far and I had to tell him so. It is an insult to our ancestors, and now that we are modern we must remember it is also an insult to our children. I have told him. Fortunately he can do nothing without my signature. I shall never consent to it. If necessary, I shall attempt to go to Chekiang myself, but I do not like these quarrels. I dread it—you say 'dread'? Thank you."

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him I said, but still he looked drawn and haunted and he continued to speak of his ancestors.

A few days later he brought Father's reply for me to read. It was registered and all marked up with pictographs and sealing wax. Heh-ven was flushed with anger.

"What?" I said. "More outrages?"

"Yes," said Heh-ven. "My father has retired, backed out. He says I am perfectly correct and he is very sorry. He is so ashamed. He forgives me for showing him his duty. He now proposes that we forget his dishonorable suggestion and leave everything as it was."

"There!" I said genially. "What did I tell you? It's all right."

But Heh-ven, strangely, was very angry indeed.

"All right?" he asked in his soft voice, which trembled a little. "But still you do not understand. Now everything is *really* spoiled. I must admit that at last my father has gone too far."

I waited.

"Of course," he continued, "I did not expect him to do this. Any other man would suggest that he divide the money with me if only I would sign that paper! I expected him to do that. I could not have suggested it myself, you must know. That would be too shameful. So now, since he has not made this suggestion, everything must remain as it was."

Silently, bitterly, he brooded. "I needed that money," Heh-ven said finally.

—EMILY HAHN

Werrenrath attributes the lack of indigenous music to our mixed background and to the lack of a pleasant class.

—Washington (D.C.) Daily News.

And we in turn attribute the lack of a pleasant class to sunspots.

Searching back into the past, their eyes grew thoughtful, and in their faces I read hope, fear, friendliness, tragedy, and courage.—From an article by Dora Albert in *Movie Mirror*.

You almost got a whole gamut there, babe.

RAISED EYEBROWS DEPARTMENT

[Legal notice in the Lincoln (Neb.)
Evening State Journal]

IN DIVORCE COURT

John A— vs. Marie A—, decree for plaintiff. Defendant's maiden name of P— restored. Married June 29, 1937. Extreme cruelty, now is the time for all good men to come



Half Are Women

OF the many thousands of individual customers of this Company's Midtown Offices, approximately half are women.

We believe that they have selected these Offices because of their convenient location in the heart of the residential, shopping, and theatre section, their exceptional appointments and facilities, and because this Bank has long exemplified the traditions of fine service.

An additional reason is that many of our clients have found the services of our London, Paris, and other European offices of great value during trips or residence abroad.

We invite you to discuss your banking and trust requirements with us.

Mid-Town Offices Guaranty Trust Company of New York

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Complete Safe Deposit and Silver Storage Facilities Through
Guaranty Safe Deposit Company (an affiliated Safe Deposit Company)

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

PARIS, MAY 16

THE ADVANCE AUTUMN SUITS AND COATS HAVE A LOOSER, EASIER FIT ABOVE THE WAISTLINE, AND SPECIAL ATTENTION HAS BEEN GIVEN TO THE SHOULDERS. MAINBOCHER'S MODELS HAVE WIDE SHOULDERS AND LARGE ARMHOLES; THE BODICES ARE ALMOST, BUT NOT QUITE, BLOUSED OVER SMALL WAISTLINES AND SLIM HIPS. AT SCHIAPARELLI AND ALIX, SLEEVES HAVE A LEG-OF-MUTTON LOOK BECAUSE THEY ARE PADDED HIGH ABOVE THE SHOULDERS AND ARE GATHERED OR PLEATED INTO THE TOPS OF THE ARMHOLES. MOST SUIT JACKETS ARE STILL TRIMLY FITTED. SCHIAPARELLI'S AND MAINBOCHER'S BOX JACKETS, HOWEVER, REACH JUST TO THE HIP-BONE AND HAVE A NEWER LOOK. MANY COATS HANG STRAIGHT FROM SHOULDER TO HEM, AND ARE LOOSE BUT NOT FLARED. THE LOVELIEST PRINTS ARE SCHIAPARELLI'S PASTEL LEAF PATTERNS AND WOODLAND SCENES DEPICTING NYMPHS AND SATYRS, FLOWERS AND TREES. ORGANDIE, CHIFFON, LACE, AND PRINTED LAWN EVENING DRESSES ARE LESS BOUFFANT—SLIM OVER THE HIPS AND SLIGHTLY LARGER AT THE BOTTOM. BLACK LEADS AS THE COLOR FOR EVENING; THEN COME WHITE, CORNFLOWER BLUE, PINK, AND PASTEL PRINTS ON WHITE. ALL OF ALIX'S DRAPED DRESSES COMBINE TWO DARK, SOMBRE COLORS, SUCH AS NAVY AND WINE RED OR DARK RED AND PURPLE. SCHIAPARELLI'S MANNEQUINS STILL HAVE THEIR HAIR UP, AND WEAR TINY, FORWARD-TILTED BLACK FELT HATS WITH SMALL, SLOPING CROWNS AND NARROW, UPTURNED BRIMS TRIMMED EITHER WITH A PINK MOIRÉ RIBBON BAND AND LONG STREAMERS OR WITH A BLACK VELVET BAND AND STREAMERS. THEY'RE CHARMING, RIDICULOUS, AND VERY SMART.

—V. A.

AND IN NEW YORK—

THERE is a general belief in the power of the press, but as far as I am concerned it is largely a legend—except for the warm Martinis you get free at fashion teas. The shops have the decency to blush when they show me certain items, but show them they do, with a so-what defiance. Years ago I made myself clear on the subject of satin for the beach and opposed it on the ground that a formal fabric is utterly unsuited to the seashore. I thought

I had disposed of the topic once and for all, but now everybody is showing black slipper satin and defending it by saying that its slithery surface is completely appropriate because it suggests wetness and coolth. I therefore toss the matter in the lap of the public and will abide by its decision.

Bonwit Teller are particularly enthusiastic about satin and show it on all kinds of two- and three-piece bathing affairs with boleros. The two-piece suits have backless tops of striped crêpe; the three-piece ones consist of shorts and a halter trimmed with printed crêpe. There are also dirndl beach dresses and butcher-boy blouses and slacks in black satin, which—ynagh, ynagh—looks awful with a tanned skin. The pajamas, however, are something else again. Whether they are workmanlike or dressy, an exceptional job has been done with them. There are Desert Pajceps (I have given up trying to do anything about nomenclature) of a pastel rayon which has the feel of thin wool. The slacks are slightly high-waisted and cost \$7.95; the shirts have convertible col-

lars and jewelled buttons to offset their mannish cut. You may prefer slacks-and-shirts ensembles of a thin English flannel in pastel colors with a fine white stripe; these are \$15 a set. There is also a Creed lounging suit of gray flannel that is trimmed with saddle-stitching and has the slightly fitted jacket which La Dietrich loves so. For deluxe cabaña lounging, they show bright-blue linen slacks and short, fitted jackets with bright-red calico sleeves. Wide three-quarter sleeves of glazed chintz break the calm of the zippered jacket that accompanies slacks of dusty-pink rayon, and vast balloon sleeves of turquoise sharkskin are set into the body of a white butcher-boy blouse that is to be worn with white slacks. Suits like these cost around \$40. Other items: Conservative bathing dresses of a black rayon that looks like moiré have square necks and gored skirts. . . . Large straw beach hats of light or dark leghorn are decorated with streamers, cost \$6.50, and would look all right on the street. . . . A marvellous beach suitcase of a Fabrikoid that resembles alligator calf is lined



12/15/23. Hokinian

"Let's see—this was me about 1923."

Realsilk's Newest Hosiery Success

TWO-THREAD, 51-GAUGE



ENGAGEMENT RING BY MARCUS & CO. SCULPTURED HAND BY HELEN LIEDLOFF



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JUST a wisp of shimmering sheerness—yet with surprising strength behind its silken “nothingness.” A stocking for your high moments. The kind of hosiery that goes places, and smart ones. Just the hose to flatter an important lady. In daring and subtle shades.

A new hosiery especially created for the Real Silk Hosiery Mills, Inc., Indianapolis.

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THE OCCASION:
Our third removal in sixty years

THE BENEFITS:
Reductions of from 25% to 40% on
a special collection of articles

On or before October 1, Marcus & Company will move to a larger and better equipped store at 679 Fifth Avenue, half a block north of our present location. To facilitate this move, we are presenting the opportunity to purchase jewels at a considerable saving. We make this offer now, rather than in September, because many of our customers will not be home at that time.

Included in this special collection are star sapphire, sapphire, ruby, emerald, and diamond rings... pearl necklaces, single pearls... clips, brooches, watches... modern jewelled gold bracelets and ornaments. Some pieces are priced as low as \$10. We invite you to view this jewelry any day after Monday, May 16, until Friday, May 27, when this reduction will definitely be withdrawn.

Clearance of social stationery during the same period

MARCUS & COMPANY

JEWELERS AND STATIONERS • Fifth Avenue at Fifty-Third Street
ON AND AFTER OCTOBER 1 — 679 FIFTH AVENUE

with pastel rubber and could serve beautifully as an overnight bag. Its sensational price is \$4.95.... The Eleanor Tennant tennis dresses and striped blazers for active sportswomen are business-like yet unusually attractive.

FOR months now I have been happily wearing a pair of low-heeled street shoes made by DeBusschere of Bruges, and have known not only complete comfort but also the delight of having my feet judged to be at least one full size smaller than they are, so I can hardly be blamed for again squeaking the praises of the collection at Bendel. The arches have exceptional support, and the throat of the shoe clings firmly without the use of binding. My model, which they call Dolly, has a moccasin-type vamp and comes in fourteen summer varieties, including Belgian linen and llama, which looks like pigskin. There are wonderful moccasins in red, white, or blue kid with lacing outlining the foot and tying on the instep, and sandals of white canvas that tie with cord at the ankle and have sporting motifs in color on the vamp. The soles of both the moccasins and the sandals contain air to give you a springy stride. And you won't believe the lightness of the golf shoe. It feels like a bedroom slipper, is made of llama, and costs \$18.75. To be able to step out as blithely as you do in any of these makes you feel awfully attractive.

JENNARO, of 31 East 38th Street, is hereby nominated the hairdresser of the week. The salon occupies the "parlor floor" of one of those spacious Murray Hill mansions and has a cool, spacious drawing room decorated in the grand manner. The star of the hairdressing proceedings, which take place in a more matter-of-fact room in back, is Jennaro himself, a former Charles of the Ritz boy and a highly competent fellow. However, the most ingratiating feature, which will enchant people who live out of town, is that you can change your clothes and take a bath there at the end of the day. If your bill runs over \$3.50, you're allowed to leave your bag there in the morning. They will send your evening clothes out to be pressed (naturally, at your expense) and have them ready for you when you return. You can have a "redo" then, including a setting, a change of nail polish, and makeup. Since the place is open until nine, you have time to prepare yourself until the arrival of your beau, whom you may

Electracide kills all sorts of night pests. Affords plenty of light for outdoor bridge. A. C. only. With globe ... \$14.95 Write for Summer Housewares and Furniture Booklet "N".



Who keeps mosquitoes
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HAMMACHER SCHLEMMER, Of Course!

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greet in the drawing room, which is a proper setting for your beauty.

KNICKKNACKS: Mark Cross is offering a natural-pig compact with a watch set in the cover in such a way that it can stand up like a travelling clock if you like. It's an expensive doodad (\$35), but new. There are leather compacts shaped like golf balls, square ones of raffia with colored kid trimmings, and—also brand-new—large vanities of calico pony. Maybe the thought of fur makes you feel hot, but these look very chic, and they are partitioned off to allow room for cigarettes as well as for change and make-up; \$7.50 and \$15.... That Helena Rubinstein is up to monkey tricks again. The latest is a paintbox, just like Junior's, equipped with regular paintbrushes. The little dishes include paste rouges for the lips and cheeks, eyelash cream, Persian mascara, and several shades of luminous eye-shadow. You paint your face with the brushes, which sounds silly but turns out fine.... The girls who have been golfing while exposed to what they thought was an innocent spring sun are notified it is not too late to think of Skol, that Swedish sunburn-preventive-and-tan-in-easy-stages triumph. Sunbathers dote on it because it is efficient and not at all greasy. It is indeed a lovable thing.

—L. L.

ABOUT THE HOUSE

For the Garden

ENOUGH attention is being lavished by local stores upon displays of outdoor furniture to make any visitor think this must indeed be a city of garden lovers—as, after all, perhaps it is. Certainly the stage of elaboration reached this year in design can indicate only that the suburb, the penthouse, and the street-floor apartment with garden privileges have come to stay. Shopkeepers evidently think they have, anyway; and shopkeepers, my little friends, are no dopes, whatever else you may think about them. I speak, of course, in broad, general terms.

Some years ago, when New York rooftops and back yards first began to be considered valuable property, and basements and top floors suddenly ceased being headaches to renting agents, nobody was convinced it would last—least of all the shops, although they were doing a great business in awnings and deck chairs. Now the whole picture has changed. Every big store has its depart-



Top ranking!

Tennis calls for clothes that are adequate in action, but decorative in repose... a nice problem! Happily, we have several solutions—suited to the strenuous service and critical inspection of the tournament circuit, the rigors of laundering and dry cleaning, and the moderate sized purse. Consider, for instance:

Pique Tennis Dress—Cool cotton, in a smart novelty weave; with free shoulders and open neck, perfect for tennis; and washes well. White only. Sizes 12 to 20 \$13.75

Same dress in pure silk, white only \$16.75

White Linen Visor, adjustable in size \$1.75

Dorothy Round Sport Skirt—A circular skirt of white men's wear flannel, designed and popularized by Miss Round; very new, very smart, very practical. Made by Jaeger of London, exclusive with A & F. Sizes 12 to 18 \$16.75

Lightweight Wool Shirt—An English import, with short sleeves and button neck. Sizes 34 to 40 \$7.75

"Women's Summer Sport Styles" booklet—free on request

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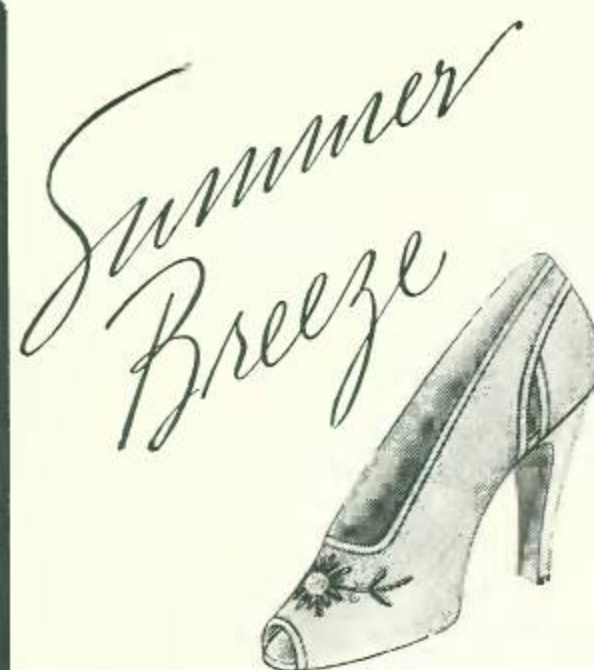
FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK

ment of important terrace and garden furniture; settees in iron and sculptures in stone fill side-street shop windows once devoted at this time of year to fetching displays of slipcovers and summer lampshades; and the town now numbers among its specialists a new and growing group of artists called exterior decorators.

You can't faze the shop people by reminding them that everybody in town hasn't a back yard or a roof terrace or a country estate. The answer to that one is that any number of wishful thinkers are buying garden furniture and using it indoors, particularly in dining rooms. In short, there is a Movement afoot, with followers in a mood to stick at nothing.

If you are among those who must satisfy this burning urge in a tiny outdoor space, or even in a room, the iron furniture at Richard L. Sandfort, Inc., 155 East 54th, should make you very happy. Not that Mr. Sandfort's things wouldn't be beautiful in the most far-flung garden spot you know, but they seem especially suited to small, intimate places, because they are delicate in design and so neat. There are scrolled dining chairs with formal Chippendale detail, fragile-looking cushioned chaise longues on wheels, lace valentine effects in tea and coffee and dining tables. Look for the ones with curled iron plumes swooping up to support round glass tops. There are Windsor chairs done in iron, for simpler settings, and a wonderful armchair that looks fully upholstered, with a skirted slipcover; the cushioned parts lift off in two sections so they can be stored indoors. The bare iron frame can stay outside indefinitely. They call this the strip-tease chair. It's \$69 in muslin.

The Sandfort finish is a glossy paint—black, white, Regency green, brick red, or a lead gray, which looked best of all to me. The same paint goes on



Light as a thistle . . . this cool Summer fantasy, with its smartly sentimental posy! A charming curtsy to a new, romantic season.

In creme, white, copen or pink woven Toyo, with matching or contrasting leather trim, hand-embroidered raffia flower. **15.75**

Bag to match: 8.75

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wall pockets, plant boxes, fountains, and bird baths made of pressed zinc. They look as heavy as stone and are incredibly light. The wall pockets can hold ivy pots or concealed lights. The fanciest plant boxes are shaped like column capitals; \$48. A dolphin fountain with shell-shaped basin is \$60. Mr. Sandfort likes to use the zinc pieces and the iron furniture together; makes the zinc seem even more solid and massive and the iron lighter and lacier than ever.

MILDRED STEIL, of the Terrace & Garden Shop, 126 East 57th, is the girl for you if happy memories of your grandmother's Victorian garden, complete with gazebo and cast-iron elk, color your ideas of what a city back yard should be. Miss Steil can get you a replica of that elk or, for that matter, of any one of the proud beasts that used to dot the lawns of the upper classes. She can furnish cast-iron urns, too, made from old molds, and those good turnover tub chairs in wood that no old-fashioned garden would have been without. The tub chairs are \$15.

Another practical specialty here is dining chairs and armchairs in iron with cushioned back panels, done for the sake of ladies in evening dress. For less formal parties Miss Steil has a fine country-place picnic set in heavy latticed wire—an enormous round table to seat a crowd (\$33), and low stools at \$9 each, to be left out all season at your favorite picnic spot. The table can be fixed up with a centre hole for a giant umbrella, or it can be cut into two sections and scooped to fit around a tree trunk.

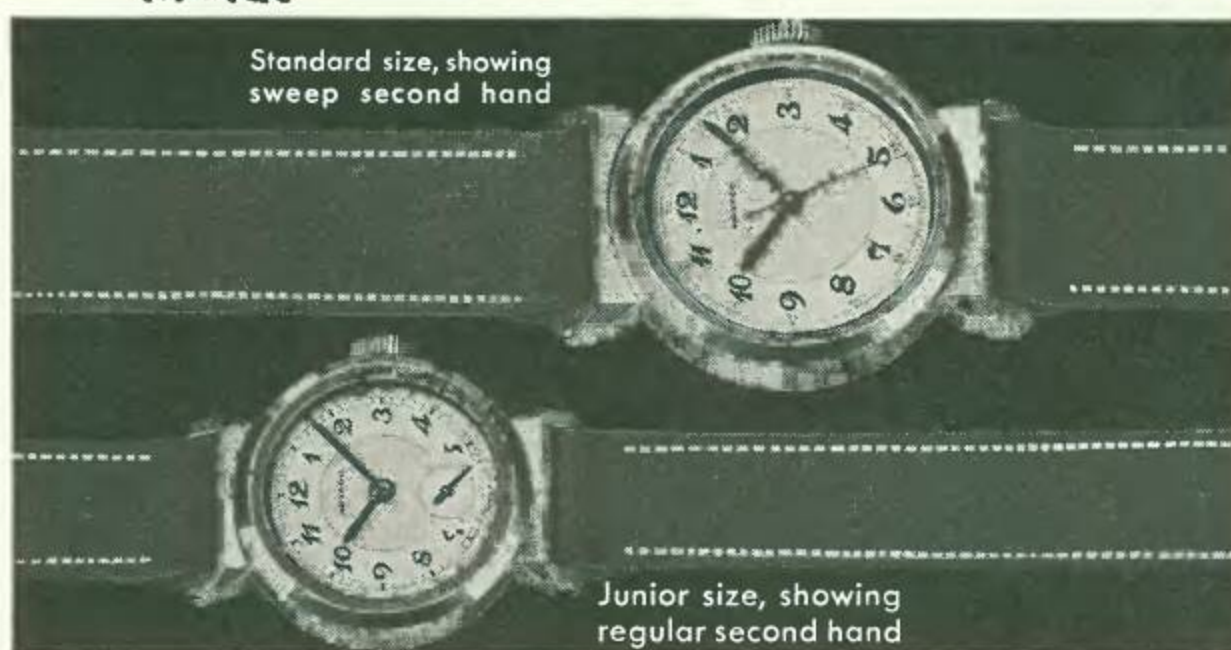
The shop's handwrought aluminum furniture is nice, too; the lines are square and modern, and the aluminum can be painted or dulled to a pewter effect.

NOTHING could be farther removed from all this metal splendor than the Peter Hunt garden furniture in wood at Bitter & Loud, 209 East 72nd. The Hunt technique is to cover every possible surface with painted fruit and vegetable designs—garlands sprawled along the tops of trestle tables and benches or around the shelf- and drawer-fronts of Welsh dressers, or spilling over the steep-pitched roofs of shrines and bird houses. The effect, of course, is riotous; the things need only a good green background to give you the most colorful garden dining spot you ever achieved, and the perfect setting for that dirndl. Prices are modest enough—\$10 for coffee tables,



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Both these **MOVADO** Acvatic models are waterproof, dustproof watches with unbreakable crystal. Waterproof strap. 15 jewels. Available in stainless steel, stainless steel and gold, solid gold; with regular or sweep second hand.

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*OF Celanese**
RAYON TAFFETA

7.95

When you go dancing on roof-tops—wear this bow wrap of quilted Celanese rayon taffeta. Collarless, corded neckline. Sleeves puffed full at the shoulders. Short and straight over billowing gowns. Black or white. 12 to 20. *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

EVENING SHOP—SECOND FLOOR

ALSO AT OPPENHEIM COLLINS—BROOKLYN

around \$25 for the dining size. The paint used on these things is impervious to practically everything. People leave the stuff out in the weather all summer, and just turn the hose on it to clean it up.

EVEN the Corner Shop at Macy now has a Garden Room, done up with grass carpeting and pink-striped awnings. It's at its best in trimmings. Small stone garden figures are a specialty; the rabbits are fine—large as life and crudely fashioned; \$4.97. Ivy stands to hold three pots are done in iron in the shape of astrolabes. An English wicker wheelbarrow, to cram with potted geraniums or begonias, ought to provide a fine bit of atmosphere on a porch or terrace; and there's a collection of old hitching posts, in case you are looking for one.

Looking at all these fine things would have had me in a pitiful state of mixed emotions in short order, except that I am perennially faithful to an old love. I speak of that remarkable self-adjusting deck chair that stretches out almost flat when leaned back in, then swings upright and boosts from the rear when you start to get up. This invaluable chair is again at Bloomingdale, and now in no less than five versions, starting with a regulation awning-stripe canvas-seat kind at \$3.98 and working up to a deluxe steamer-chair model for \$12.98. You can't go very far wrong on any one of them.

—B. B.

MARKETS AND MENUS

Imported Beers

WITH all our great authorities babbling on about the right wines for summer, nobody seems to be giving a thought to beer. The smarter restaurants don't even list it, and since the post-repeal crop of beer connoisseurs is a good deal more reticent than the wine experts among us, you might get the idea that all New Yorkers have lost their taste for malt and have switched over to white wines for the summer. This, however, is not the case.

The fact is, imported bottled beer is becoming more and more firmly established in the home, and for that matter a good many bars are doing as brisk a trade in bottled beer as in draught. Servicing draught beer is a ticklish business, and unless a barman is mighty good at handling it ordering a bottle is a safer bet. Take Heineken's Holland, for instance. At three places out of four where this excellent beer can be had both on draught and in bottles, you will find the bottled brew has a closer head



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Made in our own workrooms from imported materials. This shirt \$10.00.

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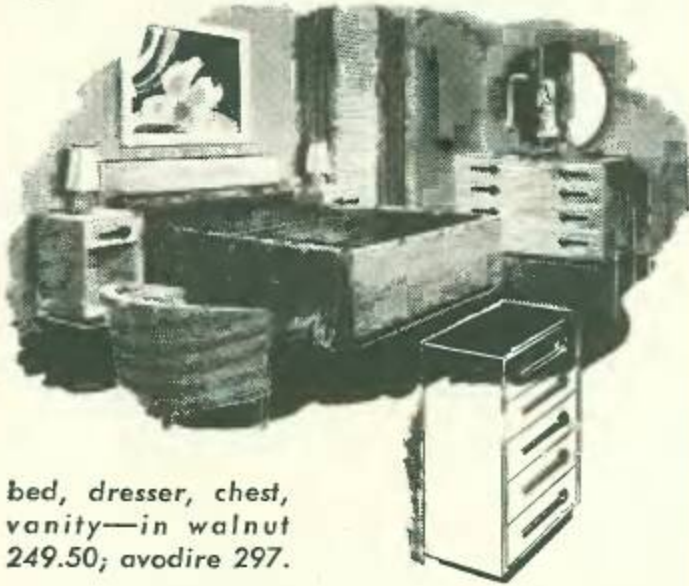


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We have our own tennis court, bath houses and swimming pier. Beaches and golf are easily accessible. Our two cottages by the water's edge, in addition to the main house, have delightful accommodations. All of our rooms but two singles have private baths.

Picnic lunches, local telephone calls and afternoon tea are complimentary. We have no "extras." Rates begin at \$8 a day. We accommodate 50 persons. Write for information or reservations. Address: Newstead, Paget, Bermuda.



and holds it longer than the draught. Moreover, it isn't so likely to be over-chilled.

Old-time beer drinkers will tell you that Heineken's has been available over here only since repeal, but they're mistaken. It was sold in plenty of bars and restaurants before prohibition as imported Pilsner, with the name of the place where it was served tacked on. Naturally a good deal of confusion developed among the faithful over what their favorite brew really was. The little green Heineken's bottles didn't appear here, it is true, until repeal, and only since then has Heineken's draught beer been designated as such at bars. Serious admirers of this brew insist that they can float a dime on its well-knit foam, provided it has been properly poured. I admit I can't do the trick myself, and since the claim is usually made by gentlemen who haven't change for a quarter, perhaps there's nothing to it.

As for the handling of Heineken's or any other brew, beer fanciers, of course, will tell you that it's all tommyrot about pouring the liquid down the side of the glass. If you really care about beer, they say, you care about a proper head on it, and you won't get that by cautiously sliding the beer into your glass. The bottled Heineken's is to be had at Charles & Co., at Hughes Brothers, 766 Madison Avenue (66th), the Southgate Delicatessen, 952 First Avenue (52nd), and at the London Terrace Food Stores, 400 West 24th Street.

Münchner Hofbräu beer, imported by the Royal Munich Hofbrau Corp., 8 Bridge Street, can be had either light or dark, but Americans, who before the war drank much more dark beer than light, for some reason have now switched to light. (Travellers returning from Germany report the same phenomenon among the natives, by the way.) At Janssen's Hofbrau in the Graybar Building the barmen know exactly how to handle Münchner Hofbräu, never letting it get below a temperature of 46°. If you are careful you can get the same satisfactory results with the bottled brew, but you can't, naturally, just go off and leave beer in an electric refrigerator indefinitely and expect it to take care of itself.

The Royal Munich Hofbrau people also import a Reichelbräu Kulmbacher, light and dark. This is rather heavy and slightly sweeter than the Munich beers. Its rich flavor is very definitely its own and has never been successfully copied in Germany, let alone in other parts of the world. The Münchner and the



"Jane simply
astounded me—

"SHE'S SUCH a good housekeeper in every other respect but when she told me that she had not had any of their rugs or carpets cleaned ever since she was married I was—well, just shocked!

"I have Brown clean my rugs every Spring. They look so bright and colorful when they come back that the house takes on a cheerful, spring-time look. All their winter's grime is gone and I'm sure that the rugs are better off for a thorough cleaning because that destructive trodden-in grit which the vacuum can't remove is washed away.

"One of these days we should tell Jane to call up Brown. Then she will be proud once again about her lovely rugs and carpets."

Brown also takes up and relays wall-to-wall carpets. Experienced workers. Very reasonable charges and prompt service.

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RUGS STORED and INSURED —½c per square foot per month. That's only 27c monthly for a 6' x 9' Oriental or Domestic. (Pay on delivery.)

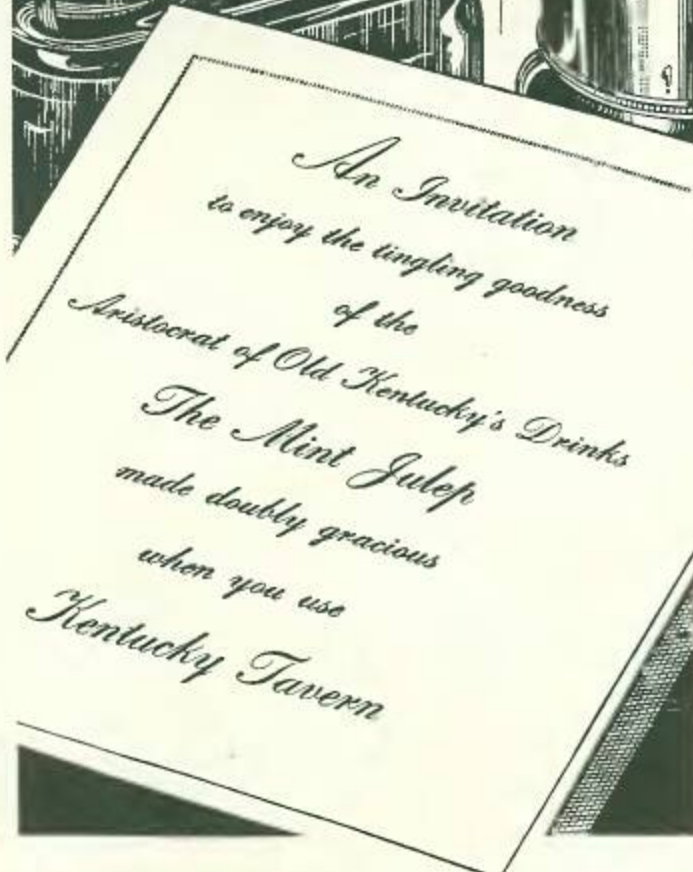
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That magnificent Würzburger is now brought in by Rhinemo Imports, Inc., 225 Fifth Avenue (26th). Luchow's restaurant, of course, goes on serving this grand beer and it is handled in bottles by H. Rahmeyer, 1022 Third Avenue (61st). Both Charles and Rahmeyer keep the excellent Pilsner Urquell, which, with its slightly bitter flavor, had its pre-prohibition following here before there was a Czechoslovakia, and the lesser-known Beck's, a light beer rather like Pilsner and made in Bremen. Charles sells more of Pilsner Urquell than of any other imported beer, with Heineken's next, and Münchner Löwenbräu third.

TO my mind the beer question is never quite settled until you have decided on what sort of glass you're going to serve it in. Steins are all right for the heavier beers and ales, but a light beer ought to be taken in a glass. The way beer glasses frequently are handled in the home inflicts a lot of punishment on the beer; the slightest speck of grease in a glass will make the head go off. Since the regular beer flutes are just about impossible for an ordinary housemaid to clean right down to the bottom, my choice for light brews is those lovely water goblets designed by Julian Street to go with his wine glasses. They are on sale at Bellows & Co., who probably won't like to sell their fine glasses for any such use. But after all, since they admit the existence of water for drinking purposes, they might as well go the whole way and concede beer. —S. H.

MAISIE WARD, wife of FRANK SHEED, has been designated by the widow of the late C. K. CHESTERTON to write his official biography, and is now searching about for data.—*Writer's Digest*.

Chesterton's first initial was G, for Gilbert. Would that be of any use to her?

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[From the Dallas (Texas)
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Dr. C. M. Rosser and Dr. Ben L. Schoolfield will be guests speakers at the Wood County Medical Society meeting Tuesday night at Mineola.

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TEE AND GREEN

Snead and the Strafacis



IN the Metropolitan Open at the Forest Hill Field Club a year ago, Sam Snead broke the course record with a 65 on the second day of play, only to lose his score when a thunderstorm forced officials to cancel the whole round later in the day. Snead took his misfortune in good part, but the incident led to considerable grumbling among his professional colleagues, who felt that once the round had been started, it should have been finished under any circumstances. When the event was over and Jimmy Hines of Lakeville had won, his victory seemed somewhat hollow and there was a general feeling that the only satisfactory way to have settled the matter would have been the somewhat impractical one of playing the tournament over again from the start.

If it had been possible to replay the 1937 Metropolitan Open, the last thing anyone would have had any right to expect would have been that it would turn out exactly as it had the first time. In effect, this has finally occurred. Described, with some justice, as a preview of the National Open at Englewood, Colorado, next month, the 1938 Metropolitan Open at Fresh Meadow last week turned out to be a replica of its predecessor in almost all respects except the weather and the fact that when Hines won, thus becoming the first Metropolitan Open champion to defend his title successfully since Walter Hagen, in 1920, there was no possible excuse for begrudging him his prize. Last week, in the absence of a cloudburst, Snead brought his bad luck on himself. Only a stroke behind Hines at the third hole in his last round, he contrived to hit a second shot that bounced out of bounds on the seventh. By the time he had holed for a 7, he was well out of the running for the championship he was playing in and a step closer to Harry Cooper as golf's perennial runner-up.

FRANK STRAFACI of Brooklyn was high amateur at Fresh Meadow with a score of 301. When Willie McFarlane, who competed against him, said that he would have won if he had played all his shots as well as his putts, it occurred to us that this was true not only



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of the Metropolitan but of almost every tournament Frank Strafaci enters. As a generality, the same could be said of his brothers. The Strafacis are undoubtedly the most remarkable golfing family in the country, not excepting the Turnesa brothers, who were represented at Fresh Meadow only by Mike. Last year one out of every ten golfers who qualified for the National Amateur from the New York district was a Strafaci, and the nation's golf tournaments this summer are likely to be in large measure a history of the family's doings.

The Strafacis—Ralph (22), Tommy (21), Frank (20), and Patsy (16)—learned golf as caddies at the Dyker Beach course, which adjoined the family farm. Wiffy Cox, for many years the Dyker Beach professional, took an interest in them. Their father came over to watch them play so often that though he never took up the game himself, he became adept at correcting faults in their swings long before their names began to appear high up in the lists at medal tournaments. Mr. Strafaci takes care of his sons' prizes, cups, plaques, and souvenirs and is proudest of the huge golden key which Frank brought back after winning the national public-links championship at Indianapolis three years ago. He remembers this as "the time Frankie waded," and likes to explain with gestures how his son peeled off his shoes and stockings and stepped into a shin-deep brook rather than sacrifice a crucial stroke. Frank Strafaci, whose 69 at Winged Foot last year tied Bobby Jones' best score over the same course, is of course the star of the family. One reason he has hesitated to turn professional is that he has a long-standing ambition to play on a Walker Cup team, an ambition which he will presumably realize within a year or two.

Incidentally, while Frank Strafaci was distinguishing himself close to home last week, this year's Walker Cup team was sailing on the Bremen to get in a little practice for the matches which start on the third of June. As to the probable outcome at St. Andrews, the best opinion we can offer here is that of the British expert, Henry Longhurst, who writes in the *London Times*: "I see no possible reason why we should ever beat the United States at golf. The game is played with at least equal enthusiasm in that country... and they have ten first-class players to our one." Mr. Longhurst goes on to suggest that future Walker Cup matches might well be played on a handicap basis, which is probably a wise proposal.

—N. F. B.

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MUSICAL EVENTS

*Sir Adrian—Business
on Sixth Avenue*



PHONOGRAPH Listeners who happened to be visiting the N.B.C. Symphony Orchestra concert Saturday evening had a good view of a conductor whom most of us knew only by his recordings—Sir Adrian Boult, maestro of the B.B.C. Symphony. Sir Adrian is here for two programs with the N.B.C. group, and his first concert had the characteristics of his records: sound, clean performances, not always as dramatic as they might be, but always the presentations of an accomplished and discriminating musician.

The titled maestro is tall, rangy, bald, mustached, and genial. The audience liked him at once, and so, I suspect, did the instrumentalists, for Sir Adrian is an orchestra player's conductor. His beat is definite and flexible. His left hand is as eloquent as a prestidigitator's, and I'm sure that he could palm three eggs and a billiard ball if he cared about it. He has complete and understanding knowledge of his scores, and he "brings in" his musicians with the assuring cordiality of a host offering a rare specialty from his cellar.

After disposing of a scholastically jolly "Comedy Overture" by Busoni, and Beethoven's seventh symphony, which had a suave and conventional hearing, Sir Adrian collaborated with the brilliant William Primrose, violist of the N.B.C. ensemble, in William Walton's viola concerto. The concerto was new business for most attendants, as it seems to have had few performances. It contains some of the best music of a remarkable young composer—not so giddy as his "Façade" suite or so severe as his symphony, but often catching the sparkle of the one and generally approximating the musical solidity of the other.

There are jazz influences, including bits that somehow recall George Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue," yet there is no jazz for its own sake, for the jazz vocabulary here becomes an incidental part of Walton's natural musical speech. The concerto has finale trouble, but it's one of the most important novelties that any conductor has brought to town. It



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ought to stay with us, especially if Mr. Primrose is on hand to play it.

Sir Adrian also greeted the American composer by producing handsomely Aaron Copland's "El Salon Mexico," an American premiere. Mr. Copland does charming and entertaining things with the Mexican mood, and he isn't afraid to let a good tune have a good time. The last few measures suffer from a curious thinning out. Mr. Copland is too much of an artist to indulge himself in easy wow finishes, but "El Salon Mexico" could take one.

PERHAPS even the perspicacious Fortune Gallo may have been surprised by the land-office business of his San Carlo Opera Company at the Center Theatre. (A land office probably would be happy to do half that much business.)

Standardized as the San Carlo performances are, there always is something to prevent the show from becoming routine. Miss Carmela Ponselle's Carmen, for instance, had a confidential touch that made it unusual, even in an era of uncommon Carmens. Miss Coe Glade, as Dalila, maintained the startling sartorial level of her Amneris, thus giving the patrons something to talk about as well as some effective singing to hear. In "Lohengrin," the Herald, Arturo Monti, sang his few measures so well that no one would have been astonished if he had pitched into the duel between Lohengrin and Telramund and changed the plot.

The company has moved on to Boston; still, the chances are we'll be seeing them again later on. There's a market for their showmanlike wares.

RECITALS have sloped off, but there was an evening of excellent harpsichord-playing by Ralph Kirkpatrick at the Town Hall recently. It was all Bach, and that may not have been the prescription for a spring evening. However, when one hears the Italian concerto, for instance, played on the harpsichord by so accomplished an artist as Mr. Kirkpatrick, one hopes that pianists will leave the concerto alone hereafter. They won't.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

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excellent violist, and Walton himself as conductor (Decca X-199-201, imported). Another English composer who directs his own music on current lists is Vaughan Williams, for whom the B.B. C. Symphony has done one of its best performances in his symphony in F-minor (Victor album M-440). A first hearing of the symphony may give an impression of stylish starkness, but repetition makes it seem a friendlier work. Like it or not, one can't help admiring the composer's command of his materials and his medium.

A simpler sample of fairly recent English music is a suite from the ballet "The Triumph of Neptune," by Lord Berners (Columbia set X-92), led by Sir Thomas Beecham, who doesn't know how to make a dull disc. It's amusing stuff, although it has fits of cuteness. If you buy records for fun—and why not?—consider the suite as a possible purchase.

THE Mercury Theatre achieves the immortality of albums in Musicraft's No. 18, containing "The Cradle Will Rock," and Columbia's 325, whereon Orson Welles and his colleagues present a phonograph version of "Julius Caesar." Marc Blitzstein, librettist, composer, pianist, *conférencier*, and actor (perhaps he even pitched in with a little sound-engineering for the records), demonstrates his great skill in all departments in the Musicraft set, and the original cast of the "play in music" lends its intentionally unoperatic voices enthusiastically. This album is a valuable contribution to the phonograph repertoire, for it presents one of the most interesting, provocative, and successful experiments in American opera. I wouldn't guarantee that the recorded doings will be entirely clear to those who didn't see the stage production; the investment of \$1.50 in a printed copy of the text will provide the necessary guide.

Mr. Welles' condensation of "Julius Caesar" also involves Mr. Blitzstein, who wrote the apposite incidental music, and the Mercury stage company transfers the freshness and excitement of its performance to the discs. This set will do much to break up the idea that Shakespeare has to be spouted, just as "The Cradle Will Rock" should help to knock down the notion that opera can be written and performed only in one pattern.

NO month goes by without its quota of Mozart. Timely Recordings, in set 3-K, presents the two-piano so-

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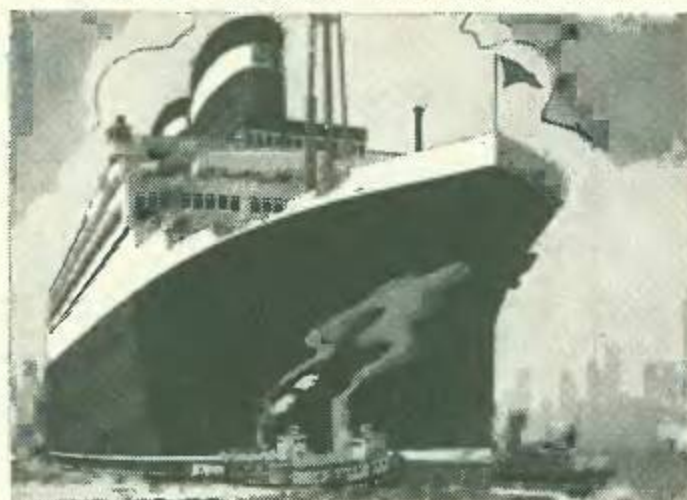
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nata in D as a contrast to Clementi's two sonatas in B-flat for the same instrumental duo. In this case Clementi comes off with more honor than one might expect, because the Mozart sonata sometimes is routine Mozart. Even routine Mozart is good, though, and the pianists, Miss Grace Castagnetta and Milton Kaye, turn in crisp, clear recordings.

Recollections of the past concert season appear in Joseph Szigeti's performance of Mozart's Divertimento, No. 15, with a coöperative ensemble headed by Max Goberman (Columbia set 322), and a New Friends of Music presentation of Mozart's piano quartet in E-flat, by Miss Hortense Monath and the Pasquier Trio (Victor album M-438). Both compositions are played brightly and expertly, although the artists seem to be a bit too aware that they're doing Mozart. That, however, goes for almost all Mozart performances.

SONG SUGGESTIONS: Beethoven's concert aria, "Ah, Perfido!," sung by Mme. Kirsten Flagstad, with a rich accompaniment by The Philadelphia Orchestra under Eugene Ormandy's direction (Victor album M-439). It's the best Flagstad recording so far, even if "Ah, Perfido!" may not be one of your pets. . . . A local pressing by Decca (29020-29025) of Vladimir Rosing's magnificent collection of Moussorgsky songs, originally available only as an importation.

Sonata special: Brahms' second 'cello sonata, played brilliantly by Pablo Casals, with Mieczyslaw Horszowski keeping right up with him at the piano (Victor album M-410).

Wagnerian: Excerpts from "Siegfried," by Leopold Stokowski and The Philadelphia Orchestra, with Miss Agnes Davis singing bravely as Brünnhilde and Frederick Jagel showing his Wagnerian possibilities as Siegfried (Victor album M-441). The orchestral sound is remarkable, but if you already have the various excerpts you probably won't want to throw them out in favor of this edition.

Virtuosity: Egon Petri having no trouble at all with the Tchaikovsky B-flat-minor piano concerto (Columbia set 318). This is a sane, often flashing performance, but not a reason for discarding Arthur Rubinstein's album (Victor 180) if you happen to own it. If you have neither volume and want the concerto, you're in luck to have two such productions for your choice.

—R. A. S.

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THE RACE TRACK

Dauber's Rainy Preakness—Belmont Opening

THE Preakness was notable for two things: the weather and the running of Dauber. One was partly responsible for the other, because, as almost everybody knows, Dauber is especially good on a muddy track. I'm told that a couple of hours before the race last Saturday, the Maryland Jockey Club got a telephone call from someone in Des Moines who wanted to know if it was raining in Baltimore. When told that it was, the voice at the other end of the line said, "Good! I'll bet the bankroll." Still, I'm sure that even those who bet on Dauber at the course, and he was a short-priced favorite, would have settled for a little less water.

The day was more like one at Bowie in November or maybe Charles Town in December than Pimlico in May. An icy, needle-pointed rain blew into the stand and made everybody thoroughly uncomfortable. It would have been more sensible to have gone to Belmont Park instead and to have waited for The Preakness in the newsreels. The Preakness wasn't much of a race, anyway. For six furlongs it was the Kentucky Derby all over again, with Menow leading Fighting Fox and Dauber next to last or thereabouts. But Dauber came up fast on the turn for home, took the lead in the stretch, and won by seven lengths from Cravat, who beat Menow by a head for second money. Menow ran better than he did in the Derby, but Can't Wait didn't. As usual, excuses were made for Fighting Fox. This time it was said that he didn't like the track.

My selections for the spring classics seem to be hexed. Stagehand got a cold in the head a few days before the Kentucky Derby, and the same thing happened to Stormscud as soon as I picked him for The Preakness. Now I hope that nothing befalls Dauber before the Belmont Stakes, which he ought to win hands down, even though he's so slow to get going and isn't particularly well ridden.

It's just a guess of mine that Sonny Whitney would not have sold his racing stable if Dauber had won The Futurity last autumn. Dauber had run such a fast race a few days earlier that Whitney thought the colt simply couldn't lose. But Dauber finished fifth in The Futurity and the next day Whitney an-



nounced that he'd sell out. Willie du Pont bought Dauber for \$29,000 and hasn't regretted it. His part of The Preakness purse was \$51,875, and he has collected second money in the Santa Anita and Kentucky Derbys. Incidentally, Cravat also came out of the Whitney sale. Townsend Martin gave \$10,600 for him and is surer than ever that he got a bargain.

SO far as I know, the best comeback in a long time was made by Jerry Louchheim's Pompoon in the Dixie Handicap. I wasn't an admirer of the colt when he was the best juvenile we had in 1936. Nevertheless, I liked his courage last season when, although so badly trained that it was surprising he ran at all, he was barely nosed out by War Admiral in The Preakness. And now? Maybe I'm just a pushover for any big horse, but Loftus, who rode Man o' War when he was a two-year-old, and has since been a pretty successful trainer here and in England, has turned Pompoon into such a handsome animal I hardly recognized him. Pompoon can run, too. He started leisurely enough in what probably was the best field we'll see in a handicap all year and galloped along for nearly a mile. Then Woolf shook him up a bit and he passed Aneroid, Snark, and Masked General with astonishing speed and won by lengths in track-record time.

Perhaps it's just as well that Charlie Howard didn't send Seabiscuit down to Pimlico; he might not have been able to give Pompoon twelve pounds and a beating. Almost everybody who saw the Dixie feels that Pompoon should be allowed to run against War Admiral and Seabiscuit in Belmont Park's \$100,000 Special. It's ridiculous, and quite unfair. That race has been arranged for weeks. However, Jerry Louchheim could, and probably will, ask Sam Riddle for a match with War Admiral later in the summer.

The Hon. George, who keeps an eye on the morning gallops, says that if you look beyond Pompoon for the winner of the Suburban Handicap, you're wasting your time.

AS usual the Belmont Park meeting and the spring rainy season began the same afternoon, so everybody wore galoshes to see Deliberator beat Parme-



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lee T. by the shortest of heads in the Toboggan Handicap. Jay Jay, who was the hottest sort of paddock tip, ran too badly for words. It always will be one of racing's little mysteries to me why Senator Ross of Delaware didn't send Masked General up from Pimlico to run in the Metropolitan Handicap. Kurt-singer, who rode Masked General in the Dixie Handicap, said that he hadn't put a leg over such a powerful horse—barring War Admiral, of course—all season. Anyway, we had a surprise: Danger Point brought off a 15-1 chance in the Metropolitan, running down Snark in the last furlong and winning by about a length. Willie du Pont was more interested in how Mandingham ran in the Metropolitan than he was in Dauber. Mandingham finished last.

THE hullabaloo about two-year-olds continues, but the loudest noise you hear is young horses coughing. Lots of people think that Mrs. Payne Whitney's Roll and Toss is the best youngster they've seen so far this season. He may be, too. He ran an uncommonly good race on the opening day at Belmont. Unfortunately, he won't be under colors again until August. Right now he has croup or something of the sort, and when he recovers he will be reserved for Saratoga. Mrs. Charles Payson and Mrs. Thomas Laughlin, who own the Manhasset Stable, also have a colt above the average in Thingumabob, but don't discard George Widener's Dr. Whinny, just because he finished behind Thingumabob. He'll do better on a fast track. The winter-track horses keep on winning: Sweet Patrice, named after Hirsch Jacobs' little daughter, took the Fashion Stakes, and down at Baltimore Charlotte Girl won the Pimlico Nursery Stakes, her seventh victory in as many starts. Her first appearance hereabouts will be in the Juvenile Stakes on May 30th.

ALTHOUGH he hasn't ridden in steeplechases for a year (having been on a trip around the world), Rigan McKinney is just as good as ever. He won two races for Thomas Hitchcock last week and probably would have made it three out of four tries if Rioter, his mount in the International Steeplechase, hadn't been slammed and knocked down three fences from home. Mrs. Sonny Whitney's Red Rain, one of my pet horses when he was a two-year-old, won by a length from National Anthem.

—AUDAX MINOR



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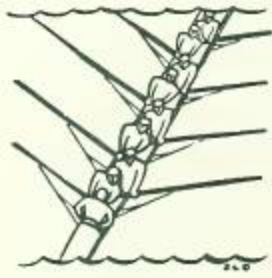
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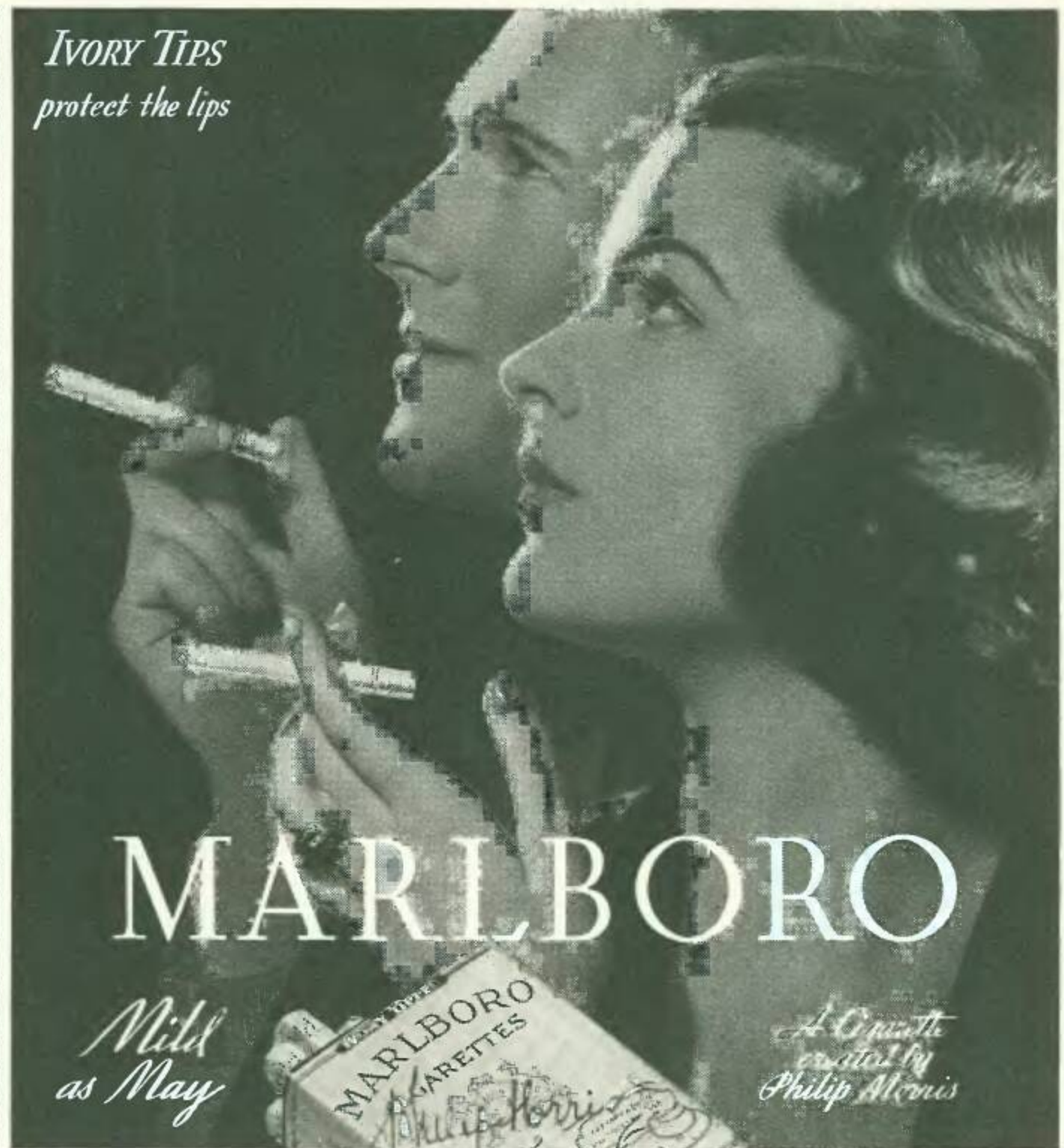


HARVARD strengthened its position as the leading crew of the East last week by overcoming Cornell on the Charles. The Crimson varsity seemed no more concerned than a rollicking house crew as it pulled ahead of a stubborn boatload from Ithaca. Stroked by Captain Chace, Harvard neatly erased a Cornell advantage and shot forward when the beat was raised, winning by a length. Chace, about whom the papers have printed much this year, is a tall lad, the son of a New York physician. In his youth he was so puny that the family was considerably worried about him, and an attack of pneumonia did not make the outlook any more cheerful. After his recovery, he went in strongly for body-building exercises. The result, enhanced by his subsequent work at crew, is that he looks like anything but an invalid. His stroking up to the present certainly has been far from valetudinarian. After the race, the winners somewhat altered the tradition of throwing in the coxswain by grabbing Chace and tossing him in the river.

THIS week Harvard and Navy, both, like Yale, undefeated, race for the Adams Cup in a contest which will determine the best crew in the East. Buck Walsh, the Navy coach, watched last week's events from one of the Harvard launches and was not too upset by the finish to shout congratulations across the water to Tom Bolles, the Harvard coach. Actually, however, Mr. Walsh was a shaken man, for there was little to cheer him in the exhibition of his forthcoming opponents. Whether this Harvard crew is as impish as the last one, which obtained the Yale pennant by tiptoeing through its adversaries' dormitory and nailed it to a pole at Red Top, is not known, but it is certainly its peer in everything else. It is smooth, controlled, and capable. Being behind didn't seem to rattle it a bit, and when its stroke was in the early forties it went forward as cleanly as a fork of lightning.

Navy for the last three weeks has been on furlough from opposition. It enters this race as an underdog and, in the opinion of outsiders, needs help from all branches of the service if it expects to win. Navy has been working, however, and has never been short on

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courage. The meeting this week will titillate the gold-braided officials who always attend an Adams Cup race.

PENNSYLVANIA, which is the third starter for the Adams Cup, last week won the Childs Cup under what approximated hurricane conditions. Our man, who stuck to his post like Floyd Gibbons during a battle, phoned that the fast-sprinting Pennsylvanians looked well in defeating Princeton and Columbia. They will provide real competition for both Navy and Harvard. The race is expected to be Pennsylvania's last of the season—maybe its last forever if they don't hurry up and dredge the Schuylkill.

CORNELL, by no means in disgrace after its joust with Harvard, meets an undefeated Yale varsity this weekend for the Carnegie Cup at Ithaca. The Princeton eight will also compete but will lend, I am afraid, only social distinction. Some time this year the Cornellians will show the power all observers think they have. When this occurs there will be wailing and cries from the opposing camp. If the wind carries moans from the northwest this weekend, you'll be safe in assuming they are Yale's.

THE press agent for the California crews, which come East next month, must have been doing a little spadework in Australia. A Hollywood writer tells us that when he was returning from Samoa recently, he met a father and son from Melbourne at the ship's bar. The talk got around to crew racing and in the course of it the father wanted to know whether the United States had any good college eights in addition to California. "Oh, yes, Father," the son answered. "There are several good crews of bushmen in the East." —Bow

Q. I have five bathrooms and the tiled walls have been painted over by a tenant. I should like to remove the paint which has begun to peel. How can I best do the work?
—G. A. W.

—The World-Telegram.

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WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[From the Des Moines (Iowa)
Sunday Register]

Following the banquet, crowds in the Plaza Venezia called for the two dictators to appear on Mussolini's famous balcony. They stepped out several times to salute the things below, but did not speak.

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Robin Flynn



PERHAPS not as lively as good Father Fairbanks was in his day, yet gifted with considerable agility and a general talent for acrobatics, fencing, and archery, Errol Flynn was fated from the beginning of his career to play Robin Hood. The production which presents the young man is a rich, showy, and, for all its tussles, somewhat stolid affair. The deepest hues of screen coloring, with here and there the russet reds of Saxon jerkins for a contrast, beautify the dells and depths of Sherwood Forest and the lofty walls of castles. Altogether, in "The Adventures of Robin Hood," the Brothers Warner have managed a cool and summery display of the sort we hope will appeal to the healthy instincts of the younger element.

There is nothing actually unconventional or surprising about the whole business, which is possibly all for the best. It might have been sad had an effort been made to instill a "modern" note, to seek out some significance in this struggle of the oppressed against the oppressor, or to analyze Maid Marian. However, I would not have objected to a certain expert ease which is lacking now in the dialogue, and I am inclined to suspect that even in the case of these famous legends the incidents can be arranged with such a skill that the outcome of each may not be patent from its very beginning. In the handling of this version, in the piecing together of the various folklore characters, Friar Tuck, Will Scarlet, Cœur de Lion, and the rest of them, the writers and the directors have been as scrupulous as they might have been with Holy Writ. They have been as loyal, too, to all the clichés of scenario speech and of librettos since the first operagoers began to read them during a performance. In the moments of pageantry, though, in the fights and scuffles in the forest, with the outlaws swinging like Tarzans from limb to limb of the great trees, in the scenes of the tournament and of the various castle fracas, the literary people, the intellectual toilers, withdraw a bit and everyone has a good time.

Except for Errol Flynn, who, as I



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said, manages well, the excellent collection of players is somewhat buried under the medieval panoply. Basil Rathbone, as a Norman villain, shows some fine fencing talent, but otherwise does little but scowl. Claude Rains makes a finicky Prince John, of the polite and regal species, and Eugene Pallette, as the Friar, is the usual stoutish comic. Poor Olivia De Havilland suggests throughout that Maid Marian was beyond her comprehension. Propped on a palfrey and garbed in white satin, the lady seems hardly ever ready for picnic ardors with a bandit, and one is relieved that at last she is properly betrothed and will lead a polite life as mistress of a snug castle.

THE other films are neither medieval nor novel. "Stolen Heaven" has its pleasing moments, I think, largely owing to little Olympe Bradna. As the scene is laid somewhere in Central Europe and there is a generally *gemütlich* atmosphere about the sketch, I suppose this cannot be considered a story of the present day. In a gay and carefree beer garden such as one used to know of in that part of the world, we are shown two lively entertainers (Miss Bradna and Gene Raymond) and in a jiffy it develops that they aren't just an honest song-and-dance team but are on the side jewel thieves and members of a criminal band. The story is of their flight from the police, and how the two entertainers find refuge in the secluded cottage of a retired pianist (none other than Lewis Stone, of all people), and how at last this Paderewski, by his own gentle soul as well as by his genius, softens their spirits. There's a good deal of Liszt and the like, but the film moves briskly as a rule, at least until the young people reform.

"Hold That Kiss" isn't as exquisite as the title might suggest, being only a bit about a dress-shop girl and a clerk in a travel bureau, and how each pretends to the other to be rich and in society. Their mutual deception leads to some noisy comedy of a simple sort. Maureen O'Sullivan, Dennis O'Keefe, and Mickey Rooney busy themselves throughout. There is also a very handsome St. Bernard. —JOHN MOSHER

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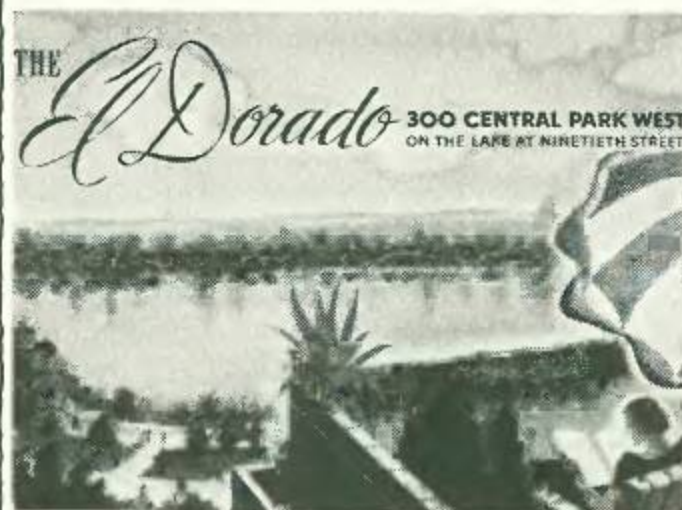
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There are one hundred and twenty-nine holidays per year in Egypt. Scotch whiskey costs \$1.50 per quart.

In Syria, if you don't tip the boy who parks your car, he puts the evil eye on it, which means filling the tonneau with dung.

Basra, in Iraq, has the finest airport in the Middle East. This is the place where H. G. Wells decided, in "The Shape of Things to Come," to found a new aerial civilization. But the folk in Basra had built their port before they read the Wellsian prophecy.

The Air Vice-Marshal in Iraq drives around in a pearl-white automobile.

In Bagdad they air-condition rooms down to 95 degrees Fahrenheit.

One of the chambermaids in the Hotel King David, Jerusalem, has a degree in law from the university in Lemberg.

English women are not permitted to be night-club performers in Cairo or Alexandria.

Egyptian soldiers walk hand in hand.

The finest building in Teheran is the opera house, although there is no opera.

When a Turkish peasant shakes his head he means yes.

The Yezidis near Mosul worship a holy peacock, which is displayed once a year.

Afghans use old bits of gasoline cans as markers in their cemeteries.

Two of the camels out by the Pyramids are named Telephone Company and Baby New York City.

—JOHN GUNTHER

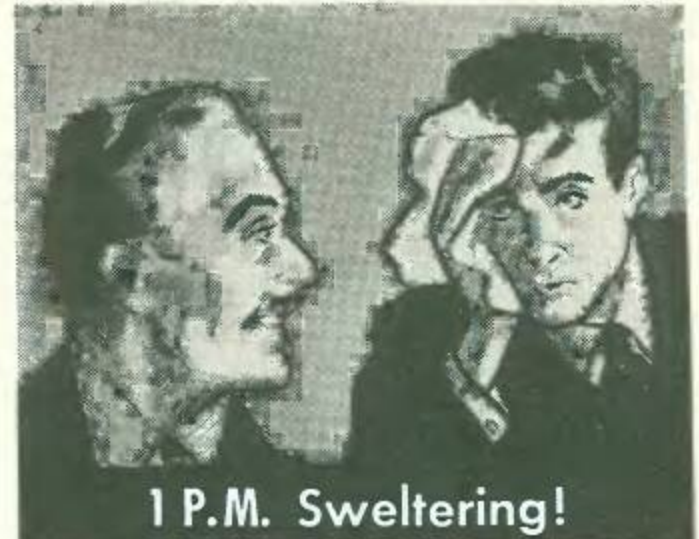
The average citizen in these parts is no Lord Chesterfield, but he is reasonably polite under most circumstances. He stands patiently in line to buy tickets to a motion-picture show or a ball game. If he bumps into another pedestrian he will as often as not ask pardon. Except in the subway, which is a world, or underworld, of its own, he shows quite a lot of consideration for others. Even in the subway there is much more good humor than might be expected.

Why is it that the same man, or some one just like him, so often loses every scrap of courtesy when he gets his left foot firmly planted on the accelerator of an automobile?—*The Times*.

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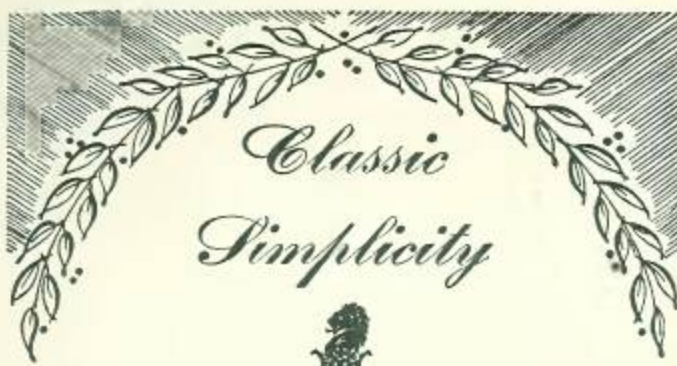
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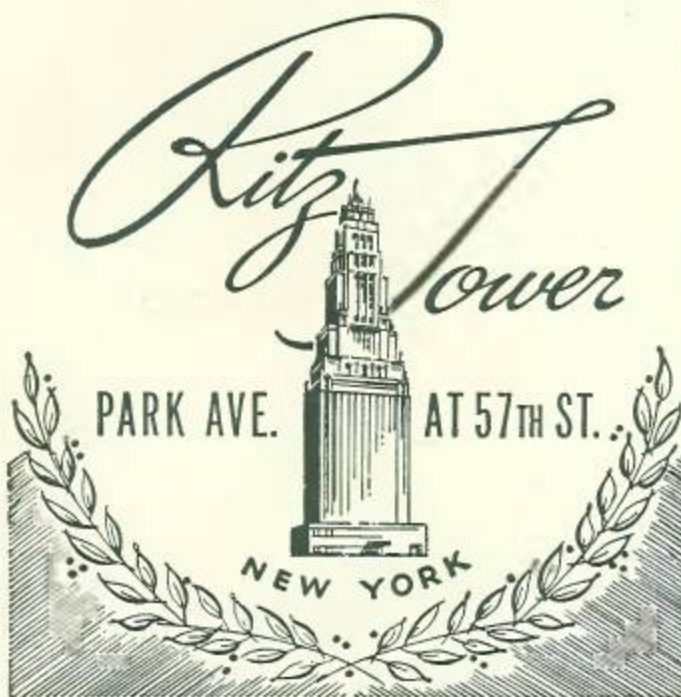
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Brush and Tanbark



LAST year, Richard K. Mellon's Toolbox, who had become a great favorite by winning flat races at the hunt meets, had such a bad fall in his maiden steeplechase at Saratoga that nearly everyone agreed it would be useless to try him over brush fences again. Jim Ryan, his trainer, never lost faith, though, and last week Toolbox won the Billy Barton, which had been moved from Baltimore to the Radnor Hunt Meeting, since Pimlico is undergoing alterations. Toolbox, who is a striking six-year-old gray, jumped a few fences badly, but this was only because the turf had been made slippery by the driving rain.

The neatest bit of riding in the race was provided by Willie Jones, an eighteen-year-old Virginian, who finished second on Mrs. Marion du Pont Scott's Golden Reel. He set a fast pace for two miles and was five lengths in front of Toolbox when his horse jumped squarely into the water hazard. Jones sat perfectly still, his boots filling with water, until Golden Reel lunged out of the ditch and went to his knees. As the horse started to turn over, Jones stepped calmly out of the saddle. He held the reins until Golden Reel rose, remounted in one bound, and didn't touch the stirrups until his horse was off again. In the final mile he passed Dark Hope and very nearly caught Toolbox.

ALTHOUGH Inshore and Ostend were favored in the four-mile timber race for the Radnor Hunt Cup, it was won by John Strawbridge's Coq Bruyere, who was ridden by the owner's son, George. Inshore hit the eighth fence so hard with his front and hind legs that Charley White was thrown out of the saddle. Johnny Harrison had Ostend leading Coq Bruyere by a head coming to the final fence, but although Ostend was the first to take off, Coq Bruyere landed first and went on to win. Coq Bruyere is a peculiar timber racer in that he doesn't use his hind legs to provide the drive that carries him over a fence. Instead, he jumps off his forelegs at top speed. It's a dangerous practice and the main reason you haven't seen him in the Maryland Hunt Cup,



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whose timber is at least ten inches higher than that at Radnor.

Garland Hoover's stable, our favorite on the program, was represented only in the flat races and didn't do very well. Mr. Hoover is a Colorado rancher who races for the fun of it. He travelled the 1,900 miles from Elbert, Colorado, to Radnor in a van, along with his amateur rider, Tommy Fitzwater; a groom; and three horses—Lady Snow Flake, Better Brook, and Oscillator. They made the trip in six days, slept in the van, and spent only fifty dollars. When Eastern horsemen, feeling sure that Mr. Hoover had some serious reason for making such a trip, asked if any of his horses were for sale, he said, "No. We're just taking a little vacation and having a good time." Lady Snow Flake and Better Brook are jumpers, and Mr. Hoover schools them over snowbanks, since brush fences are scarce in Colorado. His snow fences are four feet high and eight feet wide. He was induced to take up the sport by Fitzwater, who used to ride at hunt races in the East. Now they are doing the circuit. Mr. Hoover thinks his horses will improve when they get accustomed to the climate here and plans to race them at Rose Tree this week.

WE spent the day before the Radnor meeting at Atlantic City, watching the show horses. With the exception of Mrs. Freddy Wettach's Five Star Final, who won the five-gaited title, all of the champions were old-timers—Lord Britain, hunter; Bartender, jumper; Dixie Maid, three-gaited; and Highland Cora, harness. In view of this, we thought it appropriate that the show's customary added attraction was the George Hanneford Family, who have been giving the same circus bareback-riding performance, down to the final ta-taa, for at least three generations. The act now consists of George Hanneford, Mrs. Hanneford, Katherine, who is eighteen, and George, Jr., who is sixteen. There is also Doris, who rides beautifully but is only five, and so is not allowed by the law to perform. The two white, broad-backed, short-legged horses used in the act are the same age, respectively, as Katherine and George, Jr. Dignified and patient, they cost only a moderate sum when Mr. Hanneford bought them at a Chicago stock yard sale some years ago. They will be replaced in the future by horses from the Hanneford farm in upper New York State. The family came to this country from Ireland twenty-two years ago, but last week was the first time any of them ever appeared at a horse show.

—T. O'R.

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THE SKY LINE

Pax in Urbe



I CONFESS to an original dislike for the new Cloisters as a figure in the landscape. This south European building, with its tawny, tiled roof, caps the northerly one of the twin hills in Fort Tryon Park, and confronts the George Washington Bridge as the Virgin of Chartres, in Henry Adams' parable, might have confronted the Dynamo. But in this case the Virgin loses out. At a distance the Cloisters looks not like the excellent museum that it is but like a transplanted building, picked up by the jinn and whisked through the sky—not so much an honest relic as a wish.

Indeed, the very virtue of this structure, its fidelity to history, only accentuates one's feeling of being bewitched. For whereas fake Gothic like that of the Riverside Church is plainly a fake at any distance, cast in one piece, built all at the same time, this new building is full of authentic disharmonies. The designers have not only skillfully incorporated the window openings of various periods, they have even added a Gothic chapel which looks as uncomfortably new in relation to the rest as such an addition might well have looked in the thirteenth century. The building is much closer to being a real monument altered to suit the needs of succeeding generations than anything else we have in America today. If people drew the proper moral from this, it might be a healthy influence. They would learn that there are no periods to respect in history—only men, who must live in their own way, in accord with their own needs.

I have not lost my fondness for the architectural rightness of the original Cloisters contrived by Barnard. But the execution of the new job seems to me magnificent. The designers might well, though, have avoided the studious Mediterranean accent of the round-tiled roofs; above all, they might have done away with the tower, which is an archeological reminiscence rather than a natural evolution of the museum as museum. This would have reduced the bulk of the building in the landscape. It is conspicuous enough in its lordly isolation without any vertical features; the tower brings the building too close

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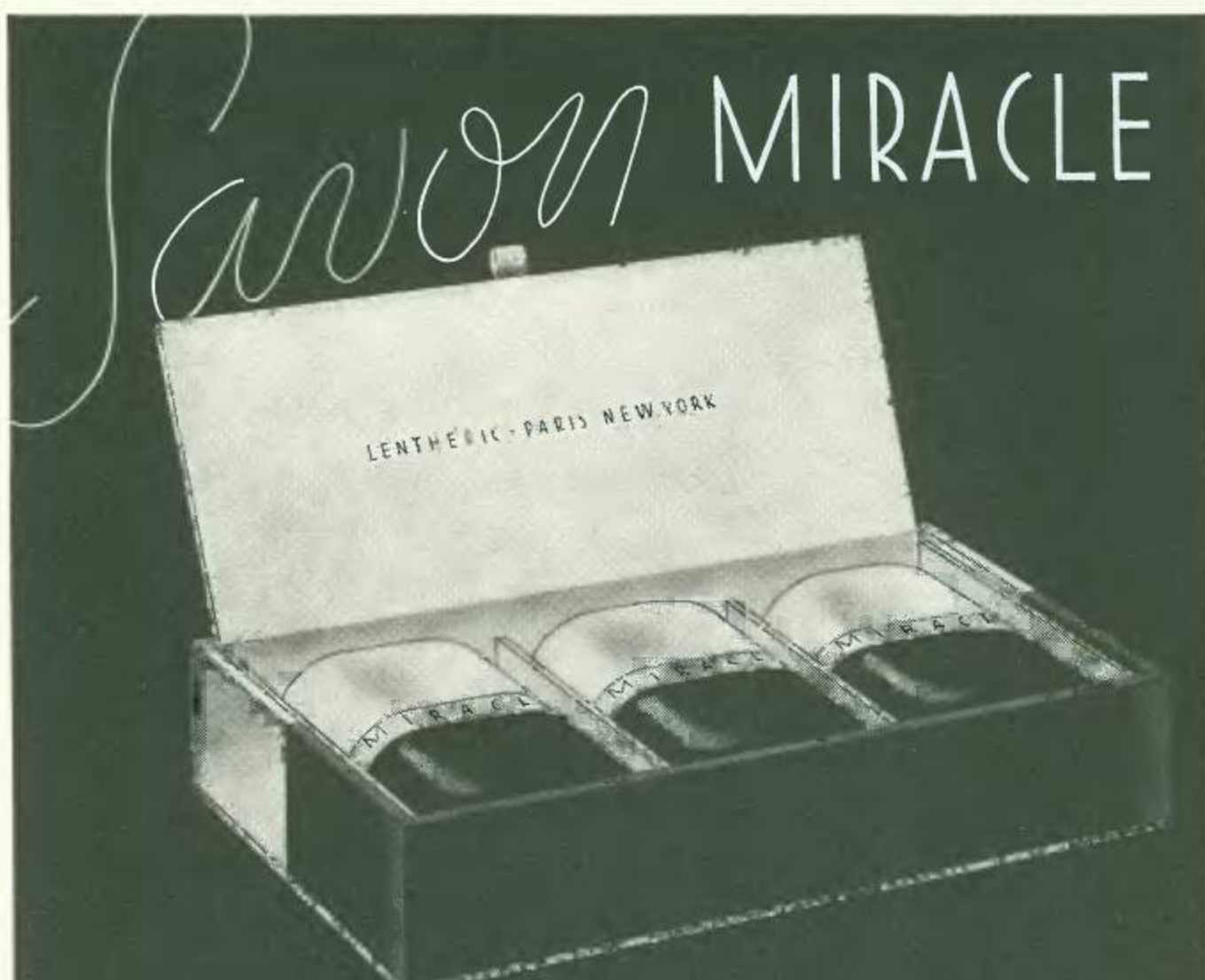
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to the important vista from the esplanade of the park. But here my objections come abruptly to an end. For, granting its purpose, the museum seems to me one of the most thoughtfully studied and ably executed monuments we have seen in a long time.

Primarily, the central elements in this museum's collection are not individual works of art, pieces of statuary, screens, fountains, sarcophagi, although one room is exclusively and wisely devoted to splendid unicorn tapestries, among the finest now in existence. If such scattered individual objects had been the key to the collection, one might well quarrel with the housing of them in anything but a modern building, arranged principally for light, for circulation, for storage, and for quiet study and enjoyment. But the important thing about the Cloisters is the cloisters themselves. There are five of them, with a chapter house for good measure. In this collection of cloisters, some dismembered by revolutionary uprisings, from the Huguenots' to the Jacobins', and now pieced together and reconstructed with loving care, is the main theme. The building itself is essentially a setting for the cloisters.

THE curving driveway that brings the buses and motorcars to the north entrance gives an admirable approach, and that by foot is even better. Above the dark Manhattan schists of the base the lavender-gray New London granite, mingled with more rosy blocks, looks very much alive, more pleasing close at hand than from a distance that reveals the motley russets of the tiles. The time-battered Gothic windows at the east side are frankly set in the masonry wall without any attempt to make the whole unnaturally homogeneous. This candor is repeated within. The handrail of the stairs is simple and severe; the side lights and the overhead lights are honest and modern, harmonious with the objects on view because they make no effort to bridge the gap between the flickering candle and the implacably steady electric light. There are no useless baseboards; the oak beams of the ceiling are neither painted nor carved; the functional elements of the design are either authentic or unobtrusive. The refusal to build up fake medieval pedestals for the statuary, or fake canopies for sculpture that originally rested under canopies, in the unhappy fashion of London's Albert Memorial, shows good judgment. The fragments of medieval art are plainly indicated on charts in each room: sometimes



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the piece is rounded out, as in the Romanesque chapel, sometimes it is left fragmentary.

The centre of the plan itself is the Cuxa cloister—a great square, with a fountain basin in the middle, open to the sky. The halls and chapels of the main floor are grouped around this cloister. The rooms are of varying size, and by the use of a series of models—thanks to the indispensable aid of a corps of WPA craftsmen—the axial vistas, the openings, and the lighting were thoroughly studied in advance; hence the great difference between the first plans and the much sturdier three-dimensional design that was finally worked out, with due regard to the eye's need for an occasional glimpse of a garden, a sunlit space, or a patch of sky. Further legitimate variations are achieved through changes of form in the ceilings, now barrel vaulting, now beams; differences in the texture and color of the floors, now stone, now tile, now wood.

The studied absence of the superfluous characterizes both the setting and the display; it is this that emphasizes the underlying kinship between modern and Romanesque art, a feeling quite different from the confident complexities of high Gothic or the boisterous motley of the waning Middle Ages. Each object is shown at full value, because it is not surrounded, for dubious educational purposes, by a dozen other objects. This rigor of selection is responsible for the clean, spacious sense that the building has even on a day of crowds. It is the least cluttered of museums.

THE designers of the Cloisters, fortunately, have not forgotten that the setting of the building is as much a refreshment for the spirit as are its finest memorials from the past. Mr. Rockefeller, with great imagination and generosity, acquired the top sweep of the Palisades opposite, to ensure that this stunning view would never be marred by hideous architectural encroachments. The setting of the Bonfont and the Trie cloisters, looking south toward the lush hillside of the park and west to the river, is worth a periodic pilgrimage, if only that one may realize what nature and the art of man can do when they work harmoniously. The handsome touch of the contemporary world, in the curving driveways, the steel cables, the swooping yellow-and-green buses, provides the necessary counterpoint as well as a space scale and a time scale for the cloisters themselves. As for the medieval checkerboard garden in the Bonfont cloister, it is a par-

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ticular delight. The plants arrayed here are those Giotto or St. Francis might have looked on.

Except for the excessive emphasis of tower and roof, I give this building a pretty high rating, not as a model for other American museums—heaven forbid!—but as the highly special solution of the almost unique problem offered by the materials that were to be preserved and reëmbodied and by the site. One doesn't have to be an adept in medieval symbolism to see in the Cloisters the extreme opposite, in position, in sense of life, in feeling, of all that exists architecturally in the insolent towers at the other end of the island. The difference between faith and credit finance, between holy dying and profane living, is written there; likewise the difference between pious monks celebrating the glory of God and the faithful female secretary increasing, like Joseph in Thomas Mann's story, the uneasy self-esteem of the Big Boss.

A cloister was originally a covered walk around a rectangular space, open to the air and forming a garden, protected and sheltered by the walls of the abbey church, the chapter house, the refectory, and the other working parts of the monastery. There the monks copied manuscripts, sometimes conversed, often meditated in this quiet pool of life within the monastery, whose walls and whose regulations kept the brutalities of life at bay. A little of that ancient peace still broods over this museum; you can walk around one of these quiet gardens and even discover whether or not you have a soul. I am reminded of a remark overheard on my first visit to this new building. "People might not have to go to sanitariums and hospitals for medical care," a thoughtful voice behind me said, "if they could get a little time to themselves in a place like these cloisters." One remembers how people went in for the collective security of these retreats when the power of Rome was dwindling and the proud stones of Rome had become a mockery, and one doesn't have to read Stephen Benét's creepy verses about the barren women or the steel-eating termites to realize how close the barbarian has already crept up on us today. Maybe Mr. Rockefeller hasn't given us just a museum. Maybe this is an experimental model to help us face more cheerfully the Dark Ages. If the crowds on the opening day are any indication, most of the sons and daughters of the machine age are willing to give the new prescription a try. Or was it just the publicity?

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BOOKS

So-So



MR. HOWARD SPRING, who reviews books for the London *Evening Standard*, has apparently taken the late Arnold Bennett's place. He functions as maker and breaker of whatever literary reputations can be made or broken by a reviewer for the London *Evening Standard*. So you can see that Mr. Spring is a formidable fellow in the literary world. That much made clear, we next note that his "My Son, My Son!" has been hotly praised by a number of other English novelists. For example, Dr. Cronin, a peppery, British-colonel sort of chap, bangs his fist and says, "I insist that you read the book." When Dr. Cronin insists, lesser men obey. Accordingly I saluted smartly and set myself to read every word of Mr. Spring's 649-page English best-seller. To Colonel Cronin I humbly report—of course, this is a mere buck private's opinion—that the first 126 pages are first-rate, the balance is perfectly negotiable trade goods, and Mr. Spring's novel on the whole is in the comfortable, non-intellectual, middle-brow literary vein—a vein which, when properly tapped, generally yields a pleasant stream of royalties in England and, though decreasingly, in America. If Walpole sells, can Spring be far behind, and all that sort of thing.

About those 126 pages: it's plitudinously true of many novelists, and particularly of English ones, that when they write of their hero's childhood they write like geniuses, but as the boy grows older the story grows duller. The first 126 pages of "My Son, My Son!" describe the difficult childhood and youth of William Essex, born about 1890, son of a Manchester washerwoman. These pages are warm, real, affecting. They have that homely-imaginative touch of which Dickens was the great master, that sense of the interior, the domestic, so peculiarly and magnificently English. You'll find the same kind of thing in the early chapters of Wells' "Tono-Bungay" and a score of other novels you can recall without difficulty.

But William Essex marries a plain girl for her money and becomes, without the slightest difficulty, a successful novelist. (Sorry, Mr. Spring, but I don't believe it.) He engenders a handsome son, Oliver, upon whom he decides to lavish the good things that he has missed. At about the same time Wil-

liam's best friend, Dermot O'Riorden, a successful interior decorator who really wanted to be a Fenian, decides to devote his son, Rory, to the cause of the Irish revolution. So there you are: you finish it. Need I tell you that both fathers find out, too late, that one mustn't try to run one's son's life for him? Need I tell you that Rory and Oliver, brought up as the best of pals, grow apart, and that in the end Oliver is responsible for the death of Rory, amid a welter of Irish conspiracy and rebellion?

This tremolo father-son business (it's Mr. Spring's only idea, but it seems to get the customers every time) is given further point by the novel circumstance that Essex père and Essex fils fall in love with the same girl, a flighty creature with blond bobbed hair, who says "Poof!" whenever she wants to be specially cute. This situation leads, as you can guess, to no good end. As a matter of fact things get more and more disastrous, until at the end of the book there are almost as many corpses lying around as there are at the final curtain of "Hamlet."

Yet these wholesale deaths hardly seem to make a serious story out of "My

Son, My Son!" The paramount tone is one of varying hearty and tearful sentimentality rather than of bleak tragedy. The book is full of nice people, and pleasant outings in the country, and scenes from London literary and theatrical life, and quaint idiots in the Mr. Dick tradition, and *l'amour* in the refined English manner. It all flows along, with Mr. Spring never at a loss for a good incident, the scene shifting brightly from Manchester to London to Cornwall to Ireland, the characters connected by a neat plot. Indeed, there is nothing the matter with "My Son, My Son!" save that it is bare of the blood and bones of life. Except for those 126 pages.

THERE ought to be a law. There ought to be a law preventing foreign correspondents from writing any more now-it-can-be-told memoirs unless they can prove (preferably before a jury packed with book reviewers) that these memoirs cover material not to be found in the rest of the now-it-can-be-told memoirs. There's Douglas Reed, for example, an able, intelligent fellow, one of the best European correspondents



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developed by the London *Times*. He writes well, has wit, perception, and a good memory. But unfortunately so much of "Insanity Fair" takes you back to the other books. The rise of Hitler, the Reichstag fire, the Dimitroff trial, the June 30th purge—we've had it all before. Hitler, Hindenburg, Eden, the Stresa conference—we've had it all before. The knowledgeable Mr. Reed, heaven knows, doesn't have to crib from his colleagues, nor does he. It isn't his fault that page after page in his brisk, vivid book recalls the other brisk, vivid books by Gunther, Ernst Henri, Duranty, Vernon Bartlett, Fodor, and the rest of the gallant company. And yet I suppose if we discourage these bright young correspondents from telling their inside stories all over again—how they talked to Venizelos and how Sir John Simon looked and what a disgraceful mess that Windsor-Simpson business was—there's no doubt they'll turn to writing novels. Maybe it's better this way.

"Insanity Fair" is most valuable when it deals with the little countries, such as Greece, Yugoslavia, Hungary, that have not been so extensively treated by Mr. Reed's colleagues. The chapter on the last period of Northcliffe's life (Reed was his secretary for a time) is new and revealing. Also, he commands a keen wit and a capacity for drawing telling pictures of exciting moments in postwar history—talents the other boys do not, most of them, possess in like quantity. It would be silly to say that "Insanity Fair" isn't interesting, but I still think that the average reader who wants a clear, simple picture of the European tangle can get along quite nicely with John Gunther's "Inside Europe," a good atlas, the morning paper, and a little home brainwork.

HE was attacked in his day as an "anarchist" and a "viper," and since his death, three Illinois poets—Sandburg, Masters, Lindsay—have cried him up as a popular hero. A millionaire and a man who hobnobbed with millionaires, he pardoned the Chicago anarchists. His humane attitude in the Pullman strike further antagonized the respectables of the day, yet so clever a politician was he and so clearly did he see which way the Populist winds were blowing that at the Convention of 1896 only the accident of his German birth prevented him from receiving the Democratic nomination for President. This was John Peter Altgeld, Governor of Illinois, whose Horatio Alger life is given full treatment in Harry Barnard's

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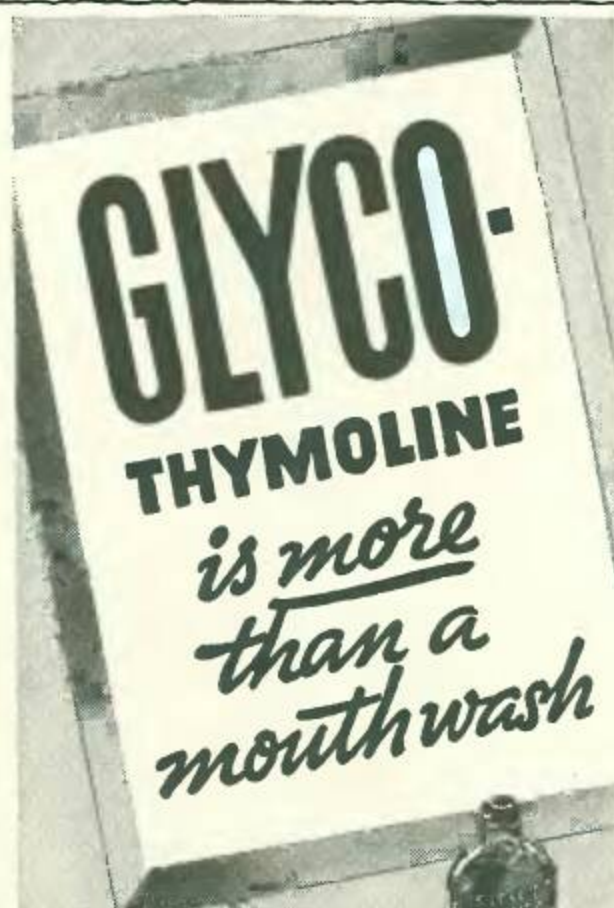
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"Eagle Forgotten." Mr. Barnard, writing without much bias, without much passion, without much force or grace, destroys—and a good thing, too—both the Altgeld legends. Altgeld was neither a snake of anarchism nor a saint of labor. He was a rich, clever politician who, when a moral crisis came, could not permit his associations and his conservative political philosophy to nullify his sense of justice. No revolutionary, he was, though not in everything, a fair and just man. An Altgeld biography has long been needed, and this clear, uninspired book of Mr. Barnard's does the trick well enough. Read it along with Matthew Josephson's "The Politicos."—CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

TURN BACK THE RIVER, by W. G. Hardy. Remember Cicero? This is about Cicero and Catullus and Catiline and Julius Caesar and their friends and enemies. Mr. Hardy has drawn some interesting parallels between the Rome of the last century B.C. and Italy today, but he seems to have taken a good many liberties with history.

MINGLED YARN, by Willie Snow Ethridge. The cotton industry in Georgia in the twenties, with passing references to the Ku Klux Klan, the Gastonia strikes, and the Bedaux stretch-out system. Would be a better book if Mrs. Ethridge had not made the absorbing social conflicts she describes turn on a rather insignificant love affair.

COMING FROM THE FAIR, by Norah Hoult. Dublin from 1903 to 1916. The misfortune of Charles O'Neill and his brothers and sisters after the death of their father. Like "Holy Ireland," to which it is a sequel, this is not light-hearted Irish mysticism. Miss Hoult is rather bitter about the Irish—their bigotry, their sluttishness, their general no-accountness, and she makes it all very convincing.

TOWERS IN THE MIST, by Elizabeth Goudge. A very pretty romance of Oxford in Queen Elizabeth's day. Miss Goudge puts on an impressive show of learning about the sixteenth century, but she handles her local color with a charm and deftness that make you refuse to care whether or not it is authentic. Nice reading.

GENERAL

FURTHER, by Amelie Posse-Brázdová, translated from the Swedish by



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Claude Napier. You may remember Madame Posse-Brázdová's enchanting books of memoirs, "Roman Roundabout" and "Sardinian Side-show." Here's more out of the same drawer: domestic adventures and encounters in the course of the Brázda family's knockabout journeys all over Europe during the postwar years. Rich in recollections of Masaryk.

WOMEN OF THE WILDERNESS, by Margaret Bell. Running narrative account of the lives led and the characters developed by the women of the Mayflower and post-Mayflower periods. Anne Hutchinson is the central figure. The author lingers too fondly over her heroines—and they were heroines—but her book is valuable and full of novel material.

FROM A PARIS SCRAPBOOK, by Richard Le Gallienne, with an introduction by William Rose Benét. Sketches, sentiment-saturated, of the Paris Americans are not supposed to be able to find and Parisians take for granted. Pleasant light antiquarianism.

LISTEN LITTLE GIRL BEFORE YOU COME TO NEW YORK, by Munro Leaf. The author of "Ferdinand" distills some sensible avuncular advice, not too heavy, about job possibilities here. First you have to figure out whether you are Brainy, Beautiful, or Nice. Illustrated.

SHIPS AND SAILORS, by William H. Clark. The early days, the great days, and the present poverty-stricken days of the American merchant marine. Simplified history, illustrated with drawings and photographs.

OUR COUNTRY, OUR PEOPLE, AND THEIRS, by M. E. Tracy. Well-worked-out facts, figures, tables, picture charts, describing contemporary Italy, Germany, Russia, and the United States. Helps you to draw comparisons at the drop of an argument.

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full. The introduction is offensively egotistic. Otherwise a fine job.

MORLEY'S MAGNUM, by Christopher Morley. Fat one-volume reprint, with characteristic notes, of six of the author's books.

THE CANADIANS: THE STORY OF A PEOPLE, by George M. Wrong. Sober history for the non-specialist reader. With maps.

MEN AND IRON, by Edward Hungerford. A history of the New York Central Railroad as seen from the angle of one who is himself an executive of the Road. Illustrated.

MYSTERIES

DARK CAVALIER, by Virginia Rath. Beautifully worked-out story involving the tenants of an apartment house in San Francisco. Mrs. Rath should get an award for creating an attractive hero. She also gives thought to the rest of her characters, keeps the reader in suspense, and works up to a marvellous climax.

THE CORPSE WITH THE BLUE CRAVAT, by R. A. J. Walling. Just to remove one obstacle: the blue cravat doesn't amount to a hill of beans. The reader will not exactly have to hold on to his chair, but if he is addicted to Mr. Tolefree this book should prove a comfort. It's British, viddy!

HASTY WEDDING, by Mignon G. Eberhart. On the day of Dorcas Whipple's wedding her erstwhile flame is found murdered in his apartment in Chicago. The entertaining Mrs. Eberhart follows her I-was-to-remember-it-later formula for building up suspense. Not quite fair; she doesn't always make good on these promises.

GRASP AT STRAWS, by Joel Y. Dane. Murder at a champagne party in Queens. If you can swallow that, you will be able to go on with this agreeable tale of the shooting of Thais Swayne. The opening chapter is clever, but the author has an unfortunate tendency to indulge in fancy writing. He calls nostrils "nares"—just like a crossword puzzle.

**NEWSPAPER POST
HEARS QUIGLEY**

Lawrence F. Quigley, commandant of the Soldiers' Home in Chelsea, was the principal speaker at the regular meeting of Boston Newspapermen's Post No. 305 at their quarters, 619 Washington street, yesterday afternoon.

Commandant Quagley gave an outline of the work done at the Soldiers' Home.
—*Boston Herald.*

Next week you'll speak to the Proof-readers' Post, eh, Quogley?



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