

July 30, 1949

THE

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NEW YORKER



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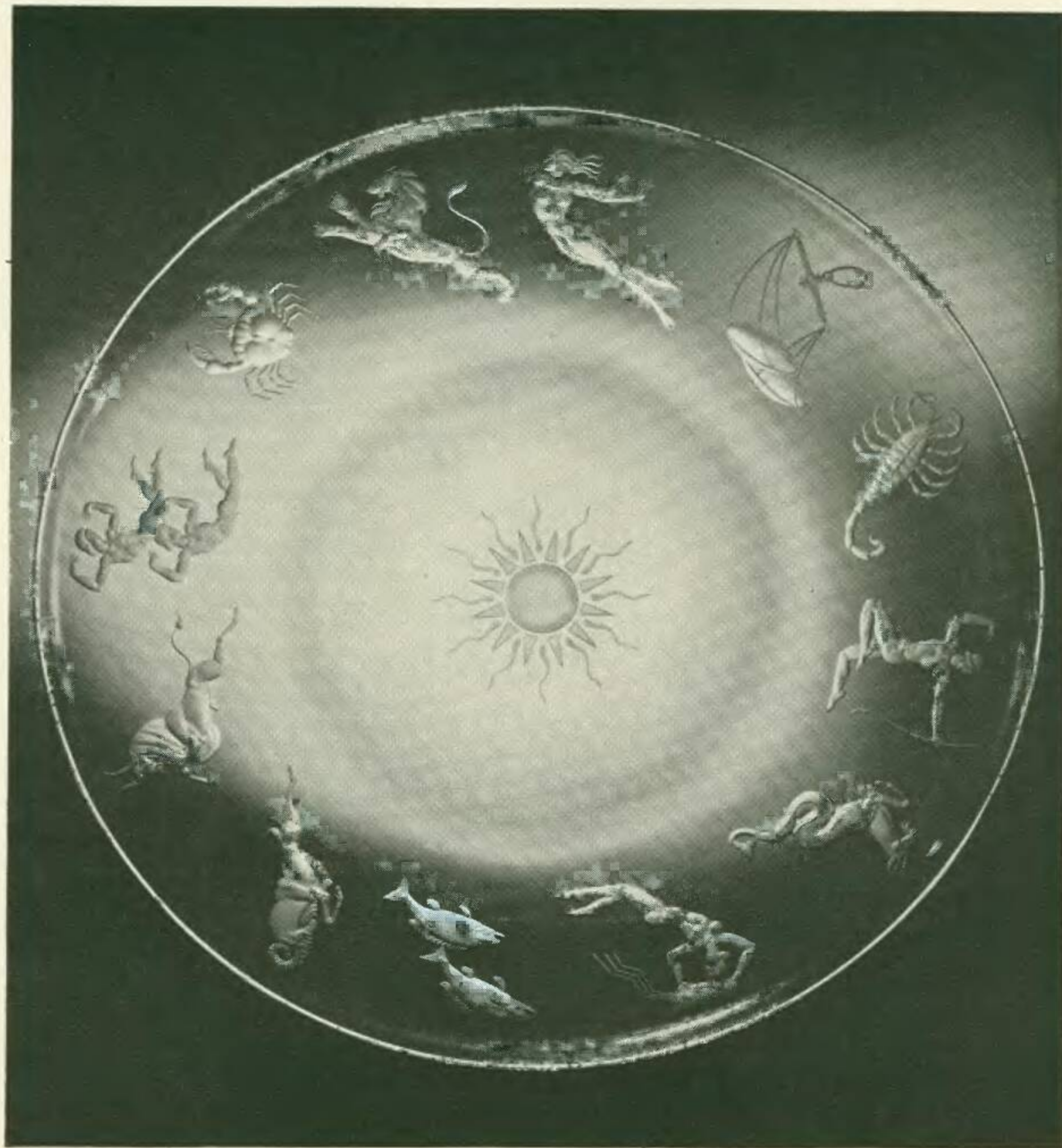


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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

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

PLAYS

DEATH OF A SALESMAN—In this solid tragedy about a man who has come to the end of his rope, Arthur Miller more than fulfills the promise he showed in "All My Sons." Lee J. Cobb heads the excellent cast. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

DETECTIVE STORY—Sidney Kingsley's message about totalitarian government vs. democracy interferes only intermittently with this rough-house in a police station. Ralph Bellamy plays a tough cop to perfection. (Hudson, 44th St., E. LU 2-1087. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

GOODBYE, MY FANCY—A beautiful congresswoman, a college president, and a *Life* photographer are those principally involved in Fay Kanin's expert, if not terribly profound, play. The cast includes Ruth Hussey and Conrad Nagel. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

LONG RUNS—BORN YESTERDAY: An enlightened tramp and a scheming junk dealer. With Joan Morgan and King Calder. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) ... **MISTER ROBERTS**: The one about a Navy cargo ship during the war. With Henry Fonda, Robert Keith, and William Harrigan. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE**: Tennessee Williams' big job, concerning a woman's withdrawal into a world of illusion. With Uta Hagen and Ralph Meeker. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

KISS ME, KATE—Alfred Drake and Patricia Morison in an exemplary fusion of William Shakespeare and Cole Porter. They are given some very lively aid by Bella and Samuel Spewack, who wrote the parts of the book that Shakespeare didn't. With Lisa Kirk and Harold Lang. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 50th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LEND AN EAR—A collection of sharp, witty sketches by Charles Gaynor, who also wrote the music and lyrics, makes this revue one of the most cheerful things in town. Among the talented young people in the cast are Dorothy Babbs, Carol Channing, and Yvonne Adair. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MISS LIBERTY—This big, rather tiresome musical about Bartholdi's statue and a circulation war between Joseph Pulitzer and James Gordon Bennett is mostly the work of Irving Berlin, Robert Sherwood, and Moss Hart. Ethel Griffies is the most successful member of a cast that includes Eddie Albert, Allyn McLerie, and Mary McCarty. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

SOUTH PACIFIC—Romantic love, miscegenation, and a lot of good, rowdy comedy are mingled in this superlative show. Richard Rodgers wrote the music, Oscar Hammerstein II handled the lyrics and collaborated with Joshua Logan on the libretto, and the cast is headed by Ezio Pinza and Mary Martin. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

WHERE'S CHARLEY?—Ray Bolger is chiefly responsible for the success of this musical ver-



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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31	1	2	3	4	5	6

sion of "Charley's Aunt," by George Abbott and Frank Loesser. With Byron Palmer and Doretta Morrow. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

FUNZAPOPPIN'—Olsen, Johnson, gunfire, siren wails, and some of the oldest gags in history. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Nightly, except Tuesdays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Aug. 7.)

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. Matinées 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. Matinées 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 30: "Angel Street." Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 1-2: "Count Your Blessings." Wednesday, Aug. 3: "The Master Builder." Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 4-6: "Count Your Blessings." (Barter Theatre, Abingdon, Va. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8.)

BAR HARBOR—Through Saturday, July 30: "Candida." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 2-7:

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THE NEW YORKER
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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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"The Play's the Thing." (Bar Harbor Playhouse, Bar Harbor, Maine. Nightly, except Sunday, July 31, and Monday, Aug. 1, at 8:30. Matinées Fridays at 2:30.)

CAPE MAY—Through Saturday, July 30: "Room Service." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 1-6: Estelle Winwood and John Buckmaster in "The Importance of Being Earnest." (Cape Theatre, Cape May, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 3.)

CHATHAM—Through Saturday, July 30: "Streets of New York." Wednesday through Saturday, Aug. 3-6: "Thunder Rock." (Monomoy Theatre, Chatham, Mass. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

CLINTON—Through Saturday, July 30: "The Heiress." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 1-6: Chester Morris in "Dressed to Kill." (Music Hall Summer Theatre, Clinton, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40.)

COHASSET—Through Saturday, July 30: "January Thaw." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 1-6: Martha Sleeper in "The Heiress." (South Shore Players, Town Hall, Cohasset, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

COONAMESSETT—Through Saturday, July 30: Sylvia Sidney in "The Two Mrs. Carrrolls." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 1-6: Joan Blondell in "Happy Birthday." (Falmouth Playhouse, Coonamessett-on-Cape Cod, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays, except July 30, at 2:30.)

DENNIS—Through Saturday, July 30: Ann Harding in "Yes, My Darling Daughter." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 1-6: Eva Le Gallienne in "The Corn is Green." (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

EAST HAMPTON—Through Saturday, July 30: Imogene Coca in "Happy Birthday." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 1-6: "Streets of New York." (John Drew Theatre, East Hampton, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40.)

FITCHBURG—Through Saturday, July 30: "The Gay Divorcée." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 1-6: Ann Harding in "Yes, My Darling Daughter." (Lake Whalom Playhouse, Fitchburg, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:20.)

GUILFORD—Through Saturday, July 30: Chester Morris in "Dressed to Kill." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 1-6: Diana Barrymore in "Light Up the Sky." (Chapel Playhouse, Guilford, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:40.)

IVORYTON—Through Saturday, July 30: Paul Lukas in "Accent on Youth." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 1-6: Elisabeth Bergner in "Amphitryon 38." (Ivoryton Playhouse, Ivoryton, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:40.)

LAKE PLACID—Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 4-6: "Twelfth Night." (Lake Placid Drama Festival, Lake Placid, N.Y. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8:40.)

MAHOPAC—Through Sunday, July 31: "The Racket." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 2-7: "The Girl of the Golden West." (Putnam County Playhouse, Mahopac, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45. Matinée Saturday, Aug. 6, at 2:45.)

MARBLEHEAD—Through Saturday, July 30: Hildegard in a song and piano recital. Monday through Saturday, Aug. 1-6: Grace and Paul Hartman in "Up to Now," a new revue. (North Shore Players, Marblehead, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:45.)

MATUNUCK—Through Saturday, July 30: "Peg o' My Heart." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 1-6: "Light Up the Sky." (Theatre-by-the-Sea, Matunuck, R.I. Nightly, except



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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

MIDDLEBURY—Through Sunday, July 31: "Lady Windermere's Fan." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 2-7: "The Late Christopher Bean." (Green Mountain Playhouse, Middlebury, Vt. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30.)

MILLBURN—Through Saturday, July 30: "The Great Waltz." Starting Monday, Aug. 1: "The Desert Song." (Paper Mill Playhouse, Millburn, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MOUNTAINHOME—Through Saturday, July 30: Josephine Hull in "Arsenic and Old Lace." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 1-6: "The Heiress." (Pocono Playhouse, Mountainhome, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MOYLAN—Thursday, July 28: "The Romantic Age." Friday, July 29: "And He Did Hide Himself." Saturday, July 30: "The Caucasian Chalk Circle." Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 3-4: "Ladies in Arms." Friday, Aug. 5: "Androcles and the Lion." Saturday, Aug. 6: "Saint Joan." (Hedgerow Theatre, Moylan, Pa. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30.)

NEW HOPE—Through Saturday, July 30: Haila Stoddard in "The Torch Bearers." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 1-6: "Laburnum Grove." (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

NEWPORT—Through Saturday, July 30: John Loder in "For Love or Money." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 1-6: Edward Everett Horton in "Present Laughter." (Casino Theatre, Newport, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

NYACK—Friday through Sunday, July 29-31: Beatrice Straight in "Joan of Lorraine." (Rockland Summer Plays, Nyack, N.Y. Fridays through Sundays at 8:30.)

OLNEY—Through Sunday, July 31: Kay Francis in "Let Us Be Gay." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 2-7: Ruth Chatterton in "Lovers and Friends." (Olney Theatre, Olney, Md. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:45.)

PAWLING—Through Sunday, July 31: "Laura." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 2-7: "Mr. Belvedere." (Starlight Theatre, Pawling, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

PRINCETON—Through Saturday, July 30: Edward Everett Horton in "Present Laughter." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 1-6: Sonny Tufts in "Petticoat Fever." (McCarter Theatre, Princeton, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

PROVINCETOWN—Through Saturday, July 30: "The Comic Artist." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 1-6: "Ah, Wilderness!" (Provincetown Playhouse, Provincetown, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30.)

SARATOGA SPRINGS—Through Saturday, July 30: Arthur Treacher in "Blithe Spirit." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 1-6: Bert Lahr in "Burlesque." (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 31: Carol Bruce in "Lady in the Dark." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 2-7: Zasu Pitts in "The Late Christopher Bean." (Sea Cliff Summer Theatre, Sea Cliff, L.I. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

SKOWHEGAN—Through Saturday, July 30: "The Traitor." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 1-6: Florence Reed in "The Royal Family." (Lakewood Theatre, Skowhegan, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

SMITHTOWN BRANCH—Through Sunday, July 31: "Light Up the Sky." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 2-7: "The Vinegar Tree." (Old Town Theatre, Smithtown Branch, L.I. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40.)

STOCKBRIDGE—Through Saturday, July 30: Mady

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Christians in "Robert's Wife." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 1-6: Marie Powers in "The Medium" and "The Telephone." Thursday and Friday afternoons, Aug. 4-5: "Faust," an adaptation by Stephen Spender. (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinees Thursday and Friday, Aug. 4-5, at 2:30.)

WESTPORT—Through Saturday, July 30: Eva LeGallienne in "The Corn is Green." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 1-6: Ruth Gordon in "A Month in the Country." (Westport Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:40.)

WOODSTOCK—Through Sunday, July 31: "The Heiress." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 2-7: "My Sister Eileen." (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 the Ballet Theatre, Thursday through Saturday, July 28-30, and Wednesday through Saturday, Aug. 3-6. (Lee, Mass. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 9, and 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 Don Bestor's orchestras provide dance music in the Cascades roof garden at dinner and supper every evening but Sunday. Kathryn Duffy's dancers bounce about while the customers rest.

CAFÉ SOCIETY, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Josh White's eloquent songs and guitar, and some brash but endearing noises by a young lady known as Ruth Brown. Dance music by Tony Scott's band, which has Dick Hyman on piano. Closed Mondays.

DIAMOND HORSESHOE, 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500)—Jay Marshall, W. C. Handy, 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 elegant gathering place for a number of well-dressed inventors of perpetual motion. 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 Sundays.

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)—A year-round kindergarten for children of seemingly all ages. An orchestra and a rumba band.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—This old French importing house has switched its interests to Austria, and is now presenting Susan Wayne, a Viennese soprano, after nine, every evening. 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. On Thursday, Aug. 4, Freddy Martin's band will take over from Mr. Lombardo.

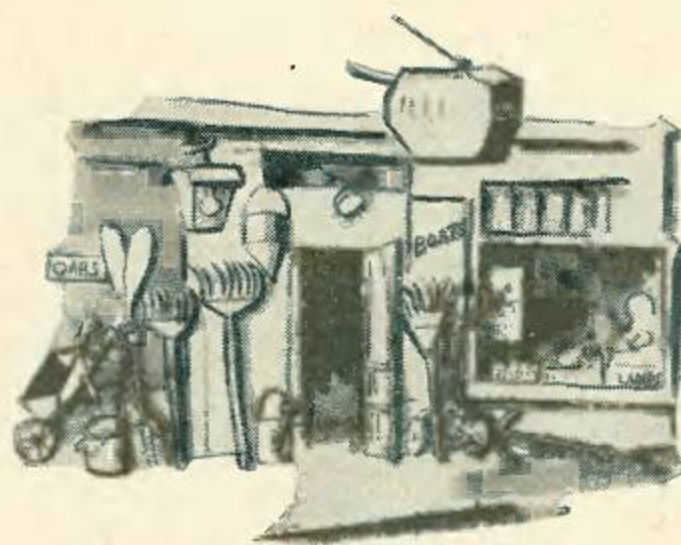
SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Les Crosley (at cocktail time and dinner, through Saturday, July 30), and Cy Walter (later in the evening), playing the kind of piano we mortals play only in our dreams. Closed 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, through Saturday, July 30, William Tabbert, a native of "South Pacific," sings about love, tropical and North American. Kurt Maier doodles around at the piano.... **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): Louise Howard's caustic examination of the mannerisms of ladies who sing for their supper. 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.


BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): A lightweight summer bill, with Mindy Carson, a singer, and Romo Vincent, a comedian. Those large and lavish Copa showgirls are





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

something to look at, summer or winter. Dancing... **RIVIERA**, Fort Lee, N.J. (Fort Lee 8-2000): Harry Richman, a name that should ring a bell in the ears of most New Yorkers. Martha Raye, too. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): On Saturday, July 30, the show involving Irene Williams, Stan Freeman, Josephine Premice, Roger Price, Stuart Ross, and the Herman Chittison Trio takes its final bows. On Monday, the piano team of Eadie and Rack, who now play for dinner and again at one-thirty in the morning, will play from eight-thirty on every evening but Sunday... **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): Mary Lou Williams swarming over the keyboard, and the J. C. Heard Trio bouncing around the bandstand. No dancing. Closed Mondays... **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-9322): Spivy, spinning out those ageless ditties about people who are 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 Peanuts Hucko, Gene Schroeder, Cutty Cutshall, and such 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 bandbox, 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, Herb Ward, and Frank Orchard 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 his consorts make the night hideous or divine, according to your opinion of bebop. Dinah Washington sings in less controversial fashion. On Thursday, Aug. 4, they will give way to Billie Holiday, Count Basie's band, and George Shearing's quintet. Closed Mondays... **THREE DEUCES**, 72 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9861): Errol Garner playing just the sort of piano you'd expect of him.

MOSTLY FOR DANCING

STATLER, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000): In the Café Rouge. Ray Anthony's band. On Monday, Aug. 1, Henry Busse's orchestra will replace it. Closed Sundays... **ROOSEVELT**, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200): Through Saturday, July 30, Paul Sparr's orchestra and the Three Suns. On Monday, Nat Brandwynne's orchestra tees off. 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): Blue Barron's orchestra, to be replaced on Monday, Aug. 1, by Xavier Cugat's cutups. 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): Maximilian 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 HAMPTON, L.I.**: Sea Spray Inn (East Hampton 475)... **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... **GLENWOOD LANDING, L.I.**: Swan Club (Roslyn 3-0037); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings; closed Mondays... **HAMPTON BAYS, L.I.**: Canoe Place Inn (Hampton Bays 150); dancing on Saturday evenings... **CRUISER CLUB** (Hampton Bays 342)... **HARTSDALE, 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.**: Hearthstone Outpost Inn (Ridgefield 1120)... **STONEHENGE** (Ridgefield 232)... **ROSLYN, L.I.**: Blue Spruce Inn (Roslyn 3-0253); closed Mondays... **SMITHTOWN, L.I.**: Riverside Inn (Smithtown 1016); closed Tuesdays... **SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.**: Round Hill (Huntington 1371); closed Mondays... **SYOSSET, L.I.**: Villa Victor (Syosset 6-1706)... **STOCKHOLM** (Syosset 6-1798); closed Mondays... **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 7-0839)... **WESTHAMPTON BEACH, L.I.**: Dune Deck (Westhampton 1400)... **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

GROUP SHOWS—At the **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... **LEVITT**, 16 W. 57th St.: Oils and water colors by Virginia Berresford, Everett Spruce, and others; through Aug. 31.

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... **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. Thursday through Saturday, 10 to 5; Sunday, 2 to 5; through July 31. . . .
ROCKPORT ART ASSOCIATION, Rockport, Mass.: Twenty-ninth annual exhibition. Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 3 to 7; through Aug. 2. . . .
PARRISH MUSEUM, Southampton, L.I.: Group show. Mondays, 2 to 5; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Thursday evenings, 8 to 10; and Sundays, 3 to 5. . . .
GUILD HALL, East Hampton, L.I.: Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century American artists. Weekdays, 10 to 5 and 8:30 to 10:30; Sundays, 3 to 6. . . .
SILVERMINE GUILD OF ARTISTS, Silvermine, Conn.: Summer group exhibition. Daily, except Tuesdays, 1:30 to 6. . . .
MYSTIC ART ASSOCIATION, Mystic, Conn.: Twenty-fifth annual exhibition. 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; through Aug. 3. . . .
LYME ART ASSOCIATION, Old Lyme, Conn.: Forty-eighth annual summer exhibition. Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6. . . .
ESSEX ART ASSOCIATION, Essex, Conn.: A group show by members of the gallery. Weekdays, 1 to 5; starting Aug. 4. . . .
ADDISON GALLERY OF AMERICAN ART, Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass.: One hundred and seventeen paintings by art students throughout the country. Weekdays, 9 to 5; Sundays, 2:30 to 5.

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—

A loan show of French Impressionist paintings and other works; through Sept. 5. . . .

¶ 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.) . . . ¶ At the Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park, a major fraction of the Nine Heroes tapestries is now on display as part of the permanent collection. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A

retrospective exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and prints by the Austrian Expressionist, Oskar Kokoschka; through Sept. 28. . . .

¶ A large and practically definitive exhibition of twentieth-century Italian art, from the early Futurists down to the present time. It 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 Philharmonic-Sym-

phony concerts at Lewisohn Stadium are held on most clear nights at 8:30. In case of rain, last-minute plans will be broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M., over WNYC. Thursday, July 28: Pierre Monteux conducting, with the Cossack chorus and dancers. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 30: Maurice Abravanel conducting Kurt Weill's score for "Street Scene," with Polyna Stoska, soprano; Dorothy Sarnoff, soprano; Brian Sullivan, tenor; and Norman Atkins, baritone. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 1: Efrem Kurtz conducting, with Ellabelle Davis, soprano. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 2: Efrem Kurtz conducting. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 3: Efrem Kurtz conducting, with Michael Rosenker, violin. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 4: Efrem Kurtz conducting, with Carroll Glenn, violin, and Eugene List, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 6: Alfredo Antonini conducting an all-Italian program, with Florence Quartararo, soprano; Jan Peerce, tenor; and Salvatore Baccaloni, bass. (Tickets are 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**: Haydn's "The Man in the Moon," in English; through Saturday, July 30. . . . ¶ Kurt Weill's "Down in the Valley," along with "Hansel and Gretel," both in English, starting Tuesday, Aug. 2. (Greenwich Mews Playhouse, 141 W. 13th St. CH 2-9360. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinees Saturdays at 2:30.) . . .

SALMAGGI OPERA: "Il Trovatore." Saturday,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

July 30... "La Gioconda," Saturday, Aug. 6. (Triborough Stadium. Both at 8:45. For tickets, call CI 7-6347.)

JUILLIARD CONCERTS—Thursday, July 28: Vera Brodsky, piano... Friday, July 29: Juilliard Summer Symphony, Walter Hendl conducting, with Joseph Fuchs, violin... Tuesday, Aug. 2: Carl Friedberg, piano... Thursday, Aug. 4: Lonny Epstein, piano, and Annie Steiger, violin... Friday, Aug. 5: Juilliard Summer Symphony, Walter Hendl conducting, with Jane Carlson, 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, except July 31, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8:30.)... City Amateur Symphony, Leopold Prince conducting. (Saturday, July 30, at 8:30.)... Naumburg Memorial Concert, with Benjamin Grosbayne conducting. (Sunday, July 31, at 8:15.)

OUT OF TOWN—BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL, Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass.: The Boston Symphony Orchestra. Thursday, July 28, at 8:15: Serge Koussevitzky conducting... Saturday, July 30, at 8:15: Serge Koussevitzky conducting, with Claudio Arrau, piano... Sunday, July 31, at 3: Leonard Bernstein conducting... Thursday, Aug. 4, at 8:15: Serge Koussevitzky conducting an all-Tchaikovsky program, with Jascha Heifetz, violin... Saturday, Aug. 6, at 8:15: Serge Koussevitzky conducting, with Gregor Piatigorsky, cello; Janice Moudry, contralto; and David Lloyd, tenor... The American premiere of Benjamin Britten's opera "Albert Herring" will be presented by the Festival's Opera Department, Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 8-9, at 8:15. For information about tickets, which must be procured at least a week in advance, address the Berkshire Music Center... **COLONY OPERA GUILD**: Presenting Kurt Weill's "Down in the Valley," in English. (Schroon Lake, N.Y. Friday, Aug. 5, at 8:30.)... **BERKSHIRE QUARTET**: A series of chamber-music concerts. (Music Mountain, Falls Village, Conn. Friday, July 29, at 3, and Sundays, July 31 and Aug. 7, at 4.)... **LAKE PLACID DRAMA FESTIVAL**: José and Amparo Iturbi, duo piano. (Intervales Stadium, Lake Placid. Saturday, July 30, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At **YANKEE STADIUM**: Yankees vs. Cleveland, Thursday, July 28, at 2:30... Yankees vs. Chicago, Friday, July 29, at 8:30; Saturday, July 30, at 2; and Sunday, July 31, at 2:05 (doubleheader)... Yankees vs. Detroit, Tuesday, Aug. 2, at 8:30, and Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 3-4, at 2:30... Yankees vs. St. Louis, Friday, Aug. 5, at 2:30, and Saturday, Aug. 6, at 2.

DOG SHOW—Rockland County Kennel Club. (Spring Valley, N.Y. Saturday, July 30.)

GOLF—Metropolitan Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Canoe Brook Country Club, Summit, N.J. Through Saturday, July 30.)... John G. Anderson Memorial Tournament. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck. Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 4-7.)

POLO—Sundays at 3:30—At **BOSTWICK FIELD**, Westbury... **MEADOW BROOK CLUB**, Westbury... **BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB**, Purchase.

RACING—SARATOGA AT JAMAICA: Weekdays at 1:15; through Saturday, July 30. The Merchants and Citizens Handicap, Saturday, July 30. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Thursday and Friday between 11:10 and 1, and Saturday, between 10:47 and 1:25.)... **MONMOUTH PARK**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2:30. The Molly Pitcher Handicap, Saturday, July 30; the Choice Stakes, Saturday, Aug. 6. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 12:25, and Saturdays at 11:55. Weekdays, boats leave Pier 80, W. 40th St., at 11:15, and Pier 10, Cedar St., at noon. They are met by buses for the track.)... **SARATOGA SPRINGS**: Weekdays, starting Monday, Aug. 1. The Flash, Monday, Aug. 1; the Wil-

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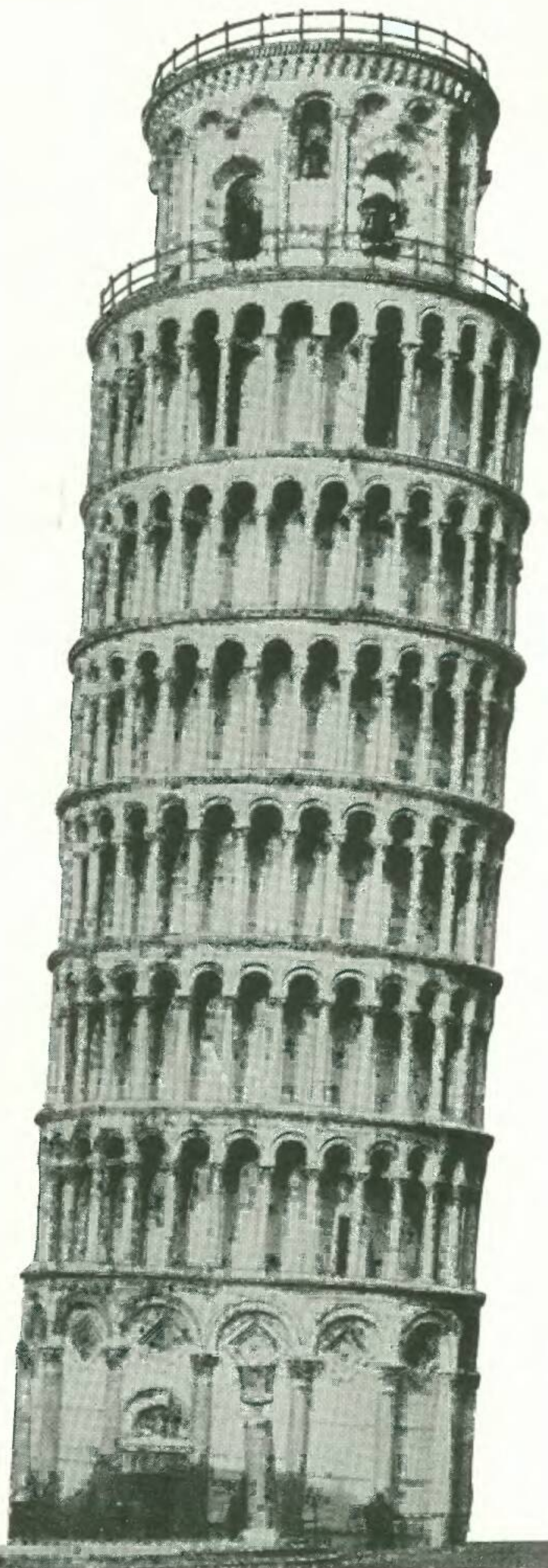
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

son, Tuesday, Aug. 2; the United States Hotel, and the Whitney, Saturday, Aug. 6.

TENNIS—Men's Invitation Tournament. (Meadow Club, Southampton. Through Sunday, July 31.) ... Women's Invitation Tournament. (Maidstone Club, East Hampton. Through Sunday, July 31.) ... Eastern Grass Court Championships. (Orange Lawn Tennis Club, Orange, N.J. Monday through Sunday, Aug. 1-7.)

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.

YACHTING—Marblehead Race Week. (Marblehead, Mass. Starting Saturday, Aug. 6.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—At Lake Success, about five hundred visitors are admitted to open meetings of the Security Council, the Atomic Energy Commission, and the Commission on Conventional Armaments. 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.

TRANSATLANTIC LINERS—Queen Mary: Sails Thursday, July 28, at noon. ... Washington: Sails Thursday, July 28, at noon. ... DeGrasse: Arrives Thursday, July 28; sails Saturday, July 30, at noon. ... Ile de France: Sails Saturday, July 30, at 11 A.M. ... Parthia: Arrives Saturday, July 30; sails Friday, Aug. 5, at 3:30 P.M. ... Queen Elizabeth: Arrives Wednesday, Aug. 3; sails Friday, Aug. 4, at midnight. ... Britannic: Arrives Saturday, Aug. 6.

ON THE AIR

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

RADIO

MUSIC—Vera Brodsky, piano, Thursday, July 28, at 4 P.M., WNYC. ... Hambro and Zayde, duo piano, Thursday, July 28, at 7:30 P.M., WQXR. ... Juilliard Summer Symphony, Walter Hendl conducting, with Joseph Fuchs, violin, Friday, July 29, at 4 P.M., WNYC. ... C.B.S. Symphony, Bernard Herrmann conducting, with Whittemore and Lowe, duo piano, Sunday, July 31, at 2 P.M., WCBS. ... Leonard Bernstein conducting the Boston Symphony at the Berkshire Festival, Sunday, July 31, at 4:35 P.M., WNBC. ... N.B.C. Symphony, Wilfred Pelletier conducting, with Patrice Munsel, soprano, Sunday, July 31, at 8:30 P.M., WNBC. ... Christopher Lynch, tenor, Monday, Aug. 1, at 8:30 P.M., WNBC. ... Jascha Heifetz, Monday, Aug. 1, at 9 P.M., WNBC. ... Lewisohn Stadium concert, Efrem Kurtz conducting, Tuesday, Aug. 2, at 8:30 P.M., WNYC. ... Lewisohn Stadium concert, Efrem Kurtz conducting, with Michael Rosenker, violin, Wednesday, Aug. 3, at 9 P.M., WCBS.

DRAMA—Guy Madison in F. Scott Fitzgerald's "This Side of Paradise," Saturday, July 30, at 6:30 P.M., WNBC. ... Rosalind Russell in "From an Admirer," Sunday, July 31, at 8 P.M., WNBC.

SPORTS—Racing: Saratoga at Jamaica; the Merchants and Citizens Handicap, Saturday, July 30, at 4:15 P.M., WNBC.

TELEVISION

SPORTS—Baseball: All home games of the Yankees are shown on WABD. ... Racing: Saratoga at Jamaica; the Merchants and Citizens Handicap, Saturday, July 30, at 3:30 P.M., WNBT.

MISCELLANY—"The Immigrant," an old Charlie Chaplin film, Thursday, July 28, at 8:15 P.M., WPIX. ... The thirteenth installment of the film of General Eisenhower's book "Crusade in Europe," Thursday, July 28, at 9 P.M., WJZ.



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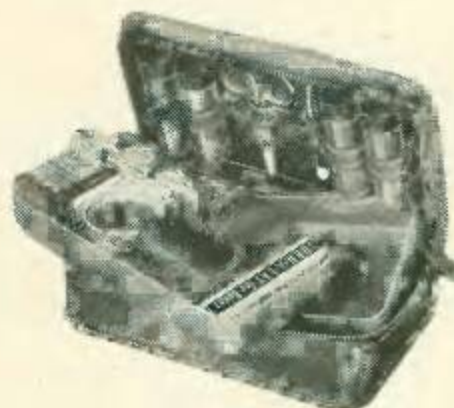
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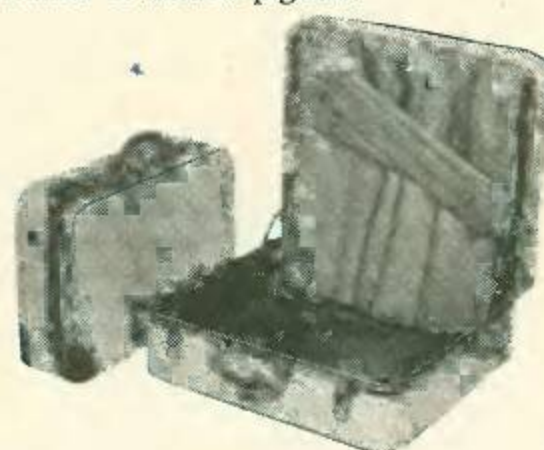
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



THE BARKLEYS OF BROADWAY—Astaire and Rogers. When the script dives into plot and heavy thought, there is a temptation to walk out, but still—Astaire and Rogers. (Loew's 86th St., 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-5566; July 31-Aug. 3. . . . Plaza, 42 E. 58th, VO 5-3320; starting Aug. 1. . . . Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; starting Aug. 2. . . . 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Aug. 3.)

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. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; July 28. . . . Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; through July 30. . . . Plaza, 42 E. 58th, VO 5-3320; through July 31. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; July 31-Aug. 2.)

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 that has come along. James Edwards, as the Negro, does a first-class job. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540.)

IT HAPPENS EVERY SPRING—All about a man who discovers a chemical formula that prevents a batter from hitting a baseball. Paul Douglas is first-rate as a big-league catcher, and Ray Milland is helpful, too. Fairly flimsy, but agreeable enough. (77th Street, B'way at 77th, TR 4-9382; starting Aug. 3.)

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 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.

MOTION PICTURES

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

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 comic movie about a bookie who accepts a small girl as security against a bet and finds himself stuck with her. A remake of a 1934 film called "Little Miss Marker." (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 Aug. 2.)

REVIVALS

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

BLITHE SPIRIT (1945)—The Noel Coward romp with ghosts and mediums. An English picture, with Rex Harrison. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting Aug. 2.)

BRIEF ENCOUNTER (1946)—A British cinema expansion of Noel Coward's one-act play "Still Life." With Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting Aug. 2.)

CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA (1946)—G. B. Shaw's conception of the conqueror. An English film, with Claude Rains and Vivien Leigh. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-1365.)

HOLIDAY (1938)—The Philip Barry piece. Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; July 28.)

JOHNNY BELINDA (1948)—Jane Wyman as a deaf-mute, and Lew Ayres as a charitable young doctor. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Aug. 2-3.)

THE LAST CHANCE (1945)—A Swiss film dealing with refugees fleeing from Italy into Switzerland. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through Aug. 1.)

THE LATE GEORGE APLEY (1947)—Ronald Colman in Marquand's story of life in Boston. (Em-

bassy, Park Ave. at 42nd, MU 7-8723; through July 29.)

MEET JOHN DOE (1941)—Gary Cooper as Frank Capra's plain American citizen. Barbara Stanwyck and Edward Arnold. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; July 31-Aug. 1.)

MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA (1947)—Rosalind Russell and Katina Paxinou in the O'Neill melodrama. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; July 30-Aug. 2.)

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

PAISAN (1948)—An Italian picture concerning the invasion of Italy. Directed by Roberto Rossellini. (Normandie, Park at 53rd, PL 8-0040; Aug. 1-2.)

PYGMALION (1938)—The G.B.S. business. A British film, with Leslie Howard and Wendy Hiller. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-1365.)

SHOE-SHINE (1947)—Street children in Rome. An Italian film. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, CO 5-9438; through Aug. 2.)

SYMPHONIE PASTORALE (1948)—Michèle Morgan and Pierre Blanchard in an adaptation of the André Gide story. A French picture. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting Aug. 2.)

THIS HAPPY BREED (1947)—Noel Coward's hymn of praise to the British middle classes. An English film, with Celia Johnson and Robert Newton. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; July 28.)

TORMENT (1947)—The machinations of a psychopathic teacher who attempts to frustrate a juvenile love affair. In Swedish. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747; through July 29.)

TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE (1948)—Prospecting for gold in Mexico. Walter Huston and Humphrey Bogart. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Aug. 2-3.)

THE YOUNG MR. PITT (1943)—England at the time of Napoleon. A British film, with Robert Donat and Robert Morley. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Aug. 3.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Through July 31: "Grand Illusion" (1938), with Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. . . . Starting Aug. 1: "Moana" (1926), directed and photographed by Robert Flaherty. 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)
"Scene of the Crime," Van Johnson, Arlene Dahl.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
"Mighty Joe Young," Terry Moore.

GLOBE, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"Not Wanted," Sally Forrest.

MAYFAIR, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"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 Aug. 3: "The Big Cat," Lon McCallister, Peggy Ann Garner.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (BR 9-8738)
Through Aug. 2: "The Great Gatsby," Alan Ladd, Betty Field.

From Aug. 3: "Rope of Sand," Burt Lancaster, Paul Henreid.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Come to the Stable," Loretta Young, Celeste Holm.

ROXY, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"You're My Everything," Dan Dailey, Anne Baxter.

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

STRAND, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
"The Girl from Jones Beach," Ronald Reagan, Virginia Mayo.

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 29: **THE LATE GEORGE APLEY**, revival.

July 30-Aug. 2: "June Bride," revival, Bette Davis, Robert Montgomery.

From Aug. 3: "Duel in the Sun," revival, Jennifer Jones, Gregory Peck.

5TH AVE. PLAYHOUSE, 5th Ave. at 12th. (OR 5-9630)
"Les Enfants du Paradis" (in French), re-

vival; and "Panic" (in French), revival, Viviane Romance.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (CO 5-9438)
Through Aug. 2: **SHOE-SHINE**, revival; and "Carmen" (in French), revival, Viviane Romance.
From Aug. 3: To be announced.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
PYGMALION, revival; and **CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA**, revival.

LITTLE CINÉMET, 6th Ave. at 39th. (LO 4-1141)
"Flight into France" (in Italian).

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)
"The Doctor Takes a Wife," revival, Loretta Young, Ray Milland.

WORLD, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
Through July 29: **TORMENT**, revival; and "Passionelle" (in French), revival.
From July 30: To be announced.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Aug. 1: "Outcry" (in Italian); and "Miranda," Glynis Johns, Googie Withers.
From Aug. 2: **SYMPHONIE PASTORALE**, revival.

GRAMERCY PARK, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through July 30: "Mr. Belvedere Goes to College," Clifton Webb, Shirley Temple; and "The Forbidden Street," Dana Andrews, Maureen O'Hara.
July 31-Aug. 2: **CHAMPION**; and "The Saxon Charm," revival, Robert Montgomery, Susan Hayward.
From Aug. 3: **THE YOUNG MR. PITT**, revival; and "Die Fledermaus" (in German), revival.

BEVERLY, 3rd Ave. at 50th. (EL 5-8790)
July 28: **THIS HAPPY BREED**, revival; and "Live Today for Tomorrow," Fredric March, Florence Eldridge.
July 29-Aug. 1: "Sleeping Car to Trieste," Albert Lieven, Jean Kent; and "The October Man," revival, John Mills, Joan Greenwood.
From Aug. 2: **BLITHE SPIRIT**, revival; and **BRIEF ENCOUNTER**, revival.

LEXINGTON, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through Aug. 1: "Streets of Laredo," William Holden, William Bendix; and "Bride of Vengeance," John Lund, Paulette Goddard.
From Aug. 2: **SORROWFUL JONES**; and "Man-handled," Dorothy Lamour, Sterling Hayden.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
July 28: "Take Me Out to the Ball Game," Frank Sinatra, Esther Williams.
July 29-31: "The Forbidden Street," Dana Andrews, Maureen O'Hara.
Aug. 1-3: "The Lady Gambles," Barbara Stanwyck, Robert Preston.

NORMANDIE, Park at 53rd. (PL 8-0040)
July 28: "Flamingo Road," Joan Crawford, Sydney Greenstreet.
July 29-31: "My Gal Sal," revival, Rita Hayworth, Victor Mature.
Aug. 1-2: **PAISAN**, revival.
From Aug. 3: "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," Bing Crosby.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (VO 5-3577)
Through Aug. 2: "Lust for Gold," Ida Lupino, Glenn Ford; and "Johnny Allegro," George Raft, Nina Foch.
From Aug. 3: "The Big Steal," Robert Mitchum, Jane Greer; and "Tarzan's Magic Fountain," Lex Barker, Brenda Joyce.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (VO 5-3320)
Through July 31: **CHAMPION**.
From Aug. 1: **THE BARKLEYS OF BROADWAY**.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through July 29: "Don't Take It to Heart," Richard Greene; and "The October Man," revival, John Mills, Joan Greenwood.
From July 30: "Mr. Belvedere Goes to College," Clifton Webb, Shirley Temple.

LOEW'S 72ND ST., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through Aug. 1: "Streets of Laredo," William Holden, William Bendix; and "Bride of Vengeance," John Lund, Paulette Goddard.
From Aug. 2: **SORROWFUL JONES**; and "Man-handled," Dorothy Lamour, Sterling Hayden.

TRANS-LUX 72ND ST., 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
July 28: **HOLIDAY**, revival.
July 29-Aug. 2: "Mr. Belvedere Goes to College," Clifton Webb, Shirley Temple.
From Aug. 3: "Sleeping Car to Trieste," Albert Lieven, Jean Kent.

TRANS-LUX COLONY, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through July 30: "The Stratton Story," James Stewart, June Allyson; and "The Sun Comes Up," Jeanette MacDonald, Claude Jarman, Jr.
July 31-Aug. 1: **MEET JOHN DOE**, revival; and "I Met a Murderer," revival, James Mason.
From Aug. 2: "Mr. Belvedere Goes to College," Clifton Webb, Shirley Temple; and "The Forbidden Street," Dana Andrews, Maureen O'Hara.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through July 29: "The Stratton Story," James Stewart, June Allyson.
July 30-Aug. 2: **MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA**, revival.
From Aug. 3: "Mr. Belvedere Goes to College," Clifton Webb, Shirley Temple.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				28	29	30
31	1	2	3			

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

Through Aug. 2: "Lust for Gold," Ida Lupino, Glenn Ford; and "Johnny Allegro," George Raft, Nina Foch.
From Aug. 3: "The Big Steal," Robert Mitchum, Jane Greer; and "Tarzan's Magic Fountain," Lex Barker, Brenda Joyce.

LOEW'S 86TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-5566)
July 28: "Bowery Blitzkrieg," revival, East Side Kids; and "Neath Brooklyn Bridge," revival, East Side Kids.
July 29-30: "The Life of Riley," William Bendix; and "Illegal Entry," Howard Duff, George Brent.
July 31-Aug. 3: **THE BARKLEYS OF BROADWAY**; and "Big Jack," Wallace Beery, Marjorie Main.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Aug. 1: "Streets of Laredo," William Holden, William Bendix; and "Bride of Vengeance," John Lund, Paulette Goddard.
From Aug. 2: **SORROWFUL JONES**; and "Man-handled," Dorothy Lamour, Sterling Hayden.

GRACIE SQUARE, 1st Ave. at 89th. (SA 2-2478)
July 28-29: "The Stratton Story," James Stewart, June Allyson; and "The Sun Comes Up," Jeanette MacDonald, Claude Jarman, Jr.
July 30: "Last of the Wild Horses," James Ellison; and "Let Us Live," revival, Maureen O'Sullivan, Henry Fonda.
July 31-Aug. 1: "Mr. Belvedere Goes to College," Clifton Webb, Shirley Temple; and "The Forbidden Street," Dana Andrews, Maureen O'Hara.
Aug. 2-3: To be announced.

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
July 28: "The Lady Gambles," Barbara Stanwyck, Robert Preston; and "Red Canyon," Howard Duff, Ann Blyth.
July 29-30: "Live Today for Tomorrow," Fredric March, Florence Eldridge; and "Snowbound," Robert Newton, Dennis Price.
July 31-Aug. 1: "Mala Carne" (in Italian); and "Farewell, My Beautiful Naples" (in Italian).
Aug. 2-3: **JOHNNY BELINDA**, revival; and **TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE**, revival.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
July 28: **CHAMPION**.
July 29-Aug. 2: "The Divorce of Lady X," revival, Merle Oberon, Laurence Olivier.
From Aug. 3: **THE BARKLEYS OF BROADWAY**.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Aug. 1: "Streets of Laredo," William Holden, William Bendix; and "Bride of Vengeance," John Lund, Paulette Goddard.
From Aug. 2: **SORROWFUL JONES**; and "Man-handled," Dorothy Lamour, Sterling Hayden.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through July 31: "The Lady Gambles," Barbara Stanwyck, Robert Preston; and "Red Canyon," Howard Duff, Ann Blyth.
Aug. 1-3: "A Double Life," revival, Ronald Colman, Signe Hasso; and "The Imperfect Lady," revival, Ray Milland, Teresa Wright.

R.K.O. 23RD ST., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through Aug. 2: "Lust for Gold," Ida Lupino, Glenn Ford; and "Johnny Allegro," George Raft, Nina Foch.
From Aug. 3: "The Big Steal," Robert Mitchum, Jane Greer; and "Tarzan's Magic Fountain," Lex Barker, Brenda Joyce.

TERRACE, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
Through July 30: **CHAMPION**; and "Texas, Brooklyn, and Heaven," revival, Guy Madison, Diana Lynn.
July 31-Aug. 1: "The Gangster," revival, Belita, Barry Sullivan; and "Pirates of Monterey," revival, Maria Montez, Gilbert Roland.
From Aug. 2: **THE BARKLEYS OF BROADWAY**; and "Big Jack," Wallace Beery, Marjorie Main.

COLONIAL, B'way at 62nd. (CO 5-0484)
Through Aug. 2: "Lust for Gold," Ida Lupino, Glenn Ford; and "Johnny Allegro," George Raft, Nina Foch.
From Aug. 3: "The Big Steal," Robert Mitchum, Jane Greer; and "Tarzan's Magic Fountain," Lex Barker, Brenda Joyce.

77TH STREET, B'way at 77th. (TR 4-9382)
Through July 29: "The Life of Riley," William Bendix; and "Illegal Entry," Howard Duff, George Brent.
July 30-Aug. 2: "Dinner at the Ritz," revival, Annabella, Paul Lukas; and "Dark Journey," revival, Conrad Veidt, Vivien Leigh.
From Aug. 3: **IT HAPPENS EVERY SPRING**; and "The Beautiful Blonde from Bashful Bend," Betty Grable, Rudy Vallée.

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Aug. 1: "Streets of Laredo," William Holden, William Bendix; and "Bride of Vengeance," John Lund, Paulette Goddard.
From Aug. 2: **SORROWFUL JONES**; and "Man-handled," Dorothy Lamour, Sterling Hayden.

YORKTOWN, B'way at 89th. (SC 4-4700)
Through Aug. 2: "The Life of Riley," William Bendix; and "Illegal Entry," Howard Duff, George Brent.
From Aug. 3: To be announced.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Aug. 1: **THE LAST CHANCE**, revival; and "Stormy Waters" (in French), revival, Jean Gabin, Michèle Morgan.
From Aug. 2: "My Last Mistress" (in French), Sacha Guitry; and "Woman of Evil" (in French).

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (RI 9-9861)
Through Aug. 2: "Lust for Gold," Ida Lupino, Glenn Ford; and "Johnny Allegro," George Raft, Nina Foch.
From Aug. 3: "House of Strangers," Edward G. Robinson, Susan Hayward; and "The Fan," George Sanders.

CARLTON, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-3862)
Through July 31: "The Lady Gambles," Barbara Stanwyck, Robert Preston; and "Red Canyon," Howard Duff, Ann Blyth.
Aug. 1-2: "City Across the River," Stephen McNally; and "Mexican Hayride," Abbott and Costello.
From Aug. 3: "Mr. Belvedere Goes to College," Clifton Webb, Shirley Temple; and "The Forbidden Street," Dana Andrews, Maureen O'Hara.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (AC 2-1019)
Through Aug. 1: "Streets of Laredo," William Holden, William Bendix; and "Bride of Vengeance," John Lund, Paulette Goddard.
From Aug. 2: **SORROWFUL JONES**; and "Man-handled," Dorothy Lamour, Sterling Hayden.

NEMO, B'way at 110th. (AC 2-9406)
Through Aug. 2: "Lust for Gold," Ida Lupino, Glenn Ford; and "Johnny Allegro," George Raft, Nina Foch.
From Aug. 3: "House of Strangers," Edward G. Robinson, Susan Hayward; and "The Fan," George Sanders.

LOEW'S 175TH ST., B'way at 175th. (WA 7-5200)
Through Aug. 1: "Streets of Laredo," William Holden, William Bendix; and "Bride of Vengeance," John Lund, Paulette Goddard.
From Aug. 2: **SORROWFUL JONES**; and "Man-handled," Dorothy Lamour, Sterling Hayden.

COLISEUM, B'way at 181st. (WA 7-7200)
Through Aug. 2: "Lust for Gold," Ida Lupino, Glenn Ford; and "Johnny Allegro," George Raft, Nina Foch.
From Aug. 3: "The Big Steal," Robert Mitchum, Jane Greer; and "Tarzan's Magic Fountain," Lex Barker, Brenda Joyce.

Exemplifying the skilled hand-work in this breakfront are . . . the richly patterned crotch mahogany veneers outlined in satinwood inlay . . . an exquisitely gold-tooled leather writing bed . . . distinctive English crown glass lights . . . and the faithfully reproduced brasses. **795.00**



THE WOLLASTON BREAKFRONT, from our Beacon Hill Galleries, recaptures the spirit and gracious feeling of the 18th Century . . . its superb craftsmanship and outstanding value are characteristic of Altman quality furniture. seventh floor

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



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE have always enjoyed being visited by the life-insurance agents on whose beat our office lies, each one resignedly aware, by means of statistical analyses, of what percentage of doors he can count on being slammed in his face, each one advancing a savings plan designed to meet our special needs and to guarantee our loved ones security and freedom from fear and want. Heretofore, however, we have thought of these casual, unexpected salesmen—perhaps unfairly—as a relatively unfeeling class of men, as impersonal as the actuarial tables they cite, and far less likely to be interested in the waking song of a child than in the little fellow's blood pressure and probable longevity. A phone call the other day from the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has made us revise this old-fashioned view of the insurance business. The Met was calling at the suggestion of an acquaintance of ours who was seeking a job with the company and had named us as a character reference. We happen to know that the applicant has never committed a felony or fled from an insurance agent, but if he had been guilty of such crimes, the Met wouldn't have learned so from us, for it didn't ask us. It just wanted to know whether he was interested in politics. He is indeed, as are we, as we trust are our readers, and as we imagine Mr. Frederick H. Ecker, chairman of the Met's board of directors, is, too, being a member of the American Academy of Political and Social Science. "Yes," we told the Met. The Met said, "Ah," and went on to inquire if we happened to know what political party our acquaintance belongs to. We don't know, any more than we know what party Mr. Ecker belongs to, but we were glad to learn that the Met is currently concerned about such matters and that its

organizational ears, in addition to listening intently for the tricky heartbeat, are alertly attuned to the even more delicate ticking of the individual conscience. We believe that loyalty is a fine and noble virtue, and we serve notice that we have initiated a modest plan to encourage its spread. Our receptionist has been advised that henceforth no Metropolitan salesman may be ushered into



our sanctum until he has recited, accurately and reverently, and without faltering, the names of all twenty-five members of his company's board of directors.

Too Much Frivolity

WE went over to Madison Square Garden one afternoon last week to check up on the Lions International Convention. At the entrance, a powerfully tall Lion wearing a ten-gallon hat, a gold-colored cowboy suit, high-heeled boots, and rimless glasses confronted us. "Kermit, Texas, is the place to hold the 1950 convention," he said, pressing upon us a folder that hymned the attractions of Kermit. "Fastest-growing city in the world's biggest state—just drenched with oil," he went on as we drifted toward the muggy semidarkness of the arena. Several thousand Lions were gathered there before an empty stage, and they were plainly in an extremely restive state. Many of them were clapping in impatient unison, and some were vocally demanding action. We slipped into a seat in a sector marked "Peru," next to a gentleman wearing a brown suit and a couple of paper leis (blue and gold). "Thees beauty contest, where is she?" he demanded. We got out of having to

reply to that when a thin man in shirt-sleeves paused in the aisle beside us. "Quigg's the name," he said. "Quigg, from Laredo, Texas. Anybody here from down my way?" "There's nobody here but us Peruvians," we said, and Quigg moseyed along. An organ began to play "Dolores." This made the crowd noisier than ever. It quieted down in a few minutes when a dignified Lion official came onto the stage, which was decorated with national flags and a curtain emblazoned with a huge Lion emblem. "We will now have the second edition of the Lions International Queens contest," the gentleman said. "Last Sunday, the first edition was held, to select the U.S. queen. At this time I want to point out that all the girls here have been judged for home character and their record of unselfish service and participation in community affairs. Today we will judge their graciousness, charm, beauty, and poise." In quick succession, queens from Canada, Cuba, Mexico, Peru, and the United States tripped across the stage. At the sight of



their representative, several nearby Peruvians hollered, whistled, and cheeped their approval. This got them nowhere. The American queen, the only blonde in the lot, walked off with the International tiara. Amid mutters of disapproval from our group, she was handed a bunch of roses while a tenor sang "Lovely girl, lovely girl, to me you're a beautiful pearl." The organ followed with an Australian song, "Bless 'Em All," and we took the opportunity to move from Peru to Iowa, sitting down beside a small, gray-haired Lion austere in a gray business suit. This Lion was growling. "Ha!" he said. "Beauty contest! Gal-

livanting! No attention to business! We've reached a pretty pass. I've seen Lions in this town jumping around done up like they were Old Monarchs, and you wouldn't find a one of them that's been a Lion ten years. If I wanted to, I could put on more decorations than they ever saw. I've got a thirty-year Old Monarch chevron, and I've earned plenty of other awards besides in my time. We've got over a hundred thousand activities that we're interested in, and here we are at this convention wasting time on a lot of damn-fool nonsense. They're always saying Rotary's a cut above us, which I don't believe for a minute, but if this frivolity keeps up, I don't know what's going to happen." We said something about all work and no play, and the morose Lion glanced at us with sudden interest. "Got an inlay, I see," he said. "Put enough of them in in my time to make a shortage at Fort Knox. Been a dentist now for forty years, and never saw a set of teeth that I couldn't get interested in. Keep telling my wife I'm going to give up my practice and settle down in St. Augustine, Florida, but she keeps saying that I'll be in harness till I die, and I guess she's right." The organ swelled into "Some Enchanted Evening." "You know," said the dentist, "this is my second convention in your city—I was here last year, too—and the same thing happens every time. Don't know whether it's the water or what, but every day I'm here I get heartburn."

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: A sign on the main highway north out of Buffalo commands "Stop!" and then continues, in a less urgent tone, "Just Ahead Bonified Information of Niagara Falls and Canada."

A church in Detroit calls itself the Power House of Prayer.

Hawks, Snakes, and Fish

WITH Farmer Tom Dewey invited to turn the first spadeful of dirt, work was to get under way this week on a large-scale conservation exhibit up at the Bronx Zoo, under the joint sponsorship of the State Conservation Department, the city's Department of Parks, and the Zoological Society. Fairfield Osborn, president of the Society, is the author of "Our Plundered Planet," and a militant conservationist. The exhibit is one of his pet projects. A few days before the ground-breaking

ceremonies, we were taken on a tour of the exhibit area by two of the Zoo men most concerned—John Tee-Van, executive secretary of the Zoo, and Christopher Coates, the Zoological Society's aquarist. (Mr. Coates' title doesn't mean that he paints water colors but that he is in charge of the fish side of Zoo affairs.) We journeyed by car from Zoo headquarters to a twelve-acre parcel of scrubland on the eastern shore of the languid Bronx River, then on foot through a jungle of thistles and daisies, past the place where a building will be put up to house dioramas, relief maps, and other devices stressing the need for conservation, and out onto a rather ratty-looking hillside, treeless and stony. "Here you see what we will call the Horrible Example," Mr. Tee-Van told us. Two young ladies sunning themselves on the slope of the Horrible Example glanced up in bitter astonishment. Tee-Van ignored them. "We'll use this hill to show what happens when the topsoil erodes and gullies cut the land away," he went on. "If the Horrible Example doesn't seem horrible enough after we've run water over it for a while, we'll call in some bulldozers and *make* gullies." The girls glared.

The three of us proceeded to the soil-reclamation and reforestation area, where the benefits of contour plowing will be shown, with saplings planted here and there and old gullies neatly filled in. After assimilating this, the future visitor will come upon what Coates assured us will someday be a beautiful waterfall but which is now only a dry outcropping of Manhattan schist, with a face about twenty feet high. Coates led the way to the top of this and then pointed out a ledge halfway down its face. "That will help to give us a fine bridal-veil effect," he said. "We're having to create the stream that will produce the waterfall and a pool below it. That means using Croton water, which is chlorinated and unfit for fish, but the bridal veil will aerate the water and get rid of most of the chlorine. There'll be a path and a bridge at the pool, from which people can try to see the fish from the usual angle. Farther downstream, there'll be a ramp leading to a tunnel with a heavy plate-glass window, through which people will get a fish-eye view of things. Still farther downstream, there'll be a demonstration of stream control, and in another part of the exhibit we're going to build a big

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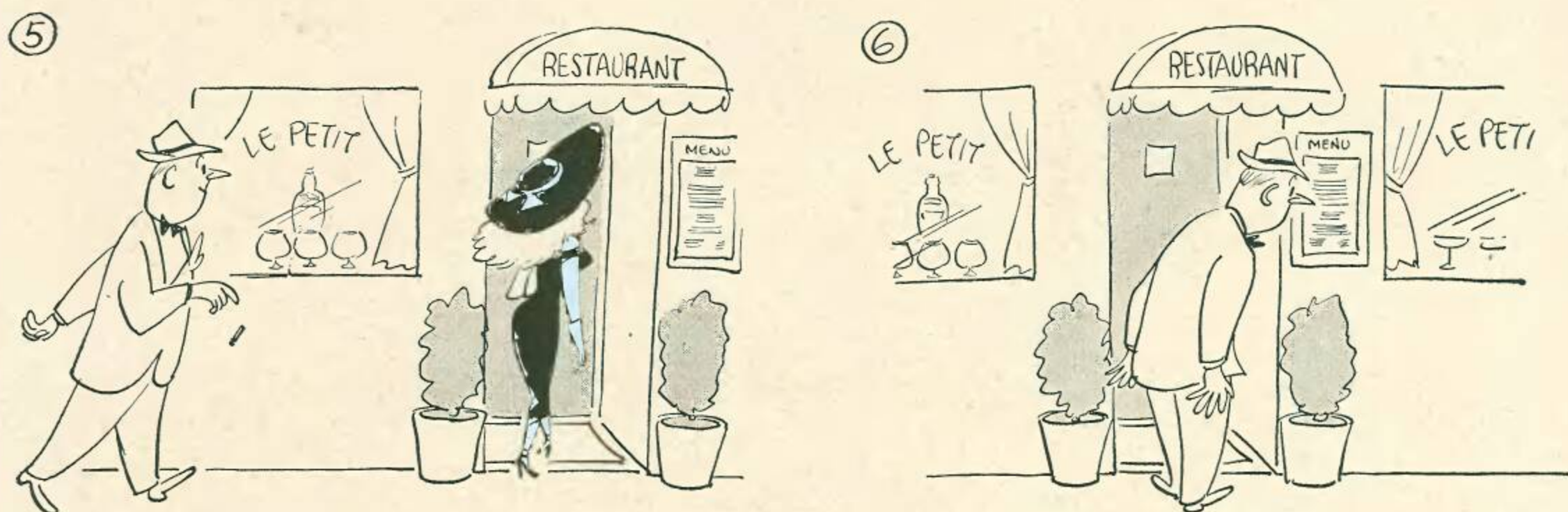


fish-casting pool, stocked with trout or bass. Fishermen will have to pay for whatever they catch, probably by the pound."

Skirting the Bronx River, our party passed various patches of ground that are to be dedicated, respectively, to white-tailed deer, raccoons, waterfowl, beavers, and native songbirds—all as they relate to conservation. The animals will be out in the open, restrained by moats; the songbirds will, of course, have to be caged. So will delegations of owls and hawks, which will be on hand to demonstrate how they go after vermin. "If we could, we'd like to show a hawk swooping down and catching a rat every hour on the hour," Tee-Van said. "The same goes for snakes. We want people to realize that snakes are beneficial and mostly harmless. There are only two kinds of poisonous snakes in this region—the copperhead and the rattler. The blacksnake, for example, likes nothing so much as baby rats, grubs, and caterpillars, and the best mousing animals in the state are the milk snakes. Farmers persist in killing them because of an old legend that they milk cows. They can't possibly milk cows; they just like to hang around cow barns, because that's where mice and rats are. Splendid fellows!"

Accommodating

SOME folks from Birmingham checked in at the St. Regis last Tuesday, and while the father was signing the register, the clerk noticed that the eleven-year-old son of the family was wearing a police badge and brandishing a toy revolver. The clerk remarked gravely that the badge looked a bit tarnished and would stand some shining up for big-city use. While his parents and sister were getting settled in their rooms, the lad disappeared. He wasn't missed

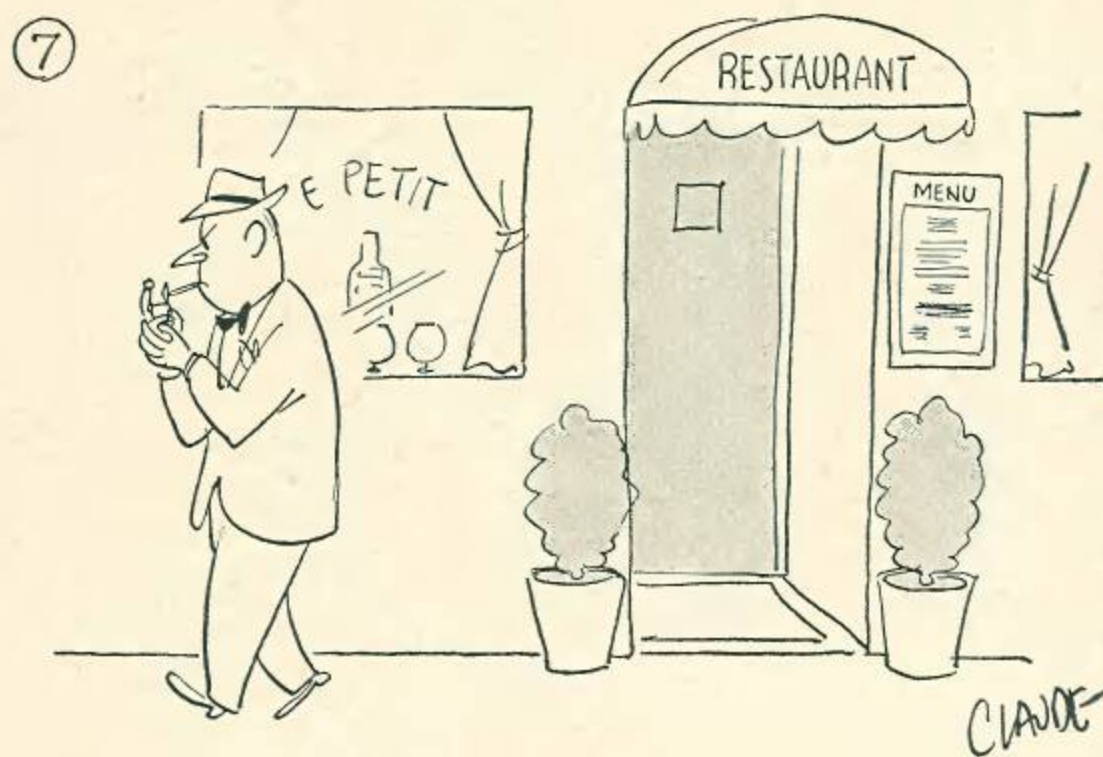


at once, and he was back before any great amount of alarm had been generated, his badge gleaming like new; he'd found a very friendly place where they'd polished it for him and offered to oil his revolver if it needed any attention. His parents asked him if he had any idea where he'd been, and he said, "Sure. They gave me their card." It was Tiffany's.

Diffused

BY the time this is read, Twentieth Century-Fox may or may not have revolutionized motion-picture premières by employing a fifty-thousand-watt electric bulb on the marquee of the Rivoli Theatre to celebrate the opening of a new work called "Come to the Stable." It's the biggest bulb in the world, or, rather, one of the twenty-six biggest, that being the number that General Electric has turned out. Prior to its installation, we were urged over the phone by an aroused Fox man to go and have a look at it. "Bulb this size never been lighted in Manhattan before," he said excitedly. "Filament alone

fourteen feet long. Meet you in the lobby." We hung up and hastened over to the Rivoli lobby, where we met our Fox man, Mr. Meyer Hutner, along with the Messrs. James C. Forbes and John F. MacDougall, of General Electric; Mr. Robert I. Amson, of Consolidated Edison; Mr. Ira Tulipan, of the Fox publicity department; Mr. Montague Salmon, manager of the Rivoli; Mr. Jake Starr, of the firm that was going to install the lamp; and others. "We're all here so we can inspect the thing at one and the same time," Hutner said. "It's the biggest electric lamp in the world, and there's a good chance it may blow out all the lights on Broadway when we turn it on," he added cheerfully. Amson stiffened. "It won't have any effect whatsoever on the Broadway lights," he said



firmly. "Con. Ed. has got no problem here. Why, the air-conditioning system of this theatre uses up more power than this lamp will use." "Well, it uses power equivalent to eight hundred and thirty-five sixty-watt lamps," Hutner said. "Its output is a million and a half lumens." "A million three hundred thousand lumens," said Forbes. "It's called the Bucket of Light and is as

bright as the moon," Hutner said. "Brighter," said Tulipan.

Salmon led us all down a side aisle of the auditorium and backstage, into cavernous darkness, which was dissipated when he had a workman turn on a light globe in a square, boxlike reflector. "This is a bunch light," Salmon said. "Fifteen hundred watts." Hutner indicated a large crate in one corner. "This is it," he said. "Grover Whalen wanted it for the Golden Jubilee, but he couldn't get it." "I'm sure if Mr. Whalen had asked us for it, we would have let him have it," Forbes said. Hutner and MacDougall tugged at a side of the crate and removed it. Salmon beamed the bunch light on the object inside, which was revealed as just an enormous electric-light bulb. Forbes informed the little gathering that it weighs thirty-five pounds and has a diameter of twenty inches. "The tungsten filament in it weighs one and three-quarter pounds," he continued. "There's enough filament here for fifty-six thousand sixty-watt lamps, or twenty-one million 'grain-of-wheat' lamps. Those are the little lights used on the tips of surgical instruments. They consume a fifth of a watt. The glass of this bulb is three-sixteenths of an inch thick at its thickest." "What I came here to find out about," said Starr, "is how long is the lamp going to be on and how long is it going to be off?" "Ten seconds on and twenty off," MacDougall said. "Then it's out more than it's on," Starr objected. "What kind of a display is that?" "We can't have it overheat," MacDougall said, and gave the technical reasons. Starr shrugged. "The lamp is good for a hundred hours," Hutner said. "It throws out a diffused light that can be seen for miles." We asked how hot it gets. "It depends on how much heat it radiates," MacDougall said, and, after a moment of thought, continued, "It radiates sixty-nine per cent of its heat." "You can say it gets very hot," said Tulipan. "About the history of the lamp," Hutner said. "In 1929, Maude Adams wanted to have a great big lamp made for shooting motion pictures. So she went to Steinmetz—" "I don't think Miss Adams ever went to Steinmetz," Forbes said. "The first of these lamps was built in 1929 to use in a display commemorating Light's Golden Jubilee. G.E. made it at Nela Park, in Cleveland." He looked at Hutner and added, "Ohio." "It uses the same power as that used by twenty electric stoves or

two hundred and fifty refrigerators," said Hutner.

Good Example

WE commend to the federal Civil Service Commission the instructions its opposite number in Japan issues for the benefit of English-speaking candidates for positions, to wit:

On the day previous to physical examination, it is necessary that you should take bath, and keep your nails clean, and clothe yourself spick and clean. You must well compose yourself in case of interview, and be polite, and answer questions distinctly so that the examiners would understand you. What is most desirable of one who wants to enter the National Public Service is that he should have such an attitude that would give people bright and pleasant feelings. Therefore, those whose attitude is liable to be cold and sluggish should always be mindful to keep themselves bright and pleasant. Somehow, you might manage to get away with at the time of interview but eventually you are sure to show cloven foot. In short, there could not be any successful measure wrought overnight to meet your examination. The daily steady spiritual and mental training is a sine qua non to everybody.

Disaster

THE harsh fate that befell the buggy-whip industry is apparently threatening the pajama industry, though for less obvious reasons, and frightened pajama manufacturers from coast to coast are going to meet here some time in the next couple of weeks, behind closed doors, for the purpose of devising ways and means of staving off disaster. The tide has been running out on pajamas for some years, and recently its rate of ebb has been unquestionably alarming. One of the most vigorous

leaders of the movement to keep pajamas alive is Max J. Lovell, of the National Association of Shirt and Pajama Manufacturers, with whom we've just had an illuminating talk at the Association's headquarters, at 276 Fifth Avenue. Normally, we understand, an urbane, soft-spoken fellow, he is now, we found, well over on the grim and vehement side. It is, he intimated, no time for comedy, and his eyes flashed as he informed us that the wearing of pajamas has this year dropped to an all-time low. "We will be making about a million dozen pairs of pajamas in the whole of 1949," he said. "That's sixty-five per cent of our 1948 production, and only fifty per cent of 1947's. It works out to about a quarter of a pair of pajamas to every man in the country, and why? That's what I ask myself—why? Why? Are we undergoing an unexpected decline in our standard of living? Are we victims of some mysterious inverted evolution away from clothes? Does this collapse hint at a return to the savage way of life?"

Mr. Lovell paused. We sat tight. He clutched a handful of letters on his desk. "We've been asking the consumers some questions," he said. "If they don't wear pajamas, we've asked them to tell us why. If they do wear them, we want to know why they don't wear more of them. Some of the answers we've got so far are pretty shocking. The editor of a Midwestern newspaper wrote us a long letter explaining why he believes in sleeping without a stitch on. Try to grasp that, if you please. A newspaperman, a person of some consequence in the community, sleeping with nothing on!"

As far as Mr. Lovell has been able to ascertain to date, the five commonest reasons for not wearing pajamas are that sleeping raw (a word that makes him wince) is more comfortable; that the price of pajamas puts them out of reach of the mass market; that too many pajamas are badly designed, constricting the wearer and giving him nightmares; that the material they're made of is often shoddy; and that they don't look alluring enough. "Much of the blame must be laid at the industry's door—no doubt of that," he said. "I'm convinced that the standard of living in a country can be measured by the number of pairs of pajamas its citizens wear. With the population increasing, sales ought to be increasing in proportion, but in March and April pajama production dropped thirty-nine per cent under March and April, 1948. At the same





"Now for the human side of the news."

time"—Lovell's jaw hardened and he spoke slowly, stressing every word—"production of men's undershorts went up twenty-one per cent. I hate to say this, but we suspect that many men have given up pajamas and are sleeping in their shorts. An ugly situation."

Among the strategies that may be employed to repopularize pajamas are educational programs for both men and women. "We'll probably try slogans to pique men's vanity," Mr. Lovell said. "Slogans like 'John Smith has switched to pajamas' or 'A man's best friend is his pajamas.' Then we may try prize contests, with essays beginning, 'I wear pajamas because—' At the same

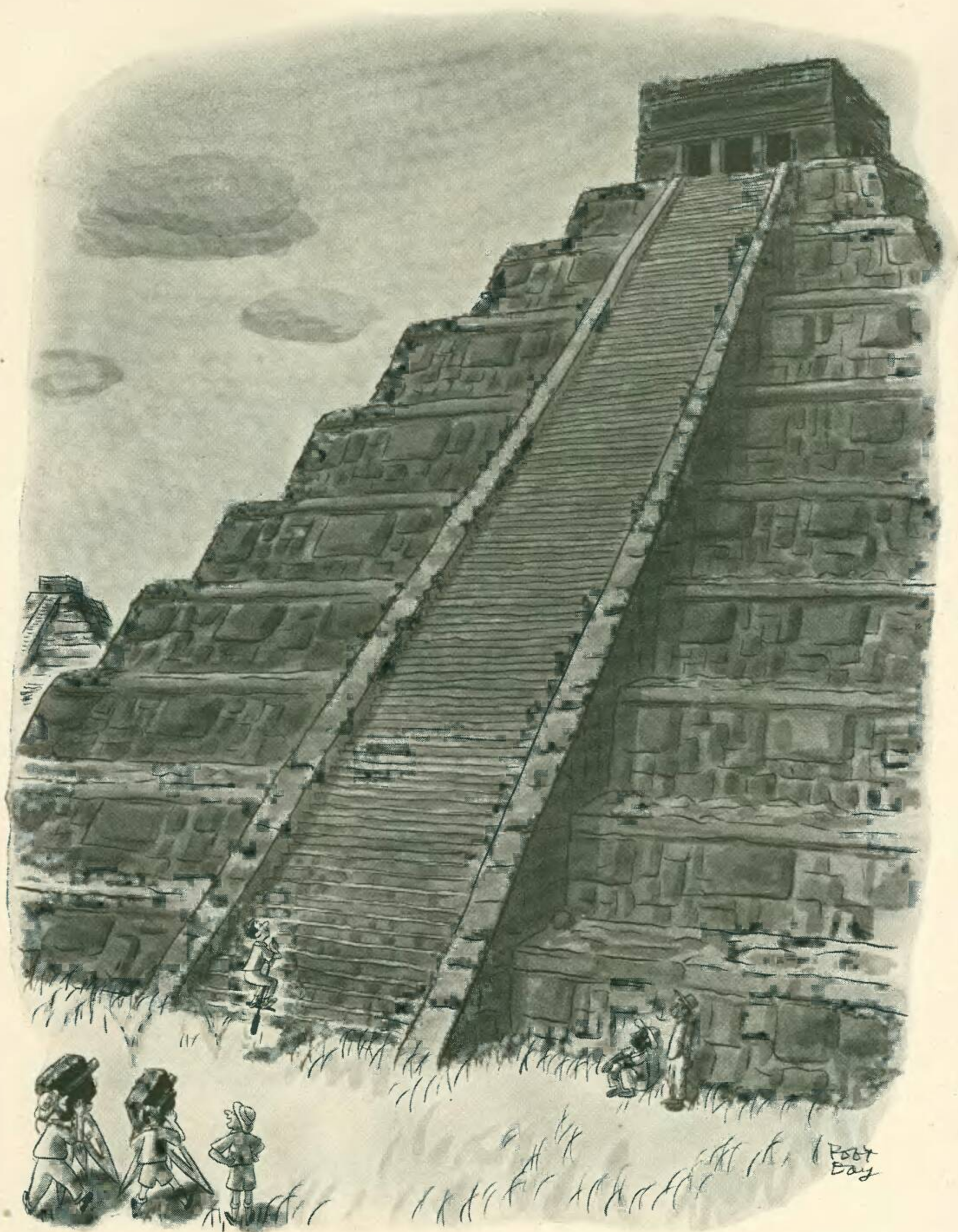
time, we'll bear down hard on the women. We'll appeal to their sense of modesty. One way or another, we'll persuade them that it's improper for their husbands to go to bed undressed."

A momentary gleam came into his eyes. "And slogans for *them*, of course—"I love a man who wears pajamas.'" We asked him if there had been any indication that men are returning to the old-fashioned, overhead nightgown. He has rejected this possibility. "Nightgowns would mean a retrogression toward primitivism almost as great as sleeping r—as not wearing pajamas," he said, and told us that the industry is interested only in furthering pajamas, top and bot-

tom. "I figure that this country took its first step backward when men decided they could get away with wearing *half* their pajamas," he concluded.

Teamwork

A WASHINGTON correspondent reports an occurrence he believes epitomizes the good nature and good will with which unification of the armed forces has been accepted by many of the members thereof. A recently unified Navy officer picked up his telephone when it rang the other day in our man's presence and announced into it, "Air Force—Salt Water Division."



"Well, if he makes it, we've got another first."

THE AMERICAN LITERARY SCENE

(AFTER READING SEVERAL ESSAYS, IN ENGLISH MAGAZINES, ON THE PLIGHT OF THE AMERICAN WRITER AND THE NATURE OF THE AMERICAN MALE)

I HAVE but now returned to England, and to my tranquil pen, after spending six interesting, rather, but scarcely restful weeks in America. It had been my purpose in setting out, or perhaps I should say my thought, to look at, but not exactly to examine, in the journalistic sense of the word, what is going on in the field, or fields—they are quite separate—of book and magazine publishing over there. I bore, in my portfolio, letters, pressed upon me by various friends, to Mr. Horace-Lorimer, of the *Saturday Review Post*; a Mr. Bok, whom my distinguished compatriot, Lord Tweedley, had visited in Tamiami, long years since, and who turned out unhappily to be deceased; and to the strenuous Mr. William Rose, who in addition to writing for *New Yorker*, conducts a column of chat about the underworld in the *New York Herald*, known for some amusing American reason as “the Trib.”

Mr. Rose was not in when I called at *New Yorker*, a weekly journal of capricious opinion published, with massive drollery, in an enormous hotel of the same name, and I was unable, alas, to present my letter to Mr. Horace-Lorimer, since I could not find him in Boston, and, indeed, no one seemed to have heard of him.

At this point, I am afflicted by the uneasy suspicion that my American readers, if perchance I have any, will condemn this small commentary for its confessed, its flaunted lack of that kind of wearisome research of which Americans, in their desperate and deplorable love of fact, are so intensely avid. I have not “checked,” as they would say, a solitary statement herein contained. I proudly, even gaily, protest that at no time during my sojourn abroad did I descend to the vulgarity of “taking notes”—to use another Americanism. My prayer for forgiveness, if such I must seek, rises from the heart of a stout conviction that speculation, when cramped by certainties, is eased of its wonder and its warmth. So much, then, for apology.

New Yorker, the journal and hotel, rises, I should imagine, to a height of one thousand feet, and it contains somewhere between two and four thousand rooms, of which, I fancy, a third to a half is given over to the editorial offices. This amazing “plant”

labours incessantly to turn out, on each Wednesday, a periodical that contains surely not more than twenty thousand words of letterpress.

One should not be led to assume that *New Yorker* is the most commodious plant in the city of New York. The American Broadcasting System, owned by Time-Holiday, Ltd., I believe someone said, is housed in Rockefeller's Plaza, a gigantic world of steel and granite, somewhat north of my hotel, that once accommodated the entire population of Kansas City. The ABS employs one hundred and fifty thousand persons, or perhaps a hundred thousand more than *New Yorker*. The Staff of that weekly is made up exclusively of wealthy residents of the city, curiously devoted to its prodigious commerce and shipping, its eccentric millionaires and their wives, and its several legends—the metropolis, of course, has no traditions.

It has several times been pointed out, I expect, that *New Yorker* letterpress sounds as if it were the work of one man. This comes delightfully close to being true. The letterpress is, in reality, written by three men: Mr. Alexander Wolcott, our own Mr. John Collier, and Mr. William Rose himself. Mr. Rose actually has two styles of writing, the exasperatingly lucid and understandable prose of *New Yorker*, in which one may never find comfort for even a moment in a weirdly managed construction or a charmingly uncorrected error of printing, and the sort of hard-hitting bully-boy mannerism he affects in his underworld gossip. On the side, it is interesting to note, Mr. Rose manufactures hundreds of kinds of tinned goods, which are marketed under the trade label of “White Rose.”

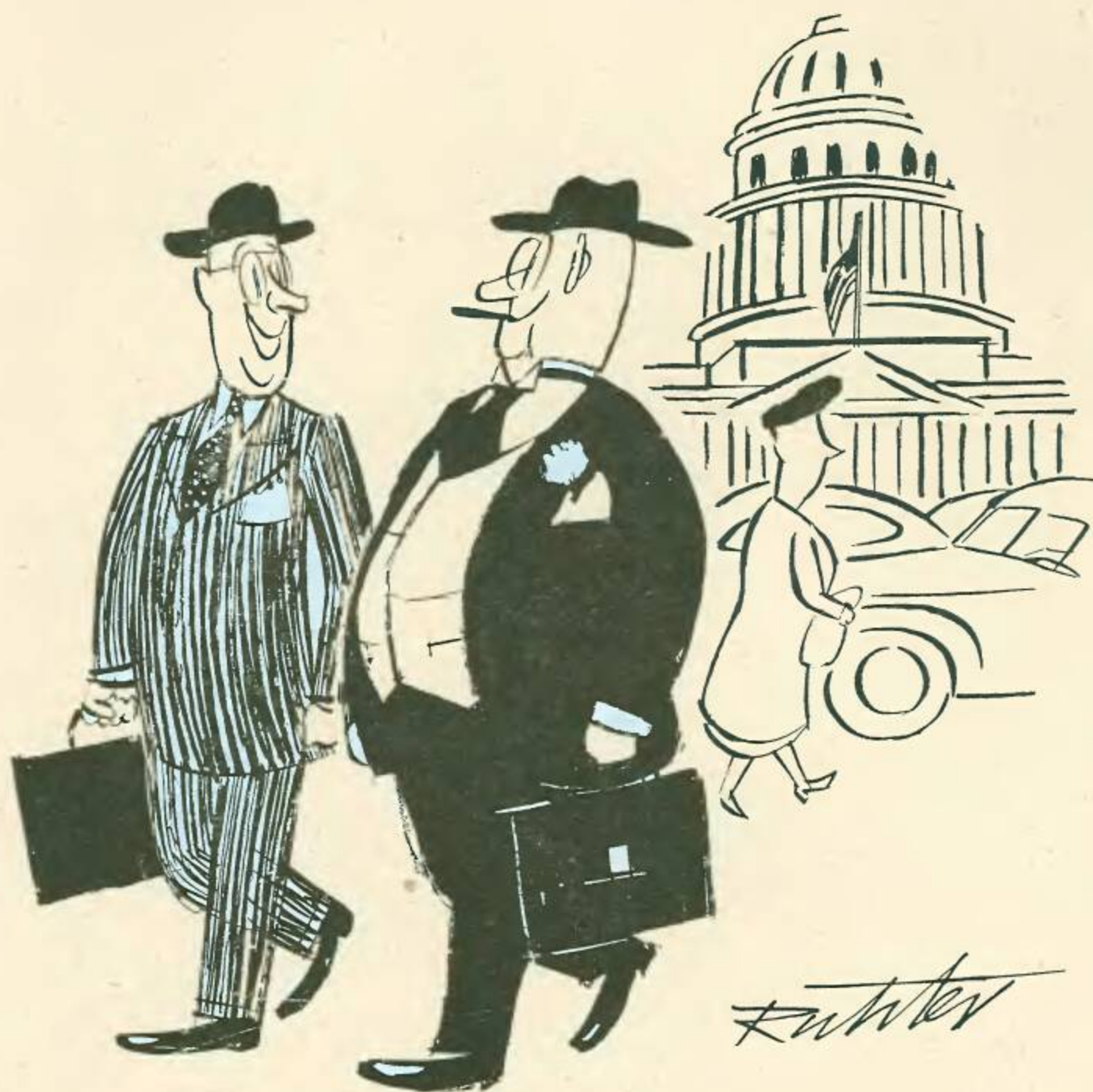
I WAS appalled to learn, at a cocktail party (which degenerated, as not infrequently happens, into an alcoholic rout), that the Rose weekly, after employing America's most distinguished novelist, Truman Capote, had let him go, out of hand. My informant, a Mr. Busby or Bixby—it was infernally noisy at the party—told me that the magazine's controlling stock is held by a syndicate of Southern bankers, or bakers,

who had conceived the fantastic notion that Mr. Truman's novel, “Other Rooms, Other Voices,” was a deliberate assault on the virtue of Southern womanhood. He was given the sack, without ado or farewell, and New York publishers are now madly bidding against one another for the rights to his future work. This bidding is an odd and graceless procedure, in which the rival publishers outdo one another in wining and dining the prospective author. They are not above buying him expensive cars and other costly presents, and advance royalties in the amount of fifty thousand dollars are by no means unknown.

Publishers all occupy skyscraper penthouses, or “random houses,” and although I was never actually in one of them, I can see them as clearly as if I had been. The publishers dictate ideas for novels to the writers, supplying them with titles and, in some instances, writing the books themselves. The American custom of seducing one's best friend's wife, and later killing oneself while on a “spree,” out of fear that one is actually in love with one's best friend, is the basic theme most recently insisted upon by the publishers. It is good to be able to report that a small but sturdy group of male American writers (there has been no woman novelist since Miss Cather's death) stubbornly and courageously refuse to be enslaved or chivvied about. This little band consists of Ernest Hemingway, Elliott-Paul, the Dreiser brothers, Henry Miller, Faulkner, Upton Sinclair, Earl Stanley Gardner, and possibly a few others. The chances of this slender list being appreciably lengthened are far from good. A great many young American writers, having made sizable fortunes before the age of thirty, have retired, and pass their time drinking and attending the boxing matches.

Drinking, in the American literary set, has reached unbelievable heights, or depths, depending upon one's view. I think Spender, in his *Horizon* essay, went a bit far in intimating that many older authors have surrendered themselves completely to alcoholism. That word connotes, indeed it specifically defines, a form of almost incurable disease, whose most distinctive characteristic is the inability to stop, after one has started. I am sure that I got about as much as Spender, but it is obvious that he is able to sit up later than I am. Since all the American writers I met, of every age, were still carrying on at evening parties after I





"My kid broke his first promise today."

had left, it is impossible for me to estimate fairly how many of them eventually stopped and how many were unable to stop. I was informed that one American writer sat for seven days in an actors' club without going home, or ceasing his tippling, but this was told me by a gentleman well into his own fourth day and "unfolding" rapidly, and its credibility is perhaps negligible. It is safe to say that quantitative literary drinking in America is well beyond any and every mark that we English writers might fear, or hope, to achieve. American writers speak, quite openly and freely, of "drinking their luncheon" and of being "poured onto trains." The latest expressions for being intoxicated are "buzzed," "punch drunk," and "mugged."

The social intercourse of the American writer is realized, almost exclusively, in public houses or private homes and flats, between the hours of 5 P.M. and 4 A.M. the following day. When the writers meet in a public house, there is little conversation, the eleven hours of confined but distant intimacy being given over to a gambling game known as "matches." I think as much as forty thousand dollars may change hands in one night. The superficial observer might regard these nocturnal meetings

as a sign of gregariousness, but they are, in reality, gloomily planned assemblages of separate lonelinesses. Friendship in America is indicated and proved by a steady flow of insult and contumely between friends, who smilingly accuse each other of insanity, depravity, spiritual damnation, duplicity, conspiracy, and the stealing of flowers from the graves of mothers.

Some American writers who have known each other for years have never met in the daytime or when both were sober. The coming together of writers in the home or flat of one of their number is invariably a signal for trouble to start. There is no discussion, to speak of, but controversy rages shortly after all are seated in the living, or "rumpus," room. A controversy usually rises out of a fiercely stated prejudice, hatred, or admiration by the host or one of his guests. A novelist or essayist is likely to get to his feet, on his twentieth or twenty-first highball, and announce that he is "the greatest goddam writer in the world" or that one of his friends is. This is instantly challenged by one or more candidates for the special distinction of greatest goddam writer in the world. The commonest terms of opprobrium during these bitter debates

are: interior decorator, poet, chef, florist, and milliner, since Americans believe that a talent in any of these directions is *prima-facie* evidence of a lack of virility, or at the very least a dearth of the true go-getter spirit.

The foreign writer who is fortunate enough to be present at one of those rare evening parties at which there is discussion instead of argument is likely to be at a loss, nonetheless, since the conversation holds tenaciously to such highly specialized subjects as the Buick, the Pontiac, the Cadillac, the Saint Louis Cardinals, the Cincinnati Communists, money, clothes, success, ladies of questionable discretion, and heels (both goddam and round).

I had wished to make some small exploration of Hollywood, home of the millionaire cinema writers, whose life span is so shockingly brief. (I understand that they are taken directly from the studio to the cemetery, such is the pace even of death in California.) I must confess, however, that my farthest west in America was an hotel in the Eighth Avenue, a region of New York City charmingly named the Devil's Kitchen. The trip to this hotel marked the end of my American adventure. Others will follow me to those violent shores, just as, in the past, others have preceded me, from Mrs. Trollope to Geoffrey Gorer and Evelyn Waugh. The American writer will always be a richly rewarding subject for study.

He does not, to be sure, like to be studied, but he loves to be listened to, and thus the path of the foreign observer is made comparatively easy. It is well to remember that he resents all and every criticism of himself, his colleagues, or anything else, and he is likely to regard whatever you may say as "god-dam patronizing." The American writer is constitutionally unable to "take it," but there is always the danger that he may turn on one, and "dish it up." In such event, it is advisable to apologize and to "powder out" before objects are thrown. Of course, if one has nothing to apologize for, one does not want meekly to "put up and shut up."

It is rather difficult, I see, to formulate a code of behaviour for the Englishman in America that is at once judicious and honourable. I shall continue to think about it. —JAMES THURBER

The luncheon-meeting will be limited to 100 women, which is too many for one place and one time.—*New Orleans Times-Picayune*.

Smile when you say that, stranger!

THE PLAYGROUND

THE big yellow river swam through the city of Reno, heat-shrunken but shining in the morning light. Slowly it moved under the bridges and between the streets, within sight of the penitentiary and the post office and the great hotel where so many women wept the nights away in despair or loneliness or boredom. In those days, it took six months to kill a marriage. The women, when they noticed the river at all, looked at it abstractedly or tore up their letters and dropped the pieces into it, and the men of the town fished from its banks. It was the children, like Nina Bernson, who knew how to make use of it in the parched summer days.

"Goodbye, Mother," Nina said.

Her mother looked up from her typing. "Come and give me a kiss."

Nina stood for a minute with her arm around her mother's neck, looking down at the half-typed page. "What chapter are you on?"

"Next to last, thank God. It has to be in by the fifteenth." The thought of the deadline caused Nina's mother to turn back to the typewriter abruptly. "Then we'll get the check, and we can use it! You've outgrown everything you own."

"I know."

"Well, run along now. You've got your lunch?"

"Yes."

"Your bathing suit?"

"Yes."

"Did you go to the—"

"Oh, Mother! Of course."

"All right. Run along."

The pecking rhythm of the typewriter began again, and Nina went out, closing the front door of the cottage behind her. Having a hatred of hotels, and dreading the society of all the other women in her predicament, Nina's mother had rented this small place on the edge of the town, where the two of them had lived quietly for four months, since the middle of March.

Broad, brilliant light filled the morning. The air smelled strong, interesting; it held a sharp odor of sagebrush, river water, and baked rock—a Western smell. The leaves of the cottonwoods glittered like new dimes and quarters, and overhead the sky was cloudless and burning with

light. Swallows skipped on the air, and Nina skipped along the path that followed the road into town. On her left hand, the houses sat back upon small lawns; on her right, across the road, great, thirsty trees—willows and cottonwoods—leaned toward the river, soaking their roots.

It was going to be terribly hot. Every day was terribly hot now, and she was glad. There was cold sarsaparilla in her thermos bottle, and she and Frank and Eugenia would stay in the river all day. For the past two weeks, they had lived in the river, like otters.

After four months, the road into town was as familiar to Nina as the park at home had been. Every day, she walked this way and back, passing the orphanage, with its big yard, where she had never seen an orphan; the Odd Fellows' Hall, where she had never seen an odd fellow; the Italian people's chicken run; the greenhouse full of begonias; and the glowering little khaki-colored cottage with the cross fox terrier and the big sign saying, "Spiritual Readings." Every day, she walked to one side or the other of the tree that grew in the middle of the path, murmuring "Bread and butter," though she was all alone.

Before Nina came to the waterfall, she could hear it, a purring, pouring sound. It was a man-made waterfall, rushing sleekly over a dam and across a broad, mossy platform before it dropped a second time. From it rose a churned-up fresh-water smell. Later, she and Frank and Eugenia would play there; they would skid and scream on the slippery platform, or sit under the

falling cascade wearing a heavy halter of cold water on their shoulders.

It was nearly noon. On the river's little islands, though the air was still, the thick, gray willow foliage seemed to move and shift like the fur on Maltese cats. Men, a few, were fishing on the banks, and Indian women in faded calico were breaking off young willow wattles for weaving baskets. Their babies lay on the grass in wicker chrysalids, staring at the naked sky, and the cruel sun struck sparks from their eyes and running noses. It took the color out of everything. Even the distant mountains looked like heaps of sand.

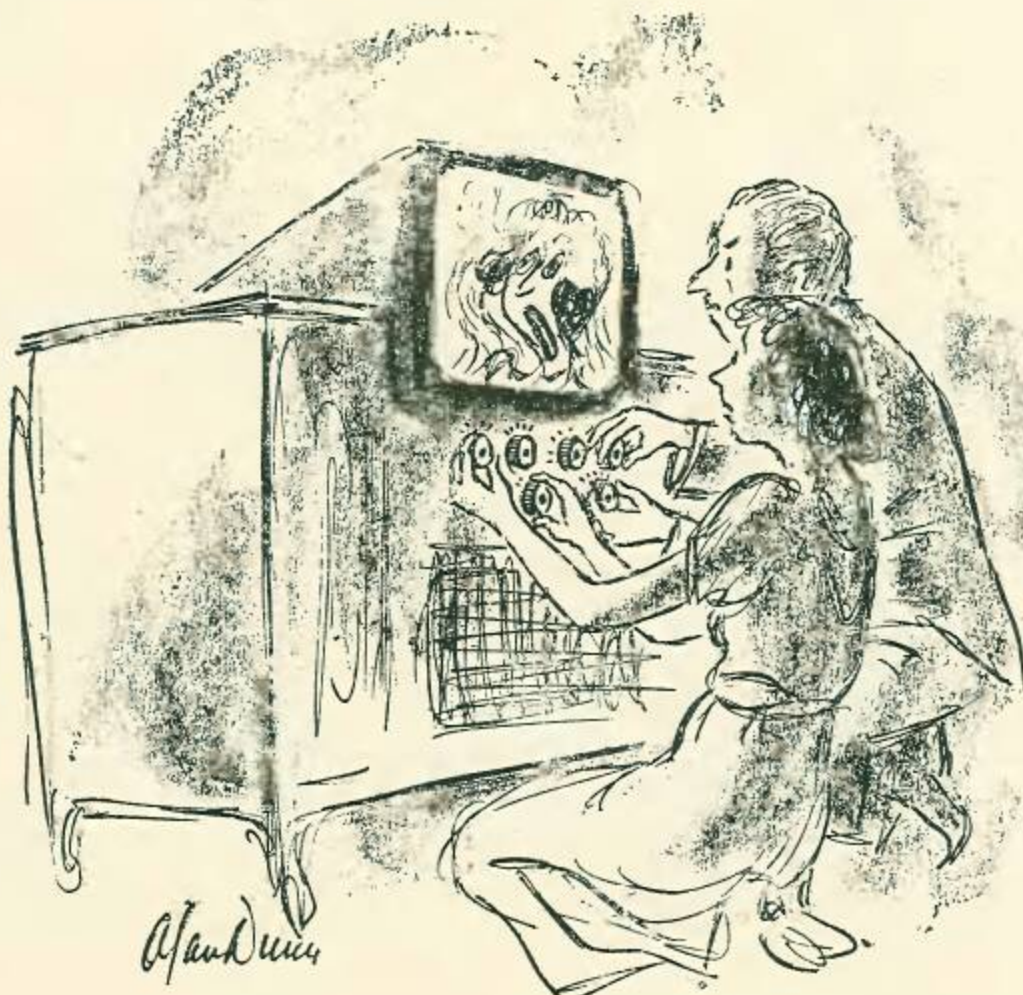
Far ahead, Nina saw Frank and Eugenia running to meet her. As they came near, she could hear the things rattling in their picnic baskets. Eugenia's straight blond hair and Frank's tall pompadour flapped in the bright light. Eugenia was wearing one of her beautiful dresses—pink, this time, and made of linen so stiff that after she had sat in it awhile, it would remain pressed up in an arc behind, showing the scalloped edges of her embroidered pants.

"Where *were* you? We've been waiting all *day*!" cried Eugenia imperiously. She was rather an imperious child, and in many ways seemed older than Nina, though they were both only a few months past eleven. She and Frank lived in the hotel with their mother, a large, golden woman who was always speaking to them in French or German, caressing them voluptuously, and laughing tenderly at their remarks with an opera singer's sumptuous laugh. They were all three a little fat, and there was an air of plenty about them, an expansive sense of ease and extravagance and good will. The clothes they had!

And new ones all the time! When Nina thought of her own mother, pounding at the typewriter for funds, cursing at bills, and letting down hems, she felt a pang of anger—not at Eugenia's mother but at her own.

"Hurry, hurry!" cried Eugenia, sweeping Nina up in a gale of haste. "We're hot, we're roasting, we're sweating! We've been waiting all *day*!"

THEY crossed a little red bridge to their special island, undressed in the bushes, and put on their bathing suits. They hid their clothes and lunch baskets under the giant dock leaves



near the bank and ran carefully on their bare feet to the small collar of beach from which their swimming always started. Fringed willow saplings overhung it everywhere; the air smelled of them and of the brown river water. Nina knew she would never forget this smell—rank, willowy, weedy, rather dirty. But cool! A promise of coolness and wetness, of peace and play, with never a voice to warn against peril, or any clock to consider but the sun in the sky.

"Last one in
Is a barrel of gin."

Eugenia sang it, but Nina beat her, for she had longer legs. The water was shallow, just up to her knees, but she flung herself into it gladly, coming up dripping, with her braids full of algae, just in time to see Eugenia go belly-whopper in a huge ruff of raised water. Nina sank her body to the stream bed and idled along on her knees, with her eyes and nose above the surface, and bubbles frilling out of her mouth. Frank lay down on the water and joined her slowly, dead man's float. They all did dead man's float, and then Nina and Eugenia had underwater endurance contests, grunting and striving through the yellow current. The water was warm, like broth, with here and there a wandering artery of cold. The bottom was soft as velvet, smoking upward when dug with toes or fingers.

"Genia!" called Frank.

"Yes?"

"Don't stay down too long."

"He's still a little scared," Eugenia murmured to Nina.

Nina understood. Frank had not known how to swim for very long. Eugenia and she were always pulling him out of the water as he gurgled desperately for help. Yet fear never held him back. Tense, with a band of white around his mouth, he tried everything. He flung himself upon his fear and embraced it, as though his ardor could transform it into courage, as, indeed, it often did. Nina liked Frank; he was the first younger brother she had ever liked. He minded his own business. Yes, and he had dignity. At nine, it could be said that he had dignity.

THOUGH the river and the air were warm, Nina was cold now. She walked to the shore trying not to shiver, hating her pale-blue knees and humiliating gooseflesh. Frank and Eugenia were luxuriously made, rounded and sleek—they never got cold—but Nina was thin as a bundle of twigs. Her hair was in long, straight braids,

THE ELDER BROTHER

(POEM FOR ALL GOOD AND LOYAL DOGS)

After Light and the shaping of Land he came,
The four small footmarks on immaculate green.
Imagine him, bearing whatever name,
Taking his form from mist, being first seen
By his Maker, who must have called him Good;
Imagine the lifted muzzle trying the sweet
New air, finding the earth-provided food:
Surely now God's Eden was complete.

But, seeing His creature lonely, He made that other,
Who walked upright and glistened in the sun;
And the animal chose him for god and brother,
A deity to touch and love and own—
To go with gladly from that forbidden place,
Adoring through the many falls from Grace.

—ELMA DEAN

and she was sprinkled all over with freckles, like cinnamon grains.

Nina brought the baskets from under the dock leaves and sat down on the shore. The dry air warmed her and she stopped shivering, and then the others came out of the water and they opened their baskets. Heat, silence, and blazing light poured down from heaven. They were quiet, having shouted all the noise out of themselves for a while. They ate steadily, hardly speaking, watching their rejected crusts and lettuce leaves and clenched humps of wax paper floating away on the stream's calmly moving surface. Though the city was near at hand, it seemed far distant. Drowned grass wagged to and fro in the lazy current, and a little way from shore a fallen branch thrust upward from the water like an imploring arm.

"This is the best thing about this place," Nina said. "Playing in the river is the best. Before that, the best thing was when I found the Mariposa lilies. I went up there one day—you know, way outside town—and there they were, millions of them. Gosh, *millions* of them!"

But how could she tell them what it had been like? Before she had known Eugenia and Frank, she had spent many hours in those sun-dazzled wastes, where at first she had found nothing but rocks and sage and heaps of discarded trash—tiny, sun-wizened leather shoes, and tin cans rusted to lace. She had been contented, wandering, singing, filling her pockets with red and purple

stones, trying to hypnotize lizards, and searching for Indian relics, which she had never found. Soon the flowers had begun—flowers she had never seen before—and she had brought them home in armloads, looking them up in the "Western Flower Book" until she had learned them all and they had begun to be an old story. And then—overnight, it seemed—the Mariposas had risen from the ground and opened their royal cups, and stood there waiting for her, rarely beautiful, each growing a little apart from the others, a princess with a three-petalled crown.

"I think the best thing before this was the time we went down the mine," Frank said. "Or maybe when we killed the rattlesnake at the picnic."

"As far as I'm concerned, the best thing was seeing Nazimova in 'Salome,'" Eugenia said, turning her gold bracelet, which had tooth marks in it. "I saw it four times, and someday I'll see it again."

THEY lay there, idle, until the black flies found them, and then they went into the water again, floating downstream. The river carried them at a gentle pace, the benevolent land slid by them, the benevolent bridges crept over their heads, and, far away, the mountains were no longer like sand piles but more like heaped blue veils. They lay on their backs as they passed Belle Isle, where the picnic benches and barbecue rings were. On Sunday afternoons, the place was an anthill. Fat ladies with babies and pocketbooks and shade hats sat at the roughhewn tables chatting across a litter of bottles and paper cups. Their men, in suspenders, lay dead on the grass with newspaper pup tents over their faces, or fished with their sons at





"Ready, girls."

• •

the water's edge. Here and there, more or less secluded from the others, young men and girls sat together kissing. Nothing was ever concealed from the three children, however. More like infant walrus than water sprites, they drifted by in the slow current, staring, contented, and curious. Today, a weekday, there were not many people—a fisherman or two, some girls with a camera, a group of old men on a bench.

At the next island, they came out of the water and crossed to the other side, where the rapids were. In this narrow channel, the river was brawling and tempestuous. Nina and Eugenia flung themselves into it with joyful screams, letting the coffee-colored torrent hurl and buffet them downstream, banging

their bottoms over the rocks. Behind them came Frank, tense, enduring his fear patiently, smiling a set smile. They did this over and over again, toiling back along the island shore each time. At last, when they were weary and waterlogged, they let themselves drift in the still waters at the end of the rapids, where big, brown muffs of foam were standing, and dragged themselves out to rest on an unfamiliar bank among leaves and tall grass. Dragonflies were pinned motionless on the air, and great, wailing mosquitoes came up out of the shadows.

"What do they live on between people?" Frank asked.

Nina had often been curious about this; she looked after him with respect as he wandered away.

"When are you leaving here?" she asked, turning to Eugenia.

"About the tenth of August, when Mama gets her decree."

"You'll leave right away?"

"Oh, sure. Nothing to stay for, Mama says."

"I'll miss you."

"We'll write to each other," Eugenia said.

"All the time. We'll always be best friends."

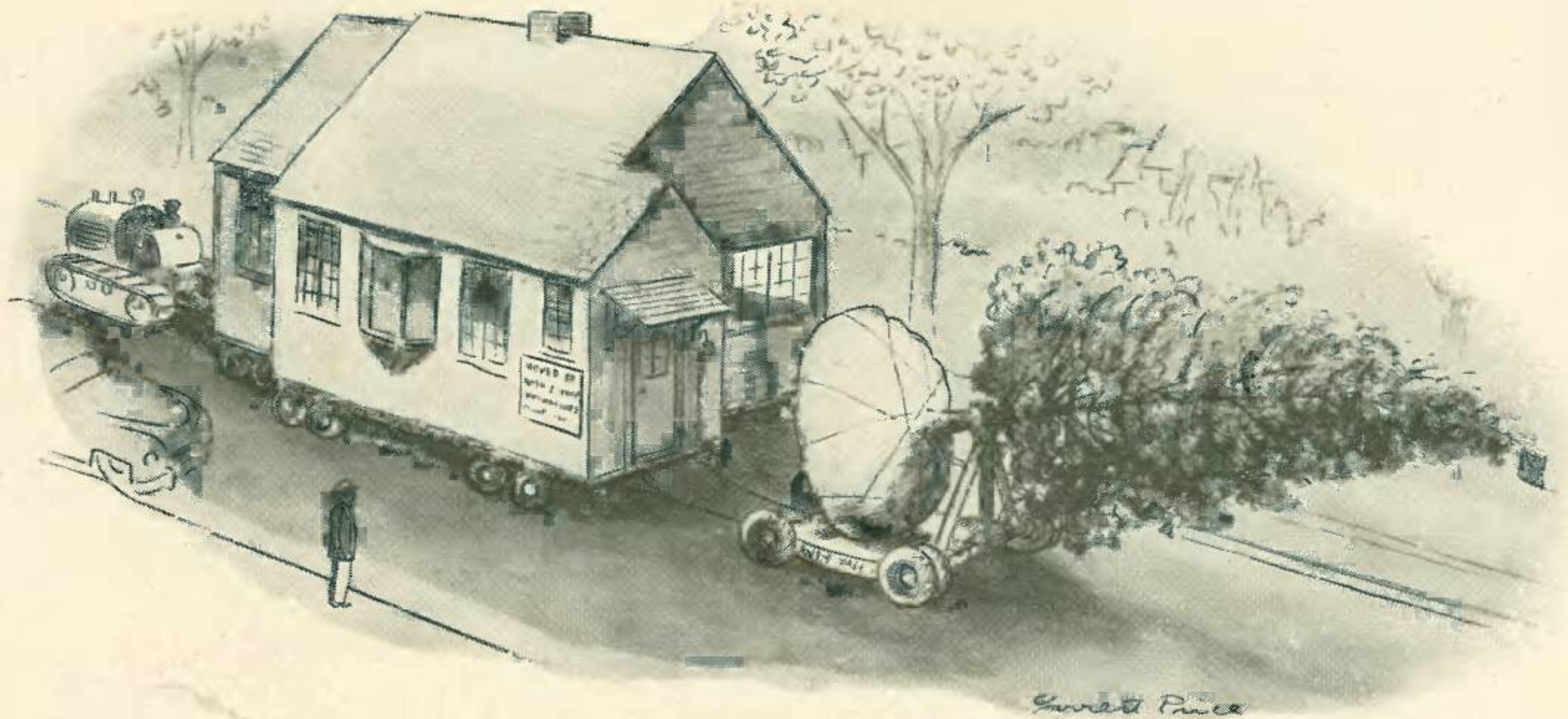
"Yes. Forever. When's yours getting her decree?"

"September, I guess," said Nina.

"What's she getting it on?"

"What do you mean, getting it on?"

"The divorce. You know. Is it men-



tal cruelty, or non-support, or what?"

"Oh. Mental cruelty."

"Ours is getting hers for willful neglect," Eugenia said.

The water slipped and rustled against the bank. "But I never thought he was cruel," Nina said.

"I don't even know what willful neglect means, just exactly," Eugenia admitted. "Is yours getting married again?"

"Yes. Is yours?"

"Ours both are."

"Both? How awful!"

"But you can't say it's for that when you get a divorce," said Eugenia. "You have to say it's mental cruelty, or willful neglect, or something, when it's really the other."

"I guess mine honestly didn't get along very well," Nina said loyally.

"Sometimes I hate them," Eugenia said. "Sometimes I just *hate* them."

NINA was silent. She slapped viciously at a mosquito and looked with satisfaction at the thready corpse on her arm and her own blood returned to her. Frank came out of the bushes suddenly, with a yellowed willow leaf caught in his pompadour. "Hey, come here," he whispered, snickering. "I want to show you something. Only shut up—don't make a sound."

The girls tiptoed after him through a willow thicket, stooped, breathless, giggling. It was hot and stuffy, and little, half-transparent gnats flickered and hung about their eyes and ears, making a tiny noise as thin and sticky as cobwebs. Frank turned toward Nina and his sister. "Shut up," he said, moving

his lips silently. He got down on his hands and knees and crawled through the grass, and they followed him. Then he stopped, peeped through a screen of leaves, and pointed his finger.

There in the sun-speckled grass, two people lay, a man and a girl, mouth to mouth, body to body, devoured and devouring. The girl's black hair streamed in the grass like ink, her eyes were closed and so were the man's, and his hand roved over her, loving her. Nina felt queer watching them, jealous and afraid. She tugged at Eugenia's wrist, drawing her away. Frank didn't want to come. He stayed where he was, watching, but Nina and Eugenia stole off silently through the sapling thicket.

"It was scary, kind of," Nina said, at last.

"I don't think so. I can't wait to get big," Eugenia said.

They reached the river and waded downstream along the edge, which was brown, and shimmering with mica flakes, and warm as tears. Nina looked at Eugenia, splashing on ahead of her. *She* wanted to grow up, she couldn't wait—that was the difference between them. They splashed on in silence. The afternoon was still, the noise of the rapids a whisper behind them.

"Let's go to the falls," said Eugenia after a while.

"Let's!" cried Nina eagerly, at home again.

Beneath the second fall, there was a wide, deep pool, faintly agitated always from the plunging waters that fed it. This was the only possible diving place in that part of the river, and somebody had fixed a plank springboard to the

platform. Sometimes the pool was taken over by a gang of croaking adolescent boys, and then Nina and Eugenia kept to the outskirts, but today they had the place to themselves.

Repeatedly, they dived into the dark-blue-brown pool, their legs spraddled out and their stomachs stinging. Frank appeared from nowhere and joined them, but he would not dive. He stepped down from one bank and swam dutifully and effortfully to the opposite one, where he rested, gathering courage for the return journey across the gleaming, menacing surface, beneath which death or ignominy waited.

Having dived and ducked until they had drunkards' eyes and inflamed nostrils, the girls went up to the platform to sing and dance, for it reminded them of a stage. It was tricky and dangerous there. They slipped and fell repeatedly, each sick with laughter at the mishaps of the other, and both smeared all over with water moss, dark and sleek as oil. They capered and shrieked and fell while, beyond and below them, Frank plied to and fro across the pool, as joyless and undeviating as a ferryboat. Now and then he called to them and they replied, but once, when he was halfway across, his call was lost in the noise the girls and the waterfall were making. He called a second time, but still they did not hear him, and he began to feel panic. His voice cheeped like a bird's, he lost his balance in the water, a wave went into his mouth, he choked, and the death and ignominy at the dark pool's bottom swam up lazily to find him. Infinitely far away, on the shore, the sweet trees bowed and shook their leaves to

him, the sunshine and warm air of life continued and would continue without him.

NINA and Eugenia saw him at the same moment. They saw his terrified eyes, his sick face; they saw but did not hear his last cry for help. It came out in a bubble as he went down in the dark water. Time held still for them in a great sensation of anguish as they dived. The water was opaque; they struggled in a bland, secretive element that showed them nothing. Up they came, purple-faced, gasping. Down they went again, their eyes staring against dimness and their hearts ringing like bells in their chests. Eugenia got hold of him first and came up screaming for Nina. Together they pulled him, inert, terrifying, a stranger, to the bank. "He's dead! He's dead!" Eugenia kept sobbing. "Oh, what will Mama say?" But when he fell from their hands face down on the sand, the water came out of his nose and mouth in a gush, and his eyes opened once and closed immediately, and he began to cry. He strangled and retched and wept while Eugenia pounded his back.

"Anyway, you're alive, Frankie," she said very loudly, as though he must hear her from a distance. "You're alive. We saved your life."

"You're going to be all right, Frankie," Nina assured him, stroking his wet, upstanding pompadour with her wet palm. "Everything's all right now." She was crying, too—they all were, from terror and exultation and relief.

Frank sat up after a while, still with a transfixed, affronted look on his face. His teeth were chattering, and Nina and Eugenia put their arms around him, having nothing else to warm him with. "Don't tell Mama," he said weakly.

"Do we ever tell?" asked Eugenia. "We know better."

"Cross our hearts," said Nina. She had a feeling of adequacy and grace. It was wonderful how children were always sparing their parents. They themselves had already spared their mothers accounts of Frank's other rescues from drowning. They had spared them the news of the strange man she and Eugenia had once met, who had first frightened them by the things he had said and then had chased them, chattering and weeping, for nearly a mile among the willows. They had not mentioned the time they discovered they had been playing by a sewer mouth, or any of the other events that could only have been needlessly worrisome.

Frank gave a long, trembling sigh,

and his shivering abated, but they continued to sit there linked together, weary and at peace. A pinkish light had come into the afternoon, and the swallows had left their low skimming to soar aloft in garrulous crowds.

"Maybe it's time to go home," Eugenia said.

"I suppose," said Nina.

For a few more minutes, they stayed as they were, reluctant to start the long trip back, against the current, to the island where their clothes were hidden. It always took a good half hour, partly because of the current, partly because of all the swimming that must be done on the way, and partly because of all the shores that must be visited. By the time they had returned to the island, they were tired, subdued, half washed away. The river had taken as much as it had given. They dressed slowly, hardly speaking; sometimes they yawned.

"Goodbye Eugenia," Nina said.

"Goodbye Frank."

"Goodbye, Neen."

"See you tomorrow?"

"Oh, sure. We'll phone you."

"Well, goodbye."

"Goodbye."

"Goodbye."

THE sun was almost level with Nina now, and facing her. The day was over. Someone stood on every lawn she

passed, holding a hose. The soft sifting noise was everywhere, and overhead the cottonwood trees picked it up with a lofty, shimmering rustle as the wind stirred. Every car was home in its garage, every father was back from work, and all the children were back from play. The air smelled of food. The Italian people were eating their supper under the grape trellis, sending up a fume of garlic to strengthen the evening air.

The families were together again, called by the hour to their common roof. Once more, they had each other, for better or worse, to joke and eat and quarrel with. Frank and Eugenia, two together, had the big, benevolent beauty who was their mother to welcome them home. She, Nina, had her own mother. But in the fall her mother would have someone else, too.

The mountains that ringed the world were purple now, and old and cold—careless and distant as the Great Wall of China. Under Nina's wishbone, a pain began, and she hated the pain; she had had it before, and would not stand for it. She began to skip along the path, singing "Water Boy" to distract herself, and just then Mr. Reemer, their neighbor, came up in his windy old Chandler and gave her a lift home, so everything was better.

It looked as if her mother had not



"Is your—ah—mate in?"



THE READING PUBLIC

NOTICE

THROW THE SLACK ROPE OUT OF THE WINDOW, SEIZE THE ROPE ABOVE THE UPPER KNOT WITH ONE HAND, AND ABOVE THE NEXT WITH THE OTHER, AND SO ALTERNATELY UNTIL YOU REACH THE GROUND.

moved all day. Though the room was shadowed, she sat at the typewriter still, her gooseneck lamp making a lake of light around her. "Home at last!" she said to Nina, leaning back in the chair and stretching her arms over her head. "Another day gone. Oh, will the time ever be over?"

Six months is a long, long sentence." Nina put the end of her wet braid into her mouth and chewed on it. It tasted of rank river water. Let the time never end, she thought, watching her mother. Let the lawyer tell her she'll have to stay a whole year. Two whole years.

Her mother sighed and turned in her chair, smiling at her.

"Did you have fun, darling? What did you do?"

"Oh, nothing," Nina said slowly, through her braid. "Swam. Played. Nothing much."

—ELIZABETH ENRIGHT

A REPORTER AT LARGE

LAMBERT HITCHCOCK, a backwoods chairmaker who died, unencumbered by wealth or celebrity, in Unionville, Connecticut, in 1852, is now recognized by many antiquarians as one of the most artful of Early American craftsmen. Some do not hesitate to rank his work with that of the Shakers and the Pennsylvania Dutch. Hitchcock turned out a broad-minded assortment of chairs, including Boston rockers and cradle settees, but it is for a small, armless straightback of distinctive design that he is chiefly esteemed. Hundreds of these chairs, which he put together with the help of a few devoted artisans and several dozen women and children, have been pried out of old attics and upcountry kitchens in recent years. It is probable that he made thousands. Practically all were produced in what is now the Connecticut village of Riverton. Riverton is situated in a lonely glen in the Berkshire foothills, twenty-four miles northwest of Hartford, and straddles the west branch of the Farmington River. The village grew up around a factory that Hitchcock built on the riverbank in the early eighteen-twenties; it was once called Hitchcocks-ville, and its population, which has not perceptibly fluctuated for a century, is two hundred and one. The factory slipped from Hitchcock's hands, which had been numbed by bankruptcy, shortly before his death. During the last half of the nineteenth century, it was occupied by a firm of rule makers. Around 1910, a step-stool manufacturer took it over for a couple of years. After that, the building stood empty until the late twenties, when a maker of rubber nipples moved hurriedly in and out. Then it was abandoned to the wind and the weather. A tottering wing that overhung the river was washed away in the floods of 1938. By that time, the floors had fallen in, weeds were growing in the cellar, and a creeper had unhinged the front door. It would probably be a hopeless ruin by now but for two West Hartford businessmen—John T. Kenney and Richard Coombs. Mr. Kenney is the proprietor of a shoe store, and Mr. Coombs is a building contractor. They acquired the old place in the autumn of 1946, and they have arrested its decline and reconverted it to the production of Hitchcock's little straightbacks.

ONE blue, sleepy afternoon not long ago, I drove up to Connecticut to see these men and their chairs. It was

THE OLD MAN'S CHAIR

about three o'clock when I pitched down from the encircling hills, over a bridge, and into Riverton's elm-shadowed main street, and the village was at rest. Even the factory had a look of repose. The factory is the first building on the west side of the river, and it is still a substantial one. A broad structure, three shallow stories high, it is made of brick, recently whitewashed, with a low, peaked roof surmounted by a cupola and a huge, immobilized weather vane. At one end a narrow, two-story ell juts out in front. A door in the ell opens almost on the street. Near it is a metal sign, erected by the State of Connecticut, that reads: "In This Factory Lambert Hitchcock Made His Famous Hitchcock Chairs, 1826-1840." On the door, there is another, and more hospitable, sign: "Visitors Welcome—Walk In." I pulled up under a shaggy tree that must have given shade in Hitchcock's day, and got out. A dissipated cat dozing on the stoop was the only living creature in sight, and the only sound was the soft harangue of the river.

The door was ajar. I stepped over the cat and into a long, densely furnished room with a beamed ceiling and a red plank floor. An enclosed staircase rose to the right of the front door, and at the far end of the room there was another door, leading to the main part of the building. The walls were calcimined and hung with framed pages of early-nineteenth-century issues of the *Connecticut Courant*. In a corner by the stairs was a sagging bookcase loaded with copies of old *Courants*, bound in rusty leather. Across from it was a noble Boston rocker and an urn full of cattails. A big, dilapidated wooden foot-treadle lathe was propped up in another corner, and there was a row of old carpenter's planes on a shelf just above it. Under a window stood a long-legged, glass-topped display case containing a collection of battered ledgers, faded letters, and dog-eared books. The rest of the room was crammed with Hitchcock chairs. There were at least a dozen of them; all but two were obviously brand-new, and all were a more or less identical blend of Sheraton

prettiness and rustic practicality. All were painted a satiny black, enlivened here and there by a few faint rose-colored ripples of graining, and their seats were of woven natural rush. The front legs, the rung that ran between them, and an arched cylindrical top piece that joined the back posts were elegantly turned and tapered, and these, and a broad, fretted, slightly concave horizontal center back slat, were decorated with stylized designs—stars, flowers, leaves, fruit, or spread eagles—stencilled in gold. The back legs were as plain as a hoe handle. Lolling on one of the chairs was another, or possibly the same, cat, and we had the room to ourselves.

I waited a moment, gazing at the chairs, and then turned back toward the front door to see if there was a bell or a knocker. Before I got there, the other door banged open, and an elderly man with a stained mustache, and a pair of spectacles perched on his forehead, stuck his head in. "Doggone it, Dick!" he shouted. "Those..." He stopped. "Pardon me," he said, lowering his glasses and his voice. "You've got a walk on you just like Dick's—Mr. Coombs'." I told him I was looking for Mr. Coombs or Mr. Kenney myself. "They're around," he said. "Those boys do everything but sleep here, and I've known them to do that. I understand they've got to keep introducing themselves to their wives. If I find Dick, I'll send him in. Jack's probably up in the office. They expecting you?" I said they were. "What did you say your name was?" he asked. I told him. "Uh-huh," he said. "Well, make yourself comfortable. Have a chair." He chuckled, pulled in his head, and slammed the door. The lathe groaned and settled a little. I took a chair.

PRESENTLY somebody walked across the floor overhead. There was a thump of heels on the stairs, and Mr. Kenney, a graying man of about forty, with tired eyes and an expression of haggard animation, ducked into the room. He is six feet six, and the top of his head almost brushed the ceiling beams. He had on a gray flannel shirt, a pair of dandelion-yellow suspenders,



and baggy brown trousers, and he was tenderly massaging his left ear. "Vamoose!" he said, addressing the cat. The cat gave him a look and slid under the Boston rocker. "O.K.," Mr. Kenney said. Then he grinned at me, and came over and dropped heavily and confidently down on a chair. "Greetings," he said. "Sorry you had to wait. I saw you come in, but I was stuck on the phone—Macy's. They're our main New York outlet. Not that we've got much to let out yet. We will, though. It won't be long now." His eyes wandered around the crowded room. "I guess you've had time to look things over," he went on. "Those two down there at the end are old Lambert's. All the rest are ours. Except the rocker, of course. I don't know how much you know about furniture, but..." He hesitated, and nodded toward one of his chairs. "I mean—well, what do you think of it? What's your impression?"

I said I thought it was a handsome chair. "It's certainly a remarkably faithful reproduction," I added.

Mr. Kenney gave a hollow laugh. "Thanks," he said, "but I guess you don't understand. Hardly anybody does at first. I'd better explain. The point is, our chair isn't a reproduction. We don't make reproductions. That's the whole idea. Our chair isn't a Hitchcock chair. The market's swamped with that kind of trash. We've got a couple down in the cellar. If that was

the best we could do, I'd be ashamed to look you in the face. We make *the* Hitchcock chair. It's the old man's own chair. We've re-created it. It's his chair from top to bottom, inside out, and in between. The only difference between those two over there and the pair we're sitting on is that these are new. Otherwise, they're one and the same. Why, if old Lambert himself strolled in here this afternoon, I doubt if even he'd be able to tell them apart. Did you happen to notice this?" He stood up and swung his chair around. Stencilled in gold along the back of the seat frame was an inscription: "L. Hitchcock. Hitchcocks-ville. Conn. Warranted." "The old man's trademark," he said. "We've applied for permission to use it. Meanwhile, we're going ahead. The way I look at it, it's just part of the chair. The next thing I want to get is the real name of the village restored. Then we'll have everything back just about the way it was in old Lambert's time. That's my dream."

Mr. Kenney let himself down astride the chair, lighted a cigarette, and folded his arms on the top piece. He shook his head. "To tell you the truth," he said, "this whole thing has been like a dream. I don't know how it happened. It was a miracle. I first laid eyes on this old building on the fourteenth day of July, 1946. That's one date I'll never forget. I was standing down there in the river fishing for trout, and I looked up

and saw it. You never saw a more tumble-down place in your life. I got to wondering what it was. So I waded over this way to get a better look at it. I was just curious. And then I saw that marker that's out front. Brother, that gave me a chill. I felt weak. I knew a little about Hitchcock chairs, or thought I did. They amounted to something—I knew that. As a matter of fact, I had one. My wife and I got it for a wedding present. A beauty, too. Just like the one you're sitting on. But I'd never dreamed that Riverton was Hitchcocks-ville, or that the old Hitchcock factory was still standing. You know what I mean—I'd never even thought about it. All I thought about in those days was shoes—Palter Deliso, Delman, La Valle, and La so on. I'm surprised I can still remember the names. My brother's running the store for me now. Well, anyway, there was the factory, just waiting for somebody with vision to walk in and start it up again. I didn't know any more about making chairs than the man in the moon, if as much, but it didn't take me thirty minutes to realize that I'd walked right smack into the chance of a lifetime. It was like an inspiration. I made some inquiries and found out the building was owned by a woman here in the village. When I got back home, to West Hartford, I headed straight for Dick Coombs and told him about it. I've known Dick a long time, and I wanted him to come in with me. I

needed him. Dick was a carpenter and cabinetmaker before he went into building, and he knows wood. He came right in. All he said was 'When do we start?' We started in August. That's how sure we were. I did talk to a couple of furniture dealers first, and I didn't hear a discouraging word. One of them wanted forty eagle-backs the week after next."

There was the sudden rumble of a truck on the bridge. Mr. Kenney froze. For an instant, the room shook with a quaking thunder. Then the sound diminished and slowly died away. "Thought that might be Jordan Marsh, up in Boston," Mr. Kenney said, relaxing. "I'm half expecting their van, and I don't know that we're ready. Distribution is what licked old Lambert, but that's



one problem we don't have to worry about. Never did. It breaks your heart to read some of his records. They're in that case there. We've got a wonderful collection of Hitchcockiana. The old man could make up to fifty chairs a day, and more than once he rode horseback all the way to Chicago and St. Louis, taking orders, but he couldn't get them to the customer fast enough. He had to haul them by team over these hills twenty-four miles to Hartford. That was at least an all-day trip in his time. If he was lucky, he'd find a steamboat there to put them on. Then he had to wait for his dollar and a half—that was his price—to come back the same way. The chair itself was our problem, and production still is. I almost hate to tell you when we made our first chair. It wasn't until the fifteenth day of September, 1948. For a while, the best we could do was three a day. Right now, we're turning out around a dozen, but we'll double that soon. We've only got about fifteen people here, when they all show up. Two dozen a day, though, and we'd be on our way out of the red. Our chairs retail at forty dollars—thirty-nine ninety-five, to be exact—and the dealers get a big discount. We sell some by mail and hope to sell more that way. Then I'll begin to breathe easier. That first chair cost Dick and me close to forty-five thousand dollars." Mr. Kenney crushed out his cigarette. "But don't you worry, brother. We're right, and we know we're right. We've re-created the Hitchcock chair." He stood up. "Let's go find Dick," he said. "He ought to be out in the shop."

Mr. Kenney snapped his suspenders, and struck off down the room to the rear door, stepping nimbly over a hindering chair. I caught up with him at the door. Beyond it was a short passage. We emerged from that, under a precipice of piled lumber, into a vast thicket of angular lathes and drill presses, tool-strewn workbenches, and teetering tiers of partly assembled chairs. Sawdust and shavings littered the floor, and the air was heavy with the sultry smell of seasoned wood. Somewhere, deep in the room, a lathe



"Oh, sorry! We thought this was the youth hostel."

was whining, but all the machines in sight stood idle and unattended, and the benches were deserted. Between a flight of stairs and a row of windows that overlooked the river I caught a glimpse of the elderly man with the stained mustache, shuffling along a labyrinthine path. His arms were loaded with what looked like kindling. "Everybody must be out for a smoke," Mr. Kenney remarked, craning his neck. "I wonder if Dick is. This is the woodworking shop. All the parts are fabricated and assembled here, except the seats. The seating department is on the next floor. The painting and decorating is all done up on the third, and that's where the finished chairs are stored. Smells good in here, doesn't it? I love the smell of good old Connecticut rock maple. That's all we use, from start to finish. Just like the old man did." He cupped his hands and called "Dick?" There was an instant

answering growl. "Aha!" Mr. Kenney said. "This way."

WE found Mr. Coombs, in a blue serge suit, contentedly tinkering with a mountainous hydraulic press at the far end of the room. A gray cat squatted on a box nearby, watching him. Mr. Coombs is nearly sixty, thickset, red-faced, tousle-haired, and heavy-jawed, and he has a bristling pepper-and-salt mustache. His voice is harsh and gravelly. In the First World War, he served under the then Colonel George S. Patton, Jr., whom he reveres, as a first sergeant, and he still looks like one. "Well, sir," he said, locking my hand in a granite grip, "I heard you were here. One of the boys just told me. Has John been taking good care of you? ... Fine. John knows every move old Lambert ever made." He released my hand and added, "How do you like the chair?" Mr.

PASTURE MANAGEMENT

Down below the pasture pond,
O'er the lovely lea,
I went spraying bushes
With 2, 4-D.

(For young, susceptible annual weeds, apply one to two pints per acre.)

I had read my bulletins,
I was in the know.
The two young heifers
Came and watched the show.

(Along ditches and fence rows, use 2, 4-D when weeds are in a succulent stage. Won't harm livestock.)

Rank grew the pasture weeds,
The thistle and the bay;
A quiet, still morning,
A good time to spray.

(Control weeds the easy way with Agricultural Weed-No-More—not by chemical burn but by hormone action.)

Suddenly I looked and saw
What my spray had found:
The wild, shy strawberry
Was everywhere around.

(An alkyl ester of 2, 4-D is produced by reacting an alcohol with the raw 2, 4-D acid. The result is an oily liquid that sticks to weed leaves.)

What sort of madness,
Little man, is this?
What sort of answer to
The wild berry's kiss?

(Any 3- or 4-gallon garden pump-up sprayer can be used, after the standard nozzle has been replaced with a new precision nozzle.)

It seemed to me incredible
That I'd begun the day
By rendering inedible
A meal that came my way.
All across the pasture in
The strip I'd completed
Lay wild, ripe berries
With hormones treated.

(The booklet gives you the complete story.)

I stared at the heifers,
An idiot child;
I stared at the berries
That I had defiled.
I stared at the lambkill,
The juniper and bay.
I walked home slowly
And put my pump away.
Weed-No-More, my lady,
O weed no more today.

(Available in quarts, 1-gallon and 5-gallon cans, and 55-gallon drums.)

—E. B. WHITE

Kenney gently cleared his throat. I said I liked it very much. "Fine," Mr. Coombs said. "Exactly. Yes. There are still a couple of little questions I'd like to ask the old man, but on the whole I'm thoroughly satisfied. It was a monstrous job, though—the building as well as the chair. You might say we re-created them both. Eh, John?"

"Dick deserves all the credit," Mr. Kenney said. "He and Stafford Broughton. Staff is our head cabinet-maker. Brother, he's a wizard. You'll meet him."

Mr. Coombs nodded. "Yes, sir," he said. "I'm thoroughly satisfied with the chair. The old man would approve of it. No doubt about that. Not the slightest. It's the true Hitchcock. It looks like one, and it's made like one, and it will hold up like one."

"We know it'll hold up," Mr. Kenney said, and grinned. "Dick proved that one day. How about it, Dick?"

"I did," Mr. Coombs replied. "Somebody told me once that the sure test for a chair was to drop it out a

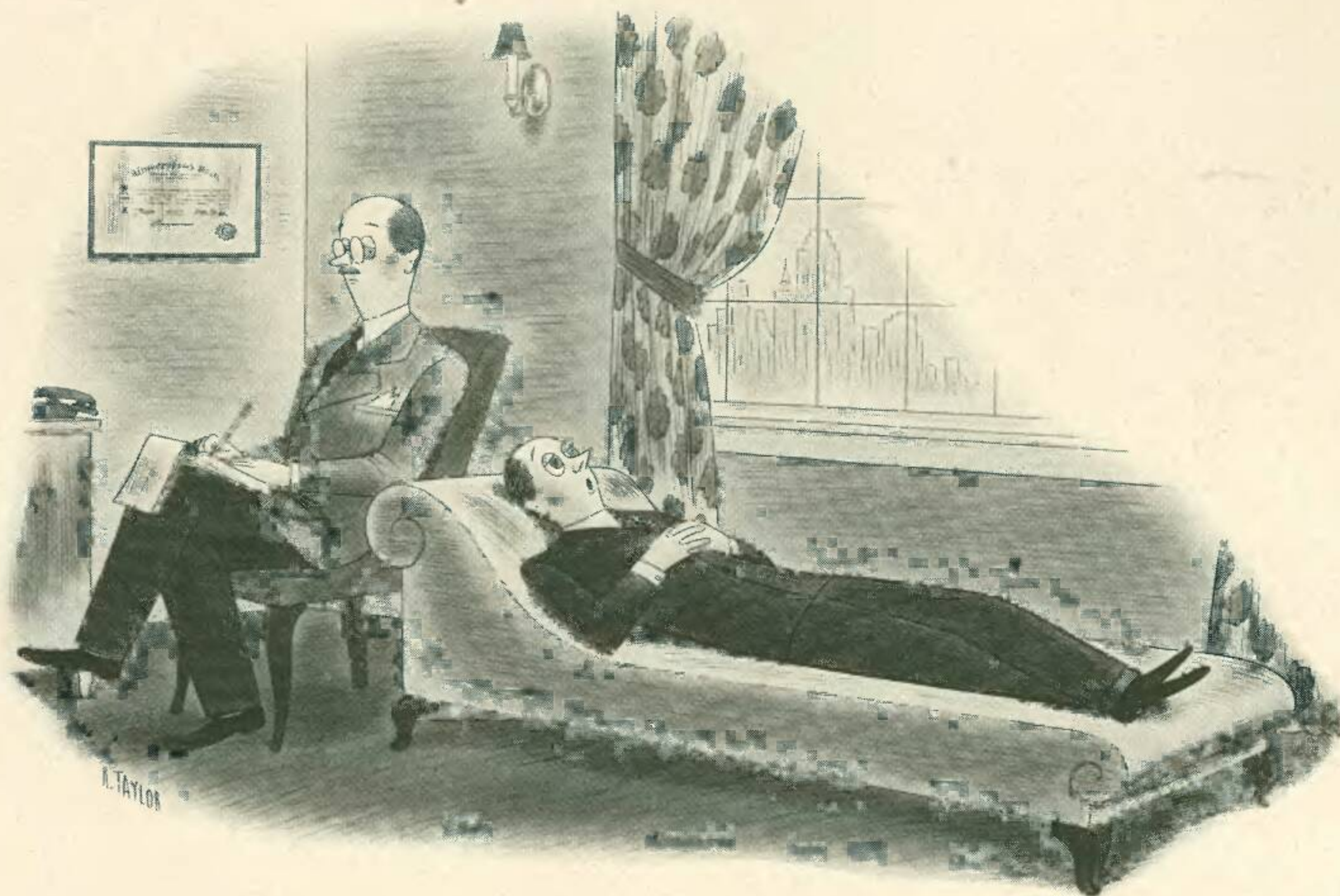
second-story window. If it's a good chair, it'll stay together. Well, sir, I sneaked over here late one Saturday and heaved one of ours out a window on the third floor. I thought I'd make good and sure while I was at it. It quivered when it hit, but it held. Didn't seem to faze it. Most chairs you see now start going wiggly-waggly after you've just sat on them a few months."

"There's another test that's a little easier," Mr. Kenney said. "I could show you if I had a chair handy. What you do is just lift it up by the top piece and let it fall on one of the legs. A good chair like ours will give a nice,



springy bounce. The ordinary chair lands flat-footed."

"It's all you can do to pull one of the old man's chairs apart," Mr. Coombs said. "That's a fact. I know because I've done it. I knocked down two or three dozen or more originals our first year, trying to figure out what made them work. He was a marvel. John found one up in New Hampshire that had been used for a sawhorse ever since the Civil War. The seat was out, and the paint was mostly off, but there wasn't a crack in it. The way he put a chair together, the solid wood would give about as soon as the joint. You can say the same for ours. It's the same chair. There isn't a particle of difference. No, sir. He used water power to turn his lathes and we use electricity, but the chair's the same. There're twenty separate pieces of wood in the true Hitchcock—twenty-one, if it has two back slats—and we've matched them, piece for piece. I'm not going to name them, though, or tell you how we do it. If there's somebody out in Grand Rapids who wants to know, he



"...and then the seven skinny, hungry-looking cows ate up the seven fat, sleek cows..."

can go to all the trouble John and Staff and I did."

"I doubt if they'd take the trouble even if they knew," Mr. Kenney said. "They haven't got old Lambert's factory anyway, or his trademark."

"I doubt it, too," Mr. Coombs said. "Nevertheless. But I will say this much. We fabricate every part exactly the way the old man did. We turn where he turned, we saw where he sawed, we steam and bend where he steamed and bent, we glue where he glued, and where he put a screw, we put one. We even dub off the points of our screws, just the way he did, so they'll hold better. That's something you don't often see any more, but common sense will tell you that the grip of a screw is all in the threads. And we use green wood here and seasoned wood there. That was another of his little tricks. When green wood shrinks around a seasoned dowel, you've got a joint only an axe can unlock. I don't mind telling you that, because it's a whole lot easier to say than do. Guesswork won't take you very far when it comes to allowing for shrinkage."

Mr. Coombs stared impassively at me for a moment. Then he uttered an

agreeable grunt and slapped the flank of the big press. "This started out in life as a cider press," he said. "I found it in an old garage in Hartford. It's capable of five tons of pressure, and it's made to order for bending wood. We use it to put the curve in our back slats. I don't know how the old man did his bending. That's one of the questions I'd like to ask him. The other is how he made his bolster top pieces."

"I'd better explain," Mr. Kenney said, turning to me. "We make two styles of top pieces—the bolster and the crown. We'll have another before long, I hope. It's called the pillow. Right now, we're concentrating mostly on the bolster. All the chairs you saw up front were bolsters."

"Exactly," Mr. Coombs said. "There isn't much to the crown. It looks a lot like a back slat, and it isn't any harder to make. The bolster was our real problem. You must have noticed the fancy turnings on it, and if you looked close, you probably saw that it curves two ways. It arches up and it also curves back just a trifle. It's sawed roughly into shape—the old man never bent the bolster—and then it's turned. It's turned *after* it's shaped. Imagine try-

ing to turn a curved piece of wood!"

"Oh, brother!" Mr. Kenney said, with respect.

I nodded, but I must have looked blank, because Mr. Coombs frowned. "Well, I'll give you an idea," he said. "Come along."

He cut around the press and headed down the room. Mr. Kenney and I picked our way after him to a secluded corner where a frail young man with a black mustache was hunched over a turning lathe. He had a small, delicate chisel in his hand. In front of him, at about waist height, a cylindrical length of wood, one end of which was fixed in a socket in a revolving horizontal arm of the lathe, was spinning with the speed of light. As we came up, he reached out and touched it with his chisel—and instantly, in a tiny blast of dust, a deep ring appeared in the wood. Then he brushed his chisel along four or five inches of the free end of the stick. I recognized the delicate taper of a Hitchcock front leg.

"Meet Staff Broughton," Mr. Coombs said to me. "Staff licked the bolster for us. We've just been talking about that little problem, Staff."

"Oh, yes," Mr. Broughton said,

glancing absently up from his work. "We had our troubles."

"To put it mildly," Mr. Kenney said.

Mr. Coombs grunted, and directed my attention to the lathe. "See what I mean?" he said. "A straight piece of wood revolves evenly. You can handle it. But just picture a curved piece in there. The end would naturally be moving in a circle. Well, Staff figured out a way to make up for that off-center revolution. Don't ask me how. That's our Number One secret."

Mr. Broughton said nothing. Instead, he touched the spinning leg again with his chisel, producing another ring.

"Looks like fun, doesn't it?" Mr. Kenney remarked to me.

"It is fun," Mr. Broughton murmured.

"It's an art," Mr. Coombs said.

WE watched Mr. Broughton finish turning the leg. Then he released it from the lathe, tossed it into a box at his feet, and started contentedly in on another. He seemed to have forgotten us. At a sign from Mr. Kenney, we moved discreetly off, along a trail that led to the stairs. Mr. Kenney took the steps two at a time. When Mr. Coombs and I reached the second floor, we found him standing at the head of a long aisle flanked by haphazard rows of seatless chairs. Most of them were unpainted, but some were colored blood red. A man in overalls was crouching at the end of one of the rows, slapping red paint on a chair. Near him, in a clearing by a window, several young women were at work around a low table. Each had a red chair in front of her, into which she was languidly weaving a seat of crackling rush. They all giggled and waved when they saw us, and the painter lifted a bloody hand. My companions beamed.

"A fine bunch of girls," Mr. Coombs told me. "Happy as larks."

"Wonderful," Mr. Kenney said warmly. "You couldn't ask for better. They're nearly all from right here in the village. Why, two or three of those girls had great-grandmothers who worked for the

old man. They feel at home here." He cleared his throat. "To be honest with you, though, seating is our big bottleneck. Just look at all these chairs. They've been standing here for a couple of weeks, some of them. The girls do the best they can, but even the fastest ones can't handle more than about three a day, if that. I'm not complaining, of course. Rush-seating takes time. It has to be done by hand, and it has to be done right. That's the way they do it. We got a man from down Danbury way—Joe LaCava, an expert—to teach them. We didn't know any more about rush-seating than the man in the moon, did we, Dick? We still don't. The girls had a terrible time at first. Poor Joe just about went crazy. He was here every day for over two months, struggling with them. Every afternoon at five o'clock, he would come into the office and resign. 'It's no use,' he'd say. 'They won't learn.' I always managed to calm him down. We'd get out the bottle."

"It must be getting close to five now," Mr. Coombs said.

Mr. Kenney laughed. "Well, Joe stayed with them," he said. "I don't mind saying he ended up proud of our girls. They know rush now like Dick knows wood."

"What kind of rush do you use?" I asked.

"Cattails," Mr. Kenney said. "There's nothing better. Besides, that's what the old man always used. We cut it ourselves, in the swamps just north of

here. The owners don't mind—they're glad to have somebody clean out the stuff—but, brother, it's a real job. Those swamps are deep and mucky and full of snakes and snapping turtles. And hot. Rush has to be cut just before it begins to turn brown, and that means the last week in July or the first week in August. The swamps are steaming then. All we cut is the female plant. The male is the one that carries the tail, and it's too woody to plait. The female is all leaves." Mr. Kenney flung a final smile down the aisle and turned to a flight of stairs leading to the floor above. "Watch yourself, now," he said, bounding on ahead. "There's a lot of wet paint up here."

There was a small black puddle of it, as bright as patent leather, when Mr. Coombs and I reached the top of the stairs. In it lay an overturned can. Mr. Kenney was standing a short distance away, near a clump of glossy-black chairs, scraping the sole of his shoe on the floor and smiling ruefully. "No harm done, I guess," he said. "Quit grinning, Dick. It was practically empty. Well, let's get going." We skirted the cluster of chairs and came abruptly upon a young woman in dungarees reclining on the floor, painting a red chair black. Beyond her were more chairs, and beyond them, far down the room, were three men at a row of worktables. She twisted her head around, blew a frond of hair out of her eyes, and gave us a pleasant stare as we passed. "A fine girl," Mr.

Coombs observed. "Yes, sir. She's a real professional." He scowled about him with interest and satisfaction. "I haven't been up here in a coon's age," he said.

"Dick sticks pretty close to the shop," Mr. Kenney told me. He slackened his pace. "I guess you noticed that girl was using a brush. So was the bird downstairs who puts on the undercoat. We don't believe in spraying paint. You have to use a brush to get the true Hitchcock effect. Incidentally, there's a good reason why the undercoat is red. It gives a nice glow to the chair, especially when the black gets worn down a little. The old



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man wanted his chair to look like rosewood. Not real rosewood, of course—he wasn't trying to fool anybody. I mean he wanted it to look the way rosewood ought to look. Talk about art! That's the reason for the red graining, too."

"Old Lambert had a reason for everything he did," Mr. Coombs said. "You don't have to pull very many of his chairs apart to find that out."

We left the chairs and went over toward the men at the tables. Two of them had their backs to us. The other nodded to us across the seat of a chair he was working on. He was an aging young man with a round face and pale hair, and he wore a flowing Windsor tie. A paintbrush was stuck in the corner of his mouth, like a frayed cigar. Mr. Kenney raised a long arm in greeting. "George Slater," he said to me. "Our head decorator. The old man had women decorators, but we just couldn't find any good enough."

"I don't worry about that," Mr. Coombs said.

"Maybe women were different in those days," Mr. Kenney said. "It doesn't bother me, either. Anyway, we know that the old man worked out all the designs and cut all the stencils himself. George re-created the designs for us, and he does all the stencilling. The other boys do the rest of the decorating. They put the gilt banding on the turnings and brush in the graining. Stencilling is the big thing. When George gets finished with a chair, it's all done except for varnishing. I want you to meet him." He led me over to Mr. Slater. "George cut the stencil for the trademark, too," he said as he introduced us. "He's a real artist."

Mr. Coombs confirmed this with an emphatic grunt, but Mr. Slater cocked his head deprecatingly. "I used to be," he said. "Besides, there wasn't much to the trademark. Even if the lettering is a little special, it takes only one stencil, and only one tone of gold. The back-slat designs take about six stencils apiece, most of them, and as many different tones."

"I didn't know there were six different tones of gold," I said.

"No?" Mr. Slater said. "There're a dozen or more. All you need is enough gold powder, banana oil, and thinner, and you can make anything from red to white gold. The design that tried my patience was the eagle. It takes only

five stencils, but I was a solid day breaking it down. It's an extremely clever design. But then they all are."

"Exactly," Mr. Coombs said. "One hundred per cent." He tapped his mustache and looked thoughtful. Then he said, "But George has his work to do, John. So maybe..."

Mr. Kenney laughed heartily. "I'm ready," he said.

WE left Mr. Slater and headed for the office, on the second floor of the ell. A door at the end of the seating room led us into a kitchen, where Mr. Kenney got a pitcher of water and three tumblers. The office was just beyond—a small, dim, untidy room with a view of the dooryard and the shadowy depths of an elm. A golden-oak desk and a sway-backed swivel chair stood in one corner, a gaunt hat-rack in another, and, between the front windows, a table on which was a row of metal filing cabinets. Scattered about were several new Hitchcock chairs. The floorboards were bare and scuffed, there was a rambling water stain on the ceiling, and on the walls were a collection of old chair parts dangling from a string, two or three idyllic Currier & Ives prints of rural life, and the framed exhortation "Think." Mr. Coombs shot a fierce glance at the stain. Then he shoved three chairs up to the table, waved me into one, sank down on the second, and crossed his legs on the third. Mr. Kenney was busying himself at the desk. We watched him pull open a deep drawer and take out a succession of empty whiskey bottles. Finally, he found one about two-thirds full.

When he had fixed us each a drink, he lowered himself cautiously into the swivel chair, lay back, and lighted a cigarette. Presently he sighed. We sipped our drinks in a companionable silence for a time.

"Peaceful," said Mr. Coombs, at last.

"Oh, brother!" Mr. Kenney murmured. He roused himself a trifle. "One of these days,"

he said, "you'll see me living here. I've already got my land. It's on the slope up across from the Congregational Church. The hell with West Hartford and the shoe business and all the rest of it. If a fellow couldn't live here and like it, there's something plenty wrong with him. This is traditional—the Hitchcock chair, Hitchcocks-ville, the old Hitchcock factory.



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I don't know. There's a satisfaction in it. For a fellow like me, anyway." He took a thoughtful swallow of his drink. "Dick knows all this," he went on, "but I wasn't born to any gold spoon. My father was a dentist, up in Northampton, Mass., and he died when I was sixteen. I didn't get to college. I went to work in my uncle's shoe store up there, instead. I was supporting my mother and my sister and two brothers when I was seventeen. By the time I was nineteen, I had a store of my own in Poughkeepsie and another in Wellesley. They both folded up in 1938. I borrowed some money and started one in West Hartford. I was married then, with a baby, and I still had my mother and my sister and my brothers. The first year in West Hartford, I did twenty-eight thousand dollars' worth of business. When I turned the store over to my brother, a while back, it was doing close to half a million a year. But it was just a business. I mean it was what anybody could have if he wanted to work for it the way I did. What I wanted was something real. You might call it an inheritance. All I ever got or inherited was hard work. I used to see those friends of mine who were born to the purple—I was working day and night, including Sundays. Well, then I stumbled on this. It's given me what I always wanted. There's something real here, and traditional." He shrugged. "I don't know. You can be proud of it."

Mr. Coombs made a sympathetic sound and scowled into his glass. "I guess I just wanted to make that pretty little chair," he said.

—BERTON ROUECHÉ

SILVER LINING OF THE RADIOACTIVE CLOUD DEPARTMENT [From the News]

It noted that the bomb is much like older weapons, except for the deadly rays and particles it releases and for the sudden swiftness and much greater spread of damage area.

It's a safe bet nobody at the Kremlin openly subscribes to the Post. Yet The Saturday Evening Post does manage to crack the Iron Curtain. In spite of the Moscow ban, some forty copies of the Post slip into Russia each week—and, speaking of multiple readership, it is estimated that they are read by some 100,000 people!—Adv. in the Herald Tribune.

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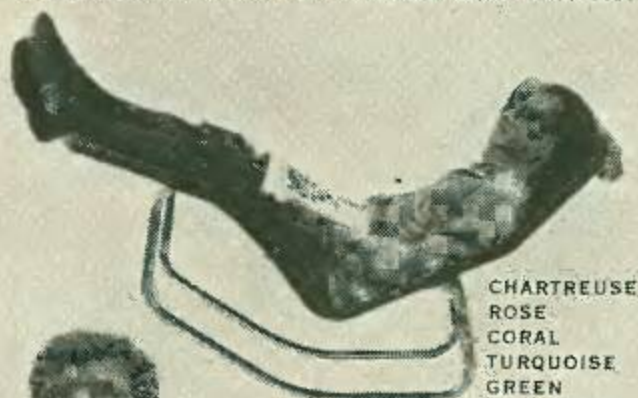
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LETTER FROM ROME

JULY 22

THE outdoor summer music season opened under a sickle moon in two of the most impressive and comfortable ruins in Rome. The main trouble with the al-fresco opera at the Baths of Caracalla (completed by the pagan Emperor Alexander Severus in 223 anno Domini) and the open-air concerts at the Basilica di Massenzio (completed by the Christian Emperor Constantine about a hundred years later) is the fact that the Emperors' works, when floodlit, give unfair competition to the works of men like Verdi and Beethoven. On the opening night at the Caracalla Baths, floodlights picked out jagged umber brick walls that were a quarter mile and seventeen hundred years distant. Amid the ruins were occasional illuminated trees that looked as beautiful, bright, and false as green bouquets. The stage was set between two colossal brick crags that reared high into the night sky. And visible over the curtain, like a super-scenic effect, was a changing décor of ochre clouds, tinted by the lights of suburban Rome. Among such magnificent distractions, it was difficult to keep an eye on Verdi's "La Forza del Destino," which takes concentration anyhow. It was made as spectacular as possible for the season's opening by the inclusion of four horses in the elaborated Spanish Army scene. But the eight thousand spectators who packed the modern wooden tribunes probably would have preferred the more familiar "Aida," which at the Caracalla includes camels. Maria Caniglia, who sang the part of Donna Leonora, omitted the Act I aria, with its high *tessitura*, in which her rich, overworked voice has recently begun to show the nap, like a piece of worn black velvet. But she is indubitably Italy's great dramatic soprano, capable of golden, embroidered phrases, is still in the handsome flush of her forties, and wears her costumes well. The production had the straggling, picnic quality that mars outdoor opera anywhere.

At the second of the orchestral pop concerts given by the Saint Cecilia Academy at the Basilica di Massenzio, the main features were the floodlighted neighboring Forum, the vast, palely lighted, drumlike Colosseum, and—

come to think of it—a pianist playing Beethoven's Third Concerto.

EVER since the fall of Fascism, impatient pessimists have been waiting for its ghost to walk. The ghost has just taken a tottering forward step. Il Movimento Sociale Italiano, which is as close to a Mussolinian party as is posthumously possible, has held a four-day congress in the handsome, gilded old Teatro Valle, formerly used for monarchical galas. An upper stage box was occupied throughout the affair by plainclothes police on the watch for "apologies for Fascism," which are now forbidden by law, but the speeches well established the M.S.I. as a party of

political nostalgia. Its adherents are homesick men, and a few women, still rattling around in the hole in history left by the disappearance of the grandiose personality and system of Il Duce. The M.S.I. followers arguing in the Valle's coffee bar consisted of worried white-collar-class youths sufficiently mature to be glib chauvinists, university students inexperienced enough to be hair-trigger patriots, a sprinkling of embittered war cripples who fought "for Italy's honor" against the Allied invasion at Anzio and are still proud of it, and some real crackpots—a blond, elephantine widow of a Fascist professor, a *marchesa* with a black lace fan, and a few plug-uglies wearing the lapel button of the Arditi, or Daring Ones, a Commando group of the First World War that Il Duce developed as a school for young thugs. Pacing the theatre corridors but not showing on the speakers' rostrum were some former first-class Fascist officials, including Giuseppe Bottai, Mussolini's Minister of Corporations, whose bureau controlled all workers as if they were a single guild, a feature of Fascist positivism that the M.S.I. believes could once more settle the Communists' hash.

The M.S.I. was created in 1943 by, among others, Giorgio Almirante, whose family are actors. He was on the staff of a Fascist anti-Semitic gazette, is now in his early thirties, and looks like a third-rate mustachioed Thespian. In an effort to attract workers to his cause, he told the congress that "the Italian farmhands and miners who have been striking do not love their grain and coal." He added, "Those dying today



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are Demo-Christians and Communists, those being born are M.S.I." His oddest convert is the former anti-Fascist Edmondo Cione, a Neapolitan philosopher known as the Calf, for his habit of tagging after his revered master, old Professor Benedetto Croce. The stage-box policemen arrested Cione for telling the congress that "democracy is a fraud." M.S.I. won 2.1 per cent of last year's national elections, has six deputies in the Parliament, and claims half a million adherents. Apparently, none of them are the backers who could count—those rich industrialists and nobles whose social and financial Fascist convictions are still strong, and even approved, in a milieu that is too wise to tie a political tag around its throat.

The M.S.I. has one comical importance. As a midget minority group, it can loudly back all the tactless, popular Italian complaints about which government politicians, who may agree, must diplomatically remain silent. Thus M.S.I. is rudely anti-British; it declares that the Allies have been politically stupid in not giving back to Italy its colonies and Trieste; and after Parliament approved the North Atlantic Pact, against which some Romans rioted, the anti-Pact M.S.I. claimed it had won fifty thousand riotous new followers. In its hit-and-miss appropriation of disappointments, the M.S.I. is a collector of cracked eggs that it puts in one tattered demotion basket—the outworn, dirty frame of Fascism. Fascism is not dead here, but none except the followers of M.S.I. take M.S.I. seriously.

ROME now ranks as *the* place—the place with the distinguishing definite article—for American travellers in Europe to come to. In the summers of the late nineteen-twenties, Venice was a similar necessity for the Americans of the international smart set. But their gilded circuit did not include Rome. Up to the depression after the First World War, Paris was *the* place for all Americans. For the last three years Rome has been gaining. It is now the top spot; Americans and their language can be heard all over the city. It is with Italy that the susceptible American tourist is now having the kind of visaed love affair that he once enjoyed with France. Since the Italians are as anti-French as the French are anti-Italian, there is some preening among Romans over Italian popularity and some proud wonderment that it did not happen before. When questioned, educated Romans usually give the following rather strange array of facts, and in the following order,

as reasons for their land's sudden vogue with *i turisti nord-americani*. No. 1: Italy's having lost the war. No. 2: Mussolini's having been assassinated. No. 3: The long occupation by our Army (which the Italians grew very tired of). No. 4: John Hersey's having written "A Bell for Adano" and John Burns' having written "The Gallery." No. 5: Italy's remarkable quick and amoral re-establishment, via her brilliantly organized black market, of her prewar standard of luscious food, and Italy's remarkable recovery, via the black market, in practically all ways. No. 6: The new-style Italian films, such as "Shoe-Shine," "Open City," and "Paisan," which showed to Americans a picture of the Italian poor and their hearts that Italians themselves did not want to see. No. 7: The United States' political interest in Italy's political fate after the last war, as against its indifference after the earlier one, and the average American citizen's desire, especially if the citizen is male, to come and see if the Marshall Plan has helped Italy's poverty. No. 8: An air of vitality in the Italian people, which astonishes even them, especially after twenty-two cramping years of Fascism, and which they think comes from their being the oldest civilization in Western Europe and somehow able to survive any Continental debacle, having already known the heights and the depths, pagan and Christian. No. 9: The present swing of the aesthetic pendulum away from the studied cerebralism and distortions of *l'art moderne* and back toward the romantic—the easy postcard beauty, the classic sensuousness exemplified in the Italian scene, climate, and arts. It should be added that in totting up their country's abilities to attract today, the one item all Italians agree on is Italy's art. Indeed, they bet on their art as an attraction the way the sporting tourist, when home, would bet on his favorite football team. —GENÊT

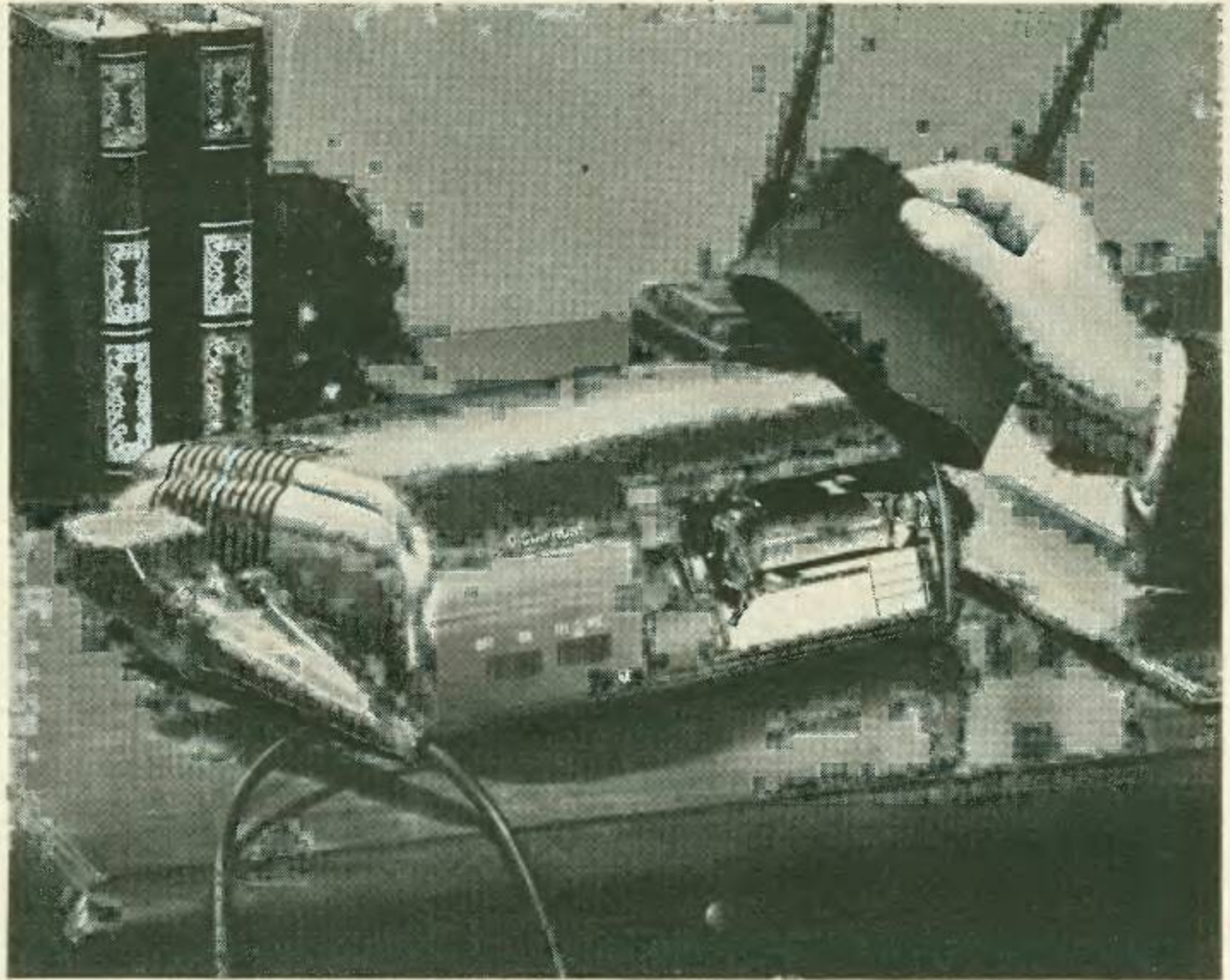
Most airline officials agree that what the industry needs more than anything else to get out of the red is more traffic. One way to increase traffic is to get people who have already flown to fly again, and often; the other is to inveigle those who for one reason or another have never flown to try it.—*Globe*.

That just about covers it.

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THE RACE TRACK

Claimers



RRACING at Saratoga-at-Jamaica leads one to all sorts of profound reflections, such as how sincerely the management accepts the obligations of its title, which is the Saratoga Association for the Improvement of the Breed of Horses. Thirty-three of the forty-eight races last week were claiming races. Since claiming races are the popular medium for bartering and exchanging second-, third-, and, especially, fourth-class racers, I'm afraid that five or six of these events a day never improved anything, not even the volume of betting. Colonel Martingale, who sits determinedly through them all, says he has seen better horses running in Gimbel's basement.

I THOUGHT the best show of the week at Jamaica was the Saranac Handicap, last Saturday, which Sun Bahram won. (He, by the way, is the fellow who was declared the winner in the Leonard Richards Stakes, at Delaware Park, several weeks ago, after the Greentree Stable's Capot and Wine List were disqualified for some crowding that Wine List did at the stretch turn. Since there were only four horses in that race, Capot and Wine List were placed third and fourth, respectively. The question arose whether they were entitled to third and fourth money. Well, the other day the stewards of the Jockey Club ruled that they weren't—that when an entry is disqualified, it is treated, so far as rewards are concerned, as though it hadn't been in the race at all.) Anyway, Sun Bahram was much the best of the lot in the Saranac, picking up his field easily in the last half mile and beating Eatontown by two lengths. Arise was third. Wine List, who was the favorite, was last. Maybe there's a hex on him.

The Saranac, incidentally, stirred up as merry a mob scene as we've had in years. It all started when Shackleton balked at going into the starting gate (he's had an aversion to the contraptions ever since he was hurt in one last spring), and the more he balked, the rougher the assistant starters became. Finally, they gave him a thorough going over, and he refused to run. After the finish, people who had bet on him



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wanted their money back. This was, of course, impossible—the horse was simply left at the post—so his partisans spent what was left of the afternoon booing everything.

Other items at Jamaica last week included the Albany Handicap, in which Ferd, the wonder two-year-old of the early spring, wasn't up to giving Detective eight pounds and a beating. Detective won in a photo finish. Then there was the interesting performance of Near East, who suddenly found her racing legs and won a minor race at \$34.20. You may have noticed her—a plump, good-looking bay with a stump of a tail much shorter than those you used to see on docked hackneys at shows. Last winter, someone slammed a stable door on her tail, and most of it had to be amputated; after that she appeared to lose interest in running. I'm told that now she wears a false tail when she isn't racing. It seems that when the hot weather came along, she had a major problem keeping flies away, so a couple of nimble-fingered workers in her stable made a tail for her that can be attached to the stub. It works fine, they say. Bucks up her morale, too.

THERE seems hardly anything left in the way of superlatives to add to the accounts of Coaltown's victory in the Arlington Handicap last Saturday. An embittered horseplayer who listened with me to the broadcast of the race observed that it might be an idea for the handicapper to give Coaltown, who was assigned a hundred and thirty pounds, a present of one pound more to carry in his next race. That wouldn't do at all. The only time he has been beaten in eleven starts this year was when he carried more than a hundred and thirty pounds. Oh, well, he'll have a holiday. As you know, he's too old for the Classic Stakes, this week's main event, which will bring out the three-year-olds at Arlington. I like Johns Joy in that one.

—AUDAX MINOR

HOME THOUGHTS FROM MEXICO

Tlacoachixtlahuaca I adore;
I crave for Ixcaquixtla more and more;
I love my Huehuetlán and Tlaquelipa;
I lift to Acatlán a joyful peeper.
Hurrah for Tixtla, Tlapa, Tlaxiaco!
Tlalixtaquilla is as dear as Saco.
But still I find these names are quite a strain;
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Maine.

—ROBERT HALE

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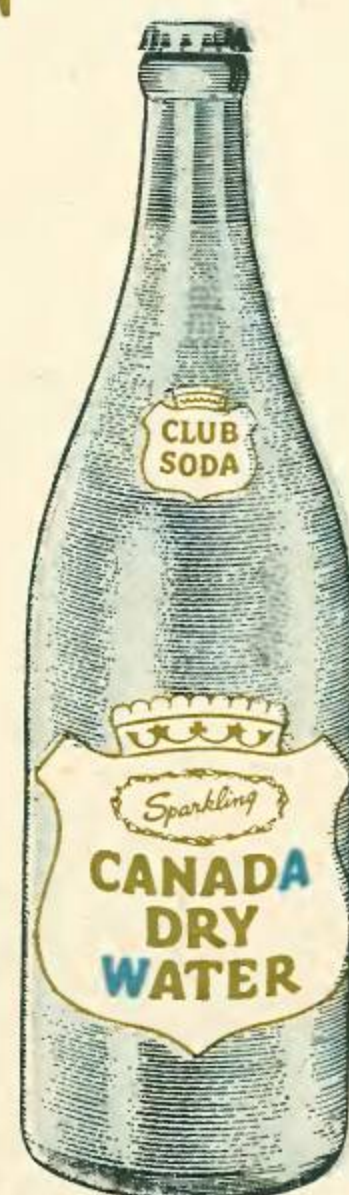
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MOVIE IN GALILEE

TEL AVIV, JULY 10

AT the Venice film festival of 1947, the first prize for new documentaries went to a movie called "House in the Desert," produced in Palestine before the war against the Arab states. The commentary and the occasional dialogue are in English, and the picture deals with the history of a settlement that was started in 1939 in the Jordan Valley, near the Dead Sea, on salt-laden land that had never, in four thousand years, been known to grow any form of life. A young zealot, working in temperatures of up to a hundred and thirty degrees, conducted experiments with the bitter soil and more or less by accident discovered that if it were flooded with large amounts of fresh water, the salt would soak deep enough into the ground to permit cultivation. With a small band of friends, he built dikes, laid pipes to the nearby Jordan, let water flow in to a depth of several feet, and kept the land covered at that depth for four months. During that time, fish were introduced into the man-made lake, and later netted and sent to market. After the water had been allowed to disappear into the earth, the pioneers found themselves with a considerable amount of fertile farmland and began the customary process of planting, building, and expanding. By the time the British left Palestine, Beit Ha'arava, as the settlement was called—it means House of the Desert—was a thriving place, run according to the communal and collective principles on which so many of the Zionist agricultural communities have been set up. There were comfortable dwellings, an ice plant, a large central hall and dining room, a nursery, shade trees and orchards, and spreading, rich fields, whose crops supported the entire establishment. The movie, which is done restrainedly, with only a moment or two of forgivable senti-

mentality, takes one through the processes of experimentation and growth, and ends on a note of bucolic triumph, with a pictorial summation of the achievements of the years of labor.

Shortly after the film was made, Beit Ha'arava was destroyed. When the Arabs attacked, the settlement, which was surrounded by Arab villages and hopelessly cut off, had to be evacuated by night. The settlers demolished everything they could, and the Arabs, when they came in, finished the job. According to reports from across the present boundary, there is almost nothing left to remind the traveller that once, not very long ago, men lived there, had their homes and shops there, and their fields and orchards.

DURING the Arab war, most of the men of Beit Ha'arava served in the Army. With the coming of peace, they split up into two groups and started settlements a few miles apart—Gesher Ziv and Beit Ha'arava Kabri, both in newly conquered western Galilee—on land given them by the government. Several weeks ago, Mr. Norman Lurie, the producer of "House in the Desert," invited me to go with him to Beit Ha'arava Kabri, where, almost exactly one year after the evacuation of Beit Ha'arava, he was going to show the film for the first time to the people who had acted in it and whose achievements it recorded.

Beit Ha'arava Kabri is about a hundred miles from Tel Aviv, beyond Haifa and Acre. Lurie and I started out from Tel Aviv early on a Saturday morning, in an old Ford station wagon, with a projector and some sound equipment bouncing on the bare floor as we clattered over the rough road northward. Since it was the Jewish Sabbath, no buses were running, and large groups of hitchhikers waited at every crossroads, most of them in uniform

or parts of uniforms. They pushed forth dangerously from the sides of the road as we approached, and gestured and shouted insults as we passed them by. We had room for only one more passenger, and we picked up a youth who had lost a leg in the siege of Jerusalem and who now got about on a wooden leg with the help of a cane. He had come from Rumania at the age of thirteen and had been trained as a carpenter. He had had his artificial leg only six days, and although it still hurt him to move around, he felt that he was ready to start work again. He was on his way to Haifa, to seek employment in a furniture factory there. He thought he would eventually get a small pension from the government, but nothing had been forthcoming so far.

Along the road, we passed fragrant orange groves, now rather unkempt because the trees were not pruned during the war. Unpicked fruit still hung from the upper branches, left there because harvesting the topmost branches would cost more than the oranges would bring in the market. In many of the fields, Arab men and women were at work, and Arab children held up bunches of flowers for sale along the roadside. Among the Arabs in Israel who resisted the urge to flee their homes during the war, the farmers, who can live off their own fields, have come out best. Their income and way of life have not been affected by the formation of the new state, in which they are full citizens, with all rights. But the Arabs who depended upon work in factories, especially in the Haifa area, are in bad straits, because many of the plants, most noticeably the large oil refineries, have not yet started up again, leaving the workers on the thin charity of the state. In the region of Nazareth, an Arab town from which many factory workers used to commute to Haifa, want is widespread, and a lively Communist faction is shrewdly exploiting the situation.

Arabs are not the only citizens here who are feeling the pinch of the unsettled economy of the country. As we drew near Haifa, we saw the camps in which the newest Jewish immigrants are temporarily housed and from which, on several occasions, crowds of demonstrators have marched on Haifa, demanding work and homes. The



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government has many plans for the Haifa area, including the construction of shipyards, the encouragement of new manufacturing, and the basing of an Israeli merchant marine in the city's fine harbor. The Ford Motor Company has had a representative there to discuss the possibility of putting up a plant for the assembly of Ford cars to be sold in Israel. There is a feeling that the Ford company is actuated in this distant Mediterranean venture not so much by the prospect of gain as by the desire to wipe out the memory of the violent anti-Semitism in which the founder of the company so long indulged.

Haifa, we found when we arrived, was preparing to celebrate Navy Day the next afternoon, and the streets were full of naval officers, cadets, and seamen, all of them alarmingly young, all of them very trim and seaworthy in their white uniforms with British-style caps. The numerous cafés, designed to attract visiting seamen, advertised fish-and-chips and steak-and-eggs and such Arab delicacies as *kebab* and *homos bithini*, the latter an oily paste of chick-peas and spices, eaten with unleavened Arab bread. At a café adorned with a huge, glaring poster picture of Jabotinsky, the dead founder of the Revisionists, whose followers still, almost hopelessly, claim all of Palestine for Israel, two naval officers were placidly sipping coffee and playing dominoes, unmoved by the figure, mutely exhorting them to sacrifice and glory, above their heads. Farther on, the road winds past the former Arab city of Acre, taken with surprising ease by the Israelis. Medieval walls, built down to the sea, guard the crowded, minaret-topped city.

WESTERN Galilee, with its fertile fields, its ample supply of water, and its pretty sea-coast and beaches, is pleasant vacation country. Nahariya, which we reached at lunch time and where we planned to spend the night after showing the film, is a little resort town near the Lebanese border, settled by Germans some fifteen years ago. It is now devoted almost completely to idle seaside pastimes. There are many small hotels and pensions, and an excellent beach, along which are rows of cabanas, each flying a bright pennant from its rooftop. Visitors pedal rented bicycles down the tree-shaded streets and stop off for tea, sugar cookies, and old-fashioned German cheesecake in one or an-

other of the many cafés, where they are served at tables under umbrellas in green gardens heavy with the scent of honeysuckle. There is no trace of Socialism in Nahariya. Every man built his house as he saw fit, and the result is a charming confusion of styles, all very clean and neat and Germanic—a relief after the Spartan functionalism of the rest of the country. A remark often heard during the time the United Nations was partitioning Palestine was "It makes no difference who gets Galilee—the British, the Arabs, or the Jews. Nahariya remains German."

In the days of the British mandate, British officers came to Nahariya for weekends with their girls, and the place is still the scene of much romantic, if more legal, emotion. On our arrival, we found almost every hotel full of honeymooners who had been married that week after waiting out the thirty-two-day period after Passover, during which time (except for one day, early in May) no marriage can be performed. So at the moment Nahariya was overflowing with couples who represented a kind of backlog of affection suddenly released by the religious authorities.

We took a room in a modest hotel built, California style, around a garden, with all the rooms opening on a colonnade. During the war the hotel was used as a maternity hospital, the landlady told us, and our room, No. 13, was the delivery room. In it, as she put it, "a hundred Israelis were made." The landlady, who was also the cook, served us lunch in the garden, where we were surrounded by rather languid couples. The food was very

good—much better than can be obtained anywhere in Tel Aviv or Jerusalem—and the place was immaculate, the landlord spending his time assiduously spraying everything with DDT to

keep off the flies that are the plague of the Middle East. The people of Israel view with alarm the local flies' growing talent for immunizing themselves against the effects of DDT, and the proprietor was relieved to learn that this is not merely a Palestinian phenomenon but an accomplishment of even the less sophisticated flies of the United States.

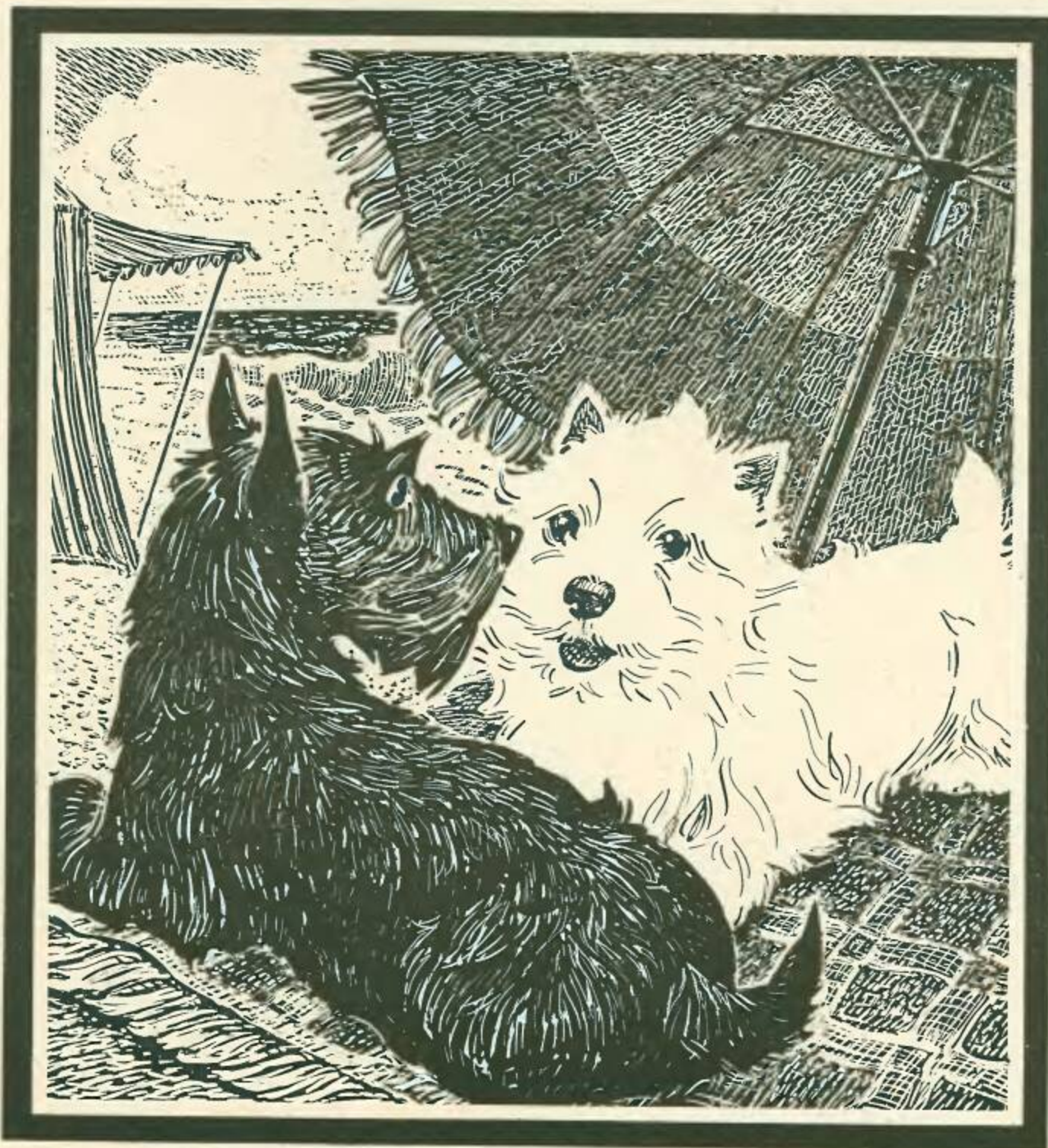
Our hosts had started a chicken farm when they arrived from Germany, fifteen years ago, in the then undeveloped town. But the hours were so terribly long and the return so uncer-



tain that they sold out and decided to venture into the hotel business, opening, fittingly enough, on V-E Day. British officers, they said, had not patronized their place much, because it did not have a bar. Their "big son," as they called him, aged seventeen, had gone into the Army and had been killed during the recent war, in the ambush of a convoy going up into the nearby hills to relieve the surrounded settlement of Yehiam. With him were killed more than forty other soldiers. The woman spoke of the disaster in the patient, resigned manner of someone who is accustomed to wars and sudden death, and quickly went on to other subjects, among them the new government regulations for hotels, which are aimed at lowering the cost of living. She and Lurie speculated about the precarious state of the small businessman in an economy that is being put under increasingly severe governmental control.

Lurie, who is a robust man of forty, a South African educated in England, where he captained the London University Rugby team in 1927, decided to pull up stakes and bring his family to Palestine at the end of the Second World War. He had served as a war correspondent with South African troops and then with the Jewish Brigade in Italy, and it was the sight of the newly liberated concentration camps in Europe that made up his mind to sell his fine house in Johannesburg and dispose of a good part of his other holdings and move to Israel, even though, as he puts it, "I am a member of that class that everyone here is trying, very efficiently, to wipe out." The success of the racially intolerant Nationalist Party in South Africa has been driving more and more South African Jews to Israel. They are highly prized citizens, being industrious and skilled, and during the Arab war were considered to have the best record of all the foreign volunteers.

After lunch, we got into the station wagon to visit the "American" *kibbutz* of Geshar Ziv, which is close to Nahariya. Here, on the site of an old British Army camp, some of the survivors of Beit Ha'arava have merged with a group of newly arrived Americans to start a settlement, situated handsomely among olive groves overlooking the Mediterranean. Young men and women trained for agricultural work in the United States have set up their homes among the abandoned, roofless stone barracks. Prefabricated wooden buildings dot the landscape. As supple-



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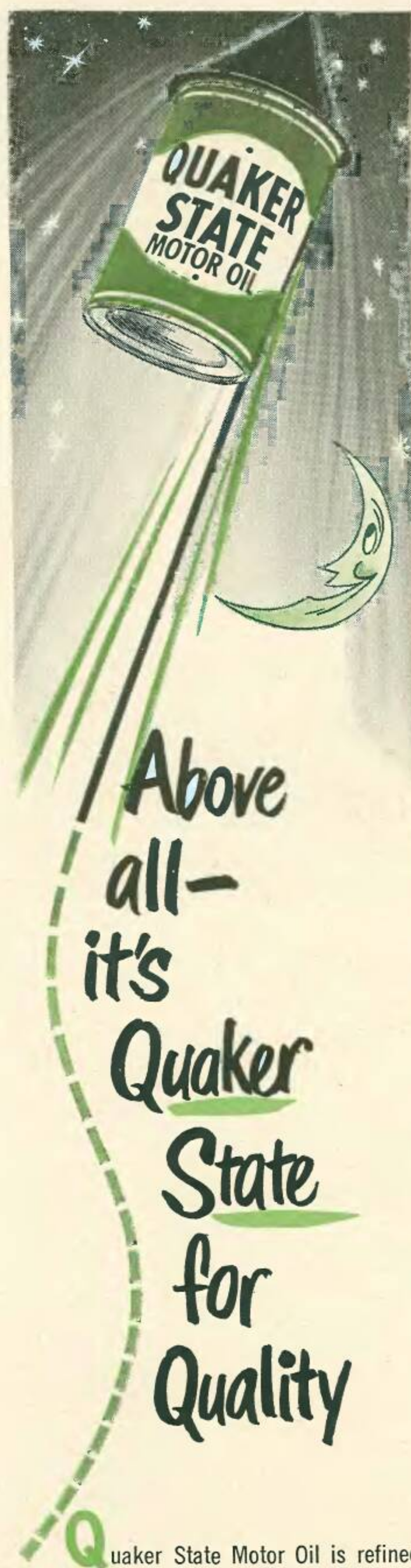


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mentary housing, tents on concrete platforms are used. Married couples occupy the tents for the time being, as it is felt that men who are denied the pleasures of matrimony should at least have the luxury of real roofs over their heads.

Since it was the Sabbath, little work was being done. In the distance, a thin boy on a tractor was plowing an enormous field bounded by rows of cypresses, and in the community kitchen several young women were gloomily doing chores. The governing committee was having a meeting in the shade of an olive tree, and four men in shorts were playing basketball on a court inside one of the roofless British barracks.

A tall young man in a bright terry-cloth robe and unmistakably American moccasins was trudging, towel and soap in hand, to the community shower, his feet moving in small sprays of dust. Rusting rolls of barbed wire lay here and there on the outskirts of the settlement, and under the rolled-up flaps of the tents could be seen the sprawled forms of settlers who were putting in a little American sack time on the holiday afternoon. A surplus American Navy laundry unit was set up in a position of honor in a central building; I was told that an ambitious plan was in hand to add to the settlement's income by taking in neighbors' wash. Here and there could be heard the flat music of Middle Western voices, and when Lurie went to the community kitchen and inquired, in Hebrew, for a friend of his, I heard a woman's voice say in American, "There's someone here looking for Harry that speaks very bad Hebrew." Lurie grinned philosophically at this blunt criticism from the New World.

In the camp that day were some visitors from Haifa, among them a burly veteran sailor in the American and Israeli Navies. He had fought against the Egyptians in the Mediterranean on a submarine chaser and looked back wryly on the day, early in the Arab war, when the craft on which he served was sent out, armed mostly with hand grenades, to deal with two heavily gunned Egyptian vessels. He is getting out of the Navy shortly, much to his delight, as he says the Israeli Navy, like all navies, is becoming rank-happy, and has joined a South African coöperative group that is going to purchase a merchant ship and operate it out of Haifa.

For a visiting American, who is likely to feel that half the world would like

to take up residence in the United States, it is curious to meet young men and women who have given up the comforts of America for the rigors and uncertainties of pioneering in Asia Minor. They have no delusion that it will be easy. As my seagoing friend said, "We're going to be poor, and we're going to have to work like dogs for the rest of our lives." The willingness of these former Americans to



live this kind of life comes, in part, from a desire to rid themselves of the burden of anti-Semitism, which, even in America, subtly enters into all psychological calculations. And then there is that idealism that has driven men again

and again into communal adventures in which the individual can happily submerge himself in a common effort to reach a goal he believes to be a good one, transcending any selfish satisfactions. The goal in this case is the creation of a moral life based on labor, in which no man employs another man, in which a small community of men and women work for each other, each responsible for the other. There is an emotional security in this ideal that can be very appealing to people who have been shocked by the oversized callousness of modern industrial life. Smallness, all by itself, becomes a virtue. And when it can be allied with the idea of the redemption and reinstitution of a people who have suffered much at the hands of the world, its attraction becomes plain.

Practically, of course, life does not proceed on this idyllic, lofty level. In Gesher Ziv, there is considerable friction between the so-called Anglo-Saxon contingent and the veterans of Beit Ha'arava. For one thing, the Palestinians are older and more experienced, and so have taken a major part in shaping the policies of the settlement. Also, since the training of the Americans was mostly theoretical, the newcomers are constantly running into the hardheaded objections of the older members, who have learned their jobs by the painful process of trial and error. And little things, among them the American girls' natural desire to hang on to such small luxuries as nylon stockings and the preparations of Elizabeth Arden, can be the cause of a certain amount of unsisterly rancor around the community table. A woman's taste for the rough equality of the frontier has well-defined limits, even among the brave hills of Galilee, and some sharp words must be spoken

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THAT evening, we went into the hills, to the new settlement of Beit Ha'arava Kabri, which is composed entirely of men and women who lost their original *kibbutz*, on the Dead Sea, in the war. The road is a rocky one, and we went past a spot where three dead camels were lying, staining the air with the smell of death. They had been killed several nights before, when police surprised some Arab smugglers making their way from the Lebanese border to Haifa with loads of fountain pens and nylon stockings. The new settlement is perched high on a bare hilltop; all its fields and orchards lie far below. The Army ordered the settlement established on this site for an obvious military reason: it dominates the land for miles around. During the war, it was found again and again that villages and *kibbutzim* in valleys and on low ground could be easily surprised and taken. In exchange for the inconvenience of the location, the settlers have spread before them a view of surpassing magnificence. To the north rise the Lebanese hills, framing a landscape of olive and orange groves, and of green fields cut into formal patterns by rows of blackish-green cypress trees. The air is clear and cool and mountain-like, and in the distance, to the west, the Mediterranean gleams in the sunlight. The temporary buildings of the *kibbutz* are of the usual wooden prefabricated type, making the place look a little like an Army camp, except that there is a new rose garden here and there.

The secretary of the settlement, a graying but youthful man whom everyone calls Shlomo, which is what "Solomon" sounds like in Hebrew, showed us about, moving with a mountaineer's agility over the rough ground. He told us the settlement was only four months old; indeed, the generator for electric power, of which everyone was very proud, had been installed just the week before. In the mess hall, which also serves as general meeting place, loaves of bread and dishes of olives were set out for the evening meal. On the walls were photographs of the settlement of Beit Ha'arava as it had been in its thriving days. Rifles and Sten guns, with loaded magazines beside them, were stacked against the wall at one end of the room. At the opposite end, photographs of the seven men and one woman of the settlement who were killed in the war had been tacked up. The woman, who was

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shot when the plane in which she was flying was forced down in Arab territory, stared out gravely from the photograph, pretty, direct, looking very much alive. Several of the dead men had been handsome, and all of them had been young. Two or three had sensitive, remote expressions on their faces, and one got the feeling, as one sometimes did when looking at the photographs of the fallen published in newspapers at home during the World War, that these men had had some premonition of doom as they faced the camera. The day before, the people of the community had planted eight trees in memory of these lost comrades.

Not far away, the ruins of the former Arab village of Kabri, reduced in the fighting, caught the light of the setting sun. Shlomo led us there, over a rock-strewn road, past the olive groves and lush fields that are now part of his settlement's domain. They do not expect to do anything much about the olives, he told us. The labor of picking them is prohibitively slow. "Olives are the crop of poverty," he said. "Look at the places that grow them—Greece, Spain, Italy, Sicily, North Africa. The poorest people in the world." The Arabs, he said, can afford to grow olives because they turn children of all ages loose on the trees to harvest the crop. The Jews keep their children in school. Californians, of course, Shlomo said with a smile, manage by the use of a machine.

The land, according to Shlomo, is extremely rich. The Arabs, with their primitive plows, merely scratched the top of the ground, and it is not necessary to plow very deep to get the full benefit from the earth. The orchards, however, are haphazardly planted—the trees mixed and growing too close together—and will probably all have to be replanted.

Except for little scurrying green lizards, flickering off the path among the rocks, there was no life visible in Kabri. A mosque, opened by artillery fire, gaped to the sky, a portion of a dome, painted a delicate blue, projecting sorrowfully up against the evening light. Any place where men have lived and where they no longer live is sad, but it was so easy to imagine the crowded, noisy, simple life of the tiny village that its present silent ruin was doubly oppressive. Here and there, a one-room house and its neighboring barn, separated by only a step, were still intact, and on the stone floors

were bits of broken earthenware and torn clothing. There was an air of impoverished innocence about the deserted town, and it was impossible not to wonder where the people who had lived in the place were at that moment and how they were faring. Shlomo, whose home and whose fields and workshops were laid waste and whose friends had been killed by the Arabs, obviously had no such thoughts. Just a couple of miles away, sharply visible in the clear air, was the line of hills that marked the Lebanese border, and Shlomo felt that the danger of attack from those hills should be met in every way possible, including the removal of temptation by razing the few remaining buildings in Kabri.

Lurie and I followed him to the great artesian well of Kabri, a deep, open pool set in stone walls, from which, with a rushing, liquid sound, a constant swift stream runs in a narrow channel down toward the sea, to supply the city of Acre with fine water and irrigate the fields of Nahariya. The sides of the well were covered with a scum of algae, and little frogs of some sort sang their high, piercing notes from the water's edge. In a dry country, water has a fascination about it, especially when it is permitted to flow in luxurious abundance, and we stared at the dark, green-smelling pool for a long time.

On the way back to the settlement, walking deftly among the burrs and thistles that were already claiming the road, Shlomo told us some of the history of the people of Beit Ha'arava. When the settlement was destroyed, the inhabitants—at least those of them who were not in the Army—hung together, hoping that the fortunes of war would

take the Army back to the shores of the Dead Sea. But it became evident that that was never going to happen. In the discussions among the settlers about where to start over, divisions appeared. There were some who wanted to begin again in a desert area, like the Negev, and repeat the dangerous and backbreaking experiment of

the Dead Sea *kibbutz*. Others felt that they had had enough of hardship and were content to let their idealism burn at a somewhat more moderate heat. In every *kibbutz* there is a group that advocates putting the profits of the common labor into personal comforts for the settlers, and a group that wants to have the profits put back into community resources. Shlomo, it was clear, was of



the latter persuasion, and when we observed his set jaw and his penetrating, cold eyes it was not difficult to see how stubborn a man he could be in a community argument.

The less fanatic party finally broke off altogether and set up housekeeping in Gesher Ziv with the American immigrants, who, Shlomo scornfully said, will soon have a radio in every room. No love is lost now between the two settlements, and Shlomo has never been down to visit his old comrades, although the communities are only five or six miles apart. Shlomo also feels that the nearby presence of lax, pleasure-loving Nahariya, with its cafés and movie house (at the moment showing "Gone with the Wind"), is a strong inducement to sloth for the American group.

AT dinner, which was very simple indeed, although there was all the bread and good Australian margarine one could eat, a youthful bustle filled the crowded mess hall. There were almost as many women as men, which is not the case in most *kibbutzim*. In fact, one of the big problems of these settlements is the limited number of women, and often the governing committee gives a lonely male member time off to go into one of the towns to find himself a bride. This is not easy, as Israel is one of the few places in the world where there are a great many more men than women, as a result of the influx of youths of fighting age in the last few years. For another thing, the rugged community life of the agricultural settlements and the psychological problems for a woman of not having her own home, of being forced to do some of the drearier kitchen and laundry housekeeping tasks for the group, and of having to hand over much of the business of bringing up her children to the community nursery all combine to make her think twice before saying yes to a suitor from a *kibbutz*. All the city dwellers, the intellectuals especially, sing the praises of the country life in the community settlements and of the purifying rigors of danger, but very few of them show up on the front line, even though the front line here right now is being held by tractors and disking machines rather than by rifles. And among the thousands of new immigrants who have come from cities and commercial pursuits, and who have spent years in camps of one kind or another, there is a marked reluctance to go into what they consider just another camp. Shlomo, who told us that Beit Ha'arava

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Kabri could use fifty more people immediately, has a typically forthright solution for the problem of the immigrants. "No work," he says, "no food. They'll come then." The government, involved in other, more complex considerations, cannot quite follow this stern policy but is tactfully beginning to place the immigrants in towns and camps near the agricultural settlements, so that they will be exposed to the pleasures and rewards of rural labor and perhaps slowly overcome both their city-bred aversion to working the land and their bourgeois revulsion against community living.

The people around us in the mess hall, particularly the men, were good-looking. Unfortunately, trouble, danger, and hard work are the most beautifying forces for the human face, and these young men have had a large share of all three. Most of them were very large, with bold, tanned faces and clear eyes (there is little drinking in the settlements), and they gave the impression of a group of good-humored athletes whose faces had somehow been stamped by profound experiences much beyond their years. The women, perhaps because their snug numerical position does not force them to be otherwise, are no match, from an aesthetic point of view, for the men.

After dark, the mess-hall benches were carried out to the side of the hill, where the screen and projector Lurie had brought along had been set up. Far away could be seen the lights of Haifa, curving, necklacelike, around the shore of the bay. Closer by, slowly mounting the hill, were the headlights of a truck coming from Gesher Ziv for the showing. Children, well-mannered and quiet, sat next to their parents on the benches, waiting for the first movie of their lives. I wondered how these people would behave when they saw the pictures of their old home, built with so much agony, which, a year ago, they had had to leave, by night, to the torch of the enemy. During a couple of newsreels of the fighting, which were run off first, they sat quite stolidly, chatting while the reels were being changed. There was no applause at the sight of the Israeli flag or at the triumphant conclusion of the newsreels, and there were no signs of emotion when pictures of the dead and wounded in Jerusalem were shown.

When Lurie's documentary was put on, they sat silently, watching with po-

lite interest. The sound track was, incongruously, in English, and not many of the audience understood it. They murmured in recognition of familiar faces, much the way families do at showings of home movies, and they laughed, not unkindly, when the film, in a moment of sentimentality, showed the first woman who came to the settlement lighting the Friday-night candles, surrounded by a circle of intent men.



The members of Beit Ha'arava Kabri are not religious and do not observe the old forms, and they cynically recognized the little scene for what it was—a moviemaker's synthetic attempt to produce emotion out of unauthentic material. They also laughed when the woman, who was very pretty, was shown with a husband and a child who had been picked by the director for their photogenic possibilities but who in real life were connected to entirely different people. The greatest excitement came when children were shown on the screen and parents explained to their offspring that that was what they had looked like two years before. When the picture ended, the members of the audience promptly stood up, picked up the benches on which they had been sitting, and repaired to the mess hall. Poor Lurie, whose picture had deservedly won the international prize at Venice, was somewhat abashed by the flat, stoical reception it had had on the cool, dark hillside in Galilee.

But in the mess hall, where the settlers came to leave the benches and look at the board on which their tasks for the next day were posted (by Shlomo, who has no finicky hesitation about taking any kind of responsibility on his shoulders), we learned that the lack of demonstrativeness had not resulted entirely from lack of feeling. A huge young man with a grave, work-worn face sat down next to Lurie and me and said, "All day I argued with myself. I changed my mind a dozen times—whether to see the film or not. I didn't know if I could stand it." He looked around him at the new walls, at the racked rifles and the photographs of the dead, and nodded slightly, as though he had just discovered something. "I'm glad I saw it," he said.

IT was close to midnight when, with the tireless Shlomo as our guide, Lurie and I started bumping down the primitive road toward the sea. When

we were safely on our way, Shlomo jumped out of the car, waved at us, called "Shalom!" and started the twenty-minute climb back to the settlement, whose lights, mounted on the black pile of the hill, shone clearly against the starry sky.

We clattered slowly over the rock-strewn track, between the twisted shapes of the cactus fences, past the dead smell of the camels, and onto the highway to Nahariya. In the distance, a jackal was howling, and he was still howling, wild and strange, when I fell off to sleep in Room No. 13, where, during the war, to the accompaniment of nearby gunfire, the hundred Israelis were made.

—IRWIN SHAW

ACADEMIC MOON

I have been walking under the sky in the moonlight
With a professor. And am pleased to say
The moon was luminous and high and profitable.
Moonlit was the professor. Clear as day.

He had read, of late, how extraordinary moons are
Upside down. Aloft in the night sky
One drifted upright, in the usual fashion.
But the professor, glad to verify

Hypothesis or truth, when he is able—
Even, it seems, to set the moon askew—
Proposed that we reverse our own perspective.
And, on the whole, it *was* a lovelier view

Of white circumference—smaller now, he fancied,
A tidier sphere. This last I could not tell
From so oblique an angle. I only remember
Enjoying the occasion very well.

—HELEN BEVINGTON

Sometimes the process seems surprisingly effortless and informal, as on a recent occasion in the House of Commons. There was a debate on the Atlantic Pact, and visitors were entranced to see the rotund form of the Leader of His Majesty's Loyal Opposition lying almost prone on the red leather front bench. His head rested against the back cushion and his rather short legs, thrust as far forward as possible, were propped on the table in the center aisle.—*The Times Book Review.*

That would entrance us, but we wouldn't call it effortless.

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REVELATION IN THE LOUNGE CAR

"CIGARETTE?" I said to the middle-aged man in the next chair. "No, thank you, sir," he said. "Gave them up two years ago."

"I suppose it was difficult at first," I said.

"Oh, no," he said. "Very easy. From the first, I never missed them. I used to smoke nearly a pack a day."

"Do you miss them at all now?" I asked.

"Oh, no," he replied, and looked at me uneasily. "I gave up coffee a while ago, to tell the truth, and I never miss that either."

The lounge-car steward passed and I said, "Will you join me in a glass of sherry?"

"No, thank you," my neighbor said. "I'm sure you must think I'm awfully odd, but I gave up drinking altogether a few months ago. And to be quite honest, I don't miss it in the least." His manner of speaking had become almost apologetic. "Do you mind my talking to you frankly?" he said. "Do you think there's anything *wrong* with me?"

"Why, what do you mean?" I asked. "Well, most of my friends do," he said. "And I'm a little worried myself. One of my friends says I have a bad Puritanical streak. He says I'm repressing my natural joy in life. He says I *ought* to miss cigarettes and coffee and liquor, and that, but for some block in my character, I would. Another friend says all this is a sign that I am losing my grip on the basic values of life. 'A man of your age,' he says, 'should still enjoy these things. It's the beginning of death to give them up without missing them. It's a disease.'"

"Oh, well, lots of people give up coffee, liquor, and smoking," I said. "I wouldn't worry about it."

"But there are other things, too," he said. "The last year or so, I find I can do not only without cocktails but without cocktail parties. I've cut out dinner parties, too, and Sunday-afternoon teas, and receptions, and weekend visits at country houses with miscellaneous guests, and dinner out in the suburbs with people I scarcely know. I've cut out subscriptions to half a dozen magazines. I no longer listen to quiz programs on the radio, or look at them on television; I find I do quite well without absorbing the warnings of political commentators. I have given up the Book-of-the-Month Club. And I crave for none of

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these things. What is dreadful," he went on with intense seriousness, "is that I don't miss any of them. I stay home evenings, I chat with a friend or two, I read an old book, I take long walks. I've become a sort of hermit animal. I have an appointment with a psychiatrist tomorrow."

"I am sure he will do all sorts of things to help you," I said.

—IRWIN EDMAN

WIND ON CAPITOL HILL DEPT.

(NOW YOU KISS ME DIVISION)

[From the Congressional Record]

MR. PEPPER. Mr. President, will the Senator be good enough to yield for another question?

MR. DOUGLAS. I am very glad to yield for a question. Let me say parenthetically that I have been accustomed in the past to have the heat turned on me from the other side of the aisle. It is now very interesting to have heat coming from this side of the aisle; but whatever the Senator from Florida asks I shall have the same affectionate regard for him I have always had.

MR. PEPPER. The Senator knows that if this is a contest of affection, I would reluctantly accord him the position of winner.

MR. DOUGLAS. Does the Senator mean that my affection for him is greater than his affection for me?

MR. PEPPER. My affection for the Senator is greater than his affection for me.

MR. DOUGLAS. I protest. The Senator's affection for me cannot under any conditions equal or surpass my affection for him.

MR. PEPPER. I will admit that when each of us, with affection for the other, reaches the perihelion, we shall be equal.

If the Senator will further yield, is it not a fact that neither the Taft amendment nor the...

An embarrassing moment raises its little pointed head.

You wish you had something to say.

Lots of people stew, say nothing or mutter something feeble, secretly praying the earth will open up suddenly and swallow them!

If you could only think fast, you tell yourself, the way some people can—

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You can't afford such an expensive date. ("Bali-Hai, cash low. So sorry, no go.")

Someone wants to borrow something you don't want to loan. ("Take the mink and the convertible, but not that. Honestly, I never loan it to anyone.")

Someone phones for a date, you're busy that night. ("—but a raincheck, please?")

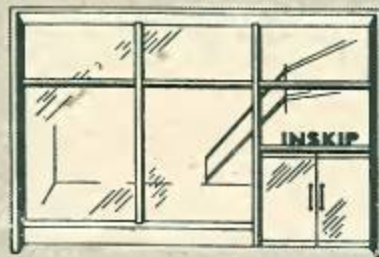
You don't want to be kissed. ("Here you are without a priority!")—Marion Glendining in the World-Telegram.

It might be better to hire a bulldozer and make the earth open up.



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OUT OF TOWN

Island Eating

AS all who have ever done any motoring on Long Island, casual or otherwise, know, the main highways there are lined with eating places of the frankfurter-pizza-frozen-custard type. These are not the end and ultimate in Long Island restaurants, however, and after a survey of Island spots offering a more varied fare, I can report with confidence that even those who take their dining with considerable seriousness are in no danger of going hungry almost anywhere east of Queens. Prices, in the main, are a trifle lower than those in effect at comparable Westchester and Connecticut restaurants; menus are likely to be somewhat more limited; Long Island duckling is, naturally, on every bill of fare; and the farther out one goes, the less of a crowd there is, except on Friday and Saturday evenings, when every place is crowded. On any evening, it's a good idea to make a reservation—you'll get a better table, at least—and on Mondays or Tuesdays you had better phone ahead to find out whether the place you have in mind is open or not; many of them aren't on those days. For those who plan to motor from Manhattan, I recommend the Triborough Bridge rather than the Queensboro Bridge or the Queens Midtown Tunnel, both of which are exasperating, especially between five-thirty and seven. Traffic along the East River Drive begins to taper off around six-thirty, and after that you can go from mid-Manhattan to almost any point in Nassau County in an hour and a quarter or less.

ONE of the notably pleasant restaurants in Nassau County is Westbury Manor, on the south side of Route 25—the Jericho Turnpike—between Westbury and Mineola (Westbury 7-0839). August Sandi, the proprietor, is a thoughtful and knowledgeable host; his menus are carefully put together, his wine list is remarkably complete, and the service is competent and relaxed. There are three indoor dining rooms and a number of screened porches, all with tables set far enough apart to gladden the heart of the claustrophobe. The high-ceilinged, eighteen-seventies house is sufficiently removed from the highway to give guests a feeling of remoteness unusual in a place so near the city.

Among other Nassau County spots I can recommend more or less unreservedly are the Villa Victor, also on Route 25, in Syosset (Syosset 6-1706), and the Swan Club, on Shore Road, Glenwood Landing, about two miles north of Route 25A, turning at Roslyn (Roslyn 3-0037). Each has excellent food and wines and altogether charming surroundings. Villa Victor treats its cuisine a bit more resourcefully, perhaps, including on its menu such items as soft clams on toast, *pot au feu*, and *poulet en cocotte*. Each has an expanse of water nearly at its doorstep, with ducks and swans, respectively, disporting themselves thereon.

The Beau Sejour, in Bethpage, about a mile east of Route 107 on Central Avenue (Hicksville 3-0091), has a steady clientele that is prepared to swear it serves the best food not only on Long Island but anywhere within motoring distance of New York. I won't go that far, but the food is certainly extremely good. It's also, I believe, about the most expensive on Long Island, but you don't have to brood over that until the meal is over, because there are no menus.

Rothmann's, that sturdy old standby of the North Shore colonies, in East Norwich, on Route 25A (Oyster Bay 6-0266), is unchanged in every respect from prewar days. The customers are still a nice mixture of townspeople, summer residents, and tourists; the waiters are as active and cheerful as ever, and assure patrons that every item on the menu is wonderful; and if the prices have risen at all, it is imperceptible.

Anyone favorably inclined toward Swedish food can't do better than the Stockholm, on Route 25, at the eastern end of Syosset township (Syosset 6-1798). It's a barnlike Colonial structure, with a somewhat ascetic bar and taproom and a huge dining room, featuring, as might be expected, an enormous selection of *smörgåsbord*.

MOST of the Suffolk County restaurants are a little too far for all but the most determined New York City motorists. Two that aren't, both on Route 25, are Round Hill, in South Huntington (Huntington 1371), and Frank Friede's Riverside Inn, about twelve miles beyond, in Smithtown (Smithtown 1016). Round Hill is the more elaborate of the two. It's less than



a hundred yards from a flock of roadside stands, but skillful landscaping makes one unaware that there is any such flotsam within miles. There is a delightful grass terrace for cocktails, and a screened dining porch and an interior dining room, both so small that it is especially advisable to telephone ahead for a table here. There is also an exceptionally good wine cellar. Friede's is a roomy, comfortable old mansion, built in 1862 and added to casually as business has grown. It fronts on a pond, hedged on the far side by shade trees that screen the highway from view. The food is more than adequate, and everyone connected with the place seems almost desperately anxious for the guests to enjoy themselves.

The Hamptons, if you're game to drive that far, or if you happen to be spending the summer out that way, have a number of fine offerings. Reading from west to east, there is, first of all, the Dune Deck, right on the ocean at Westhampton Beach (Route 27 to Westhampton, then right in the village square; Westhampton 1400). It's a gaudy, Hollywood-modern affair, with a multicolored exterior, a flat roof, and big picture windows for the view of dunes, ocean, and sky. A weekday evening is the best bet; weekends are likely to be chaotic. The Cruiser Club, a small, new place in Hampton Bays (sharp left off Route 27, just beyond the Shinnecock Bridge; Hampton Bays 342), is attractive in a nautical way, with a gangplank at the entrance, and portholes in the walls. Herb McCarthy's Bowden Square, in the middle of Southampton (Southampton 788), is a sort of bucolic Stork Club, with Sonny Kendis' Trio and a good number of Stork Club patrons, especially on weekends. Out in East Hampton, on the ocean, is the Sea Spray Inn (East Hampton 475), new to me and very satisfying indeed. It's primarily an inn, but they're happy to have people in for meals. On weekends, they have a grand buffet-luncheon setup; you can eat in the dining room or take your food out on the porch or the lawn.

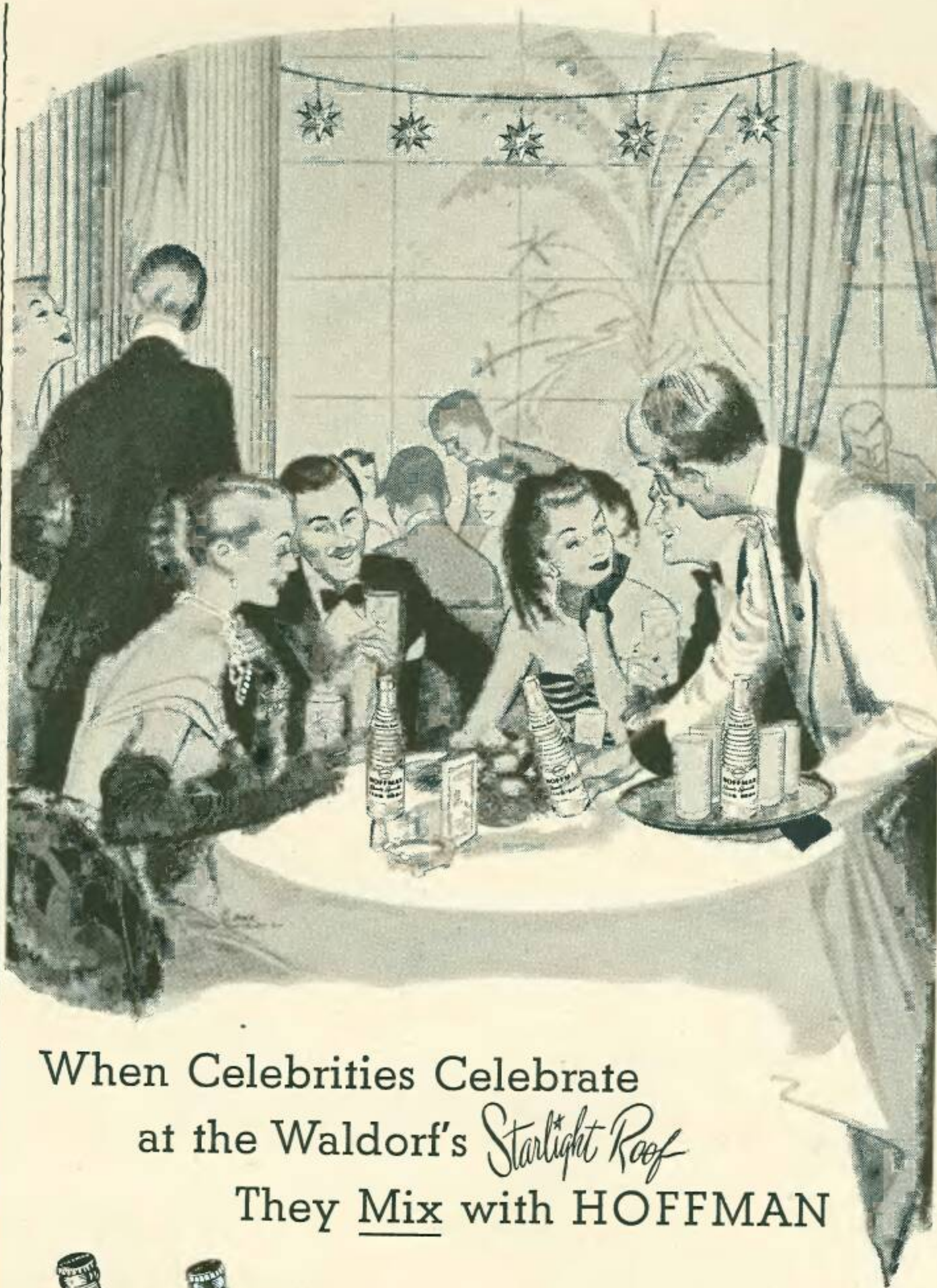
—R. S. P.

WHAT COLUMNIST IN THE
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The gent who dreamed up one-way streets was a New Yorker named Wm. P. Eno.—*Walter Winchell, page 19, June 22nd.*

One-way streets have done much to speed up traffic. Stop and go signs have saved thousands and thousands of lives. Both were originated in 1910 by a smiling Irishman named Patrick McCarthy.

—*David T. Jones, same page, same day.*



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JULY 20, 1949

To the Editors, *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRs:

IN the July 9th issue of *The New Yorker*, you reprinted an order originating in the Office of the Chief of Engineers, Department of the Army, stating that someone had been seriously hurt while attempting to erect a section of a Map-Reading Instruction Kit. The document told in great detail how to keep out of the way of the kit's treacherous parts, and I was sure, as I read it, that an enlisted man had been hurt, that a young officer had had to write a letter of explanation, and that the high brass had then been stirred into quick and conclusive action. I was saddened to learn that somebody had been injured by the kit, but I wasn't the least bit surprised. I conceived, designed, and built the damn thing in 1944-45, when I was an officer in the Corps of Engineers, and it came close to ruining what until that time had been a nice, unspectacular Army career. I should have known then that it would continue to cause trouble, but when I got the idea and began to develop the contraption, it seemed that it would be not only useful but harmless, and that working with it would be fun. I'd better start at the beginning.

I spent the first couple of years of the war near Washington, D.C., writing Army field manuals, among them a map-reading manual that, with the aid of a former industrial designer, I put together under the watchful eye of a West Pointer, a Colonel Jones. The Colonel was a truly fine officer, desk-bound in Washington by a heart condition. In the summer of 1944, I was sent to the Pacific Coast, where I spent a wonderful few months at Fort Lewis, training a company of eager Negro soldiers, all of them just under twenty. Map reading was a problem to all men in training, and mine were no exception, so I worked out a device I thought would help and ordered it built—a huge apparatus consisting mainly of an eight-foot-high panel, a heavy platform, and three auxiliary eight-foot panels. I designed (I use the word with a good deal of license) the panels as the job went along, much to the disgust of the master carpenter, a sergeant, who had to bolster my faulty architecture after each piece had been

built. His reinforcements were chiefly two-by-fours, which served to hold the panels upright and keep them from twisting into pretzels. With the aid of a derrick and a platoon of strong men, the panels, when finished, were mounted on the platform. With these panels and about a hundred small parts, which were always getting lost or broken, I could build a map before my company's eyes. We all learned a good deal from it. The whole thing weighed about a thousand pounds, but since it stayed in its place on an auditorium platform, it caused no trouble after the near-calamities of the installation.

ALL went well until early winter, when my old friend Colonel Jones appeared at the fort on an inspection trip. I was by then with a regiment due to go overseas in a few weeks, and was about to depart for my home, in Maine, for a last leave before sailing. I was happily putting the finishing touches on my company's training, and when Colonel Jones dropped in at my little map-reading show, I was glad he had come. He seemed pleased with what he saw, and when he said he would like a few sketches of the equipment, I felt nothing but reasonable pride and pleasure. Then the Colonel asked, "How about coming back to Washington with me and drawing up a set of plans for this thing?"

"Sorry," I said, "but I'm practically on overseas orders. In fact, I'm going on leave tomorrow. Then back here and off we go!"

He took that with what I should have realized was remarkable good grace.

I next heard from Colonel Jones a week later, in Maine, when the arrival of a telegram got me out of bed at two o'clock in the morning. My leave was suspended and I was ordered to Washington for two days of temporary duty. This seemed a trifle rough, but I had no choice. I packed my bag and went. In Washington, Colonel Jones asked me to go out to Fort Belvoir, the nearby Engineer training center, and draw up diagrams for the map-reading kit. I did so, and when I had finished, two days later, I stopped by Colonel Jones' office, en route to Union Station, to give him the drawings. He looked at them carefully and said, "You really ought to go back to Belvoir and build this thing for us."

"I can't," I answered. "I've got a

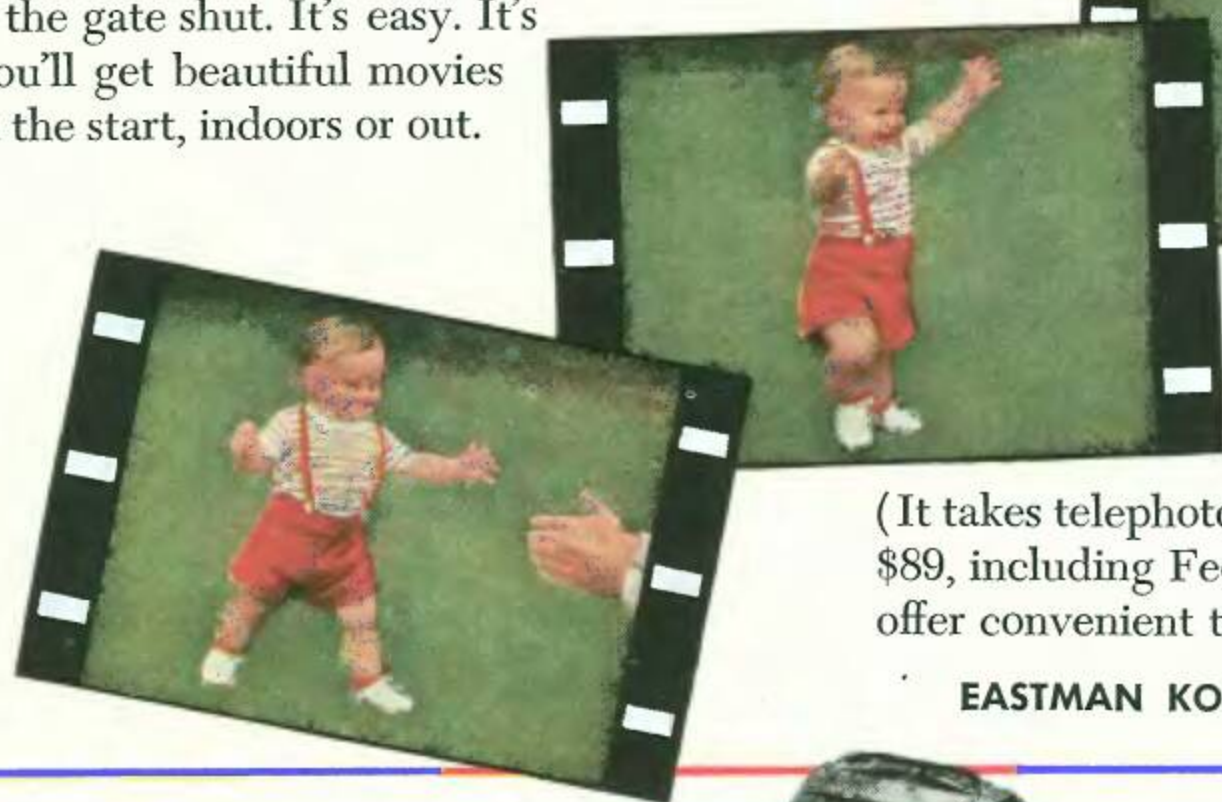


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fishing date in Maine, and I'm due on the West Coast in a week. Besides, my orders said two days—no more."

He nodded and I headed for Maine.

TWO days later, I was back at Fort Belvoir under new orders, building the equipment as fast as I could. I did it just the way it had been done before, two-by-fours and all. The job finished, I gave a few demonstrations for Colonel Jones and some medium-sized brass and packed my bag again, but before I could get away, I was ordered to move the equipment to the Army War College, in Washington, and put on a demonstration in a small conference auditorium there. By mobilizing a two-and-a-half-ton truck, a sergeant, and ten men, I got the stuff to Washington without mishap. Getting it inside the auditorium was another matter.

The only way into the place was through the main corridor of the War College, off which opened the offices of various generals, including the Commanding General of the Army Ground Forces. On one wall of the corridor was a huge situation map, attended by a sergeant whose mouth was always full of red and blue pins. At least ten or twelve officers were usually there getting a look at the war on their way from one office to another. Along the opposite wall were a number of large marble busts of heroic military figures. It was through this imposing passageway that my small band of men, dressed in fatigue clothes, staggered with the heavy panels.

I must say that the sergeant in charge did as well as anyone could, but, even so, a corner of one panel struck a bust of Napoleon and knocked it to the floor. It hit the panel on the way down and then banged up the foot of one of my men, so when it struck the floor, it got only a chipped nose and a slightly cracked base. But the noise it made as it fell was awful. In a flash, the corridor was filled with more silver stars than I had ever seen. Generals don't mix personally into such matters, however, and after looking at me coldly for a while they all disappeared.

I sent the man with the injured foot to a dispensary, we got the bust back on the pedestal, and, having hauled our awkward load into the auditorium, we began to set it up. In a short while, a General Staff colonel from G-2 appeared. He informed me that the bust was irreplaceable, having been given to the United States Army by France after the First World War. What did I have



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to say about it? I told him what little I could think of. "Write me a letter of explanation," he snapped, and left. Two minutes later, a colonel from the Commandant's office arrived. I told him the same story, and he ordered me to write *him* a letter of explanation. He was followed by a major from the Engineer Section of the Army Ground Forces. Another letter.

Although part of my mind was busy composing those letters of explanation, the demonstration went off well. It resulted in my being sent back to Belvoir to have the equipment redesigned as a relatively small kit, weighing no more than two hundred pounds and suitable for mass production. When I returned to Belvoir, where I turned over the redesigning to a wonderful craftsman named Ronnie Kennard, at the Engineer Model Shop, I learned that my outfit on the Pacific Coast had got itself a new officer in my place and had left without me.

During the next two months, Ronnie succeeded in reducing the thing to the required size, and in general took the bugs out of it. Meanwhile, I was deeply involved in a correspondence with various high-ranking officers and spent most of my time writing letters beginning, "Subject: Broken Bust of Napoleon in Corridor of Army War College."

"1. In the course of moving a map-reading instruction kit into the auditorium for demonstration purposes. . . ."

THE affair of Napoleon's nose blew over finally, and when the pilot model of the redesigned kit was finished and I had written the directions to go with it, I got out of Washington at last. I never saw the kit again, or any of its numerous copies, and I never expect to. But as long as it is in use, I'll expect to find, from time to time, evidence (such as that order from the Chief of Engineers) that the Map-Reading Instruction Kit is continuing to fall down, continuing to be the cause of much letter writing by junior officers, and continuing to be the inspiration for peremptory orders from the higher brass.

Sincerely yours,
LEON E. SELTZER

"However, while our experiments have fully convinced us that the tendency of individual rats to consume alcohol is genetically controlled, this does not mean at all that nothing can be done about it."—Professor Roger J. Williams, of the University of Texas, quoted in the Times.

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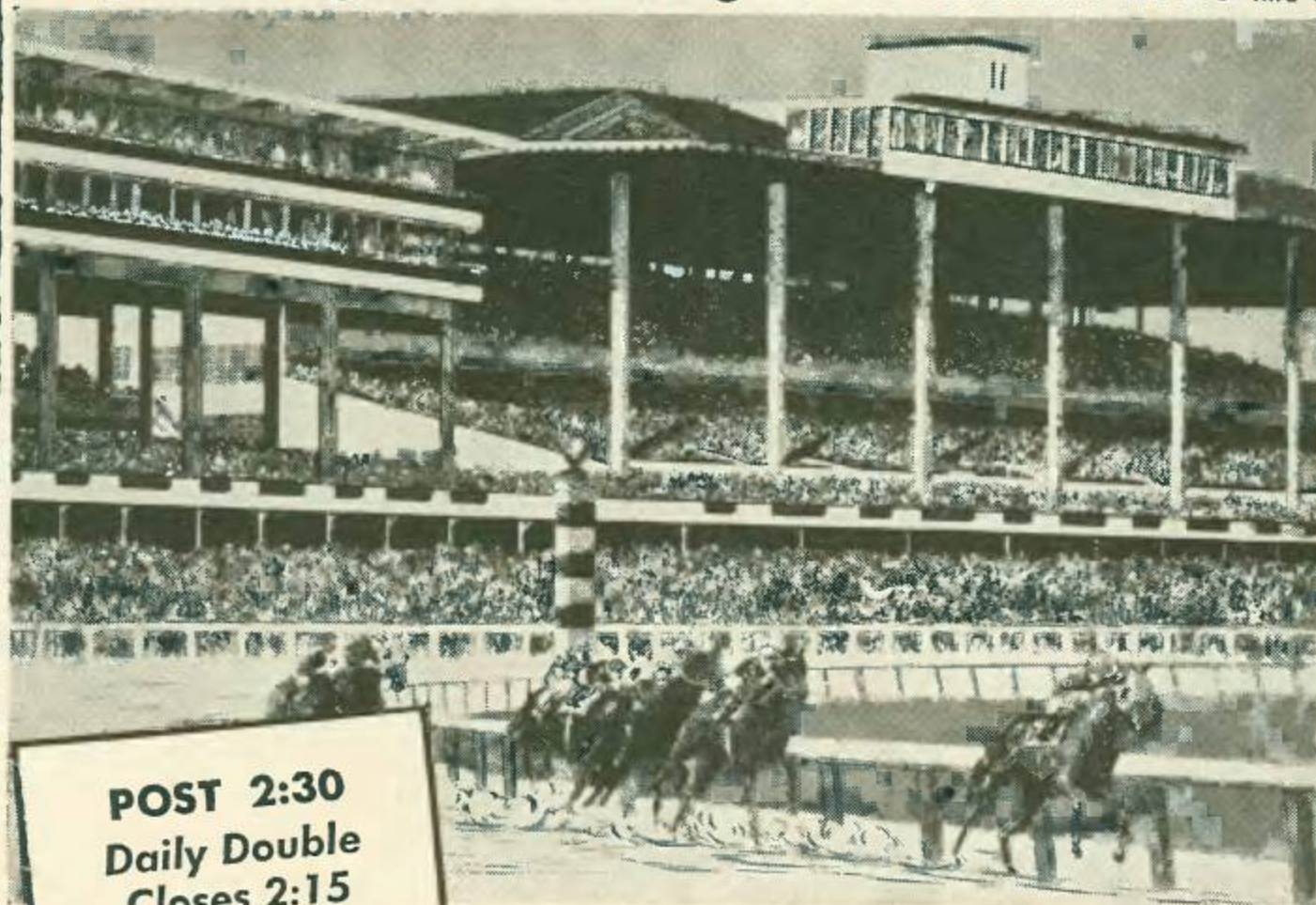
On the Lam



"FLIGHT INTO FRANCE," an Italian film, contains some nice, cool views of the Alps but otherwise makes no concession to this intolerable season. It is a rather grim little melodrama, done in the realistic style that has almost become an Italian trademark. The picture follows the tricky postwar maneuvers of one of Mussolini's henchmen, who is anxious to leave his native sod because he fears that his compatriots are out to hang him. The protagonist, played with great skill by Folco Lulli, first appears on the screen in the robes of a priest, but it soon becomes evident that things of the spirit are not in his line after he gets a change of clothing from a friend and, accompanied by his small son, heads for the French border. Alternately using the boy as a valuable ally and cuffing him as a nuisance, the criminal makes his way to an inn, just a step from the Alps, where he is faced with the deplorable necessity of murdering a waitress who recognizes him from the old days. His method of dispatching the young lady is pretty horrifying, the weapon he uses being a pocket-knife his son has recently won as a prize at school. The film winds up with Mr. Lulli putting on a fine display of varied emotions as he wheedles, cajoles, and threatens his way out of the hands of a trio of Italian ex-soldiers, two of whom are determined to either shoot him or take him to the police. The picture is lively enough in its final passages, but it is so completely dominated by Mr. Lulli's villainy that the struggle between good and evil is heavily weighted in favor of the latter, to the detriment of any sense of conflict. Mr. Lulli comes to justice all right, but it's only a series of unlucky accidents that gets him there. Altogether, I don't think it's quite the sort of thing that I'd recommend as a midsummer night's divertissement.

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confection, in which Dan Dailey and Anne Baxter keep chattering as volubly as the characters in "Strange Interlude," describes the interminable billing and cooing of a Jersey City hoofer and a Boston girl of paralyzing gentility. The kiddies, despite their disparate backgrounds, get married early in the film, back in the twenties, and soon the Boston lass is jigging happily in a pony chorus. When her husband is offered a tryout in silent pictures, she goes along with him to Hollywood, presumably just for the ride. Well, sir, what should happen but that she gets a job and her husband doesn't. Almost instantly she is as popular as Clara Bow. There follows a lamentable series of domestic and professional ups and downs, brought to a climax when the husband, over his wife's objections, puts their little daughter in the movies. Then things really start going to pieces. I started going to pieces, too, especially when I heard that the child was supposed to be making about a thousand dollars a week for her tiny contribution to the arts. To round out this bill of particulars, Mr. Dailey's dancing is adequate, and Miss Baxter's sense of comedy is elusive.

—JOHN McCARTEN

THE PRESIDENT'S CORNER

The editors and printers of The Botanist are tearing their hair and probably cussing on the side and hoping to find some way to force me to finish my Corner. They are sure if I would stop being stubborn and let some one pinch hit for me, the Corner could be written by a competent ghost writer a couple of weeks earlier:—but, I am stubborn, and I don't like ghosts or, in fact, any other imitations.

Where to start! What to leave out! What to feature! The 60th Diamond Jubilee! The results of the first three months! The Easter Shut Down! The great missing link! How cooperation can insure Security! What is Security? National and/or International foolishness! The business outlook and can it be gauged? What would Paul Jones, Decatur or Farragut do if they were in China today?

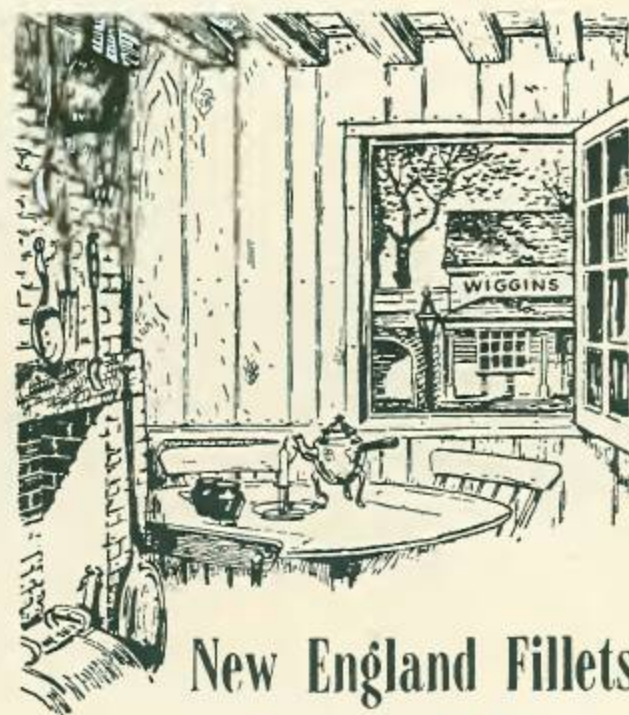
Realizing how all these things are really the daily interest of workers, stockholders, management, in fact all of us, I decided I might as well get started, so, here goes.—*The Botanist*, house organ of the Botany Mills.

Hang on to your hats, everybody!

DEPT. OF HIGHER MATHEMATICS

[From the Post]

It contains 21,500 definitions as against Webster International's 600,000. So 578,000 words must be missing.



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BOOKS

Word from the Normandy Front



ALTHOUGH I've never greatly fancied those singing telegrams from noted people that appear on the dust jackets of some books, the paragraphs of advance acclaim on the wrapper of "Day Without End," by Van Van Praag (Sloane), seem to me more interesting than most examples of that odd genre. In this instance, the parties felicitating the author are Bill Mauldin and a writer named Joe McCarthy, and it is Mr. McCarthy's endorsement that seems particularly distinctive to me. What makes it so is his explanation of why he is enthusiastic about Mr. Van Praag, whose book—which has to do with a daylong segment of the Normandy part of the war—puts him in mind, he says, of Stephen Crane and Hemingway. (Mr. Mauldin, incidentally, is also very high on Mr. Van Praag and states flatly that he was powerless to leave off reading him.) The tone of Mr. McCarthy's explanation is flagrantly line-outfit. Preliminary to his comparison of Mr. Van Praag with Crane and Hemingway, he declares rather truculently that Mr. Van Praag is the kind of writer who goes in for no tricks, no compromises. A little farther along, he alludes to what he calls Mr. Van Praag's artistic purity and honesty. It is in his concluding sentence, however, that Mr. McCarthy's tone, and the state of mind that I suspect lies behind it, is most clear-cut. "Van Praag," he writes, "is the real thing." Disclosed here, I submit, are the dubious beliefs, long favorites with repatriated war correspondents and with the patrons of neighborhood taprooms, that war, and especially land fighting, generates a *mystique*, and that war writing, to be acceptable, must savor of this *mystique*. In the history of ideas, this notion obviously comes under the heading of romanticism. Also, it is an example, along with such kindred spuriosa as the *mystique* of the ballet and the *mystique* of Southern corn whiskey, of what might be called popular obscurantism. However classified, the idea may well be bosh, I think, and on that assumption I'd say that Mr. Van Praag's novel, khaki *mystique* apart, adds up to a commendable, though scarcely sensational, restatement of the faultless proposition that war is at best an eighth-rate activity.

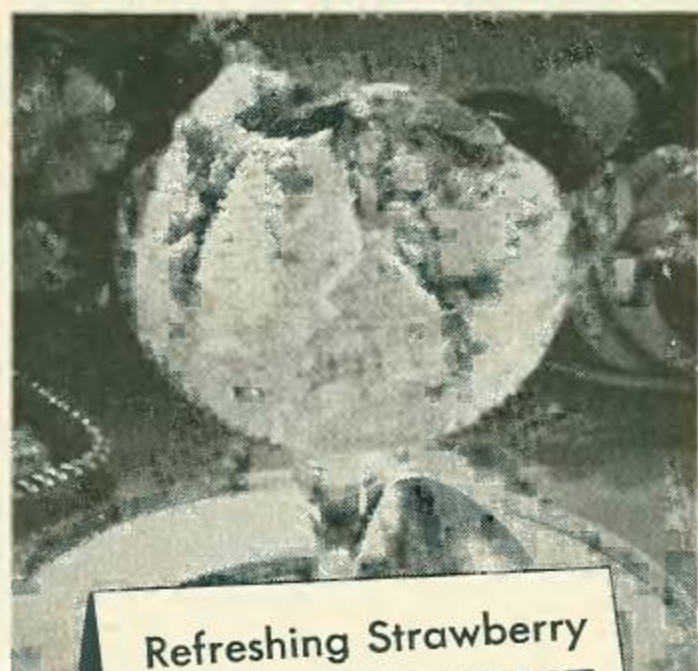
Mr. Van Praag opens his argument with a dawn closeup of his principals, who are the members of an American infantry platoon that has been inching its way across Normandy for two anguishing months. All of them, including the officer in charge, a Lieutenant Roth, are scruffy, red-eyed, and intensely resentful of the sticky morning sun. Their hearts are also set hard against the swine back at battalion, at whose maddening insistence they are preparing to conduct a reconnaissance that strikes them—as does nearly everything else that emanates from battalion—as monstrously unnecessary. Saying so, they move out. Their mission keeps them on the go until midmorning, by which time Mr. Van Praag stands revealed as a writer who deals in standard naturalistic prose, who apparently looks on style as a rear-area luxury, and who, like most other American war novelists of the moment, employs the polycultural, multid denominational platoon. The display of what else Mr. Van Praag carries in his narrative kit begins at approximately noon, when battalion informs Lieutenant Roth and his men that it has cut them in on its plans for the afternoon, which call for routing the enemy from a nearby village.

Mr. Van Praag's description of the battle for the village takes up the second

half of his two-hundred-and-sixty-one-page book, and it contains something for almost everybody. For those who hold that battles are invariably fiascoes, there is his contrast between battalion's tidy recipe for the attack on the village and the attack itself, with its atmosphere of almost unrelieved panic and improvisation. Another feature is the evidence presented in support of the graduate infantryman's steadfast claim that the Air Forces, judged on what they contributed to the comfort of the foot soldier, might better have remained back in the States. My own satisfaction with Mr. Van Praag's second-half performance derives from less controversial factors, notably his flair for keeping the heart-sick and discouraged lay reader from getting lost amid the smoke and hedge-rows, and his handling of the collapse of Lieutenant Roth, who emerges from the battle mentally undone. Earlier in the story Mr. Van Praag has indicated that Lieutenant Roth has been living in an exploding world a couple of weeks too long, but it isn't until the assault on the village is under way that he bears down on his condition. In the process, he moves in on Lieutenant Roth's thoughts, and what he elects to find there provides, it seems to me, the clearest indication of how Mr. Van Praag differs from his fellow war novelists. By



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and large, the Lieutenant's reflections, though suitably disjointed, are noble. Realizing that his two months in the line have worn the fibre clean out of him, he dwells sadly on what he regards as his failure to measure up as a leader. The opportunity is open to him to write himself off, in the tradition of his forebears in contemporary war fiction, as the helpless child of a vicious high-tariff economy, but he passes it up. His attitude toward his military betters is equally uncomplicated; occasionally, when the enemy in the village seems to be concentrating specifically on him, he thinks resentfully of the men who have been incessantly sicking him on the Germans, but the suspicion that the battalion commander may be a metabolic Fascist never crosses his mind. His thoughts aren't even impressively libidinous. Nevertheless, they serve; out of them, devoid though they are of political and sexual clamor, Mr. Van Praag constructs a simple and quite effective picture of an average man breaking up in a modern war. And it isn't as though the excuse to develop his hero's ruminations into something pretentious isn't there. It most certainly is; in civilian life the Lieutenant had been an adman.

—JOHN BRODERICK

BRIEFLY NOTED FICTION

THE STUMBLING STONE, by Aubrey Menen (Scribner). A second novel by the author of "The Prevalence of Witches." Mr. Menen, who is half Irish and half Indian, manages to mingle impudence and charity in about equal proportions, and if he is here a shade less witty and stylish than he was in the earlier work, it may be because he has succumbed to the lure, endemic among satirists, of writing at least one book about a virtuous man. But goodness and dullness are apt to turn out identical twins, and his protagonist is not only a great saint but a great bore. After a quarter of a century of ministering to untouchables in an out-of-the-way corner of India, he makes a tardy acquaintance with the wicked world of London. Armored in innocence, the poor fellow is not much to look at and even less to listen to. Luckily, his tempters are an odious and resourceful crew, and their tonic air of corruption is enough to dispel the odor of sanctity in which the novel up to then has threatened to embalm itself.

LEAVES IN THE WIND, by Gwyn Thomas (Little, Brown). The time

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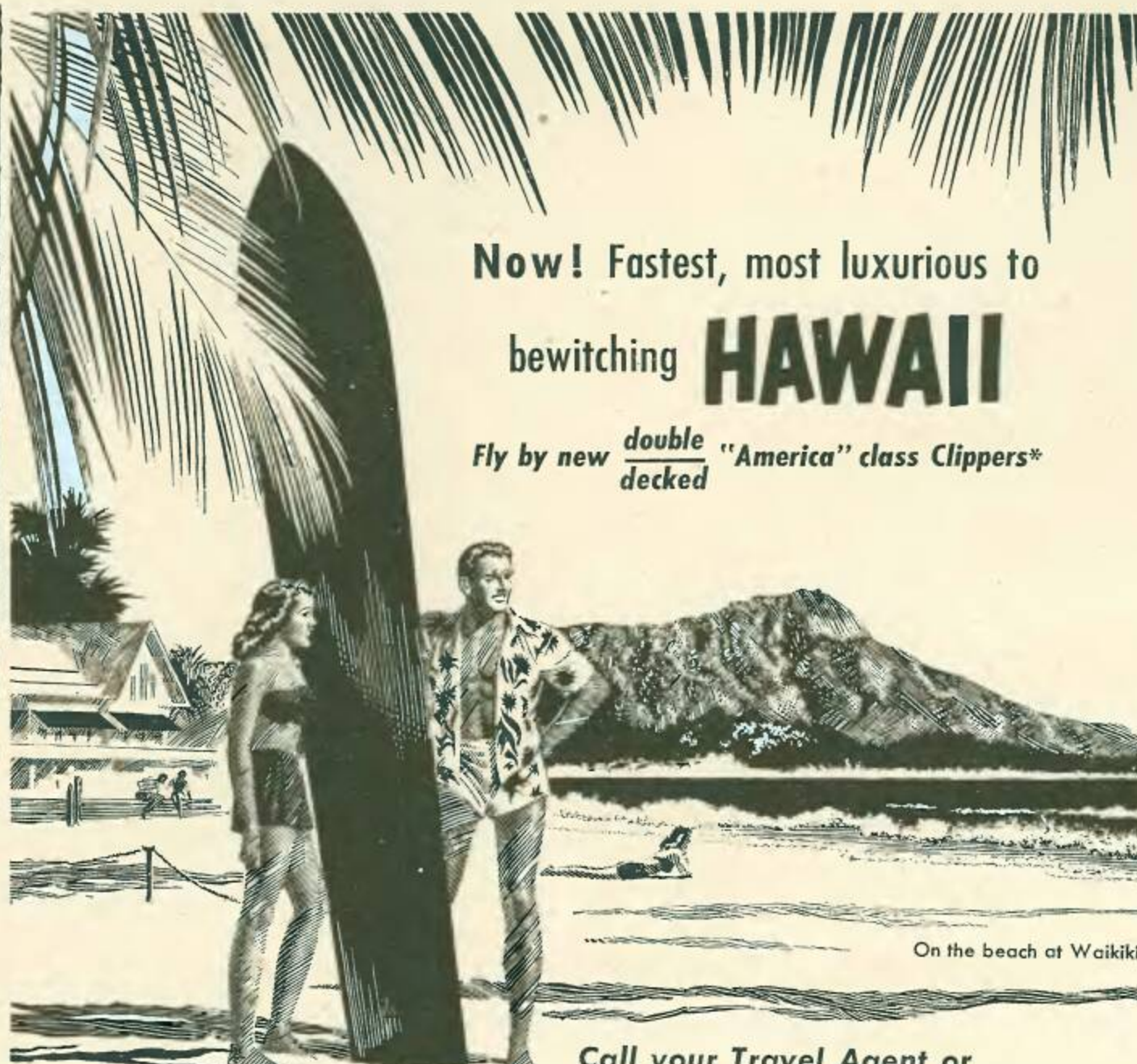
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is 1835, the place is an industrial valley in Wales, and the narrator is a wild young harpist with the gift of gab. Anyone not put off by these facts should find the novel entertaining, because, as the author notes on the dust jacket, it is "as vivid and tearing a story as I'll ever think of" and the prose in which it is cast, or at any rate poured, is as florid as that of another man full of the sonority of Wales, John L. Lewis. A young worker in a foundry in Moonlea, John Simon Adams, undertakes to organize his fellows against the oppressive ironmasters. In the conflict that follows, heads and hearts are plentifully broken, Adams and the harpist are imprisoned, Adams is hanged, and the harpist, granted an unexpected reprieve, heads over the mountains to the north, his fingers full of "the promise of a new, enormous music."

INHERIT THE NIGHT, by Robert Christie (Farrar, Straus). Combining the most imaginative theory thus far advanced as to Adolf Hitler's fate with a fable that has the bedrock morality of the book of Genesis, Mr. Christie has written one of the year's more ingenious and capable first novels. A fugitive dictator, who has the Führer's characteristics but who, presumably to keep the story in an abstract vein, is not given his name, has picked for a hideout a paradisaical Andean valley. The natives, who are innocent of the frills of the fancier utopias and who talk with the probity and humor of the peasants in "For Whom the Bell Tolls," believe simply in minding their own business and the Ten Commandments. The exiled leader's megalomania prompts him to try setting up the New Order, but the resulting hatred and violence are checked, and he is disposed of with proper ignominy.

GENERAL

OUT OF MY LIFE AND THOUGHT, by Albert Schweitzer (Holt). Dr. Schweitzer, now in his seventy-fifth year, recently made the principal address at the celebration, in Aspen, Colorado, of the two-hundredth anniversary of Goethe's birth. This autobiography, first published in 1933, carries the account of his life up only to 1931, but by that time Dr. Schweitzer was already securely established as one of the phenomenal men of this time. Much of his important work in theology was behind him; he was an



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acknowledged master of the organ, both as a performer and as an expert on organ construction (and, according to those who have heard him, he is still the world's greatest interpreter of Bach's choral music); he had attained world stature as a philosopher; and he had been working for nearly two decades as a surgeon-physician at his medical mission in Lambaréné, French Equatorial Africa. This book, in which Dr. Schweitzer discusses each of his many lives, is a stirring lesson in the humanities. A postscript by Everett Skillings brings the author's story up to date.

THE PRINCE CONSORT, by Roger Fulford (Macmillan). A life of Prince Albert by an admirer of and apologist for constitutional monarchy. The author gives the Prince almost full credit for rescuing the British Crown from the depths to which it had sunk during the reigns of Victoria's two uncles, described by the Duke of Wellington as "the damndest millstones about the neck of any Government that can be imagined." Albert, he says, shaped the character of Victoria and was so positive a political, moral, and cultural force that his period could justifiably be known as the Albertian Age. Mr. Fulford is a spirited writer, with strong likes and dislikes for the people he is dealing with. His portrait of the German princeling who could be no more than a backstage king, and who brought off his difficult role with distinction, is very well drawn and quite believable. Photographs.

WHITE COLLAR ZOO, by Clare Barnes, Jr. (Doubleday). A picture album of birds and beasts, in which each photograph is supplied with a thoughtfully apposite caption tying up the zoological specimen with a typical denizen of any American office. The result, often wryly pertinent, must be seen to be believed. Introduction by Geoffrey Hellman.

NON-SEQUITUR DEPARTMENT

[From the Sacramento Bee]

Earl Sheely, general manager of the Rainiers, is high on Jensen, too.

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