ALL-STAR FOOTBALL PROGRAM

NEW YORK Herald Tribune

Herald Tribune FEATURE PARADE

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 3, 1947

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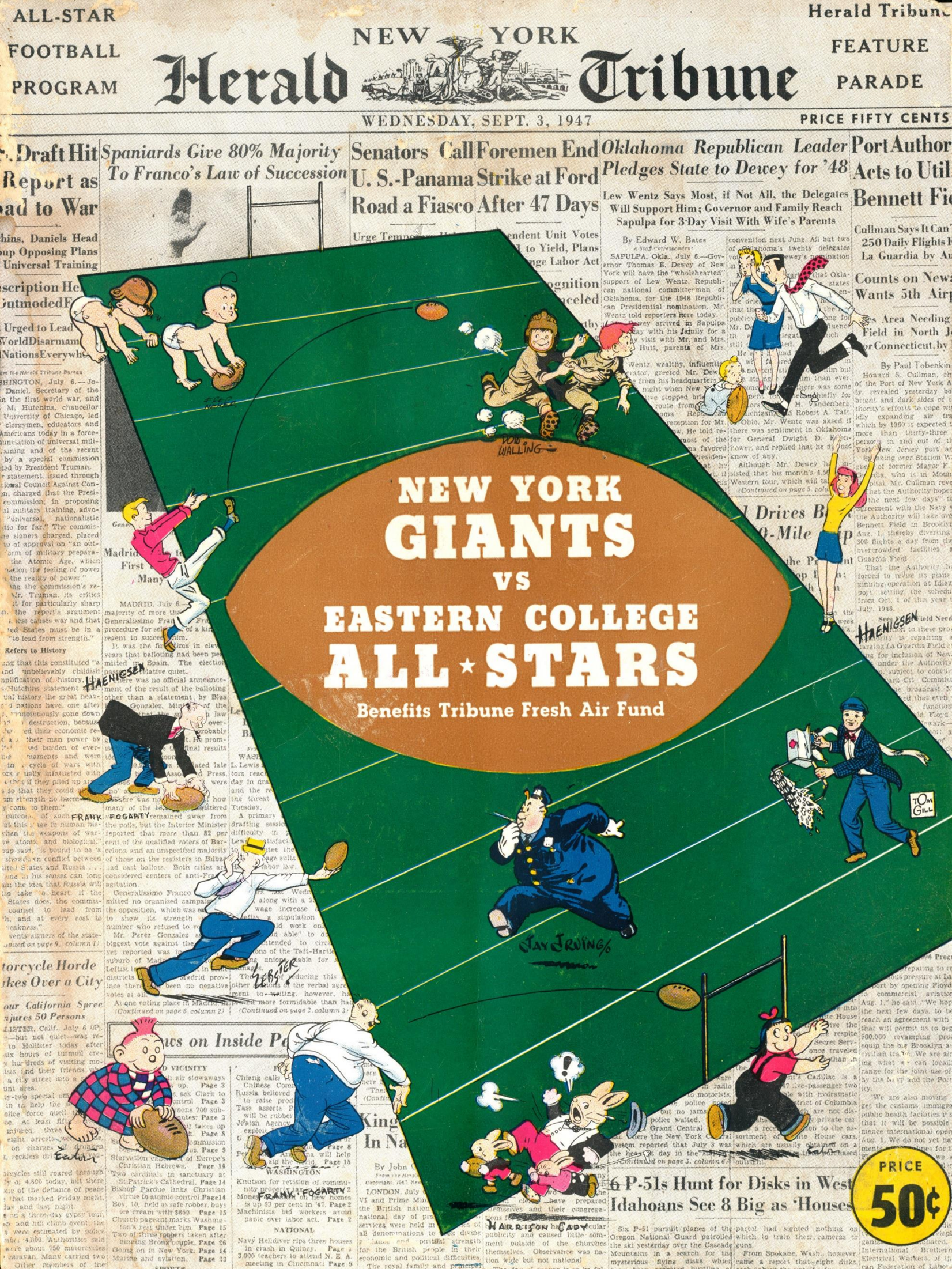

Draft Hit Report as ad to War

hins, Daniels Head up Opposing Plans Universal Training

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Urged to Lead WorldDisarmam NationsEverywh

Spaniards Give 80% Majority To Franco's Law of Succession

Senators Call U. S.-Panama Road a Fiasco

Foremen End Strike at Ford After 47 Days

Oklahoma Republican Leader Pledges State to Dewey for '48

Lew Wentz Says Most, if Not All, the Delegates Will Support Him; Governor and Family Reach Sapulpa for 3-Day Visit With Wife's Parents

By Edward W. Bates

SAPULPA, Okla., July 6.—Governor Thomas E. Dewey of New York will have the "wholehearted" support of Lew Wentz, Republican national committeeman of Oklahoma, for the 1948 Republican Presidential nomination, Mr. Wentz told reporters here today.

Dewey arrived in Sapulpa today with his family for a two-day visit with Mr. and Mrs. [illegible] Huti, parents of Mrs. Wentz, wealthy, influential [illegible] operator, greeted Mr. Dewey [illegible] from his headquarters [illegible] night when New York's [illegible] stopped briefly [illegible] route from [illegible] Republican [illegible] reception for Mr. Dewey. He told reporters most of the [illegible] favored [illegible] President- [illegible] at his [illegible] if [illegible]

convention next June. All but two of Oklahoma's twenty delegates [illegible] Dewey's nomination [illegible] that Oklahoma states [illegible]

Mr. Wentz was asked if there was sentiment in Oklahoma for General Dwight D. Eisenhower, and replied that he did not know of any.

Although Mr. Dewey has insisted that his month's 4,500 Western tour, which will ta

(Continued on page 5, colu

Port Author Acts to Util Bennett Fie

Cullman Says It Can' 250 Daily Flights H La Guardia by Au

Counts on New Wants 5th Airp

s Area Needing Field in North J or Connecticut, by

By Paul Tobenkin

Howard S. Cullman, ch of the Port of New York A ty, revealed yesterday bo bright and dark sides of t thority's efforts to cope wi idly expanding air tra which by 1960 is expected t more than thirty-three persons in and out of t York-New Jersey port ar Speaking over Station W tue of former Mayor F. dia, who is in Moun pital, Mr. Cullman reve that the Authority hope the next few days" t agreement with the Navy the Authority will take ov Bennett Field in Brookly Aug. 1, thereby diverting 300 flights a day from the overcrowded facilities Guardia Field.

That the Authority ha forced to revise its plans ginning operation at Idlew port, setting the schedu from Oct. 1 of this year t July, 1948.

See [illegible]ield Need

[illegible] to these pro thority is repairing a laring La Guardia Field ng for inclusion of New under the Authority subject to concur ark Civ Commiss broadcast. M d that even function [illegible] Floyd [illegible]ark [illegible]

Drives B -Mile

torcycle Horde kes Over a City

our California Spree njures 50 Persons

LISTER, Calif., July 6 (AP) —but not quiet—was re- to Hollister today after six hours of turmoil cre- y hundreds of visiting mo- ists and their friends [illegible] a city street into a [illegible] unt area.

ty-two special [illegible] in to help the [illegible] olice force quell [illegible] se. At least fif- injured, three [illegible] eight arrests were made, on charges of drunken [illegible] reckless dri- Easter [illegible]

[illegible] bicycles still roared through [illegible] ty of 4,800 today, but there [illegible] ne of the defiance of peace [illegible] that marked Friday night, [illegible]day and last night.

[illegible] a three-day gypsy tour, [illegible] and hill climb event, the [illegible] were estimated by police [illegible] 4,000. Authorities said [illegible] were about 750 motorcycles [illegible] caravan. Many carried two [illegible] Other members of the

ws on Inside Pa

D VICINITY

[illegible] air slowdown [illegible] up. Page 3

[illegible] ask Clark to [illegible] ntrol. Page 3

[illegible] oons 700 sub- [illegible] utes; Page 3

[illegible] ut takes up [illegible] k. Page 8

[illegible] commission [illegible] us. Page 9

[illegible] ct of Europe's Christian Hebrews. Page 14

Two cardinals in sanctuary at St. Patrick's Cathedral. Page 14

Bishop Pardue links Christian virtue to atomic control. Page 14

Boy, 10, held as safe robber, buys ice cream with $850. Page 15

Church pageant marks Washington's rest under him. Page 15

Two of three robbers taken after [illegible]meling Bronx couple. Page 26

Going on in New York. Page 14

Marine and aviation. Page 33

SPORTS

Chiang calls [illegible] Chinese Comm [illegible] Russia believed [illegible] to raise prod [illegible] Tass asserts P [illegible] will be rubber [illegible] Jewish Agency [illegible] explo [illegible]

[illegible] Page 8

[illegible] Page 9

[illegible] Arg [illegible]na will help [illegible]aid the World. Page 15

WASHINGTON

Knutson for revision of community property laws. Page 2

Money [illegible] on new homes is up 63 per cent in '47. Page 2

Machinists bid workers avoid panic over labor act. Page 2

NATIONAL

Navy Helldiver rips three houses in crash in Quincy. Page 1

3,000 teachers to attend N. E. A. meeting in Cincinnati. Page 9

King In Na

By John [illegible]

From the Herald Tribune Bureau

Copyright, 1947, New [illegible]

LONDON, July [illegible] VI and Prime Min [illegible] national day of pra [illegible] services were held in [illegible] all denominations to [illegible] for the British people in their economic and political difficulties.

The royal family and principal [illegible] have prepared themselves and their congrega- tions [illegible] ular publicity and caused little com- ment outside of the churches themselves. Observance was na- tion wide but not national

(Continued on page 3, column 3)

6 P-51s Hunt for Disks in West Idahoans See 8 Big as 'Houses

Six P-51 pursuit planes of the Oregon National Guard patrolled the ski yesterday over the Cascade Mountains in a search for the mysterious flying disks which [illegible] came a report that eight disks

patrol had sighted nothing which to train their cameras guns.

From Spokane, Wash., however came a report that eight disks

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Gay Nineties!
Cleverly worked
strips of silky
Persian and velvet
nip in the waist
and round out the
hips with a flair!
P.S. The umbrella
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Original . . . Hammer Brand Processed

BELMONT PARK

America's Greatest Racing

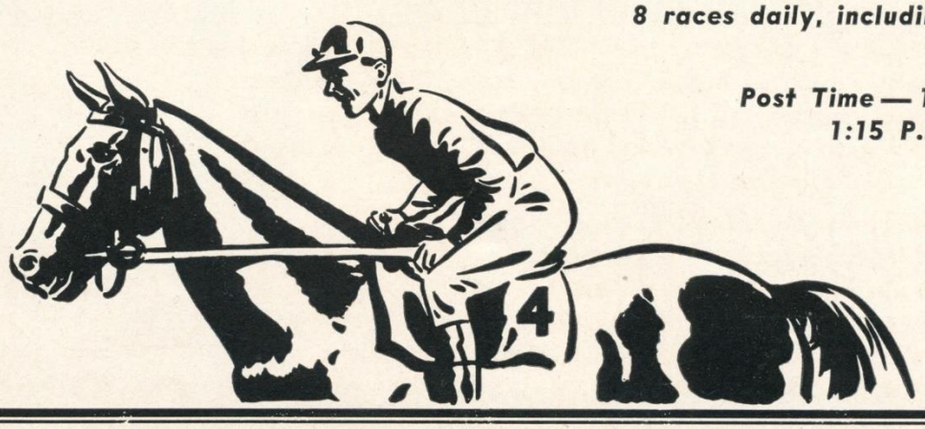
SEPTEMBER 22nd - OCTOBER 11th

For your pleasure, America's most beautiful track, opening September 22nd, features 15 classic races.

Monday,	Sept.	22	Fall Highweight Handicap—all ages—6 furlongs, Widener Course	$25,000 added
Wednesday,	Sept.	24	Jerome Handicap—3-year-olds—1 mile	25,000 "
Thursday,	Sept.	25	The Brook Steeplechase Handicap—about 2½ miles	15,000 "
Saturday,	Sept.	27	The Matron Stakes—2-yr.-old fillies—6 furlongs, Widener Course	25,000 "
			The Manhattan Handicap—3-year-olds and up—1½ miles	25,000 "
Monday,	Sept.	29	The Lawrence Realization—3-yr.-olds—1 mile and five furlongs	25,000 "
Wednesday,	Oct.	1	The Vosburgh Handicap—all ages—7 furlongs	25,000 "
Thursday,	Oct.	2	The Grand National Steeplechase Handicap—about 3 miles	25,000 "
Saturday,	Oct.	4	The Futurity—2-year-olds—6½ furlongs, Widener Course	50,000 "
			The Jockey Club Gold Cup—3-year-olds and up—2 miles	25,000 "
Tuesday,	Oct.	7	The Ladies Handicap—fillies and mares—3-year-olds and up—1½ miles	50,000 "
Wednesday,	Oct.	8	The Broad Hollow Steeplechase Handicap—about 2 miles	15,000 "
Thursday,	Oct.	9	The Sysonby Mile—3-year-olds and up—1 mile	25,000 "
Saturday,	Oct.	11	The Champagne Stakes—2-year-olds—1 mile	25,000 "
			The New York Handicap—3-year-olds and up—2¼ miles	100,000 "

8 races daily, including Steeplechase

Post Time — 1st Race
1:15 P.M.



For a Long Race in First Place

Racing shoes like these worn by history-makers in the annals of harness racing—such as Maud S., Clingstone, Patron, Johnston, Jay Eye See—are a revelation of the blacksmith's craftsmanship in fitting shoes to meet the varied needs and eccentricities of top-flight trotters and pacers.

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FIRE • AUTOMOBILE • MARINE INSURANCE

ESTABLISHED 1853

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William and Beaver Streets

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Importers and Dealers in Fine Wines, Brandies, Whiskies and other Spirits

BUSINESS ESTABLISHED 1830

TODAY
East 52nd Street

IN wines and spirits, as in other things, the highest quality is usually not found in sufficient quantity for broad commerce. As wine merchants, we have been free to select from producers, here and abroad, only the choicest wines and spirits for offering under the Bellows label. Because of these direct connections, we are able to make our products available at fair prices.

A representative selection of these offerings, including the following partial listing, will be found at recognized agents for Bellows & Company.

WHISKEY

Partners Choice, Whiskey—a Blend. Light, full flavored. For general service. 60% Grain Neutral Spirits—86.8 Proof.

SHERRY

Cocktail Sherry—Fine Amontillado, pale, dry. Excellent when it is chilled.

Choicest Oloroso—A magnificent soft wine. Fine with many a dessert or cheese.

MADEIRA

Fine Rainwater Madeira—Pale, an excellent apéritif; goes well with soup.

Gold Label Choice Solera Bual—Full bodied, rich. An excellent dessert wine.

PORT

Black Label Tawny Port — Flavory, with delicate and distinctive character.

Gold Label Tawny Port—Soft and very full flavored, and robust, for varied usage.

BORDEAUX

A wide variety of reds and whites, including many from T. Jouvet & Cie. are represented in our selections, which are unusual values in today's wine markets.

GIN

Fine Club Distilled Dry Gin—Of rare delicacy and blandness. 90 Proof. Distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits.

BRANDY

Fine Imported Portuguese—Very agreeable and favored for Stingers. 86 Proof.

COGNAC

Bellows V. E.—From the Première Zone of the famed Cognac district. 86 Proof.

ARMAGNAC

Bas-Armagnac, Three Star—A brandy with a full and fruity flavor. 85 Proof.

INGLENOOK TABLE WINES

Our offerings of reds and whites from this Napa Valley vineyard are regarded among the finest produced in America. They are generous and flavorful wines.

BURGUNDY

Our offerings include magnificent wines purchased directly from the great proprietors of the Côte d'Or. Such Burgundies have been rare since the war.

RUM

Cruzan Rum—A fine, light West Indies rum. Gold or White Label. 86 Proof.

Cockade—A distinctive Barbados rum of delightful body and flavor. 90 Proof.

Ron Malecon—Gold Seal. Delicate Cuban rum distilled exclusively for us. 86 Proof.

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A sweetening agent to accent the best qualities of rum or gin in mixed drinks.

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Perrier-Jouët, English Cuvée, 1937. A well developed wine of this great year.

SPARKLING SAUMUR

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RHÔNE WINES

Our selections from the renowned family of Chapoutier include excellent reds comparable to fine Burgundy, and whites such as the truly great Hermitage Blanc.

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"My beer is RHEINGOLD — the DRY beer!"

says PEE WEE REESE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HESSE-PATSTON

1. "How does a shortstop stay on top?" says Pee Wee Reese of the Brooklyn Dodgers. "To keep on being a favorite, you've got to be as good tomorrow as you were yesterday. I guess that's just as true of beer as it is of ball-playing . . .

2. "After the game, it's always Rheingold for Mrs. Reese and me! And we've *never* had a glass of Rheingold that wasn't as perfect as the one before. Its dryness lets the clean, clear, real-beer flavor come through. It's beer as beer should taste!"

Rheingold

EXTRA DRY

Lager Beer

BREWED BY *Liebmann Breweries,*
BREWERS FOR OVER 110 YEARS EST. 1837 - IN NEW YORK 1854

Have you tried McSorley's Ale? Rheingold McSorley's True Hearty Ale — a fitting companion to New York's most popular bottled beer!

It's beer as beer should taste!

DRY tells you WHY!

WHY IS RHEINGOLD the most wanted beer in New York?

Because no other beer—domestic or imported—has the same wonderful *dry* flavor—a flavor so refreshing, so crisp, so distinctive you just don't know how good beer can be till you try Rheingold Extra Dry!

Compare its flavor, its bouquet, its pale, crystal color with any other beer. This paleness is another symbol of the superior quality brewers strive for—and Rheingold achieves.

Do this—and we know you'll agree with the millions who insist, "*My* beer is Rheingold—the DRY beer!" In bottles and cans and on tap all over town.

The Front Cover

Drawn by GEORGE GRELLER and PAUL FLAYER, of the New York Herald Tribune Promotion Art Department. The characters were contributed by New York Herald Tribune cartoonists—DOW WALLING ("Skeets"), HARRISON CADY ("Peter Rabbit"), JAY IRVING ("Pride of the Finest"), FRED NEHER ("Us Moderns"), MAL EATON ("Peter Piltdown"), BERNARD SEEG ("Honey and Hank"), HARRY HAENIGSEN ("Penny" and "Our Bill"), WEARE HOLBROOK and FRANK FOGARTY ("Clarence"), ARTHUR H. FOLWELL and FRANK FOGARTY ("Mr. and Mrs."), TOM GILL ("Flower Potts") and H. T. WEBSTER ("The Timid Soul"). The plates were made by POWERS REPRODUCTION COMPANY.

The Illustrations

All of the cartoons and "dingbats" (except those on page 63) were drawn by LEN ROMAGNA, of the Herald Tribune Promotion Art Department.

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NEW YORK Herald Tribune

All-Star Game Program

and

The Feature Parade

Irving T. Marsh, Editor

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Herald Tribune Abroad

Herald Tribune at Home

Herald Tribune in Arts and Letters

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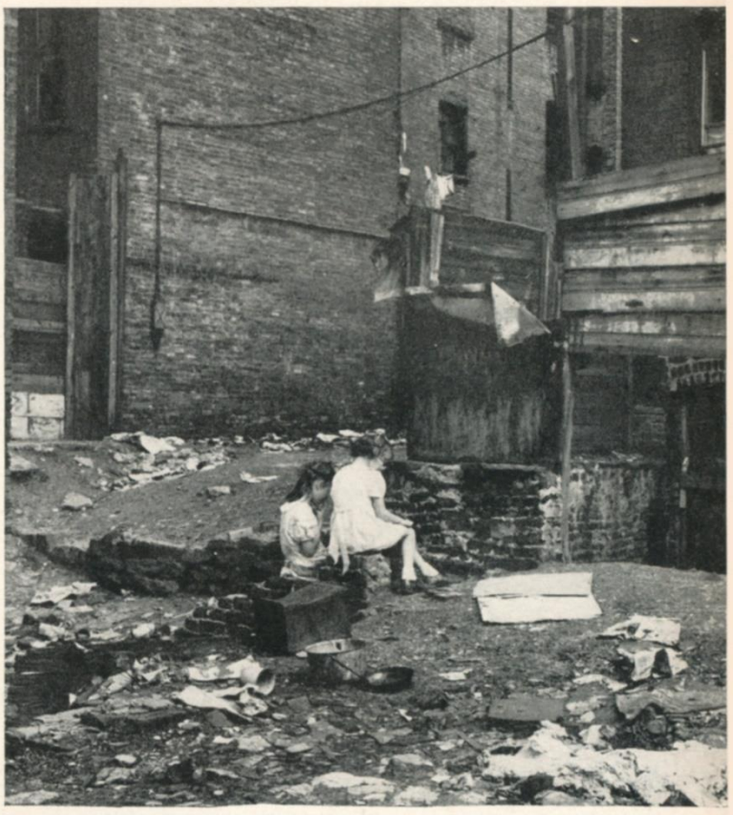
TAKE'EM OUT!

...OF THIS

From behind bars, flower pots and clotheslines on Avenue B this compelling blond lad gazes wistfully.



They sat among the ashes of our civilization, two delicate flowers perched on a dungheap.

Along Avenue B this trio tried to hew out their own baseball field in a vacant lot.

By Richard F. Crandell

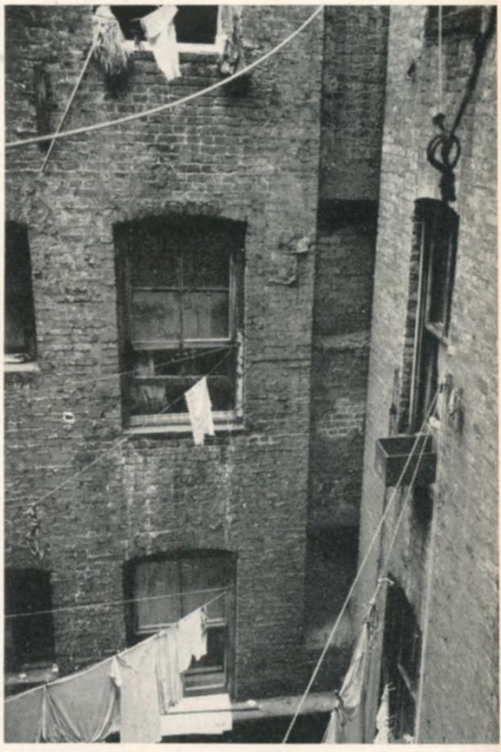
Little known to you, Cannon Street, Sheriff Street, Avenue B and Old Broadway are peopled these nights with pert little tikes who have a nose-thumbing philosophy. They skip nimbly between the trucks, giving little thought to survival or that old maxim they have to scribble in school, "America Is the Land of Opportunity."

A good many of them don't even know that this football game is being held for their benefit tonight. Their lives are circumscribed.

Use words like "camp," "country" and "farm" and their eyes glow like cigars in the dark. They crowd around with eager questions. Their eagerness is pathetic, there in the dusk of Cannon Street, when one realizes that so many will be left behind.

All the answers, gentle reader, you have in your heart and your pocketbook. All the answers to a Fresh Air Fund vacation. "When, mister?" "How many?" "Who?" "How much?" "Where?" Never did so little mean so much to so many.

RICHARD F. CRANDELL is Picture Editor of the New York Herald Tribune.



This is the view of the Land of Opportu from a Cannon Street window, where the never reaches.

"They Can Lift Up Their Eyes Unto the Hills Whence Cometh Their Strength."

This is their temporary heritage, this is the proper setting for a boy and a girl, this visit is what will give meaning to those words they write down in school, "America Is the Land of Opportunity."

Homer Bigart, *Jerusalem*
Ralph Chapman, *Tokyo*
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Ed Hartrich, *Frankfurt*

NEW YORK Herald Tribune

in

Barrett McGurn, *Rome*
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The World of Our Neighbors

This Is Berlin, 1947

By John Elliott

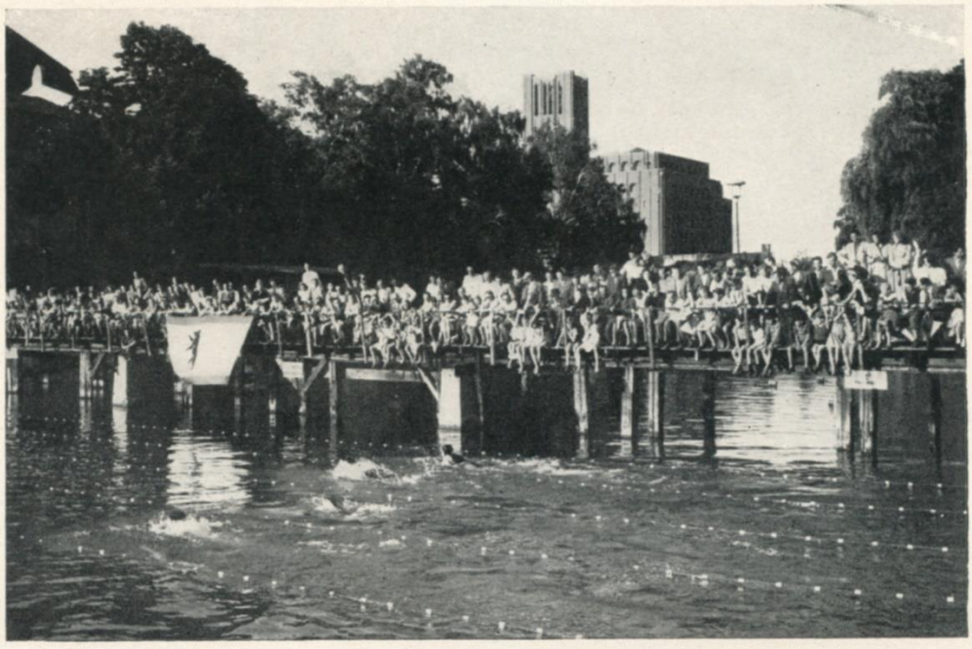
BERLIN THE oasis of Berlin these days is the Grunewald. This is a huge pine forest with a chain of lovely lakes that lies in the southwestern part of the city. Although it is in the city, it is not of it. Here the Berliner comes on week-ends or during the long summer evenings (this city has double summer time now so it is light until after eleven o'clock at night) and forgets the ruins and the rubble of his metropolis. Here the cuckoo and the nightingale sing and he can forget his troubles and his struggles.

The cafés on the lakeside have reopened. One can't get chocolate and apple tarts buried under mounds of whipped cream as one could before the war, but one can buy Ersatz Kaffee and some liquid refreshments of a villainous-looking color. Lovers stroll along the paths by the lakeside, cursing the fact that the benches have been demolished for firewood during the cold winter. The woods echo with the merry shouts of swimmers; canoes and rowboats are again to be seen on the lakes, and sun bathers lie sprawled out on the sand beaches, enjoying the sun and the warmth that they so sorely missed last winter.

For the Grunewald is Berlin's playground and vacation center. This city is an international island now and it is not easy for the Germans to get out of it to visit other parts of the Reich. To travel to any zone other than the surrounding Russian zone requires going through a lot of red tape and even to make a trip to a holiday resort in the Soviet zone is like making an expedition to the Arctic. The vacationer has to take with him his food supplies for the duration of his stay and his bedding as well.

Life in Berlin for the Germans is a struggle for the barest necessities that elsewhere are taken for granted. Such ordinary commodities as soap, towels, matches, are rarities. Clothing is even a greater headache. Not only are shoes hard to get, but if shoes need repairing, it is just too bad. Prices of essentials such as rationed food and rents luckily are controlled, for otherwise it would be impossible for the average Berliner to survive on his wage. But except for controlled goods, the cigarette is the open sesame to everything. If the plumbing is out of order, if the electric lighting needs fixing, if shoes need to be repaired, a package of cigarettes will get it done, but otherwise our Berliner will probably have to wait until the Greek Kalends.

FOOD is the biggest problem, although, living in a city controlled by all Four Allied Powers where the food furnished by each of them is pooled, the Berliner is better off than his compatriot elsewhere. If he wants fresh potatoes, he has to get them on the black market. Eggs haven't been distributed since May 1945. Berliners have been advised that vegetable planting is more important than flowers. The Tiergarten, which once was the most beautiful public park in Europe but which was devastated during the war when it was the scene of the fiercest fighting between Germans and Russians in the battle of Berlin,



POST-WAR SPORTS IN GERMANY: A swimming meet among four cities—Berlin, Magdeburg, Halle and Gera—held at Berlin recently.

JOHN ELLIOTT formerly was chief of the Berlin Bureau of the New York Herald Tribune. He is now on assignment in the United States.

has been converted into a huge potato patch. The Berliner who used to grow geraniums and petunias in the flower box on his beloved balcony is now raising tomatoes or peas there instead.

But the great worry of the vegetable gardeners is the wild rabbit. They are everywhere, invading the emergency gardens in the suburbs and in the ruins in the heart of the city, nibbling away at cabbages, celery, and other plants. The Berliners can't kill them because they are forbidden to possess firearms. So the city officials have appealed to the Allies to organize a shooting squad to exterminate the pests.

THE Berliners' enjoyment of these warm summer days is overshadowed by his memories of the protracted cold weather of last winter and his dread of the coming one. He is already wondering whether he is going to get any coal. Last year he was lucky if he got enough to heat one room. The whole family then huddled around the stove, making this room a combination drawing room, dining room, kitchen and library. Then they went off to the cold bedroom to sleep if possible. In some houses, the windows still have their panes intact, but often as not, the rooms are ill protected from the cold by a piece of cardboard.

The gloom of the window was intensified by the cutting off of the electric power—sometimes as much as eight hours a day—caused by the shortage of coal in the power-plants. He was a lucky individual who had a candle to disperse the darkness. Generally, the family sat in darkness until the light came back again.

The cutting off of power reduced the number of subway and elevated trains and this curtailment of service increased the jamming of trains that were already packed. It is not a rare sight to see a train traveling along with passengers hanging onto the doors. A most peculiar accident was caused by this state of affairs last winter. A passenger who was thus hanging on outside the train had his knapsack caught by a train proceeding in the opposite direction. As he fell, he tried to save himself by clutching a fellow passenger who in turn endeavored to hang on to another commuter. In this way six men were dragged out of the car and run over by the other train.

THE Berliner, if he has money, has plenty of amusements. The Kurfuerstendamm, center of the city's night life, is coming back into its own again. Many of the dance clubs have reopened on this famous boulevard and are packed. So are the night clubs like the "Ulenspiegel" which specializes in keen political satire. There are plenty of cinemas, although most of the films shown are pre-war German or American pictures.

The cinema and opera begins early, usually between five and six o'clock in the evening to make certain that everybody can get home before the trains stop operating. The Berlin theaters this year have put on such classics as "Hamlet," "The Taming of the Shrew," "Tartuffe" and "Nathan the Wise," as well as such modern plays as Thornton Wilder's "Skin of Our Teeth."

The music life in Berlin is as rich as ever. Besides innumerable concerts, there are two opera houses which are open every night, save for a month in summer, and the famous Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra is again performing. Such distinguished artists as Wilhelm Furtwaengler, the conductor and Walter Gieseking, the pianist, have been "de-nazified" and are back in the concert hall. The first Wagner concert since the end of the war was given on a Sunday afternoon in June by the Municipal Opera House orchestra and the State Opera is to put on "Tristan and Isolde" next September with Furtwaengler conducting—the first time that a Wagner opera has been produced in Berlin since the war.

"Though much is taken, much abides." Berlin has lost many of its priceless treasures through the blitz and the war, but despite the drabness of daily life, the city is probably the liveliest in Germany today. And, above all, the Grunewald remains.

A NEW WRINKLE IN FARMING: A vegetable garden in cans and barrels in the rubble of a blasted city in Germany.

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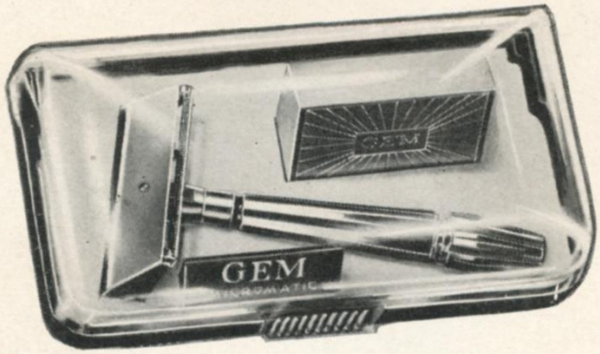
The shave is so *comfortable* . . . you wonder how whiskers can be gone! It's so *close* you wonder how they can ever come back! AND ALWAYS USE *GENUINE* GEM BLADES!



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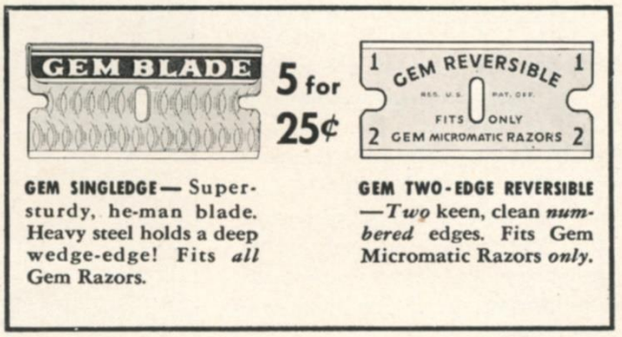

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GEM DIVISION, AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CORP., BROOKLYN 1, N. Y.

Holy Land Terror

By Homer Bigart

JERUSALEM PALESTINE has become synonymous with terror, but it is possible to live in this country of terrorists and land mines and barbed wire and armored cars in utter peace and boredom. You simply move out of Jerusalem, Tel Aviv, Haifa and stay in rural settlements, Jewish or Arab.

And you live fairly well. The climate is tops—summers in the hills are never as depressingly hot and humid as in New York. It never rains. You sleep under blankets. Right now there is plenty of fresh milk and eggs, and delicious melons and corn on the cob. It is a country worth fighting for.

But maybe you want to see the fighting. Your best bet is Jerusalem, where the British live in air-tight compartments, behind barbed wire, never go downtown to the shops or movies. You, an American, may live in perfect safety in modern Jewish quarters of the capital — the terrorists won't bother you. But you won't like curfews. There is nothing like a little old dusk-to-dawn curfew to make you realize what it means to live in a police state.

The curfew means simply that you stay at home. No running down to the drug store for a sandwich, no going to the movies. Stick your head out of doors and somebody's liable to take a pot at you.

Suppose you had a curfew pass—it would not do much good with everything tightly shut—cafés, shops, theaters, bars. You would be challenged every few hundred yards by an armored car or foot patrol. A challenge from a nervous kid with a bayonet is difficult to answer in suave tones.

JERUSALEM, even without the curfew, is hardly gay. Two night spots provide dancing until eleven, when there is no place to go but home. At the one decent restaurant, Hesses, a guy bangs the piano Saturday and Sunday nights. "A Sentimental Journey" is number one on the hit parade. Five cinemas show two-year-old Hollywood films. No wonder they have terror.

Still, it is a good country for sports. Both Jews and British have well-organized soccer programs and used to play each other, but now it is strictly intramural. The last time the Jews met the British on a football field was in March at Haifa. The British brought armored cars, but there was no bloodshed. The result was a 2-2 draw.

The Jewish Community maintains two big sports organizations, Hapoel, of the General Federation of Labor, and Hamaccabis, representing non-labor groups. Each has about 30,000 members, actively engaged in soccer, swimming, track, basketball, tennis or some other sport. There is a major soccer league of eight teams, and the season runs from early October to the end of June. The biggest stadium is Hamaccabis, in Tel Aviv, seating 20,000, and Hapoel plans building a bigger stadium just outside Tel Aviv on the proceeds of their American tour last spring.

SWIMMING threatens to replace soccer as Palestine's national sport, and tennis and basketball are rising in popularity. This year, for the first time, Palestine sent a tennis group to Wimbledon. Yehuda Finkelkraut, Palestine's singles champion, was eliminated in the second round, but out in Kubbetzim they are saying, wait until next year.

The Arabs don't go in much for organized sports. The notion of achieving physical fitness through team games has always seemed slightly silly to the Arabs. But the younger generation of educated Arabs, led by graduates of the American college in Beyrouth, are attempting to arouse interest in sports.

AT GUN'S POINT: Rounding up suspected terrorists seems to be not at all uncommon in these days in the Holy Land.

PALESTINE STREET SCENE: Tanks, armored cars and barbed wire on the streets don't seem to perturb the citizenry unduly.

HOMER BIGART, roving correspondent of the New York Herald Tribune, currently is stationed in Palestine. Bigart won the Pulitzer prize in 1946 for distinguished reporting on international affairs.

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Memo From Moskva

by Joseph Newman

MOSCOW THE camouflage and the war paint are being peeled off Moscow's buildings and the gold Byzantine domes are glistening once more over the Kremlin. It is a good sign of the peace which has now made it possible for all Muscovites to relax and play again after years of devastating war.

There are other signs of better times ahead: hot dogs, an American institution, are back on the stands although you have to know where to find them. Beer halls and Moscow's only two roof gardens (on top of the Moskva Hotel) are doing more business than before. There are more and better clothes and there are prospects of a bumper harvest this fall.

Even amid the ruins of Belo-Russia, which suffered the full impact of the war. there is optimism about the future. The Russians have picked themselves up out of the ruins and have pitched into the job of reconstruction with their characteristic vitality. It was such vitality which made it possible for this country to survive the most cruel and devastating invasion of all time.

After many lean years of war the Muscovites now look forward to many fat years of peace notwithstanding the gloomy forecasts circulating in various foreign countries. They prefer to believe that talk of more international trouble will prove to be nothing more than talk—big talk among big powers.

The people on the street prefer to talk about the new Moskvich—a small Opel-type automobile which is now coming off the assembly line. They are wondering how many more years they will have to wait before they are available to the person of average means. At the present price of around ten thousand rubles that doesn't mean anyone can buy a Moskvich at that or any other price.

JOSEPH NEWMAN, former correspondent in South America and Japan, is now head of the Moscow Bureau of the New York Herald Tribune.

MEANWHILE they pack the busses, trolleys and suburban trains to get out of the heat of the metropolis just as New Yorkers stream out of the city to find some grass in the nearby countryside or some sand and water at the seaside. Moscow's nearby woods are as wonderful to those seeking peace and rest as they were mortal to those Germans seeking war and conquest.

The seaside is a long way from Moscow so the Muscovites find the nearest thing to Coney Island at Khimke, a combination port and resort on the canal which joins the Moskva and Volga rivers. Though it can't compare in size Khimke, on a hot summer Sunday, is about as crowded as Coney Island.

For three rubles you can pass through the gate and select your spot, for sunning or swimming, on the fragrant grass of the extensive park or on the dark pebbly beach bordering the lake which feeds the canal. There are sailboats, rowboats and canoes but you must be there bright and early to get one.

A short distance further on is Khimke Port where you can board motorboats for short tours of the canal or paddle-wheel boats similar to those which ply the Hudson. These boats carry passengers on overnight trips all the way to the Volga and back again.

Those who can spare fifteen hundred rubles can rent for the summer a small "Dacha," or villa. Dachas dot the outskirts of Moscow and in the evening, especially on week ends, husbands battle their way into the subways or busses with their arms full of foodstuffs for their families in the countryside.

BUT everyone can't get away, so late in the evening, after the sun sets around nine o'clock, Moscow's courtyards are filled with music of guitars and accordians. There is tea poured from samovars and harder drinks poured from vodka and beer bottles. Singing and music become warmer and louder. Before you realize it, the brief summer night is over and the sun starts coming up again shortly after three o'clock.

Blue-painted water wagons begin wetting broad avenues in and around Red Square to cool the streets and keep the dust down. Early in the morning ice cream and soda pop wagons appear on the street corners to slacken the thirst of Muscovites on their way to work and again later in the day on their way back home.

Two or three times weekly the Muscovites jam-pack Dynamo Stadium to root for their favorite football teams. It is European football (soccer)—the only kind played in this country and the most popular sport of all.

During the week games don't begin before seven o'clock so that working people are able to attend after leaving their factories and offices. About 80,000 men, women and children fill the Stadium whenever there is a game regardless of whether it rains or shines. The fans who can't get in glue their ears to the radio for a kick-by-kick description.

The Dynamos are perhaps the best soccer players in Europe. They defeated England two years ago. They are Moscow's home boys and their backing from the crowd is no less vociferous and violent in its enthusiasm than that given the Dodgers in Brooklyn. Whistles take the place of Bronx cheers in jeering foul plays or doubtful decisions of the referee. Pop bottles are also used when necessary.

THERE are thirteen teams in one big league in the Soviet Union. They come from Moscow, Leningrad, Kiev, Minsk, Stalingrad, Kuibyshev and Tiflis. Teams are flown between these distant points for games.

Players are not officially regarded as professionals but they spend most of their time playing soccer whether they represent sport clubs (as in the case of Dynamo), factories, the Red Army or the Air Force. Games are supervised by the All-Union Committee on Physical Culture and Sports.

The Moscow Dynamos are leading the league again this year, followed by Tiflis Dynamo and Army. As an unbeatable team it is establishing for itself a nation-wide record comparable to the one once enjoyed by the New York Yankees.

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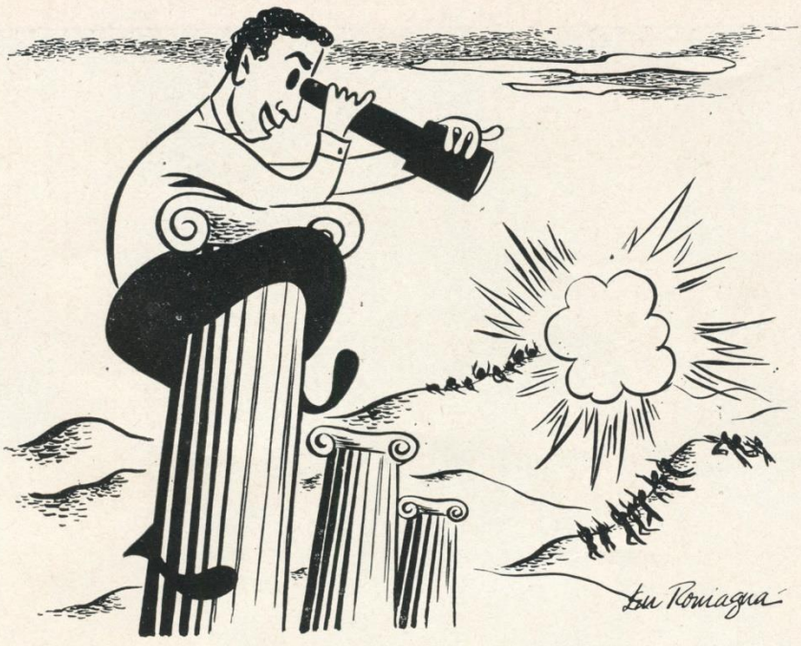


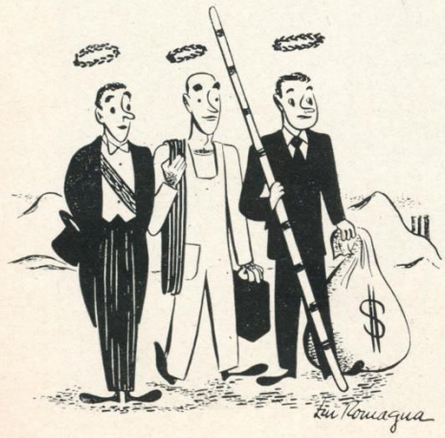
A Greek Named Szymiczek

By Seymour Freidin

ATHENS A SAD truism in Greece is that every Greek is a politician. And every man here is agreed on who should be Prime Minister. Every Greek. But there's a foreigner in Greece who has the only non-political solution to perhaps the most bewildering political problem in the world. He simply would run it out of the Greeks.

Lean, intent Otto Szymiczek, Budapest Physical Education College, '29, offers this startling approach. Naturally, he may be a bit prejudiced. He's coach of Greece's Olympic Team and has been guiding Greek athletes for the last seventeen years. Otto, who agrees he should be called Otto because few people, especially the Greeks, can pronounce his name properly, has worked diligently but mostly encountered lack of success in Olympic Games so far. His greatest claim to fame is that at the age of twenty in 1930, he was the youngest Olympic coach since the ancient Greeks tossed a few spears at each other and discovered they could have a game called the javelin throw.

The cadaverous Hungarian who thinks nostalgically of the old cafes in Budapest —many Hungarian champions were weaned on barats, a fiery brandy—takes his job down here very seriously despite all the handicaps. He can't very well tour the country for new talent. Many potential stars are doing their dashing in the mountains with or against the guerrillas.



BUT Otto, who fingers his long receding forehead tenderly as he speaks, thought he had some pretty good prospects for the 1948 Olympics and maybe a chance to give Greece an Olympic champion. Quite naturally he's rapturous about his two marathon runners, Stylianos Kyrakides and Athanasios Ragozos. But he's acquired a nineteen-year-old pole vaulter he believes will be pushing towards a gold medal by the summer of 1948. The boy to watch, according to Otto, is Nikko Balafis, who spends his working hours in an Athens bank stacking the days' receipts in huge piles of banknotes.

He also has under his solicitous wing, a budding diplomat in the Foreign Office, George Marinakis, who has been right on the neck of the Greek hop-step-jump-champion, Johnny Palamyotis. In his collection of hopefuls Otto also has a good man for the 5,000-meters and an electrician, Nikko Sylas, whom he hauled from the island of Chios to toss the discus around.

Otto plans to have his choicest track and field men participate in the British championships and in various Balkan games to get them into shape for the Olympics. He has a rugged time getting them out to the stadium built here for the 1896 Olympics. Jobs being what they are in Greece, it's like winning an independent seat in Parliament to have an athlete devote as much time to training as, for example, in the United States.

The war cut in on Otto's plans, like a lot of other people's. He had been nursing a hurdler or two along and a couple of distance men when the late, unlamented Benito thought Greece would be a push-over. Most of Otto's runners and discus throwers wound up fighting in the Albanian campaign. The Germans, after rescuing the Italian legions, imposed their frightful occupation on this proud but barren country and athletics went completely to pot for very good reasons.

Otto never tried very hard during the occupation to whip together any track and field men. They were too busy cutting down Germans. And when the Nazis, struck once by a brilliant thought, asked the Greeks if they might like to enter into some competitions, they received very impolite suggestions about their Axis games.

VIRTUALLY all the men Otto groomed for years for the big test in 1940 grew older—too old to streak around cinder paths. During the war and occupation everyone was pretty hungry. You can't train very well on a chunk of bread and some olives. Most people are still pretty hungry in Greece. That isn't con-

(*Continued on page 87*)

SEYMOUR FREIDIN, first American newspaper man to reach Berlin after it had fallen, is now Southeastern Europe correspondent of the New York Herald Tribune.

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King Baseball of Japan

By Ralph Chapman

TOKYO DESPITE drastic lacks of equipment and facilities, a general sports revival has taken place in Japan during the two years since the end of the Pacific war. Baseball is once again the nation's No. 1 game but additional thousands of Japanese are playing tennis, golf and soccer.

Although earlier hopes for permission to take part in next year's Olympic Games appear to have been squelched, sports leaders here are already planning for the 1952 Olympics. It is still too soon to suggest who may be the stars of such a team, however.

For some reason which no one seems able to explain, "contact" sports have never been popular in Japan. Pre-war efforts to introduce American football were unsuccessful. It is thought by some that this is due to the fact that the Japanese are a small people, but such a theory does not hold water when one considers their liking for judo and other bone-cracking exercises.

But baseball is really king. Any time two or more Japanese youngsters get together you can bet that they will be throwing a ball around. Every sandlot in Tokyo has its lunch hour ball game. There are professional teams, school teams, and city teams. From early spring until late fall there is league play, tournament play and inter-city series.

Owners of big league clubs in the United States would think they were dreaming if they saw the crowds which attend any sort of game. This writer was part of a crowd of 70,000 which turned out on a Tuesday afternoon to watch an amateur game.

JAPANESE amateurs, by the way, would have the average American fan in hysterics. Every batter removes his cap and bows to the umpire before taking his place at the plate. No Japanese spectator would think of keeping a ball hit into the stands. He throws it back to the ball boy who also bows in thanks.

Even among the professionals there is no umpire-baiting and no arguing. Every decision is final and accepted stoically. One result of this is that games are finished much more quickly than in the States but for this writer, at least, they are much less fun.

It is difficult to say how a good Japanese team would compare with an American outfit in a similar category. American G.I.'s are not permitted to engage in athletic contests against Japanese. It is probable that the best team in Japan could hold its own with a single "A" club at home. Fielding is uniformly good and in some cases sparkling but the Japanese seem unable to hit. Scores of 1-0 and extra inning games are a common occurrence for this reason. Against much faster American pitching few Japanese would ever get on base.

WRESTLING FESTIVAL: This used to be the traditional sport of Japan.

THE truth is that in most sports the Japanese is faced with the old story of the good little man against the good big man. As a result, Japan has gained few laurels in the field of international sports.

Old-timers may remember diminutive Kazuya Kumagai bounding about the courts at Forest Hills. In the early thirties Kinrei Matsuyama was one of the giants in the world of billiards. A Japanese team carried off Olympic swimming honors at Los Angeles. But beyond these and a few more, perhaps, Japanese have been little known to sports fans of other nations.

Although they love golf and there are many beautiful courses in Japan, they have never developed a player to compete with our top-ranking amateurs and pros. Fumitaka Konoye showed great promise when he was a student at Princeton but did not have the opportunity to remain in America where the keen competition would have kept his game sharp.

It is possible that the younger generation here may produce some great athletes. Certainly there are none around at the moment.

NOW IT'S BASEBALL: View of Korakuen Stadium in Tokyo, which seats 30,000 for baseball and which is filled nearly every week end.

RALPH CHAPMAN, who has had a long career in foreign correspondence, is chief of the Tokyo Bureau of the New York Herald Tribune.

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London Is Still Taking It

By Ned Russell

LONDON THE graceful silvery statue of Eros, the winged god of Love, has been returned to its pedestal in the center of Piccadilly Circus. Its return is supposed to symbolize something like the last gesture needed to restore battered and weary London to peacetime normalcy.

But life in London isn't as simple as that. There was a hollow silence about the 5,000 Londoners who stood in the sweltering drizzle to watch Eros put back on its pedestal whence it was removed in October, 1939, to save it from the bombs.

The Londoners know that the return of Eros isn't going to change things for them. It's a lovely statue and it makes Piccadilly Circus look more like the old days —before German bombs ripped out large chunks of London and before Britain threw everything it had into fighting the war. Everything went to war. And now the country is paying for it.

Many millions of the British people—the massive "middle class" and the small lush "upper class" — find life on this island pretty grim even two years after the guns and bombs stopped. There are plenty of loud and persistant rumblings of protest against the continued rationing of food, clothes, petrol (gasoline) and even that stalwart item, of British life, tea.

LOTS of people snarl at the Labor government and say the shortages are all the fault of "those doctrinaire Socialists." But if you get out into the country, or wander among the industrial workers and dock laborers of London "those Doctrinaire Socialists" are looked upon as "smart and honest men who will get us through our troubles if anybody can."

The question looming larger every day in Britain is: "What would happen if there were a general (national) election now?" It's hard to guess the answer to that one with any finality. If the election were held in the next few months before winter, most politicians agree that Labor would be returned but with a considerably smaller majority than it has now.

NEXT winter, however, is going to be a tough test. There will be little heat and the fires, both in homes and factories, may go out altogether, as they did for three weeks last winter. Next winter, however, the period of cold homes and idle factories may be even longer. Then, the Labor government will be up against its severest challenge.

Men and women who are unable to buy perhaps all the food and clothes they want, but who can buy most of what they need urgently, are not very restless politically. But when unemployment begins to spread and the men are idle, they are apt to look around for new leaders in Whitehall.

But all this is a sort of grim crust that blankets British life today. The crust is thin at the moment, however, because the summer weather is so nice. A month ago someone remarked that the summer to date had been better than all the summer months of last year. It makes a lot of difference. When it's hot you don't have such a big appetite, you don't miss the food you dream about when it's cold. Nor do you feel the need to get some new heavy clothes to replace those you bought before the war.

EROS RETURNS TO PICCADILLY: Even the rain didn't dampen the spirit of the crowd watching the return of the statue of the god of love after it had been packed away for eight war years.

WITH the summer, too, comes sports and the British people are ardent lovers of all sports, including a few that we Americans don't play, or understand. Cricket is one. Cricket is to the British what baseball is to Americans.

But even the good weather and the splurge of sports events have brought their trouble to the harassed British. At one time the weather got so hot that parts of London ran out of water. Then the summer thundershowers struck with such violence one afternoon that the House of Commons was flooded. The British certainly are ill-equipped to handle their own weather in its extremes. Whatever happens weatherwise, if it's extreme, something goes wrong.

Even in sports things aren't going so well for the British. Foreigners, mostly Americans and French horses, grab all the prizes. Second rate American fighters come over here, tangle with the best that the British promoters can find and belt them into a coma. American golfers romp off with the Walker Cup. American tennis players dominate Wimbledon.

The mediocre British performance in post-war sports has stirred up a fierce little controversy. Some people blame it on the inadequate diet and the strain of the war years. Then, continental athletes, who also don't eat very well and who also went through the war, come here and grab the prizes. The answer probably lies in the fact that the British love their sports, but they don't work at them as hard as other sports loving people.

NED RUSSELL is chief of the London Bureau of the New York Herald Tribune.

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Gli Appassionati Are Forlorn

By Barrett McGurn

ROME ROMAN faces are long these days but it is not because postwar economic conditions are too distressing or because the blue Italian skies are any less sunny. It is rather because both "Roma" and "Lazio" are flirting with the cellar.

Roma and Lazio are the two major league soccer teams of the Italian capital, and soccer is to Italians what baseball, football and basketball are to Americans. Being in the cellar in the Italian soccer major league is even more serious than it is in an American sport for the custom here is to drop the bottom three teams into the minors once a year. Having both Roma and Lazio kicked out of the majors would be almost more than a Roman "appassionato" (fan) would be able to bear.

Rome's appassionati — and every street is full of them — are equipped with the same fund of extraordinary information possessed by a Dodger or Yankee fan, except that the terminology is different. Instead of batting averages the appassionato of the Eternal City can tell you how many times the Roma and Lazio players have made the all-Italy team and how many times the all-Italy team has conquered the world (1934 and 1938, and the Berlin Olympics of 1936). Generally the British field the best soccer eleven but the Italians usually are close behind.

FOR an American who has rarely seen soccer the enthusiasm of the appassionato is not difficult to understand. The ball is round and hard like a basketball and weighs about one-and-one-half pounds. The players use their legs with the dexterity of polo mallets as they kick the ball around a field similar to that used in football. But the most remarkable feature of the game is the fact that players butt the hard ball with their foreheads for as much as 120 feet. Appassionati explain that the ball must be kicked into a player's head at high velocity to get that much yardage, and that since the war, with the food shortage, few have been able to butt that far.

Appassionati point out also that no player hits the ball with the top of his head. The bone of the forehead seems much better able to withstand the shock. Players using the top of the head probably would pass out as promptly as if they had been clubbed.

Even so it is not hard for the stranger to understand why so few of the veterans of the game follow intellectual pursuits after the usual ten-year career of butting the soccer ball. Most of Italy's heroes of the soccer field open bars or restaurants. The appassionati loyally patronize them.

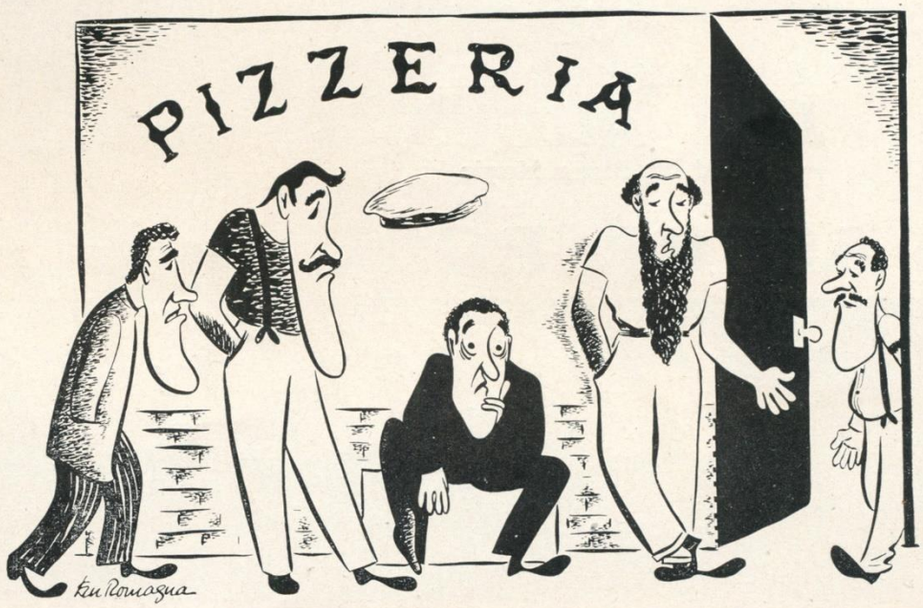
The DiMaggios of American sport are virtual unknowns inside the Italian peninsula. Small boys instead collect cards from chocolate bars featuring the portraits of such celebrated figures of Italian soccer as twenty-eight year old Egino Mazzola and twenty-six year old Carlo Parola, both of them members of the rich team from Turin, Italy's Detroit. Turin's team wins the annual championship with monotonous regularity by the simple device of buying the league's best players at the end of each year's nine-month season. By American standards prices are low. Men like Mazzola and Parola cost about $10,000, while the average major leaguer goes for $600.

THE wealthy appassionati who back Italy's soccer teams see to it that men like Mazzola and Parola get meat at least once a day to keep them in shape but beyond that the athletes of Italy receive nothing like the rich rewards America's baseball and football stars collect. The top fifty major leaguers earn about $1,800 a year, while the average player on the twenty major league teams gets only $25 a week.

The fortunes which the players fail to make sometimes accrue instead to the appassionati. There is a weekly lottery based on the wins, losses and ties in each Sunday's games. Some weeks as many as 6,000,000 tickets — one for every eight Italians — are sold. On days of numerous upsets appassionati who guessed right have collected as much as $65,000 each, far more than a Mazzola or a Parola will earn in a career. The number of fights which break out between unhappy Lazio and Roma rooters at Rome's Colonna Plaza as the returns come in there every Sunday evening indicate, however, that the number of cheery lottery winners are very few indeed.

Soccer appassionati, incidentally, boast that their league was the first phase of Italy to stage a complete comeback after the war. Crowds of as many as 60,000 to 70,000 jam the stadia for the big games, and 300,000 to 400,000 is a normal Sunday attendance in the league's big parks. In 1944 when the Gothic Line cut Italy in half the league merely broke in two, playing one series on the Allied side and the other in Axis territory. Trains were scarcely able to move due to bombing of the bridges, so the teams rolled as much as 700 miles by truck to keep engagements. Wars may come and go but the Italian soccer appassionato cannot be denied.

BARRETT McGURN is chief of the Rome Bureau of the New York Herald Tribune.



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Paris of the Far East

By Christopher Rand

SHANGHAI SHANGHAI is hot in the middle of this year and temporarily quiet. The heat lies over the downtown streets in a haze. It turns the Whangpoo River into a dull, muddy gray and blurs the skyscrapers on the waterfront.

Shanghai, a city of perhaps four and one-half million, is often called the Paris of the Far East. This is an inappropriate name except for a certain amount of fast and glittering night life that exists, or is supposed to exist, in both places.

Paris is the capital of the single culture of one nation. It harmonizes with itself and with the surrounding countryside. Shanghai on the other hand, is all mixed up. It's a completely international city built within the past hundred years on some nondescript mudflats that happened to lie near the mouth of the Yangtze River, one of the world's great trade routes.

Until the last war it was controlled by foreign powers — Britain, France, the United States and Japan. It attracted the people of these countries as well as others from all over the world who, for some reason, were looking for a base away from home. It was policed by Sikhs and Annamites with Chinese underlings. It gathered big communities of White Russian refugees and of Middle Eastern Jewish traders.

Its laws were Western and so were its buildings and public utilities. There were many Chinese in Shanghai but they played secondary roles as servants, shopkeepers, rickshaw coolies and so on. As a city it was not their creation and they didn't run it.

AFTER the war Shanghai reverted to Chinese ownership when the various foreign powers gave up their concessions here. Running it has been one of the Chinese government's worst headaches. Rightfully, Shanghai is Chinese and quite rightfully the Chinese want to assert themselves here. Yet the whole material of the city is so alien that this brings daily conflicts and maladjustments.

The excitable Chinese police and soldiers swarm onto the tramcars that are designed to handle paying customers only —and to handle them in an orderly British way. The fire engines—a novelty in truly Chinese cities—are allowed to run down and their hoses are often found to be riddled with holes when called upon. Peddlers set up their stands in the narrow downtown streets and keep traffic from moving as it should, or as Westerners think it should.

The courts administer justice along Chinese lines that are incomprehensible to foreigners who are trying to conduct their business in the way it has always been conducted here. There is a great contrast between Shanghai and Peiping, the old Northern capital which is a completely Chinese city.

CHRISTOPHER RAND is chief of the Shanghai Bureau of the New York Herald Tribune.

In Peiping things fit together well despite the fact that the gunfire of the Civil War can often be heard. Everything moves at a quiet pace; the streets somehow look exactly as they should, and everyone seems to know what he is doing. Here there is confusion, traffic snarls and a tendency for the normal services to go out of kilter.

The handling of Shanghai's conflict between East and West demands daily intelligent compromises. Luckily the city has a mayor—K. C. Wu—who is probably as good at this as anyone could be. In the early 1920s, Mayor Wu studied for five years in the United States at Grinnell and Princeton. He got a Ph.D. from the latter.

SINCE then he has spent most of his time in Chinese government service having been mayor of the big cities of Hankow and Chungking when each was the war-time seat of the refugee Chinese government. By keeping an almost bird-like alertness for almost twenty-four hours a day he has managed to please most of the elements here.

Shanghai's large foreign community is practically 100 per cent behind him and so is the Chinese government. The liberals here are rather dissatisfied with him at the moment because of the rough handling Shanghai students got in late May but it is far from certain he was responsible for this and, in fact, he may have kept the handling from being even rougher.

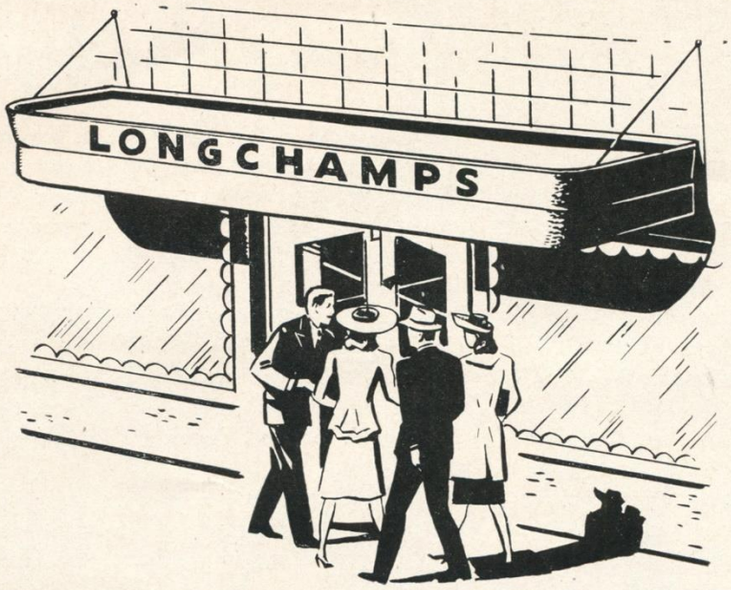
The hurried attempt by the East to digest the West here is only one of Shanghai's difficulties. Shanghai is the economic capital of a war-torn country whose economics are screwy, to say the least.

Money is flowing in from rich families in Manchuria and North China who see their long-term holdings threatened by the spreading Communist revolution. This money shuns productive investments which are considered a poor risk in view of China's present instability.

It goes into speculation, into the hoarding of solid commodities like rice and cloth and into high living. Shanghai's big spenders throw their money about on probably as grand a scale as any in the world. There are night clubs here that do a heavy business with drinks at two and three United States dollars apiece — sometimes good liquor, sometimes bad.

At the same time the city's poorer classes are scraping by from day to day. They have a low margin of savings and every once in a while are caught in the uneven advance of Chinese inflation.

SHANGHAI SCENE: Nanking Road in the International Settlement.



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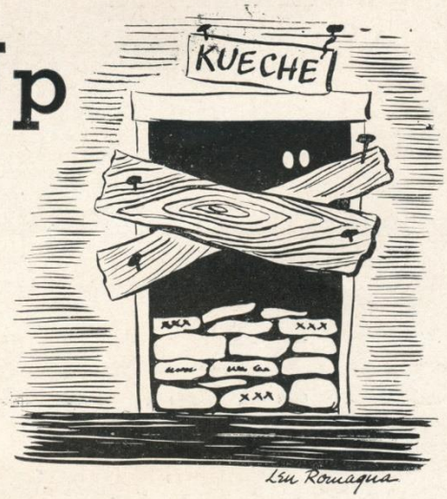
•

RESTAURANTS

LONGCHAMPS

It Comes Up Wiener Schnitzel!

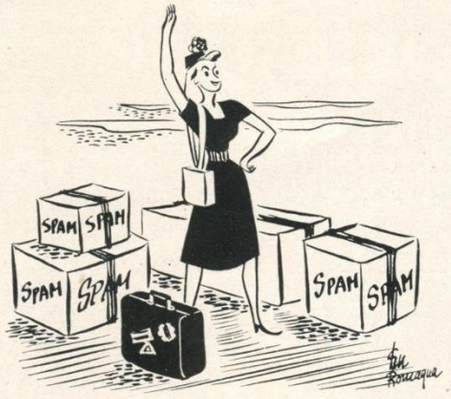


By Ed Hartrich

FRANKFURT PERHAPS one of the bitterest internecine wars still being fought around the globe today is that waged between German cooks and American housewives in this zone of occupation.

And nine times out of ten it comes up "wiener schnitzel." According to latest reports the American wives have been subjected to a succession of culinary Normandy beachheads, St. Lo's in reverse that show no signs of ending this side of the Rhine.

The whole fight is waged around the basic issue: who is to be boss in the



kitchen? German leaders, including Adolf Hitler, preached the doctrine that the hausfrau's interests should be limited to "kinder, kirche und kuëche" and if the Wehrmacht had to surrender, the German cook shows no signs of giving up the battle as lost.

However, this fight has one compensation for American wives. It has provided them with one of the richest lodes of domestic small talk yet uncovered. In fact the "troubles I'm having with my cook" has taken priority over the wifely concern regarding competition from the fräuleins. Meanwhile the German cooks and domestics also found many stimulating hours in critical discussion of the American table and what it served on it. Pfui! !

Belligerents at times display the same intensity that a mortar crew would plan to wipe out an enemy machine gun nest.

IT all began last summer when the first shipment of American wives arrived in Germany. Their husbands had long been established in requisitioned houses. However in most cases the original German domestics were handling all culinary arrangements, with or without the advice of supervising mess sergeants and orderlies. Most combat-experienced mess sergeants and orderlies showed enough common sense early in the game to let the hausfraus take over without too much argument.

Then came the dependent; eager to rejoin her mate, anxious to show that the war separation hadn't broken the family ties, and bustin' out all over to give him some good old-fashioned home cookin' that her soldier husband had been doing without for so many months.

But nine times out of ten it came up "wiener schnitzel."

After preliminary reconnaissance, the wife rationalized the early comforting conclusion that only the language barrier created these difficulties. With a bit of "ich verstehe" and "sprechen sie langsam" the requested menus would appear on her table.

But nine times out of ten it still came up "wiener schnitzel."

Now all this has come as a rude shock to the mistress of the house. It took some months for her to realize that she was being the victim of an occupation "keil und kessel" ("wedge and kettle") the classic panzer breakthrough and encirclement tactic. In the American housewife's kitchen today there's a lot more of "kessel" than she understands.

THE German hausfrau who is working for Americans may admit that the Yanks—the men, that is—won the war, but that was a matter of guns and planes and strategy. However armistice wasn't signed in her kitchen, as far as she is concerned.

A number of Americans have thrown up the sponge and take what is served on their tables—even if it comes up "wiener schnitzel" more than somewhat.

They are frustrated and uncertain. Of course there is not a great variety of food available in Army commissaries to provide diversity in the menus. There isn't much a German cook can do with the abundance of hamburger but to make "German beefsteak" out of it, complete with unfamiliar fried egg on top.

Of course there is always the last ditch measure. The American wife can go out into her own kitchen, roll up her sleeves and accomplish exactly what she wants done by herself. However in most cases that is like the "battle of the Bulge," a hopeless prestige gesture that accomplishes little. To take over the kitchen is to ask for more trouble than what can be accomplished otherwise. Besides it meant a loss of "face."

MOST American wives have found the only way to hold their ground was to call on their husbands to give the orders to the cook. That has usually accomplished results, inasmuch as the American male has greater prestige and value in the eyes of a female European than he enjoys back in the States.

However for the wife that meant merely halting the breakthrough and encirclement by organizing a war of attrition, more of a stalemate than a victory.

American men who have been living over here since VE Day aren't much help in grasping the elements of this struggle. After all, they didn't get involved in it from the start. They just fought a war and then settled down to make the best situation possible as far as food and quarters were concerned. They didn't believe in the concept of a "total victory." The wife who stayed at home during the war years has a lot to learn.

ED HARTRICH is chief of the Frankfurt Bureau of the New York Herald Tribune.

Joe Carter
Joseph G. Herzberg
Peter Kihss
Mark Sullivan

NEW YORK Herald Tribune
in
The American World

James E. Warner
Stephen White
Gill Robb Wilson

Good Neighbors

By Peter Kihss

DOWN in the middle of a story in a week-old copy of the "United Nations Weekly Bulletin," I found an intriguing sentence one day. It was a yarn about the problem of moving U. N. from Hunter College to Lake Success. The sentence said one firm had offered to do all the moving for $1.

That was on an August day, a year ago.

I called up some folks at U. N., and found there really had been such an offer. The firm's chief had made it months before—back in April, as a matter of fact.

He knew what a job it would be. He'd done big jobs before, and he realized what this might cost him. A lot of trips, a lot of trouble, perhaps $12,000 at his own expense.

He hadn't sought publicity.

He believed in world peace, and he wanted to help the organization trying to make that peace last.

The secretariat hadn't heard much of that kind of feeling in quite awhile—outside of official speeches.

On the contrary, those were the days when Westchester and Stamford were busy telling U. N. where it could go, and they weren't suggesting Valhalla.

So it took officials some eleven days before they even cautiously wrote a lettter to find out more. They found the offer bona fide.

And eventually, except for some overtime bills which got more customary reimbursement, U. N. was moved—for the dollar offered.

James J. O'Neill, of the Lincoln Warehouse Corporation, of New York, moved some souls, too.

ANOTHER day, there was a little piece about one of the constructive projects in U. N. That was when the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration was being marked for extinction.

The piece had nothing to do with politics. Nobody was crying violation of the charter. Nobody was casting a veto. Nobody foresaw war just around the corner.

So the story ran just about a paragraph or so on the press wires, and got a mention in a scholastic magazine.

Out in Oregon, some children read it.

It was a story about how U. N. was trying to set up a fund, with voluntary contributions from governments or agencies, or anyone who'd help do the job.

The fund would take over the task of helping children in devastated areas, since U.N.R.R.A. could no longer carry on after mid-1947.

No compulsory quotas, no assessments.

All the fund would have to start would be some moneys left over from U.N.R.R.A., and anything else it could glean.

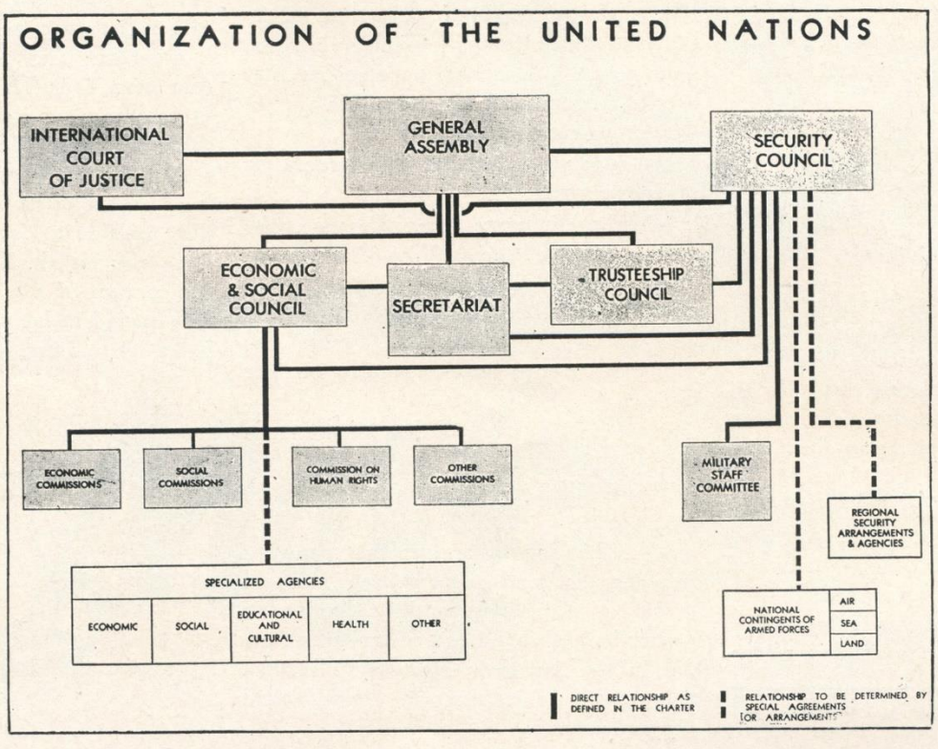
The International Children's Emergency Fund, aiming at a six-cent meal a day for 20,000,000 youngsters, met in December. In the month since the tale of its creation, two contributions had come in, the board discovered.

One was a $550,000 U.N.R.R.A. check, a collection Americans had contributed for food relief in Europe, funds which hadn't yet been spent.

The other was a money order for $2.19.

The money order came from children of Carson Grade School. Carson is a Columbia River town in the state of Washington, population 266. Carson's youngest had read about the fund. They believed in it, and they did something about it.

THERE have been some other stories. There were the workmen who did the rush job of installing U. N. in Hunter, when it was moving in from London. They topped their job by banking the Security Council chamber with flowers for the first U. N. meeting in New York. It cost them $500—out



HOPES OF THE WORLD: General view of the opening session of the United Nations General Assembly last fall.

of their own pockets.

And, of course, there was the spectacular $8,500,000 gift by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., to buy a seventeen-acre East River site in New York City for the permanent world capital.

Mr. O'Neill, the children of Carson Grade School, the others may be idealists. They may be just a few rare fauna of Americana. Or they may be, perhaps, the first citizens of the United Nations.

They may have heard that the charter starts out:

"We, the peoples of the United Nations,

"Determined to save succeeding generations from the scourge of war . . ."

And goes on, among other things, to pledge the peoples to:

". . . live together in peace with one another as good neighbors."

PETER KIHSS, member of the city staff of the New York Herald Tribune, is specifically assigned to United Nations. He is the author of a booklet on the political aspects of the atom.

They saw a chance to prove their beliefs. They didn't complain about all the things in U. N. they might have kicked about. They acted like good neighbors.

THERE will be other opportunities for faith in works, like the ones these first citizens of U. N. espied.

A Norwegian delegate named Aake Ording got the idea, during the Assembly session last fall, that it would be a pretty wonderful thing if every individual in the world gave a day's pay to help his fellows needing aid to start their shattered lives up again.

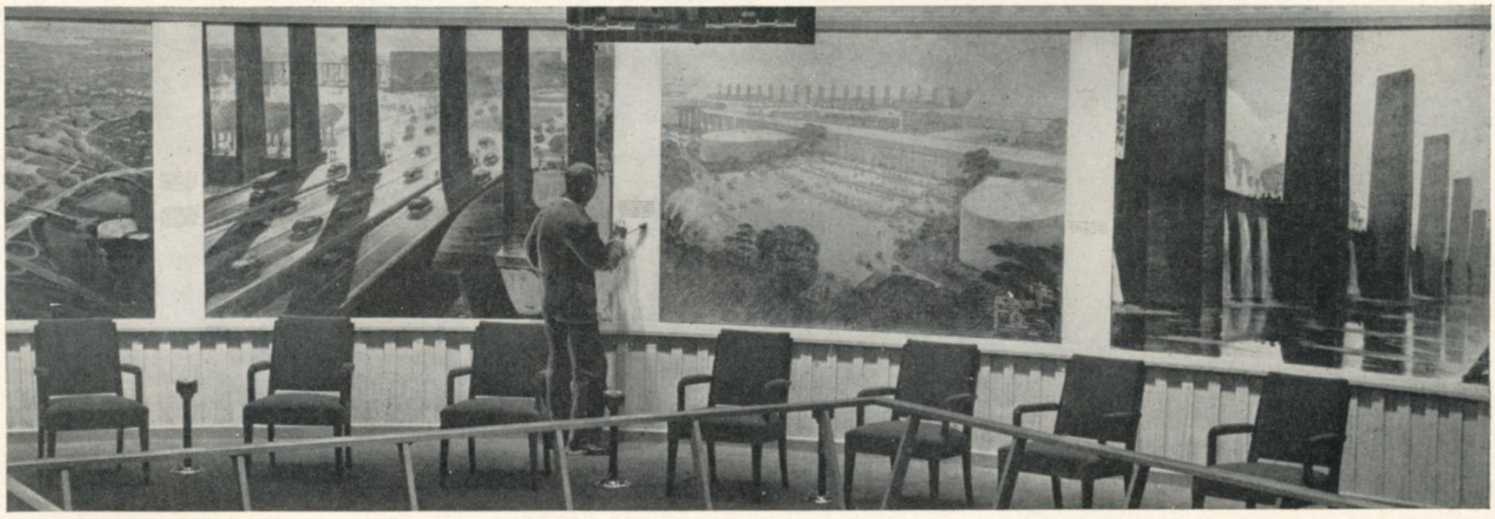
The Assembly nations—words are easy—unanimously approved Mr. Ording's idea. The U. N. took him into the secretariat, and told him to work it out.

Along about this fall, Mr. Ording's idea will be put before individuals in the nations throughout the world. The idea has grown into a United Nations Appeal for Children, linked with the children's fund. "One day's pay for one free world," will be the plea.

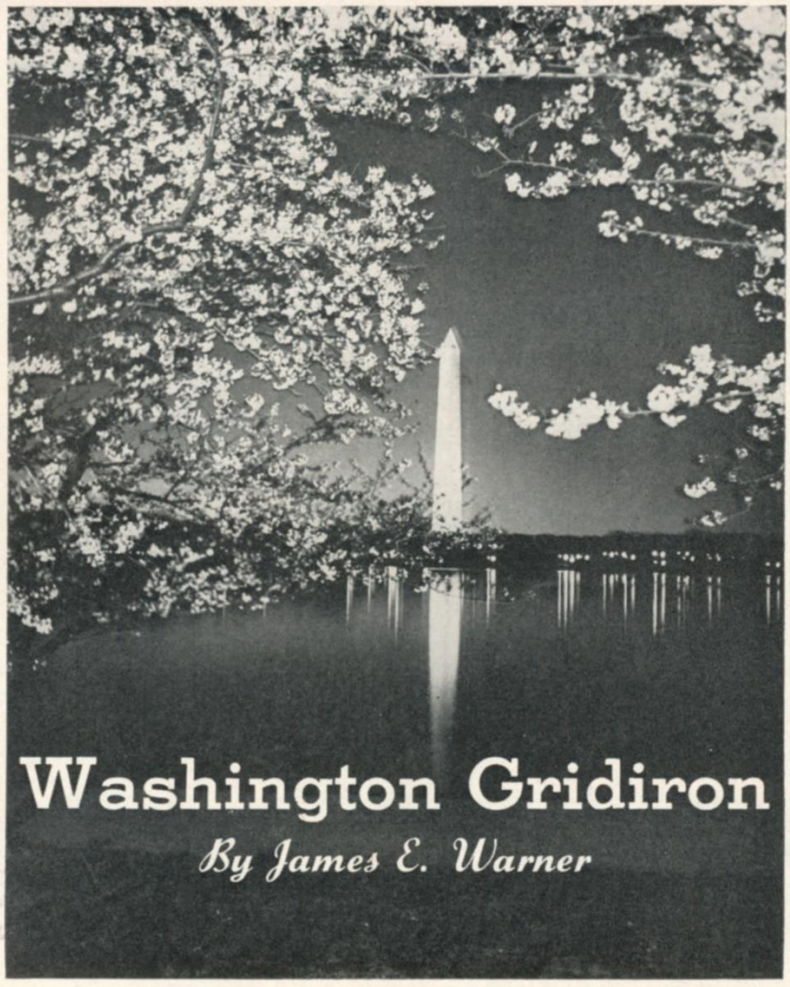
Then there will be another chance for individuals to prove their faith in the U. N. aim.

In UN-ion there is not yet strength.

But in UN-ion there can yet be peace, and good neighborhood.



THE U.N. TO BE?: Sketches and models of the proposed permanent home of the United Nations in Flushing, exhibited off the main New York City building, in Flushing, L. I.



Washington Gridiron

By James E. Warner

THE teams battling each other on the gridiron this fall, with their end runs, forward passes and line bucks, are doing physically what your government has been about politically in the nation's capital since the first of this year.

For the first time in nearly two decades, Washington this year has been watching one of the phenomena of representative government—the president of one political party slugging it out with a Congress dominated by the opposition party. And football can't show either side a thing about deceptive plays in this game.

Not since 1930-32, when Republican President Herbert Hoover was hamstrung by a Democratic House of Representatives and a Senate so closely divided that it went against him more often than not, has this situation prevailed in the Federal government of the United States.

When Democratic President Franklin D. Roosevelt took office in 1933, he brought with him heavy Democratic majorities in both House and Senate. He kept those majorities throughout his more than three terms in the White House. The Republicans worried him a bit once or twice with their big gains in the House, but they never seized control of it.

The 1946 elections, however, presented President Truman with an overwhelmingly Republican House and a workable Republican majority control of the Senate. Thus was born the era of "cooperation" between White House and Capitol Hill early this year. By the end of the Congressional session the cooperation was pretty badly frayed around the edges. But in some fields, notably in foreign relations, it had stood up remarkably well, through the ability and foresight and patriotism of men on both sides.

THIS cooperation, strained and frayed though it became, was necessary to both parties on the eve of a presidential election year. The Republicans wanted to roll up a good legislative record in Congress this year and carry out the campaign promises made last year when the voters swept them into Congressional power. President Truman, virtually certain to be the Democratic candidate for President next year, obviously was equally eager to make a good record for himself and his party.

With Republican Presidential nominee possibilities in and out of Congress thicker than weeds in a lawn, the area of cooperation naturally became narrower between the parties as this year wore on. Mr. Truman's predilection as a fast man with a veto didn't help matters.

The Congressional Republicans, not without a few misgivings even in their own ranks, carried out their 1946 campaign pledge to cut individual income taxes immediately. Mr. Truman vetoed the bill. He followed this up quickly with the veto of the labor controls bill, another Republican campaign pledge measure. Cries of "politics!" resounded against the White House walls, and the Republicans—aided by not a few Democrats—promptly passed the labor bill over the Truman veto. They couldn't muster the necessary two-thirds vote immediately to override the President on the tax cut.

If one discounts the superlatively obvious reason that the Democrats would rather see taxes cut in the year of a presidential election, the practical political reasoning behind Mr. Truman's veto of the tax bill is somewhat obscure. "Well, He Shot Santa Claus," is the way one newspaper described it. And Senator Walter F. George, of Georgia, said bluntly, Mr. Truman could not justify support of a tax cut next January after vetoing one this year.

PRACTICAL politics behind the labor veto were plainer. Traditionally, the Democrats have courted the labor vote rather successfully. Last year, Mr. Truman temporized with Henry Wallace's open revolt for a week before booting him out of the Cabinet. That his veto of the labor bill this year was not wholly successful with the far-left wingers was demonstrated by the charge that enactment of the bill was directly traceable to Mr. Truman's own "get tough with labor" policy in the railroad and coal strike threat situations.

The Republicans have sliced savagely the figures he presented. How much of the cut will stick remains to be seen. But certainly the Republicans have made a start toward cutting down the swollen Federal bureaucracy built upon through seventeen years of uninterrupted Democratic rule.

Congressional Republicans gave relatively prompt indorsement to the "Truman Doctrine" by passage of his program for aid to Greece and Turkey. But the Republican motto now is "go slow" on committing more American dollars abroad. Congress will go even more slowly, it appears, unless Stalin attempts to further out-Hitler Hitler during the remainder of this year.

It is obvious that bipartisan cooperation in almost any sphere is in for a very trying period when Congress meets for its regular session next January. Then the Republicans will start in earnest their drive to make a legislative record with which to go before the electorate in an attempt to elect their first Republican President since 1928.

MR. TRUMAN'S motives next year in seeking almost any legislation whatever are going to be publicly suspected, challenged and debated. Mr. Truman, no

(Continued on page 87)

JAMES E. WARNER is a member of the Washington Bureau of the New York Herald Tribune.

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The City Desk

By Joseph G. Herzberg

NEWSPAPER deskmen get no bylines and hardly any notice. To repay them for lack of glory there are always little gaieties to offset the tedium of handling the dozens of humdrum stories a newspaper must have each day.

One of the most celebrated incidents in the annals of the New York Herald Tribune City Desk was indited in history on the night of March 1, 1932, when the Lindbergh baby was kidnaped. After the New Jersey State Police had sent out an alarm on the teletype, asking that all roads be watched for the kidnaper, the Herald Tribune assistant night city editor, Lew Sebring, telephoned to the paper's correspondent in Hopewell, N. J., the nearest town to the Sourland Mountains retreat that Lindbergh had selected to gain the privacy he wanted. When the correspondent answered the 'phone, shortly after 11 p.m., Sebring's first question was:

"What do you know about the Lindbergh baby being kidnaped?"

The correspondent, who deserves anonymity in his disgrave, said he knew nothing about it. It is hard to believe that a newspaperman would not be aware that his town's most distinguished citizen was in some kind of trouble, particularly since Lindbergh, aided by officers and friends, had been beating the woods around his home for several hours.

Sebring explained all that to the Hopewell man and then asked the correspondent to get all the information he could and telephone right back.

"Listen here, young fellow," the correspondent snapped, "I'm getting along in years and I don't plan to go prowling around the mountains at this time of night. I'll call you back tomorrow."

Tomorrow never came so far as the Herald Tribune's man was concerned. It must have been a great surprise to him that the Herald Tribune had anything at all about the story.

THE late man on the City Desk runs into all kinds of people. A newspaper office is much like a railroad station. Strange sorts of men and women wander in and out. Most of them are easy to shake off but occasionally the late man runs up against a determined citizen. The most unshakeable visitor the writer ever dealt with was a young man who had been arrested for disorderly conduct. The Herald Tribune ran a paragraph about him. The accused had been sentenced to ten days in jail, but after a day in the Tombs it was discovered that he had been falsely charged and he was freed with apologies from the court. On the night of his release, which was about a week before Christmas, he visited the Herald Tribune and demanded that since the paper had printed a story about the original charge it should print another telling of his being freed. The circumstances were checked the next day and the story he sought was printed. Nothing was heard from him for several days, but on Christmas Eve he telephoned the office, saying he appreciated such decent treatment and was coming up in a few minutes with a small token. As promised, he showed up and his small token was an eight-foot Christmas tree. The night watchman had refused to let him come up with the tree in the elevator, but when the watchman wasn't looking, the tree had been lugged up five flights of stairs. Despite protests that it was not the sort of present easily carried home in the subway, the visitor insisted that the Herald Tribune have it and he romped away happily, leaving the tree on the City Room floor. There it remained until a couple of office boys took it to the West Forty-seventh Street police station, where the lieutenant saw to it that the tree went into the home of a needy family.

BOSTON newspapermen tell a story of two reporters assigned to cover a slaying at Northfield, Mass., ninety miles from Boston. The reporters — call them Smith and Jones — worked for the afternoon "Boston American." The flash on the murder came about 10 p.m. An assistant city editor, Joe ———, called the reporters at their homes, telling Jones to go along in Smith's automobile. Ordinarily, the way Smith drove, ninety miles meant ninety minutes, but it was past midnight before the editor heard a word from his men. Smith was calling:

"Hello? Djoe, ole boy? Thissh Joe, ole boy?"

Editor: "This is Joe."

"Djoe, ole boy, ole friend, thissh ish Smith." A pause.

"Look, you drunk, are you in Northfield?"

"Well—no, Djoe, ole boy. No, smatter of fact, we're having a liddle troub—troubl—we aren't there yet."

"Well, you get to Northfield and cali back. You get there. Where are you now?"

"Djoe, ole boy, we'll be there in—fifteen minutes. Fifteen minutes. We won't let you down, Djoe, ole boy. We'll be there."

"You get there."

Another half hour.

"Djoe, ole boy? Djoe, thissh is Smith. We're having a little troub—troub—we're on a detour. We aren't in Northfield yet. But we'll be there—"

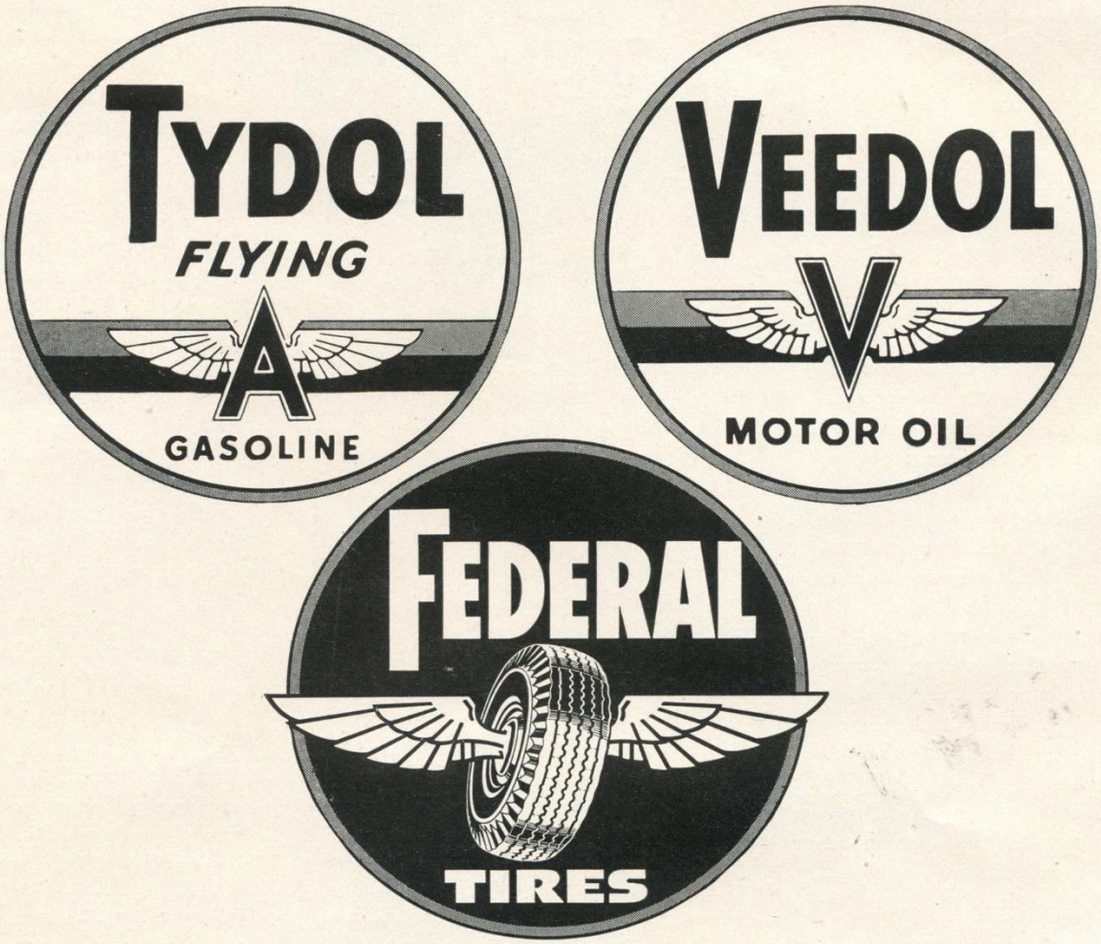
The editor's remarks need not be recorded.

By this time it was close to 2 a.m.; the editor went home at 3, but he wanted to eat first. Across the street from the American was a place called the Press Café, which closed at 2. The editor left a message with the telephone operator, if any calls came for him, to transfer them to the Press Café. He took the elevator down three flights from the American city room,

(Continued on page 87)

JOSEPH G. HERZBERG is the city editor of the New York Herald Tribune.

"EVERYTHING THAT'S GOOD FOR YOUR CAR"



At

Tydol Flying-A-Dealers

CHANGE?

By Mark Sullivan

SOME time ago an editor—it was not, I hasten to say, the one who compiled the admirable magazine in which this article appears—asked me to perform a miracle of historical distillation. Within a space of less than a thousand words I was to (a) survey the period during which I have been a reporter of public events; (b) pick out the events in the world of science and invention that have been most important; (c) pick out the ones most important in the world of politics; and (d) say what had been the effect of (b) upon (c) — that is, what changes in politics had been caused by changes in the material world.

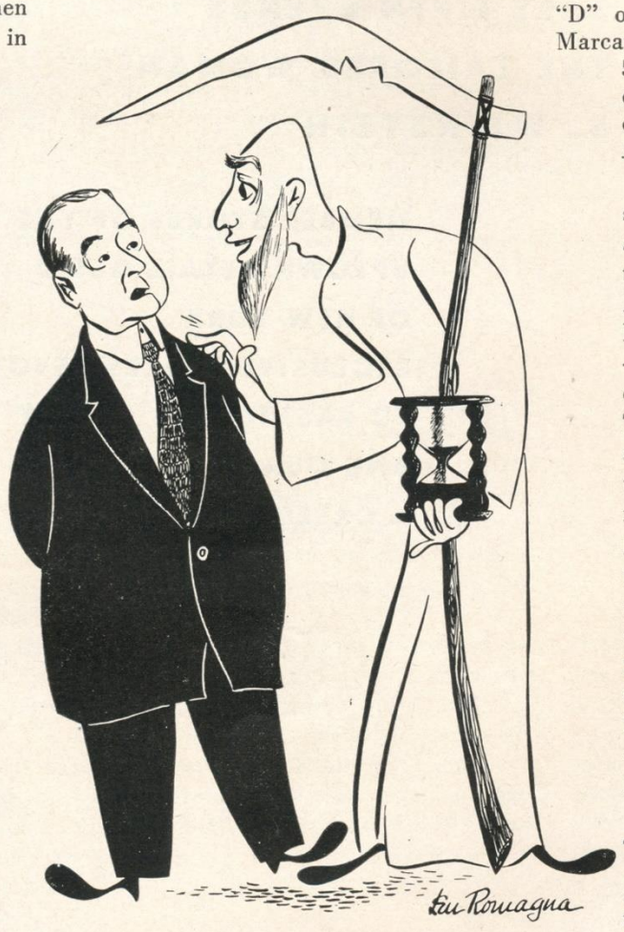
I put the idea from me, hastily and firmly, keeping to myself my reflections upon the pretentiousness of the suggestion, and the assurance of the editor who made it. But it occurred to me to set down a few inventions which might have been expected to have an effect upon politics, and inquire whether they had. If the inquiry did not lead to any profound deduction, it at least evoked some dramatic contrasts.

For the span of the survey I took the lifetime of our living ex-President. When Mr. Hoover was fifty-four years old, in the year 1928, he made a speech accepting the Republican nomination for the presidency. Before him as he spoke was an intricate mechanism—I am not sure whether it was yet called a microphone, nationwide radio broadcasting of speeches was then only some five years old—which enabled Mr. Hoover's voice to be heard in any spot on the earth's surface. In the year in which Mr. Hoover was born, 1874, no voice could reach farther than might be accomplished by a strong pair of lungs in a favoring wind. Not even the telephone had been invented.

BEFORE Mr. Hoover also were tripods bearing black boxes from which protruded little cranks excitedly turned by tense young men, those acolytes of the camera who within our time have become as earnest and essential a part of public ceremonials as the participants themselves. Within a week Mr. Hoover's features and gestures and shades of expression were seen by millions of the public in motion-picture theatres throughout the country. In the year of Mr. Hoover's birth, the only photographs of public men were stiffly-posed portrayals of static dignity.

IN THE audience before Mr. Hoover—the speech was in California — were party officials who had come from the East coast by plane, a journey of some fifteen hours, and nearly all the audience had come by train or automobile. In the year in which Mr. Hoover was born, most of the persons in California who had not been born in the State had come by covered wagon, the first transcontinental railroad was only five years old; or they had come by long ocean voyages, some around Cape Horn, some by boat to Panama, thence by land across the Isthmus and another ocean trip up the West Coast.

It might be supposed that the radio—enabling a public man to draw the whole country into a single room, and enabling the people to increase their understanding of a public man through the emanations of personality in his voice—might bring changes in politics. So, it might be supposed, would the increased intimacy of acquaintance with public characters made possible by the motion-picture. But to assume there has been any change in politics during the two decades or so since the radio and motion-picture became common—any increase in the number of big men or the degree of their bigness, or any elevation in the wisdom of mass action by voters—would be a triumph of optimism over history.



IN POLITICS, what is striking is not change but the lack of it. In the year of Mr. Hoover's birth there were two major parties, there are the same two today and there has never been another. During Mr. Hoover's seventy-three years, the Republicans have held the presidency forty-three, the Democrats thirty. Many attempts at third parties have been made, some of them formidable in organization and leadership. Today the role of the third party in American politics is at a historical minimum. Among the 531 members of Congress, all but one individual bear one or the other of the major party designations, "D" or "R". And the lone exception, Marcantonio of New York, has only 50 per cent of a third party designation, he was the nominee of the Democratic as well as the American Labor Party.

It might be supposed that the six amendments to the Constitution adopted during Mr. Hoover's lifetime compose a fundamental change. Actually the two that engaged the largest public attention are a pair—and compose a record not of change but of resistance to change. The Eighteenth Amendment, National Prohibition, was a striking adventure into change; the Twenty-first, repealing the Eighteenth, was a rejection of change, an affirmation of permanence. One amendment, woman suffrage, was a change insofar as it ended discrimination between the sexes. But a quarter century of experience with the amendment hardly suggests that doubling the number of voters makes any change in the quality of their mass action.

MARK SULLIVAN, veteran historian and newspaper man, is a special writer for the New York Herald Tribune.

this page
Subscribed by

HENRI BENDEL
BERGDORF GOODMAN
HATTIE CARNEGIE
DePINNA
McCUTCHEON'S
MILGRIM
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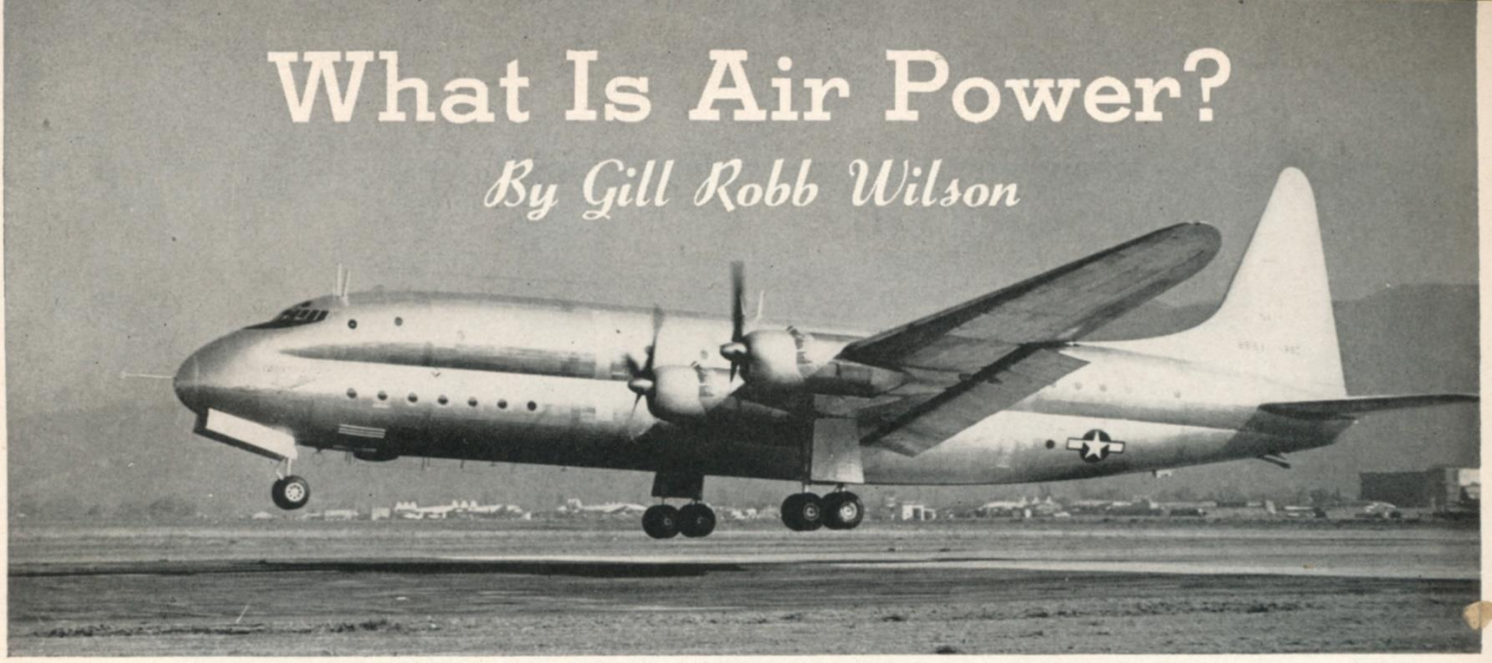
What Is Air Power?

By Gill Robb Wilson



WHAT is air power? If the world is to have peace, the statesmen must know. If the nation is to have security, the government must know. If you and I are to play intelligent parts in the affairs of our day, we must know.

This is no place for an exhaustive study of air power. It is a place to sketch enough facts to illustrate the breadth and depth of the subject.

Allied leaders who made the Treaty of Versailles after the first world war did not know the nature of air power. For lack of that knowledge they made the second world war possible. Hitler, Mussolini and Tojo, in turn did not understand air power, so in spite of a head start they lost the war they started.

Between the wars the American Congress did not know air power, so we endured Pearl Harbor and only saved ourselves by virtue of time and space and at fantastic cost in life and resources.

Future history will be moulded more by air power than any other single influence. Our individual stakes are involved. Knowledge of air power is no mere academic subject to any living man, woman, or child.

AN eminent international lawyer, John Cobb Cooper says, "Air Power is the ability of a nation to fly."

The definition sounds simple, but take another look. How can a whole nation fly? Can the United States rise like an eagle and go at will over its skies? Indeed it can in effective measure and that is exactly what Mr. Cooper means. That is air power. The subject is as broad and as deep as the basic elements of the nation itself.

Let us take a fast glance at those elements.

First there is geography. To have air power a nation must have extensive space in which to build civil and military experience. Only four nations on earth have geographical potential for air power. The Four are Russia, China, Great Britain, and the United States.

Second there is the question of natural resources. Only a nation with great wealth in essential minerals and fuels can have great air power. Russia, China, and the United States alone possess such wealth.

Third there is the matter of industrial organization. Air weapons and air equipment for commerce require high engineering and manufacturing skill. Russia, Great Britain, and the United States have such capacity.

Fourth is the equation of manpower—young manpower—to operate the organization of civil aviation, and in case of war to man the vast fleets of combat, training, and transport. Only Russia, China and the United States have such supply of youth, and Russia is far ahead of all others.

Fifth among air power fundamentals is the incentive of a nation to fly. This incentive may come from impulses for domestic and foreign commerce, from national pride, from ambition toward conquest, from determination for national seecurity or a combination of all. Russia, Great Britain, and the United States all have sufficient incentive to become great in air power for one reason or another.

SPACE will not permit enumeration of many additional ingredients which constitute air power. They run into subjects such as surface transportation, scientific research, air bases, airways, communications networks, weather services, power, seasonal temperatures, and so on, ad infinitum.

Of all nations, the Soviet Union and the United States, in that order, have the greatest potential for air power. Lapse of Soviet aeronautical research was widely compensated for by Red acquisition of the German resources in equipment and personnel. Soviet industry was also bolstered by stripping both Manchuria and conquered lands in Europe.

At present the curve of Soviet air power is going up and the American curve is going down. If those curves ever grow too widely apart, there will be only one great air power left on earth. And since air power is the decisive factor of future world history, that will be that.

Based on knowledge of the elements which make up air power, every credible student of the subject has always known the eventual equation of world influence would rest between Russia and the United States.

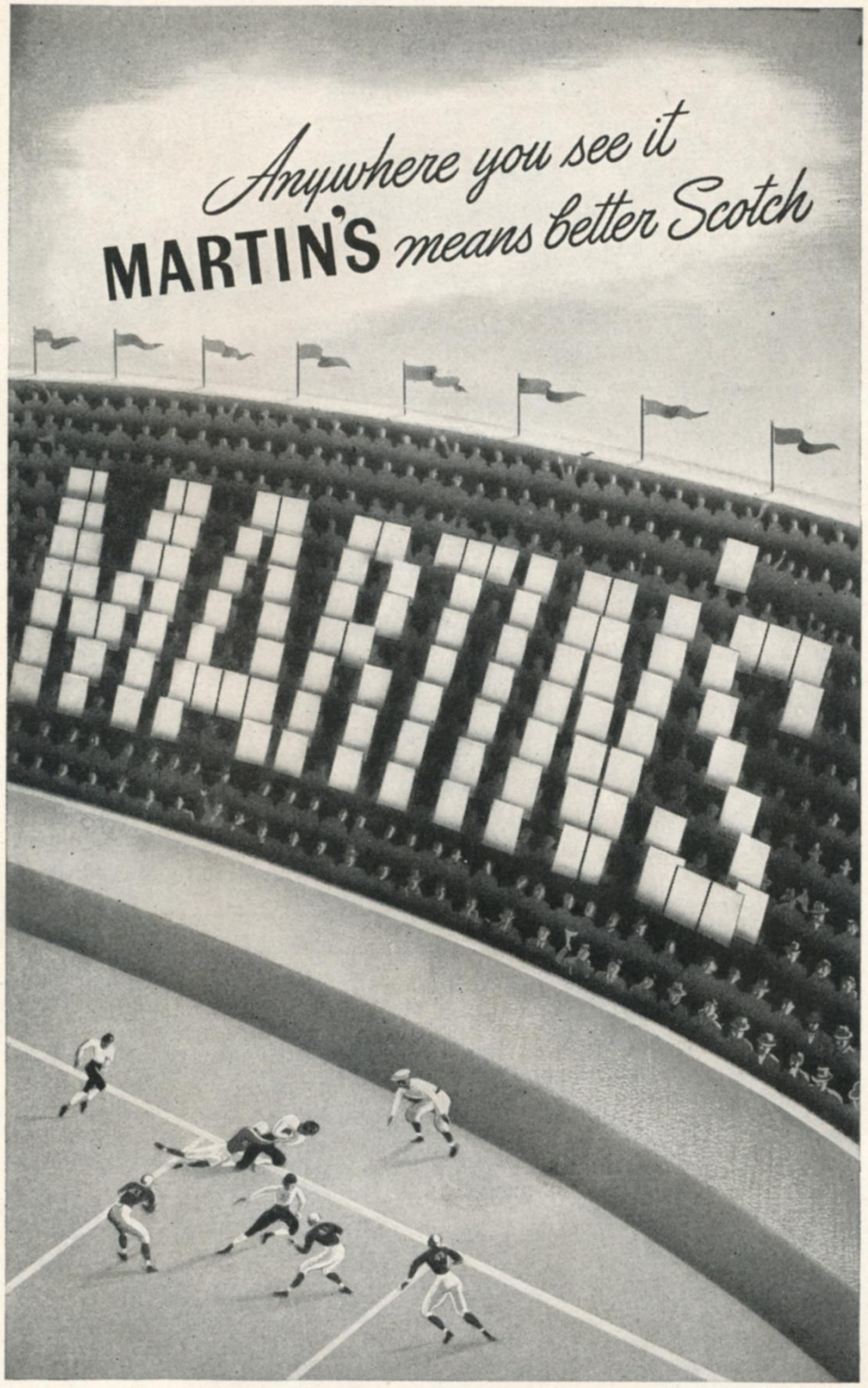
FOLLOWING the Russian non-stop flights across the north pole from Moscow to the west coast, I wrote the following lines in an epitaph to Billy Mitchell. They had no effect then. They will have no effect now but are interesting as evidence that, from knowledge of air power, the student of the subject has at least his own telescope.

"Look up Uncle Sam through the haze
o'er the hills
To see what swings over your head;
Arcturus and Mars and Polaris have
formed
A fresh constellation in Red;
Your surveys and maps are decadent
with age
Be they either of land or of sea;
Look up Uncle Sam and take bear-
ings again
To see what your heading should be."

And so my thesis closes as it opened. If the world is to have peace, the statesmen must know air power. If the nation is to have security, the government must know air power. If the citizen is to have a voice concerning his own destiny, he must know air power.

What is air power? Air power is the physical and mental capacity of a nation to be at home in the air age.

GILL ROBB WILSON is aviation columnist of the New York Herald Tribune.



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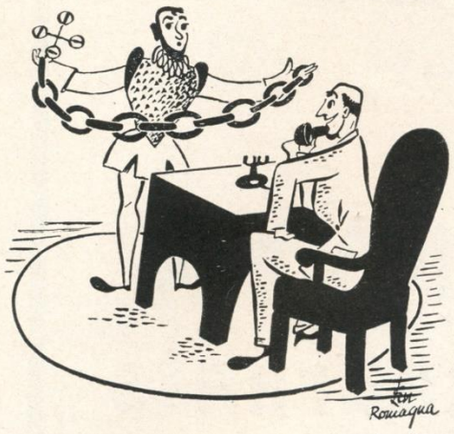
Fun With the Atom... *By Stephen White*

YOU can't spend $2,000,000,000 without having a little fun. Even when the bundle of cash is spent on an atomic bomb—which is a grim enough matter, heaven knows—there is bound to be a laugh or two in the process. Most of the



words written about the bomb have stressed the grim side, but perhaps a few of the lighter stories wouldn't be too far out of line.

The first story has to be the classic—one of the few that have been written before. It seems that when the first chain-reacting pile proved workable in 1942, Dr. Arthur H. Compton, on the scene in Chicago, felt that Dr. James Bryant Conant at Harvard should know about it. There had, after all, been fears that when Enrico Fermi, the great Italian-born physicist, turned on the juice the whole city of Chicago might vaporize.

So Compton wanted to tell Conant, and yet at the same time he had the problem of keeping tight security on the project. He solved it by getting Conant on the phone and devising an impromptu code on the spur of the moment. "The Italian explorer," he said to Conant, "has landed on the new world."

There was a moment of silence, and then Dr. Conant guardedly replied, "Were the natives friendly?" Compton was able to reassure him.

THE whole business of security always threatened to break down into peculiar impasses. There was the time when a national magazine received, from a reputable author, a story that told in some detail of the construction of an atomic bomb and its use on a hostile city. This was long before Hiroshima, and since all newspapers and magazines had been warned not to speculate on the atom, the story was turned over to the Manhattan District for investigation. It certainly looked like a bad leak.

The district sent an investigator, who promptly confronted the author and accused him of all sorts of crimes. Then came an awkward stalemate. The author, not unreasonably, said "What crimes?" The investigator, of course, could not tell him, since that would be breaching security, and the District wasn't sure the author actually did know anything. So they just stood looking at each other and getting madder and madder. The meeting was approaching the point of physical violence by the time the investigator thought up a harmless but informative line of questioning. It turned out that the story in question had been written many years before the war, and the author's

agent had suddenly decided to try to sell it. It wasn't printed, and it all ended happily.

THE Army was able to keep the bomb secret, but it couldn't wrap Oak Ridge, Tenn., in an invisible cloak, and there was naturally considerable speculation as to what was going on in the mushrooming city. The worst of it was that even the workers didn't know, and of course they were constantly being questioned. So they made up answers. One of the standard responses was that the plant was making stringless yo-yo's, but there was another that was even more imaginative. The plant, the story went, was making the front ends of horses. These were then shipped to Washington for final assembly.

The actual site of bomb-making, at Los Alamos, was kept pretty secret, although it was known there were scientists there. When the Japanese surrendered, though, the newspapers had already developed the habit of calling this sudden city, since the Hiroshima strike had lifted the wraps. One reporter—a female—called a few hours after the surrender was announced. "I suppose," she said sweetly, "that you scientists are all sorry that the war is over and you won't be able to use any more of your gadgets."

THEN there was the Army major who was inducted into the Manhattan District just before the first test of the bomb. It was necessary to begin the delicate job of briefing him, for of course he knew nothing whatsoever of what the district was doing. The briefing officer cleared his throat, leaned forward confidentially, and said, "We have split the atom."

The major immediately entered into the spirit of the thing. He too, leaned forward confidentially. "That's too bad," he said, gravely. Well, he might have been right at that.

But my favorite atomic story was really an aftermath. Out at Bikini, where 40,000 sailors were nervously gathered, the story got around that atomic radiation makes a man sterile. The sailors weighed this information with some discomfort, since most of them had a tendency to confuse the meaning of the word "sterile" and the word "impotent," which is another thing entirely. They worried about it daily, until they got back to Hawaii. Then they checked up.

It was quite a strain on Hawaii, while it lasted, but at least it convinced the sailors.

STEPHEN WHITE, member of the city staff of the New York Herald Tribune, specializes in science reporting. He covered the atom bombing of Bikini for the Herald Tribune.

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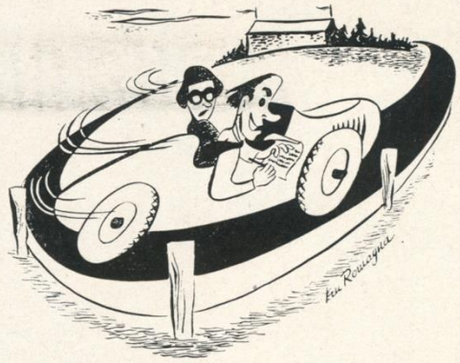


By Joe Carter

IT comes as something of a surprise to me to find myself once again in the pages of a sports publication, since my removal from the field of sports writers some years back was regarded by all hands except myself as an improvement of the breed.

In those days I was laboring for a now-defunct daily called "The Quincy (Mass.) Evening News," and my superior, in the sports field, was a tolerant gentleman named Isadore Zack. Tolerant because he put up with me and because he gave me a letter of recommendation when we parted. A rather curious letter.

"This will introduce Mr. Carter," it said, to whom it concerned, "who is, so far as I know, the only sports writer in the world capable of writing four double-spaced typewriter pages describing the first quarter of a freshman high school football game in which neither side scored."

Mr. Zack went on, pleasantly enough, to enumerate some of the more outstanding debacles in which I had been involved. Zack had his troubles with me, I guess, but I had him over a barrel. No honest school teacher would have worked for the money I was getting, and he didn't dare fire me.

There were things he didn't know about. For some reason that escapes me now, I wanted to learn every phase of the newspaper business. I could run a fair linotype, and it occurred to me I might learn a little about photography. I had one short, self-administered lesson.

I bought a camera, and a few weeks after turning in the long story, Mr. Zack sent me to cover another high school football game. Exactly there on the sidelines I was standing, with notebook and camera. Several of the pictures I made turned out to be in focus, though all were regrettably dark, but I learned one thing about cameras. Squinting through the ground glass, the object being photographed is so reduced in size that it is difficult to know exactly how far away it is.

A play swung toward me in the third quarter, and I picked up the camera. The distance was set at twelve feet, and I waited for the players to come in focus. Through the ground glass, I watched the interference take out one tackler after another until finally the ball carrier was in the open, racing down the sidelines toward me. I was about to snap the shutter when I became aware of an almost hysterical scream from the crowd; I looked up and there was the ball carrier, five feet away and coming fast.

THE camera was hardly damaged at all, and the doctor at the field had me back on my feet in less than half an hour. But the game was over, and there were many of the later details I did not know, including the score. Zack, I felt sure, would not like this. After considering (a) making up the score and, (b) not going back to the paper, I remembered that our opposition paper had no Sunday edition, as we did, but that its sports editor had covered the game for his Monday story.

On the way back to the office I stopped in at his favorite bar and borrowed his notes. From them, and my own, I wrote my story. Mr. Zack didn't know about it until much later, even though I had to use his telephone three times to ask my editor friend about his handwriting. The editor finally told Zack, as a joke. Zack never even smiled.

The maddest the poor man ever got at me was the day he sent me to cover an automobile race at Readville. It was a big story, for us, because the field was to include racers as renowned as Rex Mays, and a local boy whose name I have forgotten. Why Zack sent me, except for my enthusiasm about auto racing, I know not.

The races were scheduled to start at 2 p.m., and I arrived considerably in advance. That was because something had occurred to me—I hardly dare define it as an idea. I had heard of a sports writer who, in enthusiasm for his craft, had taken part in some of the sports he covered. I remember hearing, for example, that he had gotten into the ring with Dempsey, which seemed sillier than what I had in mind—trying out one of the cars.

AFTER a good deal of harried negotiations and through what I then regarded as a fortuitous circumstance, I got a chance to make five or six laps around the track. This excited me, and I became more excited as the afternoon wore on. The races ended in a spectacularly bad accident in which five or six cars were involved. With this, my blood pressure was up forty points, I was perspiring freely, and you could have mixed concrete in my stomach. In this state, I returned to Mr. Zack.

"Where'd our local boy finish?" he asked.

"I don't know," I said, "but I did a mile in forty-four seconds."

Another man would have shot me.

I don't know where Zack is now, bless his soul, but if ever he reads this, I can see his upper lip curl. "That Carter," he'll say. "Eight hundred words about sports stories that happened twelve years ago."

JOE CARTER is a member of the city staff of the New York Herald Tribune.

The Eastern College

Tuss McLaughry, Dartmouth
Head Coach

Eddie Allen, Penn
Back

Joe Andrejco, Fordham
Back

Joe Bartos, Navy
Back

Fritz Barzilauskas, Yale
Guard

Sheldon Biles, Army
Tackle

Felix (Doc) Blanchard, Army
Back

Jim Carrington, Navy
Guard

Bernard Check, Niagara
End

Steve Cipot, St. Bonaventure
Tackle

Lou Daukas, Cornell
Guard

Glenn Davis, Army
Back

Jim Enos, Army
Center

Meryll Frost, Dartmouth
Back

Fred Grace, St. Bonaventure
Back

Tom Hayes, Army
End

Jim Hefti, St. Lawrence
Back

Sigurd Jensen, Western Maryland
End

Don Kasprzak, Columbia
Back

Bronco Kosanovich, Penn State
Center

John Dell Isola, Fordham
Line Coach

All-Stars of 1947

Hank Majlinger, N.Y.U.
Guard

Paul McKee, Syracuse
End

Gene McManus, Rutgers
Back

John Medd, Wesleyan
Center

Andy Gustafson, Army
Backfield Coach

John Monahan, Dartmouth
End

Bill Moore, Penn State
Tackle

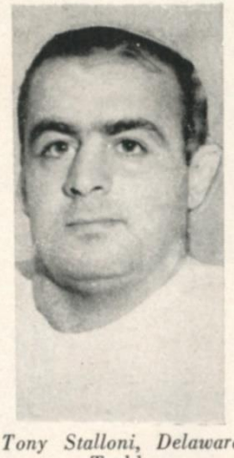
Bob Orlando, Colgate
Center

Joe Ososki, Fordham
Back

Al Petrella, Canisius
Guard

Bill Schuler, Yale
Tackle

Ed Stacco, Colgate
Tackle



Tony Stalloni, Delaware
Tackle

Bill Sullivan, Villanova
End

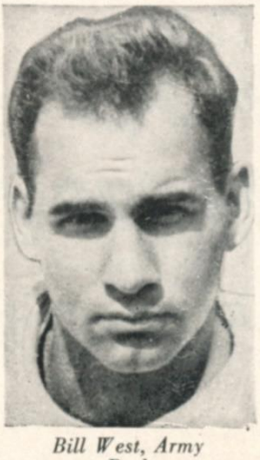
Hal Tavzel, Army
Tackle

Arnold Tucker, Army
Back

Burt Vander Clute, Wesleyan
Guard

Paul Walker, Yale
End

Joe Watt, Syracuse
Back



Bill West, Army
Back

Art Young, Dartmouth
Guard

L.S./M.F.T.

Yes, L.S./M.F.T.

LUCKY STRIKE means Fine Tobacco

So Round, So Firm, So Fully Packed—So Free and Easy on the Draw

THE LINE-UP

(Changes usually must be made in advance starting line-ups. In order to eliminate crossing out incorrect names and substituting others, the line-up has been left blank so that you may fill in the correct starting teams as they are announced over the public address system.)

EASTERN COLLEGE ALL-STARS		NEW YORK GIANTS
No. Name	Position	Name No.
....	Left End	....
....	Left Tackle	....
....	Left Guard	....
....	Center	....
....	Right Guard	....
....	Right Tackle	....
....	Right End	....
....	Quarterback	....
....	Left Halfback	....
....	Right Halfback	....
....	Fullback	....

Eastern College All-Stars Roster

No.	Player	Pos.	Ht.	Wt.	Age	College
11	Watt, Joseph	B	5:11	185	26	Syracuse
12	Grace, Fred	B	5:07	172	26	St. Bona.
14	Kasprzak, Don	B	5:10	165	26	Columbia
17	Tucker, Arnold	B	5:09½	175	23	Army
21	Frost, Meryll	B	6:00	165	26	Dartmouth
22	Hefti, James C.	B	6:01	200	25	St. Lawrence
29	McManus, Gene	B	5:10½	185	26	Rutgers
31	Allen, Eddie	B	6:01	203	28	Pennsylvania
35A	Blanchard, Doc	B	6:00	205	22	Army
36	Bartos, Joseph	B	6:02	195	20	Navy
41	Davis, Glenn W.	B	5:09	172	22	Army
42	Andrejco, Joseph	B	6:00	195	27	Fordham
43	Ososki, Joseph	B	5:09½	173	26	Fordham
44	West, William	B	5:11	190	22	Army
50	Kosanovich, Bronco	C	6:02	205	20	Penn State
51	Medd, John S.	C	5:10	205	23	Wesleyan
52	Orlando, Bob	C	5:07	185	24	Colgate
54	Daukas, Lou	C	6:00	205	25	Cornell
56	Enos, James W.	C	6:00	195	23	Army
60	Carrington, Jim	G	6:02	210	22	Navy
61	Stalloni, Tony	T	5:07	212	24	Delaware
62	Barzilauskas, Fritz	G	6:01	230	26	Yale
63	Young, Arthur B.	G	5:11	195	22	Dartmouth
64	Petrella, Al	G	5:11	218	22	Canisius
65	Majlinger, Hank	G	6:03	215	27	N.Y.U.
66	Vander Clute, Burt	G	6:02	200	26	Wesleyan
70	Stacco, Ed	T	6:02	250	22	Colgate
71	Cipot, Stephen	T	6:01	245	28	St. Bona.
72	Moore, Bill (Red)	T	5:11	225	24	Penn State
73	Biles Shelton	T	6:00½	208	23	Army
74	Schuler, Wm. M.	T	6:00½	214	25	Yale
76	Tavzel, Harold S.	T	5:11½	201	24	Army
81	Hayes, Thomas F.	E	6:01	205	24	Army
82	Jensen, Sig	E	6:03	210	26	W. Maryland
83	McKee, Paul M.	E	6:02	220	24	Syracuse
84	Walker, Paul F.	E	6:03	210	21	Yale
85	Monahan, John	E	6:02½	190	25	Dartmouth
86	Sullivan, William	E	5:10	180	27	Villanova
87	Check, Bernard	E	5:11	205	25	Niagara

New York Giants Roster

No.	Player	Pos.	Ht.	Wt.	Age	College
1	Cope, Frank	T	6:02	240	31	Santa Clara
10	Livingston, Howard	B	6:01	190	25	Fullerton
11	Morris, Robert	B	5:11	180	23	Sou. California
12	Brown, Dave	B	5:11	190	28	Alabama
16	Culver, Max	B	5:11	190	23	San Jose
20	Cannady, John	B	6:01	220	23	Indiana
21	Sulaitis, Joe	B	6:02	210	26	Dickinson H. S.
22	Iversen, Chris	B	6:02	210	27	Oregon
30	Reynolds, James	B	6:02	195	27	Auburn
31	Miklich, William	B	6:00	208	26	Idaho
32	Barber, Ben	B	6:00	187	24	John Carroll
33	Paschka, Gordon	B	6:00	219	27	Minnesota
35	Roberts, Gene	B	5:11	188	23	Chattanooga
37	Franck, George	B	6:00	180	28	Minnesota
38	Paschal, William	B	6:00	205	25	Georgia Tech
41	Nix, Emery	B	5:11	180	27	T.C.U.
42	Blumenstock, Jim	B	5:10	190	28	Fordham
43	Mullis, Fred	B	5:11	180	22	Chattanooga
44	Reagan, Frank	B	6:00	180	27	Pennsylvania
45	Ahwesh, Phil	B	5:10	185	27	Duquesne
46	Niles, Jerry	B	6:01	195	27	Iowa
47	Benson, Ed	B	6:01	210	22	Fordham
48	McPherson, Elmer	B	6:00	215	27	UCLA
50	Strong, Ken	B	6:00	210	40	N.Y.U.
51	Gladchuk, Chet	C	6:04	255	30	Boston College
53	Kronoff, Frank	C	6:00	195	20	Holy Cross
55	DeFilippo, Lou	C	6:01	230	30	Fordham
57	Palazzi, Lou	C	6:00	196	26	Penn State
60	Younce, Len	G	6:01	210	30	Oregon State
61	Staples, John	G	5:10	195	25	Alabama
62	Tobin, George	G	5:10	205	26	Notre Dame
63	Reilly, Tom	G	6:00	210	26	Fordham
64	Zeger, John	G	6:01	205	27	Washington
65	Lunday, Kenneth	G	6:03	220	33	Arkansas
66	Hachten, William	G	6:00	210	22	Stanford
67	Dobelstein, Robert	G	5:11	210	25	Tennessee
69	Jones, Elmer	G	5:11	225	26	Wake Forest
71	Ragazzo, Phil	T	6:02	220	31	Western Reserve
73	Fitzgerald, Bernie	T	6:02	220	25	Baylor
77	White, James	T	6:02	220	26	Notre Dame
79	Coulter, DeWitt	T	6:04	262	22	West Point
81	Howell, Jim Lee	E	6:06	215	31	Arkansas
82	Poole, Ray	E	6:03	215	25	Mississippi
83	Weiss, John	E	6:03	205	25	H. Snyder H. S.
85	Mead, Jack	E	6:03	210	25	Wisconsin
87	McCafferty, Don	E	6:04	215	26	Ohio State
88	Liebel, Frank	E	6:01	220	28	Norwich
90	Carroll, Vic	T	6:04	230	33	Nevada

THE STAFF

TUSS McLAUGHRY, *Dartmouth*, Head Coach
ANDY GUSTAFSON, *Army*, Backfield Coach
JON DELL ISOLA, *Fordham*, Line Coach
ED ZANFRINI, *Dartmouth*, Trainer
DR. E. A. WEYMULLER, *Nebraska*, Team Physician
DR. JOSEPH GIBSON, *Columbia*, Team Dentist
JOHN VALMA, *Columbia*, Manager

THE OFFICIALS

Referee—TOM DOWD, Holy Cross
Umpire—JOSEPH G. CROWLEY, Muhlenberg
Field Judge—HENRY HAINES, Penn State
Linesman—JOSEPH McKENNY, Boston College
Back Judge—E. E. MILLER, Penn State

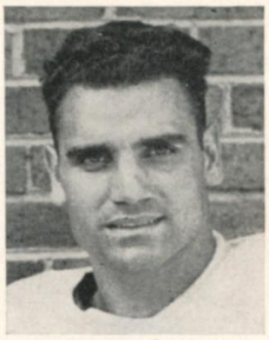
THE STAFF

STEVE OWEN, Head Coach
RED SMITH, Assistant Coach
MIKE PALM, Backfield Coach
BILL OWEN, Line Coach
CHARLEY PORTER and GUS MAUCH, Trainers
DR. FRANCIS SWEENEY, Team Physician
DR. ARTHUR G. CROKER, Team Dentist

And These Are

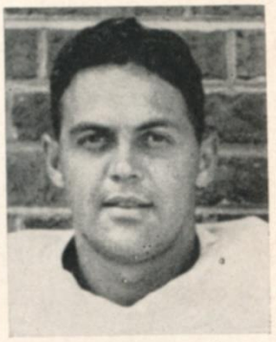
Steve Owen
Head Coach

Phil Ahwesh
Back



Ben Barber
Back

Ed Benson
Back



Jim Blumenstock
Back

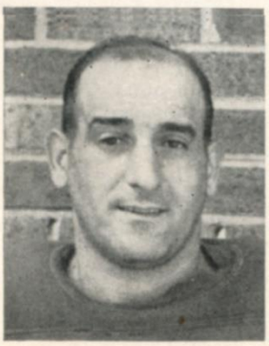
Dave Brown
Back

Vic Carroll
Tackle

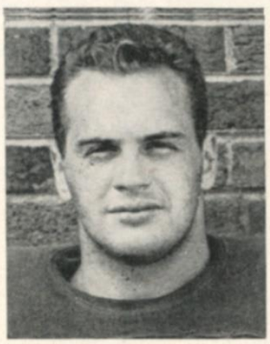
Frank Cope
Tackle

DeWitt Coulter
Tackle

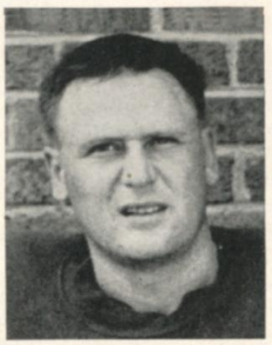
Max Culver
Back



Lou DeFilippo
Center



Robert Dobelstein
Guard



Bernie Fitzgerald
Tackle

George Franck
Back

Chet Gladchuck
Center

William Hachten
Guard

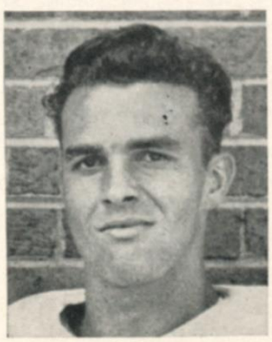
Jim Lee Howell
End

Chris Iverson
Back

Elmer Jones
Guard

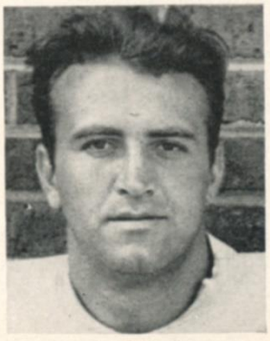
Frank Kronoff
Center

Frank Liebel
End



Howard Livingston
Back

Kenneth Lunday
Guard



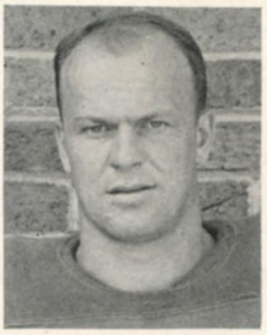
Don McCafferty
End

Bill Owen
Line Coach

The New York Giants

Elmer McPherson
Back

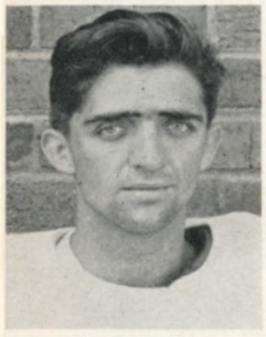
Jack Mead
End



William Miklich
Back

Robert Morris
Back

Richard (Red) Smith
Assistant Coach



Fred Mullis
Back

Jerry Niles
Back

Emery Nix
Back

Lou Palazzi
Center

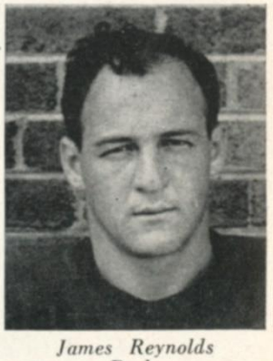
William Paschal
Back

Gordon Pascha
Back

Phil Ragazzo
Tackle

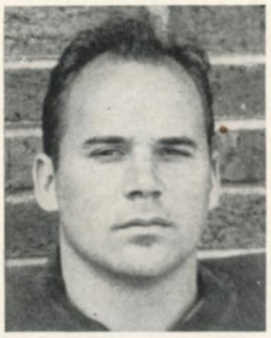
Frank Reagan
Back

Tom Reilly
Guard



James Reynolds
Back

Gene Roberts
Back



John Staples
Guard

Ken Strong
Back

Joe Sulaitis
Back

Nick Vodick
Back

Mike Palm
Backfield Coach

John Weiss
End

James White
Tackle

Len Younce
Guard

John Zeger
Guard

Howard Barnes, *Theater*
John Crosby, *Radio*
Lewis Gannett, *Books*
Otis Guernsey, *Films*
J. W. Johnston, *Gardens*

NEW YORK Herald Tribune

in

Bert McCord, *Night Clubs*
Eugenia Sheppard, *Homes*
Virgil Thomson, *Music*
Katherine Vincent, *Fashions*

The World of Arts and Letters

The Theater Looks to Fall

By Howard Barnes

STRANGE bedfellows—football and the theater! The fact remains that the gridiron and the stage start their seasons almost simultaneously, put on some whopping shows, such as this Eastern College All-Stars vs. New York Giants game at the Polo Grounds and are as generally unpredictable as next week's weather. After a quarter of a century of reviewing plays and attending football games, this professional follower of the footlights can only say that both spectacles are tops in anyone's league. When fine talent is concerned there is certain to be an immense amount of satisfaction for a spectator. Punch and Judy are not riding as high at the moment as the hipper-dippers and the end-around runners, but there will be plenty to watch this fall on Broadway.

It is no secret by now that the theater has far better players than plays. When one considers the quarter-back sneaks that Ingrid Bergman pulled in "Joan of Lorraine," or Tallulah Bankhead accomplished in "The Eagle Has Two Heads" last winter, it is only possible to be grateful to the stars who made a couple of second-rate dramas stand up. Helen Hayes made a comic merry-go-round of "Happy Birthday," but she did not fool many people about the quality of the material which she interpreted.

HOWARD BARNES is film and drama critic of the New York Herald Tribune.

THIS fall, stars and authors are likely to be collaborating more happily on theatrical enchantment. There are plays and musicals coming to town to tempt the most exacting amusement-seeker. The brave idea of a permanent repertory company, prompted by the Old Vic Company's visit here a bit over a year ago, has not materialized. The American Repertory Theater is in a decline, after a season of bad timing and poor plays. Individual productions still hold high promise.

Take the case of "Allegro," the new Rodgers and Hammerstein musical which is already in rehearsal and is due on Broadway in a week or two. The great Agnes de Mille is staging the dances, as she did for "Oklahoma!" Some comparative unknowns are involved in the proceedings, including John Conte, John Battles, Robert Jonay and Kathryn Lee. Since the Theater Guild is sponsoring the work, it should be something to see. The dope is that the show interweaves ballets through a musical comedy pattern to tell the story of a man's life from birth to the age of thirty-seven.

THEN there is "Medea," the modern adaptation of the Greek classic by Robinson Jeffers, which will have the excellent Judith Anderson in a leading role and John Gielgud as director. The Euripides tragedy reads well, let me tell you. It should be one of the most exciting stage events of the autumn. Sticking to the players, an important forthcoming event is certain to be Katharine Cornell's appearance in a revival of "Antony and Cleopatra," under Guthrie McClintic's direction and the Maurice Evans production of George Bernard Shaw's "Man and Superman."

If this introductory list of bright light shows seems slightly archaic, be reminded that there are a lot of fresh dramatic bouquets being sold across the board at this red-hot second. "High Button Shoes" is the provocative title of a George Abbott directorial job which is based on a Stephen

COMING ATTRACTIONS

Gertrude Lawrence

John Garfield

Judith Anderson

Katharine Cornell

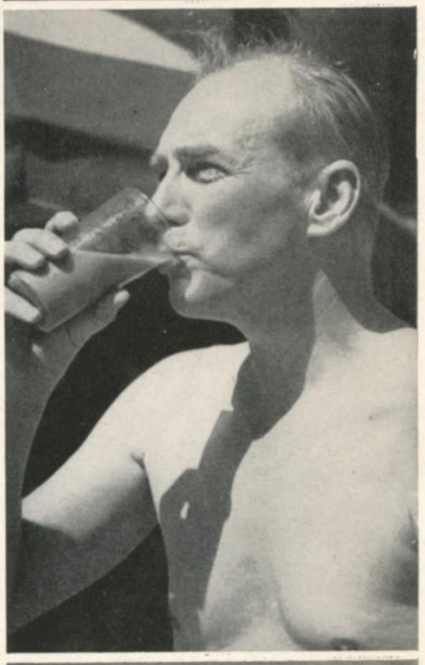
Longstreet novel and deals with 1913 — that dim past which none of us can possibly remember after two world wars. Phil Silvers and Mitzi Green are two of the performers announced for this wing ding.

→ *TOP TO BOTTOM*
Vivienne Segal
George Abbott
Mitzi Green

NOEL COWARD, who is certainly close to Tuss McLaugrey as a showman, has a new play called "Peace in Our Time," which may or may not arrive in New York shortly. And an exciting notion for the old-timers is the fugitive promise that Gertrude Lawrence, Jack Buchanan and Beatrice Lillie will appear in a revival of "Charlot's Revue." Add to these possibilities Tennessee Williams's new play called "A Streetcar Named Desire" in which Jessica Tandy and John Garfield are supposed to appear and Jose Ferrer's revival of "Richard III" and you can see that it is going to be quite a season.

The first show of the fall season is almost certain to be "The Magic Touch," a drama which has twice been postponed. The Messrs. Shubert, who silently dropped out of the producing ranks last season, will be among the first with a production this season. They have promised to offer "We Love a Lassie," a Scottish comedy, at the Booth Theater the second week in September. Among the Broadway mainstays in the piece are Philip Tonge and Valerie Cossart.

To return to the musical comedy field Henry Duffy is bravely stepping forward with one of the first musical productions of the season. It is "Music in My Heart," based on an incident in the life of Tchaikovsky with Tchaikovsky music. Vivienne Segal is in the piece which has a book by Patsy Ruth Miller.



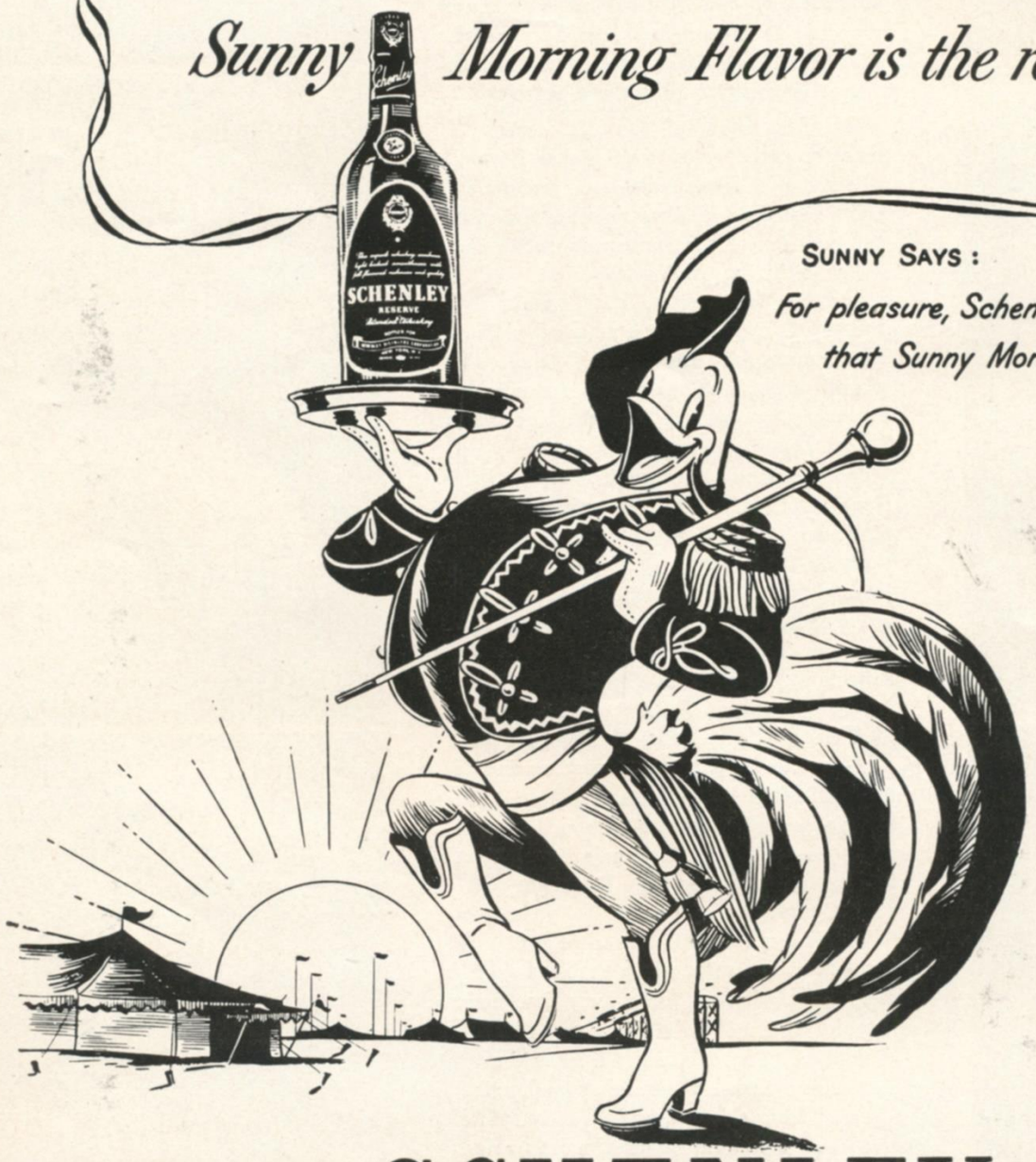
MENTIONING the Shuberts is geting to be a popular pastime in the theater again. The Messrs. Shubert in association with Monte Proser, who is going to have his hand in a number of musical productions on Broadway this season, are almost certain to present a "Ziegfeld Follies" this season at the Winter Garden, a theater which has been showing motion pictures for a long time now.

Fred Finklehoffe has indicated that he will offer "The Heiress," a play based on Henry James's novel, "Washington Square," here this fall with Wendy Hiller and Basil Rathbone in the leading roles. This one is study of a well-to-do doctor whose plain daughter is courted by an adventurer. Jed Harris will direct the play written by Ruth Goodman and Augustus Goetz.

← *TOP TO BOTTOM*
Agnes de Mille
Phil Silvers
(and Mrs.)
Beatrice Lillie

SCHENLEY LEADS IN AMERICA'S FAVOR...

Sunny Morning Flavor is the reason



SUNNY SAYS :

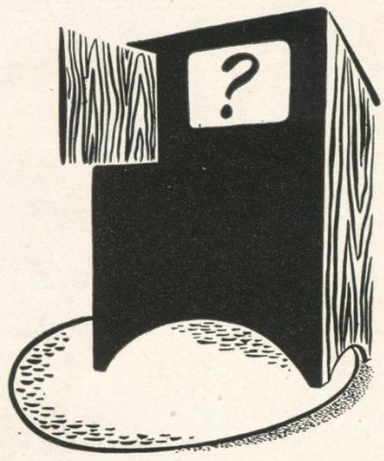
For pleasure, Schenley beats the band,
that Sunny Morning Flavor's grand !

SCHENLEY

RESERVE

Rare Pre-War Quality Blended Whiskey, 86 proof. 65% grain neutral spirits. Copr., 1947, Schenley Distillers Corp., N.Y.C.

Philosopher with Television



By John Crosby

I HATE crowds, George. Yes, I know the autumn air is crisp and all that but I prefer it heated to some reasonable temperature by the radiator my landlord has thoughtfully provided. I saw the All-Star game by television last year and that's the way I'm going to see it this year. I like to drink out of a glass. I don't like the stuff straight out of the bottle. I'm gonna be seated in that chair right over there. None of those hard benches for me. There are no elbows on that chair. There aren't any knees on the back of it. My feet will be comfortably resting. . . . Well, I haven't decided where my feet will be comfortably resting. Maybe on the floor. Maybe on another chair. There's plenty of time to make that decision. Let's cross that bridge when we get to it. My point is, George, I can make my own decisions. My feet can be retracted or in landing position. Now out at the game you'd have to keep them retracted at all times. My philosophy about football games. . . .

George, I know it's a splendid charity. I realize that. They send kids to camp or something. But the point I'm trying to make is just this. There will always be a lot of damn fools who will go to football games. Even when they develop color television in three dimensions and life size at that, these people will want to BE there. These people got to be right on the spot, right on the fifty-yard line. They pay fifteen dollars a ticket to some speculator named Moe on Forty-eighth Street. It's strictly ridiculous. They don't enjoy themselves unless it costs a lot of money. They judge everything by how expensive it is, how far they got to go, and how uncomfortable they are when they get there. Now my philosophy is just this. . . .

WHERE would the All-Star game be if everyone had that philosophy, George? I keep telling you everyone isn't as philosophical as I am. It isn't that I got anything against those people. They go their way. I go mine. I like it my way. And you'll like it my way too, George. You just tear up that ticket you got—and I don't know where you got it—and you'll see more of the game here. Really, you see more detail. You see what I call coach's detail. The inside stuff. You can even see the look of pain on Blanchard's face when they hit him. Is there another cube of ice in that bucket, George?

It's that square thingumbob over there. That object on top is a vase we got for a wedding present from someone whose tastes are quite different from mine. Those three knobs—that's all there is to it. The lowest one is the switch. No, it isn't time yet. I'll tell you when it's time. How about another drink? . . . We just got time for one more before the kickoff. . . .

No, no, George. Not that one. Here, lemme show you. It isn't time, is it? Oh, it is. Gee, I'm sorry. I couldn't get that damned ice cube out. Well, we missed the kickoff but what's a kickoff? Now what you suppose ails that thing. It worked fine yesterday. There we go! Nope. No, that's the Dumont Station. Fashion show. Don't want a fashion show. Just take it easy, George. Take it easy. You might just finish those drinks. I wonder if Madge has been fiddling with this thing again. If I've told her once. . . . Hey! Look, George! Wait till I tune it better. Ooops. . . . Now what the devil?

GEORGE, will you please sit down. You make me distinctly restless pacing around like that. Just relax. Easy does it. It must be some relatively simple thing because it worked for a minute there. I mean tubes aren't out or anything serious. Just some simple thing. Maybe the plug isn't all the way in. Oh, you looked? Well, let's see now. Must be the aerial. Just keep your pants on, George. I'll go have a look. Means climbing through that damned skylight. . . .

George, the funniest thing. Couple of robins took over the aerial. Built a little nest there and . . . George! George! Now where you suppose HE went? Oh, a note. "Gone to the All-Star Game and you and your philosophy can . . ."

Really, I didn't know George knew such words.

JOHN CROSBY is radio critic of the New York Herald Tribune, conducting the column "Radio in Review."

Star Gazing

By Otis L. Guernsey, Jr.

LAST year, reporting to the Fresh Air Fund Alumni in this space, we gazed into our own special crystal ball made out of discarded camera lenses and predicted three movie trends for 1947: the drying up of the free and easy wartime entertainment dollar; a consequent improvement in the quality of pictures, and a flood of escapist subjects in screen plays. Happily, prices in many Broadway theaters came down as the dollar got scarcer, and mysteries and musicals predominated among last year's offerings. Our wishful thinking in regard to quality was not quite borne out—although a couple of companies cut down on production of "B" pictures, and it looks in the coming year as though the excellent new English films will force Hollywood to make them better.

This year, instead of looking into the future of the industry as a whole, we will attempt to foretell what 1948 will bring to several of filmdom's top personalities and some whom you will know much better after you have seen the screen programs coming to town in the next few months. All right, we are firmly seated out on the limb. Now, hand us the saw.

CLARK GABLE'S days as a great matinee idol are coming to an end, as indicated by "The Hucksters." He will still be popular in straight roles, with the accent shifted off romance. The war has matured him in voice and gesture, and he should now go on to better things than just love, love, love. . . . Ditto for Charles Boyer, who should do very well with Ingrid Bergman in "Arch of Triumph," but who is no longer the throaty, moon-eyed lover of the Casbah. . . . Bergman herself, fresh from her "Joan of Lorraine" triumph on Broadway, will be bigger and better than ever. . . . Jimmy Stewart has not stopped working hard to improve his talents, even though he is firmly established as a top name. He did that in-person stint on Broadway in "Harvey" last summer, and such continued training should develop him into one of Hollywood's best.

DRAMA AT A LAMPPOST: Ingrid Bergman and Charles Boyer in a scene from "Arch of Triumph."

You're going to see a lot of foreign talent rise to the top in our picture business. Deborah Kerr and Anne Todd, from England, will duplicate Rex Harrison's Hollywood success by the end of 1948. . . . Valli, the Italian actress, will be well known to you after Alfred Hitchcock's next picture, "The Paradine Case," is released. It's a trial drama, with Valli playing the defendant. . . . Louis Jourdan, handsome young French star, will also make a splash, playing an important witness in that same picture. . . . Alf Kjellin, almost unknown despite his fine job of acting in the Swedish film "Torment," will be brought before your eyes by David O. Selznick. His American screen name will be Christian Kellin.

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND and Joan Fontaine, sisters in real life, will continue to be irreconcilable rivals for top feminine screen honors. "Livy" may steal a march on her sister with the leading role in "The Snake Pit." . . . Frank Sinatra won't do as well with the role of a priest in "The Miracle of the Bells" as Bing Crosby did in "Going My Way." Let's wish The Voice luck with it, though. . . . The Groaner, of course, will amble along at the top forever and ever. . . . Jimmy Cagney will finally make a good picture under his own production banner. . . . Anna Neagle, the lovely British star who is known here for her Queen Victoria and Nurse Edith Cavell, will be seen in at least one excellent British film.

Joan Crawford will continue to enjoy her comeback, which started with "Mildred Pierce" and continued with "Possessed." . . . Betty Grable will appear in a technicolor musical set in turn-of-the-century period, containing at least one barroom scene (she does this every year, doesn't she?) . . . Fred Astaire won't come out of retirement, despite all the rumors to the contrary. . . . Laurence Olivier's film version of "Hamlet" will prove to be one of the most important motion pictures ever made.

NEW FACE: Valli, Italian star, who will make her American debut in "The Paradine Case."

Walt Disney will stop fooling around with a combination of live actors and cartoon figures and come up with another captivating full-length feature. . . . Leo Genn, English actor who played the Constable in "Henry V," will make a hit in "Mourning Becomes Electra" . . . James Mason's popularity will taper off unless he does a really good picture. The flood of poor Mason pictures, made when he was an unknown and being released now in order to capitalize on his box office power, is hurting his reputation. . . . Harold Russell, armless veteran who played in "The

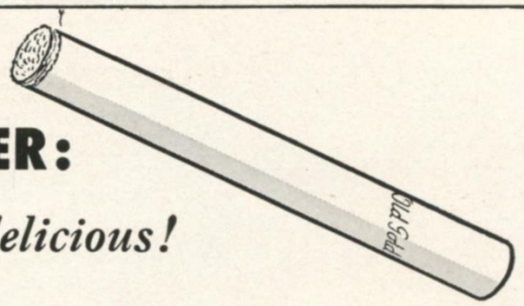
(*Continued on page* 88)

OTIS GUERNSEY JR. is associate film and drama critic of the New York Herald Tribune.

Know the score in flavor!

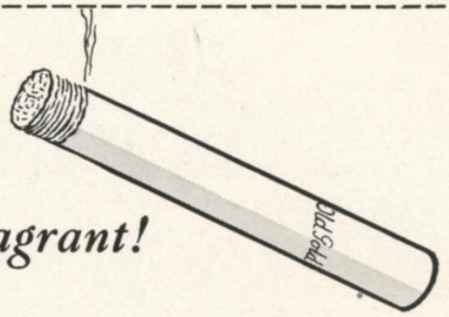
FIRST QUARTER:

Simply delicious!



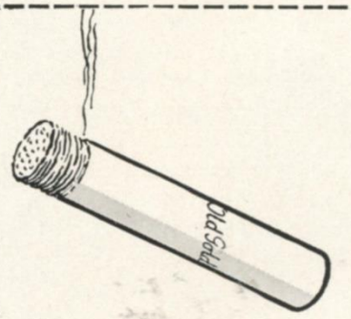
SECOND QUARTER:

Mild and fragrant!



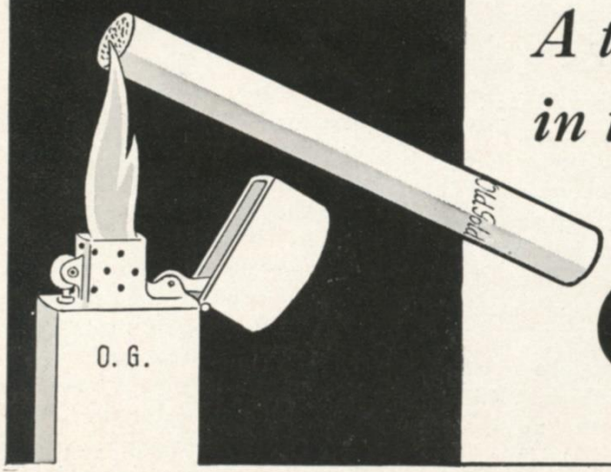
THIRD QUARTER:

Cool as can be!



FINAL SCORE:

A touchdown in taste!



Old Gold

Is Reviewing Fun?

By Virgil Thomson

ONE of the chief satisfactions of music reviewing comes from the fact that the act of reporting relieves one from any obligation to enjoy or not to enjoy, to approve or not approve the occasion reported. If you buy a ticket for a concert and spend an evening at it, you naturally want to be pleased. The least you will settle for is your money's worth of scorn, which can be a pleasure too. But when you go as a dead-head, when you are paid, moreover, for going, you are not in the least bothered by fear of wasting either your money or your time.

Under these conditions the most interesting musical event is simply the one that provides the best material for writing a review. Standard repertory and standard artistry are for the accustomed critic dull matter. The hardest thing in the world to do a good musical column about is a Beethoven symphony played by a first-class orchestra. There is little stimulus to the mind there and, under present circumstances, no news value. The first-class performance of an opera, any opera, is another matter, because opera is rarely sung well any more. Unfortunately one does not often get a chance to describe such a show. Even socking the Metropolitan for giving a bad show comes after a while to be monotonous, because when mediocrity is the standard it is no scandal any more.

THE pleasantest work a music critic finds is reviewing that which is in some way novel, a new piece, a new artist or an old work brought back to vigor. It makes no difference whether one's opinion is favorable or not. A good rave and a good razz, to use the trade terms, are equally agreeable to write and equally readable. What is important is that some kind of fresh quality, good or bad, be present, some significant variation from standard routine. That which is thoroughly familiar, no matter how excellent, cannot easily be listened to. The mind will wander. Nor written about, for the words will not come. The potato is an excellent vegetable, but its commoner preparations have little to offer the cooking columns. For the consumer, as for the writer, only that which is a little bit out of the ordinary is memorable.

Concert attendance for reviewing purposes is not therefore so much a matter of listening *to* music as of listening *for* certain things in it. At debut recitals one listens for evidences of high-standard professional qualifications. At the recitals of high-standard professional artists one listens for unusual expressive qualities or style. A poor debutante is just another bad singer or pianist. A routine professional, no matter how successful, is just another good one. A good new piece is one which makes a kind of sound or a kind of sense we have not heard before. And a good orchestra is one that keeps its colors clean, balances its lines and accents in such a way that we hear more of the work played than we are accustomed to do.

Reviewing records on the radio requires a different consideration. For the most part, only standard artists and organizations get recorded. Only standard works, too, for that matter. And because of limitations inevitable to the microphone, to manufacture and to reception or play-back equipment, no fair judgment can be made of an unfamiliar work, though pleasure can often be had listening to it.

JUDGING music from these processed versions is like judging a beauty contest from photographs. All one can really tell for sure is whether the music is by nature phonogenic. And since even this quality depends largely on studio ingenuity, its apparent presence may well be due as much to the engineer as to the composer or to his interpreters. Myself, I find processed music easy to listen to but hard to talk about. Ideally it should be reviewed at least partly as recording or as transmission and not wholly for its qualities of musical design and execution. Either one must know the original product in both its fresh and its canned form, or one must accept processed sound as normal to music.

Thousands of people, of course, do accept this. They think of real performance as a rehearsal for broadcasting, just as they consider handwriting something people do who cannot afford a typist. It is amazing the way microphones come to be used in even the smallest night clubs. Processed sound is here associated with commercialized glamor to such an extent that entertainers and listeners alike feel embarrassed at its absence, as if some convention of decency were being violated.

Frank Sinatra, whose voice is never heard publicly without microphonic transformation, could only be reviewed fairly under microphone conditions. But a reviewer accustomed to direct audition cannot help but wonder what the famous Voice is really like. Perhaps, like the fresh sardine, it is disappointing compared to those put up for shipment. But it might also, like the peach, have a perfume non-conservable in glass or tin. We shall never know.

IN any case, just as in-the-flesh music-making (on the professional level) is interesting chiefly for its variations on familiar sound-patterns, radio and records are interesting, on the contrary, in proportion to their observance of these same patterns. The former avoids death by remaining in some way spontaneous. The latter achieve lifelikeness by avoiding the spontaneous. This is why one cannot really judge music from its processed forms. One can only judge the processing.

(*Continued on page* 88)

VIRGIL THOMSON, a composer and musician in his own right, is music critic of the New York Herald Tribune.

Served with Pride!

IN THE HOME or tavern where Pabst Blue Ribbon is served the good taste of the host is reflected in the good taste of this truly great beer... always full-flavor blended of never less than 33 fine brews ... the one-and-only blended-splendid Pabst Blue Ribbon.

"It's Blended Pabst Blue Ribbon It's Splendid!"

Are You Entertaining At Home?

By Eugenia Sheppard

QUAINT LITTLE GADGET: This is what happens to a new coffee table when guests won't go home. It rises to its knees and expands to buffet supper size.

IF your rooms aren't as entertaining as you are, it's not the fault of the people who are planning and making what goes into them these days. The list of names behind the latest furniture and fabrics reads like Who's Who in contemporary art and design.

This doesn't mean that with draperies by Dali and a coffee table by Noguchi, your living room is going to look like a corridor in the Museum of Modern Art. Today's top-flight artists have a warm human understanding of today's living problems and a good sense of humor, besides. They are wizards at making space and color and at changing old furniture forms to make them work with the owners instead of against them.

Take the new coffee tables. Many an evening you've wished for one bigger, better and more convenient. So have contemporary furniture designers, who have gone ahead and done something about it. Coffee tables now come as big as six feet square or round, and that's only the start of their accomplishments.

For hostesses with lingering-guest trouble I recommend a slim, blond coffee table that looks quiet and conventional until a party starts. Touch a spring and it rises to its knees, becomes a low but comfortable supper table height and makes six or eight people happy. It is part of a California-designed collection, all in the same light-hearted and adaptable mood.

ANOTHER California coffee table is big and round and hides entertainment value in its underpinnings. Four lap trays are ready to slide out and make easier coping with a buffet supper plate.

Danish designer Jens Risom has given everything he likes best a permanent place in his coffee table top. Anyone who acquires it can settle down by the fire for an undisturbed evening. The top is free form with the radio sunk into it. Ash trays fit into indented spots, so they won't tip over. Another sunken tray is ready for growing plants, and special space is provided for magazines and books.

The coffee table that looks a little like a cobbler's bench is by George Nelson, architect and writer. It has a celotex top that pulls over plenty of storage space and a lacquered pan for plant growing. Mr. Nelson's second coffee table comes with pull-out ends that turn into cocktail trays — that old hospitality angle again.

Edward J. Wormley gave his coffee table such a beautiful base of Brazilian rosewood that he couldn't bear to hide it under a solid top. He compromised by using a great thick piece of plate glass so the rosewood shows through.

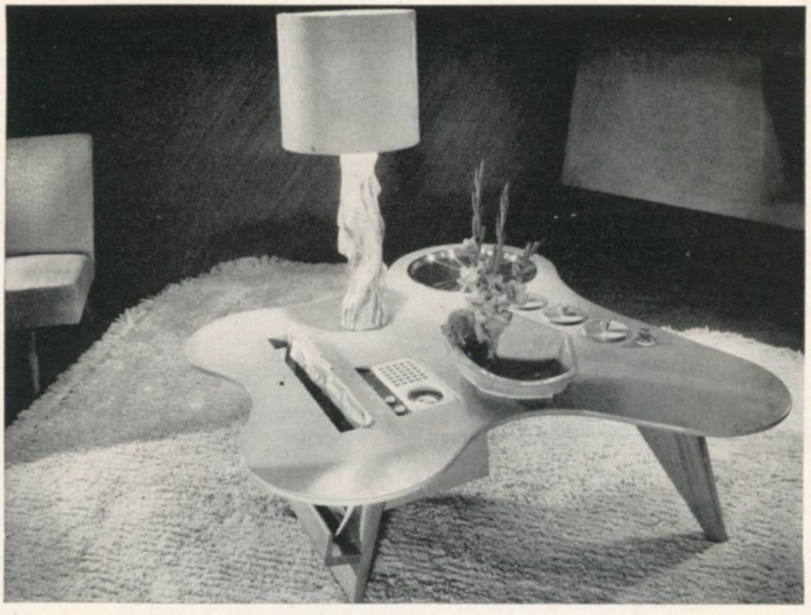
Dining room tables have been great blocks of unyielding space through many a generation. New ones are not only smaller and lighter but hardly ever as simple as they look.

A table turned out in an exotic new Cuban wood compresses into the right size for a card game. What's more, one of its pull-out drawers holds a combination chess-backgammon board of the same polished wood, and there is a matching, empty drawer for equipment.

Specially designed for a hostess who every so often gives way to a formal dinner of imposing dimensions—everybody sitting down . . . is a drop leaf table that opens out to seat eight. Matching oval consoles can be added at both ends, provided the china and silver supplies hold out.

READING-IN-BED is a pastime the old-fashioned four poster never understood or approved of. The new bed, by contemporary designers, does everything

(Continued on page 87)

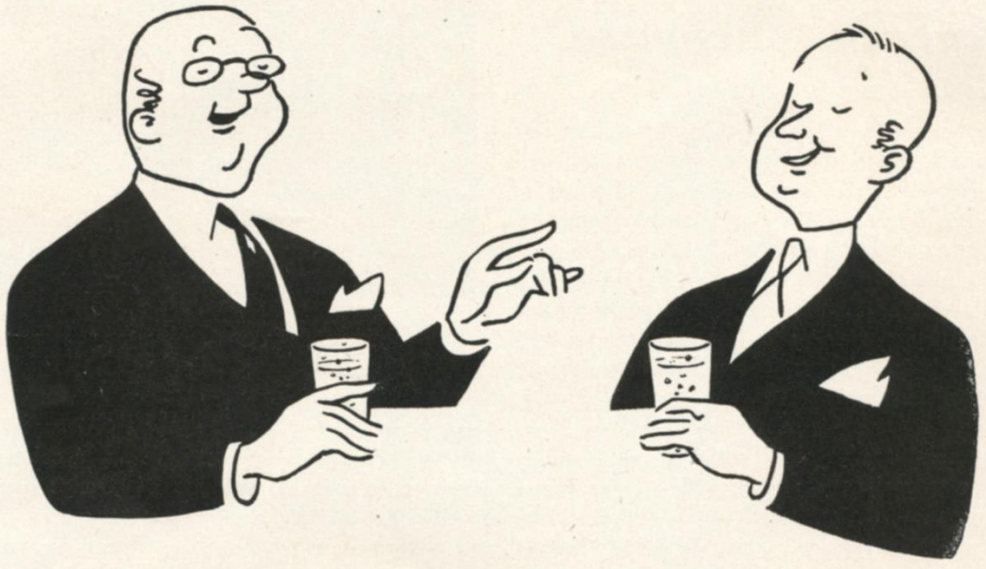


MODERN CONVENIENCE: Danish designer Jens Risom has indented the top of this free-form table to keep gadgets in order. Even ash trays have special spots.

EUGENIA SHEPPARD is Home Furnishings Editor of the New York Herald Tribune.

AFTER THE GAME...

ENJOY THE BUBBLE DANCE!



PLEASE DON'T KNOCK ANYBODY DOWN getting to the exit, but at the nearest grill or night spot there's a little treat in store for you.

It's the bubble dance inside every sparkling drop of . . . but

DON'T FLIP THIS PAGE . . . we've another secret to tell you. This titillating treat won't cost you one red cent more than the rather ordinary mixer you might get if you just look meek when you give your order.

SO WHY CHEAT that nice palate of yours out of a good time? Give it a break—let it utter: "—and Canada Dry Water" or "—and Canada Dry Ginger Ale, please."

Pin-point carbonation, you know.

ON THE WAGON? *"The Champagne of Ginger Ales" will make things a lot easier.*

Where There's Life There's

CANADA WORLD FAMOUS DRY

GINGER ALE—WATER

For quick refreshment right *now*—call the boy!
Canada Dry products sold here.

The Hat and I

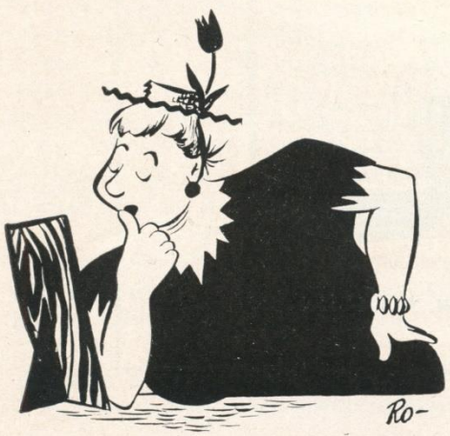
By Katherine Vincent

CERTAINLY no one will deny that millinery is the most controversial subject in the fashion industry and has been for some time.

Unknowing members of the male species seem to take a special delight in criticizing hats and so by this time it has become almost "sissy" to admire a woman's hat.

Please do not mistake me, although my case is definitely on the whimsical feminine side, spiced with an affectionate attitude about designers of women's hats both here and abroad. I feel that men have antagonized women with their ridiculous criticisms which in a strange way have been responsible for selling more and more hats (especially the silliest ones).

The entire millinery industry should keep the insidious campaign alive or business is likely to fall off no end. On the whole, women have developed a defiant attitude in the matter but the real danger is the large percentage of docile wives who give in because "Harry doesn't like my new hat." Poor silly Harry is going to pay the bill in any case but Aunt Hattie will probably appear at her next Saturday bridge party sporting a brim full of ribbons, cabbage roses and veiling and the dear little wife will buy another hat or two because Harry didn't like the first one.



THIS is obviously an unnecessary strain on the budget, however, gentlemen, just grin and bear it. You started it. It is perfectly plausible that the preferences of different men will vary enormously. If your loving wife is pushing fifty, probably she should never wear a poke bonnet with velvet chin ribbons—or maybe she can. If your young daughter wants to wear a nest of paradise plumes back to college you have a right to put your foot down. The percentage of such flagrant mistakes is extremely low and it might be wise, unless you feel pretty certain that you are on firm ground, to reserve

your brilliant critical remarks for baseball, football and swimming in the tank.

To be quite fair, however, there have been cases (though not too frequently) where men have made observations of solid merit. Our esteemed sports editor, Mr. Stanley Woodward, suggested recently that a particular hat would be more attractive turned backwards with the ribbon loops and posies to the rear. Unfortunately, he was right and it may take years to put him in his place.

William Houghton, erudite editorial writer on the Herald Tribune, was heard to describe an early spring hat with delicately dotted pink veiling over a flowered crown as an "April Snow Storm." Howard Davis, former business manager of the paper, is enthusiastic about wide-brimmed hats of the Gibson girl type. Confronted by one of these he will nod approvingly and say, "Now there's a hat." Lucius Beebe's highest tribute to a woman's hat is that it will certainly make the best table in the Colony.

KATHERINE VINCENT is Fashion Editor of the New York Herald Tribune.

The sad hat, especially if your husband happens to be reasonably fair, is the one that calls forth agonized remarks that sound this way, "Oh, no, please no, you couldn't possibly do that." When things get that rugged it is high time to give in a little.

For Women Only

WHEN you choose a hat consider a few minor points: the hat in question may look well when you are sitting down and peering into a small mirror but try standing up and find out whether the hat overpowers your delicate frame and face or whether it looks like a peanut on a large-sized pump. Go in for color when the hat is planned for your basic black or dark blue dress, but be sure that the colors are becoming to you. Never neglect the important qualities of a trim felt snap-brim hat for your suit or topcoat. If you have high cheekbones and curved facial contours avoid off-the-face hats and if the general lovely business of living has suddenly reminded you that you are no longer a slip of a girl, try to be gay about it but avoid the hats that belong to our daughters.

Never under-estimate the buying power of a man and stand firm in your own beliefs. When there is the shadow of a doubt that you have made a mistake, just buy more hats. In this way you cannot lose.

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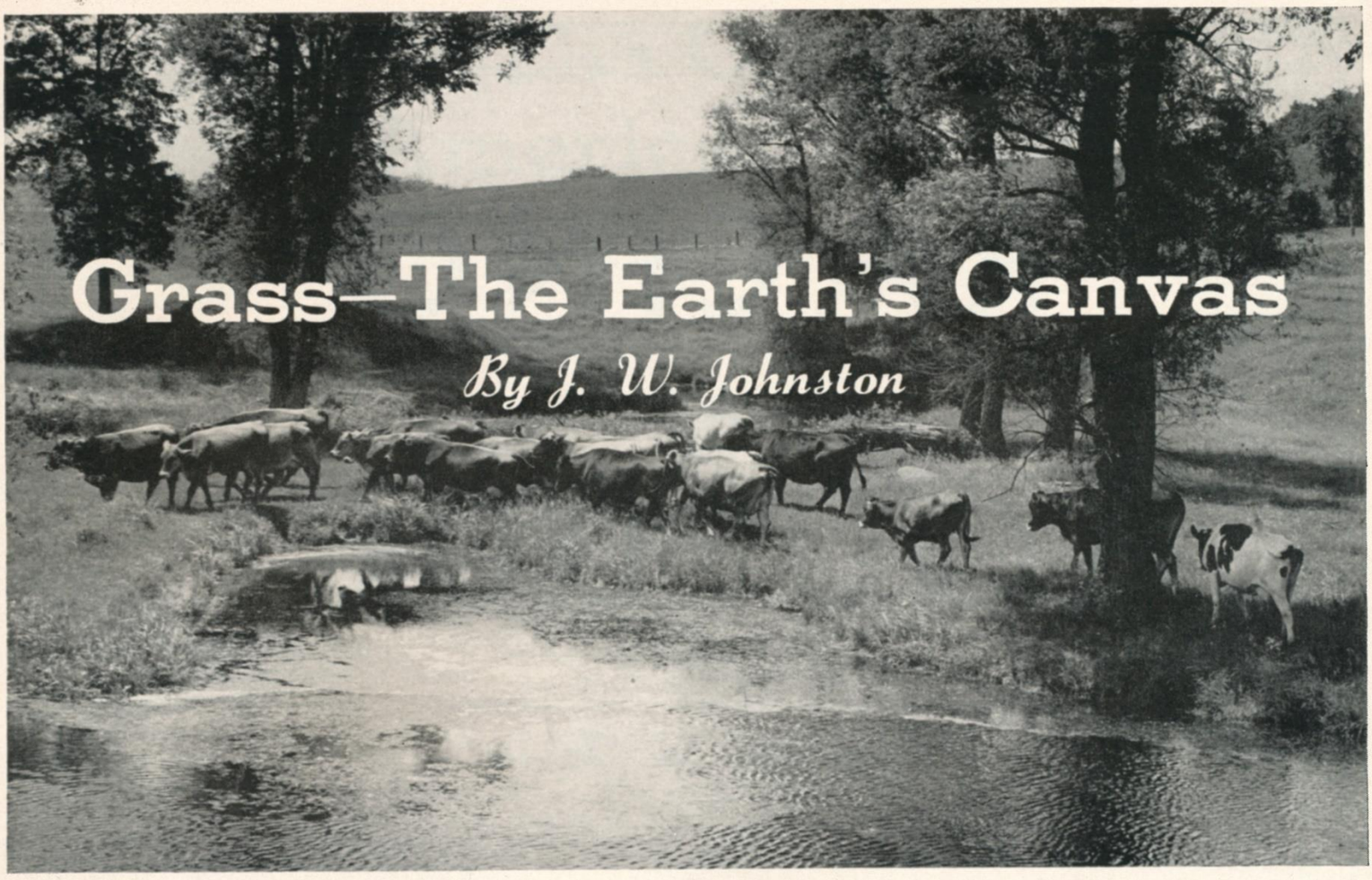

Grass—The Earth's Canvas

By J. W. Johnston

SOME 2,000,000 people this year will enjoy athletic and other events presented on that piece of grass you see stretched out before you. America plays on grass—from Fresh Air kids to polo. There would be a sore lack of proper equipment if some pest should eliminate the grasses. Imagine football, golf or polo without grass, or any of the other games so close to the hearts of Americans.

To imagine the end of all grasses perhaps is to foresee the end of man and much of the animal life of the world. In number of species the grass family occupies fifth place in the plant families, with 3,500, being outnumbered by the legumes, orchids and madderworts, for example. But in the number of individuals the grasses exceed all plant families.

Imagine, if you can, a world with no milk, meat, bread, cereals, rice, wheat, barley or sorghum. Follow this through with little, if any, leather for footwear and other uses, no wool for clothes, and, of course, with no grass there is no cattle, which means no meat, milk or butter. Then you begin to realize that this emerald green strip on which the All Stars and the Giants are performing represents life itself.

MANY of the arid dust bowl areas of the nation and the world directly are due to man's mistreatment of his greatest friend—grass. Overgrazing, lack of cover cropping and kindred evils slowly but surely are permitting the elements to take over too much of what formerly was productive areas of this and other countries.

Plant scientists constantly are laboring to develop new varieties of grasses while plant hunters continue to search the far-flung corners of the earth to discover old and possibly useful varieties not yet put to the use of man.

A grass increases itself by many and devious methods, ably aided by nature when conditions are suitable. Running rootstocks, seed released on the breeze or picked up by some passing animal or bird, running brooks and, last but not least, by man-made methods of propagation, seed growing and culture. Even in the tropics this battle for increase goes on and here will be found many grasses of economic importance to man. It safely can be said that grasses grow every place on earth with the possible exception of the most frigid zones. In some sections grasses furnish not only food but shelter and clothing as well.

GRASSES used for athletic fields such as the Polo Grounds are known as turf grasses. They generally contain a mixture of several varieties, the combination of which makes the dense, springy covering so desirable for athletic events. Due to their excessive uses grasses must be pampered far above their economically valued cousins. Frequent watering, feeding and clipping are but a part of the picture; spots must be reseeded or resodded throughout the athletic season to keep the entire field in fine shape.

Grass is the canvas on which the gardener arranges his plant picture, and here again culture must be of the finest for more grass plants are grown to the square foot of soil than any other type of plant. This calls for more plant food, more water and more care if the ultimate is to be achieved. Without grass, gardening becomes farming and the chance for a pleasing, exciting or restful creation passes.

This football game and other activities of the New York Herald Tribune Fresh Air Fund has as its fruition the sending of city children out to grass—out where nature works its wonders of health building. If you doubt the efficacy of this plan, on your way out of the Polo Grounds tonight, take off your shoes and socks and walk barefoot across the field, then you will know what I mean.

J. W. JOHNSTON is Horticulture Editor of the New York Herald Tribune.

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POST TIME 1st RACE 1:15 P. M.

Becky Thatcher and Tom Sawyer

The Great American Book

By Lewis Gannett

YOU can talk all you like about football; it hasn't swept the world. You can boast, if you care to, about the achievements of American business; it isn't loved overseas. A decade or two ago you might have found Paris celebrating the glory of Charlie Chaplin's American-made movies and Walt Disney capturing the hearts of the bobbysoxers of the world, from Capetown to Constantinople, but Hollywood stock is no longer pure gold.

The State Department highbrows recently sent an exhibition of American paintings on a well-advertised world tour, but the Congressmen who saw the pictures at home regarded them as rampant Bolshevism and the artists who viewed them abroad thought them conventional and old-fashioned. American music—except jazz—arouses enthusiasm only in American reviews. The great American triumphs of our day are those of the G.I. and of the American Book.

The G.I.'s have been not without honor even at home, but the Great American Public is still only dimly aware of the world conquest of the American Book. American critics haven't helped much. Most of them still prattle about the refined work of that foppish old fogy, Henry James. A lot of frightened Philistines still worry about the "brutal" mirror of the American scene in the books of Hemingway, Steinbeck, Faulkner and Dos Passos—but ever since the war the publishers of the world have been busily issuing their works in translation, and the world public laps them up.

In fact, a former professor of comparative literature at the University of Lyons, France, has just informed the extremely genteel public of our own "Virginia Quarterly Review" that one of the striking phenomena of the last twenty years is the emergence of modern American literature as "the more important of the two literatures in the English language."

LEWIS GANNETT is book critic of the New York Herald Tribune.

The illutrations on this page, pen and ink drawings by Vitaly Goraev, originally appeared in a new Russian edition of Mark Twain's "Adventures of Tom Sawyer."

PROFESSOR HENRI PEYRE is right. There may be an iron curtain in Russia, but the Russians read Steinbeck and Hemingway and Dos Passos; they have also recently issued a new edition of Mark Twain's "Adventures of Tom Sawyer," and it was a sell-out. Incidentally, it was illustrated by a Russian artist, Vitaly Goraev, and his illustrations suggest that the Russians have a better idea of what an American small boy looks like than the American producers of the movie "Mission to Moscow" had of the appearance of a Russian moujik.

There are Frenchmen, this professor says, whose fondest dream is some day to cross the Atlantic and see the moss-hung Mississippi of William Faulkner, the red-clay Georgia of Erskine Caldwell, the haunted California of John Steinbeck and Robinson Jeffers; to them it is a thrill to read, on actual signs, the magic words "Main Street" and "Manhattan Transfer."

They do not care about the Grand Canyon or Niagara Falls; even New York means little to this new generation of book-mad Frenchmen. A New England elm to them suggests desire under the elms, and they rather like the idea; they respect the South because they have read Richard Wright, and the emergence of such an artist from the Black South proves that the region is not as black as it has been painted.

The little town of Hannibal

Huck Finn

The fact is that the world, having tasted violence in real life, is in a mood for violence in print, and American literature — the American literature that Europeans read— is full of violence. Monsieur Peyre, in his Gallic way, suggests that the French are awed by the feats of drinking and loving reported in current American novels.

ANOTHER rather surprising characteristic of American literature noted by this French critic is its "pessimism." Pessimism in America! The French like it; they regard it as an indication that America may at last be outgrowing the rather trying mood of perennial boyish optimism which has never appealed to the Old World. Monsieur Peyre sees in Faulkner a successor of Sophocles; he goes back to Hawthorne to prove this point, and hails it as a sign of health that the keenest satires on mechanical civilization, on Rotarian claptrap and ladies-club chit-chat, are to be found, not in the works of foreign visitors but in the writing of our own writers, and even of our own popular writers.

The American "literature of despair," seen from overseas, appears not as "the sterile mockery of cynics" but as "the expression of sincere idealism, of lucid faith. It asserts with eloquence that all is not well with the world, but that, by facing realities boldly, we could make life more worthy of being lived."

Well, maybe we're as good as all that. Anyway, when your ears have been battered by censors and sermons, and your stomach turned by the sheer literary fudge which still constitutes a large part of American literary cookery, it is pleasant to know that overseas readers respect America more because it has produced the strong work of Wright and Caldwell, Sinclair Lewis and Dos Passos, Faulkner and Hemingway and Steinbeck, and that honest American writing finds a welcoming audience all around the world.

New York by Night

By Bert McCord

THEY order things better in France as a gentleman remarked a couple of centuries ago in Sterne's "Sentimental Journey." The gentleman, as I recall the situation, was not speaking of bistros and menus, but he might well have been. For although the fare in the now not so gay Paris is frugal, they have long since devised a system for the prior edification of the customer as to the matter of prices. By classifying the restaurants as A, B, or C, and by requiring this classificaiton to be posted, they make it possible for the customer to know even before he sits down to order if he is in or out of his price range. In this way, one who sets out to dine has no reason for finding himself in the predicament of having to stint on the tip in order to retain subway fare home.

Most of Manhattan's restaurants offering cheap meals post their menus in the window or somewhere near the entrance. But those in which you are apt to find yourself over your head adhere to no such policy. Their menus and the captains who interpret them are geared to steer you gently away from the bargain-basement blue plates. The result is that you usually wind up in the position of the visitor to a department store who buys an alarm clock for $4.98 and goes home wondering whatever happened to the change from that $5 bill.

HAVING been shaken down once or twice, those who dine out regularly in New York soon find their own level and rarely venture into strange places. And by this time, I imagine that the visitor expects to be taken, to a degree at least, and is not too unhappy about it provided he is sure that he is going to the right places and seeing the things that should be seen.

Last summer, for the first time since the war, Manhattan restaurant and club owners found themselves in the position of having to remove tables from the floor and spread the people around to dress the house. This drop in business was not unanticipated and is not expected to continue. There will always be enough people with money to burn during the season to keep the rope up in the better places. But even these people have already begun shopping again and the clubs that don't give them their money's worth had better look to their mortgage.

Penny Davidson, of the Diamond Horseshoe

Perhaps the best criterion in judging whether or not a club offers the visitor his money's worth lies in the number of repeaters. And the club that probably has the most among the night spots offering floor shows is the Copacabana where Monte Proser consistently offers topflight entertainment sparked by such luminaries as Jimmy Durante, Peter Lind Hayes, Lena Horne, Mitzi Green and Joe E. Lewis, generally conceded to be the most popular night club performer in the business, who returns to the Copa next week. Barney Josephson has his regulars at Cafe Society Uptown which re-opens Monday with the French singing star, Lucienne Boyer, who clicked there last spring. The same is true of three other clubs that maintain high standards of entertainment and still manage to serve as talent scouts in the industry. They are the Blue Angel, the Ruban Bleu and the Village Vanguard.

AIMED squarely at the visiting firemen are two large and noisy clubs, the Diamond Horseshoe and the Latin Quarter where the motto is "Give them their money's worth—and more." Another of this same ilk is the Carnival, where Nicky Blair spends a lot of money on sure-fire draws like Olsen and Johnson and Milton Berle. New Yorkers rarely frequent these establishments, except on opening nights when people in show business turn out to see and be seen.

To go on to some spots that are without floor shows, but that are the stamping ground of the local boys and girls, there are any number of places that are thriving these days, thanks to a club-like clientele that goes to them to be with its own. At El Morocco, you will find the cream of cafe society interlarded with tasty morsels flown in from Hollywood; the radio and sports fraternity foregathers nightly at Toots Shor's; working actors and actresses usually convene at Sardi's; radio actors, directors and soap opera authors ogle each other at Louis and Armand's; magnates and moguls and whoever can muster up a satisfactory answer to the frigid query "Do you have a reservation?" have telephones brought to their tables at "21"; song-pluggers, so help me, have taken over Lindy's—along with those with a yen for cheesecake; people who stay up all night and still want something to eat usually wind up at Reuben's.

And finally, there are my two favorite spots for a tall drink and a quiet conversation: the Drake Room and the Barberry Room.

BERT McCORD is night club editor of the New York Herald Tribune.

Bob Cooke
Fred Hawthorne
Al Laney
Everett B. Morris
Joe H. Palmer
Kerr N. Petrie

NEW YORK Herald Tribune
in
The World of Sports

Rud Rennie
Harold Rosenthal
Red Smith
Don Stillman
Stanley Woodward

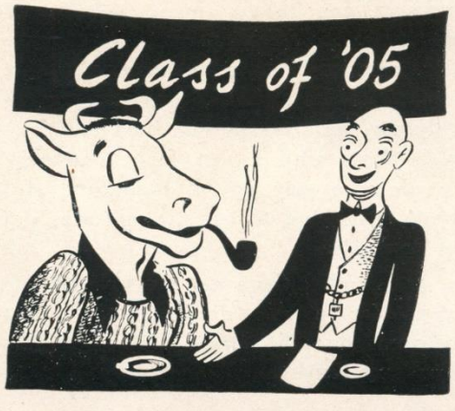
On the Spoor of the All-Star

By Red Smith

CHANCES are most college alumni have contributed at one time or another to the delinquency of a minor child, preferably a large, snaggle-toothed child with sloping neck and pointed ears, by endeavoring to entice the tot into old alma mater, there to tread upon the eyeballs of alma's football opponents.

That is a duty in which this evictee of Notre Dame has been remiss. Due to a happy combination of sloth, indifference, poverty and animal cunning, it has been possible to shirk taking any part in subsidizing, proselytizing, bribing or otherwise corrupting athletes, except for one occasion when a group of us were dragooned into a dinner party that a rich alumnus was pitching to impress a lumpy, stupid-looking candidate for Phi Beta Kappa and All-America. It turned out later that the young guest's bovine appearance was misleading, as appearances often are. He was not only stupider than a cow; what was worse, he was slower.

However, the point is that to one with no previous experience in this field, it was both an adventure and an education to accompany Mr. Rufus Stanley Woodward on a couple of prospecting expeditions in quest of talent for this year's Eastern All-Star team.



LEST there be any misapprehension on this score, let it be known that the members of the squad appearing here tonight were not left in a basket upon The Herald Tribune's doorstep.

Every one was hand-caught by Mr. Woodward, the Great White Father of the Fresh Air Fund game, and turned over to Mr. Tuss McLaughry in working condition. None but an eye-witness could imagine what travall the search involves.

In some respects, following the spoor of a candidate for the All-Stars is easier than combing the underbrush for prospective college freshmen. It stands to reason that in order to qualify for the All-Stars a fellow must cut a considerable swathe through the collegiate woods, which makes his trail fairly easy to locate. Most campuses where the choice specimens graze are reached by hard roads. It seldom is necessary, as it is for the college talent scout, to travel by pack train to the end of the trail and then proceed three miles hand over hand on a vine.

Moreover, once the quarry is flushed it is not difficult to drop a net over his head. Whereas a triple-threater fresh out of high school may hold out for the full market price of $15,000, a car and a home for his aging parents before he will consent to undergo education at a given culture foundry, the college senior joyously accepts an invitation to the All-Stars, where the recompense consists of non-negotiable glory and the privilege of getting his ears frayed by Mr. Jim White, of the Giants.

The willingness, nay, eagerness of players to join Mr. Woodward's lodge impresses an inexperienced bystander. It is, of course, a considerable distinction to be selected as top man in your position in the East, and the young men welcome the honor.

IT is well known that a man who flings himself into the Giant line can expect to wind up biting the back of his own neck, but this knowledge does not deter brash youth. If a fellow has played the sort of football in college which wins him an All-Star invitation, then it goes without saying that he genuinely loves the game, welcomes any chance to play in the big leagues, and devoutly believes in his ability to take care of himself.

This year, of course, there was an added inducement to join up. Many of these All-Stars have played against Doc Blanchard, Glenn Davis, Young Tucker and the rest of West Point's marauders. The opportunity to play with them is a treat they hardly hoped to enjoy.

Sometimes complications develop, however. There was one bright prospect for the 1947 team who planned to go out West immediately after graduation and take a job on an Indian reservation to

WALTER WELLESLEY (RED) SMITH, sports columnist of the New York Herald Tribune, has built up a tremendous following although he has been in New York less than two years.

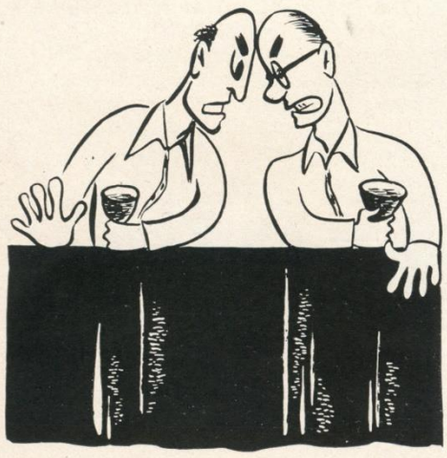
support his wife and infant son. He wanted to play but knew he couldn't get away unless he could find a squaw for a baby-sitter so his wife could tend store during his absence. It didn't work out.

Sometimes players make an unexpected response to an invitation. When the Army men were being briefed about this game, they were told about the Fresh Air Fund and the use to which it puts the box office receipts. "But, of course," they were told, "you men don't have to concern yourselves about that aspect."

"Sir," said Young Arnold Tucker, stiffening, "anything that is for the good of the Army or society is my concern.

AS a rule, coaches cooperate in running All-Star material to earth. Indeed, they incline to be over-cooperative, for they realize it does their reputation no harm to have their own men chosen as the best, and if some of their hand-tooled products should star against the pros, that performance would rebound to the coach's credit.

So they tout their own merchandise in fulsome style, and it is a rewarding experience to watch Eagle Scout Woodward fend them off. He cannot, like the proprietor of a professional team, sign everyone who is recommended and subsequently discard the duds, for he is recruiting a team for only one game and can't afford mistakes.



Therefore, when he goes a-Maying Mr. Woodward gives a noble impersonation of a man who cannot make up his mind. When a coach burbles eagerly, "This tackle of mine will really make your team. Shall I get him over here so you can sign him up?" Mr. Woodward gets strangely vague and mumbly and begins to talk fuzzily of the advantages of the tripod squat for linemen.

Actually, he knows exactly what he wants. He wants guys like Blanchard and Davis and Tucker, and with them he wants others who are schooled in the T-formation tactics the Army men know, and can complement the special talents of the cadets. He wants linemen who are fast and rugged and reckless and who charge the ball carrier in violent disregard of mousetrap plays.

SO he never accepts one coach's opinion on a man. He scours the territory, asking all coaches the same questions about the same men, weighing their opinions one against the other, boiling their comments down, adding up the points, until the last shred of evidence is in.

It is a rewarding experience to sit by and note how monstrously Mr. W. dissembles. While the coach dilates upon the ability of some protege, his listener sits as though spellbound, asking only enough questions to keep the discussion headed in the right direction. He contrives to give the impression that everything he hears is a new and enthralling disclosure, although he probably knows more about the player in question than the coach knows himself.

It is not surprising that he does, for the myth has long since been exploded that nobody else can judge a player so well as his own coach.

Moreover, the job of a scouting All-Star talent has been going on quietly for three seasons. In his autumn travels, Mr. Woodward contrives to visit a great many campuses, assigning himself to cover games which he considers most likely to turn up promising candidates for his squad. He seems to have a psychic gift in this regard which enables him to be present where hot football news is breaking. As, for example, last fall when he went down to Philadelphia to scout the Penns on the day when Princeton brought off the year's most implausible upset by walloping the Quakers. If there should be a repetition of the classic "twelfth man" incident that enlivened one Dartmouth-Princeton game, it's a fair bet the twelfth man would be named Woodward.

But even that isn't enough. It is necessary to know everything about a candidate, including his plans for the future.

Many will play professional football, and under the agreement for this annual game there is a limit on the number of rookies whom the All-Stars may take from any one National League team. Dr. Jock Sutherland, for instance, would not be pleased to have his Pittsburgh training camp stripped bare of new material just to strengthen the All-Stars.

Accordingly, Mr. Woodward drops into Pittsburgh to make idle, friendly conversation with the doctor. They chat warily, suspiciously, prowling around and around the main topic like strange dogs circling each other. Yes, Jock says, Mr. Woodward is welcome to Kalinsjiack but the Steelers can't afford to give up Bodkin for three weeks. Shucks, says Mr. Woodward, the only man he really wants out of Jock's camp is Wynzscz, the left guard. Neither mentions Pilsocki, who is the one guy Woodward wants and the one guy Sutherland hopes to cover up.

This goes on until perhaps 2 a.m. At this point Dr. Sutherland proposes a friendly wrestling match. They strip to the waist and go to it. There is a great threshing and grunting, as of many whales in pain. Then the doctor arises, triumphant. Always mellow in victory, always gracious and magnanimous to the vanquished, the doctor says Mr. Woodward may have Pilsocki.

MR. WOODWARD comes home smelling of arnica. He's got his man.

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Beat Army?

By Stanley Woodward

Red Blaik, Army

YOU see before you here on this field the boys who made Army the best football team in the country during the past three years, Glenn Davis, Doc Blanchard, Arnold Tucker, etc. Their graduation from West Point apparently has rendered their alma mater vulnerable and a string of football teams is lined up waiting to get in on the Davis-less, Blanchard-less, Tucker-less Cadets.

The first of them, Villanova, which opens the West Point season on Sept. 27, is conducting a poll among supposed experts on football to discover what outsiders think of the Wildcats' chances to break the defeatless string which stretches back to the Army-Navy game of 1944. Among others, this department was canvassed and we wired back that we thought Army will be formidable in spite of its losses and that Villanova's chances, though existent, are not good.

The Army will be the most closely watched team in the country this fall because it is generally expected to drop one, two or even three games. The schedule is not as tough as that of last year, but among the opponents who are laying for Army are Illinois, the Rose Bowl champion; Notre Dame, the accepted colossus of the 1947 season; and Navy, which always contrives to be Army's toughest opponent whatever the comparative records.

There is little left at West Point in the department of name players. Only three of last year's regulars still are available. They are Jim Steffy, captain and left guard; Goble Bryant, right tackle; and Rip Rowan, right half. The names of one or two others may be vaguely familiar to football fans.

BILL GUSTAFSON, cousin of Andy, Army and All-Star backfield coach, will fit into the position left vacant by Tucker as T quarterback and passer. Bobby Jack Stuart, an able halfback in 1945, is available again after a year of inactivity due to an appendectomy. He probably will play left halfback, with Rowan at full and a dynamic little runner named Winfield Scott at right half.

STANLEY WOODWARD, originator and director of the Eastern All-Star football game, is Sports Editor of the New York Herald Tribune.

The new linemen all were members of the second and third teams last year and their seaworthiness will be open to question until they launch themselves at Villanova. A boy named Joe Henry was outstanding in spring practice and probably will become Steffy's running mate at guard. One Phil Feir, who played a little at left tackle last fall, is currently the leading candidate for that position. Army's ends were largely cleaned out. Survivors of graduation are Stu Young and Jim Rawers, who are tentatively known as the first-string ends. Harvey Livesay, who played a good deal last fall as a replacement for Jim Enos, is the ranking center at the current moment.

Colonel Earl H. Blaik, the Army coach, is noncommittal on prospects. He no doubt would agree with this department's opinion that nothing but a string of miracles can keep the Cadets on the alkaline side throughout the coming campaign. However, he does not pale except when the words "Notre Dame" are uttered in his presence.

This is going to be the last Army-Notre Dame game for the present. For the first time it will be played at South Bend, Ind., where lurks an assembly of behemoths who would love to score a hundred points in one day against the Cadets.

This is supposed to be the best Notre Dame team in history. It is so good that even Honest Frank Leahy, the coach with the heart of gold, cannot find much deprecatory material to spread around about it. Honest Frank merely says, "Some of our alumni seem to think we are going to have another representative team."

THE alumni think the team is so damn representative that already they have bought up all the hotel rooms in northern Indiana and southern Michigan. Reporters who are going out to cover the game will have to sleep in the park along St. Joseph's River unless the railroads set up some sleeping cars for them in the yards.

(Continued on page 87)

THEY'LL TRY

Lou Little, Columbia

Ray Eliot, Illinois

George Munger, Penn

Frank Leahy, Notre Dame

Tom Hamilton, Navy

Of Sweepswingers We Sing

By Al Laney

THE editor of this book, Irving T. Marsh, came somehow by the picture which adorns this page a few minutes before he was scheduled to go to press, and he knew immediately that he had to get it in. But the time was very short. Casting quick, darting glances around him, Mr. Marsh's eye lit upon your unfortunate author, who hangs around Mr. Marsh's desk during the All-Star gestation period awaiting just such an emergency. Mr. Marsh's eye not only lit, it lit up.

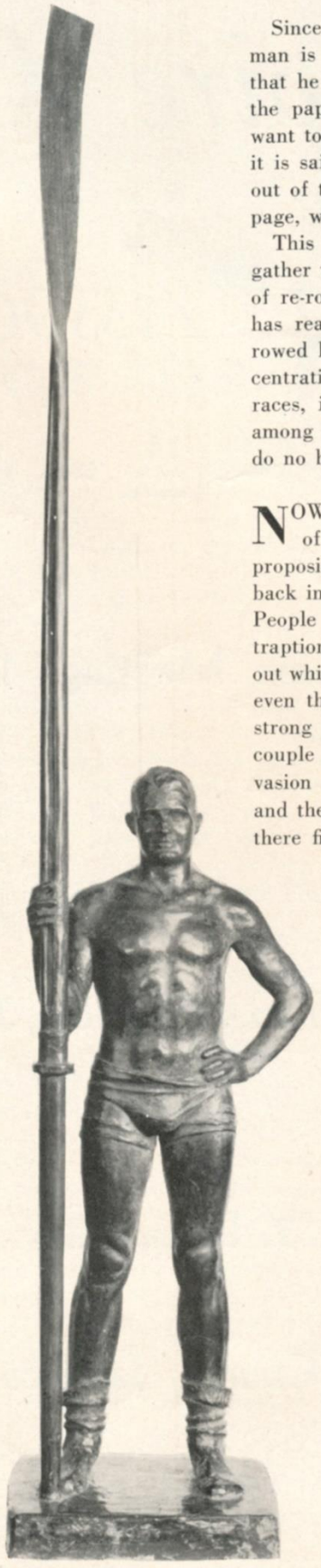
"Knock me out about a thousand words on rowing to go with this picture," he said.

He quickly overruled an objection based on lack of knowledge of the subject. Indeed, he looked upon the fact that such an objection had been lodged as a good joke. Imagine anyone objecting to writing about rowing because of knowing nothing about it! Mr. Marsh gave no quarter, nor even a dime. Getting out his slide rule and table of logarithms and figuring rapidly, he said:

"Hurry it up, will you? Better make it 800 instead of a thousand. Yes, 800 will just about do it, I think. If I decide to make the cut larger I can throw away some of your junk. It's going to make a good-looking page all right."

IF the eyes of any old oarsmen have been attracted to this page by Mr. Marsh's pretty picture, this is the point at which they should stop reading. Any others who care to come along for the remaining 600-word ride may do so, but it must be at their own risk.

It used to be that you could tell an oarsman by the way he had his hair cut but here lately half the adolescents in the country are wearing crew haircuts whether they attend college or not, so you can't count on that any more. Probably the most unfortunate thing about crew racing is that boys who pull an oar in college invariably grow up to be middle-aged and old men. In later life they quite often attain renown in business, the arts and sciences and other walks of life, but nothing they may achieve later can ever be half so important to them as the fact that they once rowed in a shell along with seven other undergraduates with strong backs.



Since he rowed in complete anonymity, the old oarsman is forever under the necessity of reminding people that he did row. You read a lot about crew coaches in the papers but never anything about crewmen. If you want to know who is rowing in an eight-oared shell, and it is said that some do, you have to dig the information out of the mass of agate type down at the bottom of the page, where the "boatings" are listed.

This puts quite a burden on the old oarsmen, who gather wherever a boat race is scheduled for the purpose of re-rowing their undergraduate races. By the time he has reached middle age the old oarsman will have re-rowed his races some millions of times. Where the concentration of old oarsmen is high, at the time of the big races, it is better to leave them to do their re-rowing among themselves. Under such conditions they probably do no harm.

NOW for a bit of history. Rowing may be the oldest of all competitive sports. Anyhow, it is a very old proposition. Virgil gives a vivid description of a boat race back in his time, when it was by no means a new thing. People have been paddling about in some sort of contraption since the beginning of time and the urge to find out which contraption was fastest no doubt was irresistible even then. The Bible doesn't mention it but there is a strong possibility that Old Noah was able to arrange a couple of sprint races for his boatload. The earliest invasion of England was accomplished by means of oars and there probably was a race to see which boatload got there first.

That may be why the Thames is called the cradle of boat racing as a pastime and a competitive sport, and if it is history you want you needn't go back beyond 1715. In that year an Irish comedian named Thomas Doggett offered "an orange livery with a badge representing liberty to be rowed for by six watermen from London Bridge to Chelsea annually on the same day, August 1, forever." And By George! they actually have been rowing ever since for "Doggett's Coat and Badge" and undoubtedly will keep on doing it forever.

That was the first regatta, a word that comes from the Italian and originally was the name of a gondola race in Venice. Bet a lot of old oarsmen didn't know that. They have been rowing on lakes and rivers all over the world ever since and any interested reader who wants to look it up can start with old Doggett in 1715. Because we've go to stop now. Anyone who cares to count the words will find that they add up to exactly 786 right to here. Now, take another good look at Mr. Marsh's pretty picture and turn the page.

AL LANEY, member of the New York Herald Tribune sports staff, has been covering sports of all sorts, both here and abroad, for many years.

Empire City Racing Association

—

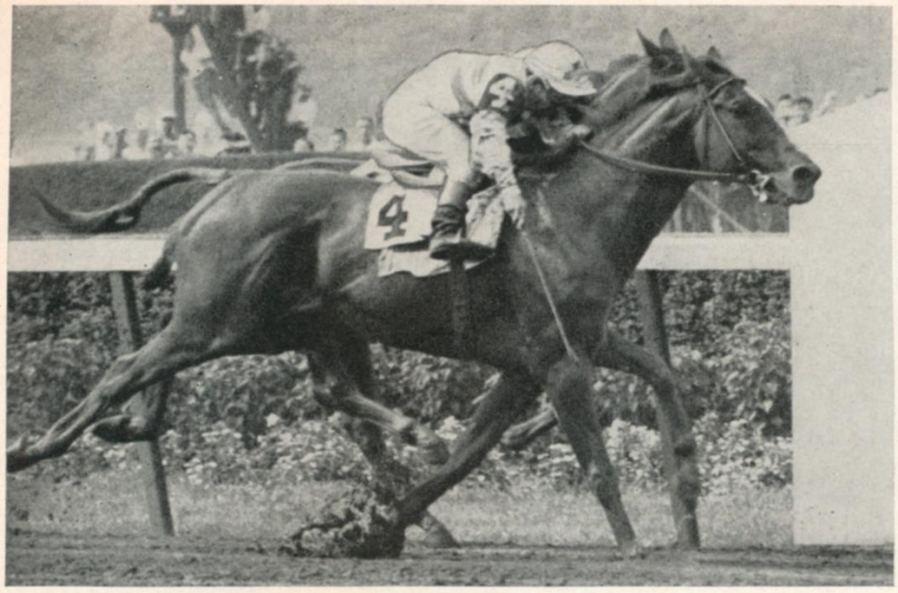
Autumn Meeting, 1947

—

October 29th to November 11th, inclusive

To be run at the

Jamaica Race Course, Jamaica, L. I., N. Y.



Fall Gives the Accolade

By Joe H. Palmer

THIS time last year Assault was just the best of a bad lot. True, he had shattered Gallant Fox's record for earnings by a horse in any one year, but that was because purses had been doubled and trebled since the Fox of Belair was running ahead of the pack. The colt from Texas had gone to pieces in mid-summer, he had been beaten in Chicago, at Saratoga, and elsewhere; he was a fair colt, without greatness.

But when the leaves were sailing down the wind, Assault was the horse of the year. He had conquered Stymie in fair fight in the Pimlico Special and had beaten him five panels of fence. He had returned to New York and had swarmed past Lucky Draw on the last turn at Jamaica and left him gasping. Stymie was hot on Whirlaway's trail for all-time money-winning honors, and Lucky Draw had left six track records swirling in the dust of his drumming feet. No matter, Assault blew them both apart, and he went into winter quarters with the reputation he so stoutly confirmed this year.

This time last year, among the two-year-olds, the shouting was about Cosmic Bomb and Blue Border and Grand Admiral and First Flight. Phalanx was just a colt that had been a surprising third in the East View Stakes. Jet Pilot was a colt that had won a string of sprints in the spring and had then gone out to Chicago and had been bounced around anyway. Hardly anybody but Ben Jones knew that the Calumet barn housed a couple of juveniles named Faultless and Fervent. Had the two-year-old championship been awarded on the night the Giants beat the Packers, not one of the lot would have been in the first half-dozen.

But presently, as the days shortened, Jet Pilot racked up the field in the Pimlico Futurity over a testing mile and a sixteenth. With the distance stretching out, Phalanx took the Remsen and the Ardsley, both at more than a mile. Fervent was winning the Walden Stakes as the season swung to a close, Faultless at his throat-latch and the probable winner had it not been a stablemate that ranged alongside in the closing yards.

So while the Cosmic Bombs, the Blue Borders, and the First Flights were being wrapped away in cotton, the winners of all of the big 1947 Spring classics —the Wood Memorial, the Blue Grass Stakes, the Derby Trial, the Derby, the Preakness, the Belmont, the Withers, and the Dwyer—the winners of every one of these were battling away at each other down at Pimlico. That, perhaps better illustrated in 1946 than usual, is what Fall racing means to the national picture.

Instances can be multiplied. Challedon was just another promising youngster until he got into the Pimlico Futurity. Occupation had it all over Count Fleet until the latter caught him at a distance in the same race. And it was in the Pimlico Futurity that Equipoise first demonstrated, past any doubt, that he had a heart to match his speed. Left many lengths at the post, with Mate and Twenty Grand up ahead, the Chocolate Soldier somehow closed the lost ground and in the lengthening shadow of Pimlico's yellow stands he threw down the gage to Twenty Grand and gave C. V. Whitney his first big stakes victory.

Armed first proved his real worth when he flashed away from Stymie, Gallorette, First Fiddle, Polynesian, and others in the Pimlico Special of 1945. And it was in that same event that Seabiscuit, to the consternation of the experts, ran away and hid from War Admiral. Twilight Tear proved her class incontestably over the same strip when she sailed away from Devil Diver.

THIS may seem to be press agentry for Pimlico. But it isn't Pimlico that counts—it's November. That's when the 2-year-olds have to prove their grit as well as their speed, and when the older horses that have been racing over half the nation come together for a last great effort before they go a-questing in California or Florida, or settle down comfortably for the winter in Kentucky or the Carolinas.

There isn't any single principle in racing that you can trust like the Bill of Rights. Any two-year-old, in particular, can lie like Tyl Ulenspiegel. The race horse, in general, is just as peculiar as the heathen Chinee. But if you have to take one measure as a racing prediction, one phase of form to carry into the next season, take Fall racing.

JOE H. PALMER, one of the nation's foremost horse racing authorities, is a member of the sports staff of the New York Herald Tribune.


CHEER LEADER
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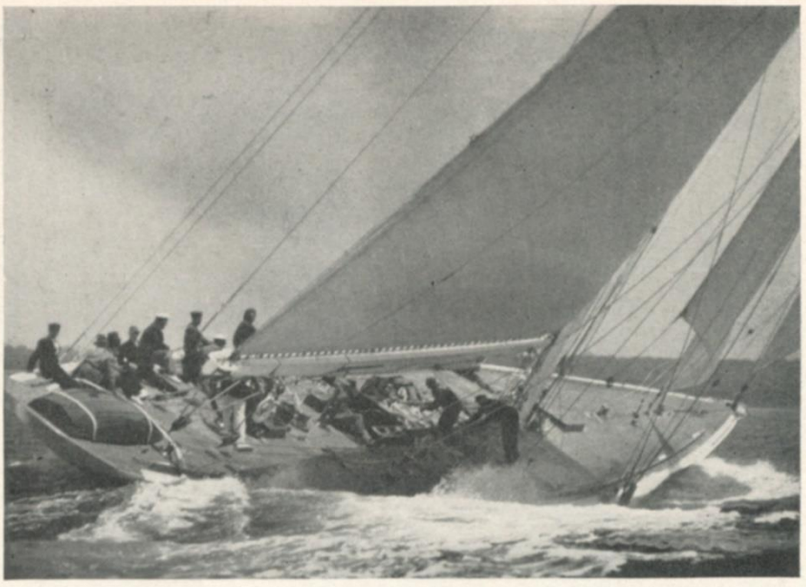
BEER AT ITS BEST
The F. & M. Schaefer Brewing Co., New York

International Challenge

By Everett B. Morris

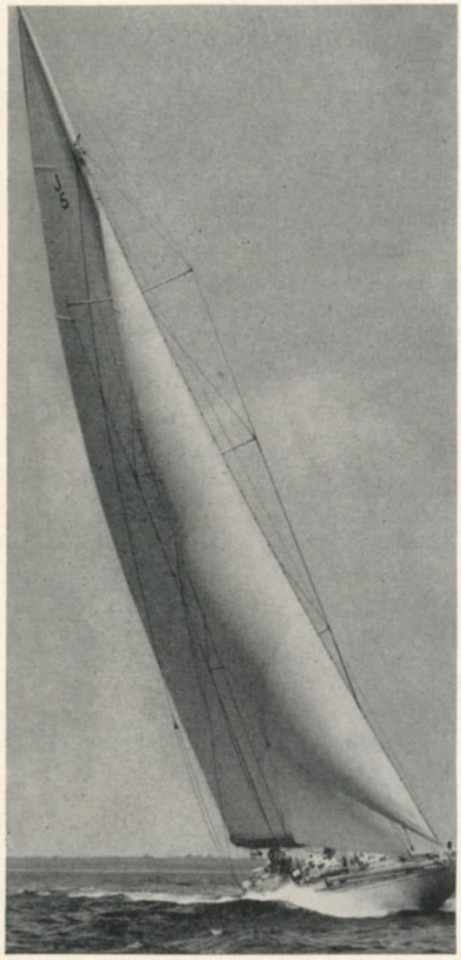


THE 1934 DEFENDER: Harold S. Vanderbilt's Rainbow gets her first bath of spray.

IN THE FACE of utterly fantastic rises in construction and maintenance costs, plaguing shortages of material and equipment, the sport of sailboat racing in this country is enjoying in 1947 a boom of proportions astonishing even to the most optimistic adherents of windjamming.

Established one-design classes are growing with the enthusiasm and rapidity of crab grass in a Long Island lawn. New classes are springing into being as fast as designers create them, which is nearly as often as Happy Chandler says something ludicrous.

Reaction from the war-time doldrums was expected, of course, but nothing on the scale of what has been going on in both salt and fresh water yachting ports this summer. Larchmont Race Week produced an all-time high in American sailing history by starting 447 boats on one day and an average of 392 for seven days. A record fleet of cruising yachts sailed from California in the race to Honolulu. Those are just samples. This phrenetic activity among devotees of the art of using the wind to push a boat there and back again has an inevitable by-product, to wit, speculation among laymen as to the prospects of an America's Cup race.



THE 1937 DEFENDER Ranger on her first trial in the defense series off Newport, R. I.

The non-sailing American's concept of yachting appears to center around the infrequent and extremely dull matches between one large, fast product of U.S.A. designing, building and sailing genius and one large, not-so-fast representative of British efforts in that direction.

WHEN he reads about 447 sailboats manned by close to 1,500 boys, girls, men and women participating in a single afternoon's sailing competition the layman is quite likely to react by asking the following questions: "Does this mean there will be an America's Cup race?" "When will it take place?" "Will England challenge again?"

With no pretensions to clairvoyance, the writer will answer them in the proper order as follows: "Not necessarily," "Heaven knows," and "Not in the discernible future and definitely not with a Class J sloop."

There is a yawning gap between the sort of sailboat racing rampant in this country today and the America's Cup matches which halted after Harold S. Vanderbilt and Ranger gave T.O.M. Sopwith and Endeavour II a four-straight thumping in 1937.

It is one thing to squeeze enough cabbage out of the family income to finance a small racing knockabout, or even a modest cruising sloop, and quite another to find the funds necessary to underwrite the designing, building, fitting out, tuning up and campaigning of a 135-foot yacht with a skyscraping metal mast, acres of duck and nylon sails and a paid complement of two dozen hungry deck hands. That takes money, the kind of money which is reported to be exceedingly scarce among individuals both in this country and Great Britain.

The syndicate which backed Enterprise, the highly mechanized defender which walloped Sir Thomas Lipton's fifth and last Shamrock in 1930, expended something like three quarters of a million dollars in the process. The bills for Rainbow and Ranger in 1934 and 1937 were commensurately staggering, and one can only guess at the amount of money which flowed through the scuppers of the unsuccessful defense candidates of that era—Weetamoe, Whirlwind and Yankee—and their trial horses—Vanitie and Resolute.

IT WILL take that kind of money and more, much more at current prices for labor and materials, to build and race another Class J sloop. Even if a challenge were forthcoming for a race between smaller craft, twelve-meter sloops for instance, someone would have to raise close to a quarter of a million to do the job properly—$100,000 for the boat itself and the rest for sails, rigging, gear, paid hands' wages, food and uniforms, shipyard expenses, a towing tender and such.

The layman could be excused for asking: "Why go to all of this expense? Why

(Continued on page 88)

EVERETT B. MORRIS is the yachting and basketball writer on the New York Herald Tribune sports staff.

Attired in a light sweater and shorts this skiier is ready for the take-off at the world-famed Sun Valley winter resort in Idaho.

Photo by Steve Hannagan

Radiant Heating Very Healthful

Eminent physicians emphasize that an individual's health is much better, his energy and comfort greater, when atmosphere surrounding him is rather cool; when the sun bathes him in its rays and the clothing is moderately warm which prevents the heat blanket normally clinging to them from being torn away. These are conditions which make the human being so full of "pep" during the advent of spring.

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Rogers Peet Company

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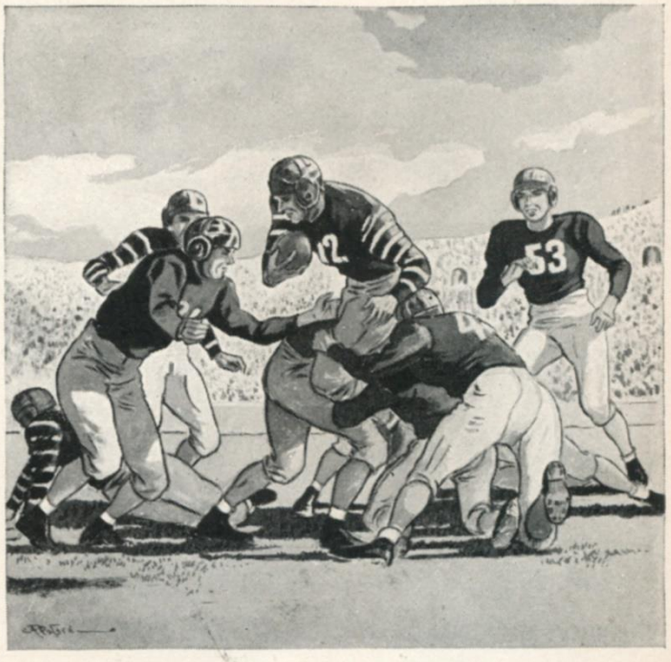
for Young Men and Men Who Never Grow Old



Football is a game of smash, dash and crash, a whirl of action, color, courage, character and the unending desire to approach perfection—with the goal line as its reward.

The same basic idea—the approach to perfection—is also uppermost in the mind of the *modern* Rogers Peet—

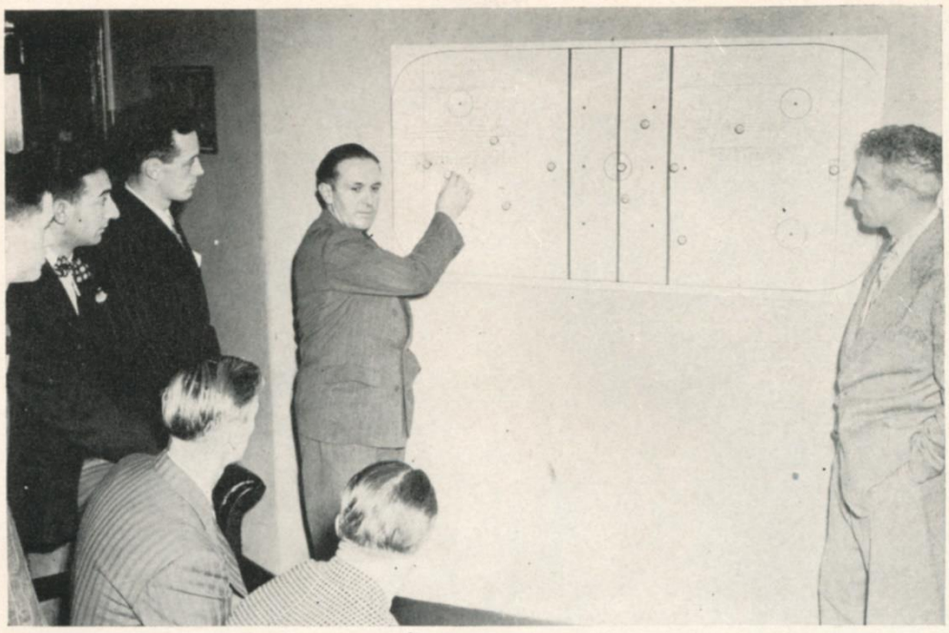
Perfection in fabric, style, tailoring and fit—perfection in clothes for young men, and men who never grow old.

FIFTH AVENUE *at* 41st STREET
THIRTEENTH ST. *at* BROADWAY
WARREN STREET *at* BROADWAY
And in Boston:
TREMONT ST. *at* BROMFIELD ST.

the right thing in everything men and boys wear

The Rangers Find A Nest

By Kerr N. Petrie



HOCKEY TACTICS: Boucher at the magnetic board he has devised to help put his play ideas over to his boys.

FOOTBALL, considered by the hockey people as lingering unnecessarily in the lap of winter, is doing the skating game a signal service this year. Or perhaps it is the other way around, or possibly mutual. Both the New York Rangers and the Philadelphia Eagles are bound to benefit from the agreement made to share the same quarters at Saranac Lake this fall.

A year and more ago the Madison Square Garden hockey masterminds, Frank Boucher and Tom Lockhart, conceived the idea of taking over the "Eagles Nest" at Saranac. A lot of detail had to be perfected but now everything is in readiness for the Rangers to move in almost on the heels of the outgoing players.

"Come up and see us in training next fall," said Boucher and Lockhart, "you are going to be amazed at our set-up. We will be able to take care of all the players and reserves for three teams. That takes in the Rangers, the New Haven Ramblers and the New York Rovers."

The Rangers have already held a spring school in Winnipeg, something new for them. Heretofore the Blue Shirts management had brought their players together in the fall out there in Winnipeg. After the school at which a tryout was given to amateur players, junior or senior, the clubs had to settle down to the serious matter of preparing for the season. This embraced all clubs in the system.

BOUCHER feels that by holding a spring school in Winnipeg he can save a lot of precious time. He knows already the young players he must call up for the Rovers and also possibly for the Ramblers and Rangers. Those that don't fit into one team will be passed along to another. In this way the Rangers will be able to move out for exhibitions long before they possibly could do so had they to wait for the screening of the rookies.

SIXTY games will be played this season again. It used to be fifty games until last year. Those additional ten sank the Rangers, who were leading the Detroit Red Wings at the fifty mark. Boucher still is working on a long-range program. By early summer he had cut down his veterans, selling Joe Cooper, defense, and Ab DeMarco, center forward, to the Cleveland Barons. Boucher has a couple of amateurs in the West he believes will be able to win a place on the Rangers, a forward by the name of Fisher and a defense of Greek extraction. Fisher, a wing, has been picked as the amateur in Western amateur hockey circles most likely to make the National Hockey League in one jump.

Both hockey and football people consider the Saranac plan a break. Everything will be set up for the players of both sports in the "Eagles Nest." All, that is, but the ice for the hockey players. The hockey players will do their skating and hockey scrimmaging in the Olympic Arena at Lake Placid. A bus system is to be installed. All meals will be home cooked in the "Nest" at Saranac.

Evidently the hockey solons see no falling off yet in hockey interest. Receipts have been gradually climbing over the last several years. The governors of the league are even now planning for a league congress to be held about the time of the minor professional league and amateur league play-offs. It is planned to open the N.H.L. season October 15.

ANOTHER sign of the times is the flow, or, possibly trickle is the better word, of hockey news throughout the summer. Hockey used to close down tight with the last game of the play-offs. When players were traded or sold during the summer hockey fans did not know of it until scanning the line-ups the following season.

The sale of Cooper and Demarco to Cleveland discloses that the Barons are building up a powerful outfit for next season's play in the American Hockey League from fading but still extremely competent N.H.L. material. Babe Pratt, who finished the season with Hershey and participated in the play-off games in which the chocolate town club trounced the Barons in straight games, has also been added to the Cleveland defense. Pratt played major league hockey with the Rangers before being cast adrift. With Toronto later he broke the scoring record for a defense man. He was with Boston when he was transferred to Hershey, that club being what amounts to a farm for the Bruins.

COOPER came to the Rangers about the time that the great line of Bill and Bun Cook and Boucher was fading. It was while Bun Cook was with Providence as coach that he took a fancy to DeMarco's style of play. DeMarco then was playing for the Reds. Last year Ab was given little chance to show his wares with the Rangers, being held on the bench as too slow. But around the cage the North Bay contractor is still extremely dangerous. He scores most of his goals by a flip rather than an outright shot.

KERR N. PETRIE, who has been covering golf for forty years and hockey for almost that long, is a member of the sports staff of the New York Herald Tribune.

"Who Is Burt Shotton?"

by Bob Cooke

THE Brooklyn Dodgers were sitting in the lobby of the Hotel Netherland Plaza in Cincinnati, tinkering with time until nightfall when they were due to play the Reds at Crosley Field. It was mid-afternoon and Gene Hermanski, the left fielder, turned on his portable radio. A "pot of gold" program was on the air.

"And now it's time for the big question," said the announcer. "Each day at this time we spin a lottery wheel, arrive at a telephone number in Greater Cincinnati, completely at random, and ask a question. The person giving the correct answer wins the pot of gold. Today we've got more than $300 on deposit. For more than a month no one has been able to tell us the answer to the following question:

"Who is Burt Shotton?"

The Dodgers looked at each other with a start.

"I wish I had a phone number in my name out here," said Pee Wee Reese. "Wait 'til I tell Shotton about that to-night."

Shotton was busy with managerial tasks in the Brooklyn dugout when he heard about his lack of fame in Greater Cincinnati.

"I don't care if they don't know me," said Shotton. "Just so they'll remember this ball club."

SHOTTON is that kind of fellow. Ever since 1913 he has been working, off and on, for Branch Rickey and he is as much of a devotee of the Brooklyn Mahatma as he is of baseball. There are a lot of people who think Shotton was eager to acquire Leo Durocher's role this season but it is a fact that he would have been equally content to remain as a scout on the Brooklyn farm. Shotton is sixty-three now and knows enough about baseball to realize that the life of a manager is conducive to headaches—and heartaches.

Shotton is not to be confused with Durocher. The current Dodger manager is a mild looking man who insists on wearing civilian clothes to work. Only Connie Mack, of the Athletics, subscribes to the same theory. When Rickey asked Shotton if he'd take the Dodger job, the latter made only one request. He asked if he could work without wearing a baseball suit.

"Permission granted," said Rickey.

As a result, fans don't have much opportunity to see the Brooklyn leader. After the games, when crowds swarm onto the field, Shotton steps from the dugout and disappears into the throng like another customer. Few of his fellow pedestrians realize that he has just labored for nine innings in the dugout.

Shotton has already consumed enough of his life in uniform. He came up to the big leagues with the St. Louis Browns in 1913, with a reputation as a great base runner, a good fielder and a light hitter.

While he was with the Browns that year he met Rickey, who had succeeded George Stovall as manager. Rickey didn't attend Sunday baseball games for religious reasons and let Shotton handle the club once a week.

"He never had any trouble winning the respect of his players," says Rickey. "He could even keep Rogers Hornsby quiet and Hornsby was as open and blunt a man as I ever saw. Shotton is a man without circumlocution."

SHOTTON began displaying a lack of "circumlocution" in 1908. He was playing with Steubenville in the Ohio-Penn League. In a game against Akron he was on first and another runner on third. In those days the minor leagues could only afford one umpire, who worked behind the pitcher.

On this occasion, the batter hit an outfield fly and the umpire rushed to the plate when the runner on third started for home.

(Continued on page 88)

BOB COOKE, an outstanding baseball writer, is a member of the sports staff of the New York Herald Tribune.

Giants vs. Rams

THE powerful Los Angeles Rams, 1945 National Football League champions, will make their only New York appearance this year in a special night game with the New York Giants, Wednesday, Sept. 17, at the Polo Grounds. It will afford Metropolitan fans their only opportunity to see Bob Waterfield, the circuit's leading passer; big Jim Benton, the leading pass-catcher; Tommy Harmon, Kenny Washington, and other stars.

The game has been arranged as a benefit under the sponsorship of the New York Journal-American. Proceeds will be shared among the Hearst Fund for Disabled Veterans, the Navy Relief Society, Army Emergency Relief, and the Army Air Forces Aid Society.

REGULAR season ticket prices prevail, and reservations are available now at the Polo Grounds and the offices of the Football Giants and Baseball Giants.

The Bite That Failed

By Rud Rennie

Boss Bell

Mara, Giants

Marshall, Redskins

Lambeau, Packers

Mandel, Lions

Rooney, Steelers

Halas, Bears

THE greatest thing that ever happened to the National Football League was the formation and operation last year of the All-America Conference, a rival organization which muscled in on big-time football.

This is not an article knocking the All-America Conference, a baby league which, in time, may grow as the American League did in baseball, into an orderly and profitable organization. It is, rather, a short and by no means complete story of how the heat, generated by the Conference with burning dollars, backfired on those who started it; and why there is little likelihood of agreement between the rival football leagues at this time.

In the years B.C. (before the Conference) when the National League owners' most serious troubles were comparatively inexpensive, Ken Strong, one of the League's great players, signed a contract with Stapleton for $4,000 for the season.

In 1936, the New York Giants signed Tuffy Leemans, who turned out to be a star and a good drawing card, for $2,500.

THOSE days are gone, perhaps forever, along with the days of the five-cent loaf of bread, the five-cent glass of beer, and a good white shirt for $1.85.

Today, a back comparable to Strong or Leemans would *start* at anywhere from $7,500 to $10,000 for the season.

"Sixteen years ago," said Wellington Mara, treasurer of the Giants and the youngest and one of the most capable football executives in the business, "our players and coaches cost us $40,000 for the season. In 1941, they cost us $113,880. This year, we estimate that we will pay $250,000 for our coaches and players."

This gives you a rough idea of what the Conference did to salaries. It took football out of the "tide-over-job" classification and made it a well-paid profession.

The Conference raided National League teams and took approximately 100 players, luring them with offers of more money. The Conference invaded National League territory. The Conference sent salaries sky-rocketing, because it had to out-bid the National League clubs to get outstanding college graduates to play on its teams.

The National League owners, several of whom had struggled through lean and hungry years to keep alive, were furious at the tactics of the upstart Conference.

IN the general cost-of-living rise, salaries were going up anyway; but when the Conference started throwing money around, salaries really zoomed. The National League owners fumed and wondered how far the salary war could go before everyone went broke.

In their anger, however, the National League owners quit clowning. (Looking back on the way the National League operated before the Conference made the owners snap out of it, one wonders how that loose and squabbling organization ever got as far as it did.) For the first time in the history of the League, the owners quit bickering. They went into a meeting and came out united for defense.

And then, what happened? Nobody could foretell this.

The League's championship season attracted 1,732,135 paying patrons, the biggest total in League history. A total of 556,243 persons paid to see exhibition games. The total paid attendance for the season was 2,288,378. The money rolled in.

Until last year, Pittsburgh's best season drew approximately $125,000. Last year Pittsburgh drew $425,000. This year, Art Rooney, the owner, already has sold 29,000 season tickets.

Long before the season ended, the National League owners stopped worrying about the All-America Conference. They stopped worrying about the high salaries to the players. Broadly speaking, they stopped worrying.

SUGGESTIONS had been made publicly and privately, that the two rival leagues get together for their own good. When this suggestion was first made, seven National League owners would not even sit down to discuss it. Three were not in favor of it but were willing to discuss it. Now, the owners laugh at such a suggestion.

George Marshall, owner of the Washington Redskins, said: "Look: somebody steals something from you, and then he says: 'Let's get together and talk it over.' What is there to talk over?"

Seven teams made money in the National League last year. One, maybe, broke even. Two lost less than formerly. And the owners of these two, Fred Mandel, of Detroit,

(Continued on page 88)

RUD RENNIE, who has been covering baseball for twenty-five years and professional football virtually since its inception, is a member of the sports staff of the New York Herald Tribune.

Boss Ingram

Topping, Yankees

Rodenberg, Colts

Breuil, Bills

Morabito, '49ers

Lindenheimer, Dons

Gries, Browns

Strong of the Giants

By Harold Rosenthal

A GENIUS once thought up the phrase, "Youth Must Be Served," and thereby became a sort of patron saint to sports writers suddenly afflicted with a rush of fat to the head just around edition time. Apparently he never had heard of Ken Strong. If he had, he certainly wasn't thinking of Strong at the time, else he would have steered his epigrammatic talents through other channels.

Strong is forty years old. That's just about the age when thoughts begin to turn to the possibilities of picking up a couple of extra bucks by posing in one of those "Gentlemen of Distinction" ads. It is hardly a time in life when one is expected to enhance an all-time New York Giants' scoring record. That record is what Strong holds. Enhancing it beyond its 321-point mark is just what he plans to do this season.

Strong is the lad who will be called upon to kick all the extra points, and perhaps a field goal or two, against the All-Stars tonight. I hope Coach Woodward will forgive this blatant bit of heresy when I say that it will be too bad for the All-Stars if the game should happen to hinge on one of Uncle Kenneth's kicks.

It's been two years now since Strong has missed a point after touchdown. That's fifty-seven in a row, brother, against opposition quite capable of messing up Strong's handsome features. And, it might be added, quite eager, too. So, if the All-Stars intend to do any winning tonight, they'd better do it by a little more than a one-point margin.

BUT back to Strong and the clearing up of a couple of popular misconceptions. The first is that Strong kicked the extra point at the Battle of Little Big Horn. The second is that he has never done much on a football field except trot on, kick an extra point or field goal, and trot back to the bench.

Both fallacies can be exploded quite easily. Strong didn't play football, varsity football anyway, until comparatively late in life. His first recorded appearance was at a special game staged on the White House lawn during the inauguration ceremonies of Chester A. Arthur.

As far as specializing, Strong didn't turn his talents toward kicking exclusively until the Washington Redskins dented his chassis a bit in 1939. He came out of the first game of the season with a broken back, but returned a few weeks later with a brace which he wore all during the rest of the season. Henceforth he devoted himself exclusively to driving the opposition to drink with his needle's-eye kicking. And, by way of passing, if the aforementioned opposition happens to run out of

Ken Strong

the stuff, Old Kenneth will be delighted to sell it all it needs. That's what he does for a living. Making headlines with game-winning extra points is merely a hobby. Other people amuse themselves collecting stamps, foldin' money or aging blondes.

Strong hasn't been near a Giant's training camp since 1939 but there hasn't been so much as a peep of complaint out of Stout Steve Owen. Every year Steve ships a passel of brand new footballs to Strong out at his home in Bayside and Strong proceeds to boot them around until he is in shape. Strong knows just how much practice he needs. Even after more than a decade it's quite a bit. This arrangement has added benefits. It also takes away one more gorilla-like appetite from the training table at Superior.

STRONG used to practice all by himself, kicking his placements with an application bordering on the religious, but now he has some one to help with his homework. It's Ken Junior, now of high school age. Chasing Pop's fungoes is a wonderful excuse for putting off doing his own homework.

Strong started as a drop kicker, lobbing them over a telegraph wire, as a high school kid back in West Haven. When he came to N.Y.U. Chick Meehan changed him to a placement kicker. Chick also made him a blocking back, one of the best the Violet ever had, then switched him to a tailback where he proved sensational. He emerged as the nation's leading collegiate ground-gainer.

After college he continued as one of the most feared running backs in professional football, first with Stapleton, then with the Giants, then with the Yankees, then with Jersey City, then back to the Giants. In between he played professional baseball.

The Tigers purchased him from Toronto in the International League for a large lump of cash, obviously impressed with the hard-hitting outfielder. (42 home runs with Hazleton.) He had broken a small bone in his right wrist charging into a fence in a night game in Buffalo the previous season. When he reported, the Tiger management suggested an operation to correct the condition. It was tragically unsuccessful and it left Strong with a stiff wrist, one which he is still unable to flex backwards. It also finished him as a baseball player.

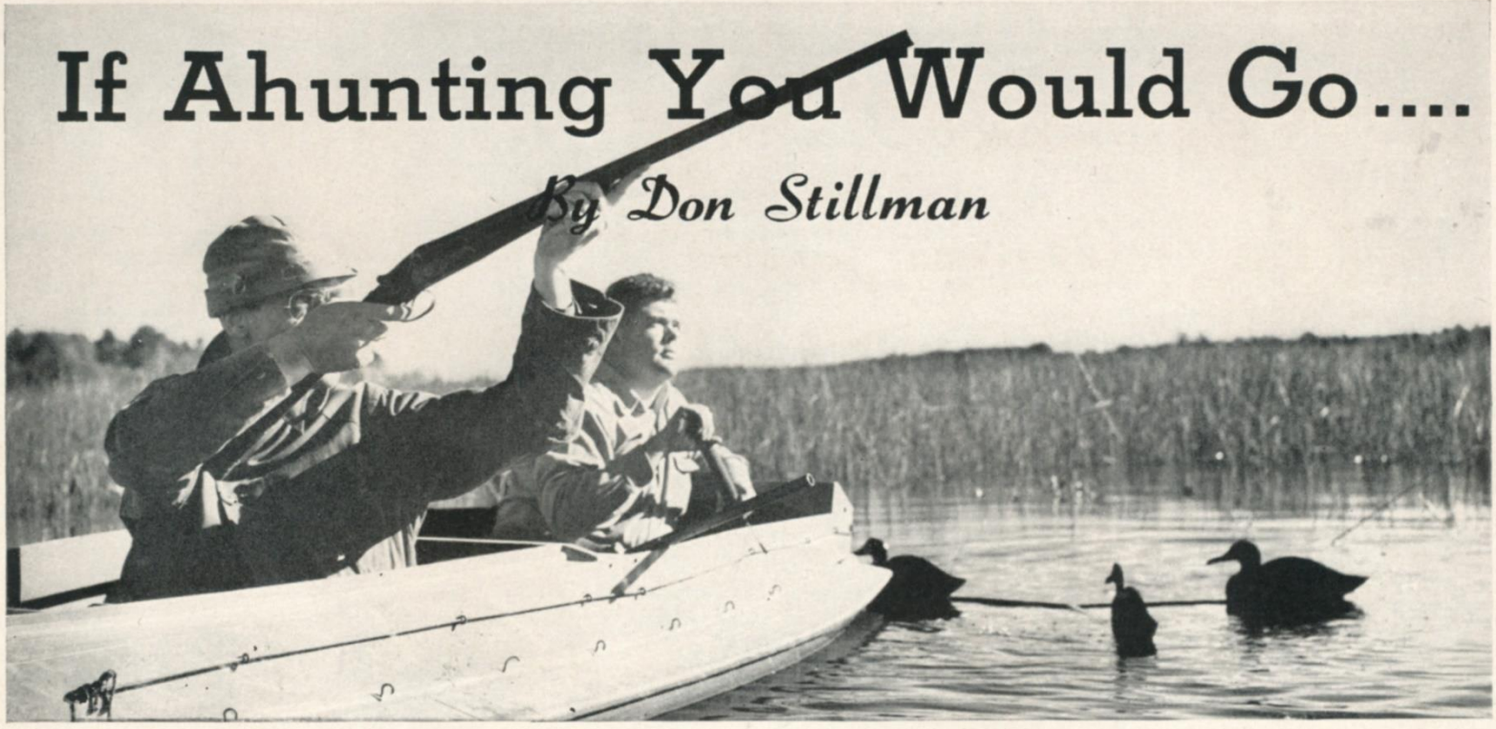
Let's have one more look at Strong's chart before we leave him. In 1940 he developed a stomach ulcer which became perforated. The medics told him they might pull him through but that was about all. Football? Well, he might go to see a game once in a while.

That was in January. In September of the same year Strong reported to Jersey City and played with the Little Giants all season. A couple of years later he was back with the big club.

HAROLD ROSENTHAL, an all-around reporter, is a member of the sports staff of the New York Herald Tribune.

If Ahunting You Would Go....

By Don Stillman



JUST as the past spring and summer found a record number of anglers afloat and astream, it is probable that an increased army of gunners will take to the fields, woods and marshes this fall, in quest of big game, upland game and waterfowl.

As this is written, the fall hunting prospects do not appear too good, but there are a few bright spots. However, the upland gunner faces a probable continuance of a reduced pheasant season and the duck shooter further curtailment of both the waterfowl season and bag limits.

Early reports indicate a severe scarcity of pheasants in most of their accustomed ranges. Investigations have failed definitely to disclose the reasons for the decline in this imported species which has been built up to a very respectable peak a comparatively few years ago. The birds were alarmingly scarce last year and the two-day emergency season proclaimed by the New York State Conservation Department amounted virtually to a closed season for many sportsmen.

The wet spring this year did not benefit the wild breeding birds and on at least two of the State's large game farms, floods seriously curtailed production. Again it seems that what little pheasant shooting we may enjoy will fall to those hunters who are able to mark down birds prior to the open shooting days (if such open days are declared by the department), or in those regions where the sportsmen wait to set out their artificially-propagated birds until shortly before the shooting season.

WOODCOCK remain a mystery. The flights last year revealed the birds reasonably abundant but these flights did not always fall within the short two-week open season prescribed by the Federal Government. The result was that the shooting was uncertain—as it probably will be again this season.

The ruffed grouse supply is spotty again—birds reported normally abundant in some covers but scarce in many regions usually classed as good grouse cover.

There appears to be no scarcity of cottontail rabbits in those regions I visited during the summer months in quest of trout and black bass; and varying hares apparently are staging a slow comeback in the abandoned upland farm regions.

I do not believe there has been any general decline in the local deer population, although that population seems to have shifted about a bit in some localities. But a decrease in the herds in certain townships probably has been compensated for by an increase in others. That there will be an increase in the number of deer-hunters in the woods seems certain, and the deer stalker will have plenty of company whether he hunts in the Adirondacks, the Catskills or the so-called "southern tier"—even if he elects to go into the Westchester woods armed with bow and arrow.

The outlook for the waterfowl season is even darker than it was a year ago, when duck shooters experienced one of the poorest shooting seasons in recent years. The duck supply is down again, and the waterfowler is faced with further curtailment of the open season and bag limits, which probably will be announced before this appears in print.

THE sportsman in need of new firearms this season will find that, although production on many models of pre-war sporting guns has been resumed, the catalogues are not yet complete, and desired models may not always be in stock. However, in most instances, satisfactory substitutes will be available, and the gun factories are bringing out improved models of some time-tested favorites as well as discontinuing the manufacture of others which proved not too satisfactory or which for other reasons failed to prove popular with the American shooting public.

And if you're an ex-G.I., who has brought home foreign-made firearms as souvenirs, get some expert advice on the subject before you consider using them as sporting rifles. Many of these foreign-made arms are unsafe to use with American high-power ammunition and had best be hung on the wall of your den as an ornament. Don't even employ a German-made military rifle until you've had it checked by the best gunsmith you can contact. Be guided by his advice. Certain American loads may fit certain foreign-made military weapons, but the results when the gun is fired may prove more disastrous to the shooter than the shot-at.

DON STILLMAN is Rod and Gun Editor of the New York Herald Tribune.

Right With Riggs

By Fred Hawthorne

EVEN right up to the moment that Bobby Riggs, of Los Angeles, stepped on the No. 2 Stadium court of the West Side Tennis Club at Forest Hills to play the final round match of the national professional singles championship tournament against Don Budge last June, there was a large majority among the spectators who still resolutely refused to recognize Riggs as a great player.

While that reaction to Riggs' game is felt mostly at Forest Hills, it has by no means been confined to the crowds that gather in the stadium each year to watch the national title tournament. The fact that Bobby won the all-England singles and doubles titles at Wimbledon in 1939, as well as our own national singles honors that same year and again in 1941, and played on our Davis Cup teams in 1938 and 1939, all these accomplishments were "pooh-poohed" in the jaundiced eyes of Riggs' detractors.

Following the war this same little black-haired genius of the courts, having entered the professional ranks, won the national professional singles crown at Forest Hills last summer, overwhelming Budge in a straight-set final. It is true that Budge was lamentably off form on that occasion. Riggs had engaged in a long series of matches with Budge on a tour last winter and spring and won the edge over the California redhead, but even these victories failed to shake the skepticism of the tennis misanthropes at Forest Hills that Bobby Riggs is a truly great tennis player.

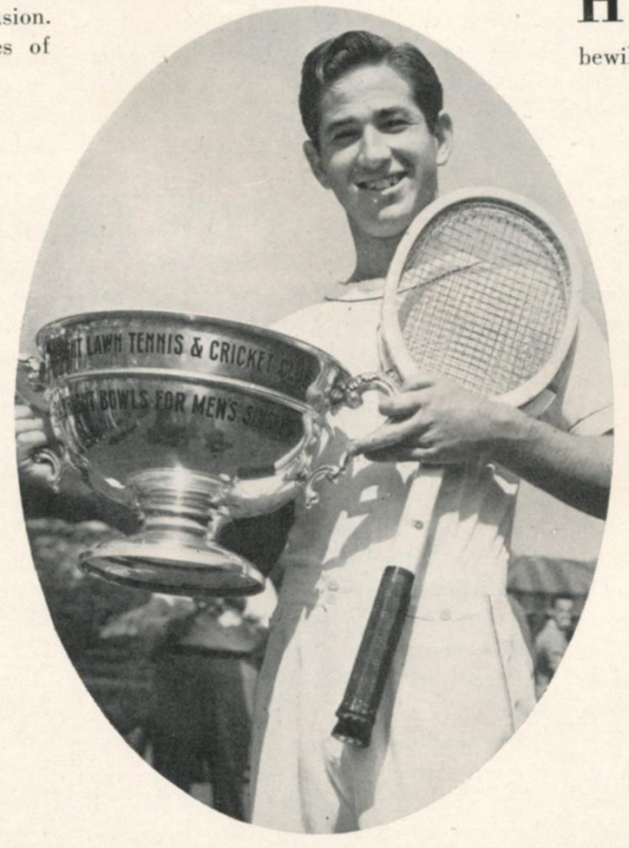
"Wait until Budge plays him this time. Riggs will be blown off the court by Don's speed and power. Budge was not in match play shape last year, but now he's red hot. Riggs will be lucky if he gets a set." Such was the prevailing opinion, often expressed, when the tournament began at Forest Hills in June.

WELL, Riggs, who had beaten the giant Frank Kovacs in straight sets in the semi-final round, while Budge was eliminating Welby Van Horn in four sets, came on the court for the final test against the great Budge before the largest crowd of the week.

FRED HAWTHORNE, veteran tennis reporter, is a member of the sports staff of the New York Herald Tribune.

BUDGE was primed for this encounter, physically and mentally. It meant a lot to him, both from a financial angle and personal pride. Playing in the same form that had won him world honors as amateur and professional, Budge took the opening set impressively. His tremendous service was booming into Riggs' court with pulverizing power and Don rushed the net at every opportunity. When Riggs, the world's greatest master of the attacking lob as well as the defensive toss, sought to halt Budge's blazing rushes and his perfect smashes and raking volleys, Budge fairly buried the defending champion and took the set at 6-3.

But in the second set Riggs established himself as the world's greatest player. In spite of the tornado of winning smashes that were coming off Budge's racquet strings, Riggs persisted in his lobbing tactics and slowly at first, then more rapidly, Budge's power overhead and on the volley began to wane. He was hitting Riggs' lobs into the net or out of court and was taxing his own speed and stamina in going up off the ground in the effort to hammer the ball back. Riggs won the second set at 6-3 and then the third, in a furious battle, at 10-8.



Bobby Riggs

THE true greatness of Riggs became more evident as the match went on. The little champion had everything working at this stage. He astounded the gallery by the ease and nonchalance with which he handled Budge's "cannon-ball" first service. More than that, he proved himself a master of the forcing game as he scored more service aces than his rival and went to the net to outvolley the former world title-holder.

Following the rest interval, Budge came back with an inspired challenge and squared the match by winning the fourth set at 6-4. Riggs had temporarily lost his perfect touch and Don was attacking fiercely. But Riggs established his mastery again in winning the fifth and final set, scoring at 6-3, for the championship.

HIS own court covering and his uncanny anticipation, combined with his bewildering array of shots, speeding low drives, crafty trap-shots and his spectacular retrieving of balls that appeared impossible of recovery, all broke down Budge's defenses. In this match, as well as in the semi-final against Kovács, the game's most powerful hitter, Riggs proved that he can handle speed and power and come on to win.

It took him five sets and fifty-six games to do it but he finally prevailed after more than two hours of the sternest test of tennis that this observer has seen in many years.

Of course Riggs' detractors are now mumbling into their beards: "Well, wait until Jack Kramer turns pro and meets Riggs, then you'll see something. Kramer will blow him off the court. Why, that Riggs is only a—."

Riggs only smiles. He is anticipating that pleasure himself.

By Seymour Freidin

(Continued from page 17)

ducive to practicing starts and whirlwind last laps under broiling suns.

Wherever possible, Otto corrals a job for one of his promising men. He tries to get them into Athens, if they're deep in the provinces. Then, it's a case of personal contact with their employers. He hopes the employer is interested in track and field. He calls on the man, convinces him of the advantage of the athlete's training and wangles the boy a couple of hours off for training. As for diet, he just hopes they get enough to eat regularly.

Otto also has his hands full casting about for funds, although things have picked up a bit recently. Having helped launch a series of miniature Olympic games in Greece, he often gets pleas for help from provincial authorities who find lots of discus competition but nothing with which to test the athletes.

HE has the back-breaking task as well of telling Greeks in the provinces they can't stage races as their forebears did 4,000 years ago. "I had a tough time convincing some well-meaning fellows they couldn't stage sprints with the sprinters starting from a sitting position," Otto recalled. "They had the runners comfortably seated with a rope stretched across them like a horserace. I asked why and they said that was the way the ancient Greeks started races. It took lots of talking but I finally showed them that the regulation start was better."

Gradually, the Olympic team is taking shape, Otto claimed optimistically. "My idea is that Greece must have an Olympic team that can show Greece has modern stars as well as the memories of the ancients," Otto observed thoughtfully. "By the way, in shooting the boys are very good. We'll probably have a complete team, rifle and pistol."

By James E. Warner

(Continued from page 31)

mean politician himself, and one certainly not lacking in courage, as his tax bill veto this year showed, can play the game, too. The President can be expected to swing his veto axe harder than ever against any measure which he thinks goes against Democratic principles or which may aid the Republicans in their effort to capture the Presidency.

One of more amusing results of the present political situation is nevertheless one which confirms faith in the soundness of the American system of representative government. Back in 1945 and 1946, when his party still had control of Congress, Mr. Truman urged that the Speaker of the House be made next in line to succeed to the Presidency when both President and Vice-President were incapacitated. Mr. Truman argued that the speaker, chosen by a majority of representatives elected within the preceding two years, was more representative of the people as a whole than the Secretary of State or any Cabinet officer chosen by the President. Cabinet officers succeeded to the Presidency beginning with the Secretary of State under the old law.

AT that time Representative Sam Rayburn, a Texas Democrat and one well-liked on both sides of the aisle, was house speaker. But nothing was done. In 1947, Representative Joseph W. Martin, Jr., a Massachusetts Republican, became speaker. Mr. Truman stuck by his guns, and repeated his recommendation that the speaker should be next in line of succession, nevertheless. Some Democrats didn't like it this year, but the Republicans took President Truman at his word, and passed the new succession law.

By Joseph G. Herzberg

(Continued from page 33)

crossed the street, went up the steps to the Press Café, opened the door. There were Smith and Jones.

CROSSED telephone calls provide a laugh once in a while. A Herald Tribune rewrite man was told to get a piece about the weather. He did most of those stories and had worked up quite a friendship with the Weather Bureau people. This time a strange voice answered. The rewrite man, supposing there was either a new man or a substitute for the night, identified himself and began asking the usual questions. The man at the other end politely halted him, saying he had to get his data. Back at the phone, he answered all the questions about the high and low temperatures for the day, the average temperature for the previous twenty-four hours and the forecast for the next day. With enough details, the rewrite man thanked his informant and asked if he was speaking to a new man at the Weather Bureau.

"Oh, I'm not at the Weather Bureau." said the man at the other end. "I'm right here in my own living room. This stuff I've been giving you is right out of 'The Sun'."

By Eugenia Sheppard

(Continued from page 57)

but provide the who-done-it. Usually it has a mobile headboard that can be extended into the right angle to provide back support and extra storage place concealed somewhere for its own linen. One specially luxurious number even hides arm rests that pull out when you like.

NEW fabrics are as entertaining as everything else. Some of them are new from scratch, like the sofa-weight job with an aluminum thread fabric shining it. If you have a favorite contemporary artist, chances are you can detect his brush work in one of the new print or chintz collections.

Wall coverings show close personal contact with modern talent, too. Unless you are a dyed-in-the-wool conservative don't settle for something sentimental and flowery, but try out some of the new plastics that look like wood or matting. Blue prints double as wallpaper—in case you don't know it. Wall dadoes, pillars and cornices are printed on paper and can be acquired by the yard—again by a name designer, James Reynolds.

Your old washtub, wired and equipped with a shade in the same mood, no longer provides fun or makes a sophisticated guest flick an eyelash. The whole reconversion fever has just faded away, praises be, and the new note is the free-form lamp. There's no end to their whimsy. The cluster of aluminum spotlights on long bendable aluminum stems—they droop like tulips—is guaranteed to make talk for a week after any party.

By Stanley Woodward

(Continued from page 69)

Notre Dame, like most of Army's opponents, wishes the Army well in the preceding games of its schedule. Each of nine on the Cadets' schedule wants to be the one to break Army's long string of defeatless games. Villanova has the place of honor, but Illinois, in third position, seems to be the most likely perpetrator of the breach.

By Virgil Thompson

(Continued from page 55)

What one hears may be fascinating or beautiful, but it is not the real thing. Its chief value to any lover of music is the foretaste or the reminder that it presents. It is a symbol of music, not the thing itself, a pin-up girl, a dream life.

Sometimes it becomes as distorted and vivid as a nightmare. When this happens the reviewer screams. I have long been struck by the passionate language of the record and radio critics. Concert coverage, as we all know, has often a bilious or even a venomous tone. But the record boys cry out like souls in pain. Or write of their favorite disks as if these were hasheesh. There is, indeed, about processed music something of the fascination and all the deceptiveness of an artificial paradise. It is habit-forming, too. And its addicts frequent less and less the concert hall.

THE reviewer of it who does not keep contact with reality by regular attendance at live musical performances tends to lose the disinterested attitude that I mentioned at the beginning. He ceases to be an observer of music and becomes a reactor to it. His reactions often make good reading, but the enlightenment they present about the music reviewed is less striking than the revelation they offer of the reviewer himself. Certainly record and radio reviewing, as practised here and now, are the most personal form of music criticism that exists. Also the most violent. That is why they are a little fatiguing to write, compared with opera and concert coverage. Real music can be observed dispassionately; but about a record or broadcast it is impossible not to care.

By Bob Cooke

(Continued from page 79)

Meanwhile Shotton took off for third without bothering with the formality of touching second. Straight across the diamond he ran and slid into the bag.

By this time the Akron players were raising a hullabaloo.

"You can't let him get away with that," they yelled at the harassed umpire.

The latter finally motioned for silence. He took a look at Shotton on third, turned and shoved his face into the Akron manager's.

"I don't know how he got there," he said. "But he's safe, anyway."

It wasn't long after that incident that Shotton received the nickname of "Barney," after Barney Oldfield, the speed king of the day.

IN selecting Shotton as his manager this spring, Rickey not only knew that he had a loyal employee but he was also certain that Shotton would be helpful because of his inspirational ability.

The Dodgers have held daily clubhouse meetings ever since Durocher was the boss and there aren't many who will deny that Leo was a master at inspiring his men. Rickey knew Shotton was gifted with similar powers.

After Shotton had held his first meeting, Harold Parrott, Dodger traveling secretary, who is a young bundle of enthusiasm, came running to Rickey with a breathless report.

"You should have heard him, Mr. Rickey, you should have heard him," Parrott repeated in excited tones. "You just don't know how Shotton can handle a meeting."

Mr. Rickey didn't say a word. He knew it all the time.

By Rud Rennie

(Continued from page 81)

and Ted Collins, of Boston are spending more than anyone else in the League this year to build up their teams. Which is as it should be.

But worry over the threat of the Conference and increased costs no longer exists, because the National League owners found out that the pressure did not hurt them; it hurt the Conference.

Tim Mara, head of the house that operates the Giants, explained it this way: "We are paying the increased cost of operation out of profits; the Conference owners are paying it out of their pockets."

ESTIMATES on Conference losses last year, the first in operation, range from one million to two million dollars. National League owners say this gleefully; but they overlook the fact that any business figures to be in the red in its first year of operation. I have seen two major football leagues start and fold. I think the Conference did a good job in its first season. What the future holds, I don't know.

The National League at the moment is a bigger spender than the Conference and is a more profitable concern. There would be no point in a working agreement with the Conference at this time.

By Otis L. Guernsey, Jr.

(Continued from page 53)

Best Years of Our Lives," has made his first, last and only film.

DICK POWELL, who was worried about being typed as a pretty boy, now resents being typed as a tough guy—but he'll stay that way. . . . Groucho Marx will find the going very rough until he goes back to making pictures with his brothers. . . . Charles Chaplin will go back to straight comedy, but he probably won't make another picture until after next year. . . . Gregory Peck is a lean, rangy American type who will always find plenty of good roles in the cinema city. . . . June Havoc, who has never photographed well, will make a hit in pictures for the first time in her life as Miss Wales in "Gentleman's Agreement," Fox's filming of the controversial novel.

As always, the celluloid heavens will be spangled with both novas and dying stars in 1948.

By Everett B. Morris

(Continued from page 75)

not use the old boats again?"

In the first place the old boats no longer exist and if they did there would be no point in rematching them. The results would be a foregone conclusion. All of our cup defenders went into the scrap pile during the recent war. Endeavour and Endeavour II, the 1934 and 1937 challengers, were sold recently to junk dealers. New boats for both the challenge and defense would have to be built.

It is doubtful if anyone in economically groggy Britain would even dream of putting up money for a big-boat challenge, even if he could. And over here the situation is such that syndicates had to be organized to finance the re-purchase, overhaul and refitting of three six-meter sloops (one-quarter the length of Ranger et al) to take care of our international obligations in connection with the Seawanhaka Challenge Cup and Scandinavian Gold Cup. It will cost these syndicates something like $25,000 or $30,000 each for the summer campaigns of their relatively small racing machines.

On a Pedestal

WHETHER you describe it as "on a pedestal"... or "in a class by itself"... or "the one and only"... what you really mean is this: There is no true rival to the matchless pre-war quality of 7 Crown—Seagram's finest American whiskey.

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