

July 30, 1938

THE

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NEW YORKER



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The Sun
NEW YORK

*GETS INTO THE HANDS AND THE HOMES
OF NEW YORK'S WORTHWHILE FAMILIES*

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:40 and 8:40 P.M., and that the mid-week matinee will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. mean 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. BR 9-0546. Mat. Thurs.)

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, Frank Conroy, and others. (Longacre, 48, W. CI 6-6454. 8:45 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. CI 6-6230. No performance Mon. Eve.; Mats. Wed. and Thurs.)

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

WHAT A LIFE—A story of young love and torment which may not recall your schooldays, but which ought to make you laugh. Notable for George Abbott's direction and the performances of Eddie Bracken and Betty Field. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. 8:45 P.M. Mats. 2:45 P.M.)

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. CI 6-5969.)

WITH MUSIC

I MARRIED AN ANGEL—Rodgers and Hart musical comedy with fine tunes, lovely dancing, and a beautiful ballerina called Vera Zorina. Also in the cast are Dennis King, Vivienne Segal, Audrey Christie, Walter Slezak, and Charles Walters. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. 8:30 P.M. Mats. 2:30)

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. BR 9-1163.)

WPA PRODUCTIONS

HAITI—This melodrama of Haiti and her "Black Napoleon" has now moved downtown from Harlem. (Daly's, B'way at 63. CI 7-4297. No Mats.)

ONE-THIRD OF A NATION—An effective Living Newspaper presentation of the housing problem. (Adelphi, 54, E. CI 7-7582. No Mats.)

PROLOGUE TO GLORY—The youth of Lincoln in New Salem, Illinois, during his courtship of Ann Rutledge. A good, honest dramatization of not particularly dramatic material. (Maxine Elliott, 39, E. CH 4-5714. No Mats.)

SUMMER STOCK

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

ARDEN—"Design for Living": through Sat., July 30. "Strictly Dishonorable": Tues. through Sat., Aug. 2-6. (Robin Hood Theatre, Arden, Del.)

BRIDGEHAMPTON—"The Bishop Misbehaves": through Sat., July 30. "Dracula," with Edgar Mason: Mon. and Tues., Aug. 1-2, and Thurs. through Sat., Aug. 4-6. (Hampton Playhouse, Montauk Highway, Bridgehampton, L.I.)

CAPE COD—Phil Baker in "Idiot's Delight": through Sat., July 30. "Stage Door," with Madge Evans: Mon. through Sat., Aug. 1-6. (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. 8:30 P.M. Mats. Wed. and Fri. 2:40 P.M.)

CARMEL—Walter Hampden in "A Successful Calamity": through Sat., July 30. "As You Like It": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 1-6. (Rockridge Theatre, Route 52, Carmel, N.Y.)

CEDARHURST—"Accent on Youth": through Sat., July 30. "Edge in the Middle," a new play by Frank Merlin: Mon. through Sat., Aug. 1-6. (Cedarhurst Playhouse, Cedarhurst, L.I.)

CLINTON—Richard Bennett in "They Knew What They Wanted": through Sat., July 30. (The Players Theatre, Clinton, Conn.)

COHASSET—Sinclair Lewis in a new version of "It Can't Happen Here": through Sat., July 30. Blanche Yurka in "Yes, My Darling Daughter": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 1-6. (South Shore Players, Cohasset, Mass. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Wed. 2:30.)

CRAGSMOOR—"Brother Rat": Thurs. and Sat., July 28 and 30. "Play It for Comedy," a new play: Tues. through Thurs., Aug. 2-4, and Sat., Aug. 6. (Cragsmoor Players, Cragsmoor, near Ellenville, N.Y. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

EAST HAMPTON—"Arms and the Man": Fri., July 29. "The Importance of Being Earnest": Thurs. and Fri., Aug. 4-5. (The Studio Players, John Drew Memorial Theatre, East Hampton, L.I. 9 P.M.)

GREAT NECK—"George and Margaret," with Catharine Doucet and Betty Furness: through Sat., July 30. Helen Vinson in "Accent on Youth": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 1-6. (Chapel Theatre, Middle Neck Rd., Great Neck, L.I. 8:40 P.M.)

GUILFORD—"Your Uncle Dudley": through Sat., July 30. "The Awful Truth": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 1-6. (Chapel Playhouse, Guilford, Conn. Mat. Wed. 2:30 P.M.)

IVORYTON—"Room Service": through Sat., July 30.



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JULY 28, THROUGH SATURDAY, AUGUST 6. ALL TIME GIVEN IS DAYLIGHT SAVING.]

"Susan and God": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 1-6. (Ivoryton Playhouse, Ivoryton, Conn. Mat. Fri. 2:40 P.M.)

KEENE—"Lightnin'" with Freeman Hammond: through Sat., July 30. "The Goose Hangs High": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 1-6. (Keene Summer Theatre, just off Route 9, Keene, N.H. 8:20 P.M.)

KENNEBUNKPORT—"The Bat": through Sat., July 30. "Aromatic Aaron Burr," by Booth Tarkington: Mon. through Sat., Aug. 1-6. (Garrick Players, Kennebunkport, Me. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:30 P.M.)

LAKE PLACID—"The First Mrs. Fraser": through Sat., July 30. "Private Lives," with Erin O'Brien-Moore: Tues. through Sat., Aug. 2-6. (Lakeside Theatre, Lake Placid Club, N.Y. Mat. Thurs. 2:45.)

LITCHFIELD—"A Texas Steer," with F. C. Furcolo: through Sun., July 31. "Tonight at 8:30": Wed. through Sun., Aug. 3-7. (Litchfield Summer Theatre, Litchfield, Conn.)

LOCUST VALLEY—"Death Is My Lover," a new play by Joe Bates Smith: through Sat., July 30. "The Playboy of the Western World," with Douglass Montgomery: Mon. through Sat., Aug. 1-6. (Red Barn Theatre, Locust Valley, L.I. 9:05 P.M.)

MAPLEWOOD—"The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse," with Bert Lytell: through Sat., July 30. "Tonight at 8:30," with Norma Terris: Mon. through Sat., Aug. 1-6. (Maplewood Theatre, Maplewood, N.J. 8:40 P.M. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:30 P.M.)

MARTHA'S VINEYARD—"Roosty," with Eleanor Phelps: through Sat., July 30. "Idiot's Delight": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 1-6. (Rice Playhouse, Oak Bluffs, Martha's Vineyard, Mass. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Wed. 2:30 P.M.)

MATUNUCK—"Cupid at Vassar," a new play: through Sat., July 30. "No More Ladies," with Martha Sleeper: Tues. through Sat., Aug. 2-6. (Theatre-by-the-Sea, Matunuck, R.I. Mat. Thurs.)

MILFORD—"The Night of January 16": through Sat., July 30. "Private Lives," with Bettina Hall and Sherling Oliver: Mon. through Sat., Aug. 1-6. (Plymouth Playhouse, Milford, Conn. 8:30.)

MT. KISCO—"The Inner Light," a new play by Hugo Csergo, with Frances Fuller and Theodore Newton: through Sat., July 30. Eugénie Leonovich in "Tovarich," with McKay Morris: Mon.

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through Sat., Aug. 1-6. (Westchester Playhouse, Lawrence Farms, Route 117, Mt. Kisco, N.Y. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Sat. 2:40 P.M.)

MOYLAN—Shaw Festival—"Candida": July 28 and Aug. 6. "Arms and the Man": July 29. "The Simpleton of the Unexpected Isles": July 30, Aug. 4-5. "You Never Can Tell": Aug. 1. "Too True to Be Good": Aug. 2. "Saint Joan": Aug. 3. (Hedgerow Theatre, Moylan-Rose Valley, Pa. 8:30 P.M.)

NANTUCKET—Violet Heming in "Candida," with Morgan Farley: Thurs., Fri., and Sun., July 28, 29, and 31. "A Murder Has Been Arranged": Thurs., Fri., and Sun., Aug. 4, 5, and 7. (Siasconset Casino, Nantucket, Mass.)

NEW LONDON—"On the Bridge at Midnight": Thurs. through Sat., July 28-30. "Big Hearted Herbert": Thurs. through Sat., Aug. 4-6. (New London Players, New London, N.H. 8:30 P.M.)

NEWPORT—"Fashion," with Dorothy Sands: through Fri., July 29. Pauline Lord in "The Late Christopher Bean": Tues. through Fri., Aug. 2-5. (Casino Theatre, Newport, R.I. Tues. 9 P.M.; Wed. through Fri. 8:30 P.M.; Mat. Thurs. 2:30 P.M.)

NORTH TARRYTOWN—"Broadway," with Millard Mitchell: through Sat., July 30. "Her Cardboard Lover," with Harry Ellerbe and Betty Furness: Tues. through Sat., Aug. 2-6. (Washington Irving Theatre, Route 9, North Tarrytown, N.Y.)

NUANGOLA—"Bachelor Born": through Sat., July 30. "Brother Rat": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 1-6. (Grove Theatre, Route 303, Nuangola, Pa.)

OGUNQUIT—"Liliom," with Tonio Selwart: through Sat., July 30. "Susan and God," with Frances Starr: Mon. through Sat., Aug. 1-6. (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Me. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Fri. 2:30 P.M.)

PAWLING—"Smilin' Through," with Phyllis Joyce and Donald Cameron: through Sat., July 30. "Leprechaun," a new play by James Henry Beard: Mon. through Sat., Aug. 1-6. (Starlight Theatre, Route 22, Pawling, N.Y. Mat. Thurs. 3 P.M.)

PEAPACK—"The Charm School": through Sat., July 30. "A Man's Man": Wed. through Sat., Aug. 3-6. (Auditorium Theatre, Peapack, N.J.)

PETERBOROUGH—"The Importance of Being Earnest": through Sat., July 30, and Wed. through Sat., Aug. 3-6. (Peterborough Players, Stearns Farm, Peterborough, N.H. 8:40 P.M.)

POUGHKEEPSIE—"Tree of Heaven," a new play by John Milton Caldwell: Thurs. through Sat., July 28-30. (Dutchess County Players, Vassar Experimental Theatre, Poughkeepsie, N.Y.)

ROSLYN—WPA production of Galsworthy's "Loyalties": Thurs. through Sat., July 28-30, and Aug. 4-6. (Theatre of the Four Seasons, Roslyn, L.I.)

RYE BEACH—"Gallivanting Lady," a new comedy by Tom Prideaux, with Katherine Squire and Lauren Gilbert: through Sat., July 30. "Stage Door": Tues. through Sat., Aug. 2-6. (Farragut Players, Rye Beach, N.H. 8:30 P.M.)

SARATOGA SPRINGS—"Alien Earth," a new play by Max Catto, with Linda Watkins: through Sat., July 30. Laurette Taylor in "Mary, Mary Quite Contrary": Tues. through Sat., Aug. 2-6. (New Spa Theatre, State Reservation, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. 9 P.M.)

SCHENECTADY—"Much Ado About Nothing," with Jean Muir: through Sat., July 30. "A Texas Steer," with Charles Coburn and James Kirkwood: Tues. through Sat., Aug. 2-6. (Mohawk Drama Festival, Union College Campus, Schenectady, N.Y.)

SKOWHEGAN—Arthur Byron in "Let's Never Change," a new play by Owen Davis: through Sat., July 30. "Bachelor Born": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 1-6. (Lakewood Theatre, Lakewood, Skowhegan, Me. 8 P.M. Mat. Sat. 2:30 P.M.)

SOUTHAMPTON—"Art and Mrs. Bottle," with Muriel Kirkland: Thurs. and Sat., July 28 and 30. (Parrish Memorial Hall, Southampton, L.I. 9 P.M.)... Same play: Fri., July 29. (Westhampton Country Club, Westhampton, L.I.)

SPRING LAKE—"No More Ladies," with Lois Wilson: through Sat., July 30. "Tonight at 8:30," with Estelle Winwood: Tues. through Sat., Aug. 2-6. (Community Playhouse, Spring Lake, N.J.)

STOCKBRIDGE—"The Best Dressed Woman in the World," a new comedy by Jock Munro, with Katharine Alexander: through Sat., July 30. "Stage Door," with Jane Wyatt: Mon. through Sat., Aug. 1-6. (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. Mat. Wed. 2:30 P.M.)

STONY CREEK—"Dear Family," a new play by Ethel Frank and Andrew Rosenthal, with Vera Allen: through Sat., July 30. "Payment Deferred," with Robert H. Harris: Mon. through Sat., Aug. 1-6. (Stony Creek Theatre, Stony Creek, Conn. Mat. Wed. 2:30 P.M.)

SUFFERN—"French Without Tears," with Myron McCormick, Martha Hodge, and José Ferrer: through Sat., July 30. "The Petrified Forest," with Fay Wray: Mon. through Sat., Aug. 1-6. (County Theatre, Route 59, Suffern, N.Y.)

SURRY—"Liliom," with Shepperd Strudwick: Tues. through Sat., Aug. 2-6. (Surry Theatre, Surry, Me. Mats. Wed. and Fri.)

TAMWORTH—"The Torchbearers": through Sat., July 30. "Arms and the Man": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 1-6. (The Barnstormers, Tamworth, N.H., Mon. and Sat. 8:15 P.M.; Conway, N.H., Tues. and Wed. 8:15 P.M.; Poland Spring, Me., Thurs. 8:30 P.M.; Wolfeboro, N.H., Fri. 8:15.)

WESTON—Sheridan's "The Duenna": Fri. and Sat., July 29-30. "Candida": Fri. and Sat., Aug. 5-6.

(Weston Playhouse, Weston, Vt. 9 P.M. Mat. Sat. 3 P.M.)
WESTPORT—Ethel Barrymore in "The Constant Wife"; through Sat., July 30. "Susanna and the Elders," a new comedy by Lawrence Langner and Armina Marshall, with Uta Hagen: Mon. through Sat., Aug. 1-6. (Country Playhouse, Boston Post Rd., Westport, Conn. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Wed. 2:40 P.M.)
WHITE PLAINS—"Payment Deferred," with Edward Massey: through Sat., July 30. "The Guest Room," with Aline McDermott: Mon. through Sat., Aug. 1-6. (Ridgeway Theatre, Ridgeway, near Mamaroneck Ave., White Plains, N.Y. 8:40.)
WHITEFIELD—"The Animal Kingdom": through Sat., July 30. "Biography": Tues. through Sat., Aug. 2-6. (The Forty-Niners, Chase Barn Playhouse, Whitefield, N.H. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Sat. 2:30 P.M.)
WOODSTOCK—"Fashion": Thurs. through Sun., July 28-31. (Woodstock Playhouse, Woodstock, N.Y.)

DANCE RECITALS

BAR HARBOR—Ted Shawn and his Men Dancers: Mon. Aft., Aug. 1, at 3:30. (Building of Arts, Bar Harbor, Me.)
BENNINGTON—Annual Bennington Festival of the Modern Dance—Eleanor King, Louise Kloepper, and Marian Van Tuyl: Aug. 4 and 8. Haaya Holm and Group, and Doris Humphrey and Group: Aug. 5 and 9. Charles Weidman and Group, and Martha Graham and Group: Aug. 6 and 10. (Vermont State Armory, Bennington, Vt. All performances at 9 P.M.)
CARMEL—Jacques Cartier: Sun. Eve., July 31, at 8:45. (Rockridge Theatre, Route 52, Carmel, N.Y.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR GARDEN, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—A cool and attractive room, with Arthur Herbert and his orchestra. Dress preferred.
BILTMORE ROYAL PALM ROOF, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—Harry Owens and his Royal Hawaiian orchestra provide the music and entertainment.
COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887)—One of the smaller and more intimate places, with music by Nick Vouzen's orchestra.
ESSEX CASINO, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300)—You'll find Richard Himber and his orchestra in this room which opens out on Central Park.
LARUE, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—Eddie Davis's and Joseph Smith's orchestras play for dancing.
MONTMARTRE, Madison at 79 (BU 8-2345)—This agreeable and conveniently located uptown spot has music by Hal Saunders' orchestra.
PARK LANE GARDENS, Park at 48 (WI 2-4100)—Freddie Starr's orchestra plays for dinner dancing.
PIERRE ROOF, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—This dinner-and-supper spot forty floors up features Harold Nagel and his orchestra. Dress preferred.
RAINBOW ROOM, R.C.A. Bldg., 30 Rockefeller Plaza (CI 6-1400)—The current bill here includes Dorothy Fox, dancer, Bob Bromley's Puppets, Al Donahue's orchestra, and Eddie Le Baron's tango-rumba band. Dress optional. . . Ben Cutler's orchestra plays in the Rainbow Grill; magic by David Vernon.
ST. MORITZ SKY GARDENS, 50 Central Pk. S. (WI 2-5800)—Basil Fomeen's and Ralph Gonzalez's orchestras, songs by Yvonne Bouvier, and dances by Collette and Barry.
ST. REGIS ROOF, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—This gay and attractive room features Joseph Rines' orchestra, Don Marton's tango-rumba band, and dances by Pierce and Harris. Formal dress required on the dance floor.
SAVOY PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (VO 5-2600)—Emile Petti leads the orchestra in the Café Lounge. Hope Emerson entertains at supper time.
STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—Popular before-and after-theatre rendezvous. Music by Sonny Kendis and José Lopez.
VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—Where Broadway meets Park Avenue. Rodolfo D'Avalos and his Conga Dancers; Val Ernie's music and Panchito's rumba band.
WALDORF-ASTORIA STARLIGHT ROOF, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians play for dinner dancing, and alternate with Mischa Borr and his tango-rumba band during supper. Dress optional.
MISCELLANEOUS—Hal Kemp and his band are at the Astor Roof, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000). . . The Pennsylvania Roof, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000), has Kay Kyser and his orchestra. . . The summer Terrace Room of the Hotel New Yorker, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000), has Henry Busse's orchestra, and an ice show featuring Baptie and Lamb. . . Ernie Holst leads the orchestra at the Glass Hat, 130 E. 50 (WI 2-1200). . . Charlie Wright, with his accordion and a brace of new songs, is at the Weylin Bar, 40 E. 54 (PL 3-9100). . . The Bossert Marine Roof, Montague and Hicks Sts., Brooklyn Heights (MA 4-8100), worth the trip for the harbor view, has Bill McCune's orchestra. . . Hughie Barrett's orchestra plays at the Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Pk. W. at 67 (BU 8-3954); open until midnight only. . . Claremont Inn and Gardens, Riverside Dr. at 124 (MO 2-8600), Clyde Lucas' orchestra. . . William Farmer's orchestra plays for al-fresco dinner and supper dancing in the Promenade Café, Rockefeller Plaza (CI 6-1525).

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—The International Casino, B'way from 44 to 45 (CH 4-2244), has an elaborate skating revue, "International Ice Frolics." . . Billy Rose's Casa Mafiana, 7 Ave. at 50 (CO

5-7070), features Jimmy Durante, Benay Venuta, and Nick Long, Jr.; through July 30. Opening July 31, Ethel Waters, Ben Blue, Smith and Dale, and others. Bunny Berigan's orchestra. . . The Paradise, B'way at 49 (CI 7-1080), has a colorful show. . . Jack White and Gordon Andrew's orchestra are at the 18 Club, 18 W. 52 (EL 5-9858). . . The Kit Kat Club, 152 E. 55 (EL 5-0543), offers Negro entertainment. Go late.

If you're looking for swing music: The Onyx, 62 W. 52 (WI 2-3619), with John Kirby's band; Hickory House, 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524), with Red Stanley; and the Famous Door, 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9543), with Count Basie's orchestra.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—Barney's, 86 University Pl. (ST 9-0209), has entertainment by Lucile Jarrot, Frank Carter, and Arthur Bowie. . . Jimmy Kelly's, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414), is a lively late spot if you're in a carefree mood.

HARLEM—The Plantation, Lenox Ave. at 142 (AU 3-9613), has a fast show and Skeets Talbert's band. . . You can watch the dancing and hear Erskine Hawkins' orchestra (to be replaced by Roy Eldridge's on Aug. 6) at the Savoy Ballroom, Lenox Ave. at 140 (ED 4-0271). . . Dickie Wells, 169 W. 133 (TI 5-8945), has a hot band. Go late.

FOREIGN ATMOSPHERE—Cuban: Havana-Madrid, 1650 B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461), with Nano Rodrigo's orchestra. . . Scandinavian: Castleholm, 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873); Queen Mary, 40 E. 58 (PL 3-2313); and Carbo, 148 E. 48 (EL 5-9623). . . Spanish: El Chico, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646); and Dimitri's Club Gaucho, 245 Sullivan (GR 7-4833).

JUST OUT OF TOWN

BEN RILEY'S ARROWHEAD INN, Henry Hudson P'kway at 246 (Kingsbridge 6-2000)—Irving Conn's orchestra.
BOARDWALK CAFÉ, Jones Beach, L.I. (Wantagh 1600)—Johnny Johnson and his orchestra play for dancing until 1 A.M.
CHANTICLER, Millburn and Short Hills Aves., Millburn, N.J. (Millburn 6-2377)—A pleasant suburban spot, with Mace Irish's orchestra and songs by Bigelow and Lee.
EMBASSY CLUB, 111 Prospect Ave., West Orange, N.J. (Orange 3-1171)—Frank Ford's new place, with Mario di Polo's orchestra.
GLEN ISLAND CASINO, off the Shore Rd., New Rochelle, N.Y. (Hamilton 4480)—Overlooking the water, with Larry Clinton and his orchestra.
HENRI'S, Scranton Ave., Lynbrook, L.I. (Lynbrook 759)—Dance music Sat. Eves. only.
MERRY-GO-ROUND, Atlantic Beach, L.I. (Cedarhurst 8860)—Van Smith's orchestra.
PERONA FARM, Andover, N.J. (Lake Mohawk 9600)—Vincent Howard's orchestra.
RIVIERA, near the Jersey end of the George Washington Bridge (Ft. Lee 8-2000)—Ben Marden's show place overlooking the Hudson. Enric Madriguera's orchestra and a show featuring Helen

Morgan, Eddie Garr, Raye and Naldi, and others.
SURFIDE, Long Beach, L.I. (Long Beach 212)—"Cotton Club Revue," with George Dewey Washington, Aida Ward, and the Chocolateers; Don Redman's orchestra.
NOTE—Coney Island tourists in search of shore dinners might try: Lundy's, Ocean Ave., Sheephead Bay; Feltmans, Surf Ave., Coney Island; Villepigue's Inn, Ocean Ave., Sheephead Bay.

FURTHER OUT OF TOWN—Canoe Place Inn, Montauk Highway, Hampton Bays, L.I. (Hampton Bays 150), has dance music by Ray O'Hara's orchestra. Dress preferred. . . Seven Ponds Inn, Montauk Highway, Water Mill, L.I. (Water Mill 500), has Dudley Doe's orchestra. . . Charlie Murray's orchestra plays in the new Meridian Room of the Seabright Yacht Club, Seabright, N.J. (Seabright 82). . . Walter Feldkamp's orchestra provides the music in the Spanish Grill of the Monmouth, Spring Lake Beach, N.J. (Spring Lake 330). . . Ross Fenton Farm, on Deal Lake, North Asbury Park, N.J. (Asbury Park 2074), has Charlie Baum's orchestra. . . The Piping Rock, Saratoga Springs, N.Y., features Dario and Diane, Russell Swann, Adelaide Moffet, and Vincent Lopez's and Vincent Bragale's orchestras. . . Medrano and Donna, Virginia Verrill, and Emil Coleman's orchestra are at Arrowhead Inn, Saratoga Springs, N.Y.

Pleasant places here and there along the road for dinner (without dancing) while motoring—Beau Séjour, Bethpage, L.I. (Hicksville 91); Brook House, South Country Rd., Brookhaven, L.I. (Bellport 584); Bustanoby's, Little Neck P'kway, Little Neck, L.I. (Bayside 9-5672); Dove and Turtle, just off Route 25A, Shoreham, L.I. (Shoreham 2468); Leo Gerard's, Jericho Turnpike, So. Huntington, L.I. (Huntington 650); Gurney's Inn, Old Montauk Highway, Montauk, L.I. (Montauk Point 24); The Hedges, Main St., East Hampton, L.I. (East Hampton 420); Lakeville Manor Inn, Lake Success, L.I. (Great Neck 2790); Maine Maid, Routes 106-107, Jericho, L.I. (Hicksville 722); Round Hill Restaurant, Jericho Turnpike, Huntington, L.I. (Huntington 1371); Shoreham, Sayville, L.I. (Sayville 60).

Anna Held's, Bronx River P'kway at Crompond Rd., Peekskill, N.Y. (Peekskill 3133); Benedusi's, Route 100, Amawalk, N.Y. (Yorktown 324); Boot and Spur, Route 121, near Bedford Village, N.Y. (Bedford Village 9421); Broad Meadows Inn, Route 22, Pawling, N.Y. (Pawling 316); Dixie Inn, 11 Livingston Ave., Dobbs Ferry, N.Y. (Dobbs Ferry 206); French Farms, New City, N.Y. (New City 196); Lawrence Farms Inn, Route 117, Mt. Kisco, N.Y. (Mt. Kisco 4866); Old Drovers Inn, Route 22, Dover Plains, N.Y. (Dover Plains 68); Rainbow Tea House, Poundridge, N.Y. (Bedford Village 616); Valley View Farm Inn, Old Sawmill River Rd., near P'kway, Hawthorne, N.Y. (Pleasantville 120).

Cobb's Mill, Route 57 out of Westport, Conn. (Westport 3939); Outpost Inn, Ridgefield, Conn. (Ridgefield 882); Silvermine Tavern, Silvermine, Norwalk, Conn. (Norwalk 88); Spinning Wheel, Redding Ridge, Conn. (Redding Ridge 67); Tide Mill Tavern, off Post Rd., Southport, Conn. (Fairfield 900); White Turkey Inn, Route 7, just north of Danbury, Conn. (Danbury 1577).

The Brook, Summit, N.J. (Summit 6-4343); Le Petit Pavillon Royal, Route 9W, Alpine, N.J. (Closter 788); Old Mill Inn, Route 32, Bernardsville, N.J. (Bernardsville 70); Water Wheel Tavern, Route 611, Doylestown, Pa. (Doylestown 627 R. 1).

ART

THE CLOISTERS—The new building housing the collection of medieval art, in Fort Tryon Park, is open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M. (Take 5 Ave. Bus No. 4; 8 Ave. subway to 190 St.-Overlook Terrace Sta.—exit by elevator to Ft. Washington Ave.; or B'way subway to Dyckman St.)

FRENCH—Paintings by Derain, Picasso, Utrillo, Bonbois, and Vivin: Perls, 32 E. 58. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; July 29-Aug. 31.

GAUGUIN—Complete prints, together with a few pictures: Brooklyn Museum, Eastern P'kway, Brooklyn. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 7.

GROUP SHOWS—Thirty Americans: Montross, 785 5 Ave. Open weekdays, except Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . "Small Paintings for Summer Visitors": Contemporary Arts, 38 W. 57. Open weekdays, except Sat., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Mon. 8:30 to 10:30 P.M.; through Sept. 1. . . Selected Americans: Milch, 108 W. 57. Open weekdays, except Sat., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . Water colors by the gallery's group: Midtown, 605 Madison. Open weekdays, except Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Aug. 12. . . Summer retrospective exhibition: 8th Street Playhouse Gallery, 52 W. 8. Open daily 12 noon to 11 P.M.; through Aug. 30.

MODERN MUSEUM—"Masters of Popular Painting," a big and remarkably effective exhibition of modern primitives of Europe and America. Also, prizewinning architectural designs for Wheaton College Art Center: Museum of Modern Art, 14 W. 49. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 5.

MUNICIPAL—Oils and water colors by resident New York artists: Municipal Art Galleries, 3 E. 67. Open 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through July 31.

NATIONAL—Third annual National Exhibition of American Art. Paintings and sculpture from the forty-eight states: American Fine Arts Bldg.,



JASCHA HEIFETZ

who, weather permitting, will appear this week at the Stadium concert, giving his 150th rendition of the Brahms violin concerto. He is statistically inclined and has figured out that he has travelled 1,350,000 miles on concert tours and that he has played his fiddle a total of 65,000 hours, or eight years. He can never decide whether he looks better with or without a mustache, and may have raised one for the Stadium appearance.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

215 W. 57. Open weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through July 31. (Admission twenty-five cents.)

PRINTS—By seventeenth- and eighteenth-century Italian Baroque artists: Galleries K37-40, Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 30. . . . "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.

WPA—Work by members of the Art Teaching Division: 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. Eve. 8 to 11 P.M.; through Aug. 11.

MISCELLANEOUS—Open weekdays, except Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M., unless otherwise specified—Annual Revolving Exhibition of Paintings and Sculpture: Studio Guild, 730 5 Ave.; through Sept. 2. . . . Terra-cotta sculpture: Clay Club, 4 W. 8. Open weekdays 2 to 5 P.M. and 7 to 10 P.M.; Sat. 2 to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . Paintings by Cecil Bell: Kohn, 608 5 Ave.; through Aug. 19. . . . Rotating exhibition of paintings and sculpture, priced from five to fifty dollars: Mercury, 4 E. 8. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 1 P.M., and 2 to 5:30 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . Sculpture by Anita Weschler: Hudson Park Library, 107 Ave. S., near Houston St. Open weekdays 11 A.M. to 9 P.M.; through Aug. 31.

NOTES—Some out-of-town galleries and museums worth visiting while off on vacation trips: Yale Gallery of Fine Arts, New Haven, Conn. Open daily 2 to 5 P.M. . . . Worcester Art Museum, Worcester, Mass. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 5 P.M. . . . Smith College Museum of Art, Northampton, Mass. Open daily 2:30 to 4:30 P.M. . . . Berkshire Museum, Pittsfield, Mass. Oils and water colors by Stuart Henry, Aug. 2-14. Open weekdays, except Mon., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 5 P.M. . . . The Addison Gallery of American Art, Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass.; sculpture by Anna Hyatt Huntington and water colors by William S. Haseltine, through July 31. Open weekdays 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 2:30 to 5 P.M. . . . The Springfield Museum, Springfield, Mass. Open weekdays (except Mon.) 1 to 4:30 P.M. . . . The Wadsworth Atheneum, Hartford, Conn. Open weekdays (except Mon.) 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 5 P.M. . . . Bowdoin College Museum of Fine Arts, Brunswick, Me. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to noon, and 2 to 4 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 4 P.M. . . . Also, for fine examples of Early American craftsmanship and folk art: Essex Institute, Salem, Mass. (open weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.); the Whaling Museum of the South Dartmouth Historical Society, New Bedford, Mass. (open weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M., Sun. 2 to 5 P.M.); and the Bucks County Historical Society Museum, Doylestown, Pa. (open weekdays 8 A.M. to 5 P.M., Sun. 1 to 5 P.M.).

Annual exhibition of oils, sculpture, water colors, and prints: Lyme Art Association, Old Lyme, Conn. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.; through Aug. 28. . . . Annual exhibition of paintings and sculpture: Gallery of the Woodstock Artists Association, Woodstock, N.Y. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sun. 1:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through Aug. 3.

MUSIC

STADIUM CONCERTS—At the Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 136, nightly at 8:30—Philharmonic-Symphony, Van Hoogstraten conducting, through Wed., Aug. 3. Soloist: Jascha Heifetz, July 28. Special "American Composers Night" program, July 31.

GOLDMAN BAND—Concerts nightly (except July 31) at 8:30—Central Park Mall, Fri., Mon., and Wed. Eves.; Prospect Park, Brooklyn, Thurs., Sat., and Tues. Eves.

WPA—"Pop" concerts at the Federal Music Theatre, 254 W. 54—New York Civic Orchestra, Plotnikoff conducting: Thurs. Eve., July 28, at 8:45; Littau conducting: Sun. Aft., July 31, at 1:30. . . . Federal Symphony, St. Leger conducting: Sun. Eve., July 31, at 8:45. . . . Greenwich Orchestra and Federal Opera Chorus, Lief conducting: Wed. Eve., Aug. 3, at 8:45.

OUT-OF-TOWN—Chamber-music concerts by the Gordon String Quartet: The Hall, Music Mountain, Falls Village, Conn., Sun. Afts. at 4. . . . Berkshire Symphonic Festival, Boston Symphony, Koussevitzky conducting: Tanglewood, Route 183, between Stockbridge and Lenox, Mass., Thurs. and Sat. Eves., Aug. 4, 6, 11, and 13, at 8:30; Sun. Afts., Aug. 7 and 14, at 4:30. . . . "Carmen," by the Steel Pier Opera Company, Atlantic City, N.J., Thurs. and Fri. Eves., July 28-29, at 8:45; "Lucia di Lammermoor," Thurs. and Fri. Eves., Aug. 4-5.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—Games Sat. and Sun. at 3 P.M.; other days at 3:15 P.M.—At Polo Grounds: Giants vs. St. Louis, Thurs., July 28; Giants vs. Cincinnati, Fri. through Sun., July 29-31; Giants vs. Chicago, Tues. through Thurs., Aug. 2-4; Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Fri. through Sun., Aug. 5-7. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L"; 8 Ave. subway; or Bus No. 3.)

GOLF—New Jersey Open Championship: Braidburn Country Club, Madison, N.J., Thurs. through Sat., July 28-30. . . . Anderson Memorial Four-

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JULY 28, THROUGH SATURDAY, AUGUST 6. ALL TIME GIVEN IS DAYLIGHT SAVING.]

Ball Invitation Tournament, Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck, N.Y., Thurs. through Sun., Aug. 4-7.

HORSE SHOWS—Long Branch Horse Show, West Long Branch, N.J., Fri. and Sat., July 29-30. . . . Pittsfield Riding & Polo Club Show, Pittsfield, Mass., Fri. through Sun., July 29-31. . . . Southampton Riding & Hunt Club Show, Southampton, L.I., Sat., Aug. 6.

POLO—Meadow Brook Club tournament play, Westbury, L.I., Sat. and Sun., at 4 P.M.; Tues. and Thurs. at 5:30 P.M.; weather permitting. . . . High-goal play at Bostwick Field, Jericho Turnpike (Route 25), Westbury, L.I., every Sun. at 3:30 P.M.; weather permitting. . . . National Junior Championship, Burnt Mills Polo Club, Bedminster, N.J.; see daily papers for playing dates.

RACING—Saratoga Springs, N.Y.: races weekdays at 3 P.M.; through Aug. 27. The Shillelagh Steeplechase, the United States Hotel Stakes, and the Saratoga Handicap will be run Sat., July 30; the Saratoga Special and the Merchants' & Citizens' Handicap, Sat., Aug. 6. (Train leaves Grand Central daily at 10 A.M., arriving Saratoga at 2:04 P.M. The Saturday Special leaves Grand Central at 9:35 A.M., arriving Saratoga at 1:35 P.M.)

TENNIS—Invitation Tournament, Seabright Lawn Tennis & Cricket Club, Seabright, N.J., through Sat., July 30. . . . Annual Tournament, Bald Peak Colony Club, Melvin Village, N.H., Fri. through Sun., July 29-31. . . . Men's Invitation Tournament, Meadow Club, Southampton, L.I.; and Women's Invitation, Maidstone Club, East Hampton, L.I., Mon. through Sat., Aug. 1-6.

WOMEN'S SOFTBALL—Doubleheaders at Madison Square Garden, every Fri. and Wed. Eve., at 7:45.

YACHTING—Championship races on Long Island Sound: Stamford Yacht Club, Sat. Aft., July 30; Horseshoe Harbor Yacht Club, Sat. Aft., Aug. 6. . . . American Yacht Club Cruise, Rye to New London, Aug. 4-8.

NOTE—Annual Midsummer Figure Skating Operetta, Olympic Arena, Lake Placid, N.Y., Thurs. through Sat., Aug. 4-6.

ON THE AIR

RACING—The Saratoga Handicap at Saratoga Springs: Sat. Aft., July 30, at 4:15, WOR and WABC. Arlington Cup Race at Chicago: Sat. Aft., July 30, at 6, WABC and WJZ.

IRVING BERLIN CAVALCADE—An hour of Berlin music by well-known orchestras and soloists: Wed. Eve., Aug. 3, at 9:30, WABC.

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

THURSDAY—"Keyboard Concerts," 5, WABC. Rudy Vallée's Varieties, 8, WEA. Paul de Kruif's "Men Against Death," 8, WABC. Alfred Wallenstein's Sinfonietta, 8, WOR. Goldman Band, 8:30, WABC. Pulitzer Prize Plays, 9, WJZ. Toronto Promenade Symphony, O'Connell conducting, 9, WEA. Bing Crosby's Music Hall, 10, WEA. "Essays in Music," Bay conducting, 10, WABC. "Music and Ballet," 10, WQXR.

FRIDAY—George Olsen, 9, WJZ. Herzer and Zayde, pianists, 9, WQXR. March of Time, 9:30, WJZ. Robin Hood Dell Concert, Philadelphia Orchestra, 9:30, WOR. Goldman Band, 10, WABC. Chicago Grant Park Concert, 10:30, WJZ.

SATURDAY—N.B.C. Music Guild, 12 noon, WEA. Saturday Night Swing Club, 8, WABC. Robin Hood Dell Concert, Philadelphia Orchestra, 8:30, WOR. Cincinnati Zoo Opera, 11, WEA.

SUNDAY—Music Hall Hour, 12:30, WJZ. WPA Pop Concert, 1:30, WNYC. Magic Key of R.C.A. Hour, 2, WJZ. Columbia Symphony, Barlow conducting, 3, WABC. Chautauqua Symphony, Stoessel conducting, 3, WEA. Gordon String Quartet, 4, WNYC. Eddy Brown's "String Classics," 7, WQXR. Edgar Bergen, 8, WEA. Stadium Concert, Philharmonic-Symphony, 8:30, WABC.

MONDAY—Burns and Allen, 8, WEA. Goldman Band, 8:30, WNYC. Firestone Symphony, Wallenstein conducting, 8:30, WEA. Orson Welles, 9, WABC.

TUESDAY—N.B.C. Music Guild, 2:30, WJZ. Clifton Fadiman, 8:30, WJZ. Benny Goodman,

9:30, WABC. Wisconsin Symphony, Prager conducting, 10:30, WABC.

WEDNESDAY—Gilbert and Sullivan Operas, 7, WQXR. Stadium Concert, Philharmonic-Symphony, 8:30, WNYC. Paul Whiteman, 8:30, WABC. Tommy Dorsey, 8:30, WEA. Alfred Wallenstein's Symphonic Strings, 10, WOR.

MOTION PICTURES

ALGIERS—Romantic and exciting, with Charles Boyer, Sigrid Gurie, and Hedy Lamarr. About a thief the ladies love and the police can't get. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50; through Wed., Aug. 3.)

THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE—A doctor studies crime and becomes very much involved. An interesting underworld sketch, with Edward G. Robinson. (Strand, B'way at 47; through Tues., Aug. 2.)

BLOCKADE—Madeleine Carroll and Henry Fonda in a glossy romance that is supposed to take place in the midst of the present Spanish war. (Rio, B'way at 160; through Thurs., July 28. . . . Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; and Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; Thurs. through Mon., July 28-Aug. 1. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Fri. through Sun., July 29-31.)

DOCTOR RHYTHM—A Bing Crosby affair, and the usual thing except for Beatrice Lillie, who wanders in and out in her own special way. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sat. and Sun., July 30-31. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sun. and Mon., July 31-Aug. 1. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Wed. and Thurs., Aug. 3-4.)

HOLIDAY—A triumph for Katharine Hepburn as the unhappy heiress of Philip Barry's study of the rich. (State, B'way at 45; and Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; Thurs. through Wed., July 28-Aug. 3. . . . Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Lexington, Lexington at 51; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; Thurs. through Mon., July 28-Aug. 1.)

KIDNAPPED—Darryl Zanuck gets both of Robert Louis Stevenson's shoulders on the mat. All right if you like Warner Baxter and Freddie Bartholomew. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Fri. and Sat., July 29-30. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., Aug. 2-3.)

THE PEARLS OF THE CROWN—A witty French picture, rather tricky but always clear enough, with Sacha Guitry and Lyn Harding in the cast. About some pearls and the curious things that happened to them throughout five centuries. (Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Lexington, Lexington at 51; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; Tues. and Wed., Aug. 2-3.)

THE RAGE OF PARIS—The charming Danielle Darrieux, escorted by Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in a nonsensical and lively farce. (Colonial, B'way at 62; Thurs. through Mon., July 28-Aug. 1. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Tues. through Fri., Aug. 2-5. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Tues. through Mon., Aug. 2-8. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Wed. and Thurs., Aug. 3-4.)

SOUTH RIDING—A respectable sketch of Yorkshire life for sober folk interested in English county doings. With Edna Best most in evidence. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; starting Mon., Aug. 1.)

THREE COMRADES—Margaret Sullivan, Robert Young, and Franchot Tone, with almost no help from Robert Taylor, make Erich Maria Remarque's story of postwar Germany convincing and appealing. (Olympia, B'way at 107; Thurs. through Mon., July 28-Aug. 1. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Mon. through Wed., Aug. 1-3.)

VIVACIOUS LADY—Ginger Rogers and James Stewart in an ingratiating and not too cute comedy. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Fri., July 29. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs. through Mon., July 28-Aug. 1.)

YELLOW JACK—Robert Montgomery and Virginia Bruce in a so-so cinema version of Sidney Howard's play of fever in old Cuba. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sun. through Tues., July 31-Aug. 2.)

REVIVALS

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO (1934)—Robert Donat and Elissa Landi. (Trans-Lux, Madison at 85; Sat. through Mon., July 30-Aug. 1.)

DODSWORTH (1936)—Walter Huston, Ruth Chatterton, and Mary Astor. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Thurs. and Fri., Aug. 4-5.)

ELEPHANT BOY (1937)—The Robert Flaherty film of Kipling's "Toomai of the Elephants." (Trans-Lux, Madison at 85; Thurs. and Fri., July 28-29.)

THE FRONT PAGE (1931)—Adolphe Menjou and Pat O'Brien. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. and Wed., Aug. 2-3.)

MAN OF ARAN (1934)—Robert Flaherty film. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; through Thurs., July 28.)

MODERN TIMES (1936)—Charles Chaplin. (Globe, B'way at 46; starting Sat., July 30.)

NAUGHTY MARIETTA (1935)—Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy. (Olympia, B'way at 107; Tues. and Wed., Aug. 2-3.)

THE SPANISH EARTH (1937)—The Hemingway-Ivens film of the Spanish war. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Tues., Aug. 2.)

THE WAVE (1937)—Mexican film. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Mon., Aug. 1.)



FIRST RUN

CAPITOL, B'way at 51 (CO 5-1250)—Through Wed., Aug. 3: "Love Finds Andy Hardy," Lewis Stone, Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland.

CRITERION, B'way at 44 (CI 6-8600)—Thurs., July 28: "Marriage Forbidden," Phyllis Barry, Douglas Walton. . . Opening Fri., July 29: "Boo-loo," Colin Tapley, Jayne Regan.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43 (CH 4-7022)—"The Texans," Randolph Scott, Joan Bennett.

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL, 6 Ave. at 50 (CI 6-4600)—Through Wed., Aug. 3: "Algiers," Charles Boyer, Sigrid Gurie, Hedy Lamarr.

RIALTO, B'way at 42 (WI 7-0206)—Opens Thurs., July 28: "Crime Over London," Margot Grahame, Paul Cavanagh.

ROXY, 7 Ave. at 50 (CI 7-6000)—"Little Miss Broadway," Shirley Temple.

STRAND, B'way at 47 (CI 7-5900)—Through Tues., Aug. 2: "The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse," Edward G. Robinson. . . Opening Wed., Aug. 3: "Racket Busters," George Brent, Humphrey Bogart.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

CAMEO, 42, E. of B'way (WI 7-1789)—"If War Comes Tomorrow," Soviet film.

EAST SIDE

5TH AVENUE PLAYHOUSE, 5 Ave. at 12 (AL 4-7661)—First International Film Festival (revivals)—Thurs., July 28: "Man of Aran," Robert Flaherty film. . . Fri. and Sat., July 29-30: "En Saga," Swedish picture. . . Sun., July 31: "Intermezzo," Swedish picture. . . Mon., Aug. 1: "The Wave," Mexican film. . . Tues., Aug. 2: "The Spanish Earth," the Hemingway-Ivens film. . . Wed., Aug. 3: "Young Forest," Polish film.

GRAMERCY PARK, Lexington at 23 (GR 5-1660)—Through Fri., July 29: "Vivacious Lady," Ginger Rogers, James Stewart. . . Sat. and Sun., July 30-31: "Doctor Rhythm," Bing Crosby, Beatrice Lillie; also "Stolen Heaven," Gene Raymond, Olympe Bradna. . . Mon. through Wed., Aug. 1-3: "Three Comrades," Margaret Sullavan, Robert Young; also "March of Time."

LOEW'S 42ND STREET, Lexington at 42 (AS 4-4865)—Thurs., July 28: "Three Blind Mice," Loretta Young, Joel McCrea; also "Gold Diggers in Paris," Rudy Vallée, Rosemary Lane. . . Fri. through Sun., July 29-31: "Blockade," Henry Fonda, Madeleine Carroll; also "Cocoanut Grove," Fred MacMurray, Harriet Hilliard. . . Mon. and Tues., Aug. 1-2: "Hold That Kiss," Mickey Rooney, Maureen O'Sullivan; also "Extortion," Scott Colton, Mary Russell. . . From Wed., Aug. 3: "The Rage of Paris," Danielle Darrieux, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; also "Men Are Such Fools," Wayne Morris, Priscilla Lane.

LEXINGTON, Lexington at 51 (PL 3-0336)—Thurs. through Mon., July 28-Aug. 1: "Holiday," Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant; also "Prison Farm," Lloyd Nolan, Shirley Ross. . . Tues. and Wed., Aug. 2-3: "The Pearls of the Crown," French film, Sacha Guitry; also "Under Western Stars," Roy Rogers.

SUTTON, 3 Ave. at 57 (PL 3-5520)—Thurs. through Sat., July 28-30: "Judge Hardy's Children," Lewis Stone, Mickey Rooney, Cecilia Parker; also "Manhattan Melodrama," revival, Clark Gable, Myrna Loy, William Powell. . . Sun. and Mon., July 31-Aug. 1: "Doctor Rhythm," Bing Crosby, Beatrice Lillie; also "Dangerous to Know," Akim Tamiroff, Anna May Wong. . . Tues. and Wed., Aug. 2-3: "Kidnapped," Freddie Bartholomew, Warner Baxter; also "I Met Him in Paris," revival, Claudette Colbert, Melvyn Douglas.

RKO 58TH STREET, 3 Ave. at 58 (VO 5-3577)—Thurs. through Mon., July 28-Aug. 1: "White Banners," Claude Rains, Fay Bainter; also "We're Going to Be Rich," Gracie Fields, Victor McLaglen. . . Tues. and Wed., Aug. 2-3: "One Wild Night," June Lang, Dick Baldwin; also "Rawhide," Lou Gehrig.

PLAZA, 58, E. of Madison (VO 5-3320)—Thurs. and Fri., July 28-29: "Always Goodbye," Barbara Stanwyck, Herbert Marshall. . . Sat. through Mon., July 30-Aug. 1: "Three Blind Mice," Loretta Young, Joel McCrea. . . From Tues., Aug. 2: "The Rage of Paris," Danielle Darrieux, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

68TH STREET PLAYHOUSE, 3 Ave. at 68 (RE 4-0302)—Thurs. through Sat., July 28-30: "Four Men and a Prayer," Loretta Young, Richard Greene. . . Sat. through Tues., July 30-Aug. 2: "Dawn Over Ireland," Irish film. . . From Wed., Aug. 3: "Judge Hardy's Children," Lewis Stone, Mickey Rooney, Cecilia Parker.

LOEW'S 72ND STREET, 3 Ave. at 72 (BU 8-7222)—Thurs. through Mon., July 28-Aug. 1: "Holiday," Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant; also "Prison Farm," Lloyd Nolan, Shirley Ross. . .

AT THE
MOVIE HOUSES

THURSDAY, JULY 28, THROUGH
WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 3

[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 4, UNDER "MOTION PICTURES." A NUMBER OF THE THEATRES ORDINARILY LISTED HERE HAVE CLOSED FOR THE SUMMER AND ARE OMITTED.]

Tues. and Wed., Aug. 2-3: "The Pearls of the Crown," French film, Sacha Guitry; also "Under Western Stars," Roy Rogers.

COLONY, 2 Ave. at 79 (BU 8-9009)—Thurs., July 28: "Judge Hardy's Children," Lewis Stone, Mickey Rooney, Cecilia Parker; also "Squadron of Honor," Don Terry. . . Fri. and Sat., July 29-30: "Kidnapped," Freddie Bartholomew, Warner Baxter; also "A Trip to Paris," Jed Prouty, Spring Byington. . . Sun. and Mon., July 31-Aug. 1: "Swiss Miss," Laurel and Hardy; also "Flight Into Nowhere," Jack Holt. . . From Tues., Aug. 2: "The Shadow," Rita Hayworth, Charles Quigley; also "The Depression Is Over," revival, French film.

TRANS-LUX, Madison at 85 (BU 8-3180)—Thurs. and Fri., July 28-29: "Elephant Boy," Robert Flaherty film. . . Sat. through Mon., July 30-Aug. 1: "The Count of Monte Cristo," revival, Robert Donat. . . Tues. and Wed., Aug. 2-3: "Paradise for Three," Frank Morgan, Florence Rice, Robert Young.

RKO 86TH STREET, Lexington at 86 (AT 9-8900)—Thurs. through Mon., July 28-Aug. 1: "White Banners," Claude Rains, Fay Bainter; also "We're Going to Be Rich," Gracie Fields, Victor McLaglen. . . Tues. and Wed., Aug. 2-3: "One Wild Night," June Lang, Dick Baldwin; also "Rawhide," Lou Gehrig.

LOEW'S 86TH STREET, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-5566)—Thurs. and Fri., July 28-29: "Three Blind Mice," Loretta Young, Richard Greene; also "Gold Diggers in Paris," Rudy Vallée, Rosemary Lane. . . Sat. through Mon., July 30-Aug. 1: "You and Me," George Raft, Sylvia Sydney; also "The First Hundred Years," Robert Montgomery, Virginia Bruce. . . Tues. and Wed., Aug. 2-3: "Who Killed Gail Preston?," Don Terry, Rita Hayworth; also "The Sign of the Cross," revival, Fredric March, Claudette Colbert.

ORPHEUM, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-4607)—Thurs. through Mon., July 28-Aug. 1: "Blockade," Henry Fonda, Madeleine Carroll; also "Cocoanut Grove," Fred MacMurray, Harriet Hilliard. . . Tues. and Wed., Aug. 2-3: "Hold That Kiss," Mickey Rooney, Maureen O'Sullivan; also "Extortion," Scott Colton, Mary Russell.

WEST SIDE

8TH STREET PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8 (GR 7-7874)—Through Sat., July 30: "Three Blind Mice,"

Loretta Young, Joel McCrea. . . Sun. and Mon., July 31-Aug. 1: "Always Goodbye," Barbara Stanwyck, Herbert Marshall. . . From Tues., Aug. 2: "The Rage of Paris," Danielle Darrieux, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

SHERIDAN, 7 Ave. at 12 (WA 9-2166)—Thurs. through Mon., July 28-Aug. 1: "Blockade," Henry Fonda, Madeleine Carroll; also "Cocoanut Grove," Fred MacMurray, Harriet Hilliard. . . Tues. and Wed., Aug. 2-3: "Hold That Kiss," Mickey Rooney, Maureen O'Sullivan; also "Extortion," Scott Colton, Mary Russell.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12 (WA 9-3350)—Thurs. through Mon., July 28-Aug. 1: "Vivacious Lady," Ginger Rogers, James Stewart; also "The Saint in New York," Louis Hayward. . . Tues. and Wed., Aug. 2 and 3: "The Front Page," revival, Pat O'Brien, Adolphe Menjou; also "Cleopatra," revival, Claudette Colbert.

TERRACE, 9 Ave. at 23 (CH 3-0960)—Thurs., July 28: "Crime School," Humphrey Bogart; also "Everybody's Doing It," Preston Foster, Sally Eilers. . . Fri. and Sat., July 29-30: "You Only Live Once," revival, Sylvia Sydney, Henry Fonda; also "Dracula," revival, Bela Lugosi. . . Sun. through Tues., July 31-Aug. 2: "Yellow Jack," Robert Montgomery, Virginia Bruce; also "Swiss Miss," Laurel and Hardy. . . From Wed., Aug. 3: "Doctor Rhythm," Bing Crosby, Beatrice Lillie; also "Sinners in Paradise," Madge Evans, John Boles.

STATE, B'way at 45 (BR 9-1957)—Thurs. through Wed., July 28-Aug. 3: "Holiday," Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant.

PALACE, B'way at 47 (BR 9-4300)—Thurs. through Wed., July 28-Aug. 3: "White Banners," Claude Rains, Fay Bainter; also "We're Going to Be Rich," Gracie Fields, Victor McLaglen.

ZIEGFELD, 6 Ave. at 54 (CI 7-3737)—Thurs. through Mon., July 28-Aug. 1: "Holiday," Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant; also "Prison Farm," Lloyd Nolan, Shirley Ross. . . Tues. and Wed., Aug. 2-3: "The Pearls of the Crown," French film, Sacha Guitry.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57 (CI 7-1294)—Through Sun., July 31: "Three on a Week-End," British film, Margaret Lockwood, John Lodge. . . Opening Mon., Aug. 1: "South Riding," British film, Ralph Richardson, Edna Best.

COLONIAL, B'way at 62 (CO 5-0485)—Thurs. through Mon., July 28-Aug. 1: "The Rage of Paris," Danielle Darrieux, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; also "Mystery House," Dick Purcell, Ann Sheridan. . . Tues. and Wed., Aug. 2-3: "Men Are Such Fools," Wayne Morris, Priscilla Lane; also "State Police," John King.

RKO 81ST STREET, B'way at 81 (TR 7-6160)—Thurs. through Mon., July 28-Aug. 1: "White Banners," Claude Rains, Fay Bainter; also "We're Going to Be Rich," Gracie Fields, Victor McLaglen. . . Tues. and Wed., Aug. 2-3: "One Wild Night," June Lang, Dick Baldwin; also "Rawhide," Lou Gehrig.

LOEW'S 83RD STREET, B'way at 83 (TR 7-3190)—Thurs. through Wed., July 28-Aug. 3: "Holiday," Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant; also "Prison Farm," Lloyd Nolan, Shirley Ross.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107 (AC 2-1019)—Thurs. through Mon., July 28-Aug. 1: "Three Comrades," Margaret Sullavan, Robert Taylor, Franchot Tone, Robert Young; also "Little Miss Roughneck," Edith Fellows, Leo Carrillo. . . Tues. and Wed., Aug. 2-3: "The Lone Wolf in Paris," Francis Lederer, Frances Drake; also "Naughty Marietta," revival, Jeanette MacDonald.

HAMILTON, B'way at 146 (ED 4-0287)—Thurs. through Mon., July 28-Aug. 1: "White Banners," Claude Rains, Fay Bainter; also "We're Going to Be Rich," Gracie Fields, Victor McLaglen. . . Tues. and Wed., Aug. 2-3: "One Wild Night," June Lang, Dick Baldwin; also "Rawhide," Lou Gehrig.

RIO, B'way at 160 (WA 7-1135)—Thurs., July 28: "Blockade," Henry Fonda, Madeleine Carroll; also "Gold Diggers in Paris," Rudy Vallée, Rosemary Lane. . . Fri. through Tues., July 29-Aug. 2: "Three Blind Mice," Loretta Young, Joel McCrea; also "Cocoanut Grove," Fred MacMurray, Harriet Hilliard. . . From Wed., Aug. 3: "Prison Farm," Lloyd Nolan, Shirley Ross; also "Men Are Such Fools," Wayne Morris, Priscilla Lane.

LOEW'S 175TH STREET, B'way at 175 (WA 7-5200)—Thurs. through Mon., July 28-Aug. 1: "Holiday," Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant; also "Prison Farm," Shirley Ross, Lloyd Nolan. . . Tues. and Wed., Aug. 2-3: "The Pearls of the Crown," French film, Sacha Guitry; also "Under Western Stars," Roy Rogers.

COLISEUM, B'way at 181 (WA 7-7200)—Thurs. through Mon., July 28-Aug. 1: "White Banners," Claude Rains, Fay Bainter; also "We're Going to Be Rich," Gracie Fields, Victor McLaglen. . . Tues. and Wed., Aug. 2-3: "One Wild Night," June Lang, Dick Baldwin; also "Rawhide," Lou Gehrig.

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T H E A M E R I C A N S T A N D A R D O F S E R V I C E



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

NERVOUS citizens have complained that their minds are being unsettled by the mournful toot of river and harbor shipping, especially between four and five in the morning, when their vitality is at its ebb. Much of this tumult is unnecessary, says Henry H. Curran, the Deputy Mayor; it is nothing more than "conversation" between the captains of inland craft. Necessity in this case is probably a matter of opinion. What does Mr. Curran know of the inward necessity of a tugboat captain adrift at dawn below the sleeping city, how desperate his urge to reach out through the gloom



for others of his kind? That hoarse cry from the river, murdering sleep in Tudor City, may come from the heart of a lonely man. Who, safe in bed, can gauge his need or grudge him fellowship?

GRACE NOTE FROM THE PLAINS: The Girl Scouts of Emporia, Kansas, have changed the name of their patrol from Minnehaha to Minnie-Hot-Cha.

FOR some time before Douglas Corrigan flew to Dublin "by the seat of his pants," we had been noticing that something was the matter with almost everybody we met. A dismal morality clung to them, like moss. This is a stern and searching time, their faces said, no time for foolishness, no time for any behavior not rooted in a strong moral or practical purpose. The climate, in fact, was almost exactly right for burning a

witch when the strange young man came down in Baldonnel with thirty gallons of gas in his plane and nothing but nonsense in his head. Probably Mr. Corrigan will never perfect an artificial



heart or name a polar range, and his rash and disobedient example cannot be recommended to the young, but he gave the nation what at the moment it needed most—a remarkable parody of its most virtuous ideals. Harpo Marx chased Edwin Booth across the stage, and a hundred and twenty million people laughed together for the first time since Calvin Coolidge rode his electric horse and Steel was 205.

CHANGE AND DECAY: According to the *Times*, practically all American gypsies are on home relief.

OUR heart goes out to Miss Sandra Martin, who, until a little matter of forgery came between them, was employed as confidential secretary to Mlle. Simone Simon, the film actress. Miss Martin has a secret. She knows the name of the person to whom, on a warm Gallic impulse, Miss Simon gave two golden keys to her home. A Los Angeles judge, however, has ruled that if Miss Martin tells anybody before 1948, she goes to jail for from three to forty-two years. Information of this kind is an almost intolerable thing for a lady to have in her exclusive possession. Not only is an expression of continuous mystery hard on the muscles of the face but a mind thus burdened may easily fall a victim to dangerous repressions. We are not at all sure that

Miss Martin wouldn't be happier in jail, where she would be free to share her knowledge with the grateful inmates, than she will at large, with the Name forever trembling, a cruel temptation, on the very tip of her eager tongue. Ten years is a long time. We are afraid Miss Martin will be a nervous wreck at the end of it. Either that, or long before her time is up she will just bust.

IT seems to us that the government is misguided in its theories about buying clothes for those on relief. One purpose of the scheme is to improve the morale of the poor, but last week the federal officials decided that no money would be spent to purchase tuxedos or "flashy" garments of any description. The reasoning here is both authoritarian and false. Neat blue serge is the uniform of despair, and the man who wears it is a slave in his heart. From our own childhood we remember blue suits as synonymous with Sunday, a day of relentless adult supervision when our spirit broke quietly in the Museum of Natural History. We had no separate identity in blue or any pride; we were just a victim of the system, a cog in the



enormous machine. It took Monday and the spiritual lift of a checked coat and white linen knickerbockers to make us our own man again. If the President wishes to raise the morale of the unemployed (and incidentally get them off the relief rolls), we recommend that he act on the advice of Miss Elizabeth Hawes, the author of "Fashion Is Spinach," who is all for

dressing men up in pink dinner coats and lavender corduroy pants. That, we think, is the real way to a nation of the free, with every man a peacock and a king.

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: A boot-black who operates in Washington Square gives a week's free service with every shine. Says a good shine ought to last a week with a daily brushing-up.

One of the high-altitude elevator operators in the R.C.A. Building, after starting his car from the ground floor, bends down, grabs his ankles, and holds onto them until he reaches his first stop, the forty-first floor. A hygienic measure.

Cheap Charlie's shop, down on the Bowery, has on display outside the door a shelf of second-hand shoes marked "Please Don't Take the Shoes."

From far-off Liverpool, a man writes to tell us about a dead-end tots' waterfront hovel whose wall bears the chalked legend "The Pick A Quarrel Gang."

Hopeless

THERE are certain situations which, once they have arisen, can never be straightened out. We are thinking particularly of what happened to a Mr. and Mrs. Bacon when they took over the house of a Mr. Christie, a master at St. George's School, Newport, who is now abroad on a sabbatical. Mr. Christie left his dog at home, explaining to the Bacons that the butcher in Newport had a standing order to deliver the animal's daily ration of liver and hamburger. Just to make sure, Mr. Bacon called up the butcher and told him that Christie had gone away but that he, Bacon, wished to continue the order for the dog. Next day the butcher sent up half a pound of liver and half a pound of bacon. Nothing can be done about this. Mr. Bacon keeps calling up the butcher to correct the order, the butcher keeps the liver and bacon coming daily. The weekly bills are addressed to "Mr. Fry."

Without Spectacles

FEW people noticed Harold Lloyd while he was in town this last couple of weeks. Barefaced, without his famous lensless tortoise-shell glasses,

he went everywhere—Coney Island, the Bronx Zoo, the Yankee Stadium, and the Paramount, where his new picture was playing—and was recognized only once. That was when he dropped in at the John Powers model agency on a business errand and was spotted by the young-lady students in a next-door business college. He signed about a hundred autograph books for them, amiably. He's uniformly amiable and practically the same young man who scared the pants off us back in 1922 in "Safety Last." His hair is dark and wavy, and his face as youthful as ever.



This we discovered when we visited him in his room at the Waldorf. He was sitting there with a stoutish Joe Reddy and a stoutish Jack Murphy, respectively his press agent and production manager. They told us

the occasion for Lloyd's visit was twofold: he was whooping it up for the opening of "Professor Beware," the new picture, and he was scouting out comedy material for W. C. Fields, for whom he is to be producer.

"Professor Beware" is Lloyd's 486th picture. He has made 450 two-reelers, 30 full-length silent pictures, and half a dozen talkies. He intends to continue making one picture a year, and, unlike Charlie Chaplin, says he's glad of the advent of sound and that he looks forward to using color and three-dimensional photography. He told us that he hires from two to eight gagmen for a picture—"situation men" would be a more exact term, because he likes funny situations better than verbal jokes. He makes no bones about the fact that he reworks ideas which have proved successful in earlier pictures. For example, in "Grandma's Boy" (1922) he mistook some mothballs for Jordan almonds and ate them. This went over so well that in "For Heaven's Sake" (1928) he ate a powder puff instead of a muffin. One of the big gags in "Professor Beware" is a car getting into a tent, then driving off, tent and all. That dates back to a 1921 one-reeler whose name he can't even remember, and so it goes.

Lloyd confessed to us that he is "simply crazy" about microscopy. He has six microscopes in his Hollywood house and spends all his spare time gloating over slides of blood, yeast, bark, salt crystals, and what not. "Have you ever looked at a strawberry through a microscope?" he asked. "It's amaz-

ing, it's marvellous—the little bugs in the green leaves of the base look like dinosaurs in a primeval forest." It was an allied feeling that took him to the Zoo at feeding time. "To hear the tigers roar, to see them grab the meat—that's drama!" he told us. His excursions into our politer forms of drama included "Shadow and Substance" and "Our Town," both of which he thought would have been "brutal" if the acting hadn't been so good.

He's full of enthusiasm about his project of producing W. C. Fields' pictures—feels that the comedian hasn't yet been given a fair break in Hollywood. He paid him a handsome tribute: "He's a master pantomimist, with *such* a grand vocal delivery." If you've been unable to define Fields, that's your answer, all right.

Two Cops

WE like occasionally to report on the temper of the New York police, as observed here and there by alert correspondents. After all, if the police are unhappy, everybody else is likely to be. Things seem to be going fine at the moment. A man saw a group of cops covering all the exits of the Eighty-sixth Street station of the East Side subway the other evening, pretty obviously engaged in a man hunt. "Who're you after?" he said breathlessly to one of them. "Sh-h-h!" the cop said. "The Phantom." And we ourself saw a rather amazing encounter between a traffic cop and a motorist, at exactly 7:25 on the evening of Thursday, July 21st, at the Fiftieth Street corner of the Music Hall. All at once traffic got monstrously tangled up; nobody could move in any direction. It became apparent that the key to the jam was a big private car which was waiting for a taxi to go away so it could stop in front of the Music Hall. The cop strolled over to the car and said to the driver (as God is our witness), "Pull up a little bit, please."

Horses, Horses, Horses

ALTHOUGH, as we recently reported, three hundred and fifty Sheffield Farms horses have been taken off the streets of Manhattan, New York remains far and away the horsiest city in the nation. According to the A.S.P.C.A.'s latest census, which includes draft animals, policemen's mounts, polo ponies, saddle horses, and children's horses in the Central Park

Zoo, our equine population is more than fifteen thousand—nothing like the days when the city supported four hundred thousand horses, but far more than we would have guessed. Most of the horse traffic is on the bridle path in the Park and along the waterfront, where horse-drawn drays are the most economical means of transportation. Twice a week there are sales of horses at the stables of the Bull's Head Auction Company, 424 East Eighteenth Street. They sell about a thousand horses a year to buyers from all over the East. You can get a good enough horse for a peddler's wagon for \$200, and a fine, sturdy dray horse for \$350. Prices have been going up as the horse declines in popularity; thirty years ago you could have got a fine work horse for \$100.

Donnelley's Red Book lists eight firms of wagon-makers, but they all have had to find other jobs in order to keep going. The Theurer Wagon Works, on West Fifty-sixth Street, reported to one of our investigators that while they were ready to start work on a wagon tomorrow, if commissioned, it is four years since they have been given such a job. They said a heavy-duty delivery wagon would cost \$700. All

the trade these days is in second-hand wagons, and even that is far from brisk. Most of the laundries, milk companies, and bakeries which have recently motorized their delivery services have found that there was nothing to do with the wagons but burn them. Horse-drawn vehicles are supposed to be licenced, the same as automobiles, but the Department of Licences confesses that there are lots of unlicenced wagons on the streets. They're used only occasionally, and in crowded neighborhoods, so it's hard to keep tabs on them.

The Department of Health says there are more than a thousand stables in the five boroughs. Most of them aren't as nice as the A.S.P.C.A. would like to see them, because city life has become so crowded. There's an official ban on the goat that used to be in every livery stable. Idea was that he soothed the horses. The Department of Health admits that there are probably a lot of bootleg goats in the stables of New York. The livery-stable goat, by the way, is the one that figures in the expression "Get your goat." Seems that in the nineties some crooked gamblers crept into the stable of the horse favored to win the Metropolitan Handicap

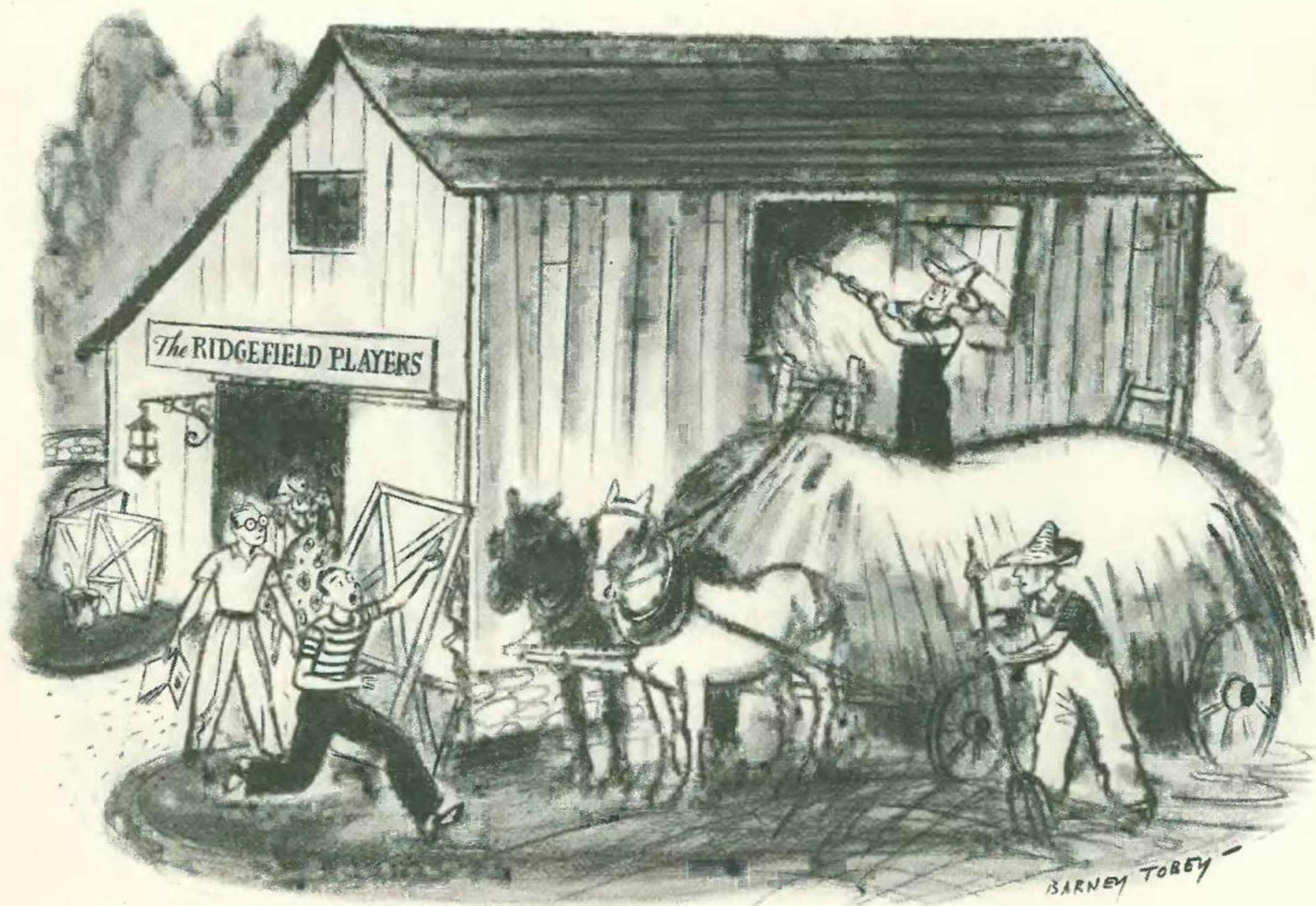
and stole the goat. The horse, deprived of his pal, got nervous, didn't sleep at night, and lost the race. The owner spent the next week in bars, muttering, "They got my goat. They got my goat."

Bereft

IN the midst of a recent hot spell a friend of ours had to be an usher at a wedding. Everything went off as well as could be expected, and after it was all over he retired to a corner with a drink, congratulating himself on the fact that his collar hadn't wilted completely out of sight. A dear old lady found him, and remarked, by way of small talk, that it seemed to be getting even hotter. "Yes, but nothing matters now," the fellow said, meaning that at least the ceremony was over. "Goodness," she said. "Did you care for her, too?"

Poesy

A MADISON AVENUE bus was lunging down through the Forties on a steamy forenoon last week, and one of the passengers, damp and excited, rang



the bell some half-dozen times for the Forty-fourth Street stop. "All right, all right," the driver shouted irritably. "Once is enough, you needn't get tough." After a second it dawned on him that he had turned a neat little rhyme. "Enough . . . tough," he murmured, his rocklike face breaking into a smile. By the time the bus got to Grand Central he was beaming all over the place.

Adrian's Crew

THE latest band of adventurers to reach these shores are the followers of Adrian Charles Cuthbert Seligman, who have been spending the better part of the past two years sailing around the world in an old 300-ton barkentine. Last week we dropped around to their pier at Thirty-fifth Street and the North River. There we saw the entire crew eating hot dogs, which they had bought from a street vendor, and were introduced to Adrian Seligman, a dark-haired, wiry fellow, whose grandfather, Isaac Seligman, left an estate of something like \$5,000,000. You'd think this would make any grandchild happy, but no. Young Adrian, who was born in London, got through Harrow and into Cambridge, and then made up his mind that the only thing he wanted to do was go to sea. That's what he did, starting out as cook and winding up as fourth mate. Then, two years ago, he married a Jane Batterbury, the sister of a school friend, and decided that the ideal honeymoon would be a trip around the world in an old fishing boat. He was staked to the old fishing boat by his father and recruited a crew by advertising in the personal column of the *London Times*. In the end he got twenty-odd adventurers, including his brother-in-law, who were willing to put up a hundred pounds each for their adventure. Adrian boned up on navigation for the trip and is serving as captain. A former shipmate is first mate. None of the others knew the first thing

about sailing; they were just discontented people who happened to have a little money saved up.

The big event of the voyage was that the honeymooning bride gave birth to a daughter. The baby caused a good deal of genial fuss all through the South Sea Islands, many of the native tribes holding feasts for her. In Jamaica the voyagers struck a native riot and were all sworn in as special constables. Only thing that happened was that one of the crew shot a Jamaican cop by mistake. They got the hell out of there. In the Marquesas one of the men shot a fine goat which turned out to be the special pet of the French Commissioner, imported to improve the breed. They got the hell out of the Marquesas, too. Adrian intends to write a book.

Adrian and his crew have already set out on the final leg of their journey, which will take them to London. While they were here, the Seligmans went to the Rainbow Room, the Park Central's Coconut Grove, and the lake in Central Park, where they rowed and rowed. Adrian made a pilgrimage down to Twenty-seventh Street and Ninth Avenue, where his grandfather lived in the eighteen-fifties. There is a big drugstore on that spot now, with a huge sign reading "Soda." Captain Seligman, a man of sentiment, says that if he ever

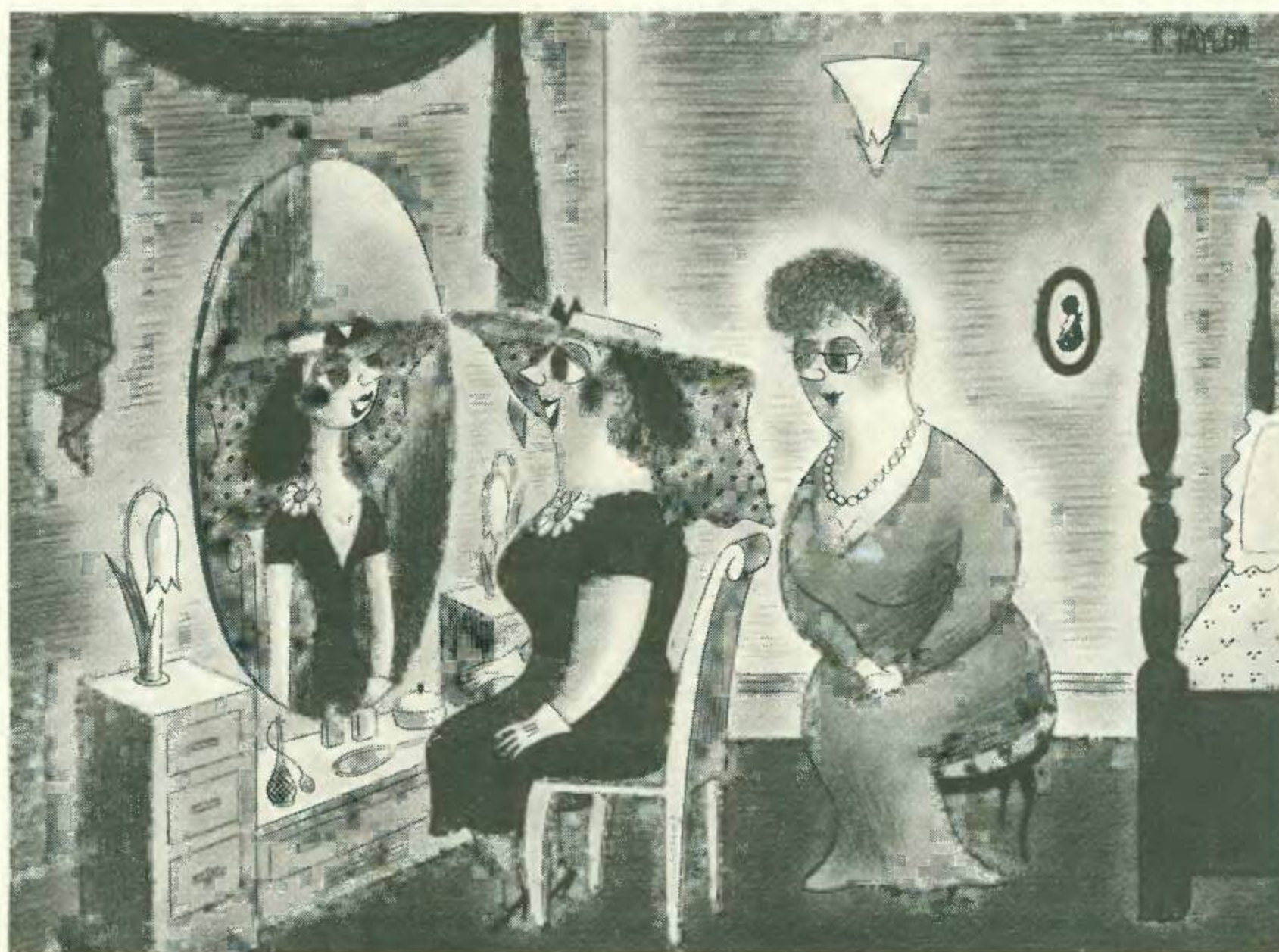
has a country house he will name it "Soda" in his grandfather's memory.

Woe

A MATRON of Ridgewood, New Jersey, left a note one night in the milk bottle, ordering some cottage cheese. Arising bright and early, she found a note tucked under her pint of cream: "No cottage chez. Sorrow."

Dangerous Plant

A COTTON-BROKER transplanted himself from New Orleans to New York some time ago and among the things that amazed him here was the fact that many of his new colleagues had never seen a growing cotton plant. Hoping to set them straight, he cultivated a few cotton plants in the back yard of a home he had taken in Forest Hills, tending them conscientiously with his own hands. The plants flourished and a few days ago he brought them to the city with the intention of exhibiting them on the floor of the Cotton Exchange, where the fates of thousands of bales are settled daily. To his surprise, he wasn't allowed to take the plants in. An attendant pointed to a rule forbidding the presence of growing cotton on the floor as constituting a fire hazard. The broker threw the plants



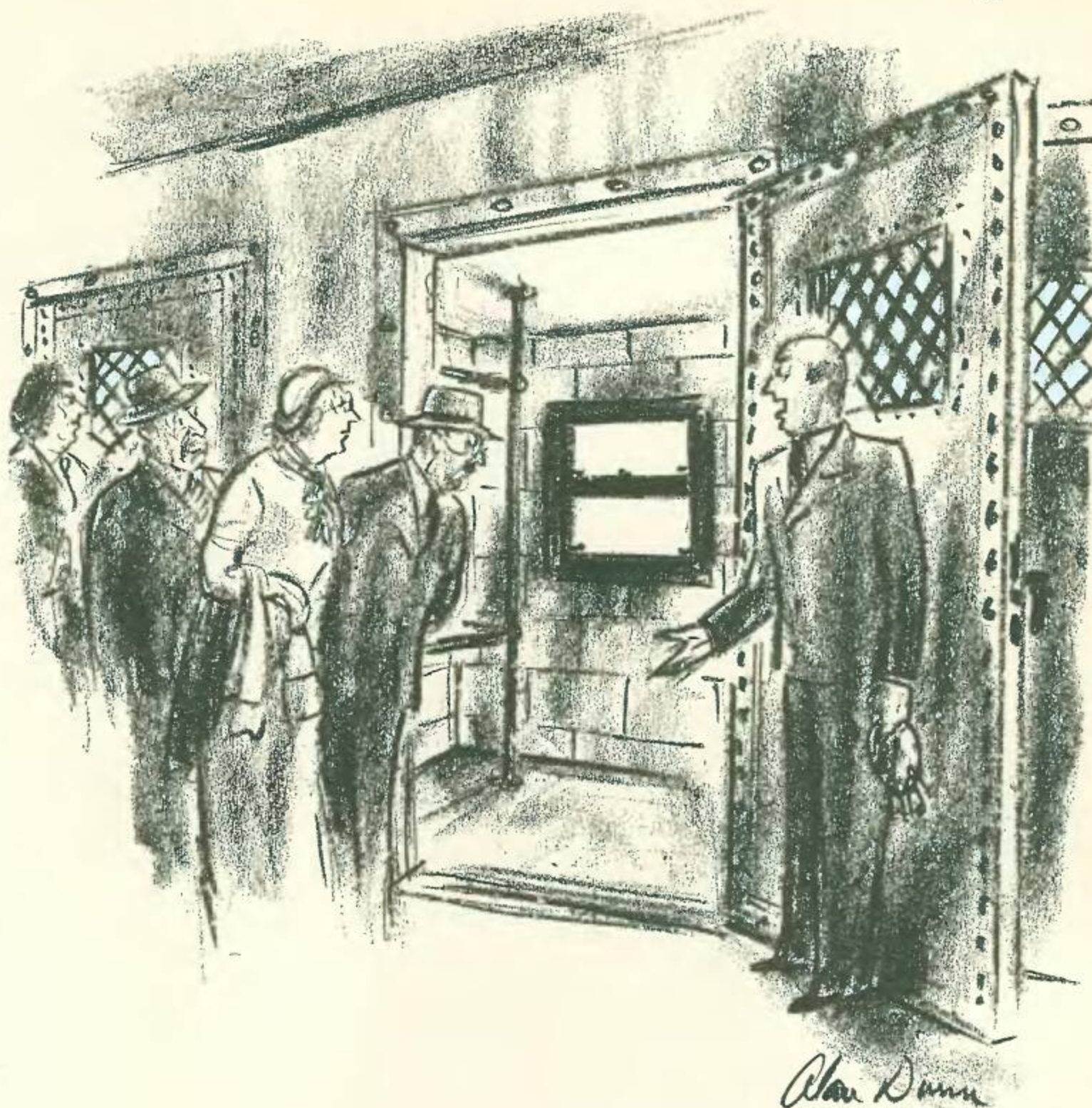
"How perfectly marvellous! You wouldn't sell it, I suppose?"

out in the gutter and his associates still probably don't know the difference between cotton and marijuana.

Scripta Mathematica

THE recent appearance of several mathematical books on the best-seller list, or near-best, propelled us up to Yeshiva College, at Amsterdam Avenue and 186th Street, this week to find Professor Jekuthiel Ginsburg, who is not only professor of mathematics there but secretary of the Society of the Friends of Scripta Mathematica, which it's high time you heard of, if you haven't already. It was founded about six years ago by a group of ten gentlemen, including such professors of mathematics as David Eugene Smith and Cassius Jackson Keyser of Columbia, and such laymen as Dr. A. J. Rongy, a physician; Harold M. Phillips, a lawyer; and Lawrence Lesavoy, a rayon manufacturer. These scholars, Professor Ginsburg told us, resolved to get together occasionally and partake, in a recreational way, of the pleasures of mathematics. We must have looked startled, for Professor Ginsburg immediately said, "Mathematics is like music. You don't need a detailed knowledge of music to enjoy it, and you don't with mathematics, either. Our intention is to create in the public a taste for the beauties inherent in mathematics." "Eh?" we blurted out. "The graph of a geometrical or algebraic equation can be as lovely as a vase or ugly as a tombstone," said the Professor stoutly. He paused, and added reflectively, "I suppose there's some beauty even in tombstones."

With these generalities to work on, the Professor revealed a couple of telling facts. Scripta Mathematica has, or have, eight hundred followers all over the world, including such non-mathematicians as Governor Lehman, Max (Simon &) Schuster, and Eamon De Valera. The late Justice Cardozo was a member. Membership may be acquired simply by subscribing to a quarterly named, unsurprisingly, *Scripta Mathematica*. Its editor, similarly, is Jekuthiel Ginsburg, who, despite his forbidding name, is a pleasant-speaking Ukrainian with a high, intellectual forehead. Cost of a year's subscription: three dollars. The honorary president of the group is Albert Einstein, who hasn't attended a meeting yet. Once a year they hold a banquet and discuss such subjects as the theory of functions, differential equations, vector analysis,



"Now instead of bars we're using these old-fashioned railroad-car windows."

topology, relativity, and the theory of numbers, the last being, we gathered, the stratosphere of arithmetic and the queen of the mathematical sciences. There are also four lectures a year. At the last one, Professor William Pepperell Montague, of Barnard College, discussed "Zeno's Puzzles and Their Far-Flung Significance." It was Zeno who proved the paradox, you may recall, that the fastest runner in the world couldn't beat a tortoise, provided the tortoise had a head start. Mathematicians and school children have been bothered ever since.

One activity the society is proud of is a portfolio it got out of portraits of twelve famous contributors to mathematics, with biographical notes appended. We thumbed through the notes on Gottfried Wilhelm Leibniz (1646-1716) and came across one sentence that lifted our eyebrows: "Leibniz also defined the osculating circle and showed its importance in the study of curves." Professor Ginsburg hurriedly explained that this was strictly serious mathemati-

cal writing, and turned to another subject: the fact that the sums and products of two sets of numbers—2, 5, and 27, and 1, 15, and 18—are equal. (We've checked them and he's right, so don't bother.) Another fact we suppose we should pass on is that the number of days in a year is equal not only to the sum of the squares of 10, 11, and 12 but also to the sum of the squares of 13 and 14. This has no effect upon leap year, or upon the numbers racket, which flourishes three miles south of Yeshiva. The square root of nine is three.

Debate

PACING the downtown platform of the Fiftieth Street station of the Sixth Avenue Elevated, a gentleman noted, printed in black crayon on the margin of a poster advertising toothpaste, the familiar "FATHER DIVINE IS GOD." It was rendered more piquant than usual by the fact that below it, in another hand, was printed "GRANVILLE HICKS IS GOD."

YOUNG MAN ON STILTS

(DOROTHY BAKER, WHO GAVE US THE LIFE AND DEATH OF A SWING MUSICIAN, DISCOVERS PURE ART IN ANOTHER UNLIKELY PROFESSION.)

ANYBODY getting their first look at Itch might easily have thought he was nuts, as they say. Take the way he had of walking. Two steps straight ahead, one step to the right, one back, and then straight ahead again. It looked queer all right, especially when the street was crowded and he kept bumping into people. It looked queer, that is, if you were one of the ones who think of walking merely as a method of getting from one place to another. In the beginning Toad, who was only four feet tall and the color of an old hockey puck, was about the only one who understood him.

"Get this one," Itch would say, going around a corner on one foot, not making it especially high or fast, but just keeping the rhythm sweet.

Toad would only say, "Look out you don't bump the old dame," but Itch could tell he liked it. It was one born incorruptible artist to another with them, and the hell with who got hurt or the color of anybody's skin.

Itch never got beyond the third grade in school. Even the Japs and Mexicans got promoted every year, but Itch just stayed where he was. He could never remember who Martha Washington was, for one thing, this pale, thin young man who had nothing but the music in his feet and that dream of crazy perfection in his head. In the end he found out who Martha Washington was, but by that time it was too late. He'd got so used to saying "Nuts" whenever they spoke to him that he couldn't say anything else. They had to fire him, of course. He should never have been in school where they teach good, clean young Americans to add up numbers, and write, and remember about some old dame in a history book. He was a dancer, and probably in his own incomprehensible way some kind of a genius.

When Itch and Toad worked in the five-and-ten they used to tap-dance up and down the escalators. Itch would carry the theme and Toad would improvise on the upper steps, lifting it up and taking it away until sometimes you thought your heart would break. Unconsciously, without thinking about it they achieved an extraordinarily involved and perfect counterpoint, the way Robinson sometimes used to do before he got mixed up with the movies and Shirley Temple and they just made another hooper out of him. Sometimes

the manager would bawl them out.

"What's the idea knocking the customers off the God damn stairs," he would say. He meant well all right, but his feet always hurt him, and he wouldn't even have liked it if one of the girls had passed a miracle at the notions counter.

Sometimes when they got through work, they'd bring out some of the old ones down in the locker room. The Turkey Trot, the Bunny Hug, the Maxixe, the Toddle, and even the Lancers, keeping the beat clean and sharp, but going beyond the intention of the steps until they had a separate work of art, all by itself. Then at night they'd go down to the shacks on the other side of the railroad and dance the Tarantella with the Mexican girls and one thing and another.

One day when they were dancing on the escalator, Astaire came in to buy a collar button and the next thing you knew Toad and Itch were on the Pantages circuit, doing three turns a day right after the trained seals. They had one number that always brought down the house. Itch would come in on stilts, dancing half-time with the orchestra, and then Toad would knock them out from under him with a baseball bat and he'd come down in the orchestra pit on his head. It was as beautiful and unlikely as something out of Euclid. Massine saw them once in Yonkers and said it was impossible. Maybe it was.

Toad had no use for the ballet. It didn't give him the right feeling.

"Nuts to this classical stuff," he used to say. "Take that dance where they throw the dames around. What's the point in that? That don't get you no place. I would rather be in a lousy dance marathon, for my part."

Itch met his wife when he was playing Haines Falls. She was a queer girl. Her father had been Professor of Animal Husbandry at Cornell before he lost his glasses one day and was mistaken about which was the bull. Soma herself was studying for the ministry. Sometimes she read aloud from Cruden's Concordance at the breakfast table and there was a portable altar in the bedroom. Della, their maid, was taking her degree at Bryn Mawr, so she didn't get in often to make up the beds or cook. Maybe once a week or so. It used to make Itch pretty sore.

Sometimes when they were in bed

Soma would ask him if he believed in baptism by immersion and he would just lie there wondering what the hell she was talking about. It was a curious environment for a young man who just wanted to do lovely, impossible things with his feet, and it couldn't last.

After Soma left him to go out with the Chautauqua, Itch got pretty bad. He was still the best dancer in the world, maybe the best dancer that ever lived anywhere, but something got to be the matter with his head.

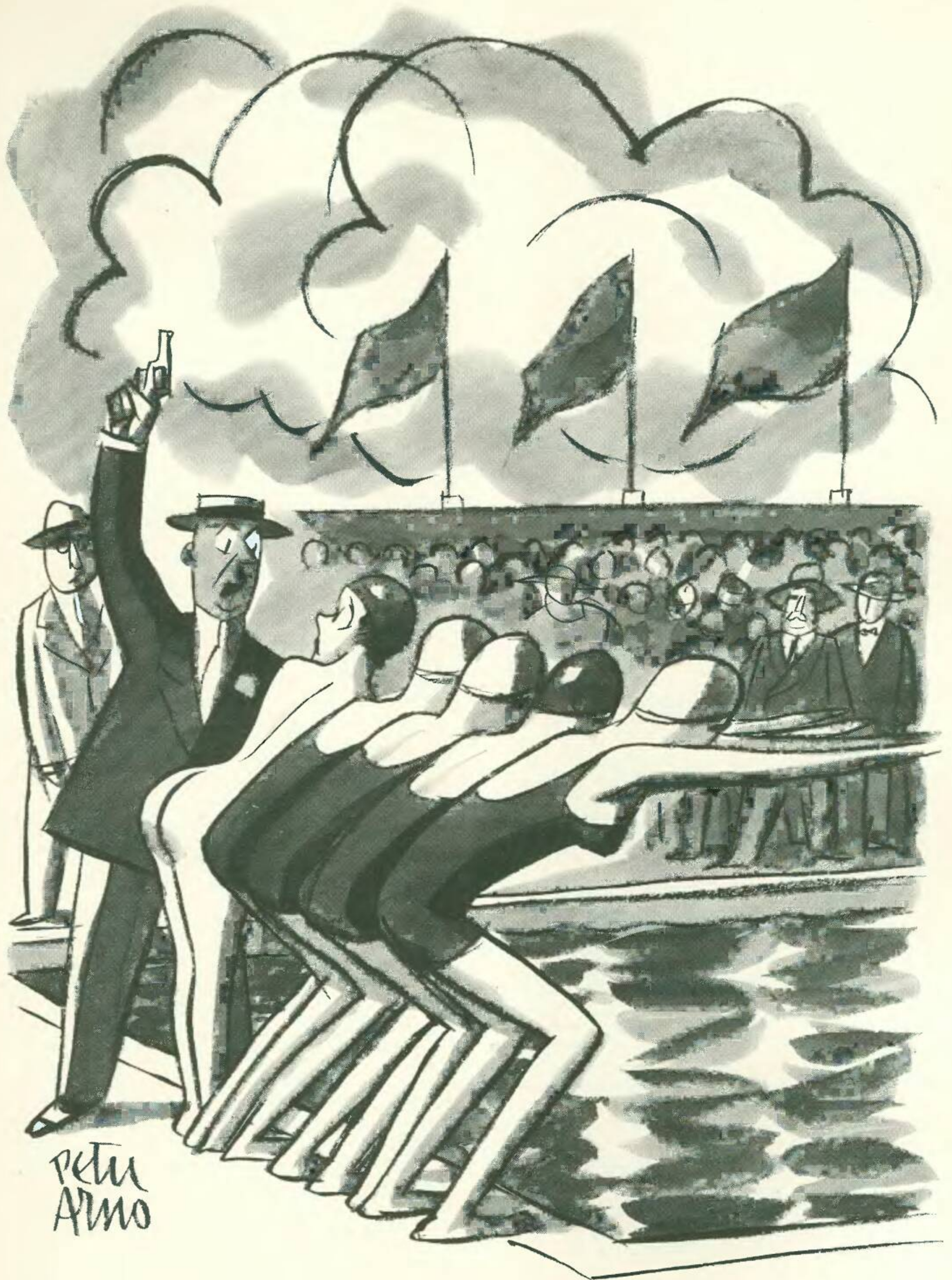
It may have been all that falling in the orchestra pit or it may have been the habit he'd got into of knocking his head against the wall until he was tired out when he couldn't get to sleep. Anyway, he was definitely peculiar. He couldn't walk at all without dancing now, and his friends began to avoid him on the street. All except Toad. These two were friends, and it was only Toad that kept him out of jail, most of the time.

"Take it easy, kid," he would say when Itch would break into a Buck-and-Wing right in the middle of Fifth Avenue, and Itch would quiet down although it nearly drove him crazy with all the lovely, awful, lowdown tunes running through his head.

He kept on with Pantages, but there was something different about his dancing. It was still as perfect and accurate as anything this side of hell, but it had got wilder and stranger, as if he didn't care if he got killed, or as if he was going after some dream of a dance that just couldn't be in the world. The end of him came just about the way you'd expect. He was dancing the stilt dance, taking it slow and easy, waiting for Toad to come out with his bat, when suddenly something came over him and he began to kick the stilts up in the air as if he didn't have them on at all. It was horrible and beautiful and nobody who saw it will ever forget it, but it wasn't meant to be. God just never meant anybody to dance that way. If you could bear to watch it, you would have seen the stilt slip and then Itch begin to come down as if he were some tall, beautiful spire on a church. When they got to him they found his right leg was broken just above the knee. There was only one thing they could do, and the stage manager did it, after the curtain had been lowered.

"He wouldn't have been no good without his laigs," said Toad. "He was more or less like a horse that way."

—WOLCOTT GIBBS



"Er—haven't you forgotten something?"

DANIEL WEBSTER, THE HAY FEVER, AND ME

DANIEL WEBSTER, one of the most eloquent of men, was fifty years old when he first began to suffer from the summer catarrh. I was only six when my first paroxysm came on. Most of Mr. Webster's biographers have ignored the whole subject of hay fever and its effect on the man's career. In my own case, even my close friends possess very slight knowledge of the part which pollinosis plays in my life. I suspect that the matter has never been properly explored.

In May, 1937, the *Yale Journal of Biology & Medicine* published a paper by Creighton Barker called "Daniel Webster and the Hay-Fever."* I have just come across it in my files and have reread it with the closest attention. Monday will be the first day of August; at this point in the summer my own fever (which is the early type) is waning. From my study window I can look across to the stubble fields where the hay was cut two weeks ago and can feel the relaxed membrane and general prostration characteristic of the last stages of the disease. Webster, who suffered the autumn type of pollinosis, was in midsummer merely anticipating the approach of trouble. August found him wary, discreet. On August 19, 1851, he wrote to President Fillmore: "I have never had confidence that I should be able to avert entirely the attack of catarrh, but I believe that at least I shall gain so much in general health and strength as to enable me, in some measure, to resist its influence and mitigate its evils. Four days hence is the time for its customary approach."

*Presented before the Beaumont Club, March 12, 1937.

The four days passed with no ill effects. The fever was late arriving that year. On the evening of the 25th, Mr. Webster took a blue pill, and the following morning a Rochelle powder. The weather was clear and quite cool. Not till the 31st do we find in his correspondence any evidence of distress. Then (writing to Mr. Blatchford), "Friday about noon: I thought I felt catarrhal symptoms. There was some tendency of defluxion from the nose, the eyes did not feel right, and what was more important, I felt a degree of general depression which belongs to the disease."

Here, in the fading lines of this apprehensive letter, history suddenly grows vivid, and I experience an acute identity with one of the major characters. Webster had had Presidential ambitions, but by this time it had become apparent to him that anyone whose runny nose bore a predictable relationship to the Gregorian calendar was not Presidential timber. He was well past middle life when this depleting truth was borne in on him. I (as I have said before) was a child of six when it became clear to me that a hypersensitivity to the blown dust of weeds and grasses was more than a mere nasal caprice—it was of a piece with destiny.

In 1905, when my parents first discovered in me a catarrhal tendency, hay fever was still almost as mysterious as it was when Mr. Webster was taking his iodate of iron and hydriodate of potash by direction of his physician—who was thinking hard. The first indication I had that I was different from other boys came when I used to go out driving on Sunday afternoons in the surrey. I

noticed that every time I rode behind a horse my nose began to run and my eyes grew unbearably itchy. I told my father that it was the smell of the horse that did this thing to me. Father was skeptical. It was a considerable drain on his finances to support a horse at all, and it was going a little far to ask him to believe that the animal had a baleful effect on any member of the family. Nevertheless he was impressed—I looked so queer and I sneezed with such arresting rapidity.

He refused absolutely to admit that his horse smelled different from any other horse, and at first he was disinclined to believe that his son had any peculiarity of the mucosa. But he did call a doctor.

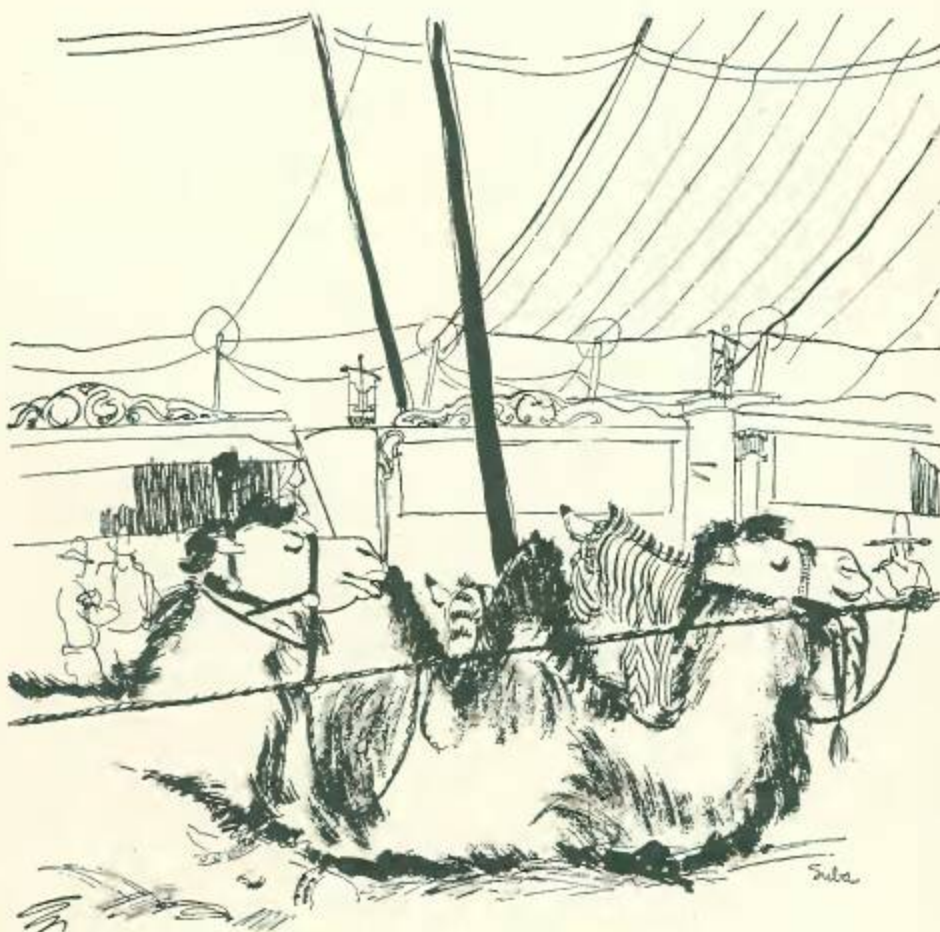
The doctor dismissed the horse and announced that I suffered from "catarrhal trouble." He rocked back and forth in the rocker in my bedroom for about ten minutes in silent thought. Then quickly he arose.

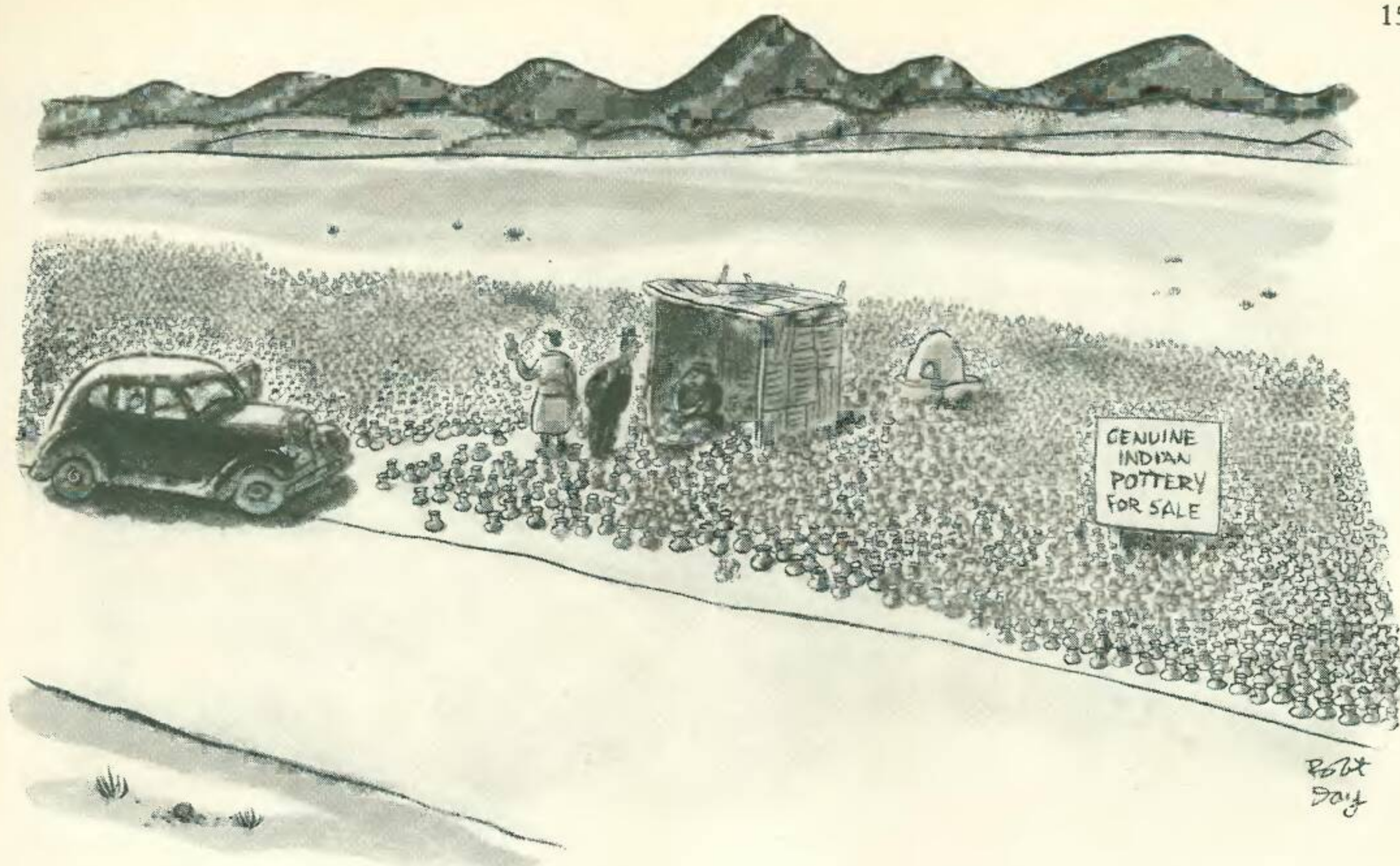
"Douse his head in cold water every morning before breakfast," he said to Mother and departed.

This treatment was carried out, with the aid of a cheap rubber spray, daily for almost two years. I didn't mind it particularly, and except for destroying the natural oil of my hair it did me no harm. The chill, noisy immersion provided a brisk beginning for the day and inoculated me against indolence if not against timothy grass and horse dander.

IT was twelve or thirteen years after the Missouri Compromise had temporarily settled the slavery question that Webster had his first attack of the fever. A Whig and an aristocrat, he undoubtedly accepted this sudden defluxion from the nose as a common cold. He was in the prime of life; his youthful ideals had matured; his powers had been demonstrated. He was an ornament to the young republic, when he began to sneeze. Years later, with the ragweed dust of many summers in his veins, he joined Clay in the Compromise of 1850 and heard his own friends vilify him for betraying the cause of humanity and freedom.

How little these critics knew of the true nature of his defection. They said he had his eye on the vote of the South. What could they know of the scourge of an allergic body? Across the long span of the years I feel an extraordinary kinship with this aging statesman, this massive victim of pollinosis whose declining days sanctioned the sort of compromise that is born of local irritation. There is a fraternity of those who have been tried beyond endurance. I am closer to Daniel Webster, almost, than to my own flesh. I am with him in spirit as he journeys up from Washington to Marshfield, in the preposterous hope that the mountain air will fortify and sustain him—to Marshfield, where he will be not just partially but wholly impregnated with ragweed bloom. I am with him as he pours out a pony of whiskey, to ease the nerves. I pour one, too, and together we enjoy the





"Why don't you take your problem to the Federal Surplus Commodities Corporation?"

momentary anesthesia of alcohol, an anesthesia we both know from experience is a short-lived blessing, since liquor (particularly grain liquor) finds its way unerringly to the membrane of the nose. I am at his side as he sits down to write another letter to Fillmore. (I understand so well the incomparable itch of eye and nose for which the only relief is to write to the President of the United States.) "I go to Boston today where Mrs. Webster is, and thence immediately to Marshfield. By the process thus far, I have lost flesh, and am not a little reduced. Yesterday and Sunday were exceedingly hot, bright days, and although I did not step out of the house, the heat affected my eyes much after the catarrhal fashion. I resisted the attack, however, by the application of ice."

Ice with a little whiskey poured over it, he neglected to add.

WEBSTER died on October 24, 1852, of liver trouble and dropsy. They did a post-mortem on him and found a well-marked effusion on the arachnoid membrane. It was in the cards that he would never attain to the Presidency; his reaction to flower dust nullified his qualities of leadership. I am sure Webster knew this, in his bones,

just as I knew, sneezing in the back seat of the surrey, that I was not destined to achieve my secret goal.

Our lives, Webster's and mine, run curiously parallel. He had an expensive family and expensive tastes—so have I. He liked social life. I do, too. He liked eating and drinking, specially the latter, and was happy on his great farms in Franklin and in Marshfield, whither he turned for sanctuary during the catarrhal season. The fact that he sought the burgeoning countryside in ignorance of what he was doing, while I expose myself wittingly to the aggravation of hay, does not alter the case. Webster lived to align himself on the side of compromise. In time of political strain my own tendency is toward the spineless middle ground. I have the compromising nature of a man who from early childhood has found himself without a pocket handkerchief in a moment of defluxion. Had I lived in slave days, I would have sided with Clay and been reviled by my friends.

It is only half the story. Webster, even though he knew very little about the cause of hay fever, must have found, just as I find, in this strange sensitivity to male dust and earth's fertile attitude a compensatory feeling—a special identification with life's high mystery which

in some measure indemnifies us for the violence and humiliation of our comic distress and which makes up for the unfulfillment of our most cherished dream.

—E. B. W.

LUNAR MOTH

From the forest of night
Comes the magic, the light
Green-winged flight—
Titania come
To a mortal's home
From the low-moon land
With her wings and her wand
And her bright black eyes
And her tiny feet
And her wings pale green
Like wind through wheat.
Now I am wise,
For now I have seen
Men told no lies
Of a fairy queen.
She was here on the wall,
And now she has gone,
Quiet, small,
To the night, alone.
With a wave of her wand
She vanished, beyond
The sky to the cool
Moon of July.

—ROBERT HILLYER

PROFILES

ONE JUMP TO FOUR MILES

ALTHOUGH Eddie Arcaro, the jockey, is only twenty-two, he has a mature, philosophical understanding of his public, which is largely made up of investors. When he canters back to the winner's circle at Belmont or Saratoga or wherever he is riding, he peers sadly down his long, pointed nose and touches the peak of his cap with his whip in perfunctory acknowledgment of the applause. He knows that the hatless man in the polo shirt who hangs over the rail screaming "Attaboy, Eddie!" has had two dollars on his mount to win. He knows that if he loses the next race, the same fellow may be yelling "Yah, Arcaro—you bum!" Neither the handclap nor the hiss moves him very much.

What really interests Eddie is his income. As the leading rider on New York tracks last year, he collected about forty thousand dollars. With a win in the Kentucky Derby to start him off and good prospective mounts in the fall two-year-old classics, he ought to do even better this year. Since a jockey's career is usually short, Eddie works hard at his trade, knowing he'll get heavy eventually. He puts his money in annuities.

"You know how old jockeys wind up—with *eppes*," he once said. "You know, they ain't got nothing." *Eppes* is a Yiddish word, meaning something of indefinite value, which Eddie learned from Jockey Sammy Renick. Eddie's talk, like that of all jockeys, is a strange mixture of New Yorkese, Westernisms (about half the riders hail from the horse-range country), Southern idioms picked up from Negro swipes, and trade terms pertaining to race riding. All these elements are fused into one standard jargon in the jockey rooms, where the boys spend the greater part of their afternoons.

Eddie is five feet three inches tall and can ride at a hundred and twelve pounds. This means he is able to strip to a hundred and seven, for riding weight includes a racing saddle, pad, the jockey's garments and boots, and any extra equipment, like a martingale or blinkers, worn by the horse. Bridle and whip are not counted in the weight. Eddie got his first stable job when he was fourteen, and his view of the world, although sharp, is limited. He has never acquired a knowledge of champagne

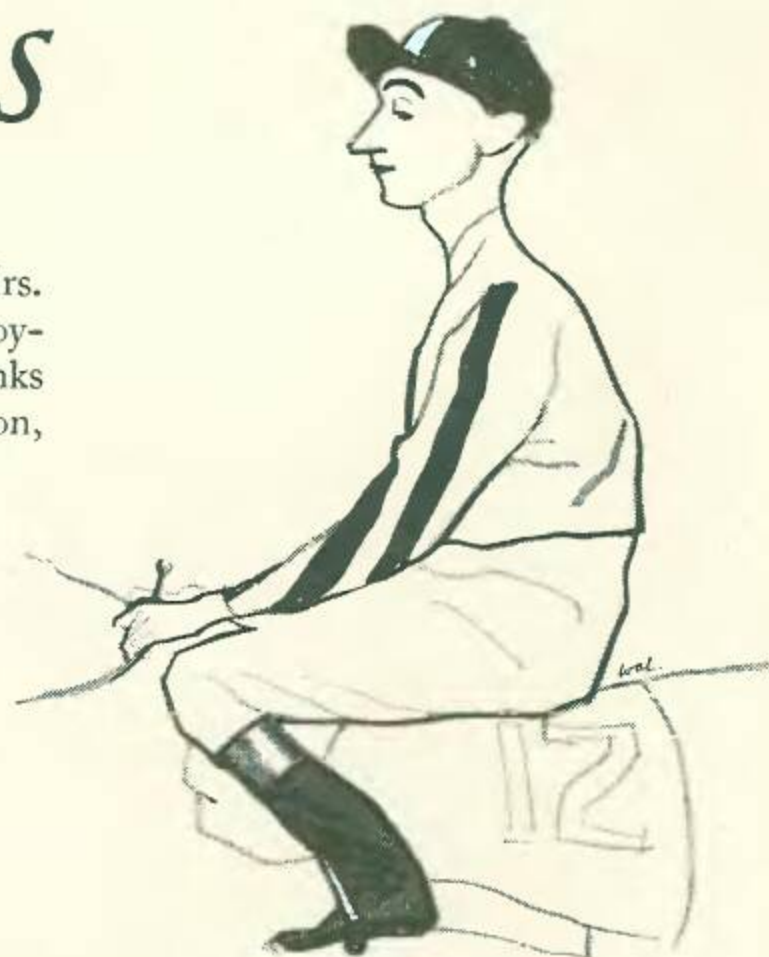
vintages or a hunt-club accent. Mrs. Payne Whitney is his contract employer, but he has never met her. He thinks well of Mrs. Charles Shipman Payson, Mrs. Whitney's daughter, whom he sees occasionally around stables. "She's a high-class woman," Eddie says. "She never has nothing to say."

During the season he receives scores of letters from people who want inside tips on the races. They generally say that they need the money for an operation, or to lift a mortgage, or to buy themselves a pardon from a penitentiary. Eddie never answers them. He is not a successful bettor himself. When occasionally he backs one of his own mounts, he says it "just seems to jinx everything." "Anybody is a sucker to bet their own money," he says. Usually, if the horse he is riding looks like a fairly sure thing, the trainer or owner will put a bet on it for Eddie, which costs Eddie nothing. He likes that kind of bet all right.

ARCARO is a sociable sort, but he has little time for pleasure. With the increase in the importance of winter racing, there is a strong inducement for him to work all year round. He usually knocks off in November every year to mitigate the strain of continual weight-making. In a few luxurious weeks Eddie's weight goes up thirteen pounds, which he works off gradually during December and January. In winter he rides in Florida and California, and in spring in Maryland and Kentucky.

Six mornings a week, during the Belmont season, Arcaro rises at five-thirty in his apartment at Jamaica, gets into riding togs, has a cup of coffee, and then drives a long maroon automobile out to the barn of the Greentree Stable, at the end of a hedge-lined, studiously English lane in the stable colony at Belmont Park. The Greentree Stable is Mrs. Whitney's *nom de course*. The stable pays him a retainer of a thousand dollars a month for first call on his services. When Greentree has no horse in a race, he is free to ride for other owners.

At the barn, Arcaro joins the exercise boys and rides one of the Greentree horses out to the track for its morning gallop. He gallops three horses



Eddie Arcaro

around the mile-and-a-half oval every morning. Sometimes he shakes one out for a time trial. He performs this morning chore in order to hold his riding form. After the gallops he may chat a while with Bill Brennan, the Greentree trainer, or Nick Huff, who is at the same time the stable agent and Arcaro's jockey agent. As stable agent, Huff acts as a combined purchasing officer, paymaster, and auditor. As Arcaro's agent, he arranges for the jockey's outside mounts. Eddie starts for home at about eight-thirty and has breakfast there with Mrs. Arcaro. He has been married a year. At breakfast he follows no special diet, but is careful not to eat as much as he wants of anything. Then he takes a nap until noon. He must report at the jockey room at the track at one o'clock, even when his first engagement comes late in the afternoon. After he has ridden his last race for the day, he is free to go.

At the track Arcaro changes from street clothes into the colors of the first owner he is to represent, then sits around or plays catch with other boys in back of the jockey house until it is time to go out to the saddling shed. A valet in a khaki uniform helps Eddie dress. For this service the valet receives two dollars from Eddie each time Eddie rides. If Eddie wins, he must pay the valet three dollars instead of two. On a typical program, Arcaro may ride six races.

A certain Wednesday early this summer was a fair sample of his day. Arriving at the Belmont jockey room, which is in a white one-story building next to the saddling shed, he changed into the

"salmon pink jacket, emerald green hoops, salmon pink sleeves and cap" of Mrs. Ethel Jacobs, owner of the two-year-old General Howes, which he was to ride in the first race. Hirsch Jacobs, Mrs. Jacobs' husband, saddles more winners than any other trainer on the American turf. Jockeys like to ride his horses because, Eddie says, "they always have a chance." A jockey receives only ten dollars for a ride unless the animal wins. If it wins, he gets twenty-five dollars plus ten per cent of the purse. The millionaire establishments like Greentree, Foxcatcher Farms, and the Wheatley Stable retain contract riders in order to make sure of having them for the great stake races toward which they aim their seasons. Jacobs has no contract rider, but few of his horses run in the big stake races, and he usually has his pick of the high-salaried riders in the cheap races.

That afternoon General Howes was wild and hard to ride going to the starting gate for a straightaway dash of five-eighths of a mile. But he got off well, led all the way, and won by half a length, making a profit of ninety-five dollars for the rider—the twenty-five-dollar fee and ten per cent of the seven hundred dollars first money. Eddie said, "I bounced the sucker out in front when the man threw it, and then at the eighth pole I showered down." Jockeys call the starter "the man." When the starter presses the buzzer to signal the start, they say he "throws the gate," or, more colloquially, "throws it." "When he threw it, I had it," a boy will say to express satisfaction with a start. To "shower down" means to whip.

Eddie had a breathing spell during the steeplechase which followed the opening dash, meanwhile changing into the "pink jacket, black and white striped sleeves, white cap" of John Hay Whitney, the son of Eddie's contract employer. He rode a Whitney two-year-old in the third race and finished next to last. The horses in this race were of a distinctly higher grade than those he had beaten in the first. He then prepared for the feature of the day, the Hollis Selling Stakes, in which he was scheduled to ride the four-year-old chestnut filly North Riding for the Howe Stable. The race was worth \$2,750 to the first horse, which would mean a round three hundred dollars for the winning jockey. The Howe Stable has second call on Arcaro's services, for which it pays him three hundred dollars a month. If there is a Howe entry in a race and

no Greentree starter, Arcaro must ride the Howe horse. The stable is not large. Most of its horses are a little better than platers but not quite of stake calibre. North Riding is a heartbreaking mare for a jockey. She is very fast but what Eddie calls "a rank, rapid horse that you can't reserve." This means that she goes out to run her head off at the start and that if the jockey tries to conserve her speed for the finish, she stops altogether. There is a horsemen's adage, which Eddie accepts, that no horse can run more than three-eighths of a mile at top speed. A horse that insists on running this magic three-eighths at the beginning of a race tires thereafter and must be coaxed into finishing on its nerve. "When this mare stops, she sticks her feet in the ground," Arcaro says. "If you whip her she sulks. All you can do is hand-ride her and pray." On this day his pray-

er was answered. North Riding started fast, as usual, but didn't stop. The race was over before the other horses could catch her.

Eddie then went on to ride another horse of John Hay Whitney's, finishing last this time, and two more Jacobs platers, finishing second on one called Celestino and third on another named Mama's Choice. This brought his gross income for the day to four hundred and thirty-five dollars: three hundred for his win on North Riding, ninety-five for General Howes, and ten dollars for each of the four losing mounts. For a week-day, this had been an excellent program for Eddie. Out of his earnings he had to pay fourteen dollars to his valet and fifty-seven fifty to Huff, the agent. A jockey agent, like a valet, gets two dollars for losing and three dollars for winning mounts, but he also gets ten per



"The first thing I knew, he was trying to get me to read The Nation's Business."



"Oh, I forgot to tell you. Come as pirates."

cent of the jockey's ten per cent of the purse. When Eddie won the Kentucky Derby on Lawrin this spring, he received five thousand dollars as his share of the purse and paid Huff five hundred.

After his ride on Mama's Choice in the last race, Eddie had his shower, got into street clothes, and drove his car into New York to meet Mrs. Arcaro for dinner at a place called Leone's. She seldom goes to the track when there is not an important race. The Arcaros like to eat at Leone's, the Hickory House, or Gallagher's—all Broadway places where the

food is good and fairly expensive and the patrons include a sprinkling of sporting people. After dinner they usually go to a "show." Eddie always calls moving pictures shows. He gets to bed by eleven o'clock except on Saturday nights, when, with Mrs. Arcaro, he invariably goes to a night club. His wife, who used to be a photographer's model, is blonde, pretty, and five inches taller than her husband. They met while Eddie was riding at Hialeah a few winters back. "I guess I'm pretty miserable to get along with during the hot weather when I dassn't drink much water on account of

my weight," Eddie says. Being thirsty irritates him, but his wife makes allowances.

SINCE horses generally carry between a hundred and a hundred and twenty-six pounds in races, it might seem to the layman that very small men, weighing around ninety pounds, would make the best jockeys. They would not have to weaken themselves by sweating or dieting. But, as trainers will point out, ten pounds of dead weight slows a horse more than fifteen pounds of live weight. The differ-

REVERSION

The boy on the front stoop, the boy at the desk, with ink
And chalk besmeared, turning the greasy leaves,
His pocket bulged with buckeyes, could hear the clink
Of the sword of the great Achilles, or Hector's greaves;

Or in the ice-cream parlor, or at the grocery store,
Or in the schoolyard, yelling at prisoner's base,
Felt suddenly breathless for an Achaean shore,
Heartsick for the wings of the Niké of Samothrace.

The boy on the railroad tracks in the Pennsylvania town,
Or by the New York canal where used to plod
Satiric mules, would yearn for a Sussex down,
Nightingales, hawthorn hedges, ivy tod,

Or perhaps an Oxford close, or rooks and cathedral bells—
So many English books displace Mythology!
But inevitably, you see, he grew up into something else,
And the man was American without apology,

Who remembers county fairs, ancient hotel spittoons,
Blue jays, Dalmatian dogs, loud covered bridges,
Till brighter in retrospect than a thousand Athenian moons
Sputters one old street-corner lamp, beset by midges.

—WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

• •

ence between the weight of the jockey with his tack and the total weight assigned by the handicapper is made up by loading the saddle pad with thin sheets of lead. The trainer's ideal is a jockey who, with saddle and tack, weighs exactly the figure allotted to his horse. A jockey can vary his weight for races on the same day by using different saddles. Eddie has three, of which the lightest weighs twenty-four ounces and the heaviest five pounds. A heavier saddle is considered preferable to lead. Eddie is close to the trainer's ideal and doesn't have to use lead as often as some other jockeys. But an extra three pounds on Eddie's frame would decrease his chances of employment by about twenty per cent. A gain of five or six pounds would be a vigorous push toward retirement. A "heavy" jockey—118 to 125 pounds—gets engagements so infrequently that he is apt to lose his form, after which he gets no engagements at all. Raymond ("Sonny") Workman, considered by most of his jockey-room colleagues to be Arcaro's only peer, is a deep-chested, bull-necked little man of twenty-nine with a roast-beef complexion, who is afraid of getting heavy. He goes on the road like a prizefighter every morning, wearing rubber garments under his sweater and trousers. When the weather becomes really hot, he often plays eighteen holes of golf in the late morning, wearing the same rubber clothes. He can count calories like a movie actress.

Boys in the jockey room carry on interminable technical discussions during the waits between races, and there is an argument after each race. "If there is fifteen in a race," Eddie says, "you would think to hear them holler that fifteen should of win it. And when you do win, some other kid will come up and say, 'Gee, you was lucky. I should of galloped.'" Angry little men shout they were bumped or shut off by other jockeys, but a boy who hits another in the jockey room is liable to a hundred-dollar fine, so blows are seldom struck.

Eddie rides "ace-deuce," with the left stirrup a good three inches longer than the right. Most American jockeys ride ace-deuce, the theory being that since they ride with the rail to their left they throw more weight in that direction to keep the horse from running out. They learn the style on the half-mile tracks, where a jockey feels that he is on a continual turn from start to finish. Arcaro rides ace-deuce even in straightaway dashes. He says he is so used to it that if he evened

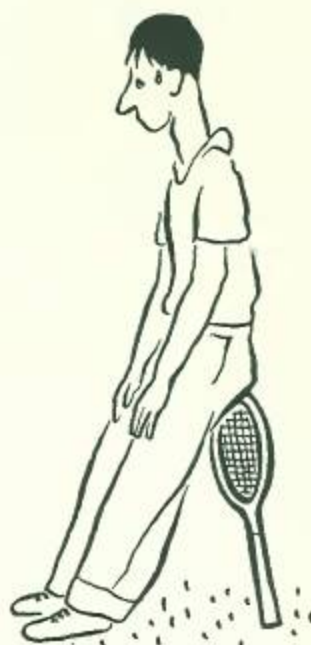
up he would get seasick. He rides with his knees high and gets his grip on a horse with his lower calves. Workman, whose legs are shorter than Eddie's, grips the horse's withers with his knees. He rides ace-deuce, but less ace-deuce than Eddie, he says.

ARCARO was born and brought up in Newport, Kentucky, a little town across the Ohio River from Cincinnati and only a few miles from the Latonia race track. Like many Italian-Americans reared where they have few compatriots, he talks with the inflections of a local product. His name and his mobile Latin features, with deep brown eyes and large white teeth, hardly seem to fit the Ohio River twang in his voice. His father, who runs a small crockery and restaurant-supply store in Newport, was born in Texas. Eddie started out to be a jockey after one year in Newport High School, when he decided he never would be big enough to make the football team. A Latonia horseman named McCaffrey offered him a job as stableboy. Eddie agreed to work for him for a year in return for food and clothes and a chance to ride.

The boy was with the McCaffrey stable for sev-

eral months before he got on a horse. He carried water, polished tack, and amused himself in his spare time by twirling a stick and riding exciting whip finishes on bales of hay. This is the traditional stableboy method of learning to handle a whip. Eddie is an ambidextrous whipper now, and can change the whip from the right to the left hand in two strides of his mount. After a while, McCaffrey allowed him to ride the lead pony, the stolid, cold-blooded brute that is used to lead a string of thoroughbreds to and from the race track. A boy riding a lead pony begins with his stirrups long, like a novice in a riding academy. As he gains confidence he shortens his leathers in imitation of the jockeys he sees about him, until finally he is balanced high on the horse's withers like a real race rider. Eddie has

never read the elaborate arguments in favor of the forward seat which are written by cavalry officers and published in limited editions. American jockeys have used it for forty years. A new boy around a stable usually is promoted from the lead pony to the back of a quiet old thoroughbred for his first morning gallops. That was about as far as Eddie got with McCaffrey. At the end of the year the boy's employer



advised him to go back to school. McCaffrey told Eddie he would never make a jockey.

INSTEAD of taking his advice, Eddie signed a three-year contract with a gyp horseman named Booker, who was taking a small string to the Pacific Coast for the winter racing. "Gyp," as applied to horsemen, is a term without opprobrium. Gyp stables try to make a profit, in contrast to the de-luxe establishments that operate at a deficit. With Booker, Eddie landed out in Agua Caliente in the fall of 1931. His contract bound him to serve his employer faithfully in return for twenty dollars a month and found for the first six months, with a ten-dollar raise every six months thereafter. The contract was signed by Booker, Eddie's parents, and Eddie. An apprentice who breaks such a contract may not be employed by another horseman even as a stableboy.

It is the gyp horsemen, for the most part, who "make" riders. They run their horses often and they cannot afford to pay the regular fees for outside jockeys. If they can develop a good apprentice, they get their riding done for nothing. If he continues to improve, they turn a profit by selling his contract to a major stable, just as a minor-league baseball club sells a player to a big-league club. Booker had too few horses to give Eddie a complete education. The curriculum was limited. But Eddie won his first race in Booker's colors, on a four-year-old named Eagle Bird that had never won before. Horses begin racing at two, and a four-year-old maiden is usually phenomenally bad. Eddie says, in the pungent race-track phrase, "Him and me lost our maidens in the same race." Eddie won a few more races during that meeting, but Booker kept selling horses or losing them in claiming races until finally he had no need of a jockey. He transferred Eddie's contract to a kindly man named Clarence E. Davison, who still runs a highly successful gyp stable in the Middle West. Davison paid nothing for the contract. "It was give to him," the jockey modestly states. "I wasn't doing no good."

Davison is a former Missouri farmer who races his horses methodically. "Everybody in that stable had to earn his keep," Arcaro says. "Even the lead pony could run like hell. The feed was counted right down to the ounce and every horse had to be rode out in every race, because even fourth money meant twenty-five dollars on the feed

bill." The Davison horses provided a fine range of experience.

In the mornings Davison taught Eddie pace. A jockey unable to gauge his mount's rate of speed may run his horse into the ground early in a race. Or else, fooled by a slow pace, he may dawdle along and be beaten by an inferior horse. Davison would tell Eddie to work a horse a mile in 1:46 or six furlongs in 1:16. He would wave to the boy to slow down when he was riding too fast or to come on when the pace was too slow. In the end Eddie caught onto it. When the boy made mistakes in races, like getting pocketed behind other horses on the rail or running a mount into heavy footing to save a couple of lengths and thereby sacrificing in speed more than he gained in distance, Davison never was angry. He took Eddie home with him after the races and drew diagrams of the jockey's mistakes.

At every track where these horses ran, Mr. and Mrs. Davison would engage a cottage. They made Eddie live with them. Davison never let the boy associate with hustlers or scuffers, the race-track small fry who ingratiate themselves with young jockeys and try to fix races. He never let Eddie shoot pool or smoke cigarettes. "S'all he ever did to me was preach to me," Eddie says now, his tone a mixture of gratitude and relief at his escape. Under the intensive tutelage the young rider improved, and at Sportsman's Park, near Chicago, he won fourteen races in one week in the fall of 1932. That set him up in his own estimation. Before losing his "bug," he rode seventy winners. A rider's bug is the asterisk at the left of a horse's handicap on a race program. It indicates that the rider won his first race within a year, or that the rider has not attained his fortieth win and that the horse therefore is allowed a deduction of five pounds from the weight assigned. The bug always remains with a rider until he has won forty races, and it is

a bitter jockey-room reproach to say "You had your bug for five years."

IN midsummer of 1934, Davison sold Arcaro's contract for \$5,000 to Warren Wright, the Chicago baking-powder millionaire who owns the Calumet Stock Farm. The contract had five months to run. Davison had been paying Eddie his contract salary of sixty dollars a month; the Calumet owner started him at three hundred, plus mount money and a percentage of stakes. The Calumet horses moved East to Narragansett Park near Providence, and Eddie engaged a suite at the Biltmore, the city's leading hotel. Mr. Wright presented him with a Chevrolet because he didn't like to see his contract rider waiting for buses. Later, in one of his first races at Belmont, Eddie won the Matron Stakes on a Calumet filly named Nellie Flag. His ten per cent of the purse was two thousand dollars, more than he had earned in his entire previous career. He was the contract rider for Calumet through 1935 and 1936, then switched to Greentree at a higher retainer.

While Calumet and Greentree are both millionaire stables, neither has had a real champion in recent years. Some horsemen, indeed, unkindly compare Greentree with the White Knight, who kept a mousetrap on his saddle in case a mouse ever got up there. The stable, they say, has the jockey in case it gets a horse. Arcaro's reputation has been gained chiefly on outside mounts. He is not sure that he has ever ridden a first-class horse. His greatest triumph was this year's Kentucky Derby, but he is not certain that his Derby mount, Lawrin, who is now out of training because of an injury, is a champion. "Maybe the other three-year-olds just ain't so good," he says.

It is the skill with which Arcaro handles all sorts of mounts that makes him a favorite of the ordinary racegoer. Last year he won 96 races on New York tracks, finishing first with about twenty per cent of his mounts. Including his races in other parts of the country, he had 153 winners. Nine other jockeys led him in number of victories, but they were riders on the minor circuits. His 717 mounts won \$205,874 in purses.

The most important figure in Eddie's business life, he thinks, is Nick Huff, who tries to get him on horses that can win. "You very seldom hear of a jockey getting in a slump riding good horses," Arcaro says sincerely.

Huff used to be a jockey himself, although not one of the top rank. He is

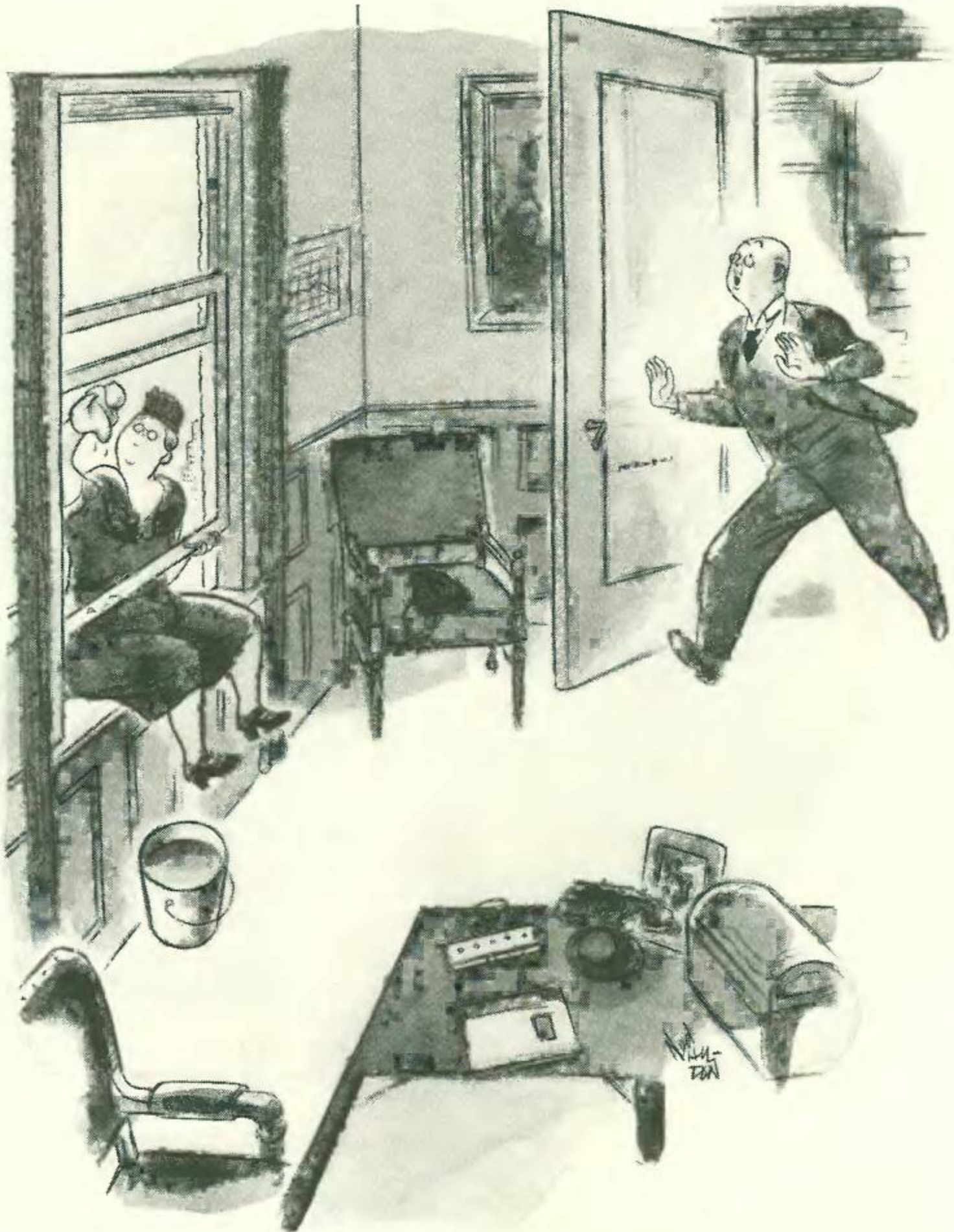


a small-boned, keen-featured little man who wears snappy suits. He always speaks of Eddie in the first person plural, a custom jockey agents share with fight managers. "We won on Lawrin when nobody gave us a chance, didn't we?" he asks pugnaciously. "We could have won The Withers on Menow—Headley wanted us to ride—but on account of our contract we had to ride Redbreast. We are par excellence the best rider in the country, from one jump to four miles."

EDDIE knows from his own experience, or has learned in talks with a trainer before a race, just how to handle whatever horse he is riding. One difficulty of race riding is that some horses are opinionated and stubborn. There are the rank, rapid horses that will run only when they're out front, and there are hardened devils that refuse to run until they reach the stretch. Either type will quit if forced out of its natural way of going. There are old horses that have been knocked about on the rail in their youth and won't go near it, and there are rapid luggers that will make for the rail no matter what the jockey does, and often disqualify themselves because they block other horses. Eddie remembers a rapid lugger named Hot Shot; he drew six ten-day suspensions in one year riding that horse. Then there are horses that will run up on the other horses' heels. Such a one was Gunfire, which stepped on the horse in front of it at Washington Park in 1933 and went down. Eddie, who was on Gunfire, came out of the jam with two fractured ribs, one of which punctured his lung. That is the only serious spill he's had.

When Eddie has a mount amenable to reason, he likes to break fast from the gate, then take back to third or fourth position, and come through when the leaders tire. You get two horses out there fighting for the lead for a quarter of a mile, you see, and they will kill themselves off every time. Then you can come on and win. But sometimes when you are set for the rush, the horse isn't. You shower down and he sulks. He loses his action and goes limber on you like, and you know he's stuck his feet in the ground.

—A. J. LIEBLING



"Never mind, Mother, there's a man who takes care of that."

TURNING SOFT

Apparent Evidence from the Daily Press of a Weakening of the Manly Fibre of the English-Speaking Peoples

LOCALE	EVIDENCE
New York	The Iron and Steel Institute reported that nail manufacturers had complied with the demand of carpenters and lathers for sterilized nails and tacks.
Hamilton, Ontario	The Royal Canadian Mounted Police rejected a recruit 6 feet 5 inches in height and 228 pounds in weight because he was "too big."
Albany	The State Department of Correction advised the warden of the new Bronx County Jail to order his guards to shave regularly.
Greenville, South Carolina	Judge C. C. Wyche adjourned a federal court session because a witness testifying had eaten garlic.
Annapolis	Rear Admiral David F. Sellers arranged to remove the cannons placed around the Naval Academy Chapel and substitute anchors.
New York	A senior psychiatrist at Bellevue urged liquor manufacturers to add vitamin B ₁ to all whiskeys.
Fort Hall Reservation, Idaho	Shoshone Indians participating in their traditional sun dance wore colored glasses to soften the glare of the sun.
Washington	The Department of Commerce flatly forbade employees to play cards while on duty.

—W. E. FARBSTAIN

THE COMRADES

THE Englishman and I met last summer in the refectory at Vatopédi, the big monastery on the eastern shore of Mount Athos. His name was not really Noel Treed, but it was somewhat like it. He wore what was probably the most unusual walking outfit that had been seen on the Holy Mountain in a decade. He had heavy ski boots, square-toed and brass-cleated. An expensive country suit in a heather twist covered his tidy form, and beneath it he wore a frivolous plum vest with elkhorn buttons that he had probably picked up in some Tyrolean bazaar. Around his slender, sensitive neck was wound an Indian muffler of magnificent silk. Obviously an irreligious person, he heightened the general effect of his strangeness by going hatless, constantly tossing back his dashing hair, and staring about as though he were saying, "What brings me to this peculiar spot, I wonder." The reason, I was to find out later, was that he was short of money.

On the great stone mountain, where, according to the monks, the devil once took Christ up to tempt him with a view of the rich city of Byzantium, there can be found even in summer a few snowdrifts left over from the rugged Macedonian winter. And yet for ten months of the year the gulfs of the Aegean, a few hundred feet below the snow, are warm enough for bathing. Noel Treed had come to Athos prepared for both altitudes. For walking in deep snow, he had an extra pair of gray woollen anklets, and at his belt there dangled a pair of orange swimming trunks of a style that had been very expensive on the Riviera two summers before. His one fine-linen shirt he washed, he confided to me, only at those monasteries which abutted on the sea. He trusted the purity of the Aegean, but no monkish well. Two small green cans of a reputable British insect powder, borne in opposite hip pockets of his trousers, completed his equipment.

That first evening at Vatopédi, which is one of the richest monasteries on the Holy Mountain, we had an excellent supper: meatballs, potatoes, black olives, long bread, sliced tomatoes and onions with olive oil, oranges from Crete, and two wines. The other pilgrims were three Bulgarian priests, a French photographer, two Serbian novices, and a Greek student of theology. The Englishman and I sat down together at the far end of the table. He

had been wandering on Mount Athos for a week, he said, and was just returning from a visit to the dusty Canal of Xerxes. Our conversation soon fell upon the Russian monastery, where he had stayed en route. We agreed in praising the singing and in pitying the men-without-a-country of the choir. They would never see either their steppes or their lost Little Father, whose picture still hung in the cells of so many of them.

"Oh, by the way, apropos of Russia," said Treed rather suddenly, "among the pilgrims around the monasteries, do you happen yet to have run across a very amusing *Communist*?"

I had not. Treed took salt in his fingers and sprinkled it on the tomatoes and onions. "I have," he said with a satisfaction that seemed surprising in a person of his background. "Met him up at Karyes while we were both waiting for the Holy Council to stamp our travel passbooks with the Great Seal of Athos. Found out he's a German, but with a Swiss passport. Spurious, I should say. Total atheist, naturally, but he likes hot dishes the way the monks prepare them and contributes as many drachmas as the next man to them for their hospitality, so he gets along first-rate. Don't know that I was ever on such close terms with a Communist before; certainly never expected I'd meet one on Mount Athos. Rather aggressive

type of man, I'd say—school-masterish. Name is Karl Walhofer."

How, I wanted to know, could any Third Internationalist find it in his heart to negotiate for a passbook with the Holy Council, those twenty patriarchal abbots, bearded and formidable, who meet at Karyes, call up each pilgrim separately on the clerical carpet, and determine strictly among themselves who shall and who shall not be allowed the freedom of Byzantium's last tiny stronghold.

"Well, of course, he didn't tell the Holy Council that he was a Communist," Treed admitted. "He didn't flaunt it in their beards, I mean, but he did handle them with the most extraordinary assurance, with the most Marxian dignity, you might say. Compelling. Why I had no *idea* Communism could make a man so compelling." He speared bread with his fork. "And a useful friend to me the chap was, too."

I asked him, more puzzled than ever, how one who considered Treed his class enemy, and who was, therefore, by implication at least, Treed's as well, could have been "useful."

"Well, you see, the Holy Council wanted to stamp our passbooks with the *little* Great Seal instead of the *great* Great Seal," began Treed, settling back with his knee in his hand. "As you've heard, I'm sure, four trusted abbots bring the four different quarters of the Great Seal from their different monasteries to Karyes, something like complementary keys to a bank vault. The Great Seal is never supposed to be used except for very holy and exalted pilgrims, say the Archbishop of Winchester, or the Patriarch of Antioch, someone like that. I mean, someone really very, very extra, you see? Ordinary pilgrims like ourselves are supposed to get only the *little* Great Seal, which is all one little piece, I mean, nothing at all. So, as soon as my friend the Communist found that there was something better to get, nothing would do but that we should have it. He got it for us, too. The best is none too good for an atheist on the Holy Mountain, the way a Communist looks at it."

"You mean," I said, swallowing hard, "this Communist made the Holy Council stamp his passbook as though he were a high churchman?"

"Precisely," said Treed. "And mine as well, though I haven't been to church since I was seventeen, except a few weddings. First, the abbots claimed that the four quarters of the seal were not



united at Karyes and couldn't be. But Karl simply told them that they had to be united and we'd just linger there until they were. Thing you call in the States a sitdown strike. Sort of united front for a united seal. Eventually, to get rid of us, the abbots took us in the back room and stamped us. And after that, at each new monastery, we naturally had to be treated like princes of the church. Much better, of course," he added, nodding toward our priestly neighbors at the table, "than any mere clergymen that simply come here for religious reasons."

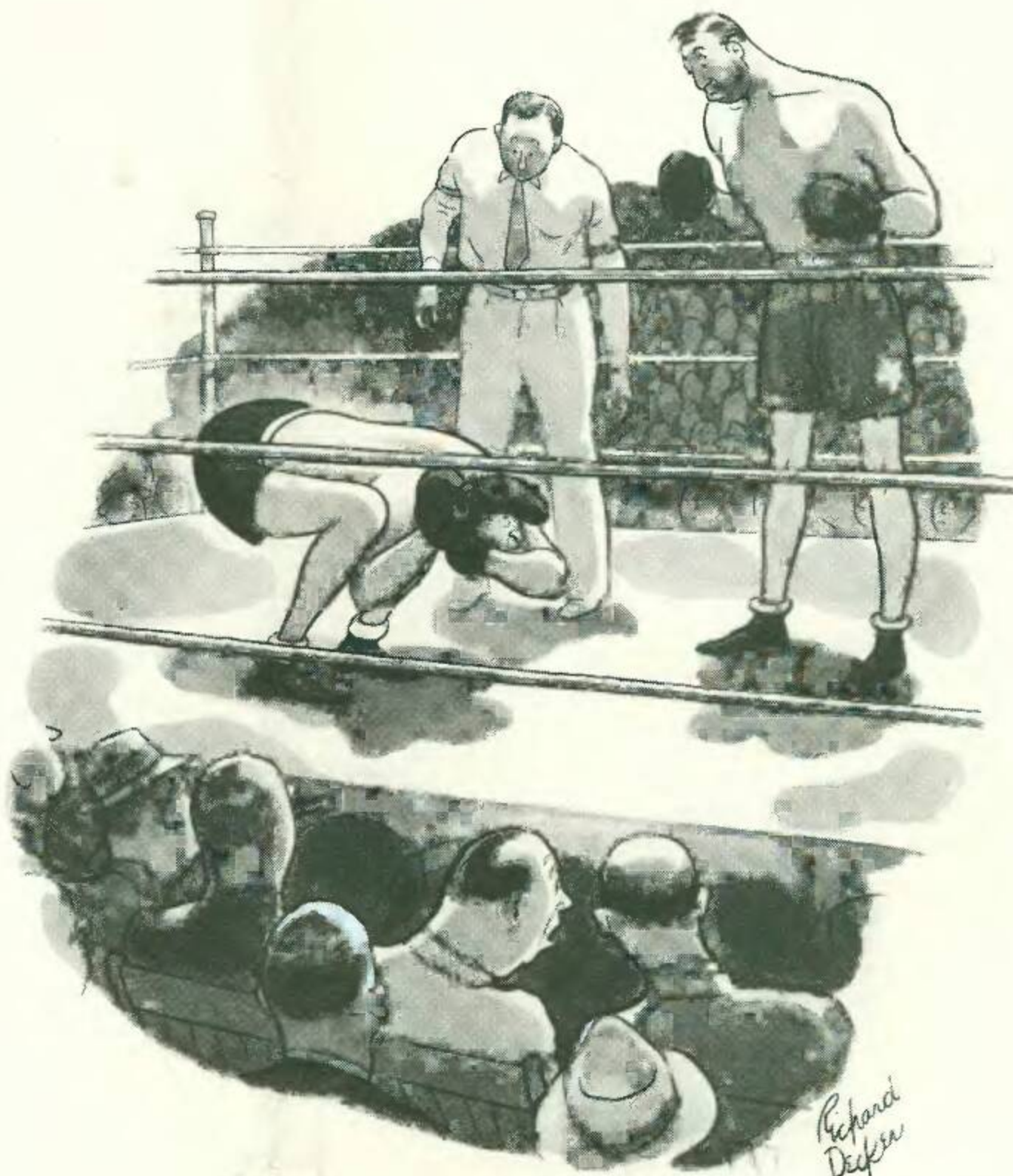
That night, after we had done our teeth by the monastery window, rinsing our mouths over the moonlit cliff toward the Dardanelles, I asked Treed to examine my passbook. I had a faint hope that I might have been equally honored.

"No, old man," he said. "I'm afraid you've got only the little Great Seal. Apparently," he added as he returned the document, "the *great* Great Seal is a fairly unusual distinction." There was a simple British satisfaction in the way he shook his toothbrush over the cliff toward Byzantium, and when he sprinkled his bed with green insect powder, he sprinkled with authority.

NEXT morning I thought Treed had better be the one to do the bargaining for a motorboat to take us along the shore to the monastery called Pantocratoros, the All-Powerful. From the refectory window I observed him, at precisely the right moment, display his passbook to the pair of monk-mariner-mechanics who, with their cassock sleeves rolled up, had been tinkering since sunrise with the gasoline engine. Eventually, thanks to the great Great Seal, they guided us out of Vatopédi's little harbor. With their young brown beards blowing in the wind, they discussed marine ignition in Greek and bore us to Pantocratoros for fifty drachmas each, which was one-half the regular tariff and one-fourth the asking price.

On a windowsill in the abbot's apartment overlooking the mossy courtyard of Pantocratoros, a pile of letters was waiting for Noel Treed. He had arranged with the constabulary at Karyes to have them forwarded, and they had come down from Karyes by donkey back. It was the first time a pilgrim had ever received mail at Pantocratoros. As a result of Treed's mail and the great Great Seal we were welcomed like the Patriarch of Juan-les-Pins and the Ex-arch of Manhattan.

Most of Treed's letters were from



"He depends almost entirely on mystifying his man."

England or the Riviera, but there were also several from India and Egypt, one from Aiken, a couple from Miami and Palm Springs, and one from Nassau. Almost all of them, except those that were bills, were in the handwriting of fashionable women. Sitting on the brown blanket of his cot, he read each letter carefully and intensely, then destroyed it without rereading or noting down an address. A young monk had asked for the foreign stamps for his collection, and Treed tore them out and passed them over.

He sat there in the cell with me, brooding over the scraps of correspondence, and finally he said, "What would be the best thing to do so that my friends would know where I am? They're all worried. They say so. They all want me to send them a line."

"Well, why don't you?" I said.

He did not appear to hear this. After a short pause he answered his own question. "What I shall do is this," he said. "I shall have a picture made of the great

Great Seal. Then I shall send them all postcards of it, explaining the standing it has given me on Athos. That ought to reassure them that I'm still carrying on, don't you think?"

I agreed that it would.

The next morning, after one last swim together on the pebbly beach at Pantocratoros, we parted. Treed went up the mountain to visit a tiny monastery from which there was supposed to be an outlook toward Lemnos of unsurpassed beauty. I took the footpath southward for Grand Lavra.

I was resting for luncheon at the junction of the seaside path and a trail from the ridge, beside a pilgrim's shrine to Saint Anastasios, when there came swinging down the mountain a tall, thin German with glasses and a knapsack. I guessed instantly that it was Karl Walhofer.

At first, to evade direct lying about nationality, Walhofer showed me his Swiss passport, but after I said that I had travelled for three days with Noel

Treed, he admitted the truth. He was born in Cologne, and he had learned most of his English during the stay of the British army of occupation there. An architect, he had suffered unemployment in the same years as Hitler, but he had reached different conclusions during them. He spoke English with the clarity and pleasure of a university man, and before long relaxed his caution enough to sit down by the shrine with me and open his knapsack.

"Treed is an example of the detestable waste of human material," he began, munching on a sandwich of fish and lettuce, "of human material among the ruling classes themselves." As an afterthought, he cut a lemon in two, sprinkled the sandwich with juice, and then, without wincing, energetically sucked the lemon. "This Englishman is totally disoriented," he continued, munching. "He is lost. He is pathetic. His income has disappeared on account of the depression.

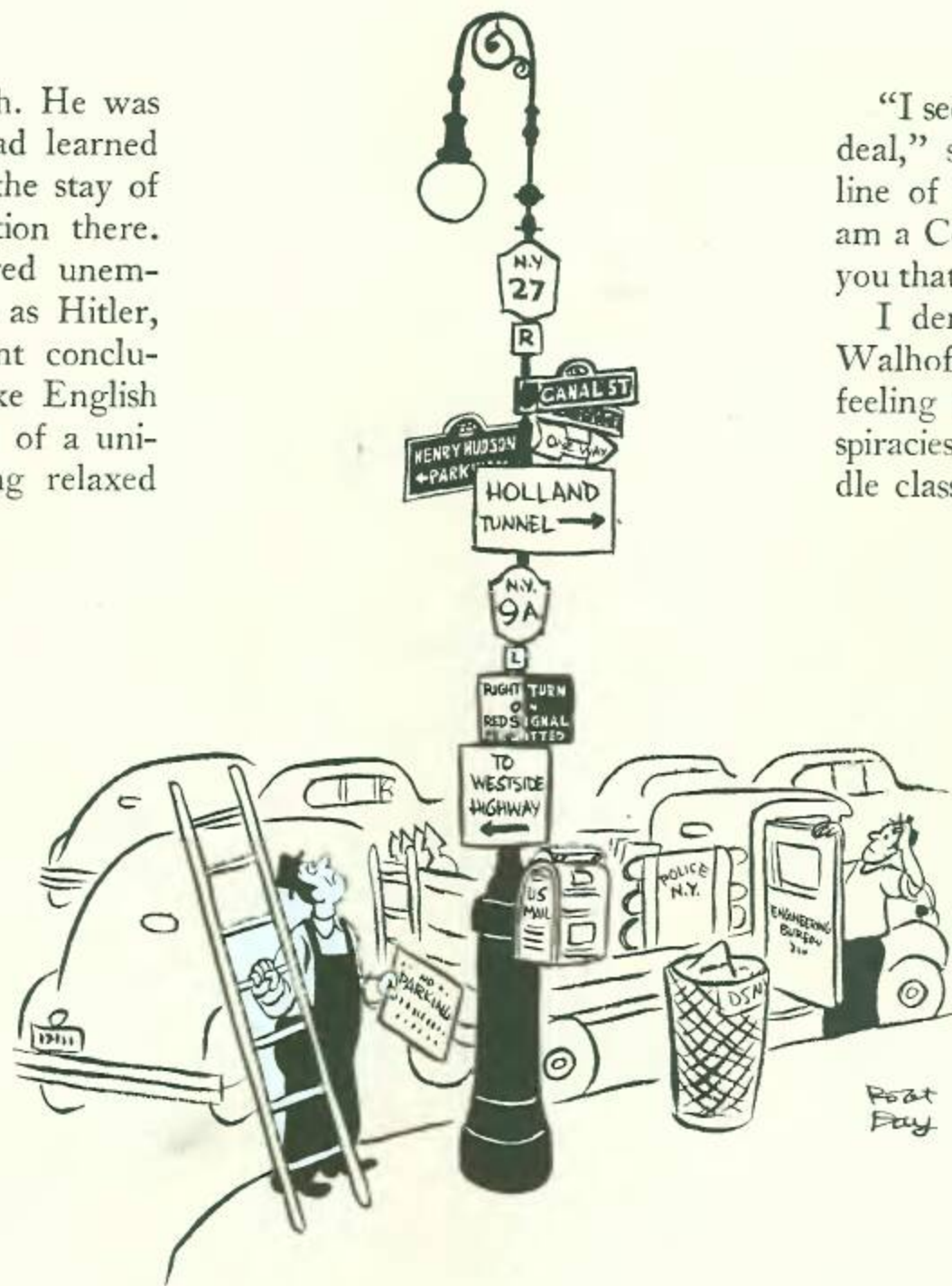
You may say he is only an exile, like myself. But there is this difference: Treed feels himself cut off even from the members of his own class. I do not. I am always with the members of my class. Treed is alone. His relatives in London could help him get a job—perhaps a very *cushy* job." Walhofer stole a look sideways through his spectacles to see whether I had observed his command of British idiom. "But he knows that a job of that kind would not satisfy him, either."

He swung around to his knapsack, took out a bunch of auburn Corinthian grapes, and began picking them off the stem with devastating German rapidity and system. "Yes," Walhofer said, "he feels the future. And I'm afraid that my fellow-exile, Mr. Treed, is a lost man."

I made some remark about the usefulness of Herr Walhofer's assistance before the Holy Council and Treed's appreciation of it.

"Naturally, I helped him where I could," said Walhofer modestly. He took out a tomato and smelled it. "But, of course, I was studying him at the same time. I was learning more about his ideology every minute."

I suggested that Treed might have been studying Karl Walhofer, too. Midway in biting the tomato, he paused.



It was clear that this idea had never occurred to him before. "Possibly," he conceded at length without enthusiasm. He finished the last red morsel of the tomato in one gobble and wiped his hands. "But for quite a while we got along very well indeed. Oh, yes, he liked my ideas very much." Fumbling in his knapsack again, he brought out a pair of creamy tennis trousers of an expensive flannel. "He gave me these," Walhofer said, holding them up and respectfully feeling their quality. "And also this." He drew forth an Indian scarf as dull and lovely as the one Treed himself had worn. "Beautiful!" He held the silk off, looked at it through his glasses, then lowered it. "That is one thing his class education has given him," he said severely, "an eye for beauty." He seemed to meditate on this a moment, as though having difficulty introducing it into his composite picture of Treed. Then he waved his hand tolerantly. "It is impossible to condemn him for *that*," he said.

WE sat silent together a little while, watching the shadow of the Holy Mountain advance eastward over the sea toward Asia. Then point-blank I asked, "How does a Communist like yourself happen to be making a pilgrimage to Mount Athos?"

"I see that Treed has gossiped a great deal," said Walhofer, his lips set in a line of disapproval. "If he told you I am a Communist, he probably also told you that I am on the way to Spain."

I denied this, but quite courteously Walhofer ignored my denial. I had a feeling that he had come to take conspiracies between the idle rich and middle class for granted; he was probably studying me, too.

"I am here," he said, "only because it will be a month before my new documents will be ready, and I can wait more cheaply and safely in the arms of the Byzantine monks than in a police cell at Salonica or up in Bulgaria. Moreover, I have here an unusual opportunity to leap directly from the Middle Ages into the collectivist future."

"Perhaps it's just as well you and Treed parted here at Athos, on neutral ground," I said. "You might have ended up fighting on opposite sides."

"That is impossible to tell. But whichever side Treed was on, he would be a good comrade to someone." As though aware he had uttered heresy, Walhofer caught himself up, adding, "Naturally, his political ignorance would always handicap him greatly." Then he looked out over the sea toward the Straits. "You do not realize all Treed has tried to do for me," he said. "He is loyal. He is almost intelligent. I have not yet told you how he offered to help me as soon as he heard I was going to Spain by way of Italy. Have I told you about the letter he gave me?"

"Letter?" I said.

"A letter to a sympathetic young American woman," said Walhofer eagerly. "She is married to a Danish nobleman and she is very kindhearted. And Treed was sure that at this season she would be visiting at Venice, on the Lido. That was where he knew her in what he calls 'the good old days.' If she takes me in, he says, there will be no chance of the Italian police arresting me for not having a *carta di soggiorno*." Opening his passport, he withdrew and held up to view, while keeping it just out of my reach, an envelope inscribed in purple monasterial ink by Noel Treed to "Contessa Kurt Haugwitz-Reventlow, Lido-Venezia, Italia."

—GEORGE WELLER

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE



AMID the first rumbles of fall decorating, audible now at manufacturers' showings of wallpaper, lamps, and the like, it is pleasant to find the stores still preoccupied with problems of the moment, such as

room-conditioners and weekend presents, and house trimmings designed to keep people thinking they feel cool. There has been enough season-rushing of late to make the present comparative stagnation a relief.

Those last might easily be fighting words if uttered in the Sleep Shop at Lewis & Conger, where the calm of midsummer has been shattered by the arrival of a room-conditioner that works on a new principle. Members of the Sleep Shop staff coo over this piece all day long, for it is a de-humidifier and not a cooler, and they are of the It's-Not-the-Heat school.

The Arid-Fuser—for that, I am sorry to say, is its name—is not unlike the average room-cooler in appearance, except that it is considerably smaller than most. Otherwise, there is little resemblance. The Arid-Fuser requires no installation or plumbing, only plugging-in. It does, however, call for occasional attention—refuelling every ten days or so with special calcium-chloride blocks, which look like chunks of coal because of the carbon put into them to eliminate any smell. This is the stuff that does the de-humidifying. Room air, sucked in soaking wet at the bottom of the machine, passes up through the blocks and, leaving its moisture in them, emerges fresh and dry at the top, wafted out by a horizontal, no-draft fan. A humidistat shuts off the current automatically when the room's condition is just right, then turns it on again as soon as more moisture creeps in. This just goes on and on indefinitely, or as long as you keep the thing stoked up.

Meanwhile (this is the catch) during operating periods the calcium-chloride blocks are steadily melting and dripping down into a pan which must be emptied like that of an old-fashioned icebox. You can overcome this by having an outlet pipe run from the machine, but that would destroy its portability, an endearing feature. If it's left unpipied, you can roll it all through

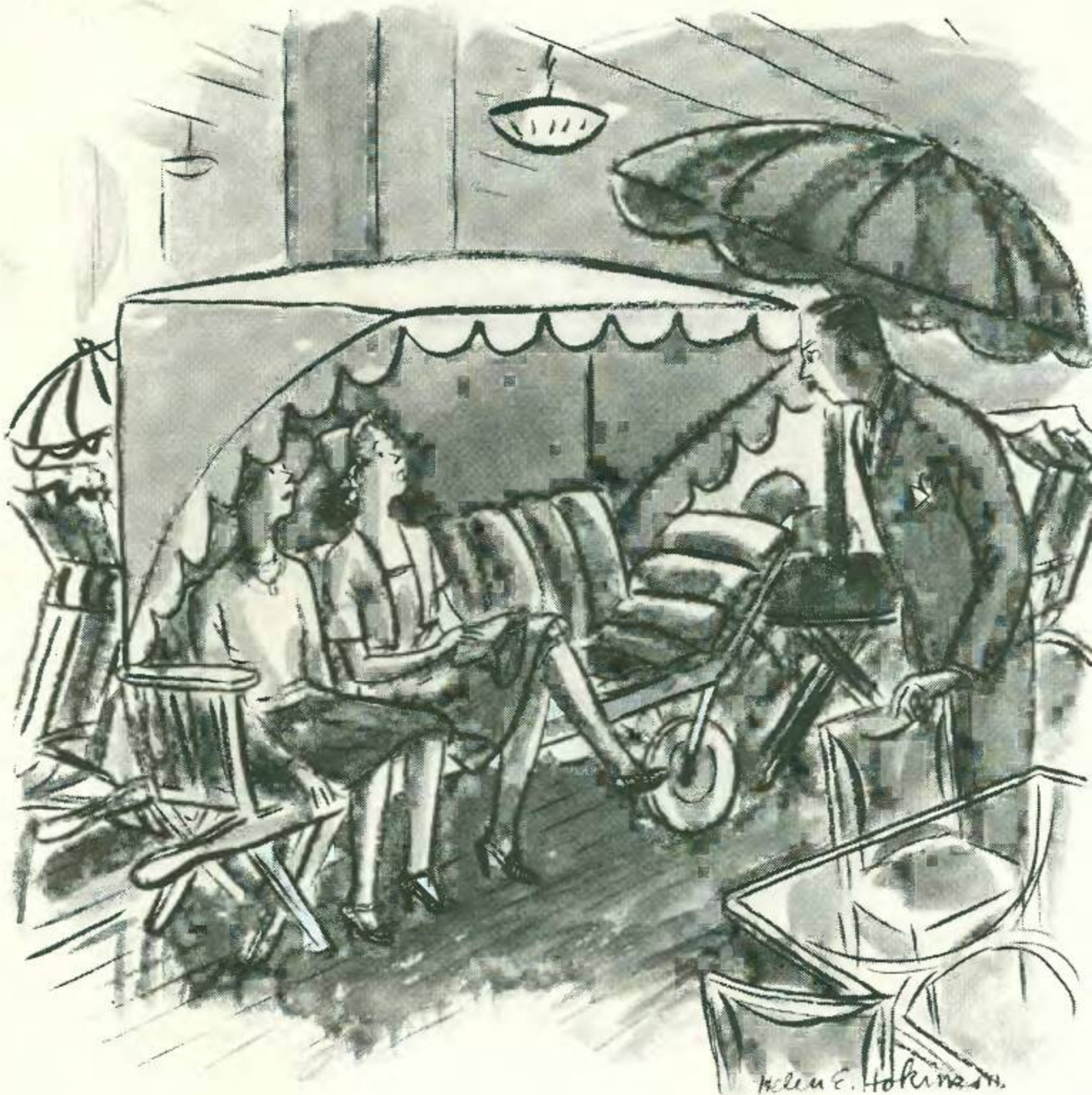
the house, drying out a room at a time.

Those who like their sensations in strong doses may be disappointed in the Arid-Fuser at first meeting, for it does not lower the temperature at all and you notice nothing in particular upon entering a room in which the machine is at work. (You may not even notice the machine; it is compact enough to be concealed by a good-sized chair.) A little later, though, you begin to realize that you are feeling fine.

The Arid-Fuser costs \$119.50. In average New York summer weather it is said to consume about fifty pounds (\$2.50 worth) of the calcium-chloride blocks a week. The cases come in wood finishes or plain gray paint. Windows may be opened slightly in the room in which the machine is used, and it may be hidden behind something provided you allow free air circulation all around it.

THAT Pitt Petri store at 501 Madison (52nd) is never satisfied. It seems only yesterday that I was adjust-

ing myself to a Chinese Primitive phase there after years of affection for its modern wares. Now what do I find but a crystal wave sweeping the shop, so that the whole place glitters and sparkles and there is scarcely an object in sight you can't see right through. Nothing could lend better support to Pitt Petri's new crystal-for-summer theory. They feel it is nonsense to banish anything so undeniably cool-looking as glass during hot weather simply because tradition says crystal is formal, particularly for tables. Pitt Petri can set you a table all in crystal from candlesticks to finger-bowls, with even the place mats done in that transparent-lampshade stuff, and it will be as informal as if laid with California pottery, although far more elegant. Their square salad and bread-and-butter plates, of the thinnest glass, are handsome as can be, and you never saw a fancier dessert service than their "petticoat" plates and bowls in white or black glass, with clear-glass ruffles making frills around the edges. The



"Of course, all we've got is a fairly large fire escape."

whole table turns Victorian when these come on. They're \$24 a dozen for the plates, \$12 for the bowls.

Table settings are by no means the only things Pitt Petri likes to do in crystal. There are innumerable vases and lamps; breakfast-tray sets in glass, notable because the coffee cups are almost jumbo size and the plates have sprays of blossoms painted on them in delicate fashion; and heavy decorative pieces in bird, fish, animal, and abstract shapes for those who get an almost hypnotic joy out of globular gobs of crystal.

Ask to see the free-fashioned things—glass objects which have been pulled like taffy into forms that pleased the artisan. They pleased me, too, particularly the bowls and vases swirled upward in irregular flares from thick bases. Some of them look like nothing at all until filled with flowers; others look something like flowers themselves; all are beautiful.

ALTMAN's Weekend Gift Shop, opening rather late in the season, started right in to fill a void. Scattered treasures from those secluded nooks in which the store abounds have been gathered together in plain sight at the new shop, which is in the very centre of the street floor and marked by awning-striped walls in pink and white.

Here weekenders rushing for the South Shore Express out of Penn Station, Long Island side, can run in and pull forth a plum. A reasonable number of Altman-and-nobody-else objects makes the spot doubly valuable for choosy customers: the Etienne Noël pottery, for instance, a richly colored assortment of hand-made, oven-proof pieces including casseroles, chop plates, tureens, and all kinds of tableware. These are really fine, although a little bulky to carry right out with you. You can buy a great round chop plate for \$2.95, though, that wouldn't make a suitcase bulge too much.

All the best things seemed a little on the large side. There was a white stoneware crock, nested in an outer casing of blue bakelite, which they said had insulating properties and would keep picnic fare hot, or ice cubes unmelted, for a good long time (\$2.85), and a giant cruet set all in wood, with two big cups to hold pickles or supplies of mustard and horse-radish for a large party (\$7.50). Then the chairs took my eye—Altman's famous Mexican ones with broad rush seats and brightly-painted wood frames; \$3.95 each. Altman always has these and I was happy

WANDERER *aus dem Tyrol*

As enchanting as a mountain field blown with flowers . . . a sweater captures the spirit of the Tyrol! • Small gay sprigs of flowers, appliquéd by hand, fresh as a Tyrolean hillside . . . on a sweater you will wear like a charm all summer. Created by hand, the Cardigan is fastened with unusual oblong buttons—all in the merry holiday mood! And you may choose it in a variety of summer pastel colors. • We suggest, as finishing accents, a jaunty Tyrolean hat and a faultless skirt hand-tailored of English doeskin. At the House of Smith . . . where the finest imports are notable for their moderate cost . . . the sweater is priced at £2/15/0.



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Rates

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\$8 per day and up.
American plan, including all meals.

THE MT. PLEASANT

\$6 per day and up.
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WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET

to be reminded of it, although their place among a selection of train-time presents seems open to question.

The shop also has a good group of games, both juvenile and adult, as well as linens, fancy groceries, all kinds of household files and memo pads and toys for children and dogs. I see I have mentioned nothing really startling in all this, but I think you can tell that the place is a good one to know about.

SMALL REFINEMENTS: At The Peasant Village, 245 Fifth Avenue (28th), a devilled-egg plate in pressed glass with an old beaded effect, rimmed with nice deep egg-shaped nests to keep the slippery things from skidding; \$2. . . . And at Lewis & Conger, a desk lamp with Polaroid glass shielding the bulb, to cut down the glare from the paper you're working on. Even Cellophane seems to lose its gleam under this, but the lamp is no object of beauty. Also, a light switch that doesn't make a clicking sound, or in fact any sound at all, when worked. Personally, I think I should miss that small familiar noise, but there must be enough jittery folk around to justify such a thing's being offered for sale. —B. B.

Gov. Lewis O. Barrows told the women that "through continued thought and application the women of the state can be of tremendous influence in directing the destinies of Maine"...

He suggested that the use of three one-cent stamps which bear the likeness of George Washington on letters instead of one three-cent stamp bearing the likeness of Thomas Jefferson "will indicate in a small way the desire to carry on the traditions on which this country was founded."

Governor Barrows said that while the matter of using one-cent stamps may "seem a trivial thing, it is only by being vigilant in such little things that we can overcome the alarming and disturbing things of today."—*Portland Press Herald*.

On the other hand, it would be pretty alarming if everybody in the state of Maine ran out of spit.

WORCESTER, MASS., July 11—Police Chief Thomas F. Foley today detailed the following officers to act as special guards for Prince Bertil of Sweden during his visit here today:

Lieut. James J. Flanagan, Patrolmen Edward Hogan, James Dolan, George Rafferty, James Dunn, Thomas Burns, Edward Cronin, Bernard Hanlon, Thomas McCarthy, Patrick Brosnahan, Walter Murphy, and William McGuinness.

—*Boston Globe*.

Sweden go bragh!

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for Luncheon and in the
Afternoon for Cocktails

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The **PLAZA** New York
FIFTH AVENUE • FACING CENTRAL PARK

OF ALL THINGS

MR. CHAMBERLAIN urges the Prague government to go as far as it can to satisfy the Nazis. Great Britain would fight, bleed, and die for Czechoslovakia, but would much rather not.

Ford's admirable formula at the age of seventy-five is "Talk with other folks and keep on learning." If Henry sticks to that long enough he will hear about the National Labor Relations Act.

British peers now feel that their government should make a token payment on the United States debt so they can get us for an ally in the next war. In that case, we would gladly send them a couple of fellows as a token army.

Visitors from Japan are saddened by the poor publicity their country is getting in America. All we hear about are boycotts, bombs, and beetles.

By order of the I. C. C., fares on the Hudson tube have been raised from six to eight cents, thus adding a little to the almost unbearable joy of staying away from Jersey City.

The *Times* urges the Long Island to clean up its unsightly right of way for the benefit of World's Fair visitors, but the railroad has its own method of dealing with this problem—not washing the windows.

Dewey has indictments in the taxicab racket with enough charges to send each defendant to prison for 827 years. This sounds pretty severe, but the boys might get some time off for good behavior.

The recent rise in the price of wheat is said to be due to the advance on the stock market. You see, brokers have started eating again.

The Olympic games were cancelled by Tokio because of the cost. There is the same reason, multiplied by a million, for calling off the armament race.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

Leave Them Sound Judgment, Too

Among the things besides experience which a successful man should acquire in the course of a busy lifetime is sound good sense. ¶ These intangibles are not the least of his assets . . . yet they are the ones which are normally the most difficult to bequeath. Failure to provide a substitute for them may mean "from shirt-sleeves to shirtsleeves in three generations." By choosing a competent executor and trustee in whom he has confidence, to represent him after he is gone, he may employ the sound judgment of those who are trained to conserve the property of others. ¶ Conditions now unforeseen may be met by providing adequate powers in his will. ¶ City Bank Farmers Trust Company, with more than a hundred years of experience, is equipped to carry out with sympathy and understanding the plan which your judgment may dictate.

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175 PRIZES FOR THE BEST ANSWERS

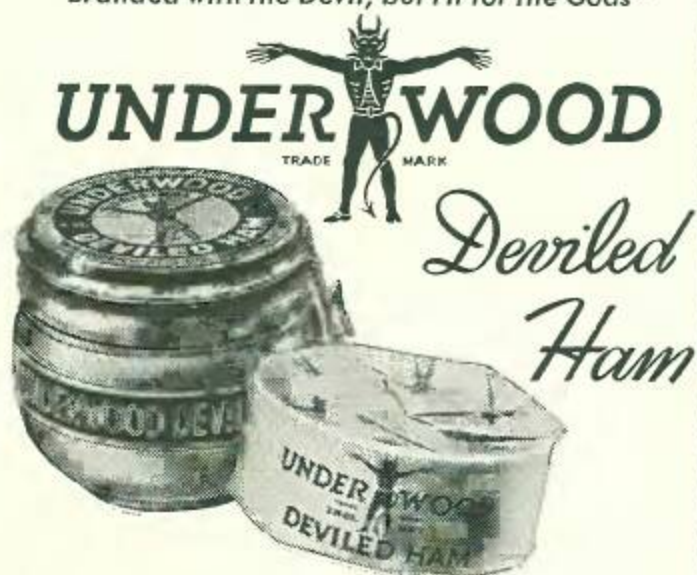
The simplest picnic sandwich perks up and gets noticed when you make it with Underwood Deviled Ham.

Here is an easy way to win a summer's supply of this "sandwich spread of the nation." Just write an answer for the girl in the picture above and enclose a label from any Underwood product (or a facsimile) with each answer.

Every one of the 175 winners will receive not only a dozen cans of Underwood Deviled Ham but also a dozen cans of Underwood Soups (4 Black Bean Soup; 4 Purée Mongole; 4 Clam Chowder). In case of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded. This contest closes August 20, 1938.

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LETTER FROM PARIS

JULY 23

THE visit of the King and Queen of England to Paris was the biggest and most popular public event since the armistice. What was dryly planned as a necessary, expensive, and elaborate diplomatic gesture, a last-minute motion to help preserve European peace, irrationally turned into a wholesale good time for all concerned, as if no one had a care in the world. Paris went on a four-day spree of cheering and sidewalk dawdling, and swarmed the streets at night in crowds that produced the most involved traffic jams seen here since the invention of the automobile. Governments never know what will catch their populace's fancy. The Parisians' delight in the presence of the English King and Queen exceeded any demonstration London has produced, even during the Coronation.



In planning and executing the royal entertainment, the French showed, after a lapse of decades, their genius for royal fetes. For years they had failed to give themselves a good time. In giving it to someone else, democratic Parisians ironically gave themselves more entertainment than they had had since Louis the Fifteenth died. The show Paris put on was superbly organized; it had imagination, humor, taste, and above all, perfect details. It was so good that the public, which saw little of Their Majesties and less of their entertainment, nevertheless had the time of its life. For those four days, no one did a lick of work except the Garde Mobile, the police, the soldiers, the sailors, the Sûreté Nationale detectives, and the firemen. These were worn out guarding the royal line of march. Being the most agile, the firemen were stationed on the roofs of the buildings; reserve officers were posted at the windows. Down in the street, the helmeted Garde Mobile faced the crowds; the police, soldiers, and sailors faced the royal limousine in a solid armed line wherever the King and Queen moved. In the narrow Rue Royale, Maxim's, Weber's, and Larue's were ordered to sweep clients from their terraces before Their Majesties rode by to the Opéra. On the mansard roof above Rose Descat's hat shop, policemen flanked the chimney pots. After the assassination of Alexander of Yugoslavia at Marseilles, Paris was taking no chances.

The Queen is quoted as having said

that she wished she could have seen the King and herself coming down the Champs-Élysées that first day, since the procession must have looked fine. It did. We, along with the assembled ladies and gentlemen of the world's press, saw it from the top of the Arc de Triomphe. The cortege looked like a diminutive, diapered pattern of swift-moving red, white, and blue—the blue and white of the galloping Spahis and the red and white of the galloping Republican Guard who escorted the car from which the Queen waved and the King saluted. The whole thing was over before the Arc de Triomphe pigeons, frightened into the air by the cannon salutes and the loudspeakers' "God Save the King," had had time to circle back to their nests on the statuary.

Disappointed at the brevity of the spectacle, Paris took its time about its enjoyment that night. After dinner, you could have walked till midnight from the Place de la Concorde to the Etoile on the tops of the immobilized taxis and cars. All Paris and a quarter-million of provincials in to see the sights possessed the centre of the town. Superb synchronized fireworks were shot from the top and bottom of the Tour Eiffel, the multi-colored fountains of last year's Exposition were revived to play in the Seine, searchlights at the Grand Palais crisscrossed geometrical patterns in the dark sky. Paris's finest architecture was floodlighted and trimmed. The Crillon and its twin Admiralty building were draped in cloth of gold and their façades were hung with scarlet Beauvais tapestries woven for the coronation of Charles the Fifth. The Chamber of Deputies' portico was nobly swathed in giant tricolors, and the lighted gold dome of the Invalides could be seen across the town.

THE royal couple probably had the most fun the next morning, when they went down the river from their private pier to the Hôtel de Ville. Their pier was fantastic. It bore a white Venetian tent on fancy poles, topped by a golden crown; the *quai* was decorated with red, white, and blue cement arabesques; a priceless Louis Fourteenth Gobelin tapestry was tacked on the embankment wall; along the royal carpet stretching to the waterside there was a double line of marine apprentices carrying antique halberds. The boat was a tourist-carrier left over from the Ex-

position and smartly streamlined. Below the Institute, a comic marine garden had been jocosely erected in the middle of the river to make the royalties smile. It contained two Loch Ness monsters spouting water from all points, spitting hippocampi, dolphins, and a forest of miniature trees.

At the Opéra gala, the King and Queen were escorted up and down the marble staircase by liveried torchbearers; the fountains outside were illuminated and their water was sprinkled with gold dust. On one side of the royal box sat the Prefect of Police, on the other side the Chief of Judicial Police, as the two most trustworthy persons in the house. The guests, as was the case with all the functions, were chosen exclusively from the government itself.

THE military review at Versailles, during which fifty thousand French soldiers passed before the King, was of course the real point of the visit, despite all the lovely fuss and feathers. For patriots and militarists, it was a splendid and picturesque sight. The often-criticized French army did France proud. It looked disciplined, virile, and well-tailored, and it put on a stunning show which the colonial troops—the bloomed Zouaves, the horn-blowing Senegalese, the Moroccan mounted regiments, with their *chéchias* and silver stirrups—stole as usual.

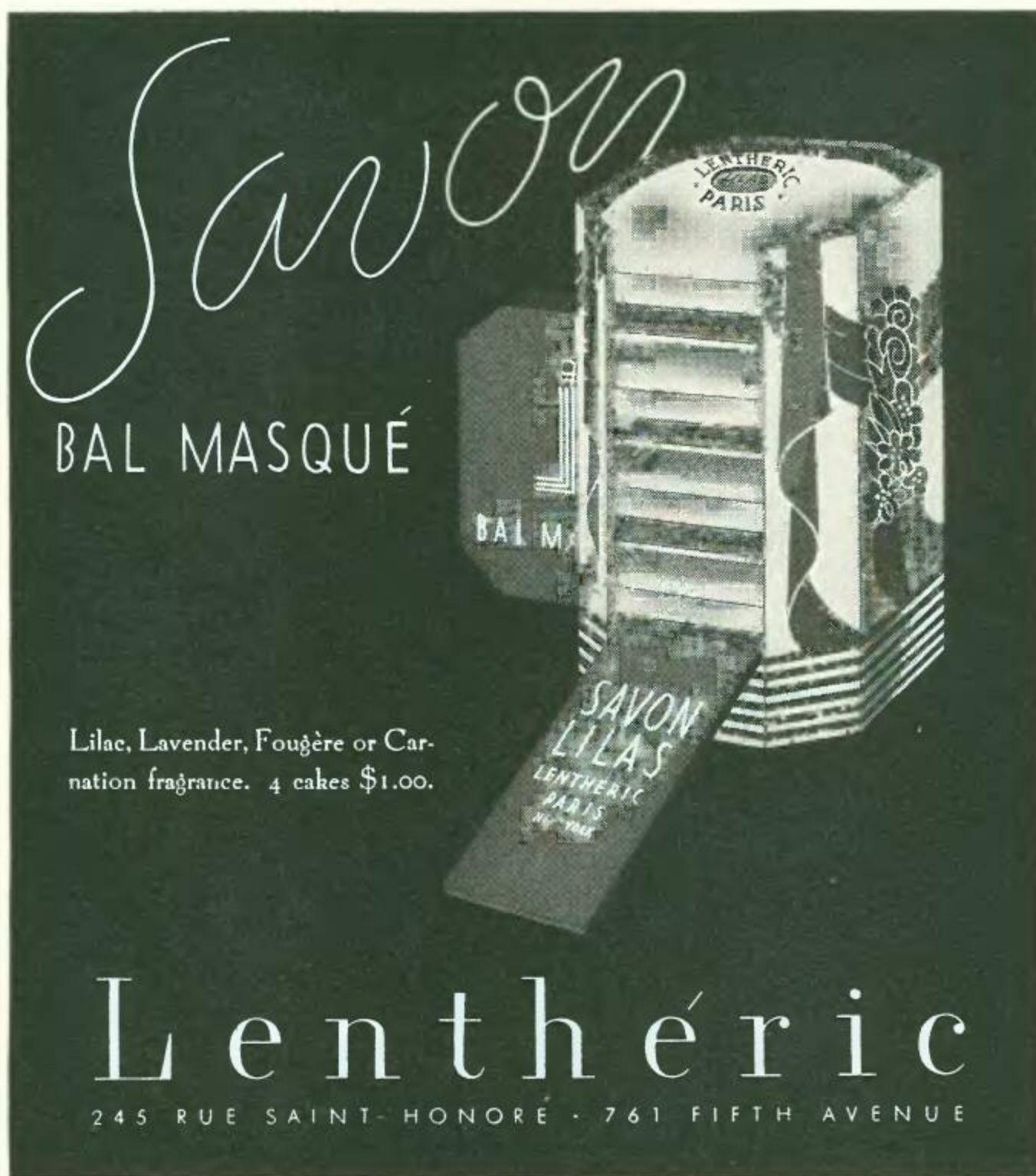
The luncheon served that noon at the Palace of Versailles was the grandest meal of the visiting royalties' lives, since the menu was like those of long-dead French kings. There was Egyptian quail, out of season; for the King and Queen, two magnums of champagne bearing the dates of their births. The viands were presented heaped on silver salvers borne by four hundred costumed footmen so carefully liveried that even their white wigs had been made to order.

Diplomatically, artistically, even humanly, the royal visit was a roaring success. Trained for more than a century in democracy, the French prefer the shout of "*Bravo!*" to the old, troubling cry of "*Vive le Roi!*" but they learned the British anthem for the occasion—phonetically. For four friendly days, republican Paris resounded to the loud singing of "Godd Saive ze Kinng."
—GENÊT

Certain banks have found it particularly desirable to modernize their faults.

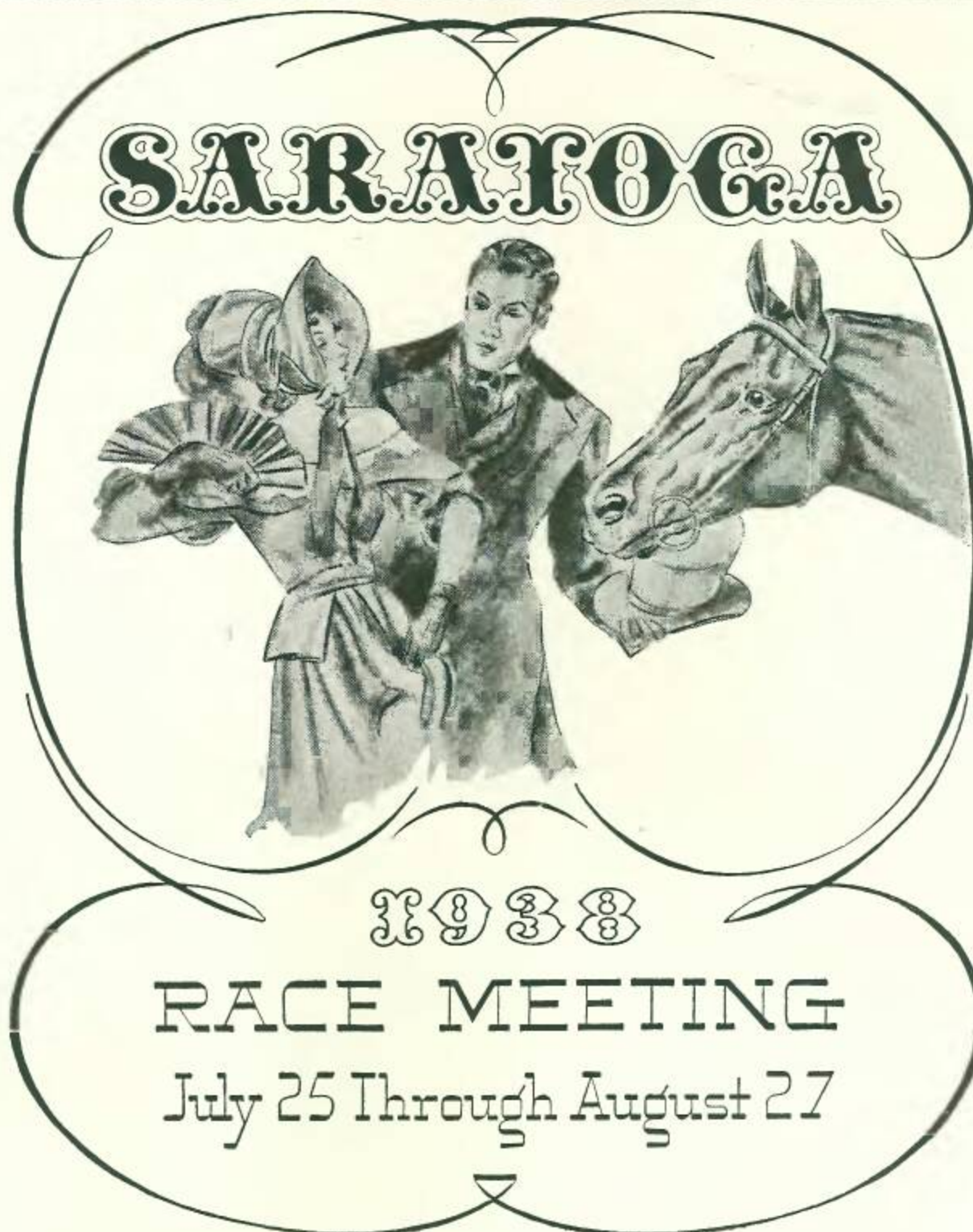
—United States Investor.

Might just as well.



Lilac, Lavender, Fougère or Carnation fragrance. 4 cakes \$1.00.

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1938
RACE MEETING
July 25 Through August 27

A REPORTER AT LARGE

ONE morning recently I paid a visit to the Manhattan Small Claims Court, which is located in an office building on Reade Street, just off Foley Square. Although there is one of these courts in each borough of the city, relatively few people know that they exist, because they dispose of only the smallest of the small fry involved in legal disputes. The newspapers seldom report proceedings at them, since the Small Claims Courts handle no cases involving more than fifty dollars (the average judgment last year was for \$24.53) and the most exciting controversy of an entire session may centre about the shrinking of a dress in a laundry tub. Justice in these courts grinds fine but fast—thirty-one thousand cases were hustled through last year, and that was six thousand more than in 1936.

The judge on the Manhattan bench this day was Philip D. Meagher, one of six who rotate around the city, presiding at one time or another in each of the Small Claims Courts and moving once a month. He and his associates receive \$7,200 a year apiece and they are appointed for life by the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court. A candidate for the position must be fifty-five or older, the presumption being that age endows a man with the common sense needed for the speedy dispatch of justice, which is one of the chief features of these courts. He must also have served at least nine years as a justice of the Municipal Court—a logical provision, since the institution I was visiting is an offshoot of that much older and more formal tribunal—or have been a judge of record for two elective terms.

Until 1934, when the Small Claims division was created (and, as its first case, awarded seven dollars to a Mr. Gutner, who complained that a waiter had spilled huckleberry pie on his trousers), poor folk were hard put to it to get legal settlement of cases involving sums which, though small, were vitally important to the persons concerned. Many men and women who fancied they had been cheated of a day's pay or overcharged a dollar for a pair of shoes went around muttering that there was no justice. It was easier to accept the loss and brood on the injury than to hire an attorney, pay the relatively

SMALL CLAIMS

high Municipal Court costs, and endure the delays in getting to trial.

THE courtroom, on the seventh floor, is so large and plain that I thought at first I had entered an assembly hall. Although the session had not begun, Judge Meagher, a round, pink little man with a bald head and silver-rimmed spectacles, was already on the bench, whispering affably to the court stenographer. The room was crowded with prospective litigants, who appeared to be numb with morning stupor. They were sitting silently together on long rows of folding wooden chairs which are portable but uncomfortable. A few people stared apathetically at an American flag, which stood out as a lone and forlorn decoration against the sickly yellow of the walls.

Suddenly the Judge finished his conversation and turned briskly toward the listless souls in front of him while the clerk began reading a list of names. Somehow—perhaps there was a helpful court attendant down front—those summoned knew what to do and formed a line at one side of the Judge's bench. Each time the clerk called a name, he turned over to the Judge a card on which were written the essential facts of the complaint. The Judge, with testy vigor but without emphasis, read the contents of the cards aloud as the

plaintiffs shuffled past him, one by one.

These, it developed, were the uncontested cases dealing with suits for wages, unrepaid loans, overchargings, and bills from grocers and doctors. Since the defendants were not there to answer the charges, Judge Meagher wanted only to verify the facts in the complaints and pass judgment. The pace of the proceedings was geared so high that the average case was disposed of in less than two minutes. It occurred to me that things would have moved even faster if the Judge had not addressed each complainant with the phrase, "Now tell me about it." I gathered that he wanted only confirmation of the facts he read from the cards, but some took it as an invitation to dilate upon their troubles. In such instances, the Judge, after chafing a few moments, would roar, "Can't you say 'Yes' or 'No'?" As an afterthought to these outbursts, he frequently added, "Saves time, saves money, saves health." When an occasional petitioner with a flair for courtroom folderol tried to take the witness stand, the Judge would rise halfway out of his chair to shout, "Down! Down, I tell you!" Usually, however, the complainants simply nodded after the Judge had read their cards and all he had to say was "O.K., O.K. Judgment for the plaintiff."

BEFORE long the morning's uncontested cases were out of the way. (They are immediately passed on to city



"Be patient, dear.
We'll find two together soon."

marshals, who collect payments for the complainants.) Next came the controversies, and as the Judge tackled them, he appeared to relax. A Negro woman was the first to walk toward the bench. She was a servant suing her former employer, a Dr. Sandler of the Bronx, for five dollars in back wages. The Judge said nothing to the woman, who remained silent throughout the hearing, but after skimming over the contents of her card, he looked up and asked briefly, "Why don't you pay her, Doc?"

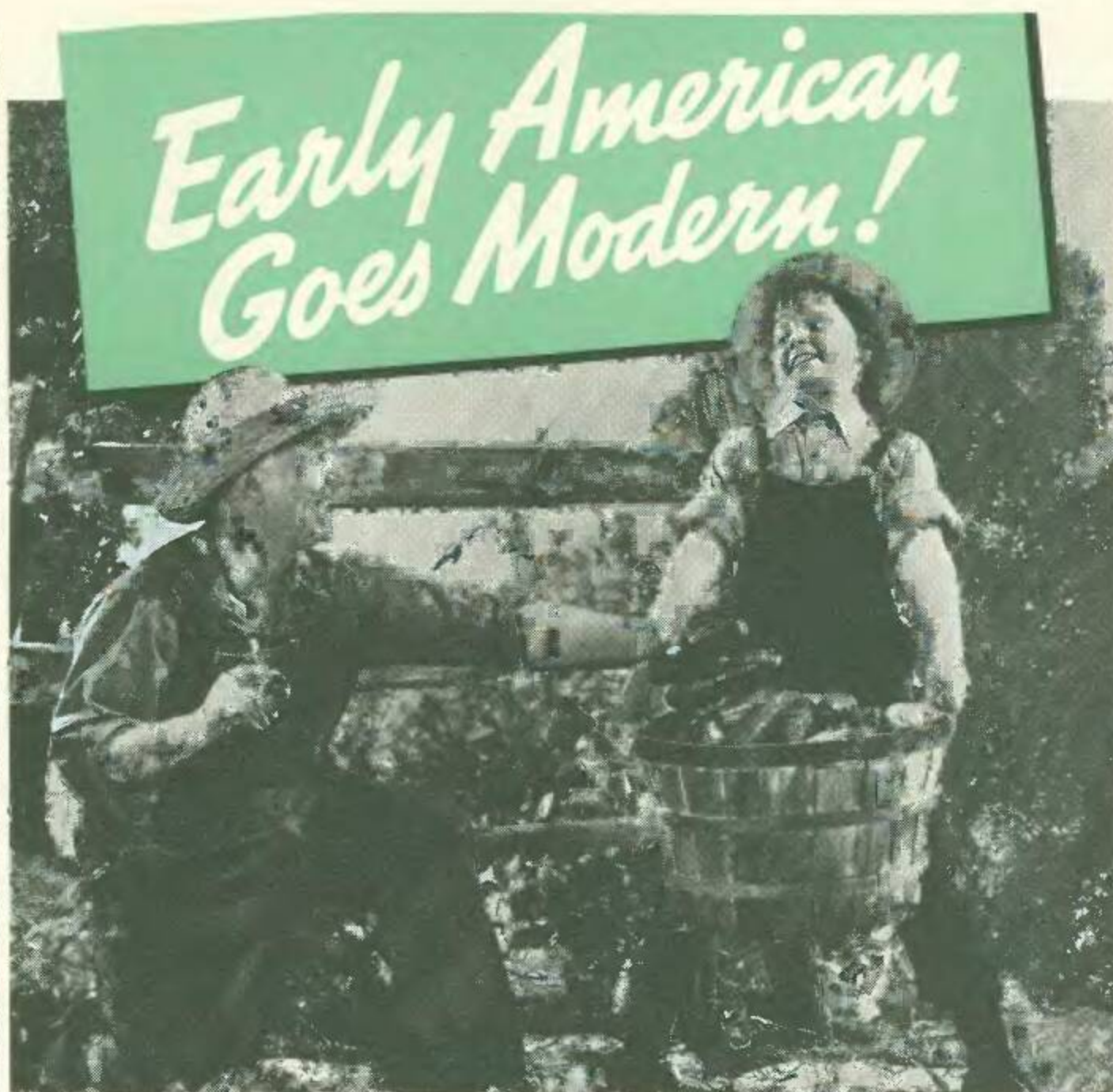
The physician, a young man with a black mustache, replied, "She was rude to my wife." He was about to explain further when the Judge interrupted him and, in the drawn-out monotone of a train announcer, called out, "Wait-uh-min-it, Doc!" The surprised defendant closed his mouth and just stood there.

"Say, Doc," the Court went on with surprising informality, "you look young enough to let an old man give you some advice. If you get down to the level of kitchen squabbles, you're not going to be a very successful doctor. When there are any fights in my kitchen, I always decide in favor of the servant, as a little bit of discipline for the old lady. We had a cook one time used to go out on sprees. I tell you how much I thought of her. When I found out where she was, I'd send my sedan and chauffeur to bring her home. She was all the better for it. Relaxed her completely. No complexes. I tell you, I liked that woman so well I'd send the chauffeur for her every time she got drunk."

He waited pleasantly for the other to think it over before he said, "Give her five dollars, Doc. Count it out." The Doctor, with a faint smile of chagrin, hesitantly did as he was told. Then he started for the door and had nearly escaped when the Judge called, "Don't let 'em put you in the kitchen, Doc!"

This little homily from the bench thawed out the gloomy crowd. While the giggles of the spectators probably had increased the discomfiture of the Bronx physician, they showed that the litigants now understood that this was not a court of rigid legalisms but a homey, colloquial forum. The next to edge forward was a runty, middle-aged man with stooped shoulders. Beside him walked a large grocer, carrying a cap in one hand and a white apron folded under his arm. He said his little companion was a customer who owed him forty dollars.

"I say God bless the grocer and the butcher who help us live!" Judge Meagher proclaimed suddenly, in an odd sort of chant directed at the re-



CUCUMBER-PICKLIN' TIME used to find grandfather out in his patch early in the morning—the dew still glistening on green vines trailing over the sun-baked earth. With infinite care he selected the firm, young cucumbers—for only the *finest* specimens were good enough for grandmother's cucumber pickle. And that's just the way Heinz feels about Heinz Fresh Cucumber Pickle! On experimental farms, special pedigreed cucumbers are developed—the tender, thin-skinned kind with that fresh, tart taste everybody relishes!

PLUNDER UNDER THE STAIRS! Remember the cool cellar in grandmother's farmhouse... the spicy incense of the pickle crock... those crunchy slices she handed out to a hungry boy? Mmmm—the good old days are here again! Heinz has re-created, in Heinz Fresh Cucumber Pickle, that early American taste-thrill!



57

MODERN MATRIARCH of the pickle jar now gives her grandchildren Heinz Fresh Cucumber Pickle! For it's a wholesome blend of Heinz own cucumbers, Heinz Vinegar, and imported seasonings—prepared according to her recipe. Have you a jar of Heinz Fresh Cucumber Pickle on hand for *your* pickle-pilferers?

"Land sakes—I've made them this way for years!"



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EAU FLORALE CONCENTRÉE is a lovely new fashion in perfuming that you can easily afford. For Houbigant now presents its finest odeurs in this new version of perfume... for lavish, all-over-body use... at ONE DOLLAR.

Think of using *Quelques Fleurs*, *Le Parfum Ideal*, *Presence*, *Bois Dormant* or *Country Club*... extravagantly, liberally, yet inexpensively! Patted on your body after the bath, these

precious odeurs gradually diffuse through lingerie and clothing, keeping you fresh and lovely wherever you go—whatever you do—from dawn to dark!

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pin it on yourself



her a bottle of "4711". We ought to get a medal for giving you the tip, but pin it on yourself.

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calitrant debtor. "Can you pay a dollar a week as a symbol of good faith? That's what the nations are giving the U.S.—a symbol." The little fellow lowered his head and muttered something that the Judge could not hear. A court attendant talked with him in a whisper and then, turning to the bench, reported, "He says his wife and children come first."

The Judge was about to comment on that when the grocer, flipping his thumb toward his customer, declared, "That man lives above his means." From the bench's reaction to that remark I thought for a moment the grocer had ruined his own case. "All Americans live above their means!" Judge Meagher cried exultantly. "It's the American tradition! Thank God for that! The whole thing is the warp and woof of that feeling you have when you wake up in the morning and say, 'Ha! Ha! I'm an American!' And then you go out and spend more money!"

The crowd, though puzzled, laughed nervously. The defendant, not encouraged by the turn of events, grumbled that maybe he could pay a dollar a week. That satisfied the grocer, who started to leave. Just as he reached the door, the Judge shouted after him, "Those payments will be around as sure as death and taxes!"

PRESENTLY, the Judge declared a recess and I took advantage of it to discuss with the court clerk some details of this breezy method of weighing right and wrong. Lawyers, it seems, are neither necessary nor welcome in the Small Claims Court. They cannot be excluded, though, because of the constitutional provision that anyone who wants may have counsel; about a quarter of the litigants do insist on bringing a legal representative with them. This accounted for the presence of the witness chair, despite its choleric effect upon the Judge.

Court costs in wage suits simply cover the expense of mailing a registered letter to the defendant, telling him that there is a case against him and the date on which it will be tried. This amounts to twenty or twenty-one cents, depending upon the uneven postage rates between the five boroughs. Suits over disputes other than wages cost a dollar and twenty-five cents, an arbitrary fee set by the legislature. The discrepancy in the charge between wage and other cases is explained on the theory that a person who has not been paid for services may need immediate relief of the most inexpensive sort while protagonists

of other kinds of wrangles presumably have *some* ability to pay. The higher fees are turned over to the city treasury, earmarked—so sanguine officials will tell you—for the reduction of taxation.

You get some idea of the benefit to the petty disputant when you realize that most Small Claims cases are decided within a week after the case is filed, and that whenever possible, judgments are paid off in the courtroom immediately following the decision from the bench. There are no postponements. Formerly, when petty claimants had to pin their hopes on the Municipal Court, they were obliged to pay an initial fee of a dollar and a half for any case, and it usually required twenty days to bring the matter to trial. Frequently, what with one legal delay and another, the interval was as great as six months. A contentious lawyer who knew the ropes could hold up a Municipal Court case indefinitely—or so it seemed to the layman. Obviously that was no place for a man claiming he had paid eighty cents for some ham but had never received it, or the tenant who sued his landlord for thirty dollars, contending he had been promised five dollars for every bedbug he caught in his apartment and that he had found six. Such cases are right up the alley of the Small Claims Court. Its rough, swift manner is intended to give the ordinary man more confidence than the legal hair-splitting of formal trial rooms.

THE first case called when Judge Meagher returned to the bench failed to stir him to oratory. A dumpy little woman limped up to the bench, followed by a young chap who wore his hair slicked back. She fumbled with a bundle, which she finally succeeded in unwrapping to display a pair of shoes. She told the court she had paid three-fifty for them. "They pinch my toes and he won't take them back," she said, nodding toward the young man beside her. The Judge fingered the shoes aimlessly for a moment and then, turning wearily to the defendant, he said, "Take the shoes and give the woman her money back."

"But they've been worn," the man protested. The Judge snapped forward and wagged a blunt finger at the shoe dealer. "You're stuck!" he exclaimed. "Get the idea?" It was the end of that small claim. The young man nodded quickly and Judge Meagher, appeased, said, "O.K. Count it out."

While the shoes and the cash were

changing hands, a Mrs. Beatrix Proutman started telling the Court how her body had been dyed a rich vermilion one warm day. It happened, she said, while she was wearing a dress made from goods bought in an Amsterdam Avenue shop run by Sidney Horwitzer, who had assured her that the colors would not run. She wanted seven dollars and fifty cents—the full cost of the dress. As she talked, Mr. Horwitzer stood by, impatiently grunting protests to her testimony. At last he succeeded in wriggling his way to the witness chair and sat there despite the efforts of the Judge to shoo him down to the floor before the bench.

The Court ordered Horwitzer to pay Mrs. Proutman the amount she asked. At this, the defendant began writhing in his seat like an epileptic and as he squirmed, he cried repeatedly, "Your Honor! Your Honor!" Thus appealed to, the Judge jumped up and shouted, "Down! Get down! On the floor! Pay her the money!" Horwitzer suffered fresh spasms. He left his chair and seemed about to flop up on the bench into the lap of Judge Meagher. But the latter successfully repelled him and yelled above the tumult, "Off the bridge! Who's the pilot here? I'm paid to run this ship!" Gradually Horwitzer subsided, and when he left with Mrs. Proutman he promised to pay her as soon as he got the money at his store. Mrs. Proutman appeared determined to accompany him until he did so.

No lull was allowed in the proceedings. A tiny Negro hurried to the bench, explaining that he was a painter who wanted forty-five dollars for brightening the walls of ten rooms for a family named Verstanding. He spoke with a British accent that gave pathos to his little plea. The defendant, a slender man, couldn't make himself understood in English, so his wife testified for him. She said the painter's work had not been satisfactory. The Negro shuddered and cried denials. Presently the Judge said the painter should be paid thirteen dollars.

"I been cheated horrible," moaned the dark little Britisher. "I could cry. I could cry." He took a few quick steps, as though he were in pain, and exclaimed, "It's ridiculous!"

Apparently the Judge was tiring, for he offered no counter-demonstration. A man named William Wiegand, whose green eyes bulged from his pallid face, came forward and, before he could be stopped, seated himself pompously in the witness chair. It developed that this



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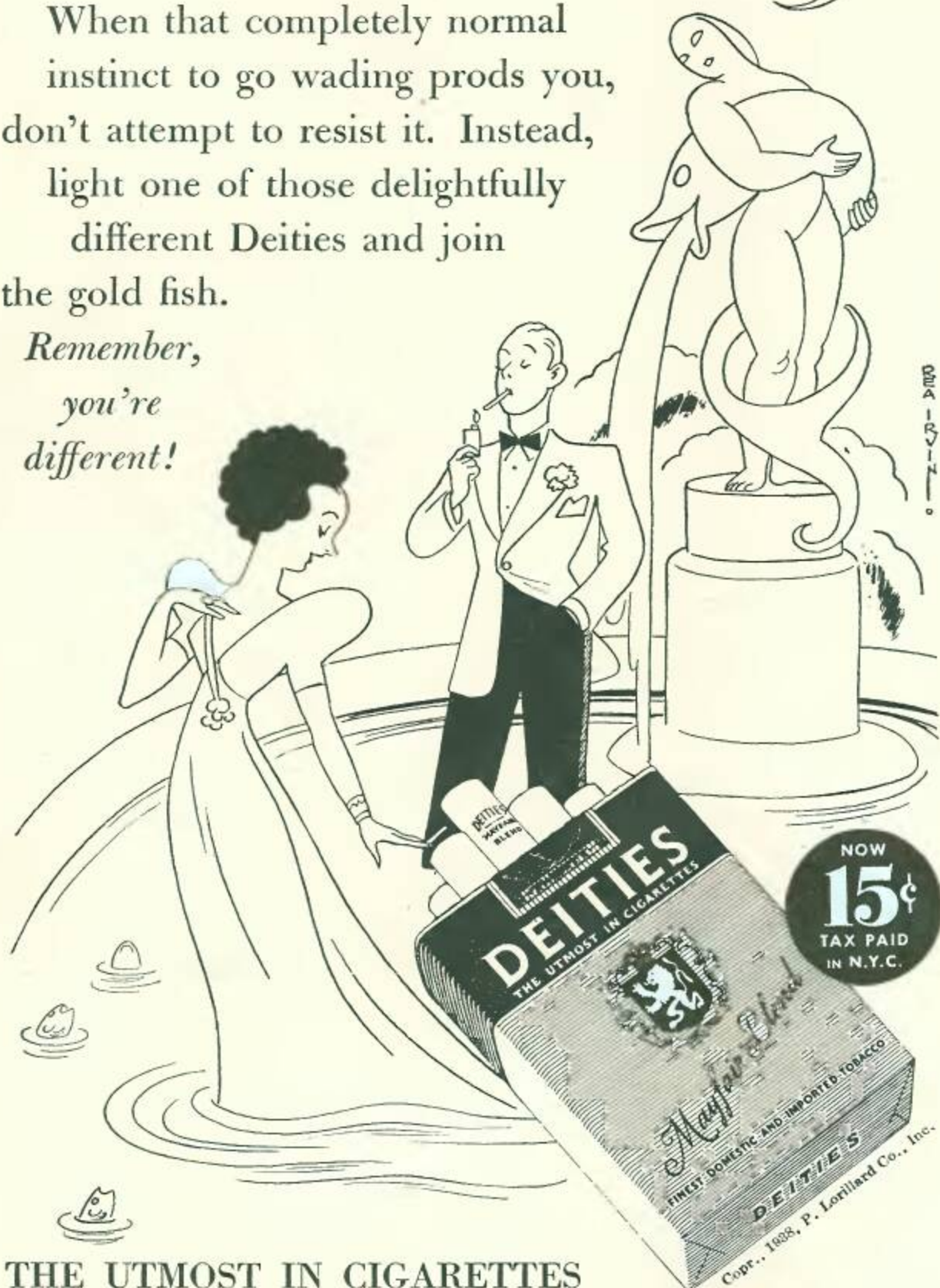
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was an uncontested case but that Mr. Wiegand had not been on hand when he was called earlier in the day. He wanted forty dollars from a landlord who had broken his radio and torn up his clothing.

"I got the radio for Easter Sunday music," said Mr. Wiegand, a man of about sixty, who had tried to cover the whiteness of his large skull with a few strands of hair plastered upward from the sides of his head. "I like the Gregorian—"

"Please don't, please don't," begged the Judge, waving the case card toward the plaintiff. "I have all the facts here, old man." Mr. Wiegand seemed relieved to hear this and placed his hand solicitously on the jurist's arm. He shouldn't have done that. "Down!" cried Judge Meagher, and his voice was almost a shriek. "Down! Don't come up here!" Then, as Mr. Wiegand drew back, he added in a hurt voice, "Why don't you let me stay in good humor?"

"But," Mr. Wiegand persisted, "my landlord instigated—"

"Don't use that word." The Judge spoke in a frenzy again. "Judgment for fifteen dollars. Don't use dollar words here!" Mr. Wiegand bit his lip and then, moving forward, started to whisper in the Judge's ear. "Don't whisper!" yelled the Court. "I hate whispering!" Losing patience entirely, he continued, "Down! Down! Get down! Move on! Will you please move on or shall I get an officer? Get along!"

Shaking his head, Mr. Wiegand left the stand and walked out into the hall. He was still standing there when the court recessed for lunch. Five minutes later Judge Meagher waddled out. He was even shorter than I had imagined. His face seemed redder, too, in contrast to his large gray fedora. Mr. Wiegand hurried to his side, grabbed his arm, and walked with him down the corridor to the elevator. As the car dropped out of sight, I heard the Judge bellow, "Please do not tell me about the points of law!"

—RICHARD O. BOYER

DE MORTUIS

The stony garlands mark the place
Where finally we lie;
Our names are coldly furnished forth
In letters one foot high.
How differently, and modestly, we cling
to earthy shores,
With only B, or A, or C on our
apartment doors.

—HENRIETTA FORT HOLLAND
and H. R.

THE RACE TRACK

Back We Go to Saratoga—Nedayr's Classic

AS far as I'm concerned, there's no pleasanter place to follow racing than Saratoga. If you're energetic, you motor out to the track for the workouts, which start at sun-up; have breakfast at one of the stable kitchens, which aren't kitchens at all but dining rooms, each with a butler, second man, and what not; watch Thomas Hitchcock school steeplechasers at Oklahoma, as the training ground is called; and later wander over to the yearling paddocks for a lesson in salesmanship from Kentucky traders. Of course, you don't have to be so active. Some people spend the morning taking the waters in the Hall of Springs on the Spa reservation; others get the day's tips from their favorite handicappers. Herbert Swope has five of those fellows mark his program. Colonel Martingale, however, prefers the old Irish custom of betting on the first horse he sees in the paddock. There's always something to do after the races. It's too early to report on the details of the night club and roulette situation, but it's safe to say that Saratoga is one health resort where your crutches won't be taken away from you at nine in the evening.

There's hardly been a year when somebody hasn't said that the two-year-old racing would be the most interesting part of the meeting. At last this may turn out to be the case; there are so many juveniles who are practically unknown quantities this season. Among those of whom there have been particularly good reports are Catapult, who clockers say is Glen Riddle Farm's best colt; Ed Bradley's Balmy Spring, a half brother of Blue Larkspur; Joe Widener's Miss Brief, a sister of Brevity; and Alfred Vanderbilt's Adventurer, a brother of Discovery.

Some of the better youngsters who ran in the Flash Stakes may be out again for the United States Hotel Stakes on Saturday. So may the Greentree Stable's Roll and Toss and the Manhasset Stable's Thingumabob, if they don't go to Chicago for the Arlington Futurity. Incidentally, War Admiral is in the Saratoga Handicap, which will be run the same afternoon. He won't start unless the track is fast, but if he's in it I fancy he'll win.

At this point you might make a note of other races you should see: The Kenner, August 3rd; the Schuylerville,

August 4th; the Saratoga Special and the Merchants' & Citizens' Handicap, August 6th; the Alabama, August 9th; the Sanford, August 11th; and the Spinaway and the Travers, August 13th.

That takes you over the first half of the meeting.



THE yearling sales, almost as good a show as the racing, will commence on August 2nd, and during the next fortnight about 600 thoroughbreds will be auctioned off. Last year 528 animals brought \$1,260,225; horsemen become nostalgic when they recall that in 1929 buyers paid \$1,884,900 for 524 head. Arthur Hancock's stock, which usually commands high prices, will be sold on August 5th. W. S. Kilmer's colts and fillies by Sun Briar will be offered the following evening. My kibitzers report that there are some especially choice prospects in the consignments from Coldstream Stud and Bramble Farm which will be put up on August 10th. You can bid on Sonny Whitney's yearlings on August 11th.

SO Nedayr, whom almost everybody had forgotten since his fade-out in April, won the Classic Stakes in Chicago. Listening to the broadcast of the race, I thought that after Bull Lea had disposed of Menow two furlongs from home he'd go on and win. Nedayr apparently is a superior mudder. Still, don't dash off and revise your handicap figures on the three-year-olds. Stagehand, who was down the course in the Classic, probably will win the Travers.

AS for Empire City, neither Jockey Dupps nor the players of favorites did very well. On rainy days—and weren't there one or two?—Dupps wore a pair of the brightest red rubber breeches you ever saw. He rode only five winners all week. My listener at the Wailing Wall says that eleven out of thirty-nine favorites came home in front. After Busy K. won the \$10,500 Yonkers Handicap lots of people remembered that he could have been bought not so long ago for \$2,500.

—AUDAX MINOR

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HOMAGE TO A HERO

THE other day a policeman attached to the station in my neighborhood was killed. According to the account I read in the morning paper, he was off duty, on his way home. A few blocks from his house he heard the cry "Stop thief!" and immediately pulled out his gun and gave chase. He was shot to death by the thief, who escaped.

The policeman's death caused a considerable commotion in his precinct, for it has suffered seven such deaths in the last six years. Besides, the slain patrolman was the father of seven children.

The second night after the shooting, McLarnin, a colleague of the murdered man, made his usual visit at the hotel where I stay. Every midnight he comes to the desk to smoke and gabble with Tom, the night clerk, and sometimes to take a nap in the back of the lobby. It was a hot night, and I was talking with Tom when McLarnin came in. He walked up and down in front of the desk a couple of times and then took out his pipe.

Tom said, "Too bad about Eddie Boyle. I can't believe it."

McLarnin pulled at his pipe and said, "It's true. I was there."

"At the time of the shooting, McLarnin? When they shot Eddie?"

"Almost. I was home, see. I don't live far from where Eddie used to live. I heard shooting. So I runs out and a couple of blocks away I sees a crowd. So I run over. The radio cars was there and a lot of cops. I tried to get into the crowd, but some of the dicks stops me and says who are you? I said I was a cop, and they looked at me and let me in."

"They knew you was a cop," said Tom.

"Yah. They can tell. So there I see Eddie in a pool of blood. Well, I saw there was a lot of cops and dicks and I figured I couldn't do anything anyway. So I run over to see his Mrs. I mean Eddie's. You see, we was friends and his Mrs. knew my Mrs."

"You mean friends, McLarnin?" said Tom.

"Sure. Why, I've known Eddie for years—ten, twenty years. Matter of fact we went to the same church, St. Ignatius Loyola."

"That's uptown," said Tom. "Way up. An old church. Big."

"Yah, pretty big. It's near where I live. Matter of fact I was married there."

"That's funny. Married there?"

"Yah. I was married there. I think Eddie was married there, too." McLarnin took his pipe out of his mouth, thought a moment, and put the pipe back in his mouth. "Still, I wouldn't say for sure Eddie was married there. Some things I don't remember so well."

There was a pause. Then McLarnin said, "I can't believe it he's dead. Only the other night him and me reported together at the station house, like the way we been doing. I can see him right here now."

"Me too," said Tom. "He wore a raincoat. You know for a while when I reads about him getting shot I thought to myself—mind you, I wasn't sure—that he was the copper who used to kick the bums in the subway who was sleeping there."

"Oh no, not him," said McLarnin.

"I know, I know. I was just thinking. So I says to myself, well, if that's him—it's an awful thing to say about the dead, but I said to myself if that's him it serves him right. I don't care who the copper is, they ain't none of them got any right to kick a bum down on his luck. See what I mean?"

"Oh no, not him," said McLarnin.

"I know. I was just saying."

"You mean Ted. He's a no-good copper. We ain't got no use for him in the station house. Not Eddie. Would he a done anything like that, hitting bums in the subway?"

"Sure, I know he wouldn't. Eddie was all right. I remember him now.

A sort of tall feller, with a raincoat. But he never told me he had seven kids. That's how I got mixed up, see."

"Eddie was a good copper. About the kids—well, you know."

"Sure," said Tom. "But I was just thinking. That's how I got mixed up. Was you up to see his Mrs.?"

"Sure I been up there. My Mrs. been up too. I was up tonight."

"Plenty of crowds?" asked Tom.

"I never saw such crowds. Inspectors and captains and his buddies from the American Legion. He also belonged to the Honor Legion of the police. And the American Legion. When they had the convention he wore a Legion cap with a police badge on it."

"Sure. They made plenty noise."



"Matter of fact they was orderly, come to think of it. Eddie felt good about that. You know, a Legion member and all that." McLarnin took off his hat and unbuttoned his coat. "Might as well be comfortable," he said.

Tom lit a cigarette.

McLarnin said, "Yah, there was a crowd over at Eddie's all right. You know what? They had to ask some of the people to get out to let others in. And you shoulda seen the flowers. Barrels of 'em. All kinds. He's sure having a nice wake."

"How's his Mrs.?" asked Tom.

"Well, you know."

"Sure. Seven kids. She'll get a hero medal, won't she, McLarnin?"

"Sure. They give them out once a year."

"Will she get a pension or something?"

"Yah. She'll get three thousand dollars right off and then some. I think sixty dollars a month. No, she'll get sixty dollars a month now, and then some benefit, or maybe she'll get fifteen dollars a week. Oh, I don't know, but she'll get something."

"She ought to get something," said Tom.

"She will, all right. And another thing, the coppers in the precinct will chip in five dollars apiece."

"How many of you in the precinct?" asked Tom.

"About a hundred and fifty. So we all gonna chip in five dollars apiece. That will come to more than five hundred dollars."

"Let me see," said Tom thoughtfully. "You're right, McLarnin, that will come to five hundred dollars, a little more or less, around there."

"Eddie's Mrs. could use it all right."

"Sure thing. Seven kids and all that. How old is the Mrs.?"

"Oh, about forty, or more, or maybe a little younger. Naturally, I never asked her. You see, I was a friend of Eddie's."

"Naturally," said Tom.

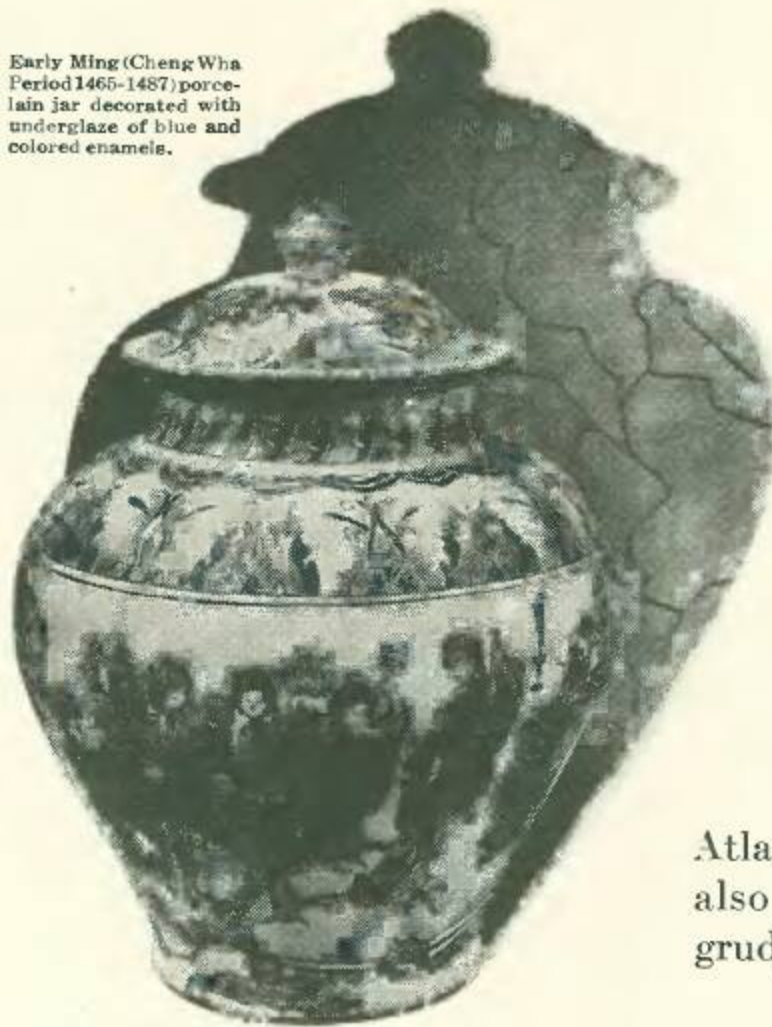
"So we all gonna chip in five bucks apiece. You see, we don't have to, but we will. The way I figure is this way—what the hell, you go to a gin mill or play a game of cards and there goes a fin. And you don't miss it, so Eddie's Mrs. might as well have it."

"I'd do it myself even if I didn't have to."

THERE was a pause. Tom lit another cigarette.

McLarnin said, "It's hard to believe it. Eddie dead. Funny, isn't it? He

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"I beg your pardon, Sir. I'm terribly sorry. Fact is, I've a most appalling headache, and the cool air does it good. I attended a most enjoyable party last night, and I'm feeling much the worse for it."

"My dear fellow, why didn't you say so at first? Trouble is, it's so long

since I've had a hangover myself, I've almost forgotten the symptoms. Was there no Rose's Lime Juice in your corner of the Shires?"

"Afraid I don't follow you."

"Rose's Lime Juice, I said. Subdues hangovers in advance. You either mix it with gin, or swallow a stiff glass solo before bed. Why, man, it's smoothed the paths of thousands."

"You're telling me that Rose's fills this long-felt want?"

"I've never known it fail."

"Then, Sir, I am deeply indebted to you. Here is my card. I trust that we shall see more of each other. Much more. Are you by any chance free to dine tonight? Wonderful how these chance encounters change the course of one's whole life."

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EDWARD H. CRANDALL

goes through the war without a scratch. Then he comes back and gets married and all that. And he gets shot right near his house, and off duty. Funny."

"You never know when you're next," said Tom. "Take my brother-in-law. He worked in Washington, in the government, making all right, living in a nice place. I was there five, six years ago about this time of year—July or August. Then he gets a cold and pneumonia, and bingo! he's gone. Can you beat that?"

"Was you to the funeral?" asked McLarnin.

"No, I couldn't, but my Mrs. was plenty put out."

"He was her brother?"

"Yah. A nice sort of feller. He didn't drink much either. When will the funeral be?"

"Tomorrow."

"There'll be a big crowd, I guess."

"Will there! They're gonna have a two-hundred-piece police band, and delegations from the American Legion, the Honor Legion of the police, and the K. of C. And lots of inspectors. Then they'll take him to the church, and music by the two-hundred-piece police band on the way. And our precinct will have a delegation—some of the night gang."

"How old is the kids, McLarnin?"

"From sixteen to two and a half."

"Funny, and Eddie looked so young."

"Seven kids. Nice kids, too. Quiet like him. Real nice kids."

"Is the oldest a boy or a girl, McLarnin?"

"A girl."

"Too bad. Where they gonna bury Eddie? Calvary?"

"No. Gate of Heaven."

"Oh, so I guess they'll take him over Fordham Road."

"No. They gonna take him over Triborough Bridge."

"Triborough Bridge!"

"It's a short cut," said McLarnin.

"So it is."

Then McLarnin said, "Well, I guess I'll take a nap. Watch out, Tom." He walked to the back of the lobby to his favorite couch.

"I will," said Tom.

—CHARLES ANGOFF

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[Headline on Emily Post's column in the Hackensack (N. J.) Bergen Evening Record]

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BOX B, THE NEW YORKER
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YACHTS AND YACHTSMEN

Many Boats and a Great Deal of Water

THE unprecedentedly large fleet of racing craft that turned out last week from all parts of the Atlantic seaboard for Larchmont's fortieth annual Race Week ran bow-on into the worst spell of weather ever encountered in any regatta on the Sound. There wasn't a true breeze all week and what wind there was came in fits and starts from every point of the compass, bringing with it floods of rain which dribbled off the booms and down the necks of the crews. These conditions mildewed the spirits of even the most enthusiastic young sailors. All that kept the fleet together was the determination to best the elements which, supposedly, is the essence of yachting. This mass display of perseverance and the efficient way in which the Race Committee handled the appalling number of starters were the only things worth putting on oilskins to see.



IN tonnage, the twelve-metres were the largest class on hand and, just to show how erratic the going was, each of the five boats in the class won a race. Nyala and Northern Light, two newcomers this year, were favored to win the series. The former, we gather, suffered from too much sailing talent; Northern Light, however, came through successfully, with Lee Loomis, her skipper, taking the honors on almost every start. Incidentally, we admire Loomis for the way he has slipped into this class without any of the customary fanfare. He sails his boat hard and yet gives the impression that he is out just for the fun of it and not for trophies. He withdrew from a race one day after a jam because, he said, he knew that someone must have been in the wrong and he was afraid that it was he. His father, Alfred L. Loomis, does the navigating and should be good at it, too, for he's a distinguished amateur astronomer. Between the two of them, father and son, Northern Light ought to get somewhere, and quickly. Bubbles Havemeyer, who went to Bermuda on Baruna and only stayed there for two hours, was aboard Gleam, which during the early races seemed to be the boat to beat.

It would appear that, despite all the tank-testing, the Twelves are still pretty evenly matched and the opportunity remains wide open for some designer to

produce a really outstanding boat. The waterfront gossips have it that a team of four Twelves is going to the Solent next year for a brush with the British but we won't believe it until we see them loaded on a steamer. We've heard talk about an international race in this class for the last ten years, but the J-boat owners have always come forward with plans which have eased the Twelve-Metre challenges out of the picture. It's gotten to be a joke to every-

one except the owners of the Twelves.

By far the outstanding performance of the week was that of Frank Campbell and his Rascal in the International One-Design Class. He sloshed around the course every day with his wife at the main sheet and never got worse than a third, which is nothing less than phenomenal in six races against twenty-odd boats. He won the series with points to spare. Campbell is a comparative novice, and another of those unobtrusive skippers who sail their races on the course and not on the clubhouse veranda.

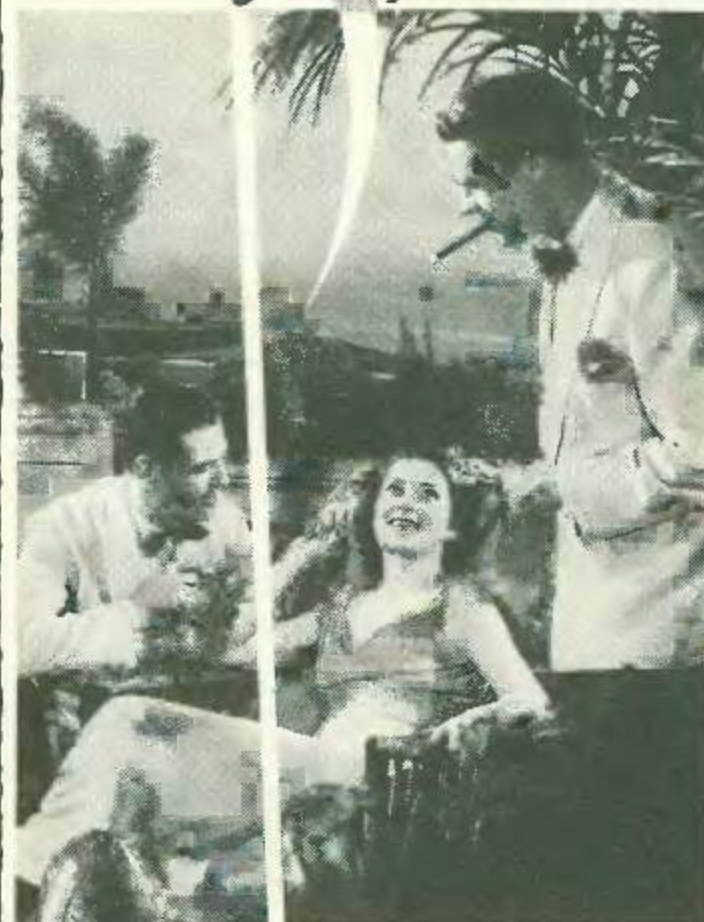
WITH the Six-Metre trials starting this week off Oyster Bay, there was considerable interest in boats of that class at Larchmont; it was the first time this year that they had raced in the horse latitudes of the western end of the Sound. George Nichols' new boat, Goose, seems fairly certain to be the favorite in the trials, but the going was so light and tricky at Larchmont that no definite conclusions could be reached. Furthermore, we have a hunch that most of the boys were saving their resources for the big test this week. The old Totem seemed to be able to keep up with the best of them at times and it wouldn't surprise us to see her selected to help stave off the British in September.

FASHION NOTES: The chairman of the Race Committee wore a gendarme's cape and Jim Baldwin showed up at Fancy Dress disguised as a mint bed. —BOSUN

A raindrop never can attain a speed of more than about 30 feet a second no matter how far it falls.—*Tucson Arizona Daily Star.*

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I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER

IN MAY, 1911, the Standard Oil Company was ordered to dissolve within six months by the Supreme Court. Many senators and representatives thought that the Court was too powerful; President Taft didn't like the decision. On the day following the ruling, the stock market soared. Although the enormous sellers among novels were Gene Stratton Porter's "The Harvester" and Harold Bell Wright's "The Winning of Barbara Worth," everybody in town was reading "Queed," by Henry Sydnor Harrison. Hobble skirts closely confined women's legs. Sir W. S. Gilbert was drowned in the lake at Grimsdyke, his estate, and Arnold Bennett, on the wave of the great American success of "The Old Wives' Tale" and "Clayhanger," made his first trip to America. Bennett was feted once in Philadelphia by the late George Horace Lorimer. The host had gone to considerable trouble to get terrapin from some tiny spot in Maryland, where the terrapin is so fine it is said to be worth its weight in radium. It was served drenched in the rarest of sherries.

"What is this?" asked Bennett.

"It's a kind of turtle."

"Oh," said Bennett, pushing his plate away, "I shan't touch it."

There were many who flocked to hear Tully Marshall in Clyde Fitch's "The City" say, "You're a God-damned liar!", which was 1911's farthest north in realistic daring. The whole country was exercised over the fly's extermination; the slogan "Swat the Fly" was real and earnest. Public indignation ran high over the Triangle shirt-waist fire in Washington Place, which cost the lives of one hundred and forty-eight people; nine months after the fire, Isaac Harris and Max Blanck, charged with manslaughter, were acquitted by Judge Crain in General Sessions. There was a controversy in town over whether—and why—Geraldine, the daughter of Syd Farrar, the baseball player, should be called Farrar. It was William A. Larned's last year as tennis singles champion, and J. J. McDermott's first year as Open golf champion. It was still considered humorous to draw cartoons and write paragraphs on the opening day of the baseball season about the death of the office boy's grandmother. The American papers were full of the news of King George V's coronation. *Punch* printed "They say your son Ned's wanted by the police." "Well, there's no accounting for tastes."

—FRANKLIN P. ADAMS



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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Quiet Spell

THIS is the week of the midsummer slump. Not a film in sight need bestir the finer fibres of your mind. There loom great things in the offing, of course, and soon enough "Marie Antoinette" will be right on top of us, along with "Alexander's Ragtime Band." In a way, this sag is abrupt, for the early summer was prolific of bright movies. Unless you are one of those nervously up-to-the-minute persons, however, you will doubtless find enough around town to fulfill your needs. A good picture for neighborhood houses with a leisurely clientele, for instance, is this "We're Going to Be Rich," with London's Gracie Fields and Victor McLaglen, who is London's, too, I suppose, since he did happen to be born there. There's nothing stuffy or ambling about the piece; "We're Going to Be Rich" may be British but it's about South Africa in the old gold-rush days, and one gathers from it that the gold rush there was as tough a business as ours was out West, when the Mackays and the Fairs struck a bonanza. As a music-hall singer of the period, Miss Fields is a charmer; her rendering of "There Is a Tavern in the Town" made me a child again just for the night. Then there are ballads like "Walter, Walter, Lead Me to the Altar," and "Oh, You Naughty, Naughty Men," and "Don't 'Ang My 'Arry," which has a sweet line in it to the general effect that "you mustn't forget as you wring his neck that you're breaking his mother's heart." You can see that the musical items will appeal to the genteel, those polite souls with just enough strength to totter around the corner to the local Odeon.

THAT all stories of life in Yorkshire and similar localities need not be dull may be discovered by an inspection of "South Riding," Alexander Korda's latest presentation. This film, from Winifred Holtby's novel, has to do with provincial politics, graft, a housing scheme, the County Council, and a heroine (Edna Best) who is just a teacher in the neighborhood high school. To be sure, there are incidentals like an insane woman, an illegitimate child, and a snack of blackmail to color up the landscape, and these certainly serve to enliven the piece. Without them the story might seem too

drab, yet they are not dragged in merely for sensationalism. They are part of the whole thing, well handled and woven together to make what seems an honest and sensible sketch of this Yorkshire district. Yorkshire, it appears, may divert even Westchester.



one scene of a plane falling some twenty-five thousand feet that is as exciting as any I can recall in flying films. With a makeshift plot of familiar ingredients—jealousy, rivalry, bravado, and a proper dash of technical references—and with Richard Dix, Chester Morris, and Joan Fontaine, all able enough, the movie is crisp and more than merely a minor thriller of its kind.

"Booloo," a current absurdity concerning a beautiful maiden (not Dorothy Lamour this time) offered as a bloody sacrifice to the "White Tiger of the Sakai," is seasoned with glimpses of monkeys, tigers, and various odd Malay wild things. The maiden and her rescuer are, of course, somewhat in the way.

As is to be expected, the photography in the Soviet's "If War Comes Tomorrow" is superior. The display of armaments justifies that optimism with which Russia faces the future. The spirit is perhaps best indicated by a matron's comment as she foresees her own death on the battlefield. "My son," she says, "will not be an orphan. He will be a Bolshevik." —JOHN MOSHER

DON'T GIVE IT A SECOND THOUGHT DEPARTMENT

[From The New Yorker, July 16, 1938]

Nobody knows what might have happened to international yacht racing if it hadn't been for Gerard B. Lambert, who, although a Johnny-come-lately to sailing, was eager to help save his country's face as an impressive contestant in J-boat competition. Working heroically on this neglected patriotic mission, Lambert and the few staunch yachtsmen who kept faith in the cause appear to have been more successful as salvagers than the politicians churning about Washington on more publicized missions. Yacht racing has survived. . . .—Page 22.

. . . the J-boat Class is deadlier than a cod.—Page 55.



• The Seabright Invitation Tournament starting on the 25th, is a tradition with Eastern tennis followers. Almost as staunchly established with the players in this tournament is the use of Chrome Twist Tennis Strings, as a glance at the record book will prove.
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MUSICAL EVENTS

Concert Records



AN English view of George Gershwin appears in a memorial set of two records made in England and released here by Columbia as album X-95. One disc, "Gershwin—King of Rhythm," includes bits by Carroll Gibbons and his orchestra; Larry Adler, the harmonica man; Hildegard; and short "dubbings" from Gershwin's own phonographic efforts, all presented with graceful commentary from Christopher Stone. Although this is interesting as an "occasional" record rather than as an exposition of Gershwin music, it belongs in any fairly comprehensive Gershwin collection. The second disc contains excerpts from "Porgy and Bess" played by the Gibbons ensemble with singing by Miss Anne Ziegler, who seems to be an unusually gifted soprano, and Webster Booth, who sounds miscast in this music.

Earlier American music appears in an entertaining "American Song Album" (Columbia set 329), in which the Madrigal Singers, directed by Lehman Engel, preserve some of the Americana which they used to present in town at the Federal Music Theatre. Mr. Engel has gathered up early hymns, war songs, sentimental ballads, and minstrel airs, and his singers, with Everett Roudebush contributing accompaniments when required, intone them with a delightful absence of quaintness. The diction hasn't always registered on the discs, but there's a handy leaflet of texts, in which Mr. Engel supplements the words with useful memoranda about the songs.

FROM Victor comes an outbreak of violin concerti, all recorded in this country by super-fiddlers. Jascha Heifetz, with the Boston Symphony, plays Prokofiev's second concerto (M-450)—new to New Yorkers, unless they travelled to Boston to hear it last December. Fritz Kreisler performs his version of the Paganini first concerto (M-361)—actually a new work based on the first movement of the Paganini opus—with The Philadelphia Orchestra. This is practically a novelty here because Mr. Kreisler has played it in Carnegie Hall only with piano accompaniment, and if you haven't heard the orchestral setting, you've missed something. Yehudi Menuhin transcribes

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MOTION PICTURES

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to wax Schumann's violin concerto (M-451), for which he is an eloquent propagandist. John Barbirolli and the Philharmonic-Symphony assist.

Of the three concerti, the Prokofieff seems the most important, being not only the best of recent violin concerti but a substantial composition, leaving time out of it. The second movement is top Prokofieff; the first is almost as good; and the third suffers only from an apparently arbitrary jerkiness. Mr. Heifetz's playing couldn't be better, and Mr. Koussevitzky conducts the orchestra handsomely.

The Kreisler-Paganini collaboration is charming, effective music all the way, and it ought to be a great crowd-pleaser. The composer—taking it as a Kreisler creation—seems a bit cautious here and there on the records, thus losing some of the impact of his music. The orchestra, led by Mr. Ormandy, is immense without being too aggressive.

Mr. Menuhin does everything that can be done for the Schumann concerto, which still sounds to me like good, second-rate Schumann.

SIR THOMAS BEECHAM, always welcome, turns up on both the Victor and Columbia lists. For Victor, he conducts a concert of Sibelius music (M-446), consisting of the fourth symphony, the orchestral legend "Lemminkäinen's Homeward Journey," and six excerpts from incidental music for "The Tempest." Columbia sponsors Sir Thomas as director of Schubert's "Unfinished" symphony (set 330). The London Philharmonic, impartial fellows that they are, play equally well for Sir Thomas under Victor or Columbia auspices.

The Sibelius album is required listening for all Sibelians. To make a short home program of the set, play first the "Tempest" selections, then the legend, and finally the symphony. Anti-Sibelians, if such still exist, will be persuaded of the composer's versatility and power. Everybody will be convinced that Sir Thomas is one of The Conductors.

Schubert doesn't fare quite so well with Sir Thomas. For all of the skillful modelling and strength, the symphony, in this version, sounds unduly severe. It's pleasant to hear the music with the usual sentimentality omitted, but some of the charm is missing, too.—R. A. S.

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BOOKS

Physicians May Leave Their Names at the Box Office

YOU will recollect that the merited success of "Personal History" set every publisher in town signing contracts with any and all foreign correspondents who could be stimulated by a five-hundred-dollar advance to put their lives on paper. The consequence of this delirium of contract-signing was, within a very few years, the portentous appearance of a Literary Trend. A minimum of six such Literary Trends makes it possible for any literary critic who knows his business (but not the publishing business) to write pieces on the History of Public Taste.

At present foreign correspondents are Out, doctors are In. You can hardly pick up a volume of autobiography these days without learning how the anecdotal Dr. Jones made that high-forceps delivery in a transcontinental plane with no instruments available except a shoe-horn and a worn toy magnet. Now, if I had plenty of space at my disposal, I might easily refer the current rage for books by and about doctors to (1) the growing concern with the problem of mass health (Sociology); (2) the universal interest in subjects touching on the morbid (Psychology); (3) curiosity as to the doctor's experiences with ethical problems ordinarily taboo in polite conversation (Morality); (4) reader-identification of the doctor with the father image (Psychoanalysis). My own feeble theory is based on the notion that twenty publishers, noting the success of "The Story of San Michele" some years ago and "The Citadel" only recently, decided that the distinguished firms of Dutton and Little, Brown had no monopoly on the idea (Economics).

All of which is not to be taken in the least as a reflection on Arthur E. Hertzler's "The Horse and Buggy Doctor," the most heart-stirring thing that has come out of Kansas since Mr. Landon's magnificent defeat of Lemke, Browder, and Thomas. When Pop (of course he's called Pop) Hertzler began his medical studies half a century ago, doctors were willing, hard-working, and blissfully ignorant. They were experts at opening boils on the necks of small boys, and their moral character made the fortune of Sir Luke Fildes—but they didn't know what to do when children were choking to death with diphtheria. It was during this Stone Age of the profession that Dr. Hertz-

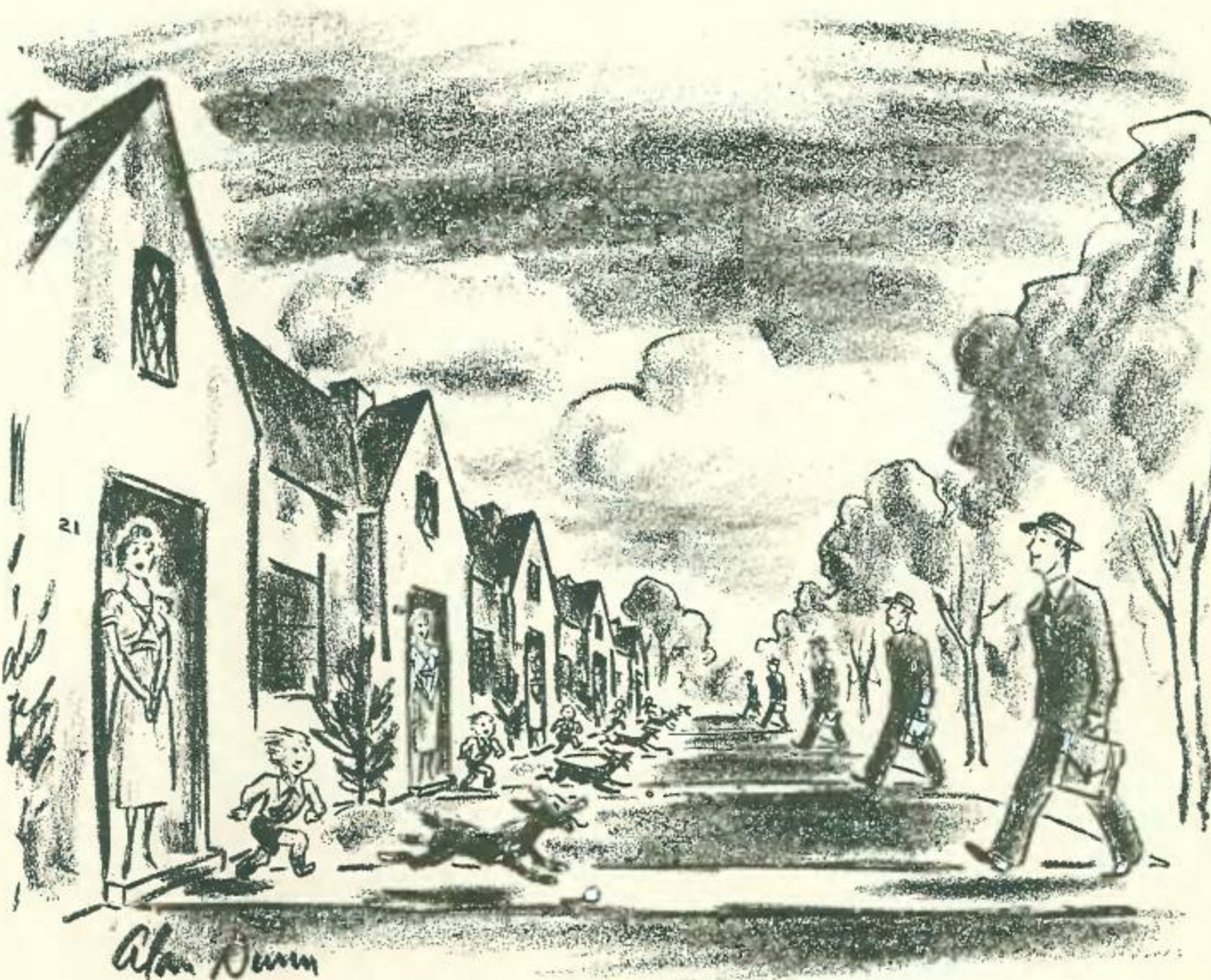
ler began his daily and nightly rounds.

Those were the days when at medical school the anatomy lecturer would hold up a bone from the skull, announce loudly, "Gentlemen, this is a sphenoid bone. Damn the sphenoid bone!" and toss it back into the basket. Those were the days when a country doctor would spend most of his time wandering about the prairies in an old gig. Equipped with his little black bag, a revolver for shooting dogs, a wire-cutter for making his way through fences, a scoop shovel for getting his buggy out of ruts, and very little more knowledge than his patient, he would set out to fulfill the Hippocratic oath.

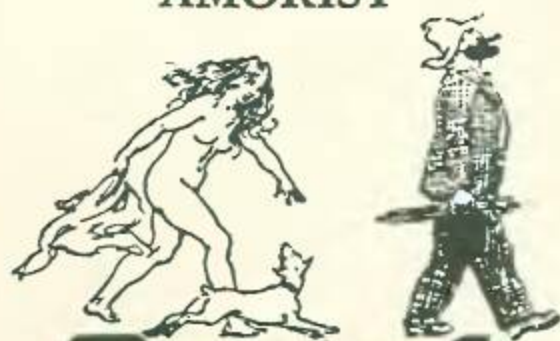
Pop Hertzler, however, was not satisfied with this Douglas Corrigan kind of practice. He went to Germany, studied under Virchow, became an expert anatomist and pathologist, and has written thirty books in his field. And he stayed in Kansas—that's the point of his story. He stayed in Kansas, jogging about in his buggy, painfully going through a Model-T stage, freezing in milk trains, suffering in country hotels, and having a wonderful time doing four men's work and getting underpaid for it. Some of his best stories have to do with the kitchen surgery of the period. He has a fine old crusty contempt for modern hospital operations that look as though designed by Walter Teague, with their batteries of face masks, their

mountains of sterile linen, and their streamlined assortment of oxygen tanks and transfusion apparatus. Give Dr. Hertzler a plain kitchen table, a big pan of hot water, an oil lamp (a flashlight will do), an odd scalpel or two, and a first-rate fifty-pound ovarian tumor, and he will ask little else here below. Working under conditions that would scare a Park Avenue man into an error in bookkeeping, Pop Hertzler has performed practically every known operation from ingrowing toenails to Gasserian ganglions, including one on his own neck—a whale of a story. A good operation, he is convinced, requires only two things: a surgeon and a patient.

In some ways the most interesting part of the book does not deal with these farmhouse dramas but with the multitudes who came to Dr. Hertzler's office for advice. Apparently he recognized the non-organic nature of many diseases long before there was an established therapy for dealing with them. His accounts of the odd effects of sexual repression on the good Kansans and Kansanesses, while guarded in their tone, are extraordinarily penetrating in their insight. Female complaints he divides into two general classes, the female complaints and the male complaints. He gives the whole show away in a definition he used to try on his students: "A gynecologist is an unfortunate individual whose mission in life



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GURNEY AND GURNEY, HOSTS

is to aid the human female to correlate her biologic instincts with the dictates of Christian ethics." It is needless to add that Pop Hertzler is himself a fine old-fashioned Christian who believes in both the instincts and the dictates.

You have guessed by this time that Dr. Hertzler is opposed to socialized medicine, New Deal health economics, and other such newfangled notions. He forgets, of course, for he is a modest man, that such newfangled notions are in part made necessary by the fact that most doctors are far from being Pop Hertzlers. You may not agree (I don't) with the emphasis he places on "the human touch," or with his feeling that Kansans form a special race blessed by God, but you will admire his integrity, his high but not stuffy conception of his calling, his gift for getting it all down on paper, and the continuous play of his dry, Will Rogers (early period) wit. I like "The Horse and Buggy Doctor" very much and think it a far honester and realler book than the much touted "San Michele" and the overpraised "The Citadel."

BELIEVING firmly that J. B. Priestley has fallen in love with our Southwest and can write about it like a streak, I believe nothing else in "The Doomsday Men" and wish he hadn't written it. It has to do with the sinister MacMichael brothers, who live out in the California desert, where they have rigged up an apparatus which can and will destroy the world. Their attempt is foiled at the last moment by the forces of good. Handsome Malcolm Derbyshire marries Andrea MacMichael, who turns out to be not really a MacMichael at all but to have just as good blood in her veins as you or I or "The Good Companions." If Mr. Priestley had called his little contrivance "The Three MacMichael Boys and Their Atom-Smashing Machine" and released it to the Buck Rogers trade, all would have been well, but surely he cannot expect us to be taken in by his smooth talk of deuterons and photons or by his women's-club lectures on "What Is Our World Coming To?" Also, Mr. Priestley, no American says



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SUMMER 1938

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John Peale Bishop
Monopoly and National Efficiency
Cross Purposes in the New Deal
Walter Millis
Inefficient Efficiency
David Cushman Coyle
Poetry . . . Harry Brown,
Ben Belitt, Lawrence Lee
The Austrian Republic: An Obituary
Sigmund Neumann
Bugle Song. A Story . . . Wallace Stegner
Roughing It in Philadelphia
Marie Kimball
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with impunity "Let's have a proper look" or even "Are you on the end of a telephone?"

I think it's just dandy that Mr. Priestley should have had such a pleasant vacation on his beautiful ranch, but vacations should not be put into novels. At least, not if the novelist is as talented as Mr. Priestley is or was.

—CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED FICTION

MONDAY NIGHT, by Kay Boyle. All the style in the world does not save from dullness this would-be horror story about a young medical student, a seedy author-dipsomaniac, and their joint quest for Dr. Sylvestre, a toxicologist whose science has sent many to the guillotine. Miss Boyle makes the damndest things happen to them, but it's all so obscure and eccentric as not to make much difference to the reader.

BOOK OF KINGS, by Philip Freund. The author of "The Evening Heron" turns for his subject to American-Hungarians and a vain and ambitious hero. The people are interesting, but the whole thing reads more like notes for a novel than a novel itself. Freshly conceived and somehow incomplete.

OLD MOTLEY, by Audrey Lucas. A long novel about the English theatre in the eighteen-thirties. The local color is bright and pleasant, but Miss Lucas is a little too prone to kill off all the disagreeable people and bring the nice ones out right in the end.

EMILY, by Sally Benson. Mrs. Benson vs. most of her sex in fourteen short stories, half of which were first published in this magazine.

GENERAL

CHEDDAR GORGE: A BOOK OF ENGLISH CHEESES, edited by John Squire, with illustrations by Ernest H. Shepard. A delightful volume on a delightful subject, containing informative tributes to Stilton, Cheddar, Cheshire, Double Gloucester (ah, there's a cheese for you!), Leicester, Wensleydale, Caerphilly, Dunlop, Irish, and Blue Vinny. Among the tyro-philosophers represented are the editor, the late Osbert Burdett, Oliver St. J. Gogarty, and the magisterial gastronomer André L. Simon.

MY LIFE AS A REBEL, by Angelica Balabanoff. The author was a leader in the prewar Second International, a helper and associate of Mussolini in

his Socialist days, and an important co-worker in Soviet Russia from 1917 to 1921. Her autobiography offers an intimate account of most of the great revolutionaries of our time, an inside story of the Italian labor movement, and the reasons for her disillusionment with Bolshevism, which she believes has departed from true revolutionary Socialism.

THE ROLLING WORLD, by Richard Hallet. Two-fisted memoirs by a popular short-story writer who has had adventures, many of them very funny, in a hundred odd places, from copper mines to windjammers. His stories of John L. Sullivan, whom he knew well, are priceless. Fine male reading.

HISTORIC SALEM IN FOUR SEASONS: A CAMERA IMPRESSION, by Samuel Chamberlain. Brilliantly clear small photographs; unobtrusive text.

VERSE

THE VERONA PRESS RHYME SHEETS, 1-6. Verses from the Greek and Chinese, and by George Barker, Geoffrey Scott, and others, decorated in color by Chirico, Dufy, Maillol, et al. Very pleasant both to read and look at.

MYSTERIES

THE BEAST MUST DIE, by Nicholas Blake. Slight case of premeditated murder planned by Frank Cairnes, whose son has been killed by a careless motorist. Grand reading for those who prefer a murder story to a detective mystery. Smart alecks may get their comeuppance in the last few chapters.

MIDNIGHT SAILING, by Lawrence G. Blochman. Murder and intrigue aboard the Japanese freighter Kumomaru, sailing from San Francisco. Beautiful Dorothy Bonner has the papers, and Glen Larkin, foreign correspondent, is the unraveller. This recommended book is amusing and exciting.

At the evening service at 7 o'clock chorus choir will sing, "O Lord, How the Reverend Fischbach will preach on Excellent" by Bierly.—*Lansing (Mich.) State Journal*.

What key is *that* in, for Pete's sake?

LOS ANGELES LOT—Exchange for St. Louis. LAclede 8189.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

You might at least throw in Fred Astaire.



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