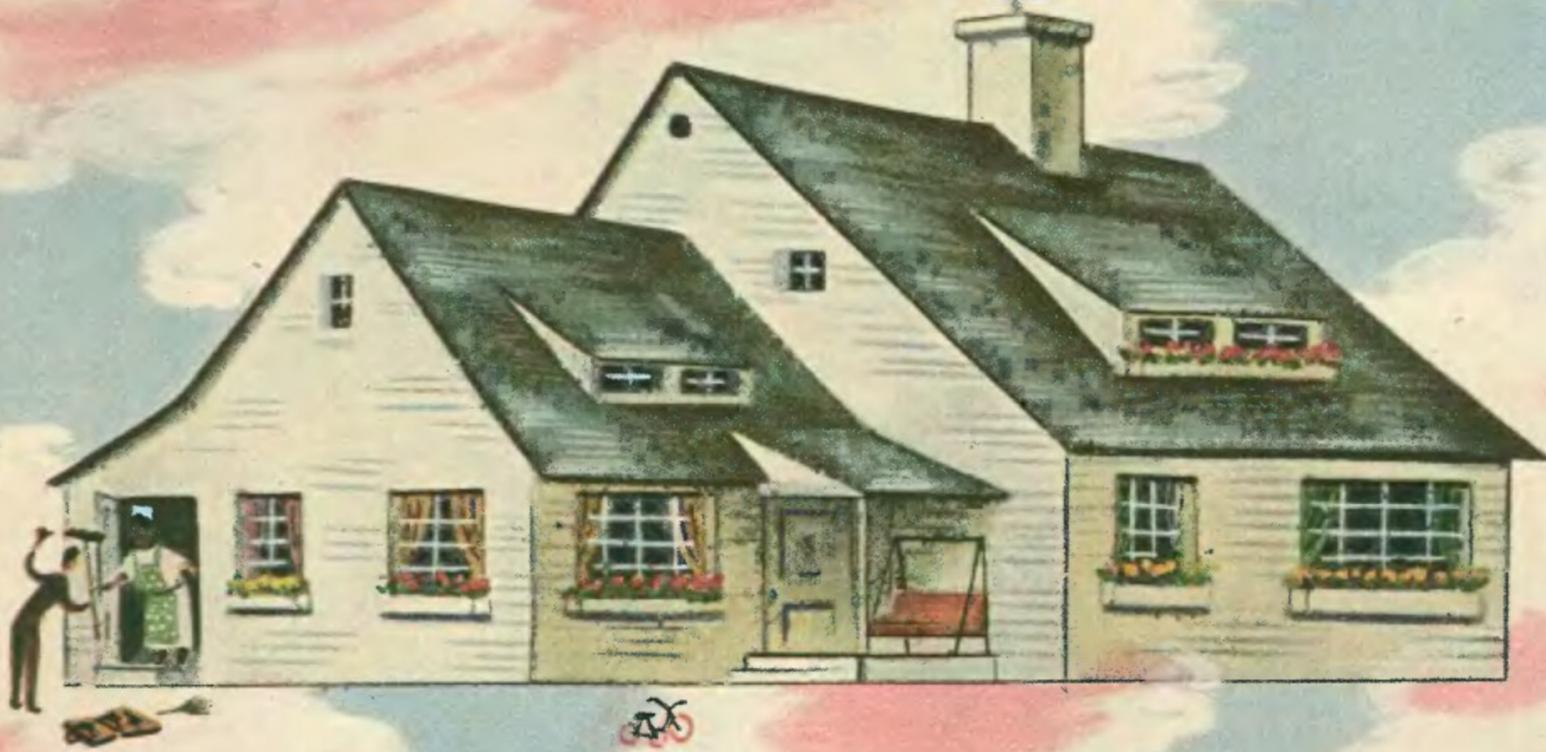


July 20, 1946

THE

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NEW YORKER



W. J. A. Lov.



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Barbara Gould

NEW YORK



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST



THE THEATRE

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

PLAYS

ANNA LUCASTA—Philip Yordan's stirring play about a Negro prostitute, now in its second year, is something you shouldn't miss. Harry Wagstaff Gribble is the director. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

BORN YESTERDAY—Garson Kanin's very funny and expert comedy concerning a big-time crook and the little girl who ruins his racket. Judy Holliday is superb as a current Lorelei Lee. Paul Douglas will rejoin the cast on Mon., July 22. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

DEAR RUTH—A comedy about a girl and a soldier that is a good deal like a lot of others, but quite agreeable just the same. Second year. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40. Closes Sat., July 27.)

DEEP ARE THE ROOTS—The authors of "Tomorrow the World" have taken up the Negro problem, but the result, while satisfactory melodrama, doesn't contribute much to its solution. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

THE GLASS MENAGERIE—A tremendously moving story about a mother who tries to bully her whole family into happiness. Beautifully played by a cast consisting of Laurette Taylor, Eddie Dowling, Julie Haydon, and Anthony Ross. Winner of the 1945 Drama Critics' Award. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

HARVEY—About a man who takes up with a six-foot rabbit, and one of the most engaging fantasies in years. Frank Fay is magnificent in this winner of the 1945 Pulitzer Prize. Josephine Hull will return to the cast on Mon., July 22. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

LIFE WITH FATHER—This high-spirited comedy, based on the late Clarence Day's stories, is in its seventh year. Donald Randolph and Mary Loane play Father and Mother. (Bijou, 45, W. CO 5-8215. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

ON WHITMAN AVENUE—Maxine Wood has an important theme in this play about a Negro family that moves into a white neighborhood, but her treatment is by no means sure enough. Canada Lee heads the cast. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)

STATE OF THE UNION—A fine, funny play, by Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay, concerning a man who has to choose between his conscience and the Presidency. With Ralph Bellamy, Ruth Hussey, Margalo Gillmore, and Myron McCormick. Winner of the 1946 Pulitzer Prize. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

SWAN SONG—You might call this Hecht-MacArthur play about dark doings in the musical set a psychological thriller, but you'd be pretty optimistic. Twelve-year-old Jacqueline Horner, however, plays the piano remarkably well. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE—John van Druten's light, skillful play about a girl who entertains a sergeant on his weekend pass is in its third year. Beatrice Pearson, Alan Baxter, and Vicki Cummings are the whole cast. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

WITH MUSIC

ANNIE GET YOUR GUN—Ethel Merman is an earsplitting delight in this saga of Little Sureshot. Irving Berlin wrote the excellent music and lyrics, Herbert and Dorothy Fields did the book, and the very competent cast includes Ray Middleton, Marty May, and Harry Bellaver. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

AROUND THE WORLD—This collaboration between Jules Verne and Orson Welles has produced one of the funniest and battiest shows you ever saw. An enormous cast, wandering through thirty-four scenes, is headed by Arthur Margetson and the surviving author. Cole Porter's music is rather disappointing, but it doesn't matter much. (Adelphi, 54, E. CI 6-5097. Nightly, except Fri., at 8:45. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:45.)

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS
FROM THURSDAY, JULY 18,
THROUGH SATURDAY, JULY 27.

CALL ME MISTER—A lot of ex-G.I.s and their girls have put together the happiest military offering since "This Is the Army." Arnold Auerbach wrote the sketches and Harold Rome provided the songs. With Betty Garrett, Jules Munshin, and Bill Callahan. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

CAROUSEL—A musical adaptation of "Liliom" by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II. Agnes de Mille arranged the dances, Jo Mielziner designed the sets, and Rouben Mamoulian is the director. A Theatre Guild production, now in its second year. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

OKLAHOMA!—This splendid musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," also contrived by Mr. R. and Mr. H., is in its fourth year. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

THE RED MILL—A revival of the great Montgomery and Stone vehicle of 1906. Victor Herbert's score is still enchanting and Eddie Foy, Jr., is a highly satisfactory comic, but the total effect is disappointing. With Dorothy Stone, Jack Whiting, and Odette Myrtill. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

SHOW BOAT—Edna Ferber's little book turns up again, this time in a very fine revival with Carol Bruce, Kenneth Spencer, Ralph Dumke, Charles Fredericks, and Buddy Ebsen. The physical production is brilliant and the old songs sound lovelier than ever. (Ziegfeld, Ave. of Americas at 54, CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

SONG OF NORWAY—The life of Grieg, set to arrangements of some of his own music. Good-looking and pleasant to listen to, but the story is moderately foolish. With Lawrence Brooks and Robert Shafer. Second year. (Broadway, B'way at 53, CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

THREE TO MAKE READY—Ray Bolger does his nimble and comic best, but even he is not quite enough to save this successor to "One for the Money" and "Two for the Show." The cast includes Brenda Forbes, Jane Deering, and Rose Inghram. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

ICE SHOW—"Icetime," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, Ave. of Americas at 49, CO 5-5474. Tues. through Sat. Eves. at 8:40; Sun. Eves. at 8:15. Mats. Wed., Thurs., and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

THE SUMMER CIRCUIT

(In this listing you may find a summer theatre within a reasonable distance of where you happen to be in

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THE NEW YORKER

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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the country. Dates and program schedules, in some instances, are subject to last-minute changes.)

ABINGDON—"Accent on Youth," Thurs. and Fri., July 18-19. "Wings Over Europe," Sat., July 20. "Arms and the Man," Tues. and Wed., July 23-24. "Virginia Overture," Thurs., July 25. "Blithe Spirit," Fri., July 26. "My Sister Eileen," Sat., July 27. (Barter Theatre, Abingdon, Va. Nightly, except Sun. and Mon., at 8. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

BEVERLY—Roddy McDowall in "Young Woodley," through Sat., July 20. Jane Cowl in "Candida," Mon. through Sat., July 22-27. (North Shore Players, High School Auditorium, Beverly, Mass. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:45. Mats. Wed. at 2:45.)

BOOTHBAY—"Angel Street," through Sat., July 20. "Penny Wise," Wed. through Sat., July 24-27. (Boothbay Playhouse, Boothbay, Me. Nightly, except Sun., Mon., and Tues., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. at 2:30.)

BOSTON—Bert Lahr in "Burlesque," through Sat., July 20. Roger Pryor in "Goodbye Again," Mon. through Sat., July 22-27. (Boston Summer Theatre, New England Mutual Hall, Boston, Mass. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

BRANFORD—"The Personal Touch," through Sun., July 21. "Autumn Crocus," starting Tues., July 23. (Montowese Playhouse, Branford, Conn. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

BRIDGEHAMPTON—"The Walrus and the Carpenter," through Sat., July 20. "The Perfect Alibi," Tues. through Sat., July 23-27. (Hampton Playhouse, Bridgehampton, L.I. Nightly, except Sun. and Mon., at 8:40.)

BRIDGTON—"The Little Foxes," through Sun., July 21. "The Man Who Came to Dinner," starting Tues., July 23. (Riverside Theatre, Bridgton, Me. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. at 2:30.)

CAMBRIDGE—Francis Lederer and Bramwell Fletcher in "Angel Street," through Sat., July 20. Bert Lahr in "Burlesque," Mon. through Sat., July 22-27. (Cambridge Summer Theatre, Brattle Hall, Cambridge, Mass. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40.)

CAPE MAY—Gloria Swanson in "A Goose for the Gander," through Sat., July 20. "This Thing Called Love," Mon. through Sat., July 22-27. (Cape Theatre, Cape May, N.J. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:45. Mats. Sat. at 3.)

CHAUTAQUA—"Blithe Spirit," Thurs., July 18, and Sat., July 20. "Wings Over Europe," Thurs., July 25, and Sat., July 27. (Chautauqua Repertory Theatre Company, Chautauqua, N.Y. Eves. at 8:30.)

CLINTON HOLLOW—"Personal Appearance," through Sun., July 21. "Another Day," starting Thurs., July 25. (Reginald Goode Theatre, Clinton Hollow, N.Y. Nightly, except Mon., Tues., and Wed., at 8:45.)

COHASSET—Glenda Farrell in "Brief Moment," through Sat., July 20. John Dall in "The Hasty Heart," Mon. through Sat., July 22-27. (Town Hall, Cohasset, Mass. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. at 2:30.)

CRAGSMOOR—"Goodbye Again," through Sun., July 21. "Guest in the House," starting Mon., July 22. (Cragsmoor Theatre, Cragsmoor, N.Y. Nightly at 8:45.)

DENNIS—Grant Mitchell and Taylor Holmes in "The Late George Apley," through Sat., July 20. Gladys Cooper and Taylor Holmes in "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire," Mon. through Sat., July 22-27. (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Fri. at 2:30.)

EAST HAMPTON—Grace George in "The Circle," through Sat., July 20. Dennis King and Estelle Winwood in "Blithe Spirit," Mon. through Sat., July 22-27. (John Drew Theatre, East Hampton, L.I. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:45.)

GLOUCESTER—"Goodbye Again," through Sat., July 20. "Love from a Stranger," Mon. through Sat., July 22-27. (Bass Rocks Theatre, Gloucester, Mass. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:45. Mats. Wed. at 2:45.)

GREENWICH—Dame May Whitty in "Night Must Fall," through Sat., July 20. Mady Christians in "The Constant Wife," Mon. through Sat., July 22-27. (Greenwich Playhouse, Greenwich, Conn. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Fri. at 2:40.)

GUILFORD—Diana Barrymore in "The Philadelphia Story," through Sat., July 20. Sidney Blackmer in "Chicken Every Sunday," Mon. through Sat.,

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Some encased, some studded with precious stones.**



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Lord & Taylor

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

July 22-27. (Chapel Playhouse, Guilford, Conn. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mat. Sat. at 2:30.)

HARRISON—"Streets of New York," through Sat., July 20. "Jupiter," Mon. through Sat., July 22-27. (Deertrees Theatre, Harrison, Me. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30.)

HEMPSTEAD—"Carbon Copy," through Sun., July 21. "Murder Without Crime," starting Tues., July 23. (Art Theatre, Hempstead, L.I. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:30.)

IVORYTON—Edward Everett Horton in "Springtime for Henry," through Sat., July 20. Jean Pierre Aumont in "Design for Living," Mon. through Sat., July 22-27. (Ivoryton Playhouse, Ivoryton, Conn. Nightly, except Thurs., July 18, and Sun., at 8:45. Mats. Wed. and Fri. at 2:30.)

KEENE—"Blithe Spirit," through Sun., July 21. "Over 21," starting Tues., July 23. (Keene Summer Theatre, Keene, N.H. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. at 2:30.)

KENNEBUNKPORT—David Manners in "The Male Animal," through Sat., July 20. "Tovarich," Tues. through Sat., July 23-27. (Kennebunkport Playhouse, Kennebunkport, Me. Nightly, except Sun. and Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. at 2:15.)

LITCHFIELD—"The Philadelphia Story," through Sat., July 20. "Separate Rooms," Mon. through Sat., July 22-27. (Litchfield Summer Theatre, Litchfield, Conn. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40.)

LONG BEACH—June Havoc in "They Knew What They Wanted," through Sun., July 21. John Carradine in "The Royal Family," starting Tues., July 23. (Crest Theatre, Long Beach, L.I. Nightly, except Mon., at 9. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

MARTHA'S VINEYARD—"The Hasty Heart," through Sat., July 20. "Beloved," Mon. through Sat., July 22-27. (Martha's Vineyard Theatre, Oak Bluffs. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40.)

MATUNUCK—"Deep Are the Roots," through Sun., July 21. "Soldier's Wife," starting Tues., July 23. (Theatre-by-the-Sea, Matunuck, R.I. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:50. Mats. Thurs. at 3.)

MILLBURN—"The New Moon." (Paper Mill Playhouse, Millburn, N.J. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:25. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:25.)

Mt. KISCO—"The Play's the Thing," through Sat., July 20. The theatre will be closed Sun. through Sat., July 21-27. (Westchester Playhouse, Mt. Kisco, N.Y. Nightly at 8:45.)

MOYLAN—"The Emperor Jones," Thurs., July 18. "The Inheritors," Fri., July 19, and Wed., July 24. "Androcles and the Lion," Sat., July 20, and Thurs., July 25. "The Gospel of the Brothers Barnabas," Fri., July 26. "The Devil's Disciple," Sat., July 27. (Hedgerow Theatre, Moylan, Pa. Nightly, except Sun., Mon., and Tues., at 8:30.)

NEW HOPE—Helen Hayes in "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire," through Sat., July 20. Kitty Carlisle in "Tonight or Never," Mon. through Sat., July 22-27. (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed., Thurs., July 18, and Sat. at 2:30.)

NEW MILFORD—Tilly Losch in "Salome," and "The Farce of the Worthy Master Pierre Patelin," through Sun., July 21. "The Man in Possession," starting Wed., July 24. (Theatre-in-the-Dale, New Milford, Conn. Nightly, except Mon. and Tues., at 8:45.)

NEWPORT—"A Church Mouse," through Sat., July 20. "Goodbye Again," Mon. through Sat., July 22-27. (Casino Theatre, Newport, R.I. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. at 2:30.)

OGUNQUIT—Lilian Harvey in "Tonight at 8:30," through Sat., July 20. Leo G. Carroll in "Angel Street," Mon. through Sat., July 22-27. (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Me. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Fri. at 2:30.)

PAWLING—"Angel Street," through Sun., July 21. June Havoc in "They Knew What They Wanted," starting Tues., July 23. (Starlight Theatre, Pawling, N.Y. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. at 2:30.)

PETERBOROUGH—"Papa Is All," through Sat., July 20. "Angel Street," Wed. through Sat., July 24-27. (Peterborough Players, Peterborough, N.H. Nightly, except Sun., Mon., and Tues., at 8:40.)

PROVINCETOWN—"Soldier's Wife," through Sat., July 20. Edward Everett Horton in "Springtime for Henry," Mon. through Sat., July 22-27. (Town Hall, Provincetown, Mass. Nightly, except Sun. and Thurs., July 25, at 8:45. Mats. Sat. and Wed., July 24, at 2:30.)

SAYVILLE—"Over 21," through Sun., July 21. "The Vinegar Tree," starting Tues., July 23. (Sayville Playhouse, Sayville, L.I. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:45.)

SKOWHEGAN—Frank McHugh in "Ah, Wilderness!," through Sat., July 20. J. C. Nugent and Frank McHugh in "George Washington Slept Here," Mon. through Sat., July 22-27. (Lakewood Theatre, Skowhegan, Me. Nightly, except Sun., at 8. Mats. Sat. at 2:30.)

SMITHTOWN—"Claudia," through Sun., July 21. "The Milky Way," starting Tues., July 23. (Old Town Theatre, Smithtown, L.I. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30.)

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS
FROM THURSDAY, JULY 18,
THROUGH SATURDAY, JULY 27.

STAMFORD—"Rope," through Sat., July 20. "Arsenic and Old Lace," Mon. through Sat., July 22-27. (Guild Playhouse, 45 Prospect St., Stamford, Conn. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30.)

STOCKBRIDGE—Florence Reed in "Rebecca," through Sat., July 20. Katharine Alexander in "Kiss and Tell," Mon. through Sat., July 22-27. (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:45. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

SUFFERN—Luella Gear in "The Vinegar Tree," through Sun., July 21. Helen Hayes in "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire," starting Tues., July 23. (County Theatre, Suffern, N.Y. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mat. Sat., July 27, at 2:40.)

WESTPORT—Jean Pierre Aumont in "Design for Living," through Sat., July 20. Dame May Whitty in "Night Must Fall," Mon. through Sat., July 22-27. (Westport Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Fri. at 2:40.)

WHITE PLAINS—"The Shining Hour," through Sat., July 20. "Personal Appearance," Mon. through Sat., July 22-27. (Playhouse, White Plains, N.Y. Nightly, except Sun. and Mon., at 8:25.)

WHITEFIELD—"Angel Street," through Sat., July 20. "Village Green," Tues. through Sat., July 23-27. (Chase Barn Playhouse, Whitefield, N.H. Nightly, except Sun. and Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. at 2:30.)

WOODSTOCK—Elissa Landi in "The Damask Cheek," through Sun., July 21. "Double Door," starting Tues., July 23. (Woodstock Playhouse, Woodstock, N.Y. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:45.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A listing of some places at which you'll find dance music and/or other entertainment. Several of them are closed or have fill-in entertainers on Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those nights.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR GARDEN, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—This sunken garden is probably no more than four feet above the New York Central tracks, but it's definitely on the right side of them. Cool and quiet, with cool and quiet music by Jules Lande's orchestra.

BILTMORE, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—At supper, the Cascades (the Biltmore's way of saying "roof") has Dunninger, who reads—God forbid—people's minds. Nat Brandwynne's orchestra and Ralph Font's rumba band are there all evening.

CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Bernie West and Patricia Bright, a fair enough pair of entertainers. Edmond Hall's orchestra plays for dancing.

LARUE, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—A small, elaborate Westchester houseparty, providing a peaceful dinner and sedate romping to the music of Eddie Davis's and Gil Murray's orchestras.

MONTE CARLO, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—Handsome, in a faintly foolish way, and with a lot of the atmosphere of an Earl Carroll opening night. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and a rumba band.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Some up-all-nighters would be simply lost without it. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

PIERRE, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The lofty and baroque Cotillion Room has Myrus, the ingenious mind reader (can this be a *trend?*), along with a dance team and Stanley Melba's enterprising orchestra. . . . A Melba trio is in the Café Pierre, where it plays daily for tea dancing and at dinner and supper.

PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Rosario and Antonio, the dance team, doing a good, reliable job in the Persian Room at dinner and supper. Panchito's and Mark Monte's orchestras.

ST. REGIS ROOF, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The world looks a lot better from the windows of this well-appointed aerie. Dance music by the bands of Paul Sparr and Theodora Brooks.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Barry Win-

ton's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band play lush dance music in the Café Lounge for a glossy clientele. Tea dancing daily.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—A fashionable finishing school with some rather interesting courses in the social sciences. Lester Lanin's orchestra and a rumba band alternate for dancing.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—Evelyn Knight, a noble work of art herself, singing in that withdrawn but enticing manner of hers; Joel Herron's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Guy Lombardo's orchestra is around all evening on the Starlight Roof, and Mischa Borr's band helps out around midnight. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Flamingo Room.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): accomplished piano playing by Cliff Jackson, boogie-woogie by Pete Johnson, and dance music by J. C. Heard's orchestra. . . . **COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): Dick Wilson's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band playing jauntily for dancing in a highly decorative setting. . . . **DRAKE**, 71 E. 56 (WI 2-0600): in the Drake Room, which is pretty elegant, there's subdued and subtle piano by Cy Walter during cocktails and supper, and by Paul Berlin in between; no dancing. . . . **MADISON**, Madison at 58 (VO 5-5000): a fairly casual gathering, with Irving Roberts' dance orchestra until nine. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): Jacques Thaler plays the piano, after nine-thirty, in this ageless holdover from another day; no dancing. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): sometimes more New York than Spanish, but the music has that old Spanish bounce. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): an excellent collection of entertainers, among them Richard Dyer-Bennet (ballads), Don Frye (hot piano), and Hank Duncan's trio (also hot, with Freddie Moore at the drums); dancing. . . . **CASINO RUSSE**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): you know, those old Russian torch-song-and-dance acts, but neatly done just the same; dance music by a gypsy orchestra. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, 5 Ave. at 8 (SP 7-7000): in the barroom, Hope Emerson airs her complaints about metropolitan life.

BIG AND BRASSY

CARNIVAL, 8 Ave. at 51 (CI 6-4122): gags by Milton Berle, some of which will give you bad dreams before you even get home, and scary but rather wonderful circus-trapeze work by Elly Ardely. Dance music, too. . . . **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060): a musical-comedy adaptation of Lindy's, with a floor show that includes the comedian named Peter Lind Hayes. Ernie Holst's orchestra and Desi Arnaz's rumba band for dancing. . . . **ZANZIBAR**, B'way at 49 (CI 7-7380): the resplendent Pearl Bailey and the raucous Cab Calloway in a strictly Broadway setting; more sedate music by Claude Hopkins' orchestra. . . . **LATIN QUARTER**, B'way at 48 (CI 6-1737): if you want to hear Ted Lewis's orchestra, this tempestuous establishment is where you'll have to go.

SUPPER CLUBS

(Entertainment but no dancing.)

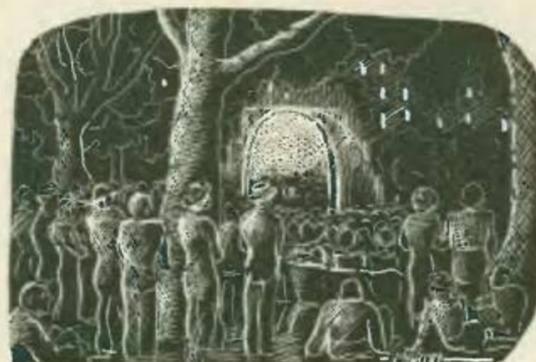
SPIVY'S ROOF, 139 E. 57 (EL 5-9215): a blithe little bird's nest, in which Spivy presents her findings on the love life of the higher mammals. Jump music by the Three Flames. . . . **RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Ruby Hill, the Cedric Wallace Trio, and Bart Howard, the piano player, providing the kind of quiet entertainment that is just about right for the dog days.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3 (GR 3-8736): some of jazz music's most rugged individualists, among them Joe Dixon, Max Kaminsky, and Dave Tough. James P. Johnson is the piano recitalist during intermissions. . . . **NICK'S**, 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): Muggsy Spanier, Pee Wee Russell, Miff Mole, and their helpmeets, all blowing good and loud. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Georg Brunis and Tony Parenti making a very satisfying racket in this old standby. . . . **DOWNBEAT**, 66 W. 52 (EL 5-8773): like many of the retreats on Fifty-second Street these days, this place more or less resembles a subway car in size and elegance, but you can hear Billie Holiday. . . . **THREE DEUCES**, 72 W. 52 (EL 5-9861): Slam Stewart, the eminent bassist, and his new quartet, along with another new quartet, mostly Sid Catlett and Don Byas. . . . **SPOTLIGHT**, 56 W. 52 (EL 5-8148): Coleman Hawkins' and Dizzy Gillespie's orchestras.

MOSTLY FOR DANCING

ASTOR ROOF, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): a great big upstairs playroom for the younger generation, with music, of a sort, by Tommy Tucker's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Hal Saunders' orchestra. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Elliot Lawrence's or-





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LEXINGTON at 59th STREET

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

chestra... ROOSEVELT, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Joe Reichman's orchestra.

SUMMER SPOTS

TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN, Central Park W. at 67 (RH 4-4700): on dry nights (consult your nearest seer), a fine open-air courtyard, full of greenery and placid dance music... **CLAREMONT INN**, Riverside Dr. at 124 (MO 2-8600): a convenient outdoor oasis on your way to or from the Stadium Concerts. Dancing, too... **BOSSERT**, Montague and Hicks Sts. (MA 4-8100): dancing on the Marine Roof—a real one, high above the harbor—and a chance to find out how the other boroughs live.

ART

ALL-SUMMER SHOWS—At the **BABCOCK**, 38 E. 57: gallery members, along with such earlier artists as Ryder and Homer. (Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.)... **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51: Bernard Karfiel, Julian Levi, and others. (Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.)... **KLEEMANN**, 65 E. 57: Werner Drewes, John von Wicht, and others. (Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.)... **MILCH**, 108 W. 57: Stephen Etnier, Hobson Pittman, and other Americans. (Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.)... **PERLS**, 32 E. 58: Luis Martinez-Pedre, Nahum Tchachasov, Mario Carreño, and others. (Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.)... **ROSENBERG**, 16 E. 57: Milton Avery, Max Weber, Abraham Rattner, and others. (Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Etchings, lithographs, and woodcuts by Raoul Dufy; through Aug. 18... A small show of paintings and prints by Mary Cassatt; through Oct. 27. (Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.)

FRENCH—Paintings by nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists, including Pissarro, Derain, and Renoir. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., July 26.)

GROUPS—At the **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 106 E. 57: a show by the gallery's regulars, including Lawrence Lebduska, Philip Pieck, and Harold Baumbach. (Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M., and Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 10:30; through Fri., July 26.)... **FEIGL**, 601 Madison, at 57: paintings by Vlamincik, Soutine, and other Frenchmen, as well as by artists of the gallery's group. (Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., July 26.)... **KRAUSHAAR**, 32 E. 57: small paintings by Louis Bouché, John Sloan, and other members, both past and present, of the gallery. (Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., July 26.)... **LILIENTHAL**, 21 E. 57: a painting apiece by Derain, Utrillo, Chirico, and others. (Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 2 P.M.; through July 31.)... **MACBETH**, 11 E. 57: work in various media by John W. Taylor, James Lechay, Joseph de Martini, and others. (Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., July 26.)... **MIDTOWN**, 605 Madison, at 58: a retrospective of work done during the season by Henry Billings, Julien Binford, Doris Rosenthal, and others. (Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through July 31.)... **NEW ART CIRCLE**, 41 E. 57: oils by Max Beckmann, Lee Gatch, and others. (Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., July 26.)... **PASSEDOIT**, 121 E. 57: paintings by B. J. O. Nordfeldt, Buffie Johnson, and others. (Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through July 31.)... **REHN**, 683 5 Ave., at 54: a big exhibition by artists who customarily show at this gallery, among them Reginald Marsh, Edward Hopper, and Charles Burchfield. (Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 31.)... **WEYHE**, 794 Lexington, at 61: oils by nine young Americans. (Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., July 26.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82—A collection of photographs of European architectural masterpieces, showing some of the damage done to them during the war. (Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sun., July 21.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—A comprehensive show of oils, drawings, and water colors by Georgia O'Keeffe; through Aug. 25... Fifty-nine paintings, mostly modern French, from seven New York collections; through Sept. 22. (Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M., and Thurs. Eves. until 10; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.)

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, 24 E. 54—A large loan show, including several works by Ladislaus Moholy-Nagy and Harry Bertoia. (Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 15.)

MAX SPIVAK—Semi-abstract mosaic panels. (Levitt, 16 W. 57. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., July 26.)

MUSIC

STADIUM CONCERTS—Philharmonic-Symphony concerts are held at Lewisohn Stadium on most clear evenings at 8:30. The schedule for this week and next follows: Pierre Monteux conducting, with William Kapell, piano, Thurs., July 18... Sigmund Romberg conducting, with Marie Nash, soprano, and Gene Marvey, baritone, Sat., July 20...

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JULY 18, THROUGH SATURDAY, JULY 27.

Pierre Monteux conducting, with Mischa Elman, violin, Mon., July 22... Pierre Monteux conducting, with Abbey Simon, piano, Tues., July 23... Pierre Monteux conducting, Wed., July 24... Pierre Monteux conducting, with Lily Pons, soprano, Thurs., July 25... Alexander Smallens conducting, Sat., July 27. (Tickets at Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138, AU 3-3400; and at the Steinway Bldg., 113 W. 57, CI 7-5534. In case of rain, revised plans will be broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC.)

OUT OF TOWN—Serge Koussevitzky conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra. (Theatre-Concert Hall, Tanglewood, at Lenox, Mass. Sat., July 20, at 8:15 P.M.; Sun., July 21, at 3:30 P.M.; and Thurs. and Sat., July 25 and 27, at 8:15 P.M.)... Chamber Music Concert by the Gordon String Quartet. (Music Mountain, Falls Village, Conn. Sun., July 21, at 4 P.M.)

CENTRAL PARK MALL CONCERTS—Edwin Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band. (Fri., Sun., Mon., and Wed. Eves. at 8:30.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At the **YANKEE STADIUM**: Yankees vs. St. Louis (Thurs., July 18, at 8:45 P.M.); Yankees vs. Chicago (Sat., July 20, at 2 P.M., and Sun., July 21, doubleheader, at 2 P.M.)... **POLO GROUNDS**: Giants vs. St. Louis (Tues., July 23, at 2:30 P.M., Wed., July 24, at 8:45 P.M., and Thurs., July 25, at 2:30 P.M.); Giants vs. Cincinnati (Fri. and Sat., July 26-27, at 2:30 P.M.)... **EBBETS FIELD**: Dodgers vs. Chicago (Tues., July 23, at 8:30 P.M., and Wed. and Thurs., July 24-25, at 2:30 P.M.); Dodgers vs. Pittsburgh (Fri., July 26, at 8:30 P.M., and Sat., July 27, doubleheader, at 1:30 P.M.)

BOXING—Tony Zale vs. Rocky Graziano, 15 rounds for the middleweight title. (Yankee Stadium. Thurs., July 25. Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bout at 10.)

GOLF—Westchester County Golf Association Sweetser Victory Tournament. (Hudson River Country Club, Yonkers, N.Y. Tues. and Wed., July 23-24.)... Metropolitan Golf Association Beers Memorial Tournament. (Garden City Country Club, Garden City, L.I. Fri., July 26.)

POLO—At the **MEADOW BROOK CLUB**, Westbury, L.I., Sats. at 3:30 P.M.... **BOSTWICK FIELD**, Westbury, L.I., Sun. at 3:30 P.M.

RACING—At **EMPIRE CITY-AT-JAMAICA**: daily at 1:30 P.M.; through Sat., July 20. The Eastview Stakes, July 20... **SARATOGA-AT-JAMAICA**: weekdays at 1:30 P.M., starting Mon., July 22. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for both meetings Mon. through Fri. between 11:15 A.M. and 1:10 P.M. and Sat. between 11 A.M. and 1:25 P.M.)

TENNIS—Eastern Clay Courts Championships. (Jackson Heights Tennis Club, Jackson Heights, L.I.; through Sun., July 21.)... The Pennsylvania State Championships and the Women's Eastern States Grass Court Championships. (Merion Cricket Club, Haverford, Pa.; through Sat., July 20.)... Seabright Invitation Tournament. (Seabright Lawn Tennis and Country Club, Seabright, N.J.; starting Mon., July 22.)

TROTTER RACES—At **SARATOGA SPRINGS, N.Y.**: weekdays at 8:15 P.M.; through Aug. 24... **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY**, Westbury, L.I.: weekdays at 8:40 P.M.; through Sept. 28. (A special train leaves Penn Station at 7:03 P.M.)

YACHTING—Larchmont Yacht Club Race Week. (Starting Sun., July 21.)

OTHER EVENTS

TRIBAL MASKS—A collection of masks, some of them quite rare, worn by the natives of Bali, the Congo, Ceylon, and such places, for wars, dances, weddings, visits from the witch doctor, and other of life's complexities. (Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 30.)

PLANETARIUM—The current demonstration is called

"Birth of the Solar System." (Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81. Mon. through Fri. at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Sat. and Sun. at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M. Extra performance Sat. at 11 A.M.)

ON THE AIR

BIKINI ATOM-BOMB OPERATIONS—On Wed., July 24, at a time to be announced, all major networks will carry a description of the underwater bomb test at Bikini Atoll.

UNITED NATIONS MEETINGS—All open sessions of the Security Council, at the Bronx Branch of Hunter College, are broadcast in their entirety over WNYC.

MUSIC—N.B.C. Symphony, Efrem Kurtz conducting, Sun., July 21, at 5 P.M., WEA. Stadium Concert, Pierre Monteux conducting, Wed., July 24, at 8:30 P.M., WNYC... Boston Symphony, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Sat., July 20 and 27, at 9:30 P.M., WJZ.

NEWS COMMENTATORS—Elmer Davis, Mon. and Tues. at 7:15 P.M. and Sun. at 3 P.M., WJZ... Fio-rella LaGuardia, Wed., July 24 (from Europe), at 8:15 P.M., WJZ... Raymond Swing, Wed. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ.

SPORTS—Racing: the Eastview Stakes, from Empire City-at-Jamaica, Sat., July 20, at 4 P.M., WJZ, WABC, WOR; the Arlington Handicap, Sat., July 20, and the Arlington Classic, Sat., July 27; both at 6 P.M., WEA.

MOTION PICTURES

DEAD OF NIGHT—A superior English melodrama, full of all kinds of mysterious doings, the most exciting of which is a sequence involving a ventriloquist who is overcome by the personality of his dummy. Michael Redgrave and a competent cast. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50; through Mon., July 22.)

THE GREEN YEARS—A long-drawn-out but admirably enacted adaptation of the A. J. Cronin novel about a boy growing up in Scotland around 1900. With Charles Coburn, Dean Stockwell, and Wallace Ford. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; through Sat., July 20... Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; through Sun., July 21... Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; through Mon., July 22.)

HENRY V—An almost perfect rendition of Shakespeare's historical drama. In the triple capacity of producer, director, and protagonist, Laurence Olivier is wonderful, and the cast that supports him is pretty wonderful, too. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. Daily showings at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.)

IT HAPPENED AT THE INN—The peasants who scurry through this French film are always entertaining, if somewhat incredible, and it's nice to have people like them around. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12.)

THE KID FROM BROOKLYN—A milkman becomes welterweight champion. There's a good deal of drollery furnished by Danny Kaye and some mighty fine dancing by Vera-Ellen. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

THE LOST WEEKEND—Even if you drink nothing stronger than ginger ale, you should find this account of five days in the life of an alcoholic continuously impressive. Ray Milland heads a superb cast. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs., July 18.)

ONE MORE TOMORROW—An adaptation of Philip Barry's "The Animal Kingdom," containing much of the waggery that made the play so agreeable in 1931. With Dennis Morgan, Ann Sheridan, and Jack Carson. (77th Street, B'way at 77; starting Wed., July 24.)

OPEN CITY—A taut, intense film, made in Italy, that describes the functioning of the Italian underground. The cast is uniformly excellent. You shouldn't miss it. (World, 153 W. 49.)

PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN—A versatile performance by Françoise Rosay, the French actress, who appears, in sequence, as an aging stage star, a mildly demented peasant, a hysterical schoolmistress, and a ferocious waterfront *femme fatale*. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57.)

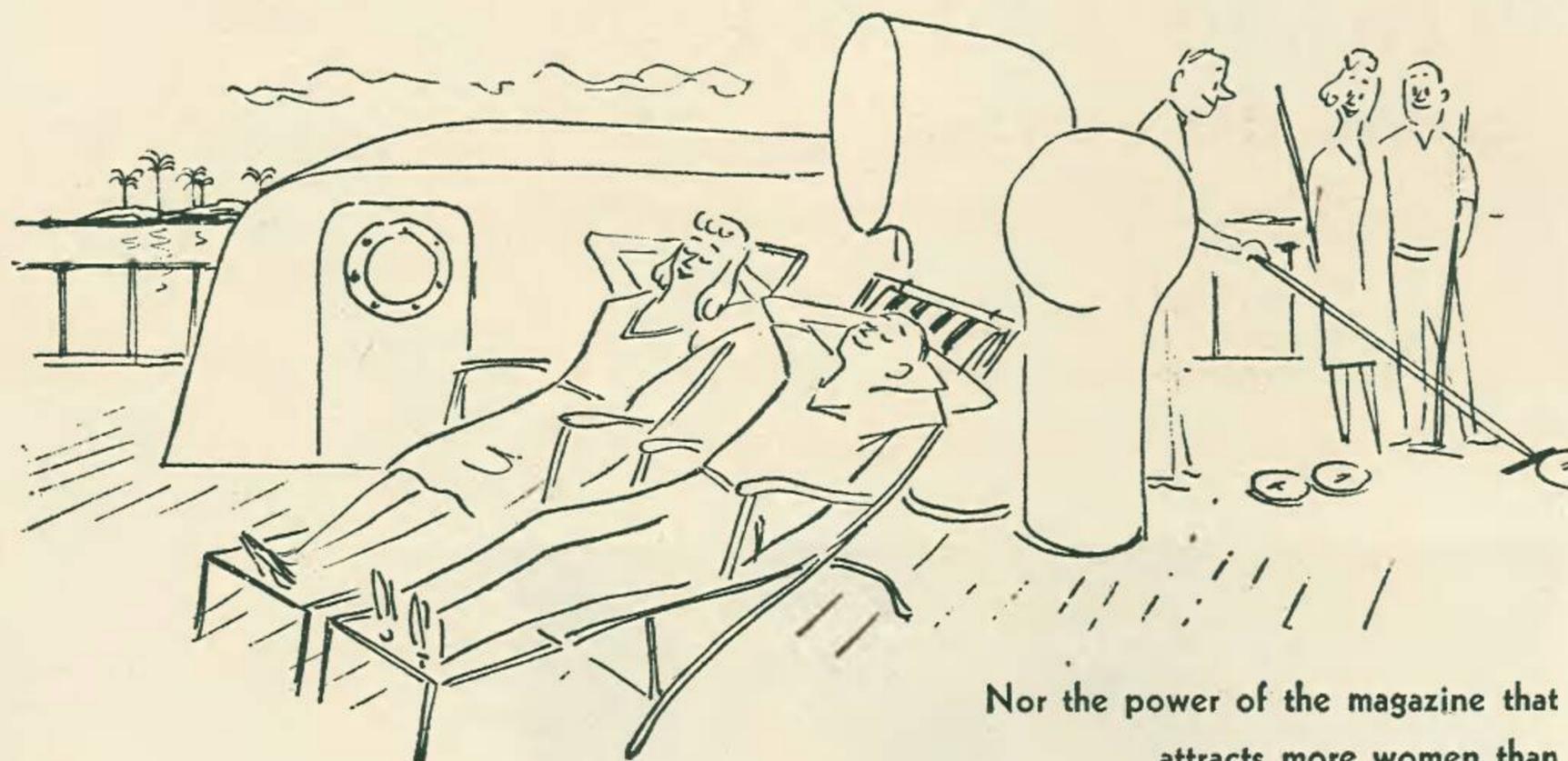
THE POSTMAN ALWAYS RINGS TWICE—John Garfield and Lana Turner as James M. Cain's pair of primitive lovers who finally succeed in killing the proprietor of a hamburger joint. The film would be rather dull if it weren't for Hume Cronyn's and Leon Ames' deft satire of legal machinations. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; through Fri., July 19... Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Fri. through Mon., July 19-22... Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Mon. through Wed., July 22-24.)

SARATOGA TRUNK—Edna Ferber's novel of New Orleans amours and New York railroad skulduggery, done in lush, old-fashioned style. With Ingrid Bergman, Gary Cooper, and Flora Robson. (R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; starting Wed., July 24.)

THE SEVENTH VEIL—A new-day version of Trilby, with

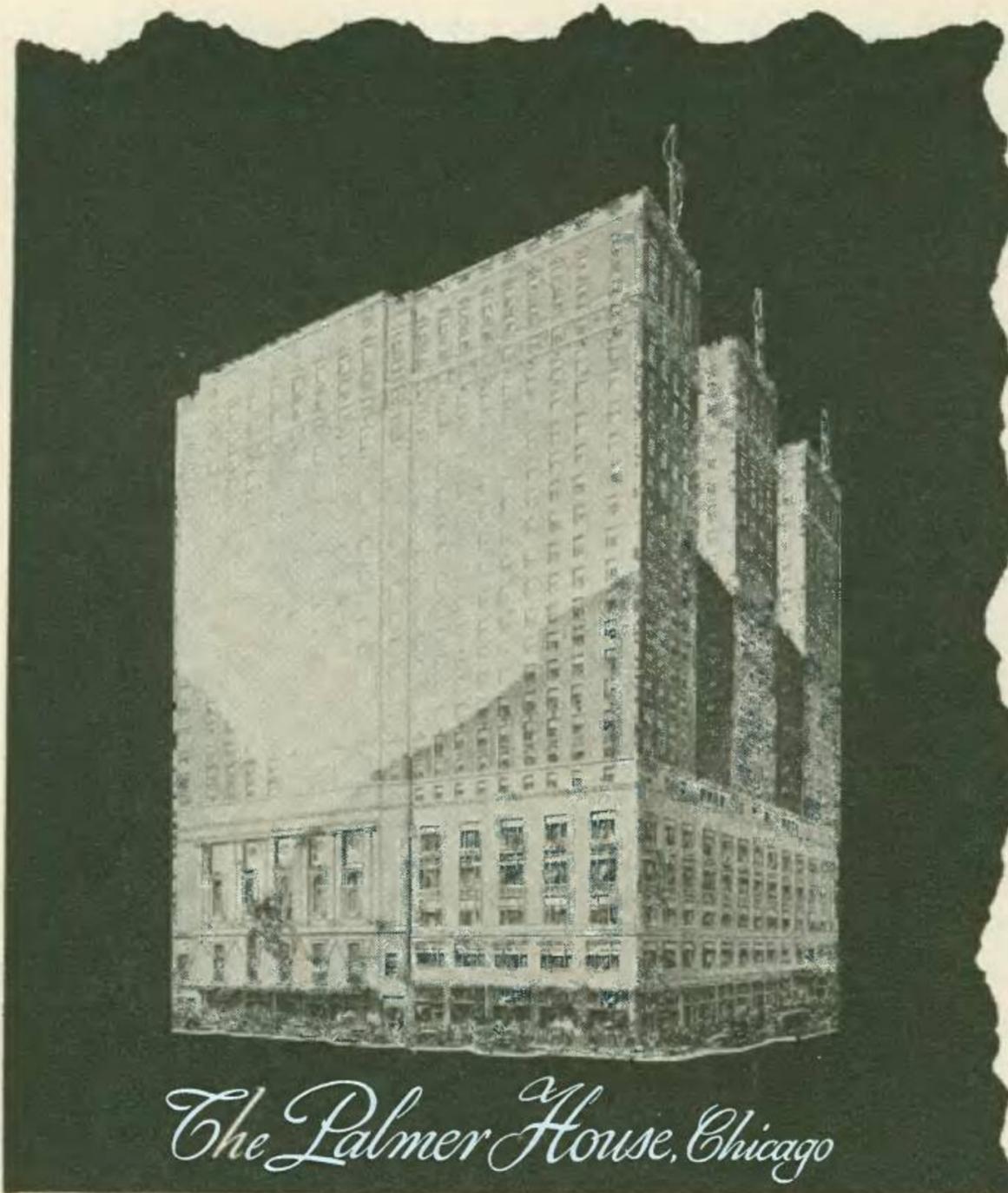


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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

a bit of psychiatry to liven things up. The acting and musical accompaniment offset the hoariness of the plot. With Ann Todd and James Mason. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Tues. and Wed., July 23-24.)

A YANK IN LONDON—This one may give Anglophobes the horrors, but it's really only a mild discussion of some of the small difficulties that kept the British and the Americans from understanding each other as well as they might have during the war. Rex Harrison, Anna Neagle, and Dean Jagger are supported by a splendid cast. (Plaza, 42 E. 58; through Wed., July 24.)

ZIEGFELD FOLLIES OF 1946—A dozen variety acts in glorious Technicolor, most of them gloriously boring. There's some precise and pretty dancing, though, by Fred Astaire and Gene Kelly, and Victor Moore is comical in an old Weber and Fields sketch. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. through Thurs., July 23-25.)

NOTE—"Hymn of the Nations," a half hour with Toscanini, is a good bit more stimulating than a lot of recent films. The conductor leads an orchestra and a choir through Verdi's "Hymn." (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57.)

REVIVALS

ALICE ADAMS (1935)—Booth Tarkington's novel, with Katharine Hepburn and Fred MacMurray. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Wed., July 24.)

ARSENIC AND OLD LACE (1944)—The Brooklyn poison classic. Cary Grant and Priscilla Lane. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., July 18.)

COLONEL BLIMP (1945)—The life of a professional British soldier. Roger Livesey. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Sun., July 21.)

DODSWORTH (1936)—Sinclair Lewis's retired businessman abroad. Walter Huston, Ruth Chatterton, and Mary Astor. (Alden, B'way at 67; through Sat., July 20.)

DOUBLE INDEMNITY (1944)—A lady heel and a man heel kill a husband. Barbara Stanwyck and Fred MacMurray. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues., July 23.)

GUEST IN THE HOUSE (1945)—An adaptation of the play about a family-wrecker. Anne Baxter and Ralph Bellamy. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Sat., July 20.)

HOLY MATRIMONY (1943)—Arnold Bennett's "Buried Alive," with Gracie Fields and Monty Woolley. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Wed., July 24.)

LADY IN DISTRESS (1942)—British melodrama dealing with a mechanic and a magician. Paul Lukas and Michael Redgrave. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Thurs., July 18.)

THE MAD MISS MANTON (1938)—Murder and the Junior League. Barbara Stanwyck and Henry Fonda. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri., July 19.)

THE MALE ANIMAL (1942)—The screen version of the Thurber-Nugent comedy, with Olivia de Havilland and Henry Fonda. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; through Fri., July 19.)

MOONLIGHT SONATA (1938)—Ignace Paderewski as actor and musician. With Marie Tempest. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Mon., July 22.)

NINE DAYS A QUEEN (1936)—About Lady Jane Grey. With Nova Pilbeam and Sir Cedric Hardwicke. (Alden, B'way at 67; through Sat., July 20. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Sat. and Sun., July 20-21.)

THE OX-BOW INCIDENT (1943)—A lynching in the West. Henry Fonda and Dana Andrews. (Waverly, Ave. of Americas at 3; Mon. and Tues., July 22-23.)

ROOM SERVICE (1938)—The Broadway play, tailored to fit the Marx Brothers. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri., July 19.)

STAGE DOOR (1937)—From the Kaufman-Ferber play. Ginger Rogers, Katharine Hepburn, and Adolphe Menjou. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Wed. and Thurs., July 24-25.)

THESE THREE (1936)—Miriam Hopkins, Merle Oberon, and Joel McCrea in a doctored version of Lillian Hellman's play "The Children's Hour." (Waverly, Ave. of Americas at 3; Mon. and Tues., July 22-23.)

THEY SHALL HAVE MUSIC (1939)—Now called "Ragged Angels." Jascha Heifetz bringing music to the lower East Side. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Mon., July 22.)

THE WOMAN IN THE WINDOW (1945)—Edward G. Robinson as a murderer with the best of intentions. Joan Bennett and Dan Duryea. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues., July 23.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is presenting the following films as part of a series of documentary pictures—THROUGH SUN., JULY 21: "Moana" (1926), directed by Robert Flaherty. . . . MON. THROUGH THURS., JULY 22-25: "H₂O" (1929), and "Ten Days That Shook the World" (1927), directed by S. M. Eisenstein. . . . FROM FRI., JULY 26: "Rien que les Heures" (1926). The films are shown weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M.; Thurs. Eves. at 8:15; and Sun. at 1:30, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M.



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KENTUCKY MINT JULEP (here's how!): Chill silver julep cups or 12 oz. glasses in refrigerator. Muddle 3 or 4 leaves of mint (not stems) with teaspoon of powdered sugar and teaspoon of water. Fill cup with finely crushed ice, pour in one jigger Kentucky Tavern. Stir briskly until frost appears and ice has dropped 1 or 2 inches. Fill remainder with crushed ice and pour in another jigger of Kentucky Tavern. Decorate with mint and insert straws through sprigs. Clip straws off near top of mint (so you get your nose right in it while sipping); place in icebox for half an hour (if you can wait that long) then serve, sip and smile!

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THE ARISTOCRAT OF BONDS

THE BIG HOUSES

ASTOR, B'way at 45 (CI 6-4642)—**THE KID FROM BROOKLYN**, Danny Kaye, Virginia Mayo, Vera-Ellen.
CAPITOL, B'way at 51 (CO 5-1250)—"Easy to Wed," Van Johnson, Esther Williams, Lucille Ball.
CRITERION, B'way at 44 (BR 9-3839)—Through Tues., July 23: "Renegades," Evelyn Keyes, Willard Parker. . . From Wed., July 24: "Courage of Lassie," Elizabeth Taylor, Frank Morgan.
GLOBE, B'way at 46 (CI 6-0800)—"Breakfast in Hollywood," Tom Breneman, Bonita Granville.
GOTHAM, B'way at 47 (CI 5-9516)—"O.S.S.," Alan Ladd, Geraldine Fitzgerald.
HOLLYWOOD, B'way at 51 (CI 7-5545)—Through Wed., July 24: "A Stolen Life," Bette Davis, Glenn Ford.
NEW YORK CITY CENTER, 131 W. 55 (CI 6-8989)—**HENRY V.**, Laurence Olivier. Daily showings at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.
PALACE, B'way at 47 (BR 9-4300)—"The Stranger," Edward G. Robinson, Loretta Young, Orson Welles.
PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43 (BR 9-8738)—Through Tues., July 23: "The Searching Wind," Sylvia Sydney, Robert Young. . . From Wed., July 24: "The Strange Love of Martha Ivers," Barbara Stanwyck, Van Heflin.
RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL, Ave. of Americas at 50 (CI 6-4600)—"Anna and the King of Siam," Irene Dunne, Rex Harrison.
RIVOLI, B'way at 49 (CI 7-1633)—Through Mon., July 22: "Cluny Brown," Charles Boyer, Jennifer Jones. . . From Tues., July 23: "Till the End of Time," Dorothy McGuire, Guy Madison.
ROXY, 7 Ave. at 50 (CI 7-6000)—"Centennial Summer," Jeanne Crain, Cornel Wilde, Linda Darnell.
STATE, B'way at 45 (BR 9-1957)—Through Wed., July 24: "Two Sisters from Boston," Kathryn Grayson, June Allyson.
STRAND, B'way at 47 (CI 7-5900)—"Of Human Bondage," Eleanor Parker, Paul Henreid.
VICTORIA, B'way at 46 (CI 6-7429)—"Suspense," Belita, Albert Dekker.
WINTER GARDEN, B'way at 50 (CI 7-5161)—Through Mon., July 22: **DEAD OF NIGHT**, Michael Redgrave. . . From Tues., July 23: "They Were Sisters," James Mason, Phyllis Calvert.

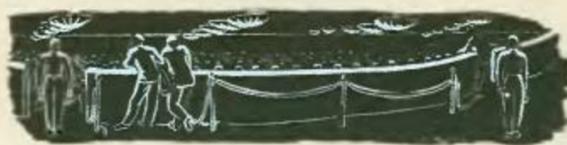
FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

BELMONT, 121 W. 48 (CH 4-3441)—Spanish films, no English titles—Through Fri., July 19: "Un Corazon Burlado." . . From Sat., July 20: "El Rosario."
5TH AVENUE PLAYHOUSE, 5 Ave. at 12 (GR 5-9738)—**IT HAPPENED AT THE INN** (in French), Fernand Ledoux, Blanchette Brunoy.
55TH STREET PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55 (CO 5-9438)—"Stormy Waters" (in French), Jean Gabin, Michèle Morgan.
LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57 (CI 6-1365)—**PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN** (in French), Françoise Rosay; also **HYMN OF THE NATIONS**, short O.W.I. film, with Arturo Toscanini.
STANLEY, 7 Ave. at 41 (WI 7-9686)—"Liberation in Europe," Russian documentary film.
WORLD, 153 W. 49 (CI 7-5747)—**OPEN CITY** (in Italian).

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8 (GR 3-7014)—Through Mon., July 22: "Bedlam," Boris Karloff. . . From Tues., July 23: "The Fallen Sparrow," revival, Maureen O'Hara, John Garfield.
GRAMERCY PARK, Lexington at 23 (GR 5-1660)—Through Sat., July 20: "The Wife of Monte Cristo," John Loder, Lenore Aubert; also "Deadline at Dawn," Susan Hayward, Paul Lukas. . . Sun. through Wed., July 21-24: "The Bandit of Sherwood Forest," Cornel Wilde, Anita Louise; also "A Letter for Evie," Marsha Hunt.
LOEW'S 42ND STREET, Lexington at 42 (AS 4-4865)—Through Sat., July 20: **THE GREEN YEARS**, Charles Coburn, Tom Drake; also "Night Editor," William Gargan. . . Sun. and Mon., July 21-22: "Heartbeat," Ginger Rogers, Jean Pierre Aumont; also "Bedlam," Boris Karloff. . . Tues. and Wed., July 23-24: "Dangerous Business," Lynn Merrick; also "Sun Valley Cyclone," Bill Elliott.
BEVERLY, 3 Ave. at 50 (EL 5-8790)—Revivals—Through Sat., July 20: "Together Again," Irene Dunne, Charles Boyer; also "On Approval," Beatrice Lillie. . . Sun. through Tues., July 21-23: "Conflict," Humphrey Bogart, Alexis Smith, Sydney Greenstreet; also "Secret of Stamboul," Valerie Hobson, James Mason. . . From Wed., July 24: **STAGE DOOR**, Ginger Rogers, Katharine Hepburn, Adolphe Menjou; also "Rain," Joan Crawford, Walter Huston.
LEXINGTON, Lexington at 51 (PL 3-0336)—Through Tues., July 23: "The Blue Dahlia," Alan Ladd, Veronica Lake, William Bendix; also "The Runaround," Ella Raines, Rod Cameron. . . From Wed., July 24: "Whistle Stop," George Raft, Ava Gardner; also "Night in Paradise," Merle Oberon, Turhan Bey.
TRANS-LUX 52ND STREET, Lexington at 52 (PL 3-2434)—Thurs., July 18: **LADY IN DISTRESS**, revival, Paul Lukas, Michael Redgrave. . . Fri. through Sun., July 19-21: "A Lady Takes a Chance," revival, Jean Arthur, John Wayne. . . Mon. through Wed., July 22-24: **THE POSTMAN ALWAYS RINGS TWICE**, Lana Turner, John Garfield.
NORMANDIE, Park at 53 (PL 8-0040)—Thurs., July 18: "City for Conquest," revival, James Cagney, Ann Sheridan. . . Fri. through Sun., July 19-21: "Devotion," Ida Lupino, Paul Henreid, Olivia de Havilland. . . Mon. and Tues., July 22-23: "Johnny in the Clouds," revival, Michael Redgrave. . . From Wed., July 24: "The Wedding Night," revival, Gary Cooper.

AT THE MOVIE HOUSES



THURSDAY, JULY 18, THROUGH
WEDNESDAY, JULY 24

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 UNDER "MOTION PICTURES," STARTING ON PAGE 6.

SUTTON, 3 Ave. at 57 (PL 3-5520)—Thurs., July 18: **THE LOST WEEKEND**, Ray Milland, Jane Wyman. . . Fri. through Mon., July 19-22: "They Met in the Dark," revival, James Mason. . . From Tues., July 23: **ZIEGFELD FOLLIES OF 1946**, Fred Astaire, Judy Garland, Gene Kelly.
R.K.O. 58TH STREET, 3 Ave. at 58 (VO 5-3577)—Through Tues., July 23: "The Dark Corner," Lucille Ball, Mark Stevens; also "Do You Love Me," Maureen O'Hara, Dick Haymes, Harry James. . . From Wed., July 24: **SARATOGA TRUNK**, Ingrid Bergman, Gary Cooper.
PLAZA, 42 E. 58 (VO 5-3320)—Through Wed., July 24: **A YANK IN LONDON**, Rex Harrison, Anna Neagle.
68TH STREET PLAYHOUSE, 3 Ave. at 68 (RE 4-0302)—Thurs., July 18: "Gilda," Rita Hayworth, Glenn Ford. . . Fri. through Wed., July 19-24: "State Fair," revival, Jeanne Crain, Dana Andrews.
LOEW'S 72ND STREET, 3 Ave. at 72 (BU 8-7222)—Through Tues., July 23: "The Blue Dahlia," Alan Ladd, Veronica Lake, William Bendix; also "The Runaround," Ella Raines, Rod Cameron. . . From Wed., July 24: "Whistle Stop," George Raft, Ava Gardner; also "Night in Paradise," Merle Oberon, Turhan Bey.
COLONY, 2 Ave. at 79 (RH 4-9888)—Thurs., July 18: "Devotion," Ida Lupino, Paul Henreid, Olivia de Havilland; also "The Falcon's Alibi," Tom Conway. . . Fri. through Mon., July 19-22: **THE POSTMAN ALWAYS RINGS TWICE**, Lana Turner, John Garfield; also "Talk About a Lady," Jinx Falkenburg. . . From Tues., July 23: "The Wife of Monte Cristo," John Loder, Lenore Aubert; also "Deadline at Dawn," Susan Hayward, Paul Lukas.
TRANS-LUX 85TH STREET, Madison at 85 (BU 8-3180)—Through Fri., July 19: **THE POSTMAN ALWAYS RINGS TWICE**, Lana Turner, John Garfield. . . Sat. and Sun., July 20-21: **NINE DAYS A QUEEN**, revival, Nova Pilbeam, Sir Cedric Hardwicke. . . Mon. through Wed., July 22-24: "Dragonwyck," Gene Tierney, Vincent Price, Walter Huston.
R.K.O. 86TH STREET, Lexington at 86 (AT 9-8900)—Through Tues., July 23: "The Dark Corner," Lucille Ball, Mark Stevens; also "Do You Love Me," Maureen O'Hara, Dick Haymes, Harry James. . . From Wed., July 24: **SARATOGA TRUNK**, Ingrid Bergman, Gary Cooper.
LOEW'S 86TH STREET, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-5566)—Through Fri., July 19: "Heartbeat," Ginger Rogers, Jean Pierre Aumont; also "Bedlam," Boris Karloff. . . Sat. through Tues., July 20-23: "The Virginian," Joel McCrea, Barbara Britton, Brian Donlevy; also "Dressed to Kill," Basil Rathbone. . . Wed., July 24: "The Devil's Mask," Anita Louise; also "Strange Voyage," Eddie Albert.
ORPHEUM, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-4607)—Through Sun., July 21: **THE GREEN YEARS**, Charles Coburn, Tom Drake; also "Night Editor," William Gargan, Janis Carter. . . Mon. and Tues., July 22-23: "Dangerous Business," Lynn Merrick; also "Sun Valley Cyclone," Bill Elliott. . . From Wed., July 24: "The Blue Dahlia," Alan Ladd, Veronica Lake, William Bendix; also "The Runaround," Ella Raines, Rod Cameron.
WEST SIDE
WAVERLY, Ave. of Americas at 3 (CH 3-9395)—Thurs., July 18: "The Bandit of Sherwood Forest," Cornel Wilde, Anita Louise; also "A Letter for Evie," Marsha Hunt. . . Fri. through Sun., July 19-21: "The Wife of Monte Cristo," John Loder, Lenore Aubert; "Deadline at Dawn," Susan Hayward, Paul Lukas. . . Mon. and Tues., July 22-23: **THESE THREE**, revival, Miriam Hopkins, Merle Oberon, Joel McCrea; also **THE OX-BOW INCIDENT**, revival, Henry Fonda, Dana Andrews. . . From Wed., July 24: "The Virginian," Joel McCrea, Barbara Britton, Brian Donlevy; also "Dressed to Kill," Basil Rathbone.
8TH STREET PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8 (GR 7-7874)—Thurs., July 18: "And Then There Were None," revival, Barry Fitzgerald, Walter Huston. . . Fri. through Tues., July 19-23: "Heartbeat," Ginger Rogers, Jean Pierre Aumont. . . From Wed., July 24: "Dressed to Kill," Basil Rathbone.
SHERIDAN, 7 Ave. at 12 (WA 9-2166)—Through Mon., July 22: **THE GREEN YEARS**, Charles Coburn, Tom Drake; also "Night Editor," William Gargan, Janis Carter. . . Tues., July 23: "Dangerous Business," Lynn Merrick; also "Sun Valley Cyclone," Bill Elliott. . . From Wed., July 24:

"The Blue Dahlia," Alan Ladd, Veronica Lake, William Bendix; also "The Runaround," Ella Raines, Rod Cameron.
GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12 (WA 9-3350)—Thurs., July 18: **ARSENIC AND OLD LACE**, revival, Cary Grant, Priscilla Lane; also "Battle for Music," revival, documentary film of the London Philharmonic. . . Fri. through Mon., July 19-22: "The Wife of Monte Cristo," John Loder, Lenore Aubert; also "Deadline at Dawn," Susan Hayward, Paul Lukas. . . From Tues., July 23: "The Conspirators," revival, Hedy Lamarr, Paul Henreid; also "Fight for Your Lady," revival, Ida Lupino, John Boles.
R.K.O. 23RD STREET, 8 Ave. at 23 (CH 2-3440)—Through Tues., July 23: "The Dark Corner," Lucille Ball, Mark Stevens; also "Do You Love Me," Maureen O'Hara, Dick Haymes, Harry James. . . From Wed., July 24: **SARATOGA TRUNK**, Ingrid Bergman, Gary Cooper.
TERRACE, 9 Ave. at 23 (CH 2-9280)—Through Sat., July 20: "The Bandit of Sherwood Forest," Cornel Wilde, Anita Louise; also "A Letter for Evie," Marsha Hunt. . . Sun. and Mon., July 21-22: "The Bride Walks Out," revival, Barbara Stanwyck, Gene Raymond; also "Experiment Perilous," revival, Hedy Lamarr, George Brent, Paul Lukas. . . From Tues., July 23: "The Virginian," Joel McCrea, Barbara Britton, Brian Donlevy; also "Dressed to Kill," Basil Rathbone.
ALDEN, B'way at 67 (SU 7-6280)—Revivals—Through Sat., July 20: **DODSWORTH**, Walter Huston, Ruth Chatterton; also **NINE DAYS A QUEEN**, Nova Pilbeam, Sir Cedric Hardwicke. . . Sun. and Mon., July 21-22: "Cheers for Miss Bishop," Martha Scott, William Gargan; also "Beauty for the Asking," Lucille Ball. . . Tues. and Wed., July 23-24: "Between Two Worlds," John Garfield; also "On Approval," Beatrice Lillie.
77TH STREET, B'way at 77 (TR 4-9382)—Through Tues., July 23: "Heartbeat," Ginger Rogers, Jean Pierre Aumont; also "Bedlam," Boris Karloff. . . From Wed., July 24: **ONE MORE TOMORROW**, Ann Sheridan, Dennis Morgan; also "Her Kind of Man," Janis Paige, Zachary Scott.
R.K.O. 81ST STREET, B'way at 81 (TR 7-6160)—Through Tues., July 23: "The Dark Corner," Lucille Ball, Mark Stevens; also "Do You Love Me," Maureen O'Hara, Dick Haymes, Harry James. . . From Wed., July 24: **SARATOGA TRUNK**, Ingrid Bergman, Gary Cooper.
LOEW'S 83RD STREET, B'way at 83 (TR 7-3190)—Through Tues., July 23: "The Blue Dahlia," Alan Ladd, Veronica Lake, William Bendix; also "The Runaround," Ella Raines, Rod Cameron. . . From Wed., July 24: "Whistle Stop," George Raft, Ava Gardner; also "Night in Paradise," Merle Oberon, Turhan Bey.
SCHUYLER, Columbus Ave. at 84 (EN 2-0696)—Through Fri., July 19: **THE MALE ANIMAL**, revival, Olivia de Havilland, Henry Fonda; also "Johnny in the Clouds," revival, Michael Redgrave. . . Sat. through Mon., July 20-22: "From This Day Forward," Joan Fontaine, Mark Stevens; also "Joe Palooka, Champ," Joe Kirkwood, Leon Errol. . . Tues. and Wed., July 23-24: **THE SEVENTH VEIL**, Ann Todd, James Mason; also "Just Before Dawn," Warner Baxter.
THALIA, B'way at 95 (AC 2-3370)—Revivals—Thurs., July 18: "Girl from Leningrad" (in Russian); also "Under Secret Orders," Erich von Stroheim. . . Fri., July 19: **ROOM SERVICE**, the Marx Brothers; also **THE MAD MISS MANTON**, Barbara Stanwyck, Henry Fonda. . . Sat., July 20: **GUEST IN THE HOUSE**, Anne Baxter, Ralph Bellamy; also "Tomorrow the World," Fredric March, Betty Field. . . Sun., July 21: **COLONEL BLIMP**, Roger Livesey. . . Mon., July 22: **THEY SHALL HAVE MUSIC** (now called "Ragged Angels"), Jascha Heifetz; also **MOONLIGHT SONATA**, Marie Tempest, Ignace Paderewski. . . Tues., July 23: **THE WOMAN IN THE WINDOW**, Edward G. Robinson, Joan Bennett; also **DOUBLE INDEMNITY**, Barbara Stanwyck, Fred MacMurray. . . Wed., July 24: **ALICE ADAMS**, Katharine Hepburn, Fred MacMurray; also **HOLY MATRIMONY**, Gracie Fields, Monty Woolley.
RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96 (RI 9-9861)—Through Tues., July 23: "The Dark Corner," Lucille Ball, Mark Stevens; also "Do You Love Me," Maureen O'Hara, Dick Haymes, Harry James. . . From Wed., July 24: **SARATOGA TRUNK**, Ingrid Bergman, Gary Cooper.
OLYMPIA, B'way at 107 (AC 2-1019)—Through Tues., July 23: "The Blue Dahlia," Alan Ladd, Veronica Lake, William Bendix; also "The Runaround," Ella Raines, Rod Cameron. . . From Wed., July 24: "Whistle Stop," George Raft, Ava Gardner; also "Night in Paradise," Merle Oberon, Turhan Bey.
NEMO, B'way at 110 (AC 2-9406)—Through Tues., July 23: "The Dark Corner," Lucille Ball, Mark Stevens; also "Do You Love Me," Maureen O'Hara, Dick Haymes, Harry James. . . From Wed., July 24: **SARATOGA TRUNK**, Ingrid Bergman, Gary Cooper.
LOEW'S 175TH STREET, B'way at 175 (WA 7-5200)—Through Mon., July 22: "The Blue Dahlia," Alan Ladd, Veronica Lake, William Bendix; also "The Runaround," Ella Raines, Rod Cameron. . . Tues., July 23: "Catman of Paris," Lenore Aubert; also "Valley of the Zombies," Ian Keith. . . From Wed., July 24: "Whistle Stop," George Raft, Ava Gardner; also "Night in Paradise," Merle Oberon, Turhan Bey.
COLISEUM, B'way at 181 (WA 7-7200)—Through Tues., July 23: "The Dark Corner," Lucille Ball, Mark Stevens; also "Do You Love Me," Maureen O'Hara, Dick Haymes, Harry James. . . From Wed., July 24: **SARATOGA TRUNK**, Ingrid Bergman, Gary Cooper.



Sugar loaf

of richest black rayon velvet waved with an ostrich plume in the opulent mood of the coming fall season. Black or brown with elegance in color-band contrast. 25.00

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

BETWEEN us and the Russian people," writes Brooks Atkinson, "stands the Soviet government." That is half the story. Between us and the Russian people stand both our governments—not as deliberate and evil barriers between man and man but as conscientious guardians, each of its own. With the very best intentions (and in the very best tradition), the government of every nation stands, wall-fashion, shutting out the sun, breaking the force of the wind. The people, accustomed to the shadow, jealous of their yards, tend the wall—repairing, admiring, grooming, rebuilding, enlarging, saving. Within the last year, the shadow has grown suddenly; the gloom is almost impenetrable.

There are, of course, more things standing between people than their governments. There are the oceans and the seas, the languages and the dialects, the economies, the pigmentations, the memories of old feuds. Most formidable of all, there is the human instinct to settle into groups and clubs, and to find stimulus in the assumption of the other club's hostility, wrong-headedness, and foxiness. But quite apart from these obvious and by no means irremovable barriers between peoples is government. Mr. Atkinson's report on the Russian people was rather favorable. He described them as "admirable . . . genuine, hard-working, and practical." But they are admirable-on-the-other-side-of-the-wall, *genuine-trans-murum*, hard-working-on-the-other-side-of-the-fence. We call the Russian wall the "iron curtain." Our own is probably more of a plastic curtain, fitted with chromium louvers, automatic peephole adjustments, and electric eyes, and sprayed with DDT against the beetles that crawl on all walls.

Neither the Russian people nor the

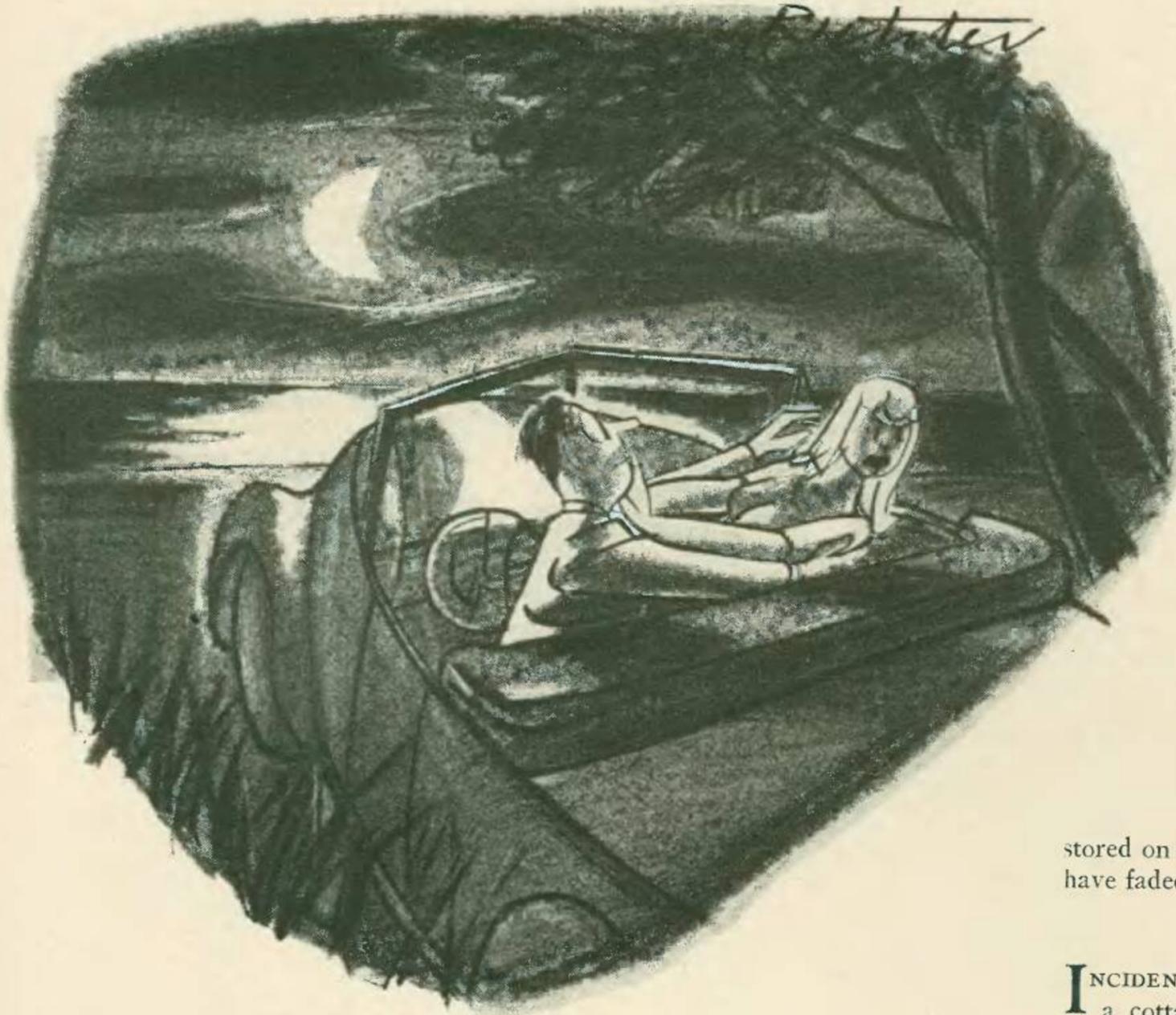
American people nor any people have as yet seen the essentially fictitious character of the nation. The nation still persists in people's minds as a tangible, solid, living and breathing thing, capable of doing and thinking, feeling and believing, having and enjoying. But the nation is not that at all. A nation is a state of mind. (For "state" read "state of mind," and you will understand the day's news better.) The *Times* headlined Mr. Atkinson's able report "RUSSIA BARS AMITY WITH U.S." But nobody knows what that means, because in truth there is no such thing as Russia—unless you are satisfied with a bear. A bear that bars amity. There is no such thing as the U.S.—unless you are satisfied with an uncle. The uncle and the bear, without amity, without reality.

In an essay on nationalism in the book "If Men Want Peace," Professors Mander and Harrison wrote this excellent definition: "A nation is a group of people which thinks that it is a nation." There is no question that millions of people in the U.S.S.R. think of themselves as a nation, and that millions of people in the U.S.A. think of themselves as a nation; and there is no question that the destinies of the two groups are kept distinct and regarded as separate, and to a large degree antithetical. But then there comes the assurance, from a visitor to Russia, that the Russians are "admirable." And the newspaper drops to our lap and we close our



eyes, wondering whether there is not perhaps a hole somewhere, at the base of the wall, through which the admirable peoples could pass back and forth—the genuine, the hard-working, the very real people.

PEPPER is in very short supply these days. The fact is there are only about three thousand tons of it left in the whole country, barely enough for one light sneeze per capita. Pepper is not only a condiment but a favorite object of speculation with commodity manipulators, it can be kept without perceptible deterioration for at least a hundred years (more than we can say for those debentures Aunt Harriet gave us), and it is one of the forty-odd things that Columbus is said to have been looking for when he set out from Spain in some confusion in 1492. Pepper, both black and white, comes from a plant called *Piper nigrum*. ("Piper" is Latin for "pepper," which throws fresh philological light on that old one about how many pecks of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked.) The plant resembles ivy and grows twenty feet high when wild and from eight to ten feet high when cultivated. It thrives only in hot, wet, shady regions within a few thousand miles of Singapore, which is traditionally the great pepper center. In November and December, on the Malabar coast of India, and in September, October, and April, in the Dutch East Indies and Malaya, the plant yields around fifty berries, which start out green, turn red, and end up brown. They are picked and dried in the sun or with smoke until they become wrinkled and brownish black. From then on, they are known as peppercorns, and you may count on there being approximately five hundred and twenty of them to an ounce. That takes care of black pepper. White pepper is prepared by picking the berries when they are red, soaking them in water, and



"For heaven's sake, Mary! You know perfectly well I'm paying for this car by the hour."

then trampling them underfoot until the hulls are crunched off or, as we prefer to think, by placing dried peppercorns in a decorticating machine, which does the same job.

Pepper first became popular among the East Indians and Malayans three or four thousand years ago. They found that it added relish to their steady diet of rice pudding, a dish as dull then as it is now, and that when used in curries, for example, it induced a feeling of coolness on the part of the diner by making him sweat. The first literary mention of pepper was made by Theophrastus, a Greek free lance who lived during the fourth century B.C. Marco Polo gave it a plug in 1280 A.D., by which time it was old hat. Columbus found only capsicums, whose family includes cayenne, paprika, and the common red and green peppers, when he reached these parts, but Vasco da Gama took some of the real stuff back from the Malabar coast in 1498, and the boom was on. Pepper's principal function in those pre-Frigidaire days was to preserve meat and, failing that, to conceal the

fact that it had failed. The Hindus, however, have always recommended it as a specific for mistiness of the eyes, the Mohammedans for snake bite; the Dutch and French dust a crude, powdered form of it in clothes and carpets to keep away moths. The reason it makes you sneeze, by the way, is not that it's pepper but merely that it's a very fine dust, or so pepper men claim.

The ancient Greeks valued pepper at fourteen sheep per pound. In fourteenth-century England, it sold for about four dollars a pound. By 1936, it had fallen to four cents a pound, wholesale. It now sells, in the world market, for fifty cents a pound, wholesale. The likelihood is that you can't get it retail at all and will have to go on putting up with imitation pepper, which is more expensive than real pepper used to be. Substitutes were put on the market in 1943, when it became apparent that our pepper situation was going to get hopeless. Imitation pepper is probably better for you than real pepper, as it has a cereal base,

but it is less pungent and lacks "heat." A typical pepper-type pepper consists of cottonseed, wheat, soya, capsicum, cardamon, and a pinch of pepper, flavored with oleoresin capsicum, clove oil, vegetable oil, and a solvent known as commercial racemic limonene, which is more palatable than it sounds. The shortage may last until 1950, since the natives in the Dutch East Indies have not yet settled down to work with the Dutch and their vineyards have been largely swallowed up by jungle. It's an odd fact that, at the moment, imitation pepper looks more like real pepper than real pepper does; this is because the bulk of peppercorns in this country have been stored on Staten Island since 1933 and have faded, as who wouldn't?

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: There's a cottage colony at Lake Winnepesaukee, New Hampshire, named View de l'Eau.

The switchboard girl who answers the phone for the Toledo accounting firm of Misch, Hass, Hess, Arft & Schmeltz is still in her right mind, or was when we went to presh.

In one of the municipal rose gardens in Boston there is a rose labelled "Sour Therese."

Lucky Fellow

ALTHOUGH the Dutch motor vessel Westerdam looks as trim and tidy as a Dutch housewife now, she had a tumultuous career behind her before she ever sailed out of the harbor of Rotterdam, where she was built. She had been sunk once by the R.A.F. and twice by the Dutch underground to keep the Germans from operating her. She hit bottom last in 1944, and before the Nazis could raise her a third time, Holland was freed. The Dutch refloated her and towed her to a shipyard to be outfitted with gear that had been secreted from the time the Germans entered Holland. As her equipment came out of hiding, so did Captain Thomas Jaski, her master on her belated maiden voyage to New York City last week. "My ship and I," said the Captain to us the other day, "both fin-

ished up in pretty good shape." At sixty-one, the Captain is a fine figure of a man, tall, sturdy, broad-shouldered, with a good crop of gray hair and strong features which jut out of a weather-beaten face. We had heard that Captain Jaski had spent the years of the Occupation working with the underground, but he didn't say much about that. "If we talk about the undergrounds so much, people will think they won the war," he said, in excellent English. "Leave the credit to those who really fought—the Allied armies and navies, and the Netherlands Merchant Marine. And don't forget that last one." Captain Jaski told us that the Dutch had a three-year supply of food when the war started, but the Germans went right after it. "From Arnhem on, it was really terrible," he said. "They were taking everything they could lay their hands on. We had hunger marches for days and days. Only the women could march, though, for the Germans would haul the men out of the lines and ship them off to Germany. They grabbed me twice, but my identity card said I was an old, retired man and they didn't take me. There were all kinds of identity cards for us, giving us false names and putting our ages up six or eight years to make us old. Once the Germans tried to get my bike away from me, but I howled at them the way they howl at each other and they let me keep it. Lots of them were very stupid. If you had some piece of paper stamped with the German eagle, you could go anywhere. When railroad stations were blocked to keep us from leaving the city, we would show them a freight manifest with their eagle on it and they'd let us go wherever we wanted to. Aside from harassing the Germans, most of the work the men had to do was saw down trees and chop wood—there was nothing to cook with, no gas or electricity—and get food. It wasn't only for your own family you had to work but for other families, who had their men out on the ocean. There was some foolishness in the underground, of course. One night I heard an explosion close to my house in Bilthoven, where my wife and one of our daughters and I lived after we left Rotterdam in the middle of the war. The next day I learned that a neighbor and his four boys had blown up a section of railroad track. One boy was killed, the rest of them were sent away, and the whole village was ordered evacuated, which we prevented only after the greatest trouble. Now, to blow up a thousand Germans would have been all right, but to blow up a

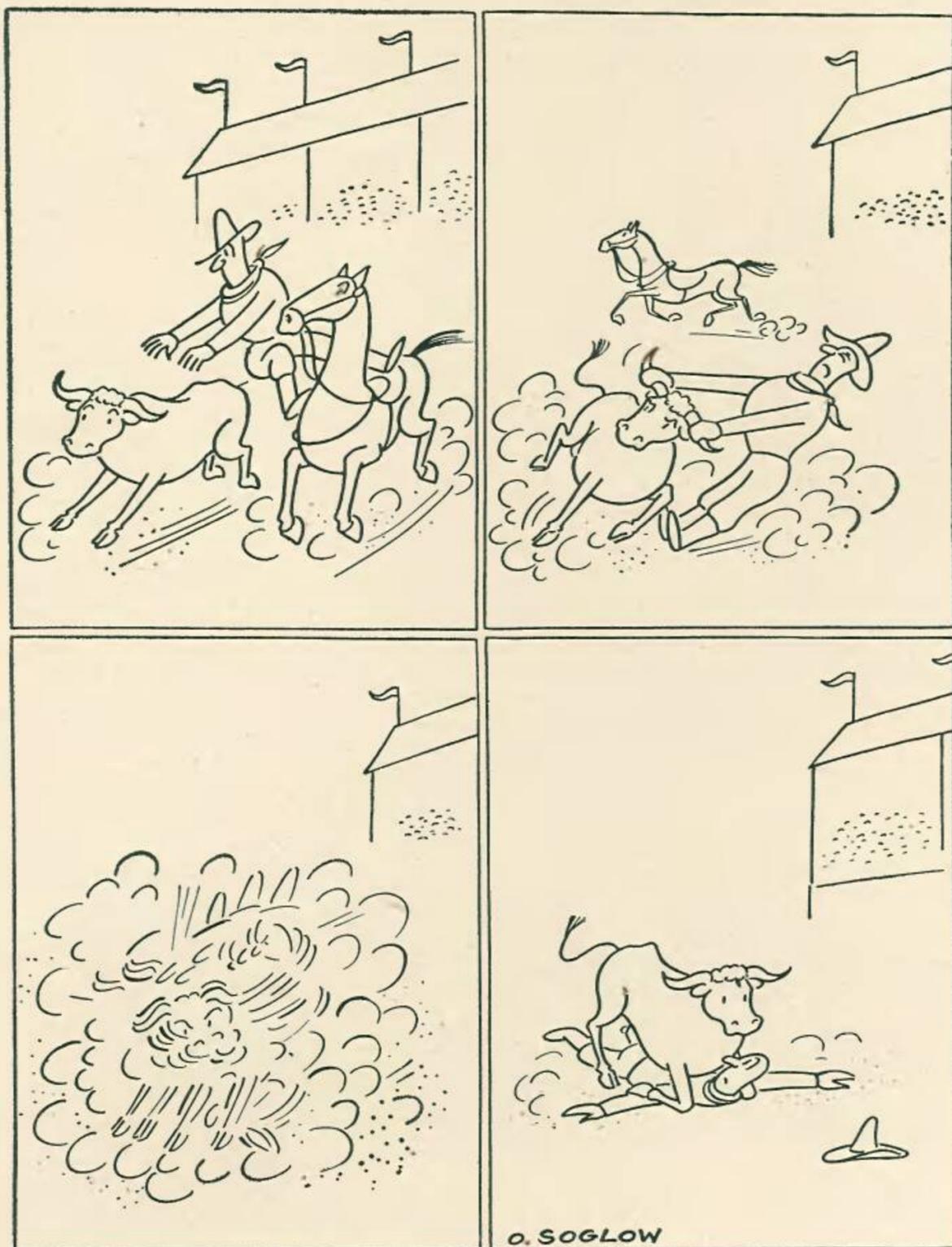
little strip of railroad was no good. I believed that if you were going to blow up everything, that would be satisfactory, but I did not believe in little blow-ups."

Captain Jaski has been going to sea for forty-seven years, and his father, his grandfather, and his great-grandfather were all seamen before him. His father commanded a sailing ship that put out from Curaçao for Rotterdam and disappeared without trace, and the same thing almost happened to the square-rigger on which Captain Jaski made his first voyage. It was caught in a storm in the North Sea and keeled over, but the crew was saved by a Swedish steamer. The Captain got his license when he was nineteen and his first command with the Holland-America Line at thirty-six. "I suppose," he said, "I'm a pretty lucky fellow. I have four nice children and they all lived through the war, even one of my boys who was four years in a concentration camp in Java. Once my wife and I were walking

along the street in Bilthoven when an air raid began. I had got used to air raids in Rotterdam, but my wife said we'd better take shelter. We went over to a shelter that a man had in his garden, and just as we got to the entrance there was a big boom. The pressure from the bomb shoved us right into the shelter. I guess God wanted to make sure we were under cover."

Steadfast

A SHORT HILLS housewife thought she had been pretty smart to go to the Poconos in early June and hire a high-school girl, who had been recommended as conscientious and well-mannered, to help around the house this summer. Things haven't worked out any too well, however—the baby in the family enjoys upsetting the girl's bobby-pin box, suburban houses make her nervous, and she seems to prefer the boys back in the Poconos to the ones in Short Hills. The situation was



threshed out last Monday and her employer was, with a heavy heart, about to surrender to the inevitable when the girl set her jaw, straightened her shoulders, and said, "No! It may not be pleasant here, but you're my Home Economics Project and I'm going to stick it out."

Smart

A YEAR or more ago, we had occasion to refer to the extraordinary intelligence of the puli, or Hungarian sheep dog, in these columns (how we got off on that track we won't go into here); after having utterly dismissed the creatures from our mind, we recently found ourself quoted in a newspaper ad as having called them "the brightest of dogs" (what we said was "among the brightest of dogs," but we won't go into that here, either). Having been thus cited as an authority on pulik—plural for puli; at the time of our first mention, we innocently said "pulis"—we decided that we should find out something about them, and we got in touch with the man who put the ad in the paper, Mr. Tony Williams, of Frenchtown, New Jersey. Williams, who also sells Siamese cats, Muscovy ducks, and brown eggs, bought his first puli just before the war and now thinks a good deal more of them than he does of brown eggs. It seems that when Henry Wallace was Secretary of Agriculture, the Department imported a few pulik from Hungary with the idea of establishing the breed as an American farm dog. Ordinary farm dogs in this country destroy hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of sheep, calves, poultry, and game every year, whereas pulik lack the killing instinct, or at least are thought to. As for the mentality of these dogs, the Department experimented with them for several years and reported that some were capable of learning up to seventy-five commands; the average dog has trouble learning sixteen. Shortly before this country got into the war, the experiments were dropped and the pulik were auctioned off. Williams bought three of them, a dog and two bitches, third-generation descendants of the pulik originally imported from Hungary.

According to Williams, the first shy puli appeared in Hungary eleven hundred years ago, with the invading Asiatics. There are still some puli-like dogs in Tibet, probably backward members of the family. The puli is not to be confused—certainly not by us—with the komondor, which is also a distinguished

Hungarian canine. The komondor and the puli both have chocolate-colored eyes, but the komondor is four times as big as the puli (160 pounds to 40) and gets its prey by running around it in ever-decreasing circles, which is highly unnerving to prey. The puli sensibly prefers herding sheep to running in circles and is, in fact, almost completely a homebody. Williams recently had to buy a small flock of sheep to keep his pulik from running herd on his two children whenever they went out to play. A puli usually spends the night stretched across the front doorway of his master's house; this is thought to be a holdover from his hereditary position as guardian of the shepherd's tent. If you have two pulik, the second naturally stretches himself by the back door.

Williams has registered some forty pulik since making his original purchase. This isn't a large number, by kennel standards, but pulik give birth to notoriously small litters. A puli puppy sells for around a hundred dollars; a grown dog sells for five hundred. Pulik have shiny coats of long black or gray hair that looks marcelled; they walk with their tails curled over their backs and with their heads up. Being, above everything else, grammarians, they expect to be ordered about with full sentences, such as "Go into the next room until we finish dinner," or "Go around to the back door and get your feet wiped." There's a legend in Hungary that a talking puli once lived deep in the Carpathians. When, presumably early in his career, he was asked who fed him, he replied in an unequivocal manner, "Mama." Williams admits that none of his pulik have yet spoken to him; he points out, however, that they may still be having some difficulty with the English language.

Prognosis

A SOMEWHAT shaken rental agent has shown us a letter he received the other day from an aspir-

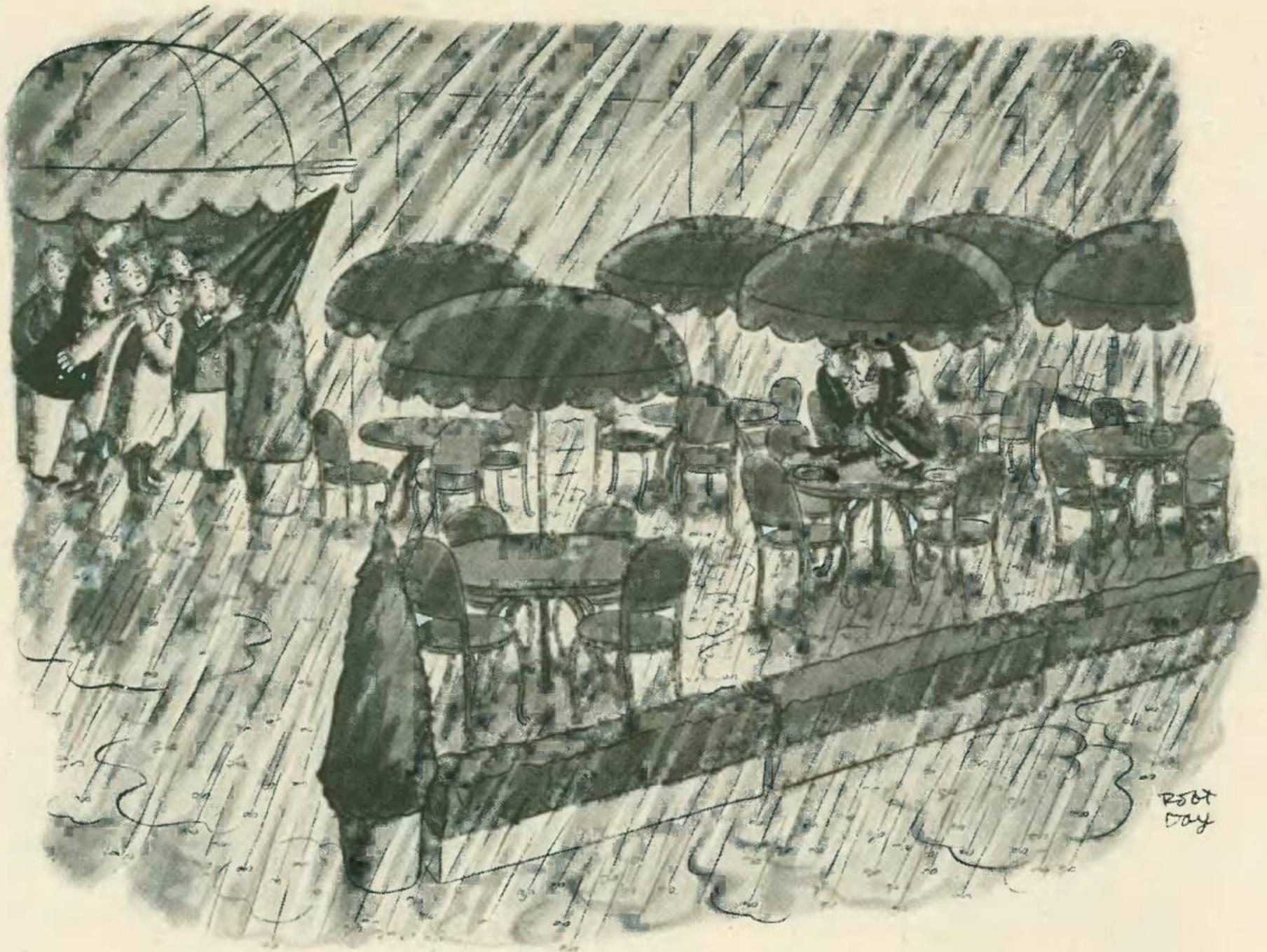
ant householder. "I would like to put my application in for rental of Apartment 8-C, — East Sixty-third Street," the man wrote in a firm, ruthless hand. "The present occupant is very sick, and I am sure will not be able to use it for long."

Ham

DR. THOMAS T. GOLDSMITH, JR., director of research at the Allen B. Du Mont Laboratories of Passaic and possessor of the country's first television-equipped automobile, was our host on a recent pioneering drive, which we hasten to record before the inevitable Wright Brothers quaintness encompasses it and us. We met Goldsmith in his office and found him to be a youngish trail blazer with an athletic handshake and a Cornell Ph.D., vintage of 1935. "Been part of the Du Mont family since I left Cornell," he said, toying with a small cathode-ray tube on his desk. "Worked for the government during the war on radar and some things I'm not at liberty to mention. When the war was over and I was able to get back to normality and my hobby, television, I rigged up a portable television set for my car." This historic vehicle, which we boarded a few minutes later, is a refreshingly unstreamlined 1937 Oldsmobile sedan surmounted by a surrealistic rig of antennae. "Looks like she could go to sea, doesn't she?" the Doctor observed as we cautiously circled the car prior to embarkation. "That's a horizontal dipole antenna along the top, for ordinary television, and the two in front are vertical whip antennae—one for additional television and one for ordinary radio. The two in back, both vertical dipole, are for FM and for high-frequency television—you know, up where the color comes in." We nodded knowingly and examined the television receiver, which reposed in a space created by the removal of the back of the rear seat. "Could possibly have been fitted into the dashboard or glove compartment," Goldsmith said, "but I've installed some extra paraphernalia for purposes of testing. This way, I have to look in the rear-view mirror to see the picture. This outfit provides some good fun and has some valuable test uses. As you drive around, you get a great variety of rapidly changing reception conditions."

Settling us by his side in the front seat, Dr. Goldsmith started the engine, reached toward the back, and regulated some dials. The television tube gradu-





"Hold fast, sir! We're putting out for you."

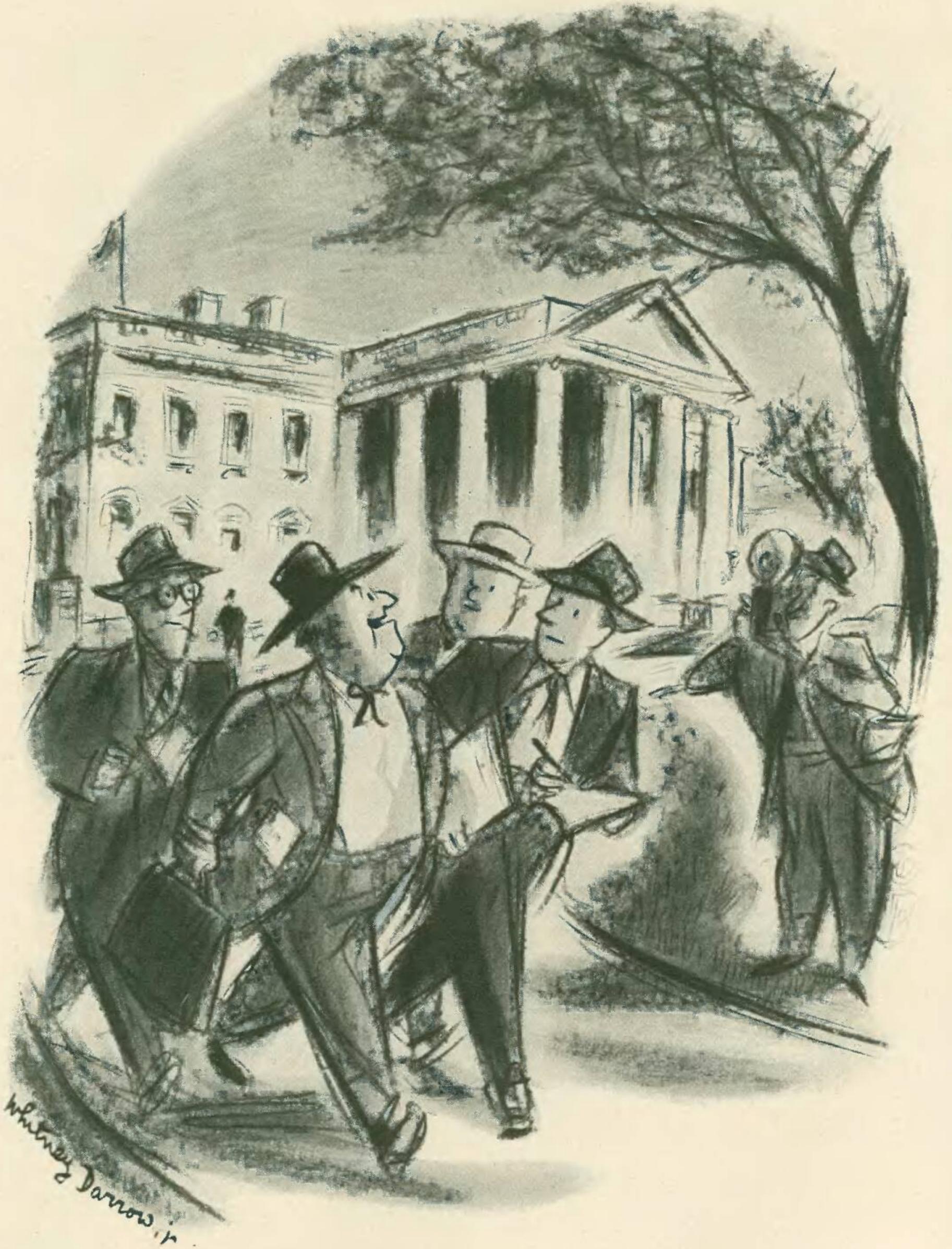
ally lit up in the most promising way imaginable. When we started down the street, a bull's-eye design appeared on the screen, to which, as we craned around, our eyes were glued. As we proceeded, this interesting picture, affected by a great variety of rapidly changing reception conditions, jumped, flashed, brightened, dimmed, went off-frame, and damn near drove us crazy. "What else are we going to see?" we asked, after a polite interval. Dr. Goldsmith gazed at us with scientific scorn and said there were no television broadcasts at the moment. "You're looking at the WNBT test pattern," he said, with the air of a man who asked for nothing better. "N.B.C. sends it out every now and then as a convenience to television experimenters. For test purposes, it's as good as a regular broadcast. Now watch while I back up." He backed up, we watched, and the test pattern jumped, brightened, and then dimmed to almost nothing. "Building over there cut off the waves," Goldsmith ex-

plained. He started forward again, and as we watched the screen—sourly, we fear—he regaled us with a few illuminating facts. For example, when he drives radially to or from the New York transmitter—i.e., directly toward or directly away from the Empire State Building—the picture brightens and vanishes at fixed wave-length intervals. When he drives tangentially—i.e., parallel to Manhattan—the brightness remains a constant, except when buildings, wires, diathermy apparatus in doctors' offices, and so on, cause it to dim. When he drives under a concrete viaduct, the picture is cut off altogether. As we prayed for a long concrete viaduct, the Doctor slowed to a halt, heaven knows what testing idea in his mind. A car drew up alongside, and its driver hailed him chummily. "Ham?" he asked. "Well, in a way," said our host. "What're your call letters?" his accoster asked. "You mean, am I a radio ham?" Goldsmith asked. "Well, I saw the aerial and

figured you were one, too," was the reply. "Got a television set here," Dr. G. said, a trifle stiffly. "Oh," said the ham, lines of inferiority forming around his mouth. "Mind if I take a look?" He took an awed look, asked some awed technical questions, and drove off into the Jersey traffic, a picturesque, archaic, and oddly pathetic figure.

Privileged

A MOTHER advises us that she recently took her ten-year-old son down to Grand Central to catch a train for camp. Among the hundreds of children waiting to set out for various camps that morning was a boy holding a large glass jar, in which was a live, disreputable-looking catfish. Under questioning, the lad revealed that he'd caught the fish in Central Park. What was he doing with it at Grand Central? He was taking it to the country for the summer, naturally.



"I have nothing to say, boys, but I wish you wouldn't quote me on that."

COMFORT

I GREW up in California. Where I lived as a child, I saw the mountains and the sea, and I could stand on the terrace of our bungalow and look down on miles and miles of Gold of Ophir roses. Even when the world was dry and brown and the mountains were covered with a drab pelt like a coco-matting door mat and the sky was a monotonous perfection of blue and Mother sighed for rain, I loved it. It was beautiful to me. The very permanence—the unvarying goodness of the dry, sunny days on the tall, rough peaks and wide, baking valleys—was quiet and wonderful, like the first Sunday, when God looked upon His work and, seeing that it was good, sat back to enjoy it. I used actually to think of that first Sunday when I was a little girl, and picture the unchanging stillness—unchanging because God was resting. Eden, in my mind, looked just like the world before me, the valley and the peaks, brown and still in the unchanging sun.

My parents, my two brothers, and I were a happy, casual family. We wandered around in jeans and cotton-flannel shirts, eating between meals a lot and laughing at foolish jokes. Mother and our Mexican houseboy, Portofiro, both loved to cook, and we had big, elastic meals of spaghetti and chili con carne and tamales. When people dropped in, they were always welcome to stay to supper—or supper, breakfast, and lunch, if they had a mind to, and they often had.

Father was a rather bad, rather successful portrait painter. Sometimes when he had a commission he had to be away, but he always tried to get his sitters to come and visit us, and often they did.

Unlike most Californians, my family really liked Mexicans, and when Portofiro's friends had a fiesta, we always fished for an invitation and usually got one. I played with Portofiro's little cousins up in the hills and learned to speak a very low grade of Spanish as easily as I spoke English, and so did Jerry and Phil. My parents were criticized for this, but not greatly, because painters are proverbially queer and much is forgiven them that salesmen or fruit growers can't get away with.

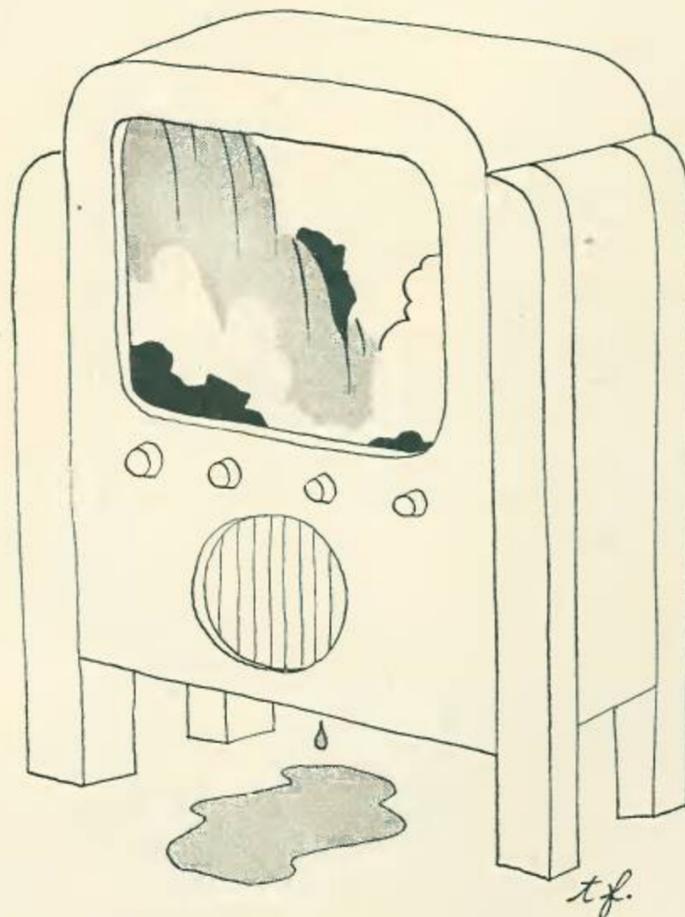
Father was a native Californian, but Mother wasn't, and a lot of things about the state always struck her as funny. I can remember

that she used to laugh because Californians gave streets and towns Spanish names and went on and on about their Spanish background and then pushed all the people of Spanish descent around so. She used to say that it was just as if the people in Montgomery, Alabama, called things Mammy Road and Rastus Square and Uncle Tom Boulevard. Which slips a cog in logic, of course, but I could see her point.

I was a wiry, red-headed little kid, extremely healthy. I played sand-lot baseball, and while I never cared much for books, I did love music and pictures. I knew that Father's pictures were terrible, but I didn't mind, as long as he and his sitters didn't know it. I just had it for a sort of private joke between me and God. Father used to cheat at poker, when I was much smaller, so that I could win, and now I felt as if I were somehow returning the favor.

Mother and I always felt and acted very much alike, and we resembled each other surprisingly in features and coloring, except that her eyes were a wonderful, live sea-green and mine were just gray. When people said, "Connie, how much you look like your mother," we used to smile at each other, and I would feel proud and womanly.

I WAS fourteen when Mother and Father were killed. A heavy truck went out of control and crashed into their car as they were coming around the bend of a narrow mountain road.



My brothers and I were not allowed to see their bodies.

The kind—too kind—neighbors saw to that. They were hideously generous. They made us stay with them. They paid for a funeral-home service that had music like melted candy bars and a dreadful, false, cheery sermon. It was so alien to Mother and Father; they would have hated it so. Portofiro and his cousins and friends knew that they would not be welcome, and did not come. The worst of it was the way everyone seemed so anxious that we should not cry. We were even dragged to a movie because things should go on being normal, although we never went to movies and didn't care for them. And we couldn't go home and sleep in our own beds.

I remember the morning I ran away and got back to the house by myself for a little while. It was one of those big, still, brilliant mornings in the dry season, and for the first time in my life I wakened hating the day for that very first-Sunday quality that I had always loved so much. I felt its still permanence, not as I had before, as fullness of life pausing in living rest, but static and terrible, like death and the staleness of death. I had no idea of recovering anything that I had lost, but I was angry with the bright, false smiles and all the artificial evasions.

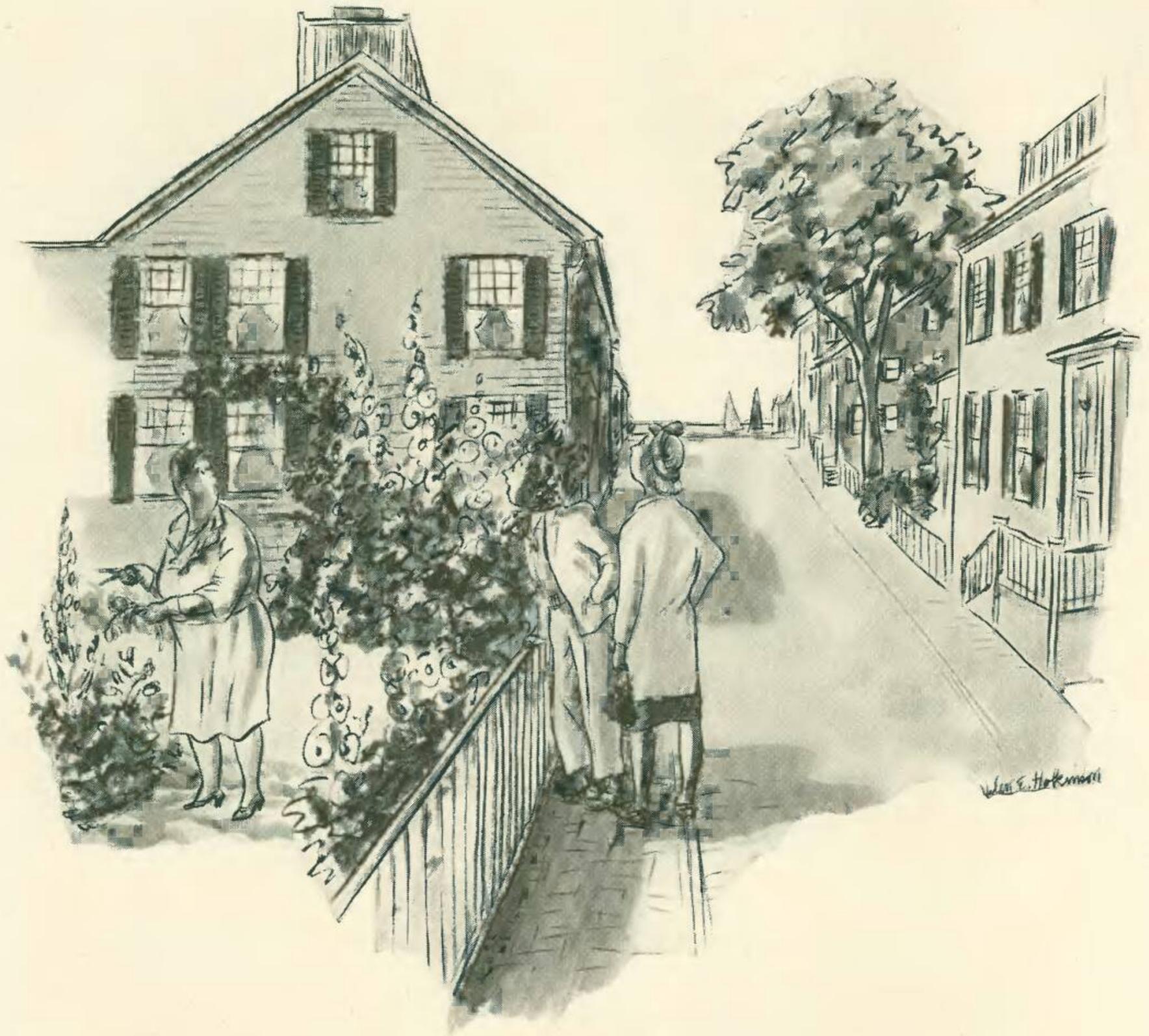
"If anyone tells me anything else nice to do," I said between my teeth, "I shall scream." And I set off along the hill road, my heart as cold and stupid as a stone.

I knew that I was going home, but I did not look at anything along the way. I did not even particularly look at the house when I came to it: I just walked along the path and up the terrace to the door. It was locked, as I should have known it would be if I had been thinking at all. I sat on the warm red flags in front of it and stared before me, stupid and cold, stupid and angry and cold.

After a while Portofiro came around a corner, a long hose in his hand, and began to water the annuals in my mother's garden. The minute I saw him—his bent shoulders, his sad, kind, loving, dark face—I knew what I had missed, what I had wanted: the quality of open grief, of unshamed grief and love. I stumbled to my feet and ran to him.

"Oh, Portofiro!" I said. "Oh, Portofiro!"

He dropped the hose and



"When were you built?"

whirled around to me with a droll Latin shout—surprise, love, pity, all at once. He hugged me against him with his thick, short, hairy forearms, so hard and real against my shoulders. He burst into tears and sobs, hugging me against him with love like the love that Mother and Father had always shown me—plain, natural, open love, without notions and patronizing sentimentality.

"Poor little one," he said, over and over, in Spanish. "Poor Connie, poor little one, the mother dead, the father dead, the good pretty lady, the good kind man. Dead, dead, poor little one, the mama, the papa. Oh, God, Oh, Mother of God, the poor little children, the good mama, the good papa!"

"Oh, Portofiro!" I said. "Oh, Portofiro, they're dead. They're dead."

And we wept together. I laid my face against his sweaty, smelly shirt and knew myself again, and my mother and father, as I had known them in the happiness of love. I knew the depth of my great, my incurable loss—never to see them again, to touch them, never, never.

At last my tears subsided and we stood apart.

"Better go back where you come from now," Portofiro said. "Nobody like it you stick around here. They give you hell, hey?"

"Yeah," I said. "I guess so. What you doing here, Portofiro?"

"Just a while," he said. "Till they turn the water off, I keep her flowers pretty. Just a while."

"Thanks," I said. "I'm glad you

are." I hesitated. "Well, so long, Portofiro."

We shook hands. I don't suppose he had any idea of what he had restored to me.

I went back to the house where I was staying, with my childhood and my love and my loss and my cruel grief all together, solemn and real and important, alive in my heart.

—VICTORIA LINCOLN

Dressed for early dinner in the country, Mrs. Eckstein was wearing black, a hat of two red roses, and a gold bracelet that spelled out Elsie S. Eckstein in inch-high letters.—*Chicago Herald-American*.

The country is a great place, along about sundown.

SEASON IN THE SUN

LOVE, LOVE, LOVE

GEORGE CRANE and Mark Anderson had been throwing the tennis ball back and forth for quite a while. There was a fairly strong wind down the beach, and Mr. Crane, throwing into it, found that he had developed a rather astonishing curve. If he threw the ball directly at Mr. Anderson's head, it broke down and away, off into the sand at his right. Mr. Crane felt a little like Mathewson, an admiration of his boyhood, but Mr. Anderson, after sprawling in the sand three or four times, tossed the ball irritably up under the umbrella and sat down.

"You'll ruin your arm if you keep trying to throw curves with that thing," he said when Mr. Crane had joined him.

"The wind took it," said Mr. Crane defensively. "It sailed."

"Listen," said Mr. Anderson, "I used to throw roundhouse curves when I was six. I know what you were doing."

He lit a cigarette and Mr. Crane looked at him thoughtfully. There had been something just a little wrong with his friend for the last few weeks. By nature he was an amiable man, often entertaining in vague, unexpected ways, and remarkably easy to get along with. Lately, however, there had been a distinct feeling of strain and a kind of spiritual absence, as if he were turning weighty problems over in his mind. At first, Mr. Crane had put this down to literary abstraction, for Mr. Anderson was a writer, the author of two novels having to do with mild sexual confusion in fashionable circles. He had one of those polite, derivative talents that are often regarded as terribly promising on the campus but never seem to come to very much later. At the moment, he was living on the proceeds from his second book, "Penelope," the story of a constant but relentlessly talkative wife, which had been sold to the movies. Mr. Crane decided now that there was nothing in his friend's career that could warrant the deep and apparently permanent depression into which he seemed plunged. Even if he was planning a sequel to "Penelope," his writing required no dark and anxious searching of the soul; all it needed was a typewriter and sufficient energy to manipulate it.

"You sick or something?" Mr. Crane asked.

"No," said Mr. Anderson rather hollowly. "I'm O.K."

"The hell you are," said Mr. Crane. "My son has noticed it, too. He thinks you're in love with Mrs. Wilmot."

"For the love of God, George!" said Mr. Anderson with a visible start. "He really said that?"

"Sure," said Mr. Crane. "At breakfast. That's when he gets all his best ideas."

It was quite true that Billy Crane, who was eleven and observant for his years, had so diagnosed Mr. Anderson's malady, but his parents had merely put it down as one of the odd fantasies, brought on by persistent attendance at the movies, that seemed to throng their son's head. Mrs. Wilmot was a shapely blond divorcée, with china-blue eyes and a loping carriage, who lived in the boarding house operated by Mrs. Jermyn, a celebrated local character from whom the Cranes rented their cottage. Since Mrs. Wilmot also swam a rhythmic, eight-beat crawl and performed competently on the tennis court, her fascination for Billy Crane wasn't

hard to explain. In addition to these gifts, however, she was a social thinker of intense and deadly solemnity—"She makes me feel like Mrs. Lucius Beebe," Mrs. Crane said once after a long afternoon of gentle political reproach—and it was difficult to imagine her appeal for a man like Mr. Anderson, who was apt to tire quickly of purposeful thought. However, there was clearly something here that needed further investigation.

"You're not in any kind of a jam, are you, Mark?" asked Mr. Crane in a tone that might easily be taken for humor.

Mr. Anderson had picked up the tennis ball and seemed to be trying to pry the cover off with his thumb. "Well, I guess you could call it that," he said at length. He tossed the ball away and clasped his hands around his knees. It had the look of a confessional attitude, and Mr. Crane was conscious of some foreboding. "I don't know, George," said Mr. Anderson. "I seem to get in the damndest jams. Like the first time I was married. You remember that?"

"You're damn right I do," said Mr. Crane. It was, in fact, a story that still



"Well, no harm in asking."

haunted him in the twilight of his thirties. At the time, about fifteen years ago, Mr. Anderson had been a reporter on an obscure Long Island daily, a job which consisted mainly of hanging around the County Courthouse at Mineola, collecting facts about the corruption of the Republican Party, which was enormous but about which his paper usually felt unable to print anything. This naturally left him a good deal of time for revelry of one kind and another, and when his grandmother died and unexpectedly left him the rather awkward sum of five hundred dollars, he decided to give a party that his colleagues would remember with gratitude long after he was gone. It was only on the afternoon of the party, after he had made all his other arrangements, that he discovered, to his dismay, that he had neglected to provide himself with a girl and had to pick one, by a system of desperate elimination, from his little leather address book.

The name he finally chose was not altogether familiar to him, but in general any lady who appeared in its pages could be assumed to be presentable, articulate, and of a tolerant disposition, and when he went to collect her, this girl seemed suitable enough.

In the end she proved to have been a serious mistake. The party—there were three other reporters and their girls—began at Canoe Place Inn, out near Southampton, where the four couples had such an exhausting evening that subsequently they drove down to the neighboring beach to recuperate with a swim and a nap. It was at their rather liquid breakfast back at the inn the next morning that Mr. Anderson's protégée began to behave strangely. He was having a wonderful time—his guests seemed to him people of almost unbearable humor and charm—and at first he was only dimly aware of the murmur of protest and anxiety from

the lady on his right. As nearly as he could gather in his uplifted state, she was a respectable girl with a family to whom it would be impossible to explain an overnight absence. Call them up, he had suggested cheerfully, but she only wept at that and said she'd rather die. Somehow he managed to soothe her temporarily, but her misery persisted and even grew as the festive day wore on, and it came to a climax of despair when they stopped for dinner at a place called Rothmann's, in East Norwich. During this disturbing meal, she said, among other things, that her father would certainly kill both her and Mr. Anderson and that on the whole it struck her as a good thing. She sobbed hopelessly as she prophesied this double massacre and altogether presented a picture of such dank and abysmal tragedy that Mr. Anderson, gloomily conscious that his party was drowning in her tears, made his fatal and incredible mistake.

If she would just let them enjoy the rest of the meal in peace, he had said wildly, they would go down to Oyster Bay afterward and be married by a justice of the peace whom he chanced to know. Since everyone had been drinking conscientiously for twenty-four hours, this idea was greeted with enthusiasm, and since in those days there were no necessary legal or medical delays, it was entirely feasible. At eleven o'clock that night, Mr. Anderson was drunker than he had ever been in his life, but he was also indisputably a bridegroom.

Recalling all this, Mr. Crane recalled, too, his friend's description of the following morning, when he woke up alone in his hotel room (his bride had been deposited with her parents in a scene that was vague but painful in his mind) staring at his coat, which was hanging on the back of a chair. "I just lay there about half an hour and looked at it," he had told Mr. Crane. "I knew



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damn well what was in it, of course—that piece of paper with a couple of lousy doves at the top—but I thought there might be some way I could just ignore the whole thing.” The marriage license had been there all right, and the marriage itself, though never a domestic fact, remained a legal one, impossible for Mr. Anderson to ignore, for nearly a year. It had been dissolved, finally, when the present Mrs. Anderson, competently and derisively taking charge of his life, had arranged to clear up this foolish detail, too.

“YOU’RE a crazy bastard, Mark,” said Mr. Crane, returning to the present.

“No,” said Mr. Anderson. “Just polite. I always feel as if I have to do what women expect, especially if they raise hell about it. It’s more or less that way now.”

“Look, Mark,” said Mr. Crane, “you don’t have to marry Mrs. Wilmot. In the first place, you’ve got a wife. In the second, she’s your intellectual superior. You’re a political pinhead.”

“Oh, my God,” said Mr. Anderson, and looked so desolately out to sea that Mr. Crane was really concerned about him.

“What is all this, anyway?” he asked.

“I don’t know,” said Mr. Anderson. “Of course, it started with those walks.”

The walks in question had caused a certain amount of discussion on the beach, but it had been mostly facetious. There had been very few days during the past few weeks when Mr. Anderson and Mrs. Wilmot hadn’t set out resolutely in the sun, bound either for the neighboring settlement of Point O’ Woods, a couple of miles to the east, or for the Fire Island lighthouse, which lay about twice as far to the west. The lady’s effortless lope ate up the miles,

and Mr. Anderson was quite a walker, too, and, in spite of a few lazy and worldly comments from Mrs. Anderson and Mrs. Crane, it was generally assumed that their purpose actually was exercise.

“I think you’re all wrong about her, in a way,” said Mr. Anderson. “I know she’s a serious girl, but she’s read a lot of other stuff, too.”

“A lot?” said Mr. Crane. “She’s read everything. She’s a Quiz Kid.”

“Well, anyway,” Mr. Anderson went on, “we got to talking about writing and she said that ‘Penelope’ surprised her.”

“I can see that it would,” said Mr. Crane. “All that adultery in the surtax brackets.”

“That’s what I thought she meant at first, myself,” said Mr. Anderson. “But she was talking about the way it was written. You know, she actually seemed to know parts of the damn thing by heart.” He looked uncertainly at Mr. Crane, whose expression gave him no help. “Of course, I haven’t any illusions about the book, myself,” he said defensively. “It’s the kind of stuff women buy to read on trains. But she really had picked out the best parts of it—not the plot, but some of the casual, incidental stuff—and she seemed to know what I was trying to do. She said that some of it reminded her a little of ‘Zuleika,’ and while that’s absurd, naturally, it is a fact that I’d been reading a lot of Beerbohm at the time.”

Mr. Crane’s face persistently remained as vacant as the moon, and Mr. Anderson threw a handful of sand irritably down the wind.

“You’re a hell of a lot of help, George,” he said.

“I’m sorry,” said Mr. Crane. “I was just thinking of something. Go on.”

“Well, you can’t exactly help feeling

flattered about a thing like that,” said Mr. Anderson, “and, oh, hell, George, you know how these things are.”

“She’s a damn pretty girl,” said Mr. Crane.

Another Mr. Anderson, a tough and experienced faun, for a moment rather shockingly replaced the literary personality.

“Yeah, I noticed that, too,” it said, and vanished, grinning, giving way once more to a sincerely troubled man. “We used to sit down on the beach up around the lighthouse,” said the customary Anderson, “and the first thing I knew she’d, well, sort of rearranged my life for me. It was just kidding at first—you know, what I ought to do if I was just starting out to write—but it got more and more serious, details and stuff, and after a while it seemed to be almost an accomplished fact. God knows, I don’t remember really agreeing to anything.”

“Such as what?” asked Mr. Crane.

“I know it’s going to sound feeble-minded to you, George,” said Mr. Anderson, “but you’ve got to remember that it all happened very slowly. Well, it seems she’s got this damn house down in Bucks County—part of her divorce settlement, I think. Anyway, one of those old stone jobs out in the country. It’s all fixed up so you can move right in and she says it’s a wonderful place to work—no neighbors, and just some old woman she knows about to keep the place cleaned up.”

“It sounds perfect,” said Mr. Crane. “You mean she wants you to go down there and write?”

Obviously Mr. Anderson hadn’t intended to come quite so directly to the point, but he nodded reluctantly. “Well, yes,” he said. “She thinks I ought to have a chance to at least *try* something different. I don’t mean one of those in-



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dignant books called 'Loam' or 'Slag' or 'Jute' or whatever the boys keep writing. Just an intelligent novel about the cl — kind of people I know. She thinks I've got the background and technique to get them down the way they really are. In a way, I'd like to, because it's something that's never been very convincingly done in this country."

"I guess you're right," said Mr. Crane. "The only thing I don't exactly understand is how Mrs. Wilmot fits into all this."

"That's the hell of it, of course," said Mr. Anderson unhappily. "I don't know, somehow or other she got the idea that Ginnie and I weren't getting along so well. Maybe I said I was under a little strain, trying to work around the house—as a matter of fact, I am—and that sometimes I felt as if I was in some damn kind of a rat race. Nothing more than that, certainly. Anyway, she said that if I got down to Bucks County I'd have a chance to think that out, too."

"She going to be there?" asked Mr. Crane. "I mean, to help you make up your mind or anything?"

"That's a hell of a thing to say, George," said Mr. Anderson indignantly. "Of course she isn't. She was just kind enough to offer me her house for a couple of months."

"I was only wondering," said Mr. Crane vaguely. "You ever happen to see a play called 'No Time for Comedy,' Mark?"

"No. What's that got to do with it?"

"Nothing much," said Mr. Crane. "Except that maybe you ought to, because you're acting in it."

"How do you mean?"

"Same old plot," said Mr. Crane. "I forget exactly how it turns out. I think it's a very ingenious compromise. Guy decides to go back to his wife and write a *serious* comedy. Anyway, it's you."

"You've got the whole idea wrong, George," said Mr. Anderson. "I never really had any idea of—"

"Watch it," said Mr. Crane sharply. "Here come the girls."

MRS. CRANE and Mrs. Anderson were almost upon them as he spoke, advancing treacherously from behind. Now they waved gaily and, reaching the umbrella, sat down gratefully in its shade.

"We've had a very interesting morning," said Mrs. Anderson. "Emily came over and somehow or other we fell asleep for quite a while, and then we had a mysterious caller."

"Who was that?" asked Mr. Crane, though for some reason he was sure he knew the answer before she spoke. He was not mistaken.

"Mark's female walking companion," said Mrs. Crane. "That Wilmot. I think she came to case the joint."

"Yes," said Mrs. Anderson. "She was very—what was that word I saw in a story a while ago? Crypty. Yes, she was very, very crypty."

"I think she wanted me to go," said Mrs. Crane placidly. "So naturally, of course, I just sat there. You never heard so much throat clearing in your life."

"Probably she just came to borrow something," said Mr. Anderson, with what struck Mr. Crane as a rather ghastly parody of unconcern.

"Oh, no," said his wife. "It was *much* more than that. It was hard to tell, but it was sort of as if she was working up to a property settlement or something."

"Or a real-estate deal," said Mrs. Crane. "She kept talking about some house she has in Bucks County. Four rooms, kitchen, and bath, and a very fine view of that part of Pennsylvania, which I understand is quite lovely in the fall. It wasn't exactly as if she wanted to sell it, though. I got the idea she was more interested in some kind of a trade. Of course, it was a terrible handicap to her, my being there, and nothing ever did get exactly cleared up."

"There was a lot of other stuff, too," said Mrs. Anderson. "We rather exhausted the house, and then she said that she thought happiness was terribly important. She seemed awfully vehement about it. She kept saying that you couldn't always tell if people were really happy or just resigned to living in a vacuum. I'm sure she didn't mean

anything *personal*, but she kept peering around with those big flat eyes until we both got quite depressed. Emily said she'd be perfectly happy if she could figure out some way not to get sand in her scalp, but Mrs. Wilmot looked so hurt that in the end we agreed that practically everybody was miserable when you really got to know them. That seemed to cheer her up quite a lot."

"She mentioned you, too," said Mrs. Crane, after a short pause, pointing her toe at Mr. Anderson, who had been following this seemingly idle conversation with almost painful attention.

"Oh?" he said.

"She's worried about you, dear," said his wife. "Or at least about your work. She thinks it's peripheral."

"That's a hell of a word," he said.

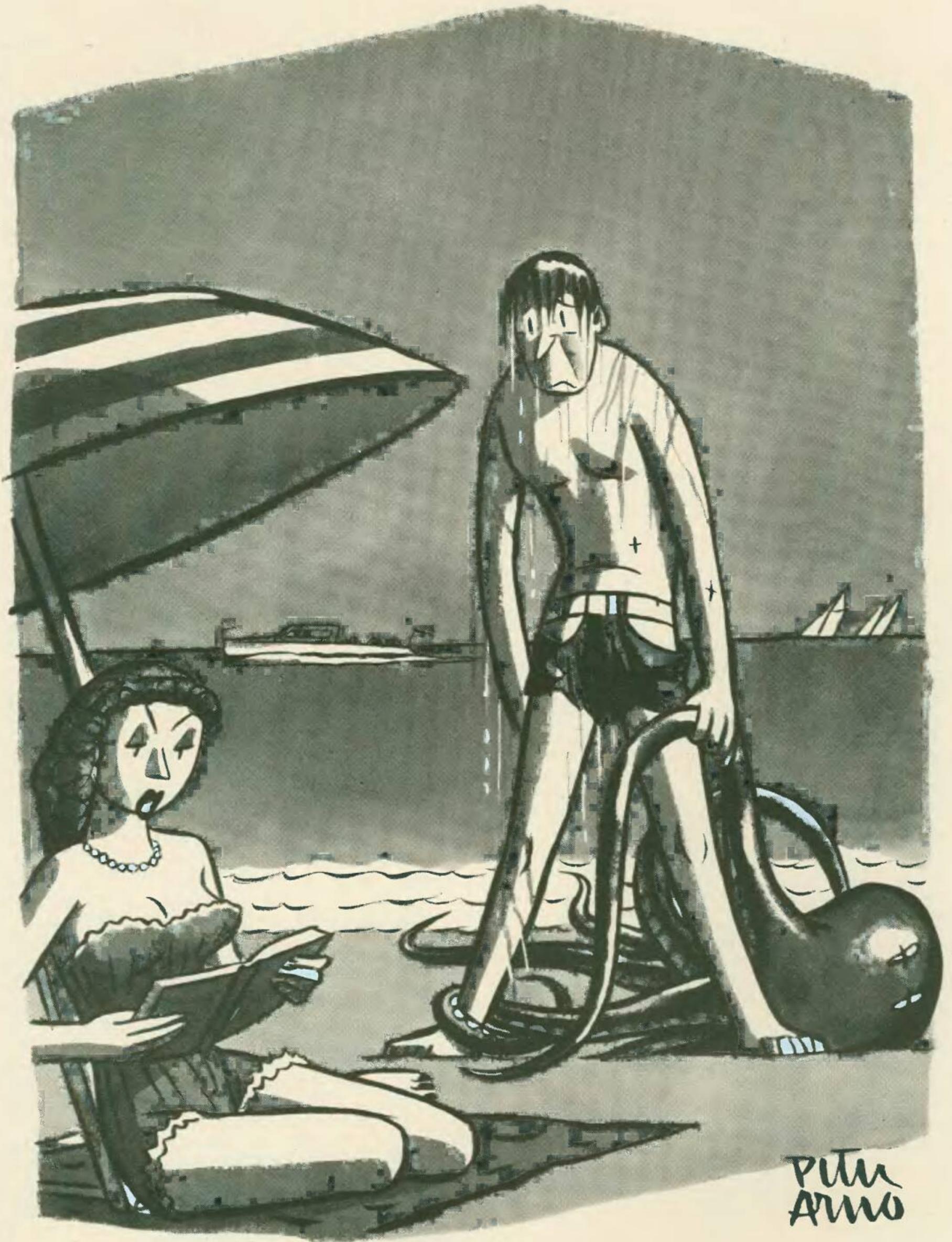
"Hers," she assured him, "not mine. She also wonders how you can function as a social critic, even as well as you do, when you have your roots right in the system you're criticizing. Naturally, that's a quote, too. I said, Goodness, I didn't know, but perhaps you ought to get away from it now and then. Take a little trip or rent a room or something. She didn't exactly say, but I think she agreed with me, or at least she was being awfully intense about *something*. Anyway," she said, yawning and stretching one of her brown legs admirably in the sun, "we had a lovely visit. I hope she'll come again."

Mr. Crane, who had also been regarding the ladies with astonishment not unmixed with horror, perceived that they had said all they intended to say publicly about Mrs. Wilmot, probably forever, and he got to his feet and picked up the tennis ball.

"All right, Mark," he said. "This time *you* can try throwing into that damn wind." —WOLCOTT GIBBS

IN A GEORGETOWN GARDEN

Speaking sweetly of atoms and what will men do next,
The hostess signals for more drinks and wanders on,
Betraying no alarm in her domain.
Here in this brick-walled garden in the dusk,
I am unable not to yield to the illusion,
But a plane arriving on the beam above the city
Disturbs the sky, and somewhere a car backfires
And rallies me to the sense of how things are.
Beside this perfect rose, so stately in the heat,
I hesitate to lean, remembering its particles
And how the tyrant's son warring above the desert
Saw most lovely roses rise into the sky,
And fearing, in my hopelessness, to see,
Like that later flower in the East, this rose explode.
—ERNEST KROLL



"How was it, dear?"

PROFILES

UNION PRESIDENT

III-1946 SUCCESS STORY



Joseph Curran

WHEN, on the morning of January 29, 1936, the rubber workers of Akron, Ohio, called the first big sit-down strike in the United States, they started something which, for better or worse, changed the face of the nation. The fever spread to Flint, Michigan, where it hit the plants of General Motors; it broke out in Indiana, then in Chicago, then jumped all the way to the West Coast. By the time the epidemic died down, the C.I.O. was established firmly and had a total of four million members. While shop girls jitterbugged in department stores and college professors paraded with picket signs until their demands were met, the C.I.O. organized with enormous rapidity the rubber, glass, automobile, steel, mining, textile, clothing, oil, radio, lumber, packing, transport, shoe, fur, stevedoring, aluminum, communications, leather, and marine industries. In the ten years since the Akron sitdown, American organized labor has begun to figure in national politics on an effective scale, has had a great deal to do with keeping a President in office, and has grown in numbers more than it grew in the preceding fifty years—from three million members, in 1936, to fourteen million today, two-fifths of whom belong to the C.I.O. In the process, rough-and-ready young men who were unknown, uneducated workers in factories, mines, and mills have been swept along into positions of leadership. In the American tradition, they have quickly learned to make speeches, wear dinner jackets, receive the press, preside at banquets, dictate to secretaries, run newspapers, write columns, speak over the radio, be interviewed by *Fortune*, and perform

for the newsreels. Within a decade, they have become a force in American industry, professional politicians have begun to keep an uneasy eye on them, and they have provided a new kind of American success story. The story of Joseph Curran, president of the National Maritime Union, is a perfect example.

Ten years ago, at the age of thirty, Curran was a sailor whose only home ashore was a bench in Battery Park. Today he is one of the country's most powerful men. In March, 1936, when he sullenly walked ashore in New York off the *California*, a Panama Pacific Line passenger ship, from which he had just been discharged for organizing a strike aboard her, he was not at all sure that he wouldn't be arrested for mutiny because of his activities. Because of what happened after that strike, however, he is now the president of the world's largest trade union of sailors, a vice-president of the C.I.O., and an official of the World Trade Union Federation. Instead of rising by getting to work on time, staying out of trouble, and being polite to the boss, he reversed the old formula for success and reached eminence by getting into all kinds of trouble, insulting the boss, and on many occasions refusing to go to work. His success sometimes mystifies even those who are closest to him. His size—six feet, two inches and two hundred and seventeen pounds—gives emphasis to a manner that is thoroughly truculent. One theory is that his success is based on other people's instinctive wish to placate him. Once, while he was still a sailor, he felt it necessary to chastise the chief mate of the *Santa Clara*, a Grace Line passenger ship on which he was a seaman; after that, the chief mate sent him his orders in writing, by bellboy. His fellow-seamen were equally cautious. "When Curran said the food was lousy, everyone said the food was lousy," one old shipmate recently recalled, "and if he said, 'Let's go to the movies,' everyone said, 'Let's go to the movies.'" It has also been suggested that Curran's faults are his principal assets. Whenever he shouts and curses and threatens, his constituents, some ninety thousand in number, say tolerantly, "He's just a roughneck sailor; he doesn't know any more than anyone else," and when it

comes time again, they enthusiastically reelect him to office. He has been president of the N.M.U. ever since it was organized. The members admire their president's wavy nose, rippled by fractures received in shipboard altercations on the Western Ocean, as oldtimers call the North Atlantic, but they are equally pleased when, resplendent in dinner jacket, he addresses a congress of shipowners, as he recently did at the Waldorf-Astoria. Sometimes, as Curran preens himself before a mirror while he is getting dressed for such an occasion, he is apt to be reminded of what happened right after he and his fellow-strikers were discharged from the *California*. A general seamen's strike was called on the East Coast, and the committee that directed it made him chairman. "They took up a collection and went out and bought me a business suit to make me look presentable," he says. He feels that stories which ascribe his success to violence are based on his appearance, or what he calls "my snoot."

Curran never got beyond the fifth grade, and at the time of the general strike he was utterly inexperienced in public affairs. Each day he had to deal with a dozen situations he had never encountered before, and he solved them all by bellowing. It was apparent to Curran even then that the labor movement was gaining ground swiftly. On the one hand, he was eager for the rewards of a strange, shore world, and on the other, he was suspicious of the landlubbers with whom he had to deal. He was especially wary of his secretary, Miss Dorothy Snyder, whom his colleagues hired for him after they had set up headquarters on Eleventh Avenue. She was bright and quick, and to Curran it seemed as if she willfully emphasized the slowness of his mind. When she hesitantly offered him advice on some minor matter, he would say, "What do you know?" Then he would follow the advice. In those days, he says, he could "throw a pretty good drunk," and when he went to parties he usually took along a bottle of Scotch. "This one's mine," he would say, and place it beside his chair. "He had a strong me-and-mine bias," one of his old friends says. "The more he'd drink, the further off he'd go on that tack." He had a hard time with the press, being unable to

forgo ending difficult interviews by hollering, "Get the hell out!" "Now," he says complacently, "I'll even see a Hearst reporter." In the more complex world he had entered, he at first found it impossible to dictate a letter. Instead, he would simply swear at Miss Snyder a while and then give up and tell her to write it herself. Miss Snyder, who left her job a few years ago to get married, still follows his progress proudly. "Now he can dictate as well as anyone," she recently said. "He used to write all his nouns with a capital letter and his spelling was awful. Now he can spell anything."

During the first days of the general strike, some newsreel people came to Curran and asked him to say a few words before the camera. They trapped him when he was wearing a black watch cap, blue dungarees, and a blue denim jumper. He was embarrassed and suspicious and miserable, and kept saying he was only a sailor and couldn't do it. Finally, a few remarks were printed in large letters on cardboard signs and placed above the camera, and Curran read them aloud. Today when he walks onto a platform, wearing a gray or blue double-breasted suit, with a stockade of pens and pencils in his breast pocket, he is poised and impressive. He has a lofty manner and a voice like the ripping of canvas; his words are polysyllabic and his sentences almost scan. After that first appearance before the camera, he began studying the dictionary, and he still reads it almost every day, his great, gray face, with its small, deep eyes and prowlike chin, set in a solemn scowl. A few weeks ago, when one of the other officials of the N.M.U. spoke of "chronological history," Curran was scornful. "Chronological his-

tory!" he said. "That's good. That's ver-ee good. Gee-zus-criz! Don't you know that's tautological?"

When Curran enters the large, imposing headquarters of the N.M.U., at 346 West Seventeenth Street, and walks into his own office, as handsome as anything in Hollywood, the strikes and the bloodshed that occurred when the N.M.U. was being organized, a mere nine years ago, probably seem very remote to him. He is even a little shamed when he remembers his first ne-

gotiations with the gentlemen—in general dignified, silver-haired old characters—who run the shipping companies. There was one named Blacktop, whom Curran always addressed as Blackbottom, and another whom he called Old Stoneface. He shakes his huge head when he recalls this conduct now, and clucks deprecatingly. "I was just a tough kid," he says. "In the early days of collective bargaining, I didn't want to hear any problems of the operators. In those days, it was just a flat argument, with



"She's waiting for Mr. Right."

the operators saying they had no money and with us saying they were damn liars. We do a large amount of industrial research now. We have to know an operator's business better than he does."

Curran often speaks of himself, with a dour, grudging modesty, as a product of the times. He says that his career would have been impossible if it hadn't been for the New Deal, the Wagner Labor Act, the C.I.O., and the state of the nation that brought them about. He likes to think, however, that he had a little to do with his success. His systematic study of Robert's "Rules of Order," he feels, has enabled him to conduct meetings with aplomb and authority. He owes his facility as an orator, he claims, to his system of picking out three people in an audience—"one on the right, one on the left, and one in the middle"—and addressing himself only to them. He believes that he has developed what might be termed a world viewpoint, which he attributes to the fact that the activities of the N.M.U. are worldwide. He points out that he has become an exceptionally well-read man. He recently remarked, in the course of a confused squabble he has been carrying on with the Communists in his union, that he has even read Marx, who he thinks is something of a screwbox. Curran himself has often been called a Communist, which he is not. When this happens, he says, "That's nothing to what they called Tommy." This is his way of referring to an earlier orator, Thomas Jefferson. All in all, Curran has covered a lot of ground in ten years.

CURRAN, an only child, was born on New York's lower East Side, in 1906, of Irish-American parents. He never knew his father, who died when he was an infant. He doesn't even know what his father's occupation was, but he thinks that he may have been a traveling salesman, because on Joe's birth certificate his father is designated as "a traveller." His mother, who died in 1934, was a professional cook. "She was a smart woman," Curran says. "She could read a book in four hours and tell you what was in it." However, he doesn't know much about her, either. "My mother was not given to talking," he says. "And she worked in rich families and had to board me out." Most of Curran's boyhood was spent in the home of a German baker in Westfield, New Jersey. That is the reason he can bake pies and cakes, and enjoys baking on his days off. In 1924, his mother married an Irish house painter named Christopher Tobin, whose latter years were

made miserable by the Dies Committee, which took his fine Irish name and telescoped it into a name they said was Russian. It was claimed at one of the hearings held by the committee, which frequently attacked Curran and his union, that Curran's real name was Christobin and that he was a native of the Ukraine. While supposedly a resident of the Ukraine, he was, in fact, attending parochial school in Westfield. When he was fourteen, he felt out of place because he had grown so much bigger than the other children in his class and, though he was only in the fifth grade, insisted on quitting school and got a permit to go to work. He was lonesome as a child. "It was really rough," he says. "I want lots of kids. I don't want my kid, Joe Paul, to be an only child."

After leaving school, Curran found a job as an office boy in the New York offices of the Gold Medal Flour Company, which were then in the Whitehall Building, overlooking the Battery and the harbor. It was the accident of this location, as much as anything else, that determined the course his life has taken. He spent much of his time watching the ships passing, and when he was sixteen, he decided to go to sea, and did. "Something told me I was home," he recalls. "The harder it got, the better I liked it. I never even got seasick. I was a fresh kid who thought he knew it all until the bos'n started kicking me around, and then I learned. Yeh. I got beat up, got no wages, lost weight from lack of food—but I was young and I liked it." He began to learn to splice ten-inch hawsers, rig up tackle, sling scaffolds, toss lines, overhaul gear, take soundings, lower lifeboats, batten down hatches, and stand watch at the wheel. He also learned to operate a steam capstan and a winch, take blocks apart and grease them, make cargo slings, lay paint on properly, lower booms, secure deck cargo, take a rolling hitch in a rope that would not slip, and swab and wash and chip and paint a ship. There is scarcely a recent book on the subject of tying knots that does not name him as an authority who gave the author advice. He learned how to keep himself clean by bathing in a bucket of salt water, and he learned how to do his laundry. "Before the union," he says, "if you saw a shower bath on a freighter, you would have thought you were

crazy, and if you'd seen an electric toaster, you'd have fallen dead." He learned to adjust himself to living in a twenty-by-twenty fo'c'sle in whose three-tiered bunks twelve men slept. "Once, I had a top bunk under a dripping steampipe," he will remark, "and I learned how to curl up like a pretzel, so the scalding water wouldn't drip on me while I slept." He saw two sailors rip a shipmate to pieces with jagged pieces of wood. During a storm off Tasmania, he went down into the dark hold of a ship to disarm a Portuguese sailor who had gone insane and was wielding a fire axe. In the struggle, the sailor struck Curran in the back with the weapon. Possibly as a consequence, he still has a troublesome sacroiliac. "I don't know if it came from the axe or the lumpy straw mattresses we had to sleep on," he says now.

Curran has a collection of thousands of postcards he bought in ports around the world. Now and then he likes to go over them and reminisce. "It's always tough when a ship leaves port," he said on one such occasion recently. "You have to batten down the hatches, spread the tarpaulins, lower the booms into their cradles, and pile the guys, preventers, and stays on the hatch. The first night and day were always bad, especially on picket-fence ships—those that had eighteen to twenty-four booms, like the Luckenbach ships. When fellows came aboard, they'd say, 'Boy, look at that forest of sticks!' Usually everything was flying, which means hatches open and booms up, gear lying all over the deck. Safety meant nothing in those days. You'd work all night and through the next day. Sometimes the ice on the tarpaulins would make you mighty miserable. A tarpaulin, well iced, will stand straight up and you can't bend it. Each hatch took as many as three or four, and they'd cut your hands to ribbons. On the Western Ocean, some of us used to laugh at the oldtimers who'd talk about iron men and wooden ships. 'Don't give a damn what you say, bud,' we'd tell 'em. 'Nothing's worse than this.' By God, after cutting their hands to shreds on frozen tarpaulins and stumbling over gear on an icy night, they wouldn't talk about iron men and wooden ships. If a guy did, he would be heaved right out of the fo'c'sle onto the deck and find his head in the scuppers. But if a ship was fair fast, soon she might be off Florida and all the wintry nights would be forgotten. But that Western Ocean! My God!"

Even worse than the Western





Ocean were the periodic spells of unemployment. The International Seamen's Union, which was organized in 1892 and got up to a hundred and three thousand members just after the first World War, called a strike in 1921 and lost it disastrously. Its membership during the next decade averaged only four thousand. All through the twenties, the American merchant marine was suffering a depression. Fifty thousand men were competing for twenty thousand berths, and many of the men were willing to work without pay just to get food and lodgings. Wages, when a seaman could get them, were twenty-five dollars a month, there was no pay for overtime, a twelve-hour day was a short one, a single sheet (which was never changed during the course of a voyage) went with each bunk, a towel was practically unknown, and bedbugs and lice abounded. "In those days," Curran says, "when you quit a ship, it would take two or three months to get another. I had a very comfortable bench in the middle of Battery Park. I spent many starving days there. Used to use Australian bedsheets. That's what we call newspapers; you put them on top of you when you sleep on a bench. If you stuff 'em inside your coat, they'll keep you pretty warm. When I was lucky, I'd get

a job washing dishes in a restaurant on Nassau Street. I'd start dishwashing at eleven A.M. You'd get one good meal when you went in and another when you went out, at four P.M. They paid one dollar. It kept me from being a bum, because I could wash my shirt there, too. With the dollar, you'd be able to sleep indoors, and that was good on zero nights. You'd spend thirty-five cents for a flop at the Seamen's Church Institute on South Street. Then fifteen cents for cigarettes, and you'd have fifty cents left for breakfast and carfare. In those days, you didn't have a union hiring hall. You had to chase all over New York for a job. You'd get to a dock sometimes at two or three in the morning. Hundreds of other guys would be there. You'd wait until noon, and then the shipping master would come out and say, 'Sorry. No jobs.'"

AFTER a few years, Curran began to lose his taste for his trade. He liked being at sea, but he didn't think so much of Battery Park. He made up his mind to knuckle down and try to become an officer. Within the next two years, he succeeded, through study and hard work, in getting a berth as bos'n, the sea equivalent of a foreman, on a ship. His men nicknamed him No

Coffee Time Joe because he refused to let them knock off for fifteen minutes for coffee during a watch. After a year, he got into a fight with the first mate of the ship, lost his berth, and became a seaman again. Then he decided that he would pick up some of the dogs he saw on his travels, retire from the sea, and go into business for himself as a kennelman. He went so far as to buy two chows in China, a police dog in South Africa, and eleven spitzes in Odessa, but all of them either died or languished, so he gave up his plans. He was still dreaming of escape and independence when, in 1928, a ship he was on touched Apia, a port in Western Samoa. "I don't believe anyone will ever see anything more beautiful," he says. "The days and nights were soft and the water was a deep blue-green and the sand was clean and very silver. There were all sorts of fruits—mangoes, coconuts, pineapples—and the fish! My God! The place was full of wild boars. I decided to buy a two-masted schooner and live there all my life. You could haul copra, and there were a couple of nickels to be made in fishing, too. And you could make a buck hauling scenery stiffs and sponges." A scenery stiff, sometimes called a scenery bum, is a tourist. "I got all the charts of the islands and



"We'll be glad to put your name on file."

brought them back to New York with me," Curran continues. "I studied every reef and cove for years. I had my eye on a particular two-masted schooner. She was in New Bedford, Massachusetts. She was a beauty—a little, bobtail schooner. She was priced at six hundred dollars, and I started saving for her. I was going to have her rigged in such a way that I could sail her alone and hoist and drop the sails from the wheel. I had it all planned so my jib, foresail, and mainsail would have all hauling parts rove through blocks set in the gunnel and run aft to cleats alongside the wheel, so I could drop the sails at the wheel in case of a blow. I figured I could have her calked and stored for three hundred, on top of the original six. But I could never make it. Once I had four hundred dollars, but I was in Shanghai and she was in New Bedford."

In 1930, when the depression became acute, Curran, with thousands of others, was on the beach much of the time. He was beginning to lose faith in individual initiative, whether it concerned dogs and little, bobtailed schooners or being a seaman. The International Seamen's Union had for a long time been moribund, so a group of seamen got together and organized the Marine Workers Industrial Union, which Curran joined. When members of the

union succeeded in getting berths, they would organize committees aboard ship. The chief duties of these committees were to attempt to persuade the management to improve the quality of the food and to deal with the captains as representatives of the crews on all matters except questions of navigation and discipline. Almost every American merchant ship has such a committee today, but the idea was then regarded as a blow against the moral order of the universe. For centuries, the tradition had been that a captain aboard his ship was a law unto himself. "For the crew to advise a captain on anything was like Arkansas Baptists trying to advise the Pope on a matter of faith," Curran says. It was only a few years since it had been officially held that American seamen were "deficient in that full and intelligent responsibility for their acts which is accredited to ordinary adults and as needing the protection of the law in the same sense which minors and wards do." This was the language of a Supreme Court decision in 1897, and it had not been reversed until 1915.

In 1934, as Curran studied his Australian bedsheets on his bench in Battery Park, he began to feel stirrings of hope. The N.R.A., which had just been set up by law, established the legal right of employees to bargain collectively and to join unions of their own choosing.

Curran became indignant when, at an N.R.A. code hearing for the shipping industry, the International Seamen's Union, which belonged to the American Federation of Labor and then had only three thousand members, was chosen by the government as the East Coast seamen's union, instead of the independent Marine Workers Industrial Union, which had a membership of fourteen thousand. The I.S.U.'s officers immediately signed a contract with a number of shipowners stipulating that all seamen hired by them had to belong to the I.S.U. The Marine Workers Industrial Union disbanded, and its members joined the I.S.U. The I.S.U. was autocratically run and its members were constantly protesting, because, they said, they never knew what was in a contract affecting them until it was already signed. This dissatisfaction increased in the East when West Coast seamen were granted five dollars more a month than the East Coast men, as well as overtime pay and the right to have union instead of company hiring halls. When the I.S.U. officers, despite the protest, renewed the contract in January of 1936, Curran, along with thousands of others, was ready to act.

Curran heard the news of this contract when he was on the liner California, bound for New York on a re-

"A kind of excitement was sweeping the country," Curran says. "You'd read of people forming unions in La Porte, Indiana, in La Crosse, Wisconsin, or some little whistle stop in Nebraska. Farmers were dumping milk in Iowa. Old Iron Pants Johnson was cracking down. The Blue Eagle was everywhere. I got caught up in the thing." Thousands of factory workers were joining a sort of union new to this country, one organized on an industry rather than a craft basis. The groundwork for the C.I.O. was being laid at labor conventions at which John L. Lewis and others attacked the American Federation of Labor's system of organizing on craft lines, declaring that it was outmoded and ineffi-

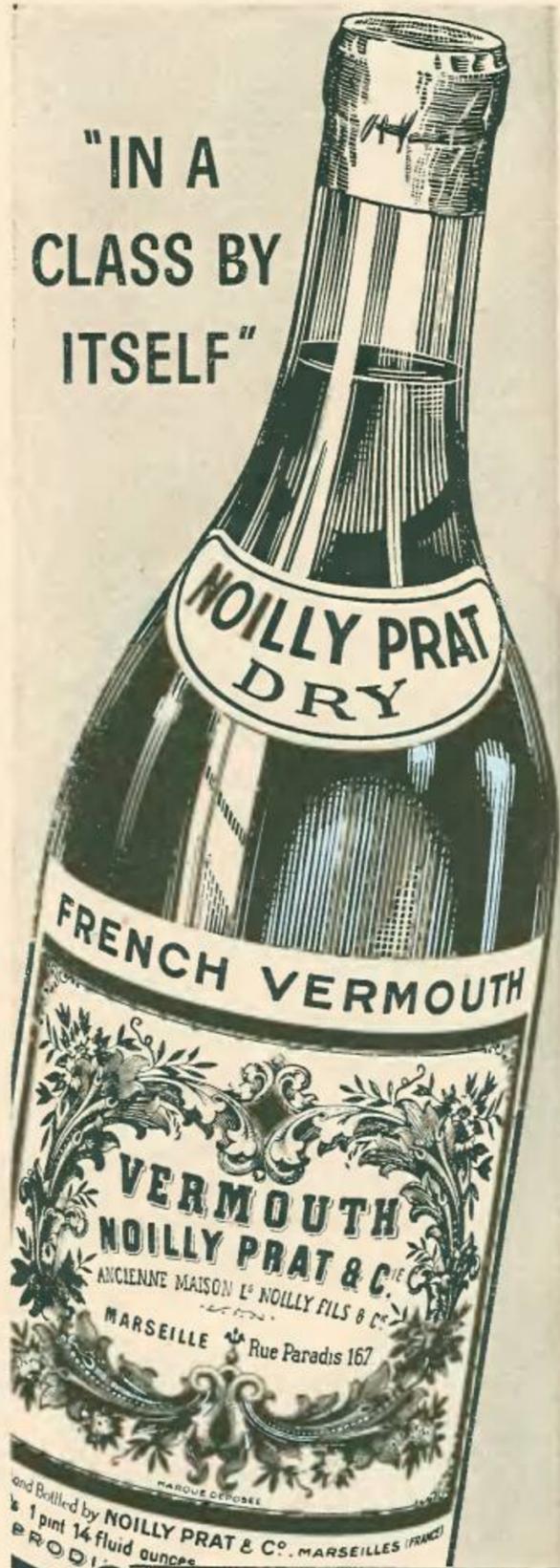


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ITSELF"



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SOLE U. S. AGENTS

turn trip from San Francisco. When the ship, which was carrying four hundred cruise passengers, docked in San Pedro, the crew of three hundred and seventy-four, led by Curran, announced that they would not cast off the lines for the voyage to New York. The I.S.U. officials said the strike was unauthorized, and Daniel Roper, Secretary of Commerce, demanded that the strikers be arrested for mutiny. "On the third day of the strike," Curran says, "this mutiny talk began getting the crew restless, as such talk will. I didn't know anything about unionism then. I had a tiger by the tail and couldn't let it go. I didn't know how to compromise it. Everybody was keeping sober and we did any and all work except let go the lines. Davy Grange, the vice-president of the I.S.U., called up from New York and said, 'You have to sail the ship.' I told him, 'Go to hell. You sold us out.' Grange talked to Miss Perkins, the Secretary of Labor. Later we were told that Miss Perkins wanted to talk to me on the phone. The crew voted no. They thought it was a plot to get me off the ship and put me in irons. Finally, it was decided that we had to talk to Miss Perkins. The phone was six miles away from the ship. Twenty guys were appointed as my bodyguards, and all the crew was to pack their bags and leave the ship if we didn't get back in six hours. When I was brought to the phone, I was as nervous as a monkey. Miss Perkins said, 'You gotta bring the ship back. The Department of Commerce says it's mutiny.' I said, 'If we bring it back, it'll still be mutiny.' Then I said, 'What about the five dollars? What about the phony contract signed by the I.S.U.? If we come back, can we negotiate for ourselves?' She said, 'I'll use my good offices.' I said, 'What about the mutiny?' She said, 'I'll try to stop the charge.' I said, 'I'll have to talk to the crew.' But I figured this was the way out. I had that tiger by the tail and I was looking for a way to let it go. Here was a way to retire without losing face."

When the California arrived in New York, she was met by fifty patrolmen, twenty detectives, five agents from the Department of Justice, and a welcoming committee of marine workers and seamen who were parading outside the dock with signs saying "Ask for \$5 More—Mutiny." The *Daily News* carried a light-hearted story, headlined "Shades of H.M.S. Bounty," drawing an analogy to the eighteenth-century

mutiny of British sailors against Captain Bligh. There were no arrests, but sixty-five of the crew, among them Curran, were discharged and logged two to six days' pay. This action resulted in a spontaneous general seamen's strike, as much against the leadership of the I.S.U. as against the shipping companies. Twenty thousand men participated in this strike, which lasted two and a half months and was a failure. At the end

of that time, they decided to return to the ships and recruit more members for the rank-and-file movement. A Seamen's Defense Committee was organized, with Curran as its chairman. He remained ashore to direct its operations.

Representatives of the committee met every incoming ship, despite the natural objections of the owners, on occasion getting by the dock guards by disguising themselves as Western Union messengers bearing flowers for arriving passengers. Once on a dock, they would "walk barges" to other ships at nearby piers. Rank-and-filers would also sail "schooner rig," which means stripped down to essentials—a few pairs of socks, a toothbrush, and a suitcase full of union literature. Aboard ship, the organizers threw every newspaper, magazine, and book in the crew's quarters overboard, on the theory that the crew would read the union material in sheer desperation, if for no other reason. The organizers sometimes began their work a bit belligerently. "All right, you guys," they would say. "We're members of the rank and file. Declare yourselves!" By September, 1936, forty thousand seamen had joined the movement. Then another strike was called.

THE second strike, which enveloped all the Atlantic and Gulf ports, is usually referred to by N.M.U. men as "the big strike." It lasted three and a half months, and during it twenty-seven union men were killed and hundreds were injured. It occurred at the high tide of the C.I.O. drive, when neither labor nor management felt it could afford to doubt for an instant that it was right and when both sides were fighting fiercely. The seamen rented a hall at 164 Eleventh Avenue and set up headquarters there. Their day began at 6 A.M. with the dispatching of five thousand pickets to piers scattered from Staten Island, Hoboken, Jersey City, and Bayonne to the North River, the East River, and the Erie Basin. The men were relieved every four hours, and the picketing went on



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Ever catch salmon or smallmouth as only Maine grows 'em?

Then we don't need to tell you about the kind of fishing you get in Maine's 2,465 lakes and ponds, her 5,147 big and little streams. That's riches enough for any state. But Maine doesn't stop there.

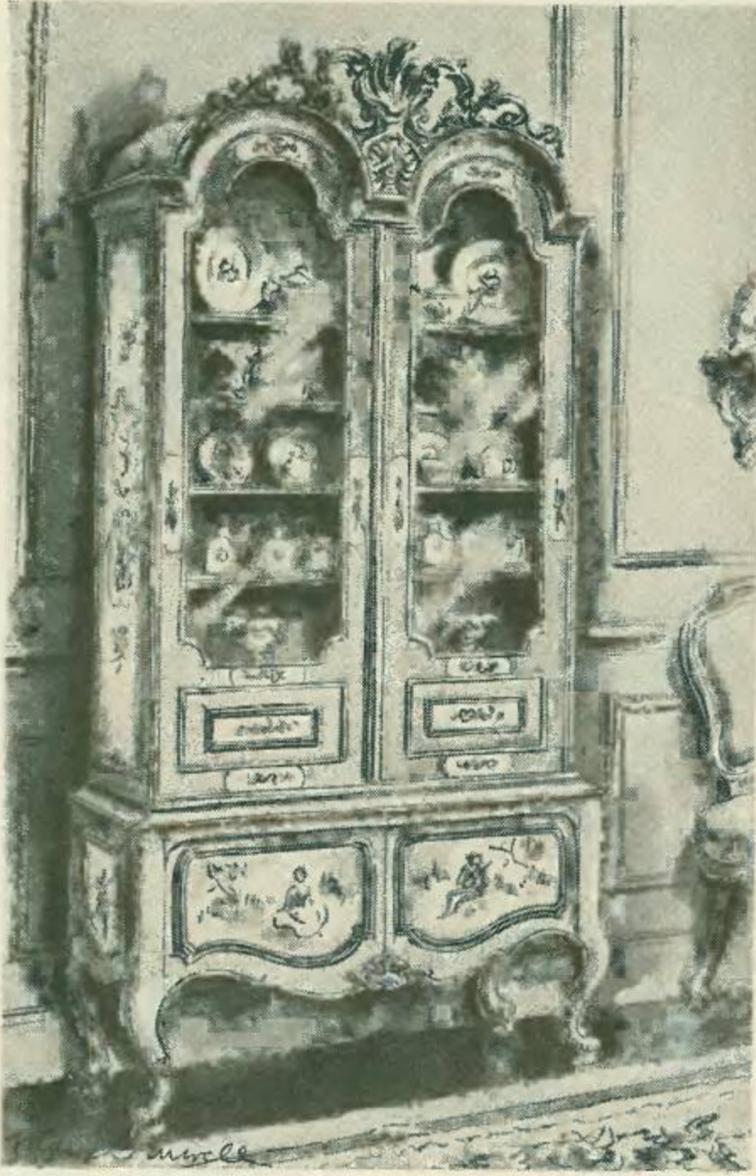
Down here we also harvest the nation's biggest potato crop, catch 100 million pounds of groundfish annually, haul close to 15 million pounds of lobster, cut a yearly million cords of pulpwood, play host to a million plus vacationists in a single summer. We manufacture anything and everything from ships to flyrods, from textiles to canned goods to toothpicks. Maine's a big producer. A big buyer, too. There's a market for your product in Maine — especially if you sell it through a radio station that speaks Maine's own down-east language.

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until nightfall. The hall was packed with a noisy swarm of seamen until late at night, and here and there, at tables in corners, committees on strategy, food, picketing, finances, publicity, legal aid, first aid, housing, and public speaking planned and argued and worked. A huge stewpot was always simmering on a gas range. Some seamen were sent to Washington Market to cadge food from the commission merchants, and others made the rounds of neighborhood grocers and bakers. If they were lucky, they would return with baskets of cabbages, tomatoes, and carrots, bags of beans, stale bread, doughnuts, coffee, and sometimes even meat. Others would be sent to Times Square and the waterfront saloons to "rattle the can" for contributions from the public. A member of the speakers' committee might call to one of the union's more eloquent speakers, John (Hot Cross) Bunn, "Hey, you with the phony Oxford accent! I want you to go up to Columbia and talk to some professors about support for the strike. And stay sober." Another group would be sent off on two rented launches to proselytize the crews of incoming ships by means of megaphones and signs. Sometimes, after the police had broken a picket line, the hall looked like a first-aid station just behind the front. If there were arrests, the legal-aid committee would round up lawyers and bail bondsmen. Longshoremen, who sided with the I.S.U., waded into the picket lines with baseball bats. The longshoremen specialized in finding lone strikers and, in the waterfront term for beating a man up, "dumping" them. Curran had a group of bodyguards, but, he says, he did not approve of the idea. "When something begins to happen, I don't want to be bothered by any bodyguards," he says. On one occasion, while picketing, he was hit over the head with a pool cue, and on another he received a glancing blow from an eight-pound iron rod, and on still another a strikebreaking dope addict tried to strangle him with a clothesline.

The strategy committee, headed by Curran, was in almost permanent session during the strike. Some of its time went into discussing waterfront rumors that the companies were willing to settle. "The rumors were phonies to break morale," Curran now declares. Flying squadrons of seamen would be sent out every so often in borrowed Fords to check on the state of picket lines. Others would be directed to ferret out shipping crimps, or employment brokers, usually proprietors of seamen's boarding houses,

Condensed Statement of Condition June 29, 1946

RESOURCES

Cash in Vault and in Federal Reserve Bank	\$ 664,828,114.00
Due from Banks	295,791,677.94
TOTAL CASH	\$960,619,791.94
United States Government Obligations, direct and fully guaranteed	2,848,132,068.30
State, County, and Municipal Bonds	323,940,281.68
Other Bonds and Securities	130,026,315.64
Stock in Federal Reserve Bank	6,137,600.00
Loans and Discounts	1,198,680,168.77
Accrued Interest and Accounts Receivable	17,690,494.68
Bank Premises, Furniture, Fixtures, and Safe Deposit Vaults	28,061,091.09
Other Real Estate Owned	96,850.99
Customers' Liability on Account of Letters of Credit, Acceptances, and Endorsed Bills	40,737,711.78
Other Resources	187,606.53
TOTAL RESOURCES	\$5,554,309,981.40

LIABILITIES

Capital:	
Common (8,528,646 Shares)	\$ 106,608,075.00
Preferred (6,258 Shares)*	125,160.00
Surplus	98,752,325.00
Undivided Profits	30,232,550.65
Reserves	4,304,056.90
Preferred Stock Retirement Fund	162,053.65
TOTAL CAPITAL FUNDS	\$ 240,184,221.20
Reserve for Bad Debts	17,719,315.14
Demand	\$3,083,943,460.10
Deposits	5,238,524,328.12
Savings and Time	2,154,580,868.02
Liability for Letters of Credit and as Acceptor, Endorser, or Maker on Acceptances and Foreign Bills	42,126,954.66
Reserve for Interest Received in Advance	7,270,973.57
Reserve for Interest, Taxes, etc.	8,484,188.71
TOTAL LIABILITIES	\$5,554,309,981.40

* Issued at \$50 (\$20 Capital—\$30 Surplus), Annual Dividend \$2. Called and to be retired in full as of July 31, 1946.

This statement includes the figures of the London, England, banking office.



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the Voice of the Turtle

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BEATRICE PEARSON • ALAN BAXTER • VICKI CUMMINGS

DETROIT—Cass Theatre
HARVEY STEPHENS • LOUISA HORTON • PEGGY FRENCH

SEATTLE—Metropolitan Theatre
BOYD CRAWFORD • PHYLLIS RYDER • MARGIA WALTER

"BULL'S EYE!"—Barnes, Hcr. Trib.
RICHARD RODGERS & OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd present

ETHEL MERMAN

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"ANNIE GET YOUR GUN"

Music and Lyrics by IRVING BERLIN
Book by HERBERT and DOROTHY FIELDS with RAY MIDDLETON
Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN

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AIR-CONDITIONED. Matinees Wed. & Sat.

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KERN AND HAMMERSTEIN'S

"Show Boat"

Music by JEROME KERN
Book and Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Based on the novel by EDNA FERBER
Staged by HASSARD SHORT

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LAST 2 WEEKS!

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A New Comedy
by NORMAN KRASNA
Directed by MOSS HART

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A Vivian Van Damme Production

who were supplying strikebreakers to the companies. "I found one on Staten Island," a seaman might say. "I cased the joint, and if we have men there at five in the morning, we can wreck it." Sometimes the hall was filled with an almost palpable tension, but generally, as the strike dragged on, as food became scarcer and stomachs tighter and wives and children began to complain, the hall was a very gloomy place. The strikers took a great interest in the news of the other strikes that were going on all over the country; that seemed to give them a sort of comfort. "They're sitting down at Chevy," a man would say, speaking of a General Motors plant in Flint as if it were only around the corner. "Even the goddam newspapermen are striking," another would remark. Late every day, telegrams from local committees elsewhere would begin coming in, telling of the progress of the strike in other ports. (On December 24th, a wire reported that seventy-five seamen had been injured in Houston when police broke a picket line. Curran looked up from the telegram and said, "The Christmas Eve Massacre," which is what the event is still called by the N.M.U.) At about six in the evening, pickets would begin dropping in to warm themselves and get something to eat, and the men who had been collecting money in Times Square and waterfront saloons would also return to the hall. The money would be counted in front of everyone, and would then be distributed among the men, at a quarter a head, as far as it would go. The quarter was to pay for a bed in one of the flophouses with which the housing committee had made arrangements. Those seamen who didn't get any money slept on the floor of the hall. "One night a man came in and gave us five hundred dollars," Curran says. "That night we all slept in bed and there was plenty of meat in the stewpot." Another great moment was the United States Supreme Court's decision in the case of the National Labor Relations Board v. the Jones & Laughlin Steel Corporation. It said, "Long ago we stated the reasons for labor organizations. We said that they were organized out of the necessities of the situation; that a single employe was helpless in dealing with an employer... that union was essential to give laborers opportunity to deal on an equality with their employer. . . ." Curran had a large sign made of an excerpt from the decision and tacked it up at headquarters.

The rank-and-file seamen won the strike. In May of 1937, forty thousand

THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS

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CAROUSEL

Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2d
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
with Harold Keel, Iva Withers, Jean Darling, Eric Mattson, Norma Howard, Jean Casto
MAJESTIC W. 44th St. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

The Musical Hit
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Based on Lynn Riggs' "Green Grow the Lilacs"
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2nd
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
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Jack Kilty • Owen Martin • Betty Jane Watson • Ruth Weston
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Comedy Drama by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS
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Three To Make Ready

Sketches & Lyrics by Nancy Hamilton
Music by Morgan Lewis
Staged by JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON

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Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. Air-Conditioned

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THE PULITZER PRIZE PLAY

FRANK FAY in "HARVEY"

A New Comedy by MARY CHASE
with JOSEPHINE HULL
Directed by ANTOINETTE PERRY
48th St. Thea., E. of B'y. Eves. 8:40 sharp.
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"A MUSICAL SPARKLER!"—Walter Winchell
MELVYN DOUGLAS & HERMAN LEVIN present

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* Music and Lyrics by HAROLD J. ROME
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with BETTY GARRETT

Production directed by ROBERT H. GORDON
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"A smash hit of enormous proportions."—Ward Morehouse, Sun

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seamen, out of a total of fifty thousand, seceded from the I. S. U. and formed the National Maritime Union, electing Curran its president. The National Labor Relations Board ordered the ship-owners who had contracts with the I. S. U. to hold elections, so that the seamen could decide between the old I. S. U. and the new N. M. U. Of the sixty company elections around the country, the N. M. U. won fifty-six, by immense majorities, and the I. S. U. passed out of existence. Since then, seamen's minimum wages have risen from sixty-five dollars a month to a hundred and eighty-six-fifty. Today the union has a hundred and twenty-eight contracts, covering ninety thousand men on two thousand ships, and it has about two million dollars in its treasury. Curran believes that this is just the beginning. "Labor is on the move," he often says, and he even takes a wry and painful satisfaction in the fact that his constituents, through overruling him, recently gained by threat of strike a monthly raise of \$41.50, the largest pay boost in maritime history. Before the unprecedented pay raise had been won, Curran had advised settling for an increase of \$12.50. In turning down Curran's recommendation, rank-and-file members of the union used such salty, sulphurous language that even Curran was a little shocked. Shortly after he had been overruled, Curran, dressed in a well-tailored suit and wearing a wristwatch, was doing what he calls pacing the deck—walking up and down his handsome office, jingling the coins in his pocket. A secretary was waiting for him to dictate a letter answering the charge of a shipping executive that union members had been disrespectful to a third mate. Curran's expression was grim as he dictated a reply. The union, he said, would not countenance insubordination. Then, suddenly, his massive, ashen face relaxed into a smile. "Geezus-criz!" he exclaimed, as if in surprise. "That's just the way I was myself back in the old days!"

—RICHARD O. BOYER

(This is the last of a series of three articles.)

"What kind of cheese?" He seemed to hang upon her answer.
"Mostly Philadelphia cream."
"Roquefort's better."
"No."
"Yes."
Her eyes flashed happiness. A minute more and they would be back where they had been that first night.—Serial story in the Chicago Times.

Knee-deep in Camembert?

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Cover from 10:30, \$2
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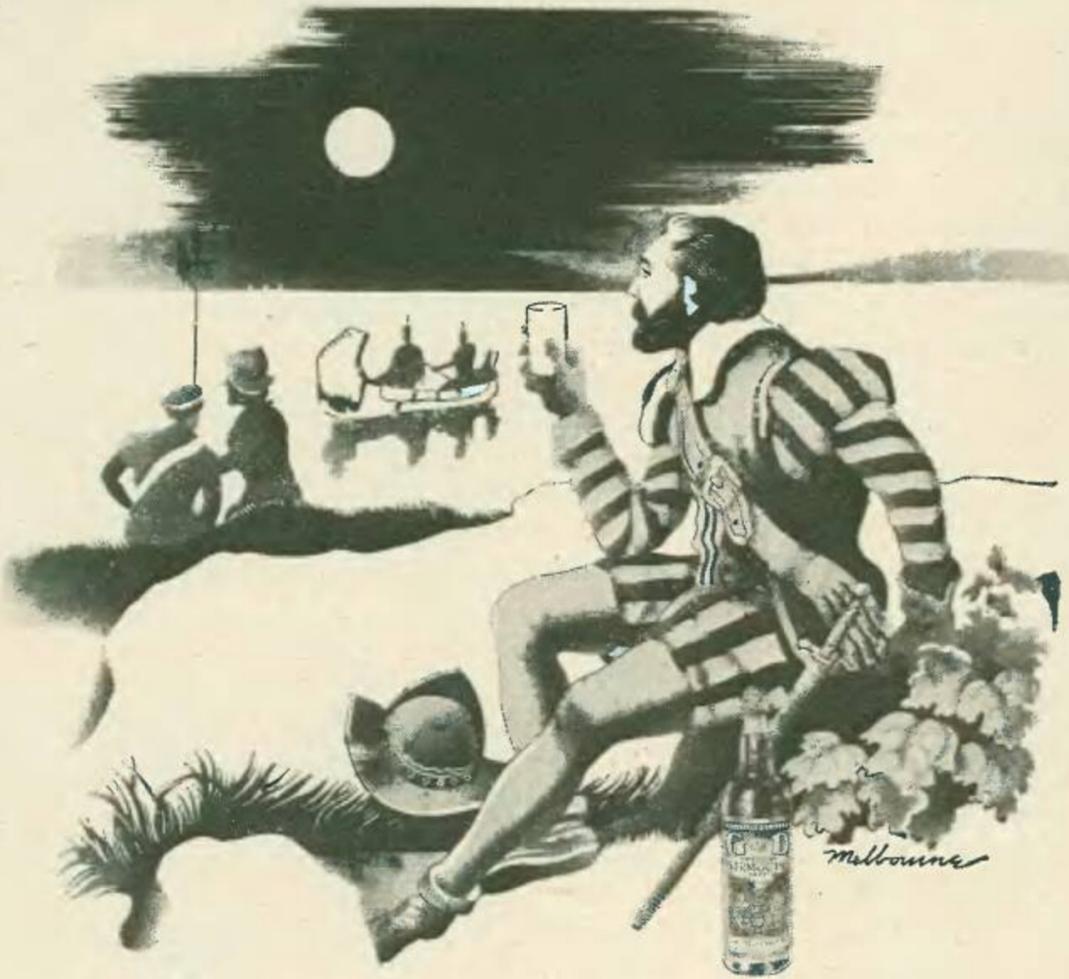
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WHO SAID "IMPORTED"?



THIS IS AMERICAN

How did the Mississippi River get to be known as the Father of Waters? No one really knows... Some say it was a pure accident and that Hernando DeSoto, its discoverer, was really referring to a delicious glass of native wine, possibly a predecessor of G & D American Vermouth—when, as he sat thirsty and tired on the river bank, he said, "Father of Waters"... If your G & D Manhattan or Martini seems especially flavorsome, you can be a discoverer, too, and justly exclaim, "Father of Waters!"



AMERICAN
VERMOUTH

ESTABLISHED 1927

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OF ALL THINGS

THE badly crippled O.P.A. bill was carried from the Senate to the other end of the Capitol last week. Administration forces were anxiously inquiring, "Is there a doctor in the House?"

The British are looking forward to the wonderful things they will buy here with the three-and-three-quarter-billion-dollar loan. They may be shocked, though, when they find out how little change they will get from each dollar bill.

Secretary Byrnes has reason to feel that the Paris conference achieved some progress. There were several occasions when Mr. Molotov was distinctly heard to say "Yes."

Congressmen are now eager to get their chores done and escape from Washington. They want to go home, repair their political fences, and hide behind them.

Dr. Henry M. Garsson may have done all right by himself with war contracts, but he remains a simple, modest, unassuming man. He has no desire to tell the Mead Committee the secret of his great success.

Representative May declares that he did not derive any personal profit from the contracts awarded to the Cumberland Lumber Company. He was only trying, he says, to do something nice for his old Kentucky home town.

Educators believe that the coming years will see an enormous increase in the enrollment in our colleges. America may look forward confidently to a wider culture and to larger and louder football fields.

The public can expect to get no relief from the high cost of living by running off to the mountains or seashore. Returned travellers report that vacation resorts have heard all about inflation and have laid in a good supply.

The latest edition of *Who's Who* has omitted the names of a number of men who attained prominence during the war. A lot of generals and admirals find that they are not as "who" as they were a couple of years ago.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER



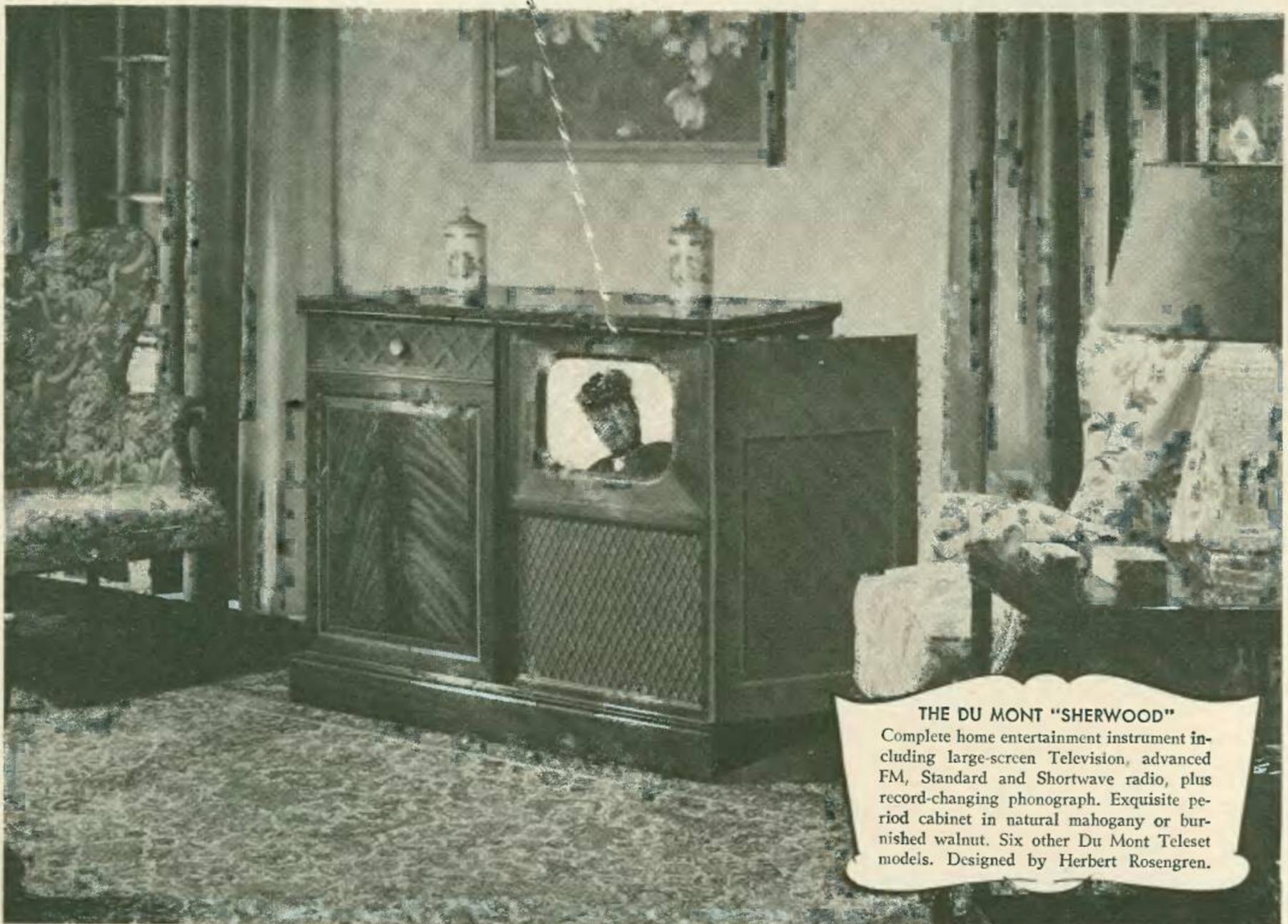
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LETTER FROM BERLIN

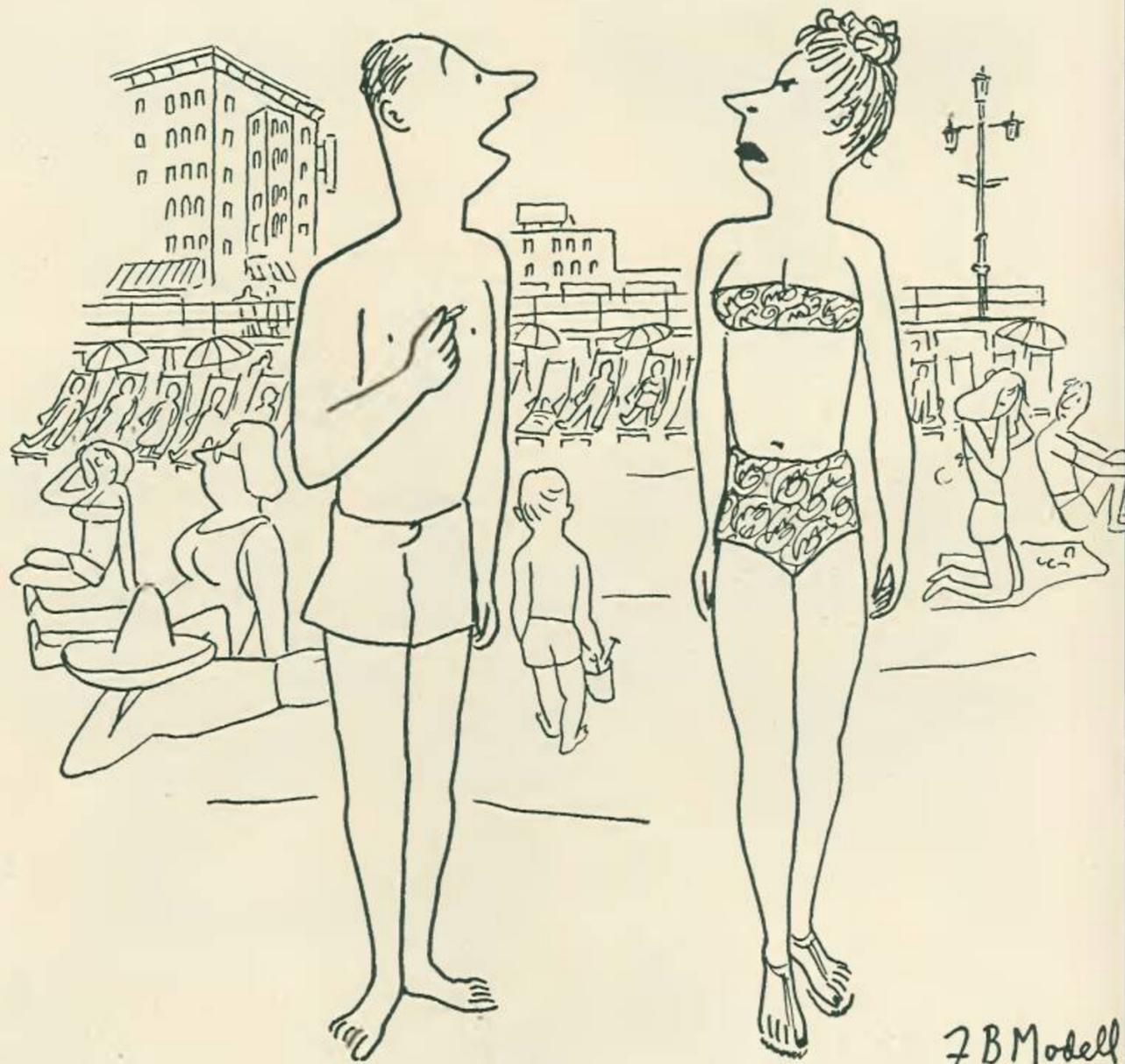
ONE of the worst devastated districts of Berlin is the Hansaviertel, lying along the west and to the north of the Tiergarten, whose splendid trees, which took generations to grow, were almost all sawed down last winter for firewood. On one side of the Hansaviertel, which includes, appropriately, a graveyard, there used to be a number of foreign legations and diplomats' mansions, and on the opposite side were the dwellings of small *bourgeoisie*. The district also contained a good many temporary war factories. The Hansaviertel being what it is today, I was surprised when a woman I met at a party the other evening happened to remark that she lived there. (She was a person of some importance, my host had pointed out before introducing us—the authorities let her have a telephone in her home.) "I didn't think the Hansaviertel was much of a place to live in anymore," I said. "It isn't," she said, "but nobody can say it isn't lively out our way." I asked her what she meant by that, and she said, "Well, last Sunday and Monday were quiet, but Tuesday, just as I came home from work and was letting myself into my apartment, three men whom I had never seen before rushed up the stairs from the basement and tried to go in with me. They had been drinking, and their reflexes weren't as sharp as they might have been, so I managed to get through the door ahead of them and bolt it. They kicked and beat on the door a while, and then finally stopped. As I was telephoning the police, I heard thumping and banging in the apartment next to mine, where a couple named Breitmann live. I heard Frau Breitmann scream, and then her husband shouted, 'I'm bleeding to death!' When the police came, they found the two of them had been beaten unconscious with bottles. All the drawers and chests in the apartment had been ripped open and looted. That, as I said, was Tuesday. On Wednesday morning, at about eight-thirty, as I was going to the bus stop on my way to work, I had to walk around a great splatter of blood on the sidewalk; it had run over the curb and was a half-inch deep in the gutter. I knew it was human blood from the smell. We Berliners got to know that smell during the air raids. I saw a few other pedestrians pass by the splatter, and none paid it the slightest attention. I pointed it out to two or three men, but they only said, 'Ja, ja,' and hurried on. I went into a branch post office and

called the police. They had already heard about it; a few hours earlier they'd found a man there, beaten to death and robbed.

"Let's see. On Thursday evening, as I was coming home from work, I saw the police pulling the body of a dead man out of some ruins close to my house. Shot through the head. On Friday, they found the body of an old man in some other ruins nearby. Beaten to death. Saturday—yesterday, that was—another man's body was discovered, in still other ruins in the neighborhood. Also murdered. That was the third body the police got out of our ruins in three days, but yesterday's was the only one the newspapers mentioned. I suppose the authorities don't want to upset people too much by making every murder public, but of course we hear about such things through the *Mundzeitung*." "*Mundzeitung*" means "mouth newspaper," and all adult Berliners have been subscribing to it for the past thirteen years. I asked the woman if she couldn't move to a less boisterous neighborhood. She laughed. "You're forgetting our housing shortage," she said. "Besides, such things go on in all parts

of the city. Naturally, some parts aren't as bad as the Hansaviertel, but others are worse." The Hansaviertel lies in the British sector of Berlin. The American Military Government's public-safety authorities figure that there is approximately the same amount of crime, per capita, in the American, French, and Russian sectors as there is in the British sector.

VIEWING local crime conditions with alarm, some editorial writers have got into the habit of referring to their city as Little Chicago. Little Chicago is too modest; Super Chicago would be more like it. Last year, I have been informed, there were 213 murders in Chicago. In New York, with a population two and a half times as large as Berlin's present three million, there were 292; the worst year New York ever had was back in the prohibition days of 1932, when there were 449 murders, one of the highest records ever made by any metropolis since the Romans quit throwing Christians to the lions. Well, unless there's a vast surge of moral regeneration here within the next few weeks, it's more than likely that by the last day of July—the end of Berlin's statistical year—at least 550

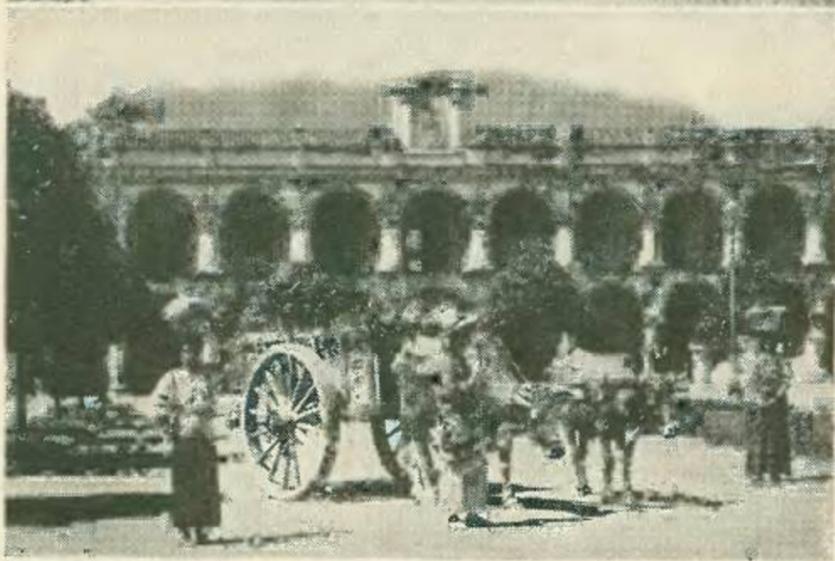


"I don't suppose you happen to have a match on you, do you?"

FLY by CLIPPER to *Mexico* and *Guatemala*

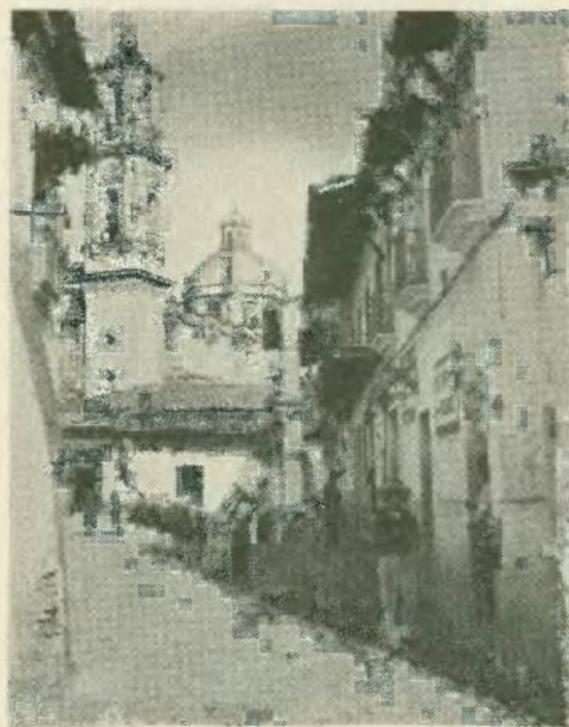


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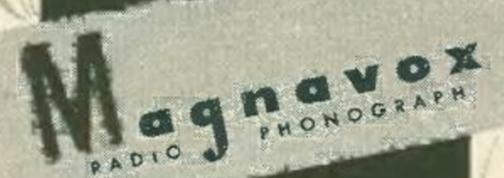


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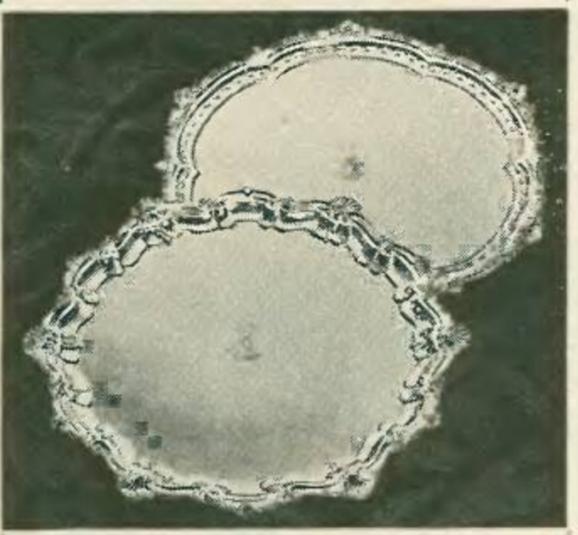
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murders will have been reported in the city for the preceding twelve months. From the first of last August to the end of June, 535 murders were reported in Berlin, a monthly average of a little under fifty. As soon as the Russians captured Berlin, on May 2nd of last year, they disarmed the police force and threw most of its members, including statisticians, into prison. As a result, there aren't any trustworthy statistics on crime here during May, June, and July of last year. During the first sixty days after the new authorities began to keep tabs again, there were 131 murders. This June's figures, which have just come in, include only twenty-eight murders, possibly because of the unusually heavy rains the city has been having. A sunnier July may prove to be another fifty-murder month. Whatever the grand total for the year will be, Berlin's 535 murders in eleven months are quite a contrast to the 40 that were reported in the whole of 1927, when the city had a million or so more residents than it has now.

In all four sectors, Berlin's Nazi police were eventually replaced by a new police force, and early this year these men were issued weapons. This move, however, has proved to be far from the whole answer to Berlin's appalling crime problem. The Police Department has between fourteen and fifteen thousand men, which would seem to be adequate (New York at present has only about nineteen thousand), but the personnel is still green, although it is learning fast in its grim laboratory. The department's principal handicaps are lack of communications and transportation. Its small amount of inter-stationhouse radio and teletype equipment is obsolete. Surprisingly, the Berlin police never had two-way radios in their patrol cars and are only just beginning to get some from the American authorities. Many crooks in Berlin these days have fast automobiles. The police in the American sector, which has a population of approximately a million, have been trying to do their work with only two dozen passenger cars (all in miserable shape), a few beat-up old trucks and patrol wagons, a handful of battered light motorcycles of the one-lung type, two hundred and twenty-four bicycles, and six tricycles. As for phoning the police for help, there are less than five thousand homes with telephones in all Berlin, which has an area of some three hundred and forty square miles, only slightly less than that of New York City's five boroughs; if somebody here is

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choking your uncle, you may have to run thirty or forty blocks to let the police know.

ALL the victims of those 535 murders were civilians. When one Allied soldier kills another, which doesn't happen frequently, the casualty is tabulated in a separate column. Some of the killers of the civilians were civilians and some were soldiers on the loose, and there was often considerable confusion about which was which. The talk of Berlin a while back was a gang of four Russian soldiers and a Russian Wac who were dashing around the city in a car sticking up citizens (often stripping them to their underwear) and murdering some who resisted. When the gang was finally captured, its five members turned out to be Germans in bogus Russian uniforms. Berlin is full of bogus uniforms, each one approximating that of some Allied nation and each clothing the person of some no-good who ought to be in jail. This makes it hard for Berlin police reporters, who have to write warily, like this: "Ten foreigners wearing uniforms of a certain power last night again attacked the Anhalter Station, fired on the guards, plundered the baggage room, and escaped into the darkness." Of course, the fact that all newspapers here are under Allied supervision may have something to do with this editorial caution.

To add to the confusion, many soldiers have been running wild in civilian clothes. Since the capture of Berlin, hundreds of Red Army soldiers have deserted and are prowling the city, without work papers or food cards, living by their wits. (Desertion has not been a problem among the troops of the other Allies.) The motive for the majority of Berlin's postwar murders is robbery, and robbery has unquestionably been a necessary means of existence for at least some of these Russian mavericks. In addition to the deserters, there are thousands of other fugitives, of many nationalities, who prefer freebooting among the ruins to returning home. Among them are former prisoners of war from Poland and Yugoslavia, Vichy Frenchmen and Italian Fascists who will not (or dare not) return to their countries, and displaced persons. The Russians, by the way, are assiduously pursuing their deserters. One night last winter, a Red Army patrol entered the British sector and, with tommy guns unslung, crashed a hotel on the Kurfürstendamm in which the British correspondents were lodged, and proceeded to search the premises. No deserters were found, and



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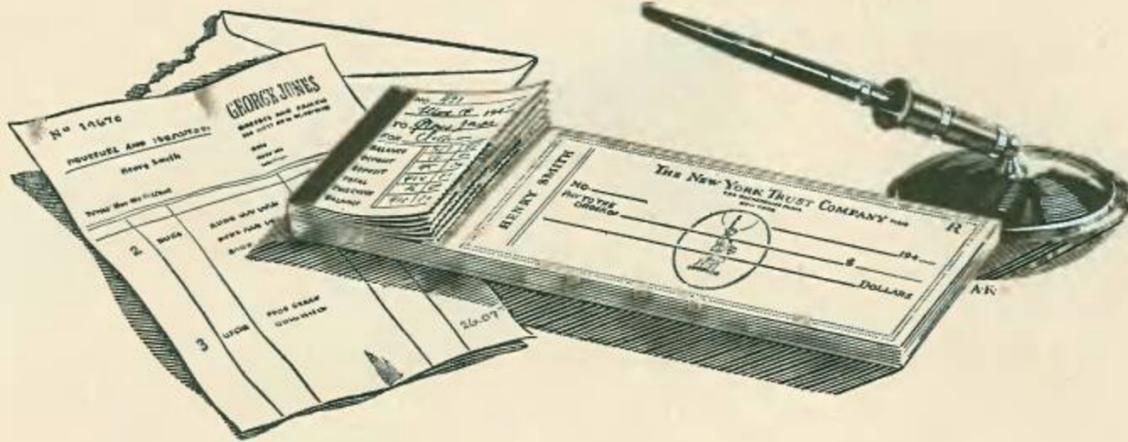
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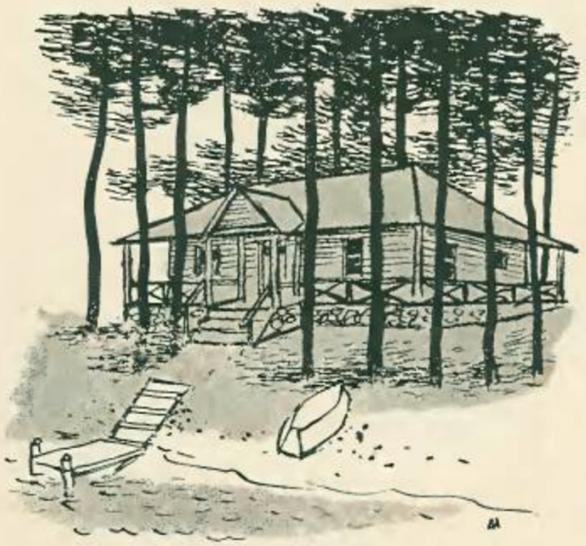
only a few of the lodgers actually suffered apoplectic strokes.

I don't mean to imply that all the murders in Berlin are being committed by foreign desperadoes. The Germans, too, are murdering. After all, twenty per cent of the inmates of their concentration camps were professional criminals, and when the camps were liberated, a great many of them went back to being criminals. Moreover, there is no crime a hungry man, if he is hungry enough, won't commit to get food, or to get money to get food, and the Germans probably haven't been as hungry as they are now since the Thirty Years' War. Not long ago, in Berlin, an eight-year-old boy strangled a two-year-old girl and stole her clothes to get money for food. Whenever, owing to the scarcity of food, a draft horse belonging to a civilian drops dead in the street, Berliners rush to it with knives and start carving steaks from it, even before the animal's harness has been removed. If the driver protests, he gets the same respect that Sutter got in 1848 when gold was discovered on his land in California.

THE story of the blind man in the Knesebeckstrasse gives some idea of how Berliners' minds are working. Late one afternoon, a young woman was on her way home from her office when, on the Knesebeckstrasse, a residential street in a badly bombed neighborhood, a blind man bumped into her while she was waiting for a traffic light. He was a tall, gaunt, middle-aged man, wearing black spectacles, an old sweater, and plus-fours that reached almost to his ankles, and he was feeling his way with a cane. In his other hand, he was carrying a letter. On one arm was the yellow brassard, marked with a pyramid of three black balls, which all blind or deaf Germans are supposed to wear on the street. The blind man apologized for bumping into the woman. She told him that it was nothing and asked if she could be of any assistance. He said that, as a matter of fact, she could, and he handed her the letter and asked her to direct him to the address on the envelope. The letter was addressed to someone living quite a distance down the Knesebeckstrasse, and the woman told the man that he had many blocks to travel. "Ach, Gott, I've walked so far today!" he said. "Could you possibly deliver it for me?" She told him that she'd be glad to; she'd be passing the address on her way home anyhow, so it would be no trouble at all. The blind man thanked her warmly, the two said

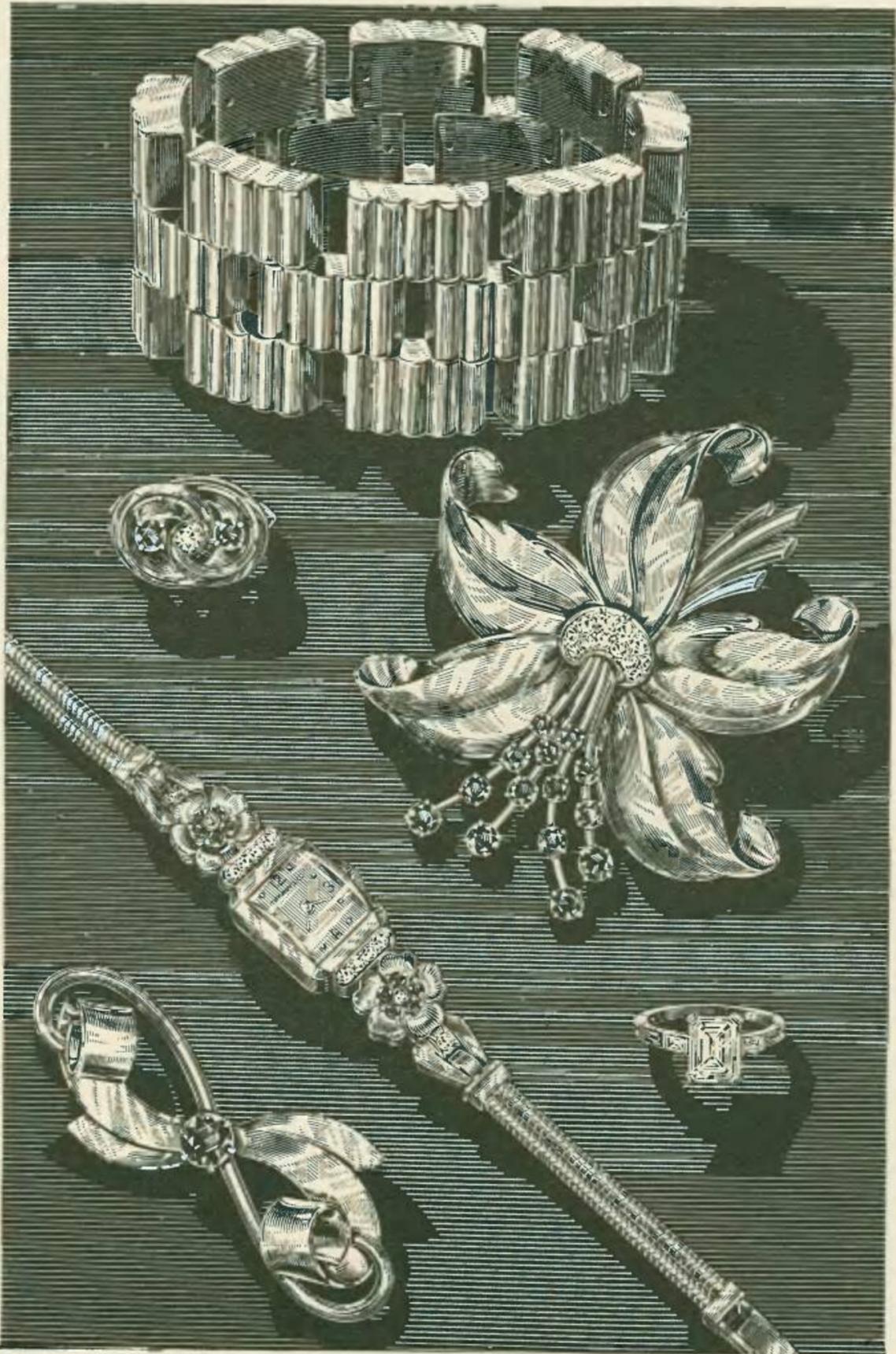
auf Wiedersehen, and he tapped off down the street, in the direction she had come from. She had gone twenty or thirty yards when she happened to glance back to see if the blind man was making out all right. He was indeed making out all right: he was walking rapidly along the sidewalk with his cane under his arm. There was no mistaking those long plus-fours. Instead of delivering the letter, the woman took it to a police station and told how it had come into her possession. The police went to the apartment the envelope was addressed to, and found there two men and a woman and a quantity of meat that, upon inspection, was declared by a doctor to be human flesh. The letter in the envelope consisted of a single sentence: "This is the last one I am sending you today."

This story is pure myth. Yet all the Germans I know in Berlin, as well as a number of others I have questioned, have heard it, and ninety-five per cent of them have believed it. Quite frequently, some man I've discussed the story with has given me a hint, a sort of mustache-twirling implication, that he was personally acquainted with the young woman who so narrowly escaped being sold by the pound. Plump, she has been described to me as being; plump but exceedingly pretty. For quite a while, I found almost no Berliner who doubted the blind-man story. There are two reasons for this. First, it's hard to imagine anything so outré that it couldn't happen in Berlin these days, and, secondly, most Berliners over thirty can remember a historical precedent. In 1925, Fritz Haarmann, or the Hanover Ogre, as he was known all over Europe, was executed for doing in two dozen male adolescents and selling choice cuts of them to the public. He also confessed to the processing and distribution of several dozen more youths not even mentioned in the testimony—thirty or forty, he couldn't be sure. Almost the entire population of Hanover



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went on a vegetarian diet for several years afterward, I'm told.

So much for killing in Berlin, except to record that suicides are averaging five a day. Most of them are elderly people whom the war has left alone in the world. This figure, however, isn't much higher than normal for the city, which has long had an extraordinarily high rate of suicide. The *Tagesspiegel*, Berlin's leading newspaper, observed with sorrowful pride the other day, "That the suicide rate, under present conditions, isn't higher, speaks for Berliners."

WHEN a community goes in vigorously for murder, its activities in other fields of crime are also likely to be brisk. Berlin bears out this criminological commonplace, though certain activities are curtailed because of shortages. For instance, this city, between the two wars, was quite a place for narcotics, but there are few narcotic cases here now, because there are few narcotics. Counterfeiting requires machinery and materials; consequently there is not much counterfeiting. But take a transgression like stealing, for which the material prerequisites are small. Next to murder, stealing is the most spectacular category of crime in Berlin today. Again, a comparison of Berlin and New York may be instructive. In New York, during the whole of last year, there were 2,245 reported burglaries; the figure in Berlin for a single recent month was 9,650. In New York, there were 14,000 grand-larceny cases last year, which included over 12,000 thefts of automobiles; in one week of last March here, 978 grand larcenies were reported. If Berlin's car thieves had as many automobiles to choose from as New York's have, they would make that score of 12,000 a year look like hitting fungos. Leaving a non-military automobile parked at a curb in Berlin, even with its doors and ignition system locked, is, I should say, a seventy-five-per-cent risk by day and a ninety-nine-per-cent risk by night. (Stealing an Army car is considered too dangerous a proposition.) A favorite trick of car thieves here is for two or three of them to cruise around in what is ostensibly a repair car until they find a parked automobile with no one in it. They smash a hole in the windshield or in one of the windows, reach in and open a door, install one man at the wheel, then hitch the car to their own and haul it off for repairs.

New York had slightly less than four holdups a day last year; now that arms have been given to the Berlin police,

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holdups here have dropped off some, but they are still running around nine or ten daily. When, not long ago, three gunmen walked into the Veterinary College in the center of the city, stuck up the clerks in the bursar's office, and escaped with a hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth (at prewar prices) of platinum intended for scientific work, no local newspaper editor thought the incident worth more than a two-inch story. Last fall and winter, before the police were armed, riding on the *S-Bahn*, the city's elevated system, was like riding the Deadwood Stage in the Wild Bill Hickock era, except that holdups on the *S-Bahn* were even more frequent. There was one on almost every train that made the twelve-minute run at night between the Grunewald and Nikolassee stations, the longest non-stop stretch on the line; often whole trainloads of passengers were frisked by gunmen, in the manner of Jesse and Frank James. A newspaper cartoon that struck Berliners as funny at that time showed two masked bandits, guns drawn, running across an *S-Bahn* platform to catch a train. A passenger inside the train, his hair standing on end, was looking out at them, and on the platform a uniformed official was saying, "Kindly hurry in getting aboard."

As another manifestation of this Wild West spirit, cattle rustlers and horse thieves are active in Berlin. Within the city itself there are a number of real farms, and about its perimeter are scores of villages devoted to agriculture and animal husbandry. Not long ago, cattle rustling became so prevalent that an Animal Registry Office was established at which owners must register all newborn stock, the idea being that the animals will be stolen eventually and a public record of them may facilitate their recovery. Some horse thieves don't wait for the sun to go down—they simply point their guns and drive their booty away by daylight—but most of them operate by night. A teamster in north Berlin was murdered the other evening as he was stabling his two horses at the end of a long working day. Whether the thieves wanted the animals to sell, work, or eat is not known.

Fraud is another popular crime in Berlin. The coups that Berlin confidence men make nowadays are seldom large, for private bank deposits are frozen and it is therefore impossible for a sucker to draw out money for a con man to relieve him of. The case of a con man who passed himself off as an orchestra leader and worked on small-time musicians is typical of the scale of



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confidence operations in Berlin these days. He was organizing a new band, he said, and he extracted watches, other jewelry, schnapps, and inconsiderable amounts of money from musicians by promising them jobs. The scale of this fellow's operations was, as I have said, typical, but his appearance was atypical, at least to anyone accustomed to thinking of con men as robust, jovial, cigar-chewing economic individualists. I quote from his police dossier: "Height, 5 feet 10 inches; build, slender; face, oval; eyes, small, brown, and close together; nose, strikingly large; when last seen, the subject had dyed and waved light blond hair and red-lacquered fingernails."

Another bizarre type of manipulator is known as the *Süssstoffgangster*, or Sweetstuff Gangster. For several months, the *Süssstoffgangster* were among the biggest operators on the black market, paying up to the equivalent in marks of a thousand dollars for a kilogram (2.2 pounds) of crystal sugar. According to police information, the sugar was being purchased for anti-administration gangs in Poland to use for making explosives. Small-arms ammunition fetches high prices on the black market. A G.I. friend of mine was offered seventy-five cents apiece for pistol cartridges and a dollar each for rifle shells, the latter, according to his understanding, for export. He turned this information over to the Provost Marshal.

OTHERS in our occupation forces here haven't been so virtuous. A number of robberies were committed by a famous American division while on Berlin duty last fall and winter when the \$300 or more that the Russians would pay for a cheap watch became too great a temptation for some of the boys, who took to sticking up the customers in small cafés and nocturnal pedestrians and stealing their timepieces. The members of this outfit became known around town as *Russen mit Bügelfalten*, or "Russians with trouser creases." (The conduct of the division which replaced the *Russen mit Bügelfalten* has been exemplary.) Crime among our occupation forces hasn't been restricted to the enlisted men. One night in a tough district of the city, a German detective, after a good deal of uproar, collared a Polish burglar and found about ten thousand dollars' worth of marks on him. An American lieutenant happened to pass, saw the crowd that had gathered about captor and captive, and stopped to look into the trouble. The detective, who could speak a little



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English, explained the situation and called on the officer for help, saying that he was confident he could get the Pole to the stationhouse unaided, for nobody would bother about rescuing a Pole for himself alone, but he was afraid that the neighborhood hoodlums might gang up on him and steal the cash. Would the *Herr Leutnant* be so good as to take charge of the cash and leave it at the stationhouse? The *Herr Leutnant* agreed, signed a receipt for the money, and departed. It required some time for the detective to wrestle the Pole to the stationhouse. When he got there, the *Herr Leutnant* hadn't yet turned up. The detective took out the receipt and examined the signature, which read, "John Doe, Lt., A.U.S."

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THE TENNIS COURTS

Open and Shut

THE National Professional Tennis Championships at Forest Hills last week were so well attended that they are bound to raise once again a couple of questions that recurrently plague that watchful old duenna, the United States Lawn Tennis Association. The first one, as you might guess, is "Why won't the Association allow its amateurs to play against the pros in open tournaments?" To this, the Association always replies that open tournaments would be detrimental to the future of amateur tennis. The second question is, inevitably, "How come?" At this point, the Association just admires the view from the porch



until the subject is changed. If you suggest that open competition might improve the quality of amateur play, you are likely to be subjected to a barrage of tweedy derision by as many of the members of the Association's thirty-four committees and subcommittees as are within earshot. They will explain that the quality of amateur tennis is O.K. as it is and needs no help from such as earn their livelihood on the courts. If, as I did, you venture still further and say right out that you would like to see how the best amateurs—Frank Parker, Jack Kramer, and Billy Talbert—would do against the best pros—Bobby Riggs, Donald Budge, and Frank Kovacs—you will be brusquely informed that the amateurs are every bit as good. The Association simply feels that mingling with the professionals might contaminate the amateurs, and never mind why it feels that way.

A few years ago, when the professionals were having a relatively tough time with their gate receipts, they were inclined to be bitter toward the U.S.L.T.A.'s policy. They declared, in effect, that the U.S.L.T.A. was clinging to a nineteenth-century English point of view, which held that amateurs were wealthy and didn't work for a living. They said that this was all wrong in twentieth-century America, and that if the U.S.L.T.A. frowned on professionals' using the same entrances as amateurs when entering or leaving clubhouses, it might at least consider some system of revolving doors.

But the professionals' gate receipts are up now, and bitterness has been supplanted by tolerance. That retired actor, William Tatem Tilden II, who, questioned during last week's pageant at Forest Hills, admitted modestly that he was in charge of everything from programs to prize money, summed up the new attitude of his colleagues when he referred to the Association as "a lot of *sincere* stuffed shirts."

THE innovation of this year's National Professional Championships was that all the pros who had a prayer of winning either the singles or the doubles were on hand. In the past, you may recall, there were two rival groups, one headed by Tilden and the other by Budge and Riggs. Each held an annual national affair, and each billed its winner as the champ. Possibly influenced by the confusion flourishing in certain other professional sports, notably boxing and wrestling, in which it is common to have more than one champion, the two groups agreed last winter to quit horsing around and merge—a decision which has benefited everyone, including the public.

Last week, the old college try was just as much in evidence among the pros as it ever is in the amateur circuit, and the quality of play was, with one sad exception, generally superb. In fact, I don't think there will be anything nearly so good at Forest Hills until the same group shows up there again, presumably next summer. The one sad exception was the curious collapse of Budge's game in the final, when Riggs beat him in straight sets, losing only five games. Riggs played beautiful tennis, to be sure, but not beautiful enough to win that easily against Budge, who has beaten Riggs almost as many times as Riggs has beaten him. The dismal statistics are that Budge ran up some sixty errors in the fifty-six minutes it took for him to lose, including three consecutive double faults in one game. After a linesman called the last of those double faults, one emotional spectator cried out, "Oh, no, Don!" in much the same tones that the little boy supposedly used when he begged Shoeless Joe Jackson to say it wasn't so.

The story of the skating paper-clip, etc...

The best match of the tournament, in both quality and competition, was the quarter-final between Kovacs and Van Horn, two of the hardest hitters in the game. Kovacs, probably *the* hardest hitter, was listless and inclined to be clownish (a habit, incidentally, that a lot of people would be happy to see him drop) during the first two sets, which he lost, 1-6, 1-6. Then he stopped playing to the gallery and started playing Van Horn, with the result that he won three sets of as fine tennis as I have ever seen. His serves were so fast that Van Horn frequently just stood there, laughing hollowly.

Carl Earn, a young Californian eliminated by Budge in the quarter-finals, fascinated the onlookers with the complicated undulations of his play. His forehand describes a sort of figure eight, and several times, at the end of one of his over-the-head follow-throughs, he managed to tap himself smartly on the spine with his racket frame. His serve involves a series of moves not unlike Kipling's description of an armadillo uncoiling itself and is accompanied by a staccato grunt. His ambition, he says in all seriousness, is to teach tennis. His pupils will at least get a lot of exercise.

SERVICE BREAKS: It was a fine sight to see the faces of the entrants in the clubhouse light up when word got around Sunday afternoon that the gross receipts for the week's work totalled nearly \$35,000, the biggest gate ever for a professional tournament. . . . When Riggs was asked about the likelihood of one of the prominent amateurs' turning professional, he said, "I doubt it. He told me a while ago he was making more as an amateur than he ever could in our league."

—P. W. W., JR.

LETTERS WE NEVER FINISHED READING

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We might as well be frank about this: When we want new subscribers we buy or rent lists of likely prospects and write letters to them. Some lists are cheap; others are very expensive because of the type of prospect.

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(1) . . .

When ballet was lifted from the stage and put on ice about ten years ago, the new profession of ice choreography was born. Top woman in this field is Frances Claudet, choreographer for the Ice Follies. Aboard the *Constellation* between New York and Chicago a short while back, Frances explained how she works out the graceful and complex



skating maneuvers for the show. She does them on paper first, then brings out a miniature ice rink. On this, she explains the routines to the two hundred members of the cast, using beans, nuts and paper-clips to indicate people. Finally, the ballet is rehearsed in a full-sized arena. Here is a picture of Miss Claudet and her dinky rink.

☆☆☆

The *Constellation*, with its Normalair cabin, is well equipped to enter the rarefied atmosphere of high fashion. *VOGUE* reports that Schiaparelli presented a "*Constellation* Travel Bag" in her Paris collection. Marshall Field & Co., Chicago, recognized a good thing and bought it several weeks before the opening.

☆☆☆

There was a man on a *Constellation* the other day whose company deals in artificial height. His name is Kenneth Elliott of AiResearch. Out where Mr. Elliott works in California, you can step into a stationary steel vacuum chamber and be figuratively hoisted 65,000 feet into the stratosphere, a fallow place where it is 70 degrees below zero and there is no

oxygen to speak of, or to breathe. In these surroundings, AiResearch engineers continuously keep going a little higher than airplanes can. As Mr. Elliott says, in his business they're always scraping the top of the barrel. Incidentally, he fared better in the *Constellation* than he would in AiResearch's chamber. He flew from New York to Los Angeles at five miles a minute, had a room temperature of 75 degrees above zero, and, in spite of the 20,000-foot altitude, everybody in the plane's pressurized cabin could breathe fine.

☆☆☆

Tahia Korim is an Egyptian actress who has made 25 movies in Arabic, speaks ten languages, and owns her own picture studio. She says that on one leg of her recent flight from Cairo to New York the *Constellation* covered in eight hours the same distance some relatives of hers did in 20 days last month by train.

☆☆☆

Two thousand baby chicks rode the *Constellation* to Honolulu a couple of weeks ago, and the peculiar cargo so intrigued Ralph Phillips, captain of the ship, that he doodled this chick to be



added to the *Constellation* art collection. There were also some tropical guppies aboard which, says Captain Phillips, is sort of like flying coals to Newcastle.

☆☆☆

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Just a Big, Helpless Kid



IN "Easy to Wed," Van Johnson is supposed to be not the shy, fumbling fellow he usually portrays but a bold heartbreaker, dead set on compromising an heiress in order to make her kill a libel suit that she has entered against the paper for which he works. This new-day Johnson, I am sorry to report, still makes use of the old-time Johnson's mannerisms, and will undoubtedly continue to exercise a peculiar charm over those young ladies who are currently passing through their adolescence as noisily and untidily as possible. Mr. Johnson, it seems to me, is fairly typical of the dream boys that Hollywood likes to set up as representative American youths, and as such he is an interesting phenomenon. In pursuing a romance, Mr. Johnson avoids the forthright tactics that used to propel ladies into old-fashioned heroes' brawny arms. Instead, he is inclined to blush and stammer his way along, assuming in moments of high ardor the look of a water spaniel, which is not too inappropriate an expression for him to wear in "Easy to Wed," since the heroine is the aquatic Esther Williams. It is possible that Mr. Johnson's air of helplessness is the reason for his success with the maidens of the land. But for dramatic purposes, it might be a good thing if Mr. Johnson and the other young Hollywood heroes put less of Baby LeRoy in their characterizations and a little bit more of, say, Richard Dix.

My observations on Mr. Johnson seem to have led me rather far from "Easy to Wed," but they are really pertinent, since he carries most of the burden of keeping things going in the film. Besides Miss Williams, whom he kisses underwater in a scene brimful of whimsy, Mr. Johnson has Lucille Ball and Keenan Wynn as his assistants. Miss Ball, resembling, in gaudy Technicolor, an oil-well fire, plays one of those illiterate young women who are so insistently used as comic relief in pictures, and Mr. Wynn is a scheming newspaper straw boss. These two are worth an occasional smile, but only a very small one. It's too bad, I think, that the producers didn't say the hell

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with this picture, and again release the film from which it stems. The original was known as "Libeled Lady," and William Powell, Myrna Loy, Jean Harlow, and Spencer Tracy made a very funny business of it back in 1936.

IN "Renegades," there's a family called the Dembrows that goes around stealing and killing and rustling all the time. There is also a good doctor who spends so much of his time in gun-play with the Dembrows that he doesn't have much time for his patients. That about winds up "Renegades," but I should like to point out a trend in Westerns that is a bit upsetting. In these cowtown dramas, nobody seems to get dirty and the houses the cowhands live in would have an interior decorator prancing with delight. This doesn't make for authenticity, and neither does the fact that the women all dress like what a friend of mine used to call Bendel stiffs.

—JOHN McCARTEN

[LAUGHTER] ON CAPITOL HILL

[From the Congressional Record]

MR. TAFT. The Senator misses the entire point of the amendment.

MR. BARKLEY. No; I do not miss it. If the Senator will give me time I shall try to develop my idea of the difference between the two amendments.

The main point is that the Byrd amendment prohibits a certain thing, and the Green-Pepper amendment makes it lawful; that is, it provides that it shall not be unlawful. The amendment offered by the distinguished Senator from Virginia has been modified several times.

MR. TOBEY. Mr. President, will the Senator yield?

MR. BARKLEY. I yield.

MR. TOBEY. Has the Senator been reading seed catalogs lately? He speaks about "GREEN-PEPPER." [Laughter.]

MR. BARKLEY. I have not. I have been so busy lately that I have not been able to do any garden planning, and therefore I have not been able to read seed catalogs. I have not been interested physically or horticulturally in the question of either green peppers or red peppers.

MR. TOBEY. The Senator has some hot stuff now. [Laughter.]

MR. BARKLEY. I rejoice in hot stuff. I have no objection to hot stuff. I rather like it. But let me get back to the subject. I do not wish to be diverted so that I shall be speaking for a longer time than I intended.

MR. PEPPER. Mr. President, will the Senator yield?

MR. BARKLEY. I yield.

MR. PEPPER. Should not the Senator say to the Senator from New Hampshire, "Tobey sure"? [Laughter.]

MR. BARKLEY. I am not interested in whether it is "Red Pepper" or "Tobey-asco," both of which I enjoy. [Laughter.]



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IT NEVER TOUCHED ME

THE psychiatrist was saying something about the war, as Mrs. Lewis had known he would. That was one of the reasons she hadn't wanted to consult him when her husband had urged her to; she had known that he would be like this—stupid, bland, with comforting generalizations. "The war has affected us all," he said.

"Not me," she wanted to tell him. "Everyone but me." If there was something the matter, if she was acting neurotic, it was because she was forty, or because she had made wrong choices twenty years before, or because of certain mistakes of her parents, for which she wasn't responsible—with her, it wasn't the war. She wanted to tell him, but she didn't dare speak, for she could feel herself getting angry. And after the anger would come tears. If she began to cry, she wouldn't be able to stop, and the hour would be wasted—the precious, expensive hour that was to illumine the mistakes her parents had made, for which she wasn't responsible.

She had been a little girl in April, 1917. She remembered oatmeal bread, and the parade in November, 1918, to celebrate the false armistice, with a burning effigy of the Kaiser. And by September, 1939, she had had two little girls of her own, one six and the other almost three, a successful husband, and a pleasant, easy, full suburban life.

She remembered all the dates that meant so much to other people. September 2, 1939. She had taken the children swimming the afternoon the Germans had marched into Poland. Afterward, they had had dinner in the restaurant pavilion overlooking the lake. It was always a treat to eat away from home, not to have to cook the meal and wash the dishes. The children were unusually good, quiet, tidy, and agreeable, leaving her attention to spare for the sunset over the water and for a rich, Byronic unhappiness about the words coming from the radio: "The lamps are going out all over Europe..." Appropriately enough, the sun went down into the lake in

a gold-and-crimson splendor. The end of civilization. It had been a pleasant afternoon. And now, seven years after the end of civilization, she was consulting an expensive psychiatrist because she couldn't control her temper with the children and flew into rages at the most trivial provocation, or at none at all.

She remembered a spring morning in 1940 when she had unfolded the *Times* and read that the Germans had invaded Norway. And a month or so later, on Mother's Day, she and her husband and the children had driven over to see her mother-in-law. Her husband's brothers and sisters and their families were there, and all the men sat around the radio with their heads in their hands and listened to the destruction of Holland. They couldn't be persuaded to come to dinner until it was cold, although you could hear the radio perfectly well in the dining room.

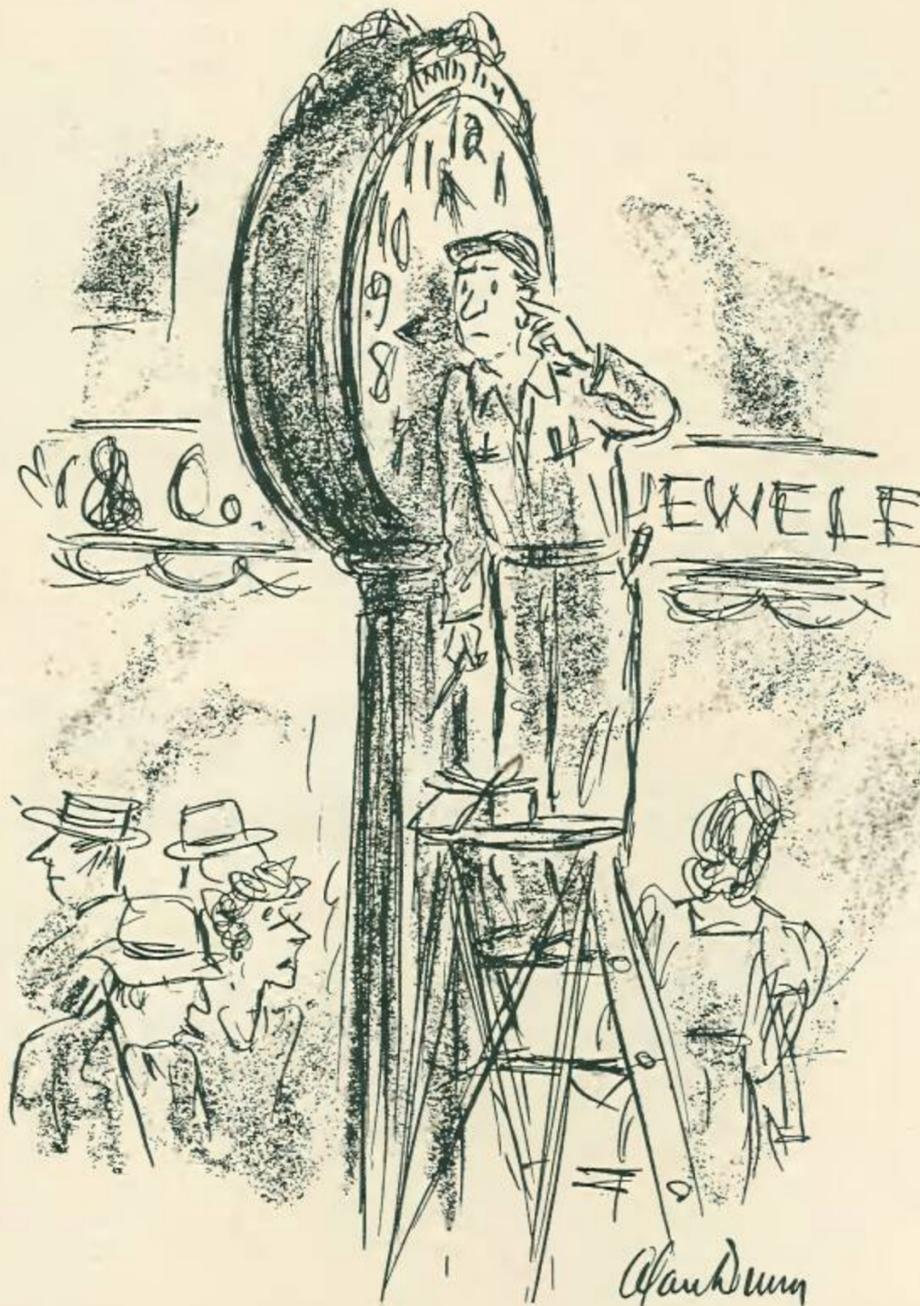
She was pregnant that summer, and the people who had been so flatteringly happy about the birth of her first two children looked at her a little askance, wondering—some covertly, some openly—why she should want another child now. It wasn't until a year or two later

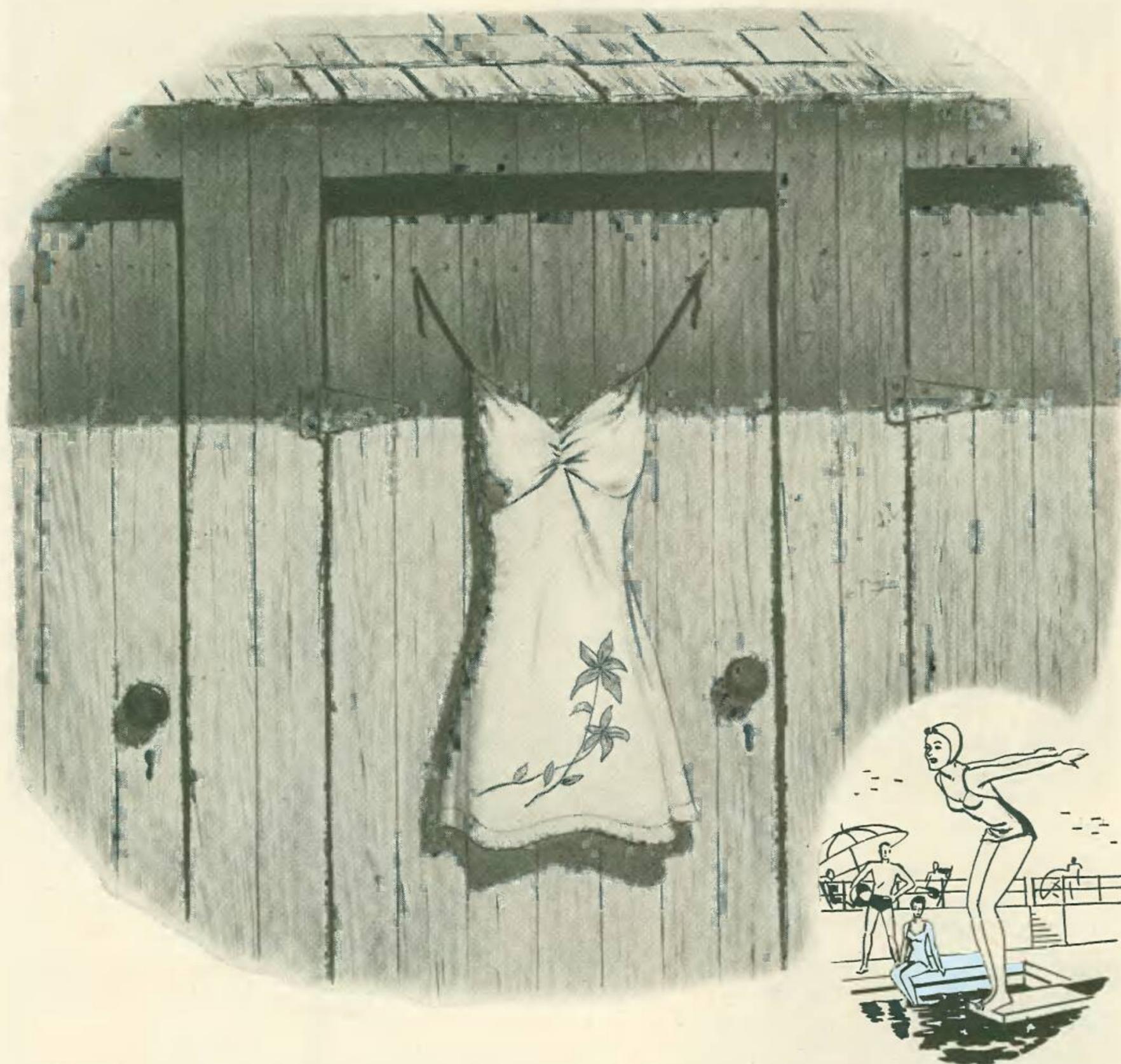
that babies got to be fashionable again. "I suppose you expect to be congratulated on the production of cannon fodder," one of her franker friends had written. It was a drearily uncomfortable pregnancy; all that summer she moved heavily about the house and yard to the sound of doom from the radio, and the boy was born in the very middle of the Battle of Britain. He was a frail and fretful baby; they tried all sorts of formulas and still he wouldn't gain weight. She remembered thinking in October, when she was desperately frightened about him, If I could choose, would I rather London should stand or this new formula agree with him? It was a game she had played with herself all her life, to test the honesty of her emotions, but this time, of course, the question was its own answer. Well, the formula had turned out all right (Similac), and London had weathered the storm, too, no thanks to her.

MRS. LEWIS was a pacifist by conviction, or had been in college. Since then, there had never been time, really, to reexamine her convictions. No one cared at all whether a middle-aged mother of three was a pacifist or not. She had hoped America would not have to get in the war, and yet she felt dreadfully ashamed to be happy and comfortable.

Her husband was pleased that he was not too old to register for the first draft, though of course he did not expect to be called. The December afternoon when the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor was not pleasant, as the September afternoon two years earlier had been. The children were romping in the living room and would not be quiet. It was one of the first times she had screamed at them. "Listen!" she said. "It's war! It's the most dreadful day of your lives. You'll remember it as long as you live!" So they stopped romping to listen a few minutes, obediently, like the well-trained children they were, and then went to the basement playroom to finish the game.

She remembered that month—how gay and excited people were; the belligerent Christmas cards; the lavish Christmas par-





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ties, with people saying, "It's just what we needed to unify the country. There couldn't have been a better way for us to get into it;" and everyone jealously eager to be in more danger of air raids than any of his friends.

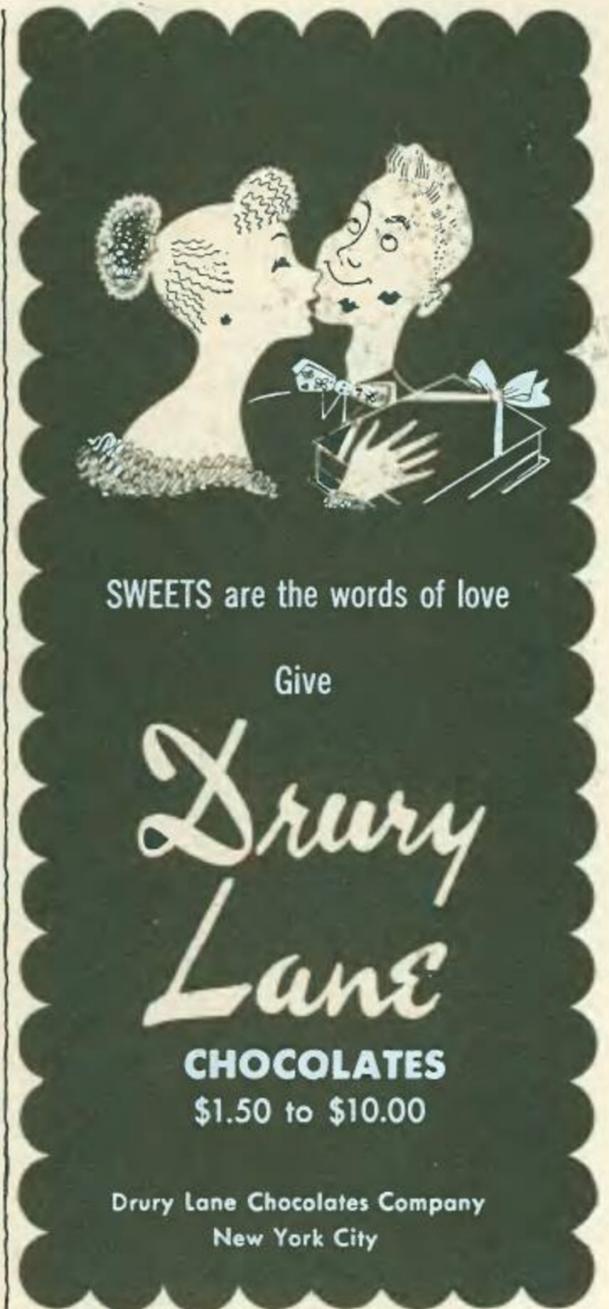
Shortly after the first of the year, she heard that young George Darnell had been killed at Pearl Harbor, and for a little while she believed that the war had touched her. George Darnell had grown up next door to her. He was six or eight years younger, and she remembered him as a gentle, large-eyed little boy, on the high-school swimming team, worrying about whether he would get an appointment to West Point. He was afraid he couldn't pass the physical examination. She remembered how proud the Darnell family and the neighbors had been when George got the appointment. After he was commissioned, he came to call once, very handsome in his uniform, bringing his pretty, stupid little wife. Now he was dead before his thirtieth year, because his family had taken an automobile trip the year he was fifteen and he had seen West Point and decided he wanted to go to school there.

She mentioned George's death a few times at teas and luncheons; it was so early in the war that almost no one else had lost friends or relatives, and people listened solemnly and respectfully. She really felt sad about it, too, didn't she? You couldn't help being fond of the little boy who grew up next door.

She stopped mentioning him after his wife's picture was in the paper, accepting George's medal. Apparently, someone had told the girl you should always smile for a newspaper photographer but had neglected to mention that a recent widow was a sound exception to the rule. There she was in the paper, draped in silver-fox skins, clutching a huge armload of roses, and grinning like a May queen. That was all that was left of George anywhere in the world.

THE dates got mixed up after 1942; Mrs. Lewis couldn't remember when the tire shortage began, and when it was coffee or gasoline or butter or cigarettes or meat—only that all the things she had worried about were inconvenient but trivial, so that she had had to be ashamed of minding. In the grocery store, they put up posters of a savage-looking Jap, labelled "Blame Him for Shortages," but people kept right on resenting and suspecting one another.

Then there was the loneliness of thinking things that no one else seemed



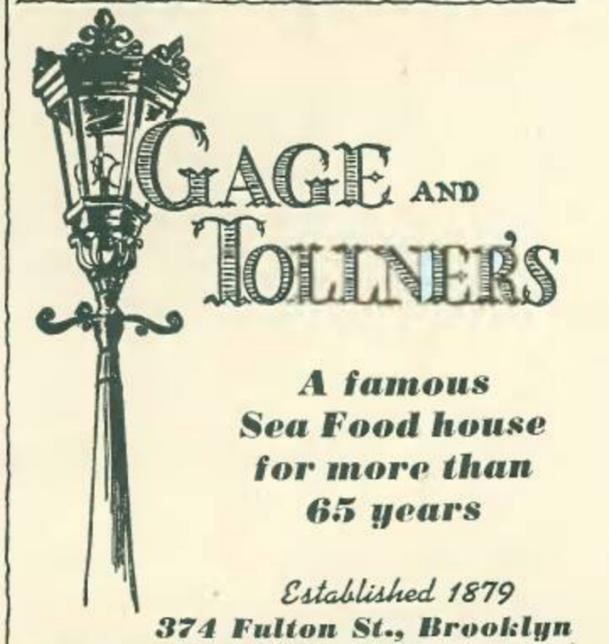
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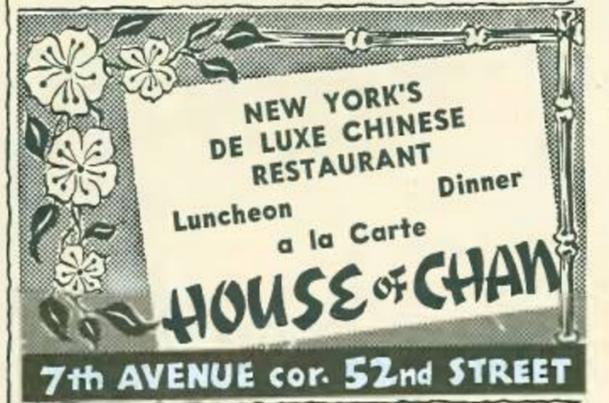
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to think. In her youth, she had supposed it would be splendid to have original ideas and the courage of her convictions, like Newton or Galileo or Shelley, but there was no use talking pacifism when it would only embarrass the children at school. Besides, she really didn't see that anyone had more freedom of choice than she had herself, or that the country could be doing anything but what it was doing. She took it out in having odd notions—for instance, that it was a dirty trick for MacArthur to duck out at Bataan.

"But he *had* to," people would say, horrified or impatient, when they deigned to answer at all. "He was under orders. He was *needed*."

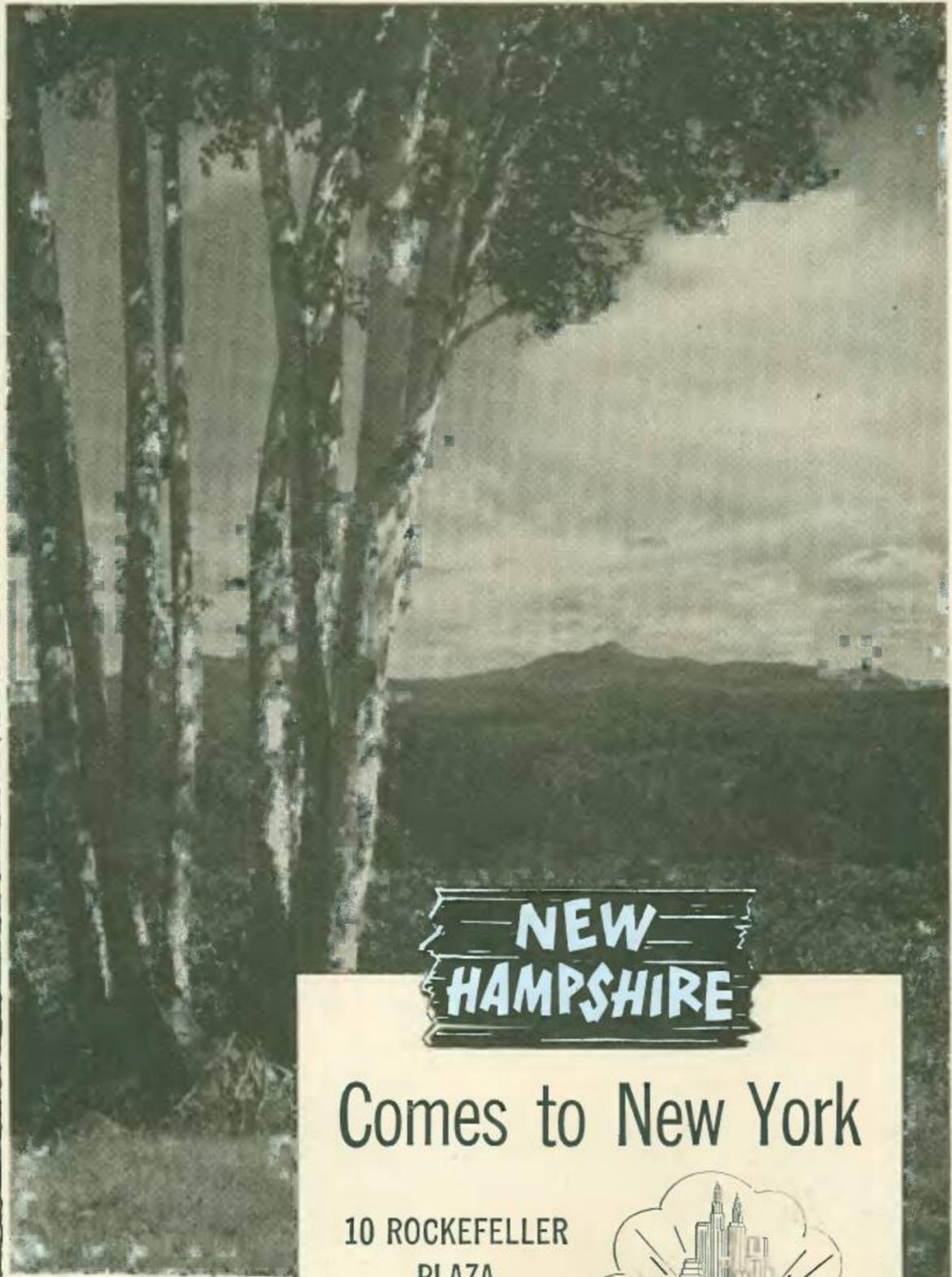
"O.K.," she would answer stubbornly, "but Washington didn't duck out at Valley Forge."

Then, there were other people's dead, letters of condolence, scrap drives, correspondents coming home and expressing their horror at the way the American people were taking the war. What did they expect her to do—howl? And her own life went on, just the same, but uncomfortable.

There had been a Japanese girl in her class in college—a childish, yellow butterfly of a girl named Fumiko. Mrs. Lewis had tried to find what had happened to her; someone said Fumiko had married a Communist and been disowned by her family, someone else that she was head of a flourishing girls' school near Tokyo. There was a girl, too, who married a Dutchman and appeared in the alumnae magazine as *Mevrouw Something-or-Other*, with a Dutch address. First, she had not been heard from for two years, and then she was dead of malnutrition and exposure, leaving two orphan sons. But it was impossible to think of her as anything but a fat, cheerful girl with pink cheeks and yellow, curly hair.

Donating blood was nothing at all like what Mrs. Lewis had been led to expect—just lying there on the table, opening and closing her hand, wondering if the nurse had forgotten about her, and, if so, whether she should risk making a scene or just bleed quietly to death.

Once, sitting in a doctor's crowded waiting room, looking at a slick-paper magazine, she had come upon a full-page picture of two dead German children. Their mother had dressed them neatly, shot each one through the head, and laid them out on the floor of the living room, hands crossed on their breasts, because the Americans were coming. Then it was Mrs. Lewis's turn, and she laid the magazine down and



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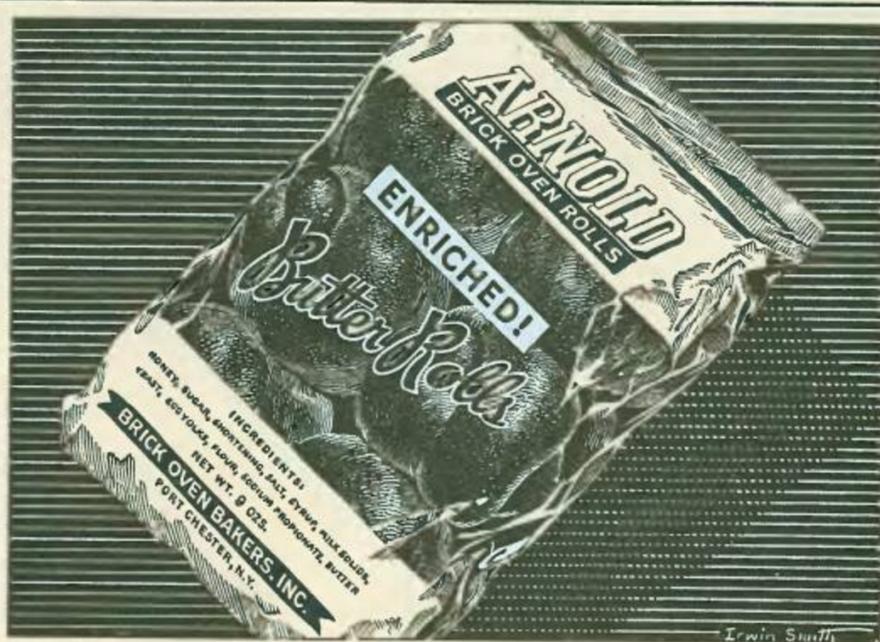
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went into the office with her own little boy and told the doctor that the swelling in the child's glands wouldn't go down, though he'd had his tonsils out and always took his vitamin pills and got eleven hours' sleep at night. The doctor was too busy to keep his records very accurately, and she had to remind him tactfully that her little boy was the one who couldn't take sulfathiazole—at least, it always made him break out in red spots all over and his fever would go up instead of down. All right, it was funny after the picture. But it wouldn't help to shoot her own little boy through the head and lay him out on the parlor floor—though, to judge from the daily papers, an increasing number of people seemed to think that it would. What could she do, then, that would be any less absurd than looking after his glands?

Then Germany surrendered, and the thin, shrewish girl at the grocery, who kept chocolate and bacon under the counter for other people but never for Mrs. Lewis, was saying, "It's over but it's not official, so we don't close for the day." And people smiled uncertainly as the line inched forward. On V-J Day, there were guests for dinner; she had cooked a big fish on a plank, and the conversation was divided about equally between fish and victory.

The war was over, and she could be glad. And then the boys started coming back, brown, bright-eyed, smiling, showing photographs, as if they had been on an extended hunting expedition. She had seen them in newsreels, in magazines, in dispatches, in fiction, in plays—haggard, lost, turned overnight from boys to old men, destroyed—and here they were, back again, looking as if nothing had happened, griping worse than civilians about cigarettes and shirts. Those who had hated Jews or niggers or Roosevelt still did, and some who hadn't hated anything hated labor unions now. The reckless ones who had needed Army discipline to make men of them were still boys. It was all over, the end of civilization, the greatest drama of humanity. She had watched it from a cushioned seat in the loges, and it had left her feeling dreadfully let down.

"I may as well set you straight on that now, Doctor," Mrs. Lewis said. "Whatever's wrong with me, it isn't the war." And then she began to cry.

—ANNA MARY WELLS

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[From the Chester (Pa.) Times]

Crawford is the newly-named Faulty Manager of athletics at Chester High.

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

THERE is considerable uproar at W. H. S. Lloyd, the wallpaper house at 48 West 48th Street, over the arrival of a shipment of hand-printed, wood-block papers from England. Lloyd's excitement, as such excitement goes, is justified; wallpapers like these are a rarity nowadays, as anyone who has tried to find them knows. The designs, which run to the formal, classic, and elegant (there are a reasonable number of modern ideas, also, and a few small, cottagey patterns for country bedrooms and such), are printed on stock of a quality to make your paperhanger beam. A lot of the papers are embellished with gold. A splendid one is a *chinoiserie* done on dead-white, flat-finish paper, with a bronze-and-brown design so highlighted with bright, gleaming gold that you would swear it was embossed. There are papers with that old-time satin and brocade look about them, too, and moire ones (a silvery-white striped affair decorated with Adam plaques in blue, for instance) that resemble heavy watered silk on the wall. I probably won't startle you by saying that these things run into money. In fact, prices in this imported group are generally what you would expect—high. Five dollars a roll is a starter, and some rolls run up to twenty dollars or so.

Also on hand at Lloyd's—and this may surprise the pessimists who are convinced that *everything* worth while has vanished from the market—is Anaglypta, and it's as good and as abundant as ever. Anaglypta is an old story at Lloyd's, and the firm stopped shouting about it so long ago that a whole new generation may well have grown to householder's estate without ever having heard the name. The stuff is rag pulp modelled under pressure into architectural forms, such as moldings and plaques for wall friezes and panels, and I should think it would be especially useful now that lumberyards are bare and contractors are often unable to complete a job for lack of just a few feet of door or window trim. Anaglypta is available in simple moldings and cornices, in widths up to seven inches (\$1 to \$3 for a strip sixty inches long). There are also such things as cupids (\$1.95 each), which can be used in a fancy frieze; nursery birds and animals (\$1 each for chickens, rabbits, and so on); and ships, shields, figures

of the Muses, and similar conceits, which have a way of putting decorating ideas into people's heads on sight. A rococo scroll molding of the composition can be cut up and fitted together in various ways; decorators like to use it for framing mirrors and for making fake headboards for beds or fancying up real ones. Not that you have to be a decorator to use Anaglypta—it's simply a matter of sticking the stuff to the wall, or wherever you want, by means of a putty-like preparation provided by Lloyd's. After that, it may be painted, varnished, or lacquered, just like wood or plaster.



PEOPLE have snatched up old oil lamps from the antique shops at such a rate that the pickings are now very lean indeed. You can, however, get reproductions of a number of the more familiar shapes and sorts, electrified or not, from an establishment with the strange name of Dinty Moore's Glass and Bottle Museum, at 158 West 11th Street. The curators here have done a very nice job on copies of single-standard brass student lamps, topped with the customary glass half globes in white or a color. A lamp like this costs \$35, electrified. Other pleasant, medium-sized table lamps have been copied from the old pedestal type, with marble or milk-glass bases, shiny brass shafts, and the oil-fount part in almost any color glass you can think of, including ruby glass with Bohemian cutting. These are sold in couples, unwired, for \$7 a pair and up. (As a matter of fact, straightforward oil lamps are almost a necessity in country houses, where summer storms and hurricanes often leave improvident residents in the dark for hours.) For \$2.50 a lamp, the shop will wire them for electricity. You will have to supply your own shades, though.

What the shop does offer in separate lampshades is an apparently unlimited supply of glass half globes for student lamps and for those homely, squat, and comfortable Rayo lamps of brass or nickel, which look as though they might have been rooted out of farmhouse attics. There are full globes as well, to top Victorian parlor lamps. The half globes are plain or fluted, and come in seven- and ten-inch sizes, in plain white, yellow, rose, pink, blue, or green; \$2 to \$5. The full globes come in four

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FROM SAN JOSÉ

Hola, Amigos!

My Almond Butter Crunch is the kind of candy that makes you mighty unhappy when you reach for a piece and discover it's all gone. The trouble is it vanishes quicker than a snowball on the 4th of July and that's how fast it melts in your mouth, too.

One of the things I make it out of is fresh creamery butter. And lots of it... You can't get it out to spread on your toast but you can taste it in every piece. I use plenty of rich milk chocolate, and monstrous California almonds, too.

A big vacuum-packed tin [fresh as the day it's made] will cost you \$1.22, isn't that outrageous? But it's lots of fun.

Gracias, amigos.

SEÑOR O'BRIEN from San José

P.S.

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LOS ANGELES

Times

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sizes; \$1.50 up. These last are all white, but the shop will—for an extra charge, of course—paint them a plain color to match a particular lamp or something else, or will trick them up with a copy of the pattern on the base of your lamp. What's more, if your lamp lacks the brass collar that holds the globe in place or the tripod arrangement that is required for half globes, the Glass and Bottle Museum can supply them; seventy-five cents for the collars, in various sizes, and \$1 for the tripods.

I would never have thought of looking for a tray in this place, but it turns out that they have an unusually good oval one with a picrust border. It comes in three sizes, the largest being twenty by thirty inches, and is made of a heavy, dull-surfaced metal that looks rather like pewter; \$3, \$5, and \$6. You can paint and decorate it yourself if you're handy about such things, or use it as is, which would be my own choice. While I'm about it, I probably ought to mention two other items at the Glass and Bottle Museum—drawer pulls and curtain holdbacks made from harness buttons. They're copies of old ones, and very nice-looking; \$1 each.

IN the same section of town, if you happen to be down that way, you can find the shop of Julian Goodenow, silversmith, at 18 Christopher Street (vicinity of Jefferson Market Courthouse). Everything at this place is made to order and by hand. Both hollow ware and flatware can be done in your own dream of the ideal silver pattern, or you can have them in a Goodenow interpretation of modern silver design, which leans toward the Swedish school. If you want to keep the price of the flatware down, it can be cast and then finished by hand. A complete place setting (dinner knife and fork, salad fork, bouillon spoon, teaspoon, and butter spreader), done this way, comes to about \$75, including the tax. Mr. Goodenow works equally well with gold, if that's been worrying you. —B. B.

ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[From a letter in the Boston Herald]

I had three great-grandfathers in the Revolutionary war, one with the Virginia army, one in Valley Forge, and one here in New Hampshire with Gen. Stark. Besides being a real great-granddaughter of the American Revolution I am a daughter of a Civil War veteran and a constant reader of The Boston Herald.

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REUNION

A FEW months ago, an Army lieutenant with our occupying forces in Japan thought it would be a good idea to promote a college reunion in Tokyo. The lieutenant is an ardent Cornell man. He had spent some years in Japan before the war, and he somehow managed to dig up the native remnants of the Cornell Alumni Association of Tokyo. Cornell men in the American Army were lured with notices posted at various strategic points. I saw one of them on the bulletin board of the Dai Ichi Hotel; I was on my way up to the room of a major who had chosen to ignore the many "Officers Only" signs in the lobby to the extent of offering me, a sergeant, the use of his hot bath.

The meeting was to be held in the old American Club, a conveniently located brick building which had escaped the incendiaries but had been allowed to fall into a fairly acute state of disrepair during the war. Inasmuch as I had been a Cornellian up until the spring of 1943, I decided to attend.

I arrived a few minutes late on the designated evening. The room in which the meeting was held was furnished exclusively with chairs, which were arranged in a rough circle. Sitting rather formally in the chairs were four American colonels, perhaps a dozen junior officers, and about the same number of Japanese. Except for the four colonels, who presented a solid front, the Americans and Japanese were sitting in alternate chairs.

Just after I had been invited to step in and "mix with the crowd" by one of the colonels, a Japanese who appeared to be in his middle twenties leaped out of the circle and dragged me to a chair beside him. "Hey, weren't you in Professor What's-His-Name's English-history class?" he asked me, grinning, as they say, from ear to ear.

The round face and the frayed covert-cloth suit were familiar, but the name escaped me. "Professor Marcham," I said finally. "You sat a couple of seats to my right." After we had exchanged names—I'll call him Kimura—we talked about people we had both known at Cornell, Kimura speaking with a decided New Jersey accent. As an afterthought on one of our acquaintances, Kimura said in an offhand way, "Too bad he had to go and bust out of medical school."

This incident had occurred some months after Pearl Harbor, and I wondered, confusedly, whether Kimura had

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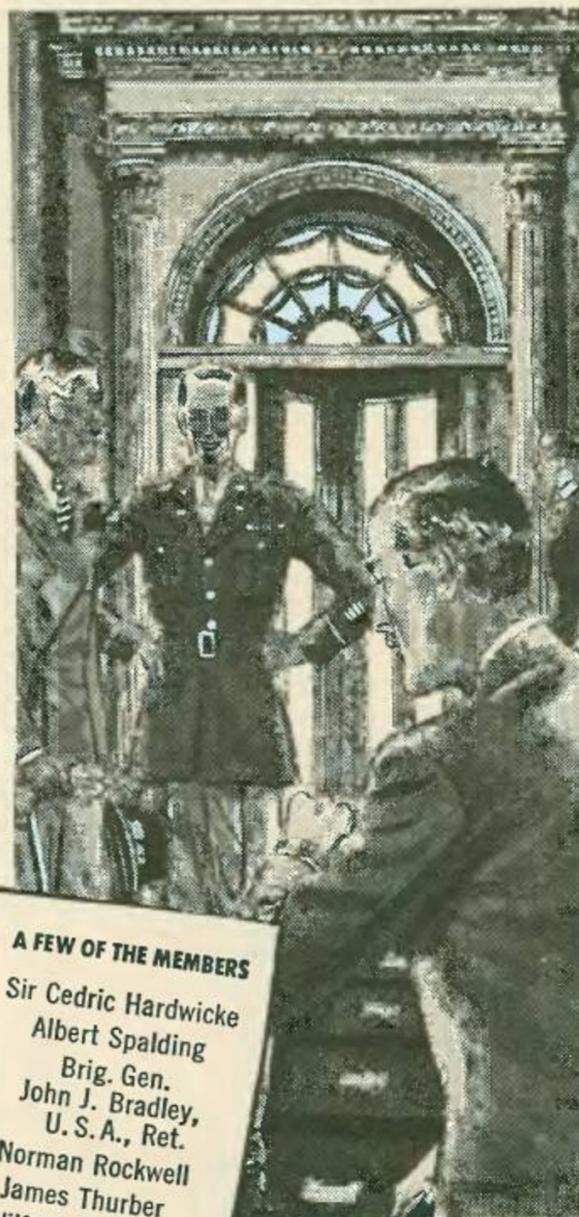
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still been in Ithaca at the time, or what. I decided to proceed with delicacy.

"What have you been doing lately?" I asked him.

"I just got out of the Army," he said. "How long before you're out?"

"Pretty soon, I hope," I said, and decided that I wasn't going to get anywhere with delicacy. "By the way, which Army were you in?" I asked.

"Japanese Army," said he, tolerantly. "I got—what's the word?—repatriated in the spring of '42, although I'd never been further west than East Orange in my life, and as soon as I landed over here, they drafted me."

"Where were you stationed?" I asked.

"Hell, I was on Honshu all the time. I was a medic down near Osaka. It was a good deal."

"Good deal? How's that?"

"Well," said Kimura, "one aspect of it should be obvious. I'm a civilian and you're still in uniform." We agreed that that was one of the compensations for being on the losing side—you get discharged faster. "I was slated for a line outfit," he went on, "but I couldn't understand the language very well, so of course I was slow in following orders. After a while, the noncoms got tired of pushing me around and slapping my face, so they put me to carrying bedpans in a hospital." Kimura paused thoughtfully. "And I think they kind of resented me because I was bigger than they were. Hell, at five foot nine, I was the tallest man in the outfit."

"What did you do besides carry bedpans?" I asked.

"I spent most of my time horsing around with the nurses. Got home pretty near every weekend, too." He grinned. "By the way, how are things back at Cornell?"

I told him I hadn't been there in quite a while.

"I hear most of the Navy trainees are leaving. They're winding up the program," said Kimura.

"Really?" I said.

"Yeah, and Zinck's got sold. It's under another name."

"No!" said I. "Zinck's?"

"Yeah, so they tell me."

I left pretty soon after that. Some spring in Ithaca, among the beer kegs and the straw hats and the comfortable paunches, I expect to find Kimura nodding his head gravely as he agrees with other old grads that things at Cornell aren't what they used to be.

—KNOX BURGER



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THE RACE TRACK

Lucky



THE only way some racegoers can account for Lucky Draw's winning the Butler Handicap at Jamaica last week (he was a 20-1 chance) is by claiming that there was a hex on all the more important horses, with the result that Lucky Draw was able to skip nimbly around half a dozen runners at the stretch turn and beat Gallorette by a nose in a lively finish, with Stymie third, Heliopic fourth, Pavot fifth, and First Fiddle sixth. Practical horsemen point out, however, that Lucky Draw carried only a hundred and five pounds, the lightest weight in the race. It may be recalled, too, that he was one of the better two-year-olds in 1943, and at three won the Wood Memorial, among other events. He developed leg trouble later that season and did not run at all last year. Although his form this summer has been decidedly Grade D, he was something of a choice recently for the Yonkers Handicap, in which he finished fourth. Apparently, though, the effort got him up to high pitch.

I don't remember when there were so many big-money winners in a \$50,000 handicap hereabouts—First Fiddle, Stymie, and Pavot have earned more than \$300,000 each, and Gallorette is close to \$200,000. Nor do I remember a handicap more roughly run. It seemed to me that Stymie had the worst of the bumping. He certainly got into close quarters at the turn for home and couldn't bring off his usual spectacular run through the stretch. This may confirm a suspicion of horseplayers that he isn't so good as he used to be. There are whispers around that he has ankle trouble, or some such thing, but you hear that about every good horse.

MY paddock snoopers picked up their best tip last week just before the Demoiselle Stakes. Someone remarked to Arcaro, who was preparing to mount Carolyn A, that he had a pretty nice little number there. "Why shouldn't she be?" said the rider. "She's named after my daughter." The namesake of Arcaro's four-year-old daughter is a strapping two-year-old by Questionnaire, and her owner, B. F. Whitaker, a Texan who is as good a judge of horse-

Others may boast
larger cars,
costlier homes... but
nobody can smoke a
better cigarette!



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Its strategic location makes Portland a natural hub for water, land and air transportation for Oregon and those parts of Washington and Idaho in the Columbia river basin. It makes this city the logical distribution center for this rich empire.

These advantageous distribution facilities have attracted many new industries, have encouraged existing industry to expand. In the first five months of 1946 eighty-two new industries came to Portland. In the same period building permits in Portland topped 17 million dollars. By June first industrial payrolls had reached 17 million dollars per month, a record for peacetime.

The Oregon Journal, Portland's favorite newspaper, has done much to develop this postwar growth. Result: The Journal today offers advertisers the largest peace-time circulation in its history, daily and Sunday.

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flesh as he is of betting odds, thinks that she's the best thing he's had in his stable since Requested. In the race, Arcaro ran into a few snags at the start, but he cut the corner at the head of the stretch the way he used to do with Devil Diver, and won comfortably. Nevertheless, he must have spent some anxious minutes while the stewards deliberated on a claim of rough riding lodged against him. They finally disallowed it.

I fancy that there would have been quite a different finish to the Demoiselle Stakes if First Flight had gone to the post, as her trainer had planned. She didn't run because, like a number of C. V. Whitney's other good two-year-olds, she is down with a touch of the coughing sickness. I hope she won't miss too many races at Saratoga.

"AMERICAN RACE HORSES 1945," just off the press, at fifteen dollars a copy, is an anniversary number. In 1936, Alfred Vanderbilt decided that one of the things racing needed was an accurate and reasonably complete annual history of the sport in this country. So he set up the Sagamore Press, a one-book publishing house, to bring out "American Race Horses" every year. Editions are limited to a thousand copies, and the receipts from the sale of one edition provide the funds for the next year's. The book has filled its purpose admirably. The text this year is again by Joe H. Palmer, who writes with great charm about horses. I'm sorry to say, however, that Vaughn Flannery, who edits the book, this time has omitted the charts of the important stakes races. For one thing, these seem to me an essential part of any record, and for another, they settle a lot of late-evening arguments—who finished fourth in the Preakness last year, how many horses started in the Saratoga Special, and such matters.

—AUDAX MINOR

ALSO ON BETTY'S CURRICULUM IS READING THE NEW YORK TIMES EVERY DAY. SAYS MISS HUTTON: "AT FIRST I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT IT WAS ALL ABOUT. BUT NOW I'M BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND."—A.P. dispatch.

It's like the violin; you can't get the hang of it in a day.

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK
[From the Logansport (Ind.) Press]

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Tibbetts, 627 East Main street, are the parents of a son named Teddy Ray, born Sunday at Dukes hospital to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hilleman of 526 East Canal street.



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HERE IS EASE THAT ASKS NOT EARNING;
TURN YOU IN AND SIT YOU DOWN."

[Letter received by a service man in Europe, from an ex-service man in the United States]

Dear Friend:

I understand that you are serving in Germany or Austria now; I do hope it's not too bad. I was just discharged in December myself, after 36 months overseas (27th Infantry Division, Pacific).

Am wondering if cigarettes over there bring anything like the \$1 or \$2 a pack common in Japan? If so, why not send me a "request letter" for up to 11 pounds? The basis: You keep 1/2 of whatever you get for them, and send me 1/2. Fair enough? O.K., but better get started while the price is still up, though I'll continue sending as long as you supply "request letters" or the price drops below 50c a pack (my share 25c).

Your friends are welcome to get in on this, too, if cigarettes DO bring 50c or better a pack. If you'd rather not bother to talk to them about it, send me their names and I'll write them direct. For each name sent I'll gladly mail you a newspaper or magazine from here (that is IF they do bring 50c or better a pack yet).

Or, if you prefer, I'll send you one of the following snapshots for each name: I snapped 61 different in TOKYO, YOKOHAMA, and NIIGATA (Japan) last Oct.-Nov., which have been enlarged to 4x6" size. Also 95 different taken on OKINAWA same size. 20 different on Espiritu Santo, NEW HEBRIDES (small size, but nicely tinted in color). And 10 different taken on Oahu, T.H. (4x6") Regularly priced at a dime each.

I'VE ALSO WRITTEN A MOST INTERESTING AND EDUCATIONAL 11,300 WORD COMMENTARY ON THE ACTIVITIES OF AND THE SIGHTS SEEN BY A "G. I. IN JAPAN." (Tied-in with the 61 Japan pictures sold separately.) An accurate, amusing, breezy commentary... but not vulgar in any respect! Full of odd facts, unusual customs, strange goings-on! Did you know that in Japan: One could secure a wife for a night for a single chocolate bar? That men and women used the same rest room (and bath) at the same time? That they remove their shoes or clogs before entering a home? That permanent wives could be purchased outright? That they are very much afraid of the number "4" and avoid it like death? That the Black Market once offered as high as \$100 for a 15c box of hard candy?

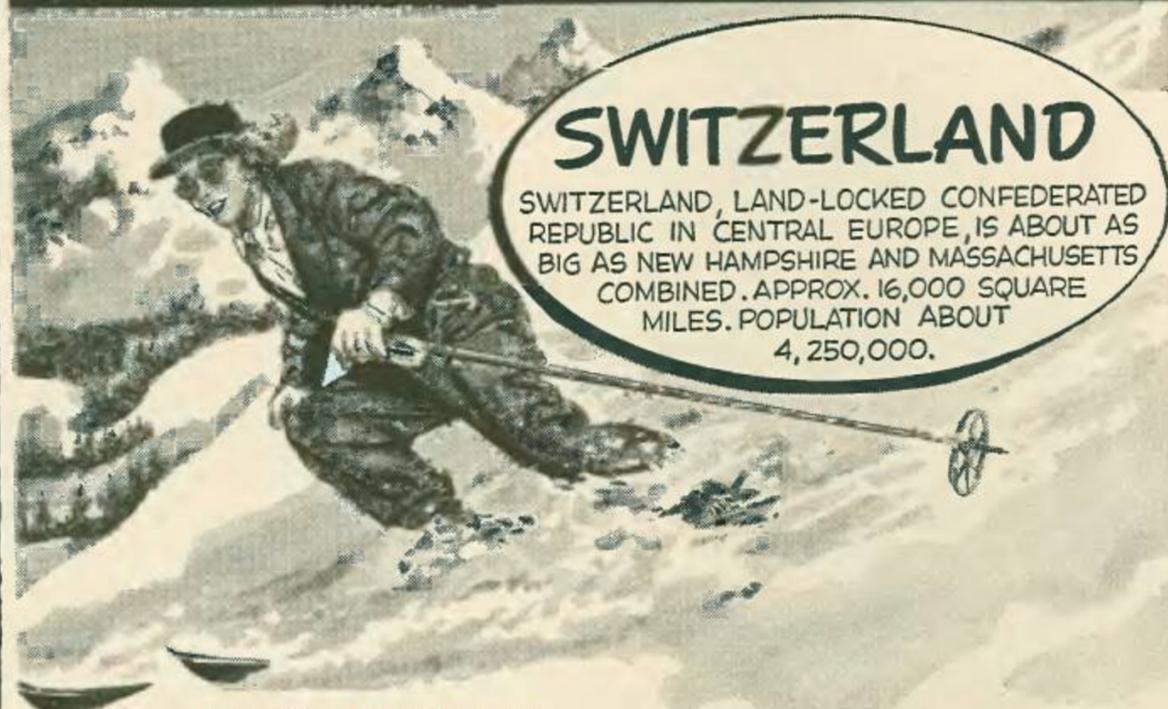
Price: \$1.

PERHAPS YOU would like some neat, useful gummed stickers printed up with your name and address on them? I can have them sent postpaid at the following rates: 100-30c, 500-60c, or 1,000-\$1. They DO save a lot of time; especially in military addresses! (Send some to your regular correspondents to use on mail to you, too!) "Tell your friends!!"

If you can secure any cheap paper bills or any cheap coins of any European country (ESPECIALLY ONE THAT HAS INFLATION LIKE GREECE OR HUNGARY) I'll pay you \$10 for each 2,000 bills and \$10 for each 3,000 coins. No limit.

I recently read (March 14th Drew Pearson column) that cigarettes now bring \$150 a carton in Berlin! Is that true?

Telephone Hours



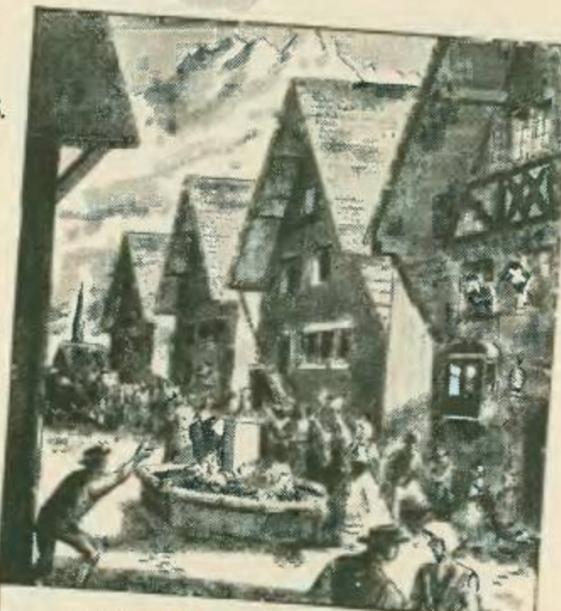
SWITZERLAND

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LETTER FROM BERMUDA

HAMILTON, JULY 8

AFTER nearly seven years of no tourists, Bermuda is coming to life again as a vacation resort.

The change-over from the island's wartime status is taking place slowly and rather disjointedly, but it is taking place, and this, Bermudians hope, will mean the return of the good old days. Of the big hotels, only three are open during this period of unlimbering. The St. George just reopened a few days ago, and the two others have never been closed. One of them, the Belmont Manor, served during the war as a place for V.I.P.s, flying east or west on military errands, to sleep when their planes were grounded; the other, the Inverurie, which the American Navy took over in 1942 as Bachelor Officers' Quarters, was, as had been agreed at the time of leasing, quickly reconditioned for civilian use after its lodgers went home. No Monarch or Queen of Bermuda drops anchor off Hamilton these days to the welcoming toots of small craft, but the harbor is not entirely without gala arrivals. Liberty parties made up of green ensigns and sailors who are getting their experience on warships cruising between the States and Bermuda speed into the bay aboard launches provided by the Naval Operating Base, near Somerset. In a matter of minutes after you first see them, the young men are off the launches and swarming on Front Street,

asking carriage drivers to let them take over the reins or renting bicycles and pretending to be riding bucking broncos. Many of the bicycles are in poor shape, and their brakes are not too reliable. This makes cycling somewhat more of a hazard than it used to be in Bermuda, especially since huge, ten-wheel Army trucks, as well as motor vehicles

of lesser size, now whiz along the narrow, winding coral roads at speeds well in excess of the twenty miles an hour fixed by the island's legislature. The horses, too, are not in the best of condition, nor are there as many of them as there were. They were the victims of a severe feed shortage when the German submarines were having their innings, and those that managed to survive show the effects of malnutrition—bony shoulders, shambling gait, and a tend-

ency to wheeze when pulling uphill.

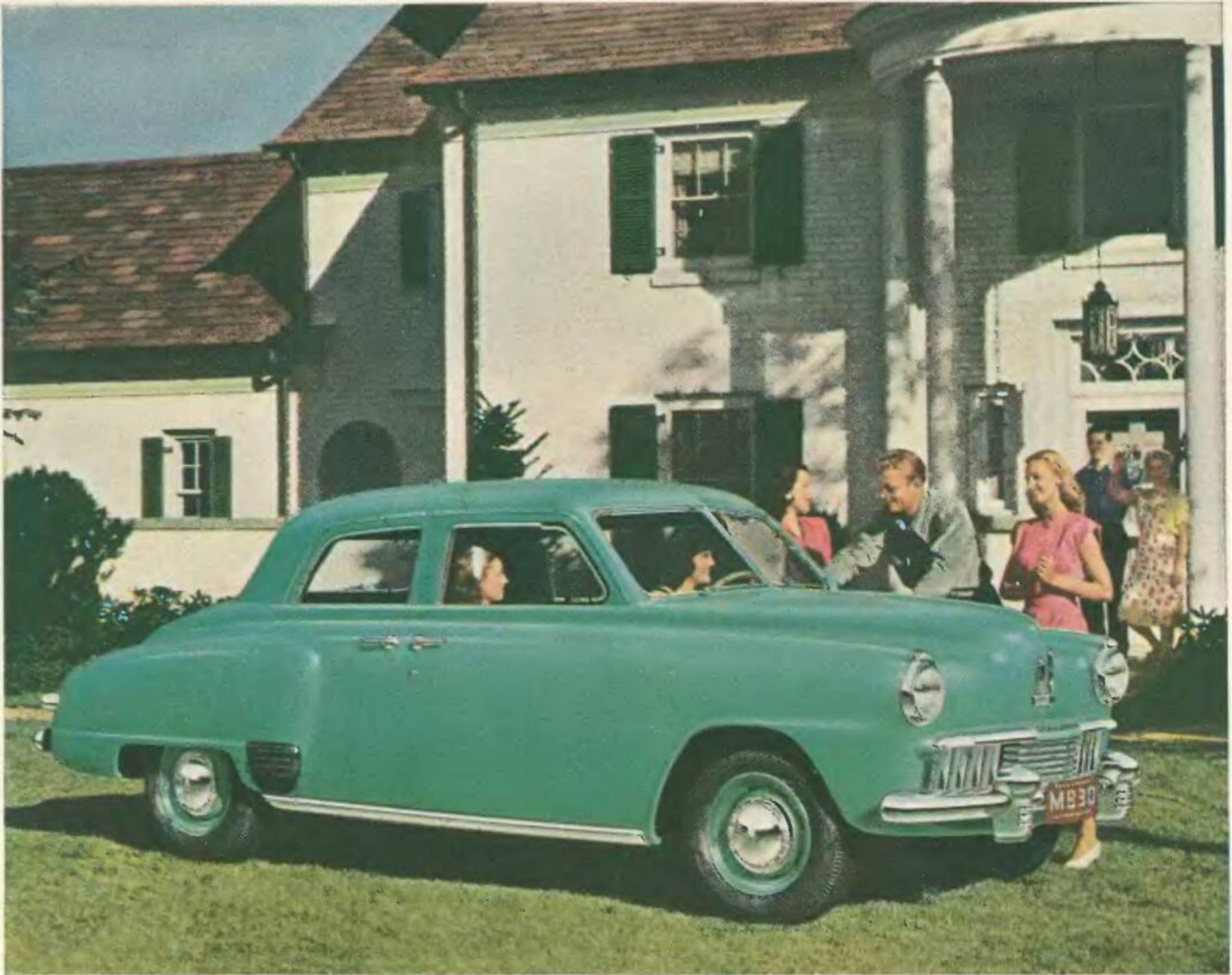
Prices, as might be expected, are up. A room that cost twelve dollars in 1939 costs sixteen or seventeen now. After-dark entertainment is meagre, and the prewar sight of couples in evening dress in buggies on their way to a dance is comparatively rare. The Coral Beach Club has only four beach umbrellas for hire, there isn't any evening strolling in the Bermudiana's gardens, and the Riddle's Bay golf course now has only nine holes, the other nine having been put to some use or other by the Navy. Although the island hasn't yet quite finished tidying itself up again into a first-class resort, around six hundred American tourists are checking in weekly, nearly all of them coming by plane. Thousands more, unable to get either transportation to or lodgings in Bermuda, have made reservations for as far off as November. The jam, of course, will be relieved when the other big hotels open again and the Furness Line resumes its luxury-liner service from the States, which it expects to do sometime next year. The Princess and the Bermudiana are scheduled to be reopened soon, and several other large hotels by next spring. The owner of the Elbow Beach Hotel sold his establishment's furniture early in the war, and now possibly wishes he hadn't, since he won't be able to reopen until late in 1947.

The Castle Harbour's future is uncertain, and the Hamilton, which was a wartime clubhouse for service men, is being turned into an office building for the Bermuda government.

Tidied up or not, Bermuda is still capable of giving its visitors a good time, and better than some of them expect. (One gentleman from New York arrived with a side of beef and his own bedding.) Most

of the golf links and tennis courts are in working order, and the depth bombs that were dropped in the Atlantic seem not to have hurt the fishing in the waters around the island. Desperate for dollar credits, the British occasionally send over a freighter loaded with cashmere sweaters, Sasiene pipes, doeskin, and Shetland tweeds, but there is, naturally, nowhere near the variety or quantity of these things that there used to be. (For some reason, Bermuda merchants have





Actual color photograph of New 1947 Studebaker Champion Regal De Luxe 4-Door Sedan

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Here's the 1947 Studebaker Commander Regal De Luxe Coupe for five—Like all Studebakers, it's a standout in operating economy. Both Champion and Commander models are available in 4-door and 2-door sedans, 3-passenger and 5-passenger coupes. Alluring new 1947 Studebaker convertibles are coming shortly.

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National Distillers Products Corp., N. Y.

a surplus of that well-known British product, the Parker "51" fountain pen.) Scotch is abundant and tie-in sales are unheard of; Haig & Haig, Johnny Walker, and all the other brands which have become almost extinct in the States are available here. A fifth of Canadian Club, imported in bond, costs a dollar eighty. The natural scenery is just as attractive as it ever was, and has just as much of an effect on visitors—among them a few retired black-market-eers—seeing it for the first time. The other day, a North Carolina member of the no-ceiling set, lunching with his wife on the terrace of the Coral Beach Club, looked down at the dazzling, light-green ocean a hundred feet below and exclaimed rapturously, "Darling, you know I've never been to Switzerland, but this is what I've always imagined it's like there."

OUR Army and Navy installations in Bermuda, which, under the terms of the leases, we will retain until 2039, have not, as many people feared they would, really hurt the appearance of the island. They are situated on extremities of the island and are unobtrusive. The Army even went so far as to put up at its base—Fort Bell, at St. George's—coral buildings in pastel shades that harmonize with the native architecture. The Naval Operating Base, at the eastern tip of the island, isn't distinguished by any such aesthetics. It is largely a collection of ordinary wooden barracks, but the commandant's quarters is a pink coral house called—nostalgically, perhaps—Far Rockaway. Many Bermudians perversely prefer the Navy's base to the Army's, despite the Army's ingratiating attempts to conform with the local architecture. "The Navy's got it all so neatly laid out," one admirer, a Somerset grocer, told me. "Streets meeting at right angles, and street signs and numbers. You really know where you're at."

Americans, too, like the Navy's base. A Navy launch takes rubbernecks out to the base three times a week, and, according to some of the sailors there, the sight of Old Glory hanging from a flagpole on a foreign shore occasionally elicits cheers. "You'd think they were in a newsreel theatre, the way some of them behave," a lieutenant, j.g., remarked to me. The sight of the flag is less exciting to the thousand or so soldiers and sailors who are stationed here and who, being good, clean American boys, are as bored with Bermuda as they would be with Capri or Antibes or wherever else they might be sta-



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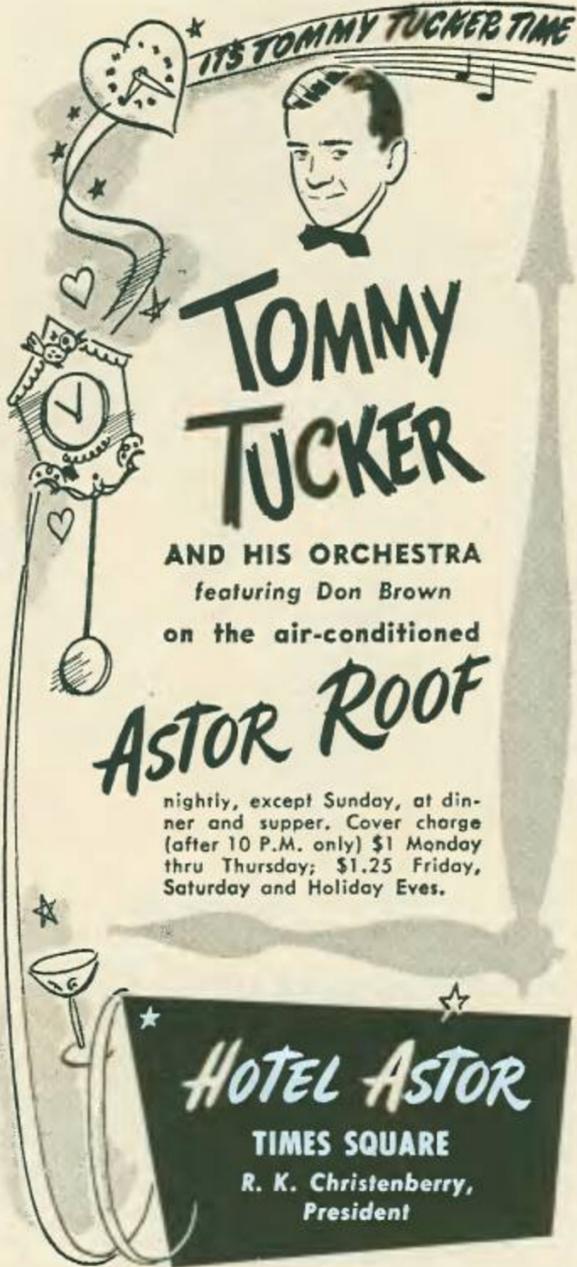
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tioned. "What's there to do here?" one of them asked me glumly. "You just look and look and look. Give me Chicago every time." Both the bases have settled down to that steady, predictable existence characteristic of the services in peacetime. The admiral in charge of the Navy base, a veteran of forty years' standing, is sweating out the eve of his impending retirement by fishing, and the colonel who heads up the Army contingent concentrates on inspecting mess halls.

BERMUDIANS, like most people who participated in the war vicariously, have a tendency when reminiscing about it to point up the close shaves they think they had. Thus, in talking with them, you learn that if, early in the war, a German warship had bothered to stand offshore and shell Bermuda, it would have found the island defenseless, that U-boats occasionally came in close, and that Lord Haw Haw once broadcast a blow-by-blow account of the Wehrmacht's landing on Bermuda. A number of young Bermudians volunteered for service overseas and some of them lost their lives, but the majority of the natives are quite willing to concede that, apart from a few uncomfortable stretches, they rode out the war fairly easily. The first of the stretches came after the outbreak of the war, when the tourist trade stopped, causing unemployment and a general business retrenchment. In less than a year, however, the slump was ended by an influx of military and naval people. Among the first to come was a detachment of twelve hundred British censors and censorettes (as the ladies in the party permitted themselves to be called), who turned the Princess into their headquarters. Then, too, the island was rapidly converted into a convoy base, which meant not only a steady flow of free spenders but a steady flow of supplies. Next came the Americans—ten thousand riveters, welders, carpenters, and workers of all sorts, who were signed on to build Kindley Field, one of the world's largest airports, and other military installations we set up in Bermuda. Our Army and Navy had about fifteen thousand men stationed there. Flat-tops, battleships, cruisers, and so on began putting in for fuel and ammunition, and that meant additional thousands of men landing on this small territory, whose normal population numbers only some thirty-two thousand. "We had many times more visitors than we did in peacetime," a Queen Street merchant said to me. "And don't forget they were easier with

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WOOD FLOOR LAMPS

their money than the peacetime tourists, who are likely to think a little before they buy." Soldiers sent their girls perfume and cashmere sweaters. Navy officers pooled their pay and rented guesthouses and cottages together, which provided them with a comfortable way of living and solved the problems of many local landlords. The base workers, some of whom wore derbies, polo shirts, and loud suspenders, walked into Trimingham's and ordered doeskin suits. "We called these chaps the 'scars of war,'" I was told by one still faintly distressed Bermudian.

The island began to take on the cosmopolitan look of a Mediterranean port. Ships flying the colors of many countries tied up where the college crowd had once debarked for the Easter holidays. Free French troops arrived to take special gunnery training. So did Red Army men. A Dutch tug called the Rode-zee put in one day; she had fled from her home waters and eluded the Nazis. Merchant seamen, survivors of U-boat attacks, were brought ashore. Bermuda became noisy. Fist fights and drunken roistering were not uncommon. Hundreds of planes, units of our anti-submarine air patrol, roared in and out every day. Army and Navy jeeps, trucks, and command cars hustled up and down the island's roads. The period was feverish, and prosperous. Carriage drivers hired out as base workers and made more than they had ever earned before. Domestic employees employed by American service men who had rented private billets got double their old wages. More than one of Bermuda's Forty Thieves, as the island's equivalent of America's Sixty Families and France's Two Hundred Families is inelegantly known here, made a wartime fortune and, since Bermuda has no income tax, was able to keep it.

THE friendly invasion of uniformed visitors and the abnormal boom they have brought may mean the end of life's leisurely pace here. There is a general feeling of acceleration, which, from a strictly tourist point of view, is probably not welcome. The most tangible sign of this is the coming of cars. When the Americans imported their jeeps and trucks, a lot of Bermudians began to feel that there was no longer any reason they should have to keep poking along on bicycles and in carriages. Three years ago the legislature passed a temporary law authorizing motorized civilian vehicles that were considered essential—buses, food trucks, and so on. The law stated that the vehicles could never



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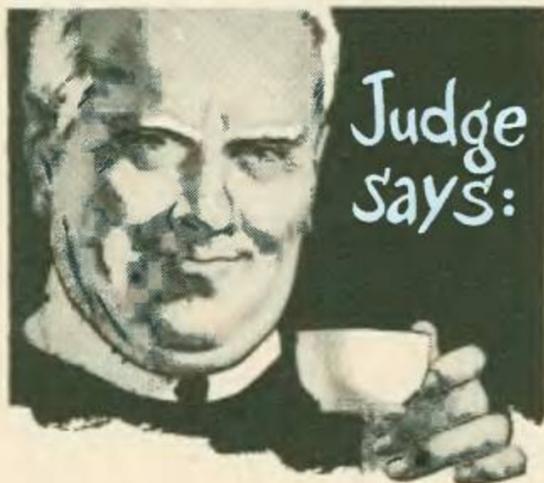
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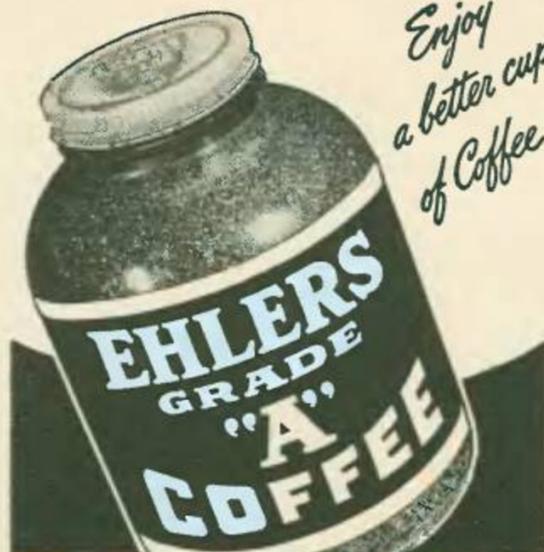
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be operated for private convenience. By the time the law expired, at the start of this year, the issue, for a lot of people, was no longer whether there should continue to be any cars at all on the island but whether cars could be used for private as well as public purposes. The legislature has been debating the issue ever since. At present, there are thirteen hundred motor vehicles in use here. While the debate goes on, ships from Britain keep bringing in consignments of new cars, in the expectation of favorable legislation, and some of the livelier and more confident businessmen have already set themselves up as agents for Vauxhall, Standard, Hillman, and other British cars.

Advocates of private driving contend that small cars, painted to harmonize with the landscape and restricted to low speeds, will not impair the island's charm. Furthermore, they claim, a man doesn't want to fly all the way from New York in three hours and then spend an hour getting to his hotel by droshky. There is also the point that some of the more prosperous Bermudians have what they call "country homes," from four to six miles out of town, to which they like to go for weekends or during the summer (the whole place has an area of about twenty square miles), and they complain that it takes too long by buggy and is too arduous a trip by bus. Most Bermudians, however, appear to be opposed to permitting cars for private use. A poll conducted a while back by the *Royal Gazette*, the oldest of Bermuda's three newspapers, showed that two out of three people favor limited public, and no private, use. A petition signed by nearly five thousand people, the longest list of names on a petition in Bermuda's history, has been sent to the legislature. Recently, several hundred Americans, tourists as well as owners of homes here, got up a similar petition. The opponents of private cars think that better transportation for the public—new buses and cabs and improved railroad service—is what's needed. The island, according to this group, is too small to stand over-motorization. They're worried, too, about what having a lot of automobiles may do to the tourist trade, and about the headlines in the American press when the first tourist child is struck by one. They fear that the automobile will transform Bermuda, which they argue is unique, into a Palm Beach or an Atlantic City, with pop stands, gas stations, and gambling casinos. "A different type of visitor will be attracted," one apprehensive Bermudian said



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to me. "He'll fly down for a game of golf and a binge, and be gone before the weekend's over." Despite public opinion, the legislature, which is controlled by Bermuda's most affluent families, seems disposed to favor permitting cars for private use, and although legislation to that effect has not yet been enacted, it seems to be primarily a matter of details, not policy, which is holding it up. Bermuda, like several other countries in this world, is still, perhaps, an imperfect democracy.—DANIEL LANG

THE GOOD OLD DAYS DEPARTMENT

[From Peterson's Magazine, August, 1856]

BATHING DRESSES

As appropriate to the season, we give some directions for making bathing dresses. The material should always be of woollen. A grey, dark blue, or brown flannel is most suitable. Worsted plaids, although very pretty, are cold, and retain the water too much, though they have the advantage of not clinging to the figure, after leaving the surf, as much as flannel. By many the plaids are much preferred. The dress consists of a pair of drawers and a skirt, the latter reaching to about three inches above the ankle. The drawers (always to be of the same material as the rest of the dress) should be made tolerably full, and confined at the ankle by a band, finished with a ruffle. They should be made moderately full, but to fasten in such a way that even if the skirt washes up the person cannot possibly be exposed. The drawers must *always* be fastened to a body, like those of a child, and as muslin or linen is exceedingly cold, when wet, and clinging to a person after a bath, a woollen body is advisable.

The skirt, as we have before said, is rather short, and need not be very wide. The ordinary way of making is with a deep yoke, into which the skirt is plaited or gathered like an old-fashioned night dress. The dress is plaited down to the waist and confined with a belt. Many wear a small talma or cape of the same material as the dress, as this, in some degree, hides the figure. The sleeves should be loose shirt sleeves, confined about the wrist by a band, and having a deep ruffle falling over the hand. This protects the wrists from the sun. In the place of the talma some wear loose sacques, fastened with a belt. Be very careful to avoid *all strings* in a bathing dress, as it is almost impossible to untie them when wet. Nothing but buttons will be found convenient.

Bathing dresses, although generally very unbecoming, can be made to look very prettily with a little taste. If the dress is of a plain color, such as grey, blue, or brown, a trimming around the talma, sacque, collar, yoke, ruffles, etc., of crimson, green, or scarlet, is a great addition. A pair of large Lisle thread gloves to protect the hands, an oil cloth cap, and a straw hat, are necessary to complete a bathing toilet. Some whose feet are tender always wear gum overshoes into the surf, but we think them cumbersome.

Are Railroads necessary?

We get rather tired of people (including some airline executives) saying that this is the Air Age and implying that pretty soon there won't be any need for railroads.

This is also the Atomic Age. Pretty soon there may not be any air, either.

We'd like to see an airplane tote a trainload of oranges from Los Angeles to Chicago, or 5,000 tons of pig iron from Provo, Utah, to Pittsburg, California—or 2,500 tons of newsprint from British Columbia to San Francisco.



For that matter, it would have to be a pretty good-sized plane to accommodate the 500 passengers just one of our streamlined *Daylights* carries each day from San Francisco to Los Angeles—for a little over a cent a mile.

Airplanes have their place and so do trains and trucks, and ships.

The advantage of the train is simply this: *you can pull more than you can carry*. All other forms of transportation are, in effect, carrying their loads in their arms. Only the railroads pull theirs.

We can tie nearly a mile of cars to a single locomotive and roll 5,000 net tons of freight at a crack.

This multiple-unit advantage makes a passenger train literally a hotel on wheels, with a dining room, living room, cocktail lounge and comfortable beds to sleep in at night.

So next time you get into an argument about which is the best—the train or the plane—please don't sell the old Iron Horse short.

Incidentally, if you're planning a trip to California this summer, our service is much faster and better, even, than it was before the war. Drop us a line and we'll be glad to help you plan your trip.

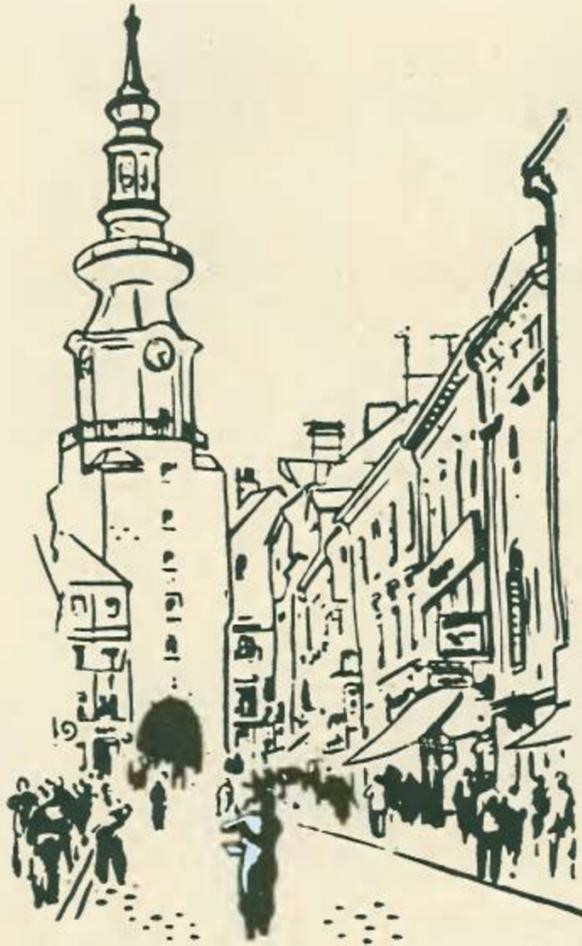
The little map shows where we go 

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HOME- COMING

by **Joseph Wechsberg**

Author of *Looking for a Bluebird*

Beneath the surface of this poignant and often amusing personal record lies the tragedy of millions of Europeans. It is the story of how Wechsberg made his way alone into Russian-occupied Moravia in search of his family—of what he found, and did not find. Unsensational, yet deeply moving in its simplicity, *Homecoming* is a document of vivid reality.

A shorter version of this story appeared in *The New Yorker*.

For sale at all bookshops at \$1.50,
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BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE AMERICAN, by Howard Fast (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). The tangled story of John Peter Altgeld's life, told with distinction and with barely enough fictional trimmings to justify calling it a novel. The book takes Altgeld through his career as Governor of Illinois and through the Haymarket riots, and gives us a portrait of a truly great moral figure who perfectly embodied an American conception of liberty that has now become old-fashioned. Mr. Fast has naturally sketched in a background of the events of those days—events that are of intense significance in our political history.

THERE COMES A TIME, by Thomas Bell (Little, Brown). Mr. Bell, who some time ago wrote a moving story about the first years of marriage, called "All Brides Are Beautiful," now reports affectingly and with a pleasant humor on a happily married couple who are approaching middle age. Unfortunately for the novel, the husband, whose commonplace life in the Bronx is so engagingly portrayed, becomes engrossed in forming a union of his fellow bank employees, and the second half of the story settles down to one of those overfamiliar chronicles of labor organization. When Mr. Bell is writing about everyday people, he is perceptive and entertaining, but when he takes up the C.I.O., he is just wearisome.

NOTE: "Miss Lonelyhearts," by Nathanael West, with an introduction by Robert M. Coates, has been reprinted by New Directions in its New Classics series. It is the bitter, psychologically complex story of a few weeks in the life of a newspaperman who conducts an advice-to-the-lovelorn column.

GENERAL

FANFARE FOR ELIZABETH, by Edith Sitwell (Macmillan). The turbulent girlhood of Elizabeth of England—a stirring and rather frightening bit of history. Miss Sitwell has a delicate touch; she evokes marvellously the sights and smells of London streets of that time, as well as the chilling atmosphere of Henry VIII's court.

VASARI'S LIVES OF THE ARTISTS, abridged and edited by Betty Burroughs (Simon & Schuster). This one-volume digest of the five-volume original work is the answer to an art student's prayer. Many a young painter whose interest in art is more urgent than archeological (or more hot than cold) has been dismayed by his first encounter with the massive and complex source book on the "age of gold for men of talent," as Vasari named the Renaissance. Miss Burroughs' book, abundantly illustrated and annotated, brings it all to a point and is in every way an admirable job. The editor has written an introduction that has only one fault: it's too short.



THE MANSIONS OF VIRGINIA, 1706-1776, by Thomas Tileston Waterman (University of North Carolina Press). This is a fascinating and exhaustive book on the wonderful old houses of Virginia, by one of the architects of the Williamsburg Restoration. Mr. Waterman has traced the development of the characteristic architecture of Virginia from its original British models up through the late-Georgian period. He has found out a good deal that is new about the authorship of the various mansions and has been able to classify them in groups in a way that has not previously been attempted, and he writes about them with a special sensitivity to the poetry of architecture. The book is illustrated with more than three hundred and fifty fine photographs of interiors and exteriors, as well as with ground plans, old prints, and drawings. A work of first-rate importance.

THOMAS JEFFERSON, AMERICAN TOURIST, by Edward Dumbauld (University of Oklahoma Press). Jefferson is getting to be the most widely reported man in our history; in the row of volumes that deal with him as statesman, philosopher, architect, lawyer, and even as an amateur of music, about the only book that has been missing is one devoted to his role as a voyager. Mr. Dumbauld has filled this gap with an interesting work, even though much of the field has been explored by other writers in the course of their researches. Because many of Jefferson's political opinions and prejudices were molded by what he saw in Europe, his travels are un-

doubtedly important to the student of Jefferson. But it's all fairly familiar stuff.

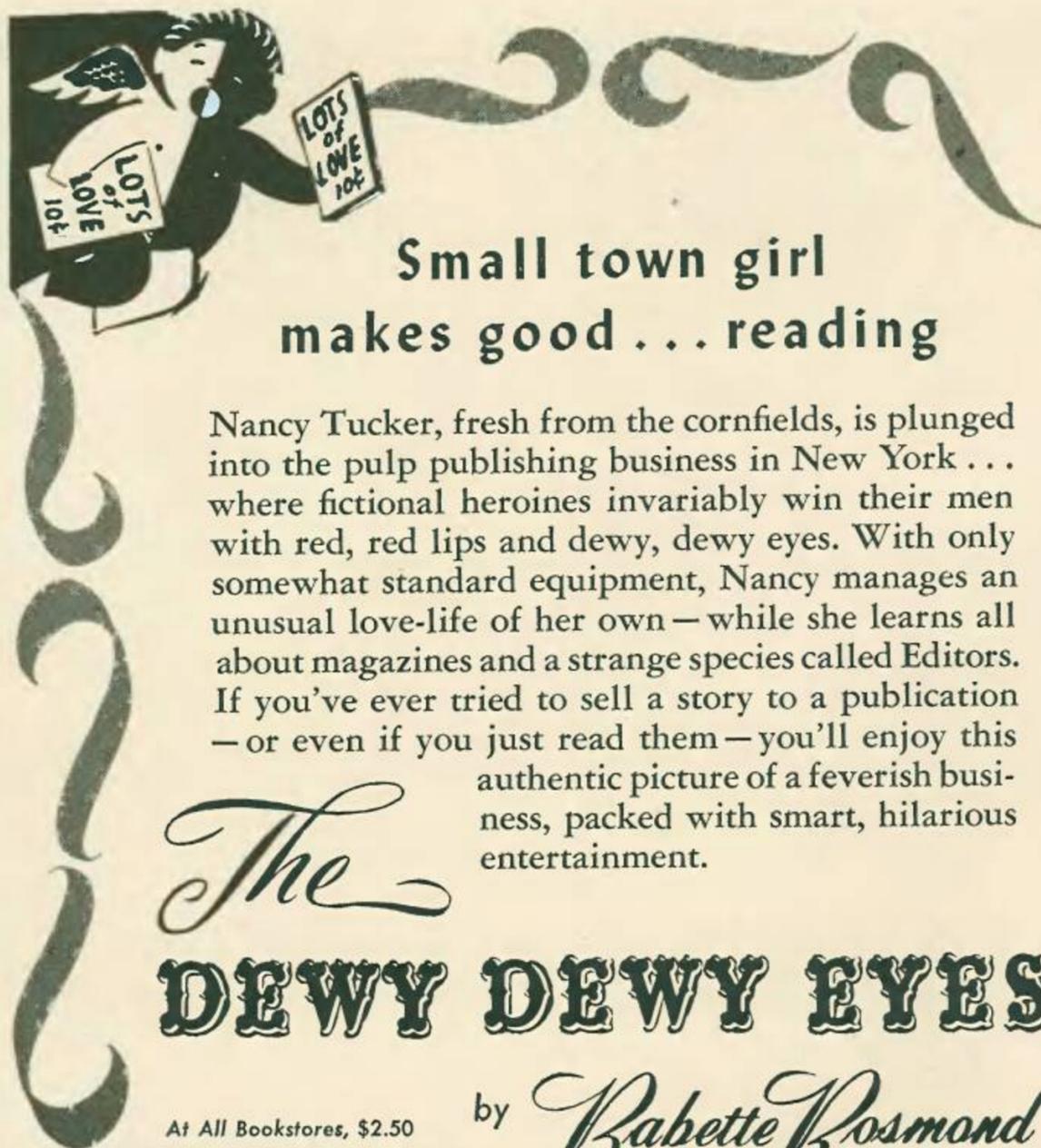
RIMBAUD, by Wallace Fowlie (New Directions). Three interpretations of the great French Symbolist poet—biographical, critical, and philosophical—together with analytical studies of some of his more famous poems, "Bateau Ivre," "Une Saison en Enfer," and so on. Mr. Fowlie gets pretty fancy in his literary psychoanalysis and is inclined to sentences like "By becoming the clown, the modern artist has grown more conscious of his center, of his distance from God..." But if you are concerned with Rimbaud and his enormous influence on latter-day poetry, you will probably be interested.

THE 84TH INFANTRY DIVISION IN THE BATTLE OF GERMANY, by Lieutenant Theodore Draper (Viking). This book, composed of on-the-spot interviews with soldiers and their commanding officers, tells the story of the Division's part in the war from November, 1944, to May, 1945 (the 84th fought at the Siegfried Line and in the Ardennes, and later linked up with the Russians at the Elbe). The narrative is considerably helped by good photographs and drawings. This account of the fighting is very different from those of single-handed and personal exploits, for a whole division is the hero and the reader gets a comprehensive picture of the actions.

VERSE

A LITTLE TREASURY OF MODERN VERSE, edited and with an introduction by Oscar Williams (Scribner). Mr. Williams breaks away from several of the stiffer anthology conventions in this chunky little volume of six hundred and seventy-two pages. His collection runs from 1896, when "The Shropshire Lad" appeared, to the present, but concessions in time have been made so that "moderns" like Emily Dickinson, Gerard Manley Hopkins, and Francis Thompson might be included. Mr. Williams' taste tends toward the experimental; he ignores certain important conservative modern writers. He does a good over-all job, however, of giving the neglected their due, the odd a hearing, and the young a place. T. S. Eliot's "The Waste Land" is given in its entirety. A section of light verse and photographs of the poets lend variety and interest.

LOUGH DERG, AND OTHER POEMS, by



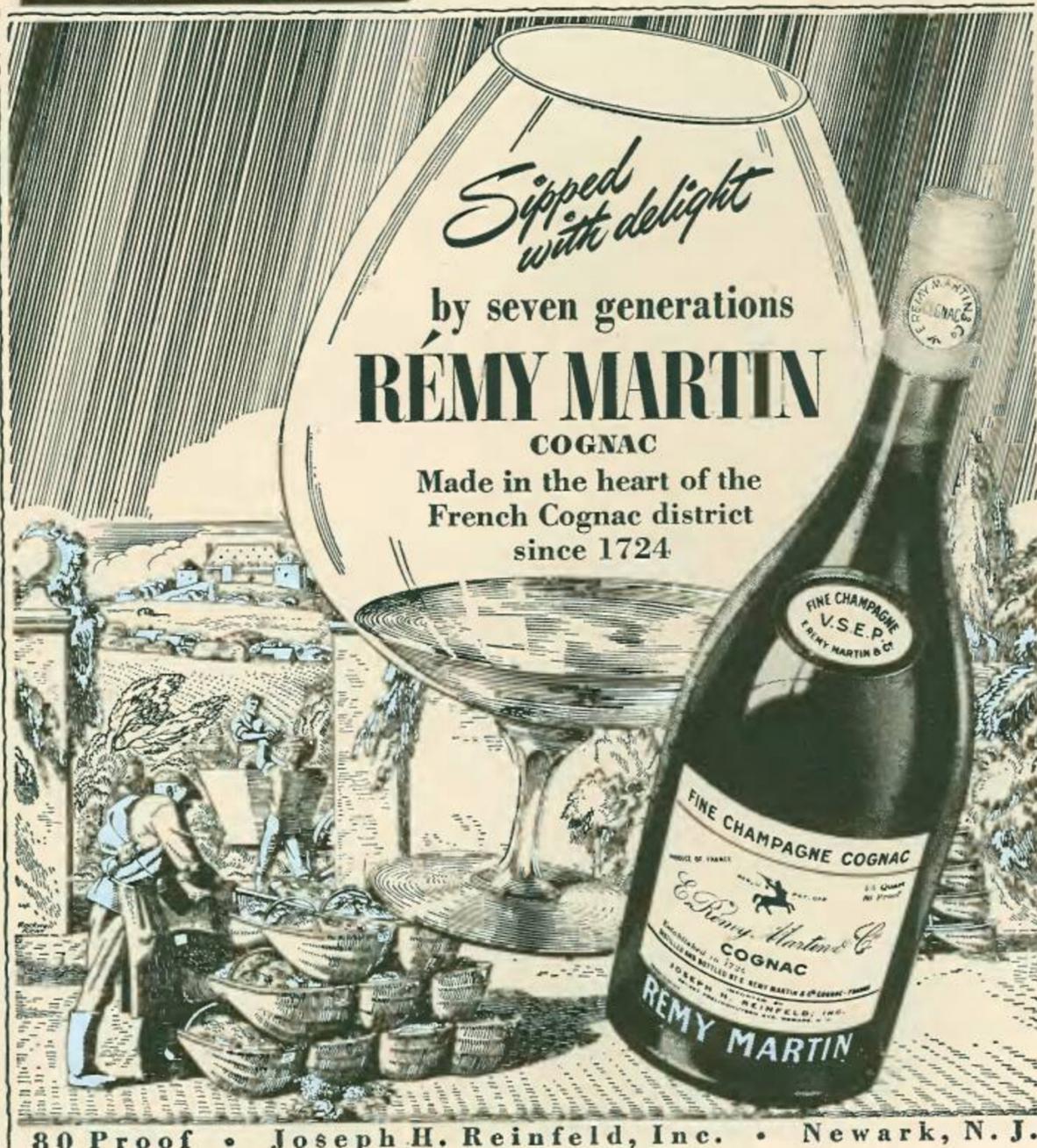
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Denis Devlin (Reynal & Hitchcock). This young Irishman's first book published here repays the close attention it demands. Mr. Devlin's classically constructed style reinforces his complex thought, and he has power over imagery, a wide range of interests, and a fresh approach to ideas. No exploitation of Celtic charm here, but a good deal of Celtic intellect, boldness, and uncommon sense.

COLLECTED POEMS, by Henry Treece (Knopf). In the late thirties, the author helped to father a badly timed neo-Romantic movement called the New Apocalypse. Since then, he has been published widely in English and American periodicals and has produced several books of verse. Mr. Treece has attempted from the beginning to put together various trends with successive applications of an inefficient Romantic glue. His versatile and glib talent, now become quite conventional in form, reproduces many kinds of surfaces without ever getting at any original and striking core.

LOCAL MEASURES, by Josephine Miles (Reynal & Hitchcock). Miss Miles in her third book of verse has become more interested in language than in the reality it describes, with the result that her poems have become more gnomic and cryptic than her relatively simple situations demand.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

PUZZLE FOR FIENDS, by Patrick Quentin (Simon & Schuster). Peter Duluth, a private detective, wakes up with amnesia after a motor accident in Southern California. Some people named Friend, who have quite a tidy place nearby, insist he's the heir to the family fortune, a point which Duluth is inclined to dispute, particularly when he is urged to sign legal documents. Two murders and some narrow escapes finally bring the invalid to his senses and he works out an airtight solution of the odd doings around the Friend household. All very neat, unless you happen to be tired of people who have forgotten who they are.

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