

July 9, 1949

THE

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NEW YORKER





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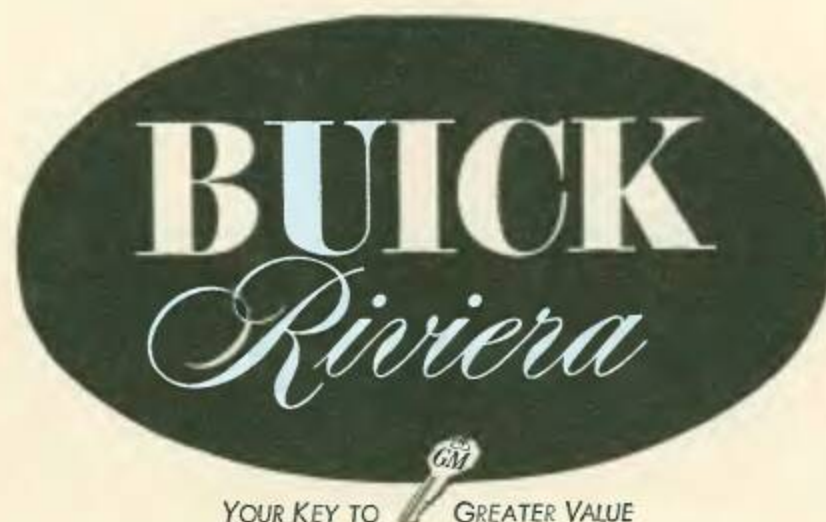
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

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

PLAYS

AT WAR WITH THE ARMY—A camp-life comedy that is sometimes funny, always loud, and generally insignificant. With William Mendrek and many, many others. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

DEATH OF A SALESMAN—This fine play, by Arthur Miller, about a man who suddenly comes to realize that he can't go on any more is impressively acted and superbly staged. Lee J. Cobb is exemplary in the leading role. Winner of the Pulitzer Prize and the Drama Critics' Award. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

DETECTIVE STORY—Sidney Kingsley's play, laid in a New York police station, is rather complicated by a social message, but it is still lively and amusing. Ralph Bellamy is convincing as a tough cop. (Hudson, 44th St., E. LU 2-1087. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

GOODBYE, MY FANCY—A play concerning a college president, a famous congresswoman, and a *Life* photographer. Slick but entertaining. With Ruth Hussey and Conrad Nagel. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

TWO BLIND MICE—Samuel Spewack's comedy about a colossal hoax in Washington is funny and adroit. Melvyn Douglas has the principal part, and he is handsomely assisted by Mabel Paige and Laura Pierpont. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

LONG RUNS—BORN YESTERDAY: The piece about a conniving junk dealer. With Jan Sterling and King Calder. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinéés Thursdays, except July 7, and Saturdays at 2:40.) ... **MISTER ROBERTS**: Henry Fonda, still patrolling the deck of a Navy cargo ship. With Robert Keith and William Harrigan. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE**: Tennessee Williams' drama concerning the tragic end of a woman's life. With Uta Hagen and Ralph Meeker. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

AS THE GIRLS GO—The book, something about the first woman President of the United States, is on the slight side, but it doesn't matter, because Bobby Clark has never been more magnificent. Irene Rich, Bill Callahan, and Kathryn Lee are also in the cast. The music and lyrics are by Jimmy McHugh and Harold Adamson, respectively. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

KISS ME, KATE—A captivating show, very vaguely based on "The Taming of the Shrew," that offers some of Cole Porter's best music and lyrics, and splendid performances by Alfred Drake and Patricia Morison. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LEND AN EAR—Charles Gaynor did the sketches, lyrics, and music for this revue, which is certainly one of the bright spots in town. The cast, made up mostly of newcomers to Broadway, includes Carol Channing, William Eythe, and Yvonne Adair. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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SOUTH PACIFIC—Richard Rodgers, Oscar Hammerstein II, and Joshua Logan have collaborated triumphantly on this adaptation of James A. Michener's Pulitzer Prize book. Ezio Pinza contributes a remarkable singing and acting performance, and Mary Martin is delightful in the other leading role. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

WHERE'S CHARLEY?—The addition of Ray Bolger and Frank Loesser's neat, fresh tunes do wonders for this old chestnut, which used to be called "Charley's Aunt." (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

MISS LIBERTY—A musical directed by Moss Hart, with music and lyrics by Irving Berlin and a book by Robert Sherwood, and produced by all three. The dances were staged by Jerome Robbins, and the cast is headed by Eddie Albert, Allyn McLerie, and Mary McCarty. Opens Friday, July 15. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

FUNZAPOPPIN—Olsen and Johnson demonstrating the triumph of noise over art. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Nightly, except Tuesdays, at 8:30. Matinéés Wednesdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

ICE SHOW—"Howdy, Mr. Ice of 1950," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 49th St. CO 5-5474. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40; Sundays at 8:15. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

CABALGATA—A Spanish revue, with singers and flamenco dancers. (Broadway Theatre,

Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinéés Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays 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 the country. Dates and program schedules are subject to frequent revision.)

ABINGDON—Through Saturday, July 9: "The Show-Off." Monday through Wednesday, July 11-13: "For Love or Money." Thursday through Saturday, July 14-16: "You Can't Take It with You." (Barter Theatre, Abingdon, Va. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8.)

BAR HARBOR—Through Saturday, July 9: "Hay Fever." Monday through Saturday, July 11-16: "Biography." (Bar Harbor Playhouse, Bar Harbor, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinéés Fridays at 2:30.)

CHATHAM—Through Saturday, July 9: "The Glass Menagerie." Wednesday through Saturday, July 13-16: "Peg o' My Heart." (Monomoy Theatre, Chatham, Mass. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinéés Thursdays at 2:30.)

CLINTON—Through Saturday, July 9: "Three Men on a Horse." Monday through Saturday, July 11-16: "Rain." (Music Hall Summer Theatre, Clinton, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40.)

COHASSET—Through Saturday, July 9: Marie Powers in "The Medium" and "The Telephone." Monday through Saturday, July 11-16: "For Love or Money." (South Shore Players, Town Hall, Cohasset, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinéés Wednesdays at 2:30.)

COONAMESSETT—Through Saturday, July 9: Tallulah Bankhead and Donald Cook in "Private Lives." Monday through Saturday, July 11-16: Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Dennis King in "The Winslow Boy." (Falmouth Playhouse, Coonamessett-on-Cape Cod, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinéés Thursdays at 2:30.)

CRAGSMOOR—Through Sunday, July 10: "Is Zat So?" Tuesday through Sunday, July 12-17: "Suspect." (Cragsmoor Theatre, Cragsmoor, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45. Matinéés Sundays at 3.)

DENNIS—Through Saturday, July 9: Signe Hasso in "Love from a Stranger." Monday through Saturday, July 11-16: John Loder in "For Love or Money." (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinéés Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

EAST HAMPTON—Through Saturday, July 9: Ernest Truex in "George Washington Slept Here." Monday through Saturday, July 11-16: "The Male Animal." (John Drew Theatre, East Hampton, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinéés Wednesdays at 2:40.)

GUILFORD—Through Saturday, July 9: Richard Arlen in "Jason." Monday through Saturday, July 11-16: Carol Bruce in "Lady in the Dark." (Chapel Playhouse, Guilford, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinéés Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:40.)

IVORYTON—Through Saturday, July 9: Joan Blondell in "Happy Birthday." Monday through Saturday, July 11-16: "Light Up the Sky." (Ivoryton Playhouse, Ivoryton, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinéés Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

MAHOPAC—Through Sunday, July 10: "Strange Bedfellows." Tuesday through Sunday, July 12-17: "Turn to the Right." (Putnam County Playhouse, Mahopac, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45.)

MARBLEHEAD—Monday through Saturday, July 11-16: Tallulah Bankhead in "Private Lives." (North Shore Players, Marblehead, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinéés Wednesdays at 2:45; special matinee Saturday, July 16.)

MATUNUCK—Through Saturday, July 9: Jane and Betty Kean in "My Sister Eileen." Monday through Saturday, July 11-16: Signe Hasso in "Love from a Stranger." (Theatre-by-the-Sea, Matunuck, R.I. Nightly, except

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THE NEW YORKER

25 WEST 43RD STREET

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MIDDLEBURY—Through Sunday, July 10: "Jenny Kissed Me." Tuesday through Sunday, July 12-17: "An Inspector Calls." (Green Mountain Playhouse, Middlebury, Vermont. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30.)

MILLBURN—"The Great Waltz." (Paper Mill Playhouse, Millburn, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MOUNTAINHOME—Through Saturday, July 9: Kay Francis in "Let Us Be Gay." Monday through Saturday, July 11-16: Eva LeGallienne in "The Corn Is Green." (Pocono Playhouse, Mountainhome, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MOYLAN—Thursday and Friday, July 7-8: "The Romantic Age." Saturday, July 9: "The Mistress of the Inn." Wednesday, July 13: "And He Did Hide Himself." Thursday and Friday, July 14-15: "Ladies in Arms." Saturday, July 16: "The Gospel of the Brothers Barnabas." (Hedgerow Theatre, Moylan, Pa. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30.)

NEW HOPE—Through Saturday, July 9: Leo G. Carroll in "Angel Street." Monday through Saturday, July 11-16: Florence Reed in "The Circle." (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30.)

NEWPORT—Through Saturday, July 9: Jean Parker in "Candlelight." Monday through Saturday, July 11-16: Ian Keith in "The Winslow Boy." (Casino Theatre, Newport, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

NYACK—Friday through Sunday, July 15-17: Helen Hayes in "The Glass Menagerie." (Rockland Summer Plays, Nyack, N.Y. Friday through Sunday evenings at 8:30.)

OGUNQUIT—Through Saturday, July 9: "Charm." Monday through Saturday, July 11-16: Eddie Dowling in "The Time of Your Life." (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Fridays at 2:30.)

OLNEY—Through Sunday, July 10: Sylvia Sydney in "Pygmalion." Tuesday through Sunday, July 12-17: Edward Everett Horton in "Present Laughter." (Olney Theatre, Olney, Md. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:45.)

PAWLING—Through Sunday, July 10: "The Winslow Boy." Tuesday through Sunday, July 12-17: "Heaven Can Wait." (Starlight Theatre, Pawling, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

PRINCETON—Through Saturday, July 9: Elizabeth Scott in "Anna Lucasta." Monday through Saturday, July 11-16: Joan Blondell in "Happy Birthday." (McCarter Theatre, Princeton, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

PROVINCETOWN—Through Saturday, July 9: "Ah, Wilderness!" Monday through Saturday, July 11-16: "Thunder Rock." (Provincetown Playhouse, Provincetown, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30.)

SARATOGA SPRINGS—Through Saturday, July 9: Guy Kibbee in "On Borrowed Time." Monday through Saturday, July 11-16: Sarah Churchill and Jeffrey Lynn in "The Philadelphia Story." (Spa Summer Theatre, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

SEA CLIFF—Through Sunday, July 10: John Caradine in "Jason." Tuesday through Sunday, July 12-17: Diana Barrymore in "Light Up the Sky." (Sea Cliff Summer Theatre, Sea Cliff, L.I. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

SKOWHEGAN—Through Saturday, July 9: "Jenny Kissed Me." Monday through Saturday, July 11-16: "See How They Run." (Lakewood Theatre, Skowhegan, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

SMITHTOWN BRANCH—Through Sunday, July 10: "For Love or Money." Tuesday through Sunday, July 12-17: "Made in Heaven." (Old Town Theatre, Smithtown Branch, L.I. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40.)

STOCKBRIDGE—Through Saturday, July 9: "The Late Christopher Bean." Monday through Saturday, July 11-16: Kay Francis in "Let

Us Be Gay." (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

WESTPORT—Through Saturday, July 9: Ann Harding in "Yes, My Darling Daughter." Monday through Saturday, July 11-16: Paul Lukas in "Accent on Youth." (Westport Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:40.)

WOODSTOCK—Through Saturday, July 9: Haila Stoddard in "Anna Lucasta." Tuesday through Sunday, July 12-17: Haila Stoddard in "The Skin of Our Teeth." (Woodstock Playhouse, Woodstock, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45. Matinées Sundays at 2:45.)

NOTE—The Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival is offering ballet programs by members of the Ballet Theatre, and others. (Lee, Mass. Fridays and Saturdays at 4 and 9.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—In the subterranean Garden, which is down among the New York Central's tracks, Jules Lande's dance orchestra is ensconced. No music Sundays.

BILTMORE, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Harold Nagel's and Jack Edwards' orchestras provide dance music in the Cascades roof garden at dinner and supper every evening but Sunday. On Saturday, July 16, Don Bestor's band replaces Mr. Edwards'. Kathryn Duffy's dancers bounce about while the customers rest.

DIAMOND HORSESHOE, 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500)—Pearl Bailey, W. C. Handy, Jay Marshall, and some delectable ballet girls add a certain verve to the generally sedate proceedings here. Dance music by Billy Banks' band.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—An almost feudal game preserve, stocked largely with peacocks. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Café Pierre, Stanley Worth's music every day for tea dancing and during dinner and supper.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Rendez-Vous Room, luxurious and picturesque as can be, offers Nicolas Matthey's and Payson Ré's dance music after eight-thirty. Closed Mondays.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Roof, a handsome and breezy affair, has dinner and supper dancing to the music of Milt Shaw's and Pepito Arvelo's bands. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra supplies the clientele of the Café Lounge with music to dance to every afternoon and evening.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—The young ones seeing life through their first pair of rose-colored glasses. An orchestra and a rumba band.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Kitty Kallen sings here after nine, and Bob Grant's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band play for dancing.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—On the Starlight Roof, dancing all evening, except Sundays, to Guy Lombardo's orchestra, aided, at the supper hour, by

Mischa Borr's energetic band. Mr. Borr is in charge on Sundays, when the room closes at ten.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Except Sundays, Les Crosley (at cocktail time and dinner) and Cy Walter (later in the evening), playing the kind of piano we mortals play only in our dreams. Visiting artists perform on Sundays. . . . **COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis's sprightly band for dancing after eight-thirty; Ernie Warren plays interlude piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ TROUVILLE**, 112 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-9234): Cocktail conversation to Mary McNally's piano; supper conversation to Harry Taylor's piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): A plausible reminder of upper-bracket speakeasy days, with Rudy Barron's violin music every evening but Monday, and Marshall Grant's trio after ten every evening but Sunday. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Still a home away from home for the Westchester and Manhasset groups. Easygoing piano and violin after nine-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB**, 30 Central Park S. (PL 9-3561): After the theatre, except Sundays, William Tabbert, a native of "South Pacific," sings about love, tropical and North American. . . . **MADISON**, Madison Ave. at 58th St. (VO 5-5000): Piano music Mondays through Fridays from five to nine. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Nancy Andrews does well by her meaningful songs, and Alan Ross has fun with some of the better show tunes. Harold Fonville and Bob Downey contribute chipper double piano. Sunday is old-silent-movie night. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Good-natured Latin-American hurly-burly, interrupted only when the patrons indulge in a spot of dancing themselves. Closed Sundays. . . . **NINO**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): In the sumptuous bar, a Joseph's-coat example of interior decorating, Harry Meyerowitz's cocktail piano and (except Tuesdays), Rudy Timfield's dinner and supper piano. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2800): Cy Coleman's virtuoso fretwork on the piano in the café bar, every evening but Sunday. . . . **OLD KNICK MUSIC HALL**, Second Ave. at 54th St. (PL 9-2724): An industrious effort to revive the night life of the possibly Gay Nineties. Paul Killiam's haphazard commentary on bits of old movies is especially worth attention. . . . **CAFÉ GRINZING**, 323 E. 79th St. (BU 8-7607): In this Viennese restaurant, Fritz Scheff, a well-remembered voice indeed. Closed Mondays.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Tony Canzoneri, Joey Adams, and Mark Plant, acting like bulls in a china shop. Those large and lavish Copa showgirls exert a more subtle appeal. Dancing. . . . **RIVIERA**, Fort Lee, N.J. (Fort Lee 8-2000): When the Jersey wind is in the right quarter, you can hear Sophie Tucker just by sticking your head out of your apartment window. The Wesson Brothers' humor is not quite so exuberant.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): The music of two new stars, Irene Williams and Stan Freeman, now adorns this old firmament. Josephine Premice, supercharged with Haitian hoopla, is also around. Stuart Ross's baroque piano and the Herman Chittison Trio are in the background. At dinner and from one-thirty to four in the morning (except Saturdays), the piano nocturnes of Eadie and Rack. . . . **LITTLE CASINO**, 243 Sullivan St., at 3rd St. (OR 4-9583): Montmartre in miniature, an illusion induced by Jimmy Daniels, with the aid of Garland Wilson's and Norene Tate's bright-eyed piano and Mae Barnes' flamboyant songs. Closed Mondays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Butterfly McQueen, as vague and scatterbrained as she was in "Gone with the Wind," essaying her first flight into night life. Marian Bruce sings sombrely and decoratively, and the Gene Fields Trio plays for dancing. Clarence Williams is piano soloist. Closed Sundays. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-9322): Spivy, spinning out those ageless ditties about people who are



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

awfully bad citizens but awfully good company; Mabel Mercer, singing the songs Alec Wilder and allied spirits write especially for her.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison and his hold-on-to-your-hat trumpet style, together with Jack Lesberg, Peanuts Hucko, Gene Schroeder, Cutty Cutshall, and other Kilkenny cats. Ralph Sutton plays hot piano whenever they stop to cool their instruments. Tuesday nights are unrestrained free-for-alls, when other sharpshooters drop in for target practice. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Phil Napoleon and his Memphis Five, a vigorous collection of roman candles. Sunday afternoon is jam-session time. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Sidney Bechet, Kansas Fields, Sammy Price, and Big Chief Russell Moore, making a very fine to-do. Don Frye is at the piano in between. Jam sessions Monday nights. Dancing. . . . **CHILDS PARAMOUNT**, Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): Now and then, Wilbur de Paris's talented septet, which includes Sidney de Paris, breaks away from its waltzes and rumbas and gets real primitive. Supper dancing only, and no music Mondays. . . . **RIVIERA LOUNGE**, Seventh Ave. at 4th St. (WA 9-9663): A neat band-box, in which, after ten every night except on Monday, Willie the Lion Smith, equipped with an ancient cigar and an ancient Steinway, turns out rough, tough music. Art Hodes plays piano Mondays through Fridays, and such useful citizens as Tony Parenti and Herb Ward help out now and then. . . . **BOP CITY**, 1619 Broadway, at 49th St. (JU 6-3170): A centrally located ice-cream parlor, where Dizzy Gillespie and Dinah Washington make the night hideous or divine, according to your opinion of bebop. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR DANCING

NEW YORKER, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000): Nat Brandwynne's orchestra, and Laura Leeds, playing the piano and singing, plus a spate of pretty ladies on ice skates. Charlie Peterson's band fills in on Sundays. . . . **STATLER**, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000): In the Café Rouge, Ray Anthony's band. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROOSEVELT**, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200): Paul Sparr's orchestra and the Three Suns. Closed Sundays.

SUMMER SPOTS

TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN, Central Park W. at 67th St. (RH 4-4700): In fair weather, dinner and supper dancing on the outdoor terrace, which looks and feels a lot like the open country. . . . **ASTOR ROOF**, Broadway at 44th St. (CI 6-6000): Bill Lawrence's artful balladry, Blue Barron's orchestra, and Gringo's gay little rumba band. Closed Sundays.

OUT OF TOWN

DANCING—GLEN ISLAND CASINO, New Rochelle, N.Y. (New Rochelle 6-6500): Joe Sudy's band; closed Mondays. . . . **CHANTICLER**, Millburn, N.J. (Millburn 6-1454): Maximillian Bergere's orchestra; closed Mondays. . . . **BOWDEN SQUARE**, Southampton, L.I. (Southampton 788): The Sonny Kendis Trio every night but Tuesday.

DINNER IN THE COUNTRY—Places to dine (without dancing, unless noted) while out motoring—**BETHPAGE**, L.I.: Beau Sejour (Hicksville 3-0091); closed Tuesdays. . . . **CLOSTER**, N.J.: Closter Manor (Closter 5-0277); closed Mondays. . . . **COLD SPRING HARBOR**, L.I.: The Moorings (Cold Spring Harbor 998); Harold Cooke at the piano, except Mondays. . . . **CONGERS**, N.Y.: Jean's (Congers 378); closed Mondays. . . . **CROTON FALLS**, N.Y.: Massé's (Croton Falls 960); closed Tuesdays. . . . **DANBURY**, CONN.: White Turkey Inn (Danbury 2667). . . . **DOVER PLAINS**, N.Y.: Old Drivers' Inn (Dover Plains 2781). . . . **EAST NORWICH**, L.I.: Rothmann's (Oyster Bay 6-0266). . . . **FISHKILL**, N.Y.: Boni's Inn (Beacon 167). . . . **GARRISON**, N.Y.: Bird and Bottle (Garrison 342); closed Tuesdays. . . . **HAMPTON BAYS**, L.I.: Canoe Place Inn (Hampton Bays 150); dancing on Saturday evenings. . . . **HARTSDALE**,

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N.Y.: Tordo's (White Plains 8-0597). . . . **MANHASSET**, L.I.: Mori's (Manhasset 1842); closed Tuesdays. . . . **NEW HOPE**, PA.: Tow-Path House (New Hope 3784). . . . **NORWALK**, CONN.: Stirrup-Cup (Norwalk 6-5044); dancing on Saturday evenings. . . . **POUNDRIDGE**, N.Y.: Emily Shaw's Inn (Bedford Village 9371); closed Mondays. . . . **RIDGEFIELD**, CONN.: Stonehenge (Ridgefield 232). . . . **ROSLYN**, L.I.: Blue Spruce Inn (Roslyn 3-0253); closed Mondays. . . . **SYOSSET**, L.I.: Villa Victor (Syosset 1706). . . . **TARRYTOWN**, N.Y.: Tappan Hill (Tarrytown 4-3031); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . . **WAPPINGERS FALLS**, N.Y.: Wendover Farms (Poughkeepsie 8100); dancing on Saturday evenings. . . . **WESTBURY**, L.I.: Westbury Manor (Westbury 7-2184). . . . **WESTON**, CONN.: Cobb's Mill Inn (Westport 2-4330); dancing on Saturday evenings. . . . **WESTPORT**, CONN.: Red Barn (Westport 2-3971). . . . **YORKTOWN HEIGHTS**, N.Y.: Croton Heights Inn (Yorktown Heights 490); closed Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries open around 10 and close between 5 and 6 Mondays through Fridays.)

GALLERIES

CHILDREN'S ART—A two-gallery showing of quite creditable works by youngsters of the United Art Workshops of Brooklyn Neighborhood Houses, together with some penetrating analyses by a child psychologist. (Janis and Parsons, 15 E. 57th St. Weekdays; through July 9.)

DRAWINGS—An exquisitely selected collection, covering pretty nearly every school from the sixteenth century to the late nineteen-hundreds. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.; through Sept. 30.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **MACBETH**, 11 E. 57th St.: Water colors and oils by eight Americans, among them Joseph DeMartini, Andrew Wyeth, and Raphael Gleitsman; through July 29. . . . **SERIGRAPH**, 38 W. 57th St.: A large, diverse collection of silk-screen prints, sensitively executed; through Sept. 16. . . . **BABCOCK**, 38 E. 57th St.: A show combining the work of a number of noteworthy American painters of several decades ago—Albert P. Ryder, Ralph Blakelock, and George Luks among them—with that of some contemporary artists, including Jean Liberte and Sol Wilson; through Sept. 9. . . . **SALPETER**, 36 W. 56th St.: A group of small pictures, uneven in quality, by this gallery's painters. Weekdays, noon to 6; through Sept. 10. . . . **FEIGL**, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: Two Utrillos, and some new canvases by Vaclav Vytlacil, in a lively and graceful show. Weekdays; through July 30. . . . **BERTHA SCHAEFER**, 32 E. 57th St.: Small paintings mainly, neatly balanced between the fanciful and the more representational; through July 29. . . . **WEYHE**, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: Paintings and other works by Leonard Baskin, Marjorie Morse, Salvatore Meo, and other, mainly younger artists; through July 29. . . . **DURAND-RUEL**, 12 E. 57th St.: A little, sunny-looking show that concentrates on the Impressionists Renoir, Sisley, Pissarro, and Monet; through

July 29. . . . **LEVITT**, 16 W. 57th St.: Oils and water colors by Virginia Berresford, Everett Spruce, and others; through Aug. 31. . . . **PERIDOT**, 6 E. 12th St.: Water colors by Weldon Kees, Adolph Gottlieb, Hans Hofmann, and others. Weekdays; through July 30. . . . **A.C.A.**, 63 E. 57th St.: A large collection, chiefly by young artists, in this gallery's eleventh annual competitive exhibition; through July 8.

OUT OF TOWN—At the **NORTH SHORE ARTS ASSOCIATION**, Gloucester, Mass.: Twenty-seventh annual show. Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30. . . . **DELAWARE VALLEY ARTISTS**, New Hope, Pa.: Summer group exhibition. Weekdays, 1 to 6; Sundays, 12 to 6. . . . **OGUNQUIT ART ASSOCIATION**, Ogunquit, Maine: Members' group show. Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 1 to 5:30. . . . **BERKSHIRE MUSEUM**, Pittsfield, Mass.: New England painting and sculpture. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5. . . . **ROCKPORT ART ASSOCIATION**, Rockport, Mass.: Twenty-ninth annual exhibition. Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 3 to 7. . . . **PARRISH MUSEUM**, Southampton, L.I.: Contemporary American and British artists. Mondays, 2 to 5; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 3 to 5; and Thursday evenings, 8 to 10. . . . **GUILD HALL**, East Hampton, L.I.: A group show by seventeen artists now living in eastern Long Island, including, among others, Alexander Brook, David Burliuk, Julian Levi, and Moses Soyer. Weekdays, 10 to 5 and 8:30 to 10:30; Sundays, 3 to 6. . . . **SILVERMINE GUILD OF ARTISTS**, Silvermine, Conn.: Paintings by Gail Symon and Leslie Randall. Daily, except Tuesdays, 1:30 to 6. . . . **MYSTIC ART ASSOCIATION**, Mystic, Conn.: Group show by members. Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5. . . . **BERKSHIRE ART CENTER**, Canaan, N.Y.: An exhibition by contemporary artists, including Sol Wilson, Joseph DeMartini, Ogden Pleissner, and others. Daily, 3 to 6. . . . **WOODSTOCK ARTISTS ASSOCIATION**, Woodstock, N.Y.: Group show. Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 9; and Sundays, 11 to 4.

MUSEUMS

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Striking bronzes, mostly heads and portrait busts, by Dean Newman, somewhat in the style of Epstein; through July 14. (Sundays and Wednesdays, 11 to 6; Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays, 1 to 5.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A loan show of French Impressionist paintings and other works; through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ A fairly jumbled but quite entertaining exhibition tracing the classic influence in art from early Greek times to Picasso. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A large and practically definitive exhibition of twentieth-century Italian art, from the early Futurists down to the present time, which includes works by a number of young postwar artists not generally known here; through Sept. 11. . . . ¶ In the Museum garden, a one-family house, designed by Marcel Breuer; through October 30. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

MUSIC

STADIUM CONCERTS—The yearly Philharmonic-Symphony concerts at Lewisohn Stadium are held on most clear nights, at 8:30. In case of rain, which seems impossible, last-minute plans will be broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M., over WNYC. Thursday, July 7: Alexander Smallens conducting the annual all-Gershwin program, with Oscar Levant, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 9: Alexander Smallens conducting an all-French program, with Lois Hunt, soprano; Raoul Jobin, tenor; Elena Nikolaidi, contralto; and Robert Weede, baritone. . . . ¶ Monday, July 11: Sir Adrian Boult conducting an all-Brahms program, with Isaac Stern, violin. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 12: Sir Adrian Boult conducting. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 13: Sir Adrian Boult conducting, with Frances Magnes, violin. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 14: Sir Adrian Boult conducting an all-Beethoven program, with Claudio Arrau, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 16: Robert Stolz conducting an all-Johann Strauss program, with Marita Farell, soprano, and Kurt Baum, tenor. (Tickets are





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

available at Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St., AD 4-5800, and at the Steinway Bldg., 113 W. 57th St., CI 7-5534.)

OPERA—The LEMONADE OPERA: Kurt Weill's "Down in the Valley," along with "Hansel and Gretel," both in English. (Greenwich Mews Playhouse, 141 W. 13th St. CH 2-9360. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30.) ... **SALMAGGI OPERA**: "Aida," Saturday, July 9. ... "Rigoletto," Saturday, July 16. (Triborough Stadium. Both at 8:45. For tickets, call CI 7-6347.)

JUILLIARD CONCERTS—Thursday, July 7: Appleton and Field, duo piano. ... Friday, July 8: Felix Salmond, cello, and Leonid Hambro, piano. ... Monday, July 11: Juilliard String Quartet. ... Tuesday, July 12: Beveridge Webster, piano. ... Thursday, July 14: Martial Singher, baritone. ... Friday, July 15: Katherine Bacon, piano. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. All at 4. For information about tickets, call MO 3-7200, Ext. 33.)

CENTRAL PARK MALL CONCERTS—Edwin Franko Goldman conducting this year's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8:30.) ... City Amateur Symphony, Leopold Prince conducting. (Saturdays at 8:30.)

OUT OF TOWN—Serge Koussevitzky conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra in an all-Bach program at the Berkshire Music Festival. (Theatre-Concert Hall, Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Saturday, July 16, at 8:15.) ... Leonid Hambro, piano. (South Mountain, Pittsfield, Mass. Sunday, July 10, at 3:30.) ... The Berkshire Quartet, in a chamber-music concert. (Music Mountain, Falls Village, Conn. Sunday, July 10, at 4.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Washington, Friday, July 8, at 8:30; Saturday, July 9, at 2; and Sunday, July 10, at 2:05 (doubleheader). ... A sort of free-for-all, for charity, between the Yankees, Dodgers, and Giants, Monday, July 11, at 7. ... **POLO GROUNDS**: Giants vs. Philadelphia, Thursday, July 7, at 2:30. ... Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Thursday, July 14, at 8:30, and Friday and Saturday, July 15-16, at 2:30. ... **EBBETS FIELD**: Dodgers vs. Giants, Friday, July 8, at 8:30; Saturday, July 9, at 1:30; and Sunday, July 10, at 2:05. ... All-Star Game, Tuesday, July 12, at 1:30. ... Dodgers vs. Cincinnati, Thursday, July 14, at 8:30, and Friday and Saturday, July 15-16, at 1:30.

BOXING—Ray Robinson vs. Kid Gavilan, 15 rounds, for the World's Welterweight Championship. (Municipal Stadium, Philadelphia. Monday, July 11.) ... Willie Pep vs. Eddie Compo, 15 rounds, for the World's Featherweight Championship. (Waterbury, Conn. Wednesday, July 13.)

GOLF—Metropolitan Golf Association Junior Championship. (Hempstead Golf Club, Hempstead. Thursday through Saturday, July 7-9.) ... New Jersey Golf Association Open Championship. (North Jersey Country Club, Preakness, N.J. Thursday through Saturday, July 14-16.) ... Long Island Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Meadow Brook Club, Westbury. Thursday through Sunday, July 14-17.)

POLO—Sundays at 3:30—At BOSTWICK FIELD, Westbury. ... MEADOW BROOK CLUB, Westbury. ... BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase. ... FAIRFIELD COUNTY HUNT CLUB, Westport, Conn.

RACING—EMPIRE CITY AT JAMAICA: Weekdays at 1:15; through Saturday, July 16. The Empire City Handicap, Saturday, July 9; the Wakefield, Wednesday, July 13; the Butler Handicap, Saturday, July 16. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11:10 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:47 and 1:25.) ... MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2:30. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 12:25, and Saturdays at 11:55.)

TENNIS—Eastern Clay Court Championships. (Travers Island. Saturday through Sunday, July 9-17.)

TROTting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:40. (Special trains leave Penn Station Mondays through Thursdays at 7:03

P.M., and Fridays and Saturdays at 6:49 P.M. and 7:03 P.M.) ... SARATOGA SPRINGS: Weekdays at 8:15. ... HISTORIC TRACK, Goshen: Thursday and Friday, July 7-8, at 2.

YACHTING—New York Yacht Club Junior Regatta. (Larchmont. Tuesday, July 12.) ... Beverly Yacht Club Regatta. (Marion, Mass. Friday and Saturday, July 15-16.) ... Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. Starting Saturday, July 16.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—At Lake Success, about five hundred visitors are admitted to open meetings of the Security Council, the Atomic Energy Commission, the Commission on Conventional Armaments, and the Trusteeship Council. For tickets, call Fieldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2126, the day before you want to go. Frequent trains leave Penn Station for Great Neck, where they connect with buses for Lake Success.

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM—The current show is called "End of the World." (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)

HITLER'S YACHT—The four-million-dollar Grille, which, in 1935, was given to Hitler by the German people (if that is the right version of the transaction), is now on display here, for the benefit of a number of charities. (Pier 11, East River, near Wall St. Daily, 11 to 9; through Sunday, July 10.)

TRANSATLANTIC LINERS—DeGrasse: Sails Thursday, July 7, at noon. ... Parthia: Sails Friday, July 8, at 3:30 P.M. ... America: Sails Saturday, July 9, at noon. ... Britannic: Arrives Saturday, July 9; sails Thursday, July 14, at 10:30 A.M. ... Queen Elizabeth: Arrives Wednesday, July 13; sails Friday, July 15, at 10:30 A.M.

ON THE AIR

(Since programs are often changed at the last minute, the newspapers should be consulted as final authority.)

RADIO

MUSIC—Appleton and Field, Thursday, July 7, at 4 P.M., WNYC. ... Felix Salmond, Friday, July 8, at 4 P.M., WNYC. ... C.B.S. Symphony, Bernard Herrmann conducting, Sunday, July 10, at 3 P.M., WCBS. ... Patrice Munsel, Sunday, July 10, at 7:30 P.M., WJZ. ... N.B.C. Symphony, Arthur Fiedler conducting, with Gladys Swarthout, Sunday, July 10, at 8:30 P.M., WNBC. ... Juilliard String Quartet, Monday, July 11, at 4 P.M., WNYC. ... Eleanor Steber, Monday, July 11, at 8:30 P.M., WNBC. ... Claudio Arrau, Monday, July 11, at 9 P.M., WNBC. ... Beveridge Webster, Tuesday, July 12, at 4 P.M., WNYC. ... Lewisohn Stadium concert, Sir Adrian Boult conducting, Tuesday, July 12, at 8:30 P.M., WNYC.

DRAMA—Ray Milland and Maureen O'Sullivan in "The Big Clock," Friday, July 8, at 9 P.M., WNBC. ... "Goodbye, Mr. Chips," with Herbert Marshall, Saturday, July 9, at 6:30 P.M., WNBC.

SPORTS—Baseball: All-Star Game, Tuesday, July 12, at 1:15 P.M., WOR. ... Racing: Empire City at Jamaica; the Empire City Handicap, Saturday, July 9, at 4:15 P.M., WNBC, WCBS.

TELEVISION

SPORTS—Baseball: Charity game between the Yankees, Dodgers, and Giants, Monday, July 11, at 8:30 P.M., WABD. All home games of the Dodgers are shown on WCBS, of the Yankees on WABD, and of the Giants on WPIX. ... Racing: Empire City at Jamaica; the Empire City Handicap, Saturday, July 9, at 3:30 P.M., and the Wakefield, Wednesday, July 13, at 3 P.M., both on WNBT.

MISCELLANY—"The Fireman," an old Charlie Chaplin film, Thursday, July 7, at 8:15 P.M., WPIX. ... The tenth installment of the film of General Eisenhower's book "Crusade in Europe," Thursday, July 7, at 9 P.M., WJZ. ... Eddie Condon, with Count Basie, Wild Bill Davison, Sidney Bechet, Cutty Cutshall, and others, Saturday, July 9, at 9:30 P.M., WNBT.

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THE BANDIT—A lively Italian gangster picture that reveals some of the activities of the post-war Italian underworld. With Anna Magnani and Amadeo Nazzari. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

CHAMPION—A film that is nowhere near as trenchant as the Ring Lardner story from which it derives, but one that contains a lot of pretty terrifying action in the ring. Kirk Douglas makes a fine Midge Kelly, and the others in the cast are all right, too. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; Olympia, B'way at 107th, AC 2-1019; and Loew's 175th St., B'way at 175th, WA 7-5200; starting July 13.)

DEVIL IN THE FLESH—The story of an adolescent's love affair with a married woman, presented with great skill in a French film based on the Raymond Radiguet novel. Gérard Philipe and Micheline Presle head the cast. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

HAMLET—Sir Laurence Olivier as the melancholy Dane, in a distinguished English picture, which Olivier directed. (Park Avenue, Park at 59th, PL 9-7242. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturday and Sunday afternoons at 5:30 and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

HOME OF THE BRAVE—Race prejudice and its effect on a colored G.I. in the South Pacific. One of the best films on this subject to have come along. James Edwards, as the Negro, does a first-class job. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540.)

A LETTER TO THREE WIVES—Paul Douglas and Linda Darnell are very droll as a pair of tough citizens who love but never trust each other. (Embassy, Park Ave. at 42nd, MU 7-8723; through July 8.)

QUARTET—A translation to the screen of a group of Somerset Maugham's slickly confected short stories, two of which make pleasant entertainment. A British film. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 3-5520.)

THE QUIET ONE—A sensitive semi-documentary

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION AND APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE IN THE PROGRAM SCHEDULES THAT FOLLOW.

about the emotional upsets of a small, unloved colored boy in Harlem. Made in Manhattan by a group of amateurs. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting July 13.)

THE RED SHOES—Tucked away in this interminable study of life among devotees of the dance is a stylish ballet, based on the Hans Christian Andersen story. With Moira Shearer, Leonide Massine, and Ludmilla Tcherina. A British film. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturday and Sunday afternoons at 5:30 and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

SORROWFUL JONES—Bob Hope in a funny remake of a film that was known as "Little Miss Marker" when it first appeared, in 1934. (Paramount, B'way at 43rd, BR 9-8738; through July 12.)

REVIVALS

THE BANK DICK (1940)—W. C. Fields as a bank dick. (Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th, PL 7-4295.)

BRINGING UP BABY (1938)—Katharine Hepburn (a rich girl), Cary Grant (a scientist), and two leopards. (Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; July 9.)

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO (1934)—A faithful, slow-moving version of the great romance. With Robert Donat and Elissa Landi. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; July 10-11.)

HIS GIRL FRIDAY (1940)—A screen adaptation of "The Front Page." Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy. (Trans-Lux 60th

St., Madison at 60th, PL 5-2746; through July 13.)

LOUISIANA STORY (1948)—Robert Flaherty's poetic account of Cajun life on a Southern bayou. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting July 12.)

MARRIAGE IN THE SHADOWS (1948)—A German film dealing with the difficulties of marriage between Jew and Gentile in the Third Reich. With Ilse Steppat. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through July 11.)

MOVIE CRAZY (1932)—The venerable Harold Lloyd commotion. (Globe, B'way at 46th, JU 6-5555.)

MY LITTLE CHICKADEE (1940)—W. C. Fields and Mae West gambolling around in a most unusual Western. (Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th, PL 7-4295.)

NANOOK OF THE NORTH (1922)—A splendid reissue, with the addition of notable sound effects, of Robert Flaherty's documentary about an Eskimo's hard and exciting life. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting July 12.)

TORMENT (1947)—The machinations of a psychopathic teacher who attempts to frustrate a juvenile love affair. In Swedish. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through July 9.)

TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE (1948)—Prospecting for gold in Mexico. Walter Huston and Humphrey Bogart. (Embassy, Park Ave. at 42nd, MU 7-8723; starting July 13.)

WUTHERING HEIGHTS (1939)—Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier on the Brontë moors. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; July 11-13.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Through July 10: "The Love of Jeanne Ney" (1928). ... Starting July 11: "The Thin Man" (1934), with William Powell and Myrna Loy. Showings are daily at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only if applied for in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.

THE BIG HOUSES

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (CI 6-4642)
"Lost Boundaries," Beatrice Pearson, Mel Ferrer.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
"Any Number Can Play," Clark Gable, Alexis Smith.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
"Lust for Gold," Ida Lupino, Glenn Ford.

GLOBE, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
MOVIE CRAZY, revival.

MAYFAIR, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
Through July 8: "The Red Menace," Robert Rockwell, Hanne Axman.
From July 9: "The Big Steal," Robert Mitchum, Jane Greer.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Look for the Silver Lining," June Haver, Ray Bolger.

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through July 13: "Follow Me Quietly," William Lundigan, Dorothy Patrick.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (BR 9-8738)
Through July 12: SORROWFUL JONES.
From July 13: "The Great Gatsby," Alan Ladd, Betty Field.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Take One False Step," William Powell, Shelley Winters.

ROXY, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"House of Strangers," Edward G. Robinson, Susan Hayward.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
"The Great Sinner," Gregory Peck, Ava Gardner.

STRAND, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
July 7: "Colorado Territory," Joel McCrea, Virginia Mayo.
From July 8: "The Fountainhead," Gary Cooper, Patricia Neal.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
HOME OF THE BRAVE.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

AVENUE PLAYHOUSE, 6th Ave. at 47th. (PL 7-4295)
MY LITTLE CHICKADEE, revival; and THE BANK DICK, revival.

BIJOU, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
THE RED SHOES.

EMBASSY, Park Ave. at 42nd. (MU 7-8723)
Through July 8: A LETTER TO THREE WIVES.
July 9-12: "Jezebel," revival. Bette Davis, Henry Fonda.
From July 13: TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE, revival.

5TH AVE. PLAYHOUSE, 5th Ave. at 12th. (OR 5-9630)
"Love Story" (in French).

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (CO 5-9438)
"The Love Life of Napoleon" (in French, formerly called "Mlle. Desirée"), Sacha Guitry, Jean-Louis Barrault; and "The Room Upstairs" (in French), revival, Marlene Dietrich, Jean Gabin.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
"Daybreak," Ann Todd, Eric Portman.

LITTLE CINÉMET, 6th Ave. at 39th. (LO 4-1141)
"Queen of Spades," Anton Walbrook, Edith Evans.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
DEVIL IN THE FLESH; and "A Visit with Maillol," short documentary film.

PARK AVENUE, Park at 59th. (PL 9-7242)
HAMLET.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 3-5520)
QUARTET.

TRANS-LUX 60TH ST., Madison at 60th. (PL 5-2746)
Through July 13: HIS GIRL FRIDAY, revival.

WORLD, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
THE BANDIT.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through July 11: "Sleeping Car to Trieste," Albert Lieven, Jean Kent.
From July 12: "Easy Money," Greta Gynt, Dennis Price; and "A Canterbury Tale," John Sweet, Kim Hunter.

GRAMERCY PARK, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through July 9: "Flamingo Road," Joan Crawford, Sydney Greenstreet; and "Showtime," revival, Ann Todd, Richard Greene.

July 10-12: "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," Bing Crosby.
From July 13: **THE QUIET ONE**; and "Professor, My Son" (in Italian), Aldo Fabrizi.

BEVERLY, 3rd Ave. at 50th. (EL 5-8790)
Through July 11: **MARRIAGE IN THE SHADOWS**, revival; and "Devil's Daughter" (in French), revival, Pierre Fresnay.
From July 12: "Interlude" (in Swedish, German, Italian, and English), Viveca Lindfors; and "Naked Fury" (in French), revival, Pierre Blanchard.

LEXINGTON, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through July 12: "The Stratton Story," James Stewart, June Allyson; and "The Sun Comes Up," Jeanette MacDonald, Claude Jarman, Jr.
From July 13: **CHAMPION**; and "Texas, Brooklyn, and Heaven," revival, Guy Madison, Diana Lynn.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
July 7: "Miranda," Glynis Johns, Googie Withers.
July 8-10: "The Lost Moment," revival, Susan Hayward, Robert Cummings.
July 11-13: "Little Women," June Allyson, Elizabeth Taylor.

NORMANDIE, Park at 53rd. (PL 8-0040)
July 7: "Chicken Every Sunday," Celeste Holm, Dan Dailey.
July 8-10: "A Kiss in the Dark," Jane Wyman, David Niven.
July 11-12: "Jassy," revival, Margaret Lockwood.
From July 13: "The Son of Monte Cristo," revival, Joan Bennett, Louis Hayward.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (VO 5-3577)
Through July 12: "Mr. Belvedere Goes to College," Clifton Webb, Shirley Temple; and "The Forbidden Street," Dana Andrews, Maureen O'Hara.
From July 13: "The Life of Riley," William Bendix; and "Illegal Entry," Howard Duff, George Brent.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (VO 5-3320)
Through July 11: "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," Bing Crosby.
From July 12: "The October Man," revival, John Mills, Joan Greenwood.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through July 8: "Alias Nick Beal," Ray Milland, Thomas Mitchell.
July 9-13: "Flamingo Road," Joan Crawford, Sydney Greenstreet.

LOEW'S 72ND ST., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through July 12: "The Stratton Story," James Stewart, June Allyson; and "The Sun Comes Up," Jeanette MacDonald, Claude Jarman, Jr.
From July 13: **CHAMPION**; and "Texas, Brooklyn, and Heaven," revival, Guy Madison, Diana Lynn.

TRANS-LUX 72ND ST., 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through July 8: "Take Me Out to the Ball Game," Frank Sinatra, Esther Williams; July 9-12: "Flamingo Road," Joan Crawford, Sydney Greenstreet.
From July 13: "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," Bing Crosby.

TRANS-LUX COLONY, 2nd Ave. at 70th. (BU 8-9468)
Through July 9: "Take Me Out to the Ball Game," Frank Sinatra, Esther Williams; and "I Shot Jesse James," Preston Foster, Barbara Britton.

July 10-11: "The Upturned Glass," revival, James Mason, Pamela Kellino; and "The Lost Moment," revival, Susan Hayward, Robert Cummings.
July 12-13: "Flamingo Road," Joan Crawford, Sydney Greenstreet; and "The Clay Pigeon," Bill Williams, Barbara Hale.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through July 8: "Take Me Out to the Ball Game," Frank Sinatra, Esther Williams.
July 9-11: "Alias Nick Beal," Ray Milland, Thomas Mitchell.

NEIGHBORHOOD
HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST
APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED
ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.

From July 12: "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," Bing Crosby.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through July 12: "Mr. Belvedere Goes to College," Clifton Webb, Shirley Temple; and "The Forbidden Street," Dana Andrews, Maureen O'Hara.
From July 13: "The Life of Riley," William Bendix; and "Illegal Entry," Howard Duff, George Brent.

LOEW'S 86TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-5566)
Through July 9: "My Dream Is Yours," Jack Carson, Doris Day; and "The Younger Brothers," Wayne Morris, Janis Paige.
July 10-13: "City Across the River," Stephen McNally; and "Mexican Hayride," Abbott and Costello.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through July 12: "The Stratton Story," James Stewart, June Allyson; and "The Sun Comes Up," Jeanette MacDonald, Claude Jarman, Jr.
From July 13: **CHAMPION**; and "Texas, Brooklyn, and Heaven," revival, Guy Madison, Diana Lynn.

GRACIE SQUARE, 1st Ave. at 89th. (SA 2-2478)
Through July 8: "Take Me Out to the Ball Game," Frank Sinatra, Esther Williams; and "I Shot Jesse James," Preston Foster, Barbara Britton.

July 9: **BRINGING UP BABY**, revival; and "The Spoilers," revival, Marlene Dietrich, John Wayne.
July 10-11: "Flamingo Road," Joan Crawford, Sydney Greenstreet; and "The Clay Pigeon," Bill Williams, Barbara Hale.
From July 12: "Apartment for Peggy," revival, Jeanne Crain, William Holden; and "My Gal Sal," revival, Rita Hayworth, Victor Mature.

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
July 7: "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," Bing Crosby; and "Northwest Stampede," James Craig, Joan Leslie.
July 8-9: "Heartbeat," revival, Ginger Rogers, Jean Pierre Aumont; and "The Dark Corner," revival, Lucille Ball, Mark Stevens.

July 10-11: "My Gal Sal," revival, Rita Hayworth, Victor Mature; and "The House on 92nd Street," revival, William Eythe, Signe Hasso.
July 12-13: "City Across the River," Stephen McNally; and "Mexican Hayride," Abbott and Costello.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through July 9: **TORMENT**, revival.
July 10-12: "Don't Take It to Heart," Richard Greene.
From July 13: "The Lady Gambles," Barbara Stanwyck, Robert Preston.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through July 12: "The Stratton Story," James Stewart, June Allyson; and "The Sun Comes Up," Jeanette MacDonald, Claude Jarman, Jr.
From July 13: **CHAMPION**; and "Texas, Brooklyn, and Heaven," revival, Guy Madison, Diana Lynn.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through July 10: "Chicken Every Sunday," Celeste Holm, Dan Dailey; and "Canadian Pacific," Randolph Scott, Jane Wyatt.
July 11-13: **WUTHERING HEIGHTS**, revival; and "The Perfect Marriage," revival, Loretta Young, David Niven.

R.K.O. 23RD ST., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through July 12: "Mr. Belvedere Goes to College," Clifton Webb, Shirley Temple; and "The Forbidden Street," Dana Andrews, Maureen O'Hara.
From July 13: "The Life of Riley," William

Bendix; and "Illegal Entry," Howard Duff, George Brent.

TERRACE, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
Through July 9: "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," Bing Crosby; and "Northwest Stampede," James Craig, Joan Leslie.

July 10-11: **THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO**, revival; and "Return of Wildfire," Richard Arlen, Patricia Morison.
From July 12: "City Across the River," Stephen McNally; and "Mexican Hayride," Abbott and Costello.

COLONIAL, B'way at 62nd. (CO 5-0484)
Through July 12: "Mr. Belvedere Goes to College," Clifton Webb, Shirley Temple; and "The Forbidden Street," Dana Andrews, Maureen O'Hara.
From July 13: "The Life of Riley," William Bendix; and "Illegal Entry," Howard Duff, George Brent.

77TH STREET, B'way at 77th. (TR 4-9382)
Through July 12: "My Dream Is Yours," Jack Carson, Doris Day; and "The Younger Brothers," Wayne Morris, Janis Paige.
From July 13: "The Lady Gambles," Barbara Stanwyck, Robert Preston; and "Red Canyon," Howard Duff, Ann Blyth.

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through July 12: "The Stratton Story," James Stewart, June Allyson; and "The Sun Comes Up," Jeanette MacDonald, Claude Jarman, Jr.
From July 13: **CHAMPION**; and "Texas, Brooklyn, and Heaven," revival, Guy Madison, Diana Lynn.

YORKTOWN, B'way at 89th. (SC 4-4700)
Through July 9: "My Dream Is Yours," Jack Carson, Doris Day; and "The Younger Brothers," Wayne Morris, Janis Paige.
July 10-12: "Anna Karenina," revival, Vivien Leigh, Ralph Richardson; and "This Was a Woman," revival, Sonia Dresdel, Barbara White.
From July 13: "The Lady Gambles," Barbara Stanwyck, Robert Preston; and "Red Canyon," Howard Duff, Ann Blyth.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through July 11: "What's on Your Mind," documentary film about psychiatry.
From July 12: **LOUISIANA STORY**, revival; and **NANOOK OF THE NORTH**, revival.

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (RI 9-9861)
Through July 12: "Mr. Belvedere Goes to College," Clifton Webb, Shirley Temple; and "The Forbidden Street," Dana Andrews, Maureen O'Hara.
From July 13: "The Life of Riley," William Bendix; and "Illegal Entry," Howard Duff, George Brent.

CARLTON, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-3862)
Through July 9: "Knock on Any Door," Humphrey Bogart, John Derek; and "The Untamed Breed," revival, Sonny Tufts.
July 10-13: "Take Me Out to the Ball Game," Frank Sinatra, Esther Williams; and "I Shot Jesse James," Preston Foster, Barbara Britton.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (AC 2-1019)
Through July 12: "The Stratton Story," James Stewart, June Allyson; and "The Sun Comes Up," Jeanette MacDonald, Claude Jarman, Jr.
From July 13: **CHAMPION**; and "Texas, Brooklyn, and Heaven," revival, Guy Madison, Diana Lynn.

NEMO, B'way at 110th. (AC 2-9406)
Through July 12: "Mr. Belvedere Goes to College," Clifton Webb, Shirley Temple; and "The Forbidden Street," Dana Andrews, Maureen O'Hara.
From July 13: "The Life of Riley," William Bendix; and "Illegal Entry," Howard Duff, George Brent.

LOEW'S 175TH ST., B'way at 175th. (WA 7-5200)
Through July 12: "The Stratton Story," James Stewart, June Allyson; and "The Sun Comes Up," Jeanette MacDonald, Claude Jarman, Jr.
From July 13: **CHAMPION**; and "Texas, Brooklyn, and Heaven," revival, Guy Madison, Diana Lynn.

COLISEUM, B'way at 181st. (WA 7-7200)
Through July 12: "Mr. Belvedere Goes to College," Clifton Webb, Shirley Temple; and "The Forbidden Street," Dana Andrews, Maureen O'Hara.
From July 13: "The Life of Riley," William Bendix; and "Illegal Entry," Howard Duff, George Brent.



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makes you look dull—or radiant
so choose it carefully.*

Germaine Monteil's face powder, extra-fine in texture... radiant yet subtle in colors...
is designed to match your skin and make you look fresh, young, alive.

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

NOT long ago, we were scolding the perfume manufacturers for the shameless names they give their products (Frenzy, My Sin, Wild Harvest, and so on). We proposed, on moral grounds, a counter-scent, to be called Frigid, which could be used by ladies who are not abandoned and don't want to smell as if they were. Well, the Russians must have been thinking along the same lines. At any rate, we are reliably informed that the Gorky Street Perfume Shop, in Moscow, offers,



in addition to such frisky scents as Exotic, Await Me, and White Nights, a haunting variety named Thirtieth Anniversary of the Red Army.

FINANCIAL candor over and above the call of S.E.C. regulations is uncommon, so we hail the action of Mr. Howard S. Cullman, the well-known theatrical angel, who, before sailing for Europe last week, made public his latest list of Broadway investments. Mr. Cullman gave the *Herald Tribune* a frank description of a portfolio of six forthcoming shows in which he has an interest. The *Herald Tribune* observed that he and Mrs. Cullman were going abroad "to study plays in London, Paris, and Rome." We hope that this revelation will serve as a precedent and that in the future Morgan and Kuhn, Loeb bigwigs, sailing to pursue their Continental financial studies, will convey to reporters their commitments in such capital capital-risk ventures as Kansas City Southern Railway and Climax Molybdenum. In fact, we hope that the idea will be carried a step farther by Mr. Cullman himself,

whose theatrical holdings are only a fraction of his properties, and that he will let the public in on *everything* he owns. We have one small, captious observation to make. Mr. Cullman actually invests in plays through Cullman Brothers, Inc., a tobacco firm owned almost wholly by him and his elder brother Joseph. Mr. Joseph Cullman owns approximately sixty per cent of the company, Mr. Howard Cullman approximately forty, so the Cullman interest in the plays listed by the *Tribune* is largely the former's. How about some credit for Brother Joe, a relatively unsung tobacco magnate, languishing behind his cigars, yearning, we have no doubt, for a smidgen of Broadway glamour?

The End

WE were among those invited to the Hayden Planetarium one evening last week to attend an end-of-the-world party at eleven and the end of the world at twelve. We arrived to find a hundred or so guests, among them a considerable number of reporters, drinking Scotch and eating minced-ham sandwiches in the Copernican Room, and speculating, as journalists will, on the nature of man's eventual exit. An expert from the *Times* was leading a discussion about what everyone present would be apt to be doing if the world were really to end in an hour, which we figured is just what a *Times* man would be doing if the world were *really* to end in an hour. Mr. Robert R. Coles, associate curator, who was to be the lecturer of the evening, told us that the Planetarium suspended the show during the war period. "People had enough to worry about without fretting over when the world was going to end, or how," he said. "Lately, though, we've had so many requests from people—nice, cheerful people—to see the five cosmic catastrophes by which

we think the world might end that we've revived the show, with additional effects. We're running it through July and August. This is a special preview, which accounts for the ungodly hour." "I believe we should all go down drinking," a young lady said to the *Times* man, gallantly raising her glass. "This is not the Titanic," said the *Times* man coldly.

Coles said that the Planetarium always got a packet of letters from religious people whenever it put on the end-of-the-world show before the war, and undoubtedly would get them again. "They complain that the Bible has already defined the end of the world and that we're just wasting our time," he continued. "We write back that our interest is scientific, not religious." The sun in the ceiling of the Copernican Room winked out, and the party headed upstairs for the main chamber of the Planetarium. As we sat down, canned music of remarkable violence—bits of Stravinsky, bits of Wagner—was rising to a feverish pitch. Coles' voice came from an amplifier: "In all probability, the world will not end for billions of years. In theory, however, all but one of the possible catastrophes that we're going to show you tonight could occur at this very minute." With our head tilted back, we watched the sun explode,



raining down streaks of burning gas and turning the New York skyline, which rimmed the doomed heavens, into flaming ruins. "The explosion of the sun would consume the earth instantly or turn it into gas," Coles said, and then asked the audience to imagine next that it was looking at the earth from a point millions of miles out in space. A comet shot up, and *pouf!* went the speck



THE WRITING PUBLIC

"... The accusation is too preposterous to dignify with a reply of any sort. I am not a member of the Communist Party and have never been a member of the Communist Party. Nor have I ever followed the line of that Party or belonged to any organizations 'fronting' for it. The principles that have guided my life ..."

• •

that represented the earth. "In the case of a comet," Coles said, "we'd be sure to know all about it years in advance. Another catastrophe would be for a star to flash into our solar system and bring this planet under its influence—kidnap the earth, in short." "Dreadful business, kidnapping," said a voice beside

us, to the accompaniment of ice tinkling in a glass. "Of course, if the new star should hit our sun, the consequences would be at least as bad," Coles went on, and proceeded briskly to the next disaster, which consisted of the moon's falling toward the earth and eventually dissolving, with the result that enough

tidal waves and volcanoes were set in motion to wipe out human life. Finally, Coles pointed out, the sun is bound to use up its last atom of energy sooner or later and cool into a sort of ghost sun, leaving the earth permanently frozen. With this, the New York skyline seemed, by some magic, to be cov-

ered with ice, and snow to fall heavily and steadily from a cold, gray sky. The sun was only a faint, copper-colored disc. "Nothing that ever affects the earth and the sun could affect the stars and the universe as a whole," Coles concluded. "The stars are too far away. By the end of the world, we mean only the end of life on earth." "It's a damned outrage!" said the man beside us. "We can't even be Eskimos! I'm going to get another drink." We followed him, through the oppressive murk of the falling snow. It wasn't a fit night out for man nor beast.

Straw in the Wind

WE are in receipt of a copy of a notice that graced the various bulletin boards of the Harvard Law School for several recent weeks:

The Placement Office has available rough street maps of the Wall Street area of New York City. Copies may be had by calling at the Placement Office.

Hitler Slept Here

AFTER reading extensively about the Grille, the vessel supposedly built as a yacht for Hitler and now for sale, we went down to the foot of Wall Street and had a look at her. She displaces 3,840 tons and is 470 feet long. On the day of our call, she was festooned with flags, but she appeared rather tawdry, nevertheless, for her white hull was streaked with rust and she had a general air of dishevelment about her. We made our way through a throng of sightseers, who had contributed fifty cents each to charity to get aboard, ascended to the bridge, and found Captain H. E. Byng, a tall, gray, amiable Englishman, who now commands the Grille. He advised us that he took over the ship three months ago at Beirut, in Lebanon. Her owner, a textile man named George Arida, functions as British vice-consul in Tripoli. She had been lying at Beirut, with a skeleton crew aboard, for six months. Her present company numbers sixty and includes Greeks, Egyptians, Palestinians, Rumanians, Russians, Germans, and one Cyprian. Communicating with them is a major management problem. Captain Byng told us that the ship is as well fitted out with navigational equipment as a destroyer and steers

by means of a trio of buttons—one to head her to starboard, another to head her to port, and the third to speed up the movement of the rudder when quick action is advisable. During the war, the Grille, which then had a complement of two hundred and fifty men, was used first as a mine layer and then as a radio-direction base for submarines, sending out signals from a hideaway in the Norwegian fiords.

Captain Byng summoned a steward and sent us on a tour of the ship. The steward led us promptly to the Führer's suite—a bleak, meagrely furnished layout consisting of a bedroom, with a narrow berth; a small sitting room; and the sort of bathroom one finds in second-rate hotels—and then across the ship, past a couple of towering gentlemen in fezzes, who rather resembled a pair of lamps, to another suite, into which he ushered us with the words "Eva Braun." It was as austere as the Führer's quarters. We went on, through dining rooms that were none too impressive and a cocktail lounge with a gray, hemispherical bar, to the crew's quarters, where we found some despondent seamen loafing beside a sign adjuring them in English and French not to steal knives, forks, or food from the officers' mess. From one of this group we learned that the chief engineer had had a hand in building the Grille, and we made for his cabin.

The chief engineer is a German named Emil Wessel. In an accent rich with gutturals, he informed us that the Grille was built in Hamburg, in 1935, by a firm that employed him as trial engineer. "She was what you call an experiment," he said. "We must make the boiler that can go without much water. We are not like the English, who have many ports to go to. We must stay at sea a long time." As a consequence of using little water, the Grille's four boilers can generate a full head of steam in eighteen minutes. This and other novel features developed for the ship proved helpful later in the building of the Bismarck, until 1941 the most powerful

battleship afloat. We asked Wessel about the bar and the Eva Braun suite. He snorted. "No women come on a ship of the German Navy," he said, "and the Leader was here only to think. What is a bar now was a junior officers' mess."

When it was decided to send the Grille to the United States, Wessel was flown from Hamburg to Beirut, where he hired an assortment of German mechanics—former tank drivers and the like—whom he found on the beach there. They're not naval men, but he manages. Running on only one of her two turbines, the ship averaged fifteen knots crossing from Beirut. With full power, she can make thirty-two to thirty-four knots. After bidding farewell to Wessel, we returned to thank Captain Byng. We asked him where he was going from here, and he said, "I await my orders. Your guess is as good as mine."

Spot Pix

THE city desk of the *News* got a call the other morning from an amateur photographer who said he had a picture of a traffic accident he'd like to sell. "Woman lying in the street, all banged up, and people crowding around," he said. The *News* man asked him how he happened to get the shot. "Oh, I always carry a camera with me in the cab," he said, "and when I hit this dame..."

Rainproof, Planeproof

WORK on the new, permanent Lewisohn Stadium building—a large outdoor stage with two three-story wings for offices, locker rooms, etc.—which started last September and was held up somewhat by delays in steel shipments, is just about finished (the stage is finished), and, we're happy to report, the first concert was given, as scheduled, on June 20th and went off without a hitch. The other morning, tagging a group of distinguished persons who had a major hand in the planning of the building—Mrs. Charles Guggenheimer, chairwoman of Stadium Concerts, Inc.; John Eberson, of John & Drew Eberson, the architects who designed the structure; Albert Morgan, Acting Director of the Division of Buildings of the Department of Public Works;



Harry Benson, field manager for Stadium Concerts, Inc.; and Alexander Fisher, president of the Commercial Radio-Sound Corporation, which furnished the amplification system—we made a brief inspection of the premises, which we found fairly bustling with activity. Cement men were finishing the steps leading to the basement of the right wing, other men were hauling up buckets of tar to complete the waterproofing of the roof of the left wing, plumbers were soberly banging on pieces of pipe, electricians were sorting out wires, and, on the stage, the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra was running through a portion of the score of Stravinsky's "Firebird," under the spirited direction of Fritz Reiner.

When we met Mrs. Guggenheimer, an earnest-looking gray-haired lady who was smoking a cigarette in a red-and-gold holder, she and her companions were clustered about the steps leading up to the stage. We learned from her, above the music and the clatter of the workmen, that the funds for the construction, which total five hundred thousand dollars, were put up by the city; that the building is two hundred and forty-five feet long, twenty-two feet wide, and sixty-two feet high at the center; that the stage is eighty feet wide, forty-eight feet deep, and twenty-nine feet high; and that she is quite pleased with the whole thing. "Stadium Concerts has been sponsoring concerts for thirty-one years," she told us, removing her cigarette from its holder and throwing it to the ground, "and this is the first time we've had a bandstand

that didn't shake like jelly whenever you set foot on it. Stamp on that, will you, please? One evening, just before a concert, the old wooden bandstand was hit by lightning, and Mayor LaGuardia and I had to rush around like crazy getting a new one ready in time."

Mr. Ebersson rapidly pointed out a waterproof mulberry duck curtain that will be lowered in rainy weather to keep the orchestra members and their instruments from getting wet; a twenty-nine-foot-deep apron, made up of five steel-framed aluminum panels hinged to the stage, so that they can be raised and lowered in the manner of drawbridges; and three sixty-five-foot-long, four-foot-wide plywood maskings, which hang crosswise over the stage, one behind another. These can be manipulated like the slats of a Venetian blind to project the music out toward the audience at whatever angle is desirable. "All of them innovations," Mr. Ebersson said. "Question of necessity. We have to have a large stage to seat the orchestra and to put on operas, but we also have to recognize that the Stadium is primarily an athletic field for C.C.N.Y. Well, we recognize it. The apron covers the school's running track, so when the concert season ends, we pull it up, by winches. The underside is a scoreboard for their athletic events. Neat, eh?" "There are shutters on the windows of the building, so fly balls won't bust them," said Mr. Benson. "The waterproof curtain . . ." Mrs. G. said to Mr. Ebersson. "Well," said Mr. Ebersson, "last season it rained twenty-three days out of the forty that concerts

were supposed to be held." "Every time it rains, Stadium Concerts loses money," Mrs. G. said. "So with this curtain the orchestra can keep going. If it's not raining too hard, the audience can sit it out." "They'll hear a mixture of sound through the amplifiers and the curtain," explained Mr. Fisher. "We've got fifteen mikes placed around the stage and near the footlights. We've got a man stationed in a control box at the top of the back of the Stadium. He'll have a music score and he'll hear the music as the audience hears it. If the basses are coming through too loud, he'll be able to tone 'em down. If the audience is breathing too hard or clinking Coke bottles, he'll turn the sound up. It's planeproof, too, this system. If he hears a plane coming over, up goes the sound." "Fritz Reiner was so delighted with the rooms for conductors, orchestra men, soloists, and whatnot inside the wings that he wanted to set up a cot in one of them and sleep there," said Mr. Morgan. "The television facilities . . ." said Mrs. G., pressing a cigarette into her holder. "Well . . ." said Mr. Ebersson.

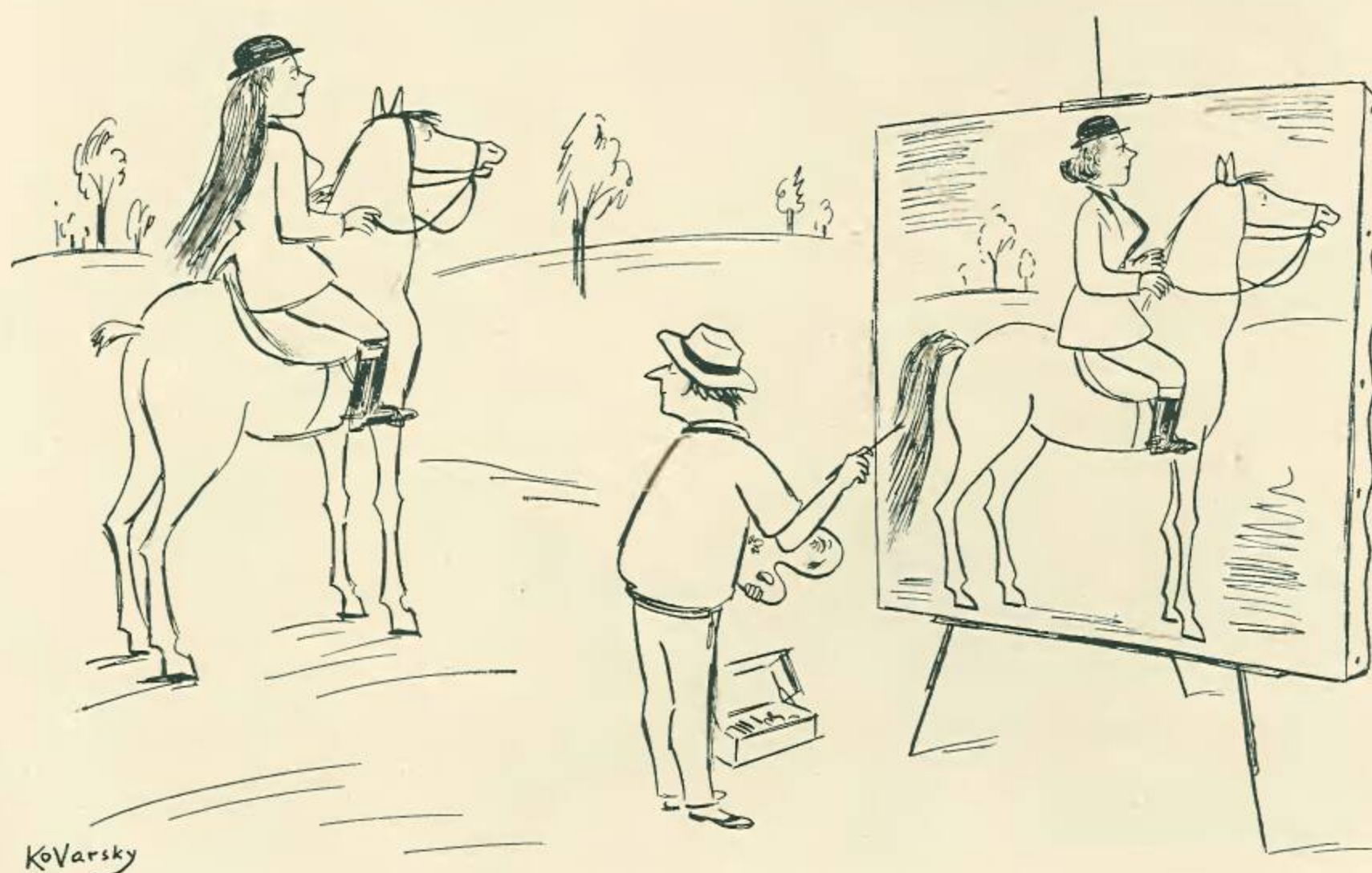
Interruption

"**T**HANK goodness school is over!" this urchin said to another urchin. "It kills my whole day."

The Old Is New

IMBUED with a naturalist's healthy curiosity, our man Stanley availed himself of an opportunity a short while ago to attend a late-evening rehearsal of Olsen and Johnson's "Funza-poppin," which it is the intention of those concerned to present eight times a week in Madison Square Garden for the next month or so, and which he had been told was chockablock with animals of all kinds, including several far from their native habitat. He returned toward noon the next morning, wide-eyed and with a couple of powder burns on his coat, and submitted the following report:

"Figured splendid chance to see how polar bears and penguins hit it off. North Pole, South



Pole. Penguins snobs or troupers? How they like the heat? On arrival, went behind huge stage at one end of arena to hunt, in dim light, for animal trainer. Found tall man who said he was property master and what did I want? Replied, 'Want to see the penguins. How they like the heat?' 'Bless you,' man said. 'We have no penguins. Just little people dressed up in cloth suits to look like penguins.' Asked about polar bears. 'This not the zoo,' said man. 'Only polar bear in show is man dressed up like polar bear. Only gorilla is man dressed up like gorilla. Got a pig, though, some rabbits, a mouse, and a goose. That is, we had a goose. Whitey. But after the television show last night he was supposed to have his picture shot, and he disappeared completely. Only way he'd eat was from my hand. Temperamental.' Man pointed out cow lying in midst of some trunks. 'Stuffed,' he said. 'We'll have to get new one every little while. Drops from height of thirty-five feet every show.' Man pointed out wooden box full of felt ducks, then plaster-of-Paris horse, gorilla suit, monkey suits. 'For the little people,' he said. Asked him where the pig was. 'Downstairs,' he said. 'But he doesn't like anybody around.'

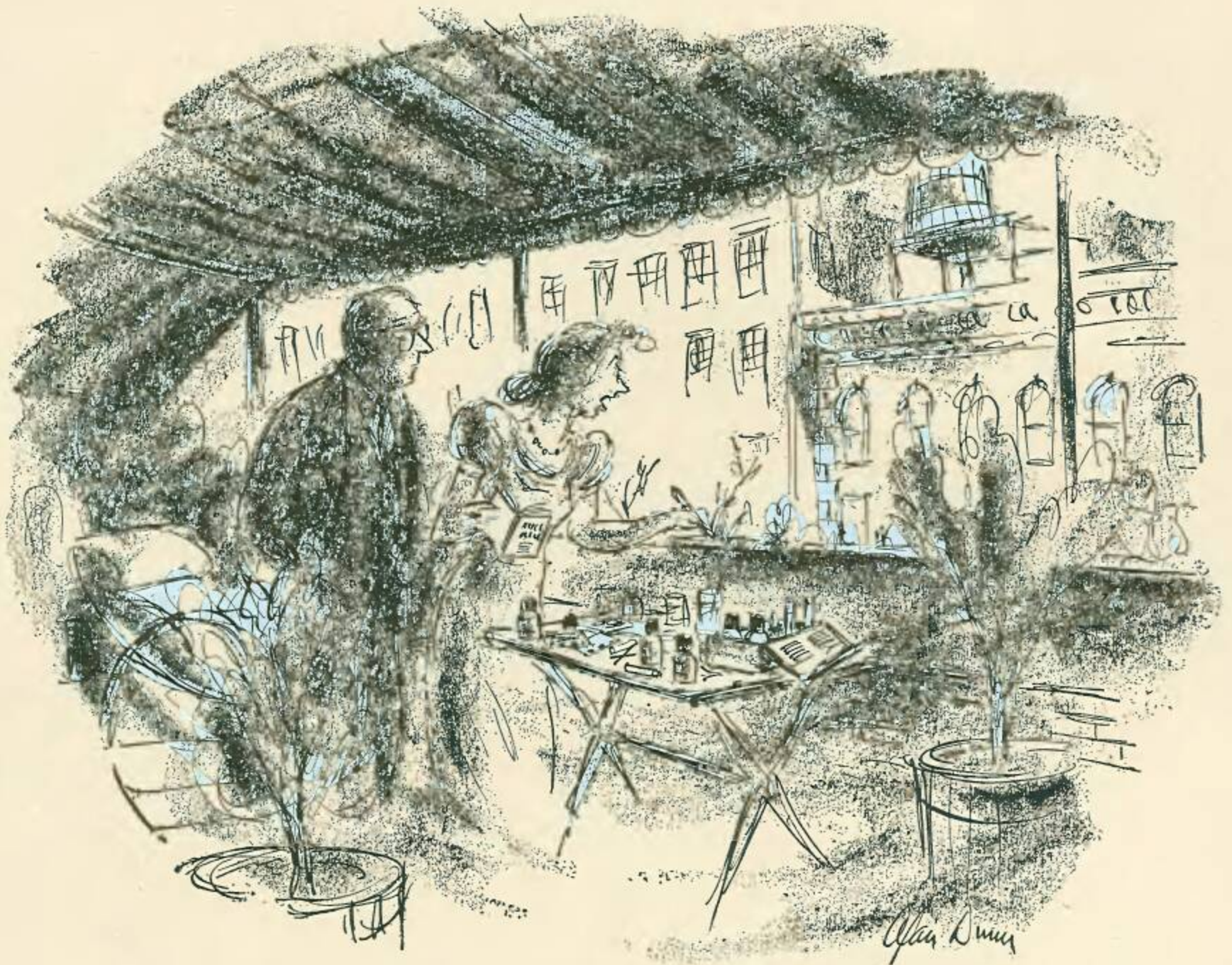
"Walked to front of set. Lady standing at microphone in middle of aisle hollering at chorus line, 'Pick 'em up, pick 'em up!' Lady blew whistle. Olsen and Johnson a few feet away getting picture shot. Tiny blond lady perched on Olsen's shoulder. One of little people, probably. Full-sized lady asked if I wanted to meet O. and J. Nodded. When photographer finished, got introduced. Olsen medium-sized, gray-haired, tan coat, gray pants. Johnson short, gray-haired, blue shirt, gray pants, smoking cigar. Excited man came up, buttonholed Olsen, asked where should he drop rat from. 'From the second balcony,' said Olsen. Johnson agreed eagerly. 'That's how we work things,' Olsen said. 'Surprise, incongruity. Basis of all humor.' 'Bedrock,' Johnson said. 'We have a library of fifteen thousand

books on humor going back to the beginning of time,' Olsen said. 'What was good eight hundred years ago is good today.' 'A gag file of half a million gags,' Johnson said. Another man came up, asked if he should drop the spider. Johnson said, 'Go ahead.' He pointed out huge red-and-black spidery creature hanging from roof. Lights went down suddenly, and spider plummeted onto people sitting watching rehearsal. They screamed and knocked over chairs. Olsen and Johnson fell on each other's shoulders laughing. Lady screamed on stage. 'Testing the air hose for the Funtime period, before the show starts,' Olsen said when breath recovered. 'What was good for Aristophanes is good for New York.' Pounded his fist into his hand. 'The old is new and the new is old.' 'Old as the hills,' Johnson said, nodding. 'Time to do the bedlam number. Excuse me.' 'What we found,' Olsen said, 'is in a place this size we got to forget subtlety to make the gag clear. Where a pistol would do in the Winter Garden, here we got to use a shotgun. Instead of one monkey, we got to use six. Instead of one bag of feathers falling all over

everybody, a dozen bags.' Johnson shouted into microphone, waving arms, 'Gorgeous George, over here! Newspaper hawker, over here! Baron Hopper, over this way!' Man loomed up carrying large shotgun. (Baron Hopper?) 'All I want to do is see New Zealand before I die,' he said, and shot off shotgun. Olsen jumped. Johnson jumped. I jumped. 'No matter how many times you hear a gunshot, you always jump,' Johnson said. 'Foundation of all humor.' Man started to reload shotgun. I beat it."

Urban

AFTER many tries, a lady who spends her summers in Vermont persuaded her college roommate, now a busy New York career woman, to come up for a few days. The very first morning, her guest indicated an appreciation of rural life. She announced when she came down to breakfast that she'd just seen a darling little bird, perched right outside her window. Asked what kind of bird it was, she couldn't be sure—some kind of mink-colored bird, she said.



"It's O.K. on nitrates, phosphorus, potash, and lime. My guess is we've got a boron deficiency."

CLOUDLAND REVISITED

GREAT ACES FROM LITTLE BOUDOIRS GROW

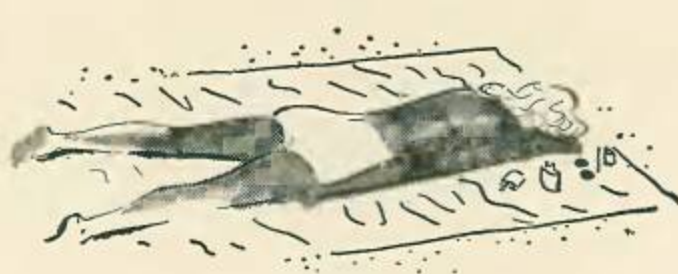
WHENEVER I stretch out before my incinerator, churchwarden in hand, and, staring reflectively into the dying embers, take inventory of my mottled past, I inevitably hark back to a period, in the spring of 1926, that in many ways was the most romantic of my life. I was, in that turbulent and frisky epoch, an artist, of sorts, specializing in neo-primitive woodcuts of a heavily waggish nature that appeared with chilling infrequency in a moribund comic magazine. It was a hard dollar, but it allowed me to stay in bed until noon, and I was able to get by with half as many haircuts as my conventional friends above Fourteenth Street. My atelier was a second-floor rear bedroom in a handsome mansion on West Ninth Street, temporarily let out to respectable bachelors during the owner's absence abroad. In this sunny and reposeful chamber, I had set up my modest possessions: the draftsman's table and tools of my trade; a rack of costly Dunhills I never smoked; and a lamp made of a gigantic bottle, formerly an acid carboy, and trimmed with an opaque parchment shade that effectively blanketed any light it gave. After pinning up a fast batik or two, I lent further tone to the premises by shrouding the ceiling fixture with one of those prickly, polyhedral glass lampshades esteemed in the Village, a lethal contraption that was forever gouging furrows in my scalp. It met its Waterloo the evening a young person from the "Garrick Gaieties," in a corybantic mood, swung into a cancan and executed a kick worthy of La Goulue. The crash is said to have been audible in Romany Marie's, six blocks away.

I had not been installed in my diggings very long before I found that they were not ideally suited to provide the tranquillity I had hoped for. My windows overlooked a refuge for unwed mothers operated by the Florence Crittenton League, and almost every morning between four and six the wail of newborn infants reverberated from the chimney pots. Occasionally, of an afternoon, I beheld one of the ill-starred girls on the roof, scowling at me in what I interpreted as an accusatory manner, and although I had in no way contributed to her downfall, I was forced to draw the blinds before I could regain a measure of composure. Far more disturbing, however, was the behavior of the clientele attracted by the tenant of the studio above mine, a fashionable Austrian por-

trait painter. This worthy, a fraudulent dauber who had parlayed an aptitude for copying Boldini and Philip de László into an income of six figures, was the current *Wunderkind* of Park Avenue; the socially prominent streamed to his dais like pilgrims to the Kaaba, in Mecca. The curb in front of the house was always choked with sleek, custom-built Panhards and Fiats, and hordes of ravishing ladies, enveloped in sables and redolent of patchouli, ceaselessly surged past my door. What with the squeals and giggles that floated down from the upper landing, the smack of garters playfully snapped, and pretty objurgations stifled by kisses, I was in such a constant state of cacoëthes that I shrank to welterweight in a fortnight.

It would be unfair, though, to hold the painter entirely culpable for my condition; a good share of it was caused by a novel I was bewitched with at the time—Maxwell Bodenheim's "Replenishing Jessica." Its publication, it will be recalled, aroused a major scandal, hardly surpassed by "Lady Chatterley's Lover." Determined efforts were made to suppress it, and it eventually gave rise to Jimmy Walker's celebrated dictum that no girl has ever been seduced by a book. Whether the mot was confirmed by medical testimony, I cannot remember, but in one immature reader, at least, "Replenishing Jessica" created all the symptoms of backbone fever. So much so, in fact, that prior to a nostalgic reunion with it several days ago, I fortified myself with a half grain of codeine. I need not have bothered. Time, the great analgesic, had forestalled me.

TO call the pattern of Mr. Bodenheim's story simple would be like referring to St. Peter's as roomy or Lake Huron as moist; "elementary" sums it up rather more succinctly. Condensed to its essence, "Replenishing Jessica" is an odyssey of the bedtime hazards of a young lady of fashion bent on exploring her potentialities. Jessica Maringold is the twenty-three-year-old daughter of a real-estate millionaire, willful, perverse, alternately racked by an impulse to bundle and a hankering for the arts. With-



out any tedious preliminaries, she weighs in on the very first page perched on a piano bench near a stockbroker named Theodore Purrel, for whom she is playing "one of Satie's light affairs." "She was a little above medium height, with a body that was quite plump between the hips and upper thighs," the author recounts, exhibiting a gusto for anatomical detail that often threatens to swamp his narrative. Purrel receives a similarly severe appraisal: "He was a tall man, just above thirty years, and he had the body of an athlete beginning to deteriorate—the first sign of a paunch and too much fat on his legs." With all this lard in proximity, it is preordained that high jinks will ensue, and they do—cataclysmically. "His fingers enveloped the fullness of her breasts quite as a boy grasps soap bubbles and marvels at their intact resistance." The soap bubbles I grasped as a boy were not distinguished for their elasticity, but they may have been more resilient in Mr. Bodenheim's youth. Meanwhile, during these gymnastics Jessica surrenders herself to typically girlish musings. "She remembered the one night in which she had given herself to him. . . . She knew that Purrel would grasp her, and she reflected on some way of merrily repulsing him, such as pulling his tie, wrenching his nose, tickling his ears." Unluckily, the delaying action had been futile, and Purrel managed to exact his tribute. Now, however, he impresses her as a dull, self-confident libertine, an estimate borne out by his Philistine rejection of her intellect: "I wish you'd give this mind stuff a rest. . . . It doesn't take much brains to smear a little paint on canvas and knock around with a bunch of long-haired muts. . . . I may not be a world-beater but I've run up a fat bank account in the last eight years and you can't do *that* on an empty head." The struggle between Theodore's animal appeal and Jessica's spiritual nature is resolved fortuitously. "The frame of the piano, below the keys, was pressing into her lower spine, like an absurd remonstrance that made her mood prosaic in the passing of a second," Bodenheim explains, adding with magisterial portentousness, "The greatest love can be turned in a thrice [sic] to the silliest of frauds by a breaking chair, or the prolonged creaking of a couch." When the lust has blown away, Jessica is safe in her bedroom and her admirer presumably on his way to a cold shower. "Purrel felt feverish and thwarted without knowing why," says the text, though any reasonably alert chimpanzee of three could

have furnished him a working hypothesis.

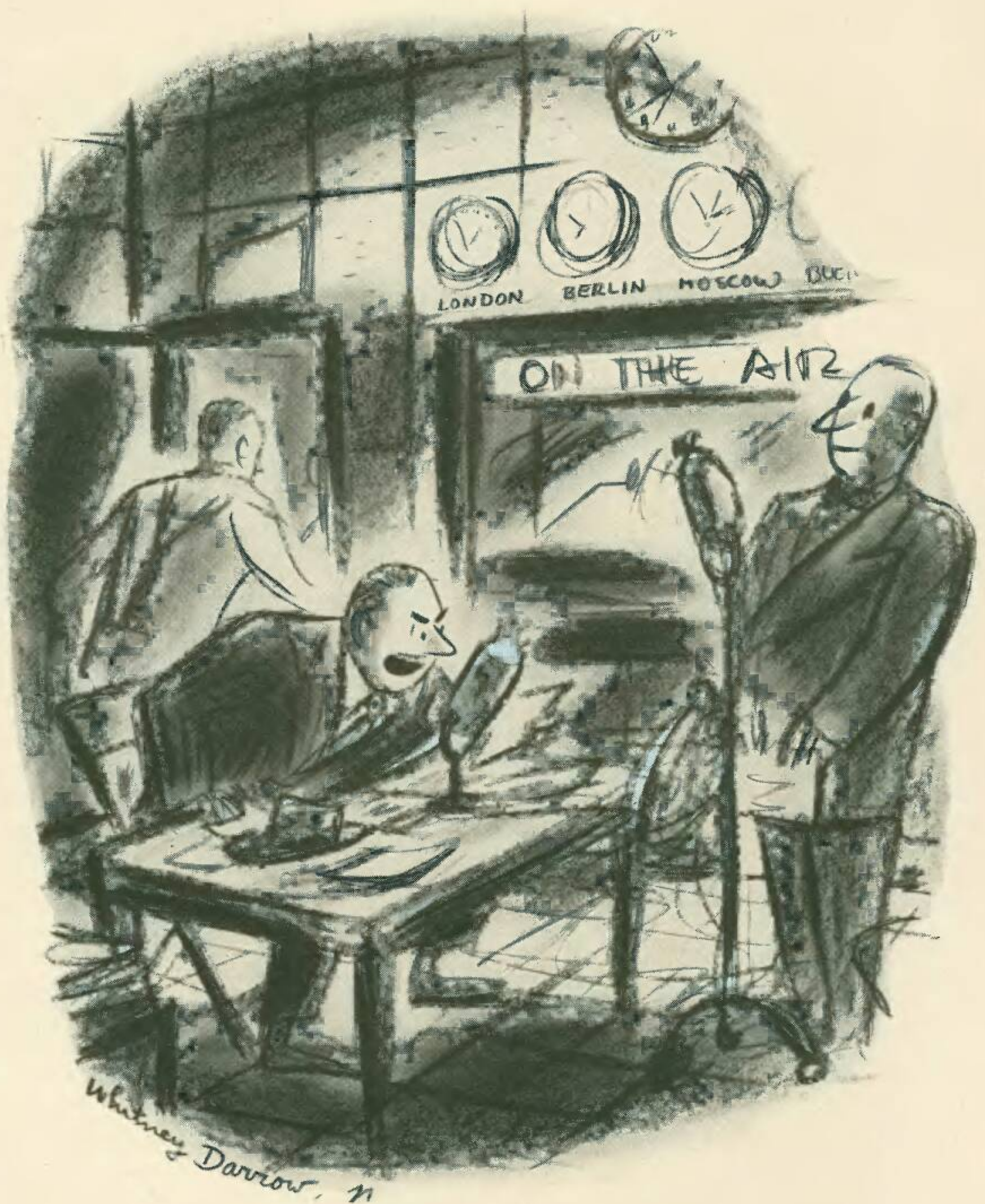
Jessica's next sexual skirmish takes place at twilight the following afternoon, in the studio of Kurt Salburg, a dour Alsatian painter who addresses her as "*Liebchen*" and subjects her virtue, or what's left of it, to a coarse, Teutonic onslaught. His brutal importunities, unaccompanied by the slightest appeal to her soul, provoke her into withholding her favors, but she confers them a scant twenty-four hours later on Sydney Levine, a masterful criminal lawyer, who requisitions them in the terse, direct fashion of an Army quartermaster ordering sixty bags of mule feed. "I have wanted you for six months," Levine tells her. "I have no lies or romantic pretenses to give you. My love for you is entirely physical, and nothing except complete possession will satisfy it. . . . From now on, it would be impossible to control myself in your presence, and it will have to be everything or nothing." Their romp leaves Jessica remorseful and more frustrated than ever. Eschewing the opposite sex for three weeks, she stays glued to her easel, creating futuristic pictures apropos of which the author observes, "She had a moderate talent for painting." The sample he describes would appear to permit some room for discussion: "... two lavender pineapples, placed on each side of a slender, black and white vase, all of the articles standing on a dark red table that seemed about to fall on

the cerise floor." Of course, there is always the possibility that Mr. Bodenheim is being sardonic, just as there is always the possibility that the Princess Igor Troubetzkoy is planning to leave me her stock in the five-and-ten-cent stores.

Ostensibly purified by her joust with the Muse, Jessica now retreads her steps to Salburg's studio to bedevil him a bit further. This time the lecherous Alsatian uses a foxier gambit to achieve his ends. He employs the infantile, or blubber-mouth, approach. "If you should refuse me now, I would never

live again,' he said, in a low voice. 'Never, never . . . I am helpless and frightened, Jessica.' His words had a defenceless quiver that could not be disbelieved. . . . A disrobed and frantic boy was speaking his fear that she might whip his naked breast." Following a rough-and-tumble interlude, the participants spend the evening at a *Nachtkal* with Purrel, whom Jessica pits against Salburg to keep things humming. In the resulting scrimmage, the stockbroker draws first claret; Jessica is repelled by the artist's craven behavior

and, dismissing her flames as bullies and cowards, decides to pop over to Europe and see what beaux are available in England. There is a vignette of her, aboard ship, calculated to awake tender memories in the older girls: "She was dressed in dark purple organdy with white rosettes at the waist, stockings and shoes of the same purple hue, a long, thin cape of white velvet, and a pale straw turban trimmed with black satin." It is a coincidence worth recording that the young person from the "Garick Gaieties" referred to earlier



"My prediction of last Sunday night that my prediction of a major resignation in the State Department would be denied has proven one-hundred-per-cent correct."



"Mr. Humphries, how do you high-pressure somebody?"

wore exactly this costume when she danced the cancan in my web. Naturally, she removed the long, thin cape of white velvet to facilitate her kick at the lamp, but in every other respect her ensemble was identical. Sort of spooky, when you come to think of it.

HAVING installed herself in an apartment in Chelsea, Jessica plunges intrepidly into the bohemian whirl of London, keeping a weather eye out for brainy males. At the 1919 Club, a rendezvous so named "in commemoration of a Russian revolution"—an aside that pricks your curiosity as to which one the author means—she encounters four. They are (disguised under impenetrable pseudonyms) Ramsay MacDonald, the Sitwell brothers, and Aldous Huxley, but, regrettable to say, no pyrotechnics of note occur. At last, the situation brightens. One evening, Jessica finds herself in her flat discussing Havelock Ellis with a personable ex-officer named Robert Chamberlain, "...and during the course of the talk Jessica partly unloosened her heliotrope blouse because of the warm-

ness of the room, and sprawled at ease on a couch without a thought of sensual invitation." Innocent as the gesture is, Chamberlain, in his crass, masculine way, misconstrues it. "His confidently thoughtful mood was shattered, and for the first time he looked steadily at the tapering, disciplined curve of her legs, slowly losing their plumpness as their lines fell to her ankles, and half revealed by her raised, white skirt; and the sloping narrowness of her shoulders, and her small-lipped, impishly not quite round face that was glinting and tenuous in the moderated light of the room." But the foregoing is merely a feint on Bodenheim's part, and two months of interminable palaver are necessary before his creatures coalesce to make great music. The slow buildup plainly does much to intensify Chamberlain's fervor: "His mind changed to a fire that burned without glowing—a black heat—and his emotions were dervishes." Once the pair wind up in the percale division, the same old sense of disillusion begins gnawing at Jessica. A week of stormy bliss and she is off to New York again, hastily sandwiching

in a last-minute affair with Joseph Israel, a London real-estate broker.

The concluding fifty pages of "Replenishing Jessica" cover a span of approximately six years and vibrate with the tension of high-speed oatmeal. Jessica passes through a succession of lovers (including poets, musical-comedy stars, and other migratory workers), marries and discards Purrel, and inherits four million dollars, zestfully described as composed of real estate, bonds, and cash. (Offhand, I cannot recall another novel in which the scarlet threads of sex and real estate are so inextricably interwoven. It's like a union of Fanny Hill and Bing & Bing.) All these stimulating experiences, nevertheless, are no more than "a few snatchings at stars that turned out to be cloth ones sewed to the blue top of a circus tent," though one suspects a handful of the spangles may have been negotiable. Tired of drifting about the capitals of Europe and unable to find a mate who offers the ideal blend of sensuality and savvy, she devotes herself to teaching children to paint at an East Side settlement house. Here, among the burgeoning lavender pineapples, she meets a saintly, partially deformed type given to reading Flaubert and writing aesthetic critiques. His luxuriant brown beard, exalted eyes, and general Dostoevskian halo augur well, and as the flyleaves loom, Jessica's saga ends with an elegiac quaver reminiscent of a Jesse Crawford organ solo.

EVERY book of consequence ultimately produces lesser works that bear its influence, and "Replenishing Jessica" is no exception. As collateral reading, I can recommend a small semi-scientific monograph I myself recently helped to prepare. It concerns itself with the peculiar interaction of codeine and ennui on a white hysteroid male of forty-four exposed to a bookful of erotic fancies. Unlike the average hypnotic subject, the central character was fully conscious at all times, even while asleep. He ate a banana, flung the skin out of the window, flung the book after the skin, and was with difficulty restrained from following. It sounds technical but it really isn't. It's an absorbing document, and above all it's as clean as a whistle. Not a single bit of smooching in it from start to finish. I made certain of that. —S. J. PERELMAN

He made his discovery while digging for quarts near one of his bogs.—*Boston Traveler*.

Or were they fifths?

TIME IS A STREAM

EUNICE, her daughter, had a way of quoting "If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly," but not, Mrs. Throckmorton noticed, if it were Eunice who had to do it. Old Mrs. Throckmorton disliked the quotation in any case—to her, it sounded like a quip, and she disliked all quips—but for Eunice to say it now was cruel. The only possible way to do this—Eunice would have called it a business, but to old Mrs. Throckmorton it was a breaking, a tearing apart—the only way for her was to do it slowly, so that the tear could be made little by little and the living tissue be given time to heal itself. Mrs. Throckmorton's lips were firm and disagreeable, but her soul was rocked, and she shrank and trembled.

Standing in the drawing room, where the packing cases were already full, with her finger she touched the peacock-feather fan that Eunice had taken, with other things to be sold, out of the cabinet. The fan should have stayed in the cabinet, where its colors had remained rich and brilliantly tender for years—"years that the locust hath eaten, but they hath not eaten the feathers," said Mrs. Throckmorton.

"Locusts can't be figurative *and* actual," said Eunice, in her crisp, sure young voice.

Eunice was sensible, ruthlessly sensible. You could be ruthlessly sensible, Mrs. Throckmorton thought, if you had a short nose; with a long nose it was not endearing. Eunice's nose was slightly long, it was a Dunbar nose. Mrs. Throckmorton's mother-in-law had been a Dunbar. Eunice was a thorough Dunbar. Sometimes Mrs. Throckmorton could not help wishing that Damaris had been able to come, or the more gentle Anne, but Eunice had no children, and Eunice, of course, was such an excellent manager; she managed her husband (whom Mrs. Throckmorton often thought of as poor Tom) so that she was always free to get away. Eunice was to take Mrs. Throckmorton to the hotel in London and stay with her for a few days and find somewhere for her to settle. Mrs. Throckmorton sighed.

The fan had been brought back to England from—India? China? Java? Anyway, from far jungles, where the peacock had flown alive and wild. Now it was transmuted into a fan, and the fan had outlasted the peacock. Uncle Mcleod had brought it home. "Your Great-Uncle Mcleod," she told Eunice now,

though she had told her this many times before. There was always a Mcleod, as there were always a Eustace, a Eunice, a Damaris, and an Anne. "That is Uncle Mcleod, in the Benjamin West—with the white frilled trousers, holding the hoop. Where is the Benjamin West?"

"Packed," said Eunice. She hid a little yawn as she pushed in the straw of the last big case. "This will be all to go tomorrow," she said.

Mrs. Throckmorton did not see Uncle Mcleod as the little boy in the picture. She saw him in the dining-room chair where he had sat when she was first brought in by her husband to shake hands with him. His head was bent; the creases of his chin went into his cravat. Cravat? I must be very old, thought Mrs. Throckmorton, but it was a cravat. The cravat was white, like the frilled trousers, but glossy; the chin full and flesh pink—the pink of an Ophelia rose. She could still see him clearly; he seemed far more alive than Eunice, with her neat, mouse-colored head, clear, blue eyes, and quick, clearing-away hands. Mrs. Throckmorton drew a feather, with its deep eye, slowly through her fingers; the eye stared up at her. She sighed and put the fan back in the cabinet.

"Mother, you have put that fan away *again!*"

"Yes, Eunice."

"As fast as I sort things out, you muddle them up. You know all the things in the cabinet are to be sold. We decided that. You can't keep everything."

"No," said Mrs. Throckmorton slowly.

"You will be far more free," argued Eunice.

"I do not wish to be free," said Mrs. Throckmorton. Her voice was still as deep as a bell.

"You know very well—" began Eunice, but Mrs. Throckmorton interrupted her.

"One does not wish to be free of one's house," she said in her bell voice. "Not even in this generation."

IT was, Mrs. Throckmorton acknowledged with pride, a big house. Its lines of windows reflected the day as they reflected morning and evening, the passing of night, sunrise and sunset; through the panes, the light, filtered green from the elms, fell on the floor and washed the walls; through the panes you looked out at elms

where the rooks built, at fields, flocks, and quiet gray walls. In front of the house was a ha-ha; she remembered writing that to her mother in her first letter from the house. What is a ha-ha? A sunk fence with a ditch, to separate lawns from fields. "Our parkland is green fields," she had written to her mother, "with elms and chestnut trees." There were nuts, too, in the lanes, from the hazels, she wrote, and "at night the moon and the smell of country rise over the fields; sometimes a white cat, gone hunting, slinks by the new-mown hay; there are white lilacs in the garden and magnolias against the wall. . . ."

At first, she had not liked the magnolias. "Why not, my love?" Eustace had asked. "They seem—they seem to eat the house," she said. He spoke of the grace of the magnolias in the Japanese painting in the study. "Japanese painters etherealize," she had said. "These magnolias are real." She had grown to like the magnolias. Now, in the years, they had reached the roof. The chimneys were tall, clear, and strong, and their smoke rose, or did not rise, giving a message to the neighborhood. "We look to the big house," the people used to say. They would not say that now. Mrs. Throckmorton sighed. The swallows flew back and built under the eaves of the house every year. They would still do that. The house would not change—for the swallows.

"Mother, you are looking white. You should go and lie down." Eunice opened the cabinet door to take out the fan.

"Eunice, I beg of you, leave that fan where it is—for today."

"Why not get it done?" asked Eunice sensibly. She laid her hand, not unkindly but firmly, on her mother's shoulder; through the gray dress, she could feel how its bones were hunched and bent; they increased her firmness. "You must accept this, Mother."

"I do." Mrs. Throckmorton's voice could be harsh as well as deep—disagreeable to hear. Eunice winced, but she stroked her mother's shoulder. They were nearer in that moment than they had been all this time. The older woman seemed to sink and sway, as if an eddy had caught her under her daughter's hand. "I do," she said, as if she gasped, and then she came up for breath. "I do, but you can't expect me to—to—" "Enjoy it," she had meant to say, but what she said was "endure it."

"Well, then, as we have to have





EVERYDAY HISTRIONICS

Tough Beard

this tooth out, let's have it out quickly." Eunice sprang away, and her voice was gay, as if this determination were refreshing, but Mrs. Throckmorton refused to be refreshed.

"It is not a tooth," she said. "It is a house."

"Oh, Mother!" said Eunice, irritated. "We know all that. Do you think Damaris and Anne and I haven't felt it? But we know it has to be. Then do it. 'If it were done when 'tis done—'"

"Eunice!" Mrs. Throckmorton thundered. Then her voice broke. She was silent, trembling. At last, she was able to say, "I will not have these . . . quips thrown at my head."

"It may be a quip, but it's true."

"If I wanted to use words," said Mrs. Throckmorton bitterly, "I should find something as true—true but not wounding."

"Then, what?"

"There are—other quotations."

"Name one," said Eunice triumphantly. She knew, and Mrs. Throckmorton knew she knew, that her mother's weakness was that she was vague; even for Eustace she had not been able to achieve accuracy and clarity in the clear-tongued, clear-eyed, clear-

brained way he had given to the girls. Young Eustace—Stacey, they called him—had been the same as she. He had understood. But Stacey was dead—dead at Dunkirk; he had known what she could not explain, that in her misty, groping slowness she was nearer to truth. "Yes, Stacey was the most truthful of my children," old Mrs. Throckmorton had once said. Now tears pricked the thin lids of her eyes. How could she be clear when she dreaded this clearness? She was too riddled ("muddled," Eunice, Eustace, and the girls would have said, but "riddled" was more true), riddled with experience, with facts and thoughts, truths, half truths, light, half light, whispered, caught allusions, dreadful, shouted facts. How do they expect me to be clear? I know too much, thought old Mrs. Throckmorton.

From where she stood, she could hear the rooks. The boys—generations of Eustaces and Mcleods—had heard them in their frocks. The first Eustace had married a Dunbar and handed on her nose to his children. Her own Eustace had stood there, and her children—Stacey and Eunice, Damaris and Anne—had stood at the nursery window to watch the swallows come, the

rooks build, each spring. "We ate rook pie," said Mrs. Throckmorton, speaking her thoughts aloud. She traced the edge of the cabinet—its inlay of scrolls and winding vine leaves. "Only the backs, of course. You only eat the backs of rooks."

She looked up and caught her daughter's eye. Eunice was smiling. "Name one," said Eunice again.

SOMETHING snapped in Mrs. Throckmorton's eyes. It seemed to Eunice that her mother's eyes were suddenly clear; usually, to Eunice, they were slow, saurian, ugly eyes. Mrs. Throckmorton looked at the bookcase, walked straight across to it, and took out a book. It was a small, rubbed volume. She looked at the title—"The Thoughts of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus." That conveyed nothing to her, but she opened it and ran her finger down the page and stopped.

"Well? What is it?" asked Eunice, half mocking, half impressed.

The words looked up at old Mrs. Throckmorton from the page, and if the quip had stung her, these words cut.

"Well? Read it," said Eunice. "Read it."

Mrs. Throckmorton read in a whisper, "'Time is a rushing torrent, a stream, fed by life and its changes. One thing swims into sight and is swept away, another comes fleeting past—' No!" said Mrs. Throckmorton fiercely. "No! That isn't what I meant. No!" She hastily turned the pages, trying to sweep it away. "No!" But where her finger came to rest, the words faced her again: "'In this stream, wherein there is no abiding . . .'" Mrs. Throckmorton was silent. She closed her eyes, not to let Eunice see how the words had wounded her.

"But how beautiful! How strange!" said Eunice in a changed, quiet voice. "'In this . . . wherein there is no abiding . . .'" But it fits!"

"It fits," said her mother harshly, and she threw off her daughter's arm.

It was true. Like water seeping up through the floors, through cracks in the walls, through small holes and chinks, the stream had come: the first war; then Eustace dying; then selling off the land, bit by bit, to pay; the girls marrying and going to their new homes; the second war, and Stacey killed; and all the time money growing less and less, repairs left undone, costs rising. "You will have to give it up, Mother," the girls had said.

"I shall never give it up."

"It's ridiculous, your living here all alone in this huge house."

"Mother, you must! Soon you will be reduced to absolute want."

"How can you be reduced to want if you want nothing? I can continue to live here on nothing for years."

"No one can live on nothing."

"I have fruit and vegetables. I have the bees. I intend to sell the car and buy a goat. There is all this grazing. The rents pay for the rates and taxes."

"You need lighting."

"I shall go to bed with the sun. I can gather wood for fires."

"The house is tumbling down over your head."

"It will last my time."

"There are still *things*," they had urged. "Clothes."

"I have my clothes."

"Toothpaste."

"I have no teeth."

"Still, there are *things*. Toilet paper!" one of them had said triumphantly.

"I should use leaves," said Mrs. Throckmorton.

Then her body had betrayed her—her old, ugly Judas body. It had begun, for no reason, to faint. The first time it happened, she had warned herself that this would be the end, did it ever show. It was bound to show; it seemed outside her power to control. Grudgingly, she had to admit it; her body fainted. Well, what if it does? thought old Mrs. Throckmorton. She remembered a performing troupe that she and Eustace had once travelled out with on a ship. Out to where? It did not matter—to Las Palmas, Bermuda, or Peru. The troupe was Japanese, a family of acrobats, and they practiced their thick-set contortions on deck every day. The mother had fits; when she had a fit, they would place her aside and ignore her and, when it was over, go on practicing again. "That is the way it should be," Mrs. Throckmorton had said when she told the story, but the girls—Eunice and Damaris and Anne—did not think so. One of them, it seemed, would be impelled to give up her home and come and live with her mother unless . . .

morrow the moving van would come and remove Mrs. Throckmorton's flotsam and jetsam, for flotsam and jetsam it had become.

"Would you like a flat or rooms, Mother?" one of them had asked.

"I don't care." Don't expect me, said Mrs. Throckmorton's look, ever to care again.

"Mother, be sensible. You must keep within your compass."

"My compass is wide. Now, in this time, people cannot be wide," said old Mrs. Throckmorton, "cannot have a vision of the scope of quiet, of spaciousness." The lawns fell wide from the terrace to the ha-ha; the rooks in the elms had been for centuries as famous as the steeple of the ample Norman church. Here, in the house, were rooms built for room, and corridors for pacing, and windows that ran from low sills to ceiling and gave vistas of the land and cloud and sky. How beautifully the light fell through the old Venetian blinds, slatted light and shadow on the polished floors, and light poured down the well from the cupola on the stairs, touching wood and inlay, glass and paint, the sides of porcelain and china, light falling on rich patterns in the colors of Persian rugs. "We were not afraid of living in our houses then," said Mrs. Throckmorton to herself. Now they were afraid; the width and richness were all gone—gone with the family portraits, family Bibles, family names; the seed was plowed down in the furrow, and suffering took the young flesh as it took the wrinkles of the old. It is not their fault, though I judge them, thought

Mrs. Throckmorton. She was not angry with people but with the cruelty of time; she felt a passion against the power of time, against its wanton, drowning cruelty. She felt hate and passionate rage. "Let it come and do its worst," said old Mrs. Throckmorton.

If only she could have been alone! The morning of the last day, Eunice brought her a cup of tea in bed and looked at her to see if she had slept. "Did you expect me to sleep?" asked Mrs. Throckmorton. Eunice waited near her all day, and through the county, in the small towns and villages, in farms and cottages bright now with summer flowers—pinks, pansies, lupines, hollyhocks—in shops where the people gossiped, they waited, too; as the tear began, they felt for her and would not let her feel alone. The fibres gave up their clasp one by one, the filaments with the minutes, and the minutes wreaked their way as fiercely as the hours while they waited around her. "Mother, are you all right?" "Sit down, Ma'am. You oughtn't to be standing." "I called in, Mrs. Throckmorton, to see . . ."

Twice, she gave way, twice went under—once when a man she had not seen before, a little man in a pepper-and-salt suit who, Eunice said, was an "expert" (taking a magnifying glass out of his pocket and holding it over chair arms and table legs, and pictures and their frames, and china), thoughtfully rang with his finger and thumb one of her blue-and-white bowls as it stood on the chimneypiece. "I understood it was for sale, Madam," said the little man furiously. "Not today. Today it is a private bowl," said Mrs. Throckmorton. "Oh, Mother! Come away."

Once was when Mrs. Throckmorton came on the spice cabinet standing outside on the white sand of the kitchen path. For a moment, she failed to comprehend. She stood looking at it, holding to a piece of ivy from the wall.

"But you said it should go with you, Mother."

"It shouldn't go anywhere," said Mrs. Throckmorton in an ugly, loud voice. "It belongs. It belongs on the wall of the kitchen. You know that very well, Eunice. It is not an ornament. It is for spice. Where else should it go?" "Mother, listen." "I will not listen. These



IT had, of course, to be unless. The house was up for sale. The girls had taken their share of the family furniture, pictures, silver, and china, and to-

are facts." But as she said that, a dark young man in a green apron, green as the ivy, came and gave her a look of pity, picked up the spice cabinet, and carried it away.

It was sunset when they were closing up the van. It seemed to Mrs. Throckmorton to be a white sunset, without colors, with no richness or promise—sterile. The rooks cawed but no smoke went up from the chimneys. Eunice fetched her mother's bag and gloves. "Shall we go?"

"Yes. No," said Mrs. Throckmorton.

"Do you want to go through the house again?"

"Yes." With the white light on her forehead, Mrs. Throckmorton went through the rooms. The last thing she saw was the nursery fireguard, with a label on it—a white label printed with the figure "50;" it was standing at the foot of the stairs in the hall; it had the hole in it where Stacey had kicked it through, and a strand of pale-blue wool threaded through the wire. Her heels made an insignificant tapping on the bare floors. She put her hat straight and went out the door, touched the knocker with her gloved hand, and walked down the drive to where Eunice was waiting with the car. They drove away not on a road, thought Mrs. Throckmorton, but on a swift and cruel tide.

TIME, they say, is all one; different sorts of time can be all one. The girls had chosen that she should go to an expensive luxury hotel. "A complete change for Mother. Something *utterly* different. It will help her to forget." They had settled it in their clear-sighted way. Now Mrs. Throckmorton stood tall in the lounge, waiting while Eunice registered and asked for their keys. The lights were bright, a throng of people passed in and out through the revolving glass door, telephones rang, lifts sang up and down, and small pageboys in coffee-colored uniforms, with pert white gloves, went through the crowd calling out messages and names. Mrs. Throckmorton, her hat slightly on one side again, faced an urn filled with honeysuckle and orchids.

"Isn't this rather fun?" asked Eunice, her face flushed with pleasure, coming across and taking her mother's arm.

"They do not mix," said Mrs. Throckmorton.

"What doesn't mix?" asked Eunice lightly.

"They and the honeysuckle." She nodded toward the urn. Then she shut her eyes. Let the—the *dénouement* be swift, she thought. She did not like

"*dénouement*," or any French words; she searched for an English one and found it simply. "The end," said Mrs. Throckmorton.

But it was not the end. She was here in the lounge of the hotel; her skirt was

bagged at the knees, she had wisps of hair on her neck, her hat was sliding, her face felt dark and raw. "You shouldn't have brought me here," she said to Eunice.

"Oh, come, Mother. It will cheer

THE TOM~TOM

This is the day for bicycles.

Yesterday was a swimming day,

A day for splashing head over heels,
When every child would have screamed dismay
At anything less than dolphin play.

But today they are all on wheels.
Large and little and middle-sized,
An army of children goes mechanized,
As if for a silver medal,
Around and around they pedal.

And we saw no rockets fly,

No messenger brought the word.

Yet lonely, lonely, the beaches lie
And the saltiest bathing suit is dry
While every child sweeps breathless by

Like a bird, like a bird.
How did they know? What sign was sent
To herald the seashore's banishment?
Who proclaimed it the time and weather
For bicycling all together?

Tomorrow, or the day after,

The pedals will lose their power.
Solemn, and yet with laughter,
They will turn to something dafter,
All at the selfsame hour.

All of a sudden the windy heights
Will burst into gaudy bloom of kites
With a heaven-aspiring reach
And a child attached to each.

But that hour overthrown,

The falcon kites will be grounded.
As if a bugle had blown,

As if a signal had sounded,
They will learn as one to be monster tall
When a madness of stilts assails them all.
Together in hot compliance,
They will walk the village like giants.

If you ask them, they are perplex.

The calendar gives no warning.
One does not tell the next,

Yet they wake and know in the morning
(As a swallow knows the time
For quitting a rainy land)
When the rope should whirl to the skipping-rhyme
Or the baseball thud in the hand,
Or the multitudinous din
Of the roller skates begin.

It is something that tom-toms say.

You cannot explain it away,

Though reason, though judgment reels.

For yesterday was a swimming day
And today is the same as yesterday,

Yet now they are all on wheels. —PHYLLIS MCGINLEY

• •

you up. You will feel quite different after a hot bath. We each have a private bath. Isn't that splendid?"

"Splendid! Sumptuous!" said Mrs. Throckmorton, in her loudest bell voice.

The bathroom was sumptuous—white, tiled, and vast, with chromium fittings. "Rather different from home, with that old mahogany-edged tub and the chipped willow pattern," Eunice pointed out. "Perhaps they will put fixed basins in now." The bathroom lights were also bright; they made Mrs. Throckmorton's body in the bath look more than ever ugly and wooden and worn. Like the bodies of those wooden Christs you see in the roadside shrines abroad, Mrs. Throckmorton thought—weathered by all weathers, stark.

For the first time, she saw herself stark naked.

In the hotel dining room, there was a press and a clatter of tongues and silver and china and glass. She was too tired for the hotel dining room; she could neither eat nor talk but sat upright and criticized the wine and sent the soup away. The waiter, she saw, had derision in his eyes for this old woman, opinionated, ugly, harsh, and slow, this old—the waiter would not think of Christ for a woman, Mrs. Throckmorton was sure—this old totem of a woman. Yes, a totem, thought Mrs. Throckmorton. A totem is the symbol of unseen and intimate relations, of regeneration of life. And a house, she thought, slowly turning her glass that held the second order of wine—Eunice was being wonderfully patient—a house is more than a building in which to dwell, a dwelling place or an inn; it is more than household affairs; it is a family, kindred, a line; it is genesis—the sign, among men, of a living force, of life. Life as you do not know it, said Mrs. Throckmorton silently to Eunice, to the waiter, to the crowded room. A house is a root, she said. It is the root that bears the seed. That is what I believe, said old Mrs. Throckmorton to herself. And I am not wrong.

When the waiter turned back again and showed them his face, his eyes were

bland, and Mrs. Throckmorton despised him.

"Are you enjoying it, Mother?"

"No, thank you, Eunice. I am too old."

"You are tired. Soon you will be in bed."

IN bed was no rest. There were no trees outside the window, no field sounds, no gentle air; even with the window open the room smelled of central heating and the press of bodies, and the sounds were the sounds of lifts and bells and, far off, the streets below. The sheets on the bed had turned a faint gray from quick laundering, the pillows were unfamiliar, the satin eiderdown oppressive. She wanted the old red Paisley folded at the foot of her bed, light and warm on her feet, the thin linen case on her pillow, and to wake for a moment at dawn and hear the cocks crow from the farms and the wind rustle the elms, and to sleep again, till morning. A rush of regret filled her for what she had done—not regret of pathos but furious regret. Why did I let them make me do it, she thought. I should have stood against them. I should have consented to die first—frozen to death or starved. Her cheek felt like a cinder against the pillow; her eyes were gritty and hard. "Let me die now," prayed Mrs. Throckmorton, but she went on living, her heart beating steadily in the hotel dark. She could not bear it. She put on

the light. It woke Eunice in the next room, and Eunice came in.

"Not sleeping, Mother?"

"Did you expect me to sleep?" she said tartly, as she had said it to Eunice once before. And she asked, "What were those words I read to you that morning?"

"Yesterday?" asked Eunice sleepily.

"Was that—yesterday? Yes. Those words I liked."

"You didn't like them. They made you angry."

Mrs. Throckmorton brushed her hand across the sheet impatiently. "Say them."

Eunice could not remember them. She guessed, and said slowly, because she was sleepy, "Time—is a stream—aahh—wherein there is no abiding."

"No abiding," repeated Mrs. Throckmorton. "You are sure? Sure those were they?"

"Quite sure," said Eunice, more awake. "Time is a stream wherein there is no abiding." She looked at Mrs. Throckmorton and thought she looked very frail. "I shouldn't think of it now, Mother."

"I want to think of it. I like it. 'No abiding,'" said Mrs. Throckmorton, on the hotel pillows. She looked around the hotel room and shut her eyes. "'No abiding.' That is the healing, in the end. Go back to sleep, Eunice. There is nothing you can do for me. I am glad."

—RUMER GODDEN



"Central Maternity Hospital. But you don't have to hurry—I'm just a nurse."



"Fill 'er up."

PROFILES

ROUGE, IMPAIR, ET MANQUE

EVER since my early, irresponsible days, when, because of insolvency and a youthful concept of the romantic life, I worked for a few months as assistant to an assistant croupier at the Casino Municipal in Nice, I have regarded the croupiers at the Casino in Monte Carlo with the fervent respect that members of amateur orchestras pay to the Boston Symphony. Every time I have happened to be on the Riviera in later years, I have made a trip to Monte Carlo to watch the paramount gaming-table virtuosos of them all, and their skill, elegance, and imperturbability have never yet failed to impress me. At roulette, they spin the wheel with éclat; make quick, neat stacks of exactly twenty chips; place bets for players, tossing chips with such precision that they fall directly on a number; pay off a distant player with a cascade of chips that lands right in front of him; rake in losing stakes without disturbing winning ones; watch the players' faces and hands; memorize the patterns of bets; and multiply in a fraction of a second the number of winning chips by thirty-five, seventeen, eleven, or eight, depending on whether they had been put on one number (*en plein*), on the line between two numbers (*à cheval*), on three numbers across the board (*transversale*), or on the intersection of four numbers (*en carré*). They perform these and other feats with the impeccable sang-froid of a chief of protocol directing a diplomatic dinner in a Foreign Ministry.

In the course of my pilgrimages to Monte Carlo before the war, I became acquainted with some of the croupiers, and every once in a while I would have an after-hours apéritif with one whom I shall call Gaston Raymond; I do not like to use his real name, because he is still working at the Casino and our meetings were strictly sub rosa. Croupiers are not supposed to mix socially with non-residents of the Principality—an injunction that goes back to the old days when dishonest croupiers would join forces with a gambler, pay him fake winnings, and later split the take. "That used to be the only surefire way to cheat," M. Raymond once remarked to me, "but nowadays even that's impossible. We croupiers are always being watched by the Casino's almost-secret police, on and off duty."

To outwit the almost-secret police,

M. Raymond and I would avoid the showy premises of the Café de Paris and meet in a small *bistro* on a steep, narrow street in La Condamine, the harbor section of Monaco. M. Raymond at that time lived in rooms above it. His apartment had no rugs, smelled of onion soup, and was kept, alternately, in order by his wife and in disorder by his two sons. Its pièce de résistance was an old-fashioned phonograph ornamented with a picture of the His Master's Voice fox terrier and equipped with a big brass horn. These and other details of the ménage I gathered second-hand from M. Raymond, because, though we were good friends, I was never invited to his home, in accordance with the extremely low local standards of hospitality.

SOME months ago, I had occasion to visit Monte Carlo for the first time since the war, and on the afternoon of the day I arrived, I went to the Casino, in the hope of finding M. Raymond. Nothing seemed to have changed around the place. The lawns and beautifully kept flower beds were intact, and were being patrolled by a half-asleep Monegasque *carabinière*, who looked like an oversized lead soldier in his tall helmet, red-and-royal-blue uniform, and heavy epaulettes; the ancient, immaculate landaus, smelling of horse and nostalgia, were debouching fragile white-haired English ladies in front of the Casino; antiquated Rolls-Royce taxis, once the town cars of optimistic plungers, were drawn up in front of the imposing entrance of the Hotel de Paris, diagonally across the way. (Before the war, Monte Carlo had the largest number of Rolls-Royces, per capita, of any country in the world.) At a counter in the Commissariat office, to the left of the Casino entrance, I presented my passport and three hundred francs (a dollar) and was issued an admittance card for a month. I didn't have to establish that I enjoyed *une situation sociale indépendante*, as was required before the war; today anybody can gamble at the Casino except house employees, minors, citizens of Monaco, and visitors in uniform. The only conspicuous change in the big anteroom, or Atrium, as it is called, was the presence of a row of slot machines—made by the Mills Novelty Company in Chicago—which looked altogether out of place among the marble Ionic columns. The people



trying to hit the jackpot on them, though, had the grim, determined expression common to slot-machine players anywhere. I walked into the immense gold-and-stucco Renaissance hall known as the Salle Schmidt, where the public gambling tables are laid out. There was M. Raymond, standing behind Table No. 7, as I had so often seen him, uttering his monotonous "*Mes-sieurs, faites vos jeux*," spinning the wheel, and keeping a sharp eye on the board spread before him. He had not changed—a slim, trim, tense man, with dark hair carefully brushed back and an intent expression that dissolved into a smile only when one of the players threw a *pourboire* chip to one end of the table, where an assistant croupier picked it up, nodded his thanks, and put it into a slot called by old-timers No. 37. When M. Raymond saw me, he inclined his head casually, as if he had seen me only the day before, announced, "*Rien ne va plus*," and shot an indignant glance at a rawboned woman who was trying to place a last, desperate bet. When I edged over beside him, he whispered to me that he was delighted to see me and how about an *apéro*, same place, same time as in the old days?

I got to the *bistro* at six, and M. Raymond arrived ten minutes later, still wearing, under a trench coat, his dinner jacket without side pockets—the honesty-inducing uniform of all Monte Carlo croupiers. We shook hands, slapped each other on the shoulder, and asked the customary questions about each other's well-being. M. Raymond assured me that he had been positive I would show up again. "Everybody comes back to Monte Carlo," he said. "Those who win come

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back to try and win again, those who lose return to recoup their losses, and all the ones who don't play come back just because they like the place." He took off his trench coat, threw it onto an empty table, pulled a chair under him with one foot, sat down, and called to Georges, the swarthy, garlicky owner-and-bartender, for two vermouth-cassis—all in what seemed like one motion.

"You look the same," I said.

"A little shabbier," M. Raymond said. "Everything is a little shabbier. My dinner jacket is getting shiny at the elbows. We asked the management for a special clothing allowance, and they reminded us that they lost a hundred and thirty-six million francs last year—almost four hundred and fifty thousand dollars. They didn't say that they lost it because they repainted the place, fixed up the gaming rooms, kept a fifteen-hundred-ton yacht on hand for rich patrons to take cruises on, and spent fifty million francs on a new restaurant. Nobody cares about the croupiers. Bah, the croupiers! Let them fork out fifteen thousand francs of their own for a new *smoking*. *Ça, alors!*" He sighed, as he always had whenever the depressing subject of spending any of his own money came up, although in the course of a day's work he could pay out as much as four million francs' worth of the Casino's chips with total impassivity. In his private finances, M. Raymond has always been a *petit bourgeois*, like so many of his French compatriots at the Casino.

Contrary to a commonly held notion, the majority of the fourteen hundred employees of the Casino are not citizens of the Principality. In fact, of the twenty thousand inhabitants of Monaco only about thirty-five hundred are citizens, enjoying the enviable prerogatives of not having to pay any income taxes and not having to serve in anybody's army. The local naturalization laws, like the membership bylaws of an exclusive club, are designed to keep the number down, and bar anyone from applying for citizenship unless his family has resided in the Principality continuously for four generations. Most of the applicants are

French citizens, and they, even after fulfilling the Principality's requirements, may have difficulty in disengaging themselves from their allegiance to France. M. Raymond, who is a third-generation resident, hopes that his sons will become citizens of Monaco and have the pleasure of inspecting the armed forces of their three-hundred-and-ninety-five-acre country (half the size of Central Park), which consist of one company of comic-opera *carabinieri* at the palace of the ruler, Prince Rainier III; and of reading its comforting annual budget, which last year amounted to four hundred and fifty-eight million francs, spent, in considerable part, on such cheerful items as maintenance of the Exotic Gardens and the Oceanographic Museum, propaganda to lure tourists, and new uniforms for the company of *carabinieri*. The budget is balanced by sales taxes on cigarettes, beer, and matches; the sale of postage stamps (many stamps, of new issues, are sold directly to foreign dealers in large blocks); and revenue from the Casino. In the old days, the Casino provided for almost the entire budget; last year it contributed a measly nine million francs, but the country's financial situation is still about as rosy as can be found anywhere. M. Raymond's major fear for his sons is that they will be called up by the French Army to fight the Boches. Being a real Frenchman, he has no doubt but that sooner or later the moment will come to take on Germany again, and all he hopes is that it will come after his boys have become Monegasques. M. Raymond fought the Boches himself in the First World War. I asked him how his older son, whom I had met before the war, was getting on. "René finishes school this year," he said. "Next year, I trust he will get a job at the *maison*, and then, in due time, become a croupier." Whenever M. Raymond feels tender and sentimental about the Casino, he calls it the *maison*, but when any embittering financial matter obtrudes itself, such as buying a new dinner jacket, it is always just "the Casino." "My father was a croupier, and we should keep up the tradition," he con-

tinued. "Before the war, when the place was booming, they had work for six hundred and fifty croupiers, and we all made good money. Besides, there's a pension. In addition to our basic salary—three hundred and forty-four thousand to four hundred and eighty-four thousand francs a year, depending on length of service—we get the *cagnotte*, which is the collection of tips. It's counted every night, and these days, I can tell you, it's a gauge of the clients' stinginess rather than of their generosity."

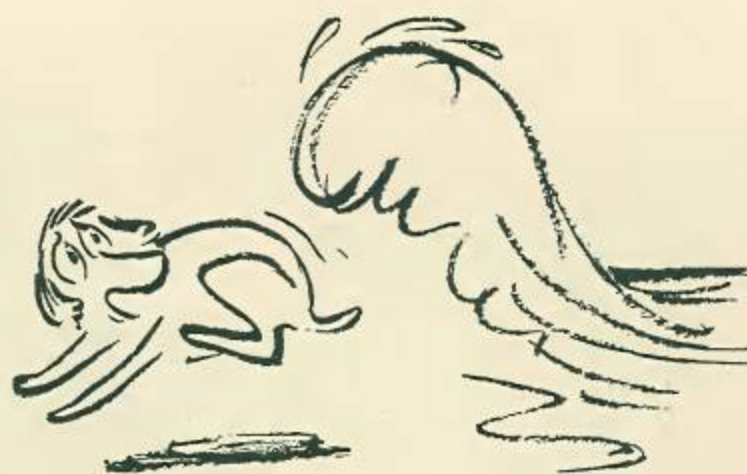
M. Raymond sighed again. "They don't bet as much as they used to, either," he said. "Twenty-five years ago, the average client lost two hundred and fifty gold-standard francs—fifty dollars—a night. Today, he loses three thousand inflated francs—less than ten dollars. You saw the kind of people who come to the Casino now—black-marketeers, retired concierges, wholesalers who had an in with the Boches during the Occupation. The old devil-may-care gamblers don't come any more. The French aristocrats are broke; the British can't take their money out of England; the American oil, cattle, and automobile kings go to Mee-ah-mee; the big ranchers in Brazil stay home; the rajahs and ex-kings are afraid to show their faces among crowds of people. Nowadays, it's a red-letter occasion when the Aga Khan comes over from his villa in Antibes and loses a couple of million francs in the Salles Privées. The various ballets of Monte Carlo have emigrated; Balanchine and Serge Lifar are too busy to come here. *Ah, c'est la barbe.*"

I interrupted before he could go on with this calamitous train of events, to ask about his father. "Papa died just before the war," he said. "He devoted his life, as you know, to the *maison*. He started as an attendant; in the proper time became a croupier; later was made *sous-chef*, the man who supervises the seven other men at the board, and, eventually, *chef de partie*. That's the fellow who sits in the high chair and has final responsibility for everything that happens at that particular station. Above the *chef de*

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6



partie are only the Inspector of Tables, the Room Inspector, and, at the top, *Monsieur le Directeur des Jeux*." M. Raymond instinctively ducked his head in a bow at the mention of *Monsieur le Directeur*, a gesture of reverence brought about by awe and two generations of service. "For a few years, Papa was on the board of the croupiers' Disciplinary Council, which operates like an Army court-martial. Papa's memory was formidable. Every good croupier can, up to a point, photograph in his mind the layout of chips on a table before the ball is rolled, but Papa could carry in his head the complete pattern of as many as three tables. There might be forty people betting, but he would know precisely how much each of them had staked on a certain number or combination of numbers. He knew the methods, whims, and frailties of a vast number of players, and never failed to make the right decision in a dispute. He refused to talk about his work while he was with the *maison*, but after he retired, at sixty-five, he would reminisce about his experiences. He told us often of the time when he was in charge of the table at which M. Pierpont Morgan asked for permission to play over the maximum stake, which then was twelve thousand francs on a simple chance and is now a hundred thousand francs. Papa ruled no, and was upheld by the management. Of course. Even the *maison* couldn't afford to play against M. Morgan. Another of Papa's favorite stories was about Charles Wells, an Englishman. He came to Monte Carlo in 1891 and created a sensation. He would play from eleven in the morning to midnight

without so much as taking time out to eat. He had the courage and concentration of the born gambler. Above all, he had luck and knew what to do with it. He won the equivalent of two hundred thousand dollars in three days. He broke the bank several times."

"In those days, did that mean breaking the house?" I asked.

"No," M. Raymond said. "Nobody ever broke the Casino; I simply meant that Wells won all the money stored at one table. In 1891, twenty-franc gold pieces and American silver dollars, worth five francs, were used to bet with. Today, each table starts play with a capital, in chips, of five hundred thousand or a million francs. There is always backing for more than a hundred million francs' worth of chips on hand, so you certainly couldn't bankrupt the management by cleaning out a few tables. No more could you in Wells' day. But then when a table went bankrupt, they would ceremoniously cover it with a black cloth for twenty minutes, before they resumed play, with new money. Wells took his winnings and left town. He was back a few months later and ran a stake of a hundred and twenty francs up to ninety-eight thousand. There was a popular song about him—'The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo.' But he was smart; he knew that the bank always won in the end. At any rate, he invested some of his winnings in shares of the Casino.

7



cobean

Incidentally, the Wells story has a moral—or so I've heard. In 1893, he was sentenced by a London court to eight years in prison for gambling with other people's money. There you are." M. Raymond regarded me virtuously. "He was one of the romantic types, like the Duke of Westminster, who would lose or win on such a magnificent scale that he never knew exactly where he stood. Once he left his yacht here in the harbor over the winter, and when he returned the next year he found half a million francs' worth of chips in his dresser drawer. Those people gambled for the sake of gambling, and not for the money involved. And the great *cocottes*! Papa was fond of them. He often told about one who had an uncanny way of attaching herself to men in the Salles Privées who were having a winning streak. She was a voluptuous redhead and would drink nothing but the very best champagne, served in a hollowed-out pineapple. It had to be a fresh pineapple for every bottle. Papa said she tipped well and had better manners than most duchesses and millionaires' wives. Not at all like those



"What about a whispering campaign? The flicker and the herringbone play hob with the eyesight; astigmatism may set in if concentrated use is made in bad weather, when reception is poor, which is just when the kids stay glued to the set; accidents in the home are on the increase because of housewives being distracted by the image while using knives, striking matches, mounting ladders . . ."

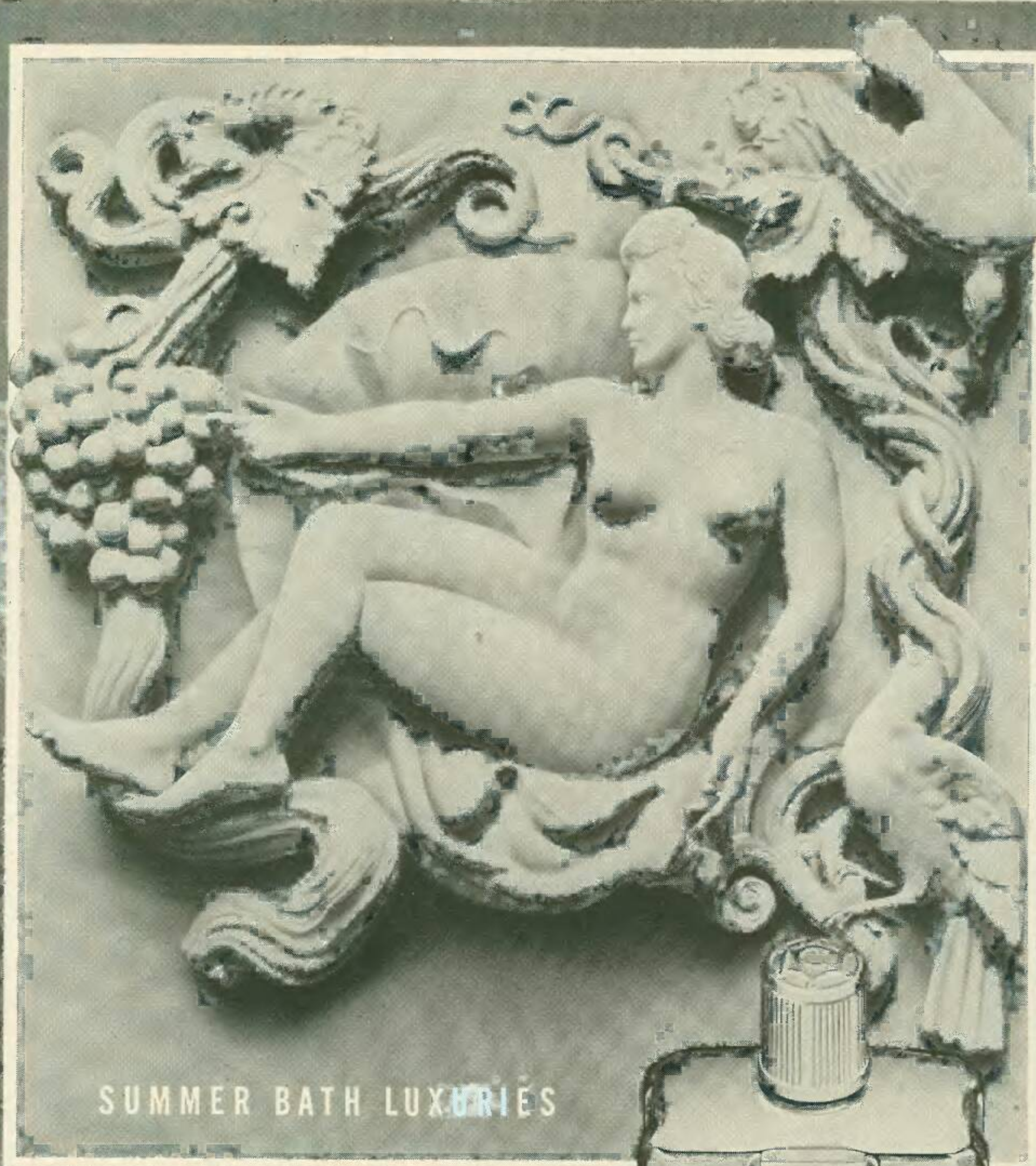
crapules today, who come in between one cocktail and another, wearing beach clothes, gabbling in loud voices, and asking us to open the windows. They don't know that no fresh air or sunshine must ever invade the gambling rooms during business hours, according to a tradition as old as the *maison* itself."

A TRADITION as old as the *maison* is a tradition ninety-one years old. The Casino was founded in 1858, at the request of Prince Charles III of Monaco, who had been observing with rapture and envy the fat revenues derived from such gambling places as Baden-Baden and Bad Homburg. Originally, the Casino occupied the old Villa Bellevue, a private house, since torn down, in La Condamine. The first concessionaire, a M. Frossard, from Lisbon, went broke right away. His successor, M. Daval, from Paris, threw a monumental opening-day party in a nearby villa—landaus sent to

Nice to fetch celebrities, a dinner for a hundred and fifty people, the garrison presenting arms on the square. The affair was a huge success, but, unfortunately, it cost so much money that M. Daval had none left to carry on with. Then the Société Lefebvre, Griois, et Cie. took over, on a fifty-year concession, and the Casino was shifted to a couple of other spots in the Principality, and finally to its present site, in the old Plateau des Spélugues section. Prince Charles III changed the name of the section to Mount Charles, or, as it has become better known, Monte Carlo.

The Plateau des Spélugues was a wasteland when the Casino was built there. No one wanted any part of it, and Prince Charles eventually had to offer land free to anybody willing to build a hotel or villa near the Casino. Now, of course, one of those lots couldn't be bought for the number of five-hundred-franc chips it would take to cover it. By the time the new Ca-

sino was ready to open, the concessionaires had gone broke, and M. François Blanc, who had been running the Bad Homburg Casino, stepped in. He organized a corporation, and in 1863 he paid 1,700,000 francs to Lefebvre, Griois, et Cie. for their physical assets and their concession (which has since been renewed until 1975). He summoned his friend Charles Garnier, who had designed the Paris Opéra and who owed him some money, and asked him to enlarge the Casino. Garnier's contribution is the Casino's theatre, which looks like an offspring of the Opéra. Blanc's corporation took the deceptive name of Société Anonyme des Bains de Mer et du Cercle des Etrangers à Monaco (Monaco Sea Bathing and Foreigners' Club, Inc.). The administration was divided into a *service intérieur*, which was in charge of the private police, the yacht basin, and the beaches run by the company, as well as the activities inside the Casino, and a *service extérieur*,



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which financed road building and various other enterprises. The company became a success almost immediately, paying not only its own expenses but also most of those of the Principality, through a percentage-of-earnings arrangement.

M. RAYMOND entered the service of the Société Anonyme des Bains de Mer et du Cercle des Etrangers at the age of twenty-seven, not long after he got back from the First World War. For a few years, he worked at a number of lowly jobs—as an usher, a fireman, a clerk, and a table attendant—in compliance with a house rule that a man can become an *aspirant* (candidate for croupier) only after having served at the Casino in various lesser capacities for at least two years. “I spent the last six months of my apprenticeship as the fellow who, among other chores, picks up chips that have fallen on the floor,” M. Raymond told me. “No real gambler would ever bet such a chip again, because it’s supposed to bring bad luck. According to custom, those chips were tips for the employees, but there was always a poor sport who would try to hide chips under his foot and pick them up when I wasn’t looking.” He shook his head. “I’m sorry to say, *mon vieux*, that an employee of the Casino finds it difficult to have a high opinion of his fellow-man.”

After his apprenticeship, M. Raymond asked to be enrolled as an *aspirant*. The waiting list was long, as it is now, because practically every young man in Monaco wants to become a croupier. Those who are citizens of the Principality ordinarily have priority, but, owing to the influence of his father, M. Raymond was soon told to present himself for the gruelling examinations that would decide whether he should be admitted to the school for croupiers. “A candidate has to be more than twenty-one and less than thirty-five years of age,” M. Raymond said. “His health has to be perfect. A commission of Casino officials headed by *Monsieur le Directeur des Jeux*”—again he instinctively inclined his head—“examines each *aspirant*, with particular regard for smartness of appearance, general alertness, education, knowledge of foreign languages, and the ability to calculate rapidly. Yes, and the conformation of his hands, too. The judges prefer croupiers with long, supple fingers.” As a demonstration, M. Raymond waved his right hand gracefully in the air and then snapped his fingers, producing a sound that was immedi-

ately interpreted by Georges as an order for two more vermouth-cassis. “After three days of examinations, I was admitted to the school for croupiers,” M. Raymond went on. “There are courses for roulette croupiers, and other courses for croupiers at *trente-et-quarante* and baccarat. The instructors are veteran croupiers and members of the management. The hard part is that you have to do your daily work as an usher, or whatever, and then go to school at night. After class, most of the *aspirants* stay at the *maison* for another couple of hours to practice finger

exercises, counting chips, rolling the ball with only the thumb and forefinger, and spinning the wheel with the forefinger and middle finger.”

I broke in to remark that the croupiers at the Casino Municipal in Nice had used five, or even ten, fingers to spin the wheel when I worked there. “If you will forgive me,” M. Raymond said, “we can’t consider those—those bunglers in Nice croupiers. Here we say that being a croupier is a distinction, a position that must be earned. When I went to school, a whole week’s classes were devoted to the study of the peculiar phraseology of the *maison*. A roulette wheel is always referred to as a *cylindre*. The stakes are reckoned in francs, of course, but are more often spoken of in terms of the *louis d’or*, though the *louis d’or*, which was worth twenty francs, has been out of circulation for over thirty years. The players are always addressed as ‘*Messieurs*,’ even if there are only women around the table—as in ‘*Messieurs, aux trois dernières*,’ which means that there will be only three more throws before the table is closed for the night. The tradition of addressing the people at the table as ‘*Messieurs*’ stems from the days when ladies were not supposed to have any association with gambling, and I wish those days were back. Women around a gambling table shorten a croupier’s life expectancy. Under French law, a man has the right to keep his wife from entering a gambling casino, but if you ask me, too few of my compatriots do so.”

The training course for a croupier lasts for from six to ten months, depending on the candidate’s aptitude. He must master every trick and traditional rule of the profession. The wheel must remain in motion while the betting goes on; after each play, it must be spun in the opposite direction; the ball must be rolled against the direction of the wheel’s rotation, with enough momen-



tum to circle the rim from seven to nine times before falling into one of the ivory-and-rosewood slots. The chips must be raked in from the board and piled into stacks of twenty almost instantly. Throwing a chip so that it rolls is almost cause for dismissal from the school. Each month, there is an examination, and some students are dropped. "Actually, I didn't think the examinations were terribly hard," M. Raymond said. "I passed the finals, but the next morning I almost wished I hadn't. Two of the older croupiers took me to a table in the 'kitchen'—that's what we call the Salle Schmidt—and set me to work as a probationary croupier, with real clients. Of course, the clients didn't know it was my *début*, and they didn't make it any easier for me. I had dreadful stagefright, and just about everything went wrong that morning. One of the people at the table was a lady in her nineties, with trembling hands. They trembled so much, in fact, that I didn't notice that she was playing *la poussette*—staking her chips between *manque* [1 to 18] and *impair* [odd], and giving them a little push to the appropriate side whenever *manque* or *impair* came out. Today, I would spot her in a second, but on that day I was so busy making announcements, spinning the wheel, rolling the ball, and counting and raking in and paying out and rearranging my chips that I didn't see anything until the *sous-chef* stopped her. And on the other side of the table there was what we call an *avocat*, a man who always waits until a number comes up on which a lot of people have staked a bet, and then claims that one of the chips on the number is his. He couldn't fool me now—I'd have him sized up in a minute. But, Lord, I must have been a sad sight! When I was finally relieved, after two hours, I was sure they would fire me. I went home for lunch and told Papa I would never amount to anything as a croupier. He laughed and said I should have seen *his* first day at roulette. In the afternoon, when I had another stretch of duty, things went much better, and after two weeks I was made a full-fledged croupier. It was a wonderful day. The papers said that the French Army had moved into the Ruhr; Papa took me to dinner at the Hermitage Hotel and ordered a bottle of champagne. What a dinner *that* was! Which reminds me . . ."

M. Raymond looked at his watch and called to Georges for the check. I knew better than to try to persuade him to have one more, because he maintains that a croupier, like a surgeon,



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must lead an abstemious life in order to be able to stand the nervous strain of his profession. He works six hours a day—one four-hour trick in the afternoon, with a twenty-five-minute break, and one two-hour period in the evening, with a fifteen-minute break. As he was putting on his trench coat, he asked me, "Do you remember Lucien Schwab, who's in charge of the Casino workshop? The fellow who builds our roulette wheels? I'm certain you do, and he'd like to see you again. Why don't you come down to the *maison* tomorrow at ten, when we open, and I'll take you downstairs to see him. I'm not on duty until noon. Maybe you'd like to watch the *systémiers* for a while before we call on Lucien." The *systémiers* are the insignificant, seedy gamblers who try to supplement their wretchedly inadequate incomes by following enormously complicated betting systems. Most of them are past middle age. There are a few white-haired patriarchs and shrivelled old women who have been in Monte Carlo since long before the First World War, gambling every morning. I told M. Raymond that I would be delighted to watch the *systémiers* and renew my acquaintance with M. Schwab.

MANY systems depend on the outcome of the day's first spin of the wheel at a certain table, and any *systémier* playing such a system must be on hand for it. In roulette, the percentage in favor of the house is 5.26, and to stay in the game against this immutable mathematical disadvantage for any length of time the penurious *systémiers* must play cautiously. In many cases, if they succeed in making *la matérielle*, or what they consider necessary to sustain life for a day, they go home; if, on the other hand, they lose, they may stop eating for a day or two, until they can scratch together another smattering of capital. They live in bare rooms a long way from the rococo suites of the Hermitage Hotel; instead of patronizing the Restaurant des Ambassadeurs or Le Bec Rouge, they have *tripes niçoises* at one of the small restaurants where a glass of red wine is included in the price of a dinner and the waiter writes the bill on the paper tablecloth. Fundamentally, they are less interested in getting rich than in proving that once they get the proper sequence of numbers and colors lined up, their systems are infallible. In 1939, at the begin-

ning of the war, the Casino was closed for three months, and frustrated *systémiers* are said to have staggered around the town like movie alcoholics in search of a bottle.

I got to the Casino for my rendezvous with M. Raymond about fifteen minutes before the gambling rooms were opened. The Atrium was already full of *systémiers*—a bunch of hapless men in threadbare suits and women in dresses that had plainly been made over several times. Some were nervously making last-minute calculations in their notebooks, which they kept hidden in their hands. When the doors to the gaming rooms were opened, at five minutes to ten, there was a wild rush. Each player headed for a particular seat at a particular table. They put down their notebooks, diagrams, and pencils, and fingered their ties, cigarette cases, rabbits' feet, coins, or other tokens of luck. No one spoke. At ten o'clock, the *chef de partie* said, "*Messieurs, faites vos jeux.*" No one at the table I was watching even picked up a chip. The first round is rarely played by any *systémier*. They watched the ivory ball circle the rim of the bowl and fall into a slot. The croupier said, "*Neuf; rouge, impair, et manque,*" and they instantly became animated. Each one hurriedly consulted his tabulations and then began to bet. Most played the simple chances or a *douzaine*, a vertical column of twelve numbers, which pays twice the stake.

I watched them for a while and then went back to the entrance, where I found M. Raymond waiting for me. "Have you been in with our poor unfortunates?" he asked. "*Les habitués*

des prix fixes et des chances simples, we call them. They're a nuisance, but we can't help feeling sympathetic toward them. In their way, they're as loyal to the *maison* as we are, I guess. A lot of them will wait for a certain sequence of numbers to come up if it takes until midnight. On the other hand, some may be out of here in five

minutes. They say their calculations are scientific, but their systems have as much in common with science as crystal balls. The two most popular systems are doubling the bet after a loss and a form of doubling called the flat-stake system—both carried out, of course, in accordance with the *systémier's* personal computations. But, oh, that doubling up! When I was young, Papa had me read Thackeray's 'The Newcomes.' You remember



where he warns against doubling up—or against martingale? Naturally, there are few *systèmeurs* who have enough money to afford a long run of straight doubling up. Say they start with a fifty-franc bet on *rouge*. After twelve successive losses, their next stake would have to be two hundred and four thousand eight hundred francs—and twelve consecutive rolls of one color are not uncommon. In fact, *rouge* once came up twenty-three times without a break, and *manque* has come up eighteen times."

"How about single numbers?" I asked.

M. Raymond took a notebook out of his breast pocket. "Both 22 and 32 have turned up six times in succession. But a *systèmeur* practically never bets on a single number. Most of them play their own variation of the flat-stake system, which gives them a longer run for their money. The way it works is that you bet one chip on a simple chance. As soon as you have lost five times, you double your bets and put up *two* chips until you have lost five times. Then you go back to one chip. But for every time you have won a two-chip bet you reduce the five required single-chip losses on the next round by one. I know it sounds complicated, but really it isn't. Look, suppose you are in your two-chip sequence. In the course of losing five times, you win twice. Then, when you return to betting single chips, you need lose only three times before switching the bet back to two chips, since two from five is three." M. Raymond waved his hands helplessly in the air. "I can only assure you that it is as simple as counting fingers to a *systèmeur*, and I can further assure you that not one of them ever got rich at it."

An elderly woman came by, breathless and excited. M. Raymond greeted her politely. "*Quel salaud*, that bus driver!" she exclaimed. "He couldn't have failed to see me at the bus stop, and yet he went straight on by. Did I miss much? I hope 27 hasn't been up. Or 17." She didn't wait for M. Raymond's answer but hurried into the Salle Schmidt. "The most popular numbers are 17 and 29," M. Raymond said. "Don't know why. Let's go down to the basement and see Schwab."

WE descended a stairway, went through a number of corridors where men in faded overalls—firemen, plumbers, and electricians—were at work, and entered a big room filled with dust, machines, large tables, partly finished roulette wheels, and half a

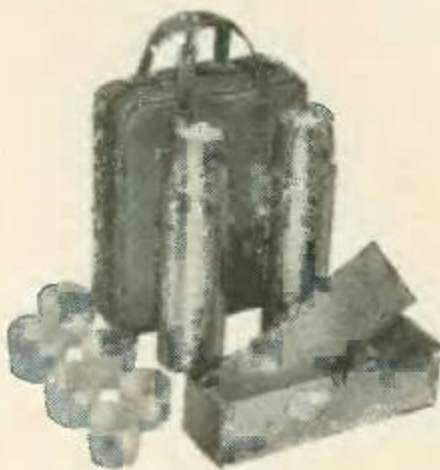
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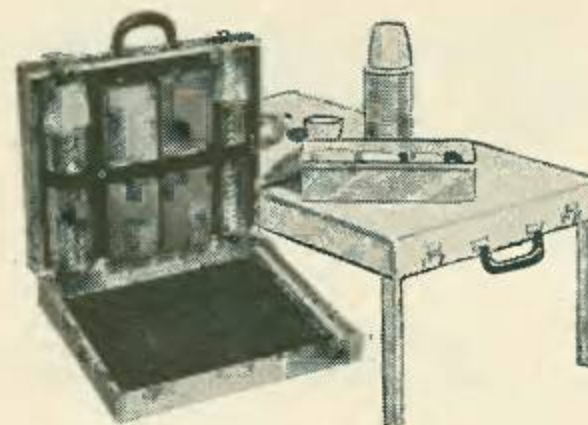
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dozen mechanics. Schwab, the boss, a stoical Alsatian in a gray work coat, was examining a drill press when we arrived. He had, I knew, come to Monte Carlo in 1932, when the depression wiped out his lipstick-manufacturing business on West Fourteenth Street, in New York. He walked over, shook hands with me, and said he was delighted to see me again and to have a chance to talk English with an American. "I should have stayed on Fourteenth Street," he said sadly. "I could be rich now."

"It's not hard to make a lot of money in America, eh, Lucien?" asked M. Raymond.

"It's not hard to lose a lot, either, Gaston," M. Schwab said. "Like upstairs, you know. The only difference is that over there no one ever gave you the *viatique*, the way they used to do here, and told you to beat it when you were broke. They always gave you a second chance."

"What was the *viatique*?" I asked.

"In its more prosperous days, the Casino would help a *systemier* who had finally got to the end of his rope and was ready to jump off a cliff," M. Raymond said. "The management would give him a ticket home and pocket money and put him on a train. The *viatique* was a loan—nobody could come back to the Casino before it was paid off. Upstairs, there are two rooms filled with the files of people who've been deported. The *maison* has never liked suicides or beggars. Bad publicity, both of them."

One of the workmen came up to ask M. Schwab for advice, and we all went over to look at an unvarnished wheel he was working on. M. Schwab told me that roulette wheels and bowls are made of extra-hard rosewood, that their life span is about fifteen years, and that every two months each wheel in the Casino is given a thorough going over.

"And that's not all," said M. Raymond. "Every morning before the place opens, Lucien's men check the wheels with spirit levels and calipers, under the eyes of an inspector, to be sure the balance and alignment are perfect."

"We started about fifteen years ago," M. Schwab said. "You remember the English engineer who caused all that fuss, Gaston?" He turned to me. "This fellow had been hanging around off and on for years—more of a spectator than a player. Then, one day, he began to play heavily at a certain table. He bet all over the board, but he seemed to have some kind of method, because he'd brought a book of figures with him. His success was amazing. I believe he made

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over nine million francs in three weeks. They were getting quite frantic upstairs, weren't they, Gaston?"

"They were indeed," M. Raymond said. "My God, the man was unbeatable! The management assigned their smartest inspectors to watch him. It took us a while to catch on, but we did, finally." He chuckled. "Tell him the rest, Lucien."

"One morning, we went up before opening time and disassembled all the wheels and bowls," M. Schwab said. "We simply interchanged the parts, from one table to another. That day, the fellow didn't win. Matter of fact, he lost everything, and eventually went home on the *viatique*." He paused for dramatic effect and looked at M. Raymond. They both smiled, as though they were remembering a good joke. "The English engineer had been studying the sequence of winning numbers at that particular table for several years," M. Schwab went on. "He'd assumed that each bowl and wheel must have certain physical irregularities—tiny scratches, an almost imperceptible unevenness—which would account for some numbers' coming up more frequently than others. He was right. Ever since then, we've been switching the parts around every day."

"The only way to make money in Monte Carlo is not to gamble," M. Raymond said. "Santa Claus doesn't work at the *maison*. You can't believe in miracles."

"I saw one once," said M. Schwab. "It was a few years ago, in the Summer Sporting Club, down near the beach, where there were roulette tables on a terrace. The croupier was saying '*Rien ne va plus*' when a hundred-franc chip dropped straight from heaven and fell on No. 8. A moment later, the ball dropped into the slot of No. 8."

M. Raymond looked skeptical. "I'm sure there's an explanation," he said.

"Naturally. There was a lady sitting on the balcony above the terrace who had lost all her money. Then she found a chip in her purse. She got mad, threw it over the balustrade, and won. She came down to collect her thirty-five hundred francs, stayed, and went broke again."

"Of course," said M. Raymond.

WE said goodbye to M. Schwab and went back to the Atrium. It was almost noon, and automobiles were drawing up under the porte-cochère in a steady stream—tourists in big buses, mummified *rentiers* in their old cars, the elegant apéritif crowd in Rolls-Royce taxis. A nervous little man with ruffled

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white hair came out of the Salle Schmidt, carrying a pad, a pencil, and a handful of thousand-franc bills. He was one of the *systèmeurs* whom I had observed that morning. M. Raymond nodded to him and smiled. "Good morning, M. Lemaître. You've been lucky today?"

The little man looked disgusted. "Lucky?" he said indignantly. "Ha!" He angrily beat his hand against his pad. "I dropped my stake by error on *rouge* when, according to all my figures, *noir* was supposed to come up!" He went on out.

M. Raymond looked after him. "I remember an American who came here between the two wars to study the game. He spent a long time watching the wheels and in the bar, thinking. One day he said to me, 'I've got it. I've found the solution. The trouble with all these people here is that they want to win, and, of course, they lose. Suppose I *wanted* to lose? Then I ought to win, eh?' I said that it sounded logical enough, but where was the man who *wanted* to lose? He had an answer for that. He said, 'Suppose the man doesn't gamble with his own money. Then he might want to lose.' So he hired a fellow and gave him two thousand francs, with instructions to lose it as quickly as possible. For this chore, the man would get two hundred francs. The American's capital was fifty thousand francs, and he intended to try out his plan for three weeks. Well, you should have seen his agent bet! He threw his employer's money all over the table."

"What happened?" I asked.

"The first day, he was cleaned out in twenty minutes. The following day, he lost his daily stake in eighteen minutes. The third and fourth days, he lost quickly, too. The fifth day, believe it or not, he won sixty thousand francs. The American, who had been watching, came to the table and took the chips. He gave a thousand francs to the fellow who had gambled and a thousand-franc tip to the croupier, and left. He was a smart *type*. Never came back."

—JOSEPH WECHSBERG

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Hard Problem, Quick Solution



IN "Lost Boundaries," we are informed that there are in the United States about eight million people with a few drops of Negro blood who are passing as whites. The difficulties faced by an imperceptibly colored doctor and his wife, who decide to join these eight million, provide the theme of the film. The doctor accepts a position in a New England hospital after his transformation and is presently fortunate enough to save the life of a high-ranking physician by an emergency operation. Having seen what the hero can do with scalpel, hemostat, and suture, the patient advises the young man that there is a very nice practice in a New Hampshire town which he can have for the asking. For quite a while thereafter, we follow a relentless chronicle that demonstrates how the doctor, his wife, and their two children become popular members of a New Hampshire community. Regrettably, just when things are really swimming along, the war intervenes. The doctor gets a commission in the Navy, which is revoked a couple of days later, when Naval Intelligence, always right on the job, discovers that he has Negro blood. This news gets around town, and everybody shuns the doctor and his family, but then the local minister delivers a lecture on tolerance, and everything is fine again, except, of course, that the doctor's son presumably can't go on dating his local girl and that the doctor's daughter will have to overcome some New Hampshire lad's nervousness about miscegenation if she wants to marry him.

There are a number of moving moments in "Lost Boundaries," but by and large it's pretty glib, despite its praiseworthy intentions. Actually, the genesis of the picture is more interesting than the picture itself. It seems that Louis de Rochemont, the producer, a while ago discovered in New England a doctor something like the hero. Subsequently, he persuaded *Reader's Digest* to have W. L. White turn the story of the doctor into a happy tale of race relations. While the piece was warming hearts from Maine to Saudi Arabia, Mr. de Rochemont began to shoot his film, in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, employing many amateurs in his cast, including the Reverend Robert A. Dunn, the

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town minister. Among the non-amateur players are Mel Ferrer, who is properly noble as the doctor; Beatrice Pearson, who is gallant as the wife; and Richard Hylton, who is sturdy as the son.

A PAIR of films about gambling—"The Great Sinner" and "Any Number Can Play"—showed up last week. In the first, Gregory Peck, looking rather like young Abe Lincoln in Illinois, portrays a nineteenth-century character named Fedja, who is apparently supposed to be Dostoevski. This Fedja is a successful author until he hops off a Moscow express at Wiesbaden to pursue a siren known as Pauline Ostrovsky. Pauline and her dad, General Ostrovsky, are crazy about roulette, so much so that the General, at the time the story opens, is in hock to a cad, one Armand de Glasse, for a couple of hundred thousand marks. To prevent Armand from taking Pauline in lieu of cash, Fedja gets to work at the roulette table and breaks the bank almost instantly. This leads to no good, however, for Fedja gets the gambling fever and starts going steadily downhill. Now and then he has a fit. Eventually, all his woe pays off, since he quits the game, puts his experiences in a book, and lives happily ever after with Pauline, on fat royalties. Mr. Peck is joined in this calamitous endeavor by Ava Gardner, Melvyn Douglas, Ethel Barrymore, Walter Huston, and Frank Morgan.

While Mr. Peck is going broke and having fits in the first picture, Clark Gable is fighting off angina pectoris in the second. Mr. Gable plays an honest gambling-joint proprietor who, though ill, makes a nice living. His wife and his son, however, scorn his occupation. His wife so much wants to be poor but proud that she maintains a "memory room" in her basement to remind her of the old, poverty-stricken days, and there she spends most of her time instead of in the fairly elegant non-memory rooms upstairs. After several reels of almost solid talk, Mr. Gable lambastes a pair of bandits who are trying to hold up his establishment, turns the place over to his assistants, and goes fishing, to rest his ticker. Among those present, besides Mr. Gable, are Alexis Smith, Mary Astor, and Frank Morgan. Mr. Morgan seems to be turning into a gambling fiend.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

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LETTER FROM ROME

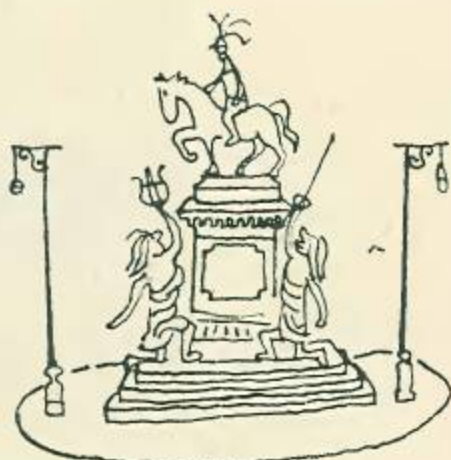
JUNE 28

IF the Italian government's experts are to be relied upon, Italy has just struck it rich. She has made her first major discovery of oil, in the Po Valley, near the town of Cortemaggiore, which is next door to land once owned by Giuseppe Verdi, whose "La Traviata" has been a money-maker itself. The oil strike is the most surprising good news that Italy, as used to bad luck as she is to bright sunshine, has had in modern times. There is something comic and pathetic in the Italians' incredulity at this sudden, pleasant change in fortune. This nervous state of mind was perfectly exemplified by *Il Messaggero*, a leading independent Rome paper, which announced under a huge headline that it had "news destined to arouse enormous interest," and then stammered, "For once, it is good news, so good that at first one hesitated to believe it or was tempted instinctively to diminish its importance." Then *Il Messaggero* took a deep breath and said, "Oil has been found in the Po Valley, in our own motherland." The Milan *Corriere della Sera* was so excited that it managed to include its home town, the Deity, and the national destiny in one annunciatory sentence, which sent the Milan stock market soaring: "It will be Milan, used as a refinery center, that will exploit this enormous economic wealth that God has desired to reveal to Italy so that she may have the strength to rebuild after her tragic days of sacrifice."

The remarks by Enrico Mattei, vice-president of the Azienda Generale Italiana Petroli, or A.G.I.P., the state-owned oil corporation that made the strike, were less metaphysical. He said that the oil field covers thirty acres in the triangle between the medieval towns of Lodi, Piacenza, and Cremona; that after Finance Minister Ezio Vanoni paddled his hands, voluptuously and officially, in the crude oil, the first well was stoppered up, there being nothing at hand in which to store or transport the stuff; that the Cortemaggiore region also contains a huge deposit of methane gas, on which the industry of the entire country could function for the next three-quarters of a century; and that, to put it mildly, "a profound transformation of Italy's economy is about to take

place." Under such gratifying circumstances, Italy, which today is always buying or borrowing from everybody else's coal or oil buckets, will tomorrow be independent, riding around on her own gasoline and cooking her spaghetti and running her industries on her own natural gas.

A.G.I.P.'s vice-president also sadly and prophetically commented that "petroleum, like gold, gives bad counsel," meaning that as a modern source of power oil rouses the old Adam in men, which it has, indeed, already done here. The battle for control is even now being viciously fought, with chauvinism and greed, on the national and international fronts, even though



the latest figures for the area are somewhat dispiriting—an estimate of a yield of a mere hundred thousand tons annually, which is nothing like Texas. However, Italians cheerfully suspect that the rest of the Po Valley is richer than that, since they have read rumors of an E.R.P. threat to cut its aid to the national petroleum industries, whose "too ambitious program could ruin the world petroleum market"—or perhaps only America's dominance of it. Obviously, the political crux of the Po Valley discoveries is the widely held belief that, because they were made by a state agency, the oil and gas logically belong to Italy and her people. Among most citizens, the situation has caused boundless satisfaction and boundless worry. The Communist Party's sentiment that "the oil is the least of our troubles; now we must preserve it from the cupidity of the New York and London trusts" has been echoed in a multitude of non-Communist hearts. For it appears that Standard Oil (New Jersey) and Anglo-Iranian Oil between them own sixty per cent of I.R.O.M., S.I.A.P., and S.T.A.N.I.C., which are Italy's refinery groups; and that the British and Americans expect to have more than a still, small voice in the operations to come. Furthermore, British and American machinery will be needed to develop the oil field, and that fact alone could force A.G.I.P. to make certain concessions. Just now it looks to many Italians as if the oil will belong to the Italian people only as long as it stays underground.

The methane deposit has an older, less exciting story. At Busseto, Verdi's

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Cortemaggiore property, the Maestro forbade his peasants to smoke in his fields near the vents through which natural gas poured, for fear they would blow him and his farm sky-high. The gas in this region has been used for years, but in drilling for oil the engineers discovered that the deposit was much larger than anyone had realized. The government plans to draw off three hundred million cubic metres of it during the balance of 1949. The expectation is that by 1955 the yield will be nine billion cubic metres a year, the equivalent in energy of more coal than Italy is at present importing.

Conceivably, the Po Valley oil will change Italy's position among the world powers. The Romans built Europe's first great roads, but ever since horses went out of style, after the industrial revolution, Italy has been able to travel forward only with difficulty. If the Po Valley really adds up to something big, Italy may be able to speed into the future on the only new European resource that has turned up since the start of the Marshall Plan.

ROME has been suffering from what people consider, depending on their viewpoints, a scandal, a wave of false modesty, or just the thing the anti-clerical intelligentsia prophesied at last year's spring elections would come to pass under a Demo-Christian, prelate-dominated government. The climax was the banning from the walls of Rome of its most exquisite, aesthetic poster, the nude figure (shown only from the elbows up) of Botticelli's famous "Birth of Venus." It was one of the official posters for the city of Florence's recent festival honoring the fifth centenary of Lorenzo the Magnificent. It is suspected that the order for the suppression was the idea of the chief of police—the already unpopular Minister of the Interior, Mario Scelba. When he was asked in Parliament if Venus violated the laws on pornography, he refused to reply, as is his Ministerial privilege. Prior to the banning of Botticelli, the government required Roman movie posters of no more than ordinary commercial daring to be bandaged with



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strips of paper, which, in most cases, turned out to be little signs saying "Great Success" or "Closing Soon," wittily pasted over movie stars' bosoms or knees; and some recent issues of several of the humorous cartoon weeklies, such as *Travaso*, which is the Italian *Punch*, have been seized.

Suitably, the Ninth National Congress for Morality has been sitting at the Campidoglio, attended by Premier de Gasperi, by some leading Demo-Christian senators and deputies, and also by the noted endocrinologist Professor Nicola Pende, a scientific supporter of Fascist Party Secretary Achille Starace's "Manifesto sulla Razza," to which Pende contributed the statement that Jews do not belong to the Italian race. Premier de Gasperi's rambling speech at the final Morality Congress meeting boiled down to the simple phrase "Be discreet." This seems feeble advice to a handsome population dwelling among beautiful antique public statues and paintings.

THE Socialists have just held another congress, this time at the Argentina Theatre here, in an effort to find out what they consist of. They seem not to know, nor can even their enemies (usually, in Europe, brilliant at defining other people's confused ideologies) make out. At their Milan Congress early this spring, the Socialist Directorate divided into three factions. Giuseppe Saragat, who is Right Wing, controls seven of the fifteen directors; the Left Wing has five; and the center three, which, naturally, gives the center a stranglehold on the two others, since neither wing can have a majority without the middle. When the Italian government, backed by the Right Wing Socialists, supported the Atlantic Pact, which is generally unpopular here in non-governmental circles, the center almost caused a government crisis by rushing over to the anti-Atlantic-Pact So-

cialist Left. This faction is ably led by Matteo Matteotti, son of the famous Socialist Giacomo Matteotti, who was murdered, on Mussolini's orders, two years after the March on Rome.

The Rome congress decided, for one thing, that a new Party symbol must be selected. Its postwar device so far has been three Spanish Republican arrows across a Marxist hammer and sickle, which gives the Communists too much credit. The realistic elder Socialist and novelist Ignazio Silone, who heads his own autonomous, Socialist-splinter party, volubly and insistently advised the younger Saragat Socialist Party to find its true postwar character and policy, and probably a new title, since its commonly used initials, P.S.L.I. (for Partito Socialista Lavoratori Italiani), sound like "*piselli*," or "green peas." Silone also vehemently and sensibly advised each of the major parties and the various splinters, including his own, to find out what voters would back it and why, and what on earth the relation is anyway now between the Socialist voters of last spring's elections and the split peas that the P.S.L.I. has become. Silone's attacks on the Saragatians so enlivened the congress that at one point there were shouts of "Toss him out," but the "Internationale," hastily played on a gramophone, brought everybody to his feet, and to brotherly attention. The congress closed with a compromise vote for unification, at last. As a matter of fact, the decisive meeting of the congress was the one that took place at the Grand Hotel, behind closed doors, and was attended by the Comisco (Committee of the International Socialist Conference) delegates, the various national Socialist chiefs, who are dominated by Léon Blum's French party. On this occasion, they worked out the compromise unification program for the Italians, on directives from Paris, Washington, and London. And even from Rome. —GENÊT

GOING AFTER COWS

Co, boss! Co, boss! Co, boss! The boy's refrain
Inquires among the birch trees in the swamp
To where his cows lie, mildly twitching flies,
Their udders cool in mud. The bell cow pricks
Her ears, ungainly rises. Clang! Her bell's
Metallic telltale threads the cobwebbed air,
And brings the boy upon them, with a shout.

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—ROBERT W. PARKER

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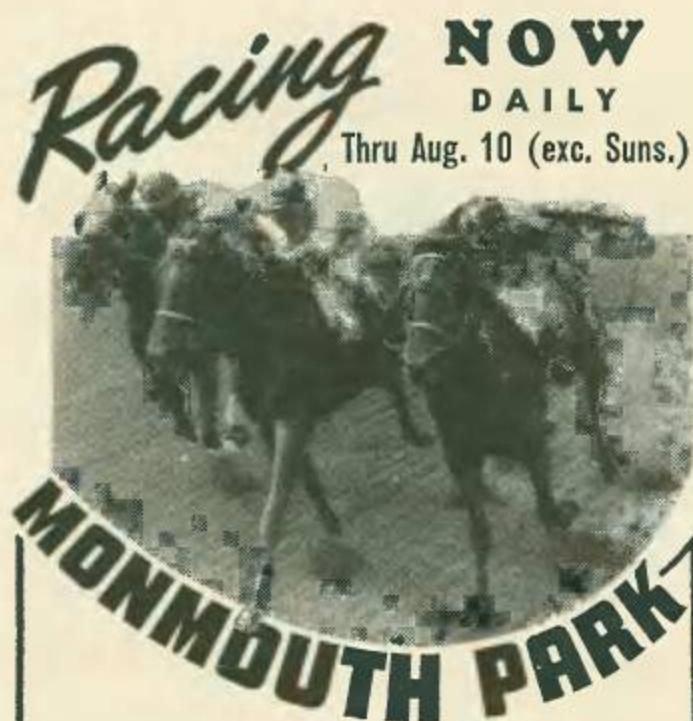
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THE SKY LINE

The Genteel and the Genuine

WHEN an honest library building, using thoroughly modern forms, is erected, that's still news, for the genteel tradition in architecture continues to lay its hand heaviest on libraries and universities, as the recent opening of Princeton's mock-Gothic library dismally reminded us. The building I wish to use as an example—the addition to the Harlem Branch of the New York Public Library, on 136th Street, just west of Lenox Avenue—should have been news back in 1942, when the addition was opened, but the war was the absorbing topic of the times, and it went almost unnoticed. Not long ago, however, the interior was redecorated, and its drab buffs gave way to light green and bright magenta. I am taking this transformation as a sufficient excuse for saying something about the building, for in the main this library has set a sound precedent that no city administration should be able to, or should want to, ignore.

This brings me to a brochure got out a while ago by the New York Public Library. On one page of it, there are pictures of three library buildings, spanning the last fifty years, and in a way they sum up not only American architectural history but the major architectural problems of our time. The oldest of these buildings is the original Chatham Square Branch of the New York Free Circulating Library, which opened in 1899, occupying the first floor of a conventional Georgian dwelling house with two dormer windows. To give the interior of the library enough light, the first-floor front wall was replaced by two big plate-glass windows. This adaptation was forthright, and the whole architectural sense of the building was, of course, ruined. The same thing happens, on a larger scale, in new buildings when the architect tries to adapt a wholly modern function, that of a laboratory or an office building or a hospital, to the outmoded forms of another age. If he sticks to historic forms, the building won't work; if he is kind to the new functions, the building is deformed.

The second picture shows one of the structures, quite admirable for their day (1903, in this instance), designed to the order of the Carnegie Library Fund. These buildings were of a fairly stand-

ard plan, in the palatial Renaissance mode; the one in the brochure, across the street from the old Chatham Square building, has, typically, three great, round-arched windows on the main floor (the entrance was rather clumsily combined with one of these) and, above, two banks of smaller windows punctuated by six heavy Roman Doric columns. The lintel above these columns carries, in plain, handsome letters, the words "New York Public Library." This building definitely belongs to the City Beautiful phase of America's



architectural development, when such architects as McKim, Mead & White and Daniel Burnham were attempting to give American cities the monumental grandeur of Paris and Rome. This movement was abortive, however, partly because it ignored the living sources of architecture, partly because the wayward speculative builders paid no attention to its monumentality and classic proportions. Yet there is one aspect of the old Carnegie Libraries that still deserves respectful consideration. Even without the legend, they are easily identifiable as public buildings, and their bland, dignified faces remind the passerby of the spacious and leisurely traditions of another age. The outward forms were old-fashioned, for no one dreamed of asking someone like Louis Sullivan, condemned to designing country banks during this period, to undertake a Carnegie Library. Nevertheless, despite the heavy masonry and the classic columns, a more functional façade was developing, to say nothing of a more functional plan.

I come now to the most recent phase of the evolution of the New York Public Library—the three-story addition to the Harlem Branch, which is the point of departure of this article. (This extension, incidentally, contains the well-known Schomburg collection of books by and about Negroes.) Both in plan and in elevation, it is a bold advance. Instead of letting only as much light reach the main reading room, on the first floor, as Renaissance fenestration would permit, the architect, Louis Allen Abramson, used three vast windows, with panes of glass wider than they are high, that spread across the whole front, so that it is possible to read without artificial light as far as fifty feet back from the windows. The room has a

high ceiling, which not only makes it airy but provides space along one side for a mezzanine, which serves as an art gallery—an important part today of many libraries. On the upper floors, horizontal exterior bands of buff brick alternate with horizontal bands of windows, which are the same width as those on the main floor, and have the same sort of panes. In joining the new extension to the old library, the architect succeeded in getting the maximum of light into the connecting rooms, too, and in general, by reason of the directness of his approach to his problems, he has made a major gain in both lighting and simplicity over the old-fashioned Carnegie Library building.

Unfortunately, because of this very directness the building has lost a quality that was worth preserving, for outwardly it is hard to identify as a library. It might be a school, it might be a health center or a laboratory; even the bold lettering that identifies the older libraries is absent, and the feebly incised letters over the entrance almost look as if they had been scratched in as an afterthought. The cold buff brick of the façade arbitrarily allies it with the factory. Functionally, this library is a great improvement on the earlier types, and a worthy example of contemporary form. But it has not mastered the question of outward expression; a further refinement, a further intimacy of detail—a plaque, a free-standing sculptured figure, or even an artful use of inscription—is necessary if such a building is to tell its story. None of the clichés of the past are serviceable, but neither are any of the clichés of present-day constructivism. Once again we are faced with the problem that Siegfried Giedion has posed, the problem of combining monumentalism and symbolism, which in this case is the problem of making a library building look even more like a library than the Carnegie Libraries do.

ONE of the best of the recent examples of remodelling is the entrance, on Fifty-seventh Street, of the twenty-seven-year-old Fisk Building, which covers the southern block front between Broadway and Eighth Avenue. In its original state, the entrance was a broad, high, almost square opening, divided vertically into three sections by pilasters in a conventional Renaissance motif, and flanked at each side by a square column ornamented with two half medallions at top and bottom and one full medallion two-thirds of



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the way up. The street number, 250, was painted in bold figures on the glass above the triple center door, and the opening was topped by a lintel on which appeared, in raised metal lettering, the name of the building. Apart from the fussy ornamentation, it was not a bad entrance, but it certainly was not a distinguished one. The entrance that has replaced it has a simplicity, a freshness, an elegance altogether lacking in the first effort. The new portal, which is of the same dimensions, has a main entrance—four clear-glass doors—and a narrow side door of opaque glass, on the right. Above the four main doors is a vast sheet of glass, and above the side door there are three small panels of glass. The doors are set in aluminum frames; an M-shaped vertical aluminum column separates the side door from the others, and a similarly shaped horizontal aluminum member separates the doors from the glass above them. As a result of this composition and of the concealed fluorescent floodlighting, the walls and the terra-cotta-colored ceiling of the foyer are visible from the outside; even before entering, one penetrates the building visually. The entrance is set in a broad frame of polished granite, without ornamentation of any kind to compete with the only things that should attract the eye—the large metal street number placed above the doors, where the vertical and horizontal metal members meet, and the name of the building, clearly incised in the granite lintel. The interesting thing about these two designs, the old and the new, is how different their effect is. The original scheme was an attempt to apply the conventions of Renaissance design to a new problem; the new design sweeps away the irrelevant historic forms and achieves clarity and composure without posturing of any kind. The remodelling architect, Giorgio Cavaglieri, deserves public thanks for carrying through this job with such reserve.

SOMEBODY told me a while ago that the four new stations on the Eighth Avenue subway line in Brooklyn embodied several improvements on the earlier stations along this route, and I made a long, weary journey to check up on this information. Inspection of a couple of them—Liberty Avenue and Euclid Avenue—indicates that the information is correct, though the departures are not quite as radical as I had hoped they would be. They consist largely of adding color and fluorescent lighting. The earlier stations on this line



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were opened during the last depression, and such virtues as they had were entirely of a negative nature; in the course of fifteen years they have become grimy and prematurely dilapidated. Even the signboards seem to me badly designed; the tips of the directional arrows are barely visible at a short distance. The new stations are at least more radiant; the one at Liberty Avenue is done in cream (Guernsey, not Holstein) and blue tiles, and the one at Euclid Avenue has been done in cream tiles, and the name has been executed, possibly by some loyal graduate of City College, in the fine colors of that institution—black letters on lavender. There is a broad warning stripe of yellow concrete to mark the edge of the platforms, and tubular lights greatly brighten the stations, so the total effect is quite gay. Perhaps the most ingratiating touch is the bins for cigarette butts set into the walls at the landings of the stairs from the street, a little like those provided in Pullman roomettes—a thoughtful bit of planning indeed. These new stations are admittedly better than the old ones, but even so they lack certain devices I would suggest, among them an adequate means of indicating to the passenger aboard a train, before it enters a station, what the name of the stop is. Another thing is a large-scale map of the city and a boldly indicated plan of the lines. All the present maps are small, confusing, and exasperating. Haven't our New York administrators ever heard of the London Underground system? For all our boasting about American ingenuity, we still haven't produced a subway station in New York that compares with any of those done in London by Adams, Holden & Pearson during the last twenty years.

THOSE who are interested in the history of American architecture may be pleased to know about the appearance of Carl Bridenbaugh's monograph called "Peter Harrison, First American Architect," published by the University of North Carolina Press for the Institute of Early American History and Culture, at Williamsburg, Virginia. It fills a sad gap in our historic knowledge, for though Harrison is usually referred to as the first American professional architect—Bridenbaugh, who is the director of the Institute, confirms this—little is known about the man, partly because, since he was a Tory, his plans and papers were burned by an indignant mob in New Haven. Mr. Bridenbaugh, the author of "Cities in the

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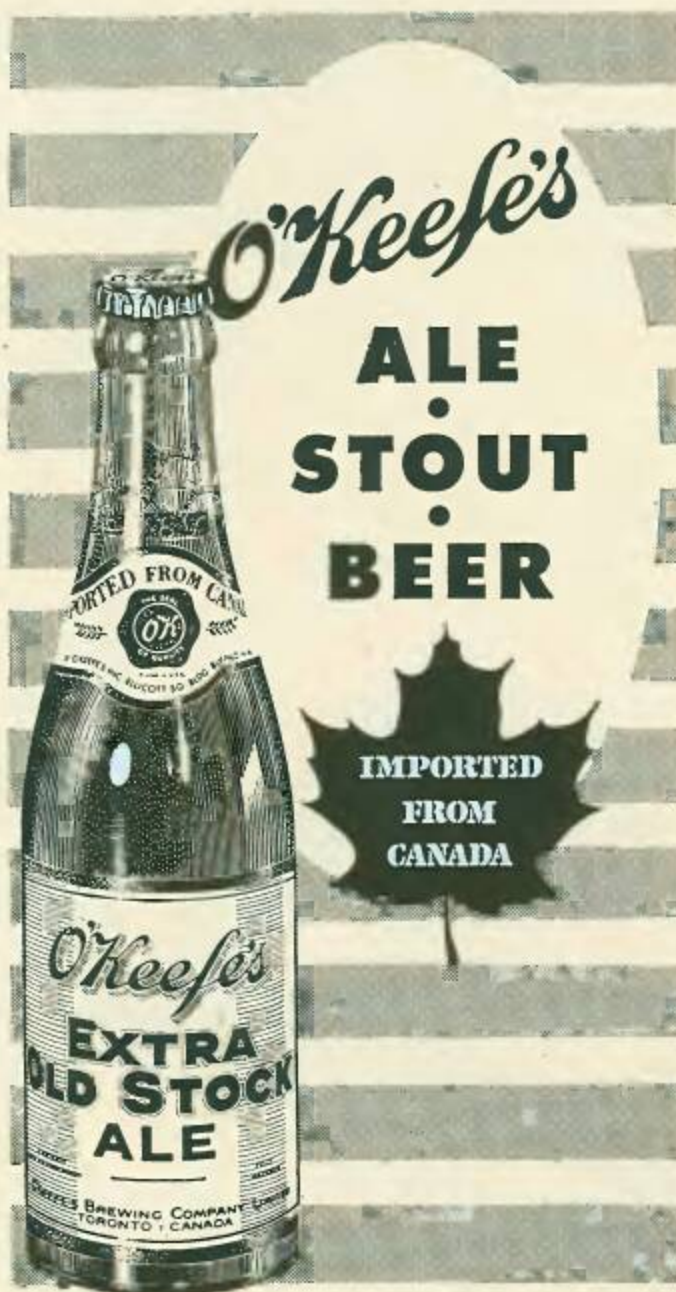
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Wilderness," an excellent study of early city development, is a resolute scholar, and he has brought together, for what he modestly calls a "biographical essay," the few facts about Harrison that are available. Happily for the man's reputation, all his buildings are still standing, not merely the Redwood Library, in Newport, his best-known work, but the equally restrained and Palladian synagogue in the same city, and the more conspicuous (and afterward altered) King's Chapel, in Boston. I am full of gratitude for this monograph, and I can't help wishing that a series of similar books would appear on the neglected architects of the period between 1870 and 1910—on W. R. Emerson and Halsey Wood, for example; on the firm of Babb, Cook & Willard, in New York; on Schmidt, Garden, and Martin, in Chicago; on Irving Gill, in California. Do their works have to disappear before we begin to realize that they need to be appraised and cherished?

—LEWIS MUMFORD

EGO

Vague, submarine, my giant twin swims under me, a girl of shade who mimics me. She's caught within a chicken wire of light that's laid by netted waves on floor of sand. I dare not look. I squeeze my lids against that apparition and her nightmare of surrounding squids, her company of nounless fright. She is the unknown thing I am and do not wish to see. In flight, I swim the way my comrades swam and hide among them. Let me keep their safety's circle for a charm against that sister in the deep who, huge and mocking, plans me harm.

—DILYS BENNETT LAING

It was their first breakfast together at the honeymoon resort. The waiter had just served hot Grape-Nuts Wheat-Meal and folks at the other tables were turning in the direction of the delicious aroma. "Dear," remarked the bride, "do you always tap the sugar spoon in that funny little way when you sweeten your cereal?"

"That, darling, is one of my peculiar little habits. I see you have one too."

"Me?" she asked coyly. "For instance?"

"Well," replied he, "you usually eat your hot Grape-Nuts Wheat-Meal with your right hand, don't you?"

"Yes, dear, I do. But what's so odd about that?" asked she.

"Most people I know eat it with a spoon!" answered he with a smile.

—Adv. in *Woman's Day*.

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MR. MOOKERJHEE

Foreign experts here also recommend a 25 per cent reduction in the number of employees on the government payroll in the interest of efficiency and economy.

—A.P. dispatch from New Delhi.

I ADVISE the foreign experts to tread cautiously. I speak as a man whose career almost foundered on the problem of eliminating unnecessary employees in India.

I was sent to Calcutta by the United Press in the torrid autumn of 1945, with specific instructions from the U.P. division manager in Bombay to run the Calcutta bureau with not more than one Indian assistant, plus the usual retinue of messengers and coolies. If possible, I was to dispense with the assistant. Like most other outfits immediately after the war, the U.P. was in the midst of an economy drive, in an effort to get operations back to a normal, peacetime basis. I had just joined the U.P., after being discharged from the American Field Service, in Secunderabad, and I was anxious to demonstrate not only that I was a man who knew how to economize but that I was an executive to be reckoned with as well.

Mr. Mookerjee, a Hindu whom my predecessor in Calcutta had hired as cable editor, was my first executive problem. I had had a report about him before I left Bombay. The former head of the Calcutta bureau had written me that Mr. Mookerjee was "willing but unsatisfactory," and added that he was incapable of editing cables and couldn't even type accurately. The division manager had advised me to fire him and then, if I found that I could not get along without an assistant, hire the best man that could be found among the available Indian journalists in Calcutta. He had great hopes for me, he said, and would keep a sharp eye on my performance.

It took me only a day or two to realize that my predecessor had been right about Mr. Mookerjee. The cable copy he laid on my desk, with a timid smile, was awful. Next, I tried him at copying off mailer stories, which weren't in "cablese," but he wasn't any good at this, either. His typing was full of errors, and he omitted words and sometimes whole sentences.

At last, I called Mr. Mookerjee into the small anteroom I had set aside for "executive" matters and explained the situation to him. He sat with his slender

hands folded on his lap and nodded sympathetically. His dark, liquid eyes forgave me everything. He realized he was no good—"absolutely useless" was what he said. The agency had been foolish to keep him as long as it had. He was a terrible burden.

He went so far in running himself down that I began to assure him he really wasn't as bad as all that. He was really quite good, I told him. It was just that this type of work took a particular kind of temperament—in fact, a rather undesirable one. And on an impulse I told him I would give him a full month's severance pay—he had been with the office only ten weeks—and do my best to find him another job.

I wrote the division manager that I had given Mr. Mookerjee notice but that I definitely needed an assistant. I said I was looking around for the right man and had asked Mr. Mookerjee to remain until I found one.

Finding the right man wasn't easy. I put ads in the Calcutta *Statesman* and the *Amrita Bazar Patrika*, and was deluged with letters from applicants who professed, in broken English, to read English and write it fluently. I had several of the more promising ones try out on a couple of cables. They weren't up to it. In my opinion, there is no way to tell anyone when to use "a" instead of "the" in a sentence. He either knows or he doesn't.

Mr. Mookerjee watched with genuine sympathy my fruitless efforts to find a replacement for him. He sighed and seemed upset each time a new prospect didn't pan out, and one morning, after a particularly discouraging day spent testing applicants, I found a vase filled with jasmine on my desk.

FINALLY, I discovered Mr. Bannerjee. He was a Hindu employed in the Calcutta office of the O.W.I., but,

with the war over and the O.W.I.'s future uncertain, he was looking for a permanent connection. I tried him out on the definite and indefinite articles. He wasn't infallible, but he was a lot better than any of the others had been. I wired the division manager that I was hiring Mr. Bannerjee, as of November 15th, and that I was keeping Mr. Mookerjee on until November 30th, to help break in Mr. Bannerjee.

The rapport between Mr. Mooker-



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jhee and Mr. Bannerjhee was immediate and complete. They acted like two old friends who have unintentionally offended each other and are trying to make amends. Mr. Mookerjhee would jump up to bring Mr. Bannerjhee copy paper, pencils, and carbons before Mr. Bannerjhee had a chance to ask for them—sometimes before he even realized he needed them. Mr. Bannerjhee, on his part, was tactful and gentle. He asked questions in a soft, lilting voice, and Mr. Mookerjhee's normally low-pitched tones became even more murmurous in response. Whenever the telephone rang, they engaged in a lengthy, wordless byplay that implied that since the call was undoubtedly important, only the other was qualified to answer it. Eventually, they solved the problem by taking telephone calls alternately, and each would smile deprecatingly as he picked up the instrument, to assure the other that he was certain nothing could be more trivial than this particular call. Their long looks of silent communion affected me so much that I soon found myself issuing instructions around the office in an apologetic half whisper.

Toward the end of the first week, Mr. Mookerjhee and Mr. Bannerjhee started going out to lunch together. Each day, I watched them from my office window as they crossed Chowringhee Square, delicately holding hands, and I began to have a vague feeling that something was going wrong. I thought perhaps I was uncomfortable only because I couldn't get accustomed to seeing men hold hands, an ordinary practice in India; or it may have been the illusion, from the distance of the office window, that Mr. Mookerjhee and Mr. Bannerjhee were identical. Both were trim and long-legged, with the same shade of mahogany skin, and both had long, slender necks and carried their heads slightly to one side, like drooping flowers.

ON November 30th, Mr. Mookerjhee wore a shirt with a collar and a green necktie instead of his hitherto invariable white, open-throated polo shirt. About four o'clock, he began assembling his personal things in a cardboard box, with deft, precise movements—a cake of soap, a small blue towel, a comb, a bottle of sesamum oil, a pocket English dictionary, and several back copies of American news magazines, which he must have rescued from the wastebasket.

I didn't like watching him. I went into the anteroom and busied myself at my desk. In a few minutes, there

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was a knock at the door. I said, "Come in," and Mr. Bannerjhee came forward silently and laid a sheet of yellow paper in front of me. It was a news story written from a piece of cable copy I had spiked a couple of days previously. It bore Mr. Mookerjhee's initials.

"What's this?" I asked.

Mr. Bannerjhee smiled and clasped his elongated hands in front of him. "Mr. Mookerjhee wrote it," he said.

"Oh," I said, and looked at the copy again. "You must have helped him."

"Just a little," he replied with a shrug.

"Well, it's not bad," I said. I held it out to him.

He didn't take it. "Mr. Mookerjhee is very happy here," he said.

"Yes, I know. I'm sorry..."

There was a long pause. Mr. Bannerjhee kept his large, chocolate-colored eyes fixed on my face.

"Mr. Mookerjhee and I have become very good friends," he said, at last.

I nodded. "I'm trying to find him another job," I said.

"I believe he is capable of doing the work here," Mr. Bannerjhee said with careful emphasis. "I will help him."

I laid the paper back on the desk. "I'm afraid that's impossible, Mr. Bannerjhee," I said. "He isn't up to it, and anyway I can't keep you both. I have orders from Bombay."

Mr. Bannerjhee hesitated for a moment, then slowly bobbed his head. "I am prepared to resign."

"Nonsense!" I said. "You can't resign. I brought you here to replace Mr. Mookerjhee."

"I can't take Mr. Mookerjhee's job. I couldn't sleep nights," Mr. Bannerjhee said.

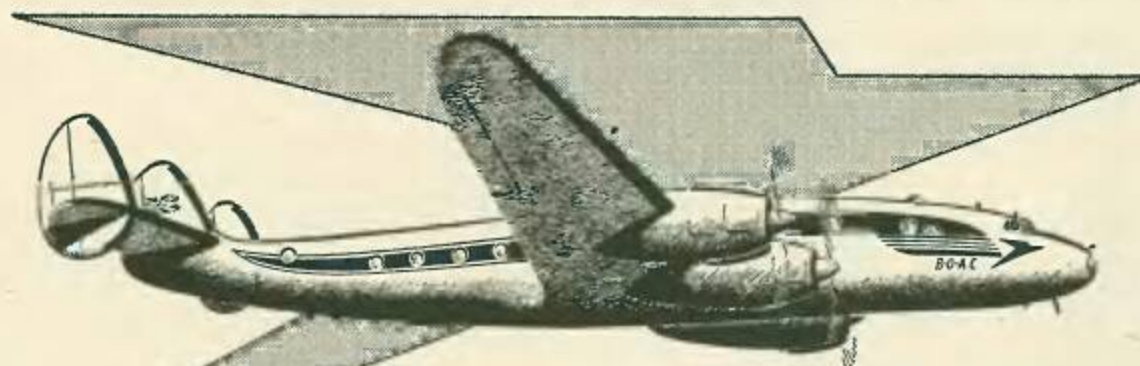
I told him he wasn't taking Mr. Mookerjhee's job—that I had decided to let Mr. Mookerjhee go long before he had come into the office and that he would accomplish nothing by stepping out himself. It would just put me to great inconvenience, after I had spent two painstaking weeks breaking him in. Besides, I pointed out, he had given up his O.W.I. job and would be out of work himself.

Mr. Bannerjhee looked sadder than ever and kept shaking his head. "Yes," he said. "Yes, I will be out of work, but I can't keep this job. I am prepared."

There was a knock at the door. It was Mr. Mookerjhee. He came toward the desk hesitantly, reached for the yellow paper, then drew back, and turned to Mr. Bannerjhee with a look of benign reproach.

"Mr. Bannerjhee forced me to write

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it," he said quietly. "He came over specially to my house last night. I didn't want to. He corrected it three times. We are good friends."

"You can do this work, Ramuni," Mr. Bannerjhee said to him.

Mr. Mookerjhee shook his head. "I know what Mr. Bannerjhee has told you," he said to me. "That he is prepared to resign. I don't permit it. I leave in any case. *In any case.* This I am firm on. I have told him it."

Mr. Mookerjhee's eyes were moist. Mr. Bannerjhee's eyes were moist.

The session lasted two hours. At the end, there were some emotional and glowing speeches in my honor by Mr. Mookerjhee and Mr. Bannerjhee, and considerable handshaking all around. Then they left the office arm in arm, pausing long enough for Mr. Mookerjhee to put the soap, towel, and comb back in his desk. He was still with us.

MY correspondence with the division manager during the next three weeks was lengthy and inconclusive. I patiently explained that I needed a minimum of two assistants, and that both Mr. Mookerjhee and Mr. Bannerjhee were indispensable. He less patiently replied that my proposal was preposterous. I kept a box ready for my own soap, towel, and comb.

After four or five exchanges of letters, the division manager was suddenly called to Tokyo, and there, absorbed in weightier matters, he had no time for Mr. Mookerjhee and Mr. Bannerjhee. When I left Calcutta, a year later, they were both firmly entrenched in the organization. Mr. Mookerjhee still didn't know the difference between "a" and "the," but his typing had improved slightly.

—ROBERT CLURMAN

BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND, June 6 (AP)—Mrs. Iris Taylor smelled smoke, jumped out of bed, and landed in her witcher—one floor down. A smoldering blaze had weakened the bedroom floorboards. Mrs. Taylor, 26, came to rest on a kitchen table in a shower of plaster. She is in a hospital being treated for shock.—*The Post Home News.*

The *Post* seems a little jarred up itself.

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THE RACE TRACK

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DUTIFULLY watching the present collection of two-year-olds, I've been able to find only three worth any special attention. They are Ferd, winner of the Youthful and Juvenile Stakes; Striking, a lively sister of Busher; and Navy Chief, who won the Great American Stakes, at Aqueduct, last week. There has been the annual epidemic of croup and snuffles among the younger racers, and, as usual, everyone says that all the well-fancied colts are being saved up for Saratoga. In the meantime, I think that those I've named will do.

Navy Chief, in case you haven't kept up with him, has finished first in four of his seven starts and second in the rest. But for a spot of bad luck three weeks ago, he would have had five out of seven. His saddle slipped or twisted during the running of the Tremont Stakes, a circumstance that seems to have escaped the catlike eyes of horseplayers, and Arcaro, his jockey, afraid that the saddle might come off altogether, sat still and held tight. The result was that Navy Chief was beaten by Fox Time. It was quite something else again the following week, in the Great American Stakes; Navy Chief took command quickly, and won easily from Fox Time. First Glance was third. Incidentally, Navy Chief, who is owned by E. P. Taylor, is just about the only member of Taylor's stable who hasn't something the matter with him. (I'm touching wood as I write this.) The last mishap to one of Taylor's horses occurred the other morning when Epic, his King's Plate winner, developed a crack in a hoof while doing a slow gallop.

Speaking of luck, Navy Chief was Arcaro's hundredth winner this season. His ninety-ninth was Miss Request, earlier that afternoon, and she was the first favorite he'd won on since June 15th.

A MOST interesting experiment in racing is being made by Dale Shaffer at the Fair Grounds, in Detroit, where I spent a few days recently. For a long time now, the horses and jockeys at the Fair Grounds have been the humdrum sort you'd expect at any fair grounds. Last January, Shaffer,



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who is young, active, and full of ideas, helped organize and became president of the Michigan Racing Association, Inc., a syndicate that took over the plant for this season and will build a new one, which Shaffer will operate for ten years. The new setup, which, to judge from the plans, will be something special, will be ready next May. (It may be a surprise to the Empire City management that you *can* build a race track now if you really want to.) Shaffer, by the way, is better than a green hand. He is vice-chairman of the Kentucky Racing Commission and owner of Coldstream Stud, one of the larger thoroughbred-stock farms. Last summer, his yearlings brought \$316,400 at the Keeneland Sales. Also—and hardly anyone remembers it—he bred Bull Lea, the sire of Citation, Coaltown, Armed, and other Calumet Farm racers. Shaffer believes that people like to see good horses run, and he has brought in the finest racers who have appeared at the Fair Grounds since Cavalcade went there to win the Detroit Derby, fifteen years ago.

The best show I saw out there was the Hurry Up High Weight Handicap, at five furlongs, which was won by Rose Bed, a six-year-old you probably never heard of. Although the footing was rough from a rain the day before, she did the distance in a minute flat, which is not bad for a mare her age. Rose Bed is owned and trained by a David Harum sort of character named Marion Van Berg, a shrewd auctioneer of livestock who drifted into the race-horse business about five years ago. Just now, he has stables at Detroit, at Arlington Park, and at Ak-Sar-Ben (that's "Nebraska" spelled backward), in Omaha. He trains all his horses himself, going from track to track by plane, which, he says, beats training by telephone. He does all right, too. The afternoon Rose Bed won, he saddled two other winners at the Fair Grounds.

—AUDAX MINOR

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BERLITZ

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE



I MAY not know much about camping, but I certainly know enough not to give advice to campers. You won't catch me telling woodsmen what they ought and ought not to take with them in the way of equipment. But just in case they have overlooked some of the worthwhile gear that is now around for the first time, or for the first time since the war, I shall endeavor to report, noncommittally, on what is available. Although I am not going to propose a patented thingumajig that prevents salt from caking to a camper who knows darned well that an old aspirin bottle makes the best possible outdoor shaker, I shall tell, for the benefit of anyone who isn't happy with an old aspirin bottle, where the thingumajig is to be had. You can't ask for more caution than that.

Probably everybody who has ever had the remotest interest in camping is familiar with the superior tents manufactured by David T. Abercrombie, of 97 Chambers Street, who for the past fifty-odd years has been equipping distinguished explorers, undistinguished campers, and plain hikers. The tents are made in numerous styles, and of a variety of fabrics, all of which have been treated with the company's special green-copper solution, which renders them waterproof, verminproof, and resistant to mildew and rot, and also adds to the strength of the cloth without appreciably increasing its weight—an improvement over the heavy paraffin method of weatherproofing.

Incidentally, the clear light-green color imparted by the copper preparation is soft and pleasing to the eyes. What seems to be the most popular of the company's tents for ordinary camping is the No. 21 Aberlite, of the Explorer type. This particular model is made of a cotton material and has a floor that is six and a half feet square; it will sleep two people comfortably and three in a pinch. The fore part of the tent is wedge-shaped and seven feet high, and

the top slopes down to a rear wall two feet high at the corners and two and a half feet high in the center. A sewn-in waterproof ground cloth, a bobbinet ventilator, and a zippered bobbinet screen at the entrance combine to make the tent both snakeproof and bugproof. The front flap is unusually wide and can be raised to form a canopy. The whole thing weighs around twelve pounds and rolls up into a neat package a trifle more than two feet long. The tent costs \$60. If you don't want to bother with cutting tent poles and stakes, you can buy them ready-made. A two-piece knockdown support, designed for the tent and made of telescoping aluminum tubes, which are held together by screws that can be turned by hand, and that can't possibly get lost, because they are built in, costs \$7.50. A full complement of aluminum stakes—the tent requires seventeen—is \$3.96.

THE Coleman gasoline stoves, which many woodsmen agree simply can't be beat for outdoor cooking, now have, in addition to their old virtue of instant lighting without the nuisance of priming, a new type of burner, which is windproof and can be regulated to any heat. The most all-round satisfactory of these cookers is, I am told, a two-burner job with a collapsible steel base and a two-and-a-half-pint fuel tank, which holds enough gasoline (it has to be the non-lead kind, because lead gasoline clogs up the burners) to keep both burners going full tilt for three hours. The stove weighs ten pounds and costs around \$10, at David

Abercrombie, Macy, and Abercrombie & Fitch, among other places. David Abercrombie also sells a wood-burning stove, for heating as well as cooking, that is such a cozy little thing that I should never dare mention it among all these severely practical appliances if I hadn't been assured it is a great favorite of campers headed for a cold climate. It is made of thin steel, weighs fifteen pounds, and has more or less the appearance of an old-fashioned cookstove in miniature; there is plenty of room on its two-lid top for a couple of stewpots. A slender, telescoping chimney comes with the stove, which costs \$25, complete. For an extra \$4.50, there is an asbestos ring that can be sewn to a tent, to provide a safe outlet for the chimney. For those who travel light, Abercrombie & Fitch have what must surely be the least complicated and least cumbersome of grills; it has the considerable advantage of burning either wood or charcoal, and I understand that it performs quite effectively. This unpretentious contrivance, which is called the Hi-Lo, has an eleven-by-seventeen-inch stand, notched at three levels to allow raising and lowering of the fire pan. The price is \$5.25, the weight is around seven pounds, and the components fold up to make a small package.

The ordinary, boxlike top-of-the-stove oven is, I understand, regarded with stony reserve by most woodsmen, not only because it is bulky, even for automobile transport, but because it is likely to rust in bad weather. Well, for the benefit of those campers who hold

out for a dietary variation from the stewed, the fried, and the grilled, I can report that there are now on the market bakers about as big around as an average skillet and not much deeper, which won't rust, because they are made of chromium-finished or stainless steel. Both Bloomingdale and Macy have assembled large collections of these oven substitutes, which can be depended upon to turn out quite respectable biscuits, baked potatoes, and things of that sort. Some of the



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bakers come with detachable plastic handles. Prices start at \$2.95.

JUST about everything that is needed in the way of implements for outdoor cooking and serving is supplied by fourteen sturdy pieces of aluminum contained in a set called the Sportsman, a marvel of convenience in which plates and cups for four people, as well as pots and pans, fit into one another in the neatest way you can imagine. The entire collection, which includes two removable handles that hook firmly onto the pots and skillets, nests in a seven-quart covered bucket, which is useful for all kinds of camp chores. The kit sells for \$10.95, at Abercrombie & Fitch, Lewis & Conger, and David Abercrombie. Perhaps people who don't believe that boiled coffee is mandatory in the woods had better be warned that the coffee-pot included in the nested outfit is capable of making only that standard camp beverage. Those whose preference in coffee is more sophisticated might investigate a perfectly splendid aluminum drip coffeepot at the Bazar Français, 666 Sixth Avenue (21st); at Wanamaker; or at Macy. The top and the bottom of this big, handsome utensil, which makes eighteen cups, are egg-shaped—the bottom half, of course, is flattened enough to provide a base—and of identical size. It costs around \$7.50. Macy has an assortment of coffeepots that should satisfy all coffee-loving campers; there are four-cup aluminum or stainless-steel percolators; small and large aluminum or stainless-steel Dripolators; and a number of good-quality enamel drip pots, including some, at \$3.71, with long plastic handles and plastic knobs on the tops. Stern has some remarkably serviceable aluminum percolators, which begin at \$2.50.

WHAT sort of ice chest is needed on a camping trip depends, obviously, on how near the camp is to a source of ice. Every house-

furnishings store has numerous inexpensive boxes that are perfectly adequate if they can be restocked every day or so; for more prolonged periods, the dependable and comparatively costly containers on hand at Abercrombie & Fitch might be considered. One of these, the Arctic Hamper, is ideal for carrying either frozen foods or ice. It is an olive-drab, waterproof canvas case, insulated with two-inch cork, enclosing a galvanized-metal ice chest that is fifteen inches high, fifteen inches long, and

eight inches wide; it will hold about twenty-five pounds of ice. The jacket has stout canvas handles on two sides, and a hinged top, which zips shut and can be padlocked. It costs \$28.85. A Fiberglas-insulated chest, which is reported to give a lot of satisfaction, is \$22.50. A. & F. won't furnish any guarantee as to how long ice lasts in these containers, but you can feel pretty sure that no better camping iceboxes are made.

THERE are so many excellent varieties of camp tableware around this summer that anyone who doesn't know exactly what he wants will have a hard time choosing among them. Abercrombie & Fitch have stainless-steel plates, bowls, and cups, which run from \$1, for a soup bowl, to \$3, for a large dinner plate. A set of these is, of course, an investment for a lifetime of camping (if that's what you look forward to), since the metal is very strong and is impervious to outdoor ills. The rather self-consciously elegant Boonton plates, made of an extra-heavy plastic that closely resembles china, cost around \$1.60 each, at A. & F. as well as at most housefurnishings stores. Cups and saucers are eighty-five and sixty-five cents apiece, respectively. All these are in pastel shades; no white. Dennison, 411 Fifth Avenue (37th), carries plastic-lined paper plates that look like inexpensive earthenware; the finish is absolutely non-absorbent, even under the strain of hot stew. Twenty-five cents will get you a dozen six-inch plates or eight eight-inch ones. Macy and the better-furnished five-and-ten-cent stores, notably the Woolworth at Fifth Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street, have a large



selection of cheerful plastic tableware in pale colors—outsized, saucerless coffee mugs, at around thirty cents each; large plates, at around forty cents; and cereal bowls, at around twenty-five cents—and Woolworth has spillproof, airtight quart containers,

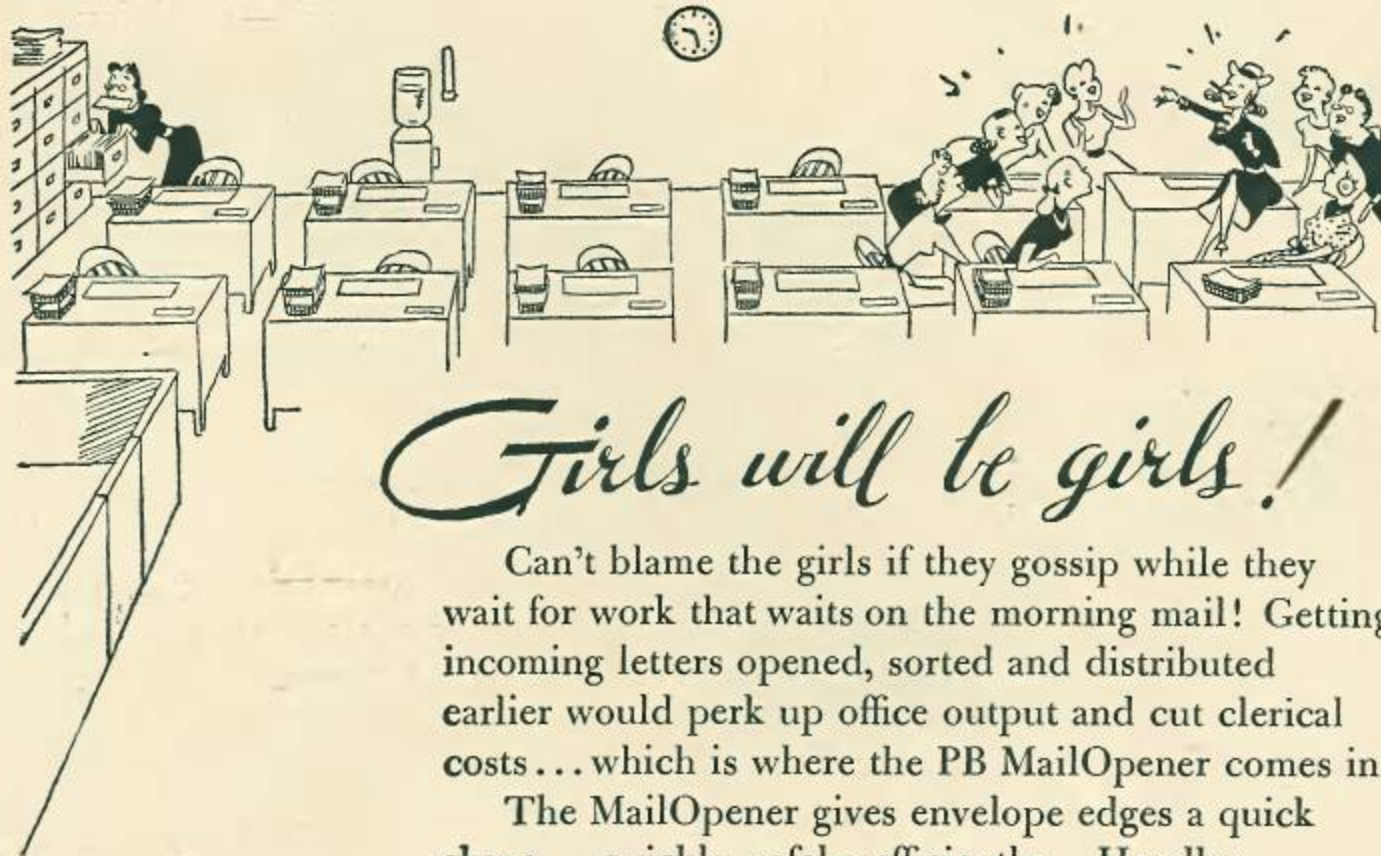
made of pliable plastic, at forty-nine cents. To go with all this table equipment, you will find the Masslin dinner napkins a great convenience; the fabric isn't woven but is made by pressing cotton and rayon fibres together. These napkins, with their pretty patterns, may seem inappropriately dressy, but their additional usefulness as first-rate dish towels is not to be overlooked. They are available in nearly all department and housefurnishings stores,

at thirty-nine cents for a package of eight.

YOU are probably tired of being directed to Abercrombie & Fitch every time the subject of camping comes up, but the truth is that this resourceful firm seems to have dealt with every contingency of outdoor life, and you will almost certainly be a more comfortable and a happier camper if you spend a good deal of time on the eighth floor there. Or—and to some unregenerate weaklings this may seem the pleasanter way—you might chart an agreeable course through all this fine equipment *instead* of going camping. Anyway, you should know about such minor A. & F. merchandise as Halazone tablets, for purifying contaminated water; a knife sharpener called Rolit (\$1), which is a pillbox-size edition of a popular sharpener; an extremely restful form-fitting canvas folding chair (to my shocked surprise, I learned that campers often sit) that weighs only six and a half pounds and costs \$6.25; a new portable fluorescent light (\$15.95) run by two batteries, which furnish fifty hours of glareless light for reading or general illumination; and an electric lantern (\$5.35) that gives a choice of a six-hundred-foot spotlight or a dome floodlight, suitable for reading. Both A. & F. and David Abercrombie carry an assortment of luxuriously warm sleeping bags that are more incredibly light than many eiderdowns met with in bedrooms; prices begin at \$21 and go on up to \$101.50.

Not to be overlooked at David Abercrombie are some cylindrical food bags, of waterproof cotton cloth, priced at from eighteen cents, for a one-pound bag that purports to keep salt dry, to eighty-two cents, for a bag that will hold fifteen pounds. The same concern has numerous ditty bags; a quarter and up. A small, seemingly unimportant item that will, nevertheless, prove a god-send to the camp cook is a pair of really reliable kitchen tongs. There are tongs everywhere, of course, but there are few that get such a death grip on a hot can or a boiled potato as the Hot Lifter, sold, for sixty-nine cents, at Lewis & Conger and Bloomingdale, among other places.

DURING the war, at the request of the War Department, the Diamond Match Company developed what it cautiously calls water-resistant matches, for the use of amphibious troops. These matches are not labelled waterproof, because they won't strike after they have been completely submerged for more than four hours. No



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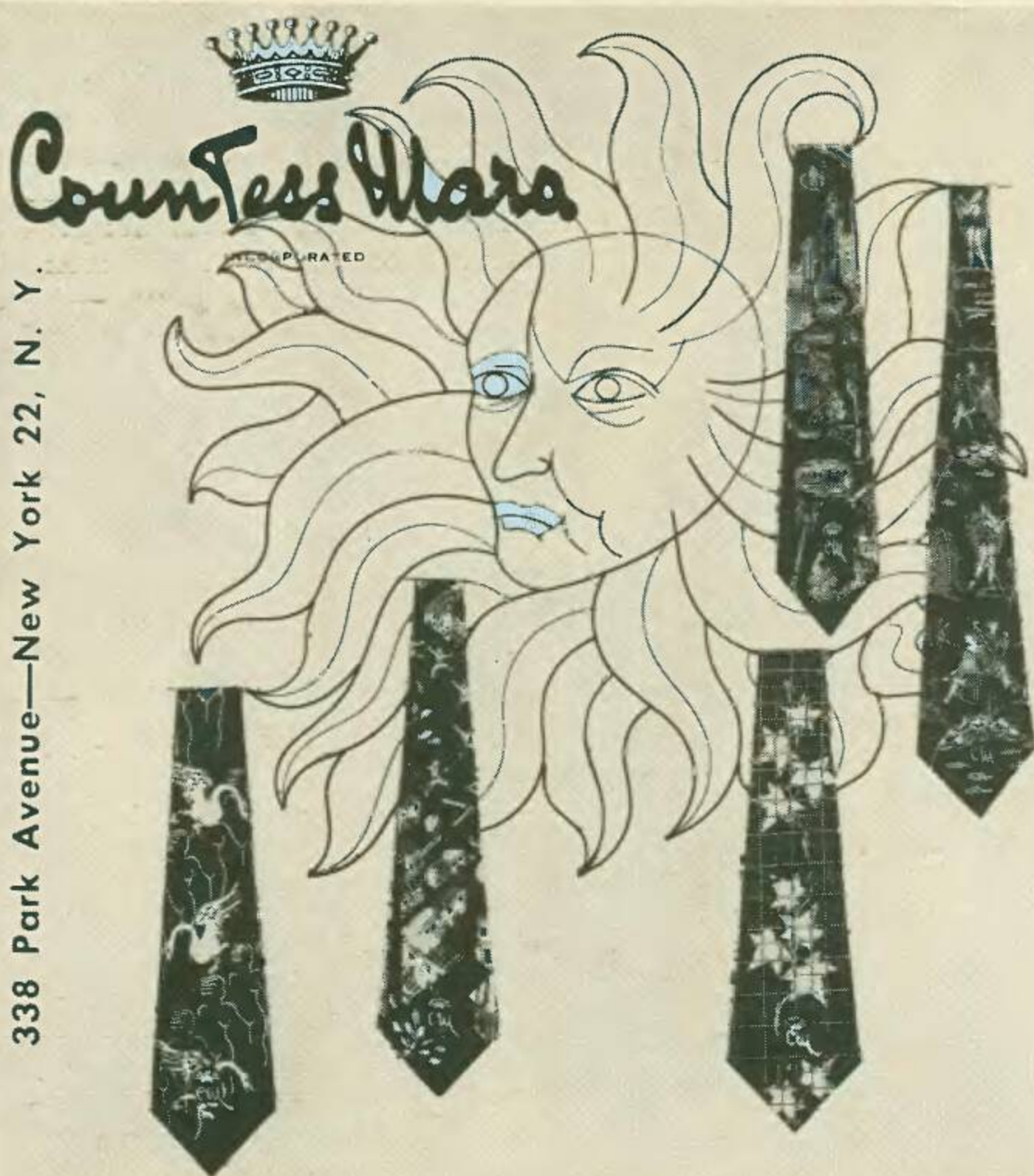
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briefly dousing, though—much less the rain and fog that put standard matches out of commission—will faze them. These trustworthy items ought to have a great success with campers who don't depend entirely on pocket lighters. The matches come in the same kind of boxes as the ordinary kitchen variety, and each box contains eight packets of fifty matches; they can be ordered, for nineteen cents a box, at any Gristede store.

LEST you run away with the idea that all hardy virtue has been taken out of camping by downy sleeping bags and pastel plates, you should perhaps have a look at the grim side of a woodsman's life, as evidenced by the paraphernalia on sale at the Boy Scout Trading Post, 42 East 33rd Street, and at any of Modell's Army & Navy Stores. Modell has standing grills (\$1.47) that go over a fire built right on the ground, and pack frames (\$5.44) that will ease the burden of the hiker who wants to load a mountain of stuff onto his back. Minor items to be found at the Scout store are waterproof steel matchboxes (what's the matter with two sticks, boys?), at seventy-five cents; a combination salt-and-pepper shaker that is said to keep the salt dry, at seventy-five cents; giant safety pins for blankets, at forty cents a half dozen; and an interlocking knife, fork, and spoon set, made of stainless steel, at \$2.25. That a large number of compasses that formerly sold for \$2.50 are being offered for clearance by the Scout store for \$1.25 each may interest campers who are not yet on a Scout's easy terms with the moss on trees. —S. H.

Claudia could feel drops of cold perspiration gather beneath her armpits and run riot with her imagination.—From a story by Rose Franken in *Redbook*.

Girls can certainly get snarled up.

I really love her, but just can't get that letter out of my mind. You see she is very beautiful and 22 years old. So am I.—Advice column in the *Denver Rocky Mountain News*.

You great big gorgeous thing!

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT
[From the Ring]

It will be recalled how badly Herr Max, who whipped the Brown Bomber in their previous bout, hence upsetting the appletart in a one rounder, proved both amazing and thrilling to the followers of fisticuffs.



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DEPARTMENT OF THE ARMY
OFFICE OF THE CHIEF OF ENGINEERS
WASHINGTON 25, D. C.

1. Information has been received of serious injury to personnel while attempting to erect hinged base map panel section of the Map-Reading Instruction Kit.

2. It is the opinion of the Chief of Engineers, based on reports received, that the major contributing cause to the above injury was the use of *improper erecting methods*.

3. To insure both the safety of personnel and to prevent damage to the kit, the following erection procedure will be used whenever the Map-Reading Kit is erected:

a. Empty carrying case of all component parts.

b. Turn carrying case bottom side up.

c. Lay hinged map panel on floor; unfold face down; (correctly laid out, dowel pins in bottom of hinged map panel will be butted up to holes in end of inverted carrying case).

d. Remove parts attached to hinged map panel.

e. Lay out supporting braces on either side of hinged map panel.

f. Fasten supporting braces to hinged map panel (both sides) *while panel is on floor*.

g. With one man on each side of hinged map panel, lift into position, inserting pins in holes in end of carrying case.

h. Hold in position while supporting braces are locked into carrying case.

4. The above listed erection steps followed in the order given will insure a maximum of safety to personnel, protection to equipment, and ease in erection. It cannot be too strongly emphasized that the key to safe erection is contained in paragraph 3f above.

5. The above erection procedure together with appropriate illustrations will be included in a change to TM5-9990, "Kit Instruction Map Reading," to be published in the near future. To provide a further safety factor, there is being developed in this office a modification to the hinged map panel section which may be made by the instructor or others connected with the use of the kit. This information will be published as MWO ENG 9990-1.

6. Until such time as the above publications are available, it is recommended, as far as practicable, that the information contained in paragraph 3, above, be disseminated throughout the commands of the commanding officers addressed.

7. Since the injury referred to in paragraph 1, above, resulted in permanent disability, it is further recommended that all personnel possessing this training aid be instructed to stencil on the outside of the carrying case the following statement, "CAUTION: To erect, fasten supporting braces to hinged map panel (both sides) while panel is on floor. See C1, TM 5-9990 for detailed erection instructions," and that a copy of the enclosed illustration be fastened to the inside of the carrying case.

FOR THE CHIEF OF ENGINEERS:

s/ Henry F. Hannis
Colonel, Corps of Engineers
Executive

—Michigan Military District Bulletin.

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BOOKS

Chrestomathy à la Maryland

THE contents of "A Mencken Chrestomathy" (Knopf) were collected by its author and editor, H. L. Mencken, from magazine and newspaper pieces, unpublished notes, and several books that are now out of print, among them "In Defense of Women," "Making a President," "Notes on Democracy," "A Book of Burlesques," and six of the "Prejudices" series. After reading quite a lot of it—it has six hundred and twenty-seven pages and, as the author used to say in his book reviews, no index—I find that I admire Mr. Mencken's prose style, and his energy and curiosity, as much as I ever did, which is saying a mouthful. Also, I find myself trying to analyze from memory the effect that his writings had in the nineteen-twenties on those of us who were of high-school or college age. It was at that time, with that audience, that he reached the pinnacle of his success as an entertainer. We read him then with much more enthusiasm than we did F. Scott Fitzgerald or Shakespeare, and because young men are serious readers (I mean of books that they read voluntarily), it would seem to follow that he influenced our thinking. I recall hearing it said that he did. Our teachers said so, and so did we. But I never did hear it remarked then that many of Mencken's broad judgments were deliberately clownish and therefore subject to change without notice, like the stage reactions of Bobby Clark. We knew he was funny, but we must have thought we could depend on his opinion of, say, the Gettysburg Address and confidently make it our own. So which did we read—Mencken in the *American Mercury* of March, 1928, or Mencken in "Prejudices: Third Series"? In the former, his "Chrestomathy" reveals, he wrote, "So old Abe put away his reflections, and launched into the tried and sure-fire stuff. Once started, the *furor loquendi* dragged him on. Abandoning the

simple and crystal-clear English of his considered utterance, he stood a sentence on its head, and made a pretty parlor ornament of it. . . . Finally, he launched a sonorous, meaningless epigram, and sat down." In the piece in "Prejudices," which also appears in the new collection, he wrote, "The Gettysburg speech is at once the shortest and the most famous oration in American history. Put beside it, all the whoopings of the Websters, Sumners, and Everetts seem gaudy and silly. It is eloquence brought to a pellucid and almost gem-like perfection—the highest emotion reduced to a few poetical phrases. . . . It is genuinely stupendous." I take it that some disciples in the nineteen-twenties read one of those passages and some another, and since each is a highly acceptable specimen of the author's manner, both must have been widely and fanatically quoted by his converts. It is clear that Mr. Mencken did his part to make the American campus a true clearing house for ideas.

By including both of his Gettysburg diagnoses in the present book, Mr. Mencken shows that he still is, as he was then, a comedian. But he is a deadpan comedian. I suppose that is the rea-

son it took his college readers of twenty years ago so long to catch up with him. When they did, they laid aside their infatuation with him and began to underrate him. As I said, young readers are serious readers, and flippancy *per se* upsets them. It is unfortunate that most of them read little of Mencken's writing beyond the poker-faced jokes and epigrams and the philosophical horseplay of which his books of that period were largely composed. They did not go on to search out and read his journalistic stuff, in which he was steadily trenchant and on the level; they did not follow closely his literary criticism, which was sincere, emotional, and, in terms of his special bias, consistent. It should go without saying, by now, that Mencken was not only a writer but an institution. I won't belabor the fact that his importance in his heyday was something that cannot be measured fairly by reading now the things he wrote at the time. A good deal of what he wrote remains sound as well as entertaining. "A Mencken Chrestomathy" may cure in former readers the disaffection I referred to above, because it provides samples of the journalistic



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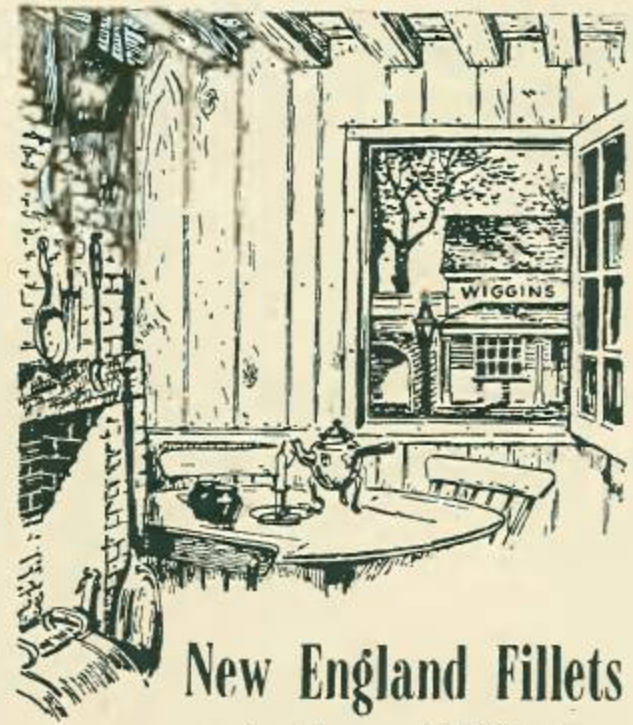


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and the toughly critical Mencken in addition to a lavish supply of yesterday's slapstick, worn thinner than ever now and inserted here, with the author's cheerful defiance, for reasons that were probably sentimental.

My own wholly respectful plan in reading the book (and I will not be surprised if other readers, old and new, employ it, too, of their own accord) was to glide lightly over everything in it that deals with man in general, woman in general, science, economics, morals, religion, death, or psychology, keeping a corner of one eye alert for the occasional ripe sentence, or punch line, that concentrates the flavor of Menckonian verbal vaudeville. Here, I would say, is such a sentence: "Unluckily, all this took place in the United States, where the word honor, save when it is applied to the structural integrity of women, has only a comic significance." In his philosophical papers, Mr. Mencken is always ready to deny the facts of life in order to score a point or make a joke. "The notion that schoolboys are content with their lot," he wrote once, "seems to me to be a sad delusion." There never has, of course, been any such notion or delusion. The popular theory is exactly the reverse. To make the popular theory his own for the moment, and embroider it through four pages of argumentative text, the author naturally began by implying that it was not popular. The trick is known to every good literary entertainer. Few writers have played it more gaily, learnedly, and consistently than Mr. Mencken. In "A Mencken Chrestomathy," this phase of his art takes up roughly three-fifths of the book.

Mr. Mencken's essays on literature are something else again. Discussing style, or the function of criticism, or the work of a particular author, he still seems, as he did when he wrote the pieces in this collection, one of the most perceptive, as well as one of the most original, of American critics. Here he is not only funny but careful and thoughtful. Also, in his sincerity he often becomes excited—in his analyses of Bierce and Conrad, for instance, and especially in his review of "An American Tragedy." The thoughtfulness and excitement extend, oddly, to some of his pieces on politics. In spite of his barnyard humor at the expense of the politician in a democracy, I conclude from the evidence in the "Chrestomathy" that politics has interested Mr. Mencken greatly, and not altogether, in spite of his protestations, as entertainment. The essay on Theodore Roose-



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velt, published in 1920, is a case in point—a well-organized and unface-tious study of political activity in this country. There is no facetiousness, for that matter, in the obituary of William Jennings Bryan that Mencken wrote for the *Baltimore Evening Sun*. The writer was completely cold in his hatred. The journalistic pieces in the book, which include the Bryan obit, an earlier dispatch from Dayton, Tennessee, a ringside story on the Dempsey-Carpentier fight, a Presidential-convention story, and two reports on prohibition, seem so good partly, I think, because of Mr. Mencken's advantages, unusual in the field of hitting a type-writer fast to make an edition, of a catholic vocabulary and a vast fund of information superimposed on a quick mind and a perfectly mastered style. As the author suggests in his preface, he has a bent for hot, rapid writing. Toward the end of the book, Mr. Mencken has incorporated a section entitled "Buffooneries." The things in it are neither as droll nor as sure-handed as the deadpan buffooneries I mentioned earlier, which are passed off as cosmic criticism. Many people have said that Mr. Mencken will live for posterity chiefly through his monumental work "The American Language." Very possibly that is true. It's a strange fact, in this connection, that his rare attempts to reproduce spoken American fictionally, in whole sentences—as in the playlet called "Death: A Philosophical Discussion," a so-called buffoonery—show him to be nearly deaf to the tones and rhythms of American speech. Some of his dialogue is as bad as anything in Sinclair Lewis. Luckily, in Mr. Mencken's recent Days series—"Happy Days," "Newspaper Days," and "Heathen Days"—the descriptions of low characters are fine and amusing, because Mr. Mencken made them in his own language. The actual conversation of these characters was something he could not reproduce, in spite of his encyclopedic knowledge of its separate parts. (The following, from "Death: A Philosophical Discussion," is a specimen of Mr. Mencken's creative use of the triple negative he studied and identified so well in the laboratory: "First Pallbearer—'It's a question nobody ain't ever answered.' Second Pallbearer—'Nor never won't.'") Probably a mind fit for writing accurate dialogue would be incapable of a philologist's masterpiece like "The American Language."

In some ways, the chief impression the author gives in "A Mencken

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Chrestomathy" is one of genial stubbornness, of good-humored, comprehensive loyalty to his past efforts. There is wonderful stuff in it, for which you will have to prospect and dig. Mr. Mencken in defense of himself is an ingratiating, if uncritical, fellow. Perhaps his views on sex in America are dated, or perhaps, having been influenced too much by his second-hand observations on prairie life, they were never sound, but I like his stalwart sneer at the Kinsey Report. It comes in a footnote to one of Mr. Mencken's frequent arguments that the sex act is sparsely practiced, though widely talked about, in the United States. The argument in question was first printed in 1918. The footnote says, "I see nothing in the Kinsey Report to change my conclusions here. All that humorless document proves is (a) that all men lie when they are asked about their adventures in amour, and (b) that pedagogues are singularly naïve and credulous creatures."

Mr. Mencken himself is, of course, heartily and engagingly pedagogical, though neither credulous nor naïve. It was both a worldly and a pedantic stroke to use the little-known word "chrestomathy" in the title of this collection. He devotes a page of the preface to it, remarking blandly, "A few newspaper smarties protested that the word would be unfamiliar to many readers, as it was to them." Newspaper reviewers have inevitably taken their cue from that, as the author must have expected they would, and in all the notices I have seen to date they have explained, cutting into the space at their command and leaving less space for reviewing, that a chrestomathy is a collection of choice passages from an author or authors—or, in a more special sense, which Mr. Mencken chose to ignore, one compiled to assist in the acquirement of a language. I will add my nickel's worth of reference material to the kitty by pointing out that readers who follow the Double-Crostics of Mrs. Elizabeth S. Kingsley already know about chrestomathy. The word "chrestomathic" appeared in a Double-Crostic several weeks before the first announcement of Mr. Mencken's book.

—JOHN LARDNER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

WORLD FULL OF STRANGERS, by David Alman (Doubleday). A tale of contemporary working-class life that has the seamy hyper-realism, if not all the acuteness, of some of the

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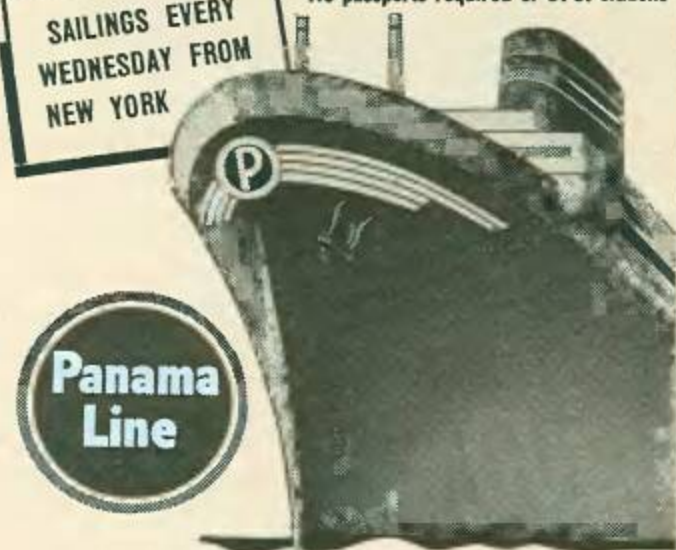
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proletarian novels of the thirties. As a writer, Mr. Alman shows incisive skill, but the uniform despair of his New York slum dwellers results not only in a fevered sort of monotony but in a lack of the sociological exactness he seemingly wants to achieve. Most of the minor characters, despite their moroseness, are first-rate. The two main ones—a onetime social worker who becomes terrifyingly brutal after joining the police force, and a firmly embittered shipyard hand—are warped beyond plausibility. The last scene is fully as sadistic as the finale in "The Young Manhood of Studs Lonigan."

THE ROBBER, by Bertram Brooker (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). Ingenious, if very speculative, biographies of two of the New Testament's more mysterious personages—Barabbas and Joseph of Arimathea—plus an original, if less convincing, portrait of Judas Iscariot. Mr. Brooker builds his appraisal of Barabbas and Joseph on the slender Biblical references to them and on his own thorough knowledge of Holy Land terrain and politics. He presents Barabbas not as a thief but as an active champion of violent social overturn, who would have been quite willing to die in Jesus' stead, and Joseph of Arimathea as a Tolstoyan type of liberal nobleman, all out for land reform and opposed to violence. His version of Judas, as a mystic given to near-hysterical outbursts, sounds less likely. The work, neither profound nor elaborate, is a well-sustained job of narrative.

CARELESS LOVE, by Hobert Skidmore (Doubleday). One of literature's most durable types—the woman of doubtful virtue but inspiring character—appears amidst some West Virginia mountain villagers to set the moral tone of an unassuming fable concerning the otherworldly folk of the hills. Mr. Skidmore's people have about the customary quota of unlettered charm, but he has, happily, given his well-tried theme a slight twist by presenting his heroine as a handsome and openhearted girl who, although perfectly willing to make a start in the oldest profession, finds it unexpectedly difficult to do so. The male members of the community are shyly perturbed at her overtures, and the women sympathetically envious of her intended career. She decides to abandon her plans, after being revealed as the most admirably honest person in the place. The author symbolizes the fantastic quality of his lo-

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cale by means of a river that alternately appears and disappears. His plot is almost as evanescent.

THE ROCK CRIED OUT, by Edward Stanley (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). Partial light on the 1805 conspiracy in the Louisiana Territory, which resulted mainly in the disgrace of Aaron Burr and, probably to the regret of quite a few school children, in the writing of "The Man Without a Country." Mr. Stanley views Burr's attempt to dominate what was then the southwestern area of the country as doomed from the start. His central figures are Harmon and Margaret Blennerhassett, a highborn Irish couple who had settled in the Ohio Valley and were lured by Burr's smooth talk into being the biggest financial contributors to his plans. The depiction of this pair and of Burr shows little careful shading, but the author's background data is informative. He might, however, have given more space to Burr's inglorious expedition and less to the Blennerhassetts.

THE RUNNING THREAD, by Drayton Mayrant (Appleton-Century-Crofts). Employing the usual elisions of geography and history to which writers of historical romances have accustomed their readers, Miss Mayrant swishes a pert Irish girl from the Aran Isles to Charleston, South Carolina, and from the ante-bellum gallantries of Charleston into the city's Reconstruction pangs. The heroine combats, in turn, her shrewish sister-in-law, a berserk slave, a Union spy, and a catty Southern belle, the last being the most vicious. Among the deftly interspersed background effects are the attack on Fort Sumter, a hurricane, one of the first successful submarine forays, and Sherman's march to the sea. These happenings are sandwiched between less momentous domestic ones with magic-lantern speed, but the chronicle of Confederate life holds up well.

GENERAL

THE FOREIGN POLICY OF SOVIET RUSSIA, by Max Beloff (Oxford). A survey, in two volumes, of Soviet diplomacy from 1929, when the world depression brought on the first manifestations of international aggression since the World War, to 1941, when the Nazi-Soviet Pact blew up. This is perhaps the most painstaking analysis of the subject in English, and although it is primarily a work of scholarship, it is written as a freely flowing

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IT IS USUALLY wise, as any broadcaster will tell you, to make a good impression on the Federal Communications Commission. So the other day two prominent CBS officials invited one prominent FCC official to watch a television rehearsal from the studio floor. All three were deeply engrossed in the program when the floor manager tapped them on the shoulder to say that in case they were interested the boxes they were sitting on contained a 17-foot python and a full-grown (man-eating) crocodile, both live and waiting for their cues.

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historical narrative, and is helped along by the fact that the author has kept his voluminous notes and source references out of the reader's way as much as possible. Mr. Beloff does not take the attitude that Russian foreign policy is a "mystery inside an enigma," and he shows that there have always been sound reasons—from the Kremlin's viewpoint—for Soviet diplomatic moves, though he does not credit the Russian leaders with any genius for international prognosis. At the end, he remarks that his researches have only strengthened his belief that "history above all is the study of the imperfect, the contingent, and the unique."

IMAGE AND IDEA, by Philip Rahv (New Directions). Fourteen essays on literature by one of the sharpest of the younger American critics of the unaffiliated Left. There are two good articles on Henry James, and an amusing and perceptive piece on the split in American writing between the "palefaces" (the votaries of an attenuated intellectual awareness) and the "redskins" (the lusty proponents of the outdoors, nationalism, and the literary treasures to be found in the study of low life). Other subjects include Tolstoy, Dostoevski, and Kafka. Also in the book are four short sketches, one of them an examination of Virginia Woolf's rather complacent analysis of Arnold Bennett and his school, and the last an all-out assault on Bernard De Voto and *Kulturbolschewismus*, in which Mr. De Voto is demolished, to the author's satisfaction at least, and salt sown where he stood.

A STUDY OF INTERPERSONAL RELATIONS, edited by Patrick Mullahy (Hermitage). An inquiry undertaken by a group of writers, all of them associated with the William Alanson White Psychiatric Foundation, and all of them more or less upholding two connected points of view, which, boiled down to axiom length, are that the frustration of purely biological impulses does not entirely account for human maladjustment and that the psychiatrist must seek enlightenment on mental illness in the relation of the individual to the existing social order. Thus, in effect, the symposium becomes a criticism of Western society. The authors, most of whom write in fairly nontechnical language, include Clara Thompson, whose two essays on the changing status of women are especially illuminating; Harold D. Lasswell; the late Ruth



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Benedict; Ernest G. Schachtel; and the late Harry Stack Sullivan.

A NEW THEORY OF HUMAN EVOLUTION, by Sir Arthur Keith (Philosophical Library). Sir Arthur's new theory turns out to be not so new after all. His central thesis, in a simplified—perhaps oversimplified—form, might be called an apology for those who contend that race has had an effect of paramount importance on the history of mankind. This doctrine rests on an acceptance of race-consciousness in human development. (Sir Arthur's concepts do not include an acceptance of "Aryanism," but he does maintain that it is nonsense to deny that the Jews are a distinct and recognizable race.) The races of man, he contends, are the product of an evolutionary process that began when primitive men split into tribal groups; these groups, in turn, became nations, and the nations became the races. ("Nationalism is the feeling that characterizes a nation in the throes of race-making.") As for the evils of racism, which bring about wars, Sir Arthur holds out little hope for their eradication; he thinks that patriotism and blood brotherhood are biologically deep-seated, and that man's two chief fears—fear of individual death and fear of the death of his race—will continue to determine his actions.

A strongly worded minority report.

PATTERNS OF ANTI-DEMOCRATIC THOUGHT, by David Spitz (Macmillan). Mr. Spitz has confined his attention to those serious American writers, all well above the rabble-rousing level of literacy, who have formulated theories of government that have a common aversion to the principle of equalitarianism. Among the philosophers Mr. Spitz examines are the advocates of "natural aristocracy" (a hardy perennial in American political thought, from Alexander Hamilton to George Santayana, T. S. Eliot, and Fulton J. Sheen); Lawrence Dennis, the most highly educated (Harvard '20) of our admitted native Fascists; James Burnham, who argues the economic impossibility of democracy from a reverse-Marxist point of view; Irving Babbitt; Ralph Adams Cram; and the racial-superiority brethren. The author has done his best to expound as fully and fairly as possible the numerous ideologies, and has then proceeded, without any polemical frothing at the mouth, to expose these creeds in their own

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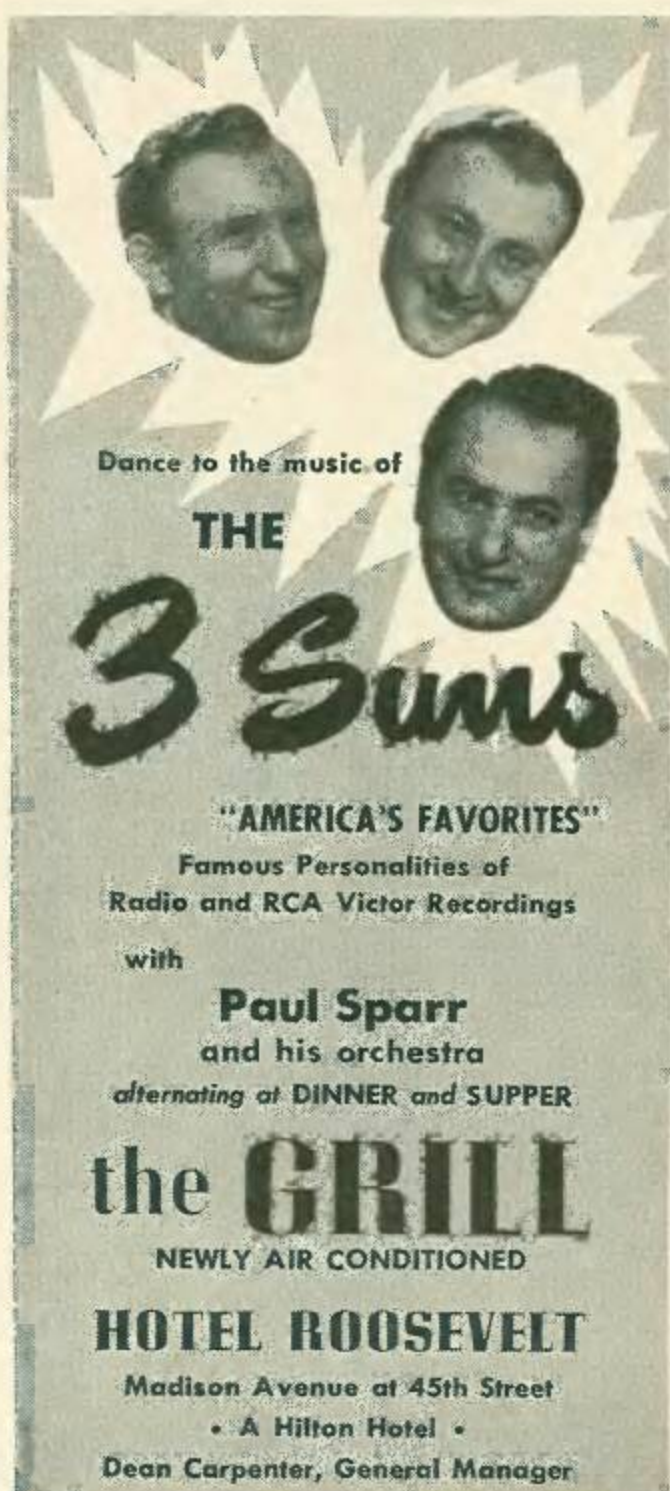
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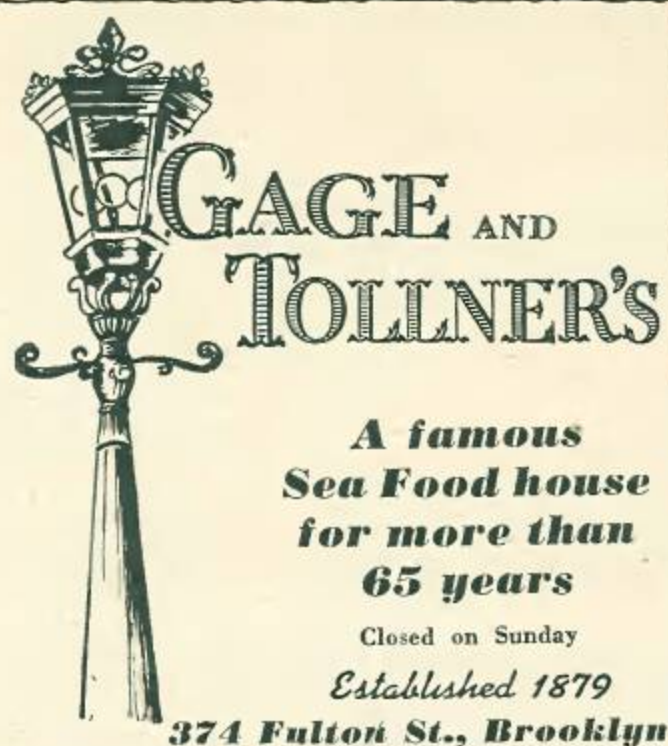
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terms. A useful book, and a unique one.

FIELDING'S NEW TRAVEL GUIDE TO EUROPE, by Temple Fielding (Sloane). This guide, by a former foreign correspondent who has done a lot of travelling about Europe since the war, should be consulted only after the decision to go abroad has been made; otherwise, it is likely to discourage the most hopeful voyager. Where the old guides got down to the points of interest in foreign countries without delay, this one is forced to use up a hundred and thirteen pages just discussing the vexing mechanics of postwar travel—the immunization shots, the reservations that must be made weeks and months ahead for every night one intends to stay in Europe, the money required (the author says one must count on spending at least twenty-five dollars a day for living expenses, which seems high), the official forms that must be filled out, and so on. The rest of the book is an extremely satisfactory index to the countries, including Ethiopia, that welcome tourists. Throughout, the author goes easy on cathedrals and historic spots and concentrates on currency, hotels, tipping, local rackets, what one has to pay for a Martini (and what is likely to be in it), and what to buy and what not to buy.

GASPÉ, by Blodwen Davies (Greenberg). A discursive guidebook, by a Canadian, on the Gaspé Peninsula, whose history is as rich and turbid as that of any other part of the New World. The Vikings landed on its shores nearly a thousand years ago, and when the spread of Christianity made fish an important item in the diet of Europeans (for days of abstinence), Breton sailors, long before Columbus, crossed the Atlantic and fished in Gaspesian waters. Jacques Cartier arrived on this continent via the Gaspé. General Wolfe, during the French and Indian War, pillaged and burned Gaspé fishing villages, as an economic tactic, and, later, Royalist refugees from the United States found new homes on the Gaspé coast. Mrs. Davies knows the territory and its people well; her book not only is of general interest but should be especially valuable to the tourist who likes to know something about what he is looking at. Many good photographs.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE GIRL WITH THE HOLE IN HER HEAD, by Hampton Stone (Simon &

Schuster). Two young men from the New York County District Attorney's office are assigned to look into some threatening letters received by the head of one of those households in which normality is an almost unheard-of quality. Among those suspected of the threats, and, later on, of murder, are the young lady mentioned in the title (she was injured in an automobile accident and has a silver plate in her head), her half brother (a bottle-a-day man), a sculptor, a member of Alcoholics Anonymous, and the heroine's justifiably bewildered young suitor. The D.A.'s men, obviously, get to their solution the hard way with *that* batch of suspects on their hands. Very well planned.

THE FLYING RED HORSE, by Frances Crane (Random House). The Pat Abbotts again, right in their element in Dallas, where people are evidently richer, better dressed, handsomer, and fonder of skulduggery than they are anywhere else. At the start, Abbott is concerned with what seems to be a routine bit of investigation for an oil millionaire, but this tepid state of affairs lasts only until one of the ladies of the client's family is shot, a few hours after the Abbotts' arrival. From then on out, no holds are barred, and even Mrs. Abbott comes in for some rough stuff, when she is abducted. Just right for Crane admirers, who insist on good plotting as well as on the flash of diamonds.

I AM AFRAID, by Elma K. Lobaugh (Doubleday). Almost any woman except the ninny named Dorothy who relates this tale would walk out abruptly on the household she describes, between fits of the vapors. Among Dorothy's major complaints are the isolation of her residence—which is stuck off on a Middle Western river sand dune—a bratty stepson, the frequent appearance of arsenic in her food, and a crackling noise in her bedroom. All this would, of course, culminate fatally if it weren't for an athletic director who (for reasons not readily apparent) is attracted to Dorothy and who goes to bat for her when she faints on his doorstep one rainy night.

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