Jan. 7, 1950

THE NEW YORKER

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ON THE PLAZA

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

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

PLAYS

Caesar and Cleopatra—Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Lilli Palmer are magnificent in the title roles of this revival of one of Shaw's most entertaining comedies. Among the other characters disporting themselves on the Nile are Arthur Treacher, John Buckmaster, Ralph Forbes, Nicholas Joy, and Bertha Belmore. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Clutterbuck—Arthur Margetson is superb as a simple-minded Briton in Benn W. Levy's comedy about promiscuity among the upper classes. Others in the cast whose love affairs are thoroughly discussed are Tom Helmore, Ruth Matteson, Ruth Ford, and Claire Carleton. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Diamond Lil—Mae West inviting her friends to come up and see her sometime just as engagingly as she did in 1928. Included in the members of the saloon society she dominates are Billy Van, Richard Coogan, and Walter Petrie. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance, for the Actors Fund, Sunday evening, Jan. 8.)

The Father—Strindberg's 1887 tragedy of a man whose wife plots relentlessly against his sanity is still interesting, though time and a not especially inspired production have somewhat diminished its original impact. Raymond Massey and Mady Christians lead the warring sexes. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

I Know My Love—The Lunts contribute their usual high spirits and S. N. Behrman his usual polished complexity to this play about a marriage that goes on for fifty years. A standard brand, probably very satisfactory for those who admire the product. With Geoffrey Kerr, Betty Caulfield, Katharine Bard, and Henry Barnard. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Rat Race—Betty Field heads an admirable cast, which includes Barry Nelson, Doro Merande, and Pat Harrington, but Garson Kanin's play about the love of a saxophone player for a dance-hall hostess is a rather dull and occasionally offensive piece. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

She Stoops to Conquer—Celeste Holm, Brian Aherne, Ezra Stone, Burl Ives, Evelyn Varden, Staats Cotsworth, and Carmen Mathews are among those who appear in this revival, by the New York City Theatre Company, of Goldsmith's comedy. In spite of the fact that Maurice Evans supervised the production, it is pretty hard going, in its quaint way. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Through Sunday, Jan. 8.) . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, Jan. 11, the company will present Emlyn Williams' "The Corn Is Green," with Eva Le Gallienne and Richard Waring. (Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8:15. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

That Lady—Katharine Cornell is the producer and star of this fairly listless play about a Spanish princess who takes a lover, to the considerable irritation of her king, Henry Daniell. Joseph Wiseman, Henry Stephenson, and Torin Thatcher are among those who do their best to suggest a regal atmosphere. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Velvet Glove—Grace George's return to the stage is a welcome event, but it is too bad she couldn't have chosen something a little more stimulating than this gentle comedy of life in a Catholic college for girls. With Walter Hampden, Jean Dixon, and John Williams. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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Long Runs—Death of a Salesman: The tragic windup of a man who suddenly comes to realize that he can't go on any more. Gene Lockhart plays the man. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **detective story:** Sidney Kingsley's roughhouse in a New York police station, with Ralph Bellamy cast as a tough cop. (Hudson, 44th St., E. LU 2-1087. Mondays through Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 8:40; Fridays at 9. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **the madwoman of Chaillot:** All about a loony old Parisian lady (Martita Hunt) and her good works. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Jan. 7.) . . . **mister roberts:** Henry Fonda, Henry Hull, and William Harrigan patrolling the deck of a navy cargo ship. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes—Lorelei Lee may not be precisely the girl she was in Anita Loos's novel, but she and her peculiar friends still provide a nice, rowdy evening. Miss Loos and Joseph Fields collaborated on the book, Jule Styne did the music, and Leo Robin wrote the lyrics. Carol Channing, Yvonne Adair, and Jack McCauley are in the large and animated cast. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Lost in the Stars—Perhaps too much of the spirit and atmosphere of Alan Paton's novel "Cry, the Beloved Country" has been lost in this adaptation for the stage, but Maxwell Anderson's libretto is frequently moving, and Kurt Weill has written a distinguished score. With Todd Duncan and Leslie Banks. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Miss Liberty—The Berlin-Sherwood-Hart musical concerning a girl who may or may not have posed for that statue in the Harbor. It has a few pretty tunes and some fair dancing, but otherwise it is a distinct disappointment. Eddie Albert, Allyn McLerie, and Mary McCarty head the cast, but Ethel Griffies unquestionably provides most of the fun. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Texas, Li'l Darlin'—This musical about the editor of a magazine that might well be *Life* and a political campaign in Texas is intended to be a satire, but the authors are never quite witty enough to bring it off. However, Johnny Mercer has written some bright lyrics, and Kenny Delmar, Loring Smith, Frodd Wayne, and Mary Hatcher turn in pleasant performances. (Mark Hellinger, Broadway at 51st St. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Touch and Go—Jean and Walter Kerr have worked up some lively sketches for this agreeable revue, and Jay Gorney has composed some cheerful songs. The talented young cast includes Kyle MacDonnell, Pearl Lang, Dick Sykes, Nancy Andrews, and George Hall. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—as the girls go: The Bobby Clark commotion about life in a fortunately imaginary White House. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **kiss me, kate:** "The Taming of the Shrew" as Shakespeare might have written it if he had had a hand from Cole Porter. With Alfred Drake and Patricia Morison. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **lend an ear:** A bunch of chipper youngsters running through Charles Gaynor's sketches, lyrics, and music. (Mansfield, 47th St. W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **south pacific:** Anybody here doesn't know about "South Pacific?" Still with Ezio Pinza and Mary Martin. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.) . . . **where's charley?:** Ray Bolger's resurrection of "Charley's Aunt." (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

The Member of the Wedding—Ethel Waters and Julie Harris in Carson McCullers' dramatiza-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tion of her novel. Directed by Harold Clurman and produced by Robert Whitehead, Oliver Rea, and Stanley Martineau. Opens Thursday, Jan. 5. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

HAPPY AS LARRY—Burgess Meredith and Marguerite Piazza in a musical fantasy by Donagh MacDonagh. Produced by Leonard Sillman and directed by Mr Meredith. The score is by Mischa and Wesley Portnoff. Opens Friday, Jan. 6. (Coronet, 49th St., W. of 8887. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

BALLET AND DANCE RECITALS

LES BALLETS DE PARIS—Roland Petit's French ballet troupe, presenting "Le Rendez-Vous," "L'Oeuf à la Coque," "Le Combat," and "Carmen." (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sunday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Jan. 14.)

UDAY SHANKAR—With his company, presenting a limited (through Saturday, Jan. 14) engagement of Hindu ballet. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. of 5-4396. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sunday, at 2:30.)

ROSARIO AND ANTONIO—Dance recital. (Central High School of Needle Trades, 225 W. 24th St. Saturday, Jan. 7, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391. . . . ¶ Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Sunday, Jan. 8, at 3.)

MISCELLANY

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

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)—The Trianon Room has dance music by Jules Lande's orchestra and Nino de Moraes' rumba band every evening except Sunday.

BILTMORE, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Except on Sundays, Harold Nagel's orchestra plays for cocktails in the Palm Court, switches to the Madison Room for dinner, and then goes back to the Palm Court. No dancing anywhere.

CAFÉ SOCIETY, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Through Wednesday, Jan. 11, Sarah Vaughan's inventive vocal trickery, Roger Price's inventive verbal mockery, and J. C. Heard's ardent little band. On Thursday, Jan. 12, Rose Murphy and the band operated by Illinois Jacquet will move in. Cliff Jackson is, as always, the interlude pianist. Dancing. Closed Mondays.

DIAMOND HORSESHOE, 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500)—Billy Rose's soup-to-nuts pageant of New York café life through the ages. The most entertaining nuts are Walter Dare Wahl and the Rigoletto Brothers; the most heart-warming characters are the ancient W. C. Handy and Harry Armstrong. Dancing.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—An assembly hall for people who aren't especially keen about leading private lives. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

LARUE, 45 E. 58th St. (VO 5-6374)—Still its old to-the-manor-born self, still peopled by friends of light wines and dancing. Bernie Dolen's orchestra and Van Smith's band provide the usual steady sweet music. Closed Sundays.

NEW YORKER, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—In the Terrace Room, an assemblage of Cole Porter tunes in a fairly static résumé of the life of Mr. P., who is amiably portrayed by James MacColl. Some of the songs are sung, others are danced by Kenneth MacKenzie and Betta St. John. Don McGrane's dance orchestra, plus Peter Kent's band. On Thursday, Jan. 12, a complete new show, involving the songs of Patti Page, the dances of Hector and Byrd, and Johnny Long's orchestra.

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PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—At dinner and supper, in the Cotillion Room, Mimi Benzell, one of the Met's sweet girl graduates, in a festival running (sometimes a trifle coyly) from Verdi to Gershwin. Alan and Blanche Lund contribute some fresh and acceptable dancing. Stanley Melba's dance orchestra and Ralph Lane's rumba band. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's orchestra for cocktail dancing and during dinner and supper in the Cafe Pierre.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Persian Room presents, at dinner and supper, the strange, enchanted boy known as Jimmy Savo, to say nothing of Lisa Kirk, who appears after the theatre. Bob Grant's and Mark Monte's orchestras for dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, a luxurious period piece, has the rapturous dance music (after eight-thirty) of Nicolas Matthey's and Payson Ré's orchestras. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's music tinkles in the Palm Court at the cocktail hour. No dancing.

RITZ-CARLTON, Madison Ave. at 46th St. (MU 8-3000)—The ducal Oval Room offers Emery Deutsch's dinner music every evening but Sunday, when Harold Sandler's orchestra plays instead. . . . ¶ In the Palm Court, Harold Sandler's cocktail music from four to seven, except Sundays. No dancing in either room.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Through Monday, Jan. 9, Martha Wright, an arch and handsome young lady with an arch and handsome voice, trills at dinner and supper in the Maisonette, where Milt Shaw's and Laszlo and Pepito's bands play casually for dancing. The next night, Rosalind Courtright starts singing. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra is on tap in the Café Lounge at dinner and supper. Tea dancing every afternoon.

SHERRY-NETHERLAND, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2800)—In the lavish Carnaval Room, you'll find Jan Brunesco's gypsy music and a scattering of Lester Lanin's musicians for dancing. Closed Sundays.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Those who believe that one is only young once haven't taken a good look at the throng hereabouts. Paul Rickenbacker's orchestra and a rumba band for dancing downstairs; on Fridays and Saturdays, upstairs, Ernie Warren's band, that same rumba band, and Suzy Mulligan's reedlike voice.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Edith Piaf, a vivid and emotional experience in any language, including (as of last fall) the American. Emil Petti's orchestra, some French musicians, and an invisible choir help

out nobly, but the show is still Piaf. Panchito's rumba band is also on hand.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Wedgwood Room, at suppertime, through Wednesday, Jan. 11, Margaret Phelan's ladylike song recital and Liberace's bustling piano recital. The following evening, Dinah Shore will take over. Emil Coleman's orchestra plays for dinner and, aided by Mischa Borr's band, for supper. On Sundays, no show, but the Borr band plays until ten o'clock. . . . ¶ Michael Zarin's dinner and supper dance music in the Flamingo Room, where Dr. Sydney Ross produces a little sleight of hand. Tea dancing Saturdays; closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Except on Sundays, Les Crosley's light-fingered pianoforte intricacies at cocktails and dinner, followed by Cy Walter's equally deft piano work at supper. . . . COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): After eight-thirty, continuous and bubbly dance music by Eddie Davis, assisted now and then by the Phil D'Arcy Trio. Inga Andersen sings once in a while. Closed Sundays. . . . CAFÉ TROUVILLE, 112 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-9234): In the bar of this venerable emporium, Mary McNally (at cocktail time) and Harry Taylor and Page Morton (after nine-thirty) provide piano undertones for the animated table talk. Closed Sundays. . . . LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): A halfway house between Broadway and Park Avenue, with, every evening but Sunday, Joe Bushkin's exhilarating piano and trio after ten, and Harold Sandler's violin. On Sundays, Freddy Witmer at the piano. . . . MONTE CARLO, 125 E. 54th St. (PL 9-2728): An elegant candy box in which to dance to one of Dick Gasparre's bands and the Playa Sextet. Closed Mondays. . . . ARMANDO'S, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Subdued piano and violin after nine-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . PENTHOUSE CLUB, 30 Central Park S. (PL 9-3561): On Monday, Jan. 9, Bill Tabbert, one of "South Pacific's" bright young men, returns to head up a new show. No performance Sundays. . . . EL CHICO, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spain on a folksy, neighborhood level, with furious indigenous dances by both cast and clients. Closed Sundays. . . . ONE FIFTH AVENUE, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Louise Howard, taking a few telling pot shots at our local songstresses. Harold Fonville and Bob Downey play double piano, and Hazel Webster plays solo piano. Old silent movies, too, on Sunday nights, but no hopscotch or rounders. Amateur nights Mondays. . . . NINO, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): In this busy bit of modernist design, Rudy Timfield's dinner and supper piano. Closed Sundays. . . . MADISON, Madison Ave. at 58th St. (VO 5-5000): Peter Walters' cocktail piano music Mondays through Fridays, and Bernie Dolen's dance orchestra Saturdays and Sundays until nine. . . . SHELBURNE LOUNGE, Lexington Ave. at 37th St. (MU 9-5200): Through Wednesday, Jan. 11, Juanita Hall, another member of "South Pacific's" outpatient department, sings; Patricia Bright unwinds her acidulous comedy; and Josef Marais and Miranda chant what you might call African *Weltschmerz*. Next night, a new show, led by Herb Jeffries. Cy Coleman and his trio are around, too. Closed Sundays. . . . BYLINE ROOM, 137 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4759): In this upstairs parlor over the Show Spot bar, any night but Sunday, there is Mabel Mercer, delicately analyzing the best works of the Alec Wilder and Bart Howard school of the ballad. Sam Hamilton, Les Crosley, or Cy Walter is there to dish up her piano background. . . . CAFÉ GRINZING, 323 E. 79th St. (BU 8-7607): Fritzi Scheff, looking and singing as well as she ever did. Closed Mondays. . . . OLD KNICK MUSIC HALL, Second Ave. at 54th St. (PL 9-2724): One of those it-was-only-yesterday reconstructions, made up of melodrama, singing waiters, checked tablecloths, aged movies, and the like, enlivened principally by Paul Killiam's running commentary and the activities of a

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

young minx known as Janie Stevens. Closed Mondays. . . . L'AIGLON, 13 E. 55th St. (PL 3-7296): Starting at seven every evening but Sunday, Louis Hawkins provides his piano music and funny sayings during cocktails, dinner, and supper upstairs in the little Empress Room.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Lena Horne, a tiger, tiger, burning bright in this midnight cavern. These Copa dolls occasionally help her stir the customers' pulses. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): In the lounge, from suppertime until just before dawn, except Saturdays, Eadie and Rack's spellbinding piano duets, every weekday, John Kelley, Jr., supplies dinner music. In the back room, every night, Connie Sawyer's barrel of fun, Mae Barnes' calliope voice, Marian Bruce's deep, dark blues, and the début of a French boulevardier named Francis Lynel Lush background music by Stuart Ross and the Herman Chittison Trio. Sunday nights, guest performers are interspersed among the regulars. Harold Cooke is master of ceremonies. . . . RUBAN BLEU, 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Another of Julius Monk's highly diversified portfolios—Bibi Osterwald's moose-calling seminar, Michael Brown's ballads from the subconscious, the Three Riffs' part singing, Mervyn Nelson's modern counterpart of Peck's Bad Boy, the chirping of a new little cricket named Jo Hurt, and the Norman Paris Trio's music of the day after tomorrow. Closed Sundays. . . . SPIVY'S ROOF, 139 E. 57th St (PL 3-9322): Spivy, intoning her peculiar lullabies in this easygoing treetop. Closed Sundays. . . . VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The Weavers, an engaging group of ballad singers that includes Pete Seeger. Dance music by Clarence Williams' new trio. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison's mighty wind machine, abetted by Gene Schroeder, Peanuts Hucko, Cutty Cutshall, Buzzy Drootin, and other cacophenists. Ralph Sutton plays spontaneous-combustion piano between sets. On Tuesdays, visiting firebrands compound the chaos. Closed Sundays. . . . NICK'S, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Bobby Hackett, playing a cornet obbligato to the thunderous carryings-on here. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . JIMMY RYAN'S, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-0600): Wingy Manone's crew of house-wreckers, among them Bob Casey, Big Chief Russell Moore, and Art Trappier, in full cry. Starting Friday, Jan. 6, Sidney Bechet and his band will do the honors. Don Frye plays piano while they're out having a smoke. Jam sessions Monday nights. Dancing. . . RIVIERA LOUNGE, Seventh Ave. at 4th St (WA 9-9663): A happy little hunting ground for traditionalist musicians, offering, every night in the week, various permutations of Art Hodes, Tony Parenti, Pee Wee Russell, and Herb Ward, plus willing friends. . . . BOP CITY, 1619 Broadway, at 49th St. (JU 6-3170): Frankie Laine, driving that mule train and the bleacherites to noisy distractions, as well as Slam Stewart's trio and Elliott Lawrence's orchestra. Closed Mondays. . . . THREE DEUCES, 72 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-0861): Through Wednesday, Jan. 11, Errol Garner, playing the best piano you can find on The Street today. . . . CENTRAL PLAZA, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): These Friday-evening frolics, paced this week (Jan. 6) by Wingy Manone, George Wettling, Joe Sullivan, Tony Parenti, James P. Johnson, and Jimmy Archey. Dancing, too.

MOSTLY FOR DANCING

STATLER, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000): In the Cafe Rouge, Frankie Carle's band. Closed Sundays. . . . ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200): In the Grill, Guy

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Lombardo and family, those hardy perennials, are home once more. Closed Sundays.

ART

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

GALLERIES

JOSEPH CORNELL—A new set of his gently fanciful constructions, these with bird motifs and more austere in style than usual. (Egan, 63 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 14.)

FLOWERS AND FRUIT—A group show of paintings by Lamar Dodd, Revington Arthur, Dorothy Andrews, and others. (Luyber, 112 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 14.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the BUCHHOLZ, 32 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by several artists, among them Léger, Lipchitz, Calder, and Gris; through Jan. 13. . . . FEIGL, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: Kokoschka, Krauskopf, Vytlacil, and others; through Jan. 31. . . . KOOIZ, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: Bazlotes, Dubuffet, Motherwell, and other artists of the gallery's group, each exhibiting one large and one small painting; through Jan. 9. . . . LEVITT, 16 W. 57th St.: New paintings by such artists as Herbert Barnett, Virginia Berresford, and Seymour Fogel, and some sculptures; through Jan. 7. . . . NIVEAU, 63 E. 57th St.: French moderns, including Dufy, Braque, and Utrillo; through Jan. 31.

HALLMARK INTERNATIONAL COMPETITION PRIZE-WINNERS—The top hundred paintings, half of them French and half of them American, in the Hallmark Christmas-card company's recent contest. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.; through Jan. 7.)

BERNARD KARFIOL—Figure studies, landscapes, and still-lifes, all painted since 1946. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.; through Jan. 21.)

JOHN MARIN—New oils and water colors, showing that the Old Master (he is eighty) is still as productive as he is proficient. (An American Place, 509 Madison Ave., at 53rd St.; through Feb. 4.)

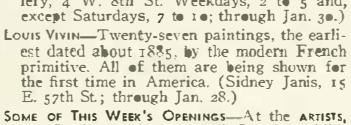
JOAN MIRO—Pastels, gouaches, and other pieces, in a small retrospective spanning the decade 1933-43. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 12.)

PRINTS OF SIX CENTURIES—Lithographs, etchings, and woodcuts, some of them in color, by European and American artists, from Mantegna, in the fifteenth century, to Bellows, in the twentieth. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 21.)

SCULPTURE—The annual exhibition by members of the Clay Club and others, including some agreeable pieces by Milton Hebald, Cleo Hartwig, and Edgar Negret. (Sculptors Gallery, 4 W. 8th St. Weekdays, 2 to 5 and, except Saturdays, 7 to 10; through Jan. 30.)

LOUIS VIVIN—Twenty-seven paintings, the earliest dated about 1885, by the modern French primitive. All of them are being shown for the first time in America. (Sidney Janis, 15 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 28.)

SOME OF THIS WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the ARTISTS, 851 Lexington Ave., at 64th St.: An exhibition of paintings and sculpture selected by several art critics; through Jan. 19. . . . BABCOCK, 38 E. 57th St.: A group show of paintings by nineteenth- and twentieth-century American artists; through Jan. 31. . . . PARSONS, 15 E. 57th St.: Mark Rothko; through Jan. 21. . . . PERLS, 32 E. 58th St.: A retrospective show of paintings done during the first half of the present century; through Jan. 28. . . . VAN DIEMEN-LILIENFELD, 21 E. 57th St.: Maurice de Vlaminck; through Jan. 31. . . . WILLARD, 32 E. 57th St.: Louis Schanker; through Jan. 28.



MUSEUMS

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A comprehensive and spirited showing of American folk sculpture of the past hundred years or so, covering the ground from bowsprit figureheads to decoy ducks. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sunday, 1 to 5; through Jan. 8.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An extensive and revealing exhibition of Vincent van Gogh's drawings, oils, and water colors, ranging from his early studies, which show the influence of Millet, to the swirling landscapes of his last, irrational years. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Wednesday and Saturday evenings until 9; Sundays, 1 to 5; through Jan. 15. An admission charge of fifty cents is being made, except on Monday, to help meet the expenses of the exhibition.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of more than two hundred paintings, drawings, and prints by Paul Klee is now on view here. This is the first time that the bulk of these works have been seen in the city. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7; through Feb. 19.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8th St.—The 1949 Annual of Contemporary American Painting. A lively showing, with even more emphasis on modern styles this year than has been usual before. (Tuesdays through Sundays, 1 to 5; through Feb. 5.)

NOTE—Two major loan exhibitions of Persian art are on display, one at the Metropolitan Museum (weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; through Jan. 22), the other at the Asia Institute, 7 E. 70th St. (daily, 1 to 5; through Jan. 15). The first, a loan from the Iranian government, is, though the smaller, perhaps the handsomer; the second, containing exhibits from many sources, is particularly rich in its displays of rugs and textiles. Both range in date from a couple of thousand years ago almost to the present. (An admission charge of fifty cents is being made, except on Monday, at the Asia Institute to help meet the expenses of the exhibition.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall LU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday, Jan. 5, at 8:15: "Aida," with Stella Roman, Blanche Thebom, Kurt Baum, and Robert Merrill. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 6, at 8:30: "Rigoletto," with Erna Berger, Irra Petina, Giuseppe Di Stefano, and Leonard Warren. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 7, at 2: "Lohengrin," with Helen Traubel, Astrid Varnay, Lauritz Melchior, and Herbert Janssen. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 7, at 8:30: "La Traviata," with Nadine Conner, Maxine Stellman, James Melton, and Enzo Mascherini. . . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 8, at 8:15: "Samson and Delilah," with Risë Stevens, Kurt Baum, Robert Merrill, and Osie Hawkins. (A benefit for the Mizrachi Women's Organization of America; for tickets, call AL 5-5130.) . . . ¶ Monday, Jan. 9, at 8:15: "Faust," with Licia Albanese, Inge Manski, Giuseppe Di Stefano, and Italo Tajo. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 10, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Eleanor Steber, Jarmila Novotna, Nadine Conner, Emanuel List, and Kurt Baum. (A benefit for the Smith College Scholarship Fund; for tickets, call PL 5-0372.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 11, at 8:30: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Bidu Sayao, Ferruccio Tagliavini, Giuseppe Valdengo, and Salvatore Baccaloni. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 12, at 7:30: "Die Meistersinger," with Astrid Varnay, Margaret Harshaw, Set Svanholm, and Ferdinand Frantz. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 13, at 8:30: "La Bohème," with Bidu Sayao, Lois Hunt, Richard Tucker, and Enzo Mascherini. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 14, at 2: "Lucia di Lam-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

mermoor," with Lily Pons, Thelma Votipka, Jan Peerce, and Francesco Valentino. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 14, at 8: "Die Walküre," with Helen Traubel, Kerstin Thorborg, Set Svanholm, and Herbert Janssen.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—At Carnegie Hall—Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting: Thursday, Jan. 5, at 8:45; Friday, Jan. 6, at 2:30; Saturday, Jan. 7, at 8:45; and Sunday, Jan. 8, at 2:45 (all with Rudolf Serkin, piano); Thursday, Jan. 12, at 8:45, and Friday, Jan. 13, at 2:30 (both with John Corigliano, violin); and Saturday, Jan. 14, at 8:45 (with Szymon Goldberg, violin).

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Charles Münch conducting: Wednesday, Jan. 11, at 8:45, with Yehudi Menuhin, violin, and Saturday, Jan. 14, at 2:30, with Francis Poulenc, piano. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 13, at 8:30; no soloist. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY—Thomas Scherman conducting, with Orazio Frugoni, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Jan. 6, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Thomas Scherman conducting, with Guiomar Novaes, piano. (Town Hall. Monday, Jan. 9, at 8:30.)

MANHATTAN CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—Charles Schiff conducting, with Reginald Kell, clarinet. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44th St. LA 4-1000, Ext. 502. Friday, Jan. 6, at 8:30.)

MOZART ORCHESTRA—Robert Scholz conducting Bach's "The Art of the Fugue." (Town Hall. Sunday, Jan. 8, at 8:15.)

RAPHAEL BRONSTEIN SYMPHONIETTA—Raphael Bronstein conducting. (Town Hall. Saturday, Jan. 14, at 3.)

NIES-BERGER CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—Edouard Nies-Berger conducting, with Wanda Landowska, harpsichord. (Town Hall. Saturday, Jan. 14, at 8:30.)

VIENNA CHOIR BOYS—Hans Hedding directing. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 4-3200, Ext. 2071. Saturday, Jan. 7, at 8:30.)

DE PAUR'S INFANTRY CHORUS—Leonard de Paur directing. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Jan. 8, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

SIGI WEISSENBERG—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 6, at 8:30.)

MOURA LYMPANY—Piano. (Town Hall. Friday, Jan. 6, at 8:40.)

MYRA HESS—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 7, at 2:30.)

CLIFFORD CURZON—Piano. (Town Hall. Saturday, Jan. 7, at 3.)

BIDU SAYAO—Soprano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Jan. 7, at 8:30.)

RICARDO ODNOPOSOFF—Violin. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Saturday, Jan. 7, at 8:40.)

NEW FRIENDS OF MUSIC—With the Berkshire Quartet and Kathleen Ferrier, contralto. (Town Hall. Sunday, Jan. 8, at 5:30.)

SOLOMON—Piano. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Sunday, Jan. 8, at 8:40.)

CLAUDIO ARRAU—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 10, at 8:30.)

KROLL STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 4-3200, Ext. 2071. Tuesday, Jan. 10, at 8:30.)

BARTLETT AND ROBERTSON—Duo piano. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 11, at 8:30.)

GRILLER QUARTET—With Myra Hess, piano. (Town Hall. Friday, Jan. 13, at 8:30.)

ROBERT CORNMAN—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 13, at 8:30.)

NOTE—The Griller Quartet will give a chamber-music recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Jan. 15, at 2:55. Tickets will be issued on Tuesday, Jan. 10, in order of written application. Applications must be received on Tuesday morning—not before—

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and a separate request must be made for each ticket.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811)

BOXING—Madison Square Garden—Friday, Jan. 6: Gene Burton vs. George Costner, welterweights, 12 rounds. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 13: Steve Belloise vs. Tuzo Portuguez, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

COLLEGE BASKETBALL—Madison Square Garden—Thursday, Jan. 5: N.Y.U. vs. Temple, and L.I.U. vs. Bowling Green. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 7: St. John's vs. St. Joseph's, and C.C.N.Y. vs. Loyola of Chicago. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 10: C.C.N.Y. vs. West Virginia, and L.I.U. vs. St. Louis. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 12: N.Y.U. vs. Duke, and Manhattan College vs. Bradley. (Games begin at 8.)

HOCKEY—Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Jan. 8: Rangers vs. Chicago. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 11: Rangers vs. Toronto. (Games begin at 8:30.)

INDOOR POLO—Two matches every Saturday. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Matches begin at 8:30.)

SKATING—Silver Skates finals. (Madison Square Garden. Monday, Jan. 9, at 8.)

FOR CHILDREN

CONCERTS—Little Orchestra Society. Thomas Scherman conducting. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Jan. 14, at 11. For tickets, call CI 5-5159. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700 Saturday, Jan. 14, at 3.)

DRAMA—By the JUNIOR THEATRE: "Five Little Peppers and How They Grew." (Carnegie Recital Hall. CI 7-7460. Every Saturday at 2:15.) . . . CHILDREN'S WORLD THEATRE: "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp." (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. Saturday, Jan. 7, at 2:30. For tickets, call PE 6-5536.) . . . CHILDREN'S FAIRY TALE THEATRE: "Sleeping Beauty." (Carnegie Recital Hall. CI 7-7460. Sunday, Jan. 8, at 3.)

LITTLE THEATRE CLUB—Saturday, Jan. 7, at 11: Magic Show. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 14, at 11: A juggling clown and a cowboy rope act. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, 2 E. 90th St. AT 9-3400.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—The annual supervised-playroom-and-art-gallery, where, while absorbing modern art, children from four to eight can paint, make collages, manipulate puppetlike figures, and work a device, similar to a piano, that projects color patterns on a screen. Fifty-minute sessions will be held daily at 10, 11, 2, 3, and 4, through Wednesday, Jan. 11. For reservations, call CI 5-8900, Ext. 335.

MOVIES—Children's films, cartoons, and short subjects. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180 Saturdays at 11.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—At Lake Success, visitors are admitted Mondays through Fridays to meetings of the Security Council, the Atomic Energy Commission, and the Commission on Conventional Armaments. For tickets, call FIeldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2156, the day before you want to go. Frequent trains leave Penn Station for Great Neck, where they connect with buses for Lake Success. Incidentally, any hard questions about the United Nations can be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 535 Fifth Avenue, at 44th St., MU 7-0877.

MOTOR BOAT SHOW—Well, let's see now. Motor boats, of course—about two hundred of them—as well as handsome displays of fire extinguishers, compasses, uniforms for the crew, marine hardware, and so on. Just to remind weekend sailors that boating is not all beer and skittles, the Planetarium has provided a three-dimensional representation of a full-grown hurricane. (Grand Central

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Palace, Lexington Ave. at 47th St WI 2-3900. Friday evening, Jan. 6, from 7 to 11, and weekdays thereafter, from 11 to 11; through Jan. 14.)

DRAWINGS OF NEW YORK—Pen-and-ink sketches by Vernon Howe Bailey of scenes in and around New York two decades ago. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 76th St. TR 7-2917. Thursday and Friday, Jan. 12-13, from 1 to 5; Saturday, Jan 14, from 10 to 5; through April 9.)

AUCTIONS—English furniture of the Queen Anne, Georgian, and Regency periods, as well as paintings by English artists, including Sir Thomas Lawrence, owned by Gerard B. Lambert and others. (Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave, at 76th St. Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 5-7, at 2.) ... ¶ Drawings by Gainsborough, Breughel, and various sixteenth- and seventeenth-century Italian artists, from the collection of Dr. Ludwig Pollack. (Kende Galleries, 119 W. 57th St. Exhibition, Thursday and Friday, Jan. 5-6, from 10 to 5:30; auction, Saturday, Jan. 7, at 2.)

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

ON THE AIR

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

RADIO

MUSIC—Metropolitan Opera: "Lohengrin," with Helen Traubel, Astrid Varnay, Lauritz Melchior, and Herbert Janssen, Saturday, Jan. 7, at 2 P.M., WJZ. ... ¶ Kansas City Philharmonic, Hans Schwieger conducting, Saturday, Jan. 7, at 3 P.M., WNBC. ... ¶ N.B.C. Symphony, Guido Cantelli conducting, Saturday, Jan. 7, at 6:30 P.M., WNBC. ... ¶ Philharmonic-Symphony, Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting, with Rudolf Serkin, piano, Sunday, Jan. 8, at 3 P.M., WCBS. ... ¶ Clifford Curzon, piano, Monday, Jan. 9, at 9 P.M., WNBC. ... ¶ Risë Stevens, mezzo-soprano, Tuesday, Jan. 10, at 8 P.M., WJZ.

DRAMA—Dan Dailey and Anne Baxter in "You're My Everything," Thursday, Jan. 5, at 9 P.M., WNBC. ... ¶ "Manhattan Transfer," by John Dos Passos, Sunday, Jan. 8, at 2 P.M., WNBC. ... ¶ Rex Harrison and Lilli Palmer in "The Scarlet Pimpernel," presented by the Theatre Guild, Sunday, Jan. 8, at 8:30 P.M., WNBC. ... ¶ Barbara Stanwyck and Burt Lancaster in "Sorry, Wrong Number," Monday, Jan. 9, at 9 P.M., WCBS. ... ¶ John Lund and Joan Caulfield in "Honor Bound," Tuesday, Jan. 10, at 8 P.M., WNBC.

SPORTS—Boxing: Gene Burton vs. George Costner, Friday, Jan. 6, at 10 P.M., WJZ.

MISCELLANY—The fourth installment of a serial radio history of the Second World War, comprising recordings of speeches made by Allied and German leaders, combat reports, and famous news broadcasts; Sunday, Jan. 8, at 5 P.M., WNEW.

TELEVISION

DRAMA—Sinclair Lewis's "Bethel Merriday," Sunday, Jan. 8, at 9 P.M., WNBT. ... ¶ Chico Marx in "Papa Romani," Monday, Jan. 9, at 8 P.M., WCBS-TV. ... ¶ Mary Sinclair and Haila Stoddard in "Beyond Reason," Monday, Jan. 9, at 10 P.M., WCBS-TV. ... ¶ Elliott Sullivan and Nancy Franklin in "An Ingénue of the Sierras," by Bret Harte, Tuesday, Jan. 10, at 9 P.M., WCBS-TV. ... ¶ "The Dark Tower," by Alexander Woollcott and George S. Kaufman, Wednesday, Jan. 11, at 9 P.M., WNBT.

SPORTS—Boxing: Gene Burton vs. George Costner, Friday, Jan. 6, at 10 P.M., WNBT.

MISCELLANY—The film "Pygmalion," with Leslie Howard and Wendy Hiller, Friday, Jan. 6, at 8 P.M., WPIX. ... ¶ "Meet the Press," with Senator Owen Brewster, of Maine, Saturday, Jan. 7, at 10 P.M., WNBT.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

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

ADAM'S RIB—Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn cutting some fairly risible capers in a film about a lawyer married to a lady who is also in the profession. Judy Holliday and Tom Ewell are a big help. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, CO 5-1250.)

ALL THE KING'S MEN—Politics in the Deep South, with Broderick Crawford giving a resounding performance as a man who very much resembles the late Louisiana Kingfish. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540.)

THE AMAZING MR. BEECHAM—A. E. Matthews paces a lively cast in this English picture, which deals with an addled old earl and the political aspirants in his household. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-1365.)

BATTLEGROUND—A Hollywood view of the Battle of the Bulge. A lot like every other movie epic about warfare, but stimulating at times. Our defenders include Van Johnson, Ricardo Montalban, George Murphy, and John Hodiak. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240.)

BATTLE OF THE RAILS—A rousing melodrama demonstrating how the French workers wrecked their railways during the Occupation, to keep them out of German hands. In French. (Apollo, 223 W. 42nd, LO 5-3700.)

THE BICYCLE THIEF—A fine Italian film that makes the search for a stolen bicycle by a workman and his son something of a screen masterpiece. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

DEVIL IN THE FLESH—Adolescent love depicted perceptively in a French film that features Gérard Philipe and Micheline Presle. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

THE FALLEN IDOL—A British picture, as good as they come, about a small boy who gets involved in a highly complex adult world of policemen, a shrewish woman, and violent death. From a short story by Graham Greene, and with Bobby Henrey, Ralph Richardson, and Michèle Morgan. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 3-5520.)

FAME IS THE SPUR—An enlightening and diverting British film that follows the fortunes of a politician patterned after Ramsay MacDonald. With Michael Redgrave, Rosamund John, Bernard Miles, and Hugh Burden. (Little Cinémet, 6th Ave. at 39th, LO 4-1141.)

ON THE TOWN—Gene Kelly, Vera-Ellen, Frank Sinatra, and several other congenial types dancing and singing their way through a first-rate musical with some excellent tunes by Leonard Bernstein. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600; through Jan. 11.)

QUARTET—An English film consisting of screen versions of four of Somerset Maugham's short stories. A couple of the episodes are quite pleasant, and the cast is superior. (Broadway Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2407.)

THE RED SHOES—A stylish ballet is the chief asset of this long-drawn-out English picture, which deals with life among the dancers. With Moira Shearer, Ludmilla Tcherina, and Leonide Massine. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30, and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

SAINTS AND SINNERS—The Abbey Theatre Players cutting loose in a modern Irish town, with results that are often highly amusing. An English film, based on a script by Paul Vincent Carroll. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

SAMSON AND DELILAH—DeMille on the rampage again in the Bible country. Ostentatiously simple-minded. With Victor Mature and Hedy Lamarr. (Paramount, B'way at 43rd, BR 9-8738; and Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633.)

THEY LIVE BY NIGHT—An unpretentious but steadily entertaining picture about some convicts on the lam. The performances of Howard da Silva, Jay C. Flippen, and Ian Wolfe are outstanding. (Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; Jan. 8-9. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Jan. 11.)

TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND—A comical British film having to do with a whiskey drought on an island in the Hebrides during the war. Basil Radford heads the fine cast. (Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th, PL 5-2746.)

THE WOMAN OF DOLWYN—Some gripping moments in the Welsh village of Dolwyn, chiefly distinguished by the magnificent acting of Dame Edith Evans. Emlyn Williams wrote and directed this one, and acts in it, too. A British film, formerly known as "Dolwyn." (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; starting Jan. 6.)

REVIVALS

ROBERT BENCHLEY ONE-REELERS—The master bumbler in "An Evening Alone" (1938); "A Night at the Movies" (1937); and "How to Sleep" (1935). (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Jan. 6.)

HENRY V (1946)—Sir Laurence Olivier and Shakespeare's historical drama. An English picture. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through Jan. 11, tentative.)

HOLIDAY INN (1942)—Irving Berlin music, sung by Bing Crosby and danced to by Fred Astaire. (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; Jan. 6-7.)

MAJOR BARBARA (1941)—The film version of Shaw's Salvation Army comedy. An English picture, with Wendy Hiller. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Jan. 7. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Jan. 11, tentative.)

MISSISSIPPI (1935)—W. C. Fields, Bing Crosby, and a memorable score by Rodgers and Hart. (Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th, PL 7-4295; through Jan. 11.)

MONSIEUR VINCENT (1948)—Pierre Fresnay in a French picture that tells of the struggles of Saint Vincent de Paul. (Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; Jan. 10-11.)

ODD MAN OUT (1947)—James Mason as a fugitive hunted by all the cops in Belfast. A British film. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Jan. 7-9.)

SHADOW OF A DOUBT (1943)—A Hitchcock job about a mild little family and a mysterious uncle. Teresa Wright and Joseph Cotten. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Jan. 6-7. . . . ¶ Normandie, 51 E. 53rd, PL 8-0040; starting Jan. 11.)

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

TILLIE AND GUS (1933)—Fields again, this time with Alison Skipworth. (Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th, PL 7-4295; through Jan. 11.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Through Jan. 8: "The Mikado" (1939), with the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company. . . . ¶ Starting Jan. 9: "Pygmalion" (1938), with Wendy Hiller and Leslie Howard. (Showings are daily at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only if applied for in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

• • •

THE BIG HOUSES

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
BATTLEGROUND.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
ADAM'S RIB.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
Through Jan. 11: "Bagdad," Maureen O'Hara, Paul Christian.

GLOBE, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"The Pirates of Capri," Louis Hayward, Binnie Barnes.

MAYFAIR, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Sands of Iwo Jima," John Wayne.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
Through Jan. 11: ON THE TOWN.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (BR 9-8738)
SAMSON AND DELILAH.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
SAMSON AND DELILAH.

ROXY, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
Through Jan. 11: "Prince of Foxes," Tyrone Power, Orson Welles, Wanda Hendrix.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
"East Side, West Side," Barbara Stanwyck, James Mason, Van Heflin.

STRAND, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
"The Inspector General," Danny Kaye.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
ALL THE KING'S MEN.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

AMBASSADOR, 215 W. 49th. (CI 7-0760)
From Jan. 5, at 8 P.M.: "Dream No More," Avrahan Doryon.

APOLLO, 223 W. 42nd. (LO 5-3700)
BATTLE OF THE RAILS.

AVENUE PLAYHOUSE, 6th Ave. at 47th. (PL 7-4295)
Through Jan. 11: MISSISSIPPI, revival; and TILLIE AND GUS, revival.

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

BROADWAY EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2407)
QUARTET.

EMBASSY CINEMA, Park at 42nd. (MU 7-8723)
"Silent Dust." Stephen Murray.

5TH AVE. PLAYHOUSE, 5th Ave. at 12th. (OR 5-9630)
"The Eternal Return" (in French), revival, Jean Marais; and "The Blood of a Poet" (in French), revival.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (CO 5-9438)
SHOE SHINE, revival; and "The Chips Are Down" (in French), revival, Micheline Presle, Marcel Pagliero.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
THE AMAZING MR. BEECHAM.

LITTLE CINÉMET, 6th Ave. at 39th. (LO 4-1141)
FAME IS THE SPUR; and "Birth of a Ballet," Robert Helpmann, the Sadler's Wells Ballet.

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

PARK AVENUE, Park at 59th. (PL 9-7242)
"The Rugged O'Riordans," John O'Malley.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 3-5520)
THE FALLEN IDOL; and "The Life of Vincent van Gogh," short documentary film.

TRANS-LUX 60TH ST., Madison at 60th. (PL 5-2746)
TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND.

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

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

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

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
SAINTS AND SINNERS.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Jan. 11 (tentative): MAJOR BARBARA, revival.

Lexington, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through Jan. 10: "The Red Danube," Walter Pidgeon, Janet Leigh, Ethel Barrymore; and "Johnny Eager," revival, Lana Turner, Robert Taylor.
From Jan. 11: "The Heiress," Olivia de Havilland, Montgomery Clift, Ralph Richardson; and "Border Incident," Ricardo Montalban, George Murphy.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
Through Jan. 6: "The Great Sinner," Gregory Peck, Ava Gardner.
Jan. 7-10: "Facts of Love," Gordon Harker, Betty Balfour.
From Jan. 11: "Bride for Sale," Claudette Colbert, George Brent.

Normandie, 51 E. 53rd. (PL 8-0040)
Jan. 5: "That Midnight Kiss," Kathryn Grayson, José Iturbi.
Jan. 6-8: "Everybody Does It," Paul Douglas, Linda Darnell, Celeste Holm.
Jan. 9-10: "Letter from an Unknown Woman," revival, Joan Fontaine, Louis Jourdan.
From Jan. 11: SHADOW OF A DOUBT, revival.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (VO 5-3577)
Through Jan. 9: "Roseanna McCoy," Farley Granger, Joan Evans; and "A Dangerous Profession," Pat O'Brien, Ella Raines, George Raft.
From Jan. 10: "Always Leave Them Laughing," Milton Berle, Virginia Mayo; and "The Story of Seabiscuit," Shirley Temple, Barry Fitzgerald.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (VO 5-3320)
Through Jan. 7: "The Great Lover," Bob Hope, Rhonda Fleming.
Jan. 8-11: "That Forsyte Woman," Errol Flynn, Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Jan. 5: "Everybody Does It," Paul Douglas, Linda Darnell, Celeste Holm.
From Jan. 6: THE WOMAN OF DOLWYN.

Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through Jan. 10: "The Red Danube," Walter Pidgeon, Janet Leigh, Ethel Barrymore; and "Johnny Eager," revival, Lana Turner, Robert Taylor.
From Jan. 11: "The Heiress," Olivia de Havilland, Montgomery Clift, Ralph Richardson; and "Border Incident," Ricardo Montalban, George Murphy.

Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Jan. 7: MAJOR BARBARA, revival.
From Jan. 8: To be announced.

Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through Jan. 7: "Red, Hot and Blue," Betty Hutton, Victor Mature; and "Song of Surrender," Claude Rains, Wanda Hendrix.
Jan. 8-9: To be announced.
Jan. 10-11: "The Doctor and the Girl," Glenn Ford, Gloria De Haven; and "The Fighting Kentuckian," John Wayne.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Jan. 5: "Everybody Does It," Paul Douglas, Linda Darnell, Celeste Holm.
Jan. 6-7: SHADOW OF A DOUBT, revival.
Jan. 8-10: "Bride for Sale," Claudette Colbert, George Brent.
From Jan. 11: "The Great Lover," Bob Hope, Rhonda Fleming.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Jan. 9: "Roseanna McCoy," Farley Granger, Joan Evans; and "A Dangerous Profession," Pat O'Brien, Ella Raines, George Raft.
From Jan. 10: "Always Leave Them Laughing," Milton Berle, Virginia Mayo; and "The Story of Seabiscuit," Shirley Temple, Barry Fitzgerald.

Loew's 86th St., 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-5566)
Through Jan. 7: "She Wore a Yellow Ribbon," John Wayne; and "The Judge Steps Out," Ann Sothern, Alexander Knox.
Jan. 8-11: "That Forsyte Woman," Errol Flynn, Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon; and "The Crooked Way," John Payne, Sonny Tufts.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Jan. 8: "The Red Danube," Walter Pidgeon, Janet Leigh, Ethel Barrymore; and "Johnny Eager," revival, Lana Turner, Robert Taylor.
Jan. 9-10: "Ringside," Don Barry; and "Treasure of Monte Criste," Glenn Langan.
From Jan. 11: To be announced

Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 80th. (SA 2-2478)
Through Jan. 6: "The Doctor and the Girl," Glenn Ford, Gloria De Haven; and "The Fighting Kentuckian," John Wayne.
Jan. 7: "Diamond Frontier," revival, Victor McLaglen; and "Frontier Bad Men," revival, Diana Barrymore, Robert Paige.
Jan. 8-9: THEY LIVE BY NIGHT; and "Bride for Sale," Claudette Colbert, George Brent.
Jan. 10-11: MONSIEUR VINCENT, revival.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through Jan. 7: "Everybody Does It," Paul Douglas, Linda Darnell, Celeste Holm; and "Fighting Man of the Plains," Randolph Scott, Jane Nigh.
Jan. 8-9: "Pittsburgh," revival, Marlene Dietrich, John Wayne; and "Green Hell," revival, Joan Bennett, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
From Jan. 10: "The Great Lover," Bob Hope, Rhonda Fleming; and "Raw Deal," revival, Marsha Hunt, Dennis O'Keefe.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Jan. 6: "The Facts of Love," Gordon Harker, Betty Balfour; and a trio of ROBERT BENCHLEY ONE-REELERS, revivals.
Jan. 7-9: ODD MAN OUT, revival.
From Jan. 10: "Bride for Sale," Claudette Colbert, George Brent.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Jan. 9: "The Red Danube," Walter Pidgeon, Janet Leigh, Ethel Barrymore; and "Johnny Eager," revival, Lana Turner, Robert Taylor.
Jan. 10: "Ringside," Don Barry; and "Treasure of Monte Criste," Glenn Langan.
From Jan. 11: To be announced.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Jan. 7: "Everybody Does It," Paul Douglas, Linda Darnell, Celeste Holm; and "Fighting Man of the Plains," Randolph Scott, Jane Nigh.
Jan. 8-10: "The Great Waltz," revival, Luise Rainer; and "Candlelight in Algeria," revival, James Mason.
From Jan. 11: THEY LIVE BY NIGHT, and "Bride for Sale," Claudette Colbert, George Brent.

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through Jan. 9: "Roseanna McCoy," Farley Granger, Joan Evans; and "A Dangerous Profession," Pat O'Brien, Ella Raines, George Raft.
From Jan. 10: "Always Leave Them Laughing," Milton Berle, Virginia Mayo; and "The Story of Seabiscuit," Shirley Temple, Barry Fitzgerald.

Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
Jan. 5: "The Doctor and the Girl," Glenn Ford, Gloria De Haven; and "The Fighting Kentuckian," John Wayne.
Jan. 6-9: "Black Magic," Orson Welles, Nancy Guild; and "The Great Dan Patch," Dennis O'Keefe, Gail Russell.
From Jan. 10: "The Great Lover," Bob Hope, Rhonda Fleming; and "The Secret Garden," revival, Herbert Marshall, Margaret O'Brien.

Colonial, B'way at 62nd. (CO 5-0484)
Through Jan. 9: "Roseanna McCoy," Farley Granger, Joan Evans; and "A Dangerous Profession," Pat O'Brien, Ella Raines, George Raft.
From Jan. 10: "Always Leave Them Laughing," Milton Berle, Virginia Mayo; and "The Story of Seabiscuit," Shirley Temple, Barry Fitzgerald

77th Street, B'way at 77th. (TR 4-9382)
Through Jan. 11: "She Wore a Yellow Ribbon," John Wayne; and "The Judge Steps Out," Ann Sothern, Alexander Knox.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3100)
Through Jan. 10: "The Red Danube," Walter Pidgeon, Janet Leigh, Ethel Barrymore; and "Johnny Eager," revival, Lana Turner, Robert Taylor.
From Jan. 11: "The Heiress," Olivia de Havilland, Montgomery Clift, Ralph Richardson; and "Border Incident," Ricardo Montalban, George Murphy.

Yorktown, B'way at 88th. (SC 4-4700)
Through Jan. 9: "She Wore a Yellow Ribbon," John Wayne; and "The Judge Steps Out," Ann Sothern, Alexander Knox.
From Jan. 10: To be announced.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Jan. 11, tentative: HENRY V, revival.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (RI 9-9861)
Through Jan. 9: "Roseanna McCoy," Farley Granger, Joan Evans; and "A Dangerous Profession," Pat O'Brien, Ella Raines, George Raft.
From Jan. 10: "Always Leave Them Laughing," Milton Berle, Virginia Mayo; and "The Story of Seabiscuit," Shirley Temple, Barry Fitzgerald.

Carlton, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-3862)
Jan. 5: "Tokyo Joe," Humphrey Bogart, Sessue Hayakawa; and "Make Believe Ballroom," Jerome Courtland.
Jan. 6-7: HOLIDAY INN, revival; and "The Lady Eve," revival, Barbara Stanwyck, Henry Fonda.
Jan. 8-10: "Everybody Does It," Paul Douglas, Linda Darnell, Celeste Holm; and "Fighting Man of the Plains," Randolph Scott, Jane Nigh.
From Jan. 11: "Red, Hot and Blue," Betty Hutton, Victor Mature; and "Song of Surrender," Claude Rains, Wanda Hendrix.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (AC 2-1019)
Through Jan. 10: "The Red Danube," Walter Pidgeon, Janet Leigh, Ethel Barrymore; and "Johnny Eager," revival, Lana Turner, Robert Taylor.
From Jan. 11: "The Heiress," Olivia de Havilland, Montgomery Clift, Ralph Richardson; and "Border Incident," Ricardo Montalban, George Murphy

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (AC 2-9406)
Through Jan. 9: "Roseanna McCoy," Farley Granger, Joan Evans; and "A Dangerous Profession," Pat O'Brien, Ella Raines, George Raft.
From Jan. 10: "Always Leave Them Laughing," Milton Berle, Virginia Mayo; and "The Story of Seabiscuit," Shirley Temple, Barry Fitzgerald.

Loew's 175th St., B'way at 175th. (WA 7-5200)
Through Jan. 10: "The Red Danube," Walter Pidgeon, Janet Leigh, Ethel Barrymore; and "Johnny Eager," revival, Lana Turner, Robert Taylor.
From Jan. 11: "The Heiress," Olivia de Havilland, Montgomery Clift, Ralph Richardson; and "Border Incident," Ricardo Montalban, George Murphy.

Coliseum, B'way at 181st. (WA 7-7200)
Through Jan. 9: "Roseanna McCoy," Farley Granger, Joan Evans; and "A Dangerous Profession," Pat O'Brien, Ella Raines, George Raft.
From Jan. 10: "Always Leave Them Laughing," Milton Berle, Virginia Mayo; and "The Story of Seabiscuit," Shirley Temple, Barry Fitzgerald.

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE extent to which the armed forces are obliged to play up to civilians during peacetime was impressed upon us the other day when we learned the title of the military official in Washington who handles the placement of advertising for the United States Army and United States Air Force Recruiting Service (and whose headquarters, friends of unification will be happy to hear, are in the Main Navy Building). The gentleman is known as General Sales Manager.

WE recently were in receipt of a form letter from Mr. Dwight Macdonald, founder, publisher, and editor of *Politics*, announcing suspension of publication of this lively organ of political, moral, and literary opinion, for reasons "partly financial, partly personal." Under "Financial," Mr. Macdonald reports that to run the magazine for another year would call for eight thousand dollars, including a salary of three thousand for himself, and that he has on hand an endowment fund of only a little more than nine hundred. Under "Personal," he observes:

> Although I had all summer to draw up the promised prospectus for the new *Politics*, I did absolutely nothing on it. So I conclude that I don't really *want* a magazine right now. For several reasons: the general political situation, which gets less interesting and more depressing every month; reluctance to assume again the many routine chores involved in putting out a magazine (these are stimulating for a time, but after five years they pall); the fact that my own values and interests are changing even more rapidly than usual, so that I want to spend more time on my own writing and less time tinkering with other people's.

This is a frank and forthright statement, and we applaud it, much as we regret the disappearance of *Politics*. Thanks to an acquaintance who summered near Mr. Macdonald at Wellfleet, Massachusetts, we can cite a few more reasons for his resolve: the Cape Cod clamming, swimming, and beach-picnic situation, which is as interesting as ever; Mr. Macdonald's reluctance to take too much time off from attending baseball games with his two sons; and the fact that his house is in a neck of the woods so fair as to reveal desk work, by contrast, for what it is—a flouting of God's will. We haven't a doubt that if Dr. Gilbert Grosvenor, who has been tinkering with other people's copy for the *National Geographic* for fifty years, should ever stroll from his map-ridden office in the nation's capital to a sunny spot along the Cumberland Canal, sit down on a news-

paper, and drop a line for catfish, that would be the end of the *National Geographic*. As for us, rooted to a swivel chair facing the Postal Life Insurance Company Building, whose every prospect palls, we find routine chores a positive delight.

LORD HORDER, the King of England's senior physician, has sent us a couple of copies of the monthly bulletin of the Fellowship for Freedom in Medicine, a group of British doctors, headed by him, that aims, among other things, to "protect the public and the medical profession from State Monopoly in Medicine" and "to preserve the ethical and professional freedom of the individual doctor in the service of his patients and to maintain the status of the general practitioner, including his financial security." We have read these faithfully, hoping, as our own politicians and doctors skitter around the subject of socialized medicine, to profit by the testimony of men who have experienced it. Well, the bulletin's polemical tone is bitter. "Those who have nationalized Medicine in Great Britain . . . have put back the progress of Medicine, both in its art and its science, a hundred years," Lord Horder writes. Another contributor says, "The present Act is the worst Act ever put on the Statute Book in relation to any profession in this country." But the bitterness is eclipsed by the literary tone, which rises to such Churchillian levels as "It is not only the great panjandrum himself [Minister of Health Bevan] who has too much weight to throw about" and "He [a Fellowship member who resigned from the Executive Committee] desires to plough a lonely furrow and we wish him all success." These phrases, turning our mind to eighteenth-century wits and the paintings of Millet, elevated us to a plane transcending controversy, and we remained aloft as we savored a number of the magisterial quotations on Liberty, Medicine, and the State—culled from an astonishing variety of sources—with which the bulletin is peppered. The authorities thus drawn upon include Hippocrates, Goethe, the Earl of Chatham, Lord Reading, Oscar Wilde, Alfred North Whitehead, and two people identified simply as Halifax and Hayek. The last two were outside our frame of reference, and we con-

sulted several compendiums and came up with the first Marquess of Halifax (1633-95) and Dr. Friedrich August von Hayek, Tooke Professor of Economic Science and Statistics at the University of London. If socialized medicine could reasonably be expected to arouse the opposition to comparable heights of erudition and cryptic allusion

in America, it might be worth trying, but it couldn't, so to hell with it.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: A southbound motorist advises that on Route 41 a Nashville entrepreneur is advertising "Antiques of Tomorrow."

The biggest tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream is labelled "Economy;" next, in order, come "Giant," "Large," and "Medium." That's all there is; there isn't any "Small."

Spaeth Ship

OTTO L. SPAETH, a local and St. Louis businessman and art connoisseur, is the owner of an enormous vehicle known, with adequate reason, as a land yacht, and we've just taken a short cruise aboard her. We met Spaeth, who is blond and jaunty, in a spacious apartment he maintains at 640 Park Avenue, and inquired at once if there was any truth in the report that his land yacht is twice as big as a Greyhound bus. None whatever, he said modestly; it's the size of one Greyhound, not two, and, as a matter of fact, was made by a firm that makes some of the Greyhounds, and might have become one but for his intercession. "It's exactly thirty-five feet long," Spaeth said, carefully pacing off the distance on his living-room carpet, which stretched as far as the eye could see. "How I happened to get it, I was doing some work with a yacht architect and learned a bit about yachting. Struck me as a cumbersome and expensive business. Furthermore, I don't swim and tend to get seasick. A land yacht seemed to promise a lot more fun." Spaeth engaged Sheldon, Gilbert Associates for the designing and the Consolidated Shipbuilding Corporation, of City Island, for the reconstruction. The job took a year, and an amount of money Spaeth doesn't care to mention.

After telephoning the garage and asking that the land yacht be brought around, Spaeth told us that since taking delivery of the craft, or vehicle, a year and a half ago, he and his wife and their four daughters have travelled some fifty-six thousand miles in her, visiting every state in the Union except Maine; they intend to fit Maine in sometime next summer. When the Spaeths are invited to spend a weekend with friends, they anchor somewhere on the premises, eat and sleep aboard the yacht, and pipe their host and hostess aboard for cocktails. Makes them welcome visitors. Last spring, they took a cruise down along the Gulf Coast, in the course of which Spaeth was able to play golf in a different city every day; he could have no greater pleasure. He also finds the yacht handy in keeping an eye on his various enterprises, which include a couple of Howard Johnson restaurants in Ohio. As he was escorting us down in the elevator, we asked if his yacht has a name. He shook his head and then added, hesitantly, that some of his friends call her the Otto Bus and others call her the Spaeth Ship.

The yacht was at the curb. She is painted in three shades of gray and has broad, neatly curtained windows and a sign in a slot over the windshield that reads "Private." The driver, a deeply tanned road dog dressed in a nautical blue jacket, without braid, was introduced as Riley. The yacht requires a crew of two on long voyages, but Riley manages alone on short ones. From fore to aft, she is laid out as follows: driver's seat; forward lounge, which has two long couches; master stateroom; galley and shower; two lavatories; and rear observation lounge, which has two immense sofas convertible into beds. Over the stove in the galley are lights labelled "Turn and Bank Indicator," which Riley flashes when he takes a curve while cooking is under way. The shower is narrow, and this, Spaeth pointed out, is to one's advantage when the yacht is travelling sixty miles an hour—there's not much room to bounce around in. In the rear lounge is a radio-telephone. Anyone calling the Spaeths long-distance must specify what city they are approaching, are in, or are departing from.

The yacht set off up Park Avenue, crossed over to Broadway, continued up that thoroughfare, swung over the George Washington Bridge into Jersey, and headed north. As she spanked along, Spaeth enumerated some of the hazards of land cruising. For one thing, buses aren't allowed on parkways, and though his craft is really a private car, he hasn't yet put the technicality to a test. For another, the yacht weighs eighteen and a half tons, which is more than a great many highway bridges are advertised to support. When

"When my husband sees how much I've bought, he'll throw me right out of the house."

the Spaeths reach a bridge marked as having a low limit, they and Riley generally hold a brief conference and then go over it slowly. The Spaeth theory is that bridges will hold at least twice the official weight limit, and so far it has worked out fine. On various trips, the Spaeths have entertained a number of distinguished guests, including most of the art-museum directors in the country. (Spaeth has long been a collector of modern art, and the yacht has a water color by the late Walt Kuhn and one by Charles Sheeler.) Among those who have signed the log are President Truman, Jacques Maritain, Mischa Elman, and the Archabbot of the Benedictine monastery in Latrobe, Pennsylvania, who wrote, "*Deus vos custodiat omnibus in viis vestris.*" "Notice how cleverly he worked in the 'omnibus'?" Spaeth asked us as we sighted Nyack four points off the starboard bow.

Scoop

ONE wall of the lobby of the Shubert Theatre in New Haven, which the management frequently refers to as the Birthplace of the Nation's Greatest Hits, is at the moment devoted to a sort of scoreboard recording the many theatrical successes that have played there. A blue star beside the names of some of the shows indicates that they had their world premières at the Shubert, and among these is "Othello."

Trouble with A

NEXT we discuss two matters concerning the musical note A—one the fact that Viennese musicians who wish to tune their instruments have only to telephone a certain number to get an official A from the Austrian Bureau of Standards, like a New Yorker getting the time (of this, more in a moment), the other the appeal made by Dr. Hermann Zeissl, the head of the Austrian delegation to Unesco, to settle once and for all, by international agreement, the vexed question of how many times a second A should vibrate. Reading of this appeal, we got the impression that A is in a very shaky state, vibrating four hundred and thirty-five times a second in Europe and four hundred and forty times a second in this country. Suspecting the approach of a musical catastrophe, we assigned a young man to look into A. He reports that there is no imminent danger of a crackup, and that the difference between the hemispheres is not a new one. A tendency to raise A has been causing trouble for over a hundred years now, he says, with singers the chief victims. A pianist can (within limits) always tune up his piano and an oboist can raise the pitch of his oboe, but a singer's voice and ear are trained to a given pitch and can't readily be altered. At that, pianists occasionally get into difficulties because of the variable A. Paderewski is supposed to have discovered just before a concert that he couldn't tune his piano high enough to reach the pitch of the orchestra and played an entire program through a half tone higher than he'd rehearsed it.

The ancient Greeks set the scale to correspond to the limits of the human voice, and singers of today insist that if the players of wind instruments persist in raising the pitch to achieve more brilliance, they will blow the human voice right out of music. Bach, Beethoven, and Mozart all wrote music to the so-called "classical" pitch of A—four hundred and twenty-two vibrations a second. Today, Mozart's "Don Giovanni," for instance, is nearly a half tone higher than he intended it to be. In 1814, Stephan Koch, an Austrian musical-instrument manufacturer, turned out some really sharp brasses for a Vienna band, and the trouble started. There hasn't been a moment's peace since. Several attempts have been made to internationalize pitch, but none has been successful. Dr. Zeissl, in his appeal to Unesco, urged a universal return to four hundred and thirty-five vibrations, a figure recommended by the Vienna Conference on Pitch, in 1885. The International Conference on Pitch, held in London in 1939, recommended a world standard of four hundred and forty, and practically nobody in this country is prepared to drop a single vibration below that figure. Indeed, most American bands and many orchestras are already well above it. The Boston Symphony, which is probably the highest-pitched American orchestra, is tuned to four hundred and forty-four.

American instrument-makers are committed to a minimum of four hundred and forty vibrations. So, for example, are the harmonica players of this country, estimated to number fifteen million. Their instruments would all be outmoded if a change were made. The Steinway people would resist any change. They've been making pianos pitched at four hundred and forty for over a quarter of a century now and have no intention of being talked out of

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it by anybody. The Hammond electric-organ people would be in the worst fix of all if a change were made. A representative of the company told our man that one of the outstanding features of the Hammond electric organ is that it *can't* be tuned. "If they alter the pitch," he said grimly, "it will take a boy Einstein to rewire the present models."

So much for the variable A. As to that Viennese A, we picked up our telephone the other day and told an overseas operator that we wanted to get the musical note A, as given out by the Austrian Bureau of Standards. "You mean A over middle C?" the operator asked unexpectedly, and went on, "Why, *I* can give you that. I have perfect pitch." We thanked her, reminded her that her company is in business to make money, and said that we wanted to hear the genuine Viennese A, and damn the expense. After a few hours, the call got through to the Bureau of Standards (Vienna R-59 is the number) and we heard a loud continuous hum—a schmalzy, four-hundred-and-thirty-five-vibrations-a-second A.

Modest Request

THE Bel-Air Garden Club, of Los Angeles, which runs a course in flower-arranging, received a note the other day from a member who asked apologetically if it would be all right to send her two second maids to the flower-arranging class.

Success

ON learning that Jackie Robinson, the Brooklyn Dodgers' second baseman, is spending Monday, Wednesday, and Friday evenings each week as a television-set salesman in the Sunset Appliance Store in Rego Park, Queens, we hurried over to the place to see how he is making out. From a talk we had with Joseph Rudnick, president of Sunset, just before Robinson appeared, we learned that he is making out fine. Rudnick, a small, alert-looking man, graying at the temples, whom we found in an office on a balcony at the rear of the store, informed us that the accomplished young man had been working there, on a salary-and-commission basis, for five weeks, and that if he liked, he could work there forever, the year around. "Business booming like wildfire since Jackie came," Rudnick told us, looking down at a throng milling about among television sets, washing machines, and refrigerators. "Sports fans flocking in here," he said with satisfaction. "Young persons, curious about the National League's Most Valuable Player and one of the best base-stealers since Max Carey. Jackie signs baseballs for them and explains about the double steal. Since he's been here, he's sold sets to Joe Louis and Sugar Ray Robinson, among others. The newsreel people shot him selling a set to a customer. He's a natural salesman, with a natural modesty that appeals to buyers. The salesman wrapped up in himself makes a very small package. Campanella, Hodges, and Barney dropped by to wish him luck. Campanella's his roomy. There's Jackie now! With his business agent." Robinson and a bigger, more strapping man with a florid face were making their way along the floor, the big man in the lead. "He'll be right up," Rudnick said. "Hangs his coat here. One other thing we do," he went on, "when a bar buys a television set, we send Gene Stanlee over to the bar—the wrestler. Mr. America."

Robinson and his manager for radio and television appearances came up, and we were introduced, learning that the latter's name is Harry Solow. "Jackie don't have to lay awake nights worrying about his condition, bucking that mob three times a week," Solow said. Rudnick told us that Solow also manages Joe Franklin and Symphony Sid, and Solow explained that they are radio personalities. "Jackie's all lined up for his own radio program," he continued. "He's mostly interested in boys' work, though. Spends all his spare time at the Harlem Y.M.C.A." "How I keep in shape is playing games with kids," Robinson said in a well-modulated voice. "When I quit baseball, I intend to give it full time." We learned that the Robinsons have a television set with a sixteen-inch screen and that their only child, three-year-old Jackie, Jr., likes Howdy Doody, Mr. I. Magination, and Farmer Gray better than anything else on video. As Robinson was about to go down to the main floor, it occurred to us to ask him if he'd developed any special sales technique. He looked surprised and replied that he didn't think so. "If a customer is going to buy a set, he's going to buy it," he said philosophically. "You can't twist his arm." "On the other hand," Rudnick observed, "the right angle for a salesman is the try-angle."

We bade Rudnick and Solow goodbye and followed Robinson downstairs. A short man in a heavy overcoat got him first. He wanted to see a twelve-inch set. "There's a bunch of them in the basement," Robinson told him. "All playing at once." He led the man down to the basement. We followed. It was quite dark there, but we could make out rows and rows of sets and see customers being herded from one model to another by spirited salesmen. Robinson conducted his man to a twelve-inch set, turned it on, adjusted the picture, and in rather a shout, to get his voice above the hubbub of the amplifiers, named the price and outlined the guarantee. "I like it!" the man hollered. "Could my wife work it—all those knobs?" "A child could work it," said Robinson, and it was a deal.

Steps

A TRAVELLER on the Greek liner Neptunia, formerly a Dutch ship, tells us that the instructions beside the fire alarms, printed in both Dutch and English, read in English (and presumably in Dutch):

IN CASE OF EMERGENCY
1. Break the glass.
2. Press the button.
3. Take the fire extinguisher.
4. Begin to extinguish.

Cheerful

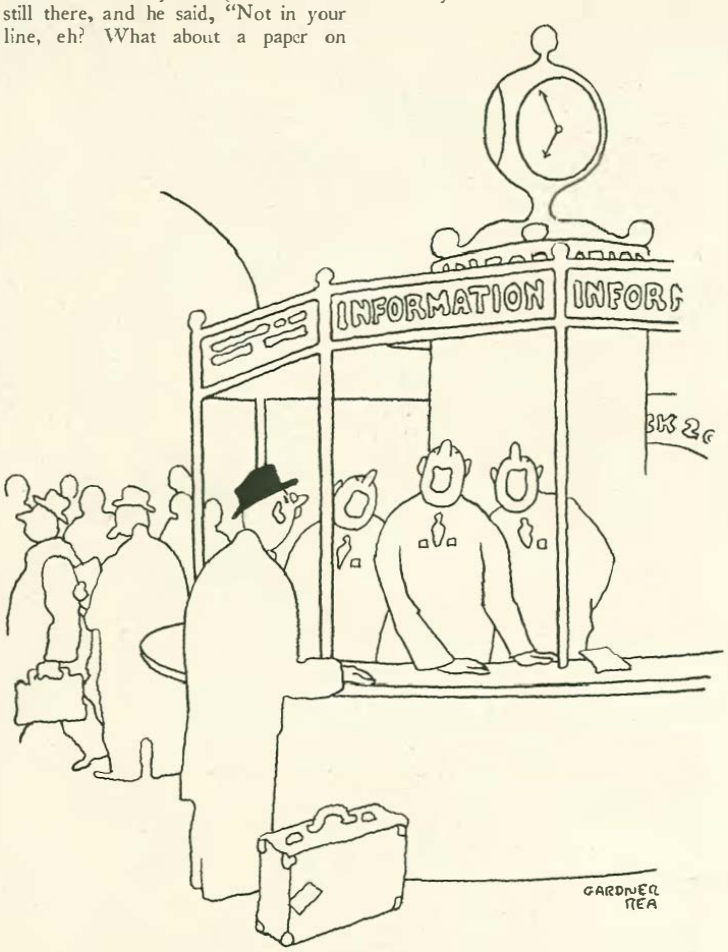
OVER thirteen thousand scientists were in town last week, attending the one-hundred-and-sixteenth annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. It is said to have been the fourth-largest nonpolitical gathering ever held here, surpassed only by a convention of the American Legion, a convention of Lions, and a convention of Rotarians, but the police reported comparatively little damage. It was also, we guess, the greatest single collection of double-domes ever assembled in one place, all of them seemingly in prime working order. There were no floats, no hotfoots, but plenty of Zeta and *Chlamydomonas chlamydogama*. A few years back, when it was still possible to have some notion of what scientists were talking about, they were widely regarded as figures of fun, but now that nobody in

the lay world has the least idea what they're up to, they've become more glamorous than movie stars, and we were delighted to be given an opportunity to study them as a group and at close range. Armed with a small white card permitting us to wander from symposium to symposium and to attend a biological smoker (a previous engagement caused us to miss this racy-sounding affair), we beat our way through the crowded public rooms of the Statler and several other hotels in the vicinity, which were more or less given over to cerebral frolics.

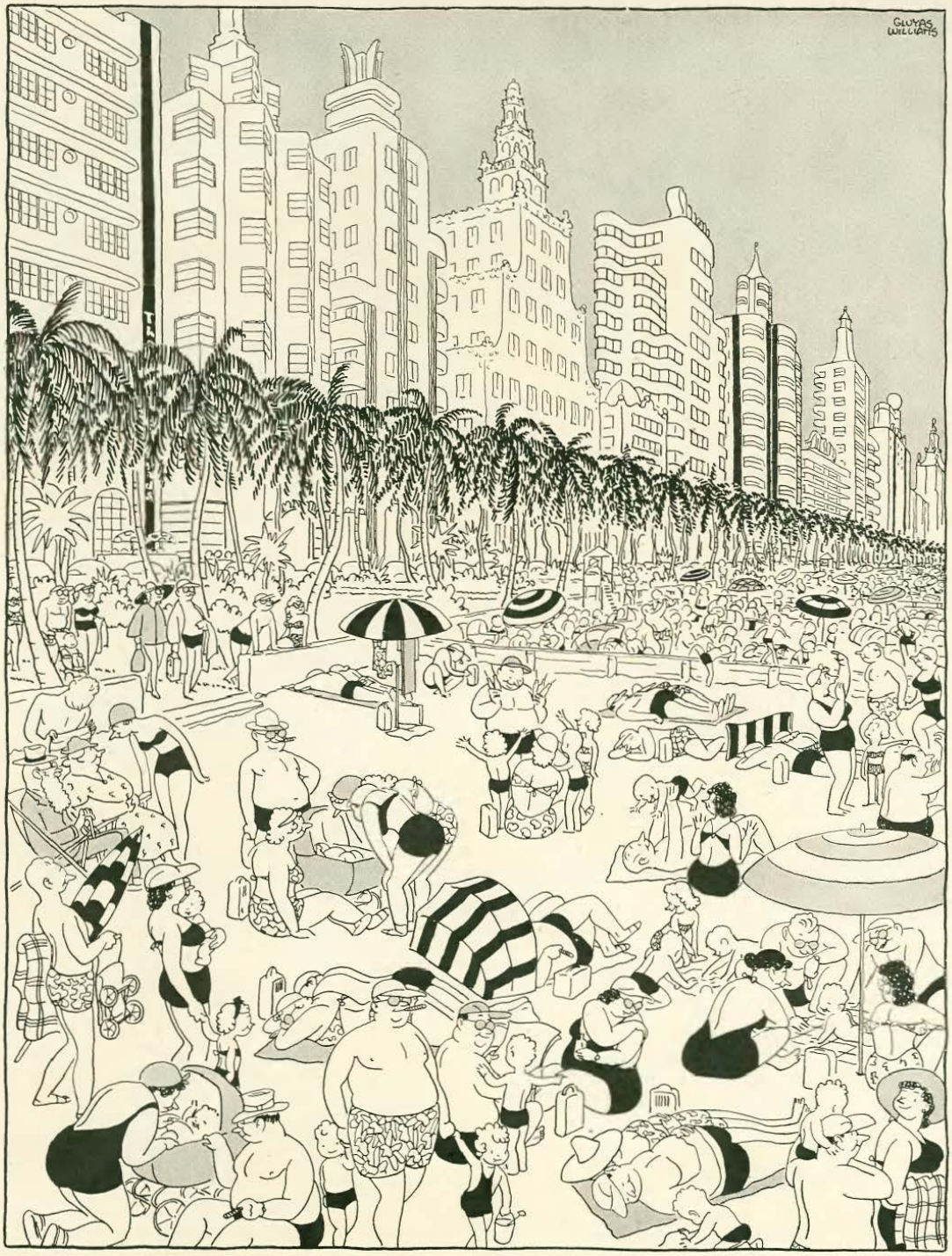
We understood scarcely a word the scientists said, but we got a good look at them, and historians of the future can take it from us that the average American scientist of 1949 was a man forty-three years old (roughly, midway between Montgomery Clift and Clark Gable), who stood five feet eight inches and weighed a hundred and fifty-one pounds; favored pepper-and-salt tweed suits, rimless glasses, and a Phi Beta Kappa key on the vest; smoked; wasn't afraid of revolving doors; and liked to stand around in hotel lobbies, leaning against pillars and cracking ecological jokes with his colleagues. In short, except that noisemakers and drum majorettes were missing, the convention last week pretty much resembled every other convention we've ever seen. The aspect of the scientists that took us most by surprise was their cheerfulness. We'd heard talk of the guilt they are supposed to feel over having opened the atomic Pandora's box, and had expected to find them rather down in the mouth, but they weren't. If their approach to the human condition is slightly less playful than that of a Lion, it's every bit as playful as that of a Rotarian, and they seem to feel that, all things considered, mankind never had it so good. One scientist to whom we spoke—a mutable-gene man—told us that we had only to glance through the printed program to see that. "Three hundred pages of wonders," he said, with no more scientific reserve than a pitchman. "Any field you want to name—botany, genetics, parasitology, limnology, phytopathology—we got it." He thrust a program into our hands, and among the titles of papers we noticed listed in it were "Water Absorption by Individual Radish Root Hairs in Relation to Age," "Influence of Space and Time on the Social Behavior of the Rat," "A Study of Weather Proverbs to Determine the Extent to Which They Have a Basis in Scientific Principles," "Genetic Aspects of the Age Threshold of Susceptibility to Sound-Induced Convulsions in Mice," "Oxygen Requirements of Parasites," "An Evaluation of Autoradiographs of Bull Sperm," and "The Census of Yap." "About Yap—what is it?" we asked. "An island," the gene man said. "Old Micronesian culture. Not in my line." He glanced at his watch. "Dear me, you're missing a symposium on experimental cell research," he said. "In the Grand Ballroom. A crackajack." We stepped into the Grand Ballroom, which was in total darkness. A voice was speaking out of the obscurity as lantern slides were thrown onto a screen. We gathered that what the lantern slides showed was slices of a frog's eye. Each slide drew murmurs of admiration from the audience. After a few minutes, we found our interest in the cortical portion of the frog's lens flagging and retreated to the lobby. The gene man was still there, and he said, "Not in your line, eh? What about a paper on 'Weight Variation Between Piebald and Normally Colored Hamsters'? What about 'A Discrimination Study with the African Elephant'? Or tumors in fishes? Or fungus in cereals?" We said we had to be getting back to the office.

Matter of Record

A CHIT from Vassar had dinner with her elders during the holidays, she advises us, and sat next to a distinguished-looking old gentleman with a mustache like a retired pirate's, who, she learned later, is widely known as a crank on genealogy. He got things under way by asking her if she was attending school. She told him she was, and where, and lobbed the conversational ball back by inquiring if any member of his family had happened to go there. "I could look it up," the old fellow said cautiously. "How old *is* Vassar?"



"Seven-four—Track Twenty-two. Beech-Nut is the gum for you."



AMERICA'S PLAYGROUNDS

Public Beach, Miami Beach

THE MAGIC CARPET

IT was a good forty minutes by bus from the center of Prague to the airport, out beyond the last, scattered rows of suburban apartment houses, some of them still freckled with bullet holes dating from the Liberation. There was a fine white film on the hangars and runways that morning, though back in town the snow had already disintegrated into a dirty-gray slush. Kocian, the waiter, could see his breath as he stood by the large glass window of the airport restaurant, staring out at the field. The restaurant was unheated. The papers said there was no coal to be spared for restaurants, bars, and places of entertainment. I wonder where all our coal goes, Kocian thought dully and wearily. But he didn't really wonder, because he knew exactly where it went and he couldn't do a thing about it, except curse in the privacy of his mind.

He was a short, stocky middle-aged man with a roughly chiselled Slav face and soft, tired eyes. The cuffs of his white shirt were frayed, and there were spots of goulash and potato soup on the silk lapels of his waiter's tuxedo. They had been there a long time, but Kocian had never done anything about them. You couldn't get any cleaning fluid, and besides he was almost fond of the spots. They reminded him of the days when the airport restaurant had served wonderful soup and beef goulash, and *švestkové knedlíky*—plum dumplings covered with melted brown butter, sugar, and poppy seed, or with melted butter and grated hoop cheese, if you preferred that. Personally, Kocian preferred the dumplings with hoop cheese, but it didn't matter as long as they were light and fluffy and there was plenty of melted butter to go with them.

The thought of melted butter made Kocian sigh wistfully. He moved away from the window, swiped his napkin perfunctorily over the cloths of a couple of nearby tables, and rearranged the ashtrays and the porcelain salt and pepper shakers and toothpick holders. The tables were nearly always empty now, and there was seldom any need to change the flimsy tablecloths, with their mended tears and cigarette burns. Ever since the spring before, when everything had changed a lot, business at the airport restaurant had been steadily dwindling, and now it had almost come to an end. Few people were given permission to leave the country—practically no one but government officials and occasional businessmen going on what were called state missions. Now and then, the national soccer and ice-hockey teams had gone away and come back, but that had stopped after some of the players deserted and remained abroad.

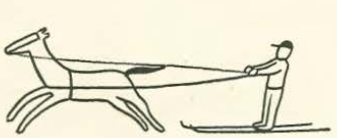
Many of the restaurant's best customers had been people from the city who drove out to dine and watch the planes, but now there was no gas for pleasure trips. Besides, the restaurant served nothing but *melta*, a malt-and-harley beverage faintly resembling coffee in color, though not in taste; thin sandwiches of grayish bread containing minute pieces of ham or cheese; and weak, watery beer. Once in a while, a passenger about to hoard a plane would come in for a cup of *melta* and would swallow it quickly, always keeping an eye on the plane out on the runway, as though he were afraid it might leave without him. Kocian understood that anxiety. The plane was probably going to a place where restaurants were heated and served plenty of food—Zurich, for instance, where, he was told, you could get as much fine butter as you wanted, or Paris.

KOCIAN folded the napkin over his arm and went back to the window. The sky was gray; it was going to snow again. Only four planes were on the big field—a Polish one, two DC-3s painted red, white, and blue, the Czech colors, and an olive-drab four-engine plane with Russian markings. Two men in astrakhan caps were walking up and down in front of the Russian plane, and a mechanic squatted on a wing.

Kratochvil came in through the open door of the waiting room. He was the cashier of the small airport branch office of the big commercial bank in the city. "Good morning," he said. "Will you fill up one of those?" He pointed at the cups and saucers Kocian had set out in readiness on the counter, a spoon in each cup, a paper napkin and a saccharine pill on each saucer. "What's that—no sugar?"

"Not this week," said Kocian. He went behind the counter and filled a cup from the large pitcher of *melta* that he always kept sitting in a bowl of hot water.

"*Pro Krista*, next week there won't even be water," Kratochvil said dourly.



He was a bachelor—a thin, tall man with a grayish complexion, hollow cheeks, and a protruding Adam's apple, but he didn't give the impression of tallness, because his shoulders were hunched. Kocian admired him greatly. Kratochvil was an educated man; he'd gone to college, and he spoke Italian, French, and English, besides Czech. He was well-read; you could really talk to him. He was able to count bank notes with incredible speed, moving his hands so fast that you could hardly follow the play of his fingers. Kocian had often wondered why Kratochvil had turned down repeated opportunities to be transferred to one of the bank's more important branches in town, where he would have had a larger office and could have got a warm noonday meal instead of having to come out to the airport on the bus every day with a cold lunch from his boarding house. Whenever the subject was mentioned, Kratochvil would shrug and say, "I don't know. I guess I like airports and planes. I would have become a pilot if it hadn't been for a little engine trouble up here." He would point toward the left side of his chest with a gesture that was ironical and regretful at the same time, and Kocian would give a grave nod. Everybody knew that Kratochvil had got heart trouble during the German Occupation, when he had been a courier for the underground. For two terrible years, dodging the Gestapo, he had not slept in the same place two consecutive nights. Kratochvil seldom talked about those times or said much about his sickness, but Kocian noticed that his hands were always shaking and that sometimes he would choke and get red in the face, apparently for no reason at all.

Kratochvil took slow sips of the *melta*, enjoying its warmth. "Not much going on today, what?" he said.

Kocian said, "I've had five customers, including you, and it's past ten."

"There comes the American plane," Kratochvil said, pointing through the window at a big, gleaming DC-3, with the letters "PAA" on the wings, that was taxiing toward the building.

"On the dot," said Kocian, checking his wristwatch against the electric clock on the wall. It was exactly ten-fifteen. The plane had left Vienna at nine o'clock, and twenty minutes from now it would go on, to Frankfurt, Brussels, London. You could be in Frankfurt in a hundred and ten minutes, and in London at ten minutes past three. Kocian knew the schedule by heart.

He and Kratochvil watched closely as the plane approached, turned, and,

EVERYDAY HISTRIONICS

Adult Know-How

• •

its right wing almost scraping the wall of the building, finally came to a stop. A small, plump, mustachioed man in the khaki uniform of a customs inspector walked toward it while two airport attendants rolled a movable stairway up beside it. A soldier with rifle and cartridge belt took up a position between the entrance to the building and the plane and stood watching its door.

The door was opened, and for a moment the stewardess appeared. Kocian thought it was the slim brunette who was always chewing gum, but he wasn't sure. She stepped back and four men came down the stairs, shivering, the collars of their overcoats turned up, and walked quickly into the building, escorted by the customs inspector. "That Pelc!" Kocian said, looking after him. "Always afraid somebody might slip through." He went to the window and looked out at the soldier, who still stood there sullenly, probably thinking how nice it would be to sit in the overheated guardroom, playing a game of cards.

KRATOCHVIL didn't seem to have heard Kocian. "Four people," he said, still staring out at the plane. "Last month, six or seven used to arrive. In a few months, no one's going to stop here."

"How's business at the bank?" Kocian asked.

"People exchange only what they need. Five dollars. Ten Swiss francs. Sure! They can get a lot more for their money in town."

"I hear the dollar is three hundred crowns now," Kocian said. "Six times the official exchange."

Kratochvil wasn't listening. "It's funny," he said, as if he were talking to himself, his eyes fixed on the plane.

"What's funny?"

"How far would you say it is from here to that stairway?" He pointed through the window.

Kocian shrugged. "Twenty metres."

"Sixteen," Kratochvil said. "I measured the distance. Twenty-two steps, of seventy-five centimetres each, as we used to measure in the Army. Sixteen metres. And how many minutes by air from here to the border?"

"Three-quarters of an hour, maybe?"

Kratochvil shook his head. "Twenty-eight minutes. I talked to one of the American pilots the other day." He looked at the electric clock. "It's ten-twenty now. You could be in the American Zone of Germany at ten-forty-eight. Funny, what?"

How did he figure that so quickly, Kocian wondered. Then he remembered that adding and subtracting were Kratochvil's daily job, as pouring *melta* was his. Still, there was something in Kratochvil's calculations that didn't come out quite right. The little distance to the plane—that was the part that didn't make sense. It never did, although Kocian had given it a great deal of thought. Standing here all day long with nothing much else to do, you couldn't help watching the planes and toying with the idea of running—no, not running—of walking slowly, so Pelc and the soldier wouldn't get suspicious, over to the stairway and getting into the plane. But the distance didn't matter. Twenty metres, or sixteen, what difference would it make once you were inside? Sometimes when the American plane came in, the stewardess would call for Kocian, and he would fix up a tray of sandwiches and some cups of *melta* for the through passengers, who were not permitted to leave the plane. He would just put the tray on his right shoulder and walk out there. Funny how easy it was when you were thinking only of the sandwiches and the *melta*, and not of running away. He would wait at the foot of the stairway until the stewardess had taken the tray inside and brought it out again, with the empty cups and the money on it. Now, suppose that next time he should dash up the stairway while no one was looking—it *was* possible, wasn't it? But in the same instant he said to himself, no, it wasn't possible. Pelc and the soldier would see him and drag him out before the plane took off. No. The way to do it was to wait near the foot of the stairway until the plane was ready to leave, and at the very last moment jump up the six steps. The stewardess would close the door quickly, and the plane would start moving, and he would be off.

Kocian exhaled against a spot on the window and rubbed it off with his napkin. Most probably, the soldier out there would shoot before he could get inside the door of the plane, or the stewardess would not close it in time, or the plane wouldn't take off right away. Still, it was nice to think about it, just playing with the idea, as he had played with other ideas, when he was young. As a boy, he had wanted to own a purse that never ran out of gold coins, or a cap that would make him invisible, or a

magic carpet that would take him anywhere, everywhere, without passport, visa, military permit, or currency permit.

The phone behind the counter rang, cutting off Kocian's train of thought. He walked over and answered it. It was Marešová, Kratochvil's secretary. "There are two gentlemen here. Tell Mr. Kratochvil to come back right away," she said. She was a silly girl, always sounding breathless. Kocian hung up and gave the message to Kratochvil, who nodded, cast a long, final glance at the plane outside, and left the restaurant. Kocian stayed behind the counter, straightening the row of cups that stood on it.

A BLOND, husky man in the uniform of an American-airline pilot came in. "Hi, Mac," he said to Kocian. "How you doing?"

"Good morning, Mr. Berry," Kocian said slowly, bowing from the waist. "A beer?" He had lived in New York for three years, back in the twenties, but after all this time it was a strain to speak English, much as he liked it.

"Uh-huh. And a cheese sandwich. Gosh, it's cold here!" He pulled out a package of American cigarettes and threw it on the counter, then took one out and lighted it.

"This is not a very good climate," Kocian said slowly.

The pilot laughed. "I guess you're right, Mac," he said. "How about hopping in with me? You been in New York before, haven't you?"

Kocian served the beer and the sandwich. "Yes, I was there," he said. He had gone to New York to work for Karel, his brother-in-law, who had a small restaurant in the Slovak neighborhood on Second Avenue, but when the depression came and things got tough, Kocian had packed up and come home. Karel had stuck it out, and now the restaurant was a bar-and-grill and was doing all right. His sister wrote him that it even had a juke box and a television set in it. The beer would be strong, Kocian thought, and people would stand at the bar and talk about baseball, politics—everything—openly and loudly.

"Well, you never know," said Berry. "Maybe someday we can get you back in." He put a fifty-crown bill on the counter.

"Thanks, Mr. Berry," said Kocian. "A beer and a sandwich, that's fifteen and six, makes twenty-one—"

"Keep the change," the pilot said. "And keep the cigarettes. So long, Mac. See you next Tuesday." He waved at Kocian and walked out. He didn't hurry; he knew he was going to make the plane out there, and that no one was going to stop him. Kocian watched him as he walked the sixteen metres and went up the six steps of the stairway. Maybe I can really make it someday, he thought, if Mr. Berry means it, if he wants to help me. In Frankfurt, they would put me into one of those camps, but eventually Karel would bail me out and get me back to New York.

He heard footsteps coming across the waiting room, and he quickly put Mr. Berry's cigarettes out of sight. Customs Inspector Pelc came in, the metal taps on his heels clacking sharply. He walked slowly, his hands in his pockets, looking content, almost pleased. He took a cigarette out of a silver case, broke it in half, and put one piece back in the case. "Got a light?" he asked, issuing an order.

"Yes, sir. Here, sir."

Pelc had been put in charge of the airport's customs office late in the spring of 1948. It was said that he knew all the right people. He had a healthy pink face and his mustache gave him an air of joviality. He puffed at his half cigarette, holding it between thumb and forefinger, and exhaled the blue smoke. "Well," he said, "we finally caught up with him."

"Caught up with whom?" Kocian asked.

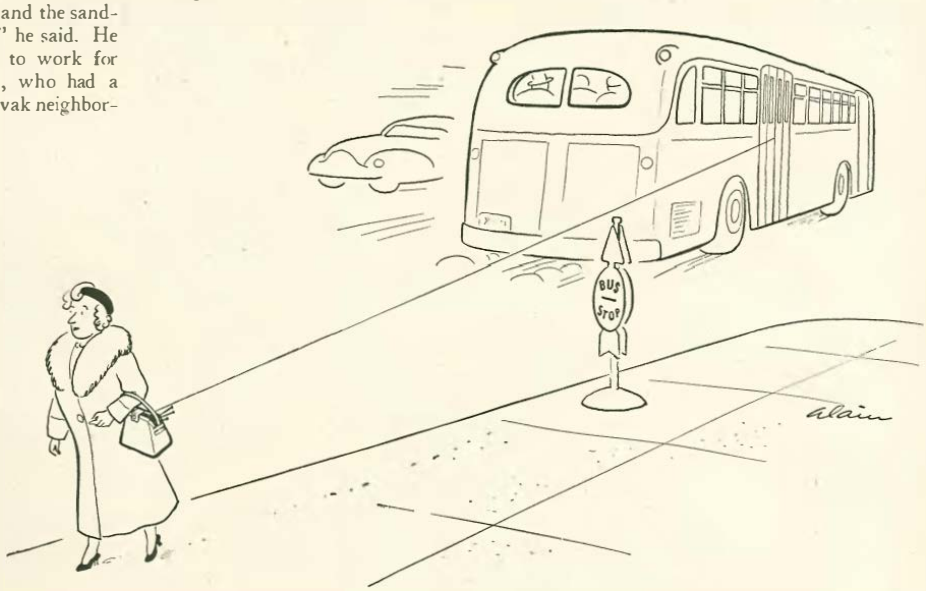
"Who do you think? Kratochvil, of course."

"Kratochvil!"

"He's just been arrested. They've taken him away for questioning. I've been on to him for three months but I wanted to be sure." Kocian stared at the Inspector. He was afraid of the pink-faced, smiling little man, and ashamed of being afraid, but he couldn't help it. "He's been collecting dollar bills secretly," Pelc went on. "Trying to build up a supply for himself. Might have come in handy if he'd ever got away." The Inspector laughed, pointed at the American plane outside, and took another puff at his cigarette. "As if we didn't know! Those birds think they're smart, but we catch them all."

OUTSIDE, the plane was ready to leave. Kocian leaned forward on the counter, watching it. Ten-thirty-five on the dot, he thought mechanically. The stewardess had closed the door, and the attendants had pulled back the stairway. The propellers began to turn, the left one first, then the right one, shaking the restaurant window. Kocian saw a face looking out of the pilot's compartment, up front. He thought Mr. Berry might be waving at him, but he wasn't sure. Anyway, he couldn't very well wave back at Mr. Berry, with Inspector Pelc standing there.

"I know exactly what Kratochvil



had in mind," Pelc said. The noise of the engines was deafening, and he had to shout into Kocian's ear to make himself understood. "Didn't like it here any more. Hoped he could jump into that plane one dav and get away." He laughed again, nudging Kocian's elbow as if he'd made a joke, and Kocian discovered that he was laughing back at Pelc. He could have killed himself for that.

The plane was beginning to move away, taxiing slowly toward the runway. "Kratochvil speaks English," Pelc said. "Probably wanted to get to New York." The din of the engines ebbed, and his voice became normal. He looked at Kocian. "You've been in New York," he said. "What's it like? Why do they all want to go there?"

The engines were turning faster again. "It's—it's a very big city," Kocian said. There was so much one wanted to say. "It's been a long time since I was there."

"They say everybody has an automobile and a refrigerator, and now they even have television sets," Pelc said. The cigarette was almost burned down to his fingers, but he didn't seem to notice it. He was staring at the plane. "Do you think that in America a man like me, a customs inspector, would own a car and a television set?" He turned toward Kocian and looked at him closely, almost anxiously.

"I—I wouldn't know," Kocian said. "Really. It's been nineteen years since I was there. Few people had radios then. You've got a radio, haven't you, sir?"

"Sure," Pelc said, nodding proudly. "Built it all by myself, nights and Sundays. Damn good set. Of course, I couldn't build a television set all by myself."

"You couldn't?"

"It's different. I've been reading up on how to make one, but I couldn't get the parts." He looked again at the plane, which now stood at the end of the runway, its engines racing. "I must talk to one of those American pilots," he said. "Maybe they could get me some parts, a few at a time. Anyway, I don't believe that a customs inspector there could afford a set, do you?" He tried to take a last puff, but the end of his cigarette disintegrated between his fingers, and he cursed and stamped the ashes out on the floor.

Kocian didn't answer. The plane raced down the runway and took off, and he watched it until it had disappeared into the dark-gray sky behind the last hangar.—JOSEPH WECHSBERG

CARNIVAL OF ANIMALS

THE WILD JACKASS

Have ever you harked to the jackass wild,
Which scientists call the onager?
It sounds like the laugh of an idiot child,
Or a hepcat on a harmoniger.
But do not sneer at the jackass wild,
There is method in his beehaw,
For with maidenly blush and accent mild
The jenny-ass answers shee-haw.

THE TORTOISE

Come crown my brow with leaves of myrtle,
I know the tortoise is a turtle.
Come carve my name in stone immortal,
I know the turtoise is a tortle.
I know to my profound despair
I bet on one to beat a hare.
I also know I'm now a pauper
Because of its tortley turtley torper.

THE AQUARIUM

Some fish are minnows,
Some are whales.
People like dimples,
Fish like scales.
Some fish are slim,
And some are round.
They don't get cold,
They don't get drowned,
But every fishwife
Fears for her fish
What *we* call mermaids
And *they* call merfish.

THE CUCKOO

Cuckoos lead bohemian lives,
They fail as husbands and as wives,
Therefore they cynically disparage
Everybody else's marriage.

THE MULES

In the world of mules
There are no rules.

THE BIRDS

Puccini was Latin, and Wagner Teutonic,
And birds are incurably philharmonic.
Suburban yards and rural vistas
Are filled with avian Andrews Sisters.
The skylark sings a roundelay,
The crow sings "The Road to Mandalay,"
The nightingale sings a lullaby,
And the sea gull sings a gullaby.
That's what shepherds listened to in Arcadia
Before somebody invented the radia.

THE SWAN

Scholars call the masculine swan a cob;
I call him a narcissistic snob.
He looks in the mirror over and over,
And claims to have never heard of Pavlova.

—OGDEN NASH

THOSE FRIENDS OF HIS

HOW well most parents ever really know their children is a debatable question. How well they know their children's friends is another question and one that, speaking for myself, I should say is not even debatable, for my son's acquaintances have always been shrouded in a curious sort of mystery I long ago gave up attempting to solve. Let me hasten to say that there is nothing wrong with any of them. On the contrary, they all seem to be completely acceptable and often quite delightful young persons. But they apparently hail from a region beyond an Iron Curtain that recognizes no parental passport. To be sure, those who come to the house are always politely introduced to my husband and me, but except for the mere pronouncing of their names our son vouchsafes no information about them. We are never told how or when he met them, and we've learned that to ask him questions about their families or habitats is considered about as tactless as it would be to ask for their Wassermann reports. By this I do not wish to give the impression that my son is a secretive or even a particularly reticent type. His is an outgoing nature, and he is always most communicative with his parents, except when it comes to discussing his friends. I'm certain that he's not at all ashamed of them, and the horrid suspicion that he may perhaps be ashamed of his parents I put away rapidly as unworthy. I guess it just strikes him as too complicated to explain us to them and them to us.

This has been the state of affairs ever since our child started carving out his own social life—to be specific, since the day he toddled away from my bench in the Park to grasp the immense hand of an Irish policeman, with whom he carried on a long, solemn conversation, and then toddled back to the bench and put a quietus on my maternal curiosity with a terse "He's a friend of mine." When I asked how this friendship had ripened, his response was still terser: "I just know him." Then, waxing expansive, he added, "He's Officer McKenna." At that period, the boy's circle of friends was, with the spectacular exception of Officer McKenna, hardly of his own choosing, composed as it was of the children of my acquaintances and the small charges of his various nurses' co-tyrants—a traditionally unjust system of social forcible feeding that for generations all politely brought-up small fry must have resented.

The real influx of my son's unidentifiable companions began at about the time we went to live in the country. He was then ten years old, and it had been our idea to remove him from the little-gentleman atmosphere of one of those expensive Manhattan day schools whose scholars wear diminutive caps bearing heraldic insignia, refer to their instructors as "masters," and address them as "sir." We wanted to expose the boy to the more democratic, if perhaps less intellectually stimulating, way of life of a rural public school, where the scholars wear either no caps at all or else the sort that advertises Purina Chows, call their instructor "Teacher," and address her as "Hey!" The new school was an immediate success, and my son's friends began to arrive at our house. At first, when he announced that he was bringing home someone named Jimmy or Leroy (pronounced *Lee*-roy) to supper, I would make the maternal blunder of asking who Jimmy was or who Leroy was (even bravely echoing the pronunciation *Lee*-roy), but I soon learned to hope for no further elucidation than a cryptic "A friend of mine." The Jimmys and the *Lee*-roys were all very nice little boys. At least, they *appeared* to be nice, for my only chance to estimate their characters was during the brief period of supper, a repast to which our young visitors paid tribute with lively appetites and dead silence. No time was wasted on chitchat. As for drawing them out, any conversational ball-tossing on my part met with no response at all or was returned with monosyllabic finality. Occasionally, my son, in an access of Rotarian geniality, would make an opening for one of his pals' better anecdotes with some such introduction as "Hey, *Lee*-roy, tell about how your father got his hand caught in a tractor!" And the *Lee*-roy of the evening, after a pause that would have done credit to Maurice Evans, would, without looking up from his plate, come forth with the carefully thought-out "Well, you know my Dad? Well, he got his hand caught in a tractor." My son might then add encouragement with an enthusiastic "He had to have ten stitches taken, didn't he?," which expansion of theme our guest would cut short with a hollow "Ten," and, except for a feeble "How awful!" or "My!" from me, that would be that. If, after

"Can you let me have a dime for a glass of beer, sir? I'm following a television serial."

Jimmy (or *Lee*-roy) left, I asked where he lived, the answer was usually an impatient "Oh, Mom, if I *told* you, you wouldn't know."

I was to realize the truth of this last statement on the occasion when our boy was quarantined at home with mumps and prevailed on me to take his two pet hamsters to the unknown house of one of those unknown *Lee*-roys. The hamster is a highly unprepossessing species of rodent whose purpose in Nature's scheme I have yet to discover, and though my son's ostensible reason for wanting me to remove his pets was that he feared they might come down with mumps, I believe his real reason was a thorough cooling off of his affection for the miserable little creatures. After considerable difficulty, I located the home of the friend in question and deposited the hamsters with the boy's mother, who received them with amazement and suspicion. Her doubts were well justified, for the hamsters eventually came down not with mumps but with a great many more hamsters, in a Shmoo-like fruition that proved acutely unpopular with their new owner's mother. She appealed to me to help her dispose of the animals, and as I drove about the countryside in a car teeming with hamsters, trying to find the dwellings of other buddies who might be Bide-A-Wee-minded, I again realized the truth of my son's assertion that if he told me, I wouldn't know where his pals lived.

When our son was at this tender age, the friends could usually be counted upon to be of the masculine gender, but I do recall that our table was occasionally graced by the presence of one femme fatale, who must have been all of fifteen and who went by the iridescent name of Opal. Opal was a placid, amiable girl, and there seems to have been a special bond of affection between her and boys of fourth-grade age, for I learned that she had been a favorite of quite a succession of fourth grades. Actually, that was all I ever did learn about Opal.

IF I had any notion that after our son was dispatched to boarding school I'd begin to know a little more about his acquaintances, I had another guess coming. During his first Christmas holiday, my hopeful inquiries about his new set of pals were parried with the same old noncommittal replies. He eventually risked exposing one of his new friends to the inspection of his family during the spring vacation. When he told us that "a guy" was coming down for the night, I, not unnaturally, asked "Who?," and he laconically replied "Struther." When I made bold to ask where Struther came from, he narrowed it down to "Somewhere out West." The guy named Struther turned out to be a pallid, rather doleful little boy, and "Somewhere out West" a large city in Ohio. During his brief visit, we didn't find out much more about him than that. My only intimate encounter with the child occurred at 2 A.M., when my husband and I awoke to hear curious scuffling sounds issuing from our bathroom. Fearfully, we opened the bathroom door, and discovered our son and Struther there in their pajamas. The former was ransacking the medicine closet while the latter stood apathetically behind him, looking like a character in a William Blake vision. Seeing my startled face, my son announced, in tones that were half sepulchral, half delighted, "Mom, Struther's dying." And, indeed, it looked that way, for Struther's face was the color of green Chartreuse. I asked him where he felt worst, an expression of concern and interest that obviously struck my son as irrelevant, for he repeated his announcement of Struther's rapidly approaching demise. Trying to assume the manner of one who seeks to soothe a panic-stricken crowd, I managed to restrain my son from administering the last rites to Struther in the form of a mixture of Bromo-Seltzer, castor oil, and Stokes' Expectorant, which he had already stirred up in a tumbler, and practiced my own, less drastic therapy. This was to hold the boy's head while he dispensed with his latest meal and, it would seem, quite a few previous ones.

During the ensuing school years, many unidentifiable lads have stayed in our house, and our son has gone to stay in houses where I presume that he, in turn, is equally unidentifiable, for I believe that this fetish of keeping their friends and activities as hush-hush as the identity and wartime movements of battleships is characteristic of all boys in their early teens. At any rate, it consoles me to think so. During that trying period, our boy had a way of taking my most casual inquiry as if it were one of the F.B.I.'s trick screening questions. If I asked where he was going, the reply would, as likely as not, be "Out," and "Who with?" would be answered by the usual "A friend of mine." This air of mystery manifested itself particularly over the telephone, when unknowns would call up and, in the tones of an actor in a radio thriller, ask whether our offspring was at home. If he was not, they'd mutter "Oh," and there would follow an ominous pause. If I asked whether there was any message, a voice that was a dead ringer for the Shadow's would say it would call back later. (Sometimes the voice went into an adolescent crack, and then it seemed a lot less like the Shadow's.) If my son was home, he would dive for whatever telephone extension was farthest removed from the one I was on, and, coming on the wire, he'd say, in his own radio manner of speech, "O.K., Mother, you can hang up." As he reached his mid-teens, the feminine element started to raise its pretty head, but not its voice, which seldom rose above a whisper. The little girls who called up sounded as if they were speaking over a bad connection from Cape Town, or as if they were just coming out of ether. They were even less communicative than the boys, and, despite my efforts to sound cordial (even to a fatuous, potential-mother-in-law degree), it was all too clear that they regarded me much as they would have a menacing duenna or an agent from Moscow.

My child must have been about sixteen when he received his first long-distance call. It came just before dinner and was from Omaha, and although I answered the ring on an upstairs extension, I had, with admirable self-control, hung up before the connection came through, even though I was consumed with curiosity. Not that my curiosity was of a particularly prying nature; I just thought it unusual for anyone to be telephoning from Omaha to a sixteen-year-old in New York. I restrained myself until dinner was two-thirds over and then, with elaborate casualness, asked, "By the way, who was it who called long distance?," whereupon the boy and his father rose and shook hands, and the latter handed the former a quarter. It seems that they had had a bet as to whether my inevitable inquiry would come before the dessert course. I thought it quite vulgar of them.

Their attitude would have grieved my maternal heart more had I not just then begun to go over in my mind my Junior Misshood and, with a belated pang of remorse for my parents, remembered that I must have acted in a very similar fashion. I, too, kept my friends pretty much of a secret. (Some of them, as I recall, not without a slight shudder, were best kept secret, and a dark one at that—especially that girl named Clarisse, who came from Kansas City and was considered "fast" be-

"Ready, dear?"

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cause she used rouge and wore three frat pins all at the same time.) I, too, was mysterious in regard to phone calls. In those mechanically unblessed days, there was only one telephone instrument to a home, and it was usually kept in the most inconvenient possible location. Ours was in a coat closet off a small vestibule. When one of my friends called me, I would close both the vestibule and the closet doors, and, smothering myself and my voice in a welter of raincoats, I would carry on long, muffled conversations, the gist of which was, nine times out of ten, that I would meet my friend at Glocker's for a banana split. If I heard the sound of approaching footsteps, I'd mutter hastily, "I'll have to hang up now, my mother's coming."

PERHAPS they grow out of it. Our son is now eighteen, and his advancing years have mellowed him considerably. He no longer treats the telephone as if it were a Secret Service mechanism, and now carries on in our presence fairly intelligible conversations with his friends. He shows signs of becoming actually expansive about his acquaintances and quite often tells us who their parents are. And just last week he told me in detail where he was going for the evening. Not only that but he gave me the approximate hour I might expect him home. Things are looking up.

—CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER

PROFILES

THE MILLIONAIRE—I

HENRY JONAS ROSENFELD is a dress manufacturer who has endeared himself both to the American woman and to the United States Chamber of Commerce. Since 1942, when Rosenfeld, who is only thirty-eight now, started his business, he has given women what is known in the garment industry as a "class-market" dress at what is known as a "mass-market" price. By making and selling fourteen million of these dresses, he has become a millionaire—by his own definition, a man with at least one million actual dollars in his bank account. Recently, the United States Chamber of Commerce paid tribute to him in a radio program; in it his rise to riches was dramatized as an example of the realization of the American dream. Long before Rosenfeld so much as knew of the existence of the Chamber of Commerce, he dreamed the American dream. He was six when he took his first step toward making the dream come true, by establishing an umbrella-escort service. Posting himself, on rainy nights, outside a subway station near his home in the Bronx, he took people to their destinations under his umbrella for a penny apiece. He kept quiet about the scope of his dream until he was nine, and then he reported it to his mother. He promised her that he would be a millionaire by the time he was thirty-five. He made the grade a few months ahead of schedule. "It was easy," he says to anyone asking for his formula. "All you got to remember is: Don't be afraid of losing money and you'll make it." He usually adds that he has never been afraid of anything in his life.

There are five thousand dress manufacturers in the United States, most of them concentrated in New York City. They do an annual business of more than a billion and a half dollars. Less than two per cent of the manufacturers, or about a hundred, are millionaires. Rosenfeld is one of the youngest of them. On Seventh Avenue between Twenty-eighth and Fortieth Streets, the garment center of New York, Rosenfeld is often referred to as the Wonder Boy. "In dresses, Henry is a Henry Ford," one old-timer in the industry said not long ago. "He is a Christian Dior from the Bronx. He knows how to make money and he is a genius besides." Manufacturers who have worked hard for years without becoming millionaires envy his rapid climb to fortune and fame, but they point proudly to him as proof that you can make a million dollars faster in the dress business than in any other business. "Get a run of luck and you make fabulous money," one manufacturer who has gone bankrupt a couple of times said a few weeks ago. "It's like 'Yes, We Have No Bananas.' All you need is to hit the imagination of the people." Another manufacturer, who is in the habit of presenting his fashion shows in the form of musical revues, with lyrics written and sung by himself, sang, in one of his shows, a lyric he had written to the tune of "There's No Business Like Show Business." It started out:

The best business is the dress business,
It's the best business I know.
Where else can you start off every season
And wind up with a lot of easy dough?

Rosenfeld started off his first season on March 1, 1942, with a capital of forty thousand dollars, and two months later he had a profit of seventy-five thousand easy dollars. The assets of Henry Rosenfeld, Inc., two-thirds of which belongs to Rosenfeld, are now estimated at six million dollars. He always carries a copy of the financial statement in his wallet and gladly shows it to anyone who happens to ask him how business is. The most recent statement lists:

Cash in Bank	$2,187,531
Accounts Receivable	$1,481,346
Accounts Payable	$ 254.622

The financial statement does not indicate which bank the cash is in, and Rosenfeld rarely remembers the name of it. Not long ago, after the head of a silk-goods house and Rosenfeld had come to terms on the purchase of nearly a million dollars' worth of shantung, the fabrics man asked Rosenfeld for the name of his bank. "I forget," Rosenfeld said, looking at the ceiling and frowning. He called in his brother Albert, one of the many relatives employed by him. "Hey, Al, what's the name of our bank?" he asked. "Sterling National," Al said. Rosenfeld laughed and turned back to the silk man. "Al don't forget all these little things," he said.

ONE of the favorite questions along Seventh Avenue, and one that has been neither resolved nor worn out by several years of debate, is whether Rosenfeld's success is a result of good sense or good luck. The question is often interjected into a completely unrelated conversation. A couple of dress salesmen lunching in the Longchamps at Broadway and Forty-first Street, a popular hangout of the trade, were discussing a hot-dog vender named Charlie, well known in the neighborhood. The salesmen decided that Charlie made more than a nice living out of hot dogs. "Those franks got something," one of the salesmen said. "Charlie, he looks like a bum, but I know for a fact he's loaded. With a beautiful apartment on the Concourse. With a beautiful wife. With three beautiful children. With filet mignon every day and champagne and dancing at night. What's Charlie got on Nedick's? You can't put your finger on it! It's like baking a cake!" The other salesman shrugged. "Big deal!" he said scornfully. "Hot dogs is hot dogs. Average businessman tries to make fives out of fours. Tries to figure everything the hard way. Charlie makes four out of two plus two. A good businessman, in other words. What is he—Mr. J. P. Morgan? What is Henry Rosenfeld—the discoverer of the atom bomb, perchance?" The question was left right up in the air.

Some of Rosenfeld's former colleagues at the Bedford Dress Company, where he was a salesman for eight years before going out on his own, believe that he has the power to foresee the future. "Anything Henry ever bet on, he always won," the Bedford production manager recalled the other day. "When Henry bet on Schmeling, Schmeling won. When Henry bet on Joe Louis, Joe Louis won. I remem-

ber distinctly Harvard's first football game of the 1938 season. Harvard versus Brown. Everybody knew the first football game of the season was a setup for Harvard. So Henry, he decides he will bet on Brown. Brown, naturally, wins. It got so nobody would bet with Henry. Everybody only wanted a piece of Henry's bets." One of Rosenfeld's travelling emissaries, a young woman, recently returned to New York from a trip through the West. She reported that during an overnight stay in Reno she had had a startling run of luck playing the slot machines. "All I had to say was 'This is for Henry!' and the silver dollars started falling out!" she told her colleagues. One dress salesman who worked for Bedford when Rosenfeld did has the theory that Rosenfeld was able to sense which would be his "lucky days" and that on those he would try out dresses on department-store buyers. This man went to the trouble of keeping a record of those days, with a view to doping out a lucky schedule for himself. One of his entries during 1937 reads, "Girl from dress factory goes around selling raffles for a new toaster. Sells hundreds of raffles. Who wins toaster? Rosenfeld! Same day he sells Lord & Taylor. Order for a hundred and fifty dresses."

People in the dress business who doubt whether Rosenfeld's success is all luck are by no means in agreement about what his business sense consists of. They agree that for themselves business sense includes a knowledge of such elements as styling, buying piece goods, selling dresses, financing future plans, advertising, and an activity known informally in the trade as "finagling." To be successful, they maintain, a manufacturer—unless he is Rosenfeld—must know them all. "With Henry Rosenfeld, it's like a murder mystery, a whodidit," a fairly successful and fairly weary competitor of the Wonder Boy has said. "I tell you, to be lucky and smart both is a terrific combination in the dress business. All right. But Rosenfeld, he gets dresses out for seventeen ninety-five retail which the same thing we are selling for twenty-nine ninety-five wholesale. A little change here, a little change there. Fundamentally, the same garment! Lucky and smart is not telling how he does it. Who does it? Who did it? A mystery!" By repeatedly telling each other that Rosenfeld has all kinds of mysterious business practices, his competitors have succeeded in making him a mystery in the trade. They do not get much opportunity to discuss the mystery with Rosenfeld, because they see very little of him. He says, with a certain satisfaction, that he doesn't really know more than three or four other dress manufacturers. He never lunches at the Broadway Longchamps. In fact, he recently went on a diet, so these days he rarely lunches at all. To keep his weight down, he eats only a small, late breakfast and a small, early supper. He does not attend trade meetings or trade philanthropic dinners. A manufacturer at 498 Seventh Avenue, where Rosenfeld also has his offices, said to a gossipy friend the other day, "Henry Rosenfeld is the garment-center hermit. Frankly, Rosenfeld could be a bigger man if he were only a little friendlier." Rosenfeld was astonished when this opinion was relayed to him. "Why, that man don't know me from Adam!" he said. "Why should I be friendlier? I got my own business to think about." Rosenfeld is, nevertheless, grateful when anyone on Seventh Avenue greets him. During the wartime shortage of piece goods, he managed to get all the piece goods he needed. A department-store buyer telephoned one day to say that a competitor, the firm of Kane-Weill, was badly in need of fine worsteds to fill an order. Rosenfeld instructed one of his assistants to turn over the necessary yardage to Kane-Weill. "I want Mr. Weill to have as much as he needs," Rosenfeld told the buyer who had called him. "Why, Mr. Weill *speaks* to me!"

Because Rosenfeld does not make any effort to explain his mysterious talents, he is occasionally called upon in his own offices by persistently curious men in the high brackets of business. When this happens, he is as overwhelmed as a fledgling violinist would be if Jascha Heifetz suddenly dropped in to listen to him practicing. A couple of months ago, Bernard Gimbel telephoned Rosenfeld and asked if he might come over. "It was the first time in fifteen years that Mr. Gimbel ever went out to visit a manufacturer," Rosenfeld

"It's rung six times in the last half hour. That five-day cruise is certainly paying off."

later told a friend. "He even invited me to have lunch with him!" The friend asked what they had talked about. "I forget," said Rosenfeld. "Mr. Gimbel did most of the talking. I just listened. I was so excited that it didn't register what he came to tell me." Some of Rosenfeld's business colleagues are discouraged by his amazement at being treated as an equal by men who have no more money than he has. "Mentally, Henry is still the little boy who wants to be a millionaire, even though physically he already is one," a vice-president of one of the nation's big textile houses said a month or so ago. "The reason he never takes a buyer to lunch at the Ritz is simply that he doesn't feel he belongs there yet."

TO many of Rosenfeld's employees and other admirers, the explanation of his success is simple. "Henry is a saint," the ladies'-sportswear buyer for Alexander's, a department store in the Bronx, once said. "To know him is to love him. He's always sweet, always adorable. An angel! From an angel only good comes for himself and for others." Less rhapsodic confreres claim that he has succeeded merely because he is so easy to deal with. "Henry is the most naïve man in a business of sharp characters. His word is better than most written contracts," one shrewd fabrics manufacturer has said. "This is one of the few industries where it is a feather in your cap if you honor a contract. Somebody is always suing somebody else in the dress business. People just don't sue Henry." The most severe demand Rosenfeld makes on the people he does business with is that they like him. "You have to be so careful not to hurt Henry's feelings," the president of a large silk-goods firm said a while back. "He wants everybody to be very nice to him."

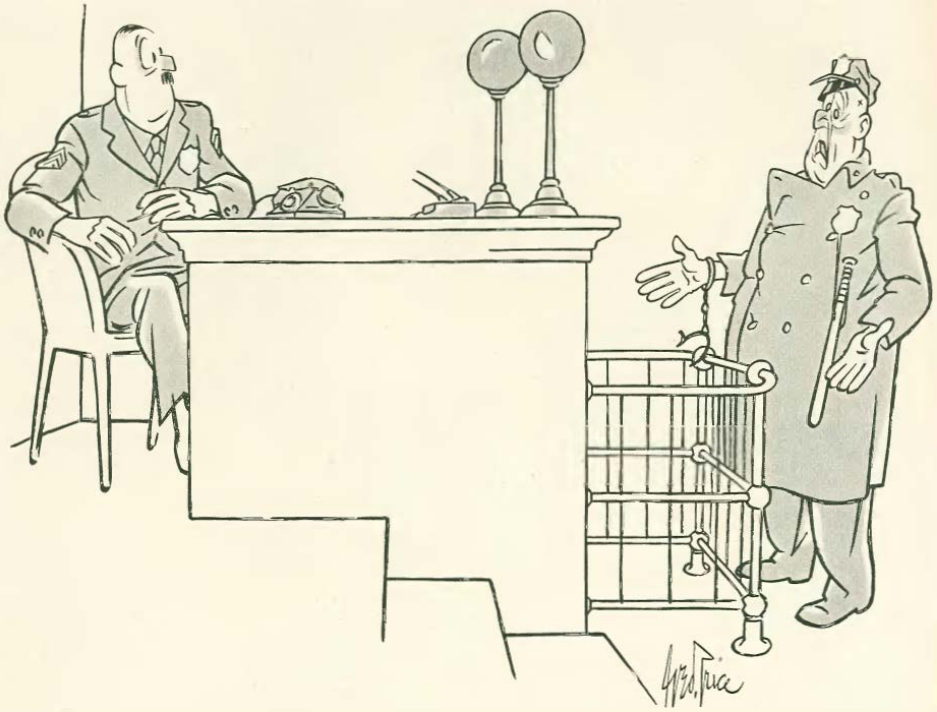
Rosenfeld often says that he doesn't care whether the people working for him—there are now four thousand of them—are smart or capable. "All I want from a man is he should be loyal to me," he says. "No matter how smart they are, I can't stand disloyal people." Firms that deal with the house of Rosenfeld often complain that this standard makes for a good deal of inefficiency. "If you want anything answered over there, you've got to get Henry personally," a department-store president says. A rayon man Rosenfeld occasionally looks to for advice once told him, "I would prefer to hire efficient workers and *buy* their loyalty." Rosenfeld disagreed. "It's important to me to have people who like me," he said. "If they can't do something so good in their job, I can always do it for them." One highly paid Rosenfeld salesman has the reputation of being a general hazard in the business. "If there is anything like a law for what a dress salesman should be, he defies it in every respect," one of his former employers says. "He's my good-luck piece," Rosenfeld says every time a complaint about the man is brought to him. "Besides, he's very loyal to me." One of Rosenfeld's cutters is known to be a Communist. Last summer, Rosenfeld gave the man four weeks' vacation instead of the customary three. "He asked me to join the Communist Party," Rosenfeld explained. "I turned him down, but I didn't want to make him feel bad, so I decided to show him I was a good capitalist." Rosenfeld employs twenty salesmen. Every time two of them get together, they talk about their employer. "There's nobody I'd rather be like than that man," a junior salesman declared passionately the other day. "There's nobody here he isn't a big brother to." Not long ago, Rosenfeld's chief salesman, a man named Marty Friedman, said, "If Henry told me 'Marty, go in the middle of Broadway and lay down and let four buses run over you,' I would do it for him."

All Rosenfeld's stenographers, secretaries, and other female employees wear no dresses but his. Not uncommonly, a number of them turn up at the offices wearing the same style, sometimes in the same color. "Usually I'd object—say, at a dance or a similar social gathering—if another girl showed up in my dress," one of the stenographers has explained, "but around here we know it makes Henry feel good if we wear his dresses, and, after all, it's nothing but right we shouldn't buy from a competitor. Besides, we get them all wholesale here." Many of Rosenfeld's executives, especially those who are related to him, complain that he is too easy with the people who work for him. "He's a big softy," says the brother-in-law who is Rosenfeld's production manager. "All you got to do if you want something from Henry is show one little teardrop. All you got to do is look sad." One day, a minor male employee was discovered leaving the premises with about a dozen Rosenfeld dresses under his overcoat. He was immediately fired by brother Albert. The man came tearfully to Rosenfeld and asked to be given his job back. "Go! Stay! Anything!" cried Rosenfeld. "Only look a little cheerful, please!"

The lack of emphasis on efficiency often leads to considerable confusion. A consignment of Rosenfeld dresses has been known to be sold twice, or even three times. Rosenfeld is always able to placate the injured parties. "Henry can straighten anything out," says a department-store man who has been a victim of several of these mixups. "We may not always get the dresses, but we sure are made to feel good about something." Once, David Nemerov, president of Russeks, who goes to Paris annually to buy dresses to copy, took one to Rosenfeld and asked him to manufacture several hundred duplicates. The two men agreed that no other store would get the dress. The day before Nemerov was supposed to receive the dresses, he opened a newspaper and found the model advertised by another store as being available exclusively there. "What could I do?" he says. "I call Henry, and all he says to me is 'No kidding!' As a matter of fact, Henry was innocent enough. That kind of mixup is always happening over there now that Henry's so big he can't keep track of everything himself." Most dress men find it difficult to understand how Rosenfeld can maintain his even disposition in such situations. No statistics have ever been compiled on the incidence of stomach ulcers among dress manufacturers, but almost every one of them except Rosenfeld claims to have this affliction. "In every little operation is a lot of aggravation," one manufacturer has said. "I fail to comprehend how Rosenfeld avoids it." Rosenfeld says that he merely dislikes having any kind of argument and wants everybody around him to be happy. "Why get a heart attack for a few dollars?" he says. He has never been known to raise his voice. "Henry is very muted," one of his salesmen once said. "It's always a smile on Henry. A millionaire already, and yet always a pat on the shoulder, like

you might think he was running for mayor."

ROSENFELD'S ability to avoid arguments, ulcers, and heart attacks makes him look a shade younger than most men in their late thirties. He is six feet tall, with a round face, a fair complexion, light-brown hair, liquid green eyes, and large ears. His recently adopted diet has brought his weight down from a hundred and eighty pounds to a hundred and sixty. In addition to being soft-spoken and good-natured, he has a polite, almost deferential, manner. "No kidding!" is his most violent expression, and he uses it to respond to almost any minor or major piece of news that is given to him. Mild as he is, he is determined about one thing: He wishes to be thought of as a millionaire. He likes the words "millionaire" and "million," and likes to talk of spending a million dollars at a clip. Occasionally, when he is compelled to speak of spending only two hundred and fifty thousand, he calls it "a quarter of a million." He does not pay his employees grandiose wages, but he is a fairly regular contributor to charity and to friends seeking financial help. He has a clear understanding of the value of money, but he doesn't hesitate to give it away. His contributions to charity are always made in the name of his mother. He owns forty-six suits, twenty of which he bought in one day, a while ago, in order to have a wardrobe that would fit him at his new weight. His suits are custom-made by Marty Walker, the Broadway tailor, for about two hundred dollars each and are always either navy blue or gray. He never wears brown, a color he considers uncheerful. The only jewelry he wears or owns is twenty-five pairs of solid-gold cuff links. He keeps eight suits, and a sufficient number of appropriate shirts and ties, in his office and changes his clothes at least once a day, a habit he acquired when he was at Bedford. When he departed from there, he left behind three suits, four pairs of shoes, and a pair of galoshes, all of which the firm has kept, in the hope that a touch of the Rosenfeld luck may be in them.



"Well, to tell you the truth, Sarge, I escaped from him."

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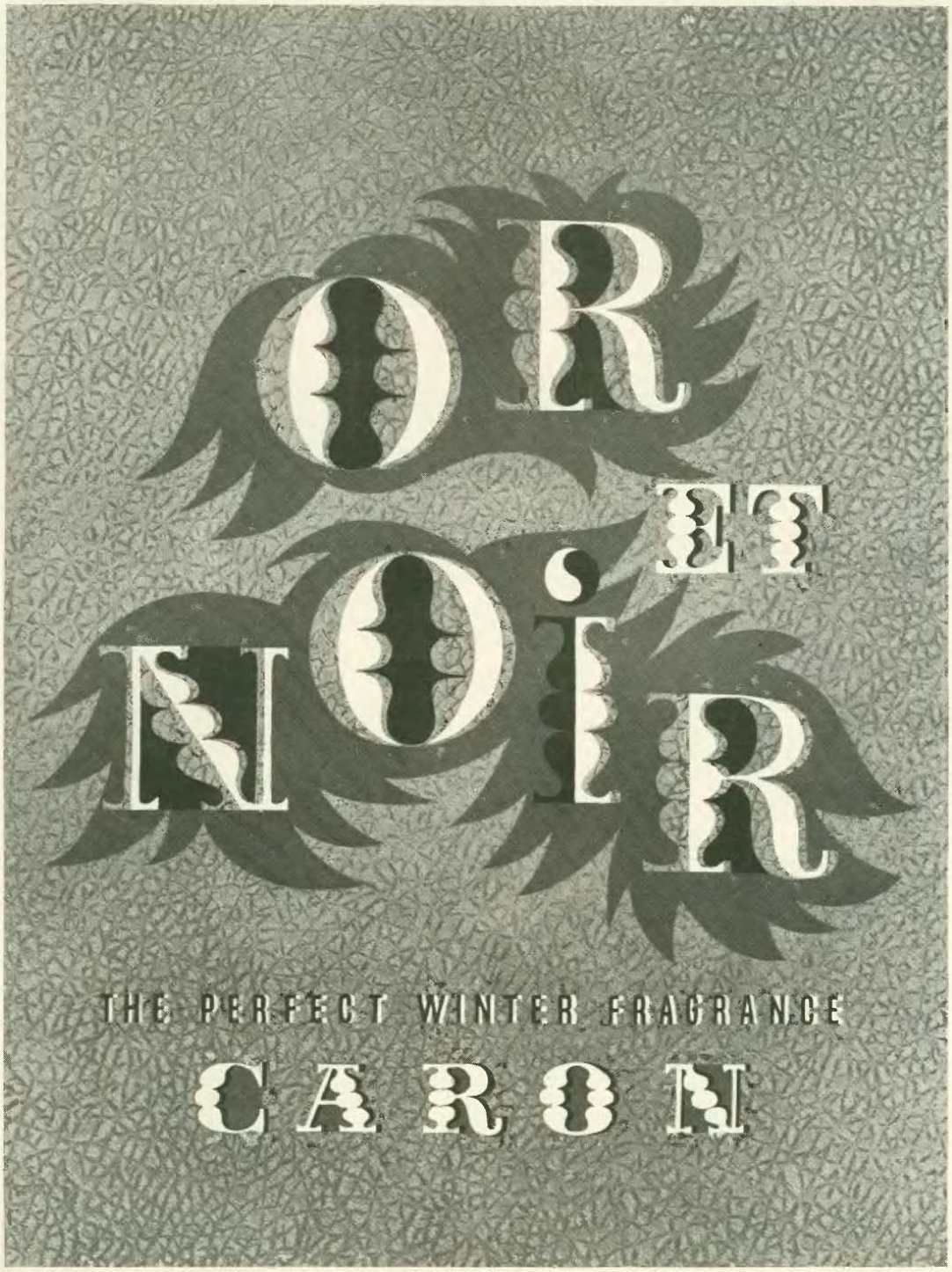
When Rosenfeld, at the age of nine, promised his mother he would be a millionaire, he also promised her that when he was, he would buy her a couple of mink coats, a home of her own in town, a summer place at Long Beach, and a lot of jewelry. All these she now has. She takes an annual winter trip to Florida, which her son also promised. At the same time, Rosenfeld promised himself that he would have a boat, a pony, a big automobile, a summer house at Atlantic Beach, and an airplane. All these he now has, as well as a six-room apartment in the Bronx, a wife, and two young daughters. In fact, he has more than one big automobile; he owns a large Chrysler convertible roadster and the latest and largest Cadillac available, equipped with a uniformed chauffeur and license plates reading HR-498—his initials and his number on Seventh Avenue. He owns a two-seater Luscombe seaplane, which he pilots himself. "My heart comes out, but it's his pleasure," says his mother. His enthusiasm for aviation is so great that in 1947, when he bought several dress factories in California, he planned to buy a couple of DC-4s and fly the sportswear he made on the Coast to New York. He lost a good deal of money on the factories before he could get around to buying the planes, and he dropped the idea. His driving license has been suspended twice for driving at ninety-five or a hundred miles an hour. "I love things I can go fast in," he says. "I'm crazy about speeding. I own the fastest speedboat on Atlantic Beach. When I was a kid, I used to watch rich people speeding past me in great big cars. I was never envious, though, because I knew that someday I would have a big car, too."

MOST dress houses receive buyers in their showrooms, which are usually impressively decorated. The majority of them have a Colonial fireplace, in which a fire never burns. "The fireplace gives us a more homey look," one manufacturer explains, adding rather elliptically, "For money you get honey." Rosenfeld has no fireplace. He says he doesn't need one, or a homey look, because his offices eclipse in splendor those of anyone else in the trade. This may well be true. The offices were

decorated two years ago by Dorothy Draper, at a cost of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. "I spared no effort to make the place a frame for Mr. Rosenfeld's vision," Mrs. Draper recalls. The offices occupy the entire second floor at 498 Seventh Avenue, and Rosenfeld's five-year lease calls for a total rental of four hundred and forty-five thousand dollars. "Biggest lease in the history of the dress industry," Rosenfeld says happily. "And now I'm taking the whole fourth floor for six years, at a quarter of a million more." All administration, designing, cutting, and shipping are done on the premises. The manufacturing is done at plants scattered along the Eastern seaboard. Rosenfeld has three showrooms, instead of the usual one, at his headquarters. One is for his regular dresses; the second, known as the California room, is reserved for the showing of sportswear; and the third is for a line of Rosenfeld cosmetics to complement Rosenfeld dresses. The terrain often confuses buyers. "My God, you need a green-lined map to go through the place!" David Nemerov told Rosenfeld one day, after searching half an hour for him. A circular marble staircase, with sky-blue carpeting and a handrail covered with red velvet in the shade of a Rosenfeld lipstick, ascends to a reception room from the lobby of the building. Among the features of the offices rarely encountered in a dress house are thick carpeting throughout, an English Regency cabinet, and three murals depicting life in California. The most inexpensive item in the bill submitted by Mrs. Draper for Rosenfeld's frame of vision was an eighty-dollar set of Wedgwood cups and saucers for the California room. When the offices were opened, the plants and flowers for the historic event cost close to a thousand dollars. In all the rooms there are a good many live plants that look as though they were growing out of the walls and radiators. There are plenty of chairs with foam-rubber cushions and plenty of armchairs with tufted backs. Muzak plays continuously everyplace in the house of Rosenfeld except the cutting room, where the noise of machines would drown out the music. The offices are comfortably air-conditioned, and the system is greatly admired along Seventh Avenue. During the summer, the trade drops in on one pretext or another just to cool off. Summer is the slowest season in the industry, but even then the offices are always crowded. There is also a public-address system, which at intervals issues a summons for someone in the cool, impersonal tone employed in hospitals. Rosenfeld's private office is equipped with a seven-hundred-dollar custom-built mahogany desk with a green leather blotter pad, a green leather desk calendar, and a green leather memo pad. A hundred-and-thirty-dollar green leather lamp is the only other object on his desk. "The rest I keep in my head," he says. Adjoining his office is a lounge equipped with a sofa bed, a kitchenette, a bar, a closet for Rosenfeld's suits, and a valet. Dorothy Manzer, a dress buyer at Best, frequently brings in out-of-town relatives for a tour of the place. "It's better than taking them to the Statue of Liberty," she says.

From noon, when Rosenfeld gets to his office, until seven or eight, when he goes home, the operations he handles are harrowing enough to give an ordinary dress manufacturer considerable aggravation. He takes them all calmly, if not joyfully. One afternoon, he was simultaneously dictating to his secretary, looking over sketches done by his designer, Elizabeth Hilt, for a new line of dresses, and listening to a complaint from his patternmaker about some shoulder pads that were too large. A piece-goods salesman was admitted, and Rosenfeld interrupted everything to give him an audience. Then Albert Rosenfeld, who is two years older than Henry and is the company's general manager, entered the battle for Rosenfeld's attention by demanding to know what should be done about the owner of a dress shop in Ridgewood, New Jersey, who had complained that Rosenfeld was selling his dresses to a competitor across the street when he had promised her that, since hers was the first shop in town to carry them, she would have them exclusively. Marty, the chief dress salesman, walked in and stood by flipping a quarter. Muzak swung into an energetic samba. One of Rosenfeld's five sisters, Lillian, entered to announce that she was four months pregnant and that another sister was three months pregnant. The public-address system then demanded that Marty come to one of the showrooms, a call that Marty did not heed. The publicity director walked in to tell Rosenfeld that *Women's Wear Daily* had quoted him as saying something significant about hemlines. A young woman from the United Press was ushered in. "Mr. Rosenfeld, will the bottom drop out of the clothing market?" she asked. "No," said Rosenfeld, and turned to Lillian. "No kidding, I'm weak in the knees



● Caron, 1950

already about the babies," he said. "Al, get rid of that woman from Ridgewood." "How?" asked Al. "Be nice to her. Don't hurt her feelings. She's an old friend," Rosenfeld said. Al shrugged and went out. The patternmaker said, "I could get for the same price a much smaller pad." "Use up the old ones first," Rosenfeld said ingratiatingly. The patternmaker sighed loudly. "Mr. Rosenfeld, what is the future of your dresses?" asked the United Press. Everyone listened as Rosenfeld told the United Press that he was going to try to bring his prices down. Then he turned to the piece-goods man. "I can use half a million dollars' worth of cotton prints this season," he told him. "Goodbye." He also said goodbye to his patternmaker, then finished looking over the sketches, and resumed dictating happily to his secretary.

Rosenfeld claims that the reason he can deal with all office matters quickly and efficiently is that before he arrives he has in mind a complete picture of what awaits him at his office. He usually wakes up at nine-thirty, has orange juice and coffee in bed, and then talks on the phone for an hour to various key subordinates about what they will be doing that day and why. "It's a system I worked out myself," Rosenfeld says. "I get a kick out of calling the office from bed."

Except for riding around in his boat, his plane, and his car at high speed, Rosenfeld has no interests outside his business. He rarely accepts an invitation to a dinner party. He goes to the theatre only when entertaining an important out-of-town buyer. (Rosenfeld went to see "Death of a Salesman," but only, he says, because he had to take an important buyer to an important show. He was unimpressed by the play. He dismissed Willy Loman as the kind of salesman who never gets very far in the dress business. "That salesman is typical of that type salesman," Rosenfeld said. "They think they're terrific and that everybody likes them, but they just happen to miss something. They get sidetracked. They spend a whole day selling fourteen dresses when they might be out cultivating an account—entertaining and like that—getting an order for fourteen *hundred* dresses. They don't know how to get people to really like them. They get off on the wrong track and they just stay on it. They have the idea that they are tops, and they all talk like they know everybody personally. Like a lot of salesmen I know. They go up to the president of Russeks and they call him Dave. They say Dave this, Dave that. *I* say 'Mr. Nemerov.' There's that difference between me and them.") Rosenfeld claims that he has never read a book in his life, except in school. "Never had time to read," he says. "Anyway, what can I learn from a book?" His newspaper reading, except for a glance at Winchell's column, is concentrated on clippings about himself and his dresses. He has never been out of the country and has no desire to go. Two summers ago, David Nemerov invited him to go to the French Riviera. "What do I want the French Riviera for?" Rosenfeld said. "I got Florida to go to in the winter for travel, but all I really want is to stay on the avenue for the rest of my life."

ROSENFELD's second-in-command is Paul Hershcopf, formerly a contractor who made dresses for Bedford and now the owner of one-third of the Rosenfeld business. He makes up for what Rosenfeld lacks in extracurricular activities. Hershcopf, a small, wiry man in his late fifties, is taking lessons in painting and in playing the piano. Last year, he took golf lessons. He has hung a number of his paintings, mostly mountain scenes in oils, in gold frames in his office, which is a smaller version of Rosenfeld's office. Several Hershcopf paintings hang in his Manhattan apartment, at the St. Moritz. His home is in Brooklyn, where he is president of the Association to Provide Brooklyn with Its Own Symphony Orchestra. "Dresses is not living," Hershcopf says. "I am interested in living fully."

Hershcopf is a Phi Beta Kappa and a Latin scholar. He taught Latin at Columbia until he got the idea that he might earn a better living in the dress business. He got a job in a dress firm in order to learn something about the business, and then became a contractor, producing dresses for a number of dress firms. He met Rosenfeld in 1931, when the latter was getting started in the garment business as a fifteen-dollar-a-week shipping clerk for a firm called Birke & Birke. "I liked Henry right away," Hershcopf says. "Anything you wanted to teach him he was very eager to pick up and learn." Hershcopf is now in charge of the manufacturing end of the enterprise. The partners have a high regard for each other. Either one can sign a check without getting the other's approval. "I'd sacrifice anything to make Henry happy," Hershcopf says.

He once tried, without success, to get Rosenfeld to take up painting. "Henry has a very unusual mind, but he can't draw a straight line," he said afterward. Hershcopf believes that Rosenfeld works too hard. When they started the firm, both worked from eight in the morning until midnight. Today, Hershcopf keeps short hours and, weather permitting, takes every Wednesday off for golf. "The business is all mental now," he explains.

By Hershcopf and all his other associates, Rosenfeld is called Henry, but they consider him somewhat distant. "Henry never lets you come too close to him," one of his top salesmen said recently. "He never lets you get personal with him." Rosenfeld says that he never gets personal with his business colleagues because he can never think of anything personal to tell them about himself. Frank Levi, vice-president of Belding Heminway, one of the country's largest fabric houses, once remarked that he had been listening to Rosenfeld talk for fifteen years. "Anything Henry tells me, I believe," he said, and then added, "Only trouble is, he never tells anything about himself." "What do they want to know?" Rosenfeld asked in amazement of a friend who told him that somebody in the trade had made this remark. "No kidding, I don't do nothing except pay attention to my business and my family."

The name Henry Rosenfeld has become familiar to millions of women, and many of them not only speak of him familiarly as Henry but seem to feel much closer to him than his colleagues do. He has acquired some of the attributes of a popular hero. He is probably the only dress manufacturer who gets fan letters. Of his fans, he says, "They're practically in love with me." He receives, on an average, seventy-five letters a week from women who want to discuss their dress problems with him, inform him how much they like his dresses, or just tell him how surprised they are to discover that he is young. Rosenfeld conscientiously answers every letter, sometimes twice. Once, for instance, he forgot to say in his first letter that he was trying to bring his prices down farther, and he immediately sent a follow-up letter. A sixteen-year-old girl in Charles Town, West Virginia, wrote to inform him that she was six feet two and had never been able to find pretty clothes to fit her. "My clothes always have that homemade look," she added. Rosenfeld replied that he would be happy to send her enough cloth to lengthen his dresses, if she would buy

them. "The poor kid!" he said to his secretary. "She don't deserve to be charged anything for the fabrics." A letter recently came from a lady in Newark who said she wanted to meet Rosenfeld. "I am eagerly anticipating Mr. Postman's delivery of an invitation to your next fashion show," she wrote. "Am all tiptoe about it." "Send her *two* invitations," Rosenfeld instructed his secretary. "Maybe she's got a mother." Rosenfeld is delighted with his fan mail and likes to let his friends read it. "Sometimes they even think I'm Macy's," he proudly told one friend. "Just today a lady wrote in requesting me to send her some aspirins. I answered her carefully that I only manufacture dresses but that she could get some aspirins from Bayer Aspirin." His fans often present themselves in person, and if he has time, he escorts them on a fast tour of his offices. Not long ago, while he was in conference with a financier, his secretary came in and whispered in his ear. "Excuse me," Rosenfeld said. "A woman just came in from Australia and she wants to meet me." A young lady once phoned him from Panhandle, Texas, to say that she had no clothes in which to present herself to a prospective employer. "I'm sending you three dresses, dear," Rosenfeld told her. "You owe me *nothing*."

Rosenfeld receives a couple of letters a week from young men who want to break into the dress business. "I was so moved to see a young man of thirty-eight reach the pinnacle of success in the business world that I adopted you as the man I would like to be like when I reach that age," wrote one. "I came to the conclusion that when you were very young you sat down and drew up a plan and stuck to it without any deviations and you must have been bursting with ambition. Ambition is contagious and I want to catch it now and hold on to it for the rest of my life." The young man has become one of Rosenfeld's junior salesmen. Another job-seeker had a newspaper printed with a banner headline reading, "HENRY ROSENFELD APPOINTS HAROLD BARON TO HEAD SALES STAFF." "I'd like to give the kid a chance," Rosenfeld said when he saw it, "but maybe we better encourage him to take up journalism."

"You know who made Henry?" a veteran in the dress industry said recently. "The magazine girls! They love Henry!" Although Rosenfeld's competitors are impressed by his ability to get his dresses publicized at no cost to himself, they don't seem to try to emulate him. "Henry understands the value of free publicity," the editor of *Glamour*, one of Rosenfeld's champions, has said. "He understands that we're doing him a favor when we come to him for the latest news on his dresses. Some of the others not only take the attitude that they are doing *us* a great favor, they act as though we were Mata Hari sent out to spy on them. I guess they think Henry Rosenfeld sent us." During Rosenfeld's first year in his own business, two of his dresses appeared on the covers of fashion magazines. The next year, Russeks began to acclaim Rosenfeld in its advertisements. Women were, and still are, invited to Russeks' shows of Rosenfeld dresses with the cry "Come and Meet Henry!" or "A Kiss from Henry Awaits You!," alongside a large photograph of the Wonder Boy. Other stores adopted the idea. "Oh, Henry!" a full-page advertisement of the Hecht Company, in Washington, D.C., began. "Who is Henry . . . what is he . . . that all our girls commend him?" the ad went on. "Henry is the chap who took the nondescript casual dress and gave it the dash and drama of genius. Henry is the designer [Rosenfeld has never designed a dress] who ripped off cutie-pie ruffles in favor of clean-cut simplicity and bubbling American charm. . . . Henry's flower-fresh dresses have American girls from sea to sea sighing, 'Oh, Henry!' "

Rosenfeld finds personal appearances at fashion shows a strain. "No kidding, I feel like a movie star!" he says. "I don't like all the kissing. I love to give autographs, though." There is usually an air of desperation about the audiences at Rosenfeld department-store fashion shows. Racks of his dresses are always standing nearby, and as soon as the shows end, the ladies bound over to them. Last winter, at a Russeks showing of Rosenfeld's summer dresses, an elderly lady fought her way clear of a crowd around a dress rack. "At least I've got *three!*" she cried, victoriously clutching that number of dresses, exact replicas of which were to appear a short time later in most of the Fifth Avenue stores and in many neighborhood dress shops in the city, as well as in Steubenville, Ohio (Steubenville People's Store); Edwardsville, Illinois (Kim's); Durango, Colorado (the Fashion Shoppe); Safford, Arizona (the Modern Dress Shop); Usumbura, Belgian Congo (M. J. Alhadeff, Inc.);

Durban, South Africa (Stuttaford's); and Bulawayo, Southern Rhodesia (Sanders, Ltd.).

All Rosenfeld dresses are labelled "Henry Rosenfeld New York Original." The term "original" is intended to distinguish a garment created by a designer for a single firm from a less expensive "copy" of the original by other designers for other firms. Another term that has an equally special meaning in an industry whose semantics are not always precise is "exclusive." The difference between an "original" and an "exclusive" has long been a matter of almost as much confusion as the difference between, say, the Virgin Birth and the Immaculate Conception, or the grammatical uses of "which" and "that." In many department stores and dress shops, the two terms are used interchangeably. Originals as well as copies are not confined to a single store but are made available to the buying public in many stores. The "exclusive" is an original that is confined to only one dress shop, and should technically be called an "exclusive original." When Sophie Gimbel, Saks Fifth Avenue's designer, turns out a two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar dress and calls it a Sophie original, it is not a Saks exclusive and may be made available to other stores. Similarly, there are Hattie Carnegie originals to be found in many stores, but others are confined exclusively to Hattie Carnegie's and advertised as Carnegie exclusives. Maurice Rentner originals and Nettie Rosenstein originals, usually priced at well over a hundred dollars, may be found in several stores in New York and in one store in each of several other cities; their degree of exclusiveness in either case is usually in proportion to the "exclusive" claims of the stores in advertising their dresses. By providing for so many women so many originals at prices of from one-fifth to one-tenth of a hundred dollars, Rosenfeld in 1949 did a gross business of sixteen million dollars, and made a profit of more than a million, before taxes. He received two-thirds of the net, in addition to his salary of a hundred thousand dollars. Some owners of Fifth Avenue department stores complain that the Rosenfeld originals in their stores can be found non-exclusively in almost every other store. None of them, however, have stopped dealing with Rosenfeld. "What can we do?" one store owner has said hopelessly. "Women keep coming in and demanding Rosenfeld originals. We've *got* to carry them." There is considerable appeal to the dress-buying public in the terms "original" and "ex-

clusive," and Rosenfeld has made good use of it. Occasionally, Rosenfeld will order a slight change made in an original—a Peter Pan collar, say, instead of a tailored one—and will confine this original to one store. The original with a different collar thus becomes an exclusive. There is no law regulating the labelling of dresses as originals or exclusives, and no law preventing designers from copying either. Very often the same style of dress may appear in one store as one manufacturer's original and in another store as a different manufacturer's original. Henry Rosenfeld has circumvented this problem by getting his originals into almost *all* stores that carry originals. (Rosenfeld Originals may also be found in stores carrying exclusives, stores carrying copies, and stores carrying exclusives, originals, *and* copies.) The president of a Fifth Avenue store, a querulous man noted for sudden fits of temper, has frequently charged that Rosenfeld has "prostituted" his name in every dress shop in the country instead of confining his dresses to the major stores. "Why, he is my *largest* account," Rosenfeld said when the remark was passed along to him. "You can't say *he* don't like my dresses!"

Peck & Peck have found a way of getting around the "original" problem; they take the Rosenfeld label out of his dresses and rename them "Peckets." Gimbel's just removes the Rosenfeld label and lets it go at that. The marks of the house of Rosenfeld are not easily obliterated, however. The words "Henry Rosenfeld New York Original" appear not only inside the dress at the back of the neckline but on the inside of the belt or waistband of every dress made by Rosenfeld. On Sundays, the *Times* and the *Herald Tribune* often carry several full-page advertisements for Fifth Avenue stores announcing, triumphantly, the same Rosenfeld dresses. Not long ago, three stores simultaneously advertised a certain Rosenfeld dress, each implying that nobody else had it. When clerks see women wearing his dresses into their shops, they mutter to each other, "Hello, Henry Rosenfeld." Two summers ago, one of his popular numbers, a Tyrolian cotton dress with horizontal bands of white around the skirt, was, according to a *Women's Wear Daily* reporter, worn by one out of every eight women who entered the New York Public Library. It is an old theory that women want to look the same as and at the same time look different from other women. Rosenfeld believes he has taken the paradoxical element out of this paradox. He maintains that he has given the low-income woman dresses in which she can look different from low-income women who have not yet discovered his dresses. "It's really not complicated," he says. "I don't make an inexpensive dress look inexpensive. I don't put the whole kitchen sink on it. I make it look simple. I make it look expensive."

A DRESS house, an axiom in the dress industry goes, is only as good as its designer. "All you need in this business is one good dress and you're made," a manufacturer who is yet to be made said recently. Rosenfeld's designer, Elizabeth Hilt, a practical and thrifty woman in her late forties, worked for several of the "class-market" houses before joining up with Rosenfeld. When Rosenfeld started his business, he merely bought designs submitted to him. Then someone said that he ought to have his own designer and suggested Miss Hilt. She was interested in finding out whether a simple, classic dress could be made to retail at from ten to twenty dollars. "It was an exciting idea," she says. "When I found out that Henry was excited by the idea, too, I lost no time moving over to him." Although Rosenfeld has never designed a dress, he is considered to have a good instinct for design. "I look at a dress and I know immediately whether it will sell," he says. He is generous in his praise of Miss Hilt, and she still finds his ideas exciting. "Three years ago, he called me in and said, 'We're going to make silks that will retail at twenty-five dollars,' and I went out and broke my neck to make the dress," she recalls. Last year, the house of Rosenfeld was the first to bring out a printed sheer nylon dress, retailing at $22.95, that dries in an hour, needs no ironing, and has indestructible pleating. Miss Hilt is highly regarded by the dress industry, but many Rosenfeld competitors contend that his dresses sell because they are merely copies of more expensive dresses. "We all copy expensive dresses," one of them has said. "We take a collar here, a sleeve there, a pocket maybe. But Rosenfeld, he can take a whole dress!"

Because of his unusual success in the

garment industry, Rosenfeld has been watched enthusiastically by other industries. "We need some Henry Rosenfelds in the furniture business," said a publication called *Home Furnishings Merchandising* a few months ago. "Rosenfeld should be an inspiration to everyone to aim high and keep faith with all," an official of the Pacific Mills Worsted Division has said. Rosenfeld likes to think of himself as self-made, but other people have certain reservations. "You kind of always wanted to help Henry become self-made," a self-made dress-shop owner has remarked. "You kind of always wanted to do things for him." Several big fabrics men are under the impression that they have helped Rosenfeld make decisions about his business. Each one considers himself Rosenfeld's mentor. "He confides in me," one of the vice-presidents of Burlington Mills said the other day. "He still talks to me like a young salesman trying to get along." "He asks me before he makes seventy-five per cent of his purchases," a Belding Heminway official claims. A vice-president of the Celanese Corporation of America has said, "Henry talks everything over with me before doing anything in his business."

Rosenfeld manages to keep his mentors as loyal to him as his employees are. Most of the buyers who dealt with him when he was a salesman have remained consistently faithful, too. A salesman who worked with him some years ago says that he knows how Rosenfeld gets people to do things for him. "The big buyers took to Henry," he recalls. "He had a baby face and polite manners and always acted like he was scared of them. That made people want him to feel that they liked him, and it made them want to help him." One lady buyer claims that he was not at all like the usual run of salesmen. "They were a tough bunch," she says. "Henry used more the manner of a college boy—like one of the kids you buy magazines from." Wells Peck, president of Peck & Peck, recently paid Rosenfeld the highest tribute one businessman can pay another. "Henry is the kind of fellow you feel it is a *privilege* to lend money to," he said.

—Lillian Ross

(This is the first of two articles on Mr. Rosenfeld.)

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CIO URGES NEW YORK
$100 MO. PENSIONS
Would Have Difference in Security Payments Made Up by Texas
—*Headlines in the Lewiston (Maine) Sun.*

Now, jes' hold on there, podner.

HERE'S THE ROADMASTER 130—with inches added to rear-seat legroom but even less over-all length. 130½-inch wheelbase. Five other models on 126¼-inch wheelbase complete the ROADMASTER line.

THIS BUICK ORIGINAL, the Riviera, is available for 1950 on SUPER as well as ROADMASTER chassis. Three power ranges.

LIVELY NEW POWER from the brilliant new F-263 valve-in-head straight-eight gives new lift to all SUPERS. Six models on 121½- and 125½-inch wheelbases—including this smart Convertible. 124 or 128 hp, Dynaflow Drive® optional.

JETBACK 4-door Sedans are available in both standard and de luxe finishes on the SPECIAL series.

FOUR JETBACK 6-passenger Sedanets are included in the line—two in the SPECIAL series, one each on SUPER and ROADMASTER chassis.

THE ESTATE WAGON is yours on either SUPER or ROADMASTER chassis. Three power ranges to choose from.

LOWEST PRICED OF ALL BUICKS, this 3-passenger Coupe is available in the SPECIAL series with a wide range of optional equipment, including Dynaflow Drive.® Perfect for small family or business traveler.

WHATEVER YOUR PRICE RANGE

"Better buy Buick"

Buick's the Fashion for 1950

Your dream car is here among the many gorgeous Buicks for 1950—cars high-lighted by smartness, handy size, roomy comfort, and the heart-lifting performance of increased Fireball power.

LOOK over these eight lovelies —and let your imagination roam.

Picture them stepping out with still greater power and higher compression—still more of that famous Buick life—and dressing every mile in the most distinctive style lines yet.

**Standard on ROADMASTER, optional at extra cost on SUPER and SPECIAL models.*

Imagine roomier interiors in easy-parking, shorter car length —the ease of feathery handling —the velvety luxury of Dynaflow Drive* if you wish it.

Conjure up closed cars and open cars, utility models and high-styled sportsters—a full line of varied models covering four wheelbases and five horsepower ratings.

To that add prices that put a Buick in reach of any budget above the very lowest price bracket—and you have a nutshell picture of Buick for 1950 —see why it's sure to be the firm-fixed fashion to travel in the Buick manner.

With so many models, it's plain we can't present the whole story here.

But you can get it at any Buick showroom — where you'll learn about style, performance, comfort—and the biggest choice Buick has been able to offer in eight long years.

And you'll learn about value. Value so great and a price range so sweeping that practically anyone who can afford a new car can now afford a Buick.

Yes, go see what your Buick dealer has to show. You'll want to place an order —fast!

When better automobiles are built BUICK will build them

NEW HIGH IN POWER THRILL!

All 1950 Buick SUPERS have a new valve-in-head power plant under the hood—the Buick F-263. Still livelier, still higher in compression, it has even more horsepower than before. Giving a standout weight-to-power ratio, it makes the SUPER the new 1950 pacemaker of the highways!

Tune in HENRY J. TAYLOR, ABC Network, every Monday evening

Your Key to Greater Value

***THIS TOURBACK SEDAN**—a 6-passenger 4-door model—heads a parade of brilliant SUPERS. One-piece windshield and wrap-around rear windows emphasize its great visibility. Four-door tourback Sedans are also available on the ROADMASTER and SPECIAL series.*

SEE YOUR NEAREST BUICK DEALER

THE THEATRE

MISS GEORGE, MASTER WHITE, AND DR. GOLDSMITH

GRACE GEORGE is, of course, one of the most accomplished and beguiling actresses on the stage and it is a great pleasure to see her back again after an absence of seven years. It is also a pleasure to see her surrounded by such satisfactory performers as Walter Hampden, Jean Dixon, and John Williams. This, however, is just about all I can say in praise of "The Velvet Glove," a thin little comedy laid in a Roman Catholic college somewhere up around Syracuse. The story has to do with the struggle between a high-spirited nun and a reactionary bishop over the ousting of a young history professor who has been charged with Communism, though it turns out that the most incendiary of his remarks is really only a quotation from the writings of Pope Leo XIII, who, as I'm sure you know, occupied the Vatican between 1878 and 1903. There is, I suppose, a certain amount of mild humor in the worldly maneuverings of a little old lady whose mind theoretically should be busy with things of the spirit, but it isn't enough for two and a half hours of entertainment, and since the author, Rosemary Casey, has no other jokes in her repertory, I'm afraid that "The Velvet Glove" can only be classified as a gentle bore. I hasten to add that this is a heathen opinion, influenced conceivably by the fact that a good deal of the reference was rather too special for me, and the chances are that it can be ignored by the devout.

While Miss George clearly dominated the proceedings at the Booth, I also admired Miss Dixon as surely the most peremptory nun ever presented in the theatre; Mr. Hampden as a nice old monsignor, with a faint brogue and no particular respect for his superiors in the Church; and Mr. Williams as the politically backward bishop. James Noble, as the crusading professor, and Barbara Brady, as a lay secretary—if that is the proper term, which I doubt—are asked to provide a species of love interest, and, on the whole, I think the less said about this the better. "The Velvet Glove" was directed by its producer, Guthrie McClintic, who has employed what might be called the chair-hopping, or going-to-Jerusalem, technique in a valiant attempt to conceal the static nature of the script. The setting was designed by Donald Oenslager, and I'm sure it is ecclesiastically correct, if not especially stimulating to the eye.

"LOST IN THE STARS"

In this picture, the Negro hero of the play at the Music Box is leaving the house of the man whose son his son has murdered. The characters shown here, left and right, are Todd Duncan and Leslie Banks. They appear in the Maxwell Anderson-Kurt Weill musical rendering of "Cry, the Beloved Country."

UNTIL its final moments, "How Long, Till Summer," by Sarett and Herbert Rudley, dealt simultaneously with two only vaguely related themes. In a bedroom at the right of the stage, a six-year-old colored boy went through a series of monstrous nightmares that were the result of his treatment at the hands of a brutal and intolerant white man. In a living room at the left, the child's parents and a wide assortment of other characters acted out a melodrama having something to do with the father's determination to make a fortune at whatever cost in bribery and corruption, and the mother's virtuous resolve to turn him back into an honest man. In his dreams, the boy saw himself caged like an animal while his white playmates assailed him with sticks and stones, or as the hero of a tenement fire, until someone pointed out that he was black and his admirers turned on him with cruel mockery, or as the potential victim of a lynching mob. These were fairly lurid sequences, particularly the last one, but it was possible to accept them as the product of a child's tortured imagination, and a remarkably touching performance by Josh White, Jr., often gave them real pathos.

The melodrama was something else, and I suspect that its value as a serious discussion of a social problem existed largely in the minds of the authors. The story, briefly, was about a young Negro lawyer named Mathew Jeffers, who at the opening of the play was a candidate for Congress and apparently almost sure to be elected. Very soon, however, it developed that there was a secret in his life that made two of his best friends, an editor and a doctor, reluctant to support him. The facts came out slowly, but eventually we learned that he had been on the payroll of a white gangster who dealt in narcotics and num-

hers but was principally infamous as the man responsible for a fire in which eleven Negroes died. Jeffers' primary function in Congress, it seemed, would be to forestall any investigation of this tragedy, and he had already received a handsome retaining fee for his services. Unfortunately, a photostatic copy of the check involved in this transaction had fallen into the hands of the doctor, who threatened to expose him as a traitor to his race unless he withdrew from the campaign and who heroically maintained this stand even in the face of a visit from one of the gangster's henchmen, who was plainly a handy man with a gun. For a while, Jeffers did his best to justify his conduct, claiming, as I got it, that money, however come by, is the Negro's only weapon in a hostile society, but in the end he succumbed to the higher morality advocated by his wife and the doctor and agreed to give up politics in favor of teaching, which presumably doesn't call for quite such an exalted standard of ethics. It was at this point that the two plots finally converged, since a culminating nightmare of his son's apparently had some bearing on his decision, but it was an arbitrary connection at best, suggesting facile theatrical invention rather than any real attempt to get at the causes of human behavior. No reviewer, obviously, wants to write slightingly of a play that is concerned with grave and important matters, but the adult sections of "How Long Till Summer" hardly fulfilled this definition. The protagonists were Negroes, of course, and their conversation occasionally turned on their social condition, but essentially their dilemmas had very little to do with color, being extraordinarily like those that beset the characters in a comic strip.

The grown-up actors who took part in the Rudleys' play included Josh White, Sr., as the corrupted candidate; Ida James, as his wife; Leigh Whipper, as the editor; Frank Wilson, as the doctor; Peter Capell, as the gunman; and Sam Gilman, as a drunken sadist whose fiendish demeanor as the source of the little boy's nightmares would undoubtedly have impressed Simon Legree. They all did their best, but since the lines given them were alternately strangely flat and absurdly ornate, it was uphill work, and the play closed after seven performances.

A PRODUCT of the American preparatory-school system, temporarily released in my custody, accompanied me to the opening of "She Stoops to Conquer," since his mother had plead-

ed a prior engagement with her knitting. Previously he had been notable for his wayward enthusiasm for numbing experiences in the theatre, having sat firmly through some of the most stupefying musical comedies in history and once even professing his admiration for a drama called "Grandma's Diary," which was generally regarded as one of the worst tribulations ever visited on a Broadway audience. Oliver Goldsmith, however, proved just a little too much for him, and at the end of the first half of the entertainment he turned to me rather desperately. "How would you like to just get out of this?" he asked.

By that time, Tony Lumpkin had finished explaining to Miss Neville about the jewels left in her aunt's custody and Kate Hardcastle had begun to impersonate a barmaid for Marlow's benefit and the final resolution of everybody's difficulties wasn't especially hard to figure out. I concluded that the educational value of the rest of the evening would be negligible compared with the suffering he seemed to he undergoing, so I agreed and we left.

"Except for Celeste Holm, we get better acting than that in the Periwig Club," he said in the taxi, referring to a theatrical organization in his institution. This seemed to me a trifle severe on a cast that included Brian Aherne, Ezra Stone, Burl Ives, Evelyn Varden, Staats Cotsworth, and Carmen Mathews, but I could see what he meant, since all these gifted people had been engaged in giving those somewhat overemphatic and heavily facetious performances that are usually deemed suitable for a revival that nobody finds himself quite able to take seriously. Beyond a comment to the effect that the Periwig Club employs more interesting scenery, too, this was the extent of our conversation about the night's offering, but I guess it covered the ground after a fashion.

"She Stoops to Conquer," to crowd a few facts into this note, is the first of four revivals that are being staged at the City Center under the supervision of Maurice Evans. It is scheduled to run through January 8th and will be followed by "The Corn Is Green," with Eva Le Gallienne and Richard Waring, and "The Devil's Disciple," with Mr. Evans himself and Dennis King. The identity of the fourth play is still unknown to me, but it is a long time since anybody has done "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."

—Wolcott Gibbs

OF ALL THINGS

THE second session of the Eighty-first Congress meets in clean, handsome renovated chambers. Everything is new and modern except the problems and the statesmen's faces.

•

The government of the Netherlands is getting well-merited praise for its generosity in transferring sovereignty to the newly formed United States of Indonesia. This goes to show what a little country can do for justice and liberty if sufficiently pushed.

•

We are told that it took Einstein thirty years to work out his new key to the universe. It seems only reasonable to let him have twenty years more to make it fit.

•

The year's end was, as usual, open season for prophets. One predicted Dewey would not run for President in 1952, and another predicted we would be sending rockets to the moon by the year 2000.

•

The Air Force has patiently investigated three hundred and seventy-five reports of flying saucers and found them all baseless. This has put an end to the matter forever—or at least until a week from tomorrow.

•

Mayor O'Dwyer returned from Southern climes to take a new oath of office. His Honor is getting to be quite expert at saying, "I do."

•

An unseasonable heat wave struck the Eastern seaboard in the week between the holidays. From Vermont came the strange story that maple sap was running instead of ski lifts.

•

A Michigan meteorologist finds that there is truth in many of the old methods of forecasting the weather. Science may yet restore our faith in Grandpa's rheumatism.

•

Despite a slow start, Christmas trade turned out to be highly satisfactory. It seems that at the last minute a lot of people broke down and gave themselves television sets.

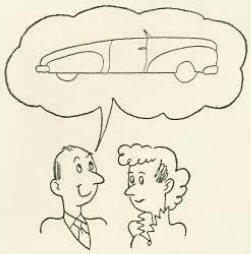
—HOWARD BRUBAKER

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Tracy & Hepburn on Torts

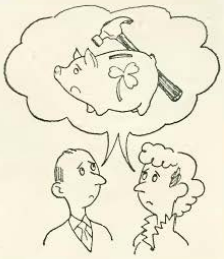
IN "Adam's Rib," Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn are back at their old marital stand doing a husband-and-wife turn, as they did in "Woman of the Year" and "State of the Union." This new connubial effort seemed to me quite an improvement on its predecessors. Based on a script by Ruth Gordon and Garson Kanin, the movie has to do with the domestic and professional activities of a lawyer and his mate, a lady legalist who can toss off a brief just as ably as the old man. Through the intricate grinding of the plot, these two are presently set against each other in court, the husband as the prosecutor and the wife as the defense counsel of a woman who has put a bullet into her spouse for philandering. In the course of the legal action, the problem of equal rights for women crops up, and the principals kick it around at length. I don't know whether any court would regard as cricket the intimacy between prosecution and defense that exists here, but the piece makes no pretense of being long on logic; as a matter of fact, it insists every now and then on being a bit *too* antic. By and large, though, it's amusing stuff, particularly when Judy Holliday, who plays the trigger-happy defendant, is on hand. Spelling Miss Holliday in the funniest sections of "Adam's Rib" is Tom Ewell, who touches up his portrayal of Miss Holliday's wounded husband with all kinds of expert buffoonery.

"THE AMAZING MR. BEECHAM" is a pleasant screen version of the play called "Yes, M'Lord," which came to town earlier this season. In the film, as in the play, A. E. Matthews dominates the proceedings as he potters about in the hugely diverting role of an earl who is lacking in both money and brains. Helping him along are Cecil Parker and David Tomlinson, the former playmg a stiff-necked butler who runs for Parliament on the Conservative ticket and the latter an attenuated young



Many would . . .

spend it . . .



if they had it . . .

and some who . . .

have it . . .

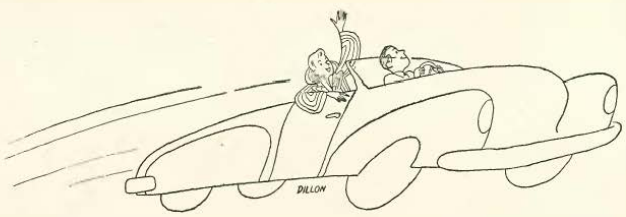
hate to spend it . . .

Holiday readers . . .

not only . . .

have it . . .

they're in the mood . . .



to spend it!

HOLIDAY . . . *the most MASSive CLASS market in the world!*

(Advertisement)

nobleman whose heart belongs to the Labour Party. The satire is pretty obvious, but the performers are all skillful, and a glimpse of Mr. Matthews is alone worth your time.

THE Australians, who gave us that fine film "The Overlanders" a couple of years ago, have come up with a picture entitled "The Rugged O'Riordans," but this time they haven't rung the bell. An account of the settling of the wilderness of Australia, it includes a good many breathtaking shots of mountains and jungles in the antipodes, but the home life and the romantic ups and downs of the family upon which the camera concentrates are only sporadically interesting, and the acting is only fair-to-middling. Some alarming scenes of wild horses running amuck are woven into the piece, along with one excellent knockdown, drag-out fight. The film might well be something for the children.

A COUPLE of packages of expensive-looking nonsense arrived in town during the week. One of them, "Prince of Foxes," makes the Italian Renaissance no more exciting than a lantern-slide show of "Views of Ancient Rome." Tyrone Power and Orson Welles chew up the lavish scenery. In the other, "Bagdad," Maureen O'Hara plays a desert princess set on avenging the death of her dad, who has been foully knocked off by some Mesopotamian Klansmen called the Black Robes. She would have done better to stay in her tent, cherishing his memory.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

A fat-soaked cloth covering the bird makes blasting unnecessary. If the chicken is not as brown as liked near the end of roasting remove the cloth.—*Detroit News.*

And stand back.

•

Rules for female guests after 10 p.m. are more strict and require written permission which must also be approved by the Secretary of the Graduate School of Arts and Science or the vice dean.—*Harvard Crimson.*

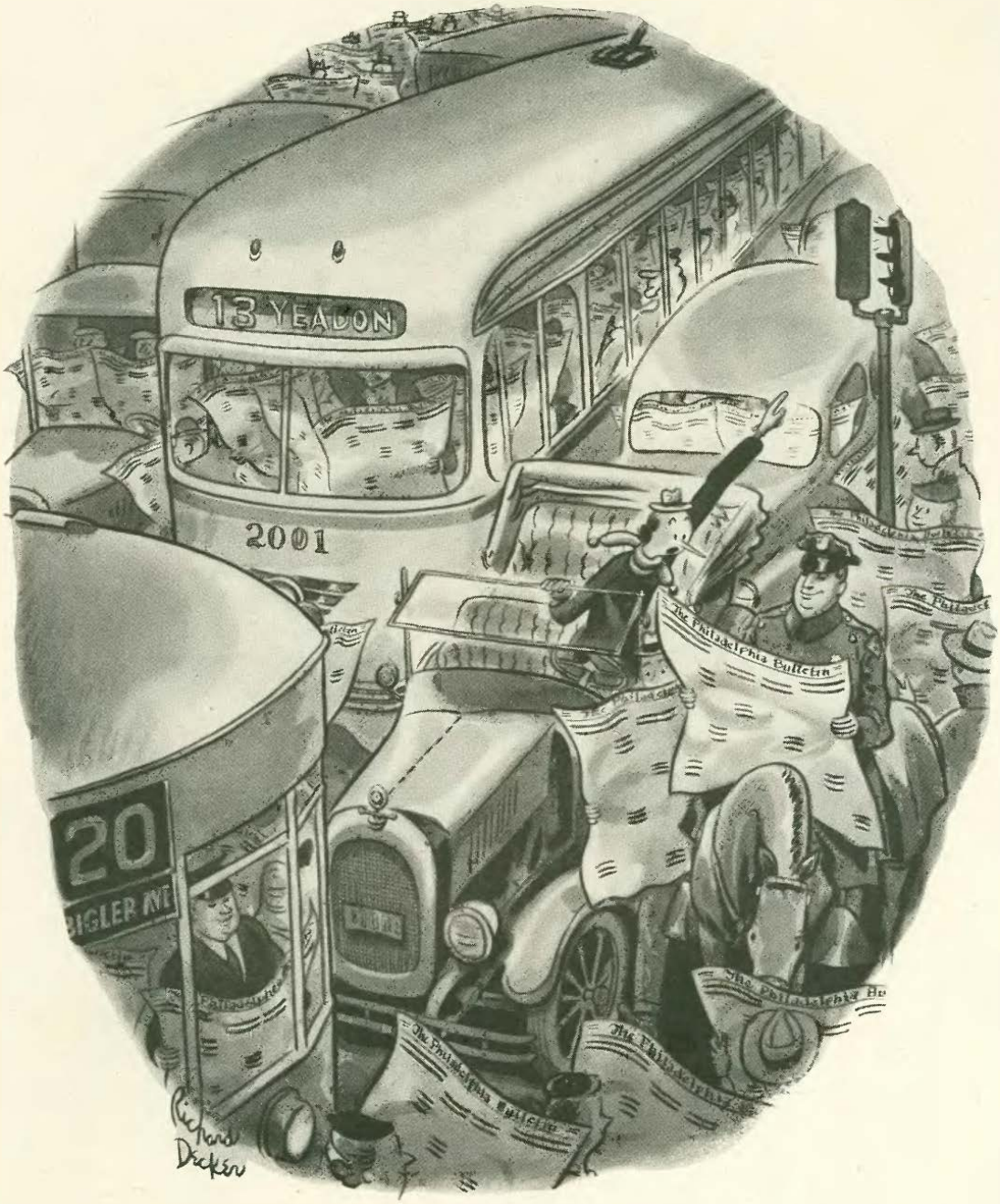
My! Do they have *them* now?

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Chapel Hill (N. C.) Weekly*]

Two little boys, David and Briggs Buchanan, have come from New York to visit Mrs. Logan. Mrs. Logan plans to drive to New York at this weekend for a stay of about two weeks.



In Philadelphia nearly everybody reads The Bulletin

THE WAYWARD PRESS

ASPIRINS FOR ATOMS, DOWN WITH BABUSHKAS!

THE most invigorating feature of life in Chicago, otherwise a fairly placid city, is one's daily encounter with the World's self-admittedly Greatest Newspaper, the *Tribune*. The visitor to Chicago, awaking unalarmed in his hotel room and receiving the *Tribune* with his breakfast tray, takes a look at the headlines and finds himself at once transported into a land of sombre horror, rather like that depicted by the science-mystery magazines, with additional points of resemblance to *True Detective* and "The Musket Boys of Old Boston," a book about the Revolutionary War that I read when I was young. As he turns the pages of the *Tribune*, the stranger is likely to get the feeling that some of the people and events he is reading about superficially resemble people and events he remembers having read about in the world outside, but he never can be sure. Comparison with other Chicago papers only adds to the confusion. Not long ago, for example, when the Chicago *Daily News* carried the headline "HOPKINS, WALLACE DEFENDED—SOUGHT NO ATOM SECRETS, SAYS GROVES," and the Chicago *Sun-Times* head read, "GROVES ABSOLVES HOPKINS AND WALLACE" (both page 1), the *Tribune* headline (on page 4) ran "DEMOCRATS HIT FOR 'WHITEWASH' IN ATOMIC PROBE—REPUBLICANS LEFT OUT; GROVES TESTIFIES." The texts of stories printed by the *Tribune*, on the one hand, and by the *News* and the *Sun-Times*, on the other, are even more disparate than the headlines; the only points on which the *Tribune* agrees with its two rivals are those reported scored in basketball and hockey games.

The effect on the adrenal glands of the morning dip into the *Tribune's* cosmos is amazing. The *Tribune* reader issues from his door walking on the balls of his feet, muscles tense, expecting attack by sex-mad footpads at the next street corner, forewarned against the smooth talk of strangers with a British accent, and prepared to dive behind the first convenient barrier at the sound of a guided missile approaching—any minute now—from the direction of northern Siberia.

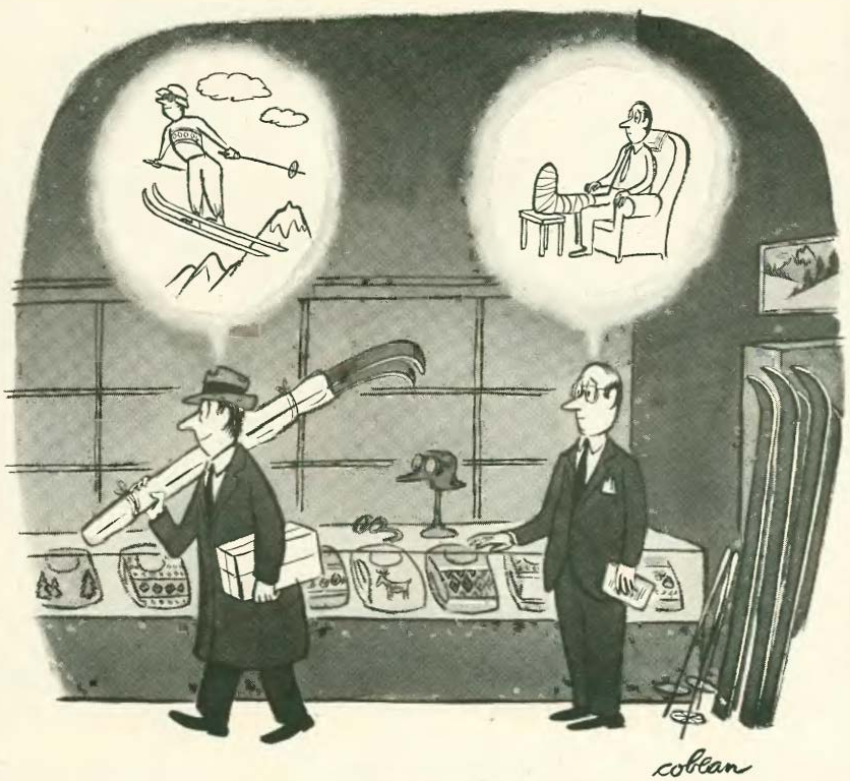
Thus, when the World's Greatest Newspaper recently carried this headline on its front page

NEW TRIBUNE TYPE
EASIER ON THE EYES
SPEEDS READING; CUTS FATIGUE

to announce that it had adopted a larger body type—8-point instead of 7—Chicagoans swiftly realized that the change was a war measure, for another headline, a couple of columns over, read, "A-BOMB EXPLOSION HELD SERIOUS TO 2 MILE RADIUS," and the back page of the paper was entirely devoted to plans for the installation of atomic-bomb shelters in the Tribune Tower, where the World's Greatest originates. The atomic-bomb-shelter story, it seemed clear, had been timed to coincide with the story about the new type and the one about the two-mile radius, so that readers racing for the protection of distance or of the Tribune Tower would not lose time trying to decipher small print.

In the center of the page outlining the bomb-shelter plans was a drawing, two feet high, by Curt Gfroerer, a staff artist, showing the Tribune Tower sliced down the middle, with what looked like rows of dimes in the corridors (we'll get to those later) and, next to each floor, two sets of digits, which, a legend explained, indicated the number of refugees the floor could accommodate and the number expected to use it. (S.R.O. on most floors.)

"The plans are the result of conferences of *Tribune* department heads, based on the best scientific advice available," the caption under Gfroerer's drawing read. The *Tribune*, it developed, didn't care for the treatment it had received from certain potential sources of scientific advice. "In devising the world's first atomic-bomb protection program, the *Tribune* has been compelled to rely upon its own resources," Roy Gibbons, the author of the story accompanying the drawing, wrote reproachfully. "When a *Tribune* reporter, more than two years ago, called on Maj. Gen. Leslie R. Groves



"Our beer is RHEINGOLD the Dry beer!"

say JINX FALKENBURG and TEX McCRARY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PATSY-N-HESSE

1. "Doing radio programs and newspaper columns," say famous Jinx and Tex McCrary, "we learn something every day. For instance—do you know what city has the longest street? It's the same city where the most beer is sold—New York!

2. "And—of course—the favorite beer of all New York is the *one and only* Extra Dry Beer — Rheingold! Yes—it takes Rheingold's wonderful *extra dryness* to let the clean, clear, real-beer flavor come through!"

No wonder Rheingold Extra Dry is New York's largest-selling beer. Its pale crystal color — symbol of superior quality — its bouquet, its distinctive *dry* flavor tell you *why!* Yes — in this great city, where more beer is sold than in any other city in the world, the demand for Rheingold is greater than for *any* other beer.

It's beer as beer should taste—
the one and only **EXTRA DRY!**

BREWED BY *Liebmann Breweries*, BREWERS FOR 113 YEARS. EST 1837—IN NEW YORK 1834.

and the special-weapons section of the joint chiefs of staff, he was virtually laughed out of the Pentagon Building. . . . Because of . . . the fact that the Truman administration still is withholding engineering specifications on how to build scientifically-constructed A-bomb shelters, Col. Robert R. McCormick, editor and publisher of the *Tribune*, instructed designers of the *Tribune's* refuge areas to do the best they could with natural resources available to them." (The *Tribune* would be a likely first target for an aggressor, the Colonel doubtless had assumed, reasoning that without it the country would be simply a brained giant.) It was realized, Gibbons continued, that in the event of a hit within a crucial radius everybody in the building would probably be killed. Nevertheless, possibly acting on the artillerist Colonel's conviction that Russian gunnery is seldom what it should be, the *Tribune* proposed to go ahead anyway and line its corridors with rolls of newsprint, in order to get as much mass as possible between its employees, tenants, and reader-refugees and the radiation of the bomb. This accounted for the rows of what looked like dimes in the cross-section picture.

"Ordinarily these rolls are 5½ feet high, 40 inches wide, and weigh around 1,800 pounds," Gibbons explained. "Because objects of this size could be moved only with difficulty through doors leading to the shelter sites, Park [the *Tribune's* production manager] received permission from Col. McCormick to have the *Tribune's* mills at Thorold, Ont., turn out special size rolls 36 inches in diameter. The smaller rolls contain almost five miles of paper and weigh 1,550 pounds. Orders for their manufacture already have been placed, and when the rolls are received they will be stored in readily accessible places for distribution throughout Tribune Tower. . . . Under present plans, the rolls of paper would remain in storage until, for example, the present 'cold war' generates alarming heat or a warlike move indicates open hostilities may develop. [Here Colonel McCormick seems to be discounting the chance of a sneak, or Pearl Harbor, type of attack with supersonic missiles.] Then thousands of the rolls of paper would be moved to various shelter locations."

Should the cold war begin to get hot, the *Tribune's* publisher is going to let his people know about it at once. "To inform the *Tribune* population and others in the neighborhood of Tribune Square that an atomic-bomb attack is imminent, a steamboat whistle soon is to be installed on the seventh floor," I learned from Gibbons' story. "The whistle to be used is 4 feet high, 10 inches in diameter, and weighs 200 pounds. It was taken from the steamship Yale [Colonel McCormick is a Yale man], a vessel constructed in 1906 by the Delaware Shipbuilding and Engine Works, Chester, Pa. . . . In tests of the whistle in the *Tribune's* machine shops, using only 90 pounds of compressed air, it emitted an earsplitting sound."

Colonel McCormick, Gibbons continued, had suggested to officials of the Illinois Bell Telephone Company that, instead of relying upon his earsplitting whistle to warn the whole community, they ring all the telephone bells in town simultaneously—a special short ring—to signal an attack. The officials had rejected the idea (with regret, they had informed Colonel McCormick) because "under present conditions it would not be possible to accomplish multiple ringing without passing so much added current through the wires that the telephone cables would be melted."

Not the least remarkable feature of the Colonel's plan, it seemed to me, was its attention to details. "In equipping the shelters [I again quote Gibbons] it will be necessary to provide thousands of items such as medical supplies, excavating and demolition equipment, and apparatus for extinguishing fires. Capron [manager of the Tribune Tower] has made an inventory of all these needs, *even to the number of aspirin tablets that must be stockpiled.*" It was this last demonstration of prescience, which I have italicized, that really staggered me. I would have been unable to predict even the number of headaches likely to result from an atomic-bomb attack combined with an earsplitting whistle, or from either separately, and here was a *Tribune* man who knew, down, presumably, to the last five grains, how many aspirins would be needed to cure the unborn *Katzenjammer.*

THE aspirins, the warning whistle (dating, significantly, from the administration of Theodore Roosevelt), and the rolls of paper weighing 1,550 pounds apiece (as much as 775 Sunday *Tribunes*) offer an example of the *Tribune* gift for tangiblizing a situation, to borrow a verb from Father Di-

vine. In drawing up and announcing his unique plans for insulating the Tribune Tower's interior, he has helped to spread still further the fame of a building that he considers Chicago's chief architectural glory. All visitors to the Tribune Tower, a thirty-six-story specimen of Business Gothic, may obtain, on request, a free sixty-four-page heavy-paper brochure telling exactly where the edifice belongs in the hierarchy of mankind's creative efforts. "Words cannot describe the beauty of the Taj Mahal," the brochure begins. "Man fails to voice the true impression of the magnitude of the Great Pyramid. To say that Tribune Tower is a stone skyscraper which is square in plan and isolated on all sides is to describe a Brahms symphony as a musical composition written for a number of instruments. To appreciate the music of this great master you must hear it. To appreciate the symphony in stone which is Tribune Tower you must see it, experience it, live in the same community with it. . . . It is an impulsive flame of beauty caught in a mold of stone!"

Chunks of older buildings that the Tribune Tower rivals—Westminster Abbey, Notre Dame, and the Taj itself—are embedded in its façade. There are also a number of chunks from edifices of merely romantic or historic note, such as the Castle of Chillon, the Alamo, and the old General Post Office in Dublin, where the Easter Rebels defied British tyranny in 1916, as the *Tribune* has been doing since long before that.

Aesthetics, however, has not been the Colonel's chief consideration in his contemplation of the Chicago Taj. "While Tribune Tower is the most beautiful commercial building in the world," the booklet states, "it is primarily the workshop of the world's greatest newspaper." So the Master of the Tower, although a renowned patron of the arts (he sponsors an hour broadcast of operetta every Saturday evening), is primarily a man of wide vision. How wide, anyone with no more than a novice's experience in *Tribune* reading could begin to guess from a piece the paper printed a couple of weeks after the publication of its defense strategy in 8-point. This was a front-page story by Walter Trohan that appeared under a Washington dateline and the head:

PLAN DICTATOR
IF WAR WIPES
OUT CAPITAL
ARMY WOULD TAKE OVER RULE

"The defense department has plans for a military dictatorship if war should

come with a devastating atomic attack upon the national capital," Mr. Trohan started off. "One of the nation's outstanding military leaders told the *Tribune* that the military will take over under disaster plans if civil government is blasted. . . . The military leader acknowledged that the military . . . can run war efficiently and economically if it is not hampered by too nice a regard for civil laws." Experts had told him, Trohan said, that "one atomic bomb, no more powerful than that which destroyed Nagasaki, would finish Washington as a useful seat of government." The *Tribune's* plot line was becoming distinguishable: the Colonel was once again getting ready to snatch the ball as it fell from the numbed fingers of the unprepared and fumbling East and run to a touchdown, as he so often has in the past in the pages of the World's Greatest Newspaper.

Three days after Trohan's story, the *Tribune* ran an editorial headed "A Slight Itch of Dictatorship." This began: "A highly-placed military leader has described to Mr. Trohan, of the *Tribune's* Washington Bureau, the Army's 'disaster plans' under which it would take over control of civilian affairs in areas subjected to surprise attack by atomic bombs. If an atom bomb in Washington destroyed the civilian personnel of the Federal government, military control probably would be imposed on the whole nation, this officer said. This is a suicidal policy."

Decentralization is the answer, the *Tribune* concluded; let authority return to the civilian governments of the individual states and let them reconstitute a federal government. Although Colonel McCormick hasn't publicly made the offer yet, I suspect he'd be willing to let the new government take shelter behind the rolls of newsprint in the Tribune Tower, from the seventh floor of which the S. S. Yale's earsplitting whistle could function as the nation's new Liberty Bell. He is a man with a sense of destiny.

WORKING to tangiblize the national emergency for a younger segment of McCormick readers, Jimmy Savage, who runs a column in the *Tribune* called "Tower Ticker," has been waging an attack on what he considers an insidious, Sovietizing headdress, the babushka. This, I have learned through personal inquiry, is a colored kerchief that girls, especially schoolgirls, put over their heads and tie under their chins, producing an effect that does not strike me as specifically Russian;

instead, it has a vague association with the way all immigrant women used to be dressed in book illustrations.

"We propose a citywide burning of the babushkas!" Savage wrote one morning not long ago. "These regimenting rags, which convert pretty, young Chicago faces into moon-round parodies of peasants, have made the teen scene resemble potato digging time on a Soviet collective. Watching those farm-fresh, 4-H club visitors to the livestock show [one of Chicago's great annual winter events], we noted that not one of them wore that sloppy substitute for headgear. . . . Those youngsters were American farmers, too proud of their heritage to wear the slave-scarf symbol of European field hands. Are our Chicago kids less smart, less proud? To the torch then, and the burning of the babushkas!"

Five days later, the *Tribune* proudly reported the first positive result of Savage's crusade, leading off with "To cries of 'Down with babushkas,' 60 girls of the senior class at Jones Commercial High School huddled around a blazing fire in the schoolyard yesterday and heaved their bright-colored headgear into the flames." Savage attended the burning and made a speech. "Down with babushkas!" the *Tribune* quoted him as crying. "Down with the slave-scarf symbol of the steppes! To the torch, to the flames! Down with babushkas!"

Norma Lee Browning, a *Tribune* reporter assigned a few weeks ago to pose as a wayward girl and find out whether Chicago has a heart, wore babushkas most of the time as she threw herself, day after day, on the mercy of the city. The serialized narrative of

Miss Browning's adventures began under this two-column headline:

WAYWARD WOMAN FINDS
CHICAGO HAS A HEART
SHE DISCOVERS FAITH AND IS GIVEN HOPE BY UNFORTUNATES DWELLING IN THE CITY'S SLUMS

Miss Browning's first lead was bolstered by a column of boldface citations from Luke and Matthew, subheaded "Golden Rule," "Good Samaritan," "Mercy," and "Charity." Throughout her pieces, she professed to be "seeking the truth in the poet's immortal lines: 'Alas for the rarity of Christian charity.'" Miss Browning introduced herself by writing that she had been instructed by her editor to learn what it was to be alone and penniless in the cold, cruel city. She found that it was pretty nice, and that no need of a welfare state was indicated. The only place, in fact, that did not receive her with instantaneous warmth was, as all readers familiar with the *Tribune* undoubtedly had anticipated, the State Department of Public Welfare, "supported by taxation, not contribution," where "the reporter, dressed like an urchin," had to wait patiently for five minutes "while the government employee finished her social telephone chat" and then "looked up, slightly bored." Miss Browning didn't even hit this relatively chill spot until the third day of her wanderings, and when she did, the government employee she encountered there sent her to an agency that helped her—by referring her back to private charity, as any seasoned *Tribune* reader could have anticipated.

As it happened, Miss Browning brought the immortal poet up only to knock him down; she found charity everywhere—a one-hundred-per-cent endorsement of the *Tribune's* belief that, for all the ominousness surrounding Chicago, the city has a heart of gold. On her first time out, she wore "red shoes with runover heels, a short yellow dress, white sweater sleeves extending beyond the too-short sleeves of a shabby red coat, and a black straw hat adorned with huge gardenias." She also painted her face. Even so attired, she reported, "as a down-and-outer in the cold, heartless big city," she found it anything but heartless. Within three hours, she had been offered "free shelter and food, carfare, a potential job, and the friendliness of complete strangers in Chicago's Skid Row missions."

In an attempt to augment her repulsiveness, Miss Browning abandoned the black straw hat with huge gardenias and took to the babushka, which she fa-

vored in most of her subsequent forays. The results of the change were negligible. The headlines on successive stories supply a measure of her failure to repulse: "'INDIGENT' GIRL FINDS FRIENDS AT EVERY TURN—'COLD CITY' WARMS TO HER WOES;" "WAIF IN NEED FINDS CHARITY REALLY EXISTS;" "PASTORS OPEN THEIR HEARTS TO SEEDY MISS;" "BIG CITY OPENS ITS HEART; WAIF GIVEN FOOD, JOB, HOME;" and "CLERGY GIVE SHABBY WAIF TRUE CHARITY." Wearing, in the adventures chronicled in one installment, "a wrinkled babushka, faded blue coat, shabby and too short in the sleeves, and toeless shoes with runover heels," she had, within an hour after appealing to a minister, "found friends, food, and shelter as an anonymous vagabond in one of the largest cities of the world." In another installment, she told how, "dressed as a poor, shabby woman of the streets . . . in a wrinkled babushka and frayed coat," she had gone about putting the bite on a clergyman. "'Haven't you ever—worked?' he asked hesitantly. . . . It was obvious he thought [the reporter] a strumpet." But he wished her good luck anyway and suggested that she might get a job in one of Thompson's Restaurants. I kind of wish she had.

—A. J. LIEBLING

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OUR FORGETFUL EDITORS

And this is where U.S. STORIES can be of value to the beginner who wants to write. . . . The beginning writer so often has trouble in conveying speech, especially when colloquialism or dialect is involved. Usually he works too hard at it, overloading his dialogue with meticulously spelled mispronunciations, carefully dropping every *g* from every *ing* and decking the whole with a vast quantity of apostrophes. The experienced literary artist suggests his local speech effects instead of overdoing them . . .—*From the foreword to "U.S. Stories."*

"Hit jes' entah meh mine, Brothah Hyatt," he remarked casually, "tuh wondah huccum yo' haid tuh suppoht a blue eye on de lef' an' a brown eye on de right. Hit done make yo' 'peah pow'ful extin-g'ished tuh be sho'. Does yo' know huccum de Lawd tuh favah yo' dat a-way?"—*The first dialogue in the same book.*

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At the time of the enactment of the Rent act of 1949 and for some time prior thereto, there was actually no housing shortage but merely a serious maldistribution of population in the available housing units. —*From a brief filed with the Supreme Court.*

Or a maldistribution of housing units in the homeless population, if you want to look at it another way.

MUSICAL EVENTS

The Lighter Side

THE artistic fame of Oscar Levant, like that of Margaret Truman, owes a good deal to considerations that are not purely musical. His gifts as a pianist were sufficient, nevertheless, to provide an excellent performance of Arthur Honegger's Concertino for Piano and Orchestra, which was by all odds the most interesting of the contemporary works on Thursday evening's Philharmonic-Symphony program in Carnegie Hall. The concertino is an adroit and mildly amusing composition dating from the Paris of the nineteen-twenties, full of musical quips, foursquare rhythms, cocky trumpet blasts, and rhapsodic references to the blues. Like most of Honegger, it has a certain authority and craftsmanship. But, again like most of Honegger, it is surface music, containing little beyond the sensual impressions one gets from the notes themselves. Dimitri Mitropoulos, who conducted, gave these notes the benefit of a very lucid performance. As it came to an end, Mr. Levant bounced up to receive the applause with the defiant air of a prize-fighter who has just heard the opening gong. Later in the evening, he devoted his talents to that thundering and unquestionably effective musical best-seller, the Khatchaturian Piano Concerto. I was unable to stay past the first few phrases of this work, a fact that caused me no regret, as it is not as popular with me as it seems to be with the musical public in general, but the few phrases I heard were delivered with the expected force and spirit.

Also on the Philharmonic program was the first New York performance of Philip Greeley Clapp's unassuming "Overture to a Comedy," which is short and reasonably entertaining, and Brahms' Fourth Symphony. Mr. Mitropoulos's conception of the latter work was somewhat lacking in the heartiness and weight I enjoy hearing in Brahms, but for those who like their Brahms polished, elegant, and intellectual, it was an admirable one.

EARLY last week, following a long absence from New York, the Hindu dancer Uday Shankar turned up at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre

with a company that was largely new, and a typically varied selection of Oriental pantomimes, dances, and music. Though he is now obviously less of a dashing figure than he was at the time of his first appearances here, some fifteen years ago, he still has a great deal of his old showmanship and charm. In evaluating an art as exotic as his, one is always faced with the question of whether it should be taken within the framework of the theatre as we know it or should be regarded primarily as an ethnological demonstration. The presence on his program of a number of things that indicated strong Western influence—notably his rather elaborate orchestra (some of the instruments of which are at least uncommon in India) and certain acts that looked almost like relatively sedate Russian Cossack divertissements—led me to suspect his ethnology. So, like most of his audience, I relaxed and accepted the performance at its face value. From this point of view, I found several things to admire. Among them were Shankar's amazing muscular control, exhibited mainly in the snake-like rippling of his arms and shoulders, and his and his partner Amala's mastery of the Hindu technique of gesture, in which, apparently, fingers and eyelids are as important as limbs and torsos are in the more athletic art of Western ballet. I also noted with approval the splendor of the company's costumes and the contributions of a group of appealing little Hindu ballerinas quaintly named Priti, Dipti, Gita, and Smriti. Altogether, I found the show a pleasant enough evening of light entertainment.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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For Hilary, returning after his war service to Paris—the Paris of dingy cafes with wonderful food, where men and women sat and talked of poetry and art, of dirty alleys leading to a back garden with a tree in it, the Paris which is part of the world of Provencal sun and Greek wine, of gypsy music in Hungary and the chatter of an Italian marketplace, is the old city of the young, and every man returning to it after the war thought for a moment that he lived again in his own free youth and a pre-war world—and then discovered that Paris had suffered ordeal by occupation.—*Lewis Gannett in the Herald Tribune.*

Let's see, now—what became of Hilary?

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OUR OWN BUSINESS DIRECTORY

Read & Wright, real estate, Beverly Hills, Calif.
Carnal Amusement Co., Fort Smith, Ark.
Snuf-Odor Co., New Rochelle, N.Y.

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

SOCIAL historians may or may not find any significance in the disappearance of the hanging lamp, but, from my own undependable observation, I am inclined to believe that the influences that shaped family life were weakened when the droplight was removed from above the tables of New England and the Middle West and *la suspension* finally became outmoded in French dining-living rooms. Something—although I am not sure what—simply must have happened to a family whose members retired from a cozily lit circle around the center table to the four corners of the room to sew, study, read the comics, and do crossword puzzles under separate and strictly individual lamps. Since this theory, if strained any further, might very well explode in my face, I shall not predict that a group of remarkably beautiful suspension lamps designed by Paavo Tynell and sold (through decorators) at the Finnish-American Trading Corporation, 41 East 50th Street, is going to bring about any renaissance of domestic solidarity, but it is likely, and certainly to be hoped, that these new imports will serve as inspiration to American designers of lighting appliances, who, having just about exhausted the possibilities of the poor old gooseneck, are, heaven knows, in need of inspiration of some sort.

Mr. Tynell, who enjoys a very high reputation not only in Finland but throughout Scandinavia, has been creating lighting fixtures of great charm and originality for the past thirty years (visitors to Sweden may have seen his notable work in the Stockholm opera house), and he has executed special commissions for private houses in America, but this is the first time that a sizable group of lighting arrangements designed by him has been offered for sale here. To begin with the handsomest piece in the collection, there is a large central chandelier ($365) in which the designer has managed to capture and translate into brass the grace and the exuberant lightness, as well as the splendor, of the finest French crystal and Venetian glass candelabra of the eighteenth century. Clusters of slim brass branches spray out like a riotous fountain from the fixture's central stem, which supports a pierced brass bowl concealing six incandescent bulbs, and from each branch four stylized snowflakes of gauzy brass netting are suspended by almost invisible wires. The translucent effect of light through these wire-mesh flakes (there are about fifty of them) and the spontaneous harmony of line and movement make this one of the most thrilling pieces of modern decoration that have been around in a long time. Come to think of it, "modern" is perhaps an ill-chosen word, since the effect of the chandelier is timeless, and it would fit with equal ease into a Venetian palace or a Le Corbusier dwelling.

Mr. Tynell doesn't spend all his time turning out sumptuous arrangements, though, and the Finnish concern can show you a number of his delightful brass pulley lamps, which hang from the ceiling and are both sparklingly original and entirely unpretentious. There is, for example, one, costing $55, that is large enough to illuminate a dining table, and yet not too imposing to hang above either an easy chair or a desk; it has a hand-woven linen shade, twenty-two inches in diameter, covered at the bottom by a silk panel that is caught in the middle by a large, decorative brass screw. This lamp, like most of the others, is suspended from the ceiling by a thin steel cable, which runs through a pair of pulleys and is attached to an elongated brass counterweight. Another light, ideal for reading by in bed, has a teardrop-shaped brass counterweight and a bell-shaped brass shade, twelve inches in diameter, that is pierced at widely spaced intervals with a small pattern. A large brass loop at the bottom of the shade serves as a handle for lowering or raising the lamp. This fixture costs $99.50. For hanging above a desk, and thereby doing away with unnecessary clutter, there is an exquisite lamp, nine inches in diameter and shaped like an inverted Rhine-wine glass, that is also made of pierced brass and can be raised or lowered by means of a teardrop counterweight; $88.50. These are just a few high spots—and perhaps not the highest spots—in the collection, and I can give you little idea of the subtlety of conception and

the excellent workmanship. Even the lustrous quality of the Finnish brass these fixtures are made of is quite beyond description, so you had better see them for yourself and at the same time examine blueprints, which the shop will show you, of arrangements that have been turned out by Mr. Tynell for clients in this country. If you have a lighting problem that is not dealt with by the fixtures on hand, individual designs will be submitted, through a decorator, at a surprisingly modest cost, and the Finnish-American Corporation guarantees delivery from Finland within two months.

IF the examples at the Finnish showrooms fail to convince you of Mr. Tynell's exceptional versatility, a group of his hanging lamps at Bonniers, 605 Madison Avenue (57th)—these were manufactured by Swedish craftsmen—should end your doubts. Here the artist, in a gayer, almost frivolous mood, is represented by a whole roomful of lamps that give an effect of airy lightness that is admirably suited to not too formal interiors. One of the most enchanting looks like a large, oval bird cage and has cutout brass swallows flying across the bars that enclose the bulb and a cylindrical, pleated silk shade. It is twenty-six inches high and thirteen inches in diameter, and costs $41.75. A bigger lamp of the bird-cage variety—big enough to be the principal light in a fairly large room or in a hallway—has brass leaves appliquéd on its slender brass bars, and a white china globe set around the bulb; $129.50. A lamp of the pulley type has a lovely hand-woven white linen shade decorated with small blue stars, and a large brass ring at the bottom for a handle; $28.75. A lamp that can't be raised or lowered uses the same star-spangled linen stretched tight over the ribs of what looks like a large Chinese lantern, with a small brass base; the whole is suspended by three brass wires; $47.50. A pair of elaborately perforated brass lamps lined with silk and hung from a narrow brass ceiling bar would make a highly satisfactory light for a desk or a dressing table; the pair are $95. A small pulley lamp, which has a brass loop handle and is shaped like a Chinese lantern, is covered with orange-and-white hand-blocked linen; $34.75. There are many other lamps in this entrancing collection, which, together with the ones at the Finnish-American Corporation, must almost certainly alter the climate of American lamp design. The Bonniers

fixtures are, I am glad to say, sold straight to the customer, without any nonsense about decorators.

HAVING spoken ill of the worked-to-death gooseneck, which seems to be the only idea American lampmakers have had in the past two decades, I am now forced, if not to eat my words entirely, at least to nibble at them after seeing a quite splendid gooseneck fixture designed by Dan Cooper, 21 East 70th Street. Mr. Cooper's lamp consists of a large silver-plated hemisphere, which is to be attached to a wall and from which extend three brass goosenecks, each two feet long and terminating in a large, tulip-shaped brass shade that has a band of tiny cutouts at the base; $125. The slightly oversize appearance of this fixture produces a lavish effect that calls for a spacious as well as a rather formal background. In the Cooper studio, one of these lamps is placed at each end of a long wall, giving it an air of considerable distinction. The same model, more or less, is also available with two arms instead of three, and it would be especially good-looking and eminently useful on a wall between twin beds, since the arms can be twisted any which way, to accommodate individual reading habits; $105.

THERE has recently been, as you may have noticed, a trend toward a resurrection of the old-fashioned floor lamp, but since the revival has been marked more frequently than not by a dismal paucity of invention, and since it has come at a moment when floor space is at a greater premium than ever before, it may not get very far. T. H. Robsjohn-Gibbings, who is not often caught rummaging among mothballs, has brought out an extremely simple floor lamp—a single rod rising from a circular, heavily weighted base and topped by a plain disc. The new features of the design are commendably low height—a mere forty-eight inches, which goes well with present-day low-slung chairs—and the disc, which is set above two horizontal light sockets and, with the assistance of a severe, round shade, provides increased downward reflection while preventing upward glare. Otherwise, Mr. Robsjohn-Gibbings' lamp is much like those under which people used to play mah-jongg—even to two brass pull chains, which hang rather awkwardly below the shade. Lest such trifling criticism put you off the lamp, I should add that, while it may be lacking in startling

originality, it has the elegance characteristic of all Mr. R.-G.'s designs, and—another hallmark of his work—the ability to fit just as pleasantly into a traditional interior as into a modern one. The lamp comes in polished or brushed brass and polished or satin chromium, complete with a natural linen shade, opaque or translucent, for $60, at George Hansen, 978 First Avenue (54th).

At the same shop, you should not overlook an impressive chandelier that is made of a twenty-four-inch concave brass disc from which descend three slender brass rods, each turned up at the end to support a deep brass cup, or beaker, that encloses a bulb. The disc, which has baked white lacquer inside and acts as a reflector, is attached to the ceiling by brass tubing, the length of which varies with the client's lighting needs. This fixture could be used with happy effect to illuminate an important hallway or, since the enclosed bulbs shed a becoming indirect glow, a dining table; wherever it's hung, the price is $84. —S. H.

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LET 'EM EAT CAKE DEPARTMENT
(MAGGOT DIVISION)

[*Federal Security Agency Notices of Judgment, Federal Food, Drug, and Cosmetic Act, November, 1949*]

14514. Adulteration of pretzels. U. S. v. 248 Cans, etc. (F.D.C. No. 24899. Sample Nos. 12707-K to 12709-K, incl.)

LIBEL FILED: On or about June 25, 1948, District of New Jersey.

ALLEGED SHIPMENT: On or about May 27, 1948, by the Pennsylvania Butter Pretzel Co., from Easton, Pa.

PRODUCT: 248 cans, each containing 5 pounds, of pretzels, and 73 cans, each containing 200 pretzels, at Camden, N. J.

LABEL, IN PART: "Cadet Butter Pretzels."

NATURE OF CHARGE: Adulteration, Section 402 (a) (3), the product consisted in whole or in part of a filthy substance by reason of the presence of insect fragments and rodent hair fragments.

DISPOSITION: July 23, 1948. Default decree of condemnation. It was ordered that the product be delivered to a charitable institution and that the containers be returned to the owner.

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GARDEN CITY—It will be some enchanted evening for Lauritz Melchior fans who turn up to hear him sing next Thursday night at Adelphi College. The operatic baritone will include in his repertoire his hit song from South Pacific "Some Enchanted Evening."—*Hempstead (L.I.) Newsday.*

Sounds more like a bewitched evening.

DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTION, AMPLIFICATION, AND GENERAL PETTIFOGGERY

NEW YORK CITY,
DECEMBER 26

The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRS:

IN the anecdote that concludes your Talk of the Town department in the issue of December 24th, I find an error I hold to be grievous. You say that a woman visitor to Bloomingdale's radio department, after hooking up a radio on display there, took out a "racing chart" clipped from the *Mirror* and listened to the result of the third race at Tropical. The woman definitely did not do as you say. The woman did not take out a racing chart. Precisely what she did take out I do not know, but it was not a racing chart. The good woman may have taken out the entries for Tropical printed in the *Mirror*, or possibly Fred Keats' selections, which are printed in the same publication. Either of these would have served her purpose, but a racing chart would not have.

A racing chart (and, with the excellent public-school system they have in this country, everyone should know this) is a magnificently contrived record of a race that is over and done, a race that, as far as betting goes, is one with Nineveh and Tyre—and there isn't a bookmaker in all New Jersey who is taking bets on events at Nineveh and Tyre. A woman perspicacious and enterprising enough to convert Bloomingdale's, singlehanded, into a branch horse room, or poolroom, never in a million years would commit the grotesquerie of hauling out a chart of yesterday's races to have at hand in listening to the result of a race just run a few minutes before.

By way of making amends for your slovenly use of the term "racing chart," you might permit me to expand, for a few lines, on the sheer loveliness, the glorious compactness, and the image-evoking qualities of a racing chart—to those, that is, who know what a racing chart *is* and who know how to make use of it and enjoy it to the full. A racing chart, which many of the unenlightened pass over in their newspapers as they would pass over a treatise on tauromachy or phytogenesis, is, in editing and typography, the finest example there is of conciseness in relaying information to a reader. It has been conservatively estimated that a single racing chart gives the qualified reader no

less than two thousand items of information, and does so in a space only two columns wide and, at most, five inches deep. Among other things, it tells the bloodlines of the horses, the owners, the times, the jockeys, the weights, and, most important, the manner in which each horse ran the race, in what position he was discerned at in at least five stages of the contest, and how far behind or ahead of each of the other contestants he was at these stages, including, of course, the finish. And in addition to giving all this enlightenment, the racing chart offers formalized editorial comment upon the effort, if any, each horse and rider made.

The woman in Bloomingdale's was, beyond peradventure, a member of the genus Horseplayer, or *Hippophilus fortunam querens* (Fortune-Seeking Horse-Lover). It may come as news to you that the members of this genus, in their furnished rooms or in all-night dairy lunchrooms, can find in the intent study of the day's racing charts the same thrilling joy, often not unmixed with dolor, that Toscanini and others learned in music can find in the silent contemplation of the score of a great symphony. Just as the notes and notations of the score are miraculously translated within the musician's bram from sight to sound, and a thousand harmonies, both gay and sombre, delight his soul, so within the horseplayer's brain are the names, the minute figures, and the comment of the racing chart translated from mere print to the vision of a race. The horseplayer sees and feels the lusty conflict of speed, skill, and endurance that was the third at Tropical, and his soul is transported, as it were, by a Beethoven on the back of Citation. I hasten to say that Citation is not likely to be in the third at Tropical, but please excuse that; I am being slightly inaccurate here. Not as inaccurate, however, as you were in your fantastic account that so maligned the lady in Bloomingdale's.

Sincerely,

JOHN MCNULTY

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Norman Kline, thirty years old, president of Kingston Homes, Inc.... is a World War II veteran eager to produce low-cost dwellings that will ease the housing shortage for other former service men. Associated with him, however, is Benjamin Frumovitz, a builder with more than twenty-five years experience.—*The Herald Tribune.*

And that's the end of *that* beautiful dream.

LETTER FROM PARIS

DECEMBER 28

BY peering around, by glancing back, by peeking forward, Parisians already have a notion of what the new year of 1950 looks like, as the half-century date comes into focus. Some of the significant features, large and small, that make up the present approximation of the immediate future would seem to be the following. No. 1, Politics: The French government may fall. It is a question of passing a budget, a question of money in general, a question of taxes in particular. In this continuing crisis, if as many as three hundred and eleven deputies could agree long enough to vote their lack of confidence in the government, the Chamber of Deputies would also fall. France would be right back where she has been several times since the Liberation—back at the polls and a general election, which could do the Fourth Republic little good. No. 2, Good Cheer: The French called this the first prewar Christmas since the war. It was the first Christmas without rationed foods, except for coffee, and that was available in large quantities, as usual, on the black market. It was the first Christmas when there was every kind of merchandise that the heart could desire. Mostly, the French bought fine food for their stomachs. The poorer ones didn't spend much money except with the butcher and baker, dedicating their holiday purse to Maman's art in the kitchen and a gala dinner at home. No. 3, Forgiveness of Sins: A bill providing amnesty to collaborators with the Germans—if neither murder nor any other crime was involved—has been introduced in Parliament. If passed, this will make a very happy 1950 for eight thousand alleged collaborationists still in jail. No. 4, Music: For the past month, the Opéra and the Opéra Comique have been closed. The orchestras are striking for as much money as they would get if they played in a musical-comedy theatre, where musicians are paid a third more for playing less well. As state employees, musicians in the two Opéra orchestras can be given raises only by the Minister of Finance, who is too worried over the national budget to receive flute players and the like. No. 5, Iron Curtain News: Latest echoes from the Wroclaw trial have it that the guilty were, according to their lawyers, "led astray" by cosmopolitanism, by Sartrism (i.e., the ism of Jean-Paul Sartre), by American literature (no writer named), by Wall Street money, by Bevin, by Truman, by de Gaulle, and by Coca-Cola. No. 6, Intelligentsia: A book is about to be published here, as well as in the United States, called "The God that Failed." It is a collection of articles written by André Gide, Stephen Spender, Louis Fischer, Richard Wright, Arthur Koestler, and IgnazioSilone, who give the reasons for their disillusionment with the Communist Party—they were all either Party members or fellow-travellers. No. 7, E.C.A.: This new year sees the beginning of the end of Marshall Plan aid, as originally timetabled. The E.C.A. and the possibility that disgruntled Washington legislators may close it down completely sooner than scheduled are far and away the most prevalent topics for editorializing in the Paris press, and such a move would drastically change the face of the New Year. For the most part, the editorials take the form of thanks mixed with questions. The thanks are for what America has given. The main question is: When is America going to start to receive? She has given Europe her money and her goods. When will she begin buying European goods? And what are Europeans supposed to buy from America with their shrunken money? A dollar deficit sometimes seems to be the only thing that the potential United States of Europe so far have in common. French editorial writers largely agree, in effect, that the Marshall Plan dollars were at first a warm, fertilizing wind from the west, causing postwar business to sprout again in the war-caked area of Western Europe. What they think is urgently needed now is a great wind that will blow in both directions across the ocean—and blow good and hard, like a splendid gale, for the rest of the twentieth century.

THE year's end was brightened by a couple of art exhibitions that actually verged on gaiety. The better of the pair, however, was giddy only in its title—Exposition Moustache. It displayed seventy admirable portraits of hirsute men and one of a bearded lady. This show, which was a benefit for *Figaro's* Bourse d'Etudiants (for poor French students), was held in Marcel Rochas' dressmaking salon, an agreeable jumble of mannequins parading new clothes, ladies arriving late for fit-

tings, and art-lovers looking at art. It was a fine show, since mustaches and beards on the face of civilized man as his natural décor have always demanded of painters especially good work, for which they doubtless get no more pay than if the sitter has been shaved. The pictures, culled from state museums and private collections, began with a few sixteenth-century mustachioed milords but intelligently concentrated on subjects who are still part of our time, yet whose faces are not necessarily familiar. It was like finally being introduced to them—in some cases, posthumously. The most satisfying personal-presentation picture was Renoir's portrait of the poet Mallarmé, with eyes of intimate brown, a rebellious bowknot cravat, and a ship captain's neat gray beard. Other distinguished combinations were Suzanne Valladon's portrait of her then young son Utrillo; Espagnat's famous portrait of Paul Valéry, who had a nose like a hawk's and a mustache like a whippoorwill's; Jacques-Emile Blanche's portrait of James Joyce; Bonnard's portrait of art dealer Ambroise Vollard; Cocteau's portrait of Diaghilev; Carpeaux's of Dumas *fils;* painter Derain's of painter Vlaminck; sculptor Bourdelle's bronze of sculptor Rodin; painter Boldini's portrait of etcher Helleu; Modigliani's of art dealer Paul Guillaume; and Gauguin's of a couple of dull-looking bearded brothers, friends from his early, Stock Exchange days, long before the genius period in Tahiti. There was only one modernist portrait—a painting by Edouard MacAvoy of Somerset Maugham, a brilliant likeness, though the author is made to appear composed of expensive paper, with veins filled with green ink. The oddest portrait depicted a pantalooned, gray-haired old gentleman painter, who turned out to be Miss Rosa Bonheur, at work on a gigantic painting of a youth with a mustache. The bearded-lady portrait was of the Opéra Comique singer Denise Duval, in her role in the Apollinaire-Poulenc fantasy opera "Les Mamelles de Tirésias." The exposition also showed what is probably France's finest modern pencil portrait—by Jean-Claude Janet, of Christian Bérard. There on paper, limned by a pencil line as fine as a hair, Bérard sits with his heavy, statue eyes, his beard in detailed linear display around his full, Renaissance mouth, and his gloved hands tinted a faint yellow—the only color in the drawing—and holding an unfolded rose by its leafy stem.

The second of the lighthearted shows was a vast retrospective at Charpentier's

Gallery of the naïve painter André Bauchant, now approaching the age of eighty. He is the Grandma Moses of Paris, his specialty being comic-faced, bandy-legged, sincere little French suburbanites under green trees, rather than upstate New York Americans in the snow. His early canvases, huge and crude, of gods and goddesses, or merely of Sunday-afternoon domestic human beings in their best clothes, are surely a far cry from the small, touchingly stylized canvases depicting gardens and single figures that he did in the nineteen-twenties, when he was at his best. He doubtless appeals most to the collectors who bought his small canvases at that time for five dollars. Today they are worth a hundred times that.

JEAN GENET's "Journal du Voleur" has recently been published for the first time in a relatively cheap edition—that is to say, at nearly triple the price of the average novel. Ever since he was first published, in 1943, his works have mostly been privately printed and de luxe, enjoying those lavish publishing favors that make a book not so much forbidden to all as too costly for most. This new edition of one of his major writings puts him within range of general criticism. Genet was discovered during the war by Cocteau. By Genet's account, he was born illegitimate, raised in an orphan asylum, trained in a reform school, and became a thief. The commentary value of his "Diary of the Thief," a novel that is certainly unique in French literature, is its unsalvational viewpoint. He believes that society is not a mixture of good and evil but is a field with a fence across it—on one side are the evil, the outcasts, the misbegotten or desperate poor who for centuries have made criminality their special form of civilization, frame of survival, and group education. To his special damned land, to his country of wretched city alleys, abandoned only during protracted visits to prison, Genet gives his loyalty, his imagination, his fervid romanticism, and his talent as a remarkable novelist and writer of the French language; he creates, indeed, a sort of chauvinism, or patriotism, that until now has precluded an affection for, or even contact with, any other scene, as if he were a regional writer to whom no more interesting place exists on earth. His books, peopled by jailbirds, pimps, traitors, prostitutes, and vicious youths on whom, like a street light, the bright glare of his lubricity suddenly shines, are *sui generis*. They are nothing like the

noted eighteenth-century picaresque writings of Restif de la Bretonne, nor are they remotely similar to the calculated tableaux of the Marquis de Sade, which were padded out, between the acts, by philosophizing. Genet writes of criminality and wickedness as naturally as Conrad wrote of the sea or as Hardy wrote of the landscapes of Wessex. Undoubtedly the least sought after of Genet's works is his brochure "L'Enfant Criminel," published a few months ago. It is a brief description of the brutalities of the French reform schools he knew when he was an adolescent, and it was written to be read by him on a national radio program called "Carte Blanche," accepted, and then turned down. In contemporary French letters, fortunately, Genet is the lone *fleur du mal.*

EDWIGE FEUILLÈRE is appearing at the Sarah Bernhardt Theatre in a major revival of "La Dame aux Camélias." It is a luxurious production, which reportedly cost eight million francs and without any question offers forty-five beautiful female costumes and an Armand whose notion of passion consists of squeezing his beloved and shouting in her ear. To most playgoers, this "Camille" seems a failure, insofar as there is not a damp eye in the house. Obviously a play to be played for tears, "Camille" has failed this time to make them flow.

A film called "Les Rendez-vous de Juillet," which was given a good scolding at the Cannes Cinema Festival this summer, has, after being fixed up, just won the Delluc Paris Cinema Prize. It is supposed to have social significance and shows modern French youth from nice homes jiving in St.-Germain-des-Prés night-club *caves* and longing to get away from it all. The audience seems to long to get away, too, and some of it usually does, right in the middle of the thing. —GENÊT

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TO MAN, GLOOMILY

Man generally is entangled in insoluble problems.—*Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., in the Partisan Review.*

The bee in the web
Of the grim-looking spider,
The worm at the beak
Of the bird, or inside her,

The mouse in the trap,
And the fly in the glue are—
If Schlesinger's right—
Quite as well off as you are.

—RICHARD ARMOUR

TELEVISION

Peeping Funt

A GENTLEMAN named Allen Funt, who presents a television program entitled "Candid Camera," has succeeded, I think, in reducing the art, the purpose, and the ethics of the "documentary" idea to the level of the obscene. Mr. Funt, who airs his program Monday evenings over C.B.S. and who is sponsored by Philip Morris, employs a simple, deadly formula. Equipped with a hidden movie camera and microphone and a crew of assistant snoopers, he roams the city in various poses, pretending to be, say, a banker, a bootblack, or a mattress salesman. He records on film the words and actions of unsuspecting people, and, when he has finished with them, tells them what he has done to them, asks permission to televise the pictures, and explains that they will be paid off in cash and, I guess, in some dubious fame. For the purposes of his program, he then throws together a half hour of selected shots. Not long ago, for example, a lady entered the mattress department of R. H. Macy & Co. with nothing more in mind than the purchase of a mattress. Approaching what she thought was a salesman, she asked him to show her some mattresses. She naturally thought that the fellow was just another salesman employed by R. H. Macy & Co., but—you're right—he was Allen Funt, the Candid Camera Man, and he had been hanging around the mattress department, evidently with the jovial connivance of R. H. Macy & Co., ready to pounce on just such an innocent party. Without the customer's knowledge, he switched on his equipment, and from that moment forward almost everything possible was done to make her look foolish. The salesman (Funt) wondered who was to use the mattress. An old lady, said the customer. How does she sleep, asked the salesman. "Well," said the customer, "she generally sleeps on her back with her toes up." "With her toes up!" exclaimed the incredulous salesman (Funt). "We have no mattresses for sale here for people who sleep on their backs with their toes up." The customer was flabbergasted, but, being a lady and wanting to buy a mattress, she was patient with the salesman. He next wanted to know whether the old lady snored. "Sometimes," said the customer. "Try the mattress for comfort," said the salesman (Funt). "Bounce up and down on it." The customer bounced up and down on the mattress, right there in the mattress department of R. H. Macy & Co. What a gimmick! She thought she was just testing a mattress, see, but actually she was bouncing up and down, potentially, in the view of thousands of Peeping Toms watching her on television. Finally, Funt confessed to her that her every word and her every action had been recorded, and her embarrassment at this disclosure was likewise recorded.

For the same program, which was broadcast last week, Funt posed as a businessman and called up a messenger service and asked to have a boy sent around to his "office" to pick up a package he wanted delivered. When the messenger arrived, Funt handed him an unwrapped dead fish and ordered him to take it to a certain address. The messenger wondered, politely, whether he might wrap the fish. Nix, said the man (Funt), deliver it *as is*. "Holy cow!" said the messenger. "Down Fifth Avenue you want me to deliver this fish, walking down Fifth Avenue with fish—holy cow!" He was terribly, terribly embarrassed, and he wondered if he might call his office and find out whether he had to fulfill this dreadful mission. He called his office, and somebody at the other end of the line apparently told him to go ahead and deliver it. I shall not soon forget the essential nobility of this messenger. Mr. Funt had faced him with a painful situation. Obviously, his inclination was to tell the man (Funt) to go to hell, throw the fish in his face, and depart. But the messenger had a job, and, I gathered, needed the job, and at unknown risk to his self-respect he said, "O.K., I'll take the fish." Preparing to leave, humiliated, fish in hand, he remarked, quietly and expressively, "It would be different, you know, if I had caught this fish myself, somewhere out in the country."

Mr. Funt and C.B.S. and Philip Morris feel, I suppose, that Mr. Funt is giving the television audience portraits of "life in the raw," pictures of ordinary human beings trapped by strange circumstances and reacting like "people." In reality, he is demonstrating something that spies have known about since spies began to operate; namely, that most people are fundamentally decent and trusting and, sad to

tell, can readily be deceived. Mr. Funt bases his program, purely and simply, upon deceit. Persuading his subjects that he is something he is not, he succeeds in making them look foolish, or in forcing them to struggle, against unfair odds, for some vestige of human dignity. For my money, "Candid Camera" is sadistic, poisonous, anti-human, and sneaky. The men who control television have tremendous opportunities for recording our times; they can go into people's homes and offices and factories, they can go through the great cities or take their cameras to remote parts of the country, as Robert Flaherty did in "Louisiana Story," and show us how people live and behave. The catch is that the true documentarian must respect his fellow-man and feel that what he has to say is worth hearing. For years, radio has been showing its basic contempt for the dignity of man, and now television, with "Candid Camera" as a conspicuous example, is following suit.

EVERY week, it seems to me, Ed Wynn becomes funnier. (He has been mentioned in this department before, and until somebody who remotely approaches him in charm and wit turns up, he will be mentioned again and again.) I haven't the slightest intention of trying to analyze Wynn's humor. I merely know that he makes me laugh. Sometimes I think I am laughing at Wynn out of pity for some of the other comedians who appear on television—the poor fellows who have been weaned on radio gags and waste their allotted time telling fast, unfunny stories, and who, occasionally remembering that they are being seen as well as heard, make the concession of sticking out their tongues or popping their eyes. Recently, Wynn appeared with Buster Keaton, the silent-picture star, and together they went through a silent-picture routine. Every joke known to Mother was dragged out—there were also pratfalls galore, and people got their feet stuck in molasses—and yet, through some magic peculiar to Wynn and Keaton, it was funny. Mr. Wynn delivered a commercial—he was being sponsored by a manufacturer of watch bands—in the form of a ballet, taking the part of a ballet dancer billed as An Old Leather Strap. Funniest Old Leather Strap I've ever seen.

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

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RAISED EYEBROWS DEPARTMENT

[*Headline in the Chicago Sun-Times*]

TARTS PUT
DOLDRUMS
TO FLIGHT

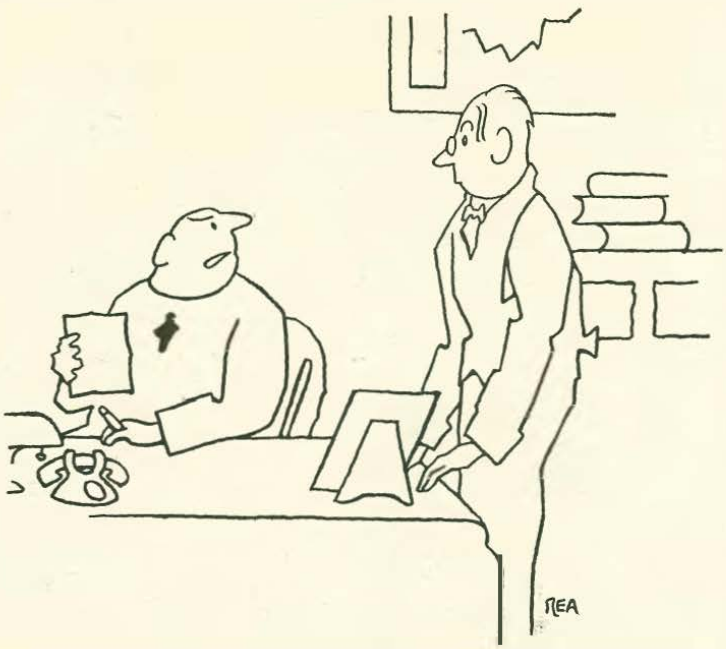
BOOKS

Two Russian Exiles: Paul Chavchavadze and Oksana Kasenkina

ONE of the surprises of the Soviet Union, at the time when it was possible to travel there, was an agreeable white wine, made in Georgia, that one could get in Intourist hotels. Mr. Paul Chavchavadze, whose father was Georgian, and whose grandfather owned some of the vineyards from which this wine came, has written a small book of memoirs—"Family Album" (Houghton Mifflin)—which has some of the best qualities of these vintages. The book is mostly a sequence of anecdotes, but these are deftly and dryly told and developed as little dramas (they are also charmingly illustrated by Alajálov, who knows the Caucasus at first hand); and they sketch in a lively picture of a life which has completely vanished and which seems, although it came to an end hardly more than thirty years ago, almost as remote as "War and Peace." Here you are shown a Georgian estate, where Lermontov, in exile from the north, wrote one of his most famous poems and where the ladies played Mozart and Chopin while the men kept the mountaineer bandits at bay. Visiting there at eighteen, Paul Chavchavadze was compelled, at a banquet given by the villagers, to drain at a single draught a great horn containing two quarts of the local wine, in honor of an ancestor named Gulbat, who was renowned as a heroic tosspot. You have the exploits, in czarist St. Petersburg, of Mr. Chavchavadze's Russian grandfather, who took along to the Russo-Japanese War an enormous stock of champagne loaded in with the medical supplies that he was contributing to the war effort, and who had his dentist set a diamond in one of his front teeth when his wife said that a brilliant smile was the only thing his good looks lacked. This grandmother made Paul read her a novel that he had written while still in his teens and that opened with a scene in which "the penniless heroine got raped in a summerhouse by a rich landowner," who attacked her on a bench. "Why a bench?" the old lady inquired. "Put her on a couch. Bad enough to be raped by the wrong man—must she be uncomfortable, too?" The temptation is to retell these stories, but the author ought to be left to decant them himself.

The people Mr. Chavchavadze writes about seem hardly to have been aware of the two revolutions they lived through, save as more or less annoying incidents—though Rodzianko, Mr. Chavchavadze's uncle, who had been president of the Duma, did figure, in 1917, as president of the Provisional Committee. But the young man's schooling was disrupted and his prospects of a career were destroyed when the final collapse took place. The tale of exile begins. He saw some very strange goings on in Rumania when he went there as interpreter to a Canadian colonel who had become the power behind Queen Marie. He came to the United States and worked in a shipping office. He returned to Europe with the Red Cross after the United States entered the second war, and had to deal, in a D.P. camp in Germany, with a group of Soviet Russians, among whom he was surprised to find two Georgians from precisely the locality where his grandfather's estate had been. They apparently treated him with the same respect as the villagers of his boyhood days who had made him drain the horn of Gulbat, and he was soon, even more to his surprise, drinking mirabelle and making speeches as the highly prized guest of honor at a celebration of the twenty-seventh anniversary of that Bolshevik revolution by which his family had been dispossessed. He found it difficult to make them believe that all White Russian exiles were not millionaires with yachts and that rank in the United States Army was not based on one's income in civil life. These products of a revolutionary movement to lift and enlighten the masses were even more ignorant of history and of the world outside the Soviet Union—the author does not make this point but it inevitably suggests itself to the reader—than Mr. Chavchavadze's elders had been of the forces that were preparing the Revolution.

PAUL CHAVCHAVADZE'S father, refusing to fight the Bolsheviks, remained in the Soviet Union for thirteen years after the Revolution, but he was always being arrested and spent ten of those years in jail, and in 1930 he was



"This is quite a coincidence, Murdock. As it happens, we've been thinking of asking you to take a cut in salary, so how would it be if we just left it as it is?"

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NASSAU

IN THE BAHAMAS

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shot, for reasons that his son has never known. The husband of Oksana Kasenkina—the author of "Leap to Freedom" (Lippincott)—was carried off by the N.K.V.D. in the purges of 1937, for reasons that his wife was never told, and has never been heard of since.

Oksana Kasenkina is the schoolteacher who became front-page news in the summer of 1948 by throwing herself out a window of the Soviet Consulate in New York. Mrs. Kasenkina was born in the Ukraine in 1896, the daughter of "a well-paid locomotive engineer," and so has had ideas and standards from a world that antedates the Soviet regime. As a Ukrainian, she was also the inheritor of a strong local tradition of independence. The Ukraine has never been docile toward the bureaucratic domination of Moscow, and if one travelled from Moscow to Kiev in the days before the German invasion, it was easy to see why. The populations of the northern cities were for the most part all too obviously a breed of liberated serfs, accustomed to a low standard of living, almost dwarfishly undersized, and only just becoming educated to the point of spelling out *Pravda* and the slogans under pictures of Stalin; the Ukrainians, on the other hand, the products of an economy of privately owned farms, appeared to a visiting American not unlike our Middle Westerners of the Corn Belt: they were stocky and good-looking, well-behaved, well fed, and well dressed. It is no accident, as the Marxist polemicists used to say, that the four most interesting persons who have broken with the Soviet system and written books about it—Angelica Balabanova, Alexander Barmine, Victor Kravchenko, and Oksana Kasenkina—have all been educated Ukrainians. The products of easier conditions and a more democratic society, they had always been in a better position than the factory workers and industrialized peasants to judge the performance of the Soviet government and, when things seemed to be going wrong, they did not hesitate to criticize. The Ukraine itself, as a whole, has not succeeded in its periodical efforts to secede from the Soviet Union, but these individual Ukrainians have done so.

The first part of Mrs. Kasenkina's book tells the familiar harrowing story of the chaos of the civil wars, the horrors of the two great famines, the terror of the purges of the thirties, and the exhausting ordeal of the war, in which she lost her only son. Through all this, she was teaching classes and organizing schools. The only way to endure that

life was to give all of oneself to one's work. Through starvation, oppression, and bereavement, and faced later with the ruins that the Germans had left, shunted from job to job, she was still trying to instruct the Russian children in the rudiments of natural science, as well as, when required of her, a variety of other subjects. She was evidently very able, for she seems always to have been in demand, in spite of the fact that she was somewhat suspect, never really having accepted Marxism or abandoned her religious faith. She finally, through processes that took two years, succeeded in getting herself appointed to a post in New York, where she was to teach the children of the Soviet officials of the Consulate and the United Nations.

This experience is described at length, and Mrs. Kasenkina's account of the life inside a Soviet colony abroad makes a new and gruesome contribution to our knowledge of Soviet society. There was something of this in Barmine, but he served in the legations at an earlier time, when the inmates were somewhat freer. Here we are able to go behind the façade of the curious and disturbing incidents that we have read about in the New York papers: the mess that the Soviet representatives made of the estate that they rented on Long Island; the worse mess that they made of their school in New York—which brought down the intervention of the Board of Health; the escape of Mrs. Kasenkina and another of the Russian teachers; her stay at the Countess Tolstoy's farm, her return to the Soviet Consulate, her plunge from the Consulate window, and her painful recovery in a hospital. Like most Russians, Mrs. Kasenkina has the knack of telling a story, and her book suggests literary analogies. The first thing it is likely to recall is George Orwell's nightmare of the future, "Nineteen Eighty-four." If you thought that Mr. Orwell exaggerated the extent to which espionage was possible under a totalitarian system, your conception will be extended by Mrs. Kasenkina's account of the supervision by the Soviet authorities of their representatives in the United States, where it turned out that they knew even the name of an American whose acquaintance she had casually made and whose address she had been reckless enough to write down. But Orwell's hero is himself partly stunted by the pressure of the regime under which he has grown up. Mrs. Kasenkina has not been so stunted, and she therefore gives the impression of a Gulliver among some race of curiously specialized beings, whose training and constitution are different from and repugnant to hers but at whose mercy she finds herself. I was also reminded of Chekhov, since I had just been reading his stories. These stories have a particular interest in connection with present-day Russia, because they deal mainly with the strata—ex-serfs who are advancing themselves, lower-middle-class "technicians" and professional men, dissatisfied and helpless intellectuals—from which Chekhov himself came and which rose to power with the Revolution. What is striking when one reads Chekhov today is the fact that he gives, on the whole, such a discouraging account of these people. The peasant boy of that fine and touching story "The Steppe" may justify the hopes of his elders, who are sending him away to school; but, in the meantime, the young hospital assistant of "A Trifle from Life" is a headache to his doctor and a menace to his patients, and we are told that he is typical of a class—between the intelligentsia and the peasants—who have not learned to do anything properly, since they have left behind the skills of the former and not yet mastered the disciplines of the latter. Does Chekhov believe much in the rising merchant who buys the Cherry Orchard from the family who owned his father? He certainly does not believe in the doctor, in the story called "The Princess," who, on the strength of a few drinks, tells the local lady philanthropist what he thinks of her but, when he is sober the next morning, apologizes and grovels. On the occasion of the celebration in Russia of the seventy-fifth anniversary of Chekhov's birth, Krupskaya, Lenin's widow, declared that the best thing the Russians could do as a tribute to Chekhov's memory was to try to be as unlike his characters as possible. But Mrs. Kasenkina's picture of Soviet officials abroad is like nothing so much as a Chekhov story, with everything that was bad in Chekhov's world become a great deal worse: the vulgarity, the falsity, the incompetence, the servility toward authority, the cant. In all this, she found so little support in her opposition to servitude and squalor that she was obliged to put all her hope in an American telephone cable, on which, in her desperate escape, she counted to break her fall.

Fortunately, the cable held, and she has lived to write this agonizing book.

It does not have the literary and historical importance of Barmine's "One Who Survived"—there are a few journalistic touches that suggest a translating ghost—but it is one of the most impressive of these refugee stories: an unpretentious and candid record that has all the marks of moral sincerity.

—EDMUND WILSON

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

A LONG DAY'S DYING, by Frederick Buechner (Knopf). Who, at the moment, taketh away the sins of the world? Mr. Buechner, for one, in this compassionate first novel about a group of rotters—members of this city's leisure class, for the most part—whose various addictions include sodomy, fornication, loitering, off-the-cuff bitchery, and talking too much. Following rather longer than necessary introductions of the principals, the author tosses into their midst a prize misunderstanding: a mother erroneously accuses her son of homosexuality. Tempers flare, and one of the characters catches a cold and dies, but Mr. Buechner remains calm and sympathetic throughout, busying himself not so much with maneuvering his story toward a blazing finish as with a demonstration of his narrative wares, chief among which are handsomely arched and groined sentences and a knack for spraying his scenes with something that is either poetry or Williams Aqua Velva. Very dexterous.

GENTIAN HILL, by Elizabeth Goudge (Coward-McCann). The hero of this story is about sixteen years old—"untidy dark hair fell over a broad, low forehead. . . . The dark eyes were sombre beneath heavy dark eyebrows, but the nostrils of the thin, aquiline nose flared like those of a startled horse." The heroine, described variously as an elfin creature, a wild woodland creature, a fawn, and a gazelle, has a small brown heart-shaped face, is about thirteen years old, and likes best of all to chatter perfect French and eat heart-shaped cakes, presumably small brown ones. Miss Goudge has had no scruples about stretching her story out as long as possible. Luckily, the time she is dealing with is just after the French Revolution, so that shipwrecks, mysterious foundlings, brutal sea captains, aristocratic strangers, Trafalgar, Newgate Prison, and

hundreds of humble, biddable peasant folk happen along as a matter of course, all tinted and lacquered and ready for immediate use as backgrounds, props, members of the mob, cheering crowds, faces from the past, anything at all. The Literary Guild selection for January.

FRANCES, by Catherine Hubbell (Norton). An impassioned account of a mother-and-daughter relationship, with the author on the side of the wronged daughter, Frances. (Someday, some mother will be maddened into writing one of these books from *her* point of view.) Miss Hubbell starts out in great spirits, blocking in the scene with a sure hand, but after a while her infatuation with her heroine leads her into a series of interminable ramblings and explanations that are of no interest to anyone except, perhaps, Frances's relatives and her close girl friends.

THE WOMEN ON THE WALL, by Wallace Stegner (Houghton Mifflin). Eighteen slight episodes, some of them hardly more than anecdotes, dealing for the most part with country-dwellers of one type or another. Mr. Stegner's preoccupation is with pathos in everyday life. The impulse in his writing has its origin in the pathetic incident, but his characters are often so lightly and unimaginatively drawn as to seem perfunctory. The most touching story is "The Colt," which describes a little boy's futile struggle to save the life of a crippled pet.

MAURICE READER (Didier). A collection of short stories, novels, and novelettes, distinguishable from each other mainly because a white space intervenes between the end of one and the beginning of the next. The pieces, which are hardly ever more than highly developed and embellished fragments, are related with an unwearying and somewhat garrulous urbanity, and most of them end with a fairly audible cackle at the expense of the characters involved.

GENERAL

THE PEABODY SISTERS OF SALEM, by Louise Hall Tharp (Little, Brown). Although each of the three subjects of this family study happens to have been remarkable enough, in one way or another, to go straight to any biographer's head, Mrs. Tharp has managed to retain a commendable amount of mildly ironic detachment in her presentation of her biographical treasure-trove. Despite her outward

show of impartiality, however, it is apparent that her affections tend rather strongly toward the youngest and most pictorial of the sisters, Sophia, who renounced an early, Elizabeth Barrettesque state of semi-invalidism in favor of the long-term assignment of keeping her husband, Nathaniel Hawthorne, out of the emotional dumps. An equally impressive amount of historical delving, if not quite as much enthusiasm, has gone into the depiction of Sophia's sisters—Mary, the second wife of Horace Mann, and Elizabeth. The latter's educational and philanthropic activities, stemming from her eventful association with the transcendentalists, won her several moderately depressing accolades, as it turned out: She was dubbed by later generations the Grandmother of the Kindergarten and was also said to have been the model for Miss Birdseye in Henry James's "The Bostonians." The nineteenth-century New England background against which these energetic ladies moved has, of course, been assiduously explored before this, but it is sturdy enough to stand up to almost any amount of reëxamination, especially when it is as divertingly presented as it is here. The Book-of-the-Month Club selection for January. Illustrated.

CALIFORNIA: THE GREAT EXCEPTION, by Carey McWilliams (Wyn). The time hasn't yet arrived, Mr. McWilliams says a bit ruefully, for a definitive consideration of California in relation to the rest of the nation, or possibly to the universe. Meanwhile, in this substantial survey of an area that he characterizes variously as a pandemonium, a giant, a problem child, and a panther, he takes his stand midway between the skeptics and the liars—two literary groups that have already dealt extensively with the subject. His earlier chapters are devoted to a discussion of California's more outstandingly exceptional features: its eye-popping increase in population and the consequent increase in political oddnesses; its labor problems, both agricultural and industrial; and the recent emergence of its universities as headquarters for advanced scientific research. Plenty of space is reserved, though, for his favorite topic, the state's policy of "water imperialism," which consists, roughly, of a simultaneous hogging and a reckless expenditure of this none-too-available resource. By the time California has been taken down

a peg or two on this and other crucial Far West issues, Mr. McWilliams feels, it will be able to shake off its present deplorable status of a province and become the state that will link America with the Orient.

BEHIND THE BAR, by A. E. Bowker (Staples). In his role of barrister's clerk, a position that has no legal counterpart in this country, Mr. Bowker nursed along for some fifty years two of England's most illustrious counsel, Sir Norman Birkett and the late Sir Edward Marshall Hall. (The first was most recently one of the judges at the Nuremberg trials.) These two eminent gentlemen differ so strikingly in temperament that at times it almost seems as if the author hand-picked them for purposes of biographical juxtaposition, although of course he didn't. The more notorious cases tried by Marshall Hall and covered in this memoir are by now thoroughly familiar both to readers of Edward Marjoribanks' biography and to connoisseurs of famous murder trials. Norman Birkett's legal technique, while less spectacular, was, on the whole, sounder, and the author's account of his skillfully matter-of-fact cross-examination of a medium who resorted to trances whenever the courtroom going got rugged is one of the high spots in a book that depends throughout on content rather than on style for its effects. Mr. Bowker tries not to play favorites, but it is evident that he responded more strongly to Sir Edward's "naughty" courtroom deportment than to Sir Norman's impeccable logic.

EDGAR POE AND HIS CRITICS, by Sarah Helen Whitman (Rutgers). Sarah Helen Whitman was a well-educated widow in Providence, Rhode Island, who was engaged to Poe in the last years of his life, after his wife's death. The engagement was contingent on his abstention from liquor, and when he turned up one day the worse for wear, Mrs. Whitman broke it off. But after his death, when his reputation had been blackened by Rufus Wilmot Griswold and others, she came to his rescue in a little book that is notable for its insight into his character, for its appreciation of his art, and for its grasp of his ideas and their implications. Her essay was well worth reprinting. It still stands up, curiously enough, as one of the best things written about Poe. It has been ably presented here, with an introduc-

tion and notes by Mr. Oral Sumner Coad—though one would like to have had a few more particulars about Mrs. Whitman's life.

THE LOVE LETTERS OF HENRY VIII, edited by Henry Savage (University of Denver Press). A collection of Henry's letters to and from his wives, including seventeen love notes to Anne Boleyn, which for the past several hundred years have been in the Vatican Library. These notes, some written in English and some in Henry's own royal version of French, are passionate exhortations to the lady to become his mistress or, failing that, his wife. Mr. Savage has furnished well-written biographical monographs on all six of the women who were at various times Henry's queens. The book also contains facsimiles of the Vatican letters, which may be of interest to those who like linguistic puzzles.

THE SELECTED WRITINGS OF LAFCADIO HEARN, edited by Henry Goodman, with an introduction by Malcolm Cowley (Citadel). An excellent selection, by an enthusiastic admirer, from the work of this now rather neglected writer. There are examples of his American and Caribbean sketches, and substantial extracts from his books on Japan. There are also the contents of two whole volumes of his Chinese and Japanese fairy tales, and selections from other volumes. The Japanese fairy tales, published in 1904, are beautifully written and quite free of the "aesthetic" *fin-de-siècle* overcoloring to which Hearn had previously been inclined. Mr. Cowley has an interesting note on this development of Hearn's style.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

STALKING-HORSE, by Val Gielgud (Morrow). A widely disparate group of conspirators, all sinister, approach the hero, a somewhat naïve Ministry of Information man, with a rather unusual proposition. They say they have reliable information that Hitler is alive, and each one has a personal and powerful reason for wanting him tracked down. The hero, though he hasn't much confidence in them, finally agrees to take on the job, and it turns out that he was right to hesitate, because before the end of the book they've practically all done away with one another in various bloody ways, and their treatment of him has been pretty highhanded, too. It also turns out that they didn't really want

to find Hitler at all but had a much more nefarious purpose. Violent and tricky, but with some fairly good characterizations. Hitler, by the way, turns up on page 247. You will be glad to know he is in terrible shape.

TWO IF BY SEA, by Roger Bax (Harper). In the more or less amiable diplomatic climate of 1943, a pair of Englishmen in Russia marry two Russian girls. Then, with the coming of the cold war and their recall home, they find that the N.K.V.D. has no intention of allowing their wives to leave the Soviet Union. Mr. Bax's story is chiefly concerned with how his two heroes and a nautical friend of theirs sail from England to Tallinn in a ten-ton boat, rescue their brides, and bring them back. This book obviously comes in the chase-and-adventure category, but it is briskly done and the author's seamanship seems to be flawless.

THE CASE OF THE NEGLIGENT NYMPH, by Erle Stanley Gardner (Morrow). If a beautiful blonde dressed in a strapless frock and pursued by a vicious dog swam toward your canoe on a moonlit night, the least you could do would be to ask her in, and that is exactly what Perry Mason does, in this latest volume of an apparently endless series. She confesses to a small and justifiable robbery and promptly becomes his client, and an unusually devious and annoying one even for him. Mr. Mason stalls the opposition with somewhat dubious legal tricks, uncovers a clue that the authorities were too thick-headed to see, and confounds them completely in a courtroom scene that must be technically correct because it is so extremely dull. Overfamiliar but better than his last few.

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WHAT PAPER D'YA READ?

A beautiful young bride of four months stood before an amnesia victim in Long Beach police station yesterday and wept a few happy tears.

"Don't you know who I am, Teddy?" she whispered.

Thaddeus Skalski, 22, looked at Marie Skalski, 19, and something came into his face that hadn't been there before.

"Yeah," he said slowly. "You're my wife!"—*Los Angeles Daily News.*

She threw her arms around him [same man], kissed him and cried:

"You know me, don't you, darling?"

The young man in the cowboy suit blinked and mumbled:

"No, but they tell me you're my wife."

—*Los Angeles Examiner.*

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● Never before has it been *so easy* to escape from cold skies to warm beaches . . . The swift, sure wings of the Clippers, flying daily throughout the West Indies and Latin America, have made all the difference!

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Señor, you'll need no galoshes or overcoat at Acapulco (above) on Mexico's Pacific coast! Your Travel Agent will be glad to show you that the rate of exchange for *pesos* is now most favorable. Your dollar goes far!

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