

Feb. 21, 1942

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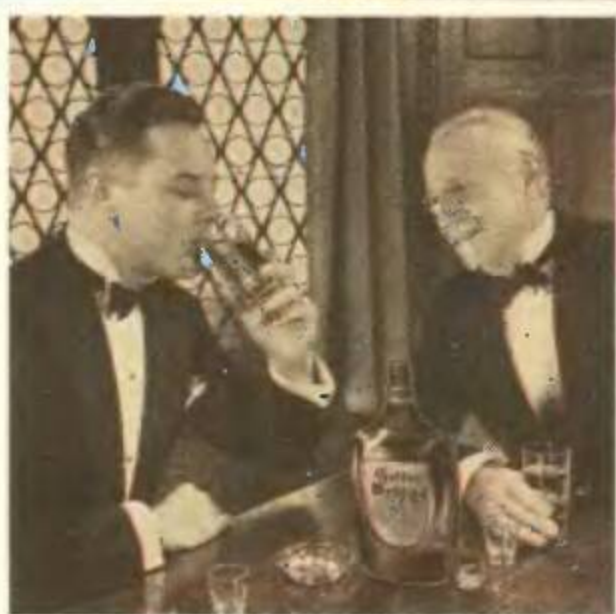
# NEW YORKER







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**BERGDORF  
GOODMAN**

5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET



# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE THEATRE

(Next week, as indicated below, the regular matinee schedule will be somewhat revised to take advantage of expected Washington's Birthday business. There may be further changes, so, to be on the safe side, you'd do well to check with the newspapers. . . . E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

### PLAYS

**ANGEL STREET**—Very nice Victorian thriller by the author of "Rope's End." Vincent Price, Judith Evelyn, and Leo G. Carroll are those principally involved. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; special Mat. Mon., Feb. 23.)

**ARSENIC AND OLD LACE**—The Brewster sisters defeat their nephew Jonathan by a score of thirteen corpses to twelve. The Crouse-Lindsay comedy, with Josephine Hull, Jean Adair, and Boris Karloff, is one of the funniest things in town. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except Feb. 25, and Sat.; special Mat. Mon., Feb. 23.)

**BLITHE SPIRIT**—Noel Coward's effervescent comedy about the quick and the dead, very stylishly produced by John C. Wilson. Splendid performances by Clifton Webb, Peggy Wood, Leonora Corbett, and Mildred Natwick make everything practically perfect. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; special Mat. Mon., Feb. 23.)

**CAFÉ CROWN**—The special humor of Second Avenue and the Yiddish Art Theatre transferred to the stage by H. S. Kraft. Rather slight for the general public, though Sam Jaffe and Morris Carnovsky are fine as local celebrities. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

**CLAUDIA**—It takes a tragedy in the family to convince Rose Franken's heroine that everybody has to grow up sometime. Frances Starr, Dorothy McGuire, and Donald Cook are excellent for two acts but become a bit lost, along with the author, toward the end. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; special Mat. Mon., Feb. 23.)

**HEART OF A CITY**—A conventional little drama about how a London theatre carried on under the blitz. Among the attractive young actresses in the cast are Beverly Roberts, Margot Grahame, and Gertrude Musgrove. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Mon. through Sat. at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Thurs., except Feb. 26, and Sat.; special Mat. Mon., Feb. 23.)

**JASON**—A playwright teaches a critic to love his fellow-man and then spoils it all by trying to seduce his wife. Highly implausible but fairly entertaining. George Macready has the title rôle and Nicholas Conte impersonates the playwright. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-0296. Thurs. through Mon. Eves., Feb. 19-23, and Wed. through Sat. Eves., Feb. 25-28, at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat. and Sun.)

**JUNIOR MISS**—A very funny and touching adaptation by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields of Sally Benson's *New Yorker* stories. Patricia Pearson and Lenore Lonergan are superb as two demon little girls. The adult cast includes Barbara Robbins, Francesca Bruning, Matt Briggs, Alexander Kirkland, and Philip Ober. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; special Mat. Mon., Feb. 23.)

**LIFE WITH FATHER**—Mother manages to get Father baptized, though against his better judgment. An intelligent and high-spirited comedy, based on Clarence Day's book. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney head the cast. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except Feb. 25, and Sat.; special Mat. Mon., Feb. 23.)

**MACBETH**—Maurice Evans and Judith Anderson in a superior revival of this celebrated Scotch murder mystery. Margaret Webster's staging is brilliant. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Mon. through Sat. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.; special Mat. Mon., Feb. 23. Closes Sat., Feb. 28.)

**MY SISTER EILEEN**—A fine, dizzy comedy of two young ladies from Columbus, Ohio, who discover that Greenwich Village life is even more peculiar than advertised. Ruth McKenney's stories have been adapted to the stage with great ingenuity and spirit. With Shirley Booth and Jo Ann Sayers. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; special Mat. Mon., Feb. 23.)

**PAPA IS ALL**—A frail but agreeable comedy about a Pennsylvania Dutchman who goes after his family with a bullwhip. The Guild has given it a nice production, and the cast includes Jessie Royce Landis, Carl Benton Reid, and Celeste Holm. (Guild, 52, W. CO 5-8229. Thurs. through Mon. Eves., Feb. 19-23, and Wed. through Sat. Eves.,



## A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 19, THROUGH SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28.

Feb. 25-28, at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs., except Feb. 26, and Sat.; special Mats. Sun. and Mon., Feb. 22-23.)

**THE RIVALS**—Sheridan's comedy revived by the Guild for some reason or other. Bobby Clark is superb as Bob Acres, but the rest, including Mary Boland and Walter Hampden, seem a bit baffled by it all. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Thurs. through Sun. Eves., Feb. 19-22, and Wed. through Sat. Eves., Feb. 25-28, at 8:35. Mats. 2:35, Thurs. and Sat.; special Mats. Sun. and Mon., Feb. 22-23. Closes Sat., Feb. 28.)

**SPRING AGAIN**—Moderately comic account of how a lady gets rid of her father-in-law's ghost. Grace George, C. Aubrey Smith, and Joseph Buloff are all very fine. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Mon., except Feb. 23, through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.; special Mat. Mon., Feb. 23.)

**WATCH ON THE RHINE**—A family of refugees from Germany bring the great problems of today into an American household. Lillian Hellman's eloquent play has been expertly produced by Herman Shumlin, with an excellent cast headed by Paul Lukas, Mady Christians, Lucile Watson, and George Coulouris. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Eves. at 8:40. Mat. 2:40, Sat. Closes Sat., Feb. 21.)

### WITH MUSIC

**BANJO EYES**—A musical version of "Three Men on a Horse" which hasn't a great deal to recommend it except size and Eddie Cantor. His assistants include Lionel Stander and the De Marcos. (Hollywood, B'way at 51. CI 7-5545. Nightly, except Wed., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs., except Feb. 26, and Sat.; special Mat. Mon., Feb. 23.)

**BEST FOOT FORWARD**—George Abbott, who has a way with children, has assembled a lot of them into a very pretty and cheerful comedy about life in a preparatory school. The scenery is by Jo Mielziner, the dances by Gene Kelly, and the music and lyrics by Hugh Martin and Ralph Blane. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except Feb. 25, and Sat.; special Mat. Mon., Feb. 23.)

**IT HAPPENS ON ICE**—A big skating show which starts off by being exciting and then gets somewhat wearing. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.,

also Sun. at 3; special Mat. Mon., Feb. 23, at 2:40.)

**LADY IN THE DARK**—Gertrude Lawrence still carrying on splendidly in Moss Hart's psychiatric opera. The cast includes Eric Brotherson, Walter Coy, Willard Parker, and Paul McGrath. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except Feb. 25, and Sat.; special Mat. Mon., Feb. 23.)

**LET'S FACE IT!**—When it isn't being cute, this comedy about three restless matrons and their military escorts is extremely handsome and satisfactory. Danny Kaye heads the cast and Cole Porter has turned out most of the songs. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except Feb. 25, and Sat.; special Mat. Mon., Feb. 23.)

**OF V WE SING**—This semi-professional revue, formerly playing Sundays only, has been put on a five-night-a-week basis. Rather appealing, but scarcely up to Broadway competition. (Concert Theatre, 58, E. CI 6-3853. Wed. through Sun. Eves. at 8:40.)

**PORGY AND BESS**—Catfish Row resurrected, and about time, too. Most of the original cast, including Todd Duncan, Anne Brown, and Georgette Harvey, are in this superb revival of the Gershwin-Heyward folk opera. Alexander Smallens conducts the orchestra. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Thurs. through Mon. Eves., Feb. 19-23, and Wed. through Sat. Eves., Feb. 25-28, at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed., except Feb. 25, and Sat.; special Mat. Mon., Feb. 23.)

**SONS O' FUN**—This blood brother to "Hell-a-Pop-pin" cost more, but it is just as strange. The current Olsen and Johnson brain storm contains Carmen Miranda, Ella Logan, Frank Libuse, and Joe Besser. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Thurs. through Mon. Eves., Feb. 19-23, and Wed. through Sat. Eves., Feb. 25-28, at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Sat. and Sun.; special Mat. Mon., Feb. 23.)

### OPENINGS

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

**PLAN M**—A melodrama by James Edward Grant, with A. P. Kaye, Anne Burr, and Lumsden Hare. Produced by Richard Aldrich and Richard Myers. Opens Fri., Feb. 20. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Wed., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat. and Mon., Feb. 21 and 23, and Sat. and Sun. thereafter.)

**UNDER THIS ROOF**—A play by Herbert B. Ehrmann, with Barbara O'Neil and Russell Hardie. Produced by Russell Lewis and Rita Hassan. Opens Sun., Feb. 22. (Windsor, 48, E. PE 6-4891. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Mon. and Sat.)

**GUEST IN THE HOUSE**—A play by Hagar Wilde and Dale Eunson, based on a story by Katherine Albert, with Louise Campbell and Leon Ames. Staged by Reginald Denham and produced by Stephen and Paul Ames. Opens Tues., Feb. 24. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat. the first week, and Wed. and Sat. thereafter.)

### MISCELLANY

**ACTORS' FUND BENEFIT**—Vinton Freedley is in charge of this year's program, in which any number of prominent entertainers will appear: Sun. Eve., Feb. 22, at 8:30. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889.)

**GILBERT AND SULLIVAN**—The Boston Comic Opera Company presenting "The Pirates of Penzance," following a performance by the Jooss Ballet of "The Prodigal Son," through Sun., Feb. 22; beginning Mon. Aft., Feb. 23, the bill will be "Iolanthe" and a ballet, to be announced: Thurs. through Mon. Eves., Feb. 19-23, and Wed. through Sat. Eves., Feb. 25-28, at 8:30; Mats. 2:30, Sat. and Sun.; special Mat. Mon., Feb. 23. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664.) . . . The Savoy Opera Guild in "Cox and Box" and "The Pirates of Penzance," Thurs. through Sat. Eves., Feb. 19-21, and "The Gondoliers," Thurs. through Sat. Eves., Feb. 26-28, at 8:30. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CA 6-9042.)

**MARIANNE OSWALD LORRAINE**—A program by this diseuse will include sketches and poems by Sandburg, MacLeish, Cocteau, and other contemporaries: Sat. Eve., Feb. 28, at 8:45. (Town Hall. BR 9-9447.)

### DANCE RECITALS

**BELLA REINE**—American début of a French dance mime: Fri. Eve., Feb. 20, at 8:30. (Carnegie Chamber Music Hall, 154 W. 57. For tickets, call VA 6-3812.)

**DANCE FESTIVAL**—A Russian War Relief benefit, with Ruth St. Denis, Bill Robinson, Doris Humphrey and Charles Weidman, Paul Haakon, Patricia Bowman, and Paul Draper, among others: Fri. Eve., Feb. 27, at 8:30. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460.)

**DORIS HUMPHREY AND CHARLES WEIDMAN**—Appearing in "Passacaglia," "Variations," "Atavisms," "Opus 51," and "Marionette Theatre": Sat. and

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### THE NEW YORKER

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Sun. Eves., Feb. 21-22, at 8:45. (108 W. 16. CH 2-9819.)

## DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment.)

**AMBASSADOR**, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—The Trianon Room is where Arthur Murray's honor students do their homework. Jules Lande's orchestra.

**COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Joe E. Lewis is appearing on these tropical premises, along with Nat Brandwynne's orchestra, a samba band, and some other entertainers.

**EL MOROCCO**, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Still the place where the patrons stare at each other instead of a floor show. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

**LARUE**, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—Well thought of by fugitives from swing, including a large number of conservative undergraduates. Joseph C. Smith's and Eddie Davis's orchestras.

**MONTE CARLO**, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-3400)—Ted Straeter's and Bob Knight's orchestras playing in a fancy setting.

**PIERRE**, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Ella Logan sings and Stanley Melba's orchestra plays in the Cotillion Room.

**PLAZA**, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Eleanor French will replace Jan Winton on Fri., Feb. 20, in the Persian Room. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and the dance team will stay on.

**RAINBOW ROOM**, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 5-9000)—Monna Montes and Alexis Dolinoff, of the Metropolitan Ballet, head the show way up there in the clouds. Carmen Cavallaro's orchestra and Clemente's rumba band. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M. . . . Russ Smith's orchestra continues to play in the Rainbow Grill.

**ST. REGIS**, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Virginia Morley and Livingston Gearhart play two-piano pieces in the Iridium Room, and, through Mon., Feb. 23, Raphael will be there too, with his concertina. Paul Sparr's orchestra. Formal dress required on the dance floor.

**SAVOY-PLAZA**, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—John Hoysradt is making things gay in the Café Lounge, where the music is by Ernie Holst's orchestra.

**STORK CLUB**, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—You know, the Stork Club. Bob Grant's orchestra and Fausto Curbelo's rumba band.

**VERSAILLES**, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-6310)—A big East Side place, flavored with a dash of Broadway. Billy de Wolfe heads the show and there's also a tightwire-walker. Maximilian Bergère's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

**WALDORF-ASTORIA**, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—The Hartmans are up to their old deft tricks at the supper hour in the Wedgwood Room and Dinah Shore and Freddy Martin's orchestra are there all evening. . . . Mischa Borr's orchestra plays for dancing in the Lounge Restaurant.

**SUPPER CLUBS**—Entertainment but no dancing—**LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): the performers are always a little out of the ordinary, and it's all very satisfactory. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): the Revuers are on hand, and so, as usual, is Spivy. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB**, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): candlelight, a view of Central Park, and musicians, strolling and stationary.

**MISCELLANEOUS**—At **LE COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): an easygoing kind of place, with Dick Wilson's orchestra. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): George Morris's orchestra, not much floor space, and everything nice and cozy. . . .

**LA MARTINIQUE**, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): bright and straightforward, with Val Olman's orchestra, a rumba band, and a show which includes Mata and Hari, the dancers. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN**, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223): Negro entertainment, with music coming at you pretty fast from Hazel Scott, the Golden Gate Quartet, and John Kirby's and Eddie South's bands. . . . **CASINO RUSSE**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): a Russian program, with folk songs and such. Kris Kay's and Nicholas Matthey's orchestras. Closed Mon. . . . **BILTMORE**, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920): Enric Madriguera's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Evalyn Tyner's orchestra. No dancing Tues., Feb. 24. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Benny Goodman's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . **WARWICK**, 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): a mite of a dance floor and Sande Williams' orchestra. . . . **BILL'S GAY NINETIES**, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): atmosphere of the period, of course, and community singing, but no dancing. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): something like an air-raid shelter, except for the folk songs of Burl Ives. Closed Mon. . . . **JIMMY KELLY'S**, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): rough-and-tumble carryings-on until all hours, far south of the beaten track.

**BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE**—At **LA CONGA**, 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): Jack Harris's orchestra, surrounded by

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South Americana. . . . **HAVANA-MADRID**, B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): relentlessly Latin, with the inevitable rumba band. . . . **18 CLUB**, 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Jack White isn't especially delicate about his quips, but nobody seems to mind. Frankie Hyers is also active. . . . **DIAMOND HORSESHOE**, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): a Billy Rose show, with Betty Compson, Nita Naldi, Gilda Gray, and Joe E. Howard.

**MOSTLY FOR MUSIC**—At **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): some of the best musical talent in Greenwich, or any other Village, including Ammons and Johnson and Teddy Wilson's orchestra. Closed Mon. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Zutty Singleton keeps hammering away with his trio; on Mon., a juke box takes over. . . . **KELLY'S STABLE**, 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): the King Cole Trio, Sabby Lewis's orchestra, and sawdust on the floor. . . . **NICK'S**, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): Sidney Bechet, Pee Wee Russell, and a number of others play in this Village landmark.

**FOREIGN FLAVOR**—Scandinavian: **CASTLEHOLM**, 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873). . . . Russian: **KRETCHMA**, 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).

## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries will be closed on Mon., Feb. 23.)

**AMERICAN PRIMITIVES**—Paintings by twenty-five self-taught artists, selected by Sidney Janis, who knows his way around in this field: Harriman, 63 E. 57. Weekdays, including Mon., Feb. 23, from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 7.

**BAROQUE PAINTING**—Works by Salvator Rosa, Luigi Crespi, and other members of a seventeenth-century school that has had an increasing influence on modern art: Schaeffer, 61 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 28.

**BERMAN**—New paintings, more dramatic in color and design than in the past, if not always more striking in effect: Julien Levy, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Tues., Feb. 24.

**BROOKLYN MUSEUM**, Eastern P'kway—Large and well-selected exhibition of works by Mount and Quidor, those early-nineteenth-century American painters. Weekdays, including Mon., Feb. 23, from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through March 8.

**DU BOIS**—New paintings, rather freer in treatment and less slick in outline than his previous work: Kraushaar, 730 5 Ave., at 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 21.

**ENGLISH PORTRAITS**—Eighteenth-century paintings by Gainsborough, Reynolds, Raeburn, and such not so well-known artists as Francis Abbott and William Owen: Newton, 11 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through March 7.

**FRENCH**—At the **LILIENTHAL**, 21 E. 57: oils by Derain and Utrillo. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 7. . . . **ALLISON**, 32 E. 57: etchings by nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists, from Corot and Millet to Picasso and Matisse. Weekdays, including Mon., Feb. 23, from 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 28. . . . **FRENCH ART**, 51 E. 57: paintings by Derain, Dufy, Chagall, and Utrillo, among others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 14. . . . **MATISSE**, 41 E. 57: figure painting in modern art, with a fine Picasso leading the list of examples. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 28. . . . **GALLERY OF MODERN ART**, 18 E. 57: paintings and water colors by Vlaminck and Dufy. Weekdays, including Mon., Feb. 23, from 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 28.

**GROUPS**—At **RAYMOND & RAYMOND**, 40 E. 52: membership showing of water colors, gouaches, and small sculptures by An American Group. Many good things. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 28. . . . **MILCH**, 108 W. 57: works by eighteen contemporary Americans, including Etnier, Laufman, and Kroll, all associated with this gallery. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 28. . . . **MONTROSS**, 785 5 Ave., at 60: Whitney Hoyt, Oscar Lewis, and Elsa W. Bley lead this gallery's eighth annual group ex-

hibition of oils and water colors. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 28.

**JIMENEZ**—This Mexican painter, deeply influenced by Picasso, shows some boldly distorted nudes: Zborowski, 61 E. 57. Weekdays, including Mon., Feb. 23, from 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 28.

**KENT**—His first show of oils in some years includes paintings of Alaska, Greenland, and other points, north, south, east, and west: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Feb. 27.

**KLEE**—A rotating exhibition of works by this artist—oils, water colors, and other media—planned to continue throughout the rest of the season: Nierendorf, 18 E. 57. Weekdays, including Mon., Feb. 23, from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

**LEVI**—Paintings and gouaches, mainly of seaside scenes, by an artist who has added strength to an already sensitive vision: Downtown, 43 E. 51. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 28.

**LURÇAT AND DUFY**—Subtly handled surrealist studies by the first; the second makes a tour of the yacht clubs and the château country of France as it used to be, all in his usual lively style: Bignou, 32 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 21.

**METROPOLITAN MUSEUM**, 5 Ave. at 82—Large and stirring exhibition of architectural etchings by Piranesi, including many of his fantastic prison interiors; moreover, the Museum's permanent collection of Rembrandt paintings, prints, and drawings is being shown in its entirety for the first time (both through March 29). There's also a big, varied loan exhibit of contemporary American paintings and sculptures, bearing the self-descriptive title "On the Bright Side" (through March 15). Weekdays, including Mon., Feb. 23, from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.

**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53—Lively show of water colors, drawings, and photographs by soldiers at Fort Custer, Michigan, some amateurish and some decidedly good; also, sculptures by eighteen contemporary Americans, all living outside the New York area. Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, including Mon., Feb. 23, from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through March 8.

**O'KEEFE**—Bones, flowers, and other incongruities again juxtaposed with this artist's faultless skill and taste: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays, including Mon., Feb. 23, from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through March 17.

**PICASSO**—Eleven paintings, done between 1918 and 1926, and practically all masterpieces: Rosenberg, 16 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 7.

**PIECK**—Paintings, cool in color, sparse in detail, and very effectively done: Contemporary Arts, 38 W. 57. Weekdays, including Mon., Feb. 23, from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., Feb. 27.

**SEPESHY**—A painter known principally for his work in tempera shows some well-handled landscapes in water color: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 28.

**TAMAYO**—Eleven paintings and a sculpture by one of the most original of the modern Mexican artists: Valentine, 55 E. 57. Weekdays, including Mon., Feb. 23, from 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 28.

**TAUBES**—Large show of oils, with the artist's mood of gentle mystery wearing thin toward the end of it, but containing some notable pieces nevertheless: Associated American Artists, 711 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 2.

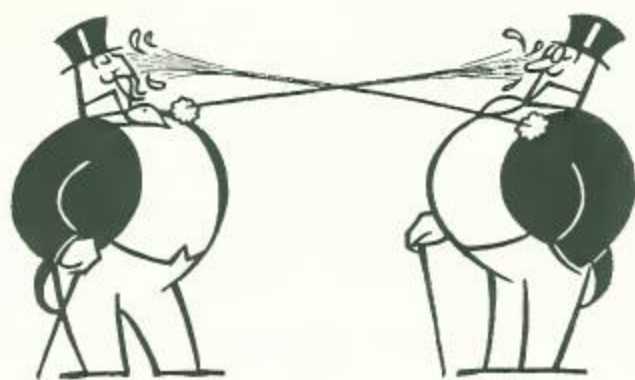
**TWACHMAN**—Paintings by one of the early American Impressionists: Babcock, 38 E. 57. Weekdays, including Mon., Feb. 23, from 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 28.

**WHITNEY MUSEUM**, 10 W. 8—American water-color painting from the beginning of the nineteenth century to the present, covered with commendable, if occasionally exhausting, thoroughness. Daily 1 to 5 P.M.; through Wed., Feb. 25.

**HERE AND THERE**—At **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 38 W. 57: paintings by this gallery's group. Weekdays, including Mon., Feb. 23, from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Thurs., Feb. 26. . . . **PINACOTHECA**, 20 W. 58: oils and gouaches by A. F. Levinson. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 21. . . . **WEYHE**, 794 Lexington, at 61: animals in art, from Goya to Picasso, and photographs by Ylla. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 28. . . . **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57: paintings by William Thoeny. Tues. through Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 7. . . . **NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN**, 1083 5 Ave., at 89: annual exhibition of the American Society of Etchers. Daily 1 to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 28. . . . **BUCHHOLZ**, 32 E. 57: paintings by André Masson. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 14. . . . **PERLS**, 32 E. 58: recent oils by Darrel Austin. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 28. . . . **A.C.A.**, 26 W. 8: water colors by contemporary Americans. Weekdays, including Mon., Feb. 23, from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 28. . . . **UPTOWN**, 249 West End Ave., at 72: group show of water colors and drawings by Harsanyi, Baylison, and others. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Thurs., Feb. 26. . . . **MAYER**, 41 E. 57: paintings of the New England coast by Beatrice







*Clients are funny people...*



*The recently completed, Sloane-decorated conference room of Kenyon & Eckhardt Inc.*

**F**OR seven years, we've been clients of one advertising agency. We've handed them a few headaches during that time.

But a month ago, our agency got even. They wanted a new conference room. When they told us their requirements, *we* needed the aspirin. Then our experts took hold.

We built them an oval room. We used one color, in shades ranging from copper to warm beige. We sound-proofed the ceiling...put in audition facilities. We lined a series of recessed niches with cork and fluorescent lights,

so exhibits could be displayed. We designed a sixteen-foot bleached oak table with a solidity about it that's mighty impressive. (The agency plan board has already been eying it as a swell air-raid shelter.)

The agency thinks this conference room is right on the button. We think our advertising has a lot on the ball. And if both are as good as we think they are, our Contract Division should have a busy season, doing office furnishing jobs that fill the bill and stick to the budget.

CONTRACT DIVISION **W&J SLOANE** 575 FIFTH AVENUE, N. Y.



# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Cuming. Weekdays, including Mon., Feb. 23, from 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 28. . . . **REHN**, 683 5 Ave., at 54: water colors by Bruce Mitchell. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 28. . . . **KLEEMANN**, 38 E. 57: oils by Elliot Orr. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 28.

## MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall and the Carnegie Chamber Music Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

## ORCHESTRAS

**PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY**—Koussevitzky conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., Feb. 19, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Feb. 20, at 2:30; Sun. Aft., Feb. 22, at 3; Thurs. Eve., Feb. 26, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Feb. 27, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Feb. 28, at 8:45. . . . Young People's Concerts, Ganz conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Morn., Feb. 21, at 11; Town Hall, Mon. Aft., Feb. 23, at 3:45. (Soloists: Mathieu, Feb. 21; Diana Steiner, Feb. 23.)

**PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA**—Ormandy conducting; soloist, Sorin: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., Feb. 24, at 8:45.

**JAZZ CONCERT**—Sidney Catlett, Willie-the-Lion Smith, Sidney Bechet, Hot Lips Page, Bobby Hackett, Pee Wee Russell, George Wettling, Max Kaminsky, and others, all under the direction of Eddie Condon: Town Hall, Sat. Aft., Feb. 21, at 5:30.

**NEW YORK CITY SYMPHONY**—Reiner conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sun. Eve., Feb. 22, at 8:45.

**NATIONAL ORCHESTRAL ASSOCIATION**—Barzin conducting; soloist, Skolovsky: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Feb. 28, at 3.

## RECITALS

**CARNEGIE HALL**—Alexander Borovsky, Fri. Eve., Feb. 20, at 8:40; Gladys Swarthout, Mon. Eve., Feb. 23, at 8:40; Joseph Szigeti (British War Relief Society benefit), Wed. Eve., Feb. 25, at 8:30. . . . Carnegie Chamber Music Hall: Henri Deering and Mischa Elzon, Fri. Eve., Feb. 27, at 8:45.

**TOWN HALL**—Wanda Landowska, Sat. Aft., Feb. 21, at 3; Helen Teschner Tas, Sat. Eve., Feb. 21, at 8:30; New Friends of Music (Budapest Quartet and Rose Bampton), Sun. Aft., Feb. 22, at 5:30; Robert Goldsand, Wed. Eve., Feb. 25, at 8:30; Maurice Eisenberg, Thurs. Eve., Feb. 26, at 8:30; Webster Aitken, Sat. Aft., Feb. 28, at 3.

**HUNTER COLLEGE**—Feuermann, List, Morini, Serkin, and others, a benefit for needy students: Tues. Eve., Feb. 24, at 8:45. (695 Park, at 69. For tickets, call RH 4-1500.)

## OPERA

**METROPOLITAN OPERA**—"Carmen," Thurs. Eve., Feb. 19, and Sat. Eve., Feb. 28; "The Bartered Bride," Fri. Aft., Feb. 20, and Thurs. Eve., Feb. 26; "Pagliacci" and "The Island God," Fri. Eve., Feb. 20; "Aida," Sat. Aft., Feb. 21; "Siegfried," Sat. Eve., Feb. 21; "Götterdämmerung," Mon. Eve., Feb. 23; "Tosca," Wed. Eve., Feb. 25; "Parsifal," Fri. Aft., Feb. 27; "La Bohème," Fri. Eve., Feb. 27; "Un Ballo in Maschera," Sat. Aft., Feb. 28. (Curtain times vary and are not fixed until a day or so before the performance; it's best to make a last-minute call to the box office, PE 6-1210.)

## SPORTS

**BOXING**—Madison Square Garden: Ray Robinson vs. Maxie Berger, welterweights, 12 rounds, Fri., Feb. 20 (benefit for the Infantile Paralysis Foundation); preliminaries at 8:30, main match at about 10 P.M.

**HOCKEY**—Madison Square Garden—Professional games, 8:40 P.M.: Brooklyn Americans vs. Boston, Thurs., Feb. 19; Rangers vs. Chicago, Sun., Feb. 22; Brooklyn Americans vs. Detroit, Tues., Feb. 24; Rangers vs. Detroit, Thurs., Feb. 26. . . . Amateur-series games, Sun., Feb. 22, at 1:30 P.M.

**TRACK**—Madison Square Garden, at 8 P.M.: N.Y.A.C. Meet, Sat., Feb. 21; National A.A.U. Meet, Sat., Feb. 28.

**WINTER SPORTS**—Lake Placid: ski tournaments, Fri. through Mon., Feb. 20-23; figure-skating carnival, Sat. and Sun., Feb. 21-22. . . . Brattleboro, Vt.: national cross-country and combined ski championships, Sat. and Sun., Feb. 21-22. . . . Franconia, N.H.: Eastern amateur downhill, slalom, and combined championships, Sat. and Sun., Feb. 28-March 1.

## OTHER EVENTS

**NATIONAL SPORTSMEN'S SHOW**—The usual collection of exhibits designed to interest hunters and fishermen: Grand Central Palace, Sat., Feb. 21, through Sun., March 1. Opening day 12 noon to 11 P.M.; Sun., Feb. 22, from 12 noon to 10:30 P.M.; weekdays 11 A.M. to 11 P.M.; closing day 12 noon to 7:30 P.M.

**FIREARMS EXHIBITION**—A hundred and thirty revolvers, including a number of historical pieces and two rare Whitneyville Walkers, all manufactured by Samuel Colt from 1836 to 1872: Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82. Weekdays, including Mon., Feb. 23, from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through May 3.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS  
FROM THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 19,  
THROUGH SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28.

**BENEFIT**—Joe E. Lewis and George Jessel, among others, appearing in a program to aid the Home of Old Israel: Madison Square Garden, Mon. Eve., Feb. 23, at 8:30.

**SCALE MODELS**—Twenty-one examples of nineteenth-century ships used by this country, Britain, and France: Museum of the City of New York, 5 Ave. at 104. Weekdays, including Mon., Feb. 23, from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through March 15.

**MORGAN LIBRARY**—"The British Tradition," an exhibition of illuminated manuscripts, autograph letters and manuscripts, documents, and other items, from the eleventh through the nineteenth centuries, all having to do with Great Britain and all assembled from the Library's permanent collection; also, a collection of rare silver, lent by J. P. Morgan: 29 E. 36. Weekdays, except Mon., Feb. 23, from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through March 30.

**COSTUMES**—A display of accessories—hats, shoes, bags, and so on—such as men and women in Europe and America wore between 1675 and 1900: Museum of Costume Art, 630 5 Ave., at 50. Weekdays, except Mon., Feb. 23, from 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 28.

**ON THE AIR**—"Aida," with Greco, Thomas, and Castagna, from the Metropolitan Opera House, Sat. Aft., Feb. 21, at 2, WJZ. . . . Philharmonic-Symphony, Koussevitzky conducting, Sun. Aft., Feb. 22, at 3, WABC.

**NEWS COMMENTATORS**: Raymond Clapper and William Hillman, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 10:30, WJZ; Quincy Howe, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 9, WQXR; H. V. Kaltenborn, Sun. Afts. at 3:15, WEAF; Eric Sevareid, Tues., Thurs., and Sat. Eves. at 6, WABC; William L. Shirer, Sun. Afts. at 5:45, WABC; Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs. Eves. at 10, WOR; Wythe Williams, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 8:30, WHN. . . . News from abroad, Mon. through Sat. Eves. at 6:45, and Sun. Eves. at 8, WABC; Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 7:15, WEAF; Sun. Afts. at 3:30, WOR; and Sun. Eves. at 7, WJZ.

**TELEVISION**: Civilian-defense programs are being shown Fri. Eves. at 8:15, over WCBW, and Mon. through Wed. at 10:30 and 11:30 A.M. and 3, 4, 8, and 9 P.M., over WNBT.

**AUCTIONS**—At the **PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES**, 30 E. 57—Ornithological books by such authorities as Audubon and Levaillant, rare editions, and American maps, from the estates of the late Emil Winter, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene McVoy, and others: Thurs. Aft., Feb. 19, at 2. . . . Eighteenth-century English furniture, Oriental rugs, tapestries, paintings, and silver, owned by Mrs. O. M. Mitchel and the estates of the late Edward E. B. Adams, Louise Wicke, and others: Thurs. through Sat. Afts., Feb. 19-21, at 2. . . . French, Spanish, and Italian furniture, and paintings, rugs, and decorations, owned by Mrs. E. Barret Blanchard, Mrs. Lathrop Brown, the late William H. Woodin, and others: Wed. through Sat. Afts., Feb. 25-28, at 2. . . . Part III of the Woodin library: Thurs. Aft. and Eve., Feb. 26, at 2 and 8:15, and Fri. Aft., Feb. 27, at 2.

**KENDE GALLERIES**, at Gimbels, B'way at 33—Paintings, including some by Stuart, Zuloaga, and Bellows, eighteenth-century English furniture, and silver, tapestries, and Oriental art, collected by Mrs. Leonard K. Elmhirst: Thurs. Eve., Feb. 19, at 8, and Fri. and Sat. Afts., Feb. 20-21, at 2.

## MOTION PICTURES

**ALL THAT MONEY CAN BUY**—Anne Shirley, Walter Huston, and Edward Arnold in a Faustian story of early New Hampshire. Adapted from Stephen Vincent Benét's "The Devil and Daniel Webster." (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; through Fri., Feb. 20. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; and 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Tues., Feb. 21-24.)

**BALL OF FIRE**—A comedy of American slang, with professors and underworld types all expressing themselves. Barbara Stanwyck and Gary Cooper are involved. (Palace, B'way at 47; through Wed., Feb. 25.)

**BIRTH OF THE BLUES**—A Bing Crosby film with a particular charm to it, especially for the older types, who will be delighted to hear again such songs as "Wait Till the Sun Shines, Nellie." With Mary Martin. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; and Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; through Mon., Feb. 23. . . . Loew's

42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Sat. through Mon., Feb. 21-23.)

**CAPTAINS OF THE CLOUDS**—An incoherent but undeniably impressive Technicolor film, mainly about the R.C.A.F., with James Cagney. (Strand, B'way at 47.)

**FANTASIA**—Bach, Beethoven, and Mickey Mouse in a grand mixup, which, after all, has done very well for itself. (Broadway, B'way at 53; through Fri., Feb. 27.)

**THE FORGOTTEN VILLAGE**—Of life in a pueblo in the Mexican hills as Steinbeck found it. Forthright, vigorous, and stirring, with a commentary by Burgess Meredith. (Art, 36 E. 8; through Wed., Feb. 25.)

**HOLD BACK THE DAWN**—The immigration problem and how love gets visas in a Mexican border town. With Olivia de Havilland and Charles Boyer. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Mon., Feb. 23.)

**HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY**—The Welsh miners and their lives and troubles, with Maureen O'Hara and Walter Pidgeon. A film that seems authentic and careful and very close to the world it describes. (Normandie, Park at 53; Thurs., Feb. 19. . . . Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Fri. through Mon., Feb. 20-23. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sat. through Mon., Feb. 21-23. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; starting Wed., Feb. 25.)

**KINGS ROW**—An outspoken and well-acted story of some very odd goings on in a small town in the nineties, with Ann Sheridan, Betty Field, Judith Anderson, Ronald Reagan, Claude Rains, and Charles Coburn. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

**LABURNUM GROVE**—Edmund Gwenn in that old thriller about the very polite and meek counterfeiter, a true family man but with a weakness. A respectable screen version of the play. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Thurs., Feb. 19. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., Feb. 20. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Wed. through Fri., Feb. 25-27.)

**LADY IN DISTRESS**—Neatly turned English melodrama, with Paul Lukas and Michael Redgrave. (Globe, B'way at 46; tentative, through Fri., Feb. 20.)

**THE LITTLE FOXES**—Bette Davis, with Patricia Collinge and Herbert Marshall, in a dramatic, extremely intelligent retelling of Lillian Hellman's play of high life in the Deep South and its tragic crises. (Park, Columbus Circle; Fri. through Sun., Feb. 20-22.)

**THE MALTESE FALCON**—One of Dashiell Hammett's giddiest thrillers, with Mary Astor and Humphrey Bogart and a general hodgepodge of killers and cops, who never rest a minute. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; through Fri., Feb. 20.)

**THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER**—If you missed the play, here's your chance to get the idea. A careful reproduction of the original study of greatness behind the scenes, with Bette Davis, Ann Sheridan, and Monty Woolley. (R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; Fri. through Thurs., Feb. 20-26.)

**TARGET FOR TONIGHT**—A brief and altogether impressive account of a British raid on a German town, presented by gunners, pilots, observers, and ground crews of the R.A.F. Essential. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., Feb. 20. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Sat. through Tues., Feb. 21-24.)

**WOMAN OF THE YEAR**—Who knows, you may very well like this comedy of a career woman who is too busy to think of home and babies until, etc., etc. Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50.)

## REVIVALS

**ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT** (1930)—Remarque's classic of the last war. Lew Ayres and Louis Wolheim. (Park, Columbus Circle; Mon. through Wed., Feb. 23-25.)

**HOLLYWOOD CAVALCADE** (1939)—Flashback to Mack Sennett pie-comedy days. Alice Faye and Don Ameche. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; through Fri., Feb. 20.)

**THAT HAMILTON WOMAN!** (1941)—Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier as Emma and Lord Nelson. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., Feb. 24-25.)

**THEY WON'T FORGET** (1937)—Claude Rains and murder in the Deep South. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; through Fri., Feb. 20.)

**WUTHERING HEIGHTS** (1939)—The Brontë story. Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Fri., Feb. 20.)

**NOTE**—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing American and foreign films daily at 4 P.M. (also at 2 P.M. on Sun.) on this schedule—**THURS. AND FRI., FEB. 19-20**: ten short French films, (1905-10), by Ferdinand Zecca, Emile Cohl, and Jean Durand. **SAT. AND SUN., FEB. 21-22**: six early D. W. Griffith films (1907-09), with Mary Pickford, Griffith, and others. **MON. AND TUES., FEB. 23-24**: three early Griffith films (1911-13), with Blanche Sweet, Lillian Gish, and others. **WED. AND THURS., FEB. 25-26**: four early films (1912-17), with Mary Pickford, Lionel Barrymore, William S. Hart, Theda Bara, and others.





## THE BIG HOUSES

**ASTOR**, B'way at 45 (CI 6-4642)—KINGS ROW, Ann Sheridan, Robert Cummings, Betty Field.  
**BROADWAY**, B'way at 53 (CI 6-5353)—FANTASIA, Walt Disney full-length film.  
**CAPITOL**, B'way at 51 (CO 5-1250)—"Johnny Eager," Lana Turner, Robert Taylor.  
**CRITERION**, B'way at 44 (BR 9-3839)—Through Wed., Feb. 25: "Born to Sing," Virginia Weidler, Ray McDonald.  
**GLOBE**, B'way at 46 (CI 6-0800)—Tentative—Through Fri., Feb. 20: LADY IN DISTRESS, Paul Lukas, Michael Redgrave, Sally Gray... From Sat., Feb. 21: "A Gentleman at Heart," Carole Landis, Cesar Romero, Milton Berle.  
**PALACE**, B'way at 47 (BR 9-4300)—Through Wed., Feb. 25: BALL OF FIRE, Barbara Stanwyck, Gary Cooper.  
**PARAMOUNT**, B'way at 43 (CH 4-7022)—"Bahama Passage," Madeleine Carroll, Stirling Hayden.  
**RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL**, 6 Ave. at 50 (CI 6-4600)—WOMAN OF THE YEAR, Katharine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy.  
**RIVOLI**, B'way at 49 (CI 7-1633)—"Mister V," Leslie Howard, Mary Morris, Francis Sullivan.  
**ROXY**, 7 Ave. at 50 (CI 7-6000)—"Roxie Hart," Ginger Rogers, Adolphe Menjou, George Montgomery.  
**STATE**, B'way at 45 (BR 9-1957)—"Mr. Bug Goes to Town," Max Fleischer full-length cartoon.  
**STRAND**, B'way at 47 (CI 7-5900)—CAPTAINS OF THE CLOUDS, James Cagney, Brenda Marshall, Dennis Morgan.

## FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

**5TH AVENUE PLAYHOUSE**, 5 Ave. at 12 (AL 4-7661)—Revivals—Thurs., Feb. 19: "Vampire" and "The Living Dead" (German), both horror films... From Fri., Feb. 20: "Carmen," Charlie Chaplin; "The Blood of a Poet" (French), Jean Cocteau film; and "Lot in Sodom" and "Object Lesson," both fantasies.  
**RIALTO**, B'way at 42 (WI 7-0206)—"Our Russian Front," documentary film; also "Frisco Lil," Irene Hervey, Kent Taylor.  
**THALIA**, B'way at 95 (AC 2-3370)—Through Mon., Feb. 23: HOLD BACK THE DAWN, Olivia de Havilland, Charles Boyer, Paulette Goddard... Tues., Feb. 24: "The Art of Love" (French), revival, Danielle Darrieux; also "The Bedroom Diplomat," revival, Reginald Gardiner... From Wed., Feb. 25: "Nothing but the Truth," Paulette Goddard, Bob Hope; also "Buy Me That Town," Constance Moore, Lloyd Nolan.  
**WORLD**, 153 W. 49 (CI 7-5747)—"The Nine Bachelors" (French), Sacha Guitry.

## EAST SIDE

**ART**, 36 E. 8 (GR 3-7014)—Through Wed., Feb. 25: THE FORGOTTEN VILLAGE, Mexican semi-documentary film.  
**GRAMERCY PARK**, Lexington at 23 (GR 5-1660)—Through Sat., Feb. 21: "You Belong to Me," Barbara Stanwyck, Henry Fonda; also "International Lady," Ilona Massey, George Brent... Sun. through Wed., Feb. 22-25: "The Chocolate Soldier," Risé Stevens, Nelson Eddy; also "Quiet Wedding," Margaret Lockwood.  
**LOEW'S 42ND STREET**, Lexington at 42 (AS 4-4865)—Through Fri., Feb. 20: "Remember the Day," Claudette Colbert, John Payne; also "Confirm or Deny," Joan Bennett, Don Ameche... Sat. through Mon., Feb. 21-23: BIRTH OF THE BLUES, Bing Crosby, Mary Martin; also "The Night of January 16th," Ellen Drew, Robert Preston... From Tues., Feb. 24: "Dr. Kildare's Victory," Lew Ayres, Lionel Barrymore, Ann Ayars; also "A Yank on the Burma Road," Laraine Day, Barry Nelson.  
**LEXINGTON**, Lexington at 51 (PL 3-0336)—Through Fri., Feb. 20: "Dr. Kildare's Victory," Lew Ayres, Lionel Barrymore, Ann Ayars; also "A Yank on the Burma Road," Laraine Day, Barry Nelson... Sat. through Wed., Feb. 21-25: "Louisiana Purchase," Vera Zorina, Bob Hope, Victor Moore, Irene Bordon; also "Glamour Boy," Jackie Cooper, Susanna Foster.  
**TRANS-LUX 52ND STREET**, Lexington at 52 (PL 3-2434)—Through Fri., Feb. 20: "International Lady," Ilona Massey, George Brent... Sat. through Tues., Feb. 21-24: TARGET FOR TONIGHT, documentary film of the R.A.F... From Wed., Feb. 25: LABURNUM GROVE, Edmund Gwenn, Sir Cedric Hardwicke.  
**NORMANDIE**, Park at 53 (PL 8-0040)—Thurs., Feb. 19: HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY, Walter Pidgeon, Maureen O'Hara... Fri. through Sun., Feb. 20-22: "Nothing but the Truth," Paulette Goddard, Bob Hope... Mon. and Tues., Feb. 23-24: "Intermezzo," revival, Ingrid Bergman, Leslie Howard... From Wed., Feb. 25: "You Belong to Me," Barbara Stanwyck, Henry Fonda.  
**SUTTON**, 3 Ave. at 57 (PL 3-5520)—Through Fri., Feb. 20: WUTHERING HEIGHTS, revival, Merle Oberon, Laurence Olivier; also "Dreaming Lips," revival, Elisabeth Bergner, Raymond Massey... Sat. through Mon., Feb. 21-23: HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY, Walter Pidgeon, Maureen O'Hara; also "Week-End in Havana," Alice Faye, John Payne, Carmen Miranda... Tues. and Wed., Feb. 24-25: THAT HAMILTON WOMAN!, revival, Vivien Leigh, Laurence Olivier; also "Woman Chases Man," revival, Miriam Hopkins, Joel McCrea.  
**R.K.O. 58TH STREET**, 3 Ave. at 58 (VO 5-3577)—Thurs., Feb. 19: "Bombay Clipper," Irene Hervey, William Gargan; also "Four Jacks and a Jill," Ray Bolger, Anne Shirley, June Havoc... From Fri., Feb. 20: THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER, Bette Davis, Ann Sheridan, Monty Woolley; also "Blue, White, and Perfect," Mary Beth Hughes, Lloyd Nolan.  
**PLAZA**, 58, E. of Madison (VO 5-3320)—Through

## AT THE MOVIE HOUSES



THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 19, THROUGH  
WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 25

THIS IS A LIST OF FILMS AT SELECTED MOTION-PICTURE THEATRES IN MANHATTAN. FILMS OF INTEREST ARE INDICATED BY HEAVY TYPE; YOU CAN LEARN MORE ABOUT THEM ON PAGE 6, UNDER "MOTION PICTURES."

Fri., Feb. 20: ALL THAT MONEY CAN BUY, Walter Huston, Edward Arnold, Anne Shirley... Sat. through Tues., Feb. 21-24: "One Foot in Heaven," Martha Scott, Fredric March... From Wed., Feb. 25: "Remember the Day," Claudette Colbert, John Payne.  
**68TH STREET PLAYHOUSE**, 3 Ave. at 68 (RE 4-0302)—Through Fri., Feb. 20: LABURNUM GROVE, Edmund Gwenn, Sir Cedric Hardwicke; also TARGET FOR TONIGHT, documentary film of the R.A.F... Sat. through Tues., Feb. 21-24: ALL THAT MONEY CAN BUY, Walter Huston, Edward Arnold, Anne Shirley... From Wed., Feb. 25: HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY, Walter Pidgeon, Maureen O'Hara.  
**LOEW'S 72ND STREET**, 3 Ave. at 72 (BU 8-7222)—Through Fri., Feb. 20: "Dr. Kildare's Victory," Lew Ayres, Lionel Barrymore, Ann Ayars; also "A Yank on the Burma Road," Laraine Day, Barry Nelson... Sat. through Wed., Feb. 21-25: "Louisiana Purchase," Vera Zorina, Bob Hope, Victor Moore, Irene Bordon; also "Glamour Boy," Jackie Cooper, Susanna Foster.  
**COLONY**, 2 Ave. at 79 (RH 4-9888)—Through Fri., Feb. 20: THEY WON'T FORGET, revival, Claude Rains; also HOLLYWOOD CAVALCADE, revival, Alice Faye, Don Ameche... Sat. through Mon., Feb. 21-23: "The Chocolate Soldier," Risé Stevens, Nelson Eddy; also "Confessions of Boston Blackie," Harriet Hilliard, Chester Morris... Tues. and Wed., Feb. 24-25: "They Died with Their Boots On," Olivia de Havilland, Errol Flynn; also "Blues in the Night," Priscilla Lane, Richard Whorf, Betty Field.  
**TRANS-LUX 85TH STREET**, Madison at 85 (BU 8-3180)—Thurs., Feb. 19: LABURNUM GROVE, Edmund Gwenn, Sir Cedric Hardwicke... Fri. through Mon., Feb. 20-23: "You Belong to Me," Barbara Stanwyck, Henry Fonda... From Tues., Feb. 24: "International Lady," Ilona Massey, George Brent.  
**R.K.O. 86TH STREET**, Lexington at 86 (AT 9-8900)—Thurs., Feb. 19: "Bombay Clipper," Irene Hervey, William Gargan; also "Four Jacks and a Jill," Ray Bolger, Anne Shirley, June Havoc... From Fri., Feb. 20: THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER, Bette Davis, Ann Sheridan, Monty Woolley; also "Blue, White, and Perfect," Mary Beth Hughes, Lloyd Nolan.  
**LOEW'S 86TH STREET**, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-5566)—Through Fri., Feb. 20: "Remember the Day," Claudette Colbert, John Payne; also "Confirm or Deny," Joan Bennett, Don Ameche... Sat. through Mon., Feb. 21-23: "Smilin' Through," Jeanette MacDonald, Brian Aherne; also "The Feminine Touch," Rosalind Russell, Don Ameche... Tues. and Wed., Feb. 24-25: "The Stork Pays Off," Rochelle Hudson, Victor Jory; also "Mob Town," the Dead End Kids.  
**ORPHEUM**, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-4607)—Through Mon., Feb. 23: BIRTH OF THE BLUES, Bing Crosby, Mary Martin; also "The Night of January 16th," Ellen Drew, Robert Preston... From Tues., Feb. 24: "Dr. Kildare's Victory," Lew Ayres, Lionel Barrymore, Ann Ayars; also "A Yank on the Burma Road," Laraine Day, Barry Nelson.  
**8TH STREET PLAYHOUSE**, 52 W. 8 (GR 7-7874)—Through Wed., Feb. 25: "Remember the Day," Claudette Colbert, John Payne.  
**SHERIDAN**, 7 Ave. at 12 (WA 9-2166)—Through Mon., Feb. 23: BIRTH OF THE BLUES, Bing Crosby, Mary Martin; also "The Night of January 16th," Ellen Drew, Robert Preston... From Tues., Feb. 24: "Dr. Kildare's Victory," Lew Ayres, Lionel Barrymore, Ann Ayars; also "A Yank on the Burma Road," Laraine Day, Barry Nelson.  
**GREENWICH**, Greenwich Ave. at 12 (WA 9-3350)—Through Fri., Feb. 20: THE MALTESE FALCON, Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart; also "Week End for Three," Jane Wyatt, Dennis O'Keefe... Sat. through Tues., Feb. 21-24: ALL THAT MONEY CAN BUY, Walter Huston, Edward Arnold, Anne Shirley; also "Look Who's Laughing," Edgar Bergen, Charlie McCarthy... From Wed., Feb. 25: "The Chocolate Soldier," Risé Stevens, Nelson Eddy; also "Confessions of Boston Blackie," Harriet Hilliard, Chester Morris.  
**R.K.O. 23RD STREET**, 8 Ave. at 23 (CH 2-3440)—

## WEST SIDE

Thurs., Feb. 19: "Bombay Clipper," Irene Hervey, William Gargan; also "Four Jacks and a Jill," Ray Bolger, Anne Shirley, June Havoc... From Fri., Feb. 20: THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER, Bette Davis, Ann Sheridan, Monty Woolley; also, from Tues., Feb. 24, "Blue, White, and Perfect," Mary Beth Hughes, Lloyd Nolan.  
**TERRACE**, 9 Ave. at 23 (CH 2-9280)—Through Sat., Feb. 21: "Smilin' Through," Jeanette MacDonald, Brian Aherne; also "The Feminine Touch," Rosalind Russell, Don Ameche... Sun. through Wed., Feb. 22-25: "Unholy Partners," Edward G. Robinson, Laraine Day, Edward Arnold; also "Mr. and Mrs. North," Gracie Allen, William Post, Jr.  
**ZIEGFELD**, 6 Ave. at 54 (CI 7-3737)—Through Fri., Feb. 20: "Dr. Kildare's Victory," Lew Ayres, Lionel Barrymore, Ann Ayars; also "A Yank on the Burma Road," Laraine Day, Barry Nelson... Sat. through Wed., Feb. 21-25: "Louisiana Purchase," Vera Zorina, Bob Hope, Victor Moore, Irene Bordon; also "Glamour Boy," Jackie Cooper, Susanna Foster.  
**PARK**, Columbus Circle (CI 5-9512)—Thurs., Feb. 19: "School for Husbands," revival, Rex Harrison; also "The Virgin Bride" (French), revival, Danielle Darrieux... Fri. through Sun., Feb. 20-22: THE LITTLE FOXES, Bette Davis, Herbert Marshall; also "I Met a Murderer," revival, James Mason... Mon. through Wed., Feb. 23-25: ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT, revival, Lew Ayres, Louis Wolheim; also "When Ladies Meet," Joan Crawford, Robert Taylor, Greer Garson.  
**BEACON**, B'way at 75 (TR 4-9132)—Through Tues., Feb. 24: "Remember the Day," Claudette Colbert, John Payne; also "Confirm or Deny," Joan Bennett, Don Ameche... From Wed., Feb. 25: "I Wake Up Screaming," Betty Grable, Victor Mature; also "Swamp Water," Walter Huston, Virginia Gilmore.  
**77TH STREET**, B'way at 77 (TR 4-9382)—Through Sun., Feb. 22: "The Chocolate Soldier," Risé Stevens, Nelson Eddy; also "Confessions of Boston Blackie," Harriet Hilliard, Chester Morris... From Mon., Feb. 23: "Unholy Partners," Edward G. Robinson, Laraine Day, Edward Arnold; also "The Feminine Touch," Rosalind Russell, Don Ameche.  
**R.K.O. 81ST STREET**, B'way at 81 (TR 7-6160)—Thurs., Feb. 19: "Bombay Clipper," Irene Hervey, William Gargan; also "Four Jacks and a Jill," Ray Bolger, Anne Shirley, June Havoc... From Fri., Feb. 20: THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER, Bette Davis, Ann Sheridan, Monty Woolley; also "Blue, White, and Perfect," Mary Beth Hughes, Lloyd Nolan.  
**LOEW'S 83RD STREET**, B'way at 83 (TR 7-3190)—Through Fri., Feb. 20: "Dr. Kildare's Victory," Lew Ayres, Lionel Barrymore, Ann Ayars; also "A Yank on the Burma Road," Laraine Day, Barry Nelson... Sat. through Wed., Feb. 21-25: "Louisiana Purchase," Vera Zorina, Bob Hope, Victor Moore, Irene Bordon; also "Glamour Boy," Jackie Cooper, Susanna Foster.  
**SCHUYLER**, Columbus Ave. at 84 (EN 2-0696)—Thurs., Feb. 19: "Nothing but the Truth," Paulette Goddard, Bob Hope; also "Buy Me That Town," Constance Moore, Lloyd Nolan... Fri. through Mon., Feb. 20-23: HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY, Walter Pidgeon, Maureen O'Hara; also "Moon Over Her Shoulder," Lynn Bari, John Sutton... From Tues., Feb. 24: "Keep 'Em Flying," Abbott and Costello; also "South of Tahiti," Brian Donlevy, Broderick Crawford.  
**STODDARD**, B'way at 90 (SC 4-9257)—Through Wed., Feb. 25: "Smilin' Through," Jeanette MacDonald, Brian Aherne; also "Mr. and Mrs. North," Gracie Allen, William Post, Jr.  
**RIVERSIDE**, B'way at 96 (RI 9-9861)—Thurs., Feb. 19: "Bombay Clipper," Irene Hervey, William Gargan; also "Four Jacks and a Jill," Ray Bolger, Anne Shirley, June Havoc... From Fri., Feb. 20: THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER, Bette Davis, Ann Sheridan, Monty Woolley; also "Blue, White, and Perfect," Mary Beth Hughes, Lloyd Nolan.  
**CARLTON**, B'way at 100 (AC 4-8676)—Through Sun., Feb. 22: "You Belong to Me," Barbara Stanwyck, Henry Fonda; also "International Lady," Ilona Massey, George Brent... Mon. through Wed., Feb. 23-25: "Remember the Day," Claudette Colbert, John Payne; also "Confirm or Deny," Joan Bennett, Don Ameche.  
**OLYMPIA**, B'way at 107 (AC 2-1019)—Through Fri., Feb. 20: "Dr. Kildare's Victory," Lew Ayres, Lionel Barrymore, Ann Ayars; also "A Yank on the Burma Road," Laraine Day, Barry Nelson... Sat. through Wed., Feb. 21-25: "Louisiana Purchase," Vera Zorina, Bob Hope, Victor Moore, Irene Bordon; also "Glamour Boy," Jackie Cooper, Susanna Foster.  
**NEMO**, B'way at 110 (AC 2-9406)—Thurs., Feb. 19: "Bombay Clipper," Irene Hervey, William Gargan; also "Four Jacks and a Jill," Ray Bolger, Anne Shirley, June Havoc... From Fri., Feb. 20: THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER, Bette Davis, Ann Sheridan, Monty Woolley; also "Blue, White, and Perfect," Mary Beth Hughes, Lloyd Nolan.  
**LOEW'S 175TH STREET**, B'way at 175 (WA 7-5200)—Through Fri., Feb. 20: "Dr. Kildare's Victory," Lew Ayres, Lionel Barrymore, Ann Ayars; also "A Yank on the Burma Road," Laraine Day, Barry Nelson... Sat. through Wed., Feb. 21-25: "Louisiana Purchase," Vera Zorina, Bob Hope, Victor Moore, Irene Bordon; also "Glamour Boy," Jackie Cooper, Susanna Foster.  
**COLISEUM**, B'way at 181 (WA 7-7200)—Thurs., Feb. 19: "Bombay Clipper," Irene Hervey, William Gargan; also "Four Jacks and a Jill," Ray Bolger, Anne Shirley, June Havoc... From Fri., Feb. 20: THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER, Bette Davis, Ann Sheridan, Monty Woolley; also "Blue, White, and Perfect," Mary Beth Hughes, Lloyd Nolan.





**bravo for our suit-dress!...** Altman-advocated because it looks like a dress, but is built like a suit . . . because it's ever so flattering and wearable! Only ornament: those dancing balls of braid fringe . . . in the South American manner. Prize costume for early Spring from our new, larger shop of Mid-town Fashions\* . . . where you're always sure to find youthful, much-for-your-money fashions! Black, grey, navy-blue, or sweet-lilac rayon crepe. 12 to 20, 25.00. Mid-town Fashions\* shop, third floor

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FIFTH AVENUE **B. ALTMAN & CO.** NEW YORK





## THE TALK OF THE TOWN

### Notes and Comment

**T**HIS is our seventeenth birthday as a magazine, but only our first as one in a nation at war. Every year at this time it has been our habit to try to put down on this page some appropriate sentiment, a line or a paragraph indicative of the state of our mind on each succeeding anniversary. It occurred to us last week that, in a summary of all this material, we might find some clue to the pattern of our growth, some clear graph of our spiritual progress from Coolidge to Hoover to Roosevelt; from the chicken in the pot to the grass in the street to the bomber in the sky. Going back to the files, we skipped through the forgotten years, glumly noting our forgotten thoughts. We print the following excerpts for the possible information of some social historian of the future, whose business it will be to interpret them for posterity. He has our profound sympathy:

1925: *The New Yorker* starts with a declaration of serious purpose but with a concomitant declaration that it will not be too serious in executing it. It hopes to reflect metropolitan life, to keep up with events and affairs of the day, to be gay, humorous, satirical but to be more than a jester.

1926: In our editorial mind we cannot conceal from ourselves that we are only as far ahead at the end of fifty-two weeks as we expected to be at the end of ten. The vision of a perfect magazine remains a vision still.

1927: During the last year great things were accomplished. We repeatedly called attention to the fact that the Elevated makes a lot of noise, and we complained about the impracticability of the informa-

tion booth in the Pennsylvania Station. . . . Yet it must be admitted that, the world being what it is, we have found it difficult to be solemn. . . . We turn the page with a resolve to do better in the future. We may, even in the next twelve months, develop a Righteous Cause or two and become Important.

1928: There have been rumors that we were going to adopt a Policy, but the blessed event seems as far off as ever. Even when we write serious editorials on this page, we do not always understand them ourself.

1929: Sometimes we wonder if our government is not just an expensive hobby of a people accustomed to spend money. It is appalling how much time and substance a citizen gives to his own governing.

1930: After five years *The New Yorker's* accomplishments are only two: we had the information booth in the Pennsylvania Station moved into the middle of the room, and we became such an obsession with the Telephone Company that they imitated our type on the cover of the new directory. We are proud of these two achievements but they don't seem enough. There is an ineffectualness about all publishing and most writing.

1931: There was something tangible about the news that New York's reservoirs were running low—something we were able to get our teeth into, in this age of whimsy and fluff.

1932: We have decided that Communists have bad manners. . . .

1933: It is time the Cornelius Vanderbilts spruced up. Their curtains need changing, for one thing.

1934: Last week a friendly member of a law firm sent us a succinct description of *The New Yorker* which he happened upon in a case involving advertising and which seemed to summarize the public estimate of our distinctive character. "The suggestion for *The New Yorker*," it goes, "will put us into an influential magazine with an exclusive metropolitan circulation, reaching people who, relatively speaking,

lead fast lives and who are in that sense good prospects for mineral salt baths." It brings us no little happiness on this our ninth birthday to close our eyes and conjure up visions of thousands of readers, all of them leading fast lives and constantly taking baths of mineral salts.

1935: Ten years ago this week *The New Yorker* put in an appearance and the town was yellow with the dust of butterfly wings.

1936: We are growing more frightened of the fascism of music (or of sound) than of government.

1937: We are not sure we agree with President Roosevelt. . . .

1938: On our thirteenth birthday we extend our respectful congratulations to the Union League Club, which has just celebrated its seventy-fifth. Hi, pop.

1939: A few weeks ago we published a remarkable letter from a man who wrote that Hitler had been assassinated in Hamburg in November or December of 1935. . . .

1940: Editorially speaking, we are fifteen years old this week, an awkward age. The voice is, or should be, beginning to change, the beard to sprout, the mind to broaden and mature. . . . It is time for us. . . to put away our childish toys. The trouble is that there's no telling what we may find ourself taking up instead. A fifteen-year-old these days who puts away his football has a fine chance of having somebody hand him a Mills bomb. Nineteen-forty is no year for anybody to be getting out of short pants.

1941: About half our ideas, we've discovered, lead nowhere. . . .

Rereading these vagrant sentences, these periodic samplings of the stream, we are struck again with the vanity of editorial aspirations. The information booth at the Pennsylvania Station remains where we put it, in the middle of the room; the Elevated that bothered us in 1927 is quiet forever; we have discov-





ered that the correct form of the editorial pronoun is "ourselves" and not "ourselves;" we have even learned to fear the fascism of government above that of sound or anything else. The vision of a perfect magazine, however, is just a vision still, and more than half our ideas continue to lead nowhere. But, after all, we are only seventeen, and there may be hope for us yet. We no longer dream of being important (perhaps a good sign in itself), but we have at least adopted a cause that seems to us righteous and a determination to see it triumphant in the end. Like the rest of the nation, we haven't progressed much beyond this simple determination, coupled with a growing realization of what it is likely to mean, but it may be a beginning. When our 1942 goes down in the books, we'll be content if it is simply known as the year we finally stopped believing in fairies.

### *As Advertised*

RAND McNALLY has (or had) a sign on the front of its map store on Fiftieth Street reading "Maps of All Publishers." Well, Rand McNally has called us up to report that the other day a customer went in and wanted to buy one.

### *Minnie's Ski Troops*

A NEW YORK insurance broker named Charles Minot Dole—Minnie to his friends—is in large part responsible for the formation of this country's first alpine military force, now in training on skis on the slopes of Mount Rainier, State of Washington. We'll start at the beginning and explain that "Minnie" is a nickname Dole got in the last war; he joined up before he was shaving regularly, and this led to a witty sergeant's corrupting his middle name. Anyway, he has always been an enthusiastic skier. Five years ago, he suffered a broken ankle in a fall while skiing on Mount Mansfield and had a pretty bad time of it before they got him to a hospital. Then, only two months later, one of his best friends was killed in a skiing accident. Dole decided that there ought to be a national organization of ski-wise volunteers to patrol ski slopes and be ready to offer advice and first aid. The National Ski Association liked the idea, and before Minnie knew it, he was in charge of organizing the thing. The result was the National Ski Patrol, an outfit of competent volunteers, forty-five hundred strong, who patrol all the ski trails in the country;

they have thirty-nine hundred rescues to their credit, so far.

Well, early in the summer of 1940, with selective service in the air, Minnie got to thinking about the part skiers could play in the war. He took a sample poll of four hundred Ski Patrol members and found them eighty per cent in favor of ski troops. One balmy afternoon, instead of returning to his office after lunch, he took the ferry to Governors Island, with nothing in mind except a desire to confide in a military man. After talking with various staff officers, he found himself closeted with General Phillipson. The General liked his plan and told him he ought to take it to Washington. This Minnie did, in company with Mr. John E. P. Morgan, of Greenwich, Connecticut, treasurer of the Ski Patrol. It was hot in Washington—about 110°, as Minnie recalls it—and the first Army people he talked to seemed apathetic about his notion. He plugged away, however, and, aided by a friend in the Army who was a skier, eventually got in to see General Marshall himself on a later trip. General Marshall was attracted by the idea and in due course approved it.

The First Battalion of the 87th Infantry Mountain Regiment (Reinforced), as the first ski outfit of the Army is called, was "activated," or officially authorized, by the Secretary of War last November, its full strength to be twelve hundred. The War Department, taking cognizance of its own ignorance of skiing, turned part of its recruiting problem over to the Ski Patrol, making it one of the few private recruiting aids in the country. Way it worked, the Patrol officials investigated the skiing ability of a volunteer and, if they were satisfied with him, sent him along to the Army recruiting office, where he went through all the routine tests and, if accepted, took the thirteen weeks of basic training. Men already in the Army who want to become ski troops not only have to apply for transfer to the 87th Regiment but also have

to apply to the Ski Patrol for endorsement. Don't get the idea that ski troops just coast downhill all winter. There are plenty of arduous duties, including long climbs, snowshoe hikes, and even K.P. In the summer, the ski troops will practice straight mountain-climbing, camping out, etc. Minnie is gratified with results, but he thinks this winter's Russian campaign would have sold the idea anyhow.

### *Dossier on Saw*

SEVERAL weeks ago, when the news flash came through about the arrest of the double-dealing Burmese Prime Minister, U Saw, a newspaper reporter we know sent down to the office morgue for all the available material on Saw. It was delivered to him in a Manila envelope marked "Saw, Enigmatic U."

### *Good-Will Jaunt*

EVER a good neighbor, we recently inspected the world's largest collection of Colombian birds, which is now in the birdhouse of the Bronx Zoo. We made our tour under the guidance of Mr. William Bridges, the press attaché up there, and found him full of lore. The display comprises sixty birds of twenty-three kinds, all collected at altitudes exceeding two thousand feet, or in the mellow-coffee belt. The cages in which they are kept have been painted light blue and decorated with the Colombian national colors and coat of arms, giving that sector a gala tone. First off, Mr. Bridges showed us several scarlet cocks-of-the-rock, the show's rarest offering. This bird looks like Jimmy Durante except for a crest of feathers which somewhat obscures its beak. It's about the size of a Public Library pigeon. The species has never been exhibited in any zoo before. Its only previous public appearance of any kind, so far as known, was in Ricaurte, a village of fifty houses on stilts in the Colombian rain forest, where five months ago collectors for the Zoo discovered two immature specimens in a homemade cage. The natives had come upon their nest and gleefully snatched them up, and the ornithologists gleefully snatched them from the natives, at a peso apiece. These birds have now got their full growth and are among five of their species in the Bronx. The other three were caught by the Zoo men in nets made of thread and set up across jungle flyways. Mr. Bridges told us that, next to the water ouzel, a





strange bird that can be found most conveniently in Utah, the cock is the most water-loving land bird he could think of. The cock builds its nest on a rocky shelf back of a waterfall, and goes to and fro without ever catching cold. The water ouzel makes a practice of wading up and down running streams, getting its food from the bottom.

Vying in interest with the cocks-of-the-rock, from our standpoint, was a dour Latin-American the size of a sparrow, called the club-winged manakin. He was caged with several bright and cheerful birds that accentuated his drabness and the lameness of his flying, which is characteristic of the species. He has never been exhibited in a zoo before, either, and since he has been caged, a weird discovery has been made about him: he'll readily eat his own weight in a few hours, if he has a mind to and there is enough food around. All in all, quite monstrous in his small way. As we were staring at the manakin, several loud squawks came from across the bird-house, and we looked

around to see a large, spectacularly colored bird cutting up in a most amazing manner. He was identified by Mr. Bridges as a Count Salvadori's bird of paradise (so called to honor a nineteenth-century Italian ornithologist). "Mating display," said Mr. Bridges. "Rather rare, rather pathetic. The nearest female is in the jungles of New Guinea."

Mr. Bridges next took us to a cage containing several varieties of Colombian hummingbirds, including the Heavenly Sylph, a little number that looked as sleek, when momentarily resting on a limb, as a graduate of the Hudnut Success School. The Colombian hummingbirds are much like our own hummingbirds. Mr. Bridges told us that all hummingbirds weigh less than a penny and that on every upstroke their wings

turn bottom side up. This makes more impressive than ever the fact that their wings flap at the rate of thirty-five hundred times a minute. We were joined before the hummingbirds by two middle-aged ladies, one of whom voiced a strange idea about hummingbirds. She told the other lady that she had once held one and had released it just in time to prevent its boring right through her hand, from front to back. "I suppose these Colombian hummingbirds are just as bad as the ones we have in Larchmont," she said.

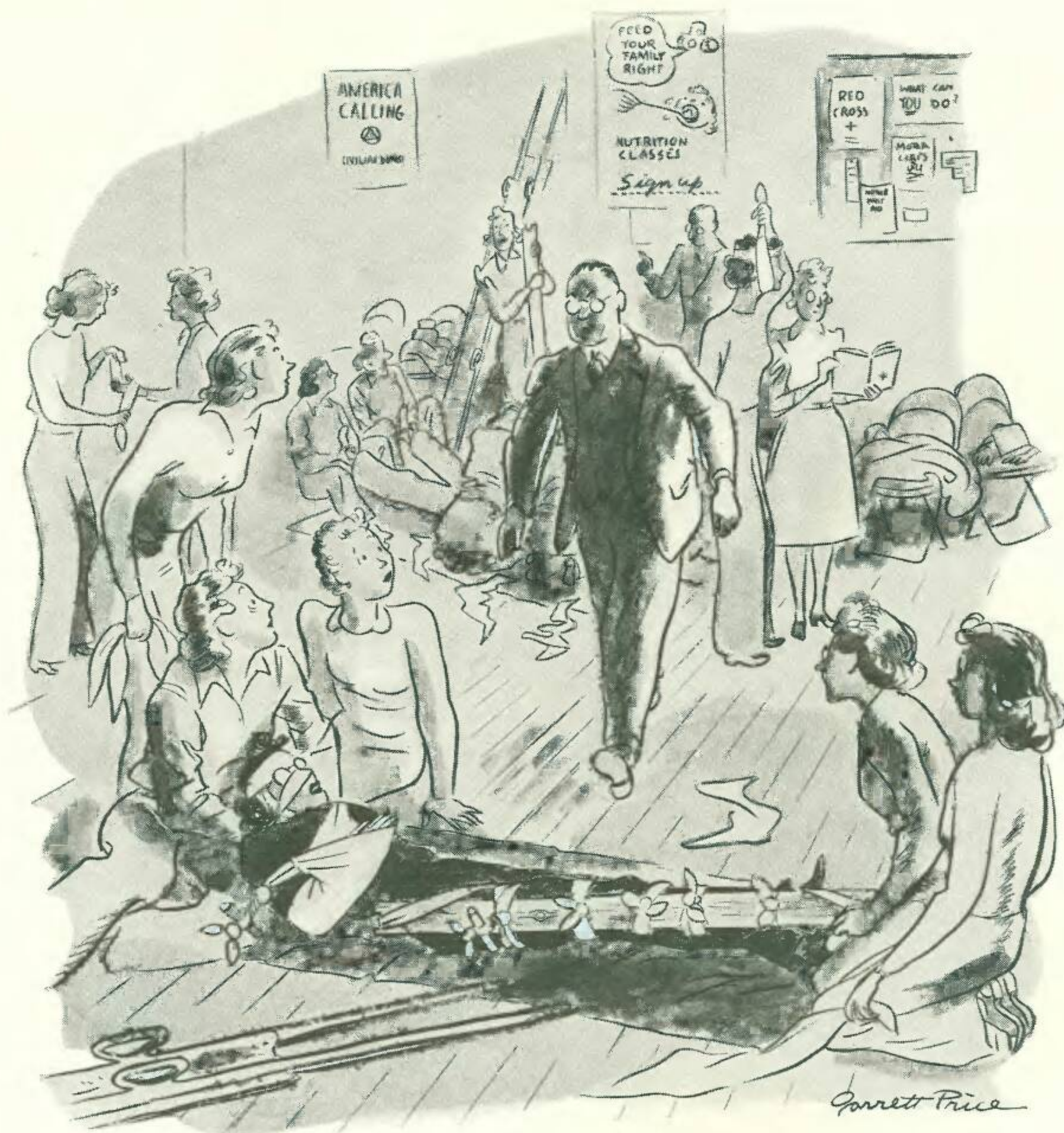
### Slogan

PEOPLE who receive a letter from the Collector of Taxes of East Orange, New Jersey, sometimes forget to

open it, the outside is so fascinating. The postage-meter stamp says, "Come to East Orange, New Jersey's Most Modern Suburb," and there is a good deal of other printing, including a map of the city, statistics on population and housing, and the advice to "Drive Carefully, Save Time & Expense." A few weeks ago the Collector of Taxes, doubtless feeling that some sort of war gesture was in order, added a rubber-stamped sentence: "Remember Pearl Harbor. Do Not Forget East Orange."

### Lady Shark

THE latest phenomenon we have to report is a lady pool player. Her name is Ruth McGinnis, and she recently made third- or fourth-degree his-



*"Just a moment, ladies. Wasn't your problem a broken nose?"*



tory by being the first of her sex to play in a men's championship tournament, or any championship tournament, for that matter, there being none for women. Miss McGinnis turned up at McGirr's Academy on Broadway last week to have a shot at the New York State pocket-billiard championship, and we turned up to have a journalistic shot at Miss McGinnis.

We first encountered Mr. McGirr, who takes no little pride in having accepted Miss McGinnis's entry. "At first I was ridiculed," he told us. "Everyone thought it was very laughable. They said she wouldn't win a game. Then she went ahead and won four out of nine, and now they are taking her more seriously." He told us that Miss McGinnis was playing with a forty-five-point handicap and that she had at that moment just started on her tenth game out of the eleven each entry in the tournament must play. Thereupon he took us inside the canvas enclosure which separated the exhibition table from the rest of the Academy and sat us down to watch his novelty in action against Peter Christensen, who had won seven and lost two. Miss McGinnis was shooting when we came in, and the score read 48 to minus 1, showing that her opponent had already lost one ball on a scratch and she had run three. The game was for the standard total of 125.

Our quarry proved to be a brunette colleen of medium height, dressed in

brown skirt, plaid jacket, handkerchief which matched her skirt, and a pin which sparkled bravely through the tobacco smoke. The fingers that held her cue, and in fact the ones that didn't, were decked out in nail polish of a dark shade of pink. She moved around the table with professional briskness, differing little from the ordinary, or male, player. We noticed that there were two women in the gallery instead of the usual none. Miss McGinnis ran her score up to 85 while Mr. Christensen was picking up 17, and it looked as though she was on her way to her fifth victory when Christensen suddenly went off on a run of 71 and then won at 125 to 93.

We talked with Miss McGinnis for a while after the game, and discovered that she is thirty years old and learned to play back home in her father's pool hall in Honesdale, Pennsylvania. She started at seven and by the time she was ten she could beat about anybody in town. She told us that she had gone to East Stroudsburg Teachers College but didn't expect to teach anything except pool. What with exhibitions and an academy of her own, which she ran for a while in Providence, Rhode Island, she has made her living from the game. She used to play semi-professional baseball in the summer, pitching for various men's teams for a couple of innings at a time, and once, when Babe Didrikson offered to lick any fellow-woman at any sport she cared to name, Miss McGinnis

took her on at pool and beat her handily. "She didn't know much about the game," Miss McGinnis said, "but I guess she figured none of the rest of us did, either."

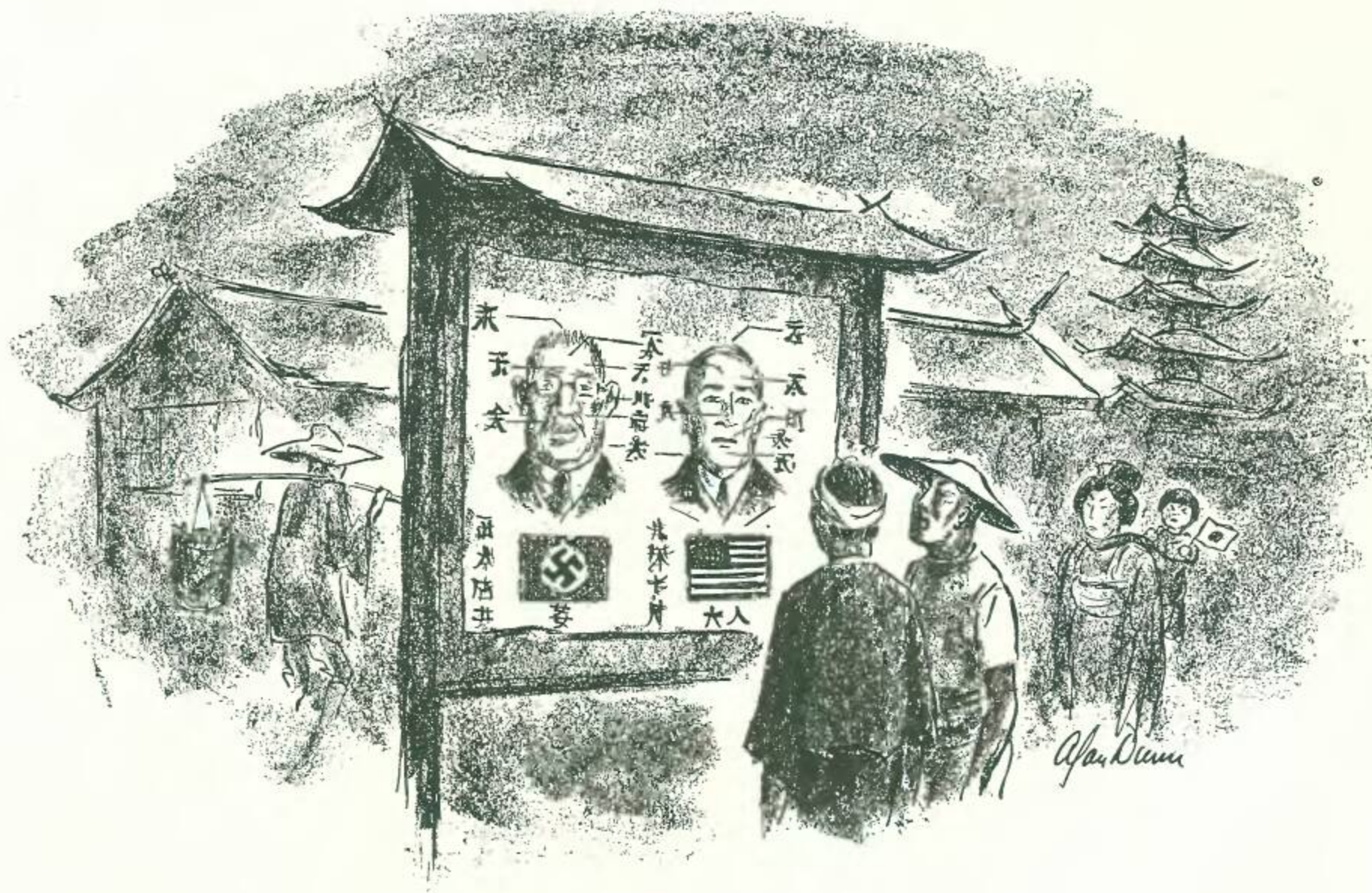
We asked if many of the men she had beaten had given demonstrations of pique, and she said that some had, especially one man in Akron. "He tore his hair out," she told us. "He wanted to play me right away again for five hundred dollars. I said I didn't make money easy enough to pull any tricks like that." We asked Miss McGinnis if she had picked up any of the antics, such as stalling or feigning nonchalance, that male players use to rattle each other. "You mean do I shark them?" she said. "No, I haven't yet, but I may in time. Plenty of them do it to me. Not all of them are gentlemen."

### Valentine

THE saddest Valentine's Day story this year was an enormously involved affair which starts with a young lady named Therese telephoning Western Union and asking that Valentine Greeting 242 be delivered to a certain young man. Valentine Greeting 242 might be criticized as kind of silly, but it's definitely harmless; it reads, "Hens cackle, Roosters crow, You're my Valentine, Don't cha know." Western Union, however, sent out Valentine Greeting 241, which reads, "Be my Valentine, Be my honey, We'll live on Love and Daddy's money." Daddy got hold of it, inevitably, and while he is probably no more suspicious than other daddies, there was a lot of explaining to be done. Western Union, we're glad to report, wrote a manly, straightforward letter accepting all the blame, which was considerable.

### 7 East 61

BRIGHT and early last Monday we pressed the buzzer on the front door of the five-story stone house at 7 East Sixty-first Street, which used to be the home of Mrs. John T. Pratt and is now the Consulate of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. A stolid-look-



"I still can't tell 'em apart."



ing man with a bowl-shaped haircut admitted us, led us upstairs to a marble-floored reception hall, and asked us to wait. We sat on a leather lounge under the tolerant gaze of Stalin and Lenin, whose portraits hung on the wall, and thumbed through an old copy of a tabloid called *Moscow News*, which has editorial offices in Moscow, is printed in English, and, according to its masthead, sells for fifteen kopecks. On page 4 we came upon a familiar byline, that of Ralph Ingersoll, the prolific *PM* man. He had written an article entitled "Impressions of Moscow" for the *News* and said in small part: "It is good to feel your confidence. You are fresh and young and strong. You are also obviously very well organized." At this point our attention was distracted by a Russian sweater girl who passed through the hall looking awfully fresh and young and strong and obviously well organized. In a room across the hall

a switchboard lady was spelling out for an unseen someone the name of the Consul General, V. A. Fediushine: "V for Victory, A for Australia, F for Franklin, E for England..." It was very comforting.

We were finally shown into the office of an attaché, who jotted down our name, address, and nationality and inquired the purpose of our visit. We said we were a journalist just come to look around and tell of what we saw, and he said our call was hardly in the character of regular procedure. After a short wait, however, he took us into the office of Mr. Dimitri Zaikin, a vice-consul, a youngish man with close-cropped light hair and a pleasant smile. Mr. Zaikin told us that the Consulate was a busy place these days, what with people dropping in to make contributions to the Russian War Relief fund, inquire about relatives in the war zones, or volunteer for service in the Russian Army. Zaikin said no volunteers were be-

ing accepted, though they are thanked heartily for their good intentions. Naturally, he said, everybody around the Consulate is feeling pretty good about Hitler's retreat and is confident of ultimate victory.

Mr. Zaikin then took us on a rather limited tour of inspection, explaining that the Consul General and his wife had their living quarters on the third floor and couldn't be disturbed. The fourth and fifth floors, he said, were given over to offices. On the stair landing between the first and second floors was a tremendous bas-relief of Lenin and Stalin, illuminated by a pair of baby spots; it was moved in from the World's Fair, Mr. Zaikin said. On the second floor, we peeked into Mrs. Pratt's (and the U.S.S.R.'s) ballroom and the dining room, which had only six seats at the table and was clearly not geared to expansive diplomacy. On the way downstairs we saw a stirrup pump. We remarked to Mr. Zaikin, as we were

putting on our coat and hat, that all the people at the Consulate seemed to be very young. "Yes," he said. "Even the Consul General is only thirty-three. We are a young country."

### Informal

WE know a bachelor named Smith who retains a West Indian house-boy, on a part-time basis, to keep order in his flat, a modest two-and-a-half-room diggings on East Seventieth Street. The other day he was mildly shocked by the discovery that the boy had been answering telephone calls with "This is the residence of Mr. Smith." Our householder explained in simple language that he thought this was rather too formal. "After all," he concluded, "this is only a walkup apartment." The boy proved entirely agreeable in this matter. The next time the telephone rang he said, by way of greeting, "This is the walkup apartment of Mr. Smith."



*"It's from Nelson Halliday! 'Greetings from Miami, Florida,' it says."*





Peter  
Arno

*"When do the celebrities start fighting?"*



# SMUGGLERS IN THE DUST,

OR, HOLLYWOOD HITS BACK

New racket, consisting of the smuggling of tourists into film studios, is being stamped out by industry execs, working in collaboration with the Better Business Bureau. Gang in downtown Los Angeles had been slipping visitors, at \$7.50 per head, into the picture lots through bribery and other subterfuges.—*Variety*.

(Scene: A rather sordid opium den in downtown Los Angeles. Two tiers of bunks at left and right contain huddled figures, obviously slaves of the poppy. Downstage, at centre, an unearthly greenish glow picks out the figure of an Old Man crouched over a kerosene lamp. He is turning an opium pill on a hatpin over the lamp flame and muttering the inscrutable wisdom of the East. At left, a sliding panel in the wall, marked "Sliding Panel," and at right a telephone, unfortunately without any wires.)

OLD MAN (muttering the inscrutable wisdom of the East): Five thousand years ago the sage hath said, "If a pepper seed takes wings, it will turn into a dragonfly, yet if a dragonfly loses its wings, it will not revert to a pepper seed." That is what the sage hath said five thousand years ago. (The door at rear opens suddenly and Bob Bundy, a young motion-picture executive, enters. He looks about curiously.)

BOB BUNDY (aside): What a strange place! My chum Tyrone Rukeiser must have been joking when he told me to meet him here. But then, he is the smartest investigator in the Los Angeles Better Business Bureau and as bright as a new penny. With his resourcefulness and cool daring, we should soon see the last of the gang which has been slipping visitors, at \$7.50 per head, into the picture lots through bribery and other subterfuges. (Sees Old Man huddled over lamp) Hullo! Perhaps this bit of human flotsam can assist me. . . . Have you seen a young man answering to the name of Tyrone Rukeiser?

OLD MAN (querulously): No savvy Tylone Lukeiser. This No. 1 sordid hop joint, catchum plenty first-chop opium.

BOB (aside): John Chinaman is a slick customer; I shall have to match wits with him. . . . Have you a telephone, my friend?

OLD MAN: Telephone here but no wires along him.

BOB: Perhaps it will work without them. (Into phone) Hello, Central? Give me Tyrone Rukeiser, ace investigator of the Better Business Bureau and

sworn nemesis of the gang which has been slipping visitors, at \$7.50 per head, into the picture lots through bribery and other subterfuges. . . . What, he left hours ago? Oh, beans!

OLD MAN (chuckling): Tylone Lukeiser allee samee big fool.

BOB (hotly): Easy, Mister, easy! Anything you say about that party goes double for Bob Bundy!

OLD MAN: Bob Bundy him likewise a jerk.

BOB (advancing with doubled fists): Darn your impertinence, you scum— (Old Man rises, slips off his disguise, revealing Tyrone Rukeiser.)

TYRONE (good-humoredly): Not so fast, Bob Bundy!

BOB (gasping): You had me nonplussed for a moment. You could pass muster anywhere, old man!

TYRONE: You bet I could pass muster [mustard]; I hate it. . . . Now look here, Bob, we have no time to lose. Have you a "roscoe" on your person?

BOB (pats his pocket significantly): Yes, I brought my Mauser.

TYRONE: Good. We'll need your Mauser [mouser] for these rats.

BOB: But tell me—where are we?

TYRONE: In the stronghold of "Shameful Roger" Esterhazy, guiding genius of the gang himself.

BOB: Phew!

TYRONE: Exactly. And tonight finds our precious friend on the threshold of what may well be his most audacious exploit. You recall the recent disappearance of a certain Eunice Haverstraw, only daughter of wealthy Judge Haverstraw of Vandalia, Mo.?

BOB: I thought little of it at the time.

TYRONE: Few did. Through sources of information at my disposal, however, I soon found that Shameful Roger is keeping her prisoner in this maze of underground tunnels, employing a drug, as yet little known to science, which paralyzes the will. (Lowering his voice) Bob, I have every reason to believe he plans to substitute her for glamorous Irene Dunne in the R.K.O. production



"She Married Her Public Relations Counsel"!

BOB: The man must be a devil in human guise!

TYRONE: Furthermore, he intends to smuggle himself into Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, fob himself off as Louis B. Mayer, and embark on a veritable orgy of substitution!

BOB: How to circumvent this mad enterprise calculated to strike at the very heart of the flicker industry?

TYRONE: I have been racking my pate for the solution. Luckily, I have wormed my way into the confidence of "Feathers" Blake, Esterhazy's moll, whom I am expecting here at any moment.

BOB (soberly): This is playing with fire, old chap. Keep your nose clean; you are treading on dangerous ground.

TYRONE (pushing him out the door): Look, you go and reconnoitre. And if you can't find Eunice Haverstraw, for God's sake dig up some new metaphors. (As Bob exits, the sliding panel opens and "Feathers" Blake enters sinuously. She wears tight black satin and silver foxes, carries a mesh bag containing a wicked little pearl-handled revolver.)

FEATHERS (her eyes smoldering): Hello, you two-timing bastard.

TYRONE: Why, what's the matter, Feathers?

FEATHERS: Nothing. I always say that whenever I enter a room. (Lifting her face to his) Like me a little?

TYRONE: What do you think?

FEATHERS: What do I think?

TYRONE: Yes, what do you think?

FEATHERS: About what?

TYRONE: I forget.

FEATHERS: The trouble with you is you're more in love with love than you are with me.

TYRONE (parrying): Love is a sometime thing.

FEATHERS: Well, get this, brother. You remain true to me or I'll kill you.

TYRONE (thinking to pass it off lightly): You'll have to make me a better offer than that—ha-ha-ha!

FEATHERS: Quiet, you lug. (She seals his mouth with a kiss.)

TYRONE: I wonder if we're being quite fair to "Shameful Roger" Esterhazy.

FEATHERS: Pah! He's busy with that blonde milksop, Eunice Haverstraw.

TYRONE (craftily): Where do you suppose he keeps her concealed?

FEATHERS (off her guard): In a suite of apartments directly above,





"Which you am I talking to now?"

furnished in truly Oriental splendor.

TYRONE: Say, let's sneak up there—it might be a lark! (*A gong sounds; they turn, startled, to find "Shameful Roger" Esterhazy in the doorway. He is a sinister, well-groomed individual on the order of Cesar Romero, educated both here and abroad, and speaks several languages miserably. The occupants of the bunks slide down and surround the guilty couple.*)

ESTERHAZY (*blandly*): Good evening, my dear. . . . So you're the young man who has been meddling in my affairs. (*His men seize and bind Tyrone and Feathers.*)

TYRONE (*boldly*): Your goose is cooked, Esterhazy. All the facts relative to your dubious operations are in a safe-deposit box at the Cordwainers' and Poulterers' National Bank—and the D.A. has the key!

ESTERHAZY: Yes, my friend, but I have *you*. Now, Mr. Rukeiser, we shall have a little *divertissement*, so you will please to sit very quietly in that chair. (*His aides produce a gunnysack, place Feathers inside, and open a trapdoor.*)

TYRONE (*playing for time*): You are a cunning adversary, Shameful Roger. I confess I hardly expected to see the Los Angeles River here.

ESTERHAZY: Simply a tributary, my dear fellow, but the effect is the same. You're next, so watch closely. Lower away, lads. (*As they pick up the bag, the sharp notes of a bugle ring out offstage and eight comely misses in Girl Scout uniform burst in the door, brandishing swords made of lath. They quickly overpower Esterhazy and his confederates.*)

CORPORAL DORA AMMIDOWN (*to*

Tyrone): We got your message in the nick of time.

ESTERHAZY (*with an oath*): Jeekers! Who are you, anyway?

THE GIRLS: The D.A.R.!

ESTERHAZY: Who?

THE GIRLS: The Daughters of Albertina Rasch!

BOB BUNDY (*entering with a beautiful heiress*): And here is Eunice Haverstraw, in fairly good condition. (*A portly gentleman in cutaway and silk hat pushes through the throng and embraces Eunice.*)

JUDGE HAVERSTRAW (*to Tyrone*): You've rounded up a dangerous nest of radicals, my boy. Here is my certified check for fifty thousand dollars Mex. (*His eyes twinkling*) And if Eunice still wants you—well, son, there's always a partnership open in Dostoevski, Griscom, Zarathustra & Haverstraw.

TYRONE: Thanks, Judge, but—well, I guess I have a previous commitment.

JUDGE HAVERSTRAW (*loudly*): Why, what do you mean, you insolent guttersnipe?

TYRONE (*softly, to Bob*): Shall we tell them?

BOB (*blushing*): If—if you like, Tyrone. (*Bob hastily removes his disguise of motion-picture executive, revealing himself to be Rosalind Russell. An instant of surprise, and then all join in a long locomotive for the lovers and troop off, leaving Feathers to kick around disconsolately in her gunnysack until the stagehands release her.*)

CURTAIN

—S. J. PERELMAN

## LITANY FOR A NEW A.E.F.

Epaulettes of Farragut,  
Powder-horn of Boone,  
Hawaii's fateful morning,  
Shiloh's fearful moon.

(*Be with us as we embark.*)

Bayonets in Belleau Wood,  
Song of Marion's men,  
Fox-holes in the Philippines,  
Wake's grim garrison.

(*Be an example unto us.*)

Lincoln's face, its sadness;  
"That from these honored dead  
We take increased devotion . . ."  
Other things he said.

(*Support us in the battle.*)

Stars above our cornfields,  
Morning-colored wind,  
Snow, and wood-fires burning  
On hearths we leave behind.

(*Shine for us, dear beacons.*)

God of the hidden purpose,  
Let our embarking be  
The prayer of proud men asking  
Not to be safe, but free.

—HENRY MORTON ROBINSON



## A PLACE OF GREAT HISTORICAL INTEREST

MRS. DEVEREAUX stood by the pantry door. In her dining room she could hear the footsteps and the nervous coughing of people she would never know. She had not felt as mischievous and guilty since her childhood. "The furniture is Duncan Phyfe," she heard Miss Patten, the secretary of the Westfield Historical Society, explaining. "The gold china on the sideboard has been used by the family to celebrate four golden-wedding anniversaries, and the etching over the mantelpiece is a representation of the death of Montcalm in the Battle of the Plains of Abraham. Please follow me. Do not handle anything. . . ." Mrs. Devereaux waited in the pantry until she heard the front door open and close. Then she went through the dining room into the hall, where Miss Patten was resting.

"How many were there?" Mrs. Devereaux asked.

"Eight." Miss Patten seemed tired. "The senior class of the high school is coming at half past three. There'll be twenty-six of them."

"I think you're doing wonderfully," Mrs. Devereaux said. "I heard you coming through the dining room. I don't see how you remember all those things."

"Someone has to remember them," Miss Patten said.

"Shall I have them make you a cup of tea?"

"No thank you," Miss Patten said.

Mrs. Devereaux went on into the drawing room to see if anything had been stolen. She had removed all the ashtrays and cigarette boxes, but people were not to be trusted and she wouldn't put the theft of a candlestick or a picture beyond any of them. Everything seemed to be in order, so she went into the back parlor and dealt herself a hand of solitaire, a game her analyst had recommended. She talked aloud as she put down the cards: "Black ten on red jack, red nine on black ten, black eight on red nine . . ." She was a frail woman and had to take digitalis for her heart. Her eyes were watery and her lips were slack and the bones of her face were beginning to show. When she heard her daughter Iphigenia's footsteps outside, she called, "If you use the lavatory in the vestibule, dear, be sure and close the

door. The whole high school is coming through the house. And if you go downtown again, I wish you'd stop at the Western Union office and get a telegram for me."

"I took your clothes to the cleaner's, got the groceries, mailed Charlie's letters, and bought some nail polish for the cook," Iphigenia said, "and if anyone asks me to do anything else, I'll scream." She came into the back parlor, a fat girl in her middle twenties. Her face was so plain that she was sometimes mistaken for her mother's maid. She had had to do all the driving since her brother Charlie lost his license for speeding. "I'm sick and tired of doing everything for everyone in this family," she said. "I'm going to Palm Beach next week with the Hoveys, and then you'll have to get a chauffeur."

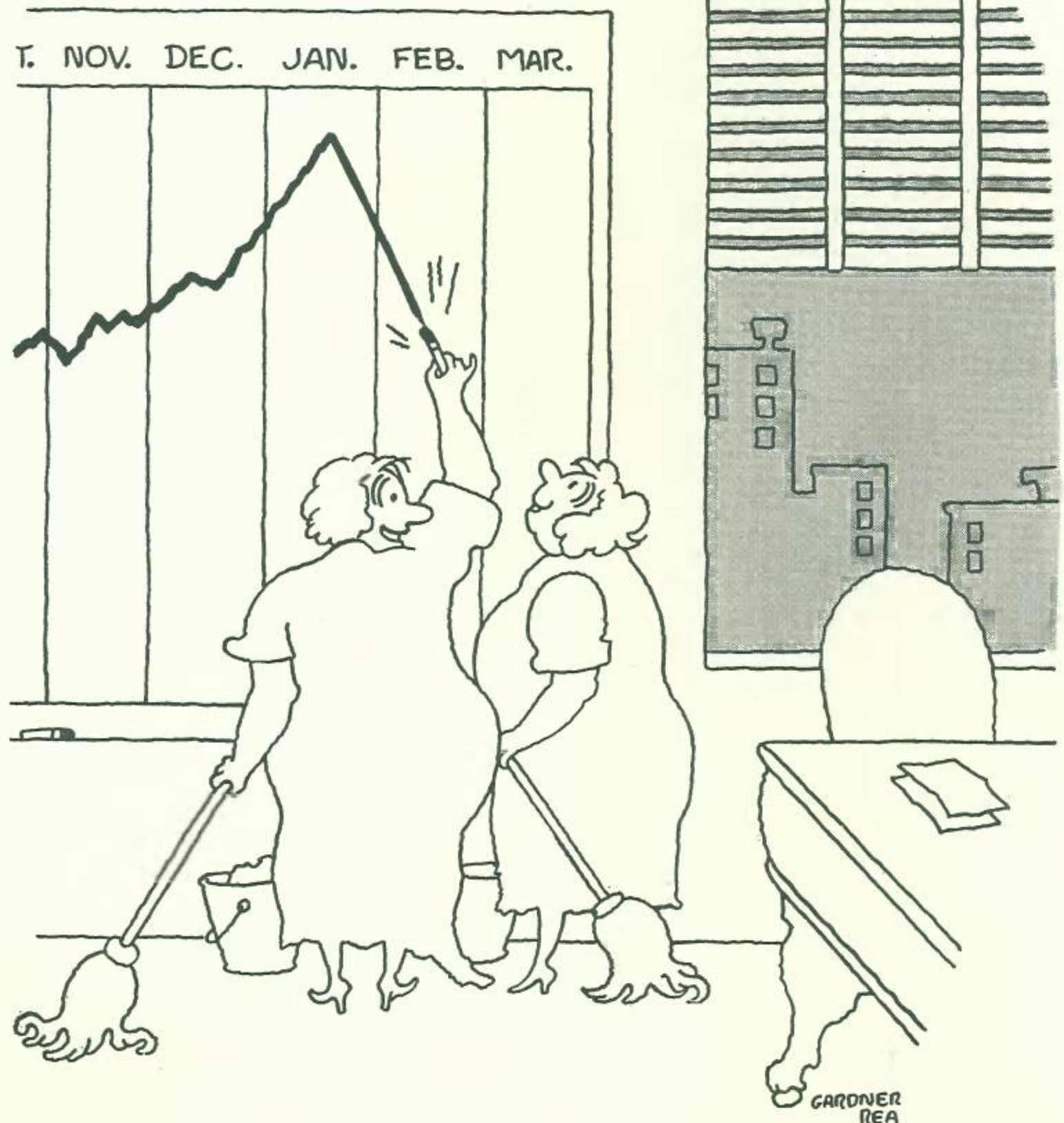
"You know perfectly well that I can't get a chauffeur," Mrs. Devereaux

said. "They're all in Bridgeport, making guns."

"I'm so indispensable that you probably won't let me go to Palm Beach," Iphigenia said. "You'll think up some plan so I can't go to Palm Beach. Everyone else in this family makes plans and they go through, but I make plans and nothing ever happens."

IT would be hot in Palm Beach, Iphigenia thought; it would be hot in Palm Beach and she would spend the rest of her life taking care of her family in a cold, wet, godforsaken Connecticut town. Her brother Charlie came into the room, and she turned to him and asked bitterly, "Did you have a nice time last night, dear?"

"They took a photograph of me dancing with the Contessa Montessoro," Charlie said. "Winchell has me in his column this morning. The Hulings were there—airplane accessories. And Mrs. Burns—chewy candy bars. And



"Boy, what I'd give to see his face tomorrow!"



the T. MacFadden Osgoods—ropes and cables. And some people who have a big folding-box company in Chicago, but I can't remember their names."

"Pierce?" Mrs. Devereaux asked.

"No." Charlie crossed the room, examined his mother's cards, and shifted several of them. He had been out of college two years and he was now waiting to be drafted. He had a cap of light, curly hair, blue eyes, and sharp, regular features that made him look like an Arrow Collar advertisement of the nineteen-twenties.

"You're going to the Dobles' party," Mrs. Devereaux said suddenly to her daughter. "That's why you can't go to Palm Beach. There'll be a lot of lovely young men there."

"Men, men, men." Iphigenia sighed. "I'm sick of them. Really I am. I'm not going to chase men, like that Doble girl."

"Iphigenia!"

"Iphigenia. What a name! No wonder I can't do anything with a name like that."

"You were named after your god-mother, dear. We thought she was going to leave you some money."

"That's what you thought. You thought she was going to leave me some money and I'm handicapped by an ugly name for the rest of my life."

"I can remember the day you were christened," Mrs. Devereaux said. "You were over two years old and I had to clip all the hair off your head to make you look younger. You could have walked up the aisle yourself, and I was afraid you were going to. Louis Beaufort had a ball the night before and we didn't get to bed until five. All the women went as Cleopatra and your father dressed up like an asp."

"Where in hell are all the ashtrays?" Iphigenia asked.

"I put them in the cabinet. I was afraid someone might steal them."

"I don't see why we have to have a lot of people marching through the house," Iphigenia said.

"Well, I don't like it any more than you do," Mrs. Devereaux said, "but they're all crazy mad to get in here and see what it looks like, and it seemed a good way of raising money. It's the only thing I can do. I'll never learn how to knit and I haven't time to go to those Red Cross classes."

"What's the money going for?" Iphigenia asked, and then she leered. "Bundles for Britain?"

## ONE GOOD HOARDER DESERVES ANOTHER

"Who is that most attractive man?"

The eager people shout.

More shame on they,

For I'm sorry to say

It's Obadiah Stout.

The dowager swaps him compliments,

While the débutante admires;

They rock the globe

With praise of Obe,

The man with four new tires.

Last year he rode downtown alone,

And home alone from dances,

And girls in hordes

With loud "Oh, Lord's"

Rebuffed his wistful glances.

He humbly crept from snub to snub,

The lowliest of pariahs;

No gaffer or youth

Foresaw, forsooth,

Those tires of Obadiah's.

The two in front are firm to touch,

Their pressure is 28-pound;

At the turn of a wheel

They never, never squeal;

And the two in back are round.

Oh, others must hobble upon the rim,

Or trudge, as did their sires,

Or swallow their pride

And thumb a ride

From the man with four new tires.

The upper crust of the *crème de la crème*

Hangs on him like a tassel;

The erstwhile bore,

The yokel of yore,

Is now the king of the castle.

For if you do not care to drive

In a jeep or a Black Maria,

Or take a chance

In an ambulance,

You cultivate Obadiah.

How many hitherto gelid hearts

Glow now with amorous fires!

What traps are planned

For the fair white hand

Of the man with four new tires!

But hark! I hear from the beauty shops

A scream like a wounded cougar—

He has married a girl

With a winsome curl

And a hundred pounds of sougar.

—OGDEN NASH

"United Service Organizations," Mrs. Devereaux said.

"By the way, Mother, can you lend me fifty dollars?" Charlie said casually.

"No," Mrs. Devereaux said.

"Thirty?"

"No."

Charlie went to the window. "You have the money," he said petulantly. "You have it in your bag. You just don't want me to spend it. A lot of good it's going to do you. Last night I had a dream about inflation."

"Well, I don't want to hear about it," Mrs. Devereaux said.

"I was using twenty-dollar bills for cigarette papers. First there was inflation. That was bad enough. Then there was revolution. We escaped in the old station wagon. We got as far as Mary-

land before they caught up with us. They tried us for high treason. And do you know who was in the jury?"

"Stop it, Charlie," Mrs. Devereaux said.

"There was that dry-cleaner in West Palm Beach you never paid," he said, "and that grocery man in Saratoga Springs who still sends you bills, and that steward on the old Mauretania you never tipped. And there was that dress-maker in Philadelphia and that antique dealer in Lenox and that florist on Madison Avenue and that druggist on the corner of Sixty-seventh Street and that—"

"Stop it, Charlie, stop it. You're giving me palpitations!" Mrs. Devereaux put her hand over her heart. Just then the maid came in to say that the high-school children had arrived. Charlie quickly closed the door between the drawing room and the back parlor.

THE high-school children were apparently stricken dumb, either by a sense of in-







*"I've been telling him an old-fashioned, hell-fire sermon would turn the trick."*

trusion or by a sense of the past. When they came down the hall there was only the noise of the floor sills straining under their weight and the high voice of Miss Patten. "These mirrors above the stairs," she was saying, "were brought home from France to the second Mrs. Devereaux by her husband, Mr. Samuel Devereaux, our Ambassador there. The yellow brocade window curtains are exact copies of two pair given as a wedding present to the third Mrs. Devereaux by Thomas Jefferson."

Miss Patten's voice was more distinct as she came into the drawing room. "If you will please step this way. Do not handle anything. The white table was presented to the first Mrs. Devereaux by Lafayette on the fifth anniversary of her marriage to Jeremiah Devereaux, a member of our first Continental Congress and a signer of our

Constitution. The two screens by the fireplace were embroidered by Mrs. Devereaux and were used to shield her face from the fire. The andirons were also hers. The portrait above the sofa is of Jeremiah Devereaux and his eight children: Samuel, John, Ethan, Faith, Hope, Deborah, Ezekiel, and Abigail. The portrait by the window is of John Adams and the bust on the bookcase is of John Quincy Adams. The picture over the fireplace is a sketch of George Washington that was later used as the basis of the portrait that now appears on the one-cent stamp. Peter Devereaux wrote his famous history of the thirteen original colonies seated at that leather-covered kidney desk. The desk was given to Charles Devereaux by Benjamin Franklin in part payment of a debt. Peter Devereaux was a famous abolitionist and this house was

used as a station in the underground railroad during the Civil War. If you will please follow me. Do not handle anything."

The crowd passed out into the hall. Miss Patten's voice grew less distinct and then it was lost to the Devereauxs altogether, and in the few minutes of silence that followed they heard the complaints of the old house settling its sills and timbers in the cold.

—JOHN CHEEVER

#### ANSWERS TO HARD QUESTIONS

I sometimes wonder what women do who never can work at a simple humble physical task when they are sad. What do they do in the Waldorf-Astoria when life hurts them?—*From an article in the Ladies' Home Journal.*

They phone room service.





### THE READING PUBLIC

*The third movement opens with a denial, stated by the woodwinds, that love is fleeting. Those familiar with Odomski's tragic affair with Bertha Muvova, the notorious sister of the concertmaster of the Milan Symphony, will be reminded of his famous letter to the Countess d'Immini, in which*

*he said, "Love is, Madame, not fleeting." Soon, however, comes a passage in which the strings imply, impishly, that, although love lasts, it changes. ("What is our love turning into?" Odomski wrote, in 1836, to Greta Haffscheimer, the Braumeister's wife with whom, for a time, he was passionately in ...*



# \* \* \* PROFILES

## THE HAT ON THE ROLL-TOP DESK-II

EVERY once in a while these days you are apt to be seated at a dinner party next to a well-dressed seer who looks you sternly in the eye and says, "Of course, after the war it's the managers who will take over." There is much talk about the coming of what a man named James Burnham has labelled the Managerial Revolution. A manager, in the latest, snobbish sense of the word, is a salaried bureaucrat in big business or the government, an administrative specialist, a desk man who runs the show for the power and satisfaction that are in it but without the prospect of accumulating any great wealth. The managers, so the theory goes, will be working either for the state or for the stockholders, depending on how private enterprise fares in the post-war world, but either way the managers will have their innings. Leon Fraser, the president of the First National Bank, is, according to the experts, almost the model manager, even though there seems to be nothing very revolutionary about him. Some people suspect, for that matter, that after the Managerial Revolution has taken place, everything may look just about as it did before. Fraser is, at any rate, one of the new breed of businessmen who are youthful and smooth rather than crusty or swashbuckling, who are willing to take the responsibility of running someone else's business, and who are not fazed by the new and unprecedented patterns of economics and statecraft. He is reconciled to running one of America's few billion-dollar banks for a salary of \$72,500 a year.

AS the country gets into its wartime stride, Fraser is constantly being reminded, rather happily, of the early days of our participation in the last war. He feels that the year 1917 divided his life into two pat halves. In the first half he put in twelve somehow inconclusive years as a student and political-science teacher at Columbia University, where he made a name for himself more as a campus liberal and world-saver than as a scholar, acquired four degrees, wrote an undistinguished Doctor's thesis on "British Opinion of the American Constitution," and finally was eased off the faculty for pacifist activities. Then, upon our entrance into the war, when he was twenty-seven, he abruptly joined the Army, and the second and more

conclusive half of his life got under way.

Fraser had been a private in the Thirtieth Division, encamped near Greenville, South Carolina, for a month when he heard that a Colonel Willey Howell of his division was about to sail for France to help run the Judge Advocate General's Department of the A.E.F. He heard, too, that Howell knew almost no French and only military law. Fraser knew French thoroughly and was a member of the New York bar. On the impulse of the moment, and without permission from his superior officer, he left camp, called on the Colonel at his home, and asked to be made his aide. The Colonel, when he learned that Fraser was A.W.O.L., told him he was more likely to wind up in the guardhouse than in the Judge Advocate General's Department. Fraser, an unusually glib private, quickly talked himself out of his predicament and into the job. Two days later he was made a sergeant major in the Judge Advocate General's Department and sailed with the Colonel.

In France, Fraser found that most of his superior officers in the department, among them many prominent lawyers and businessmen, were unfamiliar with the French civil and criminal codes. After spending several days in a library, he was ready to fill in these gaps himself. Soon these men were turning some of the more important legal problems—cases on appeal involving theft and other serious crimes—over to him. Fraser flourished under pressure. Within five months after his arrival he had advanced to the rank of major. By the time the war ended he had won a Distinguished Service Medal for his desk work and had been made First Assistant Judge Advocate on the staff of Major-General James G. Harbord, Chief of Service of Supply.

Shortly after the armistice, Fraser was stationed at Tours, where he settled down to an easygoing existence, which he remembers chiefly for the opportunity it gave him to study the regional wines. He formed the agreeable habit of paying



Leon Fraser

a daily call on one winery which sold a vintage he particularly respected. The proprietor and he grew to be such close friends that the man finally offered him his daughter's hand, along with an interest in the business. Although Fraser had been toying with the idea of staying on in Tours permanently and even of becoming a vintner, he turned the proposition down. "The young lady," he later remarked to a friend, "was at least sixty pounds overweight."

AFTER returning to the United States in 1919, Fraser,

who had become accustomed to a certain amount of excitement, did not consider taking up teaching again. He got a job as the assistant director of the Bureau of War Risk Insurance in Washington at a salary of \$4,000 a year. This department was soon made a part of the United States Veterans' Bureau, of which Fraser became the acting director. Surrounded by the extravagant and dubious horseplay of the Harding administration, he quickly got fed up and lost most of whatever hope of saving the world he had retained from his Columbia days. In the summer of 1922 he resigned to take a job in Paris with an international law firm. While in Washington he had met the woman he later married, Miss Margaret Maury, a government clerk. She was small, pretty, and red-haired, and had been a show girl in "The Passing Show of 1913." She had been divorced from Major Walter A. Galt, a first cousin of the second Mrs. Woodrow Wilson. In September, 1922, she joined Fraser in Paris, and they were married.

Fraser, now thirty-two, was practicing law privately for the first time. His firm made a specialty of counselling American banking and industrial concerns which were investing billions of dollars in a Europe that was presumably all set for a long period of reconstruction and peace. Fraser's rounded education and his roving studies of public law, international law, economics, political science, history, and languages proved useful to them. He helped work out the terms of American loans to European



governments and the legal and financial arrangements by which American industrial corporations organized European subsidiaries. Within a couple of years he was well known as a kind of informal ambassador from Wall Street to the Continent. Fraser maintains today that throughout this period he was not, at least in the conventional sense, ambitious. Among his law associates he always gave the impression that he felt no personal rivalry or professional jealousy. Among the big-money men he worked for, he was considered so self-effacing as to be actually soothing.

By 1924, Fraser, the Columbia liberal and disciple of Charles A. Beard, had gone a long way. He was the confidential adviser of Morgan partners and other international money men. He lived in a fashionable apartment in the Etoile section of Paris and every morning rode in the Bois de Boulogne, on at least one occasion with the Prince of Wales. The law firm he worked for was Coudert Brothers, one of whose members was Frederic R. Coudert, Sr., who had been on the Columbia board of trustees that had shaken Fraser off the faculty in 1917. Fraser told Paris friends that the coincidence of his turning up as an employee of the Couderts struck him as merely funny. Whenever Coudert was asked how it happened that

the firm employed Fraser, he just said, "Oh, boys will be boys." There was good feeling all around.

Between 1922 and 1930, America, creditor nation to the world, invested about seven billion dollars abroad, mostly in Germany. German financial conditions were chaotic, supposedly because of the large reparations claimed by the Allies at Versailles. This state of affairs threw the entire world economy off balance. In an attempt to restore equilibrium and prosperity, General Charles G. Dawes and Owen D. Young, representing American finance, got together in 1924 with European financial experts in a series of conferences aimed at scaling down reparations under what became known as the Dawes Plan. Fraser left Coudert Brothers to become the Dawes Plan's general counsel. Young spotted Fraser as a man of promise and recommended that he be given, on the side, the job of Paris representative of the Agent General for Reparations, S. Parker Gilbert, later a Morgan partner, who was then stationed in Berlin. Fraser remained the counsel for the Dawes Plan for the next three years, and in addition helped collect reparations. Accompanied by a couple of armed guards, he carried the first German payment under the Dawes Plan—five million marks in gold—from Berlin to Paris.

In 1926, Fraser made a brief business trip to New York, and some of his old Columbia friends, who had not seen him for years, arranged a home-coming dinner. Among the guests was Fraser's old college mentor, Professor Beard, who was surprised to find himself in the company of Owen D. Young and other financial masterminds on hand to make complimentary after-dinner speeches about the young man who once thought no financier was quite legitimate. He was further puzzled by the fact that the master of ceremonies was Frederic R. Coudert, Jr., who in his student days at Columbia had led the conservative element there in an attempt to get Fraser thrown off the faculty. Beard, after being introduced by Coudert, a young man who had faithfully avoided all of his courses, as "one of the foremost living historians," began his speech by expressing doubt whether he was really much of a historian, and then turned and addressed himself to Fraser. "Leon," he said, "do you remember the old days when you and I used to sit in Hamilton Hall with our feet up on the desk, damning the world up and down? Do you remember what we used to say was the funniest thing in the world? It was one stuffed shirt telling another how good he is." Everyone managed to laugh good-naturedly, but from that point the dinner rapidly ran downhill.

**B**Y 1929 there was trouble again in Europe over the question of German reparations. The Dawes Plan had turned out to be inadequate. Owen D. Young went to Paris as a member of a new delegation to work out what later became known as the Young Plan, which would further reduce German reparations, and to lay the groundwork for the Bank for International Settlements, or the World Bank, designed to help stabilize Europe's economic struc-





ture. He called in Fraser, who was then with the international law firm of Ropes, Gray, Boyden & Perkins, to act as his chief legal adviser and economic expert. Characteristically, Fraser kept in the background. While the statesmen and financiers conferred in one big room, Fraser and several other young aides worked in an anteroom. Whenever the delegates wanted facts and figures on some topic they rang a bell and the aides went in for instructions. The young men, who weren't above indulging in a bit of Stock Exchange humor, called themselves the Bellhops Club. Whenever they received a summons, Fraser was usually the first to take off his coat—he wore pink shirts and spectacular neckties—and get to work. He rapidly scribbled the answers, from memory, on the backs of envelopes, thus discouraging his less knowledgeable colleagues. Furthermore, every once in a while he stepped into the middle of things to do some quiet negotiating between two or three hotheaded national groups involved in the conferences. All in all, Fraser perhaps had as much to do with drafting the details of the Plan and the World Bank as anyone except Young himself.

The World Bank was established at Basel, Switzerland, in February, 1930, with a capital of about \$25,000,000 in Swiss gold francs and a membership consisting of the Bank of England, the Reichsbank, the Banque de France, and twenty other European central banks, which were at once its depositors and its stockholders. It was designed, Fraser has said, "to add an element of control to the old capitalist system that had grown up in Europe since Victorian times." For bankers it was a little League of Nations, and just about as shadowy, too, since none of the central banks really gave up any of their autonomy. To the press Fraser talked cheerfully enough about the World Bank during this period, but to a few close friends he said that European finances were in a bad way and that what the World Bank was doing to remedy the situation was not enough. Among insiders it was taken for granted that Germany would never finish paying her reparations. The more thoughtful financial men also wor-



*"But, Ida, do you think you'll be happy polishing shell casings?"*

ried over the fact that the money Germany paid to the Allies, who eventually handed it over to the United States, their creditor, was being lent back to Germany at high rates by American bankers. Today many economists dismiss the entire series of inter-governmental financial arrangements in Europe during the twenties and early thirties as well intentioned but idiotic, although at the time they were inclined to be as wide-eyed as anyone else. Fraser now says, "We had to work with the existing forces. We would set up one dam, and if that didn't hold we would set up another dam at another position."

Although the United States' semi-governmental Federal Reserve System did not belong to the World Bank or own any of its stock, several big private American banks, such as Morgan, the Chase National, the First National, the National City, and the First Nation-

al of Chicago, were stockholders and depositors, though not members. Recognizing, not without a twinge, the dominant creditor position of the Americans, the Europeans invited Gates W. McGarrah, former chairman of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, to become the first president of the World Bank. McGarrah, who was sixty-six and could speak neither French nor German, agreed to accept the clearly thankless job on condition that a capable younger man could be found to assist him as vice-president. Owen D. Young, Jackson E. Reynolds, then president of the First National, and several Morgan men all proposed Fraser, who got the job, at a salary of \$40,000 a year. From the beginning, Fraser, who was just forty and without banking experience, actually ran the World Bank, though to the press and outsiders in general he tried to give the impression that he had almost nothing to do with it and that



McGarrah was extremely active. In the spring of 1933, McGarrah retired and Fraser was elected president at a salary of \$50,000 a year.

**D**URING his World Bank days Fraser and his wife lived in a château just outside Basel. For the most part life was duller than it had been in Paris, but Fraser did what he could to brighten it up by giving an opulent weekend party for the bank's directors before each of the monthly board meetings. Among the guests were men like Montagu Norman, governor of the Bank of England, Clément Moret, governor of the Banque de France, and Hjalmar Schacht, president of the Reichsbank, most of whom appeared to enjoy Fraser's American notions of hospitality, which included providing a jazz band and teaching his friends the fine points of the Lindy Hop. At the bank's board meetings, Fraser put on a cutaway and striped trousers and presided austere-ly in English, French, and German. The decorum of the World Bank was rarely violated. Arguments were kept on a courteous diplomatic plane and speeches were filled with formal, easily translated clichés. On one occasion, however, a meeting was almost broken up when Fraser, who was reading a part of the text of a settlement, was interrupted by a loud and unexpected howl from one of the delegates. The man, it turned out, was merely issuing a protest. A translator had misplaced a negative in the text in such a way as to cost the delegate's country an even three million dollars.

From the day the World Bank opened there was little except misfortune to look forward to. The worldwide economic collapse was well along. For five years Fraser was in an ideal if unenviable position to watch the entire European financial-political tragedy unfold. "The banker always knows in advance," he has said. "The banker sees the accounts going down, down, down." Fraser, aware that he was working against impossible odds, did no crying in public. However, once in a while, alone with an intimate friend, he would take off his cutaway, pour himself a long drink, and relax; then he would swear and say that "the whole rotten structure" of European finance was doomed. The position of those who defended the gold standard, he would add, was hopeless.

Then he would start laughing and go back to his job of defending it.

According to Fraser, at the beginning of the depression the bankers of England and France could not bring themselves to work together harmoniously, and their discord led to the disruption of Austria's governmental finances following the failure of the big Creditanstalt of Vienna in the summer of 1931. After that there was a "silent" run on the German banks, and finally there was pressure upon even the Bank of England, which suspended gold payments in September. Fraser was kept busy organizing rescue parties. "I practically lived on the international telephone," he recalls. Earlier in 1931, as the political situation had grown tense in Germany, the World Bank directors had hastily drawn up plans to float an issue of long-term German bonds, which they thought might head off disaster. These plans were, Fraser says, "hit on the nose" by Germany's and France's maneuvers against each other and by the undercover hostilities between the French and British financiers. Then all such schemes for temporary relief, along with so many other schemes, were given the knockout blow by the accession to power of Hitler in 1933.

All the dams that had been set up to protect the international gold standard and the system of free money exchange began to fall apart at one time. From then on, Fraser's job was to conduct a diplomatic rear-guard action in order to recover as much of the American, British, and French money invested in Germany as could be wrung from Dr. Schacht. Keeping his political sentiments to himself, Fraser negotiated with the Nazis in his usual amicable fashion. His relations with Schacht, perhaps the second most powerful man in the Nazi regime until Hitler demoted

him in 1939, were warm and personal, and the two men corresponded with each other until about a year ago. Fraser's most important achievement of the World Bank period, and one for which American finance is still grateful, was the devising, in collaboration with Schacht, of the celebrated "standstill" agreements whereby something between sixty and seventy-five per cent of the German business debts owed to American banks were eventually paid off. These agreements did not help the American investors in German government bonds, however. In 1934, as Hitler's rearmament program gathered momentum, Schacht bluntly announced that the German government would no longer pay any interest on foreign-held bonds. Fraser went through the motions of making a protest, but he, along with many other people, had seen this break coming and knew that the jig was up in Europe. Not long afterward he resigned his post at the World Bank and accepted the presidency of the First National Bank of New York, agreeing to spend a preliminary year and a half breaking in as a vice-president.

In May, 1935, not long before leaving for America, Fraser had an audience with Hitler, possibly the world's most voluble enemy of international financiers. "To my own surprise, I was in some strange way favorably impressed," Fraser has said, "though I was at the same time unmistakably repelled." Hitler's manner during the interview was simple and calm. "Mr. Fraser," he said at one practically *gemütlich* point, "you are going back to the United States. Over there, as I understand it, you think of this as a land of blood and murder. You know that is not true. You people, you Anglo-Saxons, talk a great deal about democracy. I think I am the leading democrat on earth. Every night, when I go to bed, I ask myself what I have done for the German people. And every morning, when I awake, I pray that I may do something for the German people." With these cheering reassurances, Fraser sailed for home.

When Fraser returned to New York to prepare to take over the presidency of the First National and, in accordance with the bank's tradition, to place his gray fedora on top of the roll-top desk once occupied by George F. Baker, Sr., he brought with him several foreign medals and rib-







*"I want to speak to the manager—at once!"*

bons, including the Order of Leopold of Belgium, the Order of Sts. Maurizio and Lazzaro of Italy, the Order of St. Sava of Yugoslavia, and the French Legion of Honor. He makes a point of not taking these very seriously. When he was elected to the Legion of Honor he wrote a friend in America, "It's like joining the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, only less exclusive."

SOON after his repatriation, Fraser, quick to catch on to American ways, came out as a soft-spoken but determined carper at the New Deal, thus surprising those of his old Columbia friends who expected him to do just the opposite. He surprised them again when, in 1936, he blandly accepted a place on the Columbia University board of trustees, to which he had been just as blandly elected. The first Monday of every month he journeys uptown to the trustees' room in the Low Memorial Library on West 116th Street

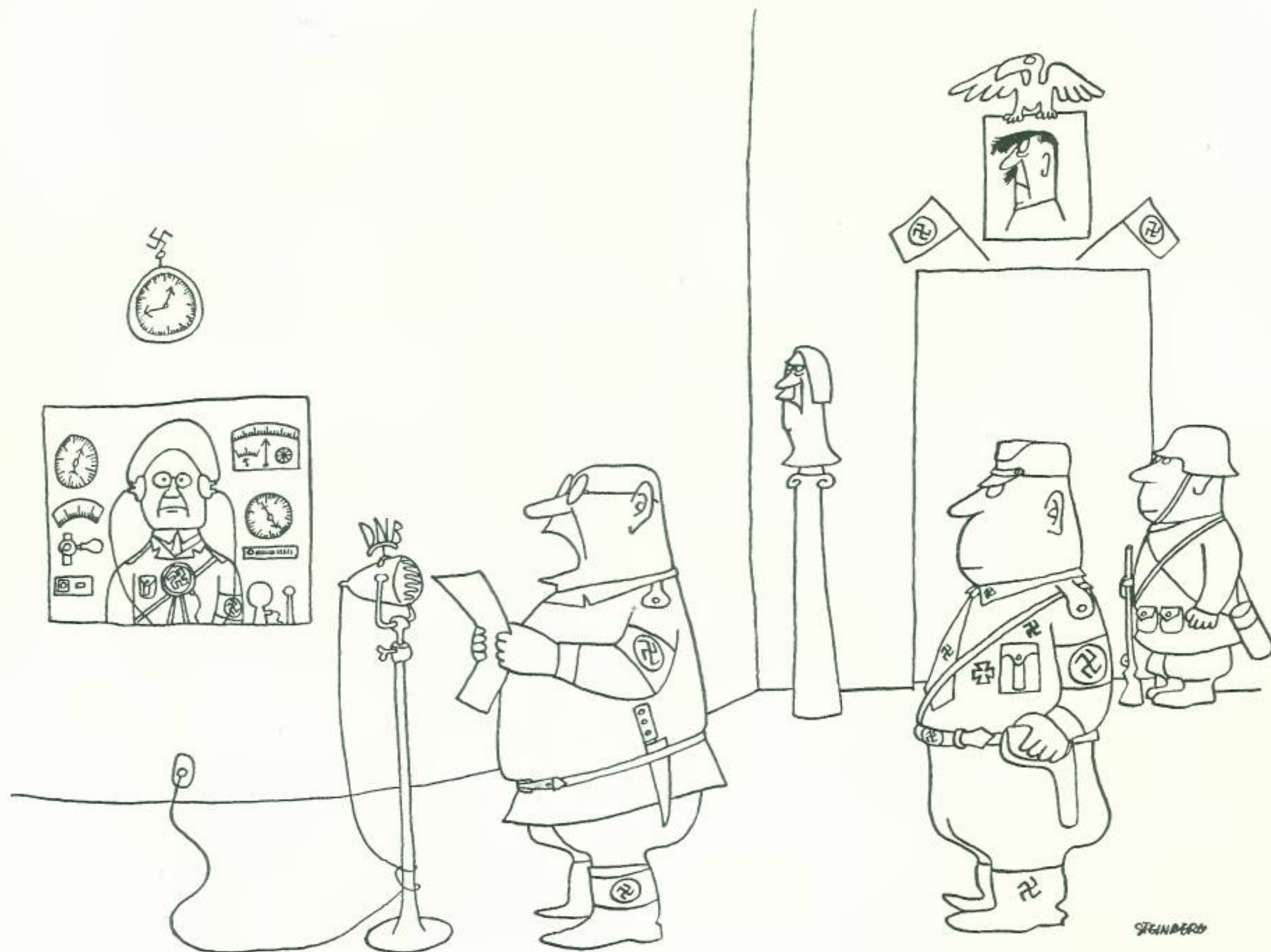
and sits down, a mellowed and forgiving Fraser, with some of the men who muscled him out of the university a quarter-century ago. From time to time he has even been mentioned as a successor to Nicholas Murray Butler in the presidency of the university, should Butler, who is seventy-nine, ever dream of retiring.

Some people hoped that Fraser might be a progressive influence at Columbia because he had once suffered what he considered an injustice there. According to the campus liberals, or at least those who formally call themselves liberals, he has been a disappointment. He himself speaks of his viewpoint as neither liberal nor conservative but as "realistic." Shortly after returning to America, he delivered an address at Union College in which, without passing judgment, he explained Mussolini's invasion of Ethiopia with the familiar argument that Italy was a have-not nation and had no other way of solving her problem of excess

population; he suggested that perhaps American liberals should not be sentimental but should "recognize the facts." He also used to have a few broad-minded words to say for General Franco. On the whole, however, Fraser has proved himself less conservative than many of his downtown associates, who use the word "flexible" to describe his policies. His attitude toward labor has been conciliatory. For example, he used his influence as soon as he became a director and member of the finance committee of United States Steel to get the corporation to recognize the C.I.O. and increase wages.

Under the New Deal the great banks, among which the First National, with resources of \$962,000,000, holds a front-line position, have been glumly on the defensive. In the last several years control of money rates has been almost completely lodged in the Treasury Department, which has kept and will probably continue to keep interest





*"Br-r-r, it was cold! Even the Führer himself was nothing but a mass of goose-pimples."*

rates low. The Federal Reserve System has become less subject to control by the private bankers than it was under Coolidge and Hoover. Jesse Jones and his RFC, which has had the power to pour billions into new enterprises, have been another dislocating factor in the transformed banking scene. Business initiative, which once belonged to the money barons of two generations ago who promoted and financed railroads to open up the prairies of the West, has passed in Fraser's lifetime into the hands of a government which even before the war made no apologies for operating a more or less regulated economy. The First National today has invested almost forty-eight per cent of its resources, or approximately \$458,000,000, in United States government securities. The First National holds about thirty-five per cent of its deposits in cash and has only about five per cent of its resources, or \$50,000,000, in "loans and discounts," which used to be a bank's main earning assets. Thus, like other big banks today, the First National has greater deposits, is more liquid, and is safer than ever before, but must content itself with a rate of profit

which old George F. Baker, Sr., its founder, would have considered an impertinence.

The First National, which, thanks to its policy of not encouraging small depositors, has only about twelve hundred and fifty accounts, can be very simply run. Since it has no branch offices, it gets along with a staff of only two hundred. Fraser's own job, in the words of George L. Harrison, the financier, is, for the most part, "to judge the impact of all kinds of world events upon his portfolio" and to guide his bank's investments accordingly. In these over-eventful times this means merely that he must manage as well as he can, with one eye on Washington and the other on the communi-qués. In off-the-record talks with newspapermen, Fraser has said that, war or peace, a great bank cannot and should not fight the government. Although other banks, perhaps in fear of inflation, have been investing chiefly in short-term government bonds, the First National for several years has had a substantial portfolio of long-term bonds. This practice is not only commendably patriotic

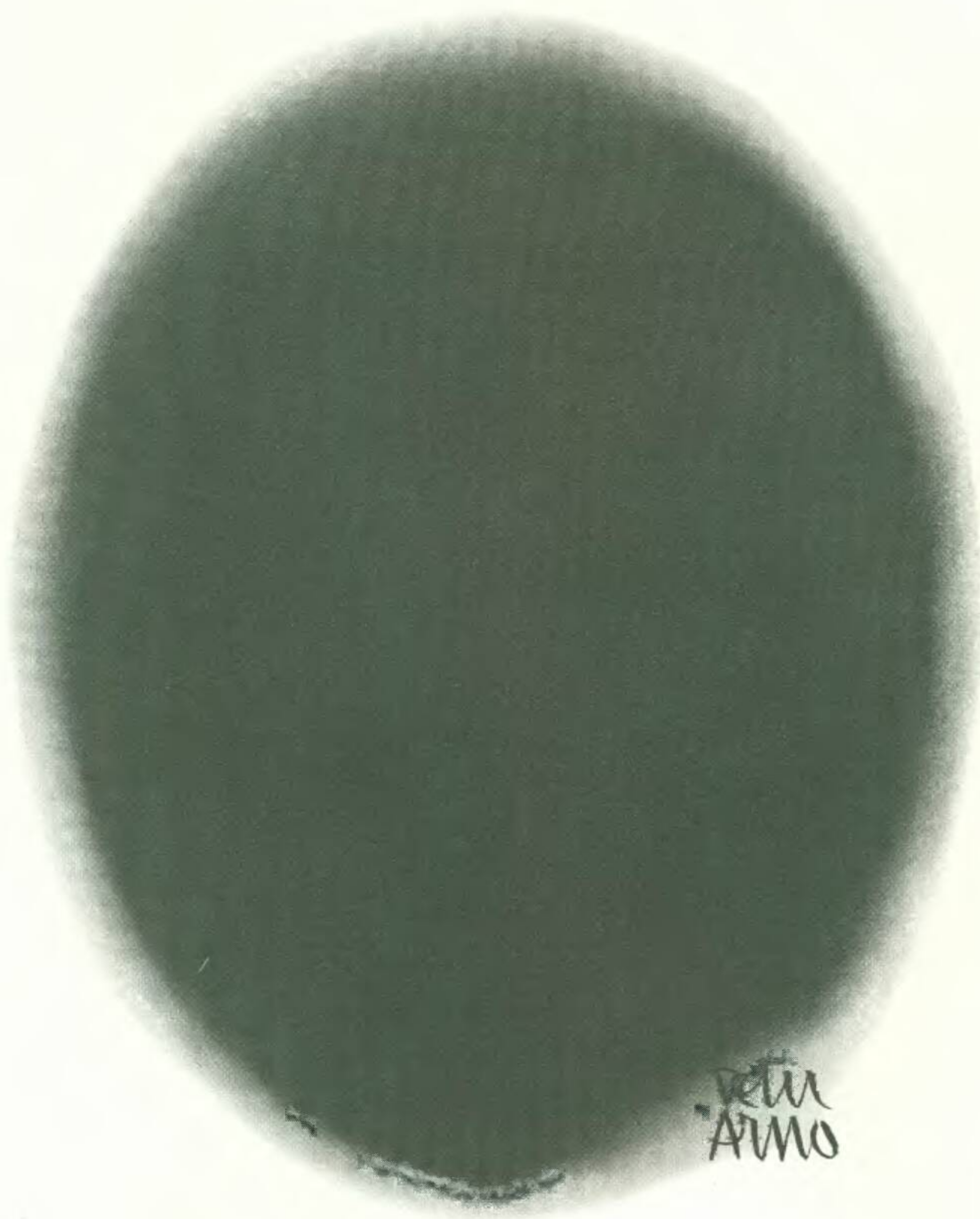
but also gives the First National a higher rate of interest—up to four per cent instead of less than one-half of one per cent.

THE Frasers' quarters in New York occupy the entire floor of an apartment house on upper Fifth Avenue overlooking the reservoir in Central Park. They have fifteen rooms and twenty-nine windows, which face north, south, east, and west. "I like to get a sense of space," Fraser says. "I hate to wake up in the morning and look out at a brick wall. It makes me feel like a prisoner." He likes, too, to sit by a west window at night and see the lights of the city reflected in the reservoir. Summers, Fraser spends a good deal of time hiking and riding on the farm at North Granville, New York, where he lived as a boy and which he inherited from his

foster-parents. The Frasers seldom entertain in town and few of the banker's friends come to his home. Fraser doesn't play golf or bridge. Mrs. Fraser, who has retained a professional attachment to the theatre and is an enthusiastic playgoer, does not share her husband's preoccupation with world affairs. She has been very interested in dogs, particularly in a Pekinese named, with the halfhearted approval of General Dawes, Jou-Jou Dawes. Jou-Jou Dawes crossed the Atlantic with the Frasers about thirty times, but finally broke down and died of it all. In 1932, ten years after they were married, the Frasers, who were childless, adopted a small boy named James, who is now eleven.

Fraser's reading, which occupies a considerable part of his leisure hours, runs to history and economic reports. Often he leaves the office a little early in the afternoon and stops at the University Club on his way home for a swim in the pool. He also belongs to the Knickerbocker, the Century, the Broad Street, the Creek, and the Columbia Clubs. He is chairman of the Red Cross War Fund



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for Greater New York and lately has been devoting much of his time to this job. He is a member of several solemn societies, including the Academy of Political Science and the Council on Foreign Relations, of both of which he is a director. The new young men in Wall Street, who want to keep apprised of where the world and they are heading, attend the meetings of such societies in large numbers and read studious papers to one another. What with these activities, his several corporate directorships, and his trusteeship at Columbia, Fraser views life as essentially one meeting after another. He occasionally finds time, however, to seek out, as if in a mood of homesickness, the academic friends of his free-and-easy Columbia days. A while ago he went to a dinner given to celebrate the sixty-fifth birthday of Professor Beard. One of the after-dinner speakers, badgering Fraser, made some light-hearted observations on the comparative financial rewards of professors and businessmen. Fraser, called upon for a speech, briefly paid his respects to Beard, then veered off into some reflections of his own on the various differences between the two groups. The academic men, he argued earnestly, knew too little of the outside world and tended to oversimplify the motives of men of affairs. He hoped, he said, that someday there might be better understanding between them. "He spoke," one of his old friends said afterward, "as though he was trying to patch things up between the two Leon Frasers."

—MATTHEW JOSEPHSON

(This is the second of two articles  
on Mr. Fraser.)

**BATAAN**

These bones the ants shall make soon  
clean, the embowering  
Vines convolute with rapid tendrils, in  
impatience  
At such bleached whiteness that is not a  
flowering;

These shall be hidden thus until the  
great rout  
Of some quick, distant earthquake  
heaves them onto the visible  
Bare earth, shaking disjointed bones  
about

Till bones are crossed to the incredible  
bright alphabet  
Of letters shouting out the abandoned  
sounds:  
Peace, liberty, honor—shining words,  
reset. —CHRISTOPHER LA FARGE

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"A HONEY OF A SHOW"  
—Walter Winchell

**MY SISTER  
EILEEN**

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WEBB ★ WOOD ★ CORBETT ★ NATWICK

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By PATRICK HAMILTON

Vincent ★ Judith ★ Leo G.  
PRICE ★ EVELYN ★ CARROLL  
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Evs. 8:40. Mats. Sat., Feb. 23 & Wed.

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## MORE NEWS OF ENGLAND

**I**F I really dream of seeing anything in the theatre these days, it is the play that so many people have been trying to write about the heroism of the English under the blitz. It is a magnificent theme, and it seems a pity that it should always reach us on the approximate level of a second-rate moving picture. Technically, the specimens we have seen so far have been above reproach—the sound of the raids reproduced with gruesome fidelity, the backgrounds authentic, even the idiom, whether cockney or Oxford, accurately reported. The spirit, however, has yet to be brought to us in any convincing form. The characters have been almost uniformly heroic, but they have been only intermittently recognizable as human beings.

Generally speaking, there have been two forms of approach. Either we get the public-school military man, in which case we are shown the sort of outsize and inhuman gallantry you might find in a portrait of a famous soldier by an artist of the Royal Academy. Or else we get the humble cockney civilian, who resembles a lovable caricature by Belcher or Cruikshank. Both treatments are marked by an odd though admirable humor based on the *Punch* formula and also by certain traces of imperial snobbery. When these popular-magazine idealizations are combined, as they usually are, with a shoddy or foolish plot, the result is apt to be embarrassing and the contribution to better transatlantic understanding slight.

This long tail leads up to a fairly negligible mouse. "Heart of a City," at the Henry Miller, shows us the effect of the blitz on a London theatrical troupe, consisting mainly of extremely beautiful young women. Their casual backstage chatter is pleasant and spirited enough, but I'm afraid their reaction to high explosives is literary—one of them, in fact, kept reminding me of Sydney Car-

ton on the guillotine—and I know damn well that the story in which they are entangled is the bunk. When I add that Mr. Churchill speaks briefly on the radio and that most of the curtains are brought down to the tune of "God Save the King" and other martial music, you should get a fair idea of the author's dramatic method. However, the girls are attractive, especially Beverly Roberts, Margot Grahame, and a British import called Gertrude Musgrove, and it is quite possible that you will enjoy yourself on that ignoble basis. Someday, probably after the war is over, a playwright may come along capable of explaining how the Londoners actually did behave in the terrible fall of 1940, and if he does, he will have quite a play to write. In the meantime, though, I guess you'll have to go on forming your opinions of our allies from the newspapers.

**A**S much as it resembles anything, "They Should Have Stood in Bed," at the Mansfield, is like a parody of the most maniacal of George Abbott's farces.

The title of this singular piece, as you probably know, was taken from a remark now classic in the sporting world; the cast includes Tony Canzoneri, a former lightweight champion of the world, who looked to me rather sluggish in the mantle of Booth; and the first-night audience it attracted was strictly Madison Square Garden, with a tendency to hang around the lobby in the intermissions, cutting up touches. There was a good deal of activity on the stage, though no plot in the accepted sense of the word, and the acting

was loud and demented. The script (if there actually *was* a script) depended for its humor on special Broadway references, largely incomprehensible to me, and the unlimited opportunities it gave the actors to beat their colleagues over the head, lock them up in closets, or sim-

ply make peculiar faces. A little while ago, as previously noted in this space, I happened to see Mr. Canzoneri at a performance of "Hedda Gabler" and I should say that his technique has been influenced by Miss Katina Paxinou, a smoldering Grecian artist, unintelligible but pretty sinister. Among the others in the cast were such favorites of mine as Sanford Meisner, Jack Gilford, and George Matthews. I don't pretend to know what influenced them.

**F**EELING a little like the man who shot Lincoln, I have to say that "Of V We Sing" is not quite professional entertainment. This revue, which has graduated from Sunday-night performances at the Barbizon-Plaza to a five-night-a-week schedule at the Concert Theatre (née Filmarte), ranges in quality from very nice to very adolescent, with the balance, I'm afraid, a bit on the childish side. It is deft and funny when it sticks to such amiable nonsense as a song called "Don't Shoot Your Mother on Mother's Day," but only rather shrill when it assaults the larger issues of our time. A bad sketch, unfortunately, is a bad sketch regardless of its motives, and I regret to say that a parody of a Hitler broadcast on the program at the Concert is one of the worst sketches I ever saw. It is dangerous to generalize about such things, but I have a suspicion that successful political satire is an adult accomplishment. To get back to pleasanter matters, all the performers in "Of V We Sing" have youth and enthusiasm to recommend them, and their venture, in military terms, certainly deserves no worse rating than a near miss.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

## NON-STOP SENTENCE DERBY

[From the *National Horseman*]

When a stallion is by Rex Peavine and his dam's sire is by Highland Denmark and she out of a mare by Chester Dare and this horse is Kentucky Highland 2916 which had for second dam Jean by Monte Cristo 59 by old Montrose 106—incidentally, this mare Jean is bred very much like the renowned Poetry of Motion 3825, he by King Marvel 1065 by King Chester 294 by Chester Dare out of Bonetta 588 by Montrose—when the stallion's second dam is considered one of the best, if not the best daughter of Chester Dare, and the stallion's third dam is inbred to On Time 745, a son of Stonewall Jackson 72, one of the best sons of Washington Denmark 64—when it is remembered that Stonewall Jackson is the sire of the second dam of Rex Peavine, then that horse has bloodlines which are unusually rich and rare!





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*The Capehart and the Capehart-Panamuse*

HALL-MARK OF HARMONIOUS LIVING



## LETTER FROM LONDON

FEBRUARY 14 (BY CABLE)

THIS is one of the bad moments in English history. It may also be a bad moment in the political history of the man who has more power here than any individual has wielded since Cromwell. As always in a crisis, the English have had a sudden spurt of un-English chattiness. When London was being bombed, total strangers loosened up and plunged into conversation with a sense of relief. Now that there's again the feeling of acute national danger, there is an unprecedented amount of discussion going on among people who seem ready to air their anger and anxiety to anyone who will listen. Maybe discussion isn't the word, since all the talking arrives at approximately the same conclusion. From what is being said in every bus and train and on every street corner, from the conversations of bewildered yokels in country pubs and of equally bewildered ex-Empire administrators in London clubs, it is obvious that millions who a short time back wouldn't have dreamed of criticizing Mr. Churchill are now openly criticizing him.

This reluctant change has been brought about by what is happening to English power and prestige abroad, by what isn't happening in the directing of the war at home, and by Mr. Churchill's supporters' sad suspicion that he has set the tone for military leaders who are in the habit of issuing optimistic statements which subsequent events don't justify. His promises that Singapore would be held and that Rommel's forces would be destroyed haven't helped the public to view with equanimity the ignominious British retreats in Malaya and Libya. You hear people say that they have always trusted him in the past because they knew that he would let them have the truth, however unpalatable; now there's an uneasy suspicion that fine oratory may sometimes carry away the orator as well as his audience. You also hear people say that anyway they've had enough of fine oratory; what they would like is action and a sign from Mr. Churchill that he understands the profoundly worried temper of the country.

Up to now no such sign has been forthcoming. The perfect fusion of spirit between leader and led which won the Battle of Britain has been allowed to lapse, leaving Britons feeling like naughty children being scolded by an

irate headmaster for daring to criticize his staff. From all the bitter comment and hasty judgments, all the shock and alarm of England's blackest week since Dunkerque, one fact stands out, however: there are few people either in Westminster or the country at large who would like to see Mr. Churchill fall, partly because it is obvious that there is no alternative to hoist in his stead and

partly because of the unshaken conviction that he has all the great English qualities which the British want in a leader, as well as the few great English failings which they don't. What the general feeling seems to boil down to is that Britons don't intend to lose Mr. Churchill but they don't intend to lose the war, either. From

the grave plain speaking of press and public it is evident that nothing but a fresh start will convince the English that they're on the right road to win it. That fresh start should certainly include a change of ministers and the setting up of the less hampered and unwieldy War Cabinet for which there has long been agitation.

COMING on top of the tragic news from Singapore, the bad news from Libya and Burma, and the good news from nowhere, the incredible happenings in the Strait of Dover were the straw that finally broke the public's capacity for bearing disaster. The waters of the Channel closed over unlimited British pride as well as over forty-two British planes on Thursday, when dwellers in Kent heard the guns and wondered if the invasion had come at last. "If we had got the Scharnhorst," was the gloomy general comment, "it would have been something." What the people did get proved to be almost as much of a moral knockout as the loss of the Prince of Wales and the Repulse. The Air Ministry's explanations didn't do much to soothe the galling realization that the Germans had strolled right past Britain's front yard in broad daylight and cocked a snook in at the open window. Most people felt that wormwood had been added to gall by the discovery that the strollers, despite the R.A.F.'s repeated expenditures of bombs, machines, and lives over Brest, were still in good enough shape for such a promenade.

The whole episode has started up old questions which this time, it is felt, someone will have to answer satisfactorily. There's increasing doubt as to the wis-



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dom of relying largely, as the High Command is known to rely, on the heavy bomber as a weapon for winning the war, but above all the Channel failure is making people ask more in anger than in sorrow why there should be sporadic boasting about an increasing liaison between the Army, Navy, and Air Force when it's pitifully evident that liaison, as the Germans know it, hasn't even begun.

AMONG the uncertainties of the last dark days, the only voice that has seemed to make sense to the harassed public has been that of Sir Stafford Cripps, whose radio talk the other evening inspired one cartoonist to depict him as Disney's Jiminy Cricket. Certainly Sir Stafford only said what all thinking Britons' consciences have long been telling them when he commented on the dangers of taking the attitude that it's all right to settle back into a spectator's seat and let Russia get on with the war. This was the kind of straight talking which people have long and in vain hoped to hear from the Prime Minister. What Sir Stafford said confirmed the growing feeling that the Russian news, which has been London's one solid comfort in the daily accumulation of disappointments, may soon make more anxious reading. Because it's obvious that in such an event the help which British factories can send Russia will be vital, Mr. Churchill's recent outline of the duties of the new Minister of Production was received with a chilly lack of enthusiasm both inside and outside of Parliament. It seemed to most observers that the new lineup was only a rehash which was no better and might even be slightly worse than the old one, since it depends for smooth working on the complete coöperation of Lord Beaverbrook, controlling material, and Mr. Bevin, controlling labor. The hopes of a fruitful outcome from this marriage of minds don't at the moment appear to be particularly rosy. As one commentator dubiously put it, "We can only trust that grace will be bestowed on both of them." —MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

ALBANY, Jan. 15 (AP).—A bank becomes legally liable when it honors forged indorsements on checks against a depositor's account, the Court of Appeals ruled today.... "If the plaintiff (the boiler company) had used better methods of bookkeeping and exercised greater vigilance, the dishonesty would have been discovered and he (the employee) could not have obtained the checks." —*The Herald Tribune*.

Even though they're cancelled?

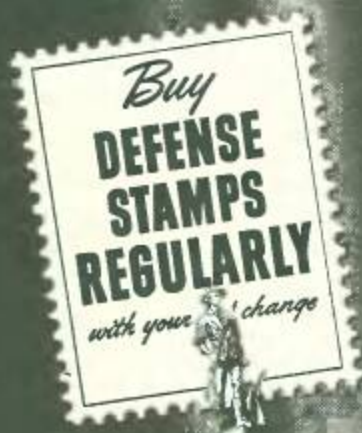




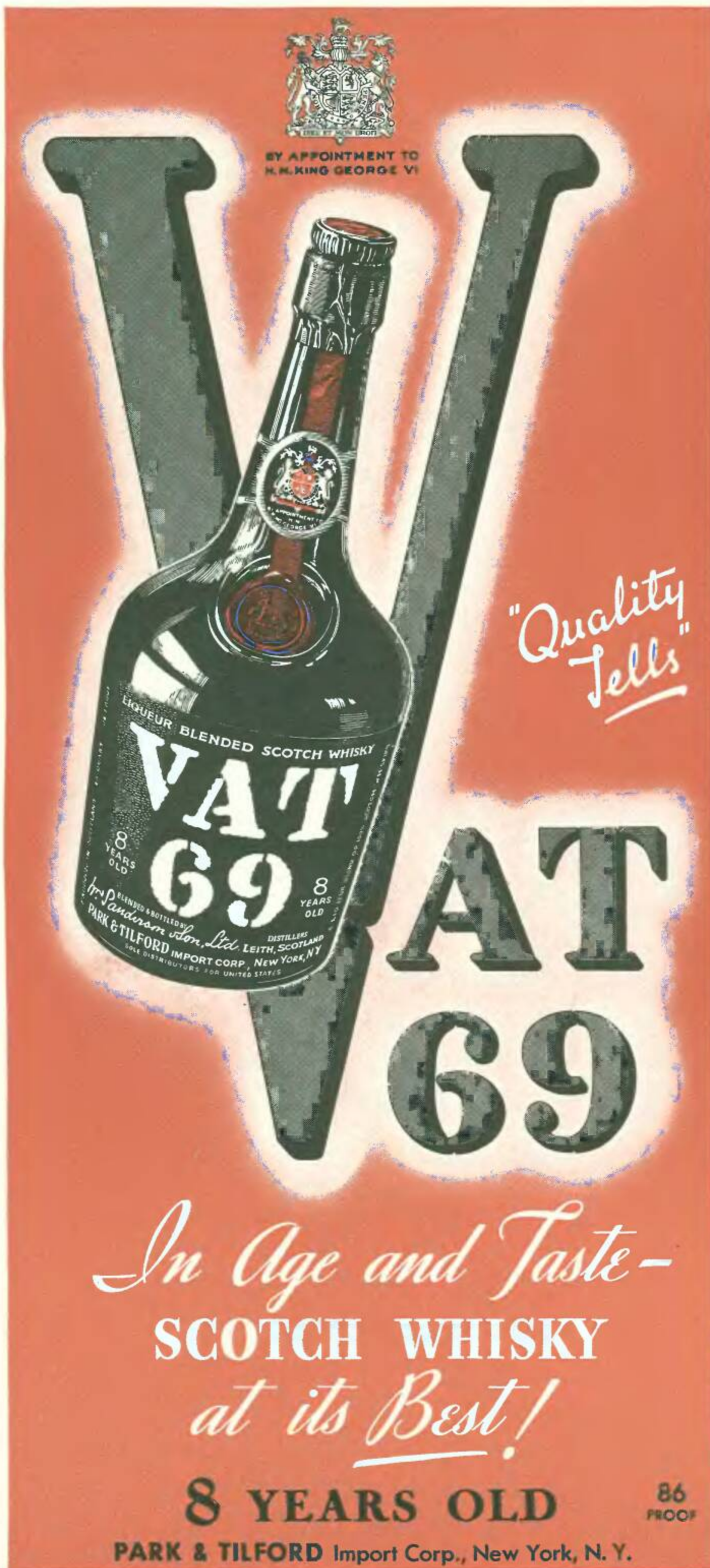
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## OF ALL THINGS

THE Japanese seem to have more ships, planes, and supplies than anybody thought possible. However, the worst thing they have too much of is Japanese.

Lincoln's Birthdays speeches by G.O.P. leaders pledged the party's full support to the prosecution of the war. Republicans will fight for the U.S.A., and run it again, if asked.

To Mayor LaGuardia: "Welcome to New York. Pop. 7,454,995."

There is little doubt that the Vichy government has helped get supplies to Rommel's forces in Africa. We keep hoping that Pétain will start leading a better life, but he never does.

At least one bright spot in the news from the Orient is the swell job done by the Navy in the Marshall and Gilbert Islands. This is a manufacturer's sample of the work we shall turn out in quantity when we get going.

Congressmen were surprised at the public interest in their Civil Service pension plan. They had supposed that everybody was thinking of a couple of other fellows—Melvyn Douglas and Donald Duck.

Signs point to an early restriction of the supply of gasoline. What with one thing and another, the motorist had better stay at home and curl up with a good ration book.

The Farm Bloc is keeping up its fight for higher agricultural prices. In the present crisis, no mercy should be shown to our internal enemy, the ultimate consumer.

We were all sorry to hear that Dr. Dafoe had resigned as physician to the Misses Dionne. Those girls owe practically everything to the good Doctor—and vice versa.

San Francisco has decided that Japan Street shall be called Colin Kelly, Jr., Street. Another place whose name ought to be changed is the Pacific Ocean.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER



# THE ART GALLERIES

*Mostly Cheerful*

**T**WO group shows, both sizable affairs, head our list this week.

One is at the Marie Harriman, where they're showing a selection of works by American primitive painters of the twentieth century, under the heading "They Taught Themselves." The other is at the Metropolitan Museum, which, not content with the success of its Rembrandt exhibition, has got together a loan collection of contemporary paintings, water colors, and sculpture called "On the Bright Side" and apparently designed to take our minds off the seriousness of the moment. Though this exhibition was launched with so little advance publicity that it amounted almost to stealth, I found the show on the whole a very agreeable one, and if it leans to the polite in atmosphere, I suppose that is in part, at least, due to its cheerful purpose.

Otherwise I think you will consider it lively and, in a slightly haphazard way, fairly representative. To be sure, one could comb through the hundred-odd names listed in the catalogue and emerge with a frown and the query "Where is So-and-So?" or "Why no paintings by Such-and-Such?" But the Museum has forestalled that in the foreword by disclaiming any attempt to provide a cross section or other sampling of American art today, and I guess that all even the most conscientious critic can do in the face of that is to name the pieces he liked and be done with it. I liked, then, among others, Marsden Hartley's big, richly colored "Still Life," Francis Criss's sparkling "El, 1939 Version," Miron Sokole's shrewdly simplified "The Ocean and the Quarry," and Dantan Sawyer's nicely drizzly landscape "Near Boston." Water colors outnumber the paintings in the exhibition, but their quality seemed somewhat lower, and I liked only Adolf Dehn's sunny "Oasis in Colorado" and Joseph De Martini's blue, cool "Evening Calm." Incidentally, this is one show in which the sculpture is definitely not to be overlooked, and while this section is relatively small, you'll find in it such really fine pieces as Hugo Robus's brilliantly handled "The Vulgar Laugh," Carl L. Schmitz's well-poised "Appeal," and Alexander Archipenko's slim "Onward"—all of them figure studies,

though you might never guess it from their titles.

**I** WAS a little disappointed in the collection at the Marie Harriman. The paintings were selected by Sidney Janis, who has made practically a lifework of the study of modern primitives, and too much credit can hardly be given to him for his care in arranging the show, for of the twenty-five artists represented some come from points as far distant as Key West and Vermont, and the amount of sheer leg work he spent in unearthing them must have been staggering. I can't help feeling, however, that he errs in the direction of too much generosity

toward his finds. There should be some distinction between the untutored but talented and the merely untutored; though the art be naïve, it should still be art, and it seemed to me that in the case of a good half of the men and women whom he has included the traces of talent or of artistic aptitude are slight indeed. There are whole areas in the show which look painfully like the feebler portions of the Independents'.

Other sections are more rewarding. Naïve painting at its best gives about as clear a glimpse as we can have into the very springs of the artistic impulse. There we see the artistic vision at its purest, undisturbed by the tricks and stratagems the schools teach, and we can learn a good deal about all painting by studying, in this show, such canvases as William Dorian's "Flag Day" (note the design, far more daring than anything that many a more sophisticated painter would have attempted), Charles M. Johnson's "Oslo Winter," and the superb blues and blacks in Emile Branchard's "Midnight." I'd mention, too, for its really lovely, innocent appeal, Henry Church's "Self-Portrait," while all four of Morris Hirshfield's contributions represent accomplishments of a very high order.

**I** UNDERSTAND that there are hard-shelled conservatives, away out in the cultural swamps and a good day's trek from civilization, who still hold to the view that Picasso is no more than a passing fancy and who insist that until the man "learns to draw" they will have no truck with him. If there are, I wish they would go to the exhibition of



## But Why Use SOAP?

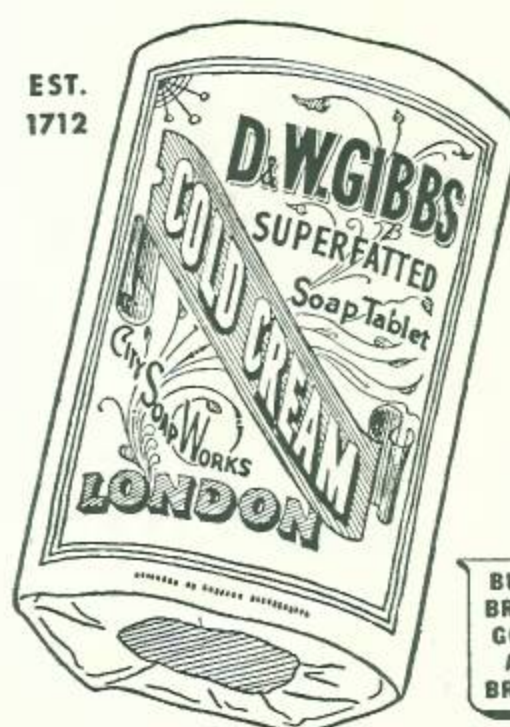
So queried the ladies back in 1712 when Alexander Gibbs pioneered the cause of soap.

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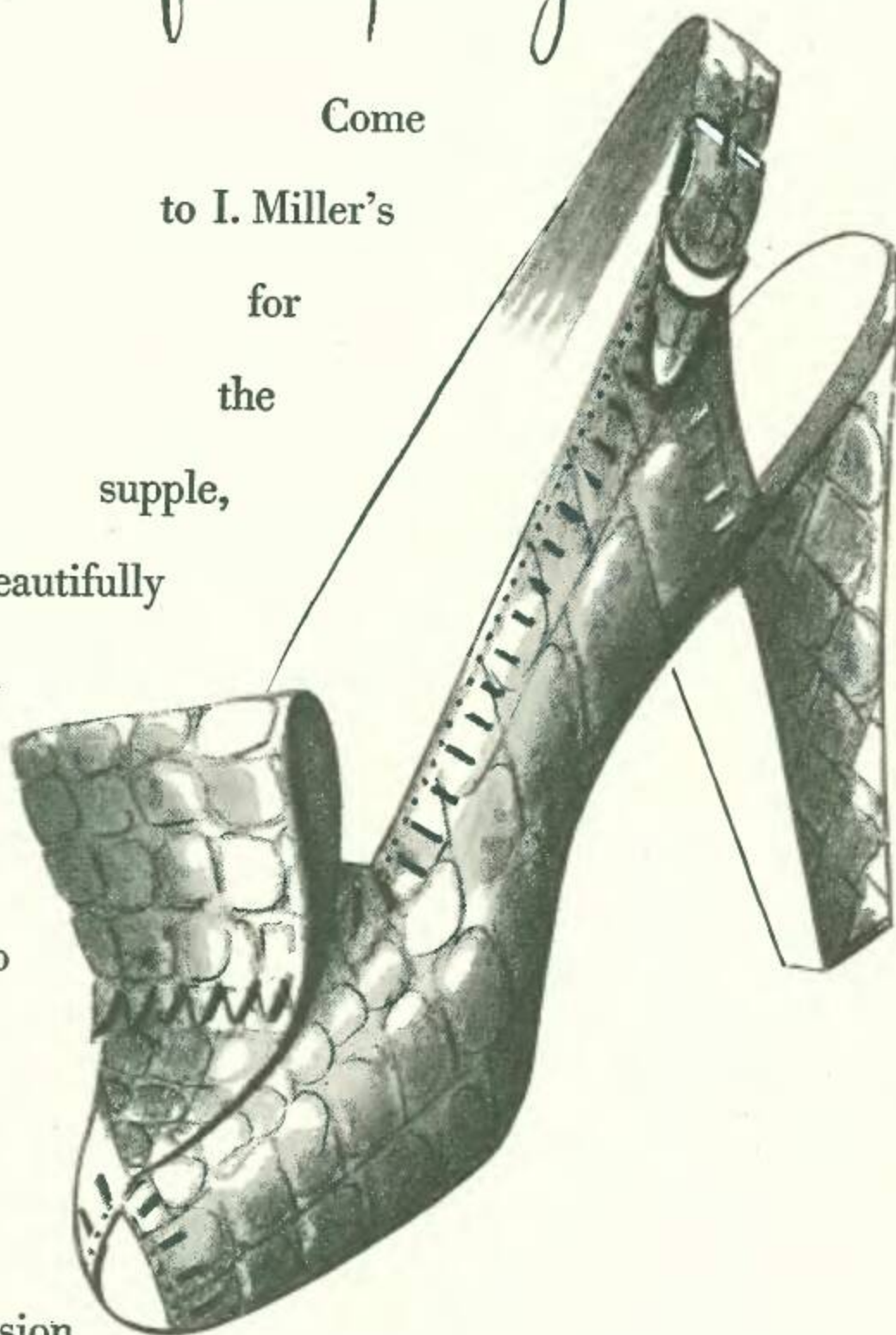
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his works at the Paul Rosenberg, for if anything will convince them the man has genius, this show will. Just eleven canvases are included, all from the period 1918 to 1926, but the group has been exquisitely selected, and from the rich reds and bold contours of "Le Tapis Rouge" to the nervous design and cool color of "La Tête de Belier," complete mastery of the painter's art stands forth unmistakably in every one of them.

I was especially interested in the picture called "Les Biscuits." This was done in 1924, at a time when Picasso was just emerging from his Cubist period, and the general design, with its flat, fragmented pattern, is still influenced by his earlier style. What interested me most, though, were the biscuits themselves. These are done with no modelling at all. In fact, the color is laid on with a palette knife, and it's the color alone—yellow ochre, apparently, lightened with white to the exact shade of biscuit crust—which carries the whole thing off. I kept looking at it again and again. That swift swipe of the knife, the sure color, and the almost magical effect of verisimilitude thus created—they make a passage of painting that would be hard to match anywhere for sheer virtuosity.

**F**INE as was Julian Levi's first one-man exhibition two years ago, there were certain weaknesses in his work then that worried me. Most of all, it seemed to me that there was a kind of cautiousness, an avoidance of anything dramatic in his painting, which, though no doubt a tribute to his sensitivity of vision, might well lead him in the end into wistful mistiness and insubstantiality. I am happy to say that my fears have all proved unfounded, and his new show, at the Downtown, contains some of the soundest, solidest painting I've seen this season. Far from growing weaker, his design has grown surer and stronger, his color more ringing, and his whole attack more authoritative. In such paintings as "Beached," "Preparing Nets," and "Last of the Lighthouse"—this final one the most ambitious and, in its curiously causeless tragicality of mood, perhaps also the most successful canvas in the show—he reveals himself as a painter who has come pretty close to artistic maturity at last.

—ROBERT M. COATES

### THE OPTIMIST

POP: A man who thinks he can make it in par.

JOHNNY: What is an optimist, Pop?



# THE RACE TRACK

## Strange Doings

**M**IAAMI BEACH hotels and realty owners are assembling great minds to think up a constructive program to improve their season, which so far hasn't been too good. If they want to keep what paying guests they have, they'd better ask Albert Sabbath not to race his Alsab at Hialeah every Saturday. People who back odds-on favorites which persist in finishing fourth or thereabouts eventually run out of spending money.

Alsab didn't look as well last weekend as he did the first time he ran at Hialeah. He had hollows and lumps in the wrong places and seemed tired even before he went on the track. One man remarked that he lacked the spark he had last season. Few horsemen were surprised by his second defeat, and some, with candidates of their own for the spring classics, were rather pleased. All did a little plain and fancy kibitzing. There's always a temptation to go in for that sort of constructive criticism known as training another man's horse. I might as well say right off that if I owned Alsab, he would be wintering at Columbia, Aiken, or Bowie, where he could rest, grow, and forget all about racing until sometime next month. Birthday cakes, posing for the newsreels, and extra fast workouts would come later.

I'm still reluctant to believe that Alsab won't win the Flamingo Stakes. He is a good colt, a much better one than Bright Willie and the others who beat him last Saturday. In that race he was ridden by Arcaro, who didn't make any of the mistakes McCreary did when he rode him. Before the start Mr. Sabbath, his family, his trainer, and a few friends gathered around Arcaro—to give riding instructions, I suppose. Another trainer suggested that the group looked like a football team in a huddle. At any moment you expected to hear somebody shout "Hip!" and see Arcaro run across the grass, bound into the saddle, and ride away.

**T**HERE must be some kind of jinx on important first-time starters at Hialeah. Maybe it's a club-footed bogle who tangles up their legs. The other day Pictor, who won so many races last autumn, was beaten by Cape Cod, only a moderate sort of animal. I fancy Cape

Cod won't be so successful again. None of the new collection of four-year-olds I've seen, not even War Relic, has developed into a slicker, handsomer animal than Pictor. He can run fast in the morning, if that means anything to you. Neither he nor his stablemate, Challedon, is in the McLennan Handicap this weekend, but he's worth remembering for later on. I haven't changed my mind about favoring War Relic in the McLennan, although Owl Eyes, my clock-er, who can see workouts in the dark (he has to, because horses are training on a War Time schedule), says Attention is dangerous, very dangerous.

**U**NFORTUNATELY, I can't compare Meissen, A. T. Jergins' big horse from South America, with those other imported animals, Sorteado and Kayak II, as his first race at Hialeah the other day furnished no grounds for accurate appraisal. He is not such a giant, though; he is only 17 hands. He may weigh around 1,200 pounds, but nobody's sure about that, for he has never been put on the scales. As a matter of fact, Amagansett was 17.2 and Whopper weighed 1,500 pounds. The largest racer I ever saw was Labrador, a 17.3 jumper owned by Marshall Field. He was sent to England for the Grand National and astonished even the Irish, who are accustomed to big steeplechasers, but the fences at Aintree were too much for him.

**A**MATEUR handicappers are wondering if a horse who draws No. 1 post position at Hialeah hasn't some special advantage. The track is supposed to be rolled and harrowed evenly, so that there'll be no path along the rail, and the starting gate is placed so that all runners have an equal chance, yet last week a third of the winners came out of the No. 1 stall. It's probably just a case of the quick brown horse, so don't give it a second thought.

—AUDAX MINOR

Coroner and Mrs. William Smith, Jr., Twenty-fifth and Market Streets, enlisted in the U.S. Army air corps yesterday.

—Wilmington (Del.) Morning News.

Otherwise a fellow gets kind of lonely, way up there in the air.



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# A REPORTER AT LARGE

## THE CHAP FROM UNDERGROUND

**J**OHN DARNALL, an American civilian in the offices of the Royal Norwegian Air Force in Canada, arranged for me to have dinner with one of the many Norwegian pilots who have escaped through Sweden to join their country's fight against the Nazis. "You know," Mr. Darnall told me, "the trip through Sweden and then around the world is known among the pilots as the easy way. The hard way is the one taken by the boys who escape by boat over the North Sea to England. The chap you will meet, a lieutenant, describes his travels as a honeymoon trip. He's a great chap for underplaying his part. I think you may enjoy talking to him."

The Lieutenant and I were introduced in the lobby of a hotel in Toronto and went into the dining room, where we sat down at a table in a corner, well away from the other diners. He was a small, slender man in his early thirties, wearing a well-tailored khaki uniform with the wings and crown of a Norwegian pilot above the breast pocket on the left side of his jacket. He had blond, curly hair piled high on his head, blue eyes, and an unassuming smile. The name of Leland Stowe, the foreign correspondent, came up early in our talk, and the conversation sped on from there. Stowe's name, I have since learned, will set any member of the Norwegian Air Force to talking fast. The feeling is that this reporter, in his dispatches on the German seizure of Oslo, completely misunderstood many of the events he described and that he unwittingly maligned the Norwegian people by saying they were bewildered and submissive before the Nazi troops.

The Lieutenant spoke English rapidly and fairly well but in a slight Norwegian singsong. Back home he had been trained as an Army flier while going through a university. After graduating, he went into business—the character of which I agreed not to disclose—and set up his own office. At the outbreak of the war in September, 1939, he was called to active duty with the Air Force and assigned

to patrolling the southern coastline. The night before the invasion of Norway, which occurred on April 9, 1940, he was on leave from his airdrome just outside Oslo and was not due to report until morning. He spent the evening in the city on a date with another pilot and their girls. He and his friend had just left their girls, at midnight, when they heard an air-raid siren. "We think maybe it is a practice one," he said, "but we think, too, maybe we better get to the airdrome, and so we start, lights out, car slow. An infantryman, standing on a corner, stops us. 'What is it?' we ask him. He says, 'Something is happening down the fiord. I think the Germans are coming in ships up the fiord.' We try to telephone the airdrome and the wire is dead. We learn later that the Quislings have taken charge of the telephone exchange. Then we are stopped by another soldier and he says the Germans are here."

The Lieutenant and his friend hurried to the airdrome, speeding recklessly through the streets in the dim light. At the airfield everyone was asleep. The

ground crew, which worked on a one-month shift, wasn't there, having moved out that evening to make way for a new crew, which was to arrive in the morning. The Germans, probably helped by spies or Quislings, had timed the landing so that it caught the flying station between shifts. The Lieutenant woke everyone at the field—commandant, pilots, cooks, and waiters—and they all frantically went to work. The field was equipped with only seven Fokker observers used in patrol work. They were antique, creaky biplanes. "They go a hundred miles an hour," said the Lieutenant. The Norwegians had a few fast Curtiss P-36 fighters, sold to them by the United States, but these were still in their crates on the docks at Bergen. The men at the airdrome, convinced that war was at hand, decided to save the Fokkers; they would be of no value in fighting the German planes that were expected soon but they might be useful later for reconnaissance and communications. The men worked through the night putting skis on the planes so that they could be sent to an out-of-the way

frozen lake forty or fifty miles to the north. Soon after daybreak they were ready. The fresh ground crew arrived and some of the men were instructed to take what tools and oil they could by truck to the lake. The Lieutenant was to lead the planes. As he started to take off from the snow-covered field, the skis on his ship skidded and a wing strut caught on the wing of another plane and was ripped out. He kept his lurching machine under control, and finding, as he taxied along, that it seemed all right without the support, took off. Five other planes followed. The pilot of the seventh plane waited a few minutes for a last look around the airport. He was warming up his motor when the Germans flew over. One German dropped out of formation, roared down, and bombed him as he sat helpless. The other Germans circled around, dropped bombs, and destroyed all but one of the buildings on the field.

"I find out later what else







STEP 1. The composition is first outlined with umber and white oil paint on a toned canvas.



STEP 2. Larger masses and forms are tonally intensified and color values are mildly introduced.



STEP 3. Beginning of application of color in free, direct manner. Character of sitter begins to evolve.



STEP 4. Details are introduced and colors blended to bring painting to state preceding varnishing.

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happens at the airdrome," said the Lieutenant. "Thirty of the ground crew are left when two German transports try to land. Our men have set up machine guns on the field. The planes come down and strafe them from ninety feet. Brrrip! Brrrip! The machine guns shoot at the transports! The transports go up again and blood trails from one fuselage, drips out over snow as the planes go up."

There was a pilot at another airfield near Oslo, the Lieutenant said, who had a fast pursuit plane. A message reached his headquarters that German bombers were coming up the Skagerrak in waves. The pilot flew out to meet them. "He radios," said the Lieutenant, "'Now I am at eighteen thousand. Now I see Germans. Forty ship, first flight. Forty ship, second flight. Can't see others. Now I am going down. I have bomber in my sights. I get him. Now I come back. I have bomber in my sights. I get him. Now I go up for dive. Now I come down. Now I have bomber . . .' No more messages."

The Lieutenant smiled patiently. "You see," he said, "Stowe implies we are dazed and run away. No. We go away so we can use old planes, old hundred-mile-an-hour planes."

TAKE the Lieutenant's word for it, the Norwegians used their old planes. They used them to scout German positions and they used them as bombers. When they ran out of bombs, they put dynamite and short fuses in cans, lit the fuses, and dropped the cans on the Germans. "Oh yes," said the Lieutenant. "Norwegian love dynamite." We both smiled as he recalled the familiar irony of the fact that the Norwegians award the Nobel Peace Prize and that the Nobel fortune was made in dynamite. "It is so quick, so sharp, so nice an explosion," he said.

The Norwegians fought doggedly with dynamite, hunting rifles, and the meagre equipment of their small army, and were driven farther and farther north. The fight lasted sixty-two days. "More than sixty thousand Germans are killed," the Lieutenant said. "Later the Germans say that men died in accidents. Norway is a very rough country, you know, with rocks falling off the mountains on heads." One night, a month after the invasion started, as he was returning from a reconnaissance patrol, dropping a few cans of dynamite along the way, his motor sputtered and died. He landed safely on a frozen lake and got right to work on his motor, but had to stop because of the cold. He walked around his ship the rest of the



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night to keep from freezing, and when the sun rose he went back to work on his motor. A short time after daybreak some German motorcycles and trucks rolled past on a road about a thousand yards away. He was partly hidden by trees and by chance the Germans didn't see him. Finally he got his motor going. "I am up three-quarters of an hour," he said, "and I lose oil pressure. Down I come on another frozen lake. My plane is finished. I fix it so that the Germans can never use it. Then I go to the coast, buy a change of clothes, get on a fishing boat, go down the coast to my city, go into my office, and sit down at my desk as if I had never been away."

WITHIN three weeks, the Lieutenant had made some preliminary steps to establish an underground organization for resisting the Nazis. The Germans were in the midst of taking over the city and systematizing the life of the people. The Lieutenant, who was in a business in which he saw a large number of government and professional people, was soon able to convince the Germans he was thoroughly reliable. "I flirt with the Germans," he said. "I help them. Germans like everything just so, just like a machine, and I am very, very helpful." He was equally helpful to the Quislings.

For months after that the Lieutenant, as he phrased it, "lived double." It was a fantastic life, and he described it as a romantic and dangerous kind of fun. For the purpose of smuggling pilots and technicians out of the country to join Free Norway's air force in England and Canada, he set up a network of people, houses, business offices, and roads much like our own underground railroad of the Civil War period. These men were given money, routes, guides, skis, clothes, and whatever else they needed for their escape. His organization also found the men who wanted to escape.

He concealed his own activities so well that even his secretary didn't know what he was up to. That led to a little embarrassment one day when she arranged his appointment calendar so that he found, upon returning from lunch, five men sitting in a row near his reception desk, waiting for him. "I have the whole problem of Norway in my office. One man is a German officer. Another man is a Quisling. Another is a spy I have put in with the Quislings. The two others are pilots who want to escape. I am very polite and talk to the German officer and the Quisling first. It is fine to see them go."

By an inflection here and a shrug there, the Lieutenant hinted, as he



talked to me, that there was perhaps a certain horror as well as zest in his double life. Very few of his old friends knew what he was doing or knew that he actually was not cooperating with the Germans. Everyone feared counterespionage and arrest. "Arrest is bad," he said. "If you don't tell enough, they shine lights on you. Two days no sleep and you are tired. Then all day they make you jump over table, first this way, then that. Then they beat you—the head, the shoulders, everywhere." The worst part of all was having to spend so much time with Germans and Quislings. "Norwegians," he said, "we cannot understand such people. We believe, like the British—it is why we like the British—in being gentlemen. There are things you do and things you don't do. We believe in the fair things."

We were drinking our second after-dinner coffees; the Lieutenant's elbows were on the table and he made patterns in the air with his hands as he groped for words. "Look. It is like the German boys who come to us after the old war. We care for them. We make them healthy. They are good boys. They go back to Germany. Years after they come back to Norway to rob and kill. Everything was friendly between us and the Germans. The Norwegian government just make fishing contract with them. German newspapers are not making noise and threats against us before invasion. Then at night German battleships come through the islands, up the fiords, and bombers come over our towns. We will never stop fighting the Germans. Always," he said, gesturing a little apologetically for expressing such a violent sentiment, "we must be free. We are Norwegian. We believe in good things, in peace. We must fight the Germans until they are gone."

AFTER several months the Germans asked the Lieutenant to do jobs so important that he foresaw they would offset the good he was doing his country. He pleaded that his business needed his full attention. One day a friend told him he was being watched by the Gestapo. A few days later a spy the Lieutenant had placed in the Quisling government warned him that he would probably be arrested soon. "They wonder why you say you want to help but will not work for them," the spy explained. The Lieutenant knew that his work in Norway was finished. "Now I think," he said, "I can escape and maybe come back and bomb the Germans. No more of this living double." He placed a trusted friend in charge of the under-



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ground system he had built up. As in other countries, the full details of any such organization are usually known by only one man. "The strings," said the Lieutenant, "are held in one hand." His successor, he learned not long ago, has been caught by the Germans.

He wound up his affairs hurriedly and left for the Swedish border with a friend. "It was sad to leave," he said. "I must say goodbye to my girl. My girl says I should come back to her soon in my bomber." The two men went to a town near the border, changed to hiking clothes, and travelled on to another friend's house in the mountains. "We stay there maybe three, four hours," he said. "In the afternoon our host takes dogs out hunting and makes track down to lake where we cross to Sweden. But that night the wind comes up and spoils track and we can't find our way. We have a map. We go along a path through the woods, and it is cold. Then we come out and we see a light. This is the border. On one side is a little house for German guard for Norway. On the other side is a little house for Swedish guard. The road across the border is next to the houses and the lights shine on it. This is bad. My friend says we must keep on the road or we get lost. I say, 'Oh, I don't like this.' We start along road, walking quiet and making ourselves as small as we can. We get past the first house, and we see the guard at the table, nodding like asleep over cup of coffee. In the other house the guard has his hand on the door, about to open it, but he's talking to another guard inside. We run along road and into the woods again. We are very tired, but we stop and shake hands."

Wretchedly cold, they walked eighteen miles into Sweden until they reached a railway station. It was closed, but they had a timetable they had brought with them which said that a train would be along soon. A girl who was waiting on the platform tried to strike up a conversation with them, but they didn't talk to her. They were afraid she might be a police agent who would spot them by their accents. After a while the train came and they bought tickets with Swedish money they had also brought along. They had gone past several stations before the conductor asked them if they had passports or Swedish identification. "We have old passports," the Lieutenant said, "and we give them to him. Maybe he won't look at dates. He just grunts and goes away, and we think we are safe, maybe. Two, three hours he comes up to us with a policeman. 'This one, that one!' he says.



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The policeman says, 'Come along,' and takes us off at the next station."

The Lieutenant and his friend insisted to the police chief at the jail in the town that he recognize their international rights as political fugitives and not send them back to Norway. The chief finally acknowledged their status and decided to let them go. "Before you go," he told the Lieutenant, smiling at him mysteriously, "you might want to look at two other Norwegians we have here a long time." He had two bedraggled fellows brought in. They were pilots the Lieutenant himself had sent out of Norway. The two men gave no indication that they recognized the Lieutenant until he signalled them that it was all right. With the police chief's blessing, the four men went on together to Stockholm. There they were met by Norwegians who provided them with passports and money for their transportation to Canada.

FROM Sweden the four men were able to maneuver themselves into Russia and across Russia to the Black Sea. Crossing to Istanbul, they took the Taurus Express through Turkey and across Syria to Bagdad. From Bagdad they went on to Basra, on the Persian Gulf. "At Basra we are to get a boat," the Lieutenant said, "but it has left, and we will have to wait three months, so we take a plane across Persia to Karachi, India. We fly over mountains. One man with us, a transport pilot, gets sick. We laugh. We say, 'He cannot stand riding in his own kind of plane, in slow old tub. Now he knows how people who fly with him feel.' We have wonderful trip. Often, when I am in Norway, like when I am living double, I think how nice it would be to leave my desk and take a trip around the world, and here am I taking my trip at last, and I shall get to fly again against the Germans, and we are all very happy, laughing all the time. Well, we do not really go around the world. We only go around Africa. From Karachi we go to Bombay, and there we get a Norwegian boat, which takes us to Cape Town and then to New York. From New York I come here to Toronto. I am here three months after I leave Norway, and I have been almost around the world.

"I meet my old commander here and I am glad to see him. I salute, and we shake hands, and I say, 'I am here, sir, all ready to fly.' He looks at me and he says, 'Oho, so you are ready to fly, eh? I already have a place for you. See this desk? See this nice, big desk? See all this paper? All this for you. We need an



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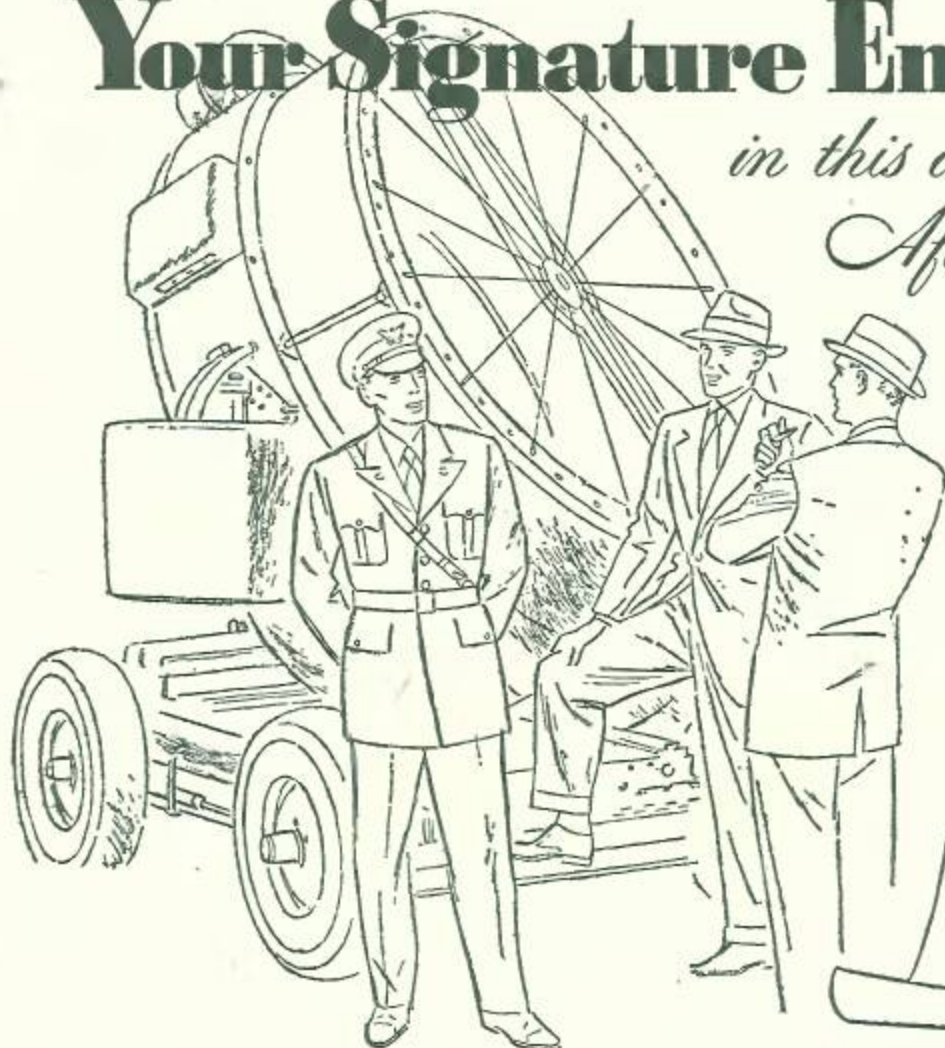
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## FULLER EXPLANATION DEPT. (UPSIDE DOWN DIVISION)

[Letter from the University of North Carolina Press]

Page 208 is upside-down in your copy of THE EARLY ARCHITECTURE OF NORTH CAROLINA.

This book was printed by one of the most experienced firms in the country—Judd and Detweiler, Inc., of Washington, D.C. The job is an excellent one throughout except for a few details, one of which is this upside-down page.

You doubtless know that before the making of books by machines no book was ever mechanically perfect, and the beauty of the handmade books of that time was a consequence of the good judgment in design which generally results from highly skilled handwork. It is only in recent years that people have come to expect books to be polished, closely clipped, mechanically perfect objects like the cheap furniture that fills the mail-order catalogues.

This is no excuse, however, for page 208 being upside-down. This book was produced by mechanical process, and all the pages should be right side up. If you want page 208 in your copy to be replaced right side up, please return the book to us and we will take care of the change as quickly as possible. Be sure to mark your return address plainly and write us a card or a letter saying that you want page 208 right side up.

Our object in writing is to notify you of this imperfection and to inform you that we will correct it if you wish. Of course, when a new edition of the book is produced—if there is a new edition, and I think there will be—this page will be printed right side up. Fifty or a hundred years from now, the upside-down page will be a certain method of identifying a copy of the first edition. I think I ought to say that the copy which I keep in my own home is not going to be changed.

There is one serious objection to changing the page. To make the change, page 208 will have to be cut out of the book and the corrected page tipped in. Tipped-in pages are always in danger of falling out, and nothing can be done to overcome this danger.

When Mr. Edelblut of Judd and Detweiler called this morning and told me that they would be glad to correct the upside-down page, I told him I was grateful for the excellent job his firm had done in manufacturing the book, that we had mailed out almost half the edition, and that I did not think many people who had a copy would make any serious objection to having to turn the book upside-down to look at page 208. Of course I told him I was much disappointed, but I said I expected most of us would let the error stand as a monument to the heroic efforts of Judd and Detweiler and The University of North Carolina Press to get the book ready for distribution before Christmas.

Sincerely yours,  
W. T. Couch  
Director



# THE CURRENT CINEMA

## War and Peace

**F**INAL WORD ON DONALD DUCK: Donald Duck is funny without being vulgar; he is universally liked and respected; he is indubitably earning his share of our tax dollar. The anti-administration bloc-heads in Washington, on the other hand...

**I**T is interesting that the best picture of the week is one that comes from England and one that has nothing to do with the war. "Lady in Distress" is the name, and you have my personal, money-back guarantee that it will knock your hat off. Paul Lukas, Michael Redgrave, and a reliable English cast are here involved in one of those casually told but effective melodramas which, despite the blockade and curtailed wartime production, keep the quality of the imported cinematic product higher than the domestic. The virtues of "Lady in Distress" are modest virtues: an ingenious plot, direction which focusses on narrative rather than "acting," a variety of convincing backgrounds that actually have something to do with the story; in a word, what Hollywood would call a B picture. All that happens is that a mechanic, a young man who operates a crane on a construction job, gets curiously mixed up with a neurotic vaudeville magician and his feminine stooge. It's a cliché to say that a picture will keep you guessing right up to the last minute, but nevertheless "Lady in Distress" will keep you guessing right up to the last minute.

A more pretentious and less deserving import is Leslie Howard's "Mister V." It is getting harder and harder to ring changes on the lone-man-vs.-Gestapo formula, and "Mister V" shows distinct evidences of strain. About all it offers is several good situations too laboriously arrived at and a consistently ingratiating performance by Mr. Howard, who has given himself the benefit of his own direction. Pursuing my theory that bad pictures can be readily spotted and classified by certain characteristic scenes, I may say that "Mister V" contains the scene characteristic of all foolish spy stories, the one in which the wily leader of the enemy secret police questions the hero and then politely tells him that he will not be detained. "But vy haff you let him go?" a puzzled underling asks as soon as the door

has closed behind the hero. "You fool, he will lead me to the others," replies the boss. Cf. "Joan of Paris." Another thing: such films seem quite a bit too cocksure for the present precarious moment in history; the privilege of making them should be considered one of the fruits of victory.

**"CAPTAINS OF THE CLOUDS,"** a huge Technicolor job with James Cagney and a supporting cast of airplanes, is, for better or for worse, a major picture. If you want the laboratory report, it shows "Captains of the Clouds" to be about 45% superb Technicolor photography; stunt flying, 20%; detailed information on the training methods of the R.C.A.F., 15%; undiluted patriotism, 15%; acting, 3%; technical effects, 2%; and of plot a trace. You're asking me whether you'll like it? How should I know? Speaking of airplane films in general, with special reference to "Captains of the Clouds," it should be pointed out that from the very beginning the movie people have shown an uncanny ability to capture on celluloid the exhilaration and chanciness of heavier-than-air flight; they've handled it much more sympathetically and graphically than they have, say, the desirability of women. But then, of course, the Wright Brothers really had something.

**"OBLIGING YOUNG LADY"** and "Lady for a Night" also opened last week. Let's see, now... "Obliging for a Night," "Night Lady," "Obliging a Lady," "Night for Night," "Lady for Lady." Kind of fun, isn't it? More than the pictures were, I can tell you. Listen, we *can't* let them purge Donald Duck. —RUSSELL MALONEY

### WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[Footnote in "Composing Sticks and Mortar Boards," by Earl Schenck Miers]

Carl Purington Rollins, "Considerations on the Choice of Paper," *A Demonstration of Two Strathmore Book Papers* (West Springfield, Mass., 1940). If Mr. Rollins finds other of his conclusions appearing in these paragraphs without the benefit of direct quotation, it is only because two curds of milk, emanating from different cows, frequently discover that their labors have produced the same piece of cheese.



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**FIRST TIME!** A portable radio that gives domestic short wave reception in locations where broadcast does not penetrate in the daytime.

**FIRST TIME!** The miraculous time and band buttons. Pre-set the pointer—"Press a button... there's Europe."

**FIRST TIME!** On conveyances—on land—sea—air—choice of portable radio reception with built-in movable broadcast Wavemagnet and Shortwave Magnet.

**FIRST TIME!** Band Spread makes foreign station tuning on a portable radio as easy and simple as ordinary radio broadcast tuning.

**FIRST TIME!** Logged at the factory on short wave broadcasts... A convenient logging chart on inside lid of cover is pre-logged by factory experts. Shows exactly what stations are found on each wave band and at what number on the dial.

**FIRST TIME!** Zenith Famous Radiorgan Tone Device on a portable radio.

**POWER**—from self-contained battery and standard lighting current ingeniously interchangeable at a second's notice. Also, Telescope Whip Aerial for use in getting extra distance.

**WATCH** your Zenith dealer's window. Don't miss this NEW ONE!

**EARPHONES** for privacy. Special low impedance earphones for sporting events, traveling and the hard-of-hearing (extra equipment).

**WORKS** on light socket or battery.

**\*ZENITH DELUXE COSTS MORE —BUT DOES MORE\***

\*Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies to cover transportation. Prices subject to change without notice.

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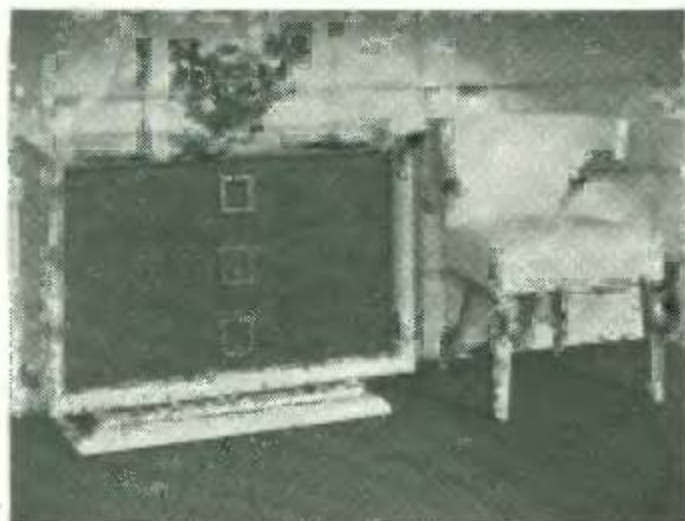
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## THE HAMMER ON THE NAIL

A YOUNG composer I knew years ago was taken to meet the great Josef Hofmann. They talked, and in the course of the conversation my friend mentioned a piano piece he was working on. Hofmann showed interest, and even, in a kindly way, asked to see the composition, saying he might like to try it. My friend, in a glorious confusion of diffidence and delight, exclaimed, "Oh, Mr. Hofmann! You've really got a nerve to think of playing one of my compositions!" It was a long time before he figured out why, from then on, the interview grew noticeably chillier.

What he had meant to say was: You've got courage to tackle such a poor thing as mine, you must be willing to try anything, *you've got nerve*. But in his excitement he slipped in the article "a" and spoiled everything. I have always sympathized with him. In the English language there are so many such phrases in which the shift of a word can change the meaning entirely that it's a wonder we don't all get mixed up more often than we do.

If you say you're on your last legs, for example, you are in a far different situation than a person who's on the last lap, though there's a certain similarity in the pictures the two phrases call up. I had an aunt who always fumbled that one. "I'm on my last legs with this," she would say, looking up all beaming and cheerful from some task she was engaged in, and then she would go on to describe some even more strenuous project she had in mind for herself as soon as this one was finished. It made people wonder.

If you give a man a leg up, it's not at all the same thing as being a leg up on him, while if you put your best leg foremost—no, it's the foot you put foremost and not the leg, though I could never figure out precisely why. But speaking of feet, you may put your foot down or put your foot in it, and though the operations are much the same, the results aren't. Only an unusually timorous lover could have his heart in his mouth and his heart on his sleeve at the same time, yet, oddly enough, if he were an honest, well-meaning fellow, he might be said to have his heart in the right place all the time.

Parts of the anatomy figure in many such phrases, and the references are always precise and specific. Thus, it's the finger of scorn, the hand of fate, the long arm of coincidence—all leading up, of course, to the inevitable cold shoulder. You pay through the nose, but you lie in your teeth; if occasion arises, you may also make your way in the teeth of danger. You can sail in the teeth of a gale, too, but remember, if the gale drops to a mere wind, then a change occurs and you sail in the eye of it. I suppose that in the whole history of yachting nobody has ever sailed in the teeth of a wind or in the eye of a gale. You can get a person under your thumb or under your skin, hold his fate in the palm of your hand, or wind him around your finger. All the while the man may be just a heel.

The thing that interests me most about such phrases is their firm immutability. However capricious an expression may seem to have been at the start, once it comes into general use it is inviolable; if even a word is altered, the whole thing becomes meaningless. I have no way of knowing what the original circumstances were which established that a wise man was one who knew his onions while a foolish one would be likely to spill the beans. All I know is that if you want to make

sense, you had better stick to that formula, even to this day. Unless, of course, in the one instance you are speaking of a man who actually happens to be an authority on beans and in the other you're describing a situation in which real, palpable onions were sent rolling on the floor. Then you can say "He knows his beans" or "He spilled the onions." Not otherwise.

You may be in a stew or a pickle, but you talk turkey and eat humble

pie. So far as I know, I have never tasted duck soup or seen it on a menu, but there it is, nevertheless, the unalterable symbol of the easy task, the enjoyable undertaking. If you land in the soup, though, that is another matter entirely. No one knows what happens if you look a gift horse in the mouth; it's forbidden, and the results would clearly be disastrous. But you can get a hot tip on the races—practically a gift, and if







## 185 Million Dollar Plum

A lot of plums have been dropping into the Los Angeles market, where aircraft, ship-building and other pay rolls have reached the stupendous sum of one-and-a-half billion dollars a year.

Now comes another plum—small in comparison, it is true, but one that will certainly sweeten the local retail sales pie. With purchases of new cars and other products curtailed by government order, Mr. and Mrs. Los Angeles, whose purchases of new cars alone amounted to \$185,000,000 last year,

will have to look elsewhere to spend this money. They'll be buying more Defense Bonds and Stamps, to be sure, but a lot of that one hundred and eighty-five million dollars will be spent in local stores for nationally advertised merchandise of all kinds.

Another plus sign in one of America's best plus markets. And the surest way of reaching the market's buyers is through the newspaper that most money-earning, money-spending Southlanders read.

**LOS ANGELES TIMES**

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*YOU CAN HELP  
YOUR THROAT!*

IT'S true—all smokers sometimes inhale. But—between PHILIP MORRIS and other leading cigarettes there's a tremendous difference in irritant qualities. Doctors who compared the five leading brands report that . . .

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Finest tobaccos—of course. But *that's not enough!* PHILIP MORRIS are made differently. They taste better—they're proved better for your nose and throat.

*Smooth as Modern Flying!*



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the horse wins, a very valuable one—straight from the horse's mouth. Horsing around is one thing and being cowed is another, and if the first is a little like being a bull in a china shop, the second is very much the same as being buffaloed. Certainly, no really doggy person would permit himself to be found in either predicament—if predicaments they are, for by now I am getting a little confused.

Meantime, I've a special problem of my own. Long ago, when I lived in Rochester, I knew a man who used to say, when he wanted to congratulate you on an especially shrewd observation, "You hit the nail on the nose that time." It was wrong, of course. I knew it was wrong, even then. But it had that kind of insidious wrongness that is always the hardest to track down. Ever since then I have been uncertain what the right way of putting it is, and in moments of excitement I am likely to say anything, from "You put your head on the hammer" to "You've got your finger on the nail." He was a cheerful, red-faced old gentleman named Rauschenbush, and he ran a grocery store down on Dewey Avenue, just a few blocks away from where we lived. I suppose he went to his grave never knowing the problem he'd saddled me with.

—ROBERT M. COATES

The State Dept. of Motor Vehicles is urging pedestrians moving about the streets at night to wear outside garments if at all possible, to aid motorists and as a safe measure in traffic.—*Marin Journal, San Rafael, Calif.*

Very well, but it's just one more thing to think of.

Don't make dates or bring company home without giving your wife ample notice. She won't mind if she has time to make things presentable. To a woman, this sort of thing is just as annoying as if someone woke you up at midnight and introduced you to Hedy Lamarr. Now you know what we mean?—*Minneapolis Sunday Tribune & Star-Journal.*

Can't say we do.

## BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[From TNEC monograph No. 16, by Professor Walton Hamilton of the Yale Law School and Miss Irene Till of TNEC]

The public can understand a chivalrous adventure in trust-busting in the grand manner. And when a champion of the people rides into the wind, seeks out the octopus in his lair, and brings home the scalp of a trust, it applauds.



# ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

## FEMININE FASHIONS



THERE is an inviolable tradition, come cheery daffodil or sombre headline, that American women must greet the spring in a suit or dress of navy blue or black, made refreshing by lingerie touches which may turn out to be either crisp or ruffy. Bergdorf Goodman's latest forays into early-spring costumes indicate that they have no intention of ignoring a uniform as practical as it is attractive, for they are merely concentrating on making variations that are completely new. The shop has a great fondness for front fullness (both for day and for evening) resulting from drapery across the hips and giving a peg-top effect without undue width. This sort of line occurs in a navy-blue crêpe dress with the universally beloved white piqué forming a high collar and a bow at the throat. Another dress, of navy wool this time, favors the same type of drapery; ruffled white organdie, flecked with confetti polka dots, edges its deep V décolletage and appears at the bottom of its three-quarter sleeves. ("Wearable" is the word I've coined for this one.) Then there's a navy wool dress that has a circular skirt, white coin dots on its jumper, and white hand crocheting, like the doilies your aunt used to make, used in a ruffle at the ends of its sleeves and as trimming along the V of its neck.

Women's well-known affection for two-piece suits is likewise looked after with imagination here. Knowing that we almost never remove the jackets of our suits and, further, that separate skirts have a way of sagging and bulging in the back, Bergdorf has designed several models which are in actuality one piece, even though the front may unbutton nonchalantly to show what is apparently a blouse. An outstanding example of this design

is in black wool, with three buttons down the diaphragm and pink-and-black tie silk filling in a deep oval closing. Of course, there are also two-piece suits, as always. One knockout, made of wool, has a line of fagoting forming a yoke around its buttoned jacket just below the shoulders; a red faille blouse that goes with this has a bow which emerges above the high V neckline of the jacket and glimmers through the fagoting.

For evening, luscious femininity remains in the ascendant at Bergdorf. There are such dreamy concoctions as a white organza dress with sheer black lace making its hipband, sleeves, and the bolero detail on its bodice, and another of nude beige mousseline with sheer black lace through its long torso and on its off-shoulder fichu. The shop likes the lowest and widest of V's in front, and no sweater could possibly do what folds of sheer fabrics can do over the bosom.

When it comes to severity, Bergdorf's love for tunics grows. These can be very long (almost ankle-length) and sheathlike, as in an affair in royal-blue-and-green floral print, or they can be

along the new wrap-around lines, as in a dinner dress of pale-blue crêpe which has a fold that ascends, rippling and irregular, from the ankle at one side to the knee at the other. The same wrap-around line appears on dressmaking crêpe day dresses. All the clothes here are original models and are made to measure.

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE's Mr. Josephi is not one to fly in the face of the tradition calling for freshness that amounts to impertinence in spring hats. (He is also not one always to let well enough alone, as when he gave the name Lettuce Be Gay to a divine ruffled white eyelet cotton cap with the likeness of a head of lettuce on its top.) One new and enchanting material is known as Milan ostrich, which consists of thin strips of Milan straw curled and massed like ostrich fronds; it makes a soft pouf of yellow, red, and green froth, which is misted over by a red veil and is to be worn high over one eye. Another hat is trimmed with purple Milan ostrich with red roses nestled amongst it. When Mr. Josephi is not playing with this fascinating new variation in straw, he is appeal-

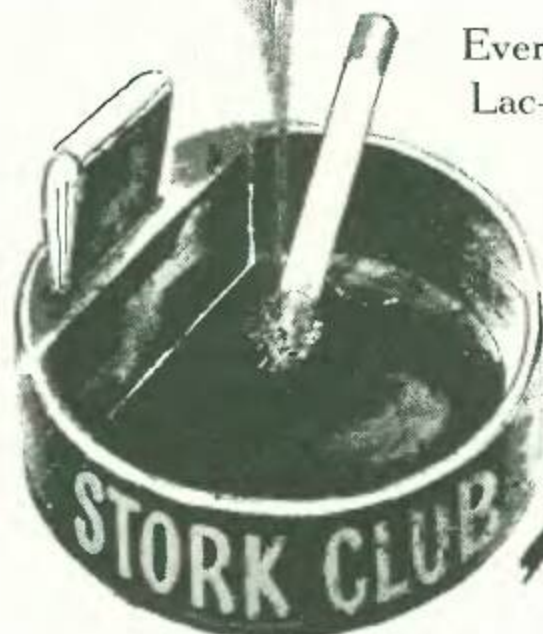


*"I'm really glad she didn't come. She's got a new mink coat."*



*Stork Club patrons  
please note—*

Before you keep that "particular" date at the Stork, phone VOLunteer 5-7462 for a "pretty up" date at Primrose House. It's just a step away—the smartest spot in town for serving the fashionable set. Everything beauty demands, including the new Lac-Q-Wave hair setting. (Please take further note: High taxes call for saving; Primrose House prices are most moderate.)

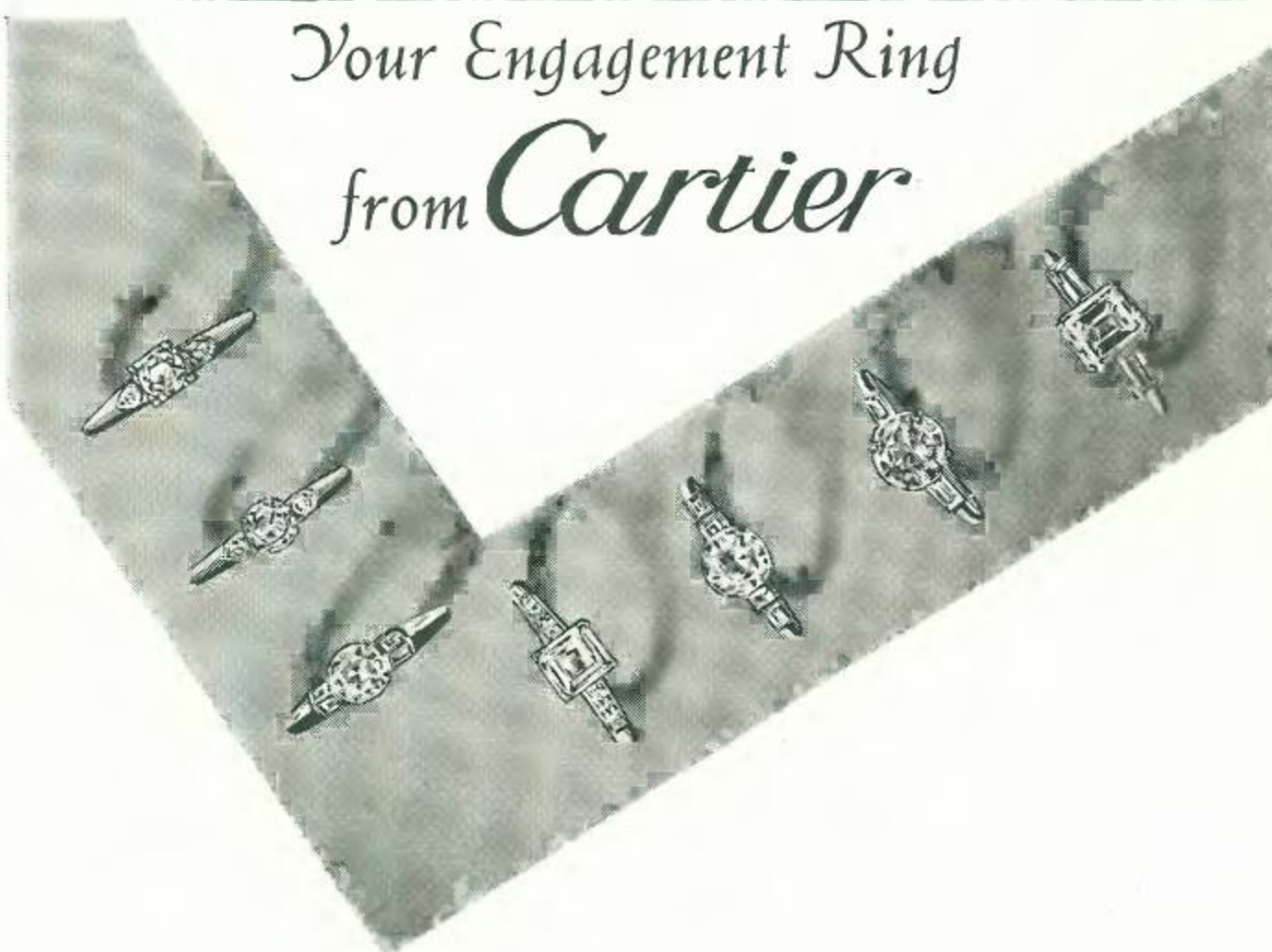


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ing to our love of miniatures. Tiny replicas of felt hats, an inch and a half across, are used as trimming around the peak of the low crown of a curled-up white straw sailor; others make a bunch at the front of a black straw cap. He also is fond of masses of flowers that are worn not back of the pompadour but in place of it. Wisteria bobs high over the forehead in one such creation; another is all apple blossoms. Then, if you care for turbans, he has tight, silk-jersey caplike ones (to be worn showing the hair or not, as you like) with superimposed nonsense, such as a towering Balinese flower tiara or a beige basket filled with field flowers tilted over one eye. His felt caps called Phantoms, made to cover the ears and to come down in a deep point at the centre of the forehead, have been a great success. One is purple, with a blob of purple and pink flowers beside one ear. Another is black, with black cherries at each side, all swathed in green veiling; the result is a hat with more width and less height than we have been accustomed to lately.

More Josephi nonsense: A beige cow-girl hat with a piecrust brim turned up slightly at one side. . . . Lovely little felt sailors with brims curled up a trifle and minute crowns with decorations fluttering from their peaks. Look especially at one of Kelly-green felt with a pink silk tassel. . . . Red roses, with long, thorny stems, coming up to bob over a black straw fez worn back on the head. . . . For dinner dresses, a white silk-jersey scarf that goes over the back of the head, comes forward to drape across the chest, and has epaulettes composed of red cherries.

The Josephi hats are custom-made, at around \$35, and are even more divine than they ought to be at the price.

—L. L.

## ABOUT THE HOUSE

### *Axes, Buckets, Pumps*

THE truth about the householders of New York, it seems, on the basis of their current shopping habits, is that although they are busily engaged in refurnishing, redecorating, and generally refitting their homes so as to make things as comfortable and beautiful as possible for the duration, they have little or no stomach for turning these threatened nests into fortresses by any of the prescribed methods. To date, interest in blackout blinds and black fabrics suitable for curtaining remains tepid, and there has been no perceptible flurry of excitement over fire-extinguishers or



even the highly recommended iron buckets to hold sand. Instead, people are acknowledging their awareness of possible bleak days ahead chiefly by purchasing things like unelectrified candle brackets, old-fashioned oil lamps, parlor stoves, and similar homely symbols of a safer day, clearly looking to them less for a feeling of actual protection in emergencies than for the kind of comfort that a night light provides in a nursery. Right or wrong, this is the trend of the moment, and there is at least this much to be said for it: anything which provides a measure of comfort is not entirely without value.

If you are one of the relatively few members of the practical-precaution school and are on the prowl for some black stuff which will really prevent the seepage of light and not cost a small fortune, Dazian's, the theatrical outfitter at 142 West 44th Street, has a close-woven, suède-finish cloth, thirty-six inches wide, which drapes well, sells for thirty cents a yard, and should do the trick nicely. A similar fabric at the same place runs wider and more expensive—fifty-four inches, fifty-five cents. Hammacher Schlemmer has lined up a nice collection of grim items which may help crystallize your thinking, if that's what you want. Among these are a first-aid kit at \$5.95, as well as iron rakes and shovels, axes, flashlights, buckets, pumps, asbestos gloves, and those blackout candles which stand steadily on their own feet, without benefit of holder, and which would be handy things to have around anyway, should a fuse blow.

Oil lamps of the Sears Roebuck farm-kitchen type are, as you may have noticed, being displayed in most chain drugstores, and you can also order them from Sears, at 360 West 31st Street. The lamps you can pick up in antique shops and auction rooms are, of course, considerably more decorative, but also more fragile and costly. A compromise might be the tiny, night-light-size lamps of shiny nickel-like metal, with lacy pierced collars and glass chimneys, which have been copied by Cauman, 14 East 50th Street, from old ones. They're a dollar each.

AT Edwin Jackson's fireplace-equipment shop, 175 East 60th Street, they've been having a run on coal-burning Franklin stoves, most of them bought by people who are hastily outfitting unheated summer cottages for a possible family retreat in case.

Prompted by this, Jackson has come up with some American parlor stoves of another and later type, which may prove

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Berkshire Stockings. For Berkshires are always completely wearable, ultra-smart, and fashion-correct. And naturally, the long-wearing Berkshires you buy today will be perfectly suited to forthcoming Spring fashions.

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Magic substitute for soap scented with Blue Grass. A single tissue-thin wafer melts into a fine lather to cleanse your hands thoroughly.

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*Arden*

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to have an even greater appeal, if for no other reason than that they burn wood, and wood fires are considerably easier for amateur frontiersmen to handle than the coal kind. These stoves are all old ones, from around the middle of the nineteenth century. Most of them are rectangular and tiny—about the size and shape of the shovel-a-day coal stove used in home laundries to heat the boiler—but they're considerably fancier, being dressed up with iron scrollwork and sometimes embossed historic symbols, such as the federal eagle. All have broad ledges sticking out in front, convenient for ash removal and also as foot-warmers; some have lids on top, to hold a tea-kettle; and most have little ovens inside, which make them nice to use in country dining rooms to keep food hot or even to bake a batch of rolls or biscuits while dinner is being served. You don't need a fireplace to set one of these stoves up in, but you do have to have a wall opening leading into a chimney flue, and you have got to like stovepipes. The smallest and simplest of these wood-burners costs around \$25 and is said to radiate approximately the amount of heat you would get from a three-foot open fireplace. Jackson has larger and far more elaborate stoves, all the way up to an impressive and stylish example for \$100, which looks more like an iron pipe organ than a stove and should give off enough heat from an astonishingly small amount of fuel to send you scuttling to the other side of the room to cool your face.

TO get back to the more decorative aspect of the home, Katzenbach & Warren's exhibit of ten new wallpapers by Justema has had such an enthusiastic response that the show's run has been extended indefinitely. Justema's talent for background effects achieved in the simplest terms results in five wonderful background papers, which lend themselves to such current decorator didos as using cutouts from other wallpapers as appliques. They're also perfect to hang pictures against. There is great gaiety in another group of five, called subject papers. One of these has a pattern made up of cavorting skeletons and, of course, is for closets. Another, named Our Pets, has snakes, far and away the most attractive ones I've ever looked at, coiled all over it. A third paper employs the beauty of form and the delicate detail of brass and wood musical instruments, and the remaining two are panels—Shooting Gallery, which is bold and gay and posterlike, and Pleasure Pier, a great, black rectangle with a Ferris wheel,



*Elizabeth Arden*

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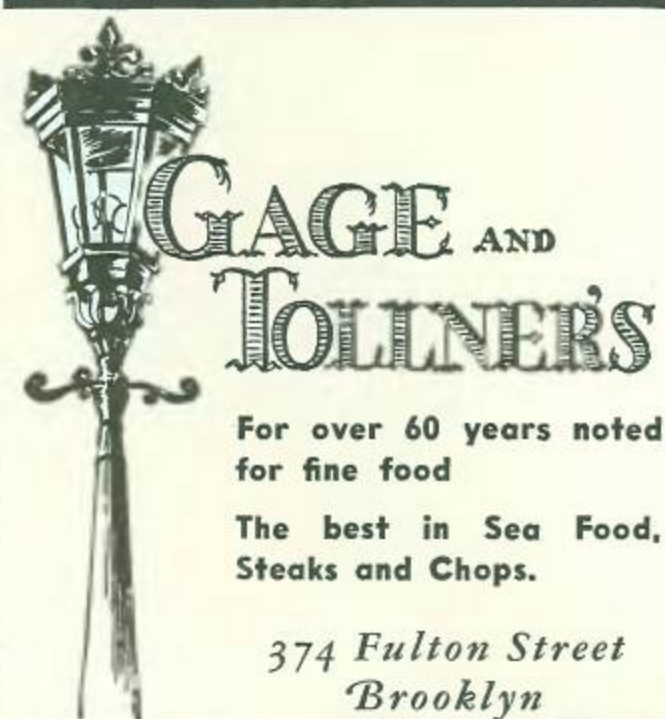
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merry-go-round, and other carnival diversions outlined on it in strings of white dots that don't really glitter like diamonds but give all the effect of doing so, especially at a little distance. The panels, which are meant for foyers, bars, and party rooms, are \$36 each; the papers, to use at your own or your decorator's discretion, start at \$3 a roll. Before I forget, Katzenbach & Warren are at 49 East 53rd Street. —B. B.

## MARKETS AND MENUS

### *American Cheeses*

ONE of the obstacles in the way of a sensible discussion of cheeses made on this side of the Atlantic is that many of them are still in the experimental stage and therefore often not uniform in quality. This makes it risky to pass out any generalizations on the subject, but on the other hand it is a reassuring sign that our cheese manufacture has not become depressingly standardized. Sometimes, too, what seems a variation in quality actually is the result of handling by the retail merchant. The man who keeps the corner delicatessen may know something about the care of the cheeses he sells, and then again he may not, so to be on the safe side, the fanatic cheese-lover had better pick a reliable market as well as a reliable cheese.

Obviously, it would be impossible to indicate all the places where an assortment of fine cheeses gets humane treatment, so I shall only give the names of a few shops that keep a variety of them under good conditions. The Morvay Cheese Shop, 13 East 59th Street; Maison Glass, 15 East 47th Street; Vendôme, 415 Madison Avenue (48th); Old Denmark, 135 East 57th Street; Callanan's Market, 41 Vesey Street; the Service Delicatessen, 1007 Lexington Avenue (72nd); Martin's Fruit Shop, 1042 Madison Avenue (79th); and the grocery departments of Macy and Bloomingdale can all be counted on to furnish a lot of good American cheeses that have neither lain around too long nor had the life refrigerated out of them.

Since fanciers of American cheese have been investigating Cheddar over a long period of time, they probably don't need any help from me in locating their favorite varieties. However, the field has recently been enlarged by two magnificent Cheddars from S. S. Pierce of Boston which are now being sold here for the first time in their honorable history and which it would be a terrible mistake to overlook. These cheeses



### Braemar's blue-blooded cashmeres



With your new life, your new purpose, goes a new look. Not the unbending regimentation of our earlier fervor, but a decorative though useful look.

Color. And a certain softness. You wear slacks, yes, but add the brilliant blur of cashmeres, Braemar's incomparable twin sweaters to make you a woman to look twice at. These Scottish Aristocrats, cardigan, 17.95; slipover, 14.95.

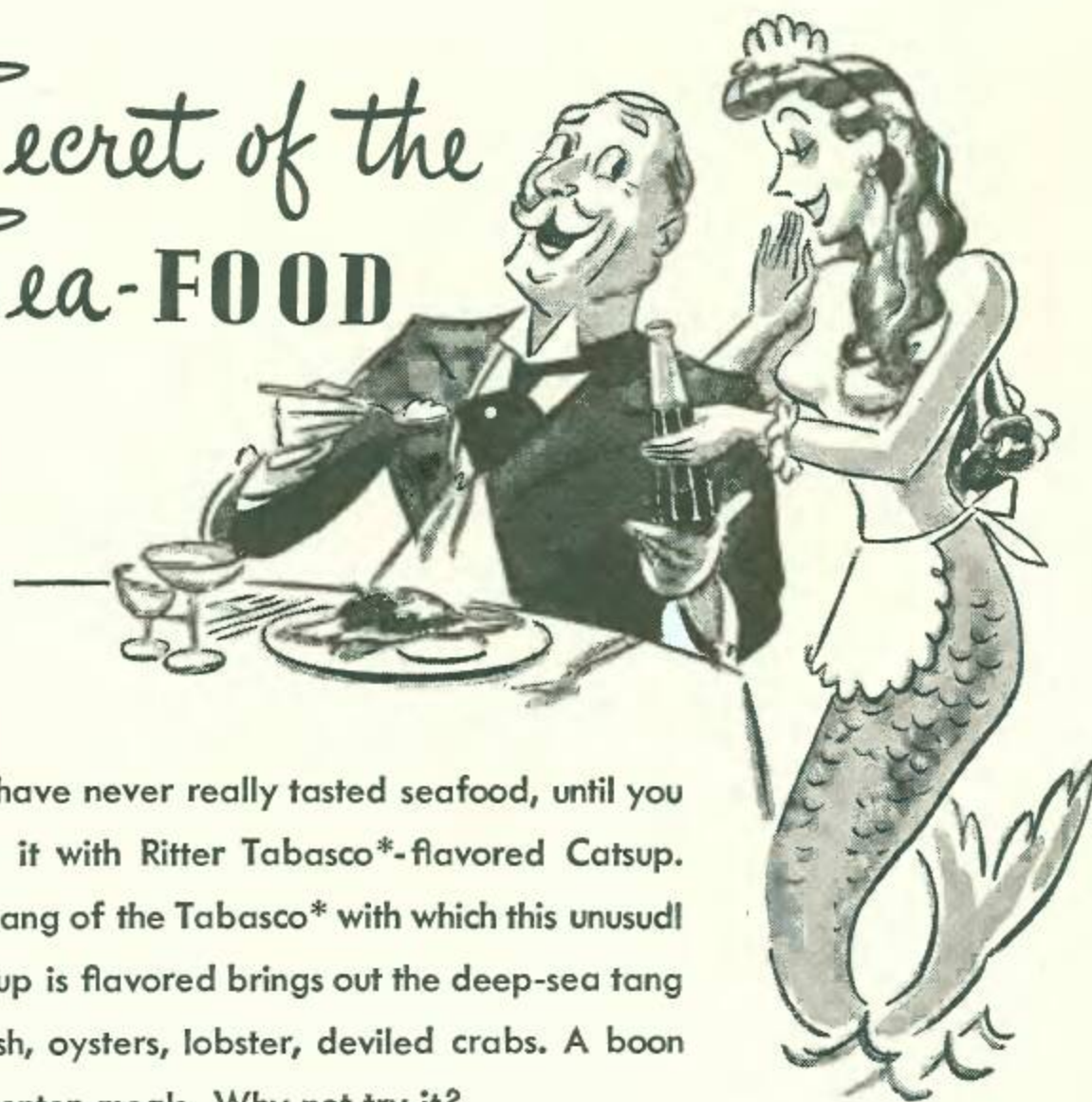
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at 46th Street

are to be found at Shaffer's Market, 673 Madison Avenue (61st), and both are excellent examples of our native cheese-making. One, called Old Factory, is a New York State product, cured for around eighteen months by the Pierce people according to a formula that has been a precious secret of the maker's for heaven knows how long. The result is a rich, firm cheese so beautifully mellow that you get its decided, tangy sharpness only as a delicious aftertaste. The other Pierce cheese available at Shaffer's is Cooper's Wisconsin, a Cheddar of the same high quality but with slightly less bite.

Morvay has two superb Cheddars. One, a three-year-old of a deep, reddish color, has the rich, full-bodied taste of an English Gloucester and the texture of an old Edam, and I doubt if you will find a better matured cheese anywhere. The other is a white cheese of a fine flavor which I should describe as somehow lighter than the first, if that were an accepted adjective in cheese parlance. Macy carries a Canadian Cheddar that seems to me as good as almost anything one used to get in prewar England, and Macy, Callanan, and Bloomingdale have Wisconsin and New York State dairy cheeses which are worth investigating.

Aside from Cheddars, most kinds of hard cheese seem to be made more successfully to the south of us than in this country. From Brazil comes an authentic-tasting Edam of good, firm texture, made by a Dutch manufacturer who some time ago transferred his whole set-up from Rotterdam to Rio de Janeiro. This, which you'll find at Bloomingdale, is, I think, the nearest thing we have to the genuine Holland Edam, although Argentina sends us a Dutch cheese that runs it a close second. The Argentine Edam has not quite the same well-aged hardness but possesses an equally clean, nutty flavor, and can be bought at nearly all the stores I've mentioned. We are getting from Argentina, too, a fine, hard Parmesan and a Romano, both of which are remarkably like the Italian products and both of which are carried by Vendôme, Bloomingdale, and Macy.

In the United States, the most successful effort in hard cheese, after our many first-rate Cheddars, is the Swiss cheese made in Green County, Wisconsin, where descendants of the Swiss col-





onists who settled there about a hundred years ago turn out a large quantity of what bears a close resemblance to real Switzerland Swiss. It has been my experience that for some reason or other the quality of our native Swiss is pretty variable. Morvay, for instance, has two lots of this Wisconsin cheese, one of which is extraordinarily fine, with a good, semi-dry crumb and a sweet, nut-like flavor—just as it should be—while the other, which the Morvay people declare is from the same factory, can't touch it in flavor or texture. If you must guess at the quality of Swiss in a glass case without benefit of tasting, the best guide is the cheese's "eyes," which should be uniform and a little smaller than a quarter. Other shops at which you can buy Green County Swiss are Vendôme, Callanan, the Service Delicatessen, and Bloomingdale.

**M**OST lovers of cheese will agree, I think, that the finest specimen in the semi-soft class produced in this hemisphere is the Canadian Oka, which is made by the Trappist monks in the village of Oka in Quebec. This is an almost perfect reproduction of the French Port du Salut and is to be found almost everywhere. To my way of thinking, none of the Port du Salut made in the United States quite comes off; at least, all the samples I have tried have been rather sour and a bit pasty. One Wisconsin cheese of this type, however, sold at Old Denmark, has these defects to a lesser degree than most. Actually, Borden's Military Brand Brie should come in the class of the semi-softs. It is an extremely good, well-flavored cheese but bears no resemblance to the true Brie, and its label is, I think, a disservice to so pleasant a product. Callanan and Macy, of the shops I listed at the outset, have this. Monterey Jack, a very mild-flavored, well-made cheese, is another excellent example of the semi-soft type. Macy has it.

**A**LTHOUGH, as far as I know, we have never been successful in reproducing the soft French Brie, American cheesemakers are beginning to do extremely well by Camembert, which belongs in the same general category. A Camembert that seems to me surprisingly like the French original is an exceptional product called Rouge et Noir, which is made in California and sold at Maison Glass, Old Denmark, and the Service Delicatessen. This is a smooth, creamy cheese with no trace of the objectionable pastiness that bedevils so many of our soft cheeses. Another good

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Camembert is put up by the Robins Packing Company of California and sold at Morvay and the Service Delicatessen. Finally, there is the well-flavored Coucher de Soleil brand, also from California and sold at Maison Glass, Vendôme, and Bloomingdale, as well as Borden's very satisfactory Camembert, available at the Service Delicatessen and, under the Lily White label, at Macy.

AMONG the blue cheeses, North and South American experiments with Gorgonzola and Danish have produced much happier results than those with Roquefort. Both Argentina and Wisconsin produce Gorgonzola and Danish Blue that are mighty near the simon-pure originals. The Minnesota Danish Blue seems to me a little uneven, some of it being too salty for my taste. A Pennsylvania manufacturer has captured something of the taste of Roquefort in a cheese called Penroque by using *Penicillium roquefortii*, which is the bug that gives to a cow's-milk cheese the flavor of the French product. Penroque is matured in abandoned coal mines near Blairsville under conditions which are very like those under which genuine Roquefort is made, but in spite of all the trouble the manufacturer goes to, the cheese remains pretty dry and salty. Gorgonzola and Danish Blue from Argentina can be obtained at Vendôme, Callanan, the Service Delicatessen, Bloomingdale, and Macy; Wisconsin Gorgonzola is stocked by Callanan, and Danish Blue from the same state by Vendôme, Old Denmark, Callanan, the Service Delicatessen, Martin, and Macy. You'll find Penroque at Maison Glass, Macy, and Bloomingdale. —S. H.

## MEASURE FOR MEASURE

The Bureau of Home Economics of the Agriculture Department has measured fifty-nine external dimensions of 14,698 women.—*The Times*.

My mind is just a trifle muddy  
On why the Bureau made this study.

I can't recall, I am afraid,  
The part that agriculture played,

Nor even, though I long have brooded,  
What broad conclusions were concluded.

But still I'm rather overwrought  
From being haunted by the thought

Of women's dreadful apprehensions  
At having fifty-nine dimensions.

—RICHARD ARMOUR



# MUSICAL EVENTS

## Conductors in Fact and Fiction—"Ramuntcho"

A DOUBLE high was registered last week for performances of Tchaikovsky's sixth symphony when it was played in Carnegie Hall by the Philadelphia Orchestra, conducted by Arturo Toscanini, and three nights later by the Boston Symphony, under the direction of Serge Koussevitzky. The two treatments of the music had little in common, and yet both sounded entirely convincing. Mr. Toscanini offered a beautifully fresh, brilliant, lyrical, and tonally charming presentation of a composition that often has been torn to tatters. It was an evening of grand playing, topped off by a magnificent showing of Debussy's "La Mer." Between Tchaikovsky and Debussy, the Philadelphia first fiddles went to town in Vieuxtemps's Ballade and Polonaise, a soloist's showpiece that didn't become sixteen times as interesting when sixteen violinists strutted with spectacular unanimity. There also was the "Queen Mab" scherzo from Berlioz's "Romeo and Juliet," something of a Toscanini specialty that was touched off with immense delicacy—if delicacy can be immense.

Mr. Koussevitzky's conducting of the Tchaikovsky sixth was, in the last movement, a personal expression of grief. The first three movements were played dramatically and sensitively, but the finale had a note of great sorrow, never overstressed and always deeply felt. It was a restrained and moving threnody.

EUGENE GOOSSENS, arriving as guest conductor of the Philharmonic-Symphony, brought with him Jaromir Weinberger's "Lincoln" symphony. Like all of Mr. Weinberger's music, this symphony is well built and well scored, but it is just pleasant composing rather than much of an evocation of Lincoln. The audience seemed to like especially the composer's doings with the spiritual "Deep River," and Mr. Goossens, always an able maestro, made the most of the music. The visiting conductor also supplied excellent collaboration to Jascha Heifetz, who played the Brahms violin concerto. Mr. Heifetz wasn't always at his best, but the familiar Heifetz magic was still present.

SPEAKING of Mr. Goossens, he was a character in one of last year's detective stories, "Murder in Two Flats,"

written by R. L. F. McCombs, program annotator for the Philadelphia Orchestra. Other conductors (fictional, however) are eminent in two recent crime novels, written by women who are gifted both in music and in the composition of whodunits: Miss Blanche Bloch and Mme. Queena Mario. The merits of

these books as mystery yarns I must leave to the specialists in such matters, but I can recommend both creations for their accurate and entertaining presentation of musical surroundings. Miss Bloch's "The

Bach Festival Murders" catches perfectly the political background of ambitious symphonic and choral enterprises in many cities. Mme. Mario's "Murder Meets Mephisto" is set mostly in the Metropolitan Opera House, and if you want a guide to backstage life there, you'll find plenty of swell stuff in this book. Homicide is not a part of standard musical procedure, I believe; otherwise, both novels may be regarded as almost as educational as they are diverting.

DEEMS TAYLOR's "Ramuntcho" had its world première in Philadelphia last week. Because of the crowded New York schedule, I took a look at Mr. Taylor's opera at a dress rehearsal. It was a thorough dress rehearsal, too—not a preview, but a genuine stop-go workout which demonstrated the great capabilities of the conductor of the Philadelphia Opera Company, Sylvan Levin. From this rehearsal and a study of the printed score, I can report that "Ramuntcho" is an effective and strikingly melodious opera, full of singable music. I don't know when a production of "Ramuntcho" may be expected in town, but I think you'll be hearing many of its numbers at concerts before long. The opera offers fine opportunities for singers and orchestra, and the young people who make up the Philadelphia troupe carolled with pleasure and skill all through that long rehearsal.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

Q.—How long and how deep is the Cresta tobogganing run at St. Moritz, Switzerland?

A.—It is the fastest ice run in the world and is 403 feet long with a 426 foot vertical descent.—*Boston Herald*.

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## THE ARMY LIFE

### XII-NIGHT PROBLEMS

**I**N time of war it is often considered more practical, and safer, for infantrymen to proceed from one spot to another at night. This, of course, enables them to move with some degree of secrecy, though, to be sure, it deprives them of the pleasure of passing in dazzling review before their countrymen and of receiving bouquets and affectionate cheers from their countrywomen. The officers at Camp Croft, South Carolina, who would rather have my fellow-selectees and myself trained than bedecked or beloved, have accordingly taken us on a number of night "problems," or maneuvers, the exact number being five.

Before starting out on our first problem, a lieutenant gave the men in my battalion some general advice about night fighting. He told us, to begin with, that only a fool or a rookie would signal another soldier in the dark by so obvious and revealing a method as calling out to him. It is preferable to arrange in advance a sort of aural code system and to exchange confidences by, for instance, clicking a thumbnail on a matchbox. On the chance, however, that someone might make an undue racket with his matchbox and thus attract the enemy's attention, we were advised to equip ourselves for emergency personal combat with some such handy weapon as a sawed-off shotgun, a trench knife, a blackjack, or a set of brass knuckles, the last three being especially recommended because they are both efficient and quiet. The lieutenant, after enumerating this arsenal, explained that the weapons on the list were, according to a strict interpretation of international law, illegal but that he did not feel that any enemy we might be called upon to face was a stickler for sportsmanship.

The first night problem was a simple hike of four and a half miles, and we carried only such regulation arms as rifles and bayonets. We set off shortly after dark, travelling "at ease;" that is, marching along not at attention but without talking or smoking.

The stealthy tread of the couple of thousand feet attached to our battalion was nevertheless audible enough to arouse the suspicions of a good many of the watchdogs in South Carolina, who supplied a full set of sound effects for our theoretically silent trek. Since we were at ease, we were unable to quiet them by reassuring whistles or by any other conventional call of man to dog. We were further harassed by our battalion com-

mander, a conscientious lieutenant colonel, who, to check on our discipline, drove up behind our marching columns without turning his headlights on. The colonel, however, did not bark at us; on the contrary, at the end of the hike he said that our discipline had been fine. We got back to our company area at ten o'clock and scrambled into our mess hall for coffee and doughnuts, the standard reward to Camp Croft men who solve a night problem.

**O**UR second problem was substantially the same as the first. At the end of the march, however, we pitched pup tents. The locale picked out for these operations was the same patch of woods we frequently inhabit during daylight hours while engaged in small war games. Although we are familiar with every square foot of this area, the place seemed strange and unfriendly by what little moonlight came through the trees. My squad stumbled along behind a guiding corporal until he pointed to a clearing, at which two of us detached ourselves from the group and prepared to set up a tent. Every soldier carries part of one, known as a shelter half, inside the pack on his back. We slipped our two halves out of our packs, opened them up, and started hopefully to button them together, meanwhile muttering to ourselves how nice it would be if we were allowed to strike a match, which we weren't. My partner, who was sincere but had never before applied himself to a pup tent, whispered that he intended to rely wholly upon my efforts, which were feeble, since I had put up a total of two tents before. We got to work, nevertheless, and in a half-hour or so constructed a tenuous shelter that, in the dim light, appeared to be only a little more swaybacked than an Army mule about to be retired after thirty years of loyal service.



A few days later we gathered that our next twilight excursion would be different from the earlier ones when, shortly before departure, we were issued gas masks. Soon after starting, we swerved off a perfectly serviceable highway and began to trudge across some unpaved fields. We had no idea when we were going to put on our masks, but we had been informed that word would be passed along with the minimum amount of noise. As we were deploying through a garden of lofty goldenrod, my squad



became aware of a rustling in the ranks ahead, and in a moment the fierce whisper "Gas!" was relayed back to us. We passed it along and at the same time whipped out our masks and put them on. One of the fellows later said that he had never before heard so pleasant a command, as the goldenrod was beginning to disable him.

BY far the most diverting, and exhausting, of our night problems was one that began at ten minutes to seven one chilly evening and ended up, a couple of years later, at three-fifteen in the morning, when we were served a full and welcome breakfast before retiring until noon. This, like our first nocturnal adventure, was prefaced by a lecture—a rather gloomy discourse delivered by our company commander, who kept spicing routine instructions with foreboding references to ambulances, precipices, and ravines big enough to swallow the whole company. The problem began in a safe enough way with a six-mile, non-stop hike, which we polished off in around two hours, arriving at an agreed-upon assembly area around nine. We remained there for almost three hours, consuming coffee and doughnuts, which were brought out by truck.

Before taking off on a route that Ulysses, I feel sure, would have avoided in order to tackle such comparatively simple obstacles as Scylla and Charybdis, most of us, in deference to the cold night, put on heavy woollen undershirts we had stowed in our packs. Then we set out on a two-mile cross-country jaunt, traversing a bumpy meadow in columns of twos and shifting into single file as we approached a forest. To preserve some semblance of unity, each man held on grimly to the pack strap of the man in front of him, and we lumbered along like intoxicated circus elephants. From time to time a link in the chain broke and a flustered soldier, left to his own devices, wandered off whatever trail the column had blazed. One of the boys, by daylight an excellent soldier, was heard to say "Pardon me" five times to trees. My only misfortune occurred when, coming upon a gully, I was told by a lieutenant posted at its edge to take a big step and took one not quite big enough. "You looked funny," the fellow behind me later reported. "You disappeared."

OUR last night problem involved only three miles or so of walking, a negligible distance for the infantry. We were treated on this occasion to a dem-

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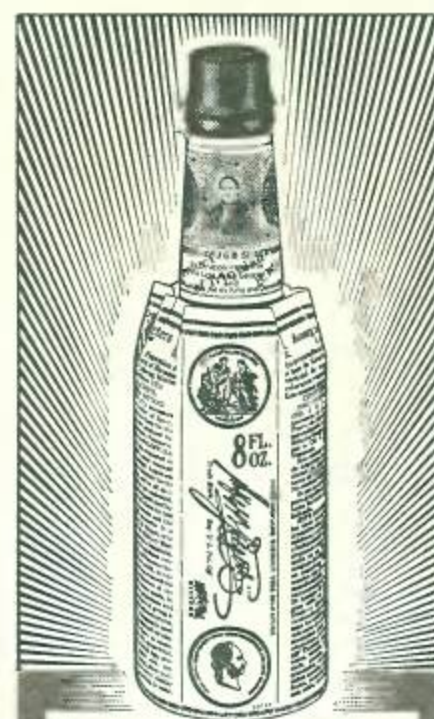
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onstration of night noises and sights, the idea being to impress upon us the detectability of casual movements. Members of a platoon from another company were distributed at hundred-yard intervals in front of us and for our benefit clicked rifle bolts, coughed, sneezed, laughed, shuffled about, chopped wood, and lit cigarettes while we sat in rigid silence. We were deeply impressed by the visibility of a lone cigarette eight hundred yards away and would probably have been even more impressed by one at seven hundred yards if, as we learned later, the soldier detailed to light it, a confirmed cigarette-bummer who had borrowed a smoke from his lieutenant for the demonstration, had been able to resist the temptation of smoking it half an hour before any puffs were officially scheduled.

Our only active participation in the events of that evening came when we marched across a field and waited for a flare, resembling a Roman candle, to be shot off overhead. At this we were supposed either to fall to the ground or freeze in our tracks, depending on how much time we had for movement between the firing and lighting up of the flare. If we froze properly, it was explained, enemy flare-throwers would be unable to distinguish us from old and harmless tree stumps. After carrying off this simulation reasonably well, we had started to leave our petrified forest when I tripped over an embankment and fell flat on my face. My pack, crashing forward on the back of my neck, momentarily pinned me to the earth and the knife in my mess-equipment carrier simultaneously flew out, soared over my head, and landed a few inches from my nose. While I was staring at the knife and vaguely thinking about trying to get up, a fluttery corporal, who would have been quite justified in thinking my tumble the loudest noise of the night, rushed up and announced to my associates, after a cursory inspection, that I was dead, presumably deciding it was by my own hand. He seemed rather nettled when I finally arose, with all the outraged dignity a bruised and battered tree stump could muster.

—PVT. E. J. KAHN, JR.

When Merle Oberon goes east, she'll visit Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., at her farm in Virginia. Incidentally, James Reynolds, who goes all over the world to paint beautiful horses, did a portrait of Mrs. Fairbanks which is now hanging above the fireplace in her drawing room.—Hedda Hopper in the *Winnipeg Tribune*.

Gossip writers have such a *vivid* style.



# OUT OF TOWN

*Making the Best of It*

EVERY ski centre in Vermont and New Hampshire has been improved in one way or another this year and, now that the government has found better uses for excess railroad equipment, every weekend ski train has been cancelled, so the problem is not so much one of where to go as of how to get there. I've been pumping various sources of information for the best answers and am ready with a few suggestions; you, of course, may find better ways (people always do), or the motoring distances involved may look temptingly short if you can be cavalier about your tires.

Stowe, in the Mount Mansfield district of Vermont, fares as well as any in the absence of ski trains. You can leave Penn Station at nine-fifteen in the evening and reach Waterbury at six forty-five for a pre-dawn taxi ride to Stowe—early, you see, and probably bitter cold, but it gives you an appetite for a staggering New England breakfast, and anyway, isn't it just what athletes like? If it isn't just what you like, you can take a Canadian Colonial plane to Burlington and one of the line's limousines to where you plan to stay. Planes leave here at eight in the morning, one-thirty in the afternoon, and eight at night, making the trip in approximately two hours. The Lodge, out at the foot of Mount Mansfield, is near the famous chair lift ("world's longest, highest," etc.) and is still as convenient a spot as you'll find around there, offering rather superior comforts at from \$4.75 a day (American plan, like practically all ski places); the Green Mountain Inn, in Stowe, is fun if you like village life. The Ski Meister trail on Mount Mansfield has been completed, which means it's wider and longer than it was last year, and that chair lift, though I'm as wary as anyone of superlatives, is long enough and high enough to suit the most exacting.

Woodstock, Vermont, is comparatively handy if you don't object to sacrificing a few morning hours of skiing. Here it's a case of the midnight train from Grand Central to good old White River Junction, where you arrive at a leisurely ten-forty and take a taxi the rest of the way—fifteen miles. There are eleven tows working in this region, to say nothing of the Alpine lift at Pico Peak, twenty miles away over near Rut-

land. Unless you have discovered your own pet farmhouse or camp (there are dozens of them open to skiers around most of these villages), you'll probably want to stay at the White Cupboard Inn while you're in Woodstock.

Still in Vermont, Snow Valley, the new skiing centre near Manchester, opened on January 24th, and by the following weekend seven hundred people were playing around there. Two new-style tows, with ropes that don't drag on the ground, are now operating on two of its slopes, and the management hopes

to have the Alpine lift working by Washington's Birthday. Five trails start from the top of the lift—two for expert skiers, two for the great middle class, and one for those delicately designated as novices. There's a chalet to provide immediate comforts—hot coffee, sandwiches, open fire, and so on—at the foot of the slopes, but you live in Peru or Manchester, both five miles away, with plenty of bus and taxi service to get you to either place. Peru offers two likely possibilities—the Bromley House, where rates start at \$4.50 a day and where there's an instructor from Chamonix, and Johnny Seesaw's, a private-clublike sort of retreat, where lounging bunks spread with bearskins ring the fireplace in the centre of the main room. Manchester has more of a choice. The Orvis Inn, which, like the two plain restaurants in town, has a bar, can put up forty-five people at from \$5 a day apiece; the Holiday House (popular, among other things, for the ski barn, where you mix your own drinks) takes thirty-five guests at somewhat lower rates. And there are several others. Railroad transportation is the rub here; it's the Mount Royal from Grand Central at nine at night and—so help you—Manchester at three in the morning. The hundred-and-ninety-mile drive up may be the solution, unless you think it's fun to play bridge on the train and not go to bed until you get there.

OVER in New Hampshire, Franconia presents its own problem in transportation. Sampling Cannon Mountain's aerial tram and its new Alpine lift at the top means taking the midnight from Grand Central which gets you to White River Junction at ten-forty. Most Franconia places, given advance notice, will send a car over to fetch



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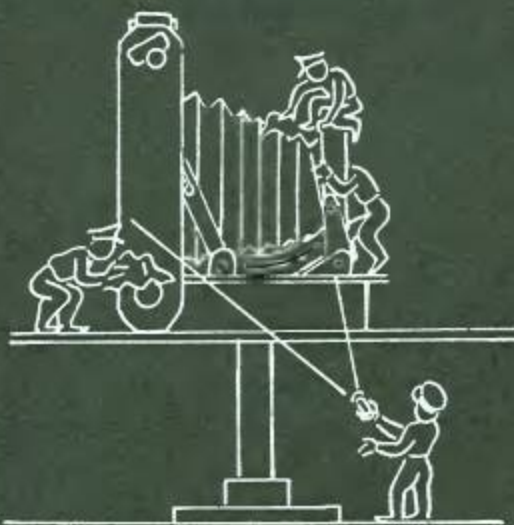
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you—the drive takes about an hour and a half—and of course there are always taxis. The internationally minded who expand in a club atmosphere will certainly head for the Franconia Mittersill, which even has its own practice slope this year, with a sizable tow and a hut that provides, of all things, for sunbathing. Rates start at \$6. People who prefer the garden variety of simplicity might try the Thorner House; should you go there, don't miss learning to ski or skiing with (according to your status) the boss himself; he's good. The Thorner station wagon totes you around for nothing extra, taking you to, and calling for you at, the foot of Cannon Mountain, but if you're up to it, you can have the fun of running a four-mile trail from the top of the mountain right to the door of the inn.

Getting to North Conway and the Eastern Slope region isn't exactly a cinch, either. Hopping the State of Maine express from Grand Central at nine in the evening, you pull into Portland at around six-thirty. After breakfast in the station, you take another train, which leaves at eight o'clock and arrives in North Conway at a little after ten. Local folk, headed by Hannes Schneider, are living up to the district's cherished skimobile—that endless chain of little cars which chugs you up Cranmore Mountain—by studying nearby trails and slopes and caring for them as though they were orchids. How they go about this is too technical for me, but I gather that rolling the slopes systematically adds two weeks of spring skiing; what's more, they turn icy surfaces into good snow by dragging a twelve-hundred-pound mat of chains and spikes all over the place. The Eastern Slope Inn, where the cheerful Swiss musicians from the World's Fair are again holding forth in the bar, is still the palace hotel of the whole New England skiing country, as it should be with rates, for room and bath, starting at \$10, or \$7 European plan. Its new chalet alongside is a great success at somewhat lower prices. —K. C. B.

### WHICH PAGE OF "THE NEW YORKER" D'YA READ?

It would certainly surprise the distinguished house of Williams & Humbert to find its excellent Cedro sherry, which is a rather thin *vino de pasto*, listed as a "substitute," and as a substitute for vermouth at that.—*The New Yorker*, February 7th, page 46.

Cedro replaces imported Vermouth for your Martinis.—*From a Williams & Humbert adv. in The New Yorker*, same issue, inside back cover.

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# BOOKS

## *Beyond Defeat*



ANTOINE DE SAINT-EXUPÉRY'S "Flight to Arras" is one of the few war books that, born of personal experience, rise above that personal experience, and, indeed, above the whole action of the war itself, to a level where only final questions are asked and final answers given. One cannot say that these questions and answers are necessarily meaningful to all, nor can one say that Saint-Exupéry has given them a perfect form. But he has made a truly noble attempt to think out his war experiences as a philosopher would, not as a soldier would, or a mere writer. "Flight to Arras" is a credo, the credo of a fighting man to whom the ordinary reasons for fighting have proved unsatisfactory.

In the last days of May, 1940, "a time of full retreat, of full disaster," Saint-Exupéry was a member of one of the fifty aerial reconnaissance crews which had to serve the entire French Army. Again and again these three-man crews were ordered into the air to make observations which, in the face of achieved catastrophe, were futile. From these trips a pitiful percentage returned.

"Flight to Arras" tells the story of one of the flights. Saint-Exupéry (the pilot), with his observer and gunner, was ordered to make a photographic sortie at about thirty thousand feet and then to make a reconnaissance at two thousand feet over the German tank parks near Arras. A series of miracles permitted them to complete their useless task. Or *was* it useless? There is the whole point of the book.

As Saint-Exupéry prepares for the flight, "to sketch the face of a war that has no face," he is filled with neither fear nor courage. The defeat of France is so great that individual deaths, including his own, no longer count. He is numb. "There is no France," he thinks, "no Europe, no civilization. There are particles, detritus, nothing more. . . . What do I accomplish by risking my life in this mountain avalanche? I have no notion."

At thirty-three thousand feet he is harried by six German fight-

er planes, each carrying eight machine guns, each gun firing fourteen hundred bullets a minute. A "fight" is impossible, a symbol of the whole situation of France. He escapes. His throttle controls freeze up, a result of the manufacturer's ineffectualness. "Ineffectualness weighed us down, all of us in the uniform of France, like a sort of doom." Then comes the low-altitude sortie. Before his eyes is spread the unbelievable picture of the flight of the refugees, an anthill scattered by a boot, millions of blind bodies impeded by their failing motorcars, "drowning in old iron." He sees France in decomposition, maggoty. All is over. Why, then, do he and his mates go on fighting? The question torments him as he watches the moribund body of France twitching below him. It torments him even as he threads his way through the moving labyrinth of

shells and tracer bullets directed at him by anti-aircraft batteries of all calibres. It torments him even when he has returned safely to his base after a trip which has tortured the reader's nerves almost as much as it has tortured his own.

His answer, given piecemeal through the book and then, at the end, intoned like a sermon, even like a prayer, is not dissimilar to that in "For Whom the Bell Tolls," but it is both subtler and more anguished. Any summary would be opaque and blundering, for Saint-Exupéry is a poet; his language is his meaning. But we may say that the kind of patriotism his mind at last rises to will seem to many the only kind that can win the war and the peace, which are indivisible. Its basic conviction is that Man is higher than the individual, as the cathedral is of an order higher than the



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stones which compose it. The concep-  
tion is lofty, too lofty, doubtless, for  
us to pay much attention to it in these  
days when continents are crumbling  
and "abstractions" seem of no moment.  
Yet it is upon abstractions like these  
that Christendom founded itself. It is  
against such abstractions, against the  
Saint-Exupéry's, thinking and agonizing  
in their fatal cockpits over Arras, that  
the Nazis fight, knowing well who their  
final enemy is. It is for such abstractions  
in the end that men die, for anything  
smaller, Saint-Exupéry tells us, is not  
good enough.

The translation by Lewis Galantière  
reads superbly, as one would expect.  
Bernard Lamotte's gravure illustrations  
do not happen to excite me, but as I have  
been anaesthetic to all book illustra-  
tors since Cruikshank, my opinion is not  
worth much. There can be no question,  
though, of the value of the book. It is  
not always lucid, it is extravagant, it is  
even hysterical at times, and it lacks the  
beauty of his "Wind, Sand, and Stars."  
Yet for all that it is an important work,  
composed at a pitch of feeling to which,  
among those who have written about  
the war, few have attained.

I CANNOT advise the reading of  
"Flight to Arras" as a temporary  
escape from the war. Escapes are neces-  
sary, however, and you will find the  
blueprints of one in Jonathan Norton  
Leonard's "Enjoyment of Science." In  
pleasant, brisk, and rather unbuttoned  
prose, Mr. Leonard outlines the way in  
which the intelligent adult can proceed  
to make the study of science in general,  
or any one of the sciences, a refuge, a  
hobby, and a delight. As Mr. Leonard  
goes along he works in quite a lot of in-  
formation about many matters, from  
aerodynamics to yeasts, but his main  
purpose is not educational. "Enjoyment  
of Science" has no value as a reference  
book. The author's aims are to give you  
pointers, sketch methods of home study,  
offer encouragement, map the field,  
supply bibliographical hints—that sort  
of thing. He succeeds admirably and I  
commend his book to all hobbyists who  
feel an urge to get beyond pastimes like  
philately into something offering a little  
more resistance to the teeth of one's  
mind.

—CLIFTON FADIMAN

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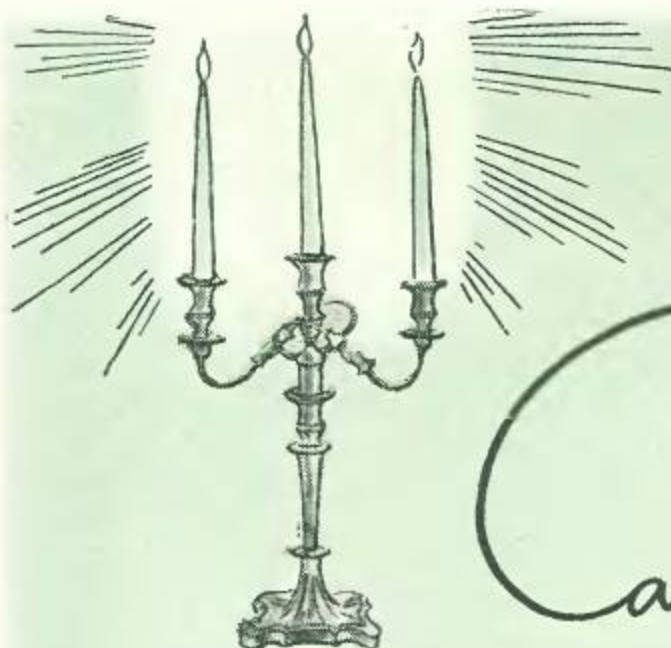
acters are Jesuit priests whose order has labored there for three hundred years; the poor whites, who feed their egos with hatred of the Negroes; and the Negroes, who fear and hate the whites. The immediate conflict is supplied by the priests' attempt to form a coöperative among the fishermen, but the old feud between blacks and whites is always in the background.

**THE BAY**, by L. A. G. Strong. The life story of a Dubliner, less begrimed than stories of Dublin usually are but colorful enough. The hero, orphaned when a small boy, lives first with an over-pious aunt, then with a wise old nurse. Dublin itself is very much alive, and the noises and smells of the waterfront and of the pubs are real, interesting, and strange.

**TIMBER**, by Roderick L. Haig-Brown. Laid in the Pacific Coast logging country, this is a technically expert, colloquial, and likable story. Mr. Haig-Brown's loggers do not waste time feeling sorry about the forests they are cutting down; they are good workmen and they delight in their various skills. The plot includes an attempt to unionize the logging camps.

**FIRE IN SUMMER**, by Robert Ramsey. A novel with a Southern locale, about an angry man, never reconciled to any aspect of his life. He quarrels with his wife and children, he hates his employer, the relief organization which tries to help him, and, most of all, Negroes with an unrelenting fury. The mood is well handled and the characters are interesting, but there is too little variety for a full-length book.

**THE LIGHTED BOX**, by Louise Field Cooper. A deftly managed domestic-triangle story, which comes to a climax when the Other Woman is snowbound at the hero's home after a dinner party. For three days the dinner guests and the host and hostess shiver in a modern suburban house whose electric lights and heating plant



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are out of fix. The resulting complications are quite funny.

**AUNT JESSIE**, by Isabella Holt. Portrait of a late-Victorian personality, an aunt who brings up a family of young people in an upper-middle-class Chicago household, beginning around 1912. Miss Holt re-creates the period fondly and in detail; it is stuffy, over-ornamented, narrow-minded, and somehow sound. A pleasant bit of Americana.

#### GENERAL

**NEW DIRECTIONS IN PROSE AND POETRY 1941**, edited by James Laughlin. Interesting annual roundup of vanguard writing. Highspots: a play by Bertolt Brecht, a long satire on the Soviet bureaucracy by Georg Mann, a "little anthology of contemporary poetry," and discussions and samples of modern Russian verse. Most of the contributors seem unhappy, a few definitely hysterical, many talented.

**JAPAN'S INDUSTRIAL STRENGTH**, by Kate L. Mitchell. Objective recent study, from the available figures, showing just what industrial backing, and how much, the Japanese armed forces can expect from Japan itself, Formosa, Korea, and Manchukuo. A valuable summary. Tables.

**ACTION AT SEA**, by George H. Johnston. British naval engagements, chiefly in the Mediterranean, in 1940 and 1941, with special attention to the exploits of the Australian cruiser Sydney. Crisp and graphic, though the necessary wartime excisions make it slightly spotty. Illustrated.

**THE MEN WHO MAKE THE FUTURE**, by Bruce Bliven. The immediate prospects in such scientific subjects as viruses, the atom, astronomy, hormones, machines, and war—in general, "news of an optimistic character," as the author says. An excellent popularization, mildly speculative. Much of the book has been reprinted from the *New Republic*.

**CORDELL HULL**, by Harold B. Hinton. Biography of our Secretary of State—Tennessee politics, the Spanish-American War, a notable career in Congress, and so on—with the main emphasis, of course, on events since 1933. Some padding, and rather hastily written, but the facts seem to be there. Foreword by Sumner Welles. Illustrated.

**FLIGHT IN WINTER**, by John Clinton Adams. A moving history, at once scholarly and dramatic, of the Serbian Army's indomitable fight in the first World War and of its amazing re-



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## Clifton Fadiman writes about the coming-of-age of the Western Thriller

OUT OF THE simple beast-fables of serfs and peasants came at last the classic elegance of *La Fontaine*. For thousands of years the urges of the loins and imaginations of men combined to produce an infinity of rough jokes about males and females; and finally Boccaccio fashioned some of them into literature, and *THE DECAMERON* was born. Even so modern popular literary form as the detective story is already reaching out for a more sophisticated embodiment, seeking it in a brilliant novel such as Dashiell Hammett's *The Maltese Falcon* or in a hybrid semi-access like Dorothy Sayers' *Gaudy Night*. I suppose every folk-form bears within itself the possibility of a corresponding art-form.

ONE OF these folk-forms is the horse-opera or the Western. There have been many Continental imitations of the Western—Karl May years ago teutonized for future young Nazis—but it remains essentially an American product. It is today a stereotype intended for mass-consumption. But we should remember that the background out of which the Western came was once a reality, that there *was* a Wild West, that gun-play *was* a habit, that cattle-rustlers *did* exist, that lynch law *did* prevail. The Western remains a staple publishers' item because about it there clings still an atmosphere of historical reality. Unless you include Bret Harte—whose stories seem to me heavily laden with fakery—the Western could seem to have begun and to have remained at a simple, non-literary level. That generalization would have been air-tight had not a single exception arisen in October, 1940, to demonstrate that the Western had at last found its Dashiell Hammett. I'm talking about *THE OX-BOW INCIDENT*, by Walter Van Tilburg Clark.

NOW *THE OX-BOW INCIDENT* has all the ingredients: monosyllabic cow-punchers, cattle rustlers, a Mae Western lady, a sinister poker game, bar-room brawls, a villainous Mexican, and a lynching. Why doesn't the whole thing add up merely to another *Destry Rides Again*? Simply because Mr. Clark is an artist and because his materials are merely a pretext for saying something that goes beyond them.

The scene is Nevada in 1885. The central action is precipitated when a group of assorted citizens (and, boy, how Mr. Clark can assort them!) of the town of Bridger's Wells learn that a local cattle dealer has been murdered and a number of head of cattle have been rustled. They

form an illegal posse to pursue the presumed murderers and lynch them. They do pursue them and they do lynch them. That's the general configuration of the plot. Actually, *THE OX-BOW INCIDENT* is not so much a story about a violent happening as a mature, un pitying examination of what causes men to love violence and to transgress justice. What lends the book an unusual touch—almost a touch of genius—is the way in which everything that is important in it revolves around the most profound moral issues and is presented only in terms of the tensest melodrama. Each of the characters—there are a score of them and they are realized with almost over-elaborate precision—bears a special relation to the problem of violence, from the sadistic Tetley to Davies, the saint *manqué*. But none of them figures merely as a spokesman for an idea or even a feeling; each one, you sense, is a whole life of which only a facet is presented in this particular episode.

In addition to being the inventor of a plot whose convolutions you will follow popeyed and goose-pimpled, Mr. Clark is the commander of a completely adult style, all bone and sinew, without a trace of the affectation of over-simplicity. If he has a fault, it is that of understatement, for which he will be freely forgiven.

WHEN HIS book first appeared, every reviewer and critic worth his salt said the same thing. They all saluted Mr. Clark as a minor master, as the creator of a new and higher kind of melodrama, as a man who had, coolly and single-handed, taken the thriller and lifted it onto the level where dwells literature. That it was the best first novel of its year was a general consensus, but equally general was the feeling that, first novel or no first novel, it was a first-rate story judged by any standard. Why, then, did it have a sudden lively sale, a spurt of immediate popularity, followed by a long let-down—a let-down which furnishes the Committee of The Readers Club with a fine excuse for republishing the book? I think the reasons may be summed up in this way:

First, the story starts a bit deliberately. Secondly, as I have indicated, *THE OX-BOW INCIDENT* is a hybrid: it is a thriller and at the same time a psychological novel with symbolic overtones. People aren't used to having their literary diet mixed for them in the pages of the same book, and that circumstance, I think, helped to prevent *THE OX-BOW INCIDENT* from becoming the great best-seller which it deserved to be.

CLIFTON FADIMAN



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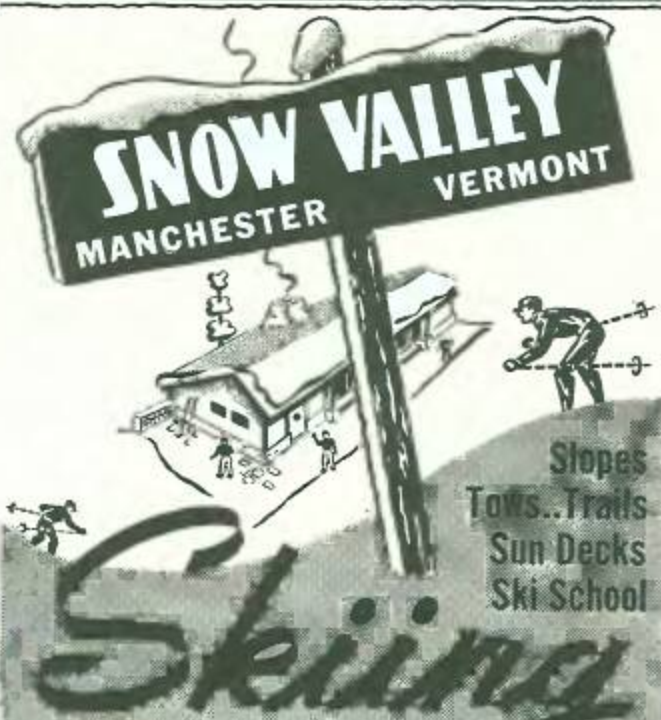
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treat through the snows of the Albanian mountains to the Adriatic. Map.

### MYSTERY AND CRIME

**DEAD CENTER**, by Mary Collins. Janet Keith, writer and daughter of a rich San Francisco family, and her Scotty, Hamish, turn detective when two arty citizens get their brains beaten out with hammers and monkey wrenches. Lieutenant Casey, a plodding sort, is run ragged but manages to come up with the right answer, thanks to Miss Keith's assistance. Light and amusing.

**THE WEAK-EYED BAT**, by Margaret Millar. Dr. Paul Prye, a psychiatrist summering in Muskoka, Canada, gets too close to a murderer and is beamed with a heavy, blunt instrument. It doesn't hurt him much, and he's able to help the police trap the killer. A blonde kleptomaniac and, strangely enough, a schizophrenic help to make this a pleasant evening's reading.

**THE BACH FESTIVAL MURDERS**, by Blanche Bloch. Stephen Carrier, new conductor of Crescent City's Symphony Orchestra, finds that he is being used as a pawn by two women who are struggling for social leadership. Jealousy leads to three murders. Gossipy story of what patronesses of the arts do when they are alone.

**DEATH IN THE INKWELL**, by Jefferson Farjeon. Peter Hanby, writer of thrillers, takes his new secretary to a gloomy house in a secluded spot in England, where he intends to start his fiftieth book. The mystery he writes and the mystery in Mr. Farjeon's book run almost parallel. Nice, sharp writing in this baffling puzzle.

Now the lady does a progressive step, crossing her right foot in front of the left and the left in front of the right. Then she turns a left forward outside Mohawk, coming onto the right outside back edge.

While the lady is executing this progressive step, the gentleman is crossing his left foot behind his right and then putting his right foot alongside his left. His next step is to cross his left foot over his right, which should leave him on a back inside edge.—From "Learn to Skate" in the Kingston (Ont.) Whig-Standard.

Or on a limb.

### THAT'S TOO BAD DEPARTMENT

[From the Mirror]

Lewis W. Douglas, the first budget director of the Roosevelt administration, will go to London to assist with the lend-lease program.

## SPORTS Calendar

SUN. 22 HOCKEY RANGERS vs. CHICAGO Afternoon-Amateur Hockey	FEB 22 to MAR 1	THURS. 26 HOCKEY RANGERS vs. DETROIT
MON. 23 Benefit HOME OF OLD ISRAEL BENEFIT		FRI. 27 BOXING BOBBY ALLIE RUFFIN vs. STOLZ
TUES. 24 HOCKEY AMERICANS vs. DETROIT		SAT. 28 NATIONAL A.A.U. TRACK MEET Aft-Scholastic Track Meet
WED. 25 BASKETBALL N.Y.U. vs. ST. JOHN'S C.C.N.Y. vs. MANHATTAN		SUN. 29 HOCKEY AMERICANS vs. CANADIENS Afternoon-Amateur Hockey

Ticket reservations for Garden events may be obtained at Western Union offices in the Metropolitan area at box-office prices.

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FEBRUARY 21, 1942



*Taste Tells! 1810*

## IT FOUNDED THE FAME OF PENNSYLVANIA RYE



THE BLUE ANCHOR INN  
where William Penn ate his first  
meal in the colony he founded. Here,  
as in other famous Pennsylvania  
taverns, Old Overholt was served  
when the republic was young.



In the early days of our republic, the hardy settlers of western Pennsylvania made their own whiskey. But one of these many pioneer whiskies was so outstanding in character and richness that men often rode through the wilderness from sunup to sundown to get a jug of it. That whiskey was the fine, full-bodied rye that Abraham Overholt distilled on the mist-shrouded banks of the Youghiogheny . . . a whiskey so rare in flavor that it was destined to establish Pennsylvania rye as one of the world's choicest liquors. With the passing years, the fame of Old Overholt spread from tavern to tavern and from city to city as barrels of Old Overholt were freighted to the Atlantic seaboard by Conestoga wagons and shipped down the Ohio and the Mississippi on flatboats and stern-wheelers. Thus, as the country grew and prospered, so grew the prestige and popularity of this magnificent Pennsylvania rye until

.... IT IS TODAY AMERICA'S MOST  
POPULAR BOTTLED IN BOND WHISKEY

NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORP.  
A. Overholt & Company, Inc., N.Y.

*Taste Tells! 1942*



# IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS!

One in a series of notable paintings of the tobacco country by America's foremost artists



Getting ready for auction day. Painted from life on a Southern farm by Aaron Bohrod

## WE PAID 46%\* MORE IN ADEL, GEORGIA, TO GET THIS LIGHTER, NATURALLY Milder LEAF

ANYONE who has ever gone shopping knows you *get* what you *pay* for. And this is as true at a Southern tobacco auction as it is in your own grocery store.

At the auctions, Luckies pay the price to get the quality leaf—the kind that just can't help making a finer cigarette.

For instance, in Adel, Georgia, this season, we paid 46% above the average market price. Yes, 46% more, so you could enjoy naturally milder, better-tasting tobacco in Luckies.

Nor was this unusual. We paid well above the average market price in every one of 119 markets last season!

This explains why independent tobacco experts say Lucky Strike *means* fine tobacco. As auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen, they see us pay the price to get the finer leaf. No wonder, with these men who know tobacco best, it's Luckies 2 to 1.

In a cigarette, it's the tobacco that counts.

Have you tried a Lucky lately?



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\*Based on average market price, U. S. Department of Agriculture.

## WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1