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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

THE FIFTH COLUMN—The Hemingway heroine has been purified by Benjamin Glazer and the Theatre Guild, but otherwise this play about the war in Spain has been dealt with respectfully and well. Franchot Tone's counter-espionage agent is fine, and he gets a lot of assistance from Lee J. Cobb, Katherine Locke, Lenore Ulric, Arnold Moss, and Emile Boreo. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat. Extra performance Sun. Eve., May 5, for the Actors' Fund.)

LADIES IN RETIREMENT—The sanest of three crazy old maids strangles poor Miss Fiske and puts her in an oven, making one of the most satisfactory melodramas you've ever seen. Gilbert Miller's production is helped enormously by Flora Robson, Estelle Winwood, Jessamine Newcombe, and Isabel Elsom. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

LADY IN WAITING—An adaptation of "The Nutmeg Tree" which would be rather thin without Gladys George's high-spirited comedy and may be a little thin anyway. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

LIFE WITH FATHER—Mother manages to get Father baptized, though against his better judgment. A very pleasant comedy, based on Clarence Day's book. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney head the cast. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

LILIOM—Vinton Freedley's successful revival of the Molnár fantasy, with a fine cast including Burgess Meredith, Ingrid Bergman, and Elia Kazan. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

THE MALE ANIMAL—A human comedy about academic freedom—more free than academic, thanks to the light touch of James Thurber, one of the authors. The other author, Elliott Nugent, appears at the head of an excellent cast. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER—Monty Woolley is splendid as the famous raconteur who turns an Ohio household upside down. John Hoysradt and Carol Goodner are a couple of his famous friends. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

MARGIN FOR ERROR—Clare Boothe's melodrama about the assassination of a German consul. Otto Preminger and Sam Levene make it seem somewhat brighter and more exciting than it really is. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. 8:50. Mats. 2:50, Wed. and Sat.)

MEDICINE SHOW—An interesting plea for socialized medicine that is as much a lecture as a play. (New Yorker, 54, W. CI 6-2737. 8:50. Mats. 2:50, Wed. and Sat.)

MORNING STAR—Molly Picon in her first full-length play in English, which is certainly a break for Broadway. The play itself, however, is a trifle too sentimental and naïve. With Joseph Buloff and Sidney Lumet. (Longacre, 48, W. CI 6-6454. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

MY DEAR CHILDREN—If you are charmed by the idea that John Barrymore may start shooting out the lights, you may like this otherwise rather tiresome comedy. Elaine Barrie is also in it. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

SKYLARK—A comedy about love and the advertising business which hasn't much to recommend it except Gertrude Lawrence, but she is probably enough. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. 8:40. No performance Mon. Eves. Mats. 2:40, Wed., Thurs., and Sat.)

SUSPECT—This play, by the authors of "Ladies in Retirement" but a good deal less satisfactory, presents Pauline Lord as an acquitted murderess who wishes people wouldn't keep reminding her of her past. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. 8:40. Mat. 2:40, Sat. Closes Sat., May 4.)

TOBACCO ROAD—Seventh year. With Will Geer. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

OUT FROM UNDER—A comedy by John Walter Kelly, with Ruth Weston, John Alexander, and Margaret Douglass. Staged by Antoinette Perry and produced by Brock Pemberton. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

THERE SHALL BE NO NIGHT—Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne in a play by Robert E. Sherwood. Staged by Mr. Lunt and produced by the Playwrights' Company, the Theatre Guild, and John C. Wilson. (Alvin, 52, W. CO 5-4114. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

WITH MUSIC

DU BARRY WAS A LADY—Ethel Merman and Bert Lahr at their clowning zenith in a musical which is



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MAY 2, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 11. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING.

beautiful to look at and funny to listen to when it is not being too dirty. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

HIGHER AND HIGHER—Lots of pretty girls and a Rodgers and Hart score just about making up for a dull book. With Sharkey the Seal and a supporting cast which includes Jack Haley, Shirley Ross, and Marta Eggert. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. 8:40. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

NEW HELLZ-A-POPPIN—Not a great deal different from the old one, but was that bad? With Olsen and Johnson. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

NEW PINS AND NEEDLES—Mostly new material in this revue put on by garment workers, which has surprised the town and themselves by being a satirical phenomenon. (Windsor, 48, E. BR 9-3824. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

REUNION IN NEW YORK—The refugees who did "From Vienna" last year presenting another attractive and touching revue. (Little, 44, W. LA 4-9791. 8:40. Mat. 2:40, Sat. Closes Sat., May 4.)

TOO MANY GIRLS—Love and football mixed up in one of the best musicals to come along this season. Rodgers and Hart wrote the music, George Abbott directed, and the cast includes Marcy Wescott, Mary Jane Walsh, and Hal LeRoy. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 5-7783. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

TWO FOR THE SHOW—A bright and pleasant sequel to last year's "One for the Money." Nancy Hamilton doesn't appear this time, but she wrote the sketches, and Brenda Forbes, Eve Arden, Richard Haydn, and all the rest do very nicely by them. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG—Another play by William Saroyan, with Walter Huston and Jessie Royce Landis. Staged by Mr. Saroyan and Eddie Dowling and produced by the Theatre Guild and Mr.

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET

TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
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Dowling. Opens Thurs., May 2. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Thurs. and Sat.)

GREY FARM—A melodrama by Terence Rattigan and Hector Bolitho, with Oscar Homolka and Adrienne Morrison. Opens Fri., May 3. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-0296. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

TO WHAT RED HELL—A play by Percy Robinson, with Sara Allgood, Reginald Mason, and Richard Waring. Produced by the Shuberts and Joseph M. Gaits. Opens Mon., May 6. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

THE STRANGLER FIG—A mystery by Edith Meiser, based on John Stephen Strange's novel of the same name, with Miss Meiser and Eddie Nugent. Opens Tues., May 7. (Lyceum, 45, E. BR 9-0546. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

ROMEO AND JULIET—Vivien Leigh, Laurence Olivier, and Dame May Whitty in the Shakespeare play. Staged by Mr. Olivier and Robert Ross and produced by Mr. Olivier and Bernard Klawans. Opens Thurs., May 9. (51st Street, B'way at 51. CI 7-5545. 8 o'clock. Mats. at 2, Wed. and Sat.)

MISCELLANY

NO TIME FOR COMEDY—Katharine Cornell and Francis Lederer appearing in a one-week engagement of the play they presented on Broadway earlier this season: Tues. through Sat., May 7-11. (Majestic Theatre, Fulton St. near Rockwell Place, Brooklyn. NE 8-2720. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Fill-in orchestras may be substituted here and there on Mon. Eves.)

AMBASSADOR, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Vincent Bragale's and Larry Stry's orchestras alternate in the Trianon Room. You'll have to dress if you want to dance after 10. Closes Wed., May 8. ... The Summer Garden will open the following night, with Larry Stry's orchestra.

BILTMORE, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—Sleepy Hall and his orchestra play for dancing and double as comedians in the Bowman Room.

COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887)—One of the nicer small spots, with Anne Francine, Nicki Raymond's and Donn Marton's orchestras, and the Tisdale Trio.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—They've found space, somehow, for the De Marcos to dance here. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band. Dress preferred.

FÉFÉ'S MONTE CARLO, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-7341)—One of the best, as you must know by this time. Ted Straeter's and Ray Morton's orchestras. Dress required.

LA MARTINIQUE, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757)—A downstairs place—bright, gay, and likely to be crowded. Danny Kaye heads the show, and there's music by Val Olman's orchestra.

LARUE, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—A popular place among unhurried people who regard dancing as an art rather than an exercise. Joseph C. Smith's and Eddie Davis's orchestras.

MONTFARNASSE, Madison at 79 (BU 8-2345)—Not as far off the beaten track as you might think, and worth the journey anyway. Ray Benson's orchestra and a rumba band play for dancing.

NINE O'CLOCK CLUB, 125 E. 54 (EL 5-2922)—Designed for the younger set, and frequented by it too. Charlie Murray's and Don de Vodi's orchestras.

PARK LANE, Park at 48 (WI 2-4100)—Dinner dancing in the Tapestry Room to music by Joe Marinaro's orchestra.

PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Paul Haakon and Jane Pickens perform in the Persian Room, where Eddy Duchin leads the band with his hands and his teeth. Must dress if you're going to dance after 10.

RAINBOW ROOM, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 6-1400)—Eddie Le Baron's band and a show are in the Rockefeller's big and lofty music box. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10. ... Marlynn and Michael go on dancing in the Rainbow Grill, where Barry Winton's orchestra plays.

ST. REGIS, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The Roof will open on Fri., May 3, with Hal Saunders' orchestra and a show. Formal dress required on the dance floor.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Hildegard will replace Dwight Fiske in the Café Lounge on Fri., May 10. Emile Petti's orchestra plays.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—The same faces at their accustomed places. Ernie Holst's orchestra and Johnny Rodriguez's rumba band. Dress preferred.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—Songs by Harry Richman and dance music by Maximilian Bergère's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—The Starlight Roof is now open, enlivened by Bonnie Baker and Orrin Tucker's orchestra. ... Nat

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NEW YORK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Brandwynne's orchestra keeps right on playing for supper dancing in the Lounge Restaurant.

SUPPER CLUBS—For times when you want entertainment but don't want to dance—**LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Elsie Houston's South American folk songs, and Billie Haywood's able swing singing, accompanied by the equally able Cliff Allen at the piano. . . . **ALGONQUIN**, 59 W. 44 (MU 2-0100): Greta Keller sings and John Buckmaster does monologues. Closes Tues., May 7. . . . **BREVORT**, 5 Ave. at 8 (ST 9-7300): you'll like the guitarist and a spruce young couple who play two-piano numbers. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB**, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): the incidental music is pleasant, and so are the lights of the Park below.

MISCELLANEOUS—At **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): a dance floor no bigger than a minute, music by Frank Mandella's orchestra, and songs by Adelaide Moffett. . . . **CASINO RUSSE**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): only a step from Carnegie Hall, and a pleasant place to drop into after a concert. Dancing to music by Nicholas Matthey's orchestra. . . . **POLISH RESTAURANT**, 151 E. 57 (PL 3-2816): one that caught on quickly, with a Polish orchestra which plays polkas as well as rumbas. . . . **WARWICK**, 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): a small, pleasant spot, with William Scott's orchestra. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Al Donahue's orchestra will be replaced on Thurs., May 9, by Larry Clinton's. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Nick D'Amico's orchestra. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra. . . . **ST. MORITZ**, 50 Central Pk. S. (WI 2-5800): Eddie Varzos' orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT**, Madison at 46 (MU 6-9200): Frankie Masters' orchestra. . . . **GLASS HAT**, 130 E. 50 (WI 2-1200): Basil Fomeen's orchestra. . . . **KIT KAT CLUB**, 152 E. 55 (EL 5-0543): a Negro show and Connie McLeans' band; for late prowlers, this one. . . . **JIMMY KELLY'S**, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): rowdydown fun down in the Village for people who never seem to want to go home.

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—At the **DIAMOND HORSESHOE**, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): Billy Rose's new show will open here on Sun., May 5. . . . **BEACHCOMBER**, B'way at 50 (CI 6-0644): one of Broadway's best, to judge by the crowds; Sonny Kendis's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . **HURRICANE**, B'way at 49 (CI 6-7147): a new tropical place, with Eddie Bush's orchestra. . . . **LA CONGA**, 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): Nano Rodrigo's orchestra and a Latin show. . . . **HAVANA-MADRID**, 1650 B'way, at 51 (CI 7-3461): a show full of rumbas and congas. . . . **18 CLUB**, 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Jack White's broad humor continues to be the main attraction. . . . **COTTON CLUB**, B'way at 48 (CI 7-1000): a new show will open on Fri., May 3, with Buck and Bubbles, Sister Tharpe, and Andy Kirk's orchestra. Closes Thurs., May 2.

PURE SWING—At the **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): John Kirby and his orchestra playing for admirers who just sit around the bar. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): a Village institution, with Joe Sullivan's band, Joe Turner, Hazel Scott, the Golden Gate Quartet, and the boogie-woogie pianists, Johnson and Ammons. . . . **NICK'S**, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): another downtown swing centre, with Sidney Bechet's Trio. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a casual little cellar nook, with Clarence Profit's Trio and some Calypso singers.

HARLEM—A couple of places where the antics of the natives almost make the trip uptown worth while are: **SAVOY BALLROOM**, Lenox at 140 (ED 4-0271), with Benny Carter's band; and **GOLDEN GATE BALLROOM**, Lenox at 142 (ED 4-3380), with Lucky Melinder's and Coleman Hawkins' bands (closed Mon.).

FOREIGN FLAVOR—Scandinavian: **CASTLEHOLM**, 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0874); and **QUEEN MARY**, 40 E. 58 (PL 3-2313). . . . Russian: **KRECHMA**, 244 E. 14 (GR 7-9784). . . . Latin: **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646); and **CLUB GAUCHO**, 245 Sullivan (GR 7-4833).

Three Viennese places started by refugees, who carry on with lots of spirit, especially at the supper hour: **ALT WIEN**, 323 E. 79 (RH 4-8966); **CAFÉ DE L'EUROPE**, B'way at 77 (TR 4-6711); and **WIENER FIAKER**, 223 W. 80 (TR 4-9245).

ART

AMERICANS—A small, well-selected show that covers a hundred years of painting (1820 to 1920) and includes a fine John Kane and an excellent Maurice Prendergast: Walker, 108 E. 57; 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 2.

BLANCH—Paintings of the backlands of the West and South. Detail sometimes gets in the way of design, but they're honestly observed and recorded: Associated American Artists', 711 5 Ave., at 55. Daily 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 4.

BRITISH PORTRAITS—An exhibition of forty paintings by Van Dyck, Raeburn, Romney, Gainsborough, and other seventeenth- and eighteenth-century masters, for the benefit of the Greater New York

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Fund: Duveen, 720 5 Ave., at 56. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through May 4.

CHAGALL—A group of attractive new gouaches, together with his big symbolic painting, "The Flight of the Rabbi": Perls, 32 E. 58. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 4.

CORBINO—Circus subjects, among others, strikingly dramatic if a little lush, in a show of recent oils and drawings: Macbeth, 11 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 4.

DERAIN—A kind of rich Dutch heartiness seems to be his present mood, and it shows up best in several big, food-laden still lifes. A benefit for the American Friends of France: Matisse, 51 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 11.

DICKINSON—Landscapes that are unemphatic, hazy, and very romantic, but appealing: Passadroit, 121 E. 57; 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 2.

DOVE—New oils and water colors, done with more than usual compactness and integration of design: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through May 14.

EPSTEIN—His huge, controversial "Adam," and a group of strongly stylized portrait heads: Fine Arts, 215 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through May 25.

FLOWER PAINTINGS—Works by European and American artists, ranging from Bonnard to van Gogh and from J. Alden Weir to Max Weber. For once, the Americans come out well on top: Harriman, 63 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 4.

FRENCH GROUPS—At the **DURAND-RUEL**, 12 E. 57: a brilliantly painted Monet landscape and some nice Pissarro's, among other Impressionist pieces. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 11. . . . **GUY MAYER**, 41 E. 57: small paintings by post-Impressionists and other French moderns, including a fine tiny Dufy. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 11.

GROUP—Good pieces by Davis, Guglielmi, Levi, and Spencer in the Downtown Gallery's annual review of the season: Downtown, 113 W. 13. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 11.

HORDYK—Paintings by a modern Dutch artist, full of stylistic borrowings from the French but clean and bright in color: Contemporary Arts, 38 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 11:30); Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through May 11.

INDEPENDENTS—The big annual get-together, with everything from the painfulest Sunday painting to the usual few "discoveries": Fine Arts, 215 W. 57. Wed. and Sat., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through May 12.

JARVIS—Centennial show of portraits by a New York artist who painted almost everyone of consequence in his era. Interesting historically: New York Historical Society, 170 Central Pk. W., at 76. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through June 2.

KAESELAU—Soundly constructed, ably handled water colors in his first one-man exhibition here: Kraushaar, 730 5 Ave., at 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 4.

MITCHELL—Water colors and gouaches in a first one-man show of more than usual maturity of style: Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 11.

MODERN GERMAN—Paul Klee, Ernst Barlach, Karl Hofer, and others in a representative collection of paintings and sculptures: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 4.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—Black-and-whites and one-color illustrations entered in a contest called "Artist as Reporter," sponsored by P.M., the yet to be published newspaper. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through May 7.

NORDFELD—Low-keyed, boldly outlined, sombrely effective landscapes and other subjects: Hudson D. Walker, 38 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 4.

PERSIAN ART—Sixty centuries and some \$10,000,000 worth of it, including rugs, ceramics, sculptures, paintings, and just about everything else. The rugs in particular are something to see: 1 E. 51. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through June 22.

SCULPTURE—At the **CLAY CLUB**, 4 W. 8: José de Creeft, Paul Manship, and others in a pleasantly

diversified exhibit. Thurs. and Fri., 2 to 5 and 7 to 10 P.M.; Sat., 2 to 5 P.M.; through May 4. . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64: French eighteenth-century sculpture from the David-Weill collection in a show that thoroughly typifies the romantic exuberance and the occasional sharp beauty of the period. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 4.

SETTANNI—Paintings of the Brittany coast, gaily colored and lively, if a shade too deliberately whimsical: Bignou, 32 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 4.

SOUTINE—Small, well-selected retrospective (1916 to 1939), including some of the best examples of this crudely powerful Expressionist painter's work to be seen here in a long time: Carstairs, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 11.

TCHELITCHEW AND MATTA—Wash drawings by Tchelitchev, showing his dazzling skill in that medium; surrealist paintings, rather runny in color and amorphous in design, by Matta: Julien Levy, 15 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 6.

THREE SPANIARDS—Paintings by Picasso, Miró, and Gris, including some lively Middle Period pieces by the first: Valentine, 16 E. 57. Daily 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 4.

TSHACBASOV—Oils which, beneath their arabesqued outlines, are often subtly ironic social commentaries: A.C.A., 52 W. 8. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 4.

HERE AND THERE—At the **MORGAN**, 37 W. 57: water colors by Leslie Powell. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 11. . . . **MILCH**, 108 W. 57: paintings by Rubin Rubin. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 18. . . . **WEYHE**, 794 Lexington, at 61: water colors by Adolf Dehn. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 18. . . . **MONTESSO**, 785 5 Ave., at 60: oils by Henry Strater. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 11. . . . **DELPHIC**, 44 W. 56: paintings and drawings by Jan Gelb. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 6. . . .

ARGENT, 42 W. 57: paintings by Emily Rollinson Poucher and sculptures by Lydia Rotch. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 4. . . . **460 PARK AVENUE**, at 57: sculptures by Kathryn and Edwin Willard Deming. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 4. . . . **ARDEN**, 460 Park Ave., at 57: sculptures by Sylvia Shaw Judson. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 4.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are listed below.)

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Barbirolli conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., May 2, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., May 3, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., May 4, at 8:45; Sun. Aft., May 5, at 3, final performance of the regular season. (Soloist: Serkin, May 4-5.) . . . Young Peoples' Concert, Ganz conducting: Sat. Morn., May 4, at 11.

N.B.C. SYMPHONY—Toscanini conducting: Carnegie Hall, Mon. Eve., May 6, at 9. (Soloist: Horowitz.)

GOLDEN HILL CHORUS—Assisted by the Down Town Glee Club, Lefebvre conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., May 3, at 8:30.

NEW YORK CITY SYMPHONY—Stewart conducting the Music Project orchestra in a series of programs sponsored by Mayor LaGuardia: Carnegie Hall, Sun. Eve., May 5, at 8:45.

DOCTORS' ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY—Waghalter conducting: Town Hall, Fri. Eve., May 10, at 8:40.

OPERA

MECCA AUDITORIUM, 133 W. 55—The Salmaggi company presenting "Rigoletto," Sat. Eve., May 4; "La Bohème," Sun. Eve., May 5; "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," Sat. Eve., May 11; at 8:15. (CI 5-9757.)

CENTER THEATRE, 6 Ave. at 49—The San Carlo Opera Company presenting "Rigoletto," Thurs. Eve., May 9; "Carmen," Fri. Eve., May 10; "Madama Butterfly," Sat. Aft., May 11; "Il Trovatore," Sat. Eve., May 11. (CI 5-5500. Evens at 8:20; Mats. at 2:30.)

SPORTS

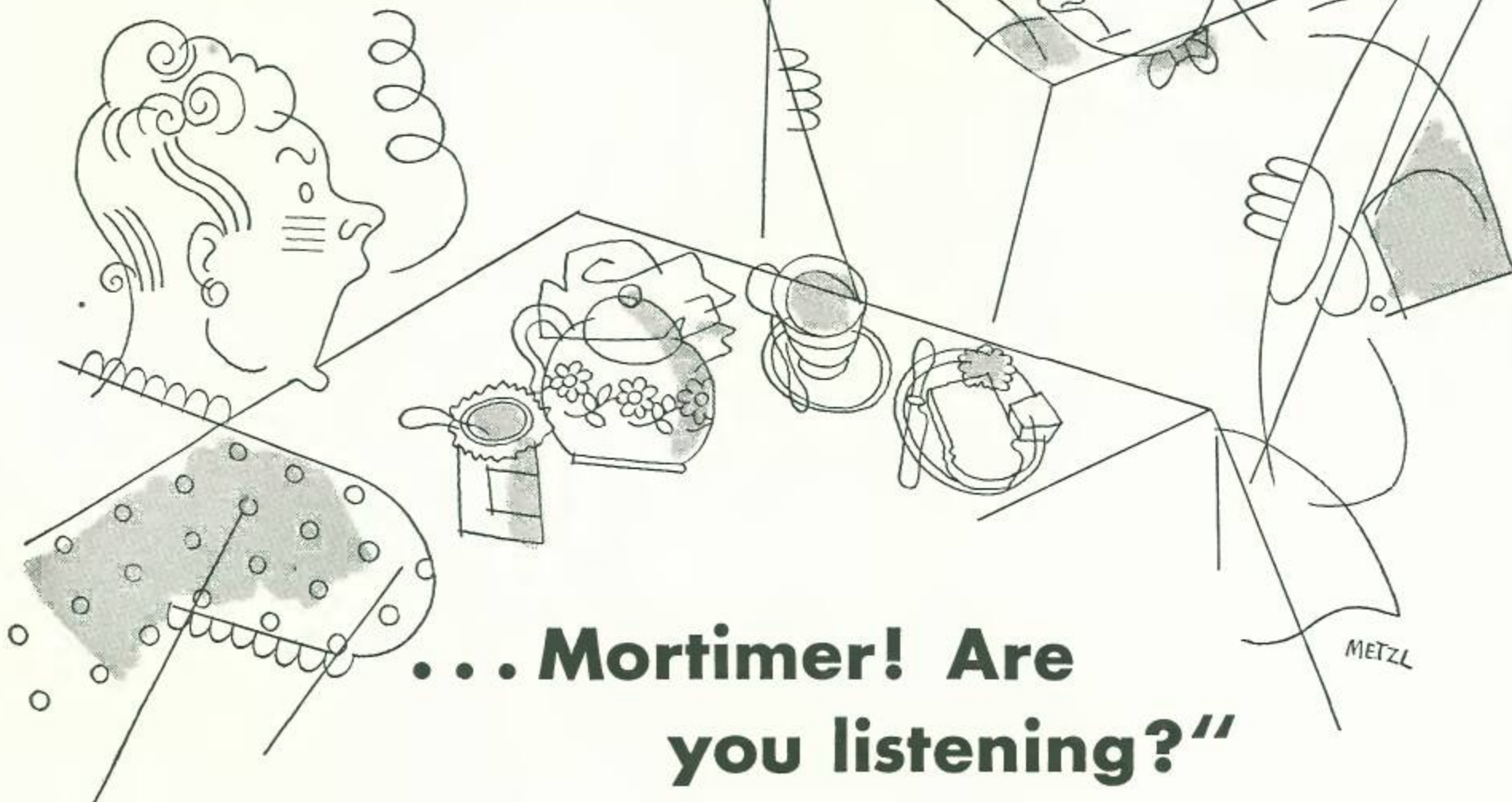
BASEBALL—At the **YANKEE STADIUM**: Yankees vs. St. Louis, Thurs. Aft., May 2, at 3:15; Yankees vs. Chicago, Fri. Aft., May 3, at 3:15, and Sat. Aft., May 4, at 3; Yankees vs. Detroit, Sun. Aft., May 5, at 3, and Mon. and Tues. Afts., May 6-7, at 3:15; Yankees vs. Cleveland, Wed. and Thurs. Afts., May 8-9, at 3:15; Yankees vs. Boston, Fri. Aft., May 10, at 3:15, and Sat. Aft., May 11, at 3. . . . **EBBETS FIELD**: Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, Sat. Aft., May 11, at 2:30.

BOXING—Madison Square Garden—Buddy Baer vs. Nathan Mann, heavyweights, Fri. Eve., May 3; preliminaries at 8:30; main match (12 rounds) at about 10. . . . Lou Ambers vs. Lew Jenkins, for the lightweight title, Fri. Eve., May 10; preliminaries at 8:30; main match (15 rounds) at about 10.

CREW—Sat. Aft., May 4—Blackwell Cup, Columbia-Yale-Penn, Harlem River: freshman at 5, junior varsity at 5:30, varsity at 6. . . . Compton Cup, Harvard-M.I.T.-Princeton, at Princeton: freshman at 4, 4:30, and 5; junior varsity at 5:30;



"...so hard to keep servants nowadays I've always prided myself on being a good housekeeper, but as I was saying the other day, I just can't imagine what we're coming to with this servant problem. Now take that last girl we had—whatever her name was—when she left I said to her...



The lady at the left has a bad case of unlock-jaw. She's been talking a steady stream for twenty minutes.

But Mortimer knows what to do about it. Between himself and his spouse he has drawn a soundproof veil. Mortimer draws this veil every now and then, when he doesn't want to be interrupted in his private pursuit of news in the world of sport, or any other line of thought that he deems more important at the moment.

If wives only knew what a defense husbands have against a barrage of words on a topic that doesn't interest them.



If advertisers only knew what a defense their prospects have against a barrage of sales talk when they're not in a mood for it.

Fact is, neither Mortimer's wife, nor his insurance agent, nor the manufacturer of his next car can tell Mortimer anything when Mortimer doesn't want to listen.

But there are times when Mortimer can easily be interested in insurance—and when he is eager to read the advertising of the new cars.

That time comes for Mortimer and for millions of other

men and women when they pick up The Saturday Evening Post.

Why? Simply because the Post is America's favorite place to read advertising—just as Fifth Avenue is its favorite shopping street and baseball is its favorite game.

That's why advertisers invest more money in the Post than in any other magazine. They know that whenever people are asked, "In what magazine do you pay the most attention to advertising?" the majority always answer:



Successful advertisers concentrate in the Post, where people concentrate on advertising.

**PEOPLE PAY
ATTENTION**



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MAY 2, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 11. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING.

varsity at 6... Navy-Cornell, at Annapolis: freshman at 4, junior varsity at 4:30, varsity at 5. Sat. Aft., May 11—Childs Cup, Columbia-Penn-Princeton, at Philadelphia: freshman at 4:30, junior varsity at 5, varsity at 5:30... At Derby: Yale-Harvard-Princeton, 150-lb. crews at 5:30; also, Yale-Syracuse-M.I.T., freshman at 6, junior varsity at 6:30, varsity at 7.

HORSE SHOWS—Squadron A Spring Show, Armory, Park at 94: Thurs. through Sat. Eves., May 2-4, at 8, and Sat. Aft., May 4, at 2... Newark, Essex Troop Armory, 120 Roseville Ave.: Wed. Eve., May 8, at 7:30; Thurs. through Sat. Eves., May 9-11, at 7:15; and Sat. Aft., May 11, at 1:30.

HUNT RACES—Virginia Gold Cup, Warrenton, Sat. Aft., May 4, at 4... Radnor Hunt, Berwyn, Pa., Wed. and Sat. Afts., May 8 and 11, at 3.

RACING—Weekdays at Jamaica, at 2:30 P.M.; through May 11. Excelsior Handicap, May 11... Kentucky Derby, Churchill Downs, Sat. Aft., May 4. (Special trains: from Penn. Station, Thurs. and Fri. Afts., May 2-3, at 4:50, arriving at Louisville the following morning at 10:45, C.S.T.; from Louisville, Sat. Eve. at 9:15, C.S.T., arriving at New York, Sun. Eve. at 6:55. Regular planes leave LaGuardia Field at 1 and 3:50 P.M., arriving at Louisville at 5:03 and 7:28 P.M., C.S.T.)... The Preakness, Pimlico, Sat. Aft., May 11.

FENCING—National Championships—Foil, Fri. Eve., May 3, at 7:30; Sat. Aft., May 4, at 2:30; Tues. Eve., May 7, at 7:30; and Wed. Eve., May 8, at 7:30; Fencers Club, 320 E. 53... Épées, Sun. Aft., May 5, at 2:30; and Thurs. Eve., May 9, at 7:30; Salle Santelli, 24 University Place... Sabres, Mon. Eve., May 6, at 7:30; and Fri. Eve., May 10, at 7:30; N.Y.A.C., 180 Central Pk. S.

OTHER EVENTS

WORLD'S FAIR—Reopens Sat., May 11. Opening day, 12 noon to 2 A.M.; daily thereafter, 9 A.M. to 2 A.M.

GARDEN EXHIBITIONS—MacDougal-Sullivan Garden, 176 Sullivan; St. John's Colony Garden, 224 Waverly Place; and the gardens of Mrs. William Wells, 265 W. 11, and Mrs. Maximilian Elser, Jr., 134 W. 11: Tues., May 7, 2:30 to 5:30 P.M. (Tickets: Mrs. Howard S. Cullman, 161 Front St. WH 3-1085.)

BENEFITS AND PUBLIC BALLS—Russian Easter Ball: Plaza, Thurs. Eve., May 2, at 10... Silver Spoon Dinner Dance: St. Regis, Thurs. Eve., May 2, at 9... Dorothy Parker's benefit for Spanish children: Mecca Auditorium, 133 W. 55, Wed. Eve., May 8, at 8:15... "A Night of Nights for China": Center Theatre, 6 Ave. at 49, Sun. Eve., May 5, at 8:30... Allied Relief Ball: Astor, Fri. Eve., May 10, at 10:30.

AUCTIONS—At the PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES, 30 E. 57—Chinese art objects, paintings on silk, and furniture, belonging to Seth B. Robinson and others; also, etchings and engravings, collected by the late Frederick W. Lehmann and others: Thurs. Aft., May 2, at 2... Furniture and Oriental carvings and rugs, from the estate of the late Lilla Brokaw Dugmore: Fri. and Sat. Afts., May 3-4, at 2... Selections from the libraries of the late Samuel Untermyer and Harold Palmer: Wed. and Thurs. Afts., May 8-9, at 2.

KENDE GALLERIES, 730 5 Ave., at 56—Paintings by Eastman Johnson, and English and American furniture: Thurs. Aft., May 2, at 2... English and American furniture and silver, and French art objects, belonging to Mrs. Cortland F. Bishop: Wed. and Thurs. Afts., May 8-9, at 2.

ON THE AIR

RACING—The Kentucky Derby: Sat. Aft., May 4, at 6:30, WABC.

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Barbirolli conducting (soloist, Serkin): Sun. Aft., May 5, at 3, WABC... Young People's Concert. Ganz conducting: Sat. Morn., May 4, at 11:05, WABC.

TOSCANINI—Conducting the N.B.C. Symphony (soloist, Horowitz): Mon. Eve., May 6, at 9, WJZ.

NEWS COMMENTATORS—Edwin C. Hill, Mon. through Fri. Eves., at 6:05, WABC... Lowell Thomas, Mon. through Fri. Eves., at 6:45, WJZ... H. V. Kaltenborn, Sat. Eves., at 7:45, WEAF... Quincy Howe, Mon., Wed., and Fri. Eves., at 9, WQXR... Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Fri. Eves., at 10, WOR.

TELEVISION—Helen Morgan in a variety show, Thurs. Eve., May 2, at 8:30, W2XBS.

MOTION PICTURES

THE BAKER'S WIFE—Life, or very close to life anyhow, in a French village, with Raimu as a husband who has a pretty but problematical wife. (World, 153 W. 49.)

THE EARL OF CHICAGO—Of a racketeer and the English feudal system, which turns out to be both an amusing and a tragic combination. With Robert Montgomery. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Thurs. and Fri., May 2-3... Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; through Sat., May 4... Carlton, B'way at 100; Mon. through Wed., May 6-8... Normandie, Park at 53; Wed. and Thurs., May 8-9.)

THE FIGHT FOR LIFE—Pare Lorentz, quick with his

camera and his general good sense, deals with the maternal-welfare chapters of Paul de Kruif's book. (Belmont, 125 W. 48.)

GONE WITH THE WIND—You'd better hurry along and give up a night to it. (Astor, B'way at 45; daily at 2:15 and 8:15 P.M.... Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; through Tues., May 7; weekdays at 10 A.M. and 2 and 8:15 P.M.; Sun. at 12 noon and 4 and 8:15 P.M.... Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Fri. through Mon., May 3-6; weekdays at 10:30 A.M. and 2:30 and 8 P.M.; Sun. at 2:30 and 8 P.M.)

THE GRAPES OF WRATH—The great and magnificent film John Ford devised from the Steinbeck novel. Obligatory for all. (Carlton, B'way at 100; Thurs. through Sun., May 2-5... Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Tues. and Wed., May 7-8... Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Wed. through Fri., May 8-10... Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs. through Sat., May 9-11.)

HIS GIRL FRIDAY—Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy in an unexpected and thoroughly funny reworking of the famous old "Front Page." (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Tues. through Thurs., May 7-9.)

LIGHTS OUT IN EUROPE—An outstanding and very forceful account of last summer in Europe and the crisis of the fall. Mostly of London and Danzig. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., May 3.)

THE MAYOR'S DILEMMA—One of those peculiarly appealing, humorous, and human French films of life in a small town during the last war, the town being just on the outskirts of Château-Thierry. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55.)

MY LITTLE CHICKADEE—This might be called a Western, but it's a somewhat surprising one, as Mae West and W. C. Fields dominate the scene. (Colonial, B'way at 62; Thurs. through Mon., May 2-6... Rio, B'way at 160; Tues. through Thurs., May 7-9... Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Wed. and Thurs., May 8-9.)

OF MICE AND MEN—An expert screening of the Steinbeck story, beautifully played by Betty Field, Lon Chaney, Jr., and Burgess Meredith. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Thurs., May 2... Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Mon., May 4-6... Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Wed. through Fri., May 8-10... Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; starting Sat., May 11.)

PRIMROSE PATH—Victoria Lincoln's "February Hill" transferred, via the stage, to the screen, with Ginger Rogers, Marjorie Rambeau, and Joel McCrea. Unusual in its way. (Palace, B'way at 47; Thurs. through Wed., May 2-8.)

THE PRIVATE LIVES OF ELIZABETH AND ESSEX—Bette Davis makes the Queen human and great in spite of every kind of drawback the studios can devise. (Alden, B'way at 67; Tues. and Wed., May 7-8.)

REBECCA—Alfred Hitchcock's first American movie, a rich, successful adaptation of Daphne du Maurier's best-seller, with Joan Fontaine, Laurence Olivier, and Judith Anderson. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50; through Wed., May 8.)

THE SHOP AROUND THE CORNER—A mild item on the quaint side, with Margaret Sullivan, James Stewart, and Frank Morgan. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sat. through Tues., May 4-7... Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Tues. and Wed., May 7-8... Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Tues. through Sat., May 7-11.)

SIDEWALKS OF LONDON—A tolerably amusing sketch of life among stage people and such in prewar London. With Vivien Leigh and Charles Laughton. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; Thurs. through Mon., May 2-6... Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Sat., May 7-11.)

THE STORY OF DR. EHRLICH'S MAGIC BULLET—The career of the scientist who discovered salvarsan, with Edward G. Robinson as the great medical man—possibly his best rôle. Ouspenskaya and Ruth Gordon are also involved. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Fri., May 3... Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs. through Sun., May 2-5... Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., May 7-8.)

REVIVALS

CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS (1936)—French film. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Thurs., May 2.)

ESCAPE ME NEVER (1935)—With Elisabeth Bergner. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Tues. through Thurs., May 7-9.)

THE PETRIFIED FOREST (1936)—Bette Davis and Leslie Howard. (Normandie, Park at 53; Fri. through Sun., May 3-5.)

THEODORA GOES WILD (1936)—Irene Dunne and

Melvyn Douglas. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Sat. through Mon., May 4-6.)

TWENTIETH CENTURY (1934)—Carole Lombard and John Barrymore. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Mon. through Wed., May 6-8.)

WHEN TOMORROW COMES (1939)—Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer. (Normandie, Park at 53; Thurs., May 2.)

WUTHERING HEIGHTS (1939)—Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Fri. through Mon., May 3-6.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, will exhibit seven issues of The March of Time (1936-1939) through Sun., May 5. Beginning the next day, the following Douglas Fairbanks films will be shown: excerpts from "The Lamb," "The Mollycoddle," "Say Young Fellow," "Knickerbocker Buckaroo," "A Modern Musketeer," "Don Q," and "The Taming of the Shrew," Mon., May 6. "Manhattan Madness" and "Wild and Woolly," Tues., May 7. "When the Clouds Roll By" and "The Nut," Wed., May 8. "The Mark of Zorro," Thurs., May 9. "The Three Musketeers," Fri., May 10. "The Thief of Bagdad," Sat., May 11. Programs weekdays at 4 P.M. and Sun. at 2 and 4 P.M.

COMING EVENTS

(A selective list published in the first issue of each month for the convenience of foresighted readers.)

ART—Mexican art of the last 2,000 years: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53; opens May 15.

BOXING—Madison Square Garden: Ceferino Garcia vs. Ken Overlin, middleweight title, May 23... Roosevelt Stadium, Jersey City: Tony Galento vs. Max Baer, May 28.

COLLEGE COMMENCEMENTS—Columbia, June 4; N.Y.U., June 5; U.S. Naval Academy, June 6; U.S. Military Academy, June 10; Princeton, June 11; Dartmouth, June 16; Cornell, June 17; Yale, June 19; Harvard, June 20; Vassar, June 21; Smith, June 17.

CREW—May 18: Navy-Harvard-Penn (Adams Cup), at Philadelphia; Yale-Cornell-Princeton (Carnegie Cup), at Derby, Conn.... June 18: Intercollegiate Regatta, at Poughkeepsie... June 21: Yale-Harvard, at New London.

DOG SHOWS—Long Island Kennel Club, Cedarhurst, May 19; Morris and Essex Kennel Club, Madison, N.J., May 25; Greenwich Kennel Club, Port Chester, N.Y., June 1; Monmouth County Kennel Club, Rumson, N.J., June 22.

GOLF—Goodall Tournament, Flushing, May 16-19... Metropolitan Open, Bloomfield, N.J., May 24-26... National Open, Cleveland, Ohio, June 6-8... U.S. Seniors Championship, Rye, June 11-14... Metropolitan Amateur, White Plains, June 12-15.

HORSE SHOWS—Harrison, N.Y., May 12; Vassar, Poughkeepsie, May 18-19; Watchung Riding and Driving Club, Summit, N.J., May 18-19; Oaks Hunt, Great Neck, May 19; Wilmington, May 23-25; Devon, Pa., May 27-June 1; West Point, June 5-6; Tuxedo, Tuxedo Park, June 7-8; Westchester County, Port Chester, June 13-15; Ox Ridge Hunt Club, Darien, June 21-22.

HUNT RACES—Rose Tree, Media, Pa., May 15 and 18; United Hunts, Roslyn, L.I., June 15.

MUSIC—At CARNEGIE HALL: New York City Symphony, May 12 and 19. Philharmonic-Symphony, Stock conducting (soloists, Pons and Serkin), May 16. Marian Anderson, May 26... LEWISOHN STADIUM: Philharmonic-Symphony, June 20 through Aug. 14... WORLD'S FAIR: Metropolitan Opera orchestra, Pelletier conducting (soloists, Pons and Tibbett), May 13.

RACING—Belmont Park, May 13-June 8; Aqueduct, June 10-29.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open within the next month or two: "Keep off the Grass," a revue, with Jimmy Durante, Ray Bolger, and Ilka Chase, produced by Lee Shubert and Harry A. Kaufman; "The Return of the Vagabond," by and with George M. Cohan; "Louisiana Purchase," a musical by Irving Berlin, Morrie Ryskind, and B. G. DeSylva, with Vera Zorina, Victor Moore, William Gaxton, and Irene Bordoni; "It's a Girl," by Joseph L. Hochman, with Lulu McConnell and Billy Livingston; "New Faces of 1940," with Joe Cook, Patsy Kelly, Paul Draper, and Betzi Beaton, produced by Leonard Sillman; "Broadway—1940," a revised version of "Broadway," the George Abbott-Philip Dunning play, produced by William A. Brady; "Three After Three," a musical, produced by Ruth Selwyn and the Shuberts, with lyrics by Johnny Mercer, music by Hoagy Carmichael, and a cast which includes Mitzi Green, Mary Brian, Jack Whiting, Frances Williams, and Stepin Fetchit.

YACHTING—Championship races on the Sound: American Y.C., May 25; Harlem Y.C., May 30... Ocean race, Block Island to Gloucester, Mass., June 24... Indian Harbor Y.C. Cruise, June 18.

OTHER DATES—Tulip Festival, Riverside Drive at 105, May 12-18... Annual Albany-New York Motorboat race, May 12... Glider Meet, at Elmira, N. Y., June 29-July 7.

MEET ANGEL CHILD AND BRAT



Which do you prefer? Bratty or angelic, we love them both—our real looking mannequins for real children's clothes. Original, exclusive, introduced to you in play clothes of blue or green striped and plain chambray, sizes 3 to 6. Jacket and play suit, **2.95**. Brimmed hat, **1.00**.

"YOUNG WORLD"—SECOND FLOOR

Lexington at 59th • VO 5-5900

FIRST RUN

ASTOR, B'way at 45 (CI 6-4642)—**GONE WITH THE WIND**, Clark Gable, Vivien Leigh; at 2:15 and 8:15 P.M.
CAPITOL, B'way at 51 (CO 5-1250)—Through Wed., May 8: "Strange Cargo," Joan Crawford, Clark Gable.
CRITERION, B'way at 44 (BR 9-3839)—From Thurs., May 2: "Women Without Names," Ellen Drew.
PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43 (CH 4-7022)—"Buck Benny Rides Again," Jack Benny.
RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL, 6 Ave. at 50 (CI 6-4600)—through Wed., May 8: **REBECCA**, Joan Fontaine, Laurence Olivier.
RIVOLI, B'way at 49 (CI 7-1633)—Through Fri., May 3: "French Without Tears," Ellen Drew, Ray Milland... From Sat., May 4: "If I Had My Way," Bing Crosby, Gloria Jean.
ROXY, 7 Ave. at 50 (CI 7-6000)—Thurs., May 2: "One Million B.C.," Carole Landis, Victor Mature... From Fri., May 3: "Star Dust," Linda Darnell, John Payne.
STRAND, B'way at 47 (CI 7-5900)—Thurs., May 2: "Til We Meet Again," Merle Oberon, George Brent... From Fri., May 3: "Saturday's Children," Anne Shirley, John Garfield.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

BELMONT, 125 W. 48 (BR 9-0156)—**THE FIGHT FOR LIFE**, Pare Lorentz film.
5TH AVENUE PLAYHOUSE, 5 Ave. at 12 (AL 4-7661)—"Harvest" (French).
55TH STREET PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55 (CO 5-0425)—**THE MAYOR'S DILEMMA** (French), Charpin, Annie Vernay.
LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57 (CI 7-1294)—Through Fri., May 3: **LIGHTS OUT IN EUROPE**, documentary film... From Sat., May 4: "The Song of the Road," Sir Harry Lauder.
THALIA, B'way at 95 (AC 2-3370)—"The Human Beast" (French), Simon Simone, Jean Gabin.
WORLD, 153 W. 49 (CI 7-5747)—**THE BAKER'S WIFE** (French), Raimu.

EAST SIDE

GRAMERCY PARK, Lexington at 23 (GR 5-1660)—Through Fri., May 3: **THE STORY OF DR. EHRICH'S MAGIC BULLET**, Edward G. Robinson; also "Three Cheers for the Irish," Priscilla Lane, Thomas Mitchell... Sat. through Tues., May 4-7: **THE SHOP AROUND THE CORNER**, Margaret Sullivan, James Stewart... From Wed., May 8: **THE GRAPES OF WRATH**, Henry Fonda; also "Free, Blonde and 21," Lynn Bari.
LOEW'S 42ND STREET, Lexington at 42 (AS 4-4865)—Thurs., May 2: "Vigil in the Night," Carole Lombard, Brian Aherne; also "Viva Cisco Kid," Cesar Romero... Fri. through Sun., May 3-5: "Northwest Passage," Spencer Tracy, Robert Young; also "The Five Little Peppers at Home," Edith Fellows... Mon. and Tues., May 6-7: "Zanzibar," Lola Lane; also "Framed," Frank Albertson... From Wed., May 8: **MY LITTLE CHICKADEE**, Mae West, W. C. Fields; also "Castle on the Hudson," Ann Sheridan, John Garfield.
LEXINGTON, Lexington at 51 (PL 3-0336)—Thurs. through Mon., May 2-6: "Young Tom Edison," Mickey Rooney; also "Dr. Kildare's Strange Case," Lionel Barrymore, Lew Ayres... Tues. and Wed., May 7-8: "The Ghost Comes Home," Billie Burke, Frank Morgan; also "Outside the Three Mile Limit," Jack Holt.
TRANS-LUX 52ND STREET, Lexington at 52 (PL 3-2434)—Thurs. and Fri., May 2-3: **THE EARL OF CHICAGO**, Robert Montgomery, Edward Arnold... Sat. through Mon., May 4-6: **THEODORA GOES WILD**, revival, Irene Dunne, Melvyn Douglas... Tues. and Wed., May 7-8: **THE SHOP AROUND THE CORNER**, Margaret Sullivan, James Stewart.
NORMANDIE, Park at 53 (PL 8-0040)—Thurs., May 2: **WHEN TOMORROW COMES**, revival, Irene Dunne, Charles Boyer... Fri. through Sun., May 3-5: **THE PETRIFIED FOREST**, revival, Bette Davis, Leslie Howard... Mon. and Tues., May 6-7: "The Lion Has Wings," Merle Oberon, Ralph Richardson... From Wed., May 8: **THE EARL OF CHICAGO**, Robert Montgomery, Edward Arnold.
SUTTON, 3 Ave. at 57 (PL 3-5520)—Thurs. and Fri., May 2-3: "With a Smile" (French musical), revival, Maurice Chevalier; also "The Whole Town's Talking," revival, Jean Arthur, Edward G. Robinson... Sat. through Mon., May 4-6: "The Lion Has Wings," Merle Oberon, Ralph Richardson; also "Judge Hardy and Son," Mickey Rooney, Lewis Stone... Tues. and Wed., May 7-8: **THE STORY OF DR. EHRICH'S MAGIC BULLET**, Edward G. Robinson; also "The Lone Wolf Strikes," Warren William.
R.K.O. 58TH STREET, 3 Ave. at 58 (VO 5-3577)—Thurs. through Wed., May 2-8: "Virginia City," Miriam Hopkins, Errol Flynn; also "Curtain Call," Barbara Read, Alan Mowbray.
PLAZA, 58, E. of Madison (VO 5-3320)—Through Tues., May 7: **GONE WITH THE WIND**, Clark Gable, Vivien Leigh... From Wed., May 8: **OF MICE AND MEN**, Betty Field, Burgess Meredith.
68TH STREET PLAYHOUSE, 3 Ave. at 68 (RE 4-0302)—Thurs., May 2: **CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS** (French), revival; also "The Good Companions," revival, Jessie Matthews, John Gielgud... Fri. through Mon., May 3-6: **WUTHERING HEIGHTS**, revival, Merle Oberon, Laurence Olivier... From Tues., May 7: **HIS GIRL FRIDAY**, Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant; also **ESCAPE ME NEVER**, revival, Elisabeth Bergner.
LOEW'S 72ND STREET, 3 Ave. at 72 (BU 8-7222)—Thurs. through Mon., May 2-6: "Young Tom Edison," Mickey Rooney; also "Dr. Kildare's Strange Case," Lionel Barrymore, Lew Ayres... Tues. and Wed., May 7-8: "The Ghost Comes

AT THE
MOVIE HOUSES

THURSDAY, MAY 2, THROUGH
WEDNESDAY, MAY 8

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

Home," Billie Burke, Frank Morgan; also "Outside the Three Mile Limit," Jack Holt.
COLONY, 2 Ave. at 79 (RH 4-9888)—Through Sat., May 4: **THE EARL OF CHICAGO**, Robert Montgomery, Edward Arnold; also "Henry Goes Arizona," Frank Morgan, Virginia Weidler... Sun. and Mon., May 5-6: "Music in My Heart," Rita Hayworth, Tony Martin; also "Fugitive at Large," revival, Patricia Ellis, Jack Holt... From Tues., May 7: **THE SHOP AROUND THE CORNER**, Margaret Sullivan, James Stewart; also "My Son Is Guilty," Jacqueline Wells, Bruce Cabot.
TRANS-LUX 85TH STREET, Madison at 85 (BU 8-3180)—Thurs. and Fri., May 2-3: "Remember the Night," Barbara Stanwyck, Fred MacMurray... Sat. through Mon., May 4-6: "Louise" (French musical), Grace Moore... Tues. and Wed., May 7-8: **THE GRAPES OF WRATH**, Henry Fonda.
R.K.O. 86TH STREET, Lexington at 86 (AT 9-8900)—Thurs. through Wed., May 2-8: "Virginia City," Miriam Hopkins, Errol Flynn; also "Curtain Call," Barbara Read, Alan Mowbray.
LOEW'S 86TH STREET, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-5566)—Thurs. and Fri., May 2-3: "Vigil in the Night," Carole Lombard, Brian Aherne; also "Viva Cisco Kid," Cesar Romero... Sat. through Mon., May 4-6: **OF MICE AND MEN**, Betty Field, Burgess Meredith; also "I Take This Woman," Hedy Lamarr, Spencer Tracy... Tues. and Wed., May 7-8: "Our Neighbors, the Carters," Fay Bainter, Frank Craven; also "Konga, the Wild Stallion," Fred Stone, Rochelle Hudson.
ORPHEUM, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-4607)—Thurs. through Mon., May 2-6: "Northwest Passage," Spencer Tracy, Robert Young; also "The Five Little Peppers at Home," Edith Fellows... Tues. and Wed., May 7-8: "Zanzibar," Lola Lane; also "Framed," Frank Albertson.

WEST SIDE

8TH STREET PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8 (GR 7-7874)—Through Fri., May 3: "Vigil in the Night," Carole Lombard, Brian Aherne... Sat. through Wed., May 4-8: "Louise" (French musical), Grace Moore.
SHERIDAN, 7 Ave. at 12 (WA 9-2166)—Thurs. through Mon., May 2-6: "Northwest Passage," Spencer Tracy, Robert Young; also "The Five Little Peppers at Home," Edith Fellows... Tues. and Wed., May 7-8: "Zanzibar," Lola Lane; also "Framed," Frank Albertson.
GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12 (WA 9-3350)—Thurs. through Sun., May 2-5: **THE STORY OF DR. EHRICH'S MAGIC BULLET**, Edward G. Robinson; also "Shooting High," Jane Withers, Gene Autry... Mon. through Wed., May 6-8: **TWENTIETH CENTURY**, revival, Carole Lombard, John Barrymore; also

"Payment Deferred," revival, Charles Laughton.
R.K.O. 23RD STREET, 8 Ave. at 23 (CH 2-3440)—Thurs. through Mon., May 2-6: "Virginia City," Miriam Hopkins, Errol Flynn; also "Curtain Call," Barbara Read, Alan Mowbray... Tues. and Wed., May 7-8: "Two Thoroughbreds," Jimmy Lydon; also "Danger on Wheels," Richard Arlen, Andy Devine.
TERRACE, 9 Ave. at 23 (CH 2-9280)—Thurs., May 2: **OF MICE AND MEN**, Betty Field, Burgess Meredith; also "I Take This Woman," Hedy Lamarr, Spencer Tracy... Fri. through Mon., May 3-6: **GONE WITH THE WIND**, Clark Gable, Vivien Leigh... From Tues., May 7: **SIDEWALKS OF LONDON**, Vivien Leigh, Charles Laughton; also "Too Many Husbands," Jean Arthur, Fred MacMurray, Melvyn Douglas.
STATE, B'way at 45 (BR 9-1957)—Thurs. through Wed., May 2-8: "Young Tom Edison," Mickey Rooney.
PALACE, B'way at 47 (BR 9-4300)—Thurs. through Wed., May 2-8: **PRIMROSE PATH**, Ginger Rogers, Joel McCrea; also "Charlie Chan's Murder Cruise," Sydney Toler.
ZIEGFELD, 6 Ave. at 54 (CI 7-3737)—Thurs. through Mon., May 2-6: "Young Tom Edison," Mickey Rooney; also "Dr. Kildare's Strange Case," Lionel Barrymore, Lew Ayres... Tues. and Wed., May 7-8: "The Ghost Comes Home," Billie Burke, Frank Morgan; also "Outside the Three Mile Limit," Jack Holt.
COLONIAL, B'way at 62 (CO 5-0485)—Thurs. through Mon., May 2-6: **MY LITTLE CHICKADEE**, Mae West, W. C. Fields; also "Castle on the Hudson," Ann Sheridan, John Garfield... Tues. and Wed., May 7-8: "Young as You Feel," Spring Byington, Jed Prouty; also "Calling Philo Vance," Margot Stevenson; and "Information Please."
ALDEN, B'way at 67 (SU 7-6280)—Thurs. through Sat., May 2-4: "They Came by Night," Will Fyffe; also "Louise" (French musical), Grace Moore... Sun. and Mon., May 5-6: "Meet Dr. Christian," Jean Hersholt; other picture not announced... Tues. and Wed., May 7-8: **THE PRIVATE LIVES OF ELIZABETH AND ESSEX**, Bette Davis, Errol Flynn; also "City of Chance," Lynn Bari.
BEACON, B'way at 75 (TR 4-9132)—Thurs. through Sun., May 2-5: "Vigil in the Night," Carole Lombard, Brian Aherne; also "Viva Cisco Kid," Cesar Romero... Mon. through Wed., May 6-8: "Honeymoon Deferred," Margaret Lindsay, Edmund Lowe; also "Shooting High," Jane Withers, Gene Autry.
R.K.O. 81ST STREET, B'way at 81 (TR 7-6160)—Thurs. through Wed., May 2-8: "Virginia City," Miriam Hopkins, Errol Flynn; also "Curtain Call," Barbara Read, Alan Mowbray.
LOEW'S 83RD STREET, B'way at 83 (TR 7-3190)—Thurs. through Wed., May 2-8: "Young Tom Edison," Mickey Rooney; also "Dr. Kildare's Strange Case," Lionel Barrymore, Lew Ayres.
STODDARD, B'way at 90 (SC 4-9257)—Thurs. through Mon., May 2-6: **SIDEWALKS OF LONDON**, Vivien Leigh, Charles Laughton; also "Too Many Husbands," Jean Arthur, Fred MacMurray, Melvyn Douglas... Tues. and Wed., May 7-8: "Village Barn Dance," Doris Day, Richard Cromwell; also "Emergency Squad," Louise Campbell, William Henry.
CARLTON, B'way at 100 (AC 4-8676)—Thurs. through Sun., May 2-5: **THE GRAPES OF WRATH**, Henry Fonda; also "Free, Blonde and 21," Lynn Bari... Mon. through Wed., May 6-8: **THE EARL OF CHICAGO**, Robert Montgomery, Edward Arnold; also "Henry Goes Arizona," Frank Morgan, Virginia Weidler.
OLYMPIA, B'way at 107 (AC 2-1019)—Thurs. through Mon., May 2-6: "Young Tom Edison," Mickey Rooney; also "Dr. Kildare's Strange Case," Lionel Barrymore, Lew Ayres... Tues. and Wed., May 7-8: "The Ghost Comes Home," Billie Burke, Frank Morgan; also "Outside the Three Mile Limit," Jack Holt.
NEMO, B'way at 110 (AC 2-9406)—Thurs. through Mon., May 2-6: "Virginia City," Miriam Hopkins, Errol Flynn; also "Curtain Call," Barbara Read, Alan Mowbray... Tues. and Wed., May 7-8: "Two Thoroughbreds," Jimmy Lydon; also "Danger on Wheels," Richard Arlen, Andy Devine.
HAMILTON, B'way at 146 (ED 4-0287)—Thurs. through Mon., May 2-6: "Virginia City," Miriam Hopkins, Errol Flynn; also "Curtain Call," Barbara Read, Alan Mowbray... Tues. and Wed., May 7-8: "Two Thoroughbreds," Jimmy Lydon; also "Danger on Wheels," Richard Arlen, Andy Devine.
RIO, B'way at 160 (WA 7-1135)—Thurs., May 2: "Vigil in the Night," Carole Lombard, Brian Aherne; also "Viva Cisco Kid," Cesar Romero... Fri. through Mon., May 3-6: "Northwest Passage," Spencer Tracy, Robert Young; also "The Five Little Peppers at Home," Edith Fellows... From Tues., May 7: **MY LITTLE CHICKADEE**, Mae West, W. C. Fields; also "Castle on the Hudson," Ann Sheridan, John Garfield.
LOEW'S 175TH STREET, B'way at 175 (WA 7-5200)—Thurs. through Mon., May 2-6: "Young Tom Edison," Mickey Rooney; also "Dr. Kildare's Strange Case," Lionel Barrymore, Lew Ayres... Tues. and Wed., May 7-8: "The Ghost Comes Home," Billie Burke, Frank Morgan; also "Outside the Three Mile Limit," Jack Holt.
COLISEUM, B'way at 181 (WA 7-7200)—Thurs. through Mon., May 2-6: "Virginia City," Miriam Hopkins, Errol Flynn; also "Curtain Call," Barbara Read, Alan Mowbray... Tues. and Wed., May 7-8: "Two Thoroughbreds," Jimmy Lydon; also "Danger on Wheels," Richard Arlen, Andy Devine.

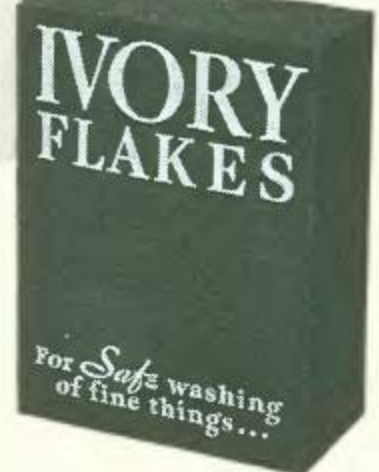
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Traditionally American—completely unaffected in character. Cut with respect for line and fit and perfect detail. Tailored from aristocratic "Sudanette," the cotton with the superfine texture and silky luster. Its care is traditionally American, too: Frequent washings in gentle Ivory Flakes—easy, inexpensive and so kind to the delicate colors! Angel blue, honeydew pink, turquoise, maize or white. Sizes 12 to 40...\$17.95

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CARE FOR ITS FINEST COTTONS... 99⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % PURE**



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Candy-Striped Cottons
 Two-piece suit of this little-girl
 fabric with tom-boy proclivities.. Saks Cord.
 White stripes on red, blue or grey; 6⁵⁰

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In Saks Cord
 Pinafore in same colors as suit; 4⁰⁰
 Cotton shirt with patch pockets 2⁰⁰
 white, pink, or blue;
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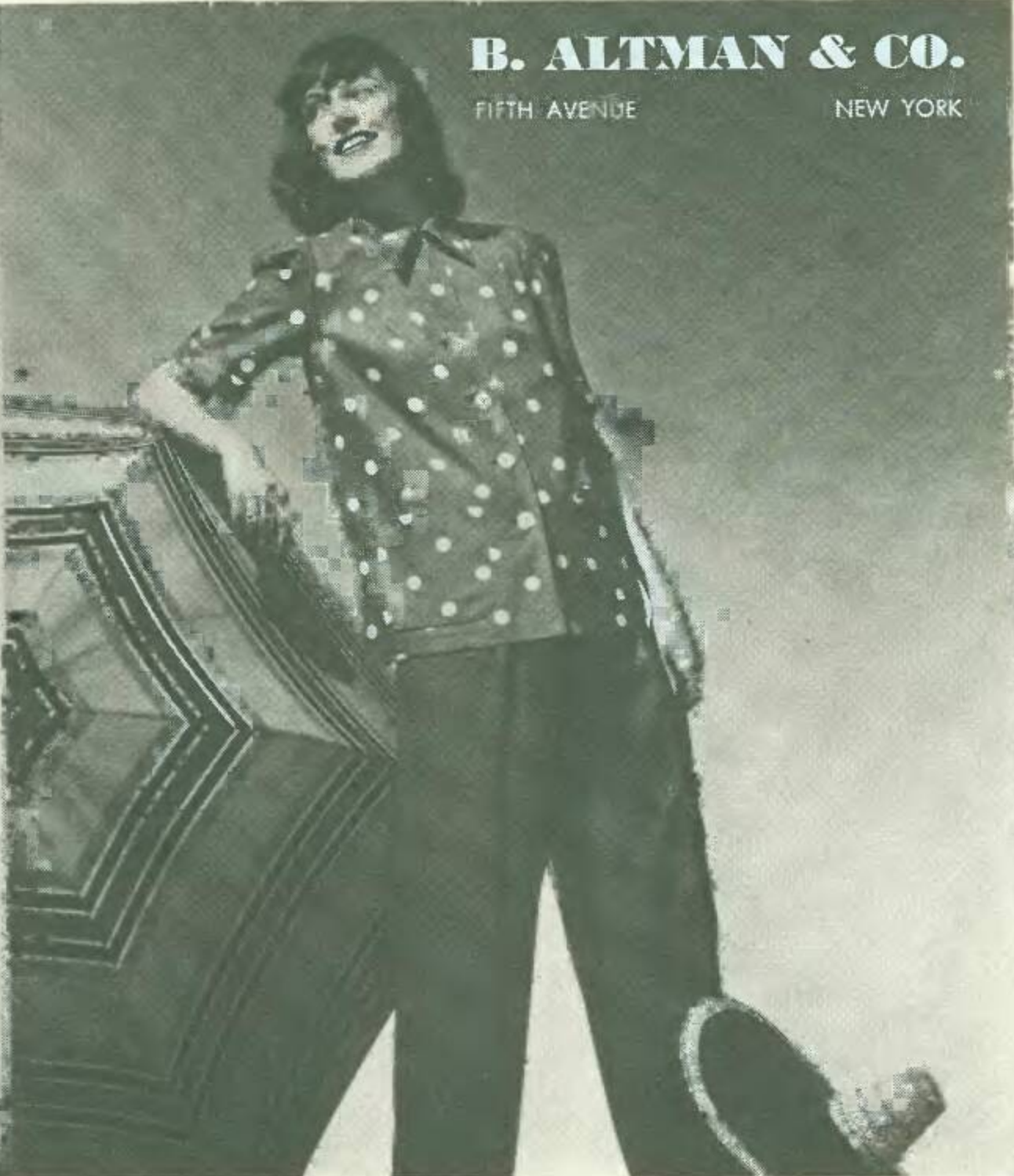
SIVES

Husky Young Clothes
Two-piece dress of sturdy exclusive
Saks Rep with chevron patch pockets.*
Shirt; 3⁰⁰ Skirt; 4⁰⁰ (Colors Below)



*In Saks Rep**
Metal-buttoned Bush jacket with patch pockets;
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Altman presents exclusive coin exchange fashions

interchangeable play clothes in coin dots and plain colors to match. Made for each other in a washable rayon-and-cotton . . . scramble to taste and make your summer wardrobe stretch. third floor

tailored slacks in pink, blue, navy, green or white. 12 to 20, 4.95. Coin dot bush jacket in red, pink, blue, green, navy with white dot or white with navy dot. 12 to 20, 5.95.

coin dot pleated shorts in pink, blue, green, navy with white dot or white with navy dot. 12 to 20, 3.95. Tailored plain shirt, in pink, blue or white, 12 to 20, 2.95.

coin dot tailored shirt in pink, blue, green, navy with white dot or white with navy dot, 12 to 20, 3.95. Tailored plain skirt in pink, blue, navy, green or white, 12 to 20, 4.95.



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE news was generally ominous last week. As usual, there was fierce, mysterious fighting in the Skagerrak and north of Oslo. Sweden was waiting for the German planes, and Holland was getting ready to blow up her dikes. Mussolini announced that it was about time for Italy to undertake her sacred obligation to the Axis, and Great Britain, faced with a nine-billion-dollar budget, finally came out and said she was fighting the German people and not just Hitler. It wasn't so much better over here. The S.P.C.A. was trying to restrain the United States Army from testing out a new bomb on a flock of goats in order to get some idea of how it would work on human beings, and rabbis were warning their congregations of the danger of a Fifth Column in America, although Mrs. Roosevelt doubted if there was anything in it. A farmer in Montrose, N.Y., went crazy because it wouldn't stop raining and set fire to his livestock, after partially strangling his wife, and Gene Tunney, meeting Gargantua face to face, was obliged to admit that a monkey could probably outbox a man, although he had denied it up to then.

In the midst of all this doleful reading, we came on an item from East Orange, N.J., which gave us a momentary gleam of hope. On Tuesday, April 23, 1940, some cosmic influence, undefined,



cut off the police broadcasts from all the radio patrol cars in the Oranges and substituted nursery rhymes and children's stories. For nearly three hours the little cops, sealed in their cars, were magically insulated from death, destruction, and sorrow. It was nice to think of them

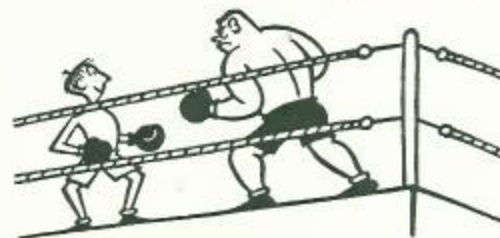
sitting there in hushed amazement as the loudspeakers which had just been going on about headless bodies and missing persons switched merrily to Peter Rabbit. If it can happen in Jersey, it can happen anywhere, we thought hopefully, and turned on our own set. Heaven, however, had lost interest in censoring the news. The voice that spoke to us merely wished to say that a transport had gone down in the North Sea with, as far as he knew, all on board.

MR. HEARST'S *Cosmopolitan*, a leading periodical of romantic literature, has taken to the policy of telling where the heroine got her clothes. "The smartly simple white suit, worn by the girl in the illustration for 'Legacy' by Lloyd C. Douglas on page 25, comes from Charles Lang-Charles Cooper, Inc., New York," said a note we saw on page 6 of the May issue. This is probably the ultimate in reader service, but we can't altogether approve of it editorially. The author, generally speaking, is too lazy as it is, too ready to embrace the idea that very soon the movies, the radio, and even television will make it unnecessary for him to write anything except dialogue and a few stage directions; and now apparently publishers are getting ready to relieve him of the burden of description altogether. In our opinion, this would be a very dubious practice, leading in the end to the complete disintegration of the reportorial faculty in writers, not to mention the growing ascendancy of the advertising agency in fiction. In this magazine, so help us Shakespeare, an author who wants to dress his heroine in a smartly simple white suit will go over to Fifth Avenue and pick one out for himself.

A CLIPPING bureau has just announced that in addition to reading all the newspapers and magazines, it will listen to the radio. We don't see how it will get the time. Nor can we

quite believe that a clipping bureau will be able to sift the air and bring down something for its clients' attention. Radio talk goes at a fast pace these days—we realized that the other night listening to "Information Please." In the early days of that program the experts spoke only when spoken to, and you could follow their remarks if not their reasoning. Now they are more at ease; they toss pleasantries back and forth, and giggle among themselves. We would like to know how a clipping bureau proposes to handle this thirty minutes of pin-point carbonation. A clipping is a clipping—you can see the words; but when four superminds are interrupting each other on the air, the result seems neither filterable nor salable. We admire the bureau's guts.

IF Eddie Cantor had only one night to live, he "would like to spend it at 'Hellz-a-Poppin' and die laughing" (adv.). We wouldn't. There was a time in our strenuous youth when we imagined that the ideal agenda for such



an evening would include some minutes in the ring, with Jack Dempsey (or was it Jess Willard?) in the opposite corner. We were going to let him stay four or five rounds on the principle that the customers ought to get a run for their money. During our undergraduate days our plans for this hypothetical evening grew vaguer and tenderer, having something to do with Miss Ann Pennington. Now, with death so thoroughly pervading our daily life, we are more reluctant to speculate about the circumstances that will attend it. Perhaps when we're a grandfather like Mr. Cantor—or at any rate safely past the draft age—we'll get to toying

with the conundrum again. Then, if "Hellz-a-Poppin" is still on the boards, we'll see.

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: A cassette manufacturer recently applied to the World's Fair management for permission to use the Trylon and Perisphere on his product. It was refused, for some reason.

The window of a Greek restaurant near midtown Broadway is decorated with a neat pyramid of oranges, topped with a card reading "An Apple a Day Keeps the Doctor Away."

The Quintuplet Apartments, in Tallahassee, Florida, have five separate entries. The entries all have names, too, and you can guess what they are.

An idle lawyer has found some attractive titles in his law library. Volume 62, "Corpus Juris," is headed "Telephones and Telegraphs to Tout;" Volume 70, "Witnesses to Woodpulp." "Abbott's New York Digest" offers "Justices of the Peace to Lewdness."

There's a Mr. J. O. Smith in Williamsport, Pennsylvania, whose letterhead announces that he specializes in turning out "business form letters, illustrated card and letter advertising in new and novel platitudes."

Out of the Hoover

MUCH can be learned from those humble, small items which appear in the first edition of your afternoon paper, giving place in the final editions to news of more moment. For instance, the fact that the April show at the Hayden Planetarium, "Parade of Eclipses," was made mechanically possible only by a Planetarium official's discovery that his wife's vacuum cleaner contained a friction gear which would impart exactly the motion he wished to give his heavenly bodies. No sooner had we dredged this tidbit up from the depths of an early *Sun* than we were off to the Planetarium. There we bumped into Ernest Deike, the chief technician and builder of the Planetarium's eclipse projector, a new device which will project annular, partial, or total eclipses. Mr. Deike built it on two months' notice, devoting two weeks to designing and the rest of the time to construction. He left one prob-

lem hanging in the air, that of speeding up the time between eclipses. We have no intention of explaining the mechanical principles involved; they puzzled Deike, and they'd puzzle you. Well, one night Mr. Deike got back to his house in St. Albans, Long Island, at 2 A.M., after working eighteen hours on the eclipse projector. He was lying in bed, wishing he had a gear to speed up time between eclipses, when it occurred to him that his wife's vacuum cleaner, a Hoover, might contain the required part. He got up, went downstairs, dismantled the Hoover, and spread the parts out on the kitchen floor. His wife, hearing noises, came down to investigate. "Looking for something to make the eclipses move faster," Deike explained. "You're crazy," Mrs. Deike said, going back to bed. As things stand now, the eclipses at the Planetarium are beautifully timed, but Mrs. Deike has to sweep up crumbs and cigarette ashes with a broom and dustpan. She's probably the only woman in the world whose spring cleaning has been thwarted by an eclipse.

Trôn'yēm

AS everybody with half an imagination has probably realized, radio news announcers and commentators have been up against a knotty special problem in the pronunciation of weird place names in recent months. They may have to hurl such words as Mirpolonechka, Riksgränsen, or Bud out over the ether on little more than a moment's notice. Among a limited number of people rendering practically invaluable help in this matter is Mr. Jules Van Item, who occupies the job, or chair, of Guardian of Speech at the National Broadcasting Company's headquarters. He rules on all proper names that come up, and his rulings are law for all N.B.C. employees. Sponsored employees can pronounce Trondheim whatever way they want, but for N.B.C. men, and unsponsored programs, it's Trôn'yēm. Mr. Van Item's decisions frequently run counter to the advice of the newspapers and of Webster, but whatever he says goes and his rulings are sent out in looseleaf form to guide all N.B.C. stations over the country. Since Europe exploded last summer, he has come forward with pronuncia-

tions of ten thousand foreign words, from Aachen to Zwolle. In times of crisis, such as last September, for instance, when the Germans were capturing places like Pszczyna every few minutes, he stuck to his desk in the studio's Special Events Department hour after hour, giving fevered speakers instructions as each cable came in.

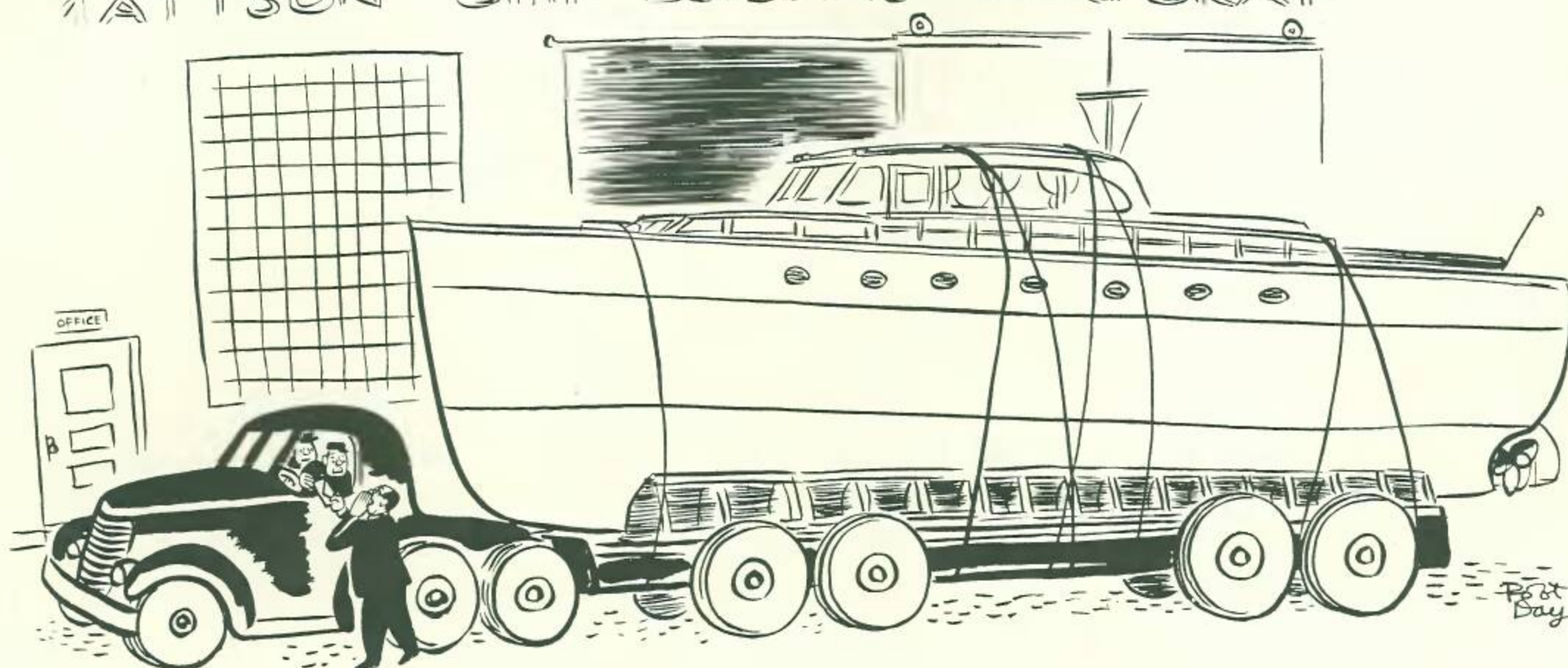
It is Mr. Van Item's practice to pencil his verdicts in the margin of dispatches, but if there's great need for haste, he chalks them on a blackboard for all to see. He doesn't use the standard phonetic symbols, such as Λ and ϕ , but respells the words with old-fashioned quantity signs over the vowels. Thus Przasnysz becomes Pshäs'nish; Viipuri is Vēē'pōō·rēē; Stjördalshalsen is Stör'-däls·häl·sun. During the Polish campaign, whenever a name popped up which had a simpler German equivalent, he urged that it be used: Bromberg instead of Bydgoszcz (Bīd·gōsh'ch), Lemberg instead of Lwów (Lvōōf).

Van Item, who is thirty-nine, was born in Rotterdam of Dutch parents. Both of them are in this country now, but his father, who is eighty-one, won't learn English, terming it the devil's own invention. Van Item himself, before he came here in 1921, lived in Germany, France, Rumania, Hungary, Spain, Portugal, Argentina, and Uruguay. Wherever he went he supported himself by teaching languages, and he runs a school here too. He speaks excellent English with what we would call a slight Scotch accent, although he's never been in Scotland. He's fond of larding his conversation with Latinisms: *ergo*, *nolens volens*, *ipso facto*, and the like. One of his sternest warnings to his followers is not to take the word of White Russian friends for the pronunciation of a Russian name. The Soviets, he says, have changed their alphabet, and the White Russians are out of date. He tries to keep well ahead of the news in training the commentators, and around the office has some standing as a prophet. He was issuing pronunciations of Finnish names while they were still divvying up Poland, and most of the important Scandinavian towns were on his list before the Germans set foot in Denmark. It is not without significance, probably, that he's been working of late on place names in Turkey, Afghanistan, and Sinkiang Province.

Lowell Thomas and Walter Winchell, being sponsored folks, don't have to take Van Item's advice, but Winchell does; came in of his own accord, *in re* Cernăuți. "Chēr·nă·ōōts'," said Van



MATTSON SHIP BUILDING CORPORATION



"You are proceeding under sealed orders, Murphy, not to be opened until you are three miles beyond Jersey City."

Item. It was a thing Walter didn't know till then.

Embattled Farmer's Daughter

A CABBY outside the Union Station in Washington told a traveler that a stern, stout lady, obviously the worse for a night in a sleeping car, got into his cab early the first morning of the recent D.A.R. convention and asked to be driven to D.A.R. headquarters. Before the driver could even say "Yes, Ma'am," she cried, "And I know what you're thinking! Don't say it!" They drove for a while in silence, then the lady added, "You know, we think no more of you than you do of us." She tipped the cabman a dime, but threw no further light on what she thought he had been thinking.

Quickly, Chicks

OUR "Tables for Two" department has long urged us to look up Gali Gali, the Egyptian magician who has been around some years and now is at the Rainbow Grill for the third or fourth time, still contriving, as is his wont, to have live baby chicks drop from the trouser legs of the customers. We visited Gali Gali between shows the other night. He removed his Egyptian robe and red fez and emerged as a medium-sized, baldish man given to frequent use of the word "sir." As we talked, his chicks, to the number

of twenty-five, relaxed contentedly in a box on a table. Gali Gali uses only eight of them per show (though at times he makes far more than that seem to come out of a single pocket) and rotates them, since they become moody if forced to go on, or in, too often during an evening. The chickens are never more than six days old when they start their careers; tiny ones are easier to handle and their chirps are almost inaudible. Every week a new batch is delivered to Gali Gali by a New Jersey hatchery. No chicks have ever objected to beginning life in a night club, and they are perfectly happy provided they get their daily rations of corn meal and water. At the end of a week in the limelight, they are given away by Gali Gali. At present the recipient of all of them is Carl Shaw, the drummer in the band at the Grill, who takes them to the back yard of his home in Far Rockaway. Six years ago, when Gali Gali was at the Palmer House in Chicago, he gave his chickens to one of the hotel's electricians. The engagement lasted twenty weeks, and at the end of it the electrician, with a brood of five hundred young fowl on his hands, quit his job and set up as a chicken farmer.

Gali Gali is thirty-eight, and his real name is Mahgoub Mohammed Hanafi. The translation of his stage name is "Quickly Quickly," and this descriptive title has been used by members of the Hanafi family, a prestidigitating tribe, for eight generations. Forty years ago

some thirty Gali Galis were plying their trade in Egypt, all bona fide. The Rainbow Grill's Gali Gali thinks he is alone now in carrying on the family tradition. For thirteen years he worked passenger boats on the Nile and the Suez Canal. One day in 1929 he happened to board a yacht owned by Mohammed Ali Ibrahim, who was a wealthy Egyptian prince and, at that moment, the host of Pearl White. Pearl White has absolutely nothing further to do with this story. The Prince, on the other hand, advised Gali Gali to go to Paris, and filled his pockets with letters of recommendation. Gali Gali went to Paris, and eventually was encouragingly received all over Europe. In 1934 he came to the United States. He lives with his wife, a Czecho-Slovakian girl, in a hotel on West Seventieth Street. The chickens live in the bathroom, in a ventilated box.

Since his first prince, Gali Gali has had numerous encounters with royalty. Except in the case of Serge Obolensky, whom he regards as a professional in the night-club business, he has never slipped chickens into royal pants, confining himself to the coat and vest. King Christian of Denmark gave him five hundred francs as a token of his delight at finding four chicks in a side pocket, and King Gustaf of Sweden, although his pocket yielded but one chicken, came through with a thousand-franc tip. Gali Gali estimates that in his years in Europe he pulled at least



"i liKe clENso beCasue—"

fifty bobbing chicks out of the Duke of Windsor.

Vacation

A YOUNG engineer got a job last week with one of those big, efficient industrial plants where matters concerning the personnel are figured out with stopwatch and slide rule. He was puzzled as well as gratified, therefore, to receive in his first pay envelope a notice saying that it was time for him to go on his vacation, and that he was to report to his immediate superior so that arrangements could be made to replace him during his absence. He popped into his superior's office, and the executive explained that the vacation had come so early in his term of service because he was simply a dot on a chart; his predecessor, evidently, had left just before his vacation fell due. It was also explained to him that the length of the vacation was determined by a number of factors—length of service, number of weekly work hours, initiative, company spirit, etc. "And so, Johnson," the boss con-

cluded, "you have ten minutes coming to you with pay, starting immediately. Why don't you step outside and have a smoke?"

Underground

ANTICIPATING by some months the happy day when the Sixth Avenue subway opens, we toured one of its interesting appurtenances this week, the longest pedestrian subway underpass in the history of pedestrian subway underpasses. It's a passageway running from Thirty-fifth Street to Forty-second Street, connecting with both the Thirty-fourth and Forty-second Street stations. The idea is that it will relieve congestion at these points by distributing passengers over a greater area. If you add the length of the station platforms to the length of the underpass, you have something impressive—a stretch of more than nine blocks, from Thirty-third Street to north of Forty-second. There will be a catch to using this as a summer promenade, however. There will be turnstiles at the ends of both sta-

tion platforms, so it will cost ten cents to make the entire distance. The arrangement should nevertheless be a boon to adventurous strollers in the summer of 1941. In addition to the entrances at both ends, there's an intermediate one at Thirty-eighth Street. At the south end, once you're through the turnstile, you will be able to wander on indefinitely underground: through territory of the B.-M.T., the Hudson & Manhattan terminal, Saks-Thirty-fourth Street, Gimbel's, the Pennsylvania Station—a whole world in itself.

We set off through the tunnel with the blessing of the Board of Transportation; Mr. Herman Birman, a guide supplied by that body (who is tired of having Booth Tarkington fans kid him about his name); and a flashlight. Mr. Birman led us into the tunnel by way of an unfinished entrance to the Forty-second Street station. The passageway was dark and gloomy. The electric wires are all in place, but the bulbs aren't. The walls are white-tiled, the ceiling and floor are of concrete. The underpass is thirty feet across at its widest point; south of Thirty-eighth, it narrows to twenty-four feet. It is eight feet high all the way. Mr. Birman thought the passage would remain cool and damp through the summer. In winter it will probably be cold and damp. There are no decorative effects whatsoever now, but the amateur subway artists, afforded such a golden opportunity, will probably take care of that soon enough.

We met no one on our way downtown and saw nothing of more interest than a couple of fuse boxes and a pair of dusty rubbers. South of Thirty-eighth, the underpass dips and Mr. Birman remarked that that stretch would be nice for roller-skating. The place will undoubtedly have to be policed to keep down sports activities. As we approached Thirty-fifth, we reached an upgrade and Mr. Birman pointed out handrails on the sides of the tunnel. "If you're tired, you can grab one," said he, grabbing one. At the south end, we peered up through the scaffolding in a partly finished entrance and chuckled quietly at the pedestrians dodging traffic in the old-fashioned way. We then started on the return trip, which was completely uneventful.

Helpful

BRUSHING up on his financial status, a Mr. R. H. Kleeman wrote to the Treasury Department, requesting a record of the Savings Bonds he had pur-

chased within the past year; his own records, he explained, had been misplaced. Whizzing back in a franked envelope came this reply: "It is requested that you furnish a complete description of the bonds in your possession or which are being held for you in safekeeping, by series, serial number, denomination, issue date, exact form of registration, place of purchase, and any other information which would assist in identifying your account, in order that the list may be checked against the records of the Department and the desired information furnished." Mr. Kleeman got the idea; he'll never bother the Treasury Department again.

Ranee Revisited

LAST time we had an audience with the Ranee of Sarawak, wife of the only white rajah in the world. Her Highness was wearing no stockings. She was in full native costume on that occasion, presiding over an exhibition of her paintings, from the sale of which she hoped to buy a movie projector for her husband's leper colony in Borneo. By way of bringing the Ranee up to date, we can add that she now wears stockings but hasn't yet got around to buying the projector. She has been furiously active in the last two years. Besides writing two books, she has spent five months with the Rajah in Sarawak, visited her three daughters in England, completed a two months' coast-to-coast lecture tour in this country, and been a guest star at Leon & Eddie's, where she was co-featured with Frances Faye, billed as "First Lady of Za-Zu-Zaz." Except for her night-club turn, which she did just for a lark, the Ranee's activities here have largely been in the interest of the lepers. During her last visit to Sarawak, she gave them a gramophone with three hundred records, mostly English and American dance music, and made a 16-mm. movie of the colony, which she subsequently used in her lecture tour here. Financially, the tour was a disappointment, and Her Highness now reproves herself for not thinking of taking up a collection at the close of each lecture. While she was in California, the Ranee looked up her son-in-law, Bob Gregory, a wrestler who married the Ranee's youngest daughter, known widely as Princess Baba. "Greg-

ory's still wrestling dismally on the California coast," the Ranee reports. Princess Baba meanwhile lives in London. Recently she wrote her mother that she was doing war work, amusing the Royal Air Force.

The Ranee has been in this country for the last eight months, spending about half her time in travel, visiting Errol Flynn and other friends in Hollywood, lecturing, and vacationing in Florida and Cuba with the Harry Richmans. She has spent the remainder of her visit in New York, making her headquarters at the Hotel Winthrop, where she received us one afternoon last week. Her Highness was wearing a Malay costume consisting of a tomato-red sarong and jacket, gold-colored sash, high-heeled slippers with open toes and heels, jade earrings, coral necklace, gold bracelets on one arm, and plaited-grass and bamboo bracelets on the other. The grass bracelets were made by the head-hunters of Sarawak, who are still active. Not long ago, the Ranee told us, her husband had to go into the interior to reprimand a tribe that had chopped off five heads. The Rajah discourages the head-hunters by making them give the heads back to the tribe from which they were taken. This is almost the only time in thirty-three years, the Ranee explained, that she hasn't spent the months between November and April at home with the

Rajah. She stayed here this year to finish a novel called "A Star Fell," which is to be published shortly. After seeing the first two chapters, the publishers were so enthusiastic they asked her to complete it immediately. She turned out sixty-two thousand words in six weeks. It's the story of a native boy who gets so emotionally mixed up by the teachings of the English missionaries that he loses his mind. The Ranee is an old hand at writing, having six novels, an autobiography, and several unproduced plays to her credit in England. She is leaving on the Clipper for Europe in a few days and plans to stay in England until fall, when she will go out to Sarawak for her usual visit. There's been no change in the Ranee's or Sarawak's status because of the war. The kingdom is prospering now, since the price of rubber is up, and the Rajah has contributed £100,000 to the British government to help prosecute the war.

Idiom

"WHAT do they mean, 'sing'?" the lady sitting in front of us on the bus asked, showing her companion a newspaper headline reading "Lepke to Sing for D.A." "Oh, my dear, don't you know?" the other said. "That's underworld for 'squeal.'"





"Speaking for the directors of the hospital, I would like to say, Mrs. Hart, that it was nice having you with us."

VIRTUE AND THE TIGER

THERE was once a hermit called Avadavanda, who was a man of great beauty, learning, elegance of thought, presence of mind, and holiness. He lived in the jungle, though in his youth he had lived at court.

One morning while washing his feet in a brook and composing a Hymn to Vegetable Being, he noticed the thicket rustle and the reeds begin to bulge. A tiger came out. Its head drooped, its jaws were stained with blood, and, coming to the pool, it drank long and greedily.

"Blood is so salt," murmured Avadavanda.

"Men don't value it the less," replied the tiger bitterly.

Avadavanda spoke soothingly to the tiger and condoled with him on his hard, carnivorous lot. Tears of self-pity began to stream down the tiger's cheeks, and Avadavanda spoke of fortitude. Ashamed of having betrayed his weakness, the tiger slunk off. Then Avadavanda returned to his meditations and completed another strophe of the Hymn.

Extremes meet, opposites complement each other, and tigers, it is well known, are irresistibly drawn to the company of hermits. Avadavanda and the tiger now met frequently and became tolerably intimate. They had much in common: both loved nature, solitude, and sleep. Often they would lie down in some grassy glade, Avadavanda pillowing his head on the tiger's flank, and together drowse away the afternoon. The tiger, who had a simple character, asked no more of their intimacy than this, but the subtle and high-minded Avadavanda was conscious of an inequality in their friendship. He could not hide from himself that it was always the tiger who kissed and he who held the cheek. And it seemed to him that he should do more, that it was discourteous to accept such generous affection and make so slight a return. One afternoon he said, "Would you not like to eat me?"

The tiger looked at him with pained astonishment and replied, shortly, "No."

Avadavanda begged his pardon with winning grace, but the tiger was grumpy for quite a while after.

He showed his discernment, thought Avadavanda. For after all, what was such an offer worth? To me, it was but my life, a valueless illusion, a temporal wrapping that sooner or later I shall

discard. And to him I proffered at best but a fleeting, sensuous gratification.

Yet still he felt an obligation to make some return for the tiger's affection, and it occurred to him that as he had amassed a great deal of virtue and was in a way of life to amass even more, he might well bestow the present accumulation on the tiger. So one day he began to speak of virtue, tickling the tiger's stomach as he did so with a little wand.

The tiger lay all loosened with pleasure, purring, extending and retracting his claws, and dribbling slightly. His eyes were as pale and serene as the evening sky, and rolling at Avadavanda's feet, he said, "Oh, thank you! Oh, delicious! Oh, thank you! How delightful to hear you speaking so eloquently about virtue! I do like to hear about virtue."

"You shall enjoy more than the hearsay," replied Avadavanda. "You shall experience it. Dear friend, receive, such as it is, my present stock of virtue. I give it to you with pleasure, and wish it were more."

The tiger sat up as though a flea had bitten him. He stared around him and twitched his ears.

"You will soon grow accustomed to it," said Avadavanda.

In a faint, awe-struck voice the tiger said, "Excuse me." He rose to his feet and walked unsteadily away. He did not return.

AVADAVANDA was not surprised. He remembered how, when first acquiring virtue himself, he had felt a profound dissatisfaction with all his former life and had quitted the court in consequence. No doubt the tiger was experiencing much the same emotions. Wishing him well, the hermit settled himself to a quiet attainment of further merit and holiness, and soon the tiger was wiped from his mind.

Meanwhile the tiger was feeling very odd. At first it seemed to him that he



had been overtaken by some mysterious illness, and this surmise was borne out by the fact that he had completely lost the impulse to kill. It was not that he was not hungry. As the days went by he grew famished with hunger, but at the sight of a live meal his desire suddenly failed him. Sometimes he managed to choke down a little carrion, and for the rest a morbid craving drove him to nibble grass and dig up sweet potatoes.

He was no longer at home with his fellows; he did not even wish to fight them. He hated their company and at the same time he felt an obligation to serve them, to tame their passions and cultivate their minds. And when one day he found a little tiger, he tried to lure it away from its family and teach it modesty and sadness.

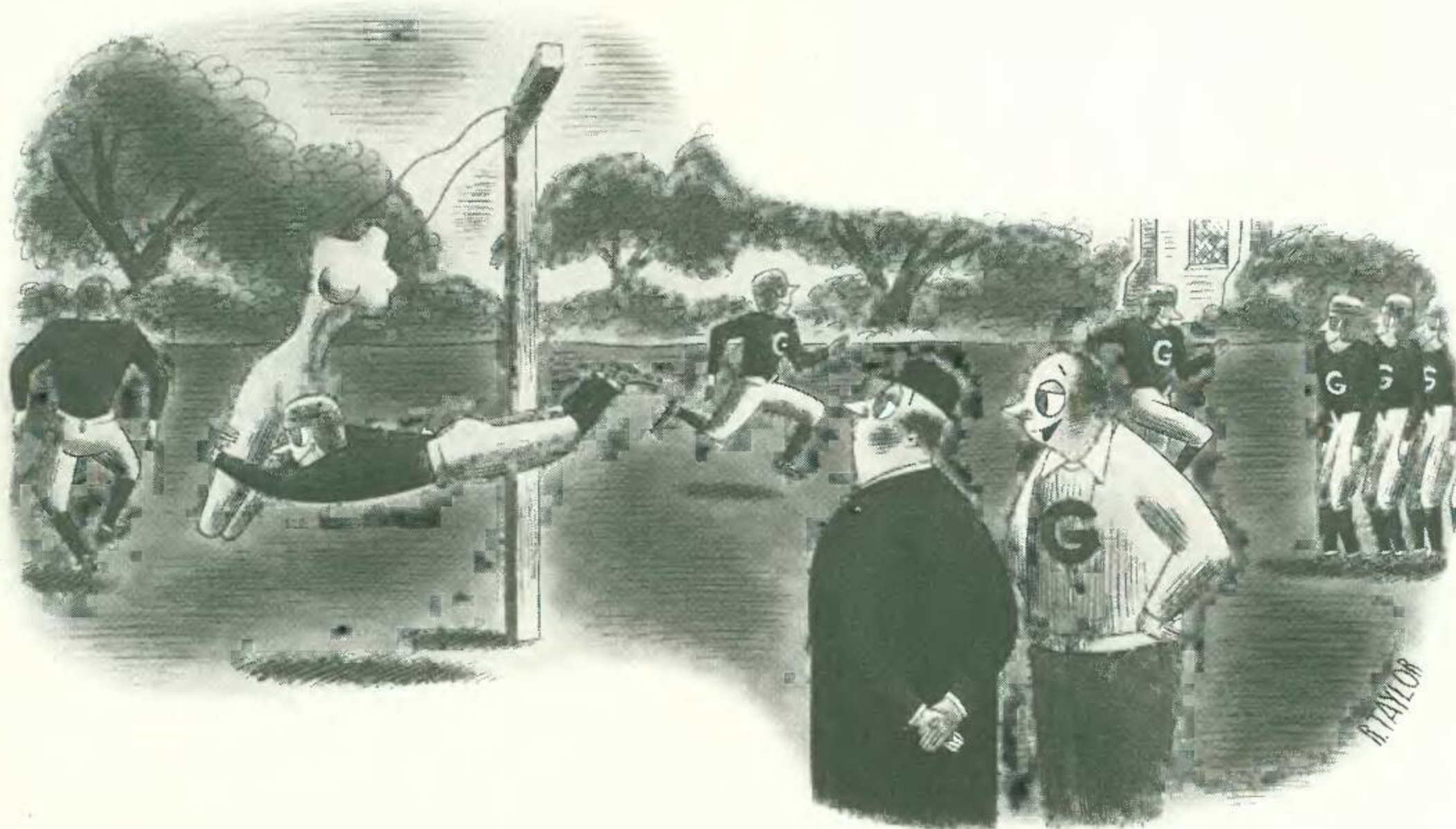
At times he wondered if he should revisit Avadavanda. But the thought of Avadavanda was no longer delightful. Avadavanda now seemed a quite uninteresting person, conceited, and surely rather selfish, and not good-looking.

Thus the tiger wandered about, disconcerted and listless, and yet at the same time deeply interested in himself. And one day, as he went slouching through the jungle, not looking where he was going, a net fell round him and he was a prisoner.

For the first time since Avadavanda's virtue had been bestowed on him, the tiger began to feel comfortable and at ease. He sat down and waited for the worse things which, he had no doubt, would follow. Presently there appeared a band of men who were collecting animals for a menagerie. The tiger made no resistance, and when he had been well roped and muzzled, and a collar fastened about his neck, the men led him away and delivered him to the menagerie, where he was put in a cage.

The cage was small and dirty and stinking and one in a row of cages all containing tigers. All day long visitors shuffled past, staring and commenting and prodding their sticks between the bars. All day long the other tigers growled and roared, paced to and fro, or snatched at the sticks. But our tiger sat soberly in a corner, upheld by virtue. In consequence he soon became accustomed to hearing the visitors say, as they walked past, "Oh, there's that stick-in-the-mud animal! Don't bother to stop, he's no fun," or, "Come on, Betty, don't let's waste time on him!"

And so it became clear to him that



virtue is a thing of no value among worldlings. Though it be rare as the phoenix, difficult as the ascent of Mount Ararat, and beautiful as the lotus, virtue is of no account compared to vulgar roarings and snatchings.

This fact was made even clearer in a few months' time, when the proprietor of the menagerie, pausing before the cage, remarked, "As for that one, he's not worth his keep. Mark him down and get rid of him."

THE tiger was sold to a travelling circus, where he was even more uncomfortable than in the menagerie, and where, under a cruel discipline, he learned to sit on a high stool and jump through a hoop. His virtue became even more apparent and finally caused an indignant lady to protest that the wretched animal was drugged.

The circus manager came forward to refute this accusation. "Show the lady if he's drugged or not, boy," he said.

The tamer lashed at the tiger with a whip. The tiger fell off his stool and quietly reseated himself on the floor. Instantly the tent was filled with a clamor of hooting, whistling, and cat-calling. Some were hooting the tamer's brutality and others were jeering at the tiger's lack of spirit. But to the tiger all this uproar betokened one thing only: a general scorn of virtue. On a sudden impulse of disillusionment he leaped the barrier, walked morosely

through the screaming crowd, and left the tent.

Outside the tent was a little ragged girl who had been too poor to buy a ticket. Seeing the tiger, she screamed and threw an orange at him.

"So you, too, hate virtue, do you?" groaned the tiger, and struck her a heavy blow. Filled with apostolic wrath and apostolic disillusionment, the tiger stalked through the village, smiting and tearing at anything that crossed his path. All night he travelled, howling with rage, and in the early morning came to the jungle, where the birds were singing and the monkeys playing, just as of old. Seeing him so angry and so shabby, the monkeys scolded and pelted him with nuts. Furiously he tried to climb the trees after them, for they too were scorners and mockers of virtue, and when he came on a young hind he tore her in pieces without even asking for her opinion of virtue, since he felt so sure she had no regard for it.

Toward evening he found himself among his old haunts and presently heard familiar sounds: the running brook and the calm tenor voice of Avadavanda singing an Ode to Annihilation. Leaping out from the thicket, he confronted the holy man. "Tremble, Avadavanda!" he said. "Your hour

"It's brought out twice as many for spring training as last year."

has come. Tremble, heartless hypocrite! Down on your knees, blasphemer! You feign to be virtuous, but what is virtue to you? A nothing, a toy, a worthless thing to be thrown away on tigers." So saying, he launched himself at the hermit.

Quick as thought, Avadavanda reckoned up the amount of virtue he had acquired since parting with the tiger and decided it would be adequate. "Receive my virtue!" he cried.

In mid-spring, the tiger crumpled and fell at Avadavanda's feet.

"No more," he whimpered. "I can't bear any more." His body was shaken with a fit of hysterical weeping. Then, with a heavy sigh, he folded his paws and lay dead.

Pondering on the inexorable harmonies of the universe, Avadavanda buried the tiger under a May tree, thus beginning his third acquisition of virtue.

—SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

THE MYSTERIOUS EAST

[From the Peking Chronicle]

The Peking Hotel and Warner Brothers Film Corporation united last night in giving Peking residents an exhilarating time with their "Naughty But Nice" program. A large number of people filled the Hotel bathroom.

JOEY AND MAVIS

FRIEND TED:

I DO not wish this to constitute a regular letter as am only setting down my tho'ts at random more or less as they come to me sitting here casually after dinner while Mavis is at the movies with the kids. Perhaps a few words about Mavis would not be a miss as I have had so many things happening to me since writing you before that I did not get the opportunity to inform you regarding Mavis who has bro't such changes into my life that I can not believe it myself when I stop to think of it.

It happened one nite (from the picture of the same name) and I just finished a set and was outside on the sidewalk in front of the joint filling up my lungs with Gods air & some of my own cigarette smoke instead of 50 other people's and was talking to the doorman Sailor Bob a punchy stumble-bum that after 20 yrs learned how to open the door of that new inventon the auto but did not catch on how to close it. I use to go out and stand there & leave him pay me a few compliments on my voice as he tho't himself a great hand as a singer. He could not of been a worse fighter than a singer otherwise he would of been worm meat 20 yrs ago or more and none of this would of happened. He apprisiated my singing I will say that for him altho always asking why didnt I sing like Oh you beautiful doll which you are too young to remember and so am I but the story I hear is that when the Titantic went down (a ship) people sang it or hummed a couple bars and then said the hell with this and jumped the hell off the boat so they would not have to finish singing it. I do not know that for sure but only base that on hearsay based on a weak moment when I allowed the Sailor to sing it for me one nite. I tho't why does this happen to me, everything happens to me. I tho't I was the poor man's good Samaritan to listen to that but was glad later as one nite I was on my way out and some guy that had suspicions of me & his wife was waiting for me and I was doing some very fast talking when out of the corner of my eye I saw the Sailor and yelled to him and I must say that what the Sailor can not do with his fist he does not have to do as he does it with the boot. I have seen some

dirty fighting in my travels with the socialites and polo players I grew up with but nothing to compare with the Sailor who is a pleasure to watch work if you care for that sort of thing and I do especially when he is working on somebody that a minute ago was going to stick their fist down my throat. Anyway the guy had the wrong party as it was not me but the drummer in the band. I had her sister and it was not even the right nite he was referring to.

Well as I started in to say this one nite I went out and the Sailor was on duty and I was more less fronting for him, that is on smoking. He was not allow to smoke on duty but it was o. k. for me to so I would say "I will light one for you Sailor" and if the mgr. came out the Sailor would hand it to me and would not get caught smoking on duty. Then this 1937 La Salle sedan came up and four got out, two couples. The fellow driving asked if it would be o. k. to park here and the Sailor working for a

tip stalled and said not as a rule but in this case etc. so the fellow driving gave him a buck and they went inside. I do not know how I happen to miss Mavis but I did not see her until I had to go in again and polish off some more dittys and they had a table ringside, and I went over and asked them if they had any request nos. and Mavis asked for two requests but did not have both of them only the Beguin no. The other was an oldy like My Buddy which they were singing during the civil war. I know it but forgot the lyrics. She looked around 32 or 33, inclined to take on a little weight but I also like them zoftick as some goose in the band says. They asked me to sit down with them and join them in a drink but I could not have a drink on the job but we got into conversaton and in the course of the conversaton she happen to menton that when she saw me outside talking to the doorman she tho't perhaps I was there waiting for a date instead of working in the joint and she meant it as a compliment as she said this spot was new to her and she did not like to go to strange



"Pardon me, are you in charge of the swans?"

spots but thinking I was the type customer the joint got she figured it was o. k. I said I considered her a very wise person and I was not kidding because all the time I kept looking at her I kept adding up how much she had on her was worth. At least a two-carat diamond ring on the engagement finger and also a diamond bracelet and a gold cigarette case with inside it (not outside) her three initials in diamonds M. W. K. (for Mavis Williams Ketchell but did not find that out till later). The people with her were in their 40s. Well I always make it a point to leave a table while they still want me to stay (always leave them laughing) so I moved away and merely said I hope they would come again etc. I could not figure out any way how to get her phone no. without asking for one on the chin. I had some premonition that I could move in if I played it right but was also not sure. I could not figure if maybe one of the two guys bo't those diamonds or if she had her own dough or if she was a wealthy young divorcee or young widow or what the hell? She was so cagey that all I knew about her was all she wanted to let me know. Even so I had that premonition that once I got alone with her I would let her do the talking and maybe she would talk herself into it.

Well I went out again for a smoke and of course asked the Sailor who own the La Salle but he never saw it before and I could not get any clue but just then fate fell into my hands. At first I tho't my luck ran out because here they were all coming out, Mavis & the other three. The one fellow backed up the sedan and the others got in and then when they were all in the other dame decided she wanted to sit in back with "Harry" and Mavis got out and the other dame got in the back and sat with Harry and Mavis started to get in front with the other guy and just when she was sitting down the Sailor must of decided that the important thing was on the seat because just then he slammed the door and got her right foot. She let out one "Jesus H. Christ" and then I saw her face and she was biting her lower lip in pain. Trying to keep from crying I guess but very courageous. Then when she had a look at her foot she passed out and I damn near did too. The Sailor put everything in that slam and it would take your appetite away to describe her foot. I saw it all happen.

Well plenty of excitement. The mgr.

came out and the Sailor was non compass mentis and did not know what to do and the other dame was screaming like she was the one that had the door slammed on her own foot instead of Mavis. They finally got a dr. and they took Mavis to a hospital. One of the guys in the car took my name etc. and all I could think of was that fixed it fine as far as Mavis coming back to the joint for a while or maybe ever. The way her foot looked it would be lucky if she did not lose the foot. But it was not as bad as I tho't and a day or two later a guy came around to my place and asked me a lot of questions about how it happened. He was from the ins. co. he said and I tho't he meant the ins. co. that Mavis was insured by but no, he was from the one that covered the joint for accidents like that. I told him a story that should of got Mavis \$1,000,000. The next wk. I got the bounceroo from the joint. It seems that they settled with Mavis for around \$1100 but if I would of had a different story ready maybe they could of got away without settling for anything. I still dont know all the angles and do not give a damn. I told the mgr. if I knew what kind of a story he wanted me to tell maybe I would of told a different one but he said it was just too bad but they did settle. I was out and also the Sailor.



But I guess the Sailor can always get himself a spot in some gym but there I was with only about \$85 in my poke and no job. So I was desperate and almost wired you to put the touch on you but at the last moment got this idea and decided to call on Mavis at the hosp. I did so and much to my pleasant surprise was told to go right up to room whatever it was. She was surrounded with flowers and was glad to see me instead of giving me the brush which was what I was afraid of. She had her foot in a plaster cast and first she made me feel at home and then said for me to take a pencil and write my name on the cast as she understood I saw the whole thing and must of told the truth about how it happened otherwise they would not of settled so quickly. "Yes," I said. "I was too truthful for my own good, Mrs. Ketchell, as they discharged me because I was ready to go to court and tell the truth that the doorman was to blame for the unfortunate accident." She tho't a minute and said she wished she knew that at the time before settling, however she asked me to sign my autograph on the cast and I did.

Well we chatted and she asked me to come and see her again and I said I would be happy to as I would have plenty of time and she said that was perfect because most of her friends worked in the day time and she did not have many woman friends in Chicago that could come and call on her and it was such a bore in the hospital alone. So I started going there every day and soon she told me the story of her life and how she was so happy with her two children and husband but one day he came home and shot himself and the ins. co. had to pay double because that was in the clause and she could not bear to live in the small town where her home was because it was too full of memories so she came to Chi. Her husband was 20 yrs. older than she and she was hardly more than a girl when she got married but even so was happy with him as he did every thing in the world for her. Well I can tell you one thing in the world he did not do for her because I am no 20 years older than she is and no old guy 50-some years old did everything in the world for her. They could attach a wire to her and I bet she could light up a city of 50,000 populaton the way they did with some ship out on the Coast. After she got out of the hospital she got me to take a room near where she has an apartment for herself & the two kids. She knows a guy that is going to back a new joint in the Loop dist. and when the thing is ready I am practically set to open there and meanwhile we go out about every nite. I caught her in a few lies but this is on the level and I think she has something on the guy that is backing the new spot as one nite we were on our way in a place and he was standing there waiting and she said to him, "How nice to see you, Tom" and introduced me and said I was just the singer for the new spot and he began to stall and she said not to bore her but just make an appointment with me and he said "Oh, is it that way?" and she replied "Why, Tom darling, just what do you mean?" and laughed and he said o. k. and I see him next Tues. I sure would hate to let her get anything on me.

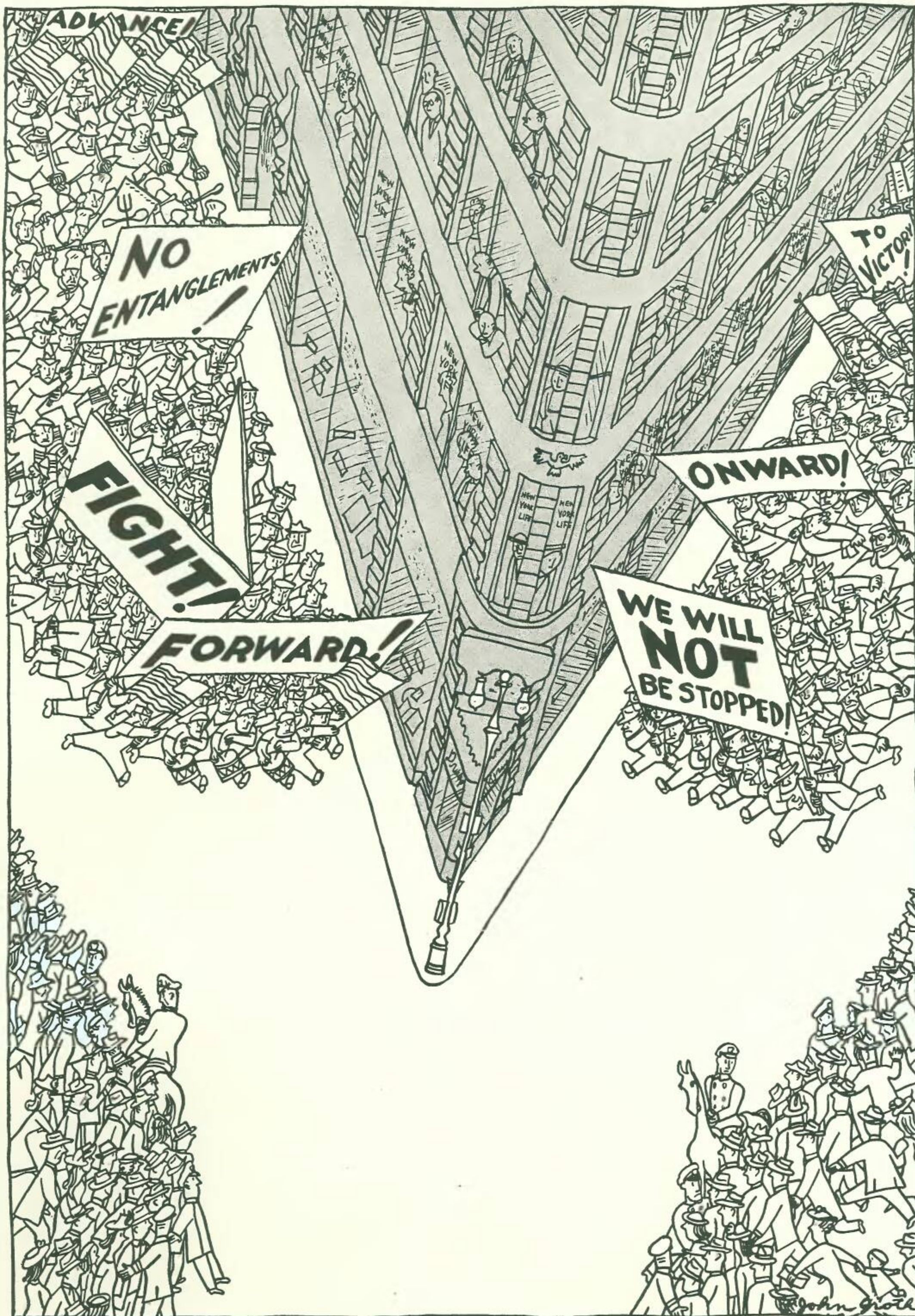
Well she ought to be back soon and I want to put this in the envelope and seal it up and when she sees I was writing to a guy and not some dame it should make her a happy girl. Age 37 if I can believe her drivers license.

I wonder what the poor people are doing?

Regards

PAL JOEY

—JOHN O'HARA





Elmer G. Leterman

DURING the last seventeen years, Elmer G. Leterman, an insurance salesman who has come to be regarded as the master in his field, has persuaded three thousand individuals to insure their lives for a total of \$30,000,000 and various businesses to take out group-insurance policies totalling \$200,000,000. He is authorized to represent thirty-two insurance firms in this country and Canada. Most of his clients he places with the John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Company. "There was a beautiful time in my career when I had given the John Hancock twenty-three million dollars' worth of ordinary life insurance with less than a fourth of one per cent deaths," he says. "That's unheard of." Leterman attributes the longevity of his clients to luck. "Fate's been very kind to me," he explains. "My people don't die. The proof of the pudding is in the eating." Leterman likes figurative expressions like "The proof of the pudding is in the eating," and he sometimes improvises his own versions of familiar metaphors, giving them a novel charm. "He's got a bone to grind," he once said of a man whom he suspected of an ulterior motive.

In 1933, 1934, and 1935, Leterman sold more life insurance annually than any agent in the history of the John Hancock Company—179 policies totalling \$2,055,543, 199 totalling \$2,281,655, and 356 totalling \$2,507,320, respectively. In commemoration of this record, the directors voted to give him something they called a President's Award for Achievement, which took the shape of a bronze plaque inscribed with the details of his accomplishment and signed by the company's president. They later presented the plaque to him at a din-

PROFILES

THE MASTER

ner, and also gave him a \$750 gold card case adorned with an inscription alluding to his prowess.

Leterman carries the case in his vest pocket and has had a copy of the plaque printed on his stationery, which is additionally embellished with the phrase "Annuities Have Kept Many a Headliner from Being a Breadliner." Leterman thought up this aphorism himself. Along with his name and the address of his Rockefeller Center office, it appears on his pencils and, in red and white letters against a jet-black background, on midget match covers which he has had the Lion Match Company make up for him. Leterman does not smoke and he seldom has occasion to light a fire, but he ordered 100,000 of these match packets a couple of years ago, partly because he felt that some of the 1,400,000 matches they contained would come in handy for looking at theatre programs on first nights, most of which he attends, and partly because he hoped that the purchase might bring him to the favorable attention of the Lion Match people. He was not disappointed. He has since sold the company an \$800,000 group policy covering its five hundred employees. Leterman is a grateful man; he has seen to it that the Rockefeller Center Lunch Club, at the Rainbow Room, where he lunches four or five times a week, uses Lion match books. Leterman lunches at the club a lot because his office is in the same building and its clientele makes him feel like a peanut, a sensation which he enjoys. "It's a real inspiration to lunch there, because you see the biggest people in the world—John D. Rockefeller, David Sarnoff, and Vincent Bendix," he says. "It makes you feel like a peanut."

THE average annual premium on an ordinary life-insurance policy comes to around thirty dollars a thousand. When Leterman sells a policy, he gets fifty per cent of the first year's premium, and, if the policy-holder lives and pays his premiums, five per cent of the annual premium for the next nine years. On the \$30,000,000 worth of such policies which Leterman has sold, his total commission would amount to \$855,000. Deaths occurring before the nine-year period is up reduce this figure by only a negligible amount, but policy lapses reduce it substantially; deaths and lapses together bring the figure down

to about \$750,000. On group insurance, the salesman's commission is considerably less, ranging from five to twenty per cent of the first-year premium—which averages eight dollars a thousand—and including three per cent of the annual premium for the next nine years, provided the policy runs that long. On \$200,000,000 worth of group policies, Leterman has collected about \$375,000. Thus he has made over \$1,100,000 out of life insurance since he began selling it in 1923. Leterman also deals in general insurance—workmen's compensation, liability, fire, theft, and so on—and he estimates that this constitutes one fifth of his business and has yielded a further income of \$225,000. Averaged over a period of seventeen years, his earned income has run to well over \$75,000 annually. Although Leterman has saved a good deal of this and has stated that he could live comfortably for the rest of his life simply on the income from his investments, he does not plan to retire, nor does he feel that his career is purely a matter of dollars and cents. He claims to have induced more persons to save part of their salaries than any other man in New York. He once said of several Hawaiian girls who danced at the St. Regis last winter, "I like to insure their lives because it makes them save money they wouldn't otherwise."

Leterman loves to do favors for people, such as making them save their salaries or buying their matches, and he is continually giving business to his friends and acquaintances. The hope of selling insurance is the mainspring of his behavior, but he is so unobtrusive about it that his prospects are not always immediately aware of their status. For example, Leterman patronizes seven or eight dentists. "Suppose you and I meet and you're a dentist," he explained to a friend recently. "I have fairly white teeth, but I say, 'Doc, I'm coming over to have my teeth cleaned.' He doesn't know it, but he's a prospect." Leterman has his teeth cleaned every sixty days or so and the enamel of his teeth has been worn down practically to nothing in the interests of his profession. "If I run into a nice dentist in between, I don't hesitate," he says. He says he is perfectly satisfied if he gets a two-per-cent return on favors extended. Actually he undoubtedly enjoys showing attentions and

performs obliging acts, such as getting jobs for people, because of a kind of natural inclination to helpfulness rather than a conscious shrewdness.

ALTHOUGH Leterman is still a leader in his field, he has not sold quite as much insurance during the last three years as during the three previous years. The reason is that he has been giving a lot of time to the Hawaiian Macadamia Nut Company, Ltd., of which he is the exclusive agent in North America. He went to Honolulu early in 1937 and stayed there for a year and four months as local representative of the Hancock Company. Allan Lehman, a partner in the banking firm of Lehman Brothers and a friend of Leterman's, was vacationing in Hawaii part of this time and one day took Leterman through the Macadamia Nut plantation in Honolulu. Leterman was impressed by the Macadamia, a crisp, sweetish nut which he thought extremely tasty, and was astonished to learn that it was being sold in only one shop in New York. Lehman introduced him to E. S. Van Tassel and Walter Dillingham, president and vice-president of the company, and Leterman offered to become American agent for the nut on a commission basis. The day he got back to New York, in April, 1938, he placed Macadamias with Hicks, Schrafft's, Park & Tilford, Charles, Macy, Altman, and Bloomingdale. He has since arranged for the nut to be sold in practically every store in the metropolitan district that handles nuts and in hundreds of shops all over the country and Canada. Leterman's commission, involving an option to take cash or common or preferred Macadamia stock, is worked out in such a complicated way that he says he has been unable to figure out his profits. He is sure, however, that he owns a good deal of stock and that he has been given the title of vice-president in charge of sales. The stock has paid no dividends, but Leterman says it is only a question of time before it will. "We have sixty-eight thousand trees," he says, "and every one of them is working for Leterman." He has christened the Macadamia "King of Nuts" and his registered cable address is "Nutking."

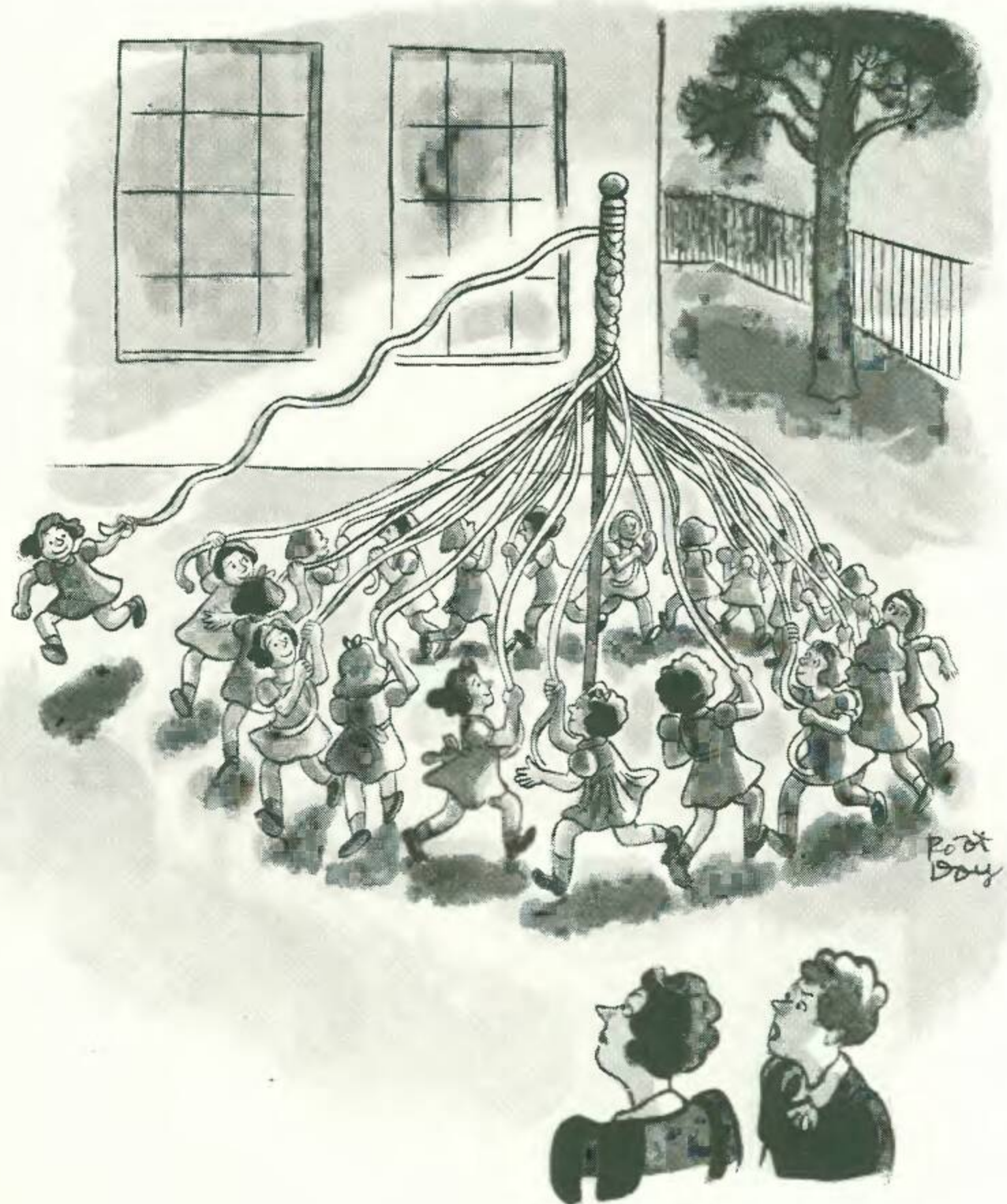
Some of Leterman's friends feel that his nut promotion has

been taking his mind off the insurance business, but actually the two activities dovetail neatly. Several of Leterman's nut relationships have led to insurance deals, and vice versa. Since getting Hicks to stock up on Macadamias, for instance, he has sold this store a group policy for its employees. He is now negotiating with Schrafft's, who sell not only Macadamias but also Macadamia caramels, for a \$20,000,000 group policy covering eighty-five hundred workers.

He stirs about in a perpetual welter of extracurricular services for his nut and insurance clients. A couple of years ago he introduced the president of Hicks to the chef of the Rainbow Room and the head buyer at Schrafft's, both of whom buy his nuts, with the idea that perhaps the two restaurant men could be persuaded to buy Hicks fruit. Leterman knows many of the salesgirls in Schrafft's and in Altman's food depart-

ment, and estimates that he has spent \$500 giving them perfume to encourage them to push the nuts. "It's those little things that make you a different object in their minds," he states with conviction. Similarly, Leterman has brightened up the life of John Shattuck, a vice-president of Schrafft's. "If Mr. Shattuck wants a moving picture for a charitable affair, I get him a first-run picture," he says. "What the hell does he need the nuts for? He needs the nuts like you need the measles. He buys the nuts because I sell him everything but the nuts." Leterman frequently expresses a hope, not altogether disinterested, that his clients will expand. "My motto is: The small man of today is the big man of tomorrow," he tells his friends. "Hicks may have eighty-eight stores in five years."

Leterman's success with the Macadamia prompted him the winter before



"She's utterly lacking in group integration."

last to branch out and sponsor a prune. He secured the New York agency for Uhl's Plus Prunes, a California product. For several weeks he kept buttonholing people and telling them that the Uhl prune was the biggest prune they ever saw in their lives. He got a few shops to stock the prune, but abandoned the business temporarily when he had some disagreement with Mr. Uhl over commissions. A couple of months ago he discovered that Mr. Uhl, the man behind the prune, was, like himself, a thirty-second-degree Mason. Differences between the two men were patched up, and Leterman is now exclusive agent for the prunes throughout the United States. He is also working on another sideline, as agent for a Hungarian pastry firm. "I represent those patties," he said the other day. "You know—those patty fours."

Leterman first saw the Uhl prune at a Wine & Food Society tasting. He is a member of the Society and arranged for his nuts to be on hand at one of the tastings. Macadamias are never far from his mind, even when he seems to be thinking of something else. He has had them incorporated in desserts, cakes, and salads in hotels and restaurants all over town, and at his suggestion Commander Byrd recently took two dozen cases of them to the South Pole. A year or so

ago, Leterman overheard Vincent Bendix ask a bell captain in the Savoy-Plaza where he could buy some nuts. The next day Leterman sent Bendix a case of Macadamias with his compliments. This thoughtful act led to a very happy relationship. "I proposed Mr. Bendix to the Wine and Food Society," says Leterman. Bendix was elected and comes regularly to the tastings. Leterman does not hesitate to strike up an acquaintanceship with important people, and one of his greatest pleasures is to introduce two prominent people to each other. Sometimes, carried along by his own momentum, he introduces people to people he has never met himself. When Walter Dillingham came here for a few weeks last spring, Leterman decided to have him meet some New Yorker of consequence in the papaya business, a leading Hawaiian industry. After some research into who was who in papaya, he called up L. E. Booth, president of the Pa-Pi-A Corporation of 88 Lexington Avenue. "This is Elmer Leterman," he said. "I'd like you to meet Walter Dillingham, who is the outstanding man in Hawaii, socially, financially, and otherwise." Mr. Booth proved amenable and a meeting was arranged. "I didn't know Mr. Booth from Adam," says Leterman when he recalls the incident. "What have I to gain by it? I do it for Honolu-

lu." Leterman also got a certain joy out of taking Dillingham downtown to have lunch with some of the Lehman partners in the firm's private dining room. "He and Tommy Hitchcock talked about polo," he says. "It was all above my head." The maneuvering of such get-togethers gives Leterman a feeling of awe. "I get a terrific kick out of the thought of introducing a man like Dillingham to a man like Robert Lehman," he says. "You can't tell *what* might happen."

LETERMAN was born forty-two years ago in Charlottesville, Virginia, where his father owned the biggest department store in the state, as well as two movie theatres, an opera house, a skating rink, and an amusement park containing a zoo. In the Civil War one of Elmer's grandfathers fought for the North and one for the South. "My grandmothers, who were sisters, were cousins of Baron Hirsch, whoever the hell he was," he says, referring to a Bavarian speculator and philanthropist who in his lifetime gave away over \$50,000,000 for Jewish colonization projects. When Elmer was twelve, his father, who has since died, decided that Charlottesville was too small to live in. He gave up his store, his theatres, his rink, and his park, and moved to Norfolk, where he went into the insurance business. A couple of years later, Elmer quit school. He served an apprenticeship in the woollen business in Baltimore, working for a friend of his family's; then, after a year, he came to New York to work for the S. Goldsmith Company, a woollen-brokerage house owned by an uncle. By the time he was eighteen he was a partner in his uncle's business and was making \$25,000 a year. Leterman is bewildered when he contemplates the average contemporary youth. "Look at a boy of eighteen today," he says. "Why, today boys of eighteen are at school." He speculated profitably in woollens during the war, in which two of his brothers served. He himself tried to enlist, but was turned down because of mastoid trouble.

As the war boom in woollens subsided, his earnings declined, so in 1923 he went into insurance. He had formed a warm friendship with the late A. E. Lefcourt, the real-estate operator, and in April of that year Lefcourt gave him a dinner at which he urged the other guests to buy insurance from Leterman. At this function Leterman sold \$1,200,000 worth of life insurance to a group of guests that included Win-



*"I found her one night
when I was idly toying with the dial."*

field Sheehan, the movie producer; Harry Richman, then a dress salesman; and Henry Lustig, now the owner of the Longchamps restaurants. (Leterman today handles Longchamps' group insurance.) He insured all of Lefcourt's buildings for him, and the two men breakfasted together at Schrafft's on Broadway near Thirty-seventh Street every morning for more than ten years. They both belonged to an informal club of nude bathers who swam at a deserted section of the shore near Long Beach every summer and called themselves the Sun Worshipers.

In 1928, Leterman took a partner into his insurance business: Arthur Stebbins, a nephew of Joseph Schenck, the motion-picture producer. As a result of the new man's connections and Leterman's persuasiveness, the firm sold an enormous amount of insurance to Hollywood celebrities, among them Schenck. Leterman, who had been living modestly on lower Fifth Avenue, decided to adopt a mode of life suitable to a man whose clients included Mary Pickford, Ronald Colman, Tom Mix, and the late Douglas Fairbanks. He moved to a penthouse at Eighty-fourth Street and Central Park West, where he installed a miniature golf course on the roof and ornamented his living room with a \$2,500 glass fountain, which contained ninety lights in four colors. The theory was that this sort of thing would make policy-holders like Dolores Del Rio and Marion Davies feel at home when he entertained them. Further to put his Pacific Coast customers at their ease while visiting the East, he began to entertain grandly. He once invited Earl Carroll and the cast of the "Vanities" to help amuse his guests, and he frequently gave parties enlivened by fifty or more Powers models. "I was like a night club up there," he recalls. "I spent a thousand dollars a night for just a little gathering. No one entertained and wined and dined those people more than I." Leterman does not drink and is not a gay dog, and people who went to his parties remember him as a generous but



"We can't make up our minds whether to buy or build."

rather determined host, a matter-of-fact figure surrounded by appreciative revelers. His fountain was damaged one night when Clara Bow went wading in it, and he often refers to this incident, in a wistful way, as typical of a sort of Diamond Jim Brady period of his life. Brady is Leterman's hero, and he likes to think of himself as the Diamond Jim Brady of Rockefeller Center.

FIVE years ago, Stebbins left Leterman to start his own insurance business in Hollywood, so Leterman no longer handles as many movie stars as he used to. Most of their policies were taken out for them by their companies and were allowed to lapse after the completion of pictures in which they were playing. Leterman, however, still handles group policies for M-G-M and Warner Brothers, in each case the policy totalling \$22,000,000. He is concentrating more and more on group insurance and has made sales not only to Warner Brothers and Lion Match, but to the Interstate Department Stores, Philip Morris, John David, Bond Stores, Howard Stores, WNEW, Admiration Cigar, American Commercial Alcohol, the Dairymen's League, and Lehman Brothers. Among his oth-

er clients are Jack Dempsey, Frank Erickson, Walter Winchell, Ed Sullivan, Louis Sobol, Lionel Atwill, and Milton Biow, an advertising man whose accounts include Philip Morris and Bulova Watch. Biow is one of Leterman's best friends. Leterman has insured Biow for around \$1,000,000. "I've sold Biow so many annuities that he doesn't know how many annuities he's got," Leterman says. "I don't know either."

Freak policies are often taken out by actors for purposes of publicity, and Leterman has received a certain amount of such business. He has insured Jimmy Durante's nose against ever getting straightened out and Ben Turpin's eyes against getting uncrossed. Such policies are invariably allowed to lapse after a few months, and Leterman, who likes to get his full commission, does not care to dwell upon them.

Leterman gave up his penthouse and his fountain when he went to Honolulu in 1937. He had married, late in 1936, a Philadelphia girl, Miss Hannah Publicker, and he took his bride with him to Hawaii. The couple were divorced there. Leterman is sorry his marriage didn't last, but as a man who is fond of setting records he likes to tell

people that he is the only man who ever went to Hawaii on his honeymoon and was divorced before returning. While in Honolulu he lived in a roomy house which the James Cromwells had occupied before building their own home there. The house belonged to a doctor, and Leterman rented it for a comparatively modest sum after having the owner appointed local referee for the Hancock Company. He took with him, besides Mrs. Leterman, two white servants and a waffle iron which made waffles an inch thick. "We had wonderful breakfasts," he recalls. "My life there was an Alice in Wonderland life. My wife never had to order a meal all the time she was my wife—the butler took care of it." Between insurance sales, Leterman spent a lot of time meeting incoming boats and throwing leis on visitors to the island. "Welcome to the island! Aloha! This is Elmer Leterman!" he would cry. In this way he met Henry Morgenthau, Jr., Groucho Marx, Buddy Rogers, Colonel Julius Ochs Adler, Howard Dietz, Roy Howard, and Mrs. Jack Oakie. He gave radios to all the old-people's homes in Honolulu, and when he left, after sixteen months, a grateful populace threw a hundred and forty-seven leis on him. Leterman has conceived a great affection for Hawaii, where he was very popular, and has become a one-man reception committee for all prominent Hawaiian residents visiting New York. He is continually talking of rearranging his life so that he will be able to spend six months of every year in Honolulu.

LETERMAN rises every weekday before seven and turns up at Hicks for breakfast at seven-thirty, when the store opens. His breakfast consists of prunes, gluten muffins with honey, and coffee. By eight he is in his office, where he goes through his mail, extracting checks for insurance commissions. After fortifying himself by munching a few Macadamias, he starts calling on various insurance and nut prospects. He sells the nuts to hotels by talking to the chefs, giving them sample jars, and taking an interest in their work. He won the confidence of the Ritz chef by asking for recipes. He has an alert, birdlike manner which a good many people find ingratiating. The details of his nut business are handled by Mrs. Blanche Glass, a bright, attractive woman whose friends call her Billy. Mrs. Glass regards her employer's ability as a salesman with perplexed admiration and his inability to

grasp detail with tolerant despair. Leterman has no head for figures and never has any idea how much money he has in the bank. Mrs. Glass admires Leterman's faculty for turning the tables on people who call with something to sell him, and recalls with wonder the time a photographer came in to take Leterman's picture and left with several jars of nuts and an appointment to take a life-insurance examination.

At lunch Leterman is usually host to three or four people in the Rainbow Room—often persons connected with stores that handle his prunes and Macadamias, or police inspectors. Leterman used to ride horseback in Central Park regularly, and got acquainted with many of the Park's mounted police. He has presented paid-up thousand-dollar policies to over a hundred of them, several of whom have since become inspectors. Once, while riding with Sam Rosoff, the subway builder, he sold Rosoff

policies of \$100,000 each for the latter's two sons. In the afternoon Leterman may call on prospects or he may start a night club. Since giving up his penthouse, he has been leading a comparatively quiet life. He no longer feels that he is a night club himself, so in order to keep from getting stodgy, he occasionally opens one. He has financed the Sixty Club, which used to be at the Ritz; the Midnight Sun, on Broadway, and others. He always loses money on these ventures. He also keeps lively by indulging his passion for first nights. He often takes Mrs. Glass to the theatre with him, impressing her on these occasions with the magnitude of his circle of acquaintances. "To go in any restaurant or theatre with him, it's like being with Grover Whalen," she says.

Saturday afternoons he has a Turkish bath at the Biltmore, where he enjoys talking things over with a group that includes Al Smith and Jack Kaplan, vice-

GREETING TO SPRING (NOT WITHOUT TREPIDATION)

Over the back of the Florida basker,
Over the froth of the Firth of Forth,
Up from Tahiti and Madagascar,
Lo, the sun walks north!

The first bright day makes sing the slackers
While leaves explode like firecrackers,
The duck flies forth to greet the spring
And sweetly municipal pigeons sing.

*Where the duck quacks, where the bird sings,
We will speak of past things.*

Come out with your marbles, come out with your Group,
The grass is as green as a Girl Scout troop;
In the Mall the stone acoustics stand
Like a listening ear for the Goldman Band.

*At an outside table, where the sun's bright glare is,
We will speak of darkened Paris.*

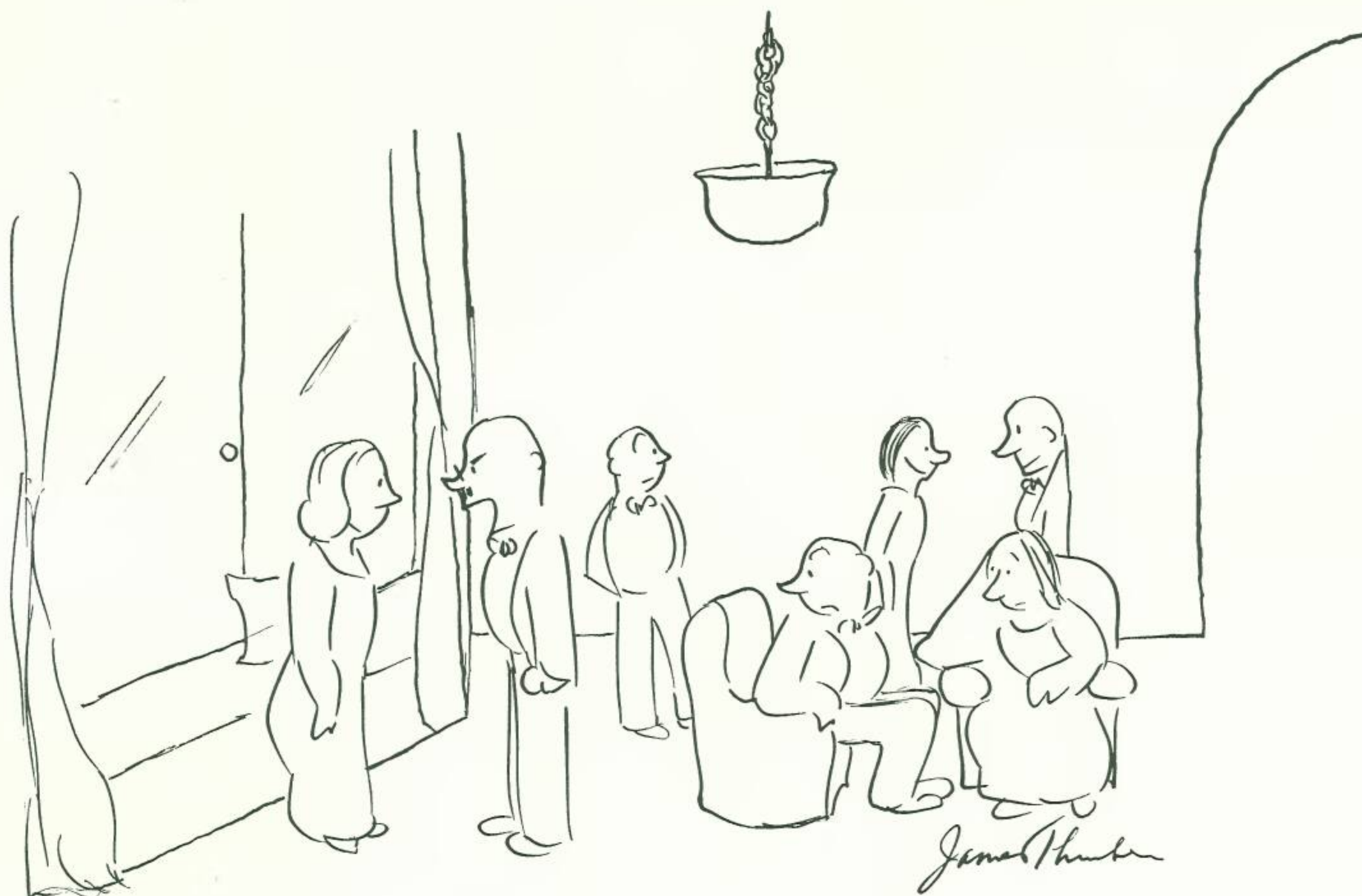
Meanwhile, like attendants who hasten the hoofs
Of the ponies who trot in the shadow of roofs,
The sun, in his running, will hasten the plan
Of plants and fishes, beasts and man.

*We'll turn our eyes to the sogging ground
And guess if the earth is cracked or round.*

Over the plans of the parties at strife,
Over the planes in the waiting north,
Over the average man and his wife,
Lo, the sun walks forth!

—ROBERT LAX





"Will you please cease calling me Sweetie Pie in public?"

president of Hearn's. Sundays he breakfasts at the Fifty-eighth and Madison Schrafft's, one of his biggest nut outlets. He does not know exactly what to do with himself on holidays, and on Sundays he sometimes spends a few hours in his office, shuffling through papers and moving jars of nuts around. In February, on one of his rare vacations, he went to Miami with Jack Dempsey, whom he has described as "a hail man well met." Leterman has never been to Europe. "I had that idea See America First," he explains.

He is a clean-shaven, dapper man who has definite notions about clothes. He has his trousers made without back pockets, which he considers baggy, and without cuffs. "What good is a cuff?" he asks. "It only gathers dirt." He also sees no point to having buttons on sleeves. He wears a single black pearl shirt stud with his dinner jacket and owns over sixty pairs of custom-made shoes, many of them rather extraordinary suède and suède-and-lizard models. He feels that the individuality of his dress makes people curious about him and helps him sell nuts and insurance.

Next to the theatre and his ward-

robe, Leterman's chief hobby is attending court. The plight of people on trial makes him realize how well off he is and cheers him up. The fact that many courtrooms have a shabby appearance annoys him, and he sometimes tries to improve them. Visiting the Night Court on West Fifty-fourth Street a few years ago, he noticed that the drinking fountain was dilapidated and the water lukewarm. He bought a \$150 electric cooler and sent it around with his compliments the next day. Leterman knows a good many of the judges and is occasionally allowed to sit on the bench with them. He has been active in several election campaigns for judges, raising and giving money. Last fall he was vice-chairman of the campaign committee to elect Justice Felix C. Benvenga. Leterman's candidates are always Democrats and they invariably get elected.

Leterman lives at the Ambassador, in a suite with a fifty-foot terrace and a ping-pong table. He bought the table on an impulse one day when Marion Claire, an opera singer who was having lunch with him, casually said that she wanted to take off seven pounds by playing ping-pong. He immediately

went to the phone and ordered a table so that he and Miss Claire could have a game that afternoon. He occasionally plays in the evening with Allan Lehman and Harold Shattuck. Before moving into the Ambassador, shortly after his return from Hawaii, he sold the hotel a group-insurance policy for its employees. Similarly, when he began dickering with Lawrence Kirkland, the Rockefeller Center renting agent, for office space in the R.C.A. Building, he sounded Mr. Kirkland out on the subject of life insurance. Kirkland, a loyal Rockefeller Center employee, bought a \$10,000 policy; Leterman signed the lease and presented him with a jar of nuts. —GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

Other rewards offered...to "non-service personnel afloat or ashore" are £50 for information of movements of enemy warships including mine layers, £5 for position of mines, £1 for the first report of a mine washed ashore and £5 if it is "an especially interesting mine."—*Christian Science Monitor*.

One that is full of chocolate peppermints, you mean?

A COUNTESS FOR ERNESTO

WHILE the idea of being rich had often occupied my day-dream hours, I never gave much thought to its practical aspects until, during a recent vacation in Cuba, I met Ernesto. Ernesto was an owner-driver, as black as a Havana side street after nightfall. He had been chartered by my hostess, an American lady, who had rented a house just outside Havana. He owned a limousine, one of those large, elderly Lincolns you commonly associate with delicate widows and upper Fifth Avenue.

The exterior charms of this car were not overwhelming, but Father Divine would have snapped it up immediately if he had ever examined the inside of it. Bright chintz curtains edged with lace hung at the windows. The seats were covered with tapestry that might have come off baronial walls. The whole interior was strewn with pillows glittering with semiprecious jewels, or what appeared to be semiprecious jewels. Above each of the folding seats was a fresh tropical flower in a glass vial, and on the floor were hooked rugs so gay and dainty that you wanted to slip off your shoes, Japanese fashion, when you stepped in.

Ernesto was justly proud of his car, all the more because it had once served an English duke and a consul general. I never learned the nationality of the latter, who, in Ernesto's opinion, had been the ranking diplomat of his era. It did not take me long to discover, however, that the use of this dazzling equipage was strictly reserved for ladies and gentlemen of whom Ernesto felt he could approve socially.

"I only drive for millionaires," he said to me a day or so after my arrival.

This surprised me, for I knew that my hostess, while comfortably fixed, wasn't a millionaire. I was really jolted when Ernesto said to me calmly, "You're a millionaire, too." I was beginning to think that, because of some quaint Cuban superstition, he assumed all American visitors to be millionaires when I found that he was an American himself. He had migrated from Montgomery, Alabama, in 1915. His name had once, presumably, been Ernest, and if he had a last name it was as mysterious and secret as the source of his financial information. Most of his own

wealth, outside the car, must have been invested in his gold teeth, which were numerous and large.

NONE of the people in our house-party had any fundamental objection to being called millionaires, but it was difficult to live up to Ernesto's expectations. When we went to Woolworth's to pick up a few postcards, we felt guilty, knowing how much it embarrassed Ernesto to park his car in front of the place. We sent him out one day to buy a case of ordinary rum for cocktail use, and he turned up with cobwebby nectar fifty years old, wrapped in gold leaf and far too precious to be mixed with the juice of even the most tenderly nurtured limes. Then there was the question of a uniform. It would hardly do, Ernesto explained to my hostess, for him to drive us down the Prado dressed in just any old outfit; her prestige would suffer. Given some money, Ernesto reappeared after a short time in a blue serge suit with a complicated bi-swing sports back, a white-and-gold yachtman's cap, and a pair of heavy brown gloves. The gloves puzzled us, in view of the hot weather, until, driving through town, we noticed that Ernesto was wearing only one. It was on his left hand, and when he signalled, this hand was exposed to the envious and plebeian gaze of chauffeurs less fortunately circumstanced.

Our habit of going to the public beach, which had the nicest stretch of sand for sun-bathing, caused Ernesto to exhibit

minute but noticeable signs of disapproval and so disheartened him that he began to omit breaking out his left-hand glove. As for our patronizing markets and bars, he must have consoled himself with the thought that this was simply slumming. In Ernesto's eyes, the only proper thing for people like us to do was to head straight for the gambling tables of the Casino, lugging suitcases full of our casually acquired millions.

IF it hadn't been for Vincent Astor, we might have lost caste with Ernesto irretrievably. Just when his suspicions of our quality were at their deepest, Mr. Astor showed up on the Nourmahal with a small party of friends. Through an acquaintance, my hostess and her guests were invited aboard for tea. Ernesto's shoulders shot back a good three inches when he heard this news. For the occasion, he put on a drab gray suit we had not seen before.

"The consul general gave it to me," he explained on the way to the dock. The consul general appeared to have been a man considerably shorter than Ernesto and rather careless in his feeding habits.

When we got out of the car, Ernesto asked me to try hard to remember whom I met on board, so that he could compare notes with his waterfront cronies. We sped off in the yacht's launch and left him standing on the dock, quivering with pride.

On our return a few hours later, Ernesto settled us with elaborate deference among his pillows and rugs. Then, after putting the car in gear, he looked back over his shoulder. "Was the Countess di Zoppola on board?" he whispered.

I said that I had been introduced to a lady of that name.

"I knew it, I knew it," said Ernesto, nearly running down a banana peddler in his excitement. "I always wore this suit for the Duke, and now I've worn it for the Countess, too. Yeah. Yeah."

We drove a few minutes in silence. Ernesto's face wore a wide, approving grin. "You millionaires!" he said. "You millionaires!"

From that time on he treated us with dogged respect, and when he imperiously waved a small boy off our running board as we approached the public beach a few days later, I noticed that he had his left glove on.

—E. J. KAHN, JR.



"That's what I call Glamour"



LISTEN, BEAUTIFUL. You girls will have to pedal fast to stay on the magazine covers. Look at those lines. Look at that body!

"And remember, it's not just pulchritude that makes a fellow fall for De Soto. It's got a lot you haven't got—and a lot *I* haven't got—in my 1937 car. Like statistics?—listen:

"There's a 122½" wheelbase—seats are 51" wide front and back. Doors full-width at bottom for easier entrance and exit. More glass area for

a better view. Performance? 100 thrilling horsepower! There again, De Soto has you ladies lashed to a park bench.

"Here's a tip: for a popularity-builder, I'll recommend that 1940 Glamour Car any day. Round up the family and go see your De Soto dealer. He'll give you a *good* deal on the *one* car with 39 features you don't have now." DE SOTO DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan. MAJOR BOWES' HOUR, C.B.S., THURS., 9-10 P.M., E.D.S.T.

DE SOTO
AMERICA'S FAMILY CAR

DE LUXE COUPE	DE LUXE SEDAN
\$845	\$905

Delivered at Detroit, including Federal taxes. Transportation, state, local taxes, if any, extra. Price includes: bumpers, bumper guards, spare tire and wheel, tail lights, windshield wipers, safety glass.





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Additional Theatre Advertising on page 35

LETTER FROM PARIS

APRIL 28 (BY CABLE)

A CAPTAIN named André Chamson, who in civil life was a writer of the desperately honest, introspective school of André Gide, has produced the first fine book about the war. Called "Quatre Mois," it is the subjective journal of a liaison officer during the first four months of the war in which nothing happened, because, as Chamson writes, "Hitler thought he would have us as he had the Social Democrats—without fighting. He awaits the disintegration of the last man. But here around me the world is full of men." The book may remain unique, for that phase of the war may end at any moment, as Chamson—like a sentry saying to himself, again and again, "I must not fall asleep"—remarks repeatedly in his diary.

Chamson, once a pacifist, wrote down his thoughts late at night in Army Headquarters, after daily missions to advanced posts in his sector. "The defence of culture," he concludes, "is a slogan; the defence of the sources of culture is a reality." The sources of culture for him are the peasants and the soil and the past of France. It never matters much where France is going at the moment, he thinks, but it is essential that she go her own way "with her peasant's stride—reasonable and balanced, even in her fury." Any proposal that she be subordinated to a government of crackbrained gangsters appears to him and his comrades—peasant soldiers, officers, and intellectuals who are for the most part the sons of peasants—as an unthinkable outrage. The book, judging by what one hears from soldiers on leave, appears to be an accurate reflection of sentiment in the army zone. Since even a Hitler cannot remain oblivious to facts forever, we will probably soon see the end of the German peace offensive. The next offensive will be the real thing.

PEOPLE here spent most of last week expecting a German attack on Sweden—which seems to have been adjourned until the ice breaks up in the Gulf of Bothnia—and trying to reconstruct operations in Norway on the basis of extremely skimpy bulletins. This made for good business on the terraces of cafés like Weber's, where Parisians go to read their newspapers. Most restaurants are carefully observing the law against serving hard liquor on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, but Americans with a nostalgia for the nineteen-

twenties would be delighted with some of the smaller places where cognac is served illegally in coffee cups.

The food restrictions, at no time drastic, are, if anything, easing up. Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays are officially meatless, but *triperie*, which means things like liver and sweetbreads, is not regarded as meat on Tuesdays, pork is considered a meatless dish on Wednesdays, and poultry, game, and baby lamb are not thought of as meat at all. Furthermore, the government has lately announced that it is all right to serve beef, veal, and mutton in the form of stews and croquettes on Mondays. Before that, restaurateurs had been throwing away what beef, veal, and mutton was left from Sunday—an unanticipated result of the food-conservation policy.

The police took a house-to-house census on the night of April 2nd as a basis for issuing food cards, but nothing has been heard of the cards since. There is some speculation about what the cards will restrict if they are issued. An early report was that bread would be the first food rationed, but there has been official assurance that no limits will be put on bread until the next harvest, and none even then if the harvest is fair or better. Now people are saying it's sugar that's to be rationed, but there doesn't seem to be any shortage of sugar, either. Housewives are complaining about prices of meat, but not about its scarcity. It is probable that there will be some firm regulation of prices soon.

THE furtive individuals who used to sell postcards on the Place de la Concorde have disappeared with the tourists. The Germans made an attempt to fill this lack in Paris life, as they conceive it to be, by bombarding the suburbs last Monday night with postcards which, when held up to the light, showed a British Tommy embracing a nude French girl. The moment was chosen with the usual German sense of the apropos, for all the newsreel theatres at the time were showing pictures of the battle of Narvik and the debarkation of British troops in Norway. The postcard planes were received by two anti-aircraft batteries, the lighter pieces sounding at a distance like a brisk barber stropping a razor, and the heavier ones suggesting the artillery in Hollywood productions. It was a warm, moonlit night, the anti-aircraft men took the opportunity to



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PUT YOURSELF IN THIS PICTURE...at the wheel of a Plymouth "Sportsman"! Hard to believe this glamorous beauty is a *low-priced* car! Rain or shine, you'll be delighted with this brilliant new Plymouth Convertible Coupe...a flip of a switch lowers or raises the top! You'll like the wide, roomy seats of genuine leather and the folding auxiliary seats. White sidewall tires are standard. Biggest thrill is Plymouth's Luxury Ride! Plymouth Division of Chrysler Corporation.

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try out a few rockets and a couple of searchlights, and people in the streets appeared to enjoy the show immensely.

PUBLIC sympathy shifts from one colony of resident foreigners to another with each new scene of warfare. In October, the Poles were the darlings of the town and one heard only Chopin on the radio; next, the Finns, represented on the air by Sibelius and in person by a daughter of Marshal Mannerheim, held the centre of attention. Now, of course, it is the Norwegians, and Sigrid Undset has become overnight a celebrated lady in France, while the Royalist press is whooping it up for King Haakon and carefully avoiding reference to his brother, the King of Denmark. In the last few days, Parisian Swedes have been considerably regarded as martyrs-elect. The Swedes are not exactly cheerful about this form of attention, but they say that they are sure their country will not knuckle down to Germany and that the Swedish Army and Navy will put up a fight.

The Czechs have been here so long that they are somewhat in a shadow, and the French Rightist Press occasionally hints that the restoration of the Hapsburgs to the throne of a Danubian Federation might be a good idea. The members of the Czech National Council grin when they read these suggestions. They are quiet, persistent fellows and will undoubtedly get what they want in the end. —A. J. LIEBLING

INFATUATION WITH SOUND OF OWN WORDS DEPARTMENT

[From "Royal Highness," by Thomas Mann]

He stuck his short rounded underlip a little forward, and sucked it lightly against the upper one. —Page 43.

... protruded his short rounded underlip and sucked it lightly against the upper one. —Page 99.

... and he sucked his short rounded lower lip against the upper. —Page 114.

... stuck his short round underlip out, sucking with it gently against the upper one. —Page 129.

... and he sucked his underlip against his upper. —Page 133.

... while he sucked his short, rounded lower lip against the upper. —Page 145.

Albrecht had sucked his lower lip softly against the upper. —Page 179.

... sucking his lower lip against the upper. —Page 257.

... and sucked at his upper lip. —Page 266.

He sucked gently with his lower lip against his upper. —Page 314.

Albrecht sucked most proudly at his upper lip. —Page 317.

... who sucked quietly at his upper lip. —Page 336.

The Theatre Guild in association with Eddie Dowling presents WILLIAM SAROYAN'S New Play

Love's Old Sweet Song

Walter Huston JESSIE ROYCE LANDIS
PLYMOUTH Thea., W. 45th. Cl. 6-9156
Eves. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40

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"The Fifth Column"

Adapted by Benjamin Glazer from the play by ERNEST HEMINGWAY

with FRANCHOT TONE

Katherine LOCKE Lenore ULRIC Lee J. COBB

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Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

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—ATKINSON, Times

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—Brooks Atkinson, N. Y. Times

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JOHN GARFIELD • ALINE MacMAHON • HARRY CAREY
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BETTY HUTTON BRENDA FORBES
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"All the cast is wonderful and so is the play."
—GIBBS, New Yorker.

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Let your up-at-crack-of-dawn guests work off steam with one of our badminton sets. Watch your maiden aunts whack their way through the new game, "Skoup." (It's on the croquet side of life.) For any one, any place...lawn, beach or indoors...our Play Hours collection has a game that's fun. All the favorites are here.



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CHICAGO ASSOCIATES: VON LINGERKE & ANTOINE

OF ALL THINGS

WE cannot tell whether or not there is any truth in the Nazis' story that the British were planning to invade Norway with the consent of the Oslo government. All we know is that it would have been a sound idea.

Herr von Ribbentrop had some kind words to say about Sweden. It was possible to infer from this that the Swedes would not become warmongers for a week or ten days.

All tenderhearted people must sympathize with Mussolini in his painful position. Circumstances compel him to sit on the fence and keep both ears to the ground.

It is becoming clearer every day that most of our voters would like to see a campaign between Roosevelt and Dewey. The gentlemen who manage these matters will therefore do their best to give us a couple of other fellows.

Rear Admiral Taussig has found few customers for his idea that we must have a war with Japan. If there is anything our people would rather keep out of than a war, it is two wars.

The President will be off on a speaking tour while the G. O. P. is meeting in Philadelphia. He will be back in time for the Chicago convention, however, in case anybody wants to ask him anything.

Henry Ford believes that the war will not amount to much because it is "artificial." Still, some artificial products last quite a while—including motor-cars.

Dispatches from Texas indicate that the Fergusons constitute a serious threat to Governor O'Daniel. It seems there is an ideological conflict between "Ma" and "Pass-the-Biscuits Pappy."

The president of the National Restaurant Association says that guests have begun to figure on tablecloths, as they did in pre-depression times. Happy days are here again, at least for laundries.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

LETTER FROM ENGLAND

STRATFORD-UPON-AVON,
APRIL 22

THE people of Stratford-upon-Avon (some of them simply say "on-Avon," but the sticklers always make it "upon") are proud of the fact that outwardly their town has not been much altered by the war. It is quite on the cards that raiders aiming for Birmingham might get to Stratford by mistake, but so far the only sandbags in the town are those piled against the windows of the room where the most valuable items of the Shakespeariana collection have been stored for the duration. The local blackout, however, is so



complete that it would be difficult to spot the town at night; Shakespeare and his contemporaries, accustomed to doing without street lights, would be able to get around in this new, murky Stratford better than the present inhabitants. Stumbling cautiously along in the darkness beside the little timbered houses, one can easily imagine what the town was like at night in Shakespeare's time, if one can forget about the radios, which make the lattice windows all down the streets quiver with the boomings of the nine-o'clock news. Troops are stationed nearby and occasionally a lorry packed with tough, licentious soldiery, all cheerfully roaring "Roll Out the Barrel," goes bucketing along the main street, but on Saturday mornings, when the Morris 10's are parked fender to fender along the curbs and housewives potter placidly in and out of the well-stocked shops, it's hard to remember that a war is on.

ACTUALLY there have been many changes. One in ten of the population is serving in the fighting or the civil-defence services. Mothers and children have been evacuated hither from Birmingham, and the dropping of the first bomb on London is scheduled to bring an even more formidable invasion, for which preparations have been made. By now it seems to be an open secret (Lord Hawhaw announced it long ago in the English radio news from Hamburg) that one of the government departments will move to Stratford if the raids start. Some people tell you that it will be the Treasury, others are convinced that Parliament will arrive in a body and sit in the handsome Memorial Theatre, while a third report has it that it will not be a government department at all but the King and Queen, although

the upholders of this theory don't explain why the royal *évacués* should pick Stratford instead of one of their many country residences—Windsor, for instance, with its elegant air-raid shelters. The honest citizens of Stratford are perturbed by the possibility of receiving such an honor, whatever form it may take, since bombers might find the distinguished visitors irresistibly tempting, but at the moment the natives are worrying far less about such risks than about the threatened messing up of their summer Festival Season.

The occupants of all the big country houses round about have received notice from the government to keep rooms ready for a sudden influx of civil servants; every hotel in Stratford, except the Falcon and the Swan's Nest, has been closed down in anticipation of the mysterious newcomers. The Shakespeare Hotel is a sad sight, with a notice tacked to its door saying that it's been requisitioned by the government and cobwebs collecting round its dirty windowpanes, through which you can see furniture stacked forlornly under dust sheets and fires burning, presumably lit by caretakers to keep the Tudor damp at bay for the bureaucrats. To date the only material evidence of an intended occupation has been the arrival of a vast quantity of wastepaper baskets, after which the authorities' ideas on furnishing apparently gave out. It's rumored that a gentleman from Whitehall was seen at the Arden Hotel the other day gravely making an inventory of the rose-bushes. Since, like everyone else, civil servants must eat, Stratford tradesmen feel that the invasion would not be so bad if only it would start, but if things go on as they are, with tourist trade at a standstill, the townspeople are resigned to saying goodbye temporarily to the prosperity that the hundred thousand visitors a year used to bring them in the piping days of peace.

However, the Festival is to open as usual this spring, and the natives tell you hopefully that they don't see why it shouldn't be a success, since there will be no competition from foreign attractions such as Salzburg, always provided, of course, that there's somewhere to put the visitors if they do come. Everyone hopes that if no trouble has started by the time the Festival gets under way, the government will relent and allow a few more hotels to open up. Naturally, there won't be any Americans this



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slender as
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GOLDEN WEDDING **10c**
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First in the Social Register



Pickles make these three dishes!



H EINZ Fresh Cucumber Pickle—the cool-green, crunchy old-fashioned kind—is the making of many a dish! It's prepared from Heinz Vinegar and rare spices—according to a treasured recipe. Order a big, "bargain" jar from your grocer and try the delicious, "different" pickle specialties described below. You'll find Heinz Fresh Cucumber Pickle is an inspiration to tasty cooking and good eating.



1 HOW TO DEVIL A SLICE OF ROAST BEEF— (leftover or delicatessen). Blend $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of Heinz Pure Olive Oil, 3 tbs. each Heinz Brown Mustard and Heinz Worcestershire. Into this piquant mixture, dip sliced meat. Roll in cracker crumbs. Brown in fat. Garnish with plenty of Heinz Fresh Cucumber Pickle.



2 CROUSTADE FOR A CROWD. Cut all the crust from a whole loaf of bread. Hollow, then brush loaf with melted butter. Brown in oven. Fill with tuna fish, salmon or chicken salad. Across the top arrange crisp, inviting slices of Heinz Fresh Cucumber Pickle—for extra tang and distinction!



3 GRILLED PICKLE SNACKS. Toast bread on one side. Spread untoasted side with Heinz Prepared Yellow Mustard. Cover with sliced tongue. Top with four slices Heinz Fresh Cucumber Pickle. Cover with slice of American cheese. Bake in moderate oven till cheese melts. Eat while hot—and scrumptious!

HEINZ
FRESH CUCUMBER
PICKLE

FROM AN OLD-FASHIONED RECIPE

57



year, Stratford people say sadly. The old lady who shows you around Harvard House is particularly wistful about this, because she likes to get a nice lot of Harvard men's names in the visitors' book. Last September she completed one of her famous patchwork quilts for an American who never turned up to collect it, and the quilt is still waiting, done up in mothballs in a Jacobean chest under a photograph of Marie Corelli, who was a great patron of Stratford. A slightly malicious biography of Miss Corelli which has just appeared fascinates people here, who well remember her being rowed picturesquely on the Avon in her black gondola.

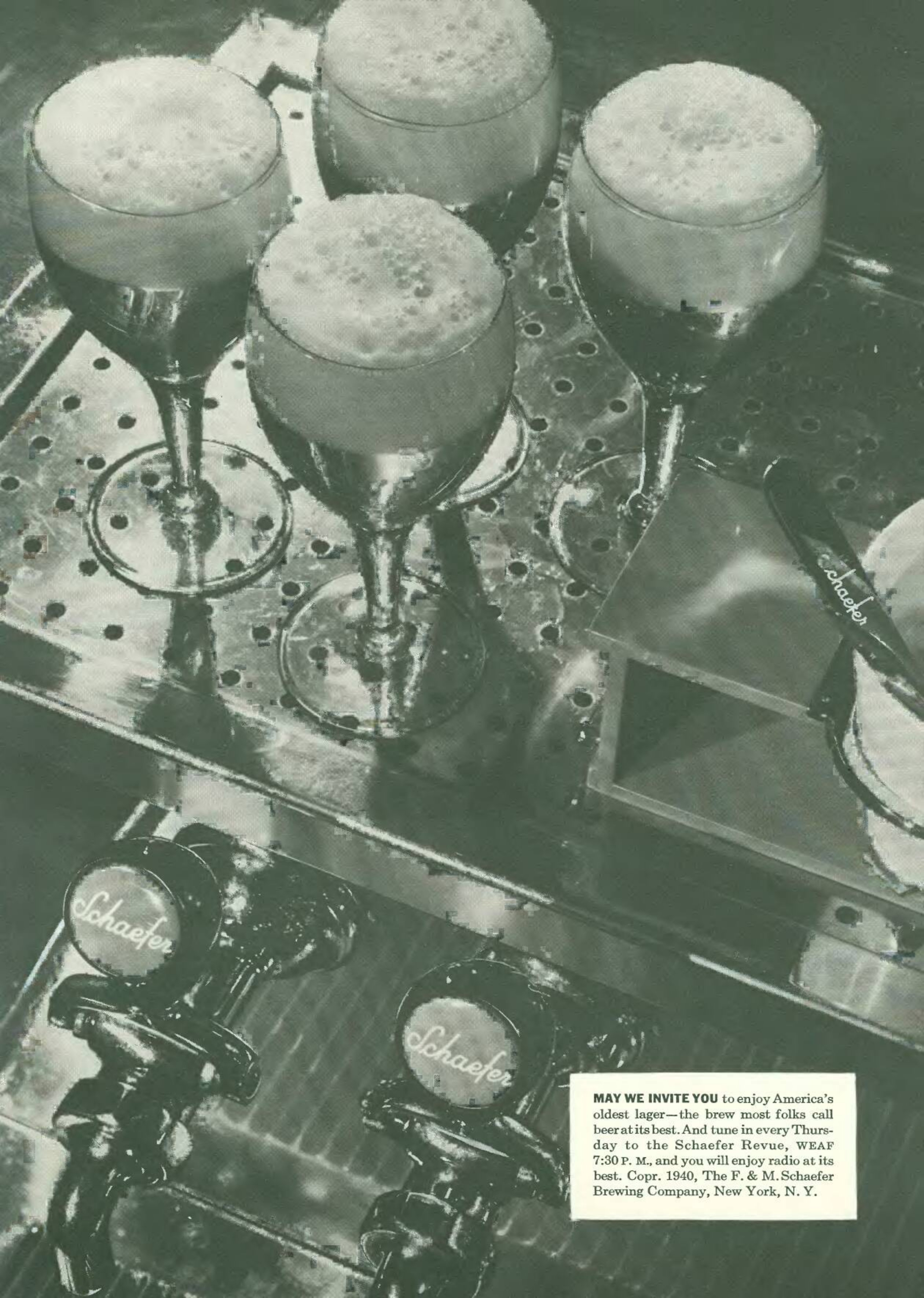
THE bar of the Falcon is the gayest place in Stratford from six o'clock onward. There are generally plenty of uniforms on hand, both plain and fancy—it was one of the Hore-Belisha innovations to permit officers and privates to drink at the same bar. A couple of actors in Teddy-bear coats, who are recognizable by everyone as last year's Lear and Leontes, are likely to be having a drink with the proprietor and admiring his pet fox. Anyone sufficiently famous who stops in there is presumably on his way to dine with Sir Archibald Flower, Stratford's indefatigable friend, who once toured the United States getting together the money to build the Memorial Theatre here, and who believes that people are going to want Shakespeare more than ever in 1940. It's taken for granted that celebrities visiting Stratford will stay with the Flowers, just as travelling royalties in London automatically look in at Buckingham Palace.

STRATFORD has had only one air-raid warning, a short false alarm that was sounded on Christmas Eve and sturdily ignored by everyone. Incidentally, the Stratford Year Book lists the Air Raid Precautions headquarters alphabetically right next to Anne Hathaway's Cottage.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

"History has many curious and circuitous passages," he said. "Many winding stairways which return upon themselves—but none, I think, more curious than the turn of time which brings the Great Charter of monies by locking Magna Charta in existing Magna Chartas, on all of gallery from the two great charters of American freedom."—*Boston Herald.*


Damn this staircase, anyway!



MAY WE INVITE YOU to enjoy America's oldest lager—the brew most folks call beer at its best. And tune in every Thursday to the Schaefer Revue, WEA 7:30 P. M., and you will enjoy radio at its best. Copr. 1940, The F. & M. Schaefer Brewing Company, New York, N. Y.

Some like the 1ST Olive



 Others eat five olives before the flavor excites life-long devotion.

Sometimes smokers enjoy the first all-Virginia cigarettes they ever savored. Yet ordinarily it takes a package or two of Virginia Rounds to reveal to a smoker that here is the pinnacle of smoking pleasure—the true taste of tobacco undiluted with foreign blends.

Englishmen and women, with the world's tobacco to choose from, smoke all-Virginia cigarettes.



CAN'T WE CRY A LITTLE?

ANNA ARDELL's secretary met the committee from the broadcasting company in the alleyway of the theatre. The matinée was not quite over and they stopped to smoke and confer.

"Are you sure she won't be too tired to see us after the matinée?" asked young Mr. Hartley, the program director. "We want to catch her in her best humor."

The secretary, an amiable, bald young man, shook his head. "Anna is very interested," he said. "Anna has been interested in radio for a long time. You'll find her very easy to talk to."

"Perhaps you'd better tell Mr. Caslon just what we had in mind," suggested Mr. Drew, an important radio official who had been drafted for prestige purposes. They had, as usual, embarked on this conference with the very vaguest of ideas in mind. The young program director, however, was not disconcerted.

"No use in wasting Mr. Caslon's time," he said suavely. "We'll have to explain our ideas all over to Anna. We want her as guest, to climax a series of guest stars in fifteen-minute skits. Mr. Benton here is our writer, and he has several ideas for skits for Miss Ardell. Mr. Brown produces the series. Mr. Drew, of course, you know."

The secretary nodded understandingly, as if he had received very illuminating information. Sounds of applause burst through the walls, and an usher opened the side entrance beside them, indicating the end of the matinée.

"All I suggest is this," the secretary said hastily. "Give her four ideas. Make the first historical—she hates that. Then give her two more bad ones. Save the one you want till the end. And remember, she will want to do her old vaudeville routine—you remember the clowning waitress in 'Dare I Care?'? Unless you can think of some way of getting round her."

The matinée audience burst through the doors now, their faces still wreathed in their bought happiness. Mr. Drew, Mr. Benton, Mr. Brown, and Mr. Hartley tossed away their cigarettes and hastened after Mr. Caslon through the stage door.

"Tell everyone Miss Ardell is in conference," the secretary instructed the doorman, and led the way upstairs to the star's dressing room. At the door he turned back with a reassuring smile to the others. "You'll find Anna very

easy to talk to," he said. "As a matter of fact, Anna is extremely interested in radio. Of course, what she really wants is her own show, not just these guest shots."

The broadcasting committee looked at one another. Mr. Caslon rapped tenderly on the dressing-room door. "Oh, Anna!" he called. "Anna dear, it's the radio people!"

"Come in!" cried a well-trained voice, and there was Miss Ardell, seated at her dressing table. She whipped out a smile of welcome, and at the same time her busy eyes appraised the delegation from the broadcasting company.

"We want you for a sketch, Miss Ardell," said Mr. Hartley, briskly. "Now, all we want is some idea of what you'd like to do. Mr. Benton here does most of our comedy skits."

Anna's eyes stripped Mr. Benton's rather large head of any comic talents and dismissed it. She flung out her long, slender, much-photographed hands in an appealing gesture.

"Must we laugh?" she pleaded. "Can't we cry a little?"

The committee looked baffled. Mr. Drew was inspired to handle this emergency.

"Miss Ardell is quite right," he said. "There is far, far too much woe in the world today for an artist to laugh. In fact, that was just what we were discussing before we came in. Mr. Hartley, our program director, will tell you the idea we had for you."

Mr. Hartley took a cigarette from a silver box. "May I?" he said, and lit it with a thoughtful air. "Suppose I just follow the routine we have at the office," he said.

Miss Ardell clasped her hands under her chin and gazed at him with the eager expectancy of a child.

"Suppose I toss out an idea and then the others shoot it full of holes. How's that? All right, here goes. The idea is this—it's a pure American theme, something that all of our listeners will cheer for—that is, it's a scene in which Martha Washington, in her bedroom

at midnight, writes down in her diary her secret thoughts just before George takes office. Her hopes, her fears, her aspirations for the new country, you see."

Miss Ardell twisted her fingers over her knee, gave up the gesture as inadequate, and flung her hands out as if she were quite through with the pair of them. "But the public does not think



"Don't I treat you nice?"



"Well, jumpin' Jimminy... there you go again! I give you a nice sweet kiss and *zwoosh* you're heading for the woods in a haywire hook, fading like a dead duck. Last time you sliced. Listen, I'm not asking for eagles..."



"And when we're in trouble — do I ever try to take it out on your hide? No! But if I'm even just the least touch off... *blooie*—your cover looks like I'd slugged you with a meat axe..."



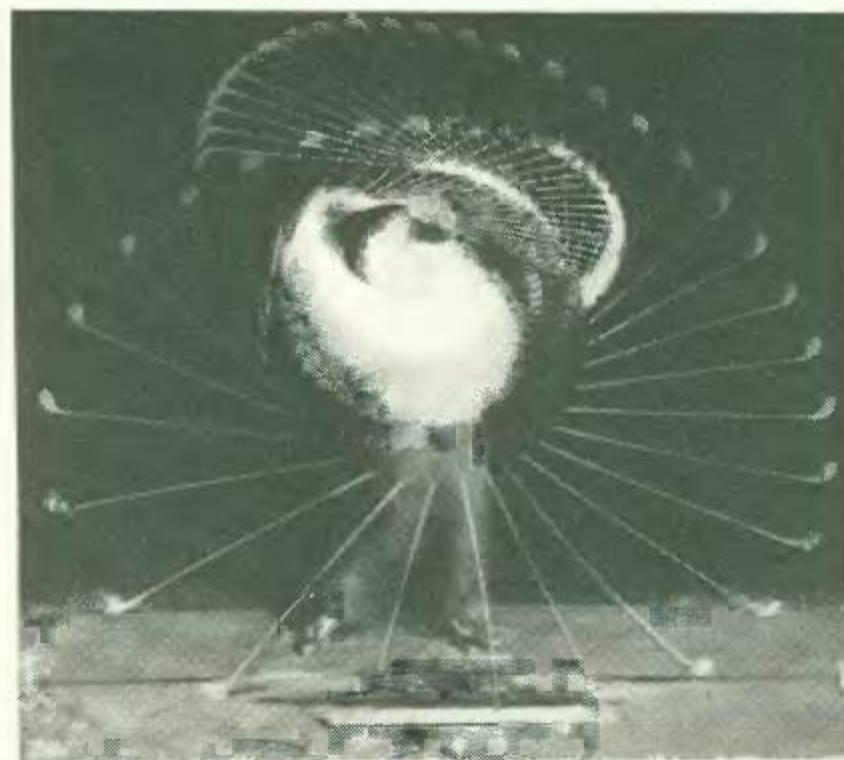
"Oh, hello Mac. Gee, I'm ready to..." Mac the Pro: "Whoa! Your form's okay. Here, next round, play this **DOUBLE DOT**. New kind of ball—toughest Spalding's ever made. Distance? This baby's shot full of it. And straight! *She'll* never give you those undeserved hooks and slices..."



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of me as that sort of national figure," she protested, her pretty brow distorted into a frown. "Martha Washington played by Anna Ardell? No, no, no. It's all wrong. It would be too big a change for me. After all, I am a comedienne. The public thinks of me as a comedienne. I don't think my manager and secretary, Mr. Caslon here, would even permit me to, would you, Cassie?"

"Frankly, gentlemen," said Mr. Caslon, dutifully, "I would rather not have Anna appear in that sort of thing."

"Tell Miss Ardell your idea, Mr. Benton," the program director said. "As a matter of fact, Mr. Benton worked on a sketch for you on the Coast last year."

"Really?" Miss Ardell turned now to Mr. Benton. It was his turn to search for a cigarette, light it, and assume an air of easy control. He began to outline a story about a willful, spoiled Southern belle, but he was interrupted.

"She sounds like such an *unpleasant*, such a *frightfully* unpleasant character," Miss Ardell said. "I couldn't—really, Mr. Benton, I *couldn't*! I mean it just wouldn't be me. I'm not a cat, I'm not a Southern belle. I'm just Annie Ardell, a little girl from home. Really, I'm a very simple person."

"Had you some idea, Mr. Drew?" the secretary asked, while Mr. Benton stammered an apology.

"I don't recall doing any sketches on the air in Los Angeles," Miss Ardell said to him, knitting her eyebrows. "You're sure you did them for me, Mr. Benton?"

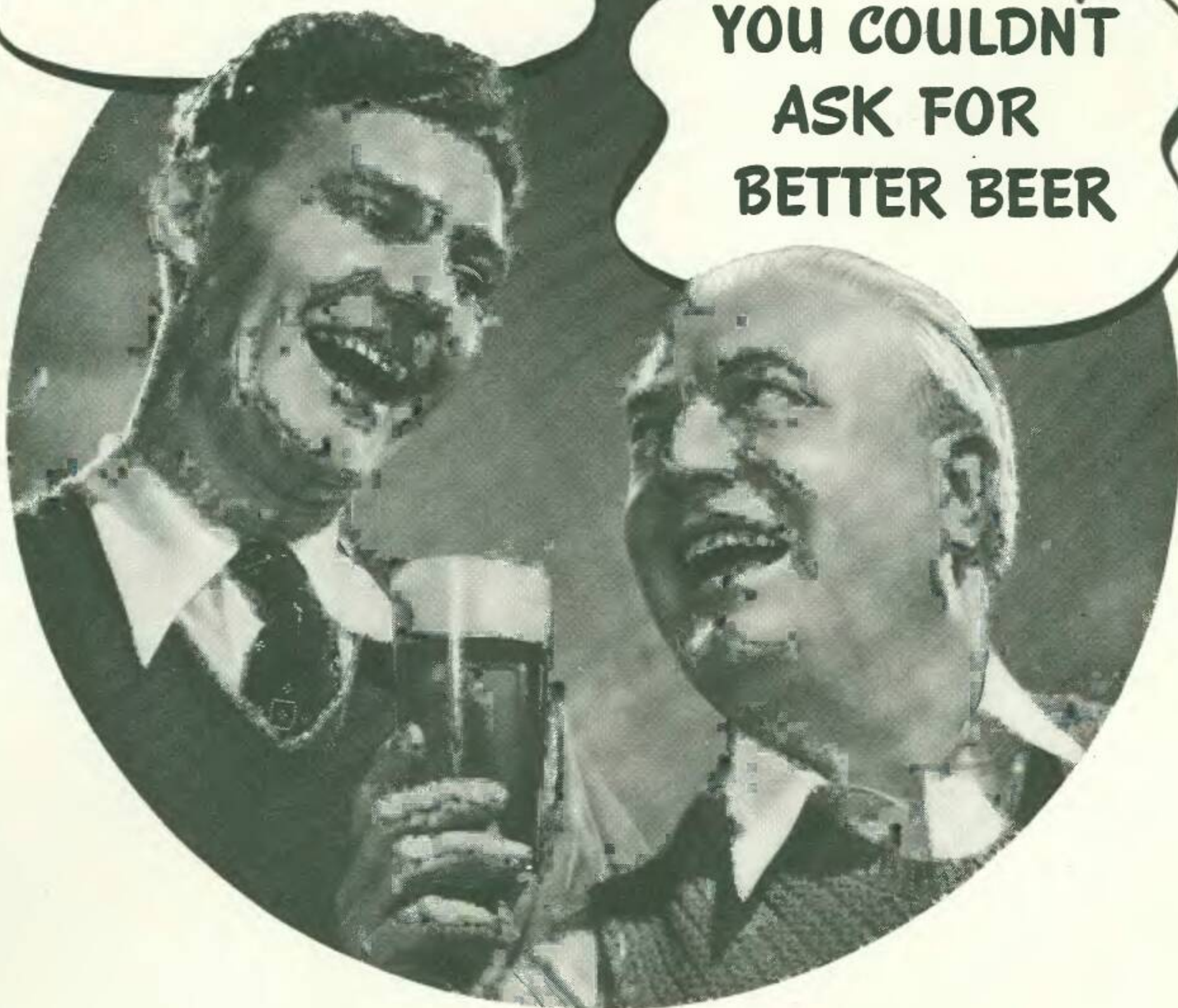
The secretary turned to her. "Some material was submitted that we didn't like, Anna dear. Both times you ended up with the routine from 'Dare I Care?'"

"Mr. Drew," said the program director loudly, "I believe you had a suggestion to submit."

Mr. Drew was the oldest, best-dressed, and suavest of the callers, and it was obvious that he was highest in authority. Anna's eyes, a faded-overall blue, rested on him. "I have such faith in the radio," she said wistfully. "There are so many, many things one can do there. Big things—things so terribly, terribly worth while. These usual little sketches—Martha Washington, Queen Victoria, divorced-wife stuff, Southern belle"—she did not look at Mr. Benton, but he blushed properly—"they all seem so dreadfully trivial, so—do you see what I mean?—so commonplace. When you think of—I mean, what really, truly can be done by a person—

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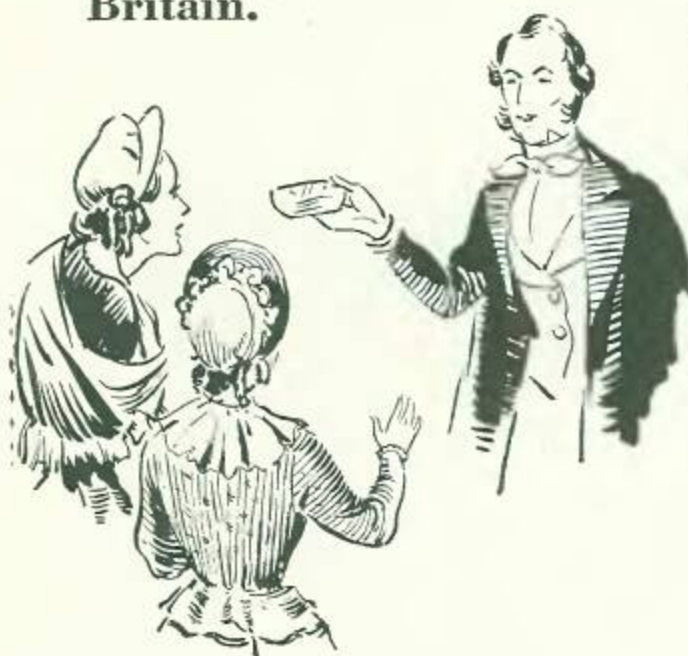
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oh, I don't mean *me*, not *me*, necessarily, but by some big artist, a truly great artist, one with vision, you know." She threw up the hands again prettily and then clasped them in laughing excitement. "But I mustn't be so serious about it. And it's you people who know best, after all. It's your business."

"No, no," protested Mr. Drew. "It's you and artists like you who make radio. Now, take Baby Snooks—"

"Amusing, delightful, of course," said Miss Ardell with a pained smile, "but I'm not a Baby Snooks, Mr. Drew. If you knew me, you would know that it is the little sad things, just tiny little things, really, that move me most. Laugh, yes. But tears—aren't they important, Mr. Drew?"

"Then why not do 'Old Rose'?" demanded Mr. Drew. "Tell her about 'Old Rose,' Hartley. It's a script we just bought."

"A beautiful script," said the program director. "Old Rose is an old scrub-woman. We use Strauss waltzes for musical bridges and break up the story at five points in her life..."

WHEN he finished, Miss Ardell's eyes were moist. "So very humble," she said. "And so really good. Just the simple life of a very good person, isn't it?"

"It's perfect for you," ventured Mr. Drew.

"And she is poor?" Miss Ardell asked.

"Very poor," the program director assured her.

"But she thinks she has been wicked to enjoy life so much," Mr. Brown said. "Sunshine, flowers, trees, birds—she thinks she has been rich in these and enjoyed them more than others."

"Sweet!" said Miss Ardell, winking back tears. "Oh, I must do that! Cassie dear, it's exactly what I have been looking for. Now, now, you see? All we needed was to talk it over."

The broadcasting committee rose as their hostess leaped to her feet and clasped all their hands warmly. Mr. Caslon bowed to them. There was a busy interchange of cigarettes and matches and the usual difficulty in organizing for departure. Miss Ardell tucked her arm through Mr. Caslon's.

"Oh, Cassie, it's good! It's good!" she cried softly. "Five different characters, really, and all so moving, don't you see? It does something to you. Even the title, 'Old Rose.'"

"It gets you," Mr. Caslon agreed. The program director buttoned his coat complacently. "I knew we'd find

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the right thing if we just got together," he said.

"It's the kind of thing that will make an entirely new public for you, Miss Ardell," Mr. Drew said from the doorway.

"A public that doesn't think you can do anything besides the old 'Dare I Care?' sort of thing." Mr. Benton smiled.

"Not that your public ever gets tired of that," Mr. Brown said cautiously.

"No, no indeed!" said Mr. Benton. "People all over the world love you for that routine alone."

At this, the artist's slim, overwrought hands flew to her temples. "Oh, Cassie, Cassie, I'm afraid it won't do," she exclaimed. "It just won't work. Mr. Brown and Mr. Benton are right. Everyone will insist on 'Dare I Care?' They expect it of me. I'll have to do it, Cassie darling. That's all there is to it. They love it!"

"But, Anna darling, you've done it dozens of times on the air," said Mr. Caslon gently. "Everyone knows the whole thing by heart."

"No," said Miss Ardell. "I'll have to do it once more. It breaks my heart, but—well, I just couldn't bear to disappoint so many people. Goodbye, gentlemen. Thanks so much. I do hope it works out."

The broadcasting committee walked sombrely down the rickety steps and out into the alleyway. They stood there for a moment, waiting for the secretary. In a little while he clattered down the stairs behind them and emerged, hatless and breathless.

"Anna's very happy about the whole thing," he said.

"Splendid!" said Mr. Drew. "A delightful person to meet."

"No side to Anna," said Mr. Caslon. "Just a nice kid."

"I trust we didn't exhaust her," added Mr. Drew.

"We merely wanted to get exactly the right idea for her," said the program director.

Mr. Caslon shook his head. "But, boy, you radio fellows are tough ones to please!" He sighed. "I never saw anyone beat Anna down like that before."

The program director acknowledged this with a pleased shrug. "It's a strict medium," he said, "a very strict medium."

—DAWN POWELL

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[From "Chad Hanna," by
Walter D. Edmonds]

Fiero and Shepley had walked in behind each other . . .

Planning the Future



In many Wills, definite sums of money are left to specified persons or other beneficiaries, and what remains of the estate goes to dependents. If an estate must be distributed at a time when values are low, those who need help most might get little or nothing under such an arrangement. ¶ There are ways to avoid this dangerous possibility. . . . To meet conditions which you cannot now foresee, you should plan in such a way that there will be ample for your wife and children or others who have relied on you for protection. ¶ City Bank Farmers Trust Company has worked with its customers and their attorneys for many years, and it will gladly give you the benefit of its experience in working out your estate plan.

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ANNALS OF CRIME

IT would have been perfectly all right with the United States Army if Grover Cleveland Bergdoll had never been born. The Bergdoll case has touched most of the branches of the federal government—the War, State, Treasury, Justice, Post Office, Commerce, and Labor Departments—but the War Department has carried the brunt of the business on none too happy shoulders, has carried it from 1917 to 1940, and will keep on carrying it for a while longer, as the case in its latest phase has yet to come under official review. The Departments of the Navy, Interior, and Agriculture have so far been exempt. They should be wary, especially Agriculture, for Bergdoll used to play at being a gentleman farmer.

Let our story begin with a red-letter day in the life of W. L. Alexander, paying teller in the United States Treasury. An excellent reason for starting with Mr. Alexander is that he is one of the few wholly credible individuals who make up the crowded panorama of the Bergdoll case. On the morning of October 22, 1919, a plump, pink little man who did not look his sixty-odd years shoved \$45,000 in Federal Reserve notes toward Mr. Alexander and requested the equivalent in twenty-dollar gold pieces. One could exchange such notes for gold in 1919, but the Treasury invariably exercised all its powers of dissuasiveness. "We always tried to be diplomatic about it," Mr. Alexander explained later, "but we tried to make it as troublesome for people as we could."

The plump, pink little man made things rather troublesome for Mr. Alexander, as it turned out. His \$45,000 was largely in ten-dollar bills—there were some twenties, odds and ends of fifties, a few helpful hundreds, but mainly there were tens. Anyway, there were about three thousand bills in all, and he was ten dollars short. Mr. Alexander and his assistants had to go through the three thousand bills again, and although they had the best sponge-squeezing technique in the world, it took time. The pink little man obligingly made up the difference, and once the count was established, the United States Treasury passed over to him nine small canvas sacks, each containing two hundred and fifty twenty-dollar gold pieces.

The pink little man's name was James E. Romig—a foreigner, Mr. Alexander assumed, who feared the United States Government was going to be overthrown. Many of our best people entertained similar fears in 1919. Mr. Alex-

RAINBOW'S END-I

ander probably was not greatly surprised when, four weeks later, Mr. Romig's well-remembered pinkness again confronted him. This time Mr. Romig brought \$60,000 in bills, and the count being accurate, the transaction was made with reasonable speed. On this second visit, Mr. Romig was accompanied by a short, stout, gray-haired woman in her late fifties who watched the proceedings with interest but made no comment. This was Mrs. Emma Bergdoll, and it is the only time in the recorded history of the case that she kept her mouth entirely shut.

Mrs. Bergdoll, a native of Württemberg, was the widow of a Philadelphia brewer, Louis C. Bergdoll, who had been born in the United States, the son of an émigré of 1848. There is no better stock in America. The Forty-eighters combined all that was sound in the sturdy German strain with all that was fine in the liberal thought of the mid-nineteenth century. Their sons joined turnvereins and their grandsons have eschewed bunds. Mrs. Bergdoll was devoted to what she regarded as the welfare of her four sons, one of whom was Grover, and her daughter,

and to the conservation of the fortune which Louis Bergdoll had left behind.

Mr. Romig was Mrs. Bergdoll's lawyer and business agent and an old friend of the family. His intimacy with the Bergdolls was to land him in some aggravating jams, and there is not the slightest evidence to indicate that the case profited him anything beyond his customary fee and an occasional platter of sauerbraten. He was just *gemütlich*—a good egg.

On his second trip to the Treasury, Mr. Romig later recalled, Mrs. Bergdoll carried some of the money in her stocking. "It made quite a lump there," said Mr. Romig publicly and jovially. Mrs. Bergdoll's stocking bank became a legend in the Bergdoll case. It typified her primitive concept of finance. Mr. Romig also recalled that when they returned to the Bergdoll home in West Philadelphia, he set the canvas bags down on the kitchen table. What then became of them was not vouchsafed for twenty years.

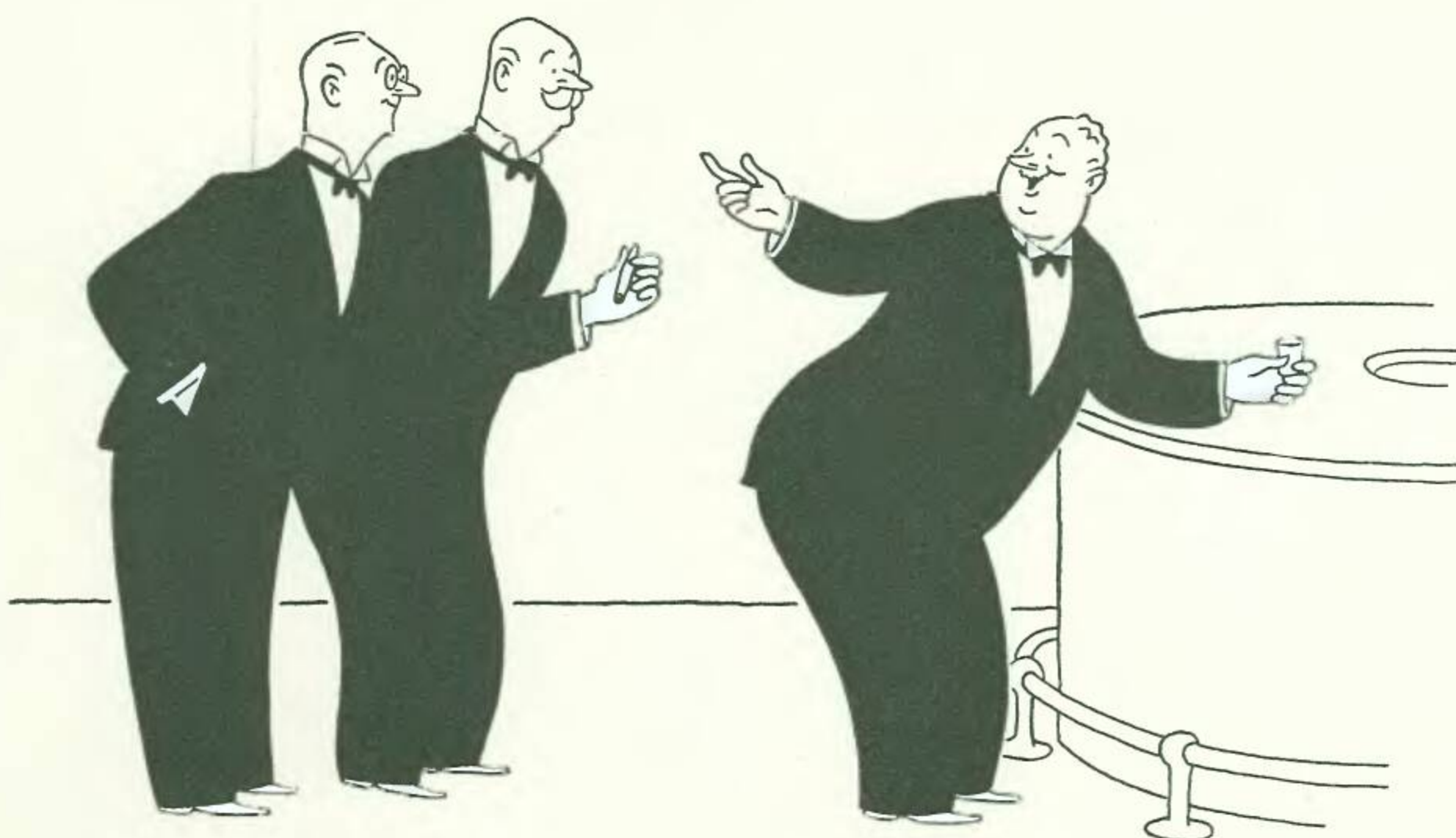
ALL of this hocus-pocus with sacks of gold would have been supererogatory if the United States had not, on April 6, 1917, declared war against the Imperial German Government. A



Chon
Day

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conscription bill was passed, and on June 5th, ten million men between the ages of twenty-one and thirty registered for military service, to hold themselves ready for any subsequent call by lot. On July 29th, the numbers of Grover Cleveland Bergdoll and his older brother, Erwin, were picked out of a glass bowl in Washington. They were to report for physical examination on August 8th. They did not report. They shared this failure, during the whole period of the war, with 171,000 others.

For the following two and a half years, the Bergdoll home—it was in Grover's name—became a kind of pleasure for roving policemen. The obvious motivation behind this intensive campaign was the wealth and local celebrity of the vanished culprits and their general attitude of nose-thumbing, particularly on the part of Grover, who delighted in baiting the authorities by letter and postcard. Both boys were already notorious in the Philadelphia area as harum-scarum youths. Both were wild and fast drivers in a day when the motorcar was still pretty much a toy of the rich. In 1912, when Grover was not quite nineteen, a renewal of his driving licence was refused him and so he drove without one and was caught at it. He went to jail for three months. In 1915, Grover's head just missed being severed by a wire when he was competing in a motor race at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition at San Francisco. His name was frequently mentioned in the same breath as Ralph De Palma's. The annual two-hundred-mile Fairmount Park grind at Philadelphia was not a race without Grover Bergdoll. He owned a couple of airplanes, too, and knew how to handle them. In 1914 he became the first pilot to fly non-stop from Philadelphia to Atlantic City. He was a hellion aloft as well as on wheels, and that same year he was fined for "recklessness in air navigation" because he had skimmed Philadelphia's chimney pots. And he agitated the doves of Bryn Mawr by swooping above the campus, close enough to the ground for the label BERGDOLL painted on the underside of the wings to be plainly legible.

Grover had means to these ends. He enjoyed an allowance of \$5,000 a year, in order, his mother said, "that he may become accustomed to the handling of money." On his twenty-first birthday—October 18, 1914—he came into \$800,000 or so from his father's estate. His older brother, Charles, sought to deny Grover's right to manage his share of the estate on grounds of incompetence; the court found for Grover, and



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Charles in a huff changed his last name to Braun (pronounced Brawn).

Thus the Bergdoll clan was a house divided against itself, but still standing. The plight of the wandering boys following their failure to answer their call for examination pushed family wrangles into the background. Whether and to what extent the family lent aid and comfort to the fugitives, Grover and Erwin, during this undercover period is debatable. It is probable that at least Grover made frequent visits to his home on Wynnefield Avenue and that he was never any vast distance from Philadelphia. It is known that he spent some of the time at the New Vivian Hotel in Hagerstown, Maryland, where he was registered as James Carson. His clothes consistently carried labels bearing that name.

THE war came to a tumultuous close on November 11, 1918, and nearly everybody forgot about the Bergdolls. Federal men and local police, however, still kept their ears cocked toward West Philadelphia, but it was not until early in 1920 that their patience was rewarded. On January 7th, acting on a tip that might have come from any one of a dozen sources, they stormed the Bergdoll fortress a dozen strong. They were met at the front door by Mrs. Bergdoll, in an attitude which a member of the attacking party later solemnly described as one of "formidable menace." She had a .38 in one hand and a blackjack in the other, and she said, "The first man who comes in here will be shot. I don't give a damn who you are." Strategy counselled a division of forces. Half the party entered the house from the rear while the rest, with coyness and diplomacy, cajoled Mrs. Bergdoll into laying down her arms in the interest of Grover's well-being.

In a window seat in a second-floor bedroom, the rear-door flanking force found the badly cramped person of Grover, not too artfully concealed under a blue cloth. He offered no resistance—in the circumstances a gorilla could have done no better—and said he was glad it was over. He had seen Erwin only once since their flight, he said. That had been in Cincinnati the previous summer.

Grover was hauled off to the Atlantic Branch, United States Disciplinary Barracks, otherwise Castle Williams, Governors Island, the picturesque sandstone cheesebox that catches the eye of voyagers down New York harbor. Mrs. Bergdoll was removed to the local lockup and booked for assault with in-

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tent to kill. She was already out on \$10,000 bail charged with aiding her sons to evade the draft. When she took off her left shoe so that her foot might be measured for the records, the police discovered \$2,000 in her stocking. Again she was released in \$10,000 bail. Four months later, when the assault case came up for disposition, the charge was considerably toned down. She was found guilty on four counts of "wantonly pointing firearms" and fined \$50 and costs on each count. She paid cash.


It seems to have been the Army's original intention to try Bergdoll simply for failing to report for examination. This would have made him liable to a maximum sentence of eighteen months. Desertion was another and a harsher business, punishable by anything up to death, and although actual hostilities had terminated sixteen months earlier, America was still technically at war with Germany and continued to be so until the ratification of a separate treaty by the United States Senate on October 18, 1921—Grover's twenty-eighth birthday. In April, 1919, however, President Wilson had issued an executive order reducing the penalty for wartime desertion to the peacetime maximum of eighteen months.

In a court-martial the burden of proof lies heavily on the defence and an acquittal is uncommon. The court appoints an officer to defend the accused, and in general his task is both perfunctory and thankless. The unhappy assignee in the Bergdoll case was Captain Bruce Campbell. But the Bergdolls could afford plenty of outside legal assistance, so the real defence fell on two civilian lawyers, D. Clarence Giboney of Philadelphia and Harry Weinberger of New York.

When the trial opened at Governors Island, on March 4, 1920, the scene was the most impressive manifestation of military judicature in the experience of any of the officers who composed the court. With only one of these, aside from Captain Campbell, need this narrative have any concern. He was Lieutenant Colonel Charles C. Cresson, the trial judge advocate.

"This is a peculiar case," declared Mr. Weinberger in his opening address. "This is a rich man pleading for the same rights accorded a poor man."

There was not much that the defence could do. Bergdoll had certainly failed to answer his draft call. Weinberger insisted he should be tried as a civil offender, and not by the War Department. A half-hearted insanity plea was backed up



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A delightful residential hotel conveniently located in the Grand Central district, one block east of Park Avenue. Spacious apartments of one to five rooms, many with terraces. Large closets. Serving pantries. Complete hotel service. Moderate rentals. Air-conditioned Restaurant.

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W. K. SEELEY, General Manager
Telephone: PLaza 3-2700

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Maddux*

ENTERTAINING



**THE
HARLEQUIN**

5:30 to 7:30
11 to 2 A.M.

12 EAST 60th ST. NEW YORK
VOLUNTEER 5-6000

only by Mrs. Bergdoll's statement that "he keeps wanting more lawyers—that looks irrational to me." Weinberger sought to make capital of the fact that a notice of induction into military service sent to Bergdoll had been signed with a rubber stamp by one of the stenographers of the Adjutant General of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, asserting that the Adjutant General was out of the state at the time and knew nothing of the action of the stenographer. Gibboney pertinently inquired whether the court had been instructed to act under the peacetime provision calling for an eighteen months' penalty. The court declined to say.

Not until March 29th, while Grover continued to languish in the Disciplinary Barracks, was the verdict sent to Lieutenant General Robert Lee Bullard, commanding the Department of the East. The following day it was made public: five years' imprisonment with "forfeiture of all pay and allowances," and at the end of it all a dishonorable discharge from the United States Army. To the War Department, Bergdoll was and is a soldier. He has yet to receive his discharge from an army in which he never carried a rifle or even banged a typewriter—an army in which he never took the oath that, formally at least, makes a soldier.

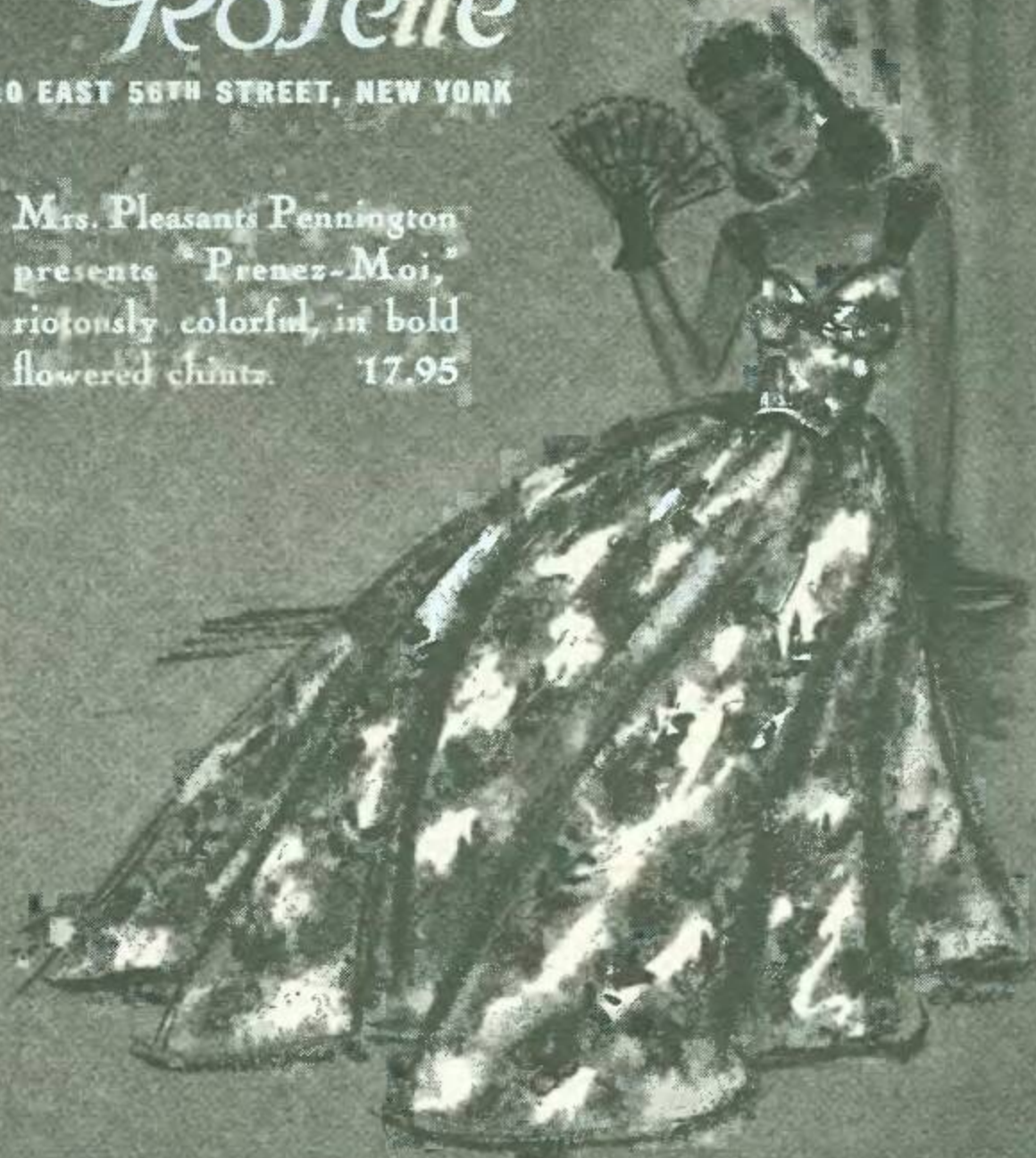
MEANWHILE, other legal talent, not in response to Bergdoll's irrational request but at the suggestion of Gibboney, had been added to the defence. The recruits were Samuel T. Ansell and Edward S. Bailey. They had attained the respective ranks of brigadier general and colonel in the Judge Advocate General's Department of the Army—Ansell, indeed, had served as Acting Judge Advocate General—and both had resigned to establish a joint private practice. The Bergdoll case, obviously, was made to order for the firm of Ansell & Bailey.

In mid-May of 1920, some six weeks after the end of the court-martial, General Ansell called on his old-time associate Major General Peter C. Harris, Adjutant General of the Army, and made a strange request. His client Grover Bergdoll, he said, had buried \$150,000 in gold in the hills near Hagerstown and was anxious to lay hands on it with a view to using some of it to defray the expenses of his trial. Ansell thus had a definitely personal but wholly legitimate interest in what was soon to become internationally famous as the Bergdoll "pot of gold." Could Bergdoll be permitted to proceed under custody

Chez Rosette

10 EAST 58TH STREET, NEW YORK

Mrs. Pleasant Pennington
presents "Prenez-Moi,"
riotously colorful, in bold
flowered chintz. 17.95



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TOURNEUR — artists in devising the one make-up a woman can call her own—enshrines itself in a sparkling new salon as Tourneur-Park Avenue. Here the principles of synchrononic make-up govern the creation of those precise shades in beauty aids which reveal rather than disguise personality.

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If you want
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these offerings represent variety and excellent value. We invite you to tell us which may appeal to you and let us tell you all about them.

7 ROOMS

THE LAST WORD—This 7-room suite at \$4000 is a special value in one of New York's newest buildings—located on Fifth Avenue in the Seventies. Living room, 26' x 16', has wood-burning fireplace and overlooks the Park. Two master bedrooms; planned for easy housekeeping.

8 ROOMS

COUNTRY FOREGROUND—On Fifth Avenue, in the Seventies, these 8 rooms bring the beauties of a Park view to those who prefer a medium-size apartment. Living room is 30 feet long, wood-burning fireplace; three bedrooms, one very large overlooking Park; two maids' rooms. \$3700.

11 ROOMS

A PARK VIEW DOUBLED—11 rooms arranged as a duplex provide interesting park views upstairs and down in this luxurious Fifth Avenue apartment. Living room is over 29 feet long, and with library and dining room provides a gracious setting for social activities. Three master bedrooms, two with park view, are on upper floor. Only \$6000.

12 ROOMS

LIVE ON A LAKE!—On Fifth Avenue, in the Seventies, overlooking Conservatory Lake, this 12-room suite occupies an entire floor and enjoys one of the most enchanting outlooks in the city. Excellent value at \$6500. The living room measures 29x20 and has a wood-burning fireplace, as does one of the four master bedrooms.

13 ROOMS

LOVELY OUTLOOK—The beauty of Central Park is part of your daily life in a stately 13-room suite on Fifth Avenue in the Seventies. Both the remarkably fine living room (34x19½ feet) and the handsome dining room overlook one of the Park's loveliest plaissances. Four wood-burning fireplaces. Four bedrooms, three baths.

14 ROOMS

GRACIOUSNESS—Is exemplified in this notable Fifth Avenue apartment—a magnificent sweep of rooms—occupying an entire floor. The living room is 31x20 and has large windows overlooking the Park, as do the library and the principal master's bedroom, measuring 25x17, with dressing room adjoining. Four other bedrooms. 14 rooms, special, \$5600.



Just phone, or better still,
come in. You will be put
in touch with one of our
expert Brokers. No undue
annoyance—no cost to you
of any kind.

Douglas L. Elliman & Co.
MANAGEMENT INC.

15 East 49th St., New York

PLaza 3-9200

to the spot where the gold was buried?

Major General Harris, a gentleman and a soldier, today a grave, mild septuagenarian who perhaps occasionally recalls his citation for gallantry at Santiago de Cuba in 1898, found the request unusual but thought he could accommodate. As a matter of routine, he carried it to General Peyton C. March, Chief of Staff, who told him to do as he thought best, use his own judgment. General Harris and General March each had lost a son in the war. Forthwith, Ansell's request, now become General Harris's order, was dispatched to Major John E. Hunt, commanding the Atlantic Branch, United States Disciplinary Barracks.

Major Hunt had seen twenty-six years of service. Not his to reason why, unprecedented though the order was. He detailed Sergeants John O'Hare and Calvin York to escort Bergdoll to Philadelphia, where he would be met by Gibboney. From there the party was to proceed by motorcar to Hagerstown. O'Hare, senior of the pair, was in command. He had been in the Army since 1899 and had been a non-commissioned officer for thirteen years. In the whole Bergdoll business, he is perhaps the person most worthy of respect. Honesty, loyalty, manliness were emblazoned on his well-scoured chevrons. Sergeant O'Hare was not too bright, but he was not too dumb either.

Early on the morning of May 20, 1920, O'Hare and York, equipped with sidearms, collected Bergdoll and prepared to catch the seven-o'clock Philadelphia train from Pennsylvania Station. Major Hunt was on hand to oversee the departure of his mildly distinguished charge. He warned the guards that their man, who wore a regulation uniform minus the spread-eagle buttons and would therefore appear to a civilian to be just another soldier, was "a dangerous prisoner."

"Major Hunt," asked O'Hare, "will I take handcuffs?"

"No," answered Hunt, "they're too conspicuous."

A certain fuzziness still surrounds the precise orders under which the expedition was to be conducted. Due allowance must be made for the fact that the excursion was something undreamed of in Hunt's and O'Hare's philosophy. Hunt may have had some hint of the purpose behind the leave of absence, but it is certain that O'Hare did not. Apparently he was to be guided by what Gibboney said, and Gibboney was not only a civilian but a lawyer.

Bergdoll, O'Hare, and York reached

EAST SIDE apartments OF TRUE DISTINCTION *inexpensive, too!*

1212 FIFTH AVENUE

Overlooking Park

3 ROOMS	from \$1200
4 ROOMS	" 1500
5 ROOMS, Open Fireplace	" 1700
6 ROOMS (corner apt.)	" 2400
7 ROOMS (special)	" 3000
PENTHOUSE APT., 8 Rooms	\$3800
DOCTORS' SUITES, 3 to 12 Rooms	

1111 PARK AVENUE

South East Cor. 90th St.

6 ROOMS	from \$2400
7 ROOMS	" 2800
8 ROOMS	" 3200
9 ROOMS (corner apt.)	" 3600

65 EAST 96TH STREET

Between Madison and Park Aves.

5 ROOMS	from \$1500
6 ROOMS	" 1800
7 ROOMS	" 2100
PENTHOUSE APT., 6 Rooms	\$2800

57 EAST 88TH STREET

Between Madison and Park Aves.

4 ROOMS and dinette	from \$1350
5 ROOMS, 2 baths	" 1700

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8 ROOMS	from \$2800
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10 YEARS OLD
88 PROOF

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BLEND SCOTCH WHISKY
STANDARD FOOD PROD. CORP.
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Distributors

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Scotch and Soda—
It's Best to Ask for

LOST—that permanent!

FOUND! Louise Berthelon

Specialist in permanents that insure hair pliancy. Expert tinting.

Will come to you if you can't come to her
440 Park Ave., at 56th St. PLaza 8-0870

North Philadelphia at 8:42. They were met by Gibboney and pink little Mr. Romig in a car driven by Bergdoll's chauffeur, Eugene Stecher. (Stecher was familiarly known as Ike.) They drove down Broad Street to leave Gibboney at his office; the somewhat forced conversation included mention of the car's knocking and requiring looking over. The others then went out to the Bergdoll home, five miles away. Neither O'Hare nor York had ever set foot in quite such a magnificent establishment. They all played pool and cards, presumably pinochle. That evening they attended a burlesque show. That night O'Hare and Bergdoll slept in one room and York and Romig in a room adjoining. O'Hare said later that he merely dozed off and on—an old-timer could do that.

The following morning, O'Hare noted, Bergdoll shaved but did not bathe. They idled about the house, toying with the phonograph and the player piano. Mrs. Bergdoll, happy over the temporary presence of Grover under the family roof, said it was "a lucky day for gardening." ("I plant by astrology," she later amplified before a Congressional committee of inquiry in her Weber-and-Fields accent. "You can get it in the drugstore almanacs. When the moon is getting big, I plant plants that grow above the ground. When the moon is going down, I plant the others, like potatoes. That day was especially good for artistic work, like flowers.")

A bottle of gin was produced. Of the two guards, only York drank, and when York took one snifter O'Hare told him to lay off. This fact is important in view of Bergdoll's subsequent assertion that he had his guards virtually on the floor with liquor. Romig, who would hardly be prejudiced in favor of the guards, later testified that in his twenty-seven years' acquaintance with the Bergdolls he had never seen even a glass of beer in the house. The gin bottle became an exhibit in the subsequent Congressional inquiry.

They ate a lunch prepared by Mrs. Stecher, the chauffeur's wife, and then sat around in an upstairs room. Grover read aloud a bit of Shakespeare—something funny, because they all laughed. Just before three o'clock the telephone rang. An upstairs extension had been placed in a bathroom which connected two bedrooms, in one of which they were lounging. Bergdoll went to answer it. Two or three minutes passed.

The telephone rang again. O'Hare was on his feet, getting the implication immediately. O'Hare sprang into the



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9 rooms, 3 baths . . from \$2700
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640 PARK AVENUE

Northwest Corner of 66th Street

16 rooms, 6 baths . . from \$7500

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17 rooms, 5 baths . . from \$8000

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East End Avenue at 82nd Street and
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3, 4 rooms, 1 bath . . \$600 to \$840
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East River and Carl Schurz Park

11 rooms, 5 baths . . from \$4200
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13 rooms, 6 baths (duplex) \$6000
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1245 MADISON AVENUE

Southeast Corner of 90th Street

6 rooms, 2 baths \$1450

62/64 EAST 90TH STREET

Between Park and Madison Avenues

6 rooms, 1 bath . . from \$1080

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These are Leasing Days at

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To lease an apartment at Mayfair House NOW,
for October occupancy, insures release from the
problem of a last-minute choice elsewhere.

SUITES OF ONE TO FOUR OR MORE ROOMS
SPACIOUS FOYERS—AMPLE CLOSET SPACE
SERVING PANTRIES WITH QUIET REFRIGERATION
SOME SUITES WITH WOOD-BURNING FIREPLACES
FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED

EDWARD H. CRANDALL
Managing Director

bathroom, York into the hall. Then both piled downstairs. Bergdoll had gone. The only witness to the actual escape was his eighty-three-year-old grandmother, who was sitting on the back porch. Bergdoll had tossed her a goodbye and a bunch of keys, run to his car, where Stecher sat at the wheel, and they were off. Five years later, when he had nothing to gain by not telling the truth, Stecher asserted that the escape was a complete surprise to him. He had the car waiting, presumably for the treasure hunt, when Bergdoll dashed up, tossed him a bundle of clothing, hopped into the car, and gave the order to be off. Was the escape a carefully prepared plot? Or was it a reflex, offhand enterprise that succeeded brilliantly by reason of its very casualness? Only the bundle of clothing lent the episode a rudimentary kind of premeditation. Anyway, by premeditation or otherwise, the lusty fledgling had left the nest a second time.

—JOHN T. WINTERICH

(This is the first of two articles on the Bergdoll case. The second will appear next week.)

PICTURESQUE CAREER

I saw the life of Edison
And worked on his inventions;
I campaigned with Napoleon
And, with the best intentions,
Beheld the intimate affairs
Of Henry VIII, of Mary,
And of Elizabeth, whose cares
Of state were heavy, very.
I suffered with Miss Nightingale .
And with Nurse Cavell too,
And then, of course, I did not fail
To see Rasputin through,
And Lincoln early, Lincoln late,
With Fonda and with Massey.
I watched Pasteur inoculate
Until my eyes grew glassy.
I saw Flo Ziegfeld get his start
And also Herbert. Gaily
I heard Victoria retort
To sallies of Disraeli.
I saw the life of Mr. Bell,
Who made the telephone,
The ring of which reminds me well
Of one more life: my own.

—RICHARD ARMOUR

When victory comes, our task, in my view, will be only just beginning, and the continuance of such old institutions as fox-hunting will go a long way toward building up the hopes we all have for a new and better world.—Lord Cromwell in the *Advertiser Rugby Directory, England*.

Oh, brave dreams!

ONLY ZENITH HAS THIS!

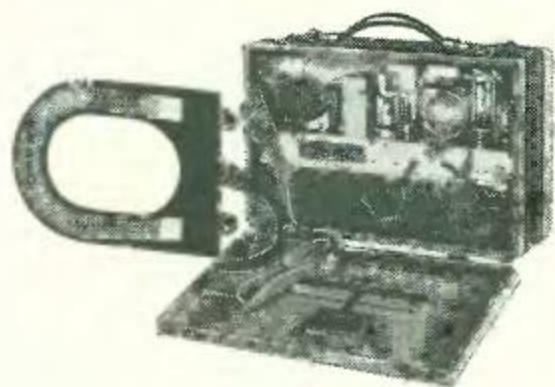
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WAVEMAGNET

DETACHABLE
FOR RECEPTION IN TRAINS,
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\$29⁹⁵
Prices
Slightly
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The shape and size of an
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THE ONLY PORTABLE RADIO Guaranteed to Play Where Other Portables *Fail* . . . or Your Money Back

Engineers of the Zenith Radio Corporation *again* give you a most remarkable invention . . . the *Patented* Detachable Wavemagnet in a portable radio which you can carry in one hand, self-powered with a light, one-piece battery pack. Under all ordinary circumstances it works without outside aerial . . . without outside wires or ground.

LISTEN WHILE YOU TRAVEL . . . PLAY . . . OR WORK

Take this wonder portable where ordinary portables will not work efficiently; in a train, airplane, bus, ship, auto or any windowed building where metal construction *keeps out* reception. The secret of why it works while others fail is in the *Patented* Detachable Wavemagnet, which is exclusive with Zenith.

Check up on your next train trip. See how many Zeniths are playing *well* . . . and how many other makes *fail* to do so. Your money back if *Zenith* fails.

And that's not all! At home, in the office, in hotels, if you want to save your battery, plug into any light socket . . . 110 volt AC or DC. That will automatically disconnect your battery and save it for outdoors or travel.

Has storage space for earphones (extra equipment) for use at ball games, fights or enroute where you want privacy in reception *without* loudspeaker. Headphones are excellent, too, for the hard of hearing.

UNDER NO OTHER NAME BUT ZENITH . . .

. . . can you obtain this radio or a portable that *is, has, and does* so many things! *Patented* Wavemagnet—built-in yet *detachable*—combination battery *and* lighting current operation—loudspeaker *and* earphone reproduction—adjustable to varying conditions—reception at home or travelling. Don't buy until you see and hear the Zenith Universal Portable at authorized Zenith dealers everywhere.

De Luxe Edition in genuine cowhide . . . priced slightly higher than regular airplane cloth cover.

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ZENITH IS AGAIN A YEAR AHEAD



...AND TO
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SIR?

THAT FAMOUS CREME DE MENTHE

• There's nothing like a magnificent French liqueur to make you feel you've really dined. If you go in for urbane living, remember that Garnier Liqueurs represent the height of French genius in this difficult art. A great favorite is Garnier Creme de Menthe* . . . rich with the exciting flavor of the real herb. Try also Garnier Abricotine,* warm with the sunny flavor of ripe apricots. And Garnier Creme de Cacao,* luscious with chocolate richness.

GARNIER
FRENCH
Liqueurs



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ARE BOTTLED IN THE
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JULIUS WILE SONS &
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*ALL 60° PROOF



TABLES FOR TWO

Here, There, and Everywhere

WHILE most of the big hotels are keeping an anxious eye on the weather reports as they go about dusting off the tables in their roof gardens, the Plaza, whose only roof is the steep green one over its patrons' heads, carries on in its Persian Room downstairs with a fine disregard for seasons. The bill there includes two entertainers—Eddy Duchin and Jane Pickens—who are getting to be as well known inside the hotel as the horse cabs are outside, and a newcomer, the almost too agile Paul Haakon, who is filling in during the illness of another Persian Room veteran, Paul Draper. Mr. Duchin, as always, presides handsomely at the piano and accompanies Miss Pickens, who has reached what is perhaps the ultimate in the special field of swinging the classics. She even sings the words of "Oh Johnny" to some of the music from "Rigoletto."

For a more orthodox version of "Oh Johnny," if orthodoxy or "Oh Johnny" is what you're looking for, you should properly go to the Waldorf's Starlight Roof and listen to Bonnie Baker. Miss Baker—may her conscience trouble her for it—has been almost singlehandedly responsible for the recent success of the number, and she continues to plug it relentlessly. She is backed up by Orrin Tucker's band, one of those determinedly antic groups which from time to time indulge in the kind of capers Fred Waring thought up years ago. Tucker's boys, for instance, have the lights dimmed and then wave phosphorescent musical notes at you as they play, or come down from the bandstand and turn themselves into a choral society. I have never been able to understand why an expert clarinetist or guitarist should be expected to have a nice baritone voice too, and Mr. Tucker's *Sängerknaben*, for all their phosphorescence, have left me still in the dark.

EVER since the Beachcomber opened at Broadway and Fiftieth Street just before the start of the year, strong men have been wincing at the mention of the word "Zombie," or so the management would have you believe by its warnings about how many of these drinks, which are a specialty of the house, you should limit yourself to. Most of the customers seem to be able to take the Zombies and other "rangelly

named concoctions in their stride, however, and the place is still full and still relaxingly dim. I like the relaxing part and I don't mind the dimness, even though it's so dark there now that the waiters carry small pocket flashlights to help out patrons who may want to look at a menu. There's tropical music, naturally, to go with the palm-tree setting, and on the night of my visit, at least, there was also John Kirby's Occidental band. To one who remembers the days when Kirby was the Onyx Club's *raison d'être*, it was a mild shock to find him surrounded by palm fronds and

playing on a bandstand large enough to accommodate a dozen bass fiddlers; I didn't get the same feeling from his music that I used to when it bounced around from wall to wall in the little old Onyx. It came as something of a relief to hear that Kirby was moving on soon to the Hickory House, where I'm sure he will feel more at home, and that his place is being taken by Sonny Kendis's orchestra, which, at the Stork and more recently at the Nine o'Clock Club, has built up a reputation for dance music rather than swing. It seems like a sensible rearrangement all around.

Speaking of the tropics brings us to the Hurricane, a Beachcomber-like spot that recently opened a block south on the site of the old Paradise. It's bigger, brighter, and considerably more Broadwayish than its prototype, and it has much the same in the way of drinks, all cheerfully guaranteed by the management to be near-lethal. The setting has been done over to the extent of disguising pillars as palm trees, having water trickle soothingly over some glass partitions, and, for tablecloths, using varicolored prints that would fit nicely into Dorothy Lamour's wardrobe. The floor show I saw, which I hope has been changed for the better by now, was nothing to shake a sarong at. It consisted almost entirely of hula dancers, who perhaps learned all they know about hurricanes in September, 1938. There was also a group of underclad, rather tubby men, who waved at each other disinterestedly with large knives. There's a good big dance floor and plenty of music to dance to between hulas.

IF somebody should ask me the name of the best-natured night-club entertainer in town, I'd say Hazel



To every Advertiser
who faces
"THE NEW YORK SELLING-PROBLEM"

here's what research shows in LARCHMONT

Lots of New Yorkers don't live in the City. They work in New York, they shop in New York—but they live in its beautiful suburbs.

North of New York is Westchester County . . . the home of thousands of well-to-do families. They pay for the privilege of surrounding themselves with gardens and grass and trees . . . the spaciousness of Suburbia. Because that's the way they want to live . . . and, luckily, they can afford to live as they please. Larchmont, with its prosperous families, its substantial homes, its air of gracious living, is representative of this high-cost living area.

The people of Larchmont are an important part of the New York Market, as every advertiser knows.



Consider the *Lourances of Larchmont

. . . they're representative of the town. They own their home, have two nice youngsters, employ a full-time maid. This year they'll vacation in Bermuda—three weeks, at least, we're told. Their '38 Olds will serve through Summer, then it'll be traded in. Mr. Lourance is a corporation treasurer; he earns "over \$10,000" and carries \$25,000 life insurance. Mrs. Lourance, too, is a college graduate. She's the family purchasing agent; shops in

New York once a week—has charge accounts at five department and specialty stores. The World-Telegram is bought to take home each evening—because, as Mr. Lourance said, " . . . it is the best, liveliest paper in New York." And the editorials " . . . are snappy, yet filled with sense." He also favors the Financial Page and the " . . . topnotch features, columns and human interest stories." Mrs. Lourance relies on the Woman's Pages . . . finds them a "big help" on fashions and home problems.

*The name is fiction, the story is fact—the interview is in our files.

This is the third advertisement of a series. Next week's copy will describe another area of the New York Market, further validating the World-Telegram's new Block-by-Block Analysis.

"BUY-ABILITY" is the all-important gauge of advalue. The World-Telegram Block-by-Block Analysis . . . and its resulting profit-Pattern . . . enables advertisers to actually identify their prospects, chart their "buy-ability" and check the effectiveness with which the New York World-Telegram cultivates their really worthwhile market.

IN LARCHMONT the median value of owned homes is "over \$20,000" and over 60 per cent are owner-occupied. In the area served by the Larchmont Post Office, the World-Telegram study shows 36.5 per cent of all families are readers of this one newspaper. CORROBORATION: The well-known research organization, FACT FINDERS ASSOCIATES, INC., made a 90.1 per cent "census" of the families of this district. On the basis of this census, World-Telegram readership was found to be 38.4 per cent . . . a difference of less than 2 per cent. (And that remarkable accuracy is characteristic of the World-Telegram's study of the entire New York Market!)



BETTER THAN

1 OUT OF 3

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CHICAGO DETROIT MEMPHIS PHILADELPHIA SAN FRANCISCO

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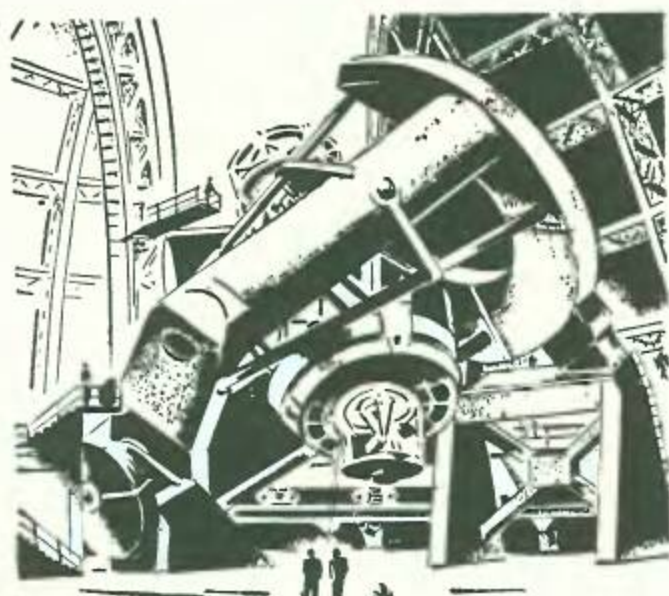


New York World-Telegram
A Scripps-Howard Newspaper
BY-OF-AND-FOR NEW YORKERS

CHAMPION

of Star-Gazers

by Westinghouse



• *They're building an eight-story telescope out at Mt. Palomar in California. Its mirror, as you probably know, is 200 inches across... weighs 20 tons.*

This gigantic optical device has a seeing distance, in miles, of — well, put down a 6 followed by 21 cyphers. For handy use the astronomers call that distance one billion light years.

• *But a telescope is a great deal more than a huge mirror. Twice the size of any existing telescope this one required a mounting of entirely new design, which cast previous experience into the discard.*

• *Consider the fantastic requirements: 500 tons of steel put together to tolerances as close as two one-millionths of an inch—so rigid its 75 feet of length will not deflect more than seven hundredths of an inch—so flexible it can throw off an earthquake shock—so mobile it can be moved by the force of your breath. That is what it takes for the mounting of this telescope.*

• *And of the few concerns having resources of men, plant and equipment even to think of such an undertaking, the Westinghouse Plant at South Philadelphia was*

given the nod—and went to work.

• *It was pioneering of the highest order—practical science guiding meticulous skill in a project with six million dollars at stake. Many of the problems were utterly unique. For instance, the midday sun, beaming through skylights, could expand a 154-ton bearing enough to upset fine calculations, so a monstrous "sunbonnet" had to be devised to shade the mounting during construction.*

• *When ready for use this mounting will provide three observation points within its structure—one will have an automatically self-leveling floor and spectrograph table, on ball bearings. A fourth observation point beneath the floor will be air conditioned and temperature-regulated.*

• *And this entire 500-tons of mobile structure will actually be floated on oil, requiring only 1/650,000 of a horsepower to sweep it across the skies—one flea-power. We make small motors, but not that small, so a one-half horsepower motor will furnish the power.*

• *This has been a thrilling task, even for a plant capable of turning out annually a million horsepower in turbines. The inconceivable exactions of the job, the mad combination of gigantic mass with split-hair precision, imposed no unusual demands, for our own products regularly called for just such extremes of size and accuracy. We feel an inward satisfaction in the knowledge that Westinghouse standards generously encompass the decimal-to-six-points accuracy required by this champion of star-gazers.*

Scott. Miss Scott is the dark and handsome young lady who went downtown to Café Society, on Sheridan Square, a few months ago for a week's engagement as a fill-in singer and stayed on to become mistress of ceremonies. She acts as if she were still surprised by this elevating turn of events. Her singing and piano-playing haven't suffered because of her additional duties, which she handles so well that you feel pleased with the rest of the show even before it begins. Fortunately, the other performers are uniformly good, so you keep right on feeling that way. Joe Sullivan's band is a fine, swingy combination, and the boogie-woogie boys have lost none of their rolling artistry. My favorite performers there right now, though, are the Golden Gate Quartet, four dusky singers who present spirituals in swing time, achieving a cozy balance between reverence and rhythm.

FOLKS who stay out late enough to take the milk in with them when they get home are likely to turn up sooner or later during the night at Jack White's 18 Club, at 20 West Fifty-second Street, where the atmosphere is never very restrained and gets more and more frenzied as the evening staggers on. This place is the home of heckling, and I always feel sympathetically inclined toward the poor girls who try to sing there to the harrowing accompaniment of gibes by Mr. White and his ribald crew. White manages to keep the gags flowing at an astonishingly rapid rate, possibly because he is not overly particular about his choice of them. . . . Then, of course, there's the Kit Kat Club, on East Fifty-fifth Street, which often seems to be full of people just out to test their endurance. It has one of those regulation colored revues and Connie McLean's brassy band, both of which help along an atmosphere of conviviality and rowdiness. . . . A quieter spot you might try late at night is Jimmie Daniels', up at 114 West 116th Street. By Harlem standards, this is a model of dignity and respectability. It's a Negro version of a supper club: no dancing, just a few singers and piano-players, most of them good and none of them too loud.

—CHECK

PYRRHIC VICTORY DEPARTMENT
[Heading in the American Journal
of the Medical Sciences]

CURE OF TYPE XIV PNEUMOCOCCIC
MENINGITIS BY SULFAPYRIDINE,
CONFIRMED BY AUTOPSY;
CASE REPORT

It's happening on a thousand Main Streets!



1. THIS YEAR, something has been happening on Main Streets all over America. For increasing thousands of average-income motorists have discovered that they don't have to keep on buying ordinary cars...they

can own a truly *fine* car. Take the case of the Harry Browns... typical Americans. Our close-up shows their first eye-opener—the discovery that their neighbors in the modest house next door have bought a Packard!



2. A FEW DAYS LATER, the Stedmans took them riding. "Such a big, roomy car!" admired Mrs. Brown. "Watch her go," said Bill Stedman. Miles slipped by. Hills bowed down... rough spots vanished magically.



3. GHOSTING HOMEWARD, Harry fired questions at his neighbor... found that Bill hadn't had to pay a penny down! His old car more than covered the down payment, so that his monthly payments were unbelievably low. (This happens 4 times out of 5.)



4. NOW—weekends find this note in the Brown's milk bottle. They have a beautiful, smart new Packard of their own. Its flashing performance and its astonishingly low operating costs delight them. And this same experience can be *yours*.

THE SWING'S TO PACKARD!

This year, thousands of new owners have joined the Packard family.

Ask *any* of them what he thinks of his 1940 Packard. Then note his enthusiasm for its all-around fineness. And operating costs? He'll declare it a veritable miser on gasoline—and that he can hardly remember when he last had to "add a quart" of oil!

And then your Packard dealer will show you: that service charges on a big, roomy Packard actually compare favorably with even those of the so-called "economy cars"! But drive a new 1940 Packard *yourself*—and you'll know—*immediately* why this promises to be Packard's biggest year!

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



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AND UP. Packard 110, \$867 and up. Packard 120, \$1038 and up. Packard Super-8 160, prices begin at \$1524. Packard Custom Super-8 180, \$2243 to \$6300. All prices delivered in Detroit. State taxes and white sidewall tires (as shown) extra.

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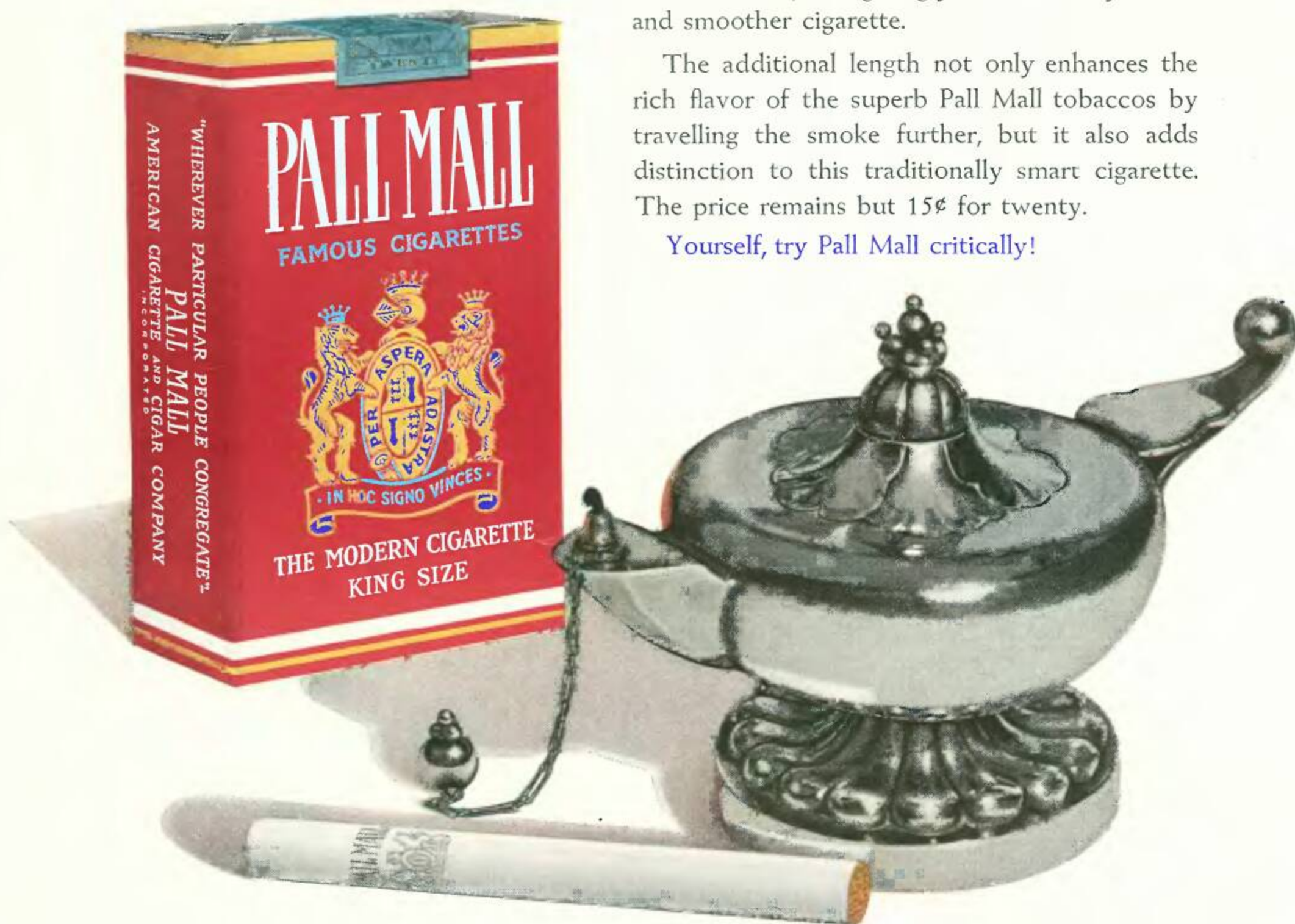
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● THE ADDITIONAL LENGTH TRAVELS THE SMOKE FURTHER

● LIGHT UP A PALL MALL, hold it in your fingers, and notice how its additional length travels the smoke further, thus giving you a decidedly cooler and smoother cigarette.

The additional length not only enhances the rich flavor of the superb Pall Mall tobaccos by travelling the smoke further, but it also adds distinction to this traditionally smart cigarette. The price remains but 15¢ for twenty.

Yourselves, try Pall Mall critically!



A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE annual three-day convention of the Greater New York Safety Council, an organization of humanitarians who like to keep score on such accidents as slipping on the ice and falling down in bathtubs, took place recently at the Hotel Pennsylvania. Over five thousand men and women who for one reason or another are concerned with the problems of safety attended sessions on "Common Causes of Cuts," "The Desirability of Uniform Elevator Regulations," "Foreign Substance in Food," "The Safety Angle in Floor Maintenance," "Why Hotel Guests Are Involved in Accidents," "Health Hazards Associated with the Use of Solvents," "What Can Be Done to Remedy the Situation," and similar topics. There were usually several meetings going on at once in various rooms throughout the hotel, and in addition there were some seventy-five exhibits, put on for the most part by insurance companies and manufacturers of safety appliances. In the minds of many of the delegates I met while attending some of the sessions, the outstanding personality of the convention was Robert W. Laughlin, a young man with an easy platform manner and superior footwork. Laughlin, who is called a safety engineer

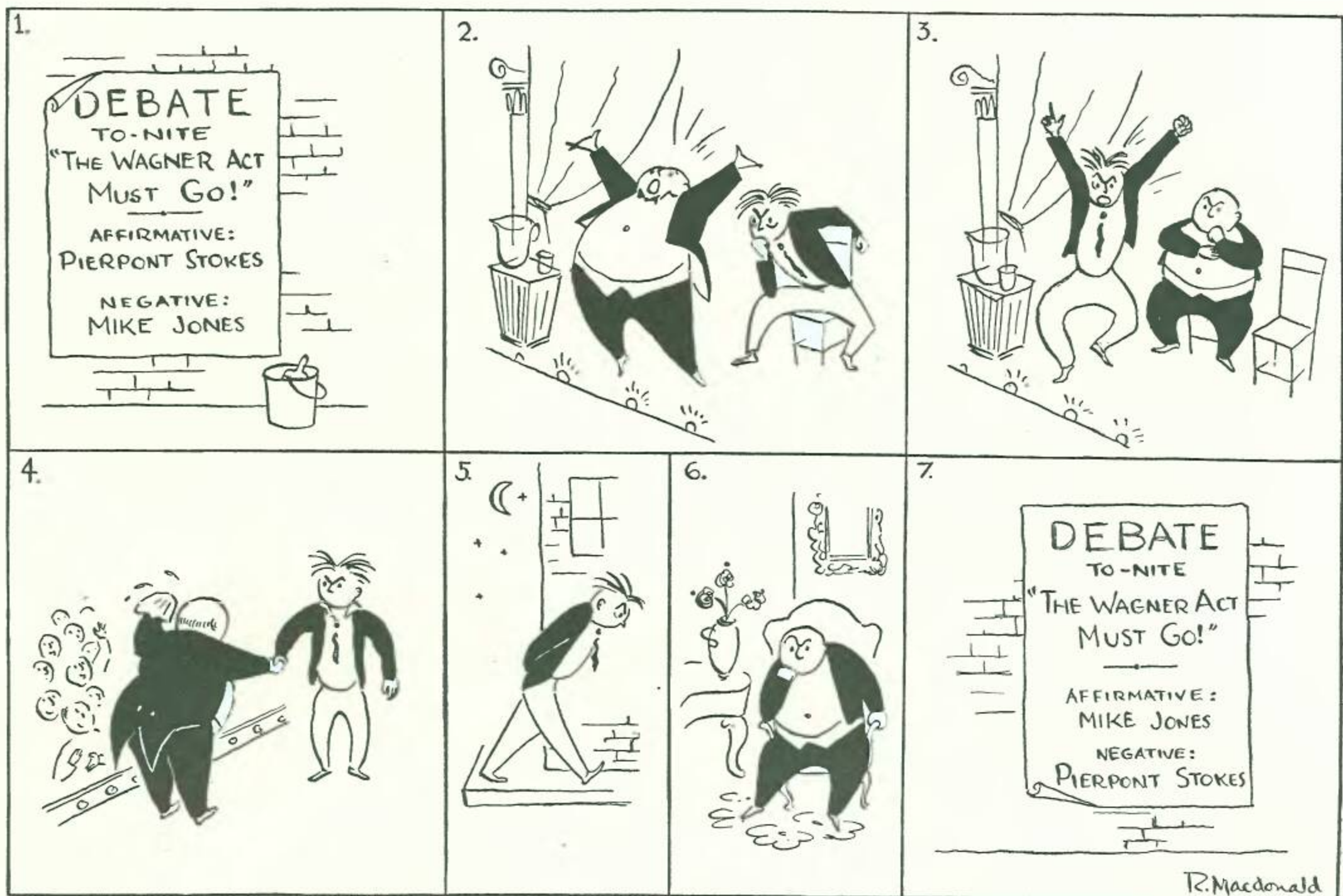
SLIPS AND FALLS

and is employed by the Liberty Mutual Insurance Company, advocates a means of locomotion known as "balanced walking." On the second afternoon of the convention he addressed a large meeting, in the banquet room, at which I was present. "The hipbones," he declared sternly to five hundred fascinated men and women, "are ten and a half inches apart. Stand, then, with your feet ten and a half inches apart and you'll be on vertical columns." Some of the people sitting near me shuffled their feet and looked guilty. "Let us turn to walking," continued Laughlin, who looks like Rudy Vallée but has a better stance. He then gave out the following information: There are two types of walking, (1) the "springy" type, which Laughlin wouldn't use even to get across the street, and (2) the "balanced" type, heartily endorsed by himself and his colleagues in the insurance business. To walk in balance, you must keep your mind on what you're doing, lift each foot slowly, and shift your centre of gravity; otherwise you're likely to take a nasty spill.

"Now, to get up the stairs," Laughlin said briskly. "How do we approach

them? Do we sidle up at an angle? No! Do we back up? No! We make a slight detour, if necessary, and come upon them from the front. Slow up. Get in balance. Shift the centre of gravity. Take it away!" A mill that Laughlin knows about was having a "high frequency of falls." It couldn't go 200,000 man-hours without an accident. The management studied the situation; they made a survey of their employees' walking techniques, they looked up and down stairways, and they came out for gravity-shifting. "That mill today, ladies and gentlemen," said Laughlin, measuring his words, "has passed its millionth man-hour with an absolutely clean record." There was vigorous and prolonged applause. I arose and stepped out of the banquet room, lifting each foot carefully, and was struck by a running bellhop who had not attended the session.

HAVING dropped in at the convention at the invitation of Mr. Lewis DeBlois, executive vice-president of the Council, one of the first things I did when I arrived was to look up Mr. DeBlois, whom I found stationed at convention headquarters on the mezzanine floor. He was standing near a



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registration desk, where, I later learned, delegates paid a fee of one dollar and received a badge which would give them the run of the place. After greeting me, Mr. DeBlois immediately rushed me off to hear a talk on “Slips and Falls,” the main point of which seemed to be that slips and falls cost industry too much money. Subsequently Mr. DeBlois told me a little about the Council. He said that it had been founded in 1936 by a handful of safety-minded citizens, and that now there are five hundred and forty members. Most of the members are companies—insurance, transportation, manufacturing, hotel, restaurant, etc.—but a few of the members are simply public-spirited individuals who make a kind of hobby of safety. The function of the Council is to cut down accidents wherever they occur, whether in industry, in the home, or on the street. Any firm or individual may join, paying a membership fee of anything from ten dollars up. Whenever the treasury begins to sag, the officers ask members for donations or put on a membership drive. “We just try to raise money any way we can,” Mr. DeBlois said, “and sometimes we have to scratch like the devil.”

He said that the money was used for research on the conditions which cause accidents. The information collected is used profitably by the company members, for whom accidents are a costly item; proves comforting to the individual members who are safety enthusiasts; and is available to the public in a monthly magazine called *Safety*, which the Council publishes. Mr. DeBlois explained that the company members had sent large numbers of employees to the convention, sometimes as many as five hundred in a batch, to get pointers on safety, which accounted for the attendance of over five thousand at the convention. Among the delegates there were also quite a few factory foremen and industrial safety supervisors. “I do know one thing,” Mr. DeBlois said. “We’ve got a better class of delegates this year. I’ve seen a lot of sub-executives.” He was about to tell me more when a young man rushed up to him and said that a small crisis had arisen—two discussion groups had got into the same room. “I’ll see you after a while,” cried DeBlois, hurrying away. Over his shoulder he called back, “Why don’t you go to the quiz program? Everybody’s going. We call it ‘Information Please.’”

THE quiz program was held in the banquet room. About half of the seats were filled when I got there. At

one end of the room, on a platform, there was a long table, and on it stood two microphones, a cash register, and a row of cardboard signs which said "Mr. Durfee," "Dr. Greenburg," "Mr. Gardiner," "Mr. Guilbert," "Mr. Read," "Mr. Roach," and "Mr. Self." A man who turned out to be the chairman walked onto the platform and looked things over; he took an experimental poke at the cash register, which rang softly. He stood around for about five minutes until the room was filled, then banged a gavel and said solemnly, "Everything spoken here today will be electrically transcribed. A word to the wise is sufficient." Behind the table there was a man wearing earphones who fiddled with a machine which was obviously the electrical transcriber. Seven men climbed up on the stage and seated themselves behind the signs bearing their names. The chairman introduced them as the Board of Experts. I learned that most of them were industrial or insurance-company executives. The chairman explained the idea of the program. Anyone in the audience, upon being recognized by the chairman, could ask a question, which any of the experts who cared to would try to answer. "Certain topics are ruled out," the chairman said. "Number one is the war in Europe. Also politics, public schools, labor management, and questions of a personal nature. O.K. Fire away."

A young man wearing thick-lensed glasses rose and asked, "Which do you consider the safest country in Europe today?" "That's out, that's out!" shouted the chairman. "The European war's out. I told you that." The youth sat down and slumped in his chair. A man in the back of the room got up and identified himself as Fitzpatrick of Consolidated something or other. He wanted to know what a man, given an important industrial safety job, should do first. All the experts looked blank except Mr. Durfee, who stood up and said, "Try and sell the idea from the foreman on down." The other experts nodded. "The answer was satisfactory," said the chairman, "so I won't ring the cash register. I only ring it when they miss." After a moment's pause, he added, "You understand, of course, that we aren't really giving out any money. All right, next question." Nobody got up. "Well, I'll ask one myself. Should the severity of accidents be judged by the resultant injury?" This time Mr. Read chose to rise and expressed the opinion that all accidents were serious. This provoked mild applause, in the midst of which there was a loud buzz from the



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electrical transcriber. The operator grappled with the machine and got it under control. Shortly afterward someone asked whether or not companies should give bonuses for safety records. Mr. Guilbert said yes, flatly. He had no sooner finished than Mr. Self, who up to then had been reserved, jumped up and said, "I'm not in favor of giving bonuses. Not at all! Not for a minute!" The chairman looked pleased by the lively turn the program had taken. A delegate near me mumbled something, then stood up. "Well, would you discipline a man for poor safety work?" he asked. Speaking slowly, Mr. Guilbert said, "Discipline is a serious question. We laid a foreman off for a month without pay once in my place." "That answer your question?" asked the chairman, happily. "About halfway," said my neighbor. I soon left. As I was going out the door, I heard a voice with a strange, lyric quality sing out something about "a three-pronged plug in a three-holed socket."

LATER, after wandering in and out of several meetings of no great interest, I ran into Mr. DeBlois, who suggested I go to what was called a 'Truck-Drivers' Seminar, which was about to start in the Madhattan Room. I found a seat in the front row beside a man who had isolated himself by means of a black cigar somewhat smaller than a fungo bat. I asked him if he was a truck-driver and he said, "No, I'm stopping here and just came in to kill some time when I noticed that something was doing. I'm going to catch a train for Omaha at three o'clock." Standing on a platform at one end of the room was a man who was obviously the chairman; he was studying the audience. At one side of the platform, in a nervous huddle, were about a dozen men in overalls and uniforms who, the chairman later explained, were truck-drivers. "Boys," the chairman said finally, to the audience, "we wanted to get down to earth on this truck-safety business, so we asked some of the drivers to come over. If you'll bear with us for about five minutes we'll whisk you away to the Albany Post Road, to a place where the drivers all go for their steaks and French-fries and their hamburgers and whatnot."

Two hotel employees came onto the platform and set up an imitation lunch counter, consisting of a long, narrow table, a row of stools along the back, a large coffee urn, a cash register, a pitcher of water, and eight glasses. At a signal from the chairman, the truck-drivers trooped sheepishly onto the stage

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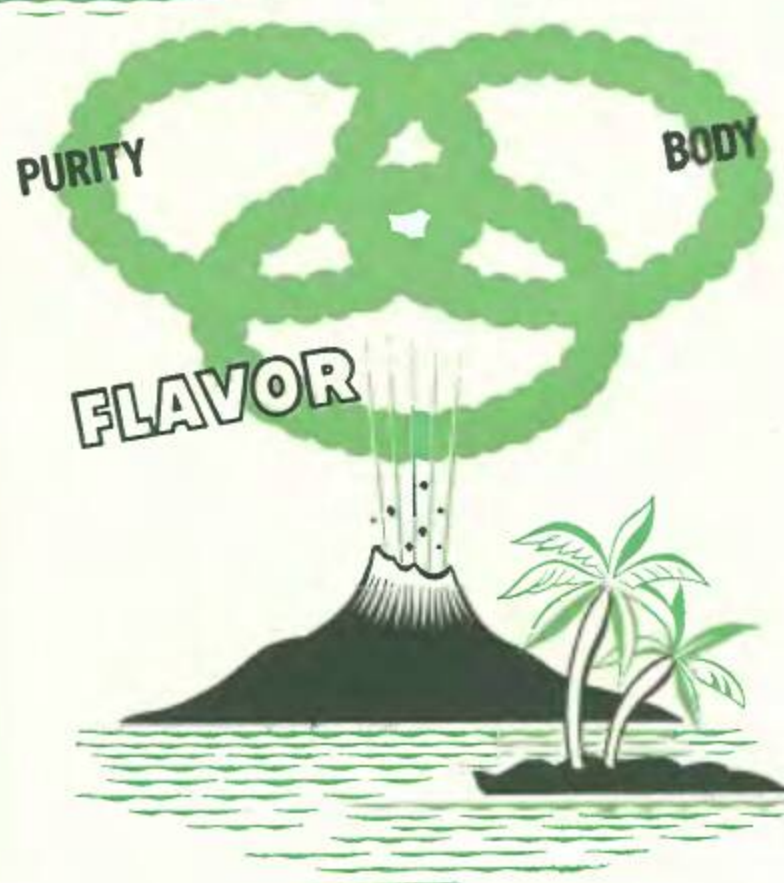
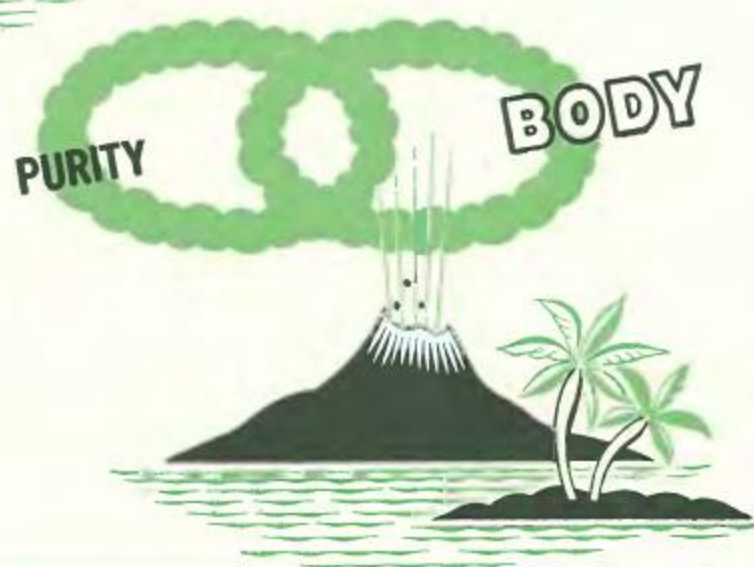
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and sat down behind the counter. A man dressed in a white apron and chef's cap entered and took his place in front of the counter. Just why a meeting devoted to truck safety should be staged in this form I was unable to find out, but I surmised that someone in the Council believed in showmanship and thought that a realistic setting might help drive home a message. "I'd like to introduce these boys," the man in the chef's hat said suddenly, pointing to the truck-drivers. After the introductions, he took out a paper, from which he read, "What do you think of the new New York State drivers'-licence questionnaire?" The chef was evidently there to lead the seminar. He nodded to one of the drivers, who replied, "I don't know anything about it myself." The chef then nodded to another driver, who stood up. "Gentlemen," he said, "I think it's a mighty fine thing. My reasons is this. You take these people that get out on the pavement and come helling around you on both sides, they ought to be kept at home. Their mind don't work so good. I'll give you an example." He turned to the chef. "Tell me quick. How many times does the little hand of a clock go around in twenty-four hours?" The chef thought a while, then answered, "Why, it goes around twenty-four times, of course." "See what I mean?" said the driver to the audience. "That's the way the human mind works." Everybody applauded, and the chef looked delighted. The seminar continued with questions about right of way, the difficulties of running on schedule, dented fenders, and other subjects of interest to men who drive trucks. I didn't wait for the end.

NEXT I decided to inspect the seventy-five safety exhibits, which I was told were in the hotel roof garden. There were several rows of booths. The first booth I walked into contained a rubber rattlesnake coiled on a piece of painted desert, and a young lady who was counting its rattles. This exhibit was sponsored by a company selling a "tabloid" first-aid kit. A small, cheerful man was answering questions of the delegates. Several of them seemed disturbed at learning from him that a rattlesnake injects two hundred milligrams of venom in one bite—ten times the lethal dose. I approached within striking distance and asked the man a few questions. He held up an odd-looking instrument made of a glass tube with rubber ends and explained that it was used for removing the poison. "The rubber mouth on this end works exactly like the human lips,"



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FM—a new kind of broadcasting that eliminates static and interference within the service range of FM Stations—is front page news! Enjoy it NOW with a new FM Stromberg-Carlson, whose exclusive Labyrinth and Dual Coaxial Carpinchoe Speaker System brings you the utmost of FM's extended musical range . . . adds new realism to standard and short wave programs, too. Listen to a new FM Stromberg-Carlson—the radio so thrillingly better that it sells itself!



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he said. One of the delegates asked what was wrong with using the lips, and he answered, "Well, you couldn't suck out the poison if you had been bit on the *heel*, could you?"

In another booth I found out that, starting about a month from now, fewer men are going to be falling off scaffolds. A young man at this exhibit, put on by a manufacturer of a new safety belt, pointed out the belt but couldn't tell me much. "There's the belt," he said. "You can look her over, but what she's got on the other belts I wouldn't be able to say." He gradually warmed up to his subject, however, and hinted that the belt was going to be a bombshell in the industry when put on the market. Across the aisle a firm that makes gas masks for use in mines was demonstrating a new model. Well tailored and pocket-size, it could be fastened on your nose in no time at all. The company also makes a larger, more durable one for the foreign trade. While I was admiring the mask, a man who looked like a company official arrived. A young attendant in the booth stepped forward and said, "Sir, I have to report that a du Pont man was just here." The executive shook his head knowingly and said, "So!"

BY the time I was ready to leave the convention, I had hurried through exhibits of skidless floor wax, non-skid shoes, fireproof gloves, and a machine, for hotel use, which cuts ice cubes with steam instead of dangerous saws. I had furthermore drifted into one agitated meeting in time to hear William B. Seltzer, superintendent of the Bronx Hospital, declare against horseplay in hospital corridors. "Employees," he said, "ought to cut out the horseplay and so had the visitors on visitors' day." At the same meeting, L. N. Arrowsmith, superintendent of St. Johns Hospital in Brooklyn, took up the question of nurses' fighting fires. He told of four recent hospital fires, all of which were started by nurses' cigarettes, and then said wistfully that he believed nurses ought to learn at least to put out their own fires.

At another meeting I heard an official of a Boston insurance company speak on "How Are Insurance Customers Damaged by Products?" He said the chief damage was done by food, clothing, and cosmetics. Reading from a sheet of paper, he said, "I have here the case of a woman who went home from a restaurant and put in a claim for illness from eating chicken bisque, peas, lobster, coffee, and ice cream. Gentlemen, in my opinion that woman asked for

it." Growing more indignant, he said, "Here's one who put in a claim for getting a fishbone stuck in her throat. How do you like that?" Some of the other claims he had no patience with concerned an olive pit in a sandwich, dirt in stuffed dates, stones that looked like beans, sawdust in chop suey, rubber belting in hamburger, and an iron bolt in a slice of huckleberry pie. "We've got to be careful, fellows," he concluded. "Let's watch these things. Most of our restaurants are fine, but now and then a little something gets by us."

BEFORE I went home, I also managed to note down the following excerpts from certain speeches which were evidently supposed to herald, as convention speeches should, a trend:

DR. LAURANCE M. THOMPSON: "Most injuries from skiing are on the lower leg, from the knee to the ankle. The left leg suffers almost twice as often as the right."

REAR ADMIRAL CLARK H. WOODWARD, U. S. Navy Commandant of the New York District: "For national defence in 1939, seven major powers appropriated a total of 18.7 billions of dollars, while the United States spent only 1.1 billions."

DR. THEODORE ROSENTHAL (quoting Dr. J. E. Moore): "There is no evidence, excepting in rare cases, to indicate that a syphilitic worker who does not have cardiovascular or neuraxis involvement is any more likely to be involved in accidents than his non-syphilitic brother."

GEORGE FERGUSON, chemist: "The unit toxicity of all the gases we find in fire atmospheres has been studied."

MISS DEBORAH BACON, registered nurse: "Judging by the movies, the radio, popular fiction, and the crowds that gather at some of the automobile crashes, there is nothing that the average American family enjoys more than a nice bloody death of someone else."

—ROBERT LEWIS TAYLOR

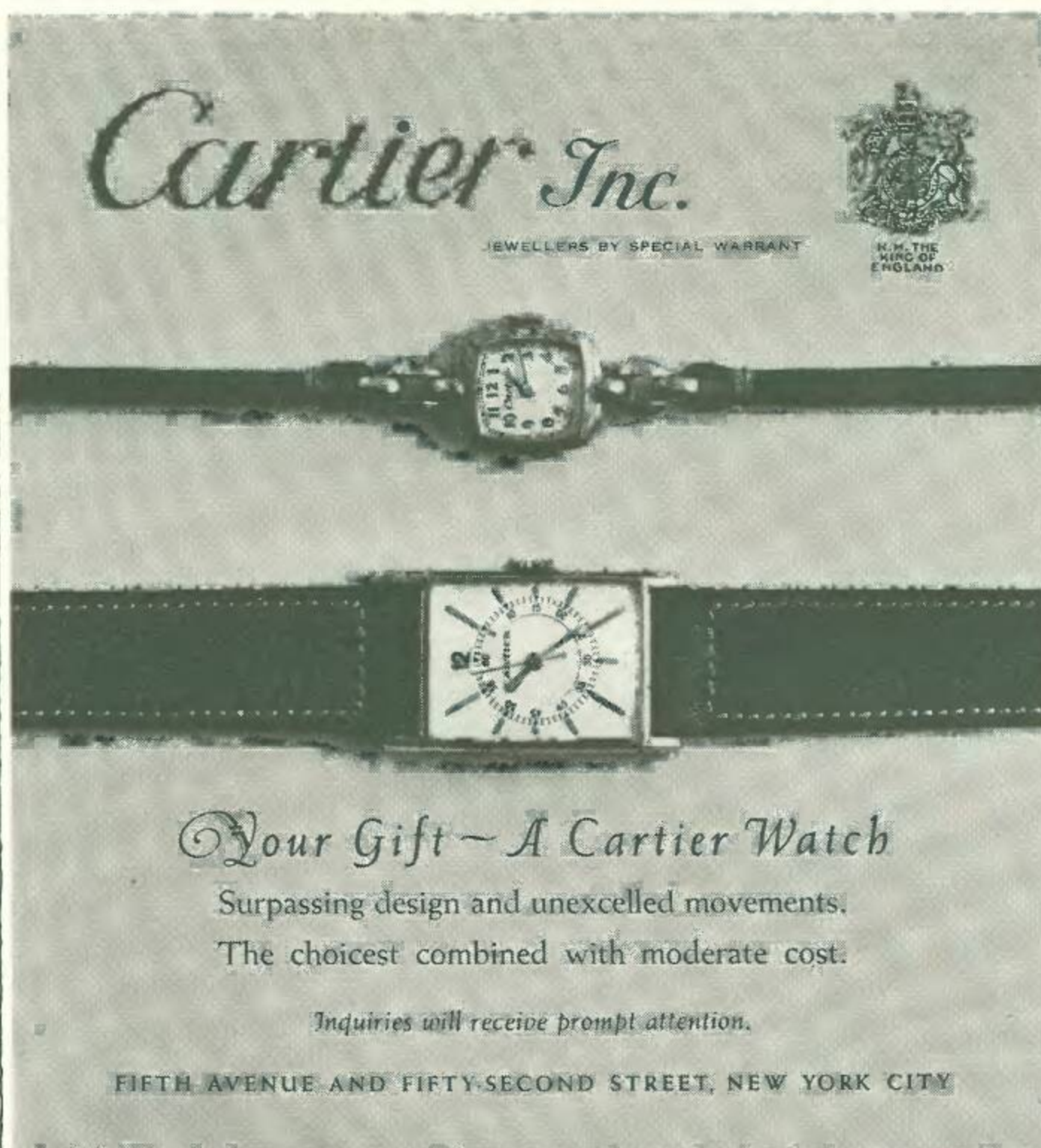
The child was carefully and neatly dressed. His speech indicated cultured background.

He said to Miss McCarroll: "Could I get to see Mr. Rockefeller?"—*The Times*.

Even a Rockefeller couldn't resist culture like that.

LIFE IN HOLLYWOOD DEPT.
(LONG-SHOT FUTURE DIVISION)
[From an article in the *Woman's Home Companion*]

Ginger [Rogers] buys every new book and plans to read them all.



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The Democracy of Disease

by Isaac F. Marcossan

We live in paradoxical times. Who could have dreamed on August 21st last, that the world would read at the breakfast table the next morning that Herr Adolf Hitler had become Comrade Adolf Hitler and, figuratively, was sleeping in the same political bed with Comrade Joseph Stalin? Through the Nazi-Soviet Pact the German Fuehrer sacrificed one of the basic concepts of his ideology.

This paradox in the totalitarian world is paralleled in the tragic domain which is cancer. What most people do not realize is that cancer is the most democratic of all diseases. The roster of its victims runs the range from Napoleon Bonaparte, Emperor Frederick, the second German Kaiser, U. S. Grant, and Gladstone down to the lowliest cook, clerk, and carpenter. Cancer is the supreme leveller of rank, taking toll alike from the great and the humble. Paraphrasing a well-known quotation, one touch of cancerous growth makes the whole world kin.

Now we reach the paradox. The present day dictatorships were all founded on force and perpetuated, so far, through fear. This fear works to suppress those most precious assets of any civilized people which are freedom of speech and religion, and liberty of action. It therefore stifles all the beneficent prerogatives of democracy. The fatality is to national morale.

Yet fear operates just as destructively in the democratic realm of cancer as in the autocratic

field of the dictator. Just as it is a powerful prop of personal government, so has it become one of the chief allies of cancer. Probably with no other disease has the fear complex played so devastating a role. Here, unlike the consequence in the totalitarian confine, the fatality is not to morale but to human life itself.

It is not only conscience, as Shakespeare said, that makes cowards of people. Dread of cancer confutes intelligence, paralyzes will, and plays into the hands of death. Thanks to the increasing control information disseminated by the American Society for the Control of Cancer and its allied groups, the symptoms of the disease are becoming more widely known. The lump on the breast, for example, does not necessarily mean a malignant growth. Perhaps only one out of ten such lumps is cancer. But women hesitate to go to doctors when they discover a lump for fear of being told that they have cancer. Delay is fatal because cancer at the inception is painless. Early examination and treatment mean early cure. Seventy-five per cent of breast cancers are curable if treated in the primary stages. In the case of cancer of the mouth, the percentage is 80 per cent; cancer of the lip, 85 per cent, and cancer of the skin, 95 per cent.

If cancer is to be conquered, the fear element must be sterilized. Thus the paradox of fear of a democratic menace can be eliminated.

Throughout the country the Women's Field Army of the American Society for the Control of Cancer is conducting an intensive educational and enlistment campaign. Every individual may aid this work by informing himself about cancer and by enrolling in the Field Army.

AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR THE CONTROL OF CANCER, INC.

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THE ART GALLERIES

The Art of the Persians

PERSIAN art is something I know remarkably little about, and I'm afraid my comments on the big loan show the Iranian Institute has just put on for us will have to be just about limited to straight reporting, with not much, if any, critical commentary. Indeed, it's so huge an affair, with so many exhibits in so many diverse categories

—from rugs and textiles through paintings and sculptures to pottery and metalware—that even if I did happen to be an expert on the subject, I'd be hard put to it to know where to begin or how to mention more than

the high spots. Held in the old Union League Club (itself a relic of a vanishing culture), it fills that venerable and capacious building with such an abundance of material as almost to suggest that the thing should be classed under some such heading as "Museums (temporary)" instead of as a mere exhibition.

You'll find not single examples but whole cases of bowls, urns, and vases, rooms full of jewelry and household ornaments, while practically everywhere you look there are rugs. Rare rugs, too, let me add, and beautiful ones. To the majority of us Westerners, I imagine, the two most immediately attractive types of Persian art are the rugs and the miniature paintings, and in both these departments the collection has some really stunning items. There are rugs, as I've said, all over the place—not on the floors, of course, for these are creations too precious to be walked on; like tapestries, they're hung from the walls. The best of the lot are in a room called Gallery IV, on the ground floor. These are long enough to reach from ceiling to floor, and broad as they are, their length makes them seem narrow. One is red, I remember, and one is a curiously pale golden yellow, and another, which is the loveliest of all, is deep blue. They hang there, each one differently patterned but all bearing those endlessly intertwined flowerings of leaves and branches which, I'm told, typify the Persians' desert-born love and longing for fertility; each one in its depth and richness of dye seeming almost to glow with its own luminosity, and together filling the room with color. Coming on them, to me, was almost like stumbling into a room full of stained-glass windows, and twelfth-century glass at that. It was breathtaking.



The main use of painting, to the Persians, was in illuminating and illustrating manuscripts, and their paintings therefore are as minute as the rugs are large. It was in many respects a decadent art. Heavy borrowings, first from the Chinese and later from the Europeans, influenced its form, and for the

rest the artists' attention seems mainly to have been devoted to subtilizing, rather than to developing and expanding, their style. There is animation in their design, but it's static too; like a petrified wave, their paintings appear perpetually to surge and yet to stand motion-

less. It has always been a question in my mind whether I really liked them or not. I'll say this, though: unless you've been specially fortunate in the past, you'll see far finer pieces of painting than you've ever seen before. The best things are in Gallery IX, on the second floor, where there's a manuscript painting illustrating a life of Tamerlane, by the fifteenth-century artist Bihzad, which to me represents just about the peak of this branch of Persian art. You'll need a magnifying glass if you're to get the full value of it, however, and if it doesn't seem too precious a gesture, I recommend that you carry one there. As you probably know, the Persians pushed their passion for minuteness of detail to the point where most of it became invisible to the naked eye. Like paradise itself, you might not see it, but it was there, and only under magnification could the real feeling and fullness of the work—its "body"—be perceived. And then, in addition to what I've mentioned, there are the roomfuls and roomfuls of other exhibits. I'll leave you to poke around them as your own interests may dictate. Look in on the rugs again on your way out.

THIS year's Independents has a tameness that I don't like. It's at the American Fine Arts Galleries, and there are, to be sure, the accepted number of oddities—a portrait of Shirley Temple, called "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" and done all in embroidery, by Josephine E. Verbinski; "Bacchettina," a huge, hollow, faceless statue constructed of innumerable small, flat pieces of wood, shellacked, by Thomas Lo Medico; a large oil, labelled "Alma Mater," by Charles L. Goeller, of a greenish-skinned elderly male, with his skinny shanks wrapped in an academic



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gown and a red "C" on his chest; and another, almost equally large, by Irvin Kierstein, containing at least nine planes of interest and fairly brandishing color, called "Aztec Ritual." There are, too, enough of those sad, stiff little paintings of ships at sea or of calendar sunsets to remind us how deep and how wide-spread the love of painting is, even in our unaesthetic era, and how innocent its manifestations can be. There are, even among the works of the more or less unknown, some really fine pieces. Of the paintings, for example, Anthony Riportella's strong, brown study called "Spanish Girl," Theresa Hunnell's nicely balanced, half-naïve "Age and Youth," and the sharp, sunny, detailed street scene "Below 14th Street," by Lester J. Ambrose; of the sculptures, Cornelia Cresson's cleanly modelled, serene "Standing Woman" and Solomon Siegel's blandly cryptic "Moon Glow." But apart from these few, the makeup of the show is so glib and so unimaginative, so smoothly conventional in style, as to be almost frightening. If the Independents goes academic on us, where are we to turn?

REHN has a group of water colors and gouaches by Bruce Mitchell in a first one-man showing of more than ordinary distinction. Broad and sure in their handling, these are strong and perceptive pieces, and the artist throughout shows an extraordinary maturity of method, both in the architecture of his paintings and in the way he uses color to reinforce his design. I liked particularly his "Granite Quarry," so economically and yet so tellingly constructed, and his gray "Hudson Landscape," in which the tree stump in the foreground does so much to establish the distance of the river view beyond. . . . André Derain's new pieces, at Matisse, are mainly still lifes of food—food on the grand scale, large, luscious, ruddy-brown in color, done with all the highlights and deep glaze and made-to-order mellowness that marked the eighteenth-century paintings on similar themes. I'm not sure I especially like them, or that they mean much in Derain's career; there's too much of the stunt about them. Technically, though, they're as brilliantly painted as anything he's done in some time.

—ROBERT M. COATES

TAFT STEERS CLEAR
OF STATES HE DOES
NOT PLAN TO VISIT

—Headline in the Oshkosh (Wis.) Northwestern.

A cagey politician, obviously.

HORSE SHOWS AND HUNTS

The Cup for Keeps



EACH time Fred Colwill, the Baltimore County courthouse clerk who rides Blockade, has dressed for the Maryland Hunt Cup, he has been careful to tuck a paper horseshoe into one of his boots for good luck. Ten-year-old E. Read Beard, Jr., whose mother owns the horse, suggested the idea and makes a new horseshoe for him every year. Certainly no one could say that Master Beard's paper charms haven't worked beautifully, but I feel that luck has had less to do with Blockade's victories than it has in most horse-racing, unless, of course, you call the animal's exceptional physical equipment for timber-jumping luck.

Most horses have notoriously poor eyesight, but Blockade is an exception, and as a result he rarely makes a mistake at his fences. Last week, when he won the Maryland for the third straight time and thus retired the Challenge Cup, which was put up by Ross Whistler in 1913, he didn't touch a rail. Furthermore, like most sons of Man o' War, he enjoys running on turf. There is something about the galloping action of Man o' War horses that makes them even more at home on grass than they are on dirt tracks. Janon Fisher, Jr., who trains Blockade, thinks that if more of Man o' War's sons had, like Battleship, raced in England, where all the courses are grassy, Man o' War would have an even longer list of stake winners to his credit.

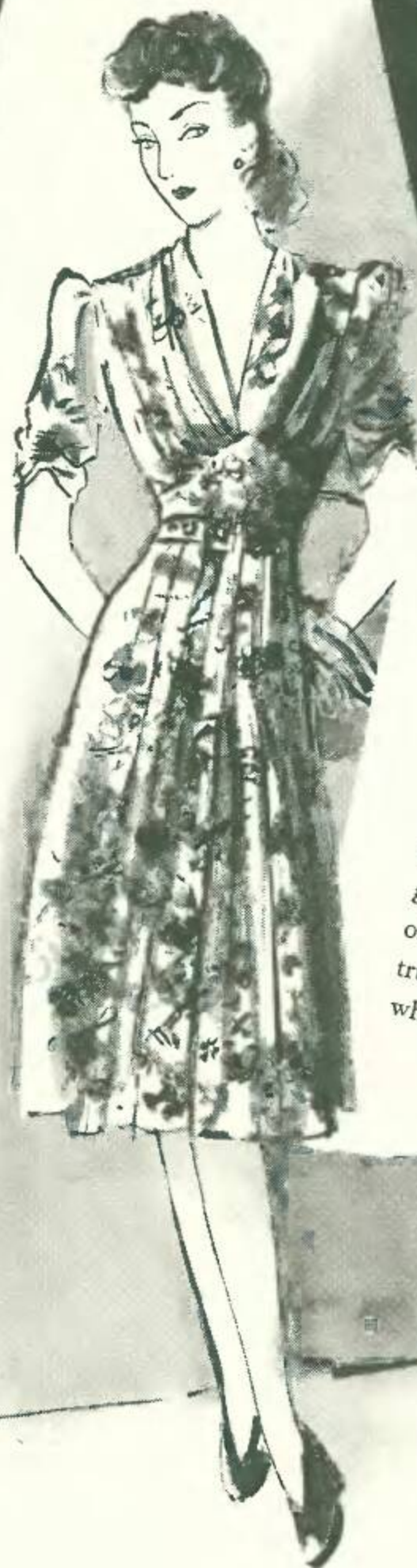
Of Colwill's three winning rides, I think the first was his easiest, the second his hardest, and last week's his cleverest. Three years ago, the other riders in the race thought so little of Blockade that they allowed him to take a tremendous lead right at the start, and never could catch him. Last year, John Strawbridge's great gray, Coq Bruyere, raced over fence after fence beside Blockade and might have won if he hadn't hit the twentieth. In spite of Blockade's brilliant performance in that race, there were still some skeptics who believed that if any horse ever got in front of him and stayed there for a few fences, he would become discour-

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aged and quit. Perhaps it was this impression that brought out nine horses—an unexpectedly large number—to race with him last week.

If so, their owners know better now. One after another, various horses took the lead away from Blockade, but they always had to go wide around him. Colwill saved ground at every opportunity and kept within striking distance of his competitors, who did all the work. At the end of the four miles, Blockade was the freshest of the lot. The Negro groom who was cooling the winner out at Mr. Fisher's Caves Farm, while visitors were passing around a tremendous julep in the gold cup the horse had won, summed up Blockade's character when he said, "They ain't no chicken in *this* hoss."

TOP-RAIL JOTTINGS: Louis Merryman, Jr., rode Friction and his brother John rode Monty R. . . Sid Watters slid down the long nose of Or Else when the horse hit the eighteenth fence, and then miraculously slid back into the saddle again. . . Hugh O'Donovan, of the University of Virginia, finished second on Myrmidon, a full ten lengths behind Blockade and half a length in front of Jay Disston, of Pennsylvania, on Cornwall II. . . Twentieth Century-Fox crews took Technicolor pictures of the race for a movie to be called "Maryland." . . After Blockade won, Sam Riddle jumped up and down, yelling, "I own his daddy! I own his daddy!" —T. O'R.

LONDON, Jan. 25.—Police of Greenford, Middlesex, played nursemaid today to a captured heron. They warmed the bird by the fire, gave it drink and fed it some freshly purchased fish. Then they offered it to the local zoo, which said it did not want the bird.

The police decided to release it, but when they took it outside, the heron made a grab for a sergeant's nose and held it in a vise-like grip for several moments. Then the bird disgorged the fish and flew away. The sergeant is now nursing his nose.—*The Herald Tribune*.

Anybody taking care of the fish?

RAISED EYEBROWS DEPARTMENT [From the World-Telegram]

The first girls selected were both veterans of last year's Aquacade. No sooner had Mr. Rose told Miss Carol B. Gordon, a pretty brunette in a blue striped practice suit, to "go and

than his publicity staff went into action.



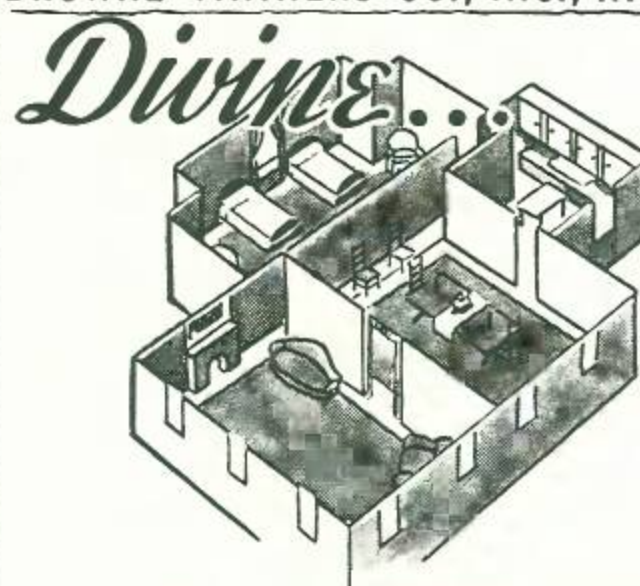
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PHILADELPHIA

MUSICAL EVENTS

The Symphonies Remain—So Do Pianists

IN its penultimate week of the season, the Philharmonic-Symphony came through with still another full-length orchestral novelty. The latest arrival was a "Symphonie concertante" for string quartet and orchestra, composed by Anis Fuleihan, whose name has become reasonably and pleasantly familiar on concert programs in the past few years. The "Symphonie concertante" is an effort to balance the chamber-music characteristics of a string quartet against the sonority of a regulation orchestra, and, as a technical experiment, it may have interest. Unless, however, you happen to be excited about the acoustic problem involved, this extensive novelty seems a much less convincing exhibition of its composer's abilities than some of his other products that have been heard hereabouts.

The Philharmonic added to its weekly schedule an appearance in the Gala Concert at the Metropolitan, for the benefit of the Opera Fund. Owing to the illness of Wilfred Pelletier, who was to have conducted part of the party, John Barbirolli took over the entire evening's directing, and scored easily as a pinch batonist. The orchestra was parked on the stage in front of the last-act background for "Le Nozze di Figaro," and in the tradition of most orchestras placed on the Metropolitan platform, it sounded as if it were playing several blocks away. Miss Grace Moore and Lawrence Tibbett, originally announced as participants in the festival, were, like Mr. Pelletier, indisposed, but, with Mme. Jarmila Novotna, Miss Gladys Swarthout, Fritz Kreisler, Albert Spalding, Charles Kullman, and the piano duo of Bartlett and Robertson on hand, the investors in tickets heard and saw plenty.

Something new in the way of stage lighting for orchestral excerpts placed Mr. Barbirolli in the shadows, so when he turned around to bow, it looked as if he were working in blackface. They managed to do better with the lights when the soloists showed up.

THE National Orchestral Association wound up its tenth concert season last week without much fanfaring. The Association deserves an emphatic salute for its valuable work in teaching young men and women to play

in orchestras. The organization's concerts often are sessions of musical importance, yet the most important part of the Association's activity is the effective preparation of students for a difficult profession. It does the job handsomely.

ALTHOUGH most of our orchestras will have shut up shop for the semester by the end of next week, symphony-goers will find Carnegie Hall still occupied by the New York City Symphony on Sunday evenings. Mayor LaGuardia and the WPA Music Project remain sponsors of the events (Carnegie Hall cooperates in the present offerings), and a half-dollar buys a parquet seat.

Last Sunday, the visiting conductor was Paul Lemay of the Duluth Symphony. Mr. Lemay, who hasn't, so far as I know, conducted here previously except at a few radio concerts, is a sound and forceful young maestro who knows his job and his music.

THREE first-rate pianists were with us last week: Robert Goldsand, Egon Petri, and Rudolf Serkin. Mr. Goldsand, who hadn't played here for about five years, returned as what those of us who had heard him thought he would turn out to be—a versatile and musical virtuoso. Mr. Petri, in his second recital of the season, was as astonishing as ever, and it also was as astonishing as ever that more people didn't come around to hear him. Mr. Serkin, perhaps the most ubiquitous pianist in town, played Beethoven's fifth concerto with the Philharmonic-Symphony, and if it had been his debut, there would have been a great uproar about a new find. Mr. Serkin is past the new-find stage, so it's enough to report that he contributed his customary able and sensitive pianism.

INCREASING its long list of enterprising events, the League of Composers presented an evening of music by Béla Bartók at the Museum of Modern Art, with performances by the composer himself, Mme. Enid Szanthe, the Philharmonic-Symphony String Quartet, and Joseph Szigeti, who, assisted by Mr. Bartók, played the first Rhapsodie, which he had offered a few days previously at his admirable violin recital. Some of Mr. Bartók's music isn't easy to assimilate quickly, but even when it's



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—ROBERT A. SIMON

POPULAR RECORDS

Specialty Shops

A RATHER novel idea is being tried out by Rabsons' Music Shop, at 111 West 52nd Street. It's something called a Dance-Sing record (Music Box No. 5), a twelve-inch affair on which Kitty Carlisle is featured as vocalist and is accompanied by an orchestra under the direction of Jesse Smith. There are four tunes on each side of the record—the first, second, and fourth numbers being fox trots, and the third a waltz in one case, a rumba in the other. The playing is continuous, except, of course, when you take time out to flop over the disc; Miss Carlisle keeps singing graciously, engagingly, and musically, and—if you like—you can dance-listen to the combination of music and voice, which runs about five minutes a side. What principally interests me, though, is the manner in which one is led from fox trot into waltz or rumba and back again with scarcely a perceptible ripple in the surface of the rhythm. The songs in one group consist of "How High the Moon," "Too Romantic," "Nothing But You" (the waltz), and "The Sky Fell Down." On the other side are "On the Isle of May," "Give a Little Whistle," "Say Si Si" (the rumba), and "Every Sunday Afternoon." The orchestra deserves a word of praise, too.

Rabsons' isn't the only record shop to come forward with its own release this trip. There is the Hot Record Society, at 827 Seventh Avenue (53rd), for instance, which is offering a pair of discs made by a quartet of eminent jazzists—Sidney Bechet, Muggsy Spanier, Carmen Mastren, and Wellman Braud. They improvise deftly around "Lazy River" and "Sweet Lorraine" on H.R.S. 2000, and "China Boy" and "Four or Five Times" on H.R.S. 2001. Schirmer, at 3 East 43rd Street, takes up matters of subdued rhythm with its record No. 512, presenting Casper Reardon and his orchestra in "They Didn't Believe Me," which includes a neat vocal by Louie Jean, and "I Got Rhythm." The Liberty Music Shops, at Madison and 50th, Madison and 67th, and in the Savoy-Plaza, offer an attractive record of "How High the Moon" and "The House with the Little Red Barn" performed, pianistically and vocally, by Joan Edwards (L-292); and the Commodore Music Shops, at 144 East 42nd and 46 West 52nd, join in



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SPRING CREEK RANCH—COTTONWOOD, ARIZONA

with another of their "Classics in Swing" (No. 529), on which the pianist Jess Stacy plays "She's Funny That Way" (Bud Freeman helps along on this with some tenor-sax figures) and "You're Driving Me Crazy."

LADY singers have been active. Ginny Simms is presented on Vocalion 5456 in "My Fantasy," a tempo adaptation of an excerpt from the Polovtsian Dances in Borodin's opera "Prince Igor," and "I Can't Get Started." Her work, as always, is smart and at the same time expressive. Decca's vocal threesome, the Andrews Sisters, take up, on Decca 3097, an intricate item called "Rhumboogie," which attempts to weld the rumba and boogie-woogie rhythms into a new kind of pattern. The performance comes off successfully, though it hardly produces anything revolutionary. The other side of this record brings us the young ladies in one of their typical, less experimental jobs, a straight and effective account of "Tuxedo Junction."

THE latest crop of dance offerings indicates that the record-makers are keeping in step with the times by placing somewhat more emphasis than heretofore on Latin-American music. There's still plenty of swing, though, as you can see from the following list of recommended items, in which the hot numbers are marked with an asterisk:

JACK THE BEAR* and **MORNING GLORY**—Duke Ellington and his orchestra. The Duke returns to Victor with two excellently played pieces, both Ellington originals. "Jack the Bear" is breezy and flashily orchestrated; "Morning Glory," one of those "mood" compositions, is a slow tune, richly harmonized, with Rex Stewart's trumpet weaving through its pattern in a velvety obbligato. (Victor 26536)

BLUE INK* and **CAN THIS BE LOVE?**—Woody Herman and his orchestra. Here is one band whose rhythm section doesn't pound out a lot of unmusical beats but gratifyingly lets you hear the chords of guitar and piano distinctly. Besides this, the arrangements are neatly contrived, and the precision of the playing is something to admire. (Decca 3081)

AT A TIME LIKE THIS and **LONG LIVE LOVE**—Xavier Cugat and his orchestra. These songs, although described as Continental fox trots, are nevertheless given an ample measure of the Cugat Latin-American treatment, unpretentious and smooth. Alice Cornet sings the choruses with the emphasis on diction. (Victor 26544)

CRESCENDO IN DRUMS* and **I'VE GOT YOU UNDER MY SKIN***—Stuff Smith and his orchestra. Swing is the thing here. The first offers just what the title implies. During this we are treated to almost every tart accent and broken rhythm on the books. Smith's fiddle-playing is the high point, though, of both sides. (Varsity 8242)

CONGA ALBUM—Desi Arnaz and his La Conga Orchestra. A handy set containing four congas and four bolero songs, expertly and, what's equally important, authentically played. (Columbia album C-12)

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS



IT has been established by an insistent press that the fashionable women of New York café circles yield place to no one in the smartness of their dress. We are told that they dress their own unusual types, discarding the ordinary and the eccentric alike, with a canny clothes sense, and even doing creative designing in the calmest, most offhand way imaginable. I have often been awed as I observed these best people of ours ordering from the best custom houses. They look at a model (\$250 without the fur) which is already being sold around town at \$19.95 and with that sure instinct of theirs pronounce it divine. They then decide that the dress would be more individual if, instead of being a slavish copy of the original, it had the neckline of another model and the fabric of a third. The salesgirls coo that this can be arranged, and the customer leaves the shop convinced that she is as good as Paquin at designing.

However, there *are* many women of some affluence and genuine judgment who would be glad to do something about their ideas if given half a chance. They are still helplessly looking for the European ideal of a perfect dressmaker or "little tailor," one who will understand that you are not comfortable in a swing skirt, or that you hate blue, or that the beloved old suit you are wearing has beautiful elements which you want re-created. For those who flounder thus, there is Muriel King, who has given up her shop but is still available for consultation at Regent 4-7311. She will turn out original sketches to fit specific problems, or to put your groping ideas into concrete form. She will supervise their execution, too, either by your own dressmaker or by her old fitters. If you have a thoroughgoing idea or have found a sketch that is your notion of how you want to look, you can go direct to her tailor, Mendel Morris, now at 717 Lexington Avenue (58th), or her French dressmaker, Madame Janine, now at 645 Madison Avenue (60th), each of whom will work them out for you with imagination and infinite pains. Either way you can be sure that you won't be a carbon copy of any other personality on earth.

TO continue with the subject of exquisite custom things that do not look as if they could suit any other human as

well as they do you, the lingerie at Hazel Kolman, 535 Madison (54th), also fulfills dreams. She has new materials to play with—one an imported satin that is the pink of spun-sugar candy, with tiny white medallions blurred all over it to give it a faraway shimmer. She also has the brains to let this fabric stand on its own merits by making it up into the simplest possible hostess gowns, as well as dressing gowns to be worn over sculptured white satin nightgowns trimmed with the pink. Another fabric is a watermelon-pink surah with a white stripe so fine that the material is alternately murky and glistening. Among Kolman's famous combination sets of dressing gowns with several nightgowns to complement them, her newest whimsy is gray-and-chartreuse prints (washable, she swears) made into tailored house gowns with nighties of, say, chartreuse crêpe on which the print is applied at the neck. These are wonderful, especially for that interesting type who, whatever the time of day,

looks like the devil in pastels and sheers and laces and satins. For feminine types, Kolman turns around and offers pale-blue flannel dressing gowns with wide Val trimming on the collars and pockets, these to go with pale-blue sheer nightgowns similarly trimmed. The flannel, too, is guaranteed washable. Nobody does hostess or tea gowns, tailored or trailing, better than she does. Note a white romain over white taffeta, with two belts—one that can go out dancing, the other of chiffon in two colors, trailing in house-gown style; you'd be amazed at the difference in formality these belts make. Her trickiest new note is Pettiblouses (for women who loathe the way the ordinary blouse pulls out of suit skirts), which extend downward into ruffle-edged knee-length petticoats. She'll make them up in whatever material you can think of.

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itely for sophisticated women, and he likes particularly the dashing effect that comes from a tilt well over one eye. His old love for the Robin Hood touch is revived in a red felt crownless affair which ascends to a sharp peak in back and is trimmed with self-cording. For carrying all before you, look at a white straw-braid plaque with two large white doves perched at the front and dangling red cherries from their beaks instead of the conventional olive branch. For beautifully groomed women who Dare, he shows English walking hats of other days, with plum-pudding crowns of beige toyo, narrow rolled brims of black soutache braid, and burnt goose feathers high at one side; a mesh veil is worn with this, tight across the face and falling in long ends at one side. If you like large hats, the Fritzi Scheff influence turns up in several, among them a black Milan worn well back on the head, with a small, peaked crown. There is nostalgia, too, in a black Milan with a pink felt bandeau and one lovely La France rose, surrounded by green foliage, at the top of the high, narrow crown. La France roses appear elsewhere on the premises: an off-the-face Dubonnet rough straw has one nestling at each cheek with its stem and leaves piercing the brim and emerging at the side of the crown. Look also at an Irene Castle cap of white embroidered organdie with blue and white magnolias clustered in front.

EVEN if my own goose pimples hadn't let me know it was a late spring, I could have told it was because the telephone calls demanding the name of That Expert on Panama hats didn't start coming in until this week. His name is R. H. Oetting, Jr.; he's at 210 Fifth Avenue (26th), and, for both men and women, he sells them, repairs them, and blocks them so that they look like hats instead of worthy heirlooms. —L. L.

We wish to correct an article that appeared in the December 14 issue of the *Bucknellian* regarding a talk given by Professor McCrossen. We quoted the title of his talk as being "the study of social sciences has been the cause of the present difficulties in Europe."

the post-war unrest in Europe is, I

His real thesis was: the cause of believe, the rise of a Rousseauian proletariat, without a sense of discipline or religion, whose only goals are bread and circuses.—*The Bucknellian*.

You're hardly the type to correct an article. Let it go.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

A Mayor's Dilemma
—Other Dilemmas



AGAIN there has arrived in town one of those French films of small-town or village life which have so delighted many people here who practically never said anything abroad but "*Combien?*" The scene of this new product, called "*The Mayor's Dilemma*," is Chezy-sur-Marne, a hamlet (if anything was left of it at all after that last war) somewhere in the neighborhood of Château-Thierry. For the benefit of younger persons who know all about Narvik but never heard of Château-Thierry, I might say that the latter spot received considerable attention in the 1914 press.

It may be of value and comfort these days that the picture isn't a horror war film at all and that it reminds us of the very human and rather droll misadventures, essentially comic, which can occur in the midst of utter catastrophe. The catastrophe is indicated clearly as we see the German Army march in upon the uninformed, bewildered, sleepy town, but its bleak outline is eased by simple incidents of amazingly natural quality. Five citizens, the leading citizens, of course—the Mayor, the local seigneur, the bailiff, the policeman, and the barber, each with the idiosyncrasies of his class and temperament—are incarcerated as hostages, and the hapless worthies must face the prospect of execution. That they are released at last, thanks to the historic taxis that brought an army on from Paris, is a relief and a delight, and we can think of the old parties ending their days in a tranquil glow of heroic prestige. The village scraps and tantrums and vanities and the characteristics of every citizen are clarified and spiced for us in that clever way the French have of making their movies, much as they stir up a luscious, beautiful *pot-au-feu*.

OUR domestic products aren't anything to boast about. To be sure, Miss Joan Crawford and Mr. Gable—Clark Gable—have appeared on the horizon in "*Strange Cargo*," a treatise adapted from a book called "*Not Too Narrow, Not Too Deep*," which, I



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hear, was a source of great spiritual consolation to many mystics of lending-library society. Since much of the action takes place in a French penal colony and the regions of bars and brutish social life to which escaping convicts fly, both the stars have opportunity to be as tough and lively as their delicate talents allow them to be. They are very active and display violence—amorous or the opposite—as the plot requires, assisted therein by the villainies of Peter Lorre and Paul Lukas. However, there is a complication in the story. A Mysterious Stranger is with us, played by Ian Hunter, whom you've probably noticed in many a film. I fear that such of the Crawford-Gable following as are not mystics, for there may be some who aren't, are going to be baffled by this element in the story. Right in the middle of a convict's escape, for instance, with the girl friend bustling along in the fracas, up turns the Messiah. The Presence, in human guise, leads to the most untoward spiritual spasms, and even the most hardened mystics may blush at the result.

THE movie version of Maxwell Anderson's "Saturday's Children" isn't mystical in the least, but concrete indeed. Though both Anne Shirley and John Garfield are nice and likely as the sad young impoverished couple, and though a certain Dennie Moore contributes a needed snicker here and there as a typist friend, the piece is frankly just dull. A false and tricky climax has been devised, with the father (Claude Rains) staging heroics which you don't believe a minute and which were certainly not thought needed by Mr. Anderson. There is also the stark fact to face that in these long years of moviegoing we have seen hundreds upon hundreds of pictures describing just such homes as we see here, and just such problems, and describing them with just the same language, with just the same gestures of woebegone wistfulness, tears, and laughter. It must be said, too, that things never seem quite so sad on the screen, because these Saturday's children, who have "far to go," also do actually look so "brave and bonny, and good and gay."

Being skimpy with its dinosaurs, "One Million B.C." won't tickle the gizzards of paleontologists. I suppose in due time our own contemporary history will provide just such faintly comic material.

—JOHN MOSHER

BARBER—Must know how to cut hair. Apply 604 S. Kostner av.—Adv. in the *Chicago Daily News*.

It's a practical age we live in.

OH, TO BE IN ENGLAND!

ANYONE who wants to straighten himself out on the absurd proposition that England might be conquered in this war may easily do so by reading the April-May-June issue of *The Countryman: A Quarterly Non-Party Review and Miscellany of Rural Life and Work for the English-Speaking World*, a copy of which has just run the blockade and landed high and dry on my desk. In digest format but fat as a pigeon, it is edited and published at Idbury, near Kingham, in Oxfordshire, England (telephone: Shipton-under-Wychwood 226), by J. W. Robertson Scott, a bastion of the Empire if I ever saw one. A glance at the latest two hundred and forty pages he has collected would set Dr. Joseph Goebbels well back on his heels, for if the English morale is reflected in them as well as I think it is, it can never be undermined, or even given a momentary tremor, by any conceivable quantity of propaganda leaflets and Lord Hawhaw broadcasts.

Though this thirteenth-birthday number of *The Countryman* leads off with a timely dialect sketch called "Bettesworth on 'Tater' Planting," the kernel of the issue is a group of replies to the question "Who Prop, in These Bad Days, My Mind?" Translated from the Matthew Arnold, the full query, which was addressed to "better-known subscribers," reads thus: "What book or books, study, pursuit, recreation, practice or habit of mind have you found most efficacious in yielding you refreshment at this time?" Thirty-eight answers are printed, most of them supplemented by a few words describing their authors.

The American Ambassador starts things rolling with the brisk words "I read—when I can." Mr. Kennedy is the only American in the group, and his answer is the most abrupt of all. Most are as responsive and specific as Sir Cyril Ashford, formerly Headmaster, R.N. College, Osborne and Dartmouth, who finds, among other things, that "the most effective escape books are those written in periods of profound security, such as nineteenth-century novels and poetry." Professor W. Lyon Blease says earnestly, "I dig my garden in daylight and read Parkman's 'History of North America' during the blackout." R. A. Butler, M.P., Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, agrees with Professor Blease to the extent that "one's mind can gain refreshment by dreaming through an old and stodgy history," but he considers that

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"the best recreation of all is to be out rough shooting in the country without too many guests or too much game." One of his predecessors in the office of Under-Secretary, Lord Harmsworth, now chairman of the Commons, Footpaths and Open Spaces Preservation Society, shows a similar combination of tastes, though he apparently restricts his interest in sports to the printed word. "Lamb, Boswell, diaries old and new, and fishing and gardening books" are to him "preludes . . . to nights altogether forgetful of Herr Hitler and Dr. Goebbels."

There is solace for both Viscount Hawarden and Sir William Seeds, Ambassador to Russia, in the crossword puzzles of the *London Times*. Sir Francis Lindley, formerly Ambassador to Japan, rivals Ambassador Kennedy in terseness with the answer "Wandering round with a gun. Gardening." Among the women, Edith Evans, the actress, is a devotee of "working hard and trying to eat as little as possible." Lady Redesdale's recreation is, unconventionally, "chiefly found in figures—accounts are to me a rest and a continual pleasure." Lady Margaret Sackville prefers dog racing or making toys. "I get my refreshment at all times," Sir Rowland Sperling, former Minister to Finland, testifies, "by going to bed and to sleep. When not thus engaged I am killing down rabbits—" Here the reader's attention is distracted by a picture captioned "Roman Granary on Hadrian's Wall" and the turn of the page.

LET us leave the responses to the "Who Prop" query there and look to other sections of *The Countryman* for further evidence of that British imperturbability on the home front which is as likely as any other single factor to win the war. The first sentences of two separate articles are immediately reassuring to those who favor the Allied cause because they prove that war has not shaken a national characteristic essential in These Bad Times—the Englishman's demand to know, first off, where he is at. The first exhibit is from an essay called "I Walked by Night," by E. M., who opens her essay with this sentence:

When I was a woman of nearly fifty I was living in Cumberland, near Great Mell Fell, which looms up between Penriddock and Troutbeck, on the Penrith-Keswick line—not the Windermere Troutbeck.

If this is not enough, consider "'Twas Seventy Years Since," by T. P. P., a reminiscence of life in Wales which strides off:

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side, a few miles from the English border, at the town of Hay, was Gwernyfed Hall, a spacious Elizabethan mansion.

Of course, keeping one's bearings will not alone win a war, but you will remember the maxim that you can't subjugate a nation which is intent upon digging its garden. On this score I don't think we have to worry much about the eventual triumph of the British. If they are anything like *The Countryman's* loyal readers, they are rising to R. B.'s question, "Do You Pollinate?," by "dusting open blossoms with a rabbit's tail after dabbing it against the pollen-bearing stamens of a blossom of a different variety." They are beginning a compost heap. They are studying a spirited symposium on the most effective types of scarecrows, of which the winner is clearly the "Lepersonne scarer . . . simply a slow-burning rope fuse (3 in. per hour), which explodes a petard every forty minutes or so. This causes iron plates to flap." And when not actually at their garden work, they are, with Cecil J. Twist, "getting up early in the morning in the hope of seeing a bitch stoat take her youngsters out for their first hunt" or agreeing with an author quoted in *The Countryman* that "it would be difficult to find anywhere more lovesick animals than skunks" or enjoying pictures in that magazine such as the one of two worms labelled "Worm Happiness—Rarely Seen Except at Night."

Finally, they are showing the sort of tolerance that can disconcert and sometimes rout a foe, though in this instance it is a foe who has pretty well shot his bolt. The editor of *The Countryman*, J. W. Robertson Scott, sums up the whole precept in these magnanimous words:

In the Press, in times past, I have been among those who have disapproved of Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria. In *The Countryman*, however, he is an ornithologist. The other day friend Lockley was gossiping with me about enthusiasm for birds displayed by "the Coburger" when he visited Skokholm. "His age and gout made it difficult for him to get up the steep slope, but he did it by degrees with spells of bird-watching from a folding arm-chair carried by an attendant. We had to bring him shearwaters and petrels to admire. His wish was to handle *Fratricula* (the puffin), and at last we caught one for him. . . . At Skomer, when we got under the high cliffs where countless kittiwakes and guillemots breed, he was deeply moved, and I saw tears in his eyes."

—CARLTON BROWN

Here is Tschaikowsky at his best. Music so beautiful it has to be heard to be appreciated.—*The Journal & American*.

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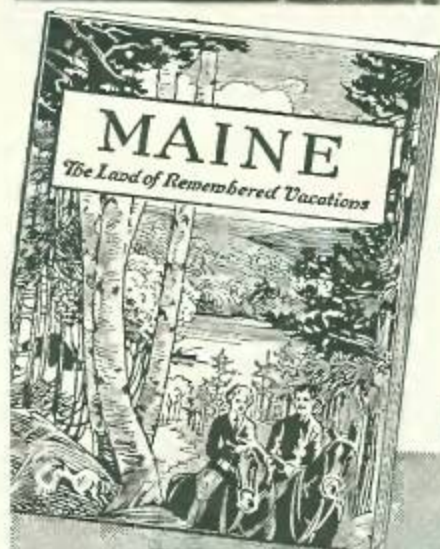
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THE SKY LINE

Rockefeller Center Revisited

NINE years ago, Rockefeller Center was still on the drafting board. Mr. Rockefeller was referring hopefully to the possibility of giving the buildings an Egyptian touch. Some directors of the Metropolitan Opera House were talking hopefully about a new home. The Center's publicity men, dreaming of larger and more magnificent headlines, had collaborated with the late Raymond Hood to concoct one of the most insipid ideas the project has been afflicted with: hanging gardens. More romantic than anyone else, Mr. Rockefeller's financial advisers were talking hopefully about producing even more rentable space than would be required to create an income on which Columbia University could live in the style to which it was accustomed. About the last thought that occurred to anyone was that a group of office buildings ought to be efficiently designed as offices.

In spite of all these handicaps, Rockefeller Center has turned into an impressive collection of structures; they form a composition in which unity and coherence have to a considerable degree diminished the fault of overemphasis. In other words, they get by. Now, when the project is complete, one can see that the worst mistakes were made at the beginning and that as the decade wore on, the architects, at least, gradually achieved a more rational conception of their problem. But the most gigantic blunders had already been made. Among those blunders one must include the seventy-story R.C.A. Building, because of its seventy stories, the sunken plaza, the hanging gardens, and the—alas!—superfluous motion-picture theatre.

SO much has happened since 1931 that most people have probably forgotten the modifications that have been made in the original design, such as the elimination of the oval-shaped building, looking in the renderings exactly like a hatbox, which was originally intended as the central mass for Fifth Avenue. They may also have forgotten that nine years ago the architects were still pondering the idea of using brick and that there was still a chance some "interpretation" of Egypt or the Renaissance might be inflicted on the façades.

One can see that the choice of rough-faced limestone for the façades of the buildings was on the whole a happy one,



for the stone has been steadily absorbing soot, so by now both the stone face and the metal plaques are about the same tone and color. Certainly the limestone, combined with the blue of the windowshades,

was a safe choice. But now that there is a striking contrast in color between the new and the old façades, one can also see how the architects, by clinging to a single material and color, lost a jolly opportunity. Eventually all the buildings will have the same hue, whereas a positive contrast in color between the central mass and the supporting buildings would have made permanent what is only a temporary effect.

Because the architects went in for façades that were severe and uniform, they doubtless felt doubly bound to relieve this severity with ornament. It only remains to be said that never were so much money and pains spent with so little effect. The hanging gardens were, of course, hardly architectural devices. But even the ornamental sculpture that was used about the entrances is overpowered by the tremendous masses above them. Michelangelo could not have prevailed against this handicap. Furthermore, the most conspicuous murals, those of Sert and Ezra Winter, are aesthetically the worst flops.

The most blatant misuse of sculpture occurs in front of the Fifth Avenue entrance to the International Building. By itself, that entrance, with its absolutely severe rectangular columns framing rectangular glass openings, without a frill, without a fluting, is beyond doubt the finest single architectural element in the whole Center—traditional but fresh, superb in proportion and scale, complete. The beauty of that entrance was marred when the idiotic form of Atlas was placed in front of it.

The architects, too, made a serious muff of the one conspicuous piece of decoration that lay within their direct control: the vertical signs and the marquees which identify the Center Theatre and the Music Hall. This is an art form in which architectural effort has been lacking, yet it is one of the most important features of any modern urban street composition, both by day and by night. The Rockefeller Center signs are, I regret to say, failures. They attempt monumentality and merely look elephantine; moreover, the lettering is clumsy and the use of script for "The"

and "Theatre" is indefensible. Once the architect breaks away from the old-fashioned street layout, in which the buildings are consecutively numbered, it is important to have distinguishable signs to number and identify the buildings at a distance. It is only when one is close to these buildings—and not always then—that one is told, by lettering or decoration, where one is. This was a chance for organic ornament, so ably used on the office building at 417 Fifth Avenue, at Thirty-eighth. By going in for traditional embellishments, the architects of Rockefeller Center diverted themselves from their real task. (This same failure to identify irregularly placed buildings plagues one on university campuses and in modern housing projects, too, and it drives the casual visitor crazy.)

But the most serious aesthetic error in Rockefeller Center was the original mistake in scale. Except at a distance, one cannot see the top of the R.C.A. Building without tilting one's chin at an uncomfortable angle. At a distance, it is no more impressive than twenty other buildings in the city; not nearly so good, in fact, as the Daily News Building or the Insurance Company of North America's Building. What makes the Center architecturally the most exciting mass of buildings in the city is the nearby view of the play of mass against mass, of low structures against high ones, of the blank walls of the theatres against the vast, checkered slabs of glass in the new garage. All this is effective up to a height of thirty stories. Above that, the added stories only increase the burdens on the elevator system and inflate the egos of great executives.

Employing a unit like the sixteen-story office building that has been put up on Forty-eighth Street, a more compact and economic and efficient use might have been made of the whole site. Like the R.C.A. Building, this latest structure has a broad, low base of two or three stories for exhibition space and shops; and running through the middle of the block, insulated from the streets, set back from its neighbors across the way, is the main mass. This is definitely a new type of building, a substantial innovation and an excellent one. This unit is Rockefeller Center's most conspicuous contribution to the city of the future, unlike the wasteful towers and the dark, overgrown masses of earlier days. It corresponds in plan to the type arrived at in the new Memorial Hospital on East Sixty-eighth Street, and it is not merely a good unit but it makes possible, through the provision of a garage on the lower floors, adequate parking facilities. This



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structure has not got half the publicity the hanging gardens and the skating rink have received. But it is the real architectural justification of Rockefeller Center.

With a limit of thirty-two stories on the R.C.A. Building, and with units of eight and sixteen stories and theatres flanking this structure, the results would have been stunning, and what is more, every part of the project would have been easy to see. As it is, only from two points—from Forty-seventh Street and Sixth Avenue, and from a third of the way east along the block on Fiftieth Street—can one see the Center at its best. Of course, many of the camera views of the buildings are striking, but then a camera doesn't mind being tilted at a forty-five-degree angle for as much as five minutes, while the human neck does object. Good architecture is designed for the human beings who use or view the buildings, not for publicity men or photographers.

ROCKEFELLER CENTER is still to be seen as our descendants may see it in another generation. Once we lay out parks and ribbons of open space around such units—the Medical Center is another—they will form a new kind of urban organism. Don't think that the future opening up of the city is just a pipe dream. The parking lots of today, like that on the site of the old Hippodrome, will be the gay playgrounds and squares of tomorrow. Rockefeller Center will look pretty old-fashioned by 1970, but then the Pyramids look old-fashioned now. Seen from quarter of a mile away, the Center group will knock one romantically cold. Even the R.C.A. Building. —LEWIS MUMFORD

Dear Miss Dix—I am very much in love with a woman whose husband deserted her a great many years ago. She does not know where he is and has not heard from him for many years. We want to be married. What shall we do? John and Nell.

Answer: I think there is some little formality that you will have to go through in order to make your marriage legal, but it is a mere technicality.—From Dorothy Dix's column in the Fort Worth Star-Telegram.

Yes, it's known as a divorce.

TIMEPUN MARCHES ON

...plaintive radicals were inclined to inquire last week "Odets, where is thy sting?"—*Time*, September 14, 1936.

The black mark against *Night Music* is not the nature but the flabbiness of its message. Said a wag, "Odets, where is thy sting?"—*Time*, April 1, 1940.

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THE RACE TRACK

Touting, Just Touting



I KNOW an ancient tout who hovers around the paddock at Churchill Downs digging up live ones, as he calls the process of getting new customers. He has a collection of tales about every Kentucky Derby winner from Aristides to Johnstown, a figure system that requires a circular slide rule to work, and a ready-reference dream book. Most of all, he likes to confide to his clients his formula for success: "Tip the long shots. Anybody can pick a favorite."

Refusing to be confused by the superstition that no Futurity winner ever won a Derby or by statistics showing how many future-book choices finished out of the money, I shall stick to Ed Bradley's Bimelech. After all, he has been my choice for half a year. Contemplating the results of the Blue Grass Stakes at Keeneland and of the Wood Memorial at Jamaica, I guess that Bimelech's odds won't be over 2-5 and that there won't be more than seven runners in the big race at Louisville unless the track is muddy. Heavy going won't make so much difference to Bimelech as you may have been led to imagine. The morning he was withdrawn from the New England Futurity last autumn because the track was too wet he worked the distance in time a second faster than the race was run in. Still, I have no doubt that there will be exciting rumors about Charlie Howard's Mioland, whom Californians have backed all the way from 100-1 down to 4-1 in the future books; W. L. Brann's Pictor, who's supposed to be so good in heavy going; and, of course, Arnold Hanger's Dit, who won the Wood Stakes. Well, you pays your money and you tears up your mutuel tickets.

EXCEPT for Bimelech's vitality and condition, there was nothing remarkable about the Blue Grass Stakes. Bimelech beat Joe Widener's Roman as though he were doing an exercise gallop. Last Saturday at Jamaica, Hanger, who is better than a green hand as a judge of race horses, said to me, "It will take a pretty powerful animal to beat Bimelech, for he may be as good a colt as we've ever seen. Perhaps I shouldn't say this, but the one

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thing I really didn't like about him was his nervousness after the Blue Grass. That might be bad for him. But if he gets over it, I guess he'll win the Derby." Whereupon Max Hirsch, Hanger's trainer, remarked, "Maybe we'd better not bother to ship Dit out to Louisville."

THERE was nothing uncertain about the victory of Dit in the Wood Stakes. Everybody considered the time slow, but he didn't have to run fast. For a moment, though, I thought Greentree Stable's Red Dock would catch him. If Dit is only a useful colt, as a few observers suggest, what about the others in the race? Just to give you an idea, Devil's Crag, a 100-1 shot, was third. Sonny Whitney's Flight Command had another tantrum in the stall gate, and then, after running second for nearly a mile, went all to pieces. I'd like to have an excuse for Millsdale's Andy K., but I've run out of them. Fred Byers' English colt, Robert E. Lee, may do better when he becomes accustomed to sand tracks.

The three-year-old who caught my eye at Jamaica last week was Mrs. Damon Runyon's Tight Shoes. He won twice by lengths, the second time beating Jock Whitney's Calory.

The coughing sickness is here again. The first victim at Jamaica was Fene-lon, who is definitely out of the Kentucky Derby and may not run for The Preakness. Roman Flag, who is pounds better than Dit (or at least his owner thinks he is), is training again, and may be out most any day now.

FOR stay-at-homes, the Rosedale Stakes for two-year-old fillies and the Jamaica Handicap will be run at Jamaica this weekend. Wrong Horse Harry fancies Mrs. Punch in the first and Fighting Fox in the other. Or you can pop down to Baltimore for the Pimlico Oaks and have a flutter on Now What.

COMMERCIAL ITEM: The attendance at Jamaica last Saturday was 27,613, and the tote handled \$1,050,068. Diogenes Checkpoints says there were more people in the infield than used to be in the grandstand some afternoons in the old oral betting days.

—AUDAX MINOR

ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[From the Chicago Tribune]

Marjorie Farrage, a sparkling little English soprano, embarked wide-eyed on a new adventure yesterday. She came to Chicago.



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BOOKS

From the Country of
"The Yearling"



MARJORIE KINNAN RAWLINGS' "The Yearling" demonstrated that in the hands of someone who could see beyond regionalism, the regional novel could amount to more than a football for literary critics to kick around. We forget that "Huckleberry Finn," too, was a regional novel. Though Mrs. Rawlings is no Mark Twain, she shares with him his gift of double vision—the ability to keep one eye on a local patch of earth and the other on human beings in general.

"When the Whippoorwill—" is a collection of short stories that reinforce the impression made by "The Yearling." Some of them have appeared in magazines, but they don't bear the planed and bevelled look magazine stories are apt to have. Her beloved Florida crackers reappear in them, in attitudes tragic, comic, or grotesque. They are seen through a haze of sentiment, but it is a thin haze that perhaps reveals as much of the truth about her simple people as does the pitiless irony of Erskine Caldwell about his.

How Lige raised a crop of beans under difficulties; the comic tale of Uncle Benny, the bird dogs, and the Model T; the odyssey of Florry and Mart, two humble people who wanted nothing except to be let alone; a comparative study of the orneriness of mules and men; the way of an alligator with a man and the way of back-country wives with husbands—these are Mrs. Rawlings' themes, simple, all of them, developed without pretension and always with sympathy and humor.

Mrs. Rawlings' letter-perfect knowledge of the life of non-Palm Beach Florida does not get in the way of the quick life of her tales. Swamp, river, scrub country; hurricane, drought, heat-wave; flora and fauna—all come through clearly, almost tangibly, but are not intruded. The travelogue note is never sounded. Nor is Mrs. Rawlings' use of dialect ever anything but functional, except when occasionally one feels she is too aware of its poetic effectiveness.

These are minor stories but not negligible ones, well constructed without slickness, and pervaded with a humanity whose occasional relapse into an emo-

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—THE NEW YORK TIMES
BOOK REVIEW

"With her morose comedic gift and her genius for compact reporting, Janet Flanner is a foreign correspondent after my own heart and I have found her notebook covering the war years to be reading matter of absorbing interest."

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tional soft-focus is excusable. Readers of "The Yearling" will not be disappointed in "When the Whippoorwill—."

—CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

A GOOD ROOSTER CROWS EVERYWHERE, by George Pattullo. Short stories of the Western cow country in its palmy days. Amateurish in plot and characterization, but the background is well done: hot, dusty days, bawling calves, stubborn broncos, the familiar rowdy saloon, and the Bad Man, quick on the draw.

SPRING OFFENSIVE, by Herbert Clyde Lewis. Mr. Lewis's hero is a young American who has enlisted in the British Army for the new war. He is alone in no man's land when the German offensive starts on the Western Front, and as the big guns begin to boom he has plenty of time to think about why he is there and what his life means to him. A cleverly contrived tour de force, with undertones that will have meaning for all Americans.

GENERAL

HOW TO PAY FOR THE WAR, by John Maynard Keynes. War, says the author, means a return to an economy of scarcity. To ease the burden on wage-earners, he proposes a system of new taxes on higher incomes and a tax which he calls "deferred pay" to be imposed on lower incomes. This additional revenue would assist in financing England's part in the war. Prewar standards of living would be maintained by stabilizing the prices of all essential commodities. At the end of the war, the "deferred pay" would be returned to the taxpayers from whom it had been withheld. This refunding would entail a national levy on capital, but it would also, the author believes, help to cushion the inevitable postwar deflation. A timely book with timely ideas, even though Sir John Simon, Chancellor of the Exchequer, has just publicly indicated he doesn't think so.

THE UNITED STATES OF EUROPE, by Alfred M. Bingham. Practical analysis of the chances for European federation after the war: circumstances for and against, available instruments, techniques, attitudes, etc. The author's proposals are more modest than Mr. Streit's for a non-Fascist Federal Union. Hypothetical, of course, but intelligently done.

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WARS, by Arnold Wolfers. Broad, scholarly examination of the Allied peace policies and their failure at Versailles and afterward: the French theory of military dominance, the British program of appeasement, and the collective-security devices that complicated both. A sound job.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT, by Lewis V. Cummings. Circumstantial biography of the Macedonian conqueror, much of it from recent archeological and historical research. A literal-minded but attractive reconstruction. Maps. HORIZON HUNTER, by Harrison Forman. Lively, rather scrappy story of the author's adventures in China, Tibet, Mongolia, and Hollywood; the Panchen Lama, fighting at Chapei, the sacred bas-reliefs carved in butter at Kum Bum. Photographs.

FRANCE AT WAR, by W. Somerset Maugham. Short, neat propaganda essay, addressed mainly to the author's countrymen. An account of French morale (high) as Mr. Maugham observed it in a six weeks' tour of the Maginot Line, munitions factories, etc., done in a quietly heroic tone. The author knows his subject. FOOTLOOSE IN ARCADIA, by Joseph Noel. Personal and literary reminiscences of Jack London, George Sterling, and Ambrose Bierce in the heyday of the San Francisco coterie. Smooth and entertaining.

THE BEDSIDE ESQUIRE, edited by Arnold Gingrich. Seven hundred and three pages of prose from the pages of *Esquire*. In this very miscellaneous volume, Havelock Ellis and Thorne Smith find themselves companions. There are short stories by such lights as Hemingway, Steinbeck, Caldwell, and Dos Passos. Good dip-into-it reading. No cartoons, gentlemen.

FRENCH PAINTINGS IN THE XIVTH, XVTH, AND XVIth CENTURIES, by Louis Réau. The text, which capably covers its field, is dry as well as scholarly. The excellent illustrations, many in color, should do a lot to awaken interest in this little-studied branch of primitive painting.

PERSIAN PAINTING. Twelve examples of Persian miniature paintings, handsomely reproduced in full color, with an introduction and an illuminating set of descriptive notes by Basil Gray.

VERSE

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thor of "Under the Tree" and "The Time of Man." Contains one remarkably beautiful lyric, "The Lovers."

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE CASE OF THE BAKER STREET IRREGULARS, by Anthony Boucher. A group of Sherlock Holmes fans get together in Hollywood to keep tabs on the filming of "The Adventure of the Speckled Band," and to check up on the villainous script-writer, who hasn't the proper respect for the Holmes tradition. May be somewhat complicated for readers who can take their Doyle or leave it alone. Funny in spots, though.

HEAD OVER HEELS IN MURDER, by Ione Sandberg Shriber. Trouble about a will in the suburbs of New York, involving one of those fine old families that seem to attract murder as your old sweater attracts moths. Nice enough story, told in the first person by a new author whose style is acutely feminine.

FUNNY COINCIDENCE DEPARTMENT WHAT TO DO ABOUT WOMEN PUZZLES ONE MORE HUSBAND

To the Editor of THE NEW YORK TIMES: Statistics show that married women have a longer life expectancy than married men. Notwithstanding this fact, we men are constantly called upon to make sacrifices for the "little woman."

Too many husbands slave over a hot desk working themselves to a bone while their wives play mah-jong and the horses; too many husbands look longingly in the haberdasher's window and wind up in the lingerie shops; too many husbands look forward to Summer as vacation time—for their wives; too many husbands take too much on the chin from too many wives.

There must be something we males can do about this inequitable situation. But I for one don't know what.

ERNEST LEHMAN

—Letter in the Times, March 3rd.

HUSBANDS HELD MAKING SACRIFICES FOR WIVES

By Bernard Rubin.

Statistics show that married women have a longer life expectancy than married men. May I express my own polite indignation that notwithstanding this fact, we men are constantly called upon to make sacrifices for the "little woman."

Too many husbands slave over a hot desk working themselves to a bone while their wives play mah jong and the horses; too many husbands look longingly in the haberdasher's window and wind up in the lingerie shops; too many husbands look forward to the coming of spring and summer as vacation time—for their wives; too many husbands take too much on the chin from too many wives.

There must be something we males can do about this inequitable situation. But I for one don't know what.—Letter in the World-Telegram, March 5th.

Persian Room at the Plaza



EDDY DUCHIN

At Dinner and Supper
and Saturday Tea Dansant



PAUL HAAKON

At Dinner and Supper
and Sunday at Dinner



JANE PICKENS

At Dinner and Supper
and at Sunday Tea Dansant

AFTERNOON TEA DANSANT
DAILY and SUNDAY

GERRY MORTON

and his Orchestra

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I SAY

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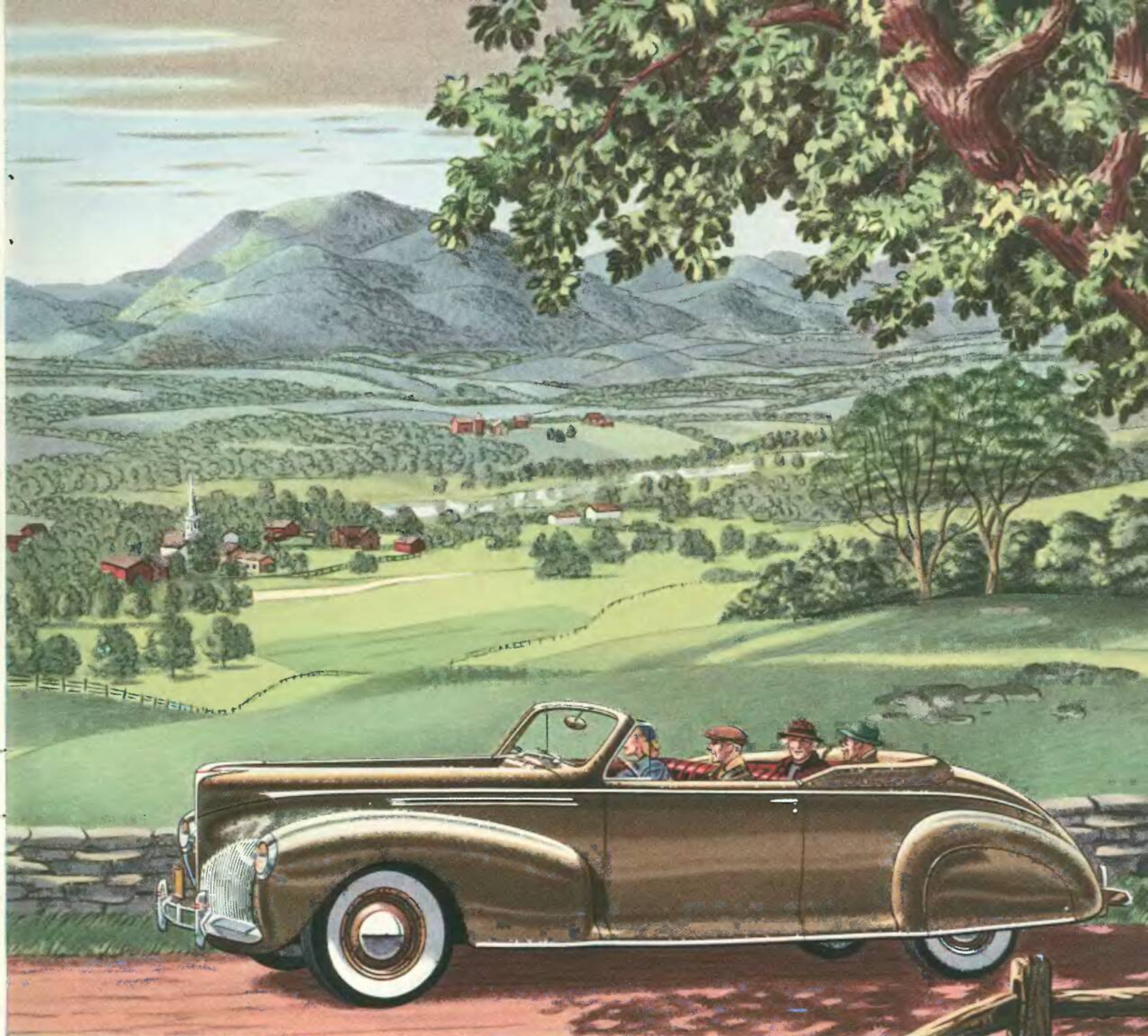
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If your car doesn't mind them, roads like this bring their own rewards. And your car won't mind them, if you drive a Lincoln-Zephyr!

The engine, Lincoln-designed and Lincoln-built, combines 12-cylinder performance with great thrift. It climbs the steep hill road with confidence and

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