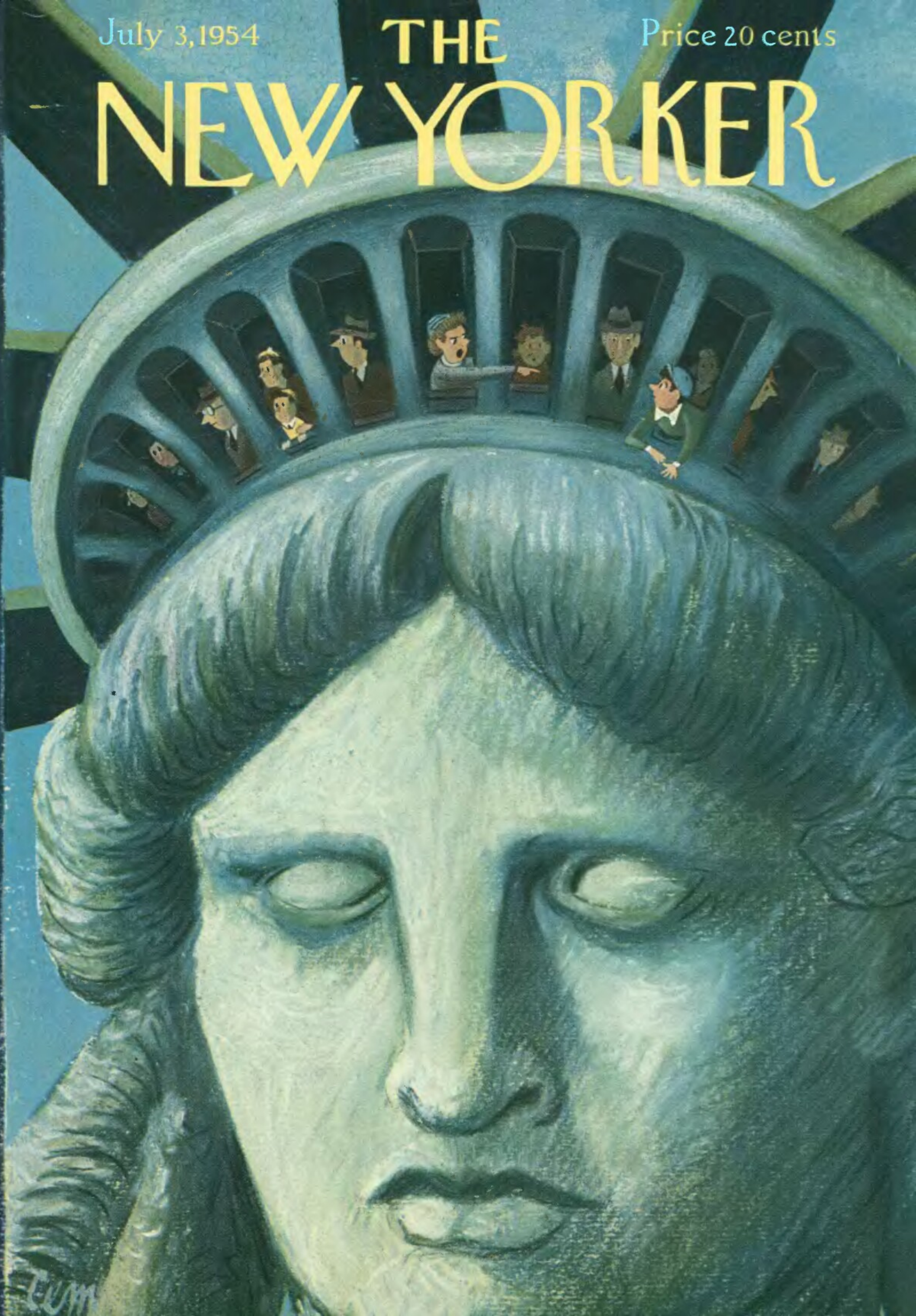


July 3, 1954

THE

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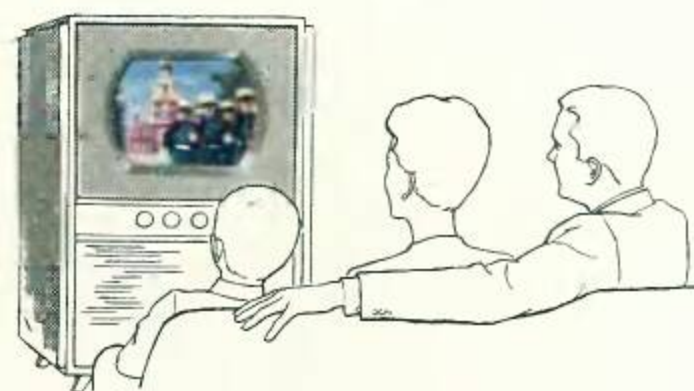
NEW YORKER





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You've probably been hearing a lot about color television in recent weeks. A number of test programs are now being broadcast with excellent results.

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research and experience in telephony. Many years ago we started designing and building our Long Distance telephone networks so that they could be used for television as well.

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WHITE COTTON and sheerest elastics surround a cool, cool beauty—in Warner's *new* version of the "Merry Widow." #1315 at \$10.

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The fabulous Cinch-Bra that started an *undercover* revolution! By taking *inches* from your middle—then shaping curves *from the waist up*—with complete freedom through bust and shoulders.

And not only that—it's *top news* with a strapless wired under the bust—*floating free on each side* so you can adjust it for perfect fit, uplift, separation! As for décolletés—those sheer nylon cuffs dip *low as you dare*.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST



THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of the Fourth of July, which will be observed on Monday, July 5. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans. . . . E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ANNIVERSARY WALTZ—A comedy by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields that worries some elementary humor out of the perplexities of a couple who lived together before getting married and whose children find out about it. Kitty Carlisle and Macdonald Carey do their best with rather thin material. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Monday, July 5, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays, except July 7, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinee Sunday, July 4.)

THE CAINE MUTINY COURT MARTIAL—Lloyd Nolan is magnificent as Queeg, and John Hodiak is very good indeed as the defendant in this exciting dramatization of a section of Herman Wouk's novel. Charles Laughton directed the exemplary company, in which Barry Sullivan is now substituting for Henry Fonda. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays, except July 7, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinee Monday, July 5.)

KING OF HEARTS—Jean Kerr's and Eleanor Brooke's comedy about a self-entranced comic-strip artist hasn't any plot worth mentioning, but most of the humor is highly successful. The cast is headed by Donald Cook, Cloris Leachman, and Jackie Cooper. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Monday and Tuesday, July 5-6, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays, except July 7, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinees Sunday and Monday, July 4-5.)

OH, MEN! OH, WOMEN!—Edward Chodorov's merry account of the misadventures of a psychoanalyst who gets just a bit too involved in the lives of his patients. Franchot Tone is the analyst, and Betsy von Furstenberg, Barbara Baxley, Tony Randall, and Larry Blyden help keep things thoroughly mixed up. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Thursdays, except July 8, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinee Monday, July 5.)

ONLINE—Audrey Hepburn's lovely and glowing performance often brings the necessary magic to Maurice Valency's adaptation of Giraudoux's cloudy romance about a sea nymph and a mortal man. Mel Ferrer is co-starred, Alfred Lunt is the director, and Virgil Thomson has contributed some suitable incidental music. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly at 8:35. Matinee Saturday at 2:35. Closes Saturday, July 3.)

THE REMARKABLE MR. PENNYPACKER—A comedy by Liam O'Brien about a man who lives a terribly complicated double life. One of the season's most cheerful adornments. Burgess Meredith, Martha Scott, Thomas Chalmers, Una Merkel, and Glenn Anders have leading roles. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Monday, July 5, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays, except July 7, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinee Sunday, July 4.)

SABRINA FAIR—The ups and downs of a millionaire and a chauffeur's daughter who find themselves in love. At present, Leora Dana plays the lass and Tod Andrews the magnate. Samuel Taylor is the author. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinees Wednesdays, except July 7, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee Monday, July 5.)

THE SOLID GOLD CADILLAC—A funny comedy by George S. Kaufman and Howard Teichmann that has to do with the strange vagaries of the world of high finance. Josephine Hull

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(who, regrettably, is ailing at the moment) is the star, and Loring Smith is at the top of a fine supporting cast. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE TEAHOUSE OF THE AUGUST MOON—John Patrick's adaptation of Vern Sneider's novel about the Americanization of Okinawa is done with great deftness and grace, and the production is admirable in every respect. David Wayne and John Forsythe are splendid as representatives of the warring cultures, and they are well seconded by Paul Ford, Larry Gates, William Hansen, and Mariko Niki. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

LONG RUNS—THE SEVEN YEAR ITCH: George Axelrod's comedy about a man who gets into the usual difficulties with sex when his wife goes away for the summer. Tom Ewell plays the hero, and the ladies in his life are Sally Forrest and Neva Patterson. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays, except July 7, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee Monday, July 5.) . . . **TEA AND SYMPATHY**: A play about the woes of an adolescent suspected of homosexuality while in residence at a prep school. Now with Joan Fontaine and Anthony Perkins. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, July 5, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinee Monday, July 5.)

MUSICALS

BY THE BEAUTIFUL SEA—The chief virtue of this musical account of Coney Island in the early years of the century is the presence of Shirley Booth, who is helped along by Wilbur Evans and Mae Barnes. Unfortunately, the book, by Herbert and Dorothy Fields, isn't of much use, and Arthur Schwartz's music is hardly memorable. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays, except July 7, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee Monday, July 5.)

CAROUSEL—The New York City Light Opera Company's revival of the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical, with Jo Sullivan, David Atkinson, and John Conte. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Through Sunday, July 25.)

COMEDY IN MUSIC—Victor Borge in a one-man show. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740.

BOOKS

THE CURRENT CINEMA
LETTER FROM LONDON
THE RACE TRACK

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THE NEW YORKER
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Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, July 3, for four weeks.)

THE GOLDEN APPLE—The "Iliad" and the "Odyssey," transplanted to nineteenth-century America. The show doesn't quite belong in the first rank, but it is still agreeable enough. John Latouche wrote the book, Jerome Moross furnished the music, Hanya Holm staged the dances, and in the cast are Kaye Ballard, Jack Whiting, Jonathan Lucas, Bibi Osterwald, Charlotte Rae, and Stephen Douglass. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays, except July 7, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee Monday, July 5.)

KISMET—A big, handsome item derived from the comedy-melodrama that Edward Knoblock put together in 1911. With music adapted from the work of Alexander Borodin, dances arranged by Jack Cole, and sumptuous sets by Lemuel Ayers, the piece goes along with plenty of verve. Alfred Drake is fine as a vagabond poet, and Doretta Morrow is most appealing as his lovely daughter. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays, except July 7, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee Monday, July 5.)

THE PAJAMA GAME—Love and union troubles in a pajama factory. A long time in coming, but certainly the season's best musical. Book by George Abbott and Richard Bissell, music and lyrics by Richard Adler and Jerry Ross, and direction by Mr. Abbott. John Raitt, Janis Paige, Eddie Foy, Jr., and Carol Haney are among the principal figures. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—CAN-CAN: A glimpse of nineteenth-century Montmartre, set to Cole Porter's music. With Lilo, Gwen Verdon, and Norwood Smith. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5090. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays, except July 7, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee Monday, July 5.) . . . **WONDERFUL TOWN**: Carol Channing in a reconstruction of "My Sister Eileen." Leonard Bernstein composed the music. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly at 8:30. Matinee Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, July 3.)

OFF BROADWAY

CHERRY LANE THEATRE—Punch Opera will present the first performances in this country of Erik Chisholm's "Murder in Three Keys," made up of three one-act operas—"Black Roses," "Dark Sonnet," and "Simoon." Opens Tuesday, July 6. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-9583. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8.)

THEATRE DE LYS—"Salvation on a String," three one-act plays by Paul Green, with Frederick O'Neal, Evelyn Ellis, and Wright King. Opens Tuesday, July 6. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

NEW YORK CITY SUMMER DANCE FESTIVAL—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing—Tuesday, July 6: Alexandra Danilova, Roland Vasquez, Michael Lland, Inesita, and Katherine Litz. . . . Wednesday, July 7: Alexandra Danilova, Roland Vasquez, Michael Lland, Mara and her Cambodian ballet, Geoffrey Holder and his company, Alvin Schulman, and Audrey Golub. . . . Thursday, July 8: Charles Weidman and his company, Paul Draper, and Lillian Moore. . . . Saturday, July 10: Charles Weidman and his company, Louis Johnson, Nala Najan and Gina, and Al Minns and Leon James. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Evenings at 8:40.)

JONES BEACH MARINE THEATRE—Guy Lombardo's

The first magazine edited to serve the woman and her family

GREAT CHANGES ARE TAKING PLACE in the family life of America. Greater than any individual interest is the experience of men, women and children sharing their lives together — and liking it.

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tinuing series of articles. This is our viewpoint — our approach — our philosophy expressed in our editorial content from cover to cover.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

"Arabian Nights," a musical rodeo with Lauritz Melchior, Helena Scott, Ralph Herbert, Mia Slavenska, and a few hundred others, including Lottie Mayer's Disappearing Water Ballet girls. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call CO 5-7587.)

THE SUMMER CIRCUIT

(A more or less arbitrary listing of summer theatres and their program schedules. Dates and billings are subject to frequent revision.)

ANDOVER—Through Saturday, July 3: "My 3 Angels." Monday through Saturday, July 5-10: "The Boys from Syracuse." (Grist Mill Playhouse, Andover, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2:30.)

CHATHAM—Through Saturday, July 3: "Bell, Book and Candle." Wednesday through Saturday, July 7-10: "You and I." (Monomoy Theatre, Chatham, Mass. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinees Thursdays at 2:30.)

CLINTON—Through Saturday, July 3: Barbara Bel Geddes and Hiram Sherman in "The Little Hut." Monday through Saturday, July 5-10: "Stalag 17." (Clinton Playhouse, Clinton, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:40.)

COHASSET—Through Saturday, July 10: "Oklahoma!" (South Shore Music Circus, Cohasset, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2:30.)

COONAMESSETT—Saturday, July 3, through Saturday, July 10: Helen Hayes in "What Every Woman Knows." (Falmouth Playhouse, Coonamessett, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

CORNING—Through Sunday, July 4: "The Fourposter." Tuesday through Sunday, July 6-11: "Mister Roberts." (Corning Summer Theatre, Corning Glass Center, Corning, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinees Saturdays at 2:30.)

DENNIS—Monday through Saturday, July 5-10: Tallulah Bankhead in "Dear Charles." (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Friday, July 9, at 2:30.)

FAYETTEVILLE—Through Saturday, July 3: Farley Granger in "The Hasty Heart." Monday through Saturday, July 5-10: Jeffrey Lynn in "Stalag 17." (Country Playhouse, Fayetteville, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

FISHKILL—Through Sunday, July 4: "Stalag 17." Tuesday through Sunday, July 6-11: "My 3 Angels." (Cecilwood Theatre, Fishkill, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:35. Matinees Thursdays at 2:30.)

FITCHBURG—Through Saturday, July 3: "The Happiest Years." Monday through Saturday, July 5-10: "Wake Up and Live," a new play. (Lake Whalom Playhouse, Fitchburg, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:20.)

HYANNIS—Friday, July 2, through Saturday, July 10: "The Student Prince." (Cape Cod Melody Tent, Hyannis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Thursdays at 2:30.)

IVORYTON—Through Saturday July 3: Sylvia Sidney and Frank Albertson in "The Fourposter." Monday through Saturday, July 5-10: "Oklahoma!" (Ivoryton Playhouse, Ivoryton, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LAMBERTVILLE—Through Sunday, July 4: "Carousel." Tuesday through Sunday, July 6-11: "The Red Mill." (Lambertville Music Circus, Lambertville, N.J. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinees Saturdays at 2:30.)

MAHOPAC—Saturday, July 3, through Sunday, July 11: "I Am a Camera." (Putnam County Playhouse, Mahopac, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40.)

MATUNUCK—Through Saturday, July 3: "Gigi." Monday through Saturday, July 5-10: Joe E. Brown in "The Show-Off." (Theatre-by-the-Sea, Matunuck, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

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MILLBURN—"The Great Waltz." (Paper Mill Playhouse, Millburn, N.J. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinees Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MOUNTAINHOME—Through Saturday, July 3: "Stalag 17." Monday through Saturday, July 5-10: Signe Hasso and Neil Hamilton in "Glad Tidings." (Pocono Playhouse, Mountainhome, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MOUNT KISCO—Through Sunday, July 4: "Stalag 17." Tuesday through Sunday, July 6-11: Will Kuluva in "My 3 Angels." (Westchester Playhouse, Mount Kisco, N.Y. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2:40.)

MOYLAN—Thursday and Friday, July 1-2: "Ring Round the Moon." Saturday, July 3: "Queer People." Monday, July 5: "The Great Big Doorstep." Wednesday and Thursday, July 7-8: "Queer People." Friday, July 9: "The Great Big Doorstep." Saturday, July 10: "Ring Round the Moon." (Hedgerow Theatre, Moylan, Pa. Evenings at 8:30.)

NEW HOPE—Through Saturday, July 3: Jerome Cowan in "My 3 Angels." Monday through Saturday, July 5-10: "Fanny's First Play." (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

NEWPORT—Monday through Saturday, July 5-10: Lucille Manners in "Song of Norway." (Casino Theatre, Newport, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

NORWICH—Through Saturday, July 3: Joe E. Brown in "The Show-Off." Monday through Saturday, July 5-10: "Pal Joey." (Norwich Summer Theatre, Norwich, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OGUNQUIT—Through Saturday, July 3: Cornelia Otis Skinner in her one-woman show "Paris '90." Monday through Saturday, July 5-10: Margaret Truman in "Autumn Crocus." (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

PETERBOROUGH—Through Saturday, July 10: "Bell, Book and Candle." (Peterborough Players, Peterborough, N.H. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:40.)

PROVINCETOWN—Through Saturday, July 10: "Beyond the Horizon." (Provincetown Playhouse, Provincetown, Mass. Nightly at 8:30.)

SARATOGA SPRINGS—Through Saturday, July 3: Lucille Manners in "Song of Norway." Monday through Saturday, July 5-10: Uta Hagen and Herbert Berghof in "The Lady's Not for Burning." (Spa Summer Theatre, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

SEA CLIFF—Through Saturday, July 3: Faye Emerson in "The Lady Chooses," a new play by William McCleery. Monday through Saturday, July 5-10: Farley Granger in "The Hasty Heart." (Sea Cliff Summer Theatre, Sea Cliff, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Saturdays at 2:30.)

SKOWHEGAN—Through Saturday, July 3: "Gently Does It." Monday through Saturday, July 5-10: "My 3 Angels." (Lakewood Theatre, Skowhegan, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

SPRING LAKE—Monday through Saturday, July 5-10: Judith Evelyn in "Pygmalion." (Ivy Tower Playhouse, Spring Lake, N.J. Nightly,

except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

STOCKBRIDGE—Through Saturday, July 3: Edward Everett Horton in "The White Sheep of the Family." Monday through Saturday, July 5-10: "Pygmalion." (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

WESTHAMPTON BEACH—Through Saturday, July 3: "Bell, Book and Candle." Monday through Saturday, July 5-10: "The Man." (Westhampton Playhouse, Westhampton Beach, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinees Wednesdays at 2:45.)

WESTPORT—Through Saturday, July 3: Imogene Coca in "Happy Birthday." Monday through Saturday, July 5-10: Rita Gam and Steven Hill in "Court Olympus," a new play. (Westport Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:40.)

WOODSTOCK—Friday, July 2, through Sunday, July 11: "Finian's Rainbow." (Woodstock Playhouse, Woodstock, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40.)

NOTE—The Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival, at Lee, Mass., is presenting programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Friday, July 2, at 4, and Saturday, July 3, at 4 and 9: Marlene Dell and Don Farnworth, Pearl Lang, and Inesita. Thursday, July 8, at 4, and Friday and Saturday, July 9-10, at 4 and 9: Michael Maule and Mary Ellen Moylan, the John Butler Dance Theatre, and the Ernestis.

NIGHT LIFE

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

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Old settlers can estivate in the Garden, which is way downstairs near China. It's cooler than you think there. Jules Lande's orchestra does the honors. No music Sundays.

ASTOR ROOF, Broadway at 44th St. (JU 6-3000)—There are times when sweet girl graduates and swains take over the whole floor of this enormous ballroom, which has Sammy Kaye's big band on the podium. Closed Sundays.

BILTMORE, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Gleb Yellin's instrumental group is audible in the Palm Court at the cocktail hour every day but Sunday, and in the Madison Room from seven to nine Mondays through Fridays. No dancing in either place.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900)—You know the formula by now. There's a broad-gauge comedian (Romo Vincent), an insistent soprano (Mary Burton), and a corps de ballet (or awkward squad) made up of lovely peonies never designed to blush unseen.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—If only there were a ticker in the lobby, most of the inmates wouldn't even have to go to the office. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing. Closed Sunday and Monday, July 4-5, and thereafter on Saturdays and Sundays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Stanley Worth's quartet, or a reasonable facsimile, makes music for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing every evening in the Café Pierre.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Rendez-Vous Room, which is devoted to preserving the traditional amenities of dining and dancing in state, has Maximilian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's orchestras after eight-thirty. Closed Sundays.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—In the Grill, there's leisurely dancing most of the evening to a couple of safe-and-sane bands. Closed Sundays and Monday, July 5.

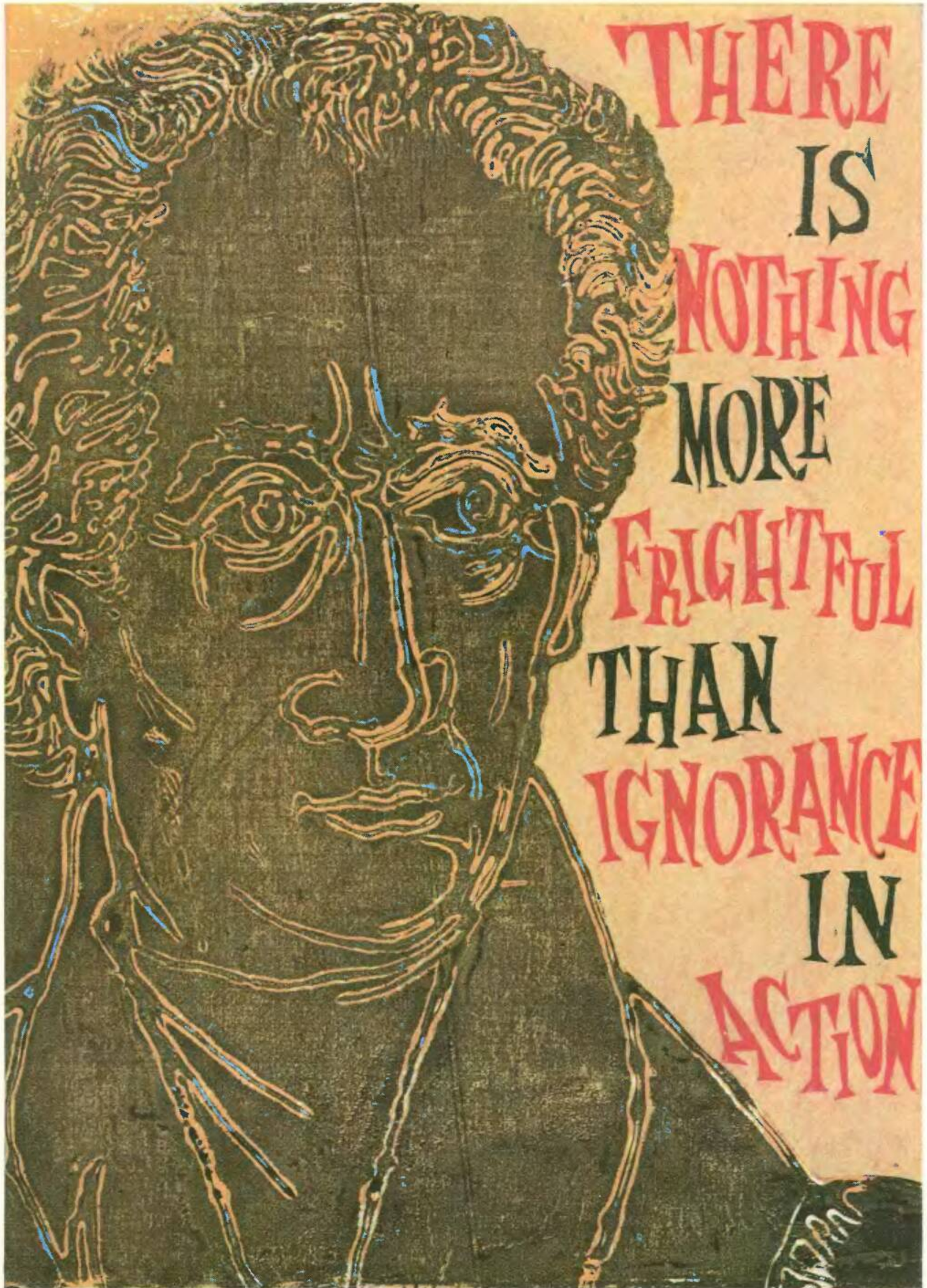
ST. REGIS ROOF, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The hanging gardens of Babylon (not the Long Island variety) could hardly have been more *grande luxe*. The dance music is the work of Milt Shaw's and Ray Bari's small but energetic groups. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every day, Irving Conn's cohorts



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—A musical-comedy version of life on a great metropolitan daily, in which tomorrow's news (or what passes for it) is manufactured right before your unbelieving ears. Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band play the appropriate music.

TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN, Central Park W. at 67th St. (SC 4-8100)—Mother Nature is quite likely to come sit in your lap on the open-air terrace of this ancient barracks. Dancing after eight on weekdays and after seven on Sundays, and greenery at all hours.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Irwin Corey, a fast man with a word, can talk himself into any sort of hilarious difficulty. He is the major occupant of the local George White extravaganza. There is further lusty merriment by Fay DeWitt and Lou Nelson, and some fine, upstanding chorus girls are around to gladden the eye. The show's book, though, sounds as if it had been dictated but not read. Panchito's band and Salvatore Gioè's orchestra for dancing after nine.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The Starlight Roof, lofty, cool, and self-possessed, is undeniably a work of art, and the dance music of Freddy Martin's orchestra is all right, too. The brief dinner and supper show, however, is not likely to be engraved on the tablets of anyone's memory. Closed Sundays.

NOTE—The Rainbow Room, which is fairly far above the madding crowd, affords (from the best tables) a view of Tin Pan Alley, the garment district, the Weehawken ferry house, the Edison Company plants, and other highlights of our brave new world. It's open for cocktails from four-thirty to nine. Mild music (not for dancing) bubbles up now and then, and not a single taxi horn is heard. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza. The phone: CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LE COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, the most durable ragtime violinist since Mr. Paganini, plays his fifty-fifth swan song on Saturday, July 3, when his little dance band and this establishment fold for the summer. . . . **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): The gathering place of the playboys of the Western world. Weekdays there's piano at dinner, and at supper Norbert Faconi, dean of prowler violinists, prowls. . . . **WEYLIN ROOM**, 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9100): A relaxed, elegant alcove where, from six to eight and from ten to two, except Sundays, José Poniera does his mood pianoforte recitals. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): A piano-and-violin obbligato, after ten, to a cascade of conversation by long-lease habitués. Closed Saturday through Monday, July 3-5, and every Saturday and Sunday thereafter. . . . **CELESTE**, 28 W. 56th St. (JU 6-9063): Jim Mahoney, who arrives at the coffee-and-brandy hour, puts on as good an exhibit of nostalgic piano-to-dream-to as you'll find anywhere. Closed Mondays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Addison Bailey devises bland piano music in this thoroughly upholstered manse for dinner and after the theatre, except Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Impassioned singers, wandering guitarists, and enthusiastic dance music, all designed to beguile the Latin in every Manhattanite. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ NINO**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): Flanked by some remarkably active stage sets, Herman Arminski plays Continental piano at cocktails, and Rudy Timfield does a New York counterpart at dinner and supper. After Friday, July 2, Mr. A. goes on vacation and Mr. T. will become man of all work. Closed every Saturday and Sunday, as well as Monday, July 5. . . . **CAFÉ MADISON**, Madison Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-5000): Lou Wertz is at the piano from cocktails through supper except Sundays. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY**, 135 Macdougall St. (GR 7-9221): Anyone not out in the kitchen making fudge in this homestead of gregarious youth is apt to bob up onstage singing along with the pianist. . . . **JORIE'S PLAYGOERS CLUB**, Sixth Ave. at 51st

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St. (CI 5-9465): Sixth Avenue is pretty far west for Left Bankers, but nevertheless here is Jorie Remes, late of the Parisian *boîtes*, and her *outré* comedy, all of it in perfectly plain English. Closed Sundays.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): The accent of Jonathan Winters' one-man theatre is on humor, for most of his players have a Mark Twain flavor. Stan Freeman and his piano collaborate on some rather raffish ditties, Martha Davis and Spouse (Calvin Ponder, that is) do their jump tunes to gleeful perfection, and the handsome little Trude Adams throws in some handsome love notes. The backdrop is Bart Howard's or Otis Clements' piano and Jimmy Lyons' trio. . . . **THE LATE LATE SHOW** (2 to 4 A.M.) by the Davis family in the lounge every night but Saturday is very warm even for July. Both rooms will be closed Sunday and Monday, July 4-5. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Lee Goodman's flow of conversation is as intricate as any that issues from an analyst's couch, and usually a lot funnier. Also on the bill are two singers in the current idiom: Bobbi Wright, a Harlem miss with a sassy voice and great ebullience, and Enid Mosier, a perky and bilingual Parisienne with a gaily wayward point of view. Then there's Clarence Williams' trio, with Carl Lynch on guitar, for dancing. The room will be closed Sunday through Wednesday, July 4-7, and will reopen the following evening with Robert Clary, the Parisian jumping bean, as humorist and Miss Wright as singer. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Jimmy Kirkwood goes completely to pieces in his amiable fashion twice nightly except Sundays. He'll be in attendance through Tuesday, July 6, and possibly longer. Bob Downey and Harold Fonville play industrious double piano, and Hazel Webster (who else?) is the solo pianist. Antique movies are added on Sundays; amateur performers are added on Mondays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM**, 137 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-8319): The dolours of contemporary love life—its care, its feeding, and its prevention—are given a sympathetic hearing by Mabel Mercer. The reliable Sam Hamilton is at the piano. Closed Sundays. This tiny hideaway is above the often rampaging ground-floor Show Spot Lounge. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): A merry-go-round for kiddies of all ages. The riders are Mae Barnes, the principal calliope; Jimmie Komack and his pungent rhapsodies about life in old Gotham; Charlotte Rae and her valiant one-girl stand against song stylists; Jimmie Daniels, intoner of man-about-town romances; the Three Flames, whose jive tunes, especially when Tiger Haines garnishes them with words, are complete existentialism; Norene Tate, whose voice and

piano are sweet and gentle; and Bruce Kirby, the household's comic utility outfielder. Closed every Monday.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

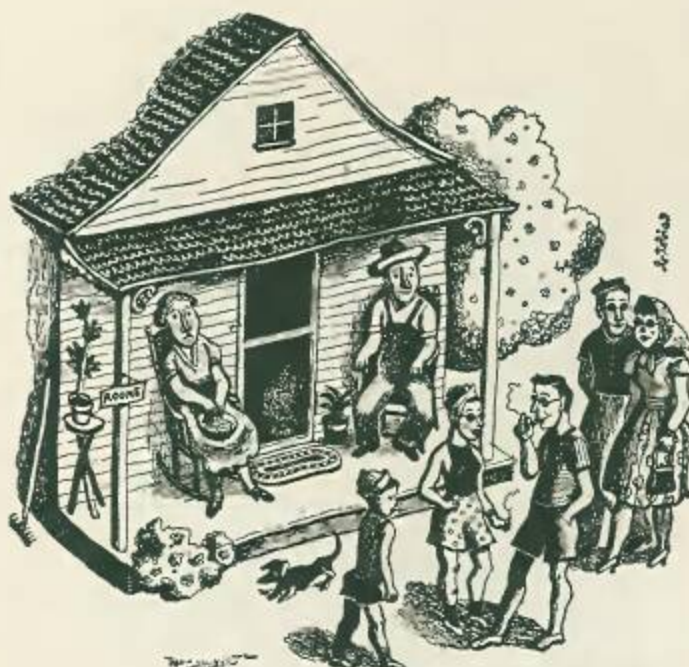
(Open later than most places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): In this hallowed landmark, Wild Bill Davidson's trumpet could easily pass for the Angel Gabriel's. His compeers are Cutty Cutshall, Edmond Hall, Gene Schroeder, Cliff Leeman, Al Hall, and occasionally even Mr. Condon, whose vocals are all sotto-voce and table-side. In between, Ralph Sutton knocks off real torrid piano. On Tuesdays, visiting tooters compound the fracture. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Of the several brands of music for moderns available around town, the chef's special here is probably the most comprehensible. Right now, the ingredients are the quintet of George Shearing, a great hand at a Steinway when he's not on an anecdotal kick, and the duo of Don Shirley. They tee off at nine. Ronnie Selby plays good, solid piano at dinnertime. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Phil Napoleon and his Memphis Five are as wide-awake as ever. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Wilbur de Paris's band, which includes Omer Simeon, Sidney de Paris, Zutty Singleton, and Eddie Gibbs, is carrying the torch for jazz as it was in the beginning. Don Frye is the solo pianist. Jam sessions Monday nights. Closed Sundays, except July 4. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): A Casbah in whose winding streets and involuted tone patterns the uninitiate can sometimes lose track of things. Sarah Vaughan sings, and Dizzy Gillespie's band and the Lester Young quintet do their familiar variations on themes, or even non-themes. Outside technicians turn up in quantity for the jam sessions, which are held on Mondays. . . . **BASIN STREET**, Broadway at 51st St. (PL 7-3728): Another vast cave dwelling of jazz devotees. At the moment, it is offering a perfectly balanced panorama of Americana, ranging from the mournful introspection of the remarkable Gerry Mulligan quartet through the up-to-date jazz of the Oscar Peterson trio to the slam-bang road-show raucousness of the Illinois Jacquet All-Stars. Closed Mondays. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): On Friday and Saturday, July 2-3, it is promised, there will be a battle royal between Roy Eldridge, Henry Goodwin, Jimmy Archey, Tyree Glenn, Garvin Bushel, Cecil Scott, Art Trappier, Freddie Moore, and Willie the Lion Smith. Dancing.

DINNER IN THE COUNTRY

(Places to dine while out motoring. Telephoning ahead is always wise; a few places insist on it. No dancing, unless noted.)

BANKSVILLE, N.Y.: La Crémallière (Bedford Village 4-3306); closed Mondays, except July 5, and Tuesday, July 6. . . . **BETHPAGE, L.I.**: Beau Sejour (Hicksville 3-0091); closed Tuesdays. . . . **CLOSTER, N.J.**: Nolan's Closter Manor (Closter 5-3012). . . . **CONGERS, N.Y.**: Jean's (Congers 8-6178); closed Mondays. . . . **DANBURY, CONN.**: White Turkey Inn (Danbury 3-2726). . . . **EAST NORWICH, L.I.**: Rothmann's Inn (Oyster Bay 6-0266). . . . **FISHKILL, N.Y.**: Boni's Inn (Beacon 9-7394). . . . **GERTRUDE HART'S** (Beacon 9-7384). . . . **GARRISON, N.Y.**: Bird and Bottle (Garrison 4-3342); closed Tuesdays. . . . **GLENWOOD LANDING, L.I.**: Swan Club (ROslyn 3-0037); music nightly and dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . . **HARTSDALE, N.Y.**: Tordo's (White Plains 8-0597). . . . **LAKE SUCCESS, L.I.**: André; formerly Mori's (HUnter 2-7717). . . . **NORWALK, CONN.**: Silvermine Tavern (Volunteer 6-2588). . . . **PORT WASHINGTON, L.I.**: Nino's Continental (Port Washington 7-1604); dancing every evening except Monday. . . . **RIVIERA** (Port Washington 7-6500); dancing every evening except Monday. . . . **POUND RIDGE, N.Y.**: Emily Shaw's Inn (Pound Ridge 4-8873); closed Mondays, except July 5, and Tuesday, July 6. . . . **RIDGEFIELD, CONN.**: Stonehenge (Ridgefield 6-6511); Peter Walters at the piano every evening. . . . **FOX HILL**, on Route 7 between Ridgefield and Danbury (Ridgefield 6-7628). . . . **ROSLYN, L.I.**: Blue



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Spruce Inn (ROslyn 3-3300); closed Mondays. . . SMITHTOWN, L.I.: Frank Friede's Riverside Inn (Smithtown 2-1016); closed Tuesdays. . . Mont d'Or Inn (Smithtown 2-1997); closed Mondays, except July 5, and Wednesday, July 7. . . SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.: Round Hill (Huntington 4-1371); closed Mondays, except July 5. . . SYOSSET, L.I.: Villa Victor (SYosset 6-3886). . . TARRYTOWN, N.Y.: Tappan Hill (TARRYtown 4-3030); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . WESTBURY, L.I.: Westbury Manor (WESTbury 7-2184); piano every evening except Sunday. . . WESTPORT, CONN.: Red Barn (Capitol 7-6204).

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries in town are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 to between 5 and 6. They all will be closed Monday, July 5.)

GALLERIES

ANTHONY THIEME—Twenty-five new water colors of Spain done during the artist's recent visit there; through July 16. (Grand Central, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the ALAN, 32 E. 65th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures that were displayed in museums and universities all over the country during the 1953-54 season; through Aug. 20. . . BABCOCK, 38 E. 57th St.: A summer exhibit of oils and water colors by Winslow Homer, Henry Botkin, and a score of others; through Aug. 31. . . KRAUSHAAR, 32 E. 57th St.: Vaughn Flannery, William Kienbusch, and George Rickey are represented in a show that includes both early and recent paintings and sculptures; through July 16. . . MIDTOWN, 17 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Emlen Etting, Julien Binford, Oronzio Maldarelli, and others; through Friday, July 2. . . MILCH, 55 E. 57th St.: An oil apiece, as well as a number of water colors, by Stephen Etnier, Childe Hassam, and a dozen other nineteenth- and twentieth-century painters; through July 30. . . PERIDOT, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Rollin Crampton and Weldon Kees are among twelve painters and three sculptors who have a single work each on view; through July 30. . . ROSENBERG, 20 E. 79th St.: Canvases by Abraham Rattner, Karl Knaths, and Marsden Hartley; through July 30. . . BERTHA SCHAEFER, 32 E. 57th St.: "Fact and Fantasy '54," made up of paintings and sculptures by the gallery's group, which includes Balcomb Greene, Will Barnet, and Robert Cronbach; through Aug. 31.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW—Paintings, gouaches, drawings, and sculptures by Ennio Morlotti, Carlyle Brown, Renato Birolli, and other Italian and American artists; through Friday, July 2. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—No special art exhibitions right now; just the permanent collections. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Monday, July 5, from 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A survey of Jacques Lipchitz's sculptures from 1911 to the present, including several pieces that have never been shown before in America; through Aug. 1. . . The first major retrospective of the work of Niles Spencer (1893-1952), made up of approximately forty oils, drawings, and gouaches; through Aug. 15. . . Traditional Japanese calligraphy used as a point of departure for forty examples of abstract Japanese pen-and-ink drawings, seen for the first time in this country; through Sept. 19. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays and Monday, July 5, from 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Color engravings of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century English country and sporting scenes; through Sept. 15. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Monday, July 5, from 1 to 5.)

IN THE COUNTRY

EAST HAMPTON, L.I. Guild Hall: The sixteenth annual artist-members' exhibit of oils, water colors, and sculptures; through Saturday, July 3. (Weekdays, 10 to 5.) . . . ESSEX, CONN. Essex Art Association: The annual jury show (Beatrice Kuming, Revington Arthur, and others); starting Sunday, July 4. (Daily, 1 to 5, and Friday evenings until 9.) . . . MYSTIC,

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CONN. Mystic Art Association: A thirty-year retrospective comprising works by such artists as Robert Brackman, Kenneth Bates, and Garrett Price; starting Saturday, July 3. (Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 2 to 5:30.) . . . **OGUNQUIT, MAINE**. Museum of Art of Ogunquit: Oils, water colors, and drawings by Winslow Homer, plus sculptures and paintings by present-day Americans. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1:30 to 8.) . . . **Ogunquit Art Association**: Robert Laurent, Henry Strater, and William Zorach will be among the large group represented here; starting Saturday, July 3. (Weekdays, 10 to 12 and 1 to 5:30; Sundays and Monday, July 5, from 2 to 6.) . . . **PROVINCETOWN, MASS.** Kootz Gallery: Paintings, sculptures, water colors, and gouaches by seven artists, including William Baziotis and Hans Hofmann; through July 31. (Daily, 11 to 3; Wednesday evenings, 8 to 10.) . . . **SOUTHAMPTON, L.I.** Parrish Museum: Painters who live in the Hamptons and other contemporaries; through July 18. (Sundays through Thursdays, 2 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 6; Wednesday evenings, 7 to 8:30.) . . . **WOODSTOCK, N.Y.** Ganso Gallery: Paintings and sculptures by members of the gallery; through July 19. (Weekdays, 10 to 5:30 and 8 to 10; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

MUSIC

STADIUM CONCERTS—The Stadium Symphony Orchestra—Thursday, July 1: Tibor Kozma conducting a concert performance of "Fledermaus," in English, with Regina Resnik and Lois Hunt, sopranos; Sandra Warfield, mezzo-soprano; Charles Kullman, tenor; and Hugh Thompson, baritone. . . Saturday, July 3: André Kostelanetz conducting, with Lily Pons, soprano. . . Monday, July 5: Alfredo Antonini conducting, with José Greco and his company of Spanish dancers. . . Tuesday, July 6: Alfredo Antonini conducting. . . Wednesday, July 7: Sir Adrian Boult conducting, with Ania Dorfmann, piano. . . Thursday, July 8: Sir Adrian Boult conducting, with Mischa Elman, violin. . . Saturday, July 10: Frederick Dvornich conducting a Kern and Hammerstein program including a concert version of "Show Boat," with Virginia Haskins, soprano; Helena Bliss, mezzo-soprano; William Tabbert, tenor; and William Warfield, baritone. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St. AD 4-5800. Tickets are also available at the Steinway Building, 113 W. 57th St., CI 7-5534. Evenings at 8:30; through Saturday, July 31. In the event of rain, last-minute plans are broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC and at 7:05 P.M. over WQXR.)

CENTRAL PARK MALL CONCERTS—Edwin Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Sundays, except July 4, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 8:30; through Sunday, Aug. 15.) . . . The Naumburg Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Everett Lee, with Gilda Muhlbauser, violin. (Sunday, July 4, at 8:30.)

IN THE COUNTRY

BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 15—Wednesday, July 7: Claudio Arrau, piano, and the Bel Arte Trio in an all-Beethoven program. . . Friday, July 9: Charles Münch conducting a chamber orchestra, made up of members of the Boston Symphony, in a program of Bach's "Brandenburg" concertos, with Lukas Foss, piano. . . Saturday, July 10: Charles Münch directing the Boston Symphony in a performance

of Berlioz's "The Damnation of Faust," with Eleanor Steber, soprano; Martial Singher, baritone; David Poleri, tenor; Donald Gramm, bass-baritone; the Harvard Glee Club; and the Radcliffe Choral Society. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Evenings at 8:30.)

CEDAR CREST SUMMER MUSIC FESTIVAL—Friday, July 2: Karl Krueger conducting the American Arts Orchestra. . . Friday, July 9: Paul Creston, piano; Sebastian Caratelli, flute; and José Figueroa, violin. (Cedar Crest College, Allentown, Pa. Evenings at 7:30.)

MUSIC MOUNTAIN—The Berkshire Quartet, with Bruce Simonds, piano, presenting the first in a series of chamber-music concerts. (Music Mountain, Falls Village, Conn. Sunday, July 4, at 4.)

NEW HAVEN POPS CONCERTS—Frank Brieff conducting the New Haven Symphony Orchestra, with Risë Stevens, mezzo-soprano. (Yale Bowl, New Haven. Tuesday, July 6, at 8:15.)

CONNECTICUT POPS—Milton Katims conducting the Connecticut Symphony Orchestra, with Dorothy Kirsten, soprano. The second in a series of six programs. (Fairfield University Field, Fairfield, Conn. Friday, July 9, at 8:45.)

SOUTH MOUNTAIN—Alexander Schneider, violin, and Artur Balsam, piano, in a program of Beethoven sonatas. (South Mountain, Pittsfield, Mass. Saturday, July 10, at 4.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At the POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. Dodgers, Thursday, July 1, at 1:30. . . Giants vs. Philadelphia, Monday, July 5, at 1:30 (doubleheader). . . Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Friday and Saturday, July 9-10, at 1:30. . . **YANKEE STADIUM**: Yankees vs. Washington, Friday, July 2, at 1:30 (doubleheader); Saturday, July 3, at 8:30; and Sunday, July 4, at 2. . . Yankees vs. Boston, Tuesday, July 6, at 8:30; and Wednesday, July 7, at 2. . . **EBBETS FIELD**: Dodgers vs. Giants, Tuesday and Wednesday, July 6-7, at 8, and Thursday, July 8, at 1:30. . . Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, Friday, July 9, at 8, and Saturday, July 10, at 1:30.

GOLF—U.S.G.A. Women's Open Championship. (Salem Country Club, Salem, Mass. Thursday through Saturday, July 1-3.) . . . New Jersey State Golf Association Open Championship. (Essex County Country Club, West Orange, N.J. Wednesday through Friday, July 7-9.) . . . New York State Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Fairview Country Club, Elmsford, N.Y. Wednesday through Sunday, July 7-11.)

HORSE SHOW—Warrenton Pony Show. (Warrenton, Va. Saturday, July 10.)

POLO—Sundays at 3:30—BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase. . . MEADOW BROOK CLUB, Westbury.

RACING—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:15; through Saturday, July 10. The Dwyer, Saturday, July 3; the Carter Handicap, Monday, July 5; and the Brooklyn Handicap, Saturday, July 10. (Trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays, except July 5, through Fridays between 10:45 and 1; Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:15; and Monday, July 5, between 10:15 and 1:25.) . . . **MONMOUTH PARK**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2:30; through Monday, Aug. 9. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Mondays, except July 5, through Fridays at 12:25, and Saturdays at 11:55. Weekdays, a boat leaves Pier 81, W. 42nd St., at 11:15, and is met at Atlantic Highlands by buses for the track.)

TENNIS—New York State Men's Championships. (County Tennis Club of Westchester, Hartsdale. Monday through Sunday, July 5-11.) . . . New York State Women's Championships. (Pelham Country Club, Pelham. Tuesday through Saturday, July 6-10.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend sessions of the Trusteeship Council and of various commissions and committees, as well as periodic meetings of the Security Council. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings start at 10:30 and 2



Mondays, except July 5, through Fridays.) . . .
 ¶ Hour-long tours, conducted by the American Association for the United Nations, leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so, daily from 9:30 to around 4:30.

THE POPULAR PRINT—About a hundred examples of the reproductions that were run off on a mass scale in almost every country from the fifteenth through the nineteenth centuries as pictorial accounts of familiar stories and contemporary events; through Nov. 15. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10.)

JAPANESE HOUSE—A traditional Japanese house that was built in Japan and then shipped here (along with rocks for a garden) and re-assembled is on view in the garden of the Museum of Modern Art. Through Oct. 12. (4 W. 54th St. Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays and Monday, July 5, from 1 to 7.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—Sunsets, rainbows, thunderstorms, and other phenomena caused by the sun are reproduced in the new show called "Sky Fantasia;" through Sept. 19. (Mondays, except July 5, through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays, Sundays, and Monday, July 5, at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. . . . ¶ Half-hour conducted tours of the Planetarium start every night at 8.)

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

BASEBALL—At the **POLO GROUNDS**: July 11, July 27-Aug. 1, and Aug. 3-8. . . . **EBBETS FIELD**: July 11, July 26-Aug. 8, and Aug. 13-15. . . . **YANKEE STADIUM**: July 15-25 and Aug. 10-15.

BOXING—Nino Valdes vs. Tommy Jackson, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden, July 14.)

GOLF—Long Island Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Seawane Harbor Club, Hewlett, L.I. July 15-18.) . . . ¶ Metropolitan Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Garden City Country Club, Garden City, L.I. July 22-25.) . . . ¶ Sectional qualifying rounds for the U.S.G.A. Amateur Championship. (Meadow Brook Club, Westbury, L.I., and Wheatley Hills Golf Club, East Williston, L.I. July 27.) . . . ¶ Westchester County Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Metropolis Country Club, White Plains, July 28-30.) . . . ¶ Tam O'Shanter Championships. (Tam O'Shanter Country Club, Niles, Ill. Aug. 5-15.) . . . ¶ Westchester County Golf Association Open Championship. (Bonnie Briar Country Club, Larchmont, Aug. 10-11.)

HORSE SHOWS—Dublin Horse Show. (Dublin, Ireland, Aug. 3-7.) . . . ¶ Litchfield Horse Show. (Litchfield, Conn. Aug. 14.)

MOTORBOAT RACING—Northeastern Divisional Outboard Championships. (East Hampton, L.I. Aug. 1.)

RACING—**SARATOGA AT JAMAICA**: July 12-31. . . . **SARATOGA SPRINGS**: Aug. 2-28. . . . **ATLANTIC CITY**, Mays Landing, N.J.: Aug. 10-Oct. 6.

TENNIS—Pennsylvania State Men's Grass Court Championships and Pennsylvania and Eastern States Women's Grass Court Championships. (Merion Cricket Club, Haverford, Pa. July 19-25.) . . . ¶ Men's Invitation Tournament. (Meadow Club, Southampton, L.I. July 27-Aug. 1.) . . . ¶ Eastern Grass Court Championships. (Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N.J. Aug. 2-8.) . . . ¶ Men's Invitation Tournament. (Newport Casino Lawn Tennis Club, Newport, R.I. Aug. 9-15.)

YACHTING—Beverly Yacht Club Regatta. (Marion, Mass. July 16-17.) . . . ¶ Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont, July 17-24.) . . . ¶ Edgartown Yacht Club Regatta. (Edgartown, Mass. July 23-25.) . . . ¶ Bar Harbor Yacht Club Regatta. (Bar Harbor, Me. July 29.) . . . ¶ Nantucket Yacht Club Regatta. (Nantucket, Mass. July 30-31.) . . . ¶ Marblehead Race Week. (Marblehead, Mass. Aug. 7-15.) . . . ¶ New Bedford Yacht Club Regatta. (New Bedford, Mass. Aug. 13-14.) . . . ¶ Hyannis Yacht Club Regatta. (Hyannis, Mass. Aug. 13-14.) . . . ¶ Newport Regatta. (Newport, R.I. Aug. 14-15.)

MUSIC—The Aspen Festival, at Aspen, Colo., will continue through Sept. 5. . . . ¶ Salzburg Festival, Salzburg, Austria, July 25-Aug. 30.

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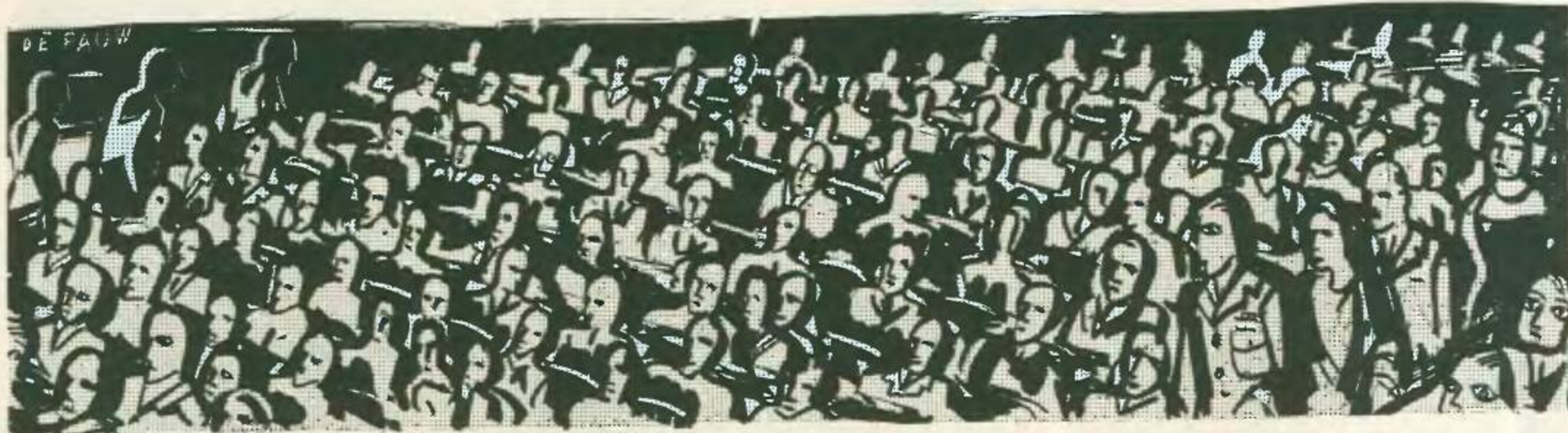
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REpublic 7-1764



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



THE CAINE MUTINY—An overly detailed but occasionally amusing adaptation of the Herman Wouk novel about a naval officer who is provoked by the psychopathic condition of his captain to assume command of a vessel only slightly more impressive than a lifeboat. Humphrey Bogart and Van Johnson are excellent as the mad captain and the man who supersedes him. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060.)

THE CAPTAIN'S PARADISE—Alec Guinness demonstrating that bigamy can be a rather blessed state. The ladies Mr. Guinness takes to wife are Celia Johnson and Yvonne De Carlo, who serve as admirable foils for him in this comical English picture. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874, through July 3. . . . Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180, through July 3, tentative. . . . Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; July 4-6.)

DIAL M FOR MURDER—An adaptation of the play about a retired tennis player who has a homicidal urge to get rid of his wife. Directed by Alfred Hitchcock, the picture is more static than his top-drawer efforts, but it is compelling part of the time. Ray Milland, Grace Kelly, and Anthony Dawson are splendid as the athlete, the unfortunate wife, and a hired killer, respectively. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 7-9653; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; through July 6.)

GENEVIEVE—An engaging British film about a quartet of highly amusing types who are in transit from London to Brighton on some sort of annual excursion involving ancient automobiles. With John Gregson, Dinah Sheridan, Kay Kendall, and Kenneth More. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting July 7. . . . Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting July 7, tentative.)

JULIUS CAESAR—A West Coast cultural endeavor that moves with a tread so stately it sometimes seems to be making no progress at all. However, the film does have the virtue of employing James Mason as Brutus; John Gielgud, as Cassius; and Edmond O'Brien,

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

as Casca, all of whom are apt in their Shakespearean readings. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; July 4-6.)

NEW FACES—A series of pleasant skits and songs. Among those present in this CinemaScope version of the Broadway revue are Ronny Graham, Eartha Kitt, Alice Ghostley, Paul Lynde, and Robert Clary. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; July 2-3.)

THE PICKWICK PAPERS—A lengthy treat for Sam's aficionados. An English film, with James Hayter, Nigel Patrick, and a lot of other good people. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; July 4-6, tentative.)

REVIVALS

ALL THE KING'S MEN (1949)—A revamp of the Robert Penn Warren novel having to do with a politician very similar to the late Huey Long. With Broderick Crawford. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; July 6-7.)

BALLERINA (1938)—Ballet folk backstage. In French, with Mia Slavenska. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 5.)

THE BANDIT (1949)—Anna Magnani and Amadeo Nazzari in an Italian picture revealing some of the activities of the postwar Italian underworld. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 3.)

THE BANK DICK (1940)—W. C. Fields as a bank dick. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through July 7, tentative.)

THE BICYCLE THIEF (1949)—An Italian film, made by Vittorio De Sica, about a search for a stolen bicycle by a workman and his son. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 4.)

BRINGING UP BABY (1938)—Katharine Hepburn (a rich girl), Cary Grant (a scientist), and two leopards (leopards). (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; July 4-5.)

THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI (1919)—The classic silent fantasy. A German picture,

with Conrad Veidt. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 7.)

UN CARNET DE BAL (1938)—A widow traces the careers of her early loves. A French film, with Marie Bell, Harry Baur, and Raimu. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 3.)

CHAPLIN COMEDIES—"Dough and Dynamite" and "Caught in a Cabaret," both one-reelers from the silent past. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 6.)

DEVIL IN THE FLESH (1949)—A French picture concerned with the trials and cruelties of adolescent love. With Gérard Philipe and Micheline Prele. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 4.)

GONE WITH THE WIND (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070.)

THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH (1952)—DeMille under the big top. With Betty Hutton, Cornel Wilde, Dorothy Lamour, Charlton Heston, and so on. (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; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; July 4-7, tentative.)

LAST HOLIDAY (1950)—Alec Guinness as a presumably doomed salesman having his final fling at a fancy watering place. A British picture. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through July 7, tentative.)

LIMELIGHT (1952)—A love affair between an aging music-hall comedian and a waif. Charles Chaplin and Claire Bloom. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through July 5.)

THE ROBE (1953)—The story, in CinemaScope, of the worries and woes of the early Christians. With Richard Burton, Victor Mature, and Jean Simmons. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; through July 3.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Through July 4: "The Trespasser" (1929), with Gloria Swanson and Robert Ames. . . . Starting July 5: "The Love of Sunya" (1927), with Gloria Swanson and John Boles. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Indiscretion of an American Wife." Jennifer Jones, Montgomery Clift, Gino Cervi.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
THE CAINE MUTINY.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
July 1: "The French Line" (in 3-D), Jane Russell, Gilbert Roland, Arthur Hunnicutt.

From July 2: "The Long Wait." Anthony Quinn, Charles Coburn, Gene Evans.

GLOBE, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
July 1: "The Royal Tour of Queen Elizabeth and Philip" (a documentary film in CinemaScope).

From July 2: "Hell Raiders of the Deep," Eleonora Rossi Drago, Pierre Cressay.

MAYFAIR, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Johnny Guitar," Joan Crawford, Sterling Hayden, Mercedes McCambridge.

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"The Student Prince" (in CinemaScope). Ann Blyth, Edmund Purdom, Louis Calhern.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"The High and the Mighty" (in CinemaScope), John Wayne, Claire Trevor, Laraine Day.

ROXY, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
Through July 6 (tentative): "Demetrius and

the Gladiators" (in CinemaScope), Victor Mature, Susan Hayward, Michael Rennie. From July 7 (tentative): "Garden of Evil" (in CinemaScope), Gary Cooper, Susan Hayward, Richard Widmark.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
GONE WITH THE WIND, revival.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"About Mrs. Leslie," Shirley Booth, Robert Ryan.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Cinerama." (Mondays, except July 5, through Thursdays at 2:40 and 8:40; Fridays at 7:30 and 10:30; Saturdays at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; and Sundays and Monday, July 5, at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

WORLD, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"Desires" (in German).

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through July 7 (tentative): "Side Street Story" (in Italian), Toto, Eduardo De Filippo.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 7-9653)
Through July 6: **DIAL M FOR MURDER**; and "The Boy from Oklahoma," Will Rogers, Jr., Nancy Olson.

From July 7: "Carnival Story," Anne Baxter, Steve Cochran; and "The Bigamist," Edmond O'Brien, Joan Fontaine.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through July 3: "Beauties of the Night" (in French), Gérard Philipe, Gina Lollobrigida.

July 4-6: "Rhapsody," Elizabeth Taylor, Vittorio Gassman.

From July 7: **GENEVIEVE**.

BEVERLY, 3rd Ave. at 50th. (EL 5-8790)
Through July 5: **LIMELIGHT**, revival; and "Kind Hearts and Coronets," revival, Alec Guinness, Valerie Hobson.

From July 6: "The Lonely Night," a documentary film on psychotherapy; and "The Eternal Mask," revival.

LEXINGTON, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through July 3: "Tanganyika," Van Heflin, Ruth Roman; and "Black Horse Canyon," Joel McCrea, Mari Blanchard.

July 4-7 (tentative): **THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH**, revival.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Lili," Leslie Caron, Mel Ferrer.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Man with a Million," Gregory Peck, Jane Griffiths, Ronald Squire.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through July 6: **DIAL M FOR MURDER**; and "The Boy from Oklahoma," Will Rogers, Jr., Nancy Olson.

From July 7: "Carnival Story," Anne Baxter, Steve Cochran; and "The Bigamist," Edmond O'Brien, Joan Fontaine.

FINE ARTS, 128 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"Mr. Hulot's Holiday" (in French and English), Jacques Tati.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Edge of Divorce," Valerie Hobson, Philip Friend.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
Through July 4: "The Spell of Ireland," a documentary film.

From July 5: "Daughters of Destiny" (in French and English), Claudette Colbert, Michèle Morgan, Martine Carol.

TRANS-LUX 60TH ST., Madison at 60th. (PL 5-2746)
"Scotch on the Rocks," Ronald Squire, Kathleen Ryan, Raymond Huntley.

YORK, 1st Ave. at 64th. (RH 4-5779)
Through July 3: **THE ROBE**, revival.

July 4: "Flight Nurse," Joan Leslie, Forrest Tucker; and "Crazylegs," Elroy Hirsch, Lloyd Nolan.

July 5-6: "Flame and the Flesh," Lana Turner, Pier Angeli; and "Make Haste to Live," Dorothy McGuire, Stephen McNally.

From July 7: "How to Marry a Millionaire" (in CinemaScope), Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, Lauren Bacall.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through July 3 (tentative): "The Lonely Night," a documentary film on psychotherapy; and "The Eternal Mask," revival.

July 4-6: **THE CAPTAIN'S PARADISE**.

From July 7: **GENEVIEVE**.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through July 7 (tentative): "Stalag 17," revival, William Holden, Don Taylor.

LOEW'S 72ND ST., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through July 3: "Tanganyika," Van Heflin, Ruth Roman; and "Black Horse Canyon," Joel McCrea, Mari Blanchard.

July 4-7 (tentative): **THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH**, revival.

TRANS-LUX 72ND ST., 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through July 7 (tentative): **THE BANK DICK**, revival; and **LAST HOLIDAY**, revival.

TRANS-LUX COLONY, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through July 3: "River of No Return" (in CinemaScope), Robert Mitchum, Marilyn Monroe; and "Loophole," Barry Sullivan, Dorothy Malone.

July 4-5: **BRINGING UP BABY**, revival; and "Tap Roots," revival, Susan Hayward, Van Heflin.

From July 6: "Flame and the Flesh," Lana

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

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

Turner, Pier Angeli; and "Make Haste to Live," Dorothy McGuire, Stephen McNally.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through July 3 (tentative): **THE CAPTAIN'S PARADISE**.

July 4-6 (tentative): **THE PICKWICK PAPERS**.

From July 7 (tentative): **GENEVIEVE**.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through July 6: **DIAL M FOR MURDER**; and "The Boy from Oklahoma," Will Rogers, Jr., Nancy Olson.

From July 7: "Carnival Story," Anne Baxter, Steve Cochran; and "The Bigamist," Edmond O'Brien, Joan Fontaine.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through July 3: "Tanganyika," Van Heflin, Ruth Roman; and "Black Horse Canyon," Joel McCrea, Mari Blanchard.

July 4-7 (tentative): **THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH**, revival.

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
July 1: "Flame and the Flesh," Lana Turner, Pier Angeli; and "Make Haste to Live," Dorothy McGuire, Stephen McNally.

July 2-3: **NEW FACES**; and "The Steel Trap," revival, Joseph Cotten, Teresa Wright.

July 4-5: "Saskatchewan," Alan Ladd, Shelley Winters; and "Riot in Cell Block 11," Neville Brand, Leo Gordon.

July 6-7: **ALL THE KING'S MEN**, revival; and "The Marrying Kind," revival, Judy Holliday, Aldo Ray.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)

Through July 3: **THE CAPTAIN'S PARADISE**.

July 4-6: **JULIUS CAESAR**.

From July 7: **GENEVIEVE**.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The Red Inn" (in French), Fernandel, Françoise Rosay.



SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through July 3: "Tanganyika," Van Heflin, Ruth Roman; and "Black Horse Canyon," Joel McCrea, Mari Blanchard.

July 4-7 (tentative): **THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH**, revival.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through July 3: "Intimate Relations," Harold Warrender, Marian Spencer; and "Sins of Paris" (in French), Madeleine Lebeau, Henri Vilbert.

July 4-6: "Payment on Demand," revival, Bette Davis, Barry Sullivan; and "On the Riviera," revival, Danny Kaye, Gene Tierney.

From July 7: "The Holly and the Ivy," Ralph Richardson, Celia Johnson; and "Angels One Five," Jack Hawkins, John Gregson.

R.K.O. 23RD ST., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through July 6: **DIAL M FOR MURDER**; and "The Boy from Oklahoma," Will Rogers, Jr., Nancy Olson.

From July 7: "Carnival Story," Anne Baxter, Steve Cochran; and "The Bigamist," Edmond O'Brien, Joan Fontaine.

TERRACE, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
Through July 3: "Flame and the Flesh," Lana Turner, Pier Angeli; and "Make Haste to Live," Dorothy McGuire, Stephen McNally.

July 4-5: "The Battle of Rogue River," George Montgomery, Richard Denning; and "Charge of the Lancers," Paulette Goddard, Jean Pierre Aumont.

July 6-7: "Crimson Pirate," revival, Burt Lancaster; and "Jack and the Beanstalk," revival, Abbott and Costello.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Flamenco" (in Spanish).

NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Le Plaisir" (in French), Danielle Darrieux, Simone Simon, Jean Gabin.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"La Ronde" (in French), Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"Hobson's Choice," Charles Laughton, John Mills.

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through July 3: "Tanganyika," Van Heflin, Ruth Roman; and "Black Horse Canyon," Joel McCrea, Mari Blanchard.

July 4-7 (tentative): **THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH**, revival.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
July 1: "Beauty and the Beast" (in French), revival, a Jean Cocteau film; and "Leonardo da Vinci," revival, a documentary film.

July 2: "The Raven" (in French), revival, Pierre Fresnay; and "A Lover's Return" (in French), revival, Louis Jouvet.

July 3: **UN CARNET DE BAL** (in French), revival; and **THE BANDIT** (in Italian), revival.

July 4: **DEVIL IN THE FLESH** (in French), revival; and **THE BICYCLE THIEF** (in Italian), revival.

July 5: **BALLERINA** (in French), revival; and "La Vie de Bohème" (in French), revival, Louis Jourdan.

July 6: **CHAPLIN COMEDIES** (silent), revival; and "Khamishia, Five Tales from Israel."

July 7: **THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI** (silent), revival; and "The Last Laugh" (silent), revival, Emil Jannings.

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (RI 9-9861)
Through July 6: "Three Coins in the Fountain" (in CinemaScope), Clifton Webb, Dorothy McGuire; and "The Golden Mask," Van Heflin, Wanda Hendrix.

From July 7: "Carnival Story," Anne Baxter, Steve Cochran; and "The Bigamist," Edmond O'Brien, Joan Fontaine.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through July 3: "Tanganyika," Van Heflin, Ruth Roman; and "Black Horse Canyon," Joel McCrea, Mari Blanchard.

July 4-7 (tentative): **THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH**, revival.

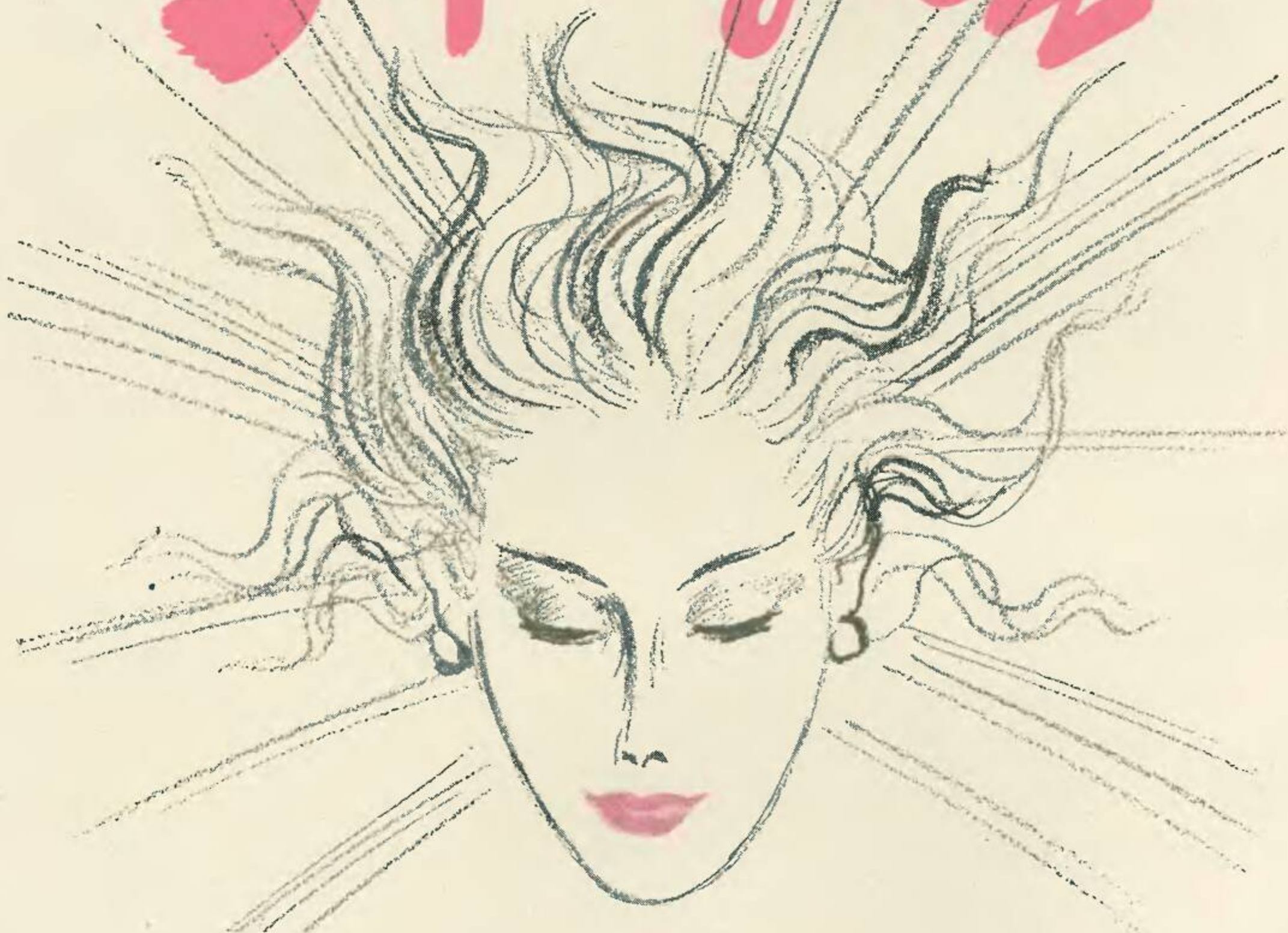
NEMO, B'way at 110th. (AC 2-9406)
Through July 6: **DIAL M FOR MURDER**; and "The Boy from Oklahoma," Will Rogers, Jr., Nancy Olson.

From July 7: "Carnival Story," Anne Baxter, Steve Cochran; and "The Bigamist," Edmond O'Brien, Joan Fontaine.

COLISEUM, B'way at 181st. (WA 7-7200)
Through July 6: **DIAL M FOR MURDER**; and "The Boy from Oklahoma," Will Rogers, Jr., Nancy Olson.

From July 7: "Carnival Story," Anne Baxter, Steve Cochran; and "The Bigamist," Edmond O'Brien, Joan Fontaine.

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

GOING about in the streets, we encounter more and more fellows talking to themselves as they buck the tides of sidewalk traffic. A few of them are obviously in a state of euphoria and are expressing themselves naturally, but most are wanderers in the vales of uncertainty and seem to be answering the questions thrown at them by



some imaginary interlocutor. It must be a sign of the times, this solitary mumbling in the streets. The cause is easy to guess at. So much of life is in question-and-answer form these days: the radio quiz programs, the loyalty investigations, the questionnaires of the sex-behavior writers. Every citizen sees himself in the witness chair, parrying some ideological thrust or making himself financially independent by telling what river the capital of Vermont is on. Most of the soliloquizers we have met with, incidentally, have been males. It isn't often you see a woman talking to herself.

Twenty-nine Years

THE last time we had a chat with James J. Rorimer, director of the Cloisters and curator of medieval art at the Metropolitan Museum, he had just put on display at the former establishment the so-called Nine Heroes tapestry, which at some sorry point in its history had been chopped into more than ninety pieces and which the resourceful Rorimer had spent much of ten years locating and fitting together again. Now he has placed a fresh triumph of detection and patchwork on view at the Cloisters, and we have been to see it

and him. A tapestry to which he has given the name "The Glorification of Charles VIII," it is a bit over eleven feet high and a bit over thirty feet long, and if you'd like a nice, cautious superlative to remember it by, it is said to be the biggest medieval wool, silk, and metal-thread tapestry in captivity. It's also, in our lay opinion, beautiful. So give a rouse for Rorimer, because if it hadn't been for a hunch he had at Harvard twenty-nine years ago, and his subsequent diligent pursuit of clues to back up the hunch, no one but the ghost of old Charles might ever have known that the tapestry existed. Existed, that is, as a single great work, for sometime prior to 1870 it was cut into three pieces, each of which was assumed to be complete in itself and became famous in its own right. (Part of the bottom of the middle section is still missing, and Rorimer doubts that it will ever turn up. At the Cloisters, the horrid gap is concealed by a fifteenth-century Italian credenza, acquired specially for that purpose.)

According to legend, Mr. Rorimer told us, the "Glorification" was made in Brussels, between 1489 and 1491, on three looms manned by some forty weavers, and was delivered to Charles VIII, King of France, in his twenty-first year, as a present from his father-in-law, Maximilian of Austria. The tapestry, which depicts in symbolic terms the eventual redemption of man, is divided into eighteen panels and contains a total of a hundred and sixty-one figures, including at least five and possibly six representations of Charles. Other members of the cast are the Lord; Adam and Eve; King Arthur; Charlemagne; Godfrey of Bouillon, a Christian worthy; Charles's wife, Margaret of Austria, who is shown at about the age of ten and who married Charles when she was three and he was twelve; Charles's sister and regent, Anne de Beaujeu; Maximilian; Frederick III of Austria, Maximilian's father; five page-

boys; two dogs, one standing, the other lying fast asleep; Mercy, holding a lily; Justice, holding a sword; assorted clergymen and courtiers; and a self-portrait of the designer of the tapestry, Jan van Roome, whose signature is sewn, with the letters backward, into the leg of a page.

Mr. Rorimer's detective work began in 1925, when, as an undergraduate, he studied Hunter's "The Practical Book of Tapestries." In the book was a plate of what purported to be a complete tapestry and is now the left-hand portion of the "Glorification." Another plate showed a detail from a second "complete" tapestry, now the right-hand portion of the "Glorification," and the text held scattered references to still a third "complete" tapestry—the one that is now the middle section. Hunter made no mention of a possible connection between the tapestries, but Rorimer smelled a rat. "Maybe I was suspicious because when I was sixteen I persuaded my parents to buy me a certain tapestry in Florence," he said. "It was supposed to be complete, but when we got to Berlin, I found another section of it in a museum." In the early nineteen-thirties, Rorimer, already engaged in building up the tapestry collection of the Metropolitan, went to dinner one evening at the home of George Blumenthal, at Seventieth Street and Park Avenue.



There, on the dining-room wall, was the right-hand portion of the tapestry. Rorimer kept mum about his suspicions and was delighted when Blumenthal presented the tapestry to the Museum in 1941.

Shortly after running across the right-hand portion, Mr. Rorimer discovered the left-hand portion at Du-

veen's, where it had been since about 1912. (Art dealers have to take their time peddling tapestries.) He had no idea where the middle portion was, if it existed at all, and, what with the building of the Cloisters and then the war, he didn't tackle the problem in earnest until 1947. In that year, Rorimer set about identifying a figure that appeared four times in the left-hand portion and once in the right. Piling clue on clue, he decided that it could only be Charles VIII. Item: The largest of the five figures, which is also the largest figure in the "Glorification," wears a red-and-yellow mantle over a blue robe; blue was the royal color of France, and red and yellow were the personal colors of Charles VIII. Item: In other panels, the figure is represented as Ahasuerus, a character in the Book of Esther, and Rorimer learned that when Charles married little Margaret, in 1483, the Abbot of St. Bertin preached a sermon likening them to Ahasuerus and Esther. And, finally, Rorimer compared the representations of Charles in contemporary paintings, miniatures, and tapestries with the recurrent figures in the two portions and became convinced that they all depicted the same man.

The next step forward came one day early in 1952, when Rorimer happened to take down from his shelves the catalogue of the Walters Art Gallery, in Baltimore. The catalogue opened at once to a plate of the missing middle portion. Rorimer plunged into further research, which ended with a trip to Europe. There he examined certain tapestries that were similar in their central theme to his still hypothetical single one. Some authorities had considered the European tapestries older than any of the three portions. Minute differences in the quality of the designs satisfied Rorimer that the portions were, on the contrary, older than their European counterparts; it was at once evident that the latter were based on the tapestry formed by these three pieces. The moment he got home, he recommended to the trustees that the Museum attempt to acquire the Walters Gallery portion. They were agreeable to the idea, and with the assistance of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Rorimer forthwith purchased a magnificent Brussels tapestry, twenty-four feet long and fourteen feet high, which the Walters Gallery was glad to swap for its much smaller tapestry. At about the same time, negotiations with Duveen's were concluded, and the Museum had all three pieces under its roof. They fitted together perfectly, thread for thread. "The most difficult part of the whole experience was not

being able to tell anyone about it," Rorimer said to us. "If I'd told and been proved wrong, I'd have looked a fool. If I'd told and been proved right, the various arrangements that were necessary to bring the three pieces together might have been queered forever. Detectives have to keep their mouths shut."

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: A sign in the window of a beauty shop in Greeley, Colorado, says, "Scalp Treatments While You Wait."

Don Eduardo

WE have had a talk with Edward G. Miller, Jr., an amiable, bright-eyed attorney of forty-two whom Mayor Wagner recently appointed chairman of the Committee on Puerto Rican Affairs of New York City. In the course of our talk, we discovered that there was a considerable amount of logic behind the appointment. For one thing, Miller was born in Puerto Rico and speaks Spanish. For another, he has twice served the State Department in connection with Latin America—from 1942 to 1943 as special assistant to our Ambassador to Brazil, and from 1949 to 1952 as Assistant Secretary of State for Latin-American Affairs. For still another, Miller is a partner in the law firm of Sullivan & Cromwell (Miller's senior partner, John Foster Dulles, went to Washington last year to replace Miller's former boss, Dean Acheson), and some of his work there, he told us, has to do with Puerto Rican matters, notably with an oil refinery that he represents. In addition, he finds himself in Puerto Rico a good deal on personal business. The committee he heads is large and rather amorphous (it has seventy-seven members), and addresses itself in a general way to the problems facing the six hundred thousand Puerto Ricans currently living in New York. Mr. Miller pointed out to us that New York is now the largest Puerto Rican city on earth and that, naturally, a multitude of problems arises, especially in the fields of

education, health, welfare, and law enforcement. The committee meets about once a month, is divided into subcommittees, has its headquarters at City Hall, and is, for all practical purposes, run by an executive committee of eighteen.

When we talked with Mr. Miller, he was about to fly to Puerto Rico, with Mayor Wagner and several members of the committee, for a week-long conference on Puerto Rican migration. He told us he recalled a previous official visit to Puerto Rico, in 1950, when he made a tour of South American countries at the request of Secretary of State Acheson. Arriving in San Juan on the first leg of his journey, Miller was met at the airport by a startlingly large number of reporters. To his astonishment, they all asked the same question, and pretty much at the same time. "Don Eduardo," the question went, "where were you born?" Miller replied, with confidence, that he was born in San Juan, in the Presbyterian Hospital. "Are you certain, Don Eduardo?" was the cry that went up from the assemblage. "Absolutely certain," said Miller, smiling. "Yes, sir. Presbyterian Hospital, San Juan, September 27, 1911." "Oh, no!" cried a reporter. "You were born in Juncos!" The reporter waved a birth certificate in front of him. Juncos is a town twenty miles from San Juan, and the Miller family had lived there; Juncos had let the word out that as far as Miller's nativity was concerned, San Juan was not in the running. The official party thereupon proceeded to Juncos, where banners reading "VIVA MILLER! FAVORITE SON OF THE CITY!" were stretched across the main street. The Mayor of Juncos greeted him effusively and handed him a copy of a civic resolution that had been passed proclaiming him a native son. Miller kept muttering something about the Presbyterian Hospital in San Juan, but to no avail. Various elder citizens of Juncos pressed forward to grasp his hand, and one old gentleman thrust upon him, as a gift of the town, a fighting cock. Miller protested, somewhat feebly, that he felt his parents must have registered his birth incorrectly, and stated furthermore that although he was honored beyond belief by the gift of the fighting cock, he did not see how he could possibly take it along on his projected tour of South America. The officials of Juncos caucused on the spot and decided that the cock would be retained by the village and entered in matches, and that its winnings, if any, would be placed at the disposal of Juncos charities. "I un-

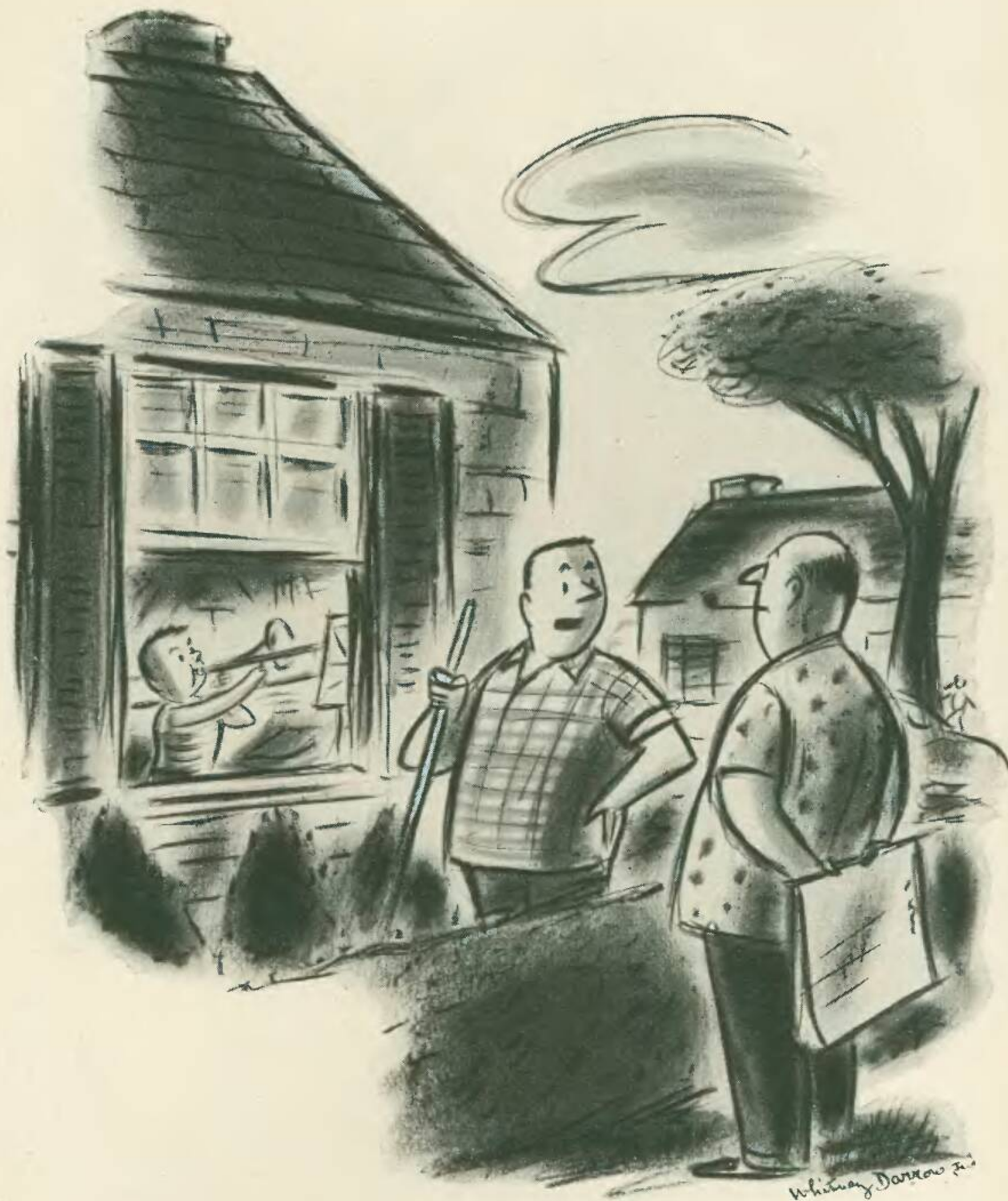


derstand that the cock has done remarkably well, and is still in there scrapping," Miller told us.

Miller said that he happened to be born in Puerto Rico as a result of his father's having gone there in 1901, from New Orleans, to build and operate a sugar mill with *his* father. The family moved to Cuba when Miller was two, and he was brought up there. He went from Cuba to St. Paul's School, in Concord, New Hampshire, when he was twelve. "I was the only boy at St. Paul's who spoke English with a Spanish accent," he said. He went on to Yale, where he met Robert F. Wagner, Jr., in a shower room after a lacrosse game. "Wag and I both played lacrosse rather badly," he said. "Wag is a southpaw," he added irrelevantly. He and Wagner competed for the post of manager of the baseball team. Wagner won, and received his "Y." Miller, who finished second in the competition, had to be satisfied with an "AYA"—denoting Yale Athletic Association. Wagner and Miller became fast friends, roomed together, and were subsequently ushers at each other's wedding. Miller said that his duties on the committee have brought him an unexpected measure of esteem from waiters at the Wall Street Club, where Sullivan & Cromwell partners hold regular Monday lunches. Some of the waiters there are Puerto Ricans, and they invariably hover about him, requesting his order before they request those of the senior partners. "Steak, Señor?" they keep asking. Miller usually obliges and has steak.

Tony

A MAN who works on the *Times* told us of a new penny arcade in the Eighth Avenue subway station at Forty-second Street that plays operatic records—Verdi, Puccini, Mozart, Wagner, and the like—so thither we repaired one recent morning. We found one of the owners, Mr. Charles Ruben-



"You should complain. I had to shell out fifty bucks for an aptitude test and twenty-five more for the damned horn!"

stein, firing away with an electric rifle, to the tune of "O Paradiso!," at a plastic bear that bobbed and weaved in a painted forest. "One hundred records, all classical," he said, turning briefly from his busman's holiday. "We installed them on the theory that they would repel undesirable patrons and elevate the tone of the establishment, and they have."

Right for Victory

FLAGPOLES! The city is full of them, and thank goodness, for the more flags we can find spanking in our

sooty sea breezes the better we like it, especially at this patriotic time of year. It gladdens our heart to be able to report that no fewer than a hundred and thirty thousand flagpoles are scattered throughout the five boroughs, with the thickest concentration of them, as you'd expect, in Manhattan. In Manhattan, they're thickest on Fifth Avenue, and on Fifth Avenue they're thickest in the ten blocks between Forty-second and Fifty-second Streets. The number of flagpoles in that bristling half mile is eighty-four, or an average of a pole every thirty-two feet. Nearly all those poles are outriggers, which is to



"Au secours! Au secours!"

say that they project from bosses—*metal* bosses, that is—on the façades of buildings, at an angle of anywhere from forty-five to fifty-five degrees. We have these and other superb statistics at our fingertips because we made the strenuous ten-block count ourself, did all that long division, figured out those degrees of angles, and then dropped in on a couple of local flagpole makers to get the lowdown on a fairly high-up operation.

First off, we learned that the wooden flagpole is on the way out, having been largely supplanted by poles of steel, stainless steel, aluminum, and bronze. One trouble with wooden poles is that they have a life span of a mere twenty-five or thirty years, while metal poles, properly cared for, last practically forever. Moreover, lumber of a quality fit for flagpoles has to be brought here from Oregon, which makes it dear indeed. Among the wooden poles still in use hereabouts are the forty-foot out-

riggers on Grand Central Palace, the thirty-two-foot outriggers on the Waldorf, and the twenty-eight-foot outriggers on Grand Central Station. A typical wooden outrigger has a length of sixteen feet and a diameter of four inches at the base and two and three-quarters inches at the tip, and sells for around a hundred and twenty-five dollars, including installation. There's no specific ordinance limiting the length of flagpoles, but the common practice is to see that outriggers don't extend beyond the curb line. The hundred-and-twenty-foot vertical wooden pole at the Eternal Light, in Madison Square, was erected in 1924 and is one of the older poles in the city. Probably the highest wooden pole in the city is on the Bronx campus of New York University. It's a hundred and thirty-seven feet high and is in two sections, joined in a stout overlap ninety feet up.

The American Flagpole Equipment Company, up in the Bronx, is the largest

maker of outdoor flagpoles in the country. Founded way back in 1938, the company gave up making wooden poles in 1946. American says that aluminum poles cost about fifteen per cent more than wooden ones, that steel poles are less expensive than aluminum but cost more to install, because they weigh about three times as much, and that the price of bronze or stainless-steel poles is simply fierce. At the moment, the vogue in architectural circles is away from outriggers and toward numerous comparatively short vertical poles mounted on walls and parapets. Such poles are especially favored for ballparks, arenas, stadiums, yacht clubs, and armories. There are sixty thirty-foot steel poles affixed to a wall in front of the United Nations Building, each flying the flag of a member nation, while off to one side is another pole, forty-four feet high, flying the blue-and-white U.N. insignia. Very handsome sight.

The tallest local one-piece pole is the one at South Ferry Park, which was made by American, is of steel, and is a hundred and thirty-five feet high. American also made what it be-

lieves to be the tallest flagpole in the world—a steel monster two hundred and twenty feet high in Caracas, Venezuela. Flagpole makers assert that the gold ball usually found at the top of a pole hasn't any particular significance, but an eagle astride the gold ball assuredly has. An eagle whose head is turned to the right stands for victory; an eagle facing left stands for defeat. Naturally, most people who order flagpoles ask for an eagle facing right, but a fellow down in South Carolina incurred so many unforeseen expenses in the course of putting up a building a few years ago that he asked American to ship him a pole with an eagle facing left, and American reluctantly did so.

THE most recent ingenious tip we have received concerning the unexpected usefulness of modern appliances comes from a lady who cleans but doesn't cook for us. She says she makes

fine toast for herself and her husband by running a hot electric iron over the bread just before serving.

Spin

OUR man Stanley, whose spirit of adventure often passeth understanding, hopped into his automobile last Sunday afternoon and went for a ride out to Long Island and back. Herewith, his report:

"Fine day—sunny sky, temperature not oppressive, bit of a breeze. Finished splendid lunch, splendid nap, and decided to take neighbor's children for ride. Perfect day for it. Figured kids needed to get out of city. Figured could beat traffic by leaving house around 3:30, heading over Triborough Bridge and out on the Island for a while, and then turning back to Manhattan, still beating massive-retaliation crowd. Checked gas, oil, water, tires, horoscope. Picked up neighbor's three children—boys nine and eight, girl six. Piled them in rear of car and took off. Children well behaved and thrilled at prospect. I scooted up York Avenue, pointed out Rockefeller Institute, New York Hospital, other points of interest. Children silent, deeply impressed. Hardly a car in sight. Fine day for motoring. Onto East River Drive at Ninety-second Street. No delays until Ninety-fourth Street. Something wrong ahead. Construction problem. Highway looked like Anzio after bombing. City putting in overpass at Ninety-sixth Street. Told children about overpass, explained how overpass would eliminate delays, make life better, happier. Children calm, patient, delighted with explanation. Snarl soon untangled, and we were off again at good clip, headed for Triborough Bridge. Quiet, lazy Sunday. Onto long arm of bridge. Traffic moving briskly. Urged children to look at towers of city to south. Told them towers were gossamer-like. Got nowhere with description. Onto Grand Central Parkway. Parkway crowded. Couldn't understand where cars suddenly came from, but this no mirage. Joker behind started to honk. Wanted me to move into right lane. No room in right lane, so stayed in center lane. Joker kept honking. Explained to children

that joker behind was bad, inconsiderate driver. Joker must have had elbow on horn. I refused to move. Matter of principle.

"Past LaGuardia Field, past turn-off to Sixty-ninth Road, past turnoff to Brooklyn. Grand Central Parkway now two lanes each way. Traffic heavy, but still moving. Had lost joker with elbow on horn, but had picked up another joker with elbow just as talented. Paid no attention whatever. Children talking about what they wanted most. Boys said they wanted private railroad, unlimited tracks. Girl said she wanted house in country. Joker behind still sitting on horn. Damn annoying. Girl said she wanted huge doll's house with refrigerator. Traffic almost at standstill. Boys said they also wanted ranch with thousand horses. Their voices getting shrill, high, penetrating. Horn still coming through real well, though. Boys began to hit each other, fell to floor of car. Told children to cut it out, driving no picnic on Sunday, would have to head for home. Girl began to cry. Turned off at 188th Street, crossed overpass, tried to get back onto

Parkway on other side. Futile. Girl still crying. Boys pulling each other's ears.

"Steady stream headed for city. Figured had no chance of getting back onto Parkway for three, four years. Waited like leopard for chance to leap back onto Parkway. Started forward several times, stopped by prudence each time. Finally saw narrow opening in steady stream, took desperate chance, rushed onto Parkway. All well for about a mile. Stopped cold near Utopia Parkway. Cars lined up for ten thousand miles ahead. Everybody honking. Idiots. Boys picked themselves off floor, climbed into front seat, demanded Popsicles. Popsicles! Wished they were my children, so could give them good cuffing. Girl stopped crying, said she wanted Popsicle, too. Told them I had no Popsicles, suggested if they wanted Popsicles they ask man in car alongside if he had Popsicles. Children asked man in car alongside if he had Popsicles. Two children crying in rear of his car. He said he had no Popsicles. Said other things. I told children to close windows, sit tight, shut up. Moved ahead twelve inches. Stopped. Moved ahead six inches.

Stopped. Girl said she wanted to go home, eat supper. Everybody honking. Line of cars ahead began to move. Man directly ahead did not move, just sat. I began honking. Honked like crazy. Man ahead got out of car, walked back, told me to lay off it. I told him thing or two. He got back in car, started moving. Moved ten feet. Stopped. Trouble ahead was fat lady in open car with flat. Finally maneuvered around her. Boys whimpering, girl crying, everybody honking. Dreadful nightmare until Triborough Bridge. Dropped children off at their home, went to mine, slept fourteen hours."

Upgraded

A FAIRFIELD COUNTY householder called up the Redding Service Company and said he wanted a yardman to come over and rake his lawn and do things like that. "We have no yardmen," he was told. "We have estate-maintenance men." So he got an estate-maintenance man and has changed the name of his place from the Hovel to Rolling Acres (Two).



"... Point of order ... Point of order ...
Point of order ..."

INDEPENDENCE DAY AT ST. BOTOLPH'S

ST. BOTOLPH'S was an old place, an old river town. It had been an inland port in the great days of the Massachusetts sailing fleets, and now, in the early thirties, it was left with a factory that manufactured table silver, and a few other small industries. The natives did not consider that it had diminished much in size or importance, but the long roster of the Civil War dead, bolted to the cannon on the green, was a reminder of how populous the village had been in the eighteen-sixties. St. Botolph's would never muster as many soldiers again. The green was shaded by a few great elms and enclosed by four walls of stores. The Cartwright block, which made the western wall of the square, had along the front of its second story a row of lancet windows—delicate and reproachful, the windows of a church. Behind these were the offices of the Eastern Star; Dr. Bulstrode, the dentist; the Telephone Company; and the insurance agency. The smells of these offices—the smell of dental preparations, floor oil, spittoons, and coal gas—mingled in the downstairs hallway like an aroma of the past. In a drilling autumn rain—in a world of much change—the green at St. Botolph's conveyed an impression of unusual permanence. On Independence Day, in the morning, when the parade had begun to form, the place looked prosperous and festive.

The two Wapshot boys—Moses and Coverly—sat on a lawn on Water Street watching the floats arrive. The parade mixed spiritual and commercial themes, and near the Spirit of Independence was an old delivery wagon with a sign saying, "Get Your Fresh Fish from Mr. Hiram." The wheels of the wagon—the wheels of every vehicle in the parade—were decorated with red, white, and blue crêpe paper, and there was bunting everywhere. The front of the Cartwright block was festooned with bunting; it hung in folds over the front of the bank and floated from all the trucks and wagons.

The Wapshot boys had been up since four; they were sleepy, and, sitting in the hot sun, they seemed to have outlived the holiday. Moses had burned his hand on a salute; Coverly had lost his eyebrows in another explosion. They lived on a farm two miles below the village and had canoed upriver before dawn, when the night air made the water of the river feel tepid as it rose around the canoe paddle, over their hands. They had forced a window of

Christ Church, as they always did, and had rung the bell, waking a thousand songbirds, many villagers, and every dog within the town limits, including the Chandlers' bloodhound, miles away on the Slab Road. "It's only the Wapshots," Moses had heard a voice say from a dark window of the parsonage. "Now get back to sleep." Coverly was about twelve, thin, and adenoidal. There were burdocks on his pants, and his nose ran. He had a quick, gentle, sentimental mind, and he worried about the health of Mr. Hiram's cart horse and looked sadly at the inmates of the Sailors' Home—fifteen or twenty very old men, who sat on benches in a truck and looked unconscionably tired. Moses was sixteen, and in the last few months—in the last year, perhaps—he had reached his physical maturity. His bones had ached, his complexion was blotchy, and his beard had begun to sprout. In changing from one form into another, he had emerged with the wonderful gift of judicious self-admiration. Now, at ten o'clock, the boys sat on the grass, waiting for their mother to take her place on the Woman's Club float.

Mrs. Wapshot had founded the Woman's Club, and this moment was commemorated in the parade each year. Coverly could not remember a Fourth of July when his mother had not appeared in her role as founder. The float was simple. An Oriental rug was spread over the floor of a truck or a wagon.

The six or seven charter members sat in folding chairs facing the rear of the truck. Mrs. Wapshot stood at a lectern, wearing a hat, sipping now and then from a glass of water, smiling sadly at the charter members or at some old friend she recognized along the route. Thus, above the heads of the crowd, jarred a little by the motion of the truck, exactly like those religious images that are carried through the streets of Boston's North End in the autumn to quiet great storms at sea, Mrs. Wapshot appeared each year to her friends and neighbors. And it was fitting that she should be drawn through the streets, for there was no one in the village who had had more of a hand in its enlightenment. It was she who had organized a committee to raise money for a new parish house for Christ Church. It was she who had raised a fund for the granite horse trough at the corner and who, when the horse trough became obsolete, had had it planted with geraniums and petunias. The new high school on the hill, the new firehouse,

the new traffic lights, the war memorial—yes, yes, even the clean public toilets in the railroad station by the river—were the fruit of Mrs. Wapshot's genius. She must have been gratified as she travelled through the square.

There were some delays that morning. They seemed to center around the Woman's Club float. One of the charter members came up the street to ask Moses and Coverly if they knew where their mother was. They said they hadn't been home since dawn. They were beginning to worry when Mrs. Wapshot appeared suddenly, in the doorway of Moody's drugstore, and took her place. The Grand Marshal blew his whistle, the drummer with his head in a bloody bandage played a measure, and the fifes began to squeal, discharging a dozen pigeons from the roof of the Cartwright block. A little wind came off the river, bringing into the square the dark, raw smell of mud. The parade picked up its scattered bones and moved.

The fire-department volunteers had been up until midnight, washing and polishing the gear of the Niagara Hose Company. They seemed proud of their work but under some enjoiner to look serious. The fire truck was followed by old Mr. Starbuck, who sat in an open car wearing the uniform of the G.A.R., although it was well known that he had never had anything to do with the Civil War. Next came the Historical Society float, where a direct—an authenticated—descendant of Priscilla Alden sweated under a heavy white wig. She was followed by a truckful of lighthearted girls from the table-silver company, who scattered coupons into the crowd. Then came Mrs. Wapshot, standing at her lectern—a woman of forty whose fine features and clear skin could be counted among her organizational gifts. The women of her generation admired her for her chastity, her forbearance toward her husband, and her great composure. As the float passed the lawn where her sons were sitting, she turned to smile at them. First Coverly and then Moses saw that she had been crying.

MR. WAPSHOT—Captain Alpheus—was not around. He was at the helm of the S. S. Topaze, taking her down the river toward the bay. He took the old launch out on every fine morning in the summer, stopping at Traver-tine to meet the train from Boston, and then going across the bay to Nangasakit, where there was a white beach and an amusement park. He had been many things in his life. He had been a partner in the table-silver company, and he had





"I've always said two couples sharing a cottage is no good."

had legacies from relatives, but nothing had stuck to his fingers, and, two years before, Mr. Sturgis, the president of the bank, had arranged for him to have the captaincy of the *Topaze* to keep him out of mischief. The work suited him. The *Topaze* seemed to be his creation; she seemed to mirror his taste for romance and nonsense, his love of the seaside girls and the long, foolish, brine-smelling summer days. She had a sixty-foot waterline, an old Harley steam engine with a single screw, and enough room in her cabin and on her decks for forty passengers. She was an unseaworthy hulk that moved—Alpheus said so himself—like a piece of real estate, her decks packed with school children, whores, Sisters of Mercy, and other tourists. On their heads and shoulders fell a light, steady rain of soot from her funnel. Her wake was sown with hard-boiled-egg shells and sandwich papers, and her bones shook so wildly at each change of speed that paint flaked off her hull. But the voyage seemed to Alpheus, from his place at the helm, glorious and sad. The old timbers of the *Topaze* seemed held together by the brilliance and the transitoriness of summer. She smelled of summery refuse—sneakers, towels, bathing suits, and the cheap, fragrant matchboard of old bathhouses. Down the bay she went,

with a thick trail of smoke spreading astern, over water that was sometimes the violet color of an eye, to where the land wind brought aboard the music of the merry-go-round and where you could see the distant shore of Nangasakit—the scrim of nonsensical rides, paper lanterns, fried food, and music—that breasted the Atlantic in such a fragile jumble that it seemed like the rim of flotsam, the starfish, and the orange skins that came up on the waves. "Tie me to the mast, Perimedes!" Alpheus used to shout when he heard the merry-go-round.

He was then nearly sixty—vain, handsome, and with a bold eye. He did not mind missing his wife's appearance in the parade. Far from it. He had married her for her beauty, but on the day they returned from their wedding trip in the White Mountains she had plunged into social-service work, and he discovered that a woman who has just attended a stirring lecture on hospital conditions or written a scorching letter to the New York, New Haven & Hartford on the shocking condition of its waiting room is left by these activities in a frame of mind that makes it difficult for her to be embraced. After his wife marched in a suffragette parade, her feet were so tired and her mind was so stirred by visions of the franchise

that she would completely forget the splendid facts of human love. Early in their marriage, it struck Alpheus that for a woman there must be some incompatibility between the possession of ideas and the concept of love. It would have been unlike him to deny or limit his wife's intellectual freedom, and he hoped to live in a world in which there were both conjugal bliss and a free exchange of ideas, but when he interrupted her discussion of the importance of social work with a tender remark, the look of dismay on her face—as if passion threatened civic betterment—convinced him that her world was split in two.

Alpheus had never been very far from St. Botolph's. New York and Philadelphia lay well below his horizon, and seemed smoky and wicked. He liked his baked beans on Saturday night; he liked to fly kites, dance a hornpipe, and stand under a tree in a thunderstorm. He loved boarding-house widows, seaside girls, and other doxies, and once he had accepted his wife's chastity, he had consoled himself freely.

The morals of St. Botolph's were as accommodating as the course of the West River, and while Mrs. Wapshot was celebrated for her forbearance, people merely said, when they saw Alpheus crossing the bridge in the evening, "Why, there's Mr. Wapshot going to

visit Mrs. Wilson again." The status of his marriage did not seem in any way remarkable or unhappy to the old dog.

WHEN the parade had gone through the square once, the Wapshot boys got up from the grass and went back toward the river. The parade would pass through the square a second time, out of consideration for people who had driven some distance to see it and who might have been disappointed in its length. The boys had left their canoe on the riverbank near the lumberyard. Coverly took the bow paddle and Moses the stern. Their mother's tears had troubled them, but worse than this was the fact that they would never be given the liberty to ask what the tears had been about. The tide was coming in from the sea, and they had to paddle steadily against the force of salt water.

There were some hard words about keeping the bow straight. Though the farm was two miles from the village by land, it was five by water, and it took them nearly an hour. When they beached the canoe at the foot of the garden, they could hear the last strains of parade music. They climbed up the hill toward the barn. Moses went into the kitchen, where Norah, a pretty Irish girl, gave him a gallon can of ice-cream custard. He felt flaring up in him a conviction of the excellence of life when he saw the roundness of her arms and how her breasts stretched the cloth of her dress.

Coverly had gone to the icehouse, in the meantime, and dug a cake of ice out of the sawdust. It seemed wrong to him that Moses, who boasted about his strength, should always choose the lightest tasks. When he got the ice around

to the front of the barn, he told Moses to crush it. Again they quarrelled. Moses finally put the ice into a burlap bag and whaled it against a granite fence post. The bag tore before all the ice was crushed, but there was enough, and they packed the freezer and took turns at the crank. They complained bitterly about having to make ice cream, but it was a ruminative occupation, and therefore not really disagreeable, and when they looked up from the rusty machinery of the old White Mountain Freezer, they had a fine view of the river and the valley.

A neighbor drove Mrs. Wapshot home from the parade. Walking up the path between two flower beds in front of the house, she stopped to pick a sprig of rue, break it in her fingers, and smell it. Mrs. Wapshot had a taste for adversity and its signs. Her ability to reform sloth and civic indifference was written eloquently in the spacious parish house, the horse trough, and the well-lighted classrooms at the high school, but in spite of her civic zeal, she had a taste for sadness—for the smell of orange rinds and wood smoke—that was extraordinary. We know how readily the imagery of decay—all those fading roses; those autumn twilights and weeping willows and strains of distant music; the sputtering candle end, the grave, the mattock, and the worm—is arrived at by anyone who



is looking for it, and we know that there are people who, when the time comes to part with all this clutter, who, when they are given the means to distinguish between forthright human sorrow and the smell of rue, will be found to be too busy to give this their attention. Mrs. Wapshot's taste for dimness was incurable.

The heart of the Wapshot house had been built before the War of Independence, but many additions had been made since then, giving the house the height and breadth of that recurrent dream in which you open a closet door and find that in your absence a corridor and a staircase have bloomed there. The staircase rises and turns into a hall in which there are many doors among the bookshelves, any one of which will lead you from one commodious room to another, so that you can wander, uninterruptedly and searching for nothing, through a place that, even while you dream, seems not to be a house at all but a random construction put forward to answer some need of the sleeping mind. The house was old enough and large enough and had seen enough dark acts to support a ghost, but the only room that was haunted was the old water closet at the back of the upstairs hall. Here a primitive engine, made of vitreous china and mahogany, stood by itself. Now and then—sometimes as often as once a day—this contraption would perform its functions independently. There would be a clatter of machinery and the piercing whinny of old valves. Then the roar of waters arriving and the suck of waters departing could be heard in every room of the house. So much for ghosts.

All the doors and windows stood open that Fourth of July morning, and

the house was full of summer lights and sounds. The house smelled of grass, of trees, of roses and other flowers, of the damp cellarway and the apples that had been stored there. Even the books in the library linked the dark interior to the valley. Shake the copy of "Pendennis" and violets, ferns, and Solomon's-seal would drop out of the opening chapters and autumn leaves would fall out of the last. "Dombey and Son" had been left out in a thundershower, and the first volume of "Vanity Fair" had been lost in the river.

Mrs. Wapshot's lack of interest in sensuality was not noticeable around the house. A large cast of the deep-naveled Venus de Milo stood in her parlor, facing a picture of Andromeda's deliverance, in which all the subsidiary characters seemed to be undressing one another. A water-color copy of Poussin's "Bacchus" hung in the back hallway, and in all the rooms most of the furniture stood on bowed legs and animal feet. Even the coffee urn in the dining room had claws, and it straddled the sideboard like a naked man.

When Mrs. Wapshot entered the house, she went straight through to the kitchen and spoke unkindly to Norah. "I don't suppose you remembered to make biscuits?" Norah said that she had not forgotten. Then Mrs. Wapshot went upstairs to her room.

She had real trouble on her mind. Going to her jewelry box that morning, she had discovered that it was empty. She knew that her husband had stolen her valuables. He had stolen them, she felt sure, to run away with Mrs. Wilson, a widow who lived on the other side of the river and who sometimes took in washing. This staggering com-

bination of robbery, humiliation, and lewdness had not kept Mrs. Wapshot from appearing on the Woman's Club float, but she did not know how she would break the news to her sons, or if she would confide in her relations, who were coming for lunch. She had a conviction, formed early in life, that she would be forsaken. She had married and had children without any lessening of this conviction. She had known it would happen; she had only not known when. She was sorry that it had happened on a national holiday, but even that was like Alpheus. The thought of her poor, fatherless sons made tears come to her eyes.

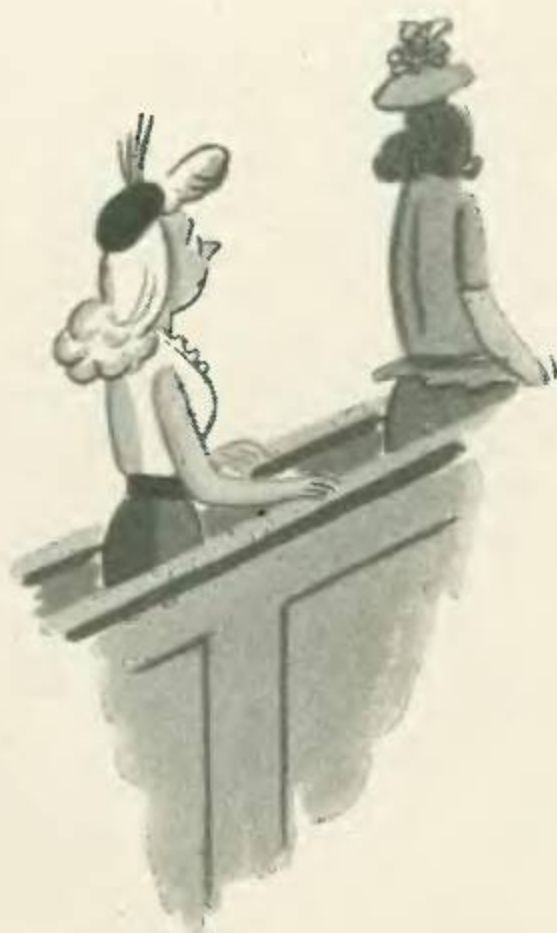
Mrs. WAPSHOT liked to have a large table on the national holidays, and in the past, on the Fourth of July and Thanksgiving and Christmas, it was not unusual for her to entertain as many as twenty people, and she did not understand why a lonely person would not care to sit down at her table. Deaths among her relations and man's innate love of privacy had frustrated her wish to be hospitable, and on this Independence Day she was expecting only Cousin Honora and Auntie Hazel and Uncle Win, her sister and brother-in-law. There was no trace of sadness in Mrs. Wapshot's face when Auntie Hazel and Uncle Win came up the driveway in their old Franklin. She seemed happy.

Auntie Hazel and Uncle Win were thought of, and sometimes spoken of, as poor relations by the Wapshots. They lived in a house that had been bought cheaply, because it was adjacent to a Roman Catholic cemetery. "We have quiet neighbors," Auntie Hazel always said, gesturing toward the headstones.

She was a woman who was allied by her tastes to the unhappy poor—she ate roast pork on Sunday, made her own clothes, and kept a ketchup bottle on her dinner table.

Mrs. Wapshot liked her sister to visit, because her frugal presence made Mrs. Wapshot feel like a patroness. How pleasant it must be for a couple who lived near a cemetery to visit the Wapshots! How comfortable the chairs must seem, how delicious the food must taste, how enlarged their vision of life must be after a few hours in this expansive atmosphere! When Mrs. Wapshot said goodbye to

6



7



Dana Friedman

Auntie Hazel and Uncle Win, she always felt as though she had accomplished some good work. The truth, of course, was very different. Auntie Hazel and Uncle Win were appalled at the way things progressed at the farm. The expensive cuts of meat, the daily use of the best china, glass, and silver, the quantities of firewood, sugar, and butter scandalized them. "Oh, I worry about her!" Hazel would say as they drove back to the house next to the cemetery in the old Franklin. Commiseration for her sister made her very happy. "Oh, I worry about her, Win!" she would say, with a sigh. "It makes me unhappy to go there and see her throwing her money away. It's only a question of time before she has a rude awakening, and I dread the day when she comes to me for help." When she opened the warped door of her own house, which was very shabby and smelled of pork fat, she always said, "Isn't it good to be home?"

Cousin Honora, the only other relation to come that day, was a middle-aged spinster. She had no objection to the Fourth of July, but on Christmas Eve, Cousin Honora went in to Boston and mingled with the carol singers on Beacon Hill, passing out antivivisectionist literature. This expressed her disapproval of Christmas. She hoped to live to see the day when Christmas, as we know it, would be abolished by law. She felt that the Christmas orgy of gift-giving threatened all the cardinal virtues. It was a misrepresentation of life for the young, an occasion of vulgarity for the rich, and it drove the poor man into debt, to ruin, and sometimes to suicide. Meddlesome and belligerent, she was a broad target, but her purposes were usually charitable and kindly.

The family sat down to lunch at half past twelve. Feasting and human misery were closely associated in Mrs. Wapshot's mind, and when it would have been sensible to eat a piece of bread in the sunlight and look into her troubles, she would arrange a meal of such tremendous proportions that it would tax any digestion. There was salmon and peas that day, and such an array of subsidiary vegetables and breads that if her relations had been more perceptive, they would have seen that Mrs. Wapshot was unhappy. It took nearly an hour and a half to get through the lunch. Conversation was halting, and it didn't help matters any that the old water closet began a performance of unusual vigor just as Norah brought in the baked Indian pudding and ice cream. When the meal was finished, the boys asked to be excused and started for the river—

they were planning to go to a ball game in the village—but Mrs. Wapshot called them back. "I don't want you to go in to the village again today," she said.

"Why, Mother?" Moses asked.

"Because," Mrs. Wapshot said.

The boys sat on the front steps dejectedly for a few minutes, and then Moses thought of watching the ball game from the cupola of the barn. They went up through the empty hayloft and climbed the ladder to the little wooden tower on the roof, where they could see across Robinson's and Hiller's pastures to the ball field, at the edge of town. There is nothing more easily comprehended than a baseball game in a small place. The smell of trampled-upon grass, the broken fence in the outfield through which the sun streams during the ninth inning, the intimate knowledge of the personal history of all the players, the godlike poses of the shoemaker who is umpire, the endurance of the pitcher, and the agility of the shortstop—all this seems like irrefutable proof of the fact that man's destiny is ingenuous and that he possesses transcendent gifts of courage and innocence.

THINGS were much less easily comprehended in the garden, where Mrs. Wapshot sat with Auntie Hazel. Cousin Honora had gone off toward Robinson's pasture, after what she thought was a mockingbird, and Uncle Win was searching for four-leaf clovers. The two sisters generated between them an atmosphere of competitiveness that was totally unlike their other personal relationships. They complemented one another in that they felt, side by side, a powerful sense of their own uniqueness, their own destiny, built upon the view they took of each other's failure. They sat in the light of a mutual and an affectionate commiseration. They had been talking about the past when Auntie Hazel played her hole card. "We're going to buy a new house," she said cheerfully. "It isn't that our old house is uncomfortable—

although I know that you talk behind my back about the cemetery—but now that we're growing old and have the wherewithal, we feel that we're entitled to something more comfortable. We've sold our old house for six thousand dollars—you know it only cost us four—and we've bought the Barnstables' lovely house, on Beech Street, for only a little more than we received."

"Oh, I'm so glad for you!" Mrs. Wapshot said with perfect sweetness. A second later, her misfortunes overcame her. "He's stolen all my jewelry," she said.

"What did you say, Sarah?"

"Alpheus's stolen all my jewelry. Of course, I never wear jewelry, but I thought I'd wear a brooch for the parade this morning, and when I went to the box, it was empty. Oh, I thought my heart would break! Grandmother's pearls and the opals and the gold beads and all those other lovely things all gone! They were all over a hundred years old."

"What's this?" Uncle Win asked. He had returned empty-handed from his search for four-leaf clovers.

"Alpheus's stolen all my jewelry," Mrs. Wapshot repeated. "I wasn't going to tell anyone, but it's too much for me to bear alone! He's never coming back! He's run away with Mrs. Wilson. He's been visiting her on Thursday nights. He stole my jewelry to run away with her."

"Poor Sarah!" Auntie Hazel said.

"This is awful," Uncle Win said. "I didn't think he'd steal." Then his feelings were lightened by some skepticism. "Are you sure he's run away with Mrs. Wilson?"

"Sure?" Mrs. Wapshot asked. "Sure? What else would he steal my jewelry for?"

"Well, you thought he'd run away with Mrs. Wentworth at Christmas," Uncle Win said gently.

"She must know what she's talking about, Win," Auntie Hazel said.

"It is a mockingbird!" Cousin Honora called. She was climbing over Robinson's stone wall. She went on into the pasture after the bird.

"Oh, why should my life be all rack and ruin?" Mrs. Wapshot asked, raising her handsome face. "What have I ever done to deserve this? I've always helped people who needed help. I've never spared myself. Now I'm tired, I'm tired, I'm tired. I'm weary of trying to protect the boys. I'm weary of picking up his dirty clothes. I'm weary of trying to hide the truth."

"There, there," Auntie Hazel said. "You poor dear! If worst comes to



worst, you can live in our old house until the new people come in."

"You ought to begin to make some plans," Uncle Win said. "I don't suppose you would want to go on living here. Moses is old enough to go to work. I might be able to get him something to do."

"Moses loves him," Mrs. Wapshot sobbed. "I'm afraid that Moses may try to follow him. Moses tries to imitate him. And yet he loved his hound-dog more than he loved Moses. When Moses was a baby, that hound-dog bit him, and Alpheus took the dog out and shot him, and he said to me then, he said, 'Sarah,' he said, 'I know that it's wrong, but I'd almost rather have shot the baby.'"

"Oh dear!" Auntie Hazel said.

"And poor Coverly! He's only a baby, and I've tried so hard to protect him. I didn't want either of them to be born."

"Here they are," Auntie Hazel said.

The boys were walking slowly up the lawn from the barn, laughing about something in the game.

"Well, in a way I'm glad it's settled," Mrs. Wapshot said, in a different mood. "I knew that it was going to happen. And now I'm glad, in a way, that it's over. I hate to spoil their holiday, but I must tell them the truth."

As the boys approached the garden, they sensed danger. The group there seemed to have detached themselves from the beauty and perfection of that summer day. The valley, the broad-handed show of light and color, lay around them, a staggering gift, but they sat there grimly, like travellers waiting on a station platform for a train.

"Help! Help! Help!"

It was Cousin Honora. Looking around, the boys saw her flying across the next pasture, being chased by Mr. Robinson's brown cow. They started for the stone wall at a run, and so did Uncle Win. On came Honora; on came the cow, with its horns lowered menacingly. "Go it, Honora, go it!" Uncle Win shouted, and the spinner lifted up her skirts and ran.

She and Uncle Win reached the stone wall at the same time, and Win held out his hands and lifted her over.

"Oh, mercy!" she cried. "Mercy, mercy, mercy! I thought I was a goner."



"When they're through for the day, they're through."

"That was quite a sprint, Honora," Uncle Win said. For a second, her face looked as fresh and gentle as it must have when she was a girl. The moment was affectionate, jocular, and historic, as if they had all seen a page of the family history being turned.

"Why, there's the Topaze," Uncle Win said.

Up the river she swam, smoking like a factory. Alpheus was at the helm, and as soon as he saw his family, he reached for the whistle cord and gave them a blast. He *had* stolen the jewelry, and spent the fifty dollars he got for it on fireworks. He was in high spirits, for he knew there would never again be such a display at the farm.

"Will wonders never cease?" Auntie Hazel asked, from the garden.

"We can only live from day to day," Mrs. Wapshot said. "We can only live from hour to hour. That's all we can do."

They watched the stern of the Topaze go up under the elms.

The air smelled of roses, and as it got later, the smell of grass and water deepened, minute by minute. In the distance, firecrackers exploded up and down the valley. Norah hung the parrot cage on a hook by the kitchen door, and

the old bird spoke the sentence Alpheus had taught him: "Julius Caesar, I'm thoroughly discouraged!"

"Sing us a song, Polly," Auntie Hazel said, but instead a wild bird across the water began to sing: "*Et compagnie, et compagnie, et compagnie...*"

"I often think of the people of Armenia," Mrs. Wapshot said. "I mean, their sufferings are so much greater than ours."

Moses threw his arm around Coverly's shoulder. "You know, we'll go all over the place," he said, sitting on the grass. The mention of Armenia and a charge of animal spirits accounted for the remark, but he meant much more than the bare facts of travel. He meant a reasonable freedom to move among ideas and places and faces. "We'll go all over the place," he said, "you and I." He was so right.

—JOHN CHEEVER

BIRTHDAY ON THE BEACH

At fifty-one
I would not boggle,
Except that when I jog
I joggle.

—OGDEN NASH

THE DEVIL IN US

I WAS peacefully approaching the end of my thirteenth year when I was startled out of all placidity by an unanswerable question that still returns sometimes to puzzle my mind. I was at a convent boarding school in Kilcullen, a village in the County Kildare. There were sixty or more girls at the school, and we used to be taken for long crocodile walks into the flat and spiritless countryside that surrounds the village. There were several shops in Kilcullen, but the only building I ever entered there was the church, where we occasionally went to confession. Most of the time, we went to confession in the convent chapel, which we approached on tiptoe through the darkened main hall of the nuns' quarters. We wore navy-blue uniforms, with long black wool stockings and black slippers, and before entering the chapel for confession, or for morning Mass or Sunday-afternoon Benediction, we covered our heads with white net veils. By the end of my first term, my veil was so full of the chapel's dark and musky fragrance—of incense and flowers and snuffed-out candles—that I was afraid to wash it, for fear of committing sacrilege.

My first year at school went off fairly smoothly. I was not an outstanding success, but, neither was I a failure. There was nothing to read, because the tiny school library was kept locked up behind the doors of a tall, glass-fronted bookcase, and I detested hockey and basketball and all the other sports we were expected to practice, but I was a cheerful enough scholar. It was at the beginning of the second year that things began to change, but the change was so gradual that I was never able to decide which day, or even which week, I began to recognize it, and to grow accustomed to it. I did feel, however, that it all started one fine September afternoon in singing class. It was the only class for which the entire school was brought together. We met in the biggest classroom, which had a piano. We used to stand in a great, sweeping semicircle, with the

choir girls on the right and the rest of us arranged roughly according to height. I was in the middle of the curve, and felt myself to be directly under Sister Veronica's eye, although actually, of course, I was no more conspicuous than any of the others. And in any case I knew from experience that a girl who tried to remain hidden was often the first one to attract attention to herself.

That afternoon, with all the other girls, I was rendering "The Mountains o'Mourne" at the top of my voice and keeping my eyes fastened on the pale, protruding eyes of Sister Veronica, who kept time for us with one of her long, limp hands. Sister Veronica believed that a girl who can look you straight in the eye is a good girl, and I was hoping she would notice my honest gaze.

The door opened, and Sister Hildegard, the Sister Superior in charge of the school, walked in, portentous and unsmiling. She was a short, wide woman with a large white face on which moles grew. She and Sister Veronica together ruled us, with the help of three young lay teachers and two or three lesser nuns. We were afraid of the two head nuns. We were afraid of them separately, but our fear increased threefold when they were both present, because

they seemed to set each other off, and the decisions they made when their eyes met were always to our disadvantage, and there was no appeal from them. They were unpredictable and deadly in their accusations and in their judgments, and we never knew where we were with them. This time, however, the occasion seemed peaceful enough, and we continued to sing with all our hearts. Sister Hildegard took up her position behind Sister Veronica and a little to the side, so she could see us all.

When the song was finished, we started in on "Who Is Sylvia?," which we had learned to sing in parts. Halfway through, Sister Veronica, at a word from Sister Hildegard, waved abruptly to us to stop.

Sister Hildegard stepped forward. "I have a suspicion that all of the girls are not doing their best," she said. "You know, Sister, that there are certain girls here who are only too glad to let the others do the work for them. If it were not for your work, and Maggie Harrington's voice, I don't know where the choir would be this year."

Maggie Harrington was the star singer of the school. She led the choir in singing for Benediction every Sunday, and she was also head girl. She was eighteen years old, with wiry brown hair that she wore in a queue down her solid back, and a broad red face on which rimless spectacles rode and flashed in triumph. Sister Veronica smiled at Maggie, and at the other members of the choir, who were grouped around her. They were very important girls, although some of them were only twelve, and the rest of us looked at them enviously, because they were in everybody's good graces and always knew the right thing to do.

"I am going to watch very closely this time," Sister Hildegard said. "I think I know which girls are shirking. I think you know, too, don't you, Sister?"

Sister Veronica agreed that she was pretty sure which girls were holding back their voices, and added meaningfully that it was usually the girls who gave the most trouble, in and out of class, who did the least work. "I've never seen it to fail, Sister," she



"I hate you."

said, staring us all down. "Laziness and troublemaking go hand in hand. A busy girl is a good girl. The Devil can always find work for idle hands."

Sister Hildegarde nodded agreement. "Give them a note, Sister," she said.

Sister Veronica gave us a very loud note on the piano, not taking her eyes from us. "The Spinning Wheel," she said.

This was one of my favorite songs. During the chorus, we were supposed to whirl like spinning wheels, and I was whirring with every ounce of breath when, to my astonishment and dismay, I saw that Sister Hildegarde was beckoning me to come forward. My conscience was clear. I knew that I had been making a great deal of noise, and the thought went through my mind that perhaps the best girls were now going to be brought forward, to give an example to the rest of the school. I stood in the spot she indicated, facing the piano, and was immediately joined by three other girls who had been summoned from the ranks. We stood together, not singing, until the song was finished.

"Now we know who the culprits are," Sister Hildegarde said.

"I suspected it all along, Sister," Sister Veronica said. "In fact, I think I could have given you the names of these four girls without ever coming into this room."

"Girls, why?" asked Sister Hildegarde intensely. "Why are you not singing along with the rest of the school? Do you think you're too good to sing with the other girls? Do you think it's beneath you to take advantage of Sister Veronica's instruction?"

We knew enough not to attempt to answer; in a case like this, to answer meant to answer back, a very grave offense. Also, we kept our eyes on the floor boards; a direct gaze when one is in the wrong is evidence not of goodness but of boldness.

"You see, Sister," said Sister Hildegarde, "they have nothing to say."

"That is how they sounded when



"Our problem, as I see it, is to get across to the American public that fattening foods are non-fattening."

they were singing, no doubt," said Sister Veronica.

Maggie Harrington gave a musical laugh, and smothered it decorously.

"Well may you laugh, Maggie," Sister Hildegarde said. "Now let's hear what these four can do by themselves. Give them a note, Sister."

We took the note and set up a self-conscious but passable version of "The Spinning Wheel."

"They sound more like Singer sewing machines than spinning wheels," Sister Hildegarde said coldly when we had finished.

"A pity you can't feel inclined to sing like that in class," said Sister Veronica. She turned to Sister Hildegarde. "You see they *have* voices, Sister. It's sheer stubbornness that keeps them from doing their part."

"Now that they know they're being watched, perhaps they'll do a little better," Sister Hildegarde said in a discouraging voice.

A WEEK later, singing class came around again, and this time the four of us got into trouble over "The Rose of Tralee." We grew a little desperate, trying to give the impression that we were singing as loudly as the others,

but by now Sister Veronica was convinced that we were defying her, and no matter how red we got in the face, or how hard we breathed, she would not believe that we were not cheating. The others watched us with amusement and some scorn. They wondered why we wouldn't sing or, if we *were* singing, why the nuns insisted we weren't.

That is what puzzled me. I could hear and feel I was singing, and I thought my three companions in guilt could hear and feel they were singing, too. I couldn't ask them, because we had been forbidden to talk to each other, on the theory that we were less harmful to the general tone of the school apart than together, and we were too cowardly to break the rule. The worst of it was that once we had been proclaimed black sheep in singing class, our disgrace gradually spread out and discolored all of our school life. In a short while, everything we did seemed to be wrong. I learned very little that term, because I spent most of the time either standing in banishment outside this or that classroom door or marching around to Sister Hildegarde's office to inform her of some new sin. The three other black sheep were just as badly off. Those three weren't very close friends of mine. As

AN OLD-FASHIONED FOURTH

The glorious Fourth is tamed and has become
 A holiday of regulated joys,
 With speeches, songs, and dank officialdom,
 While fireworks are proscribed as lethal toys
 And nowhere seen but in the public parks
 For the remote applause of girls and boys
 Removed from jeopardy of flying sparks—
 Spectators who are suitably astonished
 When rockets bloom from coruscating arcs.
 Firecrackers and brass cannon have been banished;
 Torpedoes, packed in little bags of sand,
 Have, with the horses they once frightened, vanished;
 In fact, a pale decorum shrouds the land.

Once it was shrouded in gunpowder smoke
 And hollow booms as giant crackers burst,
 Breaking the hush as soon as daylight broke,
 Continuing till nightfall, when the first
 Rocket soared upward, trailing a thin blaze,
 Followed by hundreds that in turn dispersed
 Their Queen Anne's lace of jewel-tipped bouquets
 Spearing the clouds. Meanwhile, our nether world
 Glowed with the flares in green-and-scarlet haze,
 And Chinese lanterns glimmered, pinwheels swirled
 Their hissing firedance on the sidewalk tree—
 And ah! the set piece of our flag unfurled
 With forty-six stars in its galaxy!

The day dragged slowly, but at last it ended
 As boys returned like battle-smudged dragoons;
 A little breeze arose, the dew descended,
 Then, lovelier than all, beneath the moon's
 Disdainful chill, alive with warmth and light,
 Floated the argosies of fire balloons
 Along the driftways of the upper night.
 Weaving through warps of noise their silent woofs,
 They gradually cooled and sank from sight
 To kindle haymows or dry shingle roofs,
 Startling the darkness with tumultuous pyres
 While horse-drawn engines, loud with clashing hoofs
 And clanging gongs, plunged toward the scattered fires.

For days thereafter street and lawn were littered
 With wagonloads of colorful debris;
 Children were bandaged, parents were embittered,
 Charred patches were revealed on grass and tree.
 But, doubtless, every young incendiary
 Would most enthusiastically agree
 That even Christmases were secondary
 To these wild holocausts that thrilled us yearly.
 Concerning this, opinions well may vary;
 I will but say I loved the old Fourth dearly
 That threatened my survival each July;
 But now it fades, and I remember merely
 One bright balloon adrift in evening sky.

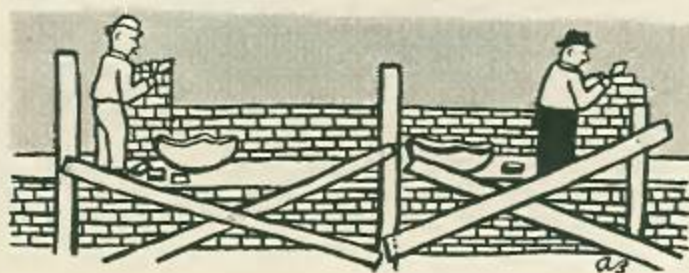
—ROBERT HILLYER

a matter of fact, Sister Hildegarde's mysterious accusation was the first bond we had in common. One of the girls, Sally Lynch, a tiny black-haired girl with a fringe across her forehead, was only twelve. The two others, Mary Anne Rorke and Cecilia Delaney, were fifteen. Cecilia was fat, but Mary Anne was very ordinary in appearance. We were all in different classes. It puzzled me then, and it still puzzles me, to know why we were chosen to play this role. It was an unexciting, quiet school. No great crises arose, and no great crimes were committed. It seems to me now that, far from making trouble, we four simply attracted what little trouble there was, and perhaps it all looked the same to the nuns. After having been judged guilty, of course, we began to look very guilty in our efforts to reinstate ourselves, and that didn't help us at all. Also, I grew quite nervous, partly from importance.

FINALLY, one Saturday night, Sister Hildegarde walked into the recreation hall during the desultory hour that preceded bed, and raised her hand for silence. "Girls," she said, "you know that a few among you have given us a great deal of anxiety this term. The four to whom I refer have caused a great deal of discontent and bad feeling this term. We call them the Devil's walking sticks.

He couldn't get along without them. But now they are going to have a chance to redeem themselves. Tomorrow afternoon, they are going to have a chance to show Our Blessed Lord that they are sorry for their bad behavior and want to make amends. Maggie Harrington and the rest of the choir will not sing for Benediction. Instead, these four girls will go up into the choir loft and sing the hymns alone. They have had as much practice as anyone else in the school. If they don't know the hymns now, they'll never know them."

I had never even imagined such a severe trial. All the girls looked at us with sympathy. No one smiled. We four went to bed and had nightmares, and woke next morning to face the worse nightmare that was waiting for us. When the moment finally arrived, near four o'clock, we ascended the stairs to the choir loft as though we were mounting the scaffold. We could hear the girls shifting about down in the well of the chapel, and we could see the white-veiled heads of the smallest girls, who knelt in the front rows. Im-



mediately behind the students, the postulants, in their first year of religious life, would be taking their places, and behind them the novices, and at the back the black-veiled nuns. To add to our distress, we knew that five or six pairs of parents had come visiting that Sunday, and that they were down there, too, waiting for us to begin. No doubt their daughters had told them that we were up here to vindicate ourselves.

The priest, Father O'Connor, came in, followed by the altar boy, and Sister Angela, a very young, pretty nun who taught piano, and who had been sitting at the organ with her head bent in meditation, struck up the first hymn of the service, the "O Salutaris Hostia." Staring at her, we opened our mouths to sing, but we could only caw. Again she began, and again we cawed, this time so pitifully that even we were not sure we were making any sound at all. A third time, smiling wildly to encourage us, she tried, and we gave up altogether, and made no sound, and stopped looking at her, and looked at the floor instead. She raised both hands from the organ and tried to conduct us back into the hymn, without the music, when suddenly, from below, arose the heroic voice of Maggie Harrington, and she was joined almost at once by all the voices of the regular choir. They sang the Benediction right through, hymn



"Is it fair if I leave out the cows?"

after hymn, without faltering, and Sister Angela accompanied them but kept her eyes charitably averted from our faces. Later, we heard that they had begun singing where they knelt, and I have often thought of how they must have looked, kneeling up straight with their hands joined and their white-veiled heads raised to the altar, while they sang and saved the day. We four, far above them, had no courage for anything. We didn't even have the courage to pray.

When the Benediction was over, Sister Angela rose and went swiftly down out of the loft. Almost at once, the terrible face of Sister Veronica appeared at the head of the stairs. "You made a fine show of yourselves," she said calmly. "I hope you're pleased with yourselves. You may come on down now."

We trooped down, relieved that we were not to be abandoned forever in the loft but very unwilling to face the immediate future. Sister Veronica remained on the narrow stairs, and we had to press past her, touching her heavy black robes. At the door of the chapel, Father O'Connor was congratulating the heroines. He was still in his vestments, and he looked over their

heads at us with a glance that was incomprehensible to me then, but that now seems to me to have borne a glimmer of amusement.

NOTHING happened the rest of that Sunday. We went in to tea along with the rest of the school. I felt mournfully elevated—I did not yet know why—and I ate a great deal of bread and butter, and marked the glances of fearful speculation thrown at me by the other girls at my table. Anything might happen to me now. I might even be expelled.

Several relatively peaceful days went by, and then we had singing class again. Sister Veronica and Sister Hildegard entered the room together. They nodded to the four of us to come to the front of the room and stand before the school. When we had been isolated in this manner, Sister Hildegard, whose face was filled with severity and grief, said, "We all heard these girls try to sing last Sunday. We know what a shameful exhibition they made of themselves and of the school. I am not going to punish them and I am not going to scold them. Their case is too grave for that. Not only did they let us

down but they deliberately let Our Blessed Lord down. I am only going to say that they need all the prayers they can get. Will every girl who is willing to give an extra minute each day to say a prayer for these misguided and stubborn girls raise her hand?"

We four continued to look where we had been looking, at the floor. Cecilia, the fat girl, began to sob. I was relieved to know where we stood. We had been given our chance, and the Devil in us had defeated us. The reason for our guilt was still hidden from us, but in a dim but comforting way we were now convinced of its existence. We had not seen the shape of the Devil, but we had felt his power, in our dry throats and thumping hearts. The thing was now clear to us that had always been clear to the nuns, because we realized as well as they did that if God had been on our side, surely He would have given us the voice to sing His praises.

—MAEVE BRENNAN

Munson, Inc., a big producer of greeting cards (2,000,000 units a day...)—*The Times*.

It just *seems* that high.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

ON the afternoon of Sunday, January 17th, of this year, William White, the president and chief executive officer of the New York Central Railroad, received a telephone call from Palm Beach at his home, in Scarsdale. The caller, as White suspected the moment he learned that Palm Beach was on the wire, was Harold S. Vanderbilt, who had been a member of the New York Central's fifteen-man board of directors for forty years and whose great-grandfather, Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt, almost a century ago first brought fame both to the Central and to his family name. How was the weather in Palm Beach, White wanted to know. Splendid, said Vanderbilt, and how was it in Scarsdale? Terrible, White said, and he wished he were in Palm Beach. Then Vanderbilt got down to business. "Bill," White recalls him as saying, "Bob Young is here in Palm Beach, and he told me this afternoon that he and Allan Kirby have been buying a lot of Central stock. They're getting out of Chesapeake & Ohio, because Young wants to be chairman of the board and chief executive officer of the Central, and bring Kirby along."

White, a tall, heavyset man of fifty-seven with graying temples and a stolid oval face, recalls that it took him a few seconds to recover from his shock at what he considered the effrontery of the demand; after all, the company's setup at that time did not even provide for a chairman of the board. Vanderbilt seemed taken aback, too. "Do you owe him some sort of an answer?" White asked, finally.

Vanderbilt said yes, he guessed he did. Both he and Young divided a good deal of their time between Palm Beach and Newport, and the two men had been on socially friendly terms for some years.

"I suggest you tell him that his request and Mr. Kirby's will be taken up at our next regular monthly directors' meeting, on February 10th," said White. "Would you agree to that?"

Vanderbilt said that he would, and added that he would call again after he had spoken to Young. An hour or so later, he did call again. "Well," he said, "it looks as if we're going to have a proxy fight on our hands at the next annual meeting."

Two days later, Young announced publicly that he, his partner Kirby, and the Alleghany Corporation, a railroad holding company they dominate, had got rid of the stock they had held in the Chesapeake &

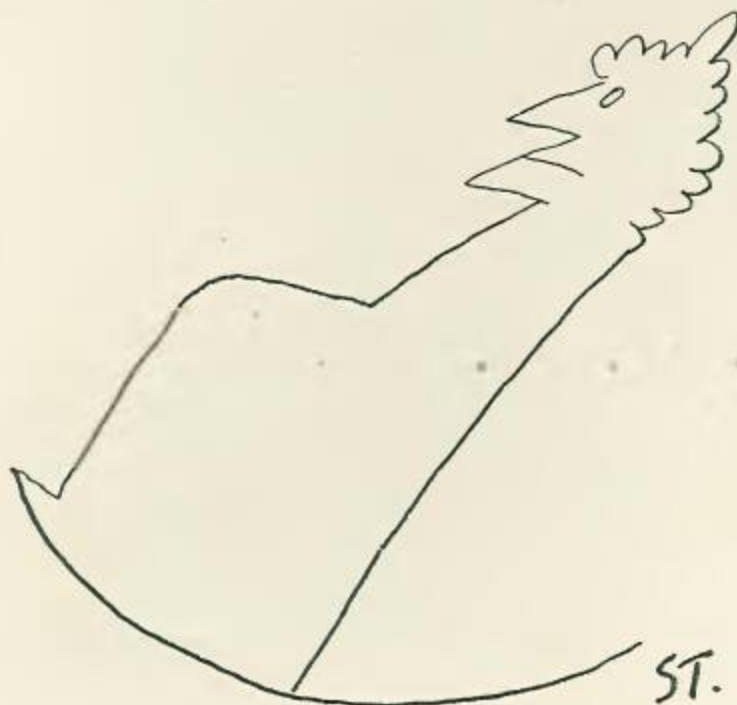
THE GREAT PROXY FIGHT

Ohio Railway, in order to leave themselves legally free to seek control of the New York Central.

THE nineteenth-century attitude of management toward the public was succinctly and resoundingly summed up on October 8, 1882, by William H. Vanderbilt, son of the Commodore and president of the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, as the present New York Central was then called. On that date, he was riding in his private car between Michigan City, Indiana, and Chicago when a reporter challenged him to say whether or not he ran trains for the benefit of the public. In reply, as almost every schoolboy knows and as four subsequent generations of Vanderbilts have not been allowed to forget, William H. said, "The public be damned!" In a way, the proxy fight that began with Harold S. Vanderbilt's calls from Palm Beach may be looked upon as the lifting of that seventy-two-year-old curse. For while certain segments of the public believe they have reason to feel that they are still being damned by the men who run the railroads, in the case of the New York Central ruckus, management seemed to be admitting once and for all that the public—or at any rate the not inconsiderable portion of the public that holds stock in railroads—has become so influential as to make damning it inconsistent with keeping one's job. Devices that in the past had been applied chiefly to political elections, revival meetings, and tent shows were used to beguile the Central's forty-one thousand stockholders, many of whom knew nothing of railroading but every one of whom was entitled to cast one vote for each share of stock he owned at the annual election of members of the board of di-

rectors. Old William H. would have found it hard to understand that each side in the battle thought it judicious to spend over half a million dollars on presenting itself and its slate of candidates to the public in the best possible light.

In a broad sense, the information conveyed in Vanderbilt's two calls from Palm Beach that Sunday hardly came as a surprise to White. It had been well known for some time that, more than anything else in the world, Robert R. Young, a small, dapper, fifty-seven-year-old Texan with white hair, blue eyes, and a face that suggests a worldly-wise cherub, wanted control of the New York Central, a railroad system second in size only to the Pennsylvania. To White, what was news in Vanderbilt's calls was that Young had decided to strike at once for the chairmanship of the board, instead of trying to work his way up to it gradually, and that he had picked the 1954 annual stockholders' meeting, to be held on May 26th in Albany, where the Central has its headquarters, as the time for a showdown. Primarily a financial promoter and speculator, Young had been involved in railroad management since 1937, when he acquired control of the Chesapeake & Ohio, and he had come to think of himself as an expert on "sick railroads;" he felt that control of a big line like the Central would enable him to give a really practical demonstration of some of his pet railroading ideas, such as mechanically refrigerated cars, roller-bearing freight cars, and a low, lightweight, high-speed train of two-wheeled cars, built along aircraft lines, which he calls Train X. Young also regarded the Central as the key link in a transcontinental railroad system—something he has long agitated for. (His name was first brought to the attention of the public, in 1946, by his newspaper advertisements stressing the theme "A Hog Can Cross the Country Without Changing Trains—But You Can't.") Young had been invited to sit on the Central's board of directors in 1947, when the line was under the presidency of Gustav Metzman, but he was unable to do so, the Interstate Commerce Commission having ruled that since he was then chairman of the Chesapeake & Ohio, it would be a violation of the antitrust laws. Knowing all this, White, from the time he became president of the Central, in 1952, had had a pretty strong hunch that sooner or later Young was go-



ing to be heard from, and in order to prepare himself for the struggle he had been keeping a file on Young's actions and transactions. In the weeks following the calls from Vanderbilt, White consulted this file frequently and thought a great deal about his prospective antagonist's weapons. He was well aware that, regardless of Young's qualifications as a railroad man, the special talents the insurgent had revealed both for inspiring confidence in investors, small and large, and for enlisting public support would be useful in a proxy fight. White, a self-made professional railroad man of Dutch ancestry, who started in the business at the age of sixteen as a freight auditor on the Erie, had little experience in high finance and a conservative businessman's distaste for publicity of any kind. His qualifications were experience in railroad management and a stubbornness inherited from his forebears. He decided to stand on these.

On February 2nd, Young, having flown up to New York, invited White to lunch at the Cloud Club, the private dining room in the Chrysler Building for executives who, like Young, have offices there. At first, the talk dealt with the railroad business in general. Then White said that there were apparently some things about the Central that Young did not know. For example, what about the claim some of Young's aides had been making during the past few weeks that he could eliminate the railroad's passenger-service deficit? That deficit, White said, was a great problem, and one that he had been doing his best to solve. Maybe the deficit could be reduced some, but, what with the prevailing government-fixed fare rates, it simply could not be eliminated. Young replied placatingly that he hadn't been claiming he would wipe out the passenger-service deficit. He was a much misunderstood man, he protested, and his aides had got it all wrong. Then he proposed a compromise. If White would step down as the Central's chief executive officer, giving place to Young, he could stay on with the title of chief operating officer; in addition, White would be given stock options—an opportunity to buy Central stock at a fixed price and without any obligation to pay for it unless it went up. White refused the proposal in its entirety. Weeks later, he was asked whether the parting after the Cloud Club lunch had been cordial. "Well, I didn't kiss the guy," he said.

Not long after this lunch, White showed how strongly he felt by announcing that he would abrogate his



"Let's see who can pick out the most home permanents."

contract with the Central if Young should win out. The contract, which was the reward of a lifelong career as a railroad man, stipulated that White was to be paid a hundred and twenty thousand dollars a year as president until he reached the age of sixty-five, that for the next five years he was to receive an annual seventy-five thousand dollars as a consultant, and that from then on he would have a lifetime pension of forty thousand dollars a year. Although the contract was binding on the Central no matter what changes might be made in the board of directors, White felt that he could not work with Young under any circumstances and preserve his self-respect.

At the directors' meeting on February 10th, which was held at the University Club, it was unanimously decided that it would be "inimical to the best interest of the company" to bow to Young. The decision brought the controversy out into the open. Young, back in Palm Beach, declared that he would wage an all-out proxy fight to gain control at the stockholders' meeting in May. He also released the first of numerous broadsides against what he called "banker control" of the incumbent board, whose members included George Whitney, chairman of J. P. Morgan & Co.; Lawrence N. Murray,

president of the Mellon National Bank & Trust Co.; Alexander C. Nagle, president of the First National Bank of the City of New York; and Percy J. Ebbott, president of the Chase National Bank.

White was ready—or hoped he was—to launch a counterattack. At the close of the directors' meeting, he had gone straight to his office, on the thirty-second floor of the Central Building, at 230 Park Avenue, and made two telephone calls. One was to Willard F. Place, his vice-president for finance, whom he instructed to engage the services of Georgeson & Co., the largest of several firms of professional proxy solicitors in the Wall Street area. The other was to Joseph Copps, the president of the public-relations firm of Robinson-Hannagan Associates, with whom he arranged to engage that company's services for a year, at a fee of fifty thousand dollars plus expenses. Then White got in touch with the Central's advertising department, which was operating on a million-and-a-quarter budget for the year, and ordered it to suspend all its scheduled advertising; there were going to be a lot of expensive ads coming up, he said, and every one of them would be a part of the proxy fight. When he quit work that day, he felt that he had set up a good, strong



"Watch your language!"

defense all along the line. Five days later, he assembled a group of trusted associates in his office for the first of a series of strategy meetings, which he thereafter held regularly, on Mondays and Thursdays, right up to the end. According to a man who was present, White opened the meeting by saying, "Since we have a contest on our hands, we'll conduct it in a bare-fisted manner—with decency, honor, and in such a way as to retain our self-respect and that of our friends, yes, but there will be no holding back on any other grounds. This could be the beginning of a technique in which we find an astute trader with a certain popular appeal moving in on the professional management of big firms. American business right now has the most widespread ownership that it's ever had in history, and that's a fine, democratic thing. It would be, to say the least, unfortunate if this widespread ownership were allowed to be used as a tool by demagogues. We're not only fighting to keep control of the Central, we're fulfilling an over-all responsibility to American business."

IT was early last December, during a conversation with Kirby, Young says, that he decided this was the year to make his bid for control of the Central. (Kirby, who is an heir to the Woolworth fortune and has long been a Young backer, suffers from a heart

ailment and is, moreover, retiring by nature, and he took little active part in the fight itself.) Young can't recall where the conversation took place or whether it was held face to face or by telephone. In any case, Young told Kirby that he thought their Alleghany Corporation should sell its Chesapeake & Ohio stock, "to get our house in order," and that then, if they could do it without running the market up too much, they should begin buying Central stock, preparatory to making the big push in May. Kirby agreed, and the two men then discussed at some length a block of eight hundred thousand shares of Central stock that the Chesapeake & Ohio had bought as an investment during Young's chairmanship of that line. So that there might be no violation of the antitrust laws, the C. & O. had placed these shares, which, representing twelve and four-tenths per cent of the 6,447,410 shares of Central stock outstanding, were by far the largest single block, with the Chase National Bank under a voting trusteeship. This arrangement provided that the C. & O. could collect dividends on the stock and could sell it at any time, but ceded the stock's voting rights to Chase. Kirby asked Young whether he thought Chase would vote the stock in their favor. Young said he wasn't sure, but he believed that Chase would take a neutral position. On January 18th, the day after he told Vanderbilt that he wanted to

take over the Central, Young came to New York from Palm Beach and went to see Ebbott, the president of Chase, to ask him how the stock was going to be voted. Ebbott, according to Young, replied pointedly that he certainly did like sitting on the Central's board, and hoped he would be sitting there for a long time; he added, however, that the last thing the bank wanted was a fight, and that it would undoubtedly try to remain as nearly neutral as possible. Taking this to mean that the bank would not vote the shares against him, Young flew happily back to Palm Beach. Three weeks later, he says, he was "shocked" to learn what had happened at the Central directors' meeting. What shocked him was not the fact that he and Kirby had been turned down—he had expected that—but the fact that the vote had been unanimous. This meant that Ebbott had voted against him, and therefore the future voting strength of the eight hundred thousand shares could be presumed lost.

The eight hundred thousand shares made a big difference. Young calculated that with them, plus the two hundred thousand or so that he and Kirby owned personally, he would need about forty per cent of all the other outstanding votes in order to win. If they were voted against him, he would need about fifty-five per cent. Grieved by Ebbott's action but resilient, he set to work to contrive a means of prying the eight hundred thousand shares out of Chase's hostile hands by finding a friendly buyer and persuading the C. & O. to sell its Central stock to him. On Thursday, February 11th, David Baird, a friend of Young's who is a member of the New York Stock Exchange and who happened to be in Palm Beach, offered to try to organize a syndicate to buy the stock. Young was delighted. But then, after two critical days, during which Baird had nothing conclusive to report, he began to get nervous. Central stock was churning around on the Stock Exchange in anticipation of the proxy fight; it had jumped from twenty to twenty-five. If Young couldn't arrange to have the C. & O.'s block bought quickly, its price might be so high that no one would want to buy it.

On the third day, Young, still in Palm Beach, received a caller—an old friend of his named Don H. Carter,



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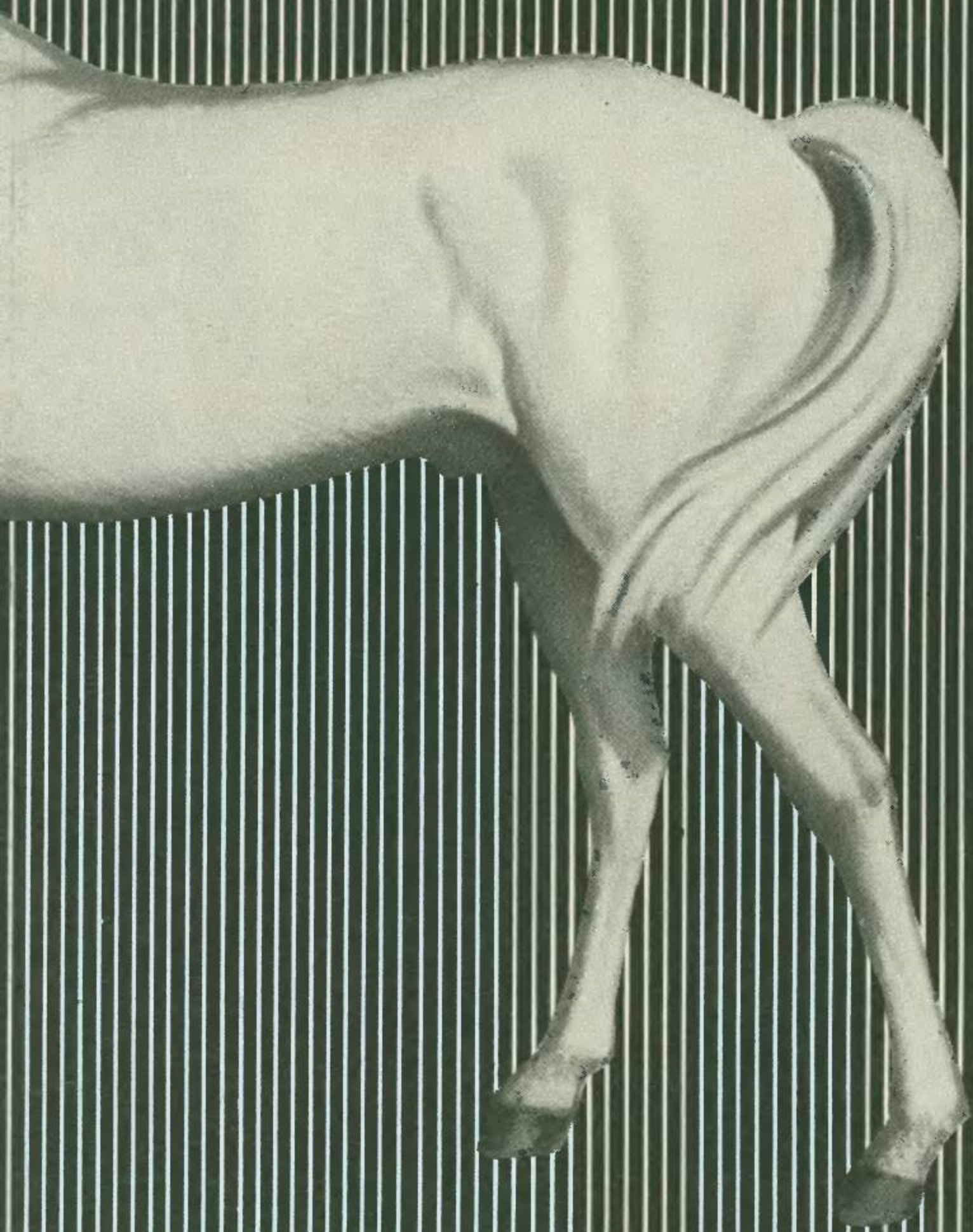
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 Who invented the ice cream cone? And when? An ex-waffle entrepreneur named Ernest A. Hamwi, the cone aficionados claim, at the St. Louis World's Fair in 1904. Having run clean out of dishes during a rush period, a hokey-pokey man (ice cream vendor) rushed over to Mr. Hamwi's waffle counter for help. Hamwi rolled some of his waffles into cone shapes which hardened and stayed that way as they cooled. The hokey-pokey man put a scoop of ice cream in the top, and hawked the joint product as "World's Fair Cornucopias."

 What a refreshing subject for a story in July Nation's Business. But, of course, it's not there for that reason. It's there because cone sales have grown to a highly respectable \$24 million business (to say nothing of Eskimo Pies, Popsicles, Good Humors, etc.)—and business is what concerns the more than three-quarters of a million readers of Nation's Business more than anything else.

 Lots of other businesses represented in this fine, fat July issue, too. Petroleum, construction, fireman's hats, hogs, movies, dance bands . . . to say nothing of the hundred and one things affecting business—government spending, taxation, labor relations, foreign trade. Thus, the NB reader has generous freedom of choice. What'll you have—chocolate, vanilla, strawberry . . . Nation's Business, a magazine for businessmen, Washington 6, D. C.



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who was a business representative of Clint W. Murchison, the freewheeling Texas oilman and investor. In the past, acting through Carter, Murchison had found Young's promotions profitable to the extent of several million dollars. As Young recalls it, Carter came to see him about another business matter, and while they were in the middle of discussing it, the following cryptic bit of dialogue took place:

YOUNG: Don, I think the New York Central represents the greatest speculative opportunity in American business—under new management.

CARTER: Bob, what's going to happen to all that Central stock that Chase is holding for C. & O.?

That started the ball rolling. Young, trying not to seem eager, asked Carter if he thought Murchison might be interested in buying the stock. Carter said perhaps, and, after telephoning Murchison, reported to Young that Murchison did indeed seem interested. Young then put in a call to Walter J. Tuohy, president of the C. & O. and Young's former subordinate there, and asked him whether the C. & O. might care to sell its Central stock at a price rather higher than the twenty dollars or so a share that the company had paid for it. Maybe, said Tuohy, if the price was twenty-six.

Young was now in the ticklish position common to brokers in big deals. The market price of Central stock was fluttering around twenty-four just then, and because of the uncertainties of the proxy fight, it might soar or sink at any moment. If it soared, Murchison would not buy, and if it sank, the C. & O. would not sell; either way, the deal would be off. On Monday the fifteenth, Young arrived in New York—to stay, he said, "for the duration." By then, Central stock had touched twenty-six. After shaking his fist symbolically for the benefit of photographers at the airport, Young went to his office in the Chrysler Building and began negotiating with Murchison by telephone. He had reason to suspect that Tuohy would come down to twenty-five dollars a share, and he pointed out what a bargain the stock would be at that price—perhaps a whole point lower than the figure quoted on the Exchange. Murchison said the price was all right; he also said that he would need a partner in the deal, and had one ready in the person of Sid W. Richardson, another Texan with a penchant for shortening his given

name and enlarging his bank roll. Young approved; he had never done business with Richardson, but he had visited him at his ranch in Texas. So far, so good. But neither of the Texans liked the idea of putting up all that cash. Young thereupon undertook to raise the cash for them. Within a few days, he had arranged for a seven-and-a-half-million-dollar loan from the Alleghany Corporation, secured by four-and-a-half-per-cent short-term notes signed by Murchison and Richardson, and a loan of five million from Kirby. That made twelve and a half million in hand, and Young and the two Texans then set about borrowing from various banks the additional seven and a half million that was needed to buy the eight hundred thousand shares at twenty-five. Tuohy, confronted by the prospect of twenty million dollars in cash, finally agreed to sell at that figure. On February 25th, twelve days after Young's meeting with Carter, the C. & O. directors, at a special meeting in Cleveland, announced that they had approved the sale.

Not only were Murchison and Richardson, each of them reputedly worth over three hundred million dollars, able to buy the stock without putting up any of their own money but, as an added inducement, Young saw to it that they were given an option to sell half of the eight hundred thousand shares to Alleghany at any time between July 15th and September 15th for twenty-five dollars a share, or the same price they had paid. Moreover, Richardson had a separate option to sell half the remaining four hundred thousand shares at cost to Kirby. There was actually a risk, then, on only two hundred thousand shares.

It was quite a deal. C. & O. got a substantial profit on the sale, Murchison and Richardson got a practically foolproof speculation without putting up any cash, and Young, who presently placed the Texans on his slate of prospective directors, got his eight hundred thousand votes in the Central proxy fight. The only possible loser appeared to be Alleghany, which was now shouldering half the risk involved in the Texans' speculation; Young, who dominated Alleghany with personal holdings of no more than seven-tenths of one per cent of the common stock, seems to have shown a tendency to treat the company, with its almost twenty thousand stockholders, as his personal property. One might think that those stockholders would have been incensed enough to



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start a proxy fight of their own, but to think that would be to reckon without their devotion to their leader, and their unbounded confidence that he would eventually bring them, as well as himself, home safe and solvent. To demonstrate their devotion and confidence, they met in Baltimore on May 5th and adopted a resolution expressing their gratitude to Young for everything he had done for them.

WHITE learned of the big Texas deal on February 24th, when Ebbott called him from the Chase Bank to say that the eight hundred thousand shares of Central stock had been released from trusteeship. That was bad news, because White knew that there was only one likely reason for such a maneuver. It was worse news when Ebbott went on to say that the stock had been bought by Murchison and Richardson, because White, who had, of course, heard of them, knew that Murchison, at least, had been associated with Young. White called in a battery of lawyers—headed by Harold H. McLean, his general counsel, and Chauncey H. Hand, of the law firm of Dorr, Hand & Dawson—and asked them if there wasn't something illegal about it all. The battery retired to think it over, and returned not with an answer but with a question: Since the sale seemed to indicate that the C. & O. still did what Young wanted it to, even though he no longer owned any of its stock or sat on its board, would not his control of the Central mean that he was running two railroads at once, and thereby violating the antitrust laws and circumventing the Interstate Commerce Commission? On March 3rd, the Central filed a petition asking the I.C.C. to investigate this situation.

On the ninth, a Tuesday, White received a telephone call from John J. McCloy, chairman of the board of the Chase Bank. "Where can we talk?" McCloy asked. White replied that he was going downtown to attend a board meeting of the First National Bank at noon that day, and wouldn't McCloy meet him there? McCloy said he would, and they arranged to get there at half past eleven and have their talk then. When White arrived at the First National, McCloy told him that Murchison wanted to meet him. White replied that he'd be glad to meet Murchison anywhere, at any time, but that he'd prefer to have Richardson on hand, too. O.K., said McCloy. McCloy put in a call to Murchison, in Texas, and White talked to him briefly. Murchison then put in a call to Richardson, in

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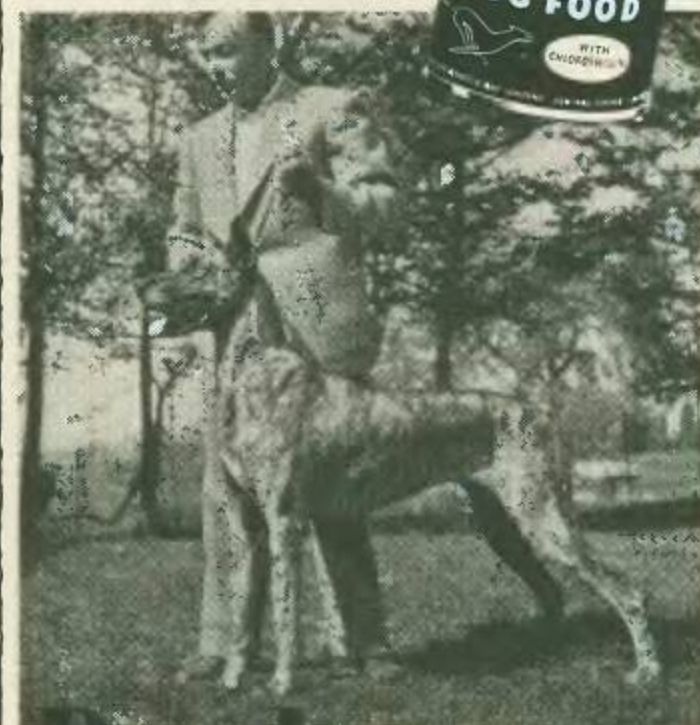
California. By the time the First National board meeting was over, an hour and a half later, White had received word that Murchison and Richardson were flying to New York the next day and would come to his office at nine-thirty Thursday morning.

The meeting was held, and lasted two hours. The Texans, White said later, were affable, gentlemanly, and businesslike. At the outset, White asked whether Young knew they were there. Yes, said Murchison; the pair had got in touch with him on the phone the night before, upon their arrival in New York. Murchison said that at that time Young had told him he had no objection to the meeting, but that he called back early that morning and urged him not to see White, because "it will damage our cause." Murchison reported that he had replied, "I've made an appointment, I've come from Texas to keep it, and I'll keep it." The next topic of conversation at the meeting, according to White, was the possibility of a compromise between him and Young. The Texans said that they were saddened by the spectacle of a quarrel within a company of which they now owned twelve and four-tenths per cent. White replied that there would be no basis for a compromise except an agreement on the part of Young to back down unequivocally as a candidate for any position at all on the Central board. When it became evident that there was nothing further to discuss along that line, the three men sat talking amiably for a while about general affairs, and then Murchison and Richardson shook hands with White and departed—one for Texas, the other for California. From that time on, White left the matter of the eight hundred thousand shares up to his lawyers and the I.C.C., and turned his whole attention to the matter of rounding up proxies for the 5,647,410 other shares in the Central.

THE word "proxy," which is of fifteenth-century origin, is a contraction of "procuracy," as "proctor" is of "procurator." Section 19 of the New York State General Corporation Law provides that holders of stock that carries with it the right to vote on company affairs must be permitted to vote by proxy, and most other states have similar laws. Proxy fights for control of large American corporations are a comparatively recent development—a result of widespread stock ownership and strict government control of speculation. Back in the days when ownership of the railroads was in the hands of a relatively few individuals, the leaders

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of the industry gained their ends by other means than the rounding up of proxies. Small stockholders were considered a nuisance, if they were considered at all, and the common welfare meant nothing. Commodore Vanderbilt, for instance, won control of the New York Central not in a proxy fight but by getting hold of the New York & Hudson, a line that connected New York with Albany. In those days, the Central ran only between Albany and Buffalo. Vanderbilt, in the dead of winter, ordered his Hudson trains to use East Albany as their terminal, instead of the Albany depot, and this left the Central's passengers to cover the two miles to and from the Central's Albany terminal as best they could. By this maneuver, Vanderbilt battered the Central's stock down to a level at which he could buy control outright for a mere eighteen million dollars.

Young and White prepared for their battle in a manner that the old Commodore would have thought hopelessly weak-kneed—by pleading with stockholders to vote for them. In the course of the fight, Young's side spent some \$305,000 on newspaper advertisements, most of them appearing in the New York papers and the others in Washington and Chicago; White's side spent some \$340,000. Typical of the Young ads were the headings "A Dismal Dividend Record," "Why New Top Direction of the New York Central Is So Urgently Needed," and "Beware This Ruse! Last Minute Tricks to White-wash Central's White." White's ads, mostly in the same newspapers and slightly more restrained, bore such headings as "Destination—Dividends," "Which Way Up for New York Central Stock?," and "Too Good for Stockholders? How Does Mr. Young Make This Inside Deal Jibe with Morals and Methods?" In one rather disarming Central ad, Harold S. Vanderbilt wrote, "You do not learn railroading relaxing at Palm Beach. . . . I know, because in recent years, I have spent a good deal of time engaged in more or less similar pursuits. But then, I do not aspire to be chief executive officer." The actual soliciting of proxies was carried out in several ways. For White's side, Georgeson & Co., which employed for the purpose around a hundred solicitors, spread out from coast to coast, set about reaching stockholders by telephone and in person. Georgeson's solicitors, most of them retired financial men, were augmented by several hundred employees of the railroad, who volunteered their services, and went to work calling up stockholders—presumably on their



"No matter where you are—after dinner
there's nothing like a dram of Drambuie"



The only cordial
with a
Scotch Whisky base

Made in Scotland since 1745 from the secret recipe of Prince Charles Edward's personal liqueur, Drambuie is famous for its unique dry flavour and exquisite bouquet. Enjoy Drambuie "on the rocks"—with twist of lemon peel if desired—or in the traditional cordial glass.

after dinner . . .

a DRAM* of

DRAMBUIE



* Dram—A small drink. When the drink is Drambuie, a luxurious after-dinner adventure.

Imported by W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y. Sole Distributors for the U. S. A.



HUMPTY DUMPTY had something there! In fact, every executive daily faces the question:

**Which is to be master—
executive or routine?**

Nothing's so deadening to a man's real ability as letting routine get the upper hand.

And nothing's so inexcusable today—for the Dictaphone TIME-MASTER dictating machine *does* make its user the master of routine. And that's not all. His big bonus is conclusive control of all work involving communication: remembering, reporting, projection of ideas.

We'd like to give you details on how TIME-MASTER can help you. Mail the coupon. No obligation—so don't delay!



DICTAPHONE®
makers of the TIME-MASTER®
the #1 dictating machine

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Please send me SUCCESS, a free 12-page illustrated booklet. "—that's all."

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Company _____

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City & Zone _____ State _____

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own time, rather than the company's. Young engaged the services of the Kissel Organization, of 25 Broad Street, another professional proxy-soliciting firm, which had served him on several previous occasions. Kissel supplied about fifty solicitors. In addition, Young had six hundred and twelve volunteers among the Central stockholders soliciting for him. And he had other sources of manpower, too—one, in particular, that his rival could not match.

On Saturday, May 1st, all the Eastern branch managers and star salesmen of Diebold, Inc., a firm that manufactures office equipment, convened at the Waldorf-Astoria as Young's guests. They had not been officially notified of the purpose of their visit, but they suspected that they knew what it was. Diebold is one of a hundred or more far-flung companies in which Murchison is a major stockholder, and the unsettling fact appeared to be that Murchison had offered the services of Diebold's sales force to Young as proxy solicitors in the Central fight. The salesmen understood that they were to be reimbursed for the time they spent soliciting, but many of them were unhappy at the prospect, because selling office equipment was their line and soliciting proxies wasn't.

At the close of a glum sales conference at the Waldorf Saturday morning, the branch managers and star salesmen marched, forty strong, down Lexington Avenue to the Chrysler Building. There they rode up to the Cloud Club and had a sumptuous filet-mignon lunch, for which Young footed the bill. After the dessert, Young addressed them for a few minutes, in an easygoing, conciliatory manner. "There are two sides to every question," he said. "I'm only going to tell you what are the good things about my side." He then went on to tell them some good things about Alleghany and the C. & O. Over cigars and brandy, the guests mellowed somewhat.

Finally, the branch managers and star salesmen rode down again and trooped back up Lexington to the Waldorf. Upon entering the suite where they had held their sales meeting, they were confronted by a table on which were stacked thousands of sheets of paper. These were lists of New York Central stockholders, classified in two ways—by states and by the number of shares represented. There was an Alleghany man on hand to explain the rudiments of proxy soliciting. Start with Group A, the holders of a thousand or

more shares, he said; when you have worked through that group, take up Group B, representing 99 to 999 shares; and so on down. "Always try to get there in the evening, when both husband and wife are there," the Alleghany man concluded brightly. "That way, you can get a quicker decision."

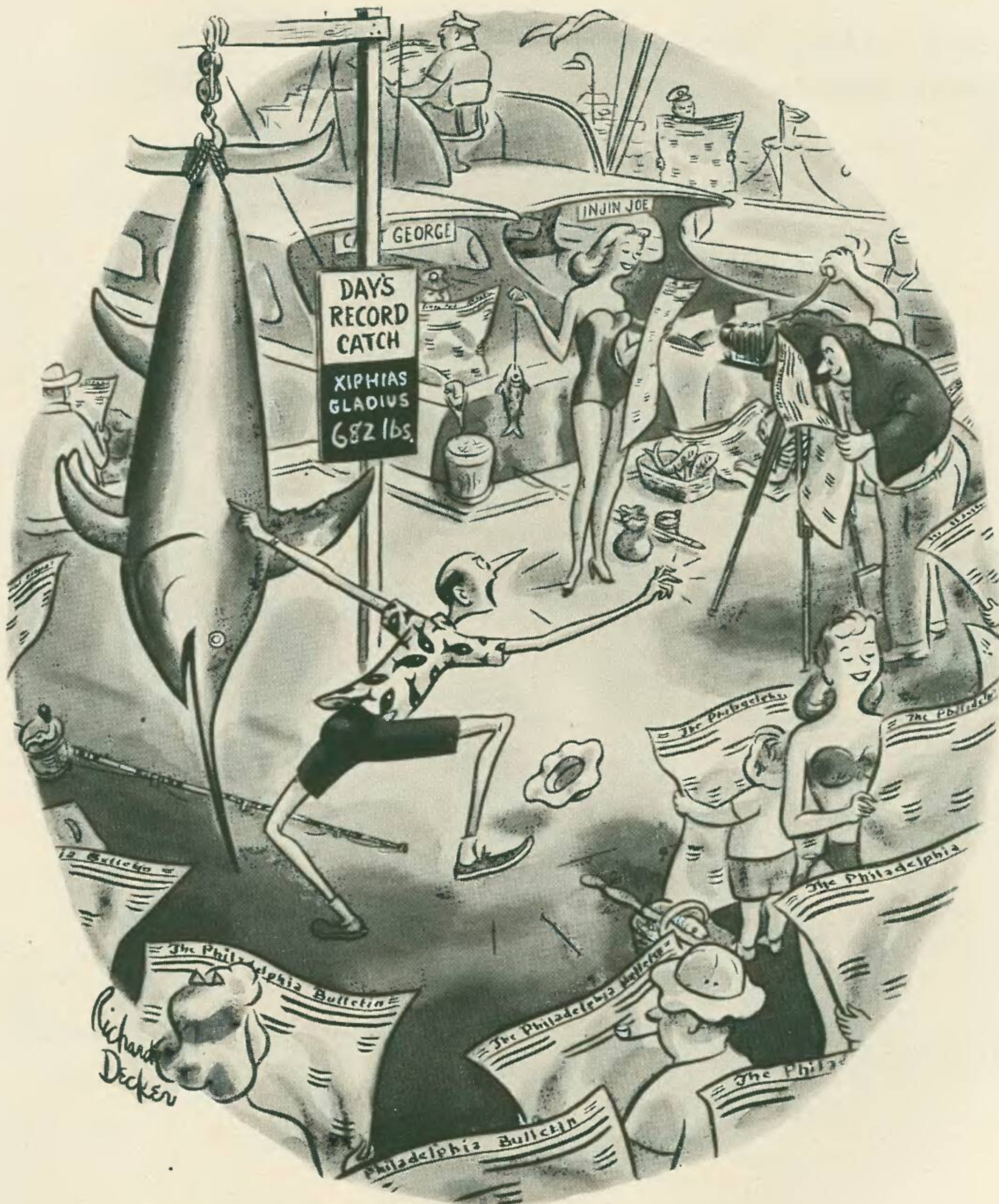
Carter, Murchison's man, was also present, and he delivered a warning. "Don't carry this thing too far," he said. "That is, if you're dealing with a Diebold customer and he's dead set against Young or in favor of White, let it go—don't press the point. Never insult a customer, even in a proxy fight."

Despite Young's filet-mignon lunch, his cigars and brandy, and his amiable manner, some of the branch managers and star salesmen still felt put out. "I get it," one of them said to another. "Murchison's Central investment needs a transfusion, and Diebold's the blood bank."

Daniel Maggin, chairman of the board of Diebold, attempted to soothe them. "Look at it this way," he said. "We're in the big time now. This is really *big* business." There was another angle, too, Maggin said. Diebold had been trying to sell equipment to the Central for years, without much luck. If Young should win, there would be a new board of directors, and one friendly to Diebold. That might mean new business. The branch managers and star salesmen perked up considerably.

WHITE, who was also busy with the routine of running a railroad, masterminded his side of the proxy fight mostly on the basis of information he received at his twice-a-week strategy meetings. These were held in White's office, a northwest corner room affording a view of the Hudson and furnished with a large mahogany desk, several leather-covered chairs and sofas, an Oriental rug, and an antique grandfather's clock. A man who was present at these meetings has since outlined the group's customary procedure. White, always looking calm and cheerful and stolid, would lean back in his chair and call on his department heads, one by one, for reports of progress, if any. Raymond F. Blosser, the Central's public-relations chief, or William E. Robinson, chairman of Robinson-Hannagan Associates, would report on Young's latest appeals to the public and recommend ways of countering them—usually by staging a television appearance to balance one by Young. Then Place, the





In Philadelphia nearly everybody reads The Bulletin

(Advertisement)

Why Stubborn Men Make Good Bourbon

by
J. P. Van Winkle
President
Stitzel-Weller
(Old Fitzgerald)
Distillery
Louisville, Kentucky
Established 1849



A share-cropper in our home county got to wondering one time who was the bigger jackass, himself or his mule.

The mule ate half the crop. Yet the farmer, plowing his corn patch on two legs, covered every step the critter took, and figured he worked twice as hard *per leg*!

It's no secret that us old-time distillers go to twice the trouble to make genuine Kentucky Sour Mash Bourbon.

We clean our grains not once, but again and again—then take considerable pains to grind them just right—not too coarse, not too fine.

We spend three full hours cooking our mashes in open tubs without pressure or haste to get the full sweet flavor of Nature's wholesome grains.

We season our fermenters with a portion of the previous day's run, then let them ripen at "mule pace" for 72 to 96 hours.

Our pedigreed sweet yeast is freshly prepared each day—on a family recipe that might try the patience of Job.

We distill, then redistill, in our old-fashioned type still and doubler which are set to yield not the highest proof but the soundest bourbon.

Our new white oak aging barrels are extra heavy and deeply charred for the reason that this "flavor proofing" at the still makes Father Time work harder "per leg" to bottle-ripen our whiskey.

In fact, through my 62 years in this business, we've been downright mulish in sticking to the one old-fashioned sour mash method which first brought fame to Kentucky bourbon.

If you are one who believes there is no short cut to perfection, you may wish to join the inner circle of business executives who have discovered our OLD FITZGERALD, and find it good business to share, in moderation, with associates and friends.

*Bonded 100 Proof Original Sour
Mash Kentucky Straight Bourbon*

Central's vice-president for finance, would give the meeting the increasingly bad news on how much the campaign was costing the railroad. Richard S. Nye, senior partner of Georgeson & Co., would report on the success, or lack of it, that his staff of solicitors had been having in getting firm promises of proxy votes. McLean and Hand, the lawyers for the Central, would report on the status of various litigations bearing on the fight. Harry W. Frier, an account executive for Foote, Cone & Belding, which was the Central's advertising representative, would discuss newspaper advertisements, and these were considered so important that practically everybody would get into the act before the subject was dropped. The topic of the next ads would be decided on—an answer, perhaps, to Young's frequent charge that the Central's board was banker-controlled, or some statistics calculated to ridicule Young's claim that under his management Central stock would pay dividends of from seven to ten dollars annually instead of the prevailing one dollar. Then the precise wording of the advertising copy would be thrashed out, with White himself doing most of the actual writing.

At one meeting, late in April, there was an argument about how to take advantage of an unexpected bonanza, in the form of two thoroughly pro-White pieces—one an article, one an editorial—in the May issue of *Fortune*. "We couldn't have done better if we'd written those ourselves," Blosser told the others, with a chuckle.

"Well, how are we going to make the most of them?" White wanted to know.

The lawyers began talking about copyright infringement. Only a limited number of words in the two articles could be quoted, they said, without incurring the risk of a lawsuit.

"Damn it all!" White said impatiently. "Don't tell me what I *can't* do! That's the way all lawyers are—always in the negative. Tell me something I *can* do!"

Malcolm Johnson, a member of the Robinson-Hannagan crew, spoke up. "The way I look at it is this," he said. "If we're going to infringe on copyrights, let's do it up brown. Let's reproduce the two articles verbatim, and send them to every stockholder."

"There's a man who talks my language," White said, and the decision was made. After the article and editorial had been reproduced and distributed, Time, Inc., the publishers of *Fortune*, sued the Central for copyright infringement. The case was settled for

the most treasured name in Corsetry

Character



features
"Silk Chiffon"
...for luxurious
comfort

Style 117,
pure silk chiffon
in fashion's leading
shades, all sizes
\$39.50



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MILT SHAW and his orchestra
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COCKTAILS IN THE PENTHOUSE

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FIFTH AVENUE at 55th Street

**HOW TO KEEP COOL
IN ANY LANGUAGE**

Air conditioned classrooms make summer language study at Berlitz a pleasant way to beat the heat. Start now on any language you want to learn.

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THE GREATEST NAMES IN **DIXIELAND JAZZ**
NOW FEATURING
HENRY "Red" ALLEN — COZY COLE All-Stars
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Your favorite blouse—sleeveless
...in crease-resistant Irish linen. Available in white, natural, blue or pink. Sizes 12-18. **\$8.95.**

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GENUINE ALLIGATOR



A belt for every pair of Trousers!
Black, Brown, Grey, Navy or Chestnut. Expanding Buckle ... \$10.50.

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On New York City deliveries, please add 3% Sales Tax. Add 23¢ mailing charges beyond New York United Parcel zone.

Rogers Peet Company
NEW YORK • BOSTON

Write:
Rogers Peet, 5th Ave. at 41st St., New York 17, N. Y.

Burgundy

One of more
than 40 wines
in the
Widmer
Line



A full-bodied,
aromatic, red
dinner wine.
Adds zest to the
dinner of steak,
roast beef, fowl
or game. Serve at
"cellar" tempera-
ture.

WIDMER'S
NEW YORK STATE WINES

WIDMER'S WINE CELLARS, INC., NAPLES, N. Y.

seven thousand dollars, and the Central management considered the money well spent.

At the time this particular meeting broke up, one of the conferees lingered to speak to White. "How are you standing it, Bill?" he asked. "Getting any recreation?"

White grinned. "Know what my recreation's been since this thing started?" he said. "One evening of bridge in Scarsdale and one night at the theatre. And at that the theatre night was a busman's holiday. My wife came in to town last Saturday, and I asked the ticket-reservation desk at the Barclay to choose a couple of tickets for us. Well, what do you think they came up with? 'The Solid Gold Cadillac.' And I thought I had stockholder trouble!"

YOUNG's campaign headquarters were the offices of the Alleghany Corporation, on the forty-fifth floor of the Chrysler Building. His chief of staff was Thomas J. Deegan, Jr., a suave public-relations man, whom Young thought so highly of that he had made him a vice-president of the C. & O. in 1948, and who, in the days when he was known simply as a press agent, had extolled the charm and talents of Sonja Henie and had once sent out invitations to a party at Roosevelt Raceway in the name of a horse. So adroit were Young and Deegan at making headlines favorable to their side that tributes to their skill were occasionally heard at the opposition's strategy meetings. One notable stroke came early in the contest, when Young announced that he planned to include a woman on his slate of directors; he was publicly commended for this by Mrs. Wilma Soss, president of the Federation of Women Shareholders in American Business. A month later, he announced his choice—Mrs. Lila Bell Acheson Wallace, co-editor, with her husband, of the *Reader's Digest*. White meanwhile bogged down on this salient; he told Mrs. Soss there were no vacancies on his slate of directors. Young pressed his advantage. The day after the Wallace announcement, he gave a luncheon at the Bankers Club, at 120 Broadway, for about a hundred proxy clerks, including a dozen or so female ones, from various New York brokerage houses; the ladies—just in case they had not been sufficiently impressed with Young's good intentions toward their sex by his selection of Mrs. Wallace—were all given nosegays. Wall Street critics of this beau geste have since suggested that many of these clerks, whose employers were holding forty-two per cent



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LANVIN



220 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH

Take your place in the Sun

These New Apartments are the fulfillment of a long cherished dream. Country Life in the City with the broad acres of Central Park as part of the plan—Open air Balconies, Terraces and Sun Rooms especially planned to take full advantage of this wonderful location. Living Rooms with real woodburning fireplaces—Bedrooms with two exposures. All Electric Kitchens with Electric Dishwashers.

Roof Garden for all Tenants
Interior Landscaped Garden
Garage in the Building
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2 to 5 Rooms
Open For Inspection
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OWNER MANAGEMENT

J. H. TAYLOR MANAGEMENT CORP.
31 Union Sq. West, New York 3, N. Y.
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Renting office on Premises CI 7-2153

Send for illustrated Booklet and indicate size of
Apartment desired.

of all outstanding Central shares in the interests of customers, had some leeway as to exactly when they sent out the material supplied them by the two sides, and could, if they wanted to, give their host last bats. Later in the contest, Young declared that he had chosen another candidate on his slate of directors—William P. Feeley, president of the Great Lakes Dredge & Dock Co., of Chicago—not only because of his qualifications as an executive and financier but because he was a Catholic. “Gad, the gall of it!” a man in the Central camp exclaimed upon hearing of this.

Young’s campaign to woo the public reached its apogee on Monday, May 17th, when, at not only the busiest but the most critical moment in his career, he welcomed a crew from C.B.S. Television Newsfilm to his canary-colored private office and spent the whole day before the camera while carrying on approximately as usual. The crew and its equipment consisted of a cameraman, a producer, two lights men, a sound man, a motion-picture camera mounted on a dolly, three sets of floodlights, a hand camera, and a sound-recording machine. Young, dressed in a dark-blue suit and the moccasin-style shoes he customarily wears to work, sat at his eighteenth-century desk, which, set diagonally across one corner of the office, commanded a view of both the East River and the spires of Wall Street. On the desk was a Texas flag, presented to him several years back by a governor of that state. Although it was a warm day, the windows of the office were kept closed, to shut out street noises, and there were beads of sweat on Young’s forehead as he faced the floodlights. The telephone on his desk rang, he answered it, and a long conversation ensued involving the Pittston Company, a subsidiary of Alleghany, during which Young made frequent references to “a million six.” Next, he put through a call to Kirby, in Morristown, New Jersey. “Hello, Allan,” he said. “Let’s go forward with that matter I discussed with you. . . . Well, forget that now. . . . That’s correct. . . . And will advise you. Righto. Thanks a lot. Goodbye.”

Joseph Routh, the president of the Pittston Company, entered the office. He started at the sight of all the television equipment, but quickly grasped the situation and beamed. He and Young had a rather lengthy talk about the relationship between railroading and trucking. At the end of it, Young asked Routh, “Joe, are you coming to the big

meeting in Albany on the twenty-sixth?”

“If my arthritis doesn’t kick up,” Routh said.

“Gentlemen, could we have that once more?” a television man interrupted.

“Joe, are you coming to the big meeting in Albany on the twenty-sixth?” said Young.

“If my arthritis doesn’t kick up,” said Routh.

And so it went. The camera followed Young to lunch at the Cloud Club and back to his office for the afternoon. At five o’clock, the television men began packing up their equipment. One of them asked Young, who was by now drenched in perspiration, how he was enjoying the proxy fight. “It’s meat and drink to me,” he said. “I work hard at it all day, and at night I go home and read about the Greeks—Durant’s ‘The Life of Greece.’ You know, I don’t *have* to do all this. I enjoy it, or I wouldn’t do it. I’m like the fellow playing golf. It’s a hot day and he’s in a sand trap and he’s muffed about three shots, and suddenly he says to himself, ‘Damn it, I don’t *have* to play this game!’ But he goes on playing it anyhow.”

IN the last few weeks of the campaign, several currents began to run against White. The Central’s petition for an I.C.C. investigation was turned down; so was a subsequent civil suit asking the New York Supreme Court to forbid the issuance of proxies on the eight hundred thousand shares to Murchison and Richardson. Around this time, too, the first reports from Wall Street were coming in, and they were not favorable to White. As the big brokerage houses received signed proxies from their customers, they tabulated

the results, and some of them passed their tallies along to the principals in the dispute. More often than not, Young was leading by better than two to one.

The Central men were growing grim and discouraged—all except White, who showed no signs of despondency. “The news all seemed to be bad,” a man who attended two or three of White’s final strategy meetings has since said. “The lawyers reported that they were losing their cases. It was too late to do much more with newspaper advertising. Young was getting most of the space in the newspaper writeups. At those last meetings, of course, Dick Nye, of Georgeson, was the key man. Everybody was wondering what reaction the solicitors were



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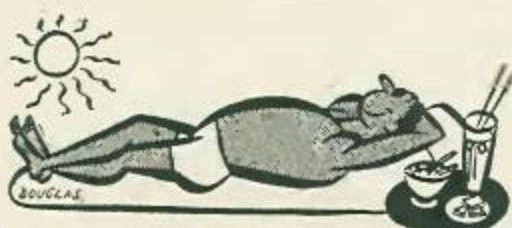
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PANTS**
in white manta cloth
for men or women
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Send waist size.
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DON'T LOSE YOUR TAN every week. The best sunbathing is on our Roof, only 3 minutes from Grand Central. Here's the Club that can make summer in town a pleasure. Details on request.

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getting and how the proxies were coming in. We all kind of held our breath until the moment came for Bill White to say, 'All right, what about proxies, Dick?' Nye is a rather dour, gloomy-looking fellow to begin with, and when he said, 'Fahnestock is going against us,' or 'Our Pittsburgh man isn't making out so well,' you could see faces falling all around the room. But not White's. That was the extraordinary thing. He'd be sitting up there behind that big desk, and when Dick had told us the bad news, he'd just nod and smile, and get on with the business. He gave you the feeling he was determined not to let anyone get the impression for one moment that he thought there was a chance we might lose. Maybe he was even determined not to let himself get that impression."

ON the evening of May 24th, with the annual meeting only thirty-six hours away, White was host to thirty or forty members of the New York press, most of whom had been covering the contest from day to day, at a dinner at the Biltmore, which is a New York Central property. In inviting them, he had made it emphatic that as far as he was concerned the battle was over except for the counting of the ballots, and he was no longer trying to sell anything. Looking worn, almost sick, but resolutely serene, he circulated among his guests while drinks were being served before the meal. "It's the first day I've felt really tired," he said. "I guess it's the letdown at the end. I don't know. I think maybe I'm running a fever. Maybe this is what I need." He took a whiskey-and-soda from a tray.

A stranger from the *Wall Street Journal* introduced himself to White and explained that he was substituting for the regular man, who was sick. "Sure he's not having dinner with Allan Kirby?" White asked. Several Central representatives who were standing around—vice-presidents, lawyers, public-relations men—laughed wanly. They had all been involved in the fight against Young, and all their jobs would be in jeopardy if he won.

White seemed to brighten after his little joke. "You know, our famous editorial in *Fortune* was called 'The Sound and Fury of Robert R. Young,'" he said. "I'm not a literary fellow and I wouldn't have known that quotation. It took my publicity people to tell me what it is. It's from 'Macbeth'—'a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.' Pretty good, eh?"

After dinner, White made a brief

Like drinks
dry?

THEN READ THIS...

Important
"P.S."
to all
Gin 'N Tonic
Ads

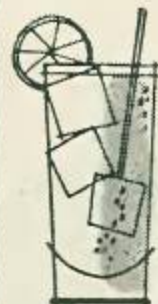
No doubt about it, Gin 'N Tonic is a delightful elixir for summer thirst. Yet, as refreshing as this popular potable might be, for many, it could be just a bit better!

For whom? For you—if you're one of those who always ends your instructions to the bartender with "...and make it dry!"

If such is the case, dear reader, shake hands with GIN 'N TONIC DRY, summer's newest and coolest dry drink...

GIN 'N TONIC DRY

Take a tumbler...one that's been shivering in the refrigerator a while...and drop in 3 cubes of ice. Follow with ½ lemon or lime, 1½ oz. dry gin and top off with quinine water. NOW ADD DRYNESS BY ADDING ANGOSTURA BITTERS TO TASTE...usually about five generous dashes. Stir once, twice and sip leisurely.



P.P.S. If you're an Old Fashioned fancier, try the above in an old fashioned glass with one less cube of ice. It's a wonderful way to stimulate appetite even on the muggiest of days.

Published in the interests of more pleasurable summers by the Angostura-Wuppermann Corporation, exclusive distributors in America of world-famous
ANGOSTURA® AROMATIC BITTERS

Brewed extravagantly

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—for
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LOIS SHAW HELEN APPLETON READ

*The way to a host's heart
is through his face...bring him
After-Shaving Lotion
by Henri Bendel*



in our decorative hand-blown
crackled glass pinch bottle

8-oz., 7.50*
16-oz., 10.50*

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**Henri
Bendel**

10 WEST 57
NEW YORK 19 NY

speech. "I get messed up when I talk about this thing," he said. "But anyway, everything's off the record tonight, or, hell, on the record—either way you want it. No one's ever engaged in a slugging match with Mr. Young before. He's always succeeded in ruling by fear. He was surprised when he couldn't do that this time. If we should get licked in this fight—I mean in the unlikely event that we should get licked—I want to see Mr. Young up there on the thirty-second floor meeting our day-to-day problems. I'd just like to see him sit down, by God, and stick it out five years." Then White looked at his watch, said good night, and walked across Vanderbilt Avenue to catch his train to Scarsdale.

THE day of wrath and glory for the small stockholder—so long pushed aside as a nuisance, so often belittled by epithets like "Aunt Jane"—began with a commotion near the gateway to Track 27, on the upper level of Grand Central Station, at a few minutes before eight o'clock on the morning of the twenty-sixth. A train was about to leave from that track—the first of two sections of the Shareowners' Special that the Central runs once a year to Albany. (On the theory that it has less of a speculative ring to it, the word "shareowner" is preferred to the word "stockholder" by many financial people, including speculators.) At the center of the commotion was Young, standing beside a gateman, smiling fixedly, and giving the Churchill V sign for a swarm of photographers. The gateman had the disturbed look of a man who isn't sure whether or not he is being compromised. Young's aides were industriously distributing campaign buttons bearing the legend "YOUNG AT HEART" to a crowd of well-wishers, ill-wishers, and idly curious bystanders.

Just as Young walked down the ramp to the train, followed by an eager horde, White showed up at the gate, smiling faintly as he clenched a pipe in his teeth. The photographers bore down on him, and, upon request, he, too, gave the V sign, but in a deprecatory, mechanical way, contrasting sharply with the zest Young had put into the gesture. White seemed anxious to get on the train. As he stood at the entrance to the first car, somebody shouted, "We want White!"

"I hope you're a stockholder," White said.

Some three hundred and fifty stockholders, or shareowners, boarded the first section of the train, along with White and Young. White and his en-



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tourage occupied the first car; Young and his chose a car near the middle. It was a tumultuous, almost hysterical journey. After the stop at Harmon, to change engines, White and Young began walking back through the cars and shaking hands with stockholders. Each was followed by a constantly growing throng of admirers. The two men had met only once since their February lunch at the Cloud Club, and that meeting—on a television program—had been brief and formal. Now, since both were making their way toward the last car of the train, it seemed inevitable that they would meet again. Young, having the shorter distance to go, got there first, and when word came that White was approaching, there was a frenzy of excitement. "They've got to meet!" someone shouted. "My God, it's going to be like Stanley and Livingstone!" White, pushing slowly rearward, seemed to debate at one point whether to kiss a baby a stockholding matron had brought along, and to decide against it. He was now only two cars away from the end of the train. At this point, the train stopped at Poughkeepsie, and White quietly got off and waited for the second section to take him on to Albany.

THE meeting, which was held in the drill shed of the Washington Avenue Armory, was attended by about fifteen hundred stockholders. White, flanked on the speakers' platform by McLean and Place, called it to order at noon. Clustered in the three front rows of chairs facing the platform and to the right of a center aisle sat the management's candidates for membership on the board, including Harold S. Vanderbilt, William H. Vanderbilt (a great-grandson of the man who damned the public), James A. Farley, and several of the bankers Young had made an issue of in his campaign. In the corresponding rows to the left sat Young and most of the members of his slate; among the absent candidates were two that some of the stockholders might have been rather curious to get a look at—Murchison and Richardson. In the front corner on the Young side were the ballot boxes, presided over by inspectors and monitors from each faction. Young's proxies had been taken to Albany in two armored cars on the twenty-fourth, White's in a guarded Central freight car on the same day; early in the morning of the twenty-sixth, both sides had brought their proxies to the Armory and deposited them with the inspectors. At the meeting itself, stockholders who had not mailed in their proxies, or who

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wished to change the votes they had cast by proxy, could vote in person. The counting of the ballots would not begin until the next day.

When the list of Young's candidates was read, the names of Murchison and Richardson were greeted with rebel yells. That set the tone. Stockholders began walking around the floor, making speeches without being recognized by the chair, introducing themselves to whatever notables they came upon, and in general asserting their independence. "Mother!" a stockholder called to his wife. "I just shook hands with all the Vanderbilts!" Mrs. Soss raised a scolding voice to say that White was not running the meeting properly. A Texan stockholder got up and complained that he had heard some White supporters call Murchison and Richardson uncouth. "Clint and Sid will have to look that word up in their dictionaries," he said. Box lunches were served, but they stilled the clamor only temporarily. Farley stood at his place in the front row, shaking hands and remembering names. Elderly ladies marched up to the ballot boxes, cast their votes, and marched back to their seats. White tried to read his annual report on the railroad's progress, but the loudspeaker betrayed him and kept letting out bloodcurdling shrieks. Mrs. Soss climbed onto the platform and waggled a forefinger under White's nose, and then was escorted down by a policeman, whose presence did not deter her from smiling brilliantly for cameramen as she went.

At four-seventeen, Young, having gone to the ballot boxes to vote his personal holdings, stood up and announced that the total number of shares voted for his side represented a clear majority of the outstanding stock. "Shareowners," he said, "I am happy to tell you you have won."

From the platform, White asked, "Has Mr. Young the authority to make such an announcement?" Since the votes and proxies had not yet been verified, it appeared that Young did not have it.

At four-forty-seven, after most of the stockholders, sensing that the best of the show was over, had straggled out, White let the gavel fall for adjournment.

THE counting and verifying of the ballots, by three law professors, got under way the next morning behind the locked doors of the Siena Room, on the twelfth floor of Albany's Ten Eyck Hotel. It was a long and tedious job, complicated by the circumstance that during the campaign each side had, by a

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coincidence, distributed no fewer than seven proxy forms to every stockholder and that any stockholder who changed his mind had had the privilege of reversing his previous vote by sending in a new proxy; the proxy with the latest date on it was the one that counted. It developed that some stockholders had impartially filled out all fourteen proxy forms—seven for White, seven for Young—and a few had topped off this performance by personally casting a fifteenth ballot at Albany.

On Monday morning, June 14th, the meeting was reconvened in Albany, with only a handful of stockholders present, and the results were officially announced. (The press had got wind of the outcome a couple of days earlier.) White had a wide margin in the number of stockholders voting for his side—23,033 to 12,522. But in the number of shares cast—which is, of course, what pays off—Young won, with a plurality of 1,067,273. Since that was enough to insure his victory even without the disputed eight hundred thousand shares—the legality of voting them was still being questioned, but, of course, they had been voted anyhow—White conceded defeat, saying that he did not intend to contest the results in the courts. He added that he was going home to sit in a rocking chair for a while. There were rumors that he had already had offers of jobs from General Motors and the American Telephone & Telegraph Co., but as of last week he was still rocking.

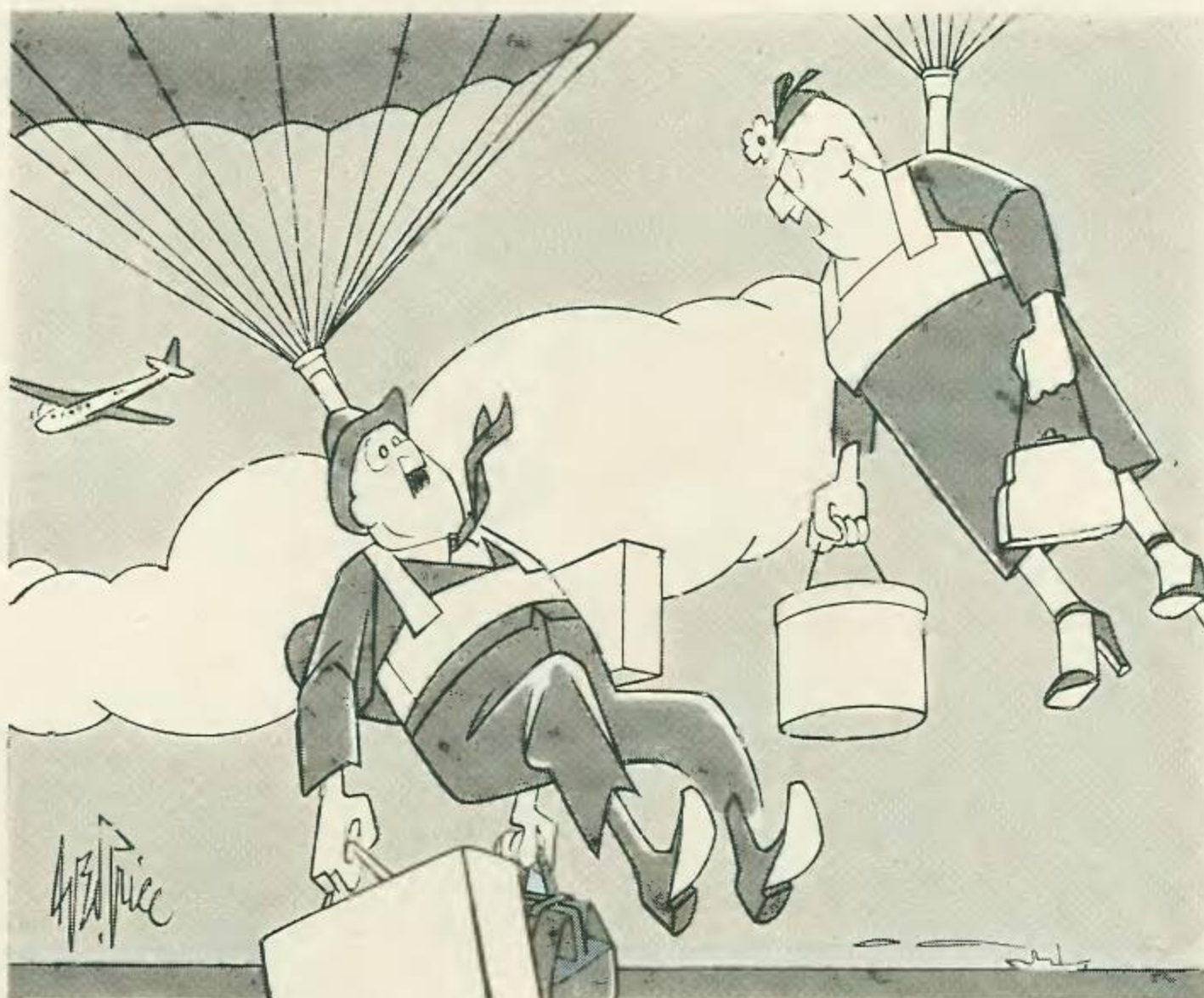
Later that Monday, Young and his board, except for the still absent Murchison and Richardson, held an organization meeting in the Central's board room, on Park Avenue, under the baleful eye of Commodore Vanderbilt, whose portrait hangs on a wall there. It had been announced that the new board would assemble that morning at the Alleghany office in the Chrysler Building, march in a body uptown to the Central Building, and triumphantly advance upon the board room, but this project was called off at the last minute. Perhaps one of Young's supporters was right when he said afterward, "Bob's got a prudent streak in him, and I guess he realized that the flourish and the grand gesture—indispensable though they are—can be overdone."

—JOHN BROOKS

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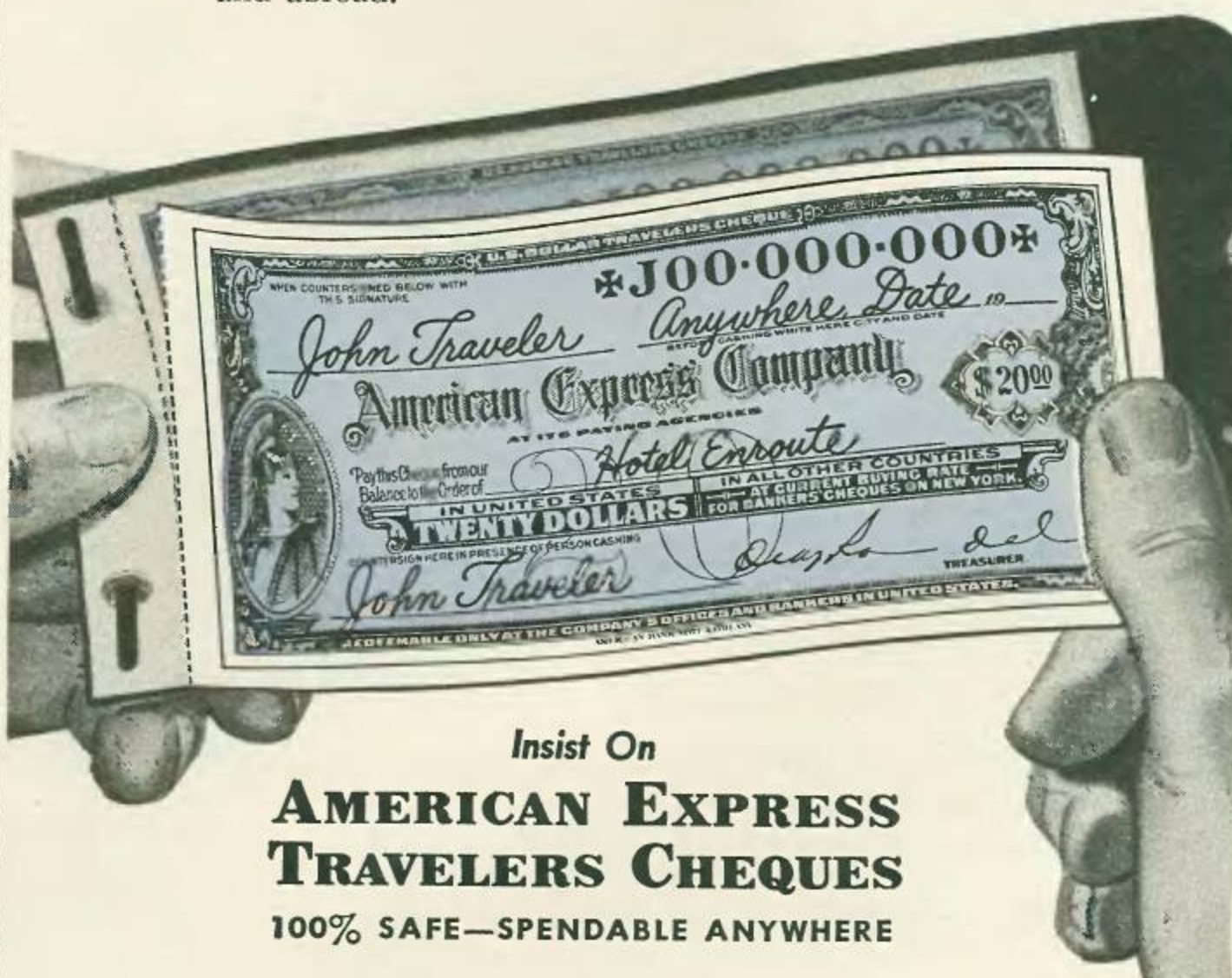
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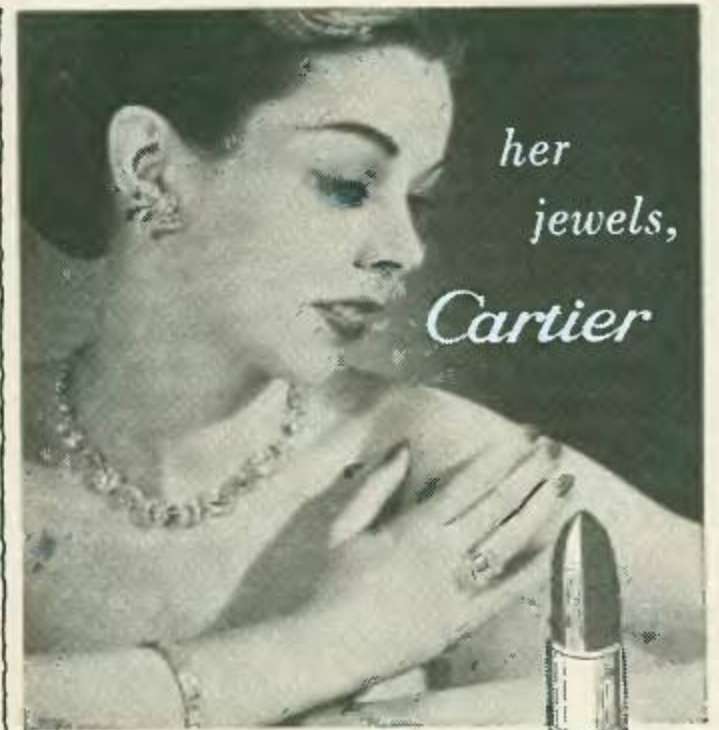
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Queeg Redivivus



AS pictures about the United States Navy go, "The Caine Mutiny" isn't bad. It runs two hours and, unlike so many movie descriptions of life on the bounding official main, goes along pretty smoothly most of the way. Perhaps Stanley Roberts, the author of the screenplay, has been too piously literal in his adaptation of Herman Wouk's novel—both of them waste a lot of time on a fumbling romance between an ensign from Princeton, whose mother has made a kind of running bowline out of the silver cord, and a nightclub entertainer, who isn't quite sure whether her Nassau boy's emotional rigidity is due to the patina of class or the numbing influence of his loving parent—but when "The Caine Mutiny" gets down to a depiction of life on a minesweeper hustling futilely about the Pacific, it becomes pleasantly diverting.

As presented here, the types we meet on the U.S.S. Caine are a rather shallow lot, but, for all their superficiality, they are amusing, and some of Mr. Wouk's inventions about the mad captain of the vessel result in comic situations of a pretty high order. Since "The Caine Mutiny" has now been translated into every medium except skywriting, it seems unlikely that there is anybody who doesn't know the story line. For the benefit of skywriters, though, I will say that the main problem in Mr. Wouk's novel concerns a lieutenant commander in the Regular Navy who gives every evidence—at least while he is in command of a ship—of being crazy. Presumably, he started stripping his mental gears in childhood and finished off the process in the North Atlantic before we encounter him in the Pacific. According to one of the rules of the Navy, a master who is off his rocker may be relieved of his post by one of his juniors in a moment of extreme peril, and Mr. Wouk attempts to show just why an executive officer serving under such a psychopath might be moved to supersede him. Obviously, a business of this sort is far from frivolous, but the movie is least persuasive when it tries to be solemn. Indeed, toward the end, when the screen writer



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is striving most sedulously to interpret Mr. Wouk's odd notion that it was somehow heroic to have joined the Navy in the nineteen-thirties, as the befuddled captain did, while civilians were out making fortunes on the W.P.A., the thing becomes an incomprehensible shambles. But I don't think we ought to be overly troubled about this dubious climax, because there is sufficient hilarity and derring-do in the picture to offset the philosophical handicaps.

Now that Lloyd Nolan, who plays the deranged Captain Queeg in the current stage version of the court-martial scene, has virtually established the role as his own, it probably took some daring on Humphrey Bogart's part to don the master's stripes in this film. I'm happy to report that he does well as the twisted mariner; Mr. Bogart worries the celebrated steel ball bearings with a finesse that would get him a medical discharge from any but the most tolerant of navies. I also admired the performance of Van Johnson as the executive officer who takes over the Caine when it seems clear that any further management by Captain Queeg will result in the loss of the vessel. As an intellectual lieutenant—more or less the villain of the piece—Fred MacMurray is a likable sort until the script gets around to proving that it's thinkers like him who cause trouble in the best of all possible bureaucratic worlds. José Ferrer also appears, more or less in passing, as Mr. Johnson's defender when the executive officer is brought to trial for relieving Mr. Bogart of his command. Mr. Ferrer is better on his feet in "The Caine Mutiny" than he was on his knees in "Moulin Rouge," but even here he's slightly handicapped, since, for purposes of the story, his right hand is out of commission. Maybe we'll see him whole one of these days. I don't suppose we have to linger long over the Princeton man and his cutie. For the record, he is Robert Francis and she is May Wynn. Miss Wynn's name is the same off-screen and on. This may be some sort of distinction. —JOHN MCCARTEN

One of the exercises given to strengthen and tighten the abdominal muscles is to bend over and try to touch the toes without bending the knees. Keeping the knees straight tightens, and so strengthens, the abdominal muscles and so loses most of the value of the exercise.

Be sure to keep the knees straight when doing this exercise—otherwise it will be valueless.—Dr. J. B. Warren in the *Philadelphia News*.

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LETTER FROM LONDON

JUNE 24

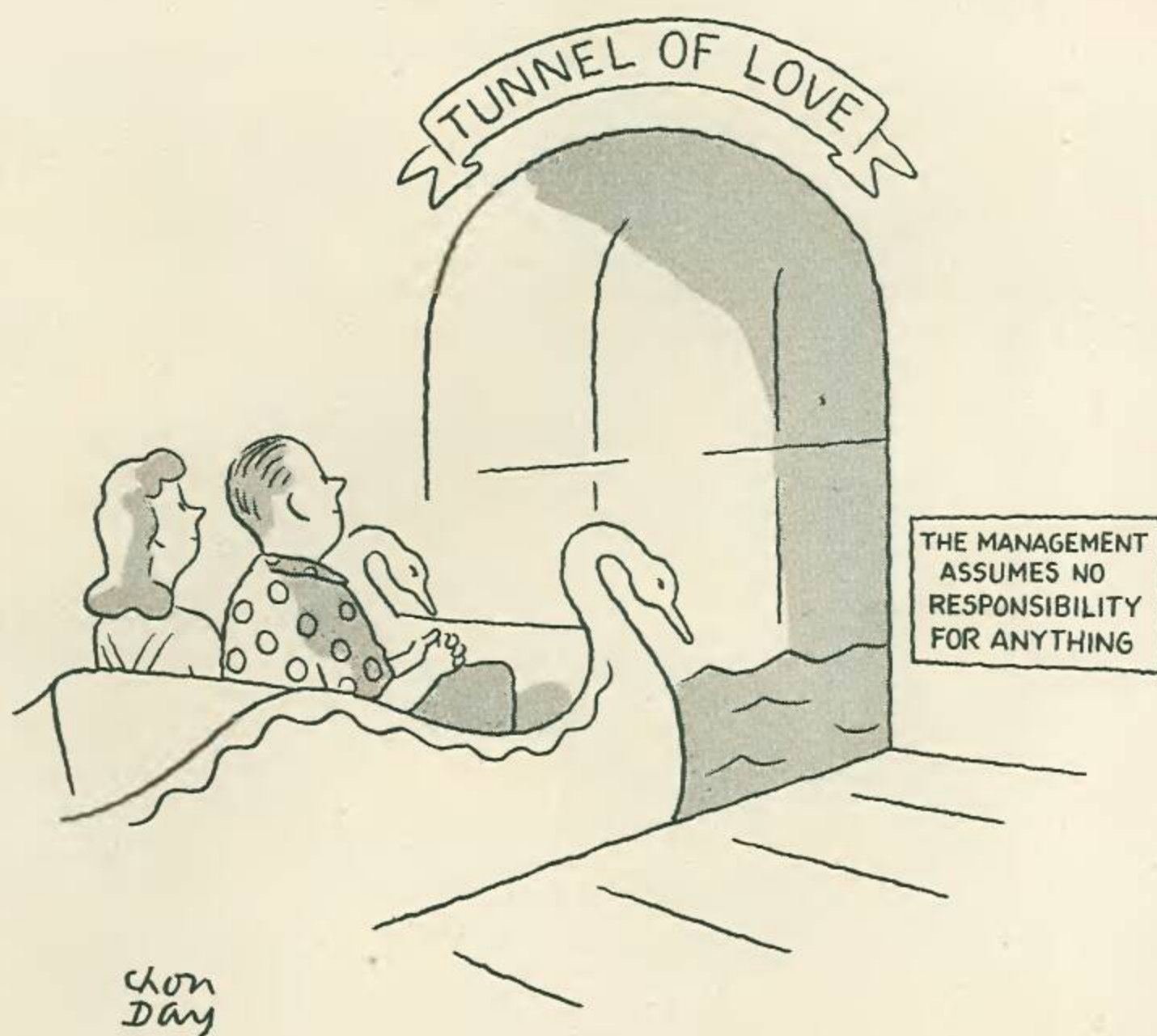
YESTERDAY's foreign-affairs debate in the House of Commons, held on the eve of the Prime Minister's and the Foreign Secretary's trip to Washington to try and settle a few points that have been bedevilling Anglo-American amity of late, certainly left no foggy uncertainties to fill the air behind them here. On the contrary, it made things crystal clear—though some people think it is open to doubt whether the talks will be any easier as a result, because it has now been demonstrated that the British point of view in regard to the Far East is not only as clear as crystal but as solid. The House can seldom have spoken more impressively as one voice than it did in stating that it stood united behind Mr. Eden's efforts at the Geneva Conference and that it believed, beyond the shadow of a doubt or even of a Munich umbrella, that his way of taking a risk with the Communists was more likely than the American way to pay off in results and not in disaster. On both sides of the House, speaker after speaker got up to deliver these views, and also to pay tribute to the Foreign Secretary for his part in keeping Geneva not only afloat but even, in its recent stages, actually moving, and to the Prime Minister for his decision to go to Washington and indulge in a little good plain speaking among old friends. Occasionally, the eulogies were of the resounding order usually reserved for statesmen who have already departed on a longer journey than a mere Atlantic hop. As they piled up (for instance, Clement Davies, the Liberal Party leader, speaking in a voice full of emotion, called the Prime Minister's forthcoming trip "a noble enterprise on behalf of humanity"), it was a positive relief to glance at the Government front bench and see both Sir Winston and Mr. Eden obviously in fine health and at the very top of their form. The Prime Minister, in particular, presented a picture of relaxed vigor that some of his juniors by forty years or so might not have presented the day before taking off on a flight into a sweltering Washington June and into a climate of opinion that is expected to be somewhat similar. Many of the speakers in the debate stressed worry over the fate of the European Defense Community, a conviction that it will be difficult for the United States to go on acting as though the Peiping government were the invisible man, and perplexity as to who really speaks for America—the State Department, the senators, the admirals, or the

generals. One thing that is sure is that in its approval of Mr. Eden's and Sir Winston's policies in the Far East, Parliament was speaking for England.

IN other areas of foreign policy, this unanimity is less evident. At the moment, there is a big movement afoot to lead British public opinion, like a frightened horse, right up to the monstrous jump of German rearmament and somehow induce it to scramble across. The Labour Party National Executive Committee appears to have recognized, somewhat belatedly, both the serious difference of opinion within Labour's ranks on this fateful question and the equally serious effect it may have on Party leadership when the topic comes up for discussion at the autumn Party conference at Scarborough. It has just rushed out a four-penny pamphlet, "In Defence of Europe," containing its official line, which is identical with the Government's—that Germans arming under safeguards within the Western alliance are less potentially lethal than Germans arming secretly and, as usual, efficiently. The pamphlet recalls, as four-pennorth of uncomfortable hard facts for the don't-arm-the-Germans brigade of the Party, that it was the Labour Government that in 1950 accepted the idea of bringing Germany into the

E.D.C., and that it was Herbert Morrison who, as Foreign Secretary in 1951, signed for England the joint Anglo-American-French declaration endorsing it. The brand-new love and enthusiasm the pamphlet shows for the E.D.C. seems somewhat surprising, however, considering the Socialists' coolness toward it not so long ago. As a follow-up to the pamphlet, the Party has just announced that there are to be regional Labour conferences all over the place this summer, at which the leaders will explain and defend the Executive Committee's policy and the rank and file may air their objections to it—in private, the Committee has rather strangely decided (and it has been heavily criticized for doing so)—in order to prepare for the larger, more explosive public conflict expected at the Scarborough conference. Without waiting to be educated, several of the big trade unions have already turned thumbs down on the Executive Committee's arguments, and in no uncertain fashion. The railway men, the agricultural workers, the engineers, and the draftsmen are among those who have already declared themselves against German rearmament; the powerful transport workers and the miners are expected to support the official Party view.

On this emotional question, the vote of the annual conference, which is always an emotional gathering, could



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be disconcerting to the leadership. It seemed, therefore, that the B.B.C. was merely being stimulatingly topical (though the extreme Left at once accused it angrily of being shamefully partisan) when it produced a long radio program last Friday entitled “Should Germany Be Rearmed?” Running for two solid hours on the Home Service, the program conducted a whip-round of opinions among public and private characters in the principal countries involved. The better-known speakers included General Alfred Gruenther, Dr. Konrad Adenauer, Paul Reynaud, Anthony Eden, Herbert Morrison, and the poet Paul Claudel, and there were also numbers of earnest, anxious European citizens who spoke their hopes and fears into the mike. Before the program went on, the *Daily Worker*—having presumably had a squint at the script—announced that it would be nothing but “a boost for Nazi arms” presented under the guise of impartiality. Aneurin Bevan has since attacked the B.B.C. for butting in on a purely Labour argument and trying to swing things the anti-Bevan way. To less biased listeners, though, the program seemed a highly impressive job of reporting.

THE new Noel Coward musical play, “After the Ball,” which opened at the Globe, had been eagerly awaited, but it seemed to disappoint most of the critics. Coward has refurbished the Oscar Wilde play “Lady Windermere's Fan” with music and some neat lyrics, but, oddly enough, these two sharp wits in juxtaposition seem as dead as last year's revue sketches. Without the usual stylish acting to help it over the corny patches, the old plot creaks along, and the famous epigrams like “I can resist everything except temptation” fall damply lifeless among the tra-las. As that pretty bore Lady Windermere, Vanessa Lee sings nicely, but the hit of the evening is a paper-thin child named Patricia Cree, who, as Wilde's chatterbox ingénue, Lady Agatha, says nothing but “Yes, Mamma” all through and is delightful.

Among the art shows currently on view is the London County Council's third international open-air sculpture exhibition, in Holland Park. It makes a pleasant visit, when one has finally located it, tucked away among the formal

parterres and sylvan glades that surround the fast-disappearing ruins of Holland House, once the great stronghold of Whig society and politics. Henry Moore is showing his bronze “Draped Reclining Figure,” a replica of his commissioned work for the roof terrace of the Time-Life Building, on New Bond Street. It is a massive female figure, classical in feeling and influenced, as Moore explains in the catalogue, by his interest in drapery, which started up first with wartime drawings of mummy-like Londoners swathed in their cocoons



of garments in the shelters and was strengthened by a visit to Greece. Sir Jacob Epstein's “The Pigeons”—an amorous pair of them, scooped from a chunk of beautiful Pentelic marble that stands out dazzlingly against a grove of bamboo—was, according to the artist's tantalizing notes in the catalogue, intended for “a temple of love” that he had it “strongly in mind to create somewhat in old Indian style” during the First World War. Sad to say, only the pigeons and a marble Venus materialized for this project. The show includes reproductions of two masterpieces of European and non-European sculpture—the perfect Greek Dionysus from the British Museum, and the Indian Celestial Drummer from the Victoria and Albert—maybe to soothe visitors made nervous by the spikier contemporaries. They look wonderful amid the green. The eeriest exhibit is certainly Holland House itself, a stone's throw from the turnstiles of the sculpture show. In 1941, the Jacobean mansion was bombed too badly for repair, and it has been bought by the London County Council, which is now demolishing it, leaving as historic mementos the extraordinary remnants of the Moorish ballroom, the arcades connecting it with the house, and the orangery. Of the house itself, only one wing, black and gaping, still stands—more or less—along with odd bits of grille and gateway. Otherwise, the fern and the foxglove have moved in where Byron, Macaulay, Sydney Smith, and the rest of them dined and talked, and it's hard to remember, as you look at the weird place and listen to the birds, that buses are rolling down Kensington High Street, only a short walk away.

Undoubtedly, the biggest art event of the moment is the magnificent show of a hundred and seventy-eight Goya

drawings, etchings, and lithographs, on loan from the Prado and the Lázaro Galdiano Museums, in Madrid, and from a private collection. It is now attracting crowds to the Arts Council's superb headquarters, at No. 4 St. James's Square. The exhibition occupies the ground floor and the stunning crimson, yellow, and gold "great drawing room" upstairs, and the supercivilized urbanity of the setting seems to make the impact of the drawings still more terrific. A whole wall is labelled simply "Desastres"—the famous horrifying series "Los Desastres de la Guerra," which shows men being torn apart, women raped, and corpses mutilated and stripped on the battlefield. Each incident bears its caption scrawled at the foot, like a furious telegraphic protest to some unanswering, implacable power whose line has gone dead—a laconic "It Always Happens" or "They Do Not Want To" or "One Does Not Know the Reason" or "This Is Worse" or simply "Why?" In the past, Goya has not been very popular with the British, who have never liked to be made uncomfortable in a gallery. To judge by the exhibition's success, events may have caught up with them. One of the drawings—an arrangement of scattered flesh and rotting uniforms—is entitled "Para Eso Habiéis Nacido" ("This Is Why You Have Been Born"), and some of the visitors who halt before it seem to receive the contemporary message bang between their shocked eyes.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

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—ISABELLA GARDNER

Mr. and Mrs. William Post (Elizabeth Shults) are new owners of a home in Norwalk. On a recent trip to the San Diego zoo they saw Ken Scott '42. Address: 11908 Jersey Street, Norwalk.

—Pomona College Bulletin.

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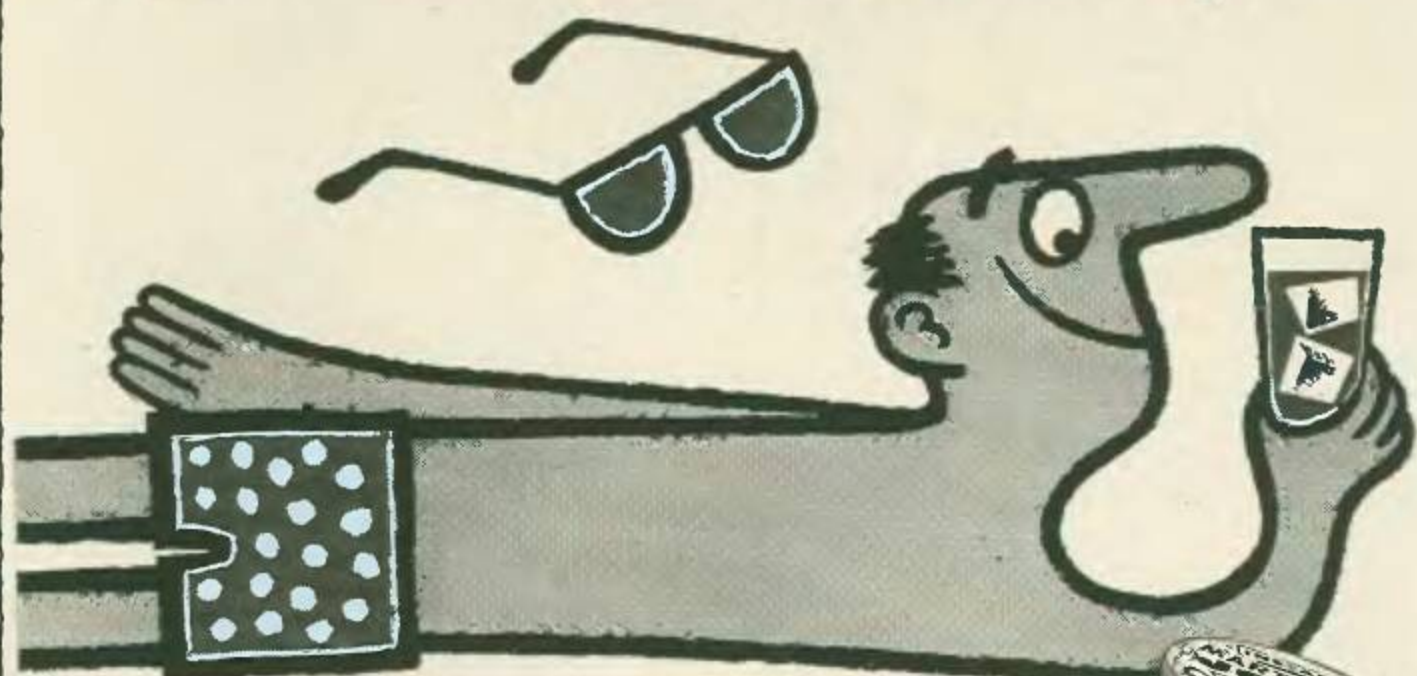
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THE RACE TRACK

Dog Days



I SUPPOSE it's the weather, or whatever it is that's wrong with things all over, but racing on Long Island seems to have come

upon the dog days at least a fortnight earlier than usual. Still, the past week at Aqueduct had its moments, enchanting some people and just flooring others. I, for one, didn't dream that the Wheatley Stable's Quick Lunch would win the Shevlin Stakes, leaving Llangollen Farm's Porterhouse and the Greentree Stable's Card Trick down the course, but that's what happened. And there was more than mild surprise among the huntin' set after Colonel Lafayette Nelles' Extra Points, who had won six jumping races in succession, finished last, twenty-five lengths or so behind Lawrence Troiano's Williamsburg, in the Amagansett Hurdle Handicap. On the other hand, the performance of the Saxon Stable's Invigorator in the Edgemere Handicap was pretty much expected. After all, he made Find step rather smartly the week before to beat him in the Queens County Handicap, and there certainly was nothing as good as Find in the Edgemere. Invigorator merely followed the pace of Armageddon for the first half mile of the mile and a furlong, and then took command easily, going on to win by a couple of lengths. Matagorda was second and Domquil was third. Invigorator, a whopping dark-bay four-year-old, has always liked the Aqueduct course—he won the Babylon Handicap and the Cowdin Stakes there in 1952—and I fancy he'll be one of the choices for the Brooklyn Handicap week after next.

THE other morning, while digging into a rat's nest of things I should have thrown away years ago, I came across a program book of the 1923 summer meeting at Aqueduct, and it struck me that some of the items in it might interest the present generation of horseplayers. There were only nineteen days of racing, and only six races an afternoon—which I think should be quite enough for anybody. Purses for run-of-the-mill overnight events were \$1,000, and you could buy a runner out of a claiming race for \$1,500. (In my book, that's still a fair price for some

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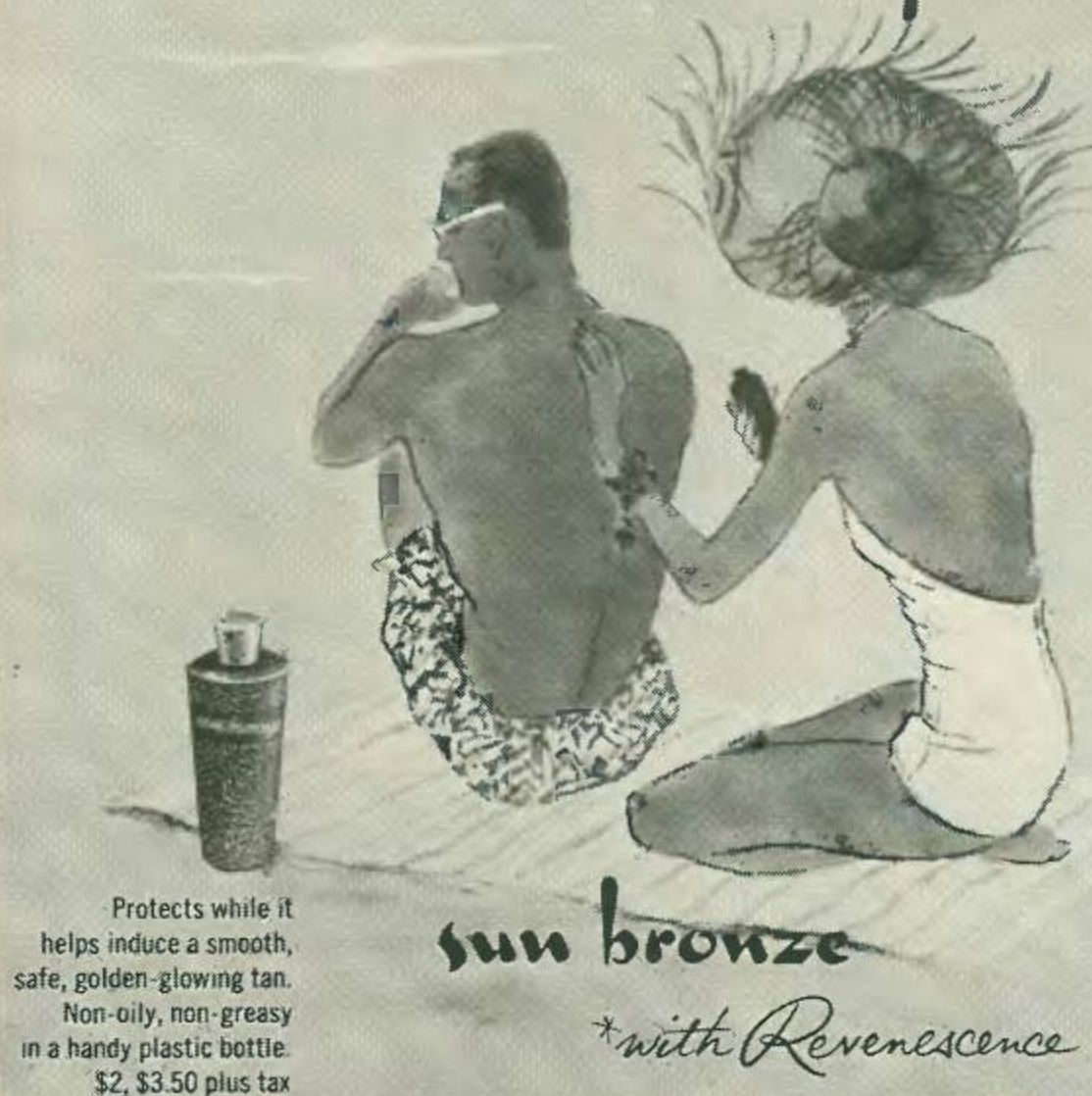
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selling platers.) There were twice as many stake races then, but the purses were small change compared to those nowadays. The biggest prize of the meeting was the Brooklyn Handicap, which had a guaranteed cash value of \$10,000. Also, it had seventy-three entries, including the great Exterminator, Captain Alcock, Dunlin, Lucky Hour, Bunting, and the formidable Rancocas Stable collection—Grey Lag, Mad Hatter, Thunderclap, Knobbie, Little Chief, Flying Cloud, Bud Lerner, Kai-Sang, and Zev, who was the Citation of those days. According to the *American Racing Manual*, Zev won twelve of his fourteen starts that season, and \$272,008 in prize money. He didn't run in the Brooklyn, as things turned out, but Rancocas Stable finished first and third in it, with Little Chief and Knobbie. The management now adds \$50,000 to the Brooklyn purse, but only forty-one horses have been nominated for the sixty-sixth running, a week from Saturday, and most of them, I'm sure, wouldn't have been capable of winning even the Speculation Selling Handicap, a ragtag event that wound up the 1923 meeting. As for the Dwyer Stakes, which will be run off this weekend and is expected to have a gross value of more than \$50,000, it had only \$5,000 in added money in 1923 but there were sixty-four nominations for it. Of course, there was no racing in Chicago, Jersey, Delaware, New England, or California then, and horses didn't have to be spread so thin. All the same, it's this old gaffer's opinion, for what it's worth, that the quality and stamina of racers haven't improved in thirty years.

TAKING a quick look at the goings on west of the Hudson last weekend, I daresay the biggest surprise was the Delaware Oaks, at Delaware Park, in which William du Pont, Jr.'s, Parlo brought off a 20-1 chance. She won by less than a length from Open Sesame, ridden by Arcaro. O'Alison was third, and Cherokee Rose, who won the Coaching Club American Oaks late in May, was twelfth of the thirteen runners. Another long-priced winner was the Carolyn K Stable's Shady Tune, who took the Molly Pitcher Handicap at Monmouth and paid a \$58.80 mutuel. Out at Arlington, Hasty House Farm's Hasty Road did everything an odds-on favorite ought to do in the Warren Wright Memorial. It was his first public appearance since he won the Preakness, and Colonel Martingale says he's hotter than Chicago right now.

—AUDAX MINOR

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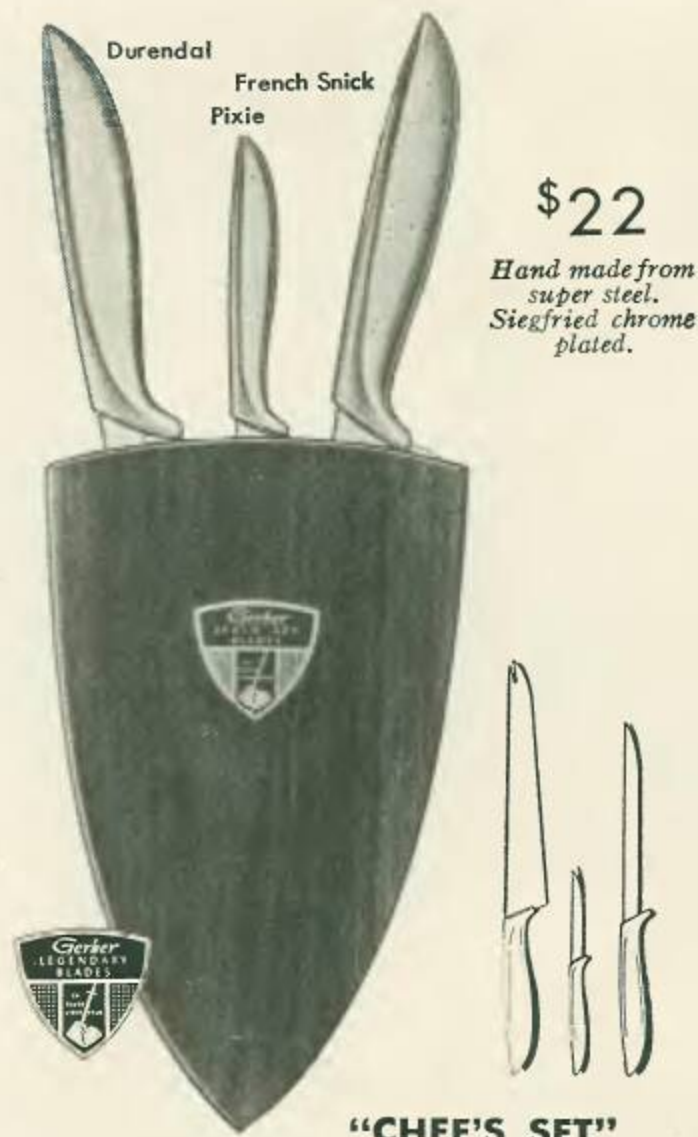
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THE CARAFE

I REMEMBER, thirty years ago when I was twelve, a little girl in dirty pink tights trying to walk a tightrope while a man played on a cornet. Just to one side of them was a café-restaurant with a narrow, faded awning. This was my first visit to Paris. My parents and I were staying at a small hotel near the Seine, and I don't know why we had gone to that out-of-the-way neighborhood. It was lunchtime, and we sat at one of the café's outside tables and had the *prix-fixe* meal. Caravans, booths, and tents were all around the dusty square, for it was the time of the yearly fair in that quarter of the city. The tightrope was only a few feet off the ground, which was well, for the little girl never got a third of the way along it without losing her balance and having to jump down. It was set up in front of a shabby green caravan. A woman sat on the caravan steps nursing a baby. Some hens scratched in the dirt underneath. An older girl called out sharp criticisms to the one trying to balance on the rope, and we couldn't help laughing at the ridiculous exhibition.

My father and mother drank wine, and I was given a little in a glass with soda and a lump of sugar. We had what was probably an indifferent sort of meal, such as was served in those days at a very low price. We were brought a salad. On the table was a tiny carafe, and my mother, finding the salad lacking in vinegar, poured some of the contents of the carafe over it.

The little girl and the man stopped practicing and sat down to eat, with the woman and the older girl, at a table of planks resting on wooden horses. When the waiter brought our bill, my mother had a hard time checking it; she was unused to European handwriting and figures. Finally, she said, "No, no! *Pas de cognac. Vin, oui. Cognac, non!*"

The waiter seemed unconvinced, but my father also was positive that neither he nor my mother had ordered or drunk any cognac. He paid the bill, less the charge for cognac, and tipped the waiter, who thanked him. The waiter looked more puzzled than suspicious; he seemed satisfied that my parents were simple, honest people, who wouldn't try to cheat him. "What could he have meant?" my mother asked when he had gone. But we were again diverted by the little girl, who had finished her lunch and resumed her practicing, this time with a parasol.

Since then, the memory of the little

girl and of our being charged for cognac has come back occasionally, and I've been astonished that so trifling an incident should survive while the recollections of more exciting and important events vanished.

A short time ago, I returned to Paris after a prolonged absence. A friend from the days I spent there as a student took me to some of our old cafés in the Latin Quarter, where, after years of Martinis—most of them with too little vermouth—drinking the Pernods was like renewing an affair with a much loved mistress. We talked, and poured water from iced carafes into tumblers of greenish liquid, watching it change to milky opalescence. Though we sipped slowly, I was thirsty and had six or seven to my friend's five. The sauerkraut, sausages, and coffee that followed didn't sober us up the way my friend had said they would, and when, later, I undressed in my hotel room, the elation had not worn off. I stood at my window, overlooking the quay, and apostrophized the gleaming river, the bridges, and the historic buildings, then lay on the bed and dozed off into a delightful half consciousness. I don't know anything in particular that had happened during the evening to bring back the episode of the little girl and the café, but I found myself vividly reliving it.

I was sitting with my parents in the hot sunshine; I heard the notes of the cornet and tasted the watered claret in my glass; and I saw the little girl's futile efforts to balance on the rope. And when the waiter brought the bill, I was ready for him.

"But we didn't have any cognac," I said.

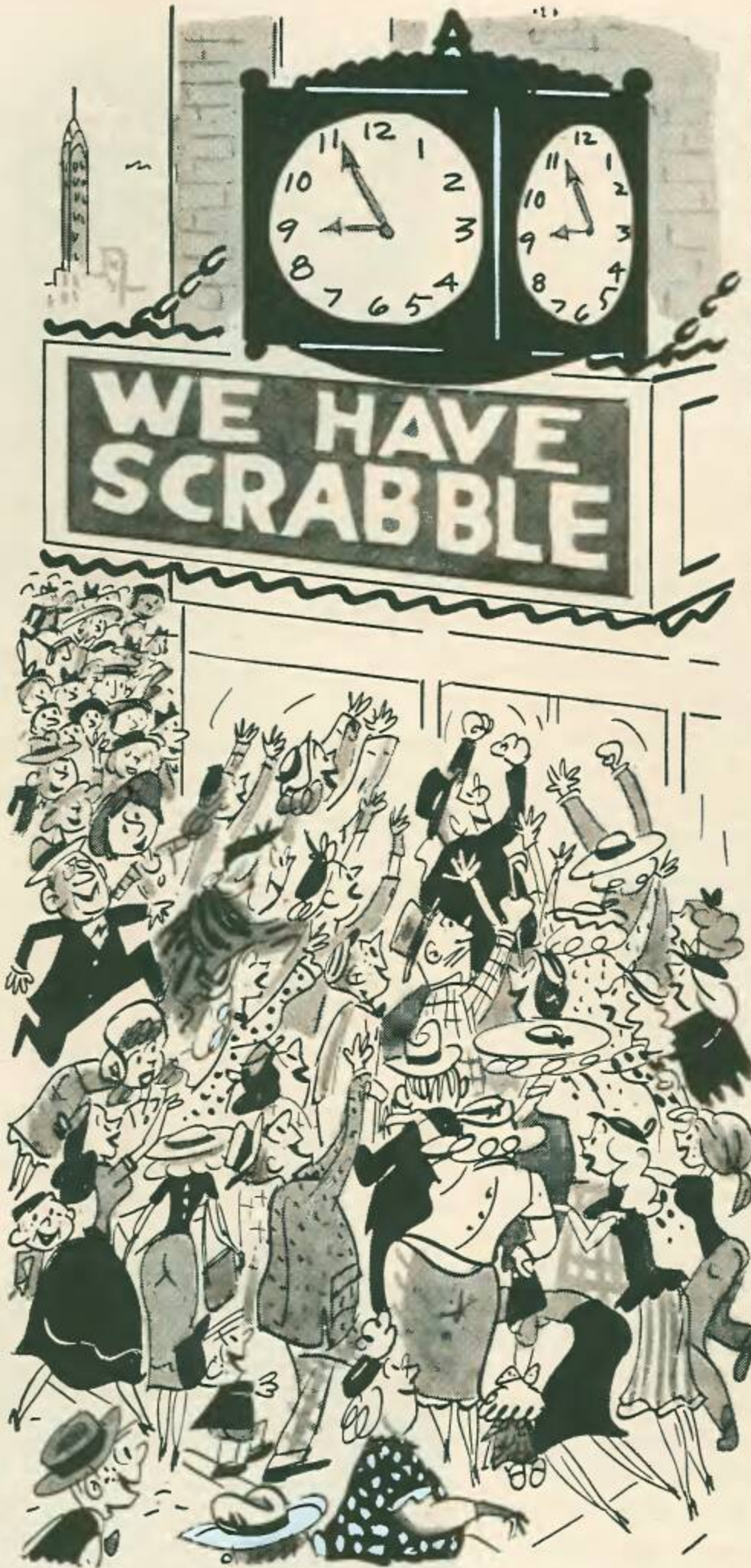
"Yes, yes," the waiter insisted, and Madame, at the cashier's desk inside the café, called out, "Why, they are nothing but foreign thieves!"

There on the table was the little carafe, full of a pale liquid. In my half dream, I poured some into a large spoon and tasted it. It wasn't vinegar. It was cognac!

I woke in the morning with a clear head. The scene in the café was as vivid and convincing to me as it had been the night before, and only an engagement to go to the races at a little course outside the city prevented me from starting out at once to try and settle my family's debt.

EARLY that evening, I walked up the stairs from the underground station at one corner of the square where





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I had gone with my parents thirty years before. It wasn't so dusty now; in the center were two wide alleyways, lined with cutback horse chestnuts. There were more cafés than I remembered—La Brasserie Pernuchet, Le Café Flaubert, Aux Amis de la Corrèze—and for a moment I was uncertain. Then I saw a café across the square that I thought must be the place I was looking for. An apartment house rose where the tight-rope had been set up. The café had spread and had absorbed the shop next door. Shrubbery in green boxes enclosed its sidewalk tables, where a sprinkling of people were having apéritifs under a wide, scalloped awning. An old waiter shuffled about, filling glasses.

I went over and studied the framed menu displayed outside the entrance, and saw that *prix-fixe* meals were not served. Inside the café, some men were playing cards, and a girl and a young waiter were setting the tables in front of an imitation-leather banquette for dinner. I went in, sat at an unset table that stood by itself, and ordered a Pernod. I wondered if the good-looking woman at the cashier's desk was the proprietress and if she could be related to the owners of my parents' time.

My day at the races had tired me, and I felt some letdown from the exhilaration of the night before. I ordered another drink, hoping to get it back. The evening was growing dark, and, outside, the lights were coming on. The young waiter and the girl finished setting the tables, and brought out their own dinners, which they ate at a table by the kitchen door. The apéritif drinkers had left, and the old waiter came in and talked to the woman at the cashier's desk.

Some time later—I don't know how long a time—I came to with a jerk. The lights had been switched on. "Monsieur has slept well?" the woman at the desk asked me, smiling. "I'm afraid we forgot you were there. It is our moment of quiet."

I said I'd had a tiring day, and asked if I could have dinner. The old waiter pulled out a table at the banquette for me. People began to come in, and soon all the tables were taken. I discussed the menu with the waiter, let him choose my dinner, and ordered a bottle of wine. I hoped he was our waiter of long ago, but I felt reluctant to ask.

I had dinner, and cognac with my coffee, and sat on after most of the diners had left. The woman had the girl take her place at the desk, sat down two

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tables beyond me, and ordered her own dinner. My waiter came to see if I wanted anything else. I ordered another cognac, and tipped him. He thanked me and said he hoped I would come again. I said I would, and told him about having been there with my parents thirty years before. I said I wanted to find someone who had known the place in those days.

He told me that he had worked there for only twenty years, but he added that Mme. Fournier might remember, or perhaps even her daughter, Mme. Raymonde—he indicated the woman at the table—who would have been seven or eight at the time.

I said that I hoped so, and he explained to Mme. Raymonde what I was after and asked if she would help me.

"But of course, if I can be of service," she said, and invited me to sit with her.

I TOOK my drink to Mme. Raymonde's table and said that I trusted she wouldn't think I was making too much of a very small incident. Her warm smile and her sympathetic interest made me forget how poorly I speak French. It seemed to me that I had never spoken so easily or achieved such well-turned phrases. I told her about my parents and myself, about the little tightrope walker, and, finally, about the cognac, and the mistake that I had at last come to rectify. When I explained how my mother had poured cognac on the salad, she clapped her hands and burst into laughter. "It's unbelievable!" she cried. She summoned the old waiter. "Jules, ask Mme. Fournier if she will be good enough to come down for a minute."

"What amuses you so?" I asked.

"Wait till my mother comes," Mme. Raymonde said. "You can go, Germaine!" she called to the waitress.

Jules went to call Mme. Fournier, and when he came back, Mme. Raymonde asked him to bring a bottle of champagne and three glasses. He returned from this errand just as an old lady in black came into the room. I stood up and was introduced to Mme. Fournier.

"What are you celebrating?" she asked her daughter.

Mme. Raymonde worked the cork out of the champagne bottle and filled our glasses. "Maman," she said, "tell us about the Americans who came when I was little and who wouldn't pay for the cognac."

Madame laughed, and said the story could hardly be of interest to me. I

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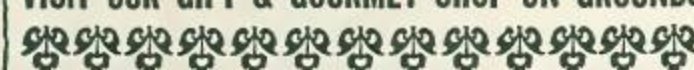
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begged her to tell it, and she shrugged and nodded affably. She said that when she and her husband first had the café, their customers were mostly workmen, concierges, and charwomen. Cognac was left on the tables, and the customers helped themselves and paid for the amount they had taken. This was a country custom the Fourniers had brought with them when they came to the city, and it had proved quite profitable.

Their district was not one to attract strangers, she said, so they had noticed especially the American couple with the little boy who came one year on the day the fair was to open. "They were very nice," she said, "but when they got their bill, on which the cognac that was gone from the carafe was marked, they said they hadn't had any. They were so positive that we didn't insist."

Mme. Raymonde poured more champagne. She was laughing excitedly. Her mother looked at her reprovingly and said, "You're acting like a crazy person."

More people came in.

"Please hurry, *Maman*, before we get too busy," Mme. Raymonde said.

Well, her mother went on, it had been a trivial thing, but it had puzzled her, and later in the day, when she was preparing a salad in the kitchen and pouring vinegar out of a carafe, it had struck her with great force that the Americans must have mistaken the cognac for vinegar. She had told her husband. The idea had amused him, and the family had laughed about the episode many times since. It had become a sort of standing joke with them.

"Do you remember a little girl who tried to walk a tightrope?" I asked.

Mme. Fournier frowned in concentration. "Ah, yes!" she said. "There was a little wretch with a good-for-nothing family camped next to us. But how can you know anything about it, Monsieur?"

Mme. Raymonde jumped up. Jules was at the desk, waiting for change. "And now, *Maman*," she said, "this is the little boy whose parents poured cognac on their salad. He has come back to settle with you for it."

—LOUIS HURD

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—San Angelo (Texas) Standard-Times.

Conditions don't sound optimum to us.



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BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE LOVERS, by Mitchell Wilson (Doubleday). Since it seems to be conscience rather than circumstance that prevents Mr. Wilson's unhappy lovers from grasping their freedom—and therefore, perhaps, their happiness—it is hard to understand why he chose to place their story in the eighteen-seventies instead of in the present day, when it would have had more power and more poignancy, even though it might have been more difficult to write, since the events and situations dealt with here depend for a good deal of their effect on the picturesque background and manners of the people involved. The guilty, and guilt-ridden, lovers are a respected ex-whaling captain of forty-three or so and his best friend's thirty-year-old wife. The place is Martha's Vineyard. The writing is pleasant and intelligent.

THE LATE RISERS, by Bernard Wolfe (Random House). Mr. Wolfe, who expresses himself with more vigor than felicity in an idiom that may or may not be authentic, gives us his own particular picture of some call girls, gossip columnists, marijuana peddlers, press agents, and actors and actresses whose lives converge on Times Square. Theirs seems to be a submerged and frenzied world, and it is certainly a very ugly one, but there is no denying its noisy life, at least as long as Mr. Wolfe is describing it.

DON CAMILLO'S DILEMMA, by Giovanni Guareschi (Farrar, Straus & Young). Another of Signor Guareschi's whimsical capers around the perpetual battle between a militant Italian parish priest and the equally militant Communist mayor of the town where they both live. The tricks with which these two confound one another, their trucès, their tempers, and the pervading atmosphere of sickly, sticky love in which they exist are all represented exactly as before, indicating once again that Signor Guareschi apparently believes one good repetition deserves another.

GENERAL

A CHILD OF THE CENTURY, by Ben Hecht (Simon & Schuster). The

autobiography of an incorrigibly rambunctious romantic. Mr. Hecht, who has just turned sixty and is momentarily poised in a retreat at Nyack, here looks back down his headlong years—as an adolescent skirt raiser in his native Racine, as a shenanigan reporter and demon bohemian in the Chicago of Walter Howie and the *Little Review*, and as a high-priced alchemist on Broadway, in Florida, and in Hollywood—and attempts, in an avalanche of peppery anecdotes, implausible vignettes, and midnight vaporizings, to discover what made him run. "It was never ambition or the hope of pleasure," he says toward the end. "It was the tune in me and the certainty

that my mind was crowded with life. In my head was a rabble of companions ready always to roister on the hilltops." A frantic, fumbling, often foolish book, but also, somehow, an extraordinarily entertaining one. Photographs.

SCIENCE AND THE COMMON UNDERSTANDING, by J. Robert Oppenheimer (Simon & Schuster). A collection of six lectures delivered over the B.B.C. in 1953. Their aim is not so much to popularize modern physical science as to relate it to the larger pattern of our humanistic concerns. Dr. Oppenheimer writes, characteristically, "If we ask, for instance, whether the position of the electron remains the same, we must say 'no;' if we ask whether the electron's position changes with time, we must say 'no;' if we ask whether the electron is at rest, we must say 'no;' if we ask whether it is in motion, we must say 'no.' The Buddha has given such answers when interrogated as to the conditions of a man's self after his death; but they are not familiar answers for the tradition of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century science." A profound piece of work, difficult to follow in some places, overcharged with rhetoric in others, yet always thought-provoking and often inspiring.

THE END OF INNOCENCE, by Jonathan Daniels (Lippincott). A memoir of the warm, productive, and lasting friendship between the author's father, Josephus Daniels, and Frank-



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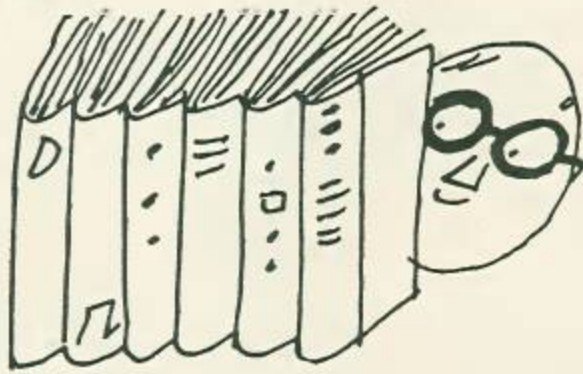
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editor at large



There's a rumor that the Society of Fiction Writers is going to sue A.B.C. Whipple.

They claim his new book, "Yankee Whalers in the South Seas," uses up in one volume of nonfiction enough material for a couple of dozen novels.

I'm not a lawyer, but I think they might win. Certainly, any jury of editors would agree that this book has more action and excitement than it is reasonable to expect in a single volume.

There are stories of mutiny and cannibalism, of epic voyages and South Sea idylls with native "wives," of savage encounters with crazed whales, and of incredible feats of seamanship. My own favorite story is the one about Captain Fred Tilton who walked 1700 miles back from the Arctic Ocean to bring relief to an icebound ship.

In addition, Whipple writes of Herman Melville's career as a whaler, and of "Mocha Dick," the rogue whale, whose deeds were already legend before Melville used them in his masterpiece.

There's been a good book on modern whaling recently, R. B. Robertson's "Of Whales and Men" (Knopf). But Whipple's book is about the days before whaling became mechanized, the golden days of American ships and American sailors.

It's a large subject, whales, and a wonderful one to read about. I am reminded by it of the lady who was sailing with her swain. When a whale hove into sight, she shouted: "Let's get going. This thing is bigger than both of us!"

L L Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"Yankee Whalers in the South Seas" (\$3.95), by A. B. C. Whipple, is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. It may be obtained from your own bookseller or from any of the Doubleday Book Shops. Take a copy with you the next time you go to the beach.

(Advertisement)

lin Delano Roosevelt. The story begins in 1913, when the Democrats headed for Washington, flushed with victory and idealistic innocence, and Secretary Daniels, with the able, if sometimes overenthusiastic, aid of his restless young Assistant Secretary, began building the greatest Navy the country had ever had. The author, who was an adolescent but sharply observant spectator on the scene, writes with emotion and grace, and his book is almost a social history of the Wilson years of embattled idealism. The book surrounds the two central characters with a nimbus of romance, and affirms the author's belief that the democratic ideal, now embattled again, and shorn of its innocence, is still the most vital force in America.

MAN AND BEAST IN AFRICA, by François Sommer (Citadel). A hunter's guide to Africa. The author, a French professional of long experience and much charm, discusses the significant characteristics of several of the continent's more rewarding districts (French Equatorial Africa, Kenya, Tanganyika), the nature and distribution of the chief game animals (lion, elephant, rhinoceros, buffalo, eland), and the decline of the safari from a rugged test of strength and fortitude to its present status (in some localities) as a brisk trophy mill. M. Sommer admits quite frankly that the killing of wild beasts has given him great pleasure, but he adds, with equal sincerity, that he now finds it a far more exacting sport to shoot his prey with a camera. Many fine photographs, most of them by the author, and a bluff introduction by Ernest Hemingway.

WHAT PAGE OF THE "TIMES MAGAZINE" D'YA READ?

MARCH, 1946, FULTON—The era of good feeling between the West and Russia was fading. The West protested Russia's activities in Iran. At Fulton, Mo., Churchill, with Mr. Truman beside him, said: "An Iron Curtain has descended across the Continent."—Picture caption in the June 20th issue, page 9.

JANUARY, 1952, WASHINGTON—Churchill had not seen President Truman since 1945 at Potsdam.—Picture caption on the facing page.

Contributions come to the Fund from a variety of sources and in amounts varying from a dollar bill to an anonymous check for \$20,000.—Holiday.

Very little variation there.

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Dubonnet COCKTAIL
One-half Dubonnet.
One-half gin. Stir
with ice. Strain.
Add twist of lemon peel.



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Pour over ice cubes.
Add twist of lemon peel.



Dubonnet and soda
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juice of ¼ lemon
add ice cubes
fill with soda and stir.



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